Complete Works of

Samuel Richardson

DELPHI CLASSICS

Series Five

The Complete Works of
SAMUEL RICHARDSON

(1689-1761)

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Version 1

The Complete Works of

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

By Delphi Classics, 2014

The Novels

Scenes around Mackworth, Derbyshire — Richardson was most likely born in Mackworth in 1689. It is uncertain precisely where he was born as the author always kept the location secret.

PAMELA; OR, VIRTUE REWARDED

During the 1730's Richardson worked as a printer, producing the Daily Journal and the Daily Gazetteer, as well as serving as printer to the "Society for the Encouragement of Learning", a group devoted to helping authors become independent from publishers. In 1739, he was asked by his friends Charles Rivington and John Osborn to write "a little volume of Letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers, who were unable to indite for themselves". While working on this volume, Richardson was inspired to write an epistolary novel, which first appeared on 6 November 1740. *Pamela: or, Virtue Rewarded* is regarded by some as the first English novel. Richardson later explained, "Little did I think, at first, of making one, much less two volumes of it... I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitably to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue."

After Richardson started the work on 10 November 1739, his wife and her friends became so interested in the story that he finished it by 10 January 1740. The novel introduces the character Pamela Andrews, who is a pious and innocent fifteen-year-old, employed as Lady B's maidservant in Bedfordshire. Following Lady B's death, when her son, the squire Mr. B, begins to pay Pamela more attention, first giving her his mother's clothes, before then trying to seduce her in the Summer House. When he wants to bribe her with gold to keep the attempt secret, she refuses and tells Mrs. Jervis, the housekeeper, her firm ally in the house. Nevertheless, the squire makes a second advance, this time coming close to succeeding in forcing himself upon the unwary girl. Deeply troubled, Pamela debates returning to her impoverished parents to preserve her innocence, though she remains undecided. The novel is interspersed with letters between Pamela and her troubled parents, creating a gradually complex network of events, as the embroiled situation of the girl continues to shift and change aspects.

Originally, Richardson began writing *Pamela* as a conduct book — a genre of writing that attempted to educate the reader on social norms, which had first appeared in the Middle Ages — though as the author's initial idea developed, the series of letters turned into a much longer story. Richardson then decided to write in a different genre, opting for the new form, the *novel*, which attempted to

instruct through entertainment. In fact, most novels from the mid-nineteenth century and well into the nineteenth century, followed Richardson's lead, claiming legitimacy through the ability to teach as well as amuse.

Pamela, as are the three others that followed it, is an epistolary novel, framed as a series of letters, which was an extremely popular form of writing during the eighteenth century. Fictional epistolary narratives had originated in their early form in sixteenth century England; however, they acquired wider renown with the publication of *Pamela*. Richardson and other novelists of his time believed that the epistolary form allowed the reader a greater understanding of a character's thoughts. Richardson stressed in his Preface to *The History of Sir Charles Grandison* that the form permitted the immediacy of "writing to the moment".

The novel was immensely popular, becoming the bestseller of its time, generating great public interest. Richardson responded to some of the criticisms by revising the novel for each new edition; he even created a "reading group" of women to advise him. One famous anecdote concerns the novel's reception in an English village: "The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded, and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience.... At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily... the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing."

Due to the relaxed copyright laws of the time, many sequels were written and published without Richardson's consent. There were also several satires, the most famous being *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews* by Henry Fielding, published under the pseudonym "Mr. Conny Keyber". Fielding portrays his protagonist as an amoral social climber, who attempts to seduce "Squire Booby", whilst feigning innocence to manipulate him into marrying her. Another important satire was *The Anti-Pamela; or Feign'd Innocence Detected* (1741) by Eliza Haywood.

P A M E L A:

OR,

VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a SERIES of

FAMILIAR LETTERS

FROM A

Beautiful Young DAMSEL,
To her PARENTS.

Now first Published

In order to cultivate the Principles of VIRTUE and RELIGION in the Minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

A Narrative which has its Foundation in TRUTH and NATURE; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of *curious* and *affecting* INCIDENTS, is intirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to *inflame* the Minds they should *instruct*.

In TWO VOLUMES.

The SECOND EDITION.

To which are prefixed, EXTRACTS from several curious LETTERS written to the *Editor* on the Subject.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for C. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; and J. OSBORN, in *Pater-noster Row*.

M DCC XLI.

The original title page

Samuel Richardson by Mason Chamberlin, c. 1750

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An illustration from the 1742 edition of Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded, showing Mr. B intercepting Pamela's first letter home to her mother.

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PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

IF to *Divert* and *Entertain*, and at the same time to *Instruct*, and *Improve* the Minds of the *YOUTH* of *both Sexes*:

IF to inculcate *Religion* and *Morality* in so easy and agreeable a manner, as shall render them equally *delightful* and *profitable* to the *younger Class* of Readers, as well as worthy of the Attention of Persons of *maturer* Years and Understandings:

IF to set forth in the most exemplary Lights, the *Parental*, the *Filial*, and the *Social* Duties, and that from *low* to *high* Life:

IF to paint *VICE* in its proper Colours, to make it *deservedly Odious*; and to set *VIRTUE* in its own amiable Light, to make it truly *Lovely*:

IF to draw Characters *justly*, and to support them *equally*:

IF to raise a Distress from *natural* Causes, and to excite Compassion from *proper* Motives:

IF to teach the Man of *Fortune* how to use it; the Man of *Passion* how to subdue it; and the Man of *Intrigue*, how, gracefully, and with Honour to himself, to *reclaim*:

IF to give *practical* Examples, worthy to be followed in the most *critical* and *affecting* Cases, by the modest *Virgin*, the chaste *Bride*, and the obliging *Wife*:

IF to effect all these good Ends, in so probable, so natural, so *lively* a manner, as shall engage the Passions of every sensible Reader, and strongly interest them in the edifying Story:

AND all without raising a single *Idea* throughout the Whole, that shall shock the exactest Purity, even in those tender Instances where the exactest Purity would be most apprehensive:

IF these , (embellished with a great Variety of entertaining Incidents) be laudable or worthy Recommendations of any Work, the Editor of the following Letters, which have their Foundation in *Truth* and *Nature*, ventures to assert, that all these desirable Ends are obtained in these Sheets: And as he is therefore confident of the favourable Reception which he boldly bespeaks for this little Work; he thinks any *further Preface* or *Apology* for it, unnecessary: And the rather for two Reasons, 1st. Because he can Appeal from *his own* Passions, (which have been uncommonly *moved* in perusing these engaging Scenes) to the Passions of *Every one* who shall read them with the least Attention: And, in the next place,

because an *Editor* may reasonably be supposed to judge with an Impartiality which is rarely to be met with in an *Author* towards his own Works.

The Editor.

To the Editor of the Piece intitled, PAMELA; or, *VIRTUE Rewarded*.

Dear SIR,

I have had inexpressible Pleasure in the Perusal of your PAMELA. It intirely answers the Character you give of it in your Preface; nor have you said one Word too much in Commendation of a Piece that has Advantages and Excellencies peculiar to itself. For, besides the beautiful Simplicity of the Style, and a happy Propriety and Clearness of Expression (the Letters being written under the immediate Impression of every Circumstance which occasioned them, and that to those who had a Right to know the fair Writer's most secret Thoughts) the several Passions of the Mind must, of course, be more affectingly described, and Nature may be traced in her undisguised Inclinations with much more Propriety and Exactness, than can possibly be found in a Detail of Actions long past, which are never recollected with the same Affections, Hopes, and Dreads, with which they were felt when they occurred.

This little Book will infallibly be looked upon as the hitherto much-wanted Standard or Pattern for this Kind of Writing. For it abounds with lively Images and Pictures; with Incidents natural, surprising, and perfectly adapted to the Story; with Circumstances interesting to Persons in common Life, as well as to those in exalted Stations. The greatest Regard is every where paid in it to Decency, and to every Duty of Life: There is a constant Fitness of the Style to the Persons and Characters described; Pleasure and Instruction here always go hand in hand: Vice and Virtue are set in constant Opposition, and Religion every-where inculcated in its native Beauty and chearful Amiableness; not dressed up in stiff, melancholy, or gloomy Forms, on one hand, nor yet, on the other, debased below its due Dignity and noble Requisites, in Compliment to a too fashionable but depraved Taste. And this I will boldly say, that if its numerous Beauties are added to its excellent Tendency, it will be found worthy a Place, not only in all Families (especially such as have in them young Persons of either Sex) but in the Collections of the most curious and polite Readers. For, as it borrows none of its Excellencies from the romantic Flights of unnatural Fancy, its being founded in Truth and Nature, and built upon Experience, will be a lasting Recommendation to the Discerning and Judicious; while the agreeable Variety of Occurrences and Characters, in which it abounds, will not fail to engage the Attention of the gay and more sprightly Readers.

The moral Reflections and Uses to be drawn from the several Parts of this admirable History, are so happily deduced from a Croud of different Events and Characters, in the Conclusion of the Work, that I shall say the less on that Head. But I think, the Hints you have given me, should also prefatorily be given to the Publick; viz. That it will appear from several Things mentioned in the Letters, that the Story must have happened within these Thirty Years past: That you have been obliged to vary some of the Names of Persons, Places, &c. and to disguise a few of the Circumstances, in order to avoid giving Offence to some Persons, who would not chuse to be pointed out too plainly in it; tho' they would be glad it may do the Good so laudably intended by the Publication. And as you have in Confidence submitted to my Opinion some of those Variations, I am much pleased that you have so managed the Matter, as to make no Alteration in the Facts; and, at the same time, have avoided the digressive Prolixity too frequently used on such Occasions.

Little Book, charming PAMELA! face the World, and never doubt of finding Friends and Admirers, not only in thine own Country, but far from Home; where thou mayst give an Example of Purity to the Writers of a neighbouring Nation; which now shall have an Opportunity to receive *English* Bullion in Exchange for its own Dross, which has so long passed current among us in Pieces abounding with all the Levities of its volatile Inhabitants. The reigning Depravity of the Times has yet left Virtue many Votaries. Of their Protection you need not despair. May every head-strong Libertine whose Hands you reach, be reclaimed; and every tempted Virgin who reads you, imitate the Virtue, and meet the Reward of the high-meriting, tho' low-descended, PAMELA. I am, Sir,

Your most Obedient,
and Faithful Servant,

J. B. D. F.

To my worthy Friend, the Editor of PAMELA.

SIR,

I return the Manuscript of *Pamela* by the Bearer, which I have read with a great deal of Pleasure. It is written with that Spirit of Truth and agreeable Simplicity, which, tho' much wanted, is seldom found in those Pieces which are calculated for the Entertainment and Instruction of the Publick. It carries Conviction in every Part of it; and the Incidents are so natural and interesting, that I have gone hand-in-hand, and sympathiz'd with the pretty Heroine in all her Sufferings, and been extremely anxious for her Safety, under the Apprehensions of the bad Consequences which I expected, every Page, would ensue from the laudable Resistance she made. I have interested myself in all her Schemes of

Escape; been alternately pleas'd and angry with her in her Restraint; pleas'd *with the little Machinations and Contrivances she set on foot for her Release, and* angry for suffering her Fears to defeat them; always lamenting, with a most sensible Concern, the Miscarriages of her Hopes and Projects. In short, the whole is so affecting, that there is no reading it without uncommon Concern and Emotion. Thus far only as to the *Entertainment* it gives.

As to *Instruction* and *Morality*, the Piece is full of both. It shews Virtue in the strongest Light, and renders the Practice of it amiable and lovely. The beautiful Sufferer keeps it ever in her View, without the least Ostentation, or Pride; she has it so strongly implanted in her, that thro' the whole Course of her Sufferings, she does not so much as hesitate once, whether she shall sacrifice it to Liberty and Ambition, or not; but, as if there were no other way to free and save herself, carries on a determin'd Purpose to persevere in her Innocence, and wade with it throughout all Difficulties and Temptations, or perish under them. It is an astonishing Matter, and well worth our most serious Consideration, that a young beautiful Girl, in the low Scene of Life and Circumstance in which Fortune placed her, without the Advantage of a Friend capable to relieve and protect her, or any other Education than what occurr'd to her from her own Observation and little Reading, in the Course of her Attendance on her excellent Mistress and Benefactress, could, after having a Taste of Ease and Plenty in a higher Sphere of Life than what she was born and first brought up in, resolve to return to her primitive Poverty, rather than give up her Innocence. I say, it is surprising, that a young Person, so circumstanced, could, in Contempt of proffer'd Grandeur on the one side, and in Defiance of Penury on the other, so happily and prudently conduct herself thro' such a Series of Perplexities and Troubles, and withstand the alluring Baits, and almost irresistible Offers of a fine Gentleman, so universally admired and esteemed, for the Agreeableness of his Person and good Qualities, among all his Acquaintance; defeat all his Measures with so much Address, and oblige him, at last, to give over his vain Pursuit, and sacrifice his Pride and Ambition to Virtue, and become the Protector of that Innocence which he so long and so indefatigably labour'd to supplant: And all this without ever having entertain'd the least previous Design or Thought for that Purpose: No Art used to inflame him, no Coquetry practised to tempt or intice him, and no Prudery or Affectation to tamper with his Passions; but, on the contrary, artless and unpractised in the Wiles of the World, all her Endeavours, and even all her Wishes, tended only to render herself as un-amiable as she could in his Eyes: Tho' at the same time she is so far from having any Aversion to his Person, that she seems rather prepossess'd in his Favour, and admires his Excellencies, whilst she condemns his Passion for her. A glorious Instance of Self-denial! Thus her very

Repulses became Attractions: The more she resisted, the more she charm'd; and the very Means she used to guard her Virtue, the more endanger'd it, by inflaming his Passions: Till, at last, by Perseverance, and a brave and resolute Defence, the Besieged not only obtain'd a glorious Victory over the Besieger, but took him Prisoner too.

I am charmed with the beautiful Reflections she makes in the Course of her Distresses; her Soliloquies and little Reasonings with herself, are exceeding pretty and entertaining: She pours out all her Soul in them before her Parents without Disguise; so that one may judge of, nay, almost see, the inmost Recesses of her Mind. A pure clear Fountain of Truth and Innocence; a Magazine of Virtue and unblemish'd Thoughts!

I can't conceive why you should hesitate a Moment as to the Publication of this very natural and uncommon Piece. I could wish to see it out in its own native Simplicity, which will affect and please the Reader beyond all the Strokes of Oratory in the World; for those will but spoil it: and, should you permit such a murdering Hand to be laid upon it, to gloss and tinge it over with superfluous and needless Decorations, which, like too much Drapery in Sculpture and Statuary, will but encumber it; it may disguise the Facts, mar the Reflections, and unnaturalize the Incidents, so as to be lost in a Multiplicity of fine idle Words and Phrases, and reduce our Sterling Substance into an empty Shadow, or rather *frenchify* our *English* Solidity into Froth and Whip-syllabub. No; let us have *Pamela* as *Pamela* wrote it; in her own Words, without Amputation, or Addition. Produce her to us in her neat Country Apparel, such as she appear'd in, on her intended Departure to her Parents; for such best becomes her Innocence, and beautiful Simplicity. Such a Dress will best edify and entertain. The flowing Robes of Oratory may indeed amuse and amaze, but will never strike the Mind with solid Attention.

In short, Sir, a Piece of this Kind is much wanted in the World, which is but too much, as well as too early, debauched by pernicious *Novels*. I know nothing Entertaining of that Kind that one might venture to recommend to the Perusal (much less the Imitation) of the Youth of either Sex: All that I have hitherto read, tends only to corrupt their Principles, mislead their Judgments, and initiate them into Gallantry, and loose Pleasures.

Publish then, this good, this edifying and instructive little Piece for their sakes. The Honour of *Pamela*'s Sex demands *Pamela* at your Hands, to shew the World an Heroine, almost beyond Example, in an unusual Scene of Life, whom no Temptations, or Sufferings, could subdue. It is a fine, and glorious Original, for the Fair to copy out and imitate. Our own Sex, too, require it of you, to free us, in some measure, from the Imputation of being incapable of the Impressions of

Virtue and Honour; and to shew the Ladies, that we are not inflexible while they are so.

In short, the Cause of Virtue calls for the Publication of such a Piece as this. Oblige then, Sir, the concurrent Voices of both Sexes, and give us *Pamela* for the Benefit of Mankind: And as I believe its Excellencies cannot be long unknown to the World, and that there will not be a Family without it; so I make no Doubt but every Family that has it, will be much improv'd and better'd by it. 'Twill form the tender Minds of *Youth* for the Reception and Practice of Virtue and Honour; confirm and establish those of *maturer Years* on good and steady Principles; reclaim the Vicious, and mend the Age in general; insomuch that as I doubt not *Pamela* will become the bright Example and Imitation of all the fashionable young Ladies of *Great Britain*; so the truly generous Benefactor and Rewarder of her exemplary Virtue, will be no less admired and imitated among the *Beau Monde* of our own Sex. I am

Your affectionate Friend, &c.

INTRODUCTION TO THIS SECOND EDITION.

The kind Reception which this Piece has met with from the Publick, (a large Impression having been carried off in less than Three Months) deserves not only Acknowlegdment, but that some Notice should be taken of the Objections that have hitherto come to hand against a few Passages in it, that so the Work may be rendered as unexceptionable as possible, and, of consequence, the fitter to answer the general Design of it; which is to promote Virtue, and cultivate the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes.

But Difficulties having arisen from the different Opinions of Gentlemen, some of whom applauded the very Things that others found Fault with, it was thought proper to submit the Whole to the Judgment of a Gentleman of the most distinguish'd Taste and Abilities; the Result of which will be seen in the subsequent Pages.

We begin with the following Letter, at the Desire of several Gentlemen, to whom, on a very particular Occasion, it was communicated, and who wish'd to see it prefixed to the New Edition. It was directed,

To the Editor of PAMELA.

Dear Sir,

You have agreeably deceiv'd me into a Surprize, which it will be as hard to express, as the Beauties of PAMELA. Though I open'd this powerful little Piece with more Expectation than from common Designs, of like Promise, because it came from *your* Hands, for my *Daughters*, yet, who could have dreamt, he should find, under the modest Disguise of a *Novel*, all the *Soul* of Religion, Good-breeding, Discretion, Good-nature, Wit, Fancy, Fine Thought, and Morality? — I have done nothing but read it to others, and hear others again read it, to me, ever since it came into my Hands; and I find I am likely to do nothing else, for I know not how long yet to come: because, if I lay the Book down, it comes after me. —— When it has dwelt all Day long upon the Ear, It takes Possession, all Night, of the Fancy. —— It has Witchcraft in every Page of it: but it is the Witchcraft of Passion and Meaning. Who is there that will not despise the false, empty *Pomp* of the Poets, when he observes in this little, unpretending, mild Triumph of *Nature*, the whole Force of Invention and Genius, creating new Powers of Emotion, and transplanting *Ideas* of *Pleasure* into that unweeded low Garden the *Heart*, from the dry and sharp *Summit* of *Reason*?

Yet, I confess, there is *One*, in the World, of whom I think with still greater Respect, than of PAMELA: and That is, of the wonderful AUTHOR of

PAMELA. —— Pray, Who is he, Dear Sir? and where, and how, has he been able to hide, hitherto, such an encircling and all-mastering Spirit? He possesses every Quality that ART could have charm'd by: yet, has lent it to, and conceal'd it in, NATURE. —— The Comprehensiveness of his Imagination must be truly prodigious! —— It has stretch'd out this diminutive mere *Grain* of Mustard-seed, (a poor Girl's little, innocent, Story) into a Resemblance of That *Heaven*, which the Best of Good Books has compar'd it to. —— All the Passions are His, in their most close and abstracted Recesses: and by selecting the most delicate, and yet, at the same time, most powerful, of their Springs, thereby to act, wind, and manage, the Heart, He *moves* us, every where, with the Force of a TRAGEDY.

What is there, throughout the *Whole*, that I do not sincerely admire! — I admire, in it, the strong distinguish'd Variety, and picturesque glowing Likeness to *Life*, of the Characters. I know, hear, see, and live among 'em All: and, if I cou'd paint, cou'd return you their *Faces*. I admire, in it, the noble Simplicity, Force, Aptness, and Truth, of so many modest, œconomical, moral, prudential, religious, satirical, and cautionary, *Lessons*; which are introduc'd with such seasonable Dexterity, and with so polish'd and exquisite a Delicacy, of Expression and Sentiment, that I am only apprehensive, for the *Interests* of *Virtue*, lest some of the *finest*, and *most touching*, of those elegant Strokes of Good-breeding, Generosity, and Reflection, shou'd be lost, under the too gross Discernment of an unfeeling Majority of Readers; for whose Coarseness, however, they were kindly design'd, as the most useful and charitable Correctives.

One of the best-judg'd Peculiars, of the Plan, is, that These Instructions being convey'd, as in a Kind of Dramatical Representation, by those beautiful *Scenes*, Her own Letters and Journals, who acts the most moving and suffering *Part*, we feel the Force in a threefold Effect, —— from the Motive, the Act, and the Consequence.

But what, above All, I am charm'd with, is the amiable Good-nature of the AUTHOR; who, I am convinc'd, has one of the best, and most generous Hearts, of Mankind: because, mis-measuring *other* Minds, by *His Own*, he can draw Every thing, to Perfection, but *Wickedness*. —— I became inextricably in *Love* with this delightful Defect of his Malice; — for, I found it owing to an *Excess* in his *Honesty*. Only observe, Sir, with what *virtuous Reluctance* he complies with the Demands of his Story, when he stands in need of some blameable Characters. Tho' his Judgment compels him to mark 'em with disagreeable Colourings, so that they make an odious Appearance at first, He can't forbear, by an unexpected and gradual Decline from Themselves, to soften and transmute all the Horror

conceiv'd for their Baseness, till we are arriv'd, through insensible Stages, at an Inclination to forgive it intirely.

I must venture to add, without mincing the matter, what I really believe, of this Book. — It will live on, through Posterity, with such unbounded Extent of Good Consequences, that Twenty Ages to come may be the Better and Wiser, for its Influence. It will steal first, imperceptibly, into the Hearts of the *Young* and the *Tender*: where It will afterwards guide and moderate their Reflections and Resolves, when grown Older. And so, a gradual moral Sunshine, of un-austere and compassionate *Virtue*, shall break out upon the *World*, from this TRIFLE (for such, I dare answer for the *Author*, His Modesty misguides him to think it). —— No Applause therefore can be too *high*, for *such Merit*. And, let me abominate the contemptible Reserves of mean-spirited Men*, who while they but* hesitate their Esteem, with Restraint, can be fluent and uncheck'd in their *Envy*. —— In an Age so deficient in Goodness, Every such Virtue, as That of this Author, is a salutary *Angel*, in *Sodom*. And *One* who cou'd stoop to conceal, a Delight he receives from the *Worthy*, wou'd be equally capable of submitting to an Approbation of the *Praise* of the *Wicked*.

I was thinking, just now, as I return'd from a *Walk* in the *Snow*, on that *Old Roman Policy*, of Exemptions in Favour of Men, who had given a few, bodily, Children to the Republick. —— What superior Distinction ought *our* Country, to find (but that Policy and We are at Variance) for Reward of this *Father, of Millions of* MINDS, which are to owe new Formation to the future Effect of his Influence!

Upon the whole, as I never met with so pleasing, so honest, and so truly deserving a Book, I shou'd never have done, if I explain'd All my Reasons for admiring its Author. —— If it is not a *Secret*, oblige me so far as to tell me his *Name*: for since I feel him the *Friend* of my Soul, it would be a Kind of Violation to retain him a *Stranger*. —— I am not able to thank you enough, for this highly acceptable Present. And, as for my Daughters, They have taken into their Own Hands the Acknowledgment due from their Gratitude. I am,

DEAR SIR, Your, &c.

Dec. 17, 1740.

Abstract of a second Letter from the same Gentleman.

— No Sentiments which I have here, or in my last, express'd, of the sweet *Pamela*, being more than the bare Truth, which every Man must feel, who lends his Ear to the inchanting Prattler, why does the Author's Modesty mislead his Judgment, to suspect the Style wants Polishing? — No, Sir, there is an *Ease*, a

natural Air, a dignify'd *Simplicity*, and measured Fullness, in it, that, resembling Life, outglows it! He has reconciled the *Pleasing* to the *Proper*. The *Thought* is every-where exactly cloath'd *by the* Expression: And becomes its Dress as roundly, and as close, as *Pamela* her Country-habit. Remember, tho' she put it on with humble Prospect, of descending to the Level of her Purpose, it adorn'd her, with such unpresum'd *Increase* of Loveliness; sat with such neat Propriety of Elegant Neglect about her, that it threw out All her Charms, with tenfold, and resistless Influence. — And so, dear Sir, it will be always found. — When modest Beauty seeks to hide itself by casting off the *Pride* of *Ornament*, it but displays itself without a *Covering*: And so, becoming more distinguished, by its Want of *Drapery*, grows *stronger*, from its purpos'd Weakness.

There were formed by an anonymous Gentleman, the following Objections to some Passages in the Work.

1. That the Style ought to be a little raised, at least so soon as *Pamela* knows the Gentleman's Love is honourable, and when his Diffidence is changed to Ease: And from about the fourth Day after Marriage, it should be equal to the Rank she is rais'd to, and charged to fill becomingly.

2. That to avoid the Idea apt to be join'd with the Word '*Squire*, the Gentleman should be styled Sir *James*; or Sir *John*, &c. and Lady *Davers* in a new Edition might procure for him the Title of a Baronet.

3. That if the sacred Name were seldomer repeated, it would be better; for that the Wise Man's Advice is, Be not righteous over-much.

4. That the Penance which *Pamela* suffers from Lady *Davers* might be shorten'd: That she is too timorous after owning her Marriage to that Lady, and ought to have a little more Spirit, and get away sooner out at the Window, or call her own Servants to protect, and carry her to her Husband's Appointment.

5. That Females are too apt to be struck with Images of Beauty; and that the Passage where the Gentleman is said to span the Waist of *Pamela* with his Hand, is enough to ruin a Nation of Women by Tight-lacing.

6. That the Word *naughty* had better be changed to some other, as *Bad*, *Faulty*, *Wicked*, *Vile*, *Abominable*, *Scandalous*: Which in most Places would give an Emphasis, for which recourse must otherwise be had to the innocent Simplicity of the Writer; an Idea not necessary to the Moral of the Story, nor of Advantage to the Character of the Heroine.

7. That the Words, p. 305. Foolish Thing that I am*, had better be* Foolish that I am. The same Gentleman observes by way of *Postscript*, that Jokes are often more severe, and do more Mischief, than more solid Objections; and would have

one or two Passages alter'd, to avoid giving Occasion for the Supposition of a double Entendre, particularly in two Places which he mentions, viz. p. 175. and 181.

He is pleased to take notice of several other Things of less Moment, some of which are merely typographical; and very kindly expresses, on the Whole, a high Opinion of the Performance, and thinks it may do a great deal of Good: For all which, as well as for his Objections, the Editor gives him very sincere Thanks.

Others are of Opinion, That the Scenes in many Places, in the Beginning especially, are too low; and that the Passions of Lady *Davers*, in particular, are carried too high, and above Nature.

And others have intimated, That Pamela ought, for Example sake, to have discharg'd Mrs. *Jewkes* from her Service.

These are the most material Objections that have come to hand, all which are considered in the following Extracts from some of the most beautiful Letters that have been written in any Language:

The Gentleman's Advice, not to alter *Pamela* at all, was both friendly, and solidly just. I run in, with full Sail, to his Anchorage, that the low Scenes are no more out of Nature, than the high Passions of proud Lady *Davers*. Out of Nature, do they say? 'Tis my Astonishment how Men of Letters can read with such absent Attention! They are so far from *Out* of *Nature*, They are absolute *Nature herself*! or, if they must be confess'd her *Resemblance*; they are *such* a Resemblance, at least, as our *true Face* gives our *Face* in the Looking-glass.

I wonder indeed, what it is, that the Gentlemen, who talk of *Low* Scenes, wou'd desire should be understood by the Epithet? — Nothing, properly speaking, is *low*, that suits well with the Place it is rais'd to. —— The Passions of Nature are the same, in the *Lord*, and his Coach-man. All, that makes them seem different consists in the *Degrees*, in the *Means*, and the *Air*, whereto or wherewith they indulge 'em. If, in painting Distinctions like these, (which arise but from the Forms of Men's Manners, drawn from *Birth*, *Education*, and *Custom*) a Writer *falls short* of his Characters, there his Scene is a low one, indeed, whatever high Fortune it flatter'd. But, to imagine that Persons of Rank are above a Concern for what is thought, felt, or acted, by others, of their Species, between whom and themselves is *no Difference*, except such as was owing to Accident, is to reduce Human Nature to a Lowness, — *too low* for the *Truth* of her *Frailty*. —

In *Pamela*, in particular, we owe All to her *Lowness*. It is to the docile Effects of this Lowness of *that amiable Girl*, in her Birth, her Condition, her Hopes, and

her Vanities, in every thing, in short, but her *Virtue*, — that her Readers are indebted, for the moral *Reward*, of that *Virtue*. And if we are to look for the *Low* among the Rest of the Servants, less lovely tho' they are, than a *Pamela*, there is something however, so glowingly painted, in the Lines whereby the Author has mark'd their Distinctions —— Something, so movingly forceful, in the *Grief* at their *Parting*, and *Joy* at the happy Return, — Something so finely, at once, and so strongly and feelingly, *varied*, even in the smallest and least promising, little Family Incidents! that I need only appeal from the *Heads*, to the *Hearts* of the Objectors themselves, whether these are *low* Scenes to be censur'd?

And as for the opposite Extreme they wou'd quarrel with, the high-passion'd, and un-tam'd Lady *Davers*, — I cou'd direct 'em to a Dozen or two of *Quality Originals*, from whom (with Exception perhaps of her *Wit*) one wou'd swear the Author had taken her Copy. — What a Sum might these Objectors ensure, to be paid, by the *Husbands* and *Sons*, of such termagant, hermaphrodite Minds, upon their making due Proof, that they were no longer to be found, in the Kingdom!

I know, you are too just to imagine me capable of giving any other Opinion than my best-weigh'd and true one. But, because it is fit you should have *Reasons*, in Support of a Judgment that can neither deserve nor expect an implicit Reception, I will run over the Anonymous Letter I herewith return you; and note with what Lightness even Men of good-natur'd *Intention fall into* Mistakes, by Neglect in too hasty Perusals, which their Benevolence wou'd take Pleasure in blushing at, when they discover their Weakness, in a cooler Revisal.

The Writer of this Letter is for having the Style rais'd*, after* Pamela's Advance in her Fortune. But surely, This was hasty Advice: because, as the Letters are writ to her Parents, it wou'd have look'd like forgetting, and, in some sort, insulting, the Lowliness of their inferior Condition, to have assum'd a new Air in her Language, in Place of retaining a steady Humility. But, here, it must not be pass'd unobserv'd, that in her Reports of Conversations that follow'd her Marriage, she *does*, aptly and beautifully, heighten her Style, and her Phrases: still returning however to her decent Simplicity, in her Addresses to her Father and Mother.

I am against giving a Gentleman (who has ennobled himself, by reforming his Vices, and rewarding the Worth of the *Friendless*) the unnecessary new Toy of a *Title*. It is all strong in Nature, as it stands in the Letters: and I don't see how

Greatness, from Titles, can add Likeness or Power, to the Passions. So complete a Resemblance of *Truth* stands in need of no borrow'd Pretensions.

The Only of this Writer's Objections, which, I think, carries Weight, is That, which advises some little *Contraction* of the Prayers, and Appeals to the Deity. I say *little* Contraction: for they are nobly and sincerely pathetic. And I say it only in Fear, lest, if fansied too long, by the fashionably *Averse* to the Subject, Minds, which most want the purpos'd Impression*, might hazard the* Loss *of its* Benefit, by passing over those pious Reflections, which, if shorter, would catch their Attention.

Certainly, the Gentleman's Objection against the Persecution that *Pamela* suffers from lady *Davers*, in respect to the Relation this Madwoman bears to the *Brother*, is the rashest of All his Advices! And when he thinks she ought rather to have assum'd the Protection of her Servants, he seems unaware of the probable *Consequence*; where there was a Puppy, of Quality, in the Case, who had, even without Provocation, drawn his Sword on the poor passive PAMELA. Far from bearing a Thought of exciting an abler Resentment, to the Danger of a Quarrel with so worthless a Coxcomb, how charmingly natural, apprehensive, and generous, is her Silence (during the Recital she makes of her Sufferings) with regard to this *masculine* Part of the Insult! as also her Prevention of Mrs. *Jewkes*'s less delicate Bluntness, when she was beginning to complain of the whelp Lord's Impertinence!

If I were not afraid of a *Pun*, I shou'd tell the anonymous Letter-writer, that he made a too tight-laced Objection, where he quarrels with the spann'd Waist of *Pamela*. What, in the Name of Unshapeliness! cou'd he find, to complain of, in a beautiful Girl of Sixteen, who was born *out of Germany*, and had not, yet, reach'd ungraspable *Roundness*! —— These are wonderful Sinkings from Purpose, where a Man is considering such mental, and passionate Beauties, as this Gentleman profess'd to be touch'd by!

But, when he goes on, to object against the Word *naughty*, (as apply'd in the Phrase *naughty Master*) I grow mortified, in Fear for our human Sufficiency, compar'd with our Aptness to blunder! For, here, 'tis plain, this Director of Another's Discernment is quite blind, Himself, to an Elegance, one wou'd have thought it *impossible* not to be struck by? — Faulty, wicked, abominable, scandalous, (which are the angry Adjectives, he prefers to that sweet one) wou'd have carried Marks of her Rage, not Affliction — whereas *naughty* contains, in One single significant Petulance, twenty thousand inexpressible Delicacies! — It insinuates, at once, all the beautiful Struggle, between her Contempt of his Purpose, and tender Regard for his Person; her Gratitude to Himself and his

Family; her Recollection of his superior Condition. — There is in the elegant Choice of this half-kind, half-peevish, *Word*, a never-enough to be prais'd speaking Picture of the Conflict betwixt her Disdain, and her Reverence! See, Sir, the Reason I had, for apprehending some Danger that the refin'd Generosity in many of the most charming of the Sentiments wou'd be *lost*, upon the too coarse Conception of some, for whose Use the Author intended them.

It is the same Case again, in foolish Thing that I am! which this nice, un-nice, Gentleman wou'd advise you to change, into foolish that I am! *He does not seem to have tasted the pretty Contempt of Herself, the submissive* Diminutive, so distant from Vanity, yet allayed by the gentle Reluctance in Self-condemnation ; — and the other fine Touches of Nature: which wou'd All have been lost, in the grave, sober Sound of his *Dutch Emendation*.

As to his Paragraph in *Postscript*, I shall say the less of it, because the Gentleman's own good Sense seems to confess, by the Place he has chosen to rank it in, that it ought to be turn'd out of Doors, as too *dirty* for the rest of his Letter. —— In the Occasions he is pleas'd to discover for *Jokes*, I either find not, that he has any Signification at all, or such vulgar, coarse-tasted Allusions to loose low-life Idioms, that *not* to understand what he means, is both the cleanliest, and prudentest Way of confuting him.

And now, Sir, you will easily gather how far I am from thinking it needful to change any thing in *Pamela*. I would not scratch such a beautiful Face, for the *Indies*!

You can hardly imagine how it charms me to hear of a Second Edition already! but the News of still new upon new ones, will be found no Subject of Wonder. As 'tis sure, that no Family is without Sisters, or Brothers, or Daughters, or Sons, who can *read*; or wants Fathers, or Mothers, or Friends, who can *think*; so equally certain it is, that the Train to a Parcel of Powder does not run on with more natural Tendency, till it sets the whole Heap in a Blaze, than that *Pamela*, inchanting from Family to Family, will overspread all the Hearts of the Kingdom.

As to the Objection of those warm Friends to *Honesty*, who are for having *Pamela* dismiss Mrs. *Jewkes*; there is not One, among All these benevolent Complainers, who wou'd not discern himself to have been, *laudably*, in the *wrong*, were he only to be ask'd this plain Question — Whether a Step, both ill-judg'd, and undutiful, had not been the Reverse of a PAMELA's Character? — Two or three times over, Mr. B —— had inform'd her, that Mrs. *Jewkes* and

Himself having been equally involv'd in *One Guilt*, she must forgive, or condemn, *Both together*. After this, it grew manifest *Duty* not to treat her with Marks of Resentment. — And, as here was a visible Necessity to appear not desirous of turning her away, so, in point of mere *Moral* Regard to the bad Woman Herself, it was nobler, to retain her, with a Prospect of correcting, in Time, her loose Habit of thinking, than, by casting her off, to the licentious Results of her Temper, abandon her to Temptations and Danger, which a Virtue like PAMELA's cou'd not wish her expos'd to.

The Manner in which this admirable Gentleman gives his Opinion of the Piece, and runs thro' the principal Characters, is so masterly, that the Readers of *Pamela* will be charm'd by it, tho' they should suppose, that his inimitable Benevolence has over-valu'd the Piece itself.

Inspir'd, without doubt, by some Skill, more than human, and comprehending in an humble, and seemingly artless, Narration, a Force that can tear up the Heart-strings, this Author has prepar'd an enamouring *Philtre* for the Mind, which will excite such a *Passion* for Virtue, as scarce to leave it in the Power of the *Will* to neglect her.

Longinus, I remember, distinguishing by what Marks we may know the *Sublime*, says, it is chiefly from an Effect that will follow the Reading it: a delightfully-adhering Idea, that clings fast to the Memory; and from which it is difficult for a Man to disengage his Attention. — If *this* is a Proof of the *Sublime*, there was never *Sublimity* so lastingly felt, as in PAMELA!

Not the Charmer's own prattling Idea stuck so close to the Heart of her Master, as the Incidents of her Story to the Thoughts of a Reader. — The Author transports, and transforms, with a Power more extensive than *Horace* requires, in his POET! —

Mr. B —— , and the Turns of his Passions — and the Softness, yet Strength, of their amiable Object — after having given us the most masterly Image of Nature, that ever was painted! take Possession of, and *dwell in*, the Memory.

And there, too, broods the kind and the credulous Parson WILLIAMS's *Dove*, (without *serpentine* Mixture) hatching *Pity* and *Affection*, for an Honesty so sincere, and so silly!

There too, take their Places All the *lower* Supports of this beautiful Fabrick. —

I am sometimes transform'd into plain Goodman ANDREWS, and sometimes the good Woman, his Wife.

As for old Mr. LONGMAN, and JONATHAN, the Butler, they are sure of me both, in their Turns.

Now and-then, I am COLBRAND the *Swiss*: but, as *broad* as *I stride*, in that Character, I can never escape Mrs. JEWKES: who often keeps me awake in the Night —

Till the Ghost of Lady DAVERS, drawing open the Curtains, scares the *Scarer*, of me, and of PAMELA! —

And, then, I take Shelter with poor penitent JOHN, and the rest of the *Men* and the *Maids*, of all whom I may say, with compassionate *Marcia*,

—— —— The Youths DIVIDE their Reader.

And this fine Writer adds:

I am glad I made War, in my last, upon the Notion of altering the Style: for, having read it twice over since then, (and to Audiences, where the *Tears* were applausively eloquent) I could hardly, here and there, find a Place, where one Word *can* be chang'd for a better. There are some indeed, where 'twere *possible* to leave out, a few, without making a Breach in the Building. But, in short, the Author has put so bewitching a Mixture together, of the Rais'd *with the* Natural, *and the* Soft *with the* Strong *and the* Eloquent — thatnever Sentiments were finer, and fuller of Life! never any were utter'd so sweetly! — Even in what relates to the pious and frequent Addresses to God, I now retract (on these two last Revisals) the Consent I half gave, on a *former*, to the anonymous Writer's Proposal, who advis'd the Author to *shorten* those Beauties. —— Whoever considers his *Pamela* with a View to find Matter for Censure, is in the Condition of a passionate Lover, who breaks in upon his Mistress, without Fear or Wit, with Intent to accuse her, and quarrel — He came to her with Pique in his Purpose; but his *Heart* is too hard for his *Malice* — and he goes away more enslav'd, for complaining.

The following delightful Story, so admirably related, will give great Pleasure to the Reader; and we take the Liberty of inserting it, for that very Reason.

What a never-to-be satisfied *Length* has this Subject always the Power of attracting me into! And yet, before I have done, I must by your means tell the Author a *Story*, which a Judge not so skilful in Nature as he is, might be in Danger perhaps of mistaking, for a trifling and silly one. I expect it shou'd give him the clearest Conviction, in a Case he is subject to question.

We have a lively little Boy in the Family, about seven Years old — but, alas for him, poor Child! quite unfriended; and born to no Prospect. He is the Son of an honest, poor Soldier, by a Wife, grave, unmeaning, and innocent. Yet the Boy, (see the Power of connubial *Simplicity*) is so pretty, so genteel, and gay-spirited, that we have made him, and design'd him, our *own*, ever since he could totter, and waddle. The wanton Rogue is half Air: and every Motion he acts by has a Spring, like *Pamela*'s when she threw down the Card-table. All this Quickness, however, is temper'd by a good-natur'd Modesty: so that the wildest of his Flights are thought rather diverting than troublesome. He is an hourly Foundation for Laughter, from the Top of the House to the Parlours: and, to borrow an Attribute from the Reverend Mr. *Peters*, (tho' without any Note of his Musick) *plays a very good* FIDDLE in the Family. I have told you the History of this Tom-tit *of a Prater, because, ever since my first reading of PAMELA, he puts in for a Right to be* one of her Hearers; and, having got half her Sayings by heart, talks in no other Language but hers: and, what really surprises, and has charm'd me into a *certain* Fore-taste of her Influence, he is, at once, become fond of his Book; which (before) he cou'd never be brought to attend to — that *he may read* PAMELA, he says, *without stopping*. The first Discovery we made of this Power over so unripe and unfix'd an Attention, was, one Evening, when I was reading her Reflections at the *Pond* to some Company. The little rampant Intruder, being kept out by the Extent of the Circle, had crept under my Chair, and was sitting before me, on the Carpet, with his Head almost touching the Book, and his Face bowing down toward the Fire. — He had sat for some time in this Posture, with a Stillness, that made us conclude him asleep: when, on a sudden, we heard a Succession of heart-heaving Sobs; which while he strove to conceal from our Notice, his little Sides swell'd, as if they wou'd burst, with the throbbing Restraint of his Sorrow. I turn'd his innocent Face, to look toward me; but his Eyes were quite lost, in his *Tears*: which running down from his Cheeks in free Currents, had form'd two sincere little Fountains, on that Part of the Carpet he hung over. All the Ladies in Company were ready to devour him with Kisses: and he has, since, become doubly a Favourite — and is perhaps the youngest of Pamela's Converts.

The same incomparable Writer has favour'd us with an Objection, that is more material than any we have mention'd; which cannot be better stated nor answer'd, than in his own beautiful Words; viz.

An Objection is come into my Thoughts, which I should be glad the Author would think proper to obviate in the Front of the Second Edition.

There are Mothers, or Grandmothers, in all Families of affluent Fortune, who, tho' they may have none of Lady *Davers*'s *Insolence*, will be apt to feel one of her *Fears*, — that the Example of a Gentleman so amiable as Mr. B — may be follow'd, by the *Jackies, their Sons*, with too blind and unreflecting a Readiness. Nor does the Answer of that Gentleman to his Sister's Reproach come quite up to the Point they will rest on. For, tho' indeed it is true, all the World wou'd acquit the best Gentleman in it, if he married *such* a Waiting-maid as *Pamela*, yet, there is an ill-discerning Partiality, in Passion, that will overthrow all the Force of that Argument: because every belov'd Maid will be PAMELA, in a Judgment obscur'd by her Influence.

And, since the Ground of this Fear will *seem* solid, I don't know how to be easy, till it is shewn (nor ought it to be left to the Author's Modesty) that they who consider his Design in that Light will be found but short-sighted Observers.

Request it of him then to suffer it to be told them, that not a limited, but general, Excitement to Virtue was the first and great End to his Story: And that this Excitement must have been deficient, and very imperfectly offer'd, if he had not look'd quite as low as he cou'd for his Example: because if there had been any Degree or Condition, more remote from the Prospect than that which he had chosen to work on, that Degree might have seem'd out of Reach of the Hope, which it was his generous Purpose to encourage. — And, so, he was under an evident *Necessity* to find such a Jewel in a *Cottage*: and expos'd, too, as she was, to the severest Distresses of Fortune, with Parents unable to support their own Lives, but from the daily hard Product of *Labour*.

Nor wou'd it have been sufficient to have plac'd her thus *low* and *distressful*, if he had not also suppos'd her a *Servant*: and that too in some elegant Family; for if she had always remain'd a Fellow-cottager with her Father, it must have carried an Air of Romantick Improbability to account for her polite Education.

If she had *wanted* those Improvements, which she found means to acquire in her *Service*, it wou'd have been very unlikely, that she shou'd have succeeded so well; and had destroy'd *one* great *Use* of the Story, to have allow'd such uncommon Felicity to the Effect of mere *personal Beauty*. — And it had not been *judicious* to have represented her as educated in a superior Condition of Life with the proper Accomplishments, before she became reduc'd by Misfortunes, and so not a Servant, but rather an Orphan under hopeless Distresses — because Opportunities which had made it no Wonder how she came to be so winningly qualified, wou'd have lessen'd her Merit in being so. And besides, where had then been the purpos'd Excitement of Persons in PAMELA's Condition of Life, by an Emulation of her Sweetness, Humility,

Modesty, Patience, and Industry, to attain some faint Hope of arriving, in time, within View of *her* Happiness? —— And what a delightful Reformation shou'd we see, in all Families, where the Vanity of their *Maids* took no Turn toward Ambition to *please*, but by such innocent Measures, as PAMELA's!

As it is clear, then, the Author was under a Necessity to suppose her a *Servant*, he is not to be accountable for mistaken Impressions, which the Charms he has given her may happen to make, on wrong Heads, or weak Hearts, tho' in Favour of Maids the Reverse of her Likeness.

What is it then (they may say) that the Lowness, and Distance of Pamela's Condition from the Gentleman's who married her, proposes to teach the *Gay World*, and the *Fortunate*? — *It is this* — By Comparison with that infinite Remoteness of her Condition from the Reward which her Virtue procur'd her, one great *Proof* is deriv'd, (which is Part of the *Moral* of PAMELA) that Advantages from *Birth*, and Distinction of *Fortune*, have no Power at all, when consider'd against those from *Behaviour*, and Temper of *Mind*: because where the *Last* are *not added*, all the *First* will be boasted in vain. Whereas she who possesses the Last finds *no Want* of the First, in her Influence.

In *that* Light alone let the Ladies of *Rank* look at PAMELA. — Such an alarming Reflection as that will, at the same time that it raises the Hope and Ambition of the *Humble*, correct and mortify the Disdain of the *Proud*. For it will compel them to observe, and acknowledge, that 'tis the Turn of their *Mind*, not the Claims of their *Quality*, by which (and which only) Womens Charms can be lasting: And that, while the *haughty Expectations*, inseparable from an elevated Rank, serve but to multiply its Complaints and Afflictions, the Condescensions of accomplish'd Humility, attracting Pity, Affection, and Reverence, secure an hourly Increase of Felicity. — So that the *moral Meaning* of PAMELA's Good-fortune, far from tempting young Gentlemen to marry *such* Maids as are found in their Families, is, by teaching Maids to *deserve to be Mistresses*, to stir up Mistresses *to support their Distinction*.

We shall only add, That it was intended to prefix two neat Frontispieces to this Edition, (and to present them to the Purchasers of the first) and one was actually finished for that Purpose; but there not being Time for the other, from the Demand for the new Impression; and the Engraving Part of that which was done (tho' no Expence was spared) having fallen very short of the Spirit of the Passages they were intended to represent, the Proprietors were advised to lay them aside. And were the rather induced to do so, from the following Observation of a most ingenious Gentleman, in a Letter to the Editor. "I am so jealous, *says he,* in Behalf

of our *inward* Idea of PAMELA's *Person*, that I dread *any* figur'd Pretence to Resemblance. For it will be pity to look at an *Air*, and imagine it *Hers*, that does not carry some such elegant Perfection of Amiableness, as will be sure to find place in the *Fancy*."

VERSES, sent to the Bookseller, for the Unknown Author of the beautiful new Piece call'd *PAMELA*.

BLest be thy pow'rful Pen, whoe'er thou art,
Thou skill'd, great *Moulder* of the master'd Heart!
Where hast thou lain conceal'd! — or why thought fit,
At this dire Period, to *unveil* thy Wit?
O! late befriended Isle! had this broad Blaze,
With earlier Beamings, bless'd our *Fathers* Days,
The Pilot Radiance, pointing out the Source,
Whence public Health derives its vital Course,
Each timely Draught some healing Power had shown,
Ere gen'ral *Gangrene* blacken'd, to the *Bone*.
But, fest'ring now, beyond all Sense of Pain,
'Tis hopeless: and the Helper's Hand is *vain*.
Sweet *Pamela*! forever-blooming Maid!
Thou dear, unliving, yet immortal, Shade!
Why are thy Virtues scatter'd to the Wind?
Why are thy Beauties flash'd upon the Blind?
What, tho' thy flutt'ring Sex might learn, from thee,
That *Merit* forms a Rank, above *Degree*?
That Pride, too conscious, falls, from ev'ry *Claim*,
While humble Sweetness climbs, beyond its *Aim*?
What, tho' Religion, smiling from thy Eyes,
Shews her *plain* Power, and charms without *Disguise*?
What, tho' thy warmly-pleasing moral Scheme
Gives livelier Rapture, than the Loose can *dream*?
What, tho' thou build'st, by thy persuasive Life,
Maid, Child, Friend, Mistress, Mother, Neighbour, Wife?
Tho' Taste like thine each Void of Time, can fill,
Unsunk by Spleen, unquicken'd by Quadrille!
What, tho' 'tis thine to bless the lengthen'd Hour!
Give *Permanence* to Joy, and *Use* to Pow'r?

Lend late-felt Blushes to the *Vain* and *Smart*?
And squeeze cramp'd Pity from the *Miser*'s Heart?
What, tho' 'tis thine to hush the Marriage Breeze,
Teach Liberty to *tire*, and Chains to *please*?
Thine tho', from Stiffness to divest Restraint,
And, to the Charmer, reconcile the *Saint*?
Tho' Smiles and Tears obey thy moving Skill,
And Passion's ruffled Empire waits thy Will?
Tho' thine the fansy'd Fields of flow'ry Wit,
Thine, Art's whole Pow'r, in Nature's Language writ!
Thine, to convey strong Thought, with modest Ease,
And, copying *Converse*, teach its *Style* to please?
Tho' thine each Virtue, that a *God* cou'd lend?
Thine, ev'ry Help, that ev'ry Heart, can mend?
'Tis Thine *in vain*! —— Thou wak'st a *dying* Land;
And lift'st *departed Hope*, with fruitless Hand:
Death has no Cure. Thou hast *mis-tim'd* thy Aim;
Rome had her Goths: and all, beyond, was *Shame*.

LETTER I

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I have great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is, that my good lady died of the illness I mentioned to you, and left us all much grieved for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I feared, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forced to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accounts, and made me a little expert at my needle, and otherwise qualified above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for: but God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienced at a pinch, put it into my good lady's heart, on her death-bed, just an hour before she expired, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended, (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow) she could only say, My dear son! — and so broke off a little; and then recovering — Remember my poor Pamela — And these were some of her last words! O how my eyes run — Don't wonder to see the paper so blotted.

Well, but God's will must be done! — And so comes the comfort, that I shall not be obliged to return back to be a clog upon my dear parents! For my master said, I will take care of you all, my good maidens; and for you, Pamela, (and took me by the hand; yes, he took my hand before them all,) for my dear mother's sake, I will be a friend to you, and you shall take care of my linen. God bless him! and pray with me, my dear father and mother, for a blessing upon him, for he has given mourning and a year's wages to all my lady's servants; and I having no wages as yet, my lady having said she should do for me as I deserved, ordered the housekeeper to give me mourning with the rest; and gave me with his own hand four golden guineas, and some silver, which were in my old lady's pocket when she died; and said, if I was a good girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a friend to me, for his mother's sake. And so I send you these four guineas for your comfort; for Providence will not let me want: And so you may pay some old debt with part, and keep the other part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my duty, and it shall be my care, to love and cherish you both; for you have loved and cherished me, when I could do nothing for myself. I send them by John, our footman, who goes your way: but he does not know what he carries; because I seal them up in one of the little pill-boxes, which my lady had, wrapt close in paper, that they mayn't chink; and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, dear father and mother, I must give you both grief and pleasure; and so I will only say, Pray for your Pamela; who will ever be

Your most dutiful DAUGHTER.

I have been scared out of my senses; for just now, as I was folding up this letter in my late lady's dressing-room, in comes my young master! Good sirs! how was I frightened! I went to hide the letter in my bosom; and he, seeing me tremble, said, smiling, To whom have you been writing, Pamela? — I said, in my confusion, Pray your honour forgive me! — Only to my father and mother. He said, Well then, let me see how you are come on in your writing! O how ashamed I was! — He took it, without saying more, and read it quite through, and then gave it me again; — and I said, Pray your honour forgive me! — Yet I know not for what: for he was always dutiful to his parents; and why should he be angry that I was so to mine? And indeed he was not angry; for he took me by the hand, and said, You are a good girl, Pamela, to be kind to your aged father and mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent matters as these: though you ought to be wary what tales you send out of a family. — Be faithful and diligent; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And then he said, Why, Pamela, you write a very pretty hand, and spell tolerably too. I see my good mother's care in your learning has not been thrown away upon you. She used to say you loved reading; you may look into any of her books, to improve yourself, so you take care of them. To be sure I did nothing but courtesy and cry, and was all in confusion, at his goodness. Indeed he is the best of gentlemen, I think! But I am making another long letter: So will only add to it, that I shall ever be Your dutiful daughter, PAMELA ANDREWS.

LETTER II

[In answer to the preceding.]

DEAR PAMELA,

Your letter was indeed a great trouble, and some comfort, to me and your poor mother. We are troubled, to be sure, for your good lady's death, who took such care of you, and gave you learning, and, for three or four years past, has always been giving you clothes and linen, and every thing that a gentlewoman need not be ashamed to appear in. But our chief trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to anything dishonest or wicked, by being set so above yourself. Every body talks how you have come on, and what a genteel girl you are; and some say you are very pretty; and, indeed, six months since, when I saw you last, I should have thought so myself, if you was not our child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruined and undone! — Indeed, my dear Pamela, we begin to be in great fear for you; for what signify all the riches in the world, with a bad conscience, and to be dishonest! We are, 'tis true, very poor, and find it hard enough to live; though once, as you know, it was better with us. But we would sooner live upon the water, and, if possible, the clay of the ditches I contentedly dig, than live better at the price of our child's ruin.

I hope the good 'squire has no design: but when he has given you so much money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on; and, oh, that fatal word! that he would be kind to you, if you would do as you should do, almost kills us with fears.

I have spoken to good old widow Mumford about it, who, you know, has formerly lived in good families; and she puts us in some comfort; for she says it is not unusual, when a lady dies, to give what she has about her person to her waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in her illness. But, then, why should he smile so kindly upon you? Why should he take such a poor girl as you by the hand, as your letter says he has done twice? Why should he stoop to read your letter to us; and commend your writing and spelling? And why should he give you leave to read his mother's books? — Indeed, indeed, my dearest child, our hearts ache for you; and then you seem so full of joy at his goodness, so taken with his kind expressions, (which, truly, are very great favours, if he means well) that we fear — yes, my dear child, we fear — you should be too grateful, — and reward him with that jewel, your virtue, which no riches, nor favour, nor any thing in this life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long letter, but will say one thing more; and that is, that, in the midst of our poverty and misfortunes, we have trusted in God's goodness,

and been honest, and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, though our lot is hard here; but the loss of our dear child's virtue would be a grief that we could not bear, and would bring our grey hairs to the grave at once.

If, then, you love us, if you wish for God's blessing, and your own future happiness, we both charge you to stand upon your guard: and, if you find the least attempt made upon your virtue, be sure you leave every thing behind you, and come away to us; for we had rather see you all covered with rags, and even follow you to the churchyard, than have it said, a child of ours preferred any worldly conveniences to her virtue.

We accept kindly your dutiful present; but, till we are out of pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the price of our poor daughter's shame: so have laid it up in a rag among the thatch, over the window, for a while, lest we should be robbed. With our blessings, and our hearty prayers for you, we remain,

Your careful, but loving Father and Mother,

JOHN AND ELIZABETH ANDREWS.

LETTER III

DEAR FATHER,

I must needs say, your letter has filled me with trouble, for it has made my heart, which was overflowing with gratitude for my master's goodness, suspicious and fearful: and yet I hope I shall never find him to act unworthy of his character; for what could he get by ruining such a poor young creature as me? But that which gives me most trouble is, that you seem to mistrust the honesty of your child. No, my dear father and mother, be assured, that, by God's grace, I never will do any thing that shall bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I will die a thousand deaths, rather than be dishonest any way. Of that be assured, and set your hearts at rest; for although I have lived above myself for some time past, yet I can be content with rags and poverty, and bread and water, and will embrace them, rather than forfeit my good name, let who will be the tempter. And of this pray rest satisfied, and think better of Your dutiful DAUGHTER till death.

My master continues to be very affable to me. As yet I see no cause to fear any thing. Mrs. Jervis, the housekeeper, too, is very civil to me, and I have the love of every body. Sure they can't all have designs against me, because they are civil! I hope I shall always behave so as to be respected by every one; and that nobody would do me more hurt than I am sure I would do them. Our John so often goes your way, that I will always get him to call, that you may hear from me, either by writing, (for it brings my hand in,) or by word of mouth.

LETTER IV

DEAR MOTHER,

For the last was to my father, in answer to his letter; and so I will now write to you; though I have nothing to say, but what will make me look more like a vain hussy, than any thing else: However, I hope I shan't be so proud as to forget myself. Yet there is a secret pleasure one has to hear one's self praised. You must know, then, that my Lady Davers, who, I need not tell you, is my master's sister, has been a month at our house, and has taken great notice of me, and given me good advice to keep myself to myself. She told me I was a pretty wench, and that every body gave me a very good character, and loved me; and bid me take care to keep the fellows at a distance; and said, that I might do, and be more valued for it, even by themselves.

But what pleased me much was, what I am going to tell you; for at table, as Mrs. Jervis says, my master and her ladyship talking of me, she told him she thought me the prettiest wench she ever saw in her life; and that I was too pretty to live in a bachelor's house; since no lady he might marry would care to continue me with her. He said, I was vastly improved, and had a good share of prudence, and sense above my years; and that it would be pity, that what was my merit should be my misfortune. — No, says my good lady, Pamela shall come and live with me, I think. He said, with all his heart; he should be glad to have me so well provided for. Well, said she, I'll consult my lord about it. She asked how old I was; and Mrs. Jervis said, I was fifteen last February. O! says she, if the wench (for so she calls all us maiden servants) takes care of herself, she'll improve yet more and more, as well in her person as mind.

Now, my dear father and mother, though this may look too vain to be repeated by me; yet are you not rejoiced, as well as I, to see my master so willing to part with me? — This shews that he has nothing bad in his heart. But John is just going away; and so I have only to say, that I am, and will always be,

Your honest as well as dutiful DAUGHTER.

Pray make use of the money. You may now do it safely.

LETTER V

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

John being to go your way, I am willing to write, because he is so willing to carry any thing for me. He says it does him good at his heart to see you both, and to hear you talk. He says you are both so sensible, and so honest, that he always learns something from you to the purpose. It is a thousand pities, he says, that such worthy hearts should not have better luck in the world! and wonders, that you, my father, who are so well able to teach, and write so good a hand, succeeded no better in the school you attempted to set up; but was forced to go to such hard labour. But this is more pride to me, that I am come of such honest parents, than if I had been born a lady.

I hear nothing yet of going to Lady Davers; and I am very easy at present here: for Mrs. Jervis uses me as if I were her own daughter, and is a very good woman, and makes my master's interest her own. She is always giving me good counsel, and I love her next to you two, I think, best of any body. She keeps so good rule and order, she is mightily respected by us all; and takes delight to hear me read to her; and all she loves to hear read, is good books, which we read whenever we are alone; so that I think I am at home with you. She heard one of our men, Harry, who is no better than he should be, speak freely to me; I think he called me his pretty Pamela, and took hold of me, as if he would have kissed me; for which, you may be sure, I was very angry: and she took him to task, and was as angry at him as could be; and told me she was very well pleased to see my prudence and modesty, and that I kept all the fellows at a distance. And indeed I am sure I am not proud, and carry it civilly to every body; but yet, methinks, I cannot bear to be looked upon by these men-servants, for they seem as if they would look one through; and, as I generally breakfast, dine, and sup, with Mrs. Jervis, (so good she is to me,) I am very easy that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are civil to me in the main, for Mrs. Jervis's sake, who they see loves me; and they stand in awe of her, knowing her to be a gentlewoman born, though she has had misfortunes. I am going on again with a long letter; for I love writing, and shall tire you. But, when I began, I only intended to say, that I am quite fearless of any danger now: and, indeed, cannot but wonder at myself, (though your caution to me was your watchful love,) that I should be so foolish as to be so uneasy as I have been: for I am sure my master would not demean himself, so as to think upon such a poor girl as I, for my harm. For such a thing would ruin his credit, as well as mine, you know: who, to be sure, may expect one of the best ladies in the land. So no more at present, but that I am

Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER VI

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

My master has been very kind since my last; for he has given me a suit of my late lady's clothes, and half a dozen of her shifts, and six fine handkerchiefs, and three of her cambric aprons, and four holland ones. The clothes are fine silk, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no affront to him to make money of them, and send it to you: it would do me more good.

You will be full of fears, I warrant now, of some design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. Jervis when he gave them me; and he gave her a mort of good things, at the same time, and bid her wear them in remembrance of her good friend, my lady, his mother. And when he gave me these fine things, he said, These, Pamela, are for you; have them made fit for you, when your mourning is laid by, and wear them for your good mistress's sake. Mrs. Jervis gives you a very good word; and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have done hitherto, and every body will be your friend.

I was so surprised at his goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I courtesied to him, and to Mrs. Jervis for her good word; and said, I wished I might be deserving of his favour, and her kindness: and nothing should be wanting in me, to the best of my knowledge.

O how amiable a thing is doing good! — It is all I envy great folks for.

I always thought my young master a fine gentleman, as every body says he is: but he gave these good things to us both with such a graciousness, as I thought he looked like an angel.

Mrs. Jervis says, he asked her, If I kept the men at a distance? for, he said, I was very pretty; and to be drawn in to have any of them, might be my ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good word, and took occasion to launch out in my praise, she says. But I hope she has said no more than I shall try to deserve, though I mayn't at present. I am sure I will always love her, next to you and my dear mother. So I rest

Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER VII

DEAR FATHER,

Since my last, my master gave me more fine things. He called me up to my late lady's closet, and, pulling out her drawers, he gave me two suits of fine Flanders laced headclothes, three pair of fine silk shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me, (for my lady had a very little foot,) and the other with wrought silver buckles in them; and several ribands and top-knots of all colours; four pair of white fine cotton stockings, and three pair of fine silk ones; and two pair of rich stays. I was quite astonished, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the stockings; for Mrs. Jervis was not there: If she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I received them very awkwardly; for he smiled at my awkwardness, and said, Don't blush, Pamela: Dost think I don't know pretty maids should wear shoes and stockings?

I was so confounded at these words, you might have beat me down with a feather. For you must think, there was no answer to be made to this: So, like a fool, I was ready to cry; and went away courtesying and blushing, I am sure, up to the ears; for, though there was no harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. Jervis, who said, God put it into his heart to be good to me; and I must double my diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in dress for a waiting-maid's place on Lady Davers's own person.

But still your kind fatherly cautions came into my head, and made all these gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet, I hope, there is no reason; for what good could it do to him to harm such a simple maiden as me? Besides, to be sure no lady would look upon him, if he should so disgrace himself. So I will make myself easy; and, indeed, I should never have been otherwise, if you had not put it into my head; for my good, I know very well. But, may be, without these uneasinesses to mingle with these benefits, I might be too much puffed up: So I will conclude, all that happens is for our good; and God bless you, my dear father and mother; and I know you constantly pray for a blessing upon me; who am, and shall always be,

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER VIII

DEAR PAMELA,

I cannot but renew my cautions on your master's kindness, and his free expression to you about the stockings. Yet there may not be, and I hope there is not, any thing in it. But when I reflect, that there possibly may, and that if there should, no less depends upon it than my child's everlasting happiness in this world and the next; it is enough to make one fearful for you. Arm yourself, my dear child, for the worst; and resolve to lose your life sooner than your virtue. What though the doubts I filled you with, lessen the pleasure you would have had in your master's kindness; yet what signify the delights that arise from a few paltry fine clothes, in comparison with a good conscience?

These are, indeed, very great favours that he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected; and when you say he looked so amiably, and like an angel, how afraid I am, that they should make too great an impression upon you! For, though you are blessed with sense and prudence above your years, yet I tremble to think, what a sad hazard a poor maiden of little more than fifteen years of age stands against the temptations of this world, and a designing young gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much power to oblige, and has a kind of authority to command, as your master.

I charge you, my dear child, on both our blessings, poor as we are, to be on your guard; there can be no harm in that. And since Mrs. Jervis is so good a gentlewoman, and so kind to you, I am the easier a great deal, and so is your mother; and we hope you will hide nothing from her, and take her counsel in every thing. So, with our blessings, and assured prayers for you, more than for ourselves, we remain,

Your loving FATHER AND MOTHER.

Be sure don't let people's telling you, you are pretty, puff you up; for you did not make yourself, and so can have no praise due to you for it. It is virtue and goodness only, that make the true beauty. Remember that, Pamela.

LETTER IX

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I am sorry to write you word, that the hopes I had of going to wait on Lady Davers, are quite over. My lady would have had me; but my master, as I heard by the by, would not consent to it. He said her nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his mother loved me, and committed me to his care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. Jervis would be a mother to me. Mrs. Jervis tells me the lady shook her head, and said, Ah! brother! and that was all. And as you have made me fearful by your cautions, my heart at times misgives me. But I say nothing yet of your caution, or my own uneasiness, to Mrs. Jervis; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me presumptuous, and vain and conceited, to have any fears about the matter, from the great distance between such a gentleman, and so poor a girl. But yet Mrs. Jervis seemed to build something upon Lady Davers's shaking her head, and saying, Ah! brother! and no more. God, I hope, will give me his grace: and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no occasion. But every little matter that happens, I will acquaint you with, that you may continue to me your good advice, and pray for

Your sad-hearted PAMELA.

LETTER X

DEAR MOTHER,

You and my good father may wonder you have not had a letter from me in so many weeks; but a sad, sad scene, has been the occasion of it. For to be sure, now it is too plain, that all your cautions were well grounded. O my dear mother! I am miserable, truly miserable! — But yet, don't be frightened, I am honest! — God, of his goodness, keep me so!

O this angel of a master! this fine gentleman! this gracious benefactor to your poor Pamela! who was to take care of me at the prayer of his good dying mother; who was so apprehensive for me, lest I should be drawn in by Lord Davers's nephew, that he would not let me go to Lady Davers's: This very gentleman (yes, I must call him gentleman, though he has fallen from the merit of that title) has degraded himself to offer freedoms to his poor servant! He has now shewed himself in his true colours; and, to me, nothing appear so black, and so frightful.

I have not been idle; but had writ from time to time, how he, by sly mean degrees, exposed his wicked views; but somebody stole my letter, and I know not what has become of it. It was a very long one. I fear, he that was mean enough to do bad things, in one respect, did not stick at this. But be it as it will, all the use he can make of it will be, that he may be ashamed of his part; I not of mine: for he will see I was resolved to be virtuous, and gloried in the honesty of my poor parents.

I will tell you all, the next opportunity; for I am watched very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. Jervis, This girl is always scribbling; I think she may be better employed. And yet I work all hours with my needle, upon his linen, and the fine linen of the family; and am, besides, about flowering him a waistcoat. — But, oh! my heart's broke almost; for what am I likely to have for my reward, but shame and disgrace, or else ill words, and hard treatment! I'll tell you all soon, and hope I shall find my long letter.

Your most afflicted DAUGHTER.

May-be, I *he* and *him* too much: but it is his own fault if I do. For why did he lose all his dignity with me?

LETTER XI

DEAR MOTHER,

Well, I can't find my letter, and so I'll try to recollect it all, and be as brief as I can. All went well enough in the main for some time after my letter but one. At last, I saw some reason to suspect; for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner, as shewed not well; and one day he came to me, as I was in the summer-house in the little garden, at work with my needle, and Mrs. Jervis was just gone from me; and I would have gone out, but he said, No don't go, Pamela; I have something to say to you; and you always fly me when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me.

I was much out of countenance, you may well think; but said, at last, It does not become your good servant to stay in your presence, sir, without your business required it; and I hope I shall always know my place.

Well, says he, my business does require it sometimes; and I have a mind you should stay to hear what I have to say to you.

I stood still confounded, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the hand; for now no soul was near us.

My sister Davers, said he, (and seemed, I thought, to be as much at a loss for words as I,) would have had you live with her; but she would not do for you what I am resolved to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say'st thou, my girl? said he, with some eagerness; had'st thou not rather stay with me, than go to my sister Davers? He looked so, as filled me with affrightment; I don't know how; wildly, I thought.

I said, when I could speak, Your honour will forgive me; but as you have no lady for me to wait upon, and my good lady has been now dead this twelvemonth, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady Davers, because —

I was proceeding, and he said, a little hastily — Because you are a little fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you I will make a gentlewoman of you, if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own light; and so saying, he put his arm about me, and kissed me!

Now, you will say, all his wickedness appeared plainly. I struggled and trembled, and was so benumbed with terror, that I sunk down, not in a fit, and yet not myself; and I found myself in his arms, quite void of strength; and he kissed me two or three times, with frightful eagerness. — At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the summer-house; but he held me back, and shut the door.

I would have given my life for a farthing. And he said, I'll do you no harm, Pamela; don't be afraid of me. I said, I won't stay. You won't, hussy! said he: Do

you know whom you speak to? I lost all fear, and all respect, and said, Yes, I do, sir, too well! — Well may I forget that I am your servant, when you forget what belongs to a master.

I sobbed and cried most sadly. What a foolish hussy you are! said he: Have I done you any harm? Yes, sir, said I, the greatest harm in the world: You have taught me to forget myself and what belongs to me, and have lessened the distance that fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself, to be so free to a poor servant. Yet, sir, I will be bold to say, I am honest, though poor: and if you was a prince, I would not be otherwise.

He was angry, and said, Who would have you otherwise, you foolish slut! Cease your blubbering. I own I have demeaned myself; but it was only to try you. If you can keep this matter secret, you'll give me the better opinion of your prudence; and here's something, said he, putting some gold in my hand, to make you amends for the fright I put you in. Go, take a walk in the garden, and don't go in till your blubbering is over: and I charge you say nothing of what is past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I won't take the money, indeed, sir, said I, poor as I am I won't take it. For, to say truth, I thought it looked like taking earnest, and so I put it upon the bench; and as he seemed vexed and confused at what he had done, I took the opportunity to open the door, and went out of the summer-house.

He called to me, and said, Be secret; I charge you, Pamela; and don't go in yet, as I told you.

O how poor and mean must those actions be, and how little must they make the best of gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!

I took a turn or two in the garden, but in sight of the house, for fear of the worst; and breathed upon my hand to dry my eyes, because I would not be too disobedient. My next shall tell you more.

Pray for me, my dear father and mother: and don't be angry I have not yet run away from this house, so late my comfort and delight, but now my terror and anguish. I am forced to break off hastily.

Your dutiful and honest DAUGHTER.

LETTER XII

DEAR MOTHER,

Well, I will now proceed with my sad story. And so, after I had dried my eyes, I went in, and began to ruminate with myself what I had best to do. Sometimes I thought I would leave the house and go to the next town, and wait an opportunity to get to you; but then I was at a loss to resolve whether to take away the things he had given me or no, and how to take them away: Sometimes I thought to leave them behind me, and only go with the clothes on my back, but then I had two miles and a half, and a byway, to the town; and being pretty well dressed, I might come to some harm, almost as bad as what I would run away from; and then may-be, thought I, it will be reported, I have stolen something, and so was forced to run away; and to carry a bad name back with me to my dear parents, would be a sad thing indeed! — O how I wished for my grey russet again, and my poor honest dress, with which you fitted me out, (and hard enough too it was for you to do it!) for going to this place, when I was not twelve years old, in my good lady's days! Sometimes I thought of telling Mrs. Jervis, and taking her advice, and only feared his command to be secret; for, thought I, he may be ashamed of his actions, and never attempt the like again: And as poor Mrs. Jervis depended upon him, through misfortunes, that had attended her, I thought it would be a sad thing to bring his displeasure upon her for my sake.

In this quandary, now considering, now crying, and not knowing what to do, I passed the time in my chamber till evening; when desiring to be excused going to supper, Mrs. Jervis came up to me, and said, Why must I sup without you, Pamela? Come, I see you are troubled at something; tell me what is the matter.

I begged I might be permitted to be with her on nights; for I was afraid of spirits, and they would not hurt such a good person as she. That was a silly excuse, she said; for why was not you afraid of spirits before? — (Indeed I did not think of that.) But you shall be my bed-fellow with all my heart, added she, let your reason be what it will; only come down to supper. I begged to be excused; for, said I, I have been crying so, that it will be taken notice of by my fellow-servants; and I will hide nothing from you, Mrs. Jervis, when we are alone.

She was so good to indulge me; but made haste to come up to bed; and told the servants, that I should be with her, because she could not rest well, and would get me to read her to sleep; for she knew I loved reading, she said.

When we were alone, I told her all that had passed; for I thought, though he had bid me not, yet if he should come to know I had told, it would be no worse; for to keep a secret of such a nature, would be, as I apprehended, to deprive

myself of the good advice which I never wanted more; and might encourage him to think I did not resent it as I ought, and would keep worse secrets, and so make him do worse by me. Was I right, my dear mother?

Mrs. Jervis could not help mingling tears with my tears; for I cried all the time I was telling her the story, and begged her to advise me what to do; and I shewed her my dear father's two letters, and she praised the honesty and editing of them, and said pleasing things to me of you both. But she begged I would not think of leaving my service; for, said she, in all likelihood, you behaved so virtuously, that he will be ashamed of what he has done, and never offer the like to you again: though, my dear Pamela, said she, I fear more for your prettiness than for anything else; because the best man in the land might love you: so she was pleased to say. She wished it was in her power to live independent; then she would take a little private house, and I should live with her like her daughter.

And so, as you ordered me to take her advice, I resolved to tarry to see how things went, except he was to turn me away; although, in your first letter, you ordered me to come away the moment I had any reason to be apprehensive. So, dear father and mother, it is not disobedience, I hope, that I stay; for I could not expect a blessing, or the good fruits of your prayers for me, if I was disobedient.

All the next day I was very sad, and began my long letter. He saw me writing, and said (as I mentioned) to Mrs. Jervis, That girl is always scribbling; methinks she might find something else to do, or to that purpose. And when I had finished my letter, I put it under the toilet in my late lady's dressing-room, whither nobody comes but myself and Mrs. Jervis, besides my master; but when I came up again to seal it, to my great concern, it was gone; and Mrs. Jervis knew nothing of it; and nobody knew of my master's having been near the place in the time; so I have been sadly troubled about it: But Mrs. Jervis, as well as I, thinks he has it, some how or other; and he appears cross and angry, and seems to shun me, as much as he said I did him. It had better be so than worse!

But he has ordered Mrs. Jervis to bid me not pass so much time in writing; which is a poor matter for such a gentleman as he to take notice of, as I am not idle other ways, if he did not resent what he thought I wrote upon. And this has no very good look.

But I am a good deal easier since I lie with Mrs. Jervis; though, after all, the fears I live in on one side, and his frowning and displeasure at what I do on the other, make me more miserable than enough.

O that I had never left my little bed in the loft, to be thus exposed to temptations on one hand, or disgusts on the other! How happy was I awhile ago! How contrary now! — Pity and pray for

Your afflicted

PAMELA.

LETTER XIII

My DEAREST CHILD,

Our hearts bleed for your distress, and the temptations you are exposed to. You have our hourly prayers; and we would have you flee this evil great house and man, if you find he renews his attempts. You ought to have done it at first, had you not had Mrs. Jervis to advise with. We can find no fault in your conduct hitherto: But it makes our hearts ache for fear of the worst. O my child! temptations are sore things, — but yet, without them, we know not ourselves, nor what we are able to do.

Your danger is very great; for you have riches, youth, and a fine gentleman, as the world reckons him, to withstand; but how great will be your honour to withstand them! And when we consider your past conduct, and your virtuous education, and that you have been bred to be more ashamed of dishonesty than poverty, we trust in God, that He will enable you to overcome. Yet, as we can't see but your life must be a burthen to you, through the great apprehensions always upon you; and that it may be presumptuous to trust too much to our own strength; and that you are but very young; and the devil may put it into his heart to use some stratagem, of which great men are full, to decoy you: I think you had better come home to share our poverty with safety, than live with so much discontent in a plenty, that itself may be dangerous. God direct you for the best! While you have Mrs. Jervis for an adviser and bed-fellow, (and, O my dear child! that was prudently done of you,) we are easier than we should be; and so committing you to the divine protection, remain

Your truly loving, but careful,

FATHER and MOTHER.

LETTER XIV

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

Mrs. Jervis and I have lived very comfortably together for this fortnight past; for my master was all that time at his Lincolnshire estate, and at his sister's, the Lady Davers. But he came home yesterday. He had some talk with Mrs. Jervis soon after, and mostly about me. He said to her, it seems, Well, Mrs. Jervis, I know Pamela has your good word; but do you think her of any use in the family? She told me she was surprised at the question, but said, That I was one of the most virtuous and industrious young creatures that ever she knew. Why that word virtuous, said he, I pray you? Was there any reason to suppose her otherwise? Or has any body taken it into his head to try her? — I wonder, sir, says she, you ask such a question! Who dare offer any thing to her in such an orderly and well-governed house as yours, and under a master of so good a character for virtue and honour? Your servant, Mrs. Jervis, says he, for your good opinion: but pray, if any body did, do you think Pamela would let you know it? Why, sir, said she, she is a poor innocent young creature, and I believe has so much confidence in me, that she would take my advice as soon as she would her mother's. Innocent! again, and virtuous, I warrant! Well, Mrs. Jervis, you abound with your epithets; but I take her to be an artful young baggage; and had I a young handsome butler or steward, she'd soon make her market of one of them, if she thought it worth while to snap at him for a husband. Alack-a-day, sir, said she, it is early days with Pamela; and she does not yet think of a husband, I dare say: and your steward and butler are both men in years, and think nothing of the matter. No, said he, if they were younger, they'd have more wit than to think of such a girl; I'll tell you my mind of her, Mrs. Jervis: I don't think this same favourite of yours so very artless a girl as you imagine. I am not to dispute with your honour, said Mrs. Jervis; but I dare say, if the men will let her alone, she'll never trouble herself about them. Why, Mrs. Jervis, said he, are there any men that will not let her alone, that you know of? No, indeed, sir, said she; she keeps herself so much to herself, and yet behaves so prudently, that they all esteem her, and shew her as great a respect as if she was a gentlewoman born.

Ay, says he, that's her art, that I was speaking of: but, let me tell you, the girl has vanity and conceit, and pride too, or I am mistaken; and, perhaps, I could give you an instance of it. Sir, said she, you can see farther than such a poor silly woman as I am; but I never saw any thing but innocence in her — And virtue too, I'll warrant ye! said he. But suppose I could give you an instance, where she has talked a little too freely of the kindnesses that have been shewn her from a certain

quarter; and has had the vanity to impute a few kind words, uttered in mere compassion to her youth and circumstances, into a design upon her, and even dared to make free with names that she ought never to mention but with reverence and gratitude; what would you say to that? — Say, sir! said she, I cannot tell what to say. But I hope Pamela incapable of such ingratitude.

Well, no more of this silly girl, says he; you may only advise her, as you are her friend, not to give herself too much licence upon the favours she meets with; and if she stays here, that she will not write the affairs of my family purely for an exercise to her pen, and her invention. I tell you she is a subtle, artful gipsy, and time will shew it you.

Was ever the like heard, my dear father and mother? It is plain he did not expect to meet with such a repulse, and mistrusts that I have told Mrs. Jervis, and has my long letter too, that I intended for you; and so is vexed to the heart. But I can’t help it. I had better be thought artful and subtle, than be so, in his sense; and, as light as he makes of the words virtue and innocence in me, he would have made a less angry construction, had I less deserved that he should do so; for then, may be, my crime should have been my virtue with him naughty gentleman as he is!

I will soon write again; but must now end with saying, that I am, and shall always be, Your honest DAUGHTER.

LETTER XV

DEAR MOTHER,

I broke off abruptly my last letter; for I feared he was coming; and so it happened. I put the letter in my bosom, and took up my work, which lay by me; but I had so little of the artful, as he called it, that I looked as confused as if I had been doing some great harm.

Sit still, Pamela, said he, mind your work, for all me. — You don't tell me I am welcome home, after my journey to Lincolnshire. It would be hard, sir, said I, if you was not always welcome to your honour's own house.

I would have gone; but he said, Don't run away, I tell you. I have a word or two to say to you. Good sirs, how my heart went pit-a-pat! When I was a little kind to you, said he, in the summer-house, and you carried yourself so foolishly upon it, as if I had intended to do you great harm, did I not tell you you should take no notice of what passed to any creature? and yet you have made a common talk of the matter, not considering either my reputation, or your own. — I made a common talk of it, sir! said I: I have nobody to talk to, hardly.

He interrupted me, and said, Hardly! you little equivocator! what do you mean by hardly? Let me ask you, have not you told Mrs. Jervis for one? Pray your honour, said I, all in agitation, let me go down; for it is not for me to hold an argument with your honour. Equivocator, again! said he, and took my hand, what do you talk of an argument? Is it holding an argument with me to answer a plain question? Answer me what I asked. O, good sir, said I, let me beg you will not urge me farther, for fear I forget myself again, and be saucy.

Answer me then, I bid you, says he, Have you not told Mrs. Jervis? It will be saucy in you if you don't answer me directly to what I ask. Sir, said I, and fain would have pulled my hand away, perhaps I should be for answering you by another question, and that would not become me. What is it you would say? replies he; speak out.

Then, sir, said I, why should your honour be so angry I should tell Mrs. Jervis, or any body else, what passed, if you intended no harm?

Well said, pretty innocent and artless! as Mrs. Jervis calls you, said he; and is it thus you taunt and retort upon me, insolent as you are! But still I will be answered directly to my question. Why then, sir, said I, I will not tell a lie for the world: I did tell Mrs. Jervis; for my heart was almost broken; but I opened not my mouth to any other. Very well, boldface, said he, and equivocator again! You did not open your mouth to any other; but did not you write to some other? Why, now, and please your honour, said I, (for I was quite courageous just then,) you could

not have asked me this question, if you had not taken from me my letter to my father and mother, in which I own I had broken my mind freely to them, and asked their advice, and poured forth my griefs!

And so I am to be exposed, am I, said he, in my own house, and out of my house, to the whole world, by such a sauce-box as you? No, good sir, said I, and I hope your honour won't be angry with me; it is not I that expose you, if I say nothing but the truth. So, taunting again! Assurance as you are! said he: I will not be thus talked to!

Pray, sir, said I, of whom can a poor girl take advice, if it must not be of her father and mother, and such a good woman as Mrs. Jervis, who, for her sex-sake, should give it me when asked? Insolence! said he, and stamped with his foot, am I to be questioned thus by such a one as you? I fell down on my knees, and said, For Heaven's sake, your honour, pity a poor creature, that knows nothing of her duty, but how to cherish her virtue and good name: I have nothing else to trust to: and, though poor and friendless here, yet I have always been taught to value honesty above my life. Here's ado with your honesty, said he, foolish girl! Is it not one part of honesty to be dutiful and grateful to your master, do you think? Indeed, sir, said I, it is impossible I should be ungrateful to your honour, or disobedient, or deserve the names of bold-face or insolent, which you call me, but when your commands are contrary to that first duty which shall ever be the principle of my life!

He seemed to be moved, and rose up, and walked into the great chamber two or three turns, leaving me on my knees; and I threw my apron over my face, and laid my head on a chair, and cried as if my heart would break, having no power to stir.

At last he came in again, but, alas! with mischief in his heart! and raising me up, he said, Rise, Pamela, rise; you are your own enemy. Your perverse folly will be your ruin: I tell you this, that I am very much displeased with the freedoms you have taken with my name to my housekeeper, as also to your father and mother; and you may as well have real cause to take these freedoms with me, as to make my name suffer for imaginary ones. And saying so, he offered to take me on his knee, with some force. O how I was terrified! I said, like as I had read in a book a night or two before, Angels and saints, and all the host of heaven, defend me! And may I never survive one moment that fatal one in which I shall forfeit my innocence! Pretty fool! said he, how will you forfeit your innocence, if you are obliged to yield to a force you cannot withstand? Be easy, said he; for let the worst happen that can, you will have the merit, and I the blame; and it will be a good subject for letters to your father and mother, and a tale into the bargain for Mrs. Jervis.

He by force kissed my neck and lips; and said, Whoever blamed Lucretia? All the shame lay on the ravisher only and I am content to take all the blame upon me, as I have already borne too great a share for what I have not deserved.

May I, said I, Lucretia like, justify myself with my death, if I am used barbarously! O my good girl! said he, tauntingly, you are well read, I see; and we shall make out between us, before we have done, a pretty story in romance, I warrant ye.

He then put his hand in my bosom, and indignation gave me double strength, and I got loose from him by a sudden spring, and ran out of the room! and the next chamber being open, I made shift to get into it, and threw to the door, and it locked after me; but he followed me so close, he got hold of my gown, and tore a piece off, which hung without the door; for the key was on the inside.

I just remember I got into the room; for I knew nothing further of the matter till afterwards; for I fell into a fit with my terror, and there I lay, till he, as I suppose, looking through the key-hole, spyed me upon the floor, stretched out at length, on my face; and then he called Mrs. Jervis to me, who, by his assistance, bursting open the door, he went away, seeing me coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the matter, if she was wise.

Poor Mrs. Jervis thought it was worse, and cried over me like as if she was my mother; and I was two hours before I came to myself; and just as I got a little up on my feet, he coming in, I fainted away again with the terror; and so he withdrew: but he staid in the next room to let nobody come near us, that his foul proceedings might not be known.

Mrs. Jervis gave me her smelling-bottle, and had cut my laces, and set me in a great chair, and he called her to him: How is the girl? said he: I never saw such a fool in my life. I did nothing at all to her. Mrs. Jervis could not speak for crying. So he said, She has told you, it seems, that I was kind to her in the summer-house, though I'll assure you, I was quite innocent then as well as now; and I desire you to keep this matter to yourself, and let me not be named in it.

O, sir, said she, for your honour's sake, and for Christ's sake! — But he would not hear her, and said — For your own sake, I tell you, Mrs. Jervis, say not a word more. I have done her no harm. And I won't have her stay in my house; prating, perverse fool, as she is! But since she is so apt to fall into fits, or at least pretend to do so, prepare her to see me to-morrow after dinner, in my mother's closet, and do you be with her, and you shall hear what passes between us.

And so he went out in a pet, and ordered his chariot and four to be got ready, and went a visiting somewhere.

Mrs. Jervis then came to me, and I told her all that had happened, and said, I was resolved not to stay in the house: And she replying, He seemed to threaten as

much; I said, I am glad of that; then I shall be easy. So she told me all he had said to her, as above.

Mrs. Jervis is very loath I should go; and yet, poor woman! she begins to be afraid for herself; but would not have me ruined for the world. She says to be sure he means no good; but may be, now he sees me so resolute, he will give over all attempts; and that I shall better know what to do after tomorrow, when I am to appear before a very bad judge, I doubt.

O how I dread this to-morrow's appearance! But be as assured, my dear parents, of the honesty of your poor child, as I am of your prayers for

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

O this frightful to-morrow; how I dread it!

LETTER XVI

MY DEAR PARENTS,

I know you longed to hear from me soon; and I send you as soon as I could.

Well, you may believe how uneasily I passed the time, till his appointed hour came. Every minute, as it grew nearer, my terrors increased; and sometimes I had great courage, and sometimes none at all; and I thought I should faint when it came to the time my master had dined. I could neither eat nor drink, for my part; and do what I could, my eyes were swelled with crying.

At last he went up to the closet, which was my good lady's dressing-room; a room I once loved, but then as much hated.

Don't your heart ache for me? — I am sure mine fluttered about like a new-caught bird in a cage. O Pamela, said I to myself, why art thou so foolish and fearful? Thou hast done no harm! What, if thou fearest an unjust judge, when thou art innocent, would'st thou do before a just one, if thou wert guilty? Have courage, Pamela, thou knowest the worst! And how easy a choice poverty and honesty is, rather than plenty and wickedness.

So I cheered myself; but yet my poor heart sunk, and my spirits were quite broken. Everything that stirred, I thought was to call me to my account. I dreaded it, and yet I wished it to come.

Well, at last he rung the bell: O, thought I, that it was my passing-bell! Mrs. Jervis went up, with a full heart enough, poor good woman! He said, Where's Pamela? Let her come up, and do you come with her. She came to me: I was ready to go with my feet; but my heart was with my dear father and mother, wishing to share your poverty and happiness. I went up, however.

O how can wicked men seem so steady and untouched with such black hearts, while poor innocents stand like malefactors before them!

He looked so stern, that my heart failed me, and I wished myself any where but there, though I had before been summoning up all my courage. Good Heaven, said I to myself, give me courage to stand before this naughty master! O soften him, or harden me!

Come in, fool, said he, angrily, as soon as he saw me; (and snatched my hand with a pull;) you may well be ashamed to see me, after your noise and nonsense, and exposing me as you have done. I ashamed to see you! thought I: Very pretty indeed! — But I said nothing.

Mrs. Jervis, said he, here you are both together. Do you sit down; but let her stand, if she will. Ay, thought I, if I can; for my knees beat one against the other. Did you not think, when you saw the girl in the way you found her in, that I had

given her the greatest occasion for complaint, that could possibly be given to a woman? And that I had actually ruined her, as she calls it? Tell me, could you think any thing less? Indeed, said she, I feared so at first. Has she told you what I did to her, and all I did to her, to occasion all this folly, by which my reputation might have suffered in your opinion, and in that of all the family. — Inform me, what she has told you?

She was a little too much frightened, as she owned afterwards, at his sternness, and said, Indeed she told me you only pulled her on your knee, and kissed her.

Then I plucked up my spirits a little. Only! Mrs. Jervis? said I; and was not that enough to shew me what I had to fear? When a master of his honour's degree demeans himself to be so free as that to such a poor servant as me, what is the next to be expected? — But your honour went farther, so you did; and threatened me what you would do, and talked of Lucretia, and her hard fate. — Your honour knows you went too far for a master to a servant, or even to his equal; and I cannot bear it. So I fell a crying most sadly.

Mrs. Jervis began to excuse me, and to beg he would pity a poor maiden, that had such a value for her reputation. He said, I speak it to her face, I think her very pretty, and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my favours, or the notice I took of her; but I abhor the thoughts of forcing her to any thing. I know myself better, said he, and what belongs to me: And to be sure I have enough demeaned myself to take notice of such a one as she; but I was bewitched by her, I think, to be freer than became me; though I had no intention to carry the jest farther.

What poor stuff was all this, my dear mother, from a man of his sense! But see how a bad cause and bad actions confound the greatest wits! — It gave me a little more courage then; for innocence, I find, in a low fortune, and weak mind, has many advantages over guilt, with all its riches and wisdom.

So I said, Your honour may call this jest or sport, or what you please; but indeed, sir, it is not a jest that becomes the distance between a master and a servant. Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis? said he: do you hear the pertness of the creature? I had a good deal of this sort before in the summer-house, and yesterday too, which made me rougher with her than perhaps I had otherwise been.

Says Mrs. Jervis, Pamela, don't be so pert to his honour: you should know your distance; you see his honour was only in jest. — O dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, don't you blame me too. It is very difficult to keep one's distance to the greatest of men, when they won't keep it themselves to their meanest servants.

See again! said he; could you believe this of the young baggage, if you had not heard it? Good your honour, said the well-meaning gentlewoman, pity and forgive the poor girl; she is but a girl, and her virtue is very dear to her; and I will pawn

my life for her, she will never be pert to your honour, if you'll be so good as to molest her no more, nor frighten her again. You saw, sir, by her fit, she was in terror; she could not help it; and though your honour intended her no harm, yet the apprehension was almost death to her: and I had much ado to bring her to herself again. O the little hypocrite! said he; she has all the arts of her sex; they were born with her; and I told you awhile ago you did not know her. But this was not the reason principally of my calling you before me together. I find I am likely to suffer in my reputation by the perverseness and folly of this girl. She has told you all, and perhaps more than all; nay, I make no doubt of it; and she has written letters (for I find she is a mighty letter-writer!) to her father and mother, and others, as far as I know, in which representing herself as an angel of light, she makes her kind master and benefactor, a devil incarnate — (O how people will sometimes, thought I, call themselves by their right names!) — And all this, added he, I won't hear; and so I am resolved she shall return to the distresses and poverty she was taken from; and let her be careful how she uses my name with freedom, when she is gone from me.

I was brightened up at once with these welcome words, and I threw myself upon my knees at his feet, with a most sincere glad heart; and I said, May your honour be for ever blessed for your resolution! Now I shall be happy. And permit me, on my bended knees, to thank you for all the benefits and favours you have heaped upon me; for the opportunities I have had of improvement and learning, through my good lady's means, and yours. I will now forget all your honour has offered me: and I promise you, that I will never let your name pass my lips, but with reverence and gratitude: and so God Almighty bless your honour, for ever and ever! Amen.

Then rising from my knees, I went away with another-guise sort of heart than I came into his presence with: and so I fell to writing this letter. And thus all is happily over.

And now, my dearest father and mother, expect to see soon your poor daughter, with an humble and dutiful mind, returned to you: and don't fear but I know how to be as happy with you as ever: for I will be in the loft, as I used to do; and pray let my little bed be got ready; and I have a small matter of money, which will buy me a suit of clothes, fitter for my condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. Mumford to help me to some needle-work: and fear not that I shall be a burden to you, if my health continues. I know I shall be blessed, if not for my own sake, for both your sakes, who have, in all your trials and misfortunes, preserved so much integrity as makes every body speak well of you both. But I hope he will let good Mrs. Jervis give me a character, for fear it should be thought that I was turned away for dishonesty.

And so, my dear parents, may you be blest for me, and I for you! And I will always pray for my master and Mrs. Jervis. So good night; for it is late, and I shall be soon called to bed.

I hope Mrs. Jervis is not angry with me. She has not called me to supper: though I could eat nothing if she had. But I make no doubt I shall sleep purely to-night, and dream that I am with you, in my dear, dear, happy loft once more.

So good night again, my dear father and mother, says

Your poor honest DAUGHTER.

Perhaps I mayn't come this week, because I must get up the linen, and leave in order every thing belonging to my place. So send me a line, if you can, to let me know if I shall be welcome, by John, who will call for it as he returns. But say nothing of my coming away to him, as yet: for it will be said I blab every thing.

LETTER XVII

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

Welcome, welcome, ten times welcome shall you be to us; for you come to us innocent, and happy, and honest; and you are the staff of our old age, and our comfort. And though we cannot do for you as we would, yet, fear not, we shall live happily together; and what with my diligent labour, and your poor mother's spinning, and your needle-work, I make no doubt we shall do better and better. Only your poor mother's eyes begin to fail her; though, I bless God, I am as strong and able, and willing to labour as ever; and, O my dear child! your virtue has made me, I think, stronger and better than I was before. What blessed things are trials and temptations, when we have the strength to resist and subdue them!

But I am uneasy about those same four guineas; I think you should give them back again to your master; and yet I have broken them. Alas! I have only three left; but I will borrow the fourth, if I can, part upon my wages, and part of Mrs. Mumford, and send the whole sum back to you, that you may return it, against John comes next, if he comes again before you.

I want to know how you come. I fancy honest John will be glad to bear you company part of the way, if your master is not so cross as to forbid him. And if I know time enough, your mother will go one five miles, and I will go ten on the way, or till I meet you, as far as one holiday will go; for that I can get leave to make on such an occasion.

And we shall receive you with more pleasure than we had at your birth, when all the worst was over; or than we ever had in our lives.

And so God bless you till the happy time comes! say both your mother and I, which is all at present, from

Your truly loving PARENTS.

LETTER XVIII

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I thank you a thousand times for your goodness to me, expressed in your last letter. I now long to get my business done, and come to my new old lot again, as I may call it. I have been quite another thing since my master has turned me off: and as I shall come to you an honest daughter, what pleasure it is to what I should have had, if I could not have seen you but as a guilty one. Well, my writing-time will soon be over, and so I will make use of it now, and tell you all that has happened since my last letter.

I wondered Mrs. Jervis did not call me to sup with her, and feared she was angry; and when I had finished my letter, I longed for her coming to bed. At last she came up, but seemed shy and reserved; and I said, My dear Mrs. Jervis, I am glad to see you: you are not angry with me, I hope. She said she was sorry things had gone so far; and that she had a great deal of talk with my master, after I was gone; that he seemed moved at what I said, and at my falling on my knees to him, and my prayer for him, at my going away. He said I was a strange girl; he knew not what to make of me. And is she gone? said he: I intended to say something else to her; but she behaved so oddly, that I had not power to stop her. She asked, if she should call me again? He said, Yes; and then, No, let her go; it is best for her and me too; and she shall go, now I have given her warning. Where she had it, I can't tell; but I never met with the fellow of her in any life, at any age. She said, he had ordered her not to tell me all: but she believed he would never offer any thing to me again; and I might stay, she fancied, if I would beg it as a favour; though she was not sure neither.

I stay! dear Mrs. Jervis; said I; why it is the best news that could have come to me, that he will let me go. I do nothing but long to go back again to my poverty and distress, as he threatened I should; for though I am sure of the poverty, I shall not have half the distress I have had for some months past, I'll assure you.

Mrs. Jervis, dear good soul! wept over me, and said, Well, well, Pamela, I did not think I had shewn so little love to you, as that you should express so much joy upon leaving me. I am sure I never had a child half so dear to me as you are.

I went to hear her so good to me, as indeed she has always been, and said, What would you have me to do, dear Mrs. Jervis? I love you next to my own father and mother, and to leave you is the chief concern I have at quitting this place; but I am sure it is certain ruin if I stay. After such offers, and such threatenings, and his comparing himself to a wicked ravisher in the very time of his last offer; and turning it into a jest, that we should make a pretty story in a

romance; can I stay and be safe? Has he not demeaned himself twice? And it behoves me to beware of the third time, for fear he should lay his snares surer; for perhaps he did not expect a poor servant would resist her master so much. And must it not be looked upon as a sort of warrant for such actions, if I stay after this? For, I think, when one of our sex finds she is attempted, it is an encouragement to the attempter to proceed, if one puts one's self in the way of it, when one can help it: 'Tis neither more nor less than inviting him to think that one forgives, what, in short, ought not to be forgiven: Which is no small countenance to foul actions, I'll assure you.

She hugged me to her, and said I'll assure you! Pretty-face, where gottest thou all thy knowledge, and thy good notions, at these years? Thou art a miracle for thy age, and I shall always love thee. — But, do you resolve to leave us, Pamela?

Yes, my dear Mrs. Jervis, said I; for, as matters stand, how can I do otherwise? — But I'll finish the duties of my place first, if I may; and hope you'll give me a character, as to my honesty, that it may not be thought I was turned away for any harm. Ay, that I will, said she; I will give thee such a character as never girl at thy years deserved. And I am sure, said I, I will always love and honour you, as my third-best friend, wherever I go, or whatever becomes of me.

And so we went to bed; and I never waked till 'twas time to rise; which I did as blithe as a bird, and went about my business with great pleasure.

But I believe my master is fearfully angry with me; for he passed by me two or three times, and would not speak to me; and towards evening, he met me in the passage, going into the garden, and said such a word to me as I never heard in my life from him to man, woman, or child; for he first said, This creature's always in the way, I think. I said, standing up as close as I could, (and the entry was wide enough for a coach too,) I hope I shan't be long in your honour's way. D — mn you! said he, (that was the hard word,) for a little witch; I have no patience with you.

I profess I trembled to hear him say so; but I saw he was vexed; and, as I am going away, I minded it the less. Well! I see, my dear parents, that when a person will do wicked things, it is no wonder he will speak wicked words. May God keep me out of the way of them both!

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XIX

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

Our John having an opportunity to go your way, I write again, and send both letters at once. I can't say, yet, when I shall get away, nor how I shall come, because Mrs. Jervis shewed my master the waistcoat I am flowering for him, and he said, It looks well enough: I think the creature had best stay till she has finished it.

There is some private talk carried on betwixt him and Mrs. Jervis, that she don't tell me of; but yet she is very kind to me, and I don't mistrust her at all. I should be very base if I did. But to be sure she must oblige him, and keep all his lawful commands; and other, I dare say, she won't keep: She is too good; and loves me too well; but she must stay when I am gone, and so must get no ill will.

She has been at me again to ask to stay, and humble myself. But what have I done, Mrs. Jervis? said I: If I have been a sauce-box, and a bold-face, and a pert, and a creature, as he calls me, have I not had reason? Do you think I should ever have forgot myself, if he had not forgot to act as my master? Tell me from your own heart, dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, if you think I could stay and be safe: What would you think, or how would you act in my case?

My dear Pamela, said she, and kissed me, I don't know how I should act, or what I should think. I hope I should act as you do. But I know nobody else that would. My master is a fine gentleman; he has a great deal of wit and sense, and is admired, as I know, by half a dozen ladies, who would think themselves happy in his addresses. He has a noble estate; and yet I believe he loves my good maiden, though his servant, better than all the ladies in the land; and he has tried to overcome it, because you are so much his inferior; and 'tis my opinion he finds he can't; and that vexes his proud heart, and makes him resolve you shan't stay; and so he speaks so cross to you, when he sees you by accident.

Well, but, Mrs. Jervis, said I, let me ask you, if he can stoop to like such a poor girl as me, as perhaps he may, (for I have read of things almost as strange, from great men to poor damsels,) What can it be for? — He may condescend, perhaps, to think I may be good enough for his harlot; and those things don't disgrace men that ruin poor women, as the world goes. And so if I was wicked enough, he would keep me till I was undone, and till his mind changed; for even wicked men, I have read, soon grow weary of wickedness with the same person, and love variety. Well, then, poor Pamela must be turned off, and looked upon as a vile abandoned creature, and every body would despise her; ay, and justly too, Mrs. Jervis; for she that can't keep her virtue, ought to live in disgrace.

But, Mrs. Jervis, I continued, let me tell you, that I hope, if I was sure he would always be kind to me, and never turn me off at all, that I shall have so much grace, as to hate and withstand his temptations, were he not only my master, but my king: and that for the sin's sake. This my poor dear parents have always taught me; and I should be a sad wicked creature indeed, if, for the sake of riches or favour, I should forfeit my good name; yea, and worse than any other young body of my sex; because I can so contentedly return to my poverty again, and think it a less disgrace to be obliged to wear rags, and live upon rye-bread and water, as I used to do, than to be a harlot to the greatest man in the world.

Mrs. Jervis lifted up her hands, and had her eyes full of tears. God bless you, my dear love! said she; you are my admiration and delight. — How shall I do to part with you!

Well, good Mrs. Jervis, said I, let me ask you now: — You and he have had some talk, and you mayn't be suffered to tell me all. But, do you think, if I was to ask to stay, that he is sorry for what he has done? Ay, and ashamed of it too? For I am sure he ought, considering his high degree, and my low degree, and how I have nothing in the world to trust to but my honesty: Do you think in your own conscience now, (pray answer me truly,) that he would never offer any thing to me again, and that I could be safe?

Alas! my dear child, said she, don't put thy home questions to me, with that pretty becoming earnestness in thy look. I know this, that he is vexed at what he has done; he was vexed the first time, more vexed the second time.

Yes, said I, and so he will be vexed, I suppose, the third, and the fourth time too, till he has quite ruined your poor maiden; and who will have cause to be vexed then?

Nay, Pamela, said she, don't imagine that I would be accessory to your ruin for the world. I only can say, that he has, yet, done you no hurt; and it is no wonder he should love you, you are so pretty; though so much beneath him but, I dare swear for him, he never will offer you any force.

You say, said I, that he was sorry for his first offer in the summer-house. Well, and how long did his sorrow last? — Only till he found me by myself; and then he was worse than before: and so became sorry again. And if he has deigned to love me, and you say can't help it, why, he can't help it neither, if he should have an opportunity, a third time to distress me. And I have read that many a man has been ashamed of his wicked attempts, when he has been repulsed, that would never have been ashamed of them, had he succeeded. Besides, Mrs. Jervis, if he really intends to offer no force, What does that mean? — While you say he can't help liking me, for love it cannot be — Does it not imply that he hopes to ruin me by my own consent? I think, said I, (and hope I should have grace to do so,) that I

should not give way to his temptations on any account; but it would be very presumptuous in me to rely upon my own strength against a gentleman of his qualifications and estate, and who is my master; and thinks himself entitled to call me bold-face, and what not? only for standing on my necessary defence: and that, too, where the good of my soul and body, and my duty to God, and my parents, are all concerned. How then, Mrs. Jervis, said I, can I ask or wish to stay?

Well, well, says she; as he seems very desirous you should not stay, I hope it is from a good motive; for fear he should be tempted to disgrace himself as well as you. No, no, Mrs. Jervis, said I; I have thought of that too; for I would be glad to consider him with that duty that becomes me: but then he would have let me go to Lady Davers, and not have hindered my preferment: and he would not have said, I should return to my poverty and distress, when, by his mother's goodness, I had been lifted out of it; but that he intended to fright me, and punish me, as he thought, for not complying with his wickedness: And this shews me well enough what I have to expect from his future goodness, except I will deserve it at his own dear price.

She was silent; and I added, Well, there's no more to be said; I must go, that's certain: All my concern will be how to part with you: and, indeed, after you, with every body; for all my fellow-servants have loved me, and you and they will cost me a sigh, and a tear too, now and then, I am sure. And so I fell a crying: I could not help it. For it is a pleasant thing to one to be in a house among a great many fellow-servants, and be beloved by them all.

Nay, I should have told you before now, how kind and civil Mr. Longman our steward is; vastly courteous, indeed, on all occasions! And he said once to Mrs. Jervis, he wished he was a young man for my sake; I should be his wife, and he would settle all he had upon me on marriage; and, you must know, he is reckoned worth a power of money.

I take no pride in this; but bless God, and your good examples, my dear parents, that I have been enabled so to carry myself, as to have every body's good word; Not but our cook one day, who is a little snappish and cross sometimes, said once to me, Why this Pamela of ours goes as fine as a lady. See what it is to have a fine face! — I wonder what the girl will come to at last!

She was hot with her work; and I sneaked away; for I seldom go down into the kitchen; and I heard the butler say, Why, Jane, nobody has your good word: What has Mrs. Pamela done to you? I am sure she offends nobody. And what, said the peevish wench, have I said to her, foolatum; but that she was pretty? They quarrelled afterwards, I heard: I was sorry for it, but troubled myself no more about it. Forgive this silly prattle, from

Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

Oh! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the waistcoat, if I might with safety. Mrs. Jervis tells me I certainly may. I never did a prettier piece of work; and I am up early and late to get it over; for I long to be with you.

LETTER XX

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I did not send my last letters so soon as I hoped, because John (whether my master mistrusts or no, I can't say) had been sent to Lady Davers's instead of Isaac, who used to go; and I could not be so free with, nor so well trust Isaac; though he is very civil to me too. So I was forced to stay till John returned.

As I may not have opportunity to send again soon, and yet, as I know you keep my letters, and read them over and over, (so John told me,) when you have done work, (so much does your kindness make you love all that comes from your poor daughter,) and as it may be some little pleasure to me, perhaps, to read them myself, when I am come to you, to remind me of what I have gone through, and how great God's goodness has been to me, (which, I hope, will further strengthen my good resolutions, that I may not hereafter, from my bad conduct, have reason to condemn myself from my own hand as it were): For all these reasons, I say, I will write as I have time, and as matters happen, and send the scribble to you as I have opportunity; and if I don't every time, in form, subscribe as I ought, I am sure you will always believe, that it is not for want of duty. So I will begin where I left off, about the talk between Mrs. Jervis and me, for me to ask to stay.

Unknown to Mrs. Jervis, I put a project, as I may call it, in practice. I thought with myself some days ago, Here I shall go home to my poor father and mother, and have nothing on my back, that will be fit for my condition; for how should your poor daughter look with a silk night-gown, silken petticoats, cambric head-clothes, fine holland linen, laced shoes that were my lady's; and fine stockings! And how in a little while must these have looked, like old cast-offs, indeed, and I looked so for wearing them! And people would have said, (for poor folks are envious as well as rich,) See there Goody Andrews's daughter, turned home from her fine place! What a tawdry figure she makes! And how well that garb becomes her poor parents' circumstances! — And how would they look upon me, thought I to myself, when they should come to be threadbare and worn out? And how should I look, even if I could purchase homespun clothes, to dwindle into them one by one, as I got them? — May be, an old silk gown, and a linsey-woolsey petticoat, and the like. So, thought I, I had better get myself at once equipped in the dress that will become my condition; and though it may look but poor to what I have been used to wear of late days, yet it will serve me, when I am with you, for a good holiday and Sunday suit; and what, by a blessing on my industry, I may, perhaps, make shift to keep up to.

So, as I was saying, unknown to any body, I bought of farmer Nichols's wife and daughters a good sad-coloured stuff, of their own spinning, enough to make me a gown and two petticoats; and I made robings and facings of a pretty bit of printed calico I had by me.

I had a pretty good camblet quilted coat, that I thought might do tolerably well; and I bought two flannel undercoats; not so good as my swanskin and fine linen ones, but what will keep me warm, if any neighbour should get me to go out to help 'em to milk, now and then, as sometimes I used to do formerly; for I am resolved to do all your good neighbours what kindness I can; and hope to make myself as much beloved about you, as I am here.

I got some pretty good Scotch cloth, and made me, of mornings and nights, when nobody saw me, two shifts; and I have enough left for two shirts, and two shifts, for you my dear father and mother. When I come home, I'll make them for you, and desire your acceptance.

Then I bought of a pedlar, two pretty enough round-eared caps, a little straw-hat, and a pair of knit mittens, turned up with white calico; and two pair of ordinary blue worsted hose, that make a smartish appearance, with white clocks, I'll assure you; and two yards of black riband for my shift sleeves, and to serve as a necklace; and when I had 'em all come home, I went and looked upon them once in two hours, for two days together: For, you must know, though I be with Mrs. Jervis, I keep my own little apartment still for my clothes, and nobody goes thither but myself. You'll say I was no bad housewife to have saved so much money; but my dear good lady was always giving me something.

I believed myself the more obliged to do this, because, as I was turned away for what my good master thought want of duty; and as he expected other returns for his presents, than I intended to make him, so I thought it was but just to leave his presents behind me when I went away; for, you know, if I would not earn his wages, why should I have them?

Don't trouble yourself about the four guineas, nor borrow to make them up; for they were given me, with some silver, as I told you, as a perquisite, being what my lady had about her when she died; and, as I hope for no wages, I am so vain as to think I have deserved all that money in the fourteen months, since my lady's death, for she, good soul, overpaid me before, in learning and other kindnesses. Had she lived, none of these things might have happened! — But I ought to be thankful 'tis no worse. Every thing will turn about for the best: that's my confidence.

So, as I was saying, I have provided a new and more suitable dress, and I long to appear in it, more than ever I did in any new clothes in my life: for then I shall

be soon after with you, and at ease in my mind — But, mum! Here he comes, I believe. — I am, etc.

LETTER XXI

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I was forced to break off: for I feared my master was coming: but it proved to be only Mrs. Jervis. She said, I can't endure you should be so much by yourself, Pamela. And I, said I, dread nothing so much as company; for my heart was up at my mouth now, for fear my master was coming. But I always rejoice to see dear Mrs. Jervis.

Said she, I have had a world of talk with my master about you. I am sorry for it, said I, that I am made of so much consequence as to be talked of by him. O, said she, I must not tell you all; but you are of more consequence to him than you think for ——

Or wish for, said I; for the fruits of being of consequence to him, would make me of none to myself, or any body else.

Said she, Thou art as witty as any lady in the land; I wonder where thou gottest it. But they must be poor ladies, with such great opportunities, I am sure, if they have no more wit than I. — But let that pass.

I suppose, said I, that I am of so much consequence, however, as to vex him, if it be but to think he can't make a fool of such a one as I; and that is nothing at all, but a rebuke to the pride of his high condition, which he did not expect, and knows not how to put up with.

There is something in that, may be, said she: but, indeed, Pamela, he is very angry with you too; and calls you twenty perverse things; wonders at his own folly, to have shewn you so much favour, as he calls it; which he was first inclined to, he says, for his mother's sake, and would have persisted to shew you for your own, if you was not your own enemy.

Nay, now I shan't love you, Mrs. Jervis, said I; you are going to persuade me to ask to stay, though you know the hazards I run. — No, said she, he says you shall go; for he thinks it won't be for his reputation to keep you: but he wished (don't speak of it for the world, Pamela,) that he knew a lady of birth, just such another as yourself, in person and mind, and he would marry her to-morrow.

I coloured up to the ears at this word: but said, Yet, if I was the lady of birth, and he would offer to be rude first, as he has twice done to poor me, I don't know whether I would have him: For she that can bear an insult of that kind, I should think not worthy to be a gentleman's wife: any more than he would be a gentleman that would offer it.

Nay, now, Pamela, said she, thou carriest thy notions a great way. Well, dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, very seriously, for I could not help it, I am more full of fears

than ever. I have only to beg of you, as one of the best friends I have in the world, to say nothing of my asking to stay. To say my master likes me, when I know what end he aims at, is abomination to my ears; and I shan't think myself safe till I am at my poor father's and mother's.

She was a little angry with me, till I assured her that I had not the least uneasiness on her account, but thought myself safe under her protection and friendship. And so we dropt the discourse for that time.

I hope to have finished this ugly waistcoat in two days; after which I have only some linen to get up, and shall then let you know how I contrive as to my passage; for the heavy rains will make it sad travelling on foot: but may be I may get a place to which is ten miles of the way, in farmer Nichols's close cart; for I can't sit a horse well at all, and may be nobody will be suffered to see me on upon the way. But I hope to let you know more. From, etc.

LETTER XXII

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

All my fellow-servants have now some notion that I am to go away; but can't imagine for what. Mrs. Jervis tells them, that my father and mother, growing in years, cannot live without me; and so I go home to them, to help to comfort their old age; but they seem not to believe it.

What they found it out by was; the butler heard him say to me, as I passed by him, in the entry leading to the hall, Who's that? Pamela, sir, said I. Pamela! said he, How long are you to stay here? — Only, please your honour, said I, till I have done the waistcoat; and it is almost finished. — You might, says he, (very roughly indeed,) have finished that long enough ago, I should have thought. Indeed, and please your honour, said I, I have worked early and late upon it; there is a great deal of work in it. — Work in it! said he; You mind your pen more than your needle; I don't want such idle sluts to stay in my house.

He seemed startled, when he saw the butler, as he entered the hall, where Mr. Jonathan stood. What do you here? said he. — The butler was as much confounded as I; for, never having been taxed so roughly, I could not help crying sadly; and got out of both their ways to Mrs. Jervis, and told my complaint. This love, said she, is the d —— ! In how many strange shapes does it make people shew themselves! And in some the farthest from their hearts.

So one, and then another, has been since whispering, Pray, Mrs. Jervis, are we to lose Mrs. Pamela? as they always call me — What has she done? And she tells them, as above, about going home to you.

She said afterwards to me, Well, Pamela, you have made our master, from the sweetest tempered gentleman in the world, one of the most peevish. But you have it in your power to make him as sweet-tempered as ever; though I hope you'll never do it on his terms.

This was very good in Mrs. Jervis; but it intimated, that she thought as ill of his designs as I; and as she knew his mind more than I, it convinced me that I ought to get away as fast as I could.

My master came in, just now, to speak to Mrs. Jervis about household matters, having some company to dine with him to-morrow; and I stood up, and having been crying at his roughness in the entry, I turned away my face.

You may well, said he, turn away your cursed face; I wish I had never seen it! — Mrs. Jervis, how long is she to be about this waistcoat?

Sir, said I, if your honour had pleased, I would have taken it with me; and though it would be now finished in a few hours, I will do so still; and remove this

hated poor Pamela out of your house and sight for ever.

Mrs. Jervis, said he, not speaking to me, I believe this little slut has the power of witchcraft, if ever there was a witch; for she enchants all that come near her. She makes even you, who should know better what the world is, think her an angel of light.

I offered to go away; for I believe he wanted me to ask to stay in my place, for all this his great wrath: and he said, Stay here! Stay here, when I bid you! and snatched my hand. I trembled, and said, I will! I will! for he hurt my fingers, he grasped me so hard.

He seemed to have a mind to say something to me; but broke off abruptly, and said, Begone! And away I tripped as fast as I could: and he and Mrs. Jervis had a deal of talk, as she told me; and among the rest, he expressed himself vexed to have spoken in Mr. Jonathan's hearing.

Now you must know, that Mr. Jonathan, our butler, is a very grave good sort of old man, with his hair as white as silver! and an honest worthy man he is. I was hurrying out with a flea in my ear, as the saying is, and going down stairs into the parlour, met him. He took hold of my hand (in a gentler manner, though, than my master) with both his; and he said, Ah! sweet, sweet Mrs. Pamela! what is it I heard but just now! — I am sorry at my heart; but I am sure I will sooner believe any body in fault than you. Thank you, Mr. Jonathan, said I; but as you value your place, don't be seen speaking to such a one as me. I cried too; and slipt away as fast as I could from him, for his own sake, lest he should be seen to pity me.

And now I will give you an instance how much I am in Mr. Longman's esteem also.

I had lost my pen some how; and my paper being written out, I stepped to Mr. Longman's, our steward's, office, to beg him to give me a pen or two, and a sheet or two of paper. He said, Ay, that I will, my sweet maiden! and gave me three pens, some wafers, a stick of wax, and twelve sheets of paper; and coming from his desk, where he was writing, he said, Let me have a word or two with you, my sweet little mistress: (for so these two good old gentlemen often call me; for I believe they love me dearly:) I hear bad news; that we are going to lose you: I hope it is not true. Yes it is, sir, said I; but I was in hopes it would not be known till I went away.

What a d — l, said he, ails our master of late! I never saw such an alteration in any man in my life! He is pleased with nobody as I see; and by what Mr. Jonathan tells me just now, he was quite out of the way with you. What could you have done to him, trow? Only Mrs. Jervis is a very good woman, or I should have feared she had been your enemy.

No, said I, nothing like it. Mrs. Jervis is a just good woman; and, next to my father and mother, the best friend I have in the world — Well, then, said he, it must be worse. Shall I guess? You are too pretty, my sweet mistress, and, may be, too virtuous. Ah! have I not hit it? No, good Mr. Longman, said I, don't think any thing amiss of my master; he is cross and angry with me indeed, that's true; but I may have given occasion for it, possibly; and because I am desirous to go to my father and mother, rather than stay here, perhaps he may think me ungrateful. But, you know, sir, said I, that a father and mother's comfort is the dearest thing to a good child that can be. Sweet excellence! said he, this becomes you; but I know the world and mankind too well; though I must hear, and see, and say nothing. And so a blessing attend my little sweeting, said he, wherever you go! And away went I with a courtesy and thanks.

Now this pleases one, my dear father and mother, to be so beloved. — How much better, by good fame and integrity, is it to get every one's good word but one, than, by pleasing that one, to make every one else one's enemy, and be an execrable creature besides! I am, etc.

LETTER XXIII

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

We had a great many neighbouring gentlemen, and their ladies, this day, at dinner; and my master made a fine entertainment for them: and Isaac, and Mr. Jonathan, and Benjamin, waited at table: And Isaac tells Mrs. Jervis, that the ladies will by and by come to see the house, and have the curiosity to see me; for, it seems, they said to my master, when the jokes flew about, Well, Mr. B —— , we understand you have a servant-maid, who is the greatest beauty in the county; and we promise ourselves to see her before we go.

The wench is well enough, said he; but no such beauty as you talk of, I'll assure ye. She was my mother's waiting-maid, who, on her death-bed, engaged me to be kind to her. She is young, and every thing is pretty that is young.

Ay, ay, said one of the ladies, that's true; but if your mother had not recommended her so strongly, there is so much merit in beauty, that I make no doubt such a fine gentleman would have wanted no inducement to be kind to it.

They all laughed at my master: And he, it seems, laughed for company; but said, I don't know how it is, but I see with different eyes from other people; for I have heard much more talk of her prettiness, than I think it deserves: She is well enough, as I said: but her greatest excellence is, that she is humble, and courteous, and faithful, and makes all her fellow-servants love her: My housekeeper, in particular, doats upon her; and you know, ladies, she is a woman of discernment: And, as for Mr. Longman, and Jonathan, here, if they thought themselves young enough, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not true, Jonathan? Troth, sir, said he, an't please your honour, I never knew her peer, and all your honour's family are of the same mind. Do you hear now? said my master. — Well, said the ladies, we will make a visit to Mrs. Jervis by and by, and hope to see this paragon.

I believe they are coming; and will tell you the rest by and by. I wish they had come, and were gone. Why can't they make their game without me?

Well, these fine ladies have been here, and are gone back again. I would have been absent, if I could, and did step into the closet: so they saw me when they came in.

There were four of them, Lady Arthur at the great white house on the hill, Lady Brooks, Lady Towers, and the other, it seems, a countess, of some hard name, I forget what.

So Mrs. Jervis, says one of the ladies, how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your health. I am much obliged to your ladyships, said Mrs. Jervis: Will your ladyships please to sit down? But, said the countess, we are not only

come to ask after Mrs. Jervis's health neither; but we are come to see a rarity besides. Ah, says Lady Arthur, I have not seen your Pamela these two years, and they tell me she is grown wondrous pretty in that time.

Then I wished I had not been in the closet; for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them; but I have often found, that bashful bodies owe themselves a spite, and frequently confound themselves more, by endeavouring to avoid confusion.

Why, yes, says Mrs. Jervis, Pamela is very pretty indeed; she's but in the closet there: — Pamela, pray step hither. I came out all covered with blushes, and they smiled at one another.

The countess took me by the hand: Why, indeed, she was pleased to say, report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you. Don't be ashamed, child; (and stared full in my face;) I wish I had just such a face to be ashamed of. O how like a fool I looked!

Lady Arthur said, Ay, my good Pamela, I say as her ladyship says: Don't be so confused; though, indeed, it becomes you too. I think your good lady departed made a sweet choice of such a pretty attendant. She would have been mighty proud of you, as she always was praising you, had she lived till now.

Ah! madam, said Lady Brooks, do you think that so dutiful a son as our neighbour, who always admired what his mother loved, does not pride himself, for all what he said at table, in such a pretty maiden?

She looked with such a malicious sneering countenance, I can't abide her.

Lady Towers said with a free air, (for it seems she is called a wit,) Well, Mrs. Pamela, I can't say I like you so well as these ladies do; for I should never care, if you were my servant, to have you and your master in the same house together. Then they all set up a great laugh.

I know what I could have said, if I durst. But they are ladies — and ladies may say any thing.

Says Lady Towers, Can the pretty image speak, Mrs. Jervis? I vow she has speaking eyes! O you little rogue, said she, and tapped me on the cheek, you seem born to undo, or to be undone!

God forbid, and please your ladyship, said I, it should be either! — I beg, said I, to withdraw; for the sense I have of my unworthiness renders me unfit for such a presence.

I then went away, with one of my best courtesies; and Lady Towers said, as I went out, Prettily said, I vow! — And Lady Brooks said, See that shape! I never saw such a face and shape in my life; why, she must be better descended than you have told me!

And so they run on for half an hour more in my praises, as I was told; and glad was I, when I got out of the hearing of them.

But, it seems, they went down with such a story to my master, and so full of me, that he had much ado to stand it; but as it was very little to my reputation, I am sure I could take no pride in it; and I feared it would make no better for me. This gives me another cause for wishing myself out of this house.

This is Thursday morning, and next Thursday I hope to set out; for I have finished my task, and my master is horrid cross! And I am vexed his crossness affects me so. If ever he had any kindness towards me, I believe he now hates me heartily.

Is it not strange, that love borders so much upon hate? But this wicked love is not like the true virtuous love, to be sure: that and hatred must be as far off, as light and darkness. And how must this hate have been increased, if he had met with such a base compliance, after his wicked will had been gratified.

Well, one may see by a little, what a great deal means. For if innocence cannot attract common civility, what must guilt expect, when novelty has ceased to have its charms, and changeableness had taken place of it? Thus we read in Holy Writ, that wicked Amnon, when he had ruined poor Tamar, hated her more than he ever loved her, and would have turned her out of door.

How happy am I, to be turned out of door, with that sweet companion my innocence! — O may that be always my companion! And while I presume not upon my own strength, and am willing to avoid the tempter, I hope the divine grace will assist me.

Forgive me, that I repeat in my letter part of my hourly prayer. I owe every thing, next to God's goodness, to your piety and good examples, my dear parents, my dear poor parents! I say that word with pleasure; for your poverty is my pride, as your integrity shall be my imitation.

As soon as I have dined, I will put on my new clothes. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. Jervis with them; for she shan't see me till I am full dressed. — John is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written. — I find he is going early in the morning; and so I'll close here, that I am

Your most dutiful DAUGHTER.

Don't lose your time in meeting me; because I am so uncertain. It is hard if, some how or other, I can't get a passage to you. But may be my master won't refuse to let John bring me. I can ride behind him, I believe, well enough; for he is very careful, and very honest; and you know John as well as I; for he loves you both. Besides, may be, Mrs. Jervis can put me in some way.

LETTER XXIV

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I shall write on, as long as I stay, though I should have nothing but silliness to write; for I know you divert yourselves on nights with what I write, because it is mine. John tells me how much you long for my coming; but he says, he told you he hoped something would happen to hinder it.

I am glad you did not tell him the occasion of my coming away; for if my fellow-servants should guess, it were better so, than to have it from you or me. Besides, I really am concerned, that my master should cast away a thought upon such a poor creature as me; for, besides the disgrace, it has quite turned his temper; and I begin to believe what Mrs. Jervis told me, that he likes me, and can't help it; and yet strives to conquer it; and so finds no way but to be cross to me.

Don't think me presumptuous and conceited; for it is more my concern than my pride, to see such a gentleman so demean himself, and lessen the regard he used to have in the eyes of all his servants, on my account. — But I am to tell you of my new dress to day.

And so, when I had dined, up stairs I went, and locked myself into my little room. There I tricked myself up as well as I could in my new garb, and put on my round-eared ordinary cap; but with a green knot, however, and my homespun gown and petticoat, and plain leather shoes; but yet they are what they call Spanish leather; and my ordinary hose, ordinary I mean to what I have been lately used to; though I shall think good yarn may do very well for every day, when I come home. A plain muslin tucker I put on, and my black silk necklace, instead of the French necklace my lady gave me; and put the ear-rings out of my ears; and when I was quite equipped, I took my straw hat in my hand, with its two blue strings, and looked about me in the glass, as proud as any thing — To say truth, I never liked myself so well in my life.

O the pleasure of descending with ease, innocence, and resignation! — Indeed, there is nothing like it! An humble mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking disappointment, let fortune's wheel turn round as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. Jervis, to see how she liked me.

I met, as I was upon the stairs, our Rachel, who is the house-maid; and she made me a low courtesy, and I found did not know me. So I smiled, and went to the housekeeper's parlour; and there sat good Mrs. Jervis at work, making a shift: and, would you believe it? she did not know me at first; but rose up, and pulled off her spectacles; and said, Do you want me, forsooth? I could not help laughing,

and said, Hey-day! Mrs. Jervis, what! don't you know me? — She stood all in amaze, and looked at me from top to toe: Why, you surprise me, said she: What! Pamela thus metamorphosed! How came this about?

As it happened, in stept my master; and my back being to him, he thought it was a stranger speaking to Mrs. Jervis, and withdrew again: and did not hear her ask, If his honour had any commands for her? — She turned me about and about, and I shewed her all my dress, to my under-petticoat: and she said, sitting down, Why, I am all in amaze, I must sit down. What can all this mean? I told her, I had no clothes suitable to my condition when I returned to my father's; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my fellow-servants might see I knew how to suit myself to the state I was returning to.

Well, said she, I never knew the like of thee. But this sad preparation for going away (for now I see you are quite in earnest) is what I know not how to get over. O my dear Pamela, how can I part with you!

My master rung in the back-parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. Jervis went to attend him. It seems, he said to her, I was coming in to let you know, that I shall go to Lincolnshire, and possibly to my sister Davers's, and be absent some weeks. But, pray, what pretty neat damsel was with you? She says, she smiled, and asked, If his honour did not know who it was? No, said he, I never saw her before. Farmer Nichols, or Farmer Brady, have neither of them such a tight prim lass for a daughter! have they? — Though I did not see her face neither, said he. If your honour won't be angry, said she, I will introduce her into your presence; for I think, says she, she outdoes our Pamela.

Now I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards, (for it brought a great deal of trouble upon me, as well as crossness, as you shall hear). That can't be, he was pleased to say. But if you can find an excuse for it, let her come in.

At that she stept to me, and told me, I must go in with her to her master; but, said she, for goodness' sake, let him find you out; for he don't know you. O fie, Mrs. Jervis, said I, how could you serve me so? Besides, it looks too free both in me, and to him. I tell you, said she, you shall come in; and pray don't reveal yourself till he finds you out.

So I went in, foolish as I was; though I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my straw hat in my hand.

I dropt a low courtesy, but said never a word. I dare say he knew me as soon as he saw my face: but was as cunning as Lucifer. He came up to me, and took me by the hand, and said, Whose pretty maiden are you? — I dare say you are Pamela's sister, you are so like her. So neat, so clean, so pretty! Why, child, you far surpass your sister Pamela!

I was all confusion, and would have spoken: but he took me about the neck: Why, said he, you are very pretty, child: I would not be so free with your sister, you may believe; but I must kiss you.

O sir, said I, I am Pamela, indeed I am: indeed I am Pamela, her own self!

He kissed me for all I could do; and said, Impossible! you are a lovelier girl by half than Pamela; and sure I may be innocently free with you, though I would not do her so much favour.

This was a sad trick upon me, indeed, and what I could not expect; and Mrs. Jervis looked like a fool as much as I, for her officiousness. — At last I got away, and ran out of the parlour, most sadly vexed, as you may well think.

He talked a good deal to Mrs. Jervis, and at last ordered me to come in to him. Come in, said he, you little villain! — for so he called me. (Good sirs! what a name was there!) — who is it you put your tricks upon? I was resolved never to honour your unworthiness, said he, with so much notice again; and so you must disguise yourself to attract me, and yet pretend, like an hypocrite as you are ——

I was out of patience then: Hold, good sir, said I; don't impute disguise and hypocrisy to me, above all things; for I hate them both, mean as I am. I have put on no disguise. — What a plague, said he, for that was his word, do you mean then by this dress? — Why, and please your honour, said I, I mean one of the honestest things in the world.

I have been in disguise, indeed, ever since my good lady your mother took me from my poor parents. I came to her ladyship so poor and mean, that these clothes I have on, are a princely suit to those I had then: and her goodness heaped upon me rich clothes, and other bounties: and as I am now returning to my poor parents again so soon, I cannot wear those good things without being hooted at; and so have bought what will be more suitable to my degree, and be a good holiday-suit too, when I get home.

He then took me in his arms, and presently pushed me from him. Mrs. Jervis, said he, take the little witch from me; I can neither bear, nor forbear her — (Strange words these!) — But stay; you shan't go! — Yet begone! — No, come back again.

I thought he was mad, for my share; for he knew not what he would have. I was going, however; but he stept after me, and took hold of my arm, and brought me in again: I am sure he made my arm black and blue; for the marks are upon it still. Sir, sir, said I, pray have mercy; I will, I will come in!

He sat down, and looked at me, and, as I thought afterwards, as sillily as such a poor girl as I. At last he said, Well, Mrs. Jervis, as I was telling you, you may permit her to stay a little longer, till I see if my sister Davers will have her; if, mean time, she humble herself, and ask this as a favour, and is sorry for her

pertness, and the liberty she has taken with my character out of the house, and in the house. Your honour indeed told me so, said Mrs. Jervis: but I never found her inclinable to think herself in a fault. Pride and perverseness, said he, with a vengeance! Yet this is your doating-piece! — Well, for once, I'll submit myself to tell you, hussy, said he to me, you may stay a fortnight longer, till I see my sister Davers: Do you hear what I say to you, statue? Can you neither speak nor be thankful? — Your honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak: But I will venture to say, that I have only to beg, as a favour, that I may go to my father and mother. — Why fool, said he, won't you like to go to wait on my sister Davers? Sir, said I, I was once fond of that honour; but you were pleased to say, I might be in danger from her ladyship's nephew, or he from me. — D —— d impertinence! said he; Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, do you hear, how she retorts upon me? Was ever such matchless assurance! ——

I then fell a weeping; for Mrs. Jervis said, Fie, Pamela, fie! — And I said, My lot is very hard indeed; I am sure I would hurt nobody; and I have been, it seems, guilty of indiscretions, which have cost me my place, and my master's favour, and so have been turned away: and when the time is come, that I should return to my poor parents, I am not suffered to go quietly. Good your honour, what have I done, that I must be used worse than if I had robbed you?

Robbed me! said he, why so you have, hussy; you have robbed me. Who? I, sir? said I; have I robbed you? Why then you are a justice of peace, and may send me to gaol, if you please, and bring me to a trial for my life! If you can prove that I have robbed you, I am sure I ought to die.

Now I was quite ignorant of his meaning; though I did not like it, when it was afterwards explained, neither: And well, thought I, what will this come to at last, if poor Pamela is esteemed a thief! Then I thought in an instant, how I should shew my face to my honest poor parents, if I was but suspected. But, sir, said I, let me ask you but one question, and pray don't let me be called names for it; for I don't mean disrespectfully: Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left to be discharged by your housekeeper, as the other maids have been? And if Jane, or Rachel, or Hannah, were to offend, would your honour stoop to take notice of them? And why should you so demean yourself to take notice of me? Pray, sir, if I have not been worse than others, why should I suffer more than others? and why should I not be turned away, and there's an end of it? For indeed I am not of consequence enough for my master to concern himself, and be angry about such a creature as me.

Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, cried he again, how pertly I am interrogated by this saucy slut? Why, sauce-box, says he, did not my good mother desire me to take

care of you? And have you not been always distinguished by me, above a common servant? And does your ingratitude upbraid me for this?

I said something mutteringly, and he vowed he would hear it. I begged excuse; but he insisted upon it. Why, then, said I, if your honour must know, I said, That my good lady did not desire your care to extend to the summer-house, and her dressing-room.

Well, this was a little saucy, you'll say — And he flew into such a passion, that I was forced to run for it; and Mrs. Jervis said, It was happy I got out of the way.

Why what makes him provoke one so, then? — I'm almost sorry for it; but I would be glad to get away at any rate. For I begin to be more fearful now.

Just now Mr. Jonathan sent me these lines — (Bless me! what shall I do?)

'Dear Mrs. Pamela, Take care of yourself; for Rachel heard my master say to Mrs. Jervis, who, she believes, was pleading for you, Say no more, Mrs. Jervis; for by G — d I will have her! Burn this instantly.'

O pray for your poor daughter. I am called to go to bed by Mrs. Jervis, for it is past eleven; and I am sure she shall hear of it; for all this is owing to her, though she did not mean any harm. But I have been, and am, in a strange fluster; and I suppose too, she'll say, I have been full pert.

O my dear father and mother, power and riches never want advocates! But, poor gentlewoman, she cannot live without him: and he has been very good to her.

So good night. May be I shall send this in the morning; but may be not; so won't conclude: though I can't say too often, that I am (though with great apprehension)

Your most dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXV

MY DEAR PARENTS,

O let me take up my complaint, and say, Never was poor creature so unhappy, and so barbarously used, as poor Pamela! Indeed, my dear father and mother, my heart's just broke! I can neither write as I should do, nor let it alone, for to whom but you can I vent my griefs, and keep my poor heart from bursting! Wicked, wicked man! — I have no patience when I think of him! — But yet, don't be frightened — for — I hope — I hope, I am honest! — But if my head and my hand will let me, you shall hear all. — Is there no constable, nor headborough, though, to take me out of his house? for I am sure I can safely swear the peace against him: But, alas! he is greater than any constable: he is a justice himself: Such a justice deliver me from! — But God Almighty, I hope, in time, will right me — For he knows the innocence of my heart!

John went your way in the morning; but I have been too much distracted to send by him; and have seen nobody but Mrs. Jervis or Rachel, and one I hate to see or be seen by and indeed I hate now to see any body. Strange things I have to tell you, that happened since last night, that good Mr. Jonathan's letter, and my master's harshness, put me into such a fluster; but I will not keep you in suspense.

I went to Mrs. Jervis's chamber; and, O dreadful! my wicked master had hid himself, base gentleman as he is! in her closet, where she has a few books, and chest of drawers, and such like. I little suspected it; though I used, till this sad night, always to look into that closet and another in the room, and under the bed, ever since the summer-house trick; but never found any thing; and so I did not do it then, being fully resolved to be angry with Mrs. Jervis for what had happened in the day, and so thought of nothing else.

I sat myself down on one side of the bed, and she on the other, and we began to undress ourselves; but she on that side next the wicked closet, that held the worst heart in the world. So, said Mrs. Jervis, you won't speak to me, Pamela! I find you are angry with me. Why, Mrs. Jervis, said I, so I am, a little; 'tis a folly to deny it. You see what I have suffered by your forcing me in to my master: and a gentlewoman of your years and experience must needs know, that it was not fit for me to pretend to be any body else for my own sake, nor with regard to my master.

But, said she, who would have thought it would have turned out so? Ay, said I, little thinking who heard me, Lucifer always is ready to promote his own work and workmen. You see presently what use he made of it, pretending not to know me, on purpose to be free with me. And when he took upon himself to know me,

to quarrel with me, and use me hardly: And you too, said I, to cry, Fie, fie, Pamela! cut me to the heart: for that encouraged him.

Do you think, my dear, said she, that I would encourage him? — I never said so to you before; but, since you have forced it from me, I must tell you, that, ever since you consulted me, I have used my utmost endeavours to divert him from his wicked purposes: and he has promised fair; but, to say all in a word, he doats upon you; and I begin to see it is not in his power to help it.

I luckily said nothing of the note from Mr. Jonathan; for I began to suspect all the world almost: but I said, to try Mrs. Jervis, Well then, what would you have me do? You see he is for having me wait on Lady Davers now.

Why, I'll tell you freely, my dear Pamela, said she, and I trust to your discretion to conceal what I say: my master has been often desiring me to put you upon asking him to let you stay ——

Yes, said I, Mrs. Jervis, let me interrupt you: I will tell you why I could not think of that: It was not the pride of my heart, but the pride of my honesty: For what must have been the case? Here my master has been very rude to me, once and twice; and you say he cannot help it, though he pretends to be sorry for it: Well, he has given me warning to leave my place, and uses me very harshly; perhaps to frighten me to his purposes, as he supposes I would be fond of staying (as indeed I should, if I could be safe; for I love you and all the house, and value him, if he would act as my master). Well then, as I know his designs, and that he owns he cannot help it; must I have asked to stay, knowing he would attempt me again? for all you could assure me of, was, he would do nothing by force; so I, a poor weak girl, was to be left to my own strength! And was not this to allow him to tempt me, as one may say? and to encourage him to go on in his wicked devices? — How then, Mrs. Jervis, could I ask or wish to stay?

You say well, my dear child, says she; and you have a justness of thought above your years; and for all these considerations, and for what I have heard this day, after you ran away, (and I am glad you went as you did,) I cannot persuade you to stay; and I shall be glad, (which is what I never thought I could have said,) that you were well at your father's; for if Lady Davers will entertain you, she may as well have you from thence as here. There's my good Mrs. Jervis! said I; God will bless you for your good counsel to a poor maiden, that is hard beset. But pray what did he say, when I was gone? Why, says she, he was very angry with you. But he would hear it! said I: I think it was a little bold; but then he provoked me to it. And had not my honesty been in the case, I would not by any means have been so saucy. Besides, Mrs. Jervis, consider it was the truth; if he does not love to hear of the summer-house, and the dressing-room, why should he not be ashamed to continue in the same mind? But, said she, when you had muttered this

to yourself, you might have told him any thing else. Well, said I, I cannot tell a wilful lie, and so there's an end of it. But I find you now give him up, and think there's danger in staying. — Lord bless me! I wish I was well out of the house; so it was at the bottom of a wet ditch, on the wildest common in England.

Why, said she, it signifies nothing to tell you all he said but it was enough to make me fear you would not be so safe as I could wish; and, upon my word, Pamela, I don't wonder he loves you; for, without flattery, you are a charming girl! and I never saw you look more lovely in your life than in that same new dress of yours. And then it was such a surprise upon us all! — I believe truly, you owe some of your danger to the lovely appearance you made. Then, said I, I wish the clothes in the fire: I expected no effect from them; but, if any, a quite contrary one.

Hush! said I, Mrs. Jervis, did you not hear something stir in the closet? No, silly girl, said she, your fears are always awake. — But indeed, said I, I think I heard something rustle. — May be, says she, the cat may be got there: but I hear nothing.

I was hush; but she said, Pr'ythee, my good girl, make haste to bed. See if the door be fast. So I did, and was thinking to look into the closet; but, hearing no more noise, thought it needless, and so went again and sat myself down on the bed-side, and went on undressing myself. And Mrs. Jervis being by this time undressed, stepped into bed, and bid me hasten, for she was sleepy.

I don't know what was the matter, but my heart sadly misgave me: Indeed, Mr. Jonathan's note was enough to make it do so, with what Mrs. Jervis had said. I pulled off my stays, and my stockings, and all my clothes to an under-petticoat; and then hearing a rustling again in the closet, I said, Heaven protect us! but before I say my prayers, I must look into this closet. And so was going to it slip-shod, when, O dreadful! out rushed my master in a rich silk and silver morning gown.

I screamed, and ran to the bed, and Mrs. Jervis screamed too; and he said, I'll do you no harm, if you forbear this noise; but otherwise take what follows.

Instantly he came to the bed (for I had crept into it, to Mrs. Jervis, with my coat on, and my shoes); and taking me in his arms, said, Mrs. Jervis, rise, and just step up stairs to keep the maids from coming down at this noise: I'll do no harm to this rebel.

O, for Heaven's sake! for pity's sake! Mrs. Jervis, said I, if I am not betrayed, don't leave me; and, I beseech you, raise all the house. No, said Mrs. Jervis, I will not stir, my dear lamb; I will not leave you. I wonder at you, sir, said she; and kindly threw herself upon my coat, clasping me round the waist: You shall not hurt this innocent, said she: for I will lose my life in her defence. Are there not,

said she, enough wicked ones in the world, for your base purpose, but you must attempt such a lamb as this?

He was desperate angry, and threatened to throw her out of the window; and to turn her out of the house the next morning. You need not, sir, said she; for I will not stay in it. God defend my poor Pamela till to-morrow, and we will both go together. — Says he, let me but expostulate a word or two with you, Pamela. Pray, Pamela, said Mrs. Jervis, don't hear a word, except he leaves the bed, and goes to the other end of the room. Ay, out of the room, said I; expostulate to-morrow, if you must expostulate!

I found his hand in my bosom; and when my fright let me know it, I was ready to die; and I sighed and screamed, and fainted away. And still he had his arms about my neck; and Mrs. Jervis was about my feet, and upon my coat. And all in a cold dewy sweat was I. Pamela! Pamela! said Mrs. Jervis, as she tells me since, O — h, and gave another shriek, my poor Pamela is dead for certain! And so, to be sure, I was for a time; for I knew nothing more of the matter, one fit following another, till about three hours after, as it proved to be, I found myself in bed, and Mrs. Jervis sitting upon one side, with her wrapper about her, and Rachel on the other; and no master, for the wicked wretch was gone. But I was so overjoyed, that I hardly could believe myself; and I said, which were my first words, Mrs. Jervis, Mrs. Rachel, can I be sure it is you? Tell me! can I? — Where have I been? Hush, my dear, said Mrs. Jervis; you have been in fit after fit. I never saw any body so frightful in my life!

By this I judged Rachel knew nothing of the matter; and it seems my wicked master had, upon Mrs. Jervis's second noise on my fainting away, slipt out, and, as if he had come from his own chamber, disturbed by the screaming, went up to the maids' room, (who, hearing the noise, lay trembling, and afraid to stir,) and bid them go down, and see what was the matter with Mrs. Jervis and me. And he charged Mrs. Jervis, and promised to forgive her for what she had said and done, if she would conceal the matter. So the maids came down, and all went up again, when I came to myself a little, except Rachel, who staid to sit up with me, and bear Mrs. Jervis company. I believe they all guess the matter to be bad enough; though they dare not say any thing.

When I think of my danger, and the freedoms he actually took, though I believe Mrs. Jervis saved me from worse, and she said she did, (though what can I think, who was in a fit, and knew nothing of the matter?) I am almost distracted.

At first I was afraid of Mrs. Jervis; but I am fully satisfied she is very good, and I should have been lost but for her; and she takes on grievously about it. What would have become of me, had she gone out of the room, to still the maids, as he

bid her! He'd certainly have shut her out, and then, mercy on me! what would have become of your poor Pamela?

I must leave off a little; for my eyes and my head are sadly bad. — This was a dreadful trial! This was the worst of all! Oh, that I was out of the power of this dreadfully wicked man! Pray for

Your distressed DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXVI

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I did not rise till ten o'clock, and I had all the concerns and wishes of the family, and multitudes of inquiries about me. My wicked master went out early to hunt; but left word he would be in to breakfast. And so he was.

He came up to our chamber about eleven, and had nothing to do to be sorry; for he was our master, and so put on sharp anger at first.

I had great emotions at his entering the room, and threw my apron over my head, and fell a crying, as if my heart would break.

Mrs. Jervis, said he, since I know you, and you me so well, I don't know how we shall live together for the future. Sir, said she, I will take the liberty to say, what I think is best for both. I have so much grief, that you should attempt to do any injury to this poor girl, and especially in my chamber, that I should think myself accessary to the mischief, if I was not to take notice of it. Though my ruin, therefore, may depend upon it, I desire not to stay; but pray let poor Pamela and me go together. With all my heart, said he; and the sooner the better. She fell a crying. I find, says he, this girl has made a party of the whole house in her favour against me. Her innocence deserves it of us all, said she very kindly: and I never could have thought that the son of my dear good lady departed, could have so forfeited his honour, as to endeavour to destroy a virtue he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. Jervis! said he; I will not hear it. As for Pamela, she has a lucky knack of falling into fits, when she pleases. But the cursed yellings of you both made me not myself. I intended no harm to her, as I told you both, if you'd have left your squallings: And I did no harm neither, but to myself; for I raised a hornet's nest about my ears, that, as far as I know, may have stung to death my reputation. Sir, said Mrs. Jervis, then I beg Mr. Longman may take my accounts, and I will go away as soon as I can. As for Pamela, she is at her liberty, I hope, to go away next Thursday, as she intends?

I sat still; for I could not speak nor look up, and his presence discomposed me extremely; but I was sorry to hear myself the unhappy occasion of Mrs. Jervis's losing her place, and hope that may be still made up.

Well, said he, let Mr. Longman make up your accounts, as soon as you will; and Mrs. Jewkes (who is his housekeeper in Lincolnshire) shall come hither in your place, and won't be less obliging, I dare say, than you have been. Said she, I have never disobliged you till now; and let me tell you, sir, if you knew what belonged to your own reputation or honour — No more, no more, said he, of these antiquated topics. I have been no bad friend to you; and I shall always

esteem you, though you have not been so faithful to my secrets as I could have wished, and have laid me open to this girl, which has made her more afraid of me than she had occasion. Well, sir, said she, after what passed yesterday, and last night, I think I went rather too far in favour of your injunctions than otherwise; and I should have deserved every body's censure, as the basest of creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawless attempts. Still, Mrs. Jervis, still reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary faults! for what harm have I done the girl? — I won't bear it, I'll assure you. But yet, in respect to my mother, I am willing to part friendly with you though you ought both of you to reflect on the freedom of your conversation, in relation to me; which I should have resented more than I do, but that I am conscious I had no business to demean myself so as to be in your closet, where I might have expected to hear a multitude of impertinence between you.

Well, sir, said she, you have no objection, I hope, to Pamela's going away on Thursday next? You are mighty solicitous, said he, about Pamela: But no, not I; let her go as soon as she will: She is a naughty girl, and has brought all this upon herself; and upon me more trouble than she can have had from me: But I have overcome it all, and will never concern myself about her.

I have a proposal made me, added he, since I have been out this morning, that I shall go near to embrace; and so wish only, that a discreet use may be made of what is past; and there's an end of every thing with me, as to Pamela, I'll assure you. I clasped my hands together through my apron, overjoyed at this, though I was soon to go away: For, naughty as he has been to me, I wish his prosperity with all my heart, for my good old lady's sake. Well, Pamela, said he, you need not now be afraid to speak to me; tell me what you lifted up your hands at? I said not a word. Says he, If you like what I have said, give me your hand upon it. I held my hand up through my apron; for I could not speak to him; and he took hold of it, and pressed it, though less hard than he did my arm the day before. What does the little fool cover her face for? said he: Pull your apron away; and let me see how you look, after your freedom of speech of me last night. No wonder you are ashamed to see me. You know you were very free with my character.

I could not stand this barbarous insult, as I took it to be, considering his behaviour to me; and I then spoke and said, O the difference between the minds of thy creatures, good God! How shall some be cast down in their innocence, while others can triumph in their guilt!

And so saying, I went up stairs to my chamber, and wrote all this; for though he vexed me at his taunting, yet I was pleased to hear he was likely to be married, and that his wicked intentions were so happily overcome as to me; and this made me a little easier. And I hope I have passed the worst; or else it is very hard. And

yet I shan't think myself at ease quite, till I am with you: For, methinks, after all, his repentance and amendment are mighty suddenly resolved upon. But the divine grace is not confined to space; and remorse may, and I hope has, smitten him to the heart at once, for his injuries to poor me! Yet I won't be too secure neither.

Having opportunity, I send now what I know will grieve you to the heart. But I hope I shall bring my next scribble myself; and so conclude, though half broken-hearted, Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXVII

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I am glad I desired you not to meet me, and John says you won't; for he told you he is sure I shall get a passage well enough, either behind some one of my fellow-servants on horseback, or by farmer Nichols's means: but as to the chariot he talked to you of, I can't expect that favour, to be sure; and I should not care for it, because it would look so much above me. But farmer Brady, they say, has a chaise with one horse, and we hope to borrow that, or hire it, rather than fail; though money runs a little lowish, after what I have laid out; but I don't care to say so here; though I warrant I might have what I would of Mrs. Jervis, or Mr. Jonathan, or Mr. Longman; but then how shall I pay it? you'll say: And, besides, I don't love to be beholden.

But the chief reason I'm glad you don't set out to meet me, is the uncertainty; for it seems I must stay another week still, and hope certainly to go Thursday after. For poor Mrs. Jervis will go at the same time, she says, and can't be ready before.

Oh! that I was once well with you! — Though he is very civil too at present, and not so cross as he was: and yet he is as vexatious another way, as you shall hear. For yesterday he had a rich suit of clothes brought home, which they call a birth-day suit; for he intends to go to London against next birth-day, to see the court; and our folks will have it he is to be made a lord. — I wish they may make him an honest man, as he was always thought; but I have not found it so, alas for me!

And so, as I was saying, he had these clothes come home, and he tried them on. And before he pulled them off, he sent for me, when nobody else was in the parlour with him: Pamela, said he, you are so neat and so nice in your own dress, (Alack-a-day, I didn't know I was!) that you must be a judge of ours. How are these clothes made? Do they fit me? — I am no judge, said I, and please your honour; but I think they look very fine.

His waistcoat stood on end with silver lace, and he looked very grand. But what he did last, has made me very serious, and I could make him no compliments. Said he, Why don't you wear your usual clothes? Though I think every thing looks well upon you (for I still continue in my new dress). I said, I have no clothes, sir, I ought to call my own, but these: and it is no matter what such an one as I wears. Said he, Why you look very serious, Pamela. I see you can bear malice. — Yes, so I can, sir, said I, according to the occasion! Why, said he, your eyes always look red, I think. Are you not a fool to take my last freedom so

much to heart? I am sure you, and that fool Mrs. Jervis, frightened me, by your hideous squalling, as much as I could frighten you. That is all we had for it, said I; and if you could be so afraid of your own servants knowing of your attempts upon a poor unworthy creature, that is under your protection while I stay, surely your honour ought to be more afraid of God Almighty, in whose presence we all stand, in every action of our lives, and to whom the greatest, as well as the least, must be accountable, let them think what they list.

He took my hand, in a kind of good-humoured mockery, and said, Well urged, my pretty preacher! When my Lincolnshire chaplain dies, I'll put thee on a gown and cassock, and thou'lt make a good figure in his place. — I wish, said I, a little vexed at his jeer, your honour's conscience would be your preacher, and then you would need no other chaplain. Well, well, Pamela, said he, no more of this unfashionable jargon. I did not send for you so much for your opinion of my new suit, as to tell you, you are welcome to stay, since Mrs. Jervis desires it, till she goes. I welcome! said I; I am sure I shall rejoice when I am out of the house!

Well, said he, you are an ungrateful baggage; but I am thinking it would be pity, with these fair soft hands, and that lovely skin, (as he called it, and took hold of my hand,) that you should return again to hard work, as you must if you go to your father's; and so I would advise her to take a house in London, and let lodgings to us members of parliament, when we come to town; and such a pretty daughter as you may pass for, will always fill her house, and she'll get a great deal of money.

I was sadly vexed at this barbarous joke; but being ready to cry before, the tears gushed out, and (endeavouring to get my hand from him, but in vain) I said, I can expect no better: Your behaviour, sir, to me, has been just of a piece with these words: Nay, I will say it, though you were to be ever so angry. — I angry, Pamela? No, no, said he, I have overcome all that; and as you are to go away, I look upon you now as Mrs. Jervis's guest while you both stay, and not as my servant; and so you may say what you will. But I'll tell you, Pamela, why you need not take this matter in such high disdain! — You have a very pretty romantic turn for virtue, and all that. — And I don't suppose but you'll hold it still: and nobody will be able to prevail upon you. But, my child, (sneeringly he spoke it,) do but consider what a fine opportunity you will then have for a tale every day to good mother Jervis, and what subjects for letter-writing to your father and mother, and what pretty preachments you may hold forth to the young gentlemen. Ad's my heart! I think it would be the best thing you and she could do.

You do well, sir, said I, to even your wit to such a poor maiden as me: but, permit me to say, that if you was not rich and great, and I poor and little, you would not insult me thus. — Let me ask you, sir, if you think this becomes your

fine clothes, and a master's station: Why so serious, my pretty Pamela? said he: Why so grave? And would kiss me; but my heart was full, and I said, Let me alone; I will tell you, if you was a king, and insulted me as you have done, that you have forgotten to act like a gentleman; and I won't stay to be used thus: I will go to the next farmer's, and there wait for Mrs. Jervis, if she must go: and I'd have you know, sir, that I can stoop to the ordinariest work of your scullions, for all these nasty soft hands, sooner than bear such ungentlemanly imputations.

I sent for you, said he, in high good humour; but it is impossible to hold it with such an impertinent: however, I'll keep my temper. But while I see you here, pray don't put on those dismal grave looks: Why, girl, you should forbear them, if it were but for your pride-sake; for the family will think you are grieving to leave the house. Then, sir, said I, I will try to convince them of the contrary, as well as your honour; for I will endeavour to be more cheerful while I stay, for that very reason.

Well, replied he, I will set this down by itself, as the first time that ever what I had advised had any weight with you. And I will add, said I, as the first advice you have given me of late, that was fit to be followed. — I wish said he, (I am almost ashamed to write it, impudent gentleman as he is!) I wish I had thee as quick another way, as thou art in thy repartees — And he laughed, and I snatched my hand from him, and I tripped away as fast as I could. Ah! thought I, married? I am sure it is time you were married, or, at this rate, no honest maiden ought to live with you.

Why, dear father and mother, to be sure he grows quite a rake! How easy it is to go from bad to worse, when once people give way to vice!

How would my poor lady, had she lived, have grieved to see it! but may be he would have been better then! Though it seems he told Mrs. Jervis, he had an eye upon me in his mother's life-time; and he intended to let me know as much, by the bye, he told her! Here is shamelessness for you! Sure the world must be near at an end! for all the gentlemen about are as bad as he almost, as far as I can hear! — And see the fruits of such bad examples! There is 'Squire Martin in the grove, has had three lyings-in, it seems, in his house, in three months past; one by himself; and one by his coachman; and one by his woodman; and yet he has turned none of them away. Indeed, how can he, when they but follow his own vile example? There is he, and two or three more such as he, within ten miles of us, who keep company, and hunt with our fine master, truly; and I suppose he is never the better for their examples. But, Heaven bless me, say I, and send me out of this wicked house!

But, dear father and mother, what sort of creatures must the womenkind be, do you think, to give way to such wickedness? Why, this it is that makes every one

be thought of alike: And, alack-a-day! what a world we live in! for it is grown more a wonder that the men are resisted, than that the women comply. This, I suppose, makes me such a sauce-box, and bold-face, and a creature, and all because I won't be a sauce-box and bold-face indeed.

But I am sorry for these things; one don't know what arts and stratagems men may devise to gain their vile ends; and so I will think as well as I can of these poor undone creatures, and pity them. For you see, by my sad story, and narrow escapes, what hardships poor maidens go through, whose lot it is to go out to service, especially to houses where there is not the fear of God, and good rule kept by the heads of the family.

You see I am quite grown grave and serious; indeed it becomes the present condition of Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXVIII

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

John says you wept when you read my last letter, that he carried. I am sorry you let him see that; for they all mistrust already how matters are, and as it is no credit that I have been attempted, though it is that I have resisted; yet I am sorry they have cause to think so evil of my master from any of us.

Mrs. Jervis has made up her accounts with Mr. Longman, and will stay in her place. I am glad of it, for her own sake, and for my master's; for she has a good master of him; so indeed all have, but poor me — and he has a good housekeeper in her.

Mr. Longman, it seems, took upon him to talk to my master, how faithful and careful of his interests she was, and how exact in her accounts; and he told him, there was no comparison between her accounts and Mrs. Jewkes's, at the Lincolnshire estate.

He said so many fine things, it seems, of Mrs. Jervis, that my master sent for her in Mr. Longman's presence, and said Pamela might come along with her; I suppose to mortify me, that I must go while she was to stay: But as, when I go away, I am not to go with her, nor was she to go with me; so I did not matter it much; only it would have been creditable to such a poor girl, that the housekeeper would bear me company, if I went.

Said he to her, Well, Mrs. Jervis, Longman says you have made up your accounts with him with your usual fidelity and exactness. I had a good mind to make you an offer of continuing with me, if you can be a little sorry for your hasty words, which, indeed, were not so respectful as I have deserved at your hands. She seemed at a sad loss what to say, because Mr. Longman was there, and she could not speak of the occasion of those words, which was me.

Indeed, said Mr. Longman, I must needs say before your face, that since I have known my master's family, I have never found such good management in it, nor so much love and harmony neither. I wish the Lincolnshire estate was as well served! — No more of that, said my master; but Mrs. Jervis may stay, if she will: and here, Mrs. Jervis, pray accept of this, which at the close of every year's accounts I will present you with, besides your salary, as long as I find your care so useful and agreeable. And he gave her five guineas. — She made him a low courtesy, and thanking him, looked to me, as if she would have spoken to me.

He took her meaning, I believe; for he said, — Indeed I love to encourage merit and obligingness, Longman; but I can never be equally kind to those who don't deserve it at my hands, as to those who do; and then he looked full on me.

Longman, continued he, I said that girl might come in with Mrs. Jervis, because they love to be always together. For Mrs. Jervis is very good to her, and loves her as well as if she was her daughter. But else — Mr. Longman, interrupting him, said, Good to Mrs. Pamela! Ay, sir, and so she is, to be sure! But every body must be good to her; for ——

He was going on: but my master said, No more, no more, Mr. Longman. I see old men are taken with pretty young girls, as well as other folks; and fair looks hide many a fault, where a person has the art to behave obligingly. Why, and please your honour, said Mr. Longman, every body — and was going on, I believe, to say something more in my praise, but he interrupted him, and said, Not a word more of this Pamela. I can't let her stay, I'll assure you; not only for her own freedom of speech, but her letter-writing of all the secrets of my family. Ay, said the good old man, I am sorry for that too! But, sir, — No more, I say, said my master; for my reputation is so well known, (mighty fine, thought I!) that I care not what any body writes or says of me: But to tell you the truth, (not that it need go further,) I think of changing my condition soon; and, you know, young ladies of birth and fortune will choose their own servants, and that's my chief reason why Pamela can't stay. As for the rest, said he, the girl is a good sort of body, take her altogether; though I must needs say, a little pert, since my mother's death, in her answers, and gives me two words for one; which I can't bear; nor is there reason I should, you know, Longman. No, to be sure, sir, said he: but 'tis strange, methinks, she should be so mild and meek to every one of us in the house, and forget herself so, where she should shew most respect! Very true, Mr. Longman, said he, but so it is, I'll assure you; and it was from her pertness, that Mrs. Jervis and I had the words: And I should mind it the less, but that the girl (there she stands, I say it to her face) has wit and sense above her years, and knows better.

I was in great pain to say something, but yet I knew not what, before Mr. Longman; and Mrs. Jervis looked at me, and walked to the window to hide her concern for me. At last, I said, It is for you, sir, to say what you please; and for me only to say, God bless your honour!

Poor Mr. Longman faltered in his speech, and was ready to cry. Said my insulting master to me, Why, pr'ythee, Pamela, now, shew thyself as thou art, before Longman. Can'st not give him a specimen of that pertness which thou hast exercised upon me sometimes?

Did he not, my dear father and mother, deserve all the truth to be told? Yet I overcame myself so far, as to say, Well, your honour may play upon a poor girl, that you know can answer you, but dare not.

Why, pr'ythee now, insinuator, said he, say the worst you can before Longman and Mrs. Jervis. I challenge the utmost of thy impertinence: and as you are going

away, and have the love of every body, I would be a little justified to my family, that you have no reason to complain of hardships from me, as I have pert saucy answers from you, besides exposing me by your letters.

Surely, sir, said I, I am of no consequence equal to this, in your honour's family, that such a great gentleman as you, should need to justify yourself about me. I am glad Mrs. Jervis stays with your honour; and I know I have not deserved to stay: and, more than that, I don't desire to stay.

Ads-bobbers! said Mr. Longman, and ran to me; don't say so, don't say so, dear Mrs. Pamela! We all love you dearly: and pray down of your knees, and ask his honour pardon, and we will all become pleaders in a body, and I, and Mrs. Jervis too, at the head of it, to beg his honour's pardon, and to continue you, at least, till his honour marries. — No, Mr. Longman, said I, I cannot ask; nor will I stay, if I might. All I desire is, to return to my poor father and mother: and though I love you all, I won't stay. — O well-a-day, well-a-day! said the good old man, I did not expect this! — When I had got matters thus far, and had made all up for Mrs. Jervis, I was in hopes to have got a double holiday of joy for all the family, in your pardon too. Well, said my master, this is a little specimen of what I told you, Longman. You see there's a spirit you did not expect.

Mrs. Jervis told me after, that she could stay no longer, to hear me so hardly used; and must have spoken, had she staid, what would never have been forgiven her; so she went out. I looked after her to go too; but my master said, Come, Pamela, give another specimen, I desire you, to Longman I am sure you must, if you will but speak. Well, sir, said I, since it seems your greatness wants to be justified by my lowness, and I have no desire you should suffer in the sight of your family, I will say, on my bended knees, (and so I kneeled down,) that I have been a very faulty, and a very ungrateful creature to the best of masters: I have been very perverse and saucy; and have deserved nothing at your hands but to be turned out of your family with shame and disgrace. I, therefore, have nothing to say for myself, but that I am not worthy to stay, and so cannot wish to stay, and will not stay: And so God Almighty bless you, and you Mr. Longman, and good Mrs. Jervis, and every living soul of the family! and I will pray for you as long as I live! — And so I rose up, and was forced to lean upon my master's elbow-chair, or I should have sunk down.

The poor old man wept more than I, and said, Ads-bobbers, was ever the like heard! 'Tis too much, too much; I can't bear it. As I hope to live, I am quite melted. Dear sir, forgive her! The poor thing prays for you; she prays for us all! She owns her fault; yet won't be forgiven! I profess I know not what to make of it.

My master himself, hardened wretch as he was, seemed a little moved, and took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and walked to the window: What sort of a day is it? said he. — And then, getting a little more hard-heartedness, he said, Well, you may be gone from my presence, thou strange medley of inconsistence! but you shan't stay after your time in the house.

Nay, pray, sir, pray, sir, said the good old man, relent a little. Ads-heartikins! you young gentlemen are made of iron and steel, I think; I'm sure, said he, my heart's turned into butter, and is running away at my eyes. I never felt the like before. — Said my master, with an imperious tone, Get out of my presence, hussy! I can't bear you in my sight. Sir, said I, I'm going as fast as I can.

But, indeed, my dear father and mother, my head was so giddy, and my limbs trembled so, that I was forced to go holding by the wainscot all the way with both my hands, and thought I should not have got to the door: But when I did, as I hoped this would be my last interview with this terrible hard-hearted master, I turned about, and made a low courtesy, and said, God bless you, sir! God bless you, Mr. Longman! and I went into the lobby leading to the great hall, and dropt into the first chair; for I could get no farther a good while.

I leave all these things to your reflection, my dear parents but I can write no more. My poor heart's almost broken! Indeed it is — O when shall I get away! — Send me, good God, in safety, once more to my poor father's peaceful cot! — and there the worst that can happen will be joy in perfection to what I now bear! — O pity

Your distressed DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXIX

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I must write on, though I shall come so soon; for now I have hardly any thing else to do. I have finished all that lay upon me, and only wait the good time of setting out. Mrs. Jervis said, I must be low in pocket, for what I had laid out; and so would have presented me with two guineas of her five; but I could not take them of her, because, poor gentlewoman, she pays old debts for her children, that were extravagant, and wants them herself. This, though, was very good in her.

I am sorry I shall have but little to bring with me; but I know you won't, you are so good! — and I will work the harder, when I come home, if I can get a little plain-work, or any thing, to do. But all your neighbourhood is so poor, that I fear I shall want work, except, may be, dame Mumford can help me to something, from any good family she is acquainted with.

Here, what a sad thing it is! I have been brought up wrong, as matters stand. For, you know, my good lady, now in heaven, loved singing and dancing; and, as she would have it, I had a voice, she made me learn both; and often and often has she made me sing her an innocent song, and a good psalm too, and dance before her. And I must learn to flower and draw too, and to work fine work with my needle; why, all this too I have got pretty tolerably at my finger's end, as they say; and she used to praise me, and was a good judge of such matters.

Well now, what is all this to the purpose, as things have turned about?

Why, no more nor less, than that I am like the grasshopper in the fable, which I have read of in my lady's book, as follows: — [See the Aesop's Fables which have lately been selected and reformed from those of Sir R. L'Estrange, and the most eminent mythologists.]

'As the ants were airing their provisions one winter, a hungry grasshopper (as suppose it was poor I) begged a charity of them. They told him, That he should have wrought in summer, if he would not have wanted in winter. Well, says the grasshopper, but I was not idle neither; for I sung out the whole season. Nay, then, said they, you'll e'en do well to make a merry year of it, and dance in winter to the time you sung in summer.'

So I shall make a fine figure with my singing and my dancing, when I come home to you! Nay, I shall be unfit even for a May-day holiday-time; for these minuets, rigadoons, and French dances, that I have been practising, will make me but ill company for my milk-maid companions that are to be. To be sure I had better, as things stand, have learned to wash and scour, and brew and bake, and such like. Put I hope, if I can't get work, and can meet with a place, to learn these

soon, if any body will have the goodness to bear with me till I am able: For, notwithstanding what my master says, I hope I have an humble and teachable mind; and, next to God's grace, that's all my comfort: for I shall think nothing too mean that is honest. It may be a little hard at first; but woe to my proud heart, if I find it so on trial; for I will make it bend to its condition, or break it.

I have read of a good bishop that was to be burnt for his religion; and he tried how he could bear it, by putting his fingers into the lighted candle: So I, t'other day, tried, when Rachel's back was turned, if I could not scour a pewter plate she had begun. I see I could do't by degrees: It only blistered my hand in two places.

All the matter is, if I could get plain-work enough, I need not spoil my fingers. But if I can't, I hope to make my hands as red as a blood-pudding, and as hard as a beechen trencher, to accommodate them to my condition. — But I must break off; here's somebody coming.

'Tis only our Hannah with a message from Mrs. Jervis. — But, hold, here's somebody else. Well, it is only Rachel.

I am as much frighted, as were the city mouse and the country mouse, in the same book of fables, at every thing that stirs. O! I have a power of these things to entertain you with in winter evenings, when I come home. If I can but get work, with a little time for reading, I hope we shall be very happy over our peat fires.

What made me hint to you, that I should bring but little with me, is this:

You must know, I did intend to do, as I have this afternoon: and that is, I took all my clothes, and all my linen, and I divided them into three parcels, as I had before told Mrs. Jervis I intended to do; and I said, It is now Monday, Mrs. Jervis, and I am to go away on Thursday morning betimes; so, though I know you don't doubt my honesty, I beg you will look over my poor matters, and let every one have what belongs to them; for, said I, you know I am resolved to take with me only what I can properly call my own.

Said she, (I did not know her drift then; to be sure she meant well; but I did not thank her for it, when I did know it,) Let your things be brought down in the green-room, and I will do any thing you will have me do.

With all my heart, said I, green-room or any where; but I think you might step up, and see 'em as they lie.

However, I fetched 'em down, and laid them in three parcels, as before; and, when I had done, I went down to call her up to look at them.

Now, it seems, she had prepared my master for this scene, unknown to me; and in this green-room was a closet, with a sash-door, and a curtain before it; for there she puts her sweet-meats and such things; and she did it, it seems, to turn his heart, as knowing what I intended, I suppose that he should make me take the

things; for, if he had, I should have made money of them, to help us when we got together; for, to be sure, I could never have appeared in them.

Well, as I was saying, he had got, unknown to me, into this closet; I suppose while I went to call Mrs. Jervis: and she since owned to me, it was at his desire, when she told him something of what I intended, or else she would not have done it: though I have reason, I am sure, to remember the last closet-work.

So I said, when she came up, Here, Mrs. Jervis, is the first parcel; I will spread it all abroad. These are the things my good lady gave me. — In the first place, said I — and so I went on describing the clothes and linen my lady had given me, mingling blessings, as I proceeded, for her goodness to me; and when I had turned over that parcel, I said, Well, so much for the first parcel, Mrs. Jervis; that was my lady's gifts.

Now I come to the presents of my dear virtuous master: Hey, you know closet for that! Mrs. Jervis. She laughed, and said, I never saw such a comical girl in my life! But go on. I will, Mrs. Jervis, said I, as soon as I have opened the bundle; for I was as brisk and as pert as could be, little thinking who heard me.

Now here, Mrs. Jervis, said I, are my ever worthy master's presents; and then I particularised all those in the second bundle.

After which, I turned to my own, and said,

Now, Mrs. Jervis, comes poor Pamela's bundle; and a little one it is to the others. First, here is a calico nightgown, that I used to wear o' mornings. 'Twill be rather too good for me when I get home; but I must have something. Then there is a quilted calamanco coat, and a pair of stockings I bought of the pedlar, and my straw-hat with blue strings; and a remnant of Scots cloth, which will make two shirts and two shifts, the same I have on, for my poor father and mother. And here are four other shifts, one the fellow to that I have on; another pretty good one, and the other two old fine ones, that will serve me to turn and wind with at home, for they are not worth leaving behind me; and here are two pair of shoes, I have taken the lace off, which I will burn, and may be will fetch me some little matter at a pinch, with an old silver buckle or two.

What do you laugh for, Mrs. Jervis? said I. — Why you are like an April day; you cry and laugh in a breath.

Well, let me see; ay, here is a cotton handkerchief I bought of the pedlar — there should be another somewhere. O, here it is! and here too are my new-bought knit mittens; and this is my new flannel coat, the fellow to that I have on and in this parcel, pinned together, are several pieces of printed calico, remnants of silks, and such like, that, if good luck should happen, and I should get work, would serve for robins and facings, and such like uses. And here too are a pair of

pockets: they are too fine for me; but I have no worse. Bless me, said I, I did not think I had so many good things!

Well, Mrs. Jervis, said I, you have seen all my store, and I will now sit down, and tell you a piece of my mind.

Be brief then, said she, my good girl: for she was afraid, she said afterwards, that I should say too much.

Why then the case is this: I am to enter upon a point of equity and conscience, Mrs. Jervis; and I must beg, if you love me, you'd let me have my own way. Those things there of my lady's, I can have no claim to, so as to take them away; for she gave them me, supposing I was to wear them in her service, and to do credit to her bountiful heart. But, since I am to be turned away, you know, I cannot wear them at my poor father's; for I should bring all the little village upon my back; and so I resolve not to have them.

Then, Mrs. Jervis, said I, I have far less right to these of my worthy master's; for you see what was his intention in giving them to me. So they were to be the price of my shame, and if I could make use of them, I should think I should never prosper with them; and, besides, you know, Mrs. Jervis, if I would not do the good gentleman's work, why should I take his wages? So, in conscience, in honour, in every thing, I have nothing to say to thee, thou second wicked bundle!

But, said I, cone to my arms, my dear third parcel, the companion of my poverty, and the witness of my honesty; and may I never deserve the least rag that is contained in thee, when I forfeit a title to that innocence, that I hope will ever be the pride of my life! and then I am sure it will be my highest comfort at my death, when all the riches and pomps of the world will be worse than the vilest rags that can be worn by beggars! And so I hugged my third bundle.

But, said I, Mrs. Jervis, (and she wept to hear me,) one thing more I have to trouble you with, and that's all.

There are four guineas, you know, that came out of my good lady's pocket, when she died; that, with some silver, my master gave me: Now these same four guineas I sent to my poor father and mother, and they have broken them; but would make them up, if I would: and if you think it should be so, it shall. But pray tell me honestly your mind: As to the three years before my lady's death, do you think, as I had no wages, I may be supposed to be quits? — By quits, I cannot mean that my poor services should be equal to my lady's goodness; for that's impossible. But as all her learning and education of me, as matters have turned, will be of little service to me now; for it had been better for me to have been brought up to hard labour, to be sure; for that I must turn to at last, if I can't get a place: (and you know, in places too, one is subject to such temptations as are dreadful to think of:) so, I say, by quits I only mean, as I return all the good things

she gave me, whether I may not set my little services against my keeping; because, as I said, my learning is not now in the question; and I am sure my dear good lady would have thought so, had she lived; but that too is now out of the question. Well then, if so, I would ask, Whether, in above this year that I have lived with my master, as I am resolved to leave all his gifts behind me, I may not have earned, besides my keeping, these four guineas, and these poor clothes here upon my back, and in my third bundle? Now tell me your mind freely, without favour or affection.

Alas! my dear girl, says she, you make me unable to speak to you at all: To be sure it will be the highest affront that can be offered, for you to leave any of these things behind you; and you must take all your bundles with you, or my master will never forgive you.

Well, well, Mrs. Jervis, said I, I don't care; I have been too much used to be snubbed and hardly treated by my master, of late. I have done him no harm; and I shall always pray for him and wish him happy. But I don't deserve these things; I know I don't. Then, I can't wear them, if I should take them; so they can be of no use to me: And I trust I shall not want the poor pittance, that is all I desire to keep life and soul together. Bread and water I can live upon, Mrs. Jervis, with content. Water I shall get any where; and if I can't get me bread, I will live like a bird in winter upon hips and haws, and at other times upon pig-nuts and potatoes, or turnips, or any thing. So what occasion have I for these things? — But all I ask is about these four guineas, and if you think I need not return them, that is all I want to know. — To be sure, my dear, you need not, said she; you have well earned them by that waistcoat only. No, I think not so, in that only; but in the linen, and other things, do you think I have? Yes, yes, said she, and more. And my keeping allowed for, I mean, said I, and these poor clothes on my back, besides? Remember that, Mrs. Jervis. Yes, my dear odd-one, no doubt you have. Well then, said I, I am as happy as a princess. I am quite as rich as I wish to be: and once more, my dear third bundle, I will hug thee to my bosom. And I beg you'll say nothing of all this till I am gone, that my master mayn't be so angry, but that I may go in peace; for my heart, without other matters, will be ready to break to part with you all.

Now, Mrs. Jervis, said I, as to one matter more: and that is my master's last usage of me, before Mr. Longman. — Said she, Pr'ythee, dear Pamela, step to my chamber, and fetch me a paper I left on my table. I have something to shew you in it. I will, said I, and stepped down; but that was only a fetch, to take the orders of my master, I found. It seems he said, he thought two or three times to have burst out upon me; but he could not stand it, and wished I might not know he was there. But I tripped up again so nimbly, (for there was no paper,) that I just saw his back,

as if coming out of that green-room, and going into the next to it, the first door that was open — I whipped in, and shut the door, and bolted it. O Mrs. Jervis! said I, what have you done by me? — I see I can't confide in any body. I am beset on all hands. Wretched, wretched Pamela, where shalt thou expect a friend, if Mrs. Jervis joins to betray thee thus? She made so many protestations, (telling me all, and that he owned I had made him wipe his eyes two or three times, and said she hoped it would have a good effect, and remembered me, that I had said nothing but what would rather move compassion than resentment,) that I forgave her. But O! that I was safe from this house! for never poor creature sure was so flustered as I have been so many months together; — I am called down from this most tedious scribble. I wonder what will next befall Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Jervis says, she is sure I shall have the chariot to carry me home to you. Though this will look too great for me, yet it will shew as if I was not turned away quite in disgrace. The travelling chariot is come from Lincolnshire, and I fancy I shall go in that; for the other is quite grand.

LETTER XXX

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I write again, though, may be, I shall bring it to you in my pocket: for I shall have no writing, nor writing-time, I hope, when I come to you. This is Wednesday morning, and I shall, I hope, set out to you to-morrow morning; but I have had more trials and more vexations; but of another complexion too a little, though all from the same quarter.

Yesterday my master, after he came from hunting, sent for me. I went with great terror: for I expected he would storm, and be in a fine passion with me for my freedom of speech before: so I was resolved to begin first, with submission, to disarm his anger; and I fell upon my knees as soon as I saw him; and said, Good sir, let me beseech you, as you hope to be forgiven yourself, and for the sake of my dear good lady your mother, who recommended me to you with her last words, to forgive me all my faults; and only grant me this favour, the last I shall ask you, that you will let me depart your house with peace and quietness of mind, that I may take such a leave of my dear fellow-servants as befits me; and that my heart be not quite broken.

He took me up, in a kinder manner than ever I had known; and he said, Shut the door, Pamela, and come to me in my closet: I want to have a little serious talk with you. How can I, sir, said I, how can I! and wrung my hands. O pray, sir, let me go out of your presence, I beseech you! By the God that made me, said he, I'll do you no harm. Shut the parlour door, and come to me in my library.

He then went into his closet, which is his library, and full of rich pictures besides; a noble apartment, though called a closet, and next the private garden, into which it has a door that opens. I shut the parlour door, as he bid me; but stood at it irresolute. Place some confidence in me, said he: Surely you may, when I have spoken thus solemnly. So I crept towards him with trembling feet, and my heart throbbing through my handkerchief. Come in, said he, when I bid you. I did so. Pray, sir, said I, pity and spare me. I will, said he, as I hope to be saved. He sat down upon a rich settee; and took hold of my hand, and said, Don't doubt me, Pamela. From this moment I will no more consider you as my servant: and I desire you'll not use me with ingratitude for the kindness I am going to express towards you. This a little emboldened me; and he said, holding both my hands between his, You have too much wit and good sense not to discover, that I, in spite of my heart, and all the pride of it, cannot but love you. Yes, look up to me, my sweet-faced girl! I must say I love you; and have put on a behaviour to you,

that was much against my heart, in hopes to frighten you from your reservedness. You see I own it ingenuously; and don't play your sex upon me for it.

I was unable to speak; and he, seeing me too much oppressed with confusion to go on in that strain, said, Well, Pamela, let me know in what situation of life is your father: I know he is a poor man; but is he as low and as honest as he was when my mother took you?

Then I could speak a little; and with a down look, (and I felt my face glow like fire,) I said, Yes, sir, as poor and as honest too; and that is my pride. Says he, I will do something for him, if it be not your fault, and make all your family happy. All, sir, said I, he is happier already than ever he can be, if his daughter's innocence is to be the price of your favour: and I beg you will not speak to me on the only side that can wound me. I have no design of that sort, said he. O sir, said I, tell me not so, tell me not so!— 'Tis easy, said he, for me to be the making of your father, without injuring you. Well, sir, said I, if this can be done, let me know how; and all I can do with innocence shall be the study and practice of my life. — But, O! what can such a poor creature as I do, and do my duty? — Said he, I would have you stay a week or fortnight only, and behave yourself with kindness to me; I stoop to beg it of you, and you shall see all shall turn out beyond your expectation. I see, said he, you are going to answer otherwise than I would have you; and I begin to be vexed I should thus meanly sue; and so I will say, that your behaviour before honest Longman, when I used you as I did, and you could so well have vindicated yourself, has quite charmed me. And though I am not pleased with all you said yesterday, while I was in the closet, yet you have moved me more to admire you than before; and I am awakened to see more worthiness in you, than ever I saw in any lady in the world. All the servants, from the highest to the lowest, doat upon you, instead of envying you; and look upon you in so superior a light, as speaks what you ought to be. I have seen more of your letters than you imagine, (This surprised me!) and am quite overcome with your charming manner of writing, so free, so easy, and many of your sentiments so much above your years, and your sex; and all put together, makes me, as I tell you, love you to extravagance. Now, Pamela, when I have stooped to acknowledge all this, oblige me only to stay another week or fortnight, to give me time to bring about some certain affairs, and you shall see how much you may find your account in it.

I trembled to find my poor heart giving way. — O good sir, said I, spare a poor girl that cannot look up to you, and speak. My heart is full; and why should you wish to undo me? — Only oblige me, said he, to stay a fortnight longer, and John shall carry word to your father, that I will see him in the time, either here, or at the Swan in his village. O sir, said I, my heart will burst; but, on my bended knees, I

beg you to let me go to-morrow, as I designed: and don't offer to tempt a poor creature, whose whole will would be to do yours, if my virtue would permit! — I shall permit it, said he; for I intend no injury to you, God is my witness! Impossible! said I; I cannot, sir, believe you, after what has passed: How many ways are there to undo poor creatures! Good God, protect me this one time, and send me but to my dear father's cot in safety! — Strange, d —— d fate! said he, that when I speak so solemnly, I can't be believed! — What should I believe, sir? said I, what can I believe? What have you said, but that I am to stay a fortnight longer? and what then is to become of me? — My pride of birth and fortune (d — n them both! said he, since they cannot obtain credit with you, but must add to your suspicions) will not let me descend all at once; and I ask you but a fortnight's stay, that, after this declaration, I may pacify those proud demands upon me.

O how my heart throbbed! and I began (for I did not know what I did) to say the Lord's prayer. None of your beads to me Pamela! said he; thou art a perfect nun, I think.

But I said aloud, with my eyes lifted up to heaven, Lead me not into temptation: but deliver me from evil, O my good God! He hugged me in his arms, and said, Well, my dear girl, then you stay this fortnight, and you shall see what I will do for you — I'll leave you a moment, and walk into the next room, to give you time to think of it, and to shew you I have no design upon you. Well, this, I thought, did not look amiss.

He went out, and I was tortured with twenty different doubts in a minute; sometimes I thought that to stay a week or fortnight longer in this house to obey him, while Mrs. Jervis was with me, could do no great harm: But then, thought I, how do I know what I may be able to do? I have withstood his anger; but may I not relent at his kindness? — How shall I stand that. — Well, I hope, thought I, by the same protecting grace in which I will always confide! — But, then, what has he promised? Why, he will make my poor father and mother's life comfortable. O! said I to myself, that is a rich thought; but let me not dwell upon it, for fear I should indulge it to my ruin. — What can he do for me, poor girl as I am! — What can his greatness stoop to! He talks, thought I, of his pride of heart, and pride of condition; O these are in his head, and in his heart too, or he would not confess them to me at such an instant. Well then, thought I, this can be only to seduce me. — He has promised nothing. — But I am to see what he will do, if I stay a fortnight; and this fortnight, thought I again, is no such great matter; and I shall see in a few days how he carries it. — But then, when I again reflected upon this distance between him and me, and his now open declaration of love, as he called it; and that after this he would talk with me on that subject more plainly

than ever, and I shall be less armed, may be, to withstand him; and then I bethought myself, why, if he meant no dishonour, he should not speak before Mrs. Jervis; and the odious frightful closet came again into my head, and my narrow escape upon it; and how easy it might be for him to send Mrs. Jervis and the maids out of the way; and so that all the mischief he designed me might be brought about in less than that time; I resolved to go away and trust all to Providence, and nothing to myself. And how ought I to be thankful for this resolution! — as you shall hear.

But just as I have writ to this place, John sends me word, that he is going this minute your way; and so I will send you so far as I have written, and hope by to-morrow night, to ask your blessings, at your own poor, but happy abode, and tell you the rest by word of mouth; and so I rest, till then, and for ever, Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXXI

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I will continue my writing still, because, may be, I shall like to read it, when I am with you, to see what dangers I have been enabled to escape; and though I bring it along with me.

I told you my resolution, my happy resolution as I have reason to think it: and just then he came in again, with great kindness in his looks, and said, I make no doubt, Pamela, you will stay this fortnight to oblige me. I knew not how to frame my words so as to deny, and yet not make him storm. But, said I, Forgive, sir, your poor distressed servant. I know I cannot possibly deserve any favour at your hands, consistent with virtue; and I beg you will let me go to my poor father. Why, said he, thou art the veriest fool that I ever knew. I tell you I will see your father; I'll send for him hither to-morrow, in my travelling chariot, if you will; and I'll let him know what I intend to do for him and you. What, sir, may I ask you, can that be? Your honour's noble estate may easily make him happy, and not unuseful, perhaps to you, in some respect or other. But what price am I to pay for all this? — You shall be happy as you can wish, said he, I do assure you: And here I will now give you this purse, in which are fifty guineas, which I will allow your father yearly, and find an employ suitable to his liking, to deserve that and more: Pamela, he shall never want, depend upon it. I would have given you still more for him, but that, perhaps, you'd suspect I intended it as a design upon you. — O sir, said I, take back your guineas! I will not touch one, nor will my father, I am sure, till he knows what is to be done for them; and particularly what is to become of me. Why then, Pamela, said he, suppose I find a man of probity, and genteel calling, for a husband for you, that shall make you a gentlewoman as long as you live? — I want no husband, sir, said I: for now I began to see him in all his black colours! — Yet being so much in his power, I thought I would a little dissemble. But, said he, you are so pretty, that go where you will, you can never be free from the designs of some or other of our sex; and I shall think I don't answer the care of my dying mother for you, who committed you to me, if I don't provide you a husband to protect your virtue, and your innocence; and a worthy one I have thought of for you.

O black, perfidious creature! thought I, what an implement art thou in the hands of Lucifer, to ruin the innocent heart! — Yet still I dissembled: for I feared much both him and the place I was in. But, whom, pray sir, have you thought of? — Why, said he, young Mr. Williams, my chaplain, in Lincolnshire, who will make you happy. Does he know, sir, said I, any thing of your honour's intentions?

— No, my girl, said he, and kissed me, (much against my will; for his very breath was now poison to me,) but his dependance upon my favour, and your beauty and merit, will make him rejoice at my kindness to him. Well, sir, said I, then it is time enough to consider of this matter; and it cannot hinder me from going to my father's: for what will staying a fortnight longer signify to this? Your honour's care and goodness may extend to me there, as well as here; and Mr. Williams, and all the world, shall know that I am not ashamed of my father's poverty.

He would kiss me again, and I said, If I am to think of Mr. Williams, or any body, I beg you'll not be so free with me: that is not pretty, I'm sure. Well, said he, but you stay this next fortnight, and in that time I'll have both Williams and your father here; for I will have the match concluded in my house; and when I have brought it on, you shall settle it as you please together. Meantime take and send only these fifty pieces to your father, as an earnest of my favour, and I'll make you all happy. — Sir, said I, I beg at least two hours to consider of this. I shall, said he, be gone out in one hour; and I would have you write to your father what I propose; and John shall carry it on purpose: and he shall take the purse with him for the good old man, if you approve it. Sir, said I, I will then let you know in one hour my resolution. Do so, said he; and gave me another kiss, and let me go.

O how I rejoiced I had got out of his clutches! — So I write you this, that you may see how matters stand; for I am resolved to come away, if possible. Base, wicked, treacherous gentleman as he is!

So here was a trap laid for your poor Pamela! I tremble to think of it! O what a scene of wickedness was here laid down for all my wretched life! Black-hearted wretch! how I hate him! — For, at first, as you'll see by what I have written, he would have made me believe other things; and this of Mr. Williams, I suppose, came into his head after he walked out from his closet, to give himself time to think how to delude me better: but the covering was now too thin, and easy to be seen through.

I went to my chamber, and the first thing I did was to write to him; for I thought it was best not to see him again, if I could help it; and I put it under his parlour door, after I had copied it, as follows:

'HONOURED SIR,

'Your last proposal to me convinces me, that I ought not to stay, but to go to my father, if it were but to ask his advice about Mr. Williams. And I am so set upon it, that I am not to be persuaded. So, honoured sir, with a thousand thanks for all favours, I will set out to-morrow early; and the honour you designed me, as Mrs. Jervis tells me, of your chariot, there will be no occasion for: because I can

hire, I believe, farmer Brady's chaise. So, begging you will not take it amiss, I shall ever be 'Your dutiful Servant.'

'As to the purse, sir, my poor father, to be sure, won't forgive me, if I take it, till he can know how to deserve it which is impossible.'

So he has just now sent Mrs. Jervis to tell me, that since I am resolved to go, go I may, and the travelling chariot shall be ready; but it shall be worse for me; for that he will never trouble himself about me as long as he lives. Well, so I get out of the house, I care not; only I should have been glad I could, with innocence, have made you, my dear parents, happy.

I cannot imagine the reason of it, but John, who I thought was gone with my last, is but now going; and he sends to know if I have any thing else to carry. So I break off to send you this with the former.

I am now preparing for my journey, and about taking leave of my good fellow-servants: and if I have not time to write, I must tell you the rest, when I am so happy as to be with you.

One word more: I slip in a paper of verses, on my going: sad poor stuff! but as they come from me, you'll not dislike them, may be. I shewed them to Mrs. Jervis, and she liked them, and took a copy; and made one sing them to her, and in the green-room too; but I looked into the closet first. I will only add, that I am Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

Let me just say, That he has this moment sent me five guineas by Mrs. Jervis, as a present for my pocket: So I shall be very rich; for as she brought them, I thought I might take them. He says he won't see me: and I may go when I will in the morning; and Lincolnshire Robin shall drive me: but he is so angry, he orders that nobody shall go out at the door with me, not so much as into the coach-yard. Well! I can't help it, not I! But does not this expose himself more than me?

But John waits, and I would have brought this and the other myself; but he says, he has put it up among other things, and so can take both as well as one.

John is very good, and very honest; I am under great obligations to him. I'd give him a guinea, now I'm so rich, if I thought he'd take it. I hear nothing of my lady's clothes, and those my master gave me: for I told Mrs. Jervis, I would not take them; but I fancy, by a word or two that was dropped, they will be sent after me. Dear sirs! what a rich Pamela you'll have if they should! But as I can't wear them if they do, I don't desire them; and if I have them, will turn them into money, as I can have opportunity. Well, no more — I'm in a fearful hurry!

VERSES ON MY GOING AWAY.

I.

My fellow-servants dear, attend
To these few lines, which I have penn'd:
I'm sure they're from your honest friend,
And wisher-well, poor PAMELA.

II.

I, from a state of low degree,
Was plac'd in this good family:
Too high a fate for humble me,
The helpless, hopeless PAMELA.

III.

Yet though my happy lot was so,
Joyful, I homeward from it go,
No less content, when poor and low,
Than here you find your PAMELA.

IV.

For what indeed is happiness,
But conscience innocence and peace?
And that's a treasure I possess;
Thank Heaven that gave it PAMELA.

V.

My future lot I cannot know
But this I'm sure, where'er I go,
Whate'er I am, whate'er I do,
I'll be the grateful PAMELA.

VI.

No sad regrets my heart annoy,
I'll pray for all your peace and joy,
From master high, to scullion boy,
For all your loves to PAMELA.

VII.

One thing or two I've more to say;
God's holy will, be sure, obey;
And for our master always pray,
As ever shall poor PAMELA.

VIII.

For, oh! we pity should the great,
Instead of envying their estate;
Temptations always on 'em wait,
Exempt from which are such as we.

IX.

Their riches, gay deceitful snares,
Enlarge their fears, increase their cares
Their servants' joy surpasses theirs;
At least so judges PAMELA.

X.

Your parents and relations love
Let them your duty ever prove;
And you'll be bless'd by Heav'n above,
As will, I hope, poor PAMELA.

XI.

For if asham'd I e'er could be
Of my dear parents' low degree,
What lot had been too mean for me,
Unbless'd, unvirtuous PAMELA.

XII.

Thrice happy may you ever be,

Each one in his and her degree;
And, sirs, whene'er you think of me,
Pray for content to PAMELA.

XIII.

Pray for her wish'd content and peace;
And rest assur'd she'll never cease,
To pray for all your joys increase,
While life is lent to PAMELA.

XIV.

On God all future good depends:
Serve him. And so my sonnet ends,
With, thank ye, thank ye, honest friends,
For all your loves to PAMELA,

Here it is necessary the reader should know, that the fair Pamela's trials were not yet over; but the worst were to come, at a time when she thought them at an end, and that she was returning to her father: for when her master found her virtue was not to be subdued, and he had in vain tried to conquer his passion for her, being a gentleman of pleasure and intrigue, he had ordered his Lincolnshire coachman to bring his travelling chariot from thence, not caring to trust his Bedfordshire coachman, who, with the rest of the servants, so greatly loved and honoured the fair damsel; and having given him instructions accordingly, and prohibited the other servants, on pretence of resenting Pamela's behaviour, from accompanying her any part of the road, he drove her five miles on the way to her father's; and then turning off, crossed the country, and carried her onwards toward his Lincolnshire estate.

It is also to be observed, that the messenger of her letters to her father, who so often pretended business that way, was an implement in his master's hands, and employed by him for that purpose; and always gave her letters first to him, and his master used to open and read them, and then send them on; by which means, as he hints to her, (as she observes in her letter XXX) he was no stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor virgin beset: And the whole will shew the base arts of designing men to gain their wicked ends; and how much it behoves the fair sex to stand upon their guard against artful contrivances, especially when riches and power conspire against innocence and a low estate.

A few words more will be necessary to make the sequel better understood. The intriguing gentleman thought fit, however, to keep back from her father her three last letters; in which she mentions his concealing himself to hear her partitioning out her clothes, his last effort to induce her to stay a fortnight, his pretended proposal of the chaplain, and her hopes of speedily seeing them, as also her verses; and to send himself a letter to her father, which is as follows:

'GOODMAN ANDREWS,

'You will wonder to receive a letter from me. But I think I am obliged to let you know, that I have discovered the strange correspondence carried on between you and your daughter, so injurious to my honour and reputation, and which, I think, you should not have encouraged, till you knew there were sufficient grounds for those aspersions, which she so plentifully casts upon me. Something possibly there might be in what she has written from time to time; but, believe me, with all her pretended simplicity and innocence, I never knew so much romantic invention as she is mistress of. In short, the girl's head's turned by romances, and such idle stuff, to which she has given herself up, ever since her kind lady's death. And she assumes airs, as if she was a mirror of perfection, and every body had a design upon her.

'Don't mistake me, however; I believe her very honest, and very virtuous; but I have found out also, that she is carrying on a sort of correspondence, or love affair, with a young clergyman, that I hope in time to provide for; but who, at present, is destitute of any subsistence but my favour: And what would be the consequence, can you think, of two young folks, who have nothing in the world to trust to of their own to come together with a family multiplying upon them before they have bread to eat.

'For my part, I have too much kindness to them both, not to endeavour to prevent it, if I can; and for this reason I have sent her out of his way for a little while, till I can bring them both to better consideration; and I would not, therefore, have you be surprised you don't see your daughter so soon as you might possibly expect.

'Yet I do assure you, upon my honour, that she shall be safe and inviolate; and I hope you don't doubt me, notwithstanding any airs she may have given herself, upon my jocular pleasantry to her, and perhaps a little innocent romping with her, so usual with young folks of the two sexes, when they have been long acquainted, and grown up together; for pride is not my talent.

'As she is a mighty letter-writer, I hope she has had the duty to apprise you of her intrigue with the young clergyman; and I know not whether it meets with your countenance: But now she is absent for a little while, (for I know he would have followed her to your village, if she had gone home; and there, perhaps, they

would have ruined one another, by marrying,) I doubt not I shall bring him to see his interest, and that he engages not before he knows how to provide for a wife: And when that can be done, let them come together in God's name, for me.

'I expect not to be answered on this head, but by your good opinion, and the confidence you may repose in my honour: being

'Your hearty friend to serve you.'

'P. S. I find my man John has been the manager of the correspondence, in which such liberties have been taken with me. I shall soon, in a manner that becomes me, let the saucy fellow know how much I resent his part of the affair. It is hard thing, that a man of my character in the world should be used thus freely by his own servants.'

It is easy to guess at the poor old man's concern, upon reading this letter from a gentleman of so much consideration. He knew not what course to take, and had no manner of doubt of his poor daughter's innocence, and that foul play was designed her. Yet he sometimes hoped the best, and was ready to believe the surmised correspondence between the clergyman and her, having not received the letters she wrote, which would have cleared up that affair.

But, after all, he resolved, as well to quiet his own as her mother's uneasiness, to undertake a journey to the 'squire's; and leaving his poor wife to excuse him to the farmer who employed him, he set out that very evening, late as it was; and travelling all night, found himself, soon after day-light, at the gate of the gentleman, before the family was up: and there he sat down to rest himself till he should see somebody stirring.

The grooms were the first he saw, coming out to water their horses; and he asked, in so distressful a manner, what was become of Pamela, that they thought him crazy: and said, Why, what have you to do with Pamela, old fellow? Get out of the horses' way. — Where is your master? said the poor man: Pray, gentlemen, don't be angry: my heart's almost broken. — He never gives any thing at the door, I assure you, says one of the grooms; so you lose your labour. I am not a beggar yet, said the poor old man; I want nothing of him, but my Pamela: — O my child! my child!

I'll be hanged, says one of them, if this is not Mrs. Pamela's father. — Indeed, indeed, said he, wringing his hands, I am; and weeping, Where is my child? Where is my Pamela? — Why, father, said one of them, we beg your pardon; but she is gone home to you: How long have you been come from home? — O! but last night, said he; I have travelled all night: Is the 'squire at home, or is he not? — Yes, but he is not stirring though, said the groom, as yet. Thank God for that! said he; thank God for that! Then I hope I may be permitted to speak to him anon. They asked him to go in, and he stepped into the stable, and sat down on the stairs

there, wiping his eyes, and sighing so sadly, that it grieved the servants to hear him.

The family was soon raised with a report of Pamela's father coming to inquire after his daughter; and the maids would fain have had him go into the kitchen. But Mrs. Jervis, having been told of his coming, arose, and hastened down to her parlour, and took him in with her, and there heard all his sad story, and read the letter. She wept bitterly, but yet endeavoured, before him, to hide her concern; and said, Well, Goodman Andrews, I cannot help weeping at your grief; but I hope there is no occasion. Let nobody see this letter, whatever you do. I dare say your daughter is safe.

Well, but, said he, I see you, madam, know nothing about her: — If all was right, so good a gentlewoman as you are, would not have been a stranger to this. To be sure you thought she was with me!

Said she, My master does not always inform his servants of his proceedings; but you need not doubt his honour. You have his hand for it: And you may see he can have no design upon her, because he is not from hence, and does not talk of going hence. O that is all I have to hope for! said he; that is all, indeed! — But, said he — and was going on, when the report of his coming had reached the 'squire, who came down, in his morning-gown and slippers, into the parlour, where he and Mrs. Jervis were talking.

What's the matter, Goodman Andrews? said he, what's the matter? Oh my child! said the good old man, give me my child! I beseech you. — Why, I thought, says the 'squire, that I had satisfied you about her: Sure you have not the letter I sent you, written with my own hand. Yes, yes, but I have, sir, said he; and that brought me hither; and I have walked all night. Poor man, returned he, with great seeming compassion, I am sorry for it truly! Why, your daughter has made a strange racket in my family; and if I thought it would have disturbed you so much, I would have e'en let her go home; but what I did was to serve her, and you too. She is very safe, I do assure you, Goodman Andrews; and you may take my honour for it, I would not injure her for the world. Do you think I would, Mrs. Jervis? No, I hope not, sir, said she. — Hope not! said the poor man; so do I; but pray, sir, give me my child, that is all I desire; and I'll take care no clergyman shall come near her.

Why, London is a great way off, said the 'squire, and I can't send for her back presently. What, then, said he, have you sent my poor Pamela to London? I would not have said it so, replied the 'squire; but I assure you, upon my honour, she is quite safe and satisfied, and will quickly inform you of it by letter. She is in a reputable family, no less than a bishop's, and is to wait on his lady, till I get the matter over that I mentioned to you.

O how shall I know this? replied he. — What, said the ‘squire, pretending anger, am I to be doubted? — Do you believe I can have any view upon your daughter? And if I had, do you think I would take such methods as these to effect it? Why, surely, man, thou forgettest whom thou talkest to. O, sir, said he, I beg your pardon! but consider my dear child is in the case; let me but know what bishop, and where; and I will travel to London on foot, to see my daughter, and then be satisfied.

Why, Goodman Andrews, I think thou hast read romances as well as thy daughter, and thy head’s turned with them. May I have not my word taken? Do you think, once more, I would offer any thing dishonourable to your daughter? Is there any thing looks like it? — Pr’ythee, man, recollect a little who I am; and if I am not to be believed, what signifies talking? Why, sir, said he, pray forgive me; but there is no harm to say, What bishop’s, or whereabouts? What, and so you’d go troubling his lordship with your impertinent fears and stories! Will you be satisfied, if you have a letter from her within a week, it may be less, if she be not negligent, to assure you all is well with her! Why that, said the poor man, will be some comfort. Well then, said the gentleman, I can’t answer for her negligence, if she don’t write: And if she should send a letter to you, Mrs. Jervis, (for I desire not to see it; I have had trouble enough about her already,) be sure you send it by a man and horse the moment you receive it. To be sure I will, answered she. Thank your honour, said the good man: And then I must wait with as much patience as I can for a week, which will be a year to me.

I tell you, said the gentleman, it must be her own fault if she don’t write; for ’tis what I insisted upon, for my own reputation; and I shan’t stir from this house, I assure you, till she is heard from, and that to your satisfaction. God bless your honour, said the poor man, as you say and mean truth! Amen, Amen, Goodman Andrews, said he: you see I am not afraid to say Amen. So, Mrs. Jervis, make the good man as welcome as you can; and let me have no uproar about the matter.

He then, whispering her, bid her give him a couple of guineas to bear his charges home; telling him, he should be welcome to stay there till the letter came, if he would, and be a witness, that he intended honourably, and not to stir from his house for one while.

The poor old man staid and dined with Mrs. Jervis, with some tolerable ease of mind, in hopes to hear from his beloved daughter in a few days; and then accepting the present, returned for his own house, and resolved to be as patient as possible.

Meantime Mrs. Jervis, and all the family, were in the utmost grief for the trick put upon the poor Pamela; and she and the steward represented it to their master in as moving terms as they durst; but were forced to rest satisfied with his general

assurances of intending her no harm; which, however, Mrs. Jervis little believed, from the pretence he had made in his letter, of the correspondence between Pamela and the young parson; which she knew to be all mere invention, though she durst not say so.

But the week after, they were made a little more easy by the following letter brought by an unknown hand, and left for Mrs. Jervis, which, how procured, will be shewn in the sequel.

'DEAR MRS. JERVIS,

'I have been vilely tricked, and, instead of being driven by Robin to my dear father's, I am carried off, to where, I have no liberty to tell. However, I am at present not used hardly, in the main; and write to beg of you to let my dear father and mother (whose hearts must be well nigh broken) know that I am well, and that I am, and, by the grace of God, ever will he, their honest, as well as dutiful daughter, and

'Your obliged friend,

'PAMELA ANDREWS.'

'I must neither send date nor place; but have most solemn assurances of honourable usage. This is the only time my low estate has been troublesome to me, since it has subjected me to the frights I have undergone. Love to your good self, and all my dear fellow-servants. Adieu! adieu! but pray for poor PAMELA.'

This, though it quieted not entirely their apprehensions, was shewn to the whole family, and to the gentleman himself, who pretended not to know how it came; and Mrs. Jervis sent it away to the good old folks; who at first suspected it was forged, and not their daughter's hand; but, finding the contrary, they were a little easier to hear she was alive and honest: and having inquired of all their acquaintance what could be done, and no one being able to put them in a way how to proceed, with effect, on so extraordinary an occasion, against so rich and so resolute a gentleman; and being afraid to make matters worse, (though they saw plainly enough, that she was in no bishop's family, and so mistrusted all the rest of his story,) they applied themselves to prayers for their poor daughter, and for an happy issue to an affair that almost distracted them.

We shall now leave the honest old pair praying for their dear Pamela, and return to the account she herself gives of all this; having written it journal-wise, to amuse and employ her time, in hopes some opportunity might offer to send it to her friends; and, as was her constant view, that she might afterwards thankfully look back upon the dangers she had escaped, when they should be happily overblown, as in time she hoped they would be; and that then she might examine, and either approve or repent of her own conduct in them.

LETTER XXXII

O MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER!

Let me write, and bewail my miserable hard fate, though I have no hope how what I write can be conveyed to your hands! — I have now nothing to do, but write and weep, and fear and pray! But yet what can I hope for, when I seem to be devoted, as a victim to the will of a wicked violator of all the laws of God and man! — But, gracious Heaven, forgive me my rashness and despondency! O let me not sin against thee; for thou best knowest what is fittest for thy poor handmaid! — And as thou sufferest not thy poor creatures to be tempted above what they can bear, I will resign myself to thy good pleasure: And still, I hope, desperate as my condition seems, that as these trials are not of my own seeking, nor the effects of my presumption and vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and, in God's own good time, be delivered from them.

Thus do I pray imperfectly, as I am forced by my distracting fears and apprehensions; and O join with me, my dear parents! — But, alas! how can you know, how can I reveal to you, the dreadful situation of your poor daughter! The unhappy Pamela may be undone (which God forbid, and sooner deprive me of life!) before you can know her hard lot!

O the unparalleled wickedness, stratagems, and devices, of those who call themselves gentlemen, yet pervert the design of Providence, in giving them ample means to do good, to their own everlasting perdition, and the ruin of poor oppressed innocence!

But now I will tell you what has befallen me; and yet, how shall you receive it? Here is no honest John to carry my letters to you! And, besides, I am watched in all my steps; and no doubt shall be, till my hard fate may ripen his wicked projects for my ruin. I will every day, however, write my sad state; and some way, perhaps, may be opened to send the melancholy scribble to you. But, alas! when you know it, what will it do but aggravate your troubles? For, O! what can the abject poor do against the mighty rich, when they are determined to oppress?

Well, but I must proceed to write what I had hoped to tell you in a few hours, when I believed I should receive your grateful blessings, on my return to you from so many hardships.

I will begin with my account from the last letter I wrote you, in which I enclosed my poor stuff of verses; and continue it at times, as I have opportunity; though, as I said, I know not how it can reach you.

The long-hoped for Thursday morning came, when I was to set out. I had taken my leave of my fellow-servants overnight; and a mournful leave it was to us all:

for men, as well as women servants, wept much to part with me; and, for my part, I was overwhelmed with tears, and the affecting instances of their esteem. They all would have made me little presents, as tokens of their love; but I would not take any thing from the lower servants, to be sure. But Mr. Longman would have me accept of several yards of Holland, and a silver snuff-box, and a gold ring, which he desired me to keep for his sake; and he wept over me; but said, I am sure so good a maiden God will bless; and though you return to your poor father again, and his low estate, yet Providence will find you out: Remember I tell you so; and one day, though I mayn't live to see it, you will be rewarded.

I said, O, dear Mr. Longman! you make me too rich, and too mody; and yet I must be a beggar before my time for I shall want often to be scribbling, (little thinking it would be my only employment so soon,) and I will beg you, sir, to favour me with some paper; and, as soon as I get home, I will write you a letter, to thank you for all your kindness to me; and a letter to good Mrs. Jervis too.

This was lucky; for I should have had none else, but at the pleasure of my rough-natured governess, as I may call her; but now I can write to ease my mind, though I can't send it to you; and write what I please, for she knows not how well I am provided: for good Mr. Longman gave me above forty sheets of paper, and a dozen pens, and a little phial of ink; which last I wrapped in paper, and put in my pocket; and some wax and wafers.

O dear sir, said I, you have set me up. How shall I requite you? He said, By a kiss, my fair mistress: And I gave it very willingly; for he is a good old man.

Rachel and Hannah cried sadly, when I took my leave; and Jane, who sometimes used to be a little crossish, and Cicely too, wept sadly, and said, they would pray for me; but poor Jane, I doubt, will forget that; for she seldom says her prayers for herself: More's the pity!

Then Arthur the gardener, our Robin the coachman, and Lincolnshire Robin too, who was to carry me, were very civil; and both had tears in their eyes; which I thought then very good-natured in Lincolnshire Robin, because he knew but little of me. — But since, I find he might well be concerned; for he had then his instructions, it seems, and knew how he was to be a means to entrap me.

Then our other three footmen, Harry, Isaac, and Benjamin, and grooms, and helpers, were very much affected likewise; and the poor little scullion-boy, Tommy, was ready to run over for grief.

They had got all together over-night, expecting to be differently employed in the morning; and they all begged to shake hands with me, and I kissed the maidens, and prayed to God to bless them all; and thanked them for all their love and kindness to me: and, indeed, I was forced to leave them sooner than I would, because I could not stand it: Indeed I could not. Harry (I could not have thought

it; for he is a little wildish, they say) cried till he sobbed again. John, poor honest John, was not then come back from you. But as for the butler, Mr. Jonathan, he could not stay in company.

I thought to have told you a deal about this; but I have worse things to employ my thoughts.

Mrs. Jervis, good Mrs. Jervis, cried all night long; and I comforted her all I could: And she made me promise, that if my master went to London to attend parliament, or to Lincolnshire, I would come and stay a week with her: and she would have given me money; but I would not take it.

Well, next morning came, and I wondered I saw nothing of poor honest John; for I waited to take leave of him, and thank him for all his civilities to me and to you. But I suppose he was sent farther by my master, and so could not return; and I desired to be remembered to him.

And when Mrs. Jervis told me, with a sad heart, the chariot was ready with four horses to it, I was just upon sinking into the ground, though I wanted to be with you.

My master was above stairs, and never asked to see me. I was glad of it in the main; but he knew, false heart as he is, that I was not to be out of his reach. — O preserve me, Heaven, from his power, and from his wickedness!

Well, they were not suffered to go with me one step, as I writ to you before; for he stood at the window to see me go. And in the passage to the gate, out of his sight, there they stood all of them, in two rows; and we could say nothing on both sides, but God bless you! and God bless you! But Harry carried my own bundle, my third bundle, as I was used to call it, to the coach, with some plumb-cake, and diet-bread, made for me over-night, and some sweet-meats, and six bottles of Canary wine, which Mrs. Jervis would make me take in a basket, to cheer our hearts now and then, when we got together, as she said. And I kissed all the maids again, and shook hands with the men again: but Mr. Jonathan and Mr. Longman were not there; and then I tripped down the steps to the chariot, Mrs. Jervis crying most sadly.

I looked up when I got to the chariot, and I saw my master at the window, in his gown; and I courtesied three times to him very low, and prayed for him with my hands lifted up; for I could not speak; indeed I was not able: And he bowed his head to me, which made me then very glad he would take such notice of me; and in I stepped, and was ready to burst with grief; and could only, till Robin began to drive, wave my white handkerchief to them, wet with my tears: and, at last, away he drove, Jehu-like, as they say, out of the court-yard. And I too soon found I had cause for greater and deeper grief.

Well, said I to myself, at this rate I shall soon be with my dear father and mother; and till I had got, as I supposed, half-way, I thought of the good friends I had left: And when, on stopping for a little bait to the horses, Robin told me I was near half-way, I thought it was high time to wipe my eyes, and think to whom I was going; as then, alack for me! I thought. So I began to ponder what a meeting I should have with you; how glad you'd both be to see me come safe and innocent to you, after all my dangers: and so I began to comfort myself, and to banish the other gloomy side from my mind; though, too, it returned now and then; for I should be ungrateful not to love them for their love.

Well, I believe I set out about eight o'clock in the morning; and I wondered and wondered, when it was about two, as I saw by a church dial, in a little village as we passed through, that I was still more and more out of my knowledge. Hey-day, thought I, to drive this strange pace, and to be so long a going a little more than twenty miles, is very odd! But to be sure, thought I, Robin knows the way.

At last he stopped, and looked about him, as if he was at a loss for the road; and I said, Mr. Robert, sure you are out of the way! — I'm afraid I am, said he. But it can't be much; I'll ask the first person I see. Pray do, said I; and he gave his horses a mouthful of bay: and I gave him some cake, and two glasses of Canary wine; and stopt about half an hour in all. Then he drove on very fast again.

I had so much to think of, of the dangers I now doubted not I had escaped, of the loving friends I had left, and my best friends I was going to; and the many things I had to relate to you; that I the less thought of the way, till I was startled out of my meditations by the sun beginning to set, and still the man driving on, and his horses sweating and foaming; and then I began to be alarmed all at once, and called to him; and he said he had horrid ill luck, for he had come several miles out of the way, but was now right, and should get in still before it was quite dark. My heart began then to misgive me a little, and I was very much fatigued; for I had no sleep for several nights before, to signify; and at last I said, Pray Mr. Robert, there is a town before us, what do you call it? — If we are so much out of the way, we had better put up there, for the night comes on apace: And, Lord protect me! thought I, I shall have new dangers, mayhap, to encounter with the man, who have escaped the master — little thinking of the base contrivance of the latter. — Says he, I am just there: 'Tis but a mile on one side of the town before us. — Nay, said I, I may be mistaken; for it is a good while since I was this way; but I am sure the face of the country here is nothing like what I remember it.

He pretended to be much out of humour with himself for mistaking the way, and at last stopped at a farmhouse, about two miles beyond the village I had seen; and it was then almost dark, and he alighted, and said, We must make shift here; for I am quite out.

Lord, thought I, be good to the poor Pamela! More trials still! — What will befall me next?

The farmer's wife, and maid, and daughter, came out; and the wife said, What brings you this way at this time of night, Mr. Robert? And with a lady too? — Then I began to be frightened out of my wits; and laying middle and both ends together, I fell a crying, and said, God give me patience! I am undone for certain! — Pray, mistress, said I, do you know 'Squire B —— , of Bedfordshire?

The wicked coachman would have prevented the answering me; but the simple daughter said, Know his worship! yes, surely! why he is my father's landlord. — Well, said I, then I am undone; undone for ever! — O, wicked wretch! what have I done to you, said I to the coachman, to serve me thus? — Vile tool of a wicked master! — Faith, said the fellow, I am sorry this task was put upon me; but I could not help it. But make the best of it now; here are very civil reputable folks; and you'll be safe here, I'll assure you. — Let me get out, said I, and I'll walk back to the town we came through, late as it is: — For I will not enter here.

Said the farmer's wife, You'll be very well used here, I'll assure you, young gentlewoman, and have better conveniences than any where in the village. I matter not conveniences, said I: I am betrayed and undone! As you have a daughter of your own, pity me, and let me know if your landlord, as you call him, be here! — No, I'll assure you he is not, said she.

And then came the farmer, a good-like sort of man, grave, and well-behaved; and spoke to me in such sort, as made me a little pacified; and seeing no help for it, I went in; and the wife immediately conducted me up stairs to the best apartment, and told me, that was mine as long as I staid: and nobody should come near me but when I called. I threw myself on the bed in the room, tired and frightened to death almost; and gave way to the most excessive fit of grief that I ever had.

The daughter came up, and said, Mr. Robert had given her a letter to give me; and there it was. I raised myself, and saw it was the hand and seal of the wicked wretch, my master, directed to Mrs. Pamela Andrews. — This was a little better than to have him here; though, if he had, he must have been brought through the air; for I thought I was.

The good woman (for I began to see things about a little reputable, and no guile appearing in them, but rather a face of grief for my grief) offered me a glass of some cordial water, which I accepted, for I was ready to sink; and then I sat up in a chair a little, though very faintish: and they brought me two candles, and lighted a brushwood fire; and said, if I called, I should be waited on instantly; and so left me to ruminate on my sad condition, and to read my letter, which I was not

able to do presently. After I had a little come to myself, I found it to contain these words:

‘DEAR PAMELA,

‘The passion I have for you, and your obstinacy, have constrained me to act by you in a manner that I know will occasion you great trouble and fatigue, both of mind and body. Yet, forgive me, my dear girl; for, although I have taken this step, I will, by all that’s good and holy! use you honourably. Suffer not your fears to transport you to a behaviour that will be disreputable to us both: for the place where you’ll receive this, is a farm that belongs to me; and the people civil, honest, and obliging.

‘You will, by this time, be far on your way to the place I have allotted for your abode for a few weeks, till I have managed some affairs, that will make me shew myself to you in a much different light, than you may possibly apprehend from this rash action: And to convince you, that I mean no harm, I do assure you, that the house you are going to, shall be so much at your command, that even I myself will not approach it without leave from you. So make yourself easy; be discreet and prudent; and a happier turn shall reward these your troubles, than you may at present apprehend.

‘Meantime I pity the fatigue you will have, if this come to your hand in the place I have directed: and will write to your father to satisfy him, that nothing but what is honourable shall be offered to you, by

Your passionate admirer, (so I must style myself,)

‘ ____ ____ ____ __’

Don’t think hardly of poor Robin: You have so possessed all my servants in your favour, that I find they had rather serve you than me; and ’tis reluctantly the poor fellow undertook this task; and I was forced to submit to assure him of my honourable intentions to you, which I am fully resolved to make good, if you compel me not to a contrary conduct.’

I but too well apprehended that the letter was only to pacify me for the present; but as my danger was not so immediate as I had reason to dread, and he had promised to forbear coming to me, and to write to you, my dear parents, to quiet your concern, I was a little more easy than before and I made shift to eat a little bit of boiled chicken they had got for me, and drank a glass of my sack, and made each of them do so too.

But after I had so done, I was again a little flustered; for in came the coachman with the look of a hangman, I thought, and madamed me up strangely; telling me, he would beg me to get ready to pursue my journey by five in the morning, or else he should be late in. I was quite grieved at this; for I began not to dislike my

company, considering how things stood; and was in hopes to get a party among them, and so to put myself into any worthy protection in the neighbourhood, rather than go forward.

When he withdrew, I began to tamper with the farmer and his wife. But, alas! they had had a letter delivered them at the same time I had; so securely had Lucifer put it into his head to do his work; and they only shook their heads, and seemed to pity me; and so I was forced to give over that hope.

However, the good farmer shewed me his letter; which I copied as follows: for it discovers the deep arts of this wicked master; and how resolved he seems to be on my ruin, by the pains he took to deprive me of all hopes of freeing myself from his power.

'FARMER NORTON,

'I send to your house, for one night only, a young gentlewoman, much against her will, who has deeply embarked in a love affair, which will be her ruin, as well as the person's to whom she wants to betroth herself. I have, to oblige her father, ordered her to be carried to one of my houses, where she will be well used, to try, if by absence, and expostulation with both, they can be brought to know their own interest and I am sure you will use her kindly for my sake: for, excepting this matter, which she will not own, she does not want prudence and discretion. I will acknowledge any trouble you shall be at in this matter the first opportunity; and am

'Your Friend and Servant.'

He had said, too cunningly for me, that I would not own this pretended love affair; so that he had provided them not to believe me, say what I would; and as they were his tenants, who all love him, (for he has some amiable qualities, and so he had need!) I saw all my plot cut out, and so was forced to say the less.

I wept bitterly, however; for I found he was too hard for me, as well in his contrivances as riches; and so had recourse again to my only refuge, comforting myself, that God never fails to take the innocent heart into his protection, and is alone able to baffle and confound the devices of the mighty. Nay, the farmer was so prepossessed with the contents of his letter, that he began to praise his care and concern for me, and to advise me against entertaining addresses without my friends' advice and consent; and made me the subject of a lesson for his daughter's improvement. So I was glad to shut up this discourse; for I saw I was not likely to be believed.

I sent, however, to tell my driver, that I was so fatigued, I could not get out so soon the next morning. But he insisted upon it, and said, It would make my day's journey the lighter; and I found he was a more faithful servant to his master, notwithstanding what he wrote of his reluctance, than I could have wished: I saw

still more and more, that all was deep dissimulation, and contrivance worse and worse.

Indeed I might have shewn them his letter to me, as a full confutation of his to them; but I saw no probability of engaging them in my behalf: and so thought it signified little, as I was to go away so soon, to enter more particularly into the matter with them; and besides, I saw they were not inclinable to let me stay longer, for fear of disobliging him so I went to bed, but had very little rest: and they would make their servant-maid bear me company in the chariot five miles, early in the morning, and she was to walk hack.

I had contrived in my thoughts, when I was on my way in the chariot, on Friday morning, that when we came into some town to bait, as he must do for the horses' sake, I would, at the inn, apply myself, if I saw I any way could, to the mistress of the inn, and tell her the case, and to refuse to go farther, having nobody but this wicked coachman to contend with.

Well, I was very full of this project, and in great hopes, some how or other, to extricate myself in this way. But, oh! the artful wretch had provided for even this last refuge of mine; for when we came to put up at a large town on the way, to eat a morsel for dinner, and I was fully resolved to execute my project, who should be at the inn that he put up at, but the wicked Mrs. Jewkes, expecting me! And her sister-in-law was the mistress of it; and she had provided a little entertainment for me.

And this I found, when I desired, as soon as I came in, to speak with the mistress of the house. She came to me: and I said, I am a poor unhappy young body, that want your advice and assistance; and you seem to be a good sort of a gentlewoman, that would assist an oppressed innocent person. Yes, madam, said she, I hope you guess right; and I have the happiness to know something of the matter before you speak. Pray call my sister Jewkes. — Jewkes! Jewkes! thought I; I have heard of that name; I don't like it.

Then the wicked creature appeared, whom I had never seen but once before, and I was terrified out of my wits. No stratagem, thought I, not one! for a poor innocent girl; but every thing to turn out against me; that is hard indeed!

So I began to pull in my horns, as they say, for I saw I was now worse off than at the farmer's.

The naughty woman came up to me with an air of confidence, and kissed me: See, sister, said she, here's a charming creature! Would she not tempt the best lord in the land to run away with her? O frightful! thought I; here's an avowal of the matter at once: I am now gone, that's certain. And so was quite silent and confounded; and seeing no help for it, (for she would not part with me out of her sight) I was forced to set out with her in the chariot for she came thither on

horseback, with a man-servant, who rode by us the rest of the way, leading her horse: and now I gave over all thoughts of redemption, and was in a desponding condition indeed.

Well, thought I, here are strange pains taken to ruin a poor innocent, helpless, and even worthless young body. This plot is laid too deep, and has been too long hatching, to be baffled, I fear. But then I put my trust in God, who I knew was able to do every thing for me, when all other possible means should fail: and in him I was resolved to confide.

You may see — (Yet, oh! that kills me; for I know not whether ever you can see what I now write or no — Else you will see) — what sort of woman that Mrs. Jewkes is, compared to good Mrs. Jervis, by this: ——

Every now and then she would be staring in my face, in the chariot, and squeezing my hand, and saying, Why, you are very pretty, my silent dear! And once she offered to kiss me. But I said, I don't like this sort of carriage, Mrs. Jewkes; it is not like two persons of one sex. She fell a laughing very confidently, and said, That's prettily said, I vow! Then thou hadst rather be kissed by the other sex? 'I fackins, I commend thee for that!

I was sadly teased with her impertinence, and bold way; but no wonder; she was innkeeper's housekeeper, before she came to my master; and those sort of creatures don't want confidence, you know: and indeed she made nothing to talk boldly on twenty occasions; and said two or three times, when she saw the tears every now and then, as we rid, trickle down my cheeks, I was sorely hurt, truly, to have the handsomest and finest young gentleman in five counties in love with me!

So I find I am got into the hands of a wicked procuress; and if I was not safe with good Mrs. Jervis, and where every body loved me, what a dreadful prospect have I now before me, in the hands of a woman that seems to delight in filthiness!

O dear sirs! what shall I do! What shall I do! — Surely, I shall never be equal to all these things!

About eight at night, we entered the court-yard of this handsome, large, old, and lonely mansion, that looks made for solitude and mischief, as I thought, by its appearance, with all its brown nodding horrors of lofty elms and pines about it: and here, said I to myself, I fear, is to be the scene of my ruin, unless God protect me, who is all-sufficient!

I was very sick at entering it, partly from fatigue, and partly from dejection of spirits: and Mrs. Jewkes got me some mulled wine, and seemed mighty officious to welcome me thither; and while she was absent, ordering the wine, the wicked Robin came in to me, and said, I beg a thousand pardons for my part in this affair, since I see your grief and your distress; and I do assure you, that I am sorry it fell to my task.

Mighty well, Mr. Robert! said I; I never saw an execution but once, and then the hangman asked the poor creature's pardon, and wiped his mouth, as you do, and pleaded his duty, and then calmly tucked up the criminal. But I am no criminal, as you all know: And if I could have thought it my duty to obey a wicked master in his unlawful command, I had saved you all the merit of this vile service.

I am sorry, said he, you take it so: but every body don't think alike. Well, said I, you have done your part, Mr. Robert, towards my ruin, very faithfully; and will have cause to be sorry, may be, at the long run, when you shall see the mischief that comes of it. — Your eyes were open, and you knew I was to be carried to my father's, and that I was barbarously tricked and betrayed; and I can only, once more, thank you for your part of it. God forgive you!

So he went away a little sad. What have you said to Robin, madam? said Mrs. Jewkes: (who came in as he went out:) the poor fellow's ready to cry. I need not be afraid of your following his example, Mrs. Jewkes, said I: I have been telling him, that he has done his part to my ruin: and he now can't help it! So his repentance does me no good; I wish it may him. I'll assure you, madam, said she, I should be as ready to cry as he, if I should do you any harm. It is not in his power to help it now, said I; but your part is to come, and you may choose whether you'll contribute to my ruin or not. — Why, look ye, madam, said she, I have a great notion of doing my duty to my master; and therefore you may depend upon it, if I can do that, and serve you, I will: but you must think, if your desire, and his will, come to clash once, I shall do as he bids me, let it be what it will.

Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, don't madam me so: I am but a silly poor girl, set up by the gambol of fortune, for a May-game; and now am to be something, and now nothing, just as that thinks fit to sport with me: And let you and me talk upon a foot together; for I am a servant inferior to you, and so much the more, as I am turned out of place.

Ay, ay, says she, I understand something of the matter; you have so great power over my master, that you may soon be mistress of us all; and so I would oblige you, if I could. And I must and will call you madam; for I am instructed to shew you all respect, I'll assure you.

Who instructed you so to do? said I. Who! my master, to be sure, said she. Why, said I, how can that be? You have not seen him lately. No, that's true, said she; but I have been expecting you here some time; (O the deep laid wickedness! thought I:) and, besides, I have a letter of instructions by Robin; but, may be, I should not have said so much. If you would shew them to me, said I, I should be able to judge how far I could, or could not, expect favour from you, consistent

with your duty to our master. I beg your pardon, fair mistress, for that, said she, I am sufficiently instructed; and you may depend upon it, I will observe my orders; and, so far as they will let me, so far will I oblige you; and there's an end of it.

Well, said I, you will not, I hope, do an unlawful or wicked thing, for any master in the world. Look ye, said she, he is my master; and if he bids me do any thing that I can do, I think I ought to do it; and let him, who has his power to command me, look to the lawfulness of it. Why, said I, suppose he should bid you cut my throat, Would you do it? There's no danger of that, said she; but to be sure I would not; for then I should be hanged! for that would be murder. Well, said I, and suppose he should resolve to ensnare a poor young creature, and ruin her, would you assist him in that? For to rob a person of her virtue is worse than cutting her throat.

Why now, says she, how strangely you talk! Are not the two sexes made for one another? And is it not natural for a gentleman to love a pretty woman? And suppose he can obtain his desires, is that so bad as cutting her throat? And then the wretch fell a laughing, and talked most impertinently, and shewed me, that I had nothing to expect from her virtue or conscience: and this gave me great mortification; for I was in hopes of working upon her by degrees.

So we ended our discourse here, and I bid her shew me where I must lie. — Why, said she, lie where you list, madam; I can tell you, I must lie with you for the present. For the present! said I, and torture then wrung my heart! — But is it in your instructions, that you must lie with me? Yes, indeed, said she. — I am sorry for it, said I. Why, said she, I am wholesome, and cleanly too, I'll assure you. Yes, said I, I don't doubt that; but I love to lie by myself. How so? said she; Was not Mrs. Jervis your bed-fellow at t'other house?

Well, said I, quite sick of her, and my condition; you must do as you are instructed, I think. I can't help myself, and am a most miserable creature. She repeated her insufferable nonsense. Mighty miserable, indeed, to be so well beloved by one of the finest gentlemen in England!

I am now come down in my writing to this present SATURDAY, and a deal I have written.

My wicked bed-fellow has very punctual orders, it seems; for she locks me and herself in, and ties the two keys (for there is a double door to the room) about her wrist, when she goes to bed. She talks of the house having been attempted to be broken open two or three times; whether to fright me, I can't tell; but it makes me fearful; though not so much as I should be, if I had not other and greater fears.

I slept but little last night, and got up, and pretended to sit by the window, which looks into the spacious gardens; but I was writing all the time, from break of day, to her getting up, and after, when she was absent.

At breakfast she presented the two maids to me, the cook and house-maid, poor awkward souls, that I can see no hopes of, they seem so devoted to her and ignorance. Yet I am resolved, if possible, to find some way to escape, before this wicked master comes.

There are, besides, of servants, the coachman, Robert, a groom, a helper, a footman; all but Robert, (and he is accessary to my ruin,) strange creatures, that promise nothing; and all likewise devoted to this woman. The gardener looks like a good honest man; but he is kept at a distance, and seems reserved.

I wondered I saw not Mr. Williams the clergyman, but would not ask after him, apprehending it might give some jealousy; but when I had beheld the rest, he was the only one I had hopes of; for I thought his cloth would set him above assisting in my ruin. — But in the afternoon he came; for it seems he has a little Latin school in the neighbouring village, which he attends; and this brings him in a little matter, additional to my master's favour, till something better falls, of which he has hopes.

He is a sensible sober young gentleman; and when I saw him I confirmed myself in my hopes of him; for he seemed to take great notice of my distress and grief; (for I could not hide it;) though he appeared fearful of Mrs. Jewkes, who watched all our motions and words.

He has an apartment in the house; but is mostly at a lodging in the town, for a conveniency of his little school; only on Saturday afternoon and Sundays: and he preaches sometimes for the minister of the village, which is about three miles off.

I hope to go to church with him to-morrow: Sure it is not in her instructions to deny me! He can't have thought of every thing! And something may strike out for me there.

I have asked her, for a feint, (because she shan't think I am so well provided,) to indulge me with pen and ink, though I have been using my own so freely when her absence would let me; for I begged to be left to myself as much as possible. She says she will let me have it; but then I must promise not to send any writing out of the house, without her seeing it. I said, it was only to divert my grief when I was by myself, as I desired to be; for I loved writing as well as reading; but I had nobody to send to, she knew well enough.

No, not at present, may be, said she; but I am told you are a great writer; and it is in my instructions to see all you write: So, look you here, said she, I will let you have a pen and ink, and two sheets of paper: for this employment will keep you out of worse thoughts: but I must see them always when I ask, written or not written. That's very hard, said I; but may I not have to myself the closet in the room where we lie, with the key to lock up my things? I believe I may consent to that, said she; and I will set it in order for you, and leave the key in the door. And

there is a spinnet too, said she; if it be in tune, you may play to divert you now and then; for I know my old lady learnt you: And below is my master's library: you may take out what books you will.

And, indeed, these and my writing will be all my amusement: for I have no work given me to do; and the spinnet, if in tune, will not find my mind, I am sure, in tune to play upon it. But I went directly and picked out some books from the library, with which I filled a shelf in the closet she gave me possession of; and from these I hope to receive improvement, as well as amusement. But no sooner was her back turned, than I set about hiding a pen of my own here, and another there, for fear I should come to be denied, and a little of my ink in a broken China cup, and a little in another cup; and a sheet of paper here and there among my linen, with a little of the wax, and a few wafers, in several places, lest I should be searched; and something, I thought, might happen to open a way for my deliverance, by these or some other means. O the pride, thought I, I shall have, if I can secure my innocence, and escape the artful wiles of this wicked master! For, if he comes hither, I am undone, to be sure! For this naughty woman will assist him, rather than fail, in the worst of his attempts; and he'll have no occasion to send her out of the way, as he would have done Mrs. Jervis once. So I must set all my little wits at work.

It is a grief to me to write, and not to be able to send to you what I write: but now it is all the diversion I have, and if God will favour my escape with my innocence, as I trust he graciously will, for all these black prospects, with what pleasure shall I read them afterwards!

I was going to say, Pray for your dutiful daughter, as I used; but, alas! you cannot know my distress, though I am sure I have your prayers: And I will write on as things happen, that if a way should open, my scribble may be ready to be sent: For what I do, must be at a jerk, to be sure.

O how I want such an obliging honest-hearted man as John!

I am now come to SUNDAY.

Well, here is a sad thing! I am denied by this barbarous woman to go to church, as I had built upon I might: and she has huffed poor Mr. Williams all to pieces, for pleading for me. I find he is to be forbid the house, if she pleases. Poor gentleman! all his dependance is upon my master, who has a very good living for him, if the incumbent die; and he has kept his bed these four months, of old age and dropsy.

He pays me great respect, and I see pities me; and would, perhaps, assist my escape from these dangers: But I have nobody to plead for me; and why should I wish to ruin a poor gentleman, by engaging him against his interest? Yet one

would do any thing to preserve one's innocence; and Providence would, perhaps, make it up to him!

O judge (but how shall you see what I write!) of my distracted condition, to be reduced to such a pass as to a desire to lay traps for mankind! But he wants sadly to say something to me, as he whisperingly hinted.

The wretch (I think I will always call her the wretch henceforth) abuses me more and more. I was but talking to one of the maids just now, indeed a little to tamper with her by degrees: and she popt upon us, and said — Nay, madam, don't offer to tempt poor innocent country maidens from doing their duty. You wanted, I hear, she should take a walk with you. But I charge you, Nan, never stir with her, nor obey her, without letting me know it, in the smallest trifles. — I say, walk with you! and where would you go, I tro'? Why, barbarous Mrs. Jewkes, said I, only to look a little up the elm-walk, since you would not let me go to church.

Nan, said she, to shew me how much they were all in her power, pull off madam's shoes, and bring them to me. I have taken care of her others. — Indeed she shan't, said I. — Nay, said Nan, but I must if my mistress bids me: so pray, madam, don't hinder me. And so indeed (would you believe it?) she took my shoes off, and left me barefoot: and, for my share, I have been so frighted at this, that I have not power even to relieve my mind by my tears. I am quite stupefied to be sure! — Here I was forced to leave off.

Now I will give you a picture of this wretch: She is a broad, squat, pursy, fat thing, quite ugly, if any thing human can be so called; about forty years old. She has a huge hand, and an arm as thick as my waist, I believe. Her nose is flat and crooked, and her brows grow down over her eyes; a dead spiteful, grey, goggling eye, to be sure she has. And her face is flat and broad; and as to colour, looks like as if it had been pickled a month in saltpetre: I dare say she drinks: — She has a hoarse, man-like voice, and is as thick as she is long; and yet looks so deadly strong, that I am afraid she would dash me at her foot in an instant, if I was to vex her. — So that with a heart more ugly than her face, she frightens me sadly: and I am undone to be sure, if God does not protect me; for she is very, very wicked — indeed she is.

This is poor helpless spite in me: — But the picture is too near the truth notwithstanding. She sends me a message just now, that I shall have my shoes again, if I will accept of her company to walk with me in the garden. — To waddle with me, rather, thought I.

Well, 'tis not my business to quarrel with her downright. I shall be watched the narrower, if I do; and so I will go with the hated wretch. — O for my dear Mrs. Jervis! or, rather, to be safe with my dear father and mother.

Oh! I am out of my wits for joy! Just as I have got my shoes on, I am told John, honest John, is come on horseback! — A blessing on his faithful heart! What joy is this! But I'll tell you more by and by. I must not let her know I am so glad to see this dear blessed John, to be sure! — Alas! but he looks sad, as I see him out of the window! What can be the matter! — I hope my dear parents are well, and Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and every body, my naughty master not excepted; — for I wish him to live and repent of all his wickedness to poor me.

O dear heart! what a world do we live in! — I am now come to take up my pen again: But I am in a sad taking truly! Another puzzling trial, to be sure.

Here was John, as I said, and the poor man came to me, with Mrs. Jewkes, who whispered, that I would say nothing about the shoes, for my own sake, as she said. The poor man saw my distress, by my red eyes, and my hagged looks, I suppose; for I have had a sad time of it, you must needs think; and though he would have hid it, if he could, yet his own eyes ran over. Oh, Mrs. Pamela; said he; Oh, Mrs. Pamela! Well, honest fellow-servant, said I, I cannot help it at present: I am obliged to your honesty and kindness, to be sure; and then he wept more. Said I, (for my heart was ready to break to see his grief; for it is a touching thing to see a man cry), Tell me the worst! Is my master coming? No, no, said he, and sobbed. — Well, said I, is there any news of my poor father and mother? How do they do? — I hope well, said he, I know nothing to the contrary. There is no mishap, I hope, to Mrs. Jervis or to Mr. Longman, or my fellow-servants! — No — said he, poor man! with a long N — o, as if his heart would burst. Well, thank God then! said I.

The man's a fool, said Mrs. Jewkes, I think: What ado is here! Why, sure thou'rt in love, John. Dost thou not see young madam is well? What ails thee, man? Nothing at all, said he; but I am such a fool as to cry for joy to see good Mrs. Pamela: But I have a letter for you.

I took it, and saw it was from my master; so I put it in my pocket. Mrs. Jewkes, said I, you need not, I hope, see this. No, no, said she, I see whose it is, well enough; or else, may be, I must have insisted on reading it.

And here is one for you, Mrs. Jewkes, said he; but yours, said he to me, requires an answer, which I must carry back early in the morning, or to-night, if I can.

You have no more, John, said Mrs. Jewkes, for Mrs. Pamela, have you? No, said he, I have not, but every body's kind love and service. Ay, to us both, to be sure, said she. John, said I, I will read the letter, and pray take care of yourself; for you are a good man, God bless you! and I rejoice to see you, and hear from you all. But I longed to say more; only that nasty Mrs. Jewkes.

So I went up, and locked myself in my closet, and opened the letter; and this is a copy of it:

‘My DEAREST PAMELA,

‘I send purposely to you on an affair that concerns you very much, and me somewhat, but chiefly for your sake. I am conscious that I have proceeded by you in such a manner as may justly alarm your fears, and give concern to your honest friends: and all my pleasure is, that I can and will make you amends for the disturbance I have given you. As I promised, I sent to your father the day after your departure, that he might not be too much concerned for you, and assured him of my honour to you; and made an excuse, such an one as ought to have satisfied him, for your not coming to him. But this was not sufficient, it seems; for he, poor man! came to me next morning, and set my family almost in an uproar about you.

‘O my dear girl! what trouble has not your obstinacy given me, and yourself too! I had no way to pacify him, but to promise that he should see a letter written from you to Mrs. Jervis, to satisfy him you are well.

‘Now all my care in this case is for your aged parents, lest they should be touched with too fatal a grief; and for you, whose duty and affection for them I know to be so strong and laudable; for this reason I beg you will write a few lines to them, and let me prescribe the form; which I have done, putting myself as near as I can in your place, and expressing your sense, with a warmth that I doubt will have too much possessed you.

‘After what is done, and which cannot now be helped, but which, I assure you, shall turn out honourably for you, I expect not to be refused; because I cannot possibly have any view in it, but to satisfy your parents; which is more your concern than mine; and so I must beg you will not alter one tittle of the underneath. If you do, it will be impossible for me to send it, or that it should answer the good end I propose by it.

‘I have promised, that I will not approach you without your leave. If I find you easy, and not attempting to dispute or avoid your present lot, I will keep to my word, although it is a difficulty upon me. Nor shall your restraint last long: for I will assure you, that I am resolved very soon to convince you of my good intentions, and with what ardour I am

‘Yours, etc.’

The letter he prescribed for me was as this:

‘DEAR Mrs. JERVIS,

‘I have, instead of being driven by Robin to my dear father’s, been carried off, where I have no liberty to tell. However, at present, I am not used hardly; and I write to beg you to let my dear father and mother, whose hearts must be well nigh

broken, know that I am well; and that I am, and, by the grace of God, ever will be, their honest, as well as dutiful daughter, and 'Your obliged friend.'

'I must neither send date nor place; but have most solemn assurances of honourable usage.'

I knew not what to do on this most strange request and occasion. But my heart bled so much for you, my dear father, who had taken the pains to go yourself, and inquire after your poor daughter, as well as for my dear mother, that I resolved to write, and pretty much in the above form, that it might be sent to pacify you, till I could let you, somehow or other, know the true state of the matter. And I wrote thus to my strange wicked master himself:

'SIR,

'If you knew but the anguish of my mind, and how much I suffer by your dreadful usage of me, you would surely pity me, and consent to my deliverance. What have I done, that I should be the only mark of your cruelty? I can have no hope, no desire of living left me, because I cannot have the least dependence, after what has passed, upon your solemn assurances. — It is impossible they should be consistent with the dishonourable methods you take.

'Nothing but your promise of not seeing me here in my deplorable bondage, can give me the least ray of hope.

'Don't, I beseech you, drive the poor distressed Pamela upon a rock, that may be the destruction both of her soul and body! You don't know, sir, how dreadfully I dare, weak as I am of mind and intellect, when my virtue is in danger. And, O! hasten my deliverance, that a poor unworthy creature, below the notice of such a gentleman as you, may not be made the sport of a high condition, for no reason in the world, but because she is not able to defend herself, nor has a friend that can right her.

'I have, sir, in part to shew my obedience to you, but indeed, I own, more to give ease to the minds of my poor distressed parents, whose poverty, one would think, should screen them from violences of this sort, as well as their poor daughter, followed pretty much the form you have prescribed for me, in the letter to Mrs. Jervis; and the alterations I have made (for I could not help a few) are of such a nature, as, though they shew my concern a little, yet must answer the end you are pleased to say you propose by this letter.

'For God's sake, good sir, pity my lowly condition, and my present great misery; and let me join with all the rest of your servants to bless that goodness, which you have extended to every one but the poor afflicted, heart-broken 'PAMELA.'

I thought, when I had written this letter, and that which he had prescribed, it would look like placing a confidence in Mrs. Jewkes, to shew them to her; and I

shewed her, at the same time, my master's letter to me; for I believed the value he expressed for me, would give me credit with one who professed in every thing to serve him, right or wrong; though I had so little reason, I fear, to pride myself in it: and I was not mistaken; for it has seemed to influence her not a little, and she is at present mighty obliging, and runs over in my praises; but is the less to be minded, because she praises as much the author of my miseries, and his honourable intentions, as she calls them; for I see, that she is capable of thinking, as I fear he does, that every thing that makes for his wicked will is honourable, though to the ruin of the innocent. Pray God I may find it otherwise! Though, I hope, whatever the wicked gentleman may intend, that I shall be at last rid of her impertinent bold way of talk, when she seems to think, from his letter, that he means honourably.

I am now come to MONDAY, the 5th Day of my Bondage and Misery.

I was in hope to have an opportunity to see John, and have a little private talk with him, before he went away; but it could not be. The poor man's excessive sorrow made Mrs. Jewkes take it into her head, to think he loved me; and so she brought up a message to me from him this morning that he was going. I desired he might come up to my closet, as I called it, and she came with him. The honest man, as I thought him, was as full of concern as before, at taking leave and I gave him two letters, the one for Mrs. Jervis, enclosed in another for my master: but Mrs. Jewkes would see me seal them up, lest I should enclose any thing else. — I was surprised, at the man's going away, to see him drop a bit of paper, just at the head of the stairs, which I took up without being observed by Mrs. Jewkes: but I was a thousand times more surprised, when I returned to my closet, and opening it read as follows:

'GOOD MRS. PAMELA,

'I am grieved to tell you how much you have been deceived and betrayed, and that by such a vile dog as I. Little did I think it would come to this. But I must say, if ever there was a rogue in the world, it is me. I have all along shewed your letters to my master: He employed me for that purpose; and he saw every one, before I carried them to your father and mother; and then scaled them up, and sent me with them. I had some business that way, but not half so often as I pretended: and as soon as I heard how it was, I was ready to hang myself. You may well think I could not stand in your presence. O vile, vile wretch, to bring you to this! If you are ruined, I am the rogue that caused it. All the justice I can do you, is to tell you, you are in vile hands; and I am afraid will be undone in spite of all your sweet innocence; and I believe I shall never live, after I know it. If you can forgive me, you are exceeding good; but I shall never forgive myself, that's certain. Howsomever, it will do you no good to make this known; and may-hap I

may live to do you service. If I can, I will: I am sure I ought. — Master kept your last two or three letters, and did not send them at all. I am the most abandoned wretch of wretches. ‘J. ARNOLD.’

‘You see your undoing has been long hatching. Pray take care of your sweet self. Mrs. Jewkes is a devil: but in my master’s t’other house you have not one false heart, but myself. Out upon me for a villain!’

My dear father and mother, when you come to this place, I make no doubt your hair will stand on end as mine does! — O the deceitfulness of the heart of man! — This John, that I took to be the honestest of men; that you took for the same; that was always praising you to me, and me to you, and for nothing so much as for our honest hearts; this very fellow was all the while a vile hypocrite, and a perfidious wretch, and helping to carry on my ruin.

But he says so much of himself, that I will only sit down with this sad reflection, That power and riches never want tools to promote their vilest ends, and there is nothing so hard to be known as the heart of man: — I can but pity the poor wretch, since he seems to have great remorse, and I believe it best to keep his wickedness secret. If it lies in my way, I will encourage his penitence; for I may possibly make some discoveries by it.

One thing I should mention in this place; he brought down, in a portmanteau, all the clothes and things my lady and master had given me, and moreover two velvet hoods, and a velvet scarf, that used to be worn by my lady; but I have no comfort in them, or any thing else.

Mrs. Jewkes had the portmanteau brought into my closet, and she shewed me what was in it; but then locked it up, and said, she would let me have what I would out of it, when I asked; but if I had the key, it might make me want to go abroad, may be; and so the confident woman put it in her pocket.

I gave myself over to sad reflections upon this strange and surprising discovery of John’s, and wept much for him, and for myself too; for now I see, as he says, my ruin has been long hatching, that I can make no doubt what my master’s honourable professions will end in. What a heap of hard names does the poor fellow call himself! But what must they deserve, then, who set him to work? O what has this wicked master to answer for, to be so corrupt himself, and to corrupt others, who would have been all innocent; and to carry on a poor plot, I am sure for a gentleman, to ruin a poor creature, who never did him harm, nor wished him any; and who can still pray for his happiness, and his repentance?

I can’t but wonder what these gentlemen, as they are called, can think of themselves for these vile doings! John had some inducement; for he hoped to please his master, who rewarded him and was bountiful to him; and the same may be said, bad as she is, for this same odious Mrs. Jewkes. But what inducement has

my master for taking so much pains to do the devil's work for him? — If he loves me, as 'tis falsely called, must he therefore lay traps for me, to ruin me and make me as bad as himself? I cannot imagine what good the undoing of such a poor creature as I can procure him. — To be sure, I am a very worthless body. People, indeed, say I am handsome; but if I was so, should not a gentleman prefer an honest servant to a guilty harlot? And must he be more earnest to seduce me, because I dread of all things to be seduced, and would rather lose my life than my honesty?

Well, these are strange things to me! I cannot account for them, for my share; but sure nobody will say, that these fine gentlemen have any tempter but their own wicked wills! — his naughty master could run away from me, when he apprehended his servants might discover his vile attempts upon me in that sad closet affair; but is it not strange that he should not be afraid of the all-seeing eye, from which even that base plotting heart of his, in its most secret motions, could not be hid? — But what avail me these sorrowful reflections? He is and will be wicked, and designs me a victim to his lawless attempts, if the God in whom I trust, and to whom I hourly pray, prevent it not.

Tuesday and Wednesday.

I have been hindered by this wicked woman's watching me so close, from writing on Tuesday; and so I will put both these days together. I have been a little turn with her for an airing, in the chariot, and walked several times in the garden; but have always her at my heels.

Mr. Williams came to see us, and took a walk with us once; and while her back was just turned, (encouraged by the hint he had before given me,) I said, Sir, I see two tiles upon that parsley-bed; might not one cover them with mould, with a note between them, on occasion? — A good hint, said he; let that sunflower by the back-door of the garden be the place; I have a key to the door; for it is my nearest way to the town.

So I was forced to begin. O what inventions will necessity push us upon! I hugged myself at the thought; and she coming to us, he said, as if he was continuing a discourse we were in: No, not extraordinary pleasant. What's that? what's that? said Mrs. Jewkes. — Only, said he, the town, I'm saying, is not very pleasant. No, indeed, said she, it is not; it is a poor town, to my thinking. Are there any gentry in it? said I. And so we chatted on about the town, to deceive her. But my deceit intended no hurt to any body.

We then talked of the garden, how large and pleasant, and the like; and sat down on the tufted slope of the fine fish-pond, to see the fishes play upon the surface of the water; and she said, I should angle if I would.

I wish, said I, you'd be so kind to fetch me a rod and baits. Pretty mistress! said she — I know better than that, I'll assure you, at this time. — I mean no harm, said I, indeed. Let me tell you, said she. I know none who have their thoughts more about them than you. A body ought to look to it where you are. But we'll angle a little to-morrow. Mr. Williams, who is much afraid of her, turned the discourse to a general subject. I sauntered in, and left them to talk by themselves; but he went away to town, and she was soon after me.

I had got to my pen and ink; and I said, I want some paper, Mrs. Jewkes, (putting what I was about in my bosom:) You know I have written two letters, and sent them by John. (O how his name, poor guilty fellow, grieves me!) Well, said she, you have some left; one sheet did for those two letters. Yes, said I; but I used half another for a cover, you know; and see how I have scribbled the other half; and so I shewed her a parcel of broken scraps of verses, which I had tried to recollect, and had written purposely that she might see, and think me usually employed to such idle purposes. Ay, said she, so you have; well, I'll give you two sheets more; but let me see how you dispose of them, either written or blank. Well, thought I, I hope still, Argus, to be too hard for thee. Now Argus, the poets say, had a hundred eyes, and was set to watch with them all, as she does.

She brought me the paper, and said, Now, madam, let me see you write something. I will, said I; and took the pen and wrote, 'I wish Mrs. Jewkes would be so good to me, as I would be to her, if I had it in my power.' — That's pretty now, said she; well, I hope I am; but what then? 'Why then (wrote I) she would do me the favour to let me know, what I have done to be made her prisoner; and what she thinks is to become of me.' Well, and what then? said she. 'Why then, of consequence, (scribbled I,) she would let me see her instructions, that I may know how far to blame, or to acquit her.'

Thus I fooled on, to shew her my fondness for scribbling; for I had no expectation of any good from her; that so she might suppose I employed myself, as I said, to no better purpose at other times: for she will have it, that I am upon some plot, I am so silent, and love so much to be by myself. — She would have made me write on a little further. No, said I; you have not answered me. Why, said she, what can you doubt, when my master himself assures you of his honour? Ay, said I; but lay your hand to your heart, Mrs. Jewkes, and tell me, if you yourself believe him. Yes, said she, to be sure I do. But, said I, what do you call honour? Why, said she, what does he call honour, think you? — Ruin! shame! disgrace! said I, I fear. — Pho! pho! said she; if you have any doubt about it, he can best explain his own meaning: — I'll send him word to come and satisfy you, if you will. — Horrid creature! said I, all in a fright — Can'st thou not stab me to

the heart? I'd rather thou would'st, than say such another word! — But I hope there is no such thought of his coming.

She had the wickedness to say, No, no; he don't intend to come, as I know of — But if I was he, I would not be long away. What means the woman? said I. — Mean! said she, (turning it off;) why I mean, I would come, if I was he, and put an end to all your fears — by making you as happy as you wish. It is out of his power, said I, to make me happy, great and rich as he is! but by leaving me innocent, and giving me liberty to go to my dear father and mother.

She went away soon after, and I ended my letter, in hopes to have an opportunity to lay it in the appointed place. So I went to her, and said; I suppose, as it is not dark, I may take another turn in the garden. It is too late, said she; but if you will go, don't stay; and, Nan, see and attend madam, as she called me.

So I went towards the pond, the maid following me, and dropt purposely my hussy: and when I came near the tiles, I said, Mrs. Anne, I have dropt my hussy; be so kind as to look for it; I had it by the pond side. She went back to look, and I slipt the note between the tiles, and covered them as quick as I could with the light mould, quite unperceived; and the maid finding the hussy, I took it, and sauntered in again, and met Mrs. Jewkes coming to see after me. What I wrote was this:

'REVEREND SIR,

'The want of an opportunity to speak my mind to you, I am sure will excuse this boldness in a poor creature that is betrayed hither, I have reason to think, for the worst of purposes. You know something, to be sure, of my story, my native poverty, which I am not ashamed of, my late lady's goodness, and my master's designs upon me. It is true he promises honour, and all that; but the honour of the wicked is disgrace and shame to the virtuous: And he may think he keeps his promises, according to the notions he may allow himself to hold; and yet, according to mine and every good body's, basely ruin me.

'I am so wretched, and ill-treated by this Mrs. Jewkes, and she is so ill-principled a woman, that, as I may soon want the opportunity which the happy hint of this day affords to my hopes, I throw myself at once upon your goodness, without the least reserve; for I cannot be worse than I am, should that fail me; which, I dare say, to your power, it will not: For I see it, sir, in your looks, I hope it from your cloth, and I doubt it not from your inclination, in a case circumstanced as my unhappy one is. For, sir, in helping me out of my present distress, you perform all the acts of religion in one; and the highest mercy and charity, both to the body and soul of a poor wretch, that, believe me, sir, has, at present, not so much as in thought swerved from her innocence.

‘Is there not some way to be found out for my escape, without danger to yourself? Is there no gentleman or lady of virtue in this neighbourhood, to whom I may fly, only till l can find a way to get to my poor father and mother? Cannot Lady Davers be made acquainted with my sad story, by your conveying a letter to her? My poor parents are so low in the world, they can do nothing but break their hearts for me; and that, I fear, will be the end of it.

‘My master promises, if I will be easy, as he calls it, in my present lot, he will not come down without my consent. Alas! sir, this is nothing: For what’s the promise of a person who thinks himself at liberty to act as he has done by me? If he comes, it must be to ruin me; and come to be sure he will, when he thinks he has silenced the clamours of my friends, and lulled me, as no doubt he hopes, into a fatal security.

‘Now, therefore, sir, is all the time I have to work and struggle for the preservation of my honesty. If I stay till he comes, I am undone. You have a key to the back garden door; I have great hopes from that. Study, good sir, and contrive for me. I will faithfully keep your secret. — Yet I should be loath to have you suffer for me! I say no more, but commit this to the happy tiles, in the bosom of that earth, where, I hope, my deliverance will take root, and bring forth such fruit, as may turn to my inexpressible joy, and your eternal reward, both here and hereafter: As shall ever pray, ‘Your oppressed humble servant.’

Thursday.

This completes a terrible week since my setting out, as I hoped to see you, my dear father and mother. O how different were my hopes then, from what they are now! Yet who knows what these happy tiles may produce!

But I must tell you, first, how I have been beaten by Mrs. Jewkes! It is very true! — And thus it came about:

My impatience was great to walk in the garden, to see if any thing had offered, answerable to my hopes. But this wicked Mrs. Jewkes would not let me go without her; and said, she was not at leisure. We had a great many words about it; for I told her, it was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the garden for a little air, but must be dogged and watched worse than a thief.

She still pleaded her instructions, and said she was not to trust me out of her sight: And you had better, said she, be easy and contented, I assure you; for I have worse orders than you have yet found. I remember, added she, your asking Mr. Williams, If there were any gentry in the neighbourhood? This makes me suspect you want to get away to them, to tell your sad dismal story, as you call it.

My heart was at my mouth; for I feared, by that hint, she had seen my letter under the tiles: O how uneasy I was! At last she said, Well, since you take on so, you may take a turn, and I will be with you in a minute.

When I was out of sight of her window, I speeded towards the hopeful place; but was soon forced to slacken my pace, by her odious voice: Hey-day, why so nimble, and whither so fast? said she: What! are you upon a wager? I stopt for her, till her pursy sides were waddled up to me; and she held by my arm, half out of breath: So I was forced to pass by the dear place, without daring to look at it.

The gardener was at work a little farther, and so we looked upon him, and I began to talk about his art; but she said, softly, My instructions are, not to let you be so familiar with the servants. Why, said I, are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a robbery upon my master? May be I am, said the odious wretch; for to rob him of yourself, would be the worst that could happen to him, in his opinion.

And pray, said I, walking on, how came I to be his property? What right has he in me, but such as a thief may plead to stolen goods? — Why, was ever the like heard? says she. — This is downright rebellion, I protest! — Well, well, lambkin, (which the foolish often calls me,) if I was in his place, he should not have his property in you long questionable. Why, what would you do, said I, if you were he? — Not stand shill-I-shall-I, as he does; but put you and himself both out of your pain. — Why, Jezebel, said I, (I could not help it,) would you ruin me by force? — Upon this she gave me a deadly slap upon my shoulder: Take that, said she; whom do you call Jezebel?

I was so surprised, (for you never beat me, my dear father and mother, in your lives,) that I was like one thunder-struck; and looked round, as if I wanted somebody to help me; but, alas! I had nobody; and said, at last, rubbing my shoulder, Is this also in your instructions? — Alas! for me! am I to be beaten too? And so fell a crying, and threw myself upon the grass-walk we were upon. — Said she, in a great pet, I won't be called such names, I'll assure you. Marry come up! I see you have a spirit: You must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such little provoking things as you, I warrant ye! Come, come, we'll go in a'doors, and I'll lock you up, and you shall have no shoes, nor any thing else, if this be the case.

I did not know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me, and I blamed myself for my free speech; for now I have given her some pretence: and O! thought I, here I have, by my malapertness, ruined the only project I had left.

The gardener saw this scene: but she called to him, Well, Jacob, what do you stare at? Pray mind what you're upon. And away he walked, to another quarter, out of sight.

Well, thought I, I must put on the dissembler a little, I see. She took my hand roughly; Come, get up, said she, and come in a'doors! — I'll Jezebel you, I will so! — Why, dear Mrs. Jewkes, said I. — None of your dears, and your coaxing!

said she; why not Jezebel again? — She was in a fearful passion, I saw, and I was out of my wits. Thought I, I have often heard women blamed for their tongues; I wish mine had been shorter. But I can't go in, said I, indeed I can't! — Why, said she, can't you? I'll warrant I can take such a thin body as you under my arm, and carry you in, if you won't walk. You don't know my strength. — Yes, but I do, said I, too well; and will you not use me worse when I come in? — So I arose, and she muttered to herself all the way, She to be a Jezebel with me, that had used me so well! and such like.

When I came near the house, I said, sitting down upon a settle-bench, Well, I will not go in, till you say you forgive me, Mrs. Jewkes. — If you will forgive my calling you that name, I will forgive your beating me. — She sat down by me, and seemed in a great pucker, and said, Well, come, I will forgive you for this time: and so kissed me, as a mark of reconciliation. — But pray, said I, tell me where I am to walk and go, and give me what liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favour me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can, and not ask you for more.

Ay, said she, this is something like: I wish I could give you all the liberty you desire; for you must think it is no pleasure to me to tie you to my petticoat, as it were, and not let you stir without me. — But people that will do their duties, must have some trouble: and what I do, is to serve as good a master, to be sure, as lives. — Yes, said I, to every body but me! He loves you too well, to be sure, returned she; and that's the reason: so you ought to bear it. I say, love! replied I. Come, said she, don't let the wench see you have been crying, nor tell her any tales: for you won't tell them fairly, I am sure: and I'll send her, and you shall take another walk in the garden, if you will: May be it will get you a stomach to your dinner: for you don't eat enough to keep life and soul together. You are beauty to the bone, added the strange wretch, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little stomach, so little rest, and so much pining and whining for nothing at all. Well, thought I, say what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad tongue and company: and I hope to find some opportunity now to come at my sunflower. But I walked the other way, to take that in my return, to avoid suspicion.

I forced my discourse to the maid; but it was all upon general things; for I find she is asked after every thing I say and do. When I came near the place, as I had been devising, I said, Pray step to the gardener, and ask him to gather a sallad for me to dinner. She called out, Jacob! said I, He can't hear you so far off; and pray tell him, I should like a cucumber too, if he has one. When she had stept about a bow-shot from me, I popt down, and whipt my fingers under the upper tile, and pulled out a letter without direction, and thrust it in my bosom, trembling for joy. She was with me, before I could well secure it; and I was in such a taking that I

feared I should discover myself. You seem frightened, madam, said she; Why, said I, with a lucky thought, (alas! your poor daughter will make an intriguer by and by; but I hope an innocent one!) I stooped to smell at the sunflower, and a great nasty worm ran into the ground, that startled me; for I can't abide worms. Said she, Sunflowers don't smell. So I find, replied I. And then we walked in; and Mrs. Jewkes said; Well, you have made haste now. — You shall go another time.

I went up to my closet, locked myself in, and opening my letter, found in it these words:

'I am infinitely concerned for your distress. I most heartily wish it may be in my power to serve and save so much innocence, beauty, and merit. My whole dependance is upon Mr. B —— , and I have a near view of being provided for by his favour to me. But yet I would sooner forfeit all my hopes in him, (trusting in God for the rest,) than not assist you, if possible. I never looked upon Mr. B —— in the light he now appears in to me, in your case. To be sure, he is no professed debauchee. But I am entirely of opinion, you should, if possible, get out of his hands; and especially as you are in very bad ones in Mrs. Jewkes's.

'We have here the widow Lady Jones, mistress of a good fortune; and a woman of virtue, I believe. We have also old Sir Simon Darnford, and his lady, who is a good woman; and they have two daughters, virtuous young ladies. All the rest are but middling people, and traders, at best. I will try, if you please, either Lady Jones, or Lady Darnford, if they'll permit you to take refuge with them. I see no probability of keeping myself concealed in this matter; but will, as I said, risk all things to serve you; for I never saw a sweetness and innocence like yours; and your hard case has attached me entirely to you; for I know, as you so happily express, if I can serve you in this case, I shall thereby perform all the acts of religion in one.

'As to Lady Davers, I will convey a letter, if you please, to her; but it must not be from our post-house, I give you caution; for the man owes all his bread to Mr. B —— , and his place too; and I believe, by something that dropt from him, over a can of ale, has his instructions. You don't know how you are surrounded; all which confirms me in your opinion, that no honour is meant you, let what will be professed; and I am glad you want no caution on that head.

'Give me leave to say, that I had heard much in your praise; but, I think, greatly short of what you deserve, both as to person and mind: My eyes convince me of the one, your letter of the other. For fear of losing the present lucky opportunity, I am longer than otherwise I should be. But I will not enlarge, any further than to assure you that I am, to the best of my power,

'Your faithful friend and servant,

'ARTHUR WILLIAMS.'

‘I will come once every morning, and once every evening, after school-time, to look for your letters. I’ll come in, and return without going into the house, if I see the coast clear: Otherwise, to avoid suspicion, I’ll come in.’

I instantly, in answer to this pleasing letter, wrote as follows:

‘REVEREND SIR,

‘O how suited to your function, and your character, is your kind letter! God bless you for it! I now think I am beginning to be happy. I should be sorry to have you suffer on my account: but I hope it will be made up to you an hundred-fold, by that God whom you so faithfully serve. I should be too happy, could I ever have it in my power to contribute in the least to it. But, alas! to serve me, must be for God’s sake only; for I am poor and lowly in fortune; though in mind, I hope, too high to do a mean or unworthy deed to gain a kingdom. But I lose time. ——

‘Any way you think best, I should be pleased with; for I know not the persons, nor in what manner it is best to apply to them. I am glad of the hint you so kindly give me of the man at the post-house. I was thinking of opening a way for myself by letter, when I could have opportunity; but I see more and more that I am, indeed, strangely surrounded with dangers; and that there is no dependance to be made on my master’s honour.

‘I should think, sir, if either of those ladies would give leave, I might some way get out by favour of your key: and as it is impossible, watched as I am, to know when it can be, suppose, sir, you get one made by it, and put it, the next opportunity, under the sunflower? — I am sure no time is to be lost, because it is rather my wonder, that she is not thoughtful about this key, than otherwise; for she forgets not the minutest thing. But, sir, if I had this key, I could, if these ladies would not shelter me, run away any where: and if I was once out of the house, they could have no pretence to force me again; for I have done no harm, and hope to make my story good to any compassionate body; and by this way you need not to be known. Torture should not wring it from me, I assure you.

‘One thing more, good sir. Have you no correspondence with my master’s Bedfordshire family? By that means, may be, I could be informed of his intention of coming hither, and when I enclose you a letter of a deceitful wretch; for I can trust you with any thing; poor John Arnold. Its contents will tell why I enclose it. Perhaps by his means, something may be discovered; for he seems willing to atone for his treachery to me, by the intimation of future service. I leave the hint to you to improve upon, and am,

‘Reverend Sir,

‘Your for ever obliged, and thankful servant.’

‘I hope, sir, by your favour, I could send a little packet, now and then, some how, to my poor father and mother. I have a little stock of money, about five or

six guineas: Shall I put half in your hands, to defray the charge of a man and horse, or any other incidents?'

I had but just time to transcribe this, before I was called to dinner; and I put that for Mr. Williams, with a wafer in it, in my bosom, to get an opportunity to lay it in the dear place.

O good sirs, of all the flowers in the garden, the sunflower, sure, is the loveliest! — It is a propitious one to me! How nobly my plot succeeds! But I begin to be afraid my writings may be discovered; for they grow large: I stitch them hitherto in my under-coat, next my linen. But if this brute should search me — I must try to please her, and then she won't.

Well, I am but just come off from a walk in the garden, and have deposited my letter by a simple wile. I got some horse-beans; and we took a turn in the garden, to angle, as Mrs. Jewkes had promised me. She baited the hook, and I held it, and soon hooked a lovely carp. Play it, play it, said she: I did, and brought it to the bank. A sad thought just then came into my head; and I took it, and threw it in again; and O the pleasure it seemed to have, to flounce in, when at liberty! — Why this? says she. O Mrs. Jewkes! said I, I was thinking this poor carp was the unhappy Pamela. I was likening you and myself to my naughty master. As we hooked and deceived the poor carp, so was I betrayed by false baits; and when you said, Play it, play it, it went to my heart, to think I should sport with the destruction of the poor fish I had betrayed; and I could not but fling it in again: and did you not see the joy with which the happy carp flounced from us? O! said I, may some good merciful body procure me my liberty in the same manner; for to be sure, I think my danger equal!

Lord bless thee! said she, what a thought is there! — Well, I can angle no more, added I. I'll try my fortune, said she, and took the rod. Do, answered I; and I will plant life, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some horse-beans here, and will go and stick them in one of the borders, to see how long they will be coming up; and I will call them my garden.

So you see, dear father and mother, (I hope now you will soon see; for, may be, if I can't get away so soon myself, I may send my papers some how; I say you will see,) that this furnishes me with a good excuse to look after my garden another time; and if the mould should look a little freshish, it won't be so much suspected. She mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here and there my beans, for about the length of five ells, of each side of the sunflower; and easily deposited my letter. And not a little proud am I of this contrivance. Sure something will do at last!

Friday, Saturday.

I have just now told you a trick of mine; now I'll tell you a trick of this wicked woman's. She comes up to me: Says she, I have a bill I cannot change till to-morrow; and a tradesman wants his money most sadly: and I don't love to turn poor trades-folks away without their money: Have you any about you? I have a little, replied I: How much will do? Oh! said she, I want eight pounds. Alack! said I, I have but between five and six. Lend me that, said she, till to-morrow. I did so; and she went down stairs: and when she came up, she laughed, and said, Well, I have paid the tradesman. Said I, I hope you'll give it me again to-morrow. At that, the assurance, laughing loud, said, Why, what occasion have you for money? To tell you the truth, lambkin, I didn't want it. I only feared you might make a bad use of it; and now I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the key of your portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with money, nor fine things. Never did any body look more silly than I. — O how I fretted, to be so foolishly outwitted! — And the more, as I had hinted to Mr. Williams, that I would put some in his hands to defray the charges of my sending to you. I cried for vexation. — And now I have not five shillings left to support me, if I can get away. — Was ever such a fool as I! I must be priding myself in my contrivances, indeed! said I. Was this your instructions, wolfkin? (for she called me lambkin). Jezebel, you mean, child! said she. — Well, I now forgive you heartily; let's buss and be friends. — Out upon you said I; I cannot bear you! — But I durst not call her names again; for I dread her huge paw most sadly. The more I think of this thing, the more do I regret it, and blame myself.

This night the man from the post-house brought a letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which was one enclosed for me: She brought it me up. Said she, Well, my good master don't forget us. He has sent you a letter: and see what he writes to me. So she read, That he hoped her fair charge was well, happy, and contented. Ay, to be sure, said I, I can't choose — That he did not doubt her care and kindness to me: that I was very dear to him, and she could not use me too well; and the like. There's a master for you! said she: sure you will love and pray for him. I desired her to read the rest. No, no, said she, but I won't. Said I, Are there any orders for taking my shoes away, and for beating me? No, said she, nor about Jezebel neither. Well, returned I, I cry truce; for I have no mind to be beat again. I thought, said she, we had forgiven one another.

My letter is as follows:

'MY DEAR PAMELA,

'I begin to repent already, that I have bound myself, by promise, not to see you till you give me leave; for I think the time very tedious. Can you place so much confidence in me, as to invite me down? Assure yourself, that your generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I the rather would press this, as I am uneasy

for your uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me, that you take your restraint very heavily; and neither eat, drink, nor rest well; and I have too great interest in your health, not to wish to shorten the time of this trial; which will be the consequence of my coming down to you. John, too, has intimated to me your concern, with a grief that hardly gave him leave for utterance; a grief that a little alarmed my tenderness for you. Not that I fear any thing, but that your disregard to me, which yet my proud heart will hardly permit me to own, may throw you upon some rashness, that might encourage a daring hope: But how poorly do I descend, to be anxious about such a menial as he! — I will only say one thing, that if you will give me leave to attend you at the Hall, (consider who it is that requests this from you as a favour,) I solemnly declare, that you shall have cause to be pleased with this obliging mark of your confidence in me, and consideration for me; and if I find Mrs. Jewkes has not behaved to you with the respect due to one I so dearly love, I will put it entirely into your power to discharge her the house, if you think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in her place. This I say on a hint John gave me, as if you resented something from that quarter. Dearest Pamela, answer favourably this earnest request of one that cannot live without you, and on whose honour to you, you may absolutely depend; and so much the more, as you place a confidence in it. I am, and assuredly ever will be,

‘Your faithful and affectionate, etc.’

‘You will be glad, I know, to hear your father and mother are well, and easy upon your last letter. That gave me a pleasure that I am resolved you shall not repent. Mrs. Jewkes will convey to me your answer.’

I but slightly read this letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time from Mr. Williams. I took an evening turn, as I called it, in Mrs. Jewkes’s company: and walking by the place, I said, Do you think, Mrs. Jewkes, any of my beans can have struck since yesterday? She laughed, and said, You are a poor gardener: but I love to see you divert yourself. She passing on, I found my good friend had provided for me; and, slipping it in my bosom, (for her back was towards me,) Here, said I, (having a bean in my hand,) is one of them; but it has not stirred. No, to be sure, said she, and turned upon me a most wicked jest, unbecoming the mouth of a woman, about planting, etc. When I came in, I hied to my closet, and read as follows:

‘I am sorry to tell you that I have had a repulse from Lady Jones. She is concerned at your case, she says, but don’t care to make herself enemies. I applied to Lady Darnford, and told her in the most pathetic manner I could, your sad story, and shewed her your more pathetic letter. I found her well disposed, but she would advise with Sir Simon, who by the by is not a man of an extraordinary

character for virtue; but he said to his lady in my presence, ‘Why, what is all this, my dear, but that our neighbour has a mind to his mother’s waiting-maid! And if he takes care she wants for nothing, I don’t see any great injury will be done her. He hurts no family by this:’ (So, my dear father and mother, it seems that poor people’s honesty is to go for nothing) ‘And I think, Mr. Williams, you, of all men, should not engage in this affair, against your friend and patron.’ He spoke this in so determined a manner, that the lady had done; and I had only to beg no notice should be taken of the matter as from me.

‘I have hinted your case to Mr. Peters, the minister of this parish; but I am concerned to say, that he imputed selfish views to me, as if I would make an interest in your affections by my zeal. And when I represented the duties of our function, and the like, and protested my disinterestedness, he coldly said, I was very good; but was a young man, and knew little of the world. And though it was a thing to be lamented, yet when he and I should set about to reform mankind in this respect, we should have enough upon our hands; for, he said, it was too common and fashionable a case to be withstood by a private clergyman or two: and then he uttered some reflections upon the conduct of the present fathers of the church, in regard to the first personages of the realm, as a justification of his coldness on this score.

‘I represented the different circumstances of your affair; that other women lived evilly by their own consent, but to serve you, was to save an innocence that had but few examples; and then I shewed him your letter.

‘He said it was prettily written: and he was sorry for you; and that your good intentions ought to be encouraged: But what, said he, would you have me do, Mr. Williams? Why suppose, sir, said I, you give her shelter in your house, with your spouse and niece, till she can get to her friends. — What! and embroil myself with a man of Mr. B — — ‘s power and fortune! No, not I, I’ll assure you! — And I would have you consider what you are about. Besides, she owns, continued he, that he promises to do honourably by her; and her shyness will procure her good terns enough; for he is no covetous nor wicked gentleman, except in this case; and ’tis what all young gentlemen will do.

‘I am greatly concerned for him, I assure you: but I am not discouraged by this ill success, let what will come of it, if I can serve you.

‘I don’t hear, as yet, that Mr. B —— is coming. I am glad of your hint as to that unhappy fellow John Arnold. Something, perhaps, will strike out from that, which may be useful. As to your packets, if you seal them up, and lay them in the usual place, if you find it not suspected, I will watch an opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This evil woman, I find, mistrusts me much.

‘I just hear, that the gentleman is dying, whose living Mr. B —— has promised me. I have almost a scruple to take it, as I am acting so contrary to his desires: but I hope he will one day thank me for it. As to money, don’t think of it at present. Be assured you may command all in my power to do for you without reserve.

‘I believe, when we hear he is coming, it will be best to make use of the key, which I shall soon procure you; and I can borrow a horse for you, I believe, to wait within half a mile of the back-door, over the pasture; and will contrive, by myself, or somebody, to have you conducted some miles distant, to one of the villages thereabouts; so don’t be discomforted, I beseech you. I am, excellent Mrs. Pamela,

‘Your faithful friend, etc.’

I made a thousand sad reflections upon the former part of this honest gentleman’s kind letter; and but for the hope he gave me at last, should have given up my case as quite desperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind endeavours; to lament the little concern the gentry had for my deplorable case; the wickedness of the world, first to give way to such iniquitous fashions, and then plead the frequency of them, against the attempt to amend them; and how unaffected people were with the distresses of others. I recalled my former hint as to writing to Lady Davers, which I feared, I said, would only serve to apprise her brother, that she knew his wicked scheme, and more harden him in it, and make him come down the sooner, and to be the more determined on my ruin; besides that it might make Mr. Williams guessed at, as a means of conveying my letter: And being very fearful, that if that good lady would interest herself in my behalf, (which was a doubt, because she both loved and feared her brother,) it would have no effect upon him; and that therefore I would wait the happy event I might hope for from his kind assistance in the key, and the horse. I intimated my master’s letter, begging to be permitted to come down: was fearful it might be sudden; and that I was of opinion no time was to be lost; for we might let slip all our opportunities; telling him the money trick of this vile woman, etc.

I had not time to take a copy of this letter, I was so watched. And when I had it ready in my bosom, I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. Jewkes, and told her, I would have her advice upon the letter I had received from my master; which point of confidence in her pleased her not a little. Ay, said she, now this is something like: and we’ll take a turn in the garden, or where you please. I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walked into the garden. I began to talk to her of the letter; but was far from acquainting her with all the contents; only that he wanted my consent to come down, and hoped she used me kindly, and the like. And I said, Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your advice as to this. Why then, said she, I will give it you freely; E’en send to him to come down. It

will highly oblige him, and I dare say you'll fare the better for it. How the better? said I. — I dare say, you think yourself, that he intends my ruin. I hate, said she, that foolish word, your ruin! — Why, ne'er a lady in the land may live happier than you if you will, or be more honourably used.

Well, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, I shall not, at this time, dispute with you about the words ruin and honourable: for I find we have quite different notions of both: But now I will speak plainer than ever I did. Do you think he intends to make proposals to me as to a kept mistress, or kept slave rather, or do you not? — Why, lambkin, said she, what dost thou think thyself? — I fear, said I, he does. Well, said she, but if he does, (for I know nothing of the matter, I assure you,) you may have your own terms — I see that; for you may do any thing with him.

I could not bear this to be spoken, though it was all I feared of a long time; and began to exclaim most sadly. Nay, said she, he may marry you, as far as I know. — No, no, said I, that cannot be. — I neither desire nor expect it. His condition don't permit me to have such a thought; and that, and the whole series of his conduct, convinces me of the contrary; and you would have me invite him to come down, would you? Is not this to invite my ruin?

'Tis what I would do, said she, in your place; and if it was to be as you think, I should rather be out of my pain, than live in continual frights and apprehensions, as you do. No, replied I, an hour of innocence is worth an age of guilt; and were my life to be made ever so miserable by it, I should never forgive myself, if I were not to lengthen out to the longest minute my happy time of honesty. Who knows what Providence may do for me!

Why, may be, said she, as he loves you so well, you may prevail upon him by your prayers and tears; and for that reason, I should think, you'd better let him come down. Well, said I, I will write him a letter, because he expects an answer, or may be he will make a pretence to come down. How can it go?

I'll take care of that, said she; it is in my instructions. — Ay, thought I, so I doubt, by the hint Mr. Williams gave me about the post-house.

The gardener coming by, I said, Mr. Jacob, I have planted a few beans, and I call the place my garden. It is just by the door out yonder: I'll shew it you; pray don't dig them up. So I went on with him; and when we had turned the alley, out of her sight and were near the place said I, Pray step to Mrs. Jewkes, and ask her if she has any more beans for me to plant? He smiled, I suppose at my foolishness; and I popped the letter under the mould, and stepped back, as if waiting for his return; which, being near, was immediate; and she followed him. What should I do with beans? said she, — and sadly scared me; for she whispered me, I am afraid of some fetch! You don't use to send on such simple errands. — What fetch? said I: It is hard I can neither stir, nor speak, but I must be suspected.

— Why, said she, my master writes, that I must have all my eyes about me; for though you are as innocent as a dove, yet you are as cunning as a serpent. But I'll forgive you, if you cheat me.

Then I thought of my money, and could have called her names, had I dared: And I said, Pray Mrs. Jewkes, now you talk of forgiving me, if I cheat you, be so kind as to pay me my money; for though I have no occasion for it, yet I know you was but in jest, and intended to give it me again. You shall have it in a proper time, said she; but, indeed, I was in earnest to get it out of your hands, for fear you should make an ill use of it. And so we cavilled upon this subject as we walked in, and I went up to write my letter to my master; and, as I intended to shew it her, I resolved to write accordingly as to her part of it; for I made little account of his offer of Mrs. Jervis to me, instead of this wicked woman, (though the most agreeable thing that could have befallen me, except my escape from hence,) nor indeed any thing he said. For to be honourable, in the just sense of the word, he need not have caused me to be run away with, and confined as I am. I wrote as follows:

'HONOURED SIR,

'When I consider how easily you might make me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go to my poor father and mother; when I reflect upon your former proposal to me in relation to a certain person, not one word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in that strange manner run away with, and still kept here a miserable prisoner; do you think, sir, (pardon your poor servant's freedom; my fears make me bold; do you think, I say,) that your general assurances of honour to me, can have the effect upon me, that, were it not for these things, all your words ought to have? — O, good sir! I too much apprehend that your notions of honour and mine are very different from one another: and I have no other hopes but in your continued absence. If you have any proposals to make me, that are consistent with your honourable professions, in my humble sense of the word, a few lines will communicate them to me, and I will return such an answer as befits me. But, oh! What proposals can one in your high station have to make to one in my low one! I know what belongs to your degree too well, to imagine, that any thing can be expected but sad temptations, and utter distress, if you come down; and you know not, sir, when I am made desperate, what the wretched Pamela dares to do!

'Whatever rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help it; but I wish I may not be forced upon any, that otherwise would never enter into my thoughts. Forgive me, sir, my plainness; I should be loath to behave to my master unbecomingly; but I must needs say, sir, my innocence is so dear to me, that all other considerations are, and, I hope, shall ever be, treated by me as niceties, that

ought, for that, to be dispensed with. If you mean honourably, why, sir, should you not let me know it plainly? Why is it necessary to imprison me, to convince me of it? And why must I be close watched, and attended, hindered from stirring out, from speaking to any body, from going so much as to church to pray for you, who have been, till of late, so generous a benefactor to me? Why, sir, I humbly ask, why all this, if you mean honourably? — It is not for me to expostulate so freely, but in a case so near to me, with you, sir, so greatly my superior. Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to seeing you, I cannot bear the dreadful apprehension. Whatever you have to propose, whatever you intend by me, let my assent be that of a free person, mean as I am, and not of a sordid slave, who is to be threatened and frightened into a compliance with measures, which your conduct to her seems to imply would be otherwise abhorred by her. — My restraint is indeed hard upon me: I am very uneasy under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or — but I will not dare to say more, than that I am

‘Your greatly oppressed unhappy servant.’

After I had taken a copy of this, I folded it up; and Mrs. Jewkes, coming just as I had done, sat down by me; and said, when she saw me direct it, I wish you would tell me if you have taken my advice, and consented to my master’s coming down. If it will oblige you, said I, I will read it to you. That’s good, said she; then I’ll love you dearly. — Said I, Then you must not offer to alter one word. I won’t, replied she. So I read it to her, and she praised me much for my wording it; but said she thought I pushed the matter very close; and it would better bear talking of, than writing about. She wanted an explanation or two, as about the proposal to a certain person; but I said, she must take it as she heard it. Well, well, said she, I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more. I sealed up the letter, and she undertook to convey it.

Sunday.

For my part, I knew it in vain to expect to have leave to go to church now, and so I did not ask; and I was the more indifferent, because, if I might have had permission, the sight of the neighbouring gentry, who had despised my sufferings, would have given me great regret and sorrow; and it was impossible I should have edified under any doctrine preached by Mr. Peters: So I applied myself to my private devotions.

Mr. Williams came yesterday, and this day, as usual, and took my letter; but, having no good opportunity, we avoided one another’s conversation, and kept at a distance: But I was concerned I had not the key; for I would not have lost a moment in that case, had I been he, and he I. When I was at my devotion, Mrs. Jewkes came up, and wanted me sadly to sing her a psalm, as she had often on common days importuned me for a song upon the spinnet: but I declined it,

because my spirits were so low I could hardly speak, nor cared to be spoken to; but when she was gone, I remembering the cxxxviith psalm to be a little touching, turned to it, and took the liberty to alter it, somewhat nearer to my case. I hope I did not sin in it; but thus I turned it:

I.

When sad I sat in B —— n Hall,
All guarded round about,
And thought of ev'ry absent friend,
The tears for grief burst out.

II.

My joys and hopes all overthrown,
My heart-strings almost broke,
Unfit my mind for melody,
Much more to bear a joke.

III.

Then she to whom I pris'ner was,
Said to me, tauntingly,
Now cheer your heart, and sing a song
And tune your mind to joy.

IV.

Alas! said I, how can I frame
My heavy heart to sing,
Or tune my mind, while thus enthrall'd
By such a wicked thing!

V.

But yet, if from my innocence
I, ev'n in thought, should slide,
Then let my fingers quite forget
The sweet spinnet to guide.

VI.

And let my tongue within my mouth
  Be lock’d for ever fast,
If I rejoice, before I see
  My full deliv’rance past.

VII.

And thou, Almighty, recompense
  The evils I endure,
From those who seek my sad disgrace,
  So causeless, to procure.

VIII.

Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,
  When, with a mighty sound,
She cries, Down with her chastity,
  Down to the very ground!

IX.

Ev’n so shalt thou, O wicked one!
  At length to shame be brought,
And happy shall all those be call’d
  That my deliv’rance wrought.

X.

Yea, blessed shall the man be called
  That shames thee of thy evil,
And saves me from thy vile attempts,
  And thee, too, from the D — l.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

I write now with a little more liking, though less opportunity, because Mr. Williams has got a large parcel of my papers, safe in his hands, to send them to you, as he has opportunity; so I am not quite uselessly employed: and I am delivered besides, from the fear of their being found, if I should be searched, or

discovered. I have been permitted to take an airing, five or six miles, with Mrs. Jewkes: But, though I know not the reason, she watches me more closely than ever; so that we have discontinued, by consent, for these three days, the sunflower correspondence.

The poor cook-maid has had a bad mischance; for she has been hurt much by a bull in the pasture, by the side of the garden, not far from the back-door. Now this pasture I am to cross, which is about half a mile, and then is a common, and near that a private horse-road, where I hope to find an opportunity for escaping, as soon as Mr. Williams can get me a horse, and has made all ready for me: for he has got me the key, which he put under the mould, just by the door, as he found an opportunity to hint to me.

He just now has signified, that the gentleman is dead, whose living he has had hope of; and he came pretendedly to tell Mrs. Jewkes of it; and so could speak this to her before me. She wished him joy. See what the world is! One man's death is another man's joy. Thus we thrust out one another! — My hard case makes me serious. He found means to slide a letter into my hands, and is gone away: He looked at me with such respect and solemness at parting, that Mrs. Jewkes said, Why, madam, I believe our young parson is half in love with you. — Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, said I, he knows better. Said she, (I believe to sound me,) Why, I can't see you can either of you do better; and I have lately been so touched for you, seeing how heavily you apprehend dishonour from my master, that I think it is pity you should not have Mr. Williams.

I knew this must be a fetch of hers; because, instead of being troubled for me, as she pretended, she watched me closer, and him too: and so I said, There is not the man living that I desire to marry. If I can but keep myself honest, it is all my desire: And to be a comfort and assistance to my poor parents, if it should be my happy lot to be so, is the very top of my ambition. Well, but, said she, I have been thinking very seriously, that Mr. Williams would make you a good husband; and as he will owe all his fortune to my master, he will be very glad, to be sure, to be obliged to him for a wife of his choosing: especially, said she, such a pretty one, and one so ingenious, and genteelly educated.

This gave me a doubt, whether she knew of my master's intimation of that sort formerly; and I asked her, if she had reason to surmise that that was in view? No, she said; it was only her own thought; but it was very likely that my master had either that in view, or something better for me. But, if I approved of it, she would propose such a thing to her master directly; and gave a detestable hint, that I might take resolutions upon it, of bringing such an affair to effect. I told her I abhorred her vile insinuation; and as to Mr. Williams, I thought him a civil good sort of man; but, as on one side, he was above me; so, on the other, I said of all

things I did not love a parson. So, finding she could make nothing of me, she quitted the subject. I will open his letter by and by, and give you the contents of it; for she is up and down so much, that I am afraid of her surprising me.

Well, I see Providence has not abandoned me: I shall be under no necessity to make advances to Mr. Williams, if I was (as I am sure I am not) disposed to it. This is his letter:

'I know not how to express myself, lest I should appear to you to have a selfish view in the service I would do you. But I really know but one effectual and honourable way to disengage yourself from the dangerous situation you are in. It is that of marriage with some person that you could make happy in your approbation. As for my own part, it would be, as things stand, my apparent ruin; and, worse still, I should involve you in misery too. But, yet, so great is my veneration for you, and so entire my reliance on Providence, upon so just an occasion, that I should think myself but too happy, if I might be accepted. I would, in this case, forego all my expectations, and be your conductor to some safe distance. But why do I say, in this case? That I will do, whether you think fit to reward me so eminently or not: And I will, the moment I hear of Mr. B — — 's setting out, (and I think now I have settled a very good method of intelligence of all his motions,) get a horse ready, and myself to conduct you. I refer myself wholly to your goodness and direction; and am, with the highest respect,

'Your most faithful humble servant.'

'Don't think this a sudden resolution. I always admired your hear-say character; and the moment I saw you, wished to serve so much excellence.'

What shall I say, my dear father and mother, to this unexpected declaration? I want, now, more than ever, your blessing and direction. But, after all, I have no mind to marry; I had rather live with you. But yet, I would marry a man who begs from door to door, and has no home nor being, rather than endanger my honesty. Yet I cannot, methinks, hear of being a wife. — After a thousand different thoughts, I wrote as follows:

'REVEREND SIR,

'I am greatly confused at the contents of your last. You are much too generous, and I can't bear you should risk all your future prospects for so unworthy a creature. I cannot think of your offer without equal concern and gratitude: for nothing, but to avoid my utter ruin, can make me think of a change of condition; and so, sir, you ought not to accept of such an involuntary compliance, as mine would be, were I, upon the last necessity, to yield to your very generous proposal. I will rely wholly upon your goodness to me, in assisting my escape; but shall not, on your account principally, think of the honour you propose for me at present; and never, but at the pleasure of my parents; who, poor as they are, in such a

weighty point, are as much entitled to my obedience and duty, as if they were ever so rich. I beg you, therefore, sir, not to think of any thing from me, but everlasting gratitude, which shall always bind me to be ‘Your most obliged servant.’

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, the 14th, 15th, and 16th, of my bondage.

Mrs. Jewkes has received a letter, and is much civiller to me, and Mr. Williams too, than she used to be. I wonder I have not one in answer to mine to my master. I suppose I put the matter too home to him: and he is angry. I am not the more pleased with her civility; for she is horrid cunning, and is not a whit less watchful. I laid a trap to get at her instructions, which she carries in the bosom of her stays; but it has not succeeded.

My last letter is come safe to Mr. Williams by the old conveyance, so that he is not suspected. He has intimated, that though I have not come so readily as he hoped into his scheme, yet his diligence shall not be slackened, and he will leave it to Providence and himself to dispose of him as he shall be found to deserve. He has signified to me, that he shall soon send a special messenger with the packet to you, and I have added to it what has occurred since.

Sunday.

I am just now quite astonished! — I hope all is right! — but I have a strange turn to acquaint you with. Mr. Williams and Mrs. Jewkes came to me both together; he in ecstacies, she with a strange fluttering sort of air. Well, said she, Mrs. Pamela, I give you joy! I give you joy! — Let nobody speak but me! Then she sat down, as out of breath, puffing and blowing. Why, every thing turns as I said it would! said she: Why, there is to be a match between you and Mr. Williams! Well, I always thought it. Never was so good a master! — Go to, go to, naughty, mistrustful Mrs. Pamela; nay, Mrs. Williams, said the forward creature, I may as good call you: you ought on your knees to beg his pardon a thousand times for mistrusting him.

She was going on; but I said, Don’t torture me thus, I beseech you, Mrs. Jewkes. Let me know all! — Ah! Mr. Williams, said I, take care, take care! — Mistrustful again! said she: Why, Mr. Williams, shew her your letter, and I will shew her mine: they were brought by the same hand.

I trembled at the thoughts of what this might mean; and said, You have so surprised me, that I cannot stand, nor hear, nor read! Why did you come up in such a manner to attack such weak spirits? said he, to Mrs. Jewkes, Shall we leave our letters with Mrs. Pamela, and let her recover from her surprise? Ay, said she, with all my heart; here is nothing but flaming honour and good will! And so saying, they left me their letters and withdrew.

My heart was quite sick with the surprise, so that I could not presently read them, notwithstanding my impatience; but, after a while, recovering, I found the

contents thus strange and unexpected:

‘MR. WILLIAMS,

‘The death of Mr. Fownes has now given me the opportunity I have long wanted, to make you happy, and that in a double respect: For I shall soon put you in possession of his living; and, if you have the art of making yourself well received, of one of the loveliest wives in England. She has not been used (as she has reason to think) according to her merit; but when she finds herself under the protection of a man of virtue and probity, and a happy competency to support life in the manner to which she has been of late years accustomed, I am persuaded she will forgive those seeming hardships which have paved the way to so happy a lot, as I hope it will be to you both. I have only to account for and excuse the odd conduct I have been guilty of, which I shall do when I see you: but as I shall soon set out for London, I believe it will not be yet this month. Mean time, if you can prevail with Pamela, you need not suspend for that your mutual happiness; only let me have notice of it first, and that she approves of it; which ought to be, in so material a point, entirely at her option; as I assure you, on the other hand, I would have it at yours, that nothing may be wanting to complete your happiness. ‘I am your humble servant.’

Was ever the like heard? — Lie still, my throbbing heart, divided as thou art, between thy hopes and thy fears! — But this is the letter Mrs. Jewkes left with me:

‘MRS. JEWKES,

‘You have been very careful and diligent in the task, which, for reasons I shall hereafter explain, I had imposed upon you. Your trouble is now almost at an end; for I have written my intentions to Mr. Williams so particularly, that I need say the less here, because he will not scruple, I believe, to let you know the contents of my letter. I have only one thing to mention, that if you find what I have hinted to him in the least measure disagreeable to either, you assure them both, that they are at entire liberty to pursue their own inclinations. I hope you continue your civilities to the mistrustful, uneasy Pamela, who now will begin to think better of hers and ‘Your friend, etc.’

I had hardly time to transcribe these letters, though, writing so much, I write pretty fast, before they both came up again in high spirits; and Mr. Williams said, I am glad at my heart, madam, that I was beforehand in my declarations to you: this generous letter has made me the happiest man on earth; and, Mrs. Jewkes, you may be sure, that if I can procure this fair one’s consent, I shall think myself — I interrupted the good man, and said, Ah! Mr. Williams, take care, take care; don’t let — There I stopt; and Mrs. Jewkes said, Still mistrustful! — I never saw the like in my life! — But I see, said she, I was not wrong, while my old orders

lasted, to be wary of you both — I should have had a hard task to prevent you, I find; for, as the saying is, Nought can restrain consent of twain.

I doubted not her taking hold of his joyful indiscretion. — I took her letter, and said, Here, Mrs. Jewkes, is yours; I thank you for it; but I have been so long in a maze, that I can say nothing of this for the present. Time will bring all to light. — Sir, said I, here is yours: May every thing turn to your happiness! I give you joy of my master's goodness in the living. — It will be dying, said he, not a living, without you. — Forbear, sir, said I; while I have a father and mother, I am not my own mistress, poor as they are; and I'll see myself quite at liberty, before I shall think myself fit to make a choice.

Mrs. Jewkes held up her eyes and hands, and said, Such art, such caution, such cunning, for thy years! — Well! — Why, said I, (that he might be more on his guard, though I hope there cannot be deceit in this; 'twould be strange villany, and that is a hard word, if there should!) I have been so used to be made a fool of by fortune, that I hardly can tell how to govern myself; and am almost an infidel as to mankind. But I hope I may be wrong; henceforth, Mrs. Jewkes, you shall regulate my opinions as you please, and I will consult you in every thing — (that I think proper, said I to myself) — for, to be sure, though I may forgive her, I can never love her.

She left Mr. Williams and me, a few minutes, together; and I said, Consider, sir, consider what you have done. 'Tis impossible, said he, there can be deceit. I hope so, said I; but what necessity was there for you to talk of your former declaration? Let this be as it will, that could do no good, especially before this woman. Forgive me, sir; they talk of women's promptness of speech; but, indeed, I see an honest heart is not always to be trusted with itself in bad company.

He was going to reply, but though her task is said to be ALMOST (I took notice of that word) at an end, she came up to us again, and said; Well, I had a good mind to show you the way to church to-morrow. I was glad of this, because, though in my present doubtful situation I should not have chosen it, yet I would have encouraged her proposal, to be able to judge by her being in earnest or otherwise, whether one might depend upon the rest. But Mr. Williams again indiscreetly helped her to an excuse, by saying, that it was now best to defer it one Sunday, and till matters were riper for my appearance: and she readily took hold of it, and confirmed his opinion.

After all, I hope the best: but if this should turn out to be a plot, I fear nothing but a miracle can save me. But, sure the heart of man is not capable of such black deceit. Besides, Mr. Williams has it under his own hand, and he dare not but be in earnest: and then again, though to be sure he has been very wrong to me, yet his

education, and parents' example, have neither of them taught him such very black contrivances. So I will hope for the best.

Mr. Williams, Mrs. Jewkes, and I, have been all three walking together in the garden; and she pulled out her key, and we walked a little in the pasture to look at the bull, an ugly, grim, surly creature, that hurt the poor cook-maid; who is got pretty well again. Mr. Williams pointed at the sunflower, but I was forced to be very reserved to him; for the poor gentleman has no guard, no caution at all.

We have just supped together, all three: and I cannot yet think that all must be right. — Only I am resolved not to marry, if I can help it; and I will give no encouragement, I am resolved, at least, till I am with you.

Mr. Williams said, before Mrs. Jewkes, he would send a messenger with a letter to my father and mother. — I think the man has no discretion in the world: but l desire you will send no answer, till I have the pleasure and happiness which now I hope for soon, of seeing you. He will, in sending my packet, send a most tedious parcel of stuff, of my oppressions, my distresses, my fears; and so I will send this with it; (for Mrs. Jewkes gives me leave to send a letter to my father, which looks well;) and I am glad I can conclude, after all my sufferings, with my hopes, to be soon with you, which I know will give you comfort; and so I rest, begging the continuance of your prayers and blessings,

Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I have so much time upon my hands that I must write on, to employ myself. The Sunday evening, where I left off, Mrs. Jewkes asked me, If I chose to be by myself; I said, Yes, with all my heart, if she pleased. Well, said she, after to-night you shall. I asked her for more paper; and she gave me a bottle of ink, eight sheets of paper, which she said was all her store, (for now she would get me to write for her to our master, if she had occasion,) and six pens, with a piece of sealing wax. This looks mighty well.

She pressed me, when she came to bed, very much, to give encouragement to Mr. Williams, and said many things in his behalf; and blamed my shyness to him. I told her, I was resolved to give no encouragement, till I had talked to my father and mother. She said, he fancied I thought of somebody else, or I could never be so insensible. I assured her, as I could do very safely, that there was not a man on earth I wished to have: and as to Mr. Williams, he might do better by far: and I had proposed so much happiness in living with my poor father and mother, that I could not think of any scheme of life with pleasure, till I had tried that. I asked her for my money; and she said, it was above in her strong box, but that I should have it to-morrow. All these things look well, as I said.

Mr. Williams would go home this night, though late, because he would despatch a messenger to you with a letter he had proposed from himself, and my packet. But pray don't encourage him, as I said; for he is much too heady and precipitate as to this matter, in my way of thinking; though, to be sure, he is a very good man, and I am much obliged to him.

Monday morning.

Alas-a-day! we have bad news from poor Mr. Williams. He has had a sad mischance; fallen among rogues in his way home last night: but by good chance has saved my papers. This is the account he gives of it to Mrs. Jewkes:

'GOOD MRS. JEWKES,

'I have had a sore misfortune in going from you. When I had got as near the town as the dam, and was going to cross the wooden bridge, two fellows got hold of me, and swore bitterly they would kill me, if I did not give them what I had. They rummaged my pockets, and took from me my snuff-box, my seal-ring, and half a guinea, and some silver, and halfpence; also my handkerchief, and two or three letters I had in my pockets. By good fortune, the letter Mrs. Pamela gave me was in my bosom, and so that escaped but they bruised my head and face, and cursing me for having no more money, tipped me into the dam, crying, be there, parson, till to-morrow! My shins and knees were bruised much in the fall against one of the stumps; and I had like to have been suffocated in water and mud. To be sure, I shan't be able to stir out this day or two: for I am a frightful spectacle! My hat and wig I was forced to leave behind me, and go home, a mile and a half, without; but they were found next morning, and brought me, with my snuff-box, which the rogues must have dropped. My cassock is sadly torn, as is my band. To be sure, I was much frightened, for a robbery in these parts has not been known many years. Diligent search is making after the rogues. My humble respects to good Mrs. Pamela: if she pities my misfortunes, I shall be the sooner well, and fit to wait on her and you. This did not hinder me in writing a letter, though with great pain, as I do this, (To be sure this good man can keep no secret!) and sending it away by a man and horse, this morning. I am, good Mrs. Jewkes,

'Your most obliged humble servant.'

'God be praised it is no worse! And I find I have got no cold, though miserably wet from top to toe. My fright, I believe, prevented me from catching cold: for I was not rightly myself for some hours, and know not how I got home. I will write a letter of thanks this night, if I am able, to my kind patron, for his inestimable goodness to me. I wish I was enabled to say all I hope, with regard to the better part of his bounty to me, incomparable Mrs. Pamela.'

The wicked brute fell a laughing, when she had read this letter, till her fat sides shook. Said she, I can but think how the poor parson looked, after parting with his

pretty mistress in such high spirits, when he found himself at the bottom of the dam! And what a figure he must cut in his tattered band and cassock, and without a hat and wig, when he got home. I warrant, added she, he was in a sweet pickle! — I said, I thought it was very barbarous to laugh at such a misfortune; but she replied, As he was safe, she laughed; otherwise she would have been sorry: and she was glad to see me so concerned for him — It looked promising, she said.

I heeded not her reflections; but as I have been used to causes for mistrusts, I cannot help saying, that I don't like this thing: And their taking his letters most alarms me. — How happy it was they missed my packet! I knew not what to think of it! — But why should I let every accident break my peace? Yet it will do so, while I stay here.

Mrs. Jewkes is mightily at me, to go with her in the chariot, to visit Mr. Williams. She is so officious to bring on the affair between us, that, being a cunning, artful woman, I know not what to make of it: I have refused her absolutely; urging, that except I intended to encourage his suit, I ought not to do it. And she is gone without me.

I have strange temptations to get away in her absence, for all these fine appearances. 'Tis sad to have nobody to advise with! — I know not what to do. But, alas for me! I have no money, if I should, to buy any body's civilities, or to pay for necessaries or lodgings. But I'll go into the garden, and resolve afterwards ——

I have been in the garden, and to the back-door: and there I stood, my heart up at my mouth. I could not see I was watched; so this looks well. But if any thing should go bad afterwards, I should never forgive myself, for not taking this opportunity. Well, I will go down again, and see if all is clear, and how it looks out at the back-door in the pasture.

To be sure, there is witchcraft in this house; and I believe Lucifer is bribed, as well as all about me, and is got into the shape of that nasty grim bull to watch me! — For I have been again, and ventured to open the door, and went out about a bow-shot into the pasture; but there stood that horrid bull, staring me full in the face, with fiery saucer eyes, as I thought. So I got in again, for fear he should come at me. Nobody saw me, however. — Do you think there are such things as witches and spirits? If there be, I believe, in my heart, Mrs. Jewkes has got this bull of her side. But yet, what could I do without money, or a friend' — O this wicked woman! to trick me so! Every thing, man, woman, and beast, is in a plot against your poor Pamela, I think! — Then I know not one step of the way, nor how far to any house or cottage; and whether I could gain protection, if I got to a house: And now the robbers are abroad too, I may run into as great danger as I want to escape; nay, greater much, if these promising appearances hold: And sure

my master cannot be so black as that they should not! — What can I do? — I have a good mind to try for it once more; but then I may be pursued and taken: and it will be worse for me; and this wicked woman will beat me, and take my shoes away, and lock me up.

But, after all, if my master should mean well, he can't be angry at my fears, if I should escape; and nobody can blame me; and I can more easily be induced, with you, when all my apprehensions are over, to consider his proposal of Mr. Williams, than I could here; and he pretends, as you have read in his letter, he will leave me to my choice: Why then should I be afraid? I will go down again, I think! But yet my heart misgives me, because of the difficulties before me, in escaping; and being so poor and so friendless! — O good God! the preserver of the innocent! direct me what to do!

Well, I have just now a sort of strange persuasion upon me, that I ought to try to get way, and leave the issue to Providence. So, once more — I'll see, at least, if this bull be still there.

Alack-a-day! what a fate is this! I have not the courage to go, neither can I think to stay. But I must resolve. The gardener was in sight last time; so made me come up again. But I'll contrive to send him out of the way, if I can: — For if I never should have such another opportunity, I could not forgive myself. Once more I'll venture. God direct my footsteps, and make smooth my path and my way to safety!

Well, here I am, come back again! frightened, like a fool, out of all my purposes! O how terrible every thing appears to me! I had got twice as far again, as I was before, out of the back-door: and I looked and saw the bull, as I thought, between me and the door; and another bull coming towards me the other way: Well, thought I, here is double witchcraft, to be sure! Here is the spirit of my master in one bull, and Mrs. Jewkes's in the other. And now I am gone, to be sure! O help! cried I, like a fool, and ran back to the door, as swift as if I flew. When I had got the door in my hand, I ventured to look back, to see if these supposed bulls were coming; and I saw they were only two poor cows, a grazing in distant places, that my fears had made all this rout about. But as every thing is so frightful to me, I find I am not fit to think of my escape: for I shall be as much frightened at the first strange man that I meet with: and I am persuaded that fear brings one into more dangers, than the caution, that goes along with it, delivers one from.

I then locked the door, and put the key in my pocket, and was in a sad quandary; but I was soon determined; for the maid Nan came in sight, and asked, if any thing was the matter, that I was so often up and down stairs? God forgive me, (but I had a sad lie at my tongue's end,) said I; Though Mrs. Jewkes is

sometimes a little hard upon me, yet I know not where I am without her: I go up, and I come down to walk about in the garden; and, not having her, know scarcely what to do with myself. Ay, said the ideot, she is main good company, madam, no wonder you miss her.

So here I am again, and here likely to be; for I have no courage to help myself any where else. O why are poor foolish maidens tried with such dangers, when they have such weak minds to grapple with them! — I will, since it is so, hope the best: but yet I cannot but observe how grievously every thing makes against me: for here are the robbers; though I fell not into their hands myself, yet they gave me as much terror, and had as great an effect upon my fears, as if I had: And here is the bull; it has as effectually frightened me, as if I had been hurt by it instead of the cook-maid; and so these joined together, as I may say, to make a very dastard of me. But my folly was the worst of all, because that deprived me of my money: for had I had that, I believe I should have ventured both the bull and the robbers.

Monday afternoon.

So, Mrs. Jewkes is returned from her visit: Well, said she, I would have you set your heart at rest; for Mr. Williams will do very well again. He is not half so bad as he fancied. O these scholars, said she, they have not the hearts of mice! He has only a few scratches on his face; which, said she, I suppose he got by grappling among the gravel at the bottom of the dam, to try to find a hole in the ground, to hide himself from the robbers. His shin and his knee are hardly to be seen to ail any thing. He says in his letter, he was a frightful spectacle: He might be so, indeed, when he first came in a doors; but he looks well enough now: and, only for a few groans now and then, when he thinks of his danger, I see nothing is the matter with him. So, Mrs. Pamela, said she, I would have you be very easy about it. I am glad of it, said I, for all your jokes, to Mrs. Jewkes.

Well, said she, he talks of nothing but you: and when I told him I would fain have persuaded you to come with me, the man was out of his wits with his gratitude to me: and so has laid open all his heart to me, and told me all that has passed, and was contriving between you two. This alarmed me prodigiously; and the rather, as I saw, by two or three instances, that his honest heart could keep nothing, believing every one as undesigning as himself. I said, but yet with a heavy heart, Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, Mrs. Jewkes, this might have done with me, had he had any thing that he could have told you of. But you know well enough, that had we been disposed, we had no opportunity for it, from your watchful care and circumspection. No, said she, that's very true, Mrs. Pamela; not so much as for that declaration that he owned before me, he had found opportunity, for all my watchfulness, to make you. Come, come, said she, no more of these shams with me! You have an excellent head-piece for your years; but may be I am as cunning

as you. — However, said she, all is well now; because my watchments are now over, by my master's direction. How have you employed yourself in my absence?

I was so troubled at what might have passed between Mr. Williams and her, that I could not hide it; and she said, Well, Mrs. Pamela, since all matters are likely to be so soon and so happily ended, let me advise you to be a little less concerned at his discoveries; and make me your confidant, as he has done, and I shall think you have some favour for me, and reliance upon me; and perhaps you might not repent it.

She was so earnest, that I mistrusted she did this to pump me; and I knew how, now, to account for her kindness to Mr. Williams in her visit to him; which was only to get out of him what she could. Why, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, is all this fishing about for something, where there is nothing, if there be an end of your watchments, as you call them? Nothing, said she, but womanish curiosity, I'll assure you; for one is naturally led to find out matters, where there is such privacy intended. Well, said I, pray let me know what he has said; and then I'll give you an answer to your curiosity. I don't care, said she, whether you do or not for I have as much as I wanted from him; and I despair of getting out of you any thing you ha'n't a mind I should know, my little cunning dear. — Well, said I, let him have said what he would, I care not: for I am sure he can say no harm of me; and so let us change the talk.

I was the easier, indeed, because, for all her pumps, she gave no hints of the key and the door, etc. which, had he communicated to her, she would not have forborne giving me a touch of. — And so we gave up one another, as despairing to gain our ends of each other. But I am sure he must have said more than he should. — And I am the more apprehensive all is not right, because she has now been actually, these two hours, shut up a writing; though she pretended she had given me up all her stores of papers, etc. and that I should write for her. I begin to wish I had ventured every thing and gone off, when I might. O when will this state of doubt and uneasiness end!

She has just been with me, and says she shall send a messenger to Bedfordshire; and he shall carry a letter of thanks for me, if I will write it for my master's favour to me. Indeed, said I, I have no thanks to give, till I am with my father and mother: and besides, I sent a letter, as you know; but have had no answer to it. She said, she thought that his letter to Mr. Williams was sufficient; and the least I could do was to thank him, if but in two lines. No need of it, said I; for I don't intend to have Mr. Williams: What then is that letter to me? Well, said she, I see thou art quite unfathomable!

I don't like all this. O my foolish fears of bulls and robbers! — For now all my uneasiness begins to double upon me. O what has this incautious man said! That,

no doubt, is the subject of her long letter.

I will close this day's writing, with just saying, that she is mighty silent and reserved, to what she was: and says nothing but No, or Yes, to what I ask. Something must be hatching, I doubt! — I the rather think so, because I find she does not keep her word with me, about lying by myself, and my money; to both which points she returned suspicious answers, saying, as to the one, Why, you are mighty earnest for your money; I shan't run away with it. And to the other, Good-lack! you need not be so willing, as I know of, to part with me for a bed-fellow, till you are sure of one you like better. This cut me to the heart; and, at the same time, stopped my mouth.

Tuesday, Wednesday.

Mr. Williams has been here; but we have had no opportunity to talk together: He seemed confounded at Mrs. Jewkes's change of temper, and reservedness, after her kind visit, and their freedom with one another, and much more at what I am going to tell you. He asked, If I would take a turn in the garden with Mrs. Jewkes and him. No, said she, I can't go. Said he, May not Mrs. Pamela take a walk? — No, said she; I desire she won't. Why, Mrs. Jewkes? said he: I am afraid I have somehow disobliged you. Not at all, replied she; but I suppose you will soon be at liberty to walk together as much as you please: and I have sent a messenger for my last instructions, about this and more weighty matters; and when they come I shall leave you to do as you both will; but, till then, it is no matter how little you are together. This alarmed us both; and he seemed quite struck of a heap, and put on, as I thought, a self-accusing countenance. So I went behind her back, and held my two hands together, flat, with a bit of paper, I had, between them, and looked at him: and he seemed to take me as I intended; intimating the renewing of the correspondence by the tiles.

I left them both together, and retired to my closet to write a letter for the tiles; but having no time for a copy, I will give you the substance only.

I expostulated with him on his too great openness and easiness to fall into Mrs. Jewkes's snares: told him my apprehensions of foul play; and gave briefly the reasons which moved me: begged to know what he had said; and intimated, that I thought there was the highest reason to resume our prospect of the escape by the back-door. I put this in the usual place in the evening; and now wait with impatience for an answer.

Thursday.

I have the following answer:

'DEAREST MADAM,

'I am utterly confounded, and must plead guilty to all your just reproaches. I wish I were master of all but half your caution and discretion! I hope, after all,

this is only a touch of this ill woman's temper, to shew her power and importance: For I think Mr. B —— neither can nor dare deceive me in so black a manner. I would expose him all the world over if he did. But it is not, cannot be in him. I have received a letter from John Arnold, in which he tells me, that his master is preparing for his London journey; and believes, afterwards, he will come into these parts: But he says, Lady Davers is at their house, and is to accompany her brother to London, or meet him there, he knows not which. He professes great zeal and affection to your service: and I find he refers to a letter he sent me before, but which is not come to my hand. I think there can be no treachery; for it is a particular friend at Gainsborough, that I have ordered him to direct to; and this is come safe to my hands by this means; for well I know, I durst trust nothing to Brett, at the post-house here. This gives me a little pain; but I hope all will end well, and we shall soon hear, if it be necessary to pursue our former intentions. If it be, I will lose no time to provide a horse for you, and another for myself; for I can never do either God or myself better service, though I were to forego all my expectations for it here, I am 'Your most faithful humble servant.'

'I was too free indeed with Mrs. Jewkes, led to it by her dissimulation, and by her pretended concern to make me happy with you. I hinted, that I would not have scrupled to have procured your deliverance by any means; and that I had proposed to you, as the only honourable one, marriage with me. But I assured her, though she would hardly believe me, that you discouraged my application: which is too true! But not a word of the back-door key, etc.'

Mrs. Jewkes continues still sullen and ill-natured, and I am almost afraid to speak to her. She watches me as close as ever, and pretends to wonder why I shun her company as I do.

I have just put under the tiles these lines inspired by my fears, which are indeed very strong; and, I doubt, not without reason.

'SIR,

'Every thing gives me additional disturbance. The missed letter of John Arnold's makes me suspect a plot. Yet am I loath to think myself of so much importance, as to suppose every one in a plot against me. Are you sure, however, the London journey is not to be a Lincolnshire one? May not John, who has been once a traitor, be so again? — Why need I be thus in doubt? — If I could have this horse, I would turn the reins on his neck, and trust to Providence to guide him for my safeguard! For I would not endanger you, now just upon the edge of your preferment. Yet, sir, I fear your fatal openness will make you suspected as accessary, let us be ever so cautious.

'Were my life in question, instead of my honesty, I would not wish to involve you, or any body, in the least difficulty, for so worthless a poor creature. But, O

sir! my soul is of equal importance with the soul of a princess; though my quality is inferior to that of the meanest slave.

‘Save then my innocence, good Heaven! and preserve my mind spotless; and happy shall I be to lay down my worthless life; and see an end to all my troubles and anxieties.

‘Forgive my impatience: But my presaging mind bodes horrid mischiefs! Every thing looks dark around me; and this woman’s impenetrable sullenness and silence, without any apparent reason, from a conduct so very contrary, bid me fear the worst. — blame me, sir, if you think me wrong; and let me have your advice what to do; which will oblige

‘Your most afflicted servant.’

Friday.

I have this half-angry answer; but, what is more to me than all the letters in the world could be, yours, my dear father, enclosed.

‘MADAM,

‘I think you are too apprehensive by much; I am sorry for your uneasiness. You may depend upon me, and all I can do. But I make no doubt of the London journey, nor of John’s contrition and fidelity. I have just received, from my Gainsborough friend, this letter, as I suppose, from your good father, in a cover, directed for me, as I had desired. I hope it contains nothing to add to your uneasiness. Pray, dearest madam, lay aside your fears, and wait a few days for the issue of Mrs. Jewkes’s letter, and mine of thanks to Mr. B —— . Things, I hope, must be better than you expect. Providence will not desert such piety and innocence: and be this your comfort and reliance: Which is the best advice that can at present be given, by

‘Your most faithful humble servant.’

N. B. The father’s letter was as follows:

‘My DEAREST DAUGHTER,

‘Our prayers are at length heard, and we are overwhelmed with joy. O what sufferings, what trials, hast thou gone through! Blessed be the Divine goodness, which has enabled thee to withstand so many temptations! We have not yet had leisure to read through your long accounts of all your hardships. I say long, because I wonder how you could find time and opportunity for them: but otherwise they are the delight of our spare hours; and we shall read them over and over, as long as we live, with thankfulness to God, who has given us so virtuous and so discreet a daughter. How happy is our lot in the midst of our poverty! O let none ever think children a burden to them; when the poorest circumstances can produce so much riches in a Pamela! Persist, my dear daughter, in the same

excellent course; and we shall not envy the highest estate, but defy them to produce such a daughter as ours.

'I said, we had not read through all yours in course. We were too impatient, and so turned to the end; where we find your virtue within view of its reward, and your master's heart turned to see the folly of his ways, and the injury he had intended to our dear child: For, to be sure, my dear, he would have ruined you, if he could. But seeing your virtue, his heart is touched; and he has, no doubt, been awakened by your good example.

'We don't see that you can do any way so well, as to come into the present proposal, and make Mr. Williams, the worthy Mr. Williams! God bless him! — happy. And though we are poor, and can add no merit, no reputation, no fortune, to our dear child, but rather must be a disgrace to her, as the world will think; yet I hope I do not sin in my pride, to say, that there is no good man, of a common degree, (especially as your late lady's kindness gave you such good opportunities, which you have had the grace to improve,) but may think himself happy in you. But, as you say, you had rather not marry at present, far be it from us to offer violence to your inclination! So much prudence as you have shewn in all your conduct, would make it very wrong in us to mistrust it in this, or to offer to direct you in your choice. But, alas! my child, what can we do for you? — To partake our hard lot, and involve yourself into as hard a life, would not help us, but add to your afflictions. But it will be time enough to talk of these things, when we have the pleasure you now put us in hope of, of seeing you with us; which God grant. Amen, amen, say 'Your most indulgent parents. Amen!'

'Our humblest service and thanks to the worthy Mr. Williams. Again we say, God bless him for ever!

'O what a deal we have to say to you! God give us a happy meeting! We understand the 'squire is setting out for London. He is a fine gentleman, and has wit at will. I wish he was as good. But I hope he will now reform.'

O what inexpressible comfort, my dear father, has your letter given me! — You ask, What can you do for me? — What is it you cannot do for your child! — You can give her the advice she has so much wanted, and still wants, and will always want: You can confirm her in the paths of virtue, into which you first initiated her; and you can pray for her, with hearts so sincere and pure, that are not to be met with in palaces! — Oh! how I long to throw myself at your feet, and receive from your own lips the blessings of such good parents! But, alas! how are my prospects again overclouded, to what they were when I closed my last parcel! — More trials, more dangers, I fear, must your poor Pamela be engaged in: But through the Divine goodness, and your prayers, I hope, at last, to get well out of all my

difficulties; and the rather, as they are not the effect of my own vanity or presumption!

But I will proceed with my hopeless story. I saw Mr. Williams was a little nettled at my impatience; and so I wrote to assure him I would be as easy as I could, and wholly directed by him; especially as my father, whose respects I mentioned, had assured me my master was setting out for London, which he must have somehow from his own family or he would not have written me word of it.

Saturday, Sunday.

Mr. Williams has been here both these days, as usual; but is very indifferently received still by Mrs. Jewkes; and, to avoid suspicion, I left them together, and went up to my closet, most of the time he was here. He and she, I found by her, had a quarrel: and she seems quite out of humour with him: but I thought it best not to say any thing: and he said, he would very little trouble the house till he had an answer to his letter from Mr. B —— . And she returned, The less, the better. Poor man! he has got but little by his openness, making Mrs. Jewkes his confidant, as she bragged, and would have had me to do likewise.

I am more and more satisfied there is mischief brewing; and shall begin to hide my papers, and be circumspect. She seems mighty impatient for an answer to her letter to my master.

Monday, Tuesday, the 25th and 26th days of my heavy restraint.

Still more and more strange things to write! A messenger is returned, and now all is out! O wretched, wretched Pamela! What, at last, will become of me! — Such strange turns and trials sure never poor creature, of my years, experienced. He brought two letters, one to Mrs. Jewkes, and one to me: but, as the greatest wits may be sometimes mistaken, they being folded and sealed alike, that for me was directed to Mrs. Jewkes; and that for her was directed to me. But both are stark naught, abominably bad! She brought me up that directed for me, and said, Here's a letter for you: Long-looked-for is come at last. I will ask the messenger a few questions, and then I will read mine. So she went down, and I broke it open in my closet, and found it directed To MRS. PAMELA ANDREWS. But when I opened it, it began, Mrs. Jewkes. I was quite confounded; but, thought I, this may be a lucky mistake; I may discover something: And so I read on these horrid contents:

'MRS. JEWKES,

'What you write me, has given me no small disturbance. This wretched fool's play-thing, no doubt, is ready to leap at any thing that offers, rather than express the least sense of gratitude for all the benefits she has received from my family, and which I was determined more and more to heap upon her. I reserve her for my future resentment; and I charge you double your diligence in watching her, to

prevent her escape. I send this by an honest Swiss, who attended me in my travels; a man I can trust; and so let him be your assistant: for the artful creature is enough to corrupt a nation by her seeming innocence and simplicity; and she may have got a party, perhaps, among my servants with you, as she has here. Even John Arnold, whom I confided in, and favoured more than any, has proved an execrable villain; and shall meet his reward for it.

'As to that college novice, Williams, I need not bid you take care he sees not this painted bauble: for I have ordered Mr. Shorter, my attorney, to throw him instantly into gaol, on an action of debt, for money he has had of me, which I had intended never to carry to account against him; for I know all his rascally practices, besides what you write me of his perfidious intrigue with that girl, and his acknowledged contrivances for her escape; when he knew not, for certain, that I designed her any mischief; and when, if he had been guided by a sense of piety, or compassion for injured innocence, as he pretends, he would have expostulated with me, as his function, and my friendship for him, might have allowed him. But to enter into a vile intrigue with the amiable gewgaw, to favour her escape in so base a manner, (to say nothing of his disgraceful practices against me, in Sir Simon Darnford's family, of which Sir Simon himself has informed me), is a conduct that, instead of preferring the ungrateful wretch, as I had intended, shall pull down upon him utter ruin.

'Monsieur Colbrand, my trusty Swiss, will obey you without reserve, if my other servants refuse.

'As for her denying that she encouraged his declaration, I believe it not. It is certain the speaking picture, with all that pretended innocence and bashfulness, would have run away with him. Yes, she would run away with a fellow that she had been acquainted with (and that not intimately, if you were as careful as you ought to be) but a few days; at a time when she had the strongest assurances of my honour to her.

'Well, I think, I now hate her perfectly: and though I will do nothing to her myself, yet I can bear, for the sake of my revenge, and my injured honour and slighted love, to see any thing, even what she most fears, be done to her; and then she may be turned loose to her evil destiny, and echo to the woods and groves her piteous lamentations for the loss of her fantastical innocence, which the romantic ideot makes such a work about. I shall go to London, with my sister Davers; and the moment I can disengage myself, which, perhaps, may be in three weeks from this time, I will be with you, and decide her fate, and put an end to your trouble. Mean time be doubly careful; for this innocent, as I have warned you, is full of contrivances. I am 'Your friend.'

I had but just read this dreadful letter through, when Mrs. Jewkes came up in a great fright, guessing at the mistake, and that I had her letter, and she found me with it open in my hand, just sinking away. What business, said she, had you to read my letter? and snatched it from me. You see, said she, looking upon it, it says Mrs. Jewkes, at top: You ought, in manners, to have read no further. O add not, said I, to my afflictions! I shall be soon out of all your ways! This is too much! too much! I never can support this — and threw myself upon the couch, in my closet, and wept most bitterly. She read it in the next room, and came in again afterwards. Why, this, said she, is a sad letter indeed: I am sorry for it: But I feared you would carry your niceties too far! — Leave me, leave me, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, for a while: I cannot speak nor talk. — Poor heart! said she; Well, I'll come up again presently, and hope to find you better. But here, take your own letter; I wish you well; but this is a sad mistake! And so she put down by me that which was intended for me: But I have no spirit to read it at present. O man! man! hard-hearted, cruel man! what mischiefs art thou not capable of, unrelenting persecutor as thou art!

I sat ruminating, when I had a little come to myself, upon the terms of this wicked letter; and had no inclination to look into my own. The bad names, fool's play-thing, artful creature, painted bauble, gewgaw, speaking picture, are hard words for your poor Pamela! and I began to think whether I was not indeed a very naughty body, and had not done vile things: But when I thought of his having discovered poor John, and of Sir Simon's base officiousness, in telling him of Mr. Williams, with what he had resolved against him in revenge for his goodness to me, I was quite dispirited; and yet still more about that fearful Colbrand, and what he could see done to me: for then I was ready to gasp for breath, and my heart quite failed me. Then how dreadful are the words, that he will decide my fate in three weeks! Gracious Heaven, said I, strike me dead, before that time, with a thunderbolt, or provide some way for my escaping these threatened mischiefs! God forgive me, if I sinned!

At last, I took up the letter directed for Mrs. Jewkes, but designed for me; and I find that little better than the other. These are the hard terms it contains:

'Well have you done, perverse, forward, artful, yet foolish Pamela, to convince me, before it was too late, how ill I had done to place my affections on so unworthy an object: I had vowed honour and love to your unworthiness, believing you a mirror of bashful modesty and unspotted innocence; and that no perfidious designs lurked in so fair a bosom. But now I have found you out, you specious hypocrite! and I see, that though you could not repose the least confidence in one you had known for years, and who, under my good mother's misplaced favour for you, had grown up in a manner with you; when my passion, in spite of my pride,

and the difference of our condition, made me stoop to a meanness that now I despise myself for; yet you could enter into an intrigue with a man you never knew till within these few days past, and resolve to run away with a stranger, whom your fair face, and insinuating arts, had bewitched to break through all the ties of honour and gratitude to me, even at a time when the happiness of his future life depended upon my favour.

'Henceforth, for Pamela's sake, whenever I see a lovely face, will I mistrust a deceitful heart; and whenever I hear of the greatest pretences to innocence, will I suspect some deep-laid mischief. You were determined to place no confidence in me, though I have solemnly, over and over, engaged my honour to you. What, though I had alarmed your fears in sending you one way, when you hoped to go another; yet, had I not, to convince you of my resolution to do justly by you, (although with great reluctance, such then was my love for you,) engaged not to come near you without your own consent? Was not this a voluntary demonstration of the generosity of my intention to you? Yet how have you requited me? The very first fellow that your charming face, and insinuating address, could influence, you have practised upon, corrupted too, I may say, (and even ruined, as the ungrateful wretch shall find,) and thrown your forward self upon him. As, therefore, you would place no confidence in me, my honour owes you nothing; and, in a little time, you shall find how much you have erred, in treating, as you have done, a man who was once

'Your affectionate and kind friend.'

'Mrs. Jewkes has directions concerning you: and if your lot is now harder than you might wish, you will bear it the easier, because your own rash folly has brought it upon you.'

Alas! for me, what a fate is mine, to be thus thought artful, and forward, and ungrateful; when all I intended was to preserve my innocence; and when all the poor little shifts, which his superior wicked wit and cunning have rendered ineffectual, were forced upon me in my own necessary defence!

When Mrs. Jewkes came up to me again, she found me bathed in tears. She seemed, as I thought, to be moved to some compassion; and finding myself now entirely in her power, and that it is not for me to provoke her, I said, It is now, I see, in vain for me to contend against my evil destiny, and the superior arts of my barbarous master. I will resign myself to the Divine will, and prepare to expect the worst. But you see how this poor Mr. Williams is drawn in and undone: I am sorry I am made the cause of his ruin. Poor, poor man! — to be thus involved, and for my sake too! — But if you'll believe me, said I, I gave no encouragement to what he proposed, as to marriage; nor would he have proposed it, I believe, but as the only honourable way he thought was left to save me: And his principal motive to

it at all, was virtue and compassion to one in distress. What other view could he have? You know I am poor and friendless. All I beg of you is, to let the poor gentleman have notice of my master's resentment; and let him fly the country, and not be thrown into gaol. This will answer my master's end as well; for it will as effectually hinder him from assisting me, as if he was in a prison.

Ask me, said she, to do any thing that is in my power, consistent with my duty and trust, and I will do it: for I am sorry for you both. But, to be sure, I shall keep no correspondence with him, nor let you. I offered to talk of a duty superior to that she mentioned, which would oblige her to help distressed innocence, and not permit her to go the lengths enjoined by lawless tyranny; but she plainly bid me be silent on that head: for it was in vain to attempt to persuade her to betray her trust: — All I have to advise you, said she, is to be easy; lay aside all your contrivances and arts to get away, and make me your friend, by giving me no reason to suspect you; for I glory in my fidelity to my master: And you have both practised some strange sly arts, to make such a progress as he has owned there was between you, so seldom as I thought you saw one another; and I must be more circumspect than I have been.

This doubled my concern; for I now apprehended I should be much closer watched than before.

Well, said I, since I have, by this strange accident, discovered my hard destiny; let me read over again that fearful letter of yours, that I may get it by heart, and with it feed my distress, and make calamity familiar to me. Then, said she, let me read yours again. I gave her mine, and she lent me hers: and so I took a copy of it, with her leave; because, as I said I would, by it, prepare myself for the worst. And when I had done, I pinned it on the head of the couch: This, said I, is the use I shall make of this wretched copy of your letter; and here you shall always find it wet with my tears.

She said she would go down to order supper; and insisted upon my company to it. I would have excused myself; but she began to put on a commanding air, that I durst not oppose. And when I went down, she took me by the hand, and presented me to the most hideous monster I ever saw in my life. Here, Monsieur Colbrand, said she, here is your pretty ward and mine; let us try to make her time with us easy. He bowed, and put on his foreign grimaces, and seemed to bless himself; and, in broken English, told me, I was happy in de affections of de finest gentleman in de varld! — I was quite frightened, and ready to drop down; and I will describe him to you, my dear father and mother, if now you will ever see this: and you shall judge if I had not reason, especially not knowing he was to be there, and being apprised, as I was, of his hated employment, to watch me closer.

He is a giant of a man for stature; taller by a good deal than Harry Mowlidge, in your neighbourhood, and large boned, and scraggy; and has a hand! — I never saw such an one in my life. He has great staring eyes, like the bull's that frightened me so; vast jaw-bones sticking out: eyebrows hanging over his eyes; two great scars upon his forehead, and one on his left cheek; and two large whiskers, and a monstrous wide mouth; blubber lips; long yellow teeth, and a hideous grin. He wears his own frightful long hair, tied up in a great black bag; a black crape neckcloth about a long ugly neck: and his throat sticking out like a wen. As to the rest, he was dressed well enough, and had a sword on, with a nasty red knot to it; leather garters, buckled below his knees; and a foot — near as long as my arm, I verily think.

He said, he fright de lady; and offered to withdraw; but she bid him not; and I told Mrs. Jewkes, That as she knew I had been crying, she should not have called me to the gentleman without letting me know he was there. I soon went up to my closet; for my heart ached all the time I was at table, not being able to look upon him without horror; and this brute of a woman, though she saw my distress, before this addition to it, no doubt did it on purpose to strike more terror into me. And indeed it had its effect: for when I went to bed, I could think of nothing but his hideous person, and my master's more hideous actions: and thought them too well paired; and when I dropt asleep, I dreamed they were both coming to my bedside, with the worst designs; and I jumped out of my bed in my sleep, and frightened Mrs. Jewkes; till, waking with the terror, I told her my dream; and the wicked creature only laughed, and said, All I feared was but a dream, as well as that; and when it was over, and I was well awake, I should laugh at it as such!

And now I am come to the close of Wednesday, the 27th day of my distress.

Poor Mr. Williams is actually arrested, and carried away to Stamford. So there is an end of all my hopes from him, poor gentleman! His over-security and openness have ruined us both! I was but too well convinced, that we ought not to have lost a moment's time; but he was half angry, and thought me too impatient; and then his fatal confessions, and the detestable artifice of my master! — But one might well think, that he who had so cunningly, and so wickedly, contrived all his stratagems hitherto, that it was impossible to avoid them, would stick at nothing to complete them. I fear I shall soon find it so!

But one stratagem I have just invented, though a very discouraging one to think of; because I have neither friends nor money, nor know one step of the way, if I was out of the house. But let bulls, and bears, and lions, and tigers, and, what is worse, false, treacherous, deceitful men, stand in my way, I cannot be in more danger than I am; and I depend nothing upon his three weeks: for how do I know, now he is in such a passion, and has already begun his vengeance on poor Mr.

Williams, that he will not change his mind, and come down to Lincolnshire before he goes to London?

My stratagem is this: I will endeavour to get Mrs. Jewkes to go to bed without me, as she often does, while I sit locked up in my closet: and as she sleeps very sound in her first sleep, of which she never fails to give notice by snoring, if I can but then get out between the two bars of the window, (for you know I am very slender, and I find I can get my head through,) then I can drop upon the leads underneath, which are little more than my height, and which leads are over a little summer-parlour, that juts out towards the garden; and as I am light, I can easily drop from them; for they are not high from the ground: then I shall be in the garden; and then, as I have the key of the back-door, I will get out. But I have another piece of cunning still: Good Heaven, succeed to me my dangerous, but innocent devices! — I have read of a great captain, who, being in danger, leaped overboard into the sea, and his enemies, as he swam, shooting at him with bows and arrows, he unloosed his upper garment, and took another course, while they stuck that full of their darts and arrows; and so he escaped, and lived to triumph over them all. So what will I do, but strip off my upper petticoat, and throw it into the pond, with my neckhandkerchief! For to be sure, when they miss me, they will go to the pond first, thinking I have drowned myself: and so, when they see some of my clothes floating there, they will be all employed in dragging the pond, which is a very large one; and as I shall not, perhaps, be missed till the morning, this will give me opportunity to get a great way off; and I am sure I will run for it when I am out. And so I trust, that Providence will direct my steps to some good place of safety, and make some worthy body my friend; for sure, if I suffer ever so, I cannot be in more danger, nor in worse hands, than where I am; and with such avowed bad designs.

O my dear parents! don't be frightened when you come to read this! — But all will be over before you can see it; and so God direct me for the best! My writings, for fear I should not escape, I will bury in the garden; for, to be sure, I shall be searched and used dreadfully if I can't get off. And so I will close here, for the present, to prepare for my plot. Prosper thou, O gracious Protector of oppressed innocence! this last effort of thy poor handmaid! that I may escape the crafty devices and snares that have begun to entangle my virtue; and from which, but by this one trial, I see no way of escaping. And oh! whatever becomes of me, bless my dear parents, and protect poor Mr. Williams from ruin! for he was happy before he knew me.

Just now, just now! I heard Mrs. Jewkes, who is in her cups, own to the horrid Colbrand, that the robbing of poor Mr. Williams was a contrivance of hers, and executed by the groom and a helper, in order to seize my letters upon him, which

they missed. They are now both laughing at the dismal story, which they little think I overheard — O how my heart aches! for what are not such wretches capable of! Can you blame me for endeavouring, through any danger, to get out of such clutches?

Past eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Jewkes is come up, and gone to bed; and bids me not stay long in my closet, but come to bed. O for a dead sleep for the treacherous brute! I never saw her so tipsy, and that gives me hopes. I have tried again, and find I can get my head through the iron bars. I am now all prepared, as soon as I hear her fast; and now I'll seal up these, and my other papers, my last work: and to thy providence, O my gracious God! commit the rest. — Once more, God bless you both! and send us a happy meeting; if not here, in his heavenly kingdom. Amen.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st days of my distress.

And distress indeed! For here I am still; and every thing has been worse and worse! Oh! the poor unhappy Pamela! — Without any hope left, and ruined in all my contrivances. But, oh! my dear parents, rejoice with me, even in this low plunge of my distress; for your poor Pamela has escaped from an enemy worse than any she ever met with; an enemy she never thought of before, and was hardly able to stand against: I mean, the weakness and presumption, both in one, of her own mind; which had well nigh, had not the divine grace interposed, sunk her into the lowest, last abyss of misery and perdition!

I will proceed, as I have opportunity, with my sad relation: for my pen and ink (in my now doubly-secured closet) are all I have to employ myself with: and indeed I have been so weak, that, till yesterday evening, I have not been able to hold a pen.

I took with me but one shift, besides what I had on, and two handkerchiefs, and two caps, which my pocket held, (for it was not for me to encumber myself,) and all my stock of money, which was but five or six shillings, to set out for I knew not where; and got out of the window, not without some difficulty, sticking a little at my shoulders and hips; but I was resolved to get out, if possible. And it was farther from the leads than I thought, and I was afraid I had sprained my ancle; and when I had dropt from the leads to the ground, it was still farther off; but I did pretty well there, at least. I got no hurt to hinder me from pursuing my intentions. So being now on the ground, I hid my papers under a rose-bush, and covered them with mould, and there they still lie, as I hope. Then I hied away to the pond: The clock struck twelve, just as I got out; and it was a dark misty night, and very cold; but I felt it not then.

When I came to the pond-side, I flung in my upper-coat, as I had designed, and my neckhandkerchief, and a round-eared cap, with a knot; and then with great speed ran to the door, and took the key out of my pocket, my poor heart beating all the time against my bosom, as if it would have forced its way through it: and beat it well might! for I then, too late, found, that I was most miserably disappointed; for the wicked woman had taken off that lock, and put another on; so that my key would not open it. I tried, and tried, and feeling about, I found a padlock besides, on another part of the door. O then how my heart sunk! — I dropt down with grief and confusion, unable to stir or support myself, for a while. But my fears awakening my resolution, and knowing that my attempt would be as terrible for me as any other danger I could then encounter, I clambered up upon the ledges of the door, and upon the lock, which was a great wooden one; and reached the top of the door with my hands; then, little thinking I could climb so well, I made shift to lay hold on the top of the wall with my hands; but, alas for me! nothing but ill luck! — no escape for poor Pamela! The wall being old, the bricks I held by gave way, just as I was taking a spring to get up; and down came I, and received such a blow upon my head, with one of the bricks, that it quite stunned me; and I broke my shins and my ancle besides, and beat off the heel of one of my shoes.

In this dreadful way, flat upon the ground, lay poor I, for I believe five or six minutes; and then trying to get up, I sunk down again two or three times; and my left hip and shoulder were very stiff, and full of pain, with bruises; and, besides, my head bled, and ached grievously with the blow I had with the brick. Yet these hurts I valued not; but crept a good way upon my feet and hands, in search of a ladder, I just recollected to have seen against the wall two days before, on which the gardener was nailing a nectarine branch that was loosened from the wall: but no ladder could I find, and the wall was very high. What now, thought I, must become of the miserable Pamela! — Then I began to wish myself most heartily again in my closet, and to repent of my attempt, which I now censured as rash, because it did not succeed.

God forgive me! but a sad thought came just then into my head! — I tremble to think of it! Indeed my apprehensions of the usage I should meet with, had like to have made me miserable for ever! O my dear, dear parents, forgive your poor child; but being then quite desperate, I crept along, till I could raise myself on my staggering feet; and away limped I! — What to do, but to throw myself into the pond, and so put a period to all my griefs in this world! — But, O! to find them infinitely aggravated (had I not, by the divine grace, been withheld) in a miserable eternity! As I have escaped this temptation, (blessed be God for it!) I will tell you my conflicts on this dreadful occasion, that the divine mercies may be magnified

in my deliverance, that I am yet on this side the dreadful gulf, from which there could have been no return.

It was well for me, as I have since thought, that I was so maimed, as made me the longer before I got to the water; for this gave me time to consider, and abated the impetuousness of my passions, which possibly might otherwise have hurried me, in my first transport of grief, (on my seeing no way to escape, and the hard usage I had reason to expect from my dreadful keepers,) to throw myself in. But my weakness of body made me move so slowly, that it gave time, as I said, for a little reflection, a ray of grace, to dart in upon my benighted mind; and so, when I came to the pond-side, I sat myself down on the sloping bank, and began to ponder my wretched condition; and thus I reasoned with myself.

Pause here a little, Pamela, on what thou art about, before thou takest the dreadful leap; and consider whether there be no way yet left, no hope, if not to escape from this wicked house, yet from the mischiefs threatened thee in it.

I then considered; and, after I had cast about in my mind every thing that could make me hope, and saw no probability; a wicked woman, devoid of all compassion! a horrid helper, just arrived, in this dreadful Colbrand! an angry and resenting master, who now hated me, and threatened the most afflicting evils! and that I should, in all probability, be deprived even of the opportunity, I now had before me, to free myself from all their persecutions! — What hast thou to do, distressed creature, said I to myself, but throw thyself upon a merciful God, (who knows how innocently I suffer,) to avoid the merciless wickedness of those who are determined on my ruin?

And then, thought I, (and oh! that thought was surely of the devil's instigation; for it was very soothing, and powerful with me,) these wicked wretches, who now have no remorse, no pity on me, will then be moved to lament their misdoings; and when they see the dead corpse of the unhappy Pamela dragged out to these dewy banks, and lying breathless at their feet, they will find that remorse to soften their obdurate heart, which, now, has no place there! — And my master, my angry master, will then forget his resentments, and say, O, this is the unhappy Pamela! that I have so causelessly persecuted and destroyed! Now do I see she preferred her honesty to her life, will he say, and is no hypocrite, nor deceiver; but really was the innocent creature she pretended to be! Then, thought I, will he, perhaps, shed a few tears over the poor corpse of his persecuted servant; and though he may give out, it was love and disappointment; and that, perhaps, (in order to hide his own guilt,) for the unfortunate Mr. Williams, yet will he be inwardly grieved, and order me a decent funeral, and save me, or rather this part of me, from the dreadful stake, and the highway interment; and the young men and maidens all around my dear father's will pity poor Pamela! But, O! I hope I shall not be the

subject of their ballads and elegies; but that my memory, for the sake of my dear father and mother, may quickly slide into oblivion.

I was once rising, so indulgent was I to this sad way of thinking, to throw myself in: But, again, my bruises made me slow; and I thought, What art thou about to do, wretched Pamela? How knowest thou, though the prospect be all dark to thy short-sighted eye, what God may do for thee, even when all human means fail? God Almighty would not lay me under these sore afflictions, if he had not given me strength to grapple with them, if I will exert it as I ought: And who knows, but that the very presence I so much dread of my angry and designing master, (for he has had me in his power before, and yet I have escaped;) may be better for me, than these persecuting emissaries of his, who, for his money, are true to their wicked trust, and are hardened by that, and a long habit of wickedness, against compunction of heart? God can touch his heart in an instant; and if this should not be done, I can then but put an end to my life by some other means, if I am so resolved.

But how do I know, thought I, that even these bruises and maims that I have gotten, while I pursued only the laudable escape I had meditated, may not kindly have furnished me with the opportunity I am now tempted with to precipitate myself, and of surrendering up my life, spotless and unguilty, to that merciful Being who gave it!

Then, thought I, who gave thee, presumptuous as thou art, a power over thy life? Who authorised thee to put an end to it, when the weakness of thy mind suggests not to thee a way to preserve it with honour? How knowest thou what purposes God may have to serve, by the trials with which thou art now exercised? Art thou to put a bound to the divine will, and to say, Thus much will I bear, and no more? And wilt thou dare to say, That if the trial be augmented and continued, thou wilt sooner die than bear it?

This act of despondency, thought I, is a sin, that, if I pursue it, admits of no repentance, and can therefore hope no forgiveness. — And wilt thou, to shorten thy transitory griefs, heavy as they are, and weak as thou fanciest thyself, plunge both body and soul into everlasting misery! Hitherto, Pamela, thought I, thou art the innocent, the suffering Pamela; and wilt thou, to avoid thy sufferings, be the guilty aggressor? And, because wicked men persecute thee, wilt thou fly in the face of the Almighty, and distrust his grace and goodness, who can still turn all these sufferings to benefits? And how do I know, but that God, who sees all the lurking vileness of my heart, may have permitted these sufferings on that very score, and to make me rely solely on his grace and assistance, who, perhaps, have too much prided myself in a vain dependence on my own foolish contrivances?

Then, again, thought I, wilt thou suffer in one moment all the good lessons of thy poor honest parents, and the benefit of their example, (who have persisted in doing their duty with resignation to the divine will, amidst the extreme degrees of disappointment, poverty, and distress, and the persecutions of an ungrateful world, and merciless creditors,) to be thrown away upon thee: and bring down, as in all probability this thy rashness will, their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, when they shall understand, that their beloved daughter, slighting the tenders of divine grace, despairing of the mercies of a protecting God, has blemished, in this last act, a whole life, which they had hitherto approved and delighted in?

What then, presumptuous Pamela, dost thou here? thought I: Quit with speed these perilous banks, and fly from these curling waters, that seem, in their meaning murmurs, this still night, to reproach thy rashness! Tempt not God's goodness on the mossy banks, that have been witnesses of thy guilty purpose: and while thou hast power left thee, avoid the tempting evil, lest thy grand enemy, now repulsed by divine grace, and due reflection, return to the assault with a force that thy weakness may not be able to resist! and let one rash moment destroy all the convictions, which now have awed thy rebellious mind into duty and resignation to the divine will!

And so saying, I arose; but was so stiff with my hurts, so cold with the moist dew of the night, and the wet grass on which I had sat, as also with the damps arising from so large a piece of water, that with great pain I got from this pond, which now I think of with terror; and bending my limping steps towards the house, took refuge in the corner of an outhouse, where wood and coals are laid up for family use, till I should be found by my cruel keepers, and consigned to a more wretched confinement, and worse usage than I had hitherto experienced; and there behind a pile of firewood I crept, and lay down, as you may imagine, with a mind just broken, and a heart sensible to nothing but the extremest woe and dejection.

This, my dear father and mother, is the issue of your poor Pamela's fruitless enterprise; and who knows, if I had got out at the back-door, whether I had been at all in a better case, moneyless, friendless, as I am, and in a strange place! — But blame not your poor daughter too much: Nay, if ever you see this miserable scribble, all bathed and blotted with my tears, let your pity get the better of your reprehension! But I know it will — And I must leave off for the present. — For, oh! my strength and my will are at this time very far unequal to one another. — But yet I will add, that though I should have praised God for my deliverance, had I been freed from my wicked keepers, and my designing master; yet I have more abundant reason to praise him, that I have been delivered from a worse enemy, — myself!

I will conclude my sad relation.

It seems Mrs. Jewkes awaked not till day-break; and not finding me in bed, she called me; and, no answer being returned, she relates, that she got out of bed, and ran to my closet; and, missing me, searched under the bed, and in another closet, finding the chamber-door as she had left it, quite fast, and the key, as usual, about her wrist. For if I could have got out of the chamber-door, there were two or three passages, and doors to them all, double-locked and barred, to go through into the great garden; so that, to escape, there was no way, but out of the window; and of that window, because of the summer-parlour under it: for the other windows are a great way from the ground.

She says she was excessively frightened; and instantly raised the Swiss, and the two maids, who lay not far off; and finding every door fast, she said, I must be carried away, as St. Peter was out of prison, by some angel. It is a wonder she had not a worse thought!

She says, she wept, and wrung her hands, and took on sadly, running about like a mad woman, little thinking I could have got out of the closet window, between the iron bars; and, indeed, I don't know whether I could do so again. But at last finding that casement open, they concluded it must be so; and ran out into the garden, and found my footsteps in the mould of the bed which I dropt down upon from the leads: And so speeded away all of them; that is to say, Mrs. Jewkes, Colbrand, and Nan, towards the back-door, to see if that was fast; while the cook was sent to the out-offices to raise the men, and make them get horses ready, to take each a several way to pursue me.

But, it seems, finding that door double-locked and padlocked, and the heel of my shoe, and the broken bricks, they verily concluded I was got away by some means over the wall; and then, they say, Mrs. Jewkes seemed like a distracted woman: Till, at last, Nan had the thought to go towards the pond: and there seeing my coat, and cap, and handkerchief, in the water, cast almost to the banks by the agitation of the waves, she thought it was me; and, screaming out, ran to Mrs. Jewkes, and said, O, madam, madam! here's a piteous thing! — Mrs. Pamela lies drowned in the pond. Thither they all ran; and finding my clothes, doubted not I was at the bottom; and they all, Swiss among the rest, beat their breasts, and made most dismal lamentations; and Mrs. Jewkes sent Nan to the men, to bid them get the drag-net ready, and leave the horses, and come to try to find the poor innocent! as she, it seems, then called me, beating her breast, and lamenting my hard hap; but most what would become of them, and what account they should give to my master.

While every one was thus differently employed, some weeping and wailing, some running here and there, Nan came into the wood-house; and there lay poor

I; so weak, so low, and dejected, and withal so stiff with my bruises, that I could not stir, nor help myself to get upon my feet. And I said, with a low voice, (for I could hardly speak,) Mrs. Ann! Mrs. Ann! — The creature was sadly frightened, but was taking up a billet to knock me on the head, believing I was some thief, as she said; but I cried out, O Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann, help me, for pity's sake, to Mrs. Jewkes! for I cannot get up! — Bless me, said she, what! you, madam! — Why, our hearts are almost broken, and we were going to drag the pond for you, believing you had drowned yourself. Now, said she, you'll make us all alive again!

And, without helping me, she ran away to the pond, and brought all the crew to the wood-house. — The wicked woman, as she entered, said, Where is she? — Plague of her spells, and her witchcrafts! She shall dearly repent of this trick, if my name be Jewkes; and, coming to me, took hold of my arm so roughly, and gave me such a pull, as made me squeal out, (my shoulder being bruised on that side,) and drew me on my face. O cruel creature! said I, if you knew what I have suffered, it would move you to pity me!

Even Colbrand seemed to be concerned, and said, Fie, madam, fie! you see she is almost dead! You must not be so rough with her. The coachman Robin seemed to be sorry for me too, and said, with sobs, What a scene is here! Don't you see she is all bloody in her head, and cannot stir? — Curse of her contrivance! said the horrid creature; she has frightened me out of my wits, I'm sure. How the d — l came you here? — Oh! said I, ask me now no questions, but let the maids carry me up to my prison; and there let me die decently, and in peace! For, indeed, I thought I could not live two hours.

The still more inhuman tigress said, I suppose you want Mr. Williams to pray by you, don't you? Well, I'll send for my master this minute: let him come and watch you himself, for me; for there's no such thing as holding you, I'm sure.

So the maids took me up between them, and carried me to my chamber; and when the wretch saw how bad I was, she began a little to relent — while every one wondered (at which I had neither strength nor inclination to tell them) how all this came to pass, which they imputed to sorcery and witchcraft.

I was so weak, when I had got up stairs, that I fainted away, with dejection, pain, and fatigue; and they undressed me, and got me to bed; and Mrs. Jewkes ordered Nan to bathe my shoulder, and arm, and ancle, with some old rum warmed; and they cut the hair a little from the back part of my head, and washed that; for it was clotted with blood, from a pretty long, but not a deep gash; and put a family plaister upon it; for, if this woman has any good quality, it is, it seems, in a readiness and skill to manage in cases, where sudden misfortunes happen in a family.

After this, I fell into a pretty sound and refreshing sleep, and lay till twelve o'clock, tolerably easy, considering I was very feverish, and aguishly inclined; and she took a deal of care to fit me to undergo more trials, which I had hoped would have been happily ended: but Providence did not see fit.

She would make me rise about twelve: but I was so weak, I could only sit up till the bed was made, and went into it again; and was, as they said, delirious some part of the afternoon. But having a tolerable night on Thursday, I was a good deal better on Friday, and on Saturday got up, and ate a little spoon-meat, and my feverishness seemed to be gone; and I was so mended by evening, that I begged her indulgence in my closet, to be left to myself; which she consented to, it being double-barred the day before, and I assuring her, that all my contrivances, as she called them, were at an end. But first she made me tell the whole story of my enterprise; which I did very faithfully, knowing now that nothing could stand me in any stead, or contribute to my safety and escape: And she seemed full of wonder at my resolution; but told me frankly, that I should have found it a hard matter to get quite off; for that she was provided with a warrant from my master (who is a justice of peace in this county as well as in the other) to get me apprehended, if I had got away, on suspicion of wronging him, let me have been where I would.

O how deep-laid are the mischiefs designed to fall on my devoted head! — Surely, surely, I cannot be worthy of all this contrivance! This too well shews me the truth of what was hinted to me formerly at the other house, that my master swore he would have me! O preserve me, Heaven! from being his, in his own wicked sense of the adjuration!

I must add, that now the woman sees me pick up so fast, she uses me worse, and has abridged me of paper, all but one sheet, which I am to shew her, written or unwritten, on demand: and has reduced me to one pen: yet my hidden stores stand me in stead. But she is more and more snappish and cross; and tauntingly calls me Mrs. Williams, and any thing she thinks will vex me.

Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jewkes has thought fit to give me an airing, for three or four hours, this afternoon; and I am a good deal better and should be much more so, if I knew for what I am reserved. But health is a blessing hardly to be coveted in my circumstances, since that but exposes me to the calamity I am in continual apprehensions of; whereas a weak and sickly state might possibly move compassion for me. O how I dread the coming of this angry and incensed master; though I am sure I have done him no harm!

Just now we heard, that he had like to have been drowned in crossing the stream, a few days ago, in pursuing his game. What is the matter, that with all his

ill usage of me, I cannot hate him? To be sure, I am not like other people! He has certainly done enough to make me hate him; but yet, when I heard his danger, which was very great, I could not in my heart forbear rejoicing for his safety; though his death would have ended my afflictions. Ungenerous master! if you knew this, you surely would not be so much my persecutor! But, for my late good lady's sake, I must wish him well; and O what an angel would he be in my eyes yet, if he would cease his attempts, and reform!

Well, I hear by Mrs. Jewkes, that John Arnold is turned away, being detected in writing to Mr. Williams; and that Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan the butler, have incurred his displeasure, for offering to speak in my behalf. Mrs. Jervis too is in danger; for all these three, probably, went together to beg in my favour; for now it is known where I am.

Mrs. Jewkes has, with the news about my master, received a letter: but she says the contents are too bad for me to know. They must be bad indeed, if they be worse than what I have already known.

Just now the horrid creature tells me, as a secret, that she has reason to think he has found out a way to satisfy my scruples: It is, by marrying me to this dreadful Colbrand, and buying me of him on the wedding day, for a sum of money! — Was ever the like heard? — She says it will be my duty to obey my husband; and that Mr. Williams will be forced, as a punishment, to marry us; and that, when my master has paid for me, and I am surrendered up, the Swiss is to go home again, with the money, to his former wife and children; for, she says, it is the custom of those people to have a wife in every nation.

But this, to be sure, is horrid romancing! Yet, abominable as it is, it may possibly serve to introduce some plot now hatching! — With what strange perplexities is my poor mind agitated! Perchance, some sham-marriage may be designed, on purpose to ruin me; But can a husband sell his wife against her own consent? — And will such a bargain stand good in law?

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, the 32d, 33d, and 34th days of my imprisonment.

Nothing offers these days but squabblings between Mrs. Jewkes and me. She grows worse and worse to me. I vexed her yesterday, because she talked nastily; and told her she talked more like a vile London prostitute, than a gentleman's housekeeper; and she thinks she cannot use me bad enough for it. Bless me! she curses and storms at me like a trooper, and can hardly keep her hands off me. You may believe she must talk sadly, to make me say such harsh words: indeed it cannot be repeated; as she is a disgrace to her sex. And then she ridicules me, and laughs at my notions of honesty; and tells me, impudent creature as she is! what a fine bed-fellow I shall make for my master (and such-like), with such whimsical

notions about me! — Do you think this is to be borne? And yet she talks worse than this, if possible! quite filthily! O what vile hands am I put into!

Thursday.

I have now all the reason that can be, to apprehend my master will be here soon; for the servants are busy in setting the house to rights; and a stable and coach-house are cleaning out, that have not been used some time. I asked Mrs. Jewkes; but she tells me nothing, nor will hardly answer me when I ask her a question. Sometimes I think she puts on these strange wicked airs to me, purposely to make me wish for, what I dread most of all things, my master's coming down. He talk of love! — If he had any the least notion of regard for me, to be sure he would not give this naughty body such power over me: — And if he does come, where is his promise of not seeing me without I consent to it? But, it seems, his honour owes me nothing! So he tells me in his letter. And why? Because I am willing to keep mine. But, indeed, he says, he hates me perfectly: But it is plain he does, or I should not be left to the mercy of this woman: and, what is worse, to my woful apprehensions.

Friday, the 36th day of my imprisonment.

I took the liberty yesterday afternoon, finding the gates open, to walk out before the house; and, ere I was aware, had got to the bottom of the long row of elms; and there I sat myself down upon the steps of a sort of broad stile, which leads into the road, and goes towards the town. And as I sat musing upon what always busies my mind, I saw a whole body of folks running towards me from the house, men and women, as in a fright. At first I wondered what was the matter, till they came nearer; and I found they were all alarmed, thinking I had attempted to get off. There was first the horrible Colbrand, running with his long legs, well nigh two yards at a stride; then there was one of the grooms, poor Mr. Williams's robber; then I spied Nan, half out of breath, and the cook-maid after her! and lastly, came waddling, as fast as she could, Mrs. Jewkes, exclaiming most bitterly, as I found, against me. Colbrand said, O how have you frighted us all! — And went behind me, lest I should run away, as I suppose.

I sat still, to let them see I had no view to get away; for, besides the improbability of succeeding, my last sad attempt has cured me of enterprising again. And when Mrs. Jewkes came within hearing, I found her terribly incensed, and raving about my contrivances. Why, said I, should you be so concerned? Here I have sat a few minutes, and had not the least thought of getting away, or going farther; but to return as soon as it was duskish. She would not believe me; and the barbarous creature struck at me with her horrid fist, and, I believe, would have felled me, had not Colbrand interposed, and said, He saw me sitting still, looking about me, and not seeming to have the least inclination to stir. But this would not

serve: She ordered the two maids to take me each by an arm, and lead me back into the house, and up stairs; and there have I been locked up ever since, without shoes. In vain have I pleaded, that I had no design, as indeed I had not the least; and last night I was forced to be between her and Nan; and I find she is resolved to make a handle of this against me, and in her own behalf. — Indeed, what with her usage, and my own apprehensions of still worse, I am quite weary of my life.

Just now she has been with me, and given me my shoes, and has laid her imperious commands upon me, to dress myself in a suit of clothes out of the portmanteau, which I have not seen lately, against three or four o'clock; for she says, she is to have a visit from Lady Darnford's two daughters, who come purposely to see me; and so she gave me the key of the portmanteau. But I will not obey her; and I told her, I would not be made a show of, nor see the ladies. She left me, saying, it would be worse for me, if I did not. But how can that be?

Five o'clock is come,

And no young ladies! — So that I fancy — But hold! I hear their coach, I believe. I'll step to the window. — I won't go down to them, I am resolved —

Good sirs! good sirs! What will become of me! Here is my master come in his fine chariot! — Indeed he is! What shall I do? Where shall I hide myself? — O! What shall I do? Pray for me! But oh! you'll not see this! — Now, good God of heaven, preserve me; if it be thy blessed will!

Seven o'clock.

Though I dread to see him, yet do I wonder I have not. To be sure something is resolved against me, and he stays to hear all her stories. I can hardly write; yet, as I can do nothing else, I know not how to forbear! — Yet I cannot hold my pen — How crooked and trembling the lines! — I must leave off, till I can get quieter fingers! — Why should the guiltless tremble so, when the guilty can possess their minds in peace?

Saturday morning.

Now let me give you an account of what passed last night: for I had no power to write, nor yet opportunity till now.

This vile woman held my master till half an hour after seven; and he came hither about five in the afternoon. And then I heard his voice on the stairs, as he was coming up to me. It was about his supper; for he said, I shall choose a boiled chicken with butter and parsley. — And up he came!

He put on a stern and majestic air; and he can look very majestic when he pleases. Well, perverse Pamela, ungrateful runaway, said he, for my first salutation! — You do well, don't you, to give me all this trouble and vexation! I could not speak; but throwing myself on the floor, hid my face, and was ready to die with grief and apprehension. — He said, Well may you hide your face! well

may you be ashamed to see me, vile forward one, as you are! — I sobbed and wept, but could not speak. And he let me lie, and went to the door, and called Mrs. Jewkes. — There, said he, take up that fallen angel! — Once I thought her as innocent as an angel of light but I have now no patience with her. The little hypocrite prostrates herself thus, in hopes to move my weakness in her favour, and that I'll raise her from the floor myself. But I shall not touch her: No, said he, cruel gentleman as he was! let such fellows as Williams be taken in by her artful wiles! I know her now, and see she is for any fool's turn, that will be caught by her.

I sighed, as if my heart would break! — And Mrs. Jewkes lifted me up upon my knees; for I trembled so, I could not stand. Come, said she, Mrs. Pamela, learn to know your best friend; confess your unworthy behaviour, and beg his honour's forgiveness of all your faults. I was ready to faint: And he said, She is mistress of arts, I'll assure you; and will mimic a fit, ten to one, in a minute.

I was struck to the heart at this; but could not speak presently; only lifted up my eyes to heaven! — And at last made shift to say — God forgive you, sir! — He seemed in a great passion, and walked up and down the room, casting sometimes an eye upon me, and seeming as if he would have spoken, but checked himself — And at last he said, When she has acted this her first part over, perhaps I will see her again, and she shall soon know what she has to trust to.

And so he went out of the room: And I was quite sick at heart! — Surely, said I, I am the wickedest creature that ever breathed! Well, said the impertinent, not so wicked as that neither; but I am glad you begin to see your faults. Nothing like being humble! — Come, I'll stand your friend, and plead for you, if you'll promise to be more dutiful for the future: Come, come, added the wretch, this may be all made up by to-morrow morning, if you are not a fool. — Begone, hideous woman! said I, and let not my affliction be added to by thy inexorable cruelty, and unwomanly wickedness.

She gave me a push, and went away in a violent passion: And it seems, she made a story of this; and said, I had such a spirit, there was no bearing it.

I laid me down on the floor, and had no power to stir, till the clock struck nine: and then the wicked woman came up again. You must come down stairs, said she, to my master; that is, if you please, spirit! — Said I, I believe I cannot stand. Then, said she, I'll send Mons. Colbrand to carry you down.

I got up as well as I could, and trembled all the way down stairs: And she went before me into the parlour; and a new servant that he had waiting on him, instead of John, withdrew as soon as I came in: And, by the way, he had a new coachman too, which looked as if Bedfordshire Robin was turned away.

I thought, said he, when I came down, you should have sat at table with me, when I had not company; but when I find you cannot forget your original, but must prefer my menials to me, I call you down to wait on me while I sup, that I may have some talk with you, and throw away as little time as possible upon you.

Sir, said I, you do me honour to wait upon you: — And I never shall, I hope, forget my original. But I was forced to stand behind his chair, that I might hold by it. Fill me, said he, a glass of that Burgundy. I went to do it, but my hand shook so, that I could not hold the plate with the glass in it, and spilt some of the wine. So Mrs. Jewkes poured it for me, and I carried it as well as I could; and made a low courtesy. He took it, and said, Stand behind me, out of my sight!

Why, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, you tell me she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing. No, said she, not so much as will keep life and soul together. — And is always crying, you say, too? Yes, sir, answered she, I think she is, for one thing or another. Ay, said he, your young wenches will feed upon their tears; and their obstinacy will serve them for meat and drink. I think I never saw her look better though, in my life! — But, I suppose, she lives upon love. This sweet Mr. Williams, and her little villanous plots together, have kept her alive and well, to be sure: For mischief, love, and contradiction, are the natural aliments of a woman.

Poor I was forced to hear all this, and be silent; and indeed my heart was too full to speak.

And so you say, said he, that she had another project, but yesterday, to get away? She denies it herself, said she; but it had all the appearance of one. I'm sure she made me in a fearful pucker about it: And I am glad your honour is come, with all my heart; and I hope, whatever be your honour's intention concerning her, you will not be long about it; for you'll find her as slippery as an eel, I'll assure you.

Sir, said I, and clasped his knees with my arms, not knowing what I did, and falling on my knees, Have mercy on me, and hear me, concerning that wicked woman's usage of me —

He cruelly interrupted me, and said, I am satisfied she has done her duty: it signifies nothing what you say against Mrs. Jewkes. That you are here, little hypocrite as you are, pleading your cause before me, is owing to her care of you; else you had been with the parson. — Wicked girl! said he, to tempt a man to undo himself, as you have done him, at a time I was on the point of making him happy for his life!

I arose; but said with a deep sigh, I have done, sir! — I have done! — I have a strange tribunal to plead before. The poor sheep in the fable had such an one; when it was tried before the vulture, on the accusation of the wolf!

So, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, you are the wolf, I the vulture, and this the poor innocent lamb on her trial before us. — Oh! you don't know how well this innocent is read in reflection. She has wit at will, when she has a mind to display her own romantic innocence, at the price of other people's characters.

Well, said the aggravated creature, this is nothing to what she has called me: I have been a Jezebel, a London prostitute, and what not? — But I am contented with her ill names, now I see it is her fashion, and she can call your honour a vulture.

Said I, I had no thought of comparing my master — and was going to say on: but he said, Don't prate, girl! — No, said she, it don't become you, I am sure.

Well, said I, since I must not speak, I will hold my peace; but there is a righteous Judge, who knows the secrets of all hearts; and to him I appeal.

See there! said he: now this meek, good creature is praying for fire from heaven upon us! O she can curse most heartily, in the spirit of Christian meekness, I'll assure you! — Come, saucy-face, give me another glass of wine.

So I did, as well as I could; but wept so, that he said, I suppose I shall have some of your tears in my wine!

When he had supped, he stood up, and said, O how happy for you it is, that you can, at will, thus make your speaking eyes overflow in this manner, without losing any of their brilliancy! You have been told, I suppose, that you are most beautiful in your tears! — Did you ever, said he to her, (who all this while was standing in one corner of the parlour,) see a more charming creature than this? Is it to be wondered at, that I demean myself thus to take notice of her? — See, said he, and took the glass with one hand, and turned me round with the other, what a shape! what a neck! what a hand! and what a bloom on that lovely face! — But who can describe the tricks and artifices, that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful heart! 'Tis no wonder the poor parson was infatuated with her. — I blame him less than I do her; for who could expect such artifice in so young a sorceress?

I went to the farther part of the room, and held my face against the wainscot; and in spite of all I could do to refrain crying, sobbed as if my heart would break. He said, I am surprised, Mrs. Jewkes, at the mistake of the letters you tell me of! But, you see, I am not afraid any body should read what I write. I don't carry on private correspondences, and reveal every secret that comes to my knowledge, and then corrupt people to carry my letters against their duty, and all good conscience.

Come hither, hussy! said he: You and I have a dreadful reckoning to make. Why don't you come, when I bid you? — Fie upon it, Mrs. Pamela, said she. What! not stir, when his honour commands you to come to him! — Who knows but his goodness will forgive you?

He came to me, (for I had no power to stir,) and put his arms about my neck, and would kiss me; and said, Well, Mrs. Jewkes, if it were not for the thought of this cursed parson, I believe in my heart, so great is my weakness, that I could not forgive this intriguing little slut, and take her to my bosom.

O, said the sycophant, you are very good, sir, very forgiving, indeed! — But come, added the profligate wretch, I hope you will be so good, as to take her to your bosom; and that, by to-morrow morning, you'll bring her to a better sense of her duty!

Could any thing in womanhood be so vile? I had no patience: but yet grief and indignation choaked up the passage of my words; and I could only stammer out a passionate exclamation to Heaven, to protect my innocence. But the word was the subject of their ridicule. Was ever poor creature worse beset!

He said, as if he had been considering whether he could forgive me or not, No, I cannot yet forgive her neither. — She has given me great disturbance, has brought great discredit upon me, both abroad and at home: has corrupted all my servants at the other house; has despised my honourable views and intentions to her, and sought to run away with this ungrateful parson. — And surely I ought not to forgive all this! — Yet, with all this wretched grimace, he kissed me again, and would have put his hand into my bosom; but I struggled, and said, I would die before I would be used thus. — Consider, Pamela, said he, in a threatening tone, consider where you are! and don't play the fool: If you do, a more dreadful fate awaits you than you expect. But take her up stairs, Mrs. Jewkes, and I'll send a few lines to her to consider of; and let me have your answer, Pamela, in the morning. 'Till then you have to resolve: and after that your doom is fixed. — So I went up stairs, and gave myself up to grief, and expectation of what he would send: but yet I was glad of this night's reprieve!

He sent me, however, nothing at all. And about twelve o'clock, Mrs. Jewkes and Nan came up, as the night before, to be my bed-fellows: and I would go to bed with some of my clothes on: which they muttered at sadly; and Mrs. Jewkes railed at me particularly. Indeed I would have sat up all night, for fear, if she would have let me. For I had but very little rest that night, apprehending this woman would let my master in. She did nothing but praise him, and blame me: but I answered her as little as I could.

He has Sir Simon Tell-tale, alias Darnford, to dine with him to-day, whose family sent to welcome him into the country; and it seems the old knight wants to see me; so I suppose I shall be sent for, as Samson was, to make sport for him. — Here I am, and must bear it all!

Twelve o'clock, Saturday noon.

Just now he has sent me up, by Mrs. Jewkes, the following proposals. So here are the honourable intentions all at once laid open. They are, my dear parents, to make me a vile kept mistress: which, I hope, I shall always detest the thoughts of. But you'll see how they are accommodated to what I should have most desired, could I have honestly promoted it, your welfare and happiness. I have answered them, as I am sure you'll approve; and I am prepared for the worst: For though I fear there will be nothing omitted to ruin me, and though my poor strength will not be able to defend me, yet I will be innocent of crime in my intention, and in the sight of God; and to him leave the avenging of all my wrongs, time and manner. I shall write to you my answer against his articles; and hope the best, though I fear the worst. But if I should come home to you ruined and undone, and may not be able to look you in the face; yet pity and inspirit the poor Pamela, to make her little remnant of life easy; for long I shall not survive my disgrace: and you may be assured it shall not be my fault, if it be my misfortune.

'To MRS. PAMELA ANDREWS.

'The following ARTICLES are proposed to your serious consideration; and let me have an answer, in writing, to them, that I may take my resolutions accordingly. Only remember, that I will not be trifled with; and what you give for answer will absolutely decide your fate, without expostulation, or farther trouble.

This is my ANSWER.

Forgive, sir, the spirit your poor servant is about to show in her answer to your ARTICLES. Not to be warm, and in earnest, on such an occasion as the present, would shew a degree of guilt, that, I hope, my soul abhors. I will not trifle with you, nor act like a person doubtful of her own mind; for it wants not one moment's consideration with me; and I therefore return the ANSWER following, let what will be the consequence.

'I. If you can convince me that the hated parson has had no encouragement from you in his addresses; and that you have no inclination for him in preference to me; then I will offer the following proposals to you, which I will punctually make good.

I. As to the first article, sir, it may behove me (that I may not deserve, in your opinion, the opprobrious terms of forward and artful, and such like) to declare solemnly, that Mr. Williams never had the least encouragement from me, as to what you hint; and I believe his principal motive was the apprehended duty of his function, quite contrary to his apparent interest, to assist a person he thought in distress. You may, sir, the rather believe

me, when I declare, that I know not the man breathing I would wish to marry; and that the only one I could honour more than another, is the gentleman, who, of all others, seeks my everlasting dishonour.

'II. I will directly make you a present of 500 guineas, for your own use, which you may dispose of to any purpose you please: and will give it absolutely into the hands of any person you shall appoint to receive it; and expect no favour in return, till you are satisfied in the possession of it.

II. As to your second proposal, let the consequence be what it will, I reject it with all my soul. Money, sir, is not my chief good: May God Almighty desert me, whenever it is! and whenever, for the sake of that, I can give up my title to that blessed hope which will stand me in stead, at a time when millions of gold will not purchase one happy moment of reflection on a past misspent life!

'III. I will likewise directly make over to you a purchase I lately made in Kent, which brings in 250l. per annum, clear of all deductions. This shall be made over to you in full property for your life, and for the lives of any children to perpetuity, that you may happen to have: And your father shall be immediately put into possession of it in trust for these purposes: and the management of it will yield a comfortable subsistence to him, and your mother, for life; and I will make up any deficiencies, if such should happen, to that clear sum, and allow him 50l. per annum, besides, for his life, and that of your mother, for his care and management of this your estate.

III. Your third proposal, sir, I reject for the same reason; and am sorry you could think my poor honest parents would enter into their part of it, and be concerned for the management of an estate, which would be owing to the prostitution of their poor daughter. Forgive, sir, my warmth on this occasion; but you know not the poor man, and the poor woman, my ever-dear father and mother, if you think, that they would not much rather choose to starve in a ditch, or rot in a noisome dungeon, than accept of the fortune of a monarch, upon such wicked terms. I dare not say all that my full mind suggests to me on this grievous occasion — But, indeed, sir, you know them not; nor shall the terrors of death, in its most frightful form, I hope, through God's assisting grace, ever make me act unworthy of such poor honest parents!

'IV. I will, moreover, extend my favour to any other of your relations, that you may think worthy of it, or that are valued by you.

IV. Your fourth proposal, I take upon me, sir, to answer as the

third. If I have any friends that want the favour of the great, may they ever want it, if they are capable of desiring it on unworthy terms!

'V. I will, besides, order patterns to be sent you for choosing four complete suits of rich clothes, that you may appear with reputation, as if you were my wife. And will give you the two diamond rings, and two pair of ear-rings, and diamond necklace, that were bought by my mother, to present to Miss Tomlins, if the match that was proposed between her and me had been brought to effect: and I will confer upon you still other gratuities, as I shall find myself obliged, by your good behaviour and affection.

V. Fine clothes, sir, become not me; nor have I any ambition to wear them. I have greater pride in my poverty and meanness, than I should have in dress and finery. Believe me, sir, I think such things less become the humble-born Pamela, than the rags your good mother raised me from. Your rings, sir, your necklace, and your ear-rings, will better befit ladies of degree, than me: and to lose the best jewel, my virtue, would be poorly recompensed by those you propose to give me. What should I think, when I looked upon my finger, or saw in the glass those diamonds on my neck, and in my ears, but that they were the price of my honesty; and that I wore those jewels outwardly, because I had none inwardly.

'VI. Now, Pamela, will you see by this, what a value I set upon the free-will of a person already in my power; and who, if these proposals are not accepted, shall find, that I have not taken all these pains, and risked my reputation, as I have done, without resolving to gratify my passion for you, at all adventures; and if you refuse, without making any terms at all.

VI. I know, sir, by woful experience, that I am in your power: I know all the resistance I can make will be poor and weak, and, perhaps, stand me in little stead: I dread your will to ruin me is as great as your power: yet, sir, will I dare to tell you, that I will make no free-will offering of my virtue. All that I can do, poor as it is, I will do, to convince you, that your offers shall have no part in my choice; and if I cannot escape the violence of man, I hope, by God's grace, I shall have nothing to reproach myself, for not doing all in my power to avoid my disgrace; and then I can safely appeal to the great God, my only refuge and protector, with this consolation, That my will bore no part in my violation.

‘VII. You shall be mistress of my person and fortune, as much as if the foolish ceremony had passed. All my servants shall be yours; and you shall choose any two persons to attend yourself, either male or female, without any control of mine: and if your conduct be such, that I have reason to be satisfied with it, I know not (but will not engage for this) that I may, after a twelvemonth’s cohabitation, marry you; for, if my love increases for you, as it has done for many months past, it will be impossible for me to deny you any thing.

‘And now, Pamela, consider well, it is in your power to oblige me on such terms, as will make yourself, and all your friends, happy: but this will be over this very day, irrevocably over; and you shall find all you would be thought to fear, without the least benefit arising from it to yourself.

‘And I beg you’ll well weigh the matter, and comply with my proposals; and I will instantly set about securing to you the full effect of them: And let me, if you value yourself, experience a grateful return on this occasion, and I’ll forgive all that’s past.’

> VII. I have not once dared to look so high, as to such a proposal as your seventh article contains. Hence have proceeded all my little abortive artifices to escape from the confinement you have put me in; although you promised to be honourable to me. Your honour, well I know, would not let you stoop to so mean and so unworthy a slave, as the poor Pamela: All I desire is, to be permitted to return to my native meanness unviolated. What have I done, sir, to deserve it should be otherwise? For the obtaining of this, though I would not have married your chaplain, yet would I have run away with your meanest servant, if I had thought I could have got safe to my beloved poverty. I heard you once say, sir, That a certain great commander, who could live upon lentils, might well refuse the bribes of the greatest monarch: And I hope, as I can contentedly live at the meanest rate, and think not myself above the lowest condition, that I am also above making an exchange of my honesty for all the riches of the Indies. When I come to be proud and vain of gaudy apparel, and outside finery, then (which I hope will never be) may I rest my principal good in such vain trinkets, and despise for them the more solid ornaments of a good fame, and a chastity inviolate!

Give me leave to say, sir, in answer to what you hint, That you may in a twelvemonth’s time marry me, on the continuance of my good behaviour; that this weighs less with me, if possible, than any thing else you have said: for, in the first place, there is an end of all merit, and all good behaviour, on my side, if I have

now any, the moment I consent to your proposals: And I should be so far from expecting such an honour, that I will pronounce, that I should be most unworthy of it. What, sir, would the world say, were you to marry your harlot? That a gentleman of your rank in life should stoop, not only to the base-born Pamela, but to a base-born prostitute? — Little, sir, as I know of the world, I am not to be caught by a bait so poorly covered as this!

Yet, after all, dreadful is the thought, that I, a poor, weak, friendless, unhappy creature, am too full in your power! But permit me, sir, to pray, as I now write on my bended knees, That before you resolve upon my ruin, you will weigh well the matter. Hitherto, sir, though you have taken large strides to this crying sin, yet are you on this side the commission of it. — When once it is done, nothing can recall it! And where will be your triumph? — What glory will the spoils of such a weak enemy yield you? Let me but enjoy my poverty with honesty, is all my prayer, and I will bless you, and pray for you, every moment of my life! Think, O think! before it is yet too late! what stings, what remorse will attend your dying hour, when you come to reflect, that you have ruined, perhaps soul and body, a wretched creature, whose only pride was her virtue! And how pleased you will be, on the contrary, if in that tremendous moment you shall be able to acquit yourself of this foul crime, and to plead in your own behalf, that you suffered the earnest supplications of an unhappy wretch to prevail with you to be innocent yourself, and let her remain so! — May God Almighty, whose mercy so lately saved you from the peril of perishing in deep waters, (on which, I hope, you will give me cause to congratulate you!) touch your heart in my favour, and save you from this sin, and me from this ruin! — And to him do I commit my cause; and to him will I give the glory, and night and day pray for you, if I may be permitted to escape this great evil! ——

Your poor oppressed, broken spirited servant.

I took a copy of this for your perusal, my dear parents, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again; (for I hope my conduct will be approved of by you;) and at night, when Sir Simon was gone, he sent for me down. Well, said he, have you considered my proposals? Yes, sir, said I, I have: and there is my answer: But pray let me not see you read it. Is it your bashfulness, said he, or your obstinacy, that makes you not choose I should read it before you?

I offered to go away; and he said, Don't run from me; I won't read it till you are gone. But, said he, tell me, Pamela, whether you comply with my proposals, or not? Sir, said I, you will see presently; pray don't hold me; for he took my hand. Said he, Did you well consider before you answered? — I did, sir, said I. If it be not what you think will please me, said he, dear girl, take it back again, and reconsider it; for if I have this as your absolute answer, and I don't like it, you are undone; for I will not sue meanly, where I can command. I fear, said he, it is not what I like, by your manner: and let me tell you, that I cannot bear denial. If the terms I have offered are not sufficient, I will augment them to two-thirds of my estate; for, said he, and swore a dreadful oath, I cannot live without you: and, since the thing is gone so far, I will not! And so he clasped me in his arms in such a manner as quite frightened me; and kissed me two or three times.

I got from him, and run up stairs, and went to the closet, and was quite uneasy and fearful.

In an hour's time he called Mrs. Jewkes down to him! And I heard him very high in passion: and all about me! And I heard her say, It was his own fault; there would be an end of all my complaining and perverseness, if he was once resolved; and other most impudent aggravations. I am resolved not to go to bed this night, if I can help it! — Lie still, lie still, my poor fluttering heart! — What will become of me!

Almost twelve o'clock, Saturday night.

He sent Mrs. Jewkes, about ten o'clock, to tell me to come to him. Where? said I. I'll shew you, said she. I went down three or four steps, and saw her making to his chamber, the door of which was open: So I said, I cannot go there! — Don't be foolish, said she; but come; no harm will be done to you! — Well, said I, if I die, I cannot go there. I heard him say, Let her come, or it shall be worse for her. I can't bear, said he, to speak to her myself! — Well, said I, I cannot come, indeed I cannot; and so I went up again into my closet, expecting to be fetched by force.

But she came up soon after, and bid me make haste to bed: Said I, I will not go to bed this night, that's certain! — Then, said she, you shall be made to come to bed; and Nan and I will undress you. I knew neither prayers nor tears would move this wicked woman: So I said, I am sure you will let master in, and I shall be undone! Mighty piece of undone! she said: but he was too much exasperated against me, to be so familiar with me, she would assure me! — Ay, said she, you'll be disposed of another way soon, I can tell you for your comfort: and I hope your husband will have your obedience, though nobody else can have it. No husband in the world, said I, shall make me do an unjust or base thing. — She said, That would be soon tried; and Nan coming in, What! said I, am I to have two bed-fellows again, these warm nights? Yes, said she, slippery-one, you are, till you can have one good one instead of us. Said I, Mrs. Jewkes, don't talk nastily to me: I see you are beginning again; and I shall affront you, may be; for next to bad actions, are bad words; for they could not be spoken, if they were not in the heart. — Come to bed, purity! said she. You are a nonsuch, I suppose. Indeed, said I, I can't come to bed; and it will do you no harm to let me stay all night in the great chair. Nan, said she, undress my young lady. If she won't let you, I'll help you; and, if neither of us can do it quietly, we'll call my master to do it for us; though, said she, I think it an office worthier of Monsieur Colbrand! — You are very wicked, said I. I know it, said she; I am a Jezebel, and a London prostitute, you know. You did great feats, said I, to tell my master all this poor stuff; but you did not tell him how you beat me. No, lambkin, said she, (a word I had not heard a good while,) that I left for you to tell and you was going to do it if the vulture had

not taken the wolf's part, and bid the poor innocent lamb be silent! — Ay, said I, no matter for your fleers, Mrs. Jewkes; though I can have neither justice nor mercy here, and cannot be heard in my defence, yet a time will come, may be, when I shall be heard, and when your own guilt will strike you dumb. — Ay! spirit, said she; and the vulture too! Must we both be dumb? Why that, lambkin, will be pretty! — Then, said the wicked one, you'll have all the talk to yourself! — Then how will the tongue of the pretty lambkin bleat out innocence, and virtue, and honesty, till the whole trial be at an end! — You're a wicked woman, that's certain, said I; and if you thought any thing of another world, could not talk thus. But no wonder! — It shews what hands I'm got into! — Ay, so it does, said she; but I beg you'll undress, and come to bed, or I believe your innocence won't keep you from still worse hands. I will come to bed, said I, if you will let me have the keys in my own hand; not else, if I can help it. Yes, said she, and then, hey for another contrivance, another escape! — No, no, said I, all my contrivances are over, I'll assure you! Pray let me have the keys, and I will come to bed. She came to me, and took me in her huge arms, as if I was a feather: Said she, I do this to shew you what a poor resistance you can make against me, if I please to exert myself; and so, lambkin, don't say to your wolf, I won't come to bed! — And set me down, and tapped me on the neck: Ah! said she, thou art a pretty creature, 'tis true; but so obstinate! so full of spirit! if thy strength was but answerable to that, thou would'st run away with us all, and this great house too on thy back! — But, undress, undress, I tell you.

Well, said I, I see my misfortunes make you very merry, and very witty too: but I will love you, if you will humour me with the keys of the chamber-doors. — Are you sure you will love me? said she: Now speak your conscience! — Why, said I, you must not put it so close; neither would you, if you thought you had not given reason to doubt it! — But I will love you as well as I can! — I would not tell a wilful lie: and if I did, you would not believe me, after your hard usage of me. Well, said she, that's all fair, I own! — But Nan, pray pull off my young lady's shoes and stockings. — No, pray don't, said I; I will come to bed presently, since I must.

And so I went to the closet, and scribbled a little about this idle chit-chat. And she being importunate, I was forced to go to bed; but with some of my clothes on, as the former night; and she let me hold the two keys; for there are two locks, there being a double door; and so I got a little sleep that night, having had none for two or three nights before.

I can't imagine what she means; but Nan offered to talk a little once or twice; and she snubbed her, and said, I charge you, wench, don't open your lips before me; and if you are asked any questions by Mrs. Pamela, don't answer her one

word, while I am here! — But she is a lordly woman to the maid-servants; and that has always been her character: O how unlike good Mrs. Jervis in every thing.

Sunday morning.

A thought came into my head; I meant no harm; but it was a little bold. For, seeing my master dressing to go to church; and his chariot getting ready, I went to my closet, and I writ,

> The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for a gentleman of great worth and honour, who labours under a temptation to exert his great power to ruin a poor, distressed, worthless maiden:
>
> And also,
>
> The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired by a poor distressed creature, for the preservation of her virtue and innocence.

Mrs. Jewkes came up: Always writing! said she; and would see it: And strait, all that ever I could say, carried it down to my master. — He looked upon it, and said, Tell her, she shall soon see how her prayers are answered; she is very bold: but as she has rejected all my favours, her reckoning for all is not far off. I looked after him out of the window; and he was charmingly dressed: To be sure he is a handsome fine gentleman! — What pity his heart is not as good as his appearance! Why can't I hate him? — But don't be uneasy, if you should see this; for it is impossible I should love him; for his vices all ugly him over, as I may say.

My master sends word, that he shall not come home to dinner: I suppose he dines with this Sir Simon Darnford. I am much concerned for poor Mr. Williams. Mrs. Jewkes says, he is confined still, and takes on much. All his trouble is brought upon him for my sake: This grieves me much. My master, it seems, will have his money from him. This is very hard; for it is three fifty pounds, he gave him, as he thought, as a salary for three years that he has been with him: but there was no agreement between them; and he absolutely depended on my master's favour. To be sure, it was the more generous of him to run these risks for the sake of oppressed innocence: and I hope he will meet with his reward in due time. Alas for me! I dare not plead for him; that would raise my oppressor's jealousy more. And I have not interest to save myself!

Sunday evening.

Mrs. Jewkes has received a line from my master: I wonder what it is, for his chariot is come home without him. But she will tell me nothing; so it is in vain to ask her. I am so fearful of plots and tricks, I know not what to do! — Every thing

I suspect; for, now my disgrace is avowed, what can I think! — To be sure, the worst will be attempted! I can only pour out my soul in prayer to God, for his blessed protection. But, if I must suffer, let me not be long a mournful survivor! — Only let me not shorten my own time sinfully! ——

This woman left upon the table, in the chamber, this letter of my master's to her; and I bolted myself in, till I had transcribed it. You'll see how tremblingly, by the lines. I wish poor Mr. Williams's release at any rate; but this letter makes my heart ache. Yet I have another day's reprieve, thank God!

'MRS. JEWKES,

'I have been so pressed on Williams's affair, that I shall set out this afternoon, in Sir Simon's chariot, and with Parson Peters, who is his intercessor, for Stamford; and shall not be back till to-morrow evening, if then. As to your ward, I am thoroughly incensed against her: She has withstood her time; and now, would she sign and seal to my articles, it is too late. I shall discover something, perhaps, by him; and will, on my return, let her know, that all her ensnaring loveliness shall not save her from the fate that awaits her. But let her know nothing of this, lest it put her fruitful mind upon plots and artifices. Be sure trust her not without another with you at night, lest she venture the window in her foolish rashness: for I shall require her at your hands.

'Yours, etc.'

I had but just finished taking a copy of this, and laid the letter where I had it, and unbolted the door, when she came up in a great fright, for fear I should have seen it; but I being in my closet, and that lying as she left it, she did not mistrust. O, said she, I was afraid you had seen my master's letter here, which I carelessly left on the table. I wish, said I, I had known that. Why sure, said she, if you had, you would not have offered to read my letters! Indeed, said I, I should, at this time, if it had been in my way: — Do let me see it. — Well, said she, I wish poor Mr. Williams well off: I understand my master is gone to make up matters with him; which is very good. To be sure, added she, he is a very good gentleman, and very forgiving! — Why, said I, as if I had known nothing of the matter, how can he make up matters with him? Is not Mr. Williams at Stamford? Yes, said she, I believe so; but Parson Peters pleads for him, and he is gone with him to Stamford, and will not be back to-night: so we have nothing to do, but to eat our suppers betimes, and go to bed. Ay, that's pure, said I; and I shall have good rest this night, I hope. So, said she, you might every night, but for your own idle fears. You are afraid of your friends, when none are near you. Ay, that's true, said I; for I have not one near me.

So I have one more good honest night before me: What the next may be I know not, and so I'll try to take in a good deal of sleep, while I can be a little

easy. Therefore, here I say, Good night, my dear parents; for I have no more to write about this night: and though his letter shocks me, yet I will be as brisk as I can, that she mayn't suspect I have seen it.

Tuesday night.

For the future, I will always mistrust most when appearances look fairest. O your poor daughter! what has she not suffered since what I wrote on Sunday night! — My worst trial, and my fearfullest danger! O how I shudder to write you an account of this wicked interval of time! For, my dear parents, will you not be too much frightened and affected with my distress, when I tell you, that his journey to Stamford was all abominable pretence! for he came home privately, and had well nigh effected all his vile purposes, and the ruin of your poor daughter! and that by such a plot as I was not in the least apprehensive of: And, oh! you'll hear what a vile and unwomanly part that wicked wretch, Mrs. Jewkes, acted in it!

I left off with letting you know how much I was pleased that I had one night's reprieve added to my honesty. But I had less occasion to rejoice than ever, as you will judge by what I have said already. Take, then, the dreadful story, as well as I can relate it.

The maid Nan is a little apt to drink, if she can get at liquor; and Mrs. Jewkes happened, or designed, as is too probable, to leave a bottle of cherry-brandy in her way, and the wench drank some of it more than she should; and when she came in to lay the cloth, Mrs. Jewkes perceived it, and fell a rating at her most sadly; for she has too many faults of her own, to suffer any of the like sort in any body else, if she can help it; and she bid her get out of her sight, when we had supped, and go to bed, to sleep off her liquor, before we came to bed. And so the poor maid went muttering up stairs.

About two hours after, which was near eleven o'clock, Mrs. Jewkes and I went up to go to bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming night I should have. We locked both doors, and saw poor Nan, as I thought, (but, oh! 'twas my abominable master, as you shall hear by and by,) sitting fast asleep, in an elbow-chair, in a dark corner of the room, with her apron thrown over her head and neck. And Mrs. Jewkes said, There is that beast of a wench fast asleep, instead of being a-bed! I knew, said she, she had taken a fine dose. I'll wake her, said I. No, don't, said she; let her sleep on; we shall he better without her. Ay, said I, so we shall; but won't she get cold?

Said she, I hope you have no writing to-night. No, replied I, I will go to bed with you, Mrs. Jewkes. Said she, I wonder what you can find to write about so much! and am sure you have better conveniences of that kind, and more paper than I am aware of; and I had intended to rummage you, if my master had not

come down; for I spied a broken tea-cup with ink, which gave me suspicion: but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will; and if you deceive him, it will be his own fault.

All this time we were undressing ourselves: And I fetched a deep sigh! What do you sigh for? said she. I am thinking, Mrs. Jewkes, answered I, what a sad life I live, and how hard is my lot. I am sure, the thief that has robbed is much better off than I, 'bating the guilt; and I should, I think, take it for a mercy, to be hanged out of the way, rather than live in these cruel apprehensions. So, being not sleepy, and in a prattling vein, I began to give a little history of myself, as I did, once before, to Mrs. Jervis; in this manner:

Here, said I, were my poor honest parents; they took care to instill good principles into my mind, till I was almost twelve years of age; and taught me to prefer goodness and poverty to the highest condition of life; and they confirmed their lessons by their own practice; for they were, of late years, remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a proverb: for, As honest as goodman ANDREWS, was a byeword.

Well then, said I, comes my late dear good lady, and takes a fancy to me, and said, she would be the making of me, if I was a good girl; and she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the spinnet, in order to divert her melancholy hours; and also taught me all manner of fine needle-work; but still this was her lesson, My good Pamela, be virtuous, and keep the men at a distance. Well, so I was, I hope, and so I did; and yet, though I say it, they all loved me and respected me; and would do any thing for me, as if I was a gentlewoman.

But, then, what comes next? — Why, it pleased God to take my good lady: and then comes my master: And what says he? — Why, in effect, it is, Be not virtuous, Pamela.

So here I have lived about sixteen years in virtue and reputation; and all at once, when I come to know what is good, and what is evil, I must renounce all the good, all the whole sixteen years' innocence, which, next to God's grace, I owed chiefly to my parents, and my lady's good lessons and examples, and choose the evil; and so, in a moment's time, become the vilest of creatures! And all this, for what, I pray? Why, truly, for a pair of diamond ear-rings, a necklace, and a diamond ring for my finger; which would not become me: For a few paltry fine clothes, which, when I wore them, would make but my former poverty more ridiculous to every body that saw me; especially when they knew the base terms I wore them upon. But, indeed, I was to have a great parcel of guineas beside; I forget how many; for, had there been ten times more, they would have been not so much to me, as the honest six guineas you tricked me out of, Mrs. Jewkes.

Well, forsooth! but then I was to have I know not how many pounds a year for my life; and my poor father (there was the jest of it!) was to be the manager for the abandoned prostitute his daughter: And then, (there was the jest again!) my kind, forgiving, virtuous master, would pardon me all my misdeeds!

Yes, thank him for nothing, truly. And what, pray, are all these violent misdeeds? — Why, they are for daring to adhere to the good lessons that were taught me; and not learning a new one, that would have reversed all my former: For not being contented when I was run away with, in order to be ruined; but contriving, if my poor wits had been able, to get out of danger, and preserve myself honest.

Then was he once jealous of poor John, though he knew John was his own creature, and helped to deceive me.

Then was he outrageous against poor Parson Williams! and him has this good, merciful master, thrown into gaol; and for what? Why, truly, for that, being a divine, and a good man, he had the fear of God before his eyes, and was willing to forego all his expectations of interest, and assist an oppressed poor creature.

But, to be sure, I must be forward, bold, saucy, and what not! to dare to run away from certain ruin, and to strive to escape from an unjust confinement; and I must be married to the parson, nothing so sure!

He would have had but a poor catch of me, had I consented: But he, and you too, know I did not want to marry any body. I only wanted to go to my poor parents, and to have my own liberty, and not to be confined by such an unlawful restraint; and which would not have been inflicted upon me, but only that I am a poor, destitute, young body, and have no friend that is able to right me.

So, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, here is my history in brief. And I am a very unhappy young creature, to be sure! — And why am I so? — Why, because my master sees something in my person that takes his present fancy; and because I would not be undone. — Why, therefore to choose, I must, and I shall be undone! — And this is all the reason that can be given!

She heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any interruption; and I said, Well, I must go to the two closets, ever since an affair of the closet at the other house, though he is so far off. And I have a good mind to wake this poor maid. No, don't, said she, I charge you. I am very angry with her, and she'll get no harm there; and if she wakes, she may come to bed well enough, as long as there is a candle in the chimney.

So I looked into the closet, and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my prayers, and this with my underclothes in my hand, all undressed; and passed by the poor sleeping wench, as I thought, in my return. But, oh! little did I think it was my wicked, wicked master, in a gown and petticoat of hers, and her

apron over his face and shoulders. What meanness will not Lucifer make his votaries stoop to, to gain their abominable ends!

Mrs. Jewkes, by this time, was got to bed, on the farther side, as she used to be; and, to make room for the maid, when she should awake, I got into bed, and lay close to her. And I said, Where are the keys? though, said I, I am not so much afraid to-night. Here, said the wicked woman, put your arm under mine, and you shall find them about my wrist, as they used to be. So I did, and the abominable designer held my hand with her right-hand, as my right-arm was under her left.

In less than a quarter of an hour, I said, There's poor Nan awake; I hear her stir. Let us go to sleep, said she, and not mind her: she'll come to bed, when she's quite awake. Poor soul! said I, I'll warrant she will have the head-ache finely to-morrow for this! Be silent, said she, and go to sleep; you keep me awake; and I never found you in so talkative a humour in my life. Don't chide me, said I; I will but say one thing more: Do you think Nan could hear me talk of my master's offers? No, no, said she; she was dead asleep. I'm glad of that, said I; because I would not expose my master to his common servants; and I knew you were no stranger to his fine articles. Said she, I think they were fine articles, and you were bewitched you did not close with them: But let us go to sleep. So I was silent; and the pretended Nan (O wicked, base, villanous designer! what a plot, what an unexpected plot was this!) seemed to be awaking; and Mrs. Jewkes, abhorrent creature! said, Come, Nan! — what, are you awake at last? — Pr'ythee come to bed; for Mrs. Pamela is in a talking fit, and won't go to sleep one while.

At that, the pretended she came to the bed side; and, sitting down in a chair, where the curtain hid her, began to undress. Said I, Poor Mrs. Anne, I warrant your head aches most sadly! How do you do?

— She answered not a word. Said the superlatively wicked woman, You know I have ordered her not to answer you. And this plot, to be sure, was laid when she gave her these orders the night before.

I heard her, as I thought, breathe all quick and short : Indeed, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, the poor maid is not well. What ails you, Mrs. Anne? And still no answer was made.

But, I tremble to relate it! the pretended she came into bed, but trembled like an aspen-leaf; and I, poor fool that I was! pitied her much — but well might the barbarous deceiver tremble at his vile dissimulation, and base designs.

What words shall I find, my dear mother (for my father should not see this shocking part), to describe the rest, and my confusion, when the guilty wretch took my left arm, and laid it under his neck, and the vile procuress held my right ; and then he clasped me round the waist!

Said I, is the wench mad ? Why, how now, confidence! thinking still it had been Nan. But he kissed me with frightful vehemence; and then his voice broke upon me like a clap of thunder. Now, Pamela, said he, is the dreadful time of reckoning come, that I have threatened — I screamed out in such a manner, as never anybody heard the like. But there was nobody to help me : and both my hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor soul was in such agonies as I. Wicked man! said I ; wicked abominable woman! O God! my God! this time! this one time! deliver me from this distress! or strike me dead this moment! And then I screamed again and again.

Says he, One word with you, Pamela; one word hear me but; I must say one word to you, it is this: You see now you are in my power! — You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: Yet have I not offered any thing amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my proposals, I will not lose this opportunity: If you do, I will yet leave you.

O sir, said I, leave me, leave me but, and I will do any thing I ought to do. — Swear then to me, said he, that you will accept my proposals! With struggling, fright, terror, I fainted away quite, and did not come to myself soon, so that they both, from the cold sweats that I was in, thought me dying. — And I remember no more, than that, when with great difficulty they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the bed, with her clothes on; and he on the other with his, and in his gown and slippers.

Your poor Pamela cannot answer for the liberties taken with her in her deplorable state of death. And when I saw them there, I sat up in my bed, without any regard to what appearance I made, and nothing about my neck; and he soothing me, with an aspect of pity and concern, I put my hand to his mouth, and said, O tell me, yet tell me not, what have I suffered in this distress? And I talked quite wild, and knew not what: for, to be sure, I was on the point of distraction.

He most solemnly, and with a bitter imprecation, vowed, that he had not offered the least indecency; that he was frightened at the terrible manner I was taken with the fit: that he should desist from his attempt; and begged but to see me easy and quiet, and he would leave me directly, and go to his own bed. O then, said I, take with you this most wicked woman, this vile Mrs. Jewkes, as an earnest, that I may believe you!

And will you, sir, said the wicked wretch, for a fit or two, give up such an opportunity as this? — I thought you had known the sex better. She is now, you see, quite well again!

This I heard; more she might say; but I fainted away once more, at these words, and at his clasping his arms about me again. And, when I came a little to

myself, I saw him sit there, and the maid Nan, holding a smelling-bottle to my nose, and no Mrs. Jewkes.

He said, taking my hand, Now will I vow to you, my dear Pamela, that I will leave you the moment I see you better, and pacified. Here's Nan knows, and will tell you, my concern for you. I vow to God, I have not offered any indecency to you: and, since I found Mrs. Jewkes so offensive to you, I have sent her to the maid's bed, and the maid shall be with you to-night. And but promise me, that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you. But, said I, will not Nan also hold my hand? And will not she let you come in again to me? — He said, By heaven! I will not come in again to-night. Nan, undress yourself, go to bed, and do all you can to comfort the dear creature: And now, Pamela, said he, give me but your hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your repose. I held out my trembling hand, which he vouchsafed to kiss; and I said, God forgive you, sir, as you have been just in my distress; and as you will be just to what you promise! And he withdrew, with a countenance of remorse, as I hoped; and she shut the doors, and, at my request, brought the keys to bed.

This, O my dear parents! was a most dreadful trial. I tremble still to think of it; and dare not recall all the horrid circumstances of it. I hope, as he assures me, he was not guilty of indecency; but have reason to bless God, who, by disabling me in my faculties, empowered me to preserve my innocence; and, when all my strength would have signified nothing, magnified himself in my weakness.

I was so weak all day on Monday, that I could not get out of my bed. My master shewed great tenderness for me; and I hope he is really sorry, and that this will be his last attempt; but he does not say so neither.

He came in the morning, as soon as he heard the door open and I began to be fearful. He stopped short of the bed, and said, Rather than give you apprehensions, I will come no farther. I said, Your honour, sir, and your mercy, is all I have to beg. He sat himself on the side of the bed, and asked kindly, how I did? — begged me to be composed; said, I still looked a little wildly. And I said, Pray, good sir, let me not see this infamous Mrs. Jewkes; I doubt I cannot bear her sight. She shan't come near you all this day, if you'll promise to compose yourself. Then, sir, I will try. He pressed my hand very tenderly, and went out. What a change does this shew! — O may it be lasting! — But, alas! he seems only to have altered his method of proceeding; and retains, I doubt, his wicked purpose.

On Tuesday, about ten o'clock, when my master heard I was up, he sent for me down into the parlour. As soon as he saw me, he said, Come nearer to me, Pamela. I did so, and he took my hand, and said, You begin to look well again: I am glad of it. You little slut, how did you frighten me on Sunday night.

Sir, said I, pray name not that night; and my eyes overflowed at the remembrance, and I turned my head aside.

Said he, Place some little confidence in me: I know what those charming eyes mean, and you shall not need to explain yourself: for I do assure you, that as soon as I saw you change, and a cold sweat bedew your pretty face, and you fainted away, I quitted the bed, and Mrs. Jewkes did so too. And I put on my gown, and she fetched her smelling-bottle, and we both did all we could to restore you; and my passion for you was all swallowed up in the concern I had for your recovery; for I thought I never saw a fit so strong and violent in my life: and feared we should not bring you to life again; for what I saw you in once before was nothing to it. This, said he, might be my folly, and my unacquaintedness with what passion your sex can shew when they are in earnest. But this I repeat to you, that your mind may be entirely comforted — Whatever I offered to you, was before you fainted away, and that, I am sure, was innocent.

Sir, said I, that was very bad: and it was too plain you had the worst designs. When, said he, I tell you the truth in one instance, you may believe me in the other. I know not, I declare, beyond this lovely bosom, your sex: but that I did intend what you call the worst is most certain: and though I would not too much alarm you now, I could curse my weakness, and my folly, which makes me own, that I love you beyond all your sex, and cannot live without you. But if I am master of myself, and my own resolution, I will not attempt to force you to any thing again.

Sir, said I, you may easily keep your resolution, if you'll send me out of your way, to my poor parents; that is all I beg.

'Tis a folly to talk of it, said he. You must not, shall not go! And if I could be assured you would not attempt it, you should have better usage, and your confinement should be made easier to you.

But to what end, sir, am I to stay? said I: You yourself seem not sure you can keep your own present good resolutions; and do you think, if I was to stay, when I could get away, and be safe, it would not look, as if either I confided too much in my own strength, or would tempt my ruin? And as if I was not in earnest to wish myself safe, and out of danger? — And then, how long am I to stay? And to what purpose? And in what light must I appear to the world? Would not that censure me, although I might be innocent? And you will allow, sir, that, if there be any thing valuable or exemplary in a good name, or fair reputation, one must not despise the world's censure, if one can avoid it.

Well, said he, I sent not for you on this account, just now; but for two reasons. The first is, That you promise me, that for a fortnight to come you will not offer to go away without my express consent; and this I expect for your own sake, that I

may give you a little more liberty. And the second is, That you will see and forgive Mrs. Jewkes: she takes on much, and thinks that, as all her fault was her obedience to me, it would be very hard to sacrifice her, as she calls it, to your resentment.

As to the first, sir, said I, it is a hard injunction, for the reasons I have mentioned. And as to the second, considering her vile, unwomanly wickedness, and her endeavours to instigate you more to ruin me, when your returning goodness seemed to have some compassion upon me, it is still harder. But, to shew my obedience to your commands, (for you know, my dear parents, I might as well make a merit of my compliance, when my refusal would stand me in no stead,) I will consent to both; and to every thing else, that you shall be pleased to enjoin, which I can do, with innocence.

That's my good girl! said he, and kissed me: This is quite prudent, and shews me, that you don't take insolent advantage of my favour for you; and will, perhaps, stand you in more stead than you are aware of.

So he rung the bell, and said, Call down Mrs. Jewkes. She came down, and he took my hand, and put it into hers; and said, Mrs. Jewkes, I am obliged to you for all your diligence and fidelity to me; but Pamela, I must own, is not; because the service I employed you in was not so very obliging to her, as I could have wished she would have thought it: and you were not to favour her, but obey me. But yet I'll assure you, at the very first word, she has once obliged me, by consenting to be friends with you; and if she gives me no great cause, I shall not, perhaps, put you on such disagreeable service again. — Now, therefore, be you once more bed-fellows and board-fellows, as I may say, for some days longer; and see that Pamela sends no letters nor messages out of the house, nor keeps a correspondence unknown to me, especially with that Williams; and, as for the rest, shew the dear girl all the respect that is due to one I must love, if she will deserve it, as I hope she will yet; and let her be under no unnecessary or harsh restraints. But your watchful care is not, however, to cease: and remember that you are not to disoblige me, to oblige her; and that I will not, cannot, yet part with her.

Mrs. Jewkes looked very sullen, and as if she would be glad still to do me a good turn, if it lay in her power.

I took courage then to drop a word or two for poor Mr. Williams; but he was angry with me for it, and said he could not endure to hear his name in my mouth; so I was forced to have done for that time.

All this time, my papers, that I buried under the rose-bush, lay there still; and I begged for leave to send a letter to you. So I should, he said, if he might read it first. But this did not answer my design; and yet I would have sent you such a

letter as he might see, if I had been sure my danger was over. But that I cannot; for he now seems to take another method, and what I am more afraid of, because, may be, he may watch an opportunity, and join force with it, on occasion, when I am least prepared: for now he seems to abound with kindness, and talks of love without reserve, and makes nothing of allowing himself in the liberty of kissing me, which he calls innocent; but which I do not like, and especially in the manner he does it: but for a master to do it at all to a servant, has meaning too much in it, not to alarm an honest body.

Wednesday morning.

I find I am watched and suspected still very close; and I wish I was with you; but that must not be, it seems, this fortnight. I don't like this fortnight; and it will be a tedious and a dangerous one to me, I doubt.

My master just now sent for me down to take a walk with him in the garden: but I like him not at all, nor his ways; for he would have, all the way, his arm about my waist, and said abundance of fond things to me, enough to make me proud, if his design had not been apparent. After walking about, he led me into a little alcove, on the farther part of the garden; and really made me afraid of myself, for he began to be very teasing, and made me sit on his knee; and was so often kissing me, that I said, Sir, I don't like to be here at all, I assure you. Indeed you make me afraid! — And what made me the more so, was what he once said to Mrs. Jewkes, and did not think I heard him, and which, though always uppermost with me, I did not mention before, because I did not know how to bring it in, in my writing.

She, I suppose, had been encouraging him in his wickedness; for it was before the last dreadful trial: and I only heard what he answered.

Said he, I will try once more; but I have begun wrong for I see terror does but add to her frost; but she is a charming girl, and may be thawed by kindness; and I should have melted her by love, instead of freezing her by fear.

Is he not a wicked, sad man for this? — To be sure, I blush while I write it. But I trust, that that God, who has delivered me from the paw of the lion and the bear; that is, his and Mrs. Jewkes's violences, will soon deliver me from this Philistine, that I may not defy the commands of the living God!

But, as I was saying, this expression coming into my thoughts, I was of opinion, I could not be too much on my guard, at all times: more especially when he took such liberties: for he professed honour all the time with his mouth, while his actions did not correspond. I begged and prayed he would let me go: and had I not appeared quite regardless of all he said, and resolved not to stay, if I could help it, I know not how far he would have proceeded; for I was forced to fall down upon my knees.

At last he walked out with me, still bragging of his honour and his love. Yes, yes, sir, said I, your honour is to destroy mine: and your love is to ruin me; I see it too plainly. But, indeed, I will not talk with you, sir, said I, any more. Do you know, said he, whom you talk to, and where you are?

You may believe I had reason to think him not so decent as he should be; for I said, As to where I am, sir, I know it too well; and that I have no creature to befriend me: and, as to whom I talk to, sir, let me ask you, What you would have me answer?

Why, tell me, said he, what answer you would make? It will only make you angry, said I; and so I shall fare worse, if possible. I won't be angry, said he. Why, then, sir, said I, you cannot be my late good lady's son; for she loved me, and taught me virtue. You cannot then be my master; for no master demeans himself so to his poor servant.

He put his arm round me, and his other hand on my neck, which made me more angry and bold: and he said, What then am I? Why, said I, (struggling from him, and in a great passion,) to be sure you are Lucifer himself, in the shape of my master, or you could not use me thus. These are too great liberties, said he, in anger; and I desire that you will not repeat them, for your own sake: For if you have no decency towards me, I'll have none towards you.

I was running from him, and he said, Come back, when I bid you. — So, knowing every place was alike dangerous to me, and I had nobody to run to, I came back, at his call; and seeing him look displeased, I held my hands together, and wept, and said, Pray, sir, forgive me. No, said he, rather say, Pray, Lucifer, forgive me! And, now, since you take me for the devil, how can you expect any good from me? — How, rather, can you expect any thing but the worst treatment from me? — You have given me a character, Pamela; and blame me not that I act up to it. Sir, said I, let me beg you to forgive me: I am really sorry for my boldness; but indeed you don't use me like a gentleman: and how can I express my resentment, if I mince the matter, while you are so indecent? Precise fool! said he, what indecencies have I offered you? — I was bewitched I had not gone through my purpose last Sunday night; and then your licentious tongue had not given the worst name to little puny freedoms, that shew my love and my folly at the same time. But, begone! said he, taking my hand, and tossing it from him, and learn another conduct and more wit; and I will lay aside my foolish regard for you, and assert myself. Begone! said he, again, with a haughty air.

Indeed, sir, said I, I cannot go, till you pardon me, which I beg on my bended knees. I am truly sorry for my boldness. — But I see how you go on: you creep by little and little upon me; and now soothe me, and now threaten me; and if I should forbear to shew my resentment, when you offer incivilities to me, would not that

be to be lost by degrees? Would it not shew, that I could bear any thing from you, if I did not express all the indignation I could express, at the first approaches you make to what I dread? And have you not as good as avowed my ruin? — And have you once made me hope you will quit your purposes against me? How then, sir, can I act, but by shewing my abhorrence of every step that makes towards my undoing? And what is left me but words? — And can these words be other than such strong ones, as shall shew the detestation which, from the bottom of my heart, I have for every attempt upon my virtue? Judge for me, sir, and pardon me.

Pardon you! said he, What! when you don't repent? — When you have the boldness to justify yourself in your fault? Why don't you say, you never will again offend me? I will endeavour, sir, said I, always to preserve that decency towards you which becomes me. But really, sir, I must beg your excuse for saying, That when you forget what belongs to decency in your actions, and when words are all that are left me, to shew my resentment of such actions, I will not promise to forbear the strongest expressions that my distressed mind shall suggest to me: nor shall your angriest frowns deter me, when my honesty is in question.

What, then, said he, do you beg pardon for? Where is the promise of amendment, for which I should forgive you? Indeed, sir, said I, I own that must absolutely depend on your usage of me: for I will bear any thing you can inflict upon me with patience, even to the laying down of my life, to shew my obedience to you in other cases; but I cannot be patient, I cannot be passive, when my virtue is at stake! It would be criminal in me, if I was.

He said, he never saw such a fool in his life. And he walked by the side of me some yards, without saying a word, and seemed vexed; and at last walked in, bidding me attend him in the garden, after dinner. So having a little time, I went up, and wrote thus far.

Wednesday night.

If, my dear parents, I am not destined more surely than ever for ruin, I have now more comfort before me than ever I yet knew: and am either nearer my happiness, or my misery, than ever I was. God protect me from the latter, if it be his blessed will! I have now such a scene to open to you, that, I know, will alarm both your hopes and your fears, as it does mine. And this it is:

After my master had dined, he took a turn into the stables, to look at his stud of horses; and, when he came in, he opened the parlour-door, where Mrs. Jewkes and I sat at dinner; and, at his entrance, we both rose up; but he said, Sit still, sit still, and let me see how you eat your victuals, Pamela. O, said Mrs. Jewkes, very poorly, indeed, sir! No, said I, pretty well, sir, considering. None of your considerings, said he, pretty face; and tapped me on the cheek. I blushed, but was glad he was so good-humoured; but I could not tell how to sit before him, nor to

behave myself. So he said, I know, Pamela, you are a nice carver: my mother used to say so. My lady, sir, said I, was very good to me in every thing, and would always make me do the honours of her table for her, when she was with her few select friends that she loved. Cut up, said he, that chicken. I did so. Now, said he, and took a knife and fork, and put a wing upon my plate, let me see you eat that. O sir, said I, I have eaten a whole breast of a chicken already, and cannot eat so much. But he said, I must eat it for his sake, and he would teach me to eat heartily: So I did eat it; but was much confused at his so kind and unusual freedom and condescension. And, good lack! you can't imagine how Mrs. Jewkes looked and stared, and how respectful she seemed to me, and called me good madam, I'll assure you, urging me to take a little bit of tart.

My master took two or three turns about the room, musing and thoughtful, as I had never before seen him; and at last he went out, saying, I am going into the garden: You know, Pamela, what I said to you before dinner. I rose, and courtesied, saying, I would attend his honour; and he said, Do, good girl!

Well, said Mrs. Jewkes, I see how things will go. O, madam, as she called me again, I am sure you are to be our mistress! And then I know what will become of me. Ah Mrs. Jewkes, said I, if I can but keep myself virtuous, 'tis the most of my ambition; and I hope, no temptation shall make me otherwise.

Notwithstanding I had no reason to be pleased with his treatment of me before dinner, yet I made haste to attend him; and I found him walking by the side of that pond, which, for want of grace, and through a sinful despondence, had like to have been so fatal to me, and the sight of which, ever since, has been a trouble and reproach to me. And it was by the side of this pond, and not far from the place where I had that dreaded conflict, that my present hopes, if I am not to be deceived again, began to dawn: which I presume to flatter myself with being a happy omen for me, as if God Almighty would shew your poor sinful daughter, how well I did to put my affiance in his goodness, and not to throw away myself, because my ruin seemed inevitable, to my short-sighted apprehension.

So he was pleased to say, Well, Pamela, I am glad you are come of your own accord, as I may say: give me your hand. I did so; and he looked at me very steadily, and pressing my hand all the time, at last said, I will now talk to you in a serious manner.

You have a good deal of wit, a great deal of penetration, much beyond your years, and, as I thought, your opportunities. You are possessed of an open, frank, and generous mind; and a person so lovely, that you excel all your sex, in my eyes. All these accomplishments have engaged my affection so deeply, that, as I have often said, I cannot live without you; and I would divide, with all my soul, my estate with you, to make you mine upon my own terms. These you have

absolutely rejected; and that, though in saucy terms enough, yet in such a manner as makes me admire you the more. Your pretty chit-chat to Mrs. Jewkes, the last Sunday night, so innocent, and so full of beautiful simplicity, half disarmed my resolution before I approached your bed: And I see you so watchful over your virtue, that though I hoped to find it otherwise, I cannot but confess my passion for you is increased by it. But now, what shall I say farther, Pamela? — I will make you, though a party, my adviser in this matter, though not, perhaps, my definitive judge.

You know I am not a very abandoned profligate; I have hitherto been guilty of no very enormous or vile actions. This of seizing you, and confining you thus, may perhaps be one of the worst, at least to persons of real innocence. Had I been utterly given up to my passions, I should before now have gratified them, and not have shewn that remorse and compassion for you, which have reprieved you, more than once, when absolutely in my power; and you are as inviolate a virgin as you were when you came into my house.

But what can I do? Consider the pride of my condition. I cannot endure the thought of marriage, even with a person of equal or superior degree to myself; and have declined several proposals of that kind: How then, with the distance between us in the world's judgment, can I think of making you my wife? — Yet I must have you; I cannot bear the thoughts of any other man supplanting me in your affections: and the very apprehension of that has made me hate the name of Williams, and use him in a manner unworthy of my temper.

Now, Pamela, judge for me; and, since I have told you, thus candidly, my mind, and I see yours is big with some important meaning, by your eyes, your blushes, and that sweet confusion which I behold struggling in your bosom, tell me, with like openness and candour, what you think I ought to do, and what you would have me do.

It is impossible for me to express the agitations of my mind, on this unexpected declaration, so contrary to his former behaviour. His manner too had something so noble, and so sincere, as I thought, that, alas for me! I found I had need of all my poor discretion, to ward off the blow which this treatment gave to my most guarded thoughts. I threw myself at his feet; for I trembled, and could hardly stand: O sir, said I, spare your poor servant's confusion! O spare the poor Pamela! — Speak out, said he, and tell me, when I bid you, What you think I ought to do? I cannot say what you ought to do, answered I: but I only beg you will not ruin me; and, if you think me virtuous, if you think me sincerely honest, let me go to my poor parents. I will vow to you, that I will never suffer myself to be engaged without your approbation.

Still he insisted upon a more explicit answer to his question, of what I thought he ought to do. And I did, As to my poor thoughts of what you ought to do, I must needs say, that indeed I think you ought to regard the world's opinion, and avoid doing any thing disgraceful to your birth and fortune; and, therefore, if you really honour the poor Pamela with your respect, a little time, absence, and the conversation of worthier persons of my sex, will effectually enable you to overcome a regard so unworthy your condition: And this, good sir, is the best advice I can offer.

Charming creature! lovely Pamela! said he, (with an ardour that was never before so agreeable to me,) this generous manner is of a piece with all the rest of your conduct. But tell me, still more explicitly, what you would advise me to, in the case.

O, sir! said I, take not advantage of my credulity, and these my weak moments: but were I the first lady in the land, instead of the poor abject Pamela, I would, I could tell you. But I can say no more —

O my dear father and mother! now I know you will indeed be concerned for me; — for now I am for myself. — And now I begin to be afraid I know too well the reason why all his hard trials of me, and my black apprehensions, would not let me hate him.

But be assured still, by God's grace, that I shall do nothing unworthy of your Pamela; and if I find that he is still capable of deceiving me, and that this conduct is only put on to delude me more, I shall think nothing in this world so vile, and so odious; and nothing, if he be not the worst of his kind, (as he says, and, I hope, he is not,) so desperately guileful, as the heart of man.

He generously said, I will spare your confusion, Pamela. But I hope I may promise myself, that you can love me preferably to any other man; and that no one in the world has had any share in your affections; for I am very jealous of what I love; and if I thought you had a secret whispering in your soul, that had not yet come up to a wish, for any other man breathing, I should not forgive myself to persist in my affection for you; nor you, if you did not frankly acquaint me with it.

As I still continued on my knees, on the grass border by the pond-side, he sat himself down on the grass by me, and took me in his arms: Why hesitates my Pamela? said he. — Can you not answer me with truth, as I wish? If you cannot, speak, and I will forgive you.

O good sir, said I, it is not that; indeed it is not: but a frightful word or two that you said to Mrs. Jewkes, when you thought I was not in hearing, comes cross my mind; and makes me dread that I am in more danger than ever I was in my life.

You have never found me a common liar, said he, (too fearful and foolish Pamela!) nor will I answer how long I may hold in my present mind; for my pride struggles hard within me, I'll assure you; and if you doubt me, I have no obligation to your confidence or opinion. But, at present, I am really sincere in what I say: And I expect you will be so too; and answer directly my question.

I find, sir, said I, I know not myself; and your question is of such a nature, that I only want to tell you what I heard, and to have your kind answer to it; or else, what I have to say to your question, may pave the way to my ruin, and shew a weakness that I did not believe was in me.

Well, said he, you may say what you have overheard; for, in not answering me directly, you put my soul upon the rack; and half the trouble I have had with you would have brought to my arms one of the finest ladies in England.

O sir, said I, my virtue is as dear to me, as if I was of the highest quality; and my doubts (for which you know I have had too much reason) have made me troublesome. But now, sir, I will tell you what I heard, which has given me great uneasiness.

You talked to Mrs. Jewkes of having begun wrong with me, in trying to subdue me with terror, and of frost, and such like — You remember it well: — And that you would, for the future, change your conduct, and try to melt me, that was your word, by kindness.

I fear not, sir, the grace of God supporting me, that any acts of kindness would make me forget what I owe to my virtue: but, sir, I may, I find, be made more miserable by such acts, than by terror; because my nature is too frank and open to make me wish to be ungrateful: and if I should be taught a lesson I never yet learnt, with what regret should I descend to the grave, to think that I could not hate my undoer: and that, at the last great day, I must stand up as an accuser of the poor unhappy soul, that I could wish it in my power to save!

Exalted girl! said he, what a thought is that! — Why, now, Pamela, you excel yourself! You have given me a hint that will hold me long. But, sweet creature, said he, tell me what is this lesson, which you never yet learnt, and which you are so afraid of learning?

If, sir, said I, you will again generously spare my confusion, I need not speak it: But this I will say, in answer to the question you seem most solicitous about, that I know not the man breathing that I would wish to be married to, or that ever I thought of with such an idea. I had brought my mind so to love poverty, that I hoped for nothing but to return to the best, though the poorest of parents; and to employ myself in serving God, and comforting them; and you know not, sir, how you disappointed those hopes, and my proposed honest pleasures, when you sent me hither.

Well then, said he, I may promise myself, that neither the parson, nor any other man, is any the least secret motive to your steadfast refusal of my offers? Indeed, sir, said I, you may; and, as you was pleased to ask, I answer, that I have not the least shadow of a wish, or thought, for any man living.

But, said he, (for I am foolishly jealous, and yet it shews my fondness for you,) have you not encouraged Williams to think you will have him? Indeed, sir, said I, I have not; but the very contrary. And would you not have had him, said he, if you had got away by his means? I had resolved, sir, said I, in my mind, otherwise; and he knew it; and the poor man — I charge you, said he, say not a word in his favour! You will excite a whirlwind in my soul, if you name him with kindness; and then you'll be borne away with the tempest.

Sir, said I, I have done! — Nay, said he, but do not have done; let me know the whole. If you have any regard for him, speak out; for it would end fearfully for you, for me, and for him, if I found that you disguised any secret of your soul from me, in this nice particular.

Sir, said I, if I have ever given you cause to think me sincere — Say then, said he, interrupting me with great vehemence, and taking both my hands between his, Say, that you now, in the presence of God, declare that you have not any the most hidden regard for Williams, or any other man.

Sir, said I, I do. As God shall bless me, and preserve my innocence, I have not. Well, said he, I will believe you, Pamela; and in time, perhaps, I may better bear that man's name. And, if I am convinced that you are not prepossessed, my vanity makes me assured, that I need not to fear a place in your esteem, equal, if not preferable, to any man in England. But yet it stings my pride to the quick, that you was so easily brought, and at such a short acquaintance, to run away with that college novice!

O good sir, said I, may I be heard one thing? And though I bring upon me your highest indignation, I will tell you, perhaps, the unnecessary and imprudent, but yet the whole truth.

My honesty (I am poor and lowly, and am not entitled to call it honour) was in danger. I saw no means of securing myself from your avowed attempts. You had shewed you would not stick at little matters; and what, sir, could any body have thought of my sincerity, in preferring that to all other considerations, if I had not escaped from these dangers, if I could have found any way for it? — I am not going to say any thing for him; but, indeed, indeed, sir, I was the cause of putting him upon assisting me in my escape. I got him to acquaint me what gentry there were in the neighbourhood that I might fly to; and prevailed upon him — Don't frown at me, good sir; for I must tell you the whole truth — to apply to one Lady Jones; to Lady Darnford; and he was so good to apply to Mr. Peters, the minister:

But they all refused me; and then it was he let me know, that there was no honourable way but marriage. That I declined; and he agreed to assist me for God's sake.

Now, said he, you are going — I boldly put my hand before his mouth, hardly knowing the liberty I took: Pray, sir, said I, don't be angry; I have just done — I would only say, that rather than have staid to be ruined, I would have thrown myself upon the poorest beggar that ever the world saw, if I thought him honest. — And I hope, when you duly weigh all matters, you will forgive me, and not think me so bold, and so forward, as you have been pleased to call me.

Well, said he, even in this your last speech, which, let me tell you, shews more your honesty of heart than your prudence, you have not over-much pleased me. But I must love you; and that vexes me not a little. But tell me, Pamela, for now the former question recurs: Since you so much prize your honour, and your virtue; since all attempts against that are so odious to you; and since I have avowedly made several of these attempts, do you think it is possible for you to love me preferably to any other of my sex?

Ah, sir! said I, and here my doubt recurs, that you may thus graciously use me, to take advantage of my credulity.

Still perverse and doubting! said he — Cannot you take me as I am at present? And that, I have told you, is sincere and undesigning, whatever I may be hereafter.

Ah, sir! replied I, what can I say? I have already said too much, if this dreadful hereafter should take place. Don't bid me say how well I can — And then, my face glowing as the fire, I, all abashed, leaned upon his shoulder, to hide my confusion.

He clasped me to him with great ardour, and said, Hide your dear face in my bosom, my beloved Pamela! your innocent freedoms charm me! — But then say, How well — what?

If you will be good, said I, to your poor servant, and spare her, I cannot say too much! But if not, I am doubly undone! — Undone indeed!

Said he, I hope my present temper will hold; for I tell you frankly, that I have known, in this agreeable hour, more sincere pleasure than I have experienced in all the guilty tumults that my desiring soul compelled me into, in the hopes of possessing you on my own terms. And, Pamela, you must pray for the continuance of this temper; and I hope your prayers will get the better of my temptations.

This sweet goodness overpowered all my reserves. I threw myself at his feet, and embraced his knees: What pleasure, sir, you give me at these gracious words, is not lent your poor servant to express! — I shall be too much rewarded for all

my sufferings, if this goodness hold! God grant it may, for your own soul's sake as well as mine. And oh! how happy should I be, if ——

He stopt me, and said, But, my dear girl, what must we do about the world, and the world's censure? Indeed, I cannot marry!

Now was I again struck all of a heap. However, soon recollecting myself, Sir, said I, I have not the presumption to hope such an honour. If I may be permitted to return in peace and safety to my poor parents, to pray for you there, it is all I at present request! This, sir, after all my apprehensions and dangers, will be a great pleasure to me. And, if I know my own poor heart, I shall wish you happy in a lady of suitable degree; and rejoice most sincerely in every circumstance that shall make for the happiness of my late good lady's most beloved son.

Well, said he, this conversation, Pamela, is gone farther than I intended it. You need not be afraid, at this rate, of trusting yourself with me: but it is I that ought to be doubtful of myself, when I am with you. — But before I say any thing farther on this subject, I will take my proud heart to task; and, till then, let every thing be as if this conversation had never passed. Only, let me tell you, that the more confidence you place in me, the more you'll oblige me: but your doubts will only beget cause of doubts. And with this ambiguous saying, he saluted me with a more formal manner, if I may so say, than before, and lent me his hand; and so we walked toward the house, side by side, he seeming very thoughtful and pensive, as if he had already repented him of his goodness.

What shall I do, what steps take, if all this be designing — O the perplexities of these cruel doubtings! — To be sure, if he be false, as I may call it, I have gone too far, much too far! — I am ready, on the apprehension of this, to bite my forward tongue (or rather to beat my more forward heart, that dictated to that poor machine) for what I have said. But sure, at least, he must be sincere for the time! — He could not be such a practised dissembler! — If he could, O how desperately wicked is the heart of man! — And where could he learn all these barbarous arts? — If so, it must be native surely to the sex! — But, silent be my rash censurings; be hushed, ye stormy tumults of my disturbed mind! for have I not a father who is a man? — A man who knows no guile! who would do no wrong! — who would not deceive or oppress, to gain a kingdom! — How then can I think it is native to the sex? And I must also hope my good lady's son cannot be the worst of men! — If he is, hard the lot of the excellent woman that bore him! — But much harder the hap of your poor Pamela, who has fallen into such hands! — But yet I will trust in God, and hope the best: and so lay down my tired pen for this time.

Thursday morning.

Somebody rapped at our chamber-door this morning, soon after it was light: Mrs. Jewkes asked, who it was? My master said, Open the door, Mrs. Jewkes! O, said I, for God's sake, Mrs. Jewkes, don't! Indeed, said she, but I must. Then, said I, and clung about her, let me slip on my clothes first. But he rapped again, and she broke from me; and I was frightened out of my wits, and folded myself in the bed-clothes. He entered, and said, What, Pamela, so fearful, after what passed yesterday between us! O, sir, sir, said I, I fear my prayers have wanted their wished effect! Pray, good sir, consider — He sat down on the bed-side, and interrupted me; No need of your foolish fears; I shall say but a word or two, and go away.

After you went up stairs, said he, I had an invitation to a ball, which is to be this night at Stamford, on occasion of a wedding; and I am going to call on Sir Simon, and his lady and daughters; for the bride is a relation of theirs: so I shall not be at home till Saturday. I come, therefore, to caution you, Mrs. Jewkes, before Pamela, (that she may not wonder at being closer confined, than for these three or four days past,) that nobody sees her, nor delivers any letter to her, in that space; for a person has been seen lurking about, and inquiring after her, and I have been well informed, that either Mrs. Jervis, or Mr. Longman, has written a letter, with a design of having it conveyed to her: And, said he, you must know, Pamela, that I have ordered Mr. Longman to give up his accounts, and have dismissed Jonathan and Mrs. Jervis, since I have been here; for their behaviour has been intolerable; and they have made such a breach between my sister Davers and me, as we shall never, perhaps, make up. Now, Pamela, I shall take it kindly in you, if you will confine yourself to your chamber pretty much, for the time I am absent, and not give Mrs. Jewkes cause of trouble or uneasiness; and the rather, as you know she acts by my orders.

Alas! sir, said I, I fear all these good people have suffered for my sake! — Why, said he, I believe so too; and there was never a girl of your innocence, that set a large family in such an uproar, surely. — But let that pass. You know both of you my mind, and, in part, the reason of it. I shall only say, that I have had such a letter from my sister, as I could not have expected; and, Pamela, said he, neither you nor I have reason to thank her, as you shall know, perhaps at my return. — I go in my coach, Mrs. Jewkes, because I take Lady Darnford, and Mrs. Peters's niece, and one of Lady Darnford's daughters, along with me; and Sir Simon and his other daughter go in his chariot: so let all the gates be fastened; and don't take any airing in either of the chariots, nor let any body go to the gate, without you, Mrs. Jewkes. I'll be sure, said she, to obey your honour.

I will give Mrs. Jewkes no trouble, sir, said I; and will keep pretty much in my chamber, and not stir so much as into the garden without her; to shew you I will

obey in every thing I can. But I begin to fear — Ay, said he, more plots and contrivances, don't you? — But I'll assure you, you never had less reason; and I tell you the truth; for I am really going to Stamford this time; and upon the occasion I tell you. And so, Pamela, give me your hand, and one kiss; and then I am gone.

I durst not refuse, and said, God bless you, sir, wherever you go! — But I am sorry for what you tell me about your servants!

He and Mrs. Jewkes had a little talk without the door; and I heard her say, You may depend, sir, upon my care and vigilance.

He went in his coach, as he said he should, and very richly dressed, which looks as if what he said was likely: but really I have been used to so many tricks, and plots, and surprises, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. Jervis. — So here is Parson Williams; here's poor naughty John; here is good Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan, turned away for me! — Mr. Longman is rich, indeed, and so need the less matter it; but I know it will grieve him: and for poor Mr. Jonathan, I am sure it will cut that good old servant to the heart. Alas for me! what mischiefs am I the occasion of! — Or, rather, my master, whose actions towards me have made so many of my kind friends forfeit his favour, for my sake!

I am very sad about these things: If he really loved me, methinks he should not be so angry, that his servants loved me too. — I know not what to think!

Friday night.

I have removed my papers from under the rose-bush; for I saw the gardener begin to dig near that spot; and I was afraid he would find them.

Mrs. Jewkes and I were looking yesterday through the iron gate that fronts the elms; and a gipsy-like body made up to us, and said; If, madam, you will give me some broken victuals, I will tell you both your fortunes. I said, Let us hear our fortunes, Mrs. Jewkes. She said, I don't like these sort of people; but we will hear what she'll say to us, however. I shan't fetch you any victuals, woman; but I will give you some pence, said she.

But Nan coming out, she said, Fetch some bread, and some of the cold meat, and you shall have your fortune told, Nan.

This, you'll think, like some of my other matters, a very trifling thing to write about. But mark the discovery of a dreadful plot, which I have made by it. O, bless me! What can I think of this naughty, this very naughty gentleman! — Now will I hate him most heartily. Thus it was: —

Mrs. Jewkes had no suspicion of the woman, the iron gate being locked, and she on the outside, and we on the inside; and so put her hand through. She said, muttering over a parcel of cramp words; Why, madam, you will marry soon, I can

tell you. At that she seemed pleased, and said, I am glad to hear that; and shook her fat sides with laughing. The woman looked most earnestly at me, all the time, and as if she had meaning. Then it came into my head, from my master's caution, that possibly this woman might be employed to try to get a letter into my hands; and I was resolved to watch all her motions. So Mrs. Jewkes said, What sort of a man shall I have, pray? — Why, said she, a man younger than yourself; and a very good husband he'll prove. — I am glad of that, said she; and laughed again. Come, madam, let us hear your fortune.

The woman came to me, and took my hand. O! said she, I cannot tell your fortune: your hand is so white and fine, I cannot see the lines: but, said she, and, stooping, pulled up a little tuft of grass, I have a way for that; and so rubbed my hand with the mould part of the tuft: Now, said she, I can see the lines.

Mrs. Jewkes was very watchful of all her ways, and took the tuft, and looked upon it, lest any thing should be in that. And then the woman said, Here is the line of Jupiter crossing the line of life; and Mars — Odd! my pretty mistress, said she, you had best take care of yourself; for you are hard beset, I'll assure you. You will never be married, I can see; and will die of your first child. Out upon thee, woman! said I, better thou hadst never come here.

Said Mrs. Jewkes, whispering, I don't like this: it looks like a cheat: Pray, Mrs. Pamela, go in, this moment. So I will, said I; for I have enough of fortune-telling. And in I went.

The woman wanted sadly to tell me more, which made Mrs. Jewkes threaten her, suspecting still the more; and away the woman went, having told Nan her fortune, and she would be drowned.

This thing ran strongly in all our heads; and we went, an hour after, to see if the woman was lurking about, and took Mr. Colbrand for our guard. Looking through the iron gate, he spied a man sauntering about the middle of the walk; which filled Mrs. Jewkes with still more suspicions; and she said, Mr. Colbrand, you and I will walk towards this fellow, and see what he saunters there for: And, Nan, do you and madam stay at the gate.

So they opened the iron gate and walked down towards the man; and guessing the woman, if employed, must mean something by the tuft of grass, I cast my eye that way, whence she pulled it, and saw more grass seemingly pulled up: then I doubted not something was there for me; and I walked to it, and standing over it, said to Nan, That's a pretty sort of wild flower, that grows yonder, near the elm, the fifth from us on the left; pray pull it for me. Said she, It is a common weed. Well, said I, but pull it for me; there are sometimes beautiful colours in a weed.

While she went on, I stooped, and pulled up a good handful of the grass, and in it a bit of paper, which I put instantly in my bosom, and dropt the grass: and my

heart went pit-a-pat at the odd adventure. Said I, Let's go in, Mrs. Anne. No, said she, we must stay till Mrs. Jewkes comes.

I was all impatience to read this paper: and when Colbrand and she returned, I went in. Said she, Certainly there is some reason for my master's caution: I can make nothing of this sauntering fellow; but, to be sure, there was some roguery in the gipsy. Well, said I, if there was, she lost her aim, you see! Ay, very true, said she; but that was owing to my watchfulness; and you was very good to go away, when I spoke to you.

I hastened up stairs to my closet, and found the billet to contain, in a hand that seemed disguised, and bad spelling, the following words:

'Twenty contrivances have been thought of to let you know your danger: but all have proved in vain. Your friends hope it is not yet too late to give you this caution, if it reaches your hands. The 'squire is absolutely determined to ruin you; and, because he despairs of any other way, he will pretend great love and kindness to you, and that he will marry you. You may expect a parson, for this purpose, in a few days; but it is a sly artful fellow, of a broken attorney, that he has hired to personate a minister. The man has a broad face, pitted much with the small-pox, and is a very great companion. So take care of yourself. Doubt not this advice. Perhaps you'll have had but too much reason already to confirm you in the truth of it. From your zealous well-wisher, 'SOMEBODY.'

Now, my dear father and mother, what shall we say of this truly diabolical master! O, how shall I find words to paint my griefs, and his deceit! I have as good as confessed I love him; but, indeed, it was on supposing him good. — This, however, has given him too much advantage. But now I will break this wicked forward heart of mine, if it will not be taught to hate him! O, what a black dismal heart must he have! So here is a plot to ruin me, and by my own consent to! — No wonder he did not improve his wicked opportunities, (which I thought owing to remorse for his sin, and compassion for me,) when he had such a project as this in reserve! — Here should I have been deluded with the hopes of a happiness that my highest ambition could have had aspired to! — But how dreadful must have been my lot, when I had found myself an undone creature, and a guilty harlot, instead of a lawful wife! Oh! this is indeed too much, too much, for your poor Pamela to support! This is the worse, as I hoped all the worst was over; and that I had the pleasure of beholding a reclaimed man, and not an abandoned libertine. What now must your poor daughter do? Now all her hopes are dashed! And if this fails him, then comes, to be sure, my forced disgrace! for this shews he will never leave till he has ruined me — O, the wretched, wretched Pamela!

Saturday noon, one o'clock.

My master is come home; and, to be sure, has been where he said. So once he has told truth; and this matter seems to be gone off without a plot: No doubt he depends upon his sham wicked marriage! He has brought a gentleman with him to dinner; and so I have not seen him yet.

Two o'clock.

I am very sorrowful, and still have greater reason; for, just now, as I was in my closet, opening the parcel I had hid under the rose-bush, to see if it was damaged by lying so long, Mrs. Jewkes came upon me by surprise, and laid her hands upon it; for she had been looking through the key-hole, it seems.

I know not what I shall do! For now he will see all my private thoughts of him, and all my secrets, as I may say. What a careless creature I am! — To be sure I deserve to be punished.

You know I had the good luck, by Mr. Williams's means, to send you all my papers down to Sunday night, the 17th day of my imprisonment. But now these papers contain all my matters from that time, to Wednesday the 27th day of my distress: And which, as you may now, perhaps, never see, I will briefly mention the contents to you.

In these papers, then, are included, 'An account of Mrs. Jewkes's arts to draw me in to approve of Mr. Williams's proposal for marriage; and my refusing to do so; and desiring you not to encourage his suit to me. Mr. Williams's being wickedly robbed, and a visit of hers to him; whereby she discovered all his secrets. How I was inclined to get off, while she was gone; but was ridiculously prevented by my foolish fears, etc. My having the key of the back-door. Mrs. Jewkes's writing to my master all the secrets she had discovered of Mr. Williams, and her behaviour to me and him upon it. Continuance of my correspondence with Mr. Williams by the tiles; begun in the parcel you had. My reproaches to him for his revealing himself to Mrs. Jewkes; and his letter to me in answer, threatening to expose my master, if he deceived him; mentioning in it John Arnold's correspondence with him; and a letter which John sent, and was intercepted, as it seems. Of the correspondence being carried on by a friend of his at Gainsborough. Of the horse he was to provide for me, and one for himself. Of what Mr. Williams had owned to Mrs. Jewkes; and of my discouraging his proposals. Then it contained a pressing letter of mine to him, urging my escape before my master came; with his half-angry answer to me. Your good letter to me, my dear father, sent to me by Mr. Williams's conveyance; in which you would have me encourage Mr. Williams, but leave it to me; and in which, fortunately enough, you take notice of my being uninclined to marry. — My earnest desire to be with you. The substance of my answer to Mr. Williams, expressing more patience, etc. A dreadful letter of my master to Mrs. Jewkes; which, by mistake,

was directed to me; and one to me, directed by like mistake to her; and very free reflections of mine upon both. The concern I expressed for Mr. Williams's being taken in, deceived, and ruined. An account of Mrs. Jewkes's glorying in her wicked fidelity. A sad description I gave of Monsieur Colbrand, a person he sent down to assist Mrs. Jewkes in watching me. How Mr. Williams was arrested, and thrown into gaol; and the concern I expressed upon it; and my free reflections on my master for it. A projected contrivance of mine, to get away out of the window, and by the back-door; and throwing by petticoat and handkerchief into the pond to amuse them, while I got off: An attempt that had like to have ended very dreadfully for me! My further concern for Mr. Williams's ruin, on my account: And, lastly, my over-hearing Mrs. Jewkes brag of her contrivance to rob Mr. Williams, in order to get at my papers; which, however, he preserved, and sent safe to you.'

These, down to the execution of my unfortunate plot to escape, are, to the best of my remembrance, the contents of the papers, which this merciless woman seized: For, how badly I came off, and what followed, I still have safe, as I hope, sewed in my under-coat, about my hips.

In vain were all my prayers and tears to her, to get her not to shew them to my master. For she said, It had now come out, why I affected to be so much alone; and why I was always writing. And she thought herself happy, she said, she had found these; for often and often had she searched every place she could think of, for writings, to no purpose before. And she hoped, she said, there was nothing in them by what any body might see; for, said she, you know you are all innocence! — Insolent creature! said I, I am sure you are all guilt! — And so you must do your worst; for now I can't help myself, and I see there is no mercy to be expected from you.

Just now, my master being come up, she went to him upon the stairs, and gave him my papers. There, sir, said she; you always said Mrs. Pamela was a great writer; but I never could get at any thing of hers before. He took them; and, without coming to me, went down to the parlour again. And what with the gipsy affair, and what with this, I could not think of going down to dinner; and she told him that too; and so I suppose I shall have him up stairs, as soon as his company is gone.

Saturday, six o'clock.

My master came up, and, in a pleasanter manner than I expected, said, So, Pamela, we have seized, it seems, your treasonable papers? Treasonable! said I, very sullenly. Ay, said he, I suppose so; for you are a great plotter: but I have not read them yet.

Then, sir, said I, very gravely, it will be truly honourable in you not to read them; but to give them to me again. To whom, says he, are they written? — To my father, sir; but I suppose you see to whom. — Indeed, returned he, I have not read three lines yet. Then, pray, sir, don't read them; but give them to me again. That I will not, said he, till I have read them. Sir, said I, you served me not well in the letters I used to write formerly: I think it was not worthy your character to contrive to get them in your hands, by that false John Arnold! for should such a gentleman as you mind what your poor servant writes? — Yes, said he, by all means, mind what such a servant as my Pamela writes.

Your Pamela! thought I. Then the sham marriage came into my head; and indeed it has not been out of it, since the gipsy affair. — But, said he, have you any thing in these papers you would not have me see? To be sure, sir, said I, there is; for what one writes to one's father and mother, is not for every body to see. Nor, said he, am I every body.

Those letters, added he, that I did see by John's means, were not to your disadvantage, I'll assure you; for they gave me a very high opinion of your wit and innocence: And if I had not loved you, do you think I would have troubled myself about your letters?

Alas! sir, said I, great pride to me that! For they gave you such an opinion of my innocence, that you was resolved to ruin me. And what advantage have they brought me! — Who have been made a prisoner, and used as I have been between you and your housekeeper.

Why, Pamela, said he, a little seriously, why this behaviour, for my goodness to you in the garden? — This is not of a piece with your conduct and softness there, that quite charmed me in your favour: And you must not give me cause to think that you will be the more insolent, as you find me kinder. Ah! sir, said I, you know best your own heart and designs! But I fear I was too open-hearted then; and that you still keep your resolution to undo me, and have only changed the form of your proceedings.

When I tell you once again, said he, a little sternly, that you cannot oblige me more, than by placing some confidence in me, I will let you know, that these foolish and perverse doubts are the worst things you can be guilty of. But, said he, I shall possibly account for the cause of them, in these papers of yours; for I doubt not you have been sincere to your father and mother, though you begin to make me suspect you: For I tell you, perverse girl, that it is impossible you should be thus cold and insensible, after what has passed in the garden, if you were not prepossessed in some other person's favour: And let me add, that if I find it so, it shall be attended with such effects, as will make every vein in your heart bleed.

He was going away in wrath; and I said, One word, good sir, one word before you read them, since you will read them: Pray make allowances — for all the harsh reflections that you will find in them, on your own conduct to me: And remember only, that they were not written for your sight; and were penned by a poor creature hardly used, and who was in constant apprehension of receiving from you the worst treatment that you could inflict upon her.

If that be all, said he, and there be nothing of another nature, that I cannot forgive, you have no cause for uneasiness; for I had as many instances of your saucy reflections upon me in your former letters, as there were lines; and yet, you see, I have never upbraided you on that score; though, perhaps, I wished you had been more sparing of your epithets, and your freedoms of that sort.

Well, sir, said I, since you will, you must read them; and I think I have no reason to be afraid of being found insincere, or having, in any respect, told you a falsehood; because, though I don't remember all I wrote, yet I know I wrote my heart; and that is not deceitful. And remember, sir, another thing, that I always declared I thought myself right to endeavour to make my escape from this forced and illegal restraint; and so you must not be angry that I would have done so, if I could.

I'll judge you, never fear, said he, as favourably as you deserve; for you have too powerful a pleader within me. And so went down stairs.

About nine o'clock he sent for me down into the parlour. I went a little fearfully; and he held the paper in his hand, and said, Now, Pamela, you come upon your trial. Said I, I hope I have a just judge to hear my cause. Ay, said he, and you may hope for a merciful one too, or else I know not what will become of you.

I expect, continued he, that you will answer me directly, and plainly, to every question I shall ask you. — In the first place, here are several love-letters between you and Williams. Love-letters! sir, said I. — Well, call them what you will, said he, I don't entirely like them, I'll assure you, with all the allowances you desired me to make for you. Do you find, sir, said I, that I encouraged his proposal, or do you not? Why, said he, you discourage his address in appearance; but no otherwise than all your cunning sex do to ours, to make us more eager in pursuing you.

Well, sir, said I, that is your comment; but it does not appear so in the text. Smartly said! says he: Where a d — l gottest thou, at these years, all this knowledge? And then thou hast a memory, as I see by your papers, that nothing escapes. Alas! sir, said I, what poor abilities I have, serve only to make me more miserable! — I have no pleasure in my memory, which impresses things upon me, that I could be glad never were, or everlastingly to forget.

Well, said he, so much for that — But where are the accounts (since you have kept so exact a journal of all that has befallen you) previous to these here in my hand? My father has them, sir, said I. — By whose means? said he — By Mr. Williams's, said I. Well answered, said he. But cannot you contrive to get me a sight of them? That would be pretty! said I. I wish I could have contrived to have kept those you have from your sight. Said he, I must see them, Pamela, or I shall never be easy; for I must know how this correspondence between you and Williams began: and if I can see them, it shall be better for you, if they answer what these give me hope they will.

I can tell you, sir, very faithfully, said I, what the beginning was; for I was bold enough to be the beginner. That won't do, said he; for though this may appear a punctilio to you, to me it is of high importance. Sir, said I, if you please to let me go to my father, I will send them to you by any messenger you shall send for them. Will you so? But I dare say, if you will write for them, they will send them to you, without the trouble of such a journey to yourself: and I beg you will.

I think, sir, said I, as you have seen all my former letters through John's baseness, and now these, through your faithful housekeeper's officious watchfulness, you might see all the rest: But I hope you will not desire it, till I can see how much my pleasing you in this particular will be of use to myself.

You must trust to my honour for that. But tell me, Pamela, said the sly gentleman, since I have seen these, would you have voluntarily shewn me those, had they been in your possession?

I was not aware of this inference, and said, Yes, truly, sir, I think I should, if you commanded it. Well then, Pamela, said he, as I am sure you have found means to continue your journal, I desire, till the former part can come, that you will shew me the succeeding. — O sir, sir, said I, have you caught me so? — But indeed you must excuse me there.

Why, said he, tell me truly, have you not continued your account till now? Don't ask me, sir, said I. But I insist upon your answer, replied he. Why then, sir, I will not tell an untruth; I have. — That's my good girl! said he, I love sincerity at my heart. — In another, sir, said I, I presume you mean! — Well, said he, I'll allow you to be a little witty upon me; because it is in you, and you cannot help it: but you will greatly oblige me, to shew me voluntarily what you have written. I long to see the particulars of your plot, and your disappointment, where your papers leave off: for you have so beautiful a manner, that it is partly that, and partly my love for you, that has made me desirous of reading all you write; though a great deal of it is against myself; for which you must expect to suffer a little: and as I have furnished you with the subject, I have a title to see the fruits of your pen. — Besides, said he, there is such a pretty air of romance, as you relate

them, in your plots, and my plots, that I shall be better directed in what manner to wind up the catastrophe of the pretty novel.

If I was your equal, sir, said I, I should say this is a very provoking way of jeering at the misfortunes you have brought upon me.

O, said he, the liberties you have taken with my character in your letters, sets us upon a par, at least in that respect. Sir, I could not have taken those liberties, if you had not given me the cause: and the cause, sir, you know, is before the effect.

True, Pamela, said he; you chop logic very prettily. What the deuse do we men go to school for? If our wits were equal to women's, we might spare much time and pains in our education: for nature teaches your sex, what, in a long course of labour and study, ours can hardly attain to. — But, indeed, every lady is not a Pamela.

You delight to banter your poor servant, said I.

Nay, continued he, I believe I must assume to myself half the merit of your wit, too; for the innocent exercises you have had for it, from me, have certainly sharpened your invention.

Sir, said I, could I have been without those innocent exercises, as you are pleased to call them, I should have been glad to have been as dull as a beetle. But then, Pamela, said he, I should not have loved you so well. But then, sir, I should have been safe, easy, and happy. — Ay, may be so, and may be not; and the wife, too, of some clouterly plough-boy.

But then, sir, I should have been content and innocent; and that's better than being a princess, and not so. And may be not, said he; for if you had had that pretty face, some of us keen fox-hunters should have found you out; and, in spite of your romantic notions, (which then, too, perhaps, would not have had so strong a place in your mind,) might have been more happy with the ploughman's wife, than I have been with my mother's Pamela. I hope, sir, said I, God would have given me more grace.

Well, but, resumed he, as to these writings of yours, that follow your fine plot, I must see them. Indeed, sir, you must not, if I can help it. Nothing, said he, pleases me better, than that, in all your arts, shifts, and stratagems, you have had a great regard to truth; and have, in all your little pieces of deceit, told very few wilful fibs. Now I expect you'll continue this laudable rule in your conversation with me. — Let me know then, where you have found supplies of pen, ink, and paper, when Mrs. Jewkes was so vigilant, and gave you but two sheets at a time? — Tell me truth.

Why, sir, little did I think I should have such occasion for them; but, when I went away from your house, I begged some of each of good Mr. Longman, who gave me plenty. Yes, yes, said he, it must be good Mr. Longman! All your

confederates are good, every one of them: but such of my servants as have done their duty, and obeyed my orders, are painted out by you as black as devils! nay, so am I too, for that matter.

Sir, said I, I hope you won't be angry, but, saving yourself, do you think they are painted worse than they deserve? or worse than the parts they acted require?

You say, saving myself, Pamela; but is not that saying a mere compliment to me, because I am present, and you are in my hands? Tell me truly. — Good sir, excuse me; but I fancy I might ask you, Why you should think so, if there was not a little bit of conscience that told you, there was but too much reason for it?

He kissed me, and said, I must either do thus, or be angry with you; for you are very saucy, Pamela. — But, with your bewitching chit-chat, and pretty impertinence, I will not lose my question. Where did you hide your paper, pens, and ink?

Some, sir, in one place, some in another; that I might have some left, if others should be found. — That's a good girl! said he; I love you for your sweet veracity. Now tell me where it is you hide your written papers, your saucy journal? — I must beg your excuse for that, sir, said I. But indeed, answered he, you will not have it: for I will know, and I will see them. — This is very hard, sir, said I; but I must say, you shall not, if I can help it.

We were standing most of this time; but he then sat down, and took me by both my hands, and said, Well said, my pretty Pamela, if you can help it! But I will not let you help it. Tell me, are they in your pocket? No, sir, said I; my heart up at my mouth. Said he, I know you won't tell a downright fib for the world: but for equivocation! no jesuit ever went beyond you. Answer me then, Are they in neither of your pockets? No, sir, said I. Are they not, said he, about your stays? No, sir, replied I: But pray no more questions: for ask me ever so much, I will not tell you.

O, said he, I have a way for that. I can do as they do abroad, when the criminals won't confess; torture them till they do. — But pray, sir, said I, is this fair, just, or honest? I am no criminal; and I won't confess.

O, my girl! said he, many an innocent person has been put to the torture. But let me know where they are, and you shall escape the question, as they call it abroad.

Sir, said I, the torture is not used in England, and I hope you won't bring it up. Admirably said! said the naughty gentleman. — But I can tell you of as good a punishment. If a criminal won't plead with us, here in England, we press him to death, or till he does plead. And so now, Pamela, that is a punishment shall certainly be yours, if you won't tell without.

Tears stood in my eyes, and I said, This, sir, is very cruel and barbarous. — No matter, said he; it is but like your Lucifer, you know, in my shape! And, after I have done so many heinous things by you as you think, you have no great reason to judge so hardly of this; or, at least, it is but of a piece with the rest.

But, sir, said I, (dreadfully afraid he had some notion they were about me,) if you will be obeyed in this unreasonable manner, though it is sad tyranny, to be sure! — let me go up to them, and read them over again, and you shall see so far as to the end of the sad story that follows those you have.

I'll see them all, said he, down to this time, if you have written so far: — Or, at least, till within this week. — Then let me go up to them, said I, and see what I have written, and to what day, to shew them to you; for you won't desire to see every thing. But I will, replied he. — But say, Pamela, tell me truth: Are they above? I was much affrighted. He saw my confusion. Tell me truth, said he. Why, sir, answered I, I have sometimes hid them under the dry mould in the garden; sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; and those you have in your hand, were several days under a rose-bush, in the garden. Artful slut! said he, What's this to my question? — Are they not about you? — If, said I, I must pluck them out of my hiding-place behind the wainscot, won't you see me? — Still more and more artful! said he — Is this an answer to my question? — I have searched every place above, and in your closet, for them, and cannot find them; so I will know where they are. Now, said he, it is my opinion they are about you; and I never undressed a girl in my life; but I will now begin to strip my pretty Pamela; and I hope I shall not go far before I find them.

I fell a crying, and said, I will not be used in this manner. Pray, sir, said I, (for he began to unpin my handkerchief,) consider! Pray sir, do! — And pray, said he, do you consider. For I will see these papers. But may be, said he, they are tied about your knees, with your garters, and stooped. Was ever any thing so vile and so wicked? — I fell on my knees, and said, What can I do? What can I do? If you'll let me go up I'll fetch them to you. Will you, said he, on your honour, let me see them uncurtailed, and not offer to make them away; no not a single paper? — I will, sir. — On your honour? Yes, sir. And so he let me go up stairs, crying sadly for vexation to be so used. Sure nobody was ever so served as I am!

I went to my closet, and there I sat me down, and could not bear the thoughts of giving up my papers. Besides, I must all undress me, in a manner, to untack them. So I writ thus:

'SIR,

'To expostulate with such an arbitrary gentleman, I know will signify nothing; and most hardly do you use the power you so wickedly have got over me. I have heart enough, sir, to do a deed that would make you regret using me thus; and I

can hardly bear it, and what I am further to undergo. But a superior consideration withholds me; thank God, it does! — I will, however, keep my word, if you insist upon it when you have read this; but, sir, let me beg of you to give me time till to-morrow morning, that I may just run them over, and see what I put into your hands against me: and I will then give my papers to you, without the least alteration, or adding or diminishing: But I should beg still to be excused, if you please: But if not, spare them to me but till to-morrow morning: and this, so hardly am I used, shall be thought a favour, which I shall be very thankful for.'

I guessed it would not be long before I heard from him and he accordingly sent up Mrs. Jewkes for what I had promised. So I gave her this note to carry to him. And he sent word, that I must keep my promise, and he would give me till morning; but that I must bring them to him, without his asking again.

So I took off my under-coat, and with great trouble of mind, unsewed them from it. And there is a vast quantity of it. I will just slightly touch upon the subjects; because I may not, perhaps, get them again for you to see.

They begin with an account of 'my attempting to get away out of the window first, and then throwing my petticoat and handkerchief into the pond. How sadly I was disappointed, the lock of the back-door being changed. How, in trying to climb over the door, I tumbled down, and was piteously bruised; the bricks giving way, and tumbling upon me. How, finding I could not get off, and dreading the hard usage I should receive, I was so wicked as to think of throwing myself into the water. My sad reflections upon this matter. How Mrs. Jewkes used me upon this occasion, when she found me. How my master had like to have been drowned in hunting; and my concern for his danger, notwithstanding his usage of me. Mrs. Jewkes's wicked reports, to frighten me, that I was to be married to the ugly Swiss; who was to sell me on the wedding-day to my master. Her vile way of talking to me, like a London prostitute. My apprehensions of seeing preparations made for my master's coming. Her causeless fears that I was trying to get away again, when I had no thoughts of it; and my bad usage upon it. My master's dreadful arrival; and his hard, very hard treatment of me; and Mrs. Jewkes's insulting of me. His jealousy of Mr. Williams and me. How Mrs. Jewkes vilely instigated him to wickedness.' And down to here, I put into one parcel, hoping that would content him. But for fear it should not, I put into another parcel the following; viz.

'A copy of his proposals to me, of a great parcel of gold, and fine clothes and rings, and an estate of I can't tell what a year; and 50l. a year for the life of both you, my dear parents, to be his mistress; with an insinuation, that, may be, he would marry me at the year's end: All sadly vile: With threatenings, if I did not comply, that he would ruin me, without allowing me any thing. A copy of my

answer, refusing all, with just abhorrence: But begging at last his goodness towards me, and mercy on me, in the most moving manner I could think of. An account of his angry behaviour, and Mrs. Jewkes's wicked advice hereupon. His trying to get me to his chamber; and my refusal to go. A deal of stuff and chit-chat between me and the odious Mrs. Jewkes; in which she was very wicked and very insulting. Two notes I wrote, as if to be carried to church, to pray for his reclaiming, and my safety; which Mrs. Jewkes seized, and officiously shewed him. A confession of mine, that, notwithstanding his bad usage, I could not hate him. My concern for Mr. Williams. A horrid contrivance of my master's to ruin me; being in my room, disguised in clothes of the maid's, who lay with me and Mrs. Jewkes. How narrowly I escaped, (it makes my heart ache to think of it still!) by falling into fits. Mrs. Jewkes's detestable part in this sad affair. How he seemed moved at my danger, and forbore his abominable designs; and assured me he had offered no indecency. How ill I was for a day or two after; and how kind he seemed. How he made me forgive Mrs. Jewkes. How, after this, and great kindness pretended, he made rude offers to me in the garden, which I escaped. How I resented them.' Then I had written, 'How kindly he behaved himself to me; and how he praised me, and gave me great hopes of his being good at last. Of the too tender impression this made upon me; and how I began to be afraid of my own weakness and consideration for him, though he had used me so ill. How sadly jealous he was of Mr. Williams; and how I, as justly could, cleared myself as to his doubts on that score. How, just when he had raised me up to the highest hope of his goodness, he dashed me sadly again, and went off more coldly. My free reflections upon this trying occasion.'

This brought down matters from Thursday, the 20th day of my imprisonment, to Wednesday the 41st, and here I was resolved to end, let what would come; for only Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, remain to give an account of; and Thursday he set out to a ball at Stamford; and Friday was the gipsy story; and this is Saturday, his return from Stamford. And truly, I shall have but little heart to write, if he is to see all.

So these two parcels of papers I have got ready for him against to-morrow morning. To be sure I have always used him very freely in my writings, and shewed him no mercy; but yet he must thank himself for it; for I have only writ truth; and I wish he had deserved a better character at my hands, as well for his own sake as mine. — So, though I don't know whether ever you'll see what I write, I must say, that I will go to bed, with remembering you in my prayers, as I always do, and as I know you do me: And so, my dear parents, good night.

Sunday morning.

I remembered what he said, of not being obliged to ask again for my papers; and what I should be forced to do, and could not help, I thought I might as well do in such a manner as might shew I would not disoblige on purpose: though I stomached this matter very heavily too. I had therefore got in readiness my two parcels; and he, not going to church in the morning, bid Mrs. Jewkes tell me he was gone into the garden.

I knew that was for me to go to him; and so I went: for how can I help being at his beck? which grieves me not a little, though he is my master, as I may say; for I am so wholly in his power, that it would do me no good to incense him; and if I refused to obey him in little matters, my refusal in greater would have the less weight. So I went down to the garden; but as he walked in one walk, I took another, that I might not seem too forward neither.

He soon ‘spied me, and said, Do you expect to be courted to come to me? Sir, said I, and crossed the walk to attend him, I did not know but I should interrupt you in your meditations this good day.

Was that the case, said he, truly, and from your heart? Why, sir, said I, I don’t doubt but you have very good thoughts sometimes, though not towards me. I wish, said he, I could avoid thinking so well of you as I do. But where are the papers? — I dare say you had them about you yesterday; for you say in those I have, that you will bury your writings in the garden, for fear you should be searched, if you did not escape. This, added he, gave me a glorious pretence to search you; and I have been vexing myself all night, that I did not strip you garment by garment, till I had found them. O fie, sir, said I; let me not be scared, with hearing that you had such a thought in earnest.

Well, said he, I hope you have not now the papers to give me; for I had rather find them myself, I’ll assure you.

I did not like this way of talk at all; and thinking it best not to dwell upon it, said, Well, but, sir, you will excuse me, I hope, giving up my papers.

Don’t trifle with me, said he; Where are they? — I think I was very good to you last night, to humour you as I did. If you have either added or diminished, and have not strictly kept your promise, woe be to you! Indeed, sir, said I, I have neither added nor diminished. But there is the parcel that goes on with my sad attempt to escape, and the terrible consequences it had like to have been followed with. And it goes down to the naughty articles you sent me. And as you know all that has happened since, I hope these will satisfy you.

He was going to speak; but I said, to drive him from thinking of any more, And I must beg you, sir, to read the matter favourably, if I have exceeded in any liberties of my pen.

I think, said he, half-smiling, you may wonder at my patience, that I can be so easy to read myself abused as I am by such a saucy slut. — Sir, said I, I have wondered you should be so desirous to see my bold stuff; and, for that very reason, I have thought it a very good, or a very bad sign. What, said he, is your good sign? — That it may have an effect upon your temper, at last, in my favour, when you see me so sincere. Your bad sign? Why, that if you can read my reflections and observations upon your treatment of me, with tranquillity, and not be moved, it is a sign of a very cruel and determined heart. Now, pray, sir, don't be angry at my boldness in telling you so freely my thoughts. You may, perhaps, said he, be least mistaken, when you think of your bad sign. God forbid! said I.

So I took out my papers; and said, Here, sir, they are. But if you please to return them, without breaking the seal, it will be very generous: and I will take it for a great favour, and a good omen.

He broke the seal instantly, and opened them: So much for your omen! replied he. I am sorry for it, said I, very seriously; and was walking away. Whither now? said he. I was going in, sir, that you might have time to read them, if you thought fit. He put them into his pocket, and said, You have more than these. Yes, sir: but all they contain, you know as well as I. — But I don't know, said he, the light you put things in; and so give them me, if you have not a mind to be searched.

Sir, said I, I can't stay, if you won't forbear that ugly word. — Give me then no reason for it. Where are the other papers? Why, then, unkind sir, if it must be so, here they are. And so I gave him, out of my pocket, the second parcel, sealed up, as the former, with this superscription; From the naughty articles, down, through sad attempts, to Thursday the 42d day of my imprisonment. This is last Thursday, is it? Yes, sir; but now you will see what I write, I will find some other way to employ my time: for how can I write with any face, what must be for your perusal, and not for those I intended to read my melancholy stories?

Yes, said he, I would have you continue your penmanship by all means; and, I assure you, in the mind I am in, I will not ask you for any after these; except any thing very extraordinary occurs. And I have another thing to tell you, added he, that if you send for those from your father, and let me read them, I may, very probably, give them all back again to you. And so I desire you will do it.

This a little encourages me to continue my scribbling; but, for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any bulk, contrive some way to hide them, if I can, that I may protest I have them not about me, which, before, I could not say of a truth; and that made him so resolutely bent to try to find them upon me; for which I might have suffered frightful indecencies.

He led me, then, to the side of the pond; and sitting down on the slope, made me sit by him. Come, said he, this being the scene of part of your project, and

where you so artfully threw in some of your clothes, I will just look upon that part of your relation. Sir, said I, let me then walk about, at a little distance; for I cannot bear the thought of it. Don't go far, said he.

When he came, as I suppose, to the place where I mentioned the bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walked to the door, and looked upon the broken part of the wall; for it had not been mended; and came back, reading on to himself, towards me; and took my hand, and put it under his arm.

Why, this, said he, my girl, is a very moving tale. It was a very desperate attempt, and, had you got out, you might have been in great danger; for you had a very bad and lonely way; and I had taken such measures, that, let you have been where you would, I should have had you.

You may see, sir, said I, what I ventured, rather than be ruined; and you will be so good as hence to judge of the sincerity of my profession, that my honesty is dearer to me than my life. Romantic girl! said he, and read on.

He was very serious at my reflections, on what God had enabled me to escape. And when he came to my reasonings about throwing myself into the water, he said, Walk gently before; and seemed so moved, that he turned away his face from me; and I blessed this good sign, and began not so much to repent at his seeing this mournful part of my story.

He put the papers in his pocket, when he had read my reflections, and thanks for escaping from myself; and said, taking me about the waist, O my dear girl! you have touched me sensibly with your mournful relation, and your sweet reflections upon it. I should truly have been very miserable had it taken effect. I see you have been used too roughly; and it is a mercy you stood proof in that fatal moment.

Then he most kindly folded me in his arms: Let us, say I too, my Pamela, walk from this accursed piece of water; for I shall not, with pleasure, look upon it again, to think how near it was to have been fatal to my fair one. I thought, added he, of terrifying you to my will, since I could not move you by love; and Mrs. Jewkes too well obeyed me, when the terrors of your return, after your disappointment, were so great, that you had hardly courage to withstand them; but had like to have made so fatal a choice, to escape the treatment you apprehended.

O sir, said I, I have reason, I am sure, to bless my dear parents, and my good lady, your mother, for giving me something of a religious education; for, but for that, and God's grace, I should, more than upon one occasion, have attempted, at least, a desperate act: and I the less wonder how poor creatures, who have not the fear of God before their eyes, and give way to despondency, cast themselves into perdition.

Come, kiss me, said he, and tell me you forgive me for pushing you into so much danger and distress. If my mind hold, and I can see those former papers of yours, and that these in my pocket give me no cause to altar my opinion, I will endeavour to defy the world and the world's censures, and make my Pamela amends, if it be in the power of my whole life, for all the hardships I have made her undergo.

All this looked well; but you shall see how strangely it was all turned. For this sham-marriage then came into my mind again; and I said, Your poor servant is far unworthy of this great honour; for what will it be but to create envy to herself, and discredit to you? Therefore, sir, permit me to return to my poor parents, and that is all I have to ask.

He was in a fearful passion then. And is it thus, said he, in my fond conceding moments, that I am to be despised and answered? — Precise, perverse, unseasonable Pamela! begone from my sight! and know as well how to behave in a hopeful prospect, as in a distressful state; and then, and not till then, shalt thou attract the shadow of my notice.

I was startled, and going to speak: but he stamped with his foot, and said, Begone! I tell you: I cannot bear this stupid romantic folly.

One word, said I; but one word, I beseech you, sir.

He turned from me in great wrath, and took down another alley, and so I went, with a very heavy heart; and fear I was too unseasonable, just at a time when he was so condescending: but if it was a piece of art of his side, as I apprehended, to introduce the sham-wedding, (and, to be sure, he is very full of stratagem and art,) I think I was not so much to blame.

So I went up to my closet; and wrote thus far, while he walked about till dinner was ready; and he is now sat down to it, as I hear by Mrs. Jewkes, very sullen, thoughtful, and out of humour; and she asks, What I have done to him? — Now, again, I dread to see him! — When will my fears be over?

Three o'clock.

Well, he continues exceeding wrath. He has ordered his travelling chariot to be got ready with all speed. What is to come next, I wonder!

Sure I did not say so much! — But see the lordliness of a high condition! — A poor body must not put in a word, when they take it into their heads to be angry! What a fine time a person of an equal condition would have of it, if she were even to marry such a one! — His poor dear mother spoiled him at first. Nobody must speak to him or contradict him, as I have heard, when he was a child; and so he has not been used to be controlled, and cannot bear the least thing that crosses his violent will. This is one of the blessings attending men of high condition! Much good may do them with their pride of birth, and pride of fortune! say I: — All that

it serves for, as far as I can see, is, to multiply their disquiets, and every body's else that has to do with them.

So, so! where will this end? — Mrs. Jewkes has been with me from him, and she says, I must get out of the house this moment. Well, said I, but whither am I to be carried next? Why, home, said she, to your father and mother. And can it be? said I; No, no, I doubt I shall not be so happy as that! — To be sure some bad design is on foot again! To be sure it is! — Sure, sure, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, he has not found out some other housekeeper worse than you! She was very angry, you may well think. But I know she can't be made worse than she is.

She came up again. Are you ready? said she. Bless me, said I, you are very hasty! I have heard of this not a quarter of an hour ago. But I shall be soon ready; for I have but little to take with me, and no kind friends in this house to take leave of, to delay me. Yet, like a fool, I can't help crying. — Pray, said I, just step down, and ask, if I may not have my papers.

So, I am quite ready now, against she comes up with an answer; and so I will put up these few writings in my bosom, that I have left.

I don't know what to think — nor how to judge; but I shall never believe I am with you, till I am on my knees before you, begging both your blessings. Yet I am sorry he is so angry with me! I thought I did not say so much!

There is, I see, the chariot drawn out, the horses too, the grim Colbrand going to get on horseback. What will be the end of all this?

Monday.

Well, where this will end, I cannot say. But here I am, at a little poor village, almost such a one as yours! I shall learn the name of it by and by: and Robin assures me, he has orders to carry me to you, my dear father and mother. O that he may say truth, and not deceive me again! But having nothing else to do, and I am sure I shall not sleep a wink to-night, if I was to go to bed, I will write my time away, and take up my story where I left off, on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jewkes came up to me, with this answer about my papers: My master says, he will not read them yet, lest he should be moved by any thing in them to alter his resolution. But if he should think it worth while to read them, he will send them to you, afterwards, to your father's. But, said she, here are your guineas that I borrowed: for all is over now with you, I find.

She saw me cry, and said, Do you repent? — Of what? said I. — Nay, I can't tell, replied she; but, to be sure, he has had a taste of your satirical flings, or he would not be so angry. O! continued she, and held up her hand, thou hast a spirit! — But I hope it will now be brought down. — I hope so too, said I.

Well, added I, I am ready. She lifted up the window, and said, I'll call Robin to take your portmanteau: Bag and baggage! proceeded she, I'm glad you're going. I

have no words, said I, to throw away upon you, Mrs. Jewkes; but, making her a very low courtesy, I most heartily thank you for all your virtuous civilities to me. And so adieu; for I'll have no portmanteau, I'll assure you, nor any thing but these few things that I brought with me in my handkerchief, besides what I have on. For I had all this time worn my own bought clothes, though my master would have had it otherwise often: but I had put up paper, ink, and pens, however.

So down I went, and as I passed by the parlour, she stepped in, and said, Sir, you have nothing to say to the girl before she goes? I heard him reply, though I did not see him, Who bid you say, the girl, Mrs. Jewkes, in that manner? She has offended only me.

I beg your honour's pardon, said the wretch; but if I was your honour, she should not, for all the trouble she has cost you, go away scot-free. No more of this, as I told you before, said he: What! when I have such proof, that her virtue is all her pride, shall I rob her of that? — No, added he, let her go, perverse and foolish as she is; but she deserves to go honest, and she shall go so!

I was so transported with this unexpected goodness, that I opened the door before I knew what I did; and said, falling on my knees at the door, with my hands folded, and lifted up, O thank you, thank your honour, a million of times! — May God bless you for this instance of your goodness to me! I will pray for you as long as I live, and so shall my dear father and mother. And, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, I will pray for you too, poor wicked wretch that you are!

He turned from me, and went into his closet, and shut the door. He need not have done so; for I would not have gone nearer to him!

Surely I did not say so much, to incur all this displeasure.

I think I was loath to leave the house. Can you believe it? — What could be the matter with me, I wonder? — I felt something so strange, and my heart was so lumpish! — I wonder what ailed me! — But this was so unexpected! — I believe that was all! — Yet I am very strange still. Surely, surely, I cannot be like the old murmuring Israelites, to long after the onions and garlick of Egypt, when they had suffered there such heavy bondage? — I'll take thee, O lumpish, contradictory, ungovernable heart! to severe task, for this thy strange impulse, when I get to my dear father's and mother's; and if I find any thing in thee that should not be, depend upon it thou shalt be humbled, if strict abstinence, prayer, and mortification, will do it!

But yet, after all, this last goodness of his has touched me too sensibly. I wish I had not heard it, almost; and yet, methinks, I am glad I did; for I should rejoice to think the best of him, for his own sake.

Well, and so I went out to the chariot, the same that brought me down. So, Mr. Robert, said I, here I am again! a poor sporting-piece for the great! a mere tennis-

ball of fortune! You have your orders, I hope. Yes, madam, said he. Pray, now, said I, don't madam me, nor stand with your hat off to such a one as I. Had not my master, said he, ordered me not to be wanting in respect to you, I would have shewn you all I could. Well, said I, with my heart full, that's very kind, Mr. Robert.

Mr. Colbrand, mounted on horseback, with pistols before him, came up to me, as soon as I got in, with his hat off too. What, monsieur! said I, are you to go with me? — Part of the way, he said, to see you safe. I hope that's kind too, in you, Mr. Colbrand, said I.

I had nobody to wave my handkerchief to now, nor to take leave of; and so I resigned myself to my contemplations, with this strange wayward heart of mine, that I never found so ungovernable and awkward before.

So away drove the chariot! — And when I had got out of the elm-walk, and into the great road, I could hardly think but I was in a dream all the time. A few hours before, in my master's arms almost, with twenty kind things said to me, and a generous concern for the misfortunes he had brought upon me; and only by one rash half-word exasperated against me, and turned out of doors, at an hour's warning; and all his kindness changed to hate! And I now, from three o'clock to five, several miles off! But if I am going to you, all will be well again, I hope.

Lack-a-day, what strange creatures are men! gentlemen, I should say, rather! For, my dear deserving good mother, though poverty be both your lots, has had better hap, and you are, and have always been, blest in one another! — Yet this pleases me too; he was so good, he would not let Mrs. Jewkes speak ill of me, and scorned to take her odious unwomanly advice. O, what a black heart has this poor wretch! So I need not rail against men so much; for my master, bad as I have thought him, is not half so bad as this woman. — To be sure she must be an atheist! — Do you think she is not?

We could not reach further than this little poor place and sad alehouse, rather than inn; for it began to be dark, and Robin did not make so much haste as he might have done; and he was forced to make hard shift for his horses.

Mr. Colbrand, and Robert too, are very civil. I see he has got my portmanteau lashed behind the coach. I did not desire it; but I shall not come quite empty.

A thorough riddance of me, I see! — Bag and baggage! as Mrs. Jewkes says. Well, my story surely would furnish out a surprising kind of novel, if it was to be well told.

Mr. Robert came up to me, just now, and begged me to eat something: I thanked him; but said, I could not eat. I bid him ask Mr. Colbrand to walk up; and he came; but neither of them would sit; nor put their hats on. What mockado is this, to such a poor soul as I! I asked them, if they were at liberty to tell me the

truth of what they were to do with me? If not, I would not desire it. — They both said, Robin was ordered to carry me to my father's; and Mr. Colbrand was to leave me within ten miles, and then strike off for the other house, and wait till my master arrived there. They both spoke so solemnly, that I could not but believe them.

But when Robin went down, the other said, he had a letter to give me next day at noon, when we baited, as we were to do, at Mrs. Jewkes's relation's. — May I not, said I, beg the favour to see it to-night? He seemed so loath to deny me, that I have hopes I shall prevail on him by and by.

Well, my dear father and mother, I have got the letter, on great promises of secrecy, and making no use of it. I will try if I can open it without breaking the seal, and will take a copy of it by and by; for Robin is in and out: there being hardly any room in this little house for one to be long alone. Well, this is the letter:

'When these lines are delivered to you, you will be far on your way to your father and mother, where you have so long desired to be: and, I hope, I shall forbear thinking of you with the least shadow of that fondness my foolish heart had entertained for you: I bear you, however, no ill will; but the end of my detaining you being over, I would not that you should tarry with me an hour more than needed, after the ungenerous preference you gave, at a time that I was inclined to pass over all other considerations, for an honourable address to you; for well I found the tables entirely turned upon me, and that I was in far more danger from you, than you were from me; for I was just upon resolving to defy all the censures of the world, and to make you my wife.

'I will acknowledge another truth: That, had I not parted with you as I did, but permitted you to stay till I had read your journal, reflecting, as I doubt not I shall find it, and till I had heard your bewitching pleas in your own behalf, I feared I could not trust myself with my own resolution. And this is the reason, I frankly own, that I have determined not to see you, nor hear you speak; for well I know my weakness in your favour.

'But I will get the better of this fond folly: Nay, I hope I have already done it, since it was likely to cost me so dear. And I write this to tell you, that I wish you well with all my heart, though you have spread such mischief through my family. — And yet I cannot but say that I could wish you would not think of marrying in haste; and, particularly, that you would not have this cursed Williams. — But what is all this to me now? — Only, my weakness makes me say, That as I had already looked upon you as mine, and you have so soon got rid of your first husband; so you will not refuse, to my memory, the decency that every common

person observes, to pay a twelvemonth's compliment, though but a mere compliment, to my ashes.

'Your papers shall be faithfully returned you; and I have paid so dear for my curiosity in the affection they have rivetted upon me for you, that you would look upon yourself amply revenged if you knew what they have cost me.

'I thought of writing only a few lines; but I have run into length. I will now try to recollect my scattered thoughts, and resume my reason; and shall find trouble enough to replace my affairs, and my own family, and to supply the chasms you have made in it: For, let me tell you, though I can forgive you, I never can my sister, nor my domestics; for my vengeance must be wreaked somewhere.

'I doubt not your prudence in forbearing to expose me any more than is necessary for your own justification; and for that I will suffer myself to be accused by you, and will also accuse myself, if it be needful. For I am, and will ever be, 'Your affectionate well-wisher.'

This letter, when I expected some new plot, has affected me more than any thing of that sort could have done. For here is plainly his great value for me confessed, and his rigorous behaviour accounted for in such a manner, as tortures me much. And all this wicked gipsy story is, as it seems, a forgery upon us both, and has quite ruined me: For, O my dear parents, forgive me! but I found, to my grief, before, that my heart was too partial in his favour; but now with so much openness, so much affection; nay, so much honour too, (which was all I had before doubted, and kept me on the reserve,) I am quite overcome. This was a happiness, however, I had no reason to expect. But, to be sure, I must own to you, that I shall never be able to think of any body in the world but him. — Presumption! you will say; and so it is: But love is not a voluntary thing: Love, did I say? — But come, I hope not: — At least it is not, I hope, gone so far as to make me very uneasy: For I know not how it came, nor when it began; but crept, crept it has, like a thief, upon me; and before I knew what was the matter, it looked like love.

I wish, since it is too late, and my lot determined, that I had not had this letter, nor heard him take my part to that vile woman; for then I should have blessed myself in having escaped so happily his designing arts upon my virtue: but now my poor mind is all topsy-turvied, and I have made an escape to be more a prisoner.

But I hope, since thus it is, that all will be for the best; and I shall, with your prudent advice, and pious prayers, be able to overcome this weakness. — But, to be sure, my dear sir, I will keep a longer time than a twelvemonth, as a true widow, for a compliment, and more than a compliment, to your ashes! O the dear word! — How kind, how moving, how affectionate is the word! O why was I not

a duchess, to shew my gratitude for it! But must labour under the weight of an obligation, even had this happiness befallen me, that would have pressed me to death, and which I never could return by a whole life of faithful love, and cheerful obedience.

O forgive your poor daughter! — I am sorry to find this trial so sore upon me; and that all the weakness of my weak sex, and tender years, who never before knew what it was to be so touched, is come upon me, and too mighty to be withstood by me. — But time, prayer, and resignation to God's will, and the benefits of your good lessons, and examples, I hope, will enable me to get over this so heavy a trial.

O my treacherous, treacherous heart! to serve me thus! and give no notice to me of the mischiefs thou wast about to bring upon me! — But thus foolishly to give thyself up to the proud invader, without ever consulting thy poor mistress in the least! But thy punishment will be the first and the greatest; and well deservest thou to smart, O perfidious traitor! for giving up so weakly thy whole self, before a summons came; and to one, too, who had used me so hardly; and when, likewise, thou hadst so well maintained thy post against the most violent and avowed, and, therefore, as I thought, more dangerous attacks!

After all, I must either not shew you this my weakness, or tear it out of my writing. Memorandum: to consider of this, when I get home.

Monday morning, eleven o'clock.

We are just come in here, to the inn kept by Mrs. Jewkes's relation. The first compliment I had, was in a very impudent manner, How I liked the 'squire? — I could not help saying, Bold, forward woman! Is it for you, who keep an inn, to treat passengers at this rate? She was but in jest, she said, and asked pardon: And she came, and begged excuse again, very submissively, after Robin and Mr. Colbrand had talked to her a little.

The latter here, in great form, gave me, before Robin, the letter which I had given him back for that purpose. And I retired, as if to read it; and so I did; for I think I can't read it too often; though, for my peace of mind's sake, I might better try to forget it. I am sorry, methinks, I cannot bring you back a sound heart; but, indeed, it is an honest one, as to any body but me; for it has deceived nobody else: Wicked thing that it is!

More and more surprising things still ——

Just as I had sat down, to try to eat a bit of victuals, to get ready to pursue my journey, came in Mr. Colbrand in a mighty hurry. O madam! madam! said he, here be de groom from de 'Squire B —— , all over in a lather, man and horse! O how my heart went pit-a-pat! What now, thought I, is to come next! He went out, and presently returned with a letter for me, and another, enclosed, for Mr.

Colbrand. This seemed odd, and put me all in a trembling. So I shut the door; and never, sure, was the like known! found the following agreeable contents: —

'In vain, my Pamela, do I find it to struggle against my affection for you. I must needs, after you were gone, venture to entertain myself with your Journal, when I found Mrs. Jewkes's bad usage of you, after your dreadful temptations and hurts; and particularly your generous concern for me, on hearing how narrowly I escaped drowning; (though my death would have been your freedom, and I had made it your interest to wish it); and your most agreeable confession in another place, that, notwithstanding all my hard usage of you, you could not hate me; and that expressed in so sweet, so soft, and so innocent a manner, that I flatter myself you may be brought to love me: (together with the other parts of your admirable Journal:) I began to repent my parting with you; but, God is my witness! for no unlawful end, as you would call it; but the very contrary: and the rather, as all this was improved in your favour, by your behaviour at leaving my house: For, oh! that melodious voice praying for me at your departure, and thanking me for my rebuke to Mrs. Jewkes, still hangs upon my ears, and delights my memory. And though I went to bed, I could not rest; but about two got up, and made Thomas get one of the best horses ready, in order to set out to overtake you, while I sat down to write this to you.

'Now, my dear Pamela, let me beg of you, on the receipt of this, to order Robin to drive you back again to my house. I would have set out myself, for the pleasure of bearing you company back in the chariot; but am really indisposed; I believe, with vexation that I should part thus with my soul's delight, as I now find you are, and must be, in spite of the pride of my own heart.

'You cannot imagine the obligation your return will lay me under to your goodness; and yet, if you will not so far favour me, you shall be under no restraint, as you will see by my letter enclosed to Colbrand; which I have not sealed, that you may read it. But spare me, my dearest girl! the confusion of following you to your father's; which I must do, if you persist to go on; for I find I cannot live a day without you.

'If you are the generous Pamela I imagine you to be, (for hitherto you have been all goodness, where it has not been merited,) let me see, by this new instance, the further excellence of your disposition; let me see you can forgive the man who loves you more than himself; let me see, by it, that you are not prepossessed in any other person's favour: And one instance more I would beg, and then I am all gratitude; and that is, that you would despatch Monsieur Colbrand with a letter to your father, assuring him that all will end happily; and to desire, that he will send to you, at my house, the letters you found means, by Williams's conveyance, to send him. And when I have all my proud, and, perhaps,

punctilious doubts answered, I shall have nothing to do, but to make you happy, and be so myself. For I must be ‘Yours, and only yours.’

‘Monday morn, near three o’clock.’

O my exulting heart! how it throbs in my bosom, as if it would reproach me for so lately upbraiding it for giving way to the love of so dear a gentleman! — But take care thou art not too credulous neither, O fond believer! Things that we wish, are apt to gain a too ready credence with us. This sham-marriage is not yet cleared up: Mrs. Jewkes, the vile Mrs. Jewkes! may yet instigate the mind of this master: His pride of heart, and pride of condition, may again take place: And a man that could in so little a space, first love me, then hate, then banish me his house, and send me away disgracefully; and now send for me again, in such affectionate terms, may still waver, may still deceive thee. Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, O credulous, fluttering, throbbing mischief! that art so ready to believe what thou wishest! And I charge thee to keep better guard than thou hast lately done, and lead me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering and desirable impulses. Thus foolishly dialogued I with my heart; and yet, all the time, this heart is Pamela.

I opened the letter to Monsieur Colbrand; which was in these words: —

‘MONSIEUR,

‘I am sure you’ll excuse the trouble I give you. I have, for good reasons, changed my mind; and I have besought it, as a favour, that Mrs. Andrews will return to me the moment Tom reaches you. I hope, for the reasons I have given her, she will have the goodness to oblige me. But, if not, you are to order Robin to pursue his directions, and set her down at her father’s door. If she will oblige me in her return, perhaps she’ll give you a letter to her father, for some papers to be delivered to you for her; which you’ll be so good, in that case, to bring to her here: But if she will not give you such a letter, you’ll return with her to me, if she please to favour me so far; and that with all expedition, that her health and safety will permit; for I am pretty much indisposed; but hope it will be but slight, and soon go off. I am ‘Yours, etc.’

‘On second thoughts, let Tom go forward with Mrs. Andrews’s letter, if she pleases to give one; and you return with her, for her safety.’

Now this is a dear generous manner of treating me. O how I love to be generously used! — Now, my dear parents, I wish I could consult you for your opinions, how I should act. Should I go back, or should I not? — I doubt he has got too great hold in my heart, for me to be easy presently, if I should refuse: And yet this gipsy information makes me fearful.

Well, I will, I think, trust in his generosity! Yet is it not too great a trust? — especially considering how I have been used! — But then that was while he avowed his bad designs; and now he gives great hope of his good ones. And I

may be the means of making many happy, as well as myself, by placing a generous confidence in him.

And then, I think, he might have sent to Colbrand, or to Robin, to carry me back, whether I would or not. And how different is his behaviour to that! And would it not look as if I was prepossessed, as he calls it, if I don't oblige him; and as if it was a silly female piece of pride, to make him follow me to my father's; and as if I would use him hardly in my turn, for his having used me ill in his? Upon the whole, I resolved to obey him; and if he uses me ill afterwards, double will be his ungenerous guilt! — Though hard will be my lot, to have my credulity so justly blamable, as it will then seem. For, to be sure, the world, the wise world, that never is wrong itself, judges always by events. And if he should use me ill, then I shall be blamed for trusting him: If well, O then I did right, to be sure! — But how would my censurers act in my case, before the event justifies or condemns the action, is the question?

Then I have no notion of obliging by halves; but of doing things with a grace, as one may say, where they are to be done; and so I wrote the desired letter to you, assuring you, that I had before me happier prospects than ever I had; and hoped all would end well: And that I begged you would send me, by the bearer, Mr. Thomas, my master's groom, those papers, which I had sent you by Mr. Williams's conveyance: For that they imported me much, for clearing up a point in my conduct, that my master was desirous to know, before he resolved to favour me, as he had intended. — But you will have that letter, before you can have this; for I would not send you this without the preceding; which now is in my master's hands.

And so, having given the letter to Mr. Thomas for him to carry to you, when he had baited and rested after his great fatigue, I sent for Monsieur Colbrand, and Robin, and gave to the former his letter; and when he had read it, I said, You see how things stand. I am resolved to return to our master; and as he is not so well as were to be wished, the more haste you make the better: and don't mind my fatigue, but consider only yourselves, and the horses. Robin, who guessed the matter, by his conversation with Thomas, (as I suppose,) said, God bless you, madam, and reward you, as your obligingness to my good master deserves; and may we all live to see you triumph over Mrs. Jewkes!

I wondered to hear him say so; for I was always careful of exposing my master, or even that naughty woman, before the common servants. But yet I question whether Robin would have said this, if he had not guessed, by Thomas's message, and my resolving to return, that I might stand well with his master. So selfish are the hearts of poor mortals, that they are ready to change as favour goes!

So they were not long getting ready; and I am just setting out, back again: and I hope I shall have no reason to repent it.

Robin put on very vehemently; and when we came to the little town, where we lay on Sunday night, he gave his horses a bait, and said, he would push for his master's that night, as it would be moon-light, if I should not be too much fatigued because there was no place between that and the town adjacent to his master's, fit to put up at, for the night. But Monsieur Colbrand's horse beginning to give way, made a doubt between them: wherefore I said, (hating to be on the road,) if it could be done, I should bear it well enough, I hoped; and that Monsieur Colbrand might leave his horse, when it failed, at some house, and come into the chariot. This pleased them both; and, about twelve miles short, he left the horse, and took off his spurs and holsters, etc. and, with abundance of ceremonial excuses, came into the chariot; and I sat the easier for it; for my bones ached sadly with the jolting, and so many miles travelling in so few hours, as I have done, from Sunday night, five o'clock. But, for all this, it was eleven o'clock at night, when we came to the village adjacent to my master's; and the horses began to be very much tired, and Robin too: but I said, It would be pity to put up only three miles short of the house.

So about one we reached the gate; but every body was a-bed. But one of the helpers got the keys from Mrs. Jewkes, and opened the gates; and the horses could hardly crawl into the stable. And I, when I went to get out of the chariot, fell down, and thought I had lost the use of my limbs.

Mrs. Jewkes came down with her clothes huddled on, and lifted up her hands and eyes, at my return; but shewed more care of the horses than of me. By that time the two maids came; and I made shift to creep in, as well as I could.

It seems my poor master was very ill indeed, and had been upon the bed most part of the day; and Abraham (who succeeded John) sat up with him. And he was got into a fine sleep, and heard not the coach come in, nor the noise we made; for his chamber lies towards the garden, — on the other side of the house. Mrs. Jewkes said, He had a feverish complaint, and had been blooded; and, very prudently, ordered Abraham, when he awaked, not to tell him I was come, for fear of surprising him, and augmenting his fever; nor, indeed, to say any thing of me, till she herself broke it to him in the morning, as she should see how he was.

So I went to bed with Mrs. Jewkes, after she had caused me to drink almost half a pint of burnt wine, made very rich and cordial, with spices; which I found very refreshing, and set me into a sleep I little hoped for.

Tuesday morning.

Getting up pretty early, I have written thus far, while Mrs. Jewkes lies snoring in bed, fetching up her last night's disturbance. I long for her rising, to know how

my poor master does. 'Tis well for her she can sleep so purely. No love, but for herself, will ever break her rest, I am sure. I am deadly sore all over, as if I had been soundly beaten. I did not think I could have lived under such fatigue.

Mrs. Jewkes, as soon as she got up, went to know how my master did, and he had had a good night; and, having drank plentifully of sack whey, had sweated much; so that his fever had abated considerably. She said to him, that he must not be surprised, and she would tell him news. He asked, What? And she said, I was come. He raised himself up in his bed; Can it be? said he — What, already! — She told him I came last night. Monsieur Colbrand coming to inquire of his health, he ordered him to draw near him, and was highly pleased with the account he gave him of the journey, my readiness to come back, and my willingness to reach home that night. And he said, Why, these tender fair ones, I think, bear fatigue better than us men. But she is very good, to give me such an instance of her readiness to oblige me. Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, take great care of her health! and let her be a-bed all day. She told him I had been up these two hours. Ask her, said he, if she will be so good as to make me a visit: If she won't, I'll rise, and go to her. Indeed, sir, said she, you must be still; and I'll go to her. But don't urge her too much, said he, if she be unwilling.

She came to me, and told me all the above; and I said, I would most willingly wait upon him; for, indeed, I longed to see him, and was much grieved he was so ill. — So I went down with her. Will she come? said he, as I entered the room. Yes, sir, said we; and she said, at the first word, Most willingly. — Sweet excellence! said he.

As soon as he saw me, he said, O my beloved Pamela! you have made me quite well. I'm concerned to return my acknowledgments to you in so unfit a place and manner; but will you give me your hand? I did, and he kissed it with great eagerness. Sir, said I, you do me too much honour! — I am sorry you are so ill. — I can't be ill, said he, while you are with me. I am very well already.

Well, said he, and kissed my hand again, you shall not repent this goodness. My heart is too full of it to express myself as I ought. But I am sorry you have had such a fatiguing time of it. — Life is no life without you! If you had refused me, and yet I had hardly hopes you would oblige me, I should have had a severe fit of it, I believe; for I was taken very oddly, and knew not what to make of myself: but now I shall be well instantly. You need not, Mrs. Jewkes, added he, send for the doctor from Stamford, as we talked yesterday; for this lovely creature is my doctor, as her absence was my disease.

He begged me to sit down by his bed-side, and asked me, if I had obliged him with sending for my former packet? I said I had, and hoped it would be brought. He said it was doubly kind.

I would not stay long because of disturbing him. And he got up in the afternoon, and desired my company; and seemed quite pleased, easy, and much better. He said, Mrs. Jewkes, after this instance of my good Pamela's obligingness in her return, I am sure we ought to leave her entirely at her own liberty; and pray, if she pleases to take a turn in our chariot, or in the garden, or to the town, or wherever she will, let her be left at liberty, and asked no questions; and do you do all in your power to oblige her. She said she would, to be sure.

He took my hand, and said, One thing I will tell you, Pamela, because I know you will be glad to hear it, and yet not care to ask me: I had, before you went, taken Williams's bond for the money; for how the poor man had behaved I can't tell, but he could get no bail; and if I have no fresh reason given me, perhaps I shall not exact the payment; and he has been some time at liberty, and now follows his school; but, methinks, I could wish you would not see him at present.

Sir, said I, I will not do any thing to disoblige you wilfully; and I am glad he is at liberty, because I was the occasion of his misfortunes. I durst say no more, though I wanted to plead for the poor gentleman; which, in gratitude, I thought I ought, when I could do him service. I said, I am sorry, sir, Lady Davers, who loves you so well, should have incurred your displeasure, and that there should be any variance between your honour and her; I hope it was not on my account. He took out of his waistcoat pocket, as he sat in his gown, his letter-case, and said, Here, Pamela, read that when you go up stairs, and let me have your thoughts upon it; and that will let you into the affair.

He said he was very heavy of a sudden, and would lie down, and indulge for that day; and if he was better in the morning, would take an airing in the chariot. And so I took my leave for the present, and went up to my closet, and read the letter he was pleased to put into my hands; which is as follows: —

'BROTHER,

'I am very uneasy at what I hear of you; and must write, whether it please you or not, my full mind. I have had some people with me, desiring me to interpose with you; and they have a greater regard for your honour, than, I am sorry to say it, you have yourself. Could I think, that a brother of mine would so meanly run away with my late dear mother's waiting-maid, and keep her a prisoner from all her friends, and to the disgrace of your own? But I thought, when you would not let the wench come to me on my mother's death, that you meant no good. — I blush for you, I'll assure you. The girl was an innocent, good girl; but I suppose that's over with her now, or soon will. What can you mean by this, let me ask you? Either you will have her for a kept mistress, or for a wife. If the former, there are enough to be had without ruining a poor wench that my mother loved, and who really was a very good girl: and of this you may be ashamed. As to the

other, I dare say you don't think of it; but if you should, you would be utterly inexcusable. Consider, brother, that ours is no upstart family; but is as ancient as the best in the kingdom! and, for several hundreds of years, it has never been known, that the heirs of it have disgraced themselves by unequal matches: And you know you have been sought to by some of the best families in the nation, for your alliance. It might be well enough, if you were descended of a family of yesterday, or but a remove or two from the dirt you seem so fond of. But, let me tell you, that I, and all mine, will renounce you for ever, if you can descend so meanly; and I shall be ashamed to be called your sister. A handsome man, as you are, in your person; so happy in the gifts of your mind, that every body courts your company; and possessed of such a noble and clear estate; and very rich in money besides, left you by the best of fathers and mothers, with such ancient blood in your veins, untainted! for you to throw away yourself thus, is intolerable; and it would be very wicked in you to ruin the wench too. So that I beg you will restore her to her parents, and give her 100L. or so, to make her happy in some honest fellow of her own degree; and that will be doing something, and will also oblige and pacify

'Your much grieved sister.'

'If I have written too sharply, consider it is my love to you, and the shame you are bringing upon yourself; and I wish this may have the effect upon you, intended by your very loving sister.'

This is a sad letter, my dear father and mother; and one may see how poor people are despised by the proud and the rich! and yet we were all on a foot originally: And many of these gentry, that brag of their ancient blood, would be glad to have it as wholesome, and as really untainted, as ours! — Surely these proud people never think what a short stage life is; and that, with all their vanity; a time is coming, when they shall be obliged to submit to be on a level with us: And true said the philosopher, when he looked upon the skull of a king, and that of a poor man, that he saw no difference between them. Besides, do they not know, that the richest of princes, and the poorest of beggars, are to have one great and tremendous judge, at the last day; who will not distinguish between them, according to their circumstances in life? — But, on the contrary, may make their condemnations the greater, as their neglected opportunities were the greater? Poor souls! how do I pity their pride! — O keep me, Heaven! from their high condition, if my mind shall ever be tainted with their vice! or polluted with so cruel and inconsiderate a contempt of the humble estate which they behold with so much scorn!

But, besides, how do these gentry know, that, supposing they could trace back their ancestry for one, two, three, or even five hundred years, that then the

original stems of these poor families, though they have not kept such elaborate records of their good-for nothingness, as it often proves, were not still deeper rooted? — And how can they be assured, that one hundred years hence, or two, some of those now despised upstart families may not revel in their estates, while their descendants may be reduced to the others' dunghills! — And, perhaps, such is the vanity, as well as changeableness, of human estates, in their turns set up for pride of family, and despise the others!

These reflections occurred to my thoughts, made serious by my master's indisposition, and this proud letter of the lowly Lady Davers, against the high-minded Pamela. Lowly, I say, because she could stoop to such vain pride; and high-minded I, because I hope I am too proud ever to do the like! — But, after all, poor wretches that we be! we scarce know what we are, much less what we shall be! — But, once more pray I to be kept from the sinful pride of a high estate.

On this occasion I recall the following lines, which I have read; where the poet argues in a much better manner: —

" —— —— —— Wise Providence
Does various parts for various minds dispense:
The meanest slaves, or those who hedge and ditch,
Are useful, by their sweat, to feed the rich.
The rich, in due return, impart their store;
Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring poor.
Nor let the rich the lowest slave disdain:
He's equally a link of Nature's chain:
Labours to the same end, joins in one view;
And both alike the will divine pursue;
And, at the last, are levell'd, king and slave,
Without distinction, in the silent grave."

Wednesday morning.

My master sent me a message just now, that he was so much better, that he would take a turn, after breakfast, in the chariot, and would have me give him my company. I hope I shall know how to be humble, and comport myself as I should do, under all these favours.

Mrs. Jewkes is one of the most obliging creatures in the world; and I have such respects shewn me by every one, as if I was as great as Lady Davers — But now, if this should all end in the sham-marriage! — It cannot be, I hope. Yet the pride of greatness and ancestry, and such-like, is so strongly set out in Lady Davers's letter, that I cannot flatter myself to be so happy as all these desirable appearances make for me. Should I be now deceived, I should be worse off than ever. But I shall see what light this new honour will procure me! — So I'll get ready. But I

won't, I think, change my garb. Should I do it, it would look as if I would be nearer on a level with him: and yet, should I not, it might be thought a disgrace to him: but I will, I think, open the portmanteau, and, for the first time since I came hither, put on my best silk nightgown. But then that will be making myself a sort of right to the clothes I had renounced; and I am not yet quite sure I shall have no other crosses to encounter. So I will go as I am; for, though ordinary, I am as clean as a penny, though I say it. So I'll e'en go as I am, except he orders otherwise. Yet Mrs. Jewkes says, I ought to dress as fine as I can. — But I say, I think not. As my master is up, and at breakfast, I will venture down to ask him how he will have me be.

Well, he is kinder and kinder, and, thank God, purely recovered! — How charmingly he looks, to what he did yesterday! Blessed be God for it!

He arose, and came to me, and took me by the hand, and would set me down by him; and he said, My charming girl seemed going to speak. What would you say? — Sir, said I, (a little ashamed,) I think it is too great an honour to go into the chariot with you. No, my dear Pamela, said he; the pleasure of your company will be greater than the honour of mine; and so say no more on that head.

But, sir, said I, I shall disgrace you to go thus. You would grace a prince, my fair-one, said the good, kind, kind gentleman! in that dress, or any you shall choose: And you look so pretty, that, if you shall not catch cold in that round-eared cap, you shall go just as you are. But, sir, said I, then you'll be pleased to go a bye-way, that it mayn't be seen you do so much honor to your servant. O my good girl! said he, I doubt you are afraid of yourself being talked of, more than me: for I hope by degrees to take off the world's wonder, and teach them to expect what is to follow, as a due to my Pamela.

O the dear good man! There's for you, my dear father and mother! — Did I not do well now to come back? — O could I get rid of my fears of this sham-marriage, (for all this is not yet inconsistent with that frightful scheme,) I should be too happy!

So I came up, with great pleasure, for my gloves: and now wait his kind commands. Dear, dear sir! said I to myself, as if I was speaking to him, for God's sake let me have no more trials and reverses; for I could not bear it now, I verily think!

At last the welcome message came, that my master was ready; and so I went down as fast as I could; and he, before all the servants, handed me in, as if I was a lady; and then came in himself. Mrs. Jewkes begged he would take care he did not catch cold, as he had been ill. And I had the pride to hear his new coachman say, to one of his fellow-servants, They are a charming pair, I am sure! 'tis pity they should be parted! — O my dear father and mother! I fear your girl will grow

as proud as any thing! And, especially, you will think I have reason to guard against it, when you read the kind particulars I am going to relate.

He ordered dinner to be ready by two; and Abraham, who succeeds John, went behind the coach. He bid Robin drive gently, and told me, he wanted to talk to me about his sister Davers, and other matters. Indeed, at first setting out he kissed me a little too often, that he did; and I was afraid of Robin's looking back, through the fore-glass, and people seeing us, as they passed; but he was exceedingly kind to me, in his words, as well. At last, he said,

You have, I doubt not, read, over and over, my sister's saucy letter; and find, as I told you, that you are no more obliged to her than I am. You see she intimates, that some people had been with her; and who should they be, but the officious Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and Jonathan! and so that has made me take the measures I did in dismissing them my service. — I see, said he, you are going to speak on their behalfs; but your time is not come to do that, if ever I shall permit it.

My sister, says he, I have been beforehand with; for I have renounced her. I am sure I have been a kind brother to her; and gave her to the value of 3000L. more than her share came to by my father's will, when I entered upon my estate. And the woman, surely, was beside herself with passion and insolence, when she wrote me such a letter; for well she knew I would not bear it. But you must know, Pamela, that she is much incensed, that I will give no ear to a proposal of hers, of a daughter of my Lord —— , who, said he, neither in person, or mind, or acquirements, even with all her opportunities, is to be named in a day with my Pamela. But yet you see the plea, my girl, which I made to you before, of the pride of condition, and the world's censure, which, I own, sticks a little too close with me still: for a woman shines not forth to the public as man; and the world sees not your excellencies and perfections: If it did, I should entirely stand acquitted by the severest censures. But it will be taken in the lump; that here is Mr. B —— , with such and such an estate, has married his mother's waiting-maid: not considering there is not a lady in the kingdom that can out-do her, or better support the condition to which she will be raised, if I should marry her. And, said he, putting his arm round me, and again kissing me, I pity my dear girl too, for her part in this censure; for, here will she have to combat the pride and slights of the neighbouring gentry all around us. Sister Davers, you see, will never be reconciled to you. The other ladies will not visit you; and you will, with a merit superior to them all, be treated as if unworthy their notice. Should I now marry my Pamela, how will my girl relish all this? Won't these be cutting things to my fair-one? For, as to me, I shall have nothing to do, but, with a good estate in possession, to brazen out the matter of my former pleasantry on this subject, with

my companions of the chase, the green, and the assemblee; stand their rude jests for once or twice, and my fortune will create me always respect enough, I warrant you. But, I say, what will my poor girl do, as to her part, with her own sex? For some company you must keep. My station will not admit it to be with my servants; and the ladies will fly your acquaintance; and still, though my wife, will treat you as my mother's waiting-maid. — What says my girl to this?

You may well guess, my dear father and mother, how transporting these kind, these generous and condescending sentiments were to me! — I thought I had the harmony of the spheres all around me; and every word that dropped from his lips was as sweet as the honey of Hybla to me. — Oh! sir, said I, how inexpressibly kind and good is all this! Your poor servant has a much greater struggle than this to go through, a more knotty difficulty to overcome.

What is that? said he, a little impatiently: I will not forgive your doubts now. — No, sir, said I, I cannot doubt; but it is, how I shall support, how I shall deserve your goodness to me. — Dear girl! said he, and hugged me to his breast, I was afraid you would have made me angry again; but that I would not be, because I see you have a grateful heart; and this your kind and cheerful return, after such cruel usage as you had experienced in my house, enough to make you detest the place, has made me resolve to bear any thing in you, but doubts of my honour, at a time when I am pouring out my soul, with a true and affectionate ardour, before you.

But, good sir, said I, my greatest concern will be for the rude jests you will have yourself to encounter with, for thus stooping beneath yourself. For, as to me, considering my lowly estate, and little merit, even the slights and reflections of the ladies will be an honour to me: and I shall have the pride to place more than half their ill will to their envy at my happiness. And if I can, by the most cheerful duty, and resigned obedience, have the pleasure to be agreeable to you, I shall think myself but too happy, let the world say what it will.

He said, You are very good, my dearest girl! But how will you bestow your time, when you will have no visits to receive or pay? No parties of pleasure to join in? No card-tables to employ your winter evenings; and even, as the taste is, half the day, summer and winter? And you have often played with my mother, too, and so know how to perform a part there, as well as in the other diversions: and I'll assure you, my girl, I shall not desire you to live without such amusements, as my wife might expect, were I to marry a lady of the first quality.

O, sir, said I, you are all goodness! How shall I bear it? — But do you think, sir, in such a family as yours, a person whom you shall honour with the name of mistress of it, will not find useful employments for her time, without looking abroad for any others?

In the first place, sir, if you will give me leave, I will myself look into such parts of the family economy, as may not be beneath the rank to which I shall have the honour of being exalted, if any such there can be; and this, I hope, without incurring the ill will of any honest servant.

Then, sir, I will ease you of as much of your family accounts, as I possibly can, when I have convinced you that I am to be trusted with them; and you know, sir, my late good lady made me her treasurer, her almoner, and every thing.

Then, sir, if I must needs be visiting or visited, and the ladies won't honour me so much, or even if they would now and then, I will visit, if your goodness will allow me so to do, the sick poor in the neighbourhood around you; and administer to their wants and necessities, in such matters as may not be hurtful to your estate, but comfortable to them; and entail upon you their blessings, and their prayers for your dear health and welfare.

Then I will assist your housekeeper, as I used to do, in the making jellies, comfits, sweetmeats, marmalades, cordials; and to pot, and candy, and preserve for the uses of the family; and to make, myself, all the fine linen of it for yourself and me.

Then, sir, if you will sometimes indulge me with your company, I will take an airing in your chariot now and then: and when you shall return home from your diversions on the green, or from the chase, or where you shall please to go, I shall have the pleasure of receiving you with duty, and a cheerful delight; and, in your absence, count the moments till you return; and you will, may be, fill up some part of my time, the sweetest by far! with your agreeable conversation, for an hour or two now and then; and be indulgent to the impertinent overflowings of my grateful heart, for all your goodness to me.

The breakfasting-time, the preparations for dinner, and sometimes to entertain your chosen friends, and the company you shall bring home with you, gentlemen, if not ladies, and the supperings, will fill up a great part of the day in a very necessary manner.

And, may be, sir, now and then a good-humoured lady will drop in; and, I hope, if they do, I shall so behave myself, as not to add to the disgrace you will have brought upon yourself: for, indeed, I will be very circumspect, and try to be as discreet as I can; and as humble too, as shall be consistent with your honour.

Cards, 'tis true, I can play at, in all the usual games that our sex delight in; but this I am not fond of, nor shall ever desire to play, unless to induce such ladies, as you may wish to see, not to abandon your house for want of an amusement they are accustomed to.

Music, which our good lady taught me, will fill up some intervals, if I should have any.

And then, sir, you know, I love reading and scribbling; and though all the latter will be employed in the family accounts, between the servants and me, and me and your good self: yet reading, at proper times, will be a pleasure to me, which I shall be unwilling to give up, for the best company in the world, except yours. And, O sir! that will help to polish my mind, and make me worthier of your company and conversation; and, with the explanations you will give me, of what I shall not understand, will be a sweet employment, and improvement too.

But one thing, sir, I ought not to forget, because it is the chief: My duty to God will, I hope, always employ some good portion of my time, with thanks for his superlative goodness to me; and to pray for you and myself: for you, sir, for a blessing on you, for your great goodness to such an unworthy creature: for myself, that I may be enabled to discharge my duty to you, and be found grateful for all the blessings I shall receive at the hands of Providence, by means of your generosity and condescension.

With all this, sir, said I, can you think I shall be at a loss to pass my time? But, as I know, that every slight to me, if I come to be so happy, will be, in some measure, a slight to you, I will beg of you, sir, not to let me go very fine in dress; but appear only so, as that you may not be ashamed of it after the honour I shall have of being called by your worthy name: for well I know, sir, that nothing so much excites the envy of my own sex, as seeing a person above them in appearance, and in dress. And that would bring down upon me an hundred saucy things, and low-born brats, and I can't tell what!

There I stopped; for I had prattled a great deal too much so early: and he said, clasping me to him, Why stops my dear Pamela? — Why does she not proceed? I could dwell upon your words all the day long; and you shall be the directress of your own pleasures, and your own time, so sweetly do you choose to employ it: and thus shall I find some of my own bad actions atoned for by your exemplary goodness, and God will bless me for your sake.

O, said he, what pleasure you give me in this sweet foretaste of my happiness! I will now defy the saucy, busy censurers of the world; and bid them know your excellence, and my happiness, before they, with unhallowed lips, presume to judge of my actions, and your merit! — And let me tell you, my Pamela, that I can add my hopes of a still more pleasing amusement, and what your bashful modesty would not permit you to hint; and which I will no otherwise touch upon, lest it should seem, to your nicety, to detract from the present purity of my good intentions, than to say, I hope to have superadded to all these, such an employment, as will give me a view of perpetuating my happy prospects, and my family at the same time; of which I am almost the only male.

I blushed, I believe; yet could not be displeased at the decent and charming manner with which he insinuated this distant hope: And oh! judge for me, how my heart was affected with all these things!

He was pleased to add another charming reflection, which shewed me the noble sincerity of his kind professions. I do own to you, my Pamela, said he, that I love you with a purer flame than ever I knew in my whole life; a flame to which I was a stranger; and which commenced for you in the garden; though you, unkindly, by your unseasonable doubts, nipped the opening bud, while it was too tender to bear the cold blasts of slight or negligence. And I know more sincere joy and satisfaction in this sweet hour's conversation with you, than all the guilty tumults of my former passion ever did, or (had even my attempts succeeded) ever could have afforded me.

O, sir, said I, expect not words from your poor servant, equal to these most generous professions. Both the means, and the will, I now see, are given to you, to lay me under an everlasting obligation. How happy shall I be, if, though I cannot be worthy of all this goodness and condescension, I can prove myself not entirely unworthy of it! But I can only answer for a grateful heart; and if ever I give you cause, wilfully, (and you will generously allow for involuntary imperfections,) to be disgusted with me, may I be an outcast from your house and favour, and as much repudiated, as if the law had divorced me from you!

But sir, continued I, though I was so unseasonable as I was in the garden, you would, I flatter myself, had you then heard me, have pardoned my imprudence, and owned I had some cause to fear, and to wish to be with my poor father and mother: and this I the rather say, that you should not think me capable of returning insolence for your goodness; or appearing foolishly ungrateful to you, when you was so kind to me.

Indeed, Pamela, said he, you gave me great uneasiness; for I love you too well not to be jealous of the least appearance of your indifference to me, or preference to any other person, not excepting your parents themselves. This made me resolve not to hear you; for I had not got over my reluctance to marriage; and a little weight, you know, turns the scale, when it hangs in an equal balance. But yet, you see, that though I could part with you, while my anger held, yet the regard I had then newly professed for your virtue, made me resolve not to offer to violate it; and you have seen likewise, that the painful struggle I underwent when I began to reflect, and to read your moving journal, between my desire to recall you, and my doubt whether you would return, (though yet I resolved not to force you to it,) had like to have cost me a severe illness: but your kind and cheerful return has dispelled all my fears, and given me hope, that I am not indifferent to you; and you see how your presence has chased away my illness.

I bless God for it, said I; but since you are so good as to encourage me, and will not despise my weakness, I will acknowledge, that I suffered more than I could have imagined, till I experienced it, in being banished your presence in so much anger; and the more still was I affected, when you answered the wicked Mrs. Jewkes so generously in my favour, at my leaving your house. For this, sir, awakened all my reverence for you; and you saw I could not forbear, not knowing what I did, to break boldly in upon you, and acknowledge your goodness on my knees. 'Tis true, my dear Pamela, said he, we have sufficiently tortured one another; and the only comfort that can result from it, will be, reflecting upon the matter coolly and with pleasure, when all these storms are overblown, (as I hope they now are,) and we sit together secured in each other's good opinion, recounting the uncommon gradations by which we have ascended to the summit of that felicity, which I hope we shall shortly arrive at.

Meantime, said the good gentleman, let me hear what my dear girl would have said in her justification, could I have trusted myself with her, as to her fears, and the reason of her wishing herself from me, at a time that I had begun to shew my fondness for her, in a manner that I thought would have been agreeable to her and virtue.

I pulled out of my pocket the gipsy letter; but I said, before I shewed it to him, I have this letter, sir, to shew you, as what, I believe, you will allow must have given me the greatest disturbance: but, first, as I know not who is the writer, and it seems to be in a disguised hand, I would beg it as a favour, that, if you guess who it is, which I cannot, it may not turn to their prejudice, because it was written, very probably, with no other view, than to serve me.

He took it, and read it. And it being signed Somebody, he said, Yes, this is indeed from Somebody; and, disguised as the hand is, I know the writer: Don't you see, by the setness of some of these letters, and a little secretary cut here and there, especially in that c, and that r, that it is the hand of a person bred in the law-way? Why, Pamela, said he, 'tis old Longman's hand: an officious rascal as he is! — But I have done with him. O sir, said I, it would be too insolent in me to offer (so much am I myself overwhelmed with your goodness,) to defend any body that you are angry with: Yet, sir, so far as they have incurred your displeasure for my sake, and for no other want of duty or respect, I could wish — But I dare not say more.

But, said he, as to the letter and the information it contains: Let me know, Pamela, when you received this? On the Friday, sir, said I, that you were gone to the wedding at Stamford. — How could it be conveyed to you, said he, unknown to Mrs. Jewkes, when I gave her such a strict charge to attend you, and you had promised me, that you would not throw yourself in the way of such intelligence?

For, said he, when I went to Stamford, I knew, from a private intimation given me, that there would be an attempt made to see you, or give you a letter, by somebody, if not to get you away; but was not certain from what quarter, whether from my sister Davers, Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, or John Arnold, or your father; and as I was then but struggling with myself, whether to give way to my honourable inclinations, or to free you, and let you go to your father, that I might avoid the danger I found myself in of the former; (for I had absolutely resolved never to wound again even your ears with any proposals of a contrary nature;) that was the reason I desired you to permit Mrs. Jewkes to be so much on her guard till I came back, when I thought I should have decided this disputed point within myself, between my pride and my inclinations.

This, good sir, said I, accounts well to me for your conduct in that case, and for what you said to me and Mrs. Jewkes on that occasion: And I see more and more how much I may depend upon your honour and goodness to me. — But I will tell you all the truth. And then I recounted to him the whole affair of the gipsy, and how the letter was put among the loose grass, etc. And he said, The man who thinks a thousand dragons sufficient to watch a woman, when her inclination takes a contrary bent, will find all too little; and she will engage the stones in the street, or the grass in the field, to act for her, and help on her correspondence. If the mind, said he, be not engaged, I see there is hardly any confinement sufficient for the body; and you have told me a very pretty story; and, as you never gave me any reason to question your veracity, even in your severest trials, I make no doubt of the truth of what you have now mentioned: and I will, in my turn, give you such a proof of mine, that you shall find it carry a conviction with it.

You must know, then, my Pamela, that I had actually formed such a project, so well informed was this old rascally Somebody! and the time was fixed for the very person described in this letter to be here; and I had thought he should have read some part of the ceremony (as little as was possible, to deceive you) in my chamber; and so I hoped to have you mine upon terms that then would have been much more agreeable to me than real matrimony. And I did not in haste intend you the mortification of being undeceived; so that we might have lived for years, perhaps, very lovingly together; and I had, at the same time, been at liberty to confirm or abrogate it as I pleased.

O sir, said I, I am out of breath with the thoughts of my danger! But what good angel prevented the execution of this deep-laid design?

Why, your good angel, Pamela, said he; for when I began to consider, that it would have made you miserable, and me not happy; that if you should have a dear little one, it would be out of my own power to legitimate it, if I should wish it to inherit my estate; and that, as I am almost the last of my family, and most of what

I possess must descend to a strange line, and disagreeable and unworthy persons; notwithstanding that I might, in this case, have issue of my own body; when I further considered your untainted virtue, what dangers and trials you had undergone by my means, and what a world of troubles I had involved you in, only because you were beautiful and virtuous, which had excited all my passion for you; and reflected also upon your tried prudence and truth! I, though I doubted not effecting this my last plot, resolved to overcome myself; and, however I might suffer in struggling with my affection for you, to part with you, rather than to betray you under so black a veil. Besides, said he, I remember how much I had exclaimed against and censured an action of this kind, that had been attributed to one of the first men of the law, and of the kingdom, as he afterwards became; and that it was but treading in a path that another had marked out for me; and, as I was assured, with no great satisfaction to himself, when he came to reflect; my foolish pride was a little piqued with this, because I loved to be, if I went out of the way, my own original, as I may call it. On all these considerations it was, that I rejected this project, and sent word to the person, that I had better considered of the matter, and would not have him come, till he heard further from me: And, in this suspense I suppose, some of your confederates, Pamela, (for we have been a couple of plotters, though your virtue and merit have procured you faithful friends and partisans, which my money and promises could hardly do,) one way or other got knowledge of it, and gave you this notice; but, perhaps, it would have come too late, had not your white angel got the better of my black one, and inspired me with resolutions to abandon the project, just as it was to have been put into execution. But yet I own, that, from these appearances, you were but too well justified in your fears, on this odd way of coming at this intelligence; and I have only one thing to blame you for, that though I was resolved not to hear you in your own defence, yet, as you have so ready a talent at your pen, you might have cleared your part of this matter up to me by a line or two; and when I had known what seeming good grounds you had for pouring cold water on a young flame, that was just then rising to an honourable expansion, should not have imputed it, as I was apt to do, to unseasonable insult for my tenderness to you, on one hand; to perverse nicety, on the other; or to (what I was most alarmed by, and concerned for) prepossession for some other person: And this would have saved us both much fatigue, I of mind, you of body.

And, indeed, sir, said I, of mind too; and I could not better manifest this, than by the cheerfulness with which I obeyed your recalling me to your presence.

Ay, that, my dear Pamela, said he, and clasped me in his arms, was the kind, the inexpressibly kind action, that has rivetted my affections to you, and obliges me, in this free and unreserved manner, to pour my whole soul into your bosom.

I said, I had the less merit in this my return, because I was driven, by an irresistible impulse to it; and could not help it, if I would.

This, said he, (and honoured me by kissing my hand,) is engaging, indeed; if I may hope, that my Pamela's gentle inclination for her persecutor was the strongest motive to her return; and I so much value a voluntary love in the person I would wish for my wife, that I would have even prudence and interest hardly named in comparison with it: And can you return me sincerely the honest compliment I now make you? — In the choice I have made, it is impossible I should have any view to my interest. Love, true love, is the only motive by which I am induced. And were I not what I am, could you give me the preference to any other you know in the world, notwithstanding what has passed between us? Why, said I, should your so much obliged Pamela refuse to answer this kind question? Cruel as I have thought you, and dangerous as your views to my honesty have been; you, sir, are the only person living that ever was more than indifferent to me: and before I knew this to be what I blush now to call it, I could not hate you, or wish you ill, though, from my soul, the attempts you made were shocking, and most distasteful to me.

I am satisfied, my Pamela, said he; nor shall I want to see those papers that you have kindly written for to your father; though I still wish to see them too, for the sake of the sweet manner in which you relate what has passed, and to have before me the whole series of your sufferings, that I may learn what degree of kindness may be sufficient to recompense you for them.

In this manner, my dear father and mother, did your happy daughter find herself blessed by her generous master! An ample recompense for all her sufferings did I think this sweet conversation only. A hundred tender things he expressed besides, that though they never can escape my memory, yet would be too tedious to write down. Oh, how I blessed God, and, I hope, ever shall, for all his gracious favours to his unworthy handmaid! What a happy change is this! And who knows but my kind, my generous master, may put it in my power, when he shall see me not quite unworthy of it, to be a means, without injuring him, to dispense around me, to many persons, the happy influences of the condition to which I shall be, by his kind favour, exalted? Doubly blest shall I be, in particular, if I can return the hundredth part of the obligations I owe to such honest good parents, to whose pious instructions and examples, under God, I owe all my present happiness, and future prospects. — O the joy that fills my mind on these proud hopes! on these delightful prospects! — It is too mighty for me, and I must sit down to ponder all these things, and to admire and bless the goodness of that Providence, which has, through so many intricate mazes, made me tread the paths of innocence, and so amply rewarded me for what it has itself enabled me to do!

All glory to God alone be ever given for it, by your poor enraptured daughter!

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I will now continue my most pleasing relation.

As the chariot was returning home from this sweet airing, he said, From all that has passed between us in this pleasing turn, my Pamela will see, and will believe, that the trials of her virtue are all over from me: But, perhaps, there will be some few yet to come of her patience and humility. For I have, at the earnest importunity of Lady Darnford, and her daughters, promised them a sight of my beloved girl: And so I intend to have their whole family, and Lady Jones, and Mrs. Peters's family, to dine with me once in a few days. And, since I believe you would hardly choose, at present, to grace the table on the occasion, till you can do it in your own right, I should be glad you would not refuse coming down to us if I should desire it; for I would preface our nuptials, said the dear gentleman! O what a sweet word was that! — with their good opinion of your merits: and to see you, and your sweet manner, will be enough for that purpose; and so, by degrees, prepare my neighbours for what is to follow: And they already have your character from me, and are disposed to admire you.

Sir, said I, after all that has passed, I should be unworthy, if I could not say, that I can have no will but yours: And however awkwardly I shall behave in such company, weighed down with a sense of your obligations on one side, and my own unworthiness, with their observations on the other, I will not scruple to obey you.

I am obliged to you, Pamela, said he, and pray be only dressed as you are; for since they know your condition, and I have told them the story of your present dress, and how you came by it, one of the young ladies begs it as a favour, that they may see you just as you are: and I am the rather pleased it should be so, because they will perceive you owe nothing to dress, but make a much better figure with your own native stock of loveliness, than the greatest ladies arrayed in the most splendid attire, and adorned with the most glittering jewels.

O sir, said I, your goodness beholds your poor servant in a light greatly beyond her merit! But it must not be expected, that others, ladies especially, will look upon me with your favourable eyes: but, nevertheless, I should be best pleased to wear always this humble garb, till you, for your own sake, shall order it otherwise: for, oh, sir, said I, I hope it will be always my pride to glory most in your goodness! and it will be a pleasure to me to shew every one, that, with respect to my happiness in this life, I am entirely the work of your bounty; and to let the world see from what a lowly original you have raised me to honours, that the greatest ladies would rejoice in.

Admirable Pamela! said he; excellent girl! — Surely thy sentiments are superior to those of all thy sex! — I might have addressed a hundred fine ladies; but never, surely, could have had reason to admire one as I do you.

As, my dear father and mother, I repeat these generous sayings, only because they are the effect of my master's goodness, being far from presuming to think I deserve one of them; so I hope you will not attribute it to my vanity; for I do assure you, I think I ought rather to be more humble, as I am more obliged: for it must be always a sign of a poor condition, to receive obligations one cannot repay; as it is of a rich mind, when it can confer them without expecting or needing a return. It is, on one side, the state of the human creature, compared, on the other, to the Creator; and so, with due deference, may his beneficence be said to be Godlike, and that is the highest that can be said.

The chariot brought us home at near the hour of two; and, blessed be God, my master is pure well, and cheerful; and that makes me hope he does not repent him of his late generous treatment of me. He handed me out of the chariot, and to the parlour, with the same goodness, that he shewed when he put me into it, before several of the servants. Mrs. Jewkes came to inquire how he did. Quite well, Mrs. Jewkes, said he; quite well: I thank God, and this good girl, for it! — I am glad of it, said she; but I hope you are not the worse for my care, and my doctoring of you! — No, but the better, Mrs. Jewkes, said he; you have much obliged me by both.

Then he said, Mrs. Jewkes, you and I have used this good girl very hardly. — I was afraid, sir, said she, I should be the subject of her complaints. — I assure you, said he, she has not opened her lips about you. We have had a quite different subject to talk of; and I hope she will forgive us both: You especially she must; because you have done nothing but by my orders. But I only mean, that the necessary consequence of those orders has been very grievous to my Pamela: And now comes our part to make her amends, if we can.

Sir, said she, I always said to madam (as she called me), that you was very good, and very forgiving. No, said he, I have been stark naught; and it is she, I hope, will be very forgiving. But all this preamble is to tell you, Mrs. Jewkes, that now I desire you'll study to oblige her, as much as (to obey me) you was forced to disoblige her before. And you'll remember, that in every thing she is to be her own mistress.

Yes, said she, and mine too, I suppose, sir? Ay, said the generous gentleman, I believe it will be so in a little time. — Then, said she, I know how it will go with me! And so put her handkerchief to her eyes. — Pamela, said my master, comfort poor Mrs. Jewkes.

This was very generous, already to seem to put her in my power: and I took her by the hand, and said, I shall never take upon me, Mrs. Jewkes, to make a bad use of any opportunities that may be put into my hands by my generous master; nor shall I ever wish to do you any disservice, if I might: for I shall consider, that what you have done, was in obedience to a will which it will become me also to submit to and so, if the effects of our obedience may be different, yet as they proceed from one cause, that must be always reverenced by me.

See there, Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, we are both in generous hands; and indeed, if Pamela did not pardon you, I should think she but half forgave me, because you acted by my instructions. — Well, said she, God bless you both together, since it must be so; and I will double my diligence to oblige my lady, as I find she will soon be.

O my dear father and mother! now pray for me on another score; for fear I should grow too proud, and be giddy and foolish with all these promising things, so soothing to the vanity of my years and sex. But even to this hour can I pray, that God would remove from me all these delightful prospects, if they were likely so to corrupt my mind, as to make me proud and vain, and not acknowledge, with thankful humility, the blessed Providence which has so visibly conducted me through the dangerous paths I have trod, to this happy moment.

My master was pleased to say, that he thought I might as well dine with him, since he was alone: But I begged he would excuse me, for fear, as I said, such excess of goodness and condescension, all at once, should turn my head; — and that he would, by slower degrees, bring on my happiness, lest I should not know how to bear it.

Persons that doubt themselves, said he, seldom do amiss: And if there was any fear of what you say, you could not have it in your thoughts: for none but the presumptuous, the conceited, and the thoughtless, err capitally. But, nevertheless, said he, I have such an opinion of your prudence, that I shall generally think what you do right, because it is you that do it.

Sir, said I, your kind expressions shall not be thrown away upon me, if I can help it; for they will task me with the care of endeavouring to deserve your good opinion, and your approbation, as the best rule of my conduct.

Being then about to go up stairs, Permit me, sir, said I, (looking about me with some confusion, to see that nobody was there,) thus on my knees to thank you, as I often wanted to do in the chariot, for all your goodness to me, which shall never, I hope, be cast away upon me. And so I had the boldness to kiss his hand.

I wonder, since, how I came to be so forward. But what could I do? — My poor grateful heart was like a too full river, which overflows its banks: and it

carried away my fear and my shamefacedness, as that does all before it on the surface of its waters!

He clasped me in his arms with transport, and condescendingly kneeled by me, and kissing me, said, O my dear obliging good girl, on my knees, as you on yours, I vow to you everlasting truth and fidelity! and may God but bless us both with half the pleasures that seem to be before us, and we shall have no reason to envy the felicity of the greatest princes! — O sir, said I, how shall I support so much goodness! I am poor, indeed, in every thing, compared to you! and how far, very far, do you, in every generous way, leave me behind you!

He raised me, and, as I bent towards the door, led me to the stairs foot, and, saluting me there again, left me to go up to my closet, where I threw myself on my knees in raptures of joy, and blessed that gracious God, who had thus changed my distress to happiness, and so abundantly rewarded me for all the sufferings I had passed through. — And oh, how light, how very light, do all those sufferings now appear, which then my repining mind made so grievous to me! — Hence, in every state of life, and in all the changes and chances of it, for the future, will I trust in Providence, who knows what is best for us, and frequently turns the very evils we most dread, to be the causes of our happiness, and of our deliverance from greater. — My experiences, young as I am, as to this great point of reliance on God, are strong, though my judgment in general may be weak and uninformed: but you'll excuse these reflections, because they are your beloved daughter's; and, so far as they are not amiss, derive themselves from the benefit of yours and my late good lady's examples and instructions.

I have written a vast deal in a little time; and shall only say, to conclude this delightful Wednesday, That in the afternoon my good master was so well, that he rode out on horseback, and came home about nine at night; and then stepped up to me, and, seeing me with pen and ink before me in my closet, said, I come only to tell you I am very well, my Pamela: and since I have a letter or two to write, I will leave you to proceed in yours, as I suppose that was your employment, (for I had put by my papers at his coming up,) and so he saluted me, bid me good night, and went down; and I finished up to this place before I went to bed. Mrs. Jewkes told me, if it was more agreeable to me, she would be in another room; but I said, No thank you, Mrs. Jewkes; pray let me have your company. And she made me a fine courtesy, and thanked me. — How times are altered!

Thursday.

This morning my master came up to me, and talked with me on various subjects, for a good while together, in the most kind manner. Among other things, he asked me, if I chose to order any new clothes against my marriage. (O how my heart flutters when he mentions this subject so freely!) I said, I left every thing to

his good pleasure, only repeated my request, for the reasons aforegiven, that I might not be too fine.

He said, I think, my dear, it shall be very private: I hope you are not afraid of a sham-marriage; and pray get the service by heart, that you may see nothing is omitted. I glowed between shame and delight. O how I felt my cheeks burn!

I said, I feared nothing, I apprehended nothing, but my own unworthiness. Said he, I think it shall be done within these fourteen days, from this day, at this house. O how I trembled! but not with grief, you may believe — What says my girl? Have you to object against any day of the next fourteen: because my affairs require me to go to my other house, and I think not to stir from this till I am happy with you?

I have no will but yours, said I (all glowing like the fire, as I could feel:) But, sir, did you say in the house? Ay, said he; for I care not how privately it be done; and it must be very public if we go to church. It is a holy rite, sir, said I; and would be better, methinks, in a holy place.

I see (said he, most kindly) my lovely maid's confusion; and your trembling tenderness shews I ought to oblige you all I may. Therefore I will order my own little chapel, which has not been used for two generations, for any thing but a lumber-room, because our family seldom resided here long together, to be cleared and cleaned, and got ready for the ceremony, if you dislike your own chamber or mine.

Sir, said I, that will be better than the chamber, and I hope it will never be lumbered again, but kept to the use for which, as I presume, it has been consecrated. O yes, said he, it has been consecrated, and that several ages ago, in my great great grandfather's time, who built that and the good old house together.

But now, my good girl, if I do not too much add to your sweet confusion, shall it be in the first seven days, or the second of this fortnight? I looked down, quite out of countenance. Tell me, said he.

In the second, if you please, sir, said I. — As you please, said he most kindly; but I should thank you, Pamela, if you would choose the first. I'd rather, sir, if you please, said I, have the second. Well, said he, be it so; but don't defer it till the last day of the fourteen.

Pray sir, said I, since you embolden me to talk on this important subject, may I not send my dear father and mother word of my happiness? — You may, said he; but charge them to keep it secret, till you or I direct the contrary. And I told you, I would see no more of your papers; but I meant, I would not without your consent: but if you will shew them to me (and now I have no other motive for my curiosity, but the pleasure I take in reading what you write,) I shall acknowledge it as a favour.

If, sir, said I, you will be pleased to let me write over again one sheet, I will; though I had relied upon your word, and not written them for your perusal. What is that? said he: though I cannot consent to it beforehand: for I more desire to see them, because they are your true sentiments at the time, and because they were not written for my perusal. Sir, said I, what I am loath you should see, are very severe reflections on the letter I received by the gipsy, when I apprehended your design of the sham-marriage; though there are other things I would not have you see; but that is the worst. It can't be worse, said he, my dear sauce-box, than I have seen already; and I will allow your treating me in ever so black a manner, on that occasion, because it must have a very black appearance to you. — Well, sir, said I, I think I will obey you before night. But don't alter a word, said he. I won't, sir, replied I, since you order it.

While we were talking, Mrs. Jewkes came up, and said Thomas was returned. O, said my master, let him bring up the papers: for he hoped, and so did I, that you had sent them by him. But it was a great balk, when he came up and said, Sir, Mr. Andrews did not care to deliver them; and would have it, that his daughter was forced to write that letter to him: and, indeed, sir, said he, the old gentleman took on sadly, and would have it that his daughter was undone, or else, he said, she would not have turned back, when on her way, (as I told him she did, said Thomas,) instead of coming to them. I began to be afraid now that all would be bad for me again.

Well, Tom, said he, don't mince the matter; tell me, before Mrs. Andrews, what they said. Why, sir, both he and Goody Andrews, after they had conferred together upon your letter, madam, came out, weeping bitterly, that grieved my very heart; and they said, Now all was over with their poor daughter; and either she had written that letter by compulsion, or had yielded to your honour; so they said; and was, or would be ruined!

My master seemed vexed, as I feared. And I said, Pray, sir, be so good as to excuse the fears of my honest parents. They cannot know your goodness to me.

And so (said he, without answering me,) they refused to deliver the papers? Yes, and please your honour, said Thomas, though I told them, that you, madam, of your own accord, on a letter I had brought you, very cheerfully wrote what I carried: But the old gentleman said, Why, wife, there are in these papers twenty things nobody should see but ourselves, and especially not the 'squire. O the poor girl has had so many stratagems to struggle with! and now, at last, she has met with one that has been too hard for her. And can it be possible for us to account for her setting out to come to us, and in such post haste, and, when she had got above half-way, to send us this letter, and to go back again of her own accord, as you say; when we know that all her delight would have been to come to us and to

escape from the perils she had been so long contending with? And then, and please your honour, he said, he could not bear this; for his daughter was ruined, to be sure, before now. And so, said Thomas, the good old couple sat themselves down, and, hand-in-hand, leaning upon each other's shoulder, did nothing but lament. — I was piteously grieved, said he; but all I could say could not comfort them; nor would they give me the papers; though I told them I should deliver them only to Mrs. Andrews herself. And so, and please your honour, I was forced to come away without them.

My good master saw me all bathed in tears at this description of your distress and fears for me; and he said, I would not have you take on so. I am not angry with your father in the main; he is a good man; and I would have you write out of hand, and it shall be sent by the post to Mr. Atkins, who lives within two miles of your father, and I'll enclose it in a cover of mine, in which I'll desire Mr. Atkins, the moment it comes to his hand, to convey it safely to your father or mother; and say nothing of their sending their papers, that it may not make them uneasy; for I want not now to see them on any other score than that of mere curiosity; and that will do at any time. And so saying, he saluted me before Thomas, and with his own handkerchief wiped my eyes; and said to Thomas, The good old folks are not to be blamed in the main. They don't know my honourable intentions by their dear daughter; who, Tom, will, in a little time, be your mistress; though I shall keep the matter private some days, and would not have it spoken of by my servants out of my house.

Thomas said, God bless your honour! You know best. And I said, O, sir, you are all goodness! — How kind is this, to forgive the disappointment, instead of being angry, as I feared you would! Thomas then withdrew. And my master said, I need not remind you of writing out of hand, to make the good folks easy: and I will leave you to yourself for that purpose; only send me down such of your papers, as you are willing I should see, with which I shall entertain myself for an hour or two. But, one thing, added he, I forgot to tell you: The neighbouring gentry I mentioned will be here tomorrow to dine with me, and I have ordered Mrs. Jewkes to prepare for them. And must I, sir, said I, be shewn to them? O yes, said he; that's the chief reason of their coming. And you'll see nobody equal to yourself: don't be concerned.

I opened my papers, as soon as my master had left me; and laid out those beginning on the Thursday morning he set out for Stamford, 'with the morning visit he made me before I was up, and the injunctions of watchfulness, etc. to Mrs. Jewkes; the next day's gipsy affair, and my reflections, in which I called him truly diabolical, and was otherwise very severe, on the strong appearances the matter had then against him. His return on Saturday, with the dread he put me in,

on the offering to search me for my papers which followed those he had got by Mrs. Jewkes's means. My being forced to give them up. His carriage to me after he had read them, and questions to me. His great kindness to me on seeing the dangers I had escaped and the troubles I had undergone. And how I unseasonably, in the midst of his goodness, expressed my desire of being sent to you, having the intelligence of a sham-marriage, from the gipsy, in my thoughts. How this enraged him, and made him turn me that very Sunday out of his house, and send me on my way to you. The particulars of my journey, and my grief at parting with him; and my free acknowledgment to you, that I found, unknown to myself, I had begun to love him, and could not help it. His sending after me, to beg my return; but yet generously leaving me at my liberty, when he might have forced me to return whether I was willing or not. My resolution to oblige him, and fatiguing journey back. My concern for his illness on my return. His kind reception of me, and shewing me his sister Davers's angry letter, against his behaviour to me, desiring him to set me free, and threatening to renounce him as a brother, if he should degrade himself by marrying me. My serious reflections on this letter, etc.' (all which, I hope, with the others, you will shortly see.) And this carried matters down to Tuesday night last.

All that followed was so kind on his side, being our chariot conference, as above, on Wednesday morning, and how good he has been ever since, that I thought I would go no further; for I was a little ashamed to be so very open on that tender and most grateful subject; though his great goodness to me deserves all the acknowledgments I can possibly make.

And when I had looked these out, I carried them down myself into the parlour to him; and said, putting them into his hands, Your allowances, good sir, as heretofore; and if I have been too open and free in my reflections or declarations, let my fears on one side, and my sincerity on the other, be my excuse. You are very obliging, my good girl, said he. You have nothing to apprehend from my thoughts, any more than from my actions.

So I went up, and wrote the letter to you, briefly acquainting you with my present happiness, and my master's goodness, and expressing the gratitude of heart, which I owe to the kindest gentleman in the world, and assuring you, that I should soon have the pleasure of sending back to you, not only those papers, but all that succeeded them to this time, as I know you delight to amuse yourself in your leisure hours with my scribble: And I said, carrying it down to my master, before I sealed it, Will you please, sir, to take the trouble of reading what I write to my dear parents? Thank you, Pamela, said he, and set me on his knee, while he read it; and seemed much pleased with it; and giving it me again, You are very happy, said he, my beloved girl, in your style and expressions: and the

affectionate things you say of me are inexpressibly obliging; and again, with this kiss, said he, do I confirm for truth all that you have promised for my intentions in this letter. — O what halcyon days are these! God continue them! — A change would kill me quite.

He went out in his chariot in the afternoon; and in the evening returned, and sent me word, he would be glad of my company for a little walk in the garden; and down I went that very moment.

He came to meet me. So, says he, how does my dear girl do now? — Whom do you think I have seen since I have been out? — I don't know, sir, said I. Why, said he, there is a turning in the road, about five miles off, that goes round a meadow, that has a pleasant foot-way, by the side of a little brook, and a double row of limes on each side, where now and then the gentry in the neighbourhood walk, and angle, and divert themselves. — I'll shew it you next opportunity. — And I stept out of my chariot, to walk across this meadow, and bid Robin meet me with it on the further part of it: And whom should I 'spy there, walking, with a book in his hand, reading, but your humble servant Mr. Williams! Don't blush, Pamela, said he. As his back was towards me, I thought I would speak to the man: and, before he saw me, I said, How do you, old acquaintance? (for, said he, you know we were of one college for a twelvemonth.) I thought the man would have jumped into the brook, he gave such a start at hearing my voice, and seeing me.

Poor man! said I. Ay, said he, but not too much of your poor man, in that soft accent, neither, Pamela. — Said I, I am sorry my voice is so startling to you, Mr. Williams. What are you reading? Sir, said he, and stammered with the surprise, it is the French Telemachus; for I am about perfecting myself, if I can, in the French tongue. — Thought I, I had rather so, than perfecting my Pamela in it. — You do well, replied I. — Don't you think that yonder cloud may give us a small shower? and it did a little begin to wet. — He said, he believed not much.

If, said I, you are for the village, I'll give you a cast; for I shall call at Sir Simon's in my return from the little round I am taking. He asked me if it was not too great a favour? — No, said I, don't talk of that; let us walk to the further opening there, and we shall meet my chariot.

So, Pamela, continued my master, we fell into conversation as we walked. He said he was very sorry he had incurred my displeasure; and the more, as he had been told, by Lady Jones, who had it from Sir Simon's family, that I had a more honourable view than at first was apprehended. I said, We fellows of fortune, Mr. Williams, take sometimes a little more liberty with the world than we ought to do; wantoning, very probably, as you contemplative folks would say, in the sunbeams of a dangerous affluence; and cannot think of confining ourselves to the common paths, though the safest and most eligible, after all. And you may believe I could

not very well like to be supplanted in a view that lay next my heart; and that by an old acquaintance, whose good, before this affair, I was studious to promote.

I would only say, sir, said he, that my first motive was entirely such as became my function: And, very politely, said my master, he added, And I am very sure, that however inexcusable I might seem in the progress of the matter, yourself, sir, would have been sorry to have it said, you had cast your thoughts on a person, that nobody could have wished for but yourself.

Well, Mr. Williams, said I, I see you are a man of gallantry, as well as religion: But what I took most amiss was, that, if you thought me doing a wrong thing, you did not expostulate with me upon it, as your function might have allowed you to do; but immediately determined to counterplot me, and attempt to secure to yourself a prize you would have robbed me of, and that from my own house. But the matter is at an end, and I retain not any malice upon it; though you did not know but I might, at last, do honourably by her, as I actually intend.

I am sorry for myself, sir, said he, that I should so unhappily incur your displeasure; but I rejoice for her sake in your honourable intentions: give me leave only to say, that if you make Miss Andrews your lady, she will do credit to your choice with every body that sees her, or comes to know her; and, for person and mind both, you may challenge the county.

In this manner, said my master, did the parson and I confabulate; and I set him down at his lodgings in the village. But he kept your secret, Pamela; and would not own, that you gave any encouragement to his addresses.

Indeed, sir, said I, he could not say that I did; and I hope you believe me. I do, I do, said he: but ’tis still my opinion, that if, when I saw plots set up against my plots, I had not discovered the parson as I did, the correspondence between you might have gone to a length that would have put our present situation out of both our powers.

Sir, said I, when you consider, that my utmost presumption could not make me hope for the honour you now seem to design me; that I was so hardly used, and had no prospect before me but dishonour, you will allow that I should have seemed very little in earnest in my professions of honesty, if I had not endeavoured to get away: but yet I resolved not to think of marriage; for I never saw the man I could love, till your goodness emboldened me to look up to you.

I should, my dear Pamela, said he, make a very ill compliment to my vanity, if I did not believe you; though, at the same time, justice calls upon me to say, that it is, some things considered, beyond my merit.

There was a sweet, noble expression for your poor daughter, my dear father and mother! — And from my master too!

I was glad to hear this account of the interview between Mr. Williams and himself; but I dared not to say so. I hope in time he will be reinstated in his good graces.

He was so good as to tell me, he had given orders for the chapel to be cleared. O how I look forward with inward joy, yet with fear and trembling!

Friday.

About twelve o'clock came Sir Simon, and his lady and two daughters; and Lady Jones, and a sister-in-law of hers; and Mr. Peters, and his spouse and niece. Mrs. Jewkes, who is more and more obliging, was much concerned I was not dressed in some of my best clothes, and made me many compliments.

They all went into the garden for a walk, before dinner; and, I understood, were so impatient to see me, that my master took them into the largest alcove, after they had walked two or three turns, and stept himself to me. Come, my Pamela, said he, the ladies can't be satisfied without seeing you, and I desire you'll come. I said, I was ashamed; but I would obey him. Said he, The two young ladies are dressed out in their best attire; but they make not such an appearance as my charming girl in this ordinary garb. — Sir, said I, shan't I follow you thither? For I can't bear you should do me so much honour. Well, said he, I'll go before you. And he bid Mrs. Jewkes bring a bottle of sack, and some cake. So he went down to them.

This alcove fronts the longest gravel-walk in the garden, so that they saw me all the way I came, for a good way: and my master told me afterwards, with pleasure, all they said of me.

Will you forgive the little vain slut, your daughter, if I tell you all, as he was pleased to tell me? He said, 'spying me first, Look, there, ladies, comes my pretty rustic! — They all, I saw, which dashed me, stood at the windows, and in the door-way, looking full at me.

My master told me, that Lady Jones said, She is a charming creature, I see that, at this distance. And Sir Simon, it seems, who has been a sad rake in his younger days, swore he never saw so easy an air, so fine a shape, and so graceful a presence. — The Lady Darnford said, I was a sweet girl. And Mrs. Peters said very handsome things. Even the parson said, I should be the pride of the county. O, dear sirs! all this was owing to the light my good master's favour placed me in, which made me shine out in their eyes beyond my deserts. He said the young ladies blushed, and envied me.

When I came near, he saw me in a little confusion, and was so kind as to meet me: Give me your hand, said he, my poor girl; you walk too fast, (for, indeed, I wanted to be out of their gazing). I did so, with a courtesy, and he led me up the steps of the alcove, and, in a most gentleman-like manner, presented me to the

ladies, and they all saluted me, and said, They hoped to be better acquainted with me: and Lady Darnford was pleased to say, I should be the flower of their neighbourhood. Sir Simon said, Good neighbour, by your leave; and saluting me, added, Now will I say, that I have kissed the loveliest maiden in England. But, for all this, methought I owed him a grudge for a tell-tale, though all had turned out so happily. Mr. Peters very gravely followed his example, and said, like a bishop, God bless you, fair excellence! said Lady Jones, Pray, dear madam, sit down by me: and they all sat down: But I said, I would stand, if they pleased. No, Pamela, said my master: pray sit down with these good ladies, my neighbours: — They will indulge it to you, for my sake, till they know you better; and for your own, when they are acquainted with you. Sir, said I, I shall be proud to deserve their indulgence.

They all so gazed at me, that I could not look up; for I think it is one of the distinctions of persons of condition, and well-bred people, to put bashful bodies out of countenance. Well, Sir Simon, said my master, what say you now to my pretty rustic? — He swore a great oath, that he should better know what to say to me if he was as young as himself. Lady Darnford said, You will never leave, Sir Simon.

Said my master, You are a little confused, my good girl, and out of breath; but I have told all my kind neighbours here a good deal of your story, and your excellence. Yes, said Lady Darnford, my dear neighbour, as I will call you; we that are here present have all heard of your uncommon story. Madam, said I, you have then heard what must make your kind allowance for me very necessary. No, said Mrs. Peters, we have heard what will always make you valued as an honour to our sex, and as a worthy pattern for all the young ladies in the county. You are very good, madam, said I, to make me able to look up, and to be thankful for the honour you are pleased to do me.

Mrs. Jewkes came in with the canary, brought by Nan, to the alcove, and some cakes on a silver salver; and I said, Mrs. Jewkes, let me be your assistant; I will serve the ladies with the cake. And so I took the salver, and went round to the good company with it, ending with my master. The Lady Jones said, She never was served with such a grace, and it was giving me too much trouble. O, madam, said I, I hope my good master's favour will never make me forget, that it is my duty to wait upon his friends. Master, sweet one! said Sir Simon, I hope you won't always call Mr. B —— by that name, for fear it should become a fashion for all our ladies to do the like through the county. I, sir, said I, shall have many reasons to continue this style, which cannot affect your good ladies.

Sir Simon, said Lady Jones, you are very arch upon us but I see very well, that it will be the interest of all the gentlemen, to bring their ladies into an intimacy with one that can give them such a good example. I am sure then, madam, said I, it must be after I have been polished and improved by the honour of such an example as yours.

They all were very good and affable; and the young Lady Darnford, who had wished to see me in this dress, said, I beg your pardon, dear miss, as she called me; but I had heard how sweetly this garb became you, and was told the history of it; and I begged it, as a favour, that you might oblige us with your appearance in it. I am much obliged to your ladyship, said I, that your kind prescription was so agreeable to my choice. Why, said she, was it your choice then? — I am glad of that: though I am sure your person must give, and not take, ornament from any dress.

You are very kind, madam, said I: but there will be the less reason to fear I should forget the high obligations I should have to the kindest of gentlemen, when I can delight to shew the humble degree from which his goodness had raised me. — My dear Pamela, said my master, if you proceed at this rate, I must insist upon your first seven days. You know what I mean. Sir, said I, you are all goodness!

They drank a glass of sack each, and Sir Simon would make me do so too, saying, It will be a reflection, madam, upon all the ladies, if you don't do as they. No, Sir Simon, said I, that can't be, because the ladies' journey hither makes a glass of canary a proper cordial for them: but I won't refuse; because I will do myself the honour of drinking good health to you, and to all this worthy company.

Said good Lady Darnford, to my master, I hope, sir, we shall have Mrs. Andrews's company at table. He said, very obligingly, Madam, it is her time now; and I will leave it to her choice. If the good ladies, then, will forgive me, sir, said I, I had rather be excused. They all said, I must not be excused. I begged I might. Your reason for it, my dear Pamela? said my master: since the ladies request it, I wish you would oblige them. Sir, replied I, your goodness will make me, every

day, worthier of the honour the ladies do me; and when I can persuade myself that I am more worthy of it than at present, I shall with great joy embrace all the opportunities they will be pleased to give me.

Mrs. Peters whispered Lady Jones, as my master told me afterwards; Did you ever see such excellence, such prudence, and discretion? Never in my life, said the other good lady. She will adorn, she was pleased to say, her distinction. Ay, says Mrs. Peters, she would adorn any station in life.

My good master was highly delighted, generous gentleman as he is! with the favourable opinion of the ladies; and I took the more pleasure in it, because their favour seemed to lessen the disgrace of his stooping so much beneath himself.

Lady Darnford said, We will not oppress you; though we could almost blame your too punctilious exactness: but if we excuse Miss Andrews from dinner, we must insist upon her company at the card-table, and at a dish of tea; for we intend to pass the whole day with you, sir, as we told you. What say you to that, Pamela, said my master. Sir, replied I, whatever you and the ladies please, I will cheerfully do. They said, I was very obliging. But Sir Simon rapt out an oath, and said, That they might dine together, if they would; but he would dine with me, and nobody else: for, said he, I say, sir, as Parson Williams said, (by which I found my master had told them the story,) You must not think you have chosen one that nobody can like but yourself.

The young ladies said, If I pleased they would take a turn about the garden with me. I answered, I would very gladly attend them; and so we three, and Lady Jones's sister-in-law, and Mr. Peters's niece, walked together. They were very affable, kind, and obliging; and we soon entered into a good deal of familiarity; and I found Miss Darnford a very agreeable person. Her sister was a little more on the reserve; and I afterwards heard, that, about a year before, she would fain have had my master make his addresses to her: but though Sir Simon is reckoned rich, she was not thought sufficient fortune for him. And now, to have him look down so low as me, must be a sort of mortification to a poor young lady! — And I pitied her. — Indeed I did! — I wish all young persons of my sex could be as happy as I am like to be.

My master told me afterwards, that I left the other ladies, and Sir Simon and Mr. Peters, full of my praises: so that they could hardly talk of any thing else; one launching out upon my complexion, another upon my eyes, my hand, and, in short, for you'll think me sadly proud, upon my whole person and behaviour; and they all magnified my readiness and obligingness in my answers, and the like: And I was glad of it, as I said, for my good master's sake, who seemed quite pleased and rejoiced. God bless him for his goodness to me!

Dinner not being ready, the young ladies proposed a tune upon the spinnet. I said, I believed it was not in tune. They said, they knew it was but a few months ago. If it is, said I, I wish I had known it; though indeed, ladies, added I, since you know my story, I must own, that my mind has not been long in tune, to make use of it. So they would make me play upon it, and sing to it; which I did, a song my dear good lady made me learn, and used to be pleased with, and which she brought with her from Bath: and the ladies were much taken with the song, and were so kind as to approve my performance: And Miss Darnford was pleased to compliment me, that I had all the accomplishments of my sex. I said, I had had a good lady, in my master's mother, who had spared no pains nor cost to improve me. She said, she wished Mr. B —— could be prevailed upon to give a ball on an approaching happy occasion, that we might have a dancing-match, etc. — But I can't say I do; though I did not say so: for these occasions, I think, are too solemn for the principals, at least of our sex, to take part in, especially if they have the same thoughts of that solemnity that I have: For, indeed, though I have before me a prospect of happiness, that may be envied by ladies of high rank, yet I must own to you, my dear parents, that I have something very awful upon my mind, when I think of the matter; and shall, more and more, as it draws nearer and nearer. This is the song:

I.

Go, happy paper, gently steal,
  And underneath her pillow lie;
There, in soft dreams, my love reveal,
That love which I must still conceal,
  And, wrapt in awful silence, die.

II.

Should flames be doom'd thy hapless fate,
  To atoms thou wouldst quickly turn:
My pains may bear a longer date;
For should I live, and should she hate,
  In endless torments I should burn.

III.

Tell fair AURELIA, she has charms,
  Might in a hermit stir desire.

T’ attain the heav’n that’s in her arms,
I’d quit the world’s alluring harms,
And to a cell content, retire.

IV.

Of all that pleas’d my ravish’d eye,
Her beauty should supply the place;
Bold Raphael’s strokes, and Titian’s dye,
Should but in vain presume to vie
With her inimitable face.

V.

No more I’d wish for Phoebus’ rays,
To gild the object of my sight;
Much less the taper’s fainter blaze:
Her eyes should measure out my days;

And when she slept, it should be night.

About four o’clock.

My master just came up to me, and said, If you should see Mr. Williams below, do you think, Pamela, you should not be surprised? — No, sir, said I, I hope not. Why should I? Expect, said he, a stranger then, when you come down to us in the parlour; for the ladies are preparing themselves for the card-table, and they insist upon your company. — You have a mind, sir, said I, I believe, to try all my courage. Why, said he, does it want courage to see him? No, sir, said I, not at all. But I was grievously dashed to see all those strange ladies and gentlemen; and now to see Mr. Williams before them, as some of them refused his application for me, when I wanted to get away, it will a little shock me, to see them smile, in recollecting what has passed of that kind. Well, said he, guard your heart against surprises, though you shall see, when you come down, a man that I can allow you to love dearly; though hardly preferably to me.

This surprises me much. I am afraid he begins to be jealous of me. What will become of me, (for he looked very seriously,) if any turn should happen now! — My heart aches! I know not what’s the matter. But I will go down as brisk as I can, that nothing may be imputed to me. Yet I wish this Mr. Williams had not been there now, when they are all there; because of their fleers at him and me.

Otherwise I should be glad to see the poor gentleman; for, indeed, I think him a good man, and he has suffered for my sake.

So, I am sent for down to cards. I'll go; but wish I may continue their good opinions of me: for I shall be very awkward. My master, by his serious question, and bidding me guard my heart against surprises, though I should see, when I came down, a man he can allow me to love dearly, though hardly better than himself, has quite alarmed me, and made me sad! — I hope he loves me! — But whether he does or not, I am in for it now, over head and ears, I doubt, and can't help loving him; 'tis a folly to deny it. But to be sure I can't love any man preferably to him. I shall soon know what he means.

Now, my dear mother, must I write to you. Well might my good master say so mysteriously as he did, about guarding my heart against surprises. I never was so surprised in my life; and never could see a man I loved so dearly! — O my dear mother, it was my dear, dear father, and not Mr. Williams, that was below ready to receive and to bless your daughter! and both my master and he enjoined me to write how the whole matter was, and what my thoughts were on this joyful occasion.

I will take the matter from the beginning, that Providence directed his feet to this house, to this time, as I have had it from Mrs. Jewkes, from my master, my father, the ladies, and my own heart and conduct, as far as I know of both; because they command it, and you will be pleased with my relation and so, as you know how I came by the connexion, will make one uniform relation of it.

It seems, then, my dear father and you were so uneasy to know the truth of the story which Thomas had told you, that fearing I was betrayed, and quite undone, he got leave of absence, and set out the day after Thomas was there; and so, on Friday morning, he got to the neighbouring town; and there he heard, that the gentry in the neighbourhood were at my master's, at a great entertainment. He put on a clean shirt and neckcloth (which he brought in his pocket) at an alehouse there, and got shaved; and so, after he had eaten some bread and cheese, and drank a can of ale, he set out for my master's house, with a heavy heart, dreading for me, and in much fear of being brow-beaten. He had, it seems, asked, at the alehouse, what family the 'squire had down here, in hopes to hear something of me: And they said, A housekeeper, two maids, and, at present, two coachmen, and two grooms, a footman, and a helper. Was that all? he said. They told him, there was a young creature there, belike who was, or was to be, his mistress, or somewhat of that nature; but had been his mother's waiting-maid. This, he said, grieved his heart, and confirmed his fears.

So he went on, and about three o'clock in the afternoon came to the gate; and, ringing there, Sir Simon's coachman went to the iron gate; and he asked for the

housekeeper; though, from what I had written, in his heart he could not abide her. She sent for him in, little thinking who he was, and asked him, in the little hall, what his business with her was? — Only, madam, said he, whether I cannot speak one word with the ‘squire? No, friend, said she; he is engaged with several gentlemen and ladies. Said he, I have business with his honour of greater consequence to me than either life or death; and tears stood in his eyes.

At that she went into the great parlour, where my master was talking very pleasantly with the ladies; and she said, Sir, here is a good tight old man, that wants to see you on business of life and death, he says, and is very earnest. Ay, said he, Who can that be? — Let him stay in the little hall, and I’ll come to him presently. They all seemed to stare; and Sir Simon said, No more nor less, I dare say, my good friend, but a bastard-child. If it is, said Lady Jones, bring it in to us. I will, said he.

Mrs. Jewkes tells me, my master was much surprised, when he saw who it was; and she much more, when my dear father said, — Good God! give me patience! but, as great as you are, sir, I must ask for my child! and burst out into tears. (O what trouble have I given you both!) My master said, taking him by the hand, Don’t be uneasy, Goodman Andrews; your daughter is in the way to be happy.

This alarmed my dear father, and he said, What! then, is she dying? And trembled, he could scarce stand. My master made him sit down, and sat down by him, and said, No; God be praised! she is very well: And pray be comforted; I cannot bear to see you thus apprehensive; but she has written you a letter to assure you, that she has reason to be well satisfied, and happy.

Ah, sir I said he, you told me once she was in London, waiting on a bishop’s lady, when all the time she was a severe prisoner here. — Well, that’s all over now, Goodman Andrews, said my master: but the times are altered; for now the sweet girl has taken me prisoner; and in a few days I shall put on the most agreeable fetters that ever man wore.

O, sir! said, he, you are too pleasant for my griefs. My heart’s almost broke. But may I not see my poor child? You shall presently, said he; for she is coming down to us; and since you won’t believe me, I hope you will her.

I will ask you, good sir, said he, but one question till then, that I may know how to look upon her when I see her. Is she honest? Is she virtuous? — As the new-born babe, Mr. Andrews, said my good master; and in twelve days time, I hope, will be my wife.

O flatter me not, good your honour, said he: It cannot be! it cannot be! — I fear you have deluded her with strange hopes; and would make me believe impossibilities! — Mrs. Jewkes, said he, do you tell my dear Pamela’s good

father, when I go out, all you know concerning me, and your mistress that is to be. Meantime, make much of him, and set out what you have; and make him drink a glass of what he likes best. If this be wine, added he, fill me a bumper.

She did so; and he took my father by the hand, and said, Believe me, good man, and be easy; for I can't bear to see you tortured in this cruel suspense: Your dear daughter is the beloved of my soul. I am glad you are come: for you'll see us all in the same story. And here's your dame's health; and God bless you both, for being the happy means of procuring for me so great a blessing! And so he drank a bumper to this most obliging health.

What do I hear? It cannot surely be! said my father. And your honour is too good, I hope, to mock a poor old man — This ugly story, sir, of the bishop, runs in my head — But you say I shall see my dear child — And I shall see her honest. — If not, poor as I am, I would not own her.

My master bid Mrs. Jewkes not to let me know yet, that my father was come; and went to the company, and said, I have been agreeably surprised: Here is honest old Goodman Andrews come full of grief to see his daughter; for he fears she is seduced; and tells me, good honest man, that, poor as he is, he will not own her, if she be not virtuous. O, said they all, with one voice almost, Dear sir! shall we not see the good old man you have so praised for his plain good sense, and honest heart? If, said he, I thought Pamela would not be too much affected with the surprise, I would make you all witness to their first interview; for never did daughter love a father, or a father a daughter, as they two do one another. Miss Darnford, and all the ladies, and the gentlemen too, begged it might be so. But was not this very cruel, my dear mother? For well might they think I should not support myself in such an agreeable surprise.

He said, kindly, I have but one fear, that the dear girl may be too much affected. O, said Lady Darnford, we'll all help to keep up her spirits. Says he, I'll go up, and prepare her; but won't tell her of it. So he came up to me, as I have said, and amused me about Mr. Williams, to half prepare me for some surprise; though that could not have been any thing to this: and he left me, as I said, in that suspense, at his mystical words, saying, He would send to me, when they were going to cards.

My master went from me to my father, and asked if he had eaten any thing. No, said Mrs. Jewkes; the good man's heart is so full, he cannot eat, nor do any thing, till he has seen his dear daughter. That shall soon be, said my master. I will have you come in with me; for she is going to sit down with my guests, to a game at quadrille; and I will send for her down. O, sir, said my father, don't, don't let me; I am not fit to appear before your guests; let me see my daughter by myself, I

beseech you. Said he, They all know your honest character, Goodman Andrews, and long to see you, for Pamela's sake.

So he took my father by the hand, and led him in, against his will, to the company. They were all very good. My master kindly said, Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you one of the honestest men in England, my good Pamela's father. Mr. Peters went to him, and took him by the hand, and said, We are all glad to see you, sir; you are the happiest man in the world in a daughter; whom we never saw before to-day, but cannot enough admire.

Said my master, This gentleman, Goodman Andrews, is the minister of the parish; but is not young enough for Mr. Williams. This airy expression, my poor father said, made him fear, for a moment, that all was a jest. — Sir Simon also took him by the hand, and said, Ay, you have a sweet daughter, Honesty; we are all in love with her. And the ladies came, and said very fine things: Lady Darnford particularly, That he might think himself the happiest man in England, in such a daughter. If, and please you, madam, said he, she be but virtuous, 'tis all in all: For all the rest is accident. But I doubt his honour has been too much upon the jest with me. No, said Mrs. Peters, we are all witnesses, that he intends very honourably by her. — It is some comfort, said he, and wiped his eyes, that such good ladies say so — But I wish I could see her.

They would have had him sit down by them; but he would only sit behind the door, in the corner of the room, so that one could not soon see him as one came in; because the door opened against him, and hid him almost. The ladies all sat down; and my master said, Desire Mrs. Jewkes to step up, and tell Mrs. Andrews the ladies wait for her. So down I came.

Miss Darnford rose, and met me at the door, and said, Well, Miss Andrews, we longed for your company. I did not see my dear father; and it seems his heart was too full to speak; and he got up, and sat down three or four times successively, unable to come to me, or to say any thing. The ladies looked that way: but I would not, supposing it was Mr. Williams. And they made me sit down between Lady Darnford and Lady Jones; and asked me, what we should play at? I said, At what your ladyships please. I wondered to see them smile, and look upon me, and to that corner of the room; but I was afraid of looking that way, for fear of seeing Mr. Williams; though my face was that way too, and the table before me.

Said my master, Did you send your letter away to the posthouse, my good girl, for your father? To be sure, sir, said I, I did not forget that: I took the liberty to desire Mr. Thomas to carry it. What, said he, I wonder, will the good old couple say to it? O sir, said I, your goodness will be a cordial to their dear honest hearts! At that, my dear father, not able to contain himself, nor yet to stir from the place,

gushed out into a flood of tears, which he, good soul! had been struggling with, it seems; and cried out, O my dear child!

I knew the voice, and, lifting up my eyes, and seeing my father, gave a spring, overturned the table, without regard to the company, and threw myself at his feet: O my father! my father! said I, can it be? — Is it you? Yes, it is! it is! — O bless your happy daughter! I would have said, and down I sunk.

My master seemed concerned — I feared, said he, that the surprise would be too much for her spirits; and all the ladies ran to me, and made me drink a glass of water; and I found myself encircled in the arms of my dearest father. — O tell me, said I, every thing! How long have you been here? When did you come? How does my honoured mother? And half a dozen questions more, before he could answer one.

They permitted me to retire with my father; and then I poured forth all my vows and thanksgivings to God for this additional blessing; and confirmed all my master's goodness to his scarce-believing amazement. And we kneeled together, blessing God, and one another, for several ecstatic minutes and my master coming in soon after, my dear father said, O sir, what a change is this! May, God reward and bless you, both in this world and the next!

May God bless us all! said he. But how does my sweet girl? I have been in pain for you — I am sorry I did not apprise you beforehand.

O sir, said I, it was you; and all you do must be good — But this was a blessing so unexpected! ——

Well, said he, you have given pain to all the company. They will be glad to see you, when you can: for you have spoiled all their diversion; and yet painfully delighted them at the same time. Mr. Andrews, added he, do you make this house your own; and the longer you stay, the more welcome you'll be. After you have a little composed yourself, my dear girl, step in to us again. I am glad to see you so well already. And so he left us.

See you, my dear father, said I, what goodness there is in this once naughty master! O pray for him! and pray for me, that I may deserve it!

How long has this happy change been wrought, my dear child? — O, said I, several happy days! — I have written down every thing; and you'll see, from the depth of misery, what God has done for your happy daughter!

Blessed be his name! said he. But do you say he will marry you? Can it be, that such a brave gentleman will make a lady of the child of such a poor man as I? O the divine goodness! How will your poor dear mother be able to support these happy tidings? I will set out to-morrow, to acquaint her with them: for I am but half happy, till the dear good woman shares them with me! — To be sure, my dear

child, we ought to go into some far country to hide ourselves, that we may not disgrace you by our poverty!

O, my dear father, said I, now you are unkind for the first time! Your poverty has been my glory, and my riches; and I have nothing to brag of, but that I ever thought it an honour, rather than a disgrace; because you were always so honest, that your child might well boast of such a parentage!

In this manner, my dear mother, did we pass the happy moments, till Miss Darnford came to me, and said, How do you do, dear madam? I rejoice to see you so well! Pray let us have your company. And yours too, good Mr. Andrews, taking his hand.

This was very obliging, I told her; and we went to the great parlour; and my master took my father by the hand, and made him sit down by him, and drink a glass of wine with him. Mean-time, I made my excuses to the ladies, as well as I could, which they readily granted me. But Sir Simon, after his comical manner, put his hands on my shoulders: Let me see, let me see, said he, where your wings grow; for I never saw any body fly like you. — Why, said he, you have broken Lady Jones's shins with the table. Shew her else, madam.

His pleasantry made them laugh. And I said, I was very sorry for my extravagancy: and if it had not been my master's doings, I should have said, it was a fault to permit me to be surprised, and put out of myself, before such good company. They said, All was very excusable; and they were glad I suffered no more by it.

They were so kind as to excuse me at cards, and played by themselves; and I went by my master's commands and sat on the other side, in the happiest place I ever was blest with, between two of the dearest men in the world to me, and each holding one of my hands: — my father, every now and then, with tears, lifting up his eyes, and saying, Could I ever have hoped this!

I asked him, If he had been so kind as to bring the papers with him? He said, He had; and looked at me, as who should say, Must I give them to you now? — I said, Be pleased to let me have them. He pulled them from his pocket; and I stood up, and, with my best duty, gave them into my master's hands. He said, Thank you, Pamela. Your father shall take all with him, so see what a sad fellow I have been, as well as the present happier alteration. But I must have them all again, for the writer's sake.

The ladies and gentlemen would make me govern the tea-table, whatever I could do; and Abraham attended me, to serve the company. My master and my father sat together, and drank a glass or two of wine instead of tea, and Sir Simon joked with my master, saying, I warrant you would not be such a woman's man,

as to drink tea, for ever so much, with the ladies. But your time's coming, and I doubt not you'll be made as comfortable as I.

My master was very urgent with them to stay supper; and at last they complied, on condition that I would grace the table, as they were pleased to call it. I begged to be excused. My master said, Don't be excused, Pamela, since the ladies desire it: And besides, said he, we won't part with your father; and so you may as well stay with us.

I was in hopes my father and I might sup by ourselves, or only with Mrs. Jewkes. And Miss Darnford, who is a most obliging young lady, said, We will not part with you, indeed we won't.

When supper was brought in, Lady Darnford took me by the hand, and said to my master, Sir, by your leave; and would have placed me at the upper end of the table. Pray, pray, madam, said I, excuse me; I cannot do it, indeed I cannot. Pamela, said my master, to the great delight of my good father, as I could see by his looks, oblige Lady Darnford, since she desires it. It is but a little before your time, you know.

Dear, good sir, said I, pray don't command it! Let me sit by my father, pray! Why, said Sir Simon, here's ado indeed! Sit down at the upper end, as you should do; and your father shall sit by you, there. This put my dear father upon difficulties. And my master said, Come, I'll place you all: and so put Lady Darnford at the upper end, Lady Jones at her right hand, and Mrs. Peters on the other; and he placed me between the two young ladies; but very genteelly put Miss Darnford below her younger sister; saying, Come, miss, I put you here, because you shall hedge in this little cuckow; for I take notice, with pleasure, of your goodness to her; and, besides, all you very young ladies should sit together. This seemed to please both sisters; for had the youngest miss been put there, it might have piqued her, as matters have been formerly, to be placed below me; whereas Miss Darnford giving place to her youngest sister, made it less odd she should to me; especially with that handsome turn of the dear man, as if I was a cuckow, and to be hedged in.

My master kindly said, Come, Mr. Andrews, you and I will sit together. And so took his place at the bottom of the table, and set my father on his right hand; and Sir Simon would sit on his left. For, said he, parson, I think the petticoats should sit together; and so do you sit down by that lady (his sister). A boiled turkey standing by me, my master said, Cut up that turkey, Pamela, if it be not too strong work for you, that Lady Darnford may not have too much trouble. So I carved it in a trice, and helped the ladies. Miss Darnford said, I would give something to be so dexterous a carver. O madam, said I, my late good lady would always make me

do these things, when she entertained her female friends, as she used to do on particular days.

Ay, said my master, I remember my poor mother would often say, if I, or any body at table, happened to be a little out in carving, I'll send up for my Pamela, to shew you how to carve. Said Lady Jones, Mrs. Andrews has every accomplishment of her sex. She is quite wonderful for her years. Miss Darnford said, And I can tell you, madam, that she plays sweetly upon the spinnet, and sings as sweetly to it; for she has a fine voice. Foolish! said Sir Simon; who, that hears her speak, knows not that? And who that sees her fingers, believes not that they were made to touch any key? O, parson! said he, 'tis well you're by, or I should have had a blush from the ladies. I hope not, Sir Simon, said Lady Jones; for a gentleman of your politeness would not say any thing that would make ladies blush. — No, no, said he, for the world: but if I had, it would have been, as the poet says,

'They blush, because they understand.'

When the company went away, Lady Darnford, Lady Jones, and Mrs. Peters, severally invited my master, and me with him, to their houses; and begged he would permit me, at least, to come before we left those parts. And they said, We hope, when the happy knot is tied, you will induce Mr. B —— to reside more among us. We were always glad, said Lady Darnford, when he was here; but now shall have double reason. O what grateful things were these to the ears of my good father!

When the company was gone, my master asked my father, if he smoked? He answered, No. He made us both sit down by him, and said, I have been telling this sweet girl, that in fourteen days, and two of them are gone, she must fix on one to make me happy. And have left it to her to choose either one of the first or last seven. My father held up his hands, and eyes; God bless your honour! said he, is all I can say. Now, Pamela, said my master, taking my hand, don't let a little wrong-timed bashfulness take place, without any other reason, because I should be glad to go to Bedfordshire as soon as I could; and I would not return till I carry my servants there a mistress, who should assist me to repair the mischiefs she has made in it.

I could not look up for confusion. And my father said, My dear child, I need not, I am sure, prompt your obedience in whatever will most oblige so good a gentleman. What says my Pamela? said my master: She does not use to be at a loss for expressions. Sir, said I, were I too sudden, it would look as if I doubted whether you would hold in your mind, and was not willing to give you time for reflection: but otherwise, to be sure I ought to resign myself implicitly to your will. Said he, I want not time for reflection: for I have often told you, and that

long ago, I could not live without you: and my pride of condition made me both tempt and terrify you to other terms; but your virtue was proof against all temptations, and was not to be awed by terrors: Wherefore, as I could not conquer my passion for you, I corrected myself, and resolved, since you would not be mine upon my terms, you should upon your own: and now I desire you not on any other, I assure you: and I think the sooner it is done, the better. What say you, Mr. Andrews? Sir, said he, there is so much goodness on your side, and, blessed be God! so much prudence on my daughter's, that I must be quite silent. But when it is done, I and my poor wife shall have nothing to do, but to pray for you both, and to look back, with wonder and joy, on the ways of Providence.

This, said my master, is Friday night; and suppose, my girl, it be next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday morning? — Say, my Pamela.

Will you, sir, said I, excuse me till to-morrow for an answer? I will, said he; and touched the bell, and called for Mrs. Jewkes. Where, said he, does Mr. Andrews lie tonight? You'll take care of him. He's a very good man; and will bring a blessing upon every house he sets his foot in.

My dear father wept for joy; and I could not refrain keeping him company. And my master, saluting me, bid us good night, and retired. And I waited upon my dear father, and was so full of prattle, of my master's goodness, and my future prospects, that I believed afterwards I was turned all into tongue: but he indulged me, and was transported with joy; and went to bed, and dreamed of nothing but Jacob's ladder, and angels ascending and descending, to bless him and his daughter.

Saturday.

I arose early in the morning; but found my father was up before me, and was gone to walk in the garden. I went to him: and with what delight, with what thankfulness, did we go over every scene of it, that had before been so dreadful to me! The fish-pond, the back-door, and every place. O what reason had we for thankfulness and gratitude!

About seven o'clock my good master joined us, in his morning gown and slippers; and looking a little heavy, I said, Sir, I fear you had not good rest last night. That is your fault, Pamela, said he. After I went from you, I must needs look into your papers, and could not leave them till I had read them through; and so 'twas three o'clock before I went to sleep. I wish, sir, said I, you had had better entertainment. The worst part of it, said he, was what I had brought upon myself; and you have not spared me. Sir, said I — He interrupting me, said, Well, I forgive you. You had too much reason for it. But I find, plainly enough, that if you had got away, you would soon have been Williams's wife: and I can't see how it could well have been otherwise. Indeed, sir, said I, I had no notion of it, or of

being any body's. I believe so, said he; but it must have come as a thing of course; and I see your father was for it. Sir, said he, I little thought of the honour your goodness would confer upon her; and I thought that would be a match above what we could do for her, a great deal. But when I found she was not for it, I resolved not to urge her; but leave all to her own prudence.

I see, said he, all was sincere, honest, and open; and I speak of it, if it had been done, as a thing that could hardly well be avoided; and I am quite satisfied. But, said he, I must observe, as I have a hundred times, with admiration, what a prodigious memory, and easy and happy manner of narration, this excellent girl has! And though she is full of her pretty tricks and artifices, to escape the snares I had laid for her, yet all is innocent, lovely, and uniformly beautiful. You are exceedingly happy in a daughter; and I hope I shall be so in a wife — Or, said my father, may she not have that honour! I fear it not, said he; and I hope I shall deserve it of her.

But, Pamela, said my master, I am sorry to find in some parts of your journal, that Mrs. Jewkes carried her orders a little too far: and I the more take notice of it, because you have not complained to me of her behaviour, as she might have expected for some parts of it; though a good deal was occasioned by my strict orders. — But she had the insolence to strike my girl, I find. Sir, said I, I was a little provoking, I believe; but as we forgave one another, I was the less entitled to complain of her.

Well, said he, you are very good; but if you have any particular resentment, I will indulge it so far, as that she shall hereafter have nothing to do where you are. Sir, said I, you are so kind, that I ought to forgive every body; and when I see that my happiness is brought about by the very means that I thought then my greatest grievance, I ought to bless those means, and forgive all that was disagreeable to me at the same time, for the great good that hath issued from it. — That, said he, and kissed me, is sweetly considered! and it shall be my part to make you amends for what you have suffered, that you may still think lighter of the one, and have cause to rejoice in the other.

My dear father's heart was full; and he said, with his hands folded, and lifted up, Pray, sir, let me go — let me go — to my dear wife, and tell her all these blessed things, while my heart holds; for it is ready to burst with joy! Good man! said my master — I hope to hear this honest heart of yours speaking at your lips. I enjoin you, Pamela, to continue your relation, as you have opportunity; and though your father be here, write to your mother, that this wondrous story be perfect, and we, your friends, may read and admire you more and more. Ay, pray, pray do, my child, said my father; and this is the reason that I write on, my dear

mother, when I thought not to do it, because my father could tell you all that passed while he was here.

My master took notice of my psalm, and was pleased to commend it; and said, That I had very charitably turned the last verses, which, in the original, were full of heavy curses, to a wish that shewed I was not of an implacable disposition though my then usage might have excused it, if I had. But, said he, I think you shall sing it to me to-morrow.

After we have breakfasted, added he, if you have no objection, Pamela, we'll take an airing together; and it shall be in the coach, because we'll have your father's company. He would have excused himself; but my master would have it so: but he was much ashamed, because of the meanness of his appearance.

My master would make us both breakfast with him on chocolate; and he said, I would have you, Pamela, begin to dress as you used to do; for now, at least, you may call your two other bundles your own; and if you want any thing against the approaching occasion, private as I design it, I'll send to Lincoln for it, by a special messenger. I said, My good lady's bounty, and his own, had set me much above my degree, and I had very good things of all sorts; and I did not desire any other, because I would not excite the censure of the ladies. That would be a different thing, he was pleased to say, when he publicly owned his nuptials, after we came to the other house. But, at present, if I was satisfied, he would not make words with me.

I hope, Mr. Andrews, said he, to my father, you'll not leave us till you see the affair over, and then you'll be sure I mean honourably: and, besides, Pamela will be induced to set the day sooner. O, sir, said he, I bless God I have no reason to doubt your meaning honourably: and I hope you'll excuse me, if I set out on Monday morning, very early, to my dear wife, and make her as happy as I am.

Why, Pamela, says my good master, may it not be performed on Tuesday? And then your father, maybe, will stay. — I should have been glad to have had it to-morrow, added he; but I have sent Monsieur Colbrand for a license, that, you may have no scruple unanswered; and he can't very well be back before to-morrow night, or Monday morning.

This was most agreeable news. I said, Sir, I know my dear father will want to be at home: and as you was so good to give me a fortnight from last Thursday, I should be glad you would be pleased to indulge me still to some day in the second seven.

Well, said he, I will not be too urgent; but the sooner you fix, the better. Mr. Andrews, we must leave something to these Jephthah's daughters, in these cases, he was pleased to say: I suppose the little bashful folly, which, in the happiest circumstances, may give a kind of regret to quit the maiden state, and an

awkwardness at the entrance into a new one, is a reason with Pamela; and so she shall name her day. Sir, said he, you are all goodness.

I went up soon after, and new dressed myself, taking possession, in a happy moment, I hope, of my two bundles, as my good master was pleased to call them; (alluding to my former division of those good things my lady and himself bestowed upon me;) and so put on fine linen, silk shoes, and fine white cotton stockings, a fine quilted coat, a delicate green Mantea silk gown and coat, a French necklace, and a laced cambric handkerchief, and clean gloves; and, taking my fan in my hand, I, like a little proud hussy, looked in the glass, and thought myself a gentlewoman once more; but I forgot not to return due thanks, for being able to put on this dress with so much comfort.

Mrs. Jewkes would help to dress me, and complimented me highly, saying, among other things, That now I looked like a lady indeed: and as, she said, the little chapel was ready, and divine service would be read in it to-morrow, she wished the happy knot might then be tied. Said she, Have you not seen the chapel, madam, since it has been cleaned out? No, said I; but are we to have service in it to-morrow, do you say? — I am glad of that; for I have been a sad heathen lately, sore against my will! — But who is to officiate? — Somebody, replied she, Mr. Peters will send. You tell me very good news, said I, Mrs. Jewkes: I hope it will never be a lumber-room again. — Ay, said she, I can tell you more good news; for the two Misses Darnford, and Lady Jones, are to be here at the opening of it; and will stay and dine with you. My master, said I, has not told me that. You must alter your style, madam, said she: It must not be master now, sure! — O, returned I, this is a language I shall never forget: he shall always be my master; and I shall think myself more and more his servant.

My poor father did not know I went up to dress myself; and he said his heart misgave him when he saw me first, for fear I was made a fool of, and that here was some fine lady that was to be my master's true wife. And he stood in admiration, and said, O, my dear child, how well will you become your happy condition! Why you look like a lady already! I hope, my dear father, said I, and boldly kissed him, I shall always be your dutiful daughter, whatever my condition be.

My master sent me word he was ready; and when he saw me, said, Dress as you will, Pamela, you're a charming girl! and so handed me to the coach, and would make my father and me sit both on the foreside, and sat backwards, over against me; and bid the coachman drive to the meadow; that is, where he once met Mr. Williams.

The conversation was most agreeable to me, and to my dear father, as we went; and he more and more exceeded in goodness and generosity; and, while I was

gone up to dress, he had presented my father with twenty guineas; desiring him to buy himself and my mother such apparel as they should think proper; and lay it all out: but I knew not this till after we came home; my father having had no opportunity to tell me of it.

He was pleased to inform me of the chapel being got in tolerable order; and said, it looked very well; and against he came down next, it should be all new white-washed, and painted and lined; and a new pulpit-cloth, cushion, desk, etc. and that it should always be kept in order for the future. He told me the two Misses Darnford, and Lady Jones, would dine with him on Sunday: And, with their servants and mine, said he, we shall make a tolerable congregation. And, added he, have I not well contrived to shew you that the chapel is really a little house of God, and has been consecrated, before we solemnize our nuptials in it? — O, sir, replied I, your goodness to me is inexpressible! Mr. Peters, said he, offered to come and officiate in it; but would not stay to dine with me, because he has company at his own house: and so I intend that divine service shall be performed in it by one to whom I shall make some yearly allowance, as a sort of chaplain. — You look serious, Pamela, added he: I know you think of your friend Williams. Indeed, sir, said I, if you won't be angry, I did. Poor man! I am sorry I have been the cause of his disobliging you.

When we came to the meadow, where the gentry have their walk sometimes, the coach stopt, and my master alighted, and led me to the brook-side, and it is a very pretty summer walk. He asked my father, If he chose to walk out, or go on in the coach to the farther end? He, poor man, chose to go on in the coach, for fear, he said, any gentry should be walking there; and he told me, he was most of the way upon his knees in the coach, thanking God for his gracious mercies and goodness; and begging a blessing upon my good master and me.

I was quite astonished, when we came into the shady walk, to see Mr. Williams there. See there, said my master, there's poor Williams, taking his solitary walk again, with his book. And, it seems, it was so contrived; for Mr. Peters had been, as I since find, desired to tell him to be in that walk at such an hour in the morning.

So, old acquaintance, said my master, again have I met you in this place? What book are you now reading? He said, it was Boileau's Lutrin. Said my master, You see I have brought with me my little fugitive, that would have been: While you are perfecting yourself in French, I am trying to learn English; and hope soon to be master of it.

Mine, sir, said he, is a very beautiful piece of French: but your English has no equal.

You are very polite, Mr. Williams, said my master: And he that does not think as you do, deserves no share in her. Why, Pamela, added he, very generously, why so strange, where you have once been so familiar? I do assure you both, that I mean not, by this interview, to insult Mr. Williams, or confound you. Then I said, Mr. Williams, I am very glad to see you well; and though the generous favour of my good master has happily changed the scene, since you and I last saw one another, I am nevertheless very glad of an opportunity to acknowledge, with gratitude, your good intentions, not so much to serve me, as me, but as a person — that then had great reason to believe herself in distress. And I hope, sir, added I, to my master, your goodness will permit me to say this.

You, Pamela, said he, may make what acknowledgments you please to Mr. Williams's good intentions; and I would have you speak as you think; but I do not apprehend myself to be quite so much obliged to those intentions.

Sir, said Mr. Williams, I beg leave to say, I knew well, that, by education, you was no libertine; nor had I reason to think you so by inclination; and, when you came to reflect, I hoped you would not be displeased with me. And this was no small motive to me, at first, to do as I did.

Ay, but Mr. Williams, said my master, could you think I should have had reason to thank you, if, loving one person above all her sex, you had robbed me of her, and married her yourself? — And then, said he, you are to consider, that she was an old acquaintance of mine, and a quite new one to you; that I had sent her down to my own house, for better securing her; and that you, who had access to my house, could not effect your purpose, without being guilty, in some sort, of a breach of the laws of hospitality and friendship. As to my designs upon her, I own they had not the best appearance; but still I was not answerable to Mr. Williams for those; much less could you be excused to invade a property so very dear to me, and to endeavour to gain an interest in her affections, when you could not be certain that matters would not turn out as they have actually done.

I own, said he, that some parts of my conduct seem exceptionable, as you state it. But, sir, I am but a young man. I meant no harm. I had no interest, I am sure, to incur your displeasure; and when you think of every thing, and the inimitable graces of person, and perfections of mind, that adorn this excellent lady, (so he called me,) you will, perhaps, find your generosity allow something as an extenuation of a fault, which your anger would not permit as an excuse.

I have done, said my master; nor did I meet you here to be angry with you. Pamela knew not that she should see you: and now you are both present, I would ask you, Mr. Williams, If, now you know my honourable designs towards this good girl, you can really be almost, I will not say quite, as well pleased with the friendship of my wife, as you could be with the favour of Mrs. Andrews?

Sir, said he, I will answer you truly. I think I could have preferred, with her, any condition that could have befallen me, had I considered only myself. But, sir, I was very far from having any encouragement to expect her favour; and I had much more reason to believe, that, if she could have hoped for your goodness, her heart would have been too much pre-engaged to think of any body else. And give me leave further to say, sir, that, though I tell you sincerely my thoughts, were I only to consider myself; yet, when I consider her good, and her merit, I should be highly ungenerous, were it put to my choice, if I could not wish her in a condition so much superior to what I could raise her to, and so very answerable to her merit.

Pamela, said my master, you are obliged to Mr. Williams, and ought to thank him: He has distinguished well. But, as for me, who had like to have lost you by his means, I am glad the matter was not left to his choice. Mr. Williams, added he, I give you Pamela's hand, because I know it will be pleasing to her, in token of her friendship and esteem for you; and I give you mine, that I will not be your enemy: but yet I must say, that I think I owe this proper manner of your thinking more to your disappointment, than to the generosity you talk of.

Mr. Williams kissed my hand, as my master gave it him; and my master said, Sir, you will go home and dine with me, and I'll shew you my little chapel; and do you, Pamela, look upon yourself at liberty to number Mr. Williams in the list of your friends.

How generous, how noble, was this! Mr. Williams (and so had I) had tears of pleasure in his eyes. I was silent: But Mr. Williams said, Sir, I shall be taught, by your generosity, to think myself inexcusably wrong, in every step I took, that could give you offence; and my future life shall shew my respectful gratitude.

We walked on till we came to the coach, where was my dear father. Pamela, said my master, tell Mr. Williams who that good man is. O, Mr. Williams! said I, it is my dear father! and my master was pleased to say, One of the honestest men in England: Pamela owes every thing that she is to be, as well as her being, to him; for, I think, she would not have brought me to this, nor made so great resistance, but for the good lessons, and religious education, she had imbibed from him.

Mr. Williams said, taking father's hand, You see, good Mr. Andrews, with inexpressible pleasure, no doubt, the fruits of your pious care; and now are in a way, with your beloved daughter, to reap the happy effects of it. — I am overcome, said my dear father, with his honour's goodness: But I can only say, I bless God, and bless him.

Mr. Williams and I being nearer the coach than my master, and he offering to draw back, to give way to him, he kindly said, Pray, Mr. Williams, oblige Pamela with your hand; and step in yourself. He bowed, and took my hand; and my

master made him step in, and sit next me, all that ever he could do; and sat himself over against him, next my father, who sat against me.

And he said, Mr. Andrews, I told you yesterday that the divine you saw was not Mr. Williams; I now tell you, this gentleman is: and though I have been telling him, I think not myself obliged to his intentions; yet I will own that Pamela and you are; and though I won't promise to love him, I would have you.

Sir, said Mr. Williams, you have a way of overcoming, that hardly all my reading affords an instance of; and it is the more noble, as it is on this side, as I presume, the happy ceremony, which, great as your fortune is, will lay you under an obligation to so much virtue and beauty, when the lady becomes yours; for you will then have a treasure that princes might envy you.

Said my generous master, (God bless him!) Mr. Williams, it is impossible that you and I should long live at variance, when our sentiments agree so well together, on subjects the most material.

I was quite confounded; and my master, seeing it, took my hand, and said, Look up, my good girl; and collect yourself. — Don't injure Mr. Williams and me so much, as to think we are capping compliments, as we used to do verses at school. I dare answer for us both, that we say not a syllable we don't think.

O sir, said I, how unequal am I to all this goodness! Every moment that passes adds to the weight of the obligations you oppress me with.

Think not too much of that, said he most generously. Mr. Williams's compliments to you have great advantage of mine: For, though equally sincere, I have a great deal to say, and to do, to compensate the sufferings I have made you undergo; and, at last, must sit down dissatisfied, because those will never be balanced by all I can do for you.

He saw my dear father quite unable to support these affecting instances of his goodness; — and he let go my hand, and took his; and said, seeing his tears, I wonder not, my dear Pamela's father, that your honest heart springs thus to your eyes, to see all her trials at an end. I will not pretend to say, that I had formerly either power or will to act thus: But since I began to resolve on the change you see, I have reaped so much pleasure in it, that my own interest will keep me steady: For, till within these few days, I knew not what it was to be happy.

Poor Mr. Williams, with tears of joy in his eyes, said, How happily, sir, have you been touched by the divine grace, before you have been hurried into the commission of sins, that the deepest penitence could hardly have atoned for! — God has enabled you to stop short of the evil; and you have nothing to do, but to rejoice in the good, which now will be doubly so, because you can receive it without the least inward reproach.

You do well, said he, to remind me, that I owe all this to the grace of God. I bless Him for it; and I thank this good man for his excellent lessons to his daughter; I thank her for following them: and I hope, from her good example, and your friendship, Mr. Williams, in time, to be half as good as my tutoress: and that, said he, I believe you'll own, will make me, without disparagement to any man, the best fox-hunter in England. — Mr. Williams was going to speak: and he said, You put on so grave a look, Mr. Williams, that, I believe, what I have said, with you practical good folks, is liable to exception: but I see we are become quite grave; and we must not be too serious neither.

What a happy creature, my dear mother, is your Pamela! — O may my thankful heart, and the good use I may be enabled to make of the blessings before me, be a means to continue this delightful prospect to a long date, for the sake of the dear good gentleman, who thus becomes the happy instrument, in the hand of Providence, to bless all he smiles upon! To be sure, I shall never enough acknowledge the value he is pleased to express for my unworthiness, in that he has prevented my wishes, and, unasked, sought the occasion of being reconciled to a good man, who, for my sake, had incurred his displeasure; and whose name he could not, a few days before, permit to pass through my lips! But see the wonderful ways of Providence! The very things that I most dreaded his seeing or knowing, the contents of my papers, have, as I hope, satisfied all his scruples, and been a means to promote my happiness.

Henceforth let not us poor short-sighted mortals pretend to rely on our own wisdom; or vainly think, that we are absolutely to direct for ourselves. I have abundant reason, I am sure, to say, that, when I was most disappointed, I was nearer my happiness: for had I made my escape, which was so often my chief point in view, and what I had placed my heart upon, I had escaped the blessings now before me, and fallen, perhaps headlong, into the miseries I would have avoided. And yet, after all, it was necessary I should take the steps I did, to bring on this wonderful turn: O the unsearchable wisdom of God! — And how much ought I to adore the divine goodness, and humble myself, who am made a poor instrument, as I hope, not only to magnify his graciousness to this fine gentleman and myself, but also to dispense benefits to others! Which God of his mercy grant!

In the agreeable manner I have mentioned, did we pass the time in our second happy tour; and I thought Mrs. Jewkes would have sunk into the ground, when she saw Mr. Williams brought in the coach with us, and treated so kindly. We dined together in a most pleasant, easy, and frank manner; and I found I need not, from my master's generosity, to be under any restraint, as to my conduct to this good clergyman: For he, so often as he fancied I was reserved, moved me to be

free with him, and to him; and several times called upon me to help my father and Mr. Williams; and seemed to take great delight in seeing me carve, as, indeed, he does in every thing I do.

After dinner we went and looked into the chapel, which is a very pretty one, and very decent; and, when finished as he designs it, against his next coming down, will be a very pretty place.

My heart, my dear mother, when I first set my foot in it, throbbed a good deal, with awful joy, at the thoughts of the solemnity, which, I hope, will in a few days be performed here. And when I came up towards the little pretty altar-piece, while they were looking at a communion-picture, and saying it was prettily done, I gently stept into a corner, out of sight, and poured out my soul to God on my knees, in supplication and thankfulness, that, after having been so long absent from divine service, the first time I entered into a house dedicated to his honour, should be with such blessed prospects before me; and begging of God to continue me humble, and to make me not unworthy of his mercies; and that he would be pleased to bless the next author of my happiness, my good master.

I heard my master say, Where's Pamela? And so I broke off sooner than I would, and went up to him.

He said, Mr. Williams, I hope I have not so offended you by my conduct past, (for really it is what I ought to be ashamed of,) as that you will refuse to officiate, and to give us your instructions here to-morrow. Mr. Peters was so kind, for the first time, to offer it; but I knew it would be inconvenient for him; and, besides, I was willing to make this request to you an introduction to our reconciliation.

Sir, said he, most willingly, and most gratefully, will I obey you: Though, if you expect a discourse, I am wholly unprepared for the occasion. I would not have it, replied he, pointed to any particular occasion; but if you have one upon the text — There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance; and if it makes me not such a sad fellow as to be pointed at by mine and the ladies' servants we shall have here, I shall be well content. 'Tis a general subject, added he, makes me speak of that; but any one you please will do; for you cannot make a bad choice, I am sure.

Sir, said he, I have one upon that text; but I am ready to think, that a thanksgiving one, which I made on a great mercy to myself, if I may be permitted to make my own acknowledgments of your favour the subject of a discourse, will be suitable to my grateful sentiments. It is on the text; — Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

That text, said I, will be a very suitable one for me. Not so, Pamela, said my master; because I don't let you depart in peace; but I hope you will stay here with content.

O but, sir, said I, I have seen God's salvation! — I am sure, added I, if any body ever had reason, I have to say, with the blessed virgin, My soul doth magnify the Lord; for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden — and exalted one of low degree.

Said my good father, I am sure, if there were time for it, the book of Ruth would afford a fine subject for the honour done my dear child.

Why, good Mr. Andrews, said my master, should you say so? — I know that story, and Mr. Williams will confirm what I say, that my good girl here will confer at least as much honour as she will receive.

Sir, said I, you are inexpressibly generous; but I shall never think so. Why, my Pamela, said he, that's another thing: It will be best for me to think you will; and it will be kind in you to think you shan't; and then we shall always have an excellent rule to regulate our conduct by to one another.

Was not this finely, nobly, wisely said, my dear mother? — O what a blessed thing it is to be matched to a man of sense and generosity! — How edifying! How! — But what shall I say? — I am at loss for words.

Mr. Williams said, when we came out of the little chapel, He would go home, and look over his discourses, for one for the next day. My master said, I have one thing to say before you go — When my jealousy, on account of this good girl, put me upon such a vindictive conduct to you, you know I took a bond for the money I had caused you to be troubled for: I really am ashamed of the matter; because I never intended, when I presented it to you, to have it again, you may be sure: But I knew not what might happen between you and her, nor how far matters might have gone between you; and so I was willing to have that in awe over you. And I think it is no extraordinary present, therefore, to give you up your bond again cancelled. And so he took it from his pocket, and gave it him. I think, added he, all the charges attending it, and the trouble you had, were defrayed by my attorney; I ordered that they should. They were, sir, said he; and ten thousand thanks to you for this goodness, and the kind manner in which you do it. — If you will go, Mr. Williams, said he, shall my chariot carry you home? No, sir, answered he, I thank you. My time will be so well employed all the way, in thinking of your favours, that I choose to meditate upon them, as I walk home.

My dear father was a little uneasy about his habit, for appearing at chapel next day, because of Misses Darnford and the servants, for fear, poor man, he should disgrace my master; and he told me, when he was mentioning this, of my master's kind present of twenty guineas for clothes, for you both; which made my heart truly joyful. But oh! to be sure, I can never deserve the hundredth part of his goodness! — It is almost a hard thing to be under the weight of such deep obligations on one side, and such a sense of one's own unworthiness on the other.

— O! what a Godlike power is that of doing good! — I envy the rich and the great for nothing else.

My master coming to us just then, I said, Oh! sir, will your bounty know no limits? My dear father has told me what you have given him. — A trifle, Pamela, said he, a little earnest only of my kindness. — Say no more of it. But did I not hear the good man expressing some sort of concern for somewhat? Hide nothing from me, Pamela. Only, sir, said I, he knew not how to absent himself from divine service, and yet is afraid of disgracing you by appearing.

Fie, Mr. Andrews! said he, I thought you knew that the outward appearance was nothing. I wish I had as good a habit inwardly as you have. But I'll tell you, Pamela, your father is not so much thinner than I am, nor much shorter; he and I will walk up together to my wardrobe; though it is not so well stored here, as in Bedfordshire.

And so, said he, pleasantly, don't you pretend to come near us, till I call for you; for you must not yet see how men dress and undress themselves. O sir, said my father, I beg to be excused. I am sorry you were told. So am not I, said my master: Pray come along with me.

He carried him up stairs, and shewed him several suits, and would have had him take his choice. My poor father was quite confounded: for my master saw not any he thought too good, and my father none that he thought bad enough. And my good master, at last, (he fixed his eye upon a fine drab, which he thought looked the plainest,) would help him to try the coat and waistcoat on himself; and, indeed, one would not have thought it, because my master is taller, and rather plumper, as I thought but, as I saw afterwards, they fitted him very well. And being plain, and lined with the same colour, and made for travelling in a coach, pleased my poor father much. He gave him the whole suit, and, calling up Mrs. Jewkes, said, Let these clothes be well aired against tomorrow morning. Mr. Andrews brought only with him his common apparel, not thinking to stay Sunday with us. And pray see for some of my stockings, and whether any of my shoes will fit him: And see also for some of my linen; for we have put the good man quite out of his course, by keeping him Sunday over. He was then pleased to give him the silver buckles out of his own shoes. So, my good mother, you must expect to see my dear father a great beau. Wig, said my master, he wants none; for his own venerable white locks are better than all the perukes in England. — But I am sure I have hats enough somewhere. — I'll take care of every thing, sir, said Mrs. Jewkes. — And my poor father, when he came to me, could not refrain tears. I know not how, said he, to comport myself under these great favours. O my child, it is all owing to the divine goodness, and your virtue.

Sunday.

This blessed day all the family seemed to take delight to equip themselves for the celebration of the Sabbath in the little chapel; and Lady Jones and Mr. Williams came in her chariot, and the two Misses Darnford in their own. And we breakfasted together in a most agreeable manner. My dear father appeared quite spruce and neat, and was quite caressed by the three ladies. As we were at breakfast, my master told Mr. Williams, We must let the Psalms alone, he doubted, for want of a clerk: but Mr. Williams said, No, nothing should be wanting that he could supply. My father said, If it might be permitted him, he would, as well as he was able, perform that office; for it was always what he had taken delight in. And as I knew he had learnt psalmody formerly, in his youth, and had constantly practised it in private, at home, on Sunday evenings, (as well as endeavoured to teach it in the little school he so unsuccessfully set up, at the beginning of his misfortunes, before he took to hard labour,) I was in no pain for his undertaking it in this little congregation. They seemed much pleased with this; and so we went to chapel, and made a pretty tolerable appearance; Mrs. Jewkes, and all the servants, attending, but the cook: And I never saw divine service performed with more solemnity, nor assisted at with greater devotion and decency; my master, Lady Jones, and the two misses, setting a lovely example.

My good father performed his part with great applause, making the responses, as if he had been a practised parish-clerk; and giving the xxiiid psalm,

[The Lord is only my support,
And he that doth me feed:
How can I then lack any thing
Whereof I stand in need?
In pastures green he feedeth me,
Where I do safely lie;
And after leads me to the streams,
Which run most pleasantly.

And when I find myself near lost,
Then home he doth me take;
Conducting me in his right paths,
E'en for his own name's sake.
And tho' I were e'en at death's door,
Yet would I fear no ill:
For both thy rod and shepherd's crook
Afford me comfort still.

Thou hast my table richly spread

In presence of my foe:
Thou hast my head with balm refresh'd,
My cup doth overflow.
And finally, while breath doth last,
Thy grace shall me defend:
And in the house of God will I
My life for ever spend.]

which consisted of but three staves, we had it all; and he read the line, and began the tune with a heart so entirely affected with the duty, that he went through it distinctly, calmly, and fervently at the same time; so that Lady Jones whispered me, That good man were fit for all companies, and present to every laudable occasion: And Miss Darnford said, God bless the dear good man! — You must think how I rejoiced in my mind.

I know, my dear mother, you can say most of the shortest psalms by heart; so I need not transcribe it, especially as your chief treasure is a bible; and a worthy treasure it is. I know nobody makes more or better use of it.

Mr. Williams gave us an excellent discourse on liberality and generosity, and the blessings attending the right use of riches, from the xith chapter of Proverbs, ver. 24, 25. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: And he that watereth, shall be watered also himself. And he treated the subject in so handsome a manner, that my master's delicacy, who, at first, was afraid of some personal compliments, was not offended. Mr. Williams judiciously keeping to generals; and it was an elegant and sensible discourse, as my master said.

My father was in the clerk's place, just under the desk; and Lady Jones, by her footman, whispered him to favour us with another psalm, when the sermon was ended. He thinking, as he said afterwards, that the former was rather of the longest, chose the shortest in the book, which you know is the cxviith.

[O all ye nations of the world,
Praise ye the Lord always:
And all ye people every where
Set forth his noble praise.

For great his kindness is to us;
His truth doth not decay:
Wherefore praise ye the Lord our God;
Praise ye the Lord alway.]

My master thanked Mr. Williams for his excellent discourse, and so did the ladies; as also did I most heartily: and he was pleased to take my dear father by the hand, as did also Mr. Williams, and thanked him. The ladies, likewise, made him their compliments; and the servants all looked upon him with countenances of respect and pleasure.

At dinner, do what I could, I was forced to take the upper end of the table; and my master sat at the lower end, between Mr. Williams and my father. And he said, Pamela, you are so dexterous, that I think you may help the ladies yourself; and I will help my two good friends. I should have told you, though, that I dressed myself in a flowered satin, that was my lady's, and looked quite fresh and good, and which was given me, at first, by my master; and the ladies, who had not seen me out of my homespun before, made me abundance of fine compliments, as soon as they saw me first.

Talking of the Psalms just after dinner, my master was very naughty, if I may so say: For he said to my father, Mr. Andrews, I think in the afternoon, as we shall have only prayers, we may have one longer psalm; and what think you of the cxxxviith? O, good sir! said I, pray, pray, not a word more! Say what you will, Pamela, said he, you shall sing it to us, according to your on version, before these good ladies go away. My father smiled, but was half concerned for me; and said, Will it bear, and please your honour? — O ay, said he, never fear it; so long as Mrs. Jewkes is not in the hearing.

This excited all the ladies' curiosity; and Lady Jones said, She would be loath to desire to hear any thing that would give me concern; but should be glad I would give leave for it. Indeed, madam, said I, I must beg you won't insist upon it. I cannot bear it. — You shall see it, indeed, ladies, said my master; and pray, Pamela, not always as you please, neither. — Then, pray sir, said I, not in my hearing, I hope. — Sure, Pamela, returned he, you would not write what is not fit to be heard! — But, sir, said I, there are particular cases, times, and occasions, that may make a thing passable at one time, that would not be tolerable at another. O, said he, let me judge of that, as well as you, Pamela. These ladies know a good part of your story; and, let me tell you, what they know is more to your credit than mine; so that if I have no averseness to reviving the occasion, you may very well bear it. Said he, I will put you out of your pain, Pamela: here it is: and took it out of his pocket.

I stood up, and said, Indeed, sir, I can't bear it; I hope you'll allow me to leave the room a minute, if you will read it. Indeed but I won't, answered he. Lady Jones said, Pray, good sir, don't let us hear it, if Mrs. Andrews be so unwilling. Well, Pamela, said my master, I will put it to your choice, whether I shall read it now, or you will sing it by and by. That's very hard, sir, said I. It must be one, I

assure you, said he. Why then, sir, replied I, you must do as you please; for I cannot sing it.

Well, then, said my master, I find I must read it; and yet, added he, after all, I had as well let it alone, for it is no great reputation to myself. O then, said Miss Darnford, pray let us hear it, to choose.

Why then, proceeded he, the case was this: Pamela, I find, when she was in the time of her confinement, (that is, added he, when she was taken prisoner, in order to make me one; for that is the upshot of the matter,) in the journal she kept, which was intended for nobody's perusal but her parents, tells them, that she was importuned, one Sunday, by Mrs. Jewkes, to sing a psalm; but her spirits not permitting, she declined it: But after Mrs. Jewkes was gone down, she says, she recollected, that the cxxxviith psalm was applicable to her own case; Mrs. Jewkes having often, on other days, in vain, besought her to sing a song: That thereupon she turned it more to her own supposed case; and believing Mrs. Jewkes had a design against her honour, and looking upon her as her gaoler, she thus gives her version of this psalm. But pray, Mr. Williams, do you read one verse of the common translation, and I will read one of Pamela's. Then Mr. Williams, pulling out his little pocket Common-Prayer-Book, read the first two stanzas:

I.

When we did sit in Babylon,
The rivers round about;
Then in remembrance of Sion,
The tears for grief burst out.

II.

We hang'd our harps and instruments
The willow trees upon:
For in that place, men, for that use,
Had planted many a one.

My master then read:

I.

When sad I sat in B —— n-hall,
All guarded round about,
And thought of ev'ry absent friend,
The tears for grief burst out.

II.

My joys and hopes all overthrown,
  My heart-strings almost broke,
Unfit my mind for melody,
  Much more to bear a joke.

The ladies said, It was very pretty; and Miss Darnford, That somebody else had more need to be concerned than the versifier.

I knew, said my master, I should get no credit by shewing this. But let us read on, Mr. Williams. So Mr. Williams read:

III.

Then they, to whom we pris'ners were,
  Said to us, tauntingly,
Now let us hear your Hebrew songs,
  And pleasant melody.

Now this, said my master, is very near; and read:

III.

Then she, to whom I prisoner was,
  Said to me tauntingly,
Now cheer your heart, and sing a song,
  And tune your mind to joy.

Mighty sweet, said Mr. Williams. But let us see how the next verse is turned. It is this:

IV.

Alas! said we; who can once frame
  His heavy heart to sing
The praises of our living God,
  Thus under a strange king?

Why, said my master, it is turned with beautiful simplicity, thus:

IV.

Alas! said I, how can I frame
  My heavy heart to sing,
Or tune my mind, while thus enthrall'd
  By such a wicked thing?

Very pretty, said Mr. Williams. Lady Jones said, O, dear madam! could you wish that we should be deprived of this new instance of your genius and accomplishments?

O! said my dear father, you will make my good child proud. No, said my master very generously, Pamela can't be proud. For no one is proud to hear themselves praised, but those who are not used to it. — But proceed, Mr. Williams. He read:

V.

But yet, if I Jerusalem
Out of my heart let slide;
Then let my fingers quite forget
The warbling harp to guide.

Well, now, said my master, for Pamela's version:

V.

But yet, if from my innocence
I ev'n in thought should slide,
Then let my fingers quite forget
The sweet spinnet to guide.

Mr. Williams read:

VI.

And let my tongue, within my mouth,
Be ty'd for ever fast,
If I rejoice, before I see
Thy full deliv'rance past.

This, also, said my master, is very near:

VI.

And let my tongue, within my mouth,
Be lock'd for ever fast,
If I rejoice, before I see
My full deliv'rance past.

Now, good sir, said I, oblige me; don't read any further: pray don't! O pray, madam, said Mr. Williams, let me beg to have the rest read; for I long to know whom you make the Sons of Edom, and how you turn the Psalmist's execrations against the insulting Babylonians.

Well, Mr. Williams, replied I, you should not have said so. O, said my master, that is one of the best things of all. Poor Mrs. Jewkes stands for Edom's Sons; and we must not lose this, because I think it one of my Pamela's excellencies, that, though thus oppressed, she prays for no harm upon the oppressor. Read, Mr. Williams, the next stanza. So he read:

VII.

Therefore, O Lord! remember now
The cursed noise and cry,
That Edom's sons against us made,
When they ras'd our city.

VIII.

Remember, Lord, their cruel words,
When, with a mighty sound,
They cried, Down, yea down with it,
Unto the very ground!

Well, said my master, here seems, in what I am going to read, a little bit of a curse indeed, but I think it makes no ill figure in the comparison.

VII.

And thou, Almighty! recompense
The evils I endure
From those who seek my sad disgrace,
So causeless, to procure.

And now, said he, for Edom's Sons. Though a little severe in the imputation.

VIII.

Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,
When with a mighty sound,
She cries, Down with her chastity,
Down to the very ground!

Sure, sir, said I, this might have been spared! But the ladies and Mr. Williams said, No, by no means! And I see the poor wicked woman has no favourers among them.

Now, said my master, read the Psalmist's heavy curses: and Mr. Williams read:

IX.

Ev’n so shalt thou, O Babylon!
At length to dust be brought:
And happy shall that man be call’d,
That our revenge hath wrought.

X.

Yea, blessed shall the man be call’d
That takes thy little ones,
And dasheth them in pieces small
Against the very stones.

Thus he said, very kindly, has my Pamela turned these lines:

IX.

Ev’n so shalt thou, O wicked one!
At length to shame be brought;
And happy shall all those be call’d,
That my deliv’rance wrought.

X.

Yea, blessed shall the man be call’d
That shames thee of thy evil,
And saves me from thy vile attempts,
And thee, too, from the d — l.

I fancy this blessed man, said my master smiling, was, at that time, hoped to be you, Mr. Williams, if the truth was known. Sir, said he, whoever it was intended for then, it can be nobody but your good self now.

I could hardly hold up my head for the praises the kind ladies were pleased to heap upon me. I am sure, by this, they are very partial in my favour; all because my master is so good to me, and loves to hear me praised; for I see no such excellence in these lines, as they would make me believe, besides what is borrowed from the Psalmist.

We all, as before, and the cook-maid too, attended the prayers of the church in the afternoon; and my dear father concluded with the following stanzas of the cxlvth psalm; suitably magnifying the holy name of God for all mercies; but did not observe, altogether, the method in which they stand; which was the less necessary, he thought, as he gave out the lines.

The Lord is just in all his ways:

His works are holy all:
And he is near all those that do
In truth upon him call.

He the desires of all them
That fear him, will fulfil;
And he will hear them when they cry,
And save them all he will.

The eyes of all do wait on thee;
Thou dost them all relieve:
And thou to each sufficient food,
In season due, dost give.

Thou openest thy plenteous hand,
And bounteously dost fill
All things whatever, that do live,
With gifts of thy good will.

My thankful mouth shall gladly speak
The praises of the Lord:
All flesh, to praise his holy name,
For ever shall accord.

We walked in the garden till tea was ready; and as he went by the back-door, my master said to me, Of all the flowers in the garden, the sun-flower is the fairest! — O, sir, said I, let that be now forgot! Mr. Williams heard him say so, and seemed a little out of countenance: Whereupon my master said, I mean not to make you serious, Mr. Williams; but we see how strangely things are brought about. I see other scenes hereabouts, that, in my Pamela's dangers, give me more cause of concern, than any thing you ever did should give you. Sir, said he, you are very generous.

My master and Mr. Williams afterwards walked together for a quarter of an hour; and talked about general things, and some scholastic subjects; and joined us, very well pleased with one another's conversation.

Lady Jones said, putting herself on one side of me, as my master was on the other, But pray, sir, when is the happy time to be? We want it over, that we may have you with us as long afterwards as you can. Said my master, I would have it to-morrow, or next day at farthest, if Pamela will: for I have sent for a license, and the messenger will be here to-night, or early in the morning, I hope. But, added

he, pray, Pamela, do not take beyond Thursday. She was pleased to say, Sure it will not be delayed by you, madam, more than needs! — Well, said he, now you are on my side, I will leave you with her to settle it: and, I hope, she will not let little bashful niceties be important with her; and so he joined the two misses.

Lady Jones told me, I was to blame, she would take upon her to say, if I delayed it a moment; because she understood Lady Davers was very uneasy at the prospect, that it would be so; and if any thing should happen, it would be a sad thing! — Madam, said I, when he was pleased to mention it to me first, he said it should be in fourteen days; and afterwards, asked me if I would have it in the first or the second seven? I answered — for how could I do otherwise? — In the second. He desired it might not be the last day of the second seven. Now, madam, said I, as he was then pleased to speak his mind, no doubt, I would not, for any thing, seem too forward.

Well, but, said she, as he now urges you in so genteel and gentlemanly a manner for a shorter day, I think, if I was in your place, I would agree to it. She saw me hesitate and blush, and said, Well, you know best; but I say only what I would do. I said, I would consider of it; and if I saw he was very earnest, to be sure I should think I ought to oblige him.

Misses Darnford were begging to be at the wedding, and to have a ball: and they said, Pray, Mrs. Andrews, second our requests, and we shall be greatly obliged to you. Indeed, ladies, said I, I cannot promise that, if I might. — Why so? said they. — Because, answered I — I know not what! But I think one may, with pleasure, celebrate an anniversary of one's nuptials; but the day itself — Indeed, ladies, I think it is too solemn a business, for the parties of our sex to be very gay upon: it is a quite serious and awful affair: and I am sure, in your own cases, you would be of my mind. Why, then, said Miss Darnford, the more need one has to be as light-hearted and merry as one can.

I told you, said my master, what sort of an answer you'd have from Pamela. The younger miss said, She never heard of such grave folks in her life, on such an occasion: Why, sir, said she, I hope you'll sing psalms all day, and miss will fast and pray! Such sackcloth and ashes doings, for a wedding, did I never hear of! — She spoke a little spitefully, I thought; and I returned no answer. I shall have enough to do, I reckon, in a while, if I am to answer every one that will envy me!

We went in to tea; and all that the ladies could prevail upon my master for, was a dancing match before he left this county: But Miss Darnford said, It should then be at their house; for, truly, if she might not be at the wedding, she would be affronted, and come no more hither, till we had been there.

When they were gone, my master would have had my father stay till the affair was over; but he begged he might set out as soon as it was light in the morning;

for, he said, my mother would be doubly uneasy at his stay; and he burned with impatience to let her know all the happy things that had befallen her daughter. When my master found him so desirous to go, he called Mr. Thomas, and ordered him to get a particular bay horse ready betimes in the morning, for my father, and a portmanteau, to put his things in; and to attend him a day's journey: And if, said he, Mr. Andrews chooses it, see him safe to his own home: And, added he, since that horse will serve you, Mr. Andrews, to ride backwards and forwards, to see us, when we go into Bedfordshire, I make you a present of it, with the accoutrements. And, seeing my father going to speak, he added, I won't be said nay. O how good was this!

He also said a great many kind things at supper-time, and gave him all the papers he had of mine; but desired, when he and my mother had read them, that he would return them to him again. And then he said, So affectionate a father and daughter may, perhaps, be glad to be alone together; therefore remember me to your good wife, and tell her, it will not be long, I hope, before I see you together; on a visit to your daughter, at my other house: and so I wish you good night, and a good journey, if you go before I see you. And then he shook hands, and left my dear father almost unable to speak, through the sense of his favours and goodness.

You may believe, my dear mother, how loath I was to part with my good father; and he was also unwilling to part with me; but he was so impatient to see you, and tell you the blessed tidings, with which his heart overflowed, that I could hardly wish to detain him.

Mrs. Jewkes brought two bottles of cherry-brandy, and two of cinnamon-water, and some cake; and they were put up in the portmanteau, with my father's newly presented clothes; for he said, He would not, for any thing, be seen in them in his neighbourhood, till I was actually known, by every body, to be married; nor would he lay out any part of the twenty guineas till then neither, for fear of reflections; and then he would consult me as to what he would buy. Well, said I, as you please, my dear father; and I hope now we shall often have the pleasure of hearing from one another, without needing any art or contrivances.

He said, He would go to bed betimes, that he might be up as soon as it was light; and so he took leave of me, and said, He would not love me, if I got up in the morning to see him go; which would but make us both loath to part, and grieve us both all day.

Mr. Thomas brought him a pair of boots, and told him, He would call him up at peep of day, and put up every thing over night; and so I received his blessing, and his prayers, and his kind promises of procuring the same from you, my dear mother; and went up to my closet with a heavy heart, and yet a half-pleased one, if I may so say; for that, as he must go, he was going to the best of wives, and

with the best of tidings. But I begged he would not work so hard as he had done; for I was sure my master would not have given him twenty guineas for clothes, if he had not designed to do something else for him; and that he should be the less concerned at receiving benefits, from my good master, because he, who had so many persons to employ in his large possessions, could make him serviceable, to a degree equivalent, without hurting any body else.

He promised me fair; and, pray, dear mother, see he performs. I hope my master will not see this: for I will not send it you, at present, till I can send you the best of news; and the rather, as my dear father can supply the greatest part of what I have written, since the papers he carries you, by his own observation. So good night, my dear mother: And God send my father a safe journey, and a happy meeting to you both!

Monday.

Mr. Colbrand being returned, my master came up to me to my closet, and brought me the license. O how my heart fluttered at the sight of it! Now, Pamela, said he, tell me, if you can oblige me with the day. Your word is all that's wanting. I made bold to kiss his dear hand; and, though unable to look up, said — I know not what to say, sir, to all your goodness: I would not, for any consideration, that you should believe me capable of receiving negligently an honour, that all the duty of a long life, were it to be lent me, will not be sufficient to enable me to be grateful for. I ought to resign myself, in every thing I may or can, implicitly to your will. But — But what? said he, with a kind impatience. — Why, sir, said I, when from last Thursday you mentioned four days, I had reason to think that term your choice; and my heart is so wholly yours, that I am afraid of nothing, but that I may be forwarder than you wish. Impossible, my dear creature! said he, and folded me in his arms: Impossible! If this be all, it shall be set about this moment, and this happy day shall make you mine! — I'll send away instantly, said the dear gentleman; and was going.

I said, No, pray, sir, pray, sir, hear me! — Indeed it cannot be to-day! — Cannot! said he. — No, indeed, sir! said I — And was ready to sink to see his generous impatience. Why flattered you then my fond heart, replied he, with the hope that it might? — Sir, said I, I will tell you what I had thought, if you'll vouchsafe me your attention. Do then, said he.

I have, sir, proceeded I, a great desire, that, whenever the day is, it may be on a Thursday: On a Thursday my dear father and mother were married; and, though poor, they are a very happy pair. — On a Thursday your poor Pamela was born. On a Thursday my dear good lady took me from my parents into her protection. On a Thursday, sir, you caused me to be carried away to this place, to which I now, by God's goodness, and your favour, owe so amazingly all my present

prospects; and on a Thursday it was, you named to me, that fourteen days from that you would confirm my happiness. Now, sir, if you please to indulge my superstitious folly, you will greatly oblige me. I was sorry, sir, for this reason, when you bid me not defer till the last day of the fourteen, that Thursday in next week was that last day.

This, Pamela, is a little superstitious, I must needs say; and I think you should begin now to make another day in the week a happy one; as for example; on a Monday, may you say, my father and mother concluded to be married on the Thursday following. On a Monday, so many years ago, my mother was preparing all her matters to be brought to bed on the Thursday following. On a Monday, several weeks ago, it was that you had but two days more to stay, till you was carried away on Thursday. On a Monday, I myself, said he, well remember, it was that I wrote you the letter, that prevailed on you so kindly to return to me; and on the same day you did return to my house here; which I hope, my girl, will be as propitious an era as any you have named: And now, lastly, will you say, which will crown the work; And, on a Monday I was married. — Come, come, my dear, added he, Thursday has reigned long enough o'conscience; let us now set Monday in its place, or at least on an equality with it, since you see it has a very good title, and as we now stand in the week before us, claims priority: And then, I hope, we shall make Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, as happy days as Monday and Thursday; and so, by God's blessing, move round, as the days move, in a delightful circle, till we are at a loss what day to prefer to the rest.

O how charmingly was this said! — And how sweetly kind!

Indeed, sir, said I, you rally my folly very agreeably; but don't let a little matter stand in the way, when you are so generously obliging in a greater: Indeed I like Thursday best, if I may choose.

Well, then, said he, if you can say you have a better reason than this, I will oblige you; else I'll send away for the parson this moment.

And so, I protest, he was going! — Dear sirs, how I trembled! Stay, stay, sir, said I: we have a great deal to say first; I have a deal of silly prate to trouble you with! — Well, say then, in a minute, replied he, the most material: for all we have to say may be talked of while the parson is coming. — O, but indeed, and indeed, said I, it cannot be to-day! — Well, then, shall it be to-morrow? said he. — Why, sir, if it must not be on a Thursday, you have given so many pleasant distinctions for a Monday, that let it then be next Monday. — What! a week still? said he. Sir, answered I, if you please; for that will be, as you enjoined, within the second seven days. Why, girl, said he, 'twill be seven months till next Monday. Let it, said he, if not to-morrow, be on Wednesday; I protest I will stay no longer.

Then, sir, returned I, please to defer it, however, for one day more, and it will be my beloved Thursday! If I consent to defer it till then, may I hope, my Pamela, said he, that next Thursday shall certainly be the happy day? — Yes, sir, said I and I am sure I looked very foolishly!

And yet, my dear father and mother, why should I, with such a fine gentleman? And whom I so dearly love? And so much to my honour too? But there is something greatly awful upon my mind, in the solemn circumstance, and a change of condition never to be recalled, though all the prospects are so desirable. And I can but wonder at the thoughtless precipitancy with which most young folks run into this important change of life!

So now, my dear parents, have I been brought to fix so near a day as next Thursday; and this is Monday. O dear, it makes one out of breath almost to think of it! This, though, was a great cut off; a whole week out of ten days. I hope I am not too forward! I'm sure, if it obliges my dear master, I am justified; for he deserves of me all things in my poor power.

After this, he rode out on horseback, attended by Abraham, and did not return till night. How by degrees things steal upon one! I thought even this small absence tedious; and the more, as we expected him home to dinner. — I wish I may not be too fond, and make him indifferent: But yet, my dear father and mother, you were always fond of one another, and never indifferent, let the world run as it would.

When he returned, he said, He had had a pleasant ride, and was led out to a greater distance than he intended. At supper he told me, that he had a great mind Mr. Williams should marry us; because, he said, it would shew a thorough reconciliation on his part. But, said he, most generously, I am apprehensive, from what passed between you, that the poor man will take it hardly, and as a sort of insult, which I am not capable of. What says my girl? — Do you think he would? I hope not, sir, said I: As to what he may think, I can't answer; but as to any reason for his thoughts, I can: For indeed, sir, said I, you have been already so generous, that he cannot, I think, mistake your goodness.

He then spoke with some resentment of Lady Davers's behaviour, and I asked, if any thing new had occurred? Yes, said he; I have had a letter delivered me from her impertinent husband, professedly at her instigation, that amounted to little less than a piece of insolent bravery, on supposing I was about to marry you. I was so provoked, added he, that after I had read it, I tore it in a hundred pieces, and scattered them in the air, and bid the man who brought it let his master know what I had done with his letter; and so would not permit him to speak to me, as he would fain have done, — I think the fellow talked somewhat of his lady coming

hither; but she shall not set her foot within my doors; and I suppose this treatment will hinder her.

I was much concerned at this: And he said, Had I a hundred sisters, Pamela, their opposition should have no weight with me: and I did not intend you should know it; but you can't but expect a little difficulty from the pride of my sister, who have suffered so much from that of her brother; and we are too nearly allied in mind, as well as blood, I find. — But this is not her business: And if she would have made it so, she should have done it with more decency. Little occasion had she to boast of her birth, that knows not what belongs to good manners.

I said, I am very sorry, sir, to be the unhappy occasion of a misunderstanding between so good a brother and so worthy a sister. Don't say so, Pamela, because this is an unavoidable consequence of the happy prospect before us. Only bear it well yourself, because she is my sister; and leave it to me to make her sensible of her own rashness.

If, sir, said I, the most lowly behaviour, and humble deportment, and in every thing shewing a dutiful regard to good Lady Davers, will have any weight with her ladyship, assure yourself of all in my power to mollify her. No, Pamela, returned he; don't imagine, when you are my wife, I will suffer you to do any thing unworthy of that character. I know the duty of a husband, and will protect your gentleness to the utmost, as much as if you were a princess by descent.

You are inexpressibly good, sir, said I; but I am far from taking a gentle disposition to shew a meanness of spirit: And this is a trial I ought to expect; and well I may bear it, that have so many benefits to set against it, which all spring from the same cause.

Well, said he, all the matter shall be this: We will talk of our marriage as a thing to be done next week. I find I have spies upon me wherever I go, and whatever I do: But now, I am on so laudable a pursuit, that I value them not, nor those who employ them. I have already ordered my servants to have no conference with any body for ten or twelve days to come. And Mrs. Jewkes tells me every one names Thursday come se'nnight for our nuptials. So I will get Mr. Peters, who wants to see my little chapel, to assist Mr. Williams, under the notion of breakfasting with me next Thursday morning, since you won't have it sooner; and there will nobody else be wanting; and I will beg of Mr. Peters to keep it private, even from his own family, for a few days. Has my girl any objection?

O, sir, answered I, you are so generous in all your ways, I can have no objections! — But I hope Lady Davers and you will not proceed to irreconcilable lengths; and when her ladyship comes to see you, and to tarry with you, two or three weeks, as she used to do, I will keep close up, so as not to disgust her with the sight of me.

Well, Pamela, said he, we will talk of that afterwards. You must do then as I shall think fit: And I shall be able to judge what both you and I ought to do. But what still aggravates the matter is, that she should instigate the titled ape her husband to write to me, after she had so little succeeded herself. I wish I had kept his letter, that I might have shewn you how a man, that generally acts like a fool, can take upon him to write like a lord. But I suppose it is of my sister's penning, and he, poor man! is the humble copier.

Tuesday.

Mr. Thomas is returned from you, my dear father, with the good news of your health, and your proceeding in your journey to my dear mother, where I hope to hear soon you are arrived. My master has just now been making me play upon the spinnet, and sing to it; and was pleased to commend me for both. But he does so for every thing I do, so partial does his goodness make him to me.

One o'clock.

We are just returned from an airing in the chariot; and I have been delighted with his conversation upon English authors, poets particularly. He entertained me also with a description of some of the curiosities he had seen in Italy and France, when he made what the polite world call the grand tour. He said he wanted to be at his other seat, for he knew not well how to employ himself here, having not proposed to stay half the time: And when I get there, Pamela, said he, you will hardly be troubled with so much of my company, after we have settled; for I have a great many things to adjust: And I must go to London; for I have accounts that have run on longer than ordinary with my banker there. And I don't know, added he, but the ensuing winter I may give you a little taste of the diversions of the town for a month or so. I said, His will and pleasure should determine mine; and I never would, as near as I could, have a desire after those, or any other entertainments that were not in his own choice.

He was pleased to say, I make no doubt but that I shall be very happy in you; and hope you will be so in me: For, said he, I have no very enormous vices to gratify; though I pretend not to the greatest purity, neither, my girl. Sir, said I, if you can account to your own mind, I shall always be easy in whatever you do. But our greatest happiness here, sir, continued I, is of very short duration; and this life, at the longest, is a poor transitory one; and I hope we shall be so happy as to be enabled to look forward, with comfort, to another, where our pleasures will be everlasting.

You say well, Pamela; and I shall, by degrees, be more habituated to this way of thinking, as I more and more converse with you; but, at present, you must not be over serious with me all at once: though I charge you never forbear to mingle your sweet divinity in our conversation, whenever it can be brought in a propos,

and with such a cheerfulness of temper, as shall not throw a gloomy cloud over our innocent enjoyments.

I was abashed at this, and silent, fearing I had offended: But he said, If you attend rightly to what I said, I need not tell you again, Pamela, not to be discouraged from suggesting to me, on every proper occasion, the pious impulses of your own amiable mind. Sir, said I, you will be always indulgent, I make no doubt, to my imperfections, so long as I mean well.

My master made me dine with him, and would eat nothing but what I helped him to; and my heart is, every hour, more and more enlarged with his goodness and condescension. But still, what ails me, I wonder! A strange sort of weight hangs upon my mind, as Thursday draws on, which makes me often sigh involuntarily, and damps, at times, the pleasures of my delightful prospects! — I hope this is not ominous; but only the foolish weakness of an over-thoughtful mind, on an occasion the most solemn and important of one's life, next to the last scene, which shuts up all.

I could be very serious: But I will commit all my ways to that blessed Providence, which hitherto has so wonderfully conducted me through real evils to this hopeful situation.

I only fear, and surely I have great reason, that I shall be too unworthy to hold the affections of so dear a gentleman! — God teach me humility, and to know my own demerit! And this will be, next to his grace, my surest guard, in the state of life to which, though most unworthy, I am going to be exalted. And don't cease your prayers for me, my dear parents; for, perhaps, this new condition may be subject to still worse hazards than those I have escaped; as would be the case, were conceitedness, vanity, and pride, to take hold of my frail heart; and if I was, for my sins, to be left to my own conduct, a frail bark in a tempestuous ocean, without ballast, or other pilot than my own inconsiderate will. But my master said, on another occasion, That those who doubted most, always erred least; and I hope I shall always doubt my own strength, my own worthiness.

I will not trouble you with twenty sweet agreeable things that passed in conversation with my excellent benefactor; nor with the civilities of M. Colbrand, Mrs. Jewkes, and all the servants, who seem to be highly pleased with me, and with my conduct to them: And as my master, hitherto, finds no fault that I go too low, nor they that I carry it too high, I hope I shall continue to have every body's good-will: But yet will I not seek to gain any one's by little meannesses or debasements! but aim at an uniform and regular conduct, willing to conceal involuntary errors, as I would have my own forgiven; and not too industrious to discover real ones, or to hide such, if any such should appear, as might encourage bad hearts, or unclean hands, in material cases, where my master should receive

damage, or where the morals of the transgressors should appear wilfully and habitually corrupt. In short, I will endeavour, as much as I can, that good servants shall find in me a kind encourager; indifferent ones be made better, by inspiring them with a laudable emulation; and bad ones, if not too bad in nature, and quite irreclaimable, reformed by kindness, expostulation, and even proper menaces, if necessary; but most by a good example: All this if God pleases.

Wednesday.

Now, my dear parents, I have but this one day between me and the most solemn rite that can be performed. My heart cannot yet shake off this heavy weight. Sure I am ungrateful to the divine goodness, and the favour of the best of benefactors! — Yet I hope I am not! — For, at times, my mind is all exultation, with the prospect of what good to-morrow's happy solemnity may possibly, by the leave of my generous master, put it in my power to do. O how shall I find words to express, as I ought, my thankfulness, for all the mercies before me!

Wednesday evening.

My dear master is all love and tenderness. He sees my weakness, and generously pities and comforts me! I begged to be excused supper; but he brought me down himself from my closet, and placed me by him, bidding Abraham not wait. I could not eat, and yet I tried, for fear he should be angry. He kindly forbore to hint any thing of the dreadful, yet delightful to-morrow! and put, now and then, a little bit on my plate, and guided it to my mouth. I was concerned to receive his goodness with so ill a grace. Well, said he, if you won't eat with me, drink at least with me: I drank two glasses by his over-persuasions, and said, I am really ashamed of myself. Why, indeed, said he, my dear girl, I am not a very dreadful enemy, I hope! I cannot bear any thing that is the least concerning to you. Oh, sir! said I, all is owing to the sense I have of my own unworthiness! — To be sure, it cannot be any thing else.

He rung for the things to be taken away; and then reached a chair, and sat down by me, and put his kind arms about me, and said the most generous and affecting things that ever dropt from the honey-flowing mouth of love. All I have not time to repeat: some I will. And oh! indulge your foolish daughter, who troubles you with her weak nonsense; because what she has to say, is so affecting to her; and because, if she went to bed, instead of scribbling, she could not sleep.

This sweet confusion and thoughtfulness in my beloved Pamela, said the kind man, on the near approach of our happy union, when I hope all doubts are cleared up, and nothing of dishonour is apprehended, shew me most abundantly, what a wretch I was to attempt such purity with a worse intention — No wonder, that one so virtuous should find herself deserted of life itself on a violence so dreadful to her honour, and seek a refuge in the shadow of death. — But now, my dearest

Pamela, that you have seen a purity on my side, as nearly imitating your own, as our sex can shew to yours; and since I have, all the day long, suppressed even the least intimation of the coming days, that I might not alarm your tender mind; why all this concern, why all this affecting, yet sweet confusion? You have a generous friend, my dear girl, in me; a protector now, not a violator of your innocence: Why then, once more I ask, this strange perplexity, this sweet confusion?

O sir, said I, and hid my face on his arm; expect not reason from a foolish creature: You should have still indulged me in my closet: I am ready to beat myself for this ungrateful return to your goodness. But I know not what! — I am, to be sure, a silly creature! O had you but suffered me to stay by myself above, I should have made myself ashamed of so culpable a behaviour! — But goodness added to goodness every moment, and the sense of my own unworthiness, quite overcome my spirits.

Now, said the generous man, will I, though reluctantly, make a proposal to my sweet girl. — If I have been too pressing for the day: If another day will still be more obliging: If you have fears you will not then have; you shall say but the word, and I'll submit. Yes, my Pamela; for though I have, these three days past, thought every tedious hour a day, till Thursday comes, if you earnestly desire it, I will postpone it. Say, my dear girl, freely say; but accept not my proposal, without great reason, which yet I will not ask for.

Sir, said I, I can expect nothing but superlative goodness, I have been so long used to it from you. This is a most generous instance of it; but I fear — yes, I fear it will be too much the same thing, some days hence, when the happy, yet, fool that I am! dreaded time, shall be equally near!

Kind, lovely charmer! said he, now do I see you are to be trusted with power, from the generous use you make of it! — Not one offensive word or look, from me, shall wound your nicest thoughts; but pray try to subdue this over-scrupulousness, and unseasonable timidity. I persuade myself you will if you can.

Indeed, sir, I will, said I; for I am quite ashamed of myself, with all these lovely views before me! — The honours you do me, the kindness you shew me! — I cannot forgive myself! For, oh! if I know the least of this idle foolish heart of mine, it has not a misgiving thought of your goodness; and I should abhor it, if it were capable of the least affectation. — But, dear good sir, leave me a little to myself, and I will take myself to a severer task than your goodness will let you do and I will present my heart before you, a worthier offering to you, than at present its wayward follies will let it seem to be. — But one thing is, one has no kind friend of one's own sex, to communicate one's foolish thoughts to, and to be strengthened by their comfortings! But I am left to myself; and, oh! what a weak silly thing I am!

He kindly withdrew, to give me time to recollect myself; and in about half an hour returned: and then, that he might not begin at once upon the subject, and say, at the same time, something agreeable to me, said, Your father and mother have had a great deal of talk by this time about you, Pamela. O, sir, returned I, your goodness has made them quite happy! But I can't help being concerned about Lady Davers.

He said, I am vexed I did not hear the footman out; because it runs in my head he talked somewhat about her coming hither. She will meet with but an indifferent reception from me, unless she comes resolved to behave better than she writes.

Pray, sir, said I, be pleased to bear with my good lady, for two reasons. What are they? said he. Why, first, sir, answered I, because she is your sister; and, to be sure, may very well think, what all the world will, that you have much undervalued yourself in making me happy. And next, because, if her ladyship finds you out of temper with her, it will still aggravate her more against me; and every time that any warm words you may have between you, come into her mind, she will disdain me more.

Don't concern yourself about it, said he; for we have more proud ladies than she in our other neighbourhood, who, perhaps, have still less reason to be punctilious about their descent, and yet will form themselves upon her example, and say, Why, his own sister will not forgive him, nor visit him! And so, if I can subdue her spirit, which is more than her husband ever could, or indeed any body else, it is a great point gained: And, if she gives me reason, I'll try for it, I assure you.

Well, but, my dear girl, continued he, since the subject is so important, may I not say one word about to-morrow? — Sir, said I, I hope I shall be less a fool: I have talked as harshly to my heart, as Lady Davers can do; and the naughty thing suggests to me a better, and more grateful behaviour.

He smiled, and, kissing me, said, I took notice, Pamela, of what you observed, that you have none of your own sex with you; I think it is a little hard upon you; and I should have liked you should have had Miss Darnford; but then her sister must have been asked; and I might as well make a public wedding: which, you know, would have required clothes and other preparations. Besides, added he, a foolish proposal was once made me of that second sister, who has two or three thousand pounds more than the other, left her by a godmother, and she can't help being a little piqued; though, said he, it was a proposal they could not expect should succeed; for there is nothing in her person nor mind; and her fortune, as that must have been the only inducement, would not do by any means; and so I discouraged it at once.

I am thinking, sir, said I, of another mortifying thing too; that were you to marry a lady of birth and fortune answerable to your own, all the eve to the day would be taken up in reading, signing, and sealing of settlements, and portion, and such like: But now the poor Pamela brings you nothing at all: And the very clothes she wears, so very low is she, are entirely the effects of your bounty, and that of your good mother: This makes me a little sad: For, alas! sir, I am so much oppressed by your favours, and the sense of the obligations I lie under, that I cannot look up with the confidence that I otherwise should, on this awful occasion.

There is, my dear Pamela, said he, where the power is wanting, as much generosity in the will as in the action. To all that know your story, and your merit, it will appear that I cannot recompense you for what I have made you suffer. You have had too many hard struggles and exercises; and have nobly overcome: and who shall grudge you the reward of the hard-bought victory? — This affair is so much the act of my own will, that I glory in being capable of distinguishing so much excellence; and my fortune is the more pleasurable to me, as it gives me hope, that I may make you some part of satisfaction for what you have undergone.

This, sir, said I, is all goodness, unmerited on my side; and makes my obligations the greater. I can only wish for more worthiness. — But how poor is it to offer nothing but words for such generous deeds! — And to say, I wish! — For what is a wish, but the acknowledged want of power to oblige, and a demonstration of one's poverty in every thing but will?

And that, my dear girl, said he, is every thing: 'Tis all I want: 'Tis all that Heaven itself requires of us: But no more of these little doubts, though they are the natural impulses of a generous and grateful heart: I want not to be employed in settlements. Those are for such to regard, who make convenience and fortune the prime considerations. I have possessions ample enough for us both; and you deserve to share them with me; and you shall do it, with as little reserve, as if you had brought me what the world reckons an equivalent: for, as to my own opinion, you bring me what is infinitely more valuable, an experienced truth, a well-tried virtue, and a wit and behaviour more than equal to the station you will be placed in: To say nothing of this sweet person, that itself might captivate a monarch; and of the meekness of temper, and sweetness of disposition, which make you superior to all the women I ever saw.

Thus kind and soothing, and honourably affectionate, was the dear gentleman, to the unworthy, doubting, yet assured Pamela; and thus patiently did he indulge, and generously pardon, my impertinent weakness. He offered to go himself to Lady Jones, in the morning, and reveal the matter to her, and desire her secrecy and presence; but I said, That would disoblige the young Ladies Darnford. No, sir,

said I, I will cast myself upon your generous kindness; for why should I fear the kind protector of my weakness, and the guide and director of my future steps?

You cannot, said he, forgive Mrs. Jewkes; for she must know it; and suffer her to be with you? Yes, sir, said I, I can. She is very civil to me now: and her former wickedness I will forgive, for the sake of the happy fruits that have attended it; and because you mention her.

Well, said he, I will call her in, if you please. — As you please, sir, said I. And he rung for her; and when she came in, he said, Mrs. Jewkes, I am going to entrust you with a secret. Sir, answered she, I will be sure to keep it as such. Why, said he, we intend to-morrow, privately as possible, for our wedding-day; and Mr. Peters and Mr. Williams are to be here, as to breakfast with me, and to shew Mr. Peters my little chapel. As soon as the ceremony is over, we will take a little airing in the chariot, as we have done at other times; and so it will not be wondered that we are dressed. And the two parsons have promised secrecy, and will go home. I believe you can't well avoid letting one of the maids into the secret; but that I'll leave to you.

Sir, replied she, we all concluded it would be in a few days! and I doubt it won't be long a secret. No, said he, I don't desire it should; but you know we are not provided for a public wedding, and I shall declare it when we go to Bedfordshire, which won't be long. But the men, who lie in the outhouses, need not know it; for, by some means or other, my sister Davers knows all that passes.

Do you know, sir, said she, that her ladyship intends to be down here with you in a few days? Her servant told me so, who brought you the letter you were angry at.

I hope, said he, we shall be set out for t'other house first; and shall be pleased she loses her labour. Sir, continued she, her ladyship, proposes to be here time enough to hinder your nuptials, which she takes, as we did, will be the latter end of next week. Well, said he, let her come: but yet I desire not to see her.

Mrs. Jewkes said to me, Give me leave, madam, to wish you all manner of happiness: But I am afraid I have too well obeyed his honour, to be forgiven by you. Indeed, Mrs. Jewkes, returned I, you will be more your own enemy than I will be. I will look all forward: and shall not presume, so much as by a whisper, to set my good master against any one he pleases to approve of: And as to his old servants, I shall always value them, and never offer to dictate to his choice, or influence it by my own caprices.

Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, you find you have no cause to apprehend any thing. My Pamela is very placable; and as we have both been sinners together, we must both be included in one act of grace.

Such an example of condescension, as I have before me, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, may make you very easy; for I must be highly unworthy, if I did not forego all my little resentments, if I had any, for the sake of so much goodness to myself.

You are very kind, madam, said she; and you may depend upon it, I will atone for all my faults, by my future duty and respect to you, as well as to my master.

That's well said on both sides, said he: but, Mrs. Jewkes, to assure you, that my good girl here has no malice, she chooses you to attend her in the morning at the ceremony, and you must keep up her spirits. — I shall, replied she, be very proud of the honour: But I cannot, madam, but wonder to see you so very low-spirited, as you have been these two or three days past, with so much happiness before you.

Why, Mrs. Jewkes, answered I, there can be but one reason given; and that is, that I am a sad fool! — But, indeed, I am not ungrateful neither; nor would I put on a foolish affectation: But my heart, at times, sinks within me; I know not why, except at my own unworthiness, and because the honour done me is too high for me to support myself under, as I should do. It is an honour, Mrs. Jewkes, added I, I was not born to; and no wonder, then, I behave so awkwardly. She made me a fine compliment upon it, and withdrew, repeating her promises of care, secrecy, etc.

He parted from me with very great tenderness; and I came up and set to writing, to amuse my thoughts, and wrote thus far. And Mrs. Jewkes being come up, and it being past twelve, I will go to bed; but not one wink, I fear, shall I get this night. — I could beat myself for anger. Sure there is nothing ominous in this strange folly! — But I suppose all young maidens are the same, so near so great a change of condition, though they carry it off more discreetly than I.

Thursday, six o'clock in the morning.

I might as well have not gone to bed last night, for what sleep I had. Mrs. Jewkes often was talking to me, and said several things that would have been well enough from any body else of our sex; but the poor woman has so little purity of heart, that it is all say from her, and goes no farther than the ear.

I fancy my master has not slept much neither; for I heard him up, and walking about his chamber, ever since break of day. To be sure, good gentleman! he must have some concern, as well as I; for here he is going to marry a poor foolish unworthy girl, brought up on the charity, as one may say, (at least bounty,) of his worthy family! And this foolish girl must be, to all intents and purposes, after twelve o'clock this day, as much his wife, as if he were to marry a duchess! — And here he must stand the shocks of common reflection! The great Mr. B —— has done finely! he has married his poor servant wench! will some say. The ridicule and rude jests of his equals, and companions too, he must stand: And the

disdain of his relations, and indignation of Lady Davers, his lofty sister! Dear good gentleman! he will have enough to do, to be sure! O how shall I merit all these things at his hand! I can only do the best I can; and pray to God to reward him; and resolve to love him with a pure heart, and serve him with a sincere obedience. I hope the dear gentleman will continue to love me for this; for, alas! I have nothing else to offer! But, as I can hardly expect so great a blessing, if I can be secure from his contempt, I shall not be unfortunate; and must bear his indifference, if his rich friends should inspire him with it, and proceed with doing my duty with cheerfulness.

Half an hour past eight o'clock.

My good dear master, my kind friend, my generous benefactor, my worthy protector, and, oh! all the good words in one, my affectionate husband, that is soon to be — (be curbed in, my proud heart, know thy self, and be conscious of thy unworthiness!) — has just left me, with the kindest, tenderest expressions, and gentlest behaviour, that ever blest a happy maiden. He approached me with a sort of reined-in rapture. My Pamela! said he, May I just ask after your employment? Don't let me chide my dear girl this day, however. The two parsons will be here to breakfast with us at nine; and yet you are not a bit dressed! Why this absence of mind, and sweet irresolution?

Why, indeed, sir, said I, I will set about a reformation this instant. He saw the common-prayer book lying in the window. I hope, said he, my lovely maiden has been conning the lesson she is by-and-by to repeat. Have you not, Pamela? and clasped his arms about me, and kissed me. Indeed, sir, said I, I have been reading over the solemn service. — And what thinks my fairest (for so he called me) of it? — O sir, 'tis very awful, and makes one shudder, to reflect upon it! — No wonder, said he, it should affect my sweet Pamela: I have been looking into it this morning, and I can't say but I think it a solemn, but very suitable service. But this I tell my dear love, continued he, and again clasped me to him, there is not a tittle in it that I cannot joyfully subscribe to: And that, my dear Pamela, should make you easy, and join cheerfully in it with me. I kissed his dear hand: O my generous, kind protector, said I, how gracious is it to confirm thus the doubting mind of your poor servant! which apprehends nothing so much as her own unworthiness of the honour and blessing that await her! — He was pleased to say, I know well, my dearest creature, that, according to the liberties we people of fortune generally give ourselves, I have promised a great deal, when I say so. But I would not have said it, if, deliberately, I could not with all my heart. So banish from your mind all doubt and uneasiness; let a generous confidence in me take place; and let me see it does, by your cheerfulness in this day's solemn business; and then I will love you for ever!

May God Almighty, sir, said I, reward all your goodness to me! — That is all I can say. But, oh! how kind it is in you, to supply the want of the presence and comfortings of a dear mother, of a loving sister, or of the kind companions of my own sex, which most maidens have, to soothe their anxieties on the so near approach of so awful a solemnity! — You, sir, are all these tender relations in one to me! Your condescensions and kindness shall, if possible, embolden me to look up to you without that sweet terror, that must confound poor bashful maidens, on such an occasion, when they are surrendered up to a more doubtful happiness, and to half-strange men, whose good faith, and good usage of them, must be less experienced, and is all involved in the dark bosom of futurity, and only to be proved by the event.

This, my dear Pamela, said he, is most kindly said! It shews me that you enter gratefully into my intention. For I would, by my conduct, supply all these dear relations to you; and I voluntarily promise, from my heart, to you, what I think I could not, with such assured resolutions of performance, to the highest-born lady in the kingdom. For let me tell my sweet girl, that, after having been long tossed by the boisterous winds of a more culpable passion, I have now conquered it, and am not so much the victim of your beauty, all charming as you are, as of your virtue; and therefore may more boldly promise for myself, having so stable a foundation for my affection; which, should this outward beauty fail, will increase with your virtue, and shine forth the brighter, as that is more illustriously displayed by the augmented opportunities which the condition you are now entering into will afford you. — O the dear charming man! how nobly, how encouragingly kind, was all this!

I could not suitably express myself: And he said, I see my girl is at a loss for words! I doubt not your kind acceptance of my declarations. And when I have acted too much the part of a libertine formerly, for you to look back without some anxiety, I ought not, being now happily convicted, to say less. — But why loses my girl her time? I will now only add, that I hope for many happy years to make good, by my conduct, what so willingly flows from my lips.

He kissed me again, and said, But, whatever you do, Pamela, be cheerful; for else, may be, of the small company we shall have, some one, not knowing how to account for your too nice modesty, will think there is some other person in the world, whose addresses would be still more agreeable to you.

This he said with an air of sweetness and pleasantry; but it alarmed me exceedingly, and made me resolve to appear as calm and cheerful as possible. For this was, indeed, a most affecting expression, and enough to make me, if any thing can, behave as I ought, and to force my idle fears to give way to hopes so much better grounded. — And I began almost, on this occasion, to wish Mr.

Williams were not to marry me, lest I should behave like a fool; and so be liable to an imputation, which I should be most unworthy, if I deserved.

So I set about dressing me instantly; and he sent Mrs. Jewkes to assist me. But I am never long a dressing, when I set about it; and my master has now given me a hint, that will, for half an hour more, at least, keep my spirits in a brisk circulation. Yet it concerns me a little too, lest he should have any the least shadow of a doubt, that I am not, mind and person, entirely his.

And so being now ready, and not called to breakfast, I sat down and wrote thus far.

I might have mentioned, that I dressed myself in a rich white satin night-gown, that had been my good lady's, and my best head-clothes, etc. I have got such a knack of writing, that when I am by myself, I cannot sit without a pen in my hand. — But I am now called to breakfast. I suppose the gentlemen are come. — Now, courage, Pamela! Remember thou art upon thy good behaviour! — Fie upon it! my heart begins to flutter again! — Foolish heart! be still! Never, sure, was any maiden's perverse heart under so little command as mine! — It gave itself away, at first, without my leave; it has been, for weeks, pressing me with its wishes; and yet now, when it should be happy itself, and make me so, it is throb, throb, throb, like a little fool! and filling me with such unseasonable misgivings, as abate the rising comforts of all my better prospects.

Thursday, near three o'clock.

I thought I should have found no time nor heart to write again this day. But here are three gentlemen come, unexpectedly, to dine with my master; and so I shall not appear. He has done all he could, civilly, to send them away; but they will stay, though I believe he had rather they would not. And so I have nothing to do but to write till I go to dinner myself with Mrs. Jewkes: for my master was not prepared for this company; and it will be a little latish to-day. So I will begin with my happy story where I left off.

When I came down to breakfast, Mr. Peters and Mr. Williams were both there. And as soon as my master heard me coming down, he met me at the door, and led me in with great tenderness. He had kindly spoken to them, as he told me afterwards, to mention no more of the matter to me, than needs must. I paid my respects to them, I believe a little awkwardly, and was almost out of breath: but said, I had come down a little too fast.

When Abraham came in to wait, my master said, (that the servants should not mistrust,) 'Tis well, gentlemen, you came as you did; for my good girl and I were going to take an airing till dinner-time. I hope you'll stay and dine with me. Sir, said Mr. Peters, we won't hinder your airing. I only came, having a little time upon my hands, to see your chapel; but must be at home at dinner; and Mr.

Williams will dine with me. Well then, said my master, we will pursue our intention, and ride out for an hour or two, as soon as I have shewn Mr. Peters my little chapel. Will you, Pamela, after breakfast, walk with us to it? If, if, said I, and had like to have stammered, foolish that I was! if you please, sir. I could look none of them in the face. Abraham looking at me; Why, child, said my master, you have hardly recovered your fright yet: how came your foot to slip? 'Tis well you did not hurt yourself. Said Mr. Peters, improving the hint, You ha'n't sprained your ancle, madam, I hope. No, sir, said I, I believe not; but 'tis a little painful to me. And so it was; for I meant my foolishness! Abraham, said my master, bid Robin put the horses to the coach, instead of the chariot; and if these gentlemen will go, we can set them down. No matter, sir, said Mr. Peters: I had as lieve walk, if Mr. Williams chooses it. Well then, said my master, let it be the chariot, as I told him.

I could eat nothing, though I attempted it; and my hand shook so, I spilled some of my chocolate, and so put it down again; and they were all very good, and looked another way. My master said, when Abraham was out, I have a quite plain ring here, Mr. Peters: And I hope the ceremony will dignify the ring; and that I shall give my girl reason to think it, for that cause, the most valuable one that can be presented her. Mr. Peters said, He was sure I should value it more than the richest diamond in the world.

I had bid Mrs. Jewkes not to dress herself, lest she should give cause of mistrust; and she took my advice.

When breakfast was over, my master said, before Abraham, Well, gentlemen, we will step into the chapel; and you must give me your advice, as to the alterations I design. I am in the more haste, because the survey you are going to take of it, for the alterations, will take up a little time; and we shall have but a small space between that and dinner, for the little tour I design to make. — Pamela, you'll give us your opinion, won't you? Yes, sir, said I; I'll come after you.

So they went out, and I sat down in the chair again, and fanned myself: I am sick at heart, said I, I think, Mrs. Jewkes. Said she, Shall I fetch you a little cordial? — No, said I, I am a sad fool! I want spirits, that's all. She took her smelling-bottle, and would have given it me: but I said, Keep it in your hand; may be I shall want it: but I hope not.

She gave me very good words, and begged me to go: And I got up; but my knees beat so against one another, I was forced to sit down again. But, at last, I held by her arm, and passing by Abraham, I said, This ugly slip, coming down stairs, has made me limp, though; so I must hold by you, Mrs. Jewkes. Do you

know what alterations there are to be in the chapel, that we must all give our opinions of them?

Nan, she told me, was let into the secret; and she had ordered her to stay at the chapel door, to see that nobody came in. My dear master came to me, at entering the chapel, and took my hand, and led me up to the altar. Remember, my dear girl, whispered he, and be cheerful. I am, I will, sir, said I; but I hardly knew what I said; and so you may believe, when I said to Mrs. Jewkes, Don't leave me; pray, Mrs. Jewkes, don't leave me; as if I had all confidence in her, and none where it was most due. So she kept close to me. God forgive me! but I never was so absent in my life, as at first; even till Mr. Williams had gone on in the service, so far as to the awful words about requiring us, as we should answer at the dreadful day of judgment; and then the solemn words, and my master's whispering, Mind this, my dear, made me start. Said he, still whispering, Know you any impediment? I blushed, and said softly, None, sir, but my great unworthiness.

Then followed the sweet words, Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife? etc. and I began to take heart a little, when my dearest master answered, audibly, to this question, I will. But I could only make a courtesy, when they asked me; though, I am sure, my heart was readier than my speech, and answered to every article of obey, serve, love, and honour.

Mr. Peters gave me away; and I said, after Mr. Williams, as well as I could, as my dear master did with a much better grace, the words of betrothment; and the ceremony of the ring passing next, I received the dear favour at his worthy hands with a most grateful heart; and he was pleased to say afterwards in the chariot, that when he had done saying, With this ring I thee wed, etc. I made a courtesy, and said, Thank you, sir. May be I did; for I am sure it was a most grateful part of the service, and my heart was overwhelmed with his goodness, and the tender grace wherewith he performed it. I was very glad, that the next part was the prayer, and kneeling; for I trembled so, I could hardly stand, betwixt fear and joy.

The joining of our hands afterwards, the declaration of our being married to the few witnesses present; for, reckoning Nan, whose curiosity would not let her stay at the door, there were but Mr. Peters, Mrs. Jewkes, and she; the blessing, the psalm, and the subsequent prayers, and the concluding exhortation; were so many beautiful, welcome, and lovely parts of this divine office, that my heart began to be delighted with them; and my spirits to be a little freer.

And thus, my dearest, dear parents, is your happy, happy, thrice happy Pamela, at last married; and to whom? — Why, to her beloved, gracious master! the lord of her wishes! And thus the dear, once naughty assailer of her innocence, by a blessed turn of Providence, is become the kind, the generous protector and rewarder of it. God be evermore blessed and praised! and make me not wholly

unworthy of such a transcendent honour! — And bless and reward the dear, dear, good gentleman, who has thus exalted his unworthy servant, and given her a place, which the greatest ladies would think themselves happy in!

My master saluted me most ardently, and said, God give you, my dear love, as much joy on this occasion, as I have! And he presented me to Mr. Peters, who saluted me; and said, You may excuse me, dear madam, for I gave you away, and you are my daughter. And Mr. Williams modestly withdrawing a little way; Mr. Williams, said my master, pray accept my thanks, and wish your sister joy. So he saluted me too; and said, Most heartily, madam, I do. And I will say, that to see so much innocence and virtue so eminently rewarded, is one of the greatest pleasures I have ever known. This my master took very kindly.

Mrs. Jewkes would have kissed my hand at the chapel-door; but I put my arms about her neck, for I had got a new recruit of spirits just then; and kissed her, and said, Thank you, Mrs. Jewkes, for accompanying me. I have behaved sadly. No, madam, said she, pretty well, pretty well!

Mr. Peters walked out with me; and Mr. Williams and my master came out after us, talking together.

Mr. Peters, when we came into the parlour, said, I once more, madam, must wish you joy on this happy occasion. I wish every day may add to your comforts; and may you very long rejoice in one another! for you are the loveliest couple I ever saw joined. I told him, I was highly obliged to his kind opinion, and good wishes; and hoped my future conduct would not make me unworthy of them.

My good benefactor came in with Mr. Williams: So, my dear life, said he, how do you do? A little more composed, I hope. Well, you see this is not so dreadful an affair as you apprehended.

Sir, said Mr. Peters, very kindly, it is a very solemn circumstance; and I love to see it so reverently and awfully entered upon. It is a most excellent sign; for the most thoughtful beginnings make the most prudent proceedings.

Mrs. Jewkes, of her own accord, came in with a large silver tumbler, filled with sack, and a toast, and nutmeg, and sugar; and my master said, That's well thought of, Mrs. Jewkes; for we have made but sorry breakfasting. And he would make me, take some of the toast; as they all did, and drank pretty heartily: and I drank a little, and it cheered my heart, I thought, for an hour after.

My master took a fine diamond ring from his finger, and presented it to Mr. Peters, who received it very kindly. And to Mr. Williams he said, My old acquaintance, I have reserved for you, against a variety of solicitations, the living I always designed for you; and I beg you'll prepare to take possession of it; and as the doing it may be attended with some expense, pray accept of this towards it; and so he gave him (as he told me afterwards it was) a bank note of 50l.

So did this generous good gentleman bless us all, and me in particular; for whose sake he was as bounteous as if he had married one of the noblest fortunes.

So he took his leave of the gentlemen, recommending secrecy again, for a few days, and they left him; and none of the servants suspected any thing, as Mrs. Jewkes believes. And then I threw myself at his feet, blessed God, and blessed him for his goodness; and he overwhelmed me with kindness, calling me his sweet bride, and twenty lovely epithets, that swell my grateful heart beyond the power of utterance.

He afterwards led me to the chariot; and we took a delightful tour round the neighbouring villages; and he did all he could to dissipate those still perverse anxieties that dwell upon my mind, and, do what I can, spread too thoughtful an air, as he tells me, over my countenance.

We came home again by half an hour after one; and he was pleasing himself with thinking, not to be an hour out of my company this blessed day, that (as he was so good as to say) he might inspire me with a familiarity that should improve my confidence in him, when he was told, that a footman of Sir Charles Hargrave had been here, to let him know, that his master, and two other gentlemen, were on the road to take a dinner with him, in their way to Nottingham.

He was heartily vexed at this, and said to me, He should have been glad of their companies at any other time; but that it was a barbarous intrusion now; and he wished they had been told he would not be at home at dinner: And besides, said he, they are horrid drinkers; and I shan't be able to get them away to-night, perhaps; for they have nothing to do, but to travel round the country, and beat up their friends' quarters all the way; and it is all one to them, whether they stay a night or a month at a place. But, added he, I'll find some way, if I can, to turn them off, after dinner. — Confound them, said he, in a violent pet, that they should come this day, of all the days in the year!

We had hardly alighted, and got in, before they came: Three mad rakes they seemed to be, as I looked through the window, setting up a hunting note, as soon as they came to the gate, that made the court-yard echo again; and smacking their whips in concert.

So I went up to my chamber, and saw (what made my heart throb) Mrs. Jewkes's officious pains to put the room in order for a guest, that, however welcome, as now my duty teaches me to say, is yet dreadful to me to think of. So I took refuge in my closet, and had recourse to pen and ink, for my amusement, and to divert my anxiety of mind. — If one's heart is so sad, and one's apprehension so great, where one so extremely loves, and is so extremely obliged; what must be the case of those poor maidens, who are forced, for sordid views, by their tyrannical parents or guardians, to marry the man they almost hate, and, perhaps,

to the loss of the man they most love! O that is a sad thing, indeed! — And what have not such cruel parents to answer for! And what do not such poor innocent victims suffer! — But, blessed be God, this lot is far from being mine!

My good master (for I cannot yet have the presumption to call him by a more tender name) came up to me, and said, Well, I just come to ask my dear bride (O the charming, charming word!) how she does? I see you are writing, my dear, said he. These confounded rakes are half mad, I think, and will make me so! However, said he, I have ordered my chariot to be got ready, as if I was under an engagement five miles off, and will set them out of the house, if possible; and then ride round, and come back, as soon as I can get rid of them. I find, said he, Lady Davers is full of our affairs. She has taken great freedoms with me before Sir Charles; and they have all been at me, without mercy; and I was forced to be very serious with them, or else they would have come up to have seen you, since I would not call you down. — He kissed me, and said, I shall quarrel with them, if I can't get them away; for I have lost two or three precious hours with my soul's delight: And so he went down.

Mrs. Jewkes asked me to walk down to dinner in the little parlour. I went down, and she was so complaisant as to offer to wait upon me at table; and would not be persuaded, without difficulty, to sit down with me. But I insisted she should: For, said I, it would be very extraordinary, if one should so soon go into such distance, Mrs. Jewkes. — Whatever my new station may require of me, added I, I hope I shall always conduct myself in such a manner, that pride and insolence shall bear no part in my character.

You are very good, madam, said she; but I will always know my duty to my master's lady. — Why then, replied I, if I must take state upon me so early, Mrs. Jewkes, let me exact from you what you call your duty; and sit down with me when I desire you.

This prevailed upon her; and I made shift to get down a bit of apple-pye, and a little custard; but that was all.

My good master came in again, and said, Well, thank my stars! these rakes are going now; but I must set out with them, and I choose my chariot; for if I took horse, I should have difficulty to part with them; for they are like a snowball, and intend to gather company as they go, to make a merry tour of it for some days together.

We both got up, when he came in: Fie, Pamela! said he; why this ceremony now? — Sit still, Mrs. Jewkes. — Nay, sir, said she, I was loath to sit down; but my lady would have me. — She is very right, Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, and tapped me on the cheek; for we are but yet half married; and so she is not above half your lady yet! — Don't look so down, don't be so silent, my dearest, said he;

why, you hardly spoke twenty words to me all the time we were out together. Something I will allow for your bashful sweetness; but not too much. — Mrs. Jewkes, have you no pleasant tales to tell my Pamela, to make her smile, till I return? — Yes, sir, said she, I could tell twenty pleasant stories; but my lady is too nice to hear them; and yet, I hope, I should not be shocking neither. Ah! poor woman! thought I; thy chastest stories will make a modest person blush, if I know thee! and I desire to hear none of them.

My master said, Tell her one of the shortest you have, in my hearing. Why, sir, said she, I knew a bashful young lady, as madam may be, married to — Dear Mrs. Jewkes, interrupted I, no more of your story, I beseech you; I don't like the beginning of it. Go on, Mrs. Jewkes, said my master. No, pray, sir, don't require it, said I, pray don't. Well, said he, then we'll have it another time, Mrs. Jewkes.

Abraham coming in to tell him the gentlemen were going, and that his chariot was ready; I am glad of that, said he; and went to them, and set out with them.

I took a turn in the garden with Mrs. Jewkes, after they were gone: And having walked a while, I said, I should be glad of her company down the elm-walk, to meet the chariot: For, O! I know not how to look up at him, when he is with me; nor how to bear his absence, when I have reason to expect him: What a strange contradiction there is in this unaccountable passion.

What a different aspect every thing in and about this house bears now, to my thinking, to what it once had! The garden, the pond, the alcove, the elm-walk. But, oh! my prison is become my palace; and no wonder every thing wears another face!

We sat down upon the broad stile, leading towards the road; and Mrs. Jewkes was quite another person to me, to what she was the last time I sat there.

At last my best beloved returned, and alighted there. What, my Pamela! (and Mrs. Jewkes then left me,) What (said he, and kissed me) brings you this way? I hope to meet me. — Yes, sir, said I. That's kind, indeed, said he; but why that averted eye? — that downcast countenance, as if you was afraid of me? You must not think so, sir, said I. Revive my heart then, said he, with a more cheerful aspect; and let that over-anxious solicitude, which appears in the most charming face in the world, be chased from it. — Have you, my dear girl any fears that I can dissipate; any doubts that I can obviate; any hopes that I can encourage; any request that I can gratify? — Speak, my dear Pamela; and if I have power, but speak, and to purchase one smile, it shall be done!

I cannot, sir, said I, have any fears, any doubts, but that I shall never be able to deserve all your goodness. I have no hopes, but that my future conduct may be agreeable to you, and my determined duty well accepted. Nor have I any request to make, but that you will forgive all my imperfections and, among the rest, this

foolish weakness, that makes me seem to you, after all the generous things that have passed, to want this further condescension, and these kind assurances. But indeed, sir, I am oppressed by your bounty; my spirits sink under the weight of it; and the oppression is still the greater, as I see not how, possibly, in my whole future life, by all I can do, to merit the least of your favours.

I know your grateful heart, said he; but remember, my dear, what the lawyers tell us, That marriage is the highest consideration which the law knows. And this, my sweet bride, has made you mine, and me yours; and you have the best claim in the world to share my fortune with me. But, set that consideration aside, what is the obligation you have to me? Your mind is pure as that of an angel, and as much transcends mine. Your wit, and your judgment, to make you no compliment, are more than equal to mine: You have all the graces that education can give a woman, improved by a genius which makes those graces natural to you. You have a sweetness of temper, and a noble sincerity, beyond all comparison; and in the beauty of your person, you excel all the ladies I ever saw. Where then, my dearest, is the obligation, if not on my side to you? — But, to avoid these comparisons, let us talk of nothing henceforth but equality; although, if the riches of your mind, and your unblemished virtue, be set against my fortune, (which is but an accidental good, as I may call it, and all I have to boast of,) the condescension will be yours; and I shall not think I can possibly deserve you, till, after your sweet example, my future life shall become nearly as blameless as yours.

O, sir, said I, what comfort do you give me, that, instead of my being in danger of being ensnared by the high condition to which your goodness has exalted me, you make me hope, that I shall be confirmed and approved by you; and that we may have a prospect of perpetuating each other's happiness, till time shall be no more! — But, sir, I will not, as you once cautioned me, be too serious. I will resolve, with these sweet encouragements, to be, in every thing, what you would have me be: And I hope I shall, more and more, shew you that I have no will but yours. He kissed me very tenderly, and thanked me for this kind assurance, as he called it.

And so we entered the house together.

Eight o'clock at night.

Now these sweet assurances, my dear father and mother, you will say, must be very consolatory to me; and being voluntary on his side, were all that could be wished for on mine; and I was resolved, if possible, to subdue my idle fears and apprehensions.

Ten o'clock at night.

As we sat at supper, he was generously kind to me, as well in his actions, as expressions. He took notice, in the most delicate manner, of my endeavour to

conquer my foibles; and said, I see, with pleasure, my dear girl strives to comport herself in a manner suitable to my wishes: I see, even through the sweet tender struggles of your over-nice modesty, how much I owe to your intentions of obliging me. As I have once told you, that I am the conquest more of your virtue than your beauty; so not one alarming word or look shall my beloved Pamela hear or see, to give her reason to suspect the truth of what I aver. You may the rather believe me, continued he, as you may see the pain I have to behold any thing that concerns you, even though your concern be causeless. And yet I will indulge my dear girl's bashful weakness so far, as to own, that so pure a mind may suffer from apprehension, on so important a change as this; and I can therefore be only displeased with such part of your conduct, as may make your sufferings greater than my own; when I am resolved, through every stage of my future life, in all events, to study to make them less.

After supper, of which, with all his sweet persuasions, I could hardly taste, he made me drink two glasses of champaign, and, afterwards, a glass of sack; which he kindly forced upon me, by naming your healths: and as the time of retiring drew on, he took notice, but in a very delicate manner, how my colour went and came, and how foolishly I trembled. Nobody, surely, in such delightful circumstances, ever behaved so silly! — And he said, My dearest girl, I fear you have had too much of my company for so many hours together; and would better recollect yourself, if you retired for half an hour to your closet.

I wished for this, but durst not say so much, lest he should be angry; for, as the hours grew on, I found my apprehensions increase, and my silly heart was the unquieter, every time I could lift up my eyes to his dear face; so sweetly terrible did he appear to my apprehensions. I said, You are all goodness, dear sir; and I boldly kissed his dear hand, and pressed it to my lips with both mine. And saluting me very fervently, he gave me his hand, seeing me hardly able to stand, and led me to my chamber-door, and then most generously withdrew.

I went to my closet; and the first thing I did, on my knees, again thanked God for the blessing of the day; and besought his divine goodness to conduct my future life in such a manner, as should make me a happy instrument of his glory. After this, being now left to my own recollection, I grew a little more assured and lightsome; and the pen and paper being before me, I amused myself with writing thus far.

Eleven o'clock Thursday night.

Mrs. Jewkes being come up with a message, desiring to know, whether her master may attend upon me in my closet; and hinting to me, that, however, she believed he did not expect to find me there; I have sent word, that I beg he would indulge me one quarter of an hour. — So, committing myself to the mercies of the

Almighty, who has led me through so many strange scenes of terror and affrightment, to this happy, yet awful moment, I will wish you, my dear parents, a good night; and though you will not see this in time, yet I know I have your hourly prayers, and therefore cannot fail of them now. So, good night, good night! God bless you, and God bless me! Amen, amen, if it be his blessed will, subscribes

Your ever-dutiful DAUGHTER!

Friday evening.

O how this dear excellent man indulges me in every thing! Every hour he makes me happier, by his sweet condescension, than the former. He pities my weakness of mind, allows for all my little foibles, endeavours to dissipate my fears; his words are so pure, his ideas so chaste, and his whole behaviour so sweetly decent, that never, surely, was so happy a creature as your Pamela! I never could have hoped such a husband could have fallen to my lot: and much less, that a gentleman, who had allowed himself in attempts, that now I will endeavour to forget for ever, should have behaved with so very delicate and unexceptionable a demeanour. No light frothy jests drop from his lips; no alarming railleries; no offensive expressions, nor insulting airs, reproach or wound the ears of your happy, thrice happy daughter. In short, he says every thing that may embolden me to look up, with pleasure, upon the generous author of my happiness.

At breakfast, when I knew not how to see him, he emboldened me by talking of you, my dear parents; a subject, he generously knew, I could talk of: and gave me assurances, that he would make you both happy. He said, He would have me send you a letter to acquaint you with my nuptials; and, as he could make business that way, Thomas should carry it purposely, as to-morrow. Nor will I, said he, my dear Pamela, desire to see your writings, because I told you I would not; for now I will, in every thing, religiously keep my word with my dear spouse: (O the dear delightful word!) and you may send all your papers to them, from those they have, down to this happy moment; only let me beg they will preserve them, and let me have them when they have read them; as also those I have not seen; which, however, I desire not to see till then; but then shall take it for a favour, if you will grant it.

It will be my pleasure, as well as my duty, sir, said I, to obey you in every thing: and I will write up to the conclusion of this day, that they may see how happy you have made me.

I know you will both join with me to bless God for his wonderful mercies and goodness to you, as well as to me: For he was pleased to ask me particularly after your circumstances, and said, He had taken notice, that I had hinted, in some of

my first letters, that you owed money in the world; and he gave me fifty guineas, and bid me send them to you in my packet, to pay your debts, as far as they would go; and that you would quit your present business, and put yourself, and my dear mother, into a creditable appearance; and he would find a better place of abode for you than that you had, when he returned to Bedfordshire. O how shall I bear all these exceeding great and generous favours! — I send them wrapt up, five guineas in a parcel, in double papers.

To me he gave no less than one hundred guineas more; and said, I would have you, my dear, give Mrs. Jewkes, when you go away from hence, what you think fit out of these, as from yourself. — Nay, good dear sir, said I, let that be what you please. Give her, then, said he, twenty guineas, as a compliment on your nuptials. Give Colbrand ten guineas give: the two coachmen five guineas each; to the two maids at this house five guineas each; give Abraham five guineas; give Thomas five guineas; and give the gardeners, grooms, and helpers, twenty guineas among them. And when, said he, I return with you to the other house, I will make you a suitable present, to buy you such ornaments as are fit for my beloved wife to appear in. For now, my Pamela, continued he, you are not to mind, as you once proposed, what other ladies will say; but to appear as my wife ought to do. Else it would look as if what you thought of, as a means to avoid the envy of others of your sex, was a wilful slight in me, which, I hope, I never shall be guilty of; and I will shew the world, that I value you as I ought, and as if I had married the first fortune in the kingdom: And why should it not be so, when I know none of the first quality that matches you in excellence?

He saw I was at a loss for words, and said, I see, my dearest bride! my spouse! my wife! my Pamela! your grateful confusion. And kissing me, as I was going to speak, I will stop your dear mouth, said he: You shall not so much as thank me; for when I have done ten times more than this, I shall but poorly express my love for so much beauty of mind, and loveliness of person; which thus, said he, and clasped me to his generous bosom, I can proudly now call my own! — O how, my dear parents, can I think of any thing, but redoubled love, joy, and gratitude!

And thus generously did he banish from my mind those painful reflections, and bashful apprehensions, that made me dread to see him for the first time this day, when I was called to attend him at breakfast; and made me all ease, composure, and tranquillity.

He then, thinking I seemed somewhat thoughtful, proposed a little turn in the chariot till dinner-time: And this was another sweet relief to me; and he diverted me with twenty agreeable relations, of what observations he had made in his travels; and gave me the characters of the ladies and gentlemen in his other neighbourhood; telling me whose acquaintance he would have me most cultivate.

And when I mentioned Lady Davers with apprehension, he said, To be sure I love my sister dearly, notwithstanding her violent spirit; and I know she loves me; and I can allow a little for her pride, because I know what my own so lately was; and because she knows not my Pamela, and her excellencies, as I do. But you must not, my dear, forget what belongs to your character, as my wife, nor meanly stoop to her; though I know you will choose, by softness, to try to move her to a proper behaviour. But it shall be my part to see, that you do not yield too much.

However, continued he, as I would not publicly declare my marriage here, I hope she won't come near us till we are in Bedfordshire; and then, when she knows we are married, she will keep away, if she is not willing to be reconciled; for she dares not, surely, come to quarrel with me, when she knows it is done; for that would have a hateful and wicked appearance, as if she would try to make differences between man and wife. — But we will have no more of this subject, nor talk of any thing, added he, that shall give concern to my dearest. And so he changed the talk to a more pleasing subject, and said the kindest and most soothing things in the world.

When we came home, which was about dinner-time, he was the same obliging, kind gentleman; and, in short, is studious to shew, on every occasion, his generous affection to me. And, after dinner, he told me, he had already written to his draper, in town, to provide him new liveries; and to his late mother's mercer, to send him down patterns of the most fashionable silks, for my choice. I told him, I was unable to express my gratitude for his favours and generosity: And as he knew best what befitted his own rank and condition, I would wholly remit myself to his good pleasure. But, by all his repeated bounties to me, of so extraordinary a nature, I could not but look forward with awe upon the condition to which he had exalted me; and now I feared I should hardly be able to act up to it in such a manner as should justify the choice he had condescended to make: But that, I hoped, I should have not only his generous allowance for my imperfections, which I could only assure him should not be wilful ones, but his kind instructions; and that as often as he observed any part of my conduct such as he could not entirely approve, he would let me know it; and I would think his reproofs of beginning faults the kindest and most affectionate things in the world because they would keep me from committing greater; and be a means to continue to me the blessing of his good opinion.

He answered me in the kindest manner; and assured me, That nothing should ever lie upon his mind which he would not reveal, and give me an opportunity either of convincing him, or being convinced myself.

He then asked me, When I should be willing to go to the Bedfordshire house? I said, whenever he pleased. We will come down hither again before the winter,

said he, if you please, in order to cultivate the acquaintance you have begun with Lady Jones, and Sir Simon's family; and, if it please God to spare us to one another, in the winter I will give you, as I promised for two or three months, the diversions of London. And I think, added he, if my dear pleases, we will set out next week, about Tuesday, for t'other house. I can have no objection, sir, said I, to any thing you propose; but how will you avoid Miss Darnford's solicitation for an evening to dance? Why, said he, we can make Monday evening do for that purpose, if they won't excuse us. But, if you please, said he, I will invite Lady Jones, Mr. Peters and his family, and Sir Simon and his family, to my little chapel, on Sunday morning, and to stay dinner with me; and then I will declare my marriage to them, because my dear life shall not leave this country with the least reason for a possibility of any body's doubting that it is so. O! how good was this! But, indeed, his conduct is all of a piece, noble, kind, and considerate! What a happy creature am I! — And then, may be, said he, they will excuse us till we return into this country again, as to the ball. Is there any thing, added he, that my beloved Pamela has still to wish? If you have, freely speak.

Hitherto, my dearest sir, replied I, you have not only prevented my wishes, but my hopes, and even my thoughts. And yet I must own, since your kind command of speaking my mind seems to shew, that you expect from me I should say something; that I have only one or two things to wish more, and then I shall be too happy. Say, said he, what they are. Sir, proceeded I, I am, indeed, ashamed to ask any thing, lest it should not be agreeable to you; and lest it should look as if I was taking advantage of your kind condescensions to me, and knew not when to be satisfied!

I will only tell you, Pamela, said he, that you are not to imagine, that these things, which I have done, in hopes of obliging you, are the sudden impulses of a new passion for you. But, if I can answer for my own mind, they proceed from a regular and uniform desire of obliging you: which, I hope, will last as long as your merit lasts; and that, I make no doubt, will be as long as I live. And I can the rather answer for this, because I really find so much delight in myself in my present way of thinking and acting, as infinitely overpays me; and which, for that reason, I am likely to continue, for both our sakes. My beloved wife, therefore, said he, for methinks I am grown fond of a name I once despised, may venture to speak her mind; and I will promise, that, so far as it is agreeable to me, and I cheerfully can, I will comply; and you will not insist upon it, if that should not be the case.

To be sure, sir, said I, I ought not, neither will I. And now you embolden me to become an humble petitioner, and that, as I ought, upon my knees, for the reinstating such of your servants, as I have been the unhappy occasion of their

disobliging you. He raised me up, and said, My beloved Pamela has too often been in this suppliant posture to me, to permit it any more. Rise, my fairest, and let me know whom, in particular, you would reinstate; and he kindly held me in his arms, and pressed me to his beloved bosom. Mrs. Jervis, sir, said I, in the first place; for she is a good woman; and the misfortunes she has had in the world, must make your displeasure most heavy to her.

Well, said he, who next? Mr. Longman, sir, said I; and I am sure, kind as they have been to me, yet would I not ask it, if I could not vouch for their integrity, and if I did not think it was my dear master's interest to have such good servants.

Have you any thing further? said he. — Sir, said I, your good old butler, who has so long been in your family before the day of your happy birth, I would, if I might, become an advocate for!

Well, said he, I have only to say, That had not Mr. Longman and Mrs. Jervis, and Jonathan too, joined in a body, in a bold appeal to Lady Davers, which has given her the insolent handle she has taken to intermeddle in my affairs, I could easily have forgiven all the rest of their conduct; though they have given their tongues no little license about me: But I could have forgiven them, because I desire every body should admire you; and it is with pride that I observe not only their opinion and love, but that of every body else that knows you, justify my own. — But yet, I will forgive even this, because my Pamela desires it; and I will send a letter myself, to tell Longman what he owes to your interposition, if the estate he has made in my family does not set him above the acceptance of it. And, as to Mrs. Jervis, do you, my dear, write a letter to her, and give her your commands, instantly, on, the receipt of it, to go and take possession of her former charge; for now, my dearest girl, she will be more immediately your servant; and I know you love her so well, that you'll go thither with the more pleasure to find her there. — But don't think, added he, that all this compliance is to be for nothing. Ah, sir! said I, tell me but what I can do, poor as I am in power, but rich in will; and I will not hesitate one moment. Why then, said he, of your own accord, reward me for my cheerful compliance, with one sweet kiss — I instantly said, Thus, then, dear sir, will I obey; and, oh! you have the sweetest and most generous way in the world, to make that a condition, which gives me double honour, and adds to my obligations. And so I clasped my arms about his neck, and was not ashamed to kiss him once and twice, and three times; once for every forgiven person.

Now, my dearest Pamela, said he, what other things have you to ask? Mr. Williams is already taken care of; and, I hope, will be happy. — Have you nothing to say for John Arnold?

Why, dear sir, said I, you have seen the poor fellow's penitence in my letters. — Yes, my dear, so I have; but that is his penitence for his having served me against you; and, I think, when he would have betrayed me afterwards, he deserves nothing to be said or done for him by either.

But, dear sir, said I, this is a day of jubilee; and the less he deserves, poor fellow, the more will be your goodness. And let me add one word; That as he was divided in his inclinations between his duty to you and good wishes to me, and knew not how to distinguish between the one and the other, when he finds us so happily united by your great goodness to me, he will have no more puzzles in his duty; for he has not failed in any other part of it; but, I hope, will serve you faithfully for the future.

Well, then, suppose I put Mrs. Jewkes in a good way of business, in some inn, and give her John for a husband? And then your gipsy story will be made out, that she will have a husband younger than herself.

You are all goodness, sir, said I. I can freely forgive poor Mrs. Jewkes, and wish her happy. But permit me, sir, to ask, Would not this look like a very heavy punishment to poor John? and as if you could not forgive him, when you are so generous to every body else?

He smiled and said, O my Pamela, this, for a forgiving spirit, is very severe upon poor Jewkes: But I shall never, by the grace of God, have any more such trying services, to put him or the rest upon; and if you can forgive him, I think I may: and so John shall be at your disposal. And now let me know what my Pamela has further to wish?

O, my dearest sir, said I, not a single wish more has your grateful Pamela! My heart is overwhelmed with your goodness! Forgive these tears of joy, added I: You have left me nothing to pray for, but that God will bless you with life, and health, and honour, and continue to me the blessing of your esteem; and I shall then be the happiest creature in the world.

He clasped me in his arms, and said, You cannot, my dear life, be so happy in me, as I am in you. O how heartily I despise all my former pursuits, and headstrong appetites! What joys, what true joys, flow from virtuous love! joys which the narrow soul of the libertine cannot take in, nor his thoughts conceive! And which I myself, whilst a libertine, had not the least notion of!

But, said he, I expected my dear spouse, my Pamela, had something to ask for herself. But since all her own good is absorbed in the delight her generous heart takes in promoting that of others, it shall be my study to prevent her wishes, and to make her care for herself unnecessary, by my anticipating kindness.

In this manner, my dear parents, is your happy daughter blessed in a husband! O how my exulting heart leaps at the dear, dear word! — And I have nothing to

do, but to be humble, and to look up with gratitude to the all-gracious dispenser of these blessings.

So, with a thousand thanks, I afterwards retired to my closet, to write you thus far. And having completed what I purpose for this packet, and put up the kind obliging present, I have nothing more to say, but that I hope soon to see you both, and receive your blessings on this happy, thrice happy occasion. And so, hoping for your prayers, that I may preserve an humble and upright mind to my gracious God, a dutiful gratitude to my dear master and husband — that I may long rejoice in the continuance of these blessings and favours, and that I may preserve, at the same time, an obliging deportment to every one else, I conclude myself, Your ever-dutiful and most happy daughter,

PAMELA B ——

O think it not my pride, my dear parents, that sets me on glorying in my change of name! Yours will be always dear to me, and what I shall never be ashamed of, I'm sure: But yet — for such a husband! — What shall I say, since words are too faint to express my gratitude and my joy!

I have taken copies of my master's letter to Mr. Longman, and mine to Mrs. Jervis, which I will send with the further occurrences, when I go to the other dear house, or give you when I see you, as I now hope soon to do.

Saturday morning, the third of my happy nuptials.

I must still write on, till I come to be settled in the duty of the station to which I am so generously exalted, and to let you participate with me the transporting pleasures that rise from my new condition, and the favours that are hourly heaped upon me by the best of husbands. When I had got my packet for you finished, I then set about writing, as he had kindly directed me, to Mrs. Jervis; and had no difficulty till I came to sign my name; and so I brought it down with me, when I was called to supper, unsigned.

My good master (for I delight, and always shall, to call him by that name) had been writing to Mr. Longman; and he said, pleasantly, See, here, my dearest, what I have written to your Somebody. I read as follows:

'Mr. LONGMAN,

'I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that last Thursday I was married to my beloved Pamela. I have had reason to be disobliged with you, and Mrs. Jervis and Jonathan, not for your kindness to, and regard for, my dear spouse, that now is, but for the manner, in which you appealed to my sister Davers; which has made a very wide breach between her and me. But as it was one of her first requests, that I would overlook what had passed, and reinstate you in all your former charges, I think myself obliged, without the least hesitation, to comply with it. So, if you

please, you may enter again upon an office which you have always executed with unquestionable integrity, and to the satisfaction of ‘Yours etc.’

‘Friday afternoon.’

‘I shall set out next Tuesday or Wednesday for Bedfordshire; and desire to find Jonathan, as well as you, in your former offices; in which, I dare say, you’ll have the more pleasure, as you have such an early instance of the sentiments of my dear wife, from whose goodness you may expect every agreeable thing. She writes herself to Mrs. Jervis.’

I thanked him most gratefully for his goodness; and afterwards took the above copy of it; and shewed him my letter to Mrs. Jervis, as follows:

‘My DEAR MRS. JERVIS,

‘I have joyful tidings to communicate to you. For yesterday I was happily married to the best of gentlemen, yours and my beloved master. I have only now to tell you, that I am inexpressibly happy: that my generous benefactor denies me nothing, and even anticipates my wishes. You may be sure I could not forget my dear Mrs. Jervis; and I made it my request, and had it granted, as soon as asked, that you might return to the kind charge, which you executed with so much advantage to our master’s interest, and so much pleasure to all under your direction. All the power that is put into my hands, by the most generous of men, shall be exerted to make every thing easy and agreeable to you: And as I shall soon have the honour of attending my beloved to Bedfordshire, it will be a very considerable addition to my delight, and to my unspeakable obligations to the best of men, to see my dear Mrs. Jervis, and to be received by her with that pleasure, which I promise myself from her affection. For I am, my dear good friend, and always will be,

‘Yours, very affectionately, and gratefully,

PAMELA —— .’

He read this letter, and said, ’Tis yours, my dear, and must be good: But don’t you put your name to it? Sir, said I, your goodness has given me a right to a very honourable one but as this is the first occasion of the kind, except that to my dear father and mother, I think I ought to shew it you unsigned, that I may not seem over-forward to take advantage of the honour you have done me.

However sweetly humble and requisite, said he, this may appear to my dear Pamela’s niceness, it befits me to tell you, that I am every moment more and more pleased with the right you have to my name: and, my dear life, added he, I have only to wish I may be half as worthy as you are of the happy knot so lately knit. He then took a pen himself, and wrote, after Pamela, his most worthy sirname; and I under-wrote thus: ‘O rejoice with me, my dear Mrs. Jervis, that I am

enabled, by God's graciousness, and my dear master's goodness, thus to write myself!'

These letters, and the packet to you, were sent away by Mr. Thomas early this morning.

My dearest master is just gone to take a ride out, and intends to call upon Lady Jones, Mr. Peters, and Sir Simon Darnford, to invite them to chapel and dinner to-morrow; and says, he chooses to do it himself, because the time is so short, they will, perhaps, deny a servant.

I forgot to mention, that Mr. Williams was here yesterday, to ask leave to go to see his new living, and to provide for taking possession of it; and seemed so pleased with my master's kindness and fondness for me, as well as his generous deportment to himself, that he left us in such a disposition, as shewed he was quite happy. I am very glad of it; for it would rejoice me to be an humble means of making all mankind so: And oh! what returns ought I not to make to the divine goodness! and how ought I to strive to diffuse the blessings I experience, to all in my knowledge! — For else, what is it for such a worm as I to be exalted! What is my single happiness, if I suffer it, niggard-like, to extend no farther than to myself? — But then, indeed, do God Almighty's creatures act worthy of the blessings they receive, when they make, or endeavour to make, the whole creation, so far as is in the circle of their power, happy!

Great and good God! as thou hast enlarged my opportunities, enlarge also my will, and make me delight in dispensing to others a portion of that happiness, which I have myself so plentifully received at the hand of thy gracious Providence! Then shall I not be useless in my generation! — Then shall I not stand a single mark of thy goodness to a poor worthless creature, that in herself is of so small account in the scale of beings, a mere cipher on the wrong side of a figure; but shall be placed on the right side; and, though nothing worth in myself, shall give signification by my place, and multiply the blessings I owe to thy goodness, which has distinguished me by so fair a lot!

This, as I conceive, is the indispensable duty of a high condition; and how great must be the condemnation of poor creatures, at the great day of account, when they shall be asked, What uses they have made of the opportunities put into their hands? and are able only to say, We have lived but to ourselves: We have circumscribed all the power thou hast given us into one narrow, selfish, compass: We have heaped up treasures for those who came after us, though we knew not whether they would not make a still worse use of them than we ourselves did! And how can such poor selfish pleaders expect any other sentence, than the dreadful, Depart, ye cursed!

But sure, my dear father and mother, such persons can have no notion of the exalted pleasures that flow from doing good, were there to be no after-account at all!

There is something so satisfactory and pleasing to reflect on the being able to administer comfort and relief to those who stand in need of it, as infinitely, of itself, rewards the beneficent mind. And how often have I experienced this in my good lady's time, though but the second-hand dispenser of her benefits to the poor and sickly, when she made me her almoner! — How have I been affected with the blessings which the miserable have heaped upon her for her goodness, and upon me for being but the humble conveyer of her bounty to them! — And how delighted have I been, when the moving report I have made of a particular distress, has augmented my good lady's first intentions in relief of it!

This I recall with pleasure, because it is now, by the divine goodness, become my part to do those good things she was wont to do: And oh! let me watch myself, that my prosperous state do not make me forget to look up, with due thankfulness, to the Providence which has entrusted me with the power, that so I may not incur a terrible woe by the abuse or neglect of it!

Forgive me these reflections, my dear parents; and let me have your prayers, that I may not find my present happiness a snare to me; but that I may consider, that more and more will be expected from me, in proportion to the power given me; and that I may not so unworthily act, as if I believed I ought to set up my rest in my mean self, and think nothing further to be done, with the opportunities put into my hand, by the divine favour, and the best of men!

Saturday, seven o'clock in the evening.

My master returned home to dinner, in compliment to me, though much pressed to dine with Lady Jones, as he was, also, by Sir Simon, to dine with him. But Mr. Peters could not conveniently provide a preacher for his own church tomorrow morning, at so short a notice; Mr. Williams being gone, as I said, to his new living; but believed he could for the afternoon; and so he promised to give us his company to dinner, and to read afternoon service: and this made my master invite all the rest, as well as him, to dinner, and not to church; and he made them promise to come; and told Mr. Peters, he would send his coach for him and his family.

Miss Darnford told him pleasantly, She would not come, unless he would promise to let her be at his wedding; by which I find Mr. Peters has kept the secret, as my master desired.

He was pleased to give me an airing after dinner in the chariot, and renewed his kind assurances to me, and, if possible, is kinder than ever. This is sweetly comfortable to me, because it shews me he does not repent of his condescensions

to me; and it encourages me to look up to him with more satisfaction of mind, and less doubtfulness.

I begged leave to send a guinea to a poor body in the town, that I heard, by Mrs. Jewkes, lay very ill, and was very destitute. He said, Send two, my dear, if you please. Said I, Sir, I will never do any thing of this kind without letting you know what I do. He most generously answered, I shall then, perhaps, have you do less good than you would otherwise do, from a doubt of me; though, I hope, your discretion, and my own temper, which is not avaricious, will make such doubt causeless.

Now, my dear, continued he, I'll tell you how we will order this point, to avoid even the shadow of uneasiness on one side, or doubt on the other.

As to your father and mother, in the first place, they shall be quite out of the question; for I have already determined in my mind about them; and it is thus: They shall go down, if they and you think well of it, to my little Kentish estate; which I once mentioned to you in such a manner, as made you reject it with a nobleness of mind, that gave me pain then, but pleasure since. There is a pretty little farm, and house, untenanted, upon that estate, and tolerably well stocked, and I will further stock it for them; for such industrious folks won't know how to live without some employment; And it shall be theirs for both their lives, without paying any rent; and I will allow them 50l. per annum besides, that they may keep up the stock, and be kind to any other of their relations, without being beholden to you or me for small matters; and for greater, where needful, you shall always have it in your power to accommodate them; for I shall never question your prudence. And we will, so long as God spares our lives, go down, once a year, to see them; and they shall come up, as often as they please, it cannot be too often, to see us: for I mean not this, my dear, to send them from us. — Before I proceed, does my Pamela like this?

O, sir, said I, the English tongue affords not words, or, at least, I have them not, to express sufficiently my gratitude! Teach me, dear sir, continued I, and pressed his dear hand to my lips, teach me some other language, if there be any, that abounds with more grateful terms; that I may not thus be choked with meanings, for which I can find no utterance.

My charmer! says he, your language is all wonderful, as your sentiments; and you most abound, when you seem most to want! — All that I wish, is to find my proposals agreeable to you; and if my first are not, my second shall be, if I can but know what you wish.

Did I say too much, my dearest parents, when I said, He was, if possible, kinder and kinder? — O the blessed man! how my heart is overwhelmed with his goodness!

Well, said he, my dearest, let me desire you to mention this to them, to see if they approve it. But, if it be your choice, and theirs, to have them nearer to you, or even under the same roof with you, I will freely consent to it.

O no, sir, said I, (and I fear almost sinned in my grateful flight,) I am sure they would not choose that; they could not, perhaps, serve God so well if they were to live with you: For, so constantly seeing the hand that blesses them, they would, it may be, as must be my care to avoid, be tempted to look no further in their gratitude, than to the dear dispenser of such innumerable benefits.

Excellent creature! said he: My beloved wants no language, nor sentiments neither; and her charming thoughts, so sweetly expressed, would grace any language; and this is a blessing almost peculiar to my fairest. — Your so kind acceptance, my Pamela, added he, repays the benefit with interest, and leaves me under obligation to your goodness.

But now, my dearest, I will tell you what we will do, with regard to points of your own private charity; for far be it from me, to put under that name the subject we have been mentioning; because that, and more than that, is duty to persons so worthy, and so nearly related to my Pamela, and, as such, to myself. — O how the sweet man outdoes me, in thoughts, words, power, and every thing!

And this, said he, lies in very small compass; for I will allow you two hundred pounds a year, which Longman shall constantly pay you, at fifty pounds a quarter, for your own use, and of which I expect no account; to commence from the day you enter into my other house: I mean, said he, that the first fifty pounds shall then be due; because you shall have something to begin with. And, added the dear generous man, if this be pleasing to you, let it, since you say you want words, be signified by such a sweet kiss as you gave me yesterday. I hesitated not a moment to comply with these obliging terms, and threw my arms about his dear neck, though in the chariot, and blessed his goodness to me. But, indeed, sir, said I, I cannot bear this generous treatment! He was pleased to say, Don't be uneasy, my dear, about these trifles: God has blessed me with a very good estate, and all of it in a prosperous condition, and generally well tenanted. I lay up money every year, and have, besides, large sums in government and other securities; so that you will find, what I have hitherto promised, is very short of that proportion of my substance, which, as my dearest wife, you have a right to.

In this sweet manner did we pass our time till evening, when the chariot brought us home; and then our supper succeeded in the same agreeable manner. And thus, in a rapturous circle, the time moves on; every hour bringing with it something more delightful than the past! — Sure nobody was ever so blest as I!

Sunday, the fourth day of my happiness.

Not going to chapel this morning, the reason of which I told you, I bestowed the time, from the hour of my beloved's rising, to breakfast, in prayer and thanksgiving, in my closet; and now I begin to be quite easy, cheerful, and free in my spirits; and the rather, as I find myself encouraged by the tranquillity, and pleasing vivacity, in the temper and behaviour of my beloved, who thereby shews he does not repent of his goodness to me.

I attended him to breakfast with great pleasure and freedom, and he seemed quite pleased with me, and said, Now does my dearest begin to look upon me with an air of serenity and satisfaction: it shall be always, added he, my delight to give you occasion for this sweet becoming aspect of confidence and pleasure in me. — My heart, dear sir, said I, is quite easy, and has lost all its foolish tumults, which, combating with my gratitude, might give an unacceptable appearance to my behaviour: but now your goodness, sir, has enabled it to get the better of its uneasy apprehensions, and my heart is all of one piece, and devoted to you, and grateful tranquillity. And could I be so happy as to see you and my good Lady Davers reconciled, I have nothing in this world to wish for more, but the continuance of your favour. He said, I wish this reconciliation, my dearest, as well as you: and I do assure you, more for your sake than my own; and if she would behave tolerably, I would make the terms easier to her, for that reason.

He said, I will lay down one rule for you, my Pamela, to observe in your dress; and I will tell you every thing I like or dislike, as it occurs to me: and I would have you do the same, on your part; that nothing may be upon either of our minds that may occasion the least reservedness.

I have often observed, in married folks, that, in a little while, the lady grows careless in her dress; which, to me, looks as if she would take no pains to secure the affection she had gained; and shews a slight to her husband, that she had not to her lover. Now, you must know, this has always given me great offence; and I should not forgive it, even in my Pamela: though she would have this excuse for herself, that thousands could not make, That she looks lovely in every thing. So, my dear, I shall expect of you always to be dressed by dinner-time, except something extraordinary happens; and this, whether you are to go abroad, or stay at home. For this, my love, will continue to you that sweet ease in your dress and behaviour, which you are so happy a mistress of; and whomsoever I bring home with me to my table, you'll be in readiness to receive them; and will not want to make those foolish apologies to unexpected visitors, that carry with them a reflection on the conduct of those who make them; and, besides, will convince me, that you think yourself obliged to appear as graceful to your husband, as you would to persons less familiar to your sight.

This, dear sir, said I, is a most obliging injunction; and I most heartily thank you for it, and will always take care to obey it. — Why, my dear, said he, you may better do this than half your sex; because they too generally act in such a manner, as if they seemed to think it the privilege of birth and fortune, to turn day into night, and night into day, and are seldom stirring till it is time to sit down to dinner; and so all the good old family rules are reversed: For they breakfast, when they should dine; dine, when they should sup; and sup, when they should go to bed; and, by the help of dear quadrille, sometimes go to bed when they should rise. — In all things but these, my dear, continued he, I expect you to be a lady. And my good mother was one of this oldfashioned cut, and, in all other respects, as worthy a lady as any in the kingdom. And so you have not been used to the new way, and may the easier practise the other.

Dear sir, said I, pray give me more of your sweet injunctions. Why then, continued he, I shall, in the usual course, and generally, if not hindered by company, like to go to bed with my dearest by eleven; and, if I don't, shan't hinder you. I ordinarily now rise by six in summer. I will allow you to be half an hour after me, or so.

Then you'll have some time you may call your own, till you give me your company to breakfast; which may be always so, as that we may have done at a little after nine.

Then will you have several hours again at your disposal, till two o'clock, when I shall like to sit down at table.

You will then have several useful hours more to employ yourself in, as you shall best like; and I would generally go to supper by eight; and when we are resolved to stick to these oldfashioned rules, as near as we can, we shall have our visitors conform to them too, and expect them from us, and suit themselves accordingly: For I have always observed, that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules to himself. It is only standing a few ridiculous jests at first, and that too from such, generally, as are not the most worthy to be minded; and, after a while, they will say, It signifies nothing to ask him: he will have his own way. There is no putting him out of his bias. He is a regular piece of clock-work, they will joke, and all that: And why, my dear, should we not be so? For man is as frail a piece of machinery as any clock-work whatever; and, by irregularity, is as subject to be disordered.

Then, my dear, continued the charming man, when they see they are received, at my own times, with an open countenance and cheerful heart; when they see plenty and variety at my board, and meet a kind and hearty welcome from us both; they will not offer to break in upon my conditions, nor grudge me my regular hours: And as most of these people have nothing to do, except to rise in a

morning, they may as well come to breakfast with us at half an hour after eight, in summer, as at ten or eleven; to dinner at two, as at four, five, or six; and to supper at eight, as at ten or eleven. And then our servants, too, will know, generally, the times of their business, and the hours of their leisure or recess; and we, as well as they, shall reap the benefits of this regularity. And who knows, my dear, but we may revive the good oldfashion in our neighbourhood, by this means? — At least it will be doing our parts towards it; and answering the good lesson I learned at school, Every one mend one. And the worst that will happen will be, that when some of my brother rakes, such as those who broke in upon us, so unwelcomely, last Thursday, are got out of the way, if that can ever be, and begin to consider who they shall go to dine with in their rambles, they will only say, We must not go to him, for his dinner-time is over; and so they'll reserve me for another time, when they happen to suit it better; or, perhaps, they will take a supper and a bed with me instead of it.

Now, my dearest, continued the kind man, you see here are more of my injunctions, as you call them; and though I will not be so set, as to quarrel, if they are not always exactly complied with; yet, as I know you won't think them unreasonable, I shall be glad they may, as often as they can; and you will give your orders accordingly to your Mrs. Jervis, who is a good woman, and will take pleasure in obeying you.

O dearest, dear sir, said I, have you nothing more to honour me with? You oblige and improve me at the same time. — What a happy lot is mine!

Why, let me see, my dearest, said he — But I think of no more at present: For it would be needless to say how much I value you for your natural sweetness of temper, and that open cheerfulness of countenance, which adorns you, when nothing has given my fairest apprehensions for her virtue: A sweetness, and a cheerfulness, that prepossesses in your favour, at first sight, the mind of every one that beholds you. — I need not, I hope, say, that I would have you diligently preserve this sweet appearance: Let no thwarting accident, no cross fortune, (for we must not expect to be exempt from such, happy as we now are in each other!) deprive this sweet face of this its principal grace: And when any thing unpleasing happens, in a quarter of an hour, at farthest, begin to mistrust yourself, and apply to your glass; and if you see a gloom arising, or arisen, banish it instantly; smooth your dear countenance; resume your former composure; and then, my dearest, whose heart must always be seen in her face, and cannot be a hypocrite, will find this a means to smooth her passions also: And if the occasion be too strong for so sudden a conquest, she will know how to do it more effectually, by repairing to her closet, and begging that gracious assistance, which has never yet failed her: And so shall I, my dear, who, as you once but too justly observed, have been too

much indulged by my good mother, have an example from you, as well as a pleasure in you, which will never be palled.

One thing, continued he, I have frequently observed at the house of many a gentleman, That when we have unexpectedly visited, or broken in upon the family order laid down by the lady; and especially if any of us have lain under the suspicion of having occasionally seduced our married companion into bad hours, or given indifferent examples, the poor gentleman has been oddly affected at our coming; though the good breeding of the lady has made her just keep up appearances. He has looked so conscious; has been so afraid, as it were, to disoblige; has made so many excuses for some of us, before we had been accused, as have always shewn me how unwelcome we have been; and how much he is obliged to compound with his lady for a tolerable reception of us; and, perhaps, she too, in proportion to the honest man's concern to court her smiles, has been more reserved, stiff, and formal; and has behaved with an indifference and slight that has often made me wish myself out of her house; for too plainly have I seen that it was not his.

This, my dear, you will judge, by my description, has afforded me subject for animadversion upon the married life; for a man may not (though, in the main, he is willing to flatter himself that he is master of his house, and will assert his prerogative upon great occasions, when it is strongly invaded) be always willing to contend; and such women as those I have described, are always ready to take the field, and are worse enemies than the old Parthians, who annoy most when they seem to retreat; and never fail to return to the charge again, and carry on the offensive war, till they have tired out resistance, and made the husband willing, like a vanquished enemy, to compound for small matters, in order to preserve something. At least the poor man does not care to let his friends see his case; and so will not provoke a fire to break out, that he sees (and so do his friends too) the meek lady has much ado to smother; and which, very possibly, burns with a most comfortable ardour, after we are gone.

You smile, my Pamela, said he, at this whimsical picture; and, I am sure, I never shall have reason to include you in these disagreeable outlines; but yet I will say, that I expect from you, whoever comes to my house, that you accustom yourself to one even, uniform complaisance: That no frown take place on your brow: That however ill or well provided we may be for their reception, you shew no flutter or discomposure: That whoever you may have in your company at the time, you signify not, by the least reserved look, that the stranger is come upon you unseasonably, or at a time you wished he had not. But be facetious, kind, obliging to all; and, if to one more than another, to such as have the least reason to expect it from you, or who are most inferior at the table; for thus will you, my

Pamela, cheer the doubting mind, quiet the uneasy heart, and diffuse ease, pleasure, and tranquillity, around my board.

And be sure, my dear, continued he, let no little accidents ruffle your temper. I shall never forget once that I was at Lady Arthur's; and a footman happened to stumble, and let fall a fine china dish, and broke it all to pieces: It was grievous to see the uneasiness it gave the poor lady: And she was so sincere in it, that she suffered it to spread all over the company; and it was a pretty large one too; and not a person in it but turned either her consoler, or fell into stories of the like misfortunes; and so we all became, for the rest of the evening, nothing but blundering footmen, and careless servants, or were turned into broken jars, plates, glasses, tea-cups, and such like brittle substances. And it affected me so much, that, when I came home, I went to bed, and dreamt, that Robin, with the handle of his whip, broke the fore glass of my chariot; and I was so solicitous, methought, to keep the good lady in countenance for her anger, that I broke his head in revenge, and stabbed one of my coach-horses. And all the comfort I had when it was done, methought, was, that I had not exposed myself before company; and there were no sufferers, but guilty Robin, and one innocent coach-horse.

I was exceedingly diverted with the facetious hints, and the pleasant manner in which he gave them; and I promised to improve by the excellent lessons contained in them.

I then went up and dressed myself, as like a bride as I could, in my best clothes; and, on inquiry, hearing my dearest master was gone to walk in the garden, I went to find him out. He was reading in the little alcove; and I said, Sir, am I licensed to intrude upon you? — No, my dear, said he, because you cannot intrude. I am so wholly yours, that, wherever I am, you have not only a right to join me, but you do me a very acceptable favour at the same time.

I have, sir, said I, obeyed your first kind injunction, as to dressing myself before dinner; but may be you are busy, sir. He put up the papers he was reading, and said, I can have no business or pleasure of equal value to your company, my dear. What were you going to say? — Only, sir, to know if you have any more kind injunctions to give me? — I could hear you talk a whole day together. — You are very obliging, Pamela, said he; but you are so perfectly what I wish, that I might have spared those I gave you; but I was willing you should have a taste of my freedom with you, to put you upon the like with me: For I am confident there can be no friendship lasting, without freedom, and without communicating to one another even the little caprices, if my Pamela can have any such, which may occasion uneasiness to either.

Now, my dear, said he, be so kind as to find some fault with me, and tell me what you would wish me to do, to appear more agreeable to you. O sir, said I, and

I could have kissed him, but for shame, (To be sure I shall grow a sad fond hussy,) I have not one single thing to wish for; no, not one! — He saluted me very kindly, and said, He should be sorry if I had, and forbore to speak it. Do you think, my dear sir, said I, that your Pamela has no conscience? Do you think, that because you so kindly oblige her, and delight in obliging her, that she must rack her invention for trials of your goodness, and knows not when she's happy? — O my dearest sir, added I, less than one half of the favours you have so generously conferred upon me, would have exceeded my utmost wishes!

My dear angel, said he, and kissed me again, I shall be troublesome to you with my kisses, if you continue thus sweetly obliging in your actions and expressions. O sir, said I, I have been thinking, as I was dressing myself, what excellent lessons you teach me!

When you commanded me, at your table to cheer the doubting mind and comfort the uneasy heart, and to behave most kindly to those who have least reason to expect it, and are most inferior; how sweetly, in every instance that could possibly occur, have you done this yourself by your poor, unworthy Pamela, till you have diffused, in your own dear words, ease, pleasure, and tranquillity, around my glad heart!

Then again, sir, when you bid me not be disturbed by little accidents, or by strangers coming in upon me unexpectedly, how noble an instance did you give me of this, when, on our happy wedding-day, the coming of Sir Charles Hargrave, and the other two gentlemen, (for which you were quite unprovided, and which hindered our happiness of dining together on that chosen day,) did not so disturb you, but that you entertained the gentlemen pleasantly, and parted with them civilly and kindly! What charming instances are these, I have been recollecting with pleasure, of your pursuing the doctrine you deliver.

My dear, said he, these observations are very kind in you, and much to my advantage: But if I do not always (for I fear these were too much accidents) so well pursue the doctrines I lay down, my Pamela must not expect that my imperfections will be a plea for her nonobservance of my lessons, as you call them; for, I doubt I shall never be half so perfect as you; and so I cannot permit you to recede in your goodness, though I may find myself unable to advance as I ought in my duty.

I hope, sir, said I, by God's grace, I never shall. I believe it, said he; but I only mention this, knowing my own defects, lest my future lessons should not be so well warranted by my practice, as in the instances you have kindly recollected.

He was pleased to take notice of my dress; and spanning my waist with his hands, said, What a sweet shape is here! It would make one regret to lose it; and yet, my beloved Pamela, I shall think nothing but that loss wanting, to complete

my happiness. — I put my bold hand before his mouth, and said, Hush, hush! O fie, sir! — The freest thing you have ever yet said, since I have been yours! — He kissed my hand, and said, Such an innocent wish, my dearest, may be permitted me, because it is the end of the institution. — But say, Would such a case be unwelcome to my Pamela? — I will say, sir, said I, and hid my blushing face on his bosom, that your wishes, in every thing, shall be mine; but, pray, sir, say no more. He kindly saluted me, and thanked me, and changed the subject. — I was not too free, I hope.

Thus we talked, till we heard the coaches; and then he said, Stay here, in the garden, my dear, and I'll bring the company to you. And when he was gone, I passed by the back-door, kneeled down against it, and blessed God for not permitting my then so much desired escape. I went to the pond, and kneeled down on the mossy bank, and again blessed God there, for his mercy in my escape from myself, my then worst enemy, though I thought I had none but enemies, and no friend near me. And so I ought to do in almost every step of this garden, and every room in this house! — And I was bending my steps to the dear little chapel, to make my acknowledgment there; but I saw the company coming towards me.

Miss Darnford said, So, Miss Andrews, how do you do now? O, you look so easy, so sweetly, so pleased, that I know you'll let me dance at your wedding, for I shall long to be there! Lady Jones was pleased to say I looked like an angel: And Mrs. Peters said, I improved upon them every time they saw me. Lady Darnford was also pleased to make me a fine compliment, and said, I looked freer and easier every time she saw me. Dear heart! I wish, thought I, you would spare these compliments; for I shall have some joke, I doubt, passed on me by-and-by, that will make me suffer for all these fine things.

Mr. Peters said, softly, God bless you, dear daughter! — But not so much as my wife knows it. — Sir Simon came in last, and took me by the hand, and said, Mr. B —— , by your leave; and kissed my hand five or six times, as if he was mad; and held it with both his, and made a very free jest, by way of compliment, in his way. Well, I think a young rake is hardly tolerable; but an old rake, and an old beau, are two very sad things! — And all this before daughters, women-grown! — I whispered my dearest, a little after, and said, I fear I shall suffer much from Sir Simon's rude jokes, by-and-by, when you reveal the matter.— 'Tis his way, my dear, said he; you must now grow above these things. — Miss Nanny Darnford said to me, with a sort of half grave, ironical air, — Well, Miss Andrews, if I may judge by your easy deportment now, to what it was when I saw you last, I hope you will let my sister, if you won't me, see the happy knot tied! For she is quite wild about it. — I courtesied, and only said, You are all very good to me, ladies. — Mr. Peters's niece said, Well, Miss Andrews, I hope, before we

part, we shall be told the happy day. My good master heard her, and said, You shall, you shall, madam. — That's pure, said Miss Darnford.

He took me aside, and said softly, Shall I lead them to the alcove, and tell them there, or stay till we go in to dinner? — Neither, sir, I think, said I, I fear I shan't stand it. — Nay, said he, they must know it; I would not have invited them else. — Why then, sir, said I, let it alone till they are going away. — Then, replied he, you must pull off your ring. No, no, sir, said I, that I must not. — Well, said he, do you tell Miss Darnford of it yourself. — Indeed, sir, answered I, I cannot.

Mrs. Jewkes came officiously to ask my master, just then, if she should bring a glass of rhenish and sugar before dinner, for the gentlemen and ladies: And he said, That's well thought of; bring it, Mrs. Jewkes.

And she came, with Nan attending her, with two bottles and glasses, and a salver; and must needs, making a low courtesy, offered first to me; saying, Will your ladyship begin? I coloured like scarlet, and said, No; — my master, to be sure!

But they all took the hint; and Miss Darnford said, I'll be hanged if they have not stolen a wedding! said Mrs. Peters, It must certainly be so! Ah! Mr. Peters.

I'll assure you, said he, I have not married them. Where were you, said she, and Mr. Williams, last Thursday morning? said Sir Simon, Let me alone, let me alone; if any thing has been stolen, I'll find it out! I'm a justice of the peace, you know. And so he took me by the hand, and said, Come, madam, answer me, by the oath you have taken: Are you married or not?

My master smiled, to see me look so like a fool; and I said, Pray, Sir Simon! — Ay, ay, said he; I thought you did not look so smirking upon us for nothing. — Well, then, Pamela, said my master, since your blushes discover you, don't be ashamed, but confess the truth!

Now, said Miss Darnford, I am quite angry; and, said Lady Darnford, I am quite pleased; let me give you joy, dear madam, if it be so. And so they all said, and saluted me all round. — I was vexed it was before Mrs. Jewkes; for she shook her fat sides, and seemed highly pleased to be a means of discovering it.

Nobody, said my master, wishes me joy. No, said Lady Jones, very obligingly, nobody need; for, with such a peerless spouse, you want no good wishes: — And he saluted them; and when he came last to me, said, before them all, Now, my sweet bride, my Pamela, let me conclude with you; for here I began to love, and here I desire to end loving, but not till my life ends.

This was sweetly said, and taken great notice of; and it was doing credit to his own generous choice, and vastly more than I merited.

But I was forced to stand many more jokes afterwards: For Sir Simon said, several times, Come, come, madam, now you are become one of us, I shall be a

little less scrupulous than I have been, I'll assure you.

When we came in to dinner, I made no difficulty of what all offered me, the upper end of the table; and performed the honours of it with pretty tolerable presence of mind, considering. And, with much ado, my good benefactor promising to be down again before winter, we got off the ball; but appointed Tuesday evening, at Lady Darnford's, to take leave of all this good company, who promised to be there, my master designing to set out on Wednesday morning for Bedfordshire.

We had prayers in the little chapel, in the afternoon; but they all wished for the good clerk again, with great encomiums upon you, my dear father; and the company staid supper also, and departed exceeding well satisfied, and with abundance of wishes for the continuance of our mutual happiness; and my master desired Mr. Peters to answer for him to the ringers at the town, if they should hear of it; till our return into this country; and that then he would be bountiful to them, because he would not publicly declare it till he had first done so in Bedfordshire.

Monday, the fifth day.

I have had very little of my dear friend's company this day; for he only staid breakfast with me, and rode out to see a sick gentleman about eighteen miles off, who begged (by a man and horse on purpose) to speak with him, believing he should not recover, and upon part of whose estate my master has a mortgage. He said, My dearest, I shall be very uneasy, if I am obliged to tarry all night from you; but, lest you should be alarmed, if I don't come home by ten, don't expect me: For poor Mr. Carlton and I have pretty large concerns together; and if he should be very ill, and would be comforted by my presence, (as I know he loves me, and his family will be more in my power, if he dies, than I wish for,) charity will not let me refuse.

It is now ten o'clock at night, and I fear he will not return. I fear, for the sake of his poor sick friend, who, I doubt, is worse. Though I know not the gentleman, I am sorry for his own sake, for his family's sake, and for my dear master's sake, who, by his kind expressions, I find, loves him: And, methinks, I should be sorry any grief should touch his generous heart; though yet there is no living in this world, without too many occasions for concern, even in the most prosperous state. And it is fit it should be so; or else, poor wretches, as we are! we should look no farther, but be like sensual travellers on a journey homeward, who, meeting with good entertainment at some inn on the way, put up their rest there, and never think of pursuing their journey to their proper home. — This, I remember, was often a reflection of my good lady's, to whom I owe it.

Eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Jewkes has been with me, and asked if I will have her for a bed-fellow, in want of a better? I thanked her; but I said, I would see how it was to be by myself one night.

I might have mentioned, that I made Mrs. Jewkes dine and sup with me; and she was much pleased with it, and my behaviour to her. And I could see, by her manner, that she was a little struck inwardly at some of her former conduct to me. But, poor wretch! it is much, I fear, because I am what I am; for she has otherwise very little remorse I doubt. Her talk and actions are entirely different from what they used to be, quite circumspect and decent; and I should have thought her virtuous, and even pious, had I never known her in another light.

By this we may see, my dear father and mother, of what force example is, and what is in the power of the heads of families to do: And this shews, that evil examples, in superiors, are doubly pernicious, and doubly culpable, because such persons are bad themselves, and not only do no good, but much harm to others; and the condemnation of such must, to be sure, be so much the greater! — And how much the greater still must my condemnation be, who have had such a religious education under you, and been so well nurtured by my good lady, if I should forget, with all these mercies heaped upon me, what belongs to the station I am preferred to! — O how I long to be doing some good! For all that is past yet, is my dear, dear master's, God bless him! and return him safe to my wishes! for methinks, already, 'tis a week since I saw him. If my love would not be troublesome and impertinent, I should be nothing else; for I have a true grateful spirit; and I had need to have such a one, for I am poor in every thing but will.

Tuesday morning, eleven o'clock.

My dear, dear — master (I'm sure I should still say; but I will learn to rise to a softer epithet, now-and-then) is not yet come. I hope he is safe and well! — So Mrs. Jewkes and I went to breakfast. But I can do nothing but talk and think of him, and all his kindness to me, and to you, which is still me, more intimately! — I have just received a letter from him, which he wrote overnight, as I find by it, and sent early this morning. This is a copy of it.

TO MRS. ANDREWS

'MY DEAREST PAMELA, Monday night.

'I hope my not coming home this night will not frighten you. You may believe I can't help it. My poor friend is so very ill, that I doubt he can't recover. His desires to have me stay with him are so strong, that I shall sit up all night with him, as it is now near one o'clock in the morning; for he can't bear me out of his sight: And I have made him and his distressed wife and children so easy, in the kindest assurances I could give him of my consideration for him and them, that I am looked upon (as the poor disconsolate widow, as she, I doubt, will soon be,

tells me,) as their good angel. I could have wished we had not engaged to the good neighbourhood at Sir Simon's for to-morrow night; but I am so desirous to set out on Wednesday for the other house, that, as well as in return for the civilities of so many good friends, who will be there on purpose, I would not put it off. What I beg of you, therefore, my dear, is, that you would go in the chariot to Sir Simon's, the sooner in the day the better, because you will be diverted with the company, who all so much admire you; and I hope to join you there by your tea-time in the afternoon, which will be better than going home, and returning with you, as it will be six miles difference to me; and I know the good company will excuse my dress, on the occasion. I count every hour of this little absence for a day: for I am, with the utmost sincerity,

'My dearest love, for ever yours, etc.'

'If you could go to dine with them, it will be a freedom that would be very pleasing to them; and the more, as they don't expect it.'

I begin to have a little concern, lest his fatigue should be too great, and for the poor sick gentleman and family; but told Mrs. Jewkes, that the least intimation of his choice should be a command to me, and so I would go to dinner there; and ordered the chariot to be got ready to carry me: when a messenger came up, just as I was dressed, to tell her she must come down immediately. I see at the window, that visitors are come; for there is a chariot and six horses, the company gone out of it, and three footmen on horseback; and I think the chariot has coronets. Who can it be, I wonder? — But here I will stop, for I suppose I shall soon know.

Good sirs! how unlucky this is! What shall I do! — Here is Lady Davers come, her own self! and my kind protector a great, great many miles off! — Mrs. Jewkes, out of breath, comes and tells me this, and says, she is inquiring for my master and me. She asked her, it seemed, naughty lady as she is, if I was whored yet! There's a word for a lady's mouth! Mrs. Jewkes says, she knew not what to answer. And my lady said, She is not married, I hope? And said she, I said, No: because you have not owned it yet publicly. My lady said, That was well enough. Said I, I will run away, Mrs. Jewkes; and let the chariot go to the bottom of the elm-walk, and I will steal out of the door unperceived: But she is inquiring for you, madam, replied she, and I said you was within, but going out; and she said, she would see you presently, as soon as she could have patience. What did she call me? said I. The creature, madam; I will see the creature, said she, as soon as I can have patience. Ay, but, said I, the creature won't let her, if she can help it.

Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, favour my escape, for this once; for I am sadly frighted. — Said she, I'll bid the chariot go down, as you order, and wait till you come; and I'll step down and shut the hall door, that you may pass unobserved; for she sits cooling herself in the parlour, over against the staircase. That's a good Mrs. Jewkes! said I: But who has she with her? Her woman, answered she, and her nephew; but he came on horseback, and is going into the stables; and they have three footmen. — And I wish, said I, they were all three hundred miles off! — What shall I do? — So I wrote thus far, and wait impatiently to hear the coast is clear.

Mrs. Jewkes tells me I must come down, or she will come up. What does she call me now? said I. Wench, madam, Bid the wench come down to me. And her nephew and her woman are with her.

Said I, I can't go, and that's enough! — You might contrive it that I might get out, if you would. — Indeed, madam, said she, I cannot; for I went to shut the door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over against the staircase. Then, said I, I'll get out of the window, I think! — (And fanned myself;) for I am sadly frightened. Laud, madam, said she, I wonder you so much disturb yourself!

— You're on the right side the hedge, I'm sure; and I would not be so discomposed for any body. Ay, said I, but who can help constitution? I dare say you would no more be so discomposed, that I can help it. — Said she, Indeed, madam, if it was to me, I would put on an air as mistress of the house, as you are, and go and salute her ladyship, and bid her welcome. Ay, ay, replied I, fine talking! — But how unlucky this is, your good master is not at home!

What answer shall I give her, said she, to her desiring to see you? — Tell her, said I, I am sick a-bed; I'm dying, and must not be disturbed; I'm gone out — or any thing.

But her woman came up to me just as I had uttered this, and said, How do you do, Mrs. Pamela? My lady desires to speak to you. So I must go. — Sure she won't beat me! — Oh that my dear protector was at home!

Well, now I will tell you all that happened in this frightful interview. — And very bad it was.

I went down, dressed as I was, and my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, to be just ready to step into the chariot, when I could get away; and I thought all my trembling fits had been over now; but I was mistaken; for I trembled sadly. Yet resolved to put on as good an air as I could.

So I went to the parlour, and said, making a very low courtesy, Your servant, my good lady! And your servant again, said she, my lady, for I think you are dressed out like one.

A charming girl, though! said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath: Dear aunt, forgive me, but I must kiss her; and was coming to me. And I said, Forbear, uncivil gentleman! I won't be used freely. Jackey, said my lady, sit down, and don't touch the creature — She's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air, I'll assure you, since I saw her last.

Well, child, said she, sneeringly, how dost find thyself? Thou'rt mightily come on, of late! — I hear strange reports about thee! — Thou'rt almost got into fool's paradise, I doubt! — And wilt find thyself terribly mistaken in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family, to humour thy baby-face!

I see, said I, sadly vexed, (her woman and nephew smiling by,) your ladyship has no very important commands for me; and I beg leave to withdraw. Beck, said she to her woman, shut the door, my young lady and I must not have done so soon.

Where's your well-mannered deceiver gone, child? — says she. — Said I, When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly, I shall know how to answer.

Well, but my dear child, said she, in drollery, don't be too pert neither, I beseech thee. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready to take thy freedoms, as thy mannerly master is! — So, a little of that modesty and humility

that my mother's waiting-maid used to shew, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself, since my mother's son has taught thee to forget thyself.

I would beg, said I, one favour of your ladyship, That if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree. — Why, suppose, Miss Pert, I should forget my degree, wouldst thou not keep thy distance then?

If you, madam, said I, lessen the distance yourself, you will descend to my level, and make an equality, which I don't presume to think of; for I can't descend lower than I am — at least in your ladyship's esteem!

Did I not tell you, Jackey, said she, that I should have a wit to talk to? — He, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapped out an oath, and said, drolling, I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so bold as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers! — Sir, said I, I hope there was no need of your information, and so I can't thank you for it; and am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath to convince me of the truth of it.

He looked more foolish than I, at this, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand. — And said, at last, Why, Mrs. Pamela, you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof! — Sir, said I, you seem quite a fine gentleman; and it will not be easily done, I dare say.

How now, pert one, said my lady, do you know whom you talk to? — I think I do not, madam, replied I: and for fear I should forget myself more, I'll withdraw. Your ladyship's servant, said I; and was going: but she rose, and gave me a push, and pulled a chair, and, setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

Well, said I, I can bear anything at your ladyship's hands; but I was ready to cry though. And I went, and sat down, and fanned myself, at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly, Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence. And my lady, though she did not hear her, said, You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave.

So I stood up, and said, When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, one might be indulged to sit down. But I ask you, said she, Whither your master is gone? To one Mr. Carlton, madam, about eighteen miles off, who is very sick. And when does he come home? — This evening, madam. And where are you going? To a gentleman's house in the town, madam. — And how was you to go? In the chariot, madam. — Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure! — I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child! — Was you ever out in it with your master?

Pray, your ladyship, said I, a little too pertly, perhaps, be pleased to ask half a dozen such questions together; because one answer may do for all! — Why, bold-

face, said she, you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time.

I could no longer refrain tears, but said, Pray your ladyship, let me ask what I have done, to be thus severely treated? I never did your ladyship any harm. And if you think I am deceived, as you was pleased to hint, I should be more entitled to your pity, than your anger.

She rose, and took me by the hand, and led me to her chair; and then sat down; and still holding my hand, said, Why Pamela, I did indeed pity you while I thought you innocent; and when my brother seized you, and brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concerned for you; and I was still more concerned for you, and loved you, when I heard of your virtue and resistance, and your laudable efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffered yourself to be prevailed upon, and have lost your innocence, and added another to the number of the fools he has ruined, (This shocked me a little,) I cannot help shewing my displeasure to you.

Madam, replied I, I must beg no hasty judgment; I have not lost my innocence. — Take care, take care, Pamela! said she: don't lose your veracity, as well as your honour! — Why are you here, when you are at full liberty to go whither you please? — I will make one proposal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me? — I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you'll go with me. — Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can.

I am innocent, madam, replied I, and willing to keep so; and yet I cannot consent to this. Then, said she, very mannerly, Thou liest, child, that's all: and I give thee up!

And so she arose, and walked about the room in great wrath. Her nephew and her woman said, Your ladyship's very good; 'tis a plain case; a very plain case!

I would have removed the chair, to have gone out; but her nephew came and sat in it. This provoked me; for I thought I should be unworthy of the honour I was raised to, though I was afraid to own it, if I did not shew some spirit; and I said, What, sir, is your pretence in this house, to keep me a prisoner here? Because, said he — I like it. — Do you so, sir? replied I: if that is the answer of a gentleman to such an one as I, it would not, I dare say, be the answer of a gentleman to a gentleman. — My lady! my lady! said he, a challenge, a challenge, by gad! No, sir, said I, I am of a sex that gives no challenges; and you think so too, or you would not give this occasion for the word.

Said my lady, Don't be surprised, nephew; the wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her master's bed-fellow. — Pamela, Pamela, said she, and tapped me upon the shoulder two or three times, in anger, thou hast lost thy innocence, girl;

and thou hast got some of thy bold master's assurance, and art fit to go any where. — Then, and please your ladyship, said I, I am unworthy of your presence, and desire I may quit it.

No, replied she, I will know first what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent? I can give, said I, a very good one: but I beg to be excused. I will hear it, said she. Why, then, answered I, I should perhaps have less reason to like this gentleman, than where I am.

Well then, said she, I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment with you to your father and mother, and give you up safe to them. What do you say to that? — Ay, Mrs. Pamela, said her nephew, now what does your innocence say to that?— 'Fore gad, madam, you have puzzled her now.

Be pleased, madam, said I, to call off this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me baited. I'll be d —— d, said he, if she does not make me a bull-dog! Why she'll toss us all by and by! Sir, said I, you indeed behave as if you were in a bear-garden.

Jackey, be quiet, said my lady. You only give her a pretence to evade my questions. Come, answer me, Pamela. I will, madam, said I, and it is thus: I have no occasion to be beholden to your ladyship for this honour; for I am to set out to-morrow morning on the way to my parents. — Now again thou liest, wench! — I am not of quality, said I, to answer such language. — Once again, said she, provoke me not, by these reflections, and this pertness; if thou dost, I shall do something by thee unworthy of myself. That, thought I, you have done already; but I ventured not to say so. But who is to carry you, said she, to your father and mother? Who my master pleases, madam, said I. Ay, said she, I doubt not thou wilt do every thing he pleases, if thou hast not already. Why now tell me, Pamela, from thy heart, hast thou not been in bed with thy master? Ha, wench! — I was quite shocked at this, and said, I wonder how your ladyship can use me thus! — I am sure you can expect no answer; and my sex, and my tender years, might exempt me from such treatment, from a person of your ladyship's birth and quality, and who, be the distance ever so great, is of the same sex with me.

Thou art a confident wench, said she, I see! — Pray, madam, said I, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the town, to dinner. No, replied she, I can't spare you; and whomsoever you are to go to, will excuse you, when they are told 'tis I that command you not to go; — and you may excuse it too, young Lady Would-be, if you consider, that it is the unexpected coming of your late lady's daughter, and your master's sister, that commands your stay.

But a pre-engagement, your ladyship will consider, is something. — Ay, so it is; but I know not what reason waiting-maids have to assume these airs of pre-engagements! Oh, Pamela, Pamela, I am sorry for thy thus aping thy betters, and

giving thyself such airs: I see thou'rt quite spoiled! Of a modest, innocent girl, that thou wast, and humble too, thou art now fit for nothing in the world, but what I fear thou art.

Why, please your ladyship, said her kinsman, what signifies all you say? The matter's over with her, no doubt; and she likes it; and she is in a fairy-dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her dream's out. — Bad as you take me to be, madam, said I, I am not used to such language or reflections as this gentleman bestows upon me; and I won't bear it.

Well, Jackey, said she, be silent; and, shaking her head, Poor girl! — said she — what a sweet innocence is here destroyed! — A thousand pities! — I could cry over her, if that would do her good! But she is quite lost, quite undone; and then has assumed a carriage upon it, that all those creatures are distinguished by!

I cried sadly for vexation; and said, Say what you please, madam; if I can help it, I will not answer another word.

Mrs. Jewkes came in, and asked if her ladyship was ready for dinner? She said, Yes. I would have gone out with her but my lady said, taking my hand, she could not spare me. And, miss, said she, you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by, for you shan't go; and, if you behave well, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you.

Mrs. Jewkes said to me, Madam, may I speak one word with you? — I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes, said I; for my lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner.

What you have to say, Mrs. Jewkes, said she, you may speak before me. But she went out, and seemed vexed for me; and she says, I looked like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlour, and for three persons, and she led me in: Come, my little dear, said she, with a sneer, I'll hand you in; and I would have you think it as well as if it was my brother.

What a sad case, thought I, should I be in, if I were as naughty as she thinks me! It was bad enough as it was.

Jackey, said my lady, come, let us go to dinner. She said to her woman, Do you, Beck, help Pamela to 'tend us; we will have no men-fellows. — Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves? I have not, madam, said I, deserved this at your ladyship's hands.

Mrs. Jewkes, coming in with the first dish, she said, Do you expect any body else, Mrs. Jewkes, that you lay the cloth for three? said she, I hoped your ladyship and madam would have been so well reconciled, that she would have sat down too. — What means the clownish woman? said my lady, in great disdain: Could you think the creature should sit down with me? She does, madam, and please

your ladyship, with my master. — I doubt it not, good woman, said she, and lies with him too, does she not? Answer me, fat-face! — How these ladies are privileged.

If she does, madam, said she, there may be a reason for it, perhaps! and went out. — So! said she, has the wench got thee over too? Come, my little dear, pull off thy gloves, I say; and off she pulled my left glove herself, and spied my ring. O my dear God! said she, if the wench has not got a ring! — Well, this is a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably tricked? And so, poor innocent, thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble? And, I'll warrant, my little dear has topped her part, and paraded it like any real wife; and so mimics still the condition! — Why, said she, and turned me round, thou art as mincing as any bride! No wonder thou art thus tricked out, and talkest of thy pre-engagements! Pr'ythee, child, walk before me to that glass; survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou can'st act the theatrical part given thee!

I was then resolved to try to be silent, although most sadly vexed. — So I went and sat me down in the window, and she took her place at the upper end of the table; and her saucy Jackey, fleering at me most provokingly, sat down by her. Said he, Shall not the bride sit down by us, madam? Ay, well thought of! said my lady: Pray, Mrs. Bride, your pardon for sitting down in your place! — I said nothing.

Said she, with a poor pun, Thou hast some modesty, however, child! for thou can'st not stand it, so must sit down, though in my presence! — I still kept my seat, and said nothing. — Thought I, this is a sad thing, that I am hindered too from shewing my duty where it is most due, and shall have anger there too, may be, if my dear master should be there before me! — So she ate some soup, as did her kinsman; and then, as she was cutting up a fowl, said, If thou longest, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast, or any thing. But may be, child, said he, thou likest the rump; shall I bring it thee? And then laughed like an idiot, for all he is a lord's son, and may be a lord himself. — For he is the son of Lord ——; and his mother, who was Lord Davers's sister, being dead, he has received what education he has, from Lord Davers's direction. Poor wretch! for all his greatness! he'll ne'er die for a plot — at least of his own hatching. If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his picture. But, for one of 25 or 26 years of age, much about the age of my dear master, he is a most odd mortal.

Pamela, said my lady, help me to a glass of wine. No, Beck, said she, you shan't; for she was offering to do it. I will have my lady bride confer that honour upon me; and then I shall see if she can stand up. I was silent, and never stirred.

Dost hear, chastity? said she, help me to a glass of wine, when I bid thee. — What! not stir? Then I'll come and help thee to one. Still I stirred not, and, fanning myself, continued silent. Said she, When I have asked thee, meek-one, half a dozen questions together, I suppose thou wilt answer them all at once! Pretty creature, is not that it?

I was so vexed, I bit a piece of my fan out, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, and did nothing but flutter it, and fan myself.

I believe, said she, my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, modest one, I shall be entitled to an answer.

He rose and brought the bottle and glass; Come, said he, Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help my lady, and I will be your deputy. Sir, replied I, it is in a good hand; help my lady yourself. — Why, creature, said she, dost thou think thyself above it? — And then flew into a passion: — Insolence! continued she, this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine; or —

So I took a little spirit then — Thought I, I can but be beat. — If, said I, to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, was required of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the person you think me; but, if it be to triumph over one who has received honours, that she thinks require her to act another part, not to be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I cannot do it.

She seemed quite surprised, and looked now upon her kinsman, and then upon her woman — I'm astonished — quite astonished! — Well, then, I suppose you would have me conclude you my brother's wife; could you not?

Your ladyship, said I, compels me to say this! — Well, returned she, but dost thou thyself think thou art so? — Silence, said her kinsman, gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt?

Tell me, said my lady, what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee to dare to look upon thyself as my sister? — Madam, replied I, that is a question will better become your most worthy brother to answer, than me.

She was rising in great wrath: but her woman said, Good your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her; and if the poor girl has been deluded so, as you have heard, with the sham marriage, she'll be more deserving of your ladyship's pity than anger. True, Beck, very true, said my lady; but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature in the mean time.

I would have gone out at the door, but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I expected bad treatment from her pride, and violent temper; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him, Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behaviour, you will, may be, have cause to repent it: and went and sat down in the window again.

Another challenge, by gad! said he; but I am glad she says her master! — You see, madam, she herself does not believe she is married, and so has not been so much deluded as you think for: And, coming to me with a most barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me, My new aunt, your blessing or your curse, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner!

I gave him a most contemptuous look: Tinselled toy, said I, (for he was laced all over), twenty or thirty years hence, when you are at age, I shall know how to answer you better; mean time, sport with your footman, and not with me! and so I removed to another window nearer the door, and he looked like a sad fool, as he is.

Beck, Beck, said my lady, this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my kinsman and Lord Davers's to be thus used by such a slut? And was coming to me: And indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor heart, after all. But Mrs. Jewkes hearing high words, came in again, with the second course, and said, Pray your ladyship, don't so discompose yourself. I am afraid this day's business will make matters wider than ever between your good ladyship and your brother: For my master doats upon madam.

Woman, said she, do thou be silent! Sure, I that was born in this house, may have some privilege in it, without being talked to by the saucy servants in it!

I beg pardon, madam, replied Mrs. Jewkes; and, turning to me, said, Madam, my master will take it very ill if you make him wait for you thus. So I rose to go out; but my lady said, If it was only for that reason she shan't go. — And went to the door and shut it, and said to Mrs. Jewkes, Woman, don't come again till I call you; and coming to me, took my hand, and said, Find your legs, miss, if you please.

I stood up, and she tapped my cheek! Oh, says she, that scarlet glow shews what a rancorous little heart thou hast, if thou durst shew it! but come this way; and so led me to her chair: Stand there, said she, and answer me a few questions while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent master to account; and then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravelled; for, between you, I will come to the bottom of it.

When she had sat down, I moved to the window on the other side of the parlour, looking into the private garden; and her woman said, Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry. Stand by her ladyship, as she bids you. Said I, Pray, good now, let it suffice you to attend your lady's commands, and don't lay yours upon me. — Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela, said she. Times are much altered with you, I'll assure you! said I, Her ladyship has a very good plea to be free in the house that she was born in; but you may as well confine your freedoms to the

house in which you had your breedings. Why, how now, Mrs. Pamela, said she; since you provoke me to it, I'll tell you a piece of my mind. Hush, hush, good woman, said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes, my lady wants not your assistance: — Besides, I can't scold!

The woman was ready to flutter with vexation; and Lord Jackey laughed as if he would burst his sides: G — d d — n me, Beck, said he, you'd better let her alone to my lady here for she'll be too many for twenty such as you and I! — And then he laughed again, and repeated — I can't scold, quoth-a! but, by gad, miss, you can speak d —— d spiteful words, I can tell you that! — Poor Beck, poor Beck!— 'Fore gad, she's quite dumbfoundered!

Well, but Pamela, said my lady, come hither, and tell me truly, Dost thou think thyself really married? — Said I, and approached her chair, My good lady, I'll answer all your commands, if you'll have patience with me, and not be so angry as you are: But I can't bear to be used thus by this gentleman, and your ladyship's woman. Child, said she, thou art very impertinent to my kinsman; thou can'st not be civil to me; and my ladyship's woman is much thy betters. But that's not the thing! — Dost thou think thou art really married?

I see, madam, said I, you are resolved not to be pleased with any answer I shall return: If I should say, I am not, then your ladyship will call me hard names, and, perhaps, I should tell a fib. If I should say, I am, your ladyship will ask, how I have the impudence to be so? — and will call it a sham-marriage. I will, said she, be answered more directly. Why, what, madam, does it signify what I think? Your ladyship will believe as you please.

But can'st thou have the vanity, the pride, the folly, said she, to think thyself actually married to my brother? He is no fool, child; and libertine enough of conscience; and thou art not the first in the list of his credulous harlots. — Well, well, said I, (and was in a sad flutter,) as I am easy, and pleased with my lot, pray, madam, let me continue so, as long as I can. It will be time enough for me to know the worst, when the worst comes. And if it should be so bad, your ladyship should pity me, rather than thus torment me before my time.

Well, said she, but dost not think I am concerned, that a young wench, whom my poor dear mother loved so well, should thus cast herself away, and suffer herself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble stand as thou madst for so long a time?

I think myself far from being deluded and undone, and am as innocent and virtuous as ever I was in my life. Thou liest, child, said she.

So your ladyship told me twice before.

She gave me a slap on the hand for this; and I made a low courtesy, and said, I humbly thank your ladyship! but I could not refrain tears: And added, Your dear

brother, madam, however, won't thank your ladyship for this usage of me, though I do. Come a little nearer me, my dear, said she, and thou shalt have a little more than that to tell him of, if thou think'st thou hast not made mischief enough already between a sister and brother. But, child, if he was here, I would serve thee worse, and him too. I wish he was, said I. — Dost thou threaten me, mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?

Now, pray, madam, said I, (but got to a little distance,) be pleased to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the honour, or rather misfortune, to come into your presence; whether you have said one thing befitting your ladyship's degree to me, even supposing I was the wench and the creature you imagine me to be? — Come hither, my pert dear, replied she, come but within my reach for one moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest.

To be sure she meant to box my ears. But I should not be worthy my happy lot if I could not shew some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said, I suppose I may now depart your presence, madam? I suppose not, said she. Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou may'st fast till thy mannerly master comes home.

Pray your ladyship, said her woman, let the poor girl sit down at table with Mrs. Jewkes and me. — Said I, You are very kind, Mrs. Worden; but times, as you said, are much altered with me; and I have been of late so much honoured with better company, that I can't stoop to yours.

Was ever such confidence! said my lady. — Poor Beck! poor Beck! said her kinsman; why she beats you quite out of the pit! — Will your ladyship, said I, be so good as to tell me how long I am to tarry? For you'll please to see by that letter, that I am obliged to attend my master's commands. And so I gave her the dear gentleman's letter from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honour done me by him. Ay, said she, this is my worthy brother's hand. It is directed to Mrs. Andrews. That's to you, I suppose, child? And so she ran on, making remarks as she went along, in this manner:

My dearest PAMELA,— 'Mighty well!' — I hope my not coming home this night, will not frighten you!— 'Vastly tender, indeed! — And did it frighten you, child?' — You may believe I can't help it. 'No, to be sure! — A person in thy way of life, is more tenderly used than an honest wife. But mark the end of it!' — I could have wished— 'Pr'ythee, Jackey, mind this,' — we— 'mind the significant we,' — had not engaged to the good neighbourhood, at Sir Simon's, for to-morrow night.— 'Why, does the good neighbourhood, and does Sir Simon, permit thy visits, child? They shall have none of mine, then, I'll assure them!' — But I

am so desirous to set out on Wednesday for the other house— ‘So, Jackey, but we just nicked it, I find:’ — that, as well as in return for the civilities of so many good friends, who will be there on purpose, I would not put it off.— ‘Now mind, Jackey.’ — What I beg of you— ‘Mind the wretch, that could use me and your uncle as he has done; he is turned beggar to this creature!’ — I beg of you, therefore, my dear— ‘My dear! there’s for you! — I wish I may not be quite sick before I get through.’ — What I beg of you, therefore, my dear, [and then she looked me full in the face,] is, that you will go in the chariot to Sir Simon’s, the sooner in the day the better;— ‘Dear heart! and why so, when WE were not expected till night? Why, pray observe the reason — Hem!’ [said she] — Because you will be diverted with the company;— ‘Mighty kind, indeed!’ — who all— ‘Jackey, Jackey, mind this,’ — who all so much admire you. ‘Now he’d ha’ been hanged before he would have said so complaisant a thing, had he been married, I’m sure!’ — Very true, aunt, said he: A plain case that! — [Thought I, that’s hard upon poor matrimony, though I hope my lady don’t find it so. But I durst not speak out.] — Who all so much admire you, [said she,] ‘I must repeat that — Pretty miss! — I wish thou wast as admirable for thy virtue, as for that baby-face of thine!’ — And I hope to join you there by your tea-time in the afternoon!— ‘So, you’re in very good time, child, an hour or two hence, to answer all your important pre-engagements!’ — which will be better than going home, and returning with you; as it will be six miles difference to me; and I know the good company will excuse my dress on this occasion.— ‘Very true; any dress is good enough, I’m sure, for such company as admire thee, child, for a companion, in thy ruined state! — Jackey, Jackey, mind, mind, again! more fine things still!’ — I count every hour of this little absence for a day!— ‘There’s for you! Let me repeat it’ — I count every hour of this little absence for a day!— ‘Mind, too, the wit of the good man! One may see love is a new thing to him. Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his deary; no less than, according to his amorous calculation, a dozen days and nights, at least! and yet, TEDIOUS as it is, it is but a LITTLE ABSENCE. Well said, my good, accurate, and consistent brother! — But wise men in love are always the greatest simpletons! — But now cones the reason why this LITTLE ABSENCE, which, at the same time, is SO GREAT an ABSENCE, is so tedious:’ — FOR I am— ‘Ay, now for it!’ — with the UTMOST sincerity, my dearest love— ‘Out upon DEAREST love! I shall never love the word again! Pray bid your uncle never call me dearest love, Jackey!’ — For ever yours!— ‘But, brother, thou liest! — Thou knowest thou dost. — And so, my good Lady Andrews, or what shall I call you? Your dearest love will be for ever yours! And hast thou the vanity to believe this? — But stay, here is a postscript. The poor man knew not when to have done to his dearest love. — He’s sadly in

for't, truly! Why, his dearest love, you are mighty happy in such a lover!' — If you could go to dine with them— 'Cry you mercy, my dearest love, now comes the pre-engagement!' — it will be a freedom that will be very pleasing to them, and the more, as they don't expect it.

Well, so much for this kind letter! But you see you cannot honour this admiring company with this little expected, and, but in complaisance to his folly, I dare say, little desired freedom. And I cannot forbear admiring you so much myself, my dearest love, that I will not spare you at all, this whole evening: For 'tis a little hard, if thy master's sister may not be blest a little bit with thy charming company.

So I found I had shewn her my letter to very little purpose, and repented it several times, as she read on. — Well, then, said I, I hope your ladyship will give me leave to send my excuses to your good brother, and say, that your ladyship is come, and is so fond of me, that you will not let me leave you. — Pretty creature, said she; and wantest thou thy good master to come, and quarrel with his sister on thy account? — But thou shalt not stir from my presence; and I would now ask thee, What it is thou meanest by shewing me this letter? — Why, madam, said I, to shew your ladyship how I was engaged for this day and evening. — And for nothing else? said she. Why, I can't tell, madam, said I: But if you can collect from it any other circumstances, I might hope I should not be the worse treated.

I saw her eyes began to sparkle with passion: and she took my hand, and said, grasping it very hard, I know, confident creature, that thou shewedst it me to insult me! — You shewed it me, to let me see, that he could be civiller to a beggar born, than to me, or to my good Lord Davers! — You shewed it me, as if you'd have me to be as credulous a fool as yourself, to believe your marriage true, when I know the whole trick of it, and have reason to believe you do too; and you shewed it me, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted dirt, to the disgrace of a family, ancient and untainted beyond most in the kingdom. And now will I give thee one hundred guineas for one bold word, that I may fell thee at my foot!

Was not this very dreadful! To be sure, I had better have kept the letter from her. I was quite frightened! — And this fearful menace, and her fiery eyes, and rageful countenance, made me lose all my courage. — So I said, weeping, Good your ladyship, pity me! — Indeed I am honest; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the world!

Though I know, said she, the whole trick of thy pretended marriage, and thy foolish ring here, and all the rest of the wicked nonsense, yet I should not have patience with thee, if thou shouldst but offer to let me know thy vanity prompts thee to believe thou art married to my brother! — I could not bear the thought! — So take care, Pamela; take care, beggarly brat; take care.

Good madam, said I, spare my dear parents. They are honest and industrious: they were once in a very creditable way, and never were beggars. Misfortunes may attend any body: And I can bear the cruellest imputations on myself, because I know my innocence; but upon such honest, industrious parents, who went through the greatest trials, without being beholden to any thing but God's blessing, and their own hard labour; I cannot bear reflection.

What! art thou setting up for a family, creature as thou art! God give me patience with thee! I suppose my brother's folly, and his wickedness, together, will, in a little while, occasion a search at the heralds' office, to set out thy wretched obscurity! Provoke me, I desire thou wilt! One hundred guineas will I give thee, to say but thou thinkest thou art married to my brother.

Your ladyship, I hope, won't kill me: And since nothing I can say will please you, but your ladyship is resolved to quarrel with me; since I must not say what I think, on one hand nor another; whatever your ladyship designs by me, be pleased to do, and let me depart your presence!

She gave me a slap on the hand, and reached to box my ear; but Mrs. Jewkes hearkening without, and her woman too, they both came in at that instant; and Mrs. Jewkes said, pushing herself in between us; Your ladyship knows not what you do! Indeed you don't! My master would never forgive me, if I suffered, in his house, one he so dearly loves, to be so used; and it must not be, though you are Lady Davers. Her woman too interposed, and told her, I was not worth her ladyship's anger. But she was like a person beside herself.

I offered to go out, and Mrs. Jewkes took my hand to lead me out: But her kinsman set his back against the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said, I should not go, till his aunt permitted it. He drew it half-way, and I was so terrified, that I cried out, Oh, the sword! the sword! and, not knowing what I did, I ran to my lady herself, and clasped my arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my enemy, and said, sinking on my knees, Defend me, good your ladyship! the sword! the sword! — Mrs. Jewkes said, Oh! my lady will fall into fits! But Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carried so far, that she did not mind her words, and said, Jackey, don't draw your sword! — You see, as great as her spirit is, she can't bear that.

Come, said she, be comforted; he shan't frighten you! — I'll try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish. Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose, and I did not faint. And my lady said, Mrs. Jewkes, if you would be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by ourselves; and, Jackey, do you withdraw; only you, Beck, stay.

So I sat down in the window, all in a sad fluster; for, to be sure, I was sadly frightened. — Said her woman, You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs.

Pamela. Yes, let her sit till she is a little recovered of her fright, said my lady, and do you set my chair by her. And so she sat over-against me, and said, To be sure, Pamela, you have been very provoking with your tongue, to be sure you have, as well upon my nephew, (who is a man of quality too,) as me. And palliating her cruel usage, and beginning, I suppose, to think herself she had carried it further than she could answer it to her brother, she wanted to lay the fault upon me. Own, said she, you have been very saucy; and beg my pardon, and beg Jackey's pardon, and I will try to pity you. For you are a sweet girl, after all; if you had but held out, and been honest.

'Tis injurious to me, madam, said I, to imagine I am not honest! — Said she, Have you not been a-bed with my brother? tell me that. Your ladyship, replied I, asks your questions in a strange way, and in strange words.

O! your delicacy is wounded, I suppose, by my plain questions! — This niceness will soon leave you, wench: It will, indeed. But answer me directly. Then your ladyship's next question, said I, will be, Am I married? And you won't bear my answer to that — and will beat me again.

I han't beat you yet; have I, Beck? said she. So you want to make out a story, do you? — But, indeed, I can't bear thou shouldst so much as think thou art my sister. I know the whole trick of it; and so, 'tis my opinion, dost thou. It is only thy little cunning, that it might look like a cloak to thy yielding, and get better terms from him. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, wench, thou seest I know the world a little; — almost as much at thirty-two, as thou dost at sixteen. — Remember that!

I rose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room, Beat me again, if you please, said I, but I must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much married as your ladyship!

At that she ran to me; but her woman interposed again: Let the vain wicked creature go from your presence, madam, said she. She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship. Stand away, Beck, said she. That's an assertion that I would not take from my brother, I can't bear it. As much married as I! — Is that to be borne? But if the creature believes she is, madam, said her woman, she is to be as much pitied for her credulity, as despised for her vanity.

I was in hopes to have slipt out at the door; but she caught hold of my gown, and pulled me back. Pray your ladyship, said I, don't kill me! — I have done no harm. — But she locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. So, seeing Mrs. Jewkes before the window, I lifted up the sash, and said, Mrs. Jewkes, I believe it would be best for the chariot to go to your master, and let him know, that Lady Davers is here; and I cannot leave her ladyship.

She was resolved to be displeased, let me say what I would.

Said she, No, no; he'll then think, that I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her. I thought your ladyship, replied I, could not have taken exceptions at this message. Thou knowest nothing, wench, said she, of what belongs to people of condition: How shouldst thou? Nor, thought I, do I desire it, at this rate.

What shall I say, madam? said I. Nothing at all, replied she; let him expect his dearest love, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more hours, and he will make every one a day, in his amorous account. — Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whispered, Let Robert stay at the elms; I'll have a struggle for't by and by.

As much married as I! repeated she. — The insolence of the creature! — And so she walked about the room, talking to herself, to her woman, and now and then to me; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent. And then it was, Am I not worthy an answer? If I speak, said I, your ladyship is angry at me, though ever so respectfully; if I do not, I cannot please: Would your ladyship tell me but how I shall oblige you, and I would do it with all my heart.

Confess the truth, said she, that thou art an undone creature; hast been in bed with thy master; and art sorry for it, and for the mischief thou hast occasioned between him and me; and then I'll pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of guineas; and some honest farmer may take pity of thee, and patch up thy shame, for the sake of the money; and if nobody will have thee, thou must vow penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee.

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and to be hindered from being where was the desire of my soul, and afraid too of incurring my dear master's displeasure; and, as I sat, I saw it was no hard matter to get out of the window into the front yard, the parlour being even with the yard, and so have a fair run for it; and after I had seen my lady at the other end of the room again, in her walks, having not pulled down the sash, when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, and whipped out in a minute, and ran away as hard as I could drive, my lady calling after me to return, and her woman at the other window: But two of her servants appearing at her crying out, and she bidding them to stop me, I said, Touch me at your peril, fellows! But their lady's commands would have prevailed on them, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, had been kindly ordered, by Mrs. Jewkes, to be within call, when she saw how I was treated, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, the only time, I thought, it ever became him, and said, He would chine the man, that was his word, who offered to touch his lady; and so he ran alongside of me; and I heard my lady say, The creature flies like a bird! And, indeed, Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me; and I never stopped, till I got to the chariot; and Robert had got

down, seeing me running at a distance, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready down; and in I jumped, without touching the step, saying, Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach! And he mounted; and Colbrand said, Don't be frightened, madam; nobody shall hurt you. — And shut the door, and away Robert drove; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my fright, all the way.

Mr. Colbrand was so kind, but I did not know it till the chariot stopped at Sir Simon's, to step up behind the carriage, lest, as he said, my lady should send after me; and he told Mrs. Jewkes, when he got home, that he never saw such a runner as me in his life.

When the chariot stopped, which was not till six o'clock, so long did this cruel lady keep me, Miss Darnford ran out to me: O madam, said she, ten times welcome! but you'll be beat, I can tell you! for here has been Mr. B —— come these two hours, and is very angry with you.

That's hard indeed, said I; — Indeed I can't afford it; — for I hardly knew what I said, having not recovered my fright. Let me sit down, miss, any where, said I; for I have been sadly off. So I sat down, and was quite sick with the hurry of my spirits, and leaned upon her arm.

Said she, Your lord and master came in very moody; and when he had staid an hour, and you not come, he began to fret, and said, He did not expect so little complaisance from you. And he is now sat down, with great persuasion, to a game at loo. — Come, you must make your appearance, lady fair; for he is too sullen to attend you, I doubt.

You have no strangers, have you miss? said I. — Only two women relations from Stamford, replied she, and an humble servant of one of them. — Only all the world, miss! said I. — What shall I do, if he be angry? I can't bear that.

Just as I had said so, came in Lady Darnford and Lady Jones to chide me, as they said, for not coming sooner. And before I could speak, came in my dear master. I ran to him. How dy'e Pamela? said he; and saluting me, with a little more formality than I could well bear. — I expected half a word from me, when I was so complaisant to your choice, would have determined you, and that you'd have been here to dinner; — and the rather, as I made my request a reasonable one, and what I thought would be agreeable to you. O dear sir, said I, pray, pray, hear me, and you'll pity me, and not be displeased! Mrs. Jewkes will tell you, that as soon as I had your kind commands, I said, I would obey you, and come to dinner with these good ladies; and so prepared myself instantly, with all the pleasure in the world. Lady Darnford and miss said I was their dear! — Look you, said miss, did I not tell you, stately one, that something must have happened? But, O these tyrants! these men!

Why, what hindered it, my dear? said he: give yourself time; you seem out of breath! — O sir, said I, out of breath! well I may! — For, just as I was ready to come away, who should drive into the court-yard, but Lady Davers! — Lady Davers! Nay, then, my sweet dear, said he, and saluted me more tenderly, hast thou had a worse trial than I wish thee, from one of the haughtiest women in England, though my sister! — For, she too, my Pamela, was spoiled by my good mother! — But have you seen her?

Yes, sir, said I, and more than seen her! — Why sure, said he, she has not had the insolence to strike my girl! — Sir, said I, but tell me you forgive me; for indeed I could not come sooner; and these good ladies but excuse me; and I'll tell you all another time; for to take up the good company's attention now, will spoil their pleasantry, and be to them, though more important to me, like the broken china you cautioned me about.

That's a dear girl! said he; I see my hints are not thrown away upon you; and I beg pardon for being angry with you; and, for the future, will stay till I hear your defence, before I judge you. Said Miss Darnford, This is a little better! To own a fault is some reparation; and what every lordly husband will not do. He said, But tell me, my dear, did Lady Davers offer you any incivility? O sir, replied I, she is your sister, and I must not tell you all; but she has used me very severely! Did you tell her, said he, you were married? Yes, sir, I did at last; but she will have it 'tis a sham-marriage, and that I am a vile creature: and she was ready to beat me, when I said so: for she could not have patience, that I should be deemed her sister, as she said.

How unlucky it was, replied he, I was not at home? — Why did you not send to me here? Send, sir! I was kept prisoner by force. They would not let me stir, or do you think I would have been hindered from obeying you? Nay, I told them, that I had a pre-engagement; but she ridiculed me, and said, Waiting-maids talk of pre-engagements! And then I shewed her your kind letter; and she made a thousand remarks upon it, and made me wish I had not. In short, whatever I could do or say, there was no pleasing her; and I was a creature and wench, and all that was naught. But you must not be angry with her on my account.

Well, but, said he, I suppose she hardly asked you to dine with her; for she came before dinner, I presume, if it was soon after you had received my letter! No, sir, dine with my lady! no, indeed! Why, she would make me wait at table upon her, with her woman, because she would not expose herself and me before the men-servants; which you know, sir, was very good of her ladyship.

Well, said he, but did you wait upon her? Would you have had me, sir? said I. — Only, Pamela, replied he, if you did, and knew not what belonged to your character, as my wife, I shall be very angry with you. Sir, said I, I did not, but

refused it, out of consideration to the dignity you have raised me to; else, sir, I could have waited on my knees upon your sister.

Now, said he, you confirm my opinion of your prudence and judgment. She is an insolent woman, and shall dearly repent it. But, sir, she is to be excused, because she won't believe I am indeed married; so don't be too angry at her ladyship.

He said, Ladies, pray don't let us keep you from the company; I'll only ask a question or two more, and attend you. Said Lady Jones, I so much long to hear this story of poor madam's persecution, that, if it was not improper, I should be glad to stay. Miss Darnford would stay for the same reason; my master saying, He had no secrets to ask; and that it was kind of them to interest themselves in my grievances.

But Lady Darnford went into the company, and told them the cause of my detention; for, it seems, my dear master loved me too well, to keep to himself the disappointment my not being here to receive him, was to him; and they had all given the two Misses Boroughs and Mr. Perry, the Stamford guests, such a character of me, that they said they were impatient to see me.

Said my master, But, Pamela, you said they and them: Who had my sister with her besides her woman? Her nephew, sir, and three footmen on horseback; and she and her woman were in her chariot and six.

That's a sad coxcomb, said he: How did he behave to you? — Not extraordinarily, sir; but I should not complain; for I was even with him; because I thought I ought not to bear with him as with my lady.

By Heaven! said he, if I knew he behaved unhandsomely to my jewel, I'd send him home to his uncle without his ears. Indeed, sir, returned I, I was as hard upon him as he was upon me. Said he, 'Tis kind to say so; but I believe I shall make them dearly repent their visit, if I find their behaviour to call for my resentment.

But, sure, my dear, you might have got away when you went to your own dinner? Indeed, sir, said I, her ladyship locked me in, and would not let me stir. — So you ha'nt ate any dinner? No, indeed, sir, nor had a stomach for any. My poor dear, said he. But then, how got you away at last? O sir, replied I, I jumped out of the parlour window, and ran away to the chariot, which had waited for me several hours, by the elm-walk, from the time of my lady's coming (for I was just going, as I said); and Mr. Colbrand conducted me through her servants, whom she called to, to stop me; and was so kind to step behind the chariot, unknown to me, and saw me safe here.

I'm sure, said he, these insolent creatures must have treated you vilely. But tell me, what part did Mrs. Jewkes act in this affair? A very kind part, sir, said I, in my behalf; and I shall thank her for it. Sweet creature! said he, thou lovest to speak

well of every body; but I hope she deserves it; for she knew you were married. — But come, we'll now join the company, and try to forget all you have suffered, for two or three hours, that we may not tire the company with our concerns and resume the subject as we go home: and you shall find I will do you justice, as I ought. But you forgive me, sir, said I, and are not angry? Forgive you, my dear! returned he — I hope you forgive me! I shall never make you satisfaction for what you have suffered from me, and for me! And with those words he led me into the company.

He very kindly presented me to the two stranger ladies, and the gentleman, and them to me: and Sir Simon, who was at cards, rose from table, and saluted me: Adad! madam, said he, I'm glad to see you here. What, it seems you have been a prisoner! 'Twas well you was, or your spouse and I should have sat in judgment upon you, and condemned you to a fearful punishment for your first crime of laesae majestatis: (I had this explained to me afterwards, as a sort of treason against my liege lord and husband:) for we husbands hereabouts, said he, are resolved to turn over a new leaf with our wives, and your lord and master shall shew us the way, I can tell you that. But I see by your eyes, my sweet culprit, added he, and your complexion, you have had sour sauce to your sweet meat.

Miss Darnford said, I think we are obliged to our sweet guest, at last; for she was forced to jump out at a window to come to us. Indeed! said Mrs. Peters; — and my master's back being turned, says she, Lady Davers, when a maiden, was always vastly passionate; but a very good lady when her passion was over. And she'd make nothing of slapping her maids about, and begging their pardons afterwards, if they took it patiently; otherwise she used to say the creatures were even with her.

Ay, said I, I have been a many creatures and wenches, and I know not what; for these were the names she gave me. And I thought I ought to act up to the part her dear brother has given me; and so I have but just escaped a good cuffing.

Miss Boroughs said to her sister, as I overheard, but she did not design I should, What a sweet creature is this! and then she takes so little upon her, is so free, so easy, and owns the honour done her, so obligingly! said Mr. Perry, softly, The loveliest person I ever saw! Who could have the heart to be angry with her one moment?

Says Miss Darnford, Here, my dearest neighbour, these gentry are admiring you strangely; and Mr. Perry says, you are the loveliest lady he ever saw; and he says it to his own mistress's face too, I'll assure you! — Or else, says Miss Boroughs, I should think he much flattered me.

O, madam, you are exceedingly obliging! but your kind opinion ought to teach me humility, and to reverence so generous a worth as can give a preference

against yourself, where it is so little due. Indeed, madam, said Miss Nanny Boroughs, I love my sister well; but it would be a high compliment to any lady, to be deemed worthy a second or third place after you.

There is no answering such politeness, said I: I am sure Lady Davers was very cruel to keep me from such company. 'Twas our loss, madam, says Miss Darnford. I'll allow it, said I, in degree; for you have all been deprived, several hours, of an humble admirer.

Mr. Perry said, I never before saw so young a lady shine forth with such graces of mind and person. Alas! sir, said I, my master coming up, mine is but a borrowed shine, like that of the moon. Here is the sun, to whose fervent glow of generosity I owe all the faint lustre, that your goodness is pleased to look upon with so much kind distinction.

Mr. Perry was pleased to hold up his hands; and the ladies looked upon one another. And my master said, hearing part of the last sentence, What's the pretty subject, that my Pamela is displaying so sweetly her talents upon?

Oh! sir, said Mr. Perry, I will pronounce you the happiest man in England: and so said they all.

My master said, most generously, Thank ye, thank ye, thank ye, all round, my dear friends. I know not your subject; but if you believe me so, for a single instance of this dear girl's goodness, what must I think myself, when blessed with a thousand instances, and experiencing it in every single act and word! I do assure you my Pamela's person, all lovely as you see it, is far short of her mind: That, indeed, first attracted my admiration, and made me her lover: but they were the beauties of her mind, that made me her husband; and proud, my sweet dear, said he, pressing my hand, am I of that title.

Well, said Mr. Perry, very kindly and politely, excellent as your lady is, I know not the gentleman that could deserve her, but that one who could say such just and such fine things.

I was all abashed; and took Miss Darnford's hand, and said, Save me, dear miss, by your sweet example, from my rising pride. But could I deserve half these kind things, what a happy creature should I be! said Miss Darnford, You deserve them all, indeed you do.

The greatest part of the company having sat down to loo, my master being pressed, said he would take one game at whist; but had rather be excused too, having been up all night: and I asked how his friend did? We'll talk of that, said he, another time; which, and his seriousness, made me fear the poor gentleman was dead, as it proved.

We cast in, and Miss Boroughs and my master were together, and Mr. Perry and I; and I had all four honours the first time, and we were up at one deal. Said

my master, An honourable hand, Pamela, should go with an honourable heart; but you'd not have been up, if a knave had not been one. Whist, sir, said Mr. Perry, you know, was a court game originally; and the knave, I suppose, signified always the prime minister.

'Tis well, said my master, if now there is but one knave in a court, out of four persons, take the court through.

The king and queen, sir, said Mr. Perry, can do no wrong, you know. So there are two that must be good out of four; and the ace seems too plain a card to mean much hurt.

We compliment the king, said my master, in that manner; and 'tis well to do so, because there is something sacred in the character. But yet, if force of example be considered, it is going a great way; for certainly a good master makes a good servant, generally speaking.

One thing, added he, I will say, in regard to the ace: I have always looked upon that plain and honest looking card in the light you do: and have considered whist as an English game in its original; which has made me fonder of it than of any other. For by the ace I have always thought the laws of the land denoted; and as the ace is above the king or queen, and wins them, I think the law should be thought so too; though, may be, I shall be deemed a Whig for my opinion.

I shall never play whist, said Mr. Perry, without thinking of this, and shall love the game the better for the thought; though I am no party-man. Nor I, said my master; for I think the distinctions of whig and tory odious; and love the one or the other only as they are honest and worthy men; and have never (nor never shall, hope) given a vote, but according to what I thought was for the public good, let either whig or tory propose it.

I wish, sir, replied Mr. Perry, all gentlemen in your station would act so. If there was no undue influence, said my master, I am willing to think so well of all mankind, that I believe they generally would.

But you see, said he, by my Pamela's hand, when all the court-cards get together, and are acted by one mind, the game is usually turned accordingly: Though now and then, too, it may be so circumstanced, that honours will do them no good, and they are forced to depend altogether upon tricks.

I thought this way of talking prettier than the game itself. But I said, Though I have won the game, I hope I am no trickster. No, said my master, God forbid but court-cards should sometimes win with honour! But you see, for all that, your game is as much owing to the knave as the king; and you, my fair-one, lost no advantage, when it was put into your power.

Else, sir, said I, I should not have done justice to my partner. You are certainly right, Pamela, replied he; though you thereby beat your husband. Sir, said I, you

may be my partner next, and I must do justice, you know. Well, said he, always choose so worthy a friend, as chance has given you for a partner, and I shall never find fault with you, do what you will.

Mr. Perry said, You are very good to me, sir; and Miss Boroughs, I observed, seemed pleased with the compliment to her humble servant; by which I saw she esteemed him, as he appears to deserve. Dear sir! said I, how much better is this, than to be locked in by Lady Davers!

The supper was brought in sooner on my account, because I had had no dinner; and there passed very agreeable compliments on the occasion. Lady Darnford would help me first, because I had so long fasted, as she said. Sir Simon would have placed himself next me: And my master said, He thought it was best, where there was an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, that they should sit, intermingled, that the gentlemen might be employed in helping and serving the ladies. Lady Darnford said, She hoped Sir Simon would not sit above any ladies at his own table especially. Well, said he, I shall sit over-against her, however, and that's as well.

My dearest sir could not keep his eyes off me, and seemed generously delighted with all I did, and all I said; and every one was pleased to see his kind and affectionate behaviour to me.

Lady Jones brought up the discourse about Lady Davers again; and my master said, I fear, Pamela, you have been hardly used, more than you'll say. I know my sister's passionate temper too well, to believe she could be over-civil to you, especially as it happened so unluckily that I was out. If, added he, she had no pique to you, my dear, yet what has passed between her and me, has so exasperated her, that I know she would have quarrelled with my horse, if she had thought I valued it, and nobody else was in her way. Dear sir, said I, don't say so of good Lady Davers.

Why, my dear, said he, I know she came on purpose to quarrel; and had she not found herself under a very violent uneasiness, after what had passed between us, and my treatment of her lord's letter, she would not have offered to come near me. What sort of language had she for me, Pamela? O sir, very good, only her well-mannered brother, and such as that!

Only, said he, 'tis taking up the attention of the company disagreeably, or I could tell you almost every word she said. Lady Jones wished to hear a further account of my lady's conduct, and most of the company joined with her, particularly Mrs. Peters; who said, that as they knew the story, and Lady Davers's temper, though she was very good in the main, they could wish to be so agreeably entertained, if he and I pleased; because they imagined I should have no difficulties after this.

Tell me, then, Pamela, said he, did she lift up her hand at you? Did she strike you? But I hope not! A little slap of the hand, said I, or so. — Insolent woman! She did not, I hope, offer to strike your face? Why, said I, I was a little saucy once or twice; and she would have given me a cuff on the ear, if her woman and Mrs. Jewkes had not interposed. Why did you not come out at the door? Because, said I, her ladyship sat in the chair against it, one while, and another while locked it; else I offered several times to get away.

She knew I expected you here: You say, you shewed her my letter to you? Yes, sir, said I; but I had better not; for she as then more exasperated, and made strange comments upon it. I doubt it not, said he; but, did she not see, by the kind epithets in it, that there was no room to doubt of our being married? O, sir, replied I, and made the company smile, she said, For that very reason she was sure I was not married.

That's like my sister! said he; exactly like her; and yet she lives very happily herself: for her poor lord never contradicts her. Indeed he dares not.

You were a great many wenches, were you not, my dear? for that's a great word with her. — Yes, sir, said I, wenches and creatures out of number; and worse than all that. What? tell me, my dear. Sir, said I, I must not have you angry with Lady Davers; while you are so good to me, 'tis all nothing; only the trouble I have that I cannot be suffered to shew how much I honoured her ladyship, as your sister.

Well, said he, you need not be afraid to tell me: I must love her after all; though I shall not be pleased with her on this occasion. I know it is her love for me, though thus oddly expressed, that makes her so uneasy: and, after all, she comes, I'm sure, to be reconciled to me; though it must be through a good hearty quarrel first: for she can shew a good deal of sunshine; but it must be always after a storm; and I'll love her dearly, if she has not been, and will not be, too hard upon my dearest.

Mr. Peters said, Sir, you are very good, and very kind; I love to see this complaisance to your sister, though she be in fault, so long as you can shew it with so much justice to the sweetest innocence and merit in the world. By all that's good, Mr. Peters, said he, I'd present my sister with a thousand pounds, if she would kindly take my dear Pamela by the hand, and wish her joy, and call her sister! — And yet I should be unworthy of the dear creature that smiles upon me there, if it was not principally for her sake, and the pleasure it would give her, that I say this: for I will never be thoroughly reconciled to my sister till she does; for I most sincerely think, as to myself, that my dear wife, there she sits, does me more honour in her new relation, than she receives from me.

Sir, said I, I am overwhelmed with your goodness! — And my eyes were filled with tears of joy and gratitude: and all the company with one voice blessed him. And Lady Jones was pleased to say, The behaviour of you two happy ones, to each other, is the most edifying I ever knew. I am always improved when I see you. How happy would every good lady be with such a gentleman, and every good gentleman with such a lady! — In short, you seem made for one another.

O madam, said I, you are so kind, so good to me, that I know not how to thank you enough! — Said she, You deserve more than I can express; for, to all that know your story, you are a matchless person. You are an ornament to our sex and your virtue, though Mr. B —— is so generous as he is, has met with no more than its due reward. God long bless you together!

You are, said my dearest sir, very good to me, madam, I am sure. I have taken liberties in my former life, that deserved not so much excellence. I have offended extremely, by trials glorious to my Pamela, but disgraceful to me, against a virtue that I now consider as almost sacred; and I shall not think I deserve her, till I can bring my manners, my sentiments, and my actions, to a conformity with her own. In short, my Pamela, continued he, I want you to be nothing but what you are, and have been. You cannot be better; and if you could, it would be but filling me with despair to attain the awful heights of virtue at which you have arrived. Perhaps, added the dear gentleman, the scene I have beheld within these twelve hours, has made me more serious than otherwise I should have been: but I'll assure you, before all this good company, I speak the sentiments of my heart, and those not of this day only.

What a happy daughter is yours, O my dear father and mother! I owe it all to God's grace, and to yours and my good lady's instructions: And to these let me always look back with grateful acknowledgments, that I may not impute to myself, and be proud, my inexpressible happiness.

The company were so kindly pleased with our concern, and my dear master's goodness, that he, observing their indulgence, and being himself curious to know the further particulars of what had passed between my lady and me, repeated his question, What she had called me besides wench and creature? And I said, My lady, supposing I was wicked, lamented over me, very kindly, my depravity and fall, and said, What a thousand pities it was, so much virtue, as she was pleased to say, was so destroyed; and that I had yielded, after so noble a stand! as she said.

Excuse me, gentlemen and ladies, said I! you know my story, it seems; and I am commanded, by one who has a title to all my obedience, to proceed.

They gave all of them bows of approbation, that they might not interrupt me; and I continued my story — the men-servants withdrawing, at a motion of Mr. B

—— , on my looking towards them: and then, at Lady Darnford's coming in, I proceeded.

I told her ladyship, that I was still innocent, and would be so, and it was injurious to suppose me otherwise. Why, tell me, wench, said she — But I think I must not tell you what she said. Yes, do, said my master, to clear my sister; we shall think it very bad else.

I held my hand before my face — Why, she said, Tell me, wench, hast thou not been — hesitating — a very free creature with thy master? That she said, or to that effect — And when I said, She asked strange questions, and in strange words, she ridiculed my delicacy, as she called it; and said, My niceness would not last long. She said, I must know I was not really married, that my ring was only a sham, and all was my cunning to cloak my yielding, and get better terms. She said, She knew the world as much at thirty-two, as I did at sixteen; and bid me remember that.

I took the liberty to say, (but I got a good way off,) that I scorned her ladyship's words, and was as much married as her ladyship. And then I had certainly been cuffed, if her woman had not interposed, and told her I was not worthy her anger; and that I was as much to be pitied for my credulity, as despised for my vanity.

My poor Pamela, said my master, this was too, too hard upon you! O sir, said I, how much easier it was to me than if it had been so! — That would have broken my heart quite! — For then I should have deserved it all, and worse; and these reproaches, added to my own guilt, would have made me truly wretched!

Lady Darnford, at whose right-hand I sat, kissed me with a kind of rapture, and called me a sweet exemplar for all my sex. Mr. Peters said very handsome things; so did Mr. Perry and Sir Simon, with tears in his eyes, said to my master, Why, neighbour, neighbour, this is excellent, by my troth. I believe there is something in virtue, that we had not well considered. On my soul, there has been but one angel come down for these thousand years, and you have got her.

Well, my dearest, said my master, pray proceed with your story until, we have done supper, since the ladies seem pleased with it. Why, sir, said I, her ladyship went on in the same manner; but said, one time, (and held me by the hand,) she would give me an hundred guineas for one provoking word; or, if I would but say I believed myself married, that she might fell me at her foot: But, sir, you must not be angry with her ladyship. She called me painted dirt, baby-face, waiting-maid, beggar's brat, and beggar-born; but I said, As long as I knew my innocence, I was easy in every thing, but to have my dear parents abused. They were never beggars, nor beholden to any body; nor to any thing but God's grace and their

own labour; that they once lived in credit; that misfortunes might befall any body; and that I could not bear they should be treated so undeservedly.

Then her ladyship said, Ay, she supposed my master's folly would make us set up for a family, and that the heralds' office would shortly be searched to make it out.

Exactly my sister again! said he. So you could not please her any way?

No, indeed, sir. When she commanded me to fill her a glass of wine, and would not let her woman do it, she asked, If I was above it? I then said, If to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, was required of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the person you think me. But if it be to triumph over one, who has received honours which she thinks require from her another part, that she may not be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I cannot do it. This quite astonished her ladyship; and a little before, her kinsman brought me the bottle and glass, and required me to fill it for my lady, at her command, and called himself my deputy: And I said, 'Tis in a good hand; help my lady yourself. So, sir, added I, you see I could be a little saucy upon occasion.

You please me well, my Pamela, said he. This was quite right. But proceed.

Her ladyship said, She was astonished! adding, She supposed I would have her look upon me as her brother's wife: And asked me, What, in the name of impudence, possessed me, to dare to look upon myself as her sister? And I said, That was a question better became her most worthy brother to answer, than me. And then I thought I should have had her ladyship upon me; but her woman interposed.

I afterwards told Mrs. Jewkes, at the window, that since I was hindered from going to you, I believed it was best to let Robert go with the chariot, and say, Lady Davers was come, and I could not leave her ladyship. But this did not please; and I thought it would too; for she said, No, no, he'll think I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her.

Exactly, said he, my sister again.

And she said, I knew nothing what belonged to people of condition; how should I? — What shall I say, madam? said I. Nothing at all, answered she; let him expect his dearest love, alluding to your kind epithet in your letter, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more hours to this heavy absence, and every one will become a day in his amorous account.

So, to be short, I saw nothing was to be done; and I feared, sir, you would wonder at my stay, and be angry; and I watched my opportunity, till my lady, who was walking about the room, was at the further end; and the parlour being a ground-floor, in a manner, I jumped out at the window, and ran for it.

Her ladyship called after me; so did her woman; and I heard her say, I flew like a bird; and she called two of her servants in sight to stop me; but I said, Touch me at your peril, fellows! And Mr. Colbrand, having been planted at hand by Mrs. Jewkes, (who was very good in the whole affair, and incurred her ladyship's displeasure, once or twice, by taking my part,) seeing how I was used, put on a fierce look, cocked his hat with one hand, and put t'other on his sword, and said, he would chine the man who offered to touch his lady. And so he ran alongside of me, and could hardly keep pace with me: — And here, my dear sir, concluded I, I am, at yours and the good company's service.

They seemed highly pleased with my relation; and my master said, he was glad Mrs. Jewkes behaved so well, as also Mr. Colbrand. Yes, sir, said I: when Mrs. Jewkes interposed once, her ladyship said, It was hard, she, who was born in that house, could not have some privilege in it, without being talked to by the saucy servants. And she called her another time fat-face, and womaned her most violently.

Well, said my master, I am glad, my dear, you have had such an escape. My sister was always passionate, as Mrs. Peters knows: And my poor mother had enough to do with us both. For we neither of us wanted spirit: and when I was a boy, I never came home from school or college for a few days, but though we longed to see one another before, yet ere the first day was over, we had a quarrel; for she, being seven years older than I, was always for domineering over me, and I could not bear it. And I used, on her frequently quarrelling with the maids, and being always at a word and a blow, to call her Captain Bab; for her name is Barbara. And when my Lord Davers courted her, my poor mother has made up quarrels between them three times in a day; and I used to tell her, she would certainly beat her husband, marry whom she would, if he did not beat her first, and break her spirit.

Yet has she, continued he, very good qualities. She was a dutiful daughter, is a good wife; she is bountiful to her servants, firm in her friendships, charitable to the poor, and, I believe, never any sister better loved a brother, than she me: and yet she always loved to vex and tease me; and as I would bear a resentment longer than she, she'd be one moment the most provoking creature in the world, and the next would do any thing to be forgiven; and I have made her, when she was the aggressor, follow me all over the house and garden to be upon good terms with me.

But this case piques her more, because she had found out a match for me in the family of a person of quality, and had set her heart upon bringing it to effect, and had even proceeded far in it, without my knowledge, and brought me into the lady's company, unknowing of her design. But I was then averse to matrimony

upon any terms; and was angry at her proceeding in it so far without my privity or encouragement: And she cannot, for this reason, bear the thoughts of my being now married, and to her mother's waiting-maid too, as she reminds my dear Pamela, when I had declined her proposal with the daughter of a noble earl.

This is the whole case, said he; and, allowing for the pride and violence of her spirit, and that she knows not, as I do, the transcendent excellencies of my dear Pamela, and that all her view, in her own conception, is mine and the family honour, she is a little to be allowed for: Though, never fear, my Pamela, but that I, who never had a struggle with her, wherein I did not get the better, will do you justice, and myself too.

This account of Lady Davers pleased every body, and was far from being to her ladyship's disadvantage in the main; and I would do any thing in the world to have the honour to be in her good graces: Yet I fear it will not be easily, if at all, effected. But I will proceed.

After supper, nothing would serve Miss Darnford and Miss Boroughs, but we must have a dance; and Mr. Peters, who plays a good fiddle, urged it forward. My dear master, though in a riding-dress, took out Miss Boroughs.

Sir Simon, for a man of his years, danced well, and took me out; but put on one of his free jokes, that I was fitter to dance with a younger man; and he would have it, (though I had not danced since my dear lady's death to signify, except once or twice to please Mrs. Jervis, and, indeed, believed all my dancing days over,) that as my master and I were the best dancers, we should dance once together, before folks, as the odd gentleman said; and my dear sir was pleased to oblige him: And afterwards danced with Miss Darnford, who has much more skill and judgment than I; though they compliment me with an easier shape and air.

We left the company with great difficulty at about eleven, my dear master having been up all night before, and we being at the greatest distance from home; though they seemed inclinable not to break up so soon, as they were neighbours; and the ladies said, They longed to hear what would be the end of Lady Davers's interview with her brother.

My master said, He feared we must not now think of going next day to Bedfordshire, as we had intended; and perhaps might see them again. And so we took leave, and set out for home; where we arrived not till twelve o'clock; and found Lady Davers had gone to bed about eleven, wanting sadly that we should come home first; but so did not I.

Mrs. Jewkes told us, That my lady was sadly fretted that I had got away so; and seemed a little apprehensive of what I would say of the usage I had received from her. She asked Mrs. Jewkes, if she thought I was really married? And Mrs. Jewkes telling her yes, she fell into a passion, and said, Begone, bold woman, I

cannot bear thee! See not my face till I send for thee! Thou hast been very impudent to me once or twice to-day already, and art now worse than ever. She said, She would not have told her ladyship, if she had not asked her; and was sorry she had offended.

She sent for her at supper time: Said she, I have another question to ask thee, woman, and tell me yes, if thou darest. Was ever any thing so odd? — Why then, said Mrs. Jewkes, I will say No, before your ladyship speaks. — My master laughed: Poor woman! said he. — She called her insolent, and assurance; and said, Begone, bold woman as thou art! — but come hither. Dost thou know if that young harlot is to be with my brother to-night?

She said she knew not what to answer, because she had threatened her if she said yes. But at last my lady said, I will know the bottom of this iniquity. I suppose they won't have so much impudence to be together while I'm in the house; but I dare say they have been bed-fellows.

Said she, I will lie to-night in the room I was born in; so get that bed ready. That room being our bedchamber, Mrs. Jewkes, after some hesitation, replied, Madam, my master lies there, and has the key. I believe, woman, said she, thou tellest me a story. Indeed, madam, said she, he does; and has some papers there he will let nobody see; for Mrs. Jewkes said, she feared she would beat her if she went up, and found by my clothes, and some of my master's, how it was.

So she said, I will then lie in the best room, as it is called; and Jackey shall lie in the little green room adjoining to it. Has thy master got the keys of those? — No, madam, said Mrs. Jewkes: I will order them to be made ready for your ladyship.

And where dost thou lay the pursy sides? said she. Up two pair of stairs, madam, next the garden. And where lies the young harlotry? continued she. Sometimes with me, madam, said she. And sometimes with thy virtuous master, I suppose? said my lady. — Ha, woman! what sayest thou? I must not speak, said Mrs. Jewkes. Well, thou mayest go, said she; but thou hast the air of a secret keeper of that sort I dare say thoul't set the good work forward most cordially. Poor Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, and laughed most heartily.

This talk we had whilst we were undressing. So she and her woman lay together in the room my master lay in before I was happy.

I said, Dear sir, pray, in the morning let me lock myself up in the closet, as soon as you rise; and not be called down for ever so much; for I am afraid to see her ladyship: And I will employ myself about my journal, while these things are in my head. Don't be afraid, my dear, said he: Am not I with you?

Mrs. Jewkes pitied me for what I had undergone in the day; and I said, We won't make the worst of it to my dear master, because we won't exasperate where

we would reconcile: but, added I, I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Jewkes, and I thank you. Said my master, I hope she did not beat your lady, Mrs. Jewkes? Not much, sir, said she; but I believe I saved my lady once: Yet, added she, I was most vexed at the young lord. Ay, Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, let me know his behaviour. I can chastise him, though I cannot my sister, who is a woman; let me therefore know the part he acted.

Nothing, my dear sir, said I, but impertinence, if I may so say, and foolishness, that was very provoking; but I spared him not; and so there is no room, sir, for your anger. No, sir, said Mrs. Jewkes, nothing else indeed.

How was her woman? said my master. Pretty impertinent, replied Mrs. Jewkes, as ladies' women will be. But, said I, you know she saved me once or twice. Very true, madam, returned Mrs. Jewkes. And she said to me at table, that you were a sweet creature; she never saw your equal; but that you had a spirit; and she was sorry you answered her lady so, who never bore so much contradiction before. I told her, added Mrs. Jewkes, that if I was in your ladyship's place, I should have taken much more upon me, and that you were all sweetness. And she said, I was got over, she saw.

Tuesday morning, the sixth of my happiness.

My master had said to Mrs. Jewkes, that he should not rise till eight or nine, as he had sat up all the night before: but it seems, my lady, knowing he usually rose about six, got up soon after that hour; raised her woman and her nephew; having a whimsical scheme in her head, to try to find whether we were in bed together: And, about half an hour after six, she rapped at our chamber door.

My master was waked at the noise, and asked, Who was there? Open the door, said she; open it this minute! I said, clinging about his neck, Dear, dear sir, pray, pray don't! — O save me, save me! Don't fear, Pamela, said he. The woman's mad, I believe.

But he called out; Who are you? What do you want? — You know my voice well enough, said she: — I will come in. — Pray, sir, said I, don't let her ladyship in. — Don't be frightened, my dear, said he; she thinks we are not married, and are afraid to be found a-bed together. I'll let her in; but she shan't come near my dearest.

So he slipt out of bed, and putting on some of his clothes, and gown and slippers, he said, What bold body dare disturb my repose thus? and opened the door. In rushed she: I'll see your wickedness, said she, I will! In vain shall you think to hide it from me. — What should I hide? said he. How dare you set a foot into my house, after the usage I have received from you? — I had covered myself over head and ears, and trembled every joint. He looked, and 'spied her woman and kinsman in the room, she crying out, Bear witness, Jackey; bear witness,

Beck; the creature is now in his bed! And not seeing the young gentleman before, who was at the feet of the bed, he said, How now, sir? What's your business in this apartment? Begone this moment! — And he went away directly.

Beck, said my lady, you see the creature is in his bed. I do, madam, answered she. My master came to me, and said, Ay, look, Beck, and bear witness: Here is my Pamela! — My dear angel, my lovely creature, don't be afraid; look up, and see how frantickly this woman of quality behaves.

At that, I just peeped, and saw my lady, who could not bear this, coming to me; and she said, Wicked abandoned wretch! Vile brother, to brave me thus! I'll tear the creature out of bed before your face, and expose you both as you deserve.

At that he took her in his arms, as if she had been nothing; and carrying her out of the room, she cried out, Beck! Beck! help me, Beck! the wretch is going to fling me down stairs! Her woman ran to him, and said, Good sir, for Heaven's sake do no violence to my lady! Her ladyship has been ill all night.

He sat her down in the chamber she lay in, and she could not speak for passion. Take care of your lady, said he; and when she has rendered herself more worthy of my attention, I'll see her; till then, at her peril, and yours too, come not near my apartment. And so he came to me, and, with all the sweet soothing words in the world, pacified my fears, and gave me leave to go to write in my closet, as soon as my fright was over, and to stay there till things were more calm. And so he dressed himself, and went out of the chamber, permitting me, at my desire, to fasten the door after him.

At breakfast-time my master tapped at the door, and I said, Who's there? I, my dearest, said he. Oh! then, replied I, I will open it with pleasure. I had written on a good deal; but I put it by, when I ran to the door. I would have locked it again, when he was in; but he said, Am not I here? Don't be afraid. Said he, Will you come down to breakfast, my love? O no, dear sir, said I; be pleased to excuse me! said he, I cannot bear the look of it, that the mistress of my house should breakfast in her closet, as if she durst not come down, and I at home! — O, dearest sir, replied I, pray pass that over, for my sake; and don't let my presence aggravate your sister, for a kind punctilio! Then, my dear, said he, I will breakfast with you here. No, pray, dear sir, answered I, breakfast with your sister. That, my dear, replied he, will too much gratify her pride, and look like a slight to you. — Dear sir, said I, your goodness is too great, for me to want punctilious proofs of it. Pray oblige her ladyship. She is your guest surely, sir, you may be freest with your dutiful wife!

She is a strange woman, said he: How I pity her! — She has thrown herself into a violent fit of the colic, through passion: And is but now, her woman says, a little easier. I hope, sir, said I, when you carried her ladyship out, you did not hurt

her. No, replied he, I love her too well. I set her down in the apartment she had chosen: and she but now desires to see me, and that I will breakfast with her, or refuses to touch any thing. But, if my dearest please, I will insist it shall be with you at the same time.

O, no, no, dear sir! said I; I should not forgive myself, if I did. I would on my knees beg her ladyship's goodness to me, now I am in your presence; though I thought I ought to carry it a little stiff when you were absent, for the sake of the honour you have done me. And, dear sir, if my deepest humility will please, permit me to shew it.

You shall do nothing, returned he, unworthy of my wife, to please the proud woman! — But I will, however, permit you to breakfast by yourself this once, as I have not seen her since I have used her in so barbarous a manner, as I understand she exclaims I have; and as she will not eat any thing, unless I give her my company. — So he saluted me, and withdrew; and I locked the door after him again for fear.

Mrs. Jewkes soon after rapped at the door. Who's there? said I. Only I, madam. So I opened the door. 'Tis a sad thing, madam, said she, you should be so much afraid in your own house. She brought me some chocolate and toast; and I asked her about my lady's behaviour. She said, she would not suffer any body to attend but her woman, because she would not be heard what she had to say; but she believed, she said, her master was very angry with the young lord, as she called her kinsman; for, as she passed by the door, she heard him say, in a high tone, I hope, sir, you did not forget what belongs to the character you assume; or to that effect.

About one o'clock my master came up again, and he said, Will you come down to dinner, Pamela, when I send for you? Whatever you command, sir, I must do. But my lady won't desire to see me. No matter whether she will or no. But I will not suffer, that she shall prescribe her insolent will to my wife, and in your own house too. — I will, by my tenderness to you, mortify her pride; and it cannot be done so well as to her face.

Dearest sir, said I, pray indulge me, and let me dine here by myself. It will make my lady but more inveterate. — Said he, I have told her we are married. She is out of all patience about it, and yet pretends not to believe it. Upon that I tell her, Then she shall have it her own way, and that I am not. And what has she to do with it either way? She has scolded and begged, commanded and prayed, blessed me, and cursed me, by turns, twenty times in these few hours. And I have sometimes soothed her, sometimes raged; and at last left her, and took a turn in the garden for an hour to compose myself, because you should not see how the foolish woman has ruffled me; and just now I came out, seeing her coming in.

Just as he had said so, I cried, Oh! my lady, my lady! for I heard her voice in the chamber, saying, Brother, brother, one word with you — stopping in sight of the closet where I was. He stepped out, and she went up to the window that looks towards the garden, and said, Mean fool that I am, to follow you up and down the house in this manner, though I am shunned and avoided by you! You a brother! — You a barbarian! Is it possible we could be born of one mother?

Why, said he, do you charge me with a conduct to you, that you bring upon yourself? — Is it not surprising that you should take the liberty with me, that the dear mother you have named never gave you an example for to any of her relations? — Was it not sufficient, that I was insolently taken to task by you in your letters, but my retirements must be invaded? My house insulted? And, if I have one person dearer to me than another, that that person must be singled out for an object of your violence?

Ay, said she, that one person is the thing! — But though I came with a resolution to be temperate, and to expostulate with you on your avoiding me so unkindly, yet cannot I have patience to look upon that bed in which I was born, and to be made the guilty scene of your wickedness with such a ——

Hush! said he, I charge you! call not the dear girl by any name unworthy of her. You know not, as I told you, her excellence; and I desire you'll not repeat the freedoms you have taken below.

She stamped with her foot, and said, God give me patience! So much contempt to a sister that loves you so well; and so much tenderness to a vile ——

He put his hand before her mouth: Be silent, said he, once more, I charge you! You know not the innocence you abuse so freely. I ought not, neither will I bear it.

She sat down and fanned herself, and burst into tears, and such sobs of grief, or rather passion, that grieved me to hear; and I sat and trembled sadly.

He walked about the room in great anger; and at last said, Let me ask you, Lady Davers, why I am thus insolently to be called to account by you? Am I not independent? Am I not of age? Am I not at liberty to please myself? — Would to God, that, instead of a woman, and my sister, any man breathing had dared, whatever were his relation under that of a father, to give himself half the airs you have done! — Why did you not send on this accursed errand your lord, who could write me such a letter as no gentleman should write, nor any gentleman tamely receive? He should have seen the difference.

We all know, said she, that, since your Italian duel, you have commenced a bravo; and all your airs breathe as strongly of the manslayer as of the libertine. This, said he, I will bear; for I have no reason to be ashamed of that duel, nor the cause of it; since it was to save a friend, and because it is levelled at myself only: but suffer not your tongue to take too great a liberty with my Pamela.

She interrupted him in a violent burst of passion. If I bear this, said she, I can bear any thing! — O the little strumpet! — He interrupted her then, and said wrathfully, Begone, rageful woman! begone this moment from my presence! Leave my house this instant! — I renounce you, and all relation to you! and never more let me see your face, or call me brother! And took her by the hand to lead her out. She laid hold of the curtains of the window, and said, I will not go! You shall not force me from you thus ignominiously in the wretch's hearing, and suffer her to triumph over me in your barbarous treatment of me.

Not considering any thing, I ran out of the closet, and threw myself at my dear master's feet, as he held her hand, in order to lead her out; and I said, Dearest sir, let me beg, that no act of unkindness, for my sake, pass between so worthy and so near relations. Dear, dear madam, said I, and clasped her knees, pardon and excuse the unhappy cause of all this evil; on my knees I beg your ladyship to receive me to your grace and favour, and you shall find me incapable of any triumph but in your ladyship's goodness to me.

Creature, said she, art thou to beg an excuse for me? — Art thou to implore my forgiveness? Is it to thee I am to owe the favour, that I am not cast headlong from my brother's presence? Begone to thy corner, wench! begone, I say, lest thy paramour kill me for trampling thee under my foot!

Rise, my dear Pamela, said my master; rise, dear life of my life; and expose not so much worthiness to the ungrateful scorn of so violent a spirit. And so he led me to my closet again, and there I sat and wept.

Her woman came up, just as he had led me to my closet, and was returning to her lady; and she very humbly said, Excuse my intrusion, good sir! — I hope I may come to my lady. Yes, Mrs. Worden, said he, you may come in; and pray take your lady down stairs with you, for fear I should too much forget what belongs either to my sister or myself!

I began to think (seeing her ladyship so outrageous with her brother) what a happy escape I had had the day before, though hardly enough used in conscience too, as I thought.

Her woman begged her ladyship to walk down; and she said, Beck, seest thou that bed? That was the bed that I was born in; and yet that was the bed thou sawest, as well as I, the wicked Pamela in, this morning, and this brother of mine just risen from her!

True, said he; you both saw it, and it is my pride that you could see it. 'Tis my bridal bed; and 'tis abominable that the happiness I knew before you came hither, should be so barbarously interrupted.

Swear to me but, thou bold wretch! said she, swear to me, that Pamela Andrews is really and truly thy lawful wife, without sham, without deceit, without

double-meaning; and I know what I have to say!

I'll humour you for once, said he; and then swore a solemn oath that I was. And, said he, did I not tell you so at first?

I cannot yet believe you, said she; because, in this particular, I had rather have called you knave than fool. — Provoke me not too much, said he; for, if I should as much forget myself as you have done, you'd have no more of a brother in me, than I have a sister in you.

Who married you? said she: tell me that! Was it not a broken attorney in a parson's habit? Tell me truly, in the wench's hearing. When she's undeceived, she'll know how to behave herself better! Thank God, thought I, it is not so.

No, said he; and I'll tell you, that I bless God, I abhorred that project, before it was brought to bear: and Mr. Williams married us. — Nay then, said she — but answer me another question or two, I beseech you: Who gave her away? Parson Peters, said he. Where was the ceremony performed? In my little chapel, which you may see, as it was put in order on purpose.

Now, said she, I begin to fear there is something in it! But who was present? said she. Methinks, replied he, I look like a fine puppy, to suffer myself to be thus interrogated by an insolent sister: but, if you must know, Mrs. Jewkes was present. O the procuress! said she: But nobody else? Yes, said he, all my heart and soul!

Wretch! said she; and what would thy father and mother have said, had they lived to this day? Their consents, replied he, I should have thought it my duty to ask; but not yours, madam.

Suppose, said she, I had married my father's groom! what would you have said to that? — I could not have behaved worse, replied he, than you have done. And would you not have thought, said she, I had deserved it.

Said he, Does your pride let you see no difference in the case you put? None at all, said she. Where can the difference be between a beggar's son married by a lady, or a beggar's daughter made a gentleman's wife?

Then I'll tell you, replied he; the difference is, a man ennobles the woman he takes, be she who she will; and adopts her into his own rank, be it what it will: but a woman, though ever so nobly born, debases herself by a mean marriage, and descends from her own rank to his she stoops to.

When the royal family of Stuart allied itself into the low family of Hyde, (comparatively low, I mean,) did any body scruple to call the lady, Royal Highness, and Duchess of York? And did any body think her daughters, the late Queen Mary and Queen Anne, less royal for that?

When the broken-fortuned peer goes into the city to marry a rich tradesman's daughter, be he duke or earl, does not his consort immediately become ennobled

by his choice? and who scruples to call her lady, duchess, or countess?

But when a duchess or countess dowager descends to mingle with a person of obscure birth, does she not then degrade herself? and is she not effectually degraded? And will any duchess or countess rank with her?

Now, Lady Davers, do you not see a difference between my marrying my dear mother's beloved and deserving waiting-maid, with a million of excellencies about her, and such graces of mind and person as would adorn any distinction; and your marrying a sordid groom, whose constant train of education, conversation, and opportunities, could possibly give him no other merit, than that which must proceed from the vilest, lowest taste, in his sordid dignifier?

O the wretch! said she, how he finds excuses to palliate his meanness!

Again, said he, let me observe to you, Lady Davers, When a duke marries a private person, is he not still her head, by virtue of being her husband? But, when a lady descends to marry a groom, is not the groom her head, being her husband? And does not the difference strike you? For what lady of quality ought to respect another, who has made so sordid a choice, and set a groom above her? For, would not that be to put that groom upon a par with themselves? — Call this palliation, or what you will; but if you see not the difference, you are blind; and a very unfit judge for yourself, much more unfit to be a censurer of me.

I'd have you, said she, publish your fine reasons to the world, and they will be sweet encouragements to all the young gentlemen who read them to cast themselves away on the servant-wenches in their families.

Not at all, Lady Davers, replied he: For, if any young gentleman stays till he finds such a person as my Pamela, so enriched with the beauties of person and mind, so well accomplished, and so fitted to adorn the degree she is raised to, he will stand as easily acquitted, as I shall be to all the world that sees her, except there be many more Lady Davers than I apprehend can possibly be met with.

And so, returned she, you say you are actually and really married, honestly, or rather foolishly married, to this slut?

I am, indeed, says he, if you presume to call her so! And why should I not, if I please? Who is there ought to contradict me? Whom have I hurt by it? — Have I not an estate, free and independent? — Am I likely to be beholden to you, or any of my relations? And why, when I have a sufficiency in my own single hands, should I scruple to make a woman equally happy, who has all I want? For beauty, virtue, prudence, and generosity too, I will tell you, she has more than any lady I ever saw. Yes, Lady Davers, she has all these naturally; they are born with her; and a few years' education, with her genius, has done more for her, than a whole life has done for others.

No more, no more, I beseech you, said she; thou surfeitest me, honest man! with thy weak folly. Thou art worse than an idolater; thou hast made a graven image, and thou fallest down and worshippest the works of thy own hands; and, Jeroboam-like, wouldst have every body else bow down before thy calf!

Well said, Lady Davers! Whenever your passion suffers you to descend to witticism; ’tis almost over with you. But let me tell you, though I myself worship this sweet creature, that you call such names, I want nobody else to do it; and should be glad you had not intruded upon me, to interrupt me in the course of our mutual happiness.

Well said, well said, my kind, my well-mannered brother! said she. I shall, after this, very little interrupt your mutual happiness, I’ll assure you. I thought you a gentleman once, and prided myself in my brother: But I’ll say now with the burial service, Ashes to ashes, and dirt to dirt!

Ay, said he, Lady Davers, and there we must all end at last; you with all your pride, and I with my plentiful fortune, must come to it; and then where will be your distinction? Let me tell you, except you and I both mend our manners, though you have been no duellist, no libertine, as you call me, this amiable girl, whom your vanity and folly so much despise, will out-soar us both, infinitely out-soar us; and he who judges best, will give the preference where due, without regard to birth or fortune.

Egregious preacher! said she: What, my brother already turned Puritan! — See what marriage and repentance may bring a man to! I heartily congratulate this change! — Well, said she, (and came towards me, and I trembled to see her coming; but her brother followed to observe her, and I stood up at her approach, and she said,) give me thy hand, Mrs. Pamela, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. what shall I call thee? — Thou hast done wonders in a little time; thou hast not only made a rake a husband but thou hast made a rake a preacher! But take care, added she, after all, in ironical anger, and tapped me on the neck, take care that thy vanity begins not where his ends; and that thou callest not thyself my sister.

She shall, I hope, Lady Davers, said he, when she can make as great a convert of you from pride, as she has of me, from libertinism.

Mrs. Jewkes just then came up, and said dinner was ready. Come, my Pamela, said my dear master; you desired to be excused from breakfasting with us; but I hope you’ll give Lady Davers and me your company to dinner.

How dare you insult me thus? said my lady. — How dare you, said he, insult me by your conduct in my own house, after I have told you I am married? How dare you think of staying here one moment, and refuse my wife the honours that belong to her as such?

Merciful God! said she, give me patience! and held her hand to her forehead.

Pray, sir, dear sir, said I, excuse me, don't vex my lady: — Be silent, my dear love, said he; you see already what you have got by your sweet condescension. You have thrown yourself at her feet, and, insolent as she is, she has threatened to trample upon you. She'll ask you, presently, if she is to owe her excuse to your interposition? and yet nothing else can make her forgiven.

Poor lady, she could not bear this; and, as if she was discomposed, she ran to her poor grieved woman, and took hold of her hand, and said, Lead me down, lead me down, Beck! Let us instantly quit this house, this cursed house, that once I took pleasure in! Order the fellows to get ready, and I will never see it, nor its owner, more. And away she went down stairs, in a great hurry. And the servants were ordered to make ready for their departure.

I saw my master was troubled, and I went to him, and said, Pray, dear sir, follow my lady down, and pacify her. 'Tis her love to you. — Poor woman! said he, I am concerned for her! But I insist upon your coming down, since things are gone so far. Her pride will get new strength else, and we shall be all to begin again.

Dearest, dear sir, said I, excuse my going down this once! Indeed, my dear, I won't, replied he. What! shall it be said, that my sister shall scare my wife from my table, and I present? — No, I have borne too much already; and so have you: And I charge you come down when I send for you.

He departed, saying these words, and I durst not dispute; for I saw he was determined. And there is as much majesty as goodness in him, as I have often had reason to observe; though never more than on the present occasion with his sister. Her ladyship instantly put on her hood and gloves, and her woman tied up a handkerchief full of things; for her principal matters were not unpacked; and her coachman got her chariot ready, and her footmen their horses; and she appeared resolved to go. But her kinsman and Mr. Colbrand had taken a turn together, somewhere; and she would not come in, but sat fretting on a seat in the fore-yard, with her woman by her; and, at last, said to one of the footmen, Do you, James, stay to attend my nephew; and we'll take the road we came.

Mrs. Jewkes went to her ladyship, and said, Your ladyship will be pleased to stay dinner; 'tis just coming upon table? No, said she, I have enough of this house; I have indeed. But give my service to your master, and I wish him happier than he has made me.

He had sent for me down, and I came, though unwillingly, and the cloth was laid in the parlour I had jumped out of; and there was my master walking about it. Mrs. Jewkes came in, and asked, if he pleased to have dinner brought in? for my lady would not come in, but desired her service, and wished him happier than he had made her. He, seeing her at the window, when he went to that side of the

room, all ready to go, stept out to her, and said, Lady Davers, if I thought you would not be hardened, rather than softened, by my civility, I would ask you to walk in; and, at least, let your kinsman and servants dine before they go. She wept, and turned her face from him, to hide it. He took her hand, and said, Come, sister, let me prevail upon you: Walk in. No, said she, don't ask me. — I wish I could hate you, as much as you hate me! — You do, said he, and a great deal more, I'll assure you; or else you'd not vex me as you do. — Come, pray walk in. Don't ask me, said she. Her kinsman just then returned: Why, madam, said he, your ladyship won't go till you have dined, I hope. No, Jackey, said she, I can't stay; I'm an intruder here, it seems! — Think, said my master, of the occasion you gave for that word. Your violent passions are the only intruders! Lay them aside, and never sister was dearer to a brother. Don't say such another word, said she, I beseech you; for I am too easy to forgive you any thing for one kind word! — You shall have one hundred, said he, nay, ten thousand, if they will do, my dear sister. And, kissing her, he added, Pray give me your hand. John, said he, put up the horses; you are all as welcome to me, for all your lady's angry with me, as at any inn you can put up at. Come, Mr. H —— , said he, lead your aunt in; for she won't permit that honour to me.

This quite overcame her; and she said, giving her brother her hand, Yes, I will, and you shall lead me any where! and kissed him. But don't think, said she, I can forgive you neither. And so he led her into the parlour where I was. But, said she, why do you lead me to this wench? 'Tis my wife, my dear sister; and if you will not love her, yet don't forget common civilities to her, for your own sake.

Pray, madam, said her kinsman, since your brother is pleased to own his marriage, we must not forget common civilities, as Mr. B —— says. And, sir, added he, permit me to wish you joy. Thank you, sir, said he. And may I? said he, looking at me. Yes, sir, replied my master. So he saluted me, very complaisantly; and said, I vow to Gad, madam, I did not know this yesterday; and if I was guilty of a fault, I beg your pardon.

My lady said, Thou'rt a good-natured foolish fellow; thou might'st have saved this nonsensical parade, till I had given thee leave. Why, aunt, said he, if they are actually married, there's no help for it; and we must not make mischief between man and wife.

But brother, said she, do you think I'll sit at table with the creature? No contemptuous names, I beseech you, Lady Davers! I tell you she is really my wife; and I must be a villain to suffer her to be ill used. She has no protector but me; and, if you will permit her, she will always love and honour you. — Indeed, indeed I will, madam, said I.

I cannot, I won't sit down at table with her, said she: Pamela, I hope thou dost not think I will? — Indeed, madam, said I, if your good brother will permit it, I will attend your chair all the time you dine, to shew my veneration for your ladyship, as the sister of my kind protector. See, said he, her condition has not altered her; but I cannot permit in her a conduct unworthy of my wife; and I hope my sister will not expect it neither.

Let her leave the room, replied she, if I must stay. Indeed you are out of the way, aunt, said her kinsman; that is not right, as things stand. Said my master, No, madam, that must not be; but, if it must be so, we'll have two tables; you and your nephew shall sit at one, and my wife and I at the other: and then see what a figure your unreasonable punctilio will make you cut. — She seemed irresolute, and he placed her at the table; the first course, which was fish, being brought in. Where, said she to me, would'st thou presume to sit? Would'st have me give place to thee too, wench? — Come, come, said my master, I'll put that out of dispute; and so set himself down by her ladyship, at the upper end of the table, and placed me at his left hand. Excuse me, my dear, said he; this once excuse me! — Oh! your cursed complaisance, said she, to such a —— . Hush, sister! hush! said he: I will not bear to hear her spoken slightly of! 'Tis enough, that, to oblige your violent and indecent caprice, you make me compromise with you thus.

Come, sir, added he, pray take your place next your gentle aunt! — Beck, said she, do you sit down by Pamela there, since it must be so; we'll be hail fellow all! With all my heart, replied my master; I have so much honour for all the sex, that I would not have the meanest person of it stand, while I sit, had I been to have made the custom. Mrs. Worden, pray sit down. Sir, said she, I hope I shall know my place better.

My lady sat considering; and then, lifting up her hands, said, Lord! what will this world come to? — To nothing but what's very good, replied my master, if such spirits as Lady Davers's do but take the rule of it. Shall I help you, sister, to some of the carp? Help your beloved! said she. That's kind! said he. — Now, that's my good Lady Davers! Here, my love, let me help you, since my sister desires it. — Mighty well, returned she, mighty well! — But sat on one side, turning from me, as it were.

Dear aunt, said her kinsman, let's see you buss and be friends: since 'tis so, what signifies it? Hold thy fool's tongue! said she: Is thy tone so soon turned since yesterday? said my master, I hope nothing affronting was offered yesterday to my wife, in her own house. She hit him a good smart slap on the shoulder: Take that, impudent brother said she. I'll wife you, and in her own house! She seemed half afraid: but he, in very good humour, kissed her, and said, I thank you, sister, I thank you. But I have not had a blow from you before for some time!

‘Fore gad, said her kinsman, ’tis very kind of you to take it so well. Her ladyship is as good a woman as ever lived; but I’ve had many a cuff from her myself.

I won’t put it up neither, said my master, except you’ll assure me you have seen her serve her lord so.

I pressed my foot to his, and said, softly, Don’t, dear sir! — What! said she, is the creature begging me off from insult? If his manners won’t keep him from outraging me, I won’t owe his forebearance to thee, wench.

Said my master, and put some fish on my lady’s plate, Well does Lady Davers use the word insult! — But, come, let me see you eat one mouthful, and I’ll forgive you; and he put the knife in one of her hands, and the fork in the other. As I hope to live, said he, I cannot bear this silly childishness, for nothing at all! I am quite ashamed of it.

She put a little bit to her mouth, but laid it down in her plate again: I cannot eat, said she; I cannot swallow, I’m sure. It will certainly choak me. He had forbid his menservants to come in, that they might not behold the scene he expected; and rose from table himself, and filled a glass of wine, her woman offering, and her kinsman rising, to do it. Mean-time, his seat between us being vacant, she turned to me: How now, confidence, said she, darest thou sit next me? Why dost thou not rise, and take the glass from thy property?

Sit still, my dear, said he; I’ll help you both. But I arose; for I was afraid of a good cuff; and said, Pray, sir, let me help my lady. So you shall, replied he, when she’s in a humour to receive it as she ought. Sister, said he, with a glass in his hand, pray drink; you’ll perhaps eat a little bit of something then. Is this to insult me? said she. — No, really, returned he: but to incite you to eat; for you’ll be sick for want of it.

She took the glass, and said, God forgive you, wicked wretch, for your usage of me this day! — This is a little as it used to be! — I once had your love; — and now it is changed; and for whom? that vexes me! And wept so, she was forced to set down the glass.

You don’t do well, said he. You neither treat me like your brother nor a gentleman; and if you would suffer me, I would love you as well as ever. — But for a woman of sense and understanding, and a fine-bred woman, as I once thought my sister, you act quite a childish part. Come, added he, and held the glass to her lips, let your brother, that you once loved, prevail on you to drink this glass of wine. — She then drank it. He kissed her, and said, Oh! how passion deforms the noblest minds! You have lost a good deal of that loveliness that used to adorn my sister. And let me persuade you to compose yourself, and be my

sister again! — For Lady Davers is, indeed, a fine woman; and has a presence as majestic for a lady, as her dear brother has for a gentleman.

He then sat down between us again, and said, when the second course came in, Let Abraham come in and wait. I touched his toe again; but he minded it not; and I saw he was right; for her ladyship began to recollect herself, and did not behave half so ill before the servants, as she had done; and helped herself with some little freedom; but she could not forbear a strong sigh and a sob now and then. She called for a glass of the same wine she had drank before. Said he, Shall I help you again, Lady Davers? — and rose, at the same time, and went to the sideboard, and filled her a glass. Indeed, said she, I love to be soothed by my brother! — Your health, sir!

Said my master to me, with great sweetness, My dear, now I'm up, I'll fill for you! — I must serve both sisters alike! She looked at the servant, as if he were a little check upon her, and said to my master, How now, sir! — Not that you know of. He whispered her, Don't shew any contempt before my servants to one I have so deservedly made their mistress. Consider, 'tis done. — Ay, said she, that's the thing that kills me.

He gave me a glass: My good lady's health, sir, said I. — That won't do, said she, leaning towards me, softly: and was going to say wench, or creature, or some such word. And my master, seeing Abraham look towards her, her eyes being red and swelled, said, Indeed, sister, I would not vex myself about it, if I was you. About what? said she. Why, replied he, about your lord's not coming down, as he had promised. He sat down, and she tapped him on the shoulder: Ah! wicked one, said she, nor will that do neither! — Why, to be sure, added he, it would vex a lady of your sense and merit to be slighted, if it was so; but I am sure my lord loves you, as well as you love him; and you know not what may have happened.

She shook her head, and said, That's like your art! — This makes one amazed you should be so caught! — Who, my lord caught! said he: No, no! he'll have more wit than so! But I never heard you were jealous before. Nor, said he, have you any reason to think so now! — Honest friend, you need not wait, said she; my woman will help us to what we want. Yes, let him, replied he. Abraham, fill me a glass. Come, said my master, Lord Davers to you, madam: I hope he'll take care he is not found out! — You're very provoking, brother, said she. I wish you were as good as Lord Davers. — But don't carry your jest too far. Well, said he, 'tis a tender point, I own. I've done.

By these kind managements the dinner passed over better than I expected. And when the servants were withdrawn, my master said, still keeping his place between us, I have a question to ask you, Lady Davers, and that is, If you'll bear

me company to Bedfordshire? I was intending to set out thither to-morrow, but I'll tarry your pleasure, if you'll go with me.

Is thy wife, as thou callest her, to go along with thee, friend? said she. Yes, to be sure, answered he, my dear Quaker sister; and took her hand, and smiled. And would'st have me parade it with her on the road? — Hey? — And make one to grace her retinue? — Hey? Tell me how thoud'st chalk it out, if I would do as thou would'st have me, honest friend?

He clasped his arms about her, and kissed her: You are a dear saucy sister, said he; but I must love you! — Why, I'll tell you how I'd have it. Here shall you, and my Pamela — Leave out my, I desire you, if you'd have me sit patiently. No, replied he, I can't do that. Here shall you, and my Pamela, go together in your chariot, if you please; and she will then appear as one of your retinue; and your nephew and I will sometimes ride, and sometimes go into my chariot, to your woman.

Should'st thou like this, creature? said she to me. — If your ladyship think it not too great an honour for me, madam, said I. Yes, replied she, but my ladyship does think it would be too great an honour.

Now I think of it, said he, this must not be neither; for, without you'd give her the hand in your own chariot, my wife would be thought your woman, and that must not be. Why, that would, may be, said she, be the only inducement for me to bear her near me, in my chariot. — But, how then? — Why then, when we came home, we'd get Lord Davers to come to us, and stay a month or two.

And what if he was to come? — Why I would have you, as I know you have a good fancy, give Pamela your judgment on some patterns I expect from London, for clothes. — Provoking wretch! said she; now I wish I may keep my hands to myself. I don't say it to provoke you, said he, nor ought it to do so. But when I tell you I am married, is it not a consequence that we must have new clothes?

Hast thou any more of these obliging things to say to me, friend? said she. I will make you a present, returned he, worth your acceptance, if you will grace us with your company at church, when we make our appearance. — Take that, said she, if I die for it, wretch that thou art! and was going to hit him a great slap; but he held her hand. Her kinsman said, Dear aunt, I wonder at you! Why, all these are things of course.

I begged leave to withdraw; and, as I went out, my good master said, There's a person! There's a shape! There's a sweetness! O, Lady Davers! were you a man, you would doat on her, as I do. Yes, said the naughty lady, so I should, for my harlot, but not for my wife. I turned, on this, and said, Indeed your ladyship is cruel; and well may gentlemen take liberties, when ladies of honour say such

things! And I wept, and added, Your ladyship's inference, if your good brother was not the most generous of men, would make me very unhappy.

No fear, wench; no fear, said she; thou'lt hold him as long as any body can, I see that! — Poor Sally Godfrey never had half the interest in him, I'll assure you.

Stay, my Pamela, said he, in a passion; stay, when I bid you. You have now heard two vile charges upon me! — I love you with such a true affection, that I ought to say something before this malicious accuser, that you may not think your consummate virtue linked to so black a villain.

Her nephew seemed uneasy, and blamed her much; and I came back, but trembled as I stood; and he set me down, and said, taking my hand, I have been accused, my dear, as a dueller, and now as a profligate, in another sense; and there was a time I should not have received these imputations with so much concern as I now do, when I would wish, by degrees, by a conformity of my manners to your virtue, to shew every one the force your example has upon me. But this briefly is the case of the first.

I had a friend, who had been basely attempted to be assassinated by bravoes, hired by a man of title in Italy, who, like many other persons of title, had no honour; and, at Padua, I had the fortune to disarm one of these bravoes in my friend's defence, and made him confess his employer; and him, I own, I challenged. At Sienna we met, and he died in a month after, of a fever; but, I hope, not occasioned by the slight wounds he had received from me; though I was obliged to leave Italy upon it, sooner than I intended, because of his numerous relations, who looked upon me as the cause of his death; though I pacified them by a letter I wrote them from Inspruck, acquainting them with the baseness of the deceased: and they followed me not to Munich, as they intended.

This is one of the good-natured hints that might shock your sweetness, on reflecting that you are yoked with a murderer. The other — Nay, brother, said she, say no more. 'Tis your own fault if you go further. She shall know it all, said he; and I defy the utmost stretch of your malice.

When I was at college, I was well received by a widow lady, who had several daughters, and but small fortunes to give them; and the old lady set one of them (a deserving good girl she was,) to draw me into marriage with her, for the sake of the fortune I was heir to; and contrived many opportunities to bring us and leave us together. I was not then of age; and the young lady, not half so artful as her mother, yielded to my addresses before the mother's plot could be ripened, and so utterly disappointed it. This, my Pamela, is the Sally Godfrey, this malicious woman, with the worst intentions, has informed you of. And whatever other liberties I may have taken, (for perhaps some more I have, which, had she known,

you had heard of, as well as this,) I desire Heaven will only forgive me, till I revive its vengeance by the like offences, in injury to my Pamela.

And now, my dear, you may withdraw; for this worthy sister of mine has said all the bad she knows of me; and what, at a proper opportunity, when I could have convinced you, that they were not my boast, but my concern, I should have acquainted you with myself; for I am not fond of being thought better than I am: though I hope, from the hour I devoted myself to so much virtue, to that of my death, my conduct shall be irreproachable.

She was greatly moved at this, and the noble manner in which the dear gentleman owned and repented of his faults; and gushed out into tears, and said, No, don't yet go, Pamela, I beseech you. My passion has carried me too far, a great deal; and, coming to me, she shook my hand, and said, You must stay to hear me beg his pardon; and so took his hand. — But, to my concern, (for I was grieved for her ladyship's grief,) he burst from her; and went out of the parlour into the garden in a violent rage, that made me tremble. Her ladyship sat down, and leaned her head against my bosom, and made my neck wet with her tears, holding me by the hands; and I wept for company. — Her kinsman walked up and down the parlour in a sad fret; and going out afterwards, he came in, and said, Mr. B —— has ordered his chariot to be got ready, and won't be spoken to by any body. Where is he? said she. — Walking in the garden till it is ready, replied he.

Well, said she, I have indeed gone too far. I was bewitched! And now, said she, malicious as he calls me, will he not forgive me for a twelvemonth: for I tell you, Pamela, if ever you offend, he will not easily forgive. I was all delighted, though sad, to see her ladyship so good to me. Will you venture, said she, to accompany me to him? — Dare you follow a lion in his retreats? — I'll attend your ladyship, said I, wherever you command. Well, wench, said she; Pamela, I mean; thou art very good in the main! — I should have loved thee as well as my mother did — if — but 'tis all over now! Indeed you should not have married my brother! But come, I must love him! Let's find him out! And yet will he use me worse than a dog! — I should not, added she, have so much exasperated him: for, whenever I have, I have always had the worst of it. He knows I love him!

In this manner her ladyship talked to me, leaning on my arm, and walking into the garden. I saw he was still in a tumult, as it were; and he took another walk to avoid us. She called after him, and said, Brother, brother, let me speak to you! — One word with you! And as we made haste towards him, and came near to him; I desire, said he, that you'll not oppress me more with your follies, and your violence. I have borne too much with you, and I will vow for a twelvemonth, from this day — Hush, said she, don't vow, I beg you for too well will you keep

it, I know by experience, if you do. You see, said she, I stoop to ask Pamela to be my advocate. Sure that will pacify you!

Indeed, said he, I desire to see neither of you, on such an occasion; and let me only be left to myself, for I will not be intruded upon thus; and was going away. — But, said she, One word first, I desire. — If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you. — What, said the dear man, haughtily, will you forgive me? — Why, said she, for she saw him too angry to mention his marriage, as a subject that required her pardon — I will forgive you all your bad usage of me this day.

I will be serious with you, sister, said he: I wish you most sincerely well; but let us, from this time, study so much one another's quiet, as never to come near one another more. Never? said she. — And can you desire this? barbarous brother! can you? — I can, I do, said he; and I have nothing to do, but to hide from you, not a brother, but a murderer, and a profligate, unworthy of your relation; and let me be consigned to penitence for my past evils: A penitence, however, that shall not be broken in upon by so violent an accuser.

Pamela, said he, and made me tremble, How dare you approach me, without leave, when you see me thus disturbed? — Never, for the future, come near me, when I am in these tumults, unless I send for you.

Dear sir! said I — Leave me, interrupted he. I will set out for Bedfordshire this moment! What! sir, said I, without me? — What have I done? You have too meanly, said he, for my wife, stooped to this furious sister of mine; and, till I can recollect, I am not pleased with you: But Colbrand shall attend you, and two other of my servants; and Mrs. Jewkes shall wait upon you part of the way: And I hope you'll find me in a better disposition to receive you there, than I am at parting with you here.

Had I not hoped, that this was partly put on to intimidate my lady, I believe I could not have borne it: But it was grievous to me; for I saw he was most sincerely in a passion.

I was afraid, said she, he would be angry at you, as well as me; for well do I know his unreasonable violence, when he is moved. But one word, sir, said she; Pardon Pamela, if you won't me; for she has committed no offence, but that of good-nature to me, and at my request. I will be gone myself, directly as I was about to do, had you not prevented me.

I prevented you, said he, through love; but you have strung me for it, through hatred. But as for my Pamela, I know, besides the present moment, I cannot be angry with her; and therefore I desire her never to see me, on such occasions, till I can see her in the temper I ought to be in, when so much sweetness approaches me. 'Tis therefore I say, my dearest, leave me now.

But, sir, said I, must I leave you, and let you go to Bedfordshire without me? Oh, dear sir, how can I? — Said my lady, You may go to-morrow, both of you, as you had designed; and I will go away this afternoon: And, since I cannot be forgiven, will try to forget I have a brother.

May I, sir, said I, beg all your anger on myself, and to be reconciled to your good sister? Presuming Pamela! replied he, and made me start; Art thou then so hardy, so well able to sustain a displeasure, which of all things, I expected from thy affection, and thy tenderness, thou would'st have wished to avoid? — Now, said he, and took my hand, and, as it were, tossed it from him, begone from my presence, and reflect upon what you have said to me!

I was so frightened, (for then I saw he took amiss what I said,) that I took hold of his knees, as he was turning from me; and I said, Forgive me, good sir! you see I am not so hardy! I cannot bear your displeasure! And was ready to sink.

His sister said, Only forgive Pamela; 'tis all I ask — You'll break her spirit quite! — You'll carry your passion as much too far as I have done! — I need not say, said he, how well I love her; but she must not intrude upon me at such times as these! — I had intended, as soon as I could have quelled, by my reason, the tumults you had caused by your violence, to have come in, and taken such a leave of you both, as might become a husband, and a brother: But she has, unbidden, broke in upon me, and must take the consequence of a passion, which, when raised, is as uncontrollable as your own.

Said she, Did I not love you so well, as sister never loved a brother, I should not have given you all this trouble. And did I not, said he, love you better than you are resolved to deserve, I should be indifferent to all you say. But this last instance, after the duelling story (which you would not have mentioned, had you not known it is always matter of concern for me to think upon), of poor Sally Godfrey, is a piece of spite and meanness, that I can renounce you my blood for.

Well, said she, I am convinced it was wrong. I am ashamed of it myself. 'Twas poor, 'twas mean, 'twas unworthy of your sister: And 'tis for this reason I stoop to follow you, to beg your pardon, and even to procure one for my advocate, who I thought had some interest in you, if I might have believed your own professions to her; which now I shall begin to think made purposely to insult me.

I care not what you think! — After the meanness you have been guilty of, I can only look upon you with pity: For, indeed, you have fallen very low with me.

'Tis plain I have, said she. But I'll begone. — And so, brother, let me call you for this once! God bless you! And Pamela, said her ladyship, God bless you! and kissed me, and wept.

I durst say no more: And my lady turning from him, he said, Your sex is the d — l! how strangely can you discompose, calm, and turn, as you please, us poor

weathercocks of men! Your last kind blessing to my Pamela I cannot stand! Kiss but each other again. And then he took both our hands, and joined them; and my lady saluting me again, with tears on both sides, he put his kind arms about each of our waists, and saluted us with great affection, saying, Now, God bless you both, the two dearest creatures I have in the world!

Well, said she, you will quite forget my fault about Miss — He stopt her before she could speak the name, and said, For ever forget it! — And, Pamela, I'll forgive you too, if you don't again make my displeasure so light a thing to you, as you did just now.

Said my lady, She did not make your displeasure a light thing to her; but the heavier it was, the higher compliment she made me, that she would bear it all, rather than not see you and me reconciled. No matter for that, said he: It was either an absence of thought, or a slight by implication, at least, that my niceness could not bear from her tenderness: For looked it not presuming, that she could stand my displeasure, or was sure of making her terms when she pleased? Which, fond as I am of her, I assure her, will not be always, in wilful faults, in her power.

Nay, said my lady, I can tell you, Pamela, you have a gentleman here in my brother; and you may expect such treatment from him, as that character, and his known good sense and breeding, will always oblige him to shew: But if you offend, the Lord have mercy upon you! — You see how it is by poor me! — And yet I never knew him to forgive so soon.

I am sure, said I, I will take care as much as I can; for I have been frightened out of my wits, and had offended, before I knew where I was.

So happily did this storm blow over; and my lady was quite subdued and pacified.

When we came out of the garden, his chariot was ready; and he said, Well, sister, I had most assuredly gone away towards my other house, if things had not taken this happy turn; and, if you please, instead of it, you and I will take an airing: And pray, my dear, said he to me, bid Mrs. Jewkes order supper by eight o'clock, and we shall then join you.

Sir, added he, to her nephew, will you take your horse and escort us? I will, said he: and am glad, at my soul, to see you all so good friends.

So my dear lord and master handed my lady into his chariot, and her kinsman and his servants rode after them and I went up to my closet to ruminate on these things. And, foolish thing that I am, this poor Miss Sally Godfrey runs into my head! — How soon the name and quality of a wife gives one privileges, in one's own account! — Yet, methinks, I want to know more about her; for, is it not strange, that I, who lived years in the family, should have heard nothing of this?

But I was so constantly with my lady, that I might the less hear of it; for she, I dare say, never knew it, or she would have told me.

But I dare not ask him about the poor lady. — Yet I wonder what became of her! Whether she be living? And whether any thing came of it? — May be I shall hear full soon enough! — But I hope not to any bad purpose.

As to the other unhappy case, I know it was talked of, that in his travels, before I was taken into the family long, he had one or two broils; and, from a youth, he was always remarkable for courage, and is reckoned a great master of his sword. God grant he may never be put to use it! and that he may be always preserved in honour and safety!

About seven o'clock my master sent word, that he would have me not expect him to supper; for that he, and my lady his sister, and nephew, were prevailed upon to stay with Lady Jones; and that Lady Darnford, and Mr. Peters's family, had promised to meet them there. I was glad they did not send for me; and the rather, as I hoped those good families being my friends, would confirm my lady a little in my favour; and so I followed my writing closely.

About eleven o'clock they returned. I had but just come down, having tired myself with my pen, and was sitting talking with Mrs. Jewkes and Mrs. Worden, whom I would, though unwillingly on their sides, make sit down, which they did over against me. Mrs. Worden asked my pardon, in a good deal of confusion, for the part she had acted against me; saying, That things had been very differently represented to her; and that she little thought I was married, and that she was behaving so rudely to the lady of the house.

I said, I took nothing amiss; and very freely forgave her; and hoped my new condition would not make me forget how to behave properly to every one; but that I must endeavour to act not unworthy of it, for the honour of the gentleman who had so generously raised me to it.

Mrs. Jewkes said, that my situation gave me great opportunities of shewing the excellence of my nature, that I could forgive offences against me so readily, as she, for her own part, must always, she said, acknowledge, with confusion of face.

People, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, don't know how they shall act, when their wills are in the power of their superiors; and I always thought one should distinguish between acts of malice, and of implicit obedience; though, at the same time, a person should know how to judge between lawful and unlawful. And even the great, though at present angry they are not obeyed, will afterwards have no ill opinion of a person for withstanding them in their unlawful commands.

Mrs. Jewkes seemed a little concerned at this; and I said, I spoke chiefly from my own experience: For that I might say, as they both knew my story, that I had

not wanted both for menaces and temptations; and had I complied with the one, or been intimidated by the other, I should not have been what I was.

Ah, madam! replied Mrs. Jewkes, I never knew any body like you; and I think your temper sweeter, since the happy day, than before; and that, if possible, you take less upon you.

Why, a good reason, said I, may be assigned for that: I thought myself in danger: I looked upon every one as my enemy; and it was impossible that I should not be fretful, uneasy, jealous. But when my dearest friend had taken from me the ground of my uneasiness, and made me quite happy, I should have been very blamable, if I had not shewn a satisfied and easy mind, and a temper that should engage every one's respect and love at the same time, if possible: And so much the more, as it was but justifying, in some sort, the honour I had received: For the fewer enemies I made myself, the more I engaged every one to think, that my good benefactor had been less to blame in descending as he has done.

This way of talking pleased them both very much; and they made me many compliments upon it, and wished me always to be happy, as, they said, I so well deserved.

We were thus engaged, when my master, and his sister and her nephew, came in: and they made me quite alive, in the happy humour in which they all returned. The two women would have withdrawn: but my master said, Don't go, Mrs. Worden: Mrs. Jewkes, pray stay; I shall speak to you presently. So he came to me, and, saluting me, said, Well, my dear love, I hope I have not trespassed upon your patience, by an absence longer than we designed. But it has not been to your disadvantage; for though we had not your company, we have talked of nobody else but you.

My lady came up to me, and said, Ay, child, you have been all our subject. I don't know how it is: but you have made two or three good families, in this neighbourhood, as much your admirers, as your friend here.

My sister, said he, has been hearing your praises, Pamela, from half a score mouths, with more pleasure than her heart will easily let her express.

My good Lady Davers's favour, said I, and the continuance of yours, sir, would give me more pride than that of all the rest of the world put together.

Well, child, said she, proud hearts don't come down all at once; though my brother, here, has this day set mine a good many pegs lower than I ever knew it: But I will say, I wish you joy with my brother; and so kissed me.

My dear lady, said I, you for ever oblige me! — I shall now believe myself quite happy. This was all I wanted to make me so! — And I hope I shall always, through my life, shew your ladyship, that I have the most grateful and respectful sense of your goodness.

But, child, said she, I shall not give you my company when you make your appearance. Let your own merit make all your Bedfordshire neighbours your friends, as it has done here, by your Lincolnshire ones; and you'll have no need of my countenance, nor any body's else.

Now, said her nephew, 'tis my turn: I wish you joy with all my soul, madam; and, by what I have seen, and by what I have heard, 'fore Gad, I think you have met with no more than you deserve; and so all the company says, where we have been: And pray forgive all my nonsense to you.

Sir, said I, I shall always, I hope, respect as I ought, so near a relation of my good Lord and Lady Davers; and I thank you for your kind compliment.

Gad, Beck, said he, I believe you've some forgiveness too to ask; for we were all to blame, to make madam, here, fly the pit, as she did. Little did we think we made her quit her own house.

Thou always, said my lady, sayest too much, or too little.

Mrs. Worden said, I have been treated with so much goodness and condescension since you went, that I have been beforehand, sir, in asking pardon myself.

So my lady sat down with me half an hour, and told me, that her brother had carried her a fine airing, and had quite charmed her with his kind treatment of her; and had much confirmed her in the good opinion she had begun to entertain of my discreet and obliging behaviour: But, continued she, when he would make me visit, without intending to stay, my old neighbours, (for, said she, Lady Jones being nearest, we visited her first; and she scraped all the rest of the company together,) they were all so full of your praises, that I was quite borne down; and, truly, it was Saul among the prophets!

You may believe how much I was delighted with this; and I spared not my due acknowledgments.

When her ladyship took leave, to go to bed, she said, Goodnight to you, heartily, and to your good man. I kissed you when I came in, out of form; but I now kiss you out of more than form, I'll assure you.

Join with me, my dear parents, in my joy for this happy turn; the contrary of which I so much dreaded, and was the only difficulty I had to labour with. This poor Miss Sally Godfrey, I wonder what's become of her, poor soul! I wish he would, of his own head, mention her again. — Not that I am very uneasy, neither. — You'll say, I must be a little saucy, if I was.

My dear master gave me an account, when we went up, of the pains he had taken with his beloved sister, as he himself styled her; and of all the kind things the good families had said in my behalf; and that he observed she was not so much displeased with hearing them, as she was at first; when she would not

permit any body to speak of me as his wife: And that my health, as his spouse, being put; when it came to her, she drank it; but said, Come, brother, here's your Pamela to you: But I shall not know how to stand this affair, when the Countess —— , and the young ladies, come to visit me. One of these young ladies was the person she was so fond of promoting a match for, with her brother. — Lady Betty, I know, she said, will rally me smartly upon it; and you know, brother, she wants neither wit nor satire. He said, I hope, Lady Betty, whenever she marries, will meet with a better husband than I should have made her; for, in my conscience, I think I should hardly have made a tolerable one to any but Pamela.

He told me that they rallied him on the stateliness of his temper; and said, They saw he would make an exceeding good husband where he was; but it must be owing to my meekness, more than to his complaisance; for, said Miss Darnford, I could see well enough, when your ladyship detained her, though he had but hinted his desire of finding her at our house, he was so out of humour at her supposed noncompliance, that mine and my sister's pity for her was much more engaged, than our envy.

Ay, said my lady, he is too lordly a creature, by much; and can't bear disappointment, nor ever could.

Said he, Well, Lady Davers, you should not, of all persons, find fault with me; for I bore a great deal from you, before I was at all angry.

Yes, replied she: but when I had gone a little too far, as I own I did, you made me pay for it severely enough! You know you did, sauce-box. And the poor thing too, added she, that I took with me for my advocate, so low had he brought me! he treated her in such a manner as made my heart ache for her: But part was art, I know, to make me think the better of her.

Indeed, sister, said he, there was very little of that; for, at that time, I cared not what you thought, nor had complaisance enough to have given a shilling for your good or bad opinion of her or me. And, I own, I was displeased to be broken in upon, after your provocations, by either of you and she must learn that lesson, never to come near me, when I am in those humours; which shall be as little as possible: For, after a while, if let alone, I always come to myself, and am sorry for the violence of a temper, so like my dear sister's here: And, for this reason think it is no matter how few witnesses I have of its intemperance, while it lasts; especially since every witness, whether they merit it or not, as you see in my Pamela's case, must be a sufferer by it, if, unsent for, they come in my way.

He repeated the same lesson to me again, and enforced it and owned, that he was angry with me in earnest, just then; though more with himself, afterwards, for being so: But when, Pamela, said he, you wanted to transfer all my displeasure upon yourself, it was so much braving me with your merit, as if I must soon end

my anger, if placed there; or it was making it so light to you, that I was truly displeased: for, continued he, I cannot bear that you should wish, on any occasion whatever, to have me angry with you, or not to value my displeasure as the heaviest misfortune that could befall you.

But, sir, said I, you know, that what I did was to try to reconcile my lady; and, as she herself observed, it was paying her a high regard. It was so, replied he; but never think of making a compliment to her, or any body living, at my expense. Besides, she had behaved herself so intolerably, that I began to think you had stooped too much, and more than I ought to permit my wife to do; and acts of meanness are what I can't endure in any body, but especially where I love: and as she had been guilty of a very signal one, I had much rather have renounced her at that time, than have been reconciled to her.

Sir, said I, I hope I shall always comport myself so, as not wilfully to disoblige you for the future; and the rather do I hope this, as I am sure I shall want only to know your pleasure to obey it. But this instance shews me, that I may much offend, without designing it in the least.

Now, Pamela, replied he, don't be too serious: I hope I shan't be a very tyrannical husband to you: Yet do I not pretend to be perfect, or to be always governed by reason in my first transports; and I expect, from your affection, that you will bear with me when you find me wrong. I have no ungrateful spirit, and can, when cool, enter as impartially into myself as most men; and then I am always kind and acknowledging, in proportion as I have been out of the way.

But to convince you, my dear, continued he, of your fault, (I mean, with regard to the impetuosity of my temper; for there was no fault in your intention, that I acknowledge,) I'll observe only, that you met, when you came to me, while I was so out of humour, a reception you did not expect, and a harsh word or two that you did not deserve. Now, had you not broken in upon me while my anger lasted, but staid till I had come to you, or sent to desire your company, you'd have seen none of this; but that affectionate behaviour, which I doubt not you'll always merit, and I shall always take pleasure in expressing: and in this temper shall you always find a proper influence over me: But you must not suppose, whenever I am out of humour, that, in opposing yourself to my passion, you oppose a proper butt to it; but when you are so good, like the slender reed, to bend to the hurricane, rather than, like the sturdy oak, to resist it, you will always stand firm in my kind opinion, while a contrary conduct would uproot you, with all your excellencies, from my soul.

Sir, said I, I will endeavour to conform myself, in all things, to your will. I make no doubt but you will: and I'll endeavour to make my will as conformable to reason as I can. And let me tell you, that this belief of you is one of the

inducements I have had to marry at all: for nobody was more averse to this state than myself; and, now we are upon this subject, I'll tell you why I was so averse.

We people of fortune, or such as are born to large expectations, of both sexes, are generally educated wrong. You have occasionally touched upon this, Pamela, several times in your journal, so justly, that I need say the less to you. We are usually so headstrong, so violent in our wills, that we very little bear control.

Humoured by our nurses, through the faults of our parents, we practise first upon them; and shew the gratitude of our dispositions, in an insolence that ought rather to be checked and restrained, than encouraged.

Next, we are to be indulged in every thing at school; and our masters and mistresses are rewarded with further grateful instances of our boisterous behaviour.

But, in our wise parents' eyes, all looks well, all is forgiven and excused; and for no other reason, but because we are theirs.

Our next progression is, we exercise our spirits, when brought home, to the torment and regret of our parents themselves, and torture their hearts by our undutiful and perverse behaviour to them, which, however ungrateful in us, is but the natural consequence of their culpable indulgence to us, from infancy upwards.

And then, next, after we have, perhaps, half broken their hearts, a wife is looked out for: convenience, or birth, or fortune, are the first motives, affection the last (if it is at all consulted): and two people thus educated, thus trained up, in a course of unnatural ingratitude, and who have been headstrong torments to every one who has had a share in their education, as well as to those to whom they owe their being, are brought together; and what can be expected, but that they should pursue, and carry on, the same comfortable conduct in matrimony, and join most heartily to plague one another? And, in some measure, indeed, this is right; because hereby they revenge the cause of all those who have been aggrieved and insulted by them, upon one another.

The gentleman has never been controlled: the lady has never been contradicted.

He cannot bear it from one whose new relation, he thinks, should oblige her to shew a quite contrary conduct.

She thinks it very barbarous, now, for the first time, to be opposed in her will, and that by a man from whom she expected nothing but tenderness.

So great is the difference between what they both expect from one another, and what they both find in each other, that no wonder misunderstandings happen; that these ripen to quarrels; that acts of unkindness pass, which, even had the first motive to their union been affection, as usually it is not, would have effaced all manner of tender impressions on both sides.

Appeals to parents or guardians often ensue. If, by mediation of friends, a reconciliation takes place, it hardly ever holds: for why? The fault is in the minds of both, and neither of them will think so; so that the wound (not permitted to be probed) is but skinned over, and rankles still at the bottom, and at last breaks out with more pain and anguish than before. Separate beds are often the consequence; perhaps elopements: if not, an unconquerable indifference, possibly aversion. And whenever, for appearance-sake, they are obliged to be together, every one sees, that the yawning husband, and the vapourish wife, are truly insupportable to one another; but separate, have freer spirits, and can be tolerable company.

Now, my dear, I would have you think, and I hope you will have no other reason, that had I married the first lady in the land, I would not have treated her better than I will my Pamela. For my wife is my wife; and I was the longer in resolving on the state, because I knew its requisites, and doubted my conduct in it.

I believe I am more nice than many gentlemen; but it is because I have been a close observer of the behaviour of wedded folks, and hardly ever have seen it to be such as I could like in my own case. I shall, possibly, give you instances of a more particular nature of this, as we are longer, and, perhaps, I might say, better acquainted.

Had I married with the views of many gentlemen, and with such as my good sister (supplying the place of my father and mother,) would have recommended, I had wedded a fine lady, brought up pretty much in my own manner, and used to have her will in every thing.

Some gentlemen can come into a compromise; and, after a few struggles, sit down tolerably contented. But, had I married a princess, I could not have done so. I must have loved her exceedingly well, before I had consented to knit the knot with her, and preferred her to all her sex; for without this, Pamela, indifferences, if not disgusts, will arise in every wedded life, that could not have made me happy at home; and there are fewer instances, I believe, of men's loving better, after matrimony, than of women's; the reason of which 'tis not my present purpose to account for.

Then I must have been morally sure, that she preferred me to all men; and, to convince me of this, she must have lessened, not aggravated, my failings: She must have borne with my imperfections; she must have watched and studied my temper; and if ever she had any points to carry, any desire of overcoming, it must have been by sweetness and complaisance; and yet not such a slavish one, as should make her condescension seem to be rather the effect of her insensibility, than judgment or affection.

She should not have given cause for any part of my conduct to her to wear the least aspect of compulsion or force. The word command, on my side, or

obedience on hers, I would have blotted from my vocabulary. For this reason I should have thought it my duty to have desired nothing of her, that was not significant, reasonable, or just; and that then she should, on hers, have shewn no reluctance, uneasiness, or doubt, to oblige me, even at half a word.

I would not have excused her to let me twice enjoin the same thing, while I took so much care to make her compliance with me reasonable, and such as should not destroy her own free agency, in points that ought to be allowed her: And if I was not always right, that yet she would bear with me, if she saw me set upon it; and expostulate with me on the right side of compliance; for that would shew me, (supposing small points in dispute, from which the greatest quarrels, among friends, generally arise,) that she differed from me, not for contradiction-sake, but desired to convince me for my own; and that I should, another time, take better resolutions.

This would be so obliging a conduct, that I should, in justice, have doubled my esteem for one, who, to humour me, could give up her own judgment; and I should see she could have no other view in her expostulations, after her compliance had passed, than to rectify my motions for the future; and it would have been impossible then, but I must have paid the greater deference to her opinion and advice in more momentous matters.

In all companies she must have shewn, that she had, whether I deserved it altogether or not, a high regard and opinion of me; and this the rather, as such a conduct in her would be a reputation and security to herself: For if we rakes attempt a married lady, our first encouragement, exclusive of our own vanity, arises from the indifferent opinion, slight, or contempt, she expresses of her husband.

I should expect, therefore, that she should draw a kind veil over my faults; that such as she could not hide, she would extenuate; that she would place my better actions in an advantageous light, and shew that I had her good opinion, at least, whatever liberties the world took with my character.

She must have valued my friends for my sake; been cheerful and easy, whomsoever I had brought home with me; and, whatever faults she had observed in me, have never blamed me before company; at least, with such an air of superiority, as should have shewn she had a better opinion of her own judgment, than of mine.

Now, my Pamela, this is but a faint sketch of the conduct I must have expected from my wife, let her quality have been what it would; or have lived with her on bad terms. Judge then, if to me a lady of the modish taste could have been tolerable.

The perverseness and contradiction I have too often seen, in some of my visits, even among people of sense, as well as condition, had prejudiced me to the married state; and, as I knew I could not bear it, surely I was in the right to decline it: And you see, my dear, that I have not gone among this class of people for a wife; nor know I, indeed, where, in any class, I could have sought one, or had one suitable to my mind, if not you: For here is my misfortune; I could not have been contented to have been but moderately happy in a wife.

Judge you, from all this, if I could very well bear that you should think yourself so well secured of my affection, that you could take the faults of others upon yourself; and, by a supposed supererogatory merit, think your interposition sufficient to atone for the faults of others.

Yet am I not perfect myself: No, I am greatly imperfect. Yet will I not allow, that my imperfections shall excuse those of my wife, or make her think I ought to bear faults in her, that she can rectify, because she bears greater from me.

Upon the whole, I may expect, that you will bear with me, and study my temper, till, and only till, you see I am capable of returning insult for obligation; and till you think, that I shall be of a gentler deportment, if I am roughly used, than otherwise. One thing more I will add, That I should scorn myself, if there was one privilege of your sex, that a princess might expect, as my wife, to be indulged in, that I would not allow to my Pamela; for you are the wife of my affections: I never wished for one before you, nor ever do I hope to have another.

I hope, sir, said I, my future conduct — Pardon me, said he, my dear, for interrupting you; but it is to assure you, that I am so well convinced of your affectionate regard for me, that I know I might have spared the greatest part of what I have said: And, indeed, it must be very bad for both of us, if I should have reason to think it necessary to say so much. But one thing has brought on another; and I have rather spoken what my niceness has made me observe in other families, than what I fear in my own. And, therefore, let me assure you, I am thoroughly satisfied with your conduct hitherto. You shall have no occasion to repent it: And you shall find, though greatly imperfect, and passionate, on particular provocations, (which yet I will try to overcome,) that you have not a brutal or ungenerous husband, who is capable of offering insult for condescension, or returning evil for good.

I thanked him for these kind rules, and generous assurances: and assured him, that they had made so much impression on my mind, that these, and his most agreeable injunctions before given me, and such as he should hereafter be pleased to give me, should be so many rules for my future behaviour.

And I am glad of the method I have taken of making a Journal of all that passes in these first stages of my happiness, because it will sink the impression

still deeper; and I shall have recourse to them for my better regulation, as often as I shall mistrust my memory.

Let me see: What are the rules I am to observe from this awful lecture? Why these:

1. That I must not, when he is in great wrath with any body, break in upon him without his leave. Well, I'll remember it, I warrant. But yet I think this rule is almost peculiar to himself.

2. That I must think his displeasure the heaviest thing that can befall me. To be sure I shall.

3. And so that I must not wish to incur it, to save any body else. I'll be further if I do.

4. That I must never make a compliment to any body at his expense.

5. That I must not be guilty of any acts of wilful meanness. There is a great deal meant in this; and I'll endeavour to observe it all. To be sure, the occasion on which he mentions this, explains it; that I must say nothing, though in anger, that is spiteful or malicious; that is disrespectful or undutiful, and such-like.

6. That I must bear with him, even when I find him in the wrong. This is a little hard, as the case may be!

I wonder whether poor Miss Sally Godfrey be living or dead!

7. That I must be as flexible as the reed in the fable, lest, by resisting the tempest, like the oak, I be torn up by the roots. Well, I'll do the best I can! — There is no great likelihood, I hope, that I should be too perverse; yet sure, the tempest will not lay me quite level with the ground, neither.

8. That the education of young people of condition is generally wrong. Memorandum; That if any part of children's education fall to my lot, I never indulge and humour them in things that they ought to be restrained in.

9. That I accustom them to bear disappointments and control.

10. That I suffer them not to be too much indulged in their infancy.

11. Nor at school.

12. Nor spoil them when they come home.

13. For that children generally extend their perverseness from the nurse to the schoolmaster: from the schoolmaster to the parents:

14. And, in their next step, as a proper punishment for all, make their ownselves unhappy.

15. That undutiful and perverse children make bad husbands and wives: And, collaterally, bad masters and mistresses.

16. That, not being subject to be controlled early, they cannot, when married, bear one another.

17. That the fault lying deep, and in the minds of each other, neither will mend it.

18. Whence follow misunderstandings, quarrels, appeals, ineffectual reconciliations, separations, elopements; or, at best, indifference; perhaps, aversion. — Memorandum; A good image of unhappy wedlock, in the words YAWNING HUSBAND, and VAPOURISH WIFE, when together: But separate, both quite alive.

19. Few married persons behave as he likes. Let me ponder this with awe and improvement.

20. Some gentlemen can compromise with their wives, for quietness sake; but he can't. Indeed I believe that's true; I don't desire he should.

21. That love before marriage is absolutely necessary.

22. That there are fewer instances of men's than women's loving better after marriage. But why so? I wish he had given his reasons for this! I fancy they would not have been to the advantage of his own sex.

23. That a woman give her husband reason to think she prefers him before all men. Well, to be sure this should be so.

24. That if she would overcome, it must be by sweetness and complaisance; that is, by yielding, he means, no doubt.

25. Yet not such a slavish one neither, as should rather seem the effect of her insensibility, than judgment or affection.

26. That the words COMMAND and OBEY shall be blotted out of the Vocabulary. Very good!

27. That a man should desire nothing of his wife, but what is significant, reasonable, just. To be sure, that is right.

28. But then, that she must not shew reluctance, uneasiness, or doubt, to oblige him; and that too at half a word; and must not be bid twice to do one thing. But may not there be some occasions, where this may be a little dispensed with? But he says afterwards, indeed,

29. That this must be only while he took care to make her compliance reasonable, and consistent with her free agency, in points that ought to be allowed her. Come, this is pretty well, considering.

30. That if the husband be set upon a wrong thing, she must not dispute with him, but do it and, expostulate afterwards. Good sirs! I don't know what to say to this! It looks a little hard, methinks! This would bear a smart debate, I fancy, in a parliament of women. But then he says,

31. Supposing they are only small points that are in dispute. Well, this mends it a little. For small points, I think, should not be stood upon.

32. That the greatest quarrels among friends (and wives and husbands are, or should be, friends) arise from small matters. I believe this is very true; for I had like to have had anger here, when I intended very well.

33. That a wife should not desire to convince her husband for CONTRADICTION sake, but for HIS OWN. As both will find their account in this, if one does, I believe ’tis very just.

34. That in all companies a wife must shew respect and love to her husband.

35. And this for the sake of her own reputation and security; for,

36. That rakes cannot have a greater encouragement to attempt a married lady’s virtue, than her slight opinion of her husband. To be sure this stands to reason, and is a fine lesson.

37. That a wife should therefore draw a kind veil over her husband’s faults.

38. That such as she could not conceal, she should extenuate.

39. That his virtues she should place in an advantageous light

40. And shew the world, that he had HER good opinion at least.

41. That she must value his friends for his sake.

42. That she must be cheerful and easy in her behaviour, to whomsoever he brings home with him.

43. That whatever faults she sees in him, she never blame him before company.

44. At least, with such an air of superiority, as if she had a less opinion of his judgment than her own.

45. That a man of nice observation cannot be contented to be only moderately happy in a wife.

46. That a wife take care how she ascribe supererogatory merit to herself; so as to take the faults of others upon her.

Indeed, I think it is well if we can bear our own! This is of the same nature with the third; and touches upon me, on the present occasion, for this wholesome lecture.

47. That his imperfections must not be a plea for hers. To be sure, ’tis no matter how good the women are; but ’tis to be hoped men will allow a little. But, indeed, he says,

48. That a husband, who expects all this, is to be incapable of returning insult for obligation, or evil for good; and ought not to abridge her of any privilege of her sex.

Well, my dear parents, I think this last rule crowns the rest, and makes them all very tolerable; and a generous man, and a man of sense, cannot be too much obliged. And, as I have this happiness, I shall be very unworthy, if I do not always so think, and so act.

Yet, after all, you'll see I have not the easiest task in the world. But I know my own intentions, that I shall not wilfully err; and so fear the less.

Not one hint did he give, that I durst lay hold of, about poor Miss Sally Godfrey. I wish my lady had not spoken of it: for it has given me a curiosity that is not quite so pretty in me; especially so early in my nuptials, and in a case so long ago past. Yet he intimated too, to his sister, that he had had other faults, (of this sort, I suppose,) that had not come to her knowledge! — But I make no doubt he has seen his error, and will be very good for the future. I wish it, and pray it may be so, for his own dear sake!

Wednesday, the seventh.

When I arose in the morning, I went to wait on Lady Davers, seeing her door open; and she was in bed, but awake, and talking to her woman. I said, I hope I don't disturb your ladyship. Not at all, said she; I am glad to see you. How do you do? Well, added she, when do you set out for Bedfordshire? — I said, I can't tell, madam; it was designed as to-day, but I have heard no more of it.

Sit down, said she, on the bed-side. — I find, by the talk we had yesterday and last night, you have had but a poor time of it, Pamela, (I must call you so yet, said she,) since you were brought to this house, till within these few days. And Mrs. Jewkes too has given Beck such an account, as makes me pity you.

Indeed, madam, said I, if your ladyship knew all, you would pity me; for never poor creature was so hard put to it. But I ought to forget it all now, and be thankful.

Why, said she, as far as I can find, 'tis a mercy you are here now. I was sadly moved with some part of your story and you have really made a noble defence, and deserve the praises of all our sex.

It was God enabled me, madam, replied I. Why, said she, 'tis the more extraordinary, because I believe, if the truth was known, you loved the wretch not a little. While my trials lasted, madam, said I, I had not a thought of any thing, but to preserve my innocence, much less of love.

But, tell me truly, said she, did you not love him all the time? I had always, madam, answered I, a great reverence for my master, and thought all his good actions doubly good and for his naughty ones, though I abhorred his attempts upon me, yet I could not hate him; and always wished him well; but I did not know that it was love. Indeed I had not the presumption.

Sweet girl! said she; that's prettily said: But when he found he could not gain his ends, and began to be sorry for your sufferings, and to admire your virtue, and to profess honourable love to you, what did you think?

Think! Indeed, madam, I did not know what to think! could neither hope nor believe so great an honour would fall to my lot, and feared more from his

kindness, for some time, than I had done from his unkindness: And, having had a private intimation, from a kind friend, of a sham marriage, intended by means of a man who was to personate a minister, it kept my mind in too much suspense, to be greatly overjoyed at his kind declaration.

Said she, I think he did make two or three attempts upon you in Bedfordshire? Yes, madam, said I; he was very naughty, to be sure.

And here he proposed articles to you, I understand? Yes, madam, replied I; but I abhorred so much the thoughts of being a kept creature, that I rejected them with great boldness; and was resolved to die before I would consent to them.

He afterwards attempted you, I think: Did he not? O yes, madam, said I, a most sad attempt he made! and I had like to have been lost; for Mrs. Jewkes was not so good as she should have been. And so I told her ladyship that sad affair, and how I fell into fits; and that they believing me dying, forbore. — Any attempts after this base one? she said.

He was not so good as he should have been, returned I, once in the garden, afterwards; but I was so watchful, and so ready to take the alarm!

But, said she, did he not threaten you, at times, and put on his stern airs, every now and then? — Threaten, madam, replied I; yes, I had enough of that! I thought I should have died for fear several times. — How could you bear that? said she: for he is a most daring and majestic mortal! He has none of your puny hearts, but is as courageous as a lion; and, boy and man, never feared any thing. I myself, said she, have a pretty good spirit; but, when I have made him truly angry, I have always been forced to make it up with him, as well as I could: for, child, he is not one that is easily reconciled, I assure you.

But, after he had professed honourable love to you, did he never attempt you again? — No, indeed, madam, he did not. But he was a good while struggling with himself, and with his pride, as he was pleased to call it, before he could stoop so low; and considered, and considered again: and once, upon my saying but two or three words, that displeased him, when he was very kind to me, he turned me out of doors, in a manner, at an hour's warning; for he sent me above a day's journey towards my father's; and then sent a man and horse, post-haste, to fetch me back again; and has been exceedingly kind and gracious to me ever since, and made me happy.

That sending you away, said she, one hour, and sending after you the next, is exactly like my brother; and 'tis well if he don't turn you off twice or thrice before a year comes about, if you vex him: and he would have done the same by the first lady in the land, if he had been married to her. Yet has he his virtues, as well as his faults; for he is generous; nay, he is noble in his spirit; hates little dirty actions: he delights in doing good; but does not pass over a wilful fault easily. He

is wise, prudent, sober, and magnanimous, and will not tell a lie, nor disguise his faults; but you must not expect to have him all to yourself, I doubt.

But I'll no more harp upon this string: You see how he was exasperated at me; and he seemed to be angry at you too; though something of it was art, I believe.

Indeed, madam, said I, he has been pleased to give me a most noble lecture; and I find he was angry with me in earnest, and that it will not be an easy task to behave unexceptionably to him: for he is very nice and delicate in his notions, I perceive; but yet, as your ladyship says, exceeding generous.

Well, said she, I'm glad thou hadst a little bit of his anger; else I should have thought it art; and I don't love to be treated with low art, any more than he; and I should have been vexed if he had done it by me.

But I understand, child, said she, that you keep a journal of all matters that pass, and he has several times found means to get at it: Should you care I should see it? It could not be to your disadvantage; for I find it had no small weight with him in your favour; and I should take great pleasure to read all his stratagems, attempts, contrivances, menaces, and offers to you, on one hand, and all your pretty counter-plottings, which he much praises; your resolute resistance, and the noble stand you have made to preserve your virtue; and the steps by which his pride was subdued, and his mind induced to honourable love, till you were made what you now are: for it must be a rare and uncommon story; and will not only give me great pleasure in reading, but will entirely reconcile me to the step he has taken: and that, let me tell you, is what I never thought to be; for I had gone a great way in bringing about a match with him and Lady Betty — ; and had said so much of it, that the earl, her father, approved of it: and so did the Duke of —— , her uncle; and Lady Betty herself was not averse: and now I shall be hunted to death about it; and this has made me so outrageous as you have seen me upon the matter. But when I can find, by your writings, that your virtue is but suitably rewarded, it will be not only a good excuse for me, but for him, and make me love you. There is nothing that I would not do, said I, to oblige your ladyship; but my poor father and mother (who would rather have seen me buried quick in the earth, than to be seduced by the greatest of princes) have them in their hands at present; and your dear brother has bespoken them, when they have done reading them: but, if he gives me leave, I will shew them to your ladyship, with all my heart; not doubting your generous allowances, as I have had his; though I have treated him very freely all the way, while he had naughty views; and that your ladyship would consider them as the naked sentiments of my heart, from time to time delivered to those, whose indulgence I was sure of; and for whose sight only they were written.

Give me a kiss now, said her ladyship, for your cheerful compliance: for I make no doubt my brother will consent I shall see them, because they must needs make for your honour; and I see he loves you better than any one in the world.

I have heard, continued her ladyship, a mighty good character of your parents, as industrious, honest, sensible, good folks, who know the world; and, as I doubt not my brother's generosity, I am glad they will make no ill figure in the world's eye.

Madam, said I, they are the honestest, the lovingest, and the most conscientious couple breathing. They once lived creditably; and brought up a great family, of which I am the youngest; but had misfortunes, through their doing beyond their power for two unhappy brothers, who are both dead, and whose debts they stood bound for; and so became reduced, and, by harsh creditors, (where most of the debts were, not of their own contracting,) turned out of all; and having, without success, tried to set up a little country-school; (for my father understood a little of accounts, and wrote a pretty good hand;) forced to take to hard labour; but honest all the time; contented; never repining; and loving to one another; and, in the midst of their poverty and disappointments, above all temptation; and all their fear was, that I should be wicked, and yield to temptation for the sake of worldly riches and to God's grace, and their good lessons, and those I imbibed from my dear good lady, your ladyship's mother, it is that I owe the preservation of my innocence, — and the happy station I am exalted to.

She was pleased to kiss me again, and said, There is such a noble simplicity in thy story, such an honest artlessness in thy mind, and such a sweet humility in thy deportment, notwithstanding thy present station, that I believe I shall be forced to love thee, whether I will or not: and the sight of your papers, I dare say, will crown the work; will disarm my pride, banish my resentment on Lady Betty's account, and justify my brother's conduct; and, at the same time, redound to your own everlasting honour, as well as to the credit of our sex: and so I make no doubt but my brother will let me see them.

Worden, said my lady, I can say any thing before you; and you will take no notice of our conversation; but I see you are much touched with it: Did you ever hear any thing prettier, more unaffected, sincere, free, easy? — No, never, madam, answered she, in my life; and it is a great pleasure to see so happy a reconciliation taking place, where there is so much merit.

I said, I have discovered so much prudence in Mrs. Worden, that, as well for that, as for the confidence your ladyship places in her, I have made no scruple of speaking my mind freely before her; and of blaming my dear master while he was blameworthy, as well as acknowledging his transcendent goodness to me since; which, I am sure, exceeds all I can ever deserve. May be not, said my lady; I hope

you'll be very happy in one another; and I'll now rise, and tell him my thoughts, and ask him to let me have the reading of your papers; for I promise myself much pleasure in them; and shall not grudge a journey and a visit to you, to the other house, to fetch them.

Your ladyship's favour, said I, was all I had to wish for; and if I have that, and the continuance of your dear brother's goodness to me, I shall be easy under whatever else may happen.

And so I took my leave, and withdrew; and she let me hear her say to Mrs. Worden, 'Tis a charming creature, Worden! — I know not which excels; her person, or her mind! — And so young a creature too! — Well may my brother love her!

I am afraid, my dear father and mother, I shall now be too proud indeed.

I had once a good mind to have asked her ladyship about Miss Sally Godfrey; but I thought it was better let alone, since she did not mention It herself. May be I shall hear it too soon. But I hope not. I wonder, though, whether she be living or dead.

We breakfasted together with great good temper; and my lady was very kind, and, asking my good master, he gave leave very readily, she should see all my papers, when you returned them to me; and he said, He was sure, when she came to read them, she would say, that I had well deserved the fortune I had met with: and would be of opinion, that all the kindness of his future life would hardly be a sufficient reward for my virtue, and make me amends for my sufferings.

My lady resolving to set out the next morning to return to her lord, my master ordered every thing to be made ready for his doing the like to Bedfordshire; and this evening our good neighbours will sup with us, to take leave of my lady and us.

Wednesday night.

Nothing particular having passed at dinner or supper, but the most condescending goodness, on my lady's side, to me; and the highest civilities from Mr. Peters's family, from Lady Jones, from Sir Simon's family, etc. and reciprocal good wishes all around; and a promise obtained from my benefactor, that he would endeavour to pass a fortnight or three weeks in these parts, before the winter set in; I shall conclude this day with observing, that I disposed of the money my master was so good to put into my hands, in the manner he was pleased to direct; and I gave Mrs. Jewkes hers in such a manner as highly pleased her; and she wished me, with tears, all kinds of happiness; and prayed me to forgive her all her wickedness to me, as she herself called it. I begged leave of my master to present Mrs. Worden with five guineas for a pair of gloves; which he said was well thought of.

I should have mentioned, that Miss Darnford and I agreed upon a correspondence, which will be no small pleasure to me; for she is an admirable young lady, whom I prefer to every one I have seen; and I shall, I make no doubt, improve by her letters; for she is said to have a happy talent in writing, and is well read, for so young a lady.

Saturday.

On Thursday morning my lady set out for her own seat; and my best friend and I, attended by Mr. Colbrand, Abraham, and Thomas, for this dear house. Her ladyship parted with her brother and me with great tenderness, and made me promise to send her my papers; which I find she intends to entertain Lady Betty with, and another lady or two, her intimates, as also her lord; and hopes to find, as I believe, in the reading of them, some excuse for her brother's choice.

My dearest master has been all love and tenderness on the road, as he is in every place, and on every occasion. And oh, what a delightful change was this journey, to that which, so contrary to all my wishes, and so much to my apprehensions, carried me hence to the Lincolnshire house! And how did I bless God at every turn, and at every stage!

We did not arrive here till yesterday noon. Abraham rode before, to let them know we were coming: and I had the satisfaction to find every body there I wished to see.

When the chariot entered the court-yard, I was so strongly impressed with the favour and mercies of God Almighty, on remembering how I was sent away the last time I saw this house; the leave I took; the dangers I had encountered; a poor cast-off servant girl; and now returning a joyful wife, and the mistress, through his favour, of the noble house I was turned out of; that I was hardly able to support the joy I felt in my mind on the occasion. He saw how much I was moved, and tenderly asked me, Why I seemed so affected? I told him, and lifted his dear hand to my lips, and said, O sir! God's mercies, and your goodness to me on entering this dear, dear place, are above my expression; I can hardly bear the thoughts of them! — He said, Welcome, thrice welcome, joy of my life! to your own house; and kissed my hand in return. All the common servants stood at the windows, as unseen as they could, to observe us. He took my hand, with the most condescending goodness in the world; and, with great complaisance, led me into the parlour, and kissed me with the greatest ardour. Welcome again, my dearest life! said he, a thousand times welcome to the possession of a house that is not more mine than yours!

I threw myself at his feet: Permit me, dear sir, thus to bless God, and thank you, for all his mercies and your goodness. O may I so behave, as not to be utterly

unworthy; and then how happy shall I be! God give me, my dearest, said he, life and health to reward all your sweetness! and no man can be so blest as I.

Where (said he to Abraham, who passed by the door), where is Mrs. Jervis? — She bolted in: Here, good sir! said she; here, good madam! am I, waiting impatiently, till called for, to congratulate you both. — I ran to her, and clasped my arms about her neck, and kissed her; O my dear Mrs. Jervis! said I, my other dear mother! receive your happy, happy Pamela; and join with me to bless God, and bless our master, for all these great things! — I was ready to sink in her arms through excess of joy, to see the dear good woman, who had been so often a mournful witness of my distress, as now of my triumph. — Dearest madam, said she, you do me too much honour. Let my whole life shew the joy I take in your deserved good fortune, and in my duty to you, for the early instance I received of your goodness in your kind letter. O Mrs. Jervis! replied I, there all thanks are due, both from you and me: for our dear master granted me this blessing, as I may justly call it, the very first moment I begged it of him. Your goodness, sir, said she, I will for ever acknowledge; and I beg pardon for the wrong step I made in applying to my Lady Davers. — He was so good as to salute her, and said, All is over now, Mrs. Jervis; and I shall not remember you ever disobliged me. I always respected you, and shall now more and more value you, for the sake of that dear good creature, whom, with joy unfeigned, I can call my wife. God bless your honour for ever! said she; and many many happy years may ye live together, the envy and wonder of all who know you!

But where, said my dear master, is honest Longman? and where is Jonathan? — Come, Mrs. Jervis, said I, you shall shew me them, and all the good folks, presently; and let me go up with you to behold the dear apartments, which I have seen before with such different emotions to what I shall now do.

We went up; and in every room, the chamber I took refuge in, when my master pursued me, my lady's chamber, her dressing-room, Mrs. Jervis's room, not forgetting her closet, my own little bed-chamber, the green-room, and in each of the others, I blessed God for my past escapes, and present happiness; and the good woman was quite affected with the zeal and pleasure with which I made my thankful acknowledgments to the divine goodness. O my excellent lady! said she, you are still the same good, pious, humble soul I knew you; and your marriage has added to your graces, as I hope it will to your blessings.

Dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, you know not what I have gone through! You know not what God has done for me! You know not what a happy creature I am now! I have a thousand thousand things to tell you; and a whole week will be too little, every moment of it spent in relating to you what has befallen me, to make you acquainted with it all. We shall be sweetly happy together, I make no doubt. But I

charge you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, whatever you call me before strangers, that when we are by ourselves you call me nothing but your Pamela. For what an ungrateful creature should I be, who have received so many mercies, if I attributed them not to the divine goodness, but assumed to myself insolent airs upon them! No, I hope I shall be, more and more thankful, as I am more and more blest! and more humble, as God, the author of all my happiness, shall more distinguish me.

We went down again to the parlour, to my dear master. Said he, Call Longman in again; he longs to see you, my dear. He came in: God bless you, my sweet lady, said he; as now, Heaven be praised, I may call you! Did I not tell you, madam, that Providence would find you out? O, Mr. Longman, said I, God be praised for all his mercies! I am rejoiced to see you; and I laid my hand on his, and said, Good Mr. Longman, how do you do? — I must always value you; and you don't know how much of my present happiness I owe to the sheets of paper, and pens and ink, you furnished me with. I hope my dear sir and you are quite reconciled. — O, madam, said he, how good you are! Why, I cannot contain myself for joy! and then he wiped his eyes; good man!

Said my master, Yes, I have been telling Longman that I am obliged to him for his ready return to me; and that I will entirely forget his appeal to Lady Davers; and I hope he'll find himself quite as easy and happy as he wishes. My dear partner here, Mr. Longman, I dare promise you, will do all she can to make you so. — Heaven bless you both together! said he. 'Tis the pride of my heart to see this! I returned with double delight, when I heard the blessed news; and I am sure, sir, said he, (mark old Longman's words,) God will bless you for this every year more and more! You don't know how many hearts you have made happy by this generous deed! — I am glad of it, said my dear master; I am sure I have made my own happy: and, Longman, though I must think you SOMEBODY, yet, as you are not a young man, and so won't make me jealous, I can allow you to wish my dear wife joy in the tenderest manner. Adad! sir, said he, I am sure you rejoice me with your favour: 'Tis what I longed for, but durst not presume. My dear, said my master, receive the compliment of one of the honestest hearts in England, that always revered your virtues! — and the good man saluted me with great respect, and said, God in Heaven bless you both! and kneeled on one knee. I must quit your presence! Indeed I must! — And away he went.

Your goodness, sir, said I, knows no bounds: O may my gratitude never find any! — I saw, said my master, when the good man approached you, that he did it with so much awe and love mingled together, that I fancied he longed to salute my angel; and I could not but indulge his honest heart. How blessed am I! said I,

and kissed his hand. — And indeed I make nothing now of kissing his dear hand, as if it was my own!

When honest old Mr. Jonathan come in to attend at dinner, so clean, so sleek, and so neat, as he always is, with his silver hair, I said, Well, Mr. Jonathan, how do you do? I am glad to see you. — You look as well as ever, thank God! O, dear madam! said he, better than ever, to have such a blessed sight! God bless you and my good master! — and I hope, sir, said he, you'll excuse all my past failings. Ay, that I will, Jonathan, said he; because you never had any, but what your regard for my dear wife here was the occasion of. And now I can tell you, you can never err, because you cannot respect her too much. O sir, said he, your honour is exceeding good! I'm sure I shall always pray for you both.

After dinner, Mr. Longman coming in, and talking of some affairs under his care, he said afterwards, All your honour's servants are now happy; for Robert, who left you, had a pretty little fortune fallen to him, or he never would have quitted your service. He was here but yesterday, to inquire when you and my lady returned hither; and hoped he might have leave to pay his duty to you both. Ay, said my master, I shall be glad to see honest Robert; for that's another of your favourites, Pamela. It was high time, I think, I should marry you, were it but to engage the respects of all my family to myself. — There are, sir, said I, ten thousand reasons why I should rejoice in your goodness.

But I was going to say, said Mr. Longman, That all your honour's old servants are now happy, but one. You mean John Arnold? said my master. I do, indeed, said he, if you'll excuse me, sir. O, said I, I have had my prayer for poor John answered, as favourably as I could wish. — Why, said Mr. Longman, to be sure poor John has acted no very good part, take it altogether; but he so much honoured you, sir, and so much respected you, madam, that he would have been glad to have been obedient to both; and so was faithful to neither. But, indeed, the poor fellow's heart is almost broke, and he won't look out for any other place; and says, he must live in your honour's service, or he must die wretched very shortly. Mrs. Jervis was there when this was said: Indeed, said she, the poor man has been here every day since he heard the tidings, that have rejoiced us all; and he says, he hopes he shall yet be forgiven. Is he in the house now? said my master. He is, sir; and was here when your honour came in, and played at hide and seek to have one look at you both when you alighted; and was ready to go out of his wits for joy, when we saw your honour hand my lady in. Pamela, said my dear master, you're to do with John as you please. You have full power. Then pray, sir, said I, let poor John come in.

The poor fellow came in, with so much confusion, that I have never seen a countenance that expressed so lively a consciousness of his faults, and mingled

joy and shame. How do you do, John? said I; I hope you are very well! — The poor fellow could hardly speak, and looked with awe upon my master, and pleasure upon me. Said my master, Well, John, there is no room to say any thing to a man that has so much concern already: I am told you will serve me whether I will or not; but I turn you over altogether to my spouse here: and she is to do by you as she pleases. You see, John, said I, your good master's indulgence. Well may I forgive, that have so generous an example. I was always persuaded of your honest intentions, if you had known how to distinguish between your duty to your master, and your good-will to me: You will now have no more puzzles on that account, from the goodness of your dear master. I shall be but too happy I said the poor man. God bless your honour! God bless you, madam! — I now have the joy of my soul, in serving you both; and I will make the best of servants, to my power. Well, then, John, said I, your wages will go on, as if you had not left your master: May I not say so, sir? said I. Yes, surely, my dear, replied he; and augment them too, if you find his duty to you deserves it. A thousand millions of thanks, said the poor man: I am very well satisfied, and desire no augmentation. And so he withdrew, overjoyed; and Mrs. Jervis and Mr. Longman were highly pleased; for though they were incensed against him for his fault to me, when matters looked badly for me, yet they, and all his fellow-servants, always loved John.

When Mr. Longman and Mrs. Jervis had dined, they came in again, to know if he had any commands; and my dear master, filling a glass of wine, said, Longman, I am going to toast the happiest and honestest couple in England, my dear Pamela's father and mother. — Thank you, dear sir, said I.

I think, continued he, that little Kentish purchase wants a manager; and as it is a little out of your way, Longman, I have been purposing, if I thought Mr. Andrews would accept it, that he should enter upon Hodge's farm that was, and so manage for me that whole little affair; and we will well stock the farm for him, and make it comfortable; and I think, if he will take that trouble upon him, it will be an ease to you, and a favour to me.

Your honour, said he, cannot do a better thing; and I have had some inkling given me, that you may, if you please, augment that estate, by a purchase, of equal amount, contiguous to it; and as you have so much money to spare, I can't see your honour can do better. Well, said he, let me have the particulars another time, and we will consider about it. But, my dear, added he, you'll mention this to your father, if you please.

I have too much money, Longman, continued he, lies useless; though, upon this occasion, I shall not grudge laying out as much in liveries and other things, as if I had married a lady of a fortune equal, if possible, to my Pamela's merit; and I reckon you have a good deal in hand. Yes, sir, said he, more than I wish I had. But

I have a mortgage in view, if you don't buy that Kentish thing, that I believe will answer very well; and when matters are riper, will mention it to your honour.

I took with me, to Lincolnshire, said my master, upwards of six hundred guineas, and thought to have laid most of them out there: (Thank God, thought I, you did not! for he offered me five hundred of them, you know:) but I have not laid out above two hundred and fifty of them; so two hundred I left there in my escritoire; because I shall go again for a fortnight or so, before winter; and two hundred I have brought with me: and I have money, I know not what, in three places here, the account of which is in my pocket-book, in my library.

You have made some little presents, Pamela, to my servants there, on our nuptials; and these two hundred that I have brought up, I will put into your disposal, that, with some of them, you shall do here as you did there.

I am ashamed, good sir, said I, to be so costly, and so worthless! Pray, my dear, replied he, say not a word of that. Said Mr. Longman, Why, madam, with money in stocks, and one thing or another, his honour could buy half the gentlemen around him. He wants not money, and lays up every year. And it would have been pity but his honour should have wedded just as he has. Very true, Longman, said my master; and, pulling out his purse, said, Tell out, my dear, two hundred guineas, and give me the rest. — I did so. Now, said he, take them yourself, for the purposes I mentioned. But, Mr. Longman, do you, before sunset, bring my dear girl fifty pounds, which is due to her this day, by my promise; and every three months, from this day, pay her fifty pounds; which will be two hundred pounds per annum; and this is for her to lay out at her own discretion, and without account, in such a way as shall derive a blessing upon us all: for she was my mother's almoner, and shall be mine, and her own too. — I'll go for it this instant, said Mr. Longman.

When he was done, I looked upon my dear generous master, and on Mrs. Jervis, and he gave me a nod of assent; and I took twenty guineas, and said, Dear Mrs. Jervis, accept of this, which is no more than my generous master ordered me to present to Mrs. Jewkes, for a pair of gloves, on my happy nuptials; and so you, who are much better entitled to them by the love I bear you, must not refuse them.

Said she, Mrs. Jewkes was on the spot, madam, at the happy time. Yes, said my master; but Pamela would have rejoiced to have had you there instead of her. That I should, sir, replied I, or instead of any body, except my own mother. She gratefully accepted them, and thanked us both: But I don't know what she should thank me for; for I was not worth a fourth of them myself.

I'd have you, my dear, said he, in some handsome manner, as you know how, oblige Longman to accept of the like present.

Mr. Longman returned from his office, and brought me the fifty pounds, saying, I have entered this new article with great pleasure: ‘To my Lady fifty pounds: to be paid the same sum quarterly.’ O sir! said I, what will become of me, to be so poor in myself, and so rich in your bounty! — It is a shame to take all that your profuse goodness would heap upon me thus: But indeed it shall not be without account. — Make no words, my dear, said he: Are you not my wife? And have I not endowed you with my goods; and, hitherto, this is a very small part.

Mr. Longman, said I, and Mrs. Jervis, you both see how I am even oppressed with unreturnable obligations. God bless the donor, and the receiver too! said Mr. Longman: I am sure they will bring back good interest; for, madam, you had ever a bountiful heart; and I have seen the pleasure you used to take to dispense my late lady’s alms and donations.

I’ll warrant, Mr. Longman, said I, notwithstanding you are so willing to have me take large sums for nothing at all, I should affront you, if I asked you to accept from me a pair of gloves only, on account of my happy nuptials. He seemed not readily to know how to answer; and my master said, If Longman refuse you, my dear, he may be said to refuse your first favour. On that I put twenty guineas in his hand; but he insisted upon it, that he would take but five. I said, I must desire you to oblige me, Mr. Longman, or I shall think I have affronted you. Well, if I must, said he, I know what I know. What is that, Mr. Longman? said I. — Why, madam, said he, I will not lay it out till my young master’s birth-day, which I hope will be within this twelvemonth.

Not expecting anything like this from the old gentleman, I looked at my master, and then blushed so, I could not hold up my head. Charmingly said, Longman! said my master, and clasped me in his arms: O, my dear life! God send it may be so! — You have quite delighted me, Longman! Though I durst not have said such a thing for the world. — Madam, said the old gentleman, I beg your pardon; I hope no offence: but I’d speak it ten times in a breath to have it so, take it how you please, as long as my good master takes it so well. Mrs. Jervis, said my master, this is an over-nice dear creature; you don’t know what a life I have had with her, even on this side matrimony. — Said Mrs. Jervis, I think Mr. Longman says very well; I am sure I shall hope for it too.

Mr. Longman, who had struck me of a heap, withdrawing soon after, my master said, Why, my dear, you can’t look up! The old man said nothing shocking. I did not expect it, though, from him, said I. I was not aware but of some innocent pleasantry. Why, so it was, said he, both innocent and pleasant: and I won’t forgive you, if you don’t say as he says. Come, speak before Mrs. Jervis. May every thing happen, sir, said I, that will give you delight! — That’s my dearest love, said he, and kissed me with great tenderness.

When the servants had dined, I desired to see the maidens; and all four came up together. You are welcome home, madam, said Rachel; we rejoice all to see you here, and more to see you our lady. O my good old acquaintances, said I, I joy to see you! How do you do, Rachel? How do you all do? And I took each of them by the hand, and could have kissed them. For, said I to myself, I kissed you all, last time I saw you, in sorrow; why should I not kiss you all with joy? But I forbore, in honour of their master's presence.

They seemed quite transported with me: and my good master was pleased with the scene. See here, my lasses, said he, your mistress! I need not bid you respect her; for you always loved her; and she'll have it as much in her power as inclination to be kind to the deserving. Indeed, said I, I shall always be a kind friend to you; and your dear master has ordered me to give each of you this, that you may rejoice with me on my happiness. And so I gave them five guineas a-piece, and said, God bless you every one! I am overjoyed to see you! And they withdrew with the greatest gratitude and pleasure, praying for us both.

I turned to my dear master: 'Tis to you, dear sir, said I, next to God, who put it into your generous heart, that all my happiness is owing! That my mind thus overflows with joy and gratitude! And I would have kissed his hand; but he clasped me in his arms, and said, You deserve it, my dear: You deserve it all. Mrs. Jervis came in. Said she, I have seen a very affecting sight; you have made your maidens quite happy, madam, with your kindness and condescension! I saw them all four, as I came by the hall-door, just got up from their knees, praising and praying for you both! Dear good bodies! said I; and did Jane pray too? May their prayers be returned upon themselves, I say!

My master sent for Jonathan, and I held up all the fingers of my two hands; and my master giving a nod of approbation as he came in, I said, Well, Mr. Jonathan, I could not be satisfied without seeing you in form, as it were, and thanking you for all your past good-will to me. You'll accept of that, for a pair of gloves, on this happy occasion; and I gave him ten guineas, and took his honest hand between both mine: God bless you, said I, with your silver hairs, so like my dear father! — I shall always value such a good old servant of the best of masters! — He said, O such goodness! Such kind words! It is balm to my heart! Blessed be God I have lived to this day! — And his eyes swam in tears, and he withdrew. — My dear, said my master, you make every one happy! — O, sir, said I, 'tis you, 'tis you! And let my grateful heart always spring to my lips, to acknowledge the blessings you heap upon me.

Then in came Harry, and Isaac, and Benjamin, and the two grooms of this house, and Arthur the gardener; for my dear master had ordered them, by Mrs. Jervis, thus to be marshalled out: and he said, Where's John? Poor John was

ashamed, and did not come in till he heard himself called for. I said to them, How do you do, my old friends and fellow-servants? I am glad to see you all.

My master said, I have given you a mistress, my lads, that is the joy of my heart: You see her goodness and condescension! Let your respects to her be but answerable, and she'll be proportionately as great a blessing to you all, as she is to me. Harry said, In the names of all your servants, sir, I bless your honour, and your good lady: and it shall be all our studies to deserve her ladyship's favours, as well as your honour's. And so I gave every one five guineas, to rejoice, as I said, in my happiness.

When I came to John, I said, I saw you before, John; but I again tell you, I am glad to see you. He said, he was quite ashamed and confounded. O, said I, forget every thing that's past, John! — Your dear good master will, and so will I. For God has wonderfully brought about all these things, by the very means I once thought most grievous. Let us, therefore, look forward, and be only ashamed to commit faults for the time to come: for they may not always be attended with like happy consequences.

Arthur, said my master, I have brought you a mistress that is a great gardener. She'll shew you a new way to plant beans: And never any body had such a hand at improving a sun-flower as she! — O sir, sir, said I, (but yet a little dashed,) all my improvements in every kind of thing are owing to you, I am sure! — And so I think I was even with the dear man, and yet appeared grateful before his servants. They withdrew, blessing us both, as the rest had done. And then came in the postilion, and two helpers, (for my master has both here, and at Lincolnshire, fine hunting horses; and it is the chief sport he takes delight in,) as also the scullion-boy: And I said, How do all of you? And how dost do, Tommy? I hope you're very good. Here your dear master has ordered you something a-piece, in honour of me. And my master holding three fingers to me, I gave the postilion and helpers three guineas each, and the little boy two; and bid him let his poor mother lay it out for him, for he must not spend it idly. Mr. Colbrand, Abraham, and Thomas, I had before presented at t'other house.

And when they were all gone but Mrs. Jervis, I said, And now, dearest sir, permit me, on my knees, thus to bless you, and pray for you. And oh, may God crown you with length of days, and increase of honour; and may your happy, happy Pamela, by her grateful heart, appear always worthy in your dear eyes, though she cannot be so in her own, nor in those of any others!

Mrs. Jervis, said my master, you see the excellency of this sweet creature! And when I tell you that the charms of her person, all lovely as she is, bind me not so strongly to her, as the graces of her mind; congratulate me, that my happiness is

built on so stable a basis. Indeed I do, most sincerely, sir, said she: This is a happy day to me!

I stept into the library, while he was thus pouring out his kindness for me to Mrs. Jervis; and blessed God there on my knees, for the difference I now found to what I had once known in it. — And when I have done the same in the first scene of my fears, the once frightful summer-house, I shall have gone through most of my distressful scenes with gratitude; but shall never forbear thanking God in my mind, for his goodness to me in every one. Mrs. Jervis, I find, had whispered him what I had done above, and he saw me upon my knees, with my back towards him, unknown to me; but softly put to the door again, as he had opened it a little way. And I said, not knowing he had seen me, You have some charming pictures here, sir. — Yes, said he, my dear life, so I have; but none equal to that which your piety affords me; And may the God you delight to serve, bless more and more my dear angel! — Sir, said I, you are all goodness! — I hope, replied he, after your sweet example, I shall be better and better.

Do you think, my dear father and mother, there ever was so happy a creature as I? To be sure it would be very ungrateful to think with uneasiness, or any thing but compassion, of poor Miss Sally Godfrey.

He ordered Jonathan to let the evening be passed merrily, but wisely, as he said, with what every one liked, whether wine or October.

He was pleased afterwards to lead me up stairs, and gave me possession of my lady's dressing-room and cabinet, and her fine repeating-watch and equipage; and, in short, of a complete set of diamonds, that were his good mother's; as also of the two pair of diamond ear-rings, the two diamond rings, and diamond necklace, he mentioned in his naughty articles, which her ladyship had intended for presents to Miss Tomlins, a rich heiress, that was proposed for his wife, when he was just come from his travels; but which went off, after all was agreed upon on both the friends' sides, because he approved not her conversation; and she had, as he told his mother, too masculine an air; and he never could be brought to see her but once, though the lady liked him very well. He presented me also with her ladyship's books, pictures, linen, laces, etc. that were in her apartments; and bid me call those apartments mine. O give me, my good God! humility and gratitude.

Sunday night.

This day, as matters could not be ready for our appearance at a better place, we staid at home; and my dear master employed himself a good deal in his library: And I have been taken up pretty much, I hope, as I ought to be, in thankfulness, prayer and meditation, in my newly-presented closet And I hope God will be pleased to give a blessing to me; for I have the pleasure to think I am not puffed up with this great alteration; and yet am I not wanting to look upon all these

favours and blessings in the light wherein I ought to receive them, both at the hands of Heaven, and my dear benefactor.

We dined together with great pleasure; and I had, in every word and action, all the instances of kindness and affection that the most indulged heart could wish. He said he would return to his closet again; and at five o'clock would come and take a walk with me in the garden: And so retired as soon as he had dined, and I went up to mine.

About six, he was pleased to come up to me, and said, Now, my dear, I will attend you for a little walk in the garden; and I gave him my hand with great pleasure.

This garden is much better cultivated than the Lincolnshire one; but that is larger, and has nobler walks in it; and yet there is a pretty canal in this, and a fountain and cascade. We had a deal of sweet conversation as we walked; and, after we had taken a turn round, I bent towards the little garden; and when I came near the summer-house, took the opportunity to slip from him, and just whipt up the steps of this once frightful place, and kneeled down, and said, I bless thee, O God! for my escapes, and for thy mercies! O let me always possess a grateful, humble heart! and I whipt down again and joined him; and he hardly missed me.

Several of the neighbouring gentry sent their compliments to him on his return, but not a word about his marriage; particularly Mr. Arthur, Mr. Towers, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Martin of the Grove.

Monday.

I had a good deal of employment in choosing patterns for my new clothes. He thought nothing too good; but I thought every thing I saw was; and he was so kind to pick out six of the richest for me to choose three suits out of, saying, We would furnish ourselves with more in town, when we went thither. One was white, flowered with silver most richly; and he was pleased to say, that, as I was a bride, I should make my appearance in that the following Sunday. And so we shall have in two or three days, from several places, nothing but mantua-makers and tailors at work. Bless me! what a chargeable and what a worthless hussy I am to the dear gentleman! — But his fortune and station require a great deal of it; and his value for me will not let him do less, than if he had married a fortune equal to his own: and then, as he says, it would be a reflection upon him, if he did. — And so I doubt it will be, as it is: For either way the world will have something to say. He made me also choose some very fine laces, and linen; and has sent a message on purpose, with his orders, to hasten all down, what can be done in town, as the millinery matters, etc. to be completed there, and sent by particular messengers, as done. All to be here, and finished by Saturday afternoon, without fail.

I sent away John this morning, with some more of my papers to you, and with the few he will give you separate. My desire is, that you will send me all the papers you have done with, that I may keep my word with Lady Davers; to beg the continuance of your prayers and blessings; to hope you will give me your answer about my dear benefactor's proposal of the Kentish farm; to beg you to buy, two suits of clothes each; of the finest cloth for you, my dear father; and of a creditable silk for my dear mother; and good linen, and every thing answerable; and that you will, as my best friend bid me say, let us see you here as soon as possible; and he will have his chariot come for you, when you tell John the day. Oh! how I long to see you both, my dear good parents, and to share with you my felicities!

You will have, I'm sure, the goodness to go to all your creditors, which are chiefly those of my poor unhappy brothers, and get an account of all you are bound for; and every one shall be paid to the utmost farthing, and interest besides, though some of them have been very cruel and unrelenting. — But they are entitled to their own, and shall be thankfully paid.

Now I think of it, John shall take my papers down to this place; that you may have something to amuse you, of your dear child's, instead of those you part with; and I will continue writing till I am settled, and you are determined; and then I shall apply myself to the duties of the family, in order to become as useful to my dear benefactor, as my small abilities will let me.

If you think a couple of guineas will be of use to Mrs. Mumford, who, I doubt, has not much aforehand, pray give them to her, from me, (and I will return them to you,) as for a pair of gloves on my nuptials: And look through your poor acquaintances and neighbours, and let me have a list of such honest industrious poor, as may be true objects of charity, and have no other assistance; particularly such as are blind, lame, or sickly, with their several cases; and also such poor families and housekeepers as are reduced by misfortunes, as ours was, and where a great number of children may keep them from rising to a state of tolerable comfort: And I will choose as well as I can; for I long to be making a beginning, with the kind quarterly benevolence my dear good benefactor has bestowed upon me for such good purposes.

I am resolved to keep account of all these matters, and Mr. Longman has already furnished me with a vellum book of white paper; some sides of which I hope soon to fill with the names of proper objects: And though my dear master has given me all this without account, yet shall he see (but nobody else) how I lay it out, from quarter to quarter; and I will, if any be left, carry it on, like an accomptant, to the next quarter, and strike a balance four times a year, and a general balance at every year's end. — And I have written in it, Humble RETURNS for DIVINE MERCIES; and locked it up safe in my newly-presented cabinet.

I intend to let Lady Davers see no farther of my papers, than to her own angry letter to her brother; for I would not have her see my reflections upon it; and she'll know, down to that place, all that's necessary for her curiosity, as to my sufferings, and the stratagems used against me, and the honest part I have been enabled to act: And I hope, when she has read them all, she will be quite reconciled: for she will see it is all God Almighty's doings; and that a gentleman of his parts and knowledge was not to be drawn in by such a poor young body as me.

I will detain John no longer. He will tell you to read this last part first, and while he stays. And so, with my humble duty to you both, and my dear Mr. B — — 's kind remembrance, I rest

Your ever-dutiful and gratefully happy DAUGHTER.

Wednesday evening.

HONOURED FATHER AND MOTHER!

I will now proceed with my journal.

On Tuesday morning, my dear sir rode out, and brought with him to dinner, Mr. Martin of the Grove, and Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, and one Mr. Chambers; and he stept up to me, and said he had rode out too far to return to breakfast; but he had brought with him some of his old acquaintance, to dine with me. Are you

sorry for it, Pamela? said he. I remembered his lessons, and said No, sure, sir; I cannot be angry at any thing you are pleased to do. Said he, You know Mr. Martin's character, and have severely censured him in one of your letters, as one of my brother rakes, and for his three lyings-in.

He then gave me the following account, how he came to bring them. Said he, 'I met them all at Mr. Arthur's; and his lady asked me, if I was really married? I said, Yes, really. And to whom? said Mr. Martin. Why, replied I, bluntly, to my mother's waiting-maid. They could not tell what to say to me hereupon, and looked one upon another. And I saw I had spoiled a jest, from each. Mrs. Arthur said, You have, indeed, sir, a charming creature, as ever I saw; and she has mighty good luck. Ay, said I, and so have I. But I shall say the less, because a man never did any thing of this nature, that he did not think he ought, if it were but in policy, to make the best of it. Nay, said Mr. Arthur, if you have sinned, it is with your eyes open: for you know the world as well as any gentleman of your years in it.'

'Why, really, gentlemen, said I, I should be glad to please all my friends; but I can't expect, till they know my motives and inducements, that it will be so immediately. But I do assure you, I am exceedingly pleased myself; and that, you know, is most to the purpose.'

'Said Mr. Brooks, I have heard my wife praise your spouse that is, so much for person and beauty, that I wanted to see her of all things. Why, replied I, if you'll all go and take a dinner with me, you shall see her with all my heart. And, Mrs. Arthur, will you bear us company? No, indeed, sir, said she. What, I'll warrant, my wife will not be able to reconcile you to my mother's waiting-maid; is not that it? Tell truth, Mrs. Arthur. Nay, said she, I shan't be backward to pay your spouse a visit, in company of the neighbouring ladies; but for one single woman to go, on such a sudden motion too, with so many gentlemen, is not right. But that need not hinder you, gentlemen. So, said he, the rest sent, that they should not dine at home; and they and Mr. Chambers, a gentleman lately settled in these parts, one and all came with me: And so, my dear, concluded he, when you make your appearance next Sunday, you're sure of a party in your favour; for all that see you must esteem you.'

He went to them; and when I came down to dinner, he was pleased to take me by the hand, at my entrance into the parlour, and said, My dear, I have brought some of my good neighbours to dine with you. I said, You are very good, sir. — My dear, this gentleman is Mr. Chambers; and so he presented every one to me; and they saluted me, and wished us both joy.

I, for my part, said Mr. Brooks, wish you joy most heartily. My wife told me a good deal of the beauties of your person; but I did not think we had such a flower

in our country. Sir, said I, your lady is very partial to me; and you are so polite a gentleman, that you will not contradict your good lady.

I'll assure you, madam, returned he, you have not hit the matter at all; for we contradict one another twice or thrice a day. But the devil's in't if we are not agreed in so clear a case!

Said Mr. Martin, Mr. Brooks says very true, madam, in both respects; (meaning his wife's and his own contradiction to one another, as well as in my favour;) for, added he, they have been married some years.

As I had not the best opinion of this gentleman, nor his jest, I said, I am almost sorry, sir, for the gentleman's jest upon himself and his lady; but I think it should have relieved him from a greater jest, your pleasant confirmation of it. — But still the reason you give that it may be so, I hope, is the reason that may be given that it is not so; to wit, that they have been married some years.

Said Mr. Arthur, Mr. Martin, I think the lady has very handsomely reproved you. I think so too, said Mr. Chambers; and it was but a very indifferent compliment to a bride. Said Mr. Martin, Compliment or not, gentlemen, I have never seen a matrimony of any time standing, that it was not so, little or much: But I dare say it will never be so here.

To be sure, sir, said I, if it was, I must be the ungratefullest person in the world, because I am the most obliged person in it. That notion, said Mr. Arthur, is so excellent, that it gives a moral certainty it never can.

Sir, said Mr. Brooks to my dear master, softly, You have a most accomplished lady, I do assure you, as well in her behaviour and wit, as in her person, call her what you please. Why, my dear friend, said my master, I must tell you, as I have said before now, that her person made me her lover, but her mind made her my wife.

The first course coming in, my dear sir led me himself to my place; and set Mr. Chambers, as the greatest stranger, at my right hand, and Mr. Brooks at my left; and Mr. Arthur was pleased to observe, much to my advantage, on the ease and freedom with which I behaved myself, and helped them; and said, he would bring his lady to be a witness, and a learner both, of my manners. I said, I should be proud of any honour Mrs. Arthur would vouchsafe to do me; and if once I could promise myself the opportunity of his good lady's example, and those of the other gentlemen present, I should have the greater opinion of my worthiness to sit in the place I filled at present with much insufficiency.

Mr. Arthur drank to my health and happiness, and said, My wife told your spouse, madam, you had very good luck in such a husband; but I now see who has the best of it. Said Mr. Brooks, Come, come, let's make no compliments; for the plain truth of the matter is, our good neighbour's generosity and judgment have

met with so equal a match in his lady's beauty and merit, that I know not which has the best luck. But may you be both long happy together, say I! And so he drank a glass of wine.

My best friend, who always takes delight to have me praised, seemed much pleased with our conversation; and he said the kindest, tenderest, and most respectful things in the world to me. Insomuch, that the rough Mr. Martin said, Did you ever think our good friend here, who used to ridicule matrimony so much, would have made so complaisant a husband? How long do you intend, sir, that this shall hold? As long as my good girl deserves it, said he; and that, I hope, will be for ever. But, continued the kind gentleman, you need not wonder I have changed my mind as to wedlock; for I never expected to meet with one whose behaviour and sweetness of temper were so well adapted to make me happy.

After dinner, and having drank good healths to each of their ladies, I withdrew; and they sat and drank two bottles of claret a-piece, and were very merry; and went away, full of my praises, and vowing to bring their ladies to see me.

John having brought me your kind letter, my dear father, I told my good master, after his friends were gone, how gratefully you received his generous intentions as to the Kentish farm, and promised your best endeavours to serve him in that estate; and that you hoped your industry and care would be so well employed in it, that you should be very little troublesome to him, — as to the liberal manner in which he had intended to add to a provision, that of itself exceeded all you wished. He was very well pleased with your cheerful acceptance of it.

I am glad your engagements in the world lie in so small a compass. As soon as you have gotten an account of them exactly, you will be pleased to send it me, with the list of the poor folks you are so kind to promise to procure me.

I think, as my dear master is so generous, you should account nothing that is plain, too good. Pray don't be afraid of laying out upon yourselves. My dear sir intends that you shall not, when you come to us, return to your old abode; but stay with us, till you set out for Kent; and so you must dispose of yourselves accordingly. And I hope, my dear father, you have quite left off all slavish business. As farmer Jones has been kind to you, as I have heard you say, pray, when you take leave of them, present them with three guineas worth of good books; such as a family bible, a common prayer, a whole duty of man, or any other you think will be acceptable; for they live a great way from church; and in winter the ways from their farm thither are impassable.

He has brought me my papers safe: and I will send them to Lady Davers the first opportunity, down to the place I mentioned in my last.

My dear Mr. B —— just now tells me, that he will carry me, in the morning, a little airing, about ten miles off, in his chariot and four, to breakfast at a farm-house, noted for a fine dairy, and where, now and then, the neighbouring gentry, of both sexes, resort for that purpose.

Thursday.

We set out at about half an hour after six, accordingly; and driving pretty smartly, got at this truly neat house at half an hour after eight; and I was much pleased with the neatness of the good woman, and her daughter and maid; and he was so good as to say he would now and then take a turn with me to the same place, and on the same occasion, as I seemed to like it; for that it would be a pretty exercise, and procure us appetites to our breakfasts, as well as our return would to our dinners. But I find this was not, though a very good reason, the only one for which he gave me this agreeable airing; as I shall acquaint you.

We were prettily received and entertained here, and an elegancy ran through every thing, persons as well as furniture, yet all plain. And my master said to the good housewife, Do your young boarding-school ladies still at times continue their visits to you, Mrs. Dobson? Yes, sir, said she, I expect three or four of them every minute.

There is, my dear, said he, within three miles of this farm, a very good boarding-school for ladies. The governess of it keeps a chaise and pair, which is to be made a double chaise at pleasure; and in summer time, when the misses perform their tasks to satisfaction, she favours them with an airing to this place, three or four at a time; and after they have breakfasted, they are carried back. And this serves both for a reward, and for exercise; and the misses who have this favour are not a little proud of it; and it brings them forward in their respective tasks.

A very good method, sir, said I. And just as we were talking, the chaise came in with four misses, all pretty much of a size, and a maid-servant to attend them. They were shewn another little neat apartment, that went through ours; and made their honours very prettily, as they passed by us. I went into the room to them, and asked them questions about their work, and their lessons; and what they had done to deserve such a fine airing and breakfasting; and they all answered me very prettily. And pray, little ladies, said I, what may I call your names? One was called Miss Burdoff, one Miss Nugent, one Miss Booth, and the fourth Miss Goodwin. I don’t know which, said I, is the prettiest; but you are all best, my little dears; and you have a very good governess, to indulge you with such a fine airing, and such delicate cream, and bread and butter. I hope you think so too.

My master came in, and I had no mistrust in the world; and he kissed each of them; but looked more wishfully on Miss Goodwin, than on any of the others; but

I thought nothing just then: Had she been called Miss Godfrey, I had hit upon it in a trice.

When we went from them, he said, Which do you think the prettiest of those misses? Really, sir, replied I, it is hard to say: Miss Booth is a pretty brown girl, and has a fine eye; Miss Burdoff has a great deal of sweetness in her countenance, but is not so regularly featured. Miss Nugent is very fair: and Miss Goodwin has a fine black eye, and is, besides, I think, the genteelest shaped child; but they are all pretty.

The maid led them into the garden, to shew them the beehives; and Miss Goodwin made a particular fine courtesy to my master; and I said, I believe miss knows you, sir; and, taking her by the hand, I said, Do you know this gentleman, my pretty dear? — Yes, madam, said she; it is my own dear uncle. I clasped her in my arms: O why did you not tell me, sir, said I, that you had a niece among these little ladies? And I kissed her, and away she tript after the others.

But pray, sir, said I, how can this be? — You have no sister nor brother, but Lady Davers. — How can this be?

He smiled: and then I said, O my dearest sir, tell me now the truth, Does not this pretty miss stand in a nearer relation to you, than as a niece? — I know she does! I know she does! And I embraced him as he stood.

'Tis even so, my dear, replied he; and you remember my sister's good-natured hint of Miss Sally Godfrey? I do well, sir, answered I. But this is Miss Goodwin. Her mother chose that name for her, said he, because she should not be called by her own.

Well, said I, excuse me, sir; I must go and have a little prattle with her. I'll send for her in again, replied he; and in she came in a moment. I took her in my arms, and said, O my charming dear! will you love me? — Will you let me be your aunt? Yes, madam, answered she, with all my heart! and I will love you dearly: But I mustn't love my uncle. Why so? said he. Because, replied she, you would not speak to me at first! And because you would not let me call you uncle (for it seems she was bid not, that I might not guess at her presently): and yet, said the pretty dear, I had not seen you a great while, so I hadn't.

Well, Pamela, said he, now can you allow me to love this little innocent? Allow you, sir, replied I; you would be very barbarous, if you did not; and I should be more so, if I did not further it all I could, and love the little lamb myself, for your sake and for her own sake; and in compassion to her poor mother, though unknown to me: And tears stood in my eyes.

Said he, Why, my love, are your words so kind, and your countenance so sad? — I drew to the window from the child; and said, Sad it is not, sir; but I have a strange grief and pleasure mingled at once in my breast, on this occasion. It is

indeed a twofold grief, and a twofold pleasure. — As how, my dear? said he. Why, sir, replied I, I cannot help being grieved for the poor mother of this sweet babe, to think, if she be living, that she must call her chiefest delight her shame: If she be no more, that she must have had such remorse on her poor mind, when she came to leave the world, and her little babe: And, in the second place, I grieve, that it must be thought a kindness to the dear little soul, not to let her know how near the dearest relation she has in the world is to her. — Forgive me, dear sir, I say not this to reproach you, in the least. Indeed I don't. And I have a twofold cause of joy; first, That I have had the grace to escape the like unhappiness with this poor gentlewoman: and next, That this discovery has given me an opportunity to shew the sincerity of my grateful affection for you, sir, in the love I will always express to this dear child.

And then I stept to her again, and kissed her; and said, Join with me, my pretty love, to beg your dear uncle to let you come and live with your new aunt: Indeed, my little precious, I'll love you dearly.

Will you, sir? said the little charmer; will you let me go and live with my aunt?

You are very good, my Pamela, said he. And I have not once been deceived in the hopes my fond heart has entertained of your prudence. — But will you, sir? said I; will you grant me this favour? I shall most sincerely love the little charmer; and all I am capable of doing for her, both by example and affection, shall most cordially be done. My dearest sir, added I, oblige me in this thing! I think already my heart is set upon it! What a sweet employment and companionship shall I have!

We'll talk of this some other time, replied he; but I must, in prudence, put some bounds to your amiable generosity. I had always intended to surprise you into this discovery; but my sister led the way to it, out of a poorness in her spite, that I could not brook: And though you have pleased me beyond expression, in your behaviour on this occasion; yet I can't say, that you have gone much beyond my expectations; for I have such a high opinion of you, that I think nothing could have shaken it, but a contrary conduct to this you have expressed on so tender a circumstance.

Well, sir, said the dear little miss, then you will not let me go home with my aunt, will you? I am sure she will love me. When you break up next, my dear, said he, if you are a good girl, you shall pay your new aunt a visit. She made a low courtesy. Thank you, sir, answered she. Yes, my dear, said I, and I will get you some fine things against the time. I would have brought you some now, had I known I should have seen my pretty love. Thank you, madam, returned she.

How old, sir, said I, is miss? Between six and seven, answered he. Was she ever, sir, said I, at your house? My sister, replied he, carried her thither once, as a

near relation of her lord's. I remember, sir, said I, a little miss; and Mrs. Jervis and I took her to be a relation of Lord Davers.

My sister, returned he, knew the whole secret from the beginning; and it made her a great merit with me, that she kept it from the knowledge of my father, who was then living, and of my mother, to her dying-day; though she descended so low in her rage, to hint the matter to you.

The little misses took their leaves soon after: and I know not how, but I am strangely affected with this dear child. I wish he would be so good as to let me have her home. It would be a great pleasure to have such a fine opportunity, obliged as I am, to shew my love for himself, in my fondness for his dear miss.

As we came home together in the chariot, he gave me the following particulars of this affair, additional to what he had before mentioned:

That this lady was of a good family, and the flower of it but that her mother was a person of great art and address, and not altogether so nice in the particular between himself and miss, as she ought to have been: That, particularly, when she had reason to find him unsettled and wild, and her daughter in more danger from him, than he was from her, yet she encouraged their privacies; and even, at last, when she had reason to apprehend, from their being surprised together, in a way not so creditable to the lady, that she was far from forbidding their private meetings; on the contrary, that, on a certain time, she had set one that had formerly been her footman, and a half-pay officer, her relation, to watch an opportunity, and to frighten him into a marriage with the lady: That, accordingly, when they had surprised him in her chamber, just as he had been let in, they drew their swords upon him, and threatened instantly to kill him, if he did not promise marriage on the spot; and that they had a parson ready below stairs, as he found afterwards: That then he suspected, from some strong circumstances, that miss was in the plot; which so enraged him, with their menaces together, that he drew, and stood upon his defence; and was so much in earnest, that the man he pushed into the arm, and disabled; and pressing pretty forward upon the other, as he retreated, he rushed in upon him near the top of the stairs, and pushed him down one pair, and he was much hurt by the fall: Not but that, he said, he might have paid for his rashness; but that the business of his antagonists was rather to frighten than to kill him: That, upon this, in the sight of the old lady, the parson she had provided, and her other daughters, he went out of their house, with bitter execrations against them all.

That after this, designing to break off all correspondence with the whole family, and miss too, she found means to engage him to give her a meeting at Woodstock, in order to clear herself: That, poor lady! she was there obliged, naughty creature as he was! to make herself quite guilty of a worse fault, in order

to clear herself of a lighter: That they afterwards met at Godstow often, at Woodstock, and every neighbouring place to Oxford, where he was then studying, as it proved, guilty lessons, instead of improving ones; till, at last, the effect of their frequent interviews grew too obvious to be concealed: That the young lady then, when she was not fit to be seen, for the credit of the family, was confined, and all manner of means were used, to induce him to marry her: That, finding nothing would do, they at last resolved to complain to his father and mother; but that he made his sister acquainted with the matter, who then happened to be at home; and, by her management and spirit, their intentions of that sort were frustrated; and, seeing no hopes, they agreed to Lady Davers's proposals, and sent poor miss down to Marlborough, where, at her expense, which he answered to her again, she was provided for, and privately lay-in: That Lady Davers took upon herself the care of the little one, till it came to be fit to be put to the boarding-school, where it now is: And that he had settled upon the dear little miss such a sum of money, as the interest of it would handsomely provide for her: and the principal would be a tolerable fortune, fit for a gentlewoman, when she came to be marriageable. And this, my dear, said he, is the story in brief. And I do assure you, Pamela, added he, I am far from making a boast of, or taking a pride in, this affair: But since it has happened, I can't say but I wish the poor child to live, and be happy; and I must endeavour to make her so.

Sir, said I, to be sure you should; and I shall take a very great pride to contribute to the dear little soul's felicity, if you will permit me to have her home. — But, added I, does miss know any thing who are her father and mother? I wanted him to say if the poor lady was living or dead. — No, answered he. Her governess has been told, by my sister, that she is the daughter of a gentleman and his lady, who are related, at a distance, to Lord Davers, and now live in Jamaica; and she calls me uncle, only because I am the brother to Lady Davers, whom she calls aunt, and who is very fond of her: as is also my lord, who knows the whole matter; and they have her, at all her little school recesses, at their house, and are very kind to her.

I believe, added he, the truth of the matter is very little known or suspected; for, as her mother is of no mean family, her friends endeavour to keep it secret, as much as I: and Lady Davers, till her wrath boiled over, t'other day, has managed the matter very dexterously and kindly.

The words, mother is of no mean family, gave me not to doubt the poor lady was living. And I said, But how, sir, can the dear miss's poor mother be content to deny herself the enjoyment of so sweet a child? Ah, Pamela, replied he, now you come in; I see you want to know what's become of the poor mother. 'Tis natural enough you should; but I was willing to see how the little suspense would operate

upon you. — Dear sir, said I. — Nay, replied he, ’tis very natural, my dear! I think you have had a great deal of patience, and are come at this question so fairly that you deserve to be answered.

You must know then, there is some foundation for saying, that her mother, at least, lives in Jamaica; for there she does live, and very happily too. For I must observe, that she suffered so much in child-bed, that nobody expected her life; and this, when she was up, made such an impression upon her, that she dreaded nothing so much as the thoughts of returning to her former fault; and, to say the truth, I had intended to make her a visit as soon as her month was well up. And so, unknown to me, she engaged herself to go to Jamaica, with two young ladies, who were born there; and were returning to their friends, after they had been four years in England for their education: and, recommending to me, by a very moving letter, her little baby, and that I would not suffer it to be called by her name, but Goodwin, that her shame might be the less known, for hers and her family’s sake; she got her friends to assign her five hundred pounds, in full of all her demands upon her family, and went up to London, and embarked, with her companions, at Gravesend, and so sailed to Jamaica; where she is since well and happily married, passing to her husband for a young widow, with one daughter, which her husband’s friends take care of, and provide for. And so you see, Pamela, that in the whole story on both sides, the truth is as much preserved as possible.

Poor lady! said I; how her story moves me! I am glad she is so happy at last! — And, my dear, said he, are you not glad she is so far off too? — As to that, sir, said I, I cannot be sorry, to be sure, as she is so happy; which she could not have been here. For, sir, I doubt you would have proceeded with your temptations, if she had not gone; and it shewed she was much in earnest to be good, that she could leave her native country, leave all her relations, leave you, whom she so well loved, leave her dear baby, and try a new fortune, in a new world, among quite strangers, and hazard the seas; and all to preserve herself from further guiltiness! Indeed, indeed, sir, said I, I bleed for what her distresses must be, in this case I am grieved for her poor mind’s remorse, through her childbed terrors, which could have so great and so worthy an effect upon her afterwards; and I honour her resolution; and would rank such a returning dear lady in the class of those who are most virtuous; and doubt not God Almighty’s mercy to her; and that her present happiness is the result of his gracious providence, blessing her penitence and reformation. — But, sir, said I, did you not once see the poor lady after her lying-in?

I did not believe her so much in earnest, answered he; and I went down to Marlborough, and heard she was gone from thence to Calne. I went to Calne, and

heard she was gone to Reading, to a relation's there. Thither I went, and heard she was gone to Oxford. I followed; and there she was; but I could not see her.

She at last received a letter from me, begging a meeting with her; for I found her departure with the ladies was resolved on, and that she was with her friends, only to take leave of them, and receive her agreed on portion: And she appointed the Saturday following, and that was Wednesday, to give me a meeting at the old place, at Woodstock.

Then, added he, I thought I was sure of her, and doubted not I should spoil her intended voyage. I set out on Thursday to Gloucester, on a party of pleasure; and on Saturday I went to the place appointed, at Woodstock: But when I came thither, I found a letter instead of my lady; and when I opened it, it was to beg my pardon for deceiving me; expressing her concern for her past fault; her affection for me; and the apprehension she had, that she should be unable to keep her good resolves, if she met me: that she had set out on the Thursday for her embarkation; for that she feared nothing else could save her; and had appointed this meeting on Saturday, at the place of her former guilt, that I might be suitably impressed upon the occasion, and pity and allow for her; and that she might get three or four days start of me, and be quite out of my reach. She recommended again, as upon the spot where the poor little one owed its being, my tenderness to it, for her sake; and that was all she had to request of me, she said; but would not forget to pray for me in all her own dangers, and in every difficulty she was going to encounter.

I wept at this moving tale. And did not this make a deep impression upon you, sir? said I. Surely such an affecting lesson as this, on the very guilty spot too, (I admire the dear lady's pious contrivance!) must have had a great effect upon you. One would have thought, sir, it was enough to reclaim you for ever! All your naughty purposes, I make no doubt, were quite changed?

Why, my dear, said he, I was much moved, you may be sure, when I came to reflect: But, at first, I was so assured of being a successful tempter, and spoiling her voyage, that I was vexed, and much out of humour; but when I came to reflect, as I said, I was quite overcome with this instance of her prudence, her penitence, and her resolution; and more admired her than I ever had done. Yet I could not bear she should so escape me neither; so much overcome me, as it were, in an heroical bravery; and I hastened away, and got a bill of credit of Lord Davers, upon his banker in London, for five hundred pounds; and set out for that place, having called at Oxford, and got what light I could, as to where I might hear of her there.

When I arrived in town, which was not till Monday morning, I went to a place called Crosby-square, where the friends of the two ladies lived. She had set out in the flying-coach on Tuesday; got to the two ladies that very night; and, on

Saturday, had set out with them for Gravesend, much about the time I was expecting her at Woodstock.

You may suppose that I was much affected, my dear, with this. However, I got my bill of credit converted into money; and I set out with my servant on Monday afternoon, and reached Gravesend that night; and there I understood that she and the two ladies had gone on board from the very inn I put up at, in the morning; and the ship waited only for the wind, which then was turning about in its favour.

I got a boat directly, and went on board the ship, and asked for Mrs. Godfrey. But judge you, my dear Pamela, her surprise and confusion, when she saw me! She had like to have fainted away. I offered any money to put off the sailing till next day, but it would not be complied with; and fain would I have got her on shore, and promised to attend her, if she would go over land, to any part of England the ship would touch at. But she was immovable.

Every one concluded me her humble servant, and were touched at the moving interview; the young ladies, and their female attendants, especially. With great difficulty, upon my solemn assurances of honour, she trusted herself with me in one of the cabins; and there I tried, what I could, to prevail upon her to quit her purpose; but all in vain: She said, I had made her quite unhappy by this interview! She had difficulties enough upon her mind before; but now I had embittered all her voyage, and given her the deepest distress.

I could prevail upon her but for one favour, and that with the greatest reluctance; which was, to accept of the five hundred pounds, as a present from me; and she promised, at my earnest desire, to draw upon me for a greater sum, as a person that had her effects in my hands, when she arrived, if she should find it convenient for her. In short, this was all the favour I could procure; for she would not promise so much as to correspond with me, and was determined on going: and, I believe, if I would have married her, which yet I had not in my head, she would not have deviated from her purpose.

But how, sir, said I, did you part? I would have sailed with her, answered he, and been landed at the first port in England or Ireland, I cared not which, they should put in at; but she was too full of apprehensions to admit it; And the rough fellow of a master, captain they called him, (but, in my mind, I could have thrown him overboard,) would not stay a moment, the wind and tide being quite fair; and was very urgent with me to go a-shore, or to go the voyage; and being impetuous in my temper, (spoiled, you know, my dear, by my mother,) and not used to control, I thought it very strange that wind or tide, or any thing else, should be preferred to me and my money: But so it was; I was forced to go; and so took leave of the ladies, and the other passengers; wished them a good voyage; gave five guineas among the ship's crew, to be good to the ladies, and took such a leave

as you may better imagine than I express. She recommended once more to me, the dear guest, as she called her, the ladies being present; and thanked me for all these instances of my regard, which, she said, would leave a strong impression on her mind; and, at parting, she threw her arms about my neck, and we took such a leave, as affected every one present, men, as well as ladies.

So, with a truly heavy heart, I went down the ship's side to my boat; and stood up in it, looking at her, as long as I could see her, and she at me, with her handkerchief at her eyes; and then I gazed at the ship, till, and after I had landed, as long as I could discern the least appearance of it; for she was under sail, in a manner, when I left her; and so I returned highly disturbed to my inn.

I went to bed, but rested not; returned to London the next morning; and set out that afternoon again for the country. And so much, my dear, for poor Sally Godfrey. — She sends, I understand, by all opportunities, with the knowledge of her husband, to learn how her child, by her first husband, does; and has the satisfaction to know she is happily provided for. And, about half a year ago, her spouse sent a little negro boy, of about ten years old, as a present, to wait upon her. But he was taken ill of the small-pox, and died in a month after he was landed.

Sure, sir, said I, your generous mind must have been long affected with this melancholy case, and all its circumstances.

It hung upon me, indeed, some time, said he; but I was full of spirit and inconsideration. I went soon after to travel; a hundred new objects danced before my eyes, and kept reflection from me. And, you see, I had five or six years afterwards, and even before that, so thoroughly lost all the impressions you talk of, that I doubted not to make my Pamela change her name, without either act of parliament, or wedlock, and be Sally Godfrey the second.

O you dear naughty man! said I, this seems but too true! but I bless God that it is not so! — I bless God for your reformation, and that for your own dear sake, as well as mine!

Well, my dear, said he, and I bless God for it too! — I do most sincerely! — And 'tis my greater pleasure, because I have, as I hoped, seen my error so early; and that with such a stock of youth and health on my side, in all appearance, I can truly abhor my past liberties, and pity poor Sally Godfrey, from the same motives that I admire my Pamela's virtues; and resolve to make myself as worthy of them as possible: And I will hope, my dear, your prayers for my pardon, and my perseverance, will be of no small efficacy on this occasion.

These agreeable reflections, on this melancholy but instructive story, brought us in view of his own house; and we alighted, and took a walk in the garden till

dinner was ready. And now we are so busy about making ready for our appearance, that I shall hardly have time to write till that be over.

Monday morning.

Yesterday we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned, and lined, and new harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's; though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said, that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white flowered with silver, and a rich head-dress, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, etc. I also mentioned before: And my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat, of blue paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk; and he looked charmingly indeed. I said, I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels; but he said, It would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife; and though as I apprehended, it might be, that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say any thing, than that I was not put upon an equal footing, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighbouring gentry had expected us; and there was a great congregation; for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazers and whisperers: But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of shewing as if he was ashamed of it: And as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God, for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts, that I was much less concerned, than I should otherwise have been, at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as of the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we staid the longer, because the church should be pretty empty; but we found great numbers at the church-doors, and in the church-porch; and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person, as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection, or mark of disrespect. Mr. Martin, who is single, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, with their families, were all there: And the four gentlemen came up to us, before we went into the chariot, and, in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented us both: and Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy; and Mrs. Brooks said, You sent Mr. Brooks, madam, home t'other day, quite charmed with

a manner, which, you have convinced a thousand persons this day, is natural to you.

You do me great honour, madam, replied I. Such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness. My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns, at the door of it, (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a very ceremonious gentleman, a little too extreme in that way,) and, I believe, to familiarize me to the gazers, which concerned me a little; for I was dashed to hear the praises of the countrypeople, and to see how they crowded about the chariot. Several poor people begged my charity, and I beckoned John with my fan, and said, Divide in the further church-porch, that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more, if they don't importune me now. So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr. Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away; and said, By all that's good, you have charmed the whole congregation! Not a soul but is full of your praises! My neighbour knew, better than any body could tell him, how to choose for himself. Why, said he, the dean himself looked more upon you than his book.

O sir, said I, you are very encouraging to a weak mind! I vow, said he, I say no more than is truth: I'd marry to-morrow, if I was sure of meeting with a person of but one-half the merit you have. You are, continued he, and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an ornament to your sex, an honour to your spouse, and a credit to religion. — Every body is saying so, added he; for you have, by your piety, edified the whole church.

As he had done speaking, the dean himself complimented me, that the behaviour of so worthy a lady, would be very edifying to his congregation, and encouraging to himself. Sir, said I, you are very kind: I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine. He bowed, and went on.

Sir Thomas then applied to me, my master stepping into the chariot, and said, I beg pardon, madam, for detaining your good spouse from you: but I have been saying, he is the happiest man in the world. I bowed to him, but I could have wished him further, to make me sit so in the notice of every one; which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little. Mr. Martin said to my master, If you'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good example to all the neighbourhood. O, my dear sir! said I to my

master, you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. Martin! He has, by his kind expressions, made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude.

Said my master, My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr. Martin. And he said to him, We will constantly go to church, and to every other place, where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Martin.

Mr. Martin said, Gad, sir, you are a happy man; and I think your lady's example has made you more polite and handsome too, than I ever knew you before, though we never thought you unpolite, neither. And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot; and, as we drove away, the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.

As I have no other pride, I hope, in repeating these things, than in the countenance the general approbation gives to my dear master, for his stooping so low, you will excuse me for it, I know.

In the afternoon we went again to church, and a little early, at my request; but the church was quite full, and soon after even crowded; so much does novelty (the more's the pity!) attract the eyes of mankind. Mr. Martin came in after us, and made up to our seat; and said, If you please, my dear friend, I will take my seat with you this afternoon. With all my heart, said my master. I was sorry for it; but was resolved my duty should not be made second to bashfulness, or any other consideration; and when divine service began, I withdrew to the farther end of the pew, and left the gentlemen in the front, and they behaved quite suitably, both of them, to the occasion. I mention this the rather, because Mr. Martin was not very noted for coming to church, or attention when there, before.

The dean preached again, which he was not used to do, out of compliment to us; and an excellent sermon he made on the relative duties of Christianity: And it took my particular attention; for he made many fine observations on the subject. Mr. Martin addressed himself twice or thrice to me, during the sermon; but he saw me so wholly engrossed with hearkening to the good preacher, that he forbore interrupting me; yet I took care, according to the lessons formerly given me, to observe to him a cheerful and obliging behaviour, as one of Mr. B — — 's friends and intimates. My master asked him to give him his company to supper; and he said, I am so taken with your lady, that you must not give me too much encouragement; for I shall be always with you, if you do. He was pleased to say, You cannot favour us with too much of your company; and as I have left you in the lurch in your single state, I think you will do well to oblige us as much as you can; and who knows but my happiness may reform another rake? Who knows? said Mr. Martin: Why, I know; for I am more than half reformed already.

At the chariot door, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mrs. Chambers, were brought to me, by their respective spouses; and presently the witty Lady Towers,

who bantered me before, (as I once told you,) joined them; and Mrs. Arthur said, she wished me joy; and that all the good ladies, my neighbours, would collect themselves together, and make me a visit. This, said I, will be an honour, madam, that I can never enough acknowledge. It will be very kind so to countenance a person who will always study to deserve your favour, by the most respectful behaviour.

Lady Towers said, My dear neighbour, you want no countenance; your own merit is sufficient. I had a slight cold, that kept me at home in the morning; but I heard you so much talked of, and praised, that I resolved not to stay away in the afternoon; and I join in the joy every one gives you. She turned to my master, and said, You are a sly thief, as I always thought you. Where have you stolen this lady? And now, how barbarous is it, thus unawares, in a manner, to bring her here upon us, to mortify and eclipse us all? — You are very kind, madam, said he, that you and all my worthy neighbours see with my eyes. But had I not known she had so much excellency of mind and behaviour, as would strike every body in her favour at first sight, I should not have dared to class her with such of my worthy neighbours, as now so kindly congratulate us both.

I own, said she, softly, I was one of your censurers; but I never liked you so well in my life, as for this action, now I see how capable your bride is of giving distinction to any condition. — And, coming to me, My dear neighbour, said she, excuse me for having but in my thought, the remembrance that I have seen you formerly, when, by your sweet air and easy deportment, you so much surpass us all, and give credit to your present happy condition.

Dear good madam, said I, how shall I suitably return my acknowledgments! But it will never be a pain to me to look back upon my former days, now I have the kind allowance and example of so many worthy ladies to support me in the honours to which the most generous of men has raised me.

Sweetly said! she was pleased to say. If I was in another place, I would kiss you for that answer. Oh! happy, happy Mr. B —— ! said she to my master; what reputation have you not brought upon your judgment! I won't be long before I see you, added she, I'll assure you, if I come by myself. That shall be your own fault, madam, said Mrs. Brooks.

And so they took leave; and I gave my hand to my dear master, and said, How happy have you made me, generous sir! — And the dean, who had just come up, heard me, and said, And how happy you have made your spouse, I'll venture to pronounce, is hard to say, from what I observe of you both. I courtesied, and blushed, not thinking any body heard me. And my master telling him he should be glad of the honour of a visit from him; he said, He would pay his respects to us the first opportunity, and bring his wife and daughter to attend me. I said, That

was doubly kind; and I should be very proud of cultivating so worthy an acquaintance. I thanked him for his kind discourse; and he thanked me for my attention, which he called exemplary: and so my dear master handed me into the chariot; and we were carried home, both happy, and both pleased, thank God.

Mr. Martin came in the evening, with another gentleman, his friend, one Mr. Dormer; and he entertained us with the favourable opinion, he said, every one had of me, and of the choice my good benefactor had made.

This morning the poor came, according to my invitation; and I sent them away with glad hearts to the number of twenty-five. There were not above twelve or fourteen on Sunday, that John divided the silver among, which I gave him for that purpose; but others got hold of the matter, and made up to the above number.

Tuesday.

My generous master has given me, this morning, a most considerate, but yet, from the nature of it, melancholy instance of his great regard for my unworthiness, which I never could have wished, hoped for, or even thought of.

He took a walk with me, after breakfast, into the garden; and a little shower falling, he led me, for shelter, into the little summer-house, in the private garden, where he formerly gave me apprehensions; and, sitting down by me, he said, I have now finished all that lies on my mind, my dear, and am very easy: For have you not wondered, that I have so much employed myself in my library? Been so much at home, and yet not in your company? — No, sir, said I; I have never been so impertinent as to wonder at any thing you please to employ yourself about; nor would give way to a curiosity that should be troublesome to you: And, besides, I know your large possessions; and the method you take of looking yourself into your affairs, must needs take up so much of your time, that I ought to be very careful how I intrude upon you.

Well, said he, but I'll tell you what has been my last work I have taken it into my consideration, that, at present, my line is almost extinct; and that the chief part of my maternal estate, in case I die without issue, will go to another line, and great part of my personal will fall into such hands, as I shall not care my Pamela should be at the mercy of. I have, therefore, as human life is uncertain, made such a disposition of my affairs, as will make you absolutely independent and happy; as will secure to you the power of doing a great deal of good, and living as a person ought to do, who is my relict; and shall put it out of any body's power to molest your father and mother, in the provision I design them, for the remainder of their days: And I have finished all this very morning, except to naming trustees for you; and if you have any body you would confide in more than another, I would have you speak.

I was so touched with this mournful instance of his excessive goodness to me, and the thoughts necessarily flowing from the solemn occasion, that I was unable to speak; and at last relieved my mind by a violent fit of weeping; and could only say, clasping my arms around the dear generous man, How shall I support this! So very cruel, yet so very kind!

Don't, my dear, said he, be concerned at what gives me pleasure. I am not the nearer my end, for having made this disposition; but I think the putting off these material points, when so many accidents every day happen, and life is so precarious, is one of the most inexcusable things in the world. And there are many important points to be thought of, when life is drawing to its utmost verge; and the mind may be so agitated and unfit, that it is a most sad thing to put off, to that time, any of those concerns, which more especially require a considerate and composed frame of temper, and perfect health and vigour, to give directions about. My poor friend, Mr. Carlton, who died in my arms so lately; and had a mind disturbed by worldly considerations on one side; a weakness of body, through the violence of his distemper, on another; and the concerns of still as much more moment, as the soul is to the body, on a third; made so great an impression upon me then, that I was the more impatient to come to this house, where were most of my writings, in order to make the disposition I have now perfected: And since it is grievous to my dear girl, I will myself think of such trustees as shall be most for her benefit. I have only, therefore, to assure you, my dear, that in this instance, as I will do in any other I can think of, I have studied to make you quite easy, free, and independent. And because I shall avoid all occasions, for the future, which may discompose you, I have but one request to make; which is, that if it please God, for my sins, to separate me from my dearest Pamela, you will only resolve not to marry one person; for I would not be such a Herod, as to restrain you from a change of condition with any other, however reluctantly I may think of any other person's succeeding me in your esteem.

I could not answer, and thought my heart would have burst: And he continued, To conclude at once a subject that is so grievous to you, I will tell you, my Pamela, that this person is Mr. Williams. And now I will acquaint you with my motive for this request; which is wholly owing to my niceness, and to no dislike I have for him, or apprehension of any likelihood that it will be so: but, methinks it would reflect a little upon my Pamela, if she was to give way to such a conduct, as if she had married a man for his estate, when she had rather have had another, had it not been for that; and that now, the world will say, she is at liberty to pursue her inclination, the parson is the man! — And I cannot bear even the most distant apprehension, that I had not the preference with you, of any man living, let me

have been what I would, as I have shewn my dear life, that I have preferred her to all her sex, of whatever degree.

I could not speak, might I have had the world; and he took me in his arms, and said, I have now spoken all my mind, and expect no answer; and I see you too much moved to give me one. Only forgive me the mention, since I have told you my motive; which as much affects your reputation, as my niceness; and offer not at an answer; — only say, you forgive me: And I hope I have not one discomposing thing to say to my dearest, for the rest of my life; which I pray God, for both our sakes, to lengthen for many happy years.

Grief still choaked up the passage of my words; and he said, The shower is over, my dear: let us walk out again. — He led me out, and I would have spoken; but he said, I will not hear my dear creature say any thing! To hearken to your assurance of complying with my request, would look as if I doubted you, and wanted it. I am confident I needed only to speak my mind, to be observed by you; and I shall never more think on the subject, if you don't remind me of it. He then most sweetly changed the discourse.

Don't you with pleasure, my dear, said he, take in the delightful fragrance that this sweet shower has given to these banks of flowers? Your presence is so enlivening to me, that I could almost fancy, that what we owe to the shower, is owing to that: And all nature, methinks, blooms around me when I have my Pamela by my side. You are a poetess, my dear; and I will give you a few lines, that I made myself on such an occasion as this I am speaking of, the presence of a sweet companion, and the fresh verdure, that, after a shower, succeeding a long drought, shewed itself throughout all vegetable nature. And then, in a sweet and easy accent, (with his dear arms about me as we walked,) he sung me the following verses; of which he afterwards favoured me with a copy:

I.

All nature blooms when you appear;
The fields their richest liv'ries wear;
Oaks, elms, and pines, blest with your view,
Shoot out fresh greens, and bud anew.
  The varying seasons you supply;
  And, when you're gone, they fade and die.

II.

Sweet Philomel, in mournful strains,
To you appeals, to you complains.
The tow'ring lark, on rising wing,

Warbles to you, your praise does sing;
He cuts the yielding air, and flies
To heav'n, to type your future joys.

III.

The purple violet, damask rose,
Each, to delight your senses, blows.
The lilies ope', as you appear;
And all the beauties of the year
Diffuse their odours at your feet,
Who give to ev'ry flow'r its sweet.

IV.

For flow'rs and women are allied;
Both, nature's glory, and her pride!
Of ev'ry fragrant sweet possest,
They bloom but for the fair one's breast,
And to the swelling bosom borne,
Each other mutually adorn.

Thus sweetly did he palliate the woes, which the generosity of his actions, mixed with the solemness of the occasion, and the strange request he had vouchsafed to make me, had occasioned. And all he would permit me to say, was, that I was not displeased with him! — Displeased with you, dearest sir! said I: Let me thus testify my obligations, and the force all your commands shall have upon me. And I took the liberty to clasp my arms about his neck, and kissed him.

But yet my mind was pained at times, and has been to this hour. — God grant that I may never see the dreadful moment, that shall shut up the precious life of this excellent, generous benefactor of mine! And — but I cannot bear to suppose — I cannot say more on such a deep subject.

Oh! what a poor thing is human life in its best enjoyments! subjected to imaginary evils, when it has no real ones to disturb it; and that can be made as effectually unhappy by its apprehensions of remote contingencies, as if it was struggling with the pangs of a present distress! This, duly reflected upon, methinks, should convince every one, that this world is not a place for the immortal mind to be confined to; and that there must be an hereafter, where the whole soul shall be satisfied.

But I shall get out of my depth; my shallow mind cannot comprehend, as it ought, these weighty subjects: Let me only therefore pray, that, after having made

a grateful use of God's mercies here, I may, with my dear benefactor, rejoice in that happy state, where is no mixture, no unsatisfiedness; and where all is joy, and peace, and love, for evermore!

I said, when we sat at supper, The charming taste you gave me, sir, of your poetical fancy, makes me sure you have more favours of this kind to delight me with, if you please; and may I beg to be indulged on this agreeable head? Hitherto, said he, my life has been too much a life of gayety and action, to be busied so innocently. Some little essays I have now and then attempted; but very few have I completed. Indeed I had not patience nor attention enough to hold me long to any one thing. Now and then, perhaps, I may occasionally shew you what I have essayed. But I never could please myself in this way.

Friday.

We were yesterday favoured with the company of almost all the neighbouring gentlemen and their ladies, who, by appointment with one another, met to congratulate our happiness. Nothing could be more obliging, more free and affectionate, than the ladies; nothing more polite than the gentlemen. All was performed (for they came to supper) with decency and order, and much to every one's satisfaction; which was principally owing to good Mrs. Jervis's care and skill; who is an excellent manager.

For my part, I was dressed out only to be admired, as it seems: and truly, if I had not known, that I did not make myself, as you, my dear father, once hinted to me, and if I had had the vanity to think as well of myself, as the good company was pleased to do, I might possibly have been proud. But I know, as my Lady Davers said, though in anger, yet in truth, that I am but a poor bit of painted dirt. All that I value myself upon, is, that God has raised me to a condition to be useful, in my generation, to better persons than myself. This is my pride: And I hope this will be all my pride. For what was I of myself! — All the good I can do, is but a poor third-hand good; for my dearest master himself is but the second-hand. God, the all-gracious, the all-good, the all-bountiful, the all-mighty, the all-merciful God, is the first: To him, therefore, be all the glory!

As I expect the happiness, the unspeakable happiness, my ever-dear and ever-honoured father and mother, of enjoying you both here, under this roof, so soon, (and pray let it be as soon as you can,) I will not enter into the particulars of the last agreeable evening: For I shall have a thousand things, as well as that, to talk to you upon. I fear you will be tired with my prattle when I see you!

I am to return these visits singly; and there were eight ladies here of different families. Dear heart! I shall find enough to do! — I doubt my time will not be so well filled up, as I once promised my dear master! — But he is pleased, cheerful,

kind, affectionate! O what a happy creature am I! — May I be always thankful to God, and grateful to him!

When all these tumultuous visitings are over, I shall have my mind, I hope, subside into a family calm, that I may make myself a little useful to the household of my dear master; or else I shall be an unprofitable servant indeed!

Lady Davers sent this morning her compliments to us both, very affectionately; and her lord's good wishes and congratulations: and she desired my writings per bearer; and says, she will herself bring them to me again, with thanks, as soon as she has read them; and she and her lord will come and be my guests (that was her particularly kind word) for a fortnight.

I have now but one thing to wish for; and then, methinks, I shall be all ecstasy: and that is, your presence, both of you, and your blessings; which I hope you will bestow upon me every morning and night, till you are settled in the happy manner my dear Mr. B —— has intended.

Methinks I want sadly your list of the honest and worthy poor; for the money lies by me, and brings me no interest. You see I am become a mere usurer; and want to make use upon use: and yet, when I have done all, I cannot do so much as I ought. God forgive my imperfections!

I tell my dear spouse, I want another dairy-house visit. To be sure, if he won't, at present, permit it, I shall, if it please God to spare us, tease him like any over-indulged wife, if, as the dear charmer grows older, he won't let me have the pleasure of forming her tender mind, as well as I am able; lest, poor little soul, she fall into such snares, as her unhappy dear mother fell into. I am providing a power of pretty things for her, against I see her next, that I may make her love me, if I can.

Just now I have the blessed news, that you will set out for this happy house on Tuesday morning. The chariot shall be with you without fail. God give us a happy meeting! O how I long for it! Forgive your impatient daughter, who sends this to amuse you on your journey; and desires to be Ever most dutifully yours.

Here end, at present, the letters of Pamela to her father and mother. They arrived at their daughter's house on Tuesday evening in the following week, and were received by her with the utmost joy and duty; and with great goodness and complaisance by Mr. B —— . And having resided there till every thing was put in order for them at the Kentish estate, they were carried down thither by himself, and their daughter, and put into possession of the pretty farm he had designed for them.

The reader will here indulge us in a few brief observations, which naturally result from the story and characters; and which will serve as so many applications of its most material incidents to the minds of YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

First, then, in the character of the GENTLEMAN, may be seen that of a fashionable libertine, who allowed himself in the free indulgence of his passions, especially to the fair sex; and found himself supported in his daring attempts, by an affluent fortune in possession, a personal bravery, as it is called, readier to give than take offence, and an imperious will: yet as he betimes sees his errors, and reforms in the bloom of youth, an edifying lesson may be drawn from it, for the use of such as are born to large fortunes; and who may be taught, by his example, the inexpressible difference between the hazards and remorse which attend a profligate course of life, and the pleasures which flow from virtuous love, and benevolent actions.

In the character of Lady DAVERS, let the proud, and the high-born, see the deformity of unreasonable passion, and how weak and ridiculous such persons must appear, who suffer themselves, as is usually the case, to be hurried from the height of violence, to the most abject submission; and subject themselves to be outdone by the humble virtue they so much despise.

Let good CLERGYMEN, in Mr. WILLIAMS, see, that whatever displeasure the doing of their duty may give, for a time, to their proud patrons, Providence will, at last, reward their piety, and turn their distresses to triumph; and make them even more valued for a conduct that gave offence while the violence of passion lasted, than if they had meanly stooped to flatter or soothe the vices of the great.

In the examples of good old ANDREWS and his WIFE, let those, who are reduced to a low estate, see, that Providence never fails to reward their honesty and integrity: and that God will, in his own good time, extricate them, by means unforeseen, out of their present difficulties, and reward them with benefits unhoped for.

The UPPER SERVANTS of great families may, from the odious character of Mrs. JEWKES, and the amiable ones of Mrs. JERVIS, Mr. LONGMAN, etc. learn what to avoid, and what to choose, to make themselves valued and esteemed by all who know them.

And, from the double conduct of poor JOHN, the LOWER SERVANTS may learn fidelity, and how to distinguish between the lawful and unlawful commands of a superior.

The poor deluded female, who, like the once unhappy Miss GODFREY, has given up her honour, and yielded to the allurements of her designing lover, may learn from her story, to stop at the first fault; and, by resolving to repent and amend, see the pardon and blessing which await her penitence, and a kind Providence ready to extend the arms of its mercy to receive and reward her returning duty: While the prostitute, pursuing the wicked courses, into which,

perhaps, she was at first inadvertently drawn, hurries herself into filthy diseases, and an untimely death; and, too probably, into everlasting perdition.

Let the desponding heart be comforted by the happy issue which the troubles and trials of PAMELA met with, when they see, in her case, that no danger nor distress, however inevitable, or deep to their apprehensions, can be out of the power of Providence to obviate or relieve; and which, as in various instances in her story, can turn the most seemingly grievous things to its own glory, and the reward of suffering innocence; and that too, at a time when all human prospects seem to fail.

Let the rich, and those who are exalted from a low to a high estate, learn from her, that they are not promoted only for a single good; but that Providence has raised them, that they should dispense to all within their reach, the blessings it has heaped upon them; and that the greater the power is to which God hath raised them, the greater is the good that will be expected from them.

From the low opinion she every where shews of herself, and her attributing all her excellencies to pious education, and her lady's virtuous instructions and bounty; let persons, even of genius and piety, learn not to arrogate to themselves those gifts and graces, which they owe least of all to themselves: Since the beauties of person are frail; and it is not in our power to give them to ourselves, or to be either prudent, wise, or good, without the assistance of divine grace.

From the same good example, let children see what a blessing awaits their duty to their parents, though ever so low in the world; and that the only disgrace, is to be dishonest; but none at all to be poor.

From the economy she purposes to observe in her elevation, let even ladies of condition learn, that there are family employments, in which they may and ought to make themselves useful, and give good examples to their inferiors, as well as equals: and that their duty to God, charity to the poor and sick, and the different branches of household management, ought to take up the most considerable portions of their time.

From her signal veracity, which she never forfeited, in all the hardships she was tried with, though her answers, as she had reason to apprehend, would often make against her; and the innocence she preserved throughout all her stratagems and contrivances to save herself from violation: Persons, even sorely tempted, may learn to preserve a sacred regard to truth; which always begets a reverence for them, even in the corruptest minds.

In short,

Her obliging behaviour to her equals, before her exaltation; her kindness to them afterwards; her forgiving spirit, and her

generosity;

Her meekness, in every circumstance where her virtue was not concerned;

Her charitable allowances for others, as in the case of Miss Godfrey, for faults she would not have forgiven in herself;

Her kindness and prudence to the offspring of that melancholy adventure;

Her maiden and bridal purity, which extended as well to her thoughts as to her words and actions;

Her signal affiance in God;

Her thankful spirit;

Her grateful heart;

Her diffusive charity to the poor, which made her blessed by them whenever she appeared abroad;

The cheerful ease and freedom of her deportment;

Her parental, conjugal, and maternal duty;

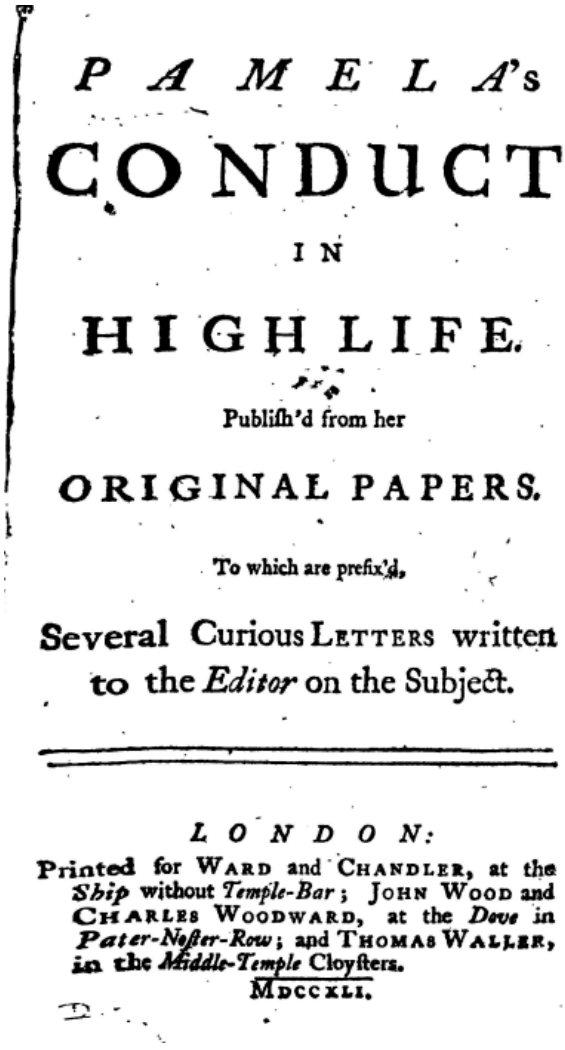
Her social virtues;

Are all so many signal instances of the excellency of her mind, which may make her character worthy of the imitation of her sex. And the Editor of these sheets will have his end, if it inspires a laudable emulation in the minds of any worthy persons, who may thereby entitle themselves to the rewards, the praises, and the blessings, by which PAMELA was so deservedly distinguished.

THE END

PAMELA IN HER EXALTED CONDITION

Following the immense commercial success of *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded*, there was great demand from the public to learn what happened to Pamela in her married life whilst enjoying "her Exalted Condition". In September 1741, *Pamela's Conduct in High Life*, the sequel to Richardson's first novel, was published by Ward and Chandler. However, the epistolary novel lacked the literary merits of the original and the public's interest in the characters lessened, perhaps furthered by Pamela's didactic discussions on morality, literature and philosophy, which are littered throughout the novel.



PAMELA's

CONDUCT

IN

HIGH LIFE.

Publiſh'd from her

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

To which are prefix'd,

Several Curious LETTERS written to the *Editor* on the Subject.

LONDON:

Printed for WARD and CHANDLER, at the *Ship* without *Temple-Bar*; JOHN WOOD and CHARLES WOODWARD, at the *Dove* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and THOMAS WALLER, in the *Middle-Temple* Cloyſters.

MDCCXLI.

The first edition's title page

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AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL PREFACE

The First part of PAMELA met with a success greatly exceeding the most sanguine expectations: and the Editor hopes, that the Letters which compose this Part will be found equally written to NATURE, avoiding all romantic nights, improbable surprises, and irrational machinery; and the passions are touched, where requisite; and rules, equally *new* and *practicable*, inculcated throughout the whole, for the *general conduct of life*; and, therefore, he flatters himself, that they may expect the good fortune, which *few continuations* have met with, to be judged not unworthy the *First* Part; nor disproportioned to the more exalted condition in which PAMELA was destined to shine as an affectionate *wife*, a faithful *friend*, a polite and kind *neighbour*, an indulgent *mother*, and a beneficent *mistress*; after having in the former Part supported the character of a dutiful *child*, a spotless *virgin*, and a modest and amiable *bride*.

The reader will easily see, that in so great a choice of materials, as must arise from a multitude of important subjects, in a married life, to such geniuses and friendships as those of Mr. and Mrs. B. the Editor's greatest difficulty was how to bring them within the compass which he was determined not to exceed. And it having been left to his own choice, in what manner to digest and publish the letters, and where to close the work, he had intended, at first, in regard to his other avocations, to have carried the piece no farther than the First Part.

It may be expected, therefore, that he should enter into an explanation of the reasons whereby he was provoked into a necessity of altering his intention. But he is willing to decline saying any thing upon so well-known a subject.

The Editor has been much pressed with importunities and conjectures, in relation to the person and family of the gentleman, who are the principal persons in the work; all he thinks himself at liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has already been hinted, that the story has its foundation in truth; and that there was a necessity, for obvious reasons, to vary and disguise some facts and circumstances, as also the names of persons, places, &c.

LETTER I

My dear father and mother,

We arrived here last night, highly pleased with our journey, and the occasion of it. May God bless you both with long life and health, to enjoy your sweet farm, and pretty dwelling, which is just what I wished it to be. And don't make your grateful hearts too uneasy in the possession of it, by your modest diffidence of your own unworthiness: for, at the same time, that it is what will do honour to the best of men, it is not so *very* extraordinary, considering his condition, as to cause any one to censure it as the effect of a too partial and injudicious kindness for the parents of one whom he *delighteth to honour*.

My dear master (why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am, in every light he can shine in to the most obliging and sensible heart?) still proposes to fit up the large parlour, and three apartments in the commodious dwelling he calls yours, for his entertainment and mine, when I pay my duty to you both, for a few happy days; and he has actually given orders to that effect; and that the three apartments be *so* fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* condition, than his own; for, he says, the plain simple elegance, which he will have observed in the rooms, as well as the furniture, will be a variety in his retirement to this place, that will make him return to his own with the greater pleasure; and, at the same time, when we are not there, will be of use for the reception of any of your friends; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good couple of any of their accommodations.

The old bow-windows he will have preserved, but will not have them sashed, nor the woodbines, jessamines, and vines, that run up against them, destroyed: only he will have larger panes of glass, and more convenient casements to let in the sweet air and light, and make amends for that obstructed by the shades of those fragrant climbers. For he has mentioned, three or four times, how gratefully they dispensed their intermingled odours to us, when, the last evening we stood at the window, to hear the responsive songs of two warbling nightingales, one at a distance, the other near, which delighted us for above two hours, and the more, as we thought their season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, for which he rewarded me with a kiss, saying, "How greatly do the innocent pleasures I now hourly taste, exceed the guilty tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal mind! — Never talk, my Pamela, as you frequently do, of obligation to me: one such hour as I now enjoy is an ample reward for all the benefits I can confer on you and yours in my whole life!"

The parlour will indeed be more elegant; though that is to be rather plain than rich, as well in its wainscot as furniture, and to be new-floored. The dear gentleman has already given orders, and you will soon have workmen to put them in execution. The parlour-doors are to have brass-hinges and locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a watch-case: “For who knows,” said he, “my dear, but we shall have still added blessings, in two or three charming boys and girls, to place there in their infancy, before they can be of age to be benefited by your lessons and example? And besides, I shall no doubt entertain there some of my chosen friends, in their excursions for a day or two.”

How am I, every hour of my life, overwhelmed with instances of God Almighty’s goodness and his! O spare, blessed Father of Mercies, the precious life of this excellent man; increase my thankfulness, and my worthiness; — and then — But what shall I say? — Only that I may *continue* to be what I am; for more blessed and happy, in my own mind, I cannot be.

The beds he will have of cloth, as he thinks the situation a little cold, especially when the wind is easterly, and purposes to be down in the early spring season, now and then, as well as in the latter autumn; and the window curtains of the same, in one room red, in the other green; but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The carpets for them will be sent with the other furniture; for he will not alter the old oaken floors of the bed-chamber, nor the little room he intends for my use, when I choose not to join in such company as may happen to fall in: “Which, my dear,” says he, “shall be as little as is possible, only particular friends, who may be disposed, once in a year or two, to see when I am there, how I live with my Pamela and her parents, and how I pass my time in my retirement, as I shall call this: or, perhaps, they will be apt to think me ashamed of company I shall always be pleased with. Nor are you, my dear, to take this as a compliment to yourself, but a piece of requisite policy in me: for who will offer to reproach me with marrying, as the world thinks, below me, when they shall see that I not only pride myself in my Pamela, but take pleasure in owning her relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving visits from them: and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring light, as if I would have the world forget (who in that case would always take the more pleasure in remembering) what they were! And how will it anticipate low reflection, when they shall see, I can bend my mind to partake with them the pleasure of their humble but decent life? — Ay,” continued he, “and be rewarded for it too, with better health, better spirits, and a better mind; so that, my dear,” added he, “I shall reap more benefit by what I propose to do, than I shall confer.”

In this generous manner does this best of men endeavour to disclaim (though I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not enhance) the proper merit of a

beneficence natural to him; and which, indeed, as I tell him, may be in one respect deprecated, inasmuch as (so excellent is his nature) he cannot help it if he would. O that it was in my power to recompense him for it! But I am poor, as I have often said, in every thing but will — and that is wholly his: and what a happiness is it to me, a happiness I could not so early have hoped for, that I can say so without reserve; since the dear object of it requires nothing of me but what is consistent with my duty to the Supreme Benefactor, the first mover and cause of all his own happiness, of my happiness, and that of my dear, my ever dear parents.

Your dutiful and happy daughter.

LETTER II

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

I need not repeat to you the sense your good mother and I have of our happiness, and of our obligations to your honoured spouse; you both were pleased witnesses of it every hour of the happy fortnight you passed with us. Yet, my dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *you*, much less to the *'squire*, with the freedom he so often invited us to take: for I don't know how it is, but though you are our daughter, and so far from being lifted up by your high condition, that we see no difference in your behaviour to us, your poor parents, yet, viewing you as the lady of so fine a gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of respect, and — I don't know what to call it — that lays a little restraint upon us. And yet, we should not, methinks, let our minds be run away with the admiration of worldly grandeur, so as to set too much by it. But your merit and prudence are so much above all we could ever have any notion of: and to have gentry come only to behold and admire you, not so much for your gentleness, and amiableness, or for your behaviour, and affability to poor as well as rich, and to hear every one calling you an angel, and saying, you deserve to be what you are, make us hardly know how to look upon you, but as an angel indeed! I am sure you have been a good angel to us; since, for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honoured husband's heart to make us the happiest couple in the world. But little less we should have been, had we only in some far distant land heard of our dear child's happiness and never partaken of the benefits of it ourselves. But thus to be provided for! thus kindly to be owned, and called Father and Mother by such a brave gentleman! and so placed as to have nothing to do but to bless God, him, and you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is a providence too mighty to be borne by us, with equalness of temper: we kneel together every morning, noon, and night, and weep and rejoice, and rejoice and weep, to think how our unworthiness is distinguished, and how God has provided for us in our latter days; when all our fear was, that, as we grew older and more infirm, and worn out by hard labour, we should be troublesome where, not our pride, but our industrious wills, would have made us wish not to be so; — but to be entitled to a happier lot: for this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my dear child, and your unhappy brother's children: for it is well known, that, though we pretend not to boast of our family, and indeed have no reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was: to be sure, partly by my own fault; for, had it been for your poor aged mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for John and

William; for so unhappy were they, poor lads! that what I could do, was but as a drop of water to a bucket.

You command me — Let me, as writing to Mr. B.'s lady, say *command*, though, as to my dear *daughter*, I will only say *desire*: and, indeed, I will not, as you wish me not to do, let the one condition, which was accidental, put the other, which was natural, out of my thought: you spoke it in better words, but this was the sense. But you have the gift of utterance; and education is a fine thing, where it meets with such talents to improve upon, as God has given you. Yet let me not forget what I was going to say — You *command* — or, if you please — you *desire* me to write long letters, and often — And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy dwelling, and this well-stocked farm, in these rich meadows, and well-cropt acres, we look around us, and which way soever we turn our head, see blessings upon blessings, and plenty upon plenty, see barns well stored, poultry increasing, the kine lowing and crowding about us: and are bid to call them our own. Then think, that all is the reward of our child's virtue! — O my dear daughter, who can bear these things! — Excuse me! I must break off a little! For my eyes are as full as my heart: and I will retire to bless God, and your honoured husband.

So, my dear child, I now again take up my pen: but reading what I had written, in order to carry on the thread, I can hardly forbear again being in one sort affected. But do you think I will call all these things my own? — Do you think I would live rent-free? Can the honoured 'squire believe, that having such a generous example before me, if I had no gratitude in my temper before, I could help being touched by such an one as he sets me? If this goodness makes him know no mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving? Come, come, my dear child, your poor father is not so sordid a wretch, neither. He will shew the world that all these benefits are not thrown away upon one, who will disgrace you as much by his temper, as by his condition. What though I cannot be as worthy of all these favours as I wish, I will be as worthy as I can. And let me tell you, my dear child, if the king and his royal family (God bless 'em!) be not ashamed to receive taxes and duties from his subjects; if dukes and earls, and all the top gentry, cannot support their bravery, without having their rents paid; I hope I shall not affront the 'squire, to pay to his steward, what any other person would pay for his noble stock, and improving farm: and I will do it, if it please God to bless me with life and health. I should not be worthy to crawl upon the earth, if I did not. And what did I say to Mr. Longman, the faithful Mr. Longman! Sure no gentleman had ever a more worthy steward than he: it was as we were walking over the grounds together, and observing in what good order every thing was, he was praising some little contrivances of my own, for the

improvement of the farm, and saying, how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. “Ay, Mr. Longman,” said I, “comfortably indeed: but do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much rent for it as another?”

— “I can tell you,” said he, “the ‘squire will not receive any thing from you, Goodman Andrews. Why, man, he has no occasion for it: he’s worth a power of money, besides a noble and clear estate in land. Ad’s-heartlikens, you must not affront him, I can tell you that: he’s as generous as a prince, where he takes; but he is hasty, and will have his own way.”— “Why, for that reason, Mr. Longman,” said I, “I was thinking to make *you* my friend!”— “Make *me* your friend! You have not a better in the world, to my power, I can tell you that, nor your dame neither; for I love such honest hearts: I wish my own brother would let me love him as well; but let that pass. What I can do for you, I will, and here’s my hand upon it.”

“Well, then,” said I, “it is this: let me account to you at the rent Farmer Dickens offered, and let me know what the stock cost, and what the crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other quarterly; and not let the ‘squire know it till you can’t choose; and I shall be as happy as a prince; for I doubt not, by God’s blessing, to make a comfortable livelihood of it besides.”— “Why, dost believe, Goodman Andrews,” said he, “that I would do such a thing? Would not his honour think if I hid one thing from him, I might hide another? Go to, honest heart, I love thee dearly; but can Mr. B. do too much for his lady, think’st thou? Come, come” (and he jeered me so, I knew not what to say), “I wish at bottom there is not some pride in this. What, I warrant, you would not be too much beholden to his honour, would you?”— “No,” said I, “it is not that, I’m sure. If I have any pride, it is only in my dear child — to whom, under God, all this is owing. But some how or other it shall be so.”

And so, my dear daughter, I resolve it shall; and it will be, over and above, one of the greatest pleasures to me, to do the good ‘squire service, as well as to be so much benefited and obliged by him.

Our eldest grandson Thomas desires to come and live with us: the boy is honest, and, I hear, industrious. And cousin Borroughs wants me to employ his son Roger, who understands the business of a farm very well. It is no wonder, that all one’s relations should wish to partake of our happy lot; and if they *can* and *will* do their business as well as others, I see not why relationship should be an objection: but, yet, I think, one should not *beleaguer*, as one may say, your honoured husband with one’s relations. You, my best child, will give me always your advice, as to my carriage in this my new lot; for I would not for the world be thought an encroacher. And you have so followed than yours.

Our blessing (I am sure you have blessed us!) attend you, my dearest child; and may you be as happy as you have made us (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no notion how it can be in this life). Conclude us, *your ever-loving father and mother*,

JOHN *and* ELIZ. ANDREWS.

May we hope to be favoured now and then with a letter from you, my dear child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on? It would be a great joy to us; indeed it would. But we know you'll have enough to do without obliging us in this way. So must acquiesce.

LETTER III

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I have shewed your letter to my beloved. Don't be uneasy that I have; for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my pride to have such honest and grateful parents: and I'll tell you what he said to it, as the best argument I can use, why you should not be uneasy, but enjoy without pain or anxiety all the benefits of your happy lot.

"Dear good souls!" said he, "now every thing they say and write manifests the worthiness of their hearts! No wonder, Pamela, you love and revere such honest minds; for that you would do, were they not your parents: and tell them, that I am so far from having them believe what I have done for them were only from my affection for their daughter, that let 'em find out another couple as worthy as they are, and I will do as much for them. I would not place them," he continued, "in the *same* county, because I would wish *two* counties to be blessed for their sakes. Tell them, my dear, that they have a right to what they enjoy on the foot of their own *proper* merit; and *bid* them enjoy it as their patrimony; and if any thing arise that is more than they themselves can wish for, in their way of life, let them look among their own relations, where it may be acceptable, and communicate to them the like solid reasons for rejoicing in the situation they are pleased with: and do you, my dear, still farther enable them, as you shall judge proper, to gratify their enlarged hearts, for fear they should deny any comfort to themselves, in order to do good to others."

I could only fly to his generous bosom (for this is a subject which most affects me), and, with my eyes swimming in tears of grateful joy, and which overflowed as soon as my bold lips touched his dear face, bless God, and bless him, with my whole heart; for speak I could not! But, almost chok'd with my joy, sobb'd to him my grateful acknowledgments. He clasped me in his arms, and said, "How, my dearest, do you overpay me for the little I have done for your parents! If it be thus to be bless'd for conferring benefits so insignificant to a man of my fortune, what joys is it not in the power of rich men to give themselves, whenever they please! — Foretastes, indeed, of those we are bid to hope for: which can surely only exceed these, as *then* we shall be all intellect, and better fitted to receive them."—"'Tis too much! — too much," said I, in broken accents: "how am I oppressed with the pleasure you give me! — O, Sir, bless me more gradually, and more cautiously — for I cannot bear it!" And, indeed, my heart went flutter,

flutter, flutter, at his dear breast, as if it wanted to break its too narrow prison, to mingle still more intimately with his own.

Surely, my beloved parents, nobody's happiness is so great as mine! — If it proceeds thus from degree to degree, and is to be augmented by the charming hope, that the dear second author of our blessings, be the uniformly good as well as the partially kind man to us, what a felicity will this be! and if our prayers shall be heard, and we shall have the pleasure to think, that his advances in piety are owing not a little to them, and to the example God shall give us grace to set; then, indeed, may we take the pride to think, we have repaid his goodness to us, and that we have satisfied the debt, which nothing less can discharge.

Forgive me, my worthy parents, if my style on this subject be raised above the natural simplicity, more suited to my humble talents. But how can I help it! For when the mind is elevated, ought not the sense we have of our happiness to make our expressions soar equally? Can the affections be so highly raised as mine are on these occasions, and the thoughts creep grovelling like one's ordinary self? No, indeed! — Call not this, therefore, the gift of utterance, if it should appear to you in a better light than it deserves. It is the gift of gratitude; a gift which makes you and me to *speak* and *write*, as I hope it will make us *act*, above ourselves. Thus will our gratitude be the inspirer of joy to our common benefactor; and his joy will heighten our gratitude; and so we shall proceed, as cause and effect to each other's happiness, to bless the dear man who blesses us. And will it be right then to say, you are uneasy under such (at least as to your wills) returned and discharged obligations? God Almighty requires only a thankful heart for all the mercies he heaps upon the children of men; my dear Mr. B., who in these particulars imitates Divinity, desires no more. You *have* this thankful heart; and that to such a high degree of gratitude, that nobody can exceed you.

But yet, when your worthy minds would be too much affected with your gratitude, so as to lay under the restraints you mention, to the dear gentleman, and for his sake, to your dependent daughter; let me humbly advise you, with more particular, more abstracted aspirations, than at other times, to raise your thoughts upwards, and consider who it is that gives *him* the opportunity; and pray for him and for me; for *him*, that all his future actions may be of a piece with this noble disposition of mind; for *me*, that I may continue humble, and consider myself blest for your sakes, and in order that I may be, in some sort, a rewarder, in the hands of Providence, of this its dear excellent agent; and then we shall look forward, all of us, with pleasure, *indeed*, to that state, where there is no distinction of degree, and where the humble cottager shall be upon a par with the proudest monarch.

O my dear parents, how can you, as in your *postscript*, say, “May we not be *favoured* now-and-then with a letter?” Call *me* your daughter, your Pamela — I am no lady to you. I have more pleasure to be called your comfort, and thought to act worthy of the sentiments with which your example and instructions have inspired me, than in any other thing in this life; my determined duty to our common benefactor, the best of gentlemen and husbands, excepted. God has blessed me for your sakes, and has thus answered for me all your prayers; nay, *more* than answered all you or I could have wished or hoped for. We only prayed, only hoped, that God would preserve *you* honest, and *me* virtuous: and, O see, my excellent parents, how we are crowned with blessings upon blessings, till we are the talk of all that know us.

Hence, my dear parents (I mean, from the delight I have in writing to you, which transports me far above my own sphere), you’ll see, that I *must* write, and cannot help it, if I would. And *will* it be a great joy to you? — And is there any thing that can add to your joy, think you, in the power of your Pamela, that she would not *do*? O that the lives and healths of my dearest Mr. B. and you, my parents, may be continued to me! And who can then be so blest as your Pamela?

I *will* write, *depend* upon it, on every occasion — and you augment my joys to think it is in my power to add to your comforts. Nor can you conceive my pleasure in hoping that this your new happy lot may, by relieving you from corroding care, and the too wearying effects of hard labour, add, in these your advanced years, to both your days. For, so happy am I, I can have no grief, no pain, in looking forward, but from reflecting, that one day we must be separated.

But it is fit that we so comport ourselves as not to embitter our present happiness with prospects too gloomy — but bring our minds to be cheerfully thankful for the present, wisely to enjoy that *present* as we go along — and at last, when all is to be wound up — lie down, and say, “*Not mine*, but *Thy will be done*.”

I have written much; yet have still more to say relating to other parts of your kind acceptable letter; and so will soon write again: for I must think every opportunity happy, whereby I can assure you, how much I am, and will ever be, without any addition to my name, if it will make you easier, *your dutiful*

PAMELA.

LETTER IV

MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,

I now write again, as I told you I should in my last; but I am half afraid to look at the copy of it; for your worthy hearts, so visible in your letter and my beloved's kind deportment upon shewing it to him, raised me into a frame of mind, bordering on ecstasy: yet I wrote my heart. But you must not, my dear father, write to your Pamela so affectingly. Your *steadier* mind could hardly bear your own moving strain, and you were forced to lay down your pen, and retire: how then could I, who love you so dearly, if you had not *increased* that love by fresh and stronger instances of your worthiness, forbear being affected, and raised above myself! But I will not again touch upon this subject.

You must know then, that my dearest spouse commands me, with his kind respects, to tell you, he has thought of a method to make your *worthy hearts* easy; those were his words: "And this is," said he, "by putting that whole estate, with the new purchase, under your father's care, as I at first intended: he shall receive and pay, and order every thing as he pleases: and Longman, who grows in years, shall be eased of that burden. Your father writes a very legible hand, and shall take what assistants he pleases; and do you, Pamela, see that this new task be made as easy and pleasant to him as possible. He shall make up his accounts only to you, my dear. And there will be several pleasures arise to me upon it: first, that it will be a relief to honest Longman, who has business enough on his hands. Next, it will make the good couple easy, to have an opportunity of enjoying that as their due, which now their too grateful hearts give them so many causeless scruples about. Thirdly, it will employ your father's time, more suitably to *your* liking and mine, because with more ease to himself; for you see his industrious will cannot be satisfied without doing something. In the fourth place, the management of this estate will gain him more respect and reverence among the tenants and his neighbours: and yet be all in his own way. For," added he, "you'll see, that it is always one point in view with me, to endeavour to convince every one, that I esteem and value them for their own intrinsic merit, and want not any body to distinguish them in any other light than that in which they have been accustomed to appear."

So, my dear father, the instrument will be drawn, and brought you by honest Mr. Longman, who will be with you in a few days to put the last hand to the new purchase, and to give you possession of your new commission, if you accept it, as I hope you will; and the rather, for my dear Mr. B.'s third reason; and knowing

that this trust will be discharged as worthily and as sufficiently, after you are used to it, as if Mr. Longman himself was in it — and better it cannot be. Mr. Longman is very fond of this relief, and longs to be down to settle every thing with you, as to the proper powers, the method, &c. And he says, in his usual phrase, that he'll make it as easy to you as a glove.

If you do accept it, my dear Mr. B. will leave every thing to you, as to rent, where not already fixed, and, likewise, as to acts of kindness and favour to be done where you think proper; and he says, that, with his bad qualities, he was ever deemed a kind landlord; and that I can confirm in fifty instances to his honour: "So that the old gentleman," said he, "need not be afraid of being put upon severe or harsh methods of proceeding, where things will do without; and he can always befriend an honest man; by which means the province will be entirely such a one as suits with his inclination. If any thing difficult or perplexing arises," continued he, "or where a little knowledge in law-matters is necessary, Longman shall do all that: and your father will see that he will not have in those points a coadjutor too hard-hearted for his wish; for it was a rule my father set me, and I have strictly followed, that although I have a lawyer for my steward, it was rather to know how to do *right* things, than oppressive ones; and Longman has so well answered this intention, that he was always more noted for composing differences, than promoting lawsuits."

I dare say, my dear father, this will be acceptable to you, on the several accounts my dearest Mr. B. was pleased to mention: and what a charming contrivance is here! God for ever bless his considerate heart for it! To make you useful to him, and easy to yourself: as well as respected by, and even a benefactor to all around you! What can one say to all things? But what signifies exulting on one's gratitude for *one* benefit; — every hour the dear man heaps new ones upon us, and we can hardly thank him for one, but a second, and a third, and so on to countless degrees, confound one, and throw back our words upon our hearts before they are well formed, and oblige us to sit down under all with profound silence and admiration.

As to the desire of cousin Thomas, and Roger, to live with you, I endeavoured to sound what our dear benefactor's opinion was. He was pleased to say, "I have no choice in this case, my dear. Your father is his own master: he may employ whom he pleases; and, if they shew respect to him and your mother, I think, as he rightly observes, relationship should rather have the preference; and as he can remedy inconveniences, if he finds any, by all means to let every branch of your family have reason to rejoice with him."

But I have thought of this matter a good deal, since I had the favour of your letter; and I hope, since you condescend to ask my advice, you will excuse me, if

I give it freely; yet entirely submitting all to your liking.

First, then, I think it better to have *any body* than relations; and for these reasons:

One is apt to expect more regard from them, and they more indulgence than strangers can hope for.

That where there is such a difference in the expectations of both, uneasiness cannot but arise.

That this will subject you to bear it, or to resent it, and to part with them. If you bear it, you will know no end of impositions: if you dismiss them, it will occasion ill-will. They will call you unkind; and you them ungrateful: and as your prosperous lot may raise you enviers, such will be apt to believe *them* rather than *you*.

Then the world will be inclined to think that we are crowding upon a generous gentleman a numerous family of indigent people; and it will be said, "The girl is filling every place with her relations, and *beleaguering*," as you significantly express it, "a worthy gentleman;" should one's kindred behave ever so worthily. So, in the next place, one would not, for *their* sakes, that this should be done; who may live with *less* reproach, and *equal* benefit, any where else; for I would not wish any one of them to be lifted out of his station, and made independent, at Mr. B.'s expense, if their industry will not do it; although I would never scruple to do any thing reasonable to promote or assist that industry, in the way of their callings.

Then, my dear father, I apprehend, that our honoured benefactor would be under some difficulty, from his natural politeness, and regard for you and me. You see how kindly, on all occasions, he treats you both, not only as the parents of his Pamela, but as if you were his own; and if you had any body as your servants there, who called you cousin, or grandfather, or uncle, he would not care, when he came down, to treat them on the foot of common servants, though they might think themselves honoured (as they would be, and as I shall always think *myself*) with his commands. And would it not, if they are modest and worthy, be as great a difficulty upon *them*, to be thus distinguished, as it would be to *him* and to *me*, for *his* sake? For otherwise (believe me, I hope you will, my dear father and mother), I could sit down and rejoice with the meanest and remotest relation I have. But in the world's eye, to every body but my best of parents, I must, if ever so reluctant to it, appear in a light that may not give discredit to his choice.

Then again, as I hinted, you will be able, without the least injury to our common benefactor, to do kinder things by any of our relations, when *not* with you, than you can do, if they *live* with you.

You may lend them a little money to put them in a way, if any thing offers that you think will be to their advantage. You can fit out my she-cousins to good reputable places. The younger you can put to school, or, when fit, to trades, according to their talents; and so they will be of course in a way to get an honest and creditable livelihood.

But, above all things, one would discourage such a proud and ambitious spirit in any of them, as should want to raise itself by favour instead of merit; and this the rather, for, undoubtedly, there are many more happy persons in low than in high life, take number for number all the world over. I am sure, although four or five years of different life had passed with me, I had so much pride and pleasure in the thought of working for my living with you, if I could but get honest to you, that it made my confinement the more grievous, and, if possible, aggravated the apprehensions attending it.

But I beg of you, not to think these my reasons proceed from the bad motives of a heart tainted with pride on its high condition. Indeed there can be no reason for it, to one who thinks after this manner — the greatest families on earth have some among them who are unhappy and low in life; and shall such a one reproach me with having twenty low relations, because they have, peradventure, not above five?

Let us then, my dear parents, endeavour to judge of one another, as God, at the last day, will judge of us all: and then the honest peasant will stand fairer in our esteem than the guilty peer.

In short, this shall be my own rule — Every one who acts justly and honestly, I will look upon as my relation, whether so or not; and the more he wants my assistance, the more entitled to it he shall be, as well as to my esteem; while those who deserve it not, must expect only compassion from me, and my prayers were they my brothers or sisters. ’Tis true had I not been poor and lowly, I might not have thought thus; but if it be a right way of thinking, it is a blessing that I was so; and that shall never be matter of reproach to me, which one day will be matter of justification.

Upon the whole, I should think it advisable, my dear father and mother, to make such kind excuses to the offered service of my cousins, as your better reason shall suggest to you; and to do any thing else for them of *more* value, as their circumstances may require, or occasions offer to serve them.

But if the employing and having them about you, will add comfort to your lives, I give up entirely my own opinion, and doubt not every thing will be thought well of, that you shall think fit to do.

And so I conclude with assuring you, that I am, my ever-dear parents, *your dutiful and happy daughter*.

The copy of this letter I will keep to myself, till I have your answer, that you may be under no difficulty how to act in either of the cases mentioned in it.

LETTER V

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

How shall I do to answer, as they deserve, your two last letters? Sure no happy couple ever had such a child as we have! But it is in vain to aim at words like yours: and equally in vain for us to offer to set forth the thankfulness of our hearts, on the kind office your honoured husband has given us; for no reason but to favour us still more, and to quiet our minds in the notion of being useful to him. God grant I may be able to be so! — Happy shall I be, if I can! But I see the generous drift of his proposal; it is only to make me more easy from the nature of my employment, and, in my mind too, over-loaded as I may say, with benefits; and at the same time to make me more respected in my new neighbourhood.

I can only say, I most gratefully accept of the kind offer; and since it will ease the worthy Mr. Longman, shall with still greater pleasure do all I can in it. But I doubt I shall want ability; but I will be just and honest, however. That, by God's grace, will be within my own capacity; and that, I hope, I may answer for.

It is kind, indeed, to put it in my power to do good to those who shall deserve it; and I will take *double* pains to find out the true merit of such as I shall recommend to favour, and that their circumstances be really such as I shall represent them.

But one thing let me desire, that I make up my accounts to Mr. Longman, or to his honour himself, when he shall be here with us. I don't know how-but it will make me uneasy, if I am to make up my accounts to you: for so well known is your love to us, that though you would no more do an unjust thing, than, by God's grace, we should desire you; yet this same ill-willing world might think it was like making up accounts to one's self.

Do, my dearest child, get me off this difficulty, and I can have no other; for already I am in hopes I have hit upon a contrivance to improve the estate, and to better the condition of the tenants, at least not to worst them, and which, I hope, will please every body; but I will acquaint Mr. Longman with this, and take his advice; for I will not be too troublesome either to you, my dear child, or to your spouse. — If I could act so for his interest, as not to be a burden, what happy creatures should we both be in our own minds! — We find ourselves more and more respected by every one; and so far as shall be consistent with our new trust, we will endeavour to deserve it, that we may interest as many as know us in our own good wishes and prayers for the happiness of you both.

But let me say, how much convinced I am by your reasons for not taking to us any of our relations. Every one of those reasons has its force with us. How happy are we to have so prudent a daughter to advise with! And I think myself obliged to promise this, that whatever I do for any of them above the amount of — forty shillings at one time, I will take your direction in it, that your wise hints, of making every one continue their industry, and not to rely upon favour instead of merit, may be followed. I am sure this is the way to make them *happier* as well as *better* men and women; for, as I have often thought, if one were to have a hundred pounds a year, it would not do without industry; and with it, one may do with a quarter of it, and less.

In short, my dear child, your reasons are so good, that I wonder they came not into my head before, and then I needed not to have troubled you about the matter: but yet it ran in my own thought, that I could not like to be an encroacher: — for I hate a dirty thing; and, in the midst of my distresses, never could be guilty of one. Thank God for it.

You rejoice our hearts beyond expression at the hope you give us of receiving letters from you now-and-then: it will be the chief comfort of our lives, next to seeing you, as we expect we sometimes shall. But yet, my dear child, don't let us inconvenience you neither. Pray don't; you'll have enough upon your hands without — to be sure you will.

The workmen have made a good progress, and wish for Mr. Longman to come down; as we also do.

You need not be afraid we should think you proud, or lifted up with your condition. You have weathered the first dangers, and but for your fine clothes and jewels, we should not see any difference between our dear Pamela and the much respected Mrs. B. But God has given you too much sense to be proud or lifted up. I remember, in your former writings, a saying of your 'squire's, speaking of you, that it was for persons not used to praise, and who did not deserve it, to be proud of it.

Every day brings us instances of the good name his honour and you, my dear child, have left behind you in this country. Here comes one, and then another, and a third, and a fourth;

"Goodman Andrews," cries one, and, "Goody Andrews," cries another — (and some call us Mr. and Mrs., but we like the other full as well) "when heard you from his honour? How does his lady do? — What a charming couple are they! — How lovingly do they live! — What an example do they give to all about them!" Then one cries, "God bless them both," and another cries, "Amen;" and so says a third and a fourth; and all say, "But when do you expect them down again? — Such-a-one longs to see 'em — and will ride a day's journey, to have but a sight

of ’em at church.” And then they say, “How this gentleman praises them, and that lady admires them.” — O what a happiness is this! How do your poor mother and I stand fixed to the earth to hear both your praises, our tears trickling down our cheeks, and our hearts heaving as if they would burst with joy, till we are forced to take leave in half words, and hand-in-hand go in together to bless God, and bless you both. O my daughter, what a happy couple have God and you made us!

Your poor mother is very anxious about her dear child. I will not touch upon a matter so very irksome to you to hear of. But, though the time may be some months off, she every hour prays for your safety and happiness, and all the increase of felicity that his honour’s generous heart can wish for. — That is all we will say at present; only, that we are, with continued prayers and blessings, my dearest child, *your loving father and mother*,

J. *and* E. ANDREWS.

LETTER VI

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

I intended to have been with you before this: but my lord has been a little indisposed with the gout, and Jackey has had an intermitting fever: but they are pretty well recovered, and it shall not be long before I see you, now I understand you are returned from your Kentish expedition.

We have been exceedingly diverted with your papers. You have given us, by their means, many a delightful hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy upon us; and we are all charmed with you. Lady Betty, and her noble mamma, has been of our party, whenever we have read your accounts. She is a dear generous lady, and has shed with us many a tear over them; and my lord has not been unmoved, nor Jackey neither, at some of your distresses and reflections. Indeed, Pamela, you are a charming creature, and an ornament to your sex. We wanted to have had you among us a hundred times, as we read, that we might have loved, and kissed, and thanked you.

But after all, my brother, generous and noble as he seemed, when your trials were over, was a strange wicked young fellow; and happy it was for you both, that he was so cleverly caught in the trap he had laid for your virtue.

I can assure you, my lord longs to see you, and will accompany me; for, he says, he has but a faint idea of your person. I tell him, and them all, that you are the finest girl, and the most improved in person and mind, I ever beheld; and I am not afraid although they should imagine all they can in your favour, from my account, that they will be disappointed when they see and converse with you. But one thing more you must do, and then we will love you still more; and that is, send us the rest of your papers, down to your marriage at least; and farther, it you have written farther; for we all long to see the rest, as you relate it, though we know in general what has passed.

You leave off with an account of an angry letter I wrote to my brother, to persuade him to give you your liberty, and a sum of money; not doubting but his designs would end in your ruin, and, I own, not wishing he would marry you; for little did I know of your merit and excellence, nor could I, but for your letters so lately sent me, have had any notion of either. I don’t question, but if you have recited my passionate behaviour to you, when at the hall, I shall make a ridiculous

figure enough; but I will forgive all that, for the sake of the pleasure you *have* given me, and will still farther give me, if you comply with my request.

Lady Betty says, it is the best story she has heard, and the most instructive; and she longs to have the conclusion of it in your own words. She says now and then, "What a hopeful brother you have, Lady Davers! O these intriguing gentlemen! — What rogueries do they not commit! I should have had a fine husband of him, had I received your proposal! The *dear* Pamela would have run in his head, and had I been the first lady in the kingdom, I should have stood but a poor chance in his esteem; for, you see, his designs upon her began early."

She says, you had a good heart to go back again to him, when the violent wretch had driven you from him on such a slight occasion: but yet, she thinks the reasons you give in your relation, and your love for him (which then you began to discover was your case), as well as the event, shewed you did right.

But we'll tell you all our judgments, when we have read the rest of your accounts. So pray send them as soon as you can, to (I won't write myself *sister* till then) *your affectionate*, &c.

B. DAVERS.

LETTER VII

My good dear Lady,

You have done me great honour in the letter your ladyship has been pleased to send me; and it is a high pleasure to me, now all is so happily over, that my poor papers in the least diverted you, and such honourable and worthy persons as your ladyship mentions. I could wish I might be favoured with such remarks on my conduct, so nakedly set forth (without any imagination that they would ever appear in such an assembly), as may be of use to me in my future life, and thus make me more worthy than it is otherwise possible I can be, of the honour to which I am raised. Do, dearest lady, favour me so far. I am prepared to receive blame, and to benefit by it, and cannot expect praise so much from my *actions* as from my *intentions*; for indeed, these were always just and honourable: but why, even for these do I talk of praise, since, being prompted by impulses I could not resist, it can be no merit in me to have been governed by them?

As to the papers following those in your hands, when I say, that they must needs appear impertinent to such judges, after what you know, I dare say, your ladyship will not insist upon them: yet I will not scruple briefly to mention what they contain.

All my dangers and trials were happily at an end: so that they only contain the conversations that passed between your ladyship's generous brother and me; his kind assurances of honourable love to me; my acknowledgments of unworthiness to him; Mrs. Jewkes's respectful change of behaviour towards me; Mr. B.'s reconciliation to Mr. Williams; his introducing me to the good families in the neighbourhood, and avowing before them his honourable intentions. A visit from my honest father, who (not knowing what to conclude from my letter to him before I returned to your honoured brother, desiring my papers from him) came in great anxiety of heart to know the worst, doubting I had at last been caught by a stratagem, ending in my ruin. His joyful surprise to find how happy I was likely to be. All the hopes given me, answered by the private celebration of our nuptials — an honour so much above all that my utmost ambition could make me aspire to, and which I never can deserve! Your ladyship's arrival, and anger, not knowing I was actually married, but supposing me a vile wicked creature; in which case I should have deserved the worst of usage. Mr. B.'s angry lessons to me, for daring to interfere; though I thought in the tenderest and most dutiful manner, between your ladyship and himself. The most acceptable goodness and favour of your ladyship afterwards to me, of which, as becomes me, I shall ever retain the most grateful sense. My return to this sweet mansion in a manner so

different from my quitting it, where I had been so happy for four years, in paying my duty to the best of mistresses, your ladyship's excellent mother, to whose goodness, in taking me from my poor honest parents, and giving me what education I have, I owe, under God, my happiness. The joy of good Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, and all the servants, on this occasion. Mr. B.'s acquainting me with Miss Godfrey's affair, and presenting to me the pretty Miss Goodwin, at the dairy-house. Our appearance at church; the favour of the gentry in the neighbourhood, who, knowing your ladyship had not disdained to look upon me, and to be favourable to me, came the more readily into a neighbourly intimacy with me, and still so much the more readily, as the continued kindness of my dear benefactor, and his condescending deportment to me before them (as if I had been worthy of the honour done me), did credit to his own generous act.

These, my lady, down to my good parents setting out to this place, in order to be settled, by my honoured benefactor's bounty, in the Kentish farm, are the most material contents of my remaining papers: and though they might be the most agreeable to those for whom only they were written, yet, *as* they were principally matters of course, after what your ladyship has with you; *as* the joy of my fond heart can be better judged of by your ladyship than described by me; and as you are acquainted with all the particulars that can be worthy of any other person's notice but my dear parents: I am sure your ladyship will dispense with your commands; and I make it my humble request that you will.

For, Madam, you must needs think, that *when* my doubts were dispelled; *when* confident all my trials were over; *when* I had a prospect of being so abundantly rewarded for what I suffered: *when every* hour rose upon me with new delight, and fraught with fresh instances of generous kindness from such a dear gentleman, my master, my benefactor, the son of my honoured lady: your ladyship must needs think, I say, that I must be *too* much affected, my heart *too* much opened; and especially as it then (relieved from its past anxieties and fears, which had kept down and damped the latent flame) first discovered impressions of which before I hardly thought it susceptible. — So that it is scarce possible, that my *joy* and my *prudence*, if I were to be tried by such judges of delicacy and decorum as Lord and Lady Davers, the honoured countess, and Lady Betty, could be so *intimately*, so *laudably* coupled, as were to be wished: although the continued sense of my unworthiness, and the disgrace the dear gentleman would bring upon himself by his generous goodness to me, always went hand in hand with my *joy* and my *prudence*; and what these considerations took from the *former*, being added to the *latter*, kept me steadier and more equal to myself, than otherwise it was possible such a young creature as I could have been.

Wherefore my good lady, I hope I stand excused, and shall not bring upon myself the censure of being disobedient to your commands.

Besides, Madam, since you inform me that my good Lord Davers will attend you hither, I should never dare to look his lordship in the face, if all the emotions of my heart, on such affecting occasions, stood confessed to his lordship; and if I am ashamed they should to your ladyship, to the countess, and Lady Betty, whose goodness must induce you all three to think favourably, in such circumstances, of one who is of your own sex, how would it concern me, for the same to appear before such gentlemen as my lord and his nephew? — Indeed I could not look up to either of them in the sense of this. — And give me leave to hope, that some of the scenes, in the letters your ladyship had, were not read to gentlemen; your ladyship must needs know which I mean, and will think of my two grand trials of all. For though I was the innocent subject of wicked attempts, and so cannot, I hope, suffer in any one's opinion for what I could not help; yet, for your dear brother's sake, as well as for the decency of the matter, one would not, when having the honour to appear before my lord and his nephew, he looked upon, methinks, with that levity of eye and thought, which, perhaps, hard-hearted gentlemen may pass upon one, by reason of those very scenes, which would move pity and concern in a good lady's breast, for a poor creature so attempted.

So, my dear lady, be pleased to tell me, if the gentlemen *have* heard all — I hope not — and also to point out to me such parts of my conduct as deserve blame: indeed, I will try to make a good use of your censure, and am sure I shall be thankful for it; for it will make me hope to be more and more worthy of the honour I have, of being exalted into such a distinguished family, and the right the best of gentlemen has given me to style myself *your ladyship's most humble, and most obliged servant*,

P.B.

LETTER VIII

From Lady Davers, in reply.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

You have given us all a great disappointment in declining to oblige me with the sequel of your papers. I was a little out of humour with you at first; — I must own I was: — for I cannot bear denial, when my heart is set upon any thing. But Lady Betty became your advocate, and said, she thought you very excusable: since, no doubt, there might be many tender things, circumstanced as you were, well enough for your parents to see, but for nobody else; and relations of our side, the least of all, whose future intimacy, and frequent visits, might give occasions for raillery and remarks, not otherwise agreeable. I regard her apology for you the more, because I knew it was a great baulk to her, that you did not comply with my request. But now, child, when you know me more, you'll find, that if I am obliged to give up one point, I always insist on another, as near it as I can, in order to see if it be only *one* thing I am to be refused, or *every* thing; in which last case, I know how to take my measures, and resent.

Now this is what I insist upon; that you correspond with me the same as you did with your parents, and acquaint me with every passage that is of concern to you; beginning with your account how both of you spent your time when in Kent; for you must know we are all taken with your duty to your parents, and the discretion of the good couple, and think you have given a very edifying example of filial piety to all who shall hear your story; for if so much duty is owing to parents, where nothing can be done for one, how much more is it to be expected, where there is power to add to the natural obligation, all the comforts and conveniences of life? We people in upper life love to hear how gratitude and unexpected benefits operate upon honest minds, who have little more than plain artless nature for their guide; and we flatter ourselves with the hopes of many a delightful hour, by your means, in this our solitary situation, if obliged to pass the next winter in it, as my lord and the earl threaten me, and the countess, and Lady Betty, that we shall. Then let us hear of every thing that gives you joy or trouble: and if my brother carries you to town, for the winter, while he attends parliament, the advices you can give us of what passes in London, and of the public entertainments and diversions he will take you to, related in your own artless and natural observations, will be as diverting to us, as if at them ourselves. For a young creature of your good understanding, to whom all these things will be quite

new, will give us, perhaps, a better taste of them, their beauties and defects, than we might have before; for we people of quality go to those places, dressed out and adorned in such a manner, outvying one another, as if we considered ourselves as so many parts of the public entertainment, and are too much pleased with ourselves to be able so to attend to what we see, as to form a right judgment of it; but some of us behave with so much indifference to the entertainment, as if we thought ourselves above being diverted by what we come to see, and as if our view was rather to trifle away our time, than improve ourselves by attending to the story of the action.

See, Pamela, I shall not make an unworthy correspondent altogether, for I can get into thy grave way, and moralize a little now and then: and if you'll promise to oblige me by your constant correspondence in this way, and divest yourself of all restraint, as if you were writing to your parents (and I can tell you, you'll write to one who will be as candid and as favourable to you as they can be), then I am sure we shall have truth and nature from you; and these are things which we are generally so much lifted above, by our conditions, that we hardly know what they are.

But I have written enough for one letter; and yet, having more to say, I will, after this, send another, without waiting for your answer, which you may give to both together; and am, *yours*, &c. B. DAVERS.

LETTER IX

DEAR PAMELA,

I am very glad thy honest man has let thee into the affair of Sally Godfrey. But pr'ythee, Pamela, tell us how he did it, and thy thoughts upon it, for that is a critical case, and as he has represented it, so shall I know what to say of it before you and him: for I would not make mischief between you for the world.

This, let me tell you, will be a trying part of your conduct. For he loves the child, and will judge of you by your conduct towards it. He dearly loved her mother; and notwithstanding her fault, she well deserved it: for she was a sensible, ay, and a modest lady, and of an ancient and genteel family. But he was heir to a noble estate, was of a bold and enterprising spirit, fond of intrigue — Don't let this concern you — You'll have the greater happiness, and merit too, if you can hold him; and, 'tis my opinion, if any body can, you will. Then he did not like the young lady's mother, who sought artfully to entrap him. So that the poor girl, divided between her inclination for him, and her duty to her designing mother, gave into the plot upon him: and he thought himself — vile wretch as he was for all that! — at liberty to set up plot against plot, and the poor lady's honour was the sacrifice.

I hope you spoke well of her to him — I hope you received the child kindly — I hope you had presence of mind to do this — For it is a nice part to act; and all his observations were up, I dare say, on the occasion — Do let me hear how it was. And write without restraint; for although I am not your mother, yet am I *his* eldest sister, you know, and as such — Come, I will say so, in hopes you'll oblige me — *your* sister, and so entitled to expect a compliance with my request: for is there not a duty, in degree, to elder sisters from younger?

As to our remarks upon your behaviour, they have been much to your credit: but nevertheless, I will, to encourage you to enter into this requested correspondence with me, consult Lady Betty, and will go over your papers again, and try to find fault with your conduct, and if we see any thing censurable, will freely let you know our minds.

But, before-hand, I can tell you, we shall be agreed in one opinion; and that is, that we know not who would have acted as you have done, upon the whole. So, Pamela, you see I put myself upon the same foot of correspondence with you. Not that I will promise to answer every latter: no, you must not expect that. Your part will be a kind of narrative, purposely designed to entertain us here; and I hope to receive six, seven, eight, or ten letters, as it may happen, before I return one: but

such a part I will bear in it, as shall let you know our opinion of your proceedings, and relations of things. And as you wish to be found fault with, you shall freely have it (though not in a splenetic or ill-natured way), as often as you give occasion. Now, Pamela, I have two views in this. One is to see how a man of my brother's spirit, who has not denied himself any genteel liberties (for it must be owned he never was a common town rake, and had always a dignity in his roguery), will behave himself to you, and in wedlock, which used to be freely sneered at by him; the next, that I may love you more and more as by your letters, I shall be more and more acquainted with you, as well as by conversation; so that you can't be off, if you would.

'I know, however, you will have one objection to this; and that is, that your family affairs will require your attention, and not give the time you used to have for this employment. But consider, child, the station you are raised to does not require you to be quite a domestic animal. You are lifted up to the rank of a lady, and you must act up to it, and not think of setting such an example, as will draw upon you the ill-will and censure of other ladies. For will any of our sex visit one who is continually employing herself in such works as either must be a reproach to herself, or to them? — You'll have nothing to do but to give orders. You will consider yourself as the task-mistress, and the common herd of female servants as so many negroes directing themselves by your nod; or yourself as the master-wheel, in some beautiful pieces of mechanism, whose dignified grave motions is to set a-going all the under-wheels, with a velocity suitable to their respective parts. Let your servants, under your direction, do all that relates to household management; they cannot write to entertain and instruct as you can: so what will you have to do? — I'll answer my own question: In the first place, endeavour to please your sovereign lord and master; and let me tell you, any other woman in England, be her quality ever so high, would have found enough to do to succeed in that. Secondly, to receive and pay visits, in order, for his credit as well as your own, to make your fashionable neighbours fond of you. Then, thirdly, you will have time upon your hands (as your monarch himself rises early, and is tolerably regular for such a brazen face as he has been) to write to me in the manner I have mentioned, and expect; and I see plainly, by your style, nothing can be easier for you than to do this.

Thus, and with reading, may your time be filled up with reputations to yourself, and delight to others, till a fourth employment puts itself upon you: and that is (shall I tell you boys, [Transcriber's note: text missing in original] to perpetuate a family, for many hundred years esteemed worthy and eminent, which, being now reduced, in the direct line, to him and me, *expects* it from you; or else let me tell you (nor will I baulk it), my brother, by descending to the

wholesome cot — excuse me, Pamela — will want one apology for his conduct, be as excellent as you may.

I say this, child, not to reflect upon you, since the thing is done; for I love you dearly, and will love you more and more — but to let you know what is expected from you, and encourage you in the prospect already opening to you both, and to me, who have the welfare of the family I sprung from so much at heart, although I know this will be attended with some anxieties to a mind so thoughtful and apprehensive as yours seems to be.

O but this puts me in mind of your solicitude, lest the gentlemen should have seen every thing contained in your letters-But this I will particularly speak to in a third letter, having filled my paper on all sides: and am, till then, *yours*, &c.

B. DAVERS.

You see, and I hope will take it as a favour, that I break the ice, and begin first in the indispensably expected correspondence between us.

LETTER X

From the same.

And so, Pamela, you are solicitous to know, if the gentlemen have seen every part of your papers? I can't say but they have: nor, except in regard to the reputation of your saucy man, do I see why the part you hint at might not be read by those to whom the rest might be shewn.

I can tell you, Lady Betty, who is a very nice and delicate lady, had no objection to any part, though read before men: only now and then crying out, "O the vile man! — See, Lord Davers, what wretches you men are!" And, commiserating you, "Ah! the poor Pamela!" And expressing her impatience to hear how you escaped at this time, and at that, and rejoicing in your escape. And now-and-then, "O, Lady Davers, what a vile brother you have! — I hate him perfectly. The poor girl cannot be made amends for all this, though he has married her. Who, that knows these things of him, would wish him to be hers, with all his advantages of person, mind, and fortune?" and his wicked attempts.

But I can tell you this, that except one had heard every tittle of your danger, how near you were to ruin, and how little he stood upon taking any measures to effect his vile purposes, even daring to attempt you in the presence of a *good* woman, which was a wickedness that every *wicked* man could not be guilty of; I say, except one had known these things, one could not have judged of the merit of your resistance, and how shocking those attempts were to your virtue, for that life itself was endangered by them: nor, let me tell you, could I, in particular, have so well justified him for marrying you (I mean with respect to his own proud and haughty temper of mind), if there had been room to think he could have had you upon easier terms.

It was necessary, child, on twenty accounts, that we, your and his well-wishers and his relations, should know that he had tried every stratagem to subdue you to his purpose, before he married you: and how would it have answered to his intrepid character, and pride of heart, had we not been particularly led into the nature of those attempts, which you so nobly resisted, as to convince us all, that you have deserved the good fortune you have met with, as well as all the kind and respectful treatment he can possibly shew you?

Nor ought you to be concerned who sees any the most tender parts of your story, except, as I said, for his sake; for it must be a very unvirtuous mind that can form any other ideas from what you relate than those of terror and pity for you. Your expressions are too delicate to give the nicest ear offence, except at him. You

paint no scenes but such as make his wickedness odious: and that gentleman, much more lady, must have a very corrupt heart, who could from such circumstances of distress, make any reflections, but what should be to your honour, and in abhorrence of such actions. I am so convinced of this, that by this rule I would judge of any man's heart in the world, better than by a thousand declarations and protestations. I do assure you, rakish as Jackey is, and freely as I doubt not that Lord Davers has formerly lived (for he has been a man of pleasure), they gave me, by their behaviour on these tender occasions, reason to think they had more virtue than not to be very apprehensive for your safety; and my lord often exclaimed, that he could not have thought his brother such a libertine, neither.

Besides, child, were not these things written in confidence had not recited all you could recite, would there not have been room for any one, who saw what you wrote, to imagine they had been still worse? And how could the terror be supposed to have had such effects upon you, as to endanger your life, without imagining you had undergone the worst a vile man *could* offer, unless you had told us what that was which he *did* offer, and so put a bound, as it were, to one's fears of what you suffered, which otherwise must have been injurious to your purity, though you could not help it?

Moreover, Pamela, it was but doing justice to the libertine himself to tell your mother the whole truth, that she might know he was not so very abandoned, but he could stop short of the execution of his wicked purposes, which he apprehended, if pursued, would destroy the life, that, of all lives, he would choose to preserve; and you owed also thus much to your parents' peace of mind, that, after all their distracting fears for you, they might see they had reason to rejoice in an uncontaminated daughter. And one cannot but reflect, now he has made you his wife, that it must be satisfaction to the wicked man, as well as to yourself, that he was not more guilty than he *was*, nor took more liberties than he *did*.

For my own part, I must say, that I could not have accounted for your fits, by any descriptions short of those you give; and had you been less particular in the circumstances, I should have judged he had been still *worse*, and your person, though not your mind, less pure, than his pride would expect from the woman he should marry; for this is the case of all rakes, that though they indulge in all manner of libertinism themselves, there is no class of men who exact greater delicacy from the persons they marry, though they care not how bad they make the wives, the sisters, and daughters of others.

I will only add (and send all my three letters together), that we all blame you in some degree for bearing the wicked Jewkes in your sight, after her most impudent assistance in his lewd attempt; much less, we think, ought you to have left her in

her place, and rewarded her; for her vileness could hardly be equalled by the worst actions of the most abandoned procuress.

I know the difficulties you labour under, in his arbitrary will, and intercession for her: but Lady Betty rightly observes, that he knew what a vile woman she was, when he put you into her power, and no doubt employed her, being sure she would answer all his purposes: and that therefore she should have had very little opinion of the sincerity of his reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her, and having her put upon a foot, in the present on your nuptials, with honest Jervis.

She would, she says, had she been in your case, have had *one* struggle for her dismission, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with your virtues, must have thought this a natural consequence of it, if he was in earnest to reclaim.

I know not whether you shew him all I write: but I have written this last part in the cover, as well for want of room, as that you may keep it from him, if you please. Though if you think it will serve any good end, I am not against shewing to him all I write. For I must ever speak my mind, though I were to smart for it; and that nobody can or has the heart to make me do, but my bold brother. So, Pamela, for this time, *Adieu*.

LETTER XI

MY GOOD LADY,

I am honoured with your ladyship's three letters, the contents of which are highly obliging to me: and I should be inexcusable if I did not comply with your injunctions, and be very proud and thankful for your ladyship's condescension in accepting of my poor scribble, and promising such a rich and valuable return; of which you have already given such ample and delightful instances. I will not plead my defects, to excuse my obedience. I only fear that the awe which will be always upon me, when I write to your ladyship, will lay me under so great a restraint, that I shall fall short even of the merit my papers have already made for me, through your kind indulgence. — Yet, sheltering myself under your goodness, I will cheerfully comply with every thing your ladyship expects from me, that it is in my power to do.

You will give me leave, Madam, to put into some little method, the particulars of what you desire of me, that I may speak to them all: for, since you are so good as to excuse me from sending the rest of my papers (which indeed would not bear in many places), I will omit nothing that shall tend to convince you of my readiness to obey you in every thing else.

First, then, your ladyship would have the particulars of the happy fortnight we passed in Kent, on one of the most agreeable occasions that could befall me.

Secondly, an account of the manner in which your dear brother acquainted me with the affecting story of Miss Godfrey, and my behaviour upon it.

And, thirdly, I presume your ladyship, and Lady Betty, expect me to say something upon your welcome remarks on my conduct towards Mrs. Jewkes.

The other particulars your ladyship mentions, will naturally fall under one or other of these three heads — But expect not, my lady, though I begin in method thus, that I shall keep up to it. If you will not allow for me, and keep in view the poor Pamela Andrews in all I write, but have Mrs. B. in your eye, what will become of me? — But I promise myself so much improvement from this correspondence, that I enter upon it with a greater delight than I can express, notwithstanding the mingled awe and diffidence that will accompany me, in every part of the agreeable task. To begin with the first article:

Your dear brother and my honest parents (I know your ladyship will expect from me, that on all occasions I should speak of them with the duty that becomes a good child) with myself, set out on the Monday morning for Kent, passing through St. Albans to London, at both which places we stopped a night; for our

dear benefactor would make us take easy journeys: and on Wednesday evening we arrived at the sweet place allotted for the good couple. We were attended only by Abraham and John, on horseback: for Mr. Colbrand, having sprained his foot, was in the travelling-coach, with the cook, the housemaid, and Polly Barlow, a genteel new servant, whom Mrs. Brooks recommended to wait on me.

Mr. Longman had been there a fortnight, employed in settling the terms of an additional purchase of this pretty well-wooded and well-watered estate: and his account of his proceedings was very satisfactory to his honoured principal. He told us, he had much ado to dissuade the tenants from pursuing a formed resolution of meeting their landlord on horseback, at some miles distance; for he had informed them when he expected us; but knowing how desirous Mr. B. was of being retired, he had ventured to assure them, that when every thing was settled, and the new purchase actually entered upon, they would have his presence among them often; and that he would introduce them all at different times to their worthy landlord, before we left the country.

The house is large, and very commodious; and we found every thing about it, and in it, exceeding neat and convenient; owing to the worthy Mr. Longman's care and direction. The ground is well-stocked, the barns and outhouses in excellent repair; and my poor parents have only to wish, that they and I may be deserving of half the goodness we experience from your bountiful brother.

But, indeed. Madam, I have the pleasure of discovering every day more and more, that there is not a better disposed and more generous man in the world than himself, for I verily think he has not been so careful to conceal his *bad* actions as his *good* ones. His heart is naturally beneficent, and his beneficence is the gift of God for the most excellent purposes, as I have often freely told him. Pardon me, my dear lady; I wish I may not be impertinently grave: but I find a great many instances of his considerate charity, which few knew of, and which, since I have been his almoner, could not avoid coming to my knowledge. But this, possibly, is no news to your ladyship. Every body knows the generous goodness of your *own* heart: every one wanting relief tasted the bounty of your excellent *mother* my late honoured lady: so that 'tis a *family grace*, and I have no need to speak of it to you. Madam.

This cannot, I hope, be construed as if I would hereby suppose ourselves less obliged. I know nothing so godlike in human nature as this disposition to do good to our fellow-creatures: for is it not following immediately the example of that generous Providence which every minute is conferring blessings upon us all, and by giving power to the rich, makes them but the dispensers of its benefits to those that want them? Yet, as there are but too many objects of compassion, and as the most beneficent cannot, like Omnipotence, do good to all, how much are they

obliged who are distinguished from others!-And this being kept in mind, will always contribute to make the benefited receive, as thankfully as they *ought*, the favours of the obliger.

I know not if I write to be understood, in all I mean; but my grateful heart is so over-filled when on this subject, that methinks I want to say a great deal more at the same time that I am apprehensive I say too much. Yet, perhaps, the copies of the letters I here inclose (that marked [I.] written by me to my parents, on our return to Kent; that marked [II.] from my dear father in answer to it; and that marked [III.] mine in reply to his) will (at the same time that they may convince your ladyship that I will conceal nothing from you in the course of this correspondence, which may in the least amuse and divert you, or better explain our grateful sentiments), in a great measure, answer what your ladyship expects from me, as to the happy fortnight we passed in Kent.

I will now conclude, choosing to suspend the correspondence, till I know from your ladyship, whether it will not be too low, too idle for your attention; whether you will not dispense with your own commands when you see I am so little likely to answer what you may possibly expect from me: or whether, if you insist upon my scribbling, you would have me write in any other way, be less tedious, less serious-in short, less or more any thing. For all that is in my power, your ladyship may command from, *Madam, your obliged and faithful servant*.

P.B.

Your dearest brother, from whose knowledge I would not keep any thing that shall take up any considerable portion of my time, gives me leave to proceed in this correspondence, if you command it; and is pleased to say, he will content himself to see such parts of it, and *only* such parts, as I shall shew him, or read to him. — Is not this very good, Madam? — O, my lady, you don’t know how happy I am!

LETTER XII

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

My dear Pamela,

You very much oblige me by your cheerful compliance with my request: I leave it entirely to you to write as you shall be in the humour, when you take up your pen; and then I shall have you write with less restraint: for, you must know, that what we admire in *you*, are truth and nature, not studied or elaborate epistles. We can hear at church, or read in our closets, fifty good things that we expect not from you: but we cannot receive from any body else the pleasure of sentiments flowing with that artless ease, which so much affects us when we read your letters. Then, my sweet girl, your gratitude, prudence, integrity of heart, your humility, shine so much in all your letters and thoughts, that no wonder my brother loves you as he does.

But I shall make you proud, I doubt, and so by praise ruin those graces which we admire, and, but for that, cannot praise you too much. In my conscience, if thou canst hold as thou hast begun, I believe thou wilt have him *all to thyself*; and that was more than I once thought any woman on this side the seventieth year of his age would ever be able to say. The letters to and from your parents, we are charmed with, and the communicating of them to me, I take to be as great an instance of your confidence in me, as it is of your judgment and prudence; for you cannot but think, that we, his relations, are a little watchful over your conduct, and have our eyes upon you, to observe what use you are likely to make of your power over your man, with respect to your own relations.

Hitherto all is unexampled prudence, and you take the right method to reconcile even the proudest of us to your marriage, and make us not only love you, but respect your parents: for their honesty will, I perceive, be their distinguishing character, and they will not forget themselves, nor their former condition.

I can tell you, you are exactly right; for if you were to be an *encroacher*, as the good old man calls it, my brother would be the first to see it, and would gradually think less and less of you, till possibly he might come to despise you, and to repent of his choice: for the least shadow of an imposition, or low cunning, or mere selfishness, he cannot bear.

In short, you are a charming girl; and Lady Betty says so too; and moreover adds, that if he makes you not the best and *faithfullest* of husbands, he cannot deserve you, for all his fortune and birth. And in my heart, I begin to think so too.

But won't you oblige me with the sequel of your letter to your father? For, you promise, my dear charming scribbler, in that you sent me, to write again to his letter; and I long to see how you answer the latter part of it, about your relations desiring already to come and live with him. I know what I *expect* from you. But let it be what it will, send it to me exactly as you wrote it; and I shall see whether I have reason to praise or reprove you. For surely, Pamela, you must leave one room to blame you for something. Indeed I can hardly bear the thought, that you should so much excel as you do, and have more prudence, by nature, as it were, than the best of us get in a course of the genteelest educations and with fifty advantages, at least, in conversation, that *you* could not have, by reason of my mother's retired life, while you were with her, and your close attendance on her person.

But I'll tell you what has been a great improvement to you; it is your own writings. This itch of scribbling has been a charming help. For here, having a natural fund of good sense, and prudence above your years, you have, with the observations these have enabled you to make, been flint and steel too, as I may say, to yourself: so that you have struck *fire* when you pleased, wanting nothing but a few dry leaves, like the first pair in old Du Bartas, to serve as tinder to catch your animating sparks. So that reading constantly, and thus using yourself to write, and enjoying besides a good memory, every thing you heard and read became your own; and not only so, but was improved by passing through more salubrious ducts and vehicles; like some fine fruit grafted upon a common free-stock, whose more exuberant juices serve to bring to quicker and greater perfection the downy peach, or the smooth nectarine, with its crimson blush.

Really, Pamela, I believe, I, too, shall improve by writing to you-Why, you dear saucy-face, at this rate, you'll make every one that converses with you, better, and wiser, and *wittier* too, as far as I know, than they ever before thought there was *room* for 'em to be.

As to my own part, I begin to like what I have written myself, I think; and your correspondence may revive the poetical ideas that used to fire my mind, before I entered into the drowsy married life; for my good Lord Davers's turn happens not to be to books; and so by degrees my imagination was in a manner quenched, and I, as a dutiful wife should, endeavoured to form my taste by that of the man I chose. — But, after all, Pamela, you are not to be a little proud of my correspondence; and I could not have thought it ever would have come to this; but you will observe, that I am the more free and unreserved, to encourage *you* to write without restraint: for already you have made us a family of writers and readers; so that Lord Davers himself is become enamoured of your letters, and desires of all things he may hear read every one that passes between us. Nay,

Jackey, for that matter, who was the most thoughtless, whistling, sauntering fellow you ever knew, and whose delight in a book ran no higher than a song or a catch, now comes in with an enquiring face, and vows he'll set pen to paper, and turn letter-writer himself; and intends (if my brother won't take it amiss, he says) to begin to *you*, provided he could be sure of an answer.

I have twenty things still to say; for you have unlocked all our bosoms. And yet I intended not to write above ten or a dozen lines when I began; only to tell you, that I would have you take your own way, in your subjects, and in your style. And if you will but give me hope, that you are in the way I so much wish to have you in, I will then call myself your affectionate sister; but till then, it shall only barely be *your correspondent*,

B. DAVERS. You'll proceed with the account of your Kentish affair, I doubt not.

LETTER XIII

MY DEAR GOOD LADY,

What kind, what generous things are you pleased to say of your happy correspondent! And what reason have I to value myself on such an advantage as is now before me, if I am capable of improving it as I ought, from a correspondence with so noble and so admired a lady! To be praised by such a genius, and my honoured benefactor's worthy sister, whose favour, next to his, it was always my chief ambition to obtain, is what would be enough to fill with vanity a steadier and a more equal mind than mine.

I have heard from my late honoured lady, what a fine pen her beloved daughter was mistress of, when she pleased to take it up. But I never could have presumed, but from your ladyship's own motion, to hope to be in any manner the subject of it, much less to be called your correspondent.

Indeed, Madam, I *am* very proud of this honour, and consider it as such a heightening to my pleasures, as only *that* could give; and I will set about obeying your ladyship without reserve.

But, first, permit me to disclaim any merit, from my own poor writings, to that improvement which your goodness imputes to me. What I have to boast, of that sort, is owing principally, if it deserves commendation, to my late excellent lady.

It is hard to be imagined what pains her ladyship took with her poor servant. Besides making me keep a book of her charities dispensed by me, I always set down, in my way, the cases of the distressed, their griefs from misfortunes, and their joys of her bountiful relief; and so I entered early into the various turns that affected worthy hearts, and was taught the better to regulate my own, especially by the help of her fine observations, when I read what I wrote. For many a time has her generous heart overflowed with pleasure at my remarks, and with praises; and I was her good girl, her dear Pamela, her hopeful maiden; and she would sometimes snatch my hand with transport, and draw me to her, and vouchsafe to kiss me; and always was saying, what she would do for me, if God spared her, and I continued to be deserving.

O my dear lady! you cannot think what an encouragement this condescending behaviour and goodness was to me. Madam, you *cannot* think it.

I used to throw myself at her feet, and embrace her knees; and, my eyes streaming with tears of joy, would often cry, "O continue to me, my dearest lady, the blessing of your favour, and kind instructions, and it is all your happy Pamela can wish for."

But I will proceed to obey your ladyship, and write with as much freedom as I possibly *can*: for you must not expect, that I can entirely divest myself of that awe which will necessarily lay me under a greater restraint, than if writing to my parents, whose partiality for their daughter made me, in a manner, secure of their good opinions.

To shorten the work before me, in the account I am to give of the sweet fortnight that we passed in Kent, I enclose not only the copy of the letter your ladyship requested, but my father's answer to it.

The letters I sent before, and those I now send, will afford several particulars; such as a brief description of the house and farm, and your honoured brother's intentions of retiring thither now-and-then; of the happiness and gratitude of my dear parents, and their wishes to be able to deserve the comfort his goodness has heaped upon them; and that in stronger lights than I am able to set them; I will only, in a summary manner, mention the rest; and, particularly, the behaviour of my dear benefactor to me, and my parents. He seemed always to delight in being particularly kind to them before strangers, and before the tenants, and before Mr. Sorby, Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Shepherd, three of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who, with their ladies, came to visit us, and whose visits we *all* returned; for your dear brother would not permit my father and mother to decline the invitation of those worthy families.

Every day we rode out, or walked a little about the grounds; and while we were there, he employed hands to cut a vista through a coppice, as they call it, or rather a little wood, to a rising ground, which, fronting an old-fashioned balcony, in the middle of the house, he ordered it to be planted like a grove, and a pretty alcove to be erected on its summit, of which he has sent them a draught, drawn by his own hand. This and a few other alterations, mentioned in my letter to my father, are to be finished against we go down next.

The dear gentleman was every hour pressing me, while there, to take one diversion or other, frequently upbraiding me, that I seemed not to *choose* any thing, urging me to propose sometimes what I could *wish* he should oblige me in, and not always to leave it to him to choose for me: saying, he was half afraid that my constant compliance with every thing he proposed, laid me sometimes under a restraint: and he would have me have a will of my own, since it was impossible, that it could be such as he should not take a delight in conforming to it.

I will not trouble your ladyship with any further particulars relating to this happy fortnight, which was made up all of white and unclouded days, to the very last; and your ladyship will judge better than I can describe, of the parting between my dear parents, and their honoured benefactor and me.

We set out, attended with the good wishes of crowds of persons of all degrees; for your dear brother left behind him noble instances of his bounty; it being the *first* time, as he bid Mr. Longman say, that he had been down among them since that estate had been in his hands.

But permit me to observe, that I could not forbear often, very often, in this happy period, to thank God in private, for the blessed terms upon which I was there, to what I should have been, had I gracelessly accepted of those which formerly were tendered to me; for your ladyship will remember, that the Kentish estate was to be part of the purchase of my infamy.

We returned through London, by the like easy journeys, but tarried not to see any thing of that vast metropolis, any more than we did in going through it before; your beloved brother only stopping at his banker's, and desiring him to look out for a handsome house, which he proposes to take for his winter residence. He chooses it to be about the new buildings called Hanover Square; and he left Mr. Longman there to see one, which his banker believed would be fit for him.

And thus, my dear lady, I have answered your first commands, by the help of the letters which passed between my dear parents and me; and conclude this with the assurance that I am, with high respect, *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XIV

MY DEAREST LADY,

I now set myself to obey your ladyship's second command, which is, to give an account in what manner your dear brother broke to me the affair of the unfortunate Miss Godfrey, with my behaviour upon it; and this I cannot do better, than by transcribing scribing the relation I gave at that time, in letters to my dear parents, which your ladyship has not seen, in these very words.

[See Vol. I, , beginning "My dear Mr. B.," down to .]

Thus far, my dear lady, the relation I gave to my parents, at the time of my being first acquainted with this melancholy affair.

It is a great pleasure to me, that I can already flatter myself, from the hints you kindly gave me, that I behaved as you wished I should behave. Indeed, Madam, I could not help it, for I pitied most sincerely the unhappy lady; and though I could not but rejoice, that I had had the grace to escape the dangerous attempts of the dear intriguer, yet never did the story of any unfortunate lady make such an impression upon me as hers did: she loved *him*, and believed, no doubt, he loved *her* too well to take ungenerous advantages of her soft passion for him: and so, by degrees, put herself into his power; and too seldom, alas I have the noblest-minded of the seducing sex the mercy or the goodness to spare the poor creatures that do!

Then 'tis another misfortune of people in love; they always think highly of the beloved object, and lowly of themselves, such a dismal mortifier is love!

I say not this, Madam, to excuse the poor lady's fall; nothing can do that; because virtue is, and ought to be, preferable to all considerations, and to life itself. But, methinks, I love this dear lady so well for the sake of her edifying penitence, that I would fain extenuate her crime, if I could; and the rather, as in all probability, it was a *first love* on *both* sides; and so he could not appear to her as a *practised* deceiver.

Your ladyship will see, by what I have transcribed, how I behaved myself to the dear Miss Goodwin; and I am so fond of the little charmer, as well for the sake of her unhappy mother, though personally unknown to me, as for the relation she bears to the dear gentleman whom I am bound to love and honour, that I must beg your ladyship's interest to procure her to be given up to my care, when it shall be thought proper. I am sure I shall act by her as tenderly as if I was her own mother. And glad I am, that the poor unfaulty baby is so justly beloved by Mr. B.

But I will here conclude this letter, with assuring your ladyship, and I am *your obliged and humble servant,*

P.B.

LETTER XV

MY GOOD LADY,

I now come to your ladyship's remarks on my conduct to Mrs. Jewkes: which you are pleased to think too kind and forgiving considering the poor woman's baseness.

Your ladyship says, that I ought not to have borne her in my sight, after the impudent assistance she gave to his lewd attempts; much less to have left her in her place, and rewarded her. Alas! my dear lady, what could I do? a poor prisoner as I was made, for weeks together, in breach of all the laws of civil society; without a soul who durst be my friend; and every day expecting to be ruined and undone, by one of the haughtiest and most determined spirits in the world! — and when it pleased God to turn his heart, and incline him to abandon his wicked attempts, and to profess honourable love to me, his poor servant, can it be thought I was to insist upon conditions with such a gentleman, who had me in his power; and who, if I had provoked him, might have resumed all his wicked purposes against me?

Indeed, I was too much overjoyed, after all my dangers past (which were so great, that I could not go to rest, nor rise, but with such apprehensions, that I wished for death rather than life), to think of refusing any terms that I could yield to, and keep my honour.

And though such noble ladies, as your ladyship and Lady Betty, who are born to independency, and are hereditarily, as I may say, on a foot with the highest-descended gentleman in the land, might have exerted a spirit, and would have a right to choose your own servants, and to distribute rewards and punishments to the deserving and undeserving, at your own good pleasure; yet what had I, a poor girl, who owed even my title to common notice, to the bounty of my late good lady, and had only a kind of imputed sightliness of person, though enough to make me the subject of vile attempts; who, from a situation of terror and apprehension, was lifted up to an hope, beyond my highest ambition, and was bid to pardon the bad woman, as an instance, that I could forgive his own hard usage of me; who had experienced so often the violence and impetuosity of his temper, which even his beloved mother never ventured to oppose till it began to subside, and then, indeed, he was all goodness and acknowledgment; of which I could give your ladyship more than one instance.

What, I say, had I to do, to take upon me lady-airs, and to resent? But, my dear ladies (let me, in this instance, bespeak the attention of you both), I should be

inexcusable, if I did not tell you all the truth; and that is, that I not only forgave the poor wretch, in regard to *his commands*, but from *my own inclination* also. If I am wrong in saying this, I must submit it to your ladyships; and, as I pretend not to perfection, am ready to take the blame I deserve in your ladyships' judgments: but indeed, were it to be again, I verily think, I could not help forgiving her. — And were I not able to say this, I should be thought to have made a mean court to my master's passions, and to have done a wrong thing with my eyes open: which I humbly conceive, no one should do.

When full power was given me over this poor creature (seemingly at least, though it might possibly have been resumed, and I might have been re-committed to hers, had I given him reason to think I made an arrogant use of it), you cannot imagine what a triumph I had in my mind over the mortified guilt, which (from the highest degree of insolence and imperiousness, that before had hardened her masculine features) appeared in her countenance, when she found the tables likely to be soon turned upon her.

This change of behaviour, which at first discovered itself in a sullen awe, and afterwards in a kind of silent respect, shewed me, what an influence power had over her: and that when she could treat her late prisoner, when taken into favour, so obsequiously, it was the less wonder the bad woman could think it her duty to obey commands so unjust, when her obedience to them was required from her master.

To be sure, if a look could have killed her, after some of her bad treatment, she had been slain over and over, as I may say: but to me, who was always taught to distinguish between the person and the action, I could not hold my resentment against the poor passive machine of mischief one day together, though her actions were so odious to me.

I should indeed except that time of my grand trial when she appeared so much a wretch to me, that I saw her not (even after two days that she was kept from me) without great flutter and emotion of heart: and I had represented to your brother before, how hard a condition it was for me to forgive so much unwomanly wickedness.

But, my dear ladies, when I considered the latter in *one* particular light, I could the more easily forgive her; and *having* forgiven her, *bear her in my sight*, and act by her (as a consequence of that forgiveness) as if she had not so horridly offended. Else how would it have been forgiveness? especially as she was ashamed of her crime, and there was no fear of her repeating it.

Thus then I thought on the occasion: "Poor wretched agent, for purposes little less than infernal! I *will* forgive thee, since *thy* master and *my* master will have it so. And indeed thou art beneath the resentment even of such a poor girl as I. I will

pity thee, base and abject as thou art. And she who is the object of my *pity* is surely beneath my *anger*."

Such were then my thoughts, my proud thoughts, so far was I from being guilty of *intentional* meanness in forgiving, at Mr. B.'s interposition, the poor, low, creeping, abject *self*-mortified, and *master*-mortified, Mrs. Jewkes.

And do you think, ladies, when you revolve in your thoughts, *who* I was, and *what* I was, and what I had been *designed* for; when you revolve the amazing turn in my favour, and the prospects before me (so much above my hopes, that I left them entirely to Providence to direct for me, as it pleased, without daring to look forward to what those prospects seemed naturally to tend); when I could see my haughty persecutor become my repentant protector; the lofty spirit that used to make me tremble, and to which I never could look up without awe, except in those animating cases, where his guilty attempts, and the concern I had to preserve my innocence, gave a courage more than natural to my otherwise dastardly heart: when this impetuous spirit could stoop to request one whom he had sunk beneath even her usual low character of his servant, who was his prisoner, under sentence of a ruin worse than death, as he had intended it, and had seized her for that very purpose, could stoop to acknowledge the vileness of that purpose; could say, at one time, that my forgiveness of Mrs. Jewkes should stand me in greater stead than I was aware of: could tell her, before me, that she must for the future shew me all the respect due to one he must love; at another, acknowledged before her, that he had been stark naught, and that I was very forgiving; again, to Mrs. Jewkes, putting himself on a level with her, as to guilt, "We are both in generous hands: and, indeed, if Pamela did not pardon *you*, I should think she but half forgave *me*, because you acted by my instructions:" another time to the same, "We have been both sinners, and must be both included in one act of grace:" — when I was thus lifted up to the state of a sovereign forgiver, and my lordly master became a petitioner for himself, and the guilty creature, whom he put under my feet; what a triumph was here for the poor Pamela? and could I have been guilty of so mean a pride, as to trample upon the poor abject creature, when I found her thus lowly, thus mortified, and wholly in my power?

Then, my dear ladies, while I was enjoying the soul-charming fruits of that innocence which the Divine Grace had enabled me to preserve, in spite of so many plots and contrivances on my master's side, and such wicked instigations and assistances on hers, and all my prospects were improving upon me beyond my wishes; when all was unclouded sunshine, and I possessed my mind in peace, and had only to be thankful to Providence, which had been so gracious to my

unworthiness; when I saw my persecutor become my protector, my active enemy no longer my enemy, but creeping with slow, doubtful feet, and speaking to me with awful hesitating doubt of my acceptance; a stamp of an insolent foot now turned into curtseying half-bent knees; threatening hands into supplicating folds; and the eye unpitying to innocence, running over with the sense of her own guilt; a faltering accent on her late menacing tongue, and uplifted handkerchief, "I see she will be my lady: and then I know how it will go with me!" — Was not this, my ladies, a triumph of triumphs to the late miserable, now exalted, Pamela! — could I do less than pardon her? And having declared that I did so, was I not to shew the sincerity of my declaration?

Would it not have shewn my master, that the low-born Pamela was incapable of a generous action, had she refused the only request her humble condition had given her the opportunity of granting, at that time, with innocence? Would he not have thought the humble cottager as capable of insolence, and vengeance too, in her turn, as the better born? and that she wanted but the power, to shew the like unrelenting temper, by which she had so grievously suffered? And might not this have given him room to think me (and to have resumed and prosecuted his purposes accordingly) fitter for an arrogant kept mistress, than an humble and obliged wife!

"I see" (might he not have said?), "the girl has strong passions and resentments; and she that has, will be sometimes *governed* by them. I will improve upon the hint she herself has now given me, by her inexorable temper: I will gratify her revenge, till I turn it upon herself: I will indulge her pride, till I make it administer to her fall; for a wife I cannot think of in the low-born cottager, especially when she has lurking in her all the pride and arrogance" (you know, my ladies, his haughty way of speaking of our sex) "of the better descended. And by a little perseverance, and watching her unguarded hours, and applying temptations to her passions, I shall first discover them, and then make my advantage of them."

Might not this have been the language, and this the resolution, of such a dear wicked intriguer? — For, my lady, you can hardly conceive the struggles he apparently had to bring down his high spirit to so humble a level. And though, I hope, all would have been, even in this *worst* case, ineffectual, through Divine Grace, yet how do I know what lurking vileness might have appeared by degrees in this frail heart, to encourage his designs, and to augment my trials and my dangers? And perhaps downright violence might have been used, if he could not, on one hand, have subdued his passions, nor, on the other, have overcome his pride — a pride, that every one, reflecting upon the disparity of birth and condition between us, would have dignified with the name of *decency*; a pride

that was become such an essential part of the dear gentleman's character, in this instance of a wife, that although he knew he could not keep it up, if he made *me* happy, yet it was no small motive of his choosing me, in one respect, because he expected from me more humility, more submission, than he thought would be paid him by a lady equally born and educated; and of this I will send you an instance, in a transcription from that part of my journal you have not seen, of his lessons to me, on my incurring his displeasure by interposing between yourself and him in your misunderstanding at the Hall: for, Madam, I intend to send, at times, any thing I think worthy of your ladyship's attention, out of those papers you were so kind as to excuse me from sending you in a lump, and many of which must needs have appeared very impertinent to such judges.

Thus (could your ladyship have thought it?) have I ventured upon a strange paradox, that even this strongest instance of his debasing himself, is not the weakest of his pride: and he ventured once at Sir Simon Darnford's to say, in your hearing, as you may remember, that, in his conscience, he thought he should hardly have made a tolerable husband to any body but Pamela: and why? For the reasons you will see in the inclosed papers, which give an account of the noblest and earliest curtain-lecture that ever girl had: one of which is, that he expects to be *borne* with (*complied* with, he meant) even when in the wrong: another, that a wife should never so much as expostulate with him, though he was in the wrong, till, by complying with all he insisted upon, she should have shewn him, she designed rather to convince him, for his *own* sake, than for *contradiction's* sake; and then, another time, perhaps he might take better resolutions.

I hope, from what I have said, it will appear to your lady-ship, and to Lady Betty too, that I am justified, or at least excused, in pardoning Mrs. Jewkes.

But your dear brother has just sent me word, that supper waits for me: and the post being ready to go off, I defer till the next opportunity which I have to say as to these good effects: and am, in the mean time, *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XVI

MY DEAR LADY,

I will now acquaint you with the good effects my behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes has had upon her, as a farther justification of my conduct towards the poor woman.

That she began to be affected as I wished, appeared to me before I left the Hall, not only in the conversations I had with her after my happiness was completed; but in her general demeanour also to the servants, to the neighbours, and in her devout behaviour at church: and this still further appears by a letter I have received from Miss Darnford. I dare say your ladyship will be pleased with the perusal of the whole letter, although a part of it would answer my present design; and in confidence, that you will excuse, for the sake of its other beauties, the high and undeserved praises which she so lavishly bestows upon me, I will transcribe it all.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

“MY DEAR NEIGHBOUR THAT WAS,

“I must depend upon your known goodness to excuse me for not writing before now, in answer to your letter of compliment to us, for the civilities and favours, as you call them, which you received from us in Lincolnshire, where we were infinitely more obliged to you than you to us.

“The truth is, my papa has been much disordered with a kind of rambling rheumatism, to which the physicians, learnedly speaking, give the name of *arthritici vaga*, or the flying gout; and when he ails ever so little (it signifies nothing concealing his infirmities, where they are so well known, and when he cares not who knows them), he is so peevish, and wants so much attendance, that my mamma, and her two girls (one of which is as waspish as her papa; you may be sure I don’t mean myself) have much ado to make his worship keep the peace; and I being his favourite, when he is indisposed, having most patience, if I may give myself a good word, he calls upon me continually, to read to him when he is grave, which is not often, and to tell him stories, and sing to him when he is merry; and so I have been employed as a principal person about him, till I have frequently become sad to make him cheerful, and happy when I could do it at any rate. For once, in a pet, he flung a book at my head, because I had not attended him for two hours, and he could not bear to be slighted by little bastards, that was

his word, that were fathered upon him for his vexation! O these men! Fathers or husbands, much alike! the one tyrannical, the other insolent: so that, between one and t'other, a poor girl has nothing for it, but a few weeks' courtship, and perhaps a first month's bridalry, if that: and then she is as much a slave to her husband, as she was a vassal to her father — I mean if the father be a Sir Simon Darnford, and the spouse a Mr. B.

"But I will be a little more grave; for a graver occasion calls for it, yet such as will give you real pleasure. It is the very great change that your example has had upon your housekeeper.

"You desired her to keep up as much regularity as she could among the servants there; and she is next to exemplary in it, so that she has every one's good word. She speaks of her lady not only with respect, but reverence; and calls it a blessed day for all the family, and particularly for herself, that you came into Lincolnshire. She reads prayers, or makes one of the servants read them, every Sunday night; and never misses being at church, morning and afternoon; and is preparing herself, by Mr. Peters's advice and direction, for receiving the sacrament; which she earnestly longs to receive, and says it will be the seal of her reformation.

"Mr. Peters gives us this account of her, and says she is full of contrition for her past mis-spent life, and is often asking him, if such and such sins can be forgiven? and among them, names her vile behaviour to her angel lady, as she calls you.

"It seems she has written a letter to you, which passed Mr. Peters's revisal, before she had the courage to send it; and prides herself that you have favoured her with an answer to it, which, she says, when she is dead, will be found in a cover of black silk next her heart; for any thing from your hand, she is sure, will contribute to make her keep her good purposes: and for that reason she places it there; and when she has had any bad thoughts, or is guilty of any faulty word, or passionate expression, she recollects her lady's letter, which recovers her to a calm, and puts her again into a better frame.

"As she has written to you 'tis possible I might have spared you the trouble of reading this account of her; but yet you will not be displeased, that so free a liver and speaker should have some testimonial besides her own assurances, to vouch for the sincerity of her reformation.

"What a happy lady are you, that persuasion dwells upon your tongue, and reformation follows your example!"

Your ladyship will forgive me what may appear like vanity in this communication. Miss Darnford is a charming young lady. I always admired her; but her letters are the sweetest, kindest! — Yet I am too much the subject of her

encomiums, and so will say no more; but add here a copy of the poor woman's letter to me; and your ladyship will see what an ample correspondence you have opened to yourself, if you go on to countenance it.

"HONOURED MADAM,

"I have been long labouring under two difficulties; the desire I had to write to you, and the fear of being thought presumptuous if I did. But I will depend on your goodness, so often tried; and put pen to paper, in that very closet, and on that desk, which once were so much used by yourself, when I was acting a part that now cuts me to the heart to think of. But you forgave me. Madam, and shewed me you had too much goodness to revoke your forgiveness; and could I have silenced the reproaches of my heart, I should have had no cause to think I had offended.

"But, Oh I Madam, how has your goodness to me, which once filled me with so much gladness, now, on reflection, made me sorrowful, and at times, miserable. — To think I should act so barbarously as I did, by so much sweetness, and so much forgiveness. Every place that I remember to have used you hardly in, how does it now fill me with sadness, and makes me often smite my breast, and sit down with tears and groans, bemoaning my vile actions, and my hard heart! — How many places are there in this melancholy fine house, that call one thing or other to my remembrance, that give me remorse! But the pond, and the woodhouse, whence I dragged you so mercilously, after I had driven you to despair almost, what thoughts do they bring to my remembrance! Then my wicked instigations. — What an odious wretch was I!

"Had his honour been as abandoned as myself, what virtue had been destroyed between *his* orders and *my* too rigorous execution of them; nay, stretching them to shew my wicked zeal, to serve a master, whom, though I honoured, I should not (as you more than once hinted to me, but with no effect at all, so resolutely wicked was my heart) have so well obeyed in his unlawful commands!

"His honour has made you amends, has done justice to your merits, and so atoned for *his* fault. But as for *me*, it is out of my power ever to make reparation. — All that is left me, is, to let your ladyship see, that your pious example has made such an impression upon me, that I am miserable now in the reflection upon my past guilt.

"*You* have forgiven me, and *GOD* will, I hope; for the creature cannot be more merciful than the Creator; that is all my hope! — Yet, sometimes, I dread that I am forgiven here, at least not punished, in order to be punished the more hereafter! — What then will become of the unhappy wretch, that has thus lived in

a state of sin, and so qualified herself by a course of wickedness, as to be thought a proper instrument for the worst of purposes!

"Pray your ladyship, let not my honoured master see this letter. He will think I have the boldness to reflect upon him: when, God knows my heart, I only write to condemn myself, and my *unwomanly* actions, as you were pleased often most justly to call them.

"But I might go on thus for ever accusing myself, not considering whom I am writing to, and whose precious time I am taking up. But what I chiefly write for is, to beg your ladyship's prayers for me. For, oh! Madam, I fear I shall else be ever miserable! We every week hear of the good you do, and the charity you extend to the bodies of the miserable. Extend, I beseech you, good Madam, to the unhappy Jewkes, the mercy of your prayers, and tell me if you think I have not sinned beyond hope of pardon; for there is a woe denounced against the presumptuous sinner.

"Your ladyship assured me, at your departure, on the confession of my remorse for my misdoings, and my promise of amendment, that you would take it for proof of my being in earnest, if I would endeavour to keep up a regularity among the servants here; if I would subdue them with kindness, as I had owned myself subdued; and if I would endeavour to make every one think, that the best security they could give of doing their duty to their master in his *absence*, was by doing it to God Almighty, from whose all-seeing eye nothing can be hid. This, I remember, your ladyship told me, was the best test of fidelity and duty, that any servants could shew; since it was impossible, without religion, but that worldly convenience, or self-interest, must be the main tie; and so the worst actions might succeed, if servants thought they should find their sordid advantage in sacrificing their duty.

"So well am I convinced of this truth, that I hope I have begun the example to good effect: and as no one in the family was so wicked as I, it was therefore less difficult to reform them; and you will have the pleasure to know, that you have now servants here, whom you need not be ashamed to call yours.

"'Tis true, I found it a little difficult at first to keep them within sight of their duty, after your ladyship departed: but when they saw I was in earnest, and used them courteously, as you advised, and as your usage of me convinced me was the rightest usage; when they were told I had your commands to acquaint you how they conformed to your injunctions; the task became easy: and I hope we shall all be still more and more worthy of the favour of so good a lady and so bountiful a master.

"I dare not presume upon the honour of a line to your unworthy servant. Yet it would pride me much, if I could have it. But I shall ever pray for your ladyship's

and his honour's felicity, as becomes *your undeserving servant*,

"K. JEWKES."

I have already, with these transcribed letters of Miss Darnford and Mrs. Jewkes, written a great deal: but nevertheless, as there yet remains one passage in your ladyship's letter, relating to Mrs. Jewkes, that seems to require an answer, I will take notice of it, if I shall not quite tire your patience.

That passage is this; Lady Betty rightly observes, says your ladyship, that he knew what a vile woman she [Mrs. Jewkes] was, when he put you into her power; and no doubt, employed her, because he was sure she would answer all his purposes: and therefore she should have had very little opinion of the sincerity of his reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her there.

She would, she says, had she been in your case, have had one struggle for her dismission, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with your virtue, must have thought this a natural consequence of it, if in earnest to become virtuous himself.

But, alas! Madam, he was not so well pleased with my virtue for virtue's sake, as Lady Betty thinks he was. — He would have been glad, even then, to have found me less resolved on that score. He did not so much as *pretend* to any disposition to virtue. No, not he!

He had entertained, as it proved, a strong passion for me, which had been heightened by my *resisting* it. His pride, and his advantages both of person and fortune, would not let him brook control; and when he could not have me upon his own terms, God turned his evil purposes to good ones; and he resolved to submit to mine, or rather to such as he found I would not yield to him without.

But Lady Betty thinks, I was to blame to put Mrs. Jewkes upon a foot, in the present I made on my nuptials, with Mrs. Jervis. But I rather put Mrs. Jervis on a foot with Mrs. Jewkes; for the dear gentleman had *named* the sum for me to give Mrs. Jewkes, and I would not give Mrs. Jervis *less*, because I loved her better; nor *more* could I give her, on that occasion, without making such a difference between two persons equal in station, on a solemnity too where one was present and assisting, the other not, as would have shewn such a partiality, as might have induced their master to conclude, I was not so sincere in my forgiveness, as he hoped from me, and as I really was.

But a stronger reason still was behind; that I could, much more agreeably, both to Mrs. Jervis and myself, shew my love and gratitude to the dear good woman:

and this I have taken care to do, in the manner I will submit to your ladyship; at the tribunal of whose judgment I am willing all my actions, respecting your dear brother, shall be tried. And I hope you will not have reason to think me a too profuse or lavish creature; yet, if you have, pray, my dear lady, don't spare me; for if you shall judge me profuse in one article, I will endeavour to save it in another.

But I will make what I have to say on this head the subject of a letter by itself: and am, mean time, *your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XVII

MY DEAR LADY,

It is needful, in order to let you more intelligibly into the subject where I left off in my last, for your ladyship to know that your generous brother has made me his almoner, as I was my late dear lady's; and ordered Mr. Longman to pay me fifty pounds quarterly, for purposes of which he requires no account, though I have one always ready to produce.

Now, Madam, as I knew Mrs. Jervis was far from being easy in her circumstances, thinking herself obliged to pay old debts for two extravagant children, who are both dead, and maintaining in schooling and clothes three of their children, which always keeps her bare, I said to her one day, as she and I sat together, at our needles (for we are always running over old stories, when alone) — "My good Mrs. Jervis, will you allow me to ask you after your own private affairs, and if you are tolerably, easy in them?"

"You are very good, Madam," said she, "to concern yourself about my poor matters, so much as your thoughts are employed, and every moment of your time is taken up, from the hour you rise, to the time of your rest. But I can with great pleasure attribute it to your bounty, and that of my honoured master, that I am easier and easier every day."

"But tell me, my dear Mrs. Jervis," said I, "how your matters *particularly* stand. I love to mingle concerns with my friends, and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you'll treat me with equal freedom; for I always loved you, and always will; and nothing but death shall divide our friendship."

She had tears of gratitude in her eyes, and taking off her spectacles,
"I cannot bear," she said, "so much goodness! — Oh! my lady!"

"Oh! my Pamela, say," replied I. "How often must I chide you for calling me any thing but your Pamela, when we are alone together?"

"My heart," said she, "will burst with your goodness! I cannot bear it!"

"But you *must* bear it, and bear still greater exercises to your grateful heart, I can tell you that. A pretty thing, truly! Here I, a poor helpless girl, raised from poverty and distress by the generosity of the best of men, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on lady-airs to a gentlewoman born, the wisdom of whose years, her faithful services, and good management, make her a much greater merit in this family, than I can pretend to have! And shall I return, in the

day of my power, insult and haughtiness for the kindness and benevolence I received from her in that of my indigence! — Indeed, I won't forgive you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, if I think you capable of looking upon me in any other light than as your daughter; for you have been a mother to me, when the absence of my own could not afford me the comfort and good counsel I received every day from you."

Then moving my chair nearer, and taking her hand, and wiping, with my handkerchief in my other, her reverend cheek, "Come, my dear second mother," said I, "call me your daughter, your Pamela: I have passed many sweet hours with you under that name; and as I have but too seldom such an opportunity as this, open to me your worthy heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my *second* mother as easy and happy as our dear master has made my *first*."

She hung her head, and I waited till the discharge of her tears gave time for utterance to her words; provoking only her speech, by saying, "You used to have three grand-children to provide for in clothes and schooling. They are all living, I hope?"

"Yes, Madam, they are living: and your last bounty (twenty guineas was a great sum, and all at once!) made me very easy and very happy!"

"How easy and how happy, Mrs. Jervis?"

"Why, my dear lady, I paid five to one old creditor of my unhappy sons; five to a second; and two and a half to two others, in proportion to their respective demands; and with the other five I paid off all arrears of the poor children's schooling and maintenance; and all are satisfied and easy, and declare they will never do harsh things by me, if they are paid no more."

"But tell me, Mrs. Jervis, the whole you owe in the world; and you and I will contrive, with justice to our best friend, to do all we can to make you quite easy; for, at your time of life, I cannot bear that you shall have any thing to disturb you, which I can remove, and so, my dear Mrs. Jervis, let me know all. I know your debts (dear, just, good woman, as you are!) like David's sins, are ever before you: so come," putting my hand in her pocket, "let me be a friendly pick-pocket; let me take out your memorandum-book, and we will see how all matters stand, and what can be done. Come, I see you are too much moved; your worthy heart is too much affected" (pulling out her book, which she always had about her); "I will go to my closet, and return presently."

So I left her, to recover her spirits, and retired with the good woman's book to my closet.

Your dear brother stepping into the parlour just after I had gone out, "Where's your lady, Mrs. Jervis?" said he. And being told, came up to me:— "What ails the good woman below, my dear?" said he: "I hope you and she have had no words?"

“No, indeed, Sir,” answered I. “If we had, I am sure it would have been my fault: but I have picked her pocket of her memorandum-book, in order to look into her private affairs, to see if I cannot, with justice to our common benefactor, make her as easy as you. Sir, have made my other dear parents.”

“A blessing,” said he, “upon my charmer’s benevolent heart! — I will leave every thing to your discretion, my dear. — Do all the good you prudently can to your Mrs. Jervis.”

I clasped my bold arms about him, the starting tear testifying my gratitude.— “Dearest Sir,” said I, “you affect me as much as I did Mrs. Jervis; and if any one but you had a right to ask, what ails your Pamela? as you do, what ails Mrs. Jervis? I must say, I am hourly so much oppressed by your goodness, that there is hardly any bearing one’s own joy.”

He saluted me, and said, I was a dear obliging creature. “But,” said he, “I came to tell you, that after dinner we’ll take a turn, if you please, to Lady Arthur’s: she has a family of London friends for her guests, and begs I will prevail upon you to give her your company, and attend you myself, only to drink tea with her; for I have told her we are to have friends to sup with us.”

“I will attend you, Sir,” replied I, “most willingly; although I doubt
I am to be made a shew of.”

“Something like it,” said he, “for she has promised them this favour.”

“I need not dress otherwise than I am?”

“No,” he was pleased to say, I was always what he wished me to be.

So he left me to my *good works* (those were his kind words) and I ran over Mrs. Jervis’s accounts, and found a balance drawn of all her matters in one leaf, and a thankful acknowledgment to God, for her master’s last bounty, which had enabled her to give satisfaction to others, and to do herself great pleasure, written underneath.

The balance of all was thirty-five pounds eleven shillings and odd pence; and I went to my escritoir, and took out forty pounds, and down I hasted to my good Mrs. Jervis, and I said to her, “Here, my dear good friend, is your pocket-book; but are thirty-five or thirty-six pounds all you owe, or are bound for in the world?”

“It is, Madam,” said she, “and enough too. It is a great sum; but ’tis in four hands, and they are all in pretty good circumstances, and so convinced of my honesty, that they will never trouble me for it; for I have reduced the debt every year something, since I have been in my master’s service.”

“Nor shall it ever be in any body’s *power*,” said I, “to trouble you:
I’ll tell you how we’ll order it.”

So I sat down, and made her sit by me. “Here, my dear Mrs. Jervis, is forty pounds. It is not so much to me now, as the two guineas were to you, that you would have given me at my going away from this house to my father’s, as I thought. I will not *give* it you neither, at least at *present*, as you shall hear: indeed I won’t make you so uneasy as that comes to. But take this, and pay the thirty-five pounds odd money to the utmost farthing; and the remaining four pounds odd will be a little fund in advance towards the children’s schooling. And thus you shall repay it; I always designed, as our dear master added five guineas per annum to your salary, in acknowledgement of the pleasure he took in your services, when I was Pamela Andrews, to add five pounds per annum to it from the time I became Mrs. B. But from that time, for so many years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole forty pounds be repaid. So, my dear Mrs. Jervis, you won’t have any obligation to me, you know, but for the advance; and that is a poor matter, not to be spoken of: and I will have leave for it, for fear I should die.”

Had your ladyship seen the dear good woman’s behaviour, on this occasion, you would never have forgotten it. She could not speak; tears ran down her cheeks in plentiful currents: her modest hand put gently from her my offering hand, her bosom heav’d, and she sobb’d with the painful tumult that seemed to struggle within her, and which, for some few moments, made her incapable of speaking.

At last, I rising, and putting my arm round her neck, wiping her eyes, and kissing her cheek, she cried, “My excellent lady! ’tis too much! I cannot bear all this.” — She then threw herself at my feet; for I was not strong enough to hinder it; and with uplifted hands— “May God Almighty,” said she — I kneeled by her, and clasping her hands in mine, both uplifted together— “May God Almighty,” said I, drowning her voice with my louder voice, “bless us both together, for many happy years! And bless and reward the dear gentleman, who has thus enabled me to make *the widow’s heart to sing for joy!*”

And thus, my lady, did I force upon the good woman’s acceptance the forty pounds.

Permit me, Madam, to close this letter here, and to resume the subject in my next: till when I have the honour to be *your ladyship’s most obliged and faithful servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XVIII

MY DEAR LADY,

I now resume my last subject where I left off, that your ladyship may have the whole before you at one view.

I went after dinner, with my dear benefactor, to Lady Arthur's; and met with fresh calls upon me for humility, having the two natural effects of the praises and professed admiration of that lady's guests, as well as my dear Mr. B.'s, and those of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, to guard myself against: and your good brother was pleased to entertain me in the chariot, going and coming, with an account of the orders he had given in relation to the London house, which is actually taken, and the furniture he should direct for it; so that I had no opportunity to tell him what I had done in relation to Mrs. Jervis.

But after supper, retiring from company to my closet, when his friends were gone, he came up to me about our usual bedtime: he enquired kindly after my employment, which was trying to read in the French Telemachus: for, my lady, I'm learning French, I'll assure you! And who, do you think, is my master? — Why, the best I *could* have in the world, your dearest brother, who is pleased to say, I am no dunce: how inexcusable should I be, if I was, with such a master, who teaches me on his knee, and rewards me with a kiss whenever I do well, and says, I have already nearly mastered the accent and pronunciation, which he tells me is a great difficulty got over.

I requested him to render for me into English two or three places that were beyond my reach; and when he had done it, he asked me, in French, what I had done for Mrs. Jervis.

I said, "Permit me, Sir (for I am not proficient enough to answer you in my new tongue), in English, to say, I have made the good woman quite happy; and if I have your approbation, I shall be as much so myself in this instance, as I am in all others."

"I dare answer for your prudence, my dear," he was pleased to say: "but this is your favourite: let me know, when you have so bountiful a heart to strangers, what you do for your favourites?"

I then said, "Permit my bold eye, Sir, to watch yours, as I obey you; and you know you must not look full upon me then; for if you do, how shall I look at you again; how see, as I proceed, whether you are displeased? for you will not chide me in words, so partial have you the goodness to be to all I do."

He put his arm round me, and looked down now and then, as I desired! for O! Madam, he is all condescension and goodness to his unworthy, yet grateful Pamela! I told him all I have written to you about the forty pounds.— "And now, dear Sir," said I, half hiding my face on his shoulder, "you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your Pamela, if you please: it shall be all kind from you, and matter of future direction and caution."

He raised my head, and kissed me two or three times, saying, "Thus then I chide, I beat, my angel! — And yet I have one fault to find with you, and let Mrs. Jervis, if not in bed, come up to us, and hear what it is; for I will *expose* you, as you deserve before her." — My Polly being in hearing, attending to know if I wanted her assistance to undress, I bade her call Mrs. Jervis. And though I thought from his kind looks, and kind words, as well as tender behaviour, that I had not much to fear, yet I was impatient to know what my fault was, for which I was to be exposed.

The good woman came; and as she entered with all that modesty which is so graceful in her, he moved his chair further from me, and, with a set aspect, but not unpleasant, said, "Step in, Mrs. Jervis: your lady" (for so, Madam, he will always call me to Mrs. Jervis, and to the servants) "has incurred my censure, and I would not tell her in what, till I had you face to face."

She looked surprised — now on me, now on her dear master; and I, not knowing what he would say, looked a little attentive. "I am sorry — I am very sorry for it, Sir," said she, curtseying low:— "but should be more sorry, if *I* were the unhappy occasion."

"Why, Mrs. Jervis, I can't say but it is on your account that I must blame her."

This gave us both confusion, but especially the good woman; for still
I hoped much from his kind behaviour to me just before — and she said,
"Indeed, Sir, I could never deserve — —"

He interrupted her— "My charge against you, Pamela," said he, "is that of niggardliness, and no other; for I will put you both out of your pain: you ought not to have found out the method of repayment.

"The dear creature," said he, to Mrs. Jervis, "seldom does any thing that can be mended; but, I think, when your good conduct deserved an annual acknowledgment from me, in addition to your salary, the lady should have shewed herself no less pleased with your service than the gentleman. Had it been for old acquaintance-sake, for sex-sake, she should not have given me cause to upbraid her on this head. But I will tell you, that you must look upon the forty pounds you have, as the effect of just distinction on many accounts: and your

salary from last quarter-day shall be advanced, as the dear niggard intended it some years hence; and let me only add, that when my Pamela first begins to shew a coldness to her Mrs. Jervis, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble virtue, which is now peculiar to herself and makes her the delight of all who converse with her."

He was thus pleased to say: thus, with the most graceful generosity, and a nobleness of mind *truly* peculiar to himself, was he pleased to *act*: and what could Mrs. Jervis or I say to him? — Why, indeed, nothing at all! — We could only look upon one another, with our eyes and our hearts full of a gratitude that would not permit either of us to speak, but which expressed itself at last in a manner he was pleased to call more elegant than words — with uplifted folded hands, and tears of joy.

O my dear lady! how many opportunities have the beneficent *rich* to make *themselves*, as well as their *fellow-creatures*, happy! All that I could think, or say, or act, was but my duty before; what a sense of obligation then must I lie under to this most generous of men!

But here let me put an end to this tedious subject; the principal part of which can have no excuse, if it may not serve as a proof of my cheerful compliance with your ladyship's commands, that I recite *every* thing of concern to me, and with the same freedom as I used to do to my dear parents.

I have done it, and at the same time offered what I had to plead in behalf of my conduct to the two housekeepers, which you expected from me; and I shall therefore close this my humble defence, if I may so call it, with the assurance that I am, *my dearest lady, your obliged and faithful servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XIX

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. in answer to the six last Letters.

"*Where she had it, I can't tell I but I think I never met with the fellow of her in my life, at any age*;" are, as I remember, my brother's words, speaking of his Pamela in the early part of your papers. In truth, thou art a surprising creature; and every letter we have from you, we have new subjects to admire you for.— "Do you think, Lady Betty," said I, when I had read to the end of the subject about Mrs. Jervis, "I will not soon set out to hit this charming girl a box of the ear or two?"— "For what, Lady Davers?" said she.

"For what!" replied I.— "Why, don't you see how many slaps of the face the bold slut hits me! *I'll* LADY-AIRS her! I will. *I'll* teach her to reproach me, and so many of her betters, with her cottage excellencies, and improvements, that shame our education."

Why, you dear charming Pamela, did you only excel me in *words*, I could forgive you: for there may be a knack, and a volubility, as to *words*, that a natural talent may supply; but to be thus out-done in *thought* and in *deed*, who can bear it? And in so young an insulter too!

Well, Pamela, look to it, when I see you: you shall feel the weight of my hand, or — the pressure of my lip, one or t'other, depend on it, very quickly; for here, instead of my stooping, as I thought I would be, to call *you* sister, I shall be forced to think, in a little while, that you ought not to own *me as yours*, till I am nearer your standard.

But to come to business, I will summarily take notice of the following particulars in all your obliging letters, in order to convince you of my friendship, by the freedom of my observations on the subjects you touch upon.

First, then, I am highly pleased with what you write of the advantages you received from the favour of my dear mother; and as you know many things of her by your attendance upon her the last three or four years of her life, I must desire you will give me, as opportunity shall offer, all you can recollect in relation to the honoured lady, and of her behaviour and kindness to you, and with a retrospect to your own early beginnings, the dawnings of this your bright day of excellence: and this not only I, but the countess, and Lady Betty, with whom I am going over your papers again, and her sister, Lady Jenny, request of you.

2. I am much pleased with your Kentish account; though we wished you had been more particular in some parts of it; for we are greatly taken with your

descriptions: and your conversation pieces: yet I own, your honest father's letters, and yours, a good deal supply that *defect*.

3. I am highly delighted with your account of my brother's breaking to you the affair of Sally Godfrey, and your conduct upon it. 'Tis a sweet story as he brought it in, and as you relate it. The wretch has been very just in his account of it. We are in love with your charitable reflections in favour of the poor lady; and the more, as she certainly deserved them, and a better mother too than she had, and a faithfuller lover than she met with.

4. You have exactly hit his temper in your declared love of Miss Goodwill. I see, child, you know your man; and never fear but you'll hold him, if you can go on thus to act, and outdo your sex. But I should think you might as well not insist upon having her with you; you'd better see her now and then at the dairy-house, or at school, than have her with you. But this I leave to your own discretion.

5. You have satisfactorily answered our objections to your behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes. We had not considered your circumstances quite so thoroughly as we ought to have done. You are a charming girl, and all your motives are so just, that we shall be a little more cautious for the future how we censure you.

In short, I say with the countess, "This good girl is not without her pride; but it is the pride that becomes, and can only attend the innocent heart; and I'll warrant," said her ladyship, "nobody will become her station so well, as one who is capable of so worthy a pride as this."

But what a curtain-lecture hadst thou, Pamela! A noble one, dost thou call it? — Why, what a wretch hast thou got, to expect thou shouldst never expostulate against his lordly will, even when in the wrong, till thou hast obeyed it, and of consequence, joined in the evil he imposes!

Much good may such a husband do you, says Lady Betty! — Every body will *admire* you, but no one will have reason to *envy* you upon those principles.

6. I am pleased with your promise of sending what you think I shall like to see, out of those papers you choose not to shew me collectively: this is very obliging. You're a good girl; and I love you dearly.

7. We have all smiled at your paradox, Pamela, that his marrying you was an instance of his pride. — The thought, though, is pretty enough, and ingenious; but whether it will hold or not, I won't just now examine.

8. Your observation on the *forget* and *forgive* we are much pleased with.

9. You are very good in sending me a copy of Miss Darnford's letter. She is a charming young lady. I always had a great opinion of her merit; her letter abundantly confirms me in it. I hope you'll communicate to me every letter that passes between you, and pray send in your next a copy of your answer to her letter: I must insist upon it, I think.

10. I am glad, with all my heart, to hear of poor Jewkes's reformation: Your example carries all before it. But pray oblige me with your answer to her letter, don't think me unreasonable: 'tis all for your sake.

Pray — have you shewn Jewkes's letter to your good friend? — Lady Betty wants to know (if you *have*) what he could say to it? For, she says, it cuts him to the quick. And I think so too, if he takes it as he ought: but, as you say, he's above loving virtue for *virtue's sake*.

11. Your manner of acting by Mrs. Jervis, with so handsome a regard to my brother's interest, her behaviour upon it, and your relation of the whole, and of his generous spirit in approving, reproving, and improving, your prudent generosity, make no inconsiderable figure in your papers. And Lady Betty says, "Hang him, he has some excellent qualities too. — It is impossible not to think well of him; and his good actions go a great way towards atoning for his bad." But you, Pamela, have the glory of all.

12. I am glad you are learning French: thou art a happy girl in thy teacher, and he is a happy man in his scholar. We are pleased with your pretty account of his method of instructing and rewarding. 'Twould be strange, if you did not thus learn any language quickly, with such encouragements, from the man you love, were your genius less apt than it is. But we wished you had enlarged on that subject: for such fondness of men to their wives, who have been any time married, is so rare, and so unexpected from *my* brother, that we thought you should have written a side upon that subject at least.

What a bewitching girl art thou! What an exemplar to wives now, as well as thou wast before to maidens! Thou canst tame lions, I dare say, if thoud'st try. — Reclaim a rake in the meridian of his libertinism, and make such an one as my brother, not only marry thee, but love thee better at several months' end, than he did the first day, if possible!

Now, my dear Pamela, I think I have taken notice of the most material articles in your letters, and have no more to say to you; but write on, and oblige us; and mind to send me the copy of your letter to Miss Darnford, of that you wrote to poor penitent Jewkes, and every article I have written about, and all that comes into your head, or that passes, and you'll oblige *yours, &c,*

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XX

MY DEAR LADY,

I read with pleasure your commands, in your last kind and obliging letter: and you may be sure of a ready obedience in every one of them, that is in my power.

That which I can most easily do, I will first do; and that is, to transcribe the answer I sent to Miss Darnford, and that to Mrs. Jewkes, the former of which, (and a long one it is) is as follows:

"DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

"I begin now to be afraid I shall not have the pleasure and benefit I promised myself of passing a fortnight or three weeks at the Hall, in your sweet conversation, and that of your worthy family, as well as those others in your agreeable neighbourhood, whom I must always remember with equal honour and delight.

"The occasion will be principally, that we expect, very soon, Lord and Lady Davers, who propose to tarry here a fortnight at least; and after that, the advanced season will carry us to London, where Mr. B. has taken a house for his winter residence, and in order to attend parliament: a service he says, which he has been more deficient in hitherto, than he can either answer to his constituents, or to his own conscience; for though he is but one, yet if any good motion should be lost by one, every absent member, who is independent, has to reproach himself with the consequence of the loss of that good which might otherwise redound to the commonwealth. And besides, he says, such excuses as he could make, *every one* might plead; and then public affairs might as well be left to the administration, and no parliament be chosen.

"See you, my dear Miss Darnford, from the humble cottager, what a public person your favourite friend is grown! How easy is it for a bold mind to look forward, and, perhaps, forgetting what she was, now she imagines she has a stake in the country, takes upon herself to be as important, as significant, as if, like my dear Miss Darnford, she had been born to it!

"Well; but may I not ask, whether, if the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet will not come to the mountain? Since Lady Davers's visit is so uncertain as to its beginning and duration, and so great a favour as I am to look upon it, and really shall, it being her first visit to *me*: — and since we must go and take possession of our London residence, why can't Sir Simon spare to us the dear

lady whom he could use hardly, and whose attendance (though he is indeed entitled to all her duty) he did not, just in that instance, quite so much deserve?

"'Well, but after all, Sir Simon,' would I say, if I had been in presence at his peevish hour, 'you are a fine gentleman, are you not? to take such a method to shew your good daughter, that because she did not come *soon enough* to you, she came *too soon*! And did ever papa before you put a *good book* (for such I doubt not it was, *because* you were in affliction, though so little affected by its precepts) to such a *bad use*? As parents' examples are so prevalent, suppose your daughter had taken it, and flung it at her sister; Miss Nancy at her waiting-maid; and so it had gone through the family; would it not have been an excuse for every one to say, that the father, and head of the family had set the example?

"'You almost wish, my dear Miss tells me, that I would undertake *you*! — This is very good of you. Sir Simon,' I might (would his patience have suffered me to run on thus) have added; 'but I hope, since you are so sensible that you *want* to be undertaken, (and since this peevish rashness convinces me that you *do*) that you will undertake *yourself*; that you will not, when your indisposition requires the attendance and duty of your dear lady and daughter, make it more uncomfortable to them, by *adding* a difficulty of being pleased, and an impatience of spirit, to the concern their duty and affection make them have for you; and, *at least*, resolve never to take a book into your hand again, if you cannot make a better use of it, than you did then.'

"But Sir Simon will say, I have *already undertaken* him, were he to see this. Yet my Lady Darnford once begged I would give him a hint or two on this subject, which, she was pleased to say, would be better received from me than from any body: and if it be a little too severe, it is but a just reprisal made by one whose ears, he knows, he has cruelly wounded more than once, twice, or thrice, besides, by what he calls his *innocent* double entendres, and who, if she had not resented it, when an opportunity offered, must have been believed, by him, to be neither more nor less than a hypocrite. There's for you, Sir Simon: and so here ends all my malice; for now I have spoken my mind.

"Yet I hope your dear papa will not be so angry as to deny me, for this my freedom, the request I make to *him*, to your *mamma*, and to your *dear self*, for your beloved company, for a month or two in Bedfordshire, and at London: and if you might be permitted to winter with us at the latter, how happy should I be! It will be half done the moment you desire it. Sir Simon loves you too well to refuse you, if you are earnest in it. Your honoured mamma is always indulgent to your requests: and Mr. B. as well in kindness to me, as for the great respect he bears you, joins with me to beg this favour of you, and of Sir Simon and my lady.

“If it can be obtained, what pleasure and improvement may I not propose to myself, with so polite a companion, when we are carried by Mr. B. to the play, the opera, and other of the town diversions! We will work, visit, read, and sing together, and improve one another; you *me*, in every word you shall speak, in every thing you shall do; I *you*, by my questions, and desire of information, which will make you open all your breast to me: and so unlocking that dear storehouse of virtuous knowledge, improve your own notions the more for communicating them. O my dear Miss Damford I how happy is it in your power to make me!

“I am much affected with your account of Mrs. Jewkes’s reformation, I could have wished, had I not *other* and *stronger* inducements (in the pleasure of so agreeable a neighbourhood, and so sweet a companion), I could have been down at the Hall, in hopes to have confirmed the poor woman in her newly assumed penitence. God give her grace to persevere in it! — To be an humble means of saving a soul from perdition! O my dear Miss Darnford, let me enjoy that heart-ravishing hope! — To pluck such a brand as this out of the fire, and to assist to quench its flaming susceptibility for mischief, and make it useful to edifying purposes, what a pleasure does this afford one! How does it encourage one to proceed in the way one has been guided to pursue! How does it make me hope, that I am raised to my present condition, in order to be an humble instrument in the hand of Providence to communicate great good to others, and so extend to many those benefits I have received, which, were they to go no further than myself, what a vile, what an ungrateful creature should I be!

“I see, my dearest Miss Darnford, how useful in every condition of life a virtuous and a serious turn of mind may be!

“In hopes of seeing you with us, I will not enlarge on several agreeable subjects, which I could touch upon with pleasure, besides what I gave you in my former (of my reception here, and of the kindness of our genteel neighbours): such, particularly, as the arrival here of my dear parents, and the kind, generous entertainment they met with from my best friend; his condescension in not only permitting me to attend them to Kent, but accompanying us thither, and settling them in a most happy manner, beyond their wishes and my own; but yet so much in character, as I may say, that every one must approve his judicious benevolence; the favours of my good Lady Davers to me, who, pleased with my letters, has vouchsafed to become my correspondent; and a thousand things, which I want personally to communicate to my dear Miss Darnford.

“Be pleased to present my humble respects to Lady Darnford, and to Miss Nancy; to good Madam Jones, and to your kind friends at Stamford; also to Mr. and Mrs. Peters, and their kins-woman: and beg of that good gentleman from me to encourage his new proselyte all he can; and I doubt not, she will do credit, poor

woman! to the pains he shall take with her. In hopes of your kind compliance with my wishes for your company, I remain, *dearest Miss Darnford, your faithful and obliged friend and servant,*

"P.B."

This, my good lady, is the long letter I sent to Miss Darnford, who, at parting, engaged me to keep up a correspondence with her, and put me in hopes of passing a month or two at the Hall, if we came down, and if she could persuade Sir Simon and her mamma to spare her to my wishes. Your ladyship will excuse me for so faintly mentioning the honours you confer upon me: but I would not either add or diminish in the communications I make to you.

The following is the copy of what I wrote to Mrs. Jewkes:

"You give me, Mrs. Jewkes, very great pleasure, to find, that, at length, God Almighty has touched your heart, and let you see, while health and strength lasted, the error of your ways. Many an unhappy one has not been so graciously touched, till they have smarted under some heavy afflictions, or been confined to the bed of sickness, when, perhaps, they have made vows and resolutions, that have held them no longer than the discipline lasted; but you give me much better hopes of the sincerity of your conversion; as you are so well convinced, before some sore evil has overtaken you: and it ought to be an earnest to you of the Divine favour, and should keep you from despondency.

"As to me, it became me to forgive you, as I most cordially did; since your usage of me, as it proved, was but a necessary means in the hand of Providence, to exalt me to that state of happiness, in which I have every day more and more cause given me to rejoice, by the kindest and most generous of gentlemen.

"As I have often prayed for you, even when you used me the most unkindly, I now praise God for having heard my prayers, and with high delight look upon you as a reclaimed soul given to my supplication. May the Divine goodness enable you to persevere in the course you have begun! And when you can taste the all-surpassing pleasure that fills the worthy breast, on being placed in a station where your example may be of advantage to the souls of others, as well as to your own — a pleasure that every good mind glories in, and none else can truly relish; then may you be assured, that nothing but your perseverance, and the consequential improvement resulting from it, is wanted to convince you, that you are in a right way, and that the woe that is pronounced against the presumptuous sinner, belongs not to you.

"Let me, therefore, dear Mrs. Jewkes (for now *indeed* you are dear to me), caution you against two things; the one, that you return not to your former ways,

and wilfully err after this repentance; for the Divine goodness will then look upon itself as mocked by you, and will withdraw itself from you; and more dreadful will your state then be, than if you had never repented: the other, that you don't despair of the Divine mercy, which has so evidently manifested itself in your favour, and has awakened you out of your deplorable lethargy, without those sharp medicines and operations, which others, and perhaps *not more faulty* persons, have suffered. But go on cheerfully in the same happy path. Depend upon it, you are now in the right way, and turn not either to the right hand or to the left; for the reward is before you, in reputation and a good fame in this life, and everlasting felicity beyond it.

"Your letter is that of a sensible woman, as I always thought you; and of a truly contrite one, as I hope you will prove yourself to be: and I the rather hope it, as I shall be always desirous, then of taking every opportunity that offers of doing you real service, as well with regard to your present as future life: for I am, *good* Mrs. Jewkes, as I now hope I may call you, *your loving friend to serve you*,

P.B.

"Whatever good books the worthy Mr. Peters will be so kind as to recommend to you, and to those under your direction, send for them either to Lincoln, Stamford, or Grantham, and place them to my account: and may they be the effectual means of confirming you and them in the good way you are in! I have done as much for all here: and, I hope, to no bad effect: for I shall now tell them, by Mrs. Jervis, if there be occasion, that I hope they will not let me be out-done in Bedfordshire, by Mrs. Jewkes in Lincolnshire; but that the servants of both houses may do credit to the best of masters. Adieu, *good* woman; as once more I take pleasure to style you."

* * * * *

Thus, my good lady, have I obeyed you, in transcribing these two letters. I will now proceed to your ladyship's twelve articles. As to the

1. I will oblige your ladyship, as I have opportunity, in my future letters, with such accounts of my dear lady's favour and goodness to me, as I think will be acceptable to you, and to the noble ladies you mention.

2. I am extremely delighted, that your ladyship thinks so well of my dear honest parents: they are good people, and ever had minds that set them above low and sordid actions: and God and your good brother has rewarded them most

amply in this world, which is more than they ever expected, after a series of unprosperousness in all they undertook.

Your ladyship is pleased to say, that people in upper life love to see how plain nature operates in honest minds, who have hardly any thing else for their guide: and if I might not be thought to descend too low for your ladyship's attention (for, as to myself, I shall, I hope, always look back with pleasure to what I *was*, in order to increase my thankfulness for what I *am*), I would give you a scene of resignation, and contented poverty, of which otherwise you can hardly have a notion. I *will* give it, because it will be a scene of nature, however low, which your ladyship loves, and it shall not tire you by its length.

It was upon occasion of a great loss and disappointment which happened to my dear parents; for though they were never high in life, yet they were not always so low as my honoured lady found them, when she took me. My poor father came home; and as the loss was of such a nature, as that he could not keep it from my mother, he took her hand, and said, after he had acquainted her with it, "Come, my dear, let us take comfort, that we did for the best. We left the issue to Providence, as we ought, and that has turned it as it pleased; and we must be content, though not favoured as we wished. — All the business is, our lot is not cast for this life. Let us resign ourselves to the Divine will, and continue to do our duty, and this short life will soon be past. Our troubles will be quickly overblown; and we shall be happy in a better, I make no doubt."

Then my dear mother threw her arms about his neck, and said, with tears, "God's will be done, my dear love! All cannot be rich and happy. I am contented, and had rather say, I have a poor honest husband, than a guilty rich one. What signifies repining: let the world go as it will, we shall have our length and our breadth at last. And Providence, I doubt not, will be a better friend to our good girl here, because she is good, than we could be, if this had not happened," pointing to me, who, then about eleven years old (for it was before my lady took me), sat weeping in the chimney corner, over a few dying embers of a fire, at their moving expressions.

I arose, and kissing both their hands, and blessing them, said, "And this length and breadth, my dear parents, will be, one day, all that the rich and the great can possess; and, it may be, their ungracious heirs will trample upon their ashes, and rejoice they are gone: while such a poor girl as I, am honouring the memories of mine, who, in their good names, and good lessons, will have left me the best of portions."

And then they both hugged me to their fond bosoms, by turns; and all three were filled with comfort in one another.

For a farther proof that *honest poverty* is not such a deplorable thing as some people imagine, let me ask, what pleasure can those over-happy persons know, who, from the luxury of their tastes, and their affluent circumstances, always eat before they are hungry, and drink before they are thirsty? This may be illustrated by the instance of a certain eastern monarch, who, as I have read, marching at the head of a vast army, through a wide extended desert, which afforded neither river nor spring, for the first time, found himself (in common with his soldiers) overtaken by a craving thirst, which made him pant after a cup of water. And when, after diligent search, one of his soldiers found a little dirty puddle, and carried him some of the filthy water in his nasty helmet, the monarch greedily swallowing it, cried out, that in all his life he never tasted so sweet a draught!

But when I talk or write of my worthy parents, how I run on! — Excuse me, my good lady, and don't think me, in this respect, too much like the cat in the fable, turned into a fine lady; for though I would never forget what I was, yet I would be thought to know *how* gratefully to enjoy my present happiness, as well with regard to my obligations to God, as to your dear brother. But let me proceed to your ladyship's third particular.

3. And you cannot imagine. Madam, how much you have set my heart at rest, when you say, that my dear Mr. B. gave me a just narrative of this affair with Miss Godfrey: for when your ladyship desired to know how he had recounted that story, lest you should make a misunderstanding between us unawares, I knew not what to think. I was afraid some blood had been shed on the occasion by him: for the lady was ruined, and as to her, nothing could have happened worse. The regard I have for Mr. B.'s future happiness, which, in my constant supplication for him in private, costs me many a tear, gave me great apprehensions, and not a little uneasiness. But as your ladyship tells me that he gave me a just account, I am happy again.

I now come to your ladyship's fourth particular.

And highly delighted I am for having obtained your approbation of my conduct to the child, as well as of my behaviour towards the dear gentleman, on the unhappy lady's score. Your ladyship's wise intimations about having the child with me, make due impressions upon me; and I see in them, with grateful pleasure, your unmerited regard for me. Yet, I don't know how it is, but I have conceived a strange passion for this dear baby; I cannot but look upon her poor mamma as my sister in point of trial; and shall not the prosperous sister pity and love the poor dear sister that, in so slippery a path, has *fallen*, while *she* had the happiness to keep her feet?

The rest of your ladyship's articles give me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction; and if I can but continue myself in the favour of your dear brother,

and improve in that of his noble sister, how happy shall I be! I will do all I can to deserve both. And I hope you will take as an instance of it, my cheerful obedience to your commands, in writing to so fine a judge, such crude and indigested stuff, as, otherwise I ought to be ashamed to lay before you.

I am impatient for the honour of your presence here; and yet I perplex myself with the fear of appearing so unworthy in your eye when near you, as to suffer in your opinion; but I promise myself, that however this may be the case on your first visit, I shall be so much improved by the benefits I shall reap from your lessons and good example, that whenever I shall be favoured with a *second* you shall have fewer faults to find with me; till, as I shall be more and more favoured, I shall in time be just what your ladyship will wish me to be, and, of consequence, more worthy than I am of the honour of stiling myself *your ladyship's most humble and obedient servant*, P.B.

LETTER XXI

From Miss Darnford, in answer to Mrs. B.'s, .

MY DEAR MRS. B.,

You are highly obliging in expressing so warmly your wishes to have me with you. I know not any body in this world, out of our own family, in whose company I should be happier; but my papa won't part with me, I think; though I have secured my mamma in my interest; and I know Nancy would be glad of my absence, because the dear, perversely envious, thinks *me* more valued than *she* is; and yet, foolish girl, she don't consider, that if her envy be well grounded, I should return with more than double advantages to what I now have, improved by your charming conversation.

My papa affects to be in a fearful pet, at your lecturing of him So justly; for my mamma would show him the letter; and he says he will positively demand satisfaction of Mr. B. for your treating him so freely. And yet he shall hardly think him, he says, on a rank with him, unless Mr. B. will, on occasion of the new commission, take out his Dedimus: and then if he will bring you down to Lincolnshire, and join with him to commit you prisoner for a month at the Hall, all shall be well.

It is very obliging in Mr. B. to join in your kind invitation: but — yet I am loth to say it to you — the character of your worthy gentleman, I doubt, stands a little in the way with my papa.

My mamma pleaded his being married. "Ads-dines, Madam," said he, "what of all that!"

"But, Sir," said I, "I hope, if I may not go to Bedfordshire, you'll permit me to go to London, when Mrs. B. goes?"

"No," said he, "positively no!"

"Well, Sir, I have done. I could hope, however, you would enable me to give a better reason to good Mrs. B. why I am not permitted to accept of the kind invitation, than that which I understand you have been pleased to assign."

He stuck his hands in his sides, with his usual humourous positiveness. "Why, then tell her she is a very saucy lady, for her last letter to you, and her lord and master is not to be trusted; and it is my absolute will and pleasure that you ask me no more questions about it."

"I will very faithfully make this report, Sir."— "Do so." And so I have. And your poor Polly Darnford is disappointed of one of the greatest pleasures she

could have had.

I can't help it — if you truly pity me you can make me easier under the disappointment, than otherwise possible, by favouring me with an epistolary conversation, since I am denied a personal one; and my mamma joins in the request; particularly let us know how Lady Davers's first visit passes; which Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Jones, who know my lady so well, likewise long to hear. And this will make us the best amends in your power for the loss of your good neighbourhood, which we had all promised to ourselves.

This denial of my papa comes out, since I wrote the above, to be principally owing to a proposal made him of an humble servant to one of his daughters: he won't say which, he tells us, in his usual humourous way, lest we should fall out about it.

"I suppose," I tell him, "the young gentleman is to pick and choose which of the two he likes best." But be he a duke, 'tis all one to Polly, if he is not something above our common Lincolnshire class of fox-hunters.

I have shewn Mr. and Mrs. Peters your letter. They admire you beyond expression; and Mr. Peters says, he does not know, that ever he did any thing in his life, that gave him so much inward reproach, as his denying you the protection of his family, which Mr. Williams sought to move him to afford you, when you were confined at the Hall, before Mr. B. came down to you, with his heart bent on mischief; and all he comforts himself with is, that very denial, as well as the other hardships you have met with, were necessary to bring about that work of Providence which was to reward your unexampled virtue.

Yet, he says, he doubts he shall not be thought excusable by you, who are so exact in *your* own duty, since he had the unhappiness to lose such an opportunity to have done honour to his function, had he had the fortitude to have done *his;* and he has begged of me to hint his concern to you on this head; and to express his hopes, that neither religion nor his cloth may suffer in your opinion, for the fault of one of its professors, who never was wanting in his duty so much before.

He had it often upon his mind, he says, to write to you on this very subject; but he had not the courage; and besides, did not know *how* Mr. B. might take it, if he should see that letter, as the case had such delicate circumstances in it, that in blaming himself, as he should very freely have done, he must, by implication, have cast still greater blame upon him.

Mr. Peters is certainly a very good man, and my favourite for that reason; and I hope *you,* who could so easily forgive the late wicked, but now penitent Jewkes, will overlook with kindness a fault in a good man, which proceeded more from pusillanimity and constitution, than from want of principle: for once, talking of it to my mamma, before me, he accused himself on this score, to her, with tears in

his eyes. She, good lady, would have given you this protection at Mr. Williams's desire; but wanted the power to do it.

So you see, my dear Mrs. B., how your virtue has shamed every one into such a sense of what they ought to have done, that good, bad, and indifferent, are seeking to make excuses for past misbehaviour, and to promise future amendment, like penitent subjects returning to their duty to their conquering sovereign, after some unworthy defection.

Happy, happy lady! May you ever be so! May you always convert your enemies, invigorate the lukewarm, and every day multiply your friends, wishes *your most affectionate,*

POLLY DARNFORD.

P.S. How I rejoice in the joy of your honest parents! God bless 'em! I am glad Lady Davers is so wise. Every one I have named desire their best respects. Write oftener, and omit not the minutest thing: for every line of yours carries instruction with it.

LETTER XXII

From Sir Simon Darnford to Mr. B.

SIR,

Little did I think I should ever have occasion to make a formal complaint against a person very dear to you, and who I believe deserves to be so; but don't let her be so proud and so vain of obliging and pleasing you, as to make her not care how she affronts every body else.

The person is no other than the wife of your bosom, who has taken such liberties with me as ought not to be taken, and sought to turn my own child against me, and make a dutiful girl a rebel.

If people will set up for virtue, and all that, let 'em be uniformly virtuous, or I would not give a farthing for their pretences.

Here I have been plagued with gouts, rheumatisms, and nameless disorders, ever since you left us, which have made me call for a little more attendance than ordinary; and I had reason to think myself slighted, where an indulgent father can least bear to be so, that is, where he most loves; and that by young upstarts, who are growing up to the enjoyment of those pleasures which have run away from me, fleeting rascals as they are! before I was willing to part with them. And I rung and rung, and "Where's Polly?" (for I honour the slut with too much of my notice), "Where's Polly?" was all my cry, to every one who came up to ask what I rung for. And, at last, in burst the pert baggage, with an air of assurance, as if she thought all must be well the moment she appeared, with "Do you want me, papa?"

"Do I want you, Confidence? Yes, I do. Where have you been these two hours, that you never came near me, when you knew 'twas my time to have my foot rubbed, which gives me mortal pain?" For you must understand, Mr. B., that nobody's hand's so soft as Polly's.

She gave me a saucy answer, as I was disposed to think it, because I had just then a twinge, that I could scarce bear; for pain is a plaguy thing to a man of my lively spirits.

She gave me, I say, a careless answer, and turning upon her heel; and not coming to me at my first word, I flung a book which I had in my hand, at her head. And, this fine lady of your's, this paragon of meekness and humility, in so many words, bids me, or, which is worse, tells my own daughter to bid me, never to take a book into my hands again, if I won't make a better use of it: — and yet,

what better use can an offended father make of the best books, than to correct a rebellious child with them, and oblige a saucy daughter to jump into her duty all at once?

Mrs. B. reflects upon me for making her blush formerly, and saying things before my daughters, that, truly, I ought to be ashamed of? then avows malice and revenge. Why neighbour, are these things to be borne? — Do you allow your lady to set up for a general corrector of every body's morals but your own? — Do you allow her to condemn the only instances of wit that remain to this generation; that dear polite *double entendre*, which keeps alive the attention, and quickens the apprehension, of the best companies in the world, and is the salt, the sauce, which gives a poignancy to all our genteeler entertainments!

Very fine, truly! that more than half the world shall be shut out of society, shall be precluded their share of conversation amongst the gay and polite of both sexes, were your lady to have her will! Let her first find people who can support a conversation with wit and good sense like her own, and then something may be said: but till then, I positively say, and will swear upon occasion, that double entendre shall not be banished from our tables; and where this won't raise a blush, or create a laugh, we will, if we please, for all Mrs. B. and her new-fangled notions, force the one and the other by still plainer hints; and let her help herself how she can.

Thus, Sir, you find my complaints are of a high nature, regarding the quiet of a family, the duty of a child to a parent, and the freedom and politeness of conversation; in all which your lady has greatly offended; and I insist upon satisfaction from you, or such a correction of the fair transgressor, as is in your power to inflict, and which may prevent worse consequences from *your offended friend and servant*,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXIII

From Mr. B. in Answer to the preceding one.

DEAR SIR SIMON,

You cannot but believe that I was much surprised at your letter, complaining of the behaviour of my wife. I could no more have expected such a complaint from such a gentleman, than I could, that she would have deserved it: and I am very sorry on *both* accounts. I have talked to her in such a manner, that, I dare say, she will never give you like cause to appeal to me.

It happened, that the criminal herself received it from her servant, and brought it to me in my closet; and, making her honours (for I can't say but she is very obliging to me, though she takes such saucy freedoms with my friends) away she tript; and I, inquiring for her, when, with surprise, as you may believe, I had read your charge, found she was gone to visit a poor sick neighbour; of which indeed I knew before because she took the chariot; but I had forgot it in my wrath.

At last, in she came, with that sweet composure in her face which results from a consciousness of doing *generally* just and generous things. I resumed, therefore, that sternness and displeasure which her entrance had almost dissipated. I took her hand; her charming eye (you know what an eye she has, Sir Simon) quivered at my overclouded aspect; and her lips, half drawn to a smile, trembling with apprehension of a countenance so changed from what she left it.

And then, all stiff and stately as I could look, did I accost her— "Come along with me, Pamela, to my closet. I want to talk with you."

"What have I done? Let me know, good Sir!" looking round, with her half-affrighted eyes, this way and that, on the books, and pictures, and on me, by turns.

"You shall know soon," said I, "the *crime* you have been guilty of."— "*Crime*, Sir! Pray let me — This closet, I hoped, would not be a *second* time witness to the flutter you put me in."

There hangs a tale, Sir Simon, which I am not very fond of relating, since it gave beginning to the triumphs of this little sorceress. I still held one hand, and she stood before me, as criminals ought to do before their judge, but said, "I see, Sir, sure I do, — or what will else become of me! — less severity in your eyes, than you affect to put on in your countenance. Dear Sir, let me but know my fault: I will repent, acknowledge, and amend."

"You must have great presence of mind, Pamela, such is the nature of your fault, if you can look me in the face, when I tell it you."

“Then let me,” said the irresistible charmer, hiding her face in my bosom, and putting her other arm about my neck, “let me thus, my dear Mr. B., hide this guilty face, while I hear my fault told; and I will not seek to extenuate it, by my tears, and my penitence.”

I could hardly hold out. What infatuating creatures are these women, when they thus soothe and calm the tumults of an angry heart! When, instead of *scornful* looks darted in return for *angry* ones, words of *defiance* for words of *peevishness,* persisting to defend *one* error by *another*, and returning *vehement wrath* for *slight indignation,* and all the hostile provocations of the marriage warfare; they can thus hide their dear faces in our bosoms, and wish but to *know* their faults, to *amend* them!

I could hardly, I say, resist the sweet girl’s behaviour; nay, I believe, I did, and in defiance to my resolved displeasure, press her forehead with my lips, as the rest of her face was hid on my breast; but, considering it was the cause of my *friend,* I was to assert, my *injured* friend, wounded and insulted, in so various a manner by the fair offender, thus haughtily spoke I to the trembling mischief, in a pomp of style theatrically tragic:

“I will not, too inadvertent, and undistinguishing Pamela, keep you long in suspense, for the sake of a circumstance, that, on this occasion, ought to give you as much joy, as it has, till now, given me — since it becomes an advocate in your favour, when otherwise you might expect very severe treatment. Know then, that the letter you gave me before you went out, is a letter from a friend, a neighbour, a worthy neighbour, complaining of your behaviour to him; — no other than Sir Simon Darnford” (for I would not amuse her too much), “a gentleman I must always respect, and whom, as my friend, I expected *you* should: since, by the value a wife expresses for one esteemed by her husband, whether she thinks so well of him herself, or not, a man ought always to judge of the sincerity of her regards to himself.”

She raised her head at once on this:— “Thank Heaven,” said she, “it is no worse! — I was at my wit’s end almost, in apprehension: but I know how this must be. Dear Sir, how could you frighten me so? — I know how all this is! — I can now look you in the face, and hear all that Sir Simon can charge me with! For I am sure, I have not so affronted him as to make him angry indeed. And truly” (ran she on, secure of pardon as she seemed to think), “I should respect Sir Simon not only as your friend, but on his own account, if he was not so sad a rake at a time of life—”

Then I interrupted her, you must needs think. Sir Simon; for how could I bear to hear my worthy friend so freely treated! “How now, Pamela!” said I; “and is it

thus, by *repeating* your fault, that you *atone* for it? Do you think I can bear to hear my friend so freely treated?"

"Indeed," said she, "I do respect Sir Simon very much as your *friend*, permit me to repeat; but cannot for his wilful failings. Would it not be, in some measure, to approve of faulty conversation, if one can hear it, and not discourage it, when the occasion comes in so pat? — And, indeed, I was glad of an opportunity," continued she, "to give him a little rub; I must needs own it: but if it displeases you, or has made him angry in earnest, I am sorry for it, and will be less bold for the future."

"Read then," said I, "the heavy charge, and I'll return instantly to hear your answer to it." So I went from her, for a few minutes. But, would you believe it, Sir Simon? she seemed, on my return, very little concerned at your just complaints. What self-justifying minds have the meekest of these women! — Instead of finding her in repentant tears, as one would expect, she took your angry letter for a jocular one; and I had great difficulty to convince her of the heinousness of *her* fault, or the reality of your resentment. Upon which, being determined to have justice done to my friend, and a due sense of her own great error impressed upon her, I began thus:

"Pamela, take heed that you do not suffer the purity of your own mind, in breach of your charity, to make you too rigorous a censurer of other people's actions: don't be so puffed up with your own perfections, as to imagine, that, because other persons allow themselves liberties you cannot take, *therefore* they must be wicked. Sir Simon is a gentleman who indulges himself in a pleasant vein, and, I believe, as well as you, *has been* a great rake and libertine:" (You'll excuse me, Sir Simon, because I am taking your part), "but what then? You see it is all over with him now. He says, that he *must*, and therefore he *will* be virtuous: and is a man for ever to hear the faults of his youth, when so willing to forget them?"

"Ah! but, Sir, Sir," said the bold slut, "can you say he is *willing* to forget them? — Does he not repine in this very letter, that he *must* forsake them; and does he not plainly cherish the *inclination*, when he owns—" She hesitated— "Owns what?"— "You know what I mean. Sir, and I need not speak it: and can there well be a more censurable character? — Then before his maiden daughters! his virtuous lady! *before* any body! — What a sad thing is this, at a time of life, which should afford a better example!

"But, dear Sir," continued the bold prattler, (taking advantage of a silence more owing to displeasure than approbation) "let me, for I would not be too *censorious*" (No, not she! in the very act of censoriousness to say this!), "let me

offer but one thing: don't you think Sir Simon himself would be loth to be thought a reformed gentleman? Don't you see his delight, when speaking of his former pranks, as if sorry he could not play them over again? See but how he simpers, and *enjoys*, as one may say, the relations of his own rakish actions, when he tells a bad story!"

"But," said I, "were this the case" (for I profess, Sir Simon, I was at a grievous loss to defend you), "for you to write all these free things against a father to his daughter, is that right, Pamela?"

"O, Sir! the good gentleman himself has taken care, that such a character as I presumed to draw to Miss of her papa, was no strange one to her. You have seen yourself, Mr. B., whenever his arch leers, and his humourous attitude on those occasions, have taught us to expect some shocking story, how his lady and daughters (used to him as they are), have suffered in their apprehensions of what he would say, before he spoke it: how, particularly, dear Miss Darnford has looked at me with concern, desirous, as it were, if possible, to save her papa from the censure, which his faulty expressions must naturally bring upon him. And, dear Sir, is it not a sad thing for a young lady, who loves and honours her papa, to observe, that he is discrediting himself, and *wants* the example he ought to *give?* And pardon me, Sir, for smiling on so serious an occasion; but is it not a fine sight to see a gentleman, as we have often seen Sir Simon, when he has thought proper to read a passage in some bad book, pulling off *his spectacles*, to talk filthily upon it? Methinks I see him now," added the bold slut, "splitting his arch face with a broad laugh, shewing a mouth, with hardly a tooth in it, and making obscene remarks upon what he has read."

And then the dear saucy-face laughed out, to bear *me* company; for I could not, for the soul of me, avoid laughing heartily at the figure she brought to my mind, which I have seen my old friend more than once make, with his dismounted spectacles, arch mouth, and gums of shining jet, succeeding those of polished ivory, of which he often boasts, as one ornament of his youthful days. — And I the rather in my heart, Sir Simon, gave you up, because, when I was a sad fellow, it was always my maxim to endeavour to touch a lady's heart without wounding her ears. And, indeed, I found my account sometimes in observing it. But, resuming my gravity— "Hussy, said I, do you think I will have my old friend thus made the object of your ridicule? — Suppose a challenge should have ensued between us on your account — what might have been the issue of it? To see an old gentleman, stumping, as he says, on crutches, to fight a duel in defence of his wounded honour!"— "Very bad, Sir, to be sure: I see that, and am sorry for it: for had you carried off Sir Simon's crutch, as a trophy, he must have lain sighing and

groaning like a wounded soldier in the field of battle, till another had been brought him, to have stumped home with."

But, dear Sir Simon, I have brought this matter to an issue, that will, I hope, make all easy; — Miss Polly, and my Pamela, shall both be punished as they deserve, if it be not your own fault. I am told, that the sins of your youth don't sit so heavily upon your limbs, as in your imagination; and I believe change of air, and the gratification of your revenge, a fine help to such lively spirits as yours, will set you up. You shall then take coach, and bring your pretty criminal to mine; and when we have them together, they shall humble themselves before us, and you can absolve or punish them, as you shall see proper. For I cannot bear to have my worthy friend insulted in so heinous a manner, by a couple of saucy girls, who, if not taken down in time, may proceed from fault to fault, till there will be no living with them.

If (to be still more serious) your lady and you will lend Miss Darnford to my Pamela's wishes, whose heart is set upon the hope of her wintering with us in town, you will lay an obligation upon us both; which will be acknowledged with great gratitude by, dear Sir, *your affectionate and humble servant*.

LETTER XXIV

From Sir Simon Darnford in reply.

Hark ye, Mr. B. — A word in your ear: — to be plain: I like neither you nor your wife well enough to trust my Polly with you.

But here's war declared against my poor gums, it seems. Well, I will never open my mouth before your lady as long as I live, if I can help it. I have for these ten years avoided to put on my cravat; and for what reason, do you think? — Why, because I could not bear to see what ruins a few years have made in a visage, that used to inspire love and terror as it pleased. And here your — what-shall-I-call-her of a wife, with all the insolence of youth and beauty on her side, follows me with a glass, and would make me look in it, whether I will or not. I'm a plaguy good-humoured old fellow — if I am an old fellow — or I should not bear the insults contained in your letter. Between you and your lady, you make a wretched figure of me, that's certain. — And yet 'tis *taking my part*.

But what must I do? — I'd be glad at any rate to stand in your lady's graces, that I would; nor would I be the last rake libertine unreformed by her example, which I suppose will make virtue the fashion, if she goes on as she does. But here I have been used to cut a joke and toss the squib about; and, as far as I know, it has helped to keep me alive in the midst of pains and aches, and with two women-grown girls, and the rest of the mortifications that will attend on *advanced years*; for I won't (hang me if I will) give it up as absolute *old age!*

But now, it seems, I must leave all this off, or I must be mortified with a looking glass held before me, and every wrinkle must be made as conspicuous as a furrow — And what, pray, is to succeed to this reformation? — I can neither fast nor pray, I doubt. — And besides, if my stomach and my jest depart from me, farewell, Sir Simon Darnford!

But cannot I pass as one necessary character, do you think: as a foil (as, by-the-bye, some of your own actions have been to your lady's virtue) to set off some more edifying example, where variety of characters make up a feast in conversation?

Well, I believe I might have trusted you with my daughter, under your lady's eye, rake as you have been yourself; and fame says wrong, if you have not been, for your time a bolder sinner than ever I was, with your maxim of touching ladies' hearts, without wounding their ears, which made surer work with them, that was all; though 'tis to be hoped you are now reformed; and if you are, the whole country round you, east, west, north, and south, owe great obligations to your fair

reclaimer. But here is a fine prim young fellow, coming out of Norfolk, with one estate in one county, another in another, and jointures and settlements in his hand, and more wit in his head, as well as more money in his pocket, than he can tell what to do with, to visit our Polly; though I tell her I much question the former quality, his wit, if he is for marrying.

Here then is the reason I cannot comply with your kind Mrs. B.'s request. But if this matter should go off; if he should not like *her*, or she *him*; or if I should not like *his* terms, or he *mine*; — or still another *or*, if he should like Nancy better why, then perhaps, if Polly be a good girl, I may trust to her virtue, and to your honour, and let her go for a month or two.

Now, when I have said this, and when I say, further, that I can forgive your severe lady, and yourself too, (who, however, are less to be excused in the airs you assume, which looks like one chimney-sweeper calling another a sooty rascal) I gave a proof of my charity, which I hope with Mrs. B. will cover a multitude of faults; and the rather, since, though I cannot be a *follower* of her virtue in the strictest sense, I can be an *admirer* of it; and that is some little merit: and indeed all that can be at present pleaded by *yourself*, I doubt, any more than *your humble servant*,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXV

MY HONOURED AND DEAR PARENTS,

I hope you will excuse my long silence, which has been owing to several causes, and having had nothing new to entertain you with: and yet this last is but a poor excuse to you, who think every trifling subject agreeable from your daughter.

I daily expect here my Lord and Lady Davers. This gives me no small pleasure, and yet it is mingled with some uneasiness at times; lest I should not, when viewed so intimately near, behave myself answerably to her ladyship's expectations. But I resolve not to endeavour to move out of the sphere of my own capacity, in order to emulate her ladyship. She must have advantages, by conversation, as well as education, which it would be arrogance in me to assume, or to think of imitating.

All that I will attempt to do, therefore, shall be, to shew such a respectful obligingness to my lady, as shall be consistent with the condition to which I am raised; so that she may not have reason to reproach me of pride in my exaltation, nor her dear brother to rebuke me for meanness in condescending: and, as to my family arrangement, I am the less afraid of inspection, because, by the natural bias of my own mind, I bless God, I am above dark reserves, and have not one selfish or sordid view, to make me wish to avoid the most scrutinising eye.

I have begun a correspondence with Miss Darnford, a young lady of uncommon merit. But yet you know her character from my former writings. She is very solicitous to hear of all that concerns me, and particularly how Lady Davers and I agree together. I loved her from the moment I saw her first; for she has the least pride, and the most benevolence and solid thought, I ever knew in a young lady, and does not envy any one. I shall write to her often: and as I shall have so many avocations besides to fill up my time, I know you will excuse me, if I procure from this lady the return of my letters to her, for your perusal, and for the entertainment of your leisure hours. This will give you, from time to time, the accounts you desire of all that happens here. But as to what relates to our own particulars, I beg you will never spare writing, as I shall not answering; for it is one of my greatest delights, that I have such worthy parents (as I hope in God, I long shall) to bless me and to correspond with me.

The papers I send herewith will afford you some diversion, particularly those relating to Sir Simon Darnford; and I must desire, that when you have perused them (as well as what I shall send for the future), you will return them to me.

Mr. Longman greatly pleased me, on his last return, in his account of your health, and the satisfaction you take in your happy lot; and I must recite to you a brief conversation on this occasion, which, I dare say, will please you as much as it did me.

After having adjusted some affairs with his dear principal, which took up two hours, my best beloved sent for me. "My dear," said he, seating me by him, and making the good old gentleman sit down, (for he will always rise at my approach) "Mr. Longman and I have settled, in two hours, some accounts, which would have taken up as many months with some persons: for never was there an exacter or more methodical accomptant. He gives me (greatly to my satisfaction, because I know it will delight you) an account of the Kentish concern, and of the pleasure your father and mother take in it. — Now, my charmer," said he, "I see your eyes begin to glisten: O how this subject raises your whole soul to the windows of it! — Never was so dutiful a daughter, Mr. Longman; and never did parents better deserve a daughter's duty."

I endeavoured before Mr. Longman to rein in a gratitude, that my throbbing heart confessed through my handkerchief, as I perceived: but the good old gentleman could not hinder his from shewing itself at his worthy eyes, to see how much I was favoured — *oppressed*, I should say — with the tenderest goodness to me, and kind expressions.— "Excuse me," said he, wiping his cheeks: "my delight to see such merit so justly rewarded will not be contained, I think." And so he arose and walked to the window.

"Well, good Mr. Longman," said I, as he returned towards us, "you give me the pleasure to know that my father and mother are well; and happy then they *must* be, in a goodness and bounty, that I, and many more, rejoice in."

"Well and happy, Madam; — ay, that they are, indeed! A worthier couple never lived. Most nobly do they go on in the farm. Your honour is one of the happiest gentlemen in the world. All the good you do, returns upon you in a trice. It may well be said *you cast your bread upon the waters*; for it presently comes to you again, richer and heavier than when you threw it in. All the Kentish tenants, Madam, are hugely delighted with their good steward: every thing prospers under his management: the gentry love both him and my dame; and the poor people adore them."

Thus ran Mr. Longman on, to my inexpressible delight, you may believe; and when he withdrew—"'Tis an honest soul," said my dear Mr. B. "I love him for his respectful love to my angel, and his value for the worthy pair. Very glad I am, that every thing answers *their* wishes. May they long live, and be happy!"

The dear man makes me spring to his arms, whenever be touches this string: for he speaks always thus kindly of you; and is glad to hear, he says, that you

don’t live only to yourselves; and now and then adds, that he is as much satisfied with your prudence, as he is with mine; that parents and daughter do credit to one another: and that the praises he hears of you from every mouth, make him take as great pleasure in you, as if you were his own relations. How delighting, how transporting rather, my dear parents, must this goodness be to your happy daughter! And how could I forbear repeating these kind things to you, that you may see how well every thing is taken that you do?

When the expected visit from Lord and Lady Davers is over, the approaching winter will call us to London; and as I shall then be nearer to you, we may oftener hear from one another, which will be a great heightening to my pleasures.

But I hear such an account of the immoralities which persons may observe there, along with the public diversions, that it takes off a little from the satisfaction I should otherwise have in the thought of going thither. For, they say, quarrels, and duels, and gallantries, as they are called, so often happen in London, that those enormities are heard of without the least wonder or surprise.

This makes me very thoughtful at times. But God, I hope, will preserve our dearest benefactor, and continue to me his affection, and then I shall be always happy; especially while your healths and felicity confirm and crown the delights of *your ever dutiful daughter,* P.B.

LETTER XXVI

MY DEAREST CHILD,

It may not be improper to mention ourselves, what the nature of the kindnesses is, which we confer on our poor neighbours, and the labouring people, lest it should be surmised, by any body, that we are lavishing away wealth that is not our own. Not that we fear either your honoured husband or you will suspect so, or that the worthy Mr. Longman would insinuate as much; for he saw what we did, and was highly pleased with it, and said he would make such a report of it as you write he did. What we do is in small things, though the good we hope from them is not small perhaps: and if a very distressful case should happen among our poor neighbours, requiring any thing considerable, and the objects be deserving, we would acquaint you with it, and leave it to you to do as God should direct you.

My dear child, you are very happy, and if it *can* be, may you be happier still! Yet I verily think you cannot be more happy than your father and mother, except in this one thing, that all our happiness, under God, proceeds from you; and, as other parents bless their children with plenty and benefits, you have blessed your parents (or your honoured husband rather for your sake) with all the good things this world can afford.

Your papers are the joy of our leisure hours; and you are kind beyond all expression, in taking care to oblige us with them. We know how your time is taken up, and ought to be very well contented, if but now and then you let us hear of your health and welfare. But it is not enough with such a good daughter, that you have made our lives *comfortable*, but you will make them *joyful* too, by communicating to us, all that befals you: and then you write so piously, and with such a sense of God's goodness to you, and intermix such good reflections in your writings, that whether it be our partial love or not, I cannot tell, but, truly, we think nobody comes up to you: and you make our hearts and eyes so often overflow, as we read, that we join hand in hand, and say to each other, in the same breath— "Blessed be God, and blessed be you, my love,"— "For such a daughter," says the one— "For such a daughter," says the other— "And she has your own sweet temper," cry I.— "And she has your own honest heart," cries she: and so we go on, blessing God, and you, and blessing your spouse, and ourselves! — Is any happiness like ours, my dear daughter?

We are really so enraptured with your writings, that when our spirits flag, through the infirmity of years, which hath begun to take hold of us, we have recourse to some of your papers:— "Come, my dear," cry I, "what say you to a

banquet now?" — She knows what I mean. "With all my heart," says she. So I read although it be on a Sunday, so good are your letters; and you must know, I have copies of many, and after a little while we are as much alive and brisk, as if we had no nagging at all, and return to the duties of the day with double delight.

Consider then, my dear child, what joy your writings give us: and yet we are afraid of oppressing you, who have so much to do of other kinds; and we are heartily glad you have found out a way to save trouble to yourself, and rejoice us, and oblige so worthy a young lady as Miss Darnford, all at one time. I never shall forget her dear goodness, and notice of me at the Hall, kindly pressing my rough hands with her fine hands, and looking in my face with *so* much kindness in her eyes! — What good people, as well as bad, there are in high stations! — Thank God there are; else our poor child would have had a sad time of it too often, when she was obliged to *step out of herself*, as once I heard you phrase it, into company you could not *live with*.

Well, but what shall I say more? and yet how shall I end? — Only, with my prayers, that God will continue to you the blessing and comforts you are in possession of! — And pray now, be not over-thoughtful about London; for why should you let the dread of future evils lessen your present joys? — There is no absolute perfection in this life, that's true; but one would make one's self as easy as one could. 'Tis time enough to be troubled when troubles come— "*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof*."

Rejoice, then, as you have often said you would, in your present blessings, and leave the event of things to the Supreme Disposer of all events. And what have *you* to do but to rejoice? *You*, who cannot see a sun rise, but it is to bless you, and to raise up from their beds numbers to join in the blessing! *You* who can bless your high-born friends, and your low-born parents, and obscure relations! the rich by your example, and the poor by your bounty; and bless besides so good and so brave a husband; — O my dear child, what, let me repeat it, have *you* to do but rejoice? — *For many daughters have done wisely, but you have excelled them all*.

I will only add, that every thing the 'squire ordered is just upon the point of being finished. And when the good time comes, that we shall be again favoured with his presence and yours, what a still greater joy will this afford to the already overflowing hearts of *your ever loving father and mother*,

JOHN *and* ELIZ. ANDREWS.

LETTER XXVII

MY DEAREST MISS DARNFORD,

The interest I take in everything that concerns you, makes me very importunate to know how you approve the gentleman, whom some of your best friends and well-wishers have recommended to your favour. I hope he will deserve your good opinion, and then he must excel most of the unmarried gentlemen in England.

Your papa, in his humourous manner, mentions his large possessions and riches; but were he as rich as Croesus, he should not have my consent, if he has no greater merit; though that is what the generality of parents look out for first; and indeed an easy fortune is so far from being to be disregarded, that, when attended with equal merit, I think it ought to have a *preference* given to it, supposing affections disengaged. For ’tis certain, that a man or woman may stand as good a chance for happiness in marriage with a person of fortune, as with one who has not that advantage; and notwithstanding I had neither riches nor descent to boast of, I must be of opinion with those who say, that they never knew any body despise either, that had them. But to permit riches to be the *principal* inducement, to the neglect of superior merit, that is the fault which many a one smarts for, whether the choice be their own, or imposed upon them by those who have a title to their obedience.

Here is a saucy body, might some who have not Miss Darnford’s kind consideration for her friend, be apt to say, who being thus meanly descended, nevertheless presumes to give her opinion, in these high cases, unasked. — But I have this to say; that I think myself so entirely divested of partiality to my own case, that, as far as my judgment shall permit, I will never have that in view, when I am presuming to hint my opinion of general rules. For, most surely, the honours I have received, and the debasement to which my best friend had subjected himself, have, for their principal excuse, that the gentleman was entirely independent, had no questions to ask, and had a fortune sufficient to make himself, as well as the person he chose, happy, though she brought him nothing at all; and that he had, moreover, such a character for good sense, and knowledge of the world, that nobody could impute to him any other inducement, but that of a noble resolution to reward a virtue he had so frequently, and, I will say, so wickedly, tried, and could not subdue.

My dear Miss, let me, as a subject very pleasing to me, touch upon your kind mention of the worthy Mr. Peters’s sentiments to that part of his conduct to me, which (oppressed by the terrors and apprehensions to which I was subjected) once

I censured; and the readier, as I had so great an honour for his cloth, that I thought, to be a clergyman, and all that was compassionate, good, and virtuous, was the same thing.

But when I came to know Mr. Peters, I had a high opinion of his worthiness, and as no one can be perfect in this life, thus I thought to myself: How hard was then my lot, to be the cause of stumbling to so worthy a heart. To be sure, a gentleman, one who knows, and practises so well, his duty, in every other instance, and preaches it so efficaciously to others, must have been *one day* sensible, that it would not have mis-become his function and character to have afforded that protection to oppressed innocence, which was requested of him: and how would it have grieved his considerate mind, had my ruin been completed, that he did not!

But as he had once a namesake, as one may say, that failed in a much greater instance, let not *my* want of charity exceed *his* fault; but let me look upon it as an infirmity, to which the most perfect are liable; I was a stranger to him; a servant girl carried off by her master, a young gentleman of violent and lawless passions, who, in this very instance, shewed how much in earnest he was set upon effecting all his vile purposes; and whose heart, although *God* might touch, it was not probable any lesser influence could. Then he was not sure, that, though he might assist my escape, I might not afterwards fall again into the hands of so determined a violator: and that difficulty would not, with such an one, enhance his resolution to overcome all obstacles.

Moreover, he might think, that the person, who was moving him to this worthy measure, possibly sought to gratify a view of his own, and that while endeavouring to save, to outward appearance, a virtue in danger, he was, in reality, only helping another to a wife, at the hazard of exposing himself to the vindictiveness of a violent temper, and a rich neighbour, who had power as well as will to resent; for such was his apprehension, entirely groundless as it was, though not improbable, as it might seem to him.

For all these considerations, I must pity, rather than too rigorously censure, the worthy gentleman, and I will always respect him. And thank him a thousand times, my dear, in my name, for his goodness in condescending to acknowledge, by your hand, his infirmity, as such; for this gives an excellent proof of the natural worthiness of his heart; and that it is beneath him to seek to extenuate a fault, when he thinks he has committed one.

Indeed, my dear friend, I have so much honour for the clergy of all degrees, that I never forget in my prayers one article, that God will make them shining lights to the world; since so much depends on their ministry and examples, as well with respect to our public as private duties. Nor shall the faults of a few

make impression upon me to the disadvantage of the order; for I am afraid a very censorious temper, in this respect, is too generally the indication of an uncharitable and perhaps a profligate heart, levelling characters, in order to cover some inward pride, or secret enormities, which they are ashamed to avow, and will not be instructed to amend.

Forgive, my dear, this tedious scribble; I cannot for my life write short letters to those I love. And let me hope that you will favour me with an account of your new affair, and how you proceed in it; and with such of your conversations, as may give me some notion of a polite courtship. For, alas! your poor friend knows nothing of this. All her courtship was sometimes a hasty snatch of the hand, a black and blue gripe of the arm, and— "Whither now?"— "Come to me when I bid you!" And Saucy-face, and Creature, and such like, on his part — with fear and trembling on mine; and— "I will, I will! — Good Sir, have mercy!" At other times a scream, and nobody to hear or mind me; and with uplift hands, bent knees, and tearful eyes— "For God's sake, pity your poor servant."

This, my dear Miss Darnford, was the hard treatment that attended my courtship — pray, then, let me know, how gentlemen court their equals in degree; how they look when they address you, with their knees bent, sighing, supplicating, and *all that*, as Sir Simon says, with the words Slave, Servant, Admirer, continually at their tongue's end.

But after all, it will be found, I believe, that be the language and behaviour ever so obsequious, it is all designed to end alike — The English, the plain English, of the politest address, is,— "I am now, dear Madam, your humble servant: pray be so good as to let me be your master,"— "Yes, and thank you too," says the lady's heart, though not her lips, if she likes him. And so they go to church together; and, in conclusion, it will be happy, if these obsequious courtships end no worse than my frightful one.

But I am convinced, that with a man of sense, a woman of tolerable prudence *must* be happy.

That whenever you marry, it may be to such a man, who then must value you as you deserve, and make you happy as I now am, notwithstanding all that's past, wishes and prays *your obliged friend and servant,*

P.B.

[N.B. — Although Miss Darnford could not receive the above letter so soon, as to answer it before others were sent to her by her fair correspondent; yet we think it not amiss to dispense with the order of time, that the reader may have the letter and answer at one view, and shall on other occasions take the like liberty.]

LETTER XXVIII

In answer to the preceding

MY DEAR MRS. B.,

You charm us all with your letters. Mr. Peters says, he will never go to bed, nor rise, but he will pray for you, and desires I will return his thankful acknowledgment for your favourable opinion of him, and kind allowances. If there be an angel on earth, he says, you are one. My papa, although he has seen your stinging reflection upon his refusal to protect you, is delighted with you too; and says, when you come down to Lincolnshire again, he will be *undertaken* by you in good earnest: for he thinks it was wrong in him to deny you his protection.

We all smiled at the description of your own uncommon courtship. And, as they say the days of courtship are the happiest part of life, if we had not known that your days of marriage are happier by far than any other body's courtship, we must needs have pitied. But as the one were days of trial and temptation, the others are days of reward and happiness: may the last always continue to be so, and you'll have no occasion to think any body happier than Mrs. B.!

I thank you heartily for your good wishes as to the man of sense. Mr. Murray has been here, and continues his visits. He is a lively gentleman, well enough in his person, has a tolerable character, yet loves company, and will take his bottle freely; my papa likes him ne'er the worse for that: he talks a good deal; dresses gay, and even richly, and seems to like his own person very well — no great pleasure this for a lady to look forward to; yet he falls far short of that genteel ease and graceful behaviour, which distinguish your Mr. B. from any body I know.

I wish Mr. Murray would apply to my sister. She is an ill-natured girl; but would make a good wife, I hope; and fancy she'd like him well enough. I can't say I do. He laughs too much; has something boisterous in his conversation: his complaisance is not pretty; he is, however, well versed in country sports; and my papa loves him for that too, and says— "He is a most accomplished gentleman."— "Yes Sir," cry I, "as gentlemen go."— "You *must* be saucy," says Sir Simon, "because the man offers himself to your acceptance. A few years hence, perhaps, if you remain single, you'll alter your note, Polly, and be willing to jump at a much less worthy tender."

I could not help answering that, although I paid due honour to all my papa was pleased to say, I could not but hope he would be mistaken in this. But I have

broken my mind to my dear mamma, who tells me, she will do me all the pleasure she can; but would be loth the youngest daughter should go *first*, as she calls it. But if I could come and live with you a little now and then, I did not care who married, unless such an one offered as I never expect.

I have great hopes the gentleman will be easily persuaded to quit me for Nancy; for I see he has not delicacy enough to love with any great distinction. He says, as my mamma tells me by the bye, that I am the handsomest, and best humoured, and he has found out as he thinks, that I have some wit, and have ease and freedom (and he tacks innocence to them) in my address and conversation. 'Tis well for me, *he* is of this opinion: for if he thinks justly, which I must question, *any body* may think so still much more; for I have been far from taking pains to engage his good word, having been under more reserve to him, than ever I was before to any body.

Indeed, I can't help it: for the gentleman is forward without delicacy; and (pardon me, Sir Simon) my papa has not one bit of it neither; but is for pushing matters on, with his rough raillery, that puts me out of countenance, and has already adjusted the sordid part of the preliminaries, as he tells me.

Yet I hope Nancy's three thousand pound fortune more than I am likely to have, will give her the wished-for preference with Mr. Murray; and then, as to a brother-in-law, in prospect, I can put off all restraint, and return to my usual freedom.

This is all that occurs worthy of notice from us: but from you, we expect an account of Lady Davers's visit, and of the conversations that offer among you; and you have so delightful a way of making every thing momentous, either by your subject or reflections, or both, that we long for every post-day, in hopes of the pleasure of a letter. And yours I will always carefully preserve, as so many testimonies of the honour I receive in this correspondence: which will be always esteemed as it deserves, by, my dear Mrs. B., *your obliged and faithful*

POLLY DARNFORD.

Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Jones, my papa, mamma, and sister, present their respects. Mr. Peters I mentioned before. He continues to give a very good account of poor Jewkes; and is much pleased with her.

LETTER XXIX

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

At your desire, and to oblige your honoured mamma, and your good neighbours, I will now acquaint you with the arrival of Lady Davers, and will occasionally write what passes among us, I will not say worthy of notice; for were I only to do so, I should be more brief, perhaps, by much, than you seem to expect. But as my time is pretty much taken up, and I find I shall be obliged to write a bit now, and a bit then, you must excuse me, if I dispense with some forms, which I ought to observe, when I write to one I so dearly love; and so I will give it journal-wise, as it were, and have no regard, when it would fetter or break in upon my freedom of narration, to inscription or subscription; but send it as I have opportunity, and if you please to favour me so far, as to lend it me, after you have read the stuff, for the perusal of my father and mother, to whom my duty, and promise require me to give an account of my proceedings, it will save me transcription, for which I shall have no time; and then you will excuse blots and blurs, and I will trouble myself no farther for apologies on that score, but this once for all.

If you think it worth while when they have read it, you shall have it again.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SIX O'CLOCK.

For my dear friend permits me to rise an hour sooner than usual, that I may have time to scribble; for he is always pleased to see me so employed, or in reading; often saying, when I am at my needle, (as his sister once wrote) "Your maids can do this, Pamela: but they cannot write as you can." And yet, as he says, when I choose to follow my needle, as a diversion from too intense study, (but, alas! I know not what study is, as may be easily guessed by my hasty writing, putting down every thing as it comes) I shall then do as I please. But I promised at setting out, what a good wife I'd endeavour to make: and every honest body should try to be as good as her word, you know, and such particulars as I then mentioned, I think I ought to dispense with as little as possible; especially as I promised no more than what was my duty to perform, if I had *not* promised. But what a preamble is here? Judge by it what impertinences you may expect as I proceed.

Yesterday evening arrived here my Lord and Lady Davers, their nephew, and the Countess of C., mother of Lady Betty, whom we did not expect, but took it for

the greater favour. It seems her ladyship longed, as she said, to see *me*; and this was her principal inducement. The two ladies, and their two women, were in Lord Davers's coach and six, and my lord and his nephew rode on horseback, attended with a train of servants.

We had expected them to dinner; but they could not reach time enough; for the countess being a little incommoded with her journey, the coach travelled slowly. My lady would not suffer her lord, nor his nephew, to come hither before her, though on horseback, because she would be present, she said, when his lordship first saw me, he having quite forgot *her mother's Pamela*; that was her word.

It rained when they came in; so the coach drove directly to the door, and Mr. B. received them there; but I was in a little sort of flutter, which Mr. B. observing, made me sit down in the parlour to compose myself. "Where's Pamela?" said my lady, as soon as she alighted.

I stept out, lest she should take it amiss: and she took my hand, and kissed me: "Here, my lady countess," said she, presenting me to her, "here's the girl; see if I said too much in praise of her person."

The countess saluted me with a visible pleasure in her eye, and said, "Indeed, Lady Davers, you have not. 'Twould have been strange (excuse me, Mrs. B., for I know your story), if such a fine flower had not been transplanted from the field to the garden."

I made no return, but by a low curtsey, to her ladyship's compliment. Then Lady Davers taking my hand again, presented me to her lord: "See here, my lord, my mother's Pamela."— "And see here, my lord," said her generous brother, taking my other hand most kindly, "see here your brother's Pamela too!"

My lord saluted me: "I do," said he to his lady, and to his brother; "and I see the first person in her, that has exceeded my expectation, when every mouth had *prepared* me to expect a wonder."

Mr. H., whom every one calls Lord Jackey, after his aunt's example, when she is in good humour with him, and who is a very *young* gentleman, though about as old as my best friend, came to me next, and said, "Lovelier and lovelier, by my life! — I never saw your peer, Madam."

Will you excuse me, my dear, all this seeming vanity, for the sake of repeating exactly what passed?

"Well, but," said my lady, taking my hand, in her free quality way, which quite dashed me, and holding it at a distance, and turning me half round, her eye fixed to my waist, "let me observe you a little, my sweet-faced girl; — I hope I am right: I hope you will do credit to my brother, as he has done you credit. Why do you let her lace so tight, Mr. B.?"

I was unable to look up, as you may believe, Miss: my face, all over scarlet, was hid in my bosom, and I looked so *silly!* —

"Ay," said my naughty lady, "you may well look down, my good girl: for works of this nature will not be long hidden. — And, oh! my lady," (to the countess) "see how like a pretty *thief* she looks!"

"Dear my lady!" said I: for she still kept looking at me: and her good brother, seeing my confusion, in pity to me, pressed my blushing face a moment to his generous breast, and said, "Lady Davers, you should not be thus hard upon my dear girl, the moment you see her, and before so many witnesses: — but look up, my best love, take your revenge of my sister, and tell her, you wish her in the same way."

"It is so then?" said my lady. "I'm glad of it with all my heart. I will now love you better and better: but I almost doubted it, seeing her still so slender. But if, my good child, you lace too tight, I'll never forgive you." And so she gave me a kiss of congratulation, as she said.

Do you think I did not look very silly? My lord, smiling, and gazing at me from head to foot; Lord Jackey grinning and laughing, like an oaf, as I then, in my spite, thought. Indeed the countess said, encouragingly to me, but severely in persons of birth, "Lady Davers, you are as much too teazing, as Mrs. B. is too bashful. But you are a happy man, Mr. B., that your lady's bashfulness is the principal mark by which we can judge she is not of quality." Lord Jackey, in the language of some character in a play, cried out, "*A palpable hit, by Jupiter!*" and laughed egregiously, running about from one to another, repeating the same words.

We talked only upon common topics till supper-time, and I was all ear, as I thought it became me to be; for the countess had, by her first compliment, and by an aspect as noble as intelligent, overawed me, as I may say, into a respectful silence, to which Lady Davers's free, though pleasant raillery (which she could not help carrying on now-and-then) contributed. Besides, Lady Davers's letters had given me still greater reason to revere her wit and judgment than I had before, when I reflected on her passionate temper, and such parts of the conversation I had had with her ladyship in your neighbourhood; which (however to be admired) fell short of her letters.

When we were to sit down at table, I looked, I suppose, a little diffidently: for I really then thought of my lady's anger at the Hall, when she would not have permitted me to sit at table with her; and Mr. B. saying, "Take your place, my dear; you keep our friends standing;" I sat down in my usual seat. And my lady said, "None of your reproaching eye, Pamela; I know what you hint at by it; and every letter I have received from you has made me censure myself for my *lady-*

airs, as you call ‘em, you sauce-box you: I told you, I’d *lady-airs* you when I saw you; and you shall have it all in good time.”

“I am sure,” said I, “I shall have nothing from your ladyship, but what will be very agreeable: but, indeed, I never meant any thing particular by that, or any other word that I wrote; nor could I think of any thing but what was highly respectful to your ladyship.”

Lord Davers was pleased to say, that it was impossible I should either write or speak any thing that could be taken amiss.

Lady Davers, after supper, and the servants were withdrawn, began a discourse on titles, and said, “Brother, I think you should hold yourself obliged to my Lord Davers; for he has spoken to Lord S. who made him a visit a few days ago, to procure you a baronet’s patent. Your estate, and the figure you make in the world, are so considerable, and your family besides is so ancient, that, methinks, you should wish for some distinction of that sort.”

“Yes, brother,” said my lord, “I did mention it to Lord S. and told him, withal, that it was without your knowledge or desire that I spoke about it; and I was not very sure you would accept of it; but ’tis a thing your sister has wished for a good while.”

“What answer did my Lord S. make to it?” said Mr. B.

“He said, ‘We,’ meaning the ministers, I suppose, ‘should be glad to oblige a man of Mr. B.’s figure in the world; but you mention it so slightly, that you can hardly expect courtiers will tender it to any gentleman that is so indifferent about it; for, Lord Davers, we seldom grant honours without a view: I tell you that,’ added he, smiling.”

“My Lord S. might mention this as a jest,” returned Mr. B., “but he spoke the truth. But your lordship said well, that I was indifferent about it. ’Tis true, ’tis an hereditary title; but the rich citizens, who used to be satisfied with the title of Knight, (till they made it so common, that it is brought into as great contempt almost as that of the French knights of St. Michael, and nobody cares to accept of it) now are ambitious of this; and, as I apprehend, it is hastening apace into like disrepute. Besides, ’tis a novel honour, and what the ancestors of our family, who lived at its institution, would never accept of. But were it a peerage, which has some essential privileges and splendours annexed to it, to make it desirable to some men, I would not enter into conditions for it. Titles at best,” added he, “are but shadows; and he that has the substance should be above valuing them; for who that has the whole bird, would pride himself upon a single feather?”

“But,” said my lady, “although I acknowledge that the institution is of late date, yet, as abroad, as well as at home, it is regarded as a title of dignity, and the best families among the gentry are supposed to be distinguished by it, I should

wish you to accept of it. And as to citizens who have it, they are not many; and some of this class of people, or their immediate descendants, have bought themselves into the peerage itself of the one kingdom or the other."

[Footnote 1: This order was become so scandalously common in France, that, to order to suppress it, the hangman was vested with the ensigns of it, which effectually abolished it.]

"As to what it is looked upon abroad," said Mr. B., "this is of no weight at all; for when an Englishman travels, be he of what degree he will, if he has an equipage, and squanders his money away, he is a lord of course with foreigners: and therefore Sir Such-a-one is rather a diminution to him, as it gives him a lower title than his vanity would perhaps make him aspire to be thought in the possession of. Then, as to citizens, in a trading nation like this, I am not displeased in the main, with seeing the overgrown ones creeping into nominal honours; and we have so many of our first titled families, who have allied themselves to trade, (whose inducements were money only) that it ceases to be either a wonder as to the fact, or a disgrace as to the honour."

"Well, brother," said my lady, "I will tell you farther, the thing may be had for asking for; if you will but go to court, and desire to kiss the king's hand, that will be all the trouble you'll have: and pray now oblige me in it."

"If a title would make me either a better or a wiser man," replied Mr. B., "I would embrace it with pleasure. Besides, I am not so satisfied with some of the measures now pursuing, as to owe any obligation to the ministers. Accepting of a small title from them, is but like putting on their badge, or listing under their banners; like a certain lord we all know, who accepted of one degree more of title to shew he was theirs, and would not have an higher, lest it should be thought a satisfaction tantamount to half the pension he demanded: and could I be easy to have it supposed, that I was an ungrateful man for voting as I pleased, because they gave me the title of a baronet?"

The countess said, the world always thought Mr. B. to be a man of steady principles, and not attached to any party; but, in her opinion, it was far from being inconsistent with any gentleman's honour and independency, to accept of a title from a prince he acknowledged as his sovereign.

"'Tis very true. Madam, that I am attached to no party, nor ever will. I will be a *country gentleman*, in the true sense of the word, and will accept of no favour that shall make any one think I would *not* be of the opposition when I think it a necessary one; as, on the other hand, I should scorn to make myself a round to any man's ladder of preferment, or a caballer for the sake of my own."

"You say well, brother," returned Lady Davers; "but you may undoubtedly keep your own principles and independency, and yet pay your duty to the king,

and accept of this title; for your family and fortune will be a greater ornament to the title, than the title to you."

"Then what occasion have I for it, if that be the case, Madam?"

"Why, I can't say, but I should be glad you had it, for your family's sake, as it is an hereditary honour. Then it would mend the style of your spouse here; for the good girl is at such a loss for an epithet when she writes, that I see the constraint she lies under. It is, '*My dear gentleman, my best friend, my benefactor, my dear Mr. B.*' whereas Sir William would turn off her periods more roundly, and no other softer epithets would be wanting."

"To me," replied he, "who always desire to be distinguished as my Pamela's best friend, and think it an honour to be called *her dear Mr. B. and her dear man*, this reason weighs very little, unless there were no other Sir William in the kingdom than *her* Sir William: for I am very emulous of her favour, I can tell you, and think it no small distinction."

I blushed at this too great honour, before such company, and was afraid my lady would be a little picqued at it. But after a pause, she said, "Well, then, brother, will you let Pamela decide upon this point?"

"Rightly put," said the countess. "Pray let Mrs. B. choose for you,
Sir. My lady has hit the thing."

"Very good, by my soul," says Lord Jackey; "let my *young aunt*," that was his word, "choose for you, Sir."

"Well, then, Pamela," said Mr. B., "give us your opinion, as to this point."

"But, first," said Lady Davers, "say you will be determined by it; or else she will be laid under a difficulty."

"Well, then," replied he, "be it so — I will be determined by your opinion, my dear; give it me freely."

Lord Jackey rubbed his hands together, "Charming, charming, as I hope to live! By Jove, this is just as I wished!"

"Well, now, Pamela," said my lady, "speak your true heart without disguise: I charge you do."

"Why then, gentlemen and ladies," said I, "if I must be so bold as to speak on a subject, upon which on several accounts, it would become me to be silent, I should be *against* the title; but perhaps my reason is of too private a nature to weigh any thing: and if so, it would not become me to have any choice at all."

They all called upon me for my reason; and I said, looking down a little abashed, "It is this: Here my dear Mr. B. has disparaged himself by distinguishing, as he has done, such a low creature as I; and the world will be apt

to say, he is seeking to repair *one way* the honour he has lost *another!* and then perhaps, it will be attributed to my pride and ambition: ‘Here, they will perhaps say, ‘the proud cottager will needs be a lady in hopes to conceal her descent;’ whereas, had I such a vain thought, it would be but making it the more remembered against both Mr. B. and myself. And indeed, as to my own part, I take too much pride in having been lifted up into this distinction for the causes to which I owe it, your brother’s *bounty* and *generosity*, than to be ashamed of what I *was*: only now-and-then I am concerned for his own sake, lest he should be too much censured. But this would not be prevented, but rather be promoted by the title. So I am humbly of opinion against the title.”

Mr. B. had hardly patience to hear me out, but came to me and folding his arms about me, said, “Just as I wished, have you answered, my beloved Pamela; I was never yet deceived in you; no, not once.”

“Madam,” said he to the countess, “Lord Davers, Lady Davers, do we want any titles, think you, to make us happy but what we can confer upon ourselves?” And he pressed my hand to his lips, as he always honours me most in company and went to his place highly pleased; while his fine manner drew tears from my eyes, and made his noble sister’s and the countess’s glisten too.

“Well, for my part,” said Lady Davers, “thou art a strange girl: where, as my brother once said, gottest thou all this?” Then pleasantly humorous, as if she was angry, she changed her tone, “What signify thy *meek* words and *humble* speeches when by thy *actions*, as well as *sentiments*, thou reflectest upon us all? Pamela,” said she, “have less merit, or take care to conceal it better: I shall otherwise have no more patience with thee, than thy monarch has just now shewn.”

The countess was pleased to say, “You’re a happy couple indeed!”

Such sort of entertainment as this you are to expect from your correspondent. I cannot do better than I can; and it may appear such a mixture of self-praise, vanity, and impertinence, that I expect you will tell me freely, as soon as this comes to your hand, whether it be tolerable to you. Yet I must write on, for my dear father and mother’s sake, who require it of me, and are prepared to approve of every thing that comes from me, for no other reason but that: and I think you ought to leave me to write to them only, as I cannot hope it will be entertaining to any body else, without expecting as much partiality and favour from others, as I have from my dear parents. Mean time I conclude here my first conversation-piece; and am, and will be, *always yours, &c.* P.B.

LETTER XXX

THURSDAY MORNING, SIX O'CLOCK.

Our breakfast conversation yesterday (at which only Mrs. Worden, my lady's woman, and my Polly attended) was so whimsically particular, (though I doubt some of it, at least, will appear too trifling) that I must acquaint my dear Miss Darnford with it, who is desirous of knowing all that relates to Lady Davers's conduct towards me.

You must know, then, I have the honour to stand very high in the graces of Lord Davers, who on every occasion is pleased to call me his *good Sister*, his *dear Sister*, and sometimes his *charming Sister*, and he says, he will not be out of my company for an hour together, while he stays here, if he can help it.

My lady seems to relish this very well in the main, though she cannot quite so readily, yet, frame her mouth to the sound of the word *Sister*, as my lord does; of which this that follows is one instance.

His lordship had called me by that tender name twice before, and saying, "I will drink another dish, I think, my *good Sister*." My lady said, "Your lordship has got a word by the end, that you seem mighty fond of: I have taken notice, that you have called Pamela *Sister, Sister, Sister*, no less than three times in a quarter of an hour."

My lord looked a little serious: "I shall one day," said he, "be allowed to choose my own words and phrases, I hope — Your sister, Mr. B.," added he, "often questions whether I am at age or not, though the House of Peers made no scruple of admitting me among them some years ago."

Mr. B. said severely, but with a smiling air, "'Tis well she has such a gentleman as your lordship for a husband, whose affectionate indulgence to her makes you overlook all her saucy sallies! I am sure, when you took her out of our family into your own, we all thought ourselves, I in particular, bound to pray for you."

I thought this a great trial of my lady's patience: but it was from Mr. B. And she said, with a half-pleasant, half-serious air, "How now, Confidence! — None but my brother could have said this, whose violent spirit was always much more intolerable than mine: but I can tell you, Mr. B., I was always thought very good-humoured and obliging to every body, till your impudence came from college, and from your travels; and then, I own, your provoking ways made me now-and-then a little out of the way."

“Well, well, sister, we’ll have no more of this subject; only let us see that my Lord Davers wants not his proper authority with you, although you used to keep *me* in awe formerly.”

“Keep *you* in awe! — That nobody could ever do yet, boy or man. But, my lord, I beg your pardon; for this brother will make mischief betwixt us if he can — I only took notice of the word *Sister* so often used, which looked more like affectation than affection.”

“Perhaps, Lady Davers,” said my lord, gravely, “I have two reasons for using the word so frequently.”

“I’d be glad to hear them,” said the dear taunting lady; “for I don’t doubt they’re mighty good ones. What are they, my lord?”

“One is, because I love, and am fond of my new relation: the other, that you are so sparing of the word, that I call her so for us both.”

“Your lordship says well,” replied Mr. B., smiling: “and Lady Davers can give two reasons why she does *not*.”

“Well,” said my lady, “now we are in for’t, let us hear *your* two reasons likewise; I doubt not they’re wise ones too.”

“If they are *yours*, Lady Davers, they must be so. One is, That every condescension (to speak in a proud lady’s dialect) comes with as much difficulty from her, as a favour from the House of Austria to the petty princes of Germany. The second, Because those of your sex — (Excuse me, Madam,” to the countess) “who have once made scruples, think it inconsistent with themselves to be over hasty to alter their own conduct, choosing rather to persist in an error, than own it to be one.”

This proceeded from his impatience to see me in the least slighted by my lady; and I said to Lord Davers, to soften matters, “Never, my lord, were brother and sister so loving in earnest, and yet so satirical upon each other in jest, as my good lady and Mr. B. But your lordship knows their way.”

My lady frowned at her brother, but turned it off with an air: “I love the mistress of this house,” said she, “very well; and am quite reconciled to her: but methinks there is such a hissing sound in the word *Sister*, that I cannot abide it. ’Tis a true English word, but a word I have not been used to, having never had a sis-s-s-ter before, as you know,” — Speaking the first syllable of the word with an emphatical hiss.

Mr. B. said, “Observe you not, Lady Davers, that you used a word (to avoid that) which had twice the hissing in it that *sister* has? And that was mis-s-s-tress, with two other hissing words to accompany it, of this-s-s hous-s-e: but to what

childish follies does not pride make one stoop! — Excuse, Madam" (to the countess), "such poor low conversation as we are dwindled into."

"O Sir," said her ladyship, "the conversation is very agreeable; — and
I think, Lady Davers, you're fairly caught."

"Well," said my lady, "then help me, good *sister* — there's for you! — to a little sugar. Will that please you, Sir?"

"I am always pleased," replied her brother, smiling, "when Lady Davers acts up to her own character, and the good sense she is mistress of."

"Ay, ay, my good brother, like other wise men, takes it for granted that it is a mark of good sense to approve of whatever *he* does. — And so, for this one time, I am a very sensible body with him — And I'll leave off, while I have his good word. Only one thing I must say to you, my dear," turning to me, "that though I call you Pamela, as I please, be assured, I love you as well as if I called you *sister*, as Lord Davers does, at every word."

"Your ladyship gives me great pleasure," said I, "in this kind assurance; and I don't doubt but I shall have the honour of being called by that tender name, if I can be so happy as to deserve it; and I'll lose no opportunity that shall be afforded me, to show how sincerely I will endeavour to do so."

She was pleased to rise from her seat: "Give me a kiss, my dear girl; you deserve every thing: and permit me to say Pamela sometimes, as the word occurs: for I am not used to speak in print; and I will call you *sister* when I think of it, and love you as well as ever sister loved another."

"These proud and passionate folks," said Mr. B., "how good they can be, when they reflect a little on what becomes their characters!"

"So, then," rejoined my lady, "I am to have no merit of my own, I see, do what I will. This is not quite so generous in my brother, as one might expect."

"Why, you saucy sister — excuse me. Lord Davers — what merit *would* you assume? Can people merit by doing their duty? And is it so great a praise, that you think fit to own for a sister so deserving a girl as this, whom I take pride in calling my wife?"

"Thou art what thou always wert," returned my lady; "and were I in this my imputed pride to want an excuse, I know not the creature living, that ought so soon to make one for me, as you."

"I *do* excuse you," said he, "for *that* very reason, if you please: but it little becomes either your pride, or mine, to do any thing that wants excuse."

"Mighty moral! mighty grave, truly! — Pamela, friend, sister, — there's for you! — thou art a happy girl to have made such a reformation in thy honest man's

way of *thinking* as well as *acting*. But now we are upon this topic, and only friends about us, I am resolved to be even with thee, brother — Jackey, if you are not for another dish, I wish you'd withdraw. Polly Barlow, we don't want you. Beck, you may stay." Mr. H. obeyed; and Polly went out; for you must know, Miss, that my Lady Davers will have none of the men-fellows, as she calls them, to attend upon us at tea. And I cannot say but I think her entirely in the right, for several reasons that might be given.

When they were withdrawn, my lady repeated, "Now we are upon this topic of reclaiming and reformation, tell me, thou bold wretch; for you know I have seen all your rogueries in Pamela's papers; tell me, if ever rake but thyself made such an attempt as thou didst, on this dear good girl, in presence of a virtuous woman, as Mrs. Jervis was always noted to be? As to the other vile creature, Jewkes, 'tis less wonder, although in *that* thou hadst the impudence of *him* who set thee to work: but to make thy attempt before Mrs. Jervis, and in spite of *her* struggles and reproaches, was the very stretch of shameless wickedness."

Mr. B. seemed a little disconcerted, and said, "Surely, Lady Davers, this is going too far! Look at Pamela's blushing face, and downcast eye, and wonder at yourself for this question, as much as you do at me for the action you speak of."

The countess said to me, "My dear Mrs. B., I wonder not at this sweet confusion on so affecting a question! — but, indeed, since it is come in so naturally, I must say, Mr. B., that we have all, and my daughters too, wondered at this, more than at any part of your attempts; because, Sir, we thought you one of the most civilized men in England, and that you could not but wish to have saved appearances at least."

"Though this is to you, my Pamela, the renewal of griefs; yet hold up your dear face. You may — The triumph was yours — the shame and the blushes ought to be mine — And I will humour my saucy sister in all she would have me say."

"Nay," said Lady Davers, "you know the question; I cannot put it stronger."

"That's very true," replied he: "But would you expect I should give you a *reason* for an attempt that appears to you so very shocking?"

"Nay, Sir," said the countess, "don't say *appears* to Lady Davers; for (excuse me) it will appear so to every one who hears of it."

"I think my brother is too hardly used," said Lord Davers; "he has made all the amends he could make: — and *you*, my sister, who were the person offended, forgive him now, I hope; don't you?"

I could not answer; for I was quite confounded; and made a motion to withdraw: but Mr. B. said, "Don't go, my dear: though I ought to be ashamed of an action set before me in so full a glare, in presence of Lord Davers and the

countess; yet I will not have you stir because I forget how you represented it, and you must tell me."

"Indeed, Sir, I cannot," said I; "pray, my dear ladies — pray, my good lord — and, dear Sir, don't thus *renew my griefs*, as you were pleased justly to phrase it."

"I have the representation of that scene in my pocket," said my lady; "for I was resolved, as I told Lady Betty, to shame the wicked wretch with it the first opportunity; and I'll read it to you; or rather, you shall read it yourself, Bold-face, if you can."

So she pulled those leaves out of her pocket, wrapped up carefully in a paper. "Here, — I believe he who could act thus, must read it; and, to spare Pamela's confusion, read it to yourself; for we all know how it was."

"I think," said he, taking the papers, "I can say something to abate the heinousness of this heavy charge, or else I should not stand thus at the insolent bar of my sister, answering her interrogatories."

I send you, my dear Miss Darnford, a transcript of the charge. To be sure, you'll say, he was a very wicked man.

Mr. B. read it to himself, and said, "This is a dark affair, as here stated; and I can't say, but Pamela, and Mrs. Jervis too, had great reason to apprehend the worst: but surely readers of it, who were less parties in the supposed attempt, and not determined at all events to condemn me, might have made a more favourable construction for me, than you, Lady Davers, have done in the strong light in which you have set this heinous matter before us.

"However, since my lady," bowing to the countess, "and Lord Davers seem to expect me particularly to answer this black charge, I will, at a proper time, if agreeable, give you a brief history of my passion for this dear girl; how it commenced and increased, and my own struggles with it, and this will introduce, with some little advantage to myself perhaps, what I have to say, as to this supposed attempt: and at the same time enable you the better to account for some facts which you have read in my pretty accuser's papers."

This pleased every one, and they begged him to begin *then*; but he said, it was time we should think of dressing, the morning being far advanced; and if no company came in, he would, in the afternoon, give them the particulars they desired to hear.

The three gentlemen rode out, and returned to dress before dinner: my lady and the countess also took an airing in the chariot. Just as they returned, compliments came from several of the neighbouring ladies to our noble guests, on their arrival in these parts; and to as many as sent, Lady Davers desired their companies for to-morrow afternoon, to tea; but Mr. B. having fallen in with some of the gentlemen

likewise, he told me, we should have most of our visiting neighbours at dinner, and desired Mrs. Jervis might prepare accordingly for them.

After dinner Mr. H. took a ride out, attended by Mr. Colbrand, of whom he is very fond, ever since he frightened Lady Davers's footmen at the Hall, threatening to chine them, if they offered to stop his lady: for, he says, he loves a man of courage: very probably knowing his own defects that way, for my lady often calls him a chicken-hearted fellow. And then Lord and Lady Davers, and the countess, revived the subject of the morning; and Mr. B. was pleased to begin in the manner I shall mention by-and-bye. For here I am obliged to break off.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, I will proceed.

"I began," said Mr. B., "very early to take notice of this lovely girl, even when she was hardly thirteen years old; for her charms increased every day, not only in my eye, but in the eyes of all who beheld her. My mother, as *you* (Lady Davers) know, took the greatest delight in her, always calling her, her Pamela, her good child: and her waiting-maid and her cabinet of rarities were her boasts, and equally shewn to every visitor: for besides the beauty of her figure, and the genteel air of her person, the dear girl had a surprising memory, a solidity of judgment above her years, and a docility so unequalled, that she took all parts of learning which her lady, as fond of instructing her as she of improving by instruction, crowded upon her; insomuch that she had masters to teach her to dance, sing, and play on the spinnet, whom she every day surprised by the readiness wherewith she took every thing.

"I remember once, my mother praising her girl before me, and my aunt B. (who is since dead), I could not but notice her fondness for her, and said, 'What do you design, Madam, to do *with* or *for*, this Pamela of yours? The accomplishments you give her will do her more hurt than good; for they will set her so much above her degree, that what you intend as a kindness, may prove her ruin.'

"My aunt joined with me, and spoke in a still stronger manner against giving her such an education: and added, as I well remember, 'Surely, sister, you do wrong. One would think, if one knew not my nephew's discreet pride, that you design her for something more than your own waiting-maid.'

"'Ah! sister,' said the old lady, 'there is no fear of what you hint at; his family pride, and stately temper, will secure my son: he has too much of his father in him. And as for Pamela, you know not the girl. She has always in her thoughts, and in her mouth, too, her parents' mean condition, and I shall do nothing for *them*, at least at present, though they are honest folks, and deserve well, because I will keep the girl humble.'

“‘But what can I do with the little baggage?’ continued my mother; ‘she conquers every thing so fast, and has such a thirst after knowledge, and the more she knows, I verily think, the humbler she is, that I cannot help letting go, as my son, when a little boy, used to do to his kite, as fast as she pulls; and to what height she’ll soar, I can’t tell.

“‘I intended,’ proceeded the good lady, ‘at first, only to make her mistress of some fine needle-work, to qualify her (as she has a delicacy in her person, that makes it a pity ever to put her to hard work) for a genteel place; but she masters that so fast, that now as my daughter is married and gone from me, I am desirous to qualify her to divert and entertain me in my thoughtful hours: and were *you*, sister, to know what she is capable of, and how diverting her innocent prattle is to me, and her natural simplicity, which I encourage her to preserve amidst all she learns, you would not, nor my son neither, wonder at the pleasure I take in her. Shall I call her in?’

“‘I don’t want,’ said I, ‘to have the girl called in: if you, Madam, are diverted with her, that’s enough. To be sure, Pamela is a better companion for a lady, than a monkey or a harlequin: but I fear you’ll set her above herself, and make her vain and pert; and that, at last, in order to support her pride, she may fall into temptations which may be fatal to herself, and others too.’

“‘I’m glad to hear this from my *son*,’ replied the good lady. ‘But the moment I see my favour puffs her up, I shall take other measures.’

“‘Well,’ thought I to myself, ‘I only want to conceal my views from your penetrating eye, my good mother; and I shall one day take as much delight in your girl, and her accomplishments, as you now do; so go on, and improve her as fast as you will. I’ll only now and then talk against her, to blind you; and doubt not that all you do will qualify her the better for my purpose. Only,’ thought I, ‘fly swiftly on, two or three more tardy years, and I’ll nip this bud by the time it begins to open, and place it in my bosom for a year or two at least: for so long, if the girl behaves worthy of her education, I doubt not, she’ll be new to me. — Excuse me, ladies; — excuse me, Lord Davers; — if I am not ingenuous, I had better be silent.”

I will not interrupt this affecting narration, by mentioning my own alternate blushes, confusions, and exclamations, as the naughty man went on; nor the censures, and many *Out upon you’s* of the attentive ladies, and *Fie, brother’s*, of Lord Davers; nor yet with apologies for the praises on myself, so frequently intermingled — contenting myself to give you, as near as I can recollect, the very sentences of the dear relator. And as to our occasional exclaimings and observations, you may suppose what they were.

“So,” continued Mr. B., “I went on dropping hints against her now and then; and whenever I met her in the passages about the house, or in the garden, avoiding to look at, or to speak to her, as she passed me, curtseying, and putting on a thousand bewitching airs of obligingness and reverence; while I (who thought the best way to demolish the influence of such an education, would be not to alarm her fears on one hand, or to familiarize myself to her on the other, till I came to strike the blow) looked haughty and reserved, and passed by her with a stiff nod at most. Or, if I spoke, ‘How does your lady this morning, girl? — I hope she rested well last night:’ then, covered with blushes, and curtseying at every word, as if she thought herself unworthy of answering my questions, she’d trip away in a kind of confusion, as soon as she had spoken. And once I heard her say to Mrs. Jervis, ‘Dear Sirs, my young master spoke to me, and called me by my name, saying — How slept your lady last night, Pamela? — Was not that very good, Mrs. Jervis?’— ‘Ay,’ thought I, ‘I am in the right way, I find: this will do in proper time. Go on, my dear mother, improving as fast as you will: I’ll engage to pull down in three hours, what you’ll be building up in as many years, in spite of all the lessons you can teach her.’

“’Tis enough for me, that I am establishing in you, ladies, and in you, my lord, a higher esteem for my Pamela (I am but too sensible I shall lose a good deal of my own reputation) in the relation I am now giving you.

“I dressed, grew more confident, and as insolent withal, as if, though I had not Lady Davers’s wit and virtue, I had all her spirit — (excuse me, Lady Davers;) and having a pretty bold heart, which rather put me upon courting than avoiding a danger or difficulty, I had but too much my way with every body; and many a menaced complaint have I *looked down*, with a haughty air, and a promptitude, like that of Colbrand’s to your footmen at the Hall, to clap my hand to my side; which was of the greater service to my bold enterprise, as two or three gentlemen had found I knew how to be in earnest.”

“Ha!” said my lady, “thou wast ever an impudent fellow: and many a vile roguery have I kept from my poor mother. — Yet, to my knowledge, she thought you no saint.”

“Ay, poor lady,” continued he, “she used now-and-then to catechize me; and was *sure* I was not so good as I ought to be:— ‘For, son,’ she would cry, ‘these late hours, these all night works, and to come home so *sober* cannot be right.-I’m not sure, if I were to know all, (and yet I’m afraid of inquiring after your ways) whether I should not have reason to wish you were brought home in wine, rather than to come in so sober, and so late, as you do.’

“Once, I remember, in the summer-time, I came home about six in the morning, and met the good lady unexpectedly by the garden back-door, of which I

had a key to let myself in at all hours. I started, and would have avoided her: but she called me to her, and then I approached her with an air, ‘What brings you, Madam, into the garden at so early an hour?’ turning my face from her; for I had a few scratches on my forehead — with a thorn, or so — which I feared she would be more inquisitive about than I cared she should.

“‘And what makes you,’ said she, ‘so early here, Billy? — What a rakish figure dost thou make! — One time or other these courses will yield you but little comfort, on reflection: would to God thou wast but happily married!’

“‘So, Madam, the old wish! — I’m not so bad as you think me: — I hope I have not merited so great a punishment.’

“These hints I give, not as matter of glory, but shame: yet I ought to tell you all the truth, or nothing. ‘Meantime,’ thought I, (for I used to have some compunction for my vile practices, when cool reflection, brought on by satiety, had taken hold of me) ‘I wish this sweet girl was grown to years of susceptibility, that I might reform this wicked course of life, and not prowl about, disturbing honest folks’ peace, and endangering myself.’ And as I had, by a certain very daring and wicked attempt, in which, however, I did not succeed, set a hornet’s nest about my ears, which I began to apprehend would sting me to death, having once escaped an ambush by dint of mere good luck; I thought it better to remove the seat of my warfare into another kingdom, and to be a little more discreet for the future in my amours. So I went to France a second time, and passed a year there in the best of company, and with some improvement both to my morals and understanding; and had a very few sallies, considering my love of intrigue, and the ample means I had to prosecute successfully all the desires of my heart.

“When I returned, several matches were proposed to me, and my good mother often requested me to make her so happy, as she called it, as to see me married before she died; but I could not endure the thoughts of the state: for I never saw a lady whose temper and education I liked, or with whom I thought I could live tolerably. She used in vain therefore to plead family reasons to me: — like most young fellows, I was too much a self-lover, to pay so great a regard to posterity; and, to say truth, had little solicitude at that time, whether my name were continued or not, in my own descendants. However, I looked upon my mother’s Pamela with no small pleasure, and I found her so much improved, as well in person as behaviour, that I had the less inducement either to renew my intriguing life, or to think of a married state.

“Yet, as my mother had all her eyes about her, as the phrase is, I affected great shyness, both before her, and to the girl; for I doubted not, my very looks would be watched by them both; and what the one discovered would not be a secret to

the other; and laying myself open too early to a suspicion, I thought, would but ice the girl over, and make her lady more watchful.

"So I used to go into my mother's apartment, and come out of it, without taking the least notice of her, but put on stiff airs; and as she always withdrew when I came in, I never made any pretence to keep her there.

"Once, indeed, my mother, on my looking after her, when her back was turned, said, 'My dear son, I don't like your eye following my girl so intently. — Only I know that sparkling lustre natural to it, or I should have some fear for my Pamela, as she grows older.'

"'*I* look after her. Madam!-*My* eyes sparkle at such a girl as that! No indeed! She may be your favourite as a waiting-maid; but I see nothing but clumsy curtseys and awkward airs about her. A little rustic affectation of innocence, that to such as cannot see into her, may pass well enough.'

"'Nay, my dear,' replied my mother, 'don't say that, of all things.
She has no affectation, I am sure.'

"'Yes, she has, in my eye, Madam, and I'll tell you how it is; you have taught her to assume the airs of a gentlewoman, to dance, and to enter a room with a grace; and yet bid her keep her low birth and family in view: and between the one character, which she wants to get into, and the other she dares not get out of, she trips up and down mincingly, and knows not how to set her feet: so 'tis the same in every gesture: her arms she knows not whether to swim with, or to hold before her, nor whether to hold her head up or down; and so does neither, but hangs it on one side: a little awkward piece of one-and-t'other I think her. And, indeed, you'd do the girl more kindness to put her into your dairy, than to keep her about your person; for she'll be utterly spoiled, I doubt, for any useful purpose.'

"'Ah, son!' said she, 'I fear, by your description, you have minded her too much in one sense, though not enough in another. 'Tis not my intention to recommend her to your notice, of all men; and I doubt not, if it please God I live, and she continues a good girl, but she will make a man of some middling, genteel business, very happy.'

"Pamela came in just then, with an air so natural, so humble, and yet so much above herself, that I was forced to turn my head from her, lest my mother should watch my eye again, and I be inclined to do her that justice, which my heart assented to, but which my lips had just before denied her.

"All my difficulty, in apprehension, was my good mother; the effect of whose lessons to her girl, I was not so much afraid of as her vigilance. 'For,' thought I, 'I see by the delicacy of her person, the brilliancy of her eye, and the sweet

apprehensiveness that plays about every feature of her face, she must have tinder enough in her constitution, to catch a well-struck spark; and I'll warrant I shall know how to set her in a blaze, in a few months more.'

"Yet I wanted, as I passed, to catch her attention too: I expected her to turn after me, and look so as to shew a liking towards me; for I had a great opinion of my person and air, which had been fortunately distinguished by the ladies, whom, of course, my vanity made me allow to be very good judges of these outward advantages.

"But to my great disappointment, Pamela never, by any favourable glance, gave the least encouragement to my vanity. 'Well,' thought I, 'this girl has certainly nothing ethereal in her mould: all unanimated clay! — But the dancing and singing airs my mother is teaching her, will better qualify her in time, and another year will ripen her into my arms, no doubt of it. Let me only go on thus, and make her *fear* me: that will enhance in her mind every favour I shall afterwards vouchsafe to shew her: and never question old *humdrum* Virtue,' thought I, 'but the tempter *without*, and the tempter *within*, will be too many for the perversest nicety that ever the sex boasted.'

"Yet, though I could not once attract her eye towards me, she never failed to draw mine after her, whenever she went by me, or wherever I saw her, except, as I said, in my mother's presence; and particularly when she had passed me, and could not see me look at her, without turning her head, as I expected so often from her in vain.

"You will wonder, Lord Davers, who, I suppose, was once in love, or you'd never have married such an hostile spirit as my sister's there-"

"Go on, sauce — box," said she, "I won't interrupt you."

"You will wonder how I could behave so coolly as to escape all discovery so long from a lady so watchful as my mother, and from the apprehensiveness of the girl.

"But, to say nothing of her tender years, and that my love was not of this bashful sort, I was not absolutely determined, so great was my pride, that I ought to think her worthy of being my *mistress*, when I had not much reason, as I thought, to despair of prevailing upon persons of higher birth (were I disposed to try) to live with me upon my own terms. My pride, therefore, kept my passion at bay, as I may say: so far was I from imagining I should ever be brought to what has since happened! But to proceed:

"Hitherto my mind was taken up with the beauties of her person only. My EYE had drawn my HEART after it, without giving myself any trouble about that sense and judgment which my mother was always praising in her Pamela, as exceeding her years and opportunities: but an occasion happened, which, though slight in

itself, took the HEAD into the party, and I thought of her, young as she was, with a distinction, that before I had not for her. It was this:

"Being with my mother in her closet, who was talking to me on the old subject, *matrimony*, I saw Pamela's commonplace book, as I may call it; in which, by her lady's direction, from time to time, she had transcribed from the Bible, and other good books, such passages as most impressed her as she read — A method, I take it, my dear" (*turning to me*), "of great service to you, as it initiated you into writing with that freedom and ease, which shine in your saucy letters and journals; and to which my present fetters are not a little owing: just as pedlars catch monkeys in the baboon kingdoms, provoking the attentive fools, by their own example, to put on shoes and stockings, till the apes of imitation, trying to do the like, entangle their feet, and so cannot escape upon the boughs of the tree of liberty, on which before they were wont to hop and skip about, and play a thousand puggish tricks.

"I observed the girl wrote a pretty hand, and very swift and free; and affixed her points or stops with so much judgment (her years considered), that I began to have an high opinion of her understanding. Some observations likewise upon several of the passages were so just and solid, that I could not help being tacitly surprised at them.

"My mother watched my eye, and was silent: I seemed not to observe that she did; and after a while, laid down the book, shutting it with great indifference, and talking of another subject.

"Upon this, my mother said, 'Don't you think Pamela writes a pretty hand, son?'

"'I did not mind it much,' said I, with a careless air. 'This is her writing, is it?' taking the book, and opening it again, at a place of Scripture. 'The girl is mighty pious!' said I.

"'I wish *you* were so, child.'

"'I wish so too, Madam, if it would please *you*.'

"'I wish so, for your *own* sake, child.'

"'So do I, Madam;' and down I laid the book again very carelessly.

"'Look once more in it,' said she, 'and see if you can't open it upon some place that may strike you.'

"I opened it at— '*Train up a child in the way it should go*,' &c. 'I fancy,' said I, 'when I was of Pamela's age, I was pretty near as good as she.'

"'Never, never,' said my mother; 'I am sure I took great pains with you; but, alas I to very little purpose. You had always a violent headstrong will.'

"'Some allowances for boys and girls, I hope, Madam; but you see I am as good for a man as my sister for a woman.'

“‘No indeed, you are not, I do assure you.’

“‘I am sorry for that. Madam; you give me a sad opinion of myself.’”

“Brazen wretch!” said my lady; “but go on.”

“‘Turn to one of the girl’s observations on some text,’ said my mother.

“I did; and was pleased with it more than I would own. ‘The girl’s well enough,’ said I, ‘for what she is; but let’s see what she’ll be a few years hence. Then will be the trial.’

“‘She’ll be always good, I doubt not.’

“‘So much the better for her. But can’t we talk of any other subject? You complain how seldom I attend you; and when you are always talking of matrimony, or of this low-born, raw girl, it must needs lessen the pleasure of approaching you.’

“But now, as I hinted to you, ladies, and my lord, I had a still higher opinion of Pamela; and esteemed her more worthy of my attempts. ‘For,’ thought I, ‘the girl has good sense, and it will be some pleasure to watch by what gradations she may be made to rise into love, and into a higher life, than that to which she was born.’ And so I began to think she would be worthy in time of being my *mistress,* which, till now, as I said before, I had been a little scrupulous about.

“I took a little tour soon after this in company of some friends, with whom I had contracted an intimacy abroad, into Scotland and Ireland, they having a curiosity to see those countries, and we spent six or eight months on this expedition; and when I had landed them in France, I returned home, and found my good mother in a very indifferent state of health, but her Pamela arrived to a height of beauty and perfection which exceeded all my expectations. I was so taken with her charms when I first saw her, which was in the garden, with a book in her hand, just come out of a little summer-house, that I then thought of obliging her to go back again, in order to begin a parley with her: but while I was resolving, she tript away with her curtesies and reverences, and was out of my sight before I could determine.

“I was resolved, however, not to be long without her; and Mrs. Jewkes having been recommended to me a little before, by a brother-rake, as a woman of tried fidelity, I asked her if she would be faithful, if I had occasion to commit a pretty girl to her care?

“She hoped, she said, it would be with the lady’s own consent, and she should make no scruple in obeying me.

“So I thought I would way-lay the girl, and carry her first to a little village in Northamptonshire, to an acquaintance of Mrs. Jewkes’s. And when I had brought her to be easy and pacified a little, I designed that Jewkes should attend her to Lincolnshire: for I knew there was no coming at her here, under my mother’s

wing, by her own consent, and that to offer terms to her, would be to blow up my project all at once. Besides, I was sensible, that Mrs. Jervis would stand in the way of my proceedings as well as my mother.

"The method I had contrived was quite easy, as I imagined, and such as could not have failed to answer my purpose, as to carrying her off; and I doubted not of making her well satisfied in her good fortune very quickly; for, having a notion of her affectionate duty to her parents, I was not displeased that I could make the terms very easy and happy to them all.

"What most stood in my way, was my mother's fondness for her: but supposing I had got her favourite in my hands, which appeared to me, as I said, a task very easy to be conquered, I had actually formed a letter for her to transcribe, acknowledging a love-affair, and laying her withdrawing herself so privately, to an implicit obedience to her husband's commands, to whom she was married that morning, and who, being a young gentleman of genteel family, and dependent on his friends, was desirous of keeping it all a profound secret; and begging, on that account, her lady not to divulge it, so much as to Mrs. Jervis.

"And to prepare for this, and make her escape the more probable, when matters were ripe for my plot, I came in one night, and examined all the servants, and Mrs. Jervis, the latter in my mother's hearing, about a genteel young man, whom I pretended to find with a pillion on the horse he rode upon, waiting about the back door of the garden, for somebody to come to him; and who rode off, when I came up to the door, as fast as he could. Nobody knew any thing of the matter, and they were much surprised at what I told them: but I begged Pamela might be watched, and that no one would say any thing to her about it.

"My mother said, she had two reasons not to speak of it to Pamela: one to oblige me: the other and chief, because it would break the poor innocent girl's heart, to be suspected. 'Poor dear child!' said she, 'whither can she go, to be so happy as with me? Would it not be inevitable ruin to her to leave me? There is nobody comes after her: she receives no letters, but now-and-then one from her father and mother, and those she shews me.'

"'Well,' replied I, 'I hope she can have no design; 'twould be strange if she had formed any to leave so good a mistress; but you can't be *sure* all the letters she receives are from her father; and her shewing to you those he writes, looks like a cloak to others she may receive from another hand. But it can be no harm to have an eye upon her. You don't know, Madam, what tricks there are in the world.'

"'Not I, indeed; but only this I know, that the girl shall be under no restraint, if she is resolved to leave me, well as I love her.'

"Mrs. Jervis said, she would have an eye upon Pamela, in obedience to my command, but she was sure there was no need; nor would she so much wound the

poor child's peace, as to mention the matter to her.

"This I suffered to blow off, and seemed to my mother to have so good an opinion of her Pamela, that I was sorry, as I told her, I had such a surmise: saying, that though the fellow and the pillion were odd circumstances, yet I dared to say, there was nothing in it: for I doubted not, the girl's duty and gratitude would hinder her from doing a foolish or rash thing.

"This my mother heard with pleasure: although my motive was but to lay Pamela on the thicker to her, when she was to be told she had escaped.

"She was *glad* I was not an enemy to the poor child. 'Pamela has no friend but me,' continued she; 'and if I don't provide for her, I shall have done her more harm than good (as you and your aunt B. have often said,) in the accomplishments I have given her: and yet the poor girl, I see that,' added she, 'would not be backward to turn her hand to any thing for the sake of an honest livelihood, were she put to it; which, if it please God to spare me, and she continues good, she never shall be.'

"I wonder not, Pamela, at your tears on this occasion. Your lady was an excellent woman, and deserved this tribute to her memory. All my pleasure now is, that she knew not half my wicked pranks, and that I did not vex her worthy heart in the prosecution of this scheme; which would have given me a severe sting, inasmuch as I might have apprehended, with too much reason, that I had shortened her days by the knowledge of the one and the other.

"I had thus every thing ready for the execution of my project: but my mother's ill state of health gave me too much concern, to permit me to proceed. And, now-and-then, as my frequent attendance in her illness gave me an opportunity of observing more and more of the girl; her affectionate duty, and continual tears (finding her often on her knees, praying for her mistress,) I was moved to pity her; and while those scenes of my mother's illness and decline were before me, I would resolve to conquer, if possible, my guilty passion, as those scenes taught me, while their impressions held, justly to call it; and I was much concerned to find it so difficult a task; for, till now, I thought it principally owing to my usual enterprising temper, and a love of intrigue; and that I had nothing to do but to resolve against it, and to subdue it.

"But I was greatly mistaken: for I had insensibly brought myself to admire her in every thing she said or did; and there was so much gracefulness, humility, and innocence in her whole behaviour, and I saw so many melting scenes between her lady and her, that I found I could not master my esteem for her.

“My mother’s illness increasing beyond hopes of recovery, and having settled all her greater affairs, she talked to me of her servants; I asked what she would have done for Pamela and Mrs. Jervis.

“‘Make Mrs. Jervis, my dear son, as happy as you can: she is a gentlewoman born, you know; let her always be treated as such; but for your own sake, don’t make her independent; for then you’ll want a faithful manager. Yet if you marry, and your lady should not value her as she deserves, allow her a competency for the rest of her life, and let her live as she pleases.

“‘As for Pamela, I hope you will be her protector! — She is a good girl: I love her next to you and your dear sister. She is just arriving at a trying time of life. I don’t know what to say for her. What I had designed was, that if any man of a genteel calling should offer, I would give her a little pretty portion, had God spared my life till then. But were she made independent, some idle fellow might snap her up; for she is very pretty: or if she should carry what you give her to her poor parents, as her duty would lead her to do, they are so unhappily involved, that a little matter would be nothing to them, and the poor girl might be to seek again. Perhaps Lady Davers will take her. But I wish she was not so pretty! She may be the bird for which some wicked fowler will spread his snares; or, it may be, every lady will not choose to have such a waiting-maid. You are a young gentleman, and I am sorry to say, not better than I wish you to be — Though I hope my Pamela would not be in danger from her master, who owes all his servants protection, as much as the king does to his subjects. Yet I don’t know how to wish her to stay with you, for your own reputation’s sake, my dear son; — for the world will censure as it lists. — Would to God!’ said she, ‘the dear girl had the small-pox in a mortifying manner: she’d be lovely though in the genteelness of her person and the excellencies of her mind; and more out of danger of suffering from the transcient beauties of countenance. Yet I think,’ added she, ‘she might be safe and happy under Mrs. Jervis’s care; and if you marry, and your lady parts with Mrs. Jervis, let ’em go together, and live as they like. I think that will be the best for both. And you have a generous spirit enough: I will not direct you in the *quantum*. But, my dear son, remember that I am the less concerned, that I have not done for the poor girl myself, because I depend upon you: the manner how fitly to provide for her, has made me defer it till now, that I have so much more important concerns on my hands; life and strength ebbing so fast, that I am hardly fit for any thing, or to wish for any thing, but to receive the last releasing stroke.’”

Here he stopped, being under some concern himself, and we in much more. At last he resumed the subject.

“You will too naturally think, my lord — and you, my good ladies — that the mind must be truly diabolical, that could break through the regard due to the solemn injunctions of a dying parent. They *did* hold me a good while indeed; and as fast as I found any emotions of a contrary nature rise in my breast, I endeavoured for some time to suppress them, and to think and act as I ought; but the dear bewitching girl every day rose in her charms upon me: and finding she still continued the use of her pen and ink, I could not help entertaining a jealousy, that she was writing to somebody who stood well in her opinion; and my love for her, and my own spirit of intrigue, made it a sweetheart of course. And I could not help watching her emotions; and seeing her once putting a letter she had just folded up, into her bosom, at my entrance into my mother’s dressing-room, I made no doubt of detecting her, and her correspondent; and so I took the letter from her stays, she trembling and curtseying with a sweet confusion: and highly pleased I was to find it contained only innocence and duty to the deceased mistress, and the loving parents, expressing her joy that, in the midst of her grief for losing the one, she was not obliged to return to be a burden to the other; and I gave it her again, with words of encouragement, and went down much better satisfied than I had been with her correspondence.

“But when I reflected upon the innocent simplicity of her style, I was still more in love with her, and formed a stratagem, and succeeded in it, to come at her other letters, which I sent forward, after I had read them, all but three or four, which I kept back, when my plot began to ripen for execution; although the little slut was most abominably free with my character to her parents.

“You will censure me, no doubt, that my mother’s injunctions made not a more lasting impression. But really I struggled hard with myself to give them their due force: and the dear girl, as I said, every day grew lovelier, and more accomplished. Her letters were but so many links to the chains in which she had bound me; and though once I had resolved to part with her to Lady Davers, and you, Madam, had an intention to take her, I could not for my life give her up; and thinking more honourably then of the state of a mistress than I have done since, I could not persuade myself (since I intended to do as handsomely by her as ever man did to a lady in that situation) but that I should do better for her than my mother had wished me to do, and so *more* than answer all her injunctions, as to the providing for her: and I could not imagine I should meet with a resistance I had seldom encountered from persons much her superiors as to descent; and was amazed at it; for it confounded me in all the notions I had of her sex, which, like a true libertine, I supposed wanted nothing but *importunity* and *opportunity*, a bold attempter, and a mind not ungenerous. Sometimes I admired her for her virtue; at other times, impetuous in my temper, and unused to control, I could have beat her.

She well, I remember, describes the tumults of my soul, repeating what once passed between us, in words like, these:— ‘Take the little witch from me, Mrs. Jervis. — I can neither bear, nor forbear her — But stay-you shan’t go — Yet be gone! — No, come back again.’ — She thought I was mad, she says in her papers. Indeed I was little less. She says, I took her arm, and griped it black and blue, to bring her back again; and then sat down and looked at her as silly as such a poor girl as she! — Well did she describe the passion I struggled with; and no one can conceive how much my pride made me despise myself at times for the little actions my love for her put me upon, and yet to find that love increasing every day, as her charms and her resistance increased. — I have caught myself in a raging fit, sometimes vowing I would have her, and, at others, jealous that, to secure herself from my attempts, she would throw herself into the arms of some menial or inferior, whom otherwise she would not have thought of.

“Sometimes I soothed, sometimes threatened her; but never was such courage, when her virtue seemed in danger, mixed with so much humility, when her fears gave way to her hopes of a juster treatment. — Then I would think it impossible (so slight an opinion had I of woman’s virtue) that such a girl as this, cottage-born, who owed every thing to my family, and had an absolute dependence upon my pleasure: myself not despicable in person or mind, as I supposed; she unprejudiced in any man’s favour, at an age susceptible of impressions, and a frame and constitution not ice or snow: ‘Surely,’ thought I, ‘all this frost must be owing to the want of fire in my attempts to thaw it: I used to dare more, and succeed better. Shall such a girl as this awe me by her rigid virtue? No, she shall not.’

“Then I would resolve to be more in earnest. Yet my love was a traitor, that was more faithful to *her* than to *me*; it had more honour in it at bottom than I had designed. Awed by her unaffected innocence, and a virtue I had never before encountered, so uniform and immovable, the moment I *saw* her I was half disarmed; and I courted her consent to that, which, though I was not likely to obtain, yet it went against me to think of extorting by violence. Yet marriage was never in my thoughts: I scorned so much as to promise it.

“To what numberless mean things did not this unmanly passion subject me! — I used to watch for her letters, though mere prittle-prattle and chit-chat, received them with delight, though myself was accused in them, and stigmatized as I deserved.

“I would listen meanly at her chamber-door, try to overhear her little conversation; in vain attempted to suborn Mrs. Jervis to my purposes, inconsistently talking of honour, when no one step I took, or action I attempted, shewed any thing like it: lost my dignity among my servants; made a party in her

favour against me, of every body, but whom my money corrupted, and that hardly sufficient to keep my partisans steady to my interest; so greatly did the virtue of the servants triumph over the vice of the master, when confirmed by such an example!

"I have been very tedious, ladies and my Lord Davers, in my narration: but I am come within view of the point for which I now am upon my trial at your dread tribunal (*bowing to us all*).

"After several endeavours of a smooth and rough nature, in which my devil constantly failed me, and her good angel prevailed, I had talked to Mrs. Jervis to seduce the girl (to whom, in hopes of frightening her, I had given warning, but which she rejected to take, to my great disappointment) to desire to stay; and suspecting Mrs. Jervis played me booty, and rather confirmed her in her coyness, and her desire of leaving me, I was mean enough to conceal myself in the closet in Mrs. Jervis's room, in order to hear their private conversation; but really not designing to make any other use of my concealment, than to tease her a little, if she should say any thing I did not like; which would give me a pretence to treat her with greater freedoms than I had ever yet done, and would be an introduction to take off from her unprecedented apprehensiveness another time.

"But the dear prattler, not knowing I was there, as she undressed herself, begun such a bewitching chit-chat with Mrs. Jervis, who, I found, but ill kept my secret, that I never was at such a loss what to resolve upon. One while I wished myself, unknown to them, out of the closet, into which my inconsiderate passion had meanly led me; another time I was incensed at the freedom with which I heard myself treated: but then, rigidly considering that I had no business to hearken to their private conversation, and it was such as became *them*, while I ought to have been ashamed to give occasion for it, I excused them both, and admired still more and more the dear prattler.

"In this suspense, the undesigned rustling of my night-gown, from changing my posture, alarming the watchful Pamela, she in a fright came towards the closet to see who was there. What could I then do, but bolt out upon the apprehensive charmer; and having so done, and she running to the bed, screaming to Mrs. Jervis, would not any man have followed her thither, detected as I was? But yet, I said, if she forbore her screaming, I would do her no harm; but if not, she should take the consequence. I found, by their exclamations, that this would pass with both for an attempt of the worst kind; but really I had no such intentions as they feared. When I found myself detected; when the dear frightened girl ran to the bed; when Mrs. Jervis threw herself about her; when they would not give over their hideous squallings; when I was charged by Mrs. Jervis with the worst designs; it was enough to make me go farther than I designed; and could I have

prevailed upon Mrs. Jervis to go up, and quiet the maids, who seemed to be rising, upon the other screaming, I believe, had Pamela kept out of her fit, I should have been a little freer with her, than ever I had been; but, as it was, I had no thought but of making as honourable a retreat as I could, and to save myself from being exposed to my whole family: and I was not guilty of any freedoms, that her modesty, unaffrighted, could reproach herself with having suffered; and the dear creature's fainting fits gave *me* almost as great apprehensions as I could give *her*.

"Thus, ladies — and, my lord — have I tediously, and little enough to my own reputation, given you my character, and told you more against myself than any *one* person could accuse me of. Whatever redounds to the credit of my Pamela, redounds in part to my own; and so I have the less regret to accuse myself, since it exalts her. But as to a formed intention to hide myself in the closet, in order to attempt the girl by violence, and in the presence of a good woman, as Mrs. Jervis is, which you impute to me, bad as I was, I was not so vile, so abandoned as that.

"Love, as I said before, subjects its inconsiderate votaries to innumerable meannesses, and unlawful passion to many more. I could not live without this dear girl. I hated the thoughts of matrimony with any body: and to be brought to the state by my mother's waiting-maid.— 'Forbid it, pride!' thought I; 'forbid it, example! forbid it, all my past sneers, and constant ridicule, both on the estate, and on those who descended to inequalities in it! and, lastly, forbid it my family spirit, so visible in Lady Davers, as well as in myself, to whose insults, and those of all the world, I shall be obnoxious, if I take such a step!'

"All this tends to demonstrate the strength of my passion: I could not conquer my love; so I conquered a pride, which every one thought unconquerable; and since I could not make an innocent heart vicious, I had the happiness to follow so good an example; and by this means, a vicious heart is become virtuous. I have the pleasure of rejoicing in the change, and hope I shall do so still more and more; for I really view with contempt my past follies; and it is now a greater wonder to me how I could act as I did, than that I should detest those actions, which made me a curse, instead of a benefit to society. I am not yet so pious as my Pamela; but that is to come; and it is one good sign, that I can truly say, I delight in every instance of her piety and virtue: and now I will conclude my tedious narration."

Thus he ended his affecting relation: which in the course of it gave me a thousand different emotions; and made me often pray for him, that God will entirely convert a heart so generous and worthy, as his is on most occasions. And if I can but find him not deviate, when we go to London, I shall greatly hope that nothing will affect his morals again.

I have just read over again the foregoing account of himself. As near as I remember (and my memory is the best faculty I have), it is pretty exact; only he was fuller of beautiful similitudes, and spoke in a more flowery style, as I may say. Yet don't you think, Miss (if I have not done injustice to his spirit), that the beginning of it, especially, is in the saucy air of a man too much alive to such notions? For so the ladies observed in his narration. — Is it very like the style of a true penitent? — But indeed he went on better, and concluded best of all.

But don't you observe what a dear good lady I had? A thousand blessings on her beloved memory! Were I to live to see my children's children, they should be all taught to lisp her praises before they could speak. *My* gratitude should always be renewed in *their* mouths; and God, and my dear father and mother, my lady, and my master that was, my best friend that is, but principally, as most due, the FIRST, who inspired all the rest, should have their morning, their noontide, and their evening praises, as long as I lived!

I will only observe farther, as to this my third conversation-piece, that my Lord Davers offered to extenuate some parts of his dear brother-in-law's conduct, which he did not himself vindicate; and Mr. B. was pleased to say, that my lord was always very candid to him, and kind in his allowances for the sallies of ungovernable youth. Upon which my lady said, a little tartly, "Yes, and for a very good reason, I doubt not; for who cares to condemn himself?"

"Nay," said my lord pleasantly, "don't put us upon a foot, neither: for what sallies I made before I knew your ladyship, were but like those of a fox, which now and then runs away with a straggling pullet, when nobody sees him, whereas those of my brother were like the invasions of a lion, breaking into every man's fold, and driving the shepherds, as well as the sheep, before him."— "Ay," said my lady, "but I can look round me, and have reason, perhaps, to think the invading lion has come off, little as he deserved it, better than the creeping fox, who, with all his cunning, sometimes suffers for his pilfering theft."

O, my dear, these gentlemen are strange creatures! — What can they think of themselves? for they say, there is not one virtuous man in five; but I hope, for our sex's sake, as well as for the world's sake, all is not true that evil fame reports; for you know every man-trespasser must *find* or *make* a woman-trespasser! — And if so, what a world is this! — And how must the innocent suffer from the guilty! Yet, how much better is it to suffer one's self, than to be the cause of another's sufferings? I long to hear of you, and must shorten my future accounts, or I shall do nothing but write, and tire *you* into the bargain, though I cannot my dear father and mother. I am, my dear Miss, *always yours*, P.B.

LETTER XXXI

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

DEAR MRS. B.,

Every post you more and more oblige us to admire and love you: and let me say, I will gladly receive your letters upon your own terms: only when your worthy parents have perused them, see that I have every line of them again.

Your account of the arrival of your noble guests, and their behaviour to you, and yours to them; your conversation, and wise determination, on the offered title of Baronet; the just applauses conferred upon you by all, particularly the good countess; your breakfast conversation, and the narrative of your saucy abominable *master*, though amiable *husband*; all delight us beyond expression.

Do go on, dear excellent lady, with your charming journals, and let us know all that passes.

As to the state of matters with us, I have desired my papa to allow me to decline Mr. Murray's addresses. The good man loved me most violently, nay, he could not live without me: life was no life, unless I favoured him: but yet, after a few more of these flights, he is trying to sit down satisfied without my papa's foolish perverse girl, as Sir Simon calls me, and to transpose his affections to a worthier object, my sister Nancy; and it would make you smile to see how, a little while before he *directly* applied to her, she screwed up her mouth to my mamma, and, truly, she'd have none of Polly's leavings; no, not she! — But no sooner did he declare himself in form, than the *gaudy wretch*, as he was before with her, became a *well-dressed* gentleman; — the *chattering magpie* (for he talks and laughs much), *quite conversable*, and has something *agreeable* to say upon *every subject*. Once he would make a good master of the buck-hounds; but now, really, the *more* one is in his company, the *more polite* one finds him.

Then, on his part, — he happened to see Miss Polly first; and truly, he could have thought himself very happy in so agreeable a young lady; yet there was always something of majesty (what a stately name for ill nature!) in Miss Nancy, something so awful; that while Miss Polly engaged the affections at first sight, Miss Nancy struck a man with reverence; insomuch, that the one might he loved as a woman, but the other revered as something more: a goddess, no doubt!

I do but think, that when he comes to be lifted up to her celestial sphere, as her fellow constellation, what a figure Nancy and her *ursus major* will make together;

and how will they glitter and shine to the wonder of all beholders!

Then she must make a brighter appearance by far, and a more pleasing one too: for why? She has three thousand *satellites*, or little stars, in her train more than poor Polly can pretend to. Won't there be a fine twinkling and sparkling, think you, when the greater and lesser bear-stars are joined together?

But excuse me, dear Mrs. B.; this saucy girl has vexed me just now, by her ill-natured tricks; and I am even with her, having thus vented my spite, though she knows nothing of the matter.

So, fancy you see Polly Darnford abandoned by her own fault; her papa angry at her; her mamma pitying her, and calling her silly girl; Mr. Murray, who is a rough lover, growling over his mistress, as a dog over a bone he fears to lose; Miss Nancy, putting on her prudish pleasantry, snarling out a kind word, and breaking through her sullen gloom, for a smile now and then in return; and I laughing at both in my sleeve, and thinking I shall soon get leave to attend you in town, which will be better than twenty humble servants of Mr. Murray's cast: or, if I can't, that I shall have the pleasure of your correspondence here, and enjoy, unrivalled, the favour of my dear parents, which this ill-tempered girl is always envying me.

Forgive all this nonsense. I was willing to write something, though worse than nothing, to shew how desirous I am to oblige you, had I a capacity or subject, as you have. But nobody can love you better, or admire you more, of this you may be assured (however unequal in all other respects), than *your* POLLY DARNFORD.

I send you up some of your papers for the good couple in Kent. Pray, pay my respects to them: and beg they'll let me have 'em again as soon as they can, by your conveyance.

Our Stamford friends desire their kindest respects; they mention you with delight in every letter.

LETTER XXXII

The Journal continued.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY EVENING.

My dear Miss Darnford,

I am returned from a very busy day, having had no less than fourteen of our neighbours, gentlemen and ladies, to dinner: the occasion, principally, to welcome our noble guests into these parts; Mr. B. having, as I mentioned before, turned the intended visit into an entertainment, after his usual generous manner. — He and Lord Davers are gone part of the way with them home; and Lord Jackey, mounted with his favourite Colbrand, as an escort to the countess and Lady Davers, who are taking an airing in the chariot. They offered to take the coach, if I would have gone; but being fatigued, I desired to be excused. So I retired to my closet; and Miss Damford, who is seldom out of my thoughts, coming into my mind, I had a new recruit of spirits, which enabled me to resume my pen, and thus I proceed with my journal.

Our company was, the Earl and Countess of D., who are so fashionable a married couple, that the earl made it his boast, and his countess bore it like one accustomed to such treatment, that he had not been in his lady's company an hour abroad before for seven years. You know his lordship's character: every body does; and there is not a worse, as report says, in the peerage.

Sir Thomas Atkyns, a single gentleman, not a little finical and ceremonious, and a mighty beau, though of the tawdry sort, and affecting foreign airs; as if he was afraid it would not be judged by any other mark that he had travelled.

Mr. Arthur and his lady, a moderately happy couple, who seem always, when together, to behave as if upon a compromise; that is, that each should take it in turn to say free things of the other; though some of their freedoms are of so cutting a nature, that it looks as if they intended to divert the company at their own expense. The lady, being of a noble family, strives to let every one know that she values herself not a little upon that advantage; but otherwise has many good qualities.

Mr. Brooks and his lady. He is a free joker on serious subjects, but a good-natured man, and says sprightly things with no ill grace: the lady a little reserved, and haughty, though to-day was freer than usual; as was observed at table by

Lady Towers, who is a maiden lady of family, noted for her wit and repartee, and who says many good things, with so little doubt and really so good a grace,

that one cannot help being pleased with her. This lady is generally gallanted by

Mr. Martin of the Grove, so called, to distinguish him from a rich citizen of that name, settled in these parts, but being covetous and proud, is seldom admitted among the gentry in their visits or parties of pleasure.

Mr. Dormer, one of a very courteous demeanour, a widower, was another, who always speaks well of his deceased lady, and of all the sex for her sake. Mr. Chapman and his lady, a well-behaved couple, not ashamed to be very tender and observing to each other, but without that censurable fondness which sits so ill upon some married folks in company.

Then there was the dean, our good minister, whom I name last, because I would close with one of the worthiest; and his daughter, who came to supply her mamma's place, who was indisposed; a well-behaved prudent young lady. And here were our fourteen guests.

The Countess of C., Lord and Lady Davers, Mr. H., my dear Mr. B. and your humble servant, made up the rest of the company. Thus we had a capacious and brilliant circle; and all the avenues to the house were crowded with their equipages.

The subjects of discourse at dinner were various, as you may well suppose; and the circle was too large to fall upon any regular or very remarkable topics. A good deal of sprightly wit, however, flew about, between the Earl of D., Lady Towers, and Mr. Martin, in which that lord suffered as he deserved; for he was no match for the lady, especially as the presence of the dean was a very visible restraint upon him, and Mr. Brooks too: so much awe will the character of a good clergyman always have upon even forward spirits, where he is known to have had an inviolable regard to it himself. — Besides, the good gentleman has, naturally, a genteel and inoffensive vein of raillery, and so was too hard for them at their own weapons. But after dinner, and the servants being withdrawn, Mr. Martin singled me out, as he loves to do, for a subject of encomium, and made some high compliments to my dear Mr. B. upon his choice; and wished (as he often does), he could find just such another for himself.

Lady Towers told him it was a thing as unaccountable as it was unreasonable, that every rake who loved to destroy virtue, should expect to be rewarded with it: and if his *brother* B. had come off so well, she thought no one else ought to expect it.

Lady Davers said, it was a very just observation: and she thought it a pity there was not a law, that every man who made a harlot of an honest woman, should be obliged to marry one of another's making.

Mr. B. said, that would be too severe; it would be punishment enough, if he was to marry his own; and especially if he had not seduced her under promise of

marriage.

"Then you'd have a man be obliged to stand to his promise, I suppose, Mr. B.?" replied Lady Davers. "Yes, madam."— "But," said she, "the proof would be difficult perhaps: and the most unguilty heart of our sex might be least able to make it out. — But what say you, my Lord D.; will you, and my Lord Davers, join to bring a bill into the House of Peers, for the purposes I mentioned? I fancy my brother would give it all the assistance he could in the Lower House."

"Indeed," said Mr. B., "if I may be allowed to speak in the plural number, *we* must not pretend to hold an argument on this subject. — What say you, Mr. H.? Which side are you of?"— "Every gentleman," replied he, "who is not of the ladies' side, is deemed a criminal; and I was always of the side that had the power of the gallows."

"That shews," returned Lady Towers, "that Mr. H. is more afraid of the *punishment*, than of deserving it."—"'Tis well," said Mr. B.," that any consideration deters a man of Mr. H.'s time of life. What may be *fear* now, may improve to *virtue* in time."

"Ay," said Lady Davers, "Jackey is one of his uncle's *foxes*: he'd be glad to snap up a straggling pullet, if he was not well looked after, perhaps."— "Pray, my dear," said Lord Davers, "forbear: you ought not to introduce two different conversations into different companies."

"Well, but," said Lady Arthur, "since you seem to have been so hard put to it, as *single* men, what's to be done with the married man who ruins an innocent body? — What punishment, Lady Towers, shall we find out for such an one; and what reparation to the injured?" This was said with a particular view to the earl, on a late scandalous occasion; as I afterwards found.

"As to the punishment of the gentleman," replied Lady Towers, "where the law is not provided for it, it must be left, I believe, to his conscience. It will then one day be heavy enough. But as to the reparation to the woman, so far as it can be made, it will be determinable as the unhappy person *may* or may *not* know, that her seducer is a married man: if she knows he is, I think she neither deserves redress nor pity, though it elevate not *his* guilt. But if the case be otherwise, and *she* had no means of informing herself that he was married, and he promised to make her his wife, to be sure, though *she* cannot be acquitted, *he* deserves the severest punishment that can be inflicted. — What say you, Mrs. B.?"

"If I must speak, I think that since custom now exacts so little regard to virtue from men, and so much from women, and since the designs of the former upon the latter are so flagrantly avowed and known, the poor creature, who suffers herself to be seduced, either by a *single* or *married* man, *with* promises, or

without, has only to sequester herself from the world, and devote the rest of her days to penitence and obscurity. As to the gentleman," added I, "he must, I doubt, be left to his conscience, as you say, Lady Towers, which he will one day have enough to do to pacify."

"Every young lady has not your angelic perfection, Madam," said Mr. Dormer. "And there are cases in which the fair sex deserve compassion, ours execration. Love may insensibly steal upon a soft heart; when once admitted, the oaths, vows, and protestations of the favoured object, who declaims against the deceivers of his sex, confirm her good opinion of him, till having lull'd asleep her vigilance, in an unguarded hour he takes advantage of her unsuspecting innocence. Is not such a poor creature to be pitied? And what punishment does not such a seducer deserve?"

"You have put, Sir," said I, "a moving case, and in a generous manner. What, indeed, does not such a deceiver deserve?"— "And the more," said Mrs. Chapman, "as the most innocent heart is generally the most credulous."— "Very true," said my countess; "for such an one as would do no harm to others, seldom suspects any *from* others; and her lot is very unequally cast; admired for that very innocence which tempts some brutal ravager to ruin it."— "Yet, what is that virtue," said the dean, "which cannot stand the test?"

"But," said Lady Towers, very satirically, "whither, ladies, are we got? We are upon the subject of virtue and honour. Let us talk of something in which the *gentlemen* can join with us. This is such an one, you see, that none but the dean and Mr. Dormer can discourse upon."— "Let us then," retorted Mr. Martin, "to be even with *one* lady at least find a subject that will be *new* to her: and that is CHARITY."

"Does what I said concern Mr. Martin more than any other gentleman," returned Lady Towers, "that he is disposed to take offence at it?"

"You must pardon me, Lady Towers," said Mr. B., "but I think a lady should never make a motion to wave such subjects as those of virtue and honour; and less still, in company, where there is so much occasion, as she seems to think, for enforcing them."

"I desire not to wave the subject, I'll assure you," replied she. "And if, Sir, you think it may do good, we will continue it for the sakes of all you gentlemen" (looking round her archly), "who are of opinion you may be benefited by it."

A health to the king and royal family, brought on public affairs and politics; and the ladies withdrawing to coffee and tea, I have no more to say as to this conversation, having repeated all that I remember was said to any purpose.

SATURDAY MORNING

The countess being a little indisposed. Lady Davers and I took an airing this morning in the chariot, and had a long discourse together. Her ladyship was pleased to express great favour and tenderness towards me; gave me much good advice, as to the care she would have me take of myself; and told me, that her hopes, as well as her brother's, all centred in my welfare; and that the way I was in made her love me better and better.

She was pleased to tell me, how much she approved of the domestic management; and to say, that she never saw such regularity and method in any family in her life, where was the like number of servants: every one, she said, knew their duty, and did it without speaking to, in such silence, and with so much apparent cheerfulness and delight, without the least hurry or confusion, that it was her surprise and admiration: but kindly would have it that I took too much care upon me. "Yet," said she, "I don't see but you are always fresh and lively, and never seem tired or fatigued; and are always dressed and easy, so that no company find you unprepared, or unfit to receive them, come when they will, whether it be to breakfast or dinner."

I told her ladyship, I owed all this and most of the conduct for which she was pleased to praise me, to her dear brother, who, at the beginning of my happiness, gave me several cautions and instructions for my behaviour; which had been the rule of my conduct ever since, and I hoped ever would be:— "To say nothing," added I, "which yet would be very unjust, of the assistance I received from worthy Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent manager."

Good Creature, *Sweet Pamela*, and *Charming Girl*, were her common words; and she was pleased to attribute to me a graceful and unaffected ease, and that I have a natural dignity in my person and behaviour, which at once command love and reverence; so that, my dear Miss Darnford, I am in danger of being proud. For you must believe, that her ladyship's approbation gives me great pleasure; and the more, as I was afraid, before she came, I should not have come on near so well in her opinion. As the chariot passed along, she took great notice of the respects paid me by people of different ranks, and of the blessings bestowed upon me, by several, as we proceeded; and said, she should fare well, and be rich in good wishes, for being in my company.

"The good people who know us, *will* do so, Madam," said I; "but I had rather have their silent prayers than their audible ones; and I have caused some of them to be told so. What I apprehend is, that you will be more uneasy to-morrow, when at church you'll see a good many people in the same way. Indeed my story, and your dear brother's tenderness to me, are so much talked of, that many strangers are brought hither to see us: 'tis the only thing," continued I (and so it is, Miss), "that makes me desirous to go to London; for by the time we return, the novelty, I

hope, will cease." Then I mentioned some verses of Mr. Cowley, which were laid under my cushion in our seat at church, two Sundays ago, by some unknown hand; and how uneasy they have made me. I will transcribe them, my dear, and give you the particulars of our conversation on that occasion. The verses are these:

"Thou robb'st my days of bus'ness and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights.
Ah! lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heaven too?
Thou ev'n my prayers dost steal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to GOD, and end them all to thee.

No, to what purpose should I speak?
No, wretched heart, swell till you break.
She cannot love me, if she would,
And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.
No, to the grave thy sorrow bear,
As silent as they will be there;
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive
That she may guiltless of it live;
So perish, that her killing thee
May a chance-medley, and no murder, be."

I had them in my pocket, and read them to my lady; who asked me, if her brother had seen them? I told her, it was he that found them under the cushion I used to sit upon; but did not shew them to me till I came home; and that I was so vexed at them, that I could not go to church in the afternoon.

"What should you be vexed at, my dear?" said she: "how could you help it? My brother was not disturbed at them, was he?"— "No, indeed," replied I: "he chid *me* for being so; and was pleased to make me a fine compliment upon it; that he did not wonder that every body who saw me loved me. But I said, this was all that wicked wit is good for, to inspire such boldness in bad hearts, which might otherwise not dare to set pen to paper to affront any one. But pray, Madam," added I, "don't own I have told you of them, lest the least shadow of a thought should arise, that I was prompted by some vile secret vanity, to tell your ladyship of them, when I am sure, they have vexed me more than enough. For is it not a

sad thing, that the church should be profaned by such actions, and such thoughts, as ought not to be brought into it? Then, Madam, to have any wicked man *dare* to think of one with impure notions! It gives me the less opinion of myself, that I should be so much as *thought of* as the object of any wicked body's wishes. I have called myself to account upon it, whether any levity in my looks, my dress, my appearance, could embolden such an offensive insolence. And I have thought upon this occasion better of Julius Caesar's delicacy than I did, when I read of it; who, upon an attempt made on his wife, to which, however, it does not appear she gave the least encouragement, said to those who pleaded for her against the divorce he was resolved upon, *that the wife of Caesar ought not to be suspected*.— Indeed, Madam," continued I, "it would extremely shock me, but to know that any wicked heart had conceived a design upon me; upon *me*, give me leave to repeat, whose only glory and merit is, that I have had the grace to withstand the greatest of trials and temptations, from a gentleman more worthy to be beloved, both for person and mind, than any man in England."

"Your observation, my dear, is truly delicate, and such as becomes your mind and character. And I really think, if any lady in the world is secure from vile attempts, it must be you; not only from your story, so well known, and the love you bear to your man, and his merit to you, but from the prudence, and natural *dignity*, I will say, of your behaviour, which, though easy and cheerful, is what would strike dead the hope of any presumptuous libertine the moment he sees you."

"How can I enough," returned I, and kissed her hand, "acknowledge your ladyship's polite goodness in this compliment? But, my lady, you see by the very instance I have mentioned, that a liberty is taken, which I cannot think of without pain."

"I am pleased with your delicacy, my dear, as I said before. You can never err, whilst thus watchful over your conduct: and I own you have the more reason for it, as you have married a mere Julius Caesar, an open-eyed rake" (that was her word), "who would, on the least surmise, though ever so causeless on your part, have all his passions up in arms, in fear of liberties being offered like those he has not scrupled to take."— "O but, Madam," said I, "he has given me great satisfaction in one point; for you must think I should not love him as I ought, if I had not a concern for his future happiness, as well as for his present; and that is, he has assured me, that in all the liberties he has taken, he never attempted a married lady, but always abhorred the thought of so great an evil."—"'Tis pity," said her ladyship, "that a man who could conquer his passions *so far*, could not subdue them entirely. This shews it was in his own power to do so; and increases his crime: and what a wretch is he, who scrupling, under pretence of conscience

or honour, to attempt ladies *within* the pale, boggles not to ruin a poor creature *without*; although he knows, he thereby, most probably, for ever deprived her of that protection, by preventing her marriage, which even among such rakes as himself, is deemed, he owns, inviolable; and so casts the poor creature headlong into the jaws of perdition."

"Ah! Madam," replied I, "this was the very inference I made upon the occasion."— "And what could he say?"— "He said, my inference was just; but called me *pretty preacher*; — and once having cautioned me not to be over-serious to him, so as to cast a gloom, as he said, over our innocent enjoyments, I never dare to urge matters farther, when he calls me by that name."

"Well," said my lady, "thou'rt an admirable girl! God's goodness was great to our family, when it gave thee to it. No wonder," continued she, "as my brother says, every body that sees you, and has heard your character, loves you. And this is some excuse for the inconsiderate folly even of this unknown transcriber."— "Ah! Madam," replied I, "but is it not a sad thing, that people, if they must take upon them to like one's behaviour in general, should have the *worst*, instead of the *best* thoughts upon it? If I were as good as I *ought* to be, and as some *think* me, must they wish to make me bad for that reason?"

Her ladyship was pleased to kiss me as we sat. "My charming Pamela, my *more than sister,*." — (Did she say?) — Yes, she did say so! and made my eyes overflow with joy to hear the sweet epithet. "How your conversation charms me! — I charge you, when you get to town, let me have your remarks on the diversions you will be carried to by my brother. Now I know what to expect from *you*, and you know how acceptable every thing from you will be *to me*, I promise great pleasure, as well to myself as to my worthy friends, particularly to Lady Betty, in your unrestrained free correspondence. — Indeed, Pamela, I must bring you acquainted with Lady Betty: she is one of the worthies of our sex, and has a fine understanding. — I'm sure you'll like her. — But (for the world say it not to my brother, nor let Lady Betty know I tell you so, if ever you should be acquainted) I had carried the matter so far by my officious zeal to have my brother married to so fine a lady, not doubting his joyful approbation, that it was no small disappointment to *her*, when he married you: and this is the best excuse I can make for my furious behaviour to you at the Hall. For though I am naturally very hasty and passionate, yet then I was almost mad. — Indeed my disappointment had given me so much indignation both against you and him, that it is well I did not do some violent thing by you. I believe you did feel the weight of my hand: but what was that? 'Twas well I did not *kill you dead*." — These were her ladyship's words— "For how could I think the wild libertine capable of

being engaged by such noble motives, or thee what thou art! — So this will account to thee a little for my violence then."

"Your ladyship," said I, "all these things considered, had but too much reason to be angry at your dear brother's proceedings, so well as you always loved him, so high a concern as you always had to promote his honour and interest, and so far as you had gone with Lady Betty."

"I tell thee, Pamela, that the old story of Eleanor and Rosamond run in my head all the way of my journey, and I almost wished for a potion to force down thy throat: when I found thy lewd paramour absent, (for little did I think thou wast married to him, though I expected thou wouldst try to persuade me to believe it) fearing that his intrigue with thee would effectually frustrate my hopes as to Lady Betty and him: 'Now,' thought I, 'all happens as I wish! — Now will I confront this brazen girl! — Now will I try her innocence, as I please, by offering to take her away with me; if she refuses, take that refusal for a demonstration of her guilt; and then,' thought I, 'I will make the creature provoke me, in the presence of my nephew and my woman,' (and I hoped to have got that woman Jewkes to testify for me too), and I cannot tell what I might have done, if thou hadst not escaped out of the window, especially after telling me thou wast as much married as I was, and hadst shewn me his tender letter to thee, which had a quite different effect upon me than you expected. But if I had committed any act of violence, what remorse should I have had on reflection, and knowing what an excellence I had injured! Thank God thou didst escape me!" And then her ladyship folded her arms about me, and kissed me.

This was a sad story, you'll say, my dear: and I wonder what her ladyship's passion would have made her do! Surely she would not have *killed me dead*! Surely she would not! — Let it not, however, Miss Darnford — nor you, my dear parents — when you see it — go out of your own hands, nor be read, for my Lady Davers's sake, to any body else — No, not to your own mamma. It made me tremble a little, even at this distance, to think what a sad thing passion is, when way is given to its ungovernable tumults, and how it deforms and debases the noblest minds.

We returned from this agreeable airing just in time to dress before dinner, and then my lady and I went together into the countess's apartment, where I received abundance of compliments from both. As this brief conversation will give you some notion of that management and economy for which they heaped upon me their kind praises, I will recite to you what passed in it, and hope you will not think me too vain; and the less, because what I underwent formerly from my lady's indignation, half entitles me to be proud of her present kindness and favour.

Lady Davers said, “Your ladyship must excuse us, that we have lost so much of your company; but here, this sweet girl has so entertained me, that I could have staid out with her all day; and several times did I bid the coachman prolong his circuit.”— “My good Lady Davers, Madam,” said I, “has given me inexpressible pleasure, and has been all condescension and favour, and made me as proud as proud can be.”— “You, my dear Mrs. B.,” said she, “may have given great pleasure to Lady Davers, for it cannot be otherwise — But I have no great notion of her ladyship’s condescension, as you call it — (pardon me, Madam,” said she to her, smiling) “when she cannot raise her style above the word *girl*, coming off from a tour you have made so delightful to her.”— “I protest to you, my Lady C.,” replied her ladyship, with great goodness, “that word, which once I used through pride, as you’ll call it, I now use for a very different reason. I begin to doubt, whether to call her *sister*, is not more honour to myself than to her; and to this hour am not quite convinc’d. When I am, I will call her so with pleasure.” I was quite overcome with this fine compliment, but could not answer a word: and the countess said, “I could have spared you longer, had not the time of day compelled your return; for I have been very agreeably entertained, as well as you, although but with the talk of your woman and mine. For here they have been giving me such an account of Mrs. B.’s economy, and family management, as has highly delighted me. I never knew the like; and in so young a lady too. — We shall have strange reformations to make in our families, Lady Davers, when we go home, were we to follow so good an example. — Why, my dear Mrs. B.,” continued her ladyship, “you out-do all your neighbours. And indeed I am glad I live so far from you: — for were I to try to imitate you, it would still be *but* imitation, and you’d have the honour of it.”— “Yet you hear, and you see by yesterday’s conversation,” said Lady Davers, “how much her best neighbours, of both sexes, admire her: they all yield to her the palm, unenvying.”— “Then, my good ladies,” said I, “it is a sign I have most excellent neighbours, full of generosity, and willing to encourage a young person in doing right things: so it makes, considering what I was, more for their honour than my own. For what censures should not such a one as I deserve, who have not been educated to fill up my time like ladies of condition, were I not to employ myself as I do? I, who have so little other merit, and who brought no fortune at all.”— “Come, come, Pamela, none of your self-denying ordinances,” that was Lady Davers’s word; “you must know something of your own excellence: if you do not, I’ll tell it you, because there is no fear you will be proud or vain upon it. I don’t see, then, that there is the lady in yours, or any neighbourhood, that behaves with more decorum, or better keeps up the part of a lady, than you do. How you manage it, I can’t tell; but you do as much by a look, and a pleasant one too, that’s the rarity! as I do by

high words, and passionate exclamations: I have often nothing but blunder upon blunder, as if the wretches were in a confederacy to try my patience."— "Perhaps," said I, "the awe they have of your ladyship, because of your high qualities, makes them commit blunders; for I myself was always more afraid of appearing before your ladyship, when you have visited your honoured mother, than of any body else, and have been the more sensibly awkward through that very awful respect."— "Psha, psha, Pamela, that is not it: 'tis all in yourself. I used to think my mamma, and my brother too, had as awkward servants as ever I saw any where — except Mrs. Jervis — Well enough for a bachelor, indeed! — But, here! — thou hast not parted with one servant — Hast thou?"— "No, Madam."— "How!" said the countess; "what excellence is here! — All of them, pardon me, Mrs. B., your fellow-servants, as one may say, and all of them so respectful, so watchful of your eye; and you, at the same time, so gentle to them, so easy, so cheerful."

Don't you think me, my dear, insufferably vain? But 'tis what they were pleased to say. 'Twas their goodness to me, and shewed how much they can excel in generous politeness. So I will proceed. "Why this," continued the countess, "must be *born* dignity — *born* discretion — Education cannot give it: — if it could, why should not *we* have it?"

The ladies said many more kind things of me then; and after dinner they mentioned all over again, with additions, before my best friend, who was kindly delighted with the encomiums given me by two ladies of such distinguishing judgment in all other cases. They told him, how much they admired my family management: then they would have it that my genius was universal, for the employments and accomplishments of my sex, whether they considered it as employed in penmanship, in needlework, in paying or receiving visits, in music, and I can't tell how many other qualifications, which they were pleased to attribute to me, over and above the family management: saying, that I had an understanding which comprehended every thing, and an eye that penetrated into the very bottom of matters in a moment, and never was at a loss for the *should be*, the *why* or *wherefore*, and the *how* — these were their comprehensive words; that I did every thing with celerity, clearing all as I went, and left nothing, they observed, to come over again, that could be dispatched at once: by which means, they said, every hand was clear to undertake a new work, as well as my own head to direct it; and there was no hurry nor confusion: but every coming hour was fresh and ready, and unincumbered (so they said), for its new employment; and to this they attributed that ease and pleasure with which every thing was performed, and that I could *do* and *cause* to be done, so much business without hurry either to myself or servants.

Judge how pleasing this was to my best beloved, who found, in their kind approbation, such a justification of his own conduct as could not fail of being pleasing to him, especially as Lady Davers was one of the kind praisers. Lord Davers was so highly delighted, that he rose once, begging his brother's excuse, to salute me, and stood over my chair, with a pleasure in his looks that cannot be expressed, now-and-then lifting up his hands, and his good-natured eye glistening with joy, which a pier-glass gave me the opportunity of seeing, as sometimes I stole a bashful glance towards it, not knowing how or which way to look. Even Mr. H. seemed to be touched very sensibly; and recollecting his behaviour to me at the Hall, he once cried out, "What a sad whelp was *I*, to behave as I formerly did, to so much excellence! — Not, Mr. B., that I was any thing uncivil neither; — but in unworthy sneers, and nonsense. — You know me well enough. — You called me, *tinsell'd boy*, though, Madam, don't you remember that? and said, *twenty or thirty years hence, when I was at age, you'd give me an answer.* Egad! I shall never forget your looks, nor your words neither! — they were severe speeches, were they not, Sir?"— "O you see, Mr. H.," replied my dear Mr. B., "Pamela is not quite perfect. We must not provoke her; for she'll call us both so, perhaps; for I wear a laced coat, sometimes, as well as you."

"Nay, I can't be angry," said he. "I deserved it richly, that I did, had it been worse."— "Thy silly tongue," said my lady, "runs on without fear or wit. What's past is past."— "Why, Madam, I was plaguily wrong; and I said nothing of any body but *myself*: — and have been ready to hang myself since, as often as I have thought of my nonsense."— "My nephew," said my lord, "must bring in hanging, or the gallows in every speech he makes, or it will not be he." Mr. B., smiling, said, with severity enough in his meaning, as I saw by the turn of his countenance, "Mr. H. knows that his birth and family entitle him more to the *block*, than the rope, or he would not make so free with the latter."— "Good! very good, by Jupiter!" said Mr. H. laughing. The countess smiled. Lady Davers shook her head at her brother, and said to her nephew, "Thou'rt a good-natured foolish fellow, that thou art."— "For what, Madam? Why the word *foolish*, aunt? What have I said now?"

"Nothing to any purpose, indeed," said she; "when thou dost, I'll write it down."— "Then, Madam," said he, "have your pen and ink always about you, when I am present; and put that down to begin with!" This made every one laugh. "What a happy thing is it," thought I, "that good nature generally accompanies this character; else, how would some people be supportable?"

But here I'll break off. 'Tis time, you'll say. But you know to whom I write, as well as to yourself, and they'll be pleased with all my silly scribble. So excuse

one part for that, and another for friendship's sake, and then I shall be wholly excusable to you.

Now the trifler again resumes her pen. I am in some pain, Miss, for to-morrow, because of the rules we observe of late in our family on Sundays, and of going through a crowd to church; which will afford new scenes to our noble visitors, either for censure or otherwise: but I will sooner be censured for doing what I think my duty, than for the want of it; and so will omit nothing that we have been accustomed to do.

I hope I shall not be thought ridiculous, or as one who aims at works of supererogation, for what I think is very short of my duty. Some order, surely, becomes the heads of families; and besides, it would be discrediting one's own practice, if one did not appear at one time what one does at another. For that which is a reason for discontinuing a practice for some company, would seem to be a reason for laying it aside for ever, especially in a family visiting and visited as ours. And I remember well a hint given me by my dearest friend once on another subject, that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules to himself, after a while, and persons to see what is one's way, and that one is not to be put out of it. But my only doubt is, that to ladies, who have not been accustomed perhaps to the *necessary* strictness, I should make myself censurable, as if I aimed at too much perfection: for, however one's duty is one's duty, and ought not to be dispensed with; yet, when a person, who uses to be remiss, sees so hard a task before them, and so many great points to get over, all to be no more than tolerably regular, it is rather apt to frighten and discourage, than to allure; and one must proceed, as I have read soldiers do, in a difficult siege, inch by inch, and be more studious to entrench and fortify themselves, as they go on gaining upon the enemy, than by rushing all at once upon an attack of the place, be repulsed, and perhaps obliged with great loss to abandon a hopeful enterprise. And permit me to add, that young as I am, I have often observed, that over-great strictnesses all at once enjoined and insisted upon, are not fit for a beginning reformation, but for stronger Christians only; and therefore generally do more harm than good.

But shall I not be too grave, my dear friend? — Excuse me; for this is Saturday night: and as it was a very good method which the ingenious authors of the Spectator took, generally to treat their more serious subjects on this day; so I think one should, when one can, consider it as the preparative eve to a still better.

SUNDAY.

Now, my dear, by what I have already written, it is become in a manner necessary to acquaint you briefly with the method my dear Mr. B. not only

permits, but encourages me to take, in the family he leaves to my care, as to the Sunday *duty*.

The worthy dean, at my request, and my beloved's permission, recommended to me, as a sort of family chaplain, for Sundays, a young gentleman of great sobriety and piety, and sound principles, who having but lately taken orders, has at present no other provision. And this gentleman comes, and reads prayers to us about seven in the morning, in the lesser hall, as we call it, a retired apartment, next the little garden; for we have no chapel with us here, as in your neighbourhood; and this generally, with some suitable exhortation, or meditation out of some good book, which he is so kind as to let me choose now-and-then, when I please, takes up little more than half an hour. We have a great number of servants of both sexes: and myself, Mrs. Jervis, and Polly Barlow, are generally in a little closet, which, when we open the door, is but just a separation from the hall. — Mr. Adams (for that is our young clergyman's name) has a desk at which sometimes Mr. Jonathan makes up his running accounts to Mr. Longman, who is very scrupulous of admitting any body to the use of his office, because of the writing in his custody, and the order he values himself upon having every thing in. About seven in the evening he comes again, and I generally, let me have what company I will, find time to retire for about another half hour; and my dear Mr. B. connives at, and excuses my absence, if enquired after; though for so short a time, I am seldom missed.

To the young gentleman I shall present, every quarter, five guineas, and Mr. B. presses him to accept of a place at his table at his pleasure: but, as we have generally much company, his modesty makes him decline it, especially at those times. — Mr. Longman joins with us very often in our Sunday office, and Mr. Colbrand seldom misses: and they tell Mrs. Jervis that they cannot express the pleasure they have to meet me there; and the edification they receive.

My best beloved dispenses as much as he can with the servants, for the evening part, if he has company; or will be attended only by John or Abraham, perhaps by turns; and sometimes looks upon his watch, and says, "'Tis near seven;" and if he says so, they take it for a hint that they may be dispensed with for half an hour; and this countenance which he gives me, has contributed not a little to make the matter easy and delightful to me, and to every one. — When I part from them, on the breaking up of our assembly, they generally make a little row on each side of the hall-door; and when I have made my compliments, and paid my thanks to Mr. Adams, they whisper, as I go out, "God bless you, Madam!" and bow and curtsey with such pleasure in their honest countenances as greatly delights me: and I say, "So my good friends — I am glad to see you — Not one absent!" or but one — (as it falls out)— "This is very obliging," I cry:

and thus I shew them, that I take notice, if any body be not there. And back again I go to pay my duty to my earthly benefactor: and he is pleased to say sometimes, that I come to him with such a radiance in my countenance, as gives him double pleasure to behold me; and often tells me, that but for appearing too fond before company, he could meet me as I enter, with embraces as pure as my own heart.

I hope in time, I shall prevail upon the dear man to give me his company. — But, thank God, I am enabled to go thus far already! — I will leave the rest to his providence. For I have a point very delicate to touch upon in this particular; and I must take care not to lose the ground I have gained, by too precipitately pushing at too much at once. This is my comfort, that next to being uniform *himself*, is that permission and encouragement he gives *me* to be so, and his pleasure in seeing me so delighted — and besides, he always gives me his company to church. O how happy should I think myself, if he would be pleased to accompany me to the divine office, which yet he has not done, though I have urged him as much as I durst. — Mrs. Jervis asked me on Saturday evening, if I would be concerned to see a larger congregation in the lesser hall next morning than usual? I answered, "No, by no means." She said, Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley (the two ladies' women), and Mr. Sidney, my Lord Davers's gentleman, and Mr. H.'s servant, and the coachmen and footmen belonging to our noble visitors, who are, she says, all great admirers of our family management and good order, having been told our method, begged to join in it. I knew I should be a little dashed at so large a company; but the men being orderly for lords' servants, and Mrs. Jervis assuring me that they were very earnest in their request, I consented to it.

When, at the usual time, (with my Polly) I went down, I found Mr. Adams here (to whom I made my first compliments), and every one of our own people waiting for me, Mr. Colbrand excepted (whom Mr. H. had kept up late the night before), together with Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley, and Mr. Sidney, with the servants of our guests, who, as also worthy Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Jonathan, paid me their respects: and I said, "This is early rising, Mrs. Lesley and Mrs. Worden; you are very kind to countenance us with your companies in this our family order. Mr. Sidney, I am glad to see you. — How do you do, Mr. Longman?" and looked round with complacency on the servants of our noble visitors. And then I led Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley to my little retiring place, and Mrs. Jervis and my Polly followed; and throwing the door open, Mr. Adams began some select prayers; and as he reads with great emphasis and propriety, as if his heart was in what he read, all the good folks were exceedingly attentive. — After prayers, Mr. Adams reads a meditation, from a collection made for private use, which I shall more particularly mention by-and-by; and ending with the usual benediction, I thanked the worthy gentleman, and gently chid him in Mr. B.'s

name, for his modesty in declining our table; and thanking Mr. Longman, Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley, received their kind wishes, and hastened, blushing through their praises, to my chamber, where, being alone, I pursued the subject for an hour, till breakfast was ready, when I attended the ladies, and my best beloved, who had told them of the verses placed under my cushion at church. — We set out, my Lord and Lady Davers, and myself, and Mr. H. in our coach, and Mr. B. and the countess in the chariot; both ladies and the gentlemen splendidly dressed; but I avoided a glitter as much as I could, that I might not seem to vie with the two peeresses. — Mr. B. said, "Why are you not full-dressed, my dear?" I said, I hoped he would not be displeased; if he was, I would do as he commanded. He kindly answered, "As you like best, my love. You are charming in every dress."

The chariot first drawing up to the church door, Mr. B. led the countess into church. My Lord Davers did me that honour; and Mr. H. handed his aunt through a crowd of gazers, many of whom, as usual, were strangers. The neighbouring gentlemen and their ladies paid us their silent respects; but the thoughts of the wicked verses, or rather, as Lady Davers will have me say, wicked action of the transcriber of them, made me keep behind the pew; but my lady sat down by me, and whisperingly talked between whiles, to me, with great tenderness and freedom in her aspect; which I could not but take kindly, because I knew she intended by it, to shew every one she was pleased with me.

Afterwards she was pleased to add, taking my hand, and Mr. B. and the countess heard her (for she raised her voice to a more audible whisper), "I'm proud to be in thy company, and in this solemn place, I take thy hand, and acknowledge with pride, my *sister*." I looked down; and indeed, at church, I can hardly at any time look up; for who can bear to be gazed at so? — and softly said, "Oh! my good lady! how much you honour me; the place, and these surrounding eyes, can only hinder me from acknowledging as I ought."

My best friend, with pleasure in his eyes, said, pressing his hand upon both ours, as my lady had mine in hers— "You are two beloved creatures: both excellent in your way. God bless you both."— "And you too, my dear brother," said my lady.

The countess whispered, "You should spare a body a little! You give one, ladies, and Mr. B., too much pleasure all at once. Such company, and such behaviour adds still more charms to devotion; and were I to be here a twelvemonth, I would never miss once accompanying you to this good place."

Mr. H. thought he must say something, and addressing himself to his noble uncle, who could not keep his good-natured eye off me— "I'll be *hang'd*, my lord, if I know how to behave myself! Why this outdoes the chapel! — I'm glad I

put on my new suit!" And then he looked upon himself, as if he would support, as well as he could, his part of the general admiration.

But think you not, my dear Miss Darnford, and my dearest father and mother, that I am now in the height of my happiness in this life, thus favoured by Lady Davers? The dean preached an excellent sermon; but I need not have said that; only to have mentioned, that *he* preached, was saying enough.

My lord led me out when divine service was over; and being a little tender in his feet, from a gouty notice, walked very slowly. Lady Towers and Mrs. Brooks joined us in the porch, and made us their compliments, as did Mr. Martin. "Will you favour us with your company home, my old acquaintance?" said Mr. B. to him.— "I can't, having a gentleman, my relation, to dine with me; but if it will be agreeable in the evening, I will bring him with me to taste of your Burgundy: for we have not any such in the county."— "I shall be glad to see you, or any friend of yours," replied Mr. B.

Mr. Martin whispered— "It is more, however, to admire your lady, I can tell you that, than your wine.-Get into your coaches, ladies," said he, with his usual freedom; "our maiden and widow ladies have a fine time of it, wherever you come: by my faith they must every one of them quit this neighbourhood, if you were to stay in it: but all their hopes are, that while you are in London, they'll have the game in their own hands."— "*Sister*," said Lady Davers, most kindly to me, in presence of many, who (in a respectful manner) gathered near us, "Mr. Martin is the same gentleman he used to be, I see."

"Mr. Martin, Madam," said I, smiling, "has but one fault: he is too apt to praise whom he favours, at the expense of his absent friends."

"I am always proud of your reproofs, Mrs. B.," replied he.-"Ay," said Lady Towers, "that I believe. — And, therefore, I wish, for all our sakes, you'd take him oftener to task, Mrs. B."

Lady Towers, Lady Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mr. Martin, all claimed visits from us; and Mr. B. making excuses, that he must husband his time, being obliged to go to town soon, proposed to breakfast with Lady Towers the next morning, dine with Mrs. Arthur, and sup with Mrs. Brooks; and as there cannot be a more social and agreeable neighbourhood any where, his proposal, after some difficulty, was accepted; and our usual visiting neighbours were all to have notice accordingly, at each of the places.

I saw Sir Thomas Atkyns coming towards us, and fearing to be stifled with compliments, I said— "Your servant, ladies and gentlemen;" and giving my hand to Lord Davers, stept into the chariot, instead of the coach; for people that would avoid bustle, sometimes make it. Finding my mistake, I would have come out, but my lord said, "Indeed you shan't: for I'll step in, and have you all to myself."

Lady Davers smiled— “Now,” said she (while the coach drew up), “is my Lord Davers pleased; — but I see, sister, you were tired with part of your company in the coach.”—”’Tis well contrived, my dear,” said Mr. B., “as long as you have not deprived me of this honour;” taking the countess’s hand, and leading her into the coach.

Will you excuse all this impertinence, my dear? — I know my father and mother will be pleased with it; and you will therefore bear with me; for their kind hearts will be delighted to hear every minute thing in relation to Lady Davers and myself. — When Mr. Martin came in the evening, with his friend (who is Sir William G., a polite young gentleman of Lincolnshire), he told us of the praises lavished away upon me by several genteel strangers; one saying to his friend, he had travelled twenty miles to see me. — My Lady Davers was praised too for her goodness to me, and the gracefulness of her person; the countess for the noble serenity of her aspect, and that charming ease and freedom, which distinguished her birth and quality. My dear Mr. B., he said, was greatly admired too: but he would not make *him* proud; for he had superiorities enough already, that was his word, over his neighbours: “But I can tell you,” said he, “that for most of your praises you are obliged to your lady, and for having rewarded her excellence as you have done: for one gentleman,” added he, “said, he knew no one but *you* could deserve her; and he believed *you* did, from that tenderness in your behaviour to her, and from that grandeur of air, and majesty of person, that seemed to shew you formed for her protector, as well as rewarder. — Get you gone to London, both of you,” said he. “I did not intend to tell you, Mr. B., what was said of you.” The women of the two ladies had acquainted their ladyships with the order I observed for the day, and the devout behaviour of the servants. And about seven, I withdrawing as silently and as unobserved as I could, was surprised, as I was going through the great hall, to be joined by both.

“I shall come at all your secrets, Pamela,” said my lady, “and be able, in time, to cut you out in your own way. I know whither you are going.”

“My good ladies,” said I, “pardon me for leaving you. I will attend you in half an hour.”

“No, my dear,” said Lady Davers, “the countess and I have resolved to attend you for that half hour, and we will return to company together.”

“Is it not descending too much, my ladies, as to the company?”— “If it is for us, it is for you,” said the countess; “so we will either act up to you, or make you come down to us; and we will judge of all your proceedings.”

Every one, but Abraham (who attended the gentlemen), and all their ladyships’ servants, and their two women, were there; which pleased me, however, because it shewed, that even the strangers, by this their second voluntary attendance, had

no ill opinion of the service. But they were all startled, ours and theirs, to see the ladies accompanying me.

I stept up to Mr. Adams.— “I was in hopes. Sir,” said I, “we should have been favoured with your company at our table.” He bowed.— “Well, Sir,” said I, “these ladies come to be obliged to you for your good offices; and you’ll have no better way of letting them return their obligations, than to sup, though you would not dine with them.”— “Mr. Longman,” said my lady, “how do you do? — We are come to be witnesses of the family decorum.”— “We have a blessed lady, Madam,” said he: “and your ladyship’s presence augments our joys.”

I should have said, we were not at church in the afternoon; and when I do not go, we have the evening service read to us, as it is at church; which Mr. Adams performed now, with his usual distinctness and fervour.

When all was concluded, I said, “Now, my dearest ladies, excuse me for the sake of the delight I take in seeing all my good folks about me in this decent and obliging manner. — Indeed, I have no ostentation in it, if I know my own heart.”

The countess and Lady Davers, delighted to see such good behaviour in every one, sat a moment or two looking upon one another in silence; and then my Lady Davers took my hand: “Beloved, deservedly beloved of the kindest of husbands, what a blessing art thou to this family!”— “And to every family,” said the countess, “who have the happiness to know, and the grace to follow, her example!”— “But where,” said Lady Davers, “collectedst thou all this good sense, and fine spirit in thy devotion?”— “The Bible,” said I, “is the foundation of all.” — Lady Davers then turning herself to Mrs. Jervis— “How do you, good woman?” said she. “Why you are now made ample amends for the love you bore to this dear creature formerly.”

“You have an angel, and not a woman, for your lady, my good Mrs. Jervis,” said the countess.

Mrs. Jervis, folding her uplifted hands together— “O my good lady, you know not our happiness; no, not one half of it. We were before blessed with plenty, and a bountiful indulgence, by our good master; but our plenty brought on wantonness and wranglings: but now we have peace as well as plenty; and peace of mind, my dear lady, in doing all in our respective powers, to shew ourselves thankful creatures to God, and to the best of masters and mistresses.”

“Good soul!” said I, and was forced to put my handkerchief to my eyes: “your heart is always overflowing thus with gratitude and praises, for what you so well merit from us.”

“Mr. Longman,” said my lady, assuming a sprightly air, although her eye twinkled, to keep within its lids the precious water, that sprang from a noble and well-affected heart, “I am glad to see you here, attending your pious young lady. — Well might you love her, honest man! — I did not know there was so excellent a creature in any rank.”

“Madam,” said the other worthy heart, unable to speak but in broken sentences, “you don’t know — indeed you don’t, what a — what a — hap — happy — family we are! — Truly, we are like unto Alexander’s soldiers, every one fit to be a general; so well do we all know our duties, and *practise* them too, let me say. — Nay, and please your ladyship, we all of us long till morning comes, thus to attend my lady; and after that is past, we long for evening, for the same purpose: for she is so good to us — You cannot think how good she is! But permit your honoured father’s old servant to say one word more, that though we are always pleased and joyful on these occasions; yet we are in transports to see our master’s noble sister thus favouring us — with your ladyship too,” (to the countess)— “and approving our young lady’s conduct and piety.”

“Blessing on you all!” said my lady. “Let us go, my lady; — let us go, sister, for I cannot stop any longer!”

As I slid by, following their ladyships— “How do you, Mr. Colbrand?” said I softly: “I feared you were not well in the morning.” He bowed— “Pardon me, Madam — I was leetel indispose, dat ish true!”

Now, my dear friend, will you forgive me all this self-praise, as it may seem? — Yet when you know I give it you, and my dear parents, as so many instances of my Lady Davers’s reconciliation and goodness to me, and as it will shew what a noble heart she has at bottom, when her pride of quality and her passion have subsided, and her native good sense and excellence taken place, I flatter myself, I may be the rather excused; and especially, as I hope to have your company and countenance one day, in this my delightful Sunday employment.

I should have added, for I think a good clergyman cannot be too much respected, that I repeated my request to Mr. Adams, to oblige us with his company at supper; but he so very earnestly begged to be excused, and with so much concern of countenance, that I thought it would be wrong to insist upon it; though I was sorry for it, sure as I am that modesty is always a sign of merit.

We returned to the gentlemen when supper was ready, as cheerful and easy, Lady Davers observed, as if we had not been present at so solemn a service. “And this,” said she, after they were gone, “makes religion so pleasant and delightful a thing, that I profess I shall have a much higher opinion of those who make it a regular and constant part of their employment, than ever I had.”

“Then,” said she, “I was once, I remember, when a girl, at the house of a very devout man, for a week, with his granddaughter, my school-fellow; and there were such preachments *against* vanities, and *for* self-denials, that were we to have followed the good man’s precepts, (though indeed not his practice, for well did he love his belly), half God Almighty’s creatures and works would have been useless, and industry would have been banished the earth.

“Then,” added her ladyship, “have I heard the good man confess himself guilty of such sins, as, if true (and by his hiding his face with his broad-brimmed hat, it looked a little bad against him), he ought to have been hanged on a gallows fifty feet high.”

These reflections, as I said, fell from my lady, after the gentlemen were gone, when she recounted to her brother, the entertainment, as she was pleased to call it, I had given her. On which she made high encomiums, as did the countess; and they praised also the natural dignity which they imputed to me, saying, I had taught them a way they never could have found out, to descend to the company of servants, and yet to secure, and even augment, the respect and veneration of inferiors at the same time. “And, Pamela,” said my lady, “you are certainly very right to pay so much regard to the young clergyman; for that makes all he reads, and all he says, of greater efficacy with the auditors, facilitates the work you have in view to bring about, and in your own absence (for your monarch may not always dispense with you, perhaps) strengthens his influence, and encourages him, beside.”

MONDAY.

I am to thank you, my dear Miss Damford, for your kind letter, approving of my scribble. When you come to my Saturday’s and Sunday’s accounts, I shall try your patience. But no more of that; for as you can read them, or let them alone, I am the less concerned, especially as they will be more indulgently received somewhere else, than they may merit; so that my labour will not be wholly lost.

I congratulate you with all my heart on your dismissing Mr. Murray; I could not help shewing your letter to Mr. B. And what do you think the free gentleman said upon it? I am half afraid to tell you: but do, now you are so happily disengaged, get leave to come, and let us two contrive to be even with him for it. You are the only lady in the world that I would join with against him.

He said, that your characters of Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy, which he called severe (but I won’t call them so, without your leave), looked a little like petty spite, and as if you were sorry the gentleman took you at your word. That was what he said — Pray let us punish him for it. Yet, he called you charming lady,

and said much in your praise, and joined with me, that Mr. Murray, who was so easy to part with you, could not possibly deserve you.

"But, Pamela," said he, "I know the sex well enough. Miss Polly may not love Mr. Murray; yet, to see her sister addressed and complimented, and preferred to herself, by one whom she so lately thought she could choose or refuse, is a mortifying thing. — And young ladies cannot bear to sit by neglected, while two lovers are playing pug's tricks with each other.

"Then," said he, "all the preparations to matrimony, the clothes to be bought, the visits to be paid and received, the compliments of friends, the busy novelty of the thing, the day to be fixed, and all the little foolish humours and nonsense attending a concluded courtship, when *one sister* is to engross all the attention and regard, the new equipages, and so forth; these are all subjects of mortification to the *other*, though she has no great value for the man perhaps."

"Well, but, Sir," said I, "a lady of Miss Darnford's good sense, and good taste, is not to be affected by these parades, and has well considered the matter, no doubt; and I dare say, rejoices, rather than repines, at missing the gentleman."

I hope you will leave the happy pair (for they are so, if they think themselves so) together, and Sir Simon to rejoice in his accomplished son-in-law elect, and give us your company to London. For who would stay to be vexed by that ill-natured Miss Nancy, as you own you were, at your last writing? — But I will proceed, and the rather, as I have something to tell you of a conversation, the result of which has done me great honour, and given inexpressible delight; of which in its place.

We pursued Mr. B.'s proposal, returning several visits in one day; for we have so polite and agreeable a neighbourhood, that all seem desirous to accommodate each other.

We came not home till ten in the evening, and then found a letter from Sir Jacob Swynford, uncle by the half blood to Mr. B., acquainting him, that hearing his niece, Lady Davers, was with him, he would be here in a day or two (being then upon his journey) to pay a visit to both at the same time. This gentleman is very particularly odd and humoursome: and his eldest son being next heir to the maternal estate, if Mr. B. should have no children, was exceedingly dissatisfied with his debasing himself in marrying me; and would have been better pleased had he not married at all, perhaps.

There never was any cordial love between Mr. B.'s father and him, nor between the uncle, and nephew and niece: for his positiveness, roughness, and self-interestedness too, has made him, though very rich, but little agreeable to the generous tempers of his nephew and niece; yet when they meet, which is not above once in four or five years, they are very civil and obliging to him. Lady

Davers wondered what could bring him hither now: for he lives in Herefordshire, and seldom stirs ten miles from home. Mr. B. said, he was sure it was not to compliment him and me on our nuptials. “No, rather,” said my lady, “to satisfy himself if you are in a way to cut out his own cubs.”— “Thank God, we are,” said he. “Whenever I was strongest set against matrimony, the only reason I had to weigh against my dislike to it was, that I was unwilling to leave so large a part of my estate to that family. My dear,” said he to me, “don’t be uneasy; but you’ll see a relation of mine much more disagreeable than you can imagine; but no doubt you have heard his character.”

“Ah, Pamela,” said Lady Davers, “we are a family that value ourselves upon our ancestry; but, upon my word, Sir Jacob, and all his line, have nothing else to boast of. And I have been often ashamed of my relation to them.”— “No family, I believe, my lady, has every body excellent in it,” replied I: “but I doubt I shall stand but poorly with Sir Jacob.”

“He won’t dare to affront you, my dear,” said Mr. B., “although he’ll say to you, and to me, and to my sister too, blunt and rough things. But he’ll not stay above a day or two, and we shall not see him again for some years to come; so we’ll bear with him.”

I am now, Miss, coming to the conversation I hinted at.

TUESDAY.

On Tuesday, Mr. Williams came to pay his respects to his kind patron. I had been to visit a widow gentlewoman, and, on my return, went directly to my closet, so knew not of his being here till I came to dinner; for Mr. B. and he were near two hours in discourse in the library. When I came down, Mr. B. presented him to me. “My friend Mr. Williams, my dear,” said he. “Mr. Williams, how do you do?” said I; “I am glad to see you.”

He rejoiced, he said, to see me look so well; and had longed for an opportunity to pay his respects to his worthy patron and me before: but had been prevented twice when upon the point of setting out. Mr. B. said, “I have prevailed upon my old acquaintance to reside with us, while he stays in these parts. Do you, my dear, see that every thing is made agreeable to him.”— “To be sure, Sir, I will.”

Mr. Adams being in the house, Mr. B. sent to desire he would dine with us: if it were but in respect to a gentleman of the same cloth, who gave us his company.

Mr. B., when dinner was over, and the servants were withdrawn, said, “My dear, Mr. Williams’s business, in part, was to ask my advice as to a living that is offered him by the Earl of —— , who is greatly taken with his preaching and conversation.” “And to quit yours, I presume, Sir,” said Lord Davers. “No, the

earl's is not quite so good as mine, and his lordship would procure him a dispensation to hold both. What would *you* advise, my dear?"

"It becomes not me, Sir, to meddle with such matters as these."— "Yes, my dear, it does, when I ask your opinion."— "I beg pardon, Sir. — My opinion then is, that Mr. Williams will not care to do any thing that *requires* a dispensation, and which would be unlawful without it."— "Madam," said Mr. Williams, "you speak exceedingly well."

"I am glad, Mr. Williams, that you approve of my sentiments, required of me by one who has a right to command me in every thing: otherwise this matter is above my sphere; and I have so much good will to Mr. Williams, that I wish him every thing that will contribute to make him happy."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. B., "but what would you advise in this case? The earl proposes, that Mr. Williams's present living be supplied by a curate; to whom, no doubt, Mr. Williams will be very genteel; and, as we are seldom or never there, his lordship thinks we shall not be displeased with it, and insists upon proposing it to me; as he has done."

Lord Davers said, "I think this may do very well, brother. But what, pray, Mr. Williams, do you propose to allow to your curate? Excuse me, Sir, but I think the clergy do so hardly by one another generally, that they are not to be surprised that some of the laity treat them as they do."

Said Mr. B., "Tell us freely, Pamela, what you would advise your friend Mr. Williams to do."

"And must I, Sir, speak my mind on such a point, before so many better judges?"

"Yes, *sister*," said her ladyship (a name she is now pleased to give me freely before strangers, after her dear brother's example, who is kindest, though always kind, at such times) "you *must*; if I may be allowed to say *must*."— "Why then," proceeded I, "I beg leave to ask Mr. Williams one question; that is, whether his present parishioners do not respect and esteem him in that particular manner, which I think every body must, who knows his worth?"

"I am very happy. Madam, in the good-will of all my parishioners, and have great acknowledgments to make for their civilities to me."— "I don't doubt," said I, "but it will be the same wherever you go; for bad as the world is, a prudent and good clergyman will never fail of respect. But, Sir, if you think your ministry among them is attended with good effects; if they esteem your person with a preference, and listen to your doctrines with attention; methinks, for *their* sakes, 'tis pity to leave them, were the living of less value, as it is of *more*, than the other. For, how many people are there who can benefit by one gentleman's preaching, rather than by another's; although, possibly, the one's abilities may be

no way inferior to the other's? There is much in a *delivery*, as it is called, in a manner, a deportment, to engage people's attention and liking; and as you are already in possession of their esteem, you are sure to do much of the good you aim and wish to do. For where the flock loves the shepherd, all the work is easy, and more than half done; and without that, let him have the tongue of an angel, and let him live the life of a saint, he will be heard with indifference, and, oftentimes, as his subject may be, with disgust."

I paused here; but every one being silent— "As to the earl's friendship, Sir," continued I, "you can best judge what force that ought to have upon you; and what I have mentioned would be the only difficulty with me, were I in Mr. Williams's case. To be sure, it will be a high compliment to his lordship, and so he ought to think it, that you quit a better living to oblige him. And he will be bound in honour to make it up to you. For I am far from thinking that a prudent regard to worldly interest misbecomes the character of a good clergyman; and I wish all such were set above the world, for their own sakes, as well as for the sakes of their hearers; since independency gives a man respect, besides the power of doing good, which will enhance that respect, and of consequence, give greater efficacy to his doctrines.

"As to strengthening of a good man's influence, a point always to be wished, I would not say so much as I have done, if I had not heard Mr. Longman say, and I heard it with great pleasure, that the benefice Mr. Williams so worthily enjoys is a clear two hundred pounds a year.

"But, after all, does happiness to a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, rest in a greater or lesser income? On the contrary, is it not oftener to be found in a happy competency or mediocrity? Suppose my dear Mr. B. had five thousand pounds a year added to his present large income, would that increase his happiness? That it would add to his cares, is no question; but could it give him one single comfort which he has not already? And if the dear gentleman had two or three thousand less, might he be less happy on that account? No, surely; for it would render a greater prudence on my humble part necessary, and a nearer inspection, and greater frugality, on his own; and he must be contented (if he did not, as now, perhaps, lay up every year) so long as he lived within his income. — And who will say, that the obligation to greater prudence and economy is a misfortune?

"The competency, therefore, the golden mean, is the thing; and I have often considered the matter, and endeavoured to square my actions by the result of that consideration. For a person who, being not born to an estate, is not satisfied with a competency, will probably know no limits to his desires. One whom an

acquisition of one or two hundred pounds a year will not satisfy, will hardly sit down contented with any sum. For although he may propose to himself at a distance, that such and such an acquisition will be the height of his ambition; yet he will, as he approaches to that, advance upon himself farther and farther, and know no bound, till the natural one is forced upon him, and his life and his views end together.

"Now let me humbly beg pardon of you all, ladies and gentlemen," turning my eyes to each; "but most of you, my good lady."

"Indeed, Madam," said Mr. Williams, "after what I have heard from you,
I would not, for the world, have been of another mind."

"You are a good man," said I; "and I have such an opinion of your worthiness, and the credit you do your function, that I can never suspect either your judgment or your conduct. But pray, Sir, may I ask, what have you determined to do?"— "Why, Madam," replied he, "I am staggered in that too, by the observation you just now made, that where a man has the love of his parishioners, he ought not to think of leaving them."— "Else, Sir, I find you was rather inclined to oblige the earl, though the living be of *less* value! This is very noble, Sir; it is more than generous."

"My dear," said Mr. B., "I'll tell you (for Mr. Williams's modesty will not let him speak it before all the company) what *is* his motive; and a worthy one you'll say it is. Excuse me, Mr. Williams;" — for the reverend gentleman blushed.

"The earl has of late years — we all know his character — given himself up to carousing, and he will suffer no man to go from his table sober. Mr. Williams has taken the liberty to expostulate, as became his function, with his lordship on this subject, and upon some other irregularities, so agreeably, that the earl has taken a great liking to him, and promises, that he will suffer his reasonings to have an effect upon him, and that he shall reform his whole household, if he will come and live near him, and regulate his table by his own example. The countess is a very good lady, and privately presses Mr. Williams to oblige the earl: and this is our worthy friend's main inducement; with the hope, which I should mention, that he has, of preserving untainted the morals of the two young gentlemen, the earl's son, who, he fears, will be carried away by the force of such an example: and he thinks, as the earl's living has fallen, mine may be better supplied than the earl's, if he, as he kindly offers, gives it me back again; otherwise the earl, as he apprehends, will find out for his, some gentleman, if such an one can be found, as will rather further, than obstruct his own irregularities, as was the unhappy case of the last incumbent."

“Well,” said Lady Davers, “I shall always have the highest respect for Mr. Williams, for a conduct so genteel and so prudent. But, brother, will you — and will you, Mr. Williams — put this whole affair into Mrs. B.’s hands, since you have such testimonies, *both* of you, of the rectitude of her thinking and acting?”— “With all my heart, Madam,” replied Mr. Williams; “and I shall be proud of such a direction,”— “What say *you*, brother? You are to suppose the living in your own hands again; will you leave the whole matter to my *sister* here?”— “Come, my dear,” said Mr. B., “let us hear how you’d wish it to be ordered. I know you have not need of one moment’s consideration, when once you are mistress of a point.”

“Nay,” said Lady Davers, “that is not the thing. I repeat my demand: shall it be as Mrs. B. lays it out, or not?”— “Conditionally,” said Mr. B., “provided I cannot give satisfactory reasons, why I *ought* not to conform to her opinion; for this, as I said, is a point of conscience with me; and I made it so, when I presented Mr. Williams to the living: and have not been deceived in that presentation.”— “To be sure,” said I, “that is very reasonable, Sir; and on that condition, I shall the less hesitate to speak my mind, because I shall be in no danger to commit an irreparable error.”

“I know well, Lady Davers,” added Mr. B., “the power your sex have over ours, and their subtle tricks: and so will never, in my weakest moments, be drawn in to make a blindfold promise. There have been several instances, both in sacred and profane story, of mischiefs done by such surprises: so you must allow me to suspect myself, when I know the dear slut’s power over me, and have been taught, by the inviolable regard she pays to her own word, to value mine — And now, Pamela, speak all that is in your heart to say.” “With your *requisite* condition in my eye, I will, Sir. But let me see that I state the matter right. And, preparative to it, pray, Mr. Williams, though you have not been long in possession of this living, yet, may-be, you can compute what it is likely, by what you know of it, to bring in clear?”

“Madam,” said he, “by the best calculation I can make — I thank *you* for it, good Sir — it may, one year with another, be reckoned at three hundred pounds per annum; and is the best within twenty miles of it, having been improved within these two last years.”

“If it was five hundred pounds, and would make you happier — (for *that*, Sir, is the thing) I should wish it you,” said I, “and think it short of your merits. But pray, Sir, what is the earl’s living valued at?”

“At about two hundred and twenty pounds, Madam.”— “Well, then,” replied I, very pertly, “I believe now I have it.

“Mr. Williams, for motives most excellently worthy of his function, inclines to surrender up to Mr. B. his living of three hundred pounds per annum, and to

accept of the earl's living of two hundred and twenty. Dear Sir, I am going to be very bold; but under *your* condition nevertheless: — let the gentleman, to whom you shall present the living of E. allow eighty pounds per annum out of it to Mr. Williams, till the earl's favour shall make up the difference to him, and no longer. And — but I dare not name the gentleman: — for how, dear Sir, were I to be so bold, shall I part with my chaplain?"— "Admirable! most admirable!" said Lord and Lady Davers, in the same words. The countess praised the decision too; and Mr. H. with his "Let me be hang'd," and his "Fore Gad's," and such exclamations natural to him, made his plaudits. Mr. Williams said, he could wish with all his heart it might be so; and Mr. Adams was so abashed and surprised, that he could not hold up his head; — but joy danced in his silent countenance, for all that.

Mr. B. having hesitated a few minutes. Lady Davers called out for his objection, or consent, according to condition, and he said, "I cannot so soon determine as that prompt slut did. I'll withdraw one minute."

He did so, as I found afterwards to advise, like the considerate and genteel spirit he possesses, with Mr. Williams, whom he beckoned out, and to examine whether he was in *earnest* willing to give it up, or very desirous for any one to succeed him; saying, that if he had, he thought himself obliged, in return for his worthy behaviour to him, to pay a particular regard to his recommendation. And so being answered as he desired, in they came together again.

But I should say, that his withdrawing with a very serious aspect, made me afraid I had gone too far: and I said, "What shall I do, if I have incurred Mr. B.'s anger by my over-forwardness! Did he not look displeased? Dear ladies, if he be so, plead for me, and I'll withdraw when he comes in; for I cannot stand his anger: I have not been used to it."

"Never fear, Pamela," said my lady; "he can't be angry at any thing you say or do. But I wish, for the sake of what I have witnessed of Mr. Adams's behaviour and modesty, that such a thing could be done for him." Mr. Adams bowed, and said, "O my good ladies! 'tis too considerable a thing: I cannot expect it — I do not — it would be presumption if I did."

Just then re-entered Mr. B. and Mr. Williams: the first with a stately air, the other with a more peace-portending smile on his countenance.

But Mr. B. sitting down, "Well, Pamela," said he, very gravely, "I see that power is a dangerous thing in any hand."— "Sir, Sir!" said I— "My dear lady," whispering to Lady Davers, "I will withdraw, as I said I would." And I was getting away as fast as I could: but he arose and took my hand, "Why is my charmer so soon frightened?" said he, most kindly; and still more kindly, with a noble air, pressed it to his lips. "I must not carry my jest too far upon a mind so apprehensive, as I otherwise might be inclined to do." And leading me to Mr.

Adams and Mr. Williams, he said, taking Mr. Williams's hand with his left, as he held mine in his right, "Your worthy brother clergyman, Mr. Adams, gives me leave to confirm the decision of my dear wife, whom you are to thank for the living of E. upon the condition she proposed; and may you give but as much satisfaction *there*, as you have done in *this* family, and as Mr. Williams has given to his flock; and they will then be pleased as much with your ministry as they have hitherto been with his."

Mr. Adams trembled with joy, and said, he could not tell how to bear this excess of goodness in us both: and his countenance and eyes gave testimony of a gratitude too high for further expression.

As for myself, you, my honoured and dear friends, who know how much I am always raised, when I am made the dispenser of acts of bounty and generosity to the deserving; and who now instead of incurring blame, as I had apprehended, found myself applauded by every one, and most by the gentleman whose approbation I chiefly coveted to have: you, I say, will judge how greatly I must be delighted.

But I was still more affected, when Mr. B. directing himself to me, and to Mr. Williams at the same time, was pleased to say, "Here, my dear, you must thank this good gentleman for enabling you to give such a shining proof of your excellence: and whenever I put power into your hands for the future, act but as you have now done, and it will be impossible that I should have any choice or will but yours."

"O Sir," said I, pressing his hand with my lips, forgetting how many witnesses I had of my grateful fondness, "how shall I, oppressed with your goodness, in such a signal instance as this, find words equal to the gratitude of my heart! — But here," patting my bosom, "just here, they stick; — and I cannot—"

And, indeed, I could say no more; and Mr. B. in the delicacy of his apprehensiveness for me, led me into the next parlour; and placing himself by me on the settee, said, "Take care, my best beloved, that the joy, which overflows your dear heart, for having done a beneficent action to a deserving gentleman, does not affect you too much."

My Lady Davers followed us: "Where is my angelic sister?" said she. "I have a share in her next to yourself, my noble brother." And clasping me to her generous bosom, she ran over with expressions of favour to me, in a style and words, which would suffer, were I to endeavour to repeat them.

Coffee being ready, we returned to the company. My Lord Davers was pleased to make me a great many compliments, and so did Mr. H. after his manner. But the countess exceeded *herself* in goodness.

Mr. B. was pleased to say, “It is a rule with me, not to leave till to-morrow what can be done to-day: — and *when*, my dear, do you propose to dispense with Mr. Adams’s good offices in your family? Or did you intend to induce him to go to town with us?”

“I had not proposed anything, Sir, as to that, for I had not asked your kind direction: but the good dean will supply us, I doubt not, and when we set out for London, Mr. Adams will be at full liberty, with his worthy friend, Mr. Williams, to pursue the happy scheme your goodness has permitted to take effect.”

“Mr. Adams, my dear, who came so lately from the university, can, perhaps, recommend such another young gentleman as himself, to perform the functions he used to perform in your family.”

I looked, it seems, a little grave; and Mr. B. said, “What have you to offer, Pamela? — What have I said amiss?”

“Amiss! dear Sir!—”

“Ay, and dear Madam too! I see by your bashful seriousness, in place of that smiling approbation which you always shew when I utter any thing you *entirely* approve, that I have said something which would rather meet with your acquiescence, than choice. So, as I have often told you, none of your reserves; and never *hesitate* to me your consent in any thing, while you are sure I will conform to your wishes, or pursue my own liking, as *either* shall appear reasonable to me, when I have heard *your* reasons.”

“Why, then, dear Sir, what I had presumed to think, but I submit it to your better judgment, was, whether, since the gentleman who is so kind as to assist us in our family devotions, in some measure acts in the province of the worthy dean, it were not right, that our own parish-minister, whether here or in London, should name, or at least approve *our* naming, the gentleman?”

“Why could not I have thought of that, as well as you, sauce-box? — Lady Davers, I am entirely on your side: I think she deserves a slap now from us both.”

“I’ll forgive her,” said my lady, “since I find her sentiments and actions as much a reproof to others as to me.”

“Mr. Williams, did you ever think,” said Mr. B., “it would have come to this? — Did you ever know such a saucy girl in your life? — Already to give herself these reproaching airs?”— “No, never, if your honour is pleased to call the most excellent lady in the world by such a name, nor any body else.”

“Pamela, I charge you,” said the dear gentleman, “if you *study* for it, be sometimes in the wrong, that one may not always be taking lessons from such an assurance; but in our turns, have something to teach *you*.”

“Then, dear Sir,” said I, “must I not be a strange creature? For how, when you, and my good ladies, are continually giving me such charming examples, can I do a wrong thing?”

I hope you will forgive me, my dear, for being so tedious on the foregoing subject, and its most agreeable conclusion. It is an important one, because several persons, as conferers or receivers, have found their pleasure and account in it; and it would be well, if conversation were often attended with like happy consequences. I have one merit to plead in behalf even of my prolixity; that in reciting the delightful conferences I have the pleasure of holding with our noble guests and Mr. B., I am careful not to write twice upon one topic, although several which I omit, may be more worthy of your notice than those I give; so that you have as much variety from me, as the nature of the facts and cases will admit of.

But here I will conclude, having a very different subject, as a proof of what I have advanced, to touch in my next. Till when, I am *your most affectionate and faithful*,

P.B.

LETTER XXXIII

My dear Miss Darnford,

I now proceed with my journal, which I brought down to Tuesday evening; and of course I begin with

WEDNESDAY.

Towards evening came Sir Jacob Swynford, on horseback, attended by two servants in liveries. I was abroad; for I had got leave for a whole afternoon, attended by my Polly; which time I passed in visiting no less than four poor sick families, whose hearts I made glad. But I should be too tedious, were I to give you the particulars; besides, I have a brief list of cases, which, when you'll favour me with your company, I may shew you: for I oblige myself, though not desired, to keep an account of what I do with no less than two hundred pounds a year, that Mr. B. allows me to expend in acts of charity and benevolence.

Lady Davers told me afterwards, that Sir Jacob carried it mighty stiff and formal when he alighted. He strutted about the court-yard in his boots, with his whip in his hand; and though her ladyship went to the great door, in order to welcome him, he turned short, and, whistling, followed the groom into the stable, as if he had been at an inn, only, instead of taking off his hat, pulling its broad brim over his eyes, for a compliment. In she went in a pet, as she says, saying to the countess, "A surly brute he always was! *My* uncle! He's more of an ostler than a gentleman; I'm resolved I'll not stir to meet him again. And yet the wretch loves respect from others, though he never practises common civility himself."

The countess said, she was glad he was come, for she loved to divert herself with such odd characters now-and-then.

And now let me give you a short description of him as I found him, when I came in, that you may the better conceive what sort of a gentleman he is.

He is about sixty-five years of age, a coarse, strong, big-boned man, with large irregular features; he has a haughty supercilious look, a swaggering gait, and a person not at all bespeaking one's favour in behalf of his mind; and his mind, as you shall hear by and bye, not clearing up those prepossessions in his disfavour, with which his person and features at first strike one. His voice is big and surly; his eyes little and fiery; his mouth large, with yellow and blackish teeth, what are left of them being broken off to a tolerable regular height, looked as if they were ground down to his gums, by constant use. But with all these imperfections, he has an air that sets him somewhat above the mere vulgar, and makes one think

half his disadvantages rather owing to his own haughty humour, than to nature; for he seems to be a perfect tyrant at first sight, a man used to prescribe, and not to be prescribed to; and has the advantage of a shrewd penetrating look, but which seems rather acquired than natural.

After he had seen his horses well served, and put on an old-fashioned gold-buttoned coat, which by its freshness shewed he had been very chary of it, a better wig, but in stiff buckle, and a long sword, stuck stiffly, as if through his coat lappets, in he came, and with an imperious air entering the parlour, "What, nobody come to meet me!" said he; and saluting her ladyship. "How do you do, niece?" and looked about haughtily, she says, as if he expected to see me. My lady presenting the countess, said, "The Countess of C., Sir Jacob!"— "Your most obedient humble servant, Madam. I hope his lordship is well."— "At your service, Sir Jacob."

"I wish he was," said he, bluntly; "he should not have voted as he did last sessions, I can tell you that."

"Why, Sir Jacob," said she, "*servants*, in this free kingdom, don't always do as their *masters* would have 'em."— "*Mine* do, I can tell you that. Madam."

"Right or wrong, Sir Jacob?"— "It can't be wrong if I command them."— "Why, truly, Sir Jacob, there's many a private gentleman carries it higher to a servant, than he cares his *prince* should to him; but I thought, till now, it was the king only that could do no wrong."

"But I always take care to be right."— "A good reason — because, I dare say, you never think you can be in the wrong."— "Your ladyship should spare me: I'm but just come off a journey. Let me turn myself about, and I'll be up with you, never fear. Madam. — But where's my nephew, Lady Davers? And where's your lord? I was told you were all here, and young H. too upon a very extraordinary occasion; so I was willing to see how causes went among you. It will be long enough before you come to see me."— "My brother, and Lord Davers, and Mr. H. have all rode out."— "Well, niece," strutting with his hands behind him, and his head held up— "Ha! — He has made a fine kettle on't — han't he? — that ever such a rake should be so caught! They tell me, she's plaguy cunning, and quite smart and handsome. But I wish his father were living. Yet what could he have done? Your brother was always unmanageable. I wish he'd been my son; by my faith, I do! What! I hope, niece, he locks up his baby, while you're here? You don't keep her company, do you?"

"Yes, Sir Jacob, I do: and you'll do so too, when you see her."— "Why, thou countenancest him in his folly, child: I'd a better opinion of thy spirit! Thou married to a lord, and thy brother to a — Can'st tell me what, Barbara? If thou can'st, pr'ythee do."— "To an angel; and so you'll say presently."

“What, dost think I shall look through *his* foolish eyes? What a disgrace to a family ancienter than the Conquest! *O Tempora! O Mores!* What will this world come to?” The countess was diverted with this odd gentleman, but ran on in my praise, for fear he should say some rude things to me when I came in; and Lady Davers seconded her. But all signified nothing. He would tell us both his mind, let the young whelp (that was his word) take it as he would— “And pray,” said he, “can’t I see this fine body before he comes in? Let me but turn her round two or three times, and ask her a question or two; and by her answer I shall know what to think of her in a twinkling.”— “She is gone to take a little airing, Sir Jacob, and won’t be back till supper-time.”

“Supper-time! Why, she is not to sit at table, is she? If she does, I won’t; that’s positive. But now you talk of a supper, what have you? — I must have a boiled chicken, and shall eat it all myself. Who’s housekeeper now? I suppose all’s turned upside down.”

“No, there is not one new servant, except a girl that waits upon her own person: all the old ones remain.”— “That’s much! These creatures generally take as great state upon them as a born lady; and they’re in the right. If they can make the man stoop to the great point, they’ll hold his nose to the grind-stone: and all the little ones come about in course.”— “Well, Sir Jacob, when you see her, you’ll alter your mind.”— “Never, never; that’s positive.”

“Ay, Sir Jacob, I was as positive as you once; but I love her now as well as if she were my own sister.”

“O hideous, hideous! All the fools he has made wherever he has travelled, will clap their hands at him, and at you too, if you talk at this rate. But let me speak to Mrs. Jervis, if she be here: I’ll order my own supper.”

So he went out, saying, he knew the house, though in a better mistress’s days. The countess said, if Mr. B. as she hoped, kept his temper, there would be good diversion with the old gentleman. “O yes,” said my lady, “my brother will, I dare say. He despises the surly brute too much to be angry with him, say what he will.” He talked a great deal against me to Mrs. Jervis. You may guess, my dear, that she launched out in my praises; and he was offended at her, and said, “Woman! woman! forbear these ill-timed praises; her birth’s a disgrace to our family. What! my sister’s waiting-maid, taken upon charity! I cannot bear it.” I mention all these things, as I afterwards heard them, because it shall prepare you to judge what a fine time I was likely to have of it. When Mr. B. and my Lord Davers, and Mr. H. came home, which they did about half an hour after six, they were told who was there, just as they entered the parlour; and Mr. B. smiled at Lord Davers, and entering, “Sir Jacob,” said he, “welcome to Bedfordshire; and thrice welcome to this house; I rejoice to see you.”

My lady says, never was so odd a figure as the old baronet made, when thus accosted. He stood up indeed; but as Mr. B. offered to take his hand, he put 'em both behind him. "Not that you know of. Sir!" And then looking up at his face, and down at his feet, three or four times successively, "Are you my brother's son? That very individual son, that your good father used to boast of, and say, that for handsome person, true courage, noble mind, was not to be matched in any three counties in England?"

"The very same, dear Sir, that my honoured father's partiality used to think he never praised enough."

"And what is all of it come to at last? — He paid well, did he not, to teach you to know the world, nephew! hadst thou been born a fool, or a raw greenhead, or a doating greyhead—"— "What then, Sir Jacob?"— "Why then thou wouldst have done just as thou hast done!"— "Come, come, Sir Jacob, you know not my inducement. You know not what an angel I have in person and mind. Your eyes shall by and bye be blest with the sight of her: your ears with hearing her speak: and then you'll call all you have said, profanation."— "What is it I hear? You talk in the language of romance; and from the housekeeper to the head of the house, you're all stark staring mad. Nephew, I wish, for thy own credit, thou wert — But what signifies wishing? — I hope you'll not bring your syren into my company."

"Yes, I will, Sir, because I love to give you pleasure. And say not a word more, for your own sake, till you see her. You'll have the less to unsay, Sir Jacob, and the less to repent of."

"I'm in an enchanted castle, that's certain. What a plague has this little witch done to you all? And how did she bring it about?"

The ladies and Lord Davers laughed, it seems; and Mr. B. begging him to sit down, and answer him some family questions, he said, (for it seems he is very captious at times), "What, am I to be laughed at! — Lord Davers, I hope *you're* not bewitched, too, are you?"— "Indeed, Sir Jacob, I am. My sister B. is my doating-piece."

"Whew!" whistled he, with a wild stare: "and how is it with you, youngster?"— "With me, Sir Jacob?" said Mr. H., "I'd give all I'm worth in the world, and ever shall be worth, for such another wife." He ran to the window, and throwing up the sash looking into the court-yard, said, "Hollo — So-ho! Groom — Jack — Jonas — Get me my horse! — I'll keep no such company! — I'll be gone! Why, Jonas!" calling again.

"You're not in earnest, Sir Jacob," said Mr. B.

"I am! — I'll away to the village this night! Why you're all upon the high game! I'll — But who comes here?" — For just then, the chariot brought me into the court-yard— "Who's this? who is she?"— "One of *my* daughters," started up

the countess; “my youngest daughter Jenny! — She’s the pride of my family, Sir Jacob!”— “I was running; for I thought it was the grand enchantress.” Out steps Lady Davers to me; “Dear Pamela,” said she, “humour all that’s said to you. Here’s Sir Jacob come. You’re the Countess of C.’s youngest daughter Jenny — That’s your cue.”— “Ah? but, Madam,” said I, “Lady Jenny is not married,” looking (before I thought) on a circumstance that I think too much of sometimes, though I carry it off as well as I can. She laughed at my exception: “Come, Lady Jenny,” said she, (for I just entered the great door), “I hope you’ve had a fine airing.”— “A very pretty one, Madam,” said I, as I entered the parlour. “This is a pleasant country, Lady Davers.” (“*Wink when I’m wrong,” whispered I*), “Where’s Mrs. B.?” Then, as seeing a strange gentleman, I started half back, into a more reserved air; and made him a low curt’sy. Sir Jacob looked as if he did not know what to think of it, now at me, now at Mr. B. who put him quite out of doubt, by taking my hand: “Well, Lady Jenny, did you meet my fugitive in your tour?”

“No, Mr. B. Did she go my way? I told you I would keep the great road.”— “Lady Jenny C.,” said Mr. B., presenting me to his uncle. “A charming creature!” added he: “Have you not a son worthy of such an alliance?”— “Ay, nephew, this is a lady indeed! Why the plague,” whispered he, “could you not have pitched your tent here? Miss, by your leave,” and saluting me, turned to the countess. “Madam, you’ve a charming daughter! Had my rash nephew seen this lovely creature, and you condescended, he’d never have stooped to the cottage as he has done.”— “You’re right, Sir Jacob,” said Mr. B.; “but I always ran too fast for my fortune: yet these ladies of family never bring out their jewels into bachelors’ company; and when, too late, we see what we’ve missed, we are vexed at our precipitation.”

“Well said, however, boy. I wish thee repentance, though ’tis out of thy power to mend. Be that one of thy curses, when thou seest this lady; as no doubt it is.” Again surveying me from head to foot, and turning me round, which, it seems, is a mighty practice with him to a stranger lady, (and a modest one too, you’ll say, Miss)— “Why, truly, you’re a charming creature, Miss — Lady Jenny I would say — By your leave, once more! — My Lady Countess, she is a charmer! But — but—” staring at me, “Are you married, Madam?” I looked a little silly; and my new mamma came up to me, and took my hand: “Why, Jenny, you are dressed oddly to-day! — What a hoop you wear; it makes you look I can’t tell how!”

“Madam, I thought so; what signifies lying? — But ’tis only the hoop, I see — Really, Lady Jenny, your hoop is enough to make half a hundred of our sex despair, lest you should be married. I thought it was something! Few ladies escape my notice. I always kept a good look-out; for I have two daughters of my own.

But ’tis the hoop, I see plainly enough. You are so slender every where but *here*,” putting his hand upon my hip which quite dashed me; and I retired behind my Lady Countess’s chair.

“Fie, Sir Jacob!” said Mr. B.; “before us young gentlemen, to take such liberties with a maiden lady! You give a bad example.”— “Hang him that sets you a bad example, nephew. But I see you’re right; I see Lady Jenny’s a maiden lady, or she would not have been so shamefaced. I’ll swear for her on occasion. Ha, ha, ha! — I’m sure,” repeated he, “she’s a maiden — For our sex give the married ladies a freer air in a trice.”— “How, Sir Jacob!” said Lady Davers.

“O fie!” said the countess. “Can’t you praise the maiden ladies, but at the expense of the married ones! What do you see of freedom in me?”— “Or in me?” said Lady Davers. “Nay, for that matter you are very well, I must needs say. But will you pretend to blush with that virgin rose? — Od’s my life, Miss — Lady Jenny I would say, come from behind your mamma’s chair, and you two ladies stand up now together. There, so you do — Why now, blush for blush, and Lady Jenny shall be three to one, and a deeper crimson by half. Look you there else! An hundred guineas to one against the field.” Then stamping with one foot, and lifting up his hands and eyes “Lady Jenny has it all to nothing — Ha, ha, ha! You may well sit down both of you; but you’re a blush too late, I can tell you that. Well hast thou done. Lady Jenny,” tapping my shoulder with his rough paw.

I was hastening away, and he said, “But let’s see you again, Miss; for now will I stay, if they bring nobody else.” And away I went; for I was quite out of countenance, “What a strange creature,” thought I, “is this!” Supper being near ready, he called out for Lady Jenny, for the sight of her, he said, did him good; but he was resolved not to sit down to table with *somebody else*. The countess said, she would fetch her daughter; and stepping out, returned saying, “Mrs. B. understands that Sir Jacob is here, and does not choose to see her; so she begs to be excused; and my Jenny and she desire to sup together.”

“The very worst tidings I have heard this twelvemonth. Why, nephew, let your girl sup with any body, so we may have Lady Jenny back with us.”— “I know,” said the countess, (who was desirous to see how far he could carry it), “Jenny won’t leave Mrs. B.; so if you see *one*, you must see *t’other*.”— “Nay, then I must sit down contented. Yet I should be glad to see Lady Jenny. But I will not sit at table with Mr. B.’s girl — that’s positive.”

“Well, well, let ’em sup together, and there’s an end of it,” said Mr. B. “I see my uncle has as good a judgment as any body of fine ladies.” — (“*That I have, nephew.*”)— “But he can’t forgo his humour, in compliment to the finest lady in England.”

“Consider, nephew, ’tis not thy doing a foolish thing, and calling a girl wife, shall cram a niece down my throat, that’s positive. The moment she comes down to take place of these ladies, I am gone, that’s most certain.”— “Well then, shall I go up, and oblige Pamela to sup by herself, and persuade Lady Jenny to come down to us?”— “With all my soul, nephew, — a good notion. — But, Pamela — did you say? — A *queer* sort of name! I have heard of it somewhere! — Is it a Christian or a Pagan name? — Linsey-woolsey — half one, half t’other — like thy girl — Ha, ha, ha.”— “Let me be *hang’d*,” whispered Mr. H. to his aunt, “if Sir Jacob has not a power of wit; though he is so whimsical with it. I like him much.”— “But hark ye, nephew,” said Sir Jacob, “one word with you. Don’t fob upon us your girl with the Pagan name for Lady Jenny. I have set a mark upon her, and should know her from a thousand, although she had changed her hoop.” Then he laughed again, and said, he hoped Lady Jenny would come — and without any body with her— “But I smell a plot,” said he— “By my soul I won’t stay, if they both come together. I won’t be put upon — But here is one or both — Where’s my whip? — I’ll go.”— “Indeed, Mr. B., I had rather have staid with Mrs. B.,” said I, as I entered, as he had bid me.

“’Tis she! ’tis she! You’ve nobody behind you! — No, she han’t — Why now, nephew, you are right; I was afraid you’d have put a trick upon me. — You’d *rather*,” repeated he to me, “have staid with Mrs. B.! — Yes, I warrant — But you shall be placed in better company, my dear child.”— “Sister,” said Mr. B., “will you take that chair; for Pamela does not choose to give my uncle disgust, who so seldom comes to see us.” My lady took the upper end of the table, and I sat next below my new mamma. “So, Jenny,” said she, “how have you left Mrs. B.?”— “A little concerned; but she was the easier, as Mr. B. himself desired I’d come down.”

My Lord Davers sat next me, and Sir Jacob said, “Shall I beg a favour of you, my lord, to let me sit next to Lady Jenny?” Mr. B. said, “Won’t it be better to sit over-against her, uncle?”— “Ay, that’s right. I’ faith, nephew, thou know’st what’s right. Well, so I will.” He accordingly removed his seat, and I was very glad of it; for though I was sure to be stared at by him, yet I feared if he sat next me, he would not keep his hands off my hoop.

He ran on a deal in my praises, after his manner, but so rough at times, that he gave me pain; and I was afraid too, lest he should observe my ring; but he stared so much in my face, that it escaped his notice. After supper, the gentlemen sat down to their bottle, and the ladies and I withdrew, and about twelve they broke up; Sir Jacob talking of nothing but Lady Jenny, and wished Mr. B. had happily married such a charming creature, who carried tokens of her high birth in her face, and whose every feature and look shewed her to be nobly descended.

They let him go to bed with his mistake: but the countess said next morning, she thought she never saw a greater instance of stupid pride and churlishness; and should be sick of the advantage of birth or ancestry, if this was the natural fruit of it. “For a man,” said her ladyship, “to come to his nephew’s house, and to suffer the mistress of it to be closetted up (as he thinks), in order to humour his absurd and brutal insolence, and to behave as he has done, is such a ridicule upon the pride of descent, that I shall ever think of it. — O Mrs. B.,” said she, “what advantages have you over every one that sees you; but most over those who pretend to treat you unworthily!” I expect to be called to breakfast every minute, and shall then, perhaps, see how this matter will end. I wish, when it is revealed, he may not be in a fury, and think himself imposed on. I fear it won’t go off so well as I wish; for every body seems to be grave, and angry at Sir Jacob.

THURSDAY.

I now proceed with my tale. At breakfast-time, when every one was sat, Sir Jacob began to call out for Lady Jenny. “But,” said he, “I’ll have none of your girl, nephew: although the chair at the tea-table is left for somebody.”— “No,” said Mr. B., “we’ll get Lady Jenny to supply Mrs. B.’s place, since you don’t care to see her.”— “With all my heart,” replied he.— “But, uncle,” said Mr. B., “have you really no desire, no curiosity to see the girl I have married?”— “No, none at all, by my soul.”

Just then I came in, and paying my compliments to the company, and to Sir Jacob— “Shall I,” said I, “supply Mrs. B.’s place in her absence?” And down I sat. After breakfast, and the servants were withdrawn— “Lady Jenny,” said Lady Davers, “you are a young lady, with all the advantages of birth and descent, and some of the best blood in the kingdom runs in your veins; and here Sir Jacob Swynford is your great admirer; cannot *you*, from whom it will come with a double grace, convince him that he acts unkindly at my brother’s house, to keep the person he has thought worthy of making the mistress of it, out of company? And let us know your opinion, whether my brother himself does right, to comply with such an unreasonable distaste?”— “Why, how now, Lady Davers! This from you! I did not expect it!”

“My uncle,” said Mr. B., “is the only person in the kingdom that I would have humoured thus: and I made no doubt, when he saw how willing I was to oblige him in such a point, he would have acted a more generous part than he has yet done. — But, Lady Jenny, what say you to my sister’s questions?”

“If I must speak my mind,” replied I, “I should take the liberty to be very serious with Sir Jacob, and to say, that when a thing is done, and cannot be

helped, he should take care how he sows the seeds of indifference and animosity between man and wife, and makes a gentleman dissatisfied with his choice, and perhaps unhappy as long as he lives."— "Nay, Miss," said he, "if all are against me, and you, whose good opinion I value most, you may e'en let the girl come, and sit down. — If she is but half as pretty, and half as wise, and modest, as you, I shall, as it cannot be helped, as you say, be ready to think better of the matter. For 'tis a little hard, I must needs say, if she has hitherto appeared before all the good company, to keep her out of the way on my account."— "Really, Sir Jacob," said the countess, "I have blushed for you more than once on this occasion. But the mistress of this house is more than half as wise, and modest, and lovely: and in hopes you will return me back some of the blushes I have lent you, see *there*, in my daughter Jenny, whom you have been so justly admiring, the mistress of the house, and the lady with the Pagan name." Sir Jacob sat aghast, looking at us all in turn, and then cast his eyes on the floor. At last, up he got, and swore a sad oath: "And am I thus tricked and bamboozled," that was his word; "am I? There's no bearing this house, nor her presence, now, that's certain; and I'll begone."

Mr. B. looking at me, and nodding his head towards Sir Jacob, as he was in a flutter to begone, I rose from my chair, and went to him, and took his hand. "I hope, Sir Jacob, you will be able to bear *both*, when you shall see no other difference but that of descent, between the supposed Lady Jenny you so kindly praised, and the girl your dear nephew has so much exalted."— "Let me go," said he; "I am most confoundedly bit. I cannot look you in the face! By my soul, I cannot! For 'tis impossible you should forgive me."— "Indeed it is not, Sir; you have done nothing but what I can forgive you for, if your dear nephew can; for to him was the wrong, if any, and I am sure he can overlook it. And for his sake, to the uncle of so honoured a gentleman, to the brother of my late good lady, I can, with a bent knee, *thus*, ask your blessing, and your excuse for joining to keep you in this suspense."— "Bless you!" said he, and stamped— "Who can choose but bless you?"-and he kneeled down, and wrapped his arms about me.— "But, curse me," that was his strange word, "if ever I was so touched before!" My dear Mr. B., for fear my spirits should be too much affected (for the rough baronet, in his transport, had bent me down lower than I kneeled), came and held my arm; but permitted Sir Jacob to raise me; only saying, "How does my angel? Now she has made this conquest, she has completed all her triumphs."— "Angel, did you call her? — I'm confounded with her goodness, and her sweet carriage! — Rise, and let me see if I can stand myself! And, believe me, I am sorry I have acted thus so much like a bear; and the more I think of it, the more I shall be ashamed of myself." And the tears, as he spoke, ran down his rough cheeks; which moved me much; for to see a man with so hard a countenance weep, was a touching sight.

Mr. H. putting his handkerchief to his eyes, his aunt said, “What’s the matter, Jackey?”— “I don’t know how ’tis,” answered he; “but here’s strange doings, as ever I knew — For, day after day, one’s ready to cry, without knowing whether it be for joy or sorrow! — What a plague’s the matter with me, I wonder!” And out he went, the two ladies, whose charming eyes, too, glistened with pleasure, smiling at the effect the scene had upon Mr. H. and at what he said.— “Well, Madam,” said Sir Jacob, approaching me; for I had sat down, but then stood up— “You will forgive me; and from my heart I wish you joy. By my soul I do,” — and saluted me.— “I could not have believed there had been such a person breathing. I don’t wonder at my nephew’s loving you! — And you call her sister, Lady Davers, don’t you? — If you do, I’ll own her for my niece.”

“Don’t I! — Yes, I do,” said she, coming to me, “and am proud so to call her. And this I tell you, for *your* comfort, though to *my own shame*, that I used her worse than you have done, before I knew her excellence; and have repented of it ever since.”

I bowed to her ladyship, and kissed her hand— “My dearest lady,” said I, “you have made me such rich amends since, that I am sure I may say, ‘*It was good for me that I was afflicted!*’”— “Why, nephew, she has the fear of God, I perceive, before her eyes too! I’m sure I’ve heard those words. They are somewhere in the Scripture, I believe! — Why, who knows but she may be a means to save your soul! — Hey, you know!”— “Ay, Sir Jacob, she’ll be a means to save a hundred souls, and might go a great way to save yours if you were to live with her but one month.”

“Well, but, nephew, I hope you forgive me too; for now I think of it, I never knew you take any matter so patiently in my life.”— “I knew,” said Mr. B., “that every extravagance you insisted upon, was heightening my charmer’s triumph, and increasing your own contrition; and, as I was not *indeed* deprived of her company, I could bear with every thing you said or did — Yet, don’t you remember my caution, that the less you said against her, the less you’d have to unsay, and the less to repent of!”

“I do; and let me ride out, and call myself to account for all I have said against her, in her own hearing; and when I can think of but one half, and how she has taken it, by my soul, I believe ‘twill make me *more* than half mad.”

At dinner (when we had Mr. Williams’s company), the baronet told me, he admired me now, as much as when he thought me Lady Jenny; but complained of the trick put upon him by us all, and seemed now and then a little serious upon it.

He took great notice of the dexterity which he imputed to me, in performing the honours of the table. And every now and then, he lifted up his eyes— “Very clever. — Why, Madam, you seem to me to be born to these things! — I will be

helped by nobody but you — And you'll have a task of it, I can tell you; for I have a whipping stomach, and were there fifty dishes, I always taste of every one." And, indeed, John was in a manner wholly employed in going to and fro between the baronet and me, for half an hour together. — He went from us afterwards to Mrs. Jervis, and made her answer many questions about me, and how all these matters had *come about*, as he phrased it; and returning, when we drank coffee, said, "I have been *confabbing* with Mrs. Jervis, about you, niece. I never heard the like! She says you can play on the harpsichord, and sing too; will you let a body have a tune or so? My Mab can play pretty well, and so can Dolly; I'm a judge of music, and would fain hear you." I said, if he was a judge, I should be afraid to play before him; but I would not be asked twice, after our coffee. Accordingly he repeated his request. I gave him a tune, and, at his desire, sung to it: "Od's my life," said he, "you do it purely! — But I see where it is. My girls have got *my* fingers!" Then he held both hands out, and a fine pair of paws shewed he. "Plague on't, they touch two keys at once; but those slender and nimble fingers, how they sweep along! My eye can't follow 'em — Whew," whistled he, "they are here and there, and every where at once! — Why, nephew, I believe you have put another trick upon me. My niece is certainly of quality! And report has not done her justice. — One more tune, one more song — By my faith, your voice goes sweetly to your fingers. 'Slife — I'll thrash my jades," that was his polite phrase, "when I get home. — Lady Davers, you know not the money they have cost me to qualify them; and here's a mere baby to them outdoes 'em by a bar's length, without any expense at all bestowed upon her. Go over that again — Confound me for a puppy! I lost it by my prating. — Ay, there you have it! Oh! that I could but dance as well as thou sing'st! I'd give you a saraband, old as I am."

After supper, we fell into a conversation, of which I must give you some account, being on a topic that Mr. B. has been blamed for in his marrying me, and which has stuck by some of his friends, even after they have, in kindness to me, acquitted him in every other respect; and that is, *the example he has set to young gentlemen of family and fortune to marry beneath them*. — It was begun by Sir Jacob, who said, "I am in love with my new niece, that I am: but still one thing sticks with me in this affair, which is, what will become of degree or distinction, if this practice of gentlemen marrying their mothers' waiting-maids — excuse me, Madam — should come into vogue? Already, young ladies and young gentlemen are too apt to be drawn away thus, and disgrace their families. We have too many instances of this. You'll forgive me, both of you."

"That," said Lady Davers, "is the *only* thing! — Sir Jacob has hit upon the point that would make one wish this example had not been set by a gentleman of

such an ancient family, till one becomes acquainted with this dear creature; and then every body thinks it should not be otherwise than it is."

"Ay, Pamela," said Mr. B., "what can you say to this? Cannot you defend me from this charge? This is a point that has been often objected to me; try for one of your pretty arguments in my behalf."

"Indeed, Sir," replied I, looking down, "it becomes not me to say any thing to this."— "But indeed it does, if you can: and I beg you'll help me to some excuse, if you have any at hand."— "Won't you. Sir, dispense with me on this occasion? I know, not what to say. Indeed I should not, if I may judge for myself, speak one *word* to this subject. — For it is my absolute opinion, that degrees in general should be kept up; although I must always deem the present case an happy exception to the rule." Mr. B. looked as if he still expected I should say something.— "Won't you, Sir, dispense with me?" repeated I. "Indeed I should not speak to this point, if I may be my own judge."

"I always intend, my dear, you shall judge for yourself; and, you know, I seldom urge you farther, when you use those words. But if you have any thing upon your mind to say, let's have it; for your arguments are always new and unborrowed."

"I would then, if I *must*, Sir, ask, if there be not a nation, or if there has not been a law in some nation, which, whenever a young gentleman, be *his* degree what it would, has seduced a poor creature, be *her* degree what it would, obliges him to marry that unhappy person?"— "I think there is such a law in some country, I can't tell where," said Sir Jacob.

"And do you think, Sir, whether it be so or not, that it is equitable it should be so?"

"Yes, by my troth. Though I must needs own, if it were so in England, many men, that I know, would not have the wives they now have."— "You speak to your knowledge, I doubt not, Sir Jacob?" said Mr. B.

"Why, truly — I don't know but I do."

"All then," said I, "that I would infer, is, whether another law would not be a still more just and equitable one, that the gentleman who is repulsed, from a principle of virtue and honour, should not be censured for marrying a person he could *not* seduce? And whether it is not more for both their honours, if he does: since it is nobler to reward a virtue, than to repair a shame, were that shame to be repaired by matrimony, which I take the liberty to doubt. But I beg pardon: you commanded me, Sir, else this subject should not have found a speaker to it, in me."

"This is admirably said," cried Sir Jacob.— "But yet this comes not up to the objection," said Mr. B. "The setting an example to waiting-maids to aspire, and to

young gentlemen to descend. And I will enter into the subject myself; and the rather, because as I go along, I will give Sir Jacob a faint sketch of the merit and character of my Pamela, of which he cannot be so well informed as he has been of the disgrace which he imagined I had brought upon myself by marrying her. — I think it necessary, that as well those persons who are afraid the example should be taken, as those who are inclined to follow it, should consider *all* the material parts of it; otherwise, I think the precedent may be justly cleared; and the fears of the one be judged groundless, and the plea of the other but a pretence, in order to cover a folly into which they would have fallen, whether they had this example or not. For instance, in order to lay claim to the excuses, which my conduct, if I may suppose it of force enough to do either good or hurt, will furnish, it is necessary, that the object of their wish should be a girl of exquisite beauty (and that not only in their own blinded and partial judgments, but in the opinion of *every one* who sees her, friend or foe), in order to justify the force which the *first* attractions have upon him: that she be descended of honest and conscientious, though poor and obscure parents; who having preserved their integrity, through great trials and afflictions, have, by their examples, as well as precepts, laid deep in the girl's mind the foundations of piety and virtue.

"It is necessary that, to the charms of person, this waiting-maid, should have an humble, teachable mind, fine natural parts, a sprightly, yet inoffensive wit, a temper so excellent, and a judgment so solid, as should promise (by the love and esteem these qualities should attract to herself from her fellow-servants, superior and inferior) that she would become a higher station, and be respected in it. — And that, after so good a foundation laid by her parents, she should have all the advantages of female education conferred upon her; the example of an excellent lady, improving and building upon so worthy a foundation: a capacity surprisingly ready to take in all that is taught her: an attention, assiduity, and diligence almost peculiar to herself, at her time of life; so as, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, to be able to vie with any young ladies of rank, as well in the natural genteelness of her person, as in her acquirements: and that in nothing but her humility she should manifest any difference between herself and the high-born.

"It will be necessary, moreover, that she should have a mind above temptation; that she should resist the *offers* and *menaces* of one upon whom all her worldly happiness seemed to depend; the son of a lady to whom she owed the greatest obligations; a person whom she did not *hate*, but greatly *feared*, and whom her grateful heart would have been *glad* to oblige; and who sought to prevail over her virtue, by all the inducements that could be thought of, to *attract* a young unexperienced virgin at one time, or to *frighten* her at another, into his purposes;

who offered her very high terms, her circumstances considered, as well for herself, as for parents she loved better than herself, whose circumstances were low and distressful; yet, to all these *offers* and *menaces*, that she should be able to answer in such words as these, which will always dwell upon my memory— 'I reject your proposals with all my soul. May God desert me, whenever I make worldly grandeur my chiefest good! I know I am in your power; I dread your will to ruin me is as great as your power. Yet, will I dare to tell you, I will make no free-will offering of my virtue. All that I *can* do, poor as it is, I *will* do, to shew you, that my will bore no part in the violation of me.' And when future marriage was intimated to her, to induce her to yield, to be able to answer, 'The moment I yield to your proposals, there is an end of all merit, if now I have any. And I should be so far from *expecting* such an honour that I will pronounce I should be most *unworthy* of it.'

"If, I say, such a girl can be found, thus beautifully attractive in *every one's* eye, and not partially so only in a young gentle man's *own*; and after that (what good persons would infinitely prefer to beauty), thus piously principled; thus genteely educated and accomplished; thus brilliantly witty; thus prudent, modest, generous, undesigning; and having been thus tempted, thus tried, by the man she hated not, pursued (not intriguingly pursuing), be thus inflexibly virtuous, and proof against temptation: let her reform her libertine, and let him marry her; and were he of princely extraction, I dare answer for it, that no *two* princes in *one age*, take the world through, would be in danger. For, although I am sensible it is not to my credit, I will say, that I never met with a repulse, nor a conduct like this; and yet I never sunk very low for the subjects of my attempts, either at home or abroad. These are obvious inferences," added he, "not refinements upon my Pamela's story; and if the gentlemen were capable of thought and comparison, would rather make such an example, as is apprehended, *more* than *less* difficult than *before*.

"But if, indeed, the young fellow be such a booby, that he cannot *reflect* and *compare*, and take the case *with all its circumstances* together, I think his good papa or mamma should get him a wife to their own liking, as soon as possible; and the poorest girl in England, who is honest, should rather bless herself for escaping such a husband, than glory in the catch she would have of him. For he would hardly do honour to his family in any one instance."— "Indeed," said the countess, "it would be pity, after all, that such an one should marry any lady of prudence and birth; for 'tis enough in conscience, that he is a disgrace to *one* worthy family; it would be pity he should make *two* unhappy."

“Why, really, nephew,” said Sir Jacob, “I think you have said much to the purpose. There is not so much danger, from the example, as I apprehended, from *sensible* and *reflecting* minds. I did not consider this matter thoroughly, I must needs say.”

“And the business is,” said Lady Davers— “You’ll excuse me, sister — There will be more people hear that Mr. B. has married his mother’s waiting-maid, than will know his inducements.”— “Not many, I believe, sister. For when ’tis known, I have some character in the world, and am not quite an idiot (and my faults, in having not been one of the most virtuous of men, will stand me in some stead in *this* case, though hardly in *any other*) they will naturally enquire into my inducements. — But see you not, when we go abroad, what numbers of people her character draws to admire the dear creature? Does not this shew, that her virtue has made her more conspicuous than my fortune has made me? For I passed up and down quietly enough before (handsome as my equipage always was) and attracted not any body’s notice: and indeed I had as lieve these honours were not so publicly paid *her*; for even, were I fond to shew and parade, what are they, but a reproach to me? And can I have any excellence, but a secondary one, in having, after all my persecutions of her, done but common justice to her merit? — This answers your objection, Lady Davers, and shews that *my* inducements and *her* story must be equally known. And I really think (every thing I have said considered, and that might still farther be urged, and the conduct of the dear creature in the station she adorns, so much exceeding all I hoped or could expect from the most promising appearances), that she does *me* more honour than I have done *her*; and if I could put myself in a third person’s place, I think I should be of the same opinion, were I to determine upon such another pair, exactly circumstanced as we are.”

You may believe, my friend, how much this generous defence of the step he had taken, attributing every thing to me, and deprecating his worthy self, affected me. I played with a cork one while, with my rings another; looking down, and every way but on the company; for they gazed too much upon me all the time; so that I could only glance a tearful eye now and then upon the dear man; and when it would overflow, catch in my handkerchief the escaped fugitives that would start unbidden beyond their proper limits, though I often tried, by a twinkling motion, to disperse the gathering water, before it had formed itself into drops too big to be restrained. All the company praised the dear generous speaker; and he was pleased to say farther, “Although, my good friends, I can truly say, that with all the pride of family, and the insolence of fortune, which once made me doubt whether I should not sink too low, if I made my Pamela my mistress (for I should then have treated her not ungenerously, and should have suffered her, perhaps, to

call herself by my name), I have never once repented of what I have done; on the contrary, always rejoiced in it, and it has been, from the first day of our marriage, my pride and my boast (and shall be, let others say what they will), that I can call such an excellence, and such a purity, which I so little deserve, mine; and I look down with contempt upon the rashness of all who reflect upon me; for they can have no notion of my happiness or her merit."

"O dear Sir, how do you overrate my poor merit! — Some persons are happy in a life of *comforts*, but mine's a life of *joy!* — One rapturous instance follows another so fast, that I know not how to bear them."

"Whew!" whistled Sir Jacob. "Whereabouts am I? — I hope by-and-by you'll come down to our pitch, that one may put in a word or two with you."

"May you be long thus blest and happy together!" said Lady Davers. "I know not which to admire most, the dear girl that never was bad, or the dear man, who, having been bad, is now so good!"

Said Lord Davers, "There is hardly any bearing these moving scenes, following one another so quick, as my sister says."

The countess was pleased to say, that till now she had been at a loss to form any notion of the happiness of the first pair before the Fall; but now, by so fine an instance as this, she comprehended it in all its force. "God continue you to one another," added she, "for a credit to the state, and to human nature."

Mr. H., having his elbows on the table, folded his hands, shaking them, and looking down— "Egad, this is uncommon life, that it is! Your two souls, I can see that, are like well-tuned instruments; but they are too high set for me, a vast deal."

"The best thing," said Lady Davers (always severe upon her poor nephew), "thou ever saidst. The music must be equal to that of Orpheus, which can make such a savage as thee dance to it. I charge thee, say not another word tonight."— "Why, indeed, aunt," returned he, laughing, "I believe it *was* pretty well said for your foolish fellow: though it was by chance, I must confess; I did not think of it."— "That I believe," replied my lady; "if thou hadst, thou'dst not have spoken so well."

Sir Jacob and Mr. B. afterwards fell into a family discourse; and Sir Jacob told us of two or three courtships by his three sons, and to his two daughters, and his reasons for disallowing them: and I could observe, he is an absolute tyrant in his family, though they are all men and women grown, and he seemed to please himself how much they stood in awe of him.

I would not have been so tediously trifling, but for the sake of my dear parents; and there is so much self-praise, as it may seem, from a person on repeating the fine things said of herself, that I am half of opinion I should send them to Kent

only, and to think you should be obliged to me for saving you so much trouble and impertinence.

Do, dear Miss, be so free as to forbid me to send you any more long journals, but common letters only, of how you do? and who and who's together, and of respects to one another, and so forth — letters that one might dispatch, as Sir Jacob says, in a *twinkling*, and perhaps be more to the purpose than the tedious scrawl which kisses your hands, from *yours most sincerely*, P.B.

Do, dear good Sir Simon, let Miss Polly add to our delights, by her charming company. Mr. Murray, and the new affair will divert *you*, in her absence. — So pray, since my good Lady Darnford has consented, and she is willing, and her sister can spare her; don't be so cross as to deny me.

* * * * *

LETTER XXXIV

From Miss Damford to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR MRS. B.,

You have given us great pleasure in your accounts of your conversations, and of the verses put so wickedly under your seat; and in your just observations on the lines, and occasions.

I am quite shocked, when I think of Lady Davers's passionate intentions at the hall, but have let nobody into the worst of the matter, in compliance with your desire. We are delighted with the account of your family management, and your Sunday's service. What an excellent lady you are! And how happy and good you make all who know you, is seen by the ladies joining in your evening service, as well as their domestics.

We go on here swimmingly with our courtship. Never was there a fonder couple than Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy. The modest girl is quite alive, easy, and pleased, except now-and-then with me. We had a sad falling out t'other day. Thus it was: — She had the assurance, on my saying, they were so fond and free before-hand, that they would leave nothing for improvement afterwards, to tell me, she had long perceived, that my envy was very disquieting to me. This she said before Mr. Murray, who had the good manners to retire, seeing a storm rising between us. "Poor foolish girl!" cried I, when he was gone, provoked to great contempt by her expression before him, "thou wilt make me despise thee in spite of my heart. But, pr'ythee, manage thy matters with common decency, at least."— "Good lack! *Common decency*, did you say? When my sister Polly is able to shew me what it is, I shall hope to be better for her example."— "No, thou'lt never be better for any body's example! Thy ill-nature and perverseness will continue to keep thee from that."— "My ill-temper, you have often told me, is *natural* to me; so it must become *me:* but upon such a sweet-tempered young lady as Miss Polly, her late assumed petulance sits but ill!"

"I must have had no bad temper, and that every one says, to bear with thy sullen and perverse one, as I have done all my life."

"But why can't you bear with it a little longer, sister? Does any thing provoke you *now*" (with a sly leer and affected drawl) "that did not *formerly?*"

"Provoke me! — What should provoke me? I gave thee but a hint of thy fond folly, which makes thee behave so before company, that every one smiles at thee;

and I'd be glad to save thee from contempt for thy *new* good humour, as I used to try to do, for thy *old* bad nature."

"Is that it? What a kind sister have I! But I see it vexes you; and *ill-natured* folks love to teaze, you know. But, dear Polly, don't let the affection Mr. Murray expresses for me, put such a good-tempered body out of humour, pray don't — Who knows" (continued the provoker, who never says a tolerable thing that is not ill-natured) "but the gentleman may be happy that he has found a way, with so much ease, to dispense with the difficulty that eldership laid him under? But, as he did you the favour to let the repulse come from you, don't be angry, sister, that he took you at the first word."

"Indeed," said I, with a contemptuous smile, "thou'rt in the right, Nancy, to take the gentleman at *his* first word. Hold him fast, and play over all thy monkey tricks with him, with all my heart; who knows but it may engage him more? For, should *he* leave thee, I might be too much provoked at thy ingratitude, *to turn over* another gentleman to thee. And let me tell thee, without such an introduction, thy temper would keep any body from thee, that knows it!"

"Poor Miss Polly — Come, be as easy as you can! Who knows but we may find out some cousin or friend of Mr. Murray's between us, that we may persuade to address you? Don't make us your enemies: we'll try to make you easy, if we can. 'Tis a little hard, that you should be so cruelly taken at your word, that it is."— "Dost think," said I, "poor, stupid, ill-judging Nancy, that I can have the same regret for parting with a man I could not like, that thou hadst, when thy vain hopes met with the repulse they deserved from Mr. B.?"— "Mr. B. come up again? I have not heard of him a great while."— "No, but it was necessary that one nail should drive out another; for thou'dst been repining still, had not Mr. Murray been *turned over* to thee."— "*Turned over!* You used that word once before: such great wits as you, methinks, should not use the same word twice."

"How dost thou know what wits *should* or should *not* do? Thou hast no talent but ill-nature; and 'tis enough for thee, that *one* view takes up thy whole thought. Pursue that — But I would only caution thee, not to *satiate* where thou wouldst *oblige*, that's all; or, if thy man can be so gross as to like thy fondness, to leave something for *hereafter*."

"I'll call him in again, sister, and you shall acquaint us how you'd have it. Bell" (for the maid came in just then), "tell Mr. Murray I desire him to walk in."— "I'm glad to see thee so teachable all at once! — I find now what was the cause of thy constant perverseness: for had the unavailing lessons my mamma was always inculcating into thee, come from a *man* thou couldst have had hopes of, they had succeeded better."

In came Sir Simon with his crutch-stick — But can you bear this nonsense, Mrs. B.?— “What sparring, jangling again, you sluts! — O what fiery eyes on one side! and contemptuous looks on t’other!”

“Why, papa, my sister Polly has *turned over* Mr. Murray to me, and she wants him back again, and he won’t come — That’s all the matter!”

“You know Nancy, papa, never could *bear* reproof, and yet would always *deserve* it! — I was only gently remarking for her instruction, on her fondness before company, and she is as she *used to be!* — Courtship, indeed, is a new thing to the poor girl, and so she knows not how to behave herself in it.”

“So, Polly, because you have been able to run over a long list of humble servants, you must insult your sister, must you? — But are you really concerned, Polly? — Hey!”— “Sir, this or anything is very well from you. But these imputations of envy, before Mr. Murray, must make the man very considerable with himself. Poor Nancy don’t consider that. But, indeed, how should she? How should *she* be able to reflect, who knows not what reflection is, except of the spiteful sort? But, papa, should the poor thing add to *his* vanity, which wants no addition, at the expense of that pride, which can only preserve her from contempt?”

I saw her affected, and was resolved to pursue my advantage.

“Pr’ythee, Nancy,” continued I, “canst thou not have a *little* patience, child — My papa will set the day as soon as he shall think it proper. And don’t let thy man toil to keep pace with thy fondness; for I have pitied him many a time, when I have seen him stretched on the tenters to keep thee in countenance.”

This set the ill-natured girl in tears and fretfulness; all her old temper came upon her, as I designed it should, for she had kept me at bay longer than usual; and I left her under the dominion of it, and because I would not come into fresh dispute, got my mamma’s leave, and went in the chariot, to beg a dinner at Lady Jones’s; and then came home as cool and as easy as I used to be; and found Nancy as sullen and silent, as was her custom, before Mr. Murray tendered himself to her ready acceptance. But I went to my spinnet, and suffered her to swell on.

We have said nothing but No and Yes ever since; and I wish I was with you for a month, and all their nonsense over without me. I am, my dear, obliging, and excellent Mrs. B., *your faithful and affectionate*

Polly Darnford.

The two following anticipating the order of time, for the reasons formerly mentioned, we insert here.

* * * * *

LETTER XXXV

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR MRS. B.,

Pray give my service to your Mr. B. and tell him he is very impolite in his reflections upon me, as to Mr. Murray, when he supposes I regret the loss of him. You are much more favourable and *just* too, I will say, to your Polly Damford. These gentlemen, the very best of them, are such indelicates! They think so highly of their saucy selves, and confident sex, as if a lady cannot from *her* heart despise them; but if she turns them off, as they deserve, and continues her dislike, what should be interpreted in her favour, as a just and *regular* conduct, is turned against her, and it must proceed from spite. Mr. B. may think he knows much of the sex. But were I as malicious as he is reflecting (and yet, if I have any malice, he has raised it), I could say, that his acquaintance, was not with the most unexceptionable, till he knew you: and he has not long enough been happy in you, I find, to do justice to those who are proud to emulate your virtues.

I say, Mrs. B., there can be no living with these men upon such beginnings. They ought to know their distance, or be taught it, and not to think it in their power to confer that as a favour, which they should esteem it an honour to receive.

But neither can I bear, it seems, the preparatives to matrimony, the fine clothes, the compliments, the *busy novelty*, as he calls it, the new equipages, and so forth.

That's his mistake again, tell him: for one who can look forwarder than the nine days of wonder, can easily despise so flashy and so transient a glare. And were I fond of compliments, it would not, perhaps, be the way to be pleased, in that respect, if I were to marry.

Compliments in the single state are a lady's due, whether courted or not; and she receives, or ought always to receive them, as such; but in courtship they are poured out upon one, like a hasty shower, soon to be over. A mighty comfortable consideration this, to a lady who *loves to be complimented*! Instead of the refreshing April-like showers, which beautify the sun-shine, she shall stand a deluge of complaisance, be wet to the skin with it; and what then? Why be in a Lybian desert ever after! — experience a constant parching drought and all her attributed excellencies will be swallowed up in the quicksands of matrimony. It may be otherwise with you; and it *must* be so; because there is such an infinite

variety in your excellence. But does Mr. B. think it must be so in *every* matrimony?

'Tis true, he improves every hour, as I see in his fine speeches to you. But it could not be Mr. B. if he did not: your merit *extorts* it from him: and what an ungrateful, as well as absurd churl, would he be, who should seek to obscure a meridian lustre, that dazzles the eyes of every one else?

I thank you for your delightful narratives, and beg you to continue them. I told you how your Saturday's conversation with Lady Davers, and your Sunday employments, charm us all: so regular, and so easy to be performed — That's the delightful thing — What every body may do;-and yet so beautiful, so laudable, so uncommon in the practice, especially among people in genteel life! — Your conversation and decision in relation to the two parsons (more than charm) transport us. Mr. B. judges right, and acts a charming part, to throw such a fine game into your hands. And so excellently do you play it, that you do as much credit to your partner's judgment as to your own. Never was so happy a couple.

Mr. Williams is more my favourite than ever; and the amply rewarded Mr. Adams, how did that scene affect us! Again and again, I say (for what can I say else or more — since I can't find words to speak all I think?), you're a charming lady! Yet, methinks, poor Mr. H. makes but a sorry figure among you. We are delighted with Lady Davers; but still more, if possible, with the countess: she is a fine lady, as you have drawn her: but your characters, though truth and nature, are the most shocking, or the most amiable, that I ever read.

We are full of impatience to hear of the arrival of Sir Jacob Swynford. We know his character pretty well: but when he has sat for it to your pencil, it must be an original indeed. I will have another trial with my papa, to move him to let me attend you. I am rallying my forces, and have got my mamma on my side again; who is concerned to see her girl vexed and insulted by her younger sister; and who yet minds no more what *she* says to her, than what I say; and Sir Simon loves to make mischief between us, instead of interposing to silence either: and truly, I am afraid his delight of this kind will make him deny his Polly what she so ardently wishes for. I had a good mind to be sick, to be with you. I could fast two or three days, to give it the better appearance; but then my mamma, who loves not deceit, would blame me, if she knew my stratagem; and be grieved, if she thought I was really ill. I know, fasting, when one has a stomach to eat, gives one a very gloomy and mortified air. What would I not do, in short, to procure to myself the inexpressible pleasure that I should have in your company and conversation? But continue to write to me till then, however, and that will be *next best*. I am *your most obliged and obedient* POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XXXVI

From the same.

My Dearest Mrs. B.,

I am all over joy and rapture. My good papa permits me to say, that he will put his Polly under your protection, when you go to London. If you have but a *tenth part* of the pleasure I have on this occasion, I am sure, I shall be as welcome as I wish. But he will insist upon it, he says, that Mr. B. signs some acknowledgment, which I am to carry along with *me*, that I am intrusted to his honour and yours, and to be returned to him *heart-whole* and *dutiful*, and with a reputation as unsullied as he receives me. But do continue your journals till then; for I have promised to take them up where you leave off, to divert our friends here. There will be presumption! But yet I will write nothing but what I will shew you, and have your consent to send! For I was taught early not to tell tales out of school; and a school, the best I ever went to, will be your charming conversation.

We were greatly diverted with the trick put upon that *barbarian* Sir Jacob. His obstinacy, repentance, and amendment, followed so irresistibly in one half hour, from the happy thought of the excellent lady countess, that I think no plot was ever more fortunate. It was like springing a lucky mine in a siege, that blew up twenty times more than was expected from it, and answered all the besiegers' ends at once.

Mr. B.'s defence of his own conduct towards you is quite noble; and he judges with his usual generosity and good sense, when, by adding to your honour, he knows he enhances his own.

You bid me skim over your writings lightly; but 'tis impossible. I will not flatter you, my dear Mrs. B., nor will I be suspected to do so; and yet I cannot find words to praise, so much as I think you deserve: so I will only say that your good parents, for whose pleasure you write, as well as for mine, cannot receive or read them with more delight than I do. Even my sister Nancy (judge of their effect by this!) will at any time leave Murray, and forget to frown or be ill-natured, while she can hear read what you write. And, angry as she makes me some times, I cannot deny her this pleasure, because possibly, among the innumerable improving reflections they abound with, some one may possibly dart in upon her, and illuminate her, as your conversation and behaviour did Sir Jacob.

But your application in P.S. to my papa pleased him; and confirmed his resolution to let me go. He snatched the sheet that contained this, "That's to me," said he: "I must read this myself." He did, and said, "She's a sweet one: '*Do dear*

good Sir Simon,'" repeated he aloud, "'*let Miss Polly add to our delights!*' So she shall, then; — if that will do it! — And yet this same Mrs. B. has so many delights already, that I should think she might be contented. But, Dame Darnford, I think I'll let her go. These sisters then, you'll see, how they'll love at a distance, though always quarrelling when together." He read on, "'*The new affair will divert you — Lady Darnford has consented — Miss is willing; and her sister can spare her;'* — Very prettily put, faith— '*And don't you be cross*' — Very sweet '*to deny me*.' — Why, dear Mrs. B., I won't be so cross then; indeed I won't! — And so, Polly, let 'em send word when they set out for London, and you shall join 'em there with all my heart; but I'll have a letter every post, remember that, girl."

"Any thing, any thing, dear papa," said I: "so I can but go!" He called for a kiss, for his compliance. I gave it most willingly, you may believe.

Nancy looked envious, although Mr. Murray came in just then. She looked almost like a great glutton, whom I remember; one Sir Jonathan Smith, who killed himself with eating: he used, while he was heaping up his plate from one dish, to watch the others, and follow the knife of every body else with such a greedy eye, as if he could swear a robbery against any one who presumed to eat as well as he.

Well, let's know when you set out, and you shan't have been a week in London, if I can help it, but you shall be told by my tongue, as now by my pen, how much I am *your obliged admirer and friend*, POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XXXVII

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I now proceed with my journal, which I had brought down to Thursday night.

FRIDAY.

The two ladies resolving, as they said, to inspect all my proceedings, insisted upon it, that I would take them with me in my *benevolent round* (as they, after we returned, would call it), which I generally take once a week, among my poor and sick neighbours; and finding I could not get off, I set out with them, my lady countess proposing Mrs. Worden to fill up the fourth place in the coach. We talked all the way of charity, and the excellence of that duty; and my Lady Davers took notice of the text, that it would hide a *multitude of faults*.

The countess said she had once a much better opinion of herself, than she found she had reason for, within these *few* days past: "And indeed, Mrs. B.," said she, "when I get home, I shall make a good many people the better for your example." And so said Lady Davers; which gave me no small inward pleasure; and I acknowledged, in suitable terms, the honour they both did me. The coach set us down by the side of a large common, about five miles distant from our house; and we alighted, and walked a little way, choosing not to have the coach come nearer, that we might be taken as little notice of as possible; and they entered with me into two mean cots with great condescension and goodness; one belonging to a poor widow and five children, who had been all down in agues and fevers; the other to a man and his wife bed-rid with age and infirmities, and two honest daughters, one a widow with two children, the other married to an husbandman, who had also been ill, but now, by comfortable cordials, and good physic, were pretty well to what they had been.

The two ladies were well pleased with my demeanour to the good folks: to whom I said, that as I should go so soon to London, I was willing to see them before I went, to wish them better and better, and to tell them, that I should leave orders with Mrs. Jervis concerning them, to whom they must make known their wants: and that Mr. Barrow would take care of them, I was sure; and do all that was in the power of physic for the restoration of their healths.

Now you must know, Miss, that I am not so good as the old ladies of former days, who used to distil cordial waters, and prepare medicines, and dispense them themselves. I knew, if I were so inclined, my dear Mr. B. would not have been

pleased with it, because in the approbation he has kindly given to my present method, he has twice or thrice praised me, that I don't carry my charity to extremes, and make his house a dispensatory. I would not, therefore, by aiming at doing too much, lose the opportunity of doing any good at all in these respects; and besides, as the vulgar saying is, One must creep before one goes. But this is my method:

I am upon an agreement with this Mr. Barrow, who is deemed a very skilful and honest apothecary, and one Mr. Simmonds, a surgeon of like character, to attend to all such cases and persons as I shall recommend; Mr. Barrow, to administer physic and cordials, as he shall judge proper, and even, in necessary cases, to call in a physician. And now and then, by looking in upon them one's self, or sending a servant to ask questions, all is kept right.

My Lady Davers observed a Bible, a Common Prayer-book, and a Whole Duty of Man, in each cot, in leathern outside cases, to keep them clean, and a Church Catechism or two for the children; and was pleased to say, it was right; and her ladyship asked one of the children, a pretty girl, who learnt her her catechism? And she curtsey'd and looked at me; for I do ask the children questions, when I come, to know how they improve; "'Tis as I thought," said my lady; "my sister provides for both parts. God bless you, my dear!" said she, and tapped my neck.

My ladies left tokens of their bounty behind them to both families, and all the good folks blessed and prayed for us at parting: and as we went out, my Lady Davers, with a serious air, was pleased to say to me, "Take care of your health, my dear sister; and God give you, when it comes, a happy hour: for how many real mourners would you have, if you were to be called early to reap the fruits of your piety!"

"God's will must be done, my lady," said I. "The same Providence that has so wonderfully put it in my power to do a little good, will raise up new friends to the honest hearts that rely upon him."

This I said, because some of the good people heard my lady, and seemed troubled, and began to redouble their prayers, for my safety and preservation.

We walked thence to our coach, and stretched a little farther, to visit two farmers' families, about a mile distant from each other. One had the mother of the family, with two sons, just recovering, the former from a fever, the latter from tertian agues; and I asked, when they saw Mr. Barrow? They told me, with great commendations of him, that he had but just left them. So, having congratulated their hopeful way, and wished them to take care of themselves, and not go too early to business, I said I should desire Mr. Barrow to watch over them, for fear of a relapse, and should hardly see 'em again for some time; and so I slid, in a

manner not to be observed, a couple of guineas into the good woman's hand; for I had a hint given me by Mrs. Jervis, that their illness had made it low with them.

We proceeded then to the other farm, where the case was a married daughter, who had a very dangerous lying-in, and a wicked husband who had abused her, and run away from her; but she was mending apace, by good comfortable things, which from time to time I had caused to be sent her. Her old father had been a little unkind to her, before I took notice of her; for she married against his consent; and indeed the world went hard with the poor man, and he could not do much; and besides, he had a younger daughter, who had lost all her limbs, and was forced to be tied in a wicker chair, to keep her up in it; which (having expended much to relieve her) was a great *pull-back*, as the good old woman called it. And having been a year in arrear to a harsh landlord, who, finding a good stock upon the ground, threatened to distress the poor family, and turn them out of all, I advanced the money upon the stock; and the poor man has already paid me half of it (for, Miss, I must keep within compass too), which was fifty pounds at first, and is in a fair way to pay me the other half, and make as much more for himself.

Here I found Mr. Barrow, and he gave me an account of the success of two other cases I had recommended to him; and told me, that John Smith, a poor man, who, in thatching a barn, had tumbled down, and broken his leg, and bruised himself all over, was in a fair way of recovery. This poor creature had like to have perished by the cruelty of the parish officers, who would have passed him away to Essex, where his settlement was, though in a burning fever, occasioned by his misfortune; but hearing of the case, I directed Mr. Simmonds to attend him, and to provide for him at my expense, and gave my word, if he died, to bury him.

I was glad to hear he was in so good a way, and told Mr. Barrow, I hoped to see him and Mr. Simmonds together at Mr. B.'s, before I set out for London, that we might advise about the cases under their direction, and that I might acquit myself of some of my obligations to them.

"You are a good man, Mr. Barrow," added I: "God will bless you for your care and kindness to these poor destitute creatures. They all praise you, and do nothing but talk of your humanity to them."

"O my good lady," said he, "who can forbear following such an example as you set? Mr. Simmonds can testify as well as I (for now and then a case requires us to visit together) that we can hardly hear any complaints from our poor patients, let 'em be ever so ill, for the praises and blessings they bestow upon you."

"It is good Mr. B. that enables and encourages me to do what I do. Tell them, they must bless God, and bless him, and pray for me, and thank you and Mr.

Simmonds: we all join together, you know, for their good."

The countess and Lady Davers asked the poor lying-in woman many questions, and left with her, and for her poor sister, a miserable object indeed! — (God be praised that I am not such an one!) marks of their bounty in gold, and looking upon one another, and then upon me, and lifting up their hands, could not say a word till we were in the coach: and so we were carried home, after we had just looked in upon a country school, where I pay for the learning of eight children. And here (I hope I recite not this with pride, though I do with pleasure) is a cursory account of my *benevolent weekly round*, as my ladies will call it. I know you will not be displeased with it; but it will highly delight my worthy parents, who, in their way, do a great deal of discreet good in their neighbourhood: for indeed, Miss, a little matter, *prudently* bestowed, and on true objects of compassion (whose cases are soon at a crisis, as are those of most labouring people), will go a great way, and especially if laid out properly for 'em, according to the exigencies of their respective cases. — For such poor people, who live generally low, want very seldom any thing but reviving cordials at first, and good wholesome kitchen physic afterwards: and then the wheels of nature, being unclogged, new oiled, as it were, and set right, they will go round again with pleasantness and ease for a good while together, by virtue of that exercise which their labour gives them; while the rich and voluptuous are forced to undergo great fatigues to keep theirs clean and in order.

SATURDAY MORNING.

It is hardly right to trouble either of you, my honoured correspondents, with an affair that has vexed me a good deal; and, indeed, *should* affect me more than any other mistress of a family, for reasons which will be obvious to you, when I tell you the case. And this I cannot forbear doing.

A pretty genteel young body, my Polly Barlow, as I call her, having been well recommended, and behaved with great prudence till this time, is the cause.

My dear Mr. B. and the two ladies, agreed with me to take a little airing in the coach, and to call in upon Mr. Martin, who had a present made him for his menagerie, in which he takes a great delight, of a rare and uncommon creature, a native of the East Indies. But just as Sir Jacob was on horseback to accompany them, and the ladies were ready to go, I was taken with a sudden disorder and faintishness; so that Lady Davers, who is very tender of me, and watches every change of my countenance, would not let me go with them, though my disorder was going off: and my dear Mr. B. was pleased to excuse me; and just meeting

with Mr. Williams, as they went to the coach, they took him with them, to fill up the vacant place. So I retired to my closet, and shut myself in.

They had asked Mr. H. to go with them, for company to Sir Jacob; but he (on purpose, as I believe by what followed) could not be found, when they set out: so they supposed he was upon some ramble with Mr. Colbrand, his great favourite.

I was writing to you, being pretty well recovered, when I heard Polly, as I supposed, and as it proved, come into my apartment: and down she sat, and sung a little catch, and cried, "Hem!" twice; and presently I heard two voices. But suspecting nothing, I wrote on, till I heard a kind of rustling and struggling, and Polly's voice crying, "Fie — How can you do so! — Pray, Sir."

This alarmed me much, because we have such orderly folks about us; and I looked through the key-hole; and, to my surprise and concern, saw Mr. H. — foolish gentleman! — taking liberties with Polly, that neither became him to offer, nor, more foolish girl! her to suffer. And having reason to think, that this was not their first interview, and freedom — and the girl sometimes encouragingly laughing, as at other times, inconsistently, struggling and complaining, in an accent that was too tender for the occasion, I forced a faint cough. This frighted them both: Mr. H. swore, and said, "Who can that be? — Your lady's gone with them, isn't she?"

"I believe so! — I hope so!" said the silly girl— "yet that was like her voice! — Me'm, are you in your closet, Me'm?" said she, coming up to the door; Mr. H. standing like a poor thief, half behind the window-curtains, till he knew whether it was I.

I opened the door: away sneaked Mr. H., and she leaped with surprise, not hoping to find me there, though she asked the question.

"I thought — Indeed — Me'm — I thought you were gone out,"— "It is plain you did, Polly. — Go and shut the chamber door, and come to me again."

She did, but trembled, and was so full of confusion, that I pitied the poor creature, and hardly knew how to speak to her. For my compassion got the upper hand of my resentment; and as she stood quaking and trembling, and looking on the ground with a countenance I cannot describe, I now and then cast my eye upon her, and was as often forced to put my handkerchief to it.

At last I said, "How long have these freedoms past between you and Mr. H.? — I am loth to be censorious, Polly; but it is too plain, that Mr. H. would not have followed you into my chamber, if he had not met you at other places." — The poor girl said never a word.— "Little did I expect, Polly, that you would have shewn so much imprudence. You have had instances of the vile arts of men against poor maidens: have you any notion that Mr. H. intends to do honourably by you?"— "Me'm — Me'm — I believe — I hope — I dare say, Mr. H. would

not do otherwise."— "So much the worse that you believe so, if you have not very good reason for your belief. Does he pretend that he will marry you?" — She was silent.— "Tell me, Polly, if he does?"— "He says he will do honourably by me."— "But you know there is but one word necessary to explain that other precious word *honour*, in this case. It is *matrimony*. That word is as soon spoken as any other, and if he *means* it, he will not be shy to *speak* it." — She was silent. — "Tell me, Polly (for I am really greatly concerned for you), what you think *yourself*; do you *hope* he will marry you?" — She was silent.— "Do, good Polly (I hope I may call you *good* yet!), answer me."— "Pray, Madam!" and she wept, and turned from me, to the wainscot— "Pray, excuse me."— "But, indeed, Polly, I cannot *excuse* you. You are under my protection. I was once in as dangerous a situation as you can be in. And I did not escape it, child, by the language and conduct I heard from you."— "Language and conduct, Me'm!"— "Yes, Polly, language and conduct. Do you think, if I had set me down in my lady's bed-chamber, sung a song, and hemm'd twice, and Mr. B. coming to me, upon that signal (for such I doubt it was), I had kept my place, and suffered myself to be rumpled, and only, in a soft voice, and with an encouraging laugh, cried— 'How can you do so?' that I should have been what I am?"— "Me'm, I dare say, my lord" (so all the servants call him, and his aunt often, when she puts Jackey to it), "means no hurt."— "No hurt, Polly! What, and make you cry '*Fie!*'-or do you intend to trust your honour to his mercy, rather than to your own discretion?"— "I hope not, Me'm!"— "I hope not too, Polly! — But you know he was free enough with you, to make you say '*Fie!*' And what might have been the case, who knows? had I not coughed on purpose: unwilling, for your sake, Polly, to find matters so bad as I feared, and that you would have been led beyond what was reputable."

"Reputable, Me'm!"— "Yes, Polly: I am sorry you oblige me to speak so plain. But your good requires it. Instead of flying from him, you not only laughed when you cried out, '*Fie!*' and '*How can you do so?*' but had no other care than to see if any body heard you; and you observe how he slid away, like a guilty creature, on my opening the door — Do these things look well, Polly? Do you think they do? — And if you hope to emulate my good fortune, do you think *this* is the way?"

"I wish, Me'm, I had never seen Mr. H. For nobody will look upon me, if I lose your favour!"

"It will still, Polly" (and I took her hand, with a kind look), "be in your power to keep it: I will not mention this matter, if you make me your friend, and tell me all that has passed." — Again she wept, and was silent. — This made me more

uneasy.— “Don’t think, Polly,” said I, “that I would envy any other person’s preferment, when I have been so much exalted myself. If Mr. H. has talked to you of marriage, tell me.”— “No, Me’m, I can’t say he has *yet*.”— “Yet, Polly! Then he *never*. will. For when men do talk of it, they don’t always *mean* it: but whenever they *mean* it, how can they confirm a doubting maiden, without *mentioning* it: but alas for you, poor Polly! — The freedoms you have permitted, no doubt, previous to those I heard, and which might have been greater, had I not surprised you with my cough, shew too well, that he *need* not make any promises to you.”— “Indeed, Me’m,” said she, sobbing, “I might be too little upon my guard; but I would not have done any ill for the world.”

“I hope you would not, Polly; but if you suffer these freedoms, you can’t tell what you’d have permitted — Tell me, do you love Mr. H.?”

“He is very good-humoured, Madam, and is not proud.”— “No, ’tis not his business to be proud, when he hopes to humble you — humble you, indeed! — beneath the lowest person of the sex, that is honest.”— “I hope — —”— “You *hope!*” interrupted I. “You *hope* too much; and I *fear a great deal* for you, because you fear so *little* for yourself. — But say, how often have you been in private together?”

“In private, Me’m! I don’t know what your ladyship calls *private!*”— “Why that is *private*, Polly, when, as just now, you neither imagined nor intended any body should see you.”

She was silent; and I saw by this, poor girl, how true lovers are to their secret, though, perhaps, their ruin depends upon keeping it. But it behoved me, on many accounts, to examine this matter narrowly; because if Mr. H. should marry her, it would have been laid upon Mr. B.’s example. — And if Polly were ruined, it would be a sad thing, and people would have said, “Aye, she could take care enough of herself, but none at all of her servant: *her* waiting-maid had a much more remiss mistress than Pamela found, or the matter would not have been thus.”

“Well, Polly, I see,” continued I, “that you will not speak out to me. You may have *several* reasons for it, possibly, though not *one* good one. But as soon as Lady Davers comes in, who has a great concern in this matter, as well as Lord Davers, and are answerable to Lord H. in a matter of so much importance as this, I will leave it to her ladyship’s consideration, and shall no more concern myself to ask you questions about it — For then I must take her ladyship’s directions, and part with you, to be sure.”

The poor girl, frighted at this (for every body fears Lady Davers), wrung her hands, and begged, for God’s sake, I would not acquaint Lady Davers with it.

“But how can I help it? — Must I not connive at your proceedings, if I do not? You are no fool, Polly, in other cases. Tell me, how it is possible for me, in my situation, to avoid it?”

“I will tell your ladyship the whole truth; indeed I will — if you will not tell Lady Davers. I am ready to sink at the thoughts of Lady Davers knowing any thing of this.”

This looked sadly. I pitied her, but yet was angry in my mind; for I saw, too plainly, that her conduct could not bear a scrutiny, not even in *her own* opinion, poor creature.

I said, “Make me acquainted with the whole.”— “Will your ladyship promise —”— “I’ll promise nothing, Polly. When I have heard all you think proper to say, I will do what befits me to do; but with as much tenderness as I can for you — and that’s all you ought to expect me to promise.”— “Why then, Madam — But how can I speak it? — I can speak sooner to any body, than to Lady Davers and you, Madam: for her ladyship’s passion, and your ladyship’s virtue — How shall I?” — And then she threw herself at my feet, and hid her face with her apron.

I was in agonies for her, almost; I wept over her, and raised her up, and said, “Tell me all. You cannot tell me worse than I apprehend, nor I hope so bad! O Polly, tell me soon. — For you give me great pain.”

And my back, with grief and compassion for the poor girl, was ready to open, as it seemed to me. — In my former distresses, I have been overcome by fainting next to death, and was deprived of sense for some moments — But else, I imagine, I must have felt some such affecting sensation, as the unhappy girl’s case gave me.

“Then, Madam, I own,” said she, “I have been too faulty.”— “As how? — As what? — In what way? — How faulty?” — asked I, as quick as thought: “you are not ruined, are you? — Tell me, Polly!”— “No, Madam, but—”— “But what? — Say, but what?”— “I had consented—”— “To what?”— “To his proposals, Madam.”— “What proposals?”— “Why, Madam, I was to live with Mr. H.”

“I understand you too well — But is it too late to break so wretched a bargain; — have you already made a sacrifice of your honour?”

“No, Madam: but I have given it under my hand.”

“Under your *hand!* — Ah! Polly, it is well if you have not given it under your *heart* too. But what foolishness is this! — What consideration has he made you?”— “He has given it under his hand, that he will always love me; and when his lordship’s father dies, he will own me.”

“What foolishness is this on both sides! — But are you willing to be released from this bargain?”

“Indeed I am. Madam, and I told him so yesterday. But he says he will sue me, and ruin me, if I don’t stand to it.”

“You are ruined if you do! — And I wish — But tell me, Polly, are you not ruined as it is?”

“Indeed I am not, Madam.”

“I doubt, then, you were upon the brink of it, had not this providential indisposition kept me at home. — You met, I suppose, to conclude your shocking bargain. — O poor unhappy girl! — But let me see what he has given under his hand!”

“He has ’em both, Madam, to be drawn up fair, and in a strong hand, that shall be like a record.”

Could I have thought, Miss, that a girl of nineteen could be so ignorant in a point so important, when in every thing else she has shewn no instances like this stupid folly?

“Has he given you money?”

“Yes, Madam, he gave me — he gave me — a note. Here it is. He says any body will give me money for it.” And this was a bank note of fifty pounds, which she pulled out of her stays.

The result was, he was to settle one hundred pounds a year upon her and hers, poor, poor girl — and was to *own* her, as he calls it (but as wife or mistress, she stipulated not), when his father died, and he came into the title and estate.

I told her, it was impossible for me to conceal the matter from Lady Davers, if she would not, by her promises to be governed entirely by me, and to abandon all thoughts of Mr. H., give me room to conclude, that the wicked bargain was at an end.

And to keep the poor creature in some spirits, and to enable her to look up, and to be more easy under my direction, I blamed *him* more than I did *her*: though, considering what virtue requires of a woman, and custom has made shameless in a man, I think the poor girl inexcusable, and shall not be easy while she is about me. For she is more to blame, because, of the two, she has more wit than the man.

“But what can I do?” thought I. “If I put her away, ‘twill be to throw her directly into his hands. He won’t stay here long: and she *may* see her folly. But yet her eyes were open; she knew what she had to trust to — and by their wicked beginning, and her encouraging repulses, I doubt she would have been utterly ruined that very day.”

I knew the rage Lady Davers would be in with both. So this was another embarrassment. Yet should my good intentions fail, and they conclude their vile bargain, and it appeared that I knew of it, but would not acquaint her, then should I have been more blamed than any mistress of a family, circumstanced as I am.

Upon the whole, I resolved to comfort the girl as well as I could, till I had gained her confidence, that my advice might have the more weight, and, by degrees, be more likely to reclaim her: for, poor soul! there would be an end of her reputation, the most precious of all jewels, the moment the matter was known; and that would be a sad thing.

As for the man, I thought it best to take courage (and you, that know me, will say, I must have a good deal more than usual) to talk to Mr. H. on this subject. And she consenting I should, and, with great protestations, declaring her sorrow and repentance, begging to get her note of hand again, and to give him back his note of fifty pounds, I went down to find him.

He shunned me, as a thief would a constable at the head of a hue-and-cry. As I entered one room, he went into another, looking with conscious guilt, yet confidently humming a tune. At last I fixed him, bidding Rachel tell Polly be wanted to send a message by her to her lady. By which I doubted not he was desirous to know what she had owned, in order to govern himself accordingly.

His back was towards me; and I said —

"Mr. H., here I am myself, to take your commands."

He gave a caper half a yard high— "Madam, I wanted — I wanted to speak to — I would have spoken with—"

"You wanted to send Polly to me, perhaps, Mr. H., to ask if I would take a little walk with you in the garden."

"Very true, Madam! — Very true indeed! — You have guessed the matter. I thought it was pity, this fine day, as every body was taking airing—"

"Well then. Sir, please to lead the way, and I'll attend you."

"Yet I fancy, Madam, the wind is a little too high for you. — Won't you catch cold?"— "No, never fear, Mr. H., I am not afraid of a little air."

"I will attend you presently, Madam: you'll be in the great gravel walk, or on the terrace. — I'll wait upon you in an instant."

I had the courage to take hold of his arm, as if I had like to have slipt. — For, thought I, thou shalt not see the girl till I have talked to thee a little, if thou dost then.— "Excuse me, Mr. H. — I hope I have not hurt my foot — I must lean upon you."

"Will you be pleased, Madam, to have a chair? I fear you have sprained your foot. — Shall I help you to a chair?"

"No, no, Sir, I shall walk it off, if I hold by you."

So he had no excuse to leave me, and we proceeded into the garden. But never did any thing look so like a *foolish fellow*, as his aunt calls him. He looked, if possible, half a dozen ways at once, hemm'd, coughed, turned his head behind

him every now and then, started half a dozen silly subjects, in hopes to hinder me from speaking.

I appeared, I believe, under some concern how to begin with him; for he would have it I was not very well, and begged he might step in one minute to desire Mrs. Jervis to attend me.

So I resolved to begin with him; lest I should lose the opportunity, seeing my eel so very slippery. And placing myself on a seat, asked him to sit down. He declined, and would wait upon me presently, he said, and seemed to be going. So I began— "It is easy for me, Mr. H., to penetrate into the reason why you are so willing to leave me: but 'tis for your own sake, that I desire you to hear me, that no mischief may ensue among friends and relations, on an occasion to which you are no stranger."

"O, Madam, what can you mean? Surely, Madam, you don't think amiss of a little innocent liberty, or so!"

"Mr. H.," replied I, "I want not any evidence of your inhospitable designs upon a poor unwary young creature, whom your birth and quality have found it too easy a task to influence."

"*Inhospitable designs*! Madam! — A harsh word! You very nice ladies cannot admit of the least freedom in the world! — Why, Madam, I have kiss'd a lady's woman before now, in a civil way or so, and never was called to an account for it, as a breach of hospitality."

"Tis not for me, Mr. H., to proceed to *very nice* particulars with a gentleman who can act as you have done, by a poor girl, that dare not have looked up to a man of your quality, had you not levelled all distinction between you in order to level the weak creature to the common dirt of the highway. I must say, that the poor girl heartily repents of her folly; and, to shew you, that it signifies nothing to deny it, she begs you will return the note of her hand you extorted from her foolishness; and I hope you'll be so much of a gentleman, as not to keep in your power such a testimony of the weakness of any of the sex."

"Has she told you that, Madam? — Why, may be — indeed — I can't but say — Truly, it mayn't look so well to you, Madam: but young folks will have frolics. It was nothing but a frolic. Let me *be hanged*, if it was!"

"Be pleased then, Sir, to give up her note to me, to return to her. Reputation should not be frolicked with, Sir; especially that of a poor girl, who has nothing else to depend upon."

"I'll give it her myself, if you please, Madam, and laugh at her into the bargain. Why, 'tis comical enough, if the little pug thought I was earnest, I must have a laugh or two at her, Madam, when I give it her up."

“Since, ’tis but a frolic, Mr. H., you won’t take it amiss, that when we are set down to supper, we call Polly in, and demand a sight of her note, and that will make every one merry as well as you.”

“Not so, Madam, that mayn’t be so well neither! For, perhaps, they will be apt to think it is in earnest; when, as I hope to live, ’tis but a jest: nothing in the world else, upon honour!”

I put on then a still more serious air— “As you *hope to live*, say you, Mr. H.! — and *upon your honour!* How! fear you not an instant punishment for this appeal? And what is the *honour* you swear by? Take that, and answer me, Sir: do gentlemen give away bank-notes for *frolics*, and for *mere jests*, and *nothing in the world* else! — I am sorry to be obliged to deal thus with you. But I thought I was talking to a gentleman who would not forfeit his veracity; and that in so solemn an instance as this!”

He looked like a man thunderstruck. His face was distorted, and his head seemed to turn about upon his neck, like a weather-cock in a hurricane, to all points of the compass; his hands clenched as in a passion, and yet shame and confusion struggling in every limb and feature. At last he said, “I am confoundedly betrayed. But if I am exposed to my uncle and aunt” (for the wretch thought of nobody but himself), “I am undone, and shall never be able to look them in the face. ’Tis true, I had a design upon her; and since she has betrayed me, I think I may say, that she was as willing, almost, as I.”

“Ungenerous, contemptible wretch!” thought I— “But such of our sex as can thus give up their virtue, ought to expect no better: for he that sticks not at *one* bad action, will not scruple at *another* to vindicate himself: and so, devil-like, become the attempter and the accuser too!”

“But if you will be so good,” said he, with hands uplifted, “as to take no notice of this to my uncle, and especially to my aunt and Mr. B., I swear to you, I never will think of her as long as I live.”

“And you’ll bind this promise, will you, Sir, by *your honour*, and as you *hope to live?*”

“Dear, good Madam, forgive me, I beseech you; don’t be so severe upon me. By all that’s—”

“Don’t swear, Mr. H. But as an earnest that I may believe you, give me back the girl’s foolish note, that, though ’tis of no significance, she may not have *that* to witness her folly.” — He took out his pocket-book: “There it is, Madam! And I beg you’ll forgive this attempt: I see I ought not to have made it. I doubt it was a breach of the laws of hospitality, as you say. But to make it known, will only expose me, and it can do no good; and Mr. B. will perhaps resent it; and my aunt

will never let me hear the last of it, nor my uncle neither — And I shall be sent to travel again — And" (added the poor creature) "I was once in a storm, and the crossing the sea again would be death to me."

"What a wretch art thou!" thought I. "What could such an one as thou find to say, to a poor creature that, if put in the scale against considerations of virtue, should make the latter kick the [Transcriber's note: illegible] "Poor, poor Tony Barrow! thou art sunk indeed! Too low for excuse, and almost beneath pity!"

I told him, if I could observe that nothing passed between them, that should lay me under a necessity of revealing the matter, I should not be forward to expose him, nor the maiden either: but that he must, in his own judgment, excuse me, if I made every body acquainted with it, if I were to see the correspondence between them likely to be renewed or carried on: "For," added I, "in that case I should owe it to myself, to Mr. B., to Lord and Lady Davers, and to you, and the unhappy body too, to do so."

He would needs drop down on one knee, to promise this; and with a thousand acknowledgments, left me to find Mr. Colbrand, in order to ride to meet the coach on its return. I went in, and gave the foolish note to the silly girl, which she received eagerly, and immediately burnt; and I told her, I would not suffer her to come near me but as little as possible, when I was in company while Mr. H. staid; but consigned her entirely to the care of Mrs. Jervis, to whom only, I said, I would hint the matter as tenderly as I could: and for this, I added, I had more reasons than one; first, to give her the benefit of a good gentlewoman's advice, to which I had myself formerly been beholden, and from whom I concealed nothing; next, to keep out of Mr. H.'s way; and lastly that I might have an opportunity, from Mrs. Jervis's opinion, to judge of the sincerity of her repentance: "For, Polly," said I, "you must imagine, so regular and uniform as all our family is, and so good as I thought all the people about me were, that I could not suspect, that she, the duties of whose place made her nearest to my person, was the farthest from what I wished."

I have set this matter so strongly before her, and Mrs. Jervis has so well seconded me, that I hope the best; for the grief the poor creature carries in her looks, and expresses in her words, cannot be described; frequently accusing herself, with tears, saying often to Mrs. Jervis, she is not worthy to stand in the presence of her mistress, whose example she has made so bad an use of, and whose lessons she had so ill followed.

I am sadly troubled at this matter, however; but I take great comfort in reflecting that my sudden indisposition looked like a providential thing, which may save one poor soul, and be a seasonable warning to her, as long as she lives.

Meantime I must observe, that at supper last night, Mr. H. looked abject and mean, and like a poor thief, as I thought, and conscious of his disappointed folly (though I seldom glanced my eye upon him), had less to say for himself than ever.

And once my Lady Davers, laughing, said, “I think in my heart, my nephew looks more foolish every time I see him, than the last.” He stole a look at me, and blushed; and my lord said, “Jackey has some grace! He blushes! Hold up thy head, nephew! Hast thou nothing at all to say for thyself?”

Sir Jacob said, “A blush becomes a young gentleman! I never saw one before though, in Mr. H. — What’s the matter, Sir?”— “Only,” said Lady Davers, “his skin or his conscience is mended, that’s all.”

“Thank you, Madam,” was all he said, bowing to his aunt, and affecting a careless yet confused air, as if he whispered a whistle. “O, wretch!” thought I, “see what it is to have a condemning conscience; while every *innocent* person looks round easy, smiling, and erect!” — But yet it was not the shame of a bad action, I doubt, but being discovered and disappointed, that gave him his confusion of face.

What a sad thing for a person to be guilty of such actions, as shall put it in the power of another, even by a look, to mortify him! And if poor souls can be thus abjectly struck at such a discovery by a fellow-creature, how must they appear before an unerring and omniscient Judge, with a conscience standing in the place of a thousand witnesses? and calling in vain upon the *mountains to fall upon them*, and the *hills to cover them!* — How serious this subject makes one!

SATURDAY EVENING.

I am just retired from a fatiguing service; for who should come to dine with Mr. B. but that sad rake Sir Charles Hargrave; and Mr. Walgrave, Mr. Sedley, and Mr. Floyd, three as bad as himself; inseparable companions, whose whole delight is drinking, hunting, and lewdness; but otherwise gentlemen of wit and large estates. Three of them broke in upon us at the Hall, on the happiest day of my life, to our great regret; and they had been long threatening to make this visit, in order to see me, as they told Mr. B.

They whipt out two bottles of champagne instantly, for a *whet*, as they called it; and went to view the stud and the kennel, and then walked in the garden till dinner was ready; my Lord Davers, Mr. H. and Sir Jacob, as well as Mr. B. (for they are all acquainted) accompanying them.

Sir Charles, it seems, as Lord Davers told me afterwards; said, he longed to see Mrs. B. She was the talk wherever he went, and he had conceived a high opinion of her beforehand.

Lord Davers said, “I defy you, gentlemen, to think so highly of her as she deserves, take mind and person together.”

Mr. Floyd said, he never saw any woman yet, who came up to what he expected, where fame had been lavish in her praise.

“But how, brother baronet,” said Sir Charles to Sir Jacob, “came *you* to be reconciled to her? I heard that you would never own her.”

“Oons man!” said Sir Jacob, “I was taken in. — They contrived to clap her upon me as Lady Jenny C. and pretended they’d keep t’other out of my sight; and I was plaguily bit, and forced to get on as well as I could.”

“That was a bite indeed,” said Mr. Walgrave; “and so you fell a praising Lady Jenny, I warrant, to the skies.”

“Ye — s” (drawling out the affirmative monosyllable), “I was used most scurvily: faith I was. I bear ’em a grudge for it still, I can tell ’em that; for I have hardly been able to hold up my head like a man since — but am forced to go and come, and to do as they bid me. By my troth, I never was so manageable in my life.”

“Your Herefordshire neighbours, Sir Jacob,” said Mr. Sedley, with an oath, “will rejoice to hear this; for the whole county there cannot manage you.”

“I am quite cow’d now, as you will see by-and-by; nay, for that matter, if you can set Mrs. B. a talking, not one of you all will care to open your lips, except to say as she says.”

“Never fear, old boy,” said Sir Charles, “we’ll bear our parts in conversation. I never saw the woman yet, who could give me either awe or love for six minutes together. What think you, Mr. B.? Have you any notion, that your lady will have so much power over us?”

“I think, Sir Charles, I have one of the finest women in England; but
I neither expect nor desire you rakes should see her with my eyes.”

“You know, if I have a mind to love her, and make court to her too, Mr. B., I will: and I am half in love with her already, although I have not seen her.”

They came in when dinner was near ready, and the four gentlemen took each a large bumper of old hock for another whet.

The countess, Lady Davers, and I came down together. The gentlemen knew our two noble ladies, and were known to them in person, as well as by character. Mr. B., in his usual kind and encouraging manner, took my hand, and presented the four gentlemen to me, each by his name. Sir Charles said, pretty bluntly, that he hoped he was more welcome to me now, than the last time he was under the same roof with me; for he had been told since, that *that* was our happy day.

I said, Mr. B.'s friends were always welcome to me.

"Tis well, Madam," said Mr. Sedley, "we did not know how it was. We should have quartered ourselves upon Mr. B. for a week together, and kept him up day and night."

I thought this speech deserved no answer, especially as they were gentlemen who wanted no countenance, and addressed myself to Lord Davers, who is always kindly making court to me: "I hope, my good lord, you find yourself quite recovered of your head-ache?" (of which he complained at breakfast).

"I thank you, my dear sister, pretty well."

"I was telling Sir Charles and the other gentlemen, niece," said Sir Jacob, "how I was cheated here, when I came first, with a Lady Jenny."

"It was a very lucky cheat for me, Sir Jacob; for it gave you a prepossession in my favour under so advantageous a character, that I could never have expected otherwise."

"I wish," said the countess, "my daughter, for whom Sir Jacob took you, had Mrs. B.'s qualities to boast of."— "How am I obliged to your ladyship's goodness," returned I, "when you treat me with even greater indulgence than you use to so beloved a daughter!"

"Nay, now you talk of treating," said Sir Charles, "when, ladies, will you treat our sex with the politeness which you shew to one another?"

"When your sex deserve it, Sir Charles," answered Lady Davers.

"Who is to be judge of that?" said Mr. Walgrave.

"Not the gentlemen, I hope," replied my lady.

"Well then, Mrs. B.," said Sir Charles, "we bespeak your good opinion of *us*; for you have *ours*."

"I am obliged to you, gentlemen; but I must be more cautious in declaring *mine*, lest it should be thought I am influenced by your kind, and perhaps too hasty, opinions of me."

Sir Charles swore they had *seen* enough of me the moment I entered the parlour, and heard enough the moment I opened my lips to answer for *their* opinions of me.

I said, I made no doubt, when *they* had as good a subject to expatiate upon, as I had, in the pleasure before me, of seeing so many agreeable friends of Mr. B.'s, they would maintain the title they claimed of every one's good opinion.

"This," said Sir Jacob, "is binding you over, gentlemen, to your good behaviour. You must know, my niece never shoots flying, as *you* do."

The gentlemen laughed: “Is it shooting flying, Sir Jacob,” returned Sir Charles, “to praise that lady?”

“Ads-bud, I did not think of that.”

“Sir Jacob,” said the countess, “you need not be at a fault; — for a good sportsman always hits his mark, flying or not; and the gentlemen had so fair an one, that they could not well miss it.”

“You are fairly helped over the stile, Sir Jacob,” said Mr. Floyd.

“And, indeed, I wanted it; though I limped like a puppy before I was lame. One can’t think of every thing as one used to do at your time of life, gentlemen.” This flippant stuff was all that passed, which I *can* recite; for the rest, at table, and after dinner, was too polite by half for me; such as, the quantity of wine each man could *carry off* (that was the phrase), dogs, horses, hunting, racing, cock-fighting, and all accompanied with swearing and cursing, and that in good humour, and out of wantonness (the least excusable and more profligate sort of swearing and cursing of all).

The gentlemen liked the wine so well, that we had the felicity to drink tea and coffee by ourselves; only Mr. B. (upon our inviting the gentlemen to partake with us) sliding in for a few minutes to tell us, they would stick by what they had, and taking a dish of coffee with us.

I should not omit one observation; that Sir Jacob, when they were gone, said they were *pure company*; and Mr. H. that he never was so delighted in his *born days*. — While the two ladies put up their prayers, that they might never have such another entertainment. And being encouraged by their declaration, I presumed to join in the same petition.

Yet it seems, these are men of wit! I believe they must be so — for I could neither like nor understand them. Yet, if their conversation had much wit, I should think my ladies would have found it out.

The gentlemen, permit me to add, went away very merry, to ride ten miles by owl-light; for they would not accept of beds here. They had two French horns with them, and gave us a flourish or two at going off. Each had a servant besides: but the way they were in would have given me more concern than it did, had they been related to Mr. B. and less used to it. And, indeed, it is a happiness, that such gentlemen take no more care than they generally do, to interest any body intimately in their healths and preservation; for these are all single men. Nor need the public, any more than the private, be much concerned about them; for let such persons go when they will, if they continue single, their next heir cannot well be a worse commonwealth’s man; and there is a great chance he may be better.

You know I end my Saturdays seriously. And this, to what I have already said, makes me add, that I cannot express how much I am, my dear Miss Darnford, *your faithful and affectionate* PB

LETTER XXXVIII

From Mrs. B. to Miss Darnford. In Answer to Letters XXXV and XXXVI.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I skip over the little transactions of several days, to let you know how much you rejoice me, in telling me Sir Simon has been so kind as to comply with my wishes. Both your most agreeable letters came to my hand together, and I thank you a hundred times for them; and I thank your dear mamma, and Sir Simon too, for the pleasure they have given me in this obliging permission. How happy shall we be! — But how long will you be permitted to stay, though? All the winter, I hope: — and then, when that is over, let us set out together, if God shall spare us, directly for Lincolnshire; and to pass most of the summer likewise in each other's company. What a sweet thought is this! — Let me indulge it a little while.

Mr. B. read your letters, and says, you are a charming young lady, and surpass yourself in every letter. I told him, that he was more interested in the pleasure I took in this favour of Sir Simon's than he imagined. "As how, my dear?" said he. "A plain case, Sir," replied I: "for endeavouring to improve myself by Miss Darnford's conversation and behaviour, I shall every day be more worthy of your favour." He kindly would have it, that nobody, no, not Miss Darnford herself, excelled me.

'Tis right, you know, Miss, that Mr. B. should think so, though I must know nothing at all, if I was not sensible how inferior I am to my dear Miss Darnford: and yet, when I look abroad now-and-then, I could be a proud slut, if I would, and not yield the palm to many others.

Well, my dear Miss,

SUNDAY

Is past and gone, as happy as the last; the two ladies, and, at *their* earnest request, Sir Jacob bearing us company, in the evening part. My Polly was there morning and evening, with her heart broken almost, poor girl! — I put her in a corner of my closet, that her concern should not be minded. Mrs. Jervis gives me great hopes of her.

Sir Jacob was much pleased with our family order, and said, 'twas no wonder I *kept* so good myself, and made others so: and he thought the four rakes (for he run on how much they admired me) would be converted, if they saw how well I

passed my time, and how cheerful and easy every one, as well as myself was under it! He said, when he came home, he must take such a method himself in *his* family; for, he believed, it would make not only better masters and mistresses, but better children, and better servants too. But, poor gentleman! he has, I doubt, a great deal to mend in *himself*, before he can begin such a practice with efficacy in his *family*.

MONDAY.

In the afternoon. Sir Jacob took his leave of us, highly satisfied with us both, and *particularly* (so he said) with me; and promised that my two cousins, as he called his daughters, and his sister, an old maiden lady, if they went to town this winter, should visit me, and be improved by me; that was his word. Mr. B. accompanied him some miles on his journey, and the two ladies, and Lord Davers, and I, took an airing in the coach.

Mr. B. was so kind as to tell me, when he came home, with a whisper, that Miss Goodwin presented her duty to me.

I have got a multitude of fine things for the dear little creature, and Mr. B. promises to give me a dairy-house breakfast, when our guests are gone.

I enclose the history of this little charmer, by Mr. B.'s consent, since you are to do us the honour, as he (as well as I) pleases himself, to be one of our family — but keep it to yourself, whatever you do. I am guarantee that you will; and have put it in a separate paper, that you may burn it when read. For I may want your advice on this subject, having a great desire to get this child in my possession; and yet Lady Davers has given a hint, that dwells a little with me. When I have the pleasure I hope for, I will lay all before you, and be determined, and proceed, as far as I have power, by you. You, my good father and mother, have seen the story in my former papers.

TUESDAY.

You must know, I pass over the days thus swiftly, not that I could not fill them up with writing, as amply as I have done the former; but intending only to give you a general idea of our way of life and conversation; and having gone through a whole week and more, you will be able, from what I have recited, to form a judgment how it is with us, one day with another. As for example, now and then neighbourly visits received and paid — Needlework between whiles — Music — Cards sometimes, though I don't love them — One more benevolent round — Improving conversations with my dear Mr. B. and my two good ladies — A

lesson from him, when alone, either in French or Latin — A new pauper case or two — A visit from the good dean — Mr. Williams's departure, in order to put the new projected alteration in force, which is to deprive me of my chaplain — (By the way, the dean is highly pleased with this affair, and the motives to it, Mr. Adams being a favourite of his, and a distant relation of his lady) — Mr. H.'s and Polly's mutual endeavour to avoid one another — My lessons to the poor girl, and cautions, as if she were my sister —

These, my dear Miss Darnford, and my honoured parents, are the pleasant employments of our time; so far as we females are concerned: for the gentlemen hunt, ride out, and divert themselves in their way, and bring us home the news and occurrences they meet with abroad, and now-and-then a straggling gentleman they pick up in their diversions. And so I shall not enlarge upon these articles, after the tedious specimens I have already given.

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY.

Could you ever have thought, my dear, that husbands have a dispensing power over their wives, which kings are not allowed over the laws? I have had a smart debate with Mr. B., and I fear it will not be the only one upon this subject. Can you believe, that if a wife thinks a thing her duty to do, which her husband does not approve, he can dispense with her performing it, and no sin shall lie at her door? Mr. B. maintains this point. I have great doubts about it; particularly one; that if a matter be my duty, and he dispenses with my performance of it, whether, even although that were to clear *me* of the sin, it will not fall upon *himself*? And a good wife would be as much concerned at this, as if it was to remain upon *her*. Yet he seems set upon it. What can one do? — Did you ever hear of such a notion, before? Of such a prerogative in a husband? Would you care to subscribe to it?

He says, the ladies are of his opinion. I'm afraid they are, and so will not ask them. But, perhaps, I mayn't live, and other things may happen; and so I'll say no more of it at present.

FRIDAY.

Mr. H. and my Lord and Lady Davers and the excellent Countess of C. having left us this day, to our mutual regret, the former put the following letter into my hands, with an air of respect and even reverence. He says, he spells most lamentably; and this obliges me to give it you *literally*:

"DEARE GOOD MADAM,

“I cannott contente myself with common thankes, on leaving youres, and Mr. B.’s hospitabel house, because of *thatt there* affaire, which I neede not mention! and truly am *ashamed* to mention, as I *have been* to looke you in the face ever since it happen’d. I don’t knowe *how itt came aboute*, butt I thought butt att first of *joking* a littel, *or soe*; and seeing Polley heard me with more attentiveness than I expected, I was encouraged to proceede; and *soe*, now I recollecte, itt *camn aboute*.

“But she is innosente for me: and I don’t knowe how *thatt* came about neither; for wee were oute one moonelighte nighte in the garden, walking aboute, and afterwards tooke a *napp* of two houres, as I beliefe, in the summer-house in the littel gardin, being over-powered with sleepe; for I woulde make her lay her head uppon my breste, till before we were awar, wee felle asleepe. Butt before thatt, wee had agreed on whatt you discovered.

“This is the whole truthe, and all the intimasies we ever hadde, to *speake off*. But I beleefe we should have been better acquainted, hadd you nott, luckily *for mee*! prevented itt, by being at home, when we thought you abroad. For I was to come to her when shee hemm’d *two or three times*; for having made a contract, you knowe. Madam, it was naturall enough to take the first occasion to putt itt in force.

“Poor Polley! I pity her too. Don’t thinke the worse of her, deare Madam, so as to turn her away, because it may bee her ruin. I don’t desire too see her. I might have been *drawne in* to do strange foolish things, and been ruin’d at the long run; for who knows where this thing mought have ended? My *unkell* woulde have never seene me. My *father* too (his lordshipp, you have hearde, Madam, is a very *crosse man*, and never loved *me much*) mought have cutt off the intaile. My *aunte* would have dispis’d mee and scorn’d mee. I should have been her foolishe fellowe in *earneste*, nott in *jeste*, as now. You woulde have resented itt, and Mr. B. (who knows?) mought have called me to account.

“Butt cann you forgive me? You see how happy I am in my disappointment. I did nott think too write so much; — for I don’t love it: but on this occasion, know not how too leave off. I hope you can read my letter. I know I write a *clumsy* hand, and *spelle most lamentabelly*; for I never had a tallent for these things. I was readier by half to admire the *orcherd robbing picture* in Lillie’s grammar, then any other part of the book.

“But, hey, whether am I running! I never writt to you before, and never may again, unless you, or Mr. B. command it, for your service. So pray excuse me, Madam.

“I knowe I neede give no advice to Polley, to take care of *first* encouragements. Poor girl! she mought have suffer’d sadly, as welle as I. For iff my father, and my unkell and aunte, had requir’d mee to turne her off, you know itt woulde have been undutifull to have refused them, notwithstanding our bargaine. And want of duty to them woulde have been to have added faulte too faulte: as you once observed, I remember, that one faulte never comes alone, but drawes after itt generally five or six, to hide or vindicate itt, and *they* every one perhapps as many more *eache*.

“I shall never forgett severall of youre wise sayinges. I have been vex’d, may I be *hang’d* if I have not, many a time, thatt I coulde not make such observations as you make; who am so much *older* too, and a *man* besides, and a *peere’s son*, and a *peere’s nephew!* but my tallents lie *another way*; and by that time my father dies, I hope to improve myselfe, in order to *cutt* such a figure, as may make me be no disgrase to my *name* or *countrey*.

“Well, but whatt is all this to the purpose? — I will keep close to my text; and that is, to thank you, good Madam, for all the favours I have received in your house; to thank you for disappointing mee, and for convincing mee, in so *kinde*, yet so *shameing* a manner, how wrong I was in the matter of *that there* Polley; and for not exposing my folly to any boddy but *myselfe* (for I should have been ready to *hang* myselfe, if you hadd); and to beg youre pardon for itt, assuring you, that I will never offerr the like as long as I breathe. I am, Madam, with the greatest respecte, *youre most obliged, moste faithful, and most obedient humbell servante*, J.H.

“Pray excuse blotts and blurs.”

Well, Miss Darnford, what shall we say to this fine letter? — You’ll allow it to be an original, I hope. Yet, may-be not. For it may be as well written, and as sensible a letter as this class of people generally write!

Mr. H. dresses well, is not a contemptible figure of a man, laughs, talks, where he can be heard, and his aunt is not present; and *cuts*, to use his own word, a considerable figure in a country town. — But see — Yet I will not say what I might — He is Lord Davers’s nephew; and if he makes his *observations*, and *forbears* his *speeches* (I mean, can be silent, and only laugh when he sees somebody of more sense laugh, and never *approve* or *condemn* but in *leading-strings*), he may possibly pass in a crowd of gentlemen. But poor, poor Polly Barlow! What *can* I say for Polly Barlow?

I have a time in view, when my papers may fall under the inspection of a dear gentleman, to whom, next to God, I am accountable for all my actions and correspondences; so I will either write an account of the matter, and seal it up

separately, for Mr. B., or, at a fit opportunity, break it to him, and let him know (under secrecy, if he will promise it) the steps I took in it; lest something arise hereafter, when I cannot answer for myself, to render any thing dark or questionable in it. A method, I believe, very proper to be taken by every married lady; and I presume the rather to say so, having had a good example for it: for I have often thought of a little sealed up parcel of papers, my lady made me burn in her presence, about a month before she died. "They are, Pamela," said she, "such as would not concern me, let who will see them, could they know the springs and causes of them; but, for want of a clue, my son might be at a loss what to think of several of those letters were he to find them, in looking over my other papers, when I am no more."

Let me add, that nothing could be more endearing than our parting with our noble guests. My lady repeated her commands for what she often engaged me to promise, that is to say, to renew the correspondence begun between us, so much (as she was pleased to say) to her satisfaction.

I could not help shewing her ladyship, who was always enquiring after my writing employment, most of what passed between you and me: she admires you much, and wished Mr. H. had more wit, that was her word: she should in that case, she said, be very glad to set on foot a treaty between you and him.

But that, I fancy, can never be tolerable to you; and I only mention it *en passant*. — There's a French woman for you!

The countess was full of her kind wishes for my happiness; and my Lady Davers told me, that if I could give her timely notice, she would be present on a *certain* occasion.

But, my dear Miss, what could I say? — I know nothing of the matter! — Only, I am a sad coward, and have a thousand anxieties which I cannot mention to any body.

But, if I have such in the honourable estate of matrimony, what must those poor souls have, who are seduced, and have all manner of reason to apprehend, that the crime shall be followed by a punishment so *natural* to it? A punishment *in kind*, as I may say; which if it only ends in forfeiture of life, following the forfeiture of fame, must be thought merciful and happy beyond expectation: for how shall they lay claim to the hope given to persons in their circumstances that *they shall be saved in child-bearing*, since the condition is, *if they* CONTINUE *in faith and charity, and* HOLINESS *with* SOBRIETY.

Now, my honoured mother, and my dear Miss Darnford since I am upon this affecting subject, does not this text seem to give a comfortable hope to a good woman, who shall thus die, of being happy in the Divine mercies? For the

Apostle, in the context, says, that *he suffers not a woman to teach, nor usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence*. — And what is the reason he gives? Why, a reason that is a natural consequence of the curse on the first disobedience, that she shall be in subjection to her husband. "For," says he, "*Adam was* NOT *deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression.*" As much as to say — Had it not been for the woman, Adam had kept his integrity, and therefore her punishment shall be, as it is said, "*I will greatly multiply thy sorrow in thy conception: in sorrow shall thou bring forth children — and thy husband shall rule over thee*." But nevertheless, if thou shalt not survive the sharpness of thy sorrow, thy death shall be deemed to be such an alleviation of thy part of the entailed transgression, that thou shalt *be saved*, if thou hast CONTINUED in faith and charity, and HOLINESS with SOBRIETY.

This, my honoured parents, and my dear friend, is *my* paraphrase; and
I reap no small comfort from it, when I meditate upon it.

But I shall make you as serious as myself; and, my dear friend, perhaps, frighten you from entering into a state, in which our poor sex suffer so much, from the bridal morning, let it rise as gaily as it will upon a thoughtful mind, to that affecting circumstance, (throughout its whole progression), for which nothing but a tender, a generous, and a worthy husband can make them any part of amends.

But a word or two more, as to the parting with our honoured company. I was a little indisposed, and they all would excuse me, against my will, from attending them in the coach some miles, which their dear brother did. Both ladies most tenderly saluted me, twice or thrice a-piece, folding their kind arms about me, and wishing my safety and health, and charging me to *think* little, and *hope* much; for they saw me thoughtful at times, though I endeavoured to hide it from them.

My Lord Davers said, with a goodness of temper that is peculiar to him, "My dearest sister, — May God preserve you, and multiply your comforts! I shall pray for you more than ever I did for myself, though I have so much more need of it: — I *must* leave you — But I leave one whom I love and honour next to Lady Davers, and ever shall."

Mr. H. looked consciously silly. "I can say nothing, Madam, but" (saluting me) "that I shall never forget your goodness to me."

I had before, in Mrs. Jervis's parlour, taken leave of Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley, my ladies' women: they each stole a hand of mine, and kissed it, begging pardon for the freedom. But I answered, taking each by her hand, and kissing her, "I shall always think of you with pleasure, my good friends; for you have

encouraged me constantly by your presence in my private duties; and may God bless you, and the worthy families you so laudably serve, as well for your sakes, as their own!"

They turned away with tears; and Mrs. Worden would have said something to me, but could not. — Only both taking Mrs. Jervis by the hand, "Happy Mrs. Jervis!" said they, almost in a breath. "And happy I too," repeated I, "in my Mrs. Jervis, and in such kind well-wishers as Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley. Wear this, Mrs. Worden; — wear this, Mrs. Lesley, for my sake:" and to each I gave a ring, with a crystal and brilliants set about it, which Mr. B. had bought a week before for this purpose: he has a great opinion of both the good folks, and often praised their prudence, and quiet and respectful behaviour to every body, so different from the impertinence (that was his word) of most ladies' women who are favourites.

Mrs. Jervis said, "I have enjoyed many happy hours in your conversation, Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley: I shall miss you very much."

"I must endeavour," said I, taking her hand, "to make it up to you, my good friend, as well as I can. And of late we have not had so many opportunities together as I should have wished, had I not been so agreeably engaged as you know. So we must each try to comfort the other, when we have lost, I such noble, and you such worthy companions."

Mrs. Jervis's honest heart, before touched by the parting, shewed itself at her eyes. "Wonder not," said I, to the two gentlewomen, wiping with my handkerchief her venerable cheeks, "that I always thus endeavour to dry up all my good Mrs. Jervis's tears;" and then I kissed her, thinking of you, my dear mother; and I was forced to withdraw a little abruptly, lest I should be too much moved myself; for had our departing company enquired into the occasion, they would perhaps have thought it derogatory (though I should not) to my present station, and too much retrospecting to my former.

I could not, in conversation between Mr. B. and myself, when I was gratefully expatiating upon the amiable characters of our noble guests, and of their behaviour and kindness to me, help observing, that I had little expected, from some hints which formerly dropt from Mr. B., to find my good Lord Davers so polite and so sensible a man.

"He is a very good-natured man," replied Mr. B. "I believe I might once or twice drop some disrespectful words of him. But it was the effect of passion at the time, and with a view to two or three points of his conduct in public life; for which I took the liberty to find fault with him, and received very unsatisfactory excuses. One of these, I remember, was in a conference between a committee of each house of parliament, in which he behaved in a way I could not wish from a

man so nearly allied to me by marriage; for all he could talk of, was the dignity of their house, when the reason of the thing was strong with the other; and it fell to my lot to answer what he said; which I did with some asperity; and this occasioned a coolness between us for some time.

"But no man makes a better figure in private life than Lord Davers; especially now that my sister's good sense has got the better of her passions, and she can behave with tolerable decency towards him. For once, Pamela, it was not so: the violence of her spirit making him appear in a light too little advantageous either to his quality or merit. But now he improves upon me every time I see him.

"You know not, my dear, what a disgrace a haughty and passionate woman brings upon her husband, and upon herself too, in the eyes of her own sex, as well as ours. Nay, even those ladies, who would be as glad of dominion as she, if they might be permitted to exercise it, despise others who do, and the man *most* who suffers it.

"And let me tell you," said the dear man, with an air that shewed he was satisfied with his own conduct in this particular, "that you cannot imagine how much a woman owes to her husband, as well with regard to *her own* peace of mind, as to *both* their reputations (however it may go against the grain with her sometimes), if he be a man who has discretion to keep her encroaching passions under a genteel and reasonable control!"

How do you like this doctrine, Miss? — I'll warrant, you believe, that I could do no less than drop Mr. B. one of my best curt'sies, in acknowledgment of my obligation to him, for so considerately preserving to me *my* peace of mind, and *my* reputation, as well as *his own*, in this case.

But after all, when one duly weighs the matter, what he says may be right in the main; for I have not been able to contradict him, partial as I am to my sex, when he has pointed out to me instances in the behaviour of certain ladies, who, like children, the more they have been humoured, the more humoursome they have grown; which must have occasioned as great uneasiness to themselves, as to their husbands. Will you excuse me, my dear? This is between ourselves; for I did not own so much to Mr. B. For one should not give up one's sex, you know, if one can help it: for the men will be as apt to impose, as the women to encroach, I doubt.

Well, but here, my honest parents, and my dear Miss Darnford, at last, I end my journal-wise letters, as I may call them; our noble guests being gone, and our time and employments rolling on in much the same manner, as in past days, of which I have given an account. I am, *my dearest father and mother, and best beloved Miss Darnford, your dutiful and affectionate*

P.B.

LETTER XXXIX

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I hear that Mrs. Jewkes is in no good state of health. I am very sorry for it. I pray for her life, that she may be a credit (if it please God) to the penitence she has so lately assumed.

Do, my dear *good* Miss, vouchsafe to the poor soul the honour of a visit: she may be low-spirited. — She may be too much sunk with the recollection of past things. Comfort, with that sweetness which is so natural to Miss Darnford, her drooping heart; and let her know, that I have a true concern for her, and give it her in charge to take care of herself, and spare nothing that will administer either to her health or peace of mind.

You'll pardon me that I put you upon an office so unsuitable from a lady in your station, to a person in hers; but not to your piety and charity, where a duty so eminent as that of visiting the sick, and cheering the doubting mind, is in the question.

I know your condescension will give her great comfort; and if she should be hastening to her account, what a pleasure will it give such a lady as you, to have illuminated a benighted mind, when it was tottering on the verge of death!

I know she will want no spiritual help from good Mr. Peters; but then the kind notice of so generally esteemed a young lady, will raise her more than can be imagined: for there is a tenderness, a sympathy, in the good persons of our sex to one another, that (while the best of the other seem but to act as in office, saying those things, which, though edifying and convincing, one is not certain proceeds not rather from the fortitude of their minds, than the tenderness of their natures) mingles with one's very spirits, thins the animal mass, and runs through one's heart in the same lify current (I can't clothe my thought suitably to express what I would), giving assurance, as well as pleasure, in the most arduous cases, and brightening our misty prospects, till we see the Sun of Righteousness rising on the hills of comfort, and dispelling the heavy fogs of doubt and diffidence.

This it is makes me wish and long as I do, for the company of my dear Miss Darnford. O when shall I see you? When shall I? — To speak to my present case, it is *all I long for*; and, pardon my freedom of expression, as well as thought, when I let you know in this instance, how *early* I experience the *ardent longings* of one in the way I am in.

But I ought not to set my heart upon any thing not in my own power, and which may be subject to accidents, and the control of others. But let whatever

interventions happen, so I have your *will* to come, I must be rejoiced in your kind intention, although your *power* should not prove answerable.

But I will say no more, than that I am, my honoured father and mother, your ever dutiful daughter; and, my dear Miss Darnford, *your affectionate and obliged* P.B.

LETTER XL

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR MRS. B.,

We are greatly obliged to you for every particular article in your entertaining journal, which you have brought, sooner than we wished, to a conclusion. We cannot express how much we admire you for your judicious charities, so easy to be practised, yet so uncommon in the manner, and for your inimitable conduct in the affair of your frail Polly and the silly Mr. H.

Your account of the visit of the four rakes; of your parting with your noble guests; Mr. H.'s letter (an original indeed!) have all greatly entertained us, as your prerogative hints have amused us: but we defer our opinion of those hints, till we have the case more fully explained.

But, my dear friend, are you not in danger of falling into a too thoughtful and gloomy way? By the latter part of your last letter, we are afraid you are; and my mamma, and Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Peters, enjoin me to write, to caution you on that head. But there is the less need of it, because your prudence will always suggest to you reasons, as it does in that very letter, that must out-balance your fears. *Think* little, and *hope* much, is a good lesson in your case, and to a lady of your temper; and I hope Lady Davers will not in vain have given you that caution. After all, I dare say your thoughtfulness is but symptomatical, and will go off in proper time.

But to wave this: let me ask you, is Mr. B.'s conduct to you as *respectful*, I don't mean fond, when you are alone together, as in company? — Forgive me — But you have hinted two or three times, in your letters, that he always is most complaisant to you in company; and you observe, that *wisely* does he act in this, as he thereby does credit with every body to his own choice. I make no doubt, that the many charming scenes which your genius and fine behaviour furnish out to him, must, as often as they happen, inspire him with joy, and even rapture: and must make him love you more for your mind than for your person: — but these rapturous scenes last very little longer than the present moment. What I want to know is, whether in the *steadier* parts of life, when you are both nearer the level of us common folks, he give up any thing of his own will in compliment to yours? Whether he acts the part of a respectful, polite gentleman, in his behaviour to you; and breaks not into your retirements, in the dress, and with the brutal roughness of a fox-hunter? — Making no difference, perhaps, between the field or his stud (I

will not say kennel) and your chamber or closet? — Policy, for his own credit-sake, as I mentioned, accounts to me well, for his complaisance to you in public. But his regular and uniform behaviour to you, in your retirement, when the conversation between you turns upon usual and common subjects, and you have not obliged him to rise to admiration of you, by such scenes as those of your two parsons, Sir Jacob Swynford, and the like: is what would satisfy my curiosity, if you please to give me an instance or two of it.

Now, my dearest Mrs. B., if you can give me a case, partly or nearly thus circumstanced, you will highly oblige me:

First, where he has borne with any infirmity of your own; and I know of none where you can give him such an opportunity, except you get into a vapourish habit, by giving way to a temper too thoughtful and apprehensive:

Next, that, in complaisance to *your* will, he recedes from his *own* in any one instance:

Next, whether he breaks not into your retirements unceremoniously, and without apology or concern, as I hinted above.

You know, my dear Mrs. B., all I mean, by what I have said.; and if you have any pretty conversation in memory, by the recital of which, this my bold curiosity may be answered, pray oblige me with it; and we shall be able to judge by it, not only of the in-born generosity which all that know Mr. B. have been willing to attribute to him, but of the likelihood of the continuance of both your felicities, upon terms suitable to the characters of a fine lady and fine gentleman: and, of consequence, worthy of the imitation of the most delicate of our own sex.

Your obliging *longings*, my beloved dear lady, for my company, I hope, will very soon be answered. My papa was so pleased with your sweet earnestness on this occasion, that he joined with my mamma; and both, with equal cheerfulness, said, you should not be many days in London before me. Murray and his mistress go on swimmingly, and have not yet had one quarrel. The only person, he, of either sex, that ever knew Nancy so intimately, and so long, without one!

This is all I have to say, at present, when I have assured you, my dear Mrs. B., how much I am *your obliged, and affectionate* POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XLI

My dearest Miss Darnford,

I was afraid I ended my last letter in a gloomy way; and I am obliged to you for the kind and friendly notice you take of it. It was owing to a train of thinking which sometimes I get into, of late; I hope only symptomatically, as you say, and that the cause and effect will soon vanish together.

But what a task, my dear friend, I'll warrant, you think you have set me! I thought, in the progress of my journal, and in my letters, I had given so many instances of Mr. B.'s polite tenderness to me, that no new ones would be required at my hands; and when I said he was always *most* complaisant before company, I little expected, that such an inference would be drawn from my words, as would tend to question the uniformity of his behaviour to me, when there were no witnesses to it. But I am glad of an opportunity to clear up all your doubts on this subject.

To begin then:

You first desire an instance, where Mr. B. has borne with some infirmity of mine:

Next, that in complaisance to my will, he has receded from his own:

And lastly, whether he breaks not into my retirements unceremoniously; and without apology or concern, making no difference between the field or the stud, and my chamber or closet?

As to the first, his bearing with my infirmities; he is daily giving instances of his goodness to me on this head; and I am ashamed to say, that of late I give him so much occasion for them as I do; but he sees my apprehensiveness, at times, though I endeavour to conceal it; and no husband was ever so soothing and so indulgent as Mr. B. He gives me the best advice, as to my malady, if I may call it one: treats me with redoubled tenderness: talks to me upon the subjects I most delight to dwell upon: as of my worthy parents; what they are doing at this time, and at that; of our intended journey to London; of the diversions of the town; of Miss Darnford's company; and when he goes abroad, sends up my good Mrs. Jervis to me, because I should not be alone: at other times, takes me abroad with him, brings this neighbour and that neighbour to visit; and carries me to visit them; talks of our journey to Kent, and into Lincolnshire, and to my Lady Davers's, to Bath, to Tunbridge, and I can't tell whither, when the apprehended time shall be over. — In fine, my dear Miss Darnford, you cannot imagine one half of his tender goodness and politeness to me! — Then he hardly ever goes to any distance, but brings some pretty present he thinks will be grateful to me.

When at home, he is seldom out of my company; delights to teach me French and Italian, and reads me pieces of manuscript poetry, in several of the modern tongues (for he speaks them all); explains to me every thing I understand not; delights to answer all my questions, and to encourage my inquisitiveness and curiosity, tries to give me a notion of pictures and medals, and reads me lectures upon them, for he has a fine collection of both; and every now and then will have it, that he has been improved by my questions and observations.

What say you to these things, my dear? Do they come up to your first question? or do they not? Or is not what I have said, a full answer, were I to say no more, to *all* your enquiries?

O my dear, I am thoroughly convinced, that half the misunderstandings, among married people, are owing to trifles, to petty distinctions, to mere words, and little captious follies, to over-weenings, or unguarded petulances: and who would forego the solid satisfaction of life, for the sake of triumphing in such poor contentions, if one could triumph?

But you next require of me an instance, where, in complaisance to *my* will, he has receded from *his own?* I don't know what to say to this. When Mr. B. is all tenderness and indulgence, and requires of me nothing, that I can have a material objection to, ought I *not* to oblige him? Can I have a will that is not his? Or would it be excusable if I *had?* All little matters I cheerfully give up: great ones have not yet occurred between us, and I hope never will. One point, indeed, I have some apprehension *may* happen; and that, to be plain with you, is, we have had a debate or two on the subject (which I maintain) of a mother's duty to nurse her own child; and I am sorry to say it, he seems more determined than I wish he were, against it.

I hope it will not proceed so far as to awaken the sleeping dragon I mentioned. *Prerogative* by name; but I doubt I cannot give up this point very contentedly. But as to lesser points, had I been a duchess born, I think I would not have contested them with my husband.

I could give you many respectful instances too, of his receding, when he has desired to see what I have been writing, and I have told him to whom, and begged to be excused. One such instance I can give since I began this letter. This is it:

I put it in my bosom, when he came up: he saw me do so:

"Are you writing, my dear, what I must not see?"

"I am writing to Miss Darnford, Sir: and she begged you might not at present."

"This augments my curiosity, Pamela. What can two such ladies write, that I may not see?"

"If you won't be displeased, Sir, I had rather you would not, because she desires you may not see her letter, nor this my answer, till the letter is in her

hands."

"Then I will not," returned Mr. B.

Will this instance, my dear, come up to your demand for one, where he recedes from his own will, in complaisance to mine?

But now, as to what both our notions and our practice are on the article of my retirements, and whether he breaks in upon them unceremoniously, and without apology, let the conversation I promised inform you, which began on the following occasion.

Mr. B. rode out early one morning, within a few days past, and did not return till the afternoon; an absence I had not been used to of late; and breakfasting and dining without him being also a new thing with me, I had such an impatience to see him, having expected him at dinner, that I was forced to retire to my closet, to try to divert it, by writing; and the gloomy conclusion of my last was then the subject. He returned about four o'clock, and indeed did *not* tarry to change his riding-dress, as your politeness, my dear friend, would perhaps have expected; but came directly up to me, with an impatience to see me, equal to my own, when he was told, upon enquiry, that I was in my closet.

I heard his welcome step, as he came up stairs; which generally, after a longer absence than I expect, has such an effect upon my fond heart, that it gives a responsive throb for every step he takes towards me, and beats quicker and faster, as he comes nearer.

I met him at my closet door. "So, my dear love," says he, "how do you?" folding his kind arms about me, and saluting me with ardour. "Whenever I have been but a few hours from you, my impatience to see my beloved, will not permit me to stand upon the formality of a message to know how you are engaged; but I break in upon you, even in my riding-dress, as you see."

"Dear Sir, you are very obliging. But I have no notion of *mere* formalities of this kind" — (How unpolite this, my dear, in your friend?)— "in a married state, since 'tis impossible a virtuous wife can be employed about any thing that her husband may not know, and so need not fear surprises."

"I am glad to hear you say this, my Pamela; for I have always thought the extraordinary civilities and distances of this kind which I have observed among several persons of rank, altogether unaccountable. For if they are exacted by the lady, I should suspect she had reserves, which she herself believed I could not approve. If not exacted, but practised of choice by the gentleman, it carries with it, in my opinion, a false air of politeness, little less than affrontive to the lady, and dishonourable to himself; for does it not look as if he supposed, and allowed, that she might be so employed that it was necessary to apprise her of his visit, lest he should make discoveries not to her credit or his own?"

“One would not, Sir” (for I thought his conclusion too severe), “make such a harsh supposition as this neither: for there are little delicacies and moments of retirement, no doubt, in which a modest lady would wish to be indulged by the tenderest husband.”

“It may be so in an *early* matrimony, before the lady’s confidence in the honour and discretion of the man she has chosen has disengaged her from her bridal reserves.”

“Bridal reserves, dear Sir! permit me to give it as my humble opinion, that a wife’s behaviour ought to be as pure and circumspect, in degree, as that of a bride, or even of a maiden lady, be her confidence in her husband’s honour and discretion ever so great. For, indeed, I think a gross or a careless demeanour little becomes that modesty which is the peculiar excellency and distinction of our sex.”

“You account very well, my dear, by what you now say for your own over-nice behaviour, as I have sometimes thought it. But are we not all apt to argue for a practice we make our own, because we *do* make it our own, rather than from the reason of the thing?”

“I hope, Sir, that is not the present case with me; for, permit me to say, that an over-free or negligent behaviour of a lady in the married state, must be a mark of disrespect to her consort, and would shew as if she was very little solicitous about what appearance she made in his eye. And must not this beget in him a slight opinion of her sex too, as if, supposing the gentleman had been a free liver, she would convince him there was no other difference in the sex, but as they were within or without the pale, licensed by the law, or acting in defiance of it?”

“I understand the force of your argument, Pamela. But you were going to say something more.”

“Only, Sir, permit me to add, that when, in my particular case, you enjoin me to appear before you always dressed, even in the early part of the day, it would be wrong, if I was less regardful of my behaviour and actions, than of my appearance.”

“I believe you are right, my dear, if a precise or unnecessary scrupulousness be avoided, and where all is unaffected, easy, and natural, as in my Pamela. For I have seen married ladies, both in England and France, who have kept a husband at a greater distance than they have exacted from some of his sex, who have been more entitled to his resentment, than to his wife’s intimacies.

“But to wave a subject, in which, as I can with pleasure say, neither of us have much concern, tell me, my dearest, how you were employed before I came up? Here are pen and ink: here, too, is paper, but it is as spotless as your mind. To whom were you directing your favours now? May I not know your subject?”

Mr. H.'s letter was a part of it; and so I had put it by, at his approach, and not choosing he should see that— "I am writing," replied I, "to Miss Darnford: but I think you must not ask me to see what I have written *this* time. I put it aside that you should not, when I heard your welcome step. The subject is our parting with our noble guests; and a little of my apprehensiveness, on an occasion upon which our sex may write to one another; but, for some of the reasons we have been mentioning, gentlemen should not desire to see."

"Then I will not, my dearest love." (So here, my dear, is another instance — I could give you an hundred such — of his receding from his own will, in complaisance to mine.) "Only," continued he, "let me warn you against too much apprehensiveness, for your own sake, as well as mine; for such a mind as my Pamela's I cannot permit to be habitually over-clouded. And yet there now hangs upon your brow an over-thoughtfulness, which you must not indulge."

"Indeed, Sir, I was a little too thoughtful, from my subject, before you came; but your presence, like the sun, has dissipated the mists that hung upon my mind. See you not," and I pressed his hand with my lips, "they are all gone already?" smiling upon him with a delight unfeigned.

"Not quite, my dearest Pamela; and therefore, if you have no objection, I will change my dress, and attend you in the chariot for an hour or two, whither you please, that not one shadow may remain visible in this dear face;" tenderly saluting me.

"Whithersoever you please, Sir. A little airing with you will be highly agreeable to me."

The dear obliger went and changed his dress in an instant; and he led me to the chariot, with his usual tender politeness, and we had a charming airing of several miles; returning quite happy, cheerful, and delighted with each other's conversation, without calling in upon any of our good neighbours: for what need of that, my dear, when we could be the best company in the world to each other?

Do these instances come up to your questions, my dear? or, do they not? — If you think not, I could give you our conversation in the chariot: for I wrote it down at my first leisure, so highly was I delighted with it; for the subject was my dearest parents; a subject started by himself, because he knew it would oblige me. But being tired with writing, I may reserve it, till I have the pleasure of seeing you, if you think it worth asking for. And so I will hasten to a conclusion of this long letter.

I have only farther to add, for my comfort, that next Thursday se'n-night, if nothing hinders, we are to set out for London. And why do you think I say *for my comfort?* Only that I shall then soon have the opportunity, to assure you

personally, as you give me hope, how much I am, my dear Miss Darnford, *your truly affectionate*. P.B.

LETTER XLII

My dear Miss Darnford,

One more letter, and I have done for a great while, because I hope your presence will put an end to the occasion. I shall now tell you of my second visit to the dairy-house, where we went to breakfast, in the chariot and four, because of the distance, which is ten pretty long miles.

I transcribed for you, from letters written formerly to my dear parents, an account of my former dairy-house visit, and what the people were, and whom I saw there; and although I besought you to keep that affair to yourself, as too much affecting the reputation of my Mr. B. to be known any farther, and even to destroy that account, when you had perused it; yet, I make no doubt, you remember the story, and so I need not repeat any part of it.

When we arrived there, we found at the door, expecting us (for they heard the chariot-wheels at a distance), my pretty Miss Goodwin, and two other Misses, who had earned their ride, attended by the governess's daughter, a discreet young gentlewoman. As soon as I stepped out, the child ran into my arms with great eagerness, and I as tenderly embraced her, and leading her into the parlour, asked her abundance of questions about her work, and her lessons; and among the rest if she had merited this distinction of the chaise and dairy-house breakfast, or if it was owing to her uncle's favour, and to that of her governess? The young gentlewoman assured me it was to both, and shewed me her needleworks, and penmanship; and the child was highly pleased with my commendations.

I took a good deal of notice of the other two Misses, for their school-fellow's sake, and made each of them a present of some little toys; and my Miss, of a number of pretty trinkets, with which she was highly delighted; and I told her, that I would wait upon her governess, when I came from London into the country again, and see in what order she kept her little matters; for, above all things, I love pretty house-wifely Misses; and then, I would bring her more.

Mr. B. observed, with no small satisfaction, the child's behaviour, which is very pretty; and appeared as fond of her, as if he had been *more* than her *uncle*, and yet seemed under some restraint, lest it should be taken, that he *was* more. Such power has secret guilt, poor gentleman! to lessen and restrain a pleasure, that would, in a happier light, have been so laudable to have manifested!

I am going to let you into a charming scene, resulting from this perplexity of the dear gentleman. A scene that has afforded me high delight ever since; and always will, when I think of it.

The child was very fond of her uncle, and told him she loved him dearly, and always would love and honour him, for giving her such a good aunt. “You talked, Madam,” said she, “when I saw you before, that I should come and live with you — Will you let me, Madam? Indeed I will be very good, and do every thing you bid me, and mind my book, and my needle; indeed I will.”

“Ask your uncle, my dear,” said I; “I should like your pretty company of all things.”

She went to Mr. B. and said, “Shall I, Sir, go and live with my aunt? — Pray let me, when you come from London again.”

“You have a very good governess, child,” said he; “and she can’t part with you.”

“Yes, but she can. Sir; she has a great many Misses, and can spare me well enough; and if you please to let me ride in your coach sometimes, I can go and visit my governess, and beg a holiday for the Misses, now-and-then, when I am almost a woman, and then all the Misses will love me.”

“Don’t the Misses love you now, Miss Goodwin?” said he.

“Yes, they love me well enough, for matter of that; but they’ll love me better, when I can beg them a holiday. Do, dear Sir, let me go home to my new aunt, next time you come into the country.”

I was much pleased with the dear child’s earnestness; and permitted her to have her full argument with her beloved uncle; but was much moved, and he himself was under some concern, when she said, “But you should, in pity, let me live with you, Sir, for I have no papa, nor mamma neither: they are so far off! — But I will love you both as if you were my own papa and mamma; so, dear now, my good uncle, promise the poor girl that has never a papa nor mamma!”

I withdrew to the door: “It will rain, I believe,” said I, and looked up. And, indeed, I had almost a shower in my eye: and had I kept my place, could not have refrained shewing how much I was affected.

Mr. B., as I said, was a little moved; but for fear the young gentlewoman should take notice of it— “How! my dear,” said he, “no papa and mamma! — Did they not send you a pretty black boy to wait upon you, a while ago? Have you forgot that?”— “That’s true,” replied she: “but what’s a black boy to living with my new aunt? — That’s better a great deal than a black boy!”

“Well, your aunt and I will consider of it, when we come from London. Be a good girl, meantime, and do as your governess would have you, and then you don’t know what we may do for you.”

“Well then, Miss,” said she to her young governess, “let me be set two tasks instead of one, and I will learn all I can to deserve to go to my aunt.”

In this manner the little prattler diverted herself. And as we returned from them, the scene I hinted at, opened as follows:

Mr. B. was pleased to say, “What a poor figure does the proudest man make, my dear Pamela, under the sense of a concealed guilt, in company of the innocent who know it, and even of those who do not! — Since the casual expression of a baby shall overwhelm him with shame, and make him unable to look up without confusion. I blushed for myself,” continued he, “to see how you were affected for me, and yet withdrew, to avoid reproaching me so much as with a look. Surely, Pamela, I must then make a most contemptible appearance in your eye! Did you not disdain me at that moment?”

“Dearest Sir! how can you speak such a word? A word I cannot repeat after you! For at that very time, I beheld you with the more reverence, for seeing your noble heart touched with a sense of your error; and it was such an earnest to me of the happiest change I could ever wish for, and in so young a gentleman, that it was one half joy for that, and the other half concern at the little charmer’s accidental plea, to her best and nearest friend, for coming home to her new aunt, that affected me so sensibly as you saw.”

“You must not talk to me of the child’s coming home, after this visit, Pamela; for how, at this rate, shall I stand the reproaches of my own mind, when I see the little prater every day before me, and think of what her poor mamma has suffered on my account! ’Tis enough, that in *you*, my dear, I have an hourly reproach before me, for my attempts on your virtue; and I have nothing to boast of, but that I gave way to the triumphs of your innocence: and what then is my boast?”

“What is your boast, dearest Sir? You have everything to boast, that is worthy of being boasted of.

“You are the best of husbands, the best of landlords, the best of masters, the best of friends; and, with all these excellencies, and a mind, as I hope, continually improving, and more and more affected with the sense of its past mistakes, will you ask, dear Sir, what is your boast?

“O my dearest, dear Mr. B.,” and then I pressed his hands with my lips, “whatever you are to yourself, when you give way to reflections so hopeful, you are the glory and the boast of your grateful Pamela! And permit me to add,” tears standing in my eyes, and holding his hand between mine, “that I never beheld you in my life, in a more amiable light, than when I saw that noble consciousness which you speak of, manifest itself in your eyes, and your countenance — O Sir! this was a sight of joy, of true joy! to one who loves you for your dear soul’s sake, as well as for that of your person; and who looks forward to a companionship with you beyond the term of this transitory life.”

Putting my arms round his arms, as I sat, my fearful eye watching his, “I fear. Sir, I have been too serious! I have, perhaps, broken one of your injunctions! Have cast a gloominess over your mind! And if I have, dear Sir, forgive me!”

He clasped his arms around me: “O my beloved Pamela,” said he; “thou dear confirmer of all my better purposes! How shall I acknowledge your inexpressible goodness to me? I see every day more and more, my dear love, what confidence I may repose in your generosity and discretion! You want no forgiveness; and my silence was owing to much better motives than to those you were apprehensive of.”

He saw my grateful transport, and kindly said, “Struggle not, my beloved Pamela, for words to express sentiments which your eyes and your countenance much more significantly express than any words *can* do. Every day produces new instances of your affectionate concern for my *future* as well as *present* happiness: and I will endeavour to confirm to you all the hopes which the present occasion has given you of me, and which I see by these transporting effects are so desirable to you.”

The chariot brought us home sooner than I wished, and Mr. B. handed me into the parlour.

“Here, Mrs. Jervis,” said he, meeting her in the passage, “receive your angelic lady. I must take a little tour without you, Pamela; for I have had *too much* of your dear company, and must leave you, to descend again into myself; for you have raised me to such a height, that it is with pain I look down from it.”

He kissed my hand, and went into his chariot again; for it was but half an hour after twelve; and said he would be back by two at dinner. He left Mrs. Jervis wondering at his words, and at the solemn air with which he uttered them. But when I told that good friend the occasion, I had a new joy in the pleasure and gratulations of the dear good woman, on what had passed.

My next letter will be from London, and to you, my honoured parents; for to you, my dear, I shall not write again, expecting to see you soon. But I must now write seldomer, because I am to renew my correspondence with Lady Davers; with whom I cannot be so free, as I have been with Miss Darnford; and so I doubt, my dear father and mother, you cannot have the particulars of that correspondence; for I shall never find time to transcribe.

But every opportunity that offers, you may assure yourselves, shall be laid hold of by your ever-dutiful daughter.

And now, my dear Miss Darnford, as I inscribed this letter to you, let me conclude it, with the assurance, that I am, and ever will be *your most affectionate friend and servant*, P.B.

LETTER XLIII

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I know you will be pleased to hear that we arrived safely in town last night. We found a stately, well-furnished, and convenient house; and I had my closet, or library, and my withdrawing room, all in complete order, which Mr. B. gave me possession of in the most obliging manner.

I am in a new world, as I may say, and see such vast piles of building, and such a concourse of people, and hear such a rattling of coaches in the day, that I hardly know what to make of it, as yet. Then the nightly watch, going their hourly rounds, disturbed me. But I shall soon be used to that, and sleep the sounder, perhaps, for the security it assures to us.

Mr. B. is impatient to shew me what is curious in and about this vast city, and to hear, as he is pleased to say, my observations upon what I shall see. He has carried me through several of the fine streets this day in his chariot; but, at present, I have too confused a notion of things, to give any account of them: nor shall I trouble you with descriptions of that kind; for you being within a day's journey of London, I hope for the pleasure of seeing you oftener than I could expect before; and shall therefore leave these matters to your own observations, and what you'll hear from others.

I am impatient for the arrival of my dear Miss Darnford, whose company and conversation will reconcile me, in a great measure, to this new world.

Our family at present are Colbrand, Jonathan, and six men servants, including the coachman. The four maids are also with us.

But my good Mrs. Jervis was indisposed; so came not up with us; but we expect her and Mr. Longman in a day or two: for Mr. B. has given her to my wishes; and as Mr. Longman's business will require him to be up and down frequently, Mrs. Jervis's care will be the better dispensed with. I long to see the dear good woman, and shall be more in my element when I do.

Then I have, besides, my penitent Polly Barlow, who has never held up her head since that deplorable instance of her weakness, which I mentioned to you and to Miss Darnford, yet am I as kind to her as if nothing bad happened. I wish, however, some good husband would offer for her.

Mr. Adams, our worthy chaplain, is now with Mr. Williams. He purposes to give us his company here till Christmas, when probably matters will be adjusted for him to take possession of his living. Meantime, not to let fall a good custom, when perhaps we have most occasion for it, I make Jonathan, who is reverend by

his years and silver hairs, supply his place, appointing him the prayers he is to read.

God preserve you both in health, and continue to me, I beseech you, your prayers and blessings, concludes *your ever dutiful daughter*, P. B.

LETTER XLIV

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

My Dearest Lady,

I must beg pardon, for having been in this great town more than a week, and not having found an opportunity to tender my devoirs to your ladyship. You know, dear Madam, what hurries and fatigues must attend such a journey, to one in my way, and to an entire new settlement in which an hundred things must be done, and attended to, with a preference to other occasions, however delightful. Yet, I must own, we found a stately, well-ordered, and convenient house: but, although it is not far from the fields, and has an airy opening to its back part, and its front to a square, as it is called, yet I am not reconciled to it, so entirely as to the beloved mansion we left.

My dear Mr. B. has been, and is, busily employed in ordering some few alterations, to make things still more commodious. He has furnished me out a pretty library; and has allotted me very convenient apartments besides: the furniture of every place is rich, as befits the mind and fortune of the generous owner. But I shall not offer at particulars, as we hope to have the honour of a visit from my good lord, and your ladyship, before the winter weather sets in, to make the roads too dirty and deep: but it is proper to mention, that the house is so large, that we can make a great number of beds, the more conveniently to receive the honours of your ladyship, and my lord, and Mr. B.'s other friends will do us.

I have not yet been at any of the public diversions. Mr. B. has carried me, by gentle turns, out of his workmen's way, ten miles round this overgrown capital, and through the principal of its numerous streets. The villages that lie spangled about this vast circumference, as well on the other side the noble Thames (which I had before a notion of, from Sir John Denham's celebrated Cooper's Hill), as on the Middlesex side, are beautiful, both by buildings and situation, beyond what I had imagined, and several of them seem larger than many of our country towns of note. But it would be impertinent to trouble your ladyship with these matters, who are no stranger to what is worthy of notice in London. But I was surprised, when Mr. B. observed to me, that this whole county, and the two cities of London and Westminster, are represented in parliament by no more than eight members, when so many borough towns in England are inferior to the meanest villages about London.

I am in daily expectation of the arrival of Miss Darnford, and then I shall wish (accompanied by a young lady of so polite a taste) to see a good play. Mr. B. has already shewn me the opera-house, and the play-houses, though silent, as I may

say; that, as he was pleased to observe, they should not be new to me, and that the sight might not take off my attention from the performance, when I went to the play; so that I can conceive a tolerable notion of every thing, from the disposition of the seats, the boxes, galleries, pit, the music, scenes, and the stage; and so shall have no occasion to gaze about me, like a country novice, whereby I might attract a notice that I would not wish, either for my own credit, or your dear brother's honour.

I have had a pleasure which I had not in Bedfordshire; and that is, that on Sunday I was at church, without gaping crowds to attend us, and blessings too loud for my wishes. Yet I was more gazed at (and so was Mr. B.) than I expected, considering there were so many well-dressed gentry, and some nobility there, and *they* stared as much as any body, but will not, I hope, when we cease to be a novelty.

We have already had several visitors to welcome Mr. B. to town, and to congratulate him on his marriage; but some, no doubt, to see, and to find fault with his rustic; for it is impossible, you know, Madam, that a gentleman so distinguished by his merit and fortune should have taken a step of such consequence to himself and family, and not to have been known by every body so to have done.

Sir Thomas Atkyns is in town, and has taken apartments in Hanover Square; and he brought with him a younger brother of Mr. Arthur's, who, it seems, is a merchant.

Lord F. has also been to pay his respects to Mr. B. whose school fellow he was at Eton, the little time Mr. B. was there. His lordship promises, that his lady shall make me a visit, and accompany me to the opera, as soon as we are fully settled.

A gentleman of the Temple, Mr. Turner by name, and Mr. Fanshow of Gray's Inn, both lawyers, and of Mr. B.'s former acquaintance, very sprightly and modish gentlemen, have also welcomed us to town, and made Mr. B. abundance of gay compliments on my account to my face, all in the common frothy run.

They may be polite gentlemen, but I can't say I over-much like them. There is something so opiniated, so seemingly insensible of rebuke, either from *within* or *without*, and yet not promising to avoid deserving one occasionally, that I could as *lieve* wish Mr. B. and they would not renew their former acquaintance.

I am very bold your ladyship will say — But you command me to write freely: yet I would not be thought to be uneasy, with regard to your dear brother's morals, from these gentlemen; for, oh, Madam, I am a blessed creature, and am hourly happier and happier in the confidence I have as to that particular: but I imagine they will force themselves upon him, more than he may wish, or would permit, were the acquaintance now to begin; for they are not of his turn of mind,

as it seems to me; being, by a sentence or two that dropt from them, very free, and very frothy in their conversation; and by their laughing at what they say themselves, taking that for wit which will not stand the test, if I may be allowed to say so.

But they have heard, no doubt, what a person Mr. B.'s goodness to me has lifted into notice; and they think themselves warranted to say any thing before his country girl.

He was pleased to ask me, when they were gone, how I liked his two lawyers? And said, they were persons of family and fortune.

"I am glad of it, Sir," said I; "for their own sakes."

"Then you don't approve of them, Pamela?"

"They are *your* friends, Sir; and I cannot have any dislike to them."

"They say good things *sometimes*," returned he.

"I don't doubt it, Sir; but you say good things *always*."

"'Tis happy for me, my dear, you think so. But tell me, what you think of 'em?"

"I shall be better able, Sir, to answer your questions, if I see them a second time."

"But we form notions of persons at first sight, sometimes, my dear; and you are seldom mistaken in yours."

"I only think. Sir, that they have neither of them any diffidence: but their profession, perhaps, may set them above that."

"They don't *practise*, my dear; their fortunes enable them to live without it; and they are too studious of their pleasures, to give themselves any trouble they are not obliged to take."

"They seem to me. Sir, *qualified* for practice: they would make great figures at the bar, I fancy."

"Why so?"

"Only, because they seem prepared to think *well* of what they say *themselves*; and *lightly* of what *other people* say, or may think, *of them*."

"That, indeed, my dear, is the necessary qualifications of a public speaker, be he lawyer, or what he will: the man who cannot doubt *himself*, and can think meanly of his *auditors*, never fails to speak with *self-applause* at least."

"But you'll pardon me, good Sir, for speaking my mind so freely, and so early of these *your friends*."

"I never, my love, ask you a question, I wish you not to answer; and always expect your answer should be without reserve; for many times I may ask your opinion, as a corrective or a confirmation of my own judgment."

How kind, how indulgent was this, my good lady! But you know, how generously your dear brother treats me, on all occasions; and this makes me so bold as I often am.

It may be necessary, my dear lady, to give you an account of our visitors, in order to make the future parts of my writing the more intelligible; because what I have to write may turn sometimes upon the company we see: for which reason, I shall also just mention Sir George Stuart, a Scottish gentleman, with whom Mr. B. became acquainted in his travels, who seems to be a polite (and Mr. B. says, is a learned) man, and a virtuoso: he, and a nephew of his, of the same name, a bashful gentleman, and who, for that reason, I imagine, has a merit that lies deeper than a first observation can reach, are just gone from us, and were received with so much civility by Mr. B. as entitles them to my respectful regard.

Thus, Madam, do I run on, in a manner, without materials; and only to shew you the pleasure I take in obeying you. I hope my good Lord Davers enjoys his health, and continues me in his favour; which I value extremely, as well as your ladyship's. Mr. H., I hope, likewise enjoys his health. But let me not forget my particular and thankful respects to the Countess, for her favour and goodness to me, which I shall ever place next, in my grateful esteem, to the honours I have received from your ladyship, and which bind me to be, with the greatest respect, *your faithful and obliged servant*, P.B.

LETTER XLV

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I write to you both, at this time, for your advice in a particular dispute, which is the only one I have had, or I hope ever shall have, with my dear benefactor; and as he is pleased to insist upon his way, and it is a point of conscience with me, I must resolve to be determined by your joint advice; for, if my father and mother, and husband, are of one opinion, I must, I think, yield up my own.

This is the subject: — I think a mother ought, if she can, to be the nurse to her own children.

Mr. B. says, he will not permit it.

It is the first *will not* I have heard from him, or given occasion for: and I tell him, that it is a point of conscience with me, and I hope he will indulge me: but the dear gentleman has an odd way of arguing, that sometimes puzzles me. He pretends to answer me from Scripture; but I have some doubts of *his* exposition; and he gives me leave to write to you, though yet he won't promise to be determined by your opinions if they are not the same with his own; and I say to him, "Is this fair, my dearest Mr. B.? Is it?"

He has got the dean's opinion with him; for our debate began before we came to town: and then he would not let me state the case; but did it himself; and yet 'tis but an half opinion, as I may, neither. For it is, that if the husband is set upon it, it is a wife's duty to obey.

But I can't see how that is; for if it be the *natural* duty of a mother, it is a *divine* duty; and how can a husband have power to discharge a divine duty? As great as a wife's obligation is to obey her husband, which is, I own, one indispensable of the marriage contract, it ought not to interfere with what one takes to be a superior duty; and must not one be one's own judge of actions, by which we must stand or fall?

I'll tell you my plea:

I say, that where a mother is unhealthy; subject to communicative distempers, as scrophulous or scorbutic, or consumptive disorders, which have infected the blood or lungs; or where they have not plenty of nourishment for the child, that in these cases, a dispensation lies of course.

But where there is good health, free spirits, and plentiful nourishment, I think it an indispensable duty.

For this was the custom of old, of all the good wives we read of in Scripture.

Then the nourishment of the mother must be most natural to the child.

These were my pleas, among others: and this is his answer which he gave to me in writing:

"As to what you allege, my dear, of old customs; times and fashions are much changed. If you tell me of Sarah's, or Rachel's, or Rebecca's, or Leah's nursing their children, I can answer, that the one drew water at a well, for her father's flocks; another kneaded cakes, and baked them on the hearth; another dressed savoury meat for her husband; and all of them performed the common offices of the household: and when our modern ladies shall follow such examples in *every thing*, their plea ought to be allowed in this.

"Besides, my fondness for your personal graces, and the laudable, and, I will say, honest pleasure, I take in that easy, genteel form, which every body admires in you, at first sight, oblige me to declare, that I can by no means consent to sacrifice these to the carelessness into which I have seen very nice ladies sink, when they became nurses. Moreover, my chief delight in you is for the beauties of your mind; and unequalled as they are, in my opinion, you have still a genius capable of great improvement; and I shan't care, when I want to hear my Pamela read her French and Latin lessons, which I take so much delight to teach her (and to endeavour to improve myself from her virtue and piety, at the same time), to seek my beloved in the nursery; or to permit her to be engrossed by those baby offices, which will better befit weaker minds.

"No, my dear, you must allow me to look upon you as my scholar, in one sense; as my companion in another; and as my instructress, in a third. You know I am not governed by the worst motives: I am half overcome by your virtue: and you must take care, that you leave not your work half done. But I cannot help looking upon the nurse's office, as an office beneath Pamela. Let it have your inspection, your direction, and your sole attention, if you please, when I am abroad: but when I am at home, even a son and heir, so jealous am I of your affections, shall not be my rival in them: nor will I have my rest broken in upon, by your servants bringing to you your dear little one, at times, perhaps, as unsuitable to my repose and your own, as to the child's necessities.

"The chief thing with you, my dear, is that you think it unnatural in a mother not to be a nurse to her own child, if she can; and what is unnatural, you say, is sin.

"Some men may be fond of having their wives undertake this province, and good reasons may be assigned for such their fondness; but it suits not me at all.

And yet no man would be thought to have a greater affection for children than myself, or be more desirous to do them justice; for I think every one should look forward to posterity with a preference: but if my Pamela can be *better* employed; if the office can be equally well performed; if your direction and superintendence will be sufficient; and if I cannot look upon you in that way with equal delight, as if it was otherwise; I insist upon it, my Pamela, that you acquiesce with my *dispensation*, and don't think to let me lose my beloved wife, and have a nurse put upon me instead of her.

"As to that (the nearest to me of all) of dangers to your constitution: there is as much reason to hope it may not be so, as to fear that it *may*. For children sometimes bring health with them as well as infirmity; and it is not a little likely, that the *nurse's* office may affect the health of one I hold most dear, who has no very robust constitution, and thinks it so much her duty to attend to it, that she will abridge herself of half the pleasures of life, and on that account confine herself within doors, or, in the other case, must take with her her infant and her nursery-maid wherever she goes; and I shall either have very fine company (shall I not?) or be obliged to deny myself yours.

"Then, as I propose to give you a smattering of the French and Italian, I know not but I may take you on a little tour into France and Italy; at least, to Bath, Tunbridge, Oxford, York, and the principal places of England. Wherefore, as I love to look upon you as the companion of my pleasures, I advise you, my dearest love, not to weaken, or, to speak in a phrase proper to the present subject, *wean* me from that love *to* you, and admiration *of* you, which hitherto has been rather increasing than otherwise, as your merit, and regard for me have increased."

These, my dear parents, are charming allurements, almost irresistible temptations! And what makes me mistrust myself the more, and be the more diffident; for we are but too apt to be persuaded into any thing, when the motives are so tempting as the last.

I take it for granted, that many wives will not choose to dispute this point so earnestly as I have done; for we have had several little debates about it; and it is the only point I have ever yet debated with him; but one would not be altogether implicit neither. It is no compliment to him to be quite passive, and to have no will at all of one's own: yet would I not dispute one point, but in supposition of a superior obligation: and this, he says, he can *dispense* with. But alas! my dear Mr. B. was never yet thought so entirely fit to fill up the character of a casuistical divine, as that one may absolutely rely upon his decisions in these serious points: and you know we must stand or fall by our own judgments.

Upon condition, therefore, that he requires not to see this my letter, nor your answer to it, I write for your advice. But this I see plainly, that he will have his

own way; and if I cannot get over my scruples, what shall I do? For if I think it a *sin* to submit to the dispensation he insists upon as in his power to grant, and to submit to it, what will become of my peace of mind? For it is not in our power to believe as one will.

As to the liberty he gives me for a month, I should be loath to take it; for one knows not the inconveniences that may attend a change of nourishment; or if I did, I should rather — But I know not what I would say; for I am but a young creature to be in this way, and so very unequal to it in every respect! So I commit myself to God's direction, and your advice, as becomes *your ever dutiful daughter*, P.B.

LETTER XLVI

My Dearest Child,

Your mother and I have as well considered the case you put as we are able; and we think your own reasons very good; and it is a thousand pities your honoured husband will not allow them, as you, my dear, make it such a point with you. Very few ladies would give their spouses, we believe, the trouble of this debate; and few gentlemen are so very nice as yours in this respect; for I (but what signifies what such a mean soul as I think, compared to so learned and brave a gentleman; yet I) always thought your dear mother, and she has been a pretty woman too, in her time, never looked so lovely, as when I saw her, like the pelican in the wilderness, feeding her young ones from her kind breast: — and had I never so noble an estate, I should have had the same thoughts.

But since the good ‘squire cannot take this pleasure; since he so much values your person; since he gives you warning, that it may estrange his affections; since he is impatient of denial, and thinks so highly of his prerogative; since he may, if disobliged, resume some bad habits, and so you may have all your prayers and hopes in his perfect reformation frustrated, and find your own power to do good more narrowed: we think, besides the obedience you have vowed to him, and is the duty of every good wife, you ought to give up the point, and acquiesce; for this seemeth to us to be the lesser evil: and God Almighty, if it should be your duty, will not be less merciful than men; who, as his honour says, by the laws of the realm, excuses a wife, when she is faulty by the command of the husband; and we hope, the fault he is pleased to make you commit (if a fault, for he really gives very praise-worthy motives for his dispensation) will not be laid at his own door. So e’en resolve, my dearest child, to submit to it, and with cheerfulness too.

God send you an happy hour! But who knows, when the time comes, whether it may not be proper to dispense with this duty, as you deem it, on other accounts? For every young person is not enabled to perform it. So, to shew his honour, that you will cheerfully acquiesce, your dear mother advises you to look out for a wholesome, good-humoured, honest body, as near your complexion and temper, and constitution, as may be; and it may not be the worse, she thinks, if she is twenty, or one — or two-and-twenty; for she will have more strength and perfection, as one may say, than even you can have at your tender age: and, above all, for the wise reason you give from your reading, that she may be brought to-bed much about your time, if possible. We can look out, about us, for such an one. And, as Mr. B. is not adverse to have the dear child in the house, you will have as

much delight, and the dear baby may fare as well, under your prudent and careful eye, as if you were obliged in the way you would choose.

So God direct you, my child, in all your ways, and make you acquiesce in this point with cheerfulness (although, as you say, one cannot believe, as one pleases; for we verily are of opinion you safely may, as matters stand) and continue to you, and your honoured husband, health, and all manner of happiness, are the prayers of *your most affectionate father and mother,*

J. *and* E. ANDREWS.

LETTER XLVII

I thank you, my dearest parents, for your kind letter; it was given to Mr. B. and he brought it to me himself, and was angry with me: indeed he was, as you shall hear:

"'Tis from the good couple, my dear, I see. I hope they are of my opinion — But whether they be or not — But I will leave you; and do you, Pamela, step down to my closet, when you have perused it."

He was pleased to withdraw; and I read it, and sat down, and considered it well; but, as you know I made it always my maxim to do what I could not avoid to do, with as good a grace as possible, I waited on the dear gentleman.

"Well, Pamela," said he, a little seriously, "what say the worthy pair?"

"O Sir! they declare for you. They say, it is best for me to yield up this point."

"They are certainly in the right — But were you not a dear perverse creature, to give me all this trouble about your saucy scruples?"

"Nay, Sir, don't call them so," said I, little thinking he was displeased with me. "I still am somewhat wavering; though they advise me to acquiesce; and, as it is your will, and you have determined, it is my duty to yield up the point."

"But do you yield it up cheerfully, my dear?"

"I do, Sir; and will never more dispute it, let what will happen. And I beg pardon for having so often entered into this subject with you. But you know, Sir, if one's weakness of mind gives one scruples, one should not yield implicitly, till they are satisfied; for that would look as if one gave not you the obedience of a free mind."

"You are very obliging, *just now*, my dear; but I can tell you, you had made me half serious; yet I would not shew it, in compliment to your present condition; for I did not expect that you would have thought any appeal necessary, though to your parents, in a point that I was determined upon, as you must see, every time we talked of it."

This struck me all in a heap. I looked down to the ground: having no courage to look up to his face, for fear I should behold his aspect as mortifying to me as his words. But he took both my hands, and drew me kindly to him, and saluted me, "Excuse me, my dearest love: I am not angry with you. Why starts this precious pearl?" and kissed my cheek: "speak to me, Pamela!"

"I will, Sir — I will — as soon as I can:" for this being my first check, so seriously given, my heart was full. But as I knew he would be angry, and think me obstinate, if I did not speak, I said, full of concern, "I wish, Sir — I wish — you

had been pleased to spare me a little longer, for the same kind, very kind, consideration."

"But is it not better, my dear, to tell you I *was* a little out of humour with you, than that I *am*? — But you were very earnest with me on this point more than once; and you put me upon a hated, because ungenerous, necessity of pleading my prerogative, as I call it; yet this would not do, but you appealed against me in the point I was determined upon, for reasons altogether in your favour: and if this was not like my Pamela, excuse me, that I could not help being a little unlike myself."

"Ah!" thought I, "this is not so very unlike your dear self, were I to give the least shadow of an occasion; for it is of a piece with your lessons formerly."

"I am sure," said I, "I was not in the least aware, that I had offended. But I was too little circumspect. I had been used to your goodness for so long a time, that I expected it, it seems; and thought I was sure of your favourable construction."

"Why, so you may be, my dear, in every thing *almost*. But I don't love to speak twice my mind on the same subject; you know I don't! and you have really disputed this point with me five or six times; insomuch, that I wondered what was come to my dearest."

"I thought, Sir, you would have distinguished between a command where my *conscience* was concerned, and a *common* point: you know. Sir, I never had any will but yours in *common* points. But, indeed, you make me fearful because my task is rendered too difficult for my own weak judgment."

I was silent, but by my tears.

"Now, I doubt, Pamela, your spirit is high. You won't speak, because you are out of humour at what I say. I will have no sullen reserves, my dearest. What means that heaving sob? I know that this is the time with your sex, when, saddened with your apprehensions, and indulged because of them, by the fond husband, it is needful, for both their sakes, to watch over the changes of their temper. For ladies in your way are often like encroaching subjects; apt to extend what they call their privileges, on the indulgence shewed them; and the husband never again recovers the ascendant he had before."

"You know these things better than I, Mr. B. But I had no intention to invade your province, or to go out of my own. Yet I thought I had a right to a little free will, on some greater occasions."

"Why, so you have, my dear. But you must not plead in behalf of your own will, and refuse to give due weight to mine." "Well, Sir, I must needs say, I have one advantage above others of my sex; for if wives, in my circumstances, are apt to grow upon indulgence, I am very happy that your kind and watchful care will hinder me from falling into that error."

He gave me a gentle tap on the neck: “Let me beat my beloved sauce-box,” said he: “is it thus you rally my watchful care over you for your own good? But tell me, truly, Pamela, are you not a little sullen? Look up to me, my dear. Are you not?”

“I believe I am; but ’tis but very little, Sir. It will soon go off. Please to let me withdraw, that I may take myself to task about it;-for at present, I know not what to do, because I did not expect the displeasure I have incurred.”

“Is it not the same thing,” replied he, “if this our first quarrel end here, without your withdrawing? — I forgive you heartily, my Pamela; and give me one kiss, and I will think of your saucy appeal against me no more.”

“I will comply with your condition, Sir; but I have a great mind to be saucy. I wish you would let me for this once.”

“What would you say, my dearest? — Be saucy then, as you call it, as saucy as you can.”

“Why; then I *am* a little sullen at present, that I am; and I am not fully convinced, whether it must be I that forgive you, or you me. For, indeed, if I can recollect, I cannot think my fault so great in this point, that was a point of conscience to me, as (pardon me Sir), to stand in need of your forgiveness.”

“Well, then, my dearest,” said he, “we will forgive one another? but take this with you, that it is my love to you that makes me more delicate than otherwise I should be; and you have inured me so much to a faultless conduct, that I can hardly bear with natural infirmities from you. — But,” giving me another tap, “get you gone; I leave you to your recollection; and let me know what fruits it produces: for I must not be put off with a half-compliance; I must have your whole will with me, if possible.”

So I went up, and recollecting every thing, *sacrificed to my sex*, as Mr. B. calls it, when he talks of a wife’s reluctance to yield a favourite point: for I shed many tears, because my heart was set upon it.

And so, my dear parents, twenty charming ideas and pleasures I had formed to myself, are vanished from me, and my measures are quite broken. But after my heart was relieved by my eye, I was lighter and easier. And the result is, we have heard of a good sort of woman, that is to be my poor *baby’s mother*, when it comes; so your kindly-offered enquiries are needless, I believe.

’Tis well for our sex in general, that there are not many husbands who distinguish thus nicely. For, I doubt, there are but very few so well entitled to their ladies’ observances as Mr. B. is to mine, and who would act so generously and so tenderly by a wife as he does, in every material instance on which the happiness of life depends.

But we are quite reconciled; although as I said, upon his own terms: and so I can still style myself, *my dear honoured parents, your happy, as well as your dutiful daughter*, P.B.

LETTER XLVIII

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

My Dear Pamela,

I have sent you a present, the completest I could procure, of every thing that may suit your approaching happy circumstance; as I hope it will be to you, and to us all: but it is with a hope annexed, that although both sexes are thought of in it, you will not put us off with a girl: no, child, we will not permit you, may we have our wills, to *think* of giving us a girl, till you have presented us with half a dozen fine boys. For our line is gone so low, we expect that human security from you in your first seven years, or we shall be disappointed.

I will now give you their names, if my brother and you approve of them: your first shall be BILLY; my Lord Davers, and the Earl of C —— , godfathers; and it must be doubly godmothered too, or I am afraid the countess and I shall fall out about it. Your second DAVERS; be sure remember that. — Your third, CHARLEY; your fourth, JEMMY; your fifth, HARRY; your sixth — DUDLEY, if you will — and your girl, if you had not rather call it PAMELA, shall be called BARBARA. — The rest name as you please. — And so, my dear, I wish all seven happily over with you.

I am glad you got safe to town: and long to hear of Miss Darnford's arrival, because I know you'll be out of your bias in your new settlement till then. She is a fine lady, and writes the most to my taste of any one of her sex that I know, next to you. I wish she'd be so kind as to correspond with me. But be sure don't omit to give me the sequel of her sister's and Murray's affair, and what you think will please me in relation to her.-You do well to save yourself the trouble of describing the town and the public places. We are no strangers to them; and they are too much our table talk, when any country lady has for the first time been carried to town, and returned: besides, what London affords, is nothing that deserves mention, compared to what we have seen at Paris and at Versailles, and other of the French palaces. You exactly, therefore, hit our tastes, and answer our expectations, when you give us, in your peculiar manner, sentiments on what we may call the *soul of things*, and such characters as you draw with a pencil borrowed from the hand of nature, intermingled with those fine lights and shades of reflections and observations, that make your pictures glow, and instruct as well as delight.

There, Pamela, is encouragement for you to proceed in obliging us. We are all of one mind in this respect; and more than ever, since we have seen your actions

so well answered to your writings; and that theory and practice, as to every excellence that can adorn a lady, is the same thing with you.

We are pleased with your lawyers' characters. There are life and nature in them; but never avoid giving all that occur to you, for that seems to be one of your talents; and in the ugliest, there will be matter of instruction; especially as you seem naturally to fall upon such as are so general, that no one who converses, but must see in them the picture of one or other he is acquainted with.

By this time, perhaps, Miss Darnford will be with you. — Our respects to her, if so. — And you will have been at some of the theatrical entertainments: so will not want subjects to oblige us.— 'Twas a good thought of your dear man's, to carry you to see the several houses, and to make you a judge, by that means, of the disposition and fashion of every thing in them.-Tell him, I love him better and better. I am proud of my brother, and do nothing but talk of what a charming husband he makes. But then, he gives an example to all who know him, and his uncontrollable temper (which makes against many of us), that it is possible for a good wife to make even a bad man a worthy husband: and this affords an instruction, which may stand all our sex in good stead. — But then they must have been cautious first, to choose a man of natural good sense, and good manners, and not a brutal or abandoned debauchee.

But hark-ye-me, my sweet girl, what have I done, that you won't write yourself *sister* to me? I could find in my heart to be angry with you. Before my last visit, I was scrupulous to subscribe myself so to *you*. But since I have seen myself so much surpassed in every excellence, that I would take pleasure in the name, you assume a pride in your turn, and may think it under-valuing yourself, to call *me* so — Ay, that's the thing, I doubt — Although I have endeavoured by several regulations since my return (and the countess, too, keeps your example in distant view, as well as I), to be more worthy of the appellation. If, therefore, you would avoid the reproaches of secret pride, under the shadow of so remarkable an humility, for the future never omit subscribing as I do, with great pleasure, *your truly affectionate sister and friend*, B. DAVERS.

I always take it for granted, that my worthy brother sends his respects to us; as you must, that Lord Davers, the Countess of C. and Jackey (who, as well as his uncle, talks of nothing else but you), send theirs; and so unnecessary compliments will be always excluded our correspondence.

LETTER XLIX

In answer to the preceding.

How you overwhelm me with your goodness, my dearest lady, in every word of your last welcome letter, is beyond my power to express I How nobly has your ladyship contrived, in your ever-valued present, to encourage a doubting and apprehensive mind! And how does it contribute to my joy and my glory, that I am deemed by the noble sister of my best beloved, not wholly unworthy of being the humble means to continue, and, perhaps, to perpetuate, a family so ancient and so honourable!

When I contemplate this, and look upon what I was — How shall I express a sense of the honour done me! — And when, reading over the other engaging particulars in your ladyship's letter, I come to the last charming paragraph, I am doubly affected to see myself seemingly upbraided, but so politely emboldened to assume an appellation, that otherwise I hardly dared.

I — *humble* I — who never had a sister before — to find one now in Lady Davers! O Madam, you, and *only* you, can teach me words fit to express the joy and the gratitude that filled my delighted heart! — But thus much I am taught, that there is some thing more than the low-born can imagine in birth and education. This is so evident in your ladyship's actions, words, and manner, that it strikes one with a becoming reverence; and we look up with awe to a condition we emulate in vain, when raised by partial favour, like what I have found; and are confounded when we see grandeur of soul joined with grandeur of birth and condition; and a noble lady acting thus nobly, as Lady Davers acts.

My best wishes, and a thousand blessings, attend your ladyship in all you undertake! And I am persuaded the latter will, and a peace and satisfaction of mind incomparably to be preferred to whatever else this world can afford, in the new regulations, which you, and my dear lady countess, have set on foot in your families: and when I can have the happiness to know what they are, I shall, I am confident, greatly improve my own methods by them.

Were we to live for ever in this life, we might be careless and indifferent about these matters: but when such an uncertainty as to the time, and such a certainty as to the event is before us, a prudent mind will be always preparing, till prepared; and what can be a better preparative, than charitable actions to our fellow-creatures in the eye of that Majesty, which wants nothing of us himself, but to do just the merciful things to one another.

Pardon me, my dearest lady, for this my free style. Methinks I am out of myself! I know not how to descend all at once from the height to which you have raised me: and you must forgive the reflections to which you yourself and your own noble actions have given birth.

Here, having taken respite a little, I naturally sink into *body* again. — And will not your ladyship confine your expectations from me within narrower limits? — For, O, I cannot even with my wishes, so swiftly follow your expectations, if such they are! But, however, leaving futurity to HIM, who only governs futurity, and who conducts us all, and our affairs, as shall best answer his own divine purposes, I will proceed as well as I can, to obey you in those articles, which are, at present, more within my own power.

My dear Miss Darnford, then, let me acquaint your ladyship, arrived on Thursday last: she had given us notice, by a line, of the day she set out; and Sir Simon and Lady Darnford saw her ten miles on the way to the stage coach in Sir Simon's coach, Mr. Murray attending her on horseback. They parted with her, as was easy to guess from her merit, with great tenderness; and we are to look upon the visit (as we do) as a high favour from her papa and mamma; who, however, charge her not to exceed a month in and out, which I regret much. Mr. B. kindly proposed to me, as she came in the stage coach, attended with one maid-servant, to meet her part of the way in his coach and six, if, as he was pleased to say, it would not be too fatiguing to me; and we would go so early, as to dine at St. Alban's. I gladly consented, and we got thither about one o'clock; and while dinner was preparing, he was pleased to shew me the great church there, and the curious vault of the good Duke of Gloucester, and also the monument of the great Lord Chancellor Bacon in St. Michael's church; all which, no doubt, your ladyship has seen.

There happened to be six passengers in the stage coach, including Miss Darnford and her maid; she was exceeding glad to be relieved from them, though the weather was cold enough, two of the passengers being not very agreeable company, one a rough military man, and the other a positive humoursome old gentlewoman: and the others two sisters— "who jangled now and then," said she, "as much as *my* sister, and my sister's *sister*."

Judge how joyful this meeting was to us both. Mr. B. was no less delighted, and said, he was infinitely obliged to Sir Simon for this precious trust.

"I come with double pleasure," said she, "to see the greatest curiosity in England, a husband and wife, who have not, in so many months as you have been married, if I may believe report, and your letters, Mrs. B., once repented."

"You are severe, Miss Darnford," replied Mr. B., "upon people in the married state: I hope there are many such instances."

“There might, if there were more such husbands as Mr. B. makes. — I hated you once, and thought you very wicked; but I revere you now.”

“If you will *revere* any body, my dear Miss Darnford,” said he, “let it be this good girl; for it is all owing to her conduct and direction, that I make a tolerable husband: were there more such wives, I am persuaded, there would be more such husbands than there are.”

“You see, my dear,” said I, “what it is to be wedded to a generous man. Mr. B., by his noble treatment of me, creates a merit in me, and disclaims the natural effects of his own goodness.”

“Well, you’re a charming couple — person and mind. I know not any equal either of you have. — But, Mr. B., I will not compliment you too highly. I may make *you* proud, for men are saucy creatures; but I cannot make your *lady* so: and in this doubt of the one, and confidence in the other, I must join with you, that her merit is the greatest. — Since, excuse me, Sir, her example has reformed her rake; and you have only confirmed in her the virtues you found ready formed to your hand.”

“That distinction,” said Mr. B., “is worthy of Miss Darnford’s judgment.”

“My dearest Miss Darnford — my dearest Mr. B.,” said I, laying my hand upon the hand of each, “how can you go on thus! — As I look upon every kind thing, two such dear friends say of me, as incentives for me to endeavour to deserve it, you must not ask me too high; for then, instead of encouraging, you’ll make me despair.”

He led us into the coach; and in a free, easy, joyful manner, not in the least tired or fatigued, did we reach the town and Mr. B.’s house; with which and its furniture, and the apartments allotted for her, my dear friend is highly pleased.

But the dear lady put me into some little confusion, when she saw me first, taking notice of my *improvements*, as she called them, before Mr. B. I looked at him and her with a downcast eye. He smiled, and said, “Would you, my good Miss Darnford, look so silly, after such a length of time, with a husband you need not be ashamed of?”

“No, indeed, Sir, not I, I’ll assure you; nor will I forgive those maiden airs in a wife so happy as you are.”

I said nothing. But I wished myself, in mind and behaviour, to be just what Miss Darnford is.

But, my dear lady, Miss Darnford has had those early advantages from conversation, which I had not; and so must never expect to know how to deport myself with that modest freedom and ease, which I know I want, and shall always want, although some of my partial favourers think I do not. For I am every day more and more sensible of the great difference there is between being used to the

politest conversation as an inferior, and being born to bear a part in it: in the one, all is set, stiff, awkward, and the person just such an ape of imitation as poor I; in the other, all is natural ease and sweetness — like Miss Darnford.

Knowing this, I don't indeed aim at what I am sensible I cannot attain; and so, I hope, am less exposed to censure than I should be if I did. For, I have heard Mr. B. observe with regard to gentlemen who build fine houses, make fine gardens, and open fine prospects, that art should never take place of, but be subservient to, nature; and a gentleman, if confined to a situation, had better conform his designs to that, than to do as at Chatsworth, level a mountain at a monstrous expense; which, had it been suffered to remain, in so wild and romantic a scene as Chatsworth affords, might have been made one of the greatest beauties of the place.

So I think I had better endeavour to make the best of those natural defects I cannot master, than, by assuming airs and dignities in appearance, to which I was not born, act neither part tolerably. By this means, instead of being thought neither gentlewoman nor rustic, as Sir Jacob hinted (*linsey-wolsey*, I think was his term too), I may be looked upon as an original in my way; and all originals pass well enough, you know, Madam, even with judges.

Now I am upon this subject, I can form to myself, if your ladyship will excuse me, two such polite gentlemen as my lawyers mentioned in my former, who, with a true London magnanimity and penetration (for, Madam, I fancy your London critics will be the severest upon the country girl), will put on mighty significant looks, forgetting, it may be, that they have any faults themselves, and apprehending that they have nothing to do, but to sit in judgment upon others, one of them expressing himself after this manner— "Why, truly, Jack, the girl is well enough — *considering* — I can't say—" (then a pinch of snuff, perhaps, adds importance to his air)— "but a man might love her for a month or two." (These sparks talked thus of other ladies before me.) "She behaves better than I expected from her — *considering*—" again will follow.

"So I think," cries the other, and tosses his tie behind him, with an air partly of contempt, and partly of rakery.

"As you say. Jemmy, I expected to find an awkward country girl, but she tops her part, I'll assure you! — Nay, for that matter, behaves very tolerably for *what she was* — And is right, not to seem desirous to drown the remembrance of her original in her elevation — And, I can't but say" (for something like it he did say), "is mighty pretty, and passably genteel." And thus with their poor praise of Mr. B.'s girl, they think they have made a fine compliment to his judgment.

But for *his* sake (for as to my own, I am not solicitous about such gentlemen's good opinions), I owe them a spite; and believe, I shall find an opportunity to

come out of their debt. For I have the vanity to think, now you have made me proud by your kind encouragements and approbation, that the country girl will make ’em look about them, with all their *genteel contempts*, which they miscall *praise*.

But how I run on! Your ladyship expects that I shall write as freely to you as I used to do to my parents. I have the merit of obeying you, that I have; but, I doubt, too much to the exercise of your patience.

This (like all mine) is a long letter; and I will only add to it Miss Darnford’s humble respects, and thanks for your ladyship’s kind mention of her, which she receives as no small honour.

And now. Madam, with a greater pleasure than I can express, will I make use of the liberty you so kindly allow me to take, of subscribing myself with that profound respect which becomes me, *your ladyship’s most obliged sister, and obedient servant,* P.B.

Mr. Adams, Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis, are just arrived; and our household is now complete.

LETTER L

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

After I have thanked you for your last agreeable letter, which has added the Earl and Lady Jenny to the number of your admirers (you know Lady Betty, her sister, was so before), I shall tell you, that I now write, at their requests, as well as at those of my Lord Davers, the countess you so dearly love, and Lady Betty, for your decision of an odd dispute, that, on reading your letter, and talking of your domestic excellencies, happened among us.

Lady Betty says, that, notwithstanding any awkwardness you attribute to yourself, she cannot but decide, by all she has seen of your writings, and heard from us, that yours is the perfectest character she ever found in the sex.

The countess said, that you wrong yourself in supposing you are not every thing that is polite and genteel, as well in your behaviour, as in your person; and that she knows not any lady in England who better becomes her station than you do.

"Why, then," said Lady Jenny, "Mrs. B. must be quite perfect: that's certain." So said the earl; so said they all. And Lord Davers confirmed that you were.

Yet, as we are sure, there cannot be such a character in this life as has not one fault, although we could not tell where to fix it, the countess made a whimsical motion: "Lady Davers," said she, "pray do you write to Mrs. B. and acquaint her with our subject; and as it is impossible, for one who can act as she does, not to know herself better than any body else can do, desire her to acquaint us with some of those secret foibles, that leave room for her to be still more perfect."

"A good thought," said they all. And this is the present occasion of my writing; and pray see that you accuse yourself, of no more than you know yourself guilty: for over-modesty borders nearly on pride, and too liberal self-accusations are generally but so many traps for acquittal with applause: so that (whatever other ladies might) you will not be forgiven, if you deal with us in a way so poorly artful; let your faults, therefore, be such as you think we can subscribe to, from what we have *seen* of *you* and what we have *read* of *yours*; and you must try to extenuate them too, as you give them, lest we should think you above that nature, which, in the *best* cases, is your undoubted talent.

I congratulate you and Miss Damford on her arrival: she is a charming young lady; but tell her, that we shall not allow her to take you at your word, and to think

that she excels you in any one thing: only, indeed, we think you nicer in some points than you need be to, as to your present agreeable circumstance. And yet, let me tell you, that the easy, unaffected, conjugal purity, in word and behaviour, between your good man and you, is worthy of imitation, and what the countess and I have with pleasure contemplated since we left you, an hundred times, and admire in you both: and it is good policy too, child, as well as high decorum; for it is what will make you ever new and respectful to one another.

But *you* have the honour of it all, whose sweet, natural, and easy modesty, in person, behaviour, and conversation, forbid indecency, even in thought, much more in word, to approach you: insomuch that no rakes can be rakes in your presence, and yet they hardly know to what they owe their restraint.

However, as people who see you at this time, will take it for granted that you and Mr. B. have been very intimate together, I should think you need not be ashamed of your appearance, because, as he rightly observes, you have no reason to be ashamed of your husband.

Excuse my pleasantry, my dear: and answer our demand upon you, as soon as you can; which will oblige us all; particularly *your affectionate sister*,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER LI

MY DEAREST LADY,

What a task have you imposed upon me! And according to the terms you annex to it, how shall I acquit myself of it, without incurring the censure of affectation, if I freely accuse myself as I may deserve, or of vanity, if I do not? Indeed, Madam, I have a great many failings: and you don't know the pain it costs me to keep them under; not so much for fear the world should see them, for I bless God, I can hope they are not capital, as for fear they should become capital, if I were to let them grow upon me.

And this, surely, I need not have told your ladyship, and the Countess of C., who have read my papers, and seen my behaviour in the kind visit you made to your dear brother, and had from *both* but too much reason to censure me, did not your generous and partial favour make you overlook my greater failings, and pass under a kinder name many of my lesser; for surely, my good ladies, you must both of you have observed, in what you have read and seen, that I am naturally of a saucy temper: and with all my appearance of meekness and humility, can resent, and sting too, when I think myself provoked.

I have also discovered in myself, on many occasions (of some of which I will by-and-by remind your ladyship), a malignancy of heart, that, it is true, lasts but a little while — nor had it need — but for which I have often called myself to account — to very little purpose hitherto.

And, indeed, Madam (now for a little extenuation, as you expect from me), I have some difficulty, whether I ought to take such pains to subdue myself in some instances, in the station to which I am raised, that otherwise it would have become me to attempt to do: for it is no easy task, for one in my circumstances, to distinguish between the *ought* and the *ought* not; to be humble without meanness, and decent without arrogance. And if all persons thought as justly as I flatter myself I do, of the inconveniences, as well as conveniences, which attend their being raised to a condition above them, they would not imagine all the world was their own, when they came to be distinguished as I have been: for, what with the contempts of superior relations on one side, the envy of the world, and low reflections arising from it, on the other, from which no one must hope to be totally exempted, and the awkwardness, besides, with which they support their elevated condition, if they have sense to judge of their own imperfections; and if the gentleman be not such an one as mine — (and where will such another be found?)

— On all these accounts, I say, they will be made sensible, that, whatever they might once think, happiness and an high estate are two very different things.

But I shall be too grave, when your ladyship, and all my kind and noble friends, expect, perhaps, I should give the uncommon subject a pleasanter air: yet what must that mind be, that is not serious, when obliged to recollect, and give account of its defects?

But I must not only accuse myself, it seems, I must give *proofs*, such as your ladyship can subscribe to, of my imperfections. There is so much *real kindness* in this *seeming hardship*, that I will obey you. Madam, and produce proofs in a moment, which cannot be controverted.

As to my *sauciness*, those papers will give an hundred instances against me, as well to your dear brother, as to others. Indeed, to extenuate, as you command me, as I go along, these were mostly when I was apprehensive for my honour, they were.

And then, I have a little tincture of *jealousy*, which sometimes has made me more uneasy than I ought to be, as the papers you have not seen would have demonstrated, particularly in Miss Godfrey's case, and in my conversation with your ladyships, in which I have frequently betrayed my fears of what might happen when in London: yet, to extenuate again, I have examined myself very strictly on this head; and really think, that I can ascribe a great part of this jealousy to laudable motives; no less than to my concern for your dear brother's future happiness, in the hope, that I may be a humble means, through Providence, to induce him to abhor those crimes of which young gentlemen too often are guilty, and bring him over to the practice of those virtues, in which he will ever have cause to rejoice. — Yet, my lady, some other parts of the charge must stand against me; for as I love his person, as well as his mind, I have pride in my jealousy, that would not permit me, I verily think, to support myself as I ought, under trial of a competition, in this very tender point.

And this obliges me to own, that I have a little spark — not a little one, perhaps of *secret pride* and *vanity*, that will arise, now and then, on the honours done me; but which I keep under as much as I can; and to this pride, let me tell your ladyship, I know no one contributes, or can contribute, more largely than yourself.

So you see, my dear lady, what a naughty heart I have, and how far I am from being a faultless creature — I hope I shall be better and better, however, as I live longer, and have more grace, and more wit: for here to recapitulate my faults, is in the first place, *vindictiveness*, I will not call it downright revenge — And how much room do all these leave for amendment, and greater perfection?

Had your ladyship, and the countess, favoured us longer in your kind visit, I must have so improved, by your charming conversations, and by that natural ease and dignity which accompany everything your ladyships do and say, as to have got over such of these foibles as are not rooted in nature: till in time I had been able to do more than emulate those perfections, which at present, I can only at an awful distance revere; as becomes, *my dear ladies, your most humble admirer, and obliged servant*,

P.B.

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LETTER LII

From Miss Darnford to her Father and Mother.

MY EVER-HONOURED PAPA AND MAMMA,

I arrived safely in London on Thursday, after a tolerable journey, considering Deb and I made six in the coach (two having been taken up on the way, after you left me), and none of the six highly agreeable. Mr. B. and his lady, who looks very stately upon us (from the circumstance of *person*, rather than of *mind*, however), were so good as to meet me at St. Alban's, in their coach and six. They have a fine house here, richly furnished in every part, and have allotted me the best apartment in it.

We are happy beyond expression. Mr. B. is a charming husband; so easy, so pleased with, and so tender of his lady: and she so much all that we saw her in the country, as to humility and affability, and improved in every thing else which we hardly thought possible she could be — that I never knew so happy a matrimony. — All that *prerogative sauciness*, which we apprehended would so eminently display itself in his behaviour to his wife, had she been ever so distinguished by birth and fortune, is vanished. I did not think it was in the power of an angel, if our sex could have produced one, to have made so tender and so fond a husband of Mr. B. as he makes. And should I have the sense to follow Mrs. B.'s example, if ever I marry, I should not despair of making myself happy, let it be to whom it would, provided he was not a brute, nor sordid in his temper; which two characters are too obvious to be concealed, if persons take due care, and make proper inquiries, and if they are not led by blind passion. May Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy make just such a happy pair!

You commanded me, my honoured mamma, to write to you an account of every thing that pleased me — I said I would: but what a task should I then have! — I did not think I had undertaken to write volumes. — You must therefore allow me to be more brief than I had intended.

In the first place, it would take up five or six long letters to do justice to the economy observed in this happy family. You know that Mrs. B. has not changed one of her servants, and only added her Polly to them. This is an unexampled thing, especially as they were her *fellow-servants* as we may say: but since they have the sense to admire so good an example, and are proud to follow it, each to his and her power, I think it one of her peculiar facilities to have continued them, and to choose to reform such as were exceptionable rather than dismiss them.

Their mouths, Deb tells me, are continually full of their lady's praises, and prayers, and blessings, uttered with such delight and fervour for the happy pair, that it makes her eyes, she says, ready to run over to hear them.

Moreover, I think it an extraordinary degree of policy (whether designed or not) to keep them, as they were all worthy folks; for had she turned them off, what had she done but made as many enemies as she had discarded servants; and as many more as those had friends and acquaintance? And we all know, how much the reputation of families lies at the mercy of servants; and it is easy to guess to what cause each would have imputed his or her dismission. And so she has escaped, as she ought, the censure of pride; and made every one, instead of reproaching her with her descent, find those graces in her, which turn that very disadvantage to her glory.

She is exceedingly affable; always speaks to them with a smile; but yet has such a dignity in her manner, that it secures her their respect and reverence; and they are ready to fly at a look, and seem proud to have her commands to execute; insomuch, that the words— "*My lady commands so, or so,*" from one servant to another, are sure to meet with an indisputable obedience, be the duty required what it will.

If any of them are the least indisposed, her care and tenderness for them engage the veneration and gratitude of all the rest, who see how kindly they will be treated, should they ail any thing themselves. And in all this she is very happy in Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent second to her admirable lady; and is treated by her with as much respect and affection, as if she was her mother.

You may remember, Madam, that in the account she gave us of her *benevolent round*, as Lady Davers calls it, she says, that as she was going to London, she should instruct Mrs. Jervis about some of her *clients*, as I find she calls her poor, to avoid a word which her delicacy accounts harsh with regard to them, and ostentatious with respect to herself. I asked her, how (since, contrary to her then expectation, Mrs. Jervis was permitted to be in town with her) she had provided to answer her intention as to those her clients, whom she had referred to the care of that good woman?

She said, that Mr. Barlow, her apothecary, was a very worthy man, and she had given him a plenary power in that particular, and likewise desired him to recommend any new and worthy case to her that no deserving person among the destitute sick poor, might be unrelieved by reason of her absence.

And here in London she has applied herself to Dr. —— (her parish minister, a fine preacher, and sound divine, who promises on all opportunities to pay his respects to Mr. B.) to recommend to her any poor housekeepers, who would be glad to accept of some private benefactions, and yet, having lived creditably, till

reduced by misfortunes, are ashamed to apply for public relief: and she has several of these already on her *benevolent list*, to some of whom she sends coals now at the entrance on the wintry season, to some a piece of Irish or Scottish linen, or so many yards of Norwich stuff, for gowns and coats for the girls, or Yorkshire cloth for the boys; and money to some, who she is most assured will lay it out with care. And she has moreover *mortified*, as the Scots call it, one hundred and fifty pounds as a fund for loans, without interest, of five, ten, or fifteen, but not exceeding twenty pounds, to answer some present exigence in some honest families, who find the best security they can, to repay it in a given time; and this fund, she purposes, as she grows richer, she says, to increase; and estimates pleasantly her worth by this sum, saying sometimes, "Who would ever have thought I should have been worth one hundred and fifty pounds so soon? I shall be a rich body in time." But in all these things, she enjoins secresy, which the doctor has promised.

She told the doctor what Mr. Adams's office is in her family; and hoped, she said, he would give her his sanction to it; assuring him, that she thought it her duty to ask it, as she was one of his flock, and he, on that account, her principal shepherd, which made a spiritual relation between them, the requisites of which, on her part, were not to be dispensed with. The good gentleman very cheerfully and applaudingly gave his consent; and when she told him how well Mr. Adams was provided for, and that she would apply to him to supply her with a town chaplain, when she was deprived of him, he wished that the other duties of his function (for he has a large parish) would permit him to be the happy person himself, saying, that till she was supplied to her mind, either he or his curate would take care that so laudable a method should be kept up.

You will do me the justice, Madam, to believe, that I very cheerfully join in my dear friend's Sunday duties; and I am not a little edified, with the good example, and the harmony and good-will that this excellent method preserves in the family.

I must own I never saw such a family of love in my life: for here, under the eye of the best of mistresses, they twice every Sunday see one another all together (as they used to do in the country), superior as well as inferior servants; and Deb tells me, after Mrs. B. and I are withdrawn, there are such friendly salutations among them, that she never heard the like— "Your servant, good Master Longman:"— "Your servant, Master Colbrand," cries one and another:— "How do you, John?"— "I'm glad to see you, Abraham!"— "All blessedly met once more!" cries Jonathan, the venerable butler, with his silver hairs, as Mrs. B. always distinguishes him:— "Good Madam Jervis," cries another, "you look purely this blessed day, thank God!" And they return to their several vocations, so light, so easy, so pleased, so even-tempered in their minds, as their cheerful countenances,

as well as expressions, testify, that it is a heaven of a house: and being wound up thus constantly once a week, at least, like a good eight-day clock, no piece of machinery that ever was made is so regular and uniform as this family is.

What an example does this dear lady set to all who see her, know her, and who hear of her; how happy they who have the grace to follow it! What a public blessing would such a mind as hers be, could it be vested with the robes of royalty, and adorn the sovereign dignity! But what are the princes of the earth, look at them in every nation, and what they have been for ages past, compared to this lady? who acts from the impulses of her own heart, unaided in most cases, by any human example. In short, when I contemplate her innumerable excellencies, and that sweetness of temper, and universal benevolence, which shine in every thing she says and does, I cannot sometimes help looking upon her in the light of an angel, dropped down from heaven, and received into bodily organs, to live among men and women, in order to shew what the first of the species was designed to be.

And, here, is the admiration, that one sees all these duties performed in such an easy and pleasant manner, as any body may perform them; for they interfere not with any parts of the family management; but rather aid and inspirit every one in the discharge of all their domestic services; and, moreover, keep their minds in a state of preparation for the more solemn duties of the day; and all without the least intermixture of affectation, enthusiasm, or ostentation. O my dear papa and mamma, permit me but to tarry here till I am perfect in all these good lessons, and how happy shall I be!

As to the town, and the diversions of it, I shall not trouble you with any accounts, as, from your former thorough knowledge of both, you will want no information about them; for, generally speaking, all who reside constantly in London, allow, that there is little other difference in the diversions of one winter and another, than such as are in clothes; a few variations of the fashions only, which are mostly owing to the ingenious contrivances of persons who are to get their bread by diversifying them.

Mrs. B. has undertaken to give Lady Davers an account of the matters as they pass, and her sentiments on what she sees. There must be something new in her observations, because she is a stranger to these diversions, and unbiassed entirely by favour or prejudice; and so will not play the partial critic, but give to a beauty its due praise, and to a fault its due censure, according to that truth and nature which are the unerring guides of her actions as well as sentiments. These I will transcribe for you; and you'll be so good as to return them when perused, because I will lend them, as I used to do her letters, to her good parents; and so I shall give her a pleasure at the same time in the accommodating them with the knowledge of

all that passes, which she makes it a point of duty to do, because they take delight in her writings.

My papa's observation, that a woman never takes a journey but she forgets something, is justified by me; for, with all my care, I have left my diamond buckle, which Miss Nancy will find in the inner till of my bureau, wrapt up in cotton; and I beg it may be sent me by the first opportunity. With my humble duty to you both, my dear indulgent papa and mamma, thanks for the favour I now rejoice in, and affectionate respects to Miss Nancy (I wish she would love me as well as I love her), and service to Mr. Murray, and all our good neighbours, conclude *me your dutiful, and highly-favoured daughter*,

M. DARNFORD.

Mr. B. and Mrs. B, desire their compliments of congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. Peters, on the marriage of their worthy niece; also to your honoured selves they desire their kind respects and thanks for the loan of your worthless daughter. I experience every hour some new token of their politeness and affection; and I make no scruple to think I am with such a brother, and such a sister as any happy creature may rejoice in, and be proud of. Mr. B. I cannot but repeat, is a charming husband, and a most polite gentleman. His lady is always accusing herself to me of awkwardness and insufficiency; but not a soul who sees her can find it out; she is all genteel ease; and the admiration of every one who beholds her. Only I tell her, with such happiness in possession, she is a little of the gravest sometimes.

LETTER LIII

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY GOOD LADY,

You command me to acquaint you with the proceedings between Mr. Murray and Miss Nanny Darnford: and Miss Polly makes it easy for me to obey you in this particular, and in very few words; for she says, every thing was adjusted before she came away, and the ceremony, she believes, may be performed by this time. She rejoices that she was out of the way of it: for, she says, love is so awkward a thing to Mr. Murray, and good-humour so uncommon an one to Miss Nancy, that she hopes she shall never see such another courtship.

We have been at the play-house several time; and, give me leave to say, Madam, (for I have now read as well as seen several), that I think the stage, by proper regulations, might be made a profitable amusement. — But nothing more convinces one of the truth of the common observation, that the best things, corrupted, prove the worst, than these representations. The terror and compunction for evil deeds, the compassion for a just distress, and the general beneficence which those lively exhibitions are so capable of raising in the human mind, might be of great service, when directed to right ends, and induced by proper motives: particularly where the actions which the catastrophe is designed to punish, are not set in such advantageous lights, as shall destroy the end of the moral, and make the vice that ought to be censured, imitable; where instruction is kept in view all the way, and where vice is punished, and virtue rewarded.

But give me leave to say, that I think there is hardly one play I have seen, or read hitherto, but has too much of love in it, as that passion is generally treated. How unnatural in some, how inflaming in others, are the descriptions of it! — In most, rather rant and fury, like the loves of the fiercer brute animals, as Virgil, translated by Dryden, describes them, than the soft, sighing, fearfully hopeful murmurs, that swell the bosoms of our gentler sex: and the respectful, timorous, submissive complainings of the other, when the truth of the passion humanizes, as one may say, their more rugged hearts.

In particular, what strange indelicates do these writers of tragedy often make of our sex! They don’t enter into the passion at all, if I have any notion of it; but when the authors want to paint it strongly (at least in those plays I have seen and read) their aim seems to raise a whirlwind, as I may say, which sweeps down reason, religion, and decency; and carries every laudable duty away before it; so

that all the examples can serve to shew is, how a disappointed lover may rage and storm, resent and revenge.

The play I first saw was the tragedy of *The Distressed Mother;* and a great many beautiful things I think there are in it: but half of it is a tempestuous, cruel, ungoverned rant of passion, and ends in cruelty, bloodshed, and desolation, which the truth of the story not warranting, as Mr. B. tells me, makes it the more pity, that the original author (for it is a French play, translated, you know, Madam), had not conducted it, since it was his choice, with less terror, and with greater propriety, to the passions intended to be raised, and actually raised in many places.

But the epilogue spoken after the play, by Mrs. Oldfield, in the character of Andromache, was more shocking to me, than the most terrible parts of the play; as by lewd and even senseless *double entendre*, it could be calculated only to efface all the tender, all the virtuous sentiments, which the tragedy was designed to raise.

The pleasure this gave the men was equally barbarous and insulting; all turning to the boxes, pit, and galleries, where ladies were, to see how they looked, and stood an emphatical and too-well pronounced ridicule, not only upon the play in general, but upon the part of Andromache in particular, which had been so well sustained by an excellent actress; and I was extremely mortified to see my favourite (and the only perfect) character debased and despoiled, and the widow of Hector, prince of Troy, talking nastiness to an audience, and setting it out with all the wicked graces of action, and affected archness of look, attitude, and emphasis.

I stood up— “Dear Sir! — Dear Miss!” said I.

“What’s the matter, my love?” said Mr. B. smiling.

“Why have I wept the distresses of the injured Hermione?” whispered I: “why have I been moved by the murder of the brave Pyrrhus, and shocked by the madness of Orestes! Is it for this? See you not Hector’s widow, the noble Andromache, inverting the design of the whole play, satirizing her own sex, but indeed most of all ridiculing and shaming, in *my* mind, that part of the audience, who can be delighted with this vile epilogue, after such scenes of horror and distress?”

He was pleased to say, smiling, “I expected, my dear, that your delicacy, and Miss Darnford’s too, would be shocked on this preposterous occasion. I never saw this play, rake as I was, but the impropriety of the epilogue sent me away dissatisfied with it, and with human nature too: and you only see, by this one instance, what a character that of an actor or actress is, and how capable they are to personate any thing for a sorry subsistence.”

“Well, but, Sir,” said I, “are there not, think you, extravagant scenes and characters enough in most plays to justify the censures of the virtuous upon them, that the wicked friend of the author must crown the work in an epilogue, for fear the audience should go away improved by the representation? It is not, I see, always narrowness of spirit, as I have heard some say, that opens the mouths of good people against these diversions.”

In this wild way talked I; for I was quite out of patience at this unnatural and unexpected piece of ridicule, tacked to so serious a play, and coming after such a moral.

Here is a specimen, my dear lady, of my observations on the first play I saw. How just or how impertinent, I must leave to your better judgment. I very probably expose my ignorance and folly in them, but I will not say presumption, because you have put me upon the task, which otherwise I should hardly have attempted. I have very little reason therefore to blame myself on this score; but, on the contrary, if I can escape your ladyship’s censure, have cause to pride myself in the opportunity you have thereby given me to shew my readiness to obey you; and the rather, since I am sure of your kindest indulgence, now you have given me leave to style myself *your ladyship’s obliged sister, and humble servant,*

P.B.

LETTER LIV

MY DEAR LADY,

I gave you in my last my bold remarks upon a TRAGEDY-*The Distressed Mother*. I will now give you my shallow notions of a COMEDY — *The Tender Husband*.

I liked this part of the title; though I was not pleased with the other, explanatory of it; *Or — The Accomplished Fools*. But when I heard it was written by Sir Richard Steele, and that Mr. Addison had given some hints towards it, if not some characters— "O, dear Sir," said I, "give us your company to this play; for the authors of the Spectator cannot possibly produce a faulty scene."

Mr. B. indeed smiled; for I had not then read the play: and the Earl of F., his countess, Miss Darnford, Mr. B. and myself, agreed to meet with a niece of my lord's in the stage-box, which was taken on purpose.

There seemed to me to be much wit and satire in the play: but, upon my word, I was grievously disappointed as to the morality of it; nor, in some places, is — *probability* preserved; and there are divers speeches so very free, that I could not have expected to meet with such, from the names I mentioned.

In short the author seems to have forgotten the moral all the way; and being put in mind of it by some kind friend (Mr. Addison, perhaps), was at a loss to draw one from such characters and plots as he had produced; and so put down what came uppermost, for the sake of custom, without much regard to propriety. And truly, I should think, that the play was begun with a design to draw more amiable characters, answerable to the title of *The Tender Husband*; but that the author, being carried away by the luxuriancy of a genius, which he had not the heart to prune, on a general survey of the whole, distrusting the propriety of that title, added the under one: with an OR, *The Accomplished Fools*, in justice to his piece, and compliment to his audience. Had he called it *The Accomplished Knaves*, I would not have been angry at him, because there would have been more propriety in the title.

I wish I could, for the sake of the authors, have praised every scene of this play: I hoped to have reason for it. Judge then, my dear lady, my mortification, not to be able to say I liked above one, the *Painter's scene*, which too was out of time, being on the wedding-day; and am forced to disapprove of every character

in it, and the views of every one. I am, dear Madam, *your most obliged sister and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LV

My Dear Lady,

Although I cannot tell how you received my observations on the tragedy of *The Distressed Mother*, and the comedy of *The Tender Husband*, yet will I proceed to give your ladyship my opinion of the opera I was at last night.

But what can I say, after mentioning what you so well know, the fine scenes, the genteel and splendid company, the charming voices, and delightful music?

If, Madam, one were all ear, and lost to every sense but that of harmony, surely the Italian opera would be a transporting thing! — But when one finds good sense, and instruction, and propriety, sacrificed to the charms of sound, what an unedifying, what a mere temporary delight does it afford! For what does one carry home, but the remembrance of having been pleased so many hours by the mere vibration of air, which, being but sound, you cannot bring away with you; and must therefore enter the time passed in such a diversion, into the account of those blank hours, from which one has not reaped so much as one improving lesson?

Mr. B. observes, that when once sound is preferred to sense, we shall depart from all our own worthiness, and, at best, be but the apes, yea, the dupes, of those whom we may strive to imitate, but never can reach, much less excel.

Mr. B. says, sometimes, that this taste is almost the only good fruit our young nobility gather, and bring home from their foreign tours; and that he found the English nation much ridiculed on this score, by those very people who are benefited by their depravity. And if this be the best, what must the other qualifications be, which they bring home? — Yet every one does not return with so little improvement, it is to be hoped.

But what can I say of an Italian opera? — For who can describe sound! Or what words shall be found to embody air? And when we return, and are asked our opinion of what we have seen or heard, we are only able to answer, as I hinted above the scenery is fine, the company splendid and genteel, the music charming for the time, the action not extraordinary, the language unintelligible, and, for all these reasons — the instruction none at all.

This is all the thing itself gives me room to say of the Italian opera; very probably, for want of a polite taste, and a knowledge of the language.

In my next, I believe, I shall give you, Madam, my opinion of a diversion, which, I doubt, I shall like still less, and that is a masquerade; for I fear I shall not be excused going to one, although I have no manner of liking to it, especially in my present way. I am. Madam, *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful* P.B.

I must add another half sheet to this letter on the subject matter of it, the opera; and am sure you will not be displeased with the addition.

Mr. B. coming up just as I had concluded my letter, asked me what was my subject? I told him I was giving your ladyship my notions of the Italian opera. "Let me see what they are, my dear; for this is a subject that very few of those who admire these performances, and fewer still of those who decry them, know any thing of."

He read the above, and was pleased to commend it. "Operas," said he, "are very sad things in England, to what they are in Italy; and the translations given of them abominable: and indeed, our language will not do them justice.

"Every nation, as you say, has its excellencies; and ours should not quit the manly nervous sense, which is the distinction of the English drama. One play of our celebrated Shakespeare will give infinitely more pleasure to a sensible mind than a dozen English-Italian operas. But, my dear, in Italy, they are quite another thing: and the sense is not, as here, sacrificed so much to the sound, but that they are both very compatible."

"Be pleased, Sir, to give me your observations on this head in writing, and then I shall have something to send worthy of Lady Davers's acceptance."

"I will, my dear;" and he took a pen, and wrote the inclosed; which I beg your ladyship to return me; because I will keep it for my instruction, if I should be led to talk of this subject in company. "Let my sister know," said he, "that I have given myself no time to re-peruse what I have written. She will do well, therefore, to correct it, and return it to you."

"In Italy, judges of operas are so far from thinking the drama or poetical part of their operas nonsense, as the unskilled in Italian rashly conclude in England, that if the Libretto, as they call it, is not approved, the opera, notwithstanding the excellence of the music, will be condemned. For the Italians justly determine, that the very music of an opera cannot be complete and pleasing, if the drama be incongruous, as I may call it, in its composition, because, in order to please, it must have the necessary contrast of the grave and the light, that is, the diverting equally blended through the whole. If there be too much of the first, let the music be composed ever so masterly in that style, it will become heavy and tiresome; if the latter prevail, it will surfeit with its levity: wherefore it is the poet's business to adapt the words for this agreeable mixture: for the music is but secondary, and subservient to the words; and if there be an artful contrast in the drama, there will be the same in the music, supposing the composer to be a skilful master.

"Now, since in England, the practice has been to mutilate, curtail, and patch up a drama in Italian, in order to introduce favourite airs, selected from different authors, the contrast has always been broken thereby, without every one's

knowing the reason: and since ignorant mercenary prompters, though Italians, have been employed in hotch-potch, and in translating our dramas from Italian into English, how could such operas appear any other than incongruous nonsense?”

Permit me, dear Madam, to repeat my assurances, that I am, and must ever be, *your obliged sister and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LVI

Well, now, my dear lady, I will give you my poor opinion of a masquerade, to which Mr. B. persuaded me to accompany Miss Darnford; for, as I hinted in my former, I had a great indifference, or rather dislike, to go, and Miss therefore wanted so powerful a second, to get me with her; because I was afraid the freedoms which I had heard were used there, would not be very agreeable to my apprehensive temper, at *this* time especially.

But finding Mr. B. chose to have me go, if, as he was pleased to say, I had no objection, "I said, I *will* have none, I *can* have none, when you tell me it is your choice; and so send for the habits you like, and that you would have me appear in, and I will cheerfully attend you."

The habit Mr. B. pitched upon was that of a Spanish Don, and it well befitted the majesty of his person and air; and Miss Darnford chose that of a young Widow; and Mr. B. recommended that of a Quaker for me. We all admired one another in our dresses; and Mr. B. promising to have me always in his eye, we went thither.

But I never desire to be present at another. Mr. B. was singled out by a bold Nun, who talked Italian to him with such free airs, that I did not much like it, though I knew not what she said; for I thought the dear gentleman no more kept to his Spanish gravity, than she to the requisites of the habit she wore: when I had imagined that all that was tolerable in a masquerade, was the acting up to the character each person assumed: and this gave me no objection to the Quaker's dress; for I thought I was prim enough for that naturally.

I said softly, "Dear Miss Darnford" (for Mr. B. and the Nun were out of sight in a moment), "what is become of that Nun?"— "Rather," whispered she, "what is become of the Spaniard?"

A Cardinal attacked me instantly in French; but I answered in English, not knowing what he said, "Quakers are not fit company for Red-hats."

"They are," said he, in the same language; "for a Quaker and a Jesuit is the same thing."

Miss Darnford was addressed by the name of the Sprightly Widow: another asked, how long she intended to wear those weeds? And a footman, in a rich livery, answered for her eyes, through her mask, that it would not be a month.

But I was startled when a Presbyterian Parson came up, and bid me look after my Musidorus — So that I doubted not by this, it must be one who knew my name to be Pamela; and I soon thought of one of my lawyers, whose characters I gave before.

Indeed, he needed not to bid me; for I was sorry, on more accounts than that of my timorousness, to have lost sight of him. “Out upon these nasty masquerades!” thought I; “I can’t abide them already!”

An egregious beauish appearance came up to Miss, and said, “You hang out a very pretty *sign*, Widow.”

“Not,” replied she, “to invite such fops as you to my shop.”

“Any customer would be welcome,” returned he, “in my opinion. I whisper this as a secret.”

“And I whisper another,” said she, but not whisperingly, “that no place warrants ill manners.”

“Are you angry, Widow?”

She affected a laugh: “No, indeed, it i’n’t worth while.”

He turned to me — and I was afraid of some such hit as he gave me. “I hope, friend, thou art prepared with a father for the light within thee?”

“Is this wit?” said I, turning to Miss Darnford: “I have enough of this diversion, where nothing but coarse jests appear *barefac’d*.”

At last Mr. B. accosted us, as if he had not known us. “So lovely a widow, and so sweet a friend! no wonder you do not separate: for I see not in this various assembly a third person of your sex fit to join with you.”

“Not *one*, Sir!” said I. “Will not a penitent Nun make a good third with a mournful Widow, and a prim Quaker?”

“Not for more than ten minutes at most.”

Instantly the Nun, a fine person of a lady, with a noble air, though I did not like her, joined us, and spoke in Italian something very free, as it seemed by her manner, and Mr. B.’s smiling answer; but neither Miss Darnford nor I understood that language, and Mr. B. would not explain it to us.

But she gave him a signal to follow her, seeming to be much taken with his person and air; for though there were three other Spanish habits there, he was called *The stately Spaniard* by one, *The handsome Spaniard* by another, in our hearing, as he passed with us to the dessert, where we drank each of us a glass of Champaign, and eat a few sweetmeats, with a crowd about us; but we appeared not to know one another: while several odd appearances, as one Indian Prince, one Chinese Mandarin, several Domino’s, of both sexes, a Dutch Skipper, a Jewish Rabbi, a Greek Monk, a Harlequin, a Turkish Bashaw, and Capuchin Friar, glided by us, as we returned into company, signifying that we were strangers to them by squeaking out— “*I know you!*” — Which is half the wit of the place.

Two ladies, one in a very fantastic party-coloured habit, with a plume of feathers, the other in a rustic one, with a garland of flowers round her head, were much taken notice of for their freedom, and having something to say to every

body. They were as seldom separated as Miss Darnford and I, and were followed by a crowd wherever they went.

The party-coloured one came up to me: “Friend,” said she, “there is something in thy person that attracts every one’s notice: but if a sack had not been a profane thing, it would have become thee almost as well.”— “I thank thee, friend,” said I, “for thy counsel; but if thou hadst been pleased to look at home, thou wouldst not have taken so much pains to join such advice, and such an appearance, together, as thou makest!”

This made every one that heard it laugh. — One said, the butterfly hath met with her match.

She returned, with an affected laugh, “Smartly said! — But art thou come hither, friend, to make thy light shine before men or women?”

“Verily, friend, neither,” replied I: “but out of mere curiosity, to look into the *minds* of both sexes; which I read in their *dresses*.”

“A general satire on the assemblée, by the mass!” said a fat Monk.

The Nun whisked to us: “We’re all concerned in my friend’s remark.” —

“And no disgrace to a fair Nun,” returned I, “if her behaviour answer her dress — Nor to a reverend Friar,” turning to the Monk, “if his mind be not a discredit to his appearance — Nor yet to a Country-girl,” turning to the party-coloured lady’s companion, “if she has not weeds in her heart to disgrace the flowers on her head.”

An odd figure, representing a *Merry Andrew*, took my hand, and said, I had the most piquant wit he had met with that night: “And, friend,” said he, “let us be better acquainted!”

“Forbear,” said I, withdrawing my hand; “not a companion for a Jack-pudding, neither!”

A Roman Senator just then accosted Miss Darnford; and Mr. B. seeing me so much engaged, “‘Twere hard,” said he, “if our nation, in spite of Cervantes, produced not one cavalier to protect a fair lady thus surrounded.”

“Though surrounded, not distressed, my good knight-errant,” said the Nun: “the fair Quaker will be too hard for half-a-dozen antagonists, and wants not your protection: — but your poor Nun bespeaks it,” whispered she, “who has not a word to say for herself.” Mr. B. answered her in Italian (I wish I understood Italian!) — and she had recourse to her beads.

You can’t imagine, Madam, how this Nun haunted him! — I don’t like these masquerades at all. Many ladies, on these occasions, are so very free, that the censorious will be apt to blame the whole sex for *their* conduct, and to say, their

hearts are as faulty as those of the most culpable men, since they scruple not to shew as much, when they think they cannot be known by their faces. But it is my humble opinion, that could a standard be fixed, by which one could determine readily what *is*, and what is *not* wit, decency would not be so often wounded by attempts to be witty, as it is. For here every one, who can say things that shock a modester person, not meeting with due rebuke, but perhaps a smile, (without considering whether it be of contempt or approbation) mistakes courage for wit; and every thing sacred or civil becomes the subject of his frothy jest.

But what a moralizer am I! will your ladyship say: indeed I can't help it: — and especially on such a subject as a *masquerade*, which I dislike more than any thing I ever saw. I could say a great deal more on this occasion; but, upon my word, I am quite out of humour with it: for I liked my English Mr. B. better than my Spaniard: and the Nun I approved not by any means; though there were some who observed, that she was one of the gracefullest figures in the place. And, indeed, in spite of my own heart, I could not help thinking so too.

Your ladyship knows so well what *masquerades* are, that I may well be excused saying any thing further on a subject I am so little pleased with: for you only desire my notions of those diversions, because I am a novice in them; and this, I doubt not, will doubly serve to answer that purpose.

I shall only therefore add, that after an hundred other impertinences spoken to Miss Darnford and me, and retorted with spirit by her, and as well as I could by myself, quite sick of the place, I feigned to be more indisposed than I was, and so got my beloved Spaniard to go off with us, and reached home by three in the morning. And so much for *masquerades*. I hope I shall never have occasion to mention them again to your ladyship. I am, my dearest Madam, *your ever obliged sister and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LVII

MY DEAREST LADY,

My mind is so wholly engrossed by thoughts of a very different nature from those which the diversions of the town and theatres inspire, that I beg to be excused, if, for the present, I say nothing further of those lighter matters. But as you do not disapprove of my remarks, I intend, if God spares my life, to make a little book, which I will present to your ladyship, of my poor observations on all the dramatic entertainments I have seen, and shall see, this winter: and for this purpose I have made brief notes in the margin of the printed plays I have bought, as I saw them, with a pencil; by referring to which, as helps to my memory, I shall be able to state what my thoughts were at the time of seeing them pretty nearly with the same advantage, as if I had written them at my return from each.

I have obtained Sir Simon, and Lady Darnford's permission for Miss to stay with me till it shall be seen how it will please God to deal with me, and I owe this favour partly to a kind letter written in my behalf to Sir Simon, by Mr. B., and partly to the young lady's earnest request to her papa, to oblige me; Sir Simon having made some difficulty to comply, as Mr. Murray and his bride have left them, saying, he could not live long, if he had not the company of his beloved daughter.

But what shall I say, when I find my frailty so much increased, that I cannot, with the same intenseness of devotion I used to be blest with, apply myself to the throne of Grace, nor, of consequence, find my invocations answered by that delight and inward satisfaction, with which I used when the present near prospect was more remote?

I hope I shall not be deserted in the hour of trial, and that this my weakness of mind will not be punished with a spiritual dereliction, for suffering myself to be too much attached to those worldly delights and pleasures, which no mortal ever enjoyed in a more exalted degree than myself. And I beseech you, my dearest lady, let me be always remembered in your prayers — *only* for a resignation to the Divine will; a *cheerful* resignation! I presume not to prescribe to his gracious Providence; for if one has but *that*, one has every thing that one need to have.

Forgive me, my dearest lady, for being so deeply serious. I have just been contending with a severe pang, that is now gone off; what effect its return may have, God only knows. And if this is the last line I shall ever write, it will be the more satisfactory to me, as (with my humble respects to my good Lord Davers, and my dear countess, and praying for the continuance of all your healths and

happiness, both here and hereafter), I am permitted to subscribe myself *your ladyship's obliged sister and humble servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LVIII

From Lady Davers to Mr. B.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

Although I believe it needless to put a man of your generous spirit in mind of doing a worthy action; yet, as I do not know whether you have thought of what I am going to hint to you, I cannot forbear a line or two with regard to the good old couple in Kent.

I am sure, if, for our sins, God Almighty should take from us my incomparable sister (forgive me, my dear brother, but to intimate what *may* be, although I hourly pray, as her trying minute approaches, that it will not), you will, for her sake, take care that her honest parents have not the loss of your favour, to deepen the inconsolable one, they will have, in such a case, of the best of daughters.

I say, I am sure you will do as generously by them as ever: and I dare say your sweet Pamela doubts it not: yet, as you know how sensible she is of every favour done them, it is the countess's opinion and mine, and Lady Betty's too, that you give *her* this assurance, in some *legal* way: for, as she is naturally apprehensive, and thinks more of her present circumstances, than, for your sake, she chooses to express to you, it will be like a cordial to her dutiful and grateful heart; and I do not know, if it will not contribute, more than any *one* thing, to make her go through her task with ease and safety.

I know how much your heart is wrapped up in the dear creature: and you are a worthy brother to let it be so! You will excuse me therefore, I am sure, for this my officiousness.

I have no doubt but God will spare her to us, because, although we may not be worthy of such excellence, yet we all now unite so gratefully to thank him, for such a worthy relation, that I hope we shall not be deprived of an example so necessary to us all.

I can have but one fear, and that is, that, young as she is, she seems ripened for glory: she seems to have lived long enough for *herself*. But for *you*, and for *us*, that God will *still* spare her, shall be the hourly prayer of, *my dear worthy brother, your ever affectionate sister*,

B. DAVERS.

Have you got her mother with you? I hope you have. God give you a son and heir, if it be his blessed will! But, however that be, preserve your Pamela to you! for you never can have such *another* wife.

LETTER LIX

From Mrs. B. to Mr. B.

MY DEAR AND EVER-HONOURED MR. B.,

Since I know not how it may please God Almighty to dispose of me on the approaching occasion, I should think myself inexcusable, not to find one or two select hours to dedicate to you, out of the very many, in the writing way, which your goodness has indulged me, because you saw I took delight in it.

But yet, think not, O best beloved of my heart! that I have any boon to beg, any favour to ask, either for myself or for my friends, or so much as the *continuance* of your favour, to the one or the other. As to them, you have prevented and exceeded all my wishes: as to myself, if it please God to spare me, I know I shall always be rewarded beyond my desert, let my deservings be what they will. I have only therefore to acknowledge with the deepest sense of your goodness to me, and with the most heart-affecting gratitude, that from the happy, the thrice happy hour, that you so generously made me yours, till *this* moment, you have not left one thing, on my own part, to wish for, but the continuance and increase of your felicity, and that I might be still worthier of the unexampled goodness, tenderness, and condescension, wherewith you have always treated me.

No, my dearest, my best beloved master, friend, husband, my *first*, my *last*, and *only* love! believe me, I have nothing to wish for but your honour and felicity, temporal and eternal; and I make no doubt, that God, in his infinite goodness and mercy, will perfect his own good work, begun in your dear heart; and, whatever may now happen, give us a happy meeting, never more to part from one another.

Let me then beg of you, my dearest protector, to pardon all my imperfections and defects; and if, ever since I have had the honour to be yours, I have in *looks*, or in *word*, or in *deed*, given you cause to wish me other than I was, that you will kindly put it to the score of natural infirmity (for in *thought* or *intention*, I can truly boast, I have never wilfully erred). Your tenderness, and generous politeness to me, always gave me apprehension, that I was not what you wished me to be, because you would not find fault with me so often as I fear I deserved: and this makes me beg of you to do, as I hope God Almighty will, pardon all my involuntary errors and omissions.

But let me say one word for my dear worthy Mrs. Jervis. Her care and fidelity will be very necessary for your affairs, dear Sir, while you remain single, which I hope will not be long. But, whenever you make a second choice, be pleased to

allow her such an annuity as may make her independent, and pass away the remainder of her life with ease and comfort. And this I the rather presume to request, as my late honoured lady once intimated the same thing to you. If I were to name what that may be, it would not be with the thought of *heightening*, but of *limiting* rather, the natural bounty of your heart; and fifty pounds a-year would be a rich provision, in her opinion, and will entail upon you, dear Sir, the blessings of one of the faithfullest and worthiest hearts in the kingdom.

Nor will Christian charity permit me to forget the once wicked, but now penitent Jewkes. I understand by Miss Darnford, that she begs for nothing but to have the pleasure of dying in your service, and by that means to atone for some small slips and mistakes in her accounts, which she had made formerly, and she accuses herself; for she will have it, that Mr. Longman has been better to her than she deserved, in passing one account particularly, to which he had, with too much reason, objected; do, dear Sir, if your *future* happy lady has no great dislike to the poor woman, be pleased to grant her request, except her own mind should alter, and she desire her dismission.

And now I have to beg of God to shower down his most precious blessings upon you, my dearest, my *first*, my *last*, and my *only* love! and to return to you an hundred fold, the benefits which you have conferred upon me and mine, and upon so many poor souls, as you have blessed through my hands! And that you may in your next choice be happy with a lady, who may have every thing I want; and who may love and honour you, with the same affectionate duty, which has been my delight and my glory to pay you: for in this I am sure, no one *can* exceed me! — And after having given you long life, prosperity, and increase of honour, translate you into a blessed eternity, where, through the merits of our common Redeemer, I hope I shall be allowed a place, and be permitted (O let me indulge that pleasing, that *consolatory* thought!) to receive and rejoice in my restored spouse, for ever and ever: are the prayers, the *last* prayers, if it so please God! of, my dearest dear Mr. B., *your dutiful and affectionate wife, and faithful servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LX

From Miss Darnford to Lady Darnford.

MY HONOURED MAMMA,

You cannot conceive how you and my dear papa have delighted my good Mrs. B. and obliged her Mr. B. by the permission you have given me to attend her till the important hour shall be over with her; for she is exceedingly apprehensive, and one can hardly blame her; since there is hardly such another happy couple in the world.

I am glad to hear that the ceremony is over, so much to both your satisfactions: may this matrimony be but a *tenth part* as happy as that I am witness to here; and Mr. and Mrs. Murray will have that to boast of, which few married people have, even among those we call happy!

For my part, I believe I shall never care to marry at all; for though I cannot be so deserving as Mrs. B. yet I shall not bear to think of a husband much less excellent than hers. Nay, by what I see in *her* apprehensions, and conceive of the condition she hourly expects to be in, I don't think a lady can be requited with a *less* worthy one, for all she is likely to suffer on a husband's account, and for the sake of *his* family and name.

Mrs. Andrews, a discreet worthy soul as ever I knew, and who in her aspect and behaviour is far from being a disgrace even to Mr. B.'s lady, is with her dear daughter, to her no small satisfaction, as you may suppose.

Mr. B. asked my advice yesterday, about having in the house a midwife, to be at hand, at a moment's warning. I said I feared the sight of such a person would terrify her: and so he instantly started an expedient, of which her mother, Mrs. Jervis, and myself, approved, and have put into practice; for this day, Mrs. Harris, a distant relation of *mine*, though not of yours, Sir and Madam, is arrived from Essex to make me a visit; and Mr. B. has prevailed upon her, in *compliment to me*, as he pretended, to accept of her board in his house, while she stays in town, which she says, will be about a week.

Mrs. Harris being a discreet, modest, matron-like person, Mrs. B. took a liking to her at first sight, and is already very familiar with her; and understanding that she was a doctor of physic's lady, and takes as much delight in administering to the health of her own sex, as her husband used to do to that of both, Mrs. B. says it is very fortunate, that she has so experienced a lady to consult, as she is such a novice in her own case.

Mr. B. however, to carry on the honest imposture the better, just now, in presence of Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Andrews, and me, asked the former, if it was not necessary to have in the house the good woman? This frighted Mrs. B. who turned pale, and said she could not bear the thoughts of it. Mrs. Harris said it was highly necessary that Mrs. B. if she would not permit the gentlewoman to be in the house, should see her; and that then, she apprehended, there would be no necessity, as she did not live far off, to have her in the house, since Mrs. B. was so uneasy upon that account. This pleased Mrs. B. much, and Mrs. Thomas was admitted to attend her.

Now, you must know, that this is the assistant of my new relation; and she being apprised of the matter, came; but never did I see so much shyness and apprehension as Mrs. B. shewed all the time Mrs. Thomas was with her, holding sometimes her mother, sometimes Mrs. Harris, by the hand, and being ready to sweat with terror.

Mrs. Harris scraped acquaintance with Mrs. Thomas, who, pretending to recollect her, gave Mrs. Harris great praises; which increased Mrs. B.'s confidence in her: and she undertakes to govern the whole so, that the dreaded Mrs. Thomas need not come till the very moment: which is no small pleasure to the over-nice lady. And she seems every hour to be better pleased with Mrs. Harris, who, by her prudent talk, will more and more familiarize her to the circumstance, unawares to herself in a manner. But notwithstanding this precaution, of a midwife in the house, Mr. B. intends to have a gentleman of the profession in readiness, for fear of the worst.

Mrs. B. has written a letter, with this superscription: "To the ever-honoured and ever-dear Mr. B., with prayers for his health, honour, and prosperity in this world, and everlasting felicity in that to come. P.B." It is sealed with black wax, and she gave it me this moment, on her being taken ill, to give to Mr. B. if she dies. But God, of his mercy, avert that! and preserve the dear lady, for the honour of her sex, and the happiness of all who know her, and particularly for that of your Polly Darnford; for I cannot have a greater loss, I am sure, while my honoured papa and mamma are living: and may that be for many, very many, happy years!

I will not close this letter till all is over: happily, as I hope! — Mrs. B. is better again, and has, occasionally, made some fine reflections, directing herself to me, but designed for the benefit of her Polly, on the subject of the inconsideration of some of our sex, with regard to the circumstances she is in.

I knew what her design was, and said, "Aye, Polly, let you and I, and every single young body, bear these reflections in mind, pronounced by so excellent a lady, in a moment so arduous as these!"

The girl wept, and very movingly fell down by the door, on her knees, praying to God to preserve her dear lady, and she should be happy for ever!

Mrs. B. is exceedingly pleased with my new relation Mrs. Harris, as we call her, who behaves with so much prudence, that she suspects nothing, and told Mrs. Jervis, she wished nobody else was to come near her. And as she goes out (being a person of eminence in her way) two or three times a day, and last night staid out late, Mrs. B. said, she hoped she would not be abroad, when she should wish her to be at home —

I have the very great pleasure, my dear papa and mamma, to acquaint you, and I know you will rejoice with me upon it, that just half an hour ago, my dear Mrs. B. was brought to-bed of a fine boy.

We are all out of our wits for joy almost. I ran down to Mr. B. myself, who received me with trembling impatience. "A boy! a fine boy! dear Mr. B.," said I: "a son and heir, indeed!"

"But how does my Pamela? Is *she* safe? Is *she* like to do well?"— "We hope so," said I: "or I had not come down to you, I'll assure you." He folded me in his arms, in a joyful rapture: "How happy you make me, dearest Miss Darnford! If my Pamela is safe, the boy is welcome, welcome, indeed! — But when may I go up to thank my jewel?"

Mrs. Andrews is so overjoyed, and so thankful, that there is no getting her from her knees.

A man and horse is dispatched already to Lady Davers, and another ordered to Kent, to the good old man.

Mrs. Jervis, when I went up, said she must go down and release the good folks from their knees; for, half an hour before, they declared they would not stir from that posture till they heard how it went with their lady; and when the happy news was brought them of her safety, and of a young master, they were quite ecstatic, she says, in their joy, and not a dry eye among them, shaking hands, and congratulating one another, men and maids; which made it one of the most affecting sights that can be imagined. And Mr. Longman, who had no power to leave the house for three days past, hasted to congratulate his worthy principal; and never was so much moving joy seen, as this honest-hearted steward ran over with.

I did a foolish thing in my joy — I gave Mr. B. the letter designed for him, had an unhappy event followed; and he won't return it: but says, he will obtain Mrs. B.'s leave, when she is better, to open it; and the happier turn will augment his thankfulness to God, and love to her, when he shall, by this means, be blest with sentiments so different from what the other case would have afforded.

Mrs. B. had a very sharp time. Never more, my dear papa, talk of a husband to me. Place all your expectations on Nancy! Not one of these men that I have yet seen, is worth running these risques for! But Mr. B.'s endearments and tenderness to his lady, his thankful and manly gratitude and politeness, when he was admitted to pay his respects to her, and his behaviour to Mrs. Andrews, and to us all, though but for a visit of ten minutes, was alone worthy of all her risque.

I would give you a description of it, had I Mrs. B.'s pen, and of twenty agreeable scenes and conversations besides: but, for want of that, must conclude, with my humble duty, as becomes, honoured Sir, and Madam, *your ever grateful*

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXI

From the Same.

MY HONOURED PAPA AND MAMMA,

We have nothing but joy and festivity in this house: and it would be endless to tell you the congratulations the happy family receives every day, from tenants and friends. Mr. B., you know, was always deemed one of the kindest landlords in England; and his tenants are overjoyed at the happy event which has given them a young landlord of his name: for all those who live in that large part of the estate, which came by Mrs. B. his mother, were much afraid of having any of Sir Jacob Swynford's family for their landlord, who, they say, are all made up of pride and cruelty, and would have racked them to death: insomuch that they had a voluntary meeting of about twenty of the principal of them, to rejoice on the occasion; and it was unanimously agreed to make a present of a piece of gilt plate, to serve as basin for the christening, to the value of one hundred guineas; on which is to be engraven the following inscription:

"In acknowledgment of the humanity and generosity of the best of landlords, and as a token of his tenants' joy on the birth of a son and heir, who will, it is hoped, inherit his father's generosity, and his mother's virtues, this piece of plate is, with all due gratitude, presented, as a christening basin to all the children that shall proceed from such worthy parents, and their descendants, to the end of time.

"By the obliged and joyful tenants of the maternal estate in Bedfordshire and Gloucestershire, the initials of whose names are under engraven, viz."

Then are to follow the first letters of each person's Christian and surname.

What an honour is this to a landlord! In my opinion very far surpassing the *mis-nomer'd* free gifts which we read of in some kingdoms on extraordinary occasions, some of them like this! For here it is all truly spontaneous — A free gift *indeed*! and Mr. B. took it very kindly, and has put off the christening for a week, to give time for its being completed and inscribed as above.

The Earl and Countess of C. and Lord and Lady Davers, are here, to stand in person at the christening; and you cannot conceive how greatly my Lady Davers is transported with joy, to have a son and heir to the estate: she is every hour, almost, thanking her dear sister for him; and reads in the child all the great qualities she forms to herself in him. 'Tis indeed a charming boy, and has a great deal (if one may judge of a child so very young) of his father's manly aspect. The

dear lady herself is still but weak; but the joy of all around her, and her spouse's tenderness and politeness, give her cheerful and free spirits; and she is all serenity, ease, and thankfulness.

Mrs. B., as soon as the danger was over, asked me for her letter with the black seal. I had been very earnest to get it from Mr. B. but to no purpose; so I was forced to tell who had it. She said, but very composedly, she was sorry for it, and hoped he had not opened it.

He came into her chamber soon after, and I demanded it before her. He said he had designed to ask her leave to break the seal, which he had not yet done; nor would without her consent.

"Will you give me leave, my dear," said he, "to break the seal?"— "If you do, Sir, let it not be in my presence; but it is too serious."— "Not, my dear, now the apprehension is so happily over: it may now add to my joy and my thankfulness on that account."— "Then, do as you please, Sir; but I had rather you would not."

"Then here it is, Miss Darnford: it was put into your hands, and there I place it again."— "That's something like," said I, "considering the gentleman. Mrs. B., I hope we shall bring him into good order between us in time." So I returned it to the dear writer; who put it into her bosom.

I related to Lady Davers, when she came, this circumstance; and she, I believe, has leave to take it with her. She is very proud of all opportunities now of justifying her brother's choice, and doing honour to his wife, with Lady Betty C., who is her great favourite, and who delights to read Mrs. B.'s letters.

You desire to know, my honoured papa, how Mr. B. passes his time, and whether it be in his lady's chamber? No, indeed! Catch gentlemen, the best of them, in too great a complaisance that way, if you can. "What then, does he pass his time *with you*, Polly?" you are pleased to ask. What a disadvantage a man lies under, who has been once a rake! But I am so generally with Mrs. B. that when I tell you, Sir, his visits to her are much of the polite form, I believe I answer all you mean by your questions; and especially when I remind you, Sir, that Lord and Lady Davers, and the Earl and Countess of C. and your unworthy daughter, are at dinner and supper-time generally together; for Mrs. Andrews, who is not yet gone back to Kent, breakfasts, dines, and sups with her beloved daughter, and is hardly ever out of her room.

Then, Sir, Mr. B., the Earl, and Lord Davers, give pretty constant attendance to the business of parliament; and, now and-then, sup abroad — So, Sir, we are all upon honour; and I could wish (only that your facetiousness always gives me pleasure, as it is a token that you have your much-desired health and freedom of spirits), that even in jest, my mamma's daughter might pass unquestioned.

But I know *why* you do it: it is only to put me out of heart to ask to stay longer. Yet I wish — But I know you won't permit me to go through the whole winter here. Will my dear papa grant it, do you think, if you were to lay the highest obligation upon your dutiful daughter, and petition for me? And should you care to try? I dare not hope it myself: but when one sees a gentleman here, who denies his lady nothing, it makes one wish, methinks, that Lady Darnford, was as happy in that particular as Mrs. B.

Your indulgence for this *one* winter, or, rather this small *remainder* of it, I make not so much doubt of, you see, Madam. I know you'll call me a bold girl; but then you always, when you do, condescend to grant my request: and I will be as good as ever I can be afterwards. I will fetch up all the lost time; rise an hour sooner in the morning, go to bed an hour later at night; flower my papa any thing he pleases; read him to sleep when he pleases; put his gout into good-humour, when it will be soothed — And Mrs. B., to crown all, will come down with me, by permission of her sovereign lord, who will attend her, you may be sure: and will not *all* this do, to procure me a month or two more? — If it won't, why then, I will thank you for your past goodness to me, and with all duty and cheerfulness, bid adieu to this dear London, this dearer family, and tend a *still* dearer papa and mamma; whose dutiful daughter I will ever be, whilst

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXII

To the Same.

MY HONOURED PAPA AND MAMMA,

I have received your joint commands, and intend to set out on Wednesday, next week. I hope to find my papa in better health than at present, and in better humour too; for I am sorry he is displeased with my petitioning for a little longer time in London. It is very severe to impute to me want of duty and affection, which would, if deserved, make me most unworthy of your favour.

Mr. B. and his lady are resolved to accompany me in their coach, till your chariot meets me, if you will be pleased to permit it so to do; and even set me down at your gate, if it did not; but he vows, that he will neither alight at your house, nor let his lady. But I say, that this is a misplaced resentment, because I ought to think it a favour, that you have indulged me so much as you have done. And yet even this is likewise a favour on *their* side, to me, because it is an instance of their fondness for your unworthy daughter's company.

Mrs. B. is, if possible, more lovely since her lying-in than before. She has so much delight in her nursery, that I fear it will take her off from her pen, which will be a great loss to all whom she used to oblige with her correspondence. Indeed this new object of her care is a charming child; and she is exceedingly pleased with her nurse; — for she is not permitted, as she very much desired, to suckle it herself.

She makes a great proficiency in the French and Italian languages; and well she may; for she has the best schoolmaster in the world, and one whom she loves better than any lady ever loved a tutor. He is lofty, and will not be disputed with; but I never saw a more polite and tender husband, for all that.

We had a splendid christening, exceedingly well ordered, and every body was delighted at it. The quality gossips went away but on Tuesday; and my Lady Davers took leave of her charming sister with all the blessings, and all the kindness, and affectionate fondness, that could be expressed.

Mr. Andrews, that worthy old man, came up to see his grandson, yesterday. You would never have forgotten the good man's behaviour (had you seen it), to his daughter, and to the charming child; I wish I could describe it to you; but I am apt to think Mrs. B. will notice it to Lady Davers; and if she enters into the description of it while I stay, I will beg a copy of it, to bring down with me;

because I know you were pleased with the sensible, plain, good man, and his ways, when at the Hall in your neighbourhood.

The child is named William, and I should have told you; but I write without any manner of connection, just as things come uppermost: but don't, my dear papa, construe this, too, as an instance of disrespect.

I see but one thing that can possibly happen to disturb the felicity of this charming couple; and that I will mention, in confidence. Mr. B. and Mrs. B. and myself were at the masquerade, before she lay-in: there was a lady greatly taken with Mr. B. She was in a nun's habit, and followed him wherever he went; and Mr. Turner, a gentleman of one of the inns of court, who visits Mr. B. and is an old acquaintance of his, tells me, by-the bye, that the lady took an opportunity to unmask to Mr. B. Mr. Turner has since found she is the young Countess Dowager of —— , a fine lady; but not the most reserved in her conduct of late, since her widowhood. And he has since discovered, as he says, that a letter or two, if not more, have passed between Mr. B. and that lady.

Now Mrs. B., with all her perfections, has, as she *owns*, a little spice of jealousy; and should she be once alarmed, I tremble for the consequence to both their happiness.

I conceive, that if ever anything makes a misunderstanding between them, it will be from some such quarter as this. But 'tis a thousand pities it should. And I hope, as to the actual correspondence begun, Mr. Turner is mistaken.

But be it as it will, I would not for the world, that the first hints of this matter should come from me. — Mr. B. is a very enterprising and gallant man, a fine figure, and I don't wonder a lady may like him. But he seems so pleased, so satisfied with his wife, and carries it to her with so much tenderness and affection, that I hope her merit, and his affection for her, will secure his conjugal fidelity.

If it prove otherwise, and she discovers it, I know not one that would be more miserable than Mrs. B., as well from motives of piety and virtue, as from the excessive love she bears him. But I hope for better things, for both their sakes.

My humble thanks for all your indulgence to me, with hopes, that you will not, my dear papa and mamma, hold your displeasure against me, when I throw myself at your feet, as I now soon hope to do. Conclude me *your dutiful daughter*,

P. DARNFORD.

LETTER LXIII

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR LADY,

We are just returned from accompanying the worthy Miss Darnford as far as Bedford, in her way home, where her papa and mamma met her in their coach. Sir Simon put on his pleasant airs, and schooled Mr. B. for persuading his daughter to stay so long from him; *me* for putting her upon asking to stay longer; and *she* for being persuaded by us.

We tarried two days together at Bedford; for we knew not how to part; and then we took a most affectionate leave of each other.

We struck out of the road a little, to make a visit to the dear house, where we tarried one night; and next morning before any body could come to congratulate us (designing to be *incog*.), we proceeded on our journey to London, and found my dearest, dear boy, in charming health.

What a new pleasure has God bestowed upon me; which, after every little absence, rises upon me in a true maternal tenderness, every step I move toward the dear little blessing! Yet sometimes, I think your dear brother is not so fond of him as I wish him to be. He says, "'tis time enough for him to mind him, when he can return his notice, and be grateful!" — A negligent word isn't it, Madam — considering —

My dear father came to town, to accompany my good mother down to Kent, and they set out soon after your ladyship left us. It is impossible to describe the joy with which his worthy heart overflowed, when he congratulated us on the happy event. And as he had been apprehensive for his daughter's safety, judge, my lady, what his transports must be, to see us all safe and well, and happy, and a son given to Mr. B. by his greatly honoured daughter.

I was in the nursery when he came. So was my mother. Miss Darnford also was there. And Mr. B., who was in his closet, at his arrival, after having received his most respectful congratulations himself, brought him up (though he has not been there since: indeed he ha'n't!) "Pamela," said the dear gentleman, "see who's here!"

I sprang to him, and kneeled for his blessing: "O my father!" said I, "see" (pointing to the dear baby at the nurse's breast), "how God Almighty has answered all our prayers!"

He dropped down on his knees by me, clasping me in his indulgent arms:
"O my daughter! — My blessed daughter! — And do I once more see you! And see you safe and well! — I do! I do! — Blessed be thy name, O gracious God, for these thy mercies!"

While we were thus joined, happy father, and happy daughter, in one thanksgiving, the sweet baby having fallen asleep, the nurse had put it into the cradle; and when my father rose from me, he went to my mother, "God bless my dear Betty," said he, "I longed to see you, after this separation. Here's joy! here's pleasure! O how happy are we!" And taking her hand, he kneeled down on one side the cradle, and my mother on the other, both looking at the dear baby, with eyes running over; and, hand in hand, he prayed, in the most fervent manner, for a blessing upon the dear infant, and that God Almighty would make him an honour to his father's family, and to his mother's virtue; and that, in the words of Scripture, *"he might grow on, and be in favour both with the Lord, and with man."*

Mr. B. has just put into my hands Mr. Locke's Treatise on Education, and he commands me to give him my thoughts upon it in writing. He has a very high regard for this author, and tells me, that my tenderness for Billy will make me think some of the first advice given in it a little harsh; but although he has not read it through, only having dipped into it here and there, he believes from the name of the author, I cannot have a better directory; and my opinion of it, after I have well considered it, will inform him, he says, of my own capacity and prudence, and how far he may rely upon both in the point of a *first education*.

I asked, if I might not be excused writing, only making my observations, here and there, to himself, as I found occasion? But he said, "You will yourself, my dear, better consider the subject, and be more a mistress of it, and I shall the better attend to your reasonings, when put into writing: and surely, Pamela, you may, in such an important point as this, as well oblige *me* with a little of your penmanship, as your other dear friends."

After this, your ladyship will judge I had not another word to say. He cuts one to the heart, when he speaks so seriously.

I have looked a little into it. It is a book quite accommodated to my case, being written to a gentleman, the author's friend, for the regulation of his conduct towards his children. But how shall I do, if in such a famed and renowned author, I see already some few things, which I think want clearing up. Won't it look like intolerable vanity in me, to find fault with such a genius as Mr. Locke?

I must, on this occasion, give your ladyship the particulars of a short conversation between your brother and me; which, however, perhaps, will not be

to my advantage, because it will shew you what a teazing body I can be, if I am indulged. But Mr. B. will not spoil me neither in that way, I dare say! — Your ladyship will see this in the very dialogue I shall give you.

Thus it was. I had been reading in Mr. Locke's book, and Mr. B. asked me how I liked it?— "Exceedingly well, Sir. But I have a proposal to make, which, if you will be pleased to comply with, will give me a charming opportunity of understanding Mr. Locke."

"What is your proposal, my dear? I see it is some very particular one, by that sweet earnestness in your look."

"Why, so it is, Sir: and I must know, whether you are in high good humour, before I make it. I think you look grave upon me; and my proposal will not then do, I'm sure."

"You have all the amusing ways of your sex, my dear Pamela. But tell me what you would say? You know I don't love suspense."

"May-be you're busy. Sir. Perhaps I break in upon you. I believe you were going into your closet."

"True woman! — How you love to put one upon the tenters! Yet, my life for yours, by your parade, what I just now thought important, is some pretty trifle! — Speak it at once, or I'll be angry with you;" and tapped my cheek.

"Well, I wish I had not come just now! — I see you are not in a good humour enough for my proposal. — So, pray, Sir, excuse me till to-morrow."

He took my hand, and led me to his closet, calling me his pretty impertinent; and then urging me, I said, "You know, Sir, I have not been used to the company of children. Your dear Billy will not make me fit, for a long time, to judge of any part of education. I can learn of the charming boy nothing but the baby conduct: but now, if I might take into the house some little Master of three or four years old, or Miss of five or six, I should watch over all their little ways; and now reading a chapter in the *child*, and now one in the *book*, I can look forward, and with advantage, into the subject; and go through all the parts of education tolerably, for one of my capacity; for, Sir, I can, by my own defects, and what I have wished to mend, know how to judge of, and supply that part of life which carries a child up to eleven or twelve years of age, which was mine, when my lady took me."

"A pretty thought, Pamela! but tell me, who will part with their child, think you? Would *you*, if it were your case, although ever so well assured of the advantages your little one would reap by it? — For don't you consider, that the child ought to be wholly subjected to your authority? That its father or mother ought seldom to see it; because it should think itself absolutely dependent upon you? — And where, my dear, will you meet with parents so resigned? — Besides,

one would have the child descended of genteel parents, and not such as could do nothing for it; otherwise the turn of mind and education you would give it, might do it more harm than good."

"All this, Sir, is very true. But have you no other objection, if one could find a genteely-descended young Master? And would you join to persuade his papa to give me up his power, only from three months to three months, as I liked, and the child liked, and as the papa approved of my proceedings?"

"This is so reasonable, with these last conditions, Pamela, that I should be pleased with your notion, if it could be put in practice, because the child would be benefited by your instruction, and you would be improved in an art, which I could wish to see you an adept in."

"But, perhaps. Sir, you had rather it were a girl than a boy?"— "I had, my dear, if a girl could be found, whose parents would give her up to you; but I suppose you have some boy in your head, by your putting it upon that sex at first."

"Let me see, Sir, you say you are in a good humour! Let me see if you be;" — looking boldly in his face.

"What now," with some little impatience, "would the pretty fool be at?"

"Only, Sir, that you have nothing to do, but to speak the word, and there is a child, whose papa and mamma too, I am sure, would consent to give up to me for my own instruction, as well as for her sake; and if, to speak in the Scripture phrase, I have found *grace in your sight*, kind Sir, speak this word to the dear child's papa."

"And have you thus come over me, Pamela! — Go, I am half angry with you, for leading me on in this manner against myself. This looks so artful, that I won't love you!"— "Dear Sir!"— "And dear Madam too! Be gone, I say! — You have surprised me by art, when your talent is nature, and you should keep to that!"

I was sadly baulked, and had neither power to go nor stay! At last, seeing I had put him into a kind of flutter, as now he had put me, I moved my unwilling feet towards the door. — He took a turn about the closet meantime.— "Yet stay," said he, "there is something so generous in your art, that, on recollection, I cannot part with you."

He took notice of the starting tear— "I am to blame! — You had surprised me so, that my hasty temper got the better of my consideration. Let me kiss away this pearly fugitive. Forgive me, my dearest love! What an inconsiderate brute am I, when compared to such an angel as my Pamela! I see at once now, all the force, and all the merit, of your amiable generosity: and to make you amends for this my hastiness, I will coolly consider of the matter, and will either satisfy you by my compliance, or by the reasons, which I will give you for the contrary.

“But, say, my Pamela, can you forgive my harshness?”— “Can I! — Yes, indeed, Sir,” pressing his hand to my lips; “and bid me Go, and Be gone, twenty times a-day, if I am to be thus kindly called back to you, thus nobly and condescendingly treated, in the same breath!-I see, dear Sir,” continued I, “that I must be in fault, if ever you are lastingly displeased with me. For as soon as you turn yourself about, your anger vanishes, and you make me rich amends for a few harsh words. Only one thing, dear Sir, let me add; if I have dealt artfully with you, impute it to my fear of offending you, through the nature of my petition, and not to design; and that I took the example of the prophet, to King David, in the parable of the *Ewe-Lamb.*”

“I remember it, my dear — and you have well pointed your parable, and had nothing to do, but to say— ‘*Thou art the man!’”*

I am called upon by my dear benefactor for a little airing, and he suffers me only to conclude this long letter. So I am obliged, with greater abruptness than I had designed, to mention thankfully your ladyship’s goodness to me; particularly in that kind, kind letter, in behalf of my dear parents, had a certain event taken place. Mr. B. shewed it to me *this morning*, and not before — I believe, for fear I should have been so much oppressed by the sense of your unmerited goodness to me, had he let me known of it before your departure from us, that I should not have been able to look up at you; heaping favours and blessings upon me, as you were hourly doing besides. What a happy creature am I! — But my gratitude runs me into length; and sorry I am, that I cannot have time just now to indulge it.

Is there nothing, my dear Lord and Lady Davers, my dear Lady Countess, and my good Lord C., that I can do, to shew at least, that I have a *will*, and am not an ungrateful, sordid creature?

And yet, if you give me power to do any thing that will have the *appearance* of a return, even that *power* will be laying a fresh obligation upon me — Which, however, I should be very proud of, because I should thereby convince you, by more than words, how much I am (most particularly, my dearest Lady Davers, my sister, my friend, my patroness), *your most obliged and faithful servant,* P.B.

Your dear brother joins in respectful thankfulness to his four noble gossips. And my Billy, by his lips, subscribed his. I hope so to direct his earliest notions, as to make him sensible of his dutiful obligation.

LETTER LXIV

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

MY DEAREST PAMELA,

Talk not to us of unreturnable obligations and all that. You do more for us, in the entertainment you give us all, by your letters, than we *have* done, or even *can* do, for you. And as to me, I know no greater pleasure in the world than that which my brother's felicity and yours gives me. God continue this felicity to you both. I am sure it will be *his* fault, and not yours, if it be at all diminished.

We have heard some idle rumours here, as if you were a little uneasy of late; and having not had a letter from you for this fortnight past, it makes me write, to ask you how you all do? and whether you expected an answer from me to your last?

I hope you won't be punctilious with me. For we have nothing to write about, except it be how much we all love and honour you; and that you believe already, or else you don't do us justice.

I suppose you will be going out of town soon, now the parliament is rising. My Lord is resolved to put his proxy into another hand, and intends I believe, to take my brother's advice in it. Both the Earl and his Lordship are highly pleased with my brother's moderate and independent principles. He has got great credit among all unprejudiced men, by the part he acted throughout the last session, in which he has shown, that he would no more join to distress and clog the wheels of government, by an unreasonable opposition, than he would do the dirty work of any administration. As he has so noble a fortune and wants nothing of any body, he would be doubly to blame, to take any other part than that of his country, in which he has so great a stake.

May he act *out* of the house, and *in* the house with equal honour; and he will be his country's pride, and your pride, and mine too! which is the wish of *your affectionate sister*,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXV

MY DEAREST LADY,

I have been a little in disorder, that I have. Some few rubs have happened. I hope they will be happily removed, I am unwilling to believe all that is said. But this is a wicked town. I wish we were out of it. Yet I see not when that will be. I wish Mr. B. would permit me and my Billy to go into Kent. But I don’t care to leave him behind me, neither; and he is not inclined to go. Excuse my brevity, my dearest lady — But I must break off, with only assuring your ladyship, that I am, and ever will be, *your obliged and grateful*, P.B.

LETTER LXVI

MY DEAREST PAMELA,

I understand things are not so well as I wish. If you think my coming up to town, and residing with you, while you stay, will be of service, or help you to get out of it, I will set out directly. I will pretend some indisposition, and a desire of consulting the London physicians; or any thing you shall think fit to be done, by *your affectionate sister, and faithful friend*, B. DAVERS

LETTER LXVII

MY DEAREST LADY,

A thousand thanks for your goodness to me; but I hope all will be well. I hope God will enable me to act so prudent a part, as will touch his generous breast. Be pleased to tell me what your ladyship has heard; but it becomes not me, I think, till I cannot help it, to make any appeals; for I know those will not be excused; and I do all I can to suppress my uneasiness before him. But I pay for it, when I am alone. My nursery and my reliance on God (I should have said the latter first), are all my consolation. God preserve and bless you, my good lady, and my noble lord! (but I am apt to think your ladyship's presence will not avail), prays *your affectionate and obliged,* P.B.

LETTER LXVIII

Why does not my sweet girl subscribe *Sister*, as usual? I have done nothing amiss to you! I love you dearly, and ever will. I can't help my brother's faults. But I hope he treats you with politeness and decency. He shall be none of my brother if he don't. I rest a great deal upon your prudence: and it will be very meritorious, if you can overcome yourself, so as to act unexceptionably, though it may not be deserved on this occasion. For in doing so, you'll have a triumph over nature itself; for, my dear girl, as you have formerly owned, you have a little touch of jealousy in your composition.

What I have heard, is no secret to any body. The injured party is generally the last who hears in these cases, and you shall not first be told anything by me that must *afflict* you, but cannot *you*, more than it does *me*. God give you patience and comfort! The wicked lady has a deal to answer for, to disturb such an uncommon happiness. But no more, than that I am *your ever-affectionate sister*, B. DAVERS.

I am all impatience to hear how you conduct yourself upon this trying occasion. Let me know what you have heard, and *how* you came to hear it.

LETTER LXIX

Why don't I subscribe Sister? asks my dearest Lady Davers. — I have not had the courage to do it of late. For my title to that honour arises from the dear, thrice dear Mr. B. And how long I may be permitted to call him mine, I cannot say. But since you command it, I will call your ladyship by that beloved name, let the rest happen as God shall see fit.

Mr. B. cannot be unpolite, in the main; but he is cold, and a little cross, and short in his speeches to me. I try to hide my grief from everybody, and most from him: for neither my parents, nor Miss Darnford know anything from me. Mrs. Jervis, from whom I seldom hide any thing, as she is on the spot with me, hears not my complainings, nor my uneasiness; for I would not lessen the dear man. He may *yet* see the error of the way he is in. God grant it, for his own sake as well as mine. — I am even sorry your ladyship is afflicted with the knowledge of the matter.

The unhappy lady (God forgive her!) is to be pitied: she loves him, and having strong passions, and being unused to be controlled, is lost to a sense of honour and justice. — From these wicked masquerades springs all the unhappiness; my Spaniard was too amiable, and met with a lady who was no Nun, but in habit. Every one was taken with him in that habit, so suited to the natural dignity of his person! — O these wicked masquerades!

I am all patience in appearance, all uneasiness in reality. I did not think I could, especially in *this* most *affecting* point, be such an hypocrite. Your ladyship knows not what it has cost me, to be able to assume that character! Yet my eyes are swelled with crying, and look red, although I am always breathing on my hand, and patting them with it, and my warm breath, to hide the distress that will, from my overcharged heart, appear in them.

Then he says, "What's the matter with the little fool! You are always in this way of late! What ails you, Pamela?"

"Only a little vapourish, Sir! — Don't be angry at me! — Billy, I thought, was not very well!"

"This boy will spoil your temper: at this rate, what should be your joy, will become your misfortune. Don't receive me in this manner, I charge you."

"In what manner. Sir? I always receive you with a grateful heart! If any thing troubles me, it is in your absence: but see, Sir" (then I try to smile, and seem pleased), "I am all sunshine, now you are come! — don't you see I am?"

"Yes, your sunshine of late is all through a cloud! I know not what's the matter with you. Your temper will alter, and then—"

“It shan’t alter, Sir — it shan’t — if I can help it.” And then I kissed his hand; that dear hand, that, perhaps, was last about his more beloved Countess’s neck — Distracting reflection!

But come, may-be I think the worst! To be sure I do! For my apprehensions were ever aforehand with events; and bad must be the case, if it be worse than I think it.

You command me to let you know *what* I have heard, and how I *came* to hear it. I told your ladyship in one of my former that two gentlemen brought up to the law, but above the practice of it, though I doubt, not above practices less honourable, had visited us on coming to town.

They have been often here since, Mr. Turner particularly: and sometimes by himself, when Mr. B. has happened to be out: and he it was, as I guessed, that gave me, at the wicked masquerade, the advice to look after my *Musidorus*.

I did not like their visits, and *his* much less: for he seemed to be a man of intriguing spirit. But about three weeks ago, Mr. B. setting out upon a party of pleasure to Oxford, he came and pretended great business with me. I was at breakfast in the parlour, only Polly attending me, and admitted him, to drink a dish of chocolate with me. When Polly had stept out, he told me, after many apologies, that he had discovered who the nun was at the masquerade, that had engaged Mr. B.

I said it was very indifferent to me who the lady was.

He replied (making still more apologies, and pretending great reluctance to speak out), that it was no less a lady than the young Countess Dowager of —— , a lady noted for her wit and beauty, but of a gay disposition, though he believed not yet culpable.

I was alarmed; but would not let him see it; and told Mr. Turner, that I was so well satisfied in Mr. B.’s affection for me, and his well-known honour, that I could not think myself obliged to any gentleman who should endeavour to give me a less opinion of either than I ought to have.

He then bluntly told me, that the very party Mr. B. was upon, was with the Countess for one, and Lord —— , who had married her sister.

I said, I was glad he was in such good company, and wished him every pleasure in it.

He hoped, he said, he might trust to my discretion, that I would not let Mr. B. know from whom I had the information: that, indeed, his motive in mentioning it was self-interest; having presumed to make some overture of an honourable nature to the Countess, in his own behalf; which had been rejected since that masquerade night: and he hoped the prudent use I would make of the intimation,

might somehow be a means to break off that correspondence, before it was attended with bad consequences.

I told him coldly, though it stung me to the heart, that I was fully assured of Mr. B.'s honour; and was sorry he, Mr. Turner, had so bad an opinion of a lady to whom he professed so high a consideration. And rising up— "Will you excuse me, Sir, that I cannot attend at all to such a subject as this? I think I ought not: and so must withdraw."

"Only, Madam, one word." He offered to take my hand, but I would not permit it. He then swore a great oath, that he had told me his true and only motive; that letters had passed between the Countess and Mr. B., adding, "But I beg you'll keep it within your own breast; else, from two such hasty spirits as his and mine, it might be attended with still worse consequences."

"I will never. Sir, enter into a subject that is not proper to be communicated every tittle of it to Mr. B.; and this must be my excuse for withdrawing." And away I went from him.

Your ladyship will judge with how uneasy a heart; which became more so, when I sat down to reflect upon what he had told me. But I was resolved to give it as little credit as I could, or that any thing would come of it, till Mr. B.'s own behaviour should convince me, to my affliction, that I had some reason to be alarmed: so I opened not my lips about it, not even to Mrs. Jervis.

At Mr. B.'s return, I received him in my usual affectionate and unreserved manner: and he behaved himself to me with his accustomed goodness and kindness: or, at least, with so little difference, that had not Mr. Turner's officiousness made me more watchful, I should not have perceived it.

But next day a letter was brought by a footman for Mr. B. He was out: so John gave it to me. The superscription was a lady's writing: the seal, the Dowager Lady's, with a coronet. This gave me great uneasiness; and when Mr. B. came in, I said, "Here is a letter for you. Sir; and from a lady too!"

"What then," said he, with quickness.

I was baulked, and withdrew. For I saw him turn the seal about and about, as if he would see whether I had endeavoured to look into it.

He needed not to have been so afraid; for I would not have done such a thing had I known my life was to depend upon it. I went up, and could not help weeping at his quick answer; yet I did my endeavour to hide it, when he came up.

"Was not my girl a little inquisitive upon me just now?"

"I spoke pleasantly. Sir — But you were very quick on your girl."

"'Tis my temper, my dear — You know I mean nothing. You should not mind it."

"I should not, Sir, if I had been *used* to it."

He looked at me with sternness, “Do you doubt my honour, Madam?”

“*Madam!* I did you say. Sir? — I won’t take that word! — Dear Sir, call it back — I won’t be called *Madam!* — Call me your girl, your rustic, your Pamela — call me any thing but *Madam!*”

“My charmer, then, my life, my soul: will any of those do?” and saluted me: “but whatever you do, let me not see that you have any doubts of my honour to you.”

“The very mention of the word, dear Sir, is a security to me; I want no other; I cannot doubt: but if you speak short to me, how shall I bear that?”

He withdrew, speaking nothing of the contents of his letter; as I dare say he would, had the subject been such as he chose to mention to me.

We being alone, after supper, I took the liberty to ask him, who was of his party to Oxford? He named the Viscountess — , and her lord, Mr. Howard, and his daughter, Mr. Herbert and his lady: “And I had a partner too, my dear, to represent you.”

“I am much obliged to the lady, Sir, be she who she would.”

“Why, my dear, you are so engaged in your nursery! Then this was a sudden thing; as you know I told you.”

“Nay, Sir, as long as it was agreeable to you, I had nothing to do, but to be pleased with it.”

He watched my eyes, and the turn of my countenance— “You look, Pamela, as if you’d be glad to return the lady thanks in person. Shall I engage her to visit you? She longs to see you.”

“Sir — Sir,” hesitated I, “as you please — I can’t — I can’t be displeased—”

“*Displeased?*” interrupted he: “why that word? and why that hesitation in your answer? You speak very volubly, my dear, when you’re not moved.”

“Dear Sir,” said I, almost as quick as he was, “why should I be moved? What occasion is there for it? I hope you have a better opinion of me than—”

“Than what, Pamela? — What would you say? I know you are a little jealous rogue, I know you are.”

“But, dear Sir, why do you impute jealousy to me on *this* score? — What a creature must I be, if you could not be abroad with a lady, but I must be jealous of you? — No, Sir, I have reason to rely upon your honour; and I *do* rely upon it; and — —”

“And what? Why, my dear, you are giving me assurances, as if you thought the case required it!”

“Ah!” thought I, “so it does, I see too plainly, or apprehend I do; but I durst not say so, nor give him any hint about my informant; though now confirmed of the truth of what Mr. Turner had said.”

Yet I resolved, if possible, not to alter my conduct. But my frequent weepings, when by myself, could not be hid as I wished; my eyes not keeping my heart's counsel.

And this gives occasion to some of the stern words which I have mentioned above.

All that he further said at this time was, with a negligent, yet a determined air — "Well, Pamela, don't be doubtful of my honour. You know how much I love you. But, one day or other I shall gratify this lady's curiosity, and bring her to pay you a visit, and you shall see you need not be ashamed of her acquaintance."— "Whenever you please, Sir," was all I cared to say farther; for I saw he was upon the catch, and looked steadfastly upon me whenever I moved my lips; and I am not a finished hypocrite, and he can read the lines of one's face, and the motions of one's heart, I think.

I am sure mine is a very uneasy one. But till I reflected, and weighed well the matter, it was worse; and my natural imperfection of this sort made me see a necessity to be more watchful over myself, and to doubt my own prudence. And thus I reasoned when he withdrew:

"Here," thought I, "I have had a greater proportion of happiness without alloy, fallen to my share, than any of my sex; and I ought to be prepared for some trials.

"'Tis true, this is of the sorest kind: 'tis worse than death itself to me, who had an opinion of the dear man's reformation, and prided myself not a little on that account. So that the blow is full upon my sore place. 'Tis on the side I could be the most easily penetrated. But Achilles could be touched only in his heel; and if he was to die by an enemy's hands, must not the arrow find out that only vulnerable place? My jealousy is that place with me, as your ladyship observes; but it is seated deeper than the heel: it is in my heart. The barbed dart has found that out, and there it sticks up to the very feathers.

"Yet," thought I, "I will take care, that I do not exasperate him by upbraidings, when I should try to move him by patience and forbearance. For the breach of his duty cannot warrant the neglect of *mine*. My business is to reclaim, and not to provoke. And when, if it please God, this storm shall be over-blown, let me not, by my present behaviour, leave any room for heart-burnings; but, like a skilful surgeon, so heal the wound to the bottom, though the operation be painful, that it may not fester, and break out again with fresh violence, on future misunderstandings, if any shall happen.

"Well, but," thought I, "let the worst come to the worst, he perhaps may be so good as to permit me to pass the remainder of my days with my dear Billy, in Kent, with my father and mother; and so, when I cannot rejoice in possession of a virtuous husband, I shall be employed in praying for him, and enjoy a two-fold

happiness, that of doing my own duty to my dear baby — a pleasing entertainment this! and that of comforting my worthy parents, and being comforted by them — a no small consolation! And who knows, but I may be permitted to steal a visit now-and-then to dear Lady Davers, and be called Sister, and be deemed a *faultless* sister too?" But remember, my dear lady, that if ever it comes to this, I will not bear, that, for my sake, you shall, with too much asperity, blame your brother; for I will be ingenious to find excuses or extenuations for him; and I will now-and-then, in some disguised habit, steal the pleasure of seeing him and his happier Countess; and give him, with a silent tear, my blessing for the good I and mine have reaped at his hands.

But oh! if he takes from me my Billy, who must, after all, be his heir, and gives him to the cruel Countess, he will at once burst asunder the strings of my heart! For, oh, my happy rivaless! if you tear from me my husband, he is in his own disposal, and I cannot help it: nor can I indeed, if he will give you my Billy. But this I am sure of, that my child and my life must go together!

Your ladyship will think I rave. Indeed I am almost crazed at times. For the dear man is so negligent, so cold, so haughty, that I cannot bear it. He says, just now, "You are quite altered, Pamela." I believe I am. Madam. But what can I do? He knows not that I know so much. I dare not tell him. For he will have me then reveal my intelligencer: and what may be the case between them?

I weep in the night, when he is asleep; and in the day when he is absent: and I am happy when I can, unobserved, steal this poor relief. I believe already I have shed as many tears as would drown my baby. How many more I may have to shed, God only knows! For, O Madam, after all my fortitude, and my recollection, to fall from so much happiness, and so soon, is a trying thing!

But I will still hope the best, and should this matter blow over, I shall be ashamed of my weakness, and the trouble I must give to your generous heart, for one so undeservedly favoured by you, as *your obliged sister, and most humble servant,* P.B.

Dear Madam, let no soul see any part of this our present correspondence, for your brother's sake, and your sake, and my sake.

LETTER LXX

MY DEAREST PAMELA,

You need not be afraid of any body's knowing what passes between us on this cutting subject. Though I hear of it from every mouth, yet I pretend 'tis all falsehood and malice. Yet Lady Betty will have it that there is more in it than I will own; and that I know my brother's wickedness by my pensive looks. She will make a vow, she says, never to marry any man living.

I am greatly moved by your affecting periods. Charming Pamela! what a tempest do you raise in one's mind, when you please, and lay it too, at your own will! Your colourings are strong; but, I hope, your imagination carries you much farther than it is possible he should go.

I am pleased with your prudent reasonings, and your wise resolutions. I see nobody can advise or help you. God only can! And his direction you beg *so* hourly, that I make no doubt you will have it.

What vexes me is, that when the noble uncle of this vile lady — (why don't you call her so as well as I?) — expostulated with her on the scandals she brought upon her character and family, she pretended to argue (foolish creature!) to polygamy: and said, she had rather be a certain gentleman's second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England.

I leave you to your own workings; but if I find your prudence unrewarded by the wretch, the storm you saw raised at the Hall, shall be nothing to the hurricane I will excite, to tear up by the roots all the happiness the two wretches propose to themselves.

Don't let my intelligence, which is undoubted, grieve you over-much. Try some way to move the wretch. It must be done by touching his generosity: he has that in some perfection. But how in *this* case to move it, is beyond my power or skill to prescribe. God bless you, my dearest Pamela! You shall be my *only* sister. And I will never own my brother, if he be so base to your superlative merit. Adieu once more, *from your sister and friend,* B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXXI

MY DEAREST LADY,

A thousand thanks for your kind, your truly sisterly letter and advice. Mr. B. is just returned from a tour to Portsmouth, with the Countess, I believe, but am not sure.

Here I am forced to leave off.

Let me scratch through this last surmise. It seems she was not with him. This is some comfort.

He is very kind: and Billy not being well when he came in, my grief passed off without blame. He had said many tender things to me; but added, that if I gave myself so much uneasiness every time the child ailed any thing, he would hire the nurse to overlay him. Bless me. Madam! what hard-hearted shocking things are these men capable of saying! — The farthest from their hearts, indeed; so they had need — For he was as glad of the child's being better as I could be.

In the morning he went out in the chariot for about an hour, and returned in a good humour, saying twenty agreeable things to me, which makes me *so* proud, and *so* pleased!

He is gone out again.

Could I but find this matter happily conquered, for his own soul's sake! — But he seems, by what your ladyship mentions, to have carried this polygamy point with the lady.

Can I live with him. Madam — *ought* I — if this be the case? I have it under his hand, that the laws of his country were sufficient to deter him from that practice. But alas! he knew not this countess then!

But here I must break off.

He is returned, and coming up. "Go into my bosom for the present, O letter dedicated to dear Lady Davers — Come to my hand the play employment, so unsuited to my present afflicted mind!" — Here he comes!

O, Madam! my heart is almost broken! — Just now Mr. B. tells me, that the Countess Dowager and the Viscountess, her sister, are to be here to see my Billy, and to drink tea with me, this very afternoon!

I was all confusion when he told me this. I looked around and around, and upon every thing but him.

"Will not my friends be welcome, Pamela?" said he sternly.

"O yes, very welcome! But I have these wretched vapours so, that I wish I might be excused — I wish I might be allowed to take an airing in the chariot for

two or three hours; for I shall not be fit to be seen by such — ladies," said I, half out of breath.

"You'll be fit to be seen by nobody, my dear, if you go on thus. But, do as you please."

He was going, and I took his hand: "Stay, dear Sir, let me know what you would have me do. If you would have me stay, I will."

"To be sure I would."

"Well, Sir, then I will. For it is hard," thought I, "if an innocent person cannot look up in her own house too, as it now is, as I may say, to a guilty one! Guilty in her heart, at least! — Though, poor lady, I hope she is not so in fact; and, if God hears my prayers, never will, for all three of our sakes."

But, Madam, think of me, what a task I have! — How my heart throbs in my bosom! How I tremble! how I struggle with myself! What rules I form for my behaviour to this naughty lady! How they are dashed in pieces as soon as formed, and new ones taken up! And yet I doubt myself when I come to the test.

But one thing will help me. I *pity* the poor lady; and as she comes with the heart of a robber, to invade me in my lawful right, I pride myself in a superiority over this countess; and will endeavour to shew her the country girl in a light which would better become *her* to appear in.

I must be forced to leave off here; for Mr. B. is just come in to receive his guests; and I am in a sad flutter upon it. All my resolution fails me; what shall I do? O that this countess was come and gone!

I have one comfort, however, in the midst of all my griefs; and that is in your ladyship's goodness, which gives me leave to assume the honoured title, that let what may happen, will always give me equal pride and pleasure, in subscribing myself, *your ladyship's most obliged sister, and humble servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LXXII

MY DEAR LADY,

I will now pursue my last affecting subject; for the visit is over; but a sad situation I am in with Mr. B. for all that: but, bad as it is, I'll try to forget it, till I come to it in course.

At four in the afternoon Mr. B. came in to receive his guests, whom he expected at five. He came up to me. I had just closed my last letter; but put it up, and set before me your ladyship's play subjects.

"So, Pamela! — How do you do now?"

Your ladyship may guess, by what I wrote before, that I could not give any extraordinary account of myself— "As well — as well, Sir, as possible;" half out of breath.

"You give yourself strange melancholy airs of late, my dear. All that cheerfulness, which used to delight me whenever I saw you, I am sorry for it, is quite vanished. You and I must shortly have a little serious talk together."

"When you please. Sir. I believe it is only being used to this smoky thick air of London! — I shall be better when you carry me into the country. I dare say I shall. But I never was in London so long before, you know, Sir."

"All in good time, Pamela! — But is this the best appearance you choose to make, to receive such guests?"

"If it displeases you. Sir, I will dress otherwise in a minute."

"You look well in any thing. But I thought you'd have been better dressed. Yet it would never have less become you; for of late your eyes have lost that brilliancy that used to strike me with a lustre, much surpassing that of the finest diamonds."

"I am sorry for it, Sir. But as I never could pride myself in deserving such a kind of compliment, I should be too happy, forgive me, my dearest Mr. B., if the failure be not rather in your eyes, than in *mine*."

He looked at me steadfastly. "I fear, Pamela — But don't be a fool."

"You are angry with me. Sir?"

"No, not I."

"Would you have me dress better?"

"No, not I. If your eyes looked a little more brilliant, you want no addition." Down he went.

Strange short speeches, these, my lady, to what you have heard from his dear mouth!— "Yet they shall not rob me of the merit of a patient sufferer, I am

resolved," thought I.

Now, my lady, as I doubted not my rival would come adorned with every outward ornament, I put on only a white damask gown, having no desire to vie with her in appearance; for a virtuous and honest heart is my glory, I bless God! I wish the countess had the same to boast of!

About five, their ladyships came in the countess's new chariot: for she has not been long out of her transitory mourning, and dressed as rich as jewels, and a profusion of expense, could make her.

I saw them from the window alight. O how my heart throbbed!— "Lie still," said I, "busy thing! why all this emotion? — Those shining ornaments cover not such a guileless flatterer as thou. Why then all this emotion?"

Polly Barlow came up instantly from Mr. B.

I hastened down; tremble, tremble, tremble, went my feet, in spite of all the resolution I had been endeavouring so long to collect together.

Mr. B. presented the countess to me, both of us covered with blushes; but from very different motives, as I imagine.

"The Countess of — , my dear."

She saluted me, and looked, as I thought, half with envy, half with shame: but one is apt to form people's countenances by what one judges of their hearts.

"O too lovely, too charming rival!" thought I— "Would to heaven I saw less attraction in you!" — For indeed she is a charming lady; yet she could not help calling me Mrs. B., that was some pride to me: every little distinction is a pride to me now — and said, she hoped I would excuse the liberty she had taken: but the character given of me by Mr. B. made her desirous of paying her respects to me.

"O these villainous masquerades," thought I!— "You would never have wanted to see me, but for them, poor naughty Nun, that was!"

Mr. B. presented also the Viscountess to me; I saluted her ladyship; her *sister* saluted *me*.

She is a graceful lady; better, as I hope, in heart, but not equal in person to her sister.

"You have a charming boy, I am told, Madam; but no wonder from such a pair!"

"O dear heart," thought I, "i'n't it so!" Your ladyship may guess what I thought farther.

"Will your ladyship see him now?" said Mr. B.

He did not look down; no, not one bit! — though the Countess played with her fan, and looked at him, and at me, and then down by turns, a little consciously:

while I wrapped up myself in my innocence, my first flutters being over, and thought I was superior, by reason of that, even to a Countess.

With all her heart, she said.

I rang. "Polly, bid nurse bring *my* Billy down." — *My*, said I, with an emphasis.

I met the nurse at the stairs' foot, and brought in my dear baby in my arms: "Such a child, and such a mamma!" said the Viscountess.

"Will you give Master to my arms, one moment, Madam?" said the Countess.

"Yes," thought I, "much rather than my dear naughty gentleman should any other."

I *yielded*, it to her: I thought she would have stifled it with her warm kisses. "Sweet boy I charming creature," and pressed it to her too lovely bosom, with such emotion, looking on the child, and on Mr. B., that I liked it not by any means.

"Go, you naughty lady," thought I: But I durst not say so. "And go, naughty man, too!" thought I: "for you seem to look too much gratified in your pride, by her fondness for your boy. I wish I did not love you so well as I do!" But neither, your ladyship may believe, did I say this.

Mr. B. looked at me, but with a bravery, I thought, too like what I had been witness to, in some former scenes, in as bad a cause. "But," thought I, "God delivered me *then*; I will confide in him. He will now, I doubt not, restore thy heart to my prayers; untainted, I hope, for thy own dear sake as well as mine."

The Viscountess took the child from her sister, and kissed him with great pleasure. She is a married lady. Would to God, the Countess was so too! for Mr. B. never corresponded, as I told your ladyship once, with married ladies: so I was not afraid of *her* love to my Billy. "But let me," said she, "have the pleasure of restoring Master to his charming mamma. I thought," added she, "I never saw a lovelier sight in my life, than when in his mamma's arms."

"Why, I *can't* say," said the Countess, "but Master and his mamma do credit to one another. Dear Madam, let us have the pleasure of seeing him still on your lap, while he is so good."

I wondered the dear baby was so quiet; though, indeed, he is generally so: but *he* might surely, if but by sympathy, have complained for his poor mamma, though she durst not for herself.

How apt one is to engage every thing in one's distress, when it is deep! and one wonders too, that things animate and inanimate look with the same face,

when we are greatly moved by any extraordinary and interesting event.

I sat down with my baby on my lap, looking, I believe, with a righteous boldness (I will call it so; for well says the text, *"The righteous is as bold as a lion*,") now on my Billy, now on his papa, and now on the Countess, with such a *triumph* in my heart; for I saw her blush, and look down, and the dear gentleman seemed to eye me with a kind of conscious tenderness, as I thought.

A silence of five minutes, I believe, succeeded, we all four looking upon one another; and the little dear was awake, and stared full upon me, with such innocent smiles, as if he promised to love me, and make me amends for all.

I kissed him, and took his pretty little hand in mine— "You are very good, my charmer, in this company!" said I.

I remembered a scene, which made greatly for me in the papers you have seen, when, instead of recriminating, as I might have done, before Mr. Longman for harsh usage (for, O my lady, your dear brother has a hard heart indeed when he pleases), I only prayed for him on my knees.

And I hope I was not now too mean; for I had dignity and a proud superiority in my vain heart, over them all. Then it was not my part to be upon defiances, where I loved, and where I hoped to reclaim. Besides, what had I done by that, but justified, seemingly, by after acts in a passionate resentment, to their minds, at least, their too wicked treatment of me? — Moreover, your ladyship will remember, that Mr. B. knew not that I was acquainted with his intrigue: for I must call it so. If he had, he is too noble to insult me by such a visit; and he had told me, I should see the lady he was at Oxford with.

And this, breaking silence, he mentioned; saying, "I gave you hope, my dear, that I should procure you the honour of a visit from a lady who put herself under my care at Oxford."

I bowed my head to the Countess; but my tears being ready to start, I kissed my Billy: "Dearest baby," said I, "you are not going to cry, are you?" — I would have had him just then to cry, instead of me.

The tea equipage was brought in. "Polly, carry the child to nurse." I gave it another kiss, and the Countess desired another. I grudged it, to think her naughty lips should so closely follow mine. Her sister kissed it also, and carried him to Mr. B. "Take him away," said he, "I owe him my blessing."

"O these young gentlemen papas!" said the Countess— "They are like young unbroken horses, just put into the traces!"

— "Are they so?" thought I. "Matrimony must not expect your good word, I doubt."

Mr. B. after tea, at which I was far from being talkative (for I could not tell what to say, though I tried, as much as I could not to appear sullen), desired the Countess to play one tune upon the harpsichord. — She did, and sung, at his request, an Italian song to it very prettily; too prettily, I thought. I wanted to find some faults, some great faults in her: but, O Madam, she has too many outward excellencies! — pity she wants a good heart.

He could ask nothing, that she was not ready to oblige him; indeed he could not.

She desired me to touch the keys. I would have been excused; but could not. And the ladies commended my performance; but neither my heart to play, nor my fingers in playing, deserved their praises. Mr. B. *said*, indeed— "You play better sometimes, my dear."— "Do I, Sir?" was all the answer I made.

The Countess hoped, she said, I would return her visit; and so said the Viscountess.

I replied, Mr. B. would command me whenever he pleased.

She said, she hoped to be better acquainted — ("I hope not," thought I) — and that I would give her my company, for a week or so, upon the Forest: it seems she has a seat upon Windsor Forest.

"Mr. B. says," added she, "you can't ride a single horse; but we'll teach you there. 'Tis a sweet place for that purpose."

"How came Mr. B.," thought I, "to tell *you* that, Madam? I suppose you know more of me than I do myself." Indeed, my lady, this may be too true; for she may know what is to become of me!

I told her, I was very much obliged to her ladyship; and that Mr. B. directed all my motions.

"What say *you*, Sir?" said the Countess.

"I can't promise that. Madam: for Mrs. B. wants to go down to Kent, before we go to Bedfordshire, and I am afraid I can't give her my company thither."

"Then, Sir, I shan't choose to go without you."

"I suppose not, my dear. But if you are disposed to oblige the Countess for a week, as you never were at Windsor—"

"I believe, Sir," interrupted I, "what with my little nursery, and *one* thing or *another*, I must deny myself that honour, for this season."

"Well, Madam, then I'll expect you in Pall Mall."

I bowed my head, and said, Mr. B. would command me.

They took leave with a politeness natural to them. Mr. B., as he handed them to the chariot, said something in Italian to the Countess: the word Pamela was in what he said: she answered him with a downcast look, in the same language, half-pleased, half-serious, and the chariot drove away.

"I would give," said I, "a good deal, Sir, to know what her ladyship said to you; she looked with so particular a meaning, if I may say so."

"I'll tell you, truly, Pamela: I said to her, 'Well, now your ladyship has seen my Pamela — Is she not the charmingest girl in the world?'

"She answered— 'Mrs. B. is very grave, for so young a lady; but I must needs say she is a lovely creature.'"

"And did you say so. Sir? And did her ladyship so answer?" And my heart was ready to leap out of my bosom for joy.

But my folly spoiled all again; for, to my own surprise, and great regret, I burst out into tears; though I even sobbed to have suppressed them, but could not; and so I lost a fine opportunity to have talked to him while he was so kind; for he was more angry with me than ever.

What made me such a fool, I wonder? But I had so long struggled with myself; and not expecting so kind a question from the dear gentleman, or such a favourable answer from the Countess, I had no longer any command of myself.

"What ails the little fool?" said he, with a wrathful countenance.
This made me worse, and he added, "Take care, take care,
Pamela! — You'll drive me from you, in spite of my own heart."

So he went into the best parlour, and put on his sword, and took his hat. I followed him— "Sir, Sir!" with my arms expanded, was all I could say; but he avoided me, putting on his hat with an air; and out he went, bidding Abraham follow him.

This is the dilemma into which, as I hinted at the beginning of this letter, I have brought myself with Mr. B. How strong, how prevalent is the passion of jealousy; and thus it will shew itself uppermost, when it *is* uppermost, in spite of one's most watchful regards!

My mind is so perplexed, that I must lay down my pen: and, indeed, your ladyship will wonder, all things considered, that I could write the above account as I have done, in this cruel suspense, and with such apprehensions. But writing is all the diversion I have, when my mind is oppressed.

PAST TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

I have only time to tell your ladyship (for the postman waits) that Mr. B. is just come in. He is gone into his closet, and has shut the door, and taken the key on the inside; so I dare not go to him there. In this uncertainty and suspense, pity and pray for *your ladyship's afflicted sister and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LXXIII

MY DEAR LADY,

I will now proceed with my melancholy account. Not knowing what to do, and Mr. B. not coming near me, and the clock striking twelve, I ventured to send this billet to him, by Polly.

"DEAR SIR,

"I know you choose not to be invaded, when retired to your closet; yet, being very uneasy, on account of your abrupt departure, and heavy displeasure, I take the liberty to write these few lines.

"I own, Sir, that the sudden flow of tears which involuntarily burst from me, at your kind expressions to the Countess in my favour, when I had thought for more than a month past, you were angry with me, and which had distressed my weak mind beyond expression, might appear unaccountable to you. But had you kindly waited but one moment till this fit, which was rather owing to my gratitude than to perverseness, had been over (and I knew the time when you would have generously soothed it), I should have had the happiness of a more serene and favourable parting.

"Will you suffer me, Sir, to attend you? (Polly shall wait your answer). I dare not come *without* your permission; for should you be as angry as you were, I know not how I shall bear it. But if you say I may come down, I hope to satisfy you, that I intended not any offence. Do, dear Sir, permit me to attend you, I can say no more, than that I am *your ever dutiful*,

"P.B."

Polly returned with the following. "So," thought I, "a letter! — I could have spared that, I am sure." I expected no favour from it. So tremblingly, opened it.

"MY DEAR,

"I would not have you sit up for me. We are getting apace into the matrimonial recriminations. *You knew the time!* — So did I, my dear! — But it seems that the time is over with both; and I have had the mortification, for some past weeks, to come home to a very different Pamela, than I used to leave all company and all

pleasure for. — I hope we shall better understand one another. But you cannot see me at present with any advantage to yourself; and I would not, that any thing farther should pass, to add to the regrets of both. I wish you good rest. I will give your cause a fair hearing, when I am more fit to hear all your pleas, and your excuses. I cannot be insensible, that the reason for the concern you have lately shewn, must lie deeper than, perhaps, you'll now own. As soon as you are prepared to speak all that is upon your mind, and I to hear it with temper, then we may come to an eclaircissement. Till when I am *your affectionate*, &c."

My busy apprehension immediately suggested to me, that I was to be terrified, with a high hand, into a compliance with some new scheme or other that was projecting; and it being near one, and hearing nothing from Mr. B., I bid Polly go to bed, thinking she would wonder at our intercourse by letter, if I should send again.

So down I ventured, my feet, however, trembling all the way, and tapped at the door of his closet.

"Who's that?"

"I, Sir: one word, if you please. Don't be more angry, however, Sir."

He opened the door: "Thus poor Hester, to her royal husband, ventured her life, to break in upon him unbidden. But that eastern monarch, great as he was, extended to the fainting suppliant the golden sceptre!"

He took my hand: "I hope, my dear, by this tragedy speech, we are not to expect any sad catastrophe to our present misunderstanding."

"I hope not, Sir. But 'tis all as God and you shall please. I am resolved to do my duty, Sir, if possible. But, indeed, I cannot bear this cruel suspense! Let me know what is to become of me. Let me know but what is designed for me, and you shall be sure of all the acquiescence that my duty and conscience can give to your pleasure."

"What *means* the dear creature? What *means my* Pamela? Surely, your head, child, is a little affected!"

"I can't tell, Sir, but it may! — But let me have my trial, that you write about. Appoint my day of hearing, and speedily too; for I would not bear such another month, as the last has been, for the world."

"Come, my dear," said he, "let me attend you to your chamber. But your mind has taken much too solemn a turn, to enter further now upon this subject. Think as well of me as I do of you, and I shall be as happy as ever."

I wept, "Be not angry, dear Sir: your kind words have just the same effect upon me now, as in the afternoon."

"Your apprehensions, my dear, must be very strong, that a kind word, as you call it, has such an effect upon you! But let us wave the subject for a few days,

because I am to set out on a little journey at four, and had not intended to go to bed, for so few hours."

When we came up, I said, "I was very bold. Sir, to break in upon you; but I could not help it, if my life had been the forfeit; and you received me with more goodness than I could have expected. But will you pardon me, if I ask, whither you go so soon? And if you had intended to have gone without taking leave of me?"

"I go to Tunbridge, my dear. I should have stept up and taken leave of you before I went."

"Well, Sir, I will not ask you, who is of your party: I will not — No," (putting my hand to his lips) "don't tell me. Sir: it mayn't be proper."

"Don't fear, my dear; I won't tell you: nor am I certain whether it be *proper* or not, till we are come to a better understanding. Only, once more, think as well of me as I do of you."

"Would to Heaven," thought I, "there was the same reason for the one as for the other!"

I intended (for my heart was full) to enter further into this subject, so fatal to my repose: but the dear gentleman had no sooner laid his head on the pillow, but he fell asleep, or feigned to do so, and that was as prohibitory to my talking as if he had. So I had all my own entertaining reflections to myself; which gave me not one wink of sleep; but made me of so much service, as to tell him, when the clock struck four, that he should not (though I did not say so, you may think, Madam) make my ready rivaless (for I doubted not her being one of the party) wait for him.

He arose, and was dressed instantly; and saluting me, bid me be easy and happy, while it was *yet* in my own power.

He said, he should be back on Saturday night, as he believed. And I wished him, most fervently, I am sure, health, pleasure, and safety.

Here, Madam, must I end this letter. My next, will, perhaps contain my trial, and my sentence: God give me but patience and resignation, and then whatever occurs, I shall not be unhappy: especially while I can have, in the last resource, the pleasure of calling myself *your ladyship's most obliged sister and servant*,

P.B.

* * * * *

LETTER LXXIV

My dear Lady,

I will be preparing to write to you, as I have opportunity, not doubting but this must be a long letter; and having some apprehensions, that, as things may fall out, I may want either head or heart to write to your ladyship, were I to defer it till the catastrophe of this cruel suspense.

O what a happiness am I sunk from! — And in so few days too! O the wicked masquerades!

The following letter, in a woman's hand, and signed, as you'll see, by a woman's name, and spelt as I spell it, will account to your ladyship for my beginning so heavily. It came by the penny-post.

"Madame,

"I ame unknowne to yowe; but yowe are not so altogathar to mee, becaus I haue bene edefy'd by yowre pius behafiorr att church, whir I see yowe with playsir everie Sabbaoth day. I ame welle acquaintid with the famely of the Coumptesse of — ; and yowe maie passiblie haue hard what you wished not to haue hard concerninge hir. Butt this verie morninge, I can assur yowe, hir ladishippe is gon with yowre spowse to Tonbrigge; and theire they are to take lodgings, or a hous; and Mr. B. is after to come to town, and settel matters to go downe to hir, where they are to liue as man and wiffe. Make what use yowe pleas of thiss informasion: and belieue me to haue no other motife, than to serue yowe, becavs of yowre vartues, whiche make yowe deserue a better retorne, I am, thof I shall not set my trewe name, *yowre grete admirer and seruant*,

"THOMASINE FULLER.

"Wednesday morninge,

"9 o'clock."

Just above I called my state, a state of *cruel suspense*. But I recall the words: for now it is no longer suspense; since, if this letter says truth, I know the worst: and there is too much appearance that it does, let the writer be who he will, or his or her motive what it will: for, after all, I am apt to fancy this a contrivance of Mr. Turner's, though, for fear of ill consequences, I will not say so.

And now, Madam, I am endeavouring, by the help of religion, and cool reflection, to bring my mind to bear this heavy evil, and to recollect what I *was*, and how much more honourable an estate I *am in*, than I could ever have expected

to be in; that my virtue and good name are secured; and I can return innocent to my dear parents: and these were once the only pride of my heart.

In addition to what I was then (and yet I pleased myself with my prospects, poor as they were), I have honest parents, bountifully provided for, thank God and your ever-dear brother for this blessing! — and not only provided for — but made useful to him, to the amount of their provision, well-nigh! There is a pride, my lady!

Then I shall have better conditions from his generosity to support myself, than I can wish for, or make use of.

Then I have my dear Billy-O be contented, too charming, and too happy rival, with my husband; and tear not from me my dearest baby, the pledge, the beloved pledge, of our happier affections, and the dear remembrance of what I once was! — A thousand pleasing prospects, that had begun to dawn on my mind, I can bear to have dissipated! But I cannot, indeed I cannot! permit my dear Mr. B.'s son and heir to be torn from me.

But I am running on in a strain that shews my impatience, rather than my resignation; yet some struggles must be allowed me: I could not have loved, as I love, if I could easily part with my interest in so beloved a husband. — For my interest I *will* part with, and sooner die, than live with a gentleman who has another wife, though I was the first. Let countesses, if they can, and ladies of birth, choose to humble themselves to this baseness. The low-born Pamela cannot stoop to it. Pardon me; you know I only write this with a view to this poor lady's answer to her noble uncle, of which you wrote me word.

FRIDAY

Is now concluding. I hope I am much calmer. For, being disappointed, in all likelihood, in twenty agreeable schemes and projects, I am now forming new ones, with as much pleasure to myself as I may.

I am thinking to try to get good Mrs. Jervis with me. You must not, Madam, be too much concerned for me. After a while, I shall be no unhappy person; for though I was thankful for my splendid fortunes, and should have been glad, to be sure I should, of continuing in them, with so dear a gentleman; yet a high estate had never such dazzling charms with me as it has with some: if it had, I could not have resisted so many temptations, possibly, as God enabled me to resist.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Is now come. 'Tis nine, and no Mr. B.— "O why," as Deborah makes the mother of Sisera say, "is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

I have this note now at eleven o'clock:

"MY DEAREST PAMELA,

"I dispatch the messenger, lest, expecting me this night, you should be uneasy. I shall not be with you till Monday, when I hope to dine with my dearest life. *Ever affectionately yours*."

So I'll go up and pray for him, and then to bed. — Yet 'tis a sad thing! — I have had but poor rest for a great while; nor shall have any till my fate is decided. — Hard-hearted man, he knows under what uneasiness he left me!

MONDAY, ELEVEN.

If God Almighty hears my yesterday's, and indeed my hourly, prayers, the dear man will be good still; but my aching heart, every time I think what company he is in (for I find the Countess is *certainly* one of the party), bodes me little satisfaction.

He's come! He's come! now, just now, come! I will have my trial over before this night be past, if possible. I'll go down and meet him with love unfeigned, and a duty equal to my love, although he may forget his to me. If I conquer myself on this occasion, I conquer nature, as your ladyship says: and then, by God's grace, I can conquer every thing. They have taken their house, I suppose: but what need they, when they'll have one in Bedfordshire, and one in Lincolnshire? But they know best. God bless him, and reform her! That's all the harm I wish them, or will wish them!

My dear Mr. B. has received me with great affection and tenderness.
Sure he cannot be so bad! — Sure he cannot!

"I know, my dear," said he, "I left you in great anxiety; but 'tis an anxiety you have brought upon yourself; and I have not been easy ever since I parted from you."

"I am sorry for it, Sir."

"Why, my dear love, there is still a melancholy air in your countenance: indeed, it seems mingled with a kind of joy; I hope at my return to you. But 'tis easy to see which of the two is the most natural."

“You should see nothing. Sir, that you would not wish to see, if I could help it.”

“I am sorry you cannot. But I am come home to hear all your grievances, and to redress them, if in my power.”

“When, Sir, am I to come upon my trial? I have much to say. I will tell you everything I think. And, as it may be the last *grievances*, as you are pleased to call them, I may ever trouble you with, you must promise to answer me not one word till I have done. For, if it does but hold, I have great courage, indeed I you don’t know half the sauciness that is in your girl yet; but when I come upon my trial, you’ll wonder at my boldness.”

“What means my dearest?” taking me into his arms. “You alarm me exceedingly, by this moving sedateness.”

“Don’t let it alarm you. Sir! I mean nothing but good! — But I have been preparing myself to tell you all my mind. And as an instance of what you may expect from me, sometimes, Sir, I will be your judge, and put home questions to you; and sometimes you shall be mine, and at last pronounce sentence upon me; or, if you won’t, I will upon myself; a severe one to me, it shall be, but an agreeable one, perhaps, to you! — When comes on the trial. Sir?”

He looked steadily upon me, but was silent. And I said, “But don’t be afraid, Sir, that I will invade your province; for though I shall count myself your judge, in some cases, you shall be judge paramount still.”

“Dear charmer of my heart,” said he, and clasped me to his bosom, “what a *new* PAMELA have I in my arms! A mysterious charmer! Let us instantly go to my closet, or yours, and come upon our mutual trial; for you have fired my soul with impatience!”

“No, Sir, if you please, we will dine first. I have hardly eaten any thing these four days; and your company may give me an appetite. I shall be pleased to sit down at table with you. Sir,” taking his hand, and trying to smile upon him; “for the moments I have of your company, may be, some time hence, very precious to my remembrance.”

I was then forced to turn my head, to hide from him my eyes, brimful as they were of tears.

He took me again into his arms:— “My dearest Pamela, if you love me, distract not my soul thus, by your dark and mysterious speeches. You are displeased with *me*, and I thought I had reason, of late, to take something amiss in *your* conduct; but, instead of your suffering by my anger, you have words and an air that penetrate my very soul.”

“O Sir, Sir, treat me not thus kindly! Put on an angrier brow, or how shall I retain my purpose? How shall I!”

“Dear, dear creature! make not use of *all* your power to melt me! *Half* of it is enough. For there is eloquence in your eyes I cannot resist; but in your present solemn air, and affecting sentences, you mould me to every purpose of your heart; so that I am a mere machine, a passive instrument, to be played upon at your pleasure.”

“Dear, kind Sir, how you revive my heart, by your goodness! Perhaps I have only been in a frightful dream, and am but just now awakened. — But we will not anticipate our trial. Only, Sir, give orders, that you are not to be spoken with by any body, when we have dined; for I must have you all to myself, without interruption.”

Just as I had said this, a gentleman calling, I retired to my chamber, and wrote to this place.

Mr. B. dismissed his friend, without asking him to dine; so I had him all to myself at dinner — But we said little, and sat not above a quarter of an hour; looking at each other: he, with impatience, and some seeming uneasiness; I with more steadiness, I believe, but now and then a tear starting.

I eat but little, though I tried all I could, and especially as he helped me, and courted me with tenderness and sweetness — O why were ever such things as *masquerades* permitted in a Christian nation!

I chose to go into *my* closet rather than into *his*; and here I sit, waiting the dear gentleman’s coming up to me. If I keep but my courage, I shall be pleased. I know the worst, and that will help me; for he is too noble to use me roughly, when he sees I mean not to provoke him by upbraidings, any more than I will act, in this case, beneath the character I ought to assume as his wife.

Mr. B. came up, with great impatience in his looks. I met him at the chamber door, with a very sedate countenance, and my heart was high with my purpose, and supported me better than I could have expected. — Yet, on recollection, now I impute to myself something of that kind of magnanimity, that was wont to inspire the innocent sufferers of old, for a still worthier cause than mine; though their motives could hardly be more pure, in that one hope I had, to be an humble means of saving the man I love and honour, from errors that might be fatal to his soul.

I took his hand with boldness:— “Dear Sir,” leading him to my closet, “here is the bar at which I am to take my trial,” pointing to the backs of three chairs, which I had placed in a joined row, leaving just room to go by on each side. “You must give me, Sir, all my own way; this is the first, and perhaps the last time, that I shall desire it. — Nay, dear Sir,” turning my face from him, “look not upon me with an eye of tenderness: if you do I may lose my purposes, important to me as they are; and however fantastic my behaviour may seem to you, I want not to move your passions (for the good impressions made upon them may be too easily

dissipated by the winds of *sense*,) but *your reason*; and if that can be done, I am safe, and shall fear no relapse."

"What means all this parade, my dear? Let me perish," that was his word, "if I know how to account for *you*, or your *humour*."

"You *will*, presently. Sir. But give me all my ways — I pray you do — This one time only!"

"Well, so, this is your bar, is it? There's an elbow-chair, I see; take your place in it, Pamela, and here I'll stand to answer all your questions."

"No, Sir, that must not be." So I boldly led him to the elbow-chair. "You are the judge, Sir; it is I that am to be tried. Yet I will not say I am a criminal. I know I am not. But that must be proved, Sir, you know."

"Well, take your way; but I fear for your head, my dear, in all this."

"I fear only my heart, Sir, that's all! but there you must sit — So here," (retiring to the three chairs, and leaning on the backs,) "here I stand."

"And now, my dearest Mr. B., you must begin first; you must be my accuser, as well as my judge."

"I have nothing to accuse you of, my dear, if I *must* give in to your moving whimsy. You are everything I wish you to be. But for the last month you have seemed to be uneasy, and have not done me the justice to acquaint me with your reasons for it."

"I was in hopes my reasons might have proved to be no reasons; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded apprehensions. But now, Sir, we are come directly to the point; and methinks I stand here as Paul did before Felix; and like that poor prisoner, if I, Sir, reason of *righteousness, temperance*, and *judgment to come*, even to make you, as the great Felix did, tremble, don't put me off to *another day*, to a *more convenient season*, as that governor did Paul; for you must bear patiently with all that I have to say."

"Strange, uncommon girl I how unaccountable is all this! — Pr'ythee, my dear," and he pulled a chair by him, "come and sit down by me, and without these romantic airs let me hear all you have to say; and teaze me not with this parade."

"No, Sir, let me stand, if you please, while I can stand; when weary I will sit down at my bar.

"Now, Sir, since you are so good as to say, you have nothing but change of temper to accuse me of, I am to answer to that, and assign a cause; and I will do it without evasion or reserve; but I beseech you say not one word but Yes or No, to my questions, till I have said all I have to say, and then you shall find me all silence and resignation."

"Well, my strange dear! — But sure your head is a little turned! — What is your question?"

“Whether, Sir, the Nun — I speak boldly; the cause requires it — who followed you at the Masquerade every where, is not the Countess of — ?”

“What then, my dear:” (speaking with quickness,)— “I *thought* the occasion of your sullenness and reserve was this! — But, Pamela—”

“Nay, Sir,” interrupted I, “only Yes, or No, if you please: I will be all silence by-and-by.”

“Yes, then.”— “Well, Sir, then let me tell you, for I *ask* you not (it may be too bold in me to multiply questions,) that she *loves* you; that you correspond by letters with her — Yes, Sir, *before* that letter from her ladyship came, which you received from my hand in so short and angry a manner, for fear of my curiosity to see its contents, which would have been inexcusable in me, I own, if I had. You have talked over to her all your polygamy notions, and she seems so well convinced of them, as to declare to her noble uncle (who expostulated with her on the occasions she gave for talk,) that she had rather be a certain gentleman’s second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England: and you are but just returned from a journey to Tunbridge, in which that lady was a party; and the motive for it, I am acquainted with, by this letter.”

He was displeased, and frowned: I looked down, being resolved not to be terrified, if I could help it.

“I have cautioned you, Pamela — —”

“I know you have, Sir,” interrupted I; “but be pleased to answer me.
Has not the Countess taken a house or lodgings at Tunbridge?”

“She has; and what then?”

“And is her ladyship there, or in town?”

“*There* — and what then?”

“Are you to go to Tunbridge, Sir, soon, or not? — Be pleased to answer but that one question.”

“I *will* know,” rising up in anger, “your informants, Pamela.”

“Dear Sir, so you shall, in proper time: you shall know all, when I am convinced, that your wrath will not be attended with bad consequences to yourself and others. That is wholly the cause of my reserve in this point; for I have not had a thought, since I have been yours, that I wished to be concealed from you. — But your knowledge of the informants makes nothing at all as to the truth of the information — Nor will I press you too home. I doubt not, you are soon to return to Tunbridge?”

“I *am*, and what then? — Must the consequence be crime enough to warrant your jealousy?”

“Dear Sir, don’t be so angry,” still looking down; for I durst not trust myself to look up. “I don’t do this, as your letter charged me, in a spirit of matrimonial recrimination: if you don’t *tell* me, that you see the Countess with pleasure, I *ask* it not of you; nor have I anything to say by way of upbraiding. ’Tis my misfortune, that she is too lovely, and too attractive: and it is the less wonder, that a fine young gentleman as you are, and a fine young lady as she is, should engage one another’s affections.

“I knew every thing, except what this letter which you shall read presently, communicates, when you brought the two noble sisters to visit me: hence proceeded my grief; and should I, Sir, have deserved to be what I am, if I was *not* grieved? Religion has helped me, and God has answered my supplications, and enabled me to act this new uncommon part before you at this imaginary bar. You shall see, Sir, that as, on one hand, I want not, as I said before, to move your passions in my favour; so, on the other, I shall not be terrified by your displeasure, dreaded by me as it used to be, and as it will be again, the moment that my raised spirits sink down to their usual level, or are diverted from this my long meditated purpose, to tell you all my mind.

“I repeat, then, Sir, that I knew all this, when the two noble sisters came to visit your poor girl, and to see your Billy. Yet, *grave* as the Countess called me, (dear Sir! might I not well be grave, knowing what I knew?) did I betray any impatience of speech or action, or any discomposure?

“No, Sir,” putting my hand on my breast, “*here* all my discomposure lay, vehemently struggling, now and then, and wanting that vent of my eyes, which it seems (overcome by my joy, to hear myself favourably spoken of by you and the lady,) it *too soon* made itself. But I could not help it — You might have seen. Sir, I could not!

“But I want neither to recriminate nor expostulate; nor yet, Sir, to form excuses for my general conduct; for that you accuse not in the main — but be pleased, Sir, to read this letter. It was brought by the penny-post, as you’ll see by the mark. Who the writer is, I know not. And did *you*, Sir, that knowledge, and your resentment upon it, will not alter the fact, or give it a more favourable appearance.”

I stepped to him, and giving him the letter, came back to my bar, and sat down on one of the chairs while he read it, drying my eyes; for they would overflow as I talked, do what I could.

He was much moved at the contents of this letter; called it malice, and hoped he might find out the author of it, saying, he would advertise 500 guineas reward for the discoverer.

He put the letter in his pocket, “Well, Pamela, you believe all you have said, no doubt: and this matter has a black appearance, indeed, if you do. But who was your *first* informant? — Was that by letter or personally? That Turner, I doubt not, is at the bottom of all this. The vain coxcomb has had the insolence to imagine the Countess would favour an address of his; and is enraged to meet with a repulse; and has taken liberties upon it, that have given birth to all the scandals scattered about on this occasion. Nor do I doubt but he has been the Serpent at the ear of my Eve.”

I stood up at the bar, and said, “Don’t be too hasty, Sir, in your judgment — You *may* be mistaken.”

“But *am* I mistaken, Pamela? — You never told me an untruth in cases the most important to you to conceal. *Am* I mistaken?”

“Dear Sir, if I should tell you it is *not* Mr. Turner, you’ll guess at somebody else: and what avails all this to the matter in hand? You are your own master, and must stand or fall by your own conscience. God grant that *that* may acquit you! — But my intention is not either to accuse or upbraid you.”

“But, my dear, to the fact then: — This is a malicious and a villainous piece of intelligence, given you, perhaps, for the sake of designs and views, that may not yet be proper to be avowed.”

“By God’s grace, Sir, I defy all designs and views of any one, upon my honour!”

“But, my dear, the charge is basely false: we have not agreed upon any such way of life.”

“Well, Sir, all this only proves, that the intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, Sir, sit down one minute, to recover my failing spirits, and then I’ll tell you all I purpose to do, and all I have to say, and that with as much brevity as I can, for fear neither my head nor my heart should perform the part I have been so long in endeavouring to prevail upon them to perform.”

I sat down then, he taking out the letter, and reading it again with much vexation and anger in his countenance; and after a few tears and sobs, that would needs be so officious as to offer their service, unbidden, and undesired, to introduce what I had to say; I rose up, my feet trembling, as well as my knees; which, however, leaning against the seats of the chairs, that made my bar, as my hand held by the back, tolerably supported me, I cleared my voice, wiped my eyes, and said:

“You have all the excuse, dear Mr. B., that a gentleman can have in the object of your present passion.”

“Present passion, Pamela!”

“Dear Sir, hear me without interruption.

“The Countess is a charming lady. She excels your poor girl in all those outward graces of form, which your kind fancy (more valued by me than the opinion of all the world besides) had made you attribute to me. And she has all those additional advantages, as nobleness of birth, of alliance, and deportment, which I want. (Happy for you, Sir, that you had known her ladyship some months ago, before you disgraced yourself by the honours you have done me!) This therefore frees you from the aggravated crime of those, who prefer, to their own ladies, less amiable and less deserving persons; and I have not the sting which those must have, who are contemned and ill-treated for the sake of their inferiors. Yet cannot the Countess love you better than your girl loves you, not even for your person, which must, I doubt, be *her* principal attachment! when I can truly say, all noble and attracting to the outward eye as it is, that is the least consideration by far with me: no, Sir, your generous and beneficent mind, is the principal object of my affection; and my pride in hoping to be an humble means, in the hands of Providence, to bless you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more pleasure than all the blessings I reaped from your name or your fortune. Judge then, my dearest Mr. B., my grief and disappointment.

“But I will not expostulate: I *will not*, because it *must* be to no purpose; for could my fondness, and my watchful duty to you, have kept you steady, I should not now appear before you in this solemn manner: and I know the charms of my rival are too powerful for me to contend with. Nothing but divine grace can touch your heart: and that I expect not, from the nature of the case, should be instantaneous.

“I will therefore. Sir, dear as you are to me — (Don’t look with such tender surprise upon me!) give up your person to the happier, to my *worthier* rival. For since such is your will, and seem to be your engagements, what avails it to me to oppose them?

“I have only to beg, that you will be so good as to permit me to go down to Kent, to my dear parents, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your favour and bounty. I will there” (holding up my folded hands) “pray for you every hour of my life; and for every one who shall be dear to you, not excepting the charming Countess.

“I will never take your name into my lips, nor suffer any other in my hearing, but with reverence and gratitude, for the good I and mine *have* reaped at your hands: nor wish to be freed from my obligations to you, except you shall choose to be divorced from me; and if so I will give your wishes all the forwardness I honourably can, with regard to my own character and yours, and that of your beloved baby.

“But you must give me something worth living for along with you; your Billy and mine! — Unless it is your desire to kill me quite! and then ’tis done, and nothing will stand in your happy Countess’s way, if you tear from my arms my *second* earthly good, after I am deprived of you, my first.

“I will there, Sir, dedicate all my time to my first duties; happier far, than once I could have hoped to be! And if, by any accident, and misunderstanding between you, you should part by consent, and you will have it so, my heart shall be ever yours, and my hopes shall be resumed of being an instrument still for your future good, and I will receive your returning ever-valued heart, as if nothing had happened, the moment I can be sure it will be wholly mine.

“For, think not, dear Sir, whatever be your notions of polygamy, that I will, were my life to depend upon it, consent to live with a gentleman, dear as, God is my witness,” (lifting up my tearful eyes) “you are to me, who lives in what I cannot but think open sin with another! You *know*, Sir, and I appeal to you for the purity, and I will aver piety of my motives, when I say this, that I *would not*; and as you do know this, I cannot doubt but nay proposal will be agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear Sir, to take me at my word; and don’t let me be tortured, as I have been so many weeks, with such anguish of mind, that nothing but religious considerations can make supportable to me.”

“And are you in earnest, Pamela?” coming to me, and folding me in his arms over the chair’s back, the seat of which supported my trembling knees, “Can you so easily part with me?”

“I can, Sir, and I will! — rather than divide my interest in you, knowingly, with any lady upon earth. But say not, can I part with you. Sir; it is you that part with me: and tell me, Sir, tell me but what you had intended should become of me?”

“You talk to me, my dearest life, as if all you had heard against me was true; and you would have me answer you, (would you?) as if it was.”

“I want nothing to convince me, Sir, that the Countess loves you: you know the rest of my information: judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe! — You know the rumours of the world concerning you: Even I, who stay so much at home, and have not taken the least pains to find out my wretchedness, nor to confirm it, since I knew it, have come to the hearing of it; and if you know the licence taken with both your characters, and yet correspond so openly, must it not look to me that you value not your honour in the world’s eye, nor my lady hers? I told you, Sir, the answer she made to her uncle.”

“You told me, my dear, as you were told. Be tender of a lady’s reputation — for your own sake. No one is exempted from calumny; and even words said, and the occasion of saying them not known, may bear a very different construction from ‘what they would have done, had the occasion been told.”

“This may be all true. Sir: I wish the lady would be as tender of her reputation as I would be, let her injure me in your affections as she will. But can you say, Sir, that there is nothing between you, that should *not* be, according to *my* notions of virtue and honour, and according to your *own*, which I took pride in, before that fatal masquerade?

“You answer me not,” continued I; “and may I not fairly presume you cannot as I wish to be answered? But come, dearest Sir,” (and I put my arms around his neck) “let me not urge you too boldly. I will never forget your benefits, and your past kindnesses to me. I have been a happy creature: no one, till within these few weeks, was ever so happy as I. I will love you still with a passion as ardent as ever I loved you. Absence cannot lessen such a love as mine: I am sure it cannot.

“I see your difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it easy to your conscience, I will wait with patience my happier destiny; and I will wish to live (if I can be convinced you wish me not to die) in order to pray for you, and to be a directress to the first education of my dearest baby.

“You sigh, dear Sir; repose your beloved face next to my fond heart. ’Tis all your own: and ever shall be, let it, or let it not, be worthy of the honour in your estimation.

“But yet, my dear Mr. B., if one could as easily, in the prime of sensual youth, look twenty years backward, what an empty vanity, what a mere nothing, will be all those grosser satisfactions, that now give wings of desire to our debased appetites!

“Motives of religion will have their due force upon *your* mind one day, I hope; as, blessed be God, they have enabled *me* to talk to you on such a touching point (after infinite struggles, I own,) with so much temper and resignation; and then, my dearest Mr. B., when we come to that last bed, from which the piety of our friends shall lift us, but from which we shall never be able to raise ourselves; for, dear Sir, your Countess, and you, and your poor Pamela, must all come to this! — we shall find what it is will give us true joy, and enable us to support the pangs of the dying hour. Think you, my dearest Sir,” (and I pressed my lips to his forehead, as his head was reclined on my throbbing bosom,) “that *then*, in that important moment, what now gives us the greatest pleasure, will have any part in our consideration, but as it may give us woe or comfort in the reflection?

“But I will not, O best beloved of my soul, afflict you farther. Why should I thus sadden all your gaudy prospects? I have said enough to such a heart as yours, if Divine grace touches it. And if not, all I can say will be of no avail! — I will leave you therefore to that, and to your own reflections. And after giving you ten thousand thanks for your indulgent patience with me, I will only beg, that I may set out in a week for Kent, with my dear Billy; that you will receive one letter at

least, from me, of gratitude and blessings; it shall not be of upbraidings and exclamations.

"But my child you must not deny me; for I shall haunt, like his shadow, every place wherein you shall put my Billy, if you should be so unkind to deny him to me! — And if you will permit me to have the dear Miss Goodwin with me, as you had almost led me to hope, I will read over all the books of education, and digest them, as well as I am able, in order to send you my scheme, and to show you how fit, I hope your *indulgence*, at least, will make you think me, of having two such precious trusts reposed in me!"

I was silent, waiting in tears his answer. But his generous heart was touched, and seemed to labour within him for expression.

He came round to me at last, and took me in his arms; "Exalted creature!" said he: "noble-minded Pamela! Let no bar be put between us henceforth! No wonder, when one looks back to your first promising dawn of excellence, that your fuller day should thus irresistibly dazzle such weak eyes as mine. Whatever it costs me, and I have been inconsiderately led on by blind passion for an object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my Pamela, I will (for it is yet, I bless God, in my power), restore to your virtue a husband all your own."

"O Sir, Sir," (and I should have sunk with joy, had not his kind arms supported me,) "what have you said? — Can I be so happy as to behold you innocent as to deed! God, of his infinite goodness, continue you both so! — And, Oh! that the dear lady would make me as truly love her, for the graces of her mind, as I admire her for the advantages of her person!"

"You are virtue itself, my dearest life; and from this moment I will reverence you as my tutelary angel. I shall behold you with awe, and implicitly give up myself to all your dictates: for what you *say*, and what you *do*, must be ever right. But I will not, my dearest life, too lavishly promise, lest you should think it the sudden effects of passions thus movingly touched, and which may subside again, when the soul, as you observed in your own case, sinks to its former level: but this I promise (and I hope you believe me, and will pardon the pain I have given you, which made me fear more than once, that your head was affected, so *uncommon*, yet so like *yourself*, has been the manner of your acting,) that I will break off a correspondence that has given you so much uneasiness: and my Pamela may believe, that if I can be as good as my word in this point, she will never more be in danger of any rival whatever.

"But say, my dear love," added he, "say you forgive me; and resume but your former cheerfulness, and affectionate regards to me, else I shall suspect the sincerity of your forgiveness: and you shall indeed go to Kent, but not without

me, nor your boy neither; and if you insist upon it, the poor child you have wished so often and so generously to have, shall be given up absolutely to your disposal."

Do you think. Madam, I could speak any one distinct sentence? No indeed I could not. I was just choked with my joy; I never was so before. And my eyes were in a manner fixed, as he told me afterwards; and that he was a little startled, seeing nothing but the whites; for the sight was out of its orbits, in a manner lifted up to heaven — in ecstasy for a turn so sudden, and so unexpected!

We were forced to separate soon after; for there was no bearing each other, so excessive was my Joy, and his goodness. He left me, and went down to his own closet.

Judge my employment you will, I am sure, my dear lady. I had new ecstasy to be blest with, in a thankfulness so exalted, that it left me all light and pleasant, as if I had shook off body, and trod in air; so much heaviness had I lost, and so much joy had I received. From two such extremes, how was it possible I could presently hit the medium? For when I had given up my beloved husband, as lost to me, and had dreaded the consequences to his future state: to find him not only untainted as to deed, but, in all probability, mine upon better and surer terms than ever — O, Madam! must not this give a joy beyond all joy, and surpassing all expression!

About eight o'clock Mr. B. sent me up these lines from his closet, which will explain what I meant, as to the papers I must beg your ladyship to return me.

"My dear Pamela,

"I have so much real concern at the anguish I have given you, and am so much affected with the recollection of the uncommon scenes which passed between us, just now, that I write, because I know not how to look so excellent a creature in the face — You must therefore sup without me, and take your Mrs. Jervis to bed with you; who, I doubt not, knows all this affair; and you may tell her the happy event.

"You must not interfere with me just now, while writing upon a subject which takes up all my attention; and which, requiring great delicacy, I may, possibly, be all night before I can please myself in it.

"I am determined to make good my promise to you. But if you have written to your mother, Miss Darnford, or to Lady Davers, anything of this affair, you must shew me the copies, and let me into every tittle how you came by your information. I solemnly promise you, on my honour (that has not yet been violated to you, and I hope never will), that not a soul shall know or suffer by the communication, not even Turner; for I am confident he has had some hand in it. This request you must comply with, if you can confide in me; for I shall make some use of it (as prudent a one as I am able), for the sake of every one concerned, in the conclusion of the correspondence between the lady and myself.

Whatever you may have said in the bitterness of your heart, in the letters I require to see, or whatever any of those, to whom they are directed, shall say, on the bad prospect, shall be forgiven, and looked upon as deserved, by your *ever-obliged and faithful*, &c."

I returned the following:

"Dearest, dear Sir,

"I will not break in upon you, while you are so importantly employed. Mrs. Jervis has indeed seen my concern for some time past, and has heard rumours, as I know by hints she has given me; but her prudence, and my reserves, have kept us from saying anything to one another of it. Neither my mother nor Miss Darnford know a tittle of it from me. I have received a letter of civility from Miss, and have answered it, taking and giving thanks for the pleasure of each other's company, and best respects from her, and the Lincolnshire families, to your dear self. These, my copy, and her original, you shall see when you please. But, in truth, all that has passed, is between Lady Davers and me, and I have not kept copies of mine; but I will dispatch a messenger to her ladyship for them, if you please, in the morning, before it is light, not doubting your kind promise of excusing everything and everybody.

"I beg, dear Sir, you will take care your health suffers not by your sitting up; for the nights are cold and damp.

"I will, now you have given me the liberty, let Mrs. Jervis know how happy you have made me, by dissipating my fears, and the idle rumours, as I shall call them to her, of calumniators.

"God bless you, dear Sir, for your goodness and favour to *your ever-dutiful*

P.B."

He was pleased to return me this:

"MY DEAR LIFE,

"You need not be in such haste to send. If you write to Lady Davers how the matter has ended, let me see the copy of it: and be very particular in your, or rather, my trial. It shall be a standing lesson to me for my future instruction; as it will be a fresh demonstration of your excellence, which every hour I more and more admire. I am glad Lady Davers only knows the matter. I think I ought to avoid seeing you, till I can assure you, that every thing is accommodated to your desire. Longman has sent me some advices, which will make it proper for me to meet him at Bedford or Gloucester. I will not go to Tunbridge, till I have all your

papers; and so you'll have three days to procure them. Your boy, and your penmanship, will find you no disagreeable employment till I return. Nevertheless, on second thoughts, I will do myself the pleasure of breakfasting with you in the morning, to re-assure you of my unalterable purpose to approve myself, *my dearest life, ever faithfully yours."*

Thus, I hope, is happily ended this dreadful affair. My next shall give the particulars of our breakfast conversation. But I would not slip this post, without acquainting you with this blessed turn; and to beg the favour of you to send me back my letters; which will lay a new obligation upon, *dear Madam, your obliged sister, and humble servant,* P.B.

LETTER LXXV

MY DEAREST LADY,

Your joyful correspondent has obtained leave to get every thing: ready to quit London by Friday next, when your kind brother promises to carry me down to Kent, and allows me to take my charmer with me. There's happiness for you, Madam! To see, as I hope I shall see, upon one blessed spot, a dear faithful husband, a beloved child, and a father and mother, whom I so much love and honour!

Mr. B. told me this voluntarily, this morning at breakfast; and then, in the kindest manner, took leave of me, and set out for Bedfordshire.

But I should, according to my promise, give you a few particulars of our breakfast conference.

I bid Polly withdraw, when her master came up to breakfast; and I ran to the door to meet him, and threw myself on my knees: "O forgive me, dearest, dear Sir, all my boldness of yesterday! — My heart was strangely affected — or I could not have acted as I did. But never fear, my dearest Mr. B., that my future conduct shall be different from what it used to be, or that I shall keep up to a spirit, which you hardly thought had place in the heart of your dutiful Pamela, till she was thus severely tried."— "I have weighed well your conduct, my dear life," raising me to his bosom; "and I find an uniformity in it, that is surprisingly just."

He led me to the tea-table, and sat down close by me. Polly came in. "If every thing," said he, "be here, that your lady wants, you may withdraw; and let Colbrand and Abraham know I shall be with them presently. Nobody shall wait upon me but you, my dear." Polly withdrew.

"I always *loved* you, my dearest," added he, "and that with a passionate fondness, which has not, I dare say, many examples in the married life: but I *revere* you now. And so great is my reverence for your virtue, that I chose to sit up all night, to leave you for a few days, until, by disengaging myself from all intercourses that have given you uneasiness, I can convince you, that I have rendered myself as worthy as I can be, of you upon your own terms. I will account to you for every step I *shall* take, and will reveal to you every step I have taken: for this I *can* do, because the lady's honour is untainted, and wicked rumour has treated her worse than she could deserve."

I told him, that since *he* had named the lady, I would take the liberty to say, I was glad, for her own sake, to hear that. Changing the subject a little precipitately, as if it gave him pain, he told me, as above, that I might prepare on Friday for

Kent; and I parted with him with greater pleasure than ever I did in my life. So necessary sometimes are afflictions, not only to teach one how to subdue one's passions, and to make us, in our happiest states, know we are still on earth, but even when they are overblown to augment and redouble our joys!

I am now giving orders for my journey, and quitting this undelightful town, as it has been, and is, to me. My next will be from Kent, I hope; and I may then have an opportunity to acquaint your ladyship with the particulars, and (if God answers my prayers), the conclusion of the affair, which has given me so much uneasiness.

Meantime, I am, with the greatest gratitude, for the kind share you have taken in my past afflictions, my good lady, *your ladyship's most obliged sister and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LXXVI

My dearest Pamela,

Inclosed are all the letters you send for. I rejoice with you upon the turn this afflicting affair has taken, through your inimitable prudence, and a courage I thought not in you. A wretch! — to give you so much discomposure! — But I will not, if he be good now, rave against him, as I was going to do. I am impatient to hear what account he gives of the matter. I hope he will be able to abandon this — I won't call her names; for she loves the wretch; and that, if he be just to *you*, will be her punishment.

What care ought these young widows to take of their reputation? — And how watchful ought they to be over themselves! — She was hardly out of her weeds, and yet must go to a masquerade, and tempt her fate, with all her passions about her, with an independence, and an affluence of fortune, that made her able to think of nothing but gratifying them.

She has good qualities — is generous — is noble — but has strong passions, and is thoughtless and precipitant.

My lord came home last Tuesday, with a long story of my brother and her: for I had kept the matter as secret as I could, for his sake and yours. It seems he had it from Sir John —— , uncle to the young Lord C., who is very earnest to bring on a treaty of marriage between her and his nephew, who is in love with her, and is a fine young gentleman; but has held back, on the liberties she has lately given herself with my brother.

I hope she is innocent, as to fact; but I know not what to say to it. He ought to be hanged, if he did not say she was. Yet I have great opinion of his veracity: and yet he is so bold a wretch! — And her inconsideration is so great!

But lest I should alarm your fears, I will wait till I have the account he gives you of this dark affair; till when, I congratulate you upon the leave you have obtained to quit the town, and on your setting out for a place so much nearer to Tunbridge. Forgive me, Pamela; but he is an intriguing wretch, and I would not have you to be too secure, lest the disappointment should be worse for you, than what you knew before: but assure yourself, that I am in all cases and events, *your affectionate sister and admirer*,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXXVII

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,

Mr. B. came back from Bedfordshire to his time. Every thing being in readiness, we set out with my baby, and his nurse. Mrs. Jervis, when every thing in London is settled by her direction, goes to Bedfordshire.

We were met by my father and mother in a chaise and pair, which your kind brother had presented to them unknown to me, that they might often take the air together, and go to church in it (which is at some distance) on Sundays. The driver is clothed in a good brown cloth suit, but no livery; for that my parents could not have borne, as Mr. B.'s goodness made him consider.

Your ladyship must needs think, how we were all overjoyed at this meeting: for my own part I cannot express how much I was transported when we arrived at the farm-house, to see all I delighted in, upon one happy spot together.

Mr. B. is much pleased with the alterations here: and it is a sweet, rural, and convenient place.

We were welcomed into these parts by the bells, and by the minister, and people of most note; and were at church together on Sunday.

Mr. B. is to set out on Tuesday for Tunbridge, with my papers. A happy issue, attend that affair, I pray God! He has given me the following particulars of it, to the time of my trial, beginning at the masquerade.

He says, that at the masquerade, when, pleased with the fair Nun's shape, air and voice, he had followed her to a corner most unobserved, she said in Italian, "Why are my retirements invaded, audacious Spaniard?"— "Because, my dear Nun, I hope you would have it so."

"I can no otherwise," returned she, "strike dead thy bold presumption, than to shew thee my scorn and anger thus!"— "And she unmasking surprised me," said Mr. B., "with a face as beautiful, but not so soft as my Pamela's."— "And I," said Mr. B., "to shew I can defy your resentment, will shew you a countenance as intrepid as yours is lovely." And so he drew aside his mask too.

He says, he observed his fair Nun to be followed wherever she went, by a mask habited like Testimony in Sir Courtly Nice, whose attention was fixed upon her and him; and he doubted not, that it was Mr. Turner. So he and the fair Nun took different ways, and he joined me and Miss Darnford, and found me engaged as I before related to your ladyship, and his Nun at his elbow unexpected.

That afterwards as he was engaged in French with a lady who had the dress of an Indian Princess, and the mask of an Ethiopian, his fair Nun said, in broken Spanish, “Art thou at all complexions? — By St. Ignatius, I believe thou’rt a rover!”

“I am trying,” replied he in Italian, “whether I can meet with any lady comparable to my lovely Nun.”

“And what is the result?”— “Not one: no not one.”— “I wish you could not help being in earnest,” said she; and slid from him.

He engaged her next at the sideboard, drinking under her veil a glass of Champaign. “You know, Pamela,” said he, “there never was a sweeter mouth in the world than the Countess’s except your own.” She drew away the glass, as if unobserved by any body, to shew me the lower part of her face.

“I cannot say, but I was struck with her charming manner, and an unreservedness of air and behaviour, that I had not before seen so becoming. The place, and the freedom of conversation and deportment allowed there, gave her great advantages in my eye, although her habit required, as I thought, a little more gravity and circumspection: and I could not tell how to resist a secret pride and vanity, which is but too natural to both sexes, when they are taken notice of by persons so worthy of regard.

“Naturally fond of every thing that carried the face of an intrigue, I longed to know who this charming Nun was. And next time I engaged her, ‘My good sister,’ said I, ‘how happy should I be, if I might be admitted to a conversation with you at your grate!’

“‘Answer me,’ said she, ‘thou bold Spaniard,’ (for that was a name she seemed fond of, which gave me to imagine, that boldness was a qualification she was not displeased with. ’Tis not unusual with our vain sex,” observed he, “to construe even reproaches to our advantage,”) ‘is the lady here, whose shackles thou wearest?’— ‘Do I look like a man shackled, my fairest Nun?’— ‘No — no! not much like such an one. But I fancy thy wife is either a *Widow* or a *Quaker*.’— ‘Neither,’ replied I, taking, by equivocation, her question literally.

“‘And art thou not a married wretch? Answer me quickly! — We are observed.’— ‘No,’ said I.— ‘Swear to me, thou art not.’— ‘By St. Ignatius, then;’ for, my dear, I was no *wretch*, you know.— ‘Enough!’ said she, and slid away; and the Fanatic would fain have engaged her, but she avoided him as industriously.

“Before I was aware, she was at my elbow, and, in Italian, said, ‘That fair Quaker, yonder, is the wit of the assemblée; her eyes seem always directed to thy motions; and her person shews some intimacies have passed with somebody; is it

with thee?'— 'It would be my glory if it was,' said I, 'were her face answerable to her person.'— 'Is it not?'— 'I long to know,'" replied Mr. B.— "I am glad thou dost not."— "I am glad to hear my fair Nun say that."— "Dost thou," said she, "hate shackles? Or is it, that thy hour is not yet come?"

"I wish," replied he, "this be not the hour, the very hour!" pretending (naughty gentleman! — What ways these men have!) to sigh.

She went again to the side-board, and put her handkerchief upon it. Mr. B. followed, and observed all her motions. She drank a glass of lemonade, as he of Burgundy; and a person in a domino, supposed to be the King, passing by, took up every one's attention but Mr. B.'s who eyed her handkerchief, not doubting but she laid it there on purpose to forget to take it up. Accordingly she left it there; and slipping by him, he, unobserved, as he believes, put it in his pocket, and at the corner found the cover of a letter— "To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of — —"

That after this, the fair Nun was so shy, so reserved, and seemed so studiously to avoid him, that he had no opportunity to return her handkerchief; and the Fanatic observing how she shunned him, said, in French, "What, Monsieur, have you done to your Nun?"

"I found her to be a very coquette; and told her so; and she is offended."

"How could you affront a lady," replied he, "with such a *charming face?*

"By that I had reason to think," said Mr. B., "that he had seen her unmask; and I said, 'It becomes not any character, but that you wear, to pry into the secrets of others, in order to make ill-natured remarks, and perhaps to take ungentlemanlike advantages.'"

"No man should make that observation," returned he, "whose views would bear prying into."

"I was nettled," said Mr. B., "at this warm retort, and drew aside my mask: 'Nor would any man, who wore not a mask, tell me so!'

"He took not the challenge, and slid from me, and I saw him no more that night."

"So!" thought I, "another instance this might have been of the glorious consequences of masquerading." O my lady, these masquerades are abominable things!

The King, they said, met with a free speaker that night: in truth, I was not very sorry for it; for if monarchs will lay aside their sovereign distinctions, and mingle thus in masquerade with the worst as well as the highest (I cannot say *best*) of their subjects, let 'em take the consequence. Perhaps they might have a chance to hear more truth here than in their palaces — the only good that possibly can accrue from them — that is to say, if they made a good use of it when they heard

it. For you see, my monarch, though he told the truth, as it happened, received the hint with more resentment than thankfulness! — So, 'tis too likely did the monarch of us both.

And now, my lady, you need not doubt, that so polite a gentleman would find an opportunity to return the Nun her handkerchief! — To be sure he would: for what man of honour would rob a lady of any part of her apparel? And should he, that wanted to steal a heart content himself with a handkerchief? — No no, that was not to be expected. So, what does he do, but resolve, the very next day, after dinner, to pursue this affair: accordingly, the poor Quaker little thinking of the matter, away goes her naughty Spaniard, to find out his Nun at her grate, or in her parlour rather.

He asks for the Countess. Is admitted into the outward parlour — her woman comes down; requires his name and business. His name he mentioned not. His business was, to restore into her lady's own hands, something she had dropt the night before. — Was desired to wait.

I should have said, that he was dressed very richly — having no design at all to make conquests; no, not he! — O this wicked love of intrigue! — A kind of olive-coloured velvet, and fine brocaded waistcoat. I said, when he took leave of me, "You're a charming Mr. B.," and saluted him, more pressingly than he returned it; but little did I think, when I plaited so smooth his rich laced ruffles, and bosom, where he was going, or what he had in his plotting heart. He went in his own chariot, that he did: so that he had no design to conceal who he was — But intrigue, a new conquest, vanity, pride! — O these men! — They had need talk of ladies! — But it is half our own fault, indeed it is, to encourage their vanity.

Well, Madam, he waited till his stateliness was moved to send up again, that he would wait on her ladyship some other time. So down she came, dressed most richly, jewels in her breast, and in her hair, and ears — But with a very reserved and stately air. He approached her — Methinks I see him, dear saucy gentleman. You know, Madam, what a noble manner of address he has.

He took the handkerchief from his bosom with an air; and kissing it, presented it to her, saying, "This happy estray, thus restored, begs leave, by me, to acknowledge its lovely owner!"

"What mean you, Sir? — Who are you, Sir? — What mean you?"

"Your ladyship will excuse me: but I am incapable of meaning any thing but what is honourable." — (*No, to be sure*)— "This, Madam, you left last night, when the domino took up every one's attention but mine, which was much better engaged; and I take the liberty to restore it to you."

She turned to the mark; a coronet at one corner, "'Tis true, Sir, I see now it is one of mine: but such a trifle was not worthy of being brought by such a

gentleman as you seem to be; nor of my trouble to receive it in person. Your servant, Sir, might have delivered the bagatelle to mine."— "Nothing should be called so that belongs to the Countess of — —"— "She was no Countess, Sir, that *dropt* that handkerchief, and a gentleman would not attempt to penetrate, *unbecomingly*, through the disguises a lady thinks proper to assume; especially at such a place where every enquiry should begin and end."

This, Madam, from a lady, who had unmasked — because *she would not be known*! — Very pretty, indeed! — Oh! these slight cobweb airs of modesty! so easily seen through. Hence such advantages against us are taken by the men. She had looked out of her window, and seen no arms quartered with his own; for you know, my lady, I would never permit any to be procured for me: so, she doubted not, it seems, but he was an unmarried gentleman, as he had intimated to her the night before. He told her it was impossible, after having seen the finest lady in the world, not to wish to see her again; and that he hoped he did not, *unbecomingly*, break through her ladyship's reserves: nor had he made any enquiries, either on the spot, or off it; having had a much better direction by accident.

"As how, Sir?" said she, as he told me, with so bewitching an air, between attentive and pleasant, that, bold gentleman, forgetting all manner of distance, so early too! he clasped his arms around her waist, and saluted her, struggling with anger and indignation, he says; but I think little of that!

"Whence this insolence? How, now, Sir! Begone!" were her words, and she rung the bell; but he set his back against the door — (I never heard such boldness in my life, Madam!) — till she would forgive him. And, it is plain, she was not so angry as she pretended: for her woman coming, she was calmer;— "Nelthorpe," said she, "fetch my snuff box, with the lavender in it."

Her woman went; and then she said, "You told me, Sir, last night, of your intrepidness: I think you are the boldest man I ever met with: but, Sir, surely you ought to know, that you are not now in the Haymarket."

I think, truly, Madam, the lady might have saved herself that speech: for, upon my word, they neither of them wore masks — Though they ought to have put on one of blushes — I am sure I do for them, while I am writing. Her irresistible loveliness served for an excuse, that she could not disapprove from a man she disliked not: and his irresistible — may I say, assurance, Madam? — found too ready an excuse.

"Well, but, Sir," said I, "pray, when her ladyship was made acquainted that you were a married gentleman, how then? — Pray, did *she* find it out, or did *you* tell her?"— "Patience, my dear!"— "Well pray, Sir, go on. — What was next?"

"Why, next, I put on a more respectful and tender air: I would have taken her hand indeed, but she would not permit it; and when she saw I would not go till her

lavender snuff came down (for so I told her, and her woman was not in haste), she seated herself, and I sat by her, and began to talk about a charming lady I saw the night before, after parting with her ladyship, but not equal by any means to her: and I was confident this would engage her attention; for I never knew the lady who thought herself handsome, that was not taken by this topic. Flattery and admiration, Pamela, are the two principal engines by which our sex make their first approaches to yours; and if you listen to us, we are sure, either by the sap or the mine, to succeed, and blow you up when ever we please, if we do but take care to suit ourselves to your particular foibles; or, to carry on the metaphor, point our batteries to your weak side — for the strongest fortresses, my dear, are weaker in one place than another."— "A fine thing, Sir," said I, "to be so learned a gentleman!"— "I wish, however," thought I, "you had always come honestly by your knowledge."

"When the lavender snuff came down, we were engaged in an agreeable disputation, which I had raised on purpose to excite her opposition, she having all the advantage in it; and in order to my giving it up, when she was intent upon it, as a mark of my consideration for her."

"I the less wonder, Sir," said I, "at your boldness (pardon the word!) with such a lady, in your first visit, because of her freedoms, when masked, her unmasking, and her handkerchief, and letter cover. To be sure, the lady, when she saw, next day, such a fine gentleman and handsome equipage, had little reason, after her other freedoms, to be so very nice with you as to decline an ensnaring conversation, calculated on purpose to engage her attention, and to lengthen out your visit. But did she not ask you who you were?"

"Her servants did of mine. And her woman (for I knew all afterwards, when we were better acquainted), whispered her lady, that I was Mr. B. of Bedfordshire; and had an immense estate, to which they were so kind as to add two or three thousand pounds a year, out of pure good will to me: I thank them."

"But pray, dear Sir, what had you in view in all this? Did you intend to carry this matter, at first, as far as ever you could?"— "I had, at first, my dear, no view, but such as pride and vanity suggested to me. I was carried away by inconsideration, and the love of intrigue, without even thinking about the consequences. The lady, I observed, had abundance of fine qualities. I thought I could converse with her, on a very agreeable foot, and her honour I knew, at any time, would preserve me mine, if ever I should find it in danger; and, in my soul, I preferred my Pamela to all the ladies on earth, and questioned not, but that, and your virtue, would be another barrier to my fidelity.

"In a word, therefore, pride, vanity, thoughtlessness, were my misguiders, as I said. The Countess's honour and character, and your virtue and merit, my dear,

and my obligations to you, were my defences: but I find one should avoid the first appearances of evil. One knows not one's own strength. 'Tis presumptuous to depend upon it, where wit and beauty are in the way on one side, and youth and strong passions on the other."

"You certainly, Sir, say right. But be pleased to tell me what her ladyship said when she knew you were married."— "The Countess's woman was in my interest, and let me into some of her lady's secrets, having a great share in her confidence; and particularly acquainted me, how loth her lady was to believe I was married. I had paid her three visits in town, and one to her seat upon the Forest, before she heard that I was. But when she was assured of it, and directed her Nelthorpe to ask me about it, and I readily owned it, she was greatly incensed, though nothing but general civilities, and intimacies not inconsistent with honourable friendship, had passed between us. The consequence was, she forbad my ever seeing her again, and set out with her sister and the Viscount for Tunbridge, where she staid about three weeks.

"I thought I had already gone too far, and blamed myself for permitting her so long to believe me single; and here the matter had dropped, in all probability, had not a ball, given by my Lord —— , to which, unknown to each other, we were both, as also the Viscountess, invited, brought us again together. The lady soon withdrew, with her sister, to another apartment; and being resolved upon personal recrimination (which is what a lady, who is resolved to break with a favoured object, should never trust herself with,) sent for me, and reproached me on my conduct, in which her sister joined.

"I owned frankly, that gaiety, rather than design, made me give cause, at the masquerade, for her ladyship to think I was not married; for that I had a wife, with a thousand excellencies, who was my pride, and my boast: that I held it very possible for a gentleman and lady to carry on an innocent and honourable friendship, in a *family* way; and I was sure, when she and her sister saw my spouse, they would not be displeased with her acquaintance; all that I had to reproach myself with, was, that after having, at the masquerade, given reason to think I was not married, I had been both, *officiously*, to say I was, although I never intended to conceal it. In short, I acquitted myself so well with both ladies, that a family intimacy was consented to. I renewed my visits; and we accounted to one another's honour, by entering upon a kind of Platonic system, in which sex was to have no manner of concern.

"But, my dear Pamela, I must own myself extremely blameable, because I knew the world and human nature, I will say, better than the lady, who never before had been trusted into it upon her own feet: and who, notwithstanding that wit and vivacity which every one admires in her, gave herself little time for

consideration. I ought, therefore, to have more carefully guarded against inconveniencies, which I knew were so likely to arise from such intimacies; and the rather, as I hinted, because the lady had no apprehension at all of any: so that, my dear, if I have no excuse from human frailty, from youth, and the charms of the object, I am entirely destitute of any."

"I see, Mr. B.," said I, "there is a great deal to be said for the lady. I wish I could say there was for the gentleman. But such a fine lady had been safe, with all her inconsideration; and so (forgive me. Sir,) would the gentleman, with all his intriguing spirit, had it not been for these vile masquerades. Never, dear Sir, think of going to another."— "Why, my dear, those are least of all to be trusted at these diversions, who are most desirous to go to them. — Of this I am now fully convinced."— "Well, Sir, I long to hear more particulars of this story: for this generous openness, now the affair is over, cannot but be grateful to me, as it shews me you have no reserve, and tends to convince me, that the lady was less blameable than I apprehended: for I love, for the honour of my sex, to find ladies of birth and quality innocent, who have so many opportunities of knowing and practising their duties, above what meaner persons can have."

"Well observed, my dear: this is like your generous and deep way of thinking."

"But, dear Sir, proceed — Your reconciliation is now effected; a friendship quadripartite is commenced. And the Viscountess and I are to find cement for the erecting of an edifice, that is to be devoted to Platonic love. What, may I ask, came next? And what did you design should come of it?"

"The Oxford journey, my dear, followed next; and it was my fault you were not a party in it, both ladies being very desirous of your company: but it was the time you were not going abroad, after your lying-in, so I excused you to them. Yet they both longed to see you: especially as by this time, you may believe, they knew all your story: and besides, whenever you were mentioned, I did justice, as well to your mind, as to your person."

"Well, Sir, to be sure this was very kind; and little was I disposed (knowing what I did,) to pass so favourable a construction in your generosity to me."

"My question to her ladyship at going away, whether you were not the charmingest girl in the world, which seeing you both together, rich as she was drest, and plain as you, gave me the double pleasure (a pleasure she said afterwards I exulted in,) of deciding in your favour; my readiness to explain to you what we both said, and her not ungenerous answer, I thought entitled me to a better return than a flood of tears; which confirmed me that your past uneasiness was a jealousy I was not willing to allow in you: though I should have been more indulgent to it had I known the grounds you thought you had for it: and for this reason I left you so abruptly as I did."

Here, Madam, Mr. B. broke off, referring to another time the conclusion of his narrative. I will here close this letter (though possibly I may not send it, till I send the conclusion of this story in my next,) with the assurance that I am *your ladyship's obliged sister and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LXXVIII

My dear lady,

Now I will proceed with my former subject: and with the greater pleasure, as what follows makes still more in favour of the Countess's character, than what went before, although that set it in a better light than it had once appeared to me in. I began as follows:

"Will you be pleased, Sir, to favour me with the continuation of our last subject?"— "I will, my dear."— "You left off, Sir, with acquitting me for breaking out into that flood of tears, which occasioned your abrupt departure. But, dear Sir, will you be pleased, to satisfy me about that affecting information, of your intention and my lady's to live at Tunbridge together?"

"'Tis absolute malice and falsehood. Our intimacy had not proceeded so far; and, thoughtless as my sister's letters suppose the lady, she would have spurned at such a proposal, I dare say."

"Well, but then, Sir, as to the expression to her uncle, that she had rather have been a certain gentleman's second wife?"

"I believe she might, in a passion, say something like it to him: he had been teazing her (from the time that I held an argument in favour of that foolish topic *polygamy*, in his company and his niece's, and in that of her sister and the Viscount,) with cautions against conversing with a man, who, having, as he was pleased to say behind my back, married beneath him, wanted to engage the affections of a lady of birth, in order to recover, by doubling that fault upon her, his lost reputation.

"She despised his insinuation enough to answer him, that she thought my arguments in behalf of *polygamy* were convincing. This set him a raving, and he threw some coarse reflections upon her, which could not be repeated, if one may guess at them, by her being unable to tell me them; and then to vex him more, and to revenge herself, she said something like what was reported: which was handle enough for her uncle; who took care to propagate it with an indiscretion peculiar to himself; for I heard it in three different companies, before I knew any thing of it from herself; and when I did, it was so repeated, as you, my dear, would hardly have censured her for it, the provocation considered."

"Well, but then, dear Sir, there is nothing at all amiss, at this rate, in the correspondence between my lady and you?"

"Not on her side, I dare say, if her ladyship can be excused to punctilio, and for having a greater esteem for a married man, than he can deserve, or than may be strictly defended to a person of your purity and niceness."

“Well, Sir, this is very noble in you. I love to hear the gentlemen generous in points where the honour of our sex is concerned. But pray. Sir, what then was there on *your* side, in that matter, that made you give me so patient and so kind a hearing?”

“Now, my dear, you come to the point: at first it was nothing in me but vanity, pride, and love of intrigue, to try my strength, where I had met with some encouragement, as I thought, at the masquerade; where the lady went farther, too, than she would have done, had she not thought I was a single man. For, by what I have told you, Pamela, you will observe, that she tried to satisfy herself on that head, as soon as she well could. Mrs. Nelthorpe acquainted me afterwards, when better known to each other, that her lady was so partial in my favour, (who can always govern their fancies, my dear?) as to think, so early as at the masquerade, that if every thing answered appearances, and that I were a single man, she, who has a noble and independent fortune, might possibly be induced to make me happy in her choice.

“Supposing, then, that I was unmarried, she left a signal for me in her handkerchief. I visited her; had the honour, after the customary first shyness, of being well received; and continued my visits, till, perhaps, she would have been glad I had not been married, but on finding I was, she avoided me, as I have told you, till the accident I mentioned threw us again upon each other: which renewed our intimacy upon terms you would think too inconsiderable on one side, and too designing on the other.

“For myself, what can I say? only that you gave me great disgusts (without cause, as I thought,) by your unwonted reception of me, ever in tears and grief; the Countess ever cheerful and lively; and fearing that your temper was entirely changing, I believe I had no bad excuse to try to make myself easy and cheerful abroad, since my home became more irksome to me than ever I believed it could be. Then, as we naturally love those who love us, I had vanity, and some reason for my vanity (indeed all vain men believe they have,) to think the Countess had more than an indifference for me. She was so exasperated by the wrong methods taken with an independent lady of her generous spirit, to break off our acquaintance, that, in revenge, she denied me less than ever opportunities of her company. The pleasure we took in each other’s conversation was reciprocal. The world’s reports had united us in one common cause: and you, as I said, had made home less delightful to me than it used to be: what might not then have been apprehended from so many circumstances concurring with the lady’s beauty and my frailty?

“I waited on her to Tunbridge. She took a house there. Where people’s tongues will take so much liberty, without any foundation, and where the utmost

circumspection is used, what will they not say, where so little of the latter is observed? No wonder, then, that terms were said to be agreed upon between us: from her uncle's story, of polygamy proposed by me, and seemingly agreed to by her, no wonder that all your Thomasine Fuller's information was surmised. Thus stood the matter, when I was determined to give your cause for uneasiness a hearing, and to take my measures according to what should result from that hearing."

"From this account, dear Sir," said I, "it will not be so difficult, as I feared, to end this affair even to her *ladyship's* satisfaction."— "I hope not, my dear."— "But if, now, Sir, the Countess should still be desirous not to break with you; from so charming a lady, who knows what may happen!"

"Very true, Pamela; but to make you still easier, I will tell you that her ladyship has a first cousin married to a person going with a public character to several of the Italian courts, and, had it not been for my persuasions, she would have accepted of their earnest invitations, and passed a year or two in Italy, where she once resided for three years together, which makes her so perfect a mistress of Italian.

"Now I will let her know, additionally to what I have written to her, the uneasiness I have given you, and, so far as it is proper, what is come to your ears, and your generous account of her, and the charms of her person, of which she will not be a little proud; for she has really noble and generous sentiments, and thinks well (though her sister, in pleasantry, will have it a little enviously,) of you; and when I shall endeavour to persuade her to go, for the sake of her own character, to a place and country of which she was always fond, I am apt to think she will come into it; for she has a greater opinion of my judgment than it deserves: and I know a young lord, who may be easily persuaded to follow her thither, and bring her back his lady, if he can obtain her consent: and what say you, Pamela, to this?"

"O, Sir! I believe I shall begin to love the lady dearly, and that is what I never thought I should. I hope this will be brought about.

"But I see, give me leave to say, Sir, how dangerously you might both have gone on, under the notion of this Platonic love, till two precious souls had been lost: and this shews one, as well in spirituals as temporals, from what slight beginnings the greatest mischiefs sometimes spring; and how easily at first a breach may be stopped, that, when neglected, the waves of passion will widen till they bear down all before them."

"Your observation, my dear, is just," replied Mr. B., "and though, I am confident the lady was more in earnest than myself in the notion of Platonic love, yet I am convinced, and always was, that Platonic love is Platonic nonsense: 'tis

the fly buzzing about the blaze, till its wings are scorched; or, to speak still stronger, it is a bait of the devil to catch the unexperienced, and thoughtless: nor ought such notions to be pretended to, till the parties are five or ten years on the other side of their grand climateric: for age, old age, and nothing else, must establish the barriers to Platonic love. But this was my comparative consolation, though a very bad one, that had I swerved, I should not have given the only instance, where persons more scrupulous than I pretended to be, have begun friendships even with spiritual views, and ended them as grossly as I could have done, were the lady to have been as frail as her tempter."

Here Mr. B. finished his narrative. He is now set out for Tunbridge with all my papers. I have no doubt in his honour and kind assurances, and hope my next will be a joyful letter; and that I shall inform you in it, that the affair which went so near my heart, is absolutely concluded to my satisfaction, to Mr. B.'s and the Countess's; for if it be so to all three, my happiness, I doubt not, will be founded on a permanent basis. Meantime I am, my dear good lady, *your most affectionate, and obliged sister and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LXXIX

A new misfortune, my dear lady! — But this is of God Almighty's sending; so I must bear it patiently. My dear baby is taken with the small-pox! — To how many troubles are the happiest of us subjected in this life! One need not multiply them by one's own wilful mismanagements! — I am able to mind nothing else!

I had so much joy (as I told your ladyship in the beginning of my last letter but one) to see, on our arrival at the farm-house, my dearest Mr. B., my beloved baby, and my good parents, all upon one happy spot, that I fear I was too proud — Yet I was truly thankful, I am sure! — But I had, notwithstanding too much pride, and too much pleasure, on this happy occasion.

I said, in my last, that your dear brother set out on Tuesday morning for Tunbridge with my papers; and I longed to know the result, hoping that every thing would be concluded to the satisfaction of all three: "For," thought I, "if this be so, my happiness must be permanent:" but alas! there is nothing permanent in this life. I feel it by experience now! — I knew it before by theory: but that was not so near and interesting by half.

For, with all my pleasures and hopes; in the midst of my dear parents' joy and congratulations on our arrival, and on what had passed so happily since we were last here together, (in the birth of the dear child, and my safety, for which they had been so apprehensive,) the poor baby was taken ill. It was on that very Tuesday his papa set out for Tunbridge; but we knew not it would be the small-pox till Thursday. O Madam! how are all the pleasures I had formed to myself sickened now upon me! for my Billy is very bad.

They talk of a kind sort: but alas: they talk at random: for they come not out at all! — I fear the nurse's constitution is too hale and too rich for the dear baby! — Had *I* been permitted — But hush, all my repining *ifs!* — except one *if*; and that is, *if* it be got happily over, it will be best he had it so young, and while at the breast! —

Oh! Madam, Madam! the small appearance that there was is gone in again: and my child, my dear baby, will die! The doctors seem to think so.

They wanted to send for Mr. B. to keep me from him! — But I forbid it! — For what signifies life, or any thing, if I cannot see my baby, while he is so dangerously ill!

My father and mother are, for the first time, quite cruel to me; they have forbid me, and I never was so desirous of disobeying them before, to attend the darling of my heart: and why? — For fear of this poor face! — For fear I should get it myself! — But I am living very low, and have taken proper precautions by

bleeding, and the like, to lessen the distemper's fury, if I should have it; and the rest I leave to Providence. And if Mr. B.'s value is confined so much to this poor transitory sightliness, he must not break with his Countess, I think; and if I am ever so deformed in person, my poor intellects, I hope will not be impaired, and I shall, if God spare my Billy, be useful in his first education, and be helpful to dear Miss Goodwin — or to any babies — with all my heart — he may make me an humble nurse too! — How peevish, sinfully so, I doubt, does this accident, and their affectionate contradiction, make one!

I have this moment received the following from Mr. B.

Maidstone.

"My dearest love,

"I am greatly touched with the dear boy's malady, of which I have this moment heard. I desire you instantly to come to me hither, in the chariot with the bearer, Colbrand. I know what your grief must be: but as you can do the child no good, I beg you'll oblige me. Everything is in a happy train; but I can think only of you, and (for your sake principally, but not a little for *my own*) my boy. I will set out to meet you; for I choose not to come myself, lest you should try to persuade me to permit your tarrying about him; and I should be sorry to deny you any thing. I have taken handsome apartments for you, till the event, which I pray God may be happy, shall better determinate me what to do. I will be ever *your affectionate and faithful*."

Maidstone indeed is not so very far off, but one may hear every day, once or twice, by a man and horse; so I will go, to shew my obedience, since Mr. B. is so intent upon it — But I cannot live, if I am not permitted to come back — Oh! let me be enabled, gracious Father! to close this letter more happily than I have begun it!

I have been so dreadfully uneasy at Maidstone, that Mr. B. has been so good as to return with me hither; and I find my baby's case not yet quite desperate — I am easier now I see him, in presence of his beloved papa who lets me have all my way, and approves of my preparative method for myself; and he tells me that since I will have it so, he will indulge me in my attendance on the child, and endeavour to imitate my reliance on God — that is his kind expression — and leave the issue to him. And on my telling him, that I feared nothing in the distemper, but the loss of his love, he said, in presence of the doctors, and my father and mother, pressing my hand to his lips— "My dearest life, make yourself easy under this affliction, and apprehend nothing for yourself: I love you more, for your mind than for your face. That and your person will be the same; and were that sweet face to be covered with seams and scars, I will value you the more for the misfortune: and glad I am, that I had your picture so well drawn in town, to

satisfy those who have heard of your loveliness, what you were, and hitherto are. For myself, my admiration lies deeper;" and, drawing me to the other end of the room, whisperingly he said, "The last uneasiness between us, I now begin to think, was necessary, because it has turned all my delight in you, more than ever, to the perfections of your mind: and so God preserves to me the life of my Pamela, I care not for my own part, what ravages the distemper makes here," and tapped my cheek. — How generous, how noble, how comforting was this!

When I went from my apartment, to go to my child, my dear Mr. B. met me at the nursery door, and led me back again. "You must not go in again, my dearest. They have just been giving the child other things to try to drive out the malady; and some pustules seem to promise on his breast." I made no doubt, my baby was then in extremity; and I would have given the world to have shed a few tears, but I could not.

With the most soothing goodness he led me to my desk, and withdrew to attend the dear baby himself — to see his last gaspings, poor little lamb, I make no doubt!

In this suspense, my own strange hardness of heart would not give up one tear, for the passage from *that* to my *eyes* seemed quite choaked up, which used to be so open and ready on other occasions, affecting ones too.

Two days have passed, dreadful days of suspense: and now, blessed be God! who has given me hope that our prayers are heard, the pustules come kindly out, very thick in his breast, and on his face: but of a good sort, they tell me. — They won't let me see him; indeed they won't! — What cruel kindness is this! One must believe all they tell one!

But, my dear lady, my spirits are so weak; I have such a violent headache, and have such a strange shivering disorder all running down my back, and I was so hot just now, and am so cold at this present — aguishly inclined — I don't know how! that I must leave off, the post going away, with the assurance, that I am, and will be, to the last hour of my life, *your ladyship's grateful and obliged sister and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER LXXX

From Mr. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I take very kindly your solicitude for the health of my beloved Pamela. The last line she wrote was to you, for she took to her bed the moment she laid down her pen.

I told her your kind message, and wishes for her safety, by my lord's gentleman; and she begged I would write a line to thank you in her name for your affectionate regards to her.

She is in a fine way to do well: for with her accustomed prudence, she had begun to prepare herself by a proper regimen, the moment she knew the child's illness was the small-pox.

The worst is over with the boy, which keeps up her spirits; and her mother is so excellent a nurse to both, and we are so happy likewise in the care of a skilful physician, Dr. M. (who directs and approves of every thing the good dame does,) that it is a singular providence this malady seized them here; and affords no small comfort to the dear creature herself.

When I tell you, that, to all appearance, her charming face will not receive any disfigurement by this cruel enemy to beauty, I am sure you will congratulate me upon a felicity so desirable: but were it to be otherwise, if I were capable of slighting a person, whose principal beauties are much deeper than the skin, I should deserve to be thought the most unworthy and superficial of husbands.

Whatever your notions have been, my ever-ready censuring Lady Davers, of your brother, on a certain affair, I do assure you, that I never did, and never can, love any woman as I love my Pamela.

It is indeed impossible I can ever love her better than I do; and her outward beauties are far from being indifferent to me; yet, if I know myself, I am sure I have justice enough to love her *equally*, and generosity enough to be *more tender* of her, were she to suffer by this distemper. But, as her humility, and her affection to me, would induce her to think herself under greater obligation to me, for such my tenderness to her, were she to lose any the *least* valuable of her perfections, I rejoice that she will have no reason for mortification on that score.

My respects to Lord Davers, and your noble neighbours. I am, *your affectionate brother, and humble servant*.

LETTER LXXXI

From Lady Davers, in answer to the preceding.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I do most heartily congratulate you on the recovery of Master Billy, and the good way my sister is in. I am the more rejoiced, as her sweet face is not like to suffer by the malady; for, be the beauties of the mind what they will, those of the person are no small recommendation, with some folks, I am sure; and I began to be afraid, that when it was hardly possible for *both conjoined* to keep a roving mind constant, that *one only* would not be sufficient.

This news gives me more pleasure, because I am well informed, that a certain gay lady was pleased to give herself airs upon learning of my sister's illness, as, That she would not be sorry for it; for now she should look upon herself as the prettiest woman in England. — She meant only, I suppose, as to *outward* prettiness, brother!

You give me the name of a *ready censurer*. I own, I think myself to be not a little interested in all that regards my brother, and his honour. But when some people are not readier to *censure*, than others to *trespass*, I know not whether they can with justice be styled censorious.

But however that be, the rod seems to have been held up, as a warning — and that the blow, in the irreparable deprivation, is not given, is a mercy, which I hope will be deserved; though you never can those very signal ones you receive at the Divine hands, beyond any man I know. For even (if I shall not be deemed censorious again) your very vices have been turned to your felicity, as if God would try the nobleness of the heart he has given you, by overcoming you (in answer to my sister's constant prayers, as well as mine) by mercies rather than by judgments.

I might give instances of the truth of this observation, in almost all the actions and attempts of your past life; and take care (if you *are* displeased, I *will* speak it), take care, thou bold wretch, that if this method be ungratefully slighted, the uplifted arm fall not down with double weight on thy devoted head!

I must always love and honour my brother, but cannot help speaking my mind: which, after all, is the natural result of that very love and honour, and which obliges me to style myself *your truly affectionate sister*,

B. Davers.

LETTER LXXXII

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,

My first letter, and my first devoirs, after those of thankfulness to that gracious God, who has so happily conducted me through two such heavy trials, as my child's and my own illness, must be directed to you, with all due acknowledgment of your generous and affectionate concern for me.

We are now preparing for our journey to Bedfordshire; and there, to my great satisfaction, I am to be favoured with the care of Miss Goodwin.

After tarrying about a month there, Mr. B. will make a tour with me through several counties (taking the Hall in the way) for about a fortnight, and shew me what is remarkable, every where as we pass; for this, he thinks, will better contribute to my health, than any other method. The distemper has left upon me a kind of weariness and listlessness; and he proposes to be out with me till the Bath season begins; and by the aid of those healing and balsamic waters, he hopes, I shall be quite established. Afterwards to return to Bedfordshire for a little while; then to London; and then to Kent; and, if nothing hinders, has a great mind to carry me over to Paris.

Thus most kindly does he amuse and divert me with his agreeable proposals. But I have made one amendment to them; and that is, that I must not be denied to pay my respects to your ladyship, at your seat, and to my good Lady Countess in the same neighbourhood, and this will be far from being the least of my pleasures.

I have had congratulations without number upon my recovery; but one, among the rest, I did not expect; from the Countess Dowager (could you think it, Madam?) who sent me by her gentleman the following letter from Tunbridge.

"MADAM,

"I hope, among the congratulations of your numerous admirers, on your happy recovery, my very sincere ones will not be unacceptable. I have no other motive for making you my compliments on this occasion, on so slender an acquaintance, than the pleasure it gives me, that the public, as well as your private friends, have not been deprived of a lady whose example, in every duty of life, is of so much concern to both. — May you, Madam, long rejoice in an uninterrupted state of

happiness, answerable to your merits, and to your own wishes, are those of *your most obedient humble servant*."

To this kind letter I returned the following:

"MADAM,

"I am under the highest obligation to your generous favour, in your kind compliments of congratulation on my recovery. There is something so noble and so condescending in the honour you have done me, on so slender an acquaintance, that it bespeaks the exalted mind and character of a lady, who, in the principles of generosity, and in true nobleness of nature, has no example. May God Almighty bless you, my dear lady, with all the good you wish me, and with increase of honour and glory, both here and hereafter, prays, and will always pray, *your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant*, P.B."

This leads me to mention, what my illness would not permit me to do before, that Mr. B. met with such a reception and audience from the Countess, when he attended her, in all he had to offer and propose to her, and in her patient hearing of what he thought fit to read her, from your ladyship's letters and mine, that he said, "Don't be jealous, my dear Pamela; but I must admire her as long as I live."

He gave me the particulars, so much to her ladyship's honour, that I told him, he should not only be welcome to admire her ladyship, but that I would admire her too.

They parted very good friends, and with great professions of esteem for each other. — And as Mr. B. had undertaken to inspect into some exceptionable accounts and managements of her ladyship's bailiff, one of her servants brought a letter for him on Monday last, wholly written on that subject. But she was so considerate, as to send it unsealed, in a cover directed to me. When I opened it, I was frightened to see it begin to Mr. B. and I hastened to find him— "Dear Sir — Here's some mistake — You see the direction is to Mrs. B.— 'Tis very plain — But, upon my word, I have not read it."— "Don't be uneasy, my love. — I know what the subject must be; but I dare swear there is nothing, nor will there ever be, but what you or any body may see."

He read it, and giving it to me, said, "Answer yourself the postscript, my dear." That was— "If, Sir, the trouble I give you, is likely to subject you or your lady to uneasiness or apprehensions, I beg you will not be concerned in it. I will then set about the matter myself; for my uncle I will not trouble; yet women enter into these particulars with as little advantage to themselves as inclination."

I told him, I was entirely easy and unapprehensive; and, after all his goodness to me, should be so, if he saw the Countess every day. "That's kindly said, my

dear; but I will not trust myself to see her every day, or at all, for the present. But I shall be obliged to correspond with her for a month or so, on this occasion; unless you prohibit it; and it shall be in your power to do so."

I said, with my whole heart, he might; and I should be quite easy in both their honours.

"Yet I will not," said he, "unless you see our letters: for I know she will always, now she has begun, send in a cover to you, what she will write to me, unsealed; and whether I am at home or abroad, I shall take it unkindly, if you do not read them."

He went in, and wrote an answer, which he sent by the messenger; but would make me, whether I would or not, read it, and seal it up with his seal. But all this needed not to me now, who think so much better of the lady than I did before; and am so well satisfied in his own honour and generous affection for me; for you saw, Madam, in what I wrote before, that he always loved me, though he was angry at times, at my change of temper, as he feared, not knowing that I was apprised of what had passed between him and the Countess.

I really am better pleased with his correspondence, than I should have been, had it not been carried on; because the servants, on both sides, will see, by my deportment on the occasion (and I will officiously, with a smiling countenance, throw myself in their observation), that it is quite innocent; and this may help to silence the mouths of those who have so freely censured their conduct.

Indeed, Madam, I think I have received no small good myself by that affair, which once lay so heavy upon me: for I don't believe I shall be ever jealous again; indeed I don't think I shall. And won't that be an ugly foible overcome? I see what may be done, in cases not favourable to our wishes, by the aid of proper reflection; and that the bee is not the only creature that may make honey out of the bitter flowers as well as the sweet.

My most grateful respects and thanks to my good Lord Davers; to the Earl, and his excellent Countess; and most particularly to Lady Betty (with whose kind compliments your ladyship acquaints me), and to Mr. H. for all your united congratulations on my recovery. What obligations do I lie under to such noble and generous well-wishers! — I can make no return but by my prayers, that God, by his goodness, will supply all my defects. And these will always attend you, from, my dearest lady, *your ever obliged sister, and humble servant*,

P.B.

Mr. H. is just arrived. He says, he comes a special messenger, to make a report how my face has come off. He makes me many compliments upon it. How kind

your ladyship is, to enter so favourably into the minutest concerns, which you think, may any way affect my future happiness in your dear brother's opinion! — I want to pour out all my joy and my thankfulness to God, before you, and the good Countess of C —— ! For I am a happy, yea, a blessed creature! Mr. B.'s boy, your ladyship's boy, and my boy, is charmingly well; quite strong, and very forward, for his months; and his papa is delighted with him more and more.

LETTER LXXXIII

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I hope you are happy and well. You kindly say you can't be so, till you hear of my perfect recovery. And this, blessed be God! you have heard already from Mr. B.

As to your intimation of the fair Nun, 'tis all happily over. Blessed be God for that too! And I have a better and more endearing husband than ever. Did you think that could be?

My Billy too improves daily, and my dear parents seem to have their youth renewed like the eagle's. How many blessings have I to be thankful for!

We are about to turn travellers, to the northern counties. I think quite to the borders: and afterwards to the western, to Bath, Bristol, and I know not whither myself: but among the rest, to Lincolnshire, that you may be sure of. Then how happy shall I be in my dear Miss Darnford!

I long to hear whether poor Mrs. Jewkes is better or worse for the advice of the doctor, whom I ordered to attend her from Stamford, and in what frame her mind is. Do vouchsafe her a visit in my name; tell her, if she be low spirited, what God hath done for me, as to *my* recovery, and comfort her all you can; and bid her spare neither expence nor attendance, nor any thing her heart can wish for; nor the company of any relations or friends she may desire to be with her.

If she is in her *last stage*, poor soul! how noble will it be in you to give her comfort and consolation in her dying hours! Although we can merit nothing at the hand of God, yet I have a notion, that we cannot deserve more of one another, and in some sense, for that reason, of him, than in our charities on so trying an exigence! When the poor soul stands shivering, as it were, on the verge of death, and has nothing strong, but its fears and doubts; then a little balm poured into the wounds of the mind, a little comforting advice to rely on God's mercies, from a good person, how consolatory must it be! And how, like morning mists before the sun, must all diffidences and gloomy doubts, be chased away by it!

But, my dear, the great occasion of my writing to you just now, is by Lady Davers's desire, on a quite different subject. She knows how we love one another. And she has sent me the following lines by her kinsman, who came to Kent, purposely to enquire how my face fared in the small-pox; and accompanied us hither, [*i.e.* to Bedfordshire,] and sets out to-morrow for Lord Davers's.

"MY DEAR PAMELA,

“Jackey will tell you the reason of his journey, my curiosity on your own account; and I send this letter by him, but he knows not the contents. My good Lord Davers wants to have his nephew married, and settled in the world: and his noble father leaves the whole matter to my lord, as to the person, settlements, &c. Now I, as well as he, think so highly of the prudence, the person, and family of your Miss Darnford, that we shall be obliged to you, to sound the young lady on this score.

“I know Mr. H. would wish for no greater happiness. But if she is engaged, or cannot love my nephew, I don’t care, nor would my lord, that such a proposal should be received with undue slight. His birth, and the title and estate he is heir to, are advantages that require a lady’s consideration. He has not so much wit as Miss, but enough for a lord, whose friends are born before him, as the phrase is; is very good-humoured, no tool, no sot, no debauchee: and, let me tell you, this is not to be met with every day in a young man of quality.

“As to settlements, fortunes, &c. I fancy there would be no great difficulties. The business is, if Miss Darnford could love him well enough for a husband? *That* we leave you to sound the young lady; and if she thinks she can, we will directly begin a treaty with Sir Simon. I am, my dearest Pamela, *your ever affectionate sister*, B. Davers.”

Now, my dear friend, as my lady has so well stated the case, I beg you to enable me to return an answer. I will not say one word *pro* or *con*. till I know your mind — Only, that I think he is good-humoured and might be easily persuaded to any thing a lady should think reasonable.

I must tell you another piece of news in the matrimonial way. Mr. Williams has been here to congratulate us on our multiplied blessings; and he acquainted Mr. B. that an overture has been made him by his new patron, of a kinswoman of his lordship’s, a person of virtue and merit, and a fortune of three thousand pounds, to make him amends, as the earl tell him, for quitting a better living to oblige him; and that he is in great hope of obtaining the lady’s consent, which is all that is wanting. Mr. B. is much pleased with so good a prospect in Mr. Williams’s favour, and was in the lady’s company formerly at a ball, at Gloucester; he says, she is prudent and deserving; and offers to make a journey on purpose to forward it, if he can be of service to him.

I suppose you know that all is adjusted, according to the scheme I formerly acquainted you with, between Mr. Adams and that gentleman; and both are settled in their respective livings. But I ought to have told you, that Mr. Williams, upon mature deliberation, declined the stipulated eighty pounds *per annum* from Mr. Adams, as he thought it would have a simoniacal appearance.

But now my hand's in, let me tell you of a third matrimonial proposition, which gives me more puzzle and dislike a great deal. And that is, Mr. Adams has, with great reluctance, and after abundance of bashful apologies, asked me, if I have any objection to his making his addresses to Polly Barlow? which, however, he told me, he had not mentioned to her, nor to any body living, because he would first know whether I should take it amiss, as her service was so immediately about my person.

This unexpected motion much perplexed me. Mr. Adams is a worthy man. He has now a very good living; yet just entered upon it; and, I think, according to his accustomed prudence in other respects, had better have turned himself about first.

But that is not the point with me neither. I have a great regard to the function. I think it is as necessary, in order to preserve the respect due to the clergy, that their wives should be nearly, if not quite as unblemished, and as circumspect, as themselves; and this for the gentleman's own sake, as well as in the eye of the world: for how shall he pursue his studies with comfort to himself, if made uneasy at home! or how shall he expect his female parishioners will regard his *public* preaching, if he cannot have a due influence over the *private* conduct of his wife?

I can't say, excepting in the instance of Mr. H. but Polly is a good sort of body enough so far as I know; but that is such a blot in the poor girl's escutcheon, a thing not *accidental*, nor *surprised* into, not owing to *inattention*, but to cool *premeditation*, that, I think, I could wish Mr. Adams a wife more unexceptionable.

'Tis true, Mr. Adams knows not this, but *that* is one of my difficulties. If I acquaint him with it, I shall hurt the poor girl irreparably, and deprive her of a husband, to whom she may possibly make a good wife — For she is not very meanly descended — much better than myself, as the world would say were a judgment to be made from my father's low estate, when I was exalted — I never, my dear, shall be ashamed of these retrospections! She is genteel, has a very innocent look, a good face, is neat in her person, and not addicted to any excess that I know of. But *still*, that one *premeditated* fault, is so sad a one, though she might make a good wife for any middling man of business, yet she wants, methinks, that discretion, that purity, which I would always have in the wife of a good clergyman.

Then, she has not applied her thoughts to that sort of economy, which the wife of a country clergyman ought to know something of; and has such a turn to dress and appearance, that I can see, if indulged, she would not be one that would help to remove the scandal which some severe remarkers are apt to throw upon the wives of *parsons*, as they call them.

The maiden, I believe, likes Mr. Adams not a little. She is very courteous to every body, but most to him of any body, and never has missed being present at our Sunday's duties; and five or six times, Mrs. Jervis tells me, she has found her desirous to have Mr. Adams expound this text, and that difficulty; and the good man is taken with her piety, which, and her reformation, I hope, is sincere; but she is very sly, very subtle, as I have found in several instances, as foolish as she was in the affair I hint at.

"So," sometimes I say to myself, "the girl may love Mr. Adams."— "Ay," but then I answer, "so she did Mr. H. and on his own very bad terms too." — In short — but I won't be too censorious neither.

So I'll say no more, than that I was perplexed; and yet should be very glad to have Polly well married; for, since *that* time, I have always had some diffidences about her — Because, you know, Miss — her fault was so enormous, and, as I have said, so premeditated. I wanted you to advise with. — But this was the method I took. — I appointed Mr. Adams to drink a dish of tea with me. Polly attended, as usual; for I can't say I love men attendants in these womanly offices. A tea-kettle in a man's hand, that would, if there was no better employment for him, be fitter to hold a plough, or handle a flail, or a scythe, has such a look with it! — This is like my low breeding, some would say, perhaps, — but I cannot call things polite, that I think unseemly; and, moreover. Lady Davers keeps me in countenance in this my notion; and who doubts her politeness?

Well, but Polly attended, as I said; and there were strange simperings, and bowing, and curt'sying, between them; the honest gentleman seeming not to know how to let his mistress wait upon him; while she behaved with as much respect and officiousness, as if she could not do too much for him.

"Very well," thought I, "I have such an opinion of your veracity, Mr. Adams, that I dare say you have not mentioned the matter to Polly; but between her officiousness, and your mutual simperings and complaisance, I see you have found a language between you, that is full as significant as plain English words. Polly," thought I, "sees no difficulty in *this* text; nor need you, Mr. Adams, have much trouble to make her understand you, when you come to expound upon *this* subject."

I was forced, in short, to put on a statelier and more reserved appearance than usual, to make them avoid acts of complaisance for one another, that might not be proper to be shewn before me, for one who sat as my companion, to my servant.

When she withdrew, the modest gentleman hemmed, and looked on one side, and turned to the right and left, as if his seat was uneasy to him, and, I saw, knew not how to speak; so I began in mere compassion to him, and said— "Mr. Adams, I have been thinking of what you mentioned to me, as to Polly Barlow."

“Hem! hem!” said he; and pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped his mouth— “Very well. Madam; I hope no offence, Madam!”

“No, Sir, none at all. But I am at a loss how to distinguish in this case; whether it may not be from a motive of too humble gratitude, that you don’t think yourself above matching with Polly, as you may suppose her a favourite of mine; or whether it be your value for her person and qualities, that makes her more agreeable in your eyes, than any other person would be.”

“Madam — Madam,” said the bashful gentleman, hesitatingly— “I do — I must needs say — I can’t but own — that — Mrs. Mary — is a person-whom I think very agreeable; and no less modest and virtuous.”

“You know, Sir, your own circumstances. To be sure you have a very pretty house, and a good living, to carry a wife to. And a gentleman of your prudence and discretion wants not any advice; but you have reaped no benefits by your living. It has been an expence to you rather, which you will not presently get up: do you propose an early marriage, Sir? Or were it not better to suspend your intentions of that sort for a year or two more?”— “Madam, if your ladyship choose not to part with—”— “Nay, Mr. Adams,” interrupted I, “I say not any thing for my own sake in this point: that is out of the question with me. I can very willingly part with Polly, were it to-morrow, for her good and yours.”— “Madam, I humbly beg pardon; — but — but — delays may breed dangers.”— “Oh I very well,” thought I; “if the artful girl has not let him know, by some means or other, that she has another humble servant.”

And so, Miss, it has proved — For, dismissing my gentleman, with assuring him, that I had no objection at all to the matter, or to parting with Polly, as soon as it suited with their conveniency — I sounded her, and asked, if she thought Mr. Adams had any affection for her? — She said he was a very good gentleman.

“I know it, Polly; and are you not of opinion he loves you a little?”— “Dear Ma’am — love me — I don’t know what such a gentleman as Mr. Adams should see in me, to love me!”— “Oh!” thought I, “does the doubt lie on *that* side then? — I see ’tis not of *thine*.”

“Well, but, Polly, if you have *another* sweetheart, you should do the fair thing; it would be wrong, if you encourage any body else, if you thought of Mr. Adams.”— “Indeed, Ma’am, I had a letter sent me — a letter that I received — from — from a young man in Bedford; but I never answered it.”

“Oh!” thought I, “then thou wouldst not encourage *two at once*;” and this was as plain a declaration as I wanted, that she had thoughts of Mr. Adams.

“But how came Mr. Adams, Polly, to know of this letter?”— “How came he to know of it, Ma’am!” — repeated she — half surprised— “Why, I don’t know, I can’t tell how it was — but I dropped it near his desk — pulling out my

handkerchief, I believe, Ma'am, and he brought it, and gave it me again."— "Well," thought I, "thou'rt an intriguing slut, I doubt, Polly."— "*Delays may breed dangers*," quoth the poor gentleman!— "Ah! girl, girl!" thought I, but did not say so, "thou deservest to have thy plot spoiled, that thou dost — But if thy forwardness should expose thee afterwards to evils which thou mayest avoid if thy schemes take place, I should very much blame myself. And I see he loves thee — So let the matter take its course; I will trouble myself no more about it. I only wish, that thou wilt make Mr. Adams as good a wife as he deserves."

And so I dismissed her, telling her, that whoever thought of being a clergyman's wife, should resolve to be as good as himself; to set an example to all her sex in the parish, and shew how much his doctrines had weight with her; should be humble, circumspect, gentle in her temper and manners, frugal, not proud, nor vying in dress with the ladies of the laity; should resolve to sweeten his labour, and to be obliging in her deportment to poor as well as rich, that her husband get no discredit through her means, which would weaken his influence upon his auditors; and that she must be most of all obliging to him, and study his temper, that his mind might be more disengaged, in order to pursue his studies with the better effect.

And so much for *your* humble servant; and for Mr. Williams's and Mr. Adams's matrimonial prospect; — and don't think me so disrespectful, that I have mentioned my Polly's affair in the same letter with yours. For in high and low (I forget the Latin phrase — I have not had a lesson a long, long while, from my dear tutor) love is in all the same! — But whether you'll like Mr. H. as well as Polly does Mr. Adams, that's the question. But, leaving that to your own decision, I conclude with one observation; that, although I thought our's was a house of as little intriguing as any body's, since the dear master of it has left off that practice, yet I cannot see, that any family can be clear of some of it long together, where there are men and women worth plotting for, as husbands and wives.

My best wishes and respects attend all your worthy neighbours. I hope ere long, to assure them, severally (to wit, Sir Simon, my lady, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Peters, and his lady and niece, whose kind congratulations make me very proud, and very thankful) how much I am obliged to them; and particularly, my dear, how much I am *your ever affectionate and faithful friend and servant*, P. B,

LETTER LXXXIV

From Miss Darnford, in answer to the preceding.

MY DEAR MRS. B.,

I have been several times (in company with Mr. Peters) to see Mrs. Jewkes. The poor woman is very bad, and cannot live many days. We comfort her all we can; but she often accuses herself of her past behaviour to so excellent a lady; and with blessings upon blessings, heaped upon you, and her master, and your charming little boy, is continually declaring how much your goodness to her aggravates her former faults to her own conscience.

She has a sister-in-law and her niece with her, and has settled all her affairs, and thinks she is not long for this world. — Her distemper is an inward decay, all at once as it were, from a constitution that seemed like one of iron; and she is a mere skeleton: you would not know her, I dare say.

I will see her every day; and she has given me up all her keys, and accounts, to give to Mr. Longman, who is daily expected, and I hope will be here soon; for her sister-in-law, she says herself, is a woman of *this world*, as *she* has been.

Mr. Peters calling upon me to go with him to visit her, I will break off here.

Mrs. Jewkes is much as she was; but your faithful steward is come. I am glad of it — and so is she — Nevertheless I will go every day, and do all the good I can for the poor woman, according to your charitable desires.

I thank you for your communication of Lady Davers's letter, I am much obliged to my lord, and her ladyship; and should have been proud of an alliance with that noble family, but with all Mr. H.'s good qualities, as my lady paints them out, and his other advantages, I could not, for the world, make him my husband. I'll tell you one of my objections, in confidence, however, (for you are only to *sound* me, you know:) and I would not have it mentioned that I have taken any thought about the matter, because a stronger reason may be given, such a one as my lord and lady will both allow; which I will communicate to you by and bye. — My objection arises even from what you intimate, of Mr. H.'s good humour, and his persuadableness, if I may so call it. Now, were I of a boisterous temper, and high spirit, such an one as required great patience in a husband to bear with me, then Mr. H.'s good humour might have been a consideration with me. But when I have (I pride myself in the thought) a temper not wholly unlike your own, and such an one as would not want to contend for superiority with a husband, it is

no recommendation to me, that Mr. H. is a good-humoured gentleman, and will bear with faults I design not to be guilty of.

But, my dear Mrs. B., my husband must be a man of sense, and give me reason to think he has a superior judgment to my own, or I shall be unhappy. He will otherwise do wrong-headed things: I shall be forced to oppose him in them: he will be tenacious and obstinate, be taught to talk of prerogative, and to call himself a *man*, without knowing how to behave as one, and I to despise him, of course; so be deemed a bad wife, when, I hope, I have qualities that would make me a tolerable good one, with a man of sense for my husband.

Now you must not think I would dispense with real good-humour in a man. No, I make it one of my *indispensables* in a husband. A good-natured man will put the best constructions on what happens; but he must have sense to *distinguish* the best. He will be kind to little, unwilful, undesigned failings: but he must have judgment to distinguish what *are* or are *not so*. But Mr. H.'s good-humour is softness, as I may call it; and my husband must be such an one, in short, as I need not be ashamed to be seen with in company; one who, being my head, must not be beneath all the gentlemen he may happen to fall in with, and who, every time he is adjusting his mouth for speech, will give me pain at my heart, and blushes in my face, even before he speaks.

I could not bear, therefore, that every one we encountered should be prepared, whenever he offered to open his lips, by their contemptuous smiles, to expect some weak and silly things from him; and when he *had* spoken, that he should, with a booby grin, seem pleased that he had not disappointed them.

The only recommendatory point in Mr. H. is, that he dresses exceedingly smart, and is no contemptible figure of a man. But, dear Madam, you know, that's so much the worse, *when* the man's talent is not taciturnity, except before his aunt, or before Mr. B. or you; *when* he is not conscious of internal defect, and values himself upon outward appearance.

As to his attempts upon your Polly, though I don't like him the better for it, yet it is a fault so wickedly common among men, that when a woman resolves never to marry, till a quite virtuous man addresses her, it is, in other words, resolving to die single; so that I make not this the *chief* objection; and yet, I would abate in my expectations of half a dozen other good qualities, rather than that one of virtue in a husband — But when I reflect upon the figure Mr. H. made in that affair, I cannot bear him; and, if I may judge of other coxcombs by him, what wretches are these smart, well-dressing querpo fellows, many of whom you and I have seen admiring themselves at the plays and operas!

This is one of my infallible rules, and I know it is yours too; that he who is taken up with the admiration of his own person, will never admire a wife's. His delights are centred in himself, and he will not wish to get out of that exceeding narrow circle; and, in my opinion, should keep no company but that of taylors, wig-puffers, and milliners.

But I will run on no further upon this subject; but will tell you a reason, which you *may* give to Lady Davers, why her kind intentions to me cannot be answered; and which she'll take better than what I *have said*, were she to know it, as I hope you won't let her: and this is, my papa has had a proposal made to him from a gentleman you have seen, and have thought polite. It is from Sir W.G. of this county, who is one of your great admirers, and Mr. B.'s too; and that, you must suppose, makes me have never the worse opinion of him, or of his understanding; although it requires no great sagacity or penetration to see how much you adorn our sex, and human nature too.

Every thing was adjusted between my papa and mamma, and Sir William, on condition we approved of each other, before I came down; which I knew not, till I had seen him here four times; and then my papa surprised me into half an approbation of him: and this, it seems, was one of the reasons why I was so hurried down from you. I can't say, but I like the man as well as most I have seen; he is a man of sense and sobriety, to give him his due, in very easy circumstances, and much respected by all who know him; which is no bad earnest in a marriage prospect. But, hitherto, he seems to like me better than I do him. I don't know how it is; but I often observe, that when any thing is in our power, we are not half so much taken with it, as we should be, perhaps, if we were kept in suspense! Why should this be? — But this I am convinced of, there is no comparison between Sir William and Mr. Murray.

Now I have named this brother-in-law of mine; what do you think? — Why, that good couple have had their house on fire three times already. Once it was put out by Mr. Murray's mother, who lives near them; and twice Sir Simon has been forced to carry water to extinguish it; for, truly, Mrs. Murray would go home again to her papa; she would not live with such a surly wretch: and it was with all his heart; a fair riddance! for there was no bearing the house with such an ill-natured wife: — her sister Polly was worth a thousand of her! — I am heartily sorry for their unhappiness. But could she think every body must bear with her, and her fretful ways? — They'll jangle on, I reckon, till they are better used to one another; and when he sees she can't help it, why he'll bear with her, as husbands generally do with ill-tempered wives; he'll try to make himself happy abroad, and leave her to quarrel with her maids, instead of him; for she must have

somebody to vent her spleen upon — poor Nancy! — I am glad to hear of Mr. Williams's good fortune.

As Mr. Adams knows not Polly's fault, and it was prevented in time, they may be happy enough. She is a *sly* girl. I always thought her so: something so innocent, and yet so artful in her very looks: she is an odd compound. But these worthy and piously turned young gentlemen, who have but just quitted the college, are mere novices, as to the world: indeed they are *above* it, while *in* it; they therefore give themselves little trouble to study it, and so, depending on the goodness of their own hearts, are more liable to be imposed upon than people of half their understanding.

I think, since he seems to love her, you do right not to hinder the girl's fortune. But I wish she may take your advice, in her behaviour to *him*, at least: for as to her carriage to her neighbours, I doubt she'll be one of the heads of the parish, presently, in her own estimation.

'Tis pity, methinks, any worthy man of the cloth should have a wife, who, by her bad example, should pull down, as fast as he, by a good one, can build up. This is not the case of Mrs. Peters, however; whose example I wish was more generally followed by gentlewomen, who are made so by marrying good clergymen, if they were not so before.

Don't be surprised, if you should hear that poor Jewkes is given over! — She made a very exemplary — Full of blessings — And more easy and resigned, than I apprehended she would be. I know you'll shed a tear for the poor woman: — I can't help it myself. But you will be pleased that she had so much time given her, and made so good use of it.

Mr. Peters has been every thing that one would wish one of his function to be, in his attendance and advice to the poor woman. Mr. Longman will take proper care of every thing. So, I will only add, that I am, with the sincerest respect, in hopes to see you soon (for I have a multitude of things to talk to you about), dear Mrs. B., *your ever faithful and affectionate* POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXXXV

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR LADY DAVERS,

I understand from Miss Darnford, that before she went down from us, her papa had encouraged a proposal made by Sir W.G. whom you saw, when your ladyship was a kind visitor in Bedfordshire. We all agreed, if you remember, that he was a polite and sensible gentleman, and I find it is countenanced on all hands. Poor Mrs. Jewkes, Madam, as Miss informs me, has paid her last debt. I hope, through mercy, she is happy! — Poor, poor woman! But why say I so! — Since, in *that* case, she will be richer than an earthly monarch!

Your ladyship was once mentioning a sister of Mrs. Worden's whom you wished to recommend to some worthy family. Shall I beg of you. Madam, to oblige Mr. B.'s in this particular? I am sure she must have merit if your ladyship thinks well of her; and your commands in this, as well as in every other particular in my power, shall have their due weight with *your ladyship's obliged sister and humble servant*, P.B.

Just now, dear Madam, Mr. B. tells me I shall have Miss Goodwill brought me hither to-morrow.

LETTER LXXXVI

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. in answer to the preceding.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

I am glad Miss Darnford is likely to be so happy in a husband, as Sir W.G. will certainly make her. I was afraid that my proposal would not do with her, had she not had so good a tender. I want *too*, to have the foolish fellow married — for several reasons; one of which is, he is continually teasing us to permit him to go up to town, and reside there for some months, in order that he may *see the world*, as he calls it. But we are convinced he would *feel* it, as well as *see* it, if we give way to his request: for in understanding, dress, and inconsiderate vanity, he is so exactly cut out and sized for a town fop, coxcomb, or pretty fellow, that he will undoubtedly fall into all the vices of those people; and, perhaps, having such expectations as he has, will be made the property of rakes and sharpers. He complains that we use him like a child in a go-cart, or a baby with leading-strings, and that he must not be trusted out of our sight. 'Tis a sad thing, that these *bodies* will grow up to the stature of men, when the *minds* improve not at all with them, but are still those of boys and children. Yet, he would certainly make a fond husband: for he has no very bad qualities. But is such a Narcissus! — But this between ourselves, for his uncle is wrapt up in the fellow — And why? Because he is good-humoured, that's all. He has vexed me lately, which makes me write so angrily about him — But 'tis not worth troubling you with the particulars. I hope Mrs. Jewkes is happy, as you say! — Poor woman! she seemed to promise for a longer life! But what shall we say?

Your compliment to me, about my Beck's sister, is a very kind one. Mrs. Oldham is a sober, grave widow, a little aforehand, in the world, but not much; has lived well; understands house-hold management thoroughly; is diligent; and has a turn to serious things, which will make you like her the better. I'll order Beck and her to wait on you, and she will satisfy you in every thing as to what you may, or may not expect of her.

You can't think how kindly I take this motion from you. You forget nothing that can oblige your friends. Little did I think you would remember me of (what I had forgotten in a manner) my favourable opinion and wishes for her expressed so long ago. — But you are what you are — a dear obliging creature.

Beck is all joy and gratitude upon it, and her sister had rather serve you than the princess. You need be under no difficulties about terms: she would serve you

for nothing, if you would accept of her service.

I am glad, because it pleases you so much, that Miss Goodwin will be soon put into your care. It will be happy for the child, and I hope she will be so dutiful as to give you no pain for your generous goodness to her. Her mamma has sent me a present of some choice products of that climate, with acknowledgments of my kindness to Miss. I will send part of it to you by your new servant; for so I presume to call her already.

What a naughty sister are you, however, to be so far advanced again as to be obliged to shorten your intended excursions, and yet not to send me word of it yourself? Don't you know how much I interest myself in every thing that makes for my brother's happiness and your's? more especially in so material a point as is the increase of a family that it is my boast to be sprung from. Yet I must find this out by accident, and by other hands! — Is not this very slighting! — But never do so again, and I'll forgive you now because of the joy it gives me; who am *your truly affectionate and obliged sister*, B. DAVERS.

I thank you for your book upon the plays you saw. Inclosed is a list of some others, which I desire you to read, and to oblige me with your remarks upon them at your leisure; though you may not, perhaps, have seen them by the time you will favour me with your observations.

LETTER LXXXVII

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR LADY DAVERS,

I have a valuable present made me by the same lady; and therefore hope you will not take it amiss, that, with abundance of thanks, I return your's by Mrs. Worden, whose sister I much approve of, and thank your ladyship for your kind recommendation of so worthy a person. We begin with so much good liking to one another, that I doubt not we shall be very happy together.

A moving letter, much more valuable to me than the handsome present, was put into my hands, at the same time with that; of which the following is a copy:

From Mrs. Wrightson (formerly Miss Sally Godfrey) to Mrs. B.

"HAPPY, DESERVEDLY HAPPY, DEAR LADY,

"Permit these lines to kiss your hands from one, who, though she is a stranger to your person, is not so to your character: *that* has reached us here, in this remote part of the world, where you have as many admirers as have heard of you. But I more particularly am bound to be so, by an obligation which I can never discharge, but by my daily prayers for you, and the blessings I continually implore upon you and yours.

"I can write my whole mind *to* you, though I cannot, from the most deplorable infelicity, receive *from* you the wished-for favour of a few lines in return, written with the same unreservedness: so unhappy am I, from the effects of an inconsideration and weakness on one hand, and temptation on the other, which you, at a tender age, most nobly, for your own honour, and that of your sex, have escaped: whilst I — but let my tears in these blots speak the rest — as my heart bleeds, and has constantly bled ever since, at the grievous remembrance — but believe, however, dear Madam, that 'tis shame and sorrow, and not pride and impenitence, that make me both to speak out, to so much purity of life and manners, my own odious weakness.

"Nevertheless, I ought, and I *will* accuse myself by name. Imagine then, illustrious lady, truly illustrious for virtues, infinitely superior to all the advantages of birth and fortune! — Imagine, I say, that in this letter, you see before you the *once* guilty, and therefore, I doubt, *always* guilty, but *ever penitent*, Sarah Godfrey; the unhappy, though fond and tender mother of the poor infant, to

whom your generous goodness has, I hear, extended itself, so as to make you desirous of taking her under your worthy protection: God for ever bless you for it! prays an indulgent mother, who admires at an awful distance, that virtue in you, which she could not practise herself.

"And will you, dearest lady, take under your own immediate protection, the poor unguilty infant? will you love her, for the sake of her suffering mamma, whom you know not; for the sake of the gentleman, now so dear to you, and so worthy of you, as I hear, with pleasure, he is? And will you, by the best example in the world, give me a moral assurance, that she will never sink into the fault, the weakness, the crime (I ought not to scruple to call it so) of her poor inconsiderate- But you are her mamma *now*: I will not think of a *guilty* one therefore. What a joy is it to me, in the midst of my heavy reflections on my past misconduct, that my beloved Sally can boast a *virtuous* and *innocent mamma*, who has withstood the snares and temptations, that have been so fatal — elsewhere! — and whose example, and instructions, next to God's grace, will be the strongest fences to her honour! — Once more I say, and on my knees I write it, God for ever bless you here, and augment your joys hereafter, for your generous goodness to my poor, and, till now, *motherless* infant.

"I hope she, by her duty and obligingness, will do all in her little power to make you amends, and never give you cause to repent of this your *unexampled* kindness to her and to *me*. She cannot, I hope (except her mother's crime has had an influence upon her, too much like that of an original stain), be of a sordid, or an ungrateful nature. And, O my poor Sally! if you *are*, and if ever you fail in your duty to your new mamma, to whose care and authority I transfer my *whole* right in you, remember that you have no more a mamma in me, nor can you be entitled to my blessing, or my prayers, which I make now, on that *only* condition, your implicit obedience to all your new mamma's commands and directions.

"You may have the curiosity, Madam, to wish to know how I live: for no doubt you have heard all my sad, sad story! — Know, then, that I am as happy, as a poor creature can be, who has once so deplorably, so inexcusably fallen. I have a worthy gentleman for my husband, who married me as a widow, whose only child by my former was the care of her papa's friends, particularly of good Lacy Davers and her brother. Poor unhappy I! to be under such a sad necessity to disguise the truth! — Mr. Wrightson (whose name I am unworthily honoured by) has often entreated me to send for the poor child, and to let her be joined as his — killing thought, that it cannot be! — with two children I have by him! — Judge, my good lady, how that very generosity, which, had I been guiltless, would have added to my joys, must wound me deeper than even ungenerous or unkind usage from him

could do! and how heavy that crime must lie upon me, which turns my very pleasures to misery, and fixes all the joy I *can* know, in repentance for my past misdeeds! — How happy are YOU, Madam, on the contrary; YOU, who have nothing of this sort to pall, nothing to mingle with your felicities! who, blessed in an honour untainted, and a conscience that cannot reproach you, are enabled to enjoy every well deserved comfort, as it offers itself; and can *improve* it too, by reflection on *your* past conduct! While *mine*, alas! like a winter frost, nips in the bud every rising satisfaction.

"My husband is rich as well as generous, and very tender of me — Happy, if I could think *myself* as deserving as *he* thinks me! — My principal comfort, as I hinted, is in my penitence for my past faults; and that I have a merciful God for my judge, who knows that penitence to be sincere!

"You may guess, Madam, from what I have said, in what light I *must* appear here; and if you would favour me with a line or two, in answer to the letter you have now in your hand, it will be one of the greatest pleasures I *can* receive: a pleasure next to that which I *have* received in knowing, that the gentleman you love best, has had the grace to repent of all his evils; has early seen his errors; and has thereby, I hope, freed *two* persons from being, one day, mutual accusers of each other; for now I please myself to think, that the crimes of both may be washed away in the blood of that Saviour God, whom both have so grievously offended!

"May that God, who has not suffered me to be abandoned entirely to my own shame, as I deserved, continue to shower down upon you those blessings, which a virtue like yours may expect from his mercy! May you long be happy in the possession of all you wish! and late, very late (for the good of thousands, I wish this!) may you receive the reward of your piety, your generosity, and your filial, your social, and conjugal virtues! are the prayers of *your most unworthy admirer, and obliged humble servant*,

"SARAH WRIGHTSON.

"Mr. Wrightson begs your acceptance of a small present, part of which can have no value, but what its excelling qualities, for what it is, will give it at so great a distance as that dear England, which I once left with so much shame and regret; but with a laudable purpose, *however*, because I would not incur still *greater* shame, and of consequence give cause for still *greater* regret!"

To this letter, my dear Lady Davers, I have written the following answer, which Mr. B. will take care to have conveyed to her.

“DEAREST MADAM,

“I embrace with great pleasure the opportunity you have so kindly given me, of writing to a lady whose person though I have not the honour to know, yet whose character, and noble qualities, I truly revere.

“I am infinitely obliged to you. Madam, for the precious trust you have reposed in me, and the right you make over to me, of your maternal interest in a child, on whom I set my heart, the moment I saw her.

“Lady Davers, whose love and tenderness for Miss, as well for her mamma’s sake, as your late worthy spouse’s, had, from her kind opinion of me, consented to grant me this favour: and I was, by Mr. B.’s leave, in actual possession of my pretty ward about a week before your kind letter came to my hands.

“As I had been long very solicitous for this favour, judge how welcome your kind concurrence was: and the rather, as, had I known, that a letter from you was on the way to me, I should have feared you would insist upon depriving the surviving friends of her dear papa, of the pleasure they take in the dear child. Indeed, Madam, I believe we should one and all have joined to disobey you, had *that* been the case; and it is a great satisfaction to us, that we are not under so hard a necessity, as to dispute with a tender mamma the possession of her own child.

“Assure yourself, worthiest Madam, of a care and tenderness in me to the dear child truly maternal, and answerable, as much as in my power, to the trust you repose in me. The little boy, that God has given me, shall not be more dear to me than my sweet Miss Goodwin shall be; and my care, by God’s grace, shall extend to her *future* as well as to her *present* prospects, that she may be worthy of that piety, and *truly* religious excellence, which I admire in your character.

“We all rejoice, dear Madam, in the account you give of your present happiness. It was impossible that God Almighty should desert a lady so exemplarily deserving; and he certainly conducted you in your resolutions to abandon every thing that you loved in England, after the loss of your dear spouse, because it seems to have been his intention that you should reward the merit of Mr. Wrightson, and meet with your own reward in so doing.

“Miss is very fond of my little Billy: she is a charming child, is easy and genteel in her shape, and very pretty; she dances finely, has a sweet air, and is improving every day in music; works with her needle, and reads admirably for her years; and takes a delight in both, which gives me no small pleasure. But she is not very forward in her penmanship, as you will see by what follows: the inditing too is her own; but in that, and the writing, she took a good deal of time, on a separate paper.

“DEAREST DEAR MAMMA,

“Your Sally is full of joy, to have any commands from her honoured mamma. I promise to follow all your directions. Indeed, and upon my word, I will. You please me mightily in giving me so dear a new mamma here. Now I know indeed I have a mamma, and I will love and obey her, as if she was you your own self. Indeed I will. You must always bless me, because I will be always good. I hope you will believe me, because I am above telling fibs. I am, my honoured mamma on the other side of the water, and ever will be, as if you was here, *your dutiful daughter*,

“SALLY GOODWIN.”

“Miss (permit me, dear Madam, to subjoin) is a very good tempered child, easy to be persuaded, and I hope loves me dearly; and I will endeavour to make her love me better and better; for on that love will depend the regard which, I hope, she will pay to all I shall say and do for her good.

“Repeating my acknowledgements for the kind trust you repose in me, and with thanks for the valuable present you have sent me, we all here join in respects to worthy Mr. Wrightson, and in wishing you. Madam, a continuance and increase of worldly felicity; and I particularly beg leave to assure you, that I am, and ever will be, with the highest respect and gratitude, though personally unknown, dearest Madam, *the affectionate admirer of your piety, and your obliged humble servant*,

“P.B.”

Your ladyship will see how I was circumscribed and limited; otherwise I would have said (what I have mentioned more than once), how I admire and honour her for her penitence, and for that noble resolution, which enabled her to do what thousands could not have had the heart to do, abandon her country, her relations, friends, baby, and all that was dear to her, as well as the seducer, whom she too well loved, and hazard the sea, the dangers of pirates, and possibly of other wicked attempters of the mischievous sex, in a world she knew nothing of, among strangers; and all to avoid repeating a sin she had been unhappily drawn into; and for which she still abhors herself.

Must not such a lady as this, dear Madam, have as much merit as many even of those, who, having not had her temptations, have not fallen? This, at least, one may aver, that next to not committing an error, is the resolution to retrieve it all

that one may, to repent of it, and studiously to avoid the repetition. But who, besides this excellent Mrs. Wrightson, having so fallen, and being still so ardently solicited and pursued, (and flattered, perhaps, by fond hopes, that her spoiler would one day do her all the justice he *could* — for who can do complete justice to a woman he has robbed of her honour?) — could resolve as she resolved, and act as she acted? Miss Goodwin is a sweet child; but, permit me to say, has a little of her papa's spirit; hasty, yet generous and acknowledging when she is convinced of her fault; a little haughtier and prouder than I wish her to be; but in every thing else deserves the character I give of her to her mamma.

She is very fond of fine clothes, is a little too lively to the servants. — Told me once, when I took notice that softness and mildness of speech became a young lady, that they were *but* servants! and she could say no more than, "Pray," and "I desire," and "I wish you'd be so kind," to her uncle or to me.

I told her, that good servants deserved any civil distinctions; and that so long as they were ready to oblige in every thing, by a kind word, it would be very wrong to give them imperative ones, which could serve for no other end but to convince observers of the haughtiness of one's own temper; and looked, as if one would question their compliance with our wills, unless we would exact it with an high hand; which might cast a slur upon the command we gave, as if we thought it was hardly so reasonable as otherwise to obtain their observation of it.

"Besides, my dear," said I, "you don't consider, that if you speak as haughtily and commandingly to them on common, as on extraordinary occasions, you weaken your own authority, if even you should be permitted to have any, and they'll regard you no more in the one case than in the other."

She takes great notice of what I say, and when her little proud heart is subdued by reasonings she cannot answer, she will sit as if she were studying what to say, to come off as flying as she can, and as the case requires, I let her go off easily, or push the little dear to her last refuge, and make her quit her post, and yield up her spirit a captive to Reason and Discretion: two excellent commanders, with whom, I tell her, I must bring her to be intimately acquainted.

Yet, after all, till I can be sure that I can inspire her with the love of virtue, for its *own* sake, I will rather try to conduct her spirit to proper ends, than endeavour totally to subdue it; being sensible that our passions are given us for excellent ends, and that they may, by a proper direction, be made subservient to the noblest purposes.

I tell her sometimes, there may be a decent pride in humility, and that it is very possible for a young lady to behave with so much *true* dignity, as shall command respect by the turn of her eye, sooner than by asperity of speech; that she may depend upon it, the person, who is always finding faults, frequently causes them;

and that it is no glory to be better born than servants, if she is not better behaved too.

Besides, I tell her humility is a grace that shines in a *high* condition, but cannot equally in a *low* one; because that is already too much humbled, perhaps: and that, though there is a censure lies against being *poor and proud*, yet I would rather forgive pride in a poor body, than in a rich: for in the rich it is insult and arrogance, proceeding from their high condition; but in the poor it may be a defensative against dishonesty, and may shew a natural bravery of mind, perhaps, if properly directed, and manifested on right occasions, that the frowns of fortune cannot depress.

She says she hears every day things from me, which her governess never taught her.

That may very well be, I tell her, because her governess has *many* young ladies to take care of: I but *one*; and that I want to make her wise and prudent betimes, that she may be an example to other Misses; and that governesses and mammas shall say to their Misses, "When will you be like Miss Goodwin? Do you ever hear Miss Goodwin say a naughty word? Would Miss Goodwin, think you, have done so or so?"

She threw her arms about my neck, on one such occasion as this; "Oh," said she, "what a charming mamma have I got! I will be in every thing as like you, as ever I can! — and then you will love me, and so will my uncle, and so will every body else."

Mr. B. whom now-and-then, she says, she loves as well as if he was her own papa, sees with pleasure how we go on. But she tells me, I must not have any daughter but her, and is very jealous on the occasion about which your ladyship so kindly reproaches me.

There is a pride, you know, Madam, in some of our sex, that serves to useful purposes, is a good defence against improper matches, and mean actions; and is not wholly to be subdued, for that reason; for, though it is not *virtue*, yet, if it can be virtue's *substitute*, in high, rash, and inconsiderate minds, it; may turn to good account. So I will not quite discourage my dear pupil neither, till I see what discretion, and riper years, may add to her distinguishing faculty. For, as some have no notion of pride, separate from imperiousness and arrogance, so others know no difference between humility and meanness.

There is a golden mean in every thing; and if it please God to spare us both, I will endeavour to point her passions, and such even of those foibles, which seem too deeply rooted to be soon eradicated, to useful purposes; choosing to imitate physicians, who, in certain chronical illnesses, as I have read in Lord Bacon, rather proceed by palliatives, than by harsh extirpatives, which, through the

resistance given to them by the constitution, may create such ferments in it, as may destroy that health it was their intention to establish.

But whither am I running? — Your ladyship, I hope, will excuse this parading freedom of my pen: for though these notions are well enough with regard to Miss Goodwin, they must be very impertinent to a lady, who can so much better instruct Miss's tutoress than that vain tutoress can her pupil. And, therefore, with my humblest respects to my good Lord Davers, and your noble neighbours, and to Mr. H. I hasten to conclude myself *your ladyship's obliged sister, and obedient servant*,

P.B.

Your Billy, Madam, is a charming dear! — I long to have you see him. He sends you a kiss upon this paper. You'll see it stained, just here. The charmer has cut two teeth, and is about more: so you'll excuse the dear, pretty, slabbering boy. Miss Goodwin is ready to eat him with love: and Mr. B. is fonder and fonder of us all: and then your ladyship, and my good Lord Davers love us too. O, Madam, what a blessed creature am I!

Miss Goodwin begs I'll send her duty to her *noble* uncle and aunt; that's her just distinction always, when she speaks of you both. She asked me, pretty dear, just now, If I think there is such a happy girl in the world as she is? I tell her, God always blesses good Misses, and makes them happier and happier.

LETTER LXXXVIII

MY DEAR LADY DAVERS,

I have three marriages to acquaint you with, in one letter. In the first place, Sir W.G. has sent, by the particular desire of my dear friend, that he was made one of the happiest men in England, on the 18th past; and so I have no longer my Miss Darnford to boast of. I have a very good opinion of the gentleman; but if he be but half so good a husband as she will make a wife, they will be exceedingly happy in one another.

Mr. Williams's marriage to a kinswoman of his noble patron (as you have heard was in treaty) is the next; and there is great reason to believe, from the character of both, that they will likewise do credit to the state.

The third is Mr. Adams and Polly Barlow; and I wish them, for both their sakes, as happy as either of the former. They are set out to his living, highly pleased with one another; and I hope will have reason to continue so to be.

As to the first, I did not indeed think the affair would have been so soon concluded; and Miss kept it off so long, as I understood, that her papa was angry with her: and, indeed, as the gentleman's family, circumstances, and character, were such, that there could lie no objection against him, I think it would have been wrong to have delayed it.

I should have written to your ladyship before; but have been favoured with Mr. B.'s company into Kent, on a visit to my good mother, who was indisposed. We tarried there a week, and left both my dear parents, to my thankful satisfaction, in as good health as ever they were in their lives.

Mrs. Judy Swynford, or Miss Swynford (as she refuses not being called, now and then), has been with us for this week past; and she expects her brother, Sir Jacob, to fetch her away in about a week hence.

It does not become me to write the least word that may appear disrespectful of any person related to your ladyship and Mr. B. Otherwise I should say, that the B —— s and the S —— s are directly the opposites of one another. But yet, as she never saw your ladyship but once, you will forgive me to mention a word or two about her, because she is a character that is in a manner new to me.

She is a maiden lady, as you know, and though she will not part with the green leaf from her hand, one sees by the grey-goose down on her brows and her head, that she cannot be less than fifty-five. But so much pains does she take, by powder, to have never a dark hair in her head, because she has one half of them

white, that I am sorry to see, what is a subject for reverence, should be deemed, by the good lady, matter of concealment.

She is often seemingly reproaching herself, that she is an *old maid*, and an *old woman*; but it is very discernible, that she expects a compliment, that she is *not so*, every time she is so free with herself: and if nobody makes her one, she will say something of that sort in her own behalf.

She takes particular care, that of all the public transactions which happen to be talked of, her memory will never carry her back above thirty years! and then it is — "About thirty years ago; when I was a girl," or "when I was in hanging sleeves;" and so she makes herself, for twenty years of her life, a very useless and insignificant person.

If her teeth, which, for her age, are very good, though not over white (and which, by her care of them, she seems to look upon as the last remains of her better days), would but fail, it might help her to a conviction, that would set her ten years forwarder at least. But, poor lady, she is so *young*, in spite of her wrinkles, that I am really concerned for her affectation; because it exposes her to the remarks and ridicule of the gentlemen, and gives one pain for her.

Surely, these ladies don't act prudently at all; since, for every year Mrs. Judy would take from her age, her censurers add two to it; and, behind her back, make her going on towards seventy; whereas, if she would lay claim to her *reverentials*, as I may say, and not try to conceal her age, she would have many compliments for looking so well at her years. — And many a young body would hope to be the better for her advice and experience, who now are afraid of affronting her, if they suppose she has lived much longer in the world than themselves.

Then she looks back to the years she owns, when more flippant ladies, at the laughing time of her life, delight to be frolic: she tries to sing too, although, if ever she had a voice, she has outlived it; and her songs are of so antique a date, that they would betray her; only, as she says, they were learnt her by her grandmother, who was a fine lady at the Restoration. She will join in a dance; and though her limbs move not so pliantly as might be expected of a lady no older than she would be thought, and whose dancing-days are not entirely over, yet that was owing to a fall from her horse some years ago, which, she doubts, she shall never recover, though she finds she grows better and better, *every year*.

Thus she loses the respect, the reverence, she might receive, were it not for this miserable affectation; takes pains, by aping youth, to make herself unworthy of her years, and is content to be thought less discreet than she might otherwise be deemed, for fear she should be imagined older if she appeared wiser.

What a sad thing is this, Madam! — What a mistaken conduct! We pray to live to old age; and it is promised as a blessing, and as a reward for the performance of

certain duties; and yet, when we come to it, we had rather be thought as foolish as youth, than to be deemed wise, and in possession of it. And so we shew how little we deserve what we have been so long coveting; and yet covet on: for what? Why, to be more and more ashamed, and more and more unworthy of that we covet!

How fantastic a character is this!-Well may irreverent, unthinking youth despise, instead of revere, the hoary head which the wearer is so much ashamed of. The lady boasts a relationship to you, and Mr. B. and, I think, I am very bold. But my reverence for years, and the disgust I have to see anybody behave unworthy of them, makes me take the greater liberty: which, however, I shall wish I had not taken, if it meets not with that allowance, which I have always had from your ladyship in what I write.

God knows whether ever I may enjoy the blessing I so much revere in others. For now my heavy time approaches. But I was so apprehensive before, and so troublesome to my best friends, with my vapourish fears, that now (with a perfect resignation to the Divine Will) I will only add, that I am *your ladyship's most obliged sister and servant*, P.B.

My dear Billy, and Miss Goodwin, improve every day, and are all I can desire or expect them to be. Could Miss's poor mamma be here with a wish, and back again, how much would she be delighted with one of our afternoon conferences; our Sunday employments especially! — And let me add, that I am very happy in another young gentleman of the dean's recommending, instead of Mr. Adams.

LETTER LXXXIX

MY DEAREST LADY,

I am once more, blessed be God for all his mercies to me! enabled, on my upsitting, to thank you, and my noble lord, for all your kind solicitudes for my welfare. Billy every day improves. Miss is all I wish her to be, and my second dear boy continues to be as lovely and as fine a baby as your ladyship was pleased to think him; and their papa, the best of husbands!

I am glad to hear Lady Betty is likely to be so happy. Mr. B. says, her noble admirer is as worthy a gentleman as any in the peerage; and I beg of you to congratulate the dear lady, and her noble parents, in my name, if I should be at a distance, when the nuptials are celebrated.

I have had the honour of a visit from my lady, the Countess Dowager, on occasion of her leaving the kingdom for a year or two, for which space she designs to reside in Italy, principally at Naples or Florence; a design she took up some time ago, but which it seems she could not conveniently put into execution till now.

Mr. B. was abroad when her ladyship came, and I expected him not till the next day. She sent her gentleman, the preceding evening, to let me know that business had brought her as far as Wooburn; and if it would not be unacceptable, she would pay her respects to me at breakfast, the next morning, being speedily to leave England. I returned, that I should be very proud of that honour. And about ten her ladyship came.

She was exceedingly fond of my two boys, the little man, and the pretty baby, as she called them; and I had very different emotions from the expression of her love to Billy, and her visit to me, from what I had once before. She was sorry, she said, Mr. B. was abroad; though her business was principally with me. “For, Mrs. B.,” said she, “I come to tell you all that passed between Mr. B. and myself, that you may not think worse of either of us, than we deserve; and I could not leave England till I had waited on you for this purpose; and yet, perhaps, from the distance of time, you’ll think it needless now. And, indeed, I should have waited on you before, to have cleared up my character with you, had I thought I should have been so long kept on this side of the water.” — I said, I was very sorry I had ever been uneasy, when I had two persons of so much honour— “Nay,” said she, interrupting me, “you have no need to apologize; things looked bad enough, as they were presented to you, to justify greater uneasiness than you expressed.”

She asked me, who that pretty genteel Miss was? — I said, a relation of Lord Davers, who was entrusted lately to my care. “Then, Miss,” said her ladyship, and kissed her, “you are very happy.”

Believing the Countess was desirous of being alone with me, I said, “My dear Miss Goodwin, won’t you go to your little nursery, my love?” for so she calls my last blessing— “You’d be sorry the baby should cry for you.” For she was so taken with the charming lady, that she was loth to leave us — But, on my saying this, withdrew.

When we were alone, the Countess began her story, with a sweet confusion, which added to her loveliness. She said she would be brief, because she should exact all my attention, and not suffer me to interrupt her till she had done. She began with acknowledging, that she thought, when she first saw Mr. B. at the masquerade, that he was the finest gentleman she had ever seen; that the allowed freedoms of the place had made her take liberties in following him, and engaging him wherever he went. She blamed him very freely for passing for a single man; for that, she said, since she had so splendid a fortune of her own, was all she was solicitous about; having never, as she confessed, seen a man she could like so well; her former marriage having been in some sort forced upon her, at an age when she knew not how to distinguish; and that she was very loth to believe him married, even when she had no reason to doubt it. “Yet this I must say,” said she, “I never heard a man, when he owned he was married, express himself with more affectionate regard and fondness than he did of you; which made me long to see you; for I had a great opinion of those personal advantages which every one flattered me with; and was very unwilling to yield the palm of beauty to you.

“I believe you will censure me, Mrs. B., for permitting his visits after I knew he was married. To be sure, that was a thoughtless, and a faulty part of my conduct. But the world’s saucy censures, and my friends’ indiscreet interposals, incensed me; and, knowing the uprightness of my own heart, I was resolved to disgrace both, when I found they could not think worse of me than they did.

“I am naturally of a high spirit, impatient of contradiction, always gave myself freedoms, for which, satisfied with my own innocence, I thought myself above being accountable to any body — And then Mr. B. has such noble sentiments, a courage and fearlessness, which I saw on more occasions than one, that all ladies who know the weakness of their own sex, and how much they want the protection of the brave, are taken with. Then his personal address was so peculiarly distinguishing, that having an opinion of his honour, I was embarrassed greatly how to deny myself his conversation; although, you’ll pardon me, Mrs. B., I began to be afraid that my reputation might suffer in the world’s opinion for the indulgence.

“Then, when I had resolved, as I did several times, to see him no more, some unforeseen accident threw him in my way again, at one entertainment or other; for I love balls and concerts, and public diversions, perhaps, better than I ought; and then I had all my resolves to begin again. Yet this I can truly say, whatever his views were, I never heard from him the least indecent expression, nor saw in his behaviour to me much to apprehend; saving, I began to fear, that by his insinuating address, and noble manner, I should be too much in his power, and too little in my own, if I went on so little doubting, and so little alarmed, if ever he should avow dishonourable designs.

“I had often lamented, that our sex were prohibited, by the designs of the other upon their honour, and by the world’s censures, from conversing with the same ease and freedom with gentlemen, as with one another. And when once I asked myself, to what this conversation might tend at last? and where the pleasure each seemed to take in the other’s, might possibly end? I resolved to break it off; and told him my resolution next time I saw him. But he stopped my mouth with a romantic notion, as I since think it, (though a sorry plea will have weight in favour of a proposal, to which one has no aversion) of Platonic love; and we had an intercourse by letters, to the number of six or eight, I believe, on that and other subjects.

“Yet all this time, I was the less apprehensive, because he always spoke so tenderly, and even with delight, whenever he mentioned his lady; and I could not find, that you were at all alarmed at our acquaintance: for I never scrupled to send my letters, by my own livery, to your house, sealed with my own seal. At last, indeed, he began to tell me, that from the sweetest and evenest temper in the world, you seemed to be leaning towards melancholy, were always in tears, or shewed you had been weeping, when he came home; and that you did not make his return to you so agreeable as he used to find it.

“I asked if it were not owing to some alteration in his own temper? If you might not be uneasy at our acquaintance, and at his frequent absence from you, and the like? He answered, No; that you were above disguises, were of a noble and frank nature, and would have hinted it to him, if you had. This, however, when I began to think seriously of the matter, gave me but little satisfaction; and I was more and more convinced, that my honour required it of me, to break off this intimacy.

“And although I permitted Mr. B. to go with me to Tunbridge, when I went to take a house there, yet I was uneasy, as he saw. And, indeed, so was he, though he tarried a day or two longer than he designed, on account of a little excursion my sister and her lord, and he and I, made into Sussex, to see an estate I thought of

purchasing; for he was so good as to look into my affairs, and has put them upon an admirable establishment.

"His uneasiness, I found, was upon your account, and he sent you a letter to excuse himself for not waiting on you on Saturday, and to say, he would dine with you on Monday. And I remember when I said, 'Mr. B., you seem to be chagrined at something; you are more thoughtful than usual: 'his answer was, 'Madam, you are right, Mrs. B. and I have had a little misunderstanding. She is so solemn, and so melancholy of late, I fear it will be no difficult matter to put her out of her right mind: and I love her so well, that then I should hardly keep my own.'

"'Is there no reason, think you,' said I, 'to imagine that your acquaintance with me gives her uneasiness? You know, Mr. B., how that villain T.' (a man," said she, "whose insolent address I rejected with the contempt it deserved) 'has slandered us. How know you, but he has found a way to your wife's ear, as he has done to my uncle's, and to all my friends'? And if so, it is best for us both to discontinue a friendship, that may be attended with disagreeable consequences.'

"He said, he should find it out on his return. 'And will you,' said I, 'ingenuously acquaint me with the issue of your inquiries? for,' added I, 'I never beheld a countenance, in so young a lady, that seemed to mean more than Mrs. B.'s, when I saw her in town; and notwithstanding her prudence I could see a reserve and thoughtfulness in it, that, if it was not natural to it, must indicate too much.'

"He wrote to me, in a very moving letter, the issue of your conference, and referred to some papers of your's, that he would shew me, as soon as he could procure them, they being of your own hands; and let me know that T. was the accuser, as I had suspected.

"In brief, Madam, when you went down into Kent, he read to me some part of your account to Lady Davers, of your informant and information; your apprehensions; your prudence; your affection for him; the reason of your melancholy; and, to all appearance, reason enough you had, especially from the letter of Thomasine Fuller, which was one of T.'s vile forgeries: for though we had often, for argument's sake, talked of polygamy (he arguing for it, I against it), yet had not Mr. B. dared, nor was he inclined, I verily believe, to propose any such thing to me: no, Madam, I was not so much abandoned to a sense of honour, as to give reason for any one, but my impertinent and foolish uncle, to impute such a folly to me; and he had so behaved to me, that I cared not what *he* thought.

"Then, what he read to me, here and there, as he pleased, gave me reason to admire you for your generous opinion of one you had so much seeming cause to be afraid of: he told me his apprehensions, from your uncommon manner, that your mind was in some degree affected, and your strange proposal of parting with

a husband every one knows you so dearly love: and we agreed to forbear seeing each other, and all manner of correspondence, except by letter, for one month, till some of my affairs were settled, which had been in great disorder, and were in his kind management then; and I had not one relation, whom I cared to trouble with them, because of their treatment of me on Mr. B.'s account. And this, I told him, should not be neither, but through your hands, and with your consent.

"And thus, Madam," said her ladyship, "have I told you the naked truth of the whole affair. I have seen Mr. B. very seldom since: and when I have, it has been either at a horse-race, in the open field, or at some public diversion, by accident, where only distant civilities have passed between us.

"I respect him greatly; you must allow me to say that. Except in the article of permitting me to believe, for some time, that he was a single gentleman, a fault he cannot be excused for, and which made me heartily quarrel with him, when I first knew it, he has behaved to me with so much generosity and honour, that I could have wished I had been of his sex, since he had a lady so much more deserving than myself; and then, had he had the same esteem for me, there never would have been a more perfect friendship. I am now going," continued she, "to embark for France, and shall pass a year or two in Italy; and then I shall, I hope, return as solid, as grave, as circumspect, though not so wise, as Mrs. B."

Thus the Countess concluded her narrative: I said, I was greatly obliged to her for the honour of this visit, and the kind and considerate occasion of it: but that Mr. B. had made me entirely happy in every particular, and had done her ladyship the justice she so well deserved, having taken upon himself the blame of passing as a single man at his first acquaintance with her.

I added, that I could hope her ladyship might be prevented, by some happy man, from leaving a kingdom, to which she was so great an ornament, as well by her birth, her quality and fortune, as by her perfections of person and mind.

She said, she had not been the happiest of her sex in her former marriage: although nobody, her youth considered, thought her a bad wife; and her lord's goodness to her, at his death, had demonstrated his own favourable opinion of her by deeds, as he had done by words upon all occasions: but that she was yet young; a little too gay and unsettled: and had her head turned towards France and Italy, having passed some time in those countries, which she thought of with pleasure, though then only twelve or thirteen: that for this reason, and having been on a late occasion still more unsettled (looking down with blushes, which often overspread her face, as she talked), she had refused some offers, not despicable: that indeed Lord C. threatened to follow her to Italy, in hopes of meeting better success there, than he had met with here: but if he did, though she would make no resolutions, she might be too much offended with him, to give

him reason to boast of his journey; and this the rather, as she believed he had once entertained no very honourable notions of her friendship for Mr. B.

She wished to see Mr. B. and to take leave of him, but not out of my company, she was pleased to say.— "Your ladyship's consideration for me," replied I, "lays me under high obligation; but indeed, Madam, there is no occasion for it, from any diffidences I have in your's or Mr. B.'s honour. And if you will give me the pleasure of knowing when it will be most acceptable, I will beg of Mr. B. to oblige me with his company to return this favour, the first visit I make abroad."

"You are very kind, Mrs. B.," said she: "but I think to go to Tunbridge for a fortnight, when I have disposed of every thing for my embarkation, and so set out from thence. And if you should then be both in Kent, I should be glad to take you at your word."

To be sure, I said, Mr. B. at least, would attend her ladyship there, if any thing should happen to deprive me of that honour.

"You are very obliging," said she, "I take great concern to myself, for having caused you a moment's uneasiness formerly: but I must now try to be circumspect, in order to retrieve my character, which has been so basely traduced by that presumptuous fellow Turner, who hoped, I suppose, by that means, to bring me down to his level."

Her ladyship would not be prevailed upon to stay dinner; and, saying she would be at Wooburn all the next day, took a very tender leave of me, wishing me all manner of happiness, as I did her.

Mr. B. came home in the evening, and next morning rode to Wooburn, to pay his respects to the Countess, and came back in the evening.

Thus happily, and to the satisfaction of all three, as I hope, ended this perplexing affair.

Mr. B. asks me how I relish Mr. Locke's *Treatise on Education*? which he put into my hands some time since, as I told your ladyship. I answered, Very well; and I thought it an excellent piece in the main.

"I'll tell you," said he, "what you shall do. You have not shewed me any thing you have written for a good while. I could wish you to fill up your leisure-time with your observations on that treatise, that I may know what you can object to it; for you say *in the main*, which shews, that you do not entirely approve of every part of it."

"But will not that be presumptuous, Sir?"

"I admire Mr. Locke," replied he; "and I admire my Pamela. I have no doubt of his excellencies, but I want to know the sentiments of a young mother, as well as of a learned gentleman, upon the subject of education; because I have heard

several ladies censure some part of his regimen, when I am convinced, that the fault lies in their own over-great fondness for their children."

"As to myself, Sir, who, in the early part of my life, have not been brought up too tenderly, you will hardly meet with any objection to the part which I imagine you have heard most objected to by ladies who have been more indulgently treated in their first stage. But there are a few other things that want clearing up to my understanding; but, which, however, may be the fault of that."

"Then, my dear," said he, "suppose me at a distance from you, cannot you give me your remarks in the same manner, as if you were writing to Lady Davers, or to Miss Darnford, that was?"

"Yes, Sir, depending on your kind favour to me, I believe I could."

"Do then; and the less restraint you write with, the more I shall be pleased with it. But I confine you not to time or place. We will make our excursions as I once proposed; and do you write to me now-and-then upon the subject; for the places and remarkables you will see, will be new only to yourself; nor will either of those ladies expect from you an itinerary, or a particular description of countries, which are better described by authors who have made it their business to treat upon those subjects. By this means, you will be usefully employed in your own way, which may turn to good account to us both, and to the dear children, which it may please God to bestow upon us."

"You don't expect, Sir, any thing regular, or digested from me."

"I don't, my dear. Let your fancy and your judgment be both employed, and I require no method; for I know, in your easy, natural way, that would be a confinement, which would cramp your genius, and give what you write a stiff, formal air, that I might expect in a pedagogue, but not in my Pamela."

"Well, but, Sir, although I may write nothing to the purpose, yet if Lady Davers desires it, you will allow me to transmit what I shall write to her, when you have perused it yourself? For your good sister is so indulgent to my scribble, she will expect to be always hearing from me; and this way I shall oblige her ladyship while I obey her brother."

"With all my heart," he was pleased to say.

So, my lady, I shall now-and-then pay my respects to you in the writing way, though I must address myself, it seems, to my dearest Mr. B.; and I hope to be received on these my own terms, since they are your brother's also, and, at the same time, such as will convince you, how much I wish to approve myself, to the best of my poor ability, *your ladyship's most obliged sister, and humble servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XC

My dearest Mr. B.,

I have been considering of your commands, in relation to Mr. Locke's book, and since you are pleased to give me time to acquit myself of the task, I shall beg to include in a little book my humble sentiments, as I did to Lady Davers, in that I shewed you in relation to the plays I had seen. And since you confine me not to time or place, I may be three or four years in completing it, because I shall reserve some subjects to my further experience in children's ways and tempers, and in order to benefit myself by the good instructions I shall receive from your delightful conversation, in that compass of time, if God spare us to one another: and then it will, moreover, be still worthier of the perusal of the most honoured and best beloved of all my correspondents, much honoured and beloved as they all are.

I must needs say, my dear Mr. B., that this is a subject to which I was always particularly attentive; and among the charities your bountiful heart permits me to dispense to the poor and indigent, I have had always a watchful eye upon the children of such, and endeavoured, by questions put to them, as well as to their parents, to inform myself of their little ways and tempers, and how nature delights to work in different minds, and how it might be pointed to their good, according to their respective capacities; and I have for this purpose erected, with your approbation, a little school of seven or eight children, among which is four in the earliest stages, when they can but just speak, and call for what they want and love: and I am not a little pleased to observe, when I visit them in their school time that principles of goodness and virtue may be instilled into their little hearts much earlier than is usually imagined. And why should it not be so? for may not the child, that can tell its wants, and make known its inclination, be easily made sensible of *yours*, and what you expect from it, provided you take a proper method? For, sometimes, signs and tokens (and even looks), uniformly practised, will do as well as words; as we see in such of the young of the brute creation as we are disposed to domesticate, and to teach to practise those little tricks, of which the aptness or docility of their natures makes them capable.

But yet, dearest Sir, I know not enough of the next stage, the *maturer* part of life, to touch upon that as I wish to do: and yet there is a natural connection and progression from the one to the other: and I would not be thought a vain creature, who believes herself equal to *every* subject, because she is indulged with the good

opinion of her friends, in a *few*, which are supposed to be within her own capacity.

For, I humbly conceive, that it is no small point of wisdom to know, and not to mistake, one's own talents: and for this reason, permit me, Sir, to suspend, till I am better qualified for it, even my own proposal of beginning my little book; and, in the mean time, to touch upon a few places of the admirable author, that seem to me to warrant another way of thinking, than that which he prescribes.

But, dear Sir, let me premise, that all that your dear babies can demand of my attention for some time to come, is their health; and God has blessed them with such sound limbs, and, to all appearances, good constitutions, that I have very little to do, but to pray for them every time I pray for their dear papa; and that is hourly; and yet not so often as you confer upon me benefits and favours, and new obligations, even to the prevention of all my wishes, were I to sit down and study for what must be the next.

As to this point of *health*, Mr. Locke gives these plain and easy to be observed rules.

He prescribes first, *plenty of open air*. That this is right, the infant will inform one, who, though it cannot speak, will make signs to be carried abroad, and is never so well pleased, as when enjoying the open and free air; for which reason I conclude, that this is one of those natural pointings, as I may say, that are implanted in every creature, teaching it to choose its good, and to avoid its evil.

Sleep is the next, which he enjoins to be indulged to its utmost extent: an admirable rule, as I humbly conceive; since sound sleep is one of the greatest nourishers of nature, both to the once young and to the *twice* young, if I may use the phrase. And I the rather approve of this rule, because it keeps the nurse unemployed, who otherwise may be doing it the greatest mischief, by cramming and stuffing its little bowels, till ready to burst. And, if I am right, what an inconsiderate and foolish, as well as pernicious practice it is, for a nurse to *waken* the child from its nourishing sleep, for fear it should suffer by hunger, and instantly pop the breast into its pretty mouth, or provoke it to feed, when it has no inclination to either, and for want of digestion, must have its nutriment turned to repletion, and bad humours!

Excuse me, dear Sir, these lesser particulars. Mr. Locke begins with them; and surely they may be allowed in a young *mamma*, writing (however it be to a gentleman of genius and learning) to a *papa*, on a subject, that in its lowest beginnings ought not to be unattended to by either. I will therefore pursue my excellent author without farther apology, since you have put his work into my hands.

The next thing, then, which he prescribes, is *plain diet*. This speaks for itself, for the baby can have no corrupt taste to gratify: all is pure, as out of the hand of Nature; and what is not plain and natural, must vitiate and offend.

Then, *no wine*, or *strong drink*. Equally just; and for the same reasons.

Little or *no physic*. Undoubtedly right. For the *use* of physic, without necessity, or by way of *precaution*, as some call it, begets the *necessity* of physic; and the very *word* supposes *distemper* or *disorder*; and where there is none, would a parent beget one; or, by frequent use, render the salutary force of medicine ineffectual, when it was wanted?

Next, he forbids *too warm* and *too strait clothing*. This is just as I wish it. How often has my heart ached, when I have seen poor babies rolled and swathed, ten or a dozen times round; then blanket upon blanket, mantle upon that; its little neck pinned down to one posture; its head, more than it frequently needs, triple-crowned like a young pope, with covering upon covering; its legs and arms, as if to prevent that kindly stretching, which we rather ought to promote, when it is in health, and which is only aiming at growth and enlargement, the former bundled up, the latter pinned down; and how the poor thing lies on the nurse's lap, a miserable little pinioned captive, goggling and staring with its eyes, the only organ it has at liberty, as if supplicating for freedom to its fettered limbs! Nor has it any comfort at all, till with a sigh or two, like a dying deer, it drops asleep; and happy then will it be till the officious nurse's care shall awaken it for its undesired food, as if resolved to try its constitution, and willing to see how many difficulties it could overcome.

Then he advises, that the head and feet should be kept cold; and the latter often used to cold water, and exposed to wet, in order to lay the foundation, as he says, of an healthy and hardy constitution.

Now, Sir, what a pleasure it is to your Pamela, that her notions, and her practice too, fall in so exactly with this learned gentleman's advice that, excepting one article, which is, that your Billy has not yet been accustomed to be *wet-shod*, every other particular has been observed! And don't you see what a charming, charming baby he is? — Nay, and so is your little Davers, for his age — pretty soul!

Perhaps some, were they to see this, would not be so ready, as I know *you* will be, to excuse me; and would be apt to say, "What nursery impertinences are these to trouble a man with!" — But with all their wisdom, they would be mistaken; for if a child has not good health, (and are not these rules the moral foundation, as I may say, of that blessing?) its animal organs will play but poorly in a weak or crazy case. These, therefore, are necessary rules to be observed for the first two or

three years: for then the little buds of their minds will begin to open, and their watchful mamma will be employed like a skilful gardener, in assisting and encouraging the charming flower through its several hopeful stages to perfection, when it shall become one of the principal ornaments of that delicate garden, your honoured family. Pardon me, Sir, if in the above paragraph I am too figurative. I begin to be afraid I am out of my sphere, writing to your dear self, on these important subjects.

But be that as it may, I will here put an end to this my first letter (on the earliest part of my subject), rejoicing in the opportunity you have given me of producing a fresh instance of that duty and affection, wherewith I am, and shall ever be, my dearest Mr. B., *your grateful, happy*,

P.B.

LETTER XCI

I will now, my dearest, my best beloved correspondent of all, begin, since the tender age of my dear babies will not permit me to have an eye yet to their *better* part, to tell you what are the little matters to which I am not quite so well reconciled in Mr. Locke: and this I shall be better enabled to do, by my observations upon the temper and natural bent of my dear Miss Goodwin, as well as by those which my visits to the bigger children of my little school, and those at the cottages adjacent, have enabled me to make; for human nature, Sir, you are not to be told, is human nature, whether in the high-born, or in the low.

This excellent author (Section 52), having justly disallowed of slavish and corporal punishments in the education of those we would have to be wise, good, and ingenuous men, adds, "On the other side, to flatter children by rewards of things that are pleasant to them, is as carefully to be avoided. He that will give his son apples, or sugar-plums, or what else of this kind he is most delighted with, to make him learn his book, does but authorize his love of pleasure, and cockers up that dangerous propensity, which he ought, by all means, to subdue and stifle in him. You can never hope to teach him to master it, whilst you compound for the check you give his inclination in one place, by the satisfaction you propose to it in another. To make a good, a wise, and a virtuous man, 'tis fit he should learn to cross his appetite, and deny his inclination to riches, finery, or pleasing his palate, &c."

This, Sir, is well said; but is it not a little too philosophical and abstracted, not only for the generality of children, but for the age he supposes them to be of, if one may guess by the apples and the sugar-plums proposed for the rewards of their well-doing? — Would not this require that memory or reflection in children, which, in another place, is called the concomitant of prudence and age, and not of childhood?

It is undoubtedly very right, to check an unreasonable appetite, and that at its first appearance. But if so small and so reasonable an inducement will prevail, surely, Sir, it might be complied with. A generous mind takes delight to win over others by good usage and mildness, rather than by severity; and it must be a great pain to such an one, to be always inculcating, on his children or pupils, the doctrine of self-denial, by methods quite grievous to his own nature.

What I would then humbly propose, is, that the encouragements offered to youth, should, indeed, be innocent ones, as the gentleman enjoins, and not such as would lead to luxury, either of food or apparel; but I humbly think it necessary, that rewards, proper rewards, should be proposed as incentives to laudable

actions: for is it not by this method that the whole world is influenced and governed? Does not God himself, by rewards and punishments, make it our interest, as well as our duty, to obey him? And can we propose ourselves, for the government of our children, a better example than that of the Creator?

This fine author seems to think he had been a little of the strictest, and liable to some exception. “I say not this,” proceeds he, (Section 53) “that I would have children kept from the conveniences or pleasures of life, that are not injurious to their health or virtue. On the contrary, I would have their lives made as pleasant and as agreeable to them as may be, in a plentiful enjoyment of whatsoever might innocently delight them.”-And yet he immediately subjoins a very hard and difficult proviso to this indulgence.— “Provided,” says he, “it be with this caution, that they have those enjoyments only as the consequences of the state of esteem and acceptation they are in with their parents and governors.”

I doubt, my dear Mr. B., this is expecting such a distinction and discretion in children, as they seldom have in their tender years, and requiring capacities not commonly to be met with; so that it is not prescribing to the *generality*, as this excellent author intended. ’Tis, I humbly conceive, next to impossible that their tender minds should distinguish beyond facts; they covet this or that play-thing, and the parent, or governor, takes advantage of its desires, and annexes to the indulgence such or such a task or duty, as a condition; and shews himself pleased with its compliance with it: so the child wins its plaything, and receives the commendation so necessary to lead on young minds to laudable pursuits. But shall it not be suffered to enjoy the innocent reward of its compliance, unless it can give satisfaction, that its greatest delight is not in having the thing coveted, but in performing the task, or obeying the injunctions imposed upon it as a condition of its being obliged? I doubt, Sir, this is a little too strict, and not to be expected from children. A servant, full-grown, would not be able to shew, that, on condition he complied with such and such terms (which, it is to be supposed by the offer, he would not have complied with, but for that inducement), he should have such and such a reward;

I say, he would hardly be able to shew, that he preferred the pleasure of performing the requisite conditions to the stipulated reward. Nor is it necessary he should: for he is not the less a good servant, or a virtuous man, if he own the conditions painful, and the reward necessary to his low state in the world, and that otherwise he would not undergo any service at all. — Why then should this be exacted from a child?

Let, therefore, innocent rewards be proposed, and let us be contented to lead on the ductile minds of children to a love of their duty, by obliging them with such: we may tell them what we expect in this case; but we ought not, I humbly

conceive, to be too rigorous in exacting it; for, after all, the inducement will naturally be the uppermost consideration with the child: not, as I hinted, had it been offered to it, if the parent himself had not thought so. And, therefore, we can only let the child know his duty in this respect, and that he *ought* to give a preference to that; and then rest ourselves contented, although we should discern, that the reward is the chief incentive, of it. For this, from whatever motive inculcated, may beget a habit in the child of doing it: and then, as it improves in years, one may hope, that reason will take place, and enable him, from the most solid and durable motives, to give a preference to the duty.

Upon the whole, then, can we insist upon it, that the child should so nicely distinguish away its little *innate* passions, as if we expected it to be born a philosopher? Self-denial is, indeed, a most excellent doctrine to be inculcated into children, and it must be done *early*: but we must not be too severe in our exacting it; for a duty too rigidly insisted upon, will make it odious. This Mr. Locke, too, observes in another place, on the head of too great severity; which he illustrates by a familiar comparison: “Offensive circumstances,” says he, “ordinarily infect innocent things which they are joined with. And the very sight of a cup, wherein any one uses to take nauseous physic, turns his stomach; so that nothing will relish well out of it, though the cup be never so clean and well-shaped, and of the richest materials.”

Permit me to add, that Mr. Locke writes still more rigorously on the subject of rewards; which I quote, to shew I have not misunderstood him: “But these enjoyments,” says he, “should *never* be offered or bestowed on children, as the rewards of this or that particular performance that they shew an aversion to, or to which they would not have applied themselves without that temptation.” If, dear Sir, the minds of children can be led on by innocent inducements to the performance of a duty, of which they are capable, what I have humbly offered, is enough, I presume, to convince one, that it *may* be done. But if ever a particular study be proposed to be mastered, or a bias to be overcome (that is not an *indispensable* requisite to his future life of morals) to which the child shews an aversion, I would not, methinks, have him be too much tempted or compelled to conquer or subdue it, especially if it appear to be a *natural* or rivetted aversion. For, permit me to observe, that the education and studies of children ought, as much as possible, to be suited to their capacities and inclination, and, by these means, we may expect to have always *useful* and often *great* men, in different professions; for that genius which does not prompt to the prosecution of one study, may shine in another no less necessary part of science. But, if the promise of innocent rewards *would* conquer this aversion, yet they should not be applied

with this view; for the best consequences that can be hoped for, will be tolerable skill in one thing, instead of most excellent in another.

Nevertheless, I must repeat, that if, as the child grows up, and is capable of so much reason, that, from the love of the *inducement*, one can raise his mind to the love of the *duty*, it should be done by all means. But, my dear Mr. B., I am afraid that *that* parent or tutor will meet with but little success, who, in a child's tender years, shall refuse to comply with its foibles, till he sees it value its duty, and the pleasure of obeying his commands, beyond the little enjoyment on which his heart is fixed. For, as I humbly conceive, that mind which can be brought to prefer its duty to its appetites, will want little of the perfection of the wisest philosophers.

Besides, Sir, permit to me say, that I am afraid this perpetual opposition between the passions of the child and the duty to be enforced, especially when it sees how other children are indulged (for if this regimen could be observed by *any*, it would be impossible it should become *general*, while the fond and the inconsiderate parents are so large a part of mankind), will cow and dispirit a child, and will, perhaps produce, a necessity of making use of severity, to subdue him to this temper of self-denial; for if the child refuses, the parent must insist; and what will be the consequence? must it not introduce a harsher discipline than this gentleman allows of? — and which, I presume to say, did never yet do good to any but to slavish and base spirits, if to them; a discipline which Mr. Locke every where justly condemns.

See here, dear Sir, a specimen of the presumption of your girl: "What will she come to in time!" you will perhaps say, "Her next step will be to arraign myself." No, no, dear Sir, don't think so: for my duty, my love, and my reverence, shall be your guards, and defend you from every thing saucy in me, but the bold approaches of my gratitude, winch shall always testify for me, how much I am *your obliged and dutiful servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XCII

MY DEAREST MR. B.,

I will continue my subject, although I have not had an opportunity to know whether you approve of my notions or not by reason of the excursions you have been pleased to allow me to make in your beloved company to the sea-ports of this kingdom, and to the more noted inland towns of Essex, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire, which have given me infinite delight and pleasure, and enlarged my notions of the wealth and power of the kingdom, in which God's goodness has given you so considerable a stake.

My next topic will be upon a *home* education, which Mr. Locke prefers, for several weighty reasons, to a *school* one, provided such a tutor can be procured, as he makes next to an impossibility to procure. The gentleman has set forth the inconveniencies of both, and was himself so discouraged, on a review of them, that he was ready, as he says, to throw up his pen. My chief cares, dear Sir, on this head, are three: 1st, The difficulty which, as I said, Mr. Locke makes almost insuperable, to find a qualified tutor. 2ndly, The necessity there is, according to Mr. Locke, of keeping the youth out of the company of the meaner servants, who may set him bad examples. And, 3rdly, Those still greater difficulties which will arise from the example of his parents, if they are not very discreet and circumspect.

As to the qualifications of the tutor, Mr. Locke supposes, that he is to be so learned, so discreet, so wise, in short, so *perfect* a man, that I doubt, and so does Mr. Locke, such an one can hardly be met with for this *humble* and *slavish* employment. I presume, Sir, to call it so, because of the too little regard that is generally paid to these useful men in the families of the great, where they are frequently put upon a foot with the uppermost servants, and the rather, if they happen to be men of modesty.

"I would," says he, "from children's first beginning to talk, have some discreet, sober, nay, *wise* person about them, whose care it should be to fashion them right, and to keep them from all ill; especially the infection of bad company. I think this province requires great sobriety, temperance, tenderness, diligence, and discretion; qualities hardly to be found united in persons that are to be had for ordinary salaries, nor easily to be found any where."

If this, Sir, be the case, does not this excellent author recommend a scheme that is rendered in a manner impracticable from this difficulty?

As to these qualities being more rarely to be met with in persons that are to be had for *ordinary salaries*, I cannot help being of opinion (although, with Mr. Locke, I think no expence should be spared, if that *would* do) that there is as good a chance for finding a proper person among the needy scholars (if not of a low and sordid turn of mind) as among the more affluent: because the narrow circumstances of the former (which probably became a spur to his own improvement) will, it is likely, at first setting out in the world, make him be glad to embrace such an offer in a family which has interest enough to prefer him, and will quicken his diligence to make him *deserve* preferment; and if such an one wanted any of that requisite politeness, which some would naturally expect from scholars of better fortune, might not that be supplied to the youth by the conversation of parents, relations, and visitors, in conjunction with those other helps which young men of family and large expectations constantly have, and which few learned tutors can give him?

I say not this to countenance the wretched niggardliness (which this gentleman justly censures) of those who grudge a handsome consideration to so necessary and painful a labour as that of a tutor, which, where a deserving man can be met with, cannot be too genteelly rewarded, nor himself too respectfully treated. I only beg to deliver my opinion, that a low condition is as likely as any other, with a mind not ungenerous, to produce a man who has these good qualities, as well for the reasons I have hinted at, as for others which might be mentioned.

But Mr. Locke thus proceeds: “To form a young gentleman as he should be, ’tis fit his governor should be well bred, understand the ways of carriage, and measures of civility, in all the variety of *persons*, *times*, and *places* and keep his pupil, as far as his age requires, constantly to the observation of them. This is an art not to be learnt or taught by books. — Nothing can give it but good company and observation joined together.”

And in another place says, “Besides being well-bred, the tutor should know the world well; the ways, the humours, the follies, the cheats, the faults of the age he has fallen into, and particularly of the country he lives in: these he should be able to shew to his pupil, as he finds him capable; teach him skill in men and their manners; pull off the mask which their several callings and pretences cover them with; and make his pupil discern what lies at the bottom, under such appearances, that he may not, as unexperienced young men are apt to do, if they are unwarned, take one thing for another, judge by the outside, and give himself up to show, and the insinuations of a fair carriage, or an obliging application; teach him to guess at, and beware of, the designs of men he hath to do with, neither with too much suspicion, nor too much confidence.”

This, dear Sir, is excellently said: ’tis noble *theory*; and if the tutor be a man void of resentment and caprice, and will not be governed by partial considerations, in his own judgment of persons and things, all will be well: but if otherwise, may he not take advantage of the confidence placed in him, to the injury of some worthy person, and by degrees monopolize the young gentleman to himself, and govern his passions as absolutely, as I have heard some first ministers have done those of their prince, equally to his own personal disreputation, and to the disadvantage of his people? But all this, and much more, according to Mr. Locke, is the duty of a tutor: and on the finding out such an one, depends his scheme of a home education. No wonder, then, that he himself says, “When I consider the scruples and cautions I here lay in your way, methinks it looks as if I advised you to something which I would have offered at, but in effect not done,” &c. — Permit me, dear Sir, in this place to express my fear that it is hardly possible for any one, with talents inferior to those of Mr. Locke himself, to come up to the rules he has laid down upon this subject; and ’tis to be questioned, whether even *he*, with all that vast stock of natural reason and solid sense, for which, as you tell me, Sir, he was so famous, had attained to these perfections, at his first setting out into life.

Now, therefore, dear Sir, you can’t imagine how these difficulties perplex me, as to my knowing how to judge which is best, a *home* or a *school* education. For hear what this excellent author justly observes on the latter, among other things, no less to the purpose: “I am sure, he who is able to be at the charge of a tutor at home, may there give his son a more genteel carriage, more manly thoughts, and a sense of what is worthy and becoming, with a greater proficiency in learning, into the bargain, and ripen him up sooner into a man, than any school can do. Not that I blame the schoolmaster in this,” says he, “or think it to be laid to his charge. The difference is great between two or three pupils in the same house, and three or four score boys lodged up and down; for, let the master’s industry and skill be never so great, it is impossible he should have fifty or an hundred scholars under his eye any longer than they are in the school together.” But then, Sir, if there be such a difficulty as Mr. Locke says, to meet with a proper tutor for the home education, which he thus prefers, what a perplexing thing is this. But still, according to this gentleman, another difficulty attends a home education; and that is, what I hinted at before, in my second article, the necessity of keeping the youth out of the company of the meaner servants, who may set him bad examples. For thus he says, “Here is another great inconvenience, which children receive from the ill examples which they meet with from the meaner servants. They are *wholly*, if possible, to be kept from such conversation: for the contagion of these ill precedents, both in civility and virtue, horribly infects children, as often as they

come within the reach of it. They frequently learn from unbred or debauched servants, such language, untowardly tricks and vices, as otherwise they would be ignorant of all their lives. 'Tis a hard matter wholly to prevent this mischief," continues he; "you will have very good luck, if you never have a clownish or vicious servant, and if from them your children never get any infection."

Then, Sir, my third point (which I mentioned in the beginning of this letter) makes a still stronger objection, as it may happen, against a home education; to wit, the example of the parents themselves, if they be not very circumspect and discreet.

All these difficulties being put together, let me, dear Sir, humbly propose it, as a matter for your consideration and determination, whether there be not a middle way to be found out in a school education, that may remedy some of these inconveniencies? For suppose you cannot get a tutor so qualified as Mr. Locke thinks he ought to be, for your Billy as he grows up. Suppose there is danger from your meaner servants; or we his parents should not be able to lay ourselves under the requisite restraints, in order to form his mind by our own examples, which I hope, by God's grace, however, will not be the case — Cannot some master be found, who shall be so well rewarded for his care of a *few* young gentlemen, as to make it worth his while to be contented with those *few?* — suppose from five to eight at most; whose morals and breeding he may attend to, as well as to their learning? The farther this master lives from the young gentleman's friends, the better it may be. We will hope, that he is a man of a mild disposition, but strict in his discipline, and who shall make it a rule not to give correction for small faults, or till every other method has been tried; who carries such a just dignity in his manner, without the appearance of tyranny, that his looks may be of greater force than the blows of others; and who will rather endeavour to shame than terrify, a youth out of his faults. Then, suppose this gentleman was to allot a particular portion of time for the *more learned* studies; and before the youth was tired with *them*, suppose another portion was allotted for the *writing* and *arithmetic*; and then to relieve his mind from both, suppose the *dancing-master* should take his part; and innocent exercises of mere diversion, to fill up the rest, at his own choice, in which, diverted by such a rotation of employments (all thus rendered delightful by their successive variety), he would hardly wish to pass much time. For the dancing of itself, with the dancing-master's instruction, if a well-bred man, will answer both parts, that of breeding and that of exercise: and thus different studies at once be mastered.

Moreover, the emulation which will be inspired, where there are several young gentlemen, will be of inconceivable use both to tutor and pupil, in lessening the

trouble of the one, and advancing the learning of the other, which cannot be expected where there is but a single youth to be taken care of.

Such a master will know it to be his interest, as well as duty, to have a watchful eye over the conduct and behaviour of his servants. His assistants, in the different branches of science and education, will be persons of approved prudence, for whom he will think himself answerable, since his own *reputation*, as well as *livelihood*, will depend upon their behaviour. The youths will have young gentlemen for their companions, all under the influence of the same precepts and directions; and if some chosen period were fixed, as a reward for some excellence, where, at a little desk, raised a step or two above the other seats, the excelling youth should be set to read, under the master's direction, a little portion from the best translations of the Greek and Roman historians, and even from the best English authors; this might, in a very engaging manner, initiate them into the knowledge of the history of past times, and of their own country, and give them a curiosity to pass some of their vacant hours in the same laudable pursuit: for, dear Sir, I must still insist that rewards, and innocent gratifications, as also little honours and distinctions, must needs be very attractive to the minds of youth.

For, is not the pretty ride, and dairy house breakfasting, by which Miss Goodwin's governess distinguishes the little ladies who excel in their allotted tasks, a fine encouragement to their ductile minds? — Yes, it is, to be sure! — And I have often thought of it with pleasure, and partaken of the delight with which I have supposed their pretty hearts must be filled with on that occasion. And why may not such little triumphs be, in proportion, as incentives, to children, to make them try to master laudable tasks; as the Roman triumphs, of different kinds, and their mural and civic crowns, all which I have heard you speak of, were to their heroes and warriors of old? For Mr. Dryden well observes, that —

"Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain."

Permit me. Sir, to transcribe four or five lines more, for the beauty of the thought:

"And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing:
But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view—"

Improving the thought: methinks I can see the dear little Miss, who has, in some eminent task, borne away the palm, make her public entry, as I may call it, after her dairy breakfast and pretty airing, into the governess's court-yard, through a row of her school-fellows, drawn out on each side to admire her; her governess and assistants receiving her at the porch, their little capitol, and lifting her out with applauses and encomiums, with a *Thus shall it be done to the Miss, whom her governess delighteth to honour!* I see not why the dear Miss in this case, as she moves through her admiring school-fellows, may not have her little heart beat with as much delight, be as gloriously elated, proportionably, as that of the greatest hero in his triumphal car, who has returned from exploits, perhaps, much less laudable.

But how I ramble! — Yet surely, Sir, you don't expect method or connection from your girl. The education of our sex will not permit that, where it is best. We are forced to struggle for knowledge, like the poor feeble infant in the month, who is pinned and fettered down upon the nurse's lap; and who, if its little arms happen, by chance, to escape its nurse's observation, and offer but to expand themselves, are immediately taken into custody, and pinioned down to their passive behaviour. So, when a poor girl, in spite of her narrow education, breaks out into notice, her genius is immediately tamed by trifling employments, lest, perhaps, she should become the envy of one sex, and the equal of the other. But you. Sir, act more nobly with your Pamela; for you throw in her way all opportunities of improvement; and she has only to regret, that she cannot make a better use of them, and, of consequence, render herself more worthy of your generous indulgence.

I know not how, Sir, to recover my thread; and so must break off with that delight which I always take when I come near the bottom of my letters to your dear self; because then I can boast of the honour which I have in being *your ever dutiful*,

P.B.

LETTER XCIII

Well, but, my dear Mr. B., you will perhaps think, from my last rambling letter, that I am most inclined to a *school* education for your Billy, and some years hence, if it should please God to spare him to us. Yet I cannot say that I am; I only lay several things together in my usual indigested way, to take your opinion upon, which, as it ought, will be always decisive with me. And indeed I am so thoroughly convinced by Mr. Locke's reasons, where the behaviour of servants can be so well answered for, as that of yours can be, and where the example of the parents will be, as I hope, rather edifying than otherwise, that without being swayed, as I think, by maternal fondness, in this case, I must needs give a preference to the home education; and the little scheme I presumed to form in my last, was only on a supposition, that those necessary points could not be so well secured.

In my observations on this head, I shall take the liberty, in one or two particulars, a little to differ from an author, that I admire exceedingly; and that is the present design of my writing these letters; for I shall hereafter, if God spare my life, in my little book (when you have kindly decided upon the points in which I presume to differ) shew you, Sir, my great reverence and esteem for him; and can then let you know all my sentiments on this important subject, and that more undoubtedly, as I shall be more improved by years and your conversation; especially, Sir, if I have the honour and happiness of a foreign tour with you, of which you give me hope; so much are you pleased with the delight I take in these improving excursions, which you have now favoured me with, at different times, through more than half the kingdom.

Well then, Sir, I will proceed to consider a little more particularly the subject of a home education, with an eye to those difficulties, of which Mr. Locke takes notice, as I mentioned in my last. As to the first, that of finding a qualified tutor; we must not expect so much perfection, I doubt, as he lays down as necessary. What, therefore, I humbly conceive is best to be done, will be to avoid choosing a man of bigoted and narrow principles; who yet shall not be tainted with sceptical or heterodox notions, nor a mere scholar or pedant; who has travelled, and yet preserved his moral character untainted; and whose behaviour and carriage is easy, unaffected, unformal, and genteel, as well acquiredly as naturally so, if possible; who shall not be dogmatical, positive, overbearing, on one hand; nor too yielding, suppliant, fawning, on the other; who shall study the child's natural bent, in order to direct his studies to the point he is most likely to excel in; and to preserve the respect due to his own character from every one, he must not be a

busy body in the family, a whisperer, a tale-bearer, but of a benevolent turn of mind, ready to compose differences; who shall avoid, of all things, that foppishness of dress and appearance, which distinguishes the *petit-maitres*, and French ushers (that I have seen at some boarding schools), for coxcombs rather than guides of education: for, as I have heard you, my best tutor, often observe, the peculiarities of habit, where a person aims at something fantastic, or out of character, are an undoubted sign of a wrong head; for such a one is so kind as always to hang out on his sign what sort of furniture he has in his shop, to save you the trouble of asking questions about him; so that one may as easily know by his outward appearance what he *is*, as one can know a widow by her weeds.

Such a person as I have thus negatively described, may be found without very much difficulty, perhaps, because some of these requisites are personal, and others are such as are obvious at first sight, to a common penetration; or, where not so, may be found out, by inquiry into his general character and behaviour: and to the care of such a one, dear Sir, let me suppose your Billy is committed: and so we acquit ourselves of the first difficulty, as well as we can, that of the tutor; who, to become more perfect, may form himself, as to what he wants, by Mr. Locke's excellent rules on that head.

But before I quit this subject, I beg to remind you of your opinion upon it, in a conversation with Sir George Stuart, and his nephew, in London; in which you seemed to prefer a Scottish gentleman for a tutor, to those of your own nation, and still more than to those of France? Don't you remember it, dear Sir? And how much those gentlemen were pleased with your facetious freedom with their country, and said, you made them amends for that, in your preference to their learned and travelled youth? If you have forgot it, I will here transcribe it from my *records*, as I call my book of memorandums; for every time I am pleased with a conversation, and have leisure, before it quits my memory, I enter it down in as near the very words as I can; and now you have made me your correspondent, I shall sometimes, perhaps, give you back some valuables from your own treasure. — Miss Darnford, and Mr. Turner, and Mr. Fanshaw, were present, I well remember. These were your words:

"Since the union of the two kingdoms, we have many persons of condition, who have taken their tutors for their sons from Scotland; which practice, to speak impartially, has been attended with some advantageous circumstances, that should not be overlooked. For, Sir George, it must be confessed that, notwithstanding your narrow and stiff manner of education in Scotland, a spirit of manly learning, a kind of poetic liberty, as I may call it, has begun to exert itself in that part of the island. The blustering north — forgive me, gentlemen — seems to have hardened the foreheads of her hungry sons; and the keenness with which they set out for

preferment in the kindlier south, has taught them to know a good deal of the world betimes. Through the easy terms on which learning is generally attained there, as it is earlier inculcated, so it may, probably, take deeper root: and since ’tis hardly possible — forgive me, dear Sirs — they can go to a worse country on this side Greenland, than some of the northern parts of Scotland; so their education, with a view to travel, and to better themselves by settlements in other countries, may, perhaps, be so many reasons to take greater pains to qualify themselves for this employment, and may make them succeed better in it; especially when they have been able to shake off the fetters which are rivetted upon them under the narrow influence of a too tyrannical kirk discipline, which you, Sir George, have just now so freely censured.

“To these considerations, when we add the necessity, which these remote tutors lie under, of behaving well; first, because they seldom wish to return to their own country; and next, because *that* cannot prefer them, if it would; and thirdly, because it would not, if it could, if the gentleman be of an enlarged genius, and generous way of thinking; I say, when we add to the premises these considerations, they all make a kind of security for their good behaviour: while those of our own country have often friends or acquaintances on whose favour they are apt to depend, and for that reason give less attention to the duties requisite for this important office.

“Besides, as their kind friend Æolus, who is accustomed to spread and strengthen the bold muscles of the strong-featured Scot, has generally blown away that inauspicious bashfulness, which hangs a much longer time, commonly, on the faces of the southern students; such a one (if he fall not too egregiously into the contrary extreme, so as to become insufferable) may still be the more eligible person for a tutor, as he may teach a young gentleman, betimes, that necessary presence of mind, which those who are confined to a private education sometimes want.

“But, after all, if a gentleman of this nation be chosen for this employment, it may be necessary that he should be one who has had as genteel and free an education himself, as his country will afford; and the native roughness of his climate filed off by travel and conversation; who has made, at least, the tour of France and Italy, and has a taste for the politeness of the former nation: but from the boisterousness of a North Britain, and the fantastic politeness of a Frenchman, if happily blended, such a mixture may result, as will furnish out a more complete tutor, than either of the two nations, singly, may be able to produce. But it ought to be remembered that this person must have conquered his native brogue, as I may call it, and be a master of the English pronunciation; otherwise his conversation will be disagreeable to an English ear.

“And permit me to add, that, as an acquaintance with the Muses contributes not a little to soften the manners, and give a graceful and delicate turn to the imagination, and a kind of polish to severer studies, it would not be amiss that he should have a taste of poetry, although perhaps it were not to be wished he had such strong inclinations that way, as to make that lively and delectable amusement his predominant passion: for we see very few poets, whose warm imaginations do not run away with their judgments. And yet, in order to learn the dead languages in their purity, it will be necessary to inculcate both the love and the study of the ancient poets, which cannot fail of giving the youth a taste for poetry, in general.”

Permit me, dear Sir, to ask you, whether you advanced this for argument sake, as sometimes you love to amuse and entertain your friends in an uncommon way? For I should imagine, that our two universities, which you have shewn me, and for which I have ever since had a greater reverence than I had before, are capable of furnishing as good tutors as any nation in the world: for here the young gentlemen seem to me to live both in the *world* and in the *university*; and we saw several gentlemen who had not only fine parts, but polite behaviour, and deep learning, as you assured me; some of whom you entertained, and were entertained by, in so elegant a manner, that no travelled gentleman, if I may be allowed to judge, could excel them! And besides, my dear Mr. B., I know who is reckoned one of the politest and best-bred gentlemen in England by every body, and learned as well as polite, and yet had his education in one of those celebrated seats of learning. I wish your Billy may never fall short of the gentleman I mean, in all these acquirements; and he will be a very happy creature, I am sure.

But how I wander again from my subject. I have no other way to recover myself, when I thus ramble, but by returning to that one delightful point of reflection, that I have the honour to be, dearest Sir, *your ever dutiful and obliged*,

P.B.

LETTER XCIV

DEAREST SIR,

I now resume my subject. I had gone through the article of the tutor, as well as I could; and will now observe upon what Mr. Locke says, That children are wholly, if possible, to be kept from the conversation of the meaner servants; whom he supposes to be, as too frequently they are, *unbred* and *debauched*, to use his own words.

Now, Sir, I think it is very difficult to keep children from the conversation of servants at all times. The care of personal attendance, especially in the child's early age, must fall upon servants of one denomination or other, who, little or much, must be conversant with the inferior servants, and so be liable to be tainted by their conversation; and it will be difficult in this case to prevent the taint being communicated to the child. Wherefore it will be a *surer*, as well as a more *laudable* method, to insist upon the regular behaviour of the whole family, than to expect the child, and its immediate attendant or tutor, should be the only good ones in it.

Nor is this so difficult to effect, as may be imagined. Your family affords an eminent instance of it: the good have been confirmed, the remiss have been reformed, the passionate have been tamed; and there is not a family in the kingdom, I will venture to say, to the honour of every individual in it, more uniform, more regular, and freer from evil, and more regardful of what they say and do, than yours. And you will allow, that though always honest, yet they were not always so laudable, so exemplarily virtuous, as of late: which I mention only to shew the practicableness of a reformation, even where bad habits have taken place — For your Pamela, Sir, arrogates not to herself the honour of this change: 'tis owing to the Divine grace shining upon hearts naturally good; for else an example so easy, so plain, so simple, from so young a mistress, who moreover had been exalted from their own station, could not have been attended with such happy effects.

You see, dear Sir, what a master and mistress's example could do, with a poor soul so far gone as Mrs. Jewkes. And I dare be confident, that if, on the hiring of a new servant, sobriety of manners and a virtuous conversation were insisted upon, and a general inoffensiveness in words as well as actions was required from them, as indispensable conditions of their service: and that a breach of that kind would be no more passed over, than a wilful fraud, or an act of dishonesty; and if, added to these requisites, their principals take care to support these injunctions by their

own example; I say, then, I dare be confident, that if such a service did not *find* them good, it would *make* them so.

And why should we not think this a very practicable scheme, considering the servants we take are at years of discretion, and have the strong ties of *interest* superadded to the obligations we require of them? and which, they must needs know (let 'em have what bad habits they will) are right for *themselves* to discharge, as well as for *us* to exact.

We all know of how much force the example of superiors is to inferiors. It is too justly said, that the courts of princes abound with the most profligate of men, insomuch that a man cannot well have a more significantly bad title, than that of COURTIER: yet even among these, one shall see the force of *example*, as I have heard you, Sir, frequently observe: for, let but the land be blest with a pious and religious prince, who makes it a rule with him to countenance and promote men of virtue and probity; and to put the case still stronger, let such a one even succeed to the most libertine reign, wherein the manners of the people are wholly depraved: yet a wonderful change will be immediately effected. The flagitious livers will be chased away, or reformed; or at least will think it their duty, or their *interest*, which is a stronger tie with such, to *appear* reformed; and not a man will seek for the favour or countenance of his prince, but by laudable pretences, or by worthy actions.

In the reign of King Richard III, as I have read, deformity of body was the fashion, and the nobility and gentry of the court thought it an indispensable requisite of a graceful form to pad for themselves a round shoulder, because the king was crooked. And can we think human nature so absurdly wicked, that it would not much rather have tried to imitate a personal perfection, than a deformity so shocking in its appearance, in people who were naturally straight?

'Tis melancholy to reflect, that of all professions of men, the mariners, who most behold the wonders of Almighty power displayed in the great deep (a sight that has struck me with awe and reverence only from a coast prospect), and who every moment, while at sea, have but one frail plank betwixt themselves and inevitable destruction, are yet, generally speaking, said to be the most abandoned invokers and blasphemers of the name of that God, whose mercies they every moment unthankfully, although so visibly, experience. Yet, as I once heard at your table, Sir, on a particular occasion, we have now a commander in the British navy, who, to his honour, has shewn the force of an excellent example supporting the best precepts: for, on board of his ship, not an oath or curse was to be heard; while volleys of both (issued from impious mouths in the same squadron, out of his knowledge) seemed to fill the sails of other ships with guilty breath, calling aloud

for that perdition to overtake them, which perhaps his worthy injunctions and example, in his own, might be of weight to suspend.

If such then, dear Sir, be the force of a good example, what have parents to do, who would bring up a child at home under their own eye, according to Mr. Locke's advice, but, first, to have a strict regard to *their* conduct! This will not want its due influence on the servants; especially if a proper enquiry be first made into their characters, and a watchful eye had over them, to keep them up to those characters afterwards. And when they know they must forfeit the favour of a worthy master, and their places too (which may be thought to be the best of places, because an *uniform* character must make all around it easy and happy), they will readily observe such rules and directions, as shall be prescribed to them — Rules and directions, which their own consciences will tell them are *right* to be prescribed; and even right for them to follow, were they not insisted upon by their superiors: and this conviction must go a great way towards their *thorough* reformation: for a person wholly convinced is half reformed. And thus the hazard a child will run of being corrupted by conversing with the servants, will be removed, and all Mr. Locke's other rules be better enforced.

I have the boldness, Sir, to make another objection; and that is, to the distance which Mr. Locke prescribes to be kept between children and servants: for may not this be a means to fill the minds of the former with a contempt of those below them, and an arrogance that is not warranted by any rank or condition, to their inferiors of the same species?

I have before transcribed what Mr. Locke has enjoined in relation to this distance, where he says, that the children are by all means to be kept *wholly* from the conversation of the meaner servants. But how much better advice does the same author give for the behaviour of children to servants in the following words which, I humbly think, are not so entirely consistent with the former, as might be expected from so admirable an author.

"Another way," says he (Section 111), "to instil sentiments of humanity, and to keep them lively in young folks, will be, to accustom them to civility in their language and deportment towards their inferiors, and meaner sort of people, particularly servants. It is not unusual to observe the children in gentlemen's families treat the servants of the house with domineering words, names of contempt, and an imperious carriage, as if they were of another race, or species beneath them. Whether ill example, the advantage of fortune or their natural vanity, inspire this haughtiness, it should be prevented or weeded out; and a gentle, courteous, affable carriage towards the lower ranks of men placed in the room of it. No part of their superiority will be hereby lost, but the distinction increased, and their authority strengthened, when love in inferiors is joined to

outward respect, and the esteem of the person has a share in their submission: and domestics will pay a more ready and cheerful service, when they find themselves not spurned, because fortune has laid them below the level of others at their master's feet."

These, dear Sir, are certainly the sentiments of a generous and enlarged spirit: but I hope, I may observe, that the great distance Mr. Locke before enjoins to be kept between children and servants, is not very consistent with the above-cited paragraph: for if we would prevent this undue contempt of inferiors in the temper of children, the best way, as I humbly presume to think, is not to make it so unpardonable a fault for them, especially in their early years, to be in their company. For can one make the children shun the servants without rendering them odious or contemptible to them, and representing them to the child in such disadvantageous light, as must needs make the servants vile in their eyes, and themselves lofty and exalted in their own? and thereby cause them to treat them with "domineering words, and an imperious carriage, as if they were of another race or species beneath them; and so," as Mr. Locke says, "nurse up their natural pride into an habitual contempt of those beneath them; and then," as he adds, "where will that probably end, but in oppression and cruelty?" But this matter, dear Sir, I presume to think, will all be happily accommodated and reconciled, when the servants' good behaviour is secured by the example and injunctions of the principals.

Upon the whole, then, of what Mr. Locke has enjoined, and what I have taken the liberty to suggest on this head, it shall be my endeavour, in that early part of your dear Billy's education, which you will intrust to me, to inculcate betimes in his mind the principles of universal benevolence and kindness to others, especially to inferiors.

Nor shall I fear, that the little dear will be wanting to himself in assuming, as he grows up, an air of superiority and distance of behaviour equal to his condition, or that he will descend too low for his station. For, Sir, there is a pride and self-love natural to human minds, that will seldom be kept so low, as to make them humbler than they ought to be.

I have observed, before now, instances of this, in some of the families we visit, between the young Masters or Misses, and those children of lower degree, who have been brought to play with them, or divert them. On the Masters' and Misses' side I have always seen, they lead the play and prescribe the laws of it, be the diversion what it will; while, on the other hand, their lower-rank play-fellows have generally given into their little humours, though ever so contrary to their own; and the difference of dress and appearance, and the notion they have of the more eminent condition of their play-fellows' parents, have begot in them a kind

of awe and respect, that perhaps more than sufficiently secures the superiority of the one, and the subordination of the other.

The advantage of this universal benevolence to a young gentleman, as he grows up, will be, as I humbly conceive, so to diffuse itself over his mind, as to influence all his actions, and give a grace to every thing he does or says, and make him admired and respected from the best and most durable motives; and will be of greater advantage to him for his attaining a handsome address and behaviour (for it will make him conscious that he *merits* the distinction he will meet with, and encourage him still *more* to merit it), than the best rules that can be given him for that purpose.

I will therefore teach the little dear courteousness and affability, from the properest motives I am able to think of; and will instruct him in only one piece of pride, that of being above doing a mean or low action. I will caution him not to behave in a lordly or insolent manner, even to the lowest servants. I will tell him that that superiority is the most commendable, and will be the best maintained, which is owing to humanity and kindness, and grounded on the perfections of the *mind*, rather than on the *accidental* advantage of *fortune* and *condition*: that if his conduct be such as it ought to be, there will be no occasion to tell a servant, that he will be observed and respected: that *humility*, as I once told my Miss Goodwin, is a charming grace, and most conspicuously charming in persons of distinction; for that the poor, who are humbled by their condition, cannot glory in it, as the rich may; and that it makes the lower ranks of people love and admire the high-born, who can so condescend: whereas *pride*, in such, is meanness and insult, as it owes its boast and its being to accidental advantages; which, at the same time, are seldom of *his* procuring, who can be so mean as to be proud: that even I would sooner forget pride in a low degree than in a high; for it may be a security in the first against doing a base thing: but in the rich, it is a base thing itself, and an impolitic one too; for the more distinction a proud mind grasps at, the less it will have; and every poor despised person can whisper such a one in the ear, when surrounded with, and adorned by, all his glittering splendours, that he *was* born, and *must* die, in the *same manner* with those whom he despises.

Thus will the doctrine of benevolence and affability, implanted early in the mind of a young gentleman, and duly cultivated as he grows up, inspire him with the requisite conduct to command respect from *proper* motives; and while it will make the servants observe a decorum towards him, it will oblige them to have a guard upon their words and actions in presence of one, whose manner of education and training-up would be so great a reproach to them, if they were grossly faulty: so thus, I conceive, a mutual benefit will flow to the manners of

each; and *his* good behaviour will render him, in some measure, an instructive monitor to the whole family.

But permit me, Sir, to enlarge on the hint I have already given, in relation to the example of parents, in case a preference be given to the home education. For if this point cannot be secured, I should always imagine it were best to put the child to such a school, as I formerly mentioned. But yet the subject might be spared by me in this case, as I write with a view only to your family; though you will remember, that while I follow Mr. Locke, whose work is public, I must be considered as directing myself to the generality of the world: for, Sir, I have the pleasure to say, that your conduct in your family is unexceptionable; and the pride to think that mine is no disgrace to it. No one hears a word from your mouth unbecoming the character of a polite gentleman; and I shall always be very regardful of what falls from mine. Your temper, Sir, is equal and kind to all your servants, and they love you, as well as awfully respect you: and well does your beautiful and considerate mind, deserve it of them all: and they, seeing I am watchful over my own conduct, so as not to behave unworthy of your kind example, regard me as much as I could wish they should; for well do they know, that their beloved master will have it so, and greatly honours and esteems me himself. Your table-talk is such as persons of the strictest principles may hear, and join in: your guests, and your friends are, generally speaking, persons of the genteelest life, and of the best manners. So that Mr. Locke would have advised *you*, of all gentlemen, had he been living, and known you, to give your children a home education, and assign these, and still stronger reasons for it.

But were we to speak to the generality of parents, I fear this would be an almost insuperable objection to a home education. For (I am sorry to say it) when one turns one's eyes to the bad precedents given by the heads of some families, it is hardly to be wondered at, that there is so little virtue and religion among men. For can those parents be surprised at the ungraciousness of their *children*, who hardly ever shew them, that their *own* actions are governed by reasonable or moral motives? Can the gluttonous father expect a self-denying son? With how ill a grace must a man who will often be disguised in liquor, preach sobriety? a passionate man, patience? an irreligious man, piety? How will a parent, whose hands are seldom without cards, or dice in them, be observed in lessons against the pernicious vice of gaming? Can the profuse father, who is squandering away the fortunes of his children, expect to be regarded in a lesson of frugality? 'Tis impossible he should, except it were that the youth, seeing how pernicious his father's example is, should have the grace to make a proper use of it, and look upon it as a sea-mark, as it were, to enable him to shun the dangerous rocks, on which he sees his father splitting. And even in this *best* case, let it be considered,

how much shame and disgrace his thoughtless parent ought to take to himself, who can admonish his child by nothing but the *odiousness* of his own vice; and how little it is owing to him, that his guilt is not *doubled*, by his son's treading in his steps! Let such an unhappy parent duly weigh this, and think how likely he is to be, by his bad example, the cause of his child's perdition, as well as his own, and stand unshocked and unamended, if he can!

It is then of no avail to wish for discreet servants, if the conduct of the parents is faulty. If the fountain-head be polluted, how shall the under-currents run clear? That master and mistress, who would exact from their servants a behaviour which they themselves don't practice, will be but ill observed. And that child, who discovers excesses and errors in his parents, will be found to be less profited by their good precepts, than prejudiced by bad examples. Excessive fondness this hour; violent passions and perhaps execrations, the next; unguarded jests, and admiration of fashionable vanities, rash censures, are perhaps the best, that the child sees in, or hears from those, who are most concerned to inculcate good precepts into his mind. And where it is so, a home education must not surely be chosen.

Having thus, as well as my slender abilities will permit, presumed to deliver my opinion upon three great points, *viz*. the qualifications of a tutor; the necessity of having an eye to the morals of servants; and the example of parents (all which, being taken care of, will give a preference, as I imagine, to a home education); permit me, dear Sir, to speak a little further to a point, that I have already touched upon.

It is that of *emulation*; which I humbly conceive to be of great efficacy to lead children on in their duties and studies. And how, dear Sir, shall this advantage be procured for a young master, who has no school-fellows and who has no example to follow, but that of his tutor, whom he cannot, from the disparity of years, and other circumstances, without pain (because of this disparity), think of emulating? And this, I conceive, is a very great advantage to such a school education, as I mentioned in my former letter, where there are no more scholars taken in, than the master can with ease and pleasure instruct.

But one way, in my humble opinion, is left to answer this objection, and still preserve the reason for the preference which Mr. Locke gives to a home education; and that is, what I formerly hinted, to take into your family the child of some honest neighbour of but middling circumstances, and like age of your own, but who should give apparent indications of his natural promptitude, ingenuous temper, obliging behaviour and good manners; and to let him go hand-in-hand with yours in his several studies and lessons under the same tutor.

The child would be sensible of the benefit, as well as of the distinction, he received, and consequently of what was expected from him, and would double his diligence, and exert all his good qualities, which would inspire the young gentleman with the wished-for emulation, and, as I imagine, would be so promotive of his learning, that it would greatly compensate the tutor for his pains with the additional scholar; for the young gentleman would be ashamed to be outdone by one of like years and stature with himself. And little rewards might be proposed to the greatest proficient, in order to heighten the emulation.

Then, Sir, the *generosity* of such a method, to a gentleman of your fortune, and beneficent mind, would be its own reward, were there no other benefit to be received from it.

Moreover, such an ingenious youth might, by his good morals and industry, hereafter be of service, in some place of trust in the family; or it would be easy for a gentleman of your interest in the world, if such a thing offered not, to provide for the youth in the navy, in some of the public offices, or among your private friends. If he proved faulty in his morals, his dismission would be in your own power, and would be punishment enough.

But, if on the other hand, he proved a sober and hopeful youth, he would make an excellent companion for your Billy in riper years; as he would be, in a manner, a corroborator of his morals; for, as his circumstances would not support him in any extravagance, so they would be a check upon his inclination; and this being seconded by the hopes of future preferment from your favour and interest, which he could not expect but upon the terms of his perseverance in virtue, he would find himself under a necessity of setting such an example, as might be of great benefit to his companion, who should be watched, as he grew up, that he did not (if his ample fortune became dangerous to his virtue) contribute out of his affluence to draw the other after him into extravagance. And to this end, as I humbly conceive, the noble doctrine of *independence* should be early instilled into both their minds, and upon all occasions, inculcated and inforced; which would be an inducement for the one to endeavour to *improve* his fortune by his honest industry, lest he never be enabled to rise out of a state of dependence; and to the other, to *keep,* if not to *improve,* his own, lest he ever fall into such a servile state, and thereby lose the glorious power of conferring happiness on the deserving, one of the highest pleasures that a generous mind can know; a pleasure, Sir, which you have oftener experienced than thousands of gentlemen: and which may you still continue to experience for a long and happy succession of years, is the prayer of one, the most obliged of all others in her own person, as well as in the persons of her dearest relations, and who owes to this glorious

beneficence the honour she boasts, of being *your ever affectionate and grateful* P.B.

LETTER XCV

But now, my dear Mr. B., if you will indulge me in a letter or two more, preparative to my little book, I will take the liberty to touch upon one or two other places, wherein I differ from this learned gentleman. But first, permit me to observe, that if parents are, above all things, to avoid giving bad examples to their children, they will be no less careful to shun the practice of such fond fathers and mothers, as are wont to indulge their children in bad habits, and give them their head, at a time when, like wax, their tender minds may be moulded into what shape they please. This is a point that, if it please God, I will carefully attend to, because it is the foundation on which the superstructure of the whole future man is to be erected. For, according as he is indulged or checked in his childish follies, a ground is laid for his future happiness or misery; and if once they are suffered to become habitual to him, it cannot but be expected, that they will grow up with him, and that they will hardly ever be eradicated. "Try it," says Mr. Locke, speaking to this very point, "in a dog, or a horse, or any other creature, and see whether the ill and resty tricks they have learned when young, are easily to be mended, when they are knit; and yet none of these creatures are half so wilful and proud, or half so desirous to be masters of themselves, as men."

And this brings me, dear Sir, to the head of *punishments*, in which, as well as in the article of *rewards*, which I have touched upon, I have a little objection to what Mr. Locke advances.

But permit me, however, to premise, that I am exceedingly pleased with the method laid down by this excellent writer, rather to shame the child out of his fault, than beat him; which latter serves generally for nothing but to harden his mind.

Obstinacy, and telling a *lie*, and committing a *wilful* fault, and then persisting in it, are, I agree with this gentleman, the only causes for which the child should be punished with stripes: and I admire the reasons he gives against a too rigorous and severe treatment of children.

But I will give Mr. Locke's words, to which I have some objection.

"It may be doubted," says he, "concerning whipping, when, as the *last* remedy, it comes to be necessary, at *what time*, and by whom, it should be done; whether presently, upon the committing the fault, whilst it is yet fresh and hot. I think it should not be done presently," adds he, "lest passion mingle with it; and so, though it exceed the just proportion, yet it lose of its due weight. For even children discern whenever we do things in a passion."

I must beg leave, dear Sir, to differ from Mr. Locke in this point; for I think it ought rather to be a rule with parents, who shall chastise their children, to conquer what would be extreme in *their own* passion on this occasion (for those who cannot do it, are very unfit to be the punishers of the wayward passions of their children), than to *defer* the punishment, especially if the child knows its fault has reached its parent's ear. It is otherwise, methinks, giving the child, if of an obstinate disposition, so much more time to harden its mind, and bid defiance to its punishment.

Just now, dear Sir, your Billy is brought into my presence, all smiling, crowing to come to me, and full of heart-cheering promises; and the subject I am upon goes to my heart. Surely I can never beat your Billy! — Dear little life of my life! how can I think thou canst ever deserve it, or that I can ever inflict it? — No, my baby, that shall be thy papa's task, if ever thou art so heinously naughty; and whatever *he* does, must be right. Pardon my foolish fondness, dear Sir! — I will proceed.

If, then, the fault be so atrocious as to deserve whipping, and the parent be resolved on this exemplary punishment, the child ought not, as I imagine, to come into one's presence without meeting with it: or else, a fondness too natural to be resisted, will probably get the upper hand of one's resentment, and how shall one be able to whip the dear creature one had ceased to be angry with? Then after he has once seen one without meeting his punishment, will he not be inclined to hope for connivance at his fault, unless it should be repeated? And may he not be apt (for children's resentments are strong) to impute to cruelty a correction (when he thought the fault had been forgotten) that should always appear to be inflicted with reluctance, and through motives of love?

If, from anger at his fault, one should go *above the due proportion*, (I am sure I might be trusted for this!) let it take its course! — How barbarously, methinks, I speak! — He ought to *feel* the lash, first, because he *deserves* it, poor little soul? Next, because it is *proposed* to be exemplary. And, lastly, because it is not intended to be *often* used: and the very passion or displeasure one expresses (if it be not enormous) will shew one is in earnest, and create in him a necessary awe, and fear to offend again. The *end* of the correction is to shew him the difference between right and wrong. And as it is proper to take him at his first offer of a full submission and repentance (and not before), and instantly dispassionate one's self, and shew him the difference by acts of pardon and kindness (which will let him see that one punishes him out of necessity rather than choice), so one would not be afraid to make him smart so sufficiently, that he should not soon forget the severity of the discipline, nor the disgrace of it. There's a cruel mamma for you,

Mr. B.! What my *practice* may be, I cannot tell; but this *theory*, I presume to think, is right.

As to the *act* itself, I much approve Mr. Locke's advice, to do it by pauses, mingling stripes and expostulations together, to shame and terrify the more; and the rather, as the parent, by this slow manner of inflicting the punishment, will less need to be afraid of giving too violent a correction; for those pauses will afford *him*, as well as the *child*, opportunities for consideration and reflection.

But as to the *person*, by whom the discipline should be performed, I humbly conceive, that this excellent author is here also to be objected to.

"If you have a discreet servant," says he, "capable of it, and has the place of governing your child (for if you have a tutor, there is no doubt), I think it is best the smart should come immediately from another's hand, though by the parent's order, who should see it done, whereby the parent's authority will be preserved, and the child's aversion for the pain it suffers, rather be turned on the person that immediately inflicts it. For I would have a father seldom strike a child, but upon very urgent necessity, and as the last remedy."

'Tis in such an urgent case that we are supposing that it should be done at all. If there be not a reason strong enough for the father's whipping the child himself, there cannot be one for his ordering another to do it, and standing by to see it done. But I humbly think, that if there be a necessity, no one can be so fit as the father himself to do it. The child cannot dispute his authority to punish, from whom he receives and expects all the good things of his life: he cannot question *his* love to him, and after the smart is over, and his obedience secured, must believe that so tender, so indulgent a father could have no other end in whipping him, but his good. Against *him*, he knows he has no remedy, but must passively submit; and when he is convinced he *must*, he will in time conclude that he *ought*.

But to have this severe office performed by a servant, though at the father's command, and that professedly, that the aversion of the child for the pain it suffers should be turned on the person who immediately inflicts it, is, I humbly think, the *reverse* of what ought to be done. And *more* so, if this servant has any direction of the child's education; and still much *more* so, if it be his tutor, though Mr. Locke says, there is no doubt, if there be a tutor, that it should be done by him.

For, dear Sir, is there no doubt, that the tutor should lay himself open to the aversion of the child, whose manners he is to form? Is not the best method a tutor can take, in order to enforce the lessons he would inculcate, to try to attract the love and attention of his pupil by the most winning ways he can possibly think of? And yet is *he*, this very tutor *out of all doubt*, to be the instrument of doing an

harsh and disgraceful thing, and that in the last resort, when all other methods are found ineffectual; and that too, because he ought to incur the child's resentment and aversion, rather than the father? No, surely, Sir, it is not reasonable it should be so: quite contrary, in my humble notion, there can be no doubt, but that it should be *otherwise*.

It should, methinks, be enough for a tutor, in case of a fault in the child, to threaten to complain to his father; but yet not to make such a complaint, without the child obstinately persists in his error, which, too, should be of a nature to merit such an appeal: and this might highly contribute to preserve the parent's authority; who, on this occasion, should never fail of extorting a promise of amendment, or of instantly punishing him with his own hands. And, to soften the distaste he might conceive in resentment of too rigid complainings, it might not be amiss, that his interposition in the child's favour, were the fault not too flagrant, should be permitted to save him once or twice from the impending discipline.

'Tis certain that the passions, if I may so call them, of affection and aversion, are very early discoverable in children; insomuch that they will, even before they can speak, afford us marks for the detection of an hypocritical appearance of love to it before the parents' faces. For the fondness or averseness of the child to some servants, will at any time let one know, whether their love to the baby is uniform and the same, when one is absent, as present. In one case the child will reject with sullenness all the little sycophancies made to it in one's sight; while on the other, its fondness of the person, who generally obliges it, is an infallible rule to judge of such an one's sincerity behind one's back. This little observation shews the strength of a child's resentments, and its sagacity, at the earliest age, in discovering who obliges, and who disobliges it: and hence one may infer, how improper a person *he* is, whom we would have a child to love and respect, or by whose precepts we would have it directed, to be the punisher of its faults, or to do any harsh or disagreeable office to it.

For my own part, I beg to declare, that if the parent were not to inflict the punishment himself, I think it much better it should be given him, in the parent's presence, by the servant of the lowest consideration in the family, and whose manners and example one would be the least willing of any other he should follow. Just as the common executioner, who is the lowest and most flagitious officer of the commonwealth, and who frequently deserves, as much as the criminal, the punishment he is chosen to inflict, is pitched upon to perform, as a mark of greater ignominy, sentences intended as examples to deter others from the commission of heinous crimes. The Almighty took this method when he was disposed to correct severely his chosen people; for, in that case, he generally did it

by the hands of the most profligate nations around them, as we read in many places of the Old Testament.

But the following rule I admire in Mr. Locke: “When,” says he (for any misdemeanour), “the father or mother looks sour on the child, every one else should put on the same coldness to him, and nobody give him countenance till forgiveness is asked, and a reformation of his fault has set him right again, and restored him to his former credit. If this were constantly observed,” adds he, “I guess there would be little need of blows or chiding: their own ease or satisfaction would quickly teach children to court commendation, and avoid doing that which they found every body condemned, and they were sure to suffer for, without being chid or beaten. This would teach them modesty and shame, and they would quickly come to have a natural abhorrence for that which they found made them slighted and neglected by every body.”

This affords me a pretty hint; for if ever your charming Billy shall be naughty, I will proclaim throughout your worthy family, that the little dear is in disgrace! And one shall shun him, another decline answering him, a third say, “No, master, I cannot obey you, till your mamma is pleased with you”; a fourth, “Who shall mind what little masters bid them do, when they won’t mind what their mammas say to them?” And when the dear little soul finds this, he will come in my way, (and I see, pardon me, my dear Mr. B., he has some of his papa’s spirit, already, indeed he has!) and I will direct myself with double kindness to your beloved Davers, and to my Miss Goodwin, and not notice the dear creature, if I can help it, till I can see his *papa* (forgive my boldness) banished from his little sullen brow, and all his *mamma* rise to his eyes. And when his musical tongue shall be unlocked to own his fault, and promise amendment — O then! how shall I clasp him to my bosom! and tears of joy, I know, will meet his tears of penitence!

How these flights, dear Sir, please a body!-What delights have those mammas (which some fashionable dear ladies are quite unacquainted with) who can make their babies, and their first educations, their entertainment and diversion! To watch the dawnings of reason in them, to direct their little passions, as they shew themselves, to this or that particular point of benefit or use; and to prepare the sweet virgin soil of their minds to receive the seeds of virtue and goodness so early, that, as they grow up, one need only now a little pruning, and now a little water, to make them the ornaments and delights of the garden of this life! And then their pretty ways, their fond and grateful endearments, some new beauty every day rising to observation — O my dearest Mr. B., whose enjoyments and pleasures are so great, as those of such mothers as can bend their minds two or three hours every day to the duties of the nursery?

I have a few other things to observe upon Mr. Locke's treatise, which, when I have done, I shall read, admire, and improve by the rest, as my years and experience advance; of which, in my proposed little book, I shall give you better proofs than I am able to do at present; raw, crude, and indigested as the notions of so young a mamma must needs be.

But these shall be the subjects of another letter; for now I am come to the pride and the pleasure I always have, when I subscribe myself, dearest Sir, *your ever dutiful and grateful*

P.B.

LETTER XCVI

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Locke gives a great many very pretty instructions relating to the play-games of children: but I humbly presume to object to what he says in one or two places.

He would not indulge them in any playthings, but what they make themselves, or endeavour to make. “A smooth pebble, a piece of paper, the mother’s bunch of keys, or any thing they cannot hurt themselves with,” he rightly says, “serve as much to divert little children, as those more chargeable and curious toys from the shops, which are presently put out of order, and broken.”

These playthings may certainly do for little ones: but methinks, to a person of easy circumstances, since the making these toys employs the industrious poor, the buying them for the child might be complied with, though they *were* easily broken; and especially as they are of all prices, and some less costly, and more durable than others.

“Tops, gigs, battledores,” Mr. Locke observes, “which are to be used with labour, should indeed be procured them — not for variety, but exercise; but if they had a top, the scourge-stick and leather strap should be left to their own making and fitting.”

But I may presume to say, that whatever be the good Mr. Locke proposes by this, it cannot be equal to the mischief children may do themselves in making these playthings! For must they not have implements to work with? and is not a knife, or other edged tool, without which it is impossible they can make or shape a scourge-stick, or *any* of their playthings, a fine instrument in a child’s hands! This advice is the reverse of the caution warranted from all antiquity, *That it is dangerous to meddle with edged tools!* and I am afraid, the tutor must often act the surgeon, and follow the indulgence with a styptic and plaister; and the young gentleman’s hands might be so often bound up as to be one way to cure him of his earnest desire to play; but I can hardly imagine any other good that it can do him; for I doubt the excellent consequences proposed by our author from this doctrine, such as to teach the child moderation in his desires, application, industry, thought, contrivance, and good husbandry, qualities that, as he says, will be useful to him when he is a man, are too remote to be ingrafted upon such beginnings; although it must be confessed, that, as Mr. Locke wisely observes, good habits and industry cannot be too early inculcated.

But then, Sir, may I ask, Are not the very plays and sports, to which children accustom themselves, whether they make their own playthings or not, equivalent to the work or labour of grown persons! Yes, Sir, I will venture to say, they are, and more than equivalent to the exercises and labour of many.

Mr. Locke advises, that the child's playthings should be as few as possible, which I entirely approve: that they should be in his tutor's power, who is to give him but one at once. But since it is the nature of the human mind to court most what is prohibited, and to set light by what is in its own power; I am half doubtful (only that Mr. Locke says it, and it may not be so very important as other points, in which I have ventured to differ from that gentleman), whether the child's absolute possession of his own playthings in some little repository, of which he may be permitted to keep the key, especially if he makes no bad use of the privilege, would not make him more indifferent to them: while the contrary conduct might possibly enhance his value of them. And if, when he had done with any plaything, he were obliged to put it into its allotted place, and were accustomed to keep account of the number and places of them severally; this would teach him order, and at the same time instruct him to keep a proper account of them, and to avoid being a squanderer or waster: and if he should omit to put his playthings in their places, or be careless of them, the taking them away for a time, or threatening to give them to others, would make him the more heedful.

Mr. Locke says, that he has known a child so distracted with the number and variety of his playthings, that he tired his maid every day to look them over: and was so accustomed to abundance, that he never thought he had enough, but was always asking, "What more? What new thing shall I have?"— "A good introduction," adds he, ironically, "to moderate desires, and the ready way to make a contented happy man."

All that I shall offer to this, is, that few *men* are so philosophical as one would wish them to be, much less *children*. But, no doubt, this variety engaged the child's activity; which, of the two might be turned to better purposes than sloth or indolence; and if the maid was tired, it might be, because she was not so much *alive* as the child; and perhaps this part of the grievance might not be so great, because if she was his attendant, 'tis probable she had nothing else to do.

However, in the main, as Mr. Locke says, it is no matter how few playthings the child is indulged with; but yet I can hardly persuade myself, that plenty of them can have such bad consequences as he apprehends; and the rather, because they will excite his attention, and promote his industry and activity. His enquiry after new things, let him have few or many, is to be expected as a consequence to those natural desires which are implanted in him, and will every day increase: but this may be observed, that as he grows in years, he will be above some playthings,

and so the number of the old ones will be always reducible, perhaps in a greater proportion, than the new ones will increase.

On the head of good-breeding, he observes, that, “there are two sorts of ill-breeding; the one a sheepish bashfulness, and the other a misbecoming negligence and disrespect in our carriage; both which,” says he, “are avoided by duly observing this one rule, not to think meanly of ourselves, and not to think meanly of others.” I think, as Mr. Locke explains this rule, it is an excellent one. But I would beg to observe upon it, that however discommendable a bashful temper is, in some instances, where it must be deemed a weakness of the mind, yet, in my humble opinion, it is generally the mark of an ingenuous one, and is always to be preferred to an undistinguishing and hardy confidence, which, as it seems to me, is the genuine production of invincible ignorance.

What is faulty in it, which he calls *sheepishness*, should indeed be shaken off as soon as possible, because it is an enemy to merit in its advancement in the world: but, Sir, were I to choose a companion for your Billy, as he grows up, I should not think the worse of the youth, who, not having had the opportunities of knowing men, or seeing the world, had this defect. On the contrary, I should be apt to look upon it as an outward fence or inclosure to his virtue, which might keep off the lighter attacks of immorality, the *Hussars* of vice, as I may say, who are not able to carry on a formal siege against his morals; and I should expect such a one to be docile, humane, good-humoured, diffident of himself, and therefore most likely to improve as well in mind as behaviour: while a hardened mind, that never doubts itself, must be a stranger to its own infirmities, and suspecting none, is impetuous, over-bearing, incorrigible; and, if rich, a tyrant; if not, possibly an invader of other men’s properties; or at least, such a one as allows itself to walk so near the borders of injustice, that where *self* is concerned, it hardly ever does right things.

Mr. Locke proposes (Section 148) a very pretty method to cheat children, as it were, into learning: but then he adds, “There may be dice and playthings, with the letters on them, to teach children the alphabet by playing.” And (Section 151) “I know a person of great quality, who, by pasting on the six vowels (for in our language *y* is one) on the six sides of a dice, and the remaining eighteen consonants on the sides of three other dice, has made this a play for his children, that *he* shall win, who at one cast throws most words on these four dice; whereby his eldest son, yet in coats, has *played* himself *into spelling* with great eagerness, and without once having been chid for it, or forced to it.”

But I had rather your Billy should be a twelvemonth backwarder for want of this method, than forwarded by it. For what may not be feared from so early inculcating the use of dice and gaming, upon the minds of children? Let Mr.

Locke himself speak to this in his Section 208, and I wish I could reconcile the two passages in this excellent author. “As to cards and dice,” says he, “I think the safest and best way is, never to learn any play upon them, and so to be incapacitated for these dangerous temptations, and encroaching wasters of useful time.” And, he might have added, of the noblest estates and fortunes; while sharpers and scoundrels have been lifted into distinction upon their ruins. Yet, in § 153, Mr. Locke proceeds to give directions in relation to the dice he recommends.

But after all, if some innocent plays were fixed upon to cheat children into reading, that, as he says, should look as little like a task as possible, it must needs be of use for that purpose. But let every gentleman, who has a fortune to lose, and who, if he games, is on a foot with the vilest company, who generally have nothing at all to risque, tremble at the thoughts of teaching his son, though for the most laudable purposes, the early use of dice and gaming.

But how much I am charmed with a hint in Mr. Locke, which makes your Pamela hope, she may be of greater use to your children, even as they *grow up*, than she could ever have flattered herself to be. ’Tis a charming paragraph; I must not skip one word of it. Thus it begins, and I will observe upon it as I go along. § 177: “But under whose care soever a child is put to be taught, during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain, it should be one who thinks Latin and language the least part of education.”

How agreeable is this to my notions; which I durst not have avowed, but after so excellent a scholar! For I have long had the thought, that much time is wasted to little purpose in the attaining of Latin. Mr. H., I think, says he was ten years in endeavouring to learn it, and, as far as I can find, knows nothing at all of the matter neither! — Indeed he lays that to the wicked picture in his grammar, which he took for granted (as he has often said, as well as once written) was put there to teach boys to rob orchards, instead of improving their minds in learning, or common honesty.

But (for this is too light an instance for the subject) Mr. Locke proceeds— “One who knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of *learning or language*,” [*What a noble writer is this!*] “makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars, and give that a right disposition:” [*Ay, there, dear Sir, is the thing!*] “which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected,” [*charmingly observed!*] “would, in *due time*,” [*without wicked dice, I hope!*] “produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got and settled, so to keep out ill and vicious habits, *languages* and *sciences*, and all the other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose, but to make the worse or more dangerous man.” [*Now comes the place I am so much delighted with!*] “And indeed, whatever stir there is made about getting of Latin, as the great and difficult

business, his mother" [*thank you, dear Sir, for putting this excellent author into my hands!*] "may teach it him herself, if she will but spend two or three hours in a day with him," [*If she will! Never fear, but I will, with the highest pleasure in the world!*] "and make him read the Evangelists in Latin to her." [*How I long to be five or six years older, as well as my dearest babies, that I may enter upon this charming scheme!*] "For she need but buy a Latin Testament, and having got somebody to mark the last syllable but one, where it is long, in words above two syllables (which is enough to regulate her pronunciation and accenting the words), read daily in the Gospels, and then let her avoid understanding them in Latin, if she can."

Why, dear Sir, you have taught me almost all this already; and you, my beloved tutor, have told me often, I read and pronounce Latin more than tolerably, though I don't understand it: but this method will teach *me*, as well as your dear *children* — But thus the good gentleman proceeds— "And when she understands the Evangelists in Latin, let her in the same manner read Aesop's Fables, and so proceed on to Eutropius, Justin, and such other books. I do not mention this," adds Mr. Locke, "as an imagination of what I fancy *may* do, but as of a thing I have known done, and the Latin tongue got with ease this way."

He then mentions other advantages, which the child may receive from his mother's instruction, which I will try more and more to qualify myself for: particularly, after he has intimated, that "at the same time that the child is learning French and Latin, he may be entered also in arithmetic, geography, chronology, history, and geometry too; for if," says he, "these be taught him in French or Latin, when he begins once to understand either of these tongues, he will get a knowledge of these sciences, and the language to boot." He then proceeds: "Geography, I think, should be begun with: for the learning of the figure of the globe, the situation and boundaries of the four parts of the world, and that of particular kingdoms and countries, being only an exercise of the eyes and memory, a child with pleasure will learn and retain them. And this is so certain, that I now live in a house with a child, whom his MOTHER has so well instructed this way in geography," [*But had she not, do you think, dear Sir, some of this good gentleman's kind assistance?*] "that he knew the limits of the four parts of the world; would readily point, being asked, to any country upon the globe, or any county in the map of England; knew all the great rivers, promontories, streights, and bays in the world, and could find the longitude and latitude of any place, before he was six years old."

There's for you, dear Sir! — See what a mother can do if she pleases!

I remember, Sir, formerly, in that sweet chariot conference, at the dawning of my hopes, when all my dangers were happily over (a conference I shall always think of with pleasure), that you asked me, how I would bestow my time, supposing the neighbouring ladies would be above being seen in my company; when I should have no visits to receive or return; no parties of pleasure to join in; no card-tables to employ my winter evenings?

I then, Sir, transported with my opening prospects, prattled to you, how well I would try to pass my time, in the family management and accounts, in visits now and then to the indigent and worthy poor; in music sometimes; in reading, in writing, in my superior duties — And I hope I have not behaved quite unworthily of my promise.

But I also remember, what once you said on a certain occasion, which *now*, since the fair prospect is no longer distant, and that I have been so long your happy wife, I may repeat without those blushes which then covered my face; thus then, with a *modest* grace, and with that *virtuous* endearment that is so *beautiful* in *your* sex, as well as in *ours*, whether in the character of lover or husband, maiden or wife, you were pleased to say— "And I hope, my Pamela, to have superadded to all these, such an employment as—" in short, Sir, I am now blessed with, and writing of; no less than the useful part I may be able to take in the first education of your beloved babies!

And now I must add, that this pleasing hope sets me above all other diversions: I wish for no parties of pleasure but with you, my dearest Mr. B., and these are parties that will improve me, and make me more capable of the other, and more worthy of your conversation, and of the time you pass (beyond what I could ever have promised to my utmost wishes) in such poor company as mine, for no other reason but because I love to be instructed, and take my lessons well, as you are pleased to say; and indeed I must be a sad dunce, if I did not, from so skilful and so beloved a master. I want no card-table amusements; for I hope, in a few years (and a proud hope it is), to be able to teach your dear little ones the first rudiments, as Mr. Locke points the way, of Latin, of French, and of geography, and arithmetic.

O, my dear Mr. B., by your help and countenance, what may I not be able to teach them, and how may I prepare the way for a tutor's instructions, and give him up minds half cultivated to his hands! — And all this time improve myself too, not only in science, but in nature, by tracing in the little babes what all mankind are, and have been, from infancy to riper years, and watching the sweet dawnings of reason, and delighting in every bright emanation of that ray of divinity, lent to the human mind, for great and happy purposes, when rightly pointed and directed.

There is no going farther after these charming recollections and hopes, for they bring me to that grateful remembrance, to whom, under God, I owe them all, and also what I have been for so happy a period, and what I am, which will ever be my pride and my glory; and well it may, when I look back to my beginning with humble acknowledgment, and can call myself, dearest Mr. B., *your honoured and honouring, and, I hope to say, in time, useful wife*, P.B.

LETTER XCVII

MY DEAREST MR. B.,

Having in my former letters said as much as is necessary to let you into my notion of the excellent book you put into my hands, and having touched those points in which the children of both sexes may be concerned (with some *art* in my intention, I own), in hope that they would not be so much out of the way, as to make you repent of the honour you have done me, in committing the dear Miss Goodwin to my care; I shall now very quickly set myself about the proposed little book.

You have been so good as to tell me (at the same time that you disapprove not these my specimen letters as I may call them), that you will kindly accept of my intended present, and encourage me to proceed in it; and as I shall leave one side of the leaf blank for your corrections and alterations, those corrections will be a fine help and instruction to me in the pleasing task which I propose to myself, of assisting in the early education of your dear children. And as I may be years in writing it, as the dear babies improve, as I myself improve, by the opportunities which their advances in years will give me, and the experience I shall gain, I may then venture to give my notions on the more material and nobler parts of education, as well as the inferior: for (but that I think the subjects above my present abilities) Mr. Locke's book would lead me into several remarks, that might not be unuseful, and which appear to me entirely new; though that may be owing to my slender reading and opportunities, perhaps.

But what I would now touch upon, is a word or two still more particularly upon the education of my own sex; a topic which naturally arises to me from the subject of my last letter. For there, dear Sir, we saw, that the mothers might teach the child *this* part of science, and *that* part of instruction; and who, I pray, as our sex is generally educated, shall teach the *mothers*? How, in a word, shall *they* come by their knowledge?

I know you'll be apt to say, that Miss Goodwin gives all the promises of becoming a fine young lady, and takes her learning, loves reading, and makes very pretty reflections upon all she reads, and asks very pertinent questions, and is as knowing, at her years, as most young ladies. This is very true, Sir; but it is not every one that can boast of Miss Goodwin's capacity, and goodness of temper, which have enabled her to get up a good deal of *lost* time, as I must call it; for her first four years were a perfect blank, as far as I can find, just as if the pretty dear was born the day she was four years old; for what she had to *unlearn* as to temper,

and will, and such things, set against what little improvements she had made, might very fairly be compounded for, as a blank.

I would indeed have a girl brought up to her needle, but I would not have *all* her time employed in samplers, and learning to mark, and do those unnecessary things, which she will never, probably, be called upon to practise.

And why, pray, are not girls entitled to the same *first* education, though not to the same plays and diversions, as boys; so far, at least, as is supposed by Mr. Locke a mother can instruct them?

Would not this lay a foundation for their future improvement, and direct their inclinations to useful subjects, such as would make them above the imputations of some unkind gentlemen, who allot to their part common tea-table prattle, while they do all they can to make them fit for nothing else, and then upbraid them for it? And would not the men find us better and more suitable companions and assistants to them in every useful purpose of life? — O that your lordly sex were all like my dear Mr. B. — I don't mean that they should all take raw, uncouth, unbred, lowly girls, as I was, from the cottage, and, destroying all distinction, make such their wives; for there is a far greater likelihood, that such a one, when she comes to be lifted up into so dazzling a sphere, would have her head made giddy with her exaltation, than that she would balance herself well in it: and to what a blot, over all the fair page of a long life, would this little drop of dirty ink spread itself! What a standing disreputation to the choice of a gentleman!

But *this* I mean, that after a gentleman had entered into the marriage state with a young creature (saying nothing at all of birth or descent) far inferior to him in learning, in parts, in knowledge of the world, and in all the graces which make conversation agreeable and improving, he would, as you do, endeavour to make her fit company for himself, as he shall find she is *willing* to improve, and *capable* of improvement: that he would direct her taste, point out to her proper subjects for her amusement and instruction; travel with her now and then, a month in a year perhaps; and shew her the world, after he has encouraged her to put herself forward at his own table, and at the houses of his friends, and has seen, that she will not do him great discredit any where. What obligations, and opportunities too, will this give her to love and honour such a husband, every hour, more and more! as she will see his wisdom in a thousand instances, and experience his indulgence to her in ten thousand, to the praise of his politeness, and the honour of them both! — And then, when select parties of pleasure or business engaged him not abroad, in his home conversation, to have him delight to instruct and open her views, and inspire her with an ambition to enlarge her mind, and more and more to excel! What an intellectual kind of married life would such persons find theirs! And how suitable to the rules of policy and self-

love in the gentleman; for is not the wife, and are not her improvements, all *his own*? — *Absolutely*, as I may say, *his own*? And does not every excellence she can be adorned by, redound to her husband's honour because she is his, even more than to *her own*! — In like manner as no dishonour affects a man so much, as that which he receives from a bad wife.

But where is such a gentleman as Mr. B. to be met with? Look round and see where, with all the advantages of sex, of education, of travel, of conversation in the open world, a gentleman of his abilities to instruct and inform, is to be found? And there are others, who, perhaps, will question the capacities or inclinations of our sex in general, to improve in useful knowledge, were they to meet with such kind instructors, either in the characters of parents or husbands.

As to the first, I grant, that it is not easy to find such a gentleman: but for the second (if excusable in me, who am one of the sex, and so may be thought partial to it), I could by comparisons drawn from the gentlemen and ladies within the circle of my own acquaintance, produce instances, which are so flagrantly in their favour, as might make it suspected, that it is policy more than justice, in those who would keep our sex unacquainted with that more eligible turn of education, which gives the gentlemen so many advantages over us in *that*; and which will shew, they have none at all in *nature* or *genius*.

I know you will pardon me, dear Sir; for you are so exalted above your Pamela, by nature and education too, that you cannot apprehend any inconvenience from bold comparisons. I will beg, therefore, to mention a few instances among our friends, where the ladies, notwithstanding their more cramped and confined education, make *more* than an equal figure with the gentlemen in all the graceful parts of conversation, in spite of the contempts poured out upon our sex by some witty gentlemen, whose writings I have in my eye.

To begin then with Mr. Murray, and Miss Damford that was; Mr. Murray has the reputation of scholarship, and has travelled too; but how infinitely is he surpassed in every noble and useful quality, and in greatness of mind, and judgment, as well as wit, by the young lady I have named! This we saw, when last at the Hall, in fifty instances, where the gentleman was, you know, Sir, on a visit to Sir Simon and his lady.

Next, dear Sir, permit me to observe, that my good Lord Davers, with all his advantages, born a counsellor of the realm, and educated accordingly, does not surpass his lady.

My countess, as I delight to call her, and Lady Betty, her eldest daughter, greatly surpassed the Earl and her eldest brother in every point of knowledge, and

even learning, as I may say, although both ladies owe that advantage principally to their own cultivation and acquirement.

Let me presume, Sir, to name Mr. H.: and when I *have* named him, shall we not be puzzled to find any where in our sex, one remove from vulgar life, a woman that will not out-do Mr. H.?

Lady Darnford, upon all useful subjects, makes a much brighter figure than Sir Simon, whose knowledge of the world has not yet made him acquainted with himself. — Mr. Arthur excels not his lady.

Mrs. Towers, a maiden lady, is an over-match for half a dozen of the neighbouring gentlemen I could name, in what is called wit and politeness, and not inferior to any of them in judgment.

I could multiply such instances, were it needful, to the confutation of that low, and I had almost said, *unmanly* contempt, with which a certain celebrated genius treats our sex in general in most of his pieces, I have seen; particularly his *Letter of Advice to a new married Lady*; so written, as must disgust, instead of instruct; and looks more like the advice of an enemy to the *sex*, and a bitter one too, than a friend to the *particular Lady*. But I ought to beg pardon for this my presumption, for two reasons: first, because of the truly admirable talents of this writer; and next, because we know not what ladies the ingenious gentleman may have fallen among in his younger days.

Upon the whole, therefore, I conclude, that Mr. B. is almost the only gentleman, who excels *every* lady that I have seen; so *greatly* excels, that even the emanations of his excellence irradiate a low cottage-born girl, and make her pass among ladies of birth and education for somebody.

Forgive my pride, dear Sir; but it would be almost a crime in your Pamela not to exult in the mild benignity of those rays, by which her beloved Mr. B. endeavours to make her look up to his own sunny sphere: while she, by the advantage only of his reflected glory, in *his* absence, which makes a dark night to her, glides along with her paler and fainter beaminess, and makes a distinguishing figure among such lesser planets, as can only poorly twinkle and glimmer, for want of the aid she boasts of.

I dare not, Sir, conjecture whence arises this more than parity in the genius of the sexes, among the above persons, notwithstanding the disparity of education, and the difference in the opportunities of each. This might lead one into too proud a thought in favour of a sex too contemptuously treated by some *other* wits I could name, who, indeed, are the less to be regarded, as they love to jest upon all God Almighty's works: yet might I better do it, too, than anybody, since I am so

infinitely transcended by my husband, that no competition, pride or vanity, could be apprehended from me.

But, however, I would only beg of those who are so free in their contempts of us, that they would, for *their own sakes* (and that, with such generally goes a great way), rather try to *improve* than *depreciate* us: we should then make better daughters, better wives, better mothers, and better mistresses: and who (permit me, Sir, to ask them) would be so much the better for these opportunities and amendments, as our upbraiders themselves!

On re-perusing this, I must repeatedly beg your excuse for these proud notions in behalf of my sex, which, I can truly say, are not owing to partiality because, I have the honour to be one of it; but to a far better motive; for what does this contemptuous treatment of one half, if not the better half, of the human species, naturally produce, but libertinism and abandoned wickedness? for does it not tend to make the daughters, the sisters, the wives of gentlemen, the subjects of profligate attempts? — Does it not render the sex vile in the eyes of the most vile? And when a lady is no longer beheld by such persons with that dignity and reverence, with which perhaps, the graces of her person, and the innocence of her mind, should sacredly, as it were, encompass her, do not her very excellencies become so many incentives for base wretches to attempt her virtue, and bring about her ruin?

What then may not wicked wit have to answer for, when its possessors prostitute it to such unmanly purposes! And as if they had never had a mother, a sister, a daughter of their own, throw down, as much as in them lies, those sacred fences which may lay the fair inclosure open to the invasions of every clumsier and viler beast of prey; who, though destitute of *their* wit, yet corrupted by it, shall fill their mouths, as well as their hearts, with the borrowed mischief, and propagate it from one to another to the end of time; and who, otherwise, would have passed by the uninvaded fence, and only shewed their teeth, and snarled at the well secured fold within it?

You cannot, my dearest Mr. B., I know be angry at this romantic painting: since you are not affected by it: for when at worst, you acted (more dangerously, ’tis true, for the poor innocents) a *principal* part, and were as a lion among beasts — Do, dear Sir, let me say *among*, this one time — You scorned to borrow any man’s wit; and if nobody had followed your example, till they had had your qualities, the number of rakes would have been but small. Yet, don’t mistake me, neither; I am not so mean as to bespeak your favour by extenuating your failings; if I *were*, you would deservedly despise me. For, undoubtedly (I *must* say it, Sir), your faults were the greater for your perfections: and such talents misapplied, as they made you more capable of mischief, so did they increase the evil of your

practices. All then that I mean by saying you are not affected by this painting, is, that you are not affected by my description of clumsy and sordid rakes, whose *wit* is *borrowed*, and their *wickedness* only what they may call *their own*.

Then, dear Sir, since that noble conversation you held with me at Tunbridge, in relation to the consequences that might, had it not been for God's grace intervening, have followed the masquerade affair, I have the inexpressible pleasure to find a thorough reformation, from the *best* motives, taking place; and your joining with me in my closet (as opportunity permits) in my evening duties, is the charming confirmation of your kind and voluntary, and I am proud to say, *pious* assurances; so that this makes me fearless of your displeasure, while I rather triumph in my joy for your precious soul's sake, than presume to think of recriminating; and when (only for this once) I take the liberty of looking back from the delightful *now*, to the painful *formerly!*

But, what a rambler am I again! You command me to write to you all I think, without fear. I obey, and, as the phrase is, do it without either *fear* or *wit*.

If you are *not* displeased, it is a mark of the true nobleness of your nature, and the sincerity of your late pious declarations.

If you *are*, I shall be sure I have done wrong in having applied a corrosive to eat away the *proud flesh* of a *wound*, that is not yet so thoroughly *digested*, as to bear a painful application, and requires balsam and a gentler treatment. But when we were at Bath, I remember what you said once of the benefit of retrospection: and you charged me, whenever a *proper* opportunity offered, to remind you, by that one word, *retrospection*, of the charming conversation we had there, on our return from the rooms.

If this be not one of them, forgive, dearest Sir, the unreasonableness of your very impertinent, but, in intention and resolution, *ever dutiful*,

P.B.

LETTER XCVIII

From Mrs. B. to her Father and Mother

EVER DEAR, AND EVER HONOURED,

I must write this one letter, although I have had the happiness to see you so lately; because Mr. B. is now about to honour me with the tour he so kindly promised; and it may therefore be several months, perhaps, before I have again the pleasure of paying you the like dutiful respects.

You know his kind promise, that he would for every dear baby I present him with, take an excursion with me afterwards, in order to establish and confirm my health.

The task I have undertaken of dedicating all my writing amusements to the dearest of men; the full employment I have, when at home; the frequent rambles he has so often indulged me in, with my dear Miss Goodwin, to Kent, London, Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, and to my lady Davers, take from me the necessity of writing to you, to my Miss Damford that was, and to Lady Davers, so often as I formerly thought myself obliged to do, when I saw all my worthy friends so seldom; the same things, moreover, with little variation, occurring this year, as to our conversations, visits, friends, employments, and amusements, that fell out the last, as must be the case in a family so uniform and methodical as ours.

I have for these reasons, more leisure to pursue my domestic duties, which are increased upon me; and when I have said, that I am every day more and more happy in my beloved Mr. B., in Miss Goodwin, my Billy, my Davers, and now, newly, in my sweet little Pamela (for so, you know, Lady Davers would have her called, rather than by her own name), what can I say more?

As to the tour I spoke of, you know, the first part of Mr. B.'s obliging scheme is to carry me to France; for he has already travelled with me over the greatest part of England; and I am sure, by my passage last year, to the Isle of Wight, I shall not be afraid of crossing the water from Dover thither; and he will, when we are at Paris, he says, take *my* farther directions (that was his kind expression) whither to go next.

My Lord and Lady Davers are so good as to promise to accompany us to Paris, provided Mr. B. will give them our company to Aix-la-Chapelle, for a month or six weeks, whither my lord is advised to go. And Mr. H. if he can get over his fear of crossing the salt water, is to be of the party.

Lady G., Miss Damford that was (who likewise has lately lain-in of a fine daughter), and I, are to correspond as opportunity offers; and she promises to send you what I write, as formerly: but I have refused to say one word in my letters of the manners, customs, curiosities, &c. of the places we see; because, first, I shall not have leisure; and, next, those things are so much better described in books written by persons who made stricter and better observations that I can pretend to make: so that what I shall write will relate only to our private selves, and be as brief as possible.

If we are to do as Mr. B. has it in his thoughts, he intends to be out of England two years: — but how can I bear that, if for your sakes only, and for those of my dear babies! — But this must be my time, my *only* time, Mr. B. says, to ramble and see distant places and countries; for as soon as his little ones are capable of my instructions, and begin to understand my looks and signs, he will not spare me from them a week together; and he is so kind as to propose, that my dear bold boy (for every one sees how greatly he resembles his papa in his dear forward spirit) shall go with us; and this pleases Miss Goodwin highly, who is very fond of *him*, and my little Davers; but vows she will never love so well my pretty black-eyed Pamela.

You see what a sweet girl Miss is, and you admired her much: did I tell you, what she said to me, when first she saw you both, with your silver hairs, and reverend countenances?— "Madam, I dare say, your papa, and mamma, *honoured their father and mother*:"— "They did, my dear; but what is your reason for saying so?"— "Because *they have lived so long in the land which the LORD their GOD has given them*." I took the charmer in my arms, and kissed her three or four times, as she deserved; for was not this very pretty in the child?

I must, with inexpressible pleasure, write you word how happily God's providence has now, at last, turned that affair, which once made me so uneasy, in relation to the fine Countess (who has been some time abroad), of whom you had heard, as you told me, some reports, which, had you known at the time, would have made you very apprehensive for Mr. B.'s morals, as well as for my repose.

I will now (because I can do it with the highest pleasure, by reason of the event it has produced), explain that dark affair so far as shall make you judges of my present joy: although I had hitherto avoided entering into that subject to you. For now I think myself, by God's grace, secure to the affection and fidelity of the best of husbands, and that from the worthiest motives; as you shall hear.

There was but one thing wanting to complete all the happiness I wished for in this life; which was, the remote hope I had entertained, that one day, my dear Mr. B. who from a licentious gentleman became a moralist, would be so touched by

the divine grace, as to become in time, more than moral, a religious man, and, at last, join in the duties which he had the goodness to countenance.

For this reason I began with mere *indispensables*. I crowded not his gates with objects of charity: I visited them at their homes, and relieved them; distinguishing the worthy indigent (made so by unavoidable accidents and casualties) from the wilfully, or perversely, or sottishly such, by *greater* marks of my favour.

I confined my morning and evening devotions to my own private closet, lest I should give offence and discouragement to so gay a temper, so unaccustomed (poor gentleman!) to acts of devotion and piety; whilst I met his household together, only on mornings and evenings of the Sabbath-day, to prepare them for their public duties in the one, and in hopes to confirm them in what they had heard at church in the other; leaving them to their own reflections for the rest of the week; after I had suggested a method I wished them to follow, and in which they constantly obliged me.

This good order had its desired effect, and our Sabbath-day assemblies were held with so little parade, that we were hardly any of us missed. All, in short, was done with cheerful ease and composure: and every one of us was better disposed to our domestic duties: I, to attend the good pleasure of my best friend; and they, that of us both.

Thus we went on very happily, my neighbourly visits of charity, taking up no more time than common airings, and passing many of them for such; my private duties being only between my FIRST, my HEAVENLY BENEFACTOR, and myself, and my family ones personally confined to the day separated for these best of services, and Mr. B. pleased with my manner beheld the good effects, and countenanced me by his praises and his endearments, as acting discreetly, as not falling into enthusiasm, and (as he used to say) as not aiming at being *righteous overmuch*.

But still I wanted, and waited for, with humble patience, and made it part of my constant prayers, that the divine Grace would at last touch his heart, and make him *more* than a countenancer, *more* than an applauder of my duties; that he might for his own dear sake, become a partaker in them. “And then,” thought I, “when we can, hand in hand, heart in heart, one spirit as well as one flesh, join in the same closet, in the same prayers and thanksgiving, what a happy creature shall I be.”

I say, *closet*: for I durst not aspire so high, as to hope the favour of his company among his servants, in our Sunday devotions. — I knew it would be going too far, in *his* opinion, to expect it from him. In *me* their mistress, had I been ever so high-born, it was not amiss, because I, and they, *every one* of us,

were *his*; I in one degree, Mr. Longman in another, Mrs. Jervis in another — But from a man of his high temper and manner of education, I knew I could never hope for it, so would not lose *every* thing, by grasping at *too much*.

But in the midst of all these comfortable proceedings, and my further charming hopes, a nasty masquerade threw into his way a temptation, which for a time blasted all my prospects, and indeed made me doubt my own head almost. For, judge my disappointment, when I found all my wishes frustrated, all my prayers rendered ineffectual; his very morality, which I had flattered myself, in time, I should be an humble instrument to exalt into religion, shocked, and in danger; and all the work to begin over again, if offended Grace should ever again offer itself to the dear wilful trespasser!

But who should pretend to scrutinize the councils of the Almighty? — for out of all this *evil appearance* was to proceed the *real good*, I had been so long, and so often, supplicating for!

The dear man *was* to be on the brink of relapsing: it was proper, that I should be so very uneasy, as to assume a conduct not natural to my temper, and to raise his generous concern for me: and, in the very crisis, divine Grace interposed, made him sensible of his danger, made him resolve against his error, before it was yet too late: and his sliding feet, quitting the slippery path he was in, collected new strength, and he stood the firmer and more secure for his peril.

For having happily put a stop to that affair, and by his uniform conduct, for a considerable time, shewed me that I had nothing to apprehend from it, he was pleased, when we were last at Tunbridge, and in very serious discourse upon divine subjects, to say to this effect: “Is there not, my Pamela, a text, *That the unbelieving husband shall be saved by the believing wife, whilst he beholds her chaste conversation coupled with fear?*”

“I need not tell you, my dear Mr. B., that there is, nor where it is.”

“Then, my dear, I begin to hope, *that* will be my case; for, from a former affair, of which this spot of ground puts me more in mind, I see so much reason to doubt my own strength, which I had built, and, as I thought securely, on *moral* foundations, that I must look out for a *better* guide to conduct me, than the proud word *honour* can be, in the general acceptance of it among us lively young gentlemen.

“How often have I promised (and I never promised but I intended to perform) that I would be faithfully and only yours! How often declared, that I did not think I could possibly deserve my Pamela, till I could shew her, in my own mind, a purity as nearly equal to hers, as my past conduct would admit of!

“But I depended too much upon my own strength: and I am now convinced, that nothing but RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS, and a resolution to watch over the very *first* appearances of evil, and to check them as they arise, can be of sufficient weight to keep steady to his good purpose, a vain young man, too little accustomed to restraint, and too much used to play upon the brink of dangers, from a temerity, and love of intrigue, natural to enterprising minds.

“I would not make this declaration of my convictions to you, till I had thoroughly examined myself, and had reason to hope, that I should be enabled to make it good. And now, my Pamela, from this instant you shall be my guide; and, only taking care, that you do not, all at once, by injunctions too rigorous, damp and discourage the rising flame, I will leave it to you to direct as you please, till, by degrees, it may be deemed worthy to mingle with your own.”

Judge how rapturous my joy was upon this occasion, and how ready I was to bless God for a danger (so narrowly escaped) which was attended with the *very* consequences that I had so long prayed for; and which I little thought the divine providence was bringing about by the very means, that, I apprehended, would put an end to all my pleasing hopes and prospects of that nature.

It is in vain for me to seek words to express what I felt, and how I acted, on this occasion. I heard him out with twenty different and impatient emotions; and then threw myself at his feet, embracing his knees, with arms the most ardently clasped! My face lifted up to Heaven, and to him, by turns; my eyes overflowing with tears of joy, which half choked up the passage of my words. — At last, his kind arms clasping my neck, and kissing my tearful cheek, I could only say— “My ardent prayers, are at last-heard — May God Almighty confirm your pious purposes! And, Oh I what a happy Pamela have you at your feet!”

I wept for joy till I sobbed again — and he raising me to his kind arms, I said — “To have this *heavenly* prospect, O best beloved of my heart! added to all my *earthly* blessings! — How shall I contain my joy! — For, oh! to think that he is, and will be mine, and I his, through the mercies of God, when this transitory life is past and gone, to all eternity; what a rich thought is this! — Methinks I am already, dear Sir, ceasing to be mortal, and beginning to taste the perfections of those joys, which this thrice welcome declaration gives me hope of hereafter! — But what shall I say, obliged as I was beyond expression before, and now doubly obliged in the rapturous view you have opened to me, into a happy futurity!”

He said, he was delighted with me beyond expression; that I was his ecstatic charmer! — That the love I shewed for his future good was the moving proof of the purity of my heart, and my affection for him. And that very evening he joined with me in my retired duties; and, at all proper opportunities, favours me with his

company in the same manner; listening attentively to all my lessons, as he calls my cheerful discourses on serious subjects.

And now, my dear parents, do you not rejoice with me in this charming, charming appearance? For, *before* I had the most generous, the most beneficent, the most noble, the most affectionate, but *now* I am likely to have the most *pious*, of husbands! What a happy wife, what a happy daughter, is *his* and *your* Pamela! God of his infinite mercy, continue and improve the ravishing prospect!

I was forced to leave off here, to enjoy the charming reflections, which this lovely subject, and my blessed prospects, filled me with; and now proceed to write a few lines more.

I am under some concern on account of our going to travel into some Roman Catholic countries, for fear we should want the public opportunities of divine service: for I presume, the ambassador's chapel will be the only Protestant place of worship allowed of, and Paris the only city in France where there is one. But we must endeavour to make it up in our private and domestic duties: for, as the phrase is— "When we are at Rome, we must do as they do at Rome;" that is to say, so far as not to give offence, on the one hand, to the people we are among; nor scandal, on the other, by compliances hurtful to one's conscience. But my protector knows all these things so well (no place in what is called the grand tour, being new to him), that I have no reason to be very uneasy.

And now let me, by letter, as I did on my knees at parting, beg the continuance of your prayers and blessings, and that God will preserve us to one another, and give us, and all our worthy friends, a happy meeting again.

Kent, you may be sure, will be our first visit, on our return, for your sakes, for my dear Davers's, and my little Pamela's sake, who will be both put into your protection; while my Billy, and Miss Goodwin (for, since I began this letter, it is so determined), are to be my delightful companions; for Mr. B. declared, his temper wants looking after, and his notices of every thing are strong and significant.

Poor little dear! he has indeed a little sort of perverseness and headstrongness, as one may say, in his will: yet he is but a baby, and I hope to manage him pretty well; for he notices all I say, and every look of mine already. — He is, besides, very good humoured, and willing to part with anything for a kind word: and this gives me hopes of a docile and benevolent disposition, as he grows up.

I thought, when I began the last paragraph but one, that I was within a line of concluding; but it is *to* you, and *of* my babies, I am writing; so shall go on to the bottom of this new sheet, if I do not directly finish: which I do, with assuring you both, that wherever I am, I shall always be thoughtful of you, and remember you in my prayers, as becomes *your ever dutiful daughter*, P.B.

My respects to all your good neighbours in general. Mr. Longman will visit you now and then. Mrs. Jervis will take one journey into Kent, she says, and it shall be to accompany my babies, when carried down to you. Poor Jonathan, and she, good folks! seem declining in their health, which grieves me. — Once more, God send us all a happy meeting, if it be his blessed will! Adieu, adieu, my dear parents! *your ever dutiful, &c.*

LETTER XCIX

My Dear Lady G.,

I received your last letter at Paris, as we were disposing every thing for our return to England, after an absence of near two years; in which, as I have informed you, from time to time, I have been a great traveller, into Holland, the Netherlands, through the most considerable province of France, into Italy; and, in our return to Paris again (the principal place of our residence), through several parts of Germany.

I told you of the favours and civilities we received at Florence, from the then Countess Dowager of —— , who, with her humble servant Lord C —— (that had so assiduously attended her for so many months in Italy), accompanied us from Florence to Inspruck.

Her ladyship made that worthy lord happy in about a month after she parted from us, and the noble pair gave us an opportunity at Paris, in their way to England, to return some of the civilities which we received from them in Italy; and they are now arrived at her ladyship's seat on the Forest.

Her lord is exceedingly fond of her, as he well may; for she is one of the most charming ladies in England; and behaves to him with so much prudence and respect, that they are as happy in each other as can be wished. And let me just add, that both in Italy and at Paris, Mr. B.'s demeanour and her ladyship's to one another, was so nobly open, and unaffectedly polite, as well as highly discreet, that neither Lord C. who had once been jealous of Mr. B. nor the *other party*, who had had a tincture of the same yellow evil, as you know, because of the Countess, had so much as a shadow of uneasiness remaining on the occasion.

Lord Davers has had his health (which had begun to decline in England) so well, that there was no persuading Lady Davers to return before now, although I begged and prayed I might not have another little Frenchman, for fear they should, as they grew up, forget, as I pleasantly used to say, the obligations which their parentage lays them under to dearer England.

And now, my dearest friend, I have shut up my rambles for my whole life; for three little English folks, and one little Frenchman (but a charming baby as well as the rest, Charley by name), and a near prospect of a further increase, you will say, are family enough to employ all my cares at home.

I have told you, from time to time, although I could not write to you so often as I would, because of our being constantly in motion, what was most worthy of

your knowledge relating to every particular, and how happy we all have been in one another. And I have the pleasure to confirm to you what I have often written, that Mr. B. and my Lord and Lady Davers are all that I could wish and hope for, with regard to their first duties. We are indeed a happy family, united by the best and most solid ties!

Miss Goodwin is a charming young lady! — I cannot express how much I love her. She is a perfect mistress of the French language and speaks Italian very prettily! And, as to myself, I have improved so well under my dear tutor's lessons, together with the opportunity of conversing with the politest and most learned gentry of different nations, that I will discourse with you in two or three languages, if you please, when I have the happiness to see you. There's a learned boaster for you, my dear friend! (if the knowledge of different languages makes one learned.) — But I shall bring you an heart as entirely English as ever, for all that!

We landed on Thursday last at Dover, and directed our course to the dear farm-house; and you can better imagine, than I express, our meeting with my dear father and mother, and my beloved Davers and Pamela, who are charming babies. — But is not this the language of every fond mamma?

Miss Goodwin is highly delighted now with my sweet little Pamela, and says, she shall be her sister indeed! "For, Madam," said she, "Miss is a beauty! — And we see no French beauties like Master Davers and Miss."— "Beauty! my dear," said I; "what is beauty, if she be not a good girl? Beauty is but a specious, and, as it may happen, a dangerous recommendation, a mere skin-deep perfection; and if, as she grows up, she is not as good as Miss Goodwin, she shall be none of my girl."

What adds to my pleasure, my dear friend, is to see them both so well got over the small-pox. It has been as happy for them, as it was for their mamma and her Billy, that they had it under so skilful and kind a manager in that distemper, as my dear mother. I wish if it please God, it was as happily over with my little pretty Frenchman.

Every body is surprised to see what the past two years have done for Miss Goodwin and my Billy. — O, my dear friend, they are both of them almost — nay, quite, I think, for their years, all that I wish them to be. In order to make them keep their French, which Miss so well speaks, and Billy so prettily prattles, I oblige them, when they are in the nursery, to speak nothing else: but at table, except on particular occasions, when French may be spoken, they are to speak in English; that is, when they do speak: for I tell them, that little masters must only ask questions for information, and say— "Yes," or— "No," till their papas or mammas permit them to speak; nor little ladies neither, till they are sixteen; for—

“My dear loves,” cry I, “you would not speak before you know *how*; and knowledge is obtained by *hearing*, and not by *speaking*.” And setting my Billy on my lap, in Miss’s presence— “Here,” said I, taking an ear in the fingers of each hand, “are two ears, my Billy,” and then, pointing to his mouth, “but one tongue, my love; so you must be sure to mind that you *hear* twice as much as you *speak*, even when you grow a bigger master than you are now.”

“You have so many pretty ways to learn one, Madam,” says Miss, now and then, “that it is impossible we should not regard what you say to us!” Several French tutors, when we were abroad, were recommended to Mr. B. But there is one English gentleman, now on his travels with young Mr. R. with whom Mr. B. has agreed; and in the mean time, my best friend is pleased to compliment me, that the children will not suffer for want of a tutor, while I can take the pains I do: which he will have to be too much for me: especially that now, on our return, my Davers and my Pamela are added to my cares. But what mother can take too much pains to cultivate the minds of her children? — If, my dear Lady G., it were not for these *frequent* lyings-in! — But this is the time of life. — Though little did I think, so early, I should have so many careful blessings!

I have as great credit as pleasure from my little family. All our neighbours here admire us more and more. You’ll excuse my seeming (for it is but seeming) vanity: I hope I know better than to have it real— “Never,” says Mrs. Towers, who is still a single lady, “did I see, before, a lady so much advantaged by her residence in that fantastic nation” (for she loves not the French) “who brought home with her nothing of their affectation!” — She says, that the French politeness, and the English frankness and plainness of heart, appear happily blended in all we say and do. And she makes me a thousand compliments upon Lord and Lady Davers’s account, who, she would fain persuade me, owe a great deal of improvement (my lord in his conversation, and my lady in her temper) to living in the same house with us.

My Lady Davers is exceeding kind and good to me, is always magnifying me to every body, and says she knows not how to live from me: and that I have been a means of saving half a hundred souls, as well as her dear brother’s. On an indisposition of my Lord’s at Montpellier, which made her very apprehensive, she declared, that were she to be deprived of his lordship, she would not let us rest till we had consented to her living with us; saying that we had room enough in Lincolnshire, and she would enlarge the Bedfordshire seat at her own expense.

Mr. H. is Mr. H. still; and that’s the best I can say of him; for I verily think, he is more of an ape than ever. His *whole* head is now French. ’Twas *half* so before. We had great difficulties with him abroad: his aunt and I endeavouring to give him a serious and religious turn, we had like to have turned him into a Roman

Catholic. For he was much pleased with the shewy part of that religion, and the fine pictures, and decorations in the churches of Italy; and having got into company with a Dominican at Padua, a Franciscan at Milan, and a Jesuit at Paris, they lay so hard at him, in their turns, that we had like to have lost him to each assailant: so were forced to let him take his own course; for, his aunt would have it, that he had no other defence from the attacks of persons to make him embrace a faulty religion, than to permit him to continue as he was; that is to say, to have none at all. So she suspended attempting to proselyte the thoughtless creature, till he came to England. I wish her success here: but, I doubt, he will not be a credit to any religion, for a great while. And as he is very desirous to go to London, it will be found, when there, that any fluttering coxcomb will do more to make him one of that class, in an hour, than his aunt's lessons, to make him a good man, in a twelvemonth. "*Where much is given, much is required*." The contrary of this, I doubt, is all poor Mr. H. has to trust to.

We have just now heard that his father, who has been long ill, is dead. So now, he is a lord indeed! He flutters and starts about most strangely, I warrant, and is wholly employed in giving directions as to his mourning equipage. — And now there will be no holding him in, I doubt; except his new title has so much virtue in it, as to make him a wiser and better man.

He will now have a seat in the House of Peers of Great Britain; but I hope, for the nation's sake, he will not find many more like himself there! — For, to me, that is one of the most venerable assemblies in the world; and it appears the more so, since I have been abroad; for an English gentleman is respected, if he be any thing of a man, above a foreign nobleman; and an English nobleman above some petty sovereigns.

If our travelling gentry duly considered this distinction in their favour, they would, for the honour of their country, as well as for their own credit, behave in a better manner, in their foreign tours, than, I am sorry to say, some of them do. But what can one expect from the unlicked cubs (pardon the term) sent abroad with only stature, to make them look like men, and equipage to attract respect, without one other qualification to enforce it?

Here let me close this, with a few tears, to the memory of my dear Mrs. Jervis, my other mother, my friend, my adviser, my protectress, in my single state; and my faithful second and partaker in the comforts of my higher life, and better fortunes!

What would I have given to have been present, as it seems, she so earnestly wished, to close her dying eyes! I should have done it with the piety and the concern of a truly affectionate daughter. But that melancholy happiness was denied to us both; for, as I told you in the letter on the occasion, the dear good

woman (who is now in the possession of her blessed reward, and rejoicing in God's mercies) was no more, when the news reached me, so far off as Heidelburgh, of her last illness and wishes.

I cannot forbear, every time I enter her parlour (where I used to see, with so much delight, the good woman sitting, always employed in some useful or pious work), shedding a tear to her memory; and in my Sabbath duties, missing *her*, I miss half a dozen friends, methinks; and I sigh in remembrance of her; and can only recover that cheerful frame, which the performance of those duties always gave me, by reflecting, that she is now reaping the reward of that sincere piety, which used to edify and encourage us all.

The servants we brought home, and those we left behind, melt in tears at the name of Mrs. Jervis. Mr. Longman, too, lamented the loss of her, in the most moving strain. And all I can do now, in honour of her memory and her merit, is to be a friend to those she loved most, as I have already begun to be, and none of them shall suffer in those concerns that can be answered, now she is gone. For the loss of so excellent a friend and relation, is loss enough to all who knew her, and claimed kindred with her.

Poor worthy Jonathan, too, ('tis almost a misery to have so soft, so susceptible an heart as I have, or to have such good servants and friends as one cannot lose without such emotions as I feel for the loss of them!) his silver hairs, which I have beheld with so much delight, and thought I had a father in presence, when I saw them adorning so honest and comely a face, are now laid low! — Forgive me, he was not a common servant; neither are *any* of ours so: but Jonathan excelled all that excelled in his class!-I am told, that these two worthy folks died within two days of one another: on which occasion I could not help saying to myself, in the words of David over Saul and his son Jonathan, the name-sake of our worthy butler— "*They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*"

I might have continued on in the words of the royal lamenter; for, surely, never did one fellow-servant love another in my maiden state, nor servant love a mistress in my exalted condition, better than Jonathan loved me! I could see in his eyes a glistening pleasure, whenever I passed by him: if at such times I spoke to him, as I seldom failed to do, with a— "*God bless you too!*" in answer to his repeated blessings, he had a kind of rejuvenescence (may I say?) visibly running through his whole frame: and, now and then, if I laid my hands upon his folded ones, as I passed him on a Sunday morning or evening, praying for me, with a— "*How do you, my worthy old acquaintance?*" his heart would spring to his lips in a kind of rapture, and his eyes would run over.

O my beloved friend! how the loss of these two worthies of my family oppresses me at times!

Mr. B. likewise shewed a generous concern on the occasion: and when all the servants welcomed us in a body, on our return— “Methinks my dear,” said he, “I miss your Mrs. Jervis, and honest Jonathan.” A starting tear, and— “They are happy, dear honest souls!” and a sigh, were the tribute I paid to their memories, on their beloved master’s so kindly repeating their names.

Who knows, had I been here — But away, too painful reflections — They lived to a good old age, and fell like fruit fully ripe: they *died the death of the righteous*; I must follow them in time, God knows how soon; and, *Oh! that my latter end may be like theirs!*

Once more, forgive me, my dear friend, this small tribute to their memories: and believe, that I am not so ungrateful for God’s mercies, as to let the loss of these dear good folks lessen with me the joy and delight I have still left me, in the health and the love of the best of husbands, and good men; in the children, charming as ever mother could boast of — charming, I mean, principally, in the dawning beauties of their minds, and in the pleasure their towardliness of nature gives me; including, as I always do, my dear Miss Goodwin, and have reason to do, from her dutiful love of me, and observation of all I say to her; in the preservation to me of the best and worthiest of parents, hearty, though aged as they are; in the love and friendship of good Lord and Lady Davers, and my excellent friend Lady G.; not forgetting even worthy Mr. Longman. God preserve all these to me, as I am truly thankful for his mercies! — And then, notwithstanding my affecting losses, as above, who will be so happy as I? That you, my dear Lady G. may long continue so, likewise in the love of a worthy husband, and the delights of an increasing hopeful family, which will make you some amends for the heavy losses you also have sustained, in the two last years of an affectionate father, and a most worthy mother, and, in Mrs. Jones, of a good neighbour, prays *your ever affectionate friend and servant*,

P.B.

* * * * *

LETTER C

MY BELOVED LADY G.,

You will excuse my long silence, when I shall tell you the occasions of it. In the first place, I was obliged to pay a dutiful visit to Kent, where my good father was taken ill of a fever, and my mother of an ague; and think. Madam, how this must affect me, at their time of life!

Mr. B. kindly accompanied me, apprehending that his presence would be necessary, if the recovery of them both, in which I thankfully rejoice, had not happened; especially as a circumstance I am, I think, always in, added more weight to his apprehensions.

I had hardly returned from Kent to Bedfordshire, and looked around, when I was obliged to set out to attend Lady Davers, who said she should *die*, if she saw me not, to comfort and recover, by my counsel and presence (so she was pleased to express herself) her sick lord who had just got out of an intermittent fever, which left him without any spirit, and was occasioned by fretting at the conduct of her *stupid nephew* (those also were her words).

For you must have heard (every body hears when a man of quality does a foolish thing!), and it has been in all the newspapers, that, "On Wednesday last the Right Honourable John" (Jackey they should have said), "Lord H., nephew to the Right Honourable William Lord Davers, was married to the Honourable Mrs. P., relict of J.P. of Twickenham, Esq., a lady of celebrated beauty and ample fortune."

Now, you must know, that this celebrated lady is, 'tis true, of the —— family, whence her title of *honourable*; but is indeed so *celebrated*, that every fluttering coxcomb in town can give some account of her, even before she was in keeping of the Duke of —— who had cast her on the town he had robbed of her.

In short, she is quite a common woman; has no fortune at all, as one may say, only a small jointure incumbered; and is much in debt. She is a shrew into the bargain, and the poor wretch is a father already; for he has already had a girl of three years old (her husband has been dead seven) brought him home, which he knew nothing of, nor even inquired, whether his widow had a child! — And he is now paying the mother's debts, and trying to make the best of his bargain.

This is the fruit of a London journey, so long desired by him, and his fluttering about there with his new title.

He was drawn in by a brother of his lady, and a friend of that brother's, two town sharpers, gamesters, and bullies. Poor Sir Joseph Wittol! This was his case,

and his character, it seems, in London.

Shall I present you with a curiosity? “Tis a copy of his letter to his uncle, who had, as you may well think, lost all patience with him, on occasion of this abominable folly.

“MY LORD DAVERS,

“For iff you will not call me neffew, I have no reason to call you unkell; surely you forgett who it was you held up your kane to: I have as little reason to valew you displeassure, as you have me: for I am, God be thanked, a lord and a pere of the realme, as well as you; and as to youre nott owneing me, nor your brother B. not looking upon me, I care not a fardinge: and, bad as you think I have done, I have marry’d a woman of family. Take thatt among you!

“As to your personal abuses of her, take care whatt you say. You know the stattute will defend us as well as you. — And, besides, she has a brother that won’t lett her good name be called in question. — Mind thatt!

“Some thinges I wish had been otherwise — perhapps I do. — What then? — Must you, my lord, make more mischiefe, and adde to my plagues, iff I have any? — Is this your unkelship?

“Butt I shan’t want youre advice. I have as good an estate as you have, and am as much a lord as yourselfe. — Why the devill then, am I to be treated as I am? — Why the plague — But I won’t sware neither. I desire not to see you, any more than you doe me, I can tell you thatt. And iff we ever meet under one roofe with my likeing, it must be at the House of Peeres where I shall be upon a parr with you in every thing, that’s my cumfurte.

“As to Lady Davers, I desire not to see her ladyship; for she was always plaguy nimbel with her fingers; but, lett my false stepp be what itt will, I have in other respectes, marry’d a lady who is as well descended as herseife, and no disparagement neither; so have nott thatt to answer for to her pride; and who has as good a spiritt too, if they were to come face to face, or I am mistaken: nor will shee take affmntes from any one. So my lord, leave mee to make the best of my matters, as I will of youres. So no more, but that I am *youre servante*, H.

“P.S. I mean no affrunte to Mrs. B. She is the best of yee all — by
G — .”

I will not take up your time with further observations upon this poor creature’s bad conduct: his reflection must proceed from *feeling*; and will, that’s the worst of it, come too late, come *when* or *how* it will. I will only say, I am sorry for it on his

own account, but more for that of Lord and Lady Davers, who take the matter very heavily, and wish he had married the lowest born creature in England (so she had been honest and virtuous), rather than done as he has done.

But, I suppose, the poor gentleman was resolved to shun, at all adventures, Mr. B.'s fault, and keep up to the pride of descent and family; — and so married the only creature, as I hope (since it cannot be helped), that is so great a disgrace to both: for I presume to flatter myself, for the sake of my sex, that, among the poor wretches who are sunk so low as the town-women are, there are very few of birth or education; but such, principally, as have had their necessities or their ignorance taken advantage of by base men; since birth and education must needs set the most unhappy of the sex above so sordid and so abandoned a guilt, as the hourly wickedness of such a course of life subjects them to.

But let me pursue my purpose of excusing my long silence. I had hardly returned from Lady Davers's, and recovered my family management, and resumed my nursery duties, when my fourth dear boy, my Jemmy (for, I think am I going on to make out the number Lady Davers allotted me), pressed so upon me, as not to be refused, for one month or six weeks close attention. And then a journey to Lord Davers's, and that noble pair accompanying us to Kent; and daily and hourly pleasures crowding upon us, narrow and confined as our room there was (though we went with as few attendants as possible), engrossed *more* of my time. Thus I hope you will forgive me, because, as soon as I returned, I set about writing this, as an excuse for myself, in the first place; to promise you the subject you insist upon, in the next; and to say, that I am incapable of forgetfulness or negligence to such a friend as Lady G. For I must always be your *faithful and affectionate humble servant*, P.B.

LETTER CI

MY DEAR LADY G.,

The remarks, your cousin Fielding says, I have made on the subject of young gentlemen's travelling, and which you request me to communicate to you, are part of a little book upon education, which I wrote for Mr. B.'s correction and amendment, on his putting Mr. Locke's treatise on that subject into my hands, and requiring my observations upon it.

I cannot flatter myself they will answer your expectation; for I am sensible they must be unworthy even of the opportunities I have had in the excursions, in which I have been indulged by the best of men. But your requests are so many laws to me; and I will give you a short abstract of what I read Miss Fielding, who has so greatly overrated it to you.

The gentleman's book contains many excellent rules on education; but this of travel I will only refer you to at present. You will there see his objections against the age at which young gentlemen are sent abroad, from sixteen to twenty-one, the time in all their lives, he says, at which young gentlemen are the least suited to these improvements, and in which they have the least fence and guard against their passions.

The age he proposes is from seven to fourteen, because of the advantage they will then have to master foreign languages, and to form their tongue to the true pronunciation; as well as that they will be more easily directed by their tutors or governors. Or else he proposes that more sedate time of life, when the gentleman is able to travel without a tutor, and to make his own observations; and when he is thoroughly acquainted with the laws and fashions, the natural and moral advantages and defects of his own country; by which means, as Mr. Locke wisely observes, the traveller will have something to exchange with those abroad, from whose conversation he hopes to reap any knowledge. And he supports his opinion by excellent reasons, to which I refer you.

What I have written in my little book, not yet quite finished on *this* head, relates principally to *Home Travelling*, which Mr. B. was always resolved his sons should undertake, before they entered upon a foreign tour. I have there observed, that England abounds with curiosities, both of art and nature, worth the notice of a diligent inquirer, and equal with some of those we admire in foreign parts; and that if the youth be not sent abroad at Mr. Locke's earliest time, from seven to fourteen (which I can hardly think will be worth while, merely for the sake of attaining a perfection in the languages), he may with good advantage begin, at

fourteen or fifteen, the tour of Great Britain, now-and-then, by excursions, in the summer months, between his other studies, and as a diversion to him. This I should wish might be entered upon in his papa's company, as well as his tutor's, if it could conveniently be done; who thus initiating both the governed and governor in the methods he would have observed by both, will obtain no small satisfaction and amusement to himself.

For the father would by this means be an eye-witness of the behaviour of the one and the other, and have a specimen how fit the young man was to be trusted, or the tutor to be depended upon, when they went abroad, and were out of his sight: as *they* would of what was expected from them by the father. And hence a thousand benefits may arise to the young gentleman from the occasional observations and reflections of his father, with regard to expence, company, conversation, hours, and such like.

If the father could not himself accompany his son, he might appoint the stages the young gentleman should take, and enjoin both tutor and son to give, at every stage, an account of whatever they observed curious and remarkable, not omitting the minutest occurrences. By this means, and the probability that he might hear of them, and their proceedings, from his friends, acquaintance, and relations, who might fall in with them, they would have a greater regard to their conduct; and so much the more, if the young gentleman were to keep an account of his expences, which, upon his return, he might lay before his father.

By seeing thus the different customs, manners, and economy of different persons and families (for in so mixed a nation as ours is, there is as great a variety of that sort to be met with, as in most), and from their different treatment, at their several stages, a great deal of the world may be learned by the young gentleman. He would be prepared to go abroad with more delight to himself, as well as more experience, and greater reputation to his family and country. In such excursions as these, the tutor would see his temper and inclination, and might notice to the father any thing amiss, that it might be set right, while the youth was yet in his reach, and more under his inspection, than he would be in a foreign country; and his observations, on his return, as well as in his letters, would shew how fit he was to be trusted; and how likely to improve, when at a greater distance.

After England and Wales, as well the inland parts as the sea-coasts, let them if they behave according to expectation, take a journey into Scotland and Ireland, and visit the principal islands, as Guernsey, Jersey, &c. the youth continuing to write down his observations all the way, and keeping a journal of occurrences; and let him employ the little time he will be on board of ship, in these small trips from island to island, or coastwise, in observing upon the noble art of navigation; of the theory of which, it will not be amiss that he has some notion, as well as of

the curious structure of a ship, its tackle, and furniture: a knowledge very far from being insignificant to a gentleman who is an islander, and has a stake in the greatest maritime kingdom in the world; and hence he will be taught to love and value that most useful and brave set of men, the British sailors, who are the natural defence and glory of the realm.

Hereby he will confirm his theory in the geography of the British dominions in Europe, he will be apprised of the situation, conveniences, interests, and constitution of his own country; and will be able to lay a ground-work for the future government of his thoughts and actions, if the interest he bears in his native country should call him to the public service in either house of parliament.

With this foundation, how excellently would he be qualified to go abroad! and how properly then would he add to the knowledge he had attained of his own country, that of the different customs, manners, and forms of government of others! How would he be able to form comparisons, and to make all his inquiries appear pertinent and manly. All the occasions of that ignorant wonder, which renders a novice the jest of all about him, would be taken away. He would be able to ask questions, and to judge without leading strings. Nor would he think he has seen a country, and answered the ends of his father's expence, and his own improvement, by running through a kingdom, and knowing nothing of it, but the inns and stages, at which he stopped to eat and drink. For, on the contrary, he would make the best acquaintance, and contract worthy friendships with such as would court and reverence him as one of the rising geniuses of his country.

Whereas most of the young gentlemen who are sent abroad raw and unprepared, as if to wonder at every thing they see, and to be laughed at by all that see them, do but expose themselves and their country. And if, at their return, by interest of friends, by alliances, or marriages, they should happen to be promoted to places of honour or profit, their unmerited preferment will only serve to make those foreigners, who were eye-witnesses of their weakness and follies, when among them, conclude greatly in disfavour of the whole nation, or, at least, of the prince, and his administration, who could find no fitter subjects to distinguish.

This, my dear friend, is a brief extract from my observations on the head of qualifying young gentlemen to travel with honour and improvement. I doubt you'll be apt to think me not a little out of my element; but since you *would* have it, I claim the allowances of a friend; to which my ready compliance with your commands the rather entitles me.

I am very sorry Mr. and Mrs. Murray are so unhappy in each other. Were he a generous man, the heavy loss the poor lady has sustained, as well as her sister, my

beloved friend, in so excellent a mother, and so kind a father, would make him bear with her infirmities a little.

But, really, I have seen, on twenty occasions, that notwithstanding all the fine things gentlemen say to ladies before marriage, if the latter do not *improve* upon their husbands' hands, their imputed graces when single, will not protect them from indifference, and, probably, from worse; while the gentleman, perhaps, thinks *he* only, of the two, is entitled to go backward in acts of kindness and complaisance. A strange and shocking difference which too many ladies experience, who, from fond lovers, prostrate at their feet, find surly husbands, trampling upon their necks!

You, my dear friend, were happy in your days of courtship, and are no less so in your state of wedlock. And may you continue to be so to a good old age, *prays your affectionate and faithful friend,* P.B.

LETTER CII

My dear Lady G.,

I will cheerfully cause to be transcribed for you the conversation you desire, between myself, Mrs. Towers, and Lady Arthur, and the three young ladies their relations, in presence of the dean and his daughter, and Mrs. Brooks; and glad I shall be, if it may be of use to the two thoughtless Misses your neighbours; who, you are pleased to tell me, are great admirers of my story and my example; and will therefore, as you say, pay greater attention to what I write, than to the more passionate and interested lessons of their mamma.

I am only sorry you should be concerned about the supposed trouble you give me, by having mislaid my former relation of it. For, besides obliging my dear Lady G., the hope of doing service by it to a family so worthy, in a case so nearly affecting its honour, as to make two headstrong young ladies recollect what belongs to their sex and their characters, and what their filial duties require of them, affords me high pleasure; and if it shall be attended with the wished effects, it will add to my happiness.

I said, *cause* to be transcribed, because I hope to answer a double end by it; for, on reconsideration, I set Miss Goodwin to transcribe it, who writes a pretty hand, and is not a little fond of the task, nor, indeed, of any task I set her; and will be more affected as she performs it, than she could be by *reading* it only; although she is a very good girl at present, and gives me hopes that she will continue to be so.

I will inclose it when done, that it may be read to the parties without this introduction, if you think fit. And you will forgive me for having added a few observations, with a view to the cases of your inconsiderate young ladies, and for having corrected the former narrative in several places.

My dear Lady G.,

The papers you have mislaid, as to the conversation between me and the young ladies, relations of Mrs. Towers, and Lady Anne Arthur, in presence of these two last-named ladies, Mrs. Brooks, and the worthy dean, and Miss L. (of which, in order to perfect your kind collection of my communications you request another copy) contained as follows.

I first stated, that I had seen these three ladies twice or thrice before, as visitors, at their kinswomen’s houses so that they and I were not altogether strangers to one another: and my two neighbours acquainted me with their respective tastes and dispositions, and their histories preparatory to this visit, to the following effects:

That MISS STAPYLTON is over-run with the love of poetry and romance, and delights in flowery language and metaphorical flourishes: is about eighteen, wants not either sense or politeness; and has read herself into a vein, more amorous (that was Mrs. Towers's word) than discreet. Has extraordinary notions of a *first sight* love; and gives herself greater liberties, with a pair of fine eyes (in hopes to make sudden conquests in pursuance of that notion), than is pretty in her sex and age; which makes those who know her not, conclude her bold and forward; and is more than suspected, with a mind thus prepared for instantaneous impressions, to have experienced the argument to her own disadvantage, and to be *struck* by (before she had *stricken*) a gentleman, whom her friends think not at all worthy of her, and to whom she was making some indiscreet advances, under the name of PHILOCLEA to PHILOXENUS, in a letter which she entrusted to a servant of the family, who, discovering her design, prevented her indiscretion for that time.

That, in other respects, she has no mean accomplishments, will have a fine fortune, is genteel in her person, though with some visible affectation, dances well, sings well, and plays prettily on several instruments; is fond of reading, but affects the action, and air, and attitude of a tragedian; and is too apt to give an emphasis in the wrong place, in order to make an author mean significantly, even where the occasion is common, and, in a mere historical fact, that requires as much simplicity in the reader's accent, as in the writer's style. No wonder then, that when she reads a play, she will put herself into a sweat, as Mrs. Towers says; distorting very agreeable features, and making a *multitude* of wry mouths with *one* very pretty one, in order to convince her hearers, what a near neighbour her heart is to her lips.

MISS COPE is a young lady of nineteen, lovely in her person, with a handsome fortune in possession, and great prospects. Has a soft and gentle turn of mind, which disposes her to be easily imposed upon. Is addressed by a libertine of quality, whose courtship, while permitted, was imperiousness; and whose tenderness, insult: having found the young lady too susceptible of impression, open and unreserved, and even valuing him the more, as it seemed, for treating her with ungenerous contempt; for that she was always making excuses for slights, ill manners, and even rudeness, which no other young lady would forgive.

That this docility on her side, and this insolence on his, and an over-free, and even indecent degree of romping, as it is called, with her, which once her mamma surprised them in, made her papa forbid *his* visits, and *her* receiving them.

That this however, was so much to Miss Cope's regret, that she was detected in a design to elope to him out of the private garden-door; which, had she effected, in all probability, the indelicate and dishonourable peer would have triumphed

over her innocence; having given out since, that he intended to revenge himself on the daughter, for the disgrace he had received from the parents.

That though convinced of this, it was feared she still loved him, and would again throw herself in his way; urging, that his rash expressions were the effect only of his passion; for that she knows he loves her too well to be dishonourable to her; and by the same degree of favourable prepossession, she will have it, that his brutal roughness is the manliness of his nature; that his most shocking expressions are sincerity of heart; that his boasts of former lewdness are but instances that he knows the world; that his freedoms with her person are but excess of love and innocent gaiety of temper; that his resenting the prohibition he has met with, and his threats, are other instances of his love and his courage: and peers of the realm ought not to be bound down by little narrow rules like the vulgar; for, truly, their *honour* is in the greatest cases regarded as equal with the *oath* of a common gentleman, and is a security that a lady may trust to, if he is not a profligate indeed; and that Lord P. *cannot* be.

That excepting these weaknesses, Miss has many good qualities; is charitable, pious, humane, humble; sings sweetly, plays on the spinnet charmingly; is meek, fearful, and never was resolute or courageous enough to step out of the regular path, till her too flexible heart became touched with a passion, that is said to polish the most brutal temper, and therefore her rough peer has none of it; and to animate the dove, of which Miss Cope has too much.

That Miss Sutton, a young lady of the like age with the two former, has too lively and airy a turn of mind; affects to be thought well read in the histories of kingdoms, as well as in polite literature. Speaks French fluently, talks much upon all subjects; and has a great deal of flippant wit, which makes more enemies than friends. However, is innocent, and unsuspectedly virtuous hitherto; but makes herself cheap and accessible to fops and rakes, and has not the worse opinion of a man for being such. Listens eagerly to stories told to the disadvantage of some of her own sex; though affecting to be a great stickler for the honour of it in general: will unpityingly propagate them: thinks (without considering to what the imprudence of her own conduct may subject her) the woman that slips inexcusable; and the man who seduces her, much less faulty; and thus encourages the one sex in their vileness, and gives up the other for their weakness, in a kind of silly affectation, to shew her security in her own virtue; at the same time, that she is dancing upon the edge of a precipice, presumptuously inattentive to her own danger.

The worthy dean, knowing the ladies' intention in this visit to me, brought his daughter with him, as if by accident; for Miss L. with many good qualities, is of a remarkable soft temper, though not so inconsiderately soft as Miss Cope: but is

too credulous; and, as her papa suspects, entertains more than a liking to a wild young gentleman, the heir to a noble fortune, who makes visits to her, full of tenderness and respect, but without declaring himself. This gives the dean much uneasiness; and he is very desirous that his daughter should be in my company on all occasions, as she is so kind to profess a great regard to my opinion and judgment.

'Tis easy to see the poor young lady is in love; and she makes no doubt that the young gentleman loves *her*; but, alas! why then (for he is not a bashful man, as you shall hear) does he not say so? — He has deceived already two young creatures. His father has cautioned the dean against his son. Has told him, that he is sly, subtle, full of stratagem, yet has so much command of himself (which makes him more dangerous), as not to precipitate his designs; but can wait with patience till he thinks himself secure of his prey, and then pulls off the mask at once; and, if he succeeds, glories in his villainy. Yet does his father beg of the dean to permit his visits, for he wishes him to marry Miss L. though greatly unequal in fortune to his son, wishing for nothing so much as that he *would* marry. And the dean, owing his principal preferment to the old gentleman, cares not to disoblige him, or affront his son, without some apparent reason for it, especially as the father is wrapt up in him, having no other child, and being himself half afraid of him, least, if too much thwarted, he should fly out entirely.

So here, Madam, are four young ladies of like years, and different inclinations and tempers, all of whom may be said to have dangers to encounter, resulting from their respective dispositions: and who, professing to admire my character and example, were brought to me, to be benefited, as Mrs. Towers was pleased to say, by my conversation: and all was to be as if accidental, none of them knowing how well I was acquainted with their several characters.

How proud would this compliment have made me from such a lady as Mrs. Towers, had I not been as proud as proud could be before, of the good opinion of four beloved persons, Mr. B., Lady Davers, the Countess of C. and your dear self.

We were attended only by Polly Barlow, who in some points was as much concerned as any body. And this being when Lord and Lady Davers, and the noble Countess, were with us, 'tis proper to say, they were abroad together upon a visit, from which, knowing how I was to be engaged, they excused me. The dean was well known to, and valued by, all the ladies; and therefore was no manner of restraint upon the freedom of our conversation.

I was in my closet when they came; and Mrs. Towers, having presented each young lady to me when I came down, said, being all seated, “I can guess at your employment, Mrs. B. Writing, I dare say? I have often wished to have you for a correspondent; for every one who can boast of that favour, exalts you to the skies, and says, your letters exceed your conversation, but I always insisted upon it that *that* was impossible.”

“Mrs. Towers,” said I, “is always saying the most obliging things in the world of her neighbours: but may not one suffer, dear Madam, for these kind prepossessions, in the opinion of greater strangers, who will judge more impartially than your favour will permit you to do?”

“That,” said Lady Arthur, “will be so soon put out of doubt, when Mrs. B. begins to speak, that we will refer to that, and to put an end to every thing that looks like compliment.”

“But, Mrs. B.,” says Mrs. Towers, “may one ask, what particular subject was at this time your employment?”

I had been writing (you must know, Lady G.) for the sake of suiting Miss Stapylton’s flighty vein, a little sketch of the style she is so fond of; and hoped for some such opportunity as this question gave me, to bring it on the carpet; for my only fear, with her and Miss Cope, and Miss Sutton, was, that they would deem me too grave; and so what should fall in the course of conversation, would make the least impression upon them. For the best instructions, you know, will be ineffectual, if the manner of conveying them is not adapted to the taste and temper of the person you would wish to influence. And moreover, I had a view in it, to make this little sketch the introduction to some future observations on the stiff and affected style of romances, which might put Miss Stapylton out of conceit with them, and make her turn the course of her studies another way, as I shall mention in its place.

I answered that I had been meditating upon the misfortunes of a fine young lady, who had been seduced and betrayed by a gentleman she loved, and who, notwithstanding, had the grace to stop short (indeed, later than were to be wished), and to abandon friends, country, lover, in order to avoid any further intercourse with him; and that God had blessed her penitence and resolution, and she was now very happy in a neighbouring dominion.

“A fine subject,” said Miss Stapylton. “Was the gentleman a man of wit, Madam? Was the lady a woman of taste?” we condemn every man who dresses well, and is not a sloven, as a fop or a coxcomb?”

“No doubt, when this is the case. But you hardly ever saw a man *very* nice about his person and dress, that had any thing he thought of *greater* consequence to himself to regard. ’Tis natural it should be so; for should not the man of *body*

take the greater care to set out and adorn the part for which he thinks himself most valuable? And will not the man of *mind* bestow his principal care in improving that mind? perhaps to the neglect of dress, and outward appearance, which is a fault. But surely, Madam, there is a middle way to be observed, in these, as in most other cases; for a man need not be a sloven, any more than a fop. He need not shew an utter disregard to dress, nor yet think it his first and chief concern; be ready to quarrel with the wind for discomposing his peruke, or fear to put on his hat, lest he should depress his foretop; more dislike a spot upon his clothes, than in his reputation; be a self-admirer, and always at the glass, which he would perhaps never look into, could it shew him the deformity of his mind, as well as the finery of his person; who has a taylor for his tutor, and a milliner for his school-mistress; who laughs at men of sense (excusably enough, perhaps in revenge because they laugh at him); who calls learning pedantry, and looks upon the knowledge of the fashions as the only useful science to a fine gentleman.

"Pardon me, ladies; I could proceed with the character of this species of men, but I need not; for every lady present would despise such an one, as much as I do, were he to fall in her way: or the rather, because he who admires himself, will never admire his lady as he ought; and if he maintains his niceness after marriage, it will be with a preference to his own person; if not, will sink, very probably, into the worst of slovens. For whoever is capable of one extreme (take almost the cases of human life through) when he recedes from that, if he be not a man of prudence, will go over into the other.

"But to return to the former subject" (for the general attention encouraged me to proceed), "permit me, Miss Sutton, to add, that a lady must run great risks to her reputation, if not to her virtue, who will admit into her company any gentleman who shall be of opinion, and know it to be *hers*, that it is *his* province to ask a favour, which it will be *her* duty to deny."

"I believe, Madam, I spoke these words a little too carelessly; but I meant *honourable* questions, to be sure."

"There can be but *one* honourable question," replied I; "and that is seldom asked, but when the affair is brought near a conclusion, and there is a probability of its being granted; and which a single lady, while she has parents or guardians, should never think of permitting to be put to herself, much less of approving, nor, perhaps, as the case may be of denying. But I make no doubt that you meant honourable questions. A young lady of Miss Sutton's good sense, and worthy character, could not mean otherwise. And I have said, perhaps, more than I need upon the subject, because we all know how ready the presuming of the other sex are, right or wrong to construe the most innocent meetings in favour of their own views."

“Very true,” said she; but appeared to be under an agreeable confusion, every lady, by her eye, seeming to think she had met with a deserved rebuke; and which not seeming to expect, it abated her liveliness all the time after.

Mrs. Towers seasonably relieved us both from a subject *too applicable*, if I may so express it, saying— “But, dear Mrs. B., will you favour us with the result of your meditation, if committed to writing, on the unhappy case you mentioned?”

“I was rather. Madam, exercising my fancy than my judgment, such as it is, upon the occasion. I was aiming at a kind of allegorical or metaphorical style, I know not which to call it; and it is not fit to be read before such judges, I doubt.”

“O pray, dear Madam,” said Miss Stapylton, “favour us with it *to choose*; for I am a great admirer of that style.”

“I have a great curiosity,” said Lady Arthur, “both from the *subject* and the *style*, to hear what you have written: and I beg you will oblige us all.”

“It is short and unfinished. It was written for the sake of a friend, who is fond of such a style; and what I shall add to it, will be principally some slight observations upon this way of writing. But, let it be ever so censurable, I should be more so, if I made any difficulties after such an unanimous request.” So, taking it out of my letter-case, I read as follows:

“While the *banks* of *discretion* keep the *proud water* of *passion* within their natural channel, all calm and serene glides along the silver current, enlivening the adjacent meadows, as it passes, with a brighter and more flowery verdure. But if the *torrents* of *sensual love* are permitted to descend from the *hills* of *credulous hope*, they may so swell the gentle stream, as to make it difficult, if not impossible, to be retained betwixt its usual bounds. What then will be the consequence? — Why, the *trees of resolution*, and the *shrubs of cautious fear*, which grew upon the frail mound, and whose intertwining roots had contributed to support it, being loosened from their hold, *they*, and all that would swim of the *bank* itself, will be seen floating on the surface of the triumphant waters.

“But here, a dear lady, having unhappily failed, is enabled to set her *foot* in the *new-made* breach, while yet it is *possible* to stop it, and to say, with little variation in the language of that power, which only could enable *her* to say it. *Hither, ye proud waves of dissolute love, although you* HAVE *come, yet no farther* SHALL *ye come;* is such an instance of magnanimous resolution and self-conquest, as is very rarely to be met with.”

Miss Stapylton seemed pleased (as I expected), and told me, that she should take it for a high favour, to be permitted, if not improper, to see the whole letter when finished.

I said, I would oblige her with all my heart.-”But you must not expect, Madam, that although I have written what I have read to you, I shall approve of it in my observations upon it; for I am convinced, that no style can be proper, which is not plain, simple, easy, natural and unaffected.”

She was sure, she was pleased to say, that whatever my observations were, they would be equally just and instructive.

“I too,” said the dean, “will answer for that; for I dare say, by what I have already heard, that Mrs. B. will distinguish properly between the style (and the matter too) which captivates the imagination, and that which informs the judgment.”

Our conversation, after this, took a more general turn; which I thought right, lest the young ladies should imagine it was a designed thing against them: yet it was such, that every one of them found her character and taste, little or much, concerned in it; and all seemed, as Mrs. Towers afterwards observed to me, by their silence and attention, to be busied in private applications.

The dean began it with a high compliment to me; having a view, no doubt, by his kind praises, to make my observations have the greater weight upon the young ladies. He said, it was matter of great surprise to him, that, my tender years considered, I should be capable of making those reflections, by which persons of twice my age and experience might be instructed.-”You see, Madam,” said he, “our attention, when your lips begin to open; and I beg we may have nothing to do, but to *be* attentive.”

“I have had such advantages, Sir, from the observations and cautions of my late excellent lady, that did you but know half of them, you would rather wonder I had made *no greater* improvement, than that I have made *so much*. She used to think me pretty, and not ill-tempered, and, of *course* not incredulous, where I conceived a good opinion; and was always arming me on that side, as believing I might be the object of wicked attempts, and the rather, as my low fortune subjected me to danger. For, had I been born to rank and condition, as these young ladies here, I should have had reason to think of *myself*, as justly as, no doubt, *they* do, and, of consequence, beyond the reach of any vile intriguer; as I should have been above the greatest part of that species of mankind, who, for want of understanding or honour, or through pernicious habits, give themselves up to libertinism.”

“These were great advantages,” said Miss Sutton; “but in *you*, they met with a surprising genius, ’tis very plain, Madam; and there is not, in my opinion, a lady of England, of your years, who would have improved by them as you have done.”

I answered, that I was much obliged by her good opinion: and that I had always observed, the person who admired any good qualities in another, gave a

kind of *natural* demonstration, that she had the same in an eminent degree herself, although, perhaps, her modest diffidence would not permit her to trace the generous principle to its source.

The dean, to renew the subject of *credulity*, repeated my remark, that it was safer, in cases where so much depended upon the issue, as a lady's honour and reputation, to *fear* an *enemy*, than to *hope* a *friend*; and praised my observation, that even a *weak* enemy is not to be too much despised.

I said, I had very high notions of the honour and value of my own sex, and very mean ones of the gay and frothy part of the other; insomuch, that I thought they could have no strength, but what was founded in our weakness: that the difference of education must give men advantages, even where the genius is naturally equal; besides, they have generally more hardness of heart, which makes women, where they meet not with men of honour, engage with that sex upon very unequal terms; for that it is so customary with them to make vows and promises, and to set light by them, *when made*, that an innocent lady cannot guard too watchfully against them; and, in my opinion, should believe nothing they said, or even *vowed*, but what carried demonstration with it.

"I remember my lady used often to observe, there is a time of life in all young persons, which may properly be called *the romantic*, which is a very dangerous period, and requires therefore a great guard of prudence; that the risque is not a little augmented by reading novels and romances; and the poetical tribe have much to answer for, by reason of their heightened and inflaming descriptions, which do much hurt to thoughtless minds, and lively imaginations. For to those, she would have it, are principally owing, the rashness and indiscretion of *soft* and *tender* dispositions: which, in breach of their duty, and even to the disgrace of their sex, too frequently set them upon enterprises, like those they have read in those pernicious writings, which not seldom make them fall a sacrifice to the base designs of some wild intriguer; and even in cases where their precipitation ends the best, that is to say, in *marriage*, they too frequently (in direct opposition to the cautions and commands of their *tried*, their *experienced*, and *unquestionable* friends) throw themselves upon an *almost stranger*, who, had he been worthy of them, would not, nor *needed* to have taken indirect methods to obtain their favour.

"And the misfortune is, the most innocent are generally the most credulous. Such a lady would do no harm to others, and cannot think others would do her any. And as to the particular person who has obtained, perhaps, a share in her confidence, *he* cannot, she thinks, be so *ungrateful*, as to return irreparable mischief for her good-will to him. Were all the men in the world besides to prove false, the *beloved* person cannot. 'Twould be unjust to *her own merit*, as well as to

his views, to suppose it: and so *design* on his side, and *credulity* and *self-opinion*, on the lady's, at last enrol the unhappy believer in the list of the too-late repenters."

"And what, Madam," said the dean, "has not that wretch to answer for, who makes sport of destroying a virtuous character, and in being the wicked means of throwing, perhaps, upon the town, and into the dregs of prostitution, a poor creature, whose love for him, and confidence in him, was all her crime? and who otherwise might have made a worthy figure at the head of a reputable family, and so have been an useful member of the commonwealth, propagating good examples, instead of ruin and infamy, to mankind? To say nothing of, what is still worse, the dreadful crime of occasioning the loss of a soul; since final impenitence too generally follows the first sacrifice which the poor wretch is seduced to make of her honour!"

"There are several gentlemen in our neighbourhood," said Mrs. Brooks, "who might be benefited by this touching reflection, if represented in the same strong lights from the pulpit. And I think, Mr. Dean, you should give us a sermon upon this subject, for the sake of both sexes, one for caution, the other for conviction."

"I will think of it," replied he, "but I am sorry to say, that we have too many among our younger gentry who would think themselves pointed at were I to touch this subject ever so cautiously."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Towers, "there cannot well be a more useful one; and the very reason the dean gives, is a convincing proof of it to me."

"When I have had the pleasure of hearing the further sentiments of such an assembly as this, upon the delicate subject," replied this polite divine, "I shall be better enabled to treat it. And pray, ladies, proceed; for it is from your conversation that I must take my hints."

"You have only, then," said Mrs. Towers, "to engage Mrs. B. to speak, and you may be sure, we will all be as attentive to *her*, as we shall be to *you*, when we have the pleasure to hear so fine a genius improving upon her hints, from the pulpit."

I bowed to Mrs. Towers; and knowing she praised me, with the dean's view, in order to induce the young ladies to give the greater attention to what she wished me to speak, I said, it would be a great presumption in me, after so high a compliment, to open my lips: nevertheless, as I was sure, by speaking, I should have the benefit of instruction, whenever it made *them* speak, I would not be backward to enter upon any subject; for that I should consider myself as a young counsel, in some great cause, who served but to open it and prepare the way for those of greater skill and abilities.

“I beg, then, Madam,” said Miss Stapylton, “you will *open the cause*, be the subject what it will. And I could almost wish, that we had as many gentlemen here as ladies, who would have reason to be ashamed of the liberties they take in censuring the conversations of the tea-table; since the pulpit, as the worthy dean gives us reason to hope, may be beholden to that of Mrs. B.”

“Nor is it much wonder,” replied I, “when the dean himself is with us, and it is graced by so distinguished a circle.”

“If many of our young gentlemen, were here,” said Mrs. Towers, “they might improve themselves in all the graces of polite and sincere complaisance. But, compared to this, I have generally heard such trite and coarse stuff from our race of would-be wits, that what they say may be compared to the fawnings and salutations of the ass in the fable, who, emulating the lap-dog, merited a cudgel rather than encouragement.

“But, Mrs. B.,” continued she, “begin, I pray you, to *open* and *proceed* in the cause; for there will be no counsel employed but you, I can tell you.”

“Then give me a subject that will suit me, ladies, and you shall see how my obedience to your commands will make me run on.”

“Will you, Madam,” said Miss Stapylton, “give us a few cautions and instructions on a theme of your own, that a young lady should rather *fear* too much than *hope* too much? A necessary doctrine, perhaps; but a difficult one to be practised by one who has begun to love, and who supposes all truth and honour in the object of her favour.”

“*Hope*, Madam,” said I, “in my opinion, should never be unaccompanied by *fear*; and the more reason will a lady ever have to fear, and to suspect herself, and doubt her lover, when she once begins to find in her own breast an inclination to him. For then her danger is doubled, since she has *herself* (perhaps the more dangerous enemy of the two) to guard against, as well as *him.*

“She may secretly wish the best indeed: but what *has been* the fate of others *may be* her own; and though she thinks it not *probable*, from such a faithful protester, as he appears to her to be, yet, while it is *possible*, she should never be off her guard: nor will a prudent woman trust to his mercy or honour; but to her own discretion: and the rather, because, if he mean well, he *himself* will value her the more for her caution, since every man desires to have a virtuous and prudent wife; if not well, she will detect him the sooner, and so, by her prudence, frustrate all his base designs.

“But let me, my dear ladies, ask, what that passion is, which generally we dignify by the name of love; and which, when so dignified, puts us upon a thousand extravagances? I believe, if examined into, it would be found too

generally to owe its original to *ungoverned fancy;* and were we to judge of it by the consequences that usually attend it, it ought rather to be called *rashness, inconsideration, weakness*, and thing but *love;* for very seldom, I doubt, is the solid judgment so much concerned in it, as the *airy fancy.* But when once we dignify the wild mis-leader with the name of *love*, all the absurdities which we read in novels and romances take place, and we are induced to follow examples that seldom end happily but in *them.*

"But, permit me further to observe, that love, as we call it, operates differently in the two sexes, as to its effects. For in woman it is a *creeping* thing, in a man an *incroacher;* and this ought, in my humble opinion, to be very seriously attended to. Miss Sutton intimated thus much, when she observed that it was the man's province to ask, the lady's to deny: — excuse me. Madam, the observation was just, as to the men's notions; although, methinks, I would not have a lady allow of it, except in cases of caution to themselves.

"The doubt, therefore, which a lady has of her *lover's* honour, is needful to preserve *her own* and *his* too. And if she does him wrong, and he should be too just to deceive her, she can make him amends, by instances of greater confidence, when she pleases. But if she has been accustomed to grant him little favours, can she easily recal them? And will not the *incroacher* grow upon her indulgence, pleading for a favour to-day, which was not refused him yesterday, and reproaching her want of confidence, as a want of esteem; till the poor lady, who, perhaps, has given way to the *creeping, insinuating* passion, and has avowed her esteem for him, puts herself too much in his power, in order to manifest, as she thinks, the *generosity* of her affection; and so, by degrees, is carried farther than she intended, or nice honour ought to have permitted; and all, because, to keep up to my theme, she *hopes* too much, and *doubts* too little? And there have been cases, where a man himself, pursuing the dictates of his *incroaching* passion, and finding a lady *too conceding*, has taken advantages, of which, probably, at first he did not presume to think."

Miss Stapylton said, that *virtue* itself spoke when *I* spoke; and she was resolved to recollect as much of this conversation as she could, and write it down in her common-place book, where it would make a better figure than any thing she had there.

"I suppose, Miss," said Mrs. Towers, "your chief collections are flowers of rhetoric, picked up from the French and English poets, and novel-writers. I would give something for the pleasure of having it two hours in my possession."

"Fie, Madam," replied she, a little abashed, "how can you expose your kinswoman thus, before the dean and Mrs. B.?"

“Mrs. Towers,” said I, “only says this to provoke you to shew your collections. I wish I had the pleasure of seeing them. I doubt not but your common-place book is a store-house of wisdom.”

“There is nothing bad in it, I hope,” replied she; “but I would not, that Mrs. B. should see it for the world. But, Madam” (to Mrs. Towers), “there are many beautiful things, and good instructions, to be collected from novels and plays, and romances; and from the poetical writers particularly, light as you are pleased to make of them. Pray, Madam” (to me), “have you ever been at all conversant in such writers?”

“Not a great deal in the former: there were very few novels and romances that my lady would permit me to read; and those I did, gave me no great pleasure; for either they dealt so much in the *marvellous* and *improbable*, or were so unnaturally *inflaming* to the *passions*, and so full of *love* and *intrigue*, that most of them seemed calculated to *fire* the *imagination*, rather than to *inform* the *judgment.* Titles and tournaments, breaking of spears in honour of a mistress, engaging with monsters, rambling in search of adventures, making unnatural difficulties, in order to shew the knight-errant’s prowess in overcoming them, is all that is required to constitute the *hero* in such pieces. And what principally distinguishes the character of the *heroine* is, when she is taught to consider her father’s house as an enchanted castle, and her lover as the hero who is to dissolve the charm, and to set at liberty from one confinement, in order to put her into another, and, too probably, a worse: to instruct her how to climb walls, leap precipices, and do twenty other extravagant things, in order to shew the mad strength of a passion she ought to be ashamed of; to make parents and guardians pass for tyrants, the voice of reason to be drowned in that of indiscreet love, which exalts the other sex, and debases her own. And what is the instruction that can be gathered from such pieces, for the conduct of common life?

“Then have I been ready to quarrel with these writers for another reason; and that is, the dangerous notion which they hardly ever fail to propagate, of a *first-sight* love. For there is such a susceptibility supposed on both sides (which, however it may pass in a man, very little becomes the female delicacy) that they are smitten with a glance: the fictitious blind god is made a *real* divinity: and too often prudence and discretion are the first offerings at his shrine.”

“I believe, Madam,” said Miss Stapylton, blushing, and playing with her fan, “there have been many instances of people’s loving at first sight, which have ended very happily.”

“No doubt of it,” replied I. “But there are three chances to one, that so precipitate a liking does not. For where can be the room for caution, enquiry, the

display of merit and sincerity, and even the assurance of a *grateful return*, to a lady, who thus suffers herself to be prepossessed? Is it not a random shot? Is it not a proof of weakness? Is it not giving up the negative voice, which belongs to the sex, even while she is not sure of meeting with the affirmative one from him whose affection she wishes to engage?

"Indeed, ladies," continued I, "I cannot help concluding (and I am the less afraid of speaking my mind, because of the opinion I have of the prudence of every lady that hears me), that where this weakness is found, it is no way favourable to a lady's character, nor to that discretion which ought to distinguish it. It looks to me, as if a lady's *heart* were too much in the power of her *eye*, and that she had permitted her *fancy* to be much more busy than her *judgment*."

Miss Stapylton blushed, and looked around her.

"But I observe," said Mrs. Towers, "whenever you censure any indiscretion, you seldom fail to give cautions how to avoid it; and pray let us know what is to be done in this case? That is to say, how a young lady ought to guard against and overcome the first favourable impressions?"

"What I imagine," replied I, "a young lady ought to do, on any the least favourable impressions of the kind, is immediately to *withdraw into herself*, as one may say; to reflect upon what she owes to her parents, to her family, to her character, and to her sex; and to resolve to check such a random prepossession, which may much more probably, as I hinted, make her a prey to the undeserving than otherwise, as there are so many of that character to one man of real merit.

"The most that I apprehend a *first-sight* approbation can do, is to inspire a *liking*; and a liking is conquerable, if the person will not brood over it, till she hatches it into *love*. Then every man and woman has a black and a white side; and it is easy to set the imperfections of the person against the supposed perfections, while it is only a *liking*. But if the busy fancy be permitted to work as it pleases, uncontrolled, then 'tis very likely, were the lady but to keep herself in countenance for receiving first impressions, she will see perfections in the object, which no other living soul can. And it may be expected, that as a consequence of her first indiscretion, she will confirm, as an act of her judgment, what her wild and ungoverned fancy had misled her to think of with so much partial favour. And too late, as it probably may happen, she will see and lament her fatal, and, perhaps, undutiful error.

"We are talking of the ladies only," added I (for I saw Miss Stapylton was become very grave): "but I believe first-sight love often operates too powerfully in both sexes: and where it does so, it will be very lucky, if either gentleman or

lady find reason, on cool reflection, to approve a choice which they were so ready to make without thought."

"'Tis allowed," said Mrs. Towers, "that rash and precipitate love *may* operate pretty much alike in the rash and precipitate of both sexes: and which soever loves, generally exalts the person beloved above his or her merits: but I am desirous, for the sake of us maiden ladies, since it is a science in which you are so great an adept, to have your advice, how we should watch and guard its first incroachments and that you will tell us what you apprehend gives the men most advantage over us."

"Nay, now, Mrs. Towers, you rally my presumption, indeed!"

"I admire you, Madam," replied she, "and every thing you say and do; and I won't forgive you to call what I so seriously *say* and *think*, raillery. For my own part," continued she, "I never was in love yet, nor, I believe, were any of these young ladies." (Miss Cope looked a little silly upon this.) "And who can better instruct us to guard *our hearts*, than a lady who has so well defended *her own*?"

"Why then, Madam, if I must speak, I think, what gives the other sex the greatest advantage over even many of the most deserving ones, is that dangerous foible, the *love of praise*, and the desire to be *flattered* and *admired*, a passion I have observed to predominate, more or less, from sixteen to sixty, in most of our sex. We are too generally delighted with the company of those who extol our graces of person or mind: for, will not a *grateful* lady study hard to return a *few* compliments to a gentleman who makes her so *many*! She is concerned to *prove* him a man of distinguished sense, or a polite man, at least, in regard to what she *thinks* of herself; and so the flatterer shall be preferred to such of the sincere and worthy, as cannot say what they do not think. And by this means many an excellent lady has fallen a prey to some sordid designer.

"Then, I think, nothing can give gentlemen so much advantage over our sex, as to see how readily a virtuous lady can forgive the capital faults of the most abandoned of the other; and that sad, sad notion, *that a reformed rake makes the best husband*; a notion that has done more hurt, and discredit too, to our sex (as it has given more encouragement to the profligate, and more discouragement to the sober gentlemen), than can be easily imagined. A fine thing, indeed I as if the wretch, who had run through a course of iniquity, to the endangering of soul and body, was to be deemed the best companion for life, to an innocent and virtuous young lady, who is to owe the kindness of his treatment to her, to his having never before accompanied with a modest woman; nor, till his interest on one hand (to which his extravagance, perhaps, compels him to attend), and his impaired constitution on the other, oblige him to it, so much as *wished* to accompany with

one; and who always made a jest of the marriage state, and perhaps, of every thing either serious or sacred!"

"You observe, very well," said Mrs. Towers: "but people will be apt to think, that you have less reason than any of our sex, to be severe against such a notion: for who was a greater rake than a certain gentleman, and who is a better husband?"

"Madam," replied I, "the gentleman you mean, never was a common town rake: he is a man of sense, and fine understanding: and his reformation, *secondarily*, as I may say, has been the natural effect of those extraordinary qualities. But also, I will presume to say, that that gentleman, as he has not many equals in the nobleness of his nature, so he is not likely, I doubt, to have many followers, in a reformation begun in the bloom of youth, upon *self-conviction*, and altogether, humanly speaking, *spontaneous*. Those ladies who would plead his example, in support of this pernicious notion, should find out the same generous qualities in the man, before they trust to it: and it will then do less harm; though even then, I could not wish it to be generally entertained."

"It is really unaccountable," said Mrs. Towers, "after all, as Mrs. B., I remember, said on another occasion, that our sex should not as much insist upon virtue and sobriety, in the character of a man, as a man, be he ever such a rake, does in that of a lady. And 'tis certainly a great encouragement to libertinism, that a worn-out debauchee should think himself at any time good enough for a husband, and have the confidence to imagine, that a modest woman will accept of his address, with a *preference* of him to any other."

"I can account for it but one way," said the dean: "and that is, that a modest woman is apt to be *diffident* of her own merit and understanding and she thinks this diffidence an imperfection. A rake *never* is troubled with it: so he has in perfection a quality she thinks she wants; and, knowing *too little of the world, imagines she mends the matter by accepting of one who knows too much*."

"That's well observed, Mr. Dean," said Mrs. Towers: "but there is another fault in our sex, which Mrs. B. has not touched upon; and that is, the foolish vanity some women have, in the hopes of reforming a wild fellow; and that they shall be able to do more than any of their sex before them could do: a vanity that often costs them dear, as I know in more than one instance."

"Another weakness," said I, "might be produced against some of our sex, who join too readily to droll upon, and sneer at, the misfortune of any poor young creature, who has shewn too little regard for her honour: and who (instead of speaking of it with concern, and inveighing against the seducer) too lightly sport with the unhappy person's fall; industriously spread the knowledge of it—" [I

would not look upon Miss Sutton, while I spoke this], "and avoid her, as one infected; and yet scruple not to admit into their company the vile aggressor; and even to smile with him, at his barbarous jests, upon the poor sufferer of their own sex."

"I have known three or four instances of this in my time," said Mrs. Towers, that Miss Sutton might not take it to herself; for she looked down and was a little serious.

"This," replied I, "puts me in mind of a little humourous copy of verses, written, as I believe by Mr. B. And which, to the very purpose we are speaking of, he calls

"'Benefit of making others' misfortunes our own.

"'Thou'st heard it, or read it, a million of times,
That men are made up of falsehood and crimes;
Search all the old authors, and ransack the new,
Thou'lt find in love stories, scarce one mortal true.
Then why this complaining? And why this wry face?
Is it 'cause thou'rt affected *most* with thy own case?
Had'st thou sooner made *others'* misfortunes thy own,
Thou never *thyself*, this disaster hadst known;
Thy *compassionate caution* had kept thee from evil,
And thou might'st have defy'd mankind and the devil.'"

The ladies were pleased with the lines; but Mrs. Towers wanted to know at what time of Mr. B.'s life they could be written. "Because," added she, "I never suspected, before, that the good gentleman ever took pains to write cautions or exhortations to our sex, to avoid the delusions of his own."

These verses, and these facetious, but severe, remarks of Mrs. Towers, made every young lady look up with a cheerful countenance; because it pushed the ball from *self*: and the dean said to his daughter, "So, my dear, you, that have been so attentive, must let us know what useful inferences you can draw from what Mrs. B. and the other ladies so excellently said."

"I observe. Sir, from the faults the ladies have so justly imputed to some of our sex, that the advantage the gentlemen *chiefly* have over us, is from our own weakness: and that it behoves a prudent woman to guard against *first impressions* of favour, since she will think herself obliged, in compliment to *her own* judgment, to find reasons, if possible, to confirm them.

"But I wish to know if there be any way that a woman can judge, whether a man means honourably or not, in his address to her!"

“Mrs. B. can best inform you of that, Miss L.,” said Mrs. Towers: “what say you, Mrs. B.?”

“There are a few signs,” answered I, “easy to be known, and, I think, almost infallible.”

“Pray let’s have them,” said Lady Arthur; and they all were very attentive.

“I lay it down as an undoubted truth,” said I, “that true love is one of the most *respectful* things in the world. It strikes with awe and reverence the mind of the man who boasts its impressions. It is chaste and pure in word and deed, and cannot bear to have the least indecency mingled with it.

“If, therefore, a man, be his birth or quality what it will, the higher the worse, presume to wound a lady’s ears with indecent words: if he endeavour, in his expressions or sentiments, to convey gross or impure ideas to her mind: if he is continually pressing for *her confidence* in *his* honour: if he requests favours which a lady ought to refuse: if he can be regardless of his conduct or behaviour to her: if he can use *boisterous* or *rude* freedoms, either to her *person* or *dress*—” [Here poor Miss Cope, by her blushes, bore witness to her case.] “If he avoids *speaking* of *marriage*, when he has a *fair opportunity* of doing it—” [Here Miss L. looked down and blushed]— “or leaves it *once* to a lady to wonder that he does not: —

“In any, or in all these cases, he is to be suspected, and a lady can have little hope of such a person; nor, as I humbly apprehend, consistent with honour and discretion, encourage his address.”

The ladies were so kind as to applaud all I said, and so did the dean. Miss Stapylton, Miss Cope, and Miss L. were to write down what they could remember of the conversation: and our noble guests coming in soon after, with Mr. B., the ladies would have departed; but he prevailed upon them to pass the evening; and Miss L., who had an admirable finger on the harpsichord, as I have before said, obliged us with two or three lessons. Each of the ladies did the like, and prevailed upon me to play a tune or two: but Miss Cope, as well as Miss L., surpassed me much. We all sung too in turns, and Mr. B. took the violin, in which he excels. Lord Davers obliged us on the violincello: Mr. H. played on the German flute, and sung us a fop’s song, and performed it in character; so that we had an exceeding gay evening, and parted with great satisfaction on all sides, particularly on the young ladies; for this put them all in good humour, and good spirits, enlivening the former scene, which otherwise might have closed, perhaps more gravely than efficaciously.

The distance of time since this conversation passed, enables me to add what I could not do, when I wrote the account of it, which you have mislaid: and which take briefly, as follows:

Miss Stapylton was as good as her word, and wrote down all she could recollect of the conversation: and I having already sent her the letter she desired, containing my observations upon the flighty style she so much admired, it had such an effect upon her, as to turn the course of her reading and studies to weightier and more solid subjects; and avoiding the gentleman she had begun to favour, gave way to her parents' recommendations, and is happily married to Sir Jonathan Barnes.

Miss Cope came to me a week after, with the leave of both her parents, and tarried with me three days; in which time she opened all her heart to me, and returned in such a disposition, and with such resolutions, that she never would see her peer again; nor receive letters from him, which she owned to me she had done clandestinely before; and she is now the happy lady of Sir Michael Beaumont, who makes her the best of husbands, and permits her to follow her charitable inclinations according to a scheme which she consulted me upon.

Miss L., by the dean's indulgent prudence and discretion, has escaped her rake; and upon the discovery of an intrigue he was carrying on with another, conceived a just abhorrence of him; and is since married to Dr. Jenkins, as you know, with whom she lives very happily.

Miss Sutton is not quite so well off as the three former; though not altogether so unhappy neither, in her way. She could not indeed conquer her love of dress and tinsel, and so became the lady of Col. Wilson: and they are thus far easy in the marriage state, that, being seldom together, they have probably a multitude of misunderstandings; for the colonel loves gaming, in which he is generally a winner; and so passes his time mostly in town. His lady has her pleasures, neither laudable nor criminal ones, which she pursues in the country. And now and then a letter passes on both sides, by. the inscription and subscription of which they remind one another that they have been once in their lives at one church together,

And what now, my dear Lady G., have I to add to this tedious account (for letter I can hardly call it) but that I am, with great affection, *your true friend and servant*,

P.B.

LETTER CIII

MY DEAR LADY G.,

You desire to have a little specimen of my *nursery tales* and *stories*, with which, as Miss Fenwick told you, on her return to Lincolnshire, I entertain my Miss Goodwin and my little boys. But you make me too high a compliment, when you tell me, it is for your *own* instruction and example. Yet you know, my dear Lady G., be your motives what they will, I must obey you, although, were others to see it, I might expose myself to the smiles and contempt of judges less prejudiced in my favour. So I will begin without any further apology; and, as near as I can, give you those very stories with which Miss Fenwick was so pleased, and of which she has made so favourable a report.

Let me acquaint you, then, that my method is to give characters of persons I have known in one part or other of my life, in feigned names, whose conduct may serve for imitation or warning to my dear attentive Miss; and sometimes I give instances of good boys and naughty boys, for the sake of my Billy and my Davers; and they are continually coming about me, “Dear Madam, a pretty story,” now cries Miss: “and dear mamma, tell me of good boys, and of naughty boys,” cries Billy.

Miss is a surprising child of her age, and is very familiar with many of the best characters in the Spectators; and having a smattering of Latin, and more than a smattering of Italian, and being a perfect mistress of French, is seldom at a loss for a derivation of such words as are not of English original. And so I shall give you a story in feigned names, with which she is so delighted, that she has written it down. But I will first trespass on your patience with one of my childish tales.

Every day, once or twice, I cause Miss Goodwin, who plays and sings very prettily, to give a tune or two to me, my Billy and my Davers, who, as well as my Pamela, love and learn to touch the keys, young as the latter is; and she will have a sweet finger; I can observe that; and a charming ear; and her voice is music itself!-”O the fond, fond mother!” I know you will say, on reading this.

Then, Madam, we all proceed, hand-in-hand, together to the nursery, to my Charley and Jemmy: and in this happy retirement, so much my delight in the absence of my best beloved, imagine you see me seated, surrounded with the joy and the hope of my future prospects, as well as my present comforts. Miss Goodwin, imagine you see, on my right hand, sitting on a velvet stool, because she is eldest, and a Miss; Billy on my left, in a little cane elbow-chair, because he is eldest, and a good boy; my Davers, and my sparkling-ey’d Pamela, with my

Charley between them, on little silken cushions, at my feet, hand-in-hand, their pleased eyes looking up to my more delighted ones; and my sweet-natured promising Jemmy, in my lap; the nurses and the cradle just behind us, and the nursery maids delightedly pursuing some useful needle-work for the dear charmers of my heart-All as hush and as still as silence itself, as the pretty creatures generally are, when their little, watchful eyes see my lips beginning to open: for they take neat notice already of my rule of two ears to one tongue, insomuch that if Billy or Davers are either of them for breaking the mum, as they call it, they are immediately hush, at any time, if I put my finger to my lip, or if Miss points hers to her ear, even to the breaking of a word in two, as it were: and yet all my boys are as lively as so many birds: while my Pamela is cheerful, easy, soft, gentle, always smiling, but modest and harmless as a dove.

I began with a story of two little boys, and two little girls, the children of a fine gentleman, and a fine lady, who loved them dearly; that they were all so good, and loved one another so well, that every body who saw them, admired them, and talked of them far and near; that they would part with any thing to the another; loved the poor; spoke kindly to the servants; did every thing they were bid to do; were not proud; knew no strife, but who should learn their books best, and be the prettiest scholar; that the servants loved them, and would do any thing they desired; that they were not proud of fine clothes; let not their heads run upon their playthings when they should mind their books; said grace before they eat, their prayers before they went to bed, and as soon as they rose; were always clean and neat; would not tell a fib for the world, and were above doing any thing that required one; that God blessed them more and more, and blessed their papa and mamma, and their uncles and aunts, and cousins, for their sakes. “And there was a happy family, my dear loves!-No one idle; all prettily employed; the Masters at their books; the Misses at their books too, or at their needles; except at their play-hours, when they were never rude, nor noisy, nor mischievous, nor quarrelsome: and no such word was ever heard from their mouths, as, ‘Why mayn’t I have this or that, as well as Billy or Bobby?’ Or, ‘Why should Sally have this or that, any more than I?’ But it was, ‘As my mamma pleases; my mamma knows best;’ and a bow and a smile, and no surliness, or scowling brow to be seen, if they were denied any thing; for well did they know that their papa and mamma loved them so dearly, that they would refuse them nothing that was for their good; and they were sure when they were refused, they asked for something that would have done them hurt, had it been granted. Never were such good boys and girls as these I And they grew up; and the Masters became fine scholars, and fine gentlemen, and every body honoured them: and the Misses became fine ladies, and fine housewives; and this gentleman, when they grew to be women, sought to marry

one of the Misses, and that gentleman the other; and happy was he that could be admitted into their companies I so that they had nothing to do but to pick and choose out of the best gentlemen in the country: while the greatest ladies for birth and the most remarkable for virtue (which, my dears, is better than either birth or fortune), thought themselves honoured by the addresses of the two brothers. And they married, and made good papas and mammas, and were so many blessings to the age in which they lived. There, my dear loves, were happy sons and daughters; for good Masters seldom fail to make good gentlemen; and good Misses, good ladies; and God blesses them with as good children as they were to their parents; and so the blessing goes round!-Who would not but be good?"

"Well, but, mamma, we will all be good:-Won't we, Master Davers?" cries my Billy. "Yes, brother Billy. But what will become of the naughty boys? Tell us, mamma, about the naughty boys!"

"Why, there was a poor, poor widow woman, who had three naughty sons, and one naughty daughter; and they would do nothing that their mamma bid them do; were always quarrelling, scratching, and fighting; would not say their prayers; would not learn their books; so that the little boys used to laugh at them, and point at them, as they went along, for blockheads; and nobody loved them, or took notice of them, except to beat and thump them about, for their naughty ways, and their undutifulness to their poor mother, who worked hard to maintain them. As they grew up, they grew worse and worse, and more and more stupid and ignorant; so that they impoverished their poor mother, and at last broke her heart, poor poor widow woman! — And her neighbours joined together to bury the poor widow woman: for these sad ungracious children made away with what little she had left, while she was ill, before her heart was quite broken; and this helped to break it the sooner: for had she lived, she saw she must have wanted bread, and had no comfort with such wicked children."

"Poor poor widow woman!" said my Billy, with tears; and my little dove shed tears too, and Davers was moved, and Miss wiped her fine eyes.

"But what became of the naughty boys, and the naughty girl, mamma?"

"Became of them! Why one son was forced to go to sea, and there he was drowned: another turned thief (for he would not work), and he came to an untimely end: the third was idle and ignorant, and nobody, who knew how he used his poor mother, would employ him; and so he was forced to go into a far country, and beg his bread. And the naughty girl, having never loved work, pined away in sloth and filthiness, and at last broke her arm, and died of a fever, lamenting, too late, that she had been so wicked a daughter to so good a mother! — And so there was a sad end to all the four ungracious children, who never would mind what their poor mother said to them; and God punished their

naughtiness as you see! — While the good children I mentioned before, were the glory of their family, and the delight of every body that knew them."

"Who would not be good?" was the inference: and the repetition from Billy, with his hands clapt together, "Poor widow woman!" gave me much pleasure.

So my childish story ended, with a kiss of each pretty dear, and their thanks for my story: and then came on Miss's request for a woman's story, as she called it. I dismissed my babies to their play; and taking Miss's hand, she standing before me, all attention, began in a more womanly strain to *her*; for she is very fond of being thought a woman; and indeed is a prudent sensible dear, comprehends any thing instantly, and makes very pretty reflections upon what she hears or reads as you will observe in what follows:

"There is nothing, my dear Miss Goodwin, that young ladies should be so watchful over, as their reputation: 'tis a tender flower that the least frost will nip, the least cold wind will blast; and when once blasted, it will never flourish again, but wither to the very root. But this I have told you so often, I need not repeat what I have said. So to my story.

"There were four pretty ladies lived in one genteel neighbourhood, daughters of four several families; but all companions and visitors; and yet all of very different inclinations. Coquetilla we will call one, Prudiana another, Profusiana the third, and Prudentia the fourth; their several names denoting their respective qualities.

"Coquetilla was the only daughter of a worthy baronet, by a lady very gay, but rather indiscreet than unvirtuous, who took not the requisite care of her daughter's education, but let her be over-run with the love of fashion, dress, and equipage; and when in London, balls, operas, plays, the Park, the Ring, the withdrawing-room, took up her whole attention. She admired nobody but herself, fluttered about, laughing at, and despising a crowd of men-followers, whom she attracted by gay, thoughtless freedoms of behaviour, too nearly treading on the skirts of immodesty: yet made she not one worthy conquest, exciting, on the contrary, in all sober minds, that contempt of herself, which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the world. After she had several years fluttered about the dangerous light, like some silly fly, she at last singed the wings of her reputation; for, being despised by every worthy heart, she became too easy and cheap a prey to a man the most unworthy of all her followers, who had resolution and confidence enough to break through those few cobweb reserves, in which she had encircled her precarious virtue; and which were no longer of force to preserve her honour, when she met with a man more bold and more enterprising than herself, and who was as designing as she was thoughtless. And what then became of Coquetilla?-Why, she was forced to pass over sea to Ireland,

where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in a dull obscurity; to go by another name, and at last, unable to support a life so unsuitable to the natural gaiety of her temper, she pined herself into a consumption, and died, unpitied and unlamented, among strangers, having not one friend but whom she bought with her money."

"Poor Lady Coquetilla!" said Miss Goodwin; "what a sad thing it is to have a wrong education; and how happy am I, who have so good a lady to supply the place of a dear distant mamma!-But be pleased, Madam, to proceed to the next."

"Prudiana, my dear, was the daughter of a gentleman who was a widower, and had, while the young lady was an infant, buried her mamma. He was a good sort of man; but had but one lesson to teach to Prudiana, and that was to avoid all sort of conversation with the men; but never gave her the right turn of mind, nor instilled into it that sense of her religious duties, which would have been her best guard in all temptations. For, provided she kept out of the sight and conversation of the gentlemen, and avoided the company of those ladies who more freely conversed with the other sex, it was all her papa desired of her. This gave her a haughty, sullen, and reserved turn; made her stiff, formal, and affected. She had sense enough to discover early the faults of Coquetilla, and, in dislike to them, fell the more easily into that contrary extreme, which a recluse education, and her papa's cautions, naturally led her. So that pride, reserve, affectation, and censoriousness, made up the essentials of her character, and she became more unamiable even than Coquetilla; and as the other was too accessible, Prudiana was quite unapproachable by gentlemen, and unfit for any conversation, but that of her servants, being also deserted by those of her own sex, by whom she might have improved, on account of her censorious disposition. And what was the consequence? Why this: every worthy person of both sexes despising her, and she being used to see nobody but servants, at last throws herself upon one of that class: in an evil hour, she finds something that is taking to her low taste in the person of her papa's valet, a wretch so infinitely beneath her (but a gay coxcomb of a servant), that every body attributed to her the scandal of making the first advances; for, otherwise, it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his master's daughter. So here ended all her pride. All her reserves came to this! Her censoriousness of others redoubled people's contempt upon herself, and made nobody pity her. She was finally turned out of doors, without a penny of fortune: the fellow was forced to set up a barber's shop in a country town; for all he knew was to shave and dress a peruke: and her papa would never look upon her more: so that Prudiana became the outcast of her family, and the scorn of all that knew her; and was forced to mingle in conversation and company with the wretches of her husband's degree!"

“Poor, miserable Prudiana!” said Miss— “What a sad, sad fall was hers. And all owing to the want of a proper education too! — And to the loss of such a mamma, as I have an aunt; and so wise a papa as I have an uncle! — How could her papa, I wonder, restrain her person as he did, like a poor nun, and make her unacquainted with the generous restraints of the mind?

“I am sure, my dear good aunt, it will be owing to you, that I shall never be a Coquetilla, nor a Prudiana neither. Your table is always surrounded with the best of company, with worthy gentlemen as well as ladies: and you instruct me to judge of both, and of every new guest, in such a manner, as makes me esteem them all, and censure nobody; but yet to see faults in some to avoid, and graces in others to imitate; but in nobody but yourself and my uncle, any thing so like perfection, as shall attract one’s admiration to one’s own ruin.”

“You are young, yet, my love, and must always doubt your own strength; and pray to God, more and more, as your years advance, to give you more and more prudence, and watchfulness over your conduct.

“But yet, my dear, you must think justly of yourself too; for let the young gentlemen be ever so learned and discreet, your education entitles you to think as well of yourself as of them: for, don’t you see, the ladies who are so kind as to visit us, that have not been abroad, as you have been, when they were young, yet make as good figures in conversation, say as good things as any of the gentlemen? For, my dear, all that the gentlemen know more than the ladies, except here and there such a one as your dear uncle, with all their learned education, is only, that they have been *disciplined*, perhaps, into an observation of a few accuracies in speech, which, if they know no more, rather distinguish the *pedant* than the *gentleman*: such as the avoiding of a false concord, as they call it, and which you know how to do, as well as the best; not to put a *was* for a *were*, an *are* for an *is*, and to be able to speak in mood and tense, and such like valuable parts of education: so that, my dear, you can have no reason to look upon that sex in so high a light, as to depreciate your own: and yet you must not be proud nor conceited neither; but make this one rule your guide:

“In your *maiden state*, think yourself *above* the gentlemen, and they’ll think you so too, and address you with reverence and respect, if they see there be neither pride nor arrogance in your behaviour, but a consciousness of merit, a true dignity, such as becomes virgin modesty, and untainted purity of mind and manners, like that of an angel among men; for so young ladies should look upon themselves to be, and will then be treated as such by the other sex.

“In your *married state*, which is a kind of state of humiliation for a lady, you must think yourself subordinate to your husband; for so it has pleased God to make the wife. You must have no will of your own, in *petty* things; and if you

marry a gentleman of sense and honour, such a one as your uncle, he will look upon you as his equal; and will exalt you the more for your abasing yourself. In short, my dear, he will act by you, just as your dear uncle does by me: and then, what a happy creature will you be!"

"So I shall, Madam! To be sure I shall! — But I know I shall be happy whenever I marry, because I have such wise directors, and such an example, before me: and, if it please God, I will never think of any man (in pursuance of your constant advice to young ladies at the tea-table), who is not a man of sense, and a virtuous gentleman. But now, dear Madam, for your next character. There are two more yet to come, that's my pleasure! I wish there were ten!"

"Why the next was Profusiana, you may remember, my love. Profusiana took another course to *her* ruin. She fell into some of Coquetilla's foibles, but pursued them for another end, and in another manner. Struck with the grandeur and magnificence of what weak people call the *upper life*, she gives herself up to the circus, to balls, to operas, to masquerades, and assemblies; affects to shine at the head of all companies, at Tunbridge, at Bath, and every place of public resort; plays high, is always receiving and paying visits, giving balls, and making treats and entertainments; and is so much *above* the conduct which mostly recommends a young lady to the esteem of the deserving of the other sex, that no gentleman, who prefers solid happiness, can think of addressing her, though she is a fine person, and has many outward graces of behaviour. She becomes the favourite toast of the place she frequents, is proud of that distinction; gives the fashion, and delights in the pride, that she can make apes in imitation, whenever she pleases. But yet endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, makes herself cheap, and is the subject of the attempts of every coxcomb of eminence; and with much ado, preserves her virtue, though not her character.

"What, all this while, is poor Profusiana doing? She would be glad, perhaps, of a suitable proposal, and would, it may be, give up some of her gaieties and extravagances: for Profusiana has wit, and is not totally destitute of reason, when she suffers herself to think. But her conduct procures her not one solid friendship, and she has not in a twelvemonth, among a thousand professions of service, one devoir that she can attend to, or a friend that she can depend upon. All the women she sees, if she excels them, hate her: the gay part of the men, with whom she accompanies most, are all in a plot against her honour. Even the gentlemen, whose conduct in the general is governed by principles of virtue, come down to these public places to partake of the innocent freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themselves airs of gallantry, and never have it in their thoughts to commence a treaty of marriage with an acquaintance begun upon that gay spot. What solid friendships and satisfactions then is Profusiana excluded from!

“Her name indeed is written in every public window, and prostituted, as I may call it, at the pleasure of every profligate or sot, who wears a diamond to engrave it: and that it may be, with most vile and barbarous imputations and freedoms of words, added by rakes, who very probably never exchanged a syllable with her. The wounded trees are perhaps also taught to wear the initials of her name, linked, not unlikely, and widening as they grow, with those of a scoundrel. But all this while she makes not the least impression upon one noble heart: and at last, perhaps, having run on to the end of an uninterrupted race of follies, she is cheated into the arms of some vile fortune-hunter; who quickly lavishes away the remains of that fortune which her extravagance had left; and then, after the worst usage, abandoning her with contempt, she sinks into an obscurity that cuts short the thread of her life, and leaves no remembrance, but on the brittle glass, and still more faithless bark, that ever she had a being.”

“Alas, alas! what a butterfly of a day,” said Miss (an expression she remembered of Lady Towers), “was poor Profusiana! — What a sad thing to be so dazzled by worldly grandeur, and to have so many admirers, and not one real friend!”

“Very true, my dear; and how carefully ought a person of a gay and lively temper to watch over it I And what a rock may public places be to a lady’s reputation, if she be not doubly vigilant in her conduct, when she is exposed to the censures and observations of malignant crowds of people; many of the worst of whom spare the least those who are most unlike themselves.”

“But then, Madam,” said Miss, “would Profusiana venture to play at public places? Will ladies game, Madam? I have heard you say, that lords, and sharpers but just out of liveries, in gaming, are upon a foot in every thing, save that one has nothing to lose, and the other much, besides his reputation! And will ladies so disgrace their characters, and their sex, as to pursue this pernicious diversion in public?”

“Yes, my dear, they will too often, the more’s the pity! And don’t you remember, when we were at Bath, in what a hurry I once passed by some knots of genteel people, and you asked what those were doing? I told you, whisperingly, they were gaming; and loath I was, that my Miss Goodwin should stop to see some sights, to which, till she arrived at the years of discretion, it was not proper to familiarize her eye; in some sort acting like the ancient Romans, who would not assign punishments to certain atrocious crimes, because they had such an high idea of human nature, as to suppose it incapable of committing them; so I was not for having you, while a little girl, see those things, which I knew would give no credit to our sex, and which I thought, when you grew older, should be new and

shocking to you: but now you are so much a woman in discretion, I may tell you any thing."

She kissed my hand, and made me a fine curtsey-and told me, that now she longed to hear of Prudentia's conduct. "*Her* name, Madam," said she, "promises better things than those of her three companions; and so it had need: for how sad is it to think, that out of four ladies of distinction, three of them should be naughty, and, *of course*, unhappy."-"These two words, *of course*, my dear," said I, "were very prettily put in: let me kiss you for it: since every one that is naughty, first or last, must be *certainly* unhappy.

"Far otherwise than what I have related, was it with the amiable Prudentia. Like the industrious bee, she makes up her honey-hoard from every flower, bitter as well as sweet; for every character is of use to her, by which she can improve her own. She had the happiness of an aunt, who loved her, as I do you; and of an uncle who doated on her, as yours does: for, alas! poor Prudentia lost her papa and mamma almost in her infancy, in one week: but was so happy in her uncle and aunt's care, as not to miss them in her education, and but just to remember their persons. By reading, by observation, and by attention, she daily added new advantages to those which her education gave her. She saw, and pitied, the fluttering freedoms and dangerous nights of Coquetilla. The sullen pride, the affectation, and stiff reserves, which Prudiana assumed, she penetrated, and made it her study to avoid. And the gay, hazardous conduct, extravagant temper, and love of tinselled grandeur, which were the blemishes of Profusiana's character, she dreaded and shunned. She fortifies herself with the excellent examples of the past and present ages, and knows how to avoid the faults of the faulty, and to imitate the graces of the most perfect. She takes into her scheme of that future happiness, which she hopes to make her own, what are the true excellencies of her sex, and endeavours to appropriate to herself the domestic virtues, which shall one day make her the crown of some worthy gentleman's earthly happiness: and which, *of course*, as you prettily said, my dear, will secure and heighten her own.

"That noble frankness of disposition, that sweet and unaffected openness and simplicity, which shines in all her actions and behaviour, commend her to the esteem and reverence of all mankind; as her humility and affability, and a temper uncensorious, and ever making the best of what she said of the absent person, of either sex, do to the love of every lady. Her name, indeed, is not prostituted on windows, nor carved on the barks of trees in public places: but it smells sweet to every nostril, dwells on every tongue, and is engraven on every heart. She meets with no address but from men of honour and probity: the fluttering coxcomb, the inveigling parasite, the insidious deceiver, the mercenary fortune-hunter, spread no snares for a heart guarded by discretion and prudence, as hers is. They see, that

all her amiable virtues are the happy result of an uniform judgment, and the effects of her own wisdom, founded in an education to which she does the highest credit. And at last, after several worthy offers, enough to perplex a lady's choice, she blesses some one happy gentleman, more distinguished than the rest, for learning, good sense, and *true politeness*, which is but another word for *virtue* and *honour*; and shines, to her last hour, in all the duties of domestic life, as an excellent wife, mother, mistress, friend, and Christian; and so confirms all the expectations of which her maiden life had given such strong and such edifying presages."

Then folding my dear Miss in my arms, and kissing her, tears of pleasure standing in her pretty eyes, "Who would not," said I, "shun the examples of the Coquetilla's, the Prudiana's, and the Profusiana's of this world, and choose to' imitate the character of Prudentia!-the happy, and the happy-making Prudentia."

"O Madam! Madam!" said the dear creature, smothering me with her rapturous kisses, "Prudentia is YOU! — Is YOU indeed! — It *can* be nobody else! — O teach me, good God! to follow *your* example, and I shall be a Second Prudentia — Indeed I shall!"

"God send you may, my beloved Miss! And may he bless you more, if possible, than Prudentia was blessed!"

And so, my dear Lady G., you have some of my nursery tales; with which, relying on your kind allowances and friendship, I conclude myself *your affectionate and faithful*

P.B.

CONCLUSION

The Editor thinks proper to conclude in this place, that he may not be thought to deserve a suspicion, that the extent of the work was to be measured by the patience of its readers. But he thinks it necessary, in order to elucidate the whole, to subjoin a note of the following facts.

Mr. B. (after the affair which took date at the masquerade, and concluded so happily) continued to be one of the best and most exemplary of men, an honour to his country, both in his public and private capacity; having, at the instances of some of his friends in very elevated stations, accepted of an honourable employment abroad in the service of the state; which he discharged in such a manner, as might be expected from his qualifications and knowledge of the world: and on his return, after an absence of three years, resisting all the temptations of ambition, devoted himself to private duties, and joined with his excellent lady in every pious wish of her heart; adorning the married life with all the warmth of an elegant tenderness; beloved by his tenants, respected by his neighbours, revered by his children, and almost adored by the poor, in every county where his estates gave him interest, as well for his own bountiful temper, as for the charities he permitted to be dispensed, with so liberal a hand, by his lady.

She made him the father of seven fine children, five sons, and two daughters, all adorned and accomplished by nature, to be the joy and delight of such parents; being educated, in every respect, by the rules of their inimitable mother, laid down in that book which she mentions to have been written by her for the revisal and correction of her consort; the contents of which may be gathered from her remarks upon Mr. Locke's Treatise on Education, in her letters to Mr. B., and in those to Lady G.

Miss GOODWIN, at the age of eighteen, was married to a young gentleman of fine parts, and great sobriety and virtue: and both she and he, in every material part of their conduct, and in their behaviour to one another, emulate the good example set them by Mr. and Mrs. B.

Lord DAVERS dying two years before this marriage, his lady went to reside at the Hall in Lincolnshire, the place of her birth, that she might enjoy the company and conversation of her excellent sister; who, for conveniency of the chapel, and advantage of room and situation, had prevailed upon Mr. B. to make it the chief place of his residence; and there the noble lady lived long (in the strictest friendship with the happy pair) an honourable relict of her affectionate lord.

The worthy Mr. ANDREWS, and his wife, lived together in the sweet tranquillity set forth in their letters, for the space of twelve years, at the Kentish

farm: the good old gentlewoman died first, full of years and comfort, her dutiful daughter performing the last pious offices to so beloved and so loving a parent: her husband survived her about a year only.

Lady G., Miss DARNFORD that was, after a happy marriage of several years, died in child-bed of her fourth child, to the inexpressible concern of her affectionate consort, and of her dear friend Mrs. B.

Lord H., after having suffered great dishonour by the ill courses of his wife, and great devastations in his estate, through her former debts, and continued extravagance (intimidated and dispirited by her perpetual insults, and those of her gaming brother, who with his bullying friends, terrified him into their measures), threw himself upon the protection of Mr. B. who, by his spirit and prudence, saved him from utter ruin, punished his wife's accomplices, and obliged her to accept a separate maintenance; and then taking his affairs into his own management, in due course of time, entirely re-established them: and after some years his wife dying, he became wiser by his past sufferings, and married a second, of Lady Davers's recommendation, who, by her prudence and virtue, made him happy for the remainder of his days.

Mr. LONGMAN lived to a great age in the worthy family, much esteemed by every one, having trained up a diligent youth, whom he had recommended, to ease him in his business, and who, answering expectation, succeeded him in it after his death.

He dying rich, out of his great love and gratitude to the family, in whose service he had acquired most of his fortune, and in disgust to his nearest relations, who had perversely disobliged him; he bequeathed to three of them one hundred pounds a-piece, and left all the rest to his honoured principal, Mr. B.; who, as soon as he came to know it, being at that time abroad, directed his lady to call together the relations of the old gentleman, and, after touching them to the heart with a just and effectual reproof, and finding them filled with due sense of their demerit, which had been the cause of their suffering, then to divide the whole, which had been left him, among them, in greater proportions as they were more nearly related: an action worthy prayers and blessings, not only of the benefited, but all who heard of it. For it is easy to imagine, how cheerfully, and how gracefully, his benevolent lady discharged a command so well suited to her natural generosity.

THE END

CLARISSA; OR THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY

This epistolary novel was published in 1748 and tells the tragic story of a heroine, whose quest for virtue is continually thwarted by her family. One of the longest novels in the English language, originally published in seven volumes, it introduces Clarissa Harlowe, a beautiful and virtuous young lady, whose family has become wealthy only in recent times and now desires to become part of the aristocracy. Their original plan was to concentrate the wealth and lands of the Harlowes into the possession of Clarissa's brother, James Harlowe, whose wealth and political power will lead to his being granted a title. Clarissa's grandfather leaves her some substantial property on his death and a new route to the nobility opens to Clarissa by her marrying Robert Lovelace, the heir to an earldom. James' response is to provoke a duel with Lovelace, who is seen thereafter as the family's enemy. James also proposes that Clarissa should marry Roger Solmes, who is willing to trade properties with James to concentrate James's holdings and speed his becoming Lord Harlowe. The family agrees and attempts to force Clarissa to marry Solmes, whom she finds physically repulsive, as well as boorish.

Desperate to remain free, she begins a correspondence with Lovelace. When her family's campaign to force her marriage reaches its height, Lovelace tricks her into eloping with him, but instead becomes his captive for many months. She is kept at many lodgings and even a brothel, where the women are disguised as high-class ladies by Lovelace himself. She refuses to marry him on many occasions, longing to live by herself in peace. She eventually runs away, but Lovelace finds her and tricks her into returning to the brothel. He intends to marry Clarissa to avenge her family's treatment of him and wants to possess her body as well as her mind. He believes if she loses her virtue, she will be forced to marry him on any terms. As he is more and more impressed by Clarissa, he finds it difficult to believe that virtuous women do not exist.

The response to the novel was positive, in spite of the expensive cost of acquiring all seven volumes, and the public began to describe the title heroine as "divine Clarissa". The novel was soon considered Richardson's "masterpiece" and was rapidly translated into French by the Abbé Antoine François Prévost, as well as into German. In England there was a particular emphasis on Richardson's "natural creativity" and his ability to incorporate daily life experiences into the novel. However, the final three volumes were delayed, and many of the readers began to "anticipate" the concluding story and some demanded that Richardson

write a happy ending. One such advocate of the happy ending was Henry Fielding, who had previously written *Joseph Andrews* to mock *Pamela*. Although Fielding was originally opposed to Richardson's works, he supported the original volumes of *Clarissa* and argued that a happy ending would be "poetical justice". Those who disagreed included the Sussex diarist Thomas Turner, writing in July 1754: "Clarissa Harlow, I look upon as a very well-wrote thing, tho' it must be allowed it is too prolix. The author keeps up the character of every person in all places; and as to the manner of its ending, I like it better than if it had terminated in more happy consequences."

Other critics wanted Lovelace to be reformed and for him to marry Clarissa, but Richardson would not allow a "reformed rake" to be her husband, and was unwilling to change the ending. In a postscript to Clarissa, Richardson wrote:

> " if the temporary sufferings of the Virtuous and the Good can be accounted for and justified on Pagan principles, many more and infinitely stronger reasons will occur to a Christian Reader in behalf of what are called unhappy Catastrophes, from a consideration of the doctrine of future rewards; which is every where strongly enforced in the *History of Clarissa*."

CLARISSA.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The moſt Important Concerns *of* Private LIFE.

And particularly ſhewing,

The DISTRESSES that may attend the Miſconduct
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

Publiſhed by the EDITOR *of* PAMELA.

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‘Robert Lovelace preparing to abduct Clarissa Harlowe’ by Francis Hayman

VOLUME I.

PREFACE

The following History is given in a Series of Letters, written principally in a double, yet separate, Correspondence;

Between Two young Ladies of Virtue and Honour, bearing an inviolable Friendship for each other, and writing upon the most interesting Subjects: And

Between Two Gentlemen of free Lives; one of them glorying in his Talents for Stratagem and Invention, and communicating to the other, in Confidence, all the secret Purposes of an intriguing Head, and resolute Heart.

But it is not amiss to premise, for the sake of such as may apprehend Hurt to the Morals of Youth from the more freely-written Letters, That the Gentlemen, tho' professed Libertines as to the Fair Sex, and making it one of their wicked Maxims, to keep no Faith with any of the Individuals of it who throw themselves into their Power, are not, however, either Infidels or Scoffers: Nor yet such as think themselves freed from the Observance of those other moral Obligations, which bind Man to Man.

On the contrary, it will be found, in the Progress of the Collection, that they very often make such Reflections upon each other, and each upon himself, and upon his Actions, as reasonable Beings, who disbelieve not a future State of Rewards and Punishments (and who one day propose to reform) must sometimes make: — One of them actually reforming, and antidoting the Poison which some might otherwise apprehend would be spread by the gayer Pen, and lighter Heart, of the other.

And yet that other, [altho' in unbosoming himself to a *select Friend*, he discover Wickedness enough to intitle him to general Hatred] preserves a Decency, as well in his Images, as in his Language, which is not always to be found in the Works of some of the most celebrated modern Writers, whose Subjects and Characters have less warranted the Liberties they have taken.

Length will be naturally expected, not only from what has been said, but from the following Considerations:

That the Letters on both Sides are written while the Hearts of the Writers must be supposed to be wholly engaged in their Subjects: The Events at the Time generally dubious: — So that they abound, not only with critical Situations; but with what may be called *instantaneous* Descriptions and Reflections; which may be brought home to the Breast of the youthful Reader: — As also, with affecting Conversations; many of them written in the Dialogue or Dramatic Way.

To which may be added, that the Collection contains not only the History of the excellent Person whose Name it bears, but includes The Lives, Characters,

and Catastrophes, of several others, either principally or incidentally concerned in the Story.

But yet the Editor [to whom it was referred to publish the Whole in such a Way as he should think would be most acceptable to the Public] was so diffident in relation to this Article of *Length*, that he thought proper to submit the Letters to the Perusal of several judicious Friends; whose Opinion he desired of what might be best spared.

One Gentleman, in particular, of whose Knowlege, Judgment, and Experience, as well as Candor, the Editor has the highest Opinion, advised him to give a Narrative Turn to the Letters; and to publish only what concerned the principal Heroine; — striking off the collateral Incidents, and all that related to the Second Characters; tho' he allowed the Parts which would have been by this means excluded, to be both instructive and entertaining. But being extremely fond of the affecting Story, he was desirous to have every-thing parted with, which he thought retarded its Progress.

This Advice was not relished by other Gentlemen. They insisted, that the Story could not be reduced to a Dramatic Unity, nor thrown into the Narrative Way, without divesting it of its Warmth; and of a great Part of its Efficacy; as very few of the Reflections and Observations, which they looked upon as the most useful Part of the Collection, would, then, find a Place.

They were of Opinion, That in all Works of This, and of the Dramatic Kind, STORY, or AMUSEMENT, should be considered as little more than the *Vehicle* to the more necessary INSTRUCTION: That many of the Scenes would be render'd languid, were they to be made less busy: And that the Whole would be thereby deprived of that Variety, which is deemed the Soul of a Feast, whether *mensal* or *mental*.

They were also of Opinion, That the Parts and Characters, which must be omitted, if this Advice were followed, were some of the most natural in the whole Collection: And no less instructive; especially to *Youth*. Which might be a Consideration perhaps overlooked by a Gentleman of the Adviser's great Knowlege and Experience: For, as they observed, there is a Period in human Life, in which, youthful Activity ceasing, and Hope contenting itself to peep out of its own domestic Wicket upon bounded Prospects, the half-tired Mind aims at little more than *Amusement*. — And, with Reason; for what, in the *instructive* Way, can appear either *new* or *needful* to one who has happily got over those dangerous Situations which call for Advice and Cautions, and who has fill'd up his Measures of Knowlege to the Top?

Others, likewise gave *their* Opinions. But no Two being of the same Mind, as to the Parts which could be omitted, it was resolved to present to the World, the Two First Volumes, by way of Specimen: and to be determined with regard to the rest by the Reception those should meet with.

If that be favourable, Two others may soon follow; the whole Collection being ready for the Press: That is to say, If it be not found necessary to abstract or omit some of the Letters, in order to reduce the Bulk of the Whole.

Thus much in general. But it may not be amiss to add, in particular, that in the great Variety of Subjects which this Collection contains it is one of the principal Views of the Publication,

To caution Parents against the *undue* Exertion of their natural Authority over their Children, in the great Article of Marriage:

And Children against preferring a Man of Pleasure to a Man of Probity, upon that dangerous, but too commonly received Notion, *That a Reformed Rake makes the best Husband*.

But as the Characters will not all appear in the Two First Volumes, it has been thought advisable, in order to give the Reader some further Idea of Them, and of the Work, to prefix

HINTS OF PREFACES FOR CLARISSA

Prefatical Hints. Partly taken from Letters to the Warrington Lady, Letter VI.

As Religion is too often wounded thro' the sides of its Professors, whether all good Men or not; so is Virtue, where Women are thought too meanly of, and depretiated. The Author of the following Work, being convinced of the Truth of this Observation, has endeavoured in it to exalt the Sex. He has made his Heroine pass thro' many Persecutions from her Friends, and ardent Trials from her Lover; yet in the first to keep her Duty in her Eye, and in the latter to be proof against the most insidious Arts, Devices, and Machinations of a Man, who holds, as Parts of the Rake's Credenda, these two Libertine Maxims; That no Woman can resist *Opportunity* and *Importunity*, especially when attacked by a Man she loves; and, That, *when once subdued, she is always subdued*; and who sets out with a Presumption, that in the Conquest of such a Lady he shall triumph over the whole Sex, against which he had vowed Revenge for having been used ill, as he thought, by one of it.

The Lady's Sufferings and Distresses are unequalled. Like pure Gold, tried by the Fire of Affliction, she is found pure. She preserves her Will inviolate, her Sincerity unimpeachable, her Duty to those who do not theirs by her, intire — Is patient, serene, resigned; and, from the best Motives, aspires to a World more worthy of her, than that she longs to quit.

The Christian System, in short, is endeavoured in her Conduct to be recommended and enforced. This Life she looks upon as a Life of Probation only. She prepares for a better. Her Preparation is exemplarily set forth, and expatiated upon. She has her perfidious Lover for her Vindicator. He engages all his own Relations, who adore her (while hers, influenced by wicked Reports, persecute her) to plead for him; and that she will accept of him upon her own Terms.

Here is her Triumph. Yet not glorying in it herself; but, on reasonable and just Motives, rejecting him; Motives, that every virtuous Heart must approve of. Yet believing that she shall not long live, in the true Christian Spirit of Forgiveness, wishes and prays for his Reformation. She as nobly forgives, and prays for, and endeavours to give posthumous Comfort to, her persecuting Relations; wounding all of them deeper by the Generosity of her Forgiveness, than if they were to suffer the most cruel Deaths.

While it is one of the latent Morals of this Work, that Women, in chusing Companions for Life, should chuse companiable Men; should chuse for Men whose Hearts would probably be all their own, rather than to share with Scores perhaps the volatile mischievous one of a Libertine: In short, that they should

chuse for *Mind* and not for *Person*; and not make a Jest of a good Man, in favour of a bad, who would make a Jest of them, and of their whole Sex. / /

"May my Story," says our Heroine, Vol. p. "be a Warning to all my Sex, how they perfer a Libertine to a Man of true Honour; and how they permit themselves, where they mean the best) [sic] to be misled by the specious, but foolish Hope of subduing *rivetted Habits*, and, as I may say, of *altering Natures*. The more foolish, as Experience might convince us, that there is hardly one in ten, of even tolerably happy Marriages, in which the Wife keeps the Hold in the Husband's Affections, which she had in the Lover's. What Influence then can she hope to have upon the Morals of an avowed Libertine, who marries perhaps for Conveniency; who despises the Tie; and whom it is too probable that nothing but Age or Sickness, or Disease (the Consequence of ruinous Riot), can reclaim." There cannot be a more pernicious Notion, than that which is so commonly received, That a reformed Rake makes the best Husband. This Notion it was the Intent of the Author of Clarissa to explode.

The Authors of Novels and Romances, who always make their Heroes and Heroines contend with great Distresses (the more romantic, with them, the better) seem to think they have done every-thing, when they have joined the Lovers Hands; and this is called a *happy Ending* of the Story. But, alas! it is then, too generally, that the Lovers have the greatest Difficulties to encounter with, as they then see each other in nearer and truer Lights.

And I have moreover always thought, that these sudden Conversions have neither Art, nor Nature, nor Probability in them; and that they are, besides, of very bad Example. To have a Libertine, for a Series of Years, glory in his Wickedness, and to think he had nothing to do, but, as an Act of Grace and Favour, to hold out his Hand to receive that of the best of Women, whenever he pleased, and that Marriage would be a sufficient Amends for his Villainies, I could not bear that, nor wished I, that the World should think it Amends.

I had given in the Story of Pamela what is called a happy Issue. It was, however, owing to her implicit Submission to a lordly and imperious Husband, who hardly deserved her, that she was happy; a Submission which every Woman could not have shewn. And yet she had a too well grounded Jealousy to contend with afterwards; which, for the time, tore her Heart in pieces. Nor was Mr. B's Reformation secured, till religious Considerations obtained place, on seeing the Precipice he was dancing upon with the Countess. *For we must observe*, that Reformation is not to be secured by a fine Face, by a Passion that has Sense for its Object; nor by the Goodness of a Wife's Heart, if the Husband have not a good one of his own; and that properly touched by the divine Finger.

The Author of this Piece was willing to try to do something in this way, that never before had been done. The Tragic Poets have seldom made their Heroes *true* Objects of Pity; and very seldom have made them in their Deaths look forward to a better Hope. And thus, when they die, they seem *totally* to perish. Death in *such* Instances must be terrible. It must be considered as the greatest Evil. But why is Death set in such shocking Lights, when it is the common Lot? / /

* * * * *

The Heroine of this Piece shews, that she has well considered this great Point, when she says— "What is even the long Life, which in high Health we wish for? What but, as we go along, a Life of Apprehension, sometimes for our Friends, oftener for ourselves? And at last, when arrived at the old Age we covet, one heavy Loss or Deprivation having succeeded another, we see ourselves stript, as I may say, of every one we loved; and find ourselves exposed, as uncompaniable poor Creatures, to the Slights, the Contempts, of jostling Youth, who want to push us off the Stage, in Hopes to possess what we have. And, superadded to all, our own Infirmities every Day increasing; of themselves enough to make the Life we wished for, the greatest Disease of all."

Such are the Doctrines, such the Lessons, which are endeavoured to be inculcated in the following Sheets by an Example in natural Life. The more unfashionable, the more irksome, these Doctrines, these Lessons, are to the Young, the Gay, and the Healthy, the more necessary are they to be inculcated. Religion never since the Reformation was at so low an Ebb as at present: And if there be those, who suppose this Work to be of the Novel Kind, it may not be amiss, even in the Opinion of such, to try whether, by an Accommodation to the light Taste of the Age a Religious Novel will do Good.

But altho' the Work, according to the Account thus far given of it, may be thought to wear a solemn Aspect, and is indeed intended to be of the Tragic Species, it will not be amiss to acquaint our youthful Readers, that they will find in the Letters of the Gentlemen, and even in many of those of one of the Ladies, Scenes and Subjects of a diverting Turn; one of the Men humorously, yet not uninstructively, glorying in his Talents for Stratagem and Invention, as he communicates to the other, in Confidence, all the secret Purposes of his Heart.

Not uninstructively, we repeat; for it is proper to apprise the serious Reader, and such as may apprehend Hurt to the Morals of Youth from their Perusal of the more freely written Letters, that the Gentlemen, tho' professed Libertines as to the Fair Sex, are not, however, Infidels or Scoffers; nor yet such as think themselves

freed from the Observance of those other moral Obligations which bind Man to Man. / /

The Reader is referred to the Postscript, at the End of the last Volume, for what may be further necessary to be observed in relation to this Work.

Judges will see, that, long as the Work is, there is not one Digression, not one Episode, not one Reflection, but what arises naturally from the Subject, and makes for it, and to carry it on.

Variety of Styles and Circumstances.

The Two first Volumes chiefly written by the Two Ladies.
Two next.....by Lovelace.
Three last.....by the reforming Belford.

Whence different Styles, Manners, &c. that make Episodes useless.

Clarissa an Example to the Reader: The Example not to be taken from the Reader.

The vicious Characters in this History are more pure, Images more chaste, than in the most virtuous of the Dramatic Poets.

Clarissa is so ready to find fault with herself on every Occasion, that we cannot consent, that a Character so exemplary in the greater Points should suffer merely from the Inattention of the hasty Reader. Let us therefore consider of some of the Objections made against her Story: And yet we may venture to assert, that there is not an Objection that is come to Knowlege [sic], but is either answered or anticipated in the Work.

Obj. I. *Clarissa has been thought by some to want Love* — To be prudish — To be over-delicate.

Those who blame Clarissa for Over-niceness, would most probably have been an easy Prey to a Lovelace.

One Design in her Character is to shew, that Love ought to be overcome, when it has not Virtue or Reformation for its Object.

Many Persons readier to find fault with a supposed perfect Character, than to try to imitate it: To bring it down to their Level, rather than to rise to it.

Clarissa an Example *to* the Reader: The Example not to be taken *from* the Reader.

Obj. II. Lovelace could not be so generous, and so wicked. Common Experience confutes this Objection.

Obj. III. There could not be such a Tyrant of a Father: Such an insolent and brutal Brother: Such an unrelenting Sister: Such a passive Mother — Every-body is not of this Opinion. It were to be wished, that this Objection were unanswerable.

Obj. IV. The History is too minute. Its Minuteness one of its Excellencies.

Attentive Readers have found, and will find, that the Probability of all Stories told, or of Narrations given, depends upon small Circumstances; as may be observed, that in all Tryals for Life and Property, the/ /Merits of the Cause are more determinable by such, than by the greater Facts; which usually are so laid, and taken care of, as to seem to authenticate themselves.

Cannot consent, that the History of Clarissa should be looked upon as a mere Novel or Amusement — since it is rather a History of Life and Manners; the principal View of which, by an Accommodation to the present light Taste of an Age immersed in Diversions, that engage the Eye and the Ear only, and not the Understanding, aims to investigate the great Doctrines of Christianity, and to teach the Reader how to die, as well as how to live.

Step by Step, Difficulties varied and enumerated, that young Creatures may know, that tho' they may not have all her Trials, how to comport gradatim.

If provoked and induced as she was, yet so loth to leave her Friends, and go off with her Lover, what Blame must those incur, who take such a Step, and have not her Provocations and Inducements!

Obj. V. Why did she not throw herself into Lady Betty's Protection?

For Answer, see Vol. III, , and before: Also , 159, that Lady's writing to her, and not inviting her to her. See also their Debate, , 160. — Miss Montague wishes to see her at M. Hall; but it is after she should be married. See further, her Observations on Miss Montague's not excusing her self for not meeting her on the Road; yet Clarissa's Willingness to say something for L. / /

* * * * *

On the contrary, it will be found, that they every-where disclaim the Impiety of such as endeavour to make a Religion to their Practices; and each upon himself, and very often make such Reflections upon each other, and, / upon his Actions, as reasonable Beings, who disbelieve not a future State of Rewards and Punishments (and who one Day propose to reform) must sometimes make — one of them actually reforming, and antidoting the Poison spread by the gayer Pen, and lighter Heart, of the other.

And yet that other (altho', in unbosoming himself to a select Friend, he discover Wickedness enough to intitle him to general Hatred) preserves a Decency as well in his Images, as in his Language, which is not always to be found in the Works of some of the most celebrated modern Writers, whose Subjects and Characters have less warranted the Liberties they have taken.

The Writer chose to tell his Tale in a Series of Letters, supposed to be written by the Parties concerned, as the Circumstances related passed: For this Juncture afforded him the only natural Opportunity that could be had, of representing with any Grace those lively and delicate Impressions, which *Things present* are known to make upon the Minds of those affected by them. And he apprehends, that in the Study of human Nature the Knowlege [sic] of those Apprehensions leads us farther into the Recesses of the human Mind, than the colder and more general Reflections suited to a continued and more contracted Narrative.

On the Contents.

Obj. Contents will anticipate the Reader's Curiosity.

The Curiosity not so much the View to excite, as the Attention to the Instruction. When the Curiosity is partly gratified, there will be the more room for the Attention. Rather instruct, than divert or amuse.

The Reader will remember, that the Instructions, Lessons, and Warnings, both to Parents and Children, for the sake of which the Whole was published, cannot appear in a Table of Contents, that means only to point out the principal Facts, the Connexion of the Whole, and to set before the Reader as well the blameable as the laudable Conduct of the principal Characters, and to teach them what to pursue, and what to avoid, in a Piece that is not to be considered as an Amusement only, but rather as a History of Life and Manners. / /

Drawn up with a View to obviate such of the Objections as have been made to particular Characters and Passages, thro' want of Attention to the Story.

— In such as have pursued the Story with too much Rapidity to attend to the Connexion, and to the Instruction aimed to be given, and to the Example proposed to be set.

So many important Lessons, as to Life and Manners, in the Work, that the Reader may be intrusted with the Contents. / /

* * * * *

Rev. Mr. Skelton.

They who read Romances and Novels, being accustomed to a Variety of Intrigues and Adventures, thro' which they are hurried to the Catastrophe; when

they take up Clarissa, not considering that it is another kind of Work, or rather a new Species of Novel, are apt to think it tedious, towards the Beginning especially, because they have not the same Palate for natural Incidents, as for imaginary Adventures; for the Workings of private and domestic Passions, as for those of Kings, Heroes, Heroines; for a Story English as to its Scenes, Names, Manners, as for one that is foreign: But a Reader of true Taste and Judgment will like it infinitely better, because it comes home to the Heart, and to common Life, in every Line; because it abounds with a surprising Variety of Strokes and Paintings, that seem to be taken from real Life, and of Maxims and Reflections too just, and too useful, to be passed over unnoticed or unremembred [sic] by a Reader of Experience. These, together with the masterly Management of the Characters, serve better to entertain, while they instruct, a judicious Reader, than a Croud of mere imaginary Amours, Duels, and such-like Events, which abound with Leaves and Flowers, but no Fruits; and therefore cannot be relished but by a vitiated Taste, by the Taste of a Chameleon, not of a Man. Two or three Hours furnish Matter for an excellent Play: Why may not Two or Three Months supply Materials for as many Volumes? Is the History of Thucydides less entertaining or instructive, because its Subject is confined to narrow Bounds, than that of Raleigh, which hath the World for its Subject? Is Clarissa a mere Novel? Whoever considers it as such, does not understand it. It is a System of religious and moral Precepts and Examples, planned on an entertaining Story, which stands or goes forward, as the excellent Design of the Author requires; but never stands without pouring in Incidents, Descriptions, Maxims, that keep Attention alive, that engage and mend the Heart, that play with the Imagination, while they inform the Understanding. / /

* * * * *

Rev. Mr. Spence.

It is the more necessary to say something, by way of Preface, of the following Work; because it is a Work of a new kind among us.

The Writers of *Novels* and *Romances* have generally endeavoured to pick out the most pleasing Stories; to pass over the dry Parts in them; and to hurry the Reader on from one striking Event to another. Their *only* Aim seems to be that of making a Tissue of Adventures, which by their Strangeness and Variety are meant only to surprise and please. Nature they have not much in View; and Morality is often quite out of the Question with them.

Instead of following this way of writing, the Author of Clarissa has attempted to give a plain and natural Account of an Affair that happened in a private Family,

just in the manner that it did happen. He has aimed solely at following Nature; and giving the Sentiments of the Persons concerned, just as they flowed warm from their Hearts.

The best way to do this he thought was to carry on the Story, not in the narrative way, as usual; but by making them write their own Thoughts to Friends, soon after each Incident happened; with all that Naturalness and Warmth, with which they felt them, at that time, in their own Minds.

This must necessarily lead the Work into a great Length: For as his Aim was to give a true and full Picture of Nature, the whole Course of the Affair is represented; frequently, even to the most minute Particulars: And as they are related by Persons concerned, you have not only the Particulars, but what they felt in their own Minds at the time, and their Reflections upon them afterwards: Beside, that Letters always give a Liberty of little Excursions; and when between Intimate Friends, require an Opening of the Heart, and consequently a Diffuseness, that the narrative Style would not admit of.

The chief Intent of the Work was, to draw off the Ladies, if possible, from the distinguishing Fondness many of them are too apt to entertain for Rakes; and to shew them, that if they put themselves into the Power of a Rake, they are sure of being ill used by him.

To this End the Author has chosen out a Story, which is as strong a Proof of it as can well be. A Lady of particular good Sense, Breeding, and Morals, is so ill used by her Family, in order to oblige her to marry a Man she cannot like, that they drive her at last into the Hands of a Rake, who professes the most honourable Passion for her. From the Moment she is in his Hands, he is plotting how to ruin her: Her Innocence is above all his Art and Temtations [sic]; so that he is forced to use other, and yet viler Means. In spite/ /of all her Virtue, her Person is abused. She resents it, as she ought; and escapes from him: But, worn out with a continued Series of ill Usage (from her own Family, as well as from the Villain, and his Adherents), she continues languishing; and at last dies forgiving all her Enemies.

To give this the greater Strength, the Lady is represented as superior to all her Sex; and the Rake of a mixt Character, and not so bad as several of his. She likes the Man; but has no violent Passion for him: He loves her above all Women; and yet is resolved most steadily to pursue her Ruin. All her Calamities with him are occasioned, at first, by going scarce sensibly out of the Bounds of her Duty; and afterwards, by being betrayed into an Action, which she did not intend; and which, had she intended [it] [sic], under her Circumstances, was scarce to be blamed. When in his Hands, her Virtue is invincible: She is perpetually alarmed,

and her Prudence is ever on the Watch. And yet she falls a Prey to his Villainy; and from being the Glory of her Sex, becomes an Object of our Compassion. If a Clarissa thus fell, what must the rest of Women expect, if they give greater Encouragements to yet more abandoned Men?

There are other Side-Morals (and particularly that very instructive one to Parents, not to insist too rigidly on forcing their Childrens Inclinations); but this is the direct Moral of the whole Story: “That a Woman, even of the greatest Abilities, should not enter into any, even the most guarded, Correspondence with a Rake; and that if she once falls into his Power, she is undone.”

To enforce this Moral, it was necessary to Paint out all the Distresses of the Sufferer; and to make her suffer to the End: In doing which, the Author, I dare say, has given several Pangs to his own Heart, as well as to the Hearts of his Readers. But these should be looked upon like the Incisions made by a kind Surgeon; who feels himself for every Stroke that he gives; and who gives them only out of Humanity, and to save his Patients.

Indeed, as the Patients here are the Ladies, the Suffering must be the greater; to the Author, as well as to them: But had they not better suffer, from these generous Tendernesses of their own Hearts, than from the Villainies of such Enemies, as they are here warned to avoid? Their Tears look beautifully, when they are shed for a Clarissa; but they would be a killing Sight to one, were they to be shed for themselves, upon falling into Distresses like hers.

I do not wonder, that in reading this Story, many of them should wish, that it might have ended less unfortunately. It is agreeable to the Tenderness and Goodness of their Hearts. The Author, no doubt, wished so too: But that could not be brought about, without taking away the Moral, or, at least, very much weakening the Force of it. The Business of this Work is to shew the Distresses of an almost innocent Sufferer, and the Villainies of a debauched Man, who wanted chiefly to pride himself in the Conquest of her. It/ /is all but one Story, with one Design; and the making the Lady fortunate in the End, would have varied the Fact, and undermined his Design. In a Picture that represents any melancholy Story, a good Painter will make the Sky all dark and cloudy; and cast a Gloom on every thing in it: If the Subject be gay, he gives a Brightness to all his Sky; and an Enlivening to all the Objects: But he will never confound these Characters; and give you a Picture that shall be sad in one half of it, and gay in the other. In this Work the Design is as much one, and the Colouring as much one, as they can be in a Picture; and to confuse either, would be the most ready way to spoil both.

Clarissa takes but one false Step in the whole Piece. She is impelled toward it, in general, by the strange Behaviour of her Family; and betrayed into it, at the

time, by the strange Contrivances of her Deceiver. But this single Step was of the utmost Consequence. It flings her into the Power of the most dangerous of Men; and that makes all the Remainder of her Life melancholy and distressed. This is the Lesson: And if it be a good one, the Force of it ought not to be weakened by her Recovering from all her Distresses, and growing quite happy again; which indeed would not only weaken, but intirely take away, all the Force that was intended to be given to it.

Yet if Clarissa be unfortunate, she is not miserable. She preserved her Innocence thro' all her Trials, after that one false Step: When she had no Comfort to expect in this World, she turns her Hopes and Confidence toward Heaven: Her Afflictions are soon ended, for the Course of this whole Affair (taking it from the very Beginning) is included within the Bounds of one Year: And she departs with Pleasure from a Life full of Trouble, to be rewarded without End. So that, tho' we are warned by Clarissa's Example, we have no Reason to be concerned at her Dissolution: Much more noble, and more to be admired, in her Steadiness, and just Conduct, then, than when she was caressed by all her Relations, in the Bloom of her unviolated Innocence, and busied in all the little endearing Offices of her good Nature, and good Sense. / /

* * * * *

All the Objections to the Design and Conduct of the History of =Clarissa=, which have seemed to carry any Weight in them, being, we presume, obviated in the PS. to this Work, we apprehend it will be only expected from us, on this Second Publication, that we exhibit some Particulars, which may help to shew the superiority of its Moral to any of the Morals of those Works of Invention, which have been offered to the Public under the Name of =Novel=, or =Romance=.

Now what a Romance usually professes to entertain us with, may be considered under Three General Heads; *Ridicule*; or, *Serious Adventures*; or, lastly, a *Mixture of both*.

It must be owned, that there are some Works under the First of these Heads, which have their Excellencies; Tho' we may be permitted to doubt, whether *Ridicule* is a proper Basis (without the Help of more solid Buttresses) whereon to build Instruction, whatever Delight it may administer to the Reader.

As to those Authors who have given us the *Serious*; some of them make use of a Style as horrid as their Matter: We may be excused mentioning their Names, in this Place, since, without Self-flattery, we may say, we disdain to appear on the same Page with them. We shall only observe in general, that they are far from being clear of the strained Metaphors, and unnatural Rants, of the old Romances,

whose enormous Volumes would be enough to terrify a Reader who sought only for Amusement, and not for Employment of his better to be employed Hours.

Between these two Extremes that something useful to the Cause of Religion and Virtue should be struck out, was the Author of Clarissa's Intent. Such an Intent has Two manifest Advantages over all other Works which of Invention ~that~ have yet appeared.

The First of these is, That, by the Work now presented to our Fair Readers, they may be instructed to render themselves superior to that *extravagant* Taste in Courtship, which was the prevailing Mode in Two or Three preceding Centuries; and from which the present, we are sorry to say, is not absolutely free.

The Second, That, by containing their Views *within the Bounds* of Nature and Reason, they may be sweetly, but insensibly, drawn to preserve a proper Dignity of Behaviour, whereby to awe the Presumption of the Bold and Forward: So that, while we behold them as Angels of Light, they would be pleased not to give too convincing Evidence of their *Fall* from that to a lower Character; a detestable one too, which will in a short time sink them as much in the Esteem of their flattering Admirers, as those very Deceivers had before persuaded them, that they were elevated above the common Lot of Mortality.

The Choice the Author has made, in this and a former Performance, of delivering the Sentiments of his Characters in their own Words, by way of Letters, has also Two principal Advantages, which we beg leave to specify. / /

In the First place, By this means every one is enabled to judge at first Sight, whether the respective Persons represented express themselves in a Style suitable to their Characters, or not, and may thus become a rational Critic on the Merit of the Piece.

Secondly, Those Characters sink deeper into the Mind of the Reader, and stamp there a perfect Idea of the very Turn of Thought, by which the Originals were actuated, and diversified from each other. This must greatly add to the Pleasure of reading, when a Gentleman or Lady can readily say, upon hearing a single Paragraph, "This is the accomplished =Clarissa=; This the spirited and friendly Miss =Howe=; This the supercilious Pedant =Brand=; This the humane and reclaiming =Belford=; This the daring, learned, witty, and thence dangerous Libertine =Lovelace=:" And so of the rest.

We need not insist on the evident Superiority of this Method to the dry Narrative; where the *Novelist* moves on, his own dull Pace, to the End of his Chapter and Book, interweaving impertinent Digressions, for fear the Reader's Patience should be exhausted by his tedious Dwelling on one Subject, in the same Style: Which may not unfitly be compared to the dead Tolling of a single Bell, in

Opposition to the wonderful Variety of Sounds, which constitute the Harmony of a Handel.

As the major Part of such Works as these might be *omitted*, to the greater Emolument of the Reader, if not of the Writer; so we have the Pleasure to acquaint the Public, that the contrary is true of the Work before us: For the Author has in this Edition *restored* several Passages, which, for Brevity, were omitted in the former. Such are the Instructions in Vol. III. p. ... given by Mr. Lovelace to his Four Friends on their first Visit to his *Goddess*, as he justly calls her, comparing her with the wretches he had so long been accustomed to: Which instructions are highly humorous and characteristical, and by being laid open may suggest proper Cautions to all who are likely to be engaged in justly suspected Company. Several other Inlargements and Alterations there are, which tend further to illustrate his Design, and to make it more generally useful. And as these will be presented to the Public without any additional Price, it is hoped they will come recommended on that score also, as well as for their evident Importance, when attentively perused; which it is presumed the whole Work should be, as containing Documents of Religion and Morality, which will probably lie hid to a careless or superficial Examiner: And this we speak of those Parts principally, which have least *Entertainment*, in the vulgar sense of the word.

An Objection remains to be answered; which is so minute, that it is therefore condemned to this last and lowest Place. / /

"Clarissa is too delicate." — The Author readily acknowleges [sic], that too delicate she is for the Hearts of such as, by Conformity to the loose Manners of the present Age, have confounded Purity with Prudery. But, for all this, it may be hoped, that the latter will rather endeavour to raise their Affections to =Clarissa's= virtuous Standard, than by striving to impeach her Character, effectually debase, if not violently tear up, the decisive Standard of Right and Wrong.

The just Detestation that injured Lady had of Lovelace's vile Attempt to corrupt her Mind as well as Person, was surely a sufficient Argument against uniting her untainted Purity (surely we may say so, since the Violation reached not her Soul) in Marriage with so gross a Violator; and must for ever continue in Force, till the eternal Differences of Vice and Virtue shall coalesce, and make one putrid Mass, a Chaos in the Moral and Intellectual World.

We have a remarkable, and in some Degree a parallel Case in Scripture; where we find, that the Rape of *Dinah* was revenged, cruelly revenged, by the Sons of Jacob. *Dinah*, like =Clarissa=, had Proposals of Marriage made to her by the Ravisher. But these were not thought sufficient to expunge the Stain upon a

Person of that Family, from which was to proceed the =Son= of Him whose eyes are purer than to behold Iniquity. Therefore a Massacre was made of the King Hamor, and his son Shechem; and their People were led into Captivity. The Answer of Simeon and Levi to their Father's Complaint of Cruelty was only this: *Should he deal with* =our Sister=, *as with an* =Harlot=?

The only Use we intend to make of this Passage is, to shew that it is no new thing, that a Violation of this sort should be desperately resented, as this was by the resolute =Morden=; however *new* it may be, that a young Lady should disdain the Villain, who had betrayed her Person, and soon after laid her Hopes, and the Hopes of all her flourishing Family, in the Dust of the Grave.

POSTSCRIPT

Referred to in the Preface.
IN WHICH
Several Objections that have been made, as well to the Catastrophe as to different Parts of the preceding History, are briefly considered.

The foregoing Work having been published at three different periods of time, the Author, in the course of its publication, was favoured with many anonymous Letters, in which the Writers differently expressed their wishes with regard to the apprehended catastrophe.

Most of those directed to him by the gentler Sex, turned in favour of what they called a *Fortunate Ending*. Some of the fair writers, enamoured, as they declared, with the character of the Heroine, were warmly solicitous to have her made happy:"And others, likewise of their mind, *insisted that Poetical Justice* required that it should be so. And when, says one ingenious Lady, whose undoubted motive was good-nature and humanity, it must be concluded, that it is in an author's power to make his piece end as he pleases, why should he not give pleasure rather than pain to the Reader whom he has interested in favour of his principal characters?

"Others, and some Gentlemen, declared against Tragedies in general, and in favour of Comedies, almost in the words of Lovelace, who was supported in his taste by all the women at Mrs. Sinclair's, and by Sinclair herself. 'I have too much *Feeling*, said he. There is enough in the world to make our hearts sad, without carrying grief into our diversions, and making the distresses of others our own.'

"And how was this happy ending to be brought about? Why by this very easy and trite expedient; to wit, by reforming Lovelace, and marrying him to Clarissa — Not, however, abating her one of her tryals, nor any of her sufferings [for the sake of the *sport* her distresses would give to the tender-hearted reader as she went along] the last outrage excepted: That indeed, partly in compliment to Lovelace himself, and partly for delicacy-sake, they were willing to spare her.

"But whatever were the fate of his work, the Author was resolved to take a different method. He always thought, that *sudden Conversions*, such especially, as were left to the candour of the Reader to *suppose* and *make out*, had neither *Art*, nor *Nature*, nor even *Probability*, in them; and that they were moreover of very *bad* example. To have a Lovelace for a series of years glory in his wickedness,

and think that he had nothing to do, but as an act of grace and favour to hold out his hand to receive that of the best of women, whenever he pleased, and to have it thought, that Marriage would be a sufficient amends for all his enormities to others, as well as to her; he could not bear that. Nor is Reformation, as he has shewn in another piece, to be secured by a fine face; by a passion that has sense for its object; nor by the goodness of a Wife's heart, or even example, if the heart of the Husband be not graciously touched by the Divine Finger.

"It will be seen by this time, that the Author had a great end in view. He has lived to see Scepticism and Infidelity openly avowed, and even endeavoured to be propagated from the *Press*: The great doctrines of the Gospel brought into question: Those of self-denial and mortification blotted out of the catalogue of christian virtues: And a taste even to wantonness for out-door pleasure and luxury, to the general exclusion of domestic as well as public virtue, industriously promoted among all ranks and degrees of people.

"In this general depravity, when even the Pulpit has lost great part of its weight, and the Clergy are considered as a body of *interested* men, the Author thought he should be able to answer it to his own heart, be the success what it would, if he threw in his mite towards introducing a Reformation so much wanted: And he imagined, that if in an age given up to diversion and entertainment, he could *steal in*, as may be said, and investigate the great doctrines of Christianity under the fashionable guise of an amusement; he should be most likely to serve his purpose; remembring that of the Poet:

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
"And turn delight into a sacrifice.

"He was resolved therefore to attempt something that never yet had been done. He considered, that the Tragic poets have as seldom made their heroes true objects of pity, as the Comic theirs laudable ones of imitation: And still more rarely have made them in their deaths look forward to a *future Hope*. And thus, when they die, they seem totally to perish. Death, in such instances, must appear terrible. It must be considered as the greatest evil. But why is Death set in shocking lights, when it is the universal lot?

"He has indeed thought fit to paint the death of the wicked as terrible as he could paint it. But he has endeavoured to draw that of the good in such an amiable manner, that the very Balaams of the world should not forbear to wish that their latter end might be like that of the Heroine.

"And after all, what is the *poetical justice* so much contended for by some, as the generality of writers have managed it," but another sort of dispensation than

that with which God, by Revelation, teaches us, He has thought fit to exercise mankind; whom placing here only in a state of probation, he hath so intermingled good and evil, as to necessitate us to look forward for a more equal dispensation of both.

The author of the History (or rather Dramatic Narrative) of Clarissa, is therefore well justified by the *Christian System*, in deferring to extricate suffering Virtue to the time in which it will meet with the *Completion* of its Reward.

But not absolutely to shelter the conduct observed in it under the sanction of Religion [an authority perhaps not of the greatest weight with some of our modern critics] it must be observed, that the author is justified in its Catastrophe by the greatest master of reason, and the best judge of composition, that ever lived. The learned Reader knows we must mean ARISTOTLE; whose sentiments in this matter we shall beg leave to deliver in the words of a very amiable writer of our own Country.

'The English writers of Tragedy, says Mr. Addison, are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies.

'This *error* they have been led into by a *ridiculous* doctrine in *Modern Criticism*, that they are obliged to an *equal distribution* of *rewards* and *punishments*, and an impartial execution of *poetical justice*.

'Who were the first that established this rule, I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in NATURE, in REASON, or in the PRACTICE OF THE ANTIENTS.

'We find, that good and evil happen alike unto ALL MEN on this side the grave: And as the principal design of Tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make Virtue and Innocence happy and successful.

'Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the *Body* of the Tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know, that, in the *last Act*, he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires.

'When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them, and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness.

'For this reason, the antient Writers of Tragedy treated men in their *Plays*, as they are dealt with in the *World*, by making Virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the Fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their Audience in the most agreeable manner.

‘Aristotle considers the Tragedies that were written in either of those kinds; and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the Prize, in the public disputes of the Stage, from those that ended happily.

‘Terror and Commiseration leave a *pleasing anguish* in the mind, and fix the Audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful, than any little transient Starts of Joy and Satisfaction.

‘Accordingly we find, that more of our English Tragedies have succeeded, in which the Favourites of the Audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them.

‘The best Plays of this kind are *The Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c.

‘King *Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the same kind, as Shakespeare wrote it: But as it is reformed according to the *chimerical notion* of POETICAL JUSTICE, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty.

‘At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, which have been framed upon the other Plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good Tragedies which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned Criticism, have taken this turn: As *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, with most of Mr. Dryden’s. I must also allow, that many of Shakespeare’s, and several of the celebrated Tragedies of Antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing Tragedies; but against the Criticism that would establish This as the *only* method; and by that means would very much cramp the English Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.’

‘This subject is further considered in a Letter to the Spectator.

“I find your opinion, says the author of it, concerning the late-invented *term called* Poetical Justice, is controverted by some eminent critics. I have drawn up some additional arguments to strengthen the opinion which you have there delivered; having endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter....

“The most perfect man has vices enough to draw down punishments upon his head, and to justify Providence in regard to any miseries that may befal him. For this reason I cannot think but that the instruction and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtuous in the main of his character falls into distress, and sinks under the blows of fortune, at the end of a Tragedy, than when he is represented as happy and triumphant. Such an example corrects the insolence of human nature, softens the mind of the beholder with sentiments of pity and compassion, comforts him under his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of

mens virtues by their successes. I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity so far raised above human infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a Tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and calamities. The Poet may still find out some prevailing passion or indiscretion in his character, and shew it in such a manner as will sufficiently acquit Providence of any injustice in his sufferings: For, as Horace observes, the best man is faulty, tho' not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious men.

"If such a strict *Poetical Justice* (proceeds the Letter-writer), as some gentlemen insist upon, were to be observed in this art, there is no manner of reason why it should not extend to heroic Poetry, as well as Tragedy. But we find it so little observed in Homer, that his Achilles is placed in the greatest point of glory and success, tho' his Character is morally vicious, and only *poetically* good, if I may use the phrase of our modern Critics. The *Æneid* is filled with innocent unhappy persons. Nisus and Euryalus, Lausus and Pallas, come all to unfortunate ends. The Poet takes notice in particular, that, in the sacking of Troy, Ripheus fell, who was the most just man among the Trojans:

" —— Cadit & Ripheus justissimus unus Qui fuit in Teucris, & servantissimus æqui. Diis aliter visum est. ——

"The gods thought fit. — So blameless Ripheus fell, Who lov'd fair Justice, and observ'd it well.

"And that Pantheus could neither be preserved by his transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of Apollo, whose priest he was:

" —— Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu, Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit. Æn. II.

"Nor could thy piety thee, Pantheus, save, Nor ev'n thy priesthood, from an early grave.

"I might here mention the practice of antient Tragic Poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is touched upon in the Paper above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in silence. I could produce passages out of Aristotle in favour of my opinion: And if in one place he says, that an absolutely virtuous man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justify any one who shall think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. Those who are acquainted with that author's way of writing, know very well, that to take the whole extent of his subject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of such cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice....

"I shall conclude, *says this gentleman*, with observing, that tho' the *Spectator* above-mentioned is so far against the rule of *Poetical Justice*, as to affirm, that good men may meet with an unhappy Catastrophe in Tragedy, it does not say, that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason for this distinction is very plain;

namely, because the best of men [as is said above] have faults enough to justify Providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befal them; but there are many men so criminal, that they can have no claim or pretence to happiness. The *best* of men may deserve punishment; but the *worst* of men cannot deserve happiness."

Mr. Addison, as we have seen above, tells us, that Aristotle, in considering the Tragedies that were written in either of the kinds, observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize, in the public disputes of the Stage, from those that ended happily. And we shall take leave to add, that this preference was given at a time when the entertainments of the Stage were committed to the care of the magistrates; when the prizes contended for were given by the State; when, of consequence, the emulation among writers was ardent; and when learning was at the highest pitch of glory in that renowned commonwealth.

It cannot be supposed, that the Athenians, in this their highest age of taste and politeness, were less humane, less tender-hearted, than we of the present. But they were not *afraid* of being moved, nor *ashamed* of shewing themselves to be so, at the distresses they saw well painted and represented. In short, they were of the opinion, with the wisest of men, *That it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth*; and had fortitude enough to trust themselves with their own generous grief, because they found their hearts mended by it.

Thus also Horace, and the politest Romans in the Augustan age, wished to be affected:

Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem, Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne; Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit, Irritat, mulcet; falsis terroribus implet, Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

Thus Englished by Mr. Pope:

Yet, lest you think I railly more than teach, Or praise malignly *Arts* I cannot reach, Let me, for once, presume t'instruct the times To know the *Poet* from the *Man of Rhymes*. 'Tis He who gives my breast a thousand pains, Can make me *feel* each passion that he feigns; Enrage — compose — with more than magic art, With *pity* and with *terror* tear my heart; And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air, To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Our fair readers are also desired to attend to what a celebrated Critic of a neighbouring nation says on the nature and design of Tragedy, from the rules laid down by the same great Antient.

‘Tragedy, says he, makes man *modest*, by representing the great masters of the earth humbled; and it makes him *tender* and *merciful*, by shewing him the *strange accidents of life*, and the *unforeseen disgraces* to which the most important persons are subject.

‘But because Man is naturally timorous and compassionate, he may fall into other extremes. Too much fear may shake his constancy of mind, and too much compassion may enfeeble his equity. ’Tis the business of Tragedy to regulate these two weaknesses. It prepares and arms him against *disgraces*, by shewing them so frequent in the most considerable persons; and he will cease to fear extraordinary accidents, when he sees them happen to the *highest* part of Mankind. And still more efficacious, we may add, the example will be, when he sees them happen to the *best*.

‘But as the end of Tragedy is to teach men not to fear too weakly *common misfortunes*, it proposes also to teach them to spare their compassion for objects that *deserve it*. For there is an *injustice* in being moved at the afflictions of those who *deserve to be miserable*. We may see, without pity, Clytemnestra slain by her son Orestes in Æschylus, because she had murdered Agamemnon her husband; yet we cannot see Hippolytus die by the plot of his Stepmother Phædra, in Euripides, without compassion, because he died not, but for being chaste and virtuous.’

‘These are the great authorities so favourable to the stories that end unhappily. And we beg leave to reinforce this inference from them, That if the temporary sufferings of the Virtuous and the Good can be accounted for and justified on Pagan principles, many more and infinitely stronger reasons will occur to a Christian Reader in behalf of what are called unhappy Catastrophes from the consideration of the doctrine of *future rewards*; which is every-where strongly inforced in the History of Clarissa.

‘Of this (to give but one instance) an ingenious Modern, distinguished by his rank, but much more for his excellent defence of some of the most important doctrines of Christianity, appears convinced in the conclusion of a pathetic *Monody*, lately published; in which, after he had deplored, as a man *without hope*, (expressing ourselves in the Scripture phrase) the loss of an excellent Wife; he thus consoles himself:

‘Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay, Nor dare th’ All-wise Disposer to arraign, Or against his supreme decree With impious grief complain. That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade, Was his most righteous Will: And be that Will obey’d.

‘Would thy fond love his grace to her controul, And in these low abodes of sin and pain Her pure, exalted soul, Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain? No — rather strive thy groveling mind to raise Up to that unclouded blaze, That heav’nly radiance of eternal light, In which enthroned she now with pity sees How frail, how insecure, how slight Is ev’ry mortal bliss.

‘But of infinitely greater weight than all that has been above produced on this subject, are the words of the Psalmist.

“As for me, says he, my feet were almost gone, my step had well-nigh slipt: For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For their strength is firm: They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men — Their eyes stand out with fatness: They have more than their heart could wish — Verily I have cleansed mine heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence; for all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me. Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end — Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.’

‘This is the Psalmist’s comfort and dependence. And shall man, presuming to alter the common course of nature, and, so far as he is able, to elude the tenure by which frail mortality indispensibly holds, imagine, that he can make a better dispensation; and by calling it *Poetical Justice*, indirectly reflect on the *Divine*?

The more pains have been taken to obviate the objections arising from the notion of *Poetical Justice*, as the doctrine built upon it had obtained general credit among us; and as it must be confessed to have the appearance of *humanity* and good-nature for its supports. And yet the writer of the History of Clarissa is humbly of opinion, that he might have been excused referring to them for the vindication of *his* Catastrophe, even by those who are advocates for the contrary opinion; since the notion of *Poetical Justice*, founded on the *modern rules*, has hardly ever been more strictly observed in works of this nature, than in the present performance.

For, Is not Mr. Lovelace, who could persevere in his villainous views, against the strongest and most frequent convictions and remorses that ever were sent to awaken and reclaim a wicked man — Is not this great, this *wilful* transgressor, condignly *punished*; and his punishment brought on thro’ the intelligence of the very Joseph Leman whom he had corrupted; and by means of the very women whom he had debauched — Is not Mr. Belton, who has an Uncle’s *hastened* death to answer for — Are not the *whole* Harlowe-family — Is not the vile Tomlinson — Are not the infamous Sinclair, and her *wretched partners* — And even the wicked *Servants*, who, with their eyes open, contributed their parts to the carrying

on of the vile schemes of their respective principals — Are they not All likewise exemplarily punished?

On the other hand, Is not Miss HOWE, for her noble friendship to the exalted Lady in her calamities — Is not Mr. HICKMAN, for his unexceptionable morals, and integrity of life — Is not the repentant and not ungenerous BELFORD — Is not the worthy NORTON — *made signally happy*?

And who that are in earnest in their profession of Christianity, but will rather envy than regret the triumphant death of CLARISSA; whose piety, from her *early childhood*; whose diffusive charity; whose steady virtue; whose Christian humility; whose forgiving spirit; whose meekness, and resignation, HEAVEN *only* could reward?

"We shall now, according to expectation given in the *Preface* to this Edition, proceed to take brief notice of such other objections as have come to our knowlege: For as is there said, 'This Work being addressed to the Public as an History of *Life* and *Manners*, those parts of it which are proposed to carry with them the force of Example, ought to be as unobjectible as is consistent with the *design of the whole*, and with *human Nature*.'

"Several persons have censured the Heroine as too cold in her love, too haughty, and even sometimes provoking. But we may presume to say, that this objection has arisen from want of attention to the Story, to the Character of Clarissa, and to her particular situation.

"It was not intended that she should be *in Love*, but *in Liking* only, if that expression may be admitted. It is meant to be every-where inculcated in the Story, for Example-sake, that she never would have married Mr. Lovelace, because of his immoralities, had she been left to herself; and that her ruin was principally owing to the persecutions of her friends.

"What is too generally called *Love*, ought (perhaps *as* generally) to be called by another name. *Cupidity*, or a *Paphian Stimulus*, as some women, even of condition, have acted, are not words too harsh to be substituted on the occasion, however grating they may be to delicate ears. But take the word *Love* in the gentlest and most honourable sense, it would have been thought by some highly improbable, that Clarissa should have been able to shew such a command of her passions, as makes so distinguishing a part of her Character, had she been as violently in Love, as certain warm and fierce spirits would have had her to be. A few Observations are thrown in by way of Note in the present Edition, at proper places, to obviate this Objection, or rather to bespeak the *Attention* of hasty Readers to what lies obviously before them. For thus the Heroine anticipates this very Objection, expostulating with Miss Howe, on her contemptuous treatment of

Mr. Hickman; which [far from being guilty of the same fault herself] she did on all occasions, and declares she would do, whenever Miss Howe forgot herself, altho' she had not a day to live:

"'O my dear, says she, that it had been my Lot (as I was not permitted to live single) to have met with a man, by whom I *could* have acted generously and unreservedly!

"'Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a pretence against me, taxed my behaviour to him with stiffness and distance. You, at one time, thought me guilty of some degree of Prudery. Difficult situations should be allowed for; which often make seeming occasions for censure unavoidable. I deserved not blame from *him*, who made mine difficult. And if I had had any other man to deal with than Mr. Lovelace, or had he had but half the merit which Mr Hickman has, you, my Dear, should have found, that my Doctrine, on this Subject, should have governed my Practice.' See this whole Letter; See also Mr. Lovelace's Letter Nº lxxvii. Vol. VII. . & seq. where, just before his Death, he entirely acquits her conduct on this head.

"It has been thought by some worthy and ingenious persons, that if Lovelace had been drawn an *Infidel* or *Scoffer*, his Character, according to the Taste of the present worse than Sceptical Age, would have been more natural. It is, however, too well known, that there are very many persons, of his Cast, whose actions discredit their belief. And are not the very Devils, in Scripture, said to *believe* and *tremble*?

"But the Reader must have observed, that great, and, it is hoped, good Use, has been made throughout the Work, by drawing Lovelace an Infidel only in *Practice*; and this as well in the arguments of his friend Belford, as in his own frequent Remorses, when touched with temporary Compunction, and in his last Scenes; which could not have been made, had either of them been painted as *sentimental* Unbelievers. Not to say, that Clarissa, whose great Objection to Mr. Wyerly was, that he was a Scoffer, must have been inexcusable had she known Lovelace to be so, and had given the least attention to his Addresses. On the contrary, thus she comforts herself, when she thinks she must be his— 'This one consolation, however, remains: He is not an Infidel, an Unbeliever. Had he been an Infidel, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; but (priding himself as he does in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a Savage.' And it must be observed, that Scoffers are too witty in their own opinion; in other words, value themselves too much upon their profligacy, to aim at concealing it.

"Besides, had Lovelace added ribbald jests upon Religion, to his other liberties, the freedoms which would then have passed between him and his friend,

must have been of a nature truly infernal. And this farther hint was meant to be given, by way of inference, that the man who allowed himself in those liberties either of speech or action, which Lovelace thought shameful, was so far a worse man than Lovelace. For this reason is he every-where made to treat jests on sacred things and subjects, even down to the Mythology of the Pagans, among Pagans, as undoubted marks of the ill-breeding of the jesters; obscene images and talk, as liberties too shameful for even Rakes to allow themselves in; and injustice to creditors, and in matters of *Meum* and *Tuum*, as what it was beneath him to be guilty of.

"Some have objected to the meekness, to the tameness, as they will have it to be, of the character of Mr. Hickman. And yet Lovelace owns, that he rose upon him with great spirit in the interview between them; once, when he thought a reflection was but implied on *Miss Howe*; and another time, when he imagined *himself* treated contemptuously. Miss Howe, it must be owned (tho' not to the credit of her own character) treats him ludicrously on several occasions. But so she does her Mother. And perhaps a Lady of her lively turn would have treated as whimsically any man but a Lovelace. Mr. Belford speaks of him with honour and respect. So does Colonel Morden. And so does Clarissa on every occasion. And all that Miss Howe herself says of him, tends more to his reputation than discredit, as Clarissa indeed tells her.

"And as to Lovelace's treatment of him, the Reader must have observed, that it was his way to treat every man with contempt, partly by way of self exaltation, and partly to gratify the natural gaiety of his disposition. He says himself to Belford, 'Thou knowest I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not, we cannot allow a merit to; perhaps not the merit they should be granted.' 'Modest and diffident men,' writes Belford, to Lovelace, in praise of Mr. Hickman, 'wear not soon off those little precisenesses, which the confident, if ever they had them, presently get over.'

"But, as Miss Howe treats her Mother as freely as she does her Lover; so does Mr. Lovelace take still greater liberties with Mr. Belford, than he does with Mr. Hickman, with respect to his person, air, and address, as Mr. Belford himself hints to Mr. Hickman. And yet he is not so readily believed to the discredit of Mr. Belford, by the Ladies in general, as he is when he disparages Mr. Hickman. Whence can this partiality arise? —

"Mr. Belford had been a Rake: But was in a way of reformation.

"Mr. Hickman had always been a good man.

"*And Lovelace* confidently says, *That the women love a man whose regard for them is founded in the knowlege of them*.

“Nevertheless, it must be owned, that it was not proposed to draw Mr. Hickman, as the man of whom the Ladies in general were likely to be very fond. Had it been so, *Goodness of heart*, and *Gentleness of manners*, *great Assiduity*, and *inviolable* and *modest* Love, would not of themselves have been supposed sufficient recommendations. He would not have been allowed the least share of *preciseness* or *formality*, altho’ those defects might have been imputed to his reverence for the object of his passion: But in his character it was designed to shew, that the same man could not be every-thing; and to intimate to Ladies, that in chusing companions for life, they should rather prefer the honest heart of a Hickman, which would be all their own, than to risque the chance of sharing, perhaps with scores, (and some of those probably the most profligate of the Sex) the volatile mischievous one of a Lovelace: In short, that they should chuse, if they wished for durable happiness, for rectitude of mind, and not for speciousness of person or address: Nor make a jest of a good man in favour of a bad one, who would make a jest of them and of their whole Sex.

“Two Letters, however, by way of accommodation, are inserted in this edition, which perhaps will give Mr. Hickman’s character some heightening with such Ladies, as love spirit in a man; and had rather suffer by it, than not meet with it. —

Women, born to be controul’d, Stoop to the Forward and the Bold,
Says Waller — And Lovelace too!

“Some have wished that the Story had been told in the usual narrative way of telling Stories designed to amuse and divert, and not in Letters written by the respective persons whose history is given in them. The author thinks he ought not to prescribe to the taste of others; but imagined himself at liberty to follow his own. He perhaps mistrusted his talents for the narrative kind of writing. He had the good fortune to succeed in the Epistolary way once before. A Story in which so many persons were concerned either principally or collaterally, and of characters and dispositions so various, carried on with tolerable connexion and perspicuity, in a series of Letters from different persons, without the aid of digressions and episodes foreign to the principal end and design, he thought had novelty to be pleaded for it: And that, in the present age, he supposed would not be a slight recommendation.

“But besides what has been said above, and in the *Preface*, on this head, the following opinion of an ingenious and candid Foreigner, on this manner of writing, may not be improperly inserted here.

“‘The method which the Author has pursued in the History of Clarissa, is the same as in the Life of Pamela: Both are related in familiar Letters by the parties themselves, at the very time in which the events happened: And this method has

given the author great advantages, which he could not have drawn from any other species of narration. The minute particulars of events, the sentiments and conversation of the parties, are, upon this plan, exhibited with all the warmth and spirit, that the passion supposed to be predominant at the very time, could produce, and with all the distinguishing characteristics which memory can supply in a History of recent transactions.

"'Romances in general, and Marivaux's amongst others, are wholly improbable; because they suppose the History to be written after the series of events is closed by the catastrophe: A circumstance which implies a strength of memory beyond all example and probability in the persons concerned, enabling them, at the distance of several years, to relate all the particulars of a transient conversation: Or rather, it implies a yet more improbable confidence and familiarity between all these persons and the author.

"'There is, however, one difficulty attending the Epistolary method; for it is necessary, that all the characters should have an uncommon taste for this kind of conversation, and that they should suffer no event, nor even a remarkable conversation, to pass, without immediately committing it to writing. But for the preservation of the Letters *once written*, the author has provided with great judgment, so as to render this circumstance highly probable.'

"It is presumed that what this gentleman says of the difficulties attending a Story thus given in the Epistolary manner of writing, will not be found to reach the History before us. It is very well accounted for in it, how the two principal Female characters come to take so great a delight in writing. Their subjects are not merely subjects of amusement; but greatly interesting to both: Yet many Ladies there are who now laudably correspond, when at distance from each other, on occasions that far less affect their mutual welfare and friendships, than those treated of by these Ladies. The two principal gentlemen had motives of gaiety and vain-glory for their inducements. It will generally be found, that persons who have talents for familiar writeing, as these correspondents are presumed to have, will not forbear amusing themselves with their pens, on less arduous occasions than what offer to these. These Four (whose Stories have a connexion with each other) out of a great number of characters which are introduced in this History, are only eminent in the Epistolary way: The rest appear but as occasional writers, and as drawn in rather by necessity than choice, from the different relations in which they stand with the four principal persons."

The Length of the piece has been objected to by some, who perhaps looked upon it as a mere *Novel* or *Romance*; and yet of *these* there are not wanting works of equal length.

They were of opinion, that the Story moved too slowly, particularly in the first and second Volumes, which are chiefly taken up with the Altercations between Clarissa and the several persons of her Family.

But is it not true, that those Altercations are the Foundation of the whole, and therefore a necessary part of the work? The Letters and Conversations, where the Story makes the slowest progress, are presumed to be *characteristic*. They give occasion likewise to suggest many interesting *Personalities*, in which a good deal of the instruction essential to a work of this nature is conveyed. And it will, moreover, be remembered, that the Author, at his first setting out, apprised the Reader, that the Story (interesting as it is generally allowed to be) was to be principally looked upon as the Vehicle to the Instruction.

To all which we may add, that there was frequently a necessity to be very circumstantial and minute, in order to preserve and maintain that Air of Probability, which is necessary to be maintained in a Story designed to represent real Life; and which is rendered extremely busy and active by the plots and contrivances formed and carried on by one of the principal Characters.

'Some there are, and Ladies too! who have supposed that the excellencies of the Heroine are carried to an improbable, and even to an impracticable height, in this History. But the education of Clarissa from *early childhood* ought to be considered, as one of her very great advantages; as, indeed, the foundation of *all* her excellencies: And it is hoped, for the sake of the doctrine designed to be inculcated by it, that it will.

'She had a pious, a well-read, a not meanly descended woman for her Nurse, who with her milk, as Mrs. Harlowe says, gave her that nurture which no other Nurse could give her. She was very early happy in the conversation-visits of her learned and worthy Dr. Lewen, and in her correspondencies, not with him only, but with other Divines mentioned in her last Will. Her Mother was, upon the whole, a good woman; who did credit to her birth and her fortune, and was able to instruct her in her early youth: Her Father was not a free-living, or free-principled man; in the conversation-visits of her learned and worthy Dr. Lewen, and in her correspondencies, not with him only, but with other Divines mentioned in her lat Will. Her *Mother* was, upon the whole, a good woman, who did credit to her birth and her fortune; and *both* delighted in her for those improvements and attainments, which gave her, *and them in her*, a distinction that caused it to be said, that when she was out of the family, it was considered but as a common family. She was moreover a Country Lady; and, as we have seen in Miss Howe's character of her, took great delight in rural and houshold employments; tho' qualified to adorn the brightest circle.

‘It must be confessed, that we are not to look for Clarissa’s *among the* constant frequenters of Ranelagh and Vaux-hall, nor among those who may be called Daughters of the Card-table. If we do, the character of our Heroine may then indeed be justly thought not only improbable, but unattainable. But we have neither room in this place, nor inclination, to pursue a subject so invidious. We quit it therefore, after we have *repeated*, that we *know* there are *some*, and we *hope* there are *many*, in the British dominions [or they are hardly any-where in the European world] who, as far as *occasion* has called upon them to exert the like *humble* and *modest*, yet *steady* and *useful*, virtues, have reached the perfections of a Clarissa.

* * * * *

‘Having thus briefly taken notice of the most material objections that have been made to different parts of this History, it is hoped we may be allowed to add, That had we thought ourselves at liberty to give copies of some of the many Letters that have been written on the other side of the question, that is to say, in approbation of the Catastrophe, and of the general Conduct and Execution of the work, by some of the most eminent judges of composition in every branch of Literature; most of what has been written in this Postscript might have been spared.

‘But as the principal objection with many has lain against the length of the piece, we shall add to what we have said above on that subject, in the words of one of those eminent writers: ‘That, *If*, in the History before us, it shall be found, that the Spirit is *duly diffused throughout*; that the Characters are *various and natural*; *well distinguished* and *uniformly supported* and *maintained*: *If* there be a *variety of incidents* sufficient to excite Attention, and those so conducted, as to keep the Reader always awake; the Length then must add proportionably to the pleasure that every Person of Taste receives from a well-drawn Picture of Nature. But where the contrary of all these qualities shock the understanding, the extravagant performance will be judged tedious, tho’ no longer than a Fairy-Tale.’

NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, a young lady of great beauty and merit.
ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. her admirer.
JAMES HARLOWE, ESQ. father of Clarissa.
MRS. HARLOWE, his lady.
JAMES HARLOWE, their only son.
ARABELLA, their elder daughter.
JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ. elder brother of James Harlowe, sen.
ANTONY HARLOWE, third brother.
ROGER SOLMES, ESQ. an admirer of Clarissa, favoured by her friends.
MRS. HERVEY, half-sister of Mrs. Harlowe.
MISS DOLLY HERVEY, her daughter.
MRS. JUDITH NORTON, a woman of great piety and discretion, who had a principal share in the education of Clarissa.
COL. WM. MORDEN, a near relation of the Harlowes.
MISS HOWE, the most intimate friend, companion, and correspondent of Clarissa.
MRS. HOWE, her mother.
CHARLES HICKMAN, ESQ. an admirer of Miss Howe.
LORD M., uncle to Mr. Lovelace.
LADY SARAH SADLEIR, LADY BETTY LAWRANCE, half-sisters of Lord M.
MISS CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, MISS PATTY MONTAGUE, nieces of the same nobleman.
DR. LEWEN, a worthy divine.
MR. ELIAS BRAND, a pedantic young clergyman.
DR. H. a humane physician.
MR. GODDARD, an honest and skilful apothecary.
JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. Mr. Lovelace's principal intimate and confidant.
RICHARD MOWBRAY, THOMAS DOLEMAN, JAMES TOURVILLE, THOMAS BELTON, ESQRS. libertine friends of Mr. Lovelace.
MRS. MOORE, a widow, keeping a lodging-house at Hampstead.
MISS RAWLINS, a notable young gentlewoman there.
MRS. BEVIS, a lively young widow of the same place.
MRS. SINCLAIR, the pretended name of a private brothel-keeper in London.
CAPTAIN TOMLINSON, the assumed name of a vile pander to the debaucheries of Mr. Lovelace.

SALLY MARTIN, POLLY HORTON, assistants of, and partners with, the infamous Sinclair.

DORCAS WYKES, an artful servant at the vile house.

DETAILED LETTER CONTENTS

LETTER I. Miss Howe to Miss Clarissa Harlowe. — Desires from her the particulars of the rencounter between Mr. Lovelace and her brother; and of the usage she receives upon it: also the whole of her story from the time Lovelace was introduced as a suitor to her sister Arabella. Admires her great qualities, and glories in the friendship between them.

LETTER II. III. IV. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Gives the requested particulars. Together with the grounds of her brother's and sister's il-will to her; and of the animosity between her brother and Lovelace. — Her mother connives at the private correspondence between her and Lovelace, for the sake of preventing greater evils. Character of Lovelace, from an enemy. — Copy of the preamble to her grandfather's will.

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LETTER XXVII. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Advises her to resume her estate. Her satirical description of Solmes. Rallies her on her curiosity to know what opinion Lord M. and his family have of her. Ascribes to the difference in each of their tempers their mutual love. Gives particulars of a conversation between her mother and her on Clarissa's case. Reflects on the Harlowe family, and particularly on Mrs. Harlowe, for her passiveness.

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LETTER XXIX. From the same. — Her expostulatory letter to her brother and sister. Their answers.

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LETTER XXXII. XXXIII. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Copies of her letters to her two uncles; and of their characteristic answer. — Her expostulatory letter to Solmes. His answer. — An insolent letter from her brother, on her writing to Solmes.

LETTER XXXIV. Lovelace to Belford. — He directs him to come down to him. For what end. Description of the poor inn he puts up at in disguise; and of the

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LETTER XXXV. From the same. — His artful contrivances and dealings with Joseph Leman. His revenge and his love uppermost by turns. If the latter succeeds not, he vows that the Harlowes shall feel the former, although for it he become an exile from his country forever. He will throw himself into Clarissa's presence in the woodhouse. If he thought he had no prospect of her favour, he would attempt to carry her off: that, he says, would be a rape worthy of a Jupiter. The arts he is resolved to practise when he sees her, in order to engage her future reliance upon his honour.

LETTER XXXVI. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Lovelace, in disguise, surprises her in the woodhouse. Her terrors on first seeing him. He greatly engages her confidence (as he had designed) by his respectful behaviour.

LETTER XXXVII. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — After rallying her on her not readily owning the passion which she supposes she has for Lovelace, she desires to know how far she thinks him eligible for his best qualities, how far rejectable for his worst.

LETTER XXXVIII. XXXIX. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — She disclaims tyranny to a man who respects her. Her unhappy situation to be considered, in which the imputed love is held by her parents to be an undutiful, and therefore a criminal passion, and where the supposed object of it is a man of faulty morals. Is interrupted by a visit from Mrs. Norton, who is sent up to her to influence her in Solmes's favour. An affecting conversation between them. What passes upon it, and after it.

LETTER XL. From the same. — Resumes the requested subject. What sort of man she could have preferred to Mr. Lovelace. Arguments she has used to herself in his favour, and in his disfavour. Frankly owns that were he now a moral man, she would prefer him to all the men she ever saw. Yet is persuaded, that she could freely give up the one man to get rid of the other, as she had offered to her friends. Her delicacy affected by Miss Howe's raillery; and why. Gives her opinion of the force which figure or person may be allowed to have upon her sex.

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LETTER XLII. From the same. — A very warm dialogue between her sister and her. Her sister's envy, unnatural behaviour, and violence. Clarissa sends down proposals in writing to her friends, and a letter to her brother. His insolent answer; in which he tells her, that her proposal will be considered in full assembly next morning; but that, if they shall be complied with, he will retire to Scotland, and never more return to Harlowe-place.

LETTER XLIII. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Hardly doubts but her proposals will be accepted. Paints to herself, as her relations arrive one by one, what their deliberations, and the result of them will be, when they are all assembled. Her proposals rejected. Her sister's cruel insults on the occasion produce another warm dialogue between them. Her sister leaves her in a fury. She is greatly disturbed at the contents of a letter from Lovelace.

LETTER XLIV. From the same. — Her aunt Hervey, accompanied by her sister, makes her a visit. Farther insults from her sister. Her aunt's fruitless pleas in Solmes's favour.

LETTER I

MISS ANNA HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE JAN 10.

I am extremely concerned, my dearest friend, for the disturbance that have happened in your family. I know how it must hurt you to become the subject of the public talk: and yet, upon an occasion so generally known, it is impossible but that whatever relates to a young lady, whose distinguished merits have made her the public care, should engage every body's attention. I long to have the particulars from yourself; and of the usage I am told you receive upon an accident you could not help; and in which, as far as I can learn, the sufferer was the aggressor.

Mr. Diggs, the surgeon, whom I sent for at the first hearing of the rencounter, to inquire, for your sake, how your brother was, told me, that there was no danger from the wound, if there were none from the fever; which it seems has been increased by the perturbation of his spirits.

Mr. Wyerley drank tea with us yesterday; and though he is far from being partial to Mr. Lovelace, as it may well be supposed, yet both he and Mr. Symmes blame your family for the treatment they gave him when he went in person to inquire after your brother's health, and to express his concern for what had happened.

They say, that Mr. Lovelace could not avoid drawing his sword: and that either your brother's unskilfulness or passion left him from the very first pass entirely in his power.

This, I am told, was what Mr. Lovelace said upon it; retreating as he spoke: 'Have a care, Mr. Harlowe — your violence puts you out of your defence. You give me too much advantage. For your sister's sake, I will pass by every thing: — if—'

But this the more provoked his rashness, to lay himself open to the advantage of his adversary — who, after a slight wound given him in the arm, took away his sword.

There are people who love not your brother, because of his natural imperiousness and fierce and uncontroulable temper: these say, that the young gentleman's passion was abated on seeing his blood gush plentifully down his arm; and that he received the generous offices of his adversary (who helped him off with his coat and waistcoat, and bound up his arm, till the surgeon could come,) with such patience, as was far from making a visit afterwards from that adversary, to inquire after his health, appear either insulting or improper.

Be this as it may, every body pities you. So steady, so uniform in your conduct: so desirous, as you always said, of sliding through life to the end of it unnoted; and, as I may add, not wishing to be observed even for your silent benevolence; sufficiently happy in the noble consciousness which attends it: Rather useful than glaring, your deserved motto; though now, to your regret, pushed into blaze, as I may say: and yet blamed at home for the faults of others — how must such a virtue suffer on every hand! — yet it must be allowed, that your present trial is but proportioned to your prudence.

As all your friends without doors are apprehensive that some other unhappy event may result from so violent a contention, in which it seems the families on both sides are now engaged, I must desire you to enable me, on the authority of your own information, to do you occasional justice.

My mother, and all of us, like the rest of the world, talk of nobody but you on this occasion, and of the consequences which may follow from the resentments of a man of Mr. Lovelace's spirit; who, as he gives out, has been treated with high indignity by your uncles. My mother will have it, that you cannot now, with any decency, either see him, or correspond with him. She is a good deal prepossessed by your uncle Antony; who occasionally calls upon us, as you know; and, on this rencounter, has represented to her the crime which it would be in a sister to encourage a man who is to wade into her favour (this was his expression) through the blood of her brother.

Write to me therefore, my dear, the whole of your story from the time that Mr. Lovelace was first introduced into your family; and particularly an account of all that passed between him and your sister; about which there are different reports; some people scrupling not to insinuate that the younger sister has stolen a lover from the elder: and pray write in so full a manner as may satisfy those who know not so much of your affairs as I do. If anything unhappy should fall out from the violence of such spirits as you have to deal with, your account of all things previous to it will be your best justification.

You see what you draw upon yourself by excelling all your sex. Every individual of it who knows you, or has heard of you, seems to think you answerable to her for your conduct in points so very delicate and concerning.

Every eye, in short, is upon you with the expectation of an example. I wish to heaven you were at liberty to pursue your own methods: all would then, I dare say, be easy, and honourably ended. But I dread your directors and directresses; for your mother, admirably well qualified as she is to lead, must submit to be led. Your sister and brother will certainly put you out of your course.

But this is a point you will not permit me to expatiate upon: pardon me therefore, and I have done. — Yet, why should I say, pardon me? when your

concerns are my concerns? when your honour is my honour? when I love you, as never woman loved another? and when you have allowed of that concern and of that love; and have for years, which in persons so young may be called many, ranked in the first class of your friends,

Your ever grateful and affectionate, ANNA HOWE?

Will you oblige me with a copy of the preamble to the clauses in your grandfather's will in your favour; and allow me to send it to my aunt Harman? — She is very desirous to see it. Yet your character has so charmed her, that, though a stranger to you personally, she assents to the preference given you in that will, before she knows the testator's reasons for giving you that preference.

LETTER II

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE HARLOWE-PLACE, JAN. 13.

How you oppress me, my dearest friend, with your politeness! I cannot doubt your sincerity; but you should take care, that you give me not reason from your kind partiality to call in question your judgment. You do not distinguish that I take many admirable hints from you, and have the art to pass them upon you for my own: for in all you do, in all you say, nay, in your very looks (so animated!) you give lessons to one who loves you and observes you as I love you and observe you, without knowing that you do — So pray, my dear, be more sparing of your praise for the future, lest after this confession we should suspect that you secretly intend to praise yourself, while you would be thought only to commend another.

Our family has indeed been strangely discomposed. — Discomposed! — It has been in tumults, ever since the unhappy transaction; and I have borne all the blame; yet should have had too much concern from myself, had I been more justly spared by every one else.

For, whether it be owing to a faulty impatience, having been too indulgently treated to be inured to blame, or to the regret I have to hear those censured on my account, whom it is my duty to vindicate; I have sometimes wished, that it had pleased God to have taken me in my last fever, when I had every body's love and good opinion; but oftener that I had never been distinguished by my grandfather as I was: since that distinction has estranged from me my brother's and sister's affections; at least, has raised a jealousy with regard to the apprehended favour of my two uncles, that now-and-then overshadows their love.

My brother being happily recovered of his fever, and his wound in a hopeful way, although he has not yet ventured abroad, I will be as particular as you desire in the little history you demand of me. But heaven forbid that any thing should ever happen which may require it to be produced for the purpose you mention!

I will begin, as you command, with Mr. Lovelace's address to my sister; and be as brief as possible. I will recite facts only; and leave you to judge of the truth of the report raised, that the younger sister has robbed the elder.

It was in pursuance of a conference between Lord M. and my uncle Antony, that Mr. Lovelace [my father and mother not forbidding] paid his respect to my sister Arabella. My brother was then in Scotland, busying himself in viewing the condition of the considerable estate which was left him there by his generous godmother, together with one as considerable in Yorkshire. I was also absent at

my Dairy-house, as it is called,* busied in the accounts relating to the estate which my grandfather had the goodness to devise to me; and which once a year was left to my inspection, although I have given the whole into my father's power.

* Her grandfather, in order to invite her to him as often as her other friends would spare her, indulged her in erecting and fitting up a diary-house in her own taste. When finished, it was so much admired for its elegant simplicity and convenience, that the whole seat (before, of old time, from its situation, called The Grove) was generally known by the name of The Dairy-house. Her grandfather in particular was fond of having it so called.

My sister made me a visit there the day after Mr. Lovelace had been introduced; and seemed highly pleased with the gentleman. His birth, his fortune in possession, a clear 2000L. a year, as Lord M. had assured my uncle; presumptive heir to that nobleman's large estate: his great expectations from Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrence; who with his uncle interested themselves very warmly (he being the last of his line) to see him married.

'So handsome a man! — O her beloved Clary!' (for then she was ready to love me dearly, from the overflowings of her good humour on his account!) 'He was but too handsome a man for her! — Were she but as amiable as somebody, there would be a probability of holding his affections! — For he was wild, she heard; very wild, very gay; loved intrigue — but he was young; a man of sense: would see his error, could she but have patience with his faults, if his faults were not cured by marriage!'

Thus she ran on; and then wanted me 'to see the charming man,' as she called him. — Again concerned, 'that she was not handsome enough for him;' with, 'a sad thing, that the man should have the advantage of the woman in that particular!' — But then, stepping to the glass, she complimented herself, 'That she was very well: that there were many women deemed passable who were inferior to herself: that she was always thought comely; and comeliness, let her tell me, having not so much to lose as beauty had, would hold, when that would evaporate or fly off: — nay, for that matter,' [and again she turned to the glass] 'her features were not irregular; her eyes not at all amiss.' And I remember they were more than usually brilliant at that time.— 'Nothing, in short, to be found fault with, though nothing very engaging she doubted — was there, Clary.'

Excuse me, my dear, I never was thus particular before; no, not to you. Nor would I now have written thus freely of a sister, but that she makes a merit to my brother of disowning that she ever liked him; as I shall mention hereafter: and

then you will always have me give you minute descriptions, nor suffer me to pass by the air and manner in which things are spoken that are to be taken notice of; rightly observing, that air and manner often express more than the accompanying words.

I congratulated her upon her prospects. She received my compliments with a great deal of self-complacency.

She liked the gentleman still more at his next visit; and yet he made no particular address to her, although an opportunity was given him for it. This was wondered at, as my uncle has introduced him into our family declaredly as a visitor to my sister. But as we are ever ready to make excuses when in good humour with ourselves for the perhaps not unwilful slights of those whose approbation we wish to engage; so my sister found out a reason much to Mr. Lovelace's advantage for his not improving the opportunity that was given him. — It was bashfulness, truly, in him. [Bashfulness in Mr. Lovelace, my dear!] — Indeed, gay and lively as he is, he has not the look of an impudent man. But, I fancy, it is many, many years ago since he was bashful.

Thus, however, could my sister make it out— 'Upon her word, she believed Mr. Lovelace deserved not the bad character he had as to women. — He was really, to her thinking, a modest man. He would have spoken out, she believed; but once or twice as he seemed to intend to do so, he was under so agreeable a confusion! Such a profound respect he seemed to shew her! A perfect reverence, she thought: she loved dearly that a man in courtship should shew a reverence to his mistress' — So indeed we all do, I believe: and with reason; since, if I may judge from what I have seen in many families, there is little enough of it shewn afterwards. — And she told my aunt Hervey, that she would be a little less upon the reserve next time he came: 'She was not one of those flirts, not she, who would give pain to a person that deserved to be well-treated; and the more pain for the greatness of his value for her.' — I wish she had not somebody whom I love in her eye.

In his third visit, Bella governed herself by this kind and considerate principle: so that, according to her own account of the matter, the man might have spoken out. — But he was still bashful: he was not able to overcome this unseasonable reverence. So this visit went off as the former.

But now she began to be dissatisfied with him. She compared his general character with this his particular behaviour to her; and having never been courted before, owned herself puzzled how to deal with so odd a lover. 'What did the man mean, she wondered? Had not her uncle brought him declaredly as a suitor to her? — It could not be bashfulness (now she thought of it) since he might have opened his mind to her uncle, if he wanted courage to speak directly to her. — Not that

she cared much for the man neither: but it was right, surely, that a woman should be put out of doubt early as to a man's intentions in such a case as this, from his own mouth. — But, truly, she had begun to think, that he was more solicitous to cultivate her mamma's good opinion, than hers! — Every body, she owned, admired her mother's conversation; but he was mistaken if he thought respect to her mother only would do with her. And then, for his own sake, surely he should put it into her power to be complaisant to him, if he gave her reason to approve of him. This distant behaviour, she must take upon herself to say, was the more extraordinary, as he continued his visits, and declared himself extremely desirous to cultivate a friendship with the whole family; and as he could have no doubt about her sense, if she might take upon her to join her own with the general opinion; he having taken great notice of, and admired many of her good things as they fell from her lips. Reserves were painful, she must needs say, to open and free spirits, like hers: and yet she must tell my aunt,' (to whom all this was directed) 'that she should never forget what she owed to her sex, and to herself, were Mr. Lovelace as unexceptionable in his morals as in his figure, and were he to urge his suit ever so warmly.'

I was not of her council. I was still absent. And it was agreed upon between my aunt Hervey and her, that she was to be quite solemn and shy in his next visit, if there were not a peculiarity in his address to her.

But my sister it seems had not considered the matter well. This was not the way, as it proved, to be taken for matters of mere omission, with a man of Mr. Lovelace's penetration. Nor with any man; since if love has not taken root deep enough to cause it to shoot out into declaration, if an opportunity be fairly given for it, there is little room to expect, that the blighting winds of anger or resentment will bring it forward. Then my poor sister is not naturally good-humoured. This is too well-known a truth for me to endeavor to conceal it, especially from you. She must therefore, I doubt, have appeared to great disadvantages when she aimed to be worse tempered than ordinary.

How they managed it in their next conversation I know not. One would be tempted to think by the issue, that Mr. Lovelace was ungenerous enough to seek the occasion given,* and to improve it. Yet he thought fit to put the question too: — But, she says, it was not till, by some means or other (she knew not how) he had wrought her up to such a pitch of displeasure with him, that it was impossible for her to recover herself at the instant. Nevertheless he re-urged his question, as expecting a definitive answer, without waiting for the return of her temper, or endeavouring to mollify her; so that she was under a necessity of persisting in her denial: yet gave him reason to think she did not dislike his address, only the

manner of it; his court being rather made to her mother than to herself, as if he was sure of her consent at any time.

* See Mr. Lovelace's Letter, No. XXXI, in which he briefly accounts for his conduct in this affair.

A good encouraging denial, I must own: as was the rest of her plea; to wit, 'A disinclination to change her state. Exceedingly happy as she was: she never could be happier!' And such-like consenting negatives, as I may call them, and yet not intend a reflection upon my sister: for what can any young creature in the like circumstances say, when she is not sure but a too-ready consent may subject her to the slights of a sex that generally values a blessing either more or less as it is obtained with difficulty or ease? Miss Biddulph's answer to a copy of verse from a gentleman, reproaching our sex as acting in disguise, is not a bad one, although you may perhaps think it too acknowledging for the female character.

Ungen'rous Sex! — To scorn us if we're kind;
And yet upbraid us if we seem severe!
Do you, t' encourage us to tell our mind,
Yourselves put off disguise, and be sincere.
You talk of coquetry! — Your own false hearts
Compel our sex to act dissembling parts.

Here I am obliged to lay down my pen. I will soon resume it.

LETTER III

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE JAN. 13, 14.

And thus, as Mr. Lovelace thought fit to take it, had he his answer from my sister. It was with very great regret, as he pretended, [I doubt the man is an hypocrite, my dear] that he acquiesced in it. ‘So much determinedness; such a noble firmness in my sister, that there was no hope of prevailing upon her to alter sentiments she had adopted on full consideration.’ He sighed, as Bella told us, when he took his leave of her: ‘Profoundly sighed; grasped her hand, and kissed it with such an ardour — Withdrew with such an air of solemn respect — She could almost find it in her heart, although he had vexed her, to pity him.’ A good intentional preparative to love, this pity; since, at the time, she little thought that he would not renew his offer.

He waited on my mother after he had taken leave of Bella, and reported his ill success in so respectful a manner, as well with regard to my sister, as to the whole family, and with so much concern that he was not accepted as a relation to it, that it left upon them all (my brother being then, as I have said, in Scotland) impressions in his favour, and a belief that this matter would certainly be brought on again. But Mr. Lovelace going up directly to town, where he staid a whole fortnight, and meeting there with my uncle Antony, to whom he regretted his niece’s cruel resolution not to change her state; it was seen that there was a total end of the affair.

My sister was not wanting to herself on this occasion. She made a virtue of necessity; and the man was quite another man with her. ‘A vain creature! Too well knowing his advantages: yet those not what she had conceived them to be! — Cool and warm by fits and starts; an ague-like lover. A steady man, a man of virtue, a man of morals, was worth a thousand of such gay flutterers. Her sister Clary might think it worth her while perhaps to try to engage such a man: she had patience: she was mistress of persuasion: and indeed, to do the girl justice, had something of a person: But as for her, she would not have a man of whose heart she could not be sure for one moment; no, not for the world: and most sincerely glad was she that she had rejected him.’

But when Mr. Lovelace returned into the country, he thought fit to visit my father and mother; hoping, as he told them, that, however unhappy he had been in the rejection of the wished-for alliance, he might be allowed to keep up an acquaintance and friendship with a family which he should always respect. And then unhappily, as I may say, was I at home and present.

It was immediately observed, that his attention was fixed on me. My sister, as soon as he was gone, in a spirit of bravery, seemed desirous to promote his address, should it be tendered.

My aunt Hervey was there; and was pleased to say, we should make the finest couple in England — if my sister had no objection. — No, indeed! with a haughty toss, was my sister's reply — it would be strange if she had, after the denial she had given him upon full deliberation.

My mother declared, that her only dislike of his alliance with either daughter, was on account of his reputed faulty morals.

My uncle Harlowe, that his daughter Clary, as he delighted to call me from childhood, would reform him if any woman in the world could.

My uncle Antony gave his approbation in high terms: but referred, as my aunt had done, to my sister.

She repeated her contempt of him; and declared, that, were there not another man in England, she would not have him. She was ready, on the contrary, she could assure them, to resign her pretensions under hand and seal, if Miss Clary were taken with his tinsel, and if every one else approved of his address to the girl.

My father indeed, after a long silence, being urged by my uncle Antony to speak his mind, said, that he had a letter from his son, on his hearing of Mr. Lovelace's visits to his daughter Arabella; which he had not shewn to any body but my mother; that treaty being at an end when he received it: that in this letter he expressed great dislike to an alliance with Mr. Lovelace on the score of his immoralities: that he knew, indeed, there was an old grudge between them; but that, being desirous to prevent all occasions of disunion and animosity in his family, he would suspend the declaration of his own mind till his son arrived, and till he had heard his further objections: that he was the more inclined to make his son this compliment, as Mr. Lovelace's general character gave but too much ground for his son's dislike of him; adding, that he had hear (so, he supposed, had every one,) that he was a very extravagant man; that he had contracted debts in his travels: and indeed, he was pleased to say, he had the air of a spendthrift.

These particulars I had partly from my aunt Hervey, and partly from my sister; for I was called out as soon as the subject was entered upon. When I returned, my uncle Antony asked me, how I should like Mr. Lovelace? Every body saw, he was pleased to say, that I had made a conquest.

I immediately answered, that I did not like him at all: he seemed to have too good an opinion both on his person and parts, to have any regard to his wife, let him marry whom he would.

My sister particularly was pleased with this answer, and confirmed it to be just; with a compliment to my judgment. — For it was hers.

But the very next day Lord M. came to Harlowe-Place [I was then absent]; and in his nephew's name made a proposal in form; declaring, that it was the ambition of all his family to be related to ours: and he hoped his kinsman would not have such an answer on the part of the younger sister, as he had on that of the elder.

In short, Mr. Lovelace's visits were admitted as those of a man who had not deserved disrespect from our family; but as to his address to me, with a reservation, as above, on my father's part, that he would determine nothing without his son. My discretion as to the rest was confided in: for still I had the same objections as to the man: nor would I, when we were better acquainted, hear any thing but general talk from him; giving him no opportunity of conversing with me in private.

He bore this with a resignation little expected from his natural temper, which is generally reported to be quick and hasty; unused it seems from childhood to check or controul. A case too common in considerable families where there is an only son: and his mother never had any other child. But, as I have heretofore told you, I could perceive, notwithstanding this resignation, that he had so good an opinion of himself, as not to doubt, that his person and accomplishments would insensibly engage me: And could that be once done, he told my aunt Hervey, he should hope, from so steady a temper, that his hold in my affections would be durable: While my sister accounted for his patience in another manner, which would perhaps have had more force if it had come from a person less prejudiced: 'That the man was not fond of marrying at all: that he might perhaps have half a score mistresses: and that delay might be as convenient for his roving, as for my well-acted indifference.' That was her kind expression.

Whatever was his motive for a patience so generally believed to be out of his usual character, and where the object of his address was supposed to be of fortune considerable enough to engage his warmest attention, he certainly escaped many mortifications by it: for while my father suspended his approbation till my brother's arrival, Mr. Lovelace received from every one those civilities which were due to his birth: and although we heard from time to time reports to his disadvantage with regard to morals, yet could we not question him upon them without giving him greater advantages in his own opinion than the situation he was in with us would justify to prudence; since it was much more likely that his address would not be allowed of, than that it would.

And thus was he admitted to converse with our family almost upon his own terms; for while my friends saw nothing in his behaviour but what was extremely respectful, and observed in him no violent importunity, they seemed to have taken

a great liking to his conversation: While I considered him only as a common guest when he came; and thought myself no more concerned in his visits, not at his entrance and departure, than any other of the family.

But this indifference on my side was the means of procuring him one very great advantage; since upon it was grounded that correspondence by letters which succeeded; — and which, had it been to be begun when the family animosity broke out, would never have been entered into on my part. The occasion was this:

My uncle Hervey has a young gentleman intrusted to his care, whom he has thoughts of sending abroad a year or two hence, to make the Grand Tour, as it is called; and finding Mr. Lovelace could give a good account of every thing necessary for a young traveller to observe upon such an occasion, he desired him to write down a description of the courts and countries he had visited, and what was most worthy of curiosity in them.

He consented, on condition that I would direct his subjects, as he called it: and as every one had heard his manner of writing commended; and thought his narratives might be agreeable amusements in winter evenings; and that he could have no opportunity particularly to address me directly in them, since they were to be read in full assembly before they were given to the young gentleman, I made the less scruple to write, and to make observations, and put questions for our further information — Still the less perhaps as I love writing; and those who do, are fond, you know, of occasions to use the pen: And then, having ever one's consent, and my uncle Hervey's desire that I would write, I thought that if I had been the only scrupulous person, it would have shewn a particularity that a vain man might construe to his advantage; and which my sister would not fail to animadvert upon.

You have seen some of these letters; and have been pleased with this account of persons, places, and things; and we have both agreed, that he was no common observer upon what he had seen.

My sister allowed that the man had a tolerable knack of writing and describing: And my father, who had been abroad in his youth, said, that his remarks were curious, and shewed him to be a person of reading, judgment and taste.

Thus was a kind of correspondence begun between him and me, with general approbation; while every one wondered at, and was pleased with, his patient veneration of me; for so they called it. However, it was not doubted but he would soon be more importunate, since his visits were more frequent, and he acknowledged to my aunt Hervey a passion for me, accompanied with an awe that he had never known before; to which he attributed what he called his but seeming acquiescence with my father's pleasure, and the distance I kept him at. And yet,

my dear, this may be his usual manner of behaviour to our sex; for had not my sister at first all his reverence?

Mean time, my father, expecting his importunity, kept in readiness the reports he had heard in his disfavour, to charge them upon him then, as so many objections to address. And it was highly agreeable to me that he did so: it would have been strange if it were not; since the person who could reject Mr. Wyerley's address for the sake of his free opinions, must have been inexcusable, had she not rejected another's for his freer practices.

But I should own, that in the letters he sent me upon the general subject, he more than once inclosed a particular one, declaring his passionate regards for me, and complaining with fervour enough, of my reserves. But of these I took not the least notice: for, as I had not written to him at all, but upon a subject so general, I thought it was but right to let what he wrote upon one so particular pass off as if I had never seen it; and the rather, as I was not then at liberty (from the approbation his letters met with) to break off the correspondence, unless I had assigned the true reason for doing so. Besides, with all his respectful assiduities, it was easy to observe, (if it had not been his general character) that his temper is naturally haughty and violent; and I had seen too much of that untractable spirit in my brother to like it in one who hoped to be still more nearly related to me.

I had a little specimen of this temper of his upon the very occasion I have mentioned: For after he had sent me a third particular letter with the general one, he asked me the next time he came to Harlowe-Place, if I had not received such a one from him? — I told him I should never answer one so sent; and that I had waited for such an occasion as he had now given me, to tell him so: I desired him therefore not to write again on the subject; assuring him, that if he did, I would return both, and never write another line to him.

You can't imagine how saucily the man looked; as if, in short, he was disappointed that he had not made a more sensible impression upon me: nor, when he recollected himself (as he did immediately), what a visible struggle it cost him to change his haughty airs for more placid ones. But I took no notice of either; for I thought it best to convince him, by the coolness and indifference with which I repulsed his forward hopes (at the same time intending to avoid the affectation of pride or vanity) that he was not considerable enough in my eyes to make me take over-ready offence at what he said, or at his haughty looks: in other words, that I had not value enough for him to treat him with peculiarity either by smiles or frowns. Indeed he had cunning enough to give me, undesignedly, a piece of instruction which taught me this caution; for he had said in conversation once, 'That if a man could not make a woman in courtship own herself pleased

with him, it was as much and oftentimes more to his purpose to make her angry with him.'

I must break off here, but will continue the subject the very first opportunity. Mean time, I am

Your most affectionate friend and servant, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER IV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE JAN. 15.

Such, my dear, was the situation Mr. Lovelace and I were in when my brother arrived from Scotland.

The moment Mr. Lovelace's visits were mentioned to him, he, without either hesitation or apology, expressed his disapprobation of them. He found great flaws in his character; and took the liberty to say in so many words, that he wondered how it came into the heads of his uncles to encourage such a man for either of his sisters: At the same time returning his thanks to my father for declining his consent till he arrived, in such a manner, I thought, as a superior would do, when he commended an inferior for having well performed his duty in his absence.

He justified his avowed inveteracy by common fame, and by what he had known of him at college; declaring, that he had ever hated him; ever should hate him; and would never own him for a brother, or me for a sister, if I married him.

That early antipathy I have heard accounted for in this manner:

Mr. Lovelace was always noted for his vivacity and courage; and no less, it seems, for the swift and surprising progress he made in all parts of literature: for diligence in his studies in the hours of study, he had hardly his equal. This it seems was his general character at the university; and it gained him many friends among the more learned; while those who did not love him, feared him, by reason of the offence his vivacity made him too ready to give, and of the courage he shewed in supporting the offence when given; which procured him as many followers as he pleased among the mischievous sort. — No very amiable character, you'll say, upon the whole.

But my brother's temper was not more happy. His native haughtiness could not bear a superiority so visible; and whom we fear more than love, we are not far from hating: and having less command of his passions than the other, he was evermore the subject of his perhaps indecent ridicule: so that every body, either from love or fear, siding with his antagonist, he had a most uneasy time of it while both continued in the same college. — It was the less wonder therefore that a young man who is not noted for the gentleness of his temper, should resume an antipathy early begun, and so deeply rooted.

He found my sister, who waited but for the occasion, ready to join him in his resentments against the man he hated. She utterly disclaimed all manner of regard for him: 'Never liked him at all: — His estate was certainly much incumbered: it was impossible it should be otherwise; so entirely devoted as he was to his

pleasures. He kept no house; had no equipage: Nobody pretended that he wanted pride: the reason therefore was easy to be guessed at.' And then did she boast of, and my brother praised her for, refusing him: and both joined on all occasions to depreciate him, and not seldom made the occasions; their displeasure against him causing every subject to run into this, if it began not with it.

I was not solicitous to vindicate him when I was not joined in their reflection. I told them I did not value him enough to make a difference in the family on his account: and as he was supposed to have given much cause for their ill opinion of him, I thought he ought to take the consequence of his own faults.

Now and then indeed, when I observed that their vehemence carried them beyond all bounds of probability in their charges against him, I thought it but justice to put in a word for him. But this only subjected me to reproach, as having a prepossession in his favour which I would not own. — So that, when I could not change the subject, I used to retire either to my music, or to my closet.

Their behaviour to him, when they could not help seeing him, was very cold and disobliging; but as yet not directly affrontive. For they were in hopes of prevailing upon my father to forbid his visits. But as there was nothing in his behaviour, that might warrant such a treatment of a man of his birth and fortune, they succeeded not: And then they were very earnest with me to forbid them. I asked, what authority I had to take such a step in my father's house; and when my behaviour to him was so distant, that he seemed to be as much the guest of any other person of the family, themselves excepted, as mine? — In revenge, they told me, that it was cunning management between us; and that we both understood one another better than we pretended to do. And at last they gave such a loose to their passions, all of a sudden* as I may say, that instead of withdrawing, as they used to do when he came, they threw themselves in his way purposely to affront him.

* The reason of this their more openly shown animosity is given in Letter XIII.

Mr. Lovelace, you may believe, very ill brooked this: but nevertheless contented himself to complain of it to me: in high terms, however, telling me, that but for my sake my brother's treatment of him was not to be borne.

I was sorry for the merit this gave him in his own opinion with me: and the more, as some of the affronts he received were too flagrant to be excused: But I told him, that I was determined not to fall out with my brother, if I could help it, whatever faults he had: and since they could not see one another with temper, should be glad that he would not throw himself in my brother's way; and I was sure my brother would not seek him.

He was very much nettled at this answer: But said, he must bear his affronts if I would have it so. He had been accused himself of violence in his temper; but he

hoped to shew on this occasion that he had a command of his passions which few young men, so highly provoked, would be able to shew; and doubted not but it would be attributed to a proper motive by a person of my generosity and penetration.

My brother had just before, with the approbation of my uncles, employed a person related to a discharged bailiff or steward of Lord M. who had had the management of some part of Mr. Lovelace's affairs (from which he was also dismissed by him) to inquire into his debts, after his companions, into his amours, and the like.

My aunt Hervey, in confidence, gave me the following particulars of what the man had said of him.

'That he was a generous landlord: that he spared nothing for solid and lasting improvements upon his estate; and that he looked into his own affairs, and understood them: that he had been very expensive when abroad; and contracted a large debt (for he made no secret of his affairs); yet chose to limit himself to an annual sum, and to decline equipage, in order to avoid being obliged to his uncle and aunts; from whom he might have what money he pleased; but that he was very jealous of their controul; had often quarrels with them; and treated them so freely, that they were all afraid of him. However, that his estate was never mortgaged, as my brother had heard it was; his credit was always high; and the man believed, he was by this time near upon, if not quite, clear of the world.

'He was a sad gentleman, he said, as to women: — If his tenants had pretty daughters, they chose to keep them out of his sight. He believed he kept no particular mistress; for he had heard newelty, that was the man's word, was every thing with him. But for his uncle's and aunt's teazings, the man fancied he would not think of marriage: he was never known to be disguised with liquor; but was a great plotter, and a great writer: That he lived a wild life in town, by what he had heard: had six or seven companions as bad as himself; whom now and then he brought down with him; and the country was always glad when they went up again. He would have it, that although passionate, he was good-humoured; loved as well to take a jest as to give one; and would rally himself upon occasion the freest of any man he ever knew.'

This was his character from an enemy; for, as my aunt observed, every thing the man said commendably of him came grudgingly, with a must needs say — to do him justice, &c. while the contrary was delivered with a free good-will. And this character, as a worse was expected, though this was bad enough, not answering the end of inquiring after it, my brother and sister were more apprehensive than before, that his address would be encouraged, since the worst part of it was known, or supposed, when he was first introduced to my sister.

But, with regard to myself, I must observe in his disfavour, that, notwithstanding the merit he wanted to make with me for his patience upon my brother's ill-treatment of him, I owed him no compliments for trying to conciliate with him. Not that I believe it would have signified any thing if he had made ever such court either to him or to my sister: yet one might have expected from a man of his politeness, and from his pretensions, you know, that he would have been willing to try. Instead of which, he shewed such a contempt both of my brother and my sister, especially my brother, as was construed into a defiance of them. And for me to have hinted at an alteration in his behaviour to my brother, was an advantage I knew he would have been proud of; and which therefore I had no mind to give him. But I doubted not that having so very little encouragement from any body, his pride would soon take fire, and he would of himself discontinue his visits, or go to town; where, till he came acquainted with our family, he used chiefly to reside: And in this latter case he had no reason to expect, that I would receive, much less answer, his Letters: the occasions which had led me to receive any of his, being by this time over.

But my brother's antipathy would not permit him to wait for such an event; and after several excesses, which Mr. Lovelace still returned with contempt, and a haughtiness too much like that of the aggressor, my brother took upon himself to fill up the door-way once when he came, as if to oppose his entrance: And upon his asking for me, demanded, what his business was with his sister?

The other, with a challenging air, as my brother says, told him, he would answer a gentleman any question; but he wished that Mr. James Harlowe, who had of late given himself high airs, would remember that he was not now at college.

Just then the good Dr. Lewen, who frequently honours me with a visit of conversation, as he is pleased to call it, and had parted with me in my own parlour, came to the door: and hearing the words, interposed; both having their hands upon their swords: and telling Mr. Lovelace where I was, he burst by my brother, to come to me; leaving him chafing, he said, like a hunted boar at bay.

This alarmed us all. My father was pleased to hint to Mr. Lovelace, that he wished he would discontinue his visits for the peace-sake of the family: And I, by his command, spoke a great deal plainer.

But Mr. Lovelace is a man not easily brought to give up his purpose, especially in a point wherein he pretends his heart is so much engaged: and no absolute prohibition having been given, things went on for a little while as before: for I saw plainly, that to have denied myself to his visits (which however I declined receiving as often as I could) was to bring forward some desperate issue between

the two; since the offence so readily given on one side was brooked by the other only out of consideration to me.

And thus did my brother's rashness lay me under an obligation where I would least have owed it.

The intermediate proposals of Mr. Symmes and Mr. Mullins, both (in turn) encouraged by my brother, induced him to be more patient for a while, as nobody thought me over-forward in Mr. Lovelace's favour; for he hoped that he should engage my father and uncles to approve of the one or the other in opposition to the man he hated. But when he found that I had interest enough to disengage myself from the addresses of those gentlemen, as I had (before he went to Scotland, and before Mr. Lovelace visited here) of Mr. Wyerley's, he then kept no measures: and first set himself to upbraid me for supposed prepossession, which he treated as if it were criminal; and then to insult Mr. Lovelace in person, at Mr. Edward Symmes's, the brother of the other Symmes, two miles off; and no good Dr. Lewen being there to interpose, the unhappy rencounter followed. My brother was disarmed, as you have heard; and on being brought home, and giving us ground to suppose he was much worse hurt than he really was, and a fever ensuing, every one flamed out; and all was laid at my door.

Mr. Lovelace for three days together sent twice each day to inquire after my brother's health; and although he received rude and even shocking returns, he thought fit on the fourth day to make in person the same inquiries; and received still greater incivilities from my two uncles, who happened to be both there. My father also was held by force from going to him with his sword in his hand, although he had the gout upon him.

I fainted away with terror, seeing every one so violent, and hearing Mr. Lovelace swear that he would not depart till he had made my uncles ask his pardon for the indignities he had received at their hands; a door being held fast locked between him and them. My mother all the time was praying and struggling to with-hold my father in the great parlour. Meanwhile my sister, who had treated Mr. Lovelace with virulence, came in to me, and insulted me as fast as I recovered. But when Mr. Lovelace was told how ill I was, he departed; nevertheless vowing revenge.

He was ever a favourite with our domestics. His bounty to them, and having always something facetious to say to each, had made them all of his party: and on this occasion they privately blamed every body else, and reported his calm and gentlemanly behaviour (till the provocations given him ran very high) in such favourable terms, that those reports, and my apprehensions of the consequence of this treatment, induced me to read a letter he sent me that night; and, it being

written in the most respectful terms (offering to submit the whole to my decision, and to govern himself entirely by my will) to answer it some days after.

To this unhappy necessity was owing our renewed correspondence, as I may call it; yet I did not write till I had informed myself from Mr. Symmes's brother, that he was really insulted into the act of drawing his sword by my brother's repeatedly threatening (upon his excusing himself out of regard to me) to brand me ir he did not; and, by all the inquiry I could make, that he was again the sufferer from my uncles in a more violent manner than I have related.

The same circumstances were related to my father and other relations by Mr. Symmes; but they had gone too far in making themselves parties to the quarrel either to retract or forgive; and I was forbidden to correspond with him, or to be seen a moment in his company.

One thing however I can say, but that in confidence, because my mother commanded me not to mention it: — That, expressing her apprehension of the consequences of the indignities offered to Mr. Lovelace, she told me, she would leave it to my prudence to do all I could to prevent the impending mischief on one side.

I am obliged to break off. But I believe I have written enough to answer very fully all that you have required of me. It is not for a child to seek to clear her own character, or to justify her actions, at the expense of the most revered ones: yet, as I know that the account of all those further proceedings by which I may be affected, will be interesting to so dear a friend (who will communicate to others no more than what is fitting) I will continue to write, as I have opportunity, as minutely as we are used to write to each other. Indeed I have no delight, as I have often told you, equal to that which I take in conversing with you by letter, when I cannot in person.

Mean time, I cannot help saying, that I am exceedingly concerned to find, that I am become so much the public talk as you tell me I am. Your kind, your precautionary regard for my fame, and the opportunity you have given me to tell my own story previous to any new accident (which heaven avert!) is so like the warm friend I have ever found in my dear Miss Howe, that, with redoubled obligation, you bind me to be

Your ever grateful and affectionate, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Copy of the requested Preamble to the clauses in her Grandfather's Will: inclosed in the preceding Letter.

As the particular estate I have mentioned and described above, is principally of my own raising: as my three sons have been uncommonly prosperous; and are very rich: the eldest by means of the unexpected benefits he reaps from his new found mines; the second, by what has, as unexpectedly, fallen in to him on the

deaths of several relations of his present wife, the worthy daughter by both sides of very honourable families; over and above the very large portion which he received with her in marriage: my son Antony by his East-India traffic, and successful voyages: as furthermore my grandson James will be sufficiently provided for by his grandmother Lovell's kindness to him; who, having no near relations, hath assured me, that she hath, as well by deed of gift as by will, left him both her Scottish and English estates: for never was there a family more prosperous in all its branches, blessed be God therefore: and as my said son James will very probably make it up to my grand-daughter Arabella; to whom I intend no disrespect; nor have reason; for she is a very hopeful and dutiful child: and as my sons, John and Antony, seem not inclined to a married life; so that my son James is the only one who has children, or is likely to have any. For all these reasons; and because my dearest and beloved grand-daughter Clarissa hath been from her infancy a matchless young creature in her duty to me, and admired by all who knew her, as a very extraordinary child; I must therefore take the pleasure of considering her as my own peculiar child; and this without intending offence; and I hope it will not be taken as any, since my son James can bestow his favours accordingly, and in greater proportion, upon his son James, and upon his daughter Arabella. —

These, I say, are the reasons which move me to dispose of the above-described estate in the precious child's favour; who is the delight of my old age: and, I verily think, has contributed, by her amiable duty and kind and tender regards, to prolong my life.

Wherefore it is my express will and commandment, and I enjoin my said three sons, John, James, and Antony, and my grandson James, and my grand-daughter Arabella, as they value my blessing, and will regard my memory, and would wish their own last wills and desires to be fulfilled by their survivors, that they will not impugn or contest the following bequests and devises in favour of my said grand-daughter Clarissa, although they should not be strictly conformable to law or to the forms thereof; nor suffer them to be controverted or disputed on any pretence whatsoever.

And in this confidence, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER V

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE JAN. 20

I have been hindered from prosecuting my intention. Neither nights nor mornings have been my own. My mother has been very ill; and would have no other nurse but me. I have not stirred from her bedside (for she kept her bed); and two nights I had the honour of sharing it with her.

Her disorder was a very violet colic. The contentions of these fierce, these masculine spirits, and the apprehension of mischiefs that may arise from the increasing animosity which all here have against Mr. Lovelace, and his too well known resenting and intrepid character, she cannot bear. Then the foundations laid, as she dreads, for jealousy and heart-burnings in her own family, late so happy and so united, afflict exceedingly a gentle and sensible mind, which has from the beginning, on all occasions, sacrificed its own inward satisfaction to outward peace. My brother and sister, who used very often to jar, are now so entirely one, and are so much together, (caballing was the word that dropt from my mother's lips, as if at unawares,) that she is very fearful of the consequences that may follow; — to my prejudice, perhaps, is her kind concern; since she sees that they behave to me every hour with more and more shyness and reserve: yet, would she but exert that authority which the superiority of her fine talents gives her, all these family feuds might perhaps be extinguished in their but yet beginnings; especially as she may be assured that all fitting concessions shall be made by me, not only as my brother and sister are my elders, but for the sake of so excellent and so indulgent a mother.

For, if I may say to you, my dear, what I would not to any other person living, it is my opinion, that had she been of a temper that would have borne less, she would have had ten times less to bear, than she has had. No commendation, you'll say, of the generosity of those spirits which can turn to its own disquiet so much condescending goodness.

Upon my word I am sometimes tempted to think that we may make the world allow for and respect us as we please, if we can but be sturdy in our wills, and set out accordingly. It is but being the less beloved for it, that's all: and if we have power to oblige those we have to do with, it will not appear to us that we are. Our flatterers will tell us any thing sooner than our faults, or what they know we do not like to hear.

Were there not truth in this observation, is it possible that my brother and sister could make their very failings, their vehemences, of such importance to all the

family? ‘How will my son, how will my nephew, take this or that measure? What will he say to it? Let us consult him about it;’ are references always previous to every resolution taken by his superiors, whose will ought to be his. Well may he expect to be treated with this deference by every other person, when my father himself, generally so absolute, constantly pays it to him; and the more since his godmother’s bounty has given independence to a spirit that was before under too little restraint. — But whither may these reflections lead me! — I know you do not love any of us but my mother and me; and, being above all disguises, make me sensible that you do not oftener than I wish. — Ought I then to add force to your dislikes of those whom I wish you to like? — of my father especially; for he, alas! has some excuse for his impatience of contradiction. He is not naturally an ill-tempered man; and in his person and air, and in his conversation too, when not under the torture of a gouty paroxysm, every body distinguishes the gentleman born and educated.

Our sex perhaps must expect to bear a little — uncourtliness shall I call it? — from the husband whom as the lover they let know the preference their hearts gave him to all other men. — Say what they will of generosity being a manly virtue; but upon my word, my dear, I have ever yet observed, that it is not to be met with in that sex one time in ten that it is to be found in ours. — But my father was soured by the cruel distemper I have named; which seized him all at once in the very prime of life, in so violent a manner as to take from the most active of minds, as his was, all power of activity, and that in all appearance for life. — It imprisoned, as I may say, his lively spirits in himself, and turned the edge of them against his own peace; his extraordinary prosperity adding to his impatiency. Those, I believe, who want the fewest earthly blessings, most regret that they want any.

But my brother! What excuse can be made for his haughty and morose temper? He is really, my dear, I am sorry to have occasion to say it, an ill-temper’d young man; and treats my mother sometimes — Indeed he is not dutiful. — But, possessing every thing, he has the vice of age, mingled with the ambition of youth, and enjoys nothing — but his own haughtiness and ill-temper, I was going to say. — Yet again am I adding force to your dislikes of some of us. — Once, my dear, it was perhaps in your power to have moulded him as you pleased. — Could you have been my sister! — Then had I friend in a sister. — But no wonder that he does not love you now; who could nip in the bud, and that with a disdain, let me say, too much of kin to his haughtiness, a passion that would not have wanted a fervour worthy of the object; and which possibly would have made him worthy.

But no more of this. I will prosecute my former intention in my next; which I will sit down to as soon as breakfast is over; dispatching this by the messenger

whom you have so kindly sent to inquire after us on my silence. Mean time, I am,
Your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER VI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE HARLOWE-PLACE, JAN. 20.

I will now resume my narrative of proceedings here. — My brother being in a good way, although you may be sure that his resentments are rather heightened than abated by the galling disgrace he has received, my friends (my father and uncles, however, if not my brother and sister) begin to think that I have been treated unkindly. My mother been so good as to tell me this since I sent away my last.

Nevertheless I believe they all think that I receive letters from Mr. Lovelace. But Lord M. being inclined rather to support than to blame his nephew, they seem to be so much afraid of Mr. Lovelace, that they do not put it to me whether I do or not; conniving on the contrary, as it should seem, at the only method left to allay the vehemence of a spirit which they have so much provoked: For he still insists upon satisfaction from my uncles; and this possibly (for he wants not art) as the best way to be introduced again with some advantage into our family. And indeed my aunt Hervey has put it to my mother, whether it were not best to prevail upon my brother to take a turn to his Yorkshire estate (which he was intending to do before) and to stay there till all is blown over.

But this is very far from being his intention: For he has already began to hint again, that he shall never be easy or satisfied till I am married; and, finding neither Mr. Symmes nor Mr. Mullins will be accepted, has proposed Mr. Wyerley once more, on the score of his great passion for me. This I have again rejected; and but yesterday he mentioned one who has applied to him by letter, making high offers. This is Mr. Solmes; Rich Solmes you know they call him. But this application has not met with the attention of one single soul.

If none of his schemes of getting me married take effect, he has thoughts, I am told, of proposing to me to go to Scotland, that as the compliment is, I may put his house there in such order as our own is in. But this my mother intends to oppose for her own sake; because having relieved her, as she is pleased to say, of the household cares (for which my sister, you know, has no turn) they must again devolve upon her if I go. And if she did not oppose it, I should; for, believe me, I have no mind to be his housekeeper; and I am sure, were I to go with him, I should be treated rather as a servant than a sister: — perhaps, not the better because I am his sister. And if Mr. Lovelace should follow me, things might be worse than they are now.

But I have besought my mother, who is apprehensive of Mr. Lovelace's visits, and for fear of whom my uncles never stir out without arms and armed servants (my brother also being near well enough to go abroad), to procure me permission to be your guest for a fortnight, or so. — Will your mother, think you, my dear, give me leave?

I dare not ask to go to my dairy-house, as my good grandfather would call it: for I am now afraid of being thought to have a wish to enjoy that independence to which his will has entitled me: and as matter are situated, such a wish would be imputed to my regard to the man to whom they have now so great an antipathy. And indeed could I be as easy and happy here as I used to be, I would defy that man and all his sex; and never repent that I have given the power of my fortune into my father's hands.

* * *

Just now, my mother has rejoiced me with the news that my requested permission is granted. Every one thinks it best that I should go to you, except my brother. But he was told, that he must not expect to rule in every thing. I am to be sent for into the great parlour, where are my two uncles and my aunt Hervey, and to be acquainted with this concession in form.

You know, my dear, that there is a good deal of solemnity among us. But never was there a family more united in its different branches than ours. Our uncles consider us as their own children, and declare that it is for our sakes that they live single. So that they are advised with upon every article relating to us, or that may affect us. It is therefore the less wonder, at a time when they understand that Mr. Lovelace is determined to pay us an amicable visit, as he calls it, (but which I am sure cannot end amicably,) that they should both be consulted upon the permission I had desired to attend you.

* * *

I will acquaint you with what passed at the general leave given me to be your guest. And yet I know that you will not love my brother the better for my communication. But I am angry with him myself, and cannot help it. And besides, it is proper to let you know the terms I go upon, and their motives for permitting me to go.

Clary, said my mother, as soon as I entered the great parlour, your request to go to Miss Howe's for a few days has been taken into consideration, and granted —

Much against my liking, I assure you, said my brother, rudely interrupting her.

Son James! said my father, and knit his brows.

He was not daunted. His arm was in a sling. He often has the mean art to look upon that, when any thing is hinted that may be supposed to lead toward the least favour to or reconciliation with Mr. Lovelace. — Let the girl then [I am often the girl with him] be prohibited seeing that vile libertine.

Nobody spoke.

Do you hear, sister Clary? taking their silence for approbation of what he had dictated; you are not to receive visits from Lord M.'s nephew.

Every one still remained silent.

Do you so understand the license you have, Miss? interrogated he.

I would be glad, Sir, said I, to understand that you are my brother; — and that you would understand that you are only my brother.

O the fond, fond heart! with a sneer of insult, lifting up his hands.

Sir, said I, to my father, to your justice I appeal: If I have deserved reflection, let me be not spared. But if I am to be answerable for the rashness —

No more! — No more of either side, said my father. You are not to receive the visits of that Lovelace, though. — Nor are you, son James, to reflect upon your sister. She is a worthy child.

Sir, I have done, replied he: — and yet I have her honour at heart, as much as the honour of the rest of the family.

And hence, Sir, retorted I, your unbrotherly reflections upon me?

Well, but you observe, Miss, said he, that it is not I, but your father, that tells you, that you are not to receive the visits of that Lovelace.

Cousin Harlowe, said my aunt Hervey, allow me to say, that my cousin Clary's prudence may be confided in.

I am convinced it may, joined my mother.

But, aunt, but, madam (put in my sister) there is no hurt, I presume, in letting my sister know the condition she goes to Miss Howe upon; since, if he gets a nack of visiting her there —

You may be sure, interrupted my uncle Harlowe, he will endeavour to see her there.

So would such an impudent man here, said my uncle Antony: and 'tis better done there than here.

Better no where, said my father. — I command you (turning to me) on pain of displeasure, that you see him not at all.

I will not, Sir, in any way of encouragement, I do assure you: not at all, if I can properly avoid it.

You know with what indifference, said my mother, she has hitherto seen him. — Her prudence may be trusted to, as my sister Hervey says.

With what appa — rent indifference, drawled my brother.

Son James! said my father sternly.

I have done, Sir, said he. But again, in a provoking manner, he reminded me of the prohibition.

Thus ended the conference.

Will you engage, my dear, that the hated man shall not come near your house? — But what an inconsistence is this, when they consent to my going, thinking his visits here no otherwise to be avoided! — But if he does come, I charge you never to leave us alone together.

As I have no reason to doubt a welcome from your good mother, I will put every thing in order here, and be with you in two or three days.

Mean time, I am Your most affectionate and obliged, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER VII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [AFTER HER RETURN FROM HER.] HARLOWE-PLACE, FEB. 20.

I beg your excuse for not writing sooner. Alas! my dear, I have sad prospects before me! My brother and sister have succeeded in all their views. They have found out another lover for me; an hideous one! — Yet he is encouraged by every body. No wonder that I was ordered home so suddenly. At an hour's warning! — No other notice, you know, than what was brought with the chariot that was to carry me back. — It was for fear, as I have been informed [an unworthy fear!] that I should have entered into any concert with Mr. Lovelace had I known their motive for commanding me home; apprehending, 'tis evident, that I should dislike the man they had to propose to me.

And well might they apprehend so: — For who do you think he is? — No other than that Solmes — Could you have believed it? — And they are all determined too; my mother with the rest! — Dear, dear excellence! how could she be thus brought over, when I am assured, that on his first being proposed she was pleased to say, That had Mr. Solmes the Indies in possession, and would endow me with them, she should not think him deserving of her Clarissa!

The reception I met with at my return, so different from what I used to meet with on every little absence [and now I had been from them three weeks], convinced me that I was to suffer for the happiness I had had in your company and conversation for that most agreeable period. I will give you an account of it.

My brother met me at the door, and gave me his hand when I stepped out of the chariot. He bowed very low: pray, Miss, favour me. — I thought it in good humour; but found it afterwards mock respect: and so he led me in great form, I prattling all the way, inquiring of every body's health, (although I was so soon to see them, and there was hardly time for answers,) into the great parlour; where were my father, mother, my two uncles, and sister.

I was struck all of a heap as soon as I entered, to see a solemnity which I had been so little used to on the like occasions in the countenance of every dear relation. They all kept their seats. I ran to my father, and kneeled: then to my mother: and met from both a cold salute: From my father a blessing but half pronounced: My mother indeed called me child; but embraced me not with her usual indulgent ardour.

After I had paid my duty to my uncles, and my compliments to my sister, which she received with solemn and stiff form, I was bid to sit down. But my heart was full: and I said it became me to stand, if I could stand, upon a reception

so awful and unusual. I was forced to turn my face from them, and pull out my handkerchief.

My unbrotherly accuser hereupon stood forth, and charged me with having received no less than five or six visits at Miss Howe's from the man they had all so much reason to hate [that was the expression]; notwithstanding the commands I had had to the contrary. And he bid me deny it if I could.

I had never been used, I said, to deny the truth, nor would I now. I owned I had in the three weeks passed seen the person I presumed he meant oftener than five or six times [Pray hear me, brother, said I; for he was going to flame out], but he always asked for Mrs. or Miss Howe, when he came.

I proceeded, that I had reason to believe, that both Mrs. Howe and Miss, as matters stood, would much rather have excused his visits; but they had more than once apologized, that having not the same reason my papa had to forbid him their house, his rank and fortune entitled him to civility.

You see, my dear, I made not the pleas I might have made.

My brother seemed ready to give a loose to his passion: My father put on the countenance which always portends a gathering storm: My uncles mutteringly whispered: And my sister aggravatingly held up her hands. While I begged to be heard out: — And my mother said, let the child, that was her kind word, be heard.

I hoped, I said, there was no harm done: that it became not me to prescribe to Mrs. or Miss Howe who should be their visitors: that Mrs. Howe was always diverted with the raillery that passed between Miss and him: that I had no reason to challenge her guest for my visitor, as I should seem to have done had I refused to go into their company when he was with them: that I had never seen him out of the presence of one or both of those ladies; and had signified to him once, on his urging a few moments' private conversation with me, that, unless a reconciliation were effected between my family and his, he must not expect that I would countenance his visits, much less give him an opportunity of that sort.

I told him further, that Miss Howe so well understood my mind, that she never left me a moment while Mr. Lovelace was there: that when he came, if I was not below in the parlour, I would not suffer myself to be called to him: although I thought it would be an affectation which would give him an advantage rather than the contrary, if I had left company when he came in; or refused to enter into it when I found he would stay any time.

My brother heard me out with such a kind of impatience as shewed he was resolved to be dissatisfied with me, say what I would. The rest, as the event has proved, behaved as if they would have been satisfied, had they not further points to carry by intimidating me. All this made it evident, as I mentioned above, that

they themselves expected not my voluntary compliance; and was a tacit confession of the disagreeableness of the person they had to propose.

I was no sooner silent than my brother swore, although in my father's presence, (swore, unchecked either by eye or countenance,) That for his part, he would never be reconciled to that libertine: and that he would renounce me for a sister, if I encouraged the addresses of a man so obnoxious to them all.

A man who had like to have been my brother's murderer, my sister said, with a face even bursting with restraint of passion.

The poor Bella has, you know, a plump high-fed face, if I may be allowed the expression. You, I know, will forgive me for this liberty of speech sooner than I can forgive myself: Yet how can one be such a reptile as not to turn when trampled upon!

My father, with vehemence both of action and voice [my father has, you know, a terrible voice when he is angry] told me that I had met with too much indulgence in being allowed to refuse this gentleman, and the other gentleman,; and it was now his turn to be obeyed!

Very true, my mother said: — and hoped his will would not now be disputed by a child so favoured.

To shew they were all of a sentiment, my uncle Harlowe said, he hoped his beloved niece only wanted to know her father's will, to obey it.

And my uncle Antony, in his rougher manner, added, that surely I would not give them reason to apprehend, that I thought my grandfather's favour to me had made me independent of them all. — If I did, he would tell me, the will could be set aside, and should.

I was astonished, you must needs think. — Whose addresses now, thought I, is this treatment preparative to? — Mr. Wyerley's again? — or whose? And then, as high comparisons, where self is concerned, sooner than low, come into young people's heads; be it for whom it will, this is wooing as the English did for the heiress of Scotland in the time of Edward the Sixth. But that it could be for Solmes, how should it enter into my head?

I did not know, I said, that I had given occasion for this harshness. I hoped I should always have a just sense of every one's favour to me, superadded to the duty I owed as a daughter and a niece: but that I was so much surprised at a reception so unusual and unexpected, that I hoped my papa and mamma would give me leave to retire, in order to recollect myself.

No one gainsaying, I made my silent compliments, and withdrew; — leaving my brother and sister, as I thought, pleased; and as if they wanted to congratulate each other on having occasioned so severe a beginning to be made with me.

I went up to my chamber, and there with my faithful Hannah deplored the determined face which the new proposal it was plain they had to make me wore.

I had not recovered myself when I was sent for down to tea. I begged my maid to be excused attending; but on the repeated command, went down with as much cheerfulness as I could assume; and had a new fault to clear myself of: for my brother, so pregnant a thing is determined ill-will, by intimations equally rude and intelligible, charged my desire of being excused coming down, to sullens, because a certain person had been spoken against, upon whom, as he supposed, my fancy ran.

I could easily answer you, Sir, said I, as such a reflection deserves: but I forbear. If I do not find a brother in you, you shall have a sister in me.

Pretty meekness! Bella whisperingly said; looking at my brother, and lifting up her lip in contempt.

He, with an imperious air, bid me deserve his love, and I should be sure to have it.

As we sat, my mother, in her admirable manner, expatiated upon brotherly and sisterly love; indulgently blamed my brother and sister for having taken up displeasure too lightly against me; and politically, if I may say so, answered for my obedience to my father's will. — The it would be all well, my father was pleased to say: Then they should dote upon me, was my brother's expression: Love me as well as ever, was my sister's: And my uncles, That I then should be the pride of their hearts. — But, alas! what a forfeiture of all these must I make!

This was the reception I had on my return from you.

Mr. Solmes came in before we had done tea. My uncle Antony presented him to me, as a gentleman he had a particular friendship for. My uncle Harlowe in terms equally favourable for him. My father said, Mr. Solmes is my friend, Clarissa Harlowe. My mother looked at him, and looked at me, now-and-then, as he sat near me, I thought with concern. — I at her, with eyes appealing for pity. At him, when I could glance at him, with disgust little short of affrightment. While my brother and sister Mr. Solmes'd him, and Sirr'd — yet such a wretch! — But I will at present only add, My humble thanks and duty to your honoured mother (to whom I will particularly write, to express the grateful sense I have of her goodness to me); and that I am

Your ever obliged, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER VIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FEB. 24.

They drive on here at a furious rate. The man lives here, I think. He courts them, and is more and more a favourite. Such terms, such settlements! That's the cry.

O my dear, that I had not reason to deplore the family fault, immensely rich as they all are! But this I may the more unreservedly say to you, as we have often joined in the same concern: I, for a father and uncles; you, for a mother; in every other respect, faultless.

Hitherto, I seem to be delivered over to my brother, who pretends as great a love to me as ever.

You may believe I have been very sincere with him. But he affects to rally me, and not to believe it possible, that one so dutiful and discreet as his sister Clary can resolve to disoblige all her friends.

Indeed, I tremble at the prospect before me; for it is evident that they are strangely determined.

My father and mother industriously avoid giving me opportunity of speaking to them alone. They ask not for my approbation, intended, as it should seem, to suppose me into their will. And with them I shall hope to prevail, or with nobody. They have not the interest in compelling me, as my brother and sister have: I say less therefore to them, reserving my whole force for an audience of my father, if he will permit me a patient ear. How difficult is it, my dear, to give a negative where both duty and inclination join to make one wish to oblige!

I have already stood the shock of three of this man's particular visits, besides my share in his more general ones; and find it is impossible I should ever endure him. He has but a very ordinary share of understanding; is very illiterate; knows nothing but the value of estates, and how to improve them, and what belongs to land-jobbing and husbandry. Yet I am as one stupid, I think. They have begun so cruelly with me, that I have not spirit enough to assert my own negative.

They had endeavoured it seems to influence my good Mrs. Norton before I came home — so intent are they to carry their point! And her opinion not being to their liking, she has been told that she would do well to decline visiting here for the present: yet she is the person of all the world, next to my mother, the most likely to prevail upon me, were the measures they are engaged in reasonable measures, or such as she could think so.

My aunt likewise having said that she did not think her niece could ever be brought to like Mr. Solmes, has been obliged to learn another lesson.

I am to have a visit from her to-morrow. And, since I have refused so much as to hear from my brother and sister what the noble settlements are to be, she is to acquaint me with the particulars; and to receive from me my determination: for my father, I am told, will not have patience but to suppose that I shall stand in opposition to his will.

Mean time it has been signified to me, that it will be acceptable if I do not think of going to church next Sunday.

The same signification was made for me last Sunday; and I obeyed. They are apprehensive that Mr. Lovelace will be there with design to come home with me.

Help me, dear Miss Howe, to a little of your charming spirit: I never more wanted it.

The man, this Solmes, you may suppose, has no reason to boast of his progress with me. He has not the sense to say any thing to the purpose. His courtship indeed is to them; and my brother pretends to court me as his proxy, truly! — I utterly, to my brother, reject his address; but thinking a person, so well received and recommended by all my family, entitled to good manners, all I say against him is affectedly attributed to coyness: and he, not being sensible of his own imperfections, believes that my avoiding him when I can, and the reserves I express, are owing to nothing else: for, as I said, all his courtship is to them; and I have no opportunity of saying no, to one who asks me not the question. And so, with an air of mannish superiority, he seems rather to pity the bashful girl, than to apprehend that he shall not succeed.

FEBRUARY 25.

I have had the expected conference with my aunt.

I have been obliged to hear the man's proposals from her; and have been told also what their motives are for espousing his interest with so much warmth. I am even loth to mention how equally unjust it is for him to make such offers, or for those I am bound to reverence to accept of them. I hate him more than before. One great estate is already obtained at the expense of the relations to it, though distant relations; my brother's, I mean, by his godmother: and this has given the hope, however chimerical that hope, of procuring others; and that my own at least may revert to the family. And yet, in my opinion, the world is but one great family. Originally it was so. What then is this narrow selfishness that reigns in us, but relationship remembered against relationship forgot?

But here, upon my absolute refusal of him upon any terms, have I had a signification made me that wounds me to the heart. How can I tell it you? Yet I must. It is, my dear, that I must not for a month to come, or till license obtained, correspond with any body out of the house.

My brother, upon my aunt's report, (made, however, as I am informed, in the gentlest manner, and even giving remote hopes, which she had no commission from me to give,) brought me, in authoritative terms, the prohibition.

Not to Miss Howe? said I.

No, not to Miss Howe, Madam, tauntingly: for have you not acknowledged, that Lovelace is a favourite there?

See, my dear Miss Howe — !

And do you think, Brother, this is the way —

Do you look to that. — But your letters will be stopt, I can tell you. — And away he flung.

My sister came to me soon after — Sister Clary, you are going on in a fine way, I understand. But as there are people who are supposed to harden you against your duty, I am to tell you, that it will be taken well if you avoid visits or visitings for a week or two till further order.

Can this be from those who have authority —

Ask them; ask them, child, with a twirl of her finger. — I have delivered my message. Your father will be obeyed. He is willing to hope you to be all obedience, and would prevent all incitements to refractoriness.

I know my duty, said I; and hope I shall not find impossible condition annexed to it.

A pert young creature, vain and conceited, she called me. I was the only judge, in my own wise opinion, of what was right and fit. She, for her part, had long seen into my specious ways: and now I should shew every body what I was at bottom.

Dear Bella! said I, hands and eyes lifted up — why all this? — Dear, dear Bella, why —

None of your dear, dear Bella's to me. — I tell you, I see through your witchcrafts [that was her strange word]. And away she flung; adding, as she went, and so will every body else very quickly, I dare say.

Bless me, said I to myself, what a sister have I! — How have I deserved this?

Then I again regretted my grandfather's too distinguishing goodness to me.

FEB. 25, IN THE EVENING.

What my brother and sister have said against me I cannot tell: — but I am in heavy disgrace with my father.

I was sent for down to tea. I went with a very cheerful aspect: but had occasion soon to change it.

Such a solemnity in every body's countenance! — My mother's eyes were fixed upon the tea-cups; and when she looked up, it was heavily, as if her eye-lids had weights upon them; and then not to me. My father sat half-aside in his elbow-

chair, that his head might be turned from me: his hands clasped, and waving, as it were, up and down; his fingers, poor dear gentleman! in motion, as if angry to the very ends of them. My sister was swelling. My brother looked at me with scorn, having measured me, as I may say, with his eyes as I entered, from head to foot. My aunt was there, and looked upon me as if with kindness restrained, bending coldly to my compliment to her as she sat; and then cast an eye first on my brother, then on my sister, as if to give the reason [so I am willing to construe it] of her unusual stiffness. — Bless me, my dear! that they should choose to intimidate rather than invite a mind, till now, not thought either unpersuadable or ungenerous!

I took my seat. Shall I make tea, Madam, to my mother? — I always used, you know, my dear, to make tea.

No! a very short sentence, in one very short word, was the expressive answer. And she was pleased to take the canister in her own hand.

My brother bid the footman, who attended, leave the room — I, he said, will pour out the water.

My heart was up in my mouth. I did not know what to do with myself. What is to follow? thought I.

Just after the second dish, out stept my mother — A word with you, sister Hervey! taking her in her hand. Presently my sister dropt away. Then my brother. So I was left alone with my father.

He looked so very sternly, that my heart failed me as twice or thrice I would have addressed myself to him: nothing but solemn silence on all hands having passed before.

At last, I asked, if it were his pleasure that I should pour him out another dish?

He answered me with the same angry monosyllable, which I had received from my mother before; and then arose, and walked about the room. I arose too, with intent to throw myself at his feet; but was too much overawed by his sternness, even to make such an expression of my duty to him as my heart overflowed with.

At last, as he supported himself, because of his gout, on the back of a chair, I took a little more courage; and approaching him, besought him to acquaint me in what I had offended him?

He turned from me, and in a strong voice, Clarissa Harlowe, said he, know that I will be obeyed.

God forbid, Sir, that you should not! — I have never yet opposed your will —

Nor I your whimsies, Clarissa Harlowe, interrupted he. — Don’t let me run the fate of all who shew indulgence to your sex; to be the more contradicted for mine to you.

My father, you know, my dear, has not (any more than my brother) a kind opinion of our sex; although there is not a more condescending wife in the world than my mother.

I was going to make protestations of duty — No protestations, girl! No words! I will not be prated to! I will be obeyed! I have no child, I will have no child, but an obedient one.

Sir, you never had reason, I hope —

Tell me not what I never had, but what I have, and what I shall have.

Good Sir, be pleased to hear me — My brother and sister, I fear —

Your brother and sister shall not be spoken against, girl! — They have a just concern for the honour of my family.

And I hope, Sir —

Hope nothing. — Tell me not of hopes, but of facts. I ask nothing of you but what is in your power to comply with, and what it is your duty to comply with.

Then, Sir, I will comply with it — But yet I hope from your goodness —

No expostulations! No but's, girl! No qualifyings! I will be obeyed, I tell you; and cheerfully too! — or you are no child of mine!

I wept.

Let me beseech you, my dear and ever-honoured Papa, (and I dropt down on my knees,) that I may have only yours and my mamma's will, and not my brother's, to obey.

I was going on; but he was pleased to withdraw, leaving me on the floor; saying, That he would not hear me thus by subtilty and cunning aiming to distinguish away my duty: repeating, that he would be obeyed.

My heart is too full; — so full, that it may endanger my duty, were I to try to unburden it to you on this occasion: so I will lay down my pen. — But can — Yet positively, I will lay down my pen — !

LETTER IX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FEB. 26, IN THE MORNING.

My aunt, who staid here last night, made me a visit this morning as soon as it was light. She tells me, that I was left alone with my father yesterday on purpose that he might talk with me on my expected obedience; but that he owned he was put beside his purpose by reflecting on something my brother had told him in my disfavour, and by his impatience but to suppose, that such a gentle spirit as mine had hitherto seemed to be, should presume to dispute his will in a point where the advantage of the whole family was to be so greatly promoted by my compliance.

I find, by a few words which dropt unawares from my aunt, that they have all an absolute dependence upon what they suppose to be meekness in my temper. But in this they may be mistaken; for I verily think, upon a strict examination of myself, that I have almost as much in me of my father's as of my mother's family.

My uncle Harlowe it seems is against driving me upon extremities: But my brother has engaged, that the regard I have for my reputation, and my principles, will bring me round to my duty; that's the expression. Perhaps I shall have reason to wish I had not known this.

My aunt advises me to submit for the present to the interdicts they have laid me under; and indeed to encourage Mr. Solmes's address. I have absolutely refused the latter, let what will (as I have told her) be the consequence. The visiting prohibition I will conform to. But as to that of not corresponding with you, nothing but the menace that our letters shall be intercepted, can engage my observation of it.

She believes that this order is from my father, and that my mother has not been consulted upon it. She says, that it is given, as she has reason think, purely in consideration to me, lest I should mortally offend him; and this from the incitements of other people (meaning you and Miss Lloyd, I make no doubt) rather than by my own will. For still, as she tells me, he speaks kind and praiseful things of me.

Here is clemency! Here is indulgence! — And so it is, to prevent a headstrong child, as a good prince would wish to deter disaffected subjects, from running into rebellion, and so forfeiting every thing! But this is allowing to the young-man's wisdom of my brother; a plotter without a head, and a brother without a heart!

How happy might I have been with any other brother in the world but James Harlowe; and with any other sister but his sister! Wonder not, my dear, that I, who used to chide you for these sort of liberties with my relations, now am more

undutiful than you ever was unkind. I cannot bear the thought of being deprived of the principal pleasure of my life; for such is your conversation by person and by letter. And who, besides, can bear to be made the dupe of such low cunning, operating with such high and arrogant passions?

But can you, my dear Miss Howe, condescend to carry on a private correspondence with me? — If you can, there is one way I have thought of, by which it may be done.

You must remember the Green Lane, as we call it, that runs by the side of the wood-house and poultry-yard where I keep my bantams, pheasants, and pea-hens, which generally engage my notice twice a day; the more my favourites because they were my grandfather's, and recommended to my care by him; and therefore brought hither from my Dairy-house since his death.

The lane is lower than the floor of the wood-house; and, in the side of the wood-house, the boards are rotted away down to the floor for half an ell together in several places. Hannah can step into the lane, and make a mark with chalk where a letter or parcel may be pushed in, under some sticks; which may be so managed as to be an unsuspected cover for the written deposits from either.

* * *

I have been just now to look at the place, and find it will answer. So your faithful Robert may, without coming near the house, and as only passing through the Green Lame which leads to two or three farm-houses [out of livery if you please] very easily take from thence my letters and deposit yours.

This place is the more convenient, because it is seldom resorted to but by myself or Hannah, on the above-mentioned account; for it is the general store-house for firing; the wood for constant use being nearer the house.

One corner of this being separated off for the roosting-place of my little poultry, either she or I shall never want a pretence to go thither.

Try, my dear, the success of a letter this way; and give me your opinion and advice what to do in this disgraceful situation, as I cannot but call it; and what you think of my prospects; and what you would do in my case.

But before-hand I will tell you, that your advice must not run in favour of this Solmes: and yet it is very likely they will endeavour to engage your mother, in order to induce you, who have such an influence over me, to favour him.

Yet, on second thoughts, if you incline to that side of the question, I would have you write your whole mind. Determined as I think I am, and cannot help it, I would at least give a patient hearing to what may be said on the other side. For my regards are not so much engaged [upon my word they are not; I know not

myself if they be] to another person as some of my friends suppose; and as you, giving way to your lively vein, upon his last visits, affected to suppose. What preferable favour I may have for him to any other person, is owing more to the usage he has received, and for my sake borne, than to any personal consideration.

I write a few lines of grateful acknowledgement to your good mother for her favours to me in the late happy period. I fear I shall never know such another. I hope she will forgive me, that I did not write sooner.

The bearer, if suspected and examined, is to produce that as the only one he carries.

How do needless watchfulness and undue restraint produce artifice and contrivance! I should abhor these clandestine correspondences, were they not forced upon me. They have so mean, so low an appearance to myself, that I think I ought not to expect that you should take part in them.

But why (as I have also expostulated with my aunt) must I be pushed into a state, which I have no wish to enter into, although I reverence it? — Why should not my brother, so many years older, and so earnest to see me engaged, be first engaged? — And why should not my sister be first provided for?

But here I conclude these unavailing expostulations, with the assurance, that I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER X

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE FEB. 27

What odd heads some people have! — Miss Clarissa Harlowe to be sacrificed in marriage to Mr. Roger Solmes! — Astonishing!

I must not, you say, give my advice in favour of this man! — You now convince me, my dear, that you are nearer of kin than I thought you, to the family that could think of so preposterous a match, or you would never have had the least notion of my advising in his favour.

Ask for his picture. You know I have a good hand at drawing an ugly likeness. But I'll see a little further first: for who knows what may happen, since matters are in such a train; and since you have not the courage to oppose so overwhelming a torrent?

You ask me to help you to a little of my spirit. Are you in earnest? But it will not now, I doubt, do you service. — It will not sit naturally upon you. You are your mother's girl, think what you will; and have violent spirits to contend with. Alas! my dear, you should have borrowed some of mine a little sooner; — that is to say, before you had given the management of your estate into the hands of those who think they have a prior claim to it. What though a father's! — Has not the father two elder children? — And do they not both bear more of his stamp and image than you do? — Pray, my dear, call me not to account for this free question; lest your application of my meaning, on examination, prove to be as severe as that.

Now I have launched out a little, indulge me one word more in the same strain — I will be decent, I promise you. I think you might have know, that Avarice and Envy are two passions that are not to be satisfied, the one by giving, the other by the envied person's continuing to deserve and excel. — Fuel, fuel both, all the world over, to flames insatiate and devouring.

But since you ask for my opinion, you must tell me all you know or surmise of their inducements. And if you will not forbid me to make extracts from your letters for the entertainment of my aunt and cousin in the little island, who long to hear more of your affairs, it will be very obliging.

But you are so tender of some people who have no tenderness for any body but themselves, that I must conjure you to speak out. Remember, that a friendship like ours admits of no reserves. You may trust my impartiality. It would be an affront to your own judgment, if you did not: For do you not ask my advice? And have you not taught me that friendship should never give a bias against justice? —

Justify them, therefore, if you can. Let us see if there be any sense, whether sufficient reason or not in their choice. At present I cannot (and yet I know a good deal of your family) have any conception how all of them, your mother and your aunt Hervey in particular, can join with the rest against judgments given. As to some of the others, I cannot wonder at any thing they do, or attempt to do, where self is concerned.

You ask, Why may not your brother be first engaged in wedlock? I'll tell you why: His temper and his arrogance are too well known to induce women he would aspire to, to receive his addresses, notwithstanding his great independent acquisitions, and still greater prospects. Let me tell you, my dear, those acquisitions have given him more pride than reputation. To me he is the most intolerable creature that I ever conversed with. The treatment you blame, he merited from one whom he addressed with the air of a person who presumes that he is about to confer a favour, rather than to receive one. I ever loved to mortify proud and insolent spirits. What, think you, makes me bear Hickman near me, but that the man is humble, and knows and keeps his distance?

As to your question, Why your elder sister may not be first provided for? I answer, Because she must have no man, but one who has a great and clear estate; that's one thing. Another is, Because she has a younger sister. Pray, my dear, be so good as to tell me, What man of a great and clear estate would think of that eldest sister, while the younger were single?

You are all too rich to be happy, child. For must not each of you, by the constitutions of your family, marry to be still richer? People who know in what their main excellence consists, are not to be blamed (are they) for cultivating and improving what they think most valuable? — Is true happiness any part of your family view? — So far from it, that none of your family but yourself could be happy were they not rich. So let them fret on, grumble and grudge, and accumulate; and wondering what ails them that they have not happiness when they have riches, think the cause is want of more; and so go on heaping up, till Death, as greedy an accumulator as themselves, gathers them into his garner.

Well then once more I say, do you, my dear, tell me what you know of their avowed and general motives; and I will tell you more than you will tell me of their failings! Your aunt Hervey, you say,* has told you: Why must I ask you to let me know them, when you condescend to ask my advice on the occasion?

* See Letter VIII.

That they prohibit your corresponding with me, is a wisdom I neither wonder at, nor blame them for: since it is an evidence to me, that they know their own folly: And if they do, is it strange that they should be afraid to trust one another's judgment upon it?

I am glad you have found out a way to correspond with me. I approve it much. I shall more, if this first trial of it prove successful. But should it not, and should it fall into their hands, it would not concern me but for your sake.

We have heard before you wrote, that all was not right between your relations and you at your coming home: that Mr. Solmes visited you, and that with a prospect of success. But I concluded the mistake lay in the person; and that his address was to Miss Arabella. And indeed had she been as good-natured as your plump ones generally are, I should have thought her too good for him by half. This must certainly be the thing, thought I; and my beloved friend is sent for to advise and assist in her nuptial preparations. Who knows, said I to my mother, but that when the man has thrown aside his yellow full-buckled peruke, and his broad-brimmed beaver (both of which I suppose were Sir Oliver's best of long standing) he may cut a tolerable figure dangling to church with Miss Bell! — The woman, as she observes, should excel the man in features: and where can she match so well for a foil?

I indulged this surmise against rumour, because I could not believe that the absurdest people in England could be so very absurd as to think of this man for you.

We heard, moreover, that you received no visiters. I could assign no reason for this, except that the preparations for your sister were to be private, and the ceremony sudden, for fear this man should, as another man did, change his mind. Miss Lloyd and Miss Biddulph were with me to inquire what I knew of this; and of your not being in church, either morning or afternoon, the Sunday after your return from us; to the disappointment of a little hundred of your admirers, to use their words. It was easy for me to guess the reason to be what you confirm — their apprehensions that Lovelace would be there, and attempt to wait on you home.

My mother takes very kindly your compliments in your letter to her. Her words upon reading it were, 'Miss Clarissa Harlowe is an admirable young lady: wherever she goes, she confers a favour: whomever she leaves, she fills with regret.' — And then a little comparative reflection— 'O my Nancy, that you had a little of her sweet obligingness!'

No matter. The praise was yours. You are me; and I enjoyed it. The more enjoyed it, because — Shall I tell you the truth? — Because I think myself as well as I am — were it but for this reason, that had I twenty brother James's, and twenty sister Bell's, not one of them, nor all of them joined together, would dare to treat me as yours presume to treat you. The person who will bear much shall have much to bear all the world through; it is your own sentiment,* grounded

upon the strongest instance that can be given in your own family; though you have so little improved by it.

* Letter V.

The result is this, that I am fitter for this world than you; you for the next than me: — that is the difference. — But long, long, for my sake, and for hundreds of sakes, may it be before you quit us for company more congenial to you and more worthy of you!

I communicated to my mother the account you give of your strange reception; also what a horrid wretch they have found out for you; and the compulsory treatment they give you. It only set her on magnifying her lenity to me, on my tyrannical behaviour, as she will call it [mothers must have their way, you know, my dear] to the man whom she so warmly recommends, against whom it seems there can be no just exception; and expatiating upon the complaisance I owe her for her indulgence. So I believe I must communicate to her nothing farther — especially as I know she would condemn the correspondence between us, and that between you and Lovelace, as clandestine and undutiful proceedings, and divulge our secret besides; for duty implicit is her cry. And moreover she lends a pretty open ear to the preachments of that starch old bachelor your uncle Antony; and for an example to her daughter would be more careful how she takes your part, be the cause ever so just.

Yet is this not the right policy neither. For people who allow nothing will be granted nothing: in other words, those who aim at carrying too many points will not be able to carry any.

But can you divine, my dear, what the old preachment-making, plump-hearted soul, your uncle Antony, means by his frequent amblings hither? — There is such smirking and smiling between my mother and him! Such mutual praises of economy; and ‘that is my way!’ — and ‘this I do!’ — and ‘I am glad it has your approbation, Sir!’ — and ‘you look into every thing, Madam!’— ‘Nothing would be done, if I did not!’ —

Such exclamations against servants! Such exaltings of self! And dear heart, and good lack! — and ‘las a-day! — And now-and-then their conversation sinking into a whispering accent, if I come across them! — I’ll tell you, my dear, I don’t above half like it.

Only that these old bachelors usually take as many years to resolve upon matrimony as they can reasonably expect to live, or I should be ready to fire upon his visits; and to recommend Mr. Hickman to my mother’s acceptance, as a much more eligible man: for what he wants in years, he makes up in gravity; and if you will not chide me, I will say, that there is a primness in both (especially when the man has presumed too much with me upon my mother’s favour for him, and is

under discipline on that account) as make them seem near of kin: and then in contemplation of my sauciness, and what they both fear from it, they sigh away! and seem so mightily to compassionate each other, that if pity be but one remove from love, I am in no danger, while they are both in a great deal, and don't know it.

Now, my dear, I know you will be upon me with your grave airs: so in for the lamb, as the saying is, in for the sheep; and do you yourself look about you; for I'll have a pull with you by way of being aforehand. Hannibal, we read, always advised to attack the Romans upon their own territories.

You are pleased to say, and upon your word too! that your regards (a mighty quaint word for affections) are not so much engaged, as some of your friends suppose, to another person. What need you give one to imagine, my dear, that the last month or two has been a period extremely favourable to that other person, whom it has made an obliger of the niece for his patience with the uncles.

But, to pass that by — so much engaged! — How much, my dear? — Shall I infer? Some of your friends suppose a great deal. You seem to own a little.

Don't be angry. It is all fair: because you have not acknowledged to me that little. People I have heard you say, who affect secrets, always excite curiosity.

But you proceed with a kind of drawback upon your averment, as if recollection had given you a doubt — you know not yourself, if they be [so much engaged]. Was it necessary to say this to me? — and to say it upon your word too? — But you know best. — Yet you don't neither, I believe. For a beginning love is acted by a subtle spirit; and oftentimes discovers itself to a by-stander, when the person possessed (why should I not call it possessed?) knows not it has such a demon.

But further you say, what preferable favour you may have for him to any other person, is owing more to the usage he has received, and for your sake borne, than to any personal consideration.

This is generously said. It is in character. But, O my friend, depend upon it, you are in danger. Depend upon it, whether you know it or not, you are a little in for't. Your native generosity and greatness of mind endanger you: all your friends, by fighting against him with impolitic violence, fight for him. And Lovelace, my life for yours, notwithstanding all his veneration and assiduities, has seen further than that veneration and those assiduities (so well calculated to your meridian) will let him own he has seen — has seen, in short, that his work is doing for him more effectually than he could do it for himself. And have you not before now said, that nothing is so penetrating as the eye of a lover who has vanity? And who says Lovelace wants vanity?

In short, my dear, it is my opinion, and that from the easiness of his heart and behaviour, that he has seen more than I have seen; more than you think could be seen — more than I believe you yourself know, or else you would let me know it.

Already, in order to restrain him from resenting the indignities he has received, and which are daily offered him, he has prevailed upon you to correspond with him privately. I know he has nothing to boast of from what you have written: but is not his inducing you to receive his letters, and to answer them, a great point gained? By your insisting that he should keep the correspondence private, it appears there is one secret which you do not wish the world should know: and he is master of that secret. He is indeed himself, as I may say, that secret! What an intimacy does this beget for the lover! How is it distancing the parent!

Yet who, as things are situated, can blame you? — Your condescension has no doubt hitherto prevented great mischiefs. It must be continued, for the same reasons, while the cause remains. You are drawn in by a perverse fate against inclination: but custom, with such laudable purposes, will reconcile the inconveniency, and make an inclination. — And I would advise you (as you would wish to manage on an occasion so critical with that prudence which governs all your actions) not to be afraid of entering upon a close examination into the true springs and grounds of this your generosity to that happy man.

It is my humble opinion, I tell you frankly, that on inquiry it will come out to be LOVE — don't start, my dear! — Has not your man himself had natural philosophy enough to observe already to your aunt Hervey, that love takes the deepest root in the steadiest minds? The deuce take his sly penetration, I was going to say; for this was six or seven weeks ago.

I have been tinctured, you know. Nor on the coolest reflection, could I account how and when the jaundice began: but had been over head and ears, as the saying is, but for some of that advice from you, which I now return you. Yet my man was not half so — so what, my dear — to be sure Lovelace is a charming fellow. And were he only — but I will not make you glow, as you read — upon my word I will not. — Yet, my dear, don't you find at your heart somewhat unusual make it go throb, throb, throb, as you read just here? — If you do, don't be ashamed to own it — it is your generosity, my love, that's all. — But as the Roman augur said, Caesar, beware of the Ides of March!

Adieu, my dearest friend. — Forgive, and very speedily, by the new found expedient, tell me that you forgive,

Your ever-affectionate, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1.

You both nettled and alarmed me, my dearest Miss Howe, by the concluding part of your last. At first reading it, I did not think it necessary, said I to myself, to guard against a critic, when I was writing to so dear a friend. But then recollecting myself, is there not more in it, said I, than the result of a vein so naturally lively? Surely I must have been guilty of an inadvertence. Let me enter into the close examination of myself which my beloved friend advises.

I do so; and cannot own any of the glow, any of the throbs you mention. — Upon my word I will repeat, I cannot. And yet the passages in my letter, upon which you are so humourously severe, lay me fairly open to your agreeable raillery. I own they do. And I cannot tell what turn my mind had taken to dictate so oddly to my pen.

But, pray now — is it saying so much, when one, who has no very particular regard to any man, says, there are some who are preferable to others? And is it blamable to say, they are the preferable, who are not well used by one's relations; yet dispense with that usage out of regard to one's self which they would otherwise resent? Mr. Lovelace, for instance, I may be allowed to say, is a man to be preferred to Mr. Solmes; and that I do prefer him to that man: but, surely, this may be said without its being a necessary consequence that I must be in love with him.

Indeed I would not be in love with him, as it is called, for the world: First, because I have no opinion of his morals; and think it a fault in which our whole family (my brother excepted) has had a share, that he was permitted to visit us with a hope, which, however, being distant, did not, as I have observed heretofore,* entitle any of us to call him to account for such of his immoralities as came to our ears. Next, because I think him to be a vain man, capable of triumphing (secretly at least) over a person whose heart he thinks he has engaged. And, thirdly, because the assiduities and veneration which you impute to him, seem to carry an haughtiness in them, as if he thought his address had a merit in it, that would be more than an equivalent to a woman's love. In short, his very politeness, notwithstanding the advantages he must have had from his birth and education, appear to be constrained; and, with the most remarkable easy and genteel person, something, at times, seems to be behind in his manner that is too studiously kept in. Then, good-humoured as he is thought to be in the main to other people's servants, and this even to familiarity (although, as you have

observed, a familiarity that has dignity in it not unbecoming to a man of quality) he is apt sometimes to break out into a passion with his own: An oath or a curse follows, and such looks from those servants as plainly shew terror, and that they should have fared worse had they not been in my hearing: with a confirmation in the master's looks of a surmise too well justified.

* Letter III.

Indeed, my dear, THIS man is not THE man. I have great objections to him. My heart throbs not after him. I glow not, but with indignation against myself for having given room for such an imputation. But you must not, my dearest friend, construe common gratitude into love. I cannot bear that you should. But if ever I should have the misfortune to think it love, I promise you upon my word, which is the same as upon my honour, that I will acquaint you with it.

You bid me to tell you very speedily, and by the new-found expedient, that I am not displeased with you for your agreeable raillery: I dispatch this therefore immediately, postponing to my next the account of the inducements which my friends have to promote with so much earnestness the address of Mr. Solmes.

Be satisfied, my dear, mean time, that I am not displeased with you: indeed I am not. On the contrary, I give you my hearty thanks for your friendly premonitions; and I charge you (as I have often done) that if you observe any thing in me so very faulty as would require from you to others in my behalf the palliation of friendly and partial love, you acquaint me with it: for methinks I would so conduct myself as not to give reason even for an adversary to censure me; and how shall so weak and so young a creature avoid the censure of such, if my friend will not hold a looking-glass before me to let me see my imperfections?

Judge me, then, my dear, as any indifferent person (knowing what you know of me) would do. I may be at first be a little pained; may glow a little perhaps to be found less worthy of your friendship than I wish to be; but assure yourself, that your kind correction will give me reflection that shall amend me. If it do not, you will have a fault to accuse me of, that will be utterly inexcusable: a fault, let me add, that should you not accuse me of it (if in your opinion I am guilty) you will not be so much, so warmly, my friend as I am yours; since I have never spared you on the like occasions.

Here I break off to begin another letter to you, with the assurance, mean time, that I am, and ever will be,

Your equally affectionate and grateful, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 2.

Indeed you would not be in love with him for the world! — Your servant, my dear. Nor would I have you. For, I think, with all the advantages of person, fortune, and family, he is not by any means worthy of you. And this opinion I give as well from the reasons you mention (which I cannot but confirm) as from what I have heard of him but a few hours ago from Mrs. Fortescue, a favourite of Lady Betty Lawrance, who knows him well — but let me congratulate you, however, on your being the first of our sex that ever I heard of, who has been able to turn that lion, Love, at her own pleasure, into a lap-dog.

Well but, if you have not the throbs and the glows, you have not: and are not in love; good reason why — because you would not be in love; and there's no more to be said. — Only, my dear, I shall keep a good look-out upon you; and so I hope you will be upon yourself; for it is no manner of argument that because you would not be in love, you therefore are not. — But before I part entirely with this subject, a word in your ear, my charming friend— 'tis only by way of caution, and in pursuance of the general observation, that a stander-by is often a better judge of the game than those that play. — May it not be, that you have had, and have, such cross creatures and such odd heads to deal with, as have not allowed you to attend to the throbs? — Or, if you had them a little now and then, whether, having had two accounts to place them to, you have not by mistake put them to the wrong one?

But whether you have a value for Lovelace or not, I know you will be impatient to hear what Mrs. Fortescue has said of him. Nor will I keep you longer in suspense.

An hundred wild stories she tells of him from childhood to manhood: for, as she observed, having never been subject to contradiction, he was always as mischievous as a monkey. But I shall pass over these whole hundred of his puerile rogueries (although indicative ones, as I may say) to take notice as well of some things you are not quite ignorant of, as of others you know not, and to make a few observations upon him and his ways.

Mrs. Fortescue owns, what every body knows, 'that he is notoriously, nay, avowedly, a man of pleasure; yet says, that in any thing he sets his heart upon or undertakes, he is the most industrious and persevering mortal under the sun. He rests it seems not above six hours in the twenty-four — any more than you. He

delights in writing. Whether at Lord M.'s, or at Lady Betty's, or Lady Sarah's, he has always a pen in his fingers when he retires. One of his companions (confirming his love of writing) has told her, that his thoughts flow rapidly to his pen:' And you and I, my dear, have observed, on more occasions than one, that though he writes even a fine hand, he is one of the readiest and quickest of writers. He must indeed have had early a very docile genius; since a person of his pleasurable turn and active spirit, could never have submitted to take long or great pains in attaining the qualifications he is master of; qualifications so seldom attained by youth of quality and fortune; by such especially of those of either, who, like him, have never known what it was to be controuled.

'He had once it seems the vanity, upon being complimented on these talents (and on his surprising diligence, for a man of pleasure) to compare himself to Julius Caesar; who performed great actions by day, and wrote them down at night; and valued himself, that he only wanted Caesar's out-setting, to make a figure among his contemporaries.

'He spoke of this indeed, she says, with an air of pleasantry: for she observed, and so have we, that he has the art of acknowledging his vanity with so much humour, that it sets him above the contempt which is due to vanity and self-opinion; and at the same time half persuades those who hear him, that he really deserves the exultation he gives himself.'

But supposing it to be true that all his vacant nightly hours are employed in writing, what can be his subjects? If, like Caesar, his own actions, he must undoubtedly be a very enterprising and very wicked man; since nobody suspects him to have a serious turn; and, decent as he is in his conversation with us, his writings are not probably such as would redound either to his own honour, or to the benefit of others, were they to be read. He must be conscious of this, since Mrs. Fortescue says, 'that in the great correspondence by letters which he holds, he is as secret and as careful as if it were of a treasonable nature; — yet troubles not his head with politics, though nobody knows the interests of princes and courts better than he is said to do.'

That you and I, my dear, should love to write, is no wonder. We have always, from the time each could hold a pen, delighted in epistolary correspondencies. Our employments are domestic and sedentary; and we can scribble upon twenty innocent subjects, and take delight in them because they are innocent; though were they to be seen, they might not much profit or please others. But that such a gay, lively young fellow as this, who rides, hunts, travels, frequents the public entertainments, and has means to pursue his pleasures, should be able to set himself down to write for hours together, as you and I have heard him say he frequently does, that is the strange thing.

Mrs. Fortescue says, ‘that he is a complete master of short-hand writing.’ By the way, what inducements could a swift writer as he have to learn short-hand!

She says (and we know it as well as she) ‘that he has a surprising memory, and a very lively imagination.’

Whatever his other vices are, all the world, as well as Mrs. Fortescue, says, ‘he is a sober man. And among all his bad qualities, gaming, that great waster of time as well as fortune, is not his vice:’ So that he must have his head as cool, and his reason as clear, as the prime of youth and his natural gaiety will permit; and by his early morning hours, a great portion of time upon his hands to employ in writing, or worse.

Mrs. Fortescue says, ‘he has one gentleman who is more his intimate and correspondent than any of the rest.’ You remember what his dismissed bailiff said of him and of his associates.* I don’t find but that Mrs. Fortescue confirms this part of it, ‘that all his relations are afraid of him; and that his pride sets him above owing obligations to them. She believes he is clear of the world; and that he will continue so;’ No doubt from the same motive that makes him avoid being obliged to his relations.

* Letter IV.

A person willing to think favourably of him would hope, that a brave, a learned, and a diligent, man, cannot be naturally a bad man. — But if he be better than his enemies say he is (and if worse he is bad indeed) he is guilty of an inexcusable fault in being so careless as he is of his reputation. I think a man can be so but from one of these two reasons: either that he is conscious he deserves the ill spoken of him; or, that he takes a pride in being thought worse than he is. Both very bad and threatening indications; since the first must shew him to be utterly abandoned; and it is but natural to conclude from the other, that what a man is not ashamed to have imputed to him, he will not scruple to be guilty of whenever he has an opportunity.

Upon the whole, and upon all I could gather from Mrs. Fortescue, Mr. Lovelace is a very faulty man. You and I have thought him too gay, too inconsiderate, too rash, too little an hypocrite, to be deep. You see he never would disguise his natural temper (haughty as it certainly is) with respect to your brother’s behaviour to him. Where he thinks a contempt due, he pays it to the uttermost. Nor has he complaisance enough to spare your uncles.

But were he deep, and ever so deep, you would soon penetrate him, if they would leave you to yourself. His vanity would be your clue. Never man had more: Yet, as Mrs. Fortescue observed, ‘never did man carry it off so happily.’ There is a strange mixture in it of humourous vivacity: — Since but for one half of what he says of himself, when he is in the vein, any other man would be insufferable.

* * *

Talk of the devil, is an old saying. The lively wretch has made me a visit, and is but just gone away. He is all impatience and resentment at the treatment you meet with, and full of apprehensions too, that they will carry their point with you.

I told him my opinion, that you will never be brought to think of such a man as Solmes; but that it will probably end in a composition, never to have either.

No man, he said, whose fortunes and alliances are so considerable, ever had so little favour from a woman for whose sake he had borne so much.

I told him my mind as freely as I used to do. But whoever was in fault, self being judge? He complained of spies set upon his conduct, and to pry into his life and morals, and this by your brother and uncles.

I told him, that this was very hard upon him; and the more so, as neither his life nor morals perhaps would stand a fair inquiry.

He smiled, and called himself my servant. — The occasion was too fair, he said, for Miss Howe, who never spared him, to let it pass. — But, Lord help the shallow souls of the Harlowes! Would I believe it! they were for turning plotters upon him. They had best take care he did not pay them in their own coin. Their hearts were better turned for such works than their heads.

I asked him, If he valued himself upon having a head better turned than theirs for such works, as he called them?

He drew off: and then ran into the highest professions of reverence and affection for you.

The object so meritorious, who can doubt the reality of his professions?

Adieu, my dearest, my noble friend! — I love and admire you for the generous conclusion of your last more than I can express. Though I began this letter with impertinent raillery, knowing that you always loved to indulge my mad vein; yet never was there a heart that more glowed with friendly love, than that of

Your own ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1.

I now take up my pen to lay before you the inducements and motive which my friends have to espouse so earnestly the address of this Mr. Solmes.

In order to set this matter in a clear light, it is necessary to go a little back, and even perhaps to mention some things which you already know: and so you may look upon what I am going to relate, as a kind of supplement to my letters of the 15th and 20th of January last.*

* Letters IV. and V.

In those letters, of which I have kept memorandums, I gave you an account of my brother's and sister's antipathy to Mr. Lovelace; and the methods they took (so far as they had then come to my knowledge) to ruin him in the opinion of my other friends. And I told you, that after a very cold, yet not a directly affrontive behaviour to him, they all of a sudden* became more violent, and proceeded to personal insults; which brought on at last the unhappy rencounter between my brother and him.

* See Letter IV.

Now you must know, that from the last conversation that passed between my aunt and me, it comes out, that this sudden vehemence on my brother's and sister's parts, was owing to stronger reasons than to the college-begun antipathy on his side, or to slighted love on hers; to wit, to an apprehension that my uncles intended to follow my grandfather's example in my favour; at least in a higher degree than they wish they should. An apprehension founded it seems on a conversation between my two uncles and my brother and sister: which my aunt communicated to me in confidence, as an argument to prevail upon me to accept of Mr. Solmes's noble settlements: urging, that such a seasonable compliance, would frustrate my brother's and sister's views, and establish me for ever in the love of my father and uncles.

I will give you the substance of this communicated conversation, after I have made a brief introductory observation or two, which however I hardly need to make to you who are so well acquainted with us all, did not the series or thread of the story require it.

I have more than once mentioned to you the darling view some of us have long had of raising a family, as it is called. A reflection, as I have often thought, upon our own, which is no considerable or upstart one, on either side, on my mother's

especially. — A view too frequently it seems entertained by families which, having great substance, cannot be satisfied without rank and title.

My uncles had once extended this view to each of us three children; urging, that as they themselves intended not to marry, we each of us might be so portioned, and so advantageously matched, as that our posterity, if not ourselves, might make a first figure in our country. — While my brother, as the only son, thought the two girls might be very well provided for by ten or fifteen thousand pounds a-piece: and that all the real estates in the family, to wit, my grandfather's, father's, and two uncles', and the remainder of their respective personal estates, together with what he had an expectation of from his godmother, would make such a noble fortune, and give him such an interest, as might entitle him to hope for a peerage. Nothing less would satisfy his ambition.

With this view he gave himself airs very early; 'That his grandfather and uncles were his stewards: that no man ever had better: that daughters were but incumbrances and drawbacks upon a family:' and this low and familiar expression was often in his mouth, and uttered always with the self-complaisance which an imagined happy thought can be supposed to give the speaker; to wit, 'That a man who has sons brings up chickens for his own table,' [though once I made his comparison stagger with him, by asking him, If the sons, to make it hold, were to have their necks wrung off?] 'whereas daughters are chickens brought up for tables of other men.' This, accompanied with the equally polite reflection, 'That, to induce people to take them off their hands, the family-stock must be impaired into the bargain,' used to put my sister out of all patience: and, although she now seems to think a younger sister only can be an incumbrance, she was then often proposing to me to make a party in our own favour against my brother's rapacious views, as she used to call them: while I was for considering the liberties he took of this sort, as the effect of a temporary pleasantry, which, in a young man, not naturally good-humoured, I was glad to see; or as a foible that deserved raillery, but no other notice.

But when my grandfather's will (of the purport of which in my particular favour, until it was opened, I was as ignorant as they) had lopped off one branch of my brother's expectation, he was extremely dissatisfied with me. Nobody indeed was pleased: for although every one loved me, yet being the youngest child, father, uncles, brother, sister, all thought themselves postponed, as to matter of right and power [Who loves not power?]: And my father himself could not bear that I should be made sole, as I may call it, and independent; for such the will, as to that estate and the powers it gave, (unaccountably, as they all said,) made me.

To obviate, therefore, every one's jealousy, I gave up to my father's management, as you know, not only the estate, but the money bequeathed me

(which was a moiety of what my grandfather had by him at his death; the other moiety being bequeathed to my sister); contenting myself to take as from his bounty what he was pleased to allow me, without desiring the least addition to my annual stipend. And then I hoped I had laid all envy asleep: but still my brother and sister (jealous, as now is evident, of my two uncles' favour of me, and of the pleasure I had given my father and them by this act of duty) were every now-and-then occasionally doing me covert ill offices: of which, however, I took the less notice, when I was told of them, as I thought I had removed the cause of their envy; and I imputed every thing of that sort to the petulance they are both pretty much noted for.

My brother's acquisition then took place. This made us all very happy; and he went down to take possession of it: and his absence (on so good an account too) made us still happier. Then followed Lord M.'s proposal for my sister: and this was an additional felicity for the time. I have told you how exceedingly good-humoured it made my sister.

You know how that went off: you know what came on in its place.

My brother then returned; and we were all wrong again: and Bella, as I observed in my letters abovementioned, had an opportunity to give herself the credit of having refused Mr. Lovelace, on the score of his reputed faulty morals. This united my brother and sister in one cause. They set themselves on all occasions to depreciate Mr. Lovelace, and his family too (a family which deserves nothing but respect): and this gave rise to the conversation I am leading to, between my uncles and them: of which I now come to give the particulars; after I have observed, that it happened before the rencounter, and soon after the inquiry made into Mr. Lovelace's affairs had come out better than my brother and sister hoped it would.*

* See Letter IV.

They were bitterly inveighing against him, in their usual way, strengthening their invectives with some new stories in his disfavour, when my uncle Antony, having given them a patient hearing, declared, 'That he thought the gentleman behaved like a gentleman; his niece Clary with prudence; and that a more honourable alliance for the family, as he had often told them, could not be wished for: since Mr. Lovelace had a very good paternal estate; and that, by the evidence of an enemy, all clear. Nor did it appear, that he was so bad a man as he had been represented to be: wild indeed; but it was a gay time of life: he was a man of sense: and he was sure that his niece would not have him, if she had not good reason to think him reformed, or that there was a likelihood that she could reform him by her example.'

My uncle then gave one instance, my aunt told me, as a proof of a generosity in Mr. Lovelace's spirit, which convinced him that he was not a bad man in nature; and that he was of a temper, he was pleased to say, like my own; which was, That when he (my uncle) had represented to him, that he might, if he pleased, make three or four hundred pounds a year of his paternal estate, more than he did; he answered, 'That his tenants paid their rents well: that it was a maxim with his family, from which he would by no means depart, Never to rack-rent old tenants, or their descendants; and that it was a pleasure to him, to see all his tenants look fat, sleek, and contented.'

I indeed had once occasionally heard him say something like this; and thought he never looked so well as at that time; — except once; and that was in an instance given by him on the following incident.

An unhappy tenant of my uncle Antony came petitioning to my uncle for forbearance, in Mr. Lovelace's presence. When he had fruitlessly withdrawn, Mr. Lovelace pleaded his cause so well, that the man was called in again, and had his suit granted. And Mr. Lovelace privately followed him out, and gave him two guineas, for present relief; the man having declared, that, at the time, he had not five shilling in the world.

On this occasion, he told my uncle (but without any airs of ostentation), that he had once observed an old tenant and his wife in a very mean habit at church; and questioning them about it the next day, as he knew they had no hard bargain in their farm, the man said, he had done some very foolish things with a good intention, which had put him behind-hand, and he could not have paid his rent, and appear better. He asked him how long it would take him to retrieve the foolish step he acknowledged he had made. He said, Perhaps two or three years. Well then, said he, I will abate you five pounds a year for seven years, provided you will lay it upon your wife and self, that you may make a Sunday-appearance like MY tenants. Mean time, take this (putting his hand in his pocket, and giving him five guineas), to put yourselves in present plight; and let me see you next Sunday at church, hand in hand, like an honest and loving couple; and I bespeak you to dine with me afterwards.

Although this pleased me when I heard it, as giving an instance of generosity and prudence at the same time, not lessening (as my uncle took notice) the yearly value of the farm, yet, my dear, I had no throbs, no glows upon it! — Upon my word, I had not. Nevertheless I own to you, that I could not help saying to myself on the occasion, 'Were it ever to be my lot to have this man, he would not hinder me from pursuing the methods I so much delight to take' — With 'A pity, that such a man were not uniformly good!'

Forgive me this digression.

My uncle went on (as my aunt told me), ‘That, besides his paternal estate, he was the immediate heir to very splendid fortunes: that, when he was in treaty for his niece Arabella, Lord M. told him (my uncle) what great things he and his two half-sisters intended to do for him, in order to qualify him for the title, which would be extinct at his Lordship’s death, and which they hoped to procure for him, or a still higher, that of those ladies’ father, which had been for some time extinct on failure of heirs male: that it was with this view that his relations were all so earnest for his marrying: that as he saw not where Mr. Lovelace could better himself; so, truly, he thought there was wealth enough in their own family to build up three considerable ones: that, therefore, he must needs say, he was the more desirous of this alliance, as there was a great probability, not only from Mr. Lovelace’s descent, but from his fortunes, that his niece Clarissa might one day be a peeress of Great Britain: — and, upon that prospect [here was the mortifying stroke], he should, for his own part, think it not wrong to make such dispositions as should contribute to the better support of the dignity.’

My uncle Harlowe, it seems, far from disapproving of what his brother had said, declared, ‘That there was but one objection to an alliance with Mr. Lovelace; to wit, his faulty morals: especially as so much could be done for Miss Bella, and for my brother too, by my father; and as my brother was actually possessed of a considerable estate by virtue of the deed of gift and will of his godmother Lovell.’

Had I known this before, I should the less have wondered at many things I have been unable to account for in my brother’s and sister’s behaviour to me; and been more on my guard than I imagined there was a necessity to be.

You may easily guess how much this conversation affected my brother at the time. He could not, you know, but be very uneasy to hear two of his stewards talk at this rate to his face.

He had from early days, by his violent temper, made himself both feared and courted by the whole family. My father himself, as I have lately mentioned, very often (long before my brother’s acquisition had made him still more assuming) gave way to him, as to an only son who was to build up the name, and augment the honour of it. Little inducement, therefore, had my brother to correct a temper which gave him so much consideration with every body.

‘See, Sister Bella,’ said he, in an indecent passion before my uncles, on this occasion I have mentioned— ‘See how it is! — You and I ought to look about us! — This little syren is in a fair way to out-uncle, as she has already out-grandfather’d, us both!’

From this time (as I now find it plain upon recollection) did my brother and sister behave to me, as to one who stood in their way; and to each other as having but one interest: and were resolved, therefore, to bend all their force to hinder an

alliance from taking effect, which they believed was likely to oblige them to contract their views.

And how was this to be done, after such a declaration from both my uncles?

My brother found out the way. My sister (as I have said) went hand in hand with him. Between them, the family union was broke, and every one was made uneasy. Mr. Lovelace was received more and more coldly by all: but not being to be put out of his course by slights only, personal affronts succeeded; defiances next; then the rencounter: that, as you have heard, did the business. And now, if I do not oblige them, my grandfather's estate is to be litigated with me; and I, who never designed to take advantage of the independency bequeathed me, am to be as dependent upon my father's will, as a daughter ought to be who knows not what is good for herself. This is the language of the family now.

But if I will suffer myself to be prevailed upon, how happy (as they lay it out) shall we all be! — Such presents am I to have, such jewels, and I cannot tell what, from every one in the family! Then Mr. Solmes's fortunes are so great, and his proposals so very advantageous, (no relation whom he values,) that there will be abundant room to raise mine upon them, were the high-intended favours of my own relations to be quite out of the question. Moreover, it is now, with this view, found out, that I have qualifications which of themselves will be a full equivalent to Mr. Solmes for the settlements he is to make; and still leave him under an obligation to me for my compliance. He himself thinks so, I am told — so very poor a creature is he, even in his own eyes, as well as in theirs.

These desirable views answered, how rich, how splendid shall we all three be! And I — what obligations shall I lay upon them all! — And that only by doing an act of duty so suitable to my character, and manner of thinking; if, indeed, I am the generous as well as dutiful creature I have hitherto made them believe I am.

This is the bright side that is turned to my father and uncles, to captivate them: but I am afraid that my brother's and sister's design is to ruin me with them at any rate. Were it otherwise, would they not on my return from you have rather sought to court than frighten me into measures which their hearts are so much bent to carry? A method they have followed ever since.

Mean time, orders are given to all the servants to shew the highest respect to Mr. Solmes; the generous Mr. Solmes is now his character with some of our family! But are not these orders a tacit confession, that they think his own merit will not procure him respect? He is accordingly, in every visit he makes, not only highly caressed by the principals of our family, but obsequiously attended and cringed to by the menials. — And the noble settlements are echoed from every mouth.

Noble is the word used to enforce the offers of a man who is mean enough avowedly to hate, and wicked enough to propose to rob of their just expectations, his own family, (every one of which at the same time stands in too much need of his favour,) in order to settle all he is worth upon me; and if I die without children, and he has none by any other marriage, upon a family which already abounds. Such are his proposals.

But were there no other motive to induce me to despise the upstart man, is not this unjust one to his family enough? — The upstart man, I repeat; for he was not born to the immense riches he is possessed of: riches left by one niggard to another, in injury to the next heir, because that other is a niggard. And should I not be as culpable, do you think, in my acceptance of such unjust settlements, as he is in the offer of them, if I could persuade myself to be a sharer in them, or suffer a reversionary expectation of possessing them to influence my choice?

Indeed, it concerns me not a little, that my friends could be brought to encourage such offers on such motives as I think a person of conscience should not presume to begin the world with.

But this it seems is the only method that can be taken to disappoint Mr. Lovelace; and at the same time to answer all my relations have wish for each of us. And surely I will not stand against such an accession to the family as may happen from marrying Mr. Solmes: since now a possibility is discovered, (which such a grasping mind as my brother's can easily turn into a probability,) that my grandfather's estate will revert to it, with a much more considerable one of the man's own. Instances of estates falling in, in cases far more unlikely than this, are insisted upon; and my sister says, in the words of an old saw, It is good to be related to an estate.

While Solmes, smiling no doubt to himself at a hope so remote, by offers only, obtains all their interests; and doubts not to join to his own the estate I am envied for; which, for the conveniency of its situation between two of his, will it seems be of twice the value to him that it would be of to any other person; and is therefore, I doubt not, a stronger motive with him than the wife.

These, my dear, seem to me the principal inducements of my relations to espouse so vehemently as they do this man's suit. And here, once more, must I deplore the family fault, which gives those inducements such a force as it will be difficult to resist.

And thus far, let matters with regard to Mr. Solmes and me come out as they will, my brother has succeeded in his views; that is to say, he has, in the first place, got my FATHER to make the cause his own, and to insist upon my compliance as an act of duty.

My MOTHER has never thought fit to oppose my father's will, when once he has declared himself determined.

My UNCLES, stiff, unbroken, highly-prosperous bachelors, give me leave to say, (though very worthy persons in the main,) have as high notions of a child's duty, as of a wife's obedience; in the last of which, my mother's meekness has confirmed them, and given them greater reason to expect the first.

My aunt HERVEY (not extremely happy in her own nuptials, and perhaps under some little obligation) is got over, and chuses [sic] not to open her lips in my favour against the wills of a father and uncles so determined.

This passiveness in my mother and in my aunt, in a point so contrary to their own first judgments, is too strong a proof that my father is absolutely resolved.

Their treatment of my worthy MRS. NORTON is a sad confirmation of it: a woman deserving of all consideration for her wisdom, and every body thinking so; but who, not being wealthy enough to have due weight in a point against which she has given her opinion, and which they seem bent upon carrying, is restrained from visiting here, and even from corresponding with me, as I am this very day informed.

Hatred to Lovelace, family aggrandizement, and this great motive paternal authority! — What a force united must they be supposed to have, when singly each consideration is sufficient to carry all before it!

This is the formidable appearance which the address of this disagreeable man wears at present.

My BROTHER and my SISTER triumph. — They have got me down, as Hannah overheard them exult. And so they have (yet I never knew that I was insolently up); for now my brother will either lay me under an obligation to comply to my own unhappiness, and so make me an instrument of his revenge upon Lovelace; or, if I refuse, will throw me into disgrace with my whole family.

Who will wonder at the intrigues and plots carried on by undermining courtiers against one another, when a private family, but three of which can possibly have clashing interests, and one of them (as she presumes to think) above such low motives, cannot be free from them?

What at present most concerns me, is, the peace of my mother's mind! How can the husband of such a wife (a good man too! — But oh! this prerogative of manhood!) be so positive, so unpersuadable, to one who has brought into the family means, which they know so well the value of, that methinks they should value her the more for their sake?

They do indeed value her: but, I am sorry to say, she has purchased that value by her compliances; yet has merit for which she ought to be venerated; prudence which ought of itself to be conformed to in every thing.

But whither roves my pen? How dare a perverse girl take these liberties with relations so very respectable, and whom she highly respects? What an unhappy situation is that which obliges her, in her own defence as it were, to expose their failings?

But you, who know how much I love and reverence my mother, will judge what a difficulty I am under, to be obliged to oppose a scheme which she has engaged in. Yet I must oppose it (to comply is impossible); and must without delay declare my opposition, or my difficulties will increase; since, as I am just now informed, a lawyer has been this very day consulted [Would you have believed it?] in relation to settlements.

Were ours a Roman Catholic family, how much happier for me, that they thought a nunnery would answer all their views! — How happy, had not a certain person slighted somebody! All then would have been probably concluded between them before my brother had arrived to thwart the match: then had I a sister; which now I have not; and two brothers; — both aspiring; possibly both titled: while I should only have valued that in either which is above title, that which is truly noble in both!

But by what a long-reaching selfishness is my brother governed! By what remote, exceedingly remote views! Views, which it is in the power of the slightest accident, of a fever, for instance, (the seeds of which are always vegetating, as I may say, and ready to burst forth, in his own impetuous temper,) or of the provoked weapon of an adversary, to blow up and destroy!

I will break off here. Let me write ever so freely of my friends, I am sure of your kind construction: and I confide in your discretion, that you will avoid reading to or transcribing for others such passages as may have the appearance of treating too freely the parental, or even the fraternal character, or induce others to censure for a supposed failure in duty to the one, or decency to the other,

Your truly affectionate, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 2.

On Hannah's depositing my long letter, (begun yesterday, but by reason of several interruptions not finished till within this hour,) she found and brought me yours of this day. I thank you, my dear, for this kind expedition. These few lines will perhaps be time enough deposited, to be taken away by your servant with the other letter: yet they are only to thank you, and to tell you my increasing apprehensions.

I must take or seek the occasion to apply to my mother for her mediation; for I am in danger of having a day fixed, and antipathy taken for bashfulness. — Should not sisters be sisters to each other? Should not they make a common cause of it, as I may say, a cause of sex, on such occasions as the present? Yet mine, in support of my brother's selfishness, and, no doubt, in concert with him, has been urging in full assembly it seems, (and that with an earnestness peculiar to herself when she sets upon any thing,) that an absolute day be given me; and if I comply not, to be told, that it shall be to the forfeiture of all my fortunes, and of all their love.

She need not be so officious: my brother's interest, without hers, is strong enough; for he has found means to confederate all the family against me. Upon some fresh provocation, or new intelligence concerning Mr. Lovelace, (I know not what it is,) they have bound themselves, or are to bind themselves, by a signed paper, to one another [The Lord bless me, my dear, what shall I do!] to carry their point in favour of Mr. Solmes, in support of my father's authority, as it is called, and against Mr. Lovelace, as a libertine, and an enemy to the family: and if so, I am sure, I may say against me. — How impolitic in them all, to join two people in one interest, whom they wish for ever to keep asunder!

What the discharged steward reported of him is surely bad enough: what Mrs. Fortescue said, not only confirms that bad, but gives room to think him still worse. And yet the something further which my friends have come at, is of so heinous a nature (as Betty Barnes tells Hannah) that it proves him almost to be the worst of men. — But, hang the man, I had almost said — What is he to me? What would he be — were not this Mr. Sol —— O my dear, how I hate the man in the light he is proposed to me!

All of them, at the same time, are afraid of Mr. Lovelace; yet not afraid to provoke him! — How am I entangled! — to be obliged to go on corresponding

with him for their sakes — Heaven forbid, that their persisted-in violence should so drive me, as to make it necessary for my own!

But surely they will yield — Indeed I cannot.

I believe the gentlest spirits when provoked (causelessly and cruelly provoked) are the most determined. The reason may be, that not taking up resolutions lightly — their very deliberation makes them the more immovable. — And then when a point is clear and self-evident, how can one with patience think of entering into an argument or contention upon it? —

An interruption obliges me to conclude myself, in some hurry, as well as fright, what I must ever be,

Yours more than my own, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE FRIDAY, MARCH 3.

I have both your letters at once. It is very unhappy, my dear, since your friends will have you marry, that a person of your merit should be addressed by a succession of worthless creatures, who have nothing but their presumption for their excuse.

That these presumers appear not in this very unworthy light to some of your friends, is, because their defects are not so striking to them as to others. — And why? Shall I venture to tell you? — Because they are nearer their own standard — Modesty, after all, perhaps has a concern in it; for how should they think that a niece or sister of theirs [I will not go higher, for fear of incurring your displeasure] should be an angel?

But where indeed is the man to be found (who has the least share of due diffidence) that dares to look up to Miss Clarissa Harlowe with hope, or with any thing but wishes? Thus the bold and forward, not being sensible of their defects, aspire; while the modesty of the really worthy fills them with too much reverence to permit them to explain themselves. Hence your Symmes's, your Byron's, your Mullins's, your Wyerley's (the best of the herd), and your Solmes's, in turn, invade you — Wretches that, looking upon the rest of your family, need not despair of succeeding in an alliance with it — But to you, what an inexcusable presumption!

Yet I am afraid all opposition will be in vain. You must, you will, I doubt, be sacrificed to this odious man. I know your family. There will be no resisting such baits as he has thrown out. O, my dear, my beloved friend! and are such charming qualities, is such exalted merit, to be sunk in such a marriage! — You must not, your uncle tells your mother, dispute their authority. AUTHORITY! what a full word is that in the mouth of a narrow-minded person, who happened to be born thirty years before one! — Of your uncles I speak; for as to the paternal authority, that ought to be sacred. — But should not parents have reason for what they do?

Wonder not, however, at your Bell's unsisterly behaviour in this affair: I have a particular to add to the inducements your insolent brother is governed by, which will account for all her driving. You have already owned, that her outward eye was from the first struck with the figure and address of the man whom she pretends to despise, and who, 'tis certain, thoroughly despises her: but you have not told me, that still she loves him of all men. Bell has a meanness in her very pride; that meanness rises with her pride, and goes hand in hand with it; and no

one is so proud as Bell. She has owned her love, her uneasy days, and sleepless nights, and her revenge grafted upon her love, to her favourite Betty Barnes — To lay herself in the power of a servant's tongue! Poor creature! — But LIKE little souls will find one another out, and mingle, as well as LIKE great ones. This, however, she told the wench in strict confidence: and thus, by way of the female round-about, as Lovelace had the sauciness on such another occasion, in ridicule of our sex, to call it, Betty (pleased to be thought worthy of a secret, and to have an opportunity of inveighing against Lovelace's perfidy, as she would have it to be) told it to one of her confidants: that confidant, with like injunctions of secrecy, to Miss Lloyd's Harriot — Harriot to Miss Lloyd — Miss Lloyd to me — I to you — with leave to make what you please of it.

And now you will not wonder to find Miss Bell an implacable rival, rather than an affectionate sister; and will be able to account for the words witchcraft, syren, and such like, thrown out against you; and for her driving on for a fixed day for sacrificing you to Solmes: in short, for her rudeness and violence of every kind.

What a sweet revenge will she take, as well upon Lovelace as upon you, if she can procure her rival sister to be married to the man that sister hates; and so prevent her having the man whom she herself loves (whether she have hope of him or not), and whom she suspects her sister loves!

Poisons and poniard have often been set to work by minds inflamed by disappointed love, and actuated by revenge. — Will you wonder, then, that the ties of relationship in such a case have no force, and that a sister forgets to be a sister?

Now I know this to be her secret motive, (the more grating to her, as her pride is concerned to make her disavow it), and can consider it joined with her former envy, and as strengthened by a brother, who has such an ascendant over the whole family; and whose interest (slave to it as he always was) engaged him to ruin you with every one: both possessed of the ears of all your family, and having it as much in their power as in their will to misrepresent all you say, all you do; such subject also as to the rencounter, and Lovelace's want of morals, to expatiate upon: your whole family likewise avowedly attached to the odious man by means of the captivating proposals he has made them; — when I consider all these things, I am full of apprehensions for you. — O my dear, how will you be able to maintain your ground; — I am sure, (alas! I am too sure) that they will subdue such a fine spirit as yours, unused to opposition; and (tell it not in Gath) you must be Mrs. Solmes!

Mean time, it is now easy, as you will observe, to guess from what quarter the report I mentioned to you in one of my former, came, That the younger sister has

robbed the elder of her lover:* for Betty whispered it, at the time she whispered the rest, that neither Lovelace nor you had done honourably by her young mistress. — How cruel, my dear, in you, to rob the poor Bella of the only lover she only had! — At the instant too that she was priding herself, that now at last she should have it in her power not only to gratify her own susceptibilities, but to give an example to the flirts of her sex* * (my worship's self in her eye) how to govern their man with a silken rein, and without a curb-bridle!

* Letter I.

* * Letter II.

Upon the whole, I have now no doubt of their persevering in favour of the despicable Solmes; and of their dependence upon the gentleness of your temper, and the regard you have for their favour, and for your own reputation. And now I am more than ever convinced of the propriety of the advice I formerly gave you, to keep in your own hands the estate bequeathed to you by your grandfather. — Had you done so, it would have procured you at least an outward respect from your brother and sister, which would have made them conceal the envy and ill-will that now are bursting upon you from hearts so narrow.

I must harp a little more upon this string — Do not you observe, how much your brother's influence has overtopped yours, since he has got into fortunes so considerable, and since you have given some of them an appetite to continue in themselves the possession of your estate, unless you comply with their terms?

I know your dutiful, your laudable motives; and one would have thought, that you might have trusted to a father who so dearly loved you. But had you been actually in possession of that estate, and living up to it, and upon it, (your youth protected from blighting tongues by the company of your prudent Norton, as you had proposed,) do you think that your brother, grudging it to you at the time as he did, and looking upon it as his right as an only son, would have been practising about it, and aiming at it? I told you some time ago, that I thought your trials but proportioned to your prudence:* but you will be more than woman, if you can extricate yourself with honour, having such violent spirits and sordid minds in some, and such tyrannical and despotic wills in others, to deal with. Indeed, all may be done, and the world be taught further to admire you for your blind duty and will-less resignation, if you can persuade yourself to be Mrs. Solmes.

* Letter I.

I am pleased with the instances you give me of Mr. Lovelace's benevolence to his own tenants, and with his little gift to your uncle's. Mrs. Fortescue allows him to be the best of landlords: I might have told you that, had I thought it necessary to put you into some little conceit of him. He has qualities, in short, that may make him a tolerable creature on the other side of fifty: but God help the poor woman to whose lot he shall fall till then! women, I should say, perhaps; since he may break half-a-dozen hearts before that time. — But to the point I was upon — Shall we not have reason to commend the tenant's grateful honesty, if we are told, that with joy the poor man called out your uncle, and on the spot paid him in part of his debt those two guineas? — But what shall we say of that landlord, who, though he knew the poor man to be quite destitute, could take it; and, saying nothing while Mr. Lovelace staid, as soon as he was gone, tell of it in praise of the poor fellow's honesty? — Were this so, and were not that landlord related to my dearest friend, how should I despise such a wretch? — But, perhaps, the story is aggravated. Covetous people have every one's ill word: and so indeed they ought; because they are only solicitous to keep that which they prefer to every one's good one. — Covetous indeed would they be, who deserved neither, yet expected both!

I long for your next letter. Continue to be as particular as possible. I can think of no other subject but what relates to you and to your affairs: for I am, and ever will be, most affectionately,

Your own, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XVI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [HER PRECEDING NOT AT THAT TIME RECEIVED.] FRIDAY, MARCH 3.

O my dear friend, I have had a sad conflict! Trial upon trial; conference upon conference! — But what law, what ceremony, can give a man a right to a heart which abhors him more than it does any living creature?

I hope my mother will be able to prevail for me. — But I will recount it all, though I sit up the whole night to do it; for I have a vast deal to write, and will be as minute as you wish me to be.

I concluded my last in a fright. It was occasioned by a conversation that passed between my mother and my aunt, part of which Hannah overheard. I need not give you the particulars; since what I have to relate to you from different conversations that have passed between my mother and me, in the space of a very few hours, will include them all. I will begin then.

I went down this morning when breakfast was ready with a very uneasy heart, from what Hannah had informed me of yesterday afternoon; wishing for an opportunity, however, to appeal to my mother, in hopes to engage her interest in my behalf, and purposing to try to find one when she retired to her own apartment after breakfast: but, unluckily, there was the odious Solmes, sitting asquat between my mother and sister, with so much assurance in his looks! — But you know, my dear, that those we love not, cannot do any thing to please us.

Had the wretch kept his seat, it might have been well enough: but the bend and broad-shouldered creature must needs rise, and stalk towards a chair, which was just by that which was set for me.

I removed it to a distance, as if to make way to my own: and down I sat, abruptly I believe; what I had heard all in my head.

But this was not enough to daunt him. The man is a very confident, he is a very bold, staring man! — Indeed, my dear, the man is very confident.

He took the removed chair, and drew it so near mine, squatting in it with his ugly weight, that he pressed upon my hoop. — I was so offended (all I had heard, as I said, in my head) that I removed to another chair. I own I had too little command of myself. It gave my brother and sister too much advantage. I day say they took it. But I did it involuntarily, I think. I could not help it. — I knew not what I did.

I saw that my father was excessively displeased. When angry, no man's countenance ever shews it so much as my father's. Clarissa Harlowe! said he with a big voice — and there he stopped. Sir! said I, trembling and courtesying (for I

had not then sat down again); and put my chair nearer the wretch, and sat down — my face, as I could feel, all in a glow.

Make tea, child, said my kind mamma; sit by me, love, and make tea.

I removed with pleasure to the seat the man had quitted; and being thus indulgently put into employment, soon recovered myself; and in the course of the breakfasting officiously asked two or three questions of Mr. Solmes, which I would not have done, but to make up with my father. — Proud spirits may be brought to! Whisperingly spoke my sister to me, over her shoulder, with an air of triumph and scorn: but I did not mind her.

My mother was all kindness and condescension. I asked her once, if she were pleased with the tea? She said, softly, (and again called me dear,) she was pleased with all I did. I was very proud of this encouraging goodness: and all blew over, as I hoped, between my father and me; for he also spoke kindly to me two or three times.

Small accidents these, my dear, to trouble you with; only as they lead to greater, as you shall hear.

Before the usual breakfast-time was over, my father withdrew with my mother, telling her he wanted to speak with her. Then my sister and next my aunt (who was with us) dropt away.

My brother gave himself some airs of insult, which I understood well enough; but which Mr. Solmes could make nothing of: and at last he arose from his seat — Sister, said he, I have a curiosity to shew you. I will fetch it. And away he went shutting the door close after him.

I saw what all this was for. I arose; the man hemming up for a speech, rising, and beginning to set his splay-feet [indeed, my dear, the man in all his ways is hateful to me] in an approaching posture. — I will save my brother the trouble of bringing to me his curiosity, said I. I courtesied — Your servant, sir — The man cried, Madam, Madam, twice, and looked like a fool. — But away I went — to find my brother, to save my word. — But my brother, indifferent as the weather was, was gone to walk in the garden with my sister. A plain case, that he had left his curiosity with me, and designed to shew me no other.

I had but just got into my own apartment, and began to think of sending Hannah to beg an audience of my mother (the more encouraged by her condescending goodness at breakfast) when Shorey, her woman, brought me her commands to attend me in her closet.

My father, Hannah told me, was just gone out of it with a positive angry countenance. Then I as much dreaded the audience as I had wished for it before.

I went down however; but, apprehending the subject she intended to talk to me upon, approached her trembling, and my heart in visible palpitations.

She saw my concern. Holding out her kind arms, as she sat, Come kiss me, my dear, said she, with a smile like a sun-beam breaking through the cloud that overshadowed her naturally benign aspect — Why flutters my jewel so?

This preparative sweetness, with her goodness just before, confirmed my apprehensions. My mother saw the bitter pill wanted gilding.

O my Mamma! was all I could say; and I clasped my arms round her neck, and my face sunk into her bosom.

My child! my child! restrain, said she, your powers of moving! I dare not else trust myself with you. — And my tears trickled down her bosom, as hers bedewed my neck.

O the words of kindness, all to be expressed in vain, that flowed from her lips!

Lift up your sweet face, my best child, my own Clarissa Harlowe! — O my daughter, best beloved of my heart, lift up a face so ever amiable to me! — Why these sobs? — Is an apprehended duty so affecting a thing, that before I can speak — But I am glad, my love, you can guess at what I have to say to you. I am spared the pains of breaking to you what was a task upon me reluctantly enough undertaken to break to you. Then rising, she drew a chair near her own, and made me sit down by her, overwhelmed as I was with tears of apprehension of what she had to say, and of gratitude for her truly maternal goodness to me — sobs still my only language.

And drawing her chair still nearer to mine, she put her arms round my neck, and my glowing cheek wet with my tears, close to her own: Let me talk to you, my child. Since silence is your choice, hearken to me, and be silent.

You know, my dear, what I every day forego, and undergo, for the sake of peace. Your papa is a very good man, and means well; but he will not be controuled; nor yet persuaded. You have sometimes seemed to pity me, that I am obliged to give up every point. Poor man! his reputation the less for it; mine the greater: yet would I not have this credit, if I could help it, at so dear a rate to him and to myself. You are a dutiful, a prudent, and a wise child, she was pleased to say, in hope, no doubt, to make me so: you would not add, I am sure, to my trouble: you would not wilfully break that peace which costs your mother so much to preserve. Obedience is better than sacrifice. O my Clary Harlowe, rejoice my heart, by telling me that I have apprehended too much! — I see your concern! I see your perplexity! I see your conflict! [loosing her arm, and rising, not willing I should see how much she herself was affected]. I will leave you a moment. — Answer me not — [for I was essaying to speak, and had, as soon as she took her dear cheek from mine, dropt down on my knees, my hands clasped, and lifted up in a supplicating manner] — I am not prepared for your irresistible expostulation,

she was pleased to say. I will leave you to recollection: and I charge you, on my blessing, that all this my truly maternal tenderness be not thrown away upon you.

And then she withdrew into the next apartment; wiping her eyes as she went from me; as mine overflowed; my heart taking in the whole compass of her meaning.

She soon returned, having recovered more steadiness.

Still on my knees, I had thrown my face across the chair she had sat in.

Look up to me, my Clary Harlowe — No sullenness, I hope!

No, indeed, my ever-to-be-revered Mamma. — And I arose. I bent my knee.

She raised me. No kneeling to me, but with knees of duty and compliance. Your heart, not your knees, must bend. It is absolutely determined. Prepare yourself therefore to receive your father, when he visits you by-and-by, as he would wish to receive you. But on this one quarter of an hour depends the peace of my future life, the satisfaction of all the family, and your own security from a man of violence: and I charge you besides, on my blessing, that you think of being Mrs. Solmes.

There went the dagger to my heart, and down I sunk: and when I recovered, found myself in the arms of my Hannah, my sister's Betty holding open my reluctantly-opened palm, my laces cut, my linen scented with hartshorn; and my mother gone. Had I been less kindly treated, the hated name still forborne to be mentioned, or mentioned with a little more preparation and reserve, I had stood the horrid sound with less visible emotion — But to be bid, on the blessing of a mother so dearly beloved, so truly reverenced, to think of being MRS. SOLMES — what a denunciation was that!

Shorey came in with a message (delivered in her solemn way): Your mamma, Miss, is concerned for your disorder: she expects you down again in an hour; and bid me say, that she then hopes every thing from your duty.

I made no reply; for what could I say? And leaning upon my Hannah's arm, withdrew to my own apartment. There you will guess how the greatest part of the hour was employed.

Within that time, my mother came up to me.

I love, she was pleased to say, to come into this apartment. — No emotions, child! No flutters! — Am I not your mother? — Do not discompose me by discomposing yourself! Do not occasion me uneasiness, when I would give you nothing but pleasure. Come, my dear, we will go into your closet.

She took my hand, led the way, and made me sit down by her: and after she had inquired how I did, she began in a strain as if she supposed I had made use of the intervening space to overcome all my objections.

She was pleased to tell me, that my father and she, in order to spare my natural modesty, had taken the whole affair upon themselves —

Hear me out; and then speak. — He is not indeed every thing I wish him to be: but he is a man of probity, and has no vices —

No vices, Madam — !

Hear me out, child. — You have not behaved much amiss to him: we have seen with pleasure that you have not —

O Madam, must I not now speak!

I shall have done presently. — A young creature of your virtuous and pious turn, she was pleased to say, cannot surely love a profligate: you love your brother too well, to wish to marry one who had like to have killed him, and who threatened your uncles, and defies us all. You have had your own way six or seven times: we want to secure you against a man so vile. Tell me (I have a right to know) whether you prefer this man to all others? — Yet God forbid that I should know you do; for such a declaration would make us all miserable. Yet tell me, are your affections engaged to this man?

I knew not what the inference would be, if I said they were not.

You hesitate — You answer me not — You cannot answer me. — Rising — Never more will I look upon you with an eye of favour —

O Madam, Madam! Kill me not with your displeasure — I would not, I need not, hesitate one moment, did I not dread the inference, if I answer you as you wish. — Yet be that inference what it will, your threatened displeasure will make me speak. And I declare to you, that I know not my own heart, if it not be absolutely free. And pray, let me ask my dearest Mamma, in what has my conduct been faulty, that, like a giddy creature, I must be forced to marry, to save me from — From what? Let me beseech you, Madam, to be the guardian of my reputation! Let not your Clarissa be precipitated into a state she wishes not to enter into with any man! And this upon a supposition that otherwise she shall marry herself, and disgrace her whole family.

Well then, Clary [passing over the force of my plea] if your heart be free —

O my beloved Mamma, let the usual generosity of your dear heart operate in my favour. Urge not upon me the inference that made me hesitate.

I won't be interrupted, Clary — You have seen in my behaviour to you, on this occasion, a truly maternal tenderness; you have observed that I have undertaken the task with some reluctance, because the man is not every thing; and because I know you carry your notions of perfection in a man too high —

Dearest Madam, this one time excuse me! — Is there then any danger that I should be guilty of an imprudent thing for the man's sake you hint at?

Again interrupted! — Am I to be questioned, and argued with? You know this won't do somewhere else. You know it won't. What reason then, ungenerous girl, can you have for arguing with me thus, but because you think from my indulgence to you, you may?

What can I say? What can I do? What must that cause be that will not bear being argued upon?

Again! Clary Harlowe!

Dearest Madam, forgive me: it was always my pride and my pleasure to obey you. But look upon that man — see but the disagreeableness of his person —

Now, Clary, do I see whose person you have in your eye! — Now is Mr. Solmes, I see, but comparatively disagreeable; disagreeable only as another man has a much more specious person

But, Madam, are not his manners equally so? — Is not his person the true representative of his mind? — That other man is not, shall not be, any thing to me, release me but from this one man, whom my heart, unbidden, resists.

Condition thus with your father. Will he bear, do you think, to be thus dialogued with? Have I not conjured you, as you value my peace — What is it that I do not give up? — This very task, because I apprehended you would not be easily persuaded, is a task indeed upon me. And will you give up nothing? Have you not refused as many as have been offered to you? If you would not have us guess for whom, comply; for comply you must, or be looked upon as in a state of defiance with your whole family.

And saying this, she arose and went from me. But at the chamber-door stopt; and turned back: I will not say below in what a disposition I leave you. Consider of every thing. The matter is resolved upon. As you value your father's blessing and mine, and the satisfaction of all the family, resolve to comply. I will leave you for a few moments. I will come up to you again. See that I find you as I wish to find you; and since your heart is free, let your duty govern it.

In about half an hour, my mother returned. She found me in tears. She took my hand: It is my part evermore, said she, to be of the acknowledging side. I believe I have needlessly exposed myself to your opposition, by the method I have taken with you. I first began as if I expected a denial, and by my indulgence brought it upon myself.

Do not, my dearest Mamma! do not say so!

Were the occasion for this debate, proceeded she, to have risen from myself; were it in my power to dispense with your compliance; you too well know what you can do with me.

Would any body, my dear Miss Howe, wish to marry, who sees a wife of such a temper, and blessed with such an understanding as my mother is noted for, not

only deprived of all power, but obliged to be even active in bringing to bear a point of high importance, which she thinks ought not to be insisted upon?

When I came to you a second time, proceeded she, knowing that your opposition would avail you nothing, I refused to hear your reasons: and in this I was wrong too, because a young creature who loves to reason, and used to love to be convinced by reason, ought to have all her objections heard: I now therefore, this third time, see you; and am come resolved to hear all you have to say: and let me, my dear, by my patience engage your gratitude; your generosity, I will call it, because it is to you I speak, who used to have a mind wholly generous. — Let me, if your heart be really free, let me see what it will induce you to do to oblige me: and so as you permit your usual discretion to govern you, I will hear all you have to say; but with this intimation, that say what you will, it will be of no avail elsewhere.

What a dreadful saying is that! But could I engage your pity, Madam, it would be somewhat.

You have as much of my pity as of my love. But what is person, Clary, with one of your prudence, and your heart disengaged?

Should the eye be disgusted, when the heart is to be engaged? — O Madam, who can think of marrying when the heart is shocked at the first appearance, and where the disgust must be confirmed by every conversation afterwards?

This, Clary, is owing to your prepossession. Let me not have cause to regret that noble firmness of mind in so young a creature which I thought your glory, and which was my boast in your character. In this instance it would be obstinacy, and want of duty. — Have you not made objections to several —

That was to their minds, to their principles, Madam. — But this man —

Is an honest man, Clary Harlowe. He has a good mind. He is a virtuous man.

He an honest man? His a good mind, Madam? He a virtuous man? —

Nobody denies these qualities.

Can he be an honest man who offers terms that will rob all his own relations of their just expectations? — Can his mind be good —

You, Clary Harlowe, for whose sake he offers so much, are the last person who should make this observation.

Give me leave to say, Madam, that a person preferring happiness to fortune, as I do; that want not even what I have, and can give up the use of that, as an instance of duty —

No more, no more of your merits! — You know you will be a gainer by that cheerful instance of your duty; not a loser. You know you have but cast your bread upon the waters — so no more of that! — For it is not understood as a merit

by every body, I assure you; though I think it a high one; and so did your father and uncles at the time —

At the time, Madam! — How unworthily do my brother and sister, who are afraid that the favour I was so lately in —

I hear nothing against your brother and sister — What family feuds have I in prospect, at a time when I hoped to have most comfort from you all!

God bless my brother and sister in all their worthy views! You shall have no family feuds if I can prevent them. You yourself, Madam, shall tell me what I shall bear from them, and I will bear it: but let my actions, not their misrepresentations (as I am sure by the disgraceful prohibitions I have met with has been the case) speak for me.

Just then, up came my father, with a sternness in his looks that made me tremble. — He took two or three turns about my chamber, though pained by his gout; and then said to my mother, who was silent as soon as she saw him —

My dear, you are long absent. — Dinner is near ready. What you had to say, lay in a very little compass. Surely, you have nothing to do but to declare your will, and my will — But perhaps you may be talking of the preparations — Let us have you soon down — Your daughter in your hand, if worthy of the name.

And down he went, casting his eye upon me with a look so stern, that I was unable to say one word to him, or even for a few minutes to my mother.

Was not this very intimidating, my dear?

My mother, seeing my concern, seemed to pity me. She called me her good child, and kissed me; and told me that my father should not know I had made such opposition. He has kindly furnished us with an excuse for being so long together, said she. — Come, my dear — dinner will be upon table presently — Shall we go down? — And took my hand.

This made me start: What, Madam, go down to let it be supposed we were talking of preparations! — O my beloved Mamma, command me not down upon such a supposition.

You see, child, that to stay longer together, will be owning that you are debating about an absolute duty; and that will not be borne. Did not your father himself some days ago tell you, he would be obeyed? I will a third time leave you. I must say something by way of excuse for you: and that you desire not to go down to dinner — that your modesty on the occasion —

O Madam! say not my modesty on such an occasion: for that will be to give hope —

And design you not to give hope? — Perverse girl! — Rising and flinging from me; take more time for consideration! — Since it is necessary, take more

time — and when I see you next, let me know what blame I have to cast upon myself, or to bear from your father, for my indulgence to you.

She made, however, a little stop at the chamber-door; and seemed to expect that I would have besought her to make the gentlest construction for me; for, hesitating, she was pleased to say, I suppose you would not have me make a report —

O Madam, interrupted I, whose favour can I hope for if I lose my mamma's?

To have desired a favourable report, you know, my dear, would have been qualifying upon a point that I was too much determined upon, to give room for any of my friends to think I have the least hesitation about it. And so my mother went down stairs.

I will deposit thus far; and, as I know you will not think me too minute in the relation of particulars so very interesting to one you honour with your love, proceed in the same way. As matters stand, I don't care to have papers, so freely written, about me.

Pray let Robert call every day, if you can spare him, whether I have any thing ready or not.

I should be glad you would not send him empty handed. What a generosity will it be in you, to write as frequently from friendship, as I am forced to do from misfortune! The letters being taken away will be an assurance that you have them. As I shall write and deposit as I have opportunity, the formality of super and subscription will be excused. For I need not say how much I am

Your sincere and ever affectionate, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

My mother, on her return, which was as soon as she had dined, was pleased to inform me, that she told my father, on his questioning her about my cheerul compliance (for, it seems, the cheerful was all that was doubted) that she was willing, on so material a point, to give a child whom she had so much reason to love (as she condescended to acknowledge were her words) liberty to say all that was in her heart to say, that her compliance might be the freer: letting him know, that when he came up, she was attending to my pleas; for that she found I had rather not marry at all.

She told me, that to this my father angrily said, let her take care — let her take care — that she give me not ground to suspect her of a preference somewhere else. But, if it be to ease her heart, and not to dispute my will, you may hear her out.

So, Clary, said my mother, I am returned in a temper accordingly: and I hope you will not again, by your peremptoriness, shew me how I ought to treat you.

Indeed, Madam, you did me justice to say, I have no inclination to marry at all. I have not, I hope, made myself so very unuseful in my papa's family, as —

No more of your merits, Clary! You have been a good child. You have eased me of all the family cares: but do not now give more than ever you relieved me from. You have been amply repaid in the reputation your skill and management have given you: but now there is soon to be a period to all those assistances from you. If you marry, there will be a natural, and, if to please us, a desirable period; because your own family will employ all your talents in that way: if you do not, there will be a period likewise, but not a natural one — you understand me, child.

I wept.

I have made inquiry already after a housekeeper. I would have had your good Norton; but I suppose you will yourself wish to have the worthy woman with you. If you desire it, that shall be agreed upon for you.

But, why, dearest Madam, why am I, the youngest, to be precipitated into a state, that I am very far from wishing to enter into with any body?

You are going to question me, I suppose, why your sister is not thought of for Mr. Solmes?

I hope, Madam, it will not displease you if I were.

I might refer you for an answer to your father. — Mr. Solmes has reasons for preferring you —

And I have reasons, Madam, for disliking him. And why I am —

This quickness upon me, interrupted my mother, is not to be borne! I am gone, and your father comes, if I can do no good with you.

O Madam, I would rather die, than —

She put her hand to my mouth — No peremptoriness, Clary Harlowe: once you declare yourself inflexible, I have done.

I wept for vexation. This is all, all, my brother's doings — his grasping views —

No reflections upon your brother: he has entirely the honour of the family at heart.

I would no more dishonour my family, Madam, than my brother would.

I believe it: but I hope you will allow your father, and me, and your uncles, to judge what will do it honour, what dishonour.

I then offered to live single; never to marry at all; or never but with their full approbation.

If you mean to shew your duty, and your obedience, Clary, you must shew it in our way, not in your own.

I hope, Madam, that I have not so behaved hitherto, as to render such a trial of my obedience necessary.

Yes, Clary, I cannot but say that you have hitherto behaved extremely well: but you have had no trials till now: and I hope, that now you are called to one, you will not fail in it. Parents, proceeded she, when children are young, are pleased with every thing they do. You have been a good child upon the whole: but we have hitherto rather complied with you, than you with us. Now that you are grown up to marriageable years, is the test; especially as your grandfather has made you independent, as we may say, in preference to those who had prior expectations upon that estate.

Madam, my grandfather knew, and expressly mentioned in his will his desire, that my father will more than make it up to my sister. I did nothing but what I thought my duty to procure his favour. It was rather a mark of his affection, than any advantage to me: For, do I either seek or wish to be independent? Were I to be queen of the universe, that dignity should not absolve me from my duty to you and to my father. I would kneel for your blessings, were it in the presence of millions — so that —

I am loth to interrupt you, Clary; though you could more than once break in upon me. You are young and unbroken: but, with all this ostentation of your duty, I desire you to shew a little more deference to me when I am speaking.

I beg your pardon, dear Madam, and your patience with me on such an occasion as this. If I did not speak with earnestness upon it, I should be supposed

to have only maidenly objections against a man I never can endure.

Clary Harlowe — !

Dearest, dearest Madam, permit me to speak what I have to say, this once — It is hard, it is very hard, to be forbidden to enter into the cause of all these misunderstandings, because I must not speak disrespectfully of one who supposes me in the way of his ambition, and treats me like a slave —

Whither, whither, Clary —

My dearest Mamma! — My duty will not permit me so far to suppose my father arbitrary, as to make a plea of that arbitrariness to you —

How now, Clary! — O girl!

Your patience, my dearest Mamma: — you were pleased to say, you would hear me with patience. — PERSON in a man is nothing, because I am supposed to be prudent: so my eye is to be disgusted, and my reason not convinced —

Girl, girl!

Thus are my imputed good qualities to be made my punishment; and I am to wedded to a monster —

[Astonishing! — Can this, Clarissa, be from you?

The man, Madam, person and mind, is a monster in my eye.] — And that I may be induced to bear this treatment, I am to be complimented with being indifferent to all men: yet, at other times, and to serve other purposes, be thought prepossessed in favour of a man against whose moral character lie just objections. — Confined, as if, like the giddiest of creatures, I would run away with this man, and disgrace my whole family! O my dearest Mamma! who can be patient under such treatment?

Now, Clary, I suppose you will allow me to speak. I think I have had patience indeed with you. — Could I have thought — but I will put all upon a short issue. Your mother, Clarissa, shall shew you an example of that patience you so boldly claim from her, without having any yourself.

O my dear, how my mother’s condescension distressed me at the time! — Infinitely more distressed me, than rigour could have done. But she knew, she was to be sure aware, that she was put upon a harsh, upon an unreasonable service, let me say, or she would not, she could not, have had so much patience with me.

Let me tell you then, proceeded she, that all lies in a small compass, as your father said. — You have been hitherto, as you are pretty ready to plead, a dutiful child. You have indeed had no cause to be otherwise. No child was ever more favoured. Whether you will discredit all your past behaviour; whether, at a time and upon an occasion, that the highest instance of duty is expected from you (an instance that is to crown all); and when you declare that your heart is free — you will give that instance; or whether, having a view to the independence you may

claim, (for so, Clary, whatever be your motive, it will be judged,) and which any man you favour, can assert for you against us all; or rather for himself in spite of us — whether, I say, you will break with us all; and stand in defiance of a jealous father, needlessly jealous, I will venture to say, of the prerogatives of his sex, as to me, and still ten times more jealous of the authority of a father; — this is now the point with us. You know your father has made it a point; and did he ever give up one he thought he had a right to carry?

Too true, thought I to myself! And now my brother has engaged my father, his fine scheme will walk alone, without needing his leading-strings; and it is become my father's will that I oppose; not my brother's grasping views.

I was silent. To say the truth, I was just then sullenly silent. My heart was too big. I thought it was hard to be thus given up by my mother; and that she should make a will so uncontroulable as my brother's, her will. — My mother, my dear, though I must not say so, was not obliged to marry against her liking. My mother loved my father.

My silence availed me still less.

I see, my dear, said she, that you are convinced. Now, my good child — now, my Clary, do I love you! It shall not be known, that you have argued with me at all. All shall be imputed to that modesty which has ever so much distinguished you. You shall have the full merit of your resignation.

I wept.

She tenderly wiped the tears from my eyes, and kissed my cheek — Your father expects you down with a cheerful countenance — but I will excuse your going. All your scruples, you see, have met with an indulgence truly maternal from me. I rejoice in the hope that you are convinced. This indeed seems to be a proof of the truth of your agreeable declaration, that your heart is free.

Did not this seem to border upon cruelty, my dear, in so indulgent a mother? — It would be wicked [would it not] to suppose my mother capable of art? — But she is put upon it, and obliged to take methods to which her heart is naturally above stooping; and all intended for my good, because she sees that no arguing will be admitted any where else!

I will go down, proceeded she, and excuse your attendance at afternoon tea, as I did to dinner: for I know you will have some little reluctances to subdue. I will allow you those; and also some little natural shynesses — and so you shall not come down, if you chuse not to come down. Only, my dear, do not disgrace my report when you come to supper. And be sure behave as you used to do to your brother and sister; for your behaviour to them will be one test of your cheerful obedience to us. I advise as a friend, you see, rather than command as a mother — So adieu, my love. And again she kissed me; and was going.

O my dear Mamma, said I, forgive me! — But surely you cannot believe, I can ever think of having that man!

She was very angry, and seemed to be greatly disappointed. She threatened to turn me over to my father and uncles: — she however bid me (generously bid me) consider, what a handle I gave to my brother and sister, if I thought they had views to serve by making my uncles dissatisfied with me.

I, said she, in a milder accent, have early said all that I thought could be said against the present proposal, on a supposition, that you, who have refused several other (whom I own to be preferable as to person) would not approve of it; and could I have succeeded, you, Clary, had never heard of it. But if I could not, how can you expect to prevail? My great ends in the task I have undertaken, are the preservation of the family peace so likely to be overturned; to reinstate you in the affections of your father and uncles: and to preserve you from a man of violence. — Your father, you must needs think will flame out upon your refusal to comply: your uncles are so

thoroughly convinced of the consistency of the measure with their favourite views of aggrandizing the family, that they are as much determined as your father: your aunt Hervey and your uncle Hervey are of the same party. And it is hard, if a father and mother, and uncles, and aunt, all conjoined, cannot be allowed to direct your choice — surely, my dear girl, proceeded she [for I was silent all this time], it cannot be that you are the more averse, because the family views will be promoted by the match — this, I assure you, is what every body must think, if you comply not. Nor, while the man, so obnoxious to us all, remains unmarried, and buzzes about you, will the strongest wishes to live single, be in the least regarded. And well you know, that were Mr. Lovelace an angel, and your father had made it a point that you should not have him, it would be in vain to dispute his will. As to the prohibition laid upon you (much as I will own against my liking), that is owing to the belief that you corresponded by Miss Howe's means with that man; nor do I doubt that you did so.

I answered to every article, in such a manner, as I am sure would have satisfied her, could she have been permitted to judge for herself; and I then inveighed with bitterness against the disgraceful prohibitions laid upon me.

They would serve to shew me, she was pleased to say, how much in earnest my father was. They might be taken off, whenever I thought fit, and no harm done, nor disgrace received. But if I were to be contumacious, I might thank myself for all that would follow.

I sighed. I wept. I was silent.

Shall I, Clary, said she, shall I tell your father that these prohibitions are as unnecessary as I hoped they would be? That you know your duty, and will not

offer to controvert his will? What say you, my love?

O Madam, what can I say to questions so indulgently put? I do indeed know my duty: no creature in the world is more willing to practise it: but, pardon me, dearest Madam, if I say, that I must bear these prohibitions, if I am to pay so dear to have them taken off.

Determined and perverse, my dear mamma called me: and after walking twice or thrice in anger about the room, she turned to me: Your heart free, Clarissa! How can you tell me your heart is free? Such extraordinary prepossessions to a particular person must be owing to extraordinary prepossessions in another's favour! Tell me, Clary, and tell me truly — Do you not continue to correspond with Mr. Lovelace?

Dearest Madam, replied I, you know my motives: to prevent mischief, I answered his letters. The reasons for our apprehensions of this sort are not over.

I own to you, Clary, (although now I would not have it known,) that I once thought a little qualifying among such violent spirits was not amiss. I did not know but all things would come round again by the mediation of Lord M. and his two sisters: but as they all three think proper to resent for their nephew; and as their nephew thinks fit to defy us all; and as terms are offered, on the other hand, that could not be asked, which will very probably prevent your grandfather's estate going out of the family, and may be a means to bring still greater into it; I see not, that the continuance of your correspondence with him either can or ought to be permitted. I therefore now forbid it to you, as you value my favour.

Be pleased, Madam, only to advise me how to break it off with safety to my brother and uncles; and it is all I wish for. Would to heaven, the man so hated had not the pretence to make of having been too violently treated, when he meant peace and reconciliation! It would always have been in my own power to have broke with him. His reputed immoralities would have given me a just pretence at any time to do so. But, Madam, as my uncles and my brother will keep no measures; as he has heard what the view is; and his regard for me from resenting their violent treatment of him and his family; what can I do? Would you have me, Madam, make him desperate?

The law will protect us, child! offended magistracy will assert itself —

But, Madam, may not some dreadful mischief first happen? — The law asserts not itself, till it is offended.

You have made offers, Clary, if you might be obliged in the point in question — Are you really in earnest, were you to be complied with, to break off all correspondence with Mr. Lovelace? — Let me know this.

Indeed I am; and I will. You, Madam, shall see all the letters that have passed between us. You shall see I have given him no encouragement independent of my

duty. And when you have seen them, you will be better able to direct me how, on the condition I have offered, to break entirely with him.

I take you at your word, Clarissa — Give me his letters; and the copies of yours.

I am sure, Madam, you will keep the knowledge that I write, and what I write —

No conditions with your mother — surely my prudence may be trusted to.

I begged her pardon; and besought her to take the key of the private drawer in my escritoire, where they lay, that she herself might see that I had no reserves to my mother.

She did; and took all his letters, and the copies of mine. — Unconditioned with, she was pleased to say, they shall be yours again, unseen by any body else.

I thanked her; and she withdrew to read them; saying, she would return them, when she had.

* * *

You, my dear, have seen all the letters that passed between Mr. Lovelace and me, till my last return from you. You have acknowledged, that he has nothing to boast of from them. Three others I have received since, by the private conveyance I told you of: the last I have not yet answered.

In these three, as in those you have seen, after having besought my favour, and, in the most earnest manner, professed the ardour of his passion for me; and set forth the indignities done him; the defiances my brother throws out against him in all companies; the menaces, and hostile appearance of my uncles wherever they go; and the methods they take to defame him; he declares, ‘That neither his own honour, nor the honour of his family, (involved as that is in the undistinguishing reflection cast upon him for an unhappy affair which he would have shunned, but could not) permit him to bear these confirmed indignities: that as my inclinations, if not favourable to him, cannot be, nor are, to such a man as the newly-introduced Solmes, he is interested the more to resent my brother’s behaviour; who to every body avows his rancour and malice; and glories in the probability he has, through the address of this Solmes, of mortifying me, and avenging himself on him: that it is impossible he should not think himself concerned to frustrate a measure so directly levelled at him, had he not a still higher motive for hoping to frustrate it: that I must forgive him, if he enter into conference with Solmes upon it. He earnestly insists (upon what he has so often proposed) that I will give him leave, in company with Lord M. to wait upon my uncles, and even upon my father

— and he promises patience, if new provocations, absolutely beneath a man to bear, be not given:' which by the way I am far from being able to engage for.

In my answer, I absolutely declare, as I tell him I have often done, 'That he is to expect no favour from me against the approbation of my friends: that I am sure their consents for his visiting any of them will never be obtained: that I will not be either so undutiful, or so indiscreet, as to suffer my interests to be separated from the interests of my family, for any man upon earth: that I do not think myself obliged to him for the forbearance I desire one flaming spirit to have with others: that in this desire I require nothing of him, but what prudence, justice, and the laws of his country require: that if he has any expectations of favour from me, on that account, he deceives himself: that I have no inclination, as I have often told him, to change my condition: that I cannot allow myself to correspond with him any longer in this clandestine manner: it is mean, low, undutiful, I tell him; and has a giddy appearance, which cannot be excused: that therefore he is not to expect that I will continue it.

To this in his last, among other things, he replies, 'That if I am actually determined to break off all correspondence with him, he must conclude, that it is with a view to become the wife of a man, whom no woman of honour and fortune can think tolerable. And in that case, I must excuse him for saying, that he shall neither be able to bear the thoughts of losing for ever a person in whom all his present and all his future hopes are centred; nor support himself with patience under the insolent triumphs of my brother upon it. But that nevertheless he will not threaten either his own life, or that of any other man. He must take his resolutions as such a dreaded event shall impel him at the time. If he shall know that it will have my consent, he must endeavour to resign to his destiny: but if it be brought about by compulsion, he shall not be able to answer for the consequence.'

I will send you these letters for your perusal in a few days. I would enclose them; but that it is possible something may happen, which may make my mother require to re-peruse them. When you see them, you will observe how he endeavours to hold me to this correspondence.

* * *

In about an hour my mother returned. Take your letters, Clary: I have nothing, she was pleased to say, to tax your discretion with, as to the wording of yours to him: you have even kept up a proper dignity, as well as observed all the rules of decorum; and you have resented, as you ought to resent, his menacing invectives. In a word, I see not, that he can form the least expectations, from what you have

written, that you will encourage the passion he avows for you. But does he not avow his passion? Have you the least doubt about what must be the issue of this correspondence, if continued? And do you yourself think, when you know the avowed hatred of one side, and he declared defiances of the other, that this can be, that it ought to be a match?

By no means it can, Madam; you will be pleased to observed, that I have said as much to him. But now, Madam, that the whole correspondence is before you, I beg your commands what to do in a situation so very disagreeable.

One thing I will tell you, Clary — but I charge you, as you would not have me question the generosity of your spirit, to take no advantage of it, either mentally or verbally; that I am so much pleased with the offer of your keys to me, made in so cheerful and unreserved a manner, and in the prudence you have shewn in your letters, that were it practicable to bring every one, or your father only, into my opinion, I should readily leave all the rest to your discretion, reserving only to myself the direction or approbation of your future letters; and to see, that you broke off the correspondence as soon as possible. But as it is not, and as I know your father would have no patience with you, should it be acknowledged that you correspond with Mr. Lovelace, or that you have corresponded with him since the time he prohibited you to do so; I forbid you to continue such a liberty — Yet, as the case is difficult, let me ask you, What you yourself can propose? Your heart, you say, is free. Your own, that you cannot think, as matters circumstanced, that a match with a man so obnoxious as he now is to us all, is proper to be thought of: What do you propose to do? — What, Clary, are your own thoughts of the matter?

Without hesitation thus I answered — What I humbly propose is this:— ‘That I will write to Mr. Lovelace (for I have not answered his last) that he has nothing to do between my father and me: that I neither ask his advice nor need it: but that since he thinks he has some pretence for interfering, because of my brother’s avowal of the interest of Mr. Solmes in displeasure to him, I will assure him (without giving him any reason to impute the assurance to be in the least favourable to himself) that I will never be that man’s.’ And if, proceeded I, I may never be permitted to give him this assurance; and Mr. Solmes, in consequence of it, be discouraged from prosecuting his address; let Mr. Lovelace be satisfied or dissatisfied, I will go no farther; nor write another line to him; nor ever see him more, if I can avoid it: and I shall have a good excuse for it, without bringing in any of my family.

Ah! my love! — But what shall we do about the terms Mr. Solmes offers? Those are the inducements with every body. He has even given hopes to your brother that he will make exchanges of estates; or, at least, that he will purchase the northern one; for you know it must be entirely consistent with the family-

views, that we increase our interest in this country. Your brother, in short, has given a plan that captivates us all. And a family so rich in all its branches, and that has its views to honour, must be pleased to see a very great probability of taking rank one day among the principal in the kingdom.

And for the sake of these views, for the sake of this plan of my brother's, am I, Madam, to be given in marriage to a man I can never endure! — O my dear Mamma, save me, save me, if you can, from this heavy evil. — I had rather be buried alive, indeed I had, than have that man!

She chid me for my vehemence; but was so good as to tell me, That she would sound my uncle Harlowe, who was then below; and if he encouraged her (or would engage to second her) she would venture to talk to my father herself; and I should hear further in the morning.

She went down to tea, and kindly undertook to excuse my attendance at supper.

But is it not a sad thing, I repeat, to be obliged to stand in opposition to the will of such a mother? Why, as I often say to myself, was such a man as this Solmes fixed upon? The only man in the world, surely, that could offer so much, and deserve so little!

Little indeed does he deserve! — Why, my dear, the man has the most indifferent of characters. Every mouth is opened against him for his sordid ways — A foolish man, to be so base-minded! — When the difference between the obtaining of a fame for generosity, and incurring the censure of being a miser, will not, prudently managed, cost fifty pounds a year.

What a name have you got, at a less expense? And what an opportunity had he of obtaining credit at a very small one, succeeding such a wretched creature as Sir Oliver, in fortunes so vast? — Yet has he so behaved, that the common phrase is applied to him, That Sir Oliver will never be dead while Mr. Solmes lives.

The world, as I have often thought, ill-natured as it is said to be, is generally more just in characters (speaking by what it feels) than is usually apprehended: and those who complain most of its censoriousness, perhaps should look inwardly for the occasion oftener than they do.

My heart is a little at ease, on the hopes that my mother will be able to procure favour for me, and a deliverance from this man; and so I have leisure to moralize. But if I had not, I should not forbear to intermingle occasionally these sorts of remarks, because you command me never to omit them when they occur to my mind: and not to be able to make them, even in a more affecting situation, when one sits down to write, would shew one's self more engaged to self, and to one's own concerns, than attentive to the wishes of a friend. If it be said, that it is natural so to be, what makes that nature, on occasions where a friend may be

obliged, or reminded of a piece of instruction, which (writing down) one's self may be the better for, but a fault; which it would set a person above nature to subdue?

LETTER XVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SAT. MAR. 4.

Would you not have thought something might have been obtained in my favour, from an offer so reasonable, from an expedient so proper, as I imagine, to put a tolerable end, as from myself, to a correspondence I hardly know how otherwise, with safety to some of my family, to get rid of? — But my brother's plan, (which my mother spoke of, and of which I have in vain endeavoured to procure a copy, with a design to take it to pieces, and expose it, as I question not there is room to do,) joined with my father's impatience of contradiction, are irresistible.

I have not been in bed all night; nor am I in the least drowsy. Expectation, and hope, and doubt, (an uneasy state!) kept me sufficiently wakeful. I stept down at my usual time, that it might not be known I had not been in bed; and gave directions in the family way.

About eight o'clock, Shorey came to me from my mother with orders to attend her in her chamber.

My mother had been weeping, I saw by her eyes: but her aspect seemed to be less tender, and less affectionate, than the day before; and this, as soon as I entered into her presence, struck me with an awe, which gave a great damp to my spirits.

Sit down, Clary Harlowe; I shall talk to you by-and-by: and continued looking into a drawer among laces and linens, in a way neither busy nor unbusy.

I believe it was a quarter of an hour before she spoke to me (my heart throbbing with the suspense all the time); and then she asked me coldly, What directions I had given for the day?

I shewed her the bill of fare for this day, and to-morrow, if, I said, it pleased her to approve of it.

She made a small alteration in it; but with an air so cold and so solemn, as added to my emotions.

Mr. Harlowe talks of dining out to-day, I think, at my brother Antony's —

Mr. Harlowe! — Not my father! — Have I not then a father! — thought I.

Sit down when I bid you.

I sat down.

You look very sullen, Clary.

I hope not, Madam.

If children would always be children — parents — And there she stopt.

She then went to her toilette, and looked into the glass, and gave half a sigh — the other half, as if she would not have sighed if she could have helped it, she gently hem'd away.

I don't love to see the girl look so sullen.

Indeed, Madam, I am not sullen. — And I arose, and, turning from her, drew out my handkerchief; for the tears ran down my cheeks.

I thought, by the glass before me, I saw the mother in her softened eye cast towards me. But her words confirmed not the hoped-for tenderness.

One of the most provoking things in this world is, to have people cry for what they can help!

I wish to heaven I could, Madam! — And I sobbed again.

Tears of penitence and sobs of perverseness are mighty well suited! — You may go up to your chamber. I shall talk with you by-and-by.

I courtesied with reverence.

Mock me not with outward gestures of respect. The heart, Clary, is what I want.

Indeed, Madam, you have it. It is not so much mine as my Mamma's!

Fine talking! — As somebody says, If words were to pass for duty, Clarissa Harlowe would be the dutifulest child breathing.

God bless that somebody! — Be it whom it will, God bless that somebody! — And I courtesied, and, pursuant to her last command, was going.

She seemed struck; but was to be angry with me.

So turning from me, she spoke with quickness, Whither now, Clary Harlowe?

You commanded me, Madam, to go to my chamber.

I see you are very ready to go out of my presence. — Is your compliance the effect of sullenness, or obedience? — You are very ready to leave me.

I could hold no longer; but threw myself at her feet: O my dearest Mamma! Let me know all I am to suffer! Let me know what I am to be! — I will bear it, if I can bear it: but your displeasure I cannot bear!

Leave me, leave me, Clary Harlowe! — No kneeling! — Limbs so supple! Will so stubborn! — Rise, I tell you.

I cannot rise! I will disobey my Mamma, when she bids me leave her without being reconciled to me! No sullens, my Mamma: no perverseness: but, worse than either: this is direct disobedience! — Yet tear not yourself from me! [wrapping my arms about her as I kneeled; she struggling to get from me; my face lifted up to hers, with eyes running over, that spoke not my heart if they were not all humility and reverence] You must not, must not, tear yourself from me! [for still the dear lady struggled, and looked this way and that, all in a sweet disorder, as if

she knew not what to do]. — I will neither rise, nor leave you, nor let you go, till you say you are not angry with me.

O thou ever-moving child of my heart! [folding her dear arms about my neck, as mine embraced her knees] Why was this task — But leave me! — You have discomposed me beyond expression! Leave me, my dear! — I won't be angry with you — if I can help it — if you'll be good.

I arose trembling, and, hardly knowing what I did, or how I stood or walked, withdrew to my chamber. My Hannah followed me as soon as she heard me quit my mother's presence, and with salts and spring-water just kept me from fainting; and that was as much as she could do. It was near two hours before I could so far recover myself as to take up my pen, to write to you how unhappily my hopes have ended.

My mother went down to breakfast. I was not fit to appear: but if I had been better, I suppose I should not have been sent for; since the permission for my attending her down, was given by my father (when in my chamber) only on condition that she found me worthy of the name of daughter. That, I doubt, I shall never be in his opinion, if he be not brought to change his mind as to this Mr. Solmes.

LETTER XIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [IN ANSWER TO LETTER XV.] SAT. MARCH 4, 12 O'CLOCK.

Hannah has just now brought me from the usual place your favour of yesterday. The contents of it have made me very thoughtful; and you will have an answer in my gravest style. — I to have that Mr. Solmes! — No indeed! — I will sooner — But I will write first to those passages in your letter which are less concerning, that I may touch upon this part with more patience.

As to what you mention of my sister's value for Mr. Lovelace, I am not very much surprised at it. She takes such officious pains, and it is so much her subject, to have it thought that she never did, and never could like him, that she gives but too much room to suspect that she does. She never tells the story of their parting, and of her refusal of him, but her colour rises, she looks with disdain upon me, and mingles anger with the airs she gives herself: — anger as well as airs, demonstrating, that she refused a man whom she thought worth accepting: Where else is the reason either for anger or boast? — Poor Bella! She is to be pitied — she cannot either like or dislike with temper! Would to heaven she had been mistress of all her wishes! — Would to heaven she had!

As to what you say of my giving up to my father's controul the estate devised me, my motives at the time, as you acknowledge, were not blamable. Your advice to me on the subject was grounded, as I remember, on your good opinion of me; believing that I should not make a bad use of the power willed me. Neither you nor I, my dear, although you now assume the air of a diviner, [pardon me] could have believed that would have happened which has happened, as to my father's part particularly. You were indeed jealous of my brother's views against me; or rather of his predominant love of himself; but I did not think so hardly of my brother and sister as you always did. You never loved them; and ill-will has eyes ever open to the faulty side; as good-will or love is blind even to real imperfections. I will briefly recollect my motives.

I found jealousies and uneasiness rising in every breast, where all before was unity and love. The honoured testator was reflected upon: a second childhood was attributed to him; and I was censured, as having taken advantage of it. All young creatures, thought I, more or less, covet independency; but those who wish most for it, are seldom the fittest to be trusted either with the government of themselves, or with power over others. This is certainly a very high and unusual devise to so young a creature. We should not aim at all we have power to do. To take all that good-nature, or indulgence, or good opinion confers, shews a want of

moderation, and a graspingness that is unworthy of that indulgence; and are bad indications of the use that may be made of the power bequeathed. It is true, thought I, that I have formed agreeable schemes of making others as happy as myself, by the proper discharge of the stewardship intrusted to me. [Are not all estates stewardships, my dear?] But let me examine myself: Is not vanity, or secret love of praise, a principal motive with me at the bottom? — Ought I not to suspect my own heart? If I set up for myself, puffed up with every one's good opinion, may I not be left to myself? — Every one's eyes are upon the conduct, upon the visits, upon the visiters, of a young creature of our sex, made independent: And are not such subjected, more than any others, to the attempts of enterprisers and fortune-seekers? — And then, left to myself, should I take a wrong step, though with ever so good an intention, how many should I have to triumph over me, how few to pity me! — The more of the one, and the fewer of the other, for having aimed at excelling.

These were some of my reflections at the time: and I have no doubt, but that in the same situation I should do the very same thing; and that upon the maturest deliberation. Who can command or foresee events? To act up to our best judgments at the time, is all we can do. If I have erred, 'tis to worldly wisdom only that I have erred. If we suffer by an act of duty, or even by an act of generosity, is it not pleasurable on reflection, that the fault is in others, rather than in ourselves? — I had much rather have reason to think others unkind, than that they should have any to think me undutiful.

And so, my dear, I am sure had you.

And now for the most concerning part of your letter.

You think I must of necessity, as matters are circumstanced, be Solmes's wife. I will not be very rash, my dear, in protesting to the contrary: but I think it never can, and, what is still more, never ought to be! — My temper, I know, is depended upon. But I have heretofore said,* that I have something in me of my father's family, as well as of my mother's. And have I any encouragement to follow too implicitly the example which my mother sets of meekness, and resignedness to the wills of others? Is she not for ever obliged (as she was pleased to hint to me) to be of the forbearing side? In my mother's case, your observation I must own is verified, that those who will bear much, shall have much to bear.* * What is it, as she says, that she has not sacrificed to peace? — Yet, has she by her sacrifices always found the peace she has deserved to find? Indeed, no! — I am afraid the very contrary. And often and often have I had reason (on her account) to reflect, that we poor mortals, by our over-solicitude to preserve undisturbed the qualities we are constitutionally fond of, frequently lose the benefits we propose to

ourselves from them: since the designing and encroaching (finding out what we most fear to forfeit) direct their batteries against these our weaker places, and, making an artillery (if I may so phrase it) of our hopes and fears, play upon us at their pleasure.

* See Letter IX.

* * See Letter X.

Steadiness of mind, (a quality which the ill-bred and censorious deny to any of our sex) when we are absolutely convinced of being in the right [otherwise it is not steadiness, but obstinacy] and when it is exerted in material cases, is a quality, which, as my good Dr. Lewen was wont to say, brings great credit to the possessor of it; at the same time that it usually, when tried and known, raises such above the attempts of the meanly machinating. He used therefore to inculcate upon me this steadiness, upon laudable convictions. And why may I not think that I am now put upon a proper exercise of it?

I said above, that I never can be, that I never ought to be, Mrs. Solmes. — I repeat, that I ought not: for surely, my dear, I should not give up to my brother's ambition the happiness of my future life. Surely I ought not to be the instrument of depriving Mr. Solmes's relations of their natural rights and reversionary prospects, for the sake of further aggrandizing a family (although that I am of) which already lives in great affluence and splendour; and which might be as justly dissatisfied, were all that some of it aim at to be obtained, that they were not princes, as now they are that they are not peers [For when ever was an ambitious mind, as you observe in the case of avarice,* satisfied by acquisition?]. The less, surely, ought I to give into these grasping views of my brother, as I myself heartily despise the end aimed at; as I wish not either to change my state, or better my fortunes; and as I am fully persuaded, that happiness and riches are two things, and very seldom meet together.

* See Letter X.

Yet I dread, I exceedingly dread, the conflicts I know I must encounter with. It is possible, that I may be more unhappy from the due observation of the good doctor's general precept, than were I to yield the point; since what I call steadiness is deemed stubbornness, obstinacy, prepossession, by those who have a right to put what interpretation they please upon my conduct.

So, my dear, were we perfect (which no one can be) we could not be happy in this life, unless those with whom we have to deal (those more especially who

have any controul upon us) were governed by the same principles. But then does not the good Doctor's conclusion recur, — That we have nothing to do, but to chuse what is right; to be steady in the pursuit of it; and to leave the issue to Providence?

This, if you approve of my motives, (and if you don't, pray inform me) must be my aim in the present case.

But what then can I plead for a palliation to myself of my mother's sufferings on my account? Perhaps this consideration will carry some force with it — That her difficulties cannot last long; only till this great struggle shall be one way or other determined — Whereas my unhappiness, if I comply, will (from an aversion not to be overcome) be for life. To which let me add, That as I have reason to think that the present measures are not entered upon with her own natural liking, she will have the less pain, should they want the success which I think in my heart they ought to want.

I have run a great length in a very little time. The subject touched me to the quick. My reflections upon it will give you reason to expect from me a perhaps too steady behaviour in a new conference, which, I find, I must have with my mother. My father and brother, as she was pleased to tell me, dine at my uncle Antony's; and that, as I have reason to believe, on purpose to give an opportunity for it.

Hannah informs me, that she heard my father high and angry with my mother, at taking leave of her: I suppose for being to favourable to me; for Hannah heard her say, as in tears, 'Indeed, Mr. Harlowe, you greatly distress me! — The poor girl does not deserve—' Hannah heard no more, but that he said, he would break somebody's heart — Mine, I suppose — Not my mother's, I hope.

As only my sister dines with my mother, I thought I should have been commanded down: but she sent me up a plate from her table. I continued my writing. I could not touch a morsel. I ordered Hannah however to eat of it, that I might not be thought sullen.

Before I conclude this, I will see whether any thing offers from either of my private correspondencies, that will make it proper to add to it; and will take a turn in the wood-yard and garden for that purpose.

* * *

I am stopped. Hannah shall deposit this. She was ordered by my mother (who asked where I was) to tell me, that she would come up and talk with me in my own closet. — She is coming! Adieu, my dear.

LETTER XX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SAT. AFTERNOON.

The expected conference is over: but my difficulties are increased. This, as my mother was pleased to tell me, being the last persuasory effort that is to be attempted, I will be particular in the account of it as my head and my heart will allow it to be.

I have made, said she, as she entered my room, a short as well as early dinner, on purpose to confer with you: and I do assure you, that it will be the last conference I shall either be permitted or inclined to hold with you on the subject, if you should prove as refractory as it is imagined you will prove by some, who are of opinion, that I have not the weight with you which my indulgence deserves. But I hope you will convince as well them as me of the contrary.

Your father both dines and sups at your uncle's, on purpose to give us this opportunity; and, according to the report I shall make on his return, (which I have promised shall be a very faithful one,) he will take his measures with you.

I was offering to speak — Hear, Clarissa, what I have to tell you, said she, before you speak, unless what you have to say will signify to me your compliance — Say — Will it? — If it will, you may speak.

I was silent.

She looked with concern and anger upon me — No compliance, I find! — Such a dutiful young creature hitherto! — Will you not, can you not, speak as I would have you speak? — Then [rejecting me as it were with her hand] continue silent. — I, no more than your father, will bear your avowed contradiction.

She paused, with a look of expectation, as if she waited for my consenting answer.

I was still silent; looking down; the tears in my eyes.

O thou determined girl! — But say — Speak out — Are you resolved to stand in opposition to us all, in a point our hearts are set upon?

May I, Madam, be permitted to expostulate? —

To what purpose expostulate with me, Clarissa? Your father is determined. Have I not told you there is no receding; that the honour as well as the interest of the family is concerned? Be ingenuous: you used to be so, even occasionally against yourself: — Who at the long run must submit — all of us to you; or you to all of us? — If you intend to yield at last if you find you cannot conquer, yield now, and with a grace — for yield you must, or be none of our child.

I wept. I knew not what to say; or rather how to express what I had to say.

Take notice, that there are flaws in your grandfather's will: not a shilling of that estate will be yours, if you do not yield. Your grandfather left it to you, as a reward of your duty to him and to us — You will justly forfeit it, if —

Permit me, good Madam, to say, that, if it were unjustly bequeathed me, I ought not to wish to have it. But I hope Mr. Solmes will be apprised of these flaws.

This is very pertly said, Clarissa: but reflect, that the forfeiture of that estate, through your opposition, will be attended with the total loss of your father's favour: and then how destitute must you be; how unable to support yourself; and how many benevolent designs and good actions must you give up!

I must accommodate myself, Madam, in the latter case, to my circumstance: much only is required where much is given. It becomes me to be thankful for what I have had. I have reason to bless you, Madam, and my good Mrs. Norton, for bringing me up to be satisfied with little; with much less, I will venture to say, than my father's indulgence annually confers upon me. — And then I thought of the old Roman and his lentils.

What perverseness! said my mother. — But if you depend upon the favour of either or both of your uncles, vain will be that dependence: they will give you up, I do assure you, if your father does, and absolutely renounce you.

I am sorry, Madam, that I have had so little merit as to have made no deeper impressions of favour for me in their hearts: but I will love and honour them as long as I live.

All this, Clarissa, makes your prepossession in a certain man's favour the more evident. Indeed, your brother and sister cannot go any where, but they hear of these prepossessions.

It is a great grief to me, Madam, to be made the subject of the public talk: but I hope you will have the goodness to excuse me for observing, that the authors of my disgrace within doors, the talkers of my prepossession without, and the reporters of it from abroad, are originally the same persons.

She severely chid me for this.

I received her rebukes in silence.

You are sullen, Clarissa: I see you are sullen. — And she walked about the room in anger. Then turning to me — You can bear the imputation of sullenness I see! — You have no concern to clear yourself of it. I was afraid of telling you all I was enjoined to tell you, in case you were to be unpersuadable: but I find that I had a greater opinion of your delicacy, of your gentleness, than I needed to have — it cannot discompose so steady, so inflexible a young creature, to be told, as I now tell you, that the settlements are actually drawn; and that you will be called down in a very few days to hear them read, and to sign them: for it is impossible,

if your heart be free, that you can make the least objection to them; except it will be an objection with you, that they are so much in your favour, and in the favour of all our family.

I was speechless, absolutely speechless. Although my heart was ready to burst, yet could I neither weep nor speak.

I am sorry, said she, for your averseness to this match: [match she was pleased to call it!] but there is no help. The honour and interest of the family, as your aunt has told you, and as I have told you, are concerned; and you must comply.

I was still speechless.

She folded the warm statue, as she was pleased to call me, in her arms; and entreated me, for heaven's sake, to comply.

Speech and tears were lent me at the same time. — You have given me life, Madam, said I, clasping my uplifted hands together, and falling on one knee; a happy one, till now, has your goodness, and my papa's, made it! O do not, do not, make all the remainder of it miserable!

Your father, replied she, is resolved not to see you, till he sees you as obedient a child as you used to be. You have never been put to a test till now, that deserved to be called a test. This is, this must be, my last effort with you. Give me hope, my dear child: my peace is concerned: I will compound with you but for hope: and yet your father will not be satisfied without an implicit, and even a cheerful obedience — Give me but hope, child!

To give you hope, my dearest, my most indulgent Mamma, is to give you every thing. Can I be honest, if I give a hope that I cannot confirm?

She was very angry. She again called me perverse: she upbraided me with regarding only my own prepossessions, and respecting not either her peace of mind or my own duty:— 'It is a grating thing, said she, for the parents of a child, who delighted in her in all the time of her helpless infancy, and throughout every stage of her childhood; and in every part of her education to womanhood, because of the promises she gave of proving the most grateful and dutiful of children; to find, just when the time arrived which should crown their wishes, that child stand in the way of her own happiness, and her parents' comfort,and, refusing an excellent offer and noble settlements, give suspicions to her anxious friends, that she would become the property of a vile rake and libertine, who (be the occasion what it will) defies her family, and has actually embrued his hands in her brother's blood.

'I have had a very hard time of it, said she, between your father and you; for, seeing your dislike, I have more than once pleaded for you: but all to no purpose. I am only treated as a too fond mother, who, from motives of a blamable indulgence, encourage a child to stand in opposition to a father's will. I am

charged with dividing the family into two parts; I and my youngest daughter standing against my husband, his two brothers, my son, my eldest daughter, and my sister Hervey. I have been told, that I must be convinced of the fitness as well as advantage to the whole (your brother and Mr. Lovelace out of the question) of carrying the contract with Mr. Solmes, on which so many contracts depend, into execution.

'Your father's heart, I tell you once more, is in it: he has declared, that he had rather have no daughter in you, than one he cannot dispose of for your own good: especially if you have owned, that your heart is free; and as the general good of his whole family is to be promoted by your obedience. He has pleaded, poor man! that his frequent gouty paroxysms (every fit more threatening than the former) give him no extraordinary prospects, either of worldly happiness, or of long days: and he hopes, that you, who have been supposed to have contributed to the lengthening of your grandfather's life, will not, by your disobedience, shorten your father's.'

This was a most affecting plea, my dear. I wept in silence upon it. I could not speak to it. And my mother proceeded: 'What therefore can be his motives, Clary Harlowe, in the earnest desire he has to see this treaty perfected, but the welfare and aggrandizement of his family; which already having fortunes to become the highest condition, cannot but aspire to greater distinctions? However slight such views as these may appear to you, Clary, you know, that they are not slight ones to any other of the family: and your father will be his own judge of what is and what is not likely to promote the good of his children. Your abstractedness, child, (affectation of abstractedness, some call it,) savours, let me tell you, of greater particularity, than we aim to carry. Modesty and humility, therefore, will oblige you rather to mistrust yourself of peculiarity, than censure views which all the world pursues, as opportunity offers.'

I was still silent; and she proceeded— 'It is owing to the good opinion, Clary, which your father has of you, and of your prudence, duty, and gratitude, that he engaged for your compliance, in your absence (before you returned from Miss Howe); and that he built and finished contracts upon it, which cannot be made void, or cancelled.'

But why then, thought I, did they receive me, on my return from Miss Howe, with so much intimidating solemnity? — To be sure, my dear, this argument, as well as the rest, was obtruded upon my mother.

She went on, 'Your father has declared, that your unexpected opposition, [unexpected she was pleased to call it,] and Mr. Lovelace's continued menaces and insults, more and more convince him, that a short day is necessary in order to put an end to all that man's hopes, and to his own apprehensions resulting from

the disobedience of a child so favoured. He has therefore actually ordered patterns of the richest silks to be sent for from London—'

I started — I was out of breath — I gasped, at this frightful precipitance — I was going to open with warmth against it. I knew whose the happy expedient must be: female minds, I once heard my brother say, that could but be brought to balance on the change of their state, might easily be determined by the glare and splendour of the nuptial preparations, and the pride of becoming the mistress of a family. — But she was pleased to hurry on, that I might not have time to express my disgusts at such a communication — to this effect: 'Your father therefore, my Clary, cannot, either for your sake, or his own, labour under a suspense so affecting to his repose. He has even thought fit to acquaint me, on my pleading for you, that it becomes me, as I value my own peace, [how harsh to such a wife!] and as I wish, that he does not suspect that I secretly favour the address of a vile rake, (a character which all the sex, he is pleased to say, virtuous and vicious, are but too fond of!) to exert my authority over you: and that this I may the less scrupulously do, as you have owned [the old string!] that your heart is free.'

Unworthy reflection in my mother's case, surely, this of our sex's valuing a libertine; since she made choice of my father in preference to several suitors of equal fortune, because they were of inferior reputation for morals!

'Your father, added she, at his going out, told me what he expected from me, in case I found out that I had not the requisite influence upon you — It was this — That I should directly separate myself from you, and leave you singly to take the consequence of your double disobedience — I therefore entreat you, my dear Clarissa, concluded she, and that in the most earnest and condescending manner, to signify to your father, on his return, your ready obedience; and this as well for my sake as your own.'

Affected by my mother's goodness to me, and by that part of her argument which related to her own peace, and to the suspicions they had of her secretly inclining to prefer the man so hated by them, to the man so much my aversion, I could not but wish it were possible for me to obey, I therefore paused, hesitated, considered, and was silent for some time. I could see, that my mother hoped that the result of this hesitation would be favourable to her arguments. But then recollecting, that all was owing to the instigations of a brother and sister, wholly actuated by selfish and envious views; that I had not deserved the treatment I had of late met with; that my disgrace was already become the public talk; that the man was Mr. Solmes; and that my aversion to him was too generally known, to make my compliance either creditable to myself or to them: that it would give my brother and sister a triumph over me, and over Mr. Lovelace, which they would not fail to glory in; and which, although it concerned me but little to regard on his

account, yet might be attended with fatal mischiefs — And then Mr. Solmes's disagreeable person; his still more disagreeable manners; his low understanding — Understanding! the glory of a man, so little to be dispensed with in the head and director of a family, in order to preserve to him that respect which a good wife (and that for the justification of her own choice) should pay him herself, and wish every body to pay him. — And as Mr. Solmes's inferiority in this respectable faculty of the human mind [I must be allowed to say this to you, and no great self assumption neither] would proclaim to all future, as well as to all present observers, what must have been my mean inducement. All these reflections crowding upon my remembrance; I would, Madam, said I, folding my hands, with an earnestness in which my whole heart was engaged, bear the cruelest tortures, bear loss of limb, and even of life, to give you peace. But this man, every moment I would, at you command, think of him with favour, is the more my aversion. You cannot, indeed you cannot, think, how my whole soul resists him! — And to talk of contracts concluded upon; of patterns; of a short day! — Save me, save me, O my dearest Mamma, save your child, from this heavy, from this insupportable evil — !

Never was there a countenance that expressed so significantly, as my mother's did, an anguish, which she struggled to hide, under an anger she was compelled to assume — till the latter overcoming the former, she turned from me with an uplifted eye, and stamping — Strange perverseness! were the only words I heard of a sentence that she angrily pronounced; and was going. I then, half-frantically I believe, laid hold of her gown — Have patience with me, dearest Madam! said I — Do not you renounce me totally! — If you must separate yourself from your child, let it not be with absolute reprobation on your own part! — My uncles may be hard-hearted — my father may be immovable — I may suffer from my brother's ambition, and from my sister's envy! — But let me not lose my Mamma's love; at least, her pity.

She turned to me with benigner rays — You have my love! You have my pity! But, O my dearest girl — I have not yours.

Indeed, indeed, Madam, you have: and all my reverence, all my gratitude, you have! — But in this one point — Cannot I be this once obliged? — Will no expedient be accepted? Have I not made a very fair proposal as to Mr. Lovelace?

I wish, for both our sakes, my dear unpersuadable girl, that the decision of this point lay with me. But why, when you know it does not, why should you thus perplex and urge me? — To renounce Mr. Lovelace is now but half what is aimed at. Nor will any body else believe you in earnest in the offer, if I would. While you remain single, Mr. Lovelace will have hopes — and you, in the opinion of others, inclinations.

Permit me, dearest Madam, to say, that your goodness to me, your patience, your peace, weigh more with me, than all the rest put together: for although I am to be treated by my brother, and, through his instigations, by my father, as a slave in this point, and not as a daughter, yet my mind is not that of a slave. You have not brought me up to be mean.

So, Clary! you are already at defiance with your father! I have had too much cause before to apprehend as much — What will this come to? — I, and then my dear mamma sighed — I, am forced to put up with many humours —

That you are, my ever-honoured Mamma, is my grief. And can it be thought, that this very consideration, and the apprehension of what may result from a much worse-tempered man, (a man who has not half the sense of my father,) has not made an impression upon me, to the disadvantage of the married life? Yet 'tis something of an alleviation, if one must bear undue controul, to bear it from a man of sense. My father, I have heard you say, Madam, was for years a very good-humoured gentleman — unobjectionable in person and manners — but the man proposed to me —

Forbear reflecting upon your father: [Did I, my dear, in what I have repeated, and I think they are the very words, reflect upon my father?] it is not possible, I must say again, and again, were all men equally indifferent to you, that you should be thus sturdy in your will. I am tired out with your obstinacy — The most unpersuadable girl — You forget, that I must separate myself from you, if you will not comply. You do not remember that you father will take you up, where I leave you. Once more, however, I will put it to you, — Are you determined to brave your father's displeasure? — Are you determined to defy your uncles? — Do you choose to break with us all, rather than encourage Mr. Solmes? — Rather than give me hope?

Dreadful alternative — But is not my sincerity, is not the integrity of my heart, concerned in the answer? May not my everlasting happiness be the sacrifice? Will not the least shadow of the hope you just now demanded from me, be driven into absolute and sudden certainty? Is it not sought to ensnare, to entangle me in my own desire of obeying, if I could give answers that might be construed into hope? — Forgive me, Madam: bear with your child's boldness in such a cause as this! — Settlements drawn! — Patterns sent for! — An early day! — Dear, dear Madam, how can I give hope, and not intend to be this man's?

Ah, girl, never say your heart is free! You deceive yourself if you think it is.

Thus to be driven [and I wrung my hands through impatience] by the instigations of a designing, an ambitious brother, and by a sister, that —

How often, Clary, must I forbid your unsisterly reflections? — Does not your father, do not your uncles, does not every body, patronize Mr. Solmes? And let me

tell you, ungrateful girl, and unmovable as ungrateful, let me repeatedly tell you, that it is evident to me, that nothing but a love unworthy of your prudence can make you a creature late so dutiful, now so sturdy. You may guess what your father's first question on his return will be. He must know, that I can do nothing with you. I have done my part. Seek me, if your mind change before he comes back: you have yet a little more time, as he stays supper. I will no more seek you, nor to you. — And away she flung.

What could I do but weep?

I am extremely affected on my mother's account — more, I must needs say, than on my own. And indeed, all things considered, and especially, that the measure she is engaged in, is (as I dare say it is) against her own judgment, she deserves more compassion than myself. — Excellent woman! What pity, that meekness and condescension should not be attended with the due rewards of those charming graces! — Yet had she not let violent spirits (as I have elsewhere observed with no small regret) find their power over hers, it could not have been thus.

But here, run away with my pen, I suffer my mother to be angry with me on her own account. She hinted to me, indeed, that I must seek her, if my mind changed; which is a condition that amounts to a prohibition of attending her: but, as she left me in displeasure, will it not have a very obstinate appearance, and look like a kind of renunciation of her mediation in my favour, if I go not down before my father returns, to supplicate her pity, and her kind report to him?

I will attend her. I had rather all the world should be angry with me than my mamma!

Mean time, to clear my hands from papers of such a nature, Hannah shall deposit this. If two or three letters reach you together, they will but express from one period to another, the anxieties and difficulties which the mind of your unhappy but ever affectionate friend labours under.

CL. H.

LETTER XXI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SAT. NIGHT.

I have been down. I am to be unlucky in all I do, I think, be my intentions ever so good. I have made matters worse instead of better: as I shall now tell you.

I found my mother and sister together in my sister's parlour. My mother, I fear, by the glow of her fine face, (and as the browner, sullener glow in her sister's confirmed,) had been expressing herself with warmth, against her unhappier child: perhaps giving such an account of what had passed, as should clear herself, and convince Bella, and, through her, my brother and uncles, of the sincere pains she had taken with me.

I entered like a dejected criminal; and besought the favour of a private audience. My mother's return, both looks and words, gave but too much reason for my above surmise.

You have, said she [looking at me with a sternness that never sits well on her sweet features] rather a requesting than a conceding countenance, Clarissa Harlowe: if I am mistaken, tell me so; and I will withdraw with you wherever you will. — Yet whether so, or not, you may say what you have to say before your sister.

My mother, I thought, might have withdrawn with me, as she knows that I have not a friend in my sister.

I come down, Madam, said I, to beg of you to forgive me for any thing you may have taken amiss in what passed above respecting your honoured self; and that you will be pleased to use your endeavours to soften my papa's displeasure against me, on his return.

Such aggravating looks; such lifting up of hands and eyes; such a furrowed forehead, in my sister!

My mother was angry enough without all that; and asked me to what purpose I came down, if I were still so intractable.

She had hardly spoken the words, when Shorey came in to tell her, that Mr. Solmes was in the hall, and desired admittance.

Ugly creature! What, at the close of day, quite dark, brought him hither? — But, on second thoughts, I believe it was contrived, that he should be here at supper, to know the result of the conference between my mother and me, and that my father, on his return, might find us together.

I was hurrying away, but my mother commanded me (since I had come down only, as she said, to mock her) not to stir; and at the same time see if I could

behave so to Mr. Solmes, as might encourage her to make the favourable report to my father which I had besought her to make.

My sister triumphed. I was vexed to be so caught, and to have such an angry and cutting rebuke given me, with an aspect much more like the taunting sister than the indulgent mother, if I may presume to say so: for she herself seemed to enjoy the surprise upon me.

The man stalked in. His usual walk is by pauses, as if (from the same vacuity of thought which made Dryden's clown whistle) he was telling his steps: and first paid his clumsy respects to my mother; then to my sister; next to me, as if I was already his wife, and therefore to be last in his notice; and sitting down by me, told us in general what weather it was. Very cold he made it; but I was warm enough. Then addressing himself to me: And how do you find it, Miss? was his question; and would have taken my hand.

I withdrew it, I believe with disdain enough. My mother frowned. My sister bit her lip.

I could not contain myself: I was never so bold in my life; for I went on with my plea, as if Mr. Solmes had not been there.

My mother coloured, and looked at him, at my sister, and at me. My sister's eyes were opener and bigger than ever I saw them before.

The man understood me. He hemmed, and removed from one chair to another.

I went on, supplicating for my mother's favourable report: Nothing but invincible dislike, said I —

What would the girl be at, interrupted my mother? Why, Clary! Is this a subject! — Is this! — Is this! — Is this a time — And again she looked upon Mr. Solmes.

I am sorry, on reflection, that I put my mamma into so much confusion — To be sure it was very saucy in me.

I beg pardon, Madam, said I. But my papa will soon return. And since I am not permitted to withdraw, it is not necessary, I humbly presume, that Mr. Solmes's presence should deprive me of this opportunity to implore your favourable report; and at the same time, if he still visit on my account [looking at him] to convince him, that it cannot possibly be to any purpose —

Is the girl mad? said my mother, interrupting me.

My sister, with the affectation of a whisper to my mother — This is — This is spite, Madam, [very spitefully she spoke the word,] because you commanded her to stay.

I only looked at her, and turning to my mother, Permit me, Madam, said I, to repeat my request. I have no brother, no sister! — If I ever lose my mamma's favour, I am lost for ever!

Mr. Solmes removed to his first seat, and fell to gnawing the head of his hazel; a carved head, almost as ugly as his own — I did not think the man was so sensible.

My sister rose, with a face all over scarlet; and stepping to the table, where lay a fan, she took it up, and, although Mr. Solmes had observed that the weather was cold, fanned herself very violently.

My mother came to me, and angrily taking my hand, led me out of that parlour into my own; which, you know, is next to it — Is not this behaviour very bold, very provoking, think you, Clary?

I beg your pardon, Madam, if it has that appearance to you. But indeed, my dear Mamma, there seem to be snares laying in wait for me. Too well I know my brother's drift. With a good word he shall have my consent for all he wishes to worm me out of — neither he, nor my sister, shall need to take half this pains —

My mother was about to leave me in high displeasure.

I besought her to stay: One favour, but one favour, dearest Madam, said I, give me leave to beg of you —

What would the girl?

I see how every thing is working about. — I never, never can think of Mr. Solmes. My papa will be in tumults when he is told that I cannot. They will judge of the tenderness of your heart to a poor child who seems devoted by every one else, from the willingness you have already shewn to hearken to my prayers. There will be endeavours used to confine me, and keep me out of your presence, and out of the presence of every one who used to love me [this, my dear Miss Howe, is threatened]. If this be effected; if it be put out of my power to plead my own cause, and to appeal to you, and to my uncle Harlowe, of whom only I have hope; then will every ear be opened against me, and every tale encouraged — It is, therefore, my humble request, that, added to the disgraceful prohibitions I now suffer under, you will not, if you can help it, give way to my being denied your ear.

Your listening Hannah has given you this intelligence, as she does many others.

My Hannah, Madam, listens not — My Hannah —

No more in Hannah's behalf — Hannah is known to make mischief — Hannah is known — But no more of that bold intermeddler— 'Tis true your father threatened to confine you to your chamber, if you complied not, in order the more assuredly to deprive you of the opportunity of corresponding with those who harden your heart against his will. He bid me tell you so, when he went out, if I found you refractory. But I was loth to deliver so harsh a declaration; being still in hope that you would come down to us in a compliant temper. Hannah has

overheard this, I suppose; and has told you of it; as also, that he declared he would break your heart, rather than you should break his. And I now assure you, that you will be confined, and prohibited making teasing appeals to any of us: and we shall see who is to submit, you to us, or every body to you.

Again I offered to clear Hannah, and to lay the latter part of the intelligence to my sister's echo, Betty Barnes, who had boasted of it to another servant: but I was again bid to be silent on that head. I should soon find, my mother was pleased to say, that others could be as determined as I was obstinate: and once for all would add, that since she saw that I built upon her indulgence, and was indifferent about involving her in contentions with my father, she would now assure me, that she was as much determined against Mr. Lovelace, and for Mr. Solmes and the family schemes, as any body; and would not refuse her consent to any measures that should be thought necessary to reduce a stubborn child to her duty.

I was ready to sink. She was so good as to lend me her arm to support me.

And this, said I, is all I have to hope for from my Mamma?

It is. But, Clary, this one further opportunity I give you — Go in again to Mr. Solmes, and behave discreetly to him; and let your father find you together, upon civil terms at least.

My feet moved [of themselves, I think] farther from the parlour where he was, and towards the stairs; and there I stopped and paused.

If, proceeded she, you are determined to stand in defiance of us all — then indeed you may go up to your chamber (as you are ready to do) — And God help you!

God help me, indeed! for I cannot give hope of what I cannot intend — But let me have your prayers, my dear Mamma! — Those shall have mine, who have brought me into all this distress.

I was moving to go up —

And will you go up, Clary?

I turned my face to her: my officious tears would needs plead for me: I could not just then speak, and stood still.

Good girl, distress me not thus! — Dear, good girl, do not thus distress me! holding out her hand; but standing still likewise.

What can I do, Madam? — What can I do?

Go in again, my child — Go in again, my dear child! — repeated she; and let your father find you together.

What, Madam, to give him hope? — To give hope to Mr. Solmes?

Obstinate, perverse, undutiful Clarissa! with a rejecting hand, and angry aspect; then take your own way, and go up! — But stir not down again, I charge you, without leave, or till your father's pleasure be known concerning you.

She flung away from me with high indignation: and I went up with a very heavy heart; and feet as slow as my heart was heavy.

* * *

My father is come home, and my brother with him. Late as it is, they are all shut up together. Not a door opens; not a soul stirs. Hannah, as she moves up and down, is shunned as a person infected.

* * *

The angry assembly is broken up. My two uncles and my aunt Hervey are sent for, it seems, to be here in the morning to breakfast. I shall then, I suppose, know my doom. ’Tis past eleven, and I am ordered not to go to bed.

TWELVE O’CLOCK.

This moment the keys of every thing are taken from me. It was proposed to send for me down: but my father said, he could not bear to look upon me. — Strange alteration in a few weeks! — Shorey was the messenger. The tears stood in her eyes when she delivered her message.

You, my dear, are happy — May you always be so — and then I can never be wholly miserable. Adieu, my beloved friend!

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 5.

Hannah has just brought me from the private place in the garden-wall, a letter from Mr. Lovelace, deposited last night, signed also by Lord M.

He tells me in it, ‘That Mr. Solmes makes it his boast, that he is to be married in a few days to one of the shyest women in England: that my brother explains his meaning: This shy creature, he says, is me; and he assures every one, that his younger sister is very soon to be Mr. Solmes’s wife. He tells me of the patterns bespoken which my mother mentioned to me.’

Not one thing escapes him that is done or said in this house.

‘My sister, he says, reports the same things; and that with such particular aggravations of insult upon him, that he cannot but be extremely piqued, as well at the manner, as from the occasion; and expresses himself with great violence upon it.

‘He knows not, he says, what my relations’ inducements can be to prefer such a man as Solmes to him. If advantageous settlements be the motive, Solmes shall not offer what he will refuse to comply with.

‘As to his estate and family; the first cannot be excepted against: and for the second, he will not disgrace himself by a comparison so odious. He appeals to Lord M. for the regularity of his life and manners ever since he has made his addresses to me, or had hope of my favour.’

I suppose he would have his Lordship’s signing to this letter to be taken as a voucher for him.

‘He desires my leave (in company with my Lord), in a pacific manner, to attend my father and uncles, in order to make proposals that must be accepted, if they will see him, and hear what they are: and tells me, that he will submit to any measures that I shall prescribe, in order to bring about a reconciliation.’

He presumes to be very earnest with me, ‘to give him a private meeting some night, in my father’s garden, attended by whom I please.’

Really, my dear, were you to see his letter, you would think I had given him great encouragement, and that I am in direct treaty with him; or that he is sure that my friends will drive me into a foreign protection; for he has the boldness to offer, in my Lord’s name, an asylum to me, should I be tyrannically treated in Solmes’s behalf.

I suppose it is the way of this sex to endeavour to entangle the thoughtless of ours by bold supposals and offers, in hopes that we shall be too complaisant or bashful to quarrel with them; and, if not checked, to reckon upon our silence, as assents voluntarily given, or concessions made in their favour.

There are other particulars in this letter which I ought to mention to you: but I will take an opportunity to send you the letter itself, or a copy of it.

For my own part, I am very uneasy to think how I have been drawn on one hand, and driven on the other, into a clandestine, in short, into a mere loverlike correspondence, which my heart condemns.

It is easy to see, if I do not break it off, that Mr. Lovelace's advantages, by reason of my unhappy situation, will every day increase, and I shall be more and more entangled. Yet if I do put an end to it, without making it a condition of being freed from Mr. Solmes's address — May I, my dear, is it best to continue it a little longer, in order to extricate myself out of the other difficulty, by giving up all thoughts of Mr. Lovelace? — Whose advice can I now ask but yours.

All my relations are met. They are at breakfast together. Mr. Solmes is expected. I am excessively uneasy. I must lay down my pen.

* * *

They are all going to church together. Grievously disordered they appear to be, as Hannah tells me. She believes something is resolved upon.

SUNDAY NOON.

What a cruel thing is suspense! — I will ask leave to go to church this afternoon. I expect to be denied. But, if I do not ask, they may allege, that my not going is owing to myself.

* * *

I desired to speak with Shorey. Shorey came. I directed her to carry to my mother my request for permission to go to church this afternoon. What think you was the return? Tell her, that she must direct herself to her brother for any favour she has to ask. — So, my dear, I am to be delivered up to my brother!

I was resolved, however, to ask of him this favour. Accordingly, when they sent me up my solitary dinner, I gave the messenger a billet, in which I made it my humble request through him to my father, to be permitted to go to church this afternoon.

This was the contemptuous answer: 'Tell her, that her request will be taken into consideration to-morrow.'

Patience will be the fittest return I can make to such an insult. But this method will not do with me; indeed it will not! And yet it is but the beginning, I suppose, of what I am to expect from my brother, now I am delivered up to him.

On recollection, I thought it best to renew my request. I did. The following is a copy of what I wrote, and what follows that, of the answer sent me.

SIR,

I know not what to make of the answer brought to my request of being permitted to go to church this afternoon. If you designed to shew your pleasantry by it, I hope that will continue; and then my request will be granted.

You know, that I never absented myself, when well, and at home, till the two last Sundays; when I was advised not to go. My present situation is such, that I never more wanted the benefit of the public prayers.

I will solemnly engage only to go thither, and back again.

I hope it cannot be thought that I would do otherwise.

My dejection of spirits will give a too just excuse on the score of indisposition for avoiding visits. Nor will I, but by distant civilities, return the compliments of any of my acquaintances. My disgraces, if they are to have an end, need not be proclaimed to the whole world. I ask this favour, therefore, for my reputation's sake, that I may be able to hold up my head in the neighbourhood, if I live to see an end of the unmerited severities which seem to be designed for

Your unhappy sister, CL. HARLOWE.

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

For a girl to lay so much stress upon going to church, and yet resolve to defy her parents, in an article of the greatest consequence to them, and to the whole family, is an absurdity. You are recommended, Miss, to the practice of your private devotions. May they be efficacious upon the mind of one of the most pervicacious young creatures that ever was heard of! The intention is, I tell you plainly, to mortify you into a sense of your duty. The neighbours you are so solicitous to appear well with, already know, that you defy that. So, Miss, if you have a real value for your reputation, shew it as you ought. It is yet in your own power to establish or impair it.

JA. HARLOWE.

Thus, my dear Miss Howe, has my brother got me into his snares; and I, like a poor silly bird, the more I struggle, am the more entangled.

LETTER XXIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 6.

They are resolved to break my heart. My poor Hannah is discharged — disgracefully discharged! — Thus it was.

Within half an hour after I had sent the poor girl down for my breakfast, that bold creature Betty Barnes, my sister's confidant and servant, (if a favourite maid and confidant can be deemed a servant,) came up.

What, Miss, will you please to have for breakfast?

I was surprised. What will I have for breakfast, Betty! — How! — What! — How comes it! — Then I named Hannah. I could not tell what to say.

Don't be surprised, Miss: — but you'll see Hannah no more in this house.

God forbid! — Is any harm come to Hannah? — What! What is the matter with Hannah?

Why, Miss, the short and the long is this: Your papa and mamma think Hannah has staid long enough in the house to do mischief; and so she is ordered to troop [that was the confident creature's word]; and I am directed to wait upon you in her stead.

I burst into tears. I have no service for you, Betty Barnes; none at all. But where is Hannah? Cannot I speak with the poor girl? I owe her half a year's wages. May I not see the honest creature, and pay her her wages? I may never see her again perhaps; for they are resolved to break my heart.

And they think you are resolved to break theirs: so tit for tat, Miss.

Impertinent I called her; and asked her, if it were upon such confident terms that her service was to begin.

I was so very earnest to see the poor maid, that (to oblige me, as she said) she went down with my request.

The worthy creature was as earnest to see me; and the favour was granted in presence of Shorey and Betty.

I thanked her, when she came up, for her past service to me.

Her heart was ready to break. And she began to vindicate her fidelity and love; and disclaimed any mischief she had ever made.

I told her, that those who occasioned her being turned out of my service, made no question of her integrity: that her dismission was intended for an indignity to me: that I was very sorry to be obliged to part with her, and hoped she would meet with as good a service.

Never, never, wringing her hands, should she meet with a mistress she loved so well. And the poor creature ran on in my praises, and in professions of love to me.

We are all apt, you know, my dear, to praise our benefactors, because they are our benefactors; as if every body did right or wrong, as they obliged or disobliged us. But this good creature deserved to be kindly treated; so I could have no merit in favouring one whom it would have been ungrateful not to distinguish.

I gave her a little linen, some laces, and other odd things; and instead of four pounds which were due to her, ten guineas: and said, if ever I were again allowed to be my own mistress, I would think of her in the first place.

Betty enviously whispered Shorey upon it.

Hannah told me, before their faces, having no other opportunity, that she had been examined about letters to me, and from me: and that she had given her pockets to Miss Harlowe, who looked into them, and put her fingers in her stays, to satisfy herself that she had not any.

She gave me an account of the number of my pheasants and bantams; and I said, they should be my own care twice or thrice a day.

We wept over each other at parting. The girl prayed for all the family.

To have so good a servant so disgracefully dismissed, is very cruel: and I could not help saying that these methods might break my heart, but not any other way answer the end of the authors of my disgraces.

Betty, with a very saucy fleer, said to Shorey, There would be a trial of skill about that she fancied. But I took no notice of it. If this wench thinks that I have robbed her young mistress of a lover, as you say she has given out, she may believe that it is some degree of merit in herself to be impertinent to me.

Thus have I been forced to part with my faithful Hannah. If you can command the good creature to a place worthy of her, pray do for my sake.

LETTER XXIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY, NEAR 12 O'CLOCK.

The enclosed letter was just now delivered to me. My brother has carried all his points.

I send you also the copy of my answer. No more at this time can I write — !

MONDAY, MAR. 6. MISS CLARY,

By command of your father and mother I write expressly to forbid you to come into their presence, or into the garden when they are there: nor when they are not there, but with Betty Banes to attend you; except by particular license or command.

On their blessings, you are forbidden likewise to correspond with the vile Lovelace; as it is well known you did by means of your sly Hannah. Whence her sudden discharge. As was fit.

Neither are you to correspond with Miss Howe; who has given herself high airs of late; and might possibly help on your correspondence with that detested libertine. Nor, in short, with any body without leave.

You are not to enter into the presence of either of your uncles, without their leave first obtained. It is a mercy to you, after such a behaviour to your mother, that your father refuses to see you.

You are not to be seen in any apartment of the house you so lately governed as you pleased, unless you are commanded down.

In short, you are strictly to confine yourself to your chamber, except now and then, in Betty Barnes's sight (as aforesaid) you take a morning or evening turn in the garden: and then you are to go directly, and without stopping at any apartment in the way, up or down the back stairs, that the sight of so perverse a young creature may not add to the pain you have given every body.

The hourly threatenings of your fine fellow, as well as your own unheard-of obstinacy, will account to you for all this. What a hand has the best and most indulgent of mothers had with you, who so long pleaded for you, and undertook for you; even when others, from the manner of your setting out, despaired of moving you! — What must your perverseness have been, that such a mother can give you up! She thinks it right so to do: nor will take you to favour, unless you make the first steps, by a compliance with your duty.

As for myself, whom perhaps you think hardly of [in very good company, if you do, that is my sole consolation]; I have advised, that you may be permitted to

pursue your own inclinations, (some people need no greater punishment than such a permission,) and not to have the house encumbered by one who must give them the more pain for the necessity she has laid them under of avoiding the sight of her, although in it.

If any thing I have written appear severe or harsh, it is still in your power (but perhaps will not always be so) to remedy it; and that by a single word.

Betty Barnes has orders to obey you in all points consistent with her duty to those whom you owe it, as well as she.

JA. HARLOWE. TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUNIOR, ESQ. SIR,

I will only say, That you may congratulate yourself on having so far succeeded in all your views, that you may report what you please of me, and I can no more defend myself, than if I were dead. Yet one favour, nevertheless, I will beg of you. It is this — That you will not occasion more severities, more disgraces, that are necessary for carrying into execution your further designs, whatever they be, against

Your unhappy sister, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, MARCH 7.

By my last deposit, you will see how I am driven, and what a poor prisoner I am. — No regard had to my reputation. The whole matter is now before you. Can such measures be supposed to soften? — But surely they can only mean to try and frighten me into my brother's views! — All my hope is, to be able to weather this point till my cousin Morden comes from Florence; and he is soon expected: yet, if they are determined upon a short day, I doubt he will not be here in time enough to save me.

It is plain by my brother's letter, that my mother has not spared me, in the report she was pleased to make of the conference between herself and me: yet she was pleased to hint to me, that my brother had views which she would have had me try to disappoint. But indeed she had engaged to give a faithful account of what was to pass between herself and me: and it was, doubtless, much more eligible to give up a daughter, than to disoblige a husband, and every other person of the family.

They think they have done every thing by turning away my poor Hannah: but as long as the liberty of the garden, and my poultry-visits, are allowed me, they will be mistaken.

I asked Mrs. Betty, if she had any orders to watch or attend me; or whether I was to ask her leave whenever I should be disposed to walk in the garden, or to go feed my bantams? — Lord bless her! what could I mean by such a question! Yet she owned, that she had heard, that I was not to go into the garden, when my father, mother, or uncles were there.

However, as it behoved me to be assured on this head, I went down directly, and staid an hour, without question or impediment; and yet a good part of the time, I walked under and in sight, as I may say, of my brother's study window, where both he and my sister happened to be. And I am sure they saw me, by the loud mirth they affected, by way of insult, as I suppose.

So this part of my restraint was doubtless a stretch of the authority given him. The enforcing of that may perhaps come next. But I hope not.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

Since I wrote the above, I ventured to send a letter by Shorey to my mother. I desired her to give it into her own hand, when nobody was by.

I shall enclose a copy of it. You will see that I would have it thought, that now Hannah is gone, I have no way to correspond out of the house. I am far from

thinking all I do right. I am afraid this is a little piece of art, that is not so. But this is an afterthought. The letter went first.

HONOURED MADAM,

Having acknowledged to you, that I had received letters from Mr. Lovelace full of resentment, and that I answered them purely to prevent further mischief, and having shewn you copies of my answers, which you did not disapprove of, although you thought fit, after you had read them, to forbid me any further correspondence with him, I think it my duty to acquaint you, that another letter from him has since come to my hand, in which he is very earnest with me to permit him to wait on my papa, or you, or my two uncles, in a pacific way, accompanied by Lord M.: on which I beg your commands.

I own to you, Madam, that had not the prohibition been renewed, and had not Hannah been so suddenly dismissed my service, I should have made the less scruple to have written an answer, and to have commanded her to convey it to him, with all speed, in order to dissuade him from these visits, lest any thing should happen on the occasion that my heart aches but to think of.

And here I cannot but express my grief, that I should have all the punishment and all the blame, who, as I have reason to think, have prevented great mischief, and have not been the occasion of any. For, Madam, could I be supposed to govern the passions of either of the gentlemen? — Over the one indeed I have had some little influence, without giving him hitherto any reason to think he has fastened an obligation upon me for it. — Over the other, Who, Madam, has any? — I am grieved at heart, to be obliged to lay so great a blame at my brother's door, although my reputation and my liberty are both to be sacrificed to his resentment and ambition. May not, however, so deep a sufferer be permitted to speak out?

This communication being as voluntarily made, as dutifully intended, I humbly presume to hope, that I shall not be required to produce the letter itself. I cannot either in honour or prudence do that, because of the vehemence of his style; for having heard [not, I assure you, by my means, or through Hannah's] of some part of the harsh treatment I have met with; he thinks himself entitled to place it to his own account, by reason of speeches thrown out by some of my relations, equally vehement.

If I do not answer him, he will be made desperate, and think himself justified (thought I shall not think him so) in resenting the treatment he complains of: if I do, and if, in compliment to me, he forbears to resent what he thinks himself entitled to resent; be pleased, Madam, to consider the obligation he will suppose he lays me under.

If I were as strongly prepossessed in his favour as is supposed, I should not have wished this to be considered by you. And permit me, as a still further proof that I am not prepossessed, to beg of you to consider, Whether, upon the whole, the proposal I made, of declaring for the single life (which I will religiously adhere to) is not the best way to get rid of his pretensions with honour. To renounce him, and not be allowed to aver, that I will never be the other man's, will make him conclude (driven as I am driven) that I am determined in that other man's favour.

If this has not its due weight, my brother's strange schemes must be tried, and I will resign myself to my destiny with all the acquiescence that shall be granted to my prayers. And so leaving the whole to your own wisdom, and whether you choose to consult my papa and uncles upon this humble application, or not; or whether I shall be allowed to write an answer to Mr. Lovelace, or not [and if allowed to do so, I beg your direction by whom to send it]; I remain,

Honoured Madam, Your unhappy, but ever dutiful daughter, CL. HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

I have just received an answer to the enclosed letter. My mother, you will observe, has ordered me to burn it: but, as you will have it in your safekeeping, and nobody else will see it, her end will be equally answered, as if it were burnt. It has neither date nor superscription.

CLARISSA,

Say not all the blame and all the punishment is yours. I am as much blamed, and as much punished, as you are; yet am more innocent. When your obstinacy is equal to any other person's passion, blame not your brother. We judged right, that Hannah carried on your correspondencies. Now she is gone, and you cannot write [we think you cannot] to Miss Howe, nor she to you, without our knowledge, one cause of uneasiness and jealousy is over.

I had no dislike of Hannah. I did not tell her so; because somebody was within hearing when she desired to pay her duty to me at going. I gave her a caution, in a raised voice, To take care, wherever she went to live next, if there were any young ladies, how she made parties, and assisted in clandestine correspondencies. But I slid two guineas into her hand: nor was I angry to hear that you were still more bountiful to her. So much for Hannah.

I don't know what to write, about your answering that man of violence. What can you think of it, that such a family as ours, should have such a rod held over it? — For my part, I have not owned that I know you have corresponded. By your last boldness to me [an astonishing one it was, to pursue before Mr. Solmes the subject I was forced to break from above-stairs!] you may, as far as I know, plead, that you had my countenance for your correspondence with him; and so add to the

uneasiness between your father and me. You were once my comfort, Clarissa; you made all my hardships tolerable: — But now! — However, nothing, it is plain, can move you; and I will say no more on that head: for you are under your father's discipline now; and he will neither be prescribed to, nor entreated.

I should have been glad to see the letter you tell me of, as I saw the rest. You say, both honour and prudence forbid you to shew it to me. — O Clarissa! what think you of receiving letters that honour and prudence forbid you to shew to a mother! — But it is not for me to see it, if you would choose to shew it me. I will not be in your secret. I will not know that you did correspond. And, as to an answer, take your own methods. But let him know it will be the last you will write. And, if you do write, I won't see it: so seal it up (if you do) and give it to Shorey; and she — Yet do not think I give you license to write.

We will be upon no conditions with him, nor will you be allowed to be upon any. Your father and uncles would have no patience were he to come. What have you to do to oblige him with your refusal of Mr. Solmes? — Will not that refusal be to give him hope? And while he has any, can we be easy or free from his insults? Were even your brother in fault, as that fault cannot be conquered, is a sister to carry on a correspondence that shall endanger her brother? But your father has given his sanction to your brother's dislikes, your uncles', and every body's! — No matter to whom owing.

As to the rest, you have by your obstinacy put it out of my power to do any thing for you. Your father takes it upon himself to be answerable for all consequences. You must not therefore apply to me for favour. I shall endeavour to be only an observer: Happy, if I could be an unconcerned one! — While I had power, you would not let me use it as I would have used it. Your aunt has been forced to engage not to interfere but by your father's direction. You'll have severe trials. If you have any favour to hope for, it must be from the mediation of your uncles. And yet, I believe, they are equally determined: for they make it a principle, [alas! they never had children!] that that child, who in marriage is not governed by her parents, is to be given up as a lost creature!

I charge you, let not this letter be found. Burn it. There is too much of the mother in it, to a daughter so unaccountably obstinate.

Write not another letter to me. I can do nothing for you. But you can do every thing for yourself.

* * *

Now, my dear, to proceed with my melancholy narrative.

After this letter, you will believe, that I could have very little hopes, that an application directly to my father would stand me in any stead: but I thought it became me to write, were it but to acquit myself to myself, that I have left nothing unattempted that has the least likelihood to restore me to his favour. Accordingly I wrote to the following effect:

I presume not, I say, to argue with my Papa; I only beg his mercy and indulgence in this one point, on which depends my present, and perhaps my future, happiness; and beseech him not to reprobate his child for an aversion which it is not in her power to conquer. I beg, that I may not be sacrificed to projects, and remote contingencies. I complain of the disgraces I suffer in this banishment from his presence, and in being confined to my chamber. In every thing but this one point, I promise implicit duty and resignation to his will. I repeat my offers of a single life; and appeal to him, whether I have ever given him cause to doubt my word. I beg to be admitted to his, and to my mamma's, presence, and that my conduct may be under their own eye: and this with the more earnestness, as I have too much reason to believe that snares are laid for me; and tauntings and revilings used on purpose to make a handle of my words against me, when I am not permitted to speak in my own defence. I conclude with hoping, that my brother's instigations may not rob an unhappy child of her father.

* * *

This is the answer, sent without superscription, and unsealed, although by Betty Barnes, who delivered it with an air, as if she knew the contents.

WEDNESDAY.

I write, perverse girl; but with all the indignation that your disobedience deserves. To desire to be forgiven a fault you own, and yet resolve to persevere in, is a boldness, no more to be equaled, than passed over. It is my authority you defy. Your reflections upon a brother, that is an honour to us all, deserve my utmost resentment. I see how light all relationship sits upon you. The cause I guess at, too. I cannot bear the reflections that naturally arise from this consideration. Your behaviour to your too-indulgent and too-fond mother —— But, I have no patience — Continue banished from my presence, undutiful as you are, till you know how to conform to my will. Ingrateful creature! Your letter but upbraid me for my past indulgence. Write no more to me, till you can distinguish better; and till you are convinced of your duty to

A JUSTLY INCENSED FATHER. * * *

This angry letter was accompanied by one from my mother, unsealed, and unsuperscribed also. Those who take so much pains to confederate every one against me, I make no doubt, obliged her to bear her testimony against the poor girl.

My mother's letter being a repetition of some of the severe things that passed between herself and me, of which I have already informed you, I shall not need to give you the contents — only thus far, that she also praises my brother, and blames me for my freedoms with him.

LETTER XXVI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY MORN., MARCH 9.

I have another letter from Mr. Lovelace, although I had not answered his former.

This man, somehow or other, knows every thing that passes in our family. My confinement; Hanna's dismission; and more of the resentments and resolutions of my father, uncles, and brother, than I can possibly know, and almost as soon as the things happen, which he tells me of. He cannot come at these intelligencies fairly.

He is excessively uneasy upon what he hears; and his expressions, both of love to me, and resentment to them, are very fervent. He solicits me, 'To engage my honour to him never to have Mr. Solmes.'

I think I may fairly promise him that I will not.

He begs, 'That I will not think he is endeavouring to make to himself a merit at any man's expense, since he hopes to obtain my favour on the foot of his own; nor that he seeks to intimidate me into a consideration for him. But declares, that the treatment he meets with from my family is of such a nature, that he is perpetually reproached for not resenting it; and that as well by Lord M. and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, as by all his other friends: and if he must have no hope from me, he cannot answer for what his despair will make him do.'

Indeed, he says, 'his relations, the ladies particularly, advise him to have recourse to a legal remedy: But how, he asks, can a man of honour go to law for verbal abuses given by people entitled to wear swords?'

You see, my dear, that my mother seems as apprehensive of mischief as myself; and has indirectly offered to let Shorey carry my answer to the letter he sent me before.

He is full of the favours of the ladies of his family to me: to whom, nevertheless, I am personally a stranger; except, that I once saw Miss Patty Montague at Mrs. Knolly's.

It is natural, I believe, for a person to be the more desirous of making new friends, in proportion as she loses the favour of old ones. Yet had I rather appear amiable in the eyes of my own relations, and in your eyes, than in those of all the world besides — but these four ladies of his family have such excellent characters, that one cannot but wish to be thought well of by them. Cannot there be a way to find out, by Mrs. Fortescue's means, or by Mr. Hickman, who has some knowledge of Lord M. [covertly, however,] what their opinions are of the

present situation of things in our family; and of the little likelihood there is, that ever the alliance once approved of by them, can take effect?

I cannot, for my own part, think so well of myself, as to imagine, that they can wish their kinsman to persevere in his views with regard to me, through such contempts and discouragements. — Not that it would concern me, should they advise him to the contrary. By my Lord's signing Mr. Lovelace's former letter; by Mr. Lovelace's assurances of the continued favour of all his relations; and by the report of others; I seem still to stand high in their favour. But, methinks, I should be glad to have this confirmed to me, as from themselves, by the lips of an indifferent person; and the rather, because of their fortunes and family; and take it amiss (as they have reason) to be included by ours in the contempt thrown upon their kinsman.

Curiosity at present is all my motive: nor will there ever, I hope, be a stronger, notwithstanding your questionable throbs — even were the merits of Mr. Lovelace much greater than they are.

* * *

I have answered his letters. If he takes me at my word, I shall need to be less solicitous for the opinions of his relations in my favour: and yet one would be glad to be well thought of by the worthy.

This is the substance of my letter:

'I express my surprise at his knowing (and so early) all that passes here.'

I assure him, 'That were there not such a man in the world as himself, I would not have Mr. Solmes.'

I tell him, 'That to return, as I understand he does, defiances for defiances, to my relations, is far from being a proof with me, either of his politeness, or of the consideration he pretends to have for me.

'That the moment I hear he visits any of my friends without their consent, I will make a resolution never to see him more, if I can help it.'

I apprize him, 'That I am connived at in sending this letter (although no one has seen the contents) provided it shall be the last I will ever write to him: that I had more than once told him, that the single life was my choice; and this before Mr. Solmes was introduced as a visitor in our family: that Mr. Wyerley, and other gentlemen, knew it to be my choice, before himself was acquainted with any of us: that I had never been induced to receive a line from him on the subject, but that I thought he had not acted ungenerously by my brother; and yet had not been so handsomely treated by my friends, as he might have expected: but that had he even my friends on his side, I should have very great objections to him, were I to

get over my choice of a single life, so really preferable to me as it is; and that I should have declared as much to him, had I not regarded him as more than a common visiter. On all these accounts, I desire, that the one more letter, which I will allow him to deposit in the usual place, may be the very last; and that only, to acquaint me with his acquiescence that it shall be so; at least till happier times.'

This last I put in that he may not be quite desperate. But, if he take me at my word, I shall be rid of one of my tormentors.

I have promised to lay before you all his letters, and my answers: I repeat that promise: and am the less solicitous, for that reason, to amplify upon the contents of either. But I cannot too often express my vexation, to be driven to such streights and difficulties, here at home, as oblige me to answer letters, (from a man I had not absolutely intended to encourage, and to whom I had really great objections,) filled as his are with such warm protestations, and written to me with a spirit of expectation.

For, my dear, you never knew so bold a supposer. As commentators find beauties in an author, to which the author perhaps was a stranger; so he sometimes compliments me in high strains of gratitude for favours, and for a consideration, which I never designed him; insomuch that I am frequently under a necessity of explaining away the attributed goodness to him, which, if I shewed, I should have the less opinion of myself.

In short, my dear, like a restiff horse, (as I have heard described by sportsmen,) he pains one's hands, and half disjoints one's arms, to rein him in. And, when you see his letters, you must form no judgment upon them, till you have read my answers. If you do, you will indeed think you have cause to attribute self-deceit, and throbs, and glows, to your friend: and yet, at other times, the contradictory nature complains, that I shew him as little favour, and my friends as much inveteracy, as if, in the rencontre betwixt my brother and him, he had been the aggressor; and as if the catastrophe had been as fatal, as it might have been.

If he has a design by this conduct (sometimes complaining of my shyness, at others exalting in my imaginary favours) to induce me at one time to acquiesce with his compliments; at another to be more complaisant for his complaints; and if the contradiction be not the effect of his inattention and giddiness; I shall think him as deep and as artful (too probably, as practised) a creature, as ever lived; and were I to be sure of it, should hate him, if possible, worse than I do Solmes.

But enough for the present of a creature so very various.

LETTER XXVII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 9.

I have not patience with any of the people you are with. I know not what to advise you to do. How do you know that you are not punishable for being the cause, though to your own loss, that the will of your grandfather is not complied with? — Wills are sacred things, child. You see, that they, even they, think so, who imagine they suffer by a will, through the distinction paid you in it.

I allow of all your noble reasonings for what you did at the time: But, since such a charming, such a generous instance of filial duty is to go thus unrewarded, why should you not resume?

Your grandfather knew the family-failing. He knew what a noble spirit you had to do good. He himself, perhaps, [excuse me, my dear,] had done too little in his life-time; and therefore he put it in your power to make up for the defects of the whole family. Were it to me, I would resume it. Indeed I would.

You will say, you cannot do it, while you are with them. I don't know that. Do you think they can use you worse than they do? And is it not your right? And do they not make use of your own generosity to oppress you? Your uncle Harlowe is one trustee; your cousin Morden is the other: insist upon your right to your uncle; and write to your cousin Morden about it. This, I dare say, will make them alter their behaviour to you.

Your insolent brother — what has he to do to controul you? — Were it me [I wish it were for one month, and no more] I'd shew him the difference. I would be in my own mansion, pursuing my charming schemes, and making all around me happy. I would set up my own chariot. I would visit them when they deserved it. But when my brother and sister gave themselves airs, I would let them know, that I was their sister, and not their servant: and, if that did not do, I would shut my gates against them; and bid them go and be company for each other.

It must be confessed, however, that this brother and sister of yours, judging as such narrow spirits will ever judge, have some reason for treating you as they do. It must have long been a mortification to them (set disappointed love on her side, and avarice on his, out of the question) to be so much eclipsed by a younger sister. Such a sun in a family, where there are none but faint twinklers, how could they bear it! Why, my dear, they must look upon you as a prodigy among them: and prodigies, you know, though they obtain our admiration, never attract our love. The distance between you and them is immense. Their eyes ache to look up at

you. What shades does your full day of merit cast upon them! Can you wonder, then, that they should embrace the first opportunity that offered, to endeavour to bring you down to their level?

Depend upon it, my dear, you will have more of it, and more still, as you bear it.

As to this odious Solmes, I wonder not at your aversion to him. It is needless to say any thing to you, who have so sincere any antipathy to him, to strengthen your dislike: Yet, who can resist her own talents? One of mine, as I have heretofore said, is to give an ugly likeness. Shall I indulge it? — I will. And the rather, as, in doing so, you will have my opinion in justification of your aversion to him, and in approbation of a steadiness that I ever admired, and must for ever approve of, in your temper.

'I was twice in this wretch's company. At one of the times your Lovelace was there. I need not mention to you, who have such a pretty curiosity, (though at present, only a curiosity, you know,) the unspeakable difference.

'Lovelace entertained the company in his lively gay way, and made every body laugh at one of his stories. It was before this creature was thought of for you. Solmes laughed too. It was, however, his laugh: for his first three years, at least, I imagine, must have been one continual fit of crying; and his muscles have never yet been able to recover a risible tone. His very smile [you never saw him smile, I believe; never at least gave him cause to smile] is so little natural to his features, that it appears to him as hideous as the grin of a man in malice.

'I took great notice of him, as I do of all the noble lords of the creation, in their peculiarities; and was disgusted, nay, shocked at him, even then. I was glad, I remember, on that particular occasion, to see his strange features recovering their natural gloominess; though they did this but slowly, as if the muscles which contributed to his distortions, had turned upon rusty springs.

'What a dreadful thing must even the love of such a husband be! For my part, were I his wife! (But what have I done to myself, to make such a supposition?) I should never have comfort but in his absence, or when I was quarreling with him. A splenetic woman, who must have somebody to find fault with, might indeed be brought to endure such a wretch: the sight of him would always furnish out the occasion, and all her servants, for that reason, and for that only, would have cause to blame their master. But how grievous and apprehensive a thing it must be for his wife, had she the least degree of delicacy, to catch herself in having done something to oblige him?

'So much for his person. As to the other half of him, he is said to be an insinuating, creeping mortal to any body he hopes to be a gainer by: an insolent, overbearing one, where he has no such views: And is not this the genuine spirit of

meanness? He is reported to be spiteful and malicious, even to the whole family of any single person who has once disobliged him; and to his own relations most of all. I am told, that they are none of them such wretches as himself. This may be one reason why he is for disinheriting them.

'My Kitty, from one of his domestics, tells me, that his tenants hate him: and that he never had a servant who spoke well of him. Vilely suspicious of their wronging him (probably from the badness of his own heart) he is always changing.

'His pockets, they say, are continually crammed with keys: so that, when he would treat a guest, (a friend he has not out of your family), he is half as long puzzling which is which, as his niggardly treat might be concluded in. And if it be wine, he always fetches it himself. Nor has he much trouble in doing so; for he has very few visiters — only those, whom business or necessity brings: for a gentleman who can help it, would rather be benighted, than put up at his house.'

Yet this is the man they have found out (for considerations as sordid as those he is governed by) for a husband, that is to say, for a lord and master, for Miss Clarissa Harlowe!

But, perhaps, he may not be quite so miserable as he is represented. Characters extremely good, or extremely bad, are seldom justly given. Favour for a person will exalt the one, as disfavour will sink the other. But your uncle Antony has told my mother, who objected to his covetousness, that it was intended to tie him up, as he called it, to your own terms; which would be with a hempen, rather than a matrimonial, cord, I dare say. But, is not this a plain indication, that even his own recommenders think him a mean creature; and that he must be articled with — perhaps for necessaries? But enough, and too much, of such a wretch as this! — You must not have him, my dear, — that I am clear in — though not so clear, how you will be able to avoid it, except you assert the independence to which your estate gives you a title.

* * *

Here my mother broke in upon me. She wanted to see what I had written. I was silly enough to read Solmes's character to her.

She owned, that the man was not the most desirable of men; and that he had not the happiest appearance: But what, said she, is person in a man? And I was chidden for setting you against complying with your father's will. Then followed a lecture on the preference to be given in favour of a man who took care to discharge all his obligations to the world, and to keep all together, in opposition to

a spendthrift or profligate. A fruitful subject you know, whether any particular person be meant by it, or not.

Why will these wise parents, by saying too much against the persons they dislike, put one upon defending them? Lovelace is not a spendthrift; owes not obligations to the world; though, I doubt not, profligate enough. Then, putting one upon doing such but common justice, we must needs be prepossessed, truly! — And so perhaps we are put upon curiosities first, that is to say, how such a one or his friends may think of one: and then, but too probably, comes in a distinguishing preference, or something that looks exceedingly like it.

My mother charged me at last, to write that side over again. — But excuse me, my good Mamma! I would not have the character lost upon any consideration; since my vein ran freely into it: and I never wrote to please myself, but I pleased you. A very good reason why — we have but one mind between us — only, that sometimes you are a little too grave, methinks; I, no doubt, a little too flippant in your opinion.

This difference in our tempers, however, is probably the reason that we love one another so well, that in the words of Norris, no third love can come in betwixt. Since each, in the other's eye, having something amiss, and each loving the other well enough to bear being told of it (and the rather perhaps as neither wishes to mend it); this takes off a good deal from that rivalry which might encourage a little (if not a great deal) of that latent spleen, which in time might rise into envy, and that into ill-will. So, my dear, if this be the case, let each keep her fault, and much good may do her with it: and what an hero or heroine must he or she be, who can conquer a constitutional fault? Let it be avarice, as in some I dare not name: let it be gravity, as in my best friend: or let it be flippancy, as in — I need not say whom.

It is proper to acquaint you, that I was obliged to comply with my mother's curiosity, [my mother has her share, her full share, of curiosity, my dear,] and to let her see here-and-there some passages in your letters —

I am broken in upon — but I will tell you by-and-by what passed between my mother and me on this occasion — and the rather, as she had her GIRL, her favourite HICKMAN, and your LOVELACE, all at once in her eye, in her part of the conversation.

Thus it was.

'I cannot but think, Nancy, said she, after all, that there is a little hardship in Miss Harlowe's case: and yet (as her mother says) it is a grating thing to have a child, who was always noted for her duty in smaller points, to stand in opposition to her parents' will in the greater; yea, in the greatest of all. And now, to middle the matter between both, it is pity, that the man they favour has not that sort of

merit which a person of a mind so delicate as that of Miss Harlowe might reasonably expect in a husband. — But then, this man is surely preferable to a libertine: to a libertine too, who has had a duel with her own brother; fathers and mothers must think so, were it not for that circumstance — and it is strange if they do not know best.'

And so they must, thought I, from their experience, if no little dirty views give them also that prepossession in one man's favour, which they are so apt to censure their daughters for having in another's — and if, as I may add in your case, they have no creeping, old, musty uncle Antonys to strengthen their prepossessions, as he does my mother's. Poor, creeping, positive soul, what has such an old bachelor as he to do, to prate about the duties of children to parents; unless he had a notion that parents owe some to their children? But your mother, by her indolent meekness, let me call it, has spoiled all the three brothers.

'But you see, child, proceeded my mother, what a different behaviour MINE is to YOU. I recommend to you one of the soberest, yet politest, men in England—'

I think little of my mother's politest, my dear. She judges of honest Hickman for her daughter, as she would have done, I suppose, twenty years ago, for herself.

'Of a good family, continued my mother; a fine, clear, and improving estate [a prime consideration with my mother, as well as with some other folks, whom you know]: and I beg and I pray you to encourage him: at least not to use him the worse, for his being so obsequious to you.'

Yes, indeed! To use him kindly, that he may treat me familiarly — but distance to the men-wretches is best — I say.

'Yet all will hardly prevail upon you to do as I would have you. What would you say, were I to treat you as Miss Harlowe's father and mother treat her?

'What would I say, Madam! — That's easily answered. I would say nothing. Can you think such usage, and to such a young lady, is to be borne?

'Come, come, Nancy, be not so hasty: you have heard but one side; and that there is more to be said is plain, by your reading to me but parts of her letters. They are her parents. They must know best. Miss Harlowe, as fine a child as she is, must have done something, must have said something, (you know how they loved her,) to make them treat her thus.

'But if she should be blameless, Madam, how does your own supposition condemn them?'

Then came up Solmes's great estate; his good management of it— 'A little too NEAR indeed,' was the word! — [O how money-lovers, thought I, will palliate! Yet my mother is a princess in spirit to this Solmes!] 'What strange effects, added she, have prepossession and love upon young ladies!'

I don’t know how it is, my dear; but people take high delight in finding out folks in love. Curiosity begets curiosity. I believe that’s the thing.

She proceeded to praise Mr. Lovelace’s person, and his qualifications natural and acquired. But then she would judge as mothers will judge, and as daughters are very loth to judge: but could say nothing in answer to your offer of living single; and breaking with him — if — if — [three or four if’s she made of one good one, if] that could be depended on.

But still obedience without reserve, reason what I will, is the burden of my mother’s song: and this, for my sake, as well as for yours.

I must needs say, that I think duty to parents is a very meritorious excellence. But I bless God I have not your trials. We can all be good when we have no temptation nor provocation to the contrary: but few young persons (who can help themselves too as you can) would bear what you bear.

I will now mention all that is upon my mind, in relation to the behaviour of your father and uncles, and the rest of them, because I would not offend you: but I have now a higher opinion of my own sagacity, than ever I had, in that I could never cordially love any one of your family but yourself. I am not born to like them. But it is my duty to be sincere to my friend: and this will excuse her Anna Howe to Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

I ought indeed to have excepted your mother; a lady to be reverenced: and now to be pitied. What must have been her treatment, to be thus subjugated, as I may call it? Little did the good old viscount think, when he married his darling, his only daughter, to so well-appearing a gentleman, and to her own liking too, that she would have been so much kept down. Another would call your father a tyrant, if I must not: all the world that know him, do call him so; and if you love your mother, you should not be very angry at the world for taking that liberty.

Yet, after all, I cannot help thinking, that she is the less to be pitied, as she may be said (be the gout, or what will, the occasion of his moroseness) to have long behaved unworthy of her birth and fine qualities, in yielding so much as she yields to encroaching spirits [you may confine the reflection to your brother, if it will pain you to extend it]; and this for the sake of preserving a temporary peace to herself; which was the less worth endeavouring to preserve, as it always produced a strength in the will of others, which subjected her to an arbitrariness that of course grew, and became established, upon her patience. — And now to give up the most deserving of her children (against her judgment) a sacrifice to the ambition and selfishness of the least deserving! — But I fly from this subject — having I fear, said too much to be forgiven — and yet much less than is in my heart to say upon the over-meek subject.

Mr. Hickman is expected from London this evening. I have desired him to inquire after Lovelace's life and conversation in town. If he has not inquired, I shall be very angry with him. Don't expect a very good account of either. He is certainly an intriguing wretch, and full of inventions.

Upon my word, I most heartily despise that sex! I wish they would let our fathers and mothers alone; teasing them to tease us with their golden promises, and protestations and settlements, and the rest of their ostentatious nonsense. How charmingly might you and I live together, and despise them all! — But to be cajoled, wire-drawn, and ensnared, like silly birds, into a state of bondage, or vile subordination; to be courted as princesses for a few weeks, in order to be treated as slaves for the rest of our lives. Indeed, my dear, as you say of Solmes, I cannot endure them! — But for your relations [friends no more will I call them, unworthy as they are even of the other name!] to take such a wretch's price as that; and to the cutting off of all reversions from his own family: — How must a mind but commonly just resist such a measure!

Mr. Hickman shall sound Lord M. upon the subject you recommend. But beforehand, I can tell you what he and what his sisters will say, when they are sounded. Who would not be proud of such a relation as Miss Clarissa Harlowe? — Mrs. Fortescue told me, that they are all your very great admirers.

If I have not been clear enough in my advice about what you shall do, let me say, that I can give it in one word: it is only by re-urging you to RESUME. If you do, all the rest will follow.

We are told here, that Mrs. Norton, as well as your aunt Hervey, has given her opinion on the implicit side of the question. If she can think, that the part she has had in your education, and your own admirable talents and acquirements, are to be thrown away upon such a worthless creature as Solmes, I could heartily quarrel with her. You may think I say this to lessen your regard for the good woman. And perhaps not wholly without cause, if you do. For, to own the truth, methinks, I don't love her so well as I should do, did you love her so apparently less, that I could be out of doubt, that you love me better.

Your mother tells you, 'That you will have great trials: that you are under your father's discipline.' — The word is enough for me to despise them who give occasion for its use.— 'That it is out of her power to help you!' And again: 'That if you have any favour to hope for, it must be by the mediation of your uncles.' I suppose you will write to the oddities, since you are forbid to see them. But can it be, that such a lady, such a sister, such a wife, such a mother, has no influence in her own family? Who, indeed, as you say, if this be so, would marry, that can live single? My choler is again beginning to rise. RESUME, my dear: and that is all I

will give myself time to say further, lest I offend you when I cannot serve you — only this, that I am

Your truly affectionate friend and servant, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, MARCH 10.

You will permit me, my dear, to touch upon a few passages in your last letter, that affect me sensibly.

In the first place, you must allow me to say, low as I am in spirits, that I am very angry with you, for your reflections on my relations, particularly on my father and mother, and on the memory of my grandfather. Nor, my dear, does your own mother always escape the keen edge of your vivacity. One cannot one's self forbear to write or speak freely of those we love and honour, when grief from imagined hard treatment wrings the heart: but it goes against one to hear any body else take the same liberties. Then you have so very strong a manner of expression where you take a distaste, that when passion has subdued, and I come (upon reflection) to see by your severity what I have given occasion for, I cannot help condemning myself.

But least of all can I bear that you should reflect upon my mother. What, my dear, if her meekness should not be rewarded? Is the want of reward, or the want even of a grateful acknowledgement, a reason for us to dispense with what we think our duty? They were my father's lively spirits that first made him an interest in her gentle bosom. They were the same spirits turned inward, as I have heretofore observed,* that made him so impatient when the cruel malady seized him. He always loved my mother: And would not LOVE and PITY excusably, nay laudably, make a good wife (who was an hourly witness of his pangs, when labouring under a paroxysm, and his paroxysms becoming more and more frequent, as well as more and more severe) give up her own will, her own likings, to oblige a husband, thus afflicted, whose love for her was unquestionable? — And if so, was it not too natural [human nature is not perfect, my dear] that the husband thus humoured by the wife, should be unable to bear controul from any body else, much less contradiction from his children?

* See Letter V.

If then you would avoid my highest displeasure, you must spare my mother: and, surely, you will allow me, with her, to pity, as well as to love and honour my father.

I have no friend but you to whom I can appeal, to whom I dare complain. Unhappily circumstanced as I am, it is but too probable that I shall complain, because it is but too probably that I shall have more and more cause given me for complaint. But be it your part, if I do, to sooth my angry passions, and to soften

my resentments; and this the rather, as you know what an influence your advice has upon me; and as you must also know, that the freedoms you take with my friends, can have no other tendency, but to weaken the sense of my duty to them, without answering any good end to myself.

I cannot help owning, however, that I am pleased to have you join with me in opinion of the contempt which Mr. Solmes deserves from me. But yet, permit me to say, that he is not quite so horrible a creature as you make him: as to his person, I mean; for with regard to his mind, by all I have heard, you have done him but justice: but you have such a talent at an ugly likeness, and such a vivacity, that they sometimes carry you out of verisimilitude. In short, my dear, I have known you, in more instances than one, sit down resolved to write all that wit, rather than strict justice, could suggest upon the given occasion. Perhaps it may be thought, that I should say the less on this particular subject, because your dislike of him arises from love to me: But should it not be our aim to judge of ourselves, and of every thing that affects us, as we may reasonably imagine other people would judge of us and of our actions?

As to the advice you give, to resume my estate, I am determined not to litigate with my father, let what will be the consequence to myself. I may give you, at another time, a more particular answer to your reasonings on this subject: but, at present, will only observe, that it is in my opinion, that Lovelace himself would hardly think me worth addressing, were he to know this would be my resolution. These men, my dear, with all their flatteries, look forward to the PERMANENT. Indeed, it is fit they should. For love must be a very foolish thing to look back upon, when it has brought persons born to affluence into indigence, and laid a generous mind under obligation and dependence.

You very ingeniously account for the love we bear to one another, from the difference in our tempers. I own, I should not have thought of that. There may possibly be something in it: but whether there be or not, whenever I am cool, and give myself time to reflect, I will love you the better for the correction you give, be as severe as you will upon me. Spare me not, therefore, my dear friend, whenever you think me in the least faulty. I love your agreeable raillery: you know I always did: nor, however over-serious you think me, did I ever think you flippant, as you harshly call it. One of the first conditions of our mutual friendship was, each should say or write to the other whatever was upon her mind, without any offence to be taken: a condition, that is indeed indispensable in friendship.

I knew your mother would be for implicit obedience in a child. I am sorry my case is so circumstanced, that I cannot comply. It would be my duty to do so, if I could. You are indeed very happy, that you have nothing but your own agreeable, yet whimsical, humours to contend with, in the choice she invites you to make of

Mr. Hickman. How happy I should be, to be treated with so much lenity! — I should blush to have my mother say, that she begged and prayed me, and all in vain, to encourage a man so unexceptionable as Mr. Hickman.

Indeed, my beloved Miss Howe, I am ashamed to have your mother say, with ME in her view, ‘What strange effects have prepossession and love upon young creatures of our sex!’ This touches me the more sensibly, because you yourself, my dear, are so ready to persuade me into it.

I should be very blamable to endeavour to hide any the least bias upon my mind, from you: and I cannot but say — that this man — this Lovelace — is a man that might be liked well enough, if he bore such a character as Mr. Hickman bears; and even if there were hopes of reclaiming him. And further still I will acknowledge, that I believe it possible that one might be driven, by violent measures, step by step, as it were, into something that might be called — I don’t know what to call it — a conditional kind of liking, or so. But as to the word LOVE — justifiable and charming as it is in some cases, (that is to say, in all the relative, in all the social, and, what is still beyond both, in all our superior duties, in which it may be properly called divine;) it has, methinks, in the narrow, circumscribed, selfish, peculiar sense, in which you apply it to me, (the man too so little to be approved of for his morals, if all that report says of him be true,) no pretty sound with it. Treat me as freely as you will in all other respects, I will love you, as I have said, the better for your friendly freedom. But, methinks, I could be glad that you would not let this imputation pass so glibly from your pen, or your lips, as attributable to one of your own sex, whether I be the person or not: since the other must have a double triumph, when a person of your delicacy (armed with such contempts of them all, as you would have one think) can give up a friend, with an exultation over her weakness, as a silly, love-sick creature.

I could make some other observations upon the contents of your last two letters; but my mind is not free enough at present. The occasion for the above stuck with me; and I could not help taking the earliest notice of them.

Having written to the end of my second sheet, I will close this letter, and in my next, acquaint you with all that has happened here since my last.

LETTER XXIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

I have had such taunting messages, and such repeated avowals of ill offices, brought me from my brother and sister, if I do no comply with their wills, (delivered, too, with provoking sauciness by Betty Barnes,) that I have thought it proper, before I entered upon my intended address to my uncles, in pursuance of the hint given me in my mother's letter, to expostulate a little with them. But I have done it in such a manner, as will give you (if you please to take it as you have done some parts of my former letters) great advantage over me. In short, you will have more cause than ever, to declare me far gone in love, if my reasons for the change of my style in these letters, with regard to Mr. Lovelace, do not engage your more favourable opinion. — For I have thought proper to give them their own way: and, since they will have it, that I have a preferable regard for Mr. Lovelace, I give them cause rather to confirm their opinion than doubt it.

These are my reasons in brief, for the alteration of my style.

In the first place, they have grounded their principal argument for my compliance with their will, upon my acknowledgement that my heart is free; and so, supposing I give up no preferable person, my opposition has the look of downright obstinacy in their eyes; and they argue, that at worst, my aversion to Solmes is an aversion that may be easily surmounted, and ought to be surmounted in duty to my father, and for the promotion of family views.

Next, although they build upon this argument in order to silence me, they seem not to believe me, but treat me as disgracefully, as if I were in love with one of my father's footmen: so that my conditional willingness to give up Mr. Lovelace has procured me no favour.

In the next place, I cannot but think, that my brother's antipathy to Mr. Lovelace is far from being well grounded: the man's inordinate passion for the sex is the crime that is always rung in my ears: and a very great one it is: But, does my brother recriminate upon him thus in love to me? — No — his whole behaviour shews me, that that is not his principal motive, and that he thinks me rather in his way than otherwise.

It is then the call of justice, as I may say, to speak a little in favour of a man, who, although provoked by my brother, did not do him all the mischief he could have done him, and which my brother had endeavoured to do him. It might not be amiss therefore, I thought, to alarm them a little with apprehension, that the methods they are taking with me are the very reverse of those they should take to

answer the end they design by them. And after all, what is the compliment I make Mr. Lovelace, if I allow it to be thought that I do really prefer him to such a man as him they terrify me with? Then, my Miss Howe [concluded I] accuses me of a tameness which subject me to insults from my brother: I will keep that dear friend in my eye; and for all these considerations, try what a little of her spirit will do — sit it ever so awkwardly upon me.

In this way of thinking, I wrote to my brother and sister. This is my letter to him.

TREATED as I am, and, in a great measure, if not wholly, by your instigations, Brother, you must permit me to expostulate with you upon the occasion. It is not my intention to displease you in what I am going to write: and yet I must deal freely with you: the occasion calls for it.

And permit me, in the first place, to remind you, that I am your sister; and not your servant; and that, therefore, the bitter revilings and passionate language brought me from you, upon an occasion in which you have no reason to prescribe to me, are neither worthy of my character to bear, nor of yours to offer.

Put the case, that I were to marry the man you dislike: and that he were not to make a polite or tender husband, Is that a reason for you to be an unpolite and disobliging brother? — Why must you, Sir, anticipate my misfortunes, were such a case to happen? — Let me tell you plainly, that the man who could treat me as a wife, worse than you of late have treated me as a sister, must be a barbarous man indeed.

Ask yourself, I pray you, Sir, if you would thus have treated your sister Bella, had she thought fit to receive the addresses of the man so much hated by you? — If not, let me caution you, my Brother, not to take your measures by what you think will be borne, but rather by what ought to be offered.

How would you take it, if you had a brother, who, in a like case, were to act by you, as you do by me? — You cannot but remember what a laconic answer you gave even to my father, who recommended to you Miss Nelly D'Oily — You did not like her, were your words: and that was thought sufficient.

You must needs think, that I cannot but know to whom to attribute my disgraces, when I recollect my father's indulgence to me, permitting me to decline several offers; and to whom, that a common cause is endeavoured to be made, in favour of a man whose person and manners are more exceptional than those of any of the gentlemen I have been permitted to refuse.

I offer not to compare the two men together: nor is there indeed the least comparison to be made between them. All the difference to the one's disadvantage, if I did, is but one point — of the greatest importance, indeed — But to whom of most importance? — To myself, surely, were I to encourage his

application: of the least to you. Nevertheless, if you do not, by your strange politics, unite that man and me as joint sufferers in one cause, you shall find me as much resolved to renounce him, as I am to refuse the other. I have made an overture to this purpose: I hope you will not give me reason to confirm my apprehensions, that it will be owing to you if it be not accepted.

It is a sad thing to have it to say, without being conscious of ever having given you cause of offence, that I have in you a brother, but not a friend.

Perhaps you will not condescend to enter into the reasons of your late and present conduct with a foolish sister. But if politeness, if civility, be not due to that character, and to my sex, justice is.

Let me take the liberty further to observe, that the principal end of a young man's education at the university, is, to learn him to reason justly, and to subdue the violence of his passions. I hope, Brother, that you will not give room for any body who knows us both, to conclude, that the toilette has taught the one more of the latter doctrine, than the university has taught the other. I am truly sorry to have cause to say, that I have heard it often remarked, that your uncontrouled passions are not a credit to your liberal education.

I hope, Sir, that you will excuse the freedom I have taken with you: you have given me too much reason for it, and you have taken much greater with me, without reason: — so, if you are offended, ought to look at the cause, and not at the effect: — then examining yourself, that cause will cease, and there will not be any where a more accomplished gentleman than my brother.

Sisterly affection, I do assure you, Sir, (unkindly as you have used me,) and not the pertness which of late you have been so apt to impute to me, is my motive in this hint. Let me invoke your returning kindness, my only brother! And give me cause, I beseech you, to call you my compassionating friend. For I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate sister, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

* * *

This is my brother's answer.

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

I KNOW there will be no end of your impertinent scribble, if I don't write to you. I write therefore: but, without entering into argument with such a conceited and pert preacher and questioner, it is, to forbid you to plague me with your quaint nonsense. I know not what wit in a woman is good for, but to make her overvalue herself, and despise every other person. Yours, Miss Pert, has set you above your duty, and above being taught or prescribed to, either by parents, or any

body else. But go on, Miss: your mortification will be the greater; that's all, child. It shall, I assure you, if I can make it so, so long as you prefer that villainous Lovelace, (who is justly hated by all your family) to every body. We see by your letter now (what we too justly suspected before), most evidently we see, the hold he has got of your forward heart. But the stronger the hold, the greater must be the force (and you shall have enough of that) to tear such a miscreant from it. In me, notwithstanding your saucy lecturing, and your saucy reflections before, you are sure of a friend, as well as of a brother, if it be not your own fault. But if you will still think of such a wretch as that Lovelace, never expect either friend or brother in

JA. HARLOWE. * * *

I will now give you a copy of my letter to my sister; with her answer.

IN what, my dear Sister, have I offended you, that instead of endeavouring to soften my father's anger against me, (as I am sure I should have done for you, had my unhappy case been yours,) you should, in so hard-hearted a manner, join to aggravate not only his displeasure, but my mother's against me. Make but my case your own, my dear Bella; and suppose you were commanded to marry Mr. Lovelace, (to whom you are believed to have such an antipathy,) would you not think it a very grievous injunction? — Yet cannot your dislike to Mr. Lovelace be greater than mine is to Mr. Solmes. Nor are love and hatred voluntary passions.

My brother may perhaps think it a proof of a manly spirit, to shew himself an utter stranger to the gentle passions. We have both heard him boast, that he never loved with distinction: and, having predominating passions, and checked in his first attempt, perhaps he never will. It is the less wonder, then, raw from the college, so lately himself the tutored, that he should set up for a tutor, a prescriber to our gentler sex, whose tastes and manners are differently formed: for what, according to his account, are colleges, but classes of tyrants, from the upper students over the lower, and from them to the tutor? — That he, with such masculine passions should endeavour to controul and bear down an unhappy sister, in a case where his antipathy, and, give me leave to say, his ambition [once you would have allowed the latter to be his fault] can be gratified by so doing, may not be quite so much to be wondered at — but that a sister should give up the cause of a sister, and join with him to set her father and mother against her, in a case that might have been her own — indeed, my Bella, this is not pretty in you.

There was a time that Mr. Lovelace was thought reclaimable, and when it was far from being deemed a censurable view to hope to bring back to the paths of virtue and honour, a man of his sense and understanding. I am far from wishing to

make the experiment: but nevertheless will say, that if I have not a regard for him, the disgraceful methods taken to compel me to receive the addresses of such a man as Mr. Solmes are enough to induce it.

Do you, my Sister, for one moment, lay aside all prejudice, and compare the two men in their births, their educations, their persons, their understandings, their manners, their air, and their whole deportments; and in their fortunes too, taking in reversions; and then judge of both; yet, as I have frequently offered, I will live single with all my heart, if that will do.

I cannot thus live in displeasure and disgrace. I would, if I could, oblige all my friends. But will it be just, will it be honest, to marry a man I cannot endure? If I have not been used to oppose the will of my father, but have always delighted to oblige and obey, judge of the strength of my antipathy, by the painful opposition I am obliged to make, and cannot help it.

Pity then, my dearest Bella, my sister, my friend, my companion, my adviser, as you used to be when I was happy, and plead for

Your ever-affectionate, CL. HARLOWE.

* * * TO MISS CLARY HARLOWE

Let it be pretty or not pretty, in your wise opinion, I shall speak my mind, I will assure you, both of you and your conduct in relation to this detested Lovelace. You are a fond foolish girl with all your wisdom. Your letter shews that enough in twenty places. And as to your cant of living single, nobody will believe you. This is one of your fetches to avoid complying with your duty, and the will of the most indulgent parents in the world, as yours have been to you, I am sure — though now they see themselves finely requited for it.

We all, indeed, once thought your temper soft and amiable: but why was it? You never were contradicted before: you had always your own way. But no sooner do you meet with opposition in your wishes to throw yourself away upon a vile rake, but you shew what you are. You cannot love Mr. Solmes! that's the pretence; but Sister, Sister, let me tell you, that is because Lovelace has got into your fond heart: — a wretch hated, justly hated, by us all; and who has dipped his hands in the blood of your brother: yet him you would make our relation, would you?

I have no patience with you, but for putting the case of my liking such a vile wretch as him. As to the encouragement you pretend he received formerly from all our family, it was before we knew him to be so vile: and the proofs that had such force upon us, ought to have had some upon you: — and would, had you not been a foolish forward girl; as on this occasion every body sees you are.

O how you run out in favour of the wretch! — His birth, his education, his person, his understanding, his manners, his air, his fortune — reversions too taken in to augment the surfeiting catalogue! What a fond string of lovesick praises is here! And yet you would live single — Yes, I warrant! — when so many imaginary perfections dance before your dazzled eye! — But no more — I only desire, that you will not, while you seem to have such an opinion of your wit, think every one else a fool; and that you can at pleasure, by your whining flourishes, make us all dance after your lead.

Write as often as you will, this shall be the last answer or notice you shall have upon this subject from

ARABELLA HARLOWE. * * *

I had in readiness a letter for each of my uncles; and meeting in the garden a servant of my uncle Harlowe, I gave him to deliver according to their respective directions. If I am to form a judgment by the answers I have received from my brother and sister, as above, I must not, I doubt, expect any good from those letters. But when I have tried every expedient, I shall have the less to blame myself for, if any thing unhappy should fall out. I will send you copies of both, when I shall see what notice they will be thought worthy of, if of any.

LETTER XXX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 12.

This man, this Lovelace, gives me great uneasiness. He is extremely bold and rash. He was this afternoon at our church — in hopes to see me, I suppose: and yet, if he had such hopes, his usual intelligence must have failed him.

Shorey was at church; and a principal part of her observation was upon his haughty and proud behaviour when he turned round in the pew where he sat to our family-pew. My father and both my uncles were there; so were my mother and sister. My brother happily was not. — They all came home in disorder. Nor did the congregation mind any body but him; it being his first appearance there since the unhappy rencounter.

What did the man come for, if he intended to look challenge and defiance, as Shorey says he did, and as others, it seems, thought he did, as well as she? Did he come for my sake; and, by behaving in such a manner to those present of my family, imagine he was doing me either service or pleasure? — He knows how they hate him: nor will he take pains, would pains do, to obviate their hatred.

You and I, my dear, have often taken notice of his pride; and you have rallied him upon it; and instead of exculpating himself, he has owned it: and by owning it he has thought he has done enough.

For my own part, I thought pride in his case an improper subject for raillery. — People of birth and fortune to be proud, is so needless, so mean a vice! — If they deserve respect, they will have it, without requiring it. In other words, for persons to endeavour to gain respect by a haughty behaviour, is to give a proof that they mistrust their own merit: To make confession that they know that their actions will not attract it. — Distinction or quality may be prided in by those to whom distinction or quality is a new thing. And then the reflection and contempt which such bring upon themselves by it, is a counter-balance.

Such added advantages, too, as this man has in his person and mien: learned also, as they say he is: Such a man to be haughty, to be imperious! — The lines of his own face at the same time condemning him — how wholly inexcusable! — Proud of what? Not of doing well: the only justifiable pride. — Proud of exterior advantages! — Must not one be led by such a stop-short pride, as I may call it, in him or her who has it, to mistrust the interior? Some people may indeed be afraid, that if they did not assume, they would be trampled upon. A very narrow fear,

however, since they trample upon themselves, who can fear this. But this man must be secure that humility would be an ornament to him.

He has talents indeed: but those talents and his personal advantages have been snares to him. It is plain they have. And this shews, that, weighed in an equal balance, he would be found greatly wanting.

Had my friends confided as they did at first, in that discretion which they do not accuse me of being defective in, I dare say I should have found him out: and then should have been as resolute to dismiss him, as I was to dismiss others, and as I am never to have Mr. Solmes. O that they did but know my heart! — It shall sooner burst, than voluntarily, uncompelled, undriven, dictate a measure that shall cast a slur either upon them, or upon my sex.

Excuse me, my dear friend, for these grave soliloquies, as I may call them. How have I run from reflection to reflection! — But the occasion is recent — They are all in commotion below upon it.

Shorey says, that Mr. Lovelace watched my mother's eye, and bowed to her: and she returned the compliment. He always admired my mother. She would not, I believe, have hated him, had she not been bid to hate him: and had it not been for the rencounter between him and her only son.

Dr. Lewen was at church; and observing, as every one else did, the disorder into which Mr. Lovelace's appearance* had put all our family, was so good as to engage him in conversation, when the service was over, till they were all gone to their coaches.

* See Letter XXXI, for Mr. Lovelace's account of his behaviour and intentions in his appearance at church.

My uncles had my letters in the morning. They, as well as my father, are more and more incensed against me, it seems. Their answers, if they vouchsafe to answer me, will demonstrate, I doubt not, the unseasonableness of this rash man's presence at our church.

They are angry also, as I understand, with my mother, for returning his compliment. What an enemy is hatred, even to the common forms of civility! which, however, more distinguish the payer of a compliment, than the receiver. But they all see, they say, that there is but one way to put an end to his insults. So I shall suffer: And in what will the rash man have benefited himself, or mended his prospects?

I am extremely apprehensive that this worse than ghost-like appearance of his, bodes some still bolder step. If he come hither (and very desirous he is of my leave to come) I am afraid there will be murder. To avoid that, if there were no other way, I would most willingly be buried alive.

They are all in consultation — upon my letters, I suppose — so they were in the morning; which occasioned my uncles to be at our church. I will send you the copies of those letters, as I promised in my last, when I see whether I can give you their answers with them. This letter is all — I cannot tell what — the effect of apprehension and displeasure at the man who has occasioned my apprehensions. Six lines would have contained all that is in it to the purpose of my story.

CL. H.

LETTER XXXI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY, MARCH 13.

In vain dost thou* and thy compeers press me to go to town, while I am in such an uncertainty as I am in at present with this proud beauty. All the ground I have hitherto gained with her is entirely owing to her concern for the safety of people whom I have reason to hate.

*These gentlemen affected what they called the Roman style (to wit, the thee and the thou) in their letters: and it was an agreed rule with them, to take in good part whatever freedoms they treated each other with, if the passages were written in that style.

Write then, thou biddest me, if I will not come. That, indeed, I can do; and as well without a subject, as with one. And what follows shall be a proof of it.

The lady's malevolent brother has now, as I told thee at M. Hall, introduced another man; the most unpromising in his person and qualities, the most formidable in his offers, that has yet appeared.

This man has by his proposals captivated every soul of the Harlowes — Soul! did I say — There is not a soul among them but my charmer's: and she, withstanding them all, is actually confined, and otherwise maltreated by a father the most gloomy and positive; at the instigation of a brother the most arrogant and selfish. But thou knowest their characters; and I will not therefore sully my paper with them.

But is it not a confounded thing to be in love with one, who is the daughter, the sister, the niece, of a family, I must eternally despise? And, the devil of it, that love increasing with her — what shall I call it?— 'Tis not scorn:— 'Tis not pride: — 'Tis not the insolence of an adored beauty: — But 'tis to virtue, it seems, that my difficulties are owin; and I pay for not being a sly sinner, an hypocrite; for being regardless of my reputation; for permittin slander to open its mouth against me. But is it necessary for such a one as I, who have been used to carry all before me, upon my own terms — I, who never inspired a fear, that had not a discernibly-predominant mixture of love in it, to be a hypocrite? — Well says the poet:

He who seems virtuous does but act a part;
And shews not his own nature, but his art.

Well, but it seems I must practise for this art, if it would succeed with this truly-admirable creature; but why practise for it? — Cannot I indeed reform? — I

have but one vice; — Have I, Jack? — Thou knowest my heart, if any man living does. As far as I know it myself, thou knowest it. But ’tis a cursed deceiver; for it has many a time imposed upon its master — Master, did I say? That I am not now; nor have I been from the moment I beheld this angel of a woman. Prepared indeed as I was by her character before I saw her: For what a mind must that be, which, though not virtuous itself, admires not virtue in another? — My visit to Arabella, owing to a mistake of the sister, into which, as thou hast heard me say, I was led by the blundering uncle; who was to introduce me (but lately come from abroad) to the divinity, as I thought; but, instead of her, carried me to a mere mortal. And much difficulty had I, so fond and forward my lady! to get off without forfeiting all with a family I intended should give me a goddess.

I have boasted that I was once in love before: — and indeed I thought I was. It was in my early manhood — with that quality jilt, whose infidelity I have vowed to revenge upon as many of the sex as shall come into my power. I believe, in different climes, I have already sacrificed an hecatomb to my Nemesis, in pursuance of this vow. But upon recollecting what I was then, and comparing it with what I find myself now, I cannot say that I was ever in love before.

What was it then, dost thou ask me, since the disappointment had such effects upon me, when I found myself jilted, that I was hardly kept in my senses? — Why, I’ll grant thee what, as near as I can remember; for it was a great while ago: — It was — Egad, Jack, I can hardly tell what it was — but a vehement aspiration after a novelty, I think. Those confounded poets, with their terrenely-celestial descriptions, did as much with me as the lady: they fired my imagination, and set me upon a desire to become a goddess-maker. I must needs try my new-fledged pinions in sonnet, elogy, and madrigal. I must have a Cynthia, a Stella, a Sacharissa, as well as the best of them: darts and flames, and the devil knows what, must I give to my cupid. I must create beauty, and place it where nobody else could find it: and many a time have I been at a loss for a subject, when my new-created goddess has been kinder than it was proper for my plaintive sonnet that she should be.

Then I found I had a vanity of another sort in my passion: I found myself well received among the women in general; and I thought it a pretty lady-like tyranny [I was then very young, and very vain!] to single out some one of the sex, to make half a score jealous. And I can tell thee, it had its effect: for many an eye have I made to sparkle with rival indignation: many a cheek glow; and even many a fan have I caused to be snapped at a sister-beauty; accompanied with a reflection perhaps at being seen alone with a wild young fellow who could not be in private with both at once.

In short, Jack, it was more pride than love, as I now find it, that put me upon making such a confounded rout about losing that noble varletess. I thought she loved me at least as well as I believed I loved her: nay, I had the vanity to suppose she could not help it. My friends were pleased with my choice. They wanted me to be shackled: for early did they doubt my morals, as to the sex. They saw, that the dancing, the singing, the musical ladies were all fond of my company: For who [I am in a humour to be vain, I think!] — for who danced, who sung, who touched the string, whatever the instrument, with a better grace than thy friend?

I have no notion of playing the hypocrite so egregiously, as to pretend to be blind to qualifications which every one sees and acknowledges. Such praise-begetting hypocrisy! Such affectedly disclaimed attributes! Such contemptible praise-traps! — But yet, shall my vanity extend only to personals, such as the gracefulness of dress, my debonnaire, and my assurance? — Self-taught, self-acquired, these! — For my parts, I value not myself upon them. Thou wilt say, I have no cause. — Perhaps not. But if I had any thing valuable as to intellectuals, those are not my own; and to be proud of what a man is answerable for the abuse of, and has no merit in the right use of, is to strut, like the jay, in borrowed plumage.

But to return to my fair jilt. I could not bear, that a woman, who was the first that had bound me in silken fetters [they were not iron ones, like those I now wear] should prefer a coronet to me: and when the bird was flown, I set more value upon it, that when I had it safe in my cage, and could visit in when I pleased.

But now am I indeed in love. I can think of nothing, of nobody, but the divine Clarissa Harlowe — Harlowe! — How that hated word sticks in my throat — But I shall give her for it the name of Love.*

* Lovelace.

CLARISSA! O there’s music in the name,
That, soft’ning me to infant tenderness,
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life!

But couldst thou have believed that I, who think it possible for me to favour as much as I can be favoured; that I, who for this charming creature think of foregoing the life of honour for the life of shackles; could adopt these over-tender lines of Otway?

I checked myself, and leaving the first three lines of the following of Dryden to the family of whiners, find the workings of the passion in my stormy soul better expressed by the three last:

Love various minds does variously inspire:
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fires;

Like that of incense on the alter laid.

But raging flames tempestuous souls invade:
A fire which ev'ry windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

And with REVENGE it shall glow! — For, dost thou think, that if it were not from the hope, that this stupid family are all combined to do my work for me, I would bear their insults? — Is it possible to imagine, that I would be braved as I am braved, threatened as I am threatened, by those who are afraid to see me; and by this brutal brother, too, to whom I gave a life; [a life, indeed, not worth my taking!] had I not a greater pride in knowing that by means of his very spy upon me, I am playing him off as I please; cooling or inflaming his violent passions as may best suit my purposes; permitting so much to be revealed of my life and actions, and intentions, as may give him such a confidence in his double-faced agent, as shall enable me to dance his employer upon my own wires?

This it is that makes my pride mount above my resentment. By this engine, whose springs I am continually oiling, I play them all off. The busy old tarpaulin uncle I make but my ambassador to Queen Anabella Howe, to engage her (for example-sake to her princessly daughter) to join in their cause, and to assert an authority they are resolved, right or wrong, (or I could do nothing,) to maintain.

And what my motive, dost thou ask? No less than this, That my beloved shall find no protection out of my family; for, if I know hers, fly she must, or have the man she hates. This, therefore, if I take my measures right, and my familiar fail me not, will secure her mine, in spite of them all; in spite of her own inflexible heart: mine, without condition; without reformation-promises; without the necessity of a siege of years, perhaps; and to be even then, after wearing the guise of merit-doubting hypocrisy, at an uncertainty, upon a probation unapproved of. Then shall I have all the rascals and rascalesses of the family come creeping to me: I prescribing to them; and bringing that sordidly imperious brother to kneel at the footstool of my throne.

All my fear arises from the little hold I have in the heart of this charming frost-piece: such a constant glow upon her lovely features: eyes so sparkling: limbs so divinely turned: health so florid: youth so blooming: air so animated — to have an heart so impenetrable: and I, the hitherto successful Lovelace, the addresser — How can it be? Yet there are people, and I have talked with some of them, who remember that she was born. Her nurse Norton boasts of her maternal offices in her earliest infancy; and in her education gradatim. So there is full proof, that she came not from above all at once an angel! How then can she be so impenetrable?

But here's her mistake; nor will she be cured of it — She takes the man she calls her father [her mother had been faultless, had she not been her father's wife]; she takes the men she calls her uncles; the fellow she calls her brother; and the poor contemptible she calls her sister; to be her father, to be her uncles, her brother, her sister; and that, as such, she owes to some of them reverence, to others respect, let them treat her ever so cruelly! — Sordid ties! — Mere cradle prejudices! — For had they not been imposed upon her by Nature, when she was in a perverse humour, or could she have chosen her relations, would any of these have been among them?

How my heart rises at her preference of them to me, when she is convinced of their injustice to me! Convinced, that the alliance would do honour to them all — herself excepted; to whom every one owes honour; and from whom the most princely family might receive it. But how much more will my heart rise with indignation against her, if I find she hesitates but one moment (however persecuted) about preferring me to the man she avowedly hates! But she cannot surely be so mean as to purchase her peace with them at so dear a rate. She cannot give a sanction to projects formed in malice, and founded in a selfishness (and that at her own expense) which she has spirit enough to despise in others; and ought to disavow, that we may not think her a Harlowe.

By this incoherent ramble thou wilt gather, that I am not likely to come up in haste; since I must endeavour first to obtain some assurance from the beloved of my soul, that I shall not be sacrificed to such a wretch as Solmes! Woe be to the fair one, if ever she be driven into my power (for I despair of a voluntary impulse in my favour) and I find a difficulty in obtaining this security.

That her indifference to me is not owing to the superior liking she has for any other, is what rivets my chains. But take care, fair one; take care, O thou most exalted of female minds, and loveliest of persons, how thou debasest thyself by encouraging such a competition as thy sordid relations have set on foot in mere malice to me! — Thou wilt say I rave. And so I do:

Perdition catch my soul, but I do love her.

Else, could I hear the perpetual revilings of her implacable family? — Else, could I basely creep about — not her proud father's house — but his paddock and garden walls? — Yet (a quarter of a mile distance between us) not hoping to behold the least glimpse of her shadow? — Else, should I think myself repaid, amply repaid, if the fourth, fifth, or sixth midnight stroll, through unfrequented paths, and over briery enclosures, affords me a few cold lines; the even expected purport only to let me know, that she values the most worthless person of her very worthless family, more than she values me; and that she would not write at all, but to induce me to bear insults, which unman me to bear? — My lodging in the

intermediate way at a wretched alehouse; disguised like an inmate of it: accommodations equally vile, as those I met with in my Westphalian journey. ’Tis well, that the necessity for all this arise not from scorn and tyranny! but is first imposed upon herself!

But was ever hero in romance (fighting with giants and dragons excepted) called upon to harder trials? — Fortune and family, and reversionary grandeur on my side! Such a wretched fellow my competitor! — Must I not be deplorably in love, that can go through these difficulties, encounter these contempts? — By my soul, I am half ashamed of myself: I, who am perjured too, by priority of obligation, if I am faithful to any woman in the world?

And yet, why say I, I am half ashamed? — Is it not a glory to love her whom every one who sees her either loves, or reveres, or both? Dryden says,

The cause of love can never be assign’d:
’Tis in no face; — but in the lover’s mind.

— And Cowley thus addresses beauty as a mere imaginary:

Beauty! thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in ev’ry country change thy shape:
Here black; there brown; here tawny; and there white!
Thou flatt’rer, who comply’st with ev’ry sight!
Who hast no certain what, nor where.

But both these, had they been her contemporaries, and known her, would have confessed themselves mistaken: and, taking together person, mind, and behaviour, would have acknowledged the justice of the universal voice in her favour.

— Full many a lady
I’ve ey’d with best regard; and many a time
Th’ harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too-diligent ear. For sev’ral virtues
Have I liked several women. Never any
With so full a soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow’d,
And put it to the foil. But SHE! — O SHE!
So perfect and so peerless is created,
Of ev’ry creature’s best.

SHAKESP.

Thou art curious to know, if I have not started a new game? If it be possible for so universal a lover to be confined so long to one object? — Thou knowest nothing of this charming creature, that thou canst put such questions to me; or

thinkest thou knowest me better than thou dost. All that's excellent in her sex is this lady! — Until by MATRIMONIAL or EQUAL intimacies, I have found her less than angel, it is impossible to think of any other. Then there are so many stimulatives to such a spirit as mine in this affair, besides love: such a field of stratagem and contrivance, which thou knowest to be the delight of my heart. Then the rewarding end of all! — To carry off such a girl as this, in spite of all her watchful and implacable friends; and in spite of a prudence and reserve that I never met with in any of the sex; — what a triumph! — What a triumph over the whole sex! — And then such a revenge to gratify; which is only at present politically reined in, eventually to break forth with greater fury — Is it possible, thinkest thou, that there can be room for a thought that is not of her, and devoted to her?

* * *

By the devices I have this moment received, I have reason to think, that I shall have occasion for thee here. Hold thyself in readiness to come down upon the first summons.

Let Belton, and Mowbray, and Tourville, likewise prepare themselves. I have a great mind to contrive a method to send James Harlowe to travel for improvement. Never was there a booby 'squire that more wanted it. Contrive it, did I say? I have already contrived it; could I but put it in execution without being suspected to have a hand in it. This I am resolved upon; if I have not his sister, I will have him.

But be this as it may, there is a present likelihood of room for glorious mischief. A confederacy had been for some time formed against me; but the uncles and the nephew are now to be double-servanted [single-servanted they were before]; and those servants are to be double armed when they attend their masters abroad. This indicates their resolute enmity to me, and as resolute favour to Solmes.

The reinforced orders for this hostile apparatus are owing it seems to a visit I made yesterday to their church. — A good place I thought to begin a reconciliation in; supposing the heads of the family to be christians, and that they meant something by their prayers. My hopes were to have an invitation (or, at least, to gain a pretence) to accompany home the gloomy sire; and so get an opportunity to see my goddess: for I believed they durst not but be civil to me, at least. But they were filled with terror it seems at my entrance; a terror they could not get over. I saw it indeed in their countenances; and that they all expected something extraordinary to follow. — And so it should have done, had I been

more sure than I am of their daughter's favour. Yet not a hair of any of their stupid heads do I intend to hurt.

You shall all have your directions in writing, if there be occasion. But after all, I dare say there will be no need but to shew your faces in my company.

Such faces never could four men shew — Mowbray's so fierce and so fighting: Belton's so pert and so pimply: Tourville's so fair and so foppish: thine so rough and so resolute: and I your leader! — What hearts, although meditating hostility, must those be which we shall not appall? — Each man occasionally attended by a servant or two, long ago chosen for qualities resembling those of his master.

Thus, Jack, as thou desirest, have I written. — Written upon something; upon nothing; upon REVENGE, which I love; upon LOVE, which I hate, heartily hate, because 'tis my master: and upon the devil knows what besides: for looking back, I am amazed at the length of it. Thou mayest read it: I would not for a king's ransom. But so as I do but write, thou sayest thou wilt be pleased.

Be pleased then. I command thee to be pleased: if not for the writer's or written sake, for thy word's sake. And so in the royal style (for am I not likely to be thy king and thy emperor in the great affair before us?) I bid thee very heartily

Farewell.

LETTER XXXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

I now send you copies of my letters to my uncles: with their answers. Be pleased to return the latter by the first deposit. I leave them for you to make remarks upon. I shall make none.

TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ. SAT. MARCH 11.

Allow me, my honoured second Papa, as in my happy days you taught me to call you, to implore your interest with my Papa, to engage him to dispense with a command, which, if insisted upon, will deprive me of my free-will, and make me miserable for my whole life.

For my whole life! let me repeat: Is that a small point, my dear Uncle, to give up? Am not I to live with the man? Is any body else? Shall I not therefore be allowed to judge for myself, whether I can, or cannot, live happily with him?

Should it be ever so unhappily, will it be prudence to complain or appeal? If it were, to whom could I appeal with effect against a husband? And would not the invincible and avowed dislike I have for him at setting out, seem to justify any ill usage from him, in that state, were I to be ever so observant of him? And if I were to be at all observant of him, it must be from fear, not love.

Once more, let me repeat, That this is not a small point to give up: and that it is for life. Why, I pray you, good Sir, should I be made miserable for life? Why should I be deprived of all comfort, but that which the hope that it would be a very short one, would afford me?

Marriage is a very solemn engagement, enough to make a young creature's heart ache, with the best prospects, when she thinks seriously of it! — To be given up to a strange man; to be engrafted into a strange family; to give up her very name, as a mark of her becoming his absolute and dependent property; to be obliged to prefer this strange man to father, mother — to every body: — and his humours to all her own — or to contend, perhaps, in breach of avowed duty, for every innocent instance of free-will. To go no where; to make acquaintance; to give up acquaintance; to renounce even the strictest friendships, perhaps; all at his pleasure, whether she thinks it reasonable to do so or not. Surely, Sir, a young creature ought not to be obliged to make all these sacrifices but for such a man as she can love. If she be, how sad must be the case! How miserable the life, if it can be called life!

I wish I could obey you all. What a pleasure would it be to me, if I could! — Marry first, and love will come after, was said by one of my dearest friends! But

this is a shocking assertion. A thousand thing may happen to make that state but barely tolerable, where it is entered into with mutual affections: What must it then be, where the husband can have no confidence in the love of his wife: but has reason rather to question it, from the preference he himself believes she would have given to somebody else, had she had her own option? What doubts, what jealousies, what want of tenderness, what unfavourable prepossessions, will there be, in a matrimony thus circumstanced! How will every look, every action, even the most innocent, be liable to misconstruction! — While, on the other hand, an indifference, a carelessness to oblige, may take place; and fear only can constrain even an appearance of what ought to be the effect of undisguised love!

Think seriously of these things, dear, good Sir, and represent them to my father in that strong light which the subject will bear; but in which my sex, and my tender years and inexperience, will not permit me to paint it; and use your powerful interest, that your poor niece may not be consigned to a misery so durable.

I offered to engage not to marry at all, if that condition may be accepted. What a disgrace is it to me to be thus sequestered from company, thus banished my papa's and mamma's presence; thus slighted and deserted by you, Sir, and my other kind uncle! And to be hindered from attending at that public worship, which, were I out of the way of my duty, would be most likely to reduce me into the right path again! — Is this the way, Sir; can this be thought to be the way to be taken with a free and open spirit? May not this strange method rather harden than convince? I cannot bear to live in disgrace thus. The very servants so lately permitted to be under my own direction, hardly daring to speak to me; my own servant discarded with high marks of undeserved suspicion and displeasure, and my sister's maid set over me.

The matter may be too far pushed. — Indeed it may. — And then, perhaps, every one will be sorry for their parts in it.

May I be permitted to mention an expedient?— 'If I am to be watched, banished, and confined; suppose, Sir, it were to be at your house?' — Then the neighbouring gentry will the less wonder, that the person of whom they used to think so favourably, appear not at church here; and that she received not their visits.

I hope there can be no objection to this. You used to love to have me with you, Sir, when all went happily with me: And will you not now permit me, in my troubles, the favour of your house, till all this displeasure is overblown? — Upon my word, Sir, I will not stir out of doors, if you require the contrary of me: nor will I see any body, but whom you will allow me to see; provided Mr. Solmes be not brought to persecute me there.

Procure, then, this favour for me; if you cannot procure the still greater, that of a happy reconciliation (which nevertheless I presume to hope for, if you will be so good as to plead for me); and you will then add to those favours and to that indulgence, which have bound me, and will for ever bind me to be

Your dutiful and obliged niece, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THE ANSWER SUNDAY NIGHT. MY DEAR NIECE,

It grieves me to be forced to deny you any thing you ask. Yet it must be so; for unless you can bring your mind to oblige us in this one point, in which our promises and honour were engaged before we believed there could be so sturdy an opposition, you must never expect to be what you have been to us all.

In short, Niece, we are in an embattled phalanx. Your reading makes you a stranger to nothing but what you should be most acquainted with. So you will see by that expression, that we are not to be pierced by your persuasions, and invincible persistence. We have agreed all to be moved, or none; and not to comply without one another. So you know your destiny; and have nothing to do but to yield to it.

Let me tell you, the virtue of obedience lies not in obliging when you can be obliged again. But give up an inclination, and there is some merit in that.

As to your expedient; you shall not come to my house, Miss Clary; though this is a prayer I little thought I ever should have denied you: for were you to keep your word as to seeing nobody but whom we please, yet can you write to somebody else, and receive letters from him. This we too well know you can, and have done — more is the shame and the pity!

You offer to live single, Miss — we wished you married: but because you may not have the man your heart is set upon, why, truly, you will have nobody we shall recommend: and as we know, that somehow or other you correspond with him, or at least did as long as you could; and as he defies us all, and would not dare to do so, if he were not sure of you in spite of us all, (which is not a little vexatious to us, you must think,) we are resolved to frustrate him, and triumph over him, rather than that he should triumph over us: that’s one word for all. So expect not any advocateship from me: I will not plead for you; and that’s enough. From

Your displeased uncle, JOHN HARLOWE.

P.S. For the rest I refer to my brother Antony.

* * * TO ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQ. SATURDAY, MARCH 11. HONOURED SIR,

As you have thought fit to favour Mr. Solmes with your particular recommendation, and was very earnest in his behalf, ranking him (as you told me,

upon introducing him to me) among your select friends; and expecting my regards to him accordingly; I beg your patience, while I offer a few things, out of many that I could offer, to your serious consideration, on occasion of his address to me, if I am to use that word.

I am charged with prepossession in another person's favour. You will be pleased, Sir, to remember, that till my brother returned from Scotland, that other person was not absolutely discouraged, nor was I forbid to receive his visits. I believe it will not be pretended, that in birth, education, or personal endowments, a comparison can be made between the two. And only let me ask you, Sir, if the one would have been thought of for me, had he not made such offers, as, upon my word, I think, I ought not in justice to accept of, nor he to propose: offers, which if he had not made, I dare say, my papa would not have required them of him.

But the one, it seems, has many faults: — Is the other faultless? — The principal thing objected to Mr. Lovelace (and a very inexcusable one) is that he is immoral in his loves — Is not the other in his hatreds? — Nay, as I may say, in his loves too (the object only differing) if the love of money be the root of all evil.

But, Sir, if I am prepossessed, what has Mr. Solmes to hope for? — Why should he persevere? What must I think of the man who would wish me to be his wife against my inclination? — And is it not a very harsh thing for my friends to desire to see me married to one I cannot love, when they will not be persuaded but that there is one whom I do love?

Treated as I am, now is the time for me to speak out or never. — Let me review what it is Mr. Solmes depends upon on this occasion. Does he believe, that the disgrace which I supper on his account, will give him a merit with me? Does he think to win my esteem, through my uncles' sternness to me; by my brother's contemptuous usage; by my sister's unkindness; by being denied to visit, or be visited; and to correspond with my chosen friend, although a person of unexceptionable honour and prudence, and of my own sex; my servant to be torn from me, and another servant set over me; to be confined, like a prisoner, to narrow and disgraceful limits, in order avowedly to mortify me, and to break my spirit; to be turned out of that family-management which I loved, and had the greater pleasure in it, because it was an ease, as I thought, to my mamma, and what my sister chose not; and yet, though time hangs heavy upon my hands, to be so put out of my course, that I have as little inclination as liberty to pursue any of my choice delights? — Are these steps necessary to reduce me to a level so low, as to make me a fit wife for this man? — Yet these are all he can have to trust to. And if his reliance is on these measures, I would have him to know, that he mistakes meekness and gentleness of disposition for servility and baseness of heart.

I beseech you, Sir, to let the natural turn and bent of his mind and my mind be considered: What are his qualities, by which he would hope to win my esteem? — Dear, dear Sir, if I am to be compelled, let it be in favour of a man that can read and write — that can teach me something: For what a husband must that man make, who can do nothing but command; and needs himself the instruction he should be qualified to give?

I may be conceited, Sir; I may be vain of my little reading; of my writing; as of late I have more than once been told I am. But, Sir, the more unequal the proposed match, if so: the better opinion I have of myself, the worse I must have of him; and the more unfit are we for each other.

Indeed, Sir, I must say, I thought my friends had put a higher value upon me. My brother pretended once, that it was owing to such value, that Mr. Lovelace's address was prohibited. — Can this be; and such a man as Mr. Solmes be intended for me?

As to his proposed settlements, I hope I shall not incur your great displeasure, if I say, what all who know me have reason to think (and some have upbraided me for), that I despise those motives. Dear, dear Sir, what are settlements to one who has as much of her own as she wishes for? — Who has more in her own power, as a single person, than it is probable she would be permitted to have at her disposal, as a wife? — Whose expenses and ambition are moderate; and who, if she had superfluities, would rather dispense them to the necessitous, than lay them by her useless? If then such narrow motives have so little weight with me for my own benefit, shall the remote and uncertain view of family-aggrandizements, and that in the person of my brother and his descendents, be thought sufficient to influence me?

Has the behaviour of that brother to me of late, or his consideration for the family (which had so little weight with him, that he could choose to hazard a life so justly precious as an only son's, rather than not ratify passions which he is above attempting to subdue, and, give me leave to say, has been too much indulged in, either with regard to his own good, or the peace of any body related to him;) Has his behaviour, I say, deserved of me in particular, that I should make a sacrifice of my temporal (and, who knows? of my eternal) happiness, to promote a plan formed upon chimerical, at least upon unlikely, contingencies; as I will undertake to demonstrate, if I may be permitted to examine it?

I am afraid you will condemn my warmth: But does not the occasion require it? To the want of a greater degree of earnestness in my opposition, it seems, it is owing, that such advances have been made, as have been made. Then, dear Sir, allow something, I beseech you, for a spirit raised and embittered by disgraces, which (knowing my own heart) I am confident to say, are unmerited.

But why have I said so much, in answer to the supposed charge of prepossession, when I have declared to my mamma, as now, Sir, I do to you, that if it be not insisted upon that I shall marry any other person, particularly this Mr. Solmes, I will enter into any engagements never to have the other, nor any man else, without their consents; that is to say, without the consents of my father and my mother, and of you my uncle, and my elder uncle, and my cousin Morden, as he is one of the trustees for my grandfather's bounty to me? — As to my brother indeed, I cannot say, that his treatment of me has been of late so brotherly, as to entitle him to more than civility from me: and for this, give me leave to add, he would be very much my debtor.

If I have not been explicit enough in declaring my dislike to Mr. Solmes (that the prepossession which is charged upon me may not be supposed to influence me against him) I do absolutely declare, That were there no such man as Mr. Lovelace in the world, I would not have Mr. Solmes. It is necessary, in some one of my letters to my dear friends, that I should write so clearly as to put this matter out of all doubt: and to whom can I better address myself with an explicitness that can admit of no mistake, than to that uncle who professes the highest regard for plain-dealing and sincerity?

Let me, for these reasons, be still more particular in some of my exceptions to him.

Mr. Solmes appears to me (to all the world, indeed) to have a very narrow mind, and no great capacity: he is coarse and indelicate; as rough in his manners as in his person: he is not only narrow, but covetous: being possessed of great wealth, he enjoys it not; nor has the spirit to communicate to a distress of any kind. Does not his own sister live unhappily, for want of a little of his superfluities? And suffers not he his aged uncle, the brother of his own mother, to owe to the generosity of strangers the poor subsistence he picks up from half-a-dozen families? — You know, Sir, my open, free, communicative temper: how unhappy must I be, circumscribed in his narrow, selfish circle! out of which being with-held by this diabolical parsimony, he dare no more stir, than a conjurer out of his; nor would let me.

Such a man, as this, love! — Yes, perhaps he may, my grandfather's estate; which he has told several persons (and could not resist hinting the same thing tome, with that sort of pleasure which a low mind takes, when it intimates its own interest as a sufficient motive for it to expect another's favour) lies so extremely convenient for him, that it would double the value of a considerable part of his own. That estate, and an alliance which would do credit to his obscurity and narrowness, they make him think he can love, and induce him to believe he does: but at most, he is but a second-place love. Riches were, are, and always will be,

his predominant passion. His were left him by a miser, on this very account: and I must be obliged to forego all the choice delights of my life, and be as mean as he, or else be quite unhappy. Pardon, Sir, this severity of expression — one is apt to say more than one would of a person one dislikes, when more is said in his favour than he can possibly deserve; and when he is urged to my acceptance with so much vehemence, that there is no choice left me.

Whether these things be perfectly so, or not, while I think they are, it is impossible I should ever look upon Mr. Solmes in the light he is offered to me. Nay, were he to be proved ten times better than I have represented him, and sincerely think him; yet would he be still ten times more disagreeable to me than any other man I know in the world. Let me therefore beseech you, Sir, to become an advocate for your niece, that she may not be made a victim to a man so highly disgustful to her.

You and my other uncle can do a great deal for me, if you please, with my papa. Be persuaded, Sir, that I am not governed by obstinacy in this case; but by aversion; an aversion I cannot overcome: for, if I have but endeavoured to reason with myself, (out of regard to the duty I owe to my father's will,) my heart has recoiled, and I have been averse to myself, for offering but to argue with myself, in behalf of a man who, in the light he appears to me, has no one merit; and who, knowing this aversion, could not persevere as he does, if he had the spirit of a man.

If, Sir, you can think of the contents of this letter reasonable, I beseech you to support them with your interest. If not — I shall be most unhappy! — Nevertheless, it is but just in me so to write, as that Mr. Solmes may know what he has to trust to.

Forgive, dear Sir, this tedious letter; and suffer it to have weight with you; and you will for ever oblige

Your dutiful and affectionate niece,

CL. HARLOWE. * * * MR. ANTONY HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE NIECE CLARY,

You had better not write to us, or to any of us. To me, particularly, you had better never to have set pen to paper, on the subject whereon you have written. He that is first in his own cause, saith the wise man, seemeth just: but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him. And so, in this respect, I will be your neighbour: for I will search your heart to the bottom; that is to say, if your letter be written from your heart. Yet do I know what a task I have undertaken, because of the knack you are noted for at writing. But in defence of a father's authority, in behalf of the good,

and honour, and prosperity of the family one comes of, what a hard thing it would be, if one could not beat down all the arguments a rebel child (how loth I am to write down that word of Miss Clary Harlowe!) can bring, in behalf of her obstinacy!

In the first place, don't you declare (and that contrary to your declarations to your mother, remember that, girl!) that you prefer the man we all hate, and who hates us as bad! — Then what a character have you given of a worthy man! I wonder you dare write so freely of one we all respect — but possibly it may be for that very reason.

How you begin your letter! — Because I value Mr. Solmes as my friend, you treat him the worse — That's the plain dunstable of the matter, Miss! — I am not such a fool but I can see that. — And so a noted whoremonger is to be chosen before a man who is a money-lover! — Let me tell you, Niece, this little becomes so nice a one as you have been always reckoned. Who, think you, does more injustice, a prodigal man or a saving man? — The one saves his own money; the other spends other people's. But your favourite is a sinner in grain, and upon record.

The devil's in your sex! God forgive me for saying so — the nicest of them will prefer a vile rake and wh —— I suppose I must not repeat the word: — the word will offend, when the vicious denominated by that word will be chosen! — I had not been a bachelor to this time, if I had not seen such a mass of contradictions in you all. — Such gnat-strainers and camel-swallowers, as venerable Holy Writ has it.

What names will perverseness call things by! — A prudent man, who intends to be just to every body, is a covetous man! — While a vile, profligate rake is christened with the appellation of a gallant man; and a polite man, I'll warrant you!

It is my firm opinion, Lovelace would not have so much regard for you as he professes, but for two reasons. And what are these? — Why, out of spite to all of us — one of them. The other, because of your independent fortune. I wish your good grandfather had not left what he did so much in your own power, as I may say. But little did he imagine his beloved grand-daughter would have turned upon all her friends as she has done!

What has Mr. Solmes to hope for, if you are prepossessed! Hey-day! Is this you, cousin Clary! — Has he then nothing to hope for from your father's, and mother's, and our recommendations? — No, nothing at all, it seems! — O brave! — I should think that this, with a dutiful child, as we took you to be, was enough. Depending on this your duty, we proceeded: and now there is no help for it: for we will not be balked: neither shall our friend Mr. Solmes, I can tell you that.

If your estate is convenient for him, what then? Does that (pert cousin) make it out that he does not love you? He had need to expect some good with you, that has so little good to hope for from you; mind that. But pray, is not this estate our estate, as we may say? Have we not all an interest in it, and a prior right, if right were to have taken place? And was it not more than a good old man's dotage, God rest his soul! that gave it you before us all? — Well then, ought we not to have a choice who shall have it in marriage with you? and would you have the conscience to wish us to let a vile fellow, who hates us all, run away with it? — You bid me weigh what you write: do you weigh this, Girl: and it will appear we have more to say for ourselves than you was aware of.

As to your hard treatment, as you call it, thank yourself for that. It may be over when you will: so I reckon nothing upon that. You was not banished and confined till all entreaty and fair speeches were tried with you: mind that. And Mr. Solmes can't help your obstinacy: let that be observed too.

As to being visited, and visiting; you never was fond of either: so that's a grievance put into the scale to make weight. — As to disgrace, that's as bad to us as to you: so fine a young creature! So much as we used to brag of you too! — And besides, this is all in your power, as the rest.

But your heart recoils, when you would persuade yourself to obey your parent — Finely described, is it not! — Too truly described, I own, as you go on. I know that you may love him if you will. I had a good mind to bid you hate him; then, perhaps, you would like him the better: for I have always found a most horrid romantic perverseness in your sex. — To do and to love what you should not, is meat, drink, and vesture, to you all.

I am absolutely of your brother's mind, That reading and writing, though not too much for the wits of you young girls, are too much for your judgments. — You say, you may be conceited, Cousin; you may be vain! — And so you are, to despise this gentleman as you do. He can read and write as well as most gentlemen, I can tell you that. Who told you Mr. Solmes cannot read and write? But you must have a husband who can learn you something! — I wish you knew but your duty as well as you do your talents — that, Niece, you have of late days to learn; and Mr. Solmes will therefore find something to instruct you in. I will not shew him this letter of yours, though you seem to desire it, lest it should provoke him to be too severe a schoolmaster, when you are his'n.

But now I think of it, suppose you are the reader at your pen than he — You will make the more useful wife to him; won't you? For who so good an economist as you? — And you may keep all of his accounts, and save yourselves a steward. — And, let me tell you, this is a fine advantage in a family: for those stewards are

often sad dogs, and creep into a man's estate before he knows where he is; and not seldom is he forced to pay them interest for his own money.

I know not why a good wife should be above these things. It is better than lying a-bed half the day, and junketing and card-playing all the night, and making yourselves wholly useless to every good purpose in your own families, as is now the fashion among ye. The duce take you all that do so, say I! — Only that, thank my stars, I am a bachelor.

Then this is a province you are admirably versed in: you grieve that it is taken from you here, you know. So here, Miss, with Mr. Solmes you will have something to keep account of, for the sake of you and your children: with the other, perhaps you will have an account to keep, too — but an account of what will go over the left shoulder; only of what he squanders, what he borrows, and what he owes, and never will pay. Come, come, Cousin, you know nothing of the world; a man's a man; and you may have many partners in a handsome man, and costly ones too, who may lavish away all you save. Mr. Solmes therefore for my money, and I hope for yours.

But Mr. Solmes is a coarse man. He is not delicate enough for your niceness; because I suppose he dresses not like a fop and a coxcomb, and because he lays not himself out in complimental nonsense, the poison of female minds. He is a man of sense, that I can tell you. No man talks more to the purpose to us: but you fly him so, that he has no opportunity given him, to express it to you: and a man who loves, if he have ever so much sense, looks a fool; especially when he is despised, and treated as you treated him the last time he was in your company.

As to his sister; she threw herself away (as you want to do) against his full warning: for he told her what she had to trust to, if she married where she did marry. And he was as good as his word; and so an honest man ought: offences against warning ought to be smarted for. Take care this be not your case: mind that.

His uncle deserves no favour from him; for he would have circumvented Mr. Solmes, and got Sir Oliver to leave to himself the estate he had always designed for him his nephew, and brought him up in the hope of it. Too ready forgiveness does but encourage offences: that's your good father's maxim: and there would not be so many headstrong daughters as there are, if this maxim were kept in mind. — Punishments are of service to offenders; rewards should be only to the meriting: and I think the former are to be dealt out rigourously, in willful cases.

As to his love; he shews it but too much for your deservings, as they have been of late; let me tell you that: and this is his misfortune; and may in time perhaps be yours.

As to his parsimony, which you wickedly call diabolical, [a very free word in your mouth, let me tell ye], little reason have you of all people for this, on whom he proposes, of his own accord, to settle all he has in the world: a proof, let him love riches as he will, that he loves you better. But that you may be without excuse on this score, we will tie him up to your own terms, and oblige him by the marriage-articles to allow you a very handsome quarterly sum to do what you please with. And this has been told you before; and I have said it to Mrs. Howe (that good and worthy lady) before her proud daughter, that you might hear of it again.

To contradict the charge of prepossession to Lovelace, you offer never to have him without our consents: and what is this saying, but that you will hope on for our consents, and to wheedle and tire us out? Then he will always be in expectation while you are single: and we are to live on at this rate (are we?) vexed by you, and continually watchful about you; and as continually exposed to his insolence and threats. Remember last Sunday, Girl! — What might have happened, had your brother and he met? — Moreover, you cannot do with such a spirit as his, as you can with worthy Mr. Solmes: the one you make tremble; the other will make you quake: mind that — and you will not be able to help yourself. And remember, that if there should be any misunderstanding between one of them and you, we should all interpose; and with effect, no doubt: but with the other, it would be self-do, self-have; and who would either care or dare to put in a word for you? Nor let the supposition of matrimonial differences frighten you: honey-moon lasts not now-a-days above a fortnight; and Dunmow flitch, as I have been informed, was never claimed; though some say once it was. Marriage is a queer state, Child, whether paired by the parties or by their friends. Out of three brothers of us, you know, there was but one had courage to marry. And why was it, do you think? We were wise by other people's experience.

Don't despise money so much: you may come to know the value of it: that is a piece of instruction that you are to learn; and which, according to your own notions, Mr. Solmes will be able to teach you.

I do indeed condemn your warmth. I will not allow for disgraces you bring upon yourself. If I thought them unmerited, I would be your advocate. But it was always my notion, that children should not dispute their parents' authority. When your grandfather left his estate to you, though his three sons, and a grandson, and your elder sister, were in being, we all acquiesced: and why? Because it was our father's doing. Do you imitate that example: if you will not, those who set it you have the more reason to hold you inexcusable: mind that, Cousin.

You mention your brother too scornfully: and, in your letter to him, are very disrespectful; and so indeed you are to your sister, in the letter you wrote to her.

Your brother, Madam, is your brother; and third older than yourself, and a man: and pray be so good as not to forget what is due to a brother, who (next to us three brothers) is the head of the family, and on whom the name depends — as upon your dutiful compliance laid down for the honour of the family you are come of. And pray now let me ask you, If the honour of that will not be an honour to you? — If you don't think so, the more unworthy you. You shall see the plan, if you promise not to be prejudiced against it right or wrong. If you are not besotted to that man, I am sure you will like it. If you are, were Mr. Solmes an angel, it would signify nothing: for the devil is love, and love is the devil, when it gets into any of your heads. Many examples have I seen of that.

If there were no such man as Lovelace in the world, you would not have Mr. Solmes. — You would not, Miss! — Very pretty, truly! — We see how your spirit is embittered indeed. — Wonder not, since it is come to your will not's, that those who have authority over you, say, You shall have the other. And I am one: mind that. And if it behoves YOU to speak out, Miss, it behoves US not to speak in. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander: take that in your thought too.

I humbly apprehend, that Mr. Solmes has the spirit of a man, and a gentleman. I would admonish you therefore not to provoke it. He pities you as much as he loves you. He says, he will convince you of his love by deeds, since he is not permitted by you to express it by words. And all his dependence is upon your generosity hereafter. We hope he may depend upon that: we encourage him to think he may. And this heartens him up. So that you may lay his constancy at your parents' and your uncles' doors; and this will be another mark of your duty, you know.

You must be sensible, that you reflect upon your parents, and all of us, when you tell me you cannot in justice accept of the settlements proposed to you. This reflection we should have wondered at from you once; but now we don't.

There are many other very censurable passages in this free letter of yours; but we must place them to the account of your embittered spirit. I am glad you mentioned that word, because we should have been at a loss what to have called it. — I should much rather nevertheless have had reason to give it a better name.

I love you dearly still, Miss. I think you, though my niece, one of the finest young gentlewomen I ever saw. But, upon my conscience, I think you ought to obey your parents, and oblige me and my brother John: for you know very well, that we have nothing but your good at heart: consistently indeed with the good and honour of all of us. What must we think of any one of it, who would not promote the good of the whole? and who would set one part of it against another? — Which God forbid, say I! — You see I am for the good of all. What shall I get by it, let things go as they will? Do I want any thing of any body for my own

sake? — Does my brother John? — Well, then, Cousin Clary, what would you be at, as I may say?

O but you can't love Mr. Solmes! — But, I say, you know not what you can do. You encourage yourself in your dislike. You permit your heart (little did I think it was such a froward one) to recoil. Take it to task, Niece; drive it on as fast as it recoils, [we do so in all our sea-fights, and land-fights too, by our sailors and soldiers, or we should not conquer]; and we are all sure you will overcome it. And why? Because you ought. So we think, whatever you think: and whose thoughts are to be preferred? You may be wittier than we; but, if you were wiser, we have lived some of us, let me tell you, to very little purpose, thirty or forty years longer than you.

I have written as long a letter as yours. I may not write in so lively, or so polite a style as my Niece: but I think I have all the argument on my side: and you will vastly oblige me, if you will shew me, by your compliance with all our desires, that you think so too. If you do not, you must not expect an advocate, or even a friend, in me, dearly as I love you. For then I shall be sorry to be called

Your uncle, ANT. HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, TWO IN THE MORNING. POSTSCRIPT.

You must send me no more letters: but a compliable one you may send. But I need not have forbid you; for I am sure this, by fair argument, is unanswerable — I know it is. I have written day and night, I may say, ever since Sunday morning, only church-time, or the like of that: but this is the last, I can tell you, from

ANT. H.

LETTER XXXIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, MARCH 16.

Having met with such bad success in my application to my relations, I have taken a step that will surprise you. It is no other than writing a letter to Mr. Solmes himself. I sent it, and have his answer. He had certainly help in it. For I have seen a letter of his, and indifferently worded, as poorly spelt. Yet the superscription is of his dictating, I dare say, for he is a formal wretch. With these, I shall enclose one from my brother to me, on occasion of mine to Mr. Solmes. I did think that it was possible to discourage the man from proceeding; and if I could have done that, it would have answered all my wishes. It was worth the trial. But you'll see nothing will do. My brother has taken his measures too securely.

TO ROGER SOLMES, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15. SIR,

You will wonder to receive a letter from me; and more still at the uncommon subject of it. But the necessity of the case will justify me, at least in my own apprehension; and I shall therefore make no other apology for it.

When you first came acquainted with our family, you found the writer of this one of the happiest creatures in the world; beloved by the best and most indulgent of parents; and rejoicing in the kind favour of two affectionate uncles, and in the esteem of every one.

But how is this scene now changed! — You was pleased to cast a favourable eye upon me. You addressed yourself to my friends: your proposals were approved of by them — approved of without consulting me; as if my choice and happiness were of the least signification. Those who had a right to all reasonable obedience from me, insisted upon it without reserve. I had not the felicity to think as they did; almost the first time my sentiments differed from theirs. I besought them to indulge me in a point so important to my future happiness: but, alas, in vain! And then (for I thought it was but honest) I told you my mind; and even that my affections were engaged. But, to my mortification and surprise, you persisted, and still persist.

The consequence of all is too grievous for me to repeat: you, who have such free access to the rest of the family, know it too well — too well you know it, either for the credit of your own generosity, or for my reputation. I am used, on your account, as I never before was used, and never before was thought to deserve to be used; and this was the hard, the impossible, condition of their returning favour, that I must prefer a man to all others, that of all others I cannot prefer.

Thus distressed, and made unhappy, and all to your sake, and through your cruel perseverance, I write, Sir, to demand of you the peace of mind you have robbed me of: to demand of you the love of so many dear friends, of which you have deprived me; and, if you have the generosity that should distinguish a man, and a gentleman, to adjure you not to continue an address that has been attended with such cruel effects to the creature you profess to esteem.

If you really value me, as my friends would make me believe, and as you have declared you do, must it not be a mean and selfish value? A value that can have no merit with the unhappy object of it, because it is attended with effects so grievous to her? It must be for your own sake only, not for mine. And even in this point you must be mistaken: For, would a prudent man wish to marry one who has not a heart to give? Who cannot esteem him? Who therefore must prove a bad wife! — And how cruel would it be to make a poor creature a bad wife, whose pride it would be to make a good one!

If I am capable of judging, our tempers and inclinations are vastly different. Any other of my sex will make you happier than I can. The treatment I meet with, and the obstinacy, as it is called, with which I support myself under it, ought to convince you of this; were I not able to give so good a reason for this my supposed perverseness, as that I cannot consent to marry a man whom I cannot value.

But if, Sir, you have not so much generosity in your value for me, as to desist for my own sake, let me conjure you, by the regard due to yourself, and to your own future happiness, to discontinue your suit, and place your affections on a worthier object: for why should you make me miserable, and yourself not happy? By this means you will do all that is now in your power to restore to me the affection of my friends; and, if that can be, it will leave me in as happy a state as you found me in. You need only to say, that you see there are no HOPES, as you will perhaps complaisantly call it, of succeeding with me [and indeed, Sir, there cannot be a greater truth]; and that you will therefore no more think of me, but turn your thoughts another way.

Your compliance with this request will lay me under the highest obligation to your generosity, and make me ever

Your well-wisher, and humble servant, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE These most humbly present.

DEAREST MISS,

Your letter has had a very contrary effect upon me, to what you seem to have expected from it. It has doubly convinced me of the excellency of your mind, and of the honour of your disposition. Call it selfish, or what you please, I must persist

in my suit; and happy shall I be, if by patience and perseverance, and a steady and unalterable devoir, I may at last overcome the difficulty laid in my way.

As your good parents, your uncles, and other friends, are absolutely determined you shall never have Mr. Lovelace, if they can help it; and as I presume no other person is in the way, I will contentedly wait the issue of this matter. And forgive me, dearest Miss, but a person should sooner persuade me to give up to him my estate, as an instance of my generosity, because he could not be happy without it, than I would a much more valuable treasure, to promote the felicity of another, and make his way easier to circumvent myself.

Pardon me, dear Miss; but I must persevere, though I am sorry you suffer on my account, as you are pleased to think; for I never before saw the woman I could love: and while there is any hope, and that you remain undisposed of to some happier man, I must and will be

Your faithful and obsequious admirer, ROGER SOLMES.

MARCH 16. * * * MR. JAMES HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE
MARCH 16.

What a fine whim you took into your head, to write a letter to Mr. Solmes, to persuade him to give up his pretensions to you! — Of all the pretty romantic flights you have delighted in, this was certainly one of the most extraordinary. But to say nothing of what fires us all with indignation against you (your owning your prepossession in a villain's favour, and your impertinence to me, and your sister, and your uncles; one of which has given it you home, child), how can you lay at Mr. Solmes's door the usage you so bitterly complain of? — You know, little fool as you are, that it is your fondness for Lovelace that has brought upon you all these things; and which would have happened, whether Mr. Solmes had honoured you with his addresses or not.

As you must needs know this to be true, consider, pretty witty Miss, if your fond, love-sick heart can let you consider, what a fine figure all your expostulations with us, and charges upon Mr. Solmes, make! — With what propriety do you demand of him to restore to you your former happiness (as you call it, and merely call it; for if you thought our favour so, you would restore it to yourself), since it is yet in your own power to do so? Therefore, Miss Pert, none of your pathetics, except in the right place. Depend upon it, whether you have Mr. Solmes, or not, you shall never have your heart's delight, the vile rake Lovelace, if our parents, if our uncles, if I, can hinder it. No! you fallen angel, you shall not give your father and mother such a son, nor me such a brother, in giving yourself that profligate wretch for a husband. And so set your heart at rest, and lay aside all

thoughts of him, if ever you expect forgiveness, reconciliation, or a kind opinion, from any of your family; but especially from him, who, at present, styles himself

Your brother, JAMES HARLOWE.

P.S. I know your knack at letter-writing. If you send me an answer for this, I will return it unopened; for I will not argue with your perverseness in so plain a case — Only once for all, I was willing to put you right as to Mr. Solmes; whom I think to blame to trouble his head about you.

LETTER XXXIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

I receive, with great pleasure, the early and cheerful assurances of your loyalty and love. And let our principal and most trusty friends named in my last know that I do.

I would have thee, Jack, come down, as soon as thou canst. I believe I shall not want the others so soon. Yet they may come down to Lord M.'s. I will be there, if not to receive them, to satisfy my lord, that there is no new mischief in hand, which will require his second intervention.

For thyself, thou must be constantly with me: not for my security: the family dare do nothing but bully: they bark only at a distance: but for my entertainment: that thou mayest, from the Latin and the English classics, keep my lovesick soul from drooping.

Thou hadst best come to me here, in thy old corporal's coat: thy servant out of livery; and to be upon a familiar footing with me, as a distant relation, to be provided for by thy interest above — I mean not in Heaven, thou mayest be sure. Thou wilt find me at a little alehouse, they call it an inn; the White Hart, most terribly wounded, (but by the weather only,) the sign: in a sorry village, within five miles from Harlowe-place. Every body knows Harlowe-place, for, like Versailles, it is sprung up from a dunghill, within every elderly person's remembrance. Every poor body, particularly, knows it: but that only for a few years past, since a certain angel has appeared there among the sons and daughters of men.

The people here at the Hart are poor, but honest; and have gotten it into their heads, that I am a man of quality in disguise; and there is no reining-in their officious respect. Here is a pretty little smirking daughter, seventeen six days ago. I call her my Rose-bud. Her grandmother (for there is no mother), a good neat old woman, as ever filled a wicker chair in a chimney-corner, has besought me to be merciful to her.

This is the right way with me. Many and many a pretty rogue had I spared, whom I did not spare, had my power been acknowledged, and my mercy in time implored. But the debellare superbos should be my motto, were I to have a new one.

This simple chit (for there is a simplicity in her thou wouldst be highly pleased with: all humble; all officious; all innocent — I love her for her humility, her officiousness, and even for her innocence) will be pretty amusement to thee;

while I combat with the weather, and dodge and creep about the walls and purlieus of Harlowe-place. Thou wilt see in her mind, all that her superiors have been taught to conceal, in order to render themselves less natural, and of consequence less pleasing.

But I charge thee, that thou do not (what I would not permit myself to do for the world — I charge thee, that thou do not) crop my Rose-bud. She is the only flower of fragrance, that has blown in this vicinage for ten years past, or will for ten years to come: for I have looked backward to the have-been's, and forward to the will-be's; having but too much leisure upon my hands in my present waiting.

I never was so honest for so long together since my matriculation. It behoves me so to be — some way or other, my recess at this little inn may be found out; and it will then be thought that my Rose-bud has attracted me. A report in my favour, from simplicities so amiable, may establish me; for the grandmother's relation to my Rose-bud may be sworn to: and the father is an honest, poor man; has no joy, but in his Rose-bud. — O Jack! spare thou, therefore, (for I shall leave thee often alone with her, spare thou) my Rose-bud! — Let the rule I never departed from, but it cost me a long regret, be observed to my Rose-bud! — never to ruin a poor girl, whose simplicity and innocence were all she had to trust to; and whose fortunes were too low to save her from the rude contempts of worse minds than her own, and from an indigence extreme: such a one will only pine in secret; and at last, perhaps, in order to refuge herself from slanderous tongues and virulence, be induced to tempt some guilty stream, or seek her end in the knee-encircling garter, that peradventure, was the first attempt of abandoned love. — No defiances will my Rose-bud breathe; no self-dependent, thee-doubting watchfulness (indirectly challenging thy inventive machinations to do their worst) will she assume. Unsuspicious of her danger, the lamb's throat will hardly shun thy knife! — O be not thou the butcher of my lambkin!

The less thou be so, for the reason I am going to give thee — The gentle heart is touched by love: her soft bosom heaves with a passion she has not yet found a name for. I once caught her eye following a young carpenter, a widow neighbour's son, living [to speak in her dialect] at the little white house over the way. A gentle youth he also seems to be, about three years older than herself: playmates from infancy, till his eighteenth and her fifteenth year furnished a reason for a greater distance in shew, while their hearts gave a better for their being nearer than ever — for I soon perceived the love reciprocal. A scrape and a bow at first seeing his pretty mistress; turning often to salute her following eye; and, when a winding lane was to deprive him of her sight, his whole body turned round, his hat more reverently doffed than before. This answered (for, unseen, I was behind her) by a low courtesy, and a sigh, that Johnny was too far off to hear!

— Happy whelp! said I to myself. — I withdrew; and in tript my Rose-bud, as if satisfied with the dumb shew, and wishing nothing beyond it.

I have examined the little heart. She has made me her confidant. She owns, she could love Johnny Barton very well: and Johnny Barton has told her, he could love her better than any maiden he ever saw — but, alas! it must not be thought of. Why not be thought of! — She don't know! — And then she sighed: But Johnny has an aunt, who will give him an hundred pounds, when his time is out; and her father cannot give her but a few things, or so, to set her out with: and though Johnny's mother says, she knows not where Johnny would have a prettier, or notabler wife, yet — And then she sighed again — What signifies talking? — I would not have Johnny be unhappy and poor for me! — For what good would that do me, you know, Sir!

What would I give [by my soul, my angel will indeed reform me, if her friends' implacable folly ruin us not both! — What would I give] to have so innocent and so good a heart, as either my Rose-bud's, or Johnny's!

I have a confounded mischievous one — by nature too, I think! — A good motion now-and-then rises from it: but it dies away presently — a love of intrigue — an invention for mischief — a triumph in subduing — fortune encouraging and supporting — and a constitution — What signifies palliating? But I believe I had been a rogue, had I been a plough-boy.

But the devil's in this sex! Eternal misguiders. Who, that has once trespassed with them, ever recovered his virtue? And yet where there is not virtue, which nevertheless we freelivers are continually plotting to destroy, what is there even in the ultimate of our wishes with them? — Preparation and expectation are in a manner every thing: reflection indeed may be something, if the mind be hardened above feeling the guilt of a past trespass: but the fruition, what is there in that? And yet that being the end, nature will not be satisfied without it.

See what grave reflections an innocent subject will produce! It gives me some pleasure to think, that it is not out of my power to reform: but then, Jack, I am afraid I must keep better company than I do at present — for we certainly harden one another. But be not cast down, my boy; there will be time enough to give the whole fraternity warning to choose another leader: and I fancy thou wilt be the man.

Mean time, as I make it my rule, whenever I have committed a very capital enormity, to do some good by way of atonement; and as I believe I am a pretty deal indebted on that score, I intend, before I leave these parts (successfully shall I leave them I hope, or I shall be tempted to double the mischief by way of revenge, though not to my Rose-bud any) to join an hundred pounds to Johnny's

aunt’s hundred pounds, to make one innocent couple happy. — I repeat therefore, and for half a dozen more therefores, spare thou my Rose-bud.

An interruption — another letter anon; and both shall go together.

LETTER XXXV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I have found out by my watchful spy almost as many of my charmer's motions, as those of the rest of her relations. It delights me to think how the rascal is caressed by the uncles and nephew; and let into their secrets; yet it proceeds all the time by my line of direction. I have charged him, however, on forfeiture of his present weekly stipend, and my future favour, to take care, that neither my beloved, nor any of the family suspect him: I have told him that he may indeed watch her egresses and regresses; but that only keep off other servants from her paths; yet not to be seen by her himself.

The dear creature has tempted him, he told them, with a bribe [which she never offered] to convey a letter [which she never wrote] to Miss Howe; he believes, with one enclosed (perhaps to me): but he declined it: and he begged they would take notice of it to her. This brought him a stingy shilling; great applause; and an injunction followed it to all the servants, for the strictest look-out, lest she should contrive some way to send it — and, above an hour after, an order was given him to throw himself in her way; and (expressing his concern for denying her request) to tender his service to her, and to bring them her letter: which it will be proper for him to report that she has refused to give him.

Now seest thou not, how many good ends this contrivance answers?

In the first place, the lady is secured by it, against her own knowledge, in the liberty allowed her of taking her private walks in the garden: for this attempt has confirmed them in their belief, that now they have turned off her maid, she has no way to send a letter out of the house: if she had, she would not have run the risque of tempting a fellow who had not been in her secret — so that she can prosecute unsuspectedly her correspondence with me and Miss Howe.

In the next place, it will perhaps afford me an opportunity of a private interview with her, which I am meditating, let her take it as she will; having found out by my spy (who can keep off every body else) that she goes every morning and evening to a wood-house remote from the dwelling-house, under pretence of visiting and feeding a set of bantam-poultry, which were produced from a breed that was her grandfather's, and of which for that reason she is very fond; as also of some other curious fowls brought from the same place. I have an account of all her motions here. And as she has owned to me in one of her letters that she corresponds privately with Miss Howe, I presume it is by this way.

The interview I am meditating, will produce her consent, I hope, to other favours of the like kind: for, should she not choose the place in which I am expecting to see her, I can attend her any where in the rambling Dutch-taste garden, whenever she will permit me that honour: for my implement, high Joseph Leman, has procured me the opportunity of getting two keys made to the garden-door (one of which I have given him for reasons good); which door opens to the haunted coppice, as tradition has made the servants think it; a man having been found hanging in it about twenty years ago: and Joseph, upon proper notice, will leave it unbolted.

But I was obliged previously to give him my honour, that no mischief should happen to any of my adversaries, from this liberty: for the fellow tells me, that he loves all his masters: and, only that he knows I am a man of honour; and that my alliance will do credit to the family; and after prejudices are overcome, every body will think so; or he would not for the world act the part he does.

There never was a rogue, who had not a salvo to himself for being so. — What a praise to honesty, that every man pretends to it, even at the instant that he knows he is pursuing the methods that will perhaps prove him a knave to the whole world, as well as to his own conscience!

But what this stupid family can mean, to make all this necessary, I cannot imagine. My REVENGE and my LOVE are uppermost by turns. If the latter succeed not, the gratifying of the former will be my only consolation: and, by all that's good, they shall feel it; although for it I become an exile from my native country for ever.

I will throw myself into my charmer's presence. I have twice already attempted it in vain. I shall then see what I may depend upon from her favour. If I thought I had no prospect of that, I should be tempted to carry her off. That would be a rape worthy of Jupiter!

But all gentle shall be my movements: all respectful, even to reverence, my address to her — her hand shall be the only witness to the pressure of my lip — my trembling lip: I know it will tremble, if I do not bid it tremble. As soft my sighs, as the sighs of my gentle Rose-bud. By my humility will I invite her confidence: the loneliness of the place shall give me no advantage: to dissipate her fears, and engage her reliance upon my honour for the future, shall be my whole endeavour: but little will I complain of, not at all will I threaten, those who are continually threatening me: but yet with a view to act the part of Dryden's lion; to secure my love, or to let loose my vengeance upon my hunters.

What tho' his mighty soul his grief contains?
He meditates revenge who least complains:
And like a lion slumb'ring in his way,

Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws:
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground:
The prostrate vulgar passes o’er, and spares,
But, with a lordly rage, his hunter tears.

LETTER XXXVI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

I have been frighted out of my wits — still am in a manner out of breath — thus occasioned — I went down, under the usual pretence, in hopes to find something from you. Concerned at my disappointment, I was returning from the wood-house, when I heard a rustling as of somebody behind a stack of wood. I was extremely surprised: but still more, to behold a man coming from behind the furthermost stack. Oh! thought I, at that moment, the sin of a prohibited correspondence!

In the same point of time that I saw him, he besought me not to be frighted: and, still nearer approaching me, threw open a horseman's coat: And who should it be but Mr. Lovelace! — I could not scream out (yet attempted to scream, the moment I saw a man; and again, when I saw who it was); for I had no voice: and had I not caught hold of a prop which supported the old roof, I should have sunk.

I had hitherto, as you know, kept him at a distance: And now, as I recovered myself, judge of my first emotions, when I recollected his character from every mouth of my family; his enterprising temper; and found myself alone with him, in a place so near a bye-lane, and so remote from the house.

But his respectful behaviour soon dissipated these fears, and gave me others; lest we should be seen together, and information of it given to my brother: the consequences of which, I could readily think, would be, if not further mischief, an imputed assignation, a stricter confinement, a forfeited correspondence with you, my beloved friend, and a pretence for the most violent compulsion: and neither the one set of reflections, nor the other, acquitted him to me for his bold intrusion.

As soon therefore as I could speak, I expressed with the greatest warmth my displeasure; and told him, that he cared not how much he exposed me to the resentment of all my friends, provided he could gratify his own impetuous humour. I then commanded him to leave the place that moment; and was hurrying from him, when he threw himself in the way at my feet, beseeching my stay for one moment; declaring, that he suffered himself to be guilty of this rashness, as I thought it, to avoid one much greater: — for, in short, he could not bear the hourly insults he received from my family, with the thoughts of having so little interest in my favour, that he could not promise himself that his patience and forbearance would be attended with any other issue than to lose me for ever, and be triumphed over and insulted upon it.

This man, you know, has very ready knees. You have said, that he ought, in small points, frequently to offend, on purpose to shew what an address he is master of.

He ran on, expressing his apprehensions that a temper so gentle and obliging, as he said mine was, to every body but him, (and a dutifulness so exemplary inclined me to do my part to others, whether they did theirs or not by me,) would be wrought upon in favour of a man set up in part to be revenged upon myself, for my grandfather's envied distinction of me; and in part to be revenged upon him, for having given life to one, who would have taken his; and now sought to deprive him of hopes dearer to him than life.

I told him, he might be assured, that the severity and ill-usage I met with would be far from effecting the proposed end: that although I could, with great sincerity, declare for a single life (which had always been my choice); and particularly, that if ever I married, if they would not insist upon the man I had an aversion to, it should not be with the man they disliked —

He interrupted me here: He hoped I would forgive him for it; but he could not help expressing his great concern, that, after so many instances of his passionate and obsequious devotion —

And pray, Sir, said I, let me interrupt you in my turn; — Why don't you assert, in still plainer words, the obligation you have laid me under by this your boasted devotion? Why don't you let me know, in terms as high as your implication, that a perseverance I have not wished for, which has set all my relations at variance with me, is a merit that throws upon me the guilt of ingratitude for not having answered it as you seem to expect?

I must forgive him, he said, if he, who pretended only to a comparative merit, (and otherwise thought no man living could deserve me,) had presumed to hope for a greater share in my favour, than he had hitherto met with, when such men as Mr. Symmes, Mr. Wyerley, and now, lastly, so vile a reptile as this Solmes, however discouraged by myself, were made his competitors. As to the perseverance I mentioned, it was impossible for him not to persevere: but I must needs know, that were he not in being, the terms Solmes had proposed were such, as would have involved me in the same difficulties with my relations that I now laboured under. He therefore took the liberty to say, that my favour to him, far from increasing those difficulties, would be the readiest way to extricate me from them. They had made it impossible [he told me, with too much truth] to oblige them any way, but by sacrificing myself to Solmes. They were well apprized besides of the difference between the two; one, whom they hoped to manage as they pleased; the other, who could and would protect me from every insult; and who had natural prospects much superior to my brother's foolish views of a title.

How comes this man to know so well all our foibles? But I more wonder, how he came to have a notion of meeting me in this place?

I was very uneasy to be gone; and the more as the night came on apace. But there was no getting from him, till I had heard a great deal more of what he had to say.

As he hoped, that I would one day make him the happiest man in the world, he assured me, that he had so much regard for my fame, that he would be as far from advising any step that was likely to cast a shade upon my reputation, (although that step was to be ever so much in his own favour,) as I would be to follow such advice. But since I was not to be permitted to live single, he would submit it to my consideration, whether I had any way but one to avoid the intended violence to my inclinations — my father so jealous of his authority: both my uncles in my father's way of thinking: my cousin Morden at a distance: my uncle and aunt Hervey awed into insignificance, was his word: my brother and sister inflaming every one: Solmes's offers captivating: Miss Howe's mother rather of a party with them, for motives respecting example to her own daughter.

And then he asked me, if I would receive a letter from Lady Betty Lawrance, on this occasion: for Lady Sarah Sadleir, he said, having lately lost her only child, hardly looked into the world, or thought of it farther than to wish him married, and, preferably to all the women in the world, with me.

To be sure, my dear, there is a great deal in what the man said — I may be allowed to say this, without an imputed glow or throb. But I told him nevertheless, that although I had great honour for the ladies he was related to, yet I should not choose to receive a letter on a subject that had a tendency to promote an end I was far from intending to promote: that it became me, ill as I was treated at present, to hope every thing, to bear every thing, and to try ever thing: when my father saw my steadfastness, and that I would die rather than have Mr. Solmes, he would perhaps recede —

Interrupting me, he represented the unlikelihood there was of that, from the courses they had entered upon; which he thus enumerated: — Their engaging Mrs. Howe against me, in the first place, as a person I might have thought to fly to, if pushed to desperation — my brother continually buzzing in my father's ears, that my cousin Morden would soon arrive, and then would insist upon giving me possession of my grandfather's estate, in pursuance of the will; which would render me independent of my father — their disgraceful confinement of me — their dismissing so suddenly my servant, and setting my sister's over me — their engaging my mother, contrary to her own judgment, against me: these, he said, were all so many flagrant proofs that they would stick at nothing to carry their point; and were what made him inexpressibly uneasy.

He appealed to me, whether ever I knew my father recede from any resolution he had once fixed; especially, if he thought either his prerogative, or his authority concerned in the question. His acquaintance with our family, he said, enabled him to give several instances (but they would be too grating to me) of an arbitrariness that had few examples even in the families of princes: an arbitrariness, which the most excellent of women, my mother, too severely experienced. He was proceeding, as I thought, with reflections of this sort; and I angrily told him, I would not permit my father to be reflected upon; adding, that his severity to me, however unmerited, was not a warrant for me to dispense with my duty to him.

He had no pleasure, he said, in urging any thing that could be so construed; for, however well warranted he was to make such reflections from the provocations they were continually giving him, he knew how offensive to me any liberties of this sort would be. And yet he must own, that it was painful to him, who had youth and passions to be allowed for, as well as others, and who had always valued himself under speaking his mind, to curb himself, under such treatment. Nevertheless, his consideration for me would make him confine himself, in his observations, to facts that were too flagrant, and too openly avowed, to be disputed. It could not therefore justly displease, he would venture to say, if he made this natural inference from the premises, That if such were my father's behaviour to a wife, who disputed not the imaginary prerogatives he was so unprecedently fond of asserting, what room had a daughter to hope, that he would depart from an authority he was so earnest, and so much more concerned, to maintain? — Family-interests at the same time engaging; an aversion, however causelessly conceived, stimulating my brother's and sister's resentments and selfish views cooperating; and my banishment from their presence depriving me of all personal plea or entreaty in my own favour.

How unhappy, my dear, that there is but too much reason for these observations, and for this inference; made, likewise, with more coolness and respect to my family than one would have apprehended from a man so much provoked, and of passions so high, and generally thought uncontroulable!

Will you not question me about throbs and glows, if from such instances of a command over his fiery temper, for my sake, I am ready to infer, that were my friends capable of a reconciliation with him, he might be affected by arguments apparently calculated for his present and future good! Nor is it a very bad indication, that he has such moderate notions of that very high prerogative in husbands, of which we in our family have been accustomed to hear so much.

He represented to me, that my present disgraceful confinement was known to all the world: that neither my sister nor my brother scrupled to represent me as an obliged and favoured child in a state of actual rebellion. That, nevertheless, every

body who knew me was ready to justify me for an aversion to a man whom every body thought utterly unworthy of me, and more fit for my sister: that unhappy as he was, in not having been able to make any greater impression upon me in his favour, all the world gave me to him. Nor was there but one objection made to him by his very enemies (his birth, his prospects all very unexceptionable, and the latter splendid); and that objection, he thanked God, and my example, was in a fair way of being removed for ever: since he had seen his error, and was heartily sick of the courses he had followed; which, however, were far less enormous than malice and envy had represented them to be. But of this he should say the less, as it were much better to justify himself by his actions, than by the most solemn asseverations and promises. And then, complimenting my person, he assured me (for that he always loved virtue, although he had not followed its rules as he ought) that he was still more captivated with the graces of my mind: and would frankly own, that till he had the honour to know me, he had never met with an inducement sufficient to enable him to overcome an unhappy kind of prejudice to matrimony; which had made him before impenetrable to the wishes and recommendations of all his relations.

You see, my dear, he scruples not to speak of himself, as his enemies speak of him. I can't say, but his openness in these particulars gives a credit to his other professions. I should easily, I think, detect an hypocrite: and this man particularly, who is said to have allowed himself in great liberties, were he to pretend to instantaneous lights and convictions — at this time of life too. Habits, I am sensible, are not so easily changed. You have always joined with me in remarking, that he will speak his mind with freedom, even to a degree of unpoliteness sometimes; and that his very treatment of my family is a proof that he cannot make a mean court to any body for interest sake — What pity, where there are such laudable traces, that they should have been so mired, and choaked up, as I may say! — We have heard, that the man's head is better than his heart: But do you really think Mr. Lovelace can have a very bad heart? Why should not there be something in blood in the human creature, as well as in the ignobler animals? None of his family are exceptionable — but himself, indeed. The characters of the ladies are admirable. But I shall incur the imputation I wish to avoid. Yet what a look of censoriousness does it carry in an unsparing friend, to take one to task for doing that justice, and making those which one ought without scruple to do, and to make, in the behalf of any other man living?

He then again pressed me to receive a letter of offered protection from Lady Betty. He said, that people of birth stood a little too much upon punctilio; as people of value also did (but indeed birth, worthily lived up to, was virtue: virtue, birth; the inducements to a decent punctilio the same; the origin of both one):

[how came this notion from him!] else, Lady Betty would write to me: but she would be willing to be first apprized that her offer will be well received — as it would have the appearance of being made against the liking of one part of my family; and which nothing would induce her to make, but the degree of unworthy persecution which I actually laboured under, and had reason further to apprehend.

I told him, that, however greatly I thought myself obliged to Lady Betty Lawrance, if this offer came from herself; yet it was easy to see to what it led. It might look like vanity in me perhaps to say, that this urgency in him, on this occasion, wore the face of art, in order to engage me into measures from which I might not easily extricate myself. I said, that I should not be affected by the splendour of even a royal title. Goodness, I thought, was greatness. That the excellent characters of the ladies of his family weighed more with me, than the consideration that they were half-sisters to Lord M. and daughters of an earl: that he would not have found encouragement from me, had my friends been consenting to his address, if he had only a mere relative merit to those ladies: since, in that case, the very reasons that made me admire them, would have been so many objections to their kinsman.

I then assured him, that it was with infinite concern, that I had found myself drawn into an epistolary correspondence with him; especially since that correspondence had been prohibited: and the only agreeable use I could think of making of this unexpected and undesired interview, was, to let him know, that I should from henceforth think myself obliged to discontinue it. And I hoped, that he would not have the thought of engaging me to carry it on by menacing my relations.

There was light enough to distinguish, that he looked very grave upon this. He so much valued my free choice, he said, and my unbiassed favour, (scorning to set himself upon a footing with Solmes in the compulsory methods used in that man's behalf,) that he should hate himself, were he capable of a view of intimidating me by so very poor a method. But, nevertheless, there were two things to be considered: First, that the continual outrages he was treated with; the spies set over him, one of which he had detected; the indignities all his family were likewise treated with; — as also, myself; avowedly in malice to him, or he should not presume to take upon himself to resent for me, without my leave [the artful wretch saw he would have lain open here, had he not thus guarded] — all these considerations called upon him to shew a proper resentment: and he would leave it to me to judge, whether it would be reasonable for him, as a man of spirit, to bear such insults, if it were not for my sake. I would be pleased to consider, in the next place, whether the situation I was in, (a prisoner in my father's house, and my whole family determined to compel me to marry a man unworthy of me, and

that speedily, and whether I consented or not,) admitted of delay in the preventive measures he was desirous to put me upon, in the last resort only. Nor was there a necessity, he said, if I were actually in Lady Betty's protection, that I should be his, if, afterwards, I should see any thing objectionable in his conduct.

But what would the world conclude would be the end, I demanded, were I, in the last resort, as he proposed, to throw myself into the protection of his friends, but that it was with such a view?

And what less did the world think of me now, he asked, than that I was confined that I might not? You are to consider, Madam, you have not now an option; and to whom is it owing that you have not; and that you are in the power of those (parents, why should I call them?) who are determined, that you shall not have an option. All I propose is, that you will embrace such a protection — but not till you have tried every way, to avoid the necessity for it.

And give me leave to say, proceeded he, that if a correspondence, on which I have founded all my hopes, is, at this critical conjuncture, to be broken off; and if you are resolved not to be provided against the worst; it must be plain to me, that you will at last yield to that worst — worst to me only — it cannot be to you — and then! [and he put his hand clenched to his forehead] How shall I bear this supposition? — Then will you be that Solmes's! — But, by all that's sacred, neither he, nor your brother, nor your uncles, shall enjoy their triumph — Perdition seize my soul, if they shall!

The man's vehemence frightened me: yet, in resentment, I would have left him; but, throwing himself at my feet again, Leave me not thus — I beseech you, dearest Madam, leave me not thus, in despair! I kneel not, repenting of what I have vowed in such a case as that I have supposed. I re-vow it, at your feet! — and so he did. But think not it is by way of menace, or to intimidate you to favour me. If your heart inclines you [and then he arose] to obey your father (your brother rather) and to have Solmes; although I shall avenge myself on those who have insulted me, for their insults to myself and family, yet will I tear out my heart from this bosom (if possible with my own hands) were it to scruple to give up its ardours to a woman capable of such a preference.

I told him, that he talked to me in very high language; but he might assure himself that I never would have Mr. Solmes, (yet that this I said not in favour to him,) and I had declared as much to my relations, were there not such a man as himself in the world.

Would I declare, that I would still honour him with my correspondence? — He could not bear, that, hoping to obtain greater instances of my favour, he should forfeit the only one he had to boast of.

I bid him forbear rashness or resentment to any of my family, and I would, for some time at least, till I saw what issue my present trials were likely to have, proceed with a correspondence, which, nevertheless, my heart condemned —

And his spirit him, the impatient creature said, interrupting me, for bearing what he did; when he considered, that the necessity of it was imposed upon him, not by my will, (for then he would bear it cheerfully, and a thousand times more,) but by creatures — And there he stopt.

I told him plainly that he might thank himself (whose indifferent character, as to morals, had given such a handle against him) for all. It was but just, that a man should be spoken evil of, who set no value upon his reputation.

He offered to vindicate himself. But I told him, I would judge him by his own rule — by his actions, not by his professions.

Were not his enemies, he said, so powerful, and so determined; and had they not already shewn their intentions in such high acts of even cruel compulsion; but would leave me to my choice, or to my desire of living single; he would have been content to undergo a twelvemonth's probation, or more: but he was confident, that one month would either complete all their purposes, or render them abortive: and I best knew what hopes I had of my father's receding — he did not know him, if I had any.

I said, I would try every method, that either my duty or my influence upon any of them should suggest, before I would put myself into any other protection: and, if nothing else would do, would resign the envied estate; and that I dared to say would.

He was contented, he said, to abide that issue. He should be far from wishing me to embrace any other protection, but, as he had frequently said, in the last necessity. But dearest creature, said he, catching my hand with ardour, and pressing it to his lips, if the yielding up of that estate will do — resign it — and be mine — and I will corroborate, with all my soul, your resignation!

This was not ungenerously said: But what will not these men say to obtain belief, and a power over one?

I made many efforts to go; and now it was so dark, that I began to have great apprehensions. I cannot say from his behaviour: indeed, he has a good deal raised himself in my opinion by the personal respect, even to reverence, which he paid me during the whole conference: for, although he flamed out once, upon a supposition that Solmes might succeed, it was upon a supposition that would excuse passion, if any thing could, you know, in a man pretending to love with fervour; although it was so levelled, that I could not avoid resenting it.

He recommended himself to my favour at parting, with great earnestness, yet with as great submission; not offering to condition any thing with me; although he

hinted his wishes for another meeting: which I forbad him ever attempting again in the same place. And I will own to you, from whom I should be really blamable to conceal any thing, that his arguments (drawn from the disgraceful treatment I meet with) of what I am to expect, make me begin to apprehend that I shall be under an obligation to be either the one man's or the other's — and, if so, I fancy I shall not incur your blame, were I to say which of the two it must be: you have said, which it must not be. But, O my dear, the single life is by far the most eligible to me: indeed it is. And I hope yet to be permitted to make that option.

I got back without observation; but the apprehension that I should not, gave me great uneasiness; and made me begin a letter in a greater flutter than he gave me cause to be in, except at the first seeing him; for then indeed my spirits failed me; and it was a particular felicity, that, in such a place, in such a fright, and alone with him, I fainted not away.

I should add, that having reproached him with his behaviour the last Sunday at church, he solemnly assured me, that it was not what had been represented to me: that he did not expect to see me there: but hoped to have an opportunity to address himself to my father, and to be permitted to attend him home. But that the good Dr. Lewen had persuaded him not to attempt speaking to any of the family, at that time; observing to him the emotions into which his presence had put every body. He intended no pride, or haughtiness of behaviour, he assured me; and that the attributing such to him was the effect of that ill-will which he had the mortification to find insuperable: adding, that when he bowed to my mother, it was a compliment he intended generally to every one in the pew, as well as to her, whom he sincerely venerated.

If he may be believed, (and I should think he would not have come purposely to defy my family, yet expect favour from me,) one may see, my dear, the force of hatred, which misrepresents all things. Yet why should Shorey (except officiously to please her principals) make a report in his disfavour? He told me, that he would appeal to Dr. Lewen for his justification on this head; adding, that the whole conversation between the Doctor and him turned upon his desire to attempt to reconcile himself to us all, in the face of the church; and upon the Doctor's endeavouring to dissuade him from making such a public overture, till he knew how it would be accepted. But to what purpose his appeal, when I am debarred from seeing that good man, or any one who would advise me what to do in my present difficult situation!

I fancy, my dear, however, that there would hardly be a guilty person in the world, were each suspected or accused person to tell his or her own story, and be allowed any degree of credit.

I have written a very long letter.

To be so particular as you require in subjects of conversation, it is impossible to be short.

I will add to it only the assurance, That I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate and faithful friend and servant, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

You'll be so good, my dear, as to remember, that the date of your last letter to me was the 9th.

LETTER XXXVII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE. SUNDAY, MARCH 19.

I beg your pardon, my dearest friend, for having given you occasion to remind me of the date of my last. I was willing to have before me as much of the workings of your wise relations as possible; being verily persuaded, that one side or the other would have yielded by this time: and then I should have had some degree of certainty to found my observations upon. And indeed what can I write that I have not already written? — You know, that I can do nothing but rave at your stupid persecutors: and that you don't like. I have advised you to resume your own estate: that you won't do. You cannot bear the thoughts of having their Solmes: and Lovelace is resolved you shall be his, let who will say to the contrary. I think you must be either the one man's or the other's. Let us see what their next step will be.

As to Lovelace, while he tells his own story (having also behaved so handsomely on his intrusion in the wood-house, and intended so well at church) who can say, that the man is in the least blameworthy? — Wicked people! to combine against so innocent a man! — But, as I said, let us see what their next step will be, and what course you will take upon it; and then we may be the more enlightened.

As to your change of style to your uncles, and brother and sister, since they were so fond of attributing to you a regard for Lovelace, and would not be persuaded to the contrary; and since you only strengthened their arguments against yourself by denying it; you did but just as I would have done, in giving way to their suspicions, and trying what that would do — But if — but if — Pray, my dear, indulge me a little — you yourself think it was necessary to apologize to me for that change of style to them — and till you will speak out like a friend to her unquestionable friend, I must tease you a little — let it run therefore; for it will run —

If, then, there be not a reason for this change of style, which you have not thought fit to give me, be so good as to watch, as I once before advised you, how the cause for it will come on — Why should it be permitted to steal upon you, and you know nothing of the matter?

When we get a great cold, we are apt to puzzle ourselves to find out when it began, or how we got it; and when that is accounted for, down we sit contented, and let it have its course; or, if it be very troublesome, take a sweat, or use other means to get rid of it. So my dear, before the malady you wot of, yet wot not of,

grows so importunate, as that you must be obliged to sweat it out, let me advise you to mind how it comes on. For I am persuaded, as surely as that I am now writing to you, that the indiscreet violence of your friends on the one hand, and the insinuating address of Lovelace on the other, (if the man be not a greater fool than any body thinks him,) will effectually bring it to this, and do all his work for him.

But let it — if it must be Lovelace or Solmes, the choice cannot admit of debate. Yet if all be true that is reported, I should prefer almost any of your other lovers to either; unworthy as they also are. But who can be worthy of a Clarissa?

I wish you are not indeed angry with me for harping so much on one string. I must own, that I should think myself inexcusable so to do, (the rather, as I am bold enough to imagine it a point out of all doubt from fifty places in your letters, were I to labour the proof,) if you would ingenuously own —

Own what? you'll say. Why, my Anna Howe, I hope you don't think that I am already in love — !

No, to be sure! How can your Anna Howe have such a thought? — What then shall we call it? You might have helped me to a phrase — A conditional kind of liking! — that's it. — O my friend! did I not know how much you despise prudery; and that you are too young, and too lovely, to be a prude —

But, avoiding such hard names, let me tell you one thing, my dear (which nevertheless I have told you before); and that is this: that I shall think I have reason to be highly displeased with you, if, when you write to me, you endeavour to keep from me any secret of your heart.

Let me add, that if you would clearly and explicitly tell me, how far Lovelace has, or has not, a hold in your affections, I could better advise you what to do, than at present I can. You, who are so famed for prescience, as I may call it; and than whom no young lady ever had stronger pretensions to a share of it; have had, no doubt, reasonings in your heart about him, supposing you were to be one day his: [no doubt but you have had the same in Solmes's case: whence the ground for the hatred of the one; and for the conditional liking of the other.] Will you tell me, my dear, what you have thought of Lovelace's best and of his worst? — How far eligible for the first; how far rejectable for the last? — Then weighing both parts in opposite scales, we shall see which is likely to preponderate; or rather which does preponderate. Nothing less than the knowledge of the inmost recesses of your heart, can satisfy my love and my friendship. Surely, you are not afraid to trust yourself with a secret of this nature: if you are, then you may the more allowably doubt me. But, I dare say, you will not own either — nor is there, I hope, cause for either.

Be pleased to observe one thing, my dear, that whenever I have given myself any of those airs of raillery, which have seemed to make you look about you, (when, likewise, your case may call for a more serious turn from a sympathizing friend,) it has not been upon those passages which are written, though, perhaps not intended, with such explicitness [don't be alarmed, my dear!] as leaves little cause of doubt: but only when you affect reserve; when you give new words for common things; when you come with your curiosities, with your conditional likings, and with your PRUDE-encies [mind how I spell the word] in a case that with every other person defies all prudence — over-acts of treason all these, against the sovereign friendship we have avowed to each other.

Remember, that you found me out in a moment. You challenged me. I owned directly, that there was only my pride between the man and me; for I could not endure, I told you, to think of any fellow living to give me a moment's uneasiness. And then my man, as I have elsewhere said, was not such a one as yours: so I had reason to impute full as much as to my own inconsideration, as to his power over me: nay, more: but still more to yours. For you reasoned me out of the curiosity first; and when the liking was brought to be conditional — why then, you know, I throbbed no more about him.

O! pray now, as you say, now I have mentioned that my fellow was not such a charming fellow as yours, let Miss Biddulph, Miss Lloyd, Miss Campion, and me, have your opinion, how far figure ought to engage us: with a view to your own case, however — mind that — as Mr. Tony says — and whether at all, if the man be vain of it; since, as you observe in a former, that vanity is a stop-short pride in such a one, that would make one justly doubt the worthiness of his interior. You, our pattern, so lovely in feature, so graceful in person, have none of it; and have therefore with the best grace always held, that it is not excusable even in a woman.

You must know, that this subject was warmly debated among us in our last conversation: and Miss Lloyd wished me to write to you upon it for your opinion; to which, in every debated case, we always paid the greatest deference. I hope you will not be so much engrossed by your weighty cares, as not to have freedom of spirits enough to enter upon the task. You know how much we all admire your opinion on such topics; which ever produces something new and instructive, as you handle the subjects. And pray tell us, to what you think it owing, that your man seems so careful to adorn that self-adorned person of his! yet so manages, that one cannot for one's heart think him a coxcomb? — Let this question, and the above tasks, divert, and not displease you, my dear. One subject, though ever so important, could never yet engross your capacious mind. If they should displease you, you must recollect the many instances of my impertinence which you have

forgiven, and then say, ‘This is a mad girl: but yet I love her! — And she is my own’

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY, MARCH 20.

Your last so sensibly affects me, that I must postpone every other consideration, however weighty, to reply to it: and this I will do very distinctly, and with all the openness of heart which our mutual friendship demands.

But let me observe, in the first place, gratefully observe, that if I have in fifty passages of my letters given you such undoubted proofs of my value for Mr. Lovelace, that you have spared me for the sake of my explicitness, it is acting by me with a generosity worthy of yourself.

But lives the man, think you, who is so very bad, that he does not give even a doubting mind reason at one time to be better pleased with him than at another? And when that reason offers, is it not just to express one's self accordingly? I would do the man who addresses me as much justice, as if he did not address me: it has such a look of tyranny, it appears so ungenerous, methinks, in our sex, to use a man worse for his respect to us, (no other cause for disrespect occurring,) that I would not by any means be that person who should do so.

But, although I may intend no more than justice, it will perhaps be difficult to hinder those who know the man's views, from construing it as a partial favour: and especially if the eager-eyed observer has been formerly touched herself, and would triumph that her friend had been no more able to escape than she. Noble minds, emulative of perfection, (and yet the passion properly directed, I do not take to be an imperfection neither,) may be allowed a little generous envy, I think.

If I meant by this a reflection, by way of revenge, it is but a revenge, my dear, in the soft sense of the word. I love, as I have told you, your pleasantry. Although at the time your reproof may pain me a little; yet, on recollection, when I find it more of the cautioning friend than of the satirizing observer, I shall be all gratitude upon it. All the business will be this; I shall be sensible of the pain in the present letter perhaps; but I shall thank you in the next, and ever after.

In this way, I hope, my dear, you will account for a little of that sensibility which you find above, and perhaps still more, as I proceed. — You frequently remind me, by an excellent example, your own to me, that I must not spare you!

I am not conscious, that I have written any thing of this man, that has not been more in his dispraise than in his favour. Such is the man, that I think I must have been faulty, and ought to take myself to account, if I had not. But you think otherwise, I will not put you upon labouring the proof, as you call it. My conduct must then have a faulty appearance at least, and I will endeavour to rectify it. But

of this I assure you, that whatever interpretation my words were capable of, I intended not any reserve to you. I wrote my heart at the time: if I had had thought of disguising it, or been conscious that there was reason for doing so, perhaps I had not given you the opportunity of remarking upon my curiosity after his relations' esteem for me; nor upon my conditional liking, and such-like. All I intended by the first, I believe, I honestly told you at the time. To that letter I therefore refer, whether it make for me, or against me: and by the other, that I might bear in mind, what it became a person of my sex and character to be and to do, in such an unhappy situation, where the imputed love is thought an undutiful, and therefore a criminal passion; and where the supported object of it is a man of faulty morals too. And I am sure you will excuse my desire of appearing at those times the person I ought to be; had I no other view in it but to merit the continuance of your good opinion.

But that I may acquit myself of having reserves — O, my dear, I must here break off — !

LETTER XXXIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY, MARCH 12.

This letter will account to you, my dear, for my abrupt breaking off in the answer I was writing to yours of yesterday; and which, possibly, I shall not be able to finish and send you till to-morrow or next day; having a great deal to say to the subjects you put to me in it. What I am now to give you are the particulars of another effort made by my friends, through the good Mrs. Norton.

It seems they had sent to her yesterday, to be here this day, to take their instructions, and to try what she could do with me. It would, at least, I suppose they thought, have this effect; to render me inexcusable with her; or to let her see, that there was no room for the expostulations she had often wanted to make in my favour to my mother.

The declaration, that my heart was free, afforded them an argument to prove obstinacy and perverseness upon me; since it could be nothing else that governed me in my opposition to their wills, if I had no particular esteem for another man. And now, that I have given them reason (in order to obviate this argument) to suppose that I have a preference to another, they are resolved to carry their schemes into execution as soon as possible. And in order to do this, they sent for this good woman, for whom they know I have even a filial regard.

She found assembled my father and mother, my brother and sister, my two uncles, and my aunt Hervey.

My brother acquainted her with all that had passed since she was last permitted to see me; with the contents of my letters avowing my regard for Mr. Lovelace (as they all interpreted them); with the substance of their answers to them; and with their resolutions.

My mother spoke next; and delivered herself to this effect, as the good woman told me.

After reciting how many times I had been indulged in my refusals of different men, and the pains she had taken with me, to induce me to oblige my whole family in one instance out of five or six, and my obstinacy upon it; ‘O my good Mrs. Norton, said the dear lady, could you have thought, that my Clarissa and your Clarissa was capable of so determined an opposition to the will of parents so indulgent to her? But see what you can do with her. The matter is gone too far to be receded from on our parts. Her father had concluded every thing with Mr. Solmes, not doubting her compliance. Such noble settlements, Mrs. Norton, and such advantages to the whole family! — In short, she has it in her power to lay an

obligation upon us all. Mr. Solmes, knowing she has good principles, and hoping by his patience now, and good treatment hereafter, to engage her gratitude, and by degrees her love, is willing to overlook all!—'

[Overlook all, my dear! Mr. Solmes to overlook all! There's a word!]

'So, Mrs. Norton, if you are convinced, that it is a child's duty to submit to her parents' authority, in the most important point as well as in the least, I beg you will try your influence over her: I have none: her father has none: her uncles neither: although it is her apparent interest to oblige us all; for, on that condition, her grandfather's estate is not half of what, living and dying, is purposed to be done for her. If any body can prevail with her, it is you; and I hope you will heartily enter upon this task.'

The good woman asked, Whether she was permitted to expostulate with them upon the occasion, before she came up to me?

My arrogant brother told her, she was sent for to expostulate with his sister, and not with them. And this, Goody Norton [she is always Goody with him!] you may tell her, that the treaty with Mr. Solmes is concluded: that nothing but her compliance with her duty is wanting; of consequence, that there is no room for your expostulation, or hers either.

Be assured of this, Mrs. Norton, said my father, in an angry tone, that we will not be baffled by her. We will not appear like fools in this matter, and as if we have no authority over our own daughter. We will not, in short, be bullied out of our child by a cursed rake, who had like to have killed our only son! — And so she had better make a merit of her obedience; for comply she shall, if I live; independent as she thinks my father's indiscreet bounty has made her of me, her father. Indeed, since that, she has never been like she was before. An unjust bequest! — And it is likely to prosper accordingly! — But if she marry that vile rake Lovelace, I will litigate every shilling with her: tell her so; and that the will may be set aside, and shall.

My uncles joined, with equal heat.

My brother was violent in his declarations.

My sister put in with vehemence, on the same side.

My aunt Hervey was pleased to say, there was no article so proper for parents to govern in, as this of marriage: and it was very fit mine should be obliged.

Thus instructed, the good woman came up to me. She told me all that had passed, and was very earnest with me to comply; and so much justice did she to the task imposed upon her, that I more than once thought, that her own opinion went with theirs. But when she saw what an immovable aversion I had to the man, she lamented with me their determined resolution: and then examined into the sincerity of my declaration, that I would gladly compound with them by living

single. Of this being satisfied, she was so convinced that this offer, which, carried into execution, would exclude Lovelace effectually, ought to be accepted, that she would go down (although I told her, it was what I had tendered over-and-over to no purpose) and undertake to be guaranty for me on that score.

She went accordingly; but soon returned in tears; being used harshly for urging this alternative: — They had a right to my obedience upon their own terms, they said: my proposal was an artifice, only to gain time: nothing but marrying Mr. Solmes should do: they had told me so before: they should not be at rest till it was done; for they knew what an interest Lovelace had in my heart: I had as good as owned it in my letters to my uncles, and brother and sister, although I had most disingenuously declared otherwise to my mother. I depended, they said, upon their indulgence, and my own power over them: they would not have banished me from their presence, if they had not known that their consideration for me was greater than mine for them. And they would be obeyed, or I never should be restored to their favour, let the consequence be what it would.

My brother thought fit to tell the good woman, that her whining nonsense did but harden me. There was a perverseness, he said, in female minds, a tragedy-pride, that would make a romantic young creature, such a one as me, risque any thing to obtain pity. I was of an age, and a turn [the insolent said] to be fond of a lover-like distress: and my grief (which she pleaded) would never break my heart: I should sooner break that of the best and most indulgent of mothers. He added, that she might once more go up to me: but that, if she prevailed not, he should suspect, that the man they all hated had found a way to attach her to his interest.

Every body blamed him for this unworthy reflection; which greatly affected the good woman. But nevertheless he said, and nobody contradicted him, that if she could not prevail upon her sweet child, [as it seems she had fondly called me,] she had best draw to her own home, and there tarry till she was sent for; and so leave her sweet child to her father’s management.

Sure nobody had ever so insolent, so hard-hearted a brother, as I have! So much resignation to be expected from me! So much arrogance, and to so good a woman, and of so fine an understanding, to be allowed in him.

She nevertheless told him, that however she might be ridiculed for speaking of the sweetness of my disposition, she must take upon herself to say, that there never was a sweeter in the sex: and that she had ever found, that my mild methods, and gentleness, I might at any time be prevailed upon, even in points against my own judgment and opinion.

My aunt Hervey hereupon said, It was worth while to consider what Mrs. Norton said: and that she had sometimes allowed herself to doubt, whether I had been begun with by such methods as generous tempers are only to be influenced

by, in cases where their hearts are supposed to be opposite to the will of their friends.

She had both my brother and sister upon her for this: who referred to my mother, whether she had not treated me with an indulgence that had hardly any example?

My mother said, she must own, that no indulgence had been wanting from her: but she must needs say, and had often said it, that the reception I met with on my return from Miss Howe, and the manner in which the proposal of Mr. Solmes was made to me, (which was such as left nothing to my choice,) and before I had an opportunity to converse with him, were not what she had by any means approved of.

She was silenced, you will guess by whom, — with, My dear! — my dear! — You have ever something to say, something to palliate, for this rebel of a girl! — Remember her treatment of you, of me! — Remember, that the wretch, whom we so justly hate, would not dare persist in his purposes, but for her encouragement of him, and obstinacy to us. — Mrs. Norton, [angrily to her,] go up to her once more — and if you think gentleness will do, you have a commission to be gentle — if it will not, never make use of that plea again.

Ay, my good woman, said my mother, try your force with her. My sister Hervey and I will go up to her, and bring her down in our hands, to receive her father's blessing, and assurances of every body's love, if she will be prevailed upon: and, in that case, we will all love you the better for your good offices.

She came up to me, and repeated all these passages with tears. But I told her, that after what had passed between us, she could not hope to prevail upon me to comply with measures so wholly my brother's, and so much to my aversion. And then folding me to her maternal bosom, I leave you, my dearest Miss, said she — I leave you, because I must! — But let me beseech you to do nothing rashly; nothing unbecoming your character. If all be true that is said, Mr. Lovelace cannot deserve you. If you can comply, remember it is your duty to comply. They take not, I own, the right method with so generous a spirit. But remember, that there would not be any merit in your compliance, if it were not to be against your own liking. Remember also, what is expected from a character so extraordinary as yours: remember, it is in your power to unite or disunite your whole family for ever. Although it should at present be disagreeable to you to be thus compelled, your prudence, I dare say, when you consider the matter seriously, will enable you to get over all prejudices against the one, and all prepossessions in favour of the other: and then the obligation you will lay all your family under, will be not only meritorious in you, with regard to them, but in a few months, very probably, highly satisfactory, as well as reputable, to yourself.

Consider, my dear Mrs. Norton, said I, only consider, that it is not a small thing that is insisted upon; not for a short duration; it is for my life: consider too, that all this is owing to an overbearing brother, who governs every body. Consider how desirous I am to oblige them, if a single life, and breaking all correspondence with the man they hate, because my brother hates him, will do it.

I consider every thing, my dearest Miss: and, added to what I have said, do you only consider, that if, by pursuing your own will, and rejecting theirs, you should be unhappy, you will be deprived of all that consolation which those have, who have been directed by their parents, although the event prove not answerable to their wishes.

I must go, repeated she: your brother will say [and she wept] that I harden you by my whining nonsense. 'Tis indeed hard, that so much regard should be paid to the humours of one child, and so little to the inclination of another. But let me repeat, that it is your duty to acquiesce, if you can acquiesce: your father has given your brother's schemes his sanction, and they are now his. Mr. Lovelace, I doubt, is not a man that will justify your choice so much as he will their dislike. It is easy to see that your brother has a view in discrediting you with all your friends, with your uncles in particular: but for that very reason, you should comply, if possible, in order to disconcert his ungenerous measures. I will pray for you; and that is all I can do for you. I must now go down, and make a report, that you are resolved never to have Mr. Solmes — Must I? — Consider, my dear Miss Clary — Must I?

Indeed you must! — But of this I do assure you, that I will do nothing to disgrace the part you have had in my education. I will bear every thing that shall be short of forcing my hand into his who never can have any share in my heart. I will try by patient duty, by humility, to overcome them. But death will I choose, in any shape, rather than that man.

I dread to go down, said she, with so determined an answer: they will have no patience with me. — But let me leave you with one observation, which I beg of you always to bear in mind: —

'That persons of prudence, and distinguished talents, like yours, seem to be sprinkled through the world, to give credit, by their example, to religion and virtue. When such persons wilfully err, how great must be the fault! How ungrateful to that God, who blessed them with such talents! What a loss likewise to the world! What a wound to virtue! — But this, I hope, will never be to be said of Miss Clarissa Harlowe!'

I could give her no answer, but by my tears. And I thought, when she went away, the better half of my heart went with her.

I listened to hear what reception she would meet with below; and found it was just such a one as she had apprehended.

Will she, or will she not, be Mrs. Solmes? None of your whining circumlocutions, Mrs. Norton! — [You may guess who said this] Will she, or will she not, comply with her parents' will?

This cut short all she was going to say.

If I must speak so briefly, Miss will sooner die, than have —

Any body but Lovelace! interrupted my brother. — This, Madam, this, Sir, is your meek daughter! This is Mrs. Norton's sweet child! — Well, Goody, you may return to your own habitation. I am empowered to forbid you to have any correspondence with this perverse girl for a month to come, as you value the favour of our whole family, or of any individual of it.

And saying this, uncontradicted by any body, he himself shewed her to the door, — no doubt, with all that air of cruel insult, which the haughty rich can put on to the unhappy low, who have not pleased them.

So here, my dear Miss Howe, am I deprived of the advice of one of the most prudent and conscientious women in the world, were I to have ever so much occasion for it.

I might indeed write (as I presume, under your cover) and receive her answers to what I should write. But should such a correspondence be charged upon her, I know she would not be guilty of a falsehood for the world, nor even of an equivocation: and should she own it after this prohibition, she would forfeit my mother's favour for ever. And in my dangerous fever, some time ago, I engaged my mother to promise me, that, if I died before I could do any thing for the good woman, she would set her above want for the rest of her life, should her eyes fail her, or sickness befall her, and she could not provide for herself, as she now so prettily does by her fine needle-works.

What measures will they fall upon next? — Will they not recede when they find that it must be a rooted antipathy, and nothing else, that could make a temper, not naturally inflexible, so sturdy?

Adieu, my dear. Be you happy! — To know that it is in your power to be so, is all that seems wanting to make you so.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XL

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [In continuation of the subject in Letter XXXVIII.]

I will now, though midnight (for I have no sleep in my eyes) resume the subject I was forced so abruptly to quit, and will obey yours, Miss Lloyd's, Miss Campion's, and Miss Biddulph's call, with as much temper as my divided thought will admit. The dead stillness of this solemn hour will, I hope, contribute to calm my disturbed mind.

In order to acquit myself of so heavy a charge as that of having reserves to so dear a friend, I will acknowledge (and I thought I had over-and-over) that it is owing to my particular situation, if Mr. Lovelace appears to me in a tolerable light: and I take upon me to say, that had they opposed to him a man of sense, of virtue, of generosity; one who enjoyed his fortune with credit, who had a tenderness in his nature for the calamities of others, which would have given a moral assurance, that he would have been still less wanting in grateful returns to an obliging spirit: — had they opposed such a man as this to Mr. Lovelace, and been as earnest to have me married, as now they are, I do not know myself, if they would have had reason to tax me with that invincible obstinacy which they lay to my charge: and this whatever had been the figure of the man; since the heart is what we women should judge by in the choice we make, as the best security for the party's good behaviour in every relation of life.

But, situated as I am, thus persecuted and driven, I own to you, that I have now-and-then had a little more difficulty than I wished for, in passing by Mr. Lovelace's tolerable qualities, to keep up my dislike to him for his others.

You say, I must have argued with myself in his favour, and in his disfavour, on a supposition, that I might possibly be one day his. I own that I have: and thus called upon by my dearest friend, I will set before you both parts of the argument.

And first, what occurred to me in his favour.

At his introduction into our family, his negative virtues were insisted upon: — He was no gamester; no horse-racer; no fox-hunter; no drinker: my poor aunt Hervey had, in confidence, given us to apprehend much disagreeable evil (especially to a wife of the least delicacy) from a wine-lover: and common sense instructed us, that sobriety in a man is no small point to be secured, when so many mischiefs happen daily from excess. I remember, that my sister made the most of this favourable circumstance in his character while she had any hopes of him.

He was never thought to be a niggard; not even ungenerous: nor when his conduct came to be inquired into, an extravagant, a squanderer: his pride [so far

was it a laudable pride] secured him from that. Then he was ever ready to own his errors. He was no jester upon sacred things: poor Mr. Wyerley's fault; who seemed to think there was wit in saying bold things, which would shock a serious mind. His conversation with us was always unexceptionable, even chastely so; which, be his actions what they would, shewed him capable of being influenced by decent company; and that he might probably therefore be a led man, rather than a leader, in other company. And one late instance, so late as last Saturday evening, has raised him not a little in my opinion, with regard to this point of good (and at the same time, of manly) behaviour.

As to the advantage of birth, that is of his side, above any man who has been found out for me. If we may judge by that expression of his, which you were pleased with at the time; 'That upon true quality, and hereditary distinction, if good sense were not wanting, humour sat as easy as his glove;' that, with as familiar an air, was his familiar expression; 'while none but the prosperous upstart, MUSHROOMED into rank, (another of his peculiars,) was arrogantly proud of it.' — If, I say, we may judge of him by this, we shall conclude in his favour, that he knows what sort of behaviour is to be expected from persons of birth, whether he act up to it or not. Conviction is half way to amendment.

His fortunes in possession are handsome; in expectation, splendid: so nothing need be said on that subject.

But it is impossible, say some, that he should make a tender or kind husband. Those who are for imposing upon me such a man as Mr. Solmes, and by methods so violent, are not entitled to make this objection. But now, on this subject, let me tell you how I have argued with myself — for still you must remember, that I am upon the extenuating part of his character.

A great deal of the treatment a wife may expect from him, will possibly depend upon herself. Perhaps she must practise as well as promise obedience, to a man so little used to controul; and must be careful to oblige. And what husband expects not this? — The more perhaps if he had not reason to assure himself of the preferable love of his wife before she became such. And how much easier and pleasanter to obey the man of her choice, if he should be even more unreasonable sometimes, than one she would not have had, could she have avoided it? Then, I think, as the men were the framers of the matrimonial office, and made obedience a part of the woman's vow, she ought not, even in policy, to shew him, that she can break through her part of the contract, (however lightly she may think of the instance,) lest he should take it into his head (himself is judge) to think as lightly of other points, which she may hold more important — but, indeed, no point so solemnly vowed can be slight.

Thus principled, and acting accordingly, what a wretch must that husband be, who could treat such a wife brutally! — Will Lovelace's wife be the only person to whom he will not pay the grateful debt of civility and good manners? He is allowed to be brave: Who ever knew a brave man, if a brave man of sense, an universally base man? And how much the gentleness of our sex, and the manner of our training up and education, make us need the protection of the brave, and the countenance of the generous, let the general approbation, which we are all so naturally inclined to give to men of that character, testify.

At worst, will he confine me prisoner to my chamber? Will he deny me the visits of my dearest friend, and forbid me to correspond with her? Will he take from me the mistressly management, which I had not faultily discharged? Will he set a servant over me, with license to insult me? Will he, as he has not a sister, permit his cousins Montague, or would either of those ladies accept of a permission, to insult and tyrannize over me? — It cannot be. — Why then, think I often, do you tempt me, O my cruel friends, to try the difference?

And then has the secret pleasure intruded itself, to be able to reclaim such a man to the paths of virtue and honour: to be a secondary means, if I were to be his, of saving him, and preventing the mischiefs so enterprising a creature might otherwise be guilty of, if he be such a one.

When I have thought of him in these lights, (and that as a man of sense he will sooner see his errors, than another,) I own to you, that I have had some difficulty to avoid taking the path they so violently endeavour to make me shun: and all that command of my passions which has been attributed to me as my greatest praise, and, in so young a creature, as my distinction, has hardly been sufficient for me.

And let me add, that the favour of his relations (all but himself unexceptionable) has made a good deal of additional weight, thrown in the same scale.

But now, in his disfavour. When I have reflected upon the prohibition of my parents; the giddy appearance, disgraceful to our sex, that such a preference would have: that there is no manner of likelihood, enflamed by the rencounter, and upheld by art and ambition on my brother's side, that ever the animosity will be got over: that I must therefore be at perpetual variance with all my own family: that I must go to him, and to his, as an obliged and half-fortuned person: that his aversion to them all is as strong as theirs to him: that his whole family are hated for his sake; they hating ours in return: that he has a very immoral character as to women: that knowing this, it is a high degree of impurity to think of joining in wedlock with such a man: that he is young, unbroken, his passions unsubdued: that he is violent in his temper, yet artful; I am afraid vindictive too: that such a husband might unsettle me in all my own principles, and hazard my future hopes:

that his own relations, two excellent aunts, and an uncle, from whom he has such large expectations, have no influence upon him: that what tolerable qualities he has, are founded more in pride than in virtue: that allowing, as he does, the excellency of moral precepts, and believing the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, he can live as if he despised the one, and defied the other: the probability that the taint arising from such free principles, may go down into the manners of posterity: that I knowing these things, and the importance of them, should be more inexcusable than one who knows them not; since an error against judgment is worse, infinitely worse, than an error in judgment. Reflecting upon these things, I cannot help conjuring you, my dear, to pray with me, and to pray for me, that I may not be pushed upon such indiscreet measures, as will render me inexcusable to myself: for that is the test, after all. The world's opinion ought to be but a secondary consideration.

I have said in his praise, that he is extremely ready to own his errors: but I have sometimes made a great drawback upon this article, in his disfavour; having been ready to apprehend, that this ingenuousness may possibly be attributable to two causes, neither of them, by any means, creditable to him. The one, that his vices are so much his masters, that he attempts not to conquer them; the other, that he may think it policy, to give up one half of his character to save the other, when the whole may be blamable: by this means, silencing by acknowledgment the objections he cannot answer; which may give him the praise of ingenuousness, when he can obtain no other, and when the challenged proof might bring out, upon discussion, other evils. These, you will allow, are severe constructions; but every thing his enemies say of him cannot be false.

I will proceed by-and-by.

* * *

Sometimes we have both thought him one of the most undesigning merely witty men we ever knew; at other times one of the deepest creatures we ever conversed with. So that when in one visit we have imagined we fathomed him, in the next he has made us ready to give him up as impenetrable. This impenetrableness, my dear, is to be put among the shades in his character. Yet, upon the whole, you have been so far of his party, that you have contested that his principal fault is over-frankness, and too much regardlessness of appearances, and that he is too giddy to be very artful: you would have it, that at the time he says any thing good, he means what he speaks; that his variableness and levity are constitutional, owing to sound health, and to a soul and body [that was your observation] fitted for and pleased with each other. And hence you concluded, that could this

consentaneousness [as you call it] of corporal and animal faculties be pointed by discretion; that is to say, could his vivacity be confined within the pale of but moral obligations, he would be far from being rejectable as a companion for life.

But I used then to say, and I still am of opinion, that he wants a heart: and if he does, he wants every thing. A wrong head may be convinced, may have a right turn given it: but who is able to give a heart, if a heart be wanting? Divine Grace, working a miracle, or next to a miracle, can only change a bad heart. Should not one fly the man who is but suspected of such a one? What, O what, do parents do, when they endeavour to force a child's inclination, but make her think better than otherwise she would think of a man obnoxious to themselves, and perhaps whose character will not stand examination?

I have said, that I think Mr. Lovelace a vindictive man: upon my word, I have sometimes doubted, whether his perseverance in his addresses to me has not been the more obstinate, since he has found himself so disagreeable to my friends. From that time I verily think he has been the more fervent in them; yet courts them not, but sets them at defiance. For this indeed he pleads disinterestedness [I am sure he cannot politeness]; and the more plausibly, as he is apprized of the ability they have to make it worth his while to court them. 'Tis true he has declared, and with too much reason, (or there would be no bearing him,) that the lowest submissions on his part would not be accepted; and to oblige me, has offered to seek a reconciliation with them, if I would give him hope of success.

As to his behaviour at church, the Sunday before last, I lay no stress upon that, because I doubt there was too much outward pride in his intentional humility, or Shorey, who is not his enemy, could not have mistaken it.

I do not think him so deeply learned in human nature, or in ethics, as some have thought him. Don't you remember how he stared at the following trite observations, which every moralist could have furnished him with? Complaining as he did, in a half-menacing strain, of the obloquies raised against him— 'That if he were innocent, he should despise the obloquy: if not, revenge would not wipe off his guilt.' 'That nobody ever thought of turning a sword into a sponge!' 'That it was in his own power by reformation of an error laid to his charge by an enemy, to make that enemy one of his best friends; and (which was the noblest revenge in the world) against his will; since an enemy would not wish him to be without the faults he taxed him with.'

But the intention, he said, was the wound.

How so, I asked him, when that cannot wound without the application? 'That the adversary only held the sword: he himself pointed it to his breast: — And why should he mortally resent that malice, which he might be the better for as long as

he lived?' — What could be the reading he has been said to be master of, to wonder, as he did, at these observations?

But, indeed, he must take pleasure in revenge; and yet holds others to be inexcusable for the same fault. He is not, however, the only one who can see how truly blamable those errors are in another, which they hardly think such in themselves.

From these considerations, from these over-balances, it was, that I said, in a former, that I would not be in love with this man for the world: and it was going further than prudence would warrant, when I was for compounding with you, by the words conditional liking, which you so humourously rally.

Well but, methinks you say, what is all this to the purpose? This is still but reasoning: but, if you are in love, you are: and love, like the vapours, is the deeper rooted for having no sufficient cause assignable for its hold. And so you call upon me again to have no reserves, and so-forth.

Why then, my dear, if you will have it, I think, that, with all his preponderating faults, I like him better than I ever thought I should like him; and, those faults considered, better perhaps than I ought to like him. And I believe, it is possible for the persecution I labour under to induce me to like him still more — especially while I can recollect to his advantage our last interview, and as every day produces stronger instances of tyranny, I will call it, on the other side. — In a word, I will frankly own (since you cannot think any thing I say too explicit) that were he now but a moral man, I would prefer him to all the men I ever saw.

So that this is but conditional liking still, you'll say: nor, I hope, is it more. I never was in love as it is called; and whether this be it, or not, I must submit to you. But will venture to think it, if it be, no such mighty monarch, no such unconquerable power, as I have heard it represented; and it must have met with greater encouragement than I think I have given it, to be absolutely unconquerable — since I am persuaded, that I could yet, without a throb, most willingly give up the one man to get rid of the other.

But now to be a little more serious with you: if, my dear, my particularly-unhappy situation had driven (or led me, if you please) into a liking of the man; and if that liking had, in your opinion, inclined me to love him, should you, whose mind is susceptible of the most friendly impressions, who have such high notions of the delicacy which ought to be observed by our sex in these matters, and who actually do enter so deeply into the distresses of one you love — should you have pushed so far that unhappy friend on so very nice a subject? — Especially, when I aimed not (as you could prove by fifty instances, it seems) to guard against being found out. Had you rallied me by word of mouth in the manner you do, it might have been more in character; especially, if your friend's

distresses had been surmounted, and if she had affected prudish airs in revolving the subject: but to sit down to write it, as methinks I see you, with a gladdened eye, and with all the archness of exultation — indeed, my dear, (and I take notice of it, rather for the sake of your own generosity, than for my sake, for, as I have said, I love your raillery,) it is not so very pretty; the delicacy of the subject, and the delicacy of your own mind, considered.

I lay down my pen here, that you may consider of it a little, if you please.

* * *

I resume, to give you my opinion of the force which figure or person ought to have upon our sex: and this I shall do both generally as to the other sex, and particularly as to this man; whence you will be able to collect how far my friends are in the right, or in the wrong, when they attribute a good deal of prejudice in favour of one man, and in disfavour of the other, on the score of figure. But, first, let me observe, that they see abundant reason, on comparing Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Solmes together, to believe that this may be a consideration with me; and therefore they believe it is.

There is certainly something very plausible and attractive, as well as creditable to a woman's choice, in figure. It gives a favourable impression at first sight, in which we wish to be confirmed: and if, upon further acquaintance, we find reason to be so, we are pleased with our judgment, and like the person the better, for having given us cause to compliment our own sagacity, in our first-sighted impressions. But, nevertheless, it has been generally a rule with me, to suspect a fine figure, both in man and woman; and I have had a good deal of reason to approve my rule; — with regard to men especially, who ought to value themselves rather upon their intellectual than personal qualities. For, as to our sex, if a fine woman should be led by the opinion of the world, to be vain and conceited upon her form and features; and that to such a degree, as to have neglected the more material and more durable recommendations, the world will be ready to excuse her; since a pretty fool, in all she says, and in all she does, will please, we know not why.

But who would grudge this pretty fool her short day! Since, with her summer's sun, when her butterfly flutters are over, and the winter of age and furrows arrives, she will feel the just effects of having neglected to cultivate her better faculties: for then, lie another Helen, she will be unable to bear the reflection even of her own glass, and being sunk into the insignificance of a mere old woman, she will be entitled to the contempts which follow that character. While the discreet matron, who carries up [we will not, in such a one's case, say down] into

advanced life, the ever-amiable character of virtuous prudence and useful experience, finds solid veneration take place of airy admiration, and more than supply the want of it.

But for a man to be vain of his person, how effeminate! If such a one happens to have genius, it seldom strikes deep into intellectual subjects. His outside usually runs away with him. To adorn, and perhaps, intending to adorn, to render ridiculous that person, takes up all his attention. All he does is personal; that is to say, for himself: all he admires, is himself: and in spite of the correction of the stage, which so often and so justly exposes a coxcomb, he usually dwindles down, and sinks into that character; and, of consequence, becomes the scorn of one sex, and the jest of the other.

This is generally the case of your fine figures of men, and of those who value themselves on dress and outward appearance: whence it is, that I repeat, that mere person in a man is a despicable consideration. But if a man, besides figure, has learning, and such talents as would have distinguished him, whatever were his form, then indeed person is an addition: and if he has not run too egregiously into self-admiration, and if he has preserved his morals, he is truly a valuable being.

Mr. Lovelace has certainly taste; and, as far as I am able to determine, he has judgment in most of the politer arts. But although he has a humourous way of carrying it off, yet one may see that he values himself not a little, both on his person and his parts, and even upon his dress; and yet he has so happy an ease in the latter, that it seems to be the least part of his study. And as to the former, I should hold myself inexcusable, if I were to add to his vanity by shewing the least regard for what is too evidently so much his.

And now, my dear, let me ask you, Have I come up to your expectation? If I have not, when my mind is more at ease, I will endeavour to please you better. For, methinks, my sentences drag, my style creeps, my imagination is sunk, my spirits serve me not, only to tell you, that whether I have more or less, I am wholly devoted to the commands of my dear Miss Howe.

P.S. The insolent Betty Barnes has just now fired me anew, by reporting to me the following expressions of the hideous creature, Solmes— ‘That he is sure of the coy girl; and that with little labour to himself. That be I ever so averse to him beforehand, he can depend upon my principles; and it will be a pleasure to him to see by what pretty degrees I shall come to.’ [Horrid wretch!] ‘That it was Sir Oliver’s observation, who knew the world perfectly well, that fear was a better security than love, for a woman’s good behaviour to her husband; although, for his part, to such a fine creature [truly] he would try what love would do, for a few weeks at least; being unwilling to believe what the old knight used to aver, that fondness spoils more wives than it makes good.’

What think you, my dear, of such a wretch as this! tutored, too, by that old surly misogynist, as he was deemed, Sir Oliver? —

LETTER XLI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

How willingly would my dear mother shew kindness to me, were she permitted! None of this persecution should I labour under, I am sure, if that regard were paid to her prudence and fine understanding, which they so well deserve. Whether owing to her, or to my aunt, or to both, that a new trial was to be made upon me, I cannot tell, but this morning her Shorey delivered into my hand the following condescending letter.

MY DEAR GIRL,

For so I must still call you; since dear you may be to me, in every sense of the word — we have taken into particular consideration some hints that fell yesterday from your good Norton, as if we had not, at Mr. Solmes's first application, treated you with that condescension, wherewith we have in all other instances treated you. If it even had been so, my dear, you were not excusable to be wanting in your part, and to set yourself to oppose your father's will in a point which he had entered too far, to recede with honour. But all yet may be well. On your single will, my child, depends all our happiness.

Your father permits me to tell you, that if you now at last comply with his expectations, all past disobligations shall be buried in oblivion, as if they had never been: but withal, that this is the last time that that grace will be offered you.

I hinted to you, you must remember,* that patterns of the richest silks were sent for. They are come. And as they are come, your father, to shew how much he is determined, will have me send them up to you. I could have wished they might not have accompanied this letter, but there is not great matter in that. I must tell you, that your delicacy is not quite so much regarded as I had once thought it deserved to be.

* See Letter XX.

These are the newest, as well as richest, that we could procure; answerable to our situation in the world; answerable to the fortune, additional to your grandfather's estate, designed you; and to the noble settlements agreed upon.

Your father intends you six suits (three of them dressed suits) at his own expense. You have an entire new suit; and one besides, which I think you never wore but twice. As the new suit is rich, if you choose to make that one of the six, your father will present you with an hundred guineas in lieu.

Mr. Solmes intends to present you with a set of jewels. As you have your grandmother's and your own, if you choose to have the former new set, and to

make them serve, his present will be made in money; a very round sum — which will be given in full property to yourself; besides a fine annual allowance for pin-money, as it is called. So that your objection against the spirit of a man you think worse of than it deserves, will have no weight; but you will be more independent than a wife of less discretion than we attribute to you, perhaps ought to be. You know full well, that I, who first and last brought a still larger fortune into the family than you will carry to Mr. Solmes, had not a provision made me of near this that we have made for you. — Where people marry to their liking, terms are the least things stood upon — yet should I be sorry if you cannot (to oblige us all) overcome a dislike.

Wonder not, Clary, that I write to you thus plainly and freely upon this subject. Your behaviour hitherto has been such, that we have had no opportunity of entering minutely into the subject with you. Yet, after all that has passed between you and me in conversation, and between you and your uncles by letter, you have no room to doubt what is to be the consequence. — Either, child, we must give up our authority, or you your humour. You cannot expect the one. We have all the reason in the world to expect the other. You know I have told you more than once, that you must resolve to have Mr. Solmes, or never to be looked upon as our child.

The draught of the settlement you may see whenever you will. We think there can be no room for objection to any of the articles. There is still more in them in our family's favour, than was stipulated at first, when your aunt talked of them to you. More so, indeed, than we could have asked. If, upon perusal of them, you think any alteration necessary, it shall be made. — Do, my dear girl, send to me within this day or two, or rather ask me, for the perusal of them.

As a certain person's appearance at church so lately, and what he gives out every where, makes us extremely uneasy, and as that uneasiness will continue while you are single, you must not wonder that a short day is intended. This day fortnight we design it to be, if you have no objection to make that I shall approve of. But if you determine as we would have you, and signify it to us, we shall not stand with you for a week or so.

Your sightlines of person may perhaps make some think this alliance disparaging. But I hope you will not put such a personal value upon yourself: if you do, it will indeed be the less wonder that person should weigh with you (however weak the consideration!) in another man.

Thus we parents, in justice, ought to judge: that our two daughters are equally dear and valuable to us: if so, why should Clarissa think that a disparagement, which Arabella would not (nor we for her) have thought any, had the address been

made to her? — You will know what I mean by this, without my explaining myself farther.

Signify to us, now, therefore, your compliance with our wishes. And then there is an end of your confinement. An act of oblivion, as I may call it, shall pass upon all your former refractoriness: and you will once more make us happy in you, and in one another. You may, in this case, directly come down to your father and me, in his study; where we will give you our opinions of the patterns, with our hearty forgiveness and blessings.

Come, be a good child, as you used to be, my Clarissa. I have (notwithstanding your past behaviour, and the hopelessness which some have expressed in your compliance) undertaken this one time more for you. Discredit not my hopes, my dear girl. I have promised never more to interfere between your father and you, if this my most earnest application succeed not. I expect you down, love. Your father expects you down. But be sure don't let him see any thing uncheerful in your compliance. If you come, I will clasp you to my fond heart, with as much pleasure as ever I pressed you to it in my whole life. You don't know what I have suffered within these few weeks past; nor ever will be able to guess, till you come to be in my situation; which is that of a fond and indulgent mother, praying night and day, and struggling to preserve, against the attempts of more ungovernable spirits, the peace and union of her family.

But you know the terms. Come not near us, if you have resolve to be undutiful: but this, after what I have written, I hope you cannot be.

If you come directly, and, as I have said, cheerfully, as if your heart were in your duty, (and you told me it was free, you know,) I shall then, as I said, give you the most tender proofs how much I am

Your truly affectionate Mother.

* * *

Think for me, my dearest friend, how I must be affected by this letter; the contents of it is so surprisingly terrifying, yet so sweetly urged! — O why, cried I to myself, am I obliged to undergo this severe conflict between a command that I cannot obey, and language so condescendingly moving! — Could I have been sure of being struck dead at the alter before the ceremony had given the man I hate a title to my vows, I think I could have submitted to having been led to it. But to think of living with and living for a man one abhors, what a sad thing is that!

And then, how could the glare of habit and ornament be supposed any inducement to one, who has always held, that the principal view of a good wife in

the adorning of her person, ought to be, to preserve the affection of her husband, and to do credit to his choice; and that she should be even fearful of attracting the eyes of others? — In this view, must not the very richness of the patterns add to my disgusts? — Great encouragement, indeed, to think of adorning one's self to be the wife of Mr. Solmes!

Upon the whole, it was not possible for me to go down upon the prescribed condition. Do you think it was? — And to write, if my letter would have been read, what could I write that would be admitted, and after what I had written and said to so little effect?

I walked backward and forward. I threw down with disdain the patterns. Now to my closet retired I; then quitting it, threw myself upon the settee; then upon this chair, then upon that; then into one window, then into another — I knew not what to do! — And while I was in this suspense, having again taken up the letter to re-peruse it, Betty came in, reminding me, by order, that my papa and mamma waited for me in my father's study.

Tell my mamma, said I, that I beg the favour of seeing her here for one moment, or to permit me to attend her any where by herself.

I listened at the stairs-head — You see, my dear, how it is, cried my father, very angrily: all your condescension (as your indulgence heretofore) is thrown away. You blame your son's violence, as you call it [I had some pleasure in hearing this]; but nothing else will do with her. You shall not see her alone. Is my presence an exception to the bold creature?

Tell her, said my mother to Betty, she knows upon what terms she may come down to us. Nor will I see her upon any other.

The maid brought me this answer. I had recourse to my pen and ink; but I trembled so, that I could not write, nor knew what to say, had I steadier fingers. At last Betty brought me these lines from my father.

UNDUTIFUL AND PERVERSE CLARISSA,

No condescension, I see, will move you. Your mother shall not see you; nor will I. Prepare however to obey. You know our pleasure. Your uncle Antony, your brother, and your sister, and your favourite Mrs. Norton, shall see the ceremony performed privately at your uncle's chapel. And when Mr. Solmes can introduce you to us, in the temper we wish to behold you in, we may perhaps forgive his wife, although we never can, in any other character, our perverse daughter. As it will be so privately performed, clothes and equipage may be provided for afterwards. So prepare to go to your uncle's for an early day in next week. We will not see you till all is over: and we will have it over the sooner, in order to shorten the time of your deserved confinement, and our own trouble in contending with such a rebel, as you have been of late. I will hear no pleas, I will

receive no letter, nor expostulation. Nor shall you hear from me any more till you have changed your name to my liking. This from

Your incensed Father.

If this resolution be adhered to, then will my father never see me more! — For I will never be the wife of that Solmes — I will die first — !

TUESDAY EVENING.

He, this Solmes, came hither soon after I had received my father's letter. He sent up to beg leave to wait upon me — I wonder at his assurance — !

I said to Betty, who brought me this message, let him restore an unhappy creature to her father and mother, and then I may hear what he has to say. But, if my friends will not see me on his account, I will not see him upon his own.

I hope, Miss, said Betty, you will not send me down with this answer. He is with you papa and mamma.

I am driven to despair, said I. I cannot be used worse. I will not see him.

Down she went with my answer. She pretended, it seems, to be loth to repeat it: so was commanded out of her affected reserves, and gave it in its full force.

O how I heard my father storm!

They were altogether, it seems, in his study. My brother was for having me turned out of the house that moment, to Lovelace, and my evil destiny. My mother was pleased to put in a gentle word for me: I know not what it was: but thus she was answered — My dear, this is the most provoking thing in the world in a woman of your good sense! — To love a rebel, as well as if she were dutiful. What encouragement for duty is this? — Have I not loved her as well as ever you did? And why am I changed! Would to the Lord, your sex knew how to distinguish! It is plain, that she relies upon her power over you. The fond mother ever made a hardened child!

She was pleased, however, to blame Betty, as the wench owned, for giving my answer its full force. But my father praised her for it.

The wench says, that he would have come up in his wrath, at my refusing to see Mr. Solmes, had not my brother and sister prevailed upon him to the contrary.

I wish he had! — And, were it not for his own sake, that he had killed me!

Mr. Solmes condescended [I am mightily obliged to him truly!] to plead for me.

They are all in tumults! How it will end, I know not — I am quite weary of life — So happy, till within these few weeks! — So miserable now!

Well, indeed, might my mother say, that I should have severe trials.*

* See Letter XXV.

P.S. The idiot [such a one am I treated like!] is begged, as I may say, by my brother and sister. They have desired, that I may be consigned over entirely to

their management. If it be granted, [it is granted, on my father's part, I understand, but not yet on my mother's,] what cruelty may I not expect from their envy, jealousy, and ill-will! — I shall soon see, by its effects, if I am to be so consigned. This is a written intimation privately dropt in my wood-house walk, by my cousin Dolly Hervey. The dear girl longs to see me, she tells me: but is forbidden till she see me as Mrs. Solmes, or as consenting to be his. I will take example by their perseverance! — Indeed I will — !

LETTER XLII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

An angry dialogue, a scolding-bout rather, has passed between my sister and me. Did you think I could scold, my dear?

She was sent up to me, upon my refusal to see Mr. Solmes — let loose upon me, I think! — No intention on their parts to conciliate! It seems evident that I am given up to my brother and her, by general consent.

I will do justice to every thing she said against me, which carried any force with it. As I ask for your approbation or disapprobation of my conduct, upon the facts I lay before you, I should think it the sign of a very bad cause, if I endeavoured to mislead my judge.

She began with representing to me the danger I had been in, had my father come up, as he would have done had he not been hindered — by Mr. Solmes, among the rest. She reflected upon my Norton, as if she encouraged me in my perverseness. She ridiculed me for my supposed esteem for Mr. Lovelace — was surprised that the witty, the prudent, nay, the dutiful and pi — ous [so she sneeringly pronounced the word] Clarissa Harlowe, should be so strangely fond of a profligate man, that her parents were forced to lock her up, in order to hinder her from running into his arms. ‘Let me ask you, my dear, said she, how you now keep your account of the disposition of your time? How many hours in the twenty-four do you devote to your needle? How many to your prayers? How many to letter-writing? And how many to love? — I doubt, I doubt, my little dear, was her arch expression, the latter article is like Aaron’s rod, and swallows up the rest! — Tell me; is it not so?’

To these I answered, That it was a double mortification to me to owe my safety from the effects of my father’s indignation to a man I could never thank for any thing. I vindicated the good Mrs. Norton with a warmth that was due to her merit. With equal warmth I resented her reflections upon me on Mr. Lovelace’s account. As to the disposition of my time in the twenty-four hours, I told her it would better have become her to pity a sister in distress, than to exult over her — especially, when I could too justly attribute to the disposition of some of her wakeful hours no small part of that distress.

She raved extremely at this last hint: but reminded me of the gentle treatment of all my friends, my mother’s in particular, before it came to this. She said, that I had discovered a spirit they never had expected: that, if they had thought me such a championess, they would hardly have ventured to engage with me: but that now,

the short and the long of it was, that the matter had gone too far to be given up: that it was become a contention between duty and willfulness; whether a parent's authority were to yield to a daughter's obstinacy, or the contrary: that I must therefore bend or break, that was all, child.

I told her, that I wished the subject were of such a nature, that I could return her pleasantry with equal lightness of heart: but that, if Mr. Solmes had such merit in every body's eyes, in hers, particularly, why might he not be a brother to me, rather than a husband?

O child, says she, methinks you are as pleasant to the full as I am: I begin to have some hopes of you now. But do you think I will rob my sister of her humble servant? Had he first addressed himself to me, proceeded she, something might have been said: but to take my younger sister's refusal! No, no, child; it is not come to that neither! Besides, that would be to leave the door open in your heart for you know who, child; and we would fain bar him out, if possible. In short [and then she changed both her tone and her looks] had I been as forward as somebody, to throw myself into the arms of one of the greatest profligates in England, who had endeavoured to support his claim to me through the blood of my brother, then might all my family join together to save me from such a wretch, and to marry me as fast as they could, to some worthy man, who might opportunely offer himself. And now, Clary, all's out, and make the most of it.

Did not this deserve a severe return? Do, say it did, to justify my reply. — Alas! for my poor sister! said I — The man was not always so great a profligate. How true is the observation, That unrequited love turns to deepest hate!

I thought she would beat me. But I proceeded — I have heard often of my brother's danger, and my brother's murderer. When so little ceremony is made with me, why should I not speak out? — Did he not seek to kill the other, if he could have done it? Would my brother have given Lovelace his life, had it been in his power? — The aggressor should not complain. — And, as to opportune offers, would to Heaven some one had offered opportunely to somebody! It is not my fault, Bella, the opportune gentleman don't come!

Could you, my dear, have shewn more spirit? I expected to feel the weight of her hand. She did come up to me, with it held up: then, speechless with passion, ran half way down the stairs, and came up again.

When she could speak — God give me patience with you!

Amen, said I: but you see, Bella, how ill you bear the retort you provoke. Will you forgive me; and let me find a sister in you, as I am sorry, if you had reason to think me unsisterly in what I have said?

Then did she pour upon me, with greater violence; considering my gentleness as a triumph of temper over her. She was resolved, she said, to let every body

know how I took the wicked Lovelace's part against my brother.

I wished, I told her, I could make the plea for myself, which she might for herself; to wit, that my anger was more inexcusable than my judgment. But I presumed she had some other view in coming to me, than she had hitherto acquainted me with. Let me, said I, but know (after all that has passed) if you have any thing to propose that I can comply with; any thing that can make my only sister once more my friend?

I had before, upon hearing her ridiculing me on my supposed character of meekness, said, that, although I wished to be thought meek, I would not be abject; although humble not mean: and here, in a sneering way, she cautioned me on that head.

I replied, that her pleasantry was much more agreeable than her anger. But I wished she would let me know the end of a visit that had hitherto (between us) been so unsisterly.

She desired to be informed, in the name of every body, was her word, what I was determined upon? And whether to comply or not? — One word for all: My friends were not to have patience with so perverse a creature for ever.

This then I told her I would do: Absolutely break with the man they were all so determined against: upon condition, however, that neither Mr. Solmes, nor any other, were urged upon me with the force of a command.

And what was this, more than I had offered before? What, but ringing my changes upon the same bells, and neither receding nor advancing one tittle?

If I knew what other proposals I could make, I told her, that would be acceptable to them all, and free me from the address of a man so disagreeable to me, I would make them. I had indeed before offered, never to marry without my father's consent —

She interrupted me, That was because I depended upon my whining tricks to bring my father and mother to what I pleased.

A poor dependence! I said: — She knew those who would make that dependence vain —

And I should have brought them to my own beck, very probably, and my uncle Harlowe too, as also my aunt Hervey, had I not been forbidden from their sight, and thereby hindered from playing my pug's tricks before them.

At least, Bella, said I, you have hinted to me to whom I am obliged, that my father and mother, and every body else, treat me thus harshly. But surely you make them all very weak. Indifferent persons, judging of us two from what you say, would either think me a very artful creature, or you a very spiteful one —

You are indeed a very artful one, for that matter, interrupted she in a passion: one of the artfullest I ever knew! And then followed an accusation so low! so

unsisterly! — That I half-bewitched people by my insinuating address: that nobody could be valued or respected, but must stand like ciphers wherever I came. How often, said she, have I and my brother been talking upon a subject, and had every body's attention, till you came in, with your bewitching meek pride, and humble significance? And then have we either been stopped by references to Miss Clary's opinion, forsooth; or been forced to stop ourselves, or must have talked on unattended to by every body.

She paused. Dear Bella, proceed!

She indeed seemed only gathering breath.

And so I will, said she — Did you not bewitch my grandfather? Could any thing be pleasing to him, that you did not say or do? How did he use to hang, till he slabbered again, poor doting old man! on your silver tongue! Yet what did you say, that we could not have said? What did you do, that we did not endeavour to do? — And what was all this for? Why, truly, his last will shewed what effect your smooth obligingness had upon him! — To leave the acquired part of his estate from the next heirs, his own sons, to a grandchild; to his youngest grandchild! A daughter too! — To leave the family-pictures from his sons to you, because you could tiddle about them, and, though you now neglect their examples, could wipe and clean them with your dainty hands! The family-plate too, in such quantities, of two or three generations standing, must not be changed, because his precious child,* humouring his old fal-lal taste, admired it, to make it all her own.

* Alluding to his words in the preamble to the clauses in his will. See Letter IV.

This was too low to move me: O my poor sister! said I: not to be able, or at least willing, to distinguish between art and nature! If I did oblige, I was happy in it: I looked for no further reward: my mind is above art, from the dirty motives you mention. I wish with all my heart my grandfather had not thus distinguished me; he saw my brother likely to be amply provided for out of the family, as well as in it: he desired that you might have the greater share of my father's favour for it; and no doubt but you both have. You know, Bella, that the estate my grandfather bequeathed me was not half the real estate he left.

What's all that to an estate in possession, and left you with such distinctions, as gave you a reputation of greater value than the estate itself?

Hence my misfortune, Bella, in your envy, I doubt! — But have I not given up that possession in the best manner I could —

Yes, interrupting me, she hated me for that best manner. Specious little witch! she called me: your best manner, so full of art and design, had never been seen through, if you, with your blandishing ways, have not been put out of sight, and

reduced to positive declarations! — Hindered from playing your little declarations! — Hindered from playing your little whining tricks! curling, like a serpent about your mamma; and making her cry to deny you any thing your little obstinate heart was set upon — !

Obstinate heart, Bella!

Yes, obstinate heart! For did you ever give up any thing? Had you not the art to make them think all was right you asked, though my brother and I were frequently refused favours of no greater import!

I know not, Bella, that I ever asked any thing unfit to be granted. I seldom asked favours for myself, but for others.

I was a reflecting creature for this.

All you speak of, Bella, was a long time ago. I cannot go so far back into our childish follies. Little did I think of how long standing your late-shewn antipathy is.

I was a reflector again! Such a saucy meekness; such a best manner; and such venom in words! — O Clary! Clary! Thou wert always a two-faced girl!

Nobody thought I had two faces, when I gave up all into my father's management; taking from his bounty, as before, all my little pocket-money, without a shilling addition to my stipend, or desiring it —

Yes, cunning creature! — And that was another of your fetches! — For did it not engage my fond father (as no doubt you thought it would) to tell you, that since you had done so grateful and dutiful a thing, he would keep entire, for your use, all the produce of the estate left you, and be but your steward in it; and that you should be entitled to the same allowances as before? Another of your hook-in's, Clary! — So that all your extravagancies have been supported gratis.

My extravagancies, Bella! — But did my father ever give me any thing he did not give you?

Yes, indeed; I got more by that means, than I should have had the conscience to ask. But I have still the greater part to shew! But you! What have you to shew? — I dare say, not fifty pieces in the world!

Indeed I have not!

I believe you! — Your mamma Norton, I suppose — But mum for that — !

Unworthy Bella! The good woman, although low in circumstance, is great in mind! Much greater than those who would impute meanness to a soul incapable of it.

What then have you done with the sums given you from infancy to squander? — Let me ask you [affecting archness], Has, has, has Lovelace, has your rake, put it out at interest for you?

O that my sister would not make me blush for her! It is, however, out at interest! — And I hope it will bring me interest upon interest! — Better than to lie useless in my cabinet.

She understood me, she said. Were I a man, she should suppose I was aiming to carry the county — Popularity! A crowd to follow me with their blessings as I went to and from church, and nobody else to be regarded, were agreeable things. House-top-proclamations! I hid not my light under a bushel, she would say that for me. But was it not a little hard upon me, to be kept from blazing on a Sunday? — And to be hindered from my charitable ostentations?

This, indeed, Bella, is cruel in you, who have so largely contributed to my confinement. — But go on. You'll be out of breath by-and-by. I cannot wish to be able to return this usage. — Poor Bella! And I believe I smiled a little too contemptuously for a sister to a sister.

None of your saucy contempts [rising in her voice]: None of your poor Bella's, with that air of superiority in a younger sister!

Well then, rich Bella! courtesying — that will please you better — and it is due likewise to the hoards you boast of.

Look ye, Clary, holding up her hand, if you are not a little more abject in your meekness, a little more mean in your humility, and treat me with the respect due to an elder sister — you shall find —

Not that you will treat me worse than you have done, Bella! — That cannot be; unless you were to let fall your uplifted hand upon me — and that would less become you to do, than me to bear.

Good, meek creature: — But you were upon your overtures just now! — I shall surprise every body by tarrying so long. They will think some good may be done with you — and supper will be ready.

A tear would stray down my cheek — How happy have I been, said I, sighing, in the supper-time conversations, with all my dear friends in my eye round their hospitable board.

I met only with insult for this — Bella has not a feeling heart. The highest joy in this life she is not capable of: but then she saves herself many griefs, by her impenetrableness — yet, for ten times the pain that such a sensibility is attended with, would I not part with the pleasure it brings with it.

She asked me, upon my turning from her, if she should not say any thing below of my compliances?

You may say, that I will do every thing they would have me do, if they will free me from Mr. Solmes's address.

This is all you desire at present, creeper on! insinuator! [What words she has!] But will not t'other man flame out, and roar most horribly, upon the snatching

from his paws a prey he thought himself sure of?

I must let you talk in your own way, or we shall never come to a point. I shall not matter in his roaring, as you call it. I will promise him, that, if I ever marry any other man, it shall not be till he is married. And if he be not satisfied with such a condescension, I shall think he ought: and I will give any assurances, that I will neither correspond with him, nor see him. Surely this will do.

But I suppose then you will have no objection to see and converse, on a civil footing, with Mr. Solmes — as your father's friend, or so?

No! I must be permitted to retire to my apartment whenever he comes. I would no more converse with the one, than correspond with the other. That would be to make Mr. Lovelace guilty of some rashness, on a belief, that I broke with him, to have Mr. Solmes.

And so, that wicked wretch is to be allowed such a controul over you, that you are not to be civil to your father's friends, at his own house, for fear of incensing him! — When this comes to be represented, be so good as to tell me, what is it you expect from it!

Every thing, I said, or nothing, as she was pleased to represent it. — Be so good as to give it your interest, Bella, and say, further, 'That I will by any means I can, in the law or otherwise, make over to my father, to my uncles, or even to my brother, all I am entitled to by my grandfather's will, as a security for the performance of my promises. And as I shall have no reason to expect any favour from my father, if I break them, I shall not be worth any body's having. And further still, unkindly as my brother has used me, I will go down to Scotland privately, as his housekeeper [I now see I may be spared here] if he will promise to treat me no worse than he would do an hired one. — Or I will go to Florence, to my cousin Morden, if his stay in Italy will admit of it. In either case, it may be given out, that I am gone to the other; or to the world's end. I care not whither it is said I am gone, or do go.'

Let me ask you, child, if you will give your pretty proposal in writing?

Yes, with all my heart. And I stepped to my closet, and wrote to the purpose I have mentioned; and moreover, the following lines to my brother.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I hope I have made such proposals to my sister as will be accepted. I am sure they will, if you please to give them your sanction. Let me beg of you, for God's sake, that you will. I think myself very unhappy in having incurred your displeasure. No sister can love a brother better than I love you. Pray do not put the worst but the best constructions upon my proposals, when you have them reported to you. Indeed I mean the best. I have no subterfuges, no arts, no intentions, but to keep to the letter of them. You shall yourself draw up every thing into writing, as

strong as you can, and I will sign it: and what the law will not do to enforce it, my resolution and my will shall: so that I shall be worth nobody's address, that has not my papa's consent: nor shall any person, nor any consideration, induce me to revoke it. You can do more than any body to reconcile my parents and uncles to me. Let me owe this desirable favour to your brotherly interposition, and you will for ever oblige

Your afflicted Sister, CL. HARLOWE.

* * *

And how do you think Bella employed herself while I was writing? — Why, playing gently upon my harpsichord; and humming to it, to shew her unconcernedness.

When I approached her with what I had written, she arose with an air of levity — Why, love, you have not written already! — You have, I protest! — O what a ready penwoman! — And may I read it?

If you please. And let me beseech you, my dear Bella, to back these proposals with your good offices: and [folding my uplifted hands; tears, I believe, standing in my eyes] I will love you as never sister loved another.

Thou art a strange creature, said she; there is no withstanding thee.

She took the proposals and letter; and having read them, burst into an affected laugh: How wise ones may be taken in! — Then you did not know, that I was jesting with you all this time! — And so you would have me carry down this pretty piece of nonsense?

Don't let me be surprised at your seeming unsisterliness, Bella. I hope it is but seeming. There can be no wit in such jesting as this.

The folly of the creature! — How natural is it for people, when they set their hearts upon any thing, to think every body must see with their eyes! — Pray, dear child, what becomes of your father's authority here? — Who stoops here, the parent, or the child? — How does this square with engagements actually agreed upon between your father and Mr. Solmes? What security, that your rake will not follow you to the world's end? — Nevertheless, that you may not think that I stand in the way of a reconciliation on such fine terms as these, I will be your messenger this once, and hear what my papa will say to it; although beforehand I can tell you, these proposals will not answer the principal end.

So down she went. But, it seems, my aunt Hervey and my uncle Harlowe were not gone away: and as they have all engaged to act in concert, messengers were dispatched to my uncle and aunt to desire them to be there to breakfast in the morning.

MONDAY NIGHT, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

I am afraid I shall not be thought worthy —

Just as I began to fear I should not be thought worthy of an answer, Betty rapped at my door, and said, if I were not in bed, she had a letter for me. I had but just done writing the above dialogue, and stept to the door with the pen in my hand — Always writing, Miss! said the bold wench: it is admirable how you can get away what you write — but the fairies, they say, are always at hand to help lovers. — She retired in so much haste, that, had I been disposed, I could not take the notice of this insolence which it deserved.

I enclose my brother's letter. He was resolved to let me see, that I should have nothing to expect from his kindness. But surely he will not be permitted to carry every point. The assembling of my friends to-morrow is a good sign: and I will hope something from that, and from proposals so reasonable. And now I will try if any repose will fall to my lot for the remainder of this night.

TO MISS CLARY HARLOWE [ENCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

Your proposals will be considered by your father and mother, and all your friends, to-morrow morning. What trouble does your shameful forwardness give us all! I wonder you have the courage to write to me, upon whom you are so continually emptying your whole female quiver. I have no patience with you, for reflecting upon me as the aggressor in a quarrel which owed its beginning to my consideration for you.

You have made such confessions in a villain's favour, as ought to cause all your relations to renounce you for ever. For my part, I will not believe any woman in the world, who promises against her avowed inclination. To put it out of your power to ruin yourself is the only way left to prevent your ruin. I did not intend to write; but your too-kind sister has prevailed upon me. As to your going to Scotland, that day of grace is over. — Nor would I advise, that you should go to grandfather-up your cousin Morden. Besides, that worthy gentleman might be involved in some fatal dispute, upon your account; and then be called the aggressor.

A fine situation you have brought yourself to, to propose to hide yourself from your rake, and to have falsehoods told, to conceal you! — Your confinement, at this rate, is the happiest thing that could befal you. Your bravo's behaviour at church, looking out for you, is a sufficient indication of his power over you, had you not so shamelessly acknowledged it.

One word for all — Your parents and uncles may do as they will: but if, for the honour of the family, I cannot carry this point, I will retire to Scotland, and never see the face of any one of it more.

JAMES HARLOWE. * * *

There’s a brother! — There’s flaming duty to a father, and mother, and uncles! — But he sees himself valued, and made of consequence; and he gives himself airs accordingly! — Nevertheless, as I said above, I will hope better things from those who have not the interest my brother has to keep open these unhappy differences.

LETTER XLIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

Would you not have thought, my dear Miss Howe, as well as I, that my proposal must have been accepted: and that my brother, by the last article of his unbrotherly letter (where he threatens to go to Scotland if it should be hearkened to) was of opinion that it would.

For my part, after I had read the unkind letter over and over, I concluded, upon the whole, that a reconciliation upon terms so disadvantageous to myself, as hardly any other person in my case, I dare say, would have proposed, must be the result of this morning's conference. And in that belief I had begun to give myself new trouble in thinking (this difficulty over) how I should be able to pacify Lovelace on that part of my engagement, by which I undertook to break off all correspondence with him, unless my friends should be brought, by the interposition of his powerful friends, and any offers they might make, (which it was rather his part to suggest, than mine to intimate,) to change their minds.

Thus was I employed, not very agreeably, you may believe, because of the vehemence of the tempers I had to conflict with; when breakfasting-time approached, and my judges began to arrive.

And oh! how my heart fluttered on hearing the chariot of the one, and then of the other, rattle through the court-yard, and the hollow-sounding foot-step giving notice of each person's stepping out, to take his place on the awful bench which my fancy had formed for them and my other judges!

That, thought I, is my aunt Hervey's! That my uncle Harlowe's! Now comes my uncle Antony! And my imagination made a fourth chariot for the odious Solmes, although it happened he was not there.

And now, thought I, are they all assembled: and now my brother calls upon my sister to make her report! Now the hard-hearted Bella interlards her speech with invective! Now has she concluded her report! Now they debate upon it! — Now does my brother flame! Now threaten to go to Scotland! Now is he chidden, and now soothed!

And then I ran through the whole conference in my imagination, forming speeches for this person and that, pro and con, till all concluded, as I flattered myself, in an acceptance of my conditions, and in giving directions to have an instrument drawn to tie me up to my good behaviour; while I supposed all agreed to give Solmes a wife every way more worthy of him, and with her the promise of

my grandfather's estate, in case of my forfeiture, or dying unmarried, on the righteous condition he proposes to entitle himself to it with me.

And now, thought I, am I to be ordered down to recognize my own proposals. And how shall I look upon my awful judges? How shall I stand the questions of some, the set surliness of others, the returning love of one or two? How greatly shall I be affected!

Then I wept: then I dried my eyes: then I practised at my glass for a look more cheerful than my heart.

And now [as any thing stirred] is my sister coming to declare the issue of all! Tears gushing again, my heart fluttering as a bird against its wires; drying my eyes again and again to no purpose.

And thus, my Nancy, [excuse the fanciful prolixity,] was I employed, and such were my thoughts and imaginations, when I found a very different result from the hopeful conference.

For about ten o'clock up came my sister, with an air of cruel triumph, waving her hand with a light flourish —

Obedience without reserve is required of you, Clary. My papa is justly incensed, that you should presume to dispute his will, and to make conditions with him. He knows what is best for you: and as you own matters are gone a great way between this hated Lovelace and you, they will believe nothing you say; except you will give the one only instance, that will put them out of doubt of the sincerity of your promises.

What, child, are you surprised? — Cannot you speak? — Then, it seems, you had expected a different issue, had you? — Strange that you could! — With all your acknowledgements and confessions, so creditable to your noted prudence — !

I was indeed speechless for some time: my eyes were even fixed, and ceased to flow. But upon the hard-hearted Bella's proceeding with her airs of insult, Indeed I was mistaken, said I; indeed I was! —— For in you, Bella, I expected, I hoped for, a sister —

What! interrupted she, with all your mannerly flings, and your despising airs, did you expect that I was capable of telling stories for you? — Did you think, that when I was asked my own opinion of the sincerity of your declarations, I could not tell tem, how far matters had gone between you and your fellow? — When the intention is to bend that stubborn will of yours to your duty, do you think I would deceive them? — Do you think I would encourage them to call you down, to contradict all that I should have invented in your favour?

Well, well, Bella; I am the less obliged to you; that's all. I was willing to think that I had still a brother and sister. But I find I am mistaken.

Pretty mopsy-eyed soul! — was her expression! — And was it willing to think it had still a brother and sister? And why don't you go on, Clary? [mocking my half-weeping accent] I thought I had a father, and mother, two uncles, and an aunt: but I am mis — taken, that's all — come, Clary, say this, and it will in part be true, because you have thrown off all their authority, and because you respect one vile wretch more than them all.

How have I deserved this at your hands, Sister? — But I will only say, I pity you.

And with that disdainful air too, Clary! — None of that bridled neck! none of your scornful pity, girl! — I beseech you!

This sort of behaviour is natural to you, surely, Bella! — What new talents does it discover in you! — But proceed — If it be a pleasure to you, proceed, Bella. And since I must not pity you, I will pity myself: for nobody else will.

Because you don't, said she —

Hush, Bella, interrupting her, because I don't deserve it — I know you were going to say so. I will say as you say in every thing; and that's the way to please you.

Then say, Lovelace is a villain.

So I will, when I think him so.

Then you don't think him so?

Indeed I don't. You did not always, Bella.

And what, Clary, mean you by that? [bristling up to me] — Tell me what you mean by that reflection?

Tell me why you call it a reflection? — What did I say?

Thou art a provoking creature — But what say you to two or three duels of that wretch's?

I can't tell what to say, unless I knew the occasions.

Do you justify duelling at all?

I do not: neither can I help his duelling.

Will you go down, and humble that stubborn spirit of yours to your mamma?

I said nothing.

Shall I conduct your Ladyship down? [offering to take my declined hand].

What! not vouchsafe to answer me?

I turned from her in silence.

What! turn your back upon me too! — Shall I bring up your mamma to you, love? [following me, and taking my struggling hand] What? not speak yet! Come, my sullen, silent dear, speak one word to me — you must say two very soon to Mr. Solmes, I can tell you that.

Then [gushing into tears, which I could not hold in longer] they shall be the last words I will ever speak.

Well, well, [insultingly wiping my averted face with her handkerchief, while her other hand held mine, in a ridiculing tone,] I am glad any thing will make thee speak: then you think you may be brought to speak the two words — only they are to be the last! — How like a gentle lovyer from its tender bleeding heart was that!

Ridiculous Bella!

Saucy Clary! [changing her sneering tone to an imperious one] But do you think you can humble yourself to go down to your mamma?

I am tired of such stuff as this. Tell me, Bella, if my mamma will condescend to see me?

Yes, if you can be dutiful at last.

I can. I will.

But what call you dutiful?

To give up my own inclinations — That's something more for you to tell of — in obedience to my parents' commands; and to beg that I may not be made miserable with a man that is fitter for any body than for me.

For me, do you mean, Clary?

Why not? since you have put the question. You have a better opinion of him than I have. My friends, I hope, would not think him too good for me, and not good enough for you. But cannot you tell me, Bella, what is to become of me, without insulting over me thus? — If I must be thus treated, remember, that if I am guilty of any rashness, the usage I meet with will justify it.

So, Clary, you are contriving an excuse, I find, for somewhat that we have not doubted has been in your head a great while.

If it were so, you seem resolved, for your part, and so does my brother for his, that I shall not want one. — But indeed, Bella, I can bear no longer this repetition of the worst part of yesterday's conversation: I desire I may throw myself at my father's and mother's feet, and hear from them what their sentence is. I shall at least avoid, by that means, the unsisterly insults I meet with from you.

Hey-day! What, is this you? Is it you, my meek sister Clary?

Yes, it is I, Bella; and I will claim the protection due to a child of the family, or to know why I am to be thus treated, when I offer only to preserve to myself the liberty of refusal, which belongs to my sex; and, to please my parents, would give up my choice. I have contented myself till now to take second-hand messengers, and first-hand insults: you are but my sister: my brother is not my sovereign. And while I have a father and mother living, I will not be thus treated by a brother and sister, and their servants, all setting upon me, as it should seem, to make me

desperate, and do a rash thing. — I will know, in short, sister Bella, why I am to be constrained thus? — What is intended by it? — And whether I am to be considered as a child or a slave?

She stood aghast all this time, partly with real, partly with affected, surprise.

And is it you? Is it indeed you? — Well, Clary, you amaze me! But since you are so desirous to refer yourself to your father and mother, I will go down, and tell them what you say. Your friends are not yet gone, I believe: they shall assemble again; and then you may come down, and plead your own cause in person.

Let me then. But let my brother and you be absent. You have made yourselves too much parties against me, to sit as my judges. And I desire to have none of yours or his interpositions. I am sure you could not have represented what I proposed fairly: I am sure you could not. Nor is it possible you should be commissioned to treat me thus.

Well, well, I'll call up my brother to you. — I will indeed. — He shall justify himself, as well as me.

I desire not to see my brother, except he will come as a brother, laying aside the authority he has unjustly assumed over me.

And so, Clary, it is nothing to him, or to me, is it, that our sister shall disgrace her whole family?

As how, Bella, disgrace it? — The man whom you thus freely treat, is a man of birth and fortune: he is a man of parts, and nobly allied. — He was once thought worthy of you: and I wish to Heaven you had had him. I am sure it was not thus my fault you had not, although you treat me thus.

This set her into a flame: I wish I had forborne it. O how the poor Bella raved! I thought she would have beat me once or twice: and she vowed her fingers itched to do so — but I was not worth her anger: yet she flamed on.

We were heard to be high. — And Betty came up from my mother to command my sister to attend her. — She went down accordingly, threatening me with letting every one know what a violent creature I had shewn myself to be.

TUESDAY NOON, MARCH 21.

I have as yet heard no more of my sister: and have not courage enough to insist upon throwing myself at the feet of my father and mother, as I thought in my heat of temper I should be able to do. And I am now grown as calm as ever; and were Bella to come up again, as fit to be played upon as before.

I am indeed sorry that I sent her from me in such disorder. But my papa's letter threatening me with my uncle Antony's house and chapel, terrifies me strangely; and by their silence I'm afraid some new storm is gathering.

But what shall I do with this Lovelace? I have just now, but the unsuspected hole in the wall (that I told you of in my letter by Hannah) got a letter from him

— so uneasy is he for fear I should be prevailed upon in Solmes's favour; so full of menaces, if I am; so resenting the usage I receive [for, how I cannot tell, but he has undoubtedly intelligence of all that is done in the family]; such protestations of inviolable faith and honour; such vows of reformation; such pressing arguments to escape from this disgraceful confinement — O my Nancy, what shall I do with this Lovelace? —

LETTER XLIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WENESDAY MORNING, NINE O'CLOCK.

My aunt Hervey lay here last night, and is but just gone from me. She came up to me with my sister. They would not trust my aunt without this ill-natured witness. When she entered my chamber, I told her, that this visit was a high favour to a poor prisoner, in her hard confinement. I kissed her hand. She, kindly saluting me, said, Why this distance to your aunt, my dear, who loves you so well?

She owned, that she came to expostulate with me, for the peace-sake of the family: for that she could not believe it possible, if I did not conceive myself unkindly treated, that I, who had ever shewn such a sweetness of temper, as well as manners, should be thus resolute, in a point so very near to my father, and all my friends. My mother and she were both willing to impute my resolution to the manner I had been begun with; and to my supposing that my brother had originally more of a hand in the proposals made by Mr. Solmes, than my father or other friends. In short, fain would my aunt have furnished me with an excuse to come off my opposition; Bell all the while humming a tune, and opening this book and that, without meaning; but saying nothing.

After having shewed me, that my opposition could not be of signification, my father's honour being engaged, my aunt concluded with enforcing upon me my duty, in stronger terms than I believe she would have done, (the circumstances of the case considered), had not my sister been present.

It would be repeating what I have so often mentioned, to give you the arguments that passed on both sides. — So I will only recite what she was pleased to say, that carried with it a new face.

When she found me inflexible, as she was pleased to call it, she said, For her part, she could not but say, that if I were not to have either Mr. Solmes or Mr. Lovelace, and yet, to make my friends easy, must marry, she should not think amiss of Mr. Wyerley. What did I think of Mr. Wyerley?

Ay, Clary, put in my sister, what say you to Mr. Wyerley?

I saw through this immediately. It was said on purpose, I doubted not, to have an argument against me of absolute prepossession in Mr. Lovelace's favour: since Mr. Wyerley every where avows his value, even to veneration, for me; and is far less exceptionable both in person and mind, than Mr. Solmes: and I was willing to turn the tables, by trying how far Mr. Solmes's terms might be dispensed with; since the same terms could not be expected from Mr. Wyerley.

I therefore desired to know, whether my answer, if it should be in favour of Mr. Wyerley, would release me from Mr. Solmes? — For I owned, that I had not the aversion to him, that I had to the other.

Nay, she had no commission to propose such a thing. She only knew, that my father and mother would not be easy till Mr. Lovelace's hopes were entirely defeated.

Cunning creature! said my sister.

And this, and her joining in the question before, convinced me, that it was a designed snare for me.

Don't you, dear Madam, said I, put questions that can answer no end, but to support my brother's schemes against me. — But are there any hopes of an end to my sufferings and disgrace, without having this hated man imposed upon me? Will not what I have offered be accepted? I am sure it ought — I will venture to say that.

Why, Niece, if there be not any such hopes, I presume you don't think yourself absolved from the duty due from a child to her parents?

Yes, said my sister, I do not doubt but it is Miss Clary's aim, if she does not fly to her Lovelace, to get her estate into her own hands, and go to live at The Grove, in that independence upon which she builds all her perverseness. And, dear heart! my little love, how will you then blaze away! Your mamma Norton, your oracle, with your poor at your gates, mingling so proudly and so meanly with the ragged herd! Reflecting, by your ostentation, upon all the ladies in the county, who do not as you do. This is known to be your scheme! and the poor without-doors, and Lovelace within, with one hand building up a name, pulling it down with the other! — O what a charming scheme is this! — But let me tell you, my pretty little flighty one, that your father's living will shall controul your grandfather's dead one; and that estate will be disposed of as your fond grandfather would have disposed of it, had he lived to see such a change in his favourite. In a word, Miss, it will be kept out of your hands, till my father sees you discreet enough to have the management of it, or till you can dutifully, by law, tear it from him.

Fie, Miss Harlowe! said my aunt: this is not pretty to your sister.

O Madam, let her go on. This is nothing to what I have borne from Miss Harlowe. She is either commissioned to treat me ill by her envy, or by an higher authority, to which I must submit. — As to revoking the estate, what hinders, if I pleased? I know my power; but have not the least thought of exerting it. Be pleased to let my father know, that, whatever be the consequence to myself, were he to turn me out of doors, (which I should rather he would do, than to be confined and insulted as I am), and were I to be reduced to indigence and want, I would seek no relief that should be contrary to his will.

For that matter, child, said my aunt, were you to marry, you must do as your husband will have you. If that husband be Mr. Lovelace, he will be glad of any opportunity of further embroiling the families. And, let me tell you, Niece, if he had the respect for you which he pretends to have, he would not throw out defiances as he does. He is known to be a very revengeful man; and were I you, Miss Clary, I should be afraid he would wreak upon me that vengeance, though I had not offended him, which he is continually threatening to pour upon the family.

Mr. Lovelace's threatened vengeance is in return for threatened vengeance. It is not every body will bear insult, as, of late, I have been forced to bear it.

O how my sister's face shone with passion!

But Mr. Lovelace, proceeded I, as I have said twenty and twenty times, would be quite out of question with me, were I to be generously treated!

My sister said something with great vehemence: but only raising my voice, to be heard, without minding her, Pray, Madam, (provokingly interrogated I), was he not known to have been as wild a man, when he was at first introduced into our family, as he now is said to be? Yet then, the common phrases of wild oats, and black oxen, and such-like, were qualifiers; and marriage, and the wife's discretion, were to perform wonders — but (turning to my sister) I find I have said too much.

O thou wicked reflecter! — And what made me abhor him, think you, but the proof of those villainous freedoms that ought to have had the same effect upon you, were you but half so good a creature as you pretend to be?

Proof, did you say, Bella! I thought you had not proof? — But you know best.

Was not this very spiteful, my dear?

Now, Clary, said she, would I give a thousand pounds to know all that is in thy little rancorous and reflecting heart at this moment.

I might let you know for a much less sum, and not be afraid of being worse treated than I have been.

Well, young ladies, I am sorry to see passion run so high between you. You know, Niece, (to me,) you had not been confined thus to your apartment, could your mother by condescension, or your father by authority, have been able to move you. But how can you expect, when there must be a concession on one side, that it should be on theirs? If my Dolly, who has not the hundredth part of your understanding, were thus to set herself up in absolute contradiction to my will, in a point so material, I should not take it well of her — indeed I should not.

I believe not, Madam: and if Miss Hervey had just such a brother, and just such a sister [you may look, Bella!] and if both were to aggravate her parents, as my brother and sister do mine — then, perhaps, you might use her as I am used: and

if she hated the man you proposed to her, and with as much reason as I do Mr. Solmes —

And loved a rake and libertine, Miss, as you do Lovelace, said my sister —

Then might she [continued I, not minding her,] beg to be excused from obeying. Yet if she did, and would give you the most solemn assurances, and security besides, that she would never have the man you disliked, against your consent — I dare say, Miss Hervey's father and mother would sit down satisfied, and not endeavour to force her inclinations.

So! — [said my sister, with uplifted hands] father and mother now come in for their share!

But if, child, replied my aunt, I knew she loved a rake, and suspected that she sought only to gain time, in order to wire-draw me into a consent —

I beg pardon, Madam, for interrupting you; but if Miss Hervey could obtain your consent, what further would be said?

True, child; but she never should.

Then, Madam, it would never be.

That I doubt, Niece.

If you do, Madam, can you think confinement and ill usage is the way to prevent the apprehended rashness?

My dear, this sort of intimation would make one but too apprehensive, that there is no trusting to yourself, when one knows your inclination.

That apprehension, Madam, seems to have been conceived before this intimation, or the least cause for it, was given. Why else the disgraceful confinement I have been laid under? — Let me venture to say, that my sufferings seem to be rather owing to a concerted design to intimidate me [Bella held up her hands], (knowing there were too good grounds for my opposition,) than to a doubt of my conduct; for, when they were inflicted first, I had given no cause of doubt: nor should there now be room for any, if my discretion might be trusted to.

My aunt, after a little hesitation, said, But, consider, my dear, what confusion will be perpetuated in your family, if you marry this hated Lovelace!

And let it be considered, what misery to me, Madam, if I marry that hated Solmes!

Many a young creature has thought she could not love a man, with whom she has afterwards been very happy. Few women, child, marry their first loves.

That may be the reason there are so few happy marriages.

But there are few first impressions fit to be encouraged.

I am afraid so too, Madam. I have a very indifferent opinion of light and first impressions. But, as I have often said, all I wish for is, to have leave to live single.

Indeed you must not, Miss. Your father and mother will be unhappy till they see you married, and out of Lovelace's reach. I am told that you propose to condition with him (so far are matters gone between you) never to have any man, if you have not him.

I know no better way to prevent mischief on all sides, I freely own it — and there is not, if he be out of the question, another man in the world I can think favourably of. Nevertheless, I would give all I have in the world, that he were married to some other person — indeed I would, Bella, for all you put on that smile of incredulity.

May be so, Clary: but I will smile for all that.

If he be out of the question! repeated my aunt — So, Miss Clary, I see how it is — I will go down — [Miss Harlowe, shall I follow you?] — And I will endeavour to persuade your father to let my sister herself come up: and a happier event may then result.

Depend upon it, Madam, said my sister, this will be the case: my mother and she will both be in tears; but with this different effect: my mother will come down softened, and cut to the heart; but will leave her favourite hardened, from the advantages she will think she has over my mother's tenderness — why, Madam, it is for this very reason the girl is not admitted into her presence.

Thus she ran on, as she went downstairs.

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LETTER XXXVII. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Is vexed at the heart to be obliged to tell her that her mother refuses to receive and protect her. Offers to go away privately with her.

LETTER XXXVIII. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Her disinterested arguments in Mrs. Howe's favour, on her refusal to receive her. All her consolation is, that her unhappy situation is not owing to her own inadvertence of folly. Is afraid she is singled out, either for her own faults, or for those of her family, or perhaps for the faults of both, to be a very unhappy creature. Justifies the ways of Providence, let what will befal her: and argues with exemplary greatness of mind on this subject. Warmly discourages Miss Howe's motion to accompany her in her flight.

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LETTER XL. From the same. — Her frightful dream. Now that Lovelace has got her letter, she repents her appointment.

LETTER XLI. From the same. — Receives a letter from Mr. Lovelace, full of transport, vows, and promises. He presumes upon her being his on her getting away, though she has not given him room for such hopes. In her answer she tells him, 'that she looks not upon herself as absolutely bound by her appointment: that there are many points to be adjusted between them (were she to leave her father's house) before she can give him particular encouragement: that he must expect she will do her utmost to procure a reconciliation with her father, and his approbation of her future steps.' All her friends are to be assembled on the following Wednesday: she is to be brought before them. How to be proceeded with. Lovelace, in his reply, asks pardon for writing to her with so much assurance; and declares his entire acquiescence with her will and pleasure.

LETTER XLII. From the same. — Confirms her appointment; but tells him what he is not to expect. Promises, that if she should change her mind as to

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LETTER XLV. From the same. In answer to Letter XLIII. — Reflections worthy of herself on some of the passages in Miss Howe's last letter. Gives her home-put questions a full consideration; and determines NOT to withdraw with Lovelace.

LETTER XLVI. XLVII. From the same. — Substance of her letter to Lovelace, revoking her appointment. Thinks herself obliged (her letter being not taken away) as well by promise as in order to prevent mischief, to meet him, and to give him her reason for revoking. — The hour of meeting now at hand, she is apprehensive of the contest she shall have with him, as he will come with a different expectation.

LETTER XLVIII. From the same. — Dated from St. Alban's. Writes in the utmost anguish of mind for the little parcel of linen she had sent to her with better hopes. Condemns her own rashness in meeting Lovelace. Begs her pity and her prayers.

LETTER I

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

My heart fluttered with the hope and the fear of seeing my mother, and with the shame and grief of having given her so much uneasiness. But it needed not: she was not permitted to come. But my aunt was so good as to return, yet not without my sister; and, taking my hand, made me sit down by her.

She came, she must own, officiously, she said, this once more, though against the opinion of my father: but knowing and dreading the consequence of my opposition, she could not but come.

She then set forth to my friends' expectation from me; Mr. Solmes's riches (three times as rich he came out to be, as any body had thought him); the settlements proposed; Mr. Lovelace's bad character; their aversions to him; all in a very strong light; not in a stronger than my mother had before placed them in. My mother, surely, could not have given the particulars of what had passed between herself and me: if she had, my aunt would not have repeated many of the same sentiments, as you will find she did, that had been still more strongly urged, without effect by her venerable sister.

She said it would break the heart of my father to have it imagined that he had not a power over his own child; and that, as he thought, for my own good: a child too, whom they had always doated upon! — Dearest, dearest Miss, concluded she, clasping her fingers, with the most condescending earnestness, let me beg of you, for my sake, for your own sake, for a hundred sakes, to get over this averseness, to give up your prejudices, and make every one happy and easy once more. — I would kneel to you, my dearest Niece — nay, I will kneel to you — !

And down she dropt, and I with her, kneeling to her, and beseeching her not to kneel; clasping my arms about her, and bathing her worthy bosom with my tears.

O rise! rise! my beloved Aunt, said I: you cut me to the heart with this condescending goodness.

Say then, my dearest Niece, say then, that you will oblige all your friends! — If you love us, I beseech you do —

How can I perform what I can sooner choose to die than to perform — !

Say then, my dear, that you will consider of it. Say you will but reason with yourself. Give us but hopes. Don't let me entreat, and thus entreat, in vain — [for still she kneeled, and I by her].

What a hard case is mine! — Could I but doubt, I know I could conquer. — That which is an inducement to my friends, is none at all to me — How often, my

dearest Aunt, must I repeat the same thing? — Let me but be single — Cannot I live single? Let me be sent, as I have proposed, to Scotland, to Florence, any where: let me be sent a slave to the Indies, any where — any of these I will consent to. But I cannot, cannot think of giving my vows to man I cannot endure!

Well then, rising, (Bella silently, with uplifted hands, reproaching my supposed perverseness,) I see nothing can prevail with you to oblige us.

What can I do, my dearest Aunt Hervey? What can I do? Were I capable of giving a hope I meant not to enlarge, then could I say, I would consider of your kind advice. But I would rather be thought perverse than insincere. Is there, however, no medium? Can nothing be thought of? Will nothing do, but to have a man who is the more disgustful to me, because he is unjust in the very articles he offers?

Whom now, Clary, said my sister, do you reflect upon? Consider that.

Make not invidious applications of what I say, Bella. It may not be looked upon in the same light by every one. The giver and the accepter are principally answerable in an unjust donation. While I think of it in this light, I should be inexcusable to be the latter. But why do I enter upon a supposition of this nature? — My heart, as I have often, often said, recoils, at the thought of the man, in every light. — Whose father, but mine, agrees upon articles where there is no prospect of a liking? Where the direct contrary is avowed, all along avowed, without the least variation, or shadow of a change of sentiment? — But it is not my father's doing originally. O my cruel, cruel brother, to cause a measure to be forced upon me, which he would not behave tolerably under, were the like to be offered to him!

The girl is got into her altitudes, Aunt Hervey, said my sister. You see, Madam, she spares nobody. Be pleased to let her know what she has to trust to. Nothing is to be done with her. Pray, Madam, pronounce her doom.

My aunt retired to the window, weeping, with my sister in her hand: I cannot, indeed I cannot, Miss Harlowe, said she, softly, (but yet I heard every word she said): there is great hardship in her case. She is a noble child after all. What pity things are gone so far! — But Mr. Solmes ought to be told to desist.

O Madam, said my sister, in a kind of loud whisper, are you caught too by the little siren? — My mother did well not to come up! — I question whether my father himself, after his first indignation, would not be turned round by her. Nobody but my brother can do any thing with her, I am sure.

Don't think of your brother's coming up, said my aunt, still in a low voice — He is too furious. I see no obstinacy, no perverseness, in her manner! If your brother comes, I will not be answerable for the consequences: for I thought twice or thrice she would have gone into fits.

O Madam, she has a strong heart! — And you see there is no prevailing with her, though you were upon your knees to her.

My sister left my aunt musing at the window, with her back towards us, and took that opportunity to insult me still more barbarously; for, stepping to my closet, she took up the patterns which my mother had sent me up, and bringing them to me, she spread them upon the chair by me; and offering one, and then another, upon her sleeve and shoulder, thus she ran on, with great seeming tranquility, but whisperingly, that my aunt might not hear her. This, Clary, is a pretty pattern enough: but this is quite charming! I would advise you to make your appearance in it. And this, were I you, should be my wedding night-gown — And this my second dressed suit! Won't you give orders, love, to have your grandmother's jewels new set? — Or will you thing to shew away in the new ones Mr. Solmes intends to present to you? He talks of laying out two or three thousand pounds in presents, child! Dear heart! — How gorgeously will you be array'd! What! silent still? — But, Clary, won't you have a velvet suit? It would cut a great figure in a country church, you know: and the weather may bear it for a month yet to come. Crimson velvet, suppose! Such a fine complexion as yours, how it would be set off by it! What an agreeable blush would it give you! — Heigh-ho! (mocking me, for I sighed to be thus fooled with,) and do you sigh, love? — Well then, as it will be a solemn wedding, what think you of black velvet, child? — Silent still, Clary? — Black velvet, so fair as you are, with those charming eyes, gleaming through a wintry cloud, like an April sun! — Does not Lovelace tell you they are charming eyes? — How lovely will you appear to every one! — What! silent still, love? — But about your laces, Clary? —

She would have gone on still further, had not my aunt advance towards me, wiping her eyes — What! whispering ladies! You seem so easy and so pleased, Miss Harlowe, with your private conference, that I hope I shall carry down good news.

I am only giving her my opinion of her patterns, here. — Unasked indeed; but she seems, by her silence, to approve of my judgment.

O Bella! said I, that Mr. Lovelace had not taken you at your word! — You had before now been exercising your judgment on your own account: and I had been happy as well as you! Was it my fault, I pray you, that it was not so? —

O how she raved!

To be so ready to give, Bella, and so loth to take, is not very fair in you.

The poor Bella descended to call names.

Why, Sister, said I, you are as angry, as if there were more in the hint than possibly might be designed. My wish is sincere, for both our sakes! — for the whole family's sake! — And what (good now) is there in it? — Do not, do not,

dear Bella, give me cause to suspect, that I have found a reason for your behaviour to me, and which till now was wholly unaccountable from sister to sister —

Fie, fie, Clary! said my aunt.

My sister was more and more outrageous.

O how much fitter, said I, to be a jest, than a jester! — But now, Bella, turn the glass to you, and see how poorly sits the robe upon your own shoulders, which you have been so unmercifully fixing upon mine!

Fie, fie, Miss Clary! repeated my aunt.

And fie, fie, likewise, good Madam, to Miss Harlowe, you would say, were you to have heard her barbarous insults!

Let us go, Madam, said my sister, with great violence; let us leave the creature to swell till she bursts with her own poison. — The last time I will ever come near her, in the mind I am in!

It is so easy a thing, returned I, were I to be mean enough to follow an example that is so censurable in the setter of it, to vanquish such a teasing spirit as your's with its own blunt weapons, that I am amazed you will provoke me! — Yet, Bella, since you will go, (for she had hurried to the door,) forgive me. I forgive you. And you have a double reason to do so, both from eldership and from the offence so studiously given to one in affliction. But may you be happy, though I never shall! May you never have half the trials I have had! Be this your comfort, that you cannot have a sister to treat you as you have treated me! — And so God bless you!

O thou art a — And down she flung without saying what.

Permit me, Madam, said I to my aunt, sinking down, and clasping her knees with my arms, to detain you one moment — not to say any thing about my poor sister — she is her own punisher — only to thank you for all your condescending goodness to me. I only beg of you not to impute to obstinacy the immovableness I have shown to so tender a friend; and to forgive me every thing I have said or done amiss in your presence, for it has not proceeded from inward rancour to the poor Bella. But I will be bold to say, that neither she, nor my brother, nor even my father himself, knows what a heart they have set a bleeding.

I saw, to my comfort, what effect my sister's absence wrought for me. — Rise, my noble-minded Niece! — Charming creature! [those were her kind words] kneel not to me! — Keep to yourself what I now say to you. — I admire you more than I can express — and if you can forbear claiming your estate, and can resolve to avoid Lovelace, you will continue to be the greatest miracle I ever knew at your years — but I must hasten down after your sister. — These are my last words to you: 'Conform to your father's will, if you possibly can. How

meritorious will it be in you if you do so! Pray to God to enable you to conform. You don't know what may be done.'

Only, my dear Aunt, one word, one word more (for she was going) — Speak all you can for my dear Mrs. Norton. She is but low in the world: should ill health overtake her, she may not know how to live without my mamma's favour. I shall have no means to help her; for I will want necessaries before I will assert my right: and I do assure you, she has said so many things to me in behalf of my submitting to my father's will, that her arguments have not a little contributed to make me resolve to avoid the extremities, which nevertheless I pray to God they do not at last force me upon. And yet they deprive me of her advice, and think unjustly of one of the most excellent of women.

I am glad to hear you say this: and take this, and this, and this, my charming Niece! (for so she called me almost at every word, kissing me earnestly, and clasping her arms about my neck:) and God protect you, and direct you! But you must submit: indeed you must. Some one day in a month from this is all the choice that is left you.

And this, I suppose, was the doom my sister called for; and yet no worse than what had been pronounced upon me before.

She repeated these last sentences louder than the former. 'And remember, Miss,' added she, 'it is your duty to comply.' — And down she went, leaving me with my heart full, and my eyes running over.

The very repetition of this fills me with almost equal concern to that which I felt at the time.

I must lay down my pen. Mistiness, which give to the deluged eye the appearance of all the colours in the rainbow, will not permit me to write on.

WEDNESDAY, FIVE O'CLOCK

I will now add a few lines — My aunt, as she went down from me, was met at the foot of the stairs by my sister, who seemed to think she had staid a good while after her; and hearing her last words prescribing to me implicit duty, praised her for it, and exclaimed against my obstinacy. Did you ever hear of such perverseness, Madam? said she: Could you have thought that your Clarissa and every body's Clarissa, was such a girl? — And who, as you said, is to submit, her father or she?

My aunt said something in answer to her, compassionating me, as I thought, by her accent: but I heard not the words.

Such a strange perseverance in a measure so unreasonable! — But my brother and sister are continually misrepresenting all I say and do; and I am deprived of the opportunity of defending myself! — My sister says,* that had they thought me

such a championess, they you not have engaged with me: and now, not knowing how to reconcile my supposed obstinacy with my general character and natural temper, they seem to hope to tire me out, and resolve to vary their measures accordingly. My brother, you see,* * is determined to carry this point, or to abandon Harlowe-place, and never to see it more. So they are to lose a son, or to conquer a daughter — the perversest and most ungrateful that ever parents had! — This is the light he places things in: and has undertaken, it seems, to subdue me, if his advice should be followed. It will be farther tried; of that I am convinced; and what will be their next measure, who can divine?

* See Letter XLII. of Vol. I.

* * Ibid.

I shall dispatch, with this, my answer to your's of Sunday last, begun on Monday;* but which is not yet quite finished. It is too long to copy: I have not time for it. In it I have been very free with you, my dear, in more places than one. I cannot say that I am pleased with all I have written — yet will not now alter it. My mind is not at ease enough for the subject. Don't be angry with me. Yet, if you can excuse one or two passages, it will be because they were written by

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

* See Letter XL, ibid.

LETTER II

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WEDNESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 22.

ANGRY! — What should I be angry for? I am mightily pleased with your freedom, as you call it. I only wonder at your patience with me; that's all. I am sorry I gave you the trouble of so long a letter upon the occasion,* notwithstanding the pleasure I received in reading it.

* See Vol. I, Letter XXXVII, for the occasion; and Letters XXXVIII. and XL. of the same volume, for the freedom Clarissa apologizes for.

I believe you did not intend reserves to me: for two reasons I believe you did not: First, because you say you did not: Next, because you have not as yet been able to convince yourself how it is to be with you; and persecuted as you are, how so to separate the effects that spring from the two causes [persecution and love] as to give to each its particular due. But this I believe I hinted to you once before; and so will say no more upon this subject at present.

Robin says, you had but just deposited your last parcel when he took it: for he was there but half an hour before, and found nothing. He had seen my impatience, and loitered about, being willing to bring me something from you, if possible.

My cousin Jenny Fynnett is here, and desires to be my bedfellow to-night. So I shall not have an opportunity to sit down with that seriousness and attention which the subjects of yours require. For she is all prate, you know, and loves to set me a prating; yet comes upon a very grave occasion — to procure my mother to go with her to her grandmother Larking, who has long been bed-ridden; and at last has taken it into her head that she is mortal, and therefore will make her will; a work she was till now extremely averse to; but it must be upon condition that my mother, who is her distant relation, will go to her, and advise her as to the particulars of it: for she has a high opinion, as every one else has, of my mother's judgment in all matters relating to wills, settlements, and such-like notable affairs.

Mrs. Larking lives about seventeen miles off; and as my mother cannot endure to lie out of her own house, she proposes to set out early in the morning, that she might be able to get back again at night. So, to-morrow I shall be at your devotion from day-light to day-light; nor will I be at home to any body.

I have hinted before, that I could almost wish my mother and Mr. Hickman would make a match of it: and I here repeat my wishes. What signifies a difference of fifteen or twenty years; especially when the lady has spirits that will

make her young a long time, and the lover is a mighty sober man? — I think, verily, I could like him better for a papa, than for a nearer relation: and they are strange admirers of one another.

But allow me a perhaps still better (and, as to years, more suitable and happier) disposal; for the man at least. — What think you, my dear, of compromising with your friends, by rejecting both men, and encouraging my parader? — If your liking one of the two go no farther than conditional, I believe it will do. A rich thought, if it obtain your approbation! In this light, I should have a prodigious respect for Mr. Hickman; more by half than I can have in the other. The vein is opened — Shall I let it flow? How difficult to withstand constitutional foibles!

Hickman is certainly a man more in your taste than any of those who have hitherto been brought to address you. He is mighty sober, mighty grave, and all that. Then you have told me, that he is your favourite. But that is because he is my mother's perhaps. The man would certainly rejoice at the transfer; or he must be a greater fool than I take him to be.

O but your fierce lover would knock him o' the head — I forgot that! — What makes me incapable of seriousness when I write about Hickman? — Yet the man so good a sort of man in the main! — But who is perfect? This is one of my foibles: and it is something for you to chide me for.

You believe me to be very happy in my prospect in relation to him: because you are so very unhappy in the foolish usage you meet with, you are apt (as I suspect) to think that tolerable which otherwise would be far from being so. I dare say, you would not, with all your grave airs, like him for yourself; except, being addressed by Solmes and him, you were obliged to have one of them. — I have given you a test. Let me see what you will say to it.

For my own part, I confess to you, that I have great exceptions to Hickman. He and wedlock never yet once entered into my head at one time. Shall I give you my free thoughts of him? — Of his best and his worst; and that as if I were writing to one who knows him not? — I think I will. Yet it is impossible I should do it gravely. The subject won't bear to be so treated in my opinion. We are not come so far as that yet, if ever we shall: and to do it in another strain, ill becomes my present real concern for you.

Here I was interrupted on the honest man's account. He has been here these two hours — courting the mother for the daughter, I suppose — yet she wants no courting neither: 'Tis well one of us does; else the man would have nothing but halcyon; and be remiss, and saucy of course.

He was going. His horses at the door. My mother sent for me down, pretending to want to say something to me.

Something she said when I came that signified nothing — Evidently, for no reason called me, but to give me an opportunity to see what a fine bow her man could make; and that she might wish me a good night. She knows I am not over ready to oblige him with my company, if I happen to be otherwise engaged. I could not help an air a little upon the fretful, when I found she had nothing of moment to say to me, and when I saw her intention.

She smiled off the visible fretfulness, that the man might go away in good humour with himself.

He bowed to the ground, and would have taken my hand, his whip in the other. I did not like to be so companioned: I withdrew my hand, but touched his elbow with a motion, as if from his low bow I had supposed him falling, and would have helped him up — A sad slip, it might have been! said I.

A mad girl! smiled it off my mother.

He was quite put out; took his horse-bridle, stumped back, back, back, bowing, till he run against his servant. I laughed. He mounted his horse. I mounted up stairs, after a little lecture; and my head is so filled with him, that I must resume my intention, in hopes to divert you for a few moments.

Take it then — his best, and his worst, as I said before.

Hickman is a sort of fiddling, busy, yet, to borrow a word from you, unbusy man: has a great deal to do, and seems to me to dispatch nothing. Irresolute and changeable in every thing, but in teasing me with his nonsense; which yet, it is evident, he must continue upon my mother's interest more than upon his own hopes; for none have I given him.

Then I have a quarrel against his face, though in his person, for a well-thriven man, tolerably genteel — Not to his features so much neither; for what, as you have often observed, are features in a man? — But Hickman, with strong lines, and big cheek and chin bones, has not the manliness in his aspect, which Lovelace has with the most regular and agreeable features.

Then what a set and formal mortal he is in some things! — I have not been able yet to laugh him out of his long bid and beads. Indeed, that is, because my mother thinks they become him; and I would not be so free with him, as to own I should choose to have him leave it off. If he did, so particular is the man, he would certainly, if left to himself, fall into a King-William's cravat, or some such antique chin-cushion, as by the pictures of that prince one sees was then the fashion.

As to his dress in general, he cannot indeed be called a sloven, but sometimes he is too gaudy, at other times too plain, to be uniformly elegant. And for his

manners, he makes such a bustle with them, and about them, as would induce one to suspect that they are more strangers than familiars to him. You, I know, lay this to his fearfulness of disobliging or offending. Indeed your over-doers generally give the offence they endeavour to avoid.

The man however is honest: is of family: has a clear and good estate; and may one day be a baronet, an't please you. He is humane and benevolent, tolerably generous, as people say; and as I might say too, if I would accept of his bribes; which he offers in hopes of having them all back again, and the bribed into the bargain. A method taken by all corrupters, from old Satan, to the lowest of his servants. Yet, to speak in the language of a person I am bound to honour, he is deemed a prudent man; that is to say a good manager.

Then I cannot but confess, that now I like not anybody better, whatever I did once.

He is no fox-hunter: he keeps a pack indeed; but prefers not his hounds to his fellow-creatures. No bad sign for a wife, I own. He loves his horse; but dislikes racing in a gaming way, as well as all sorts of gaming. Then he is sober; modest; they say, virtuous; in short, has qualities that mothers would be fond of in a husband for their daughters; and for which perhaps their daughters would be the happier could they judge as well for themselves, as experience possibly may teach them to judge for their future daughters.

Nevertheless, to own the truth, I cannot say I love the man: nor, I believe, ever shall.

Strange! that these sober fellows cannot have a decent sprightliness, a modest assurance with them! Something debonnaire; which need not be separated from that awe and reverence, when they address a woman, which should shew the ardour of their passion, rather than the sheepishness of their nature; for who knows not that love delights in taming the lion-hearted? That those of the sex, who are most conscious of their own defect in point of courage, naturally require, and therefore as naturally prefer, the man who has most of it, as the most able to give them the requisite protection? That the greater their own cowardice, as it would be called in a man, the greater is their delight in subjects of heroism? As may be observed in their reading; which turns upon difficulties encountered, battles fought, and enemies overcome, four or five hundred by the prowess of one single hero, the more improbable the better: in short, that their man should be a hero to every one living but themselves; and to them know no bound to his humility. A woman has some glory in subduing a heart no man living can appall; and hence too often the bravo, assuming the hero, and making himself pass for one, succeeds as only a hero should.

But as for honest Hickman, the good man is so generally meek, as I imagine, that I know not whether I have any preference paid me in his obsequiousness. And then, when I rate him, he seems to be so naturally fitted for rebuke, and so much expects it, that I know not how to disappoint him, whether he just then deserve it, or not. I am sure, he has puzzled me many a time when I have seen him look penitent for faults he has not committed, whether to pity or laugh at him.

You and I have often retrospected the faces and minds of grown people; that is to say, have formed images for their present appearances, outside and in, (as far as the manners of the persons would justify us in the latter) what sort of figures they made when boys and girls. And I'll tell you the lights in which HICKMAN, SOLMES, and LOVELACE, our three heroes, have appeared to me, supposing them boys at school.

Solmes I have imagined to be a little sordid, pilfering rogue, who would purloin from every body, and beg every body's bread and butter from him; while, as I have heard a reptile brag, he would in a winter-morning spit upon his thumbs, and spread his own with it, that he might keep it all to himself.

Hickman, a great overgrown, lank-haired, chubby boy, who would be hunched and punched by every body; and go home with his finger in his eye, and tell his mother.

While Lovelace I have supposed a curl-pated villain, full of fire, fancy, and mischief; an orchard-robber, a wall-climber, a horse-rider without saddle or bridle, neck or nothing: a sturdy rogue, in short, who would kick and cuff, and do no right, and take no wrong of any body; would get his head broke, then a plaster for it, or let it heal of itself; while he went on to do more mischief, and if not to get, to deserve, broken bones. And the same dispositions have grown up with them, and distinguish them as me, with no very material alteration.

Only that all men are monkeys more or less, or else that you and I should have such baboons as these to choose out of, is a mortifying thing, my dear.

I am sensible that I am a little out of season in treating thus ludicrously the subject I am upon, while you are so unhappy; and if my manner does not divert you, as my flightiness used to do, I am inexcusable both to you, and to my own heart: which, I do assure you, notwithstanding my seeming levity, is wholly in your case.

As this letter is extremely whimsical, I will not send it until I can accompany it with something more solid and better suited to your unhappy circumstances; that is to say, to the present subject of our correspondence. To-morrow, as I told you, will be wholly my own, and of consequence yours. Adieu, therefore, till then.

LETTER III

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TUESDAY MORN. 7 O'CLOCK

My mother and cousin are already gone off in our chariot and four, attended by their doughty 'squire on horseback, and he by two of his own servants, and one of my mother's. They both love parade when they go abroad, at least in compliment to one another; which shews, that each thinks the other does. Robin is your servant and mine, and nobody's else — and the day is all my own.

I must begin with blaming you, my dear, for your resolution not to litigate for your right, if occasion were to be given you. Justice is due to ourselves, as well as to every body else. Still more must I blame you for declaring to your aunt and sister, that you will not: since (as they will tell it to your father and brother) the declaration must needs give advantage to spirits who have so little of that generosity for which you are so much distinguished.

There never was a spirit in the world that would insult where it dared, but it would creep and cringe where it dared not. Let me remind you of a sentence of your own, the occasion for which I have forgotten: 'That little spirits will always accommodate themselves to the temper of those they would work upon: will fawn upon a sturdy-tempered person: will insult the meek:' — And another given to Miss Biddulph, upon an occasion you cannot forget:— 'If we assume a dignity in what we say and do, and take care not to disgrace by arrogance our own assumption, every body will treat us with respect and deference.'

I remember that you once made an observation, which you said, you was obliged to Mrs. Norton for, and she to her father, upon an excellent preacher, who was but an indifferent liver: 'That to excel in theory, and to excel in practice, generally required different talents; which did not always meet in the same person.' Do you, my dear (to whom theory and practice are the same thing in almost every laudable quality), apply the observation to yourself, in this particular case, where resolution is required; and where the performance of the will of the defunct is the question — no more to be dispensed with by you, in whose favour it was made, than by any body else who have only themselves in view by breaking through it.

I know how much you despise riches in the main: but yet it behoves you to remember, that in one instance you yourself have judged them valuable— 'In that they put it into our power to lay obligations; while the want of that power puts a person under a necessity of receiving favours — receiving them perhaps from

grudging and narrow spirits, who know not how to confer them with that grace, which gives the principal merit to a beneficent action.' — Reflect upon this, my dear, and see how it agrees with the declaration you have made to your aunt and sister, that you would not resume your estate, were you to be turned out of doors, and reduced to indigence and want. Their very fears that you will resume, point out to you the necessity of resuming upon the treatment you meet with.

I own, that (at first reading) I was much affected with your mother's letter sent with the patterns. A strange measure however from a mother; for she did not intend to insult you; and I cannot but lament that so sensible and so fine a woman should stoop to so much art as that letter is written with: and which also appears in some of the conversations you have given me an account of. See you not in her passiveness, what boisterous spirits can obtain from gentler, merely by teasing and ill-nature?

I know the pride they have always taken in calling you a Harlowe — Clarissa Harlowe, so formal and so set, at every word, when they are grave or proudly solemn. — Your mother has learnt it of them — and as in marriage, so in will, has been taught to bury her own superior name and family in theirs. I have often thought that the same spirit governed them, in this piece of affectation, and others of the like nature (as Harlowe-Place, and so-forth, though not the elder brother's or paternal seat), as governed the tyrant Tudor,* who marrying Elizabeth, the heiress of the house of York, made himself a title to a throne, which he would not otherwise have had (being but a base descendant of the Lancaster line); and proved a gloomy and vile husband to her; for no other cause, than because she had laid him under obligations which his pride would not permit him to own. — Nor would the unprincely wretch marry her till he was in possession of the crown, that he might not be supposed to owe it to her claim.

* Henry VII.

You have chidden me, and again will, I doubt not, for the liberties I take with some of your relations. But my dear, need I tell you, that pride in ourselves must, and for ever will, provoke contempt, and bring down upon us abasement from others? — Have we not, in the case of a celebrated bard, observed, that those who aim at more than their due, will be refused the honours they may justly claim? — I am very much loth to offend you; yet I cannot help speaking of your relations, as well as of others, as I think they deserve. Praise or dispraise, is the reward or punishment which the world confers or inflicts on merit or demerit; and, for my part, I neither can nor will confound them in the application. I despise them all, but your mother: indeed I do: and as for her — but I will spare the good lady for your sake — and one argument, indeed, I think may be pleaded in her favour, in the present contention — she who has for so many years, and with such absolute

resignation, borne what she has borne to the sacrifice of her own will, may think it an easier task than another person can imagine it, for her daughter to give up hers. But to think to whose instigation all this is originally owing — God forgive me; but with such usage I should have been with Lovelace before now! Yet remember, my dear, that the step which would not be wondered at from such a hasty-tempered creatures as me, would be inexcusable in such a considerate person as you.

After your mother has been thus drawn in against her judgment, I am the less surprised, that your aunt Hervey should go along with her; since the two sisters never separate. I have inquired into the nature of the obligation which Mr. Hervey's indifferent conduct in his affairs has laid him under — it is only, it seems, that your brother has paid off for him a mortgage upon one part of his estate, which the mortgagee was about to foreclose; and taken it upon himself. A small favour (as he has ample security in his hands) from kindred to kindred: but such a one, it is plain, as has laid the whole family of the Herveys under obligation to the ungenerous lender, who has treated him, and his aunt too (as Miss Dolly Hervey has privately complained), with the less ceremony ever since.

Must I, my dear, call such a creature your brother? — I believe I must — Because he is your father's son. There is no harm, I hope, in saying that.

I am concerned, that you ever wrote at all to him. It was taking too much notice of him: it was adding to his self-significance; and a call upon him to treat you with insolence. A call which you might have been assured he would not fail to answer.

But such a pretty master as this, to run riot against such a man as Lovelace; who had taught him to put his sword into his scabbard, when he had pulled it out by accident! — These in-door insolents, who, turning themselves into bugbears, frighten women, children, and servants, are generally cravens among men. Were he to come fairly across me, and say to my face some of the free things which I am told he has said of me behind my back, or that (as by your account) he has said of our sex, I would take upon myself to ask him two or three questions; although he were to send me a challenge likewise.

I repeat, you know that I will speak my mind, and write it too. He is not my brother. Can you say, he is yours? — So, for your life, if you are just, you can't be angry with me: For would you side with a false brother against a true friend? A brother may not be a friend: but a friend will always be a brother — mind that, as your uncle Tony says!

I cannot descend so low, as to take very particular notice of the epistles of these poor souls, whom you call uncles. Yet I love to divert myself with such

grotesque characters too. But I know them and love you; and so cannot make the jest of them which their absurdities call for.

You chide me, my dear,* for my freedoms with relations still nearer and dearer to you, than either uncles or brother or sister. You had better have permitted me (uncorrected) to have taken my own way. Do not use those freedoms naturally arise from the subject before us? And from whom arises that subject, I pray you? Can you for one quarter of an hour put yourself in my place, or in the place of those who are still more indifferent to the case than I can be? — If you can — But although I have you not often at advantage, I will not push you.

* See Vol. I. Letter XXVIII.

Permit me, however, to subjoin, that well may your father love your mother, as you say he does. A wife who has no will but his! But were there not, think you, some struggles between them at first, gout out of the question? — Your mother, when a maiden, had, as I have heard (and it is very likely) a good share of those lively spirits which she liked in your father. She has none of them now. How came they to be dissipated? — Ah! my dear! — she has been too long resident in Trophonius's cave, I doubt.*

* Spectator, Vol. VIII. No. 599.

Let me add one reflection upon this subject, and so entitle myself to your correction for all at once. — It is upon the conduct of those wives (for you and I know more than one such) who can suffer themselves to be out-blustered and out-gloomed of their own wills, instead of being fooled out of them by acts of tenderness and complaisance. — I wish, that it does not demonstrate too evidently, that, with some of the sex, insolent controul is a more efficacious subduer than kindness or concession. Upon my life, my dear, I have often thought, that many of us are mere babies in matrimony: perverse fools when too much indulged and humoured; creeping slaves, when treated harshly. But shall it be said, that fear makes us more gentle obligers than love? — Forbid it, Honour! Forbid it, Gratitude! Forbid it, Justice! that any woman of sense should give occasion to have this said of her!

Did I think you would have any manner of doubt, from the style or contents of this letter, whose saucy pen it is that has run on at this rate, I would write my name at length; since it comes too much from my heart to disavow it: but at present the initials shall serve; and I will go on again directly.

A.H.

LETTER IV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY MORN. 10 O'CLOCK (MAR. 23).

I will postpone, or perhaps pass by, several observations which I had to make on other parts of your letters; to acquaint you, that Mr. Hickman, when in London, found an opportunity to inquire after Mr. Lovelace's town life and conversation.

At the Cocoa-tree, in Pall-mall, he fell in with two of his intimates, the one named Belton, the other Mowbray; both very free of speech, and probably as free in their lives: but the waiters paid them great respect, and on Mr. Hickman's inquiry after their characters, called them men of fortune and honour.

They began to talk of Mr. Lovelace of their own accord; and upon some gentlemen in the room asking, when they expected him in town, answered, that very day. Mr. Hickman (as they both went on praising Lovelace) said, he had indeed heard, that Mr. Lovelace was a very fine gentleman — and was proceeding, when one of them, interrupting him, said, — Only, Sir, the finest gentleman in the world; that's all.

And so he led them on to expatiate more particularly on his qualities; which they were very fond of doing: but said not one single word in behalf of his morals — Mind that also, in your uncle's style.

Mr. Hickman said, that Mr. Lovelace was very happy, as he understood, in the esteem of the ladies; and smiling, to make them believe he did not think amiss of it, that he pushed his good fortune as far as it would go.

Well put, Mr. Hickman! thought I; equally grave and sage — thou seemest not to be a stranger to their dialect, as I suppose this is. But I said nothing; for I have often tried to find out this might sober man of my mother's: but hitherto have only to say, that he is either very moral, or very cunning.

No doubt of it, replied one of them; and out came an oath, with a Who would not? — That he did as every young fellow would do.

Very true! said my mother's puritan — but I hear he is in treaty with a fine lady —

So he was, Mr. Belton said — The devil fetch her! [vile brute!] for she engrossed all his time — but that the lady's family ought to be — something — [Mr. Hickman desired to be excused repeating what — though he had repeated what was worse] and might dearly repent their usage of a man of his family and merit.

Perhaps they may think him too wild, cries Hickman: and theirs is, I hear, a very sober family —

SOBER! said one of them: A good honest word, Dick! — Where the devil has it lain all this time? — D —— me if I have heard of it in this sense ever since I was at college! and then, said he, we bandied it about among twenty of us as an obsolete.

These, my dear, are Mr. Lovelace's companions: you'll be pleased to take notice of that!

Mr. Hickman said, this put him out of countenance.

I stared at him, and with such a meaning in my eyes, as he knew how to take; and so was out of countenance again.

Don't you remember, my dear, who it was that told a young gentleman designed for the gown, who owned that he was apt to be too easily put out of countenance when he came into free company, 'That it was a bad sign; that it looked as if his morals were not proof; but that his good disposition seemed rather the effect of accident and education, than of such a choice as was founded upon principle?' And don't you know the lesson the very same young lady gave him, 'To endeavour to stem and discountenance vice, and to glory in being an advocate in all companies for virtue;' particularly observing, 'That it was natural for a man to shun or to give up what he was ashamed of?' Which she should be sorry to think his case on this occasion: adding, 'That vice was a coward, and would hide its head, when opposed by such a virtue as had presence of mind, and a full persuasion of its own rectitude to support it.' The lady, you may remember, modestly put her doctrine into the mouth of a worthy preacher, Dr. Lewen, as she used to do, when she has a mind not to be thought what she is at so early an age; and that it may give more weight to any thing she hit upon, that might appear tolerable, was her modest manner of speech.

Mr. Hickman, upon the whole, professed to me, upon his second recovery, that he had no reason to think well of Mr. Lovelace's morals, from what he heard of him in town; yet his two intimates talked of his being more regular than he used to be. That he had made a very good resolution, that of old Tom Wharton, was the expression, That he would never give a challenge, nor refuse one; which they praised in him highly: that, in short, he was a very brave fellow, and the most agreeable companion in the world: and would one day make a great figure in his country; since there was nothing he was not capable of —

I am afraid that his last assertion is too true. And this, my dear, is all that Mr. Hickman could pick up about him: And is it not enough to determine such a mind as yours, if not already determined?

Yet it must be said too, that if there be a woman in the world that can reclaim him, it is you. And, by your account of his behaviour in the interview between you, I own I have some hope of him. At least, this I will say, that all the arguments he then used with you, seemed to be just and right. And if you are to be his — But no more of that: he cannot, after all, deserve you.

LETTER V

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 23.

An unexpected visitor has turned the course of my thoughts, and changed the subject I had intended to pursue. The only one for whom I would have dispensed with my resolution not to see any body all the dedicated day: a visiter, whom, according to Mr. Hickman's report from the expectations of his libertine friends, I supposed to be in town. — Now, my dear, have I saved myself the trouble of telling you, that it was you too-agreeable rake. Our sex is said to love to trade in surprises: yet have I, by my promptitude, surprised myself out of mine. I had intended, you must know, to run twice the length, before I had suffered you to know so much as to guess who, and whether man or woman, my visiter was: but since you have the discovery at so cheap a rate, you are welcome to it.

The end of his coming was, to engage my interest with my charming friend; and he was sure that I knew all your mind, to acquaint him what he had to trust to.

He mentioned what had passed in the interview between you: but could not be satisfied with the result of it, and with the little satisfaction he had obtained from you: the malice of your family to him increasing, and their cruelty to you not abating. His heart, he told me, was in tumults, for fear you should be prevailed upon in favour of a man despised by every body.

He gave me fresh instance of indignities cast upon himself by your uncles and brother; and declared, that if you suffered yourself to be forced into the arms of the man for whose sake he was loaded with undeserved abuses, you should be one of the youngest, as you would be one of the loveliest widows in England. And that he would moreover call your brother to account for the liberties he takes with his character to every one he meets with.

He proposed several schemes, for you to choose some one of them, in order to enable you to avoid the persecutions you labour under: One I will mention — That you will resume your estate; and if you find difficulties that can be no otherwise surmounted, that you will, either avowedly or privately, as he had proposed to you, accept of Lady Betty Lawrance's or Lord M.'s assistance to instate you in it. He declared, that if you did, he would leave absolutely to your own pleasure afterwards, and to the advice which your cousin Morden on his arrival should give you, whether to encourage his address, or not, as you should be convinced of the sincerity of the reformation which his enemies make him so much want.

I had now a good opportunity to sound him, as you wished Mr. Hickman would Lord M. as to the continued or diminished favour of the ladies, and of his Lordship, towards you, upon their being acquainted with the animosity of your relations to them, as well as to their kinsman. I laid hold of the opportunity, and he satisfied me, by reading some passages of a letter he had about him, from Lord M. That an alliance with you, and that on the foot of your own single merit, would be the most desirable event to them that could happen: and so far to the purpose of your wished inquiry does his Lordship go in this letter, that he assures him, that whatever you suffer in fortune from the violence of your relations on his account, he and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty will join to make it up to him. And yet that the reputation of a family so splendid, would, no doubt, in a case of such importance to the honour of both, make them prefer a general consent.

I told him, as you yourself I knew had done, that you were extremely averse to Mr. Solmes; and that, might you be left to your own choice, it would be the single life. As to himself, I plainly said, That you had great and just objections to him on the score of his careless morals: that it was surprising, that men who gave themselves the liberties he was said to take, should presume to think, that whenever they took it into their heads to marry, the most virtuous and worthy of the sex were to fall to their lot. That as to the resumption, it had been very strongly urged by myself, and would be still further urged; though you had been hitherto averse to that measure: that your chief reliance and hopes were upon your cousin Morden; and that to suspend or gain time till he arrived, was, as I believed, your principal aim.

I told him, That with regard to the mischief he threatened, neither the act nor the menace could serve any end but theirs who persecuted you; as it would give them a pretence for carrying into effect their compulsory projects; and that with the approbation of all the world; since he must not think the public would give its voice in favour of a violent young man, of no extraordinary character as to morals, who should seek to rob a family of eminence of a child so valuable; and who threatened, if he could not obtain her in preference to a man chosen by themselves, that he would avenge himself upon them all by acts of violence.

I added, That he was very much mistaken, if he thought to intimidate you by such menaces: for that, though your disposition was all sweetness, yet I knew not a steadier temper in the world than yours; nor one more inflexible, (as your friends had found, and would still further find, if they continued to give occasion for its exertion,) whenever you thought yourself in the right; and that you were ungenerously dealt with in matters of too much moment to be indifferent about. Miss Clarissa Harlowe, Mr. Lovelace, let me tell you, said I, timid as her foresight and prudence may make her in some cases, where she apprehends dangers to

those she loves, is above fear, in points where her honour, and the true dignity of her sex, are concerned. — In short, Sir, you must not think to frighten Miss Clarissa Harlowe into such a mean or unworthy conduct as only a weak or unsteady mind can be guilty of.

He was so very far from intending to intimidate you, he said, that he besought me not to mention one word to you of what had passed between us: that what he had hinted at, which carried the air of menace, was owing to the fervour of his spirits, raised by his apprehensions of losing all hope of you for ever; and on a supposition, that you were to be actually forced into the arms of a man you hated: that were this to be the case, he must own, that he should pay very little regard to the world, or its censures: especially as the menaces of some of your family now, and their triumph over him afterwards, would both provoke and warrant all the vengeance he could take.

He added, that all the countries in the world were alike to him, but on your account: so that, whatever he should think fit to do, were you lost to him, he should have noting to apprehend from the laws of this.

I did not like the determined air he spoke this with: he is certainly capable of great rashness.

He palliated a little this fierceness (which by the way I warmly censured) by saying, That while you remain single, he will bear all the indignities that shall be cast upon him by your family. But would you throw yourself, if you were still farther driven, into any other protection, if not Lord M.'s, or that of the ladies of his family, into my mother's,* suppose; or would you go to London to private lodgings, where he would never visit you, unless he had your leave (and from whence you might make your own terms with your relations); he would be entirely satisfied; and would, as he had said before, wait the effect of your cousin's arrival, and your free determination as to his own fate. Adding, that he knew the family so well, and how much fixed they were upon their measures, as well as the absolute dependence they had upon your temper and principles, that he could not but apprehend the worst, while you remained in their power, and under the influence of their persuasions and menaces.

* Perhaps it will be unnecessary to remind the reader, that although Mr. Lovelace proposes (as above) to Miss Howe, that her fair friend should have recourse to the protection of Mrs. Howe, if farther driven; yet he had artfully taken care, by means of his agent in the Harlowe family, not only to inflame the family against her, but to deprive her of Mrs. Howe's, and of every other protection, being from the first resolved to reduce her to an absolute dependence upon

himself. See Vol. I. Letter XXXI.

We had a great deal of other discourse: but as the reciting of the rest would be but a repetition of many of the things that passed between you and him in the interview between you in the wood-house, I refer myself to your memory on that occasion.*

* See Vol. I. Letter XXXVI.

And now, my dear, upon the whole, I think it behoves you to make yourself independent: all then will fall right. This man is a violent man. I should wish, methinks, that you should not have either him or Solmes. You will find, if you get out of your brother's and sister's way, what you can or cannot do, with regard to either.

If your relations persist in their foolish scheme, I think I will take his hint, and, at a proper opportunity, sound my mother. Mean time, let me have your clear opinion of the resumption, which I join with Lovelace in advising. You can but see how your demand will work. To demand, is not to litigate. But be your resolution what it will, do not by any means repeat to them, that you will not assert your right. If they go on to give you provocation, you may have sufficient reason to change your mind: and let them expect that you will change it. They have not the generosity to treat you the better for disclaiming the power they know you have. That, I think, need not now be told you. I am, my dearest friend, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate and faithful ANNA HOWE.

LETTER VI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDN. NIGHT, MARCH 22.

On the report made by my aunt and sister of my obstinacy, my assembled relations have taken an unanimous resolution (as Betty tells me it is) against me. This resolution you will find signified to me in the inclosed letter from my brother, just now brought me. Be pleased to return it, when perused. I may have occasion for it, in the altercations between my relations and me.

MISS CLARY,

I am commanded to let you know, that my father and uncles having heard your aunt Hervey's account of all that has passed between her and you: having heard from your sister what sort of treatment she has had from you: having recollected all that has passed between your mother and you: having weighed all your pleas and proposals: having taken into consideration their engagements with Mr. Solmes; that gentleman's patience, and great affection for you; and the little opportunity you have given yourself to be acquainted either with his merit, or his proposals: having considered two points more; to wit, the wounded authority of a father; and Mr. Solmes's continued entreaties (little as you have deserved regard from him) that you may be freed from a confinement to which he is desirous to attribute your perverseness to him [averseness I should have said, but let it go], he being unable to account otherwise for so strong a one, supposing you told truth to your mother, when you asserted that your heart was free; and which Mr. Solmes is willing to believe, though nobody else does — For all these reasons, it is resolved, that you shall go to your uncle Antony's: and you must accordingly prepare yourself to do so. You will have but short notice of the day, for obvious reasons.

I will honestly tell you the motive for your going: it is a double one; first, That they may be sure, that you shall not correspond with any body they do not like (for they find from Mrs. Howe, that, by some means or other, you do correspond with her daughter; and, through her, perhaps with somebody else): and next, That you may receive the visits of Mr. Solmes; which you have thought fit to refuse to do here; by which means you have deprived yourself of the opportunity of knowing whom and what you have hitherto refused.

If after one fortnight's conversation with Mr. Solmes, and after you have heard what your friends shall further urge in his behalf, unhardened by clandestine

correspondencies, you shall convince them, that Virgil's amor omnibus idem (for the application of which I refer you to the Georgic as translated by Dryden) is verified in you, as well as in the rest of the animal creation; and that you cannot, or will not forego your prepossession in favour of the moral, the virtuous, the pious Lovelace, [I would please you if I could!] it will then be considered, whether to humour you, or to renounce you for ever.

It is hoped, that as you must go, you will go cheerfully. Your uncle Antony will make ever thing at his house agreeable to you. But indeed he won't promise, that he will not, at proper times, draw up the bridge.

Your visiters, besides Mr. Solmes, will be myself, if you permit me that honour, Miss Clary; your sister; and, as you behave to Mr. Solmes, your aunt Hervey, and your uncle Harlowe; and yet the two latter will hardly come neither, if they think it will be to hear your whining vocatives. — Betty Barnes will be your attendant: and I must needs tell you, Miss, that we none of us think the worse of the faithful maid for your dislike of her: although Betty, who would be glad to oblige you, laments it as a misfortune.

Your answer is required, whether you cheerfully consent to go? And your indulgent mother bids me remind you from her, that a fortnight's visit from Mr. Solmes, are all that is meant at present.

I am, as you shall be pleased to deserve, Yours, &c. JAMES HARLOWE, JUN.

So here is the master-stroke of my brother's policy! Called upon to consent to go to my uncle Antony's avowedly to receive Mr. Solmes's visits! — A chapel! A moated-house! — Deprived of the opportunity of corresponding with you! — or of any possibility of escape, should violence be used to compel me to be that odious man's!*

* These violent measures, and the obstinate perseverance of the whole family in them, will be the less wondered at, when it is considered, that all the time they were but as so many puppets danced upon Mr. Lovelace's wires, as he boasts, Vol. I. Letter XXXI.

Late as it was when I received this insolent letter, I wrote an answer to it directly, that it might be ready for the writer's time of rising. I inclose the rough draught of it. You will see by it how much his vile hint from the Georgic; and his rude one of my whining vocatives, have set me up. Besides, as the command to get ready to go to my uncle's is in the name of my father and uncles, it is but to shew a piece of the art they accuse me of, to resent the vile hint I have so much reason to resent in order to palliate my refusal of preparing to go to my uncle's; which refusal would otherwise be interpreted an act of rebellion by my brother

and sister: for it seems plain to me, that they will work but half their ends, if they do not deprive me of my father's and uncles' favour, even although it were possible for me to comply with their own terms.

You might have told me, Brother, in three lines, what the determination of my friends was; only, that then you would not have had room to display your pedantry by so detestable an allusion or reference to the Georgic. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, that if humanity were a branch of your studies at the university, it has not found a genius in you for mastering it. Nor is either my sex or myself, though a sister, I see entitled to the least decency from a brother, who has studied, as it seems, rather to cultivate the malevolence of his natural temper, than any tendency which one might have hoped his parentage, if not his education, might have given him to a tolerable politeness.

I doubt not, that you will take amiss my freedom: but as you have deserved it from me, I shall be less and less concerned on that score, as I see you are more and more intent to shew your wit at the expense of justice and compassion.

The time is indeed come that I can no longer bear those contempts and reflections which a brother, least of all men, is entitled to give. And let me beg of you one favour, Sir: — It is this, That you will not give yourself any concern about a husband for me, till I shall have the forwardness to propose a wife to you. Pardon me, Sir; but I cannot help thinking, that could I have the art to get my father of my side, I should have as much right to prescribe for you, as you have for me.

As to the communication you make me, I must take upon me to say, That although I will receive, as becomes me, any of my father's commands; yet, as this signification is made by a brother, who has shewn of late so much of an unbrotherly animosity to me, (for no reason in the world that I know if, but that he believes he has, in me, one sister too much for his interest,) I think myself entitled to conclude, that such a letter as you have sent me, is all your own: and of course to declare, that, while I so think it, I will not willingly, nor even without violence, go to any place, avowedly to receive Mr. Solmes's visits.

I think myself so much entitled to resent your infamous hint, and this as well for the sake of my sex, as for my own, that I ought to declare, as I do, that I will not receive any more of your letters, unless commanded to do so by an authority I never will dispute; except in a case where I think my future as well as present happiness concerned: and were such a case to happen, I am sure my father's harshness will be less owing to himself than to you; and to the specious absurdities of your ambitious and selfish schemes. — Very true, Sir!

One word more, provoked as I am, I will add: That had I been thought as really obstinate and perverse as of late I am said to be, I should not have been so

disgracefully treated as I have been — Lay your hand upon your heart, Brother, and say, By whose instigations? — And examine what I have done to deserve to be made thus unhappy, and to be obliged to style myself

Your injured sister, CL. HARLOWE.

When, my dear, you have read my answer to my brother’s letter, tell me what you think of me? — It shall go!

LETTER VII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 23.

My letter has set them all in tumults: for, it seems, none of them went home last night; and they all were desired to be present to give their advice, if I should refuse compliance with a command thought so reasonable as it seems this is.

Betty tells me, that at first my father, in a rage, was for coming up to me himself, and for turning me out of his doors directly. Nor was he restrained, till it was hinted to him, that that was no doubt my wish, and would answer all my perverse views. But the result was, that my brother (having really, as my mother and aunt insisted, taken wrong measures with me) should write again in a more moderate manner: for nobody else was permitted or cared to write to such a ready scribbler. And, I having declared, that I would not receive any more of his letters, without command from a superior authority, my mother was to give it hers: and accordingly has done so in the following lines, written on the superscription of his letter to me: which letter also follows; together with my reply.

CLARY HARLOWE,

Receive and read this, with the temper that becomes your sex, your character, your education, and your duty: and return an answer to it, directed to your brother.

CHARLOTTE HARLOWE. TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY MORNING.

Once more I write, although imperiously prohibited by a younger sister. Your mother will have me do so, that you may be destitute of all defence, if you persist in your pervicacy. Shall I be a pedant, Miss, for this word? She is willing to indulge in you the least appearance of that delicacy for which she once, as well as every body else, admired you — before you knew Lovelace; I cannot, however, help saying that: and she, and your aunt Hervey, will have it — [they would fain favour you, if they could] that I may have provoked from you the answer they nevertheless own to be so exceedingly unbecoming. I am now learning, you see, to take up the softer language, where you have laid it down. This then is the case:

They entreat, they pray, they beg, they supplicate (will either of these do, Miss Clary?) that you will make no scruple to go to your uncle Antony's: and fairly I am to tell you, for the very purpose mentioned in my last — or, 'tis presumable, they need not entreat, beg, pray, supplicate. Thus much is promised to Mr. Solmes, who is your advocate, and very uneasy that you should be under constraint, supposing that your dislike to him arises from that. And, if he finds

that you are not to be moved in his favour, when you are absolutely freed from what you call a controul, he will forbear thinking of you, whatever it costs him. He loves you too well: and in this, I really think, his understanding, which you have reflected upon, is to be questioned.

Only for one fornight [sic], therefore, permit his visits. Your education (you tell me of mine, you know) ought to make you incapable of rudeness to any body. He will not, I hope, be the first man, myself excepted, whom you ever treated rudely, purely because he is esteemed by us all. I am, what you have a mind to make me, friend, brother, or servant — I wish I could be still more polite, to so polite, to so delicate, a sister.

JA. HARLOWE.

You must still write to me, if you condescend to reply. Your mother will not be permitted to be disturbed with your nothing-meaning vocatives! — Vocatives, once more, Madam Clary, repeats the pedant your brother!

TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUNIOR, ESQ.

Permit me, my ever-dear and honoured Papa and Mamma, in this manner to surprise you into an audience, (presuming this will be read to you,) since I am denied the honour of writing to you directly. Let me beg of you to believe, that nothing but the most unconquerable dislike could make me stand against your pleasure. What are riches, what are settlements, to happiness? Let me not thus cruelly be given up to a man my very soul is averse to. Permit me to repeat, that I cannot honestly be his. Had I a slighter notion of the matrimonial duty than I have, perhaps I might. But when I am to bear all the misery, and that for life; when my heart is less concerned in this matter, than my soul; my temporary, perhaps, than my future good; why should I be denied the liberty of refusing? That liberty is all I ask.

It were easy for me to give way to hear Mr. Solmes talk for the mentioned fortnight, although it is impossible for me, say what he would, to get over my dislike to him. But the moated-house, the chapel there, and the little mercy my brother and sister, who are to be there, have hitherto shewn me, are what I am extremely apprehensive of. And why does my brother say, my restraint is to be taken off, (and that too at Mr. Solmes's desire,) when I am to be a still closer prisoner than before; the bridge threatened to be drawn up; and no dear papa and mamma near me, to appeal to, in the last resort?

Transfer not, I beseech you, to a brother and sister your own authority over your child — to a brother and sister, who treat me with unkindness and reproach; and, as I have too much reason to apprehend, misrepresent my words and

behaviour; or, greatly favoured as I used to be, it is impossible I should be sunk so low in your opinions, as I unhappily am!

Let but this my hard, my disgraceful confinement be put an end to. Permit me, my dear Mamma, to pursue my needleworks in your presence, as one of your maidens; and you shall be witness, that it is not either wilfulness or prepossession that governs me. Let me not, however, be put out of your own house. Let Mr. Solmes come and go, as my papa pleases: let me but stay or retire when he comes, as I can; and leave the rest to Providence.

Forgive me, Brother, that thus, with an appearance of art, I address myself to my father and mother, to whom I am forbidden to approach, or to write. Hard it is to be reduced to such a contrivance! Forgive likewise the plain dealing I have used in the above, with the nobleness of a gentleman, and the gentleness due from a brother to a sister. Although of late you have given me but little room to hope either for your favour or compassion; yet, having not deserved to forfeit either, I presume to claim both: for I am confident it is at present much in your power, although but my brother (my honoured parents both, I bless God, in being), to give peace to the greatly disturbed mind of

Your unhappy sister, CL. HARLOWE.

Betty tells me, my brother has taken my letter all in pieces; and has undertaken to write such an answer to it, as shall confirm the wavering. So, it is plain, that I should have moved somebody by it, but for this hard-hearted brother — God forgive him!

LETTER VIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 23.

I send you the boasted confutation-letter, just now put into my hands. My brother and sister, my uncle Antony and Mr. Solmes, are, I understand, exulting over the copy of it below, as an unanswerable performance.

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

Once again, my inflexible Sister, I write to you. It is to let you know, that the pretty piece of art you found out to make me the vehicle of your whining pathetics to your father and mother, has not had the expected effect.

I do assure you, that your behaviour has not been misrepresented — nor need it. Your mother, who is solicitous to take all opportunities of putting the most favourable constructions upon all you do, has been forced, as you well know, to give you up, upon full trial. No need then of the expedient of pursuing your needleworks in her sight. She cannot bear your whining pranks: and it is for her sake, that you are not permitted to come into her presence — nor will be, but upon her own terms.

You had like to have made a simpleton of your aunt Hervey yesterday: she came down from you, pleading in your favour. But when she was asked, What concession she had brought you to? she looked about her, and knew not what to answer. So your mother, when surprised into the beginning of your cunning address to her and to your father, under my name, (for I had begun to read it, little suspecting such an ingenious subterfuge,)and would then make me read it through, wrung her hands, Oh! her dear child, her dear child, must not be so compelled! — But when she was asked, Whether she would be willing to have for her son-in-law the man who bids defiance to her whole family; and who had like to have murdered her son? And what concession she had gained from her dear child to merit this tenderness? And that for one who had apparently deceived her in assuring her that her heart was free? — Then could she look about her, as her sister had done before: then was she again brought to herself, and to a resolution to assert her authority [not to transfer it, witty presumer!] over the rebel, who of late has so ungratefully struggled to throw it off.

You seem, child, to have a high notion of the matrimonial duty; and I'll warrant, like the rest of your sex, (one or two, whom I have the honour to know, excepted,) that you will go to church to promise what you will never think of afterwards. But, sweet child! as your worthy Mamma Norton calls you, think a

little less of the matrimonial, (at least, till you come into that state,) and a little more of the filial duty.

How can you say, you are to bear all the misery, when you give so large a share of it to your parents, to your uncles, to your aunt, to myself, and to your sister; who all, for eighteen years of your life, loved you so well?

If of late I have not given you room to hope for my favour or compassion, it is because of late you have not deserved either. I know what you mean, little reflecting fool, by saying, it is much in my power, although but your brother, (a very slight degree of relationship with you,) to give you that peace which you can give yourself whenever you please.

The liberty of refusing, pretty Miss, is denied you, because we are all sensible, that the liberty of choosing, to every one's dislike, must follow. The vile wretch you have set your heart upon speaks this plainly to every body, though you won't. He says you are his, and shall be his, and he will be the death of any man who robs him of his PROPERTY. So, Miss, we have a mind to try this point with him. My father, supposing he has the right of a father in his child, is absolutely determined not to be bullied out of that right. And what must that child be, who prefers the rake to a father?

This is the light in which this whole debate ought to be taken. Blush, then, Delicacy, that cannot bear the poet's amor omnibus idem! — Blush, then, Purity! Be ashamed, Virgin Modesty! And, if capable of conviction, surrender your whole will to the will of the honoured pair, to whom you owe your being: and beg of all your friends to forgive and forget the part you have of late acted.

I have written a longer letter than ever I designed to write to you, after the insolent treatment and prohibition you have given me: and, now I am commissioned to tell you, that your friends are as weary of confining you, as you are of being confined. And therefore you must prepare yourself to go in a very few days, as you have been told before, to your uncle Antony's; who, notwithstanding you apprehensions, will draw up his bridge when he pleases; will see what company he pleases in his own house; nor will he demolish his chapel to cure you of your foolish late-commenced antipathy to a place of divine worship. — The more foolish, as, if we intended to use force, we could have the ceremony pass in your chamber, as well as any where else.

Prejudice against Mr. Solmes has evidently blinded you, and there is a charitable necessity to open your eyes: since no one but you thinks the gentleman so contemptible in his person; nor, for a plain country gentleman, who has too much solid sense to appear like a coxcomb, justly blamable in his manners. — And as to his temper, it is necessary you should speak upon fuller knowledge, than at present it is plain you can have of him.

Upon the whole, it will not be amiss, that you prepare for your speedy removal, as well for the sake of your own conveniency, as to shew your readiness, in one point, at least, to oblige your friends; one of whom you may, if you please to deserve it, reckon, though but a brother,

JAMES HARLOWE.

P.S. If you are disposed to see Mr. Solmes, and to make some excuses to him for past conduct, in order to be able to meet him somewhere else with the less concern to yourself for your freedoms with him, he shall attend you where you please.

If you have a mind to read the settlements, before they are read to you for your signing, they shall be sent you up — Who knows, but they will help you to some fresh objections? — Your heart is free, you know — It must — For, did you not tell your mother it was? And will the pious Clarissa fib to her mamma?

I desire no reply. The case requires none. Yet I will ask you, Have you, Miss, no more proposals to make?

I was so vexed when I came to the end of this letter, (the postscript to which, perhaps, might be written after the others had seen the letter,) that I took up my pen, with an intent to write to my uncle Harlowe about resuming my own estate, in pursuance of your advice. But my heart failed me, when I recollected, that I had not one friend to stand by or support me in my claim; and it would but the more incense them, without answering any good end. Oh! that my cousin were but come!

Is it not a sad thing, beloved as I thought myself so lately by every one, that now I have not one person in the world to plead for me, to stand by me, or who would afford me refuge, were I to be under the necessity of asking for it! — I who had the vanity to think I had as many friends as I saw faces, and flattered myself too, that it was not altogether unmerited, because I saw not my Maker’s image, either in man, woman, or child, high or low, rich or poor, whom, comparatively, I loved not as myself. — Would to heaven, my dear, that you were married! Perhaps, then, you could have induced Mr. Hickman to afford me protection, till these storms were over-blown. But then this might have involved him in difficulties and dangers; and that I would not have done for the world.

I don’t know what to do, not I! — God forgive me, but I am very impatient! I wish — But I don’t know what to wish, without a sin! — Yet I wish it would please God to take me to his mercy! — I can meet with none here — What a world is this! — What is there in it desirable? The good we hope for, so strangely mixed, that one knows not what to wish for! And one half of mankind tormenting

the other, and being tormented themselves in tormenting! — For here is this my particular case, my relations cannot be happy, though they make me unhappy! — Except my brother and sister, indeed — and they seem to take delight in and enjoy the mischief they make.

But it is time to lay down my pen, since my ink runs nothing but gall.

LETTER IX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY MORNING, SIX O'CLOCK

Mrs. Betty tells me, there is now nothing talked of but of my going to my uncle Antony's. She has been ordered, she says, to get ready to attend me thither: and, upon my expressing my averseness to go, had the confidence to say, That having heard me often praise the romanticness of the place, she was astonished (her hands and eyes lifted up) that I should set myself against going to a house so much in my taste.

I asked if this was her own insolence, or her young mistress's observation?

She half-astonished me by her answer: That it was hard she could not say a good thing, without being robbed of the merit of it.

As the wench looked as if she really thought she had said a good thing, without knowing the boldness of it, I let it pass. But, to say the truth, this creature has surprised me on many occasions with her smartness: for, since she has been employed in this controuling office, I have discovered a great deal of wit in her assurance, which I never suspected before. This shews, that insolence is her talent: and that Fortune, in placing her as a servant to my sister, had not done so kindly by her as Nature; for that she would make a better figure as her companion. And indeed I can't help thinking sometimes, that I myself was better fitted by Nature to be the servant of both, than the mistress of the one, or the servant of the other. And within these few months past, Fortune has acted by me, as if she were of the same mind.

FRIDAY, TEN O'CLOCK

Going down to my poultry-yard, just now, I heard my brother and sister and that Solmes laughing and triumphing together. The high yew-hedge between us, which divides the yard from the garden, hindered them from seeing me.

My brother, as I found, has been reading part, or the whole perhaps, of the copy of his last letter — Mighty prudent, and consistent, you'll say, with their views to make me the wife of a man from whom they conceal not what, were I to be such, it would be kind in them to endeavour to conceal, out of regard to my future peace! — But I have no doubt, that they hate me heartily.

Indeed, you was up with her there, brother, said my sister. You need not have bid her not to write to you. I'll engage, with all her wit, she'll never pretend to answer it.

Why, indeed, said my brother, with an air of college-sufficiency, with which he abounds, (for he thinks nobody writes like himself,) I believe I have given her a choke-pear. What say you, Mr. Solmes?

Why, Sir, said he, I think it is unanswerable. But will it not exasperate he more against me?

Never fear, Mr. Solmes, said my brother, but we'll carry our point, if she do not tire you out first. We have gone too far in this method to recede. Her cousin Morden will soon be here: so all must be over before that time, or she'll be made independent of us all.

There, Miss Howe, is the reason given for their jehu-driving.

Mr. Solmes declared, that he was determined to persevere while my brother gave him any hopes, and while my father stood firm.

My sister told my brother, that he hit me charmingly on the reason why I ought to converse with Mr. Solmes: but that he should not be so smart upon the sex, for the faults of this perverse girl.

Some lively, and, I suppose, witty answer, my brother returned; for he and Mr. Solmes laughed outrageously upon it, and Bella, laughing too, called him a naughty man: but I heard no more of what they said; they walked on into the garden.

If you think, my dear, that what I have related did not again fire me, you will find yourself mistaken when you read at this place the enclosed copy of my letter to my brother; struck off while the iron was red hot.

No more call me meek and gentle, I beseech you.

TO MR. JAMES HARLOWE FRIDAY MORNING. SIR,

If, notwithstanding your prohibition, I should be silent, on occasion of your last, you would, perhaps, conclude, that I was consenting to go to my uncle Antony's upon the condition you mention. My father must do as he pleases with his child. He may turn me out of his doors, if he thinks fit, or give you leave to do it; but (loth as I am to say it) I should think it very hard to be carried by force to any body's house, when I have one of my own to go to.

Far be it from me, notwithstanding yours and my sister's provocations, to think of my taking my estate into my own hands, without my father's leave: But why, if I must not stay any longer here, may I not be permitted to go thither? I will engage to see nobody they would not have me see, if this favour be permitted. Favour I call it, and am ready to receive and acknowledge it as such, although my grandfather's will has made it a matter of right.

You ask me, in a very unbrotherly manner, in the postscript to your letter, if I have not some new proposals to make? I HAVE (since you put the question) three or four; new ones all, I think; though I will be bold to say, that, submitting the

case to any one person whom you have not set against me, my old ones ought not to have been rejected. I think this; why then should I not write it? — Nor have you any more reason to storm at your sister for telling it you, (since you seem in your letter to make it your boast how you turned my mother and my aunt Hervey against me,) than I have to be angry with my brother, for treating me as no brother ought to treat a sister.

These, then, are my new proposals.

That, as above, I may not be hindered from going to reside (under such conditions as shall be prescribed to me, which I will most religiously observe) at my grandfather's late house. I will not again in this place call it mine. I have reason to think it a great misfortune that ever it was so — indeed I have.

If this be not permitted, I desire leave to go for a month, or for what time shall be thought fit, to Miss Howe's. I dare say my mother will consent to it, if I have my father's permission to go.

If this, neither, be allowed, and I am to be turned out of my father's house, I beg I may be suffered to go to my aunt Hervey's, where I will inviolably observe her commands, and those of my father and mother.

But if this, neither, is to be granted, it is my humble request, that I may be sent to my uncle Harlowe's, instead of my uncle Antony's. I mean not by this any disrespect to my uncle Antony: but his moat, with his bridge threatened to be drawn up, and perhaps the chapel there, terrify me beyond expression, notwithstanding your witty ridicule upon me for that apprehension.

If this likewise be refused, and if I must be carried to the moated-house, which used to be a delightful one to me, let it be promised me, that I shall not be compelled to receive Mr. Solmes's visits there; and then I will as cheerfully go, as ever I did.

So here, Sir, are your new proposals. And if none of them answer your end, as each of them tends to the exclusion of that ungenerous persister's visits, be pleased to know, that there is no misfortune I will not submit to, rather than yield to give my hand to the man to whom I can allow no share in my heart.

If I write in a style different from my usual, and different from what I wished to have occasion to write, an impartial person, who knew what I have accidentally, within this hour past, heard from your mouth, and my sister's, and a third person's, (particularly the reason you give for driving on at this violent rate, to wit, my cousin Morden's soon-expected arrival,) would think I have but too much reason for it. Then be pleased to remember, Sir, that when my whining vocatives have subjected me to so much scorn and ridicule, it is time, were it but to imitate examples so excellent as you and my sister set me, that I should

endeavour to assert my character, in order to be thought less an alien, and nearer of kin to you both, than either of you have of late seemed to suppose me.

Give me leave, in order to empty my female quiver at once, to add, that I know no other reason which you can have for forbidding me to reply to you, after you have written what you pleased to me, than that you are conscious you cannot answer to reason and to justice the treatment you have given me.

If it be otherwise, I, an unlearned, an unlogical girl, younger by near a third than yourself, will venture (so assured am I of the justice of my cause) to put my fate upon an issue with you: with you, Sir, who have had the advantage of an academical education; whose mind must have been strengthened by observation, and learned conversation, and who, pardon my going so low, have been accustomed to give choke-pears to those you vouchsafe to write against.

Any impartial person, your late tutor, for instance, or the pious and worthy Dr. Lewen, may be judge between us: and if either give it against me, I will promise to resign to my destiny: provided, if it be given against you, that my father will be pleased only to allow of my negative to the person so violently sought to be imposed upon me.

I flatter myself, Brother, that you will the readier come into this proposal, as you seem to have a high opinion of your talents for argumentation; and not a low one of the cogency of the arguments contained in your last letter. And if I can possibly have no advantage in a contention with you, if the justice of my cause affords me not any (as you have no opinion it will,) it behoves you, methinks, to shew to an impartial moderator that I am wrong, and you not so.

If this be accepted, there is a necessity for its being carried on by the pen; the facts being stated, and agreed upon by both; and the decision to be given, according to the force of the arguments each shall produce in support of their side of the question: for give me leave to say, I know too well the manliness of your temper, to offer at a personal debate with you.

If it be not accepted, I shall conclude, that you cannot defend your conduct towards me; and shall only beg of you, that, for the future, you will treat me with the respect due to a sister from a brother who would be thought as polite as learned.

And now, Sir, if I have seemed to shew some spirit, not foreign to the relation I have the honour to be to you, and to my sister; and which may be deemed not altogether of a piece with that part of my character which once, it seems, gained me every one’s love; be pleased to consider to whom, and to what it is owing; and that this part of that character was not dispensed with, till it subjected me to that scorn, and to those insults, which a brother, who has been so tenacious of an independence voluntarily given up by me, and who has appeared so exalted upon

it, ought not to have shewn to any body, much less to a weak and defenceless sister; who is, notwithstanding, an affectionate and respectful one, and would be glad to shew herself to be so upon all future occasions; as she has in every action of her past life, although of late she has met with such unkind returns.

CL. HARLOWE

See, my dear, the force, and volubility, as I may say, of passion; for the letter I send you is my first draught, struck off without a blot or erasure.

FRIDAY, THREE O'CLOCK

As soon as I had transcribed it, I sent it down to my brother by Mrs. Betty.

The wench came up soon after, all aghast, with a Laud, Miss! What have you done? — What have you written? For you have set them all in a joyful uproar!

My sister is but this moment gone from me. She came up all in a flame; which obliged me abruptly to lay down my pen: she ran to me —

O Spirit! said she; tapping my neck a little too hard. And is it come to this at last — !

Do you beat me, Bella?

Do you call this beating you? only tapping you shoulder thus, said she; tapping again more gently — This is what we expected it would come to — You want to be independent — My father has lived too long for you — !

I was going to speak with vehemence; but she put her handkerchief before my mouth, very rudely — You have done enough with your pen, mean listener, as you are! — But know that neither your independent scheme, nor any of your visiting ones, will be granted you. Take your course, perverse one! Call in your rake to help you to an independence upon your parents, and a dependence upon him! — Do so! — Prepare this moment — resolve what you will take with you — to-morrow you go — depend upon it to-morrow you go! — No longer shall you stay here, watching and creeping about to hearken to what people say— 'Tis determined, child! — You go to-morrow — my brother would have come up to tell you so; but I persuaded him to the contrary — for I know not what had become of you, if he had — Such a letter! such an insolent, such a conceited challenger! — O thou vain creature! But prepare yourself, I say — to-morrow you go — my brother will accept of your bold challenge; but it must be personal; and at my uncle Antony's — or perhaps at Mr. Solmes's —

Thus she ran on, almost foaming with passion; till, quite out of patience, I said, No more of your violence, Bella — Had I known in what way you designed to come up, you should not have found my chamber-door open — talk to your servant in this manner. Unlike you, as I bless God I am, I am nevertheless your sister — and let me tell you, that I won't go to-morrow, nor next day, nor next day to that — except I am dragged away by violence.

What! not if your father or mother command it — Girl? said she, intending another word, by her pause and manner before it came out.

Let it come to that, Bella; then I shall know what to say. But it shall be from their own mouths, if I do — not from yours, nor you Betty's — And say another word to me, in this manner, and be the consequence what it may, I will force myself into their presence; and demand what I have done to be used thus!

Come along, Child! Come along, Meekness — taking my hand, and leading me towards the door — Demand it of them now — you'll find both your despised parents together! — What! does your heart fail you? — for I resisted, being thus insolently offered to be led, and pulled my hand from her.

I want not to be led, said I; and since I can plead your invitation, I will go: and was posting to the stairs accordingly in my passion — but she got between me and the door, and shut it —

Let me first, Bold one, said she, apprize them of your visit — for your own sake let me — for my brother is with them. But yet opening it again, seeing me shrink back — Go, if you will! — Why don't you go? — Why don't you go, Miss? — following me to my closet, whither I retired, with my heart full, and pulled the sash-door after me; and could no longer hold in my tears.

Nor would I answer one word to her repeated aggravations, nor to her demands upon me to open my door (for the key was on the inside); nor so much as turn my head towards her, as she looked through the glass at me. And at last, which vexed her to the heart, I drew the silk curtain, that she should not see me, and down she went muttering all the way.

Is not this usage enough to provoke a rashness never before thought of?

As it is but too probable that I may be hurried away to my uncle's without being able to give you previous notice of it; I beg that as soon as you shall hear of such a violence, you would send to the usual place, to take back such of your letters as may not have reached my hands, or to fetch any of mine that may be there.

May you, my dear, be always happy, prays you CLARISSA HARLOWE.

I have received your four letters. But am in such a ferment, that I cannot at present write to them.

LETTER X

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY NIGHT, MARCH 24.

I have a most provoking letter from my sister. I might have supposed she would resent the contempt she brought upon herself in my chamber. Her conduct surely can only be accounted for by the rage instigate by a supposed rivalry.

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

I am to tell you, that your mother has begged you off for the morrow: but that you have effectually done your business with her, as well as with every body else.

In your proposals and letter to your brother, you have shewn yourself so silly, and so wise; so young, and so old; so gentle, and so obstinate; so meek, and so violent; that never was there so mixed a character.

We all know of whom you have borrowed this new spirit. And yet the seeds of it must be in your heart, or it could not all at once shew itself so rampant. It would be doing Mr. Solmes a spite to wish him such a shy, un-shy girl; another of your contradictory qualities — I leave you to make out what I mean by it.

Here, Miss, your mother will not let you remain: she cannot have any peace of mind while such a rebel of a child is so near her. Your aunt Hervey will not take a charge which all the family put together cannot manage. Your uncle Harlowe will not see you at his house, till you are married. So, thanks to your own stubbornness, you have nobody that will receive you but your uncle Antony. Thither you must go in a very few days; and, when there, your brother will settle with you, in my presence, all that relates to your modest challenge; for it is accepted, I assure you. Dr. Lewen will possibly be there, since you make choice of him. Another gentleman likewise, were it but to convince you, that he is another sort of man than you have taken him to be. Your two uncles will possibly be there too, to see that the poor, weak, and defenceless sister has fair play. So, you see, Miss, what company your smart challenge will draw together.

Prepare for the day. You'll soon be called upon. Adieu, Mamma Norton's sweet child!

ARAB. HARLOWE.

I transcribed this letter, and sent it to my mother, with these lines:

A very few words, my ever-honoured Mamma!

If my sister wrote the enclosed by my father's direction, or yours, I must submit to the usage she gave me in it, with this only observation, That it is short of the personal treatment I have received from her. If it be of her own head — why then, Madam — But I knew that when I was banished from your presence — Yet, till I know if she has or has not authority for this usage, I will only write further, that I am

Your very unhappy child, CL. HARLOWE.

This answer I received in an open slip of paper; but it was wet in one place. I kissed the place; for I am sure it was blistered, as I may say, by a mother's tear! — She must (I hope she must) have written it reluctantly.

To apply for protection, where authority is defied, is bold. Your sister, who would not in your circumstances have been guilty of your perverseness, may allowably be angry at you for it. However, we have told her to moderate her zeal for our insulted authority. See, if you can deserve another behaviour, than that you complain of: which cannot, however be so grievous to you, as the cause of it is to

Your more unhappy Mother.

How often must I forbid you any address to me!

Give me, my dearest Miss Howe, your opinion, what I can, what I ought to do. Not what you would do (pushed as I am pushed) in resentment or passion — since, so instigated, you tell me, that you should have been with somebody before now — and steps taken in passion hardly ever fail of giving cause for repentance: but acquaint me with what you think cool judgment, and after-reflection, whatever were to be the event, will justify.

I doubt not your sympathizing love: but yet you cannot possibly feel indignity and persecution so very sensibly as the immediate sufferer feels them — are fitter therefore to advise me, than I am myself.

I will here rest my cause. Have I, or have I not, suffered or borne enough? And if they will still persevere; if that strange persister against an antipathy so strongly avowed, will still persist; say, What can I do? — What course pursue? — Shall I fly to London, and endeavour to hide myself from Lovelace, as well as from all my own relations, till my cousin Morden arrives? Or shall I embark for Leghorn in my way to my cousin? Yet, my sex, my youth, considered, how full of danger is this last measure! — And may not my cousin be set out for England, while I am getting thither? — What can I do? — Tell me, tell me, my dearest Miss Howe, [for I dare not trust myself,] tell me, what I can do.

ELEVEN O’CLOCK AT NIGHT.

I have been forced to try to compose my angry passions at my harpsichord; having first shut close my doors and windows, that I might not be heard below. As I was closing the shutters of the windows, the distant whooting of the bird of Minerva, as from the often-visited woodhouse, gave the subject in that charming Ode to Wisdom, which does honour to our sex, as it was written by one of it. I made an essay, a week ago, to set the three last stanzas of it, as not unsuitable to my unhappy situation; and after I had re-perused the Ode, those were my lesson; and, I am sure, in the solemn address they contain to the All-Wise and All-powerful Deity, my heart went with my fingers.

I enclose the Ode, and my effort with it. The subject is solemn; my circumstances are affecting; and I flatter myself, that I have not been quite unhappy in the performance. If it obtain your approbation, I shall be out of doubt, and should be still more assured, could I hear it tried by your voice and finger.

ODE TO WISDOM BY A LADY

I.
The solitary bird of night
Thro’ thick shades now wings his flight,
  And quits his time-shook tow’r;
Where, shelter’d from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
  Beneath his ivy bow’r.

II.
With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
  And sighing gales repeat.
Fav’rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
  At Wisdom’s awful seat.

III.
She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
  Beneath the lunar ray.
Here folly drops each vain disguise;
Nor sport her gaily colour’d dyes,
  As in the beam of day.

IV.
O Pallas! queen of ev’ry art,
That glads the sense, and mends the heart,
  Blest source of purer joys!
In ev’ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
  With pleasure and surprise;

V.
To thy unspotted shrine I bow:
Attend thy modest suppliant’s vow,
  That breathes no wild desires;
But, taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
  To nobler views aspires.

VI.
Not Fortune’s gem, Ambition’s plume,
Nor Cytherea’s fading bloom,
  Be objects of my prayer:
Let av’rice, vanity, and pride,
Those envy’d glitt’ring toys divide,
  The dull rewards of care.

VII.
To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
  By studious thought refin’d;
For wealth, the smile of glad content;
For pow’r, its amplest, best extent,
  An empire o’er my mind.

VIII.
When Fortune drops her gay parade.
When Pleasure’s transient roses fade,
  And wither in the tomb,
Unchang’d is thy immortal prize;
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise

In undecaying bloom.

IX.
By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite:
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

X.
From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest:
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy beauties drest.

XI.
He bad Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

XII.
Reclaim'd her wild licentious youth,
Confess'd the potent voice of Truth,
And felt its just controul.
The Passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

XIII.
Thy breath inspires the Poet's song
The Patriot's free, unbiass'd tongue,
The Hero's gen'rous strife;
Thine are retirement's silent joys,

And all the sweet engaging ties
  Of still, domestic life.

XIV.
No more to fabled names confin'd;
To Thee supreme, all perfect mind,
  My thought direct their flight.
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, Eternal source
  Of Intellectual Light!

XV.
O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
  Thro' life's perplexing road:
The mists of error to controul,
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
  To happiness and good.

XVI.
Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
  Of Folly's painted show.
She sees thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys,
  Is vanity and woe.

[Facsimile of the music to "The Ode to Wisdom" (verse 14).]

LETTER XI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY MIDNIGHT.

I have now a calmer moment. Envy, ambition, high and selfish resentment, and all the violent passions, are now, most probably, asleep all around me; and shall now my own angry ones give way to the silent hour, and subside likewise? — They have given way to it; and I have made use of the gentler space to re-peruse your last letters. I will touch upon some passages in them. And that I may the less endanger the but-just recovered calm, I will begin with what you write about Mr. Hickman.

Give me leave to say, That I am sorry you cannot yet persuade yourself to think better, that is to say, more justly, of that gentleman, than your whimsical picture of him shews you so; or, at least, than the humourousness of your natural vein would make one think you do.

I do not imagine, that you yourself will say, he sat for the picture you have drawn. And yet, upon the whole, it is not greatly to his disadvantage. Were I at ease in my mind, I would venture to draw a much more amiable and just likeness.

If Mr. Hickman has not that assurance which some men have, he has that humility and gentleness which many want: and which, with the infinite value he has for you, will make him one of the fittest husbands in the world for a person of your vivacity and spirit.

Although you say I would not like him myself, I do assure you, if Mr. Solmes were such a man as Mr. Hickman, in person, mind, and behaviour, my friends and I had never disagreed about him, if they would not have permitted me to live single; Mr. Lovelace (having such a character as he has) would have stood no chance with me. This I can the more boldly aver, because I plainly perceive, that of the two passions, love and fear, this man will be able to inspire one with a much greater proportion of the latter, than I imagine is compatible with the former, to make a happy marriage.

I am glad you own, that you like no one better than Mr. Hickman. In a little while, I make no doubt, you will be able, if you challenge your heart upon it, to acknowledge, that you like not any man so well: especially, when you come to consider, that the very faults you find in Mr. Hickman, admirably fit him to make you happy: that is to say, if it be necessary to your happiness, that you should have your own will in every thing.

But let me add one thing: and that is this: — You have such a sprightly turn, that, with your admirable talents, you would make any man in the world, who

loved you, look like a fool, except he were such a one as Lovelace.

Forgive me, my dear, for my frankness: and forgive me, also, for so soon returning to subject so immediately relative to myself, as those I now must touch upon.

You again insist (strengthened by Mr. Lovelace's opinion) upon my assuming my own estate [I cannot call it resuming, having never been in possession of it]: and I have given you room to expect, that I will consider this subject more closely than I have done before. I must however own, that the reasons which I had to offer against taking your advice were so obvious, that I thought you would have seen them yourself, and been determined by them, against your own hastier counsel. — But since this has not been so, and that both you and Mr. Lovelace call upon me to assume my own estate, I will enter briefly into the subject.

In the first place, let me ask you, my dear, supposing I were inclined to follow your advice, Whom have I to support me in my demand? My uncle Harlowe is one of my trustees — he is against me. My cousin Morden is the other — he is in Italy, and very probably may be set against me too. My brother has declared, that they are resolved to carry their points before he arrives: so that, as they drive on, all will probably be decided before I can have an answer from him, were I to write: and, confined as I am, were the answer to come in time, and they did not like it, they would keep it from me.

In the next place, parents have great advantages in every eye over the child, if she dispute their pleasure in the disposing of her: and so they ought; since out of twenty instances, perhaps two could not be produced, when they were not in the right, the child in the wrong.

You would not, I am sure, have me accept of Mr. Lovelace's offered assistance in such a claim. If I would embrace any other person's, who else would care to appear for a child against parents, ever, till of late, so affectionate?==But were such a protector to be found, what a length of time would it take up in a course of litigation! The will and the deeds have flaws in them, they say. My brother sometimes talks of going to reside at The Grove: I suppose, with a design to make ejectments necessary, were I to offer at assuming; or, were I to marry Mr. Lovelace, in order to give him all the opposition and difficulty the law would help him to give.

These cases I have put to myself, for argument-sake: but they are all out of the question, although any body were to be found who would espouse my cause: for I do assure you, I would sooner beg my bread, than litigate for my right with my father: since I am convinced, that whether the parent do his duty by the child or not, the child cannot be excused from doing hers to him. And to go to law with my father, what a sound has that! You will see, that I have mentioned my wish (as

an alternative, and as a favour) to be permitted, if I must be put out of his house, to go thither: but not one step further can I go. And you see how this is resented.

Upon the whole, then, what have I to hope for, but a change in my father's resolution? — And is there any probability of that; such an ascendancy as my brother and sister have obtained over every body; and such an interest to pursue the enmity they have now openly avowed against me?

As to Mr. Lovelace's approbation of your assumption-scheme, I wonder not at. He very probably penetrates the difficulties I should have to bring it to effect, without his assistance. Were I to find myself as free as I would wish myself to be, perhaps Mr. Lovelace would stand a worse chance with me than his vanity may permit him to imagine; notwithstanding the pleasure you take in rallying me on his account. How know you, but all that appears to be specious and reasonable in his offers; such as, standing his chance for my favour, after I became independent, as I may call it [by which I mean no more, than to have the liberty of refusing for my husband a man whom it hurts me but to think of in that light]; and such as his not visiting me but by my leave; and till Mr. Morden come; and till I am satisfied of his reformation; — How know you, I say, that he gives not himself these airs purely to stand better in your graces as well as mine, by offering of his own accord conditions which he must needs think would be insisted on, were the case to happen?

Then am I utterly displeased with him. To threaten as he threatens; yet to pretend, that it is not to intimidate me; and to beg of you not to tell me, when he must know you would, and no doubt intended that you should, is so meanly artful! — The man must think he has a frightened fool to deal with. — I, to join hands with such a man of violence! my own brother the man whom he threatens! — And what has Mr. Solmes done to him? — Is he to be blamed, if he thinks a person would make a wife worth having, to endeavour to obtain her? — Oh that my friends would but leave me to my own way in this one point! For have I given the man encouragement sufficient to ground these threats upon? Were Mr. Solmes a man to whom I could but be indifferent, it might be found, that to have spirit, would very little answer the views of that spirit. It is my fortune to be treated as a fool by my brother: but Mr. Lovelace shall find — Yet I will let him know my mind; and then it will come with a better grace to your knowledge.

Mean time, give me leave to tell you, that it goes against me, in my cooler moments, unnatural as my brother is to me, to have you, my dear, who are my other self, write such very severe reflections upon him, in relation to the advantage Lovelace had over him. He is not indeed your brother: but remember, that you write to his sister. — Upon my word, my dear Miss Howe, you dip your pen in gall whenever you are offended: and I am almost ready to question,

whether I read some of your expressions against others of my relations as well as him, (although in my favour,) whether you are so thoroughly warranted to call other people to account for their warmth. Should we not be particularly careful to keep clear of the faults we censure? — And yet I am so angry both at my brother and sister, that I should not have taken this liberty with my dear friend, notwithstanding I know you never loved them, had you not made so light of so shocking a transaction where a brother's life was at stake: when his credit in the eye of the mischievous sex has received a still deeper wound than he personally sustained; and when a revival of the same wicked resentments (which may end more fatally) is threatened.

His credit, I say, in the eye of the mischievous sex: Who is not warranted to call it so; when it is re (as the two libertines his companions gloried) to resolve never to give a challenge; and among whom duelling is so fashionable a part of brutal bravery, that the man of temper, who is, mostly, I believe, the truly brave man, is often at a loss so to behave as to avoid incurring either a mortal guilt, or a general contempt?

To enlarge a little upon this subject, May we not infer, that those who would be guilty of throwing these contempts upon a man of temper, who would rather pass by a verbal injury, than to imbrue his hands in blood, know not the measure of true magnanimity? nor how much nobler it is to forgive, and even how much more manly to despise, than to resent, an injury? Were I a man, methinks, I should have too much scorn for a person, who could wilfully do me a mean wrong, to put a value upon his life, equal to what I put upon my own. What an absurdity, because a man had done me a small injury, that I should put it in his power (at least, to an equal risque) to do me, and those who love me, an irreparable one! — Were it not a wilful injury, nor avowed to be so, there could not be room for resentment.

How willingly would I run away from myself, and what most concerns myself, if I could! This digression brings me back again to the occasion of it — and that to the impatience I was in, when I ended my last letter, for my situation is not altered. I renew, therefore, my former earnestness, as the new day approaches, and will bring with it perhaps new trials, that you will (as undivestedly as possible of favour or resentment) tell me what you would have me do: — for, if I am obliged to go to my uncle Antony's, all, I doubt, will be over with me. Yet how to avoid it — that's the difficulty!

I shall deposit this the first thing. When you have it, lose no time, I pray you, to advise (lest it be too late)

Your ever obliged CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

What can I advise you to do, my noble creature? Your merit is your crime. You can no more change your nature, than your persecutors can theirs. Your distress is owing to the vast disparity between you and them. What would you have of them? Do they not act in character? — And to whom? To an alien. You are not one of them. They have two dependencies in their hope to move you to compliance. — Upon their impenetrableness one [I'd give it a more proper name, if I dared]; the other, on the regard you have always had for your character, [Have they not heretofore owned as much?] and upon your apprehensions from that of Lovelace, which would discredit you, should you take any step by his means to extricate yourself. Then they know, that resentment and unpersuadableness are not natural to you; and that the anger they have wrought you up to, will subside, as all extraordinaries soon do; and that once married, you will make the best of it.

But surely your father's son and eldest daughter have a view (by communicating to so narrow a soul all they know of your just aversion to him) to entail unhappiness for life upon you, were you to have the man who is already more nearly related to them, than ever he can be to you, although the shocking compulsion should take place.

As to that wretch's perseverance, those only, who know not the man, will wonder at it. He has not the least delicacy. His principal view in marriage is not to the mind. How shall those beauties be valued, which cannot be comprehended? Were you to be his, and shew a visible want of tenderness to him, it is my opinion, he would not be much concerned at it. I have heard you well observe, from your Mrs. Norton, That a person who has any over-ruling passion, will compound by giving up twenty secondary or under-satisfactions, though more laudable ones, in order to have that gratified.

I'll give you the substance of a conversation [no fear you can be made to like him worse than you do already] that passed between Sir Harry Downeton and this Solmes, but three days ago, as Sir Harry told it but yesterday to my mother and me. It will confirm to you that what your sister's insolent Betty reported he should say, of governing by fear, was not of her own head.

Sir Harry told her, he wondered he should wish to obtain you so much against you inclination as every body knew it would be, if he did.

He matter'd not that, he said: coy maids made the fondest wives: [A sorry fellow!] It would not at all grieve him to see a pretty woman make wry faces, if

she gave him cause to vex her. And your estate, by the convenience of its situation, would richly pay him for all he could bear with your shyness.

He should be sure, he said, after a while, of your complaisance, if not of your love: and in that should be happier than nine parts in ten of his married acquaintance.

What a wretch is this!

For the rest, your known virtue would be as great a security to him, as he could wish for.

She will look upon you, said Sir Harry, if she be forced to marry you, as Elizabeth of France did upon Philip II. of Spain, when he received her on his frontiers as her husband, who was to have been but her father-in-law: that is, with fear and terror, rather than with complaisance and love: and you will perhaps be as surly to her, as that old monarch was to his young bride.

Fear and terror, the wretch, the horrid wretch! said, looked pretty in a bride as well as in a wife: and, laughing, [yes, my dear, the hideous fellow laughed immoderately, as Sir Harry told us, when he said it,] it should be his care to perpetuate the occasion for that fear, if he could not think he had the love. And, truly, he was of opinion, that if LOVE and FEAR must be separated in matrimony, the man who made himself feared, fared best.

If my eyes would carry with them the execution which the eyes of the basilisk are said to do, I would make it my first business to see this creature.

My mother, however, says, it would be a prodigious merit in you, if you could get over your aversion to him. Where, asks she [as you have been asked before], is the praise-worthiness of obedience, if it be only paid in instance where we give up nothing?

What a fatality, that you have no better an option — either a Scylla or a Charybdis.

Were it not you, I should know how (barbarously as you are used) to advise you in a moment. But such a noble character to suffer from a (supposed) rashness and indiscretion of such a nature, would, as I have heretofore observed, be a wound to the sex.

While I was in hope, that the asserting of your own independence would have helped you, I was pleased that you had one resource, as I thought. But now, that you have so well proved, that such a step would not avail you, I am entirely at a loss what to say.

I will lay down my pen, and think.

I have considered, and considered again; but, I protest, I know no more what to say now, than before. Only this: That I am young, like yourself; and have a much weaker judgment, and stronger passions, than you have.

I have heretofore said, that you have offered as much as you ought, in offering to live single. If you were never to marry, the estate they are so loth should go out of their name, would, in time, I suppose, revert to your brother: and he or his would have it, perhaps, much more certainly this way, than by the precarious reversions which Solmes makes them hope for. Have you put this into their odd heads, my dear? — The tyrant word AUTHORITY, as they use it, can be the only objection against this offer.

One thing you must consider, that, if you leave your parents, your duty and love will not suffer you to justify yourself by an appeal against them; and so you'll have the world against you. And should Lovelace continue his wild life, and behave ungratefully to you, will not his baseness seem to justify their cruel treatment of you, as well as their dislike of him?

May heaven direct you for the best! — I can only say, that for my own part, I would do any thing, go any where, rather than be compelled to marry the man I hate; and (were he such a man as Solmes) must always hate. Nor could I have borne what you have borne, if from father and uncles, not from brother and sister.

My mother will have it, that after they have tried their utmost efforts to bring you into their measures, and find them ineffectual, they will recede. But I cannot say I am of her mind. She does not own, she has any authority for this, but her own conjecture. I should otherwise have hoped, that your uncle Antony and she had been in on one secret, and that favourable to you. Woe be to one of them at least [to you uncle to be sure I mean] if they should be in any other!

You must, if possible, avoid being carried to that uncle's. The man, the parson, your brother and sister present! — They'll certainly there marry you to the wretch. Nor will your newly-raised spirit support you in your resistance on such an occasion. Your meekness will return; and you will have nothing for it but tears [tears despised by them all] and ineffectual appeals and lamentations: and these tears when the ceremony is profaned, you must suddenly dry up; and endeavour to dispose of yourself to such a humble frame of mind, as may induce your new-made lord to forgive all your past declarations of aversion.

In short, my dear, you must then blandish him over with a confession, that all your past behaviour was maidenly reserve only: and it will be your part to convince him of the truth of his imprudent sarcasm, that the coyest maids make the fondest wives. Thus will you enter the state with a high sense of obligation to his forgiving goodness: and if you will not be kept to it by that fear, by which he proposes to govern, I am much mistaken.

Yet, after all, I must leave the point undetermined, and only to be determined, as you find they recede from their avowed purpose, or resolve to remove you to your uncle Antony's. But I must repeat my wishes, that something may fall out, that neither of these men may call you his! — And may you live single, my dearest friend, till some man shall offer, that may be as worthy of you, as man can be!

But yet, methinks, I would not, that you, who are so admirably qualified to adorn the married state, should be always single. You know I am incapable of flattery; and that I always speak and write the sincerest dictates of my heart. Nor can you, from what you must know of your own merit (taken only in a comparative light with others) doubt my sincerity. For why should a person who delight to find out and admire every thing that is praise-worthy in another, be supposed ignorant of like perfections in herself, when she could not so much admire them in another, if she had them not herself? And why may not I give her those praises, which she would give to any other, who had but half of her excellencies? — Especially when she is incapable of pride and vain-glory; and neither despises others for the want of her fine qualities, nor overvalues herself upon them? — Over-values, did I say! — How can that be?

Forgive me, my beloved friend. My admiration of you (increased, as it is, by every letter you write) will not always be held down in silence; although, in order to avoid offending you, I generally endeavour to keep it from flowing to my pen, when I write to you, or to my lips, whenever I have the happiness to be in your company.

I will add nothing (though I could add a hundred things on account of your latest communications) but that I am

Your ever affectionate and faithful ANNA HOWE.

I hope I have pleased you with my dispatch. I wish I had been able to please you with my requested advice.

You have given new beauties to the charming Ode which you have transmitted to me. What pity that the wretches you have to deal with, put you out of your admirable course; in the pursuit of which, like the sun, you was wont to cheer and illuminate all you shone upon!

LETTER XIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 26.

How soothing a thing is praise from those we love! — Whether conscious or not of deserving it, it cannot but give us great delight, to see ourselves stand high in the opinion of those whose favour we are ambitious to cultivate. An ingenuous mind will make this farther use of it, that if he be sensible that it does not already deserve the charming attributes, it will hasten (before its friend finds herself mistaken) to obtain the graces it is complimented for: and this it will do, as well in honour to itself, as to preserve its friend's opinion, and justify her judgment. May this be always my aim! — And then you will not only give the praise, but the merit; and I shall be more worthy of that friendship, which is the only pleasure I have to boast of.

Most heartily I thank you for the kind dispatch of your last favour. How much am I indebted to you! and even to your honest servant! — Under what obligations does my unhappy situation lay me!

But let me answer the kind contents of it, as well as I may.

As to getting over my disgusts to Mr. Solmes, it is impossible to be done; while he wants generosity, frankness of heart, benevolence, manners and every qualification that distinguishes the worthy man. O my dear! what a degree of patience, what a greatness of soul, is required in the wife, not to despise a husband who is more ignorant, more illiterate, more low-minded than herself! — The wretch, vested with prerogatives, who will claim rule in virtue of them (and not to permit whose claim, will be as disgraceful to the prescribing wife as to the governed husband); How shall such a husband as this be borne, were he, for reasons of convenience and interest, even to be our CHOICE? But, to be compelled to have such a one, and that compulsion to arise from motives as unworthy of the prescribers as of the prescribed, who can think of getting over an aversion so justly founded? How much easier to bear the temporary persecutions I labour under, because temporary, than to resolve to be such a man's for life? Were I to comply, must I not leave my relations, and go to him? A month will decide the one, perhaps: But what a duration of woe will the other be! — Every day, it is likely, rising to witness to some new breach of an altar-vowed duty!

Then, my dear, the man seems already to be meditating vengeance against me for an aversion I cannot help: for yesterday my saucy gaoleress assured me, that all my oppositions would not signify that pinch of snuff, holding out her genteel

finger and thumb: that I must have Mr. Solmes: that therefore I had not best carry my jest too far; for that Mr. Solmes was a man of spirit, and had told HER, that as I should surely be his, I acted very unpolitely; since, if he had not more mercy [that was her word, I know not if it were his] than I had, I might have cause to repent the usage I gave him to the last day of my life. But enough of this man; who, by what you repeat from Sir Harry Downeton, has all the insolence of his sex, without any one quality to make that insolence tolerable.

I have receive two letters from Mr. Lovelace, since his visit to you; which make three that I have not answered. I doubt not his being very uneasy; but in his last he complains in high terms of my silence; not in the still small voice, or rather style of an humble lover, but in a style like that which would probably be used by a slighted protector. And his pride is again touched, that like a thief, or eves-dropper, he is forced to dodge about in hopes of a letter, and returns five miles (and then to an inconvenient lodging) without any.

His letters and the copy of mine to him, shall soon attend you. Till when, I will give you the substance of what I wrote him yesterday.

I take him severely to task for his freedom in threatening me, through you, with a visit to Mr. Solmes, or to my brother. I say, ‘That, surely, I must be thought to be a creature fit to bear any thing; that violence and menaces from some of my own family are not enough for me to bear, in order to make me avoid him; but that I must have them from him too, if I oblige those to whom it is both my inclination and duty to oblige in every thing that is reasonable, and in my power.

‘Very extraordinary, I tell him, that a violent spirit shall threaten to do a rash and unjustifiable thing, which concerns me but a little, and himself a great deal, if I do not something as rash, my character and sex considered, to divert him from it.

‘I even hint, that, however it would affect me, were any mischief to happen on my own account, yet there are persons, as far as I know, who in my case would not think there would be reason for much regret, were such a committed rashness as he threatens Mr. Solmes with, to rid her of two persons whom, had she never known, she had never been unhappy.’

This is plain-dealing, my dear: and I suppose he will put it into still plainer English for me.

I take his pride to task, on his disdaining to watch for my letters; and for his eves-dropping language: and say, ‘That, surely, he has the less reason to think so hardly of his situation; since his faulty morals are the cause of all; and since faulty morals deservedly level all distinction, and bring down rank and birth to the canaille, and to the necessity which he so much regrets, of appearing (if I must descent to his language) as an eves-dropper and a thief. And then I forbid him

ever to expect another letter from me that is to subject him to such disgraceful hardships.

‘As to the solemn vows and protestations he is so ready, upon all occasions, to make, they have the less weight with me, I tell him, as they give a kind of demonstration, that he himself, from his own character, thinks there is reason to make them. Deeds are to me the only evidence of intentions. And I am more and more convinced of the necessity of breaking off a correspondence with a person, whose addresses I see it is impossible either to expect my friends to encourage, or him to appear to wish that they should think him worthy of encouragement.

‘What therefore I repeatedly desire is, That since his birth, alliances, and expectations, are such as will at any time, if his immoral character be not an objection, procure him at least equal advantages in a woman whose taste and inclinations moreover might be better adapted to his own; I insist upon it, as well as advise it, that he give up all thoughts of me: and the rather, as he has all along (by his threatening and unpolite behaviour to my friends, and whenever he speaks of them) given me reason to conclude, that there is more malice in them, than regard to me, in his perseverance.’

This is the substance of the letter I have written to him.

The man, to be sure, must have the penetration to observe, that my correspondence with him hitherto is owing more to the severity I meet with, than to a very high value for him. And so I would have him think. What a worse than moloch deity is that, which expects an offering of reason, duty, and discretion, to be made to its shrine!

Your mother is of opinion, you say, that at last my friends will relent. Heaven grant that they may! — But my brother and sister have such an influence over every body, and are so determined; so pique themselves upon subduing me, and carrying their point; that I despair that they will. And yet, if they do not, I frankly own, I would not scruple to throw myself upon any not disreputable protection, by which I might avoid my present persecutions, on one hand, and not give Mr. Lovelace advantage over me, on the other — that is to say, were there manifestly no other way left me: for, if there were, I should think the leaving my father’s house, without his consent, one of the most inexcusable actions I could be guilty of, were the protection to be ever so unexceptionable; and this notwithstanding the independent fortune willed me by my grandfather. And indeed I have often reflected with a degree of indignation and disdain, upon the thoughts of what a low, selfish creature that child must be, who is to be reined in only by the hopes of what a parent can or will do for her.

But notwithstanding all this, I owe it to the sincerity of friendship to confess, that I know not what I should have done, had your advice been conclusive any

way. Had you, my dear, been witness to my different emotions, as I read your letter, when, in one place, you advise me of my danger, if I am carried to my uncle's; in another, when you own you could not bear what I bear, and would do any thing rather than marry the man you hate; yet, in another, to represent to me my reputation suffering in the world's eye; and the necessity I should be under to justify my conduct, at the expense of my friends, were I to take a rash step; in another, insinuate the dishonest figure I should be forced to make, in so compelled a matrimony; endeavouring to cajole, fawn upon, and play the hypocrite with a man to whom I have an aversion; who would have reason to believe me an hypocrite, as well from my former avowals, as from the sense he must have (if common sense he has) of his own demerits; the necessity you think there would be for me, the more averse (were I capable of so much dissimulation) that would be imputable to disgraceful motives; as it would be too visible, that love, either of person or mind, could be neither of them: then his undoubted, his even constitutional narrowness: his too probably jealousy, and unforgiveness, bearing in my mind my declared aversion, and the unfeigned despights I took all opportunities to do him, in order to discourage his address: a preference avowed against him from the same motive; with the pride he professes to take in curbing and sinking the spirits of a woman he had acquired a right to tyrannize over: had you, I say, been witness of my different emotions as I read; now leaning this way, now that; now perplexed; now apprehensive; now angry at one, then at another; now resolving; now doubting; you would have seen the power you have over me; and would have had reason to believe, that, had you given your advice in any determined or positive manner, I had been ready to have been concluded by it. So, my dear, you will find, from these acknowledgements, that you must justify me to those laws of friendship, which require undisguised frankness of heart; although you justification of me in that particular, will perhaps be at the expense of my prudence.

But, upon the whole, this I do repeat — That nothing but the last extremity shall make me abandon my father's house, if they will permit me to stay; and if I can, by any means, by any honest pretences, but keep off my evil destiny in it till my cousin Morden arrives. As one of my trustees, his is a protection, into which I may without discredit throw myself, if my other friends should remain determined. And this (although they seem too well aware of it) is all my hope: for, as to Lovelace, were I to be sure of his tenderness, and even of his reformation, must not the thought of embracing the offered protection of his family, be the same thing, in the world's eye, as accepting of his own? — Could I avoid receiving his visits at his own relations'? Must I not be his, whatever, (on seeing him in a nearer light,) I should find him out to be? For you know, it has always

been my observation, that very few people in courtship see each other as they are. Oh! my dear! how wise have I endeavoured to be! How anxious to choose, and to avoid every thing, precautiously, as I may say, that might make me happy, or unhappy; yet all my wisdom now, by a strange fatality, is likely to become foolishness!

Then you tell me, in your usual kindly-partial manner, what is expected of me, more than would be of some others. This should be a lesson to me. What ever my motives were, the world would not know them. To complain of a brother's unkindness, that, indeed, I might do. Differences between brothers and sisters, where interests clash, but too commonly arise: but, where the severe father cannot be separated from the faulty brother, who could bear to lighten herself, by loading a father? — Then, in this particular case, must not the hatred Mr. Lovelace expresses to every one of my family (although in return for their hatred of him) shock one extremely? Must it not shew, that there is something implacable, as well as highly unpolite in his temper? — And what creature can think of marrying so as to be out of all hopes ever to be well with her own nearest and tenderest relations?

But here, having tired myself, and I dare say you, I will lay down my pen.

Mr. Solmes is almost continually here: so is my aunt Hervey: so are my two uncles. Something is working against me, I doubt. What an uneasy state is suspense! — When a naked sword, too, seems hanging over one's head!

I hear nothing but what this confident creature Betty throws out in the wantonness of office. Now it is, Why, Miss, don't you look up your things? You'll be called upon, depend upon it, before you are aware. Another time she intimates darkly, and in broken sentences, (as if on purpose to tease me,) what one says, what another; with their inquiries how I dispose of my time? And my brother's insolent question comes frequently in, Whether I am not writing a history of my sufferings?

But I am now used to her pertness: and as it is only through that that I can hear of any thing intended against me, before it is to be put in execution; and as, when she is most impertinent, she pleads a commission for it; I bear with her: yet, now-and-then, not without a little of the heart-burn.

I will deposit thus far. Adieu, my dear. CL. HARLOWE.

Written on the cover, after she went down, with a pencil:

On coming down, I found your second letter of yesterday's date.* I have read it; and am in hopes that the enclosed will in a great measure answer your mother's expectations of me.

* See the next letter.

My most respectful acknowledgements to her for it, and for her very kind admonitions.

You'll read to her what you please of the enclosed.

LETTER XIV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SAT. MARCH 25.

I follow my last of this date by command. I mentioned in my former my mother's opinion of the merit you would have, if you could oblige your friends against your own inclination. Our conference upon this subject was introduced by the conversation we had had with Sir Harry Downeton; and my mother thinks it of so much importance, that she enjoins me to give you the particulars of it. I the rather comply, as I was unable in my last to tell what to advise you to; and as you will in this recital have my mother's opinion at least, and, perhaps, in hers what the world's would be, were it only to know what she knows, and not so much as I know.

My mother argues upon this case in a most discouraging manner for all such of our sex as look forward for happiness in marriage with the man of their choice.

Only, that I know, she has a side-view of her daughter; who, at the same time that she now prefers no one to another, values not the man her mother most regards, of one farthing; or I should lay it more to heart.

What is there in it, says she, that all this bustle is about? Is it such a mighty matter for a young woman to give up her inclinations to oblige her friends?

Very well, my mamma, thought I! Now, may you ask this — at FORTY, you may. But what would you have said at EIGHTEEN, is the question?

Either, said she, the lady must be thought to have very violent inclinations [And what nice young creature would have that supposed?] which she could not give up; or a very stubborn will, which she would not; or, thirdly, have parents she was indifferent about obliging.

You know my mother now-and-then argues very notably; always very warmly at least. I happen often to differ from her; and we both think so well of our own arguments, that we very seldom are so happy as to convince one another. A pretty common case, I believe, in all vehement debatings. She says, I am too witty; Angelice, too pert: I, That she is too wise; that is to say, being likewise put into English, not so young as she has been: in short, is grown so much into mother, that she has forgotten she ever was a daughter. So, generally, we call another cause by consent — yet fall into the old one half a dozen times over, without consent — quitting and resuming, with half-angry faces, forced into a smile, that there might be some room to piece together again: but go a-bed, if bedtime, a little sullen nevertheless: or, if we speak, her silence is broken with an Ah! Nancy! You are so lively! so quick! I wish you were less like your papa, child!

I pay it off with thinking, that my mother has no reason to disclaim her share in her Nancy: and if the matter go off with greater severity on her side than I wish for, then her favourite Hickman fares the worse for it next day.

I know I am a saucy creature. I know, if I do not say so, you will think so. So no more of this just now. What I mention it for, is to tell you, that on this serious occasion I will omit, if I can, all that passed between us, that had an air of flippancy on my part, or quickness on my mother's, to let you into the cool and cogent of the conversation.

'Look through the families, said she, which we both know, where the man and the woman have been said to marry for love; which (at the time it is so called) is perhaps no more than a passion begun in folly or thoughtlessness, and carried on from a spirit of perverseness and opposition [here we had a parenthetical debate, which I omit]; and see, if they appear to be happier than those whose principal inducement to marry has been convenience, or to oblige their friends; or ever whether they are generally so happy: for convenience and duty, where observed, will afford a permanent and even an increasing satisfaction (as well at the time, as upon the reflection) which seldom fail to reward themselves: while love, if love be the motive, is an idle passion' [idle in ONE SENSE my mother cannot say; for love is as busy as a monkey, and as mischievous as a school-boy]— 'it is a fervour, that, like all other fervours, lasts but a little while after marriage; a bow overstrained, that soon returns to its natural bent.

'As it is founded generally upon mere notional excellencies, which were unknown to the persons themselves till attributed to either by the other; one, two, or three months, usually sets all right on both sides; and then with opened eyes they think of each other — just as every body else thought of them before.

'The lovers imaginaries [her own notable word!] are by that time gone off; nature and old habits (painfully dispensed with or concealed) return: disguises thrown aside, all the moles, freckles, and defects in the minds of each discover themselves; and 'tis well if each do not sink in the opinion of the other, as much below the common standard, as the blinded imagination of both had set them above it. And now, said she, the fond pair, who knew no felicity out of each other's company, are so far from finding the never-ending variety each had proposed in an unrestrained conversation with the other (when they seldom were together; and always parted with something to say; or, on recollection, when parted, wishing they had said); that they are continually on the wing in pursuit of amusements out of themselves; and those, concluded my sage mamma, [Did you think her wisdom so very modern?] will perhaps be the livelier to each, in which the other has no share.'

I told my mother, that if you were to take any rash step, it would be owing to the indiscreet violence of your friends. I was afraid, I said, that these reflection upon the conduct of people in the married state, who might set out with better hopes, were but too well grounded: but that this must be allowed me, that if children weighed not these matters so thoroughly as they ought, neither did parents make those allowances for youth, inclination, and inexperience, which had been found necessary to be made for themselves at their children's time of life.

I remembered a letter, I told her, hereupon, which you wrote a few months ago, personating an anonymous elderly lady (in Mr. Wyerley's day of plaguing you) to Miss Drayton's mother, who, by her severity and restraints, had like to have driven the young lady into the very fault against which her mother was most solicitous to guard her. And I dared to say, she would be pleased with it.

I fetched the first draught of it, which at my request you obliged me at the time; and read the whole letter to my mother. But the following passage she made me read twice. I think you once told me you had not a copy of this letter.

'Permit me, Madam, [says the personated grave writer,] to observe, That if persons of your experience would have young people look forward, in order to be wiser and better by their advice, it would be kind in them to look backward, and allow for their children's youth, and natural vivacity; in other words, for their lively hopes, unabated by time, unaccompanied by reflection, and unchecked by disappointment. Things appear to us all in a very different light at our entrance upon a favourite party, or tour; when, with golden prospects, and high expectations, we rise vigorous and fresh like the sun beginning its morning course; from what they do, when we sit down at the end of our views, tired, and preparing for our journey homeward: for then we take into our reflection, what we had left out in prospect, the fatigues, the checks, the hazards, we had met with; and make a true estimate of pleasures, which from our raised expectations must necessarily have fallen miserably short of what we had promised ourselves at setting out. Nothing but experience can give us a strong and efficacious conviction of this difference: and when we would inculcate the fruits of that upon the minds of those we love, who have not lived long enough to find those fruits; and would hope, that our advice should have as much force upon them, as experience has upon us; and which, perhaps, our parents' advice had not upon ourselves, at our daughter' time of life; should we not proceed by patient reasoning and gentleness, that we may not harden, where we would convince? For, Madam, the tenderest and most generous minds, when harshly treated, become generally the most inflexible. If the young lady knows her heart to be right, however defective her head may be for want of age and experience, she will

be apt to be very tenacious. And if she believes her friends to be wrong, although perhaps they may be only so in their methods of treating her, how much will every unkind circumstance on the parent's part, or heedless one on the child's, though ever so slight in itself, widen the difference! The parent's prejudice in disfavour, will confirm the daughter's in favour, of the same person; and the best reasonings in the world on either side, will be attributed to that prejudice. In short, neither of them will be convinced: a perpetual opposition ensues: the parent grows impatient; the child desperate: and, as a too natural consequence, that falls out which the mother was most afraid of, and which possibly had not happened, if the child's passions had been only led, not driven.'

My mother was pleased with the whole letter; and said, It deserved to have the success it met with. But asked me what excuse could be offered for a young lady capable of making such reflections (and who at her time of life could so well assume the character of one of riper years) if she should rush into any fatal mistake herself?

She then touched upon the moral character of Mr. Lovelace; and how reasonable the aversion of your reflections is to a man who gives himself the liberties he is said to take; and who indeed himself denies not the accusation; having been heard to declare, that he will do all the mischief he can to the sex, in revenge for the ill usage and broken vows of his first love, at a time when he was too young [his own expression it seems] to be insincere.

I replied, that I had heard every one say, that the lady meant really used him ill; that it affected him so much at the time, that he was forced to travel upon it; and to drive her out of his heart, ran into courses which he had ingenuousness enough himself to condemn: that, however, he had denied that he had thrown out such menaces against the sex when charged with them by me in your presence; and declared himself incapable of so unjust and ungenerous a resentment against all, for the perfidy of one.

You remember this, my dear, as I do your innocent observation upon it, that you could believe his solemn asseveration and denial: 'For surely, said you, the man who would resent, as the highest indignity that could be offered to a gentleman, the imputation of a wilful falsehood, would not be guilty of one.'

I insisted upon the extraordinary circumstances in your case; particularizing them. I took notice, that Mr. Lovelace's morals were at one time no objection with your relations for Arabella: that then much was built upon his family, and more upon his part and learning, which made it out of doubt, that he might be reclaimed by a woman of virtue and prudence: and [pray forgive me for mentioning it] I ventured to add, that although your family might be good sort of folks, as the world went, yet no body but you imputed to any of them a very punctilious

concern for religion or piety — therefore were they the less entitled to object to defect of that kind in others. Then, what an odious man, said I, have they picked out, to supplant in a lady's affections one of the finest figures of a man, and one noted for his brilliant parts, and other accomplishments, whatever his morals may be!

Still my mother insisted, that there was the greater merit in your obedience on that account; and urged, that there hardly ever was a very handsome and a very sprightly man who made a tender and affectionate husband: for that they were generally such Narcissus's, as to imagine every woman ought to think as highly of them, as they did of themselves.

There was no danger from that consideration here, I said, because the lady still had greater advantages of person and mind, than the man; graceful and elegant, as he must be allowed to be, beyond most of his sex.

She cannot endure to hear me praise any man but her favourite Hickman; upon whom, nevertheless, she generally brings a degree of contempt which he would escape, did she not lessen the little merit he has, by giving him, on all occasions, more than I think he can deserve, and entering him into comparisons in which it is impossible but he must be a sufferer. And now [preposterous partiality!] she thought for her part, that Mr. Hickman, bating that his face indeed was not so smooth, nor his complexion quite so good, and saving that he was not so presuming and so bold (which ought to be no fault with a modest woman) equaled Mr. Lovelace at any hour of the day.

To avoid entering further into such an incomparable comparison, I said, I did not believe, had they left you to your own way, and treated you generously, that you would have had the thought of encouraging any man whom they disliked —

Then, Nancy, catching me up, the excuse is less — for if so, must there not be more of contradiction, than love, in the case?

Not so, neither, Madam: for I know Miss Clarissa Harlowe would prefer Mr. Lovelace to all men, if morals —

IF, Nancy! — That if is every thing. — Do you really think she loves Mr. Lovelace?

What would you have had me say, my dear? — I won't tell you what I did say: But had I not said what I did, who would have believed me?

Besides, I know you love him! — Excuse me, my dear: Yet, if you deny it, what do you but reflect upon yourself, as if you thought you ought not to allow yourself in what you cannot help doing?

Indeed, Madam, said I, the man is worthy of any woman's love [if, again, I could say] — But her parents —

Her parents, Nancy — [You know, my dear, how my mother, who accuses her daughter of quickness, is evermore interrupting one!]

May take wrong measures, said I —

Cannot do wrong — they have reason, I'll warrant, said she —

By which they may provoke a young woman, said I, to do rash things, which otherwise she would not do.

But, if it be a rash thing, [returned she,] should she do it? A prudent daughter will not wilfully err, because her parents err, if they were to err: if she do, the world which blames the parents, will not acquit the child. All that can be said, in extenuation of a daughter's error in this case, arises from a kind consideration, which Miss Clary's letter to Lady Drayton pleads for, to be paid to her daughter's youth and inexperience. And will such an admirable young person as Miss Clarissa Harlowe, whose prudence, as we see, qualifies her to be an advisor of persons much older than herself, take shelter under so poor a covert?

Let her know, Nancy, out of hand, what I say; and I charge you to represent farther to her, That let he dislike one man and approve of another ever so much, it will be expected of a young lady of her unbounded generosity and greatness of mind, that she should deny herself when she can oblige all her family by so doing — no less than ten or a dozen perhaps the nearest and dearest to her of all the persons in the world, an indulgent father and mother at the head of them. It may be fancy only on her side; but parents look deeper: And will not Miss Clarissa Harlowe give up her fancy to her parents' judgment?

I said a great deal upon this judgment subject: all that you could wish I should say; and all that your extraordinary case allowed me to say. And my mother was so sensible of the force of it, that she charged me not to write to you any part of my answer to what she said; but only what she herself had advanced; lest, in so critical a case, it should induce you to take measures which might give us both reason (me for giving it, you for following it) to repent it as long as we lived.

And thus, my dear, have I set my mother's arguments before you. And the rather, as I cannot myself tell what to advise you to do — you know best your own heart; and what that will let you do.

Robin undertakes to deposit this very early, that you may have an opportunity to receive it by your first morning airing.

Heaven guide and direct you for the best, is the incessant prayer of

Your ever affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

I am in great apprehension. Yet cannot help repeating my humble thanks to your mother and you for your last favour. I hope her kind end is answered by the contents of my last. Yet I must not think it enough to acknowledge her goodness to me, with a pencil only, on the cover of a letter sealed up. A few lines give me leave to write with regard to my anonymous letter to Lady Drayton. If I did not at that time tell you, as I believe I did, that my excellent Mrs. Norton gave me her assistance in that letter, I now acknowledge that she did.

Pray let your mother know this, for two reasons: one, that I may not be thought to arrogate to myself a discretion which does not belong to me; the other, that I may not suffer by the severe, but just inference she was pleased to draw; doubling my faults upon me, if I myself should act unworthy of the advice I was supposed to give.

Before I come to what most nearly affects us all, I must chide you once more, for the severe, the very severe things you mention of our family, to the disparagement of their MORALS. Indeed, my dear, I wonder at you! — A slighter occasion might have passed me, after I had written to you so often to so little purpose, on this topic. But, affecting as my own circumstances are, I cannot pass by, without animadversion, the reflection I need not repeat in words.

There is not a worthier woman in England than my mother. Nor is my father that man you sometimes make him. Excepting in one point, I know not any family which lives more up to their duty, than the principals of ours. A little too uncommunicative for their great circumstances — that is all. — Why, then, have they not reason to insist upon unexceptionable morals in a man whose sought-for relationship to them, by a marriage in their family, they have certainly a right either to allow of, or to disallow.

Another line or two, before I am engrossed by my own concerns — upon your treatment of Mr. Hickman. Is it, do you think, generous to revenge upon an innocent person, the displeasure you receive from another quarter, where, I doubt, you are a trespasser too? — But one thing I could tell him; and you have best not provoke me to it: It is this, That no woman uses ill the man she does not absolutely reject, but she has it in her heart to make him amends, when her tyranny has had its run, and he has completed the measure of his services and patience. My mind is not enough at ease to push this matter further.

I will now give you the occasion of my present apprehensions.

I had reason to fear, as I mentioned in mine of this morning, that a storm was brewing. Mr. Solmes came home from church this afternoon with my brother. Soon after, Betty brought me up a letter, without saying from whom. It was in a cover, and directed by a hand I never saw before; as if it were supposed that I would not receive and open it, had I known from whom it came.

These are the contents:

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SUNDAY, MARCH 26. DEAREST MADAM,

I think myself a most unhappy man, in that I have never yet been able to pay my respects to you with youre consent, for one halfe-hour. I have something to communicat to you that concernes you much, if you be pleased to admit me to youre speech. Youre honour is concerned in it, and the honour of all youre familly. It relates to the designes of one whom you are sed to valew more than he desarves; and to some of his reprobat actions; which I am reddie to give you convincing proofes of the truth of. I may appear to be interested in it: but, neverthelesse, I am reddie to make oathe, that every tittle is true: and you will see what a man you are sed to favour. But I hope not so, for your owne honour.

Pray, Madam, vouchsafe me a hearing, as you valew your honour and familly: which will oblidge, dearest Miss,

Your most humble and most faithful servant, ROGER SOLMES.

I wait below for the hope of admittance.

I have no manner of doubt, that this is a poor device to get this man into my company. I would have sent down a verbal answer; but Betty refused to carry any message, which should prohibit his visiting me. So I was obliged either to see him, or to write to him. I wrote therefore an answer, of which I shall send you the rough draught. And now my heart aches for what may follow from it; for I hear a great hurry below.

TO ROGER SOLMES, ESQ. SIR,

Whatever you have to communicate to me, which concerns my honour, may as well be done by writing as by word of mouth. If Mr. Lovelace is any of my concern, I know not that therefore he ought to be yours: for the usage I receive on your account [I must think it so!] is so harsh, that were there not such a man in the world as Mr. Lovelace, I would not wish to see Mr. Solmes, no, not for one half-

hour, in the way he is pleased to be desirous to see me. I never can be in any danger from Mr. Lovelace, (and, of consequence, cannot be affected by any of your discoveries,) if the proposal I made be accepted. You have been acquainted with it no doubt. If not, be pleased to let my friends know, that if they will rid me of my apprehensions of one gentleman, I will rid them of their of another: And then, of what consequence to them, or to me, will it be, whether Mr. Lovelace be a good man, or a bad? And if not to them, nor to me, I see not how it can be of any to you. But if you do, I have nothing to say to that; and it will be a christian part if you will expostulate with him upon the errors you have discovered, and endeavour to make him as good a man, as, no doubt, you are yourself, or you would not be so ready to detect and expose him.

Excuse me, Sir: but, after my former letter to you, and your ungenerous perseverance; and after this attempt to avail yourself at the expense of another man's character, rather than by your own proper merit; I see not that you can blame any asperity in her, whom you have so largely contributed to make unhappy.

CL. HARLOWE.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

My father was for coming up to me, in great wrath, it seems; but was persuaded to the contrary. My aunt Hervey was permitted to send me this that follow. — Quick work, my dear!

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE NIECE,

Every body is now convinced, that nothing is to be done with you by way of gentleness or persuasion. Your mother will not permit you to stay in the house; for your father is so incensed by your strange letter to his friend, that she knows not what will be the consequence if you do. So, you are commanded to get ready to go to your uncle Antony's out of hand.

Your uncle thinks he has not deserved of you such an unwillingness as you shew to go to his house.

You don't know the wickedness of the man for whose sake you think it worth while to quarrel with all your friends.

You must not answer me. There will be no end of that.

You know not the affliction you give to every body; but to none more than to

Your affectionate aunt, DOROTHY HERVEY.

Forbid to write to my aunt, I took a bolder liberty. I wrote a few lines to my mother; beseeching her to procure me leave to throw myself at my father's feet, and hers, if I must go, (nobody else present,) to beg pardon for the trouble I had given them both, and their blessings; and to receive their commands as to my removal, and the time for it, from their own lips.

'What new boldness this! — Take it back; and bid her learn to obey,' was my mother's angry answer, with my letter returned, unopened.

But that I might omit nothing, that had an appearance of duty, I wrote a few lines to my father himself, to the same purpose; begging, that he would not turn me out of his house, without his blessing. But this, torn in two pieces, and unopened, was brought me up again by Betty, with an air, one hand held up, the other extended, the torn letter in her open palm; and a See here! — What a sad thing is this! — Nothing will do but duty, Miss! — Your papa said, Let her tell me of deeds! — I'll receive no words from her. And so he tore the letter, and flung the pieces at my head.

So desperate was my case, I was resolved not to stop even at this repulse. I took my pen, and addressed myself to my uncle Harlowe, enclosing that which my mother had returned unopened, and the torn unopened one sent to my father; having first hurried off a transcript for you.

My uncle was going home, and it was delivered to him just as he stepped into his chariot. What may be the fate of it therefore I cannot know till to-morrow.

The following is a copy of it:

TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ. MY DEAR AND EVER-HONOURED UNCLE,

I have nobody now but you, to whom I can apply, with hope, so much as to have my humble addresses opened and read. My aunt Hervey has given me commands which I want to have explained; but she has forbid me writing to her. Hereupon I took the liberty to write to my father and mother. You will see, Sir, by the torn one, and by the other, (both unopened,) what has been the result. This, Sir, perhaps you already know: but, as you know not the contents of the disgraced letters, I beseech you to read them both, that you may be a witness for me, that they are not filled with either complaints or expostulations, nor contain any thing undutiful. Give me leave to say, Sir, that if deaf-eared anger will neither grant me a hearing, nor, what I write a perusal, some time hence the hard-heartedness may be regretted. I beseech you, dear, good Sir, to let me know what is meant by sending me to my uncle Antony's house, rather than to yours, or to my aunt Hervey's, or else-where? If it be for what I apprehend it to be, life will not be supportable upon the terms. I beg also to know, WHEN I am to be turned out of

doors! — My heart strongly gives me, that if once I am compelled to leave this house, I never shall see it more.

It becomes me, however, to declare, that I write not this through perverseness, or in resentment. God knows my heart, I do not! But the treatment I apprehend I shall meet with, if carried to my other uncle's, will, in all probability, give the finishing stroke to the distresses, the undeserved distresses I will be bold to call them, of

Your once highly-favoured, but now unhappy, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XVI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 27.

This morning early my uncle Harlowe came hither. He sent up the enclosed very tender letter. It has made me wish I could oblige him. You will see how Mr. Solmes's ill qualities are glossed over in it. What blemishes dies affection hide! — But perhaps they may say to me, What faults does antipathy bring to light!

Be pleased to send me back this letter of my uncle by the first return.

SUNDAY NIGHT, OR RATHER MINDAY MORNING.

I must answer you, though against my own resolution. Every body loves you; and you know they do. The very ground you walk upon is dear to most of us. But how can we resolve to see you? There is no standing against your looks and language. It is our loves makes us decline to see you. How can we, when you are resolved not to do what we are resolved you shall do? I never, for my part, loved any creature, as I loved you from your infancy till now. And indeed, as I have often said, never was there a young creature so deserving of our love. But what is come to you now! Alas! alas! my dear kinswoman, how you fail in the trial!

I have read the letters you enclosed. At a proper time, I may shew them to my brother and sister: but they will receive nothing from you at present.

For my part, I could not read your letter to me, without being unmanned. How can you be so unmoved yourself, yet so able to move every body else? How could you send such a letter to Mr. Solmes? Fie upon you! How strangely are you altered!

Then to treat your brother and sister as you did, that they don't care to write to you, or to see you! Don't you know where it is written, That soft answers turn away wrath? But if you will trust to you sharp-pointed wit, you may wound. Yet a club will beat down a sword: And how can you expect that they who are hurt by you will not hurt you again? Was this the way you used to take to make us all adore you as we did? — No, it was your gentleness of heart and manners, that made every body, even strangers, at first sight, treat you as a lady, and call you a lady, though not born one, while your elder sister had no such distinctions paid her. If you were envied, why should you sharpen envy, and file up its teeth to an edge? — You see I write like an impartial man, and as one that loves you still.

But since you have displayed your talents, and spared nobody, and moved every body, without being moved, you have but made us stand the closer and firmer together. This is what I likened to an embattled phalanx, once before. Your

aunt Hervey forbids your writing for the same reason that I must not countenance it. We are all afraid to see you, because we know we shall be made as so many fools. Nay, your mother is so afraid of you, that once or twice, when she thought you were coming to force yourself into her presence, she shut the door, and locked herself in, because she knew she must not see you upon your terms, and you are resolved you will not see her upon hers.

Resolves but to oblige us all, my dearest Miss Clary, and you shall see how we will clasp you every one by turns to our rejoicing hearts. If the one man has not the wit, and the parts, and the person, of the other, no one breathing has a worse heart than that other: and is not the love of all your friends, and a sober man (if he be not so polished) to be preferred to a debauchee, though ever so fine a man to look at? You have such talents that you will be adored by the one: but the other has as much advantage in those respects, as you have yourself, and will not set by them one straw: for husbands are sometimes jealous of their authority with witty wives. You will have in one, a man of virtue. Had you not been so rudely affronting to him, he would have made your ears tingle with what he could have told you of the other.

Come, my dear niece, let me have the honour of doing with you what no body else yet has been able to do. Your father, mother, and I, will divide the pleasure, and the honour, I will again call it, between us; and all past offences shall be forgiven; and Mr. Solmes, we will engage, shall take nothing amiss hereafter, of what has passed.

He knows, he says, what a jewel that man will have, who can obtain your favour; and he will think light of all he has suffered, or shall suffer, in obtaining you.

Dear, sweet creature, oblige us: and oblige us with a grace. It must be done, whether with a grace or not. I do assure you it must. You must not conquer father, mother, uncles, every body: depend upon that.

I have set up half the night to write this. You do not know how I am touched at reading yours, and writing this. Yet will I be at Harlowe-place early in the morning. So, upon reading this, if you will oblige us all, send me word to come up to your apartment: and I will lead you down, and present you to the embraces of every one: and you will then see, you have more of a brother and sister in them both, than of late your prejudices will let you think you have. This from one who used to love to style himself,

Your paternal uncle, JOHN HARLOWE.

In about an hour after this kind letter was given me, my uncle sent up to know, if he should be a welcome visiter, upon the terms mentioned in his letter? He bid Betty bring him down a verbal answer: a written one, he said, would be a bad sign: and he bid her therefore not to bring a letter. But I had just finished the enclosed transcription of one I had been writing. She made a difficulty to carry it; but was prevailed upon to oblige me by a token which these Mrs. Betty's cannot withstand.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

How you rejoice me by your condescending goodness! — So kind, so paternal a letter! — so soothing to a wounded heart; and of late what I have been so little used to! — How am I affected with it! Tell me not, dear Sir, of my way of writing: your letter has more moved me, than I have been able to move any body! — It has made me wish, with all my heart, that I could entitle myself to be visited upon your own terms; and to be led down to my father and mother by so good and so kind an uncle.

I will tell you, dearest Uncle, what I will do to make my peace. I have no doubt that Mr. Solmes, upon consideration, would greatly prefer my sister to such a strange averse creature as me. His chief, or one of his chief motives in his address to me, is, as I have reason to believe, the contiguity of my grandfather's estate to his own. I will resign it; for ever I will resign it: and the resignation must be good, because I will never marry at all. I will make it over to my sister, and her heirs for ever. I shall have no heirs, but my brother and her; and I will receive, as of my father's bounty, such an annuity (not in lieu of the estate, but as of his bounty) as he shall be pleased to grant me, if it be ever so small: and whenever I disoblige him, he to withdraw it, at his pleasure.

Will this not be accepted? — Surely it must — surely it will! — I beg of you, dearest Sir, to propose it; and second it with your interest. This will answer every end. My sister has a high opinion of Mr. Solmes. I never can have any in the light he is proposed to me. But as my sister's husband, he will be always entitled to my respect; and shall have it.

If this be accepted, grant me, Sir, the honour of a visit; and do me then the inexpressible pleasure of leading me down to the feet of my honoured parents, and they shall find me the most dutiful of children; and to the arms of my brother and sister, and they shall find me the most obliging and most affectionate of sisters.

I wait, Sir, for your answer to this proposal, made with the whole heart of

Your dutiful and most obliged niece, CL. HARLOWE.

MONDAY NOON.

I hope this will be accepted: for Betty tells me, that my uncle Antony and my aunt Hervey are sent for; and not Mr. Solmes; which I look upon as a favourable circumstance. With what cheerfulness will I assign over this envied estate! — What a much more valuable consideration shall I part with it for! — The love and favour of all my relations! That love and favour, which I used for eighteen years together to rejoice in, and be distinguished by! — And what a charming pretence will this afford me of breaking with Mr. Lovelace! And how easily will it possibly make him to part with me!

I found this morning, in the usual place, a letter from him, in answer, I suppose, to mine of Friday, which I deposited not till Saturday. But I have not opened it; nor will I, till I see what effect this new offer will have.

Let me but be permitted to avoid the man I hate; and I will give up with cheerfulness the man I could prefer. To renounce the one, were I really to value him as much as you seem to imagine, can give but a temporary concern, which time and discretion will alleviate. This is a sacrifice which a child owes to parents and friends, if they insist upon its being made. But the other, to marry a man one cannot endure, is not only a dishonest thing, as to the man; but it is enough to make a creature who wishes to be a good wife, a bad or indifferent one, as I once wrote to the man himself: and then she can hardly be either a good mistress, or a good friend; or any thing but a discredit to her family, and a bad example to all around her.

Methinks I am loth, in the suspense I am in at present, to deposit this, because it will be leaving you in one as great: but having been prevented by Betty's officiousness twice, I will now go down to my little poultry; and, if I have an opportunity, will leave it in the usual place, where I hope to find something from you.

LETTER XVII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 27.

I have deposited my narrative down to this day noon; but I hope soon to follow it with another letter, that I may keep you as little a while as possible in that suspense which I am so much affected by at this moment: for my heart is disturbed at ever foot I hear stir; and at every door below that I hear open or shut.

They have been all assembled some time, and are in close debate I believe: But can there be room for long debate upon a proposal, which, if accepted, will so effectually answer all their views? — Can they insist a moment longer upon my having Mr. Solmes, when they see what sacrifices I am ready to make, to be freed from his addresses? — Oh! but I suppose the struggle is, first, with Bella's nicety, to persuade her to accept of the estate, and of the husband; and next, with her pride, to take her sister's refusals, as she once phrased it! — Or, it may be, my brother is insisting upon equivalents for his reversion in the estate: and these sort of things take up but too much the attention of some of our family. To these, no doubt, one or both, it must be owing, that my proposal admits of so much consideration.

I want, methinks, to see what Mr. Lovelace, in his letter, says. But I will deny myself this piece of curiosity till that which is raised by my present suspense is answered. — Excuse me, my dear, that I thus trouble you with my uncertainties: but I have no employment, nor heart, if I had, to pursue any other but what my pen affords me.

MONDAY EVENING.

Would you believe it? — Betty, by anticipation, tells me, that I am to be refused. I am 'a vile, artful creature. Every body is too good to me. My uncle Harlowe has been taken in, that's the phrase. They know how it would be, if he either wrote to me, or saw me. He has, however, been made ashamed to be so wrought upon. A pretty thing truly in the eye of the world it would be, were they to take me at my word! It would look as if they had treated me thus hardly, as I think it, for this very purpose. My peculiars, particularly Miss Howe, would give it that turn; and I myself could mean nothing by it, but to see if it would be accepted in order to strengthen my own arguments against Mr. Solmes. It was amazing, that it could admit of a moment's deliberation: that any thing could be supposed to be done in it. It was equally against law and equity: and a fine security Miss Bella would have, or Mr. Solmes, when I could resume it when I

would! — My brother and she my heirs! O the artful creature! — I to resolve to live single, when Lovelace is so sure of me — and every where declares as much! — and can whenever he pleases, if my husband, claim under the will! — Then the insolence — the confidence — [as Betty mincingly told me, that one said; you may easily guess who] that she, who was so justly in disgrace for downright rebellion, should pretend to prescribe to the whole family! — Should name a husband for her elder sister! — What a triumph would her obstinacy go away with, to delegate her commands, not as from a prison, as she called it, but as from her throne, to her elders and betters; and to her father and mother too! — Amazing, perfectly amazing, that any body could argue upon such a proposal as this! It was a master-stroke of finesse — It was ME in perfection! — Surely my uncle Harlowe will never again be so taken in!'

All this was the readier told me, because it was against me, and would tease and vex me. But as some of this fine recapitulation implied, that somebody spoke up for me. I was curious to know who it was. But Betty would not tell me, for fear I should have the consolation to find that all were not against me.

But do you not see, my dear, what a sad creature she is whom you honour with your friendship? — You could not doubt your influence over me: Why did you not take the friendly liberty I have always taken with you, and tell me my faults, and what a specious hypocrite I am? For, if my brother and sister could make such discoveries, how is it possible, that faults to enormous [you could see others, you thought, of a more secret nature!] could escape you penetrating eye?

Well, but now, it seems, they are debating how and by whom to answer me: for they know not, nor are they to know, that Mrs. Betty has told me all these fine things. One desires to be excused, it seems: another chooses not to have any thing to say to me: another has enough of me: and of writing to so ready a scribbler, there will be no end.

Thus are those imputed qualifications, which used so lately to gain me applause, now become my crimes: so much do disgust and anger alter the property of things.

The result of their debate, I suppose, will somehow or other be communicated to me by-and-by. But let me tell you, my dear, that I am made so desperate, that I am afraid to open Mr. Lovelace's letter, lest, in the humour I am in, I should do something (if I find it not exceptionable) that may give me repentance as long as I live.

MONDAY NIGHT.

This moment the following letter is brought me by Betty.

MONDAY, 5 O'CLOCK MISS CUNNING-ONE,

Your fine new proposal is thought unworthy of a particular answer. Your uncle Harlowe is ashamed to be so taken in. Have you no new fetch for your uncle Antony? Go round with us, child, now your hand's in. But I was bid to write only one line, that you might not complain, as you did of your worthy sister, for the freedoms you provoked: It is this — Prepare yourself. To-morrow you go to my uncle Antony's. That's all, child.

JAMES HARLOWE.

I was vexed to the heart at this: and immediately, in the warmth of resentment, wrote the enclosed to my uncle Harlowe; who it seems stays here this night.

TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ. MONDAY NIGHT. HONOURED SIR,

I find I am a very sad creature, and did not know it. I wrote not to my brother. To you, Sir, I wrote. From you I hope the honour of an answer. No one reveres her uncle more than I do. Nevertheless, between uncle and niece, excludes not such a hope: and I think I have not made a proposal that deserves to be treated with scorn.

Forgive me, Sir — my heart is full. Perhaps one day you may think you have been prevailed upon (for that is plainly the case!) to join to treat me — as I do not deserve to be treated. If you are ashamed, as my brother hints, of having expressed any returning tenderness to me, God help me! I see I have no mercy to expect from any body! But, Sir, from your pen let me have an answer; I humbly implore it of you. Till my brother can recollect what belongs to a sister, I will not take from him no answer to the letter I wrote to you, nor any commands whatever.

I move every body! — This, Sir, is what you are pleased to mention. But whom have I moved? — One person in the family has more moving ways than I have, or he could never so undeservedly have made every body ashamed to show tenderness to a poor distressed child of the same family.

Return me not this with contempt, or torn, or unanswered, I beseech you. My father has a title to do that or any thing by his child: but from no other person in the world of your sex, Sir, ought a young creature of mine (while she preserves a supplicating spirit) to be so treated.

When what I have before written in the humblest strain has met with such strange constructions, I am afraid that this unguarded scrawl will be very ill received. But I beg, Sir, you will oblige me with one line, be it ever so harsh, in answer to my proposal. I still think it ought to be attended to. I will enter into the most solemn engagements to make it valid by a perpetual single life. In a word, any thing I can do, I will do, to be restored to all your favours. More I cannot say, but that I am, very undeservedly,

A most unhappy creature.

Betty scrupled again to carry this letter; and said, she should have anger; and I should have it returned in scraps and bits.

I must take that chance, said I: I only desire that you will deliver it as directed.

Sad doings! very sad! she said, that young ladies should so violently set themselves against their duty.

I told her, she should have the liberty to say what she pleased, so she would but be my messenger that one time: and down she went with it.

I bid her, if she could, slide it into my uncle's hand, unseen; at least unseen by my brother or sister, for fear it should meet, through their good office, with the fate she had bespoken for it.

She would not undertake for that, she said.

I am now in expectation of the result. But having so little ground to hope for their favour or mercy, I opened Mr. Lovelace's letter.

I would send it to you, my dear (as well as those I shall enclose) by this conveyance; but not being able at present to determine in what manner I shall answer it, I will give myself the trouble of abstracting it here, while I am waiting for what may offer from the letter just carried down.

'He laments, as usual, my ill opinion of him, and readiness to believe every thing to his disadvantage. He puts into plain English, as I supposed he would, my hint, that I might be happier, if, by any rashness he might be guilty of to Solmes, he should come to an untimely end himself.'

He is concerned, he says, 'That the violence he had expressed on his extreme apprehensiveness of losing me, should have made him guilty of any thing I had so much reason to resent.'

He owns, 'That he is passionate: all good-natured men, he says, are so; and a sincere man cannot hide it.' But appeals to me, 'Whether, if any occasion in the world could excuse the rashness of his expressions, it would not be his present dreadful situation, through my indifference, and the malice of his enemies.'

He says, 'He has more reason than ever, from the contents of my last, to apprehend, that I shall be prevailed upon by force, if not by fair means, to fall in with my brother's measures; and sees but too plainly, that I am preparing him to expect it.

'Upon this presumption, he supplicates, with the utmost earnestness, that I will not give way to the malice of his enemies.

'Solemn vows of reformation, and everlasting truth and obligingness, he makes; all in the style of desponding humility: yet calls it a cruel turn upon him, to impute his protestations to a consciousness of the necessity there is for making them from his bad character.

‘He despises himself, he solemnly protests, for his past follies. He thanks God he has seen his error; and nothing but my more particular instructions is wanting to perfect his reformation.

‘He promises, that he will do every thing that I shall think he can do with honour, to bring about a reconciliation with my father; and even will, if I insist upon it, make the first overtures to my brother, and treat him as his own brother, because he is mine, if he will not by new affronts revive the remembrance of the past.

‘He begs, in the most earnest and humble manner, for one half-hour’s interview; undertaking by a key, which he owns he has to the garden-door, leading into the coppice, as we call it, (if I will but unbolt the door,) to come into the garden at night, and wait till I have an opportunity to come to him, that he may re-assure me of the truth of all he writes, and of the affection, and, if needful, protection, of all his family.

‘He presumes not, he says, to write by way of menace to me; but if I refuse him this favour, he knows not (so desperate have some strokes in my letter made him) what his despair may make him do.’

He asks me, ‘Determined, as my friends are, and far as they have already gone, and declare they will go, what can I propose to do, to avoid having Mr. Solmes, if I am carried to my uncle Antony’s; unless I resolve to accept of the protection he has offered to procure me; or except I will escape to London, or elsewhere, while I can escape?’

He advises me, ‘To sue to your mother, for her private reception of me; only till I can obtain possession of my own estate, and procure my friends to be reconciled to me; which he is sure they will be desirous to be, the moment I am out of their power.’

He apprizes me, [It is still my wonder, how he comes by this intelligence!] ‘That my friends have written to my cousin Morden to represent matters to him in their own partial way; nor doubt they to influence him on their side of the question.

‘That all this shews I have but one way; if none of my friends or intimates will receive me.

‘If I will transport him with the honour of my choice of this one way, settlements shall be drawn, with proper blanks, which I shall fill up as I pleased. Let him but have my commands from my own mouth, all my doubts and scruples from my own lips; and only a repetition, that I will not, on any consideration, be Solmes’s wife; and he shall be easy. But, after such a letter as I have written, nothing but an interview can make him so.’ He beseeches me therefore, ‘To unbolt the door, as that very night; or, if I receive not this time enough, this night;

— and he will, in a disguise that shall not give suspicion who he is, if he should be seen, come to the garden door, in hopes to open it with his key; nor will he have any other lodging than in the coppice both nights; watching every wakeful hour for the propitious unbolting, unless he has a letter with my orders to the contrary, or to make some other appointment.'

This letter was dated yesterday: so he was there last night, I suppose; and will be there this night; and I have not written a line to him: and now it is too late, were I determined what to write.

I hope he will not go to Mr. Solmes. — I hope he will not come hither. — If he do either, I will break with him for ever.

What have I to do with these headstrong spirits? I wish I had never — but what signifies wishing? — I am strangely perplexed: but I need not have told you this, after such a representation of my situation.

LETTER XVII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY MORNING, 7 O'CLOCK

My uncle has vouchsafed to answer me. These that follow are the contents of his letter; but just now brought me, although written last night — late I suppose.

MONDAY NIGHT. MISS CLARY,

Since you are grown such a bold challenger, and teach us all our duty, though you will not practise your own, I must answer you. Nobody wants you estate from you. Are you, who refuse ever body's advice, to prescribe a husband to your sister? Your letter to Mr. Solmes is inexcusable. I blamed you for it before. Your parents will be obeyed. It is fit they should. Your mother has nevertheless prevailed to have your going to your uncle Antony's put off till Thursday: yet owns you deserve not that, or any other favour from her. I will receive no more of your letters. You are too artful for me. You are an ungrateful and unreasonable child: Must you have your way paramount to every body's? How are you altered.

Your displeased uncle, JOHN HARLOWE.

To be carried away on Thursday — To the moated house — To the chapel — To Solmes! How can I think of this! — They will make me desperate.

TUESDAY MORNING, 8 O'CLOCK.

I have another letter from Mr. Lovelace. I opened it with the expectation of its being filled with bold and free complaints, on my not writing to prevent his two nights watching, in weather not extremely agreeable. But, instead of complaints, he is 'full of tender concern lest I may have been prevented by indisposition, or by the closer confinement which he has frequently cautioned me that I may expect.'

He says, 'He had been in different disguises loitering about our garden and park wall, all the day on Sunday last; and all Sunday night was wandering about the coppice, and near the back door. It rained; and he has got a great cold, attended with feverishness, and so hoarse, that he has almost lost his voice.'

Why did he not flame out in his letter? — Treated as I am treated by my friends, it is dangerous to be laid under the sense of an obligation to an addresser's patience; especially when such a one suffers in health for my sake.

'He had no shelter, he says, but under the great overgrown ivy, which spreads wildly round the heads of two or three oaklings; and that was soon wet through.'

You remember the spot. You and I, my dear, once thought ourselves obliged to the natural shade which those ivy-covered oaklings afforded us, in a sultry day.

I can't help saying, I am sorry he has suffered for my sake; but 'tis his own seeking.

His letter is dated last night at eight: 'And, indisposed as he is, he tells me that he will watch till ten, in hopes of my giving him the meeting he so earnestly request. And after that, he has a mile to walk to his horse and servant; and four miles then to ride to his inn.'

He owns, 'That he has an intelligencer in our family; who has failed him for a day or two past: and not knowing how I do, or how I may be treated, his anxiety is increased.'

This circumstance gives me to guess who this intelligencer is: Joseph Leman: the very creature employed and confided in, more than any other, by my brother.

This is not an honourable way of proceeding in Mr. Lovelace. Did he learn this infamous practice of corrupting the servants of other families at the French court, where he resided a good while?

I have been often jealous of this Leman in my little airings and poultry-visits. Doubly obsequious as he was always to me, I have thought him my brother's spy upon me; and although he obliged me by his hastening out of the garden and poultry-yard, whenever I came into either, have wondered, that from his reports my liberties of those kinds have not been abridged.* So, possibly, this man may be bribed by both, yet betray both. Worthy views want not such obliquities as these on either side. An honest mind must rise into indignation both at the traitor-maker and the traitor.

* Mr. Lovelace accounts for this, Vol. I, Letter XXXV.

'He presses with the utmost earnestness for an interview. He would not presume, he says, to disobey my last personal commands, that he should not endeavour to attend me again in the wood-house. But says, he can give me such reasons for my permitting him to wait upon my father or uncles, as he hopes will be approved by me: for he cannot help observing, that it is no more suitable to my own spirit than to his, that he, a man of fortune and family, should be obliged to pursue such a clandestine address, as would only become a vile fortune-hunter. But, if I will give my consent for his visiting me like a man, and a gentleman, no ill treatment shall provoke him to forfeit his temper.

'Lord M. will accompany him, if I please: or Lady Betty Lawrance will first make the visit to my mother, or to my aunt Hervey, or even to my uncles, if I choose it. And such terms shall be offered, as shall have weight upon them.

'He begs, that I will not deny him making a visit to Mr. Solmes. By all that's good, he vows, that it shall not be with the least intention either to hurt or affront

him; but only to set before him, calmly and rationally, the consequences that may possibly flow from so fruitless a perseverance, as well as the ungenerous folly of it, to a mind as noble as mine. He repeats his own resolution to attend my pleasure, and Mr. Morden's arrival and advice, for the reward of his own patience.

'It is impossible, he says, but one of these methods must do. Presence, he observes, even of a disliked person, takes off the edge of resentments which absence whets, and makes keen.

'He therefore most earnestly repeats his importunities for the supplicated interview.' He says, 'He has business of consequence in London: but cannot stir from the inconvenient spot where he has for some time resided, in disguises unworthy of himself, until he can be absolutely certain, that I shall not be prevailed upon, either by force or otherwise; and until he finds me delivered from the insults of my brother. Nor ought this to be an indifferent point to one, for whose sake all the world reports me to be used unworthily. But one remark, he says, he cannot help making: that did my friends know the little favour I shew him, and the very great distance I keep him at, they would have no reason to confine me on his account. And another, that they themselves seem to think him entitled to a different usage, and expect that he receives it; when, in truth, what he meets with from me is exactly what they wish him to meet with, excepting in the favour of my correspondence I honour him with; upon which, he says, he puts the highest value, and for the sake of which he has submitted to a thousand indignities.

'He renews his professions of reformation. He is convinced, he says, that he has already run a long and dangerous course; and that it is high time to think of returning. It must be from proper conviction, he says, that a person who has lived too gay a life, resolves to reclaim, before age or sufferings come upon him.

'All generous spirits, he observes, hate compulsion. Upon this observation he dwells; but regrets, that he is likely to owe all his hopes to this compulsion; this injudicious compulsion, he justly calls it; and none to my esteem for him. Although he presumes upon some merit — in this implicit regard to my will — in the bearing the daily indignities offered not only to him, but to his relations, by my brother — in the nightly watchings, his present indisposition makes him mention, or he had not debased the nobleness of his passion for me, by such a selfish instance.'

I cannot but say, I am sorry the man is not well.

I am afraid to ask you, my dear, what you would have done, thus situated. But what I have done, I have done. In a word, I wrote, 'That I would, if possible, give him a meeting to-morrow night, between the hours of nine and twelve, by the ivy summer-house, or in it, or near the great cascade, at the bottom of the garden; and

would unbolt the door, that he might come in by his own key. But that, if I found the meeting impracticable, or should change my mind, I would signify as much by another line; which he must wait for until it were dark.'

TUESDAY, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

I am just returned from depositing my billet. How diligent is this man! It is plain he was in waiting: for I had walked but a few paces, after I had deposited it, when, my heart misgiving me, I returned, to have taken it back, in order to reconsider it as I walked, and whether I should or should not let it go. But I found it gone.

In all probability, there was but a brick wall, of a few inches thick, between Mr. Lovelace and me, at the very time I put the letter under the brick!

I am come back dissatisfied with myself. But I think, my dear, there can be no harm in meeting him. If I do not, he may take some violent measures. What he knows of the treatment I meet with in malice to him, and with the view to frustrate all his hopes, may make him desperate. His behaviour last time I saw him, under the disadvantages of time and place, and surprised as I was, gives me no apprehension of any thing but discovery. What he requires is not unreasonable, and cannot affect my future choice and determination: it is only to assure him from my own lips, that I never will be the wife of a man I hate. If I have not an opportunity to meet without hazard or detection, he must once more bear the disappointment. All his trouble, and mine too, is owing to his faulty character. This, although I hate tyranny and arrogance in all shapes, makes me think less of the risques he runs, and the fatigues he undergoes, than otherwise I should do; and still less, as my sufferings (derived from the same source) are greater than his.

Betty confirms this intimation, that I must go to my uncle's on Thursday. She was sent on purpose to direct me to prepare myself for going, and to help me to get every thing up in order for my removal.

LETTER XIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, THREE O'CLOCK, MARCH 28.

I have mentioned several times the pertness of Mrs. Betty to me; and now, having a little time upon my hands, I will give you a short dialogue that passed just now between us. It may, perhaps, be a little relief to you from the dull subjects with which I am perpetually teasing you.

As she attended me at dinner, she took notice, That Nature is satisfied with a very little nourishment: and thus she complimentally proved it — For, Miss, said she, you eat nothing; yet never looked more charmingly in your life.

As to the former part of your speech, Betty, said I, you observe well; and I have often thought, when I have seen how healthy the children of the labouring poor look, and are, with empty stomachs, and hardly a good meal in a week, that God Almighty is very kind to his creatures, in this respect, as well as in all others in making much not necessary to the support of life; when three parts in four of His creatures, if it were, would not know how to obtain it. It puts me in mind of two proverbial sentences which are full of admirable meaning.

What, pray, Miss, are they? I love to hear you talk, when you are so sedate as you seem now to be.

The one is to the purpose we are speaking of: Poverty is the mother of health. And let me tell you, Betty, if I had a better appetite, and were to encourage it, with so little rest, and so much distress and persecution, I don't think I should be able to preserve my reason.

There's no inconvenience but has its convenience, said Betty, giving me proverb for proverb. But what is the other, Madam?

That the pleasures of the mighty are not obtained by the tears of the poor. It is but reasonable, therefore, methinks, that the plenty of the one should be followed by distempers; and that the indigence of the other should be attended with that health, which makes all its other discomforts light on the comparison. And hence a third proverb, Betty, since you are an admirer of proverbs: Better a hare-foot than none at all; that is to say, than not to be able to walk.

She was mightily taken with what I said: See, returned she, what a fine thing scholarship is! — I, said she, had always, from a girl, a taste for reading, though it were but in Mother Goose, and concerning the fairies [and then she took genteelly a pinch of snuff]: could but my parents have let go as fast as I pulled, I should have been a very happy creature.

Very likely, you would have made great improvements, Betty: but as it is, I cannot say, but since I had the favour of your attendance in this intimate manner, I have heard smarter things from you, than I have heard at table from some of my brother's fellow-collegians.

Your servant, dear Miss; dropping me one of her best courtesies: so fine a judge as you are! — It is enough to make one very proud. Then with another pinch — I cannot indeed but say, bridling upon it, that I have heard famous scholars often and often say very silly things: things I should be ashamed myself to say; but I thought they did it out of humility, and in condescension to those who had not their learning.

That she might not be too proud, I told her, I would observe, that the liveliness or quickness she so happily discovered in herself, was not so much an honour to her, as what she owed to her sex; which, as I had observed in many instances, had great advantages over the other, in all the powers that related to imagination. And hence, Mrs. Betty, you'll take notice, as I have of late had opportunity to do, that your own talent at repartee and smartness, when it has something to work upon, displays itself to more advantage, than could well be expected from one whose friends, to speak in your own phrase, could not let go so fast as you pulled.

The wench gave me a proof of the truth of my observation, in a manner still more alert than I had expected: If, said she, our sex had so much advantage in smartness, it is the less to be wondered at, that you, Miss, who have had such an education, should outdo all the men and women too, that come near you.

Bless me, Betty, said I, what a proof do you give me of your wit and your courage at the same time! This is outdoing yourself. It would make young ladies less proud, and more apprehensive, were they generally attended by such smart servants, and their mouths permitted to be unlocked upon them as yours has been lately upon me. — But, take away, Mrs. Betty.

Why, Miss, you have eat nothing at all — I hope you are not displeased with your dinner for any thing I have said.

No, Mrs. Betty, I am pretty well used to your freedoms now, you know. — I am not displeased in the main, to observe, that, were the succession of modern fine ladies to be extinct, it might be supplied from those whom they place in the next rank to themselves, their chamber-maids and confidants. Your young mistress has contributed a great deal to this quickness of yours. She always preferred your company to mine. As you pulled, she let go; and so, Mrs. Betty, you have gained by her conversation what I have lost.

Why, Miss, if you come to that, nobody says better things than Miss Harlowe. I could tell you one, if I pleased, upon my observing to her, that you lived of late upon the air, and had no stomach to any thing; yet looked as charmingly as ever.

I dare say, it was a very good-natured one, Mrs. Betty! Do you then please that I shall hear it?

Only this, Miss, That your stomachfulness had swallowed up your stomach; and, That obstinacy was meat, drink, and clothes to you.

Ay, Mrs. Betty; and did she say this? — I hope she laughed when she said it, as she does at all her good things, as she calls them. It was very smart, and very witty. I wish my mind were so much at ease, as to aim at being witty too. But if you admire such sententious sayings, I'll help you to another; and that is, Encouragement and approbation make people show talents they were never suspected to have; and this will do both for mistress and maid. And another I'll furnish you with, the contrary of the former, that will do only for me: That persecution and discouragement depress ingenuous minds, and blunt the edge of lively imaginations. And hence may my sister's brilliancy and my stupidity be both accounted for. Ingenuous, you must know, Mrs. Betty, and ingenious, are two things; and I would not arrogate the latter to myself.

Lord, Miss, said the foolish girl, you know a great deal for your years. — You are a very learned young lady! — What pity —

None of your pitties, Mrs. Betty, I know what you'd say. But tell me, if you can, Is it resolved that I shall be carried to my uncle Antony's on Thursday?

I was willing to reward myself for the patience she had made me exercise, by getting at what intelligence I could from her.

Why, Miss, seating herself at a little distance (excuse my sitting down) with the snuff-box tapped very smartly, the lid opened, and a pinch taken with a dainty finger and thumb, the other three fingers distendedly bent, and with a fine flourish — I cannot but say, that it is my opinion, you will certainly go on Thursday; and this noless foless, as I have heard my young lady say in FRENCH.

Whether I am willing or not willing, you mean, I suppose, Mrs. Betty?

You have it, Miss.

Well but, Betty, I have no mind to be turned out of doors so suddenly. Do you think I could not be permitted to tarry one week longer?

How can I tell, Miss?

O Mrs. Betty, you can tell a great deal, if you please. But here I am forbid writing to any one of my family; none of it now will come near me; nor will any of it permit me to see them: How shall I do to make known my request, to stay here a week or fortnight longer?

Why, Miss, I fancy, if you were to shew a compliable temper, your friends would shew a compliable one too. But would you expect favours, and grant none?

Smartly put, Betty! But who knows what may be the result of my being carried to my uncle Antony's?

Who knows, Miss! — Why any body will guess what may be the result.

As how, Betty?

As how! repeated the pert wench, Why, Miss, you will stand in your own light, as you have hitherto done: and your parents, as such good parents ought, will be obeyed.

If, Mrs. Betty, I had not been used to your oughts, and to have my duty laid down to me by your oraculous wisdom I should be apt to stare at the liberty of you speech.

You seem angry, Miss. I hope I take no unbecoming liberty.

If thou really thinkest thou dost not, thy ignorance is more to be pitied, than thy pertness resented. I wish thou wouldst leave me to myself.

When young ladies fall out with their own duty, it is not much to be wondered at, that they are angry at any body who do theirs.

That's a very pretty saying, Mrs. Betty! — I see plainly what thy duty is in thy notion, and am obliged to those who taught it thee.

Every body takes notice, Miss, that you can say very cutting words in a cool manner, and yet not call names, as I have known some gentlefolks as well as others do when in a passion. But I wish you had permitted 'Squire Solmes to see you: he would have told you such stories of 'Squire Lovelace, as you would have turned your heart against him for ever.

And know you any of the particulars of those sad stories?

Indeed I don't; but you'll hear all at your uncle Antony's, I suppose; and a great deal more perhaps than you will like to hear.

Let me hear what I will, I am determined against Mr. Solmes, were it to cost me my life.

If you are, Miss, the Lord have mercy on you! For what with this letter of yours to 'Squire Solmes, whom they so much value, and what with their antipathy to 'Squire Lovelace, whom they hate, they will have no patience with you.

What will they do, Betty? They won't kill me? What will they do?

Kill you! No! — But you will not be suffered to stir from thence, till you have complied with your duty. And no pen and ink will be allowed you as here; where they are of opinion you make no good use of it: nor would it be allowed here, only as they intend so soon to send you away to your uncle's. No-body will be permitted to see you, or to correspond with you. What farther will be done, I can't say; and, if I could, it may not be proper. But you may prevent all, by one word: and I wish you would, Miss. All then would be easy and happy. And, if I may speak my mind, I see not why one man is not as good as another: why, especially, a sober man is not as good as a rake.

Well, Betty, said I, sighing, all thy impertinence goes for nothing. But I see I am destined to be a very unhappy creature. Yet I will venture upon one request more to them.

And so, quite sick of the pert creature and of myself, I retired to my closet, and wrote a few lines to my uncle Harlowe, notwithstanding his prohibition; in order to get a reprieve from being carried away so soon as Thursday next, if I must go. And this, that I might, if complied with, suspend the appointment I have made with Mr. Lovelace; for my heart misgives me as to meeting him; and that more and more; I know not why. Under the superscription of the letter, I wrote these words: 'Pray, dear Sir, be pleased to give this a reading.'

This is a copy of what I wrote:

TUESDAY AFTERNOON. HONOURED SIR,

Let me this once be heard with patience, and have my petition granted. It is only, that I may not be hurried away so soon as next Thursday.

Why should the poor girl be turned out of doors so suddenly, so disgracefully? Procure for me, Sir, one fortnight's respite. In that space of time, I hope you will all relent. My mamma shall not need to shut her door in apprehension of seeing her disgraceful child. I will not presume to think of entering her presence, or my papa's without leave. One fortnight's respite is but a small favour for them to grant, except I am to be refused every thing I ask; but it is of the highest import to my peace of mind. Procure it for me, therefore, dearest Sir; and you will exceedingly oblige

Your dutiful, though greatly afflicted niece, CL. HARLOWE.

I sent this down: my uncle was not gone: and he now stays to know the result of the question put to me in the enclosed answer which he has given to mind.

Your going to your uncle's was absolutely concluded upon for next Thursday. Nevertheless, your mother, seconded by Mr. Solmes, pleaded so strongly to have you indulged, that your request for a delay will be complied with, upon one condition; and whether for a fortnight, or a shorter time, that will depend upon yourself. If you refuse the condition, your mother declares she will give over all further intercession for you. — Nor do you deserve this favour, as you put it upon our yielding to you, not you to us.

This condition is, that you admit of a visit from Mr. Solmes, for one hour, in company of your brother, your sister, or your uncle Antony, choose who you will.

If you comply not, go next Thursday to a house which is become strangely odious to you of late, whether you get ready to go or not. Answer therefore directly to the point. No evasion. Name your day and hour. Mr. Solmes will neither eat you, nor drink you. Let us see, whether we are to be complied with in any thing, or not.

JOHN HARLOWE.

After a very little deliberation, I resolved to comply with this condition. All I fear is, that Mr. Lovelace's intelligencer may inform him of it; and that his apprehensions upon it may make him take some desperate resolution: especially as now (having more time given me here) I think to write to him to suspend the interview he is possibly so sure of. I sent down the following to my uncle:

HONOURED SIR,

Although I see not what end the proposed condition can answer, I comply with it. I wish I could with every thing expected of me. If I must name one, in whose company I am to see the gentleman, and that one not my mamma, whose presence I could wish to be honoured by on the occasion, let my uncle, if he pleases, be the person. If I must name the day, (a long day, I doubt, will not be permitted me,) let it be next Tuesday.

The hour, four in the afternoon. The place either the ivy summer-house, or in the little parlour I used to be permitted to call mine.

Be pleased, Sir, nevertheless, to prevail upon my mamma, to vouchsafe me her presence on the occasion.

I am, Sir, your ever-dutiful CL. HARLOWE.

A reply is just sent me. I thought it became my averseness to this meeting, to name a distant day: but I did not expect they would have complied with it. So here is one week gained!

This is the reply:

You have done well to comply. We are willing to think the best of every slight instance of duty from you. Yet have you seemed to consider the day as an evil day, and so put if far off. This nevertheless is granted you, as no time need to be lost, if you are as generous after the day, as we are condescending before it. Let me advise you, not to harden your mind; nor take up your resolution beforehand. Mr. Solmes has more awe, and even terror, at the thought of seeing you, than you can have at the thoughts of seeing him. His motive is love; let not yours be hatred. My brother Antony will be present, in hopes you will deserve well of him, by behaving well to the friend of the family. See you use him as such. Your mother had permission to be there, if she thought fit: but says, she would not for a thousand pound, unless you would encourage her beforehand as she wishes to be encouraged. One hint I am to give you mean time. It is this: To make a discreet use of your pen and ink. Methinks a young creature of niceness should be less ready to write to one man, when she is designed to be another's.

This compliance, I hope, will produce greater, and then the peace of the family will be restored: which is what is heartily wished by

Your loving uncle, JOHN HARLOWE.

Unless it be to the purpose our hearts are set upon, you need not write again.

This man have more terror at seeing me, than I can have at seeing him! — How can that be? If he had half as much, he would not wish to see me! — His motive love! — Yes, indeed! Love of himself! He knows no other; for love, that deserves the name, seeks the satisfaction of the beloved object more than its own. Weighed in this scale, what a profanation is this man guilty of!

Not to take up my resolution beforehand! — That advice comes too late.

But I must make a discreet use of my pen. That, I doubt, as they have managed it, in the sense they mean it, is as much out of my power, as the other.

But write to one man, when I am designed for another! — What a shocking expression is that!

Repenting of my appointment with Mr. Lovelace before I had this favour granted me, you may believe I hesitated not a moment to revoke it now that I had gained such a respite. Accordingly, I wrote, ‘That I found it inconvenient to meet him, as I had intended: that the risque I should run of a discovery, and the mischiefs that might flow from it, could not be justified by any end that such a meeting could answer: that I found one certain servant more in my way, when I took my morning and evening airings, than any other: that the person who might reveal the secrets of a family to him, might, if opportunity were given him, betray me, or him, to those whom it was his duty to serve: that I had not been used to a conduct so faulty, as to lay myself at the mercy of servants: and was sorry he had measures to pursue, that made steps necessary in his own opinion, which, in mine, were very culpable, and which no end could justify: that things drawing towards a crisis between my friends and me, an interview could avail nothing; especially as the method by which this correspondence was carried on was not suspected, and he could write all that was in his mind to write: that I expected to be at liberty to judge of what was proper and fit upon this occasion: especially as he might be assured, that I would sooner choose death, than Mr. Solmes.’

TUESDAY NIGHT.

I have deposited my letter to Mr. Lovelace. Threatening as things look against me, I am much better pleased with myself for declining the interview than I was before. I suppose he will be a little out of humour upon it, however: but as I reserved to myself the liberty of changing my mind; and as it is easy for him to imagine there may be reasons for it within-doors, which he cannot judge of

without; besides those I have suggested, which of themselves are of sufficient weight to engage his acquiescence; I should think it strange, if he acquiesces not on this occasion, and that with a cheerfulness, which may shew me, that his last letter is written from his heart: For, if he be really so much concerned at his past faults, as he pretends, and has for some time pretended, must he not, of course, have corrected, in some degree, the impetuosity of his temper? The first step to reformation, as I conceive, is to subdue sudden gusts of passion, from which frequently the greatest evils arise, and to learn to bear disappointments. If the irascible passions cannot be overcome, what opinion can we have of the person's power over those to which bad habit, joined to greater temptation, gives stronger force?

Pray, my dear, be so kind as to make inquiry, by some safe hand, after the disguises Mr. Lovelace assumes at the inn he puts up at in the poor village of Neale, he calls it. If it be the same I take it to be, I never knew it was considerable enough to have a name; nor that it has an inn in it.

As he must, to be so constantly near us, be much there, I would be glad to have some account of his behaviour; and what the people think of him. In such a length of time, he must by his conduct either give scandal, or hope of reformation. Pray, my dear, humour me in this inquiry. I have reason for it, which you shall be acquainted with another time, if the result of the inquiry discover them not.

LETTER XX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY MORNING, NINE O'CLOCK.

I am just returned from my morning walk, and already have received a letter from Mr. Lovelace in answer to mine deposited last night. He must have had pen, ink, and paper with him; for it was written in the coppice; with this circumstance: On one knee, kneeling with the other. Not from reverence to the written to, however, as you'll find!

Well we are instructed early to keep these men at distance. An undesigning open heart, where it is loth to disoblige, is easily drawn in, I see, to oblige more than ever it designed. It is too apt to govern itself by what a bold spirit is encouraged to expect of it. It is very difficult for a good-natured young person to give a negative where it disesteems not.

Our hearts may harden and contract, as we gain experience, and when we have smarted perhaps for our easy folly: and so they ought, or we should be upon very unequal terms with the world.

Excuse these grave reflections. This man has vexed me heartily. I see his gentleness was art: fierceness, and a temper like what I have been too much used to at home, are Nature in him. Nothing, I think, shall ever make me forgive him; for, surely, there can be no good reason for his impatience on an expectation given with reserve, and revocable. — I so much to suffer through him; yet, to be treated as if I were obliged to bear insults from him — !

But here you will be pleased to read his letter; which I shall enclose.

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE GOOD GOD!

What is now to become of me! — How shall I support this disappointment! — No new cause! — On one knee, kneeling with the other, I write! — My feet benumbed with midnight wanderings through the heaviest dews that ever fell: my wig and my linen dripping with the hoar frost dissolving on them! — Day but just breaking — Sun not risen to exhale — May it never rise again! — Unless it bring healing and comfort to a benighted soul! In proportion to the joy you had inspired (ever lovely promiser!) in such proportion is my anguish!

O my beloved creature! — But are not your very excuses confessions of excuses inexcusable? I know not what I write! — That servant in your way!* By the great God of Heaven, that servant was not, dared not, could not, be in your way! — Curse upon the cool caution that is pleased to deprive me of an expectation so transporting!

* See Letter XIX.

And are things drawing towards a crisis between your friends and you? — Is not this a reason for me to expect, the rather to expect, the promised interview?

CAN I write all that is in my mind, say you? — Impossible! — Not the hundredth part of what is in my mind, and in my apprehension, can I write!

Oh! the wavering, the changeable sex! — But can Miss Clarissa Harlowe —

Forgive me, Madam! — I know not what I write!

Yet, I must, I do, insist upon your promise — or that you will condescend to find better excuses for the failure — or convince me, that stronger reasons are imposed upon you, than those you offer. — A promise once given (upon deliberation given,) the promised only can dispense with; except in cases of a very apparent necessity imposed upon the promiser, which leaves no power to perform it.

The first promise you ever made me! Life and death perhaps depending upon it — my heart desponding from the barbarous methods resolved to be taken with you in malice to me!

You would sooner choose death than Solmes. (How my soul spurns the competition!) O my beloved creature, what are these but words? — Whose words? — Sweet and ever adorable — What? — Promise breaker — must I call you? — How shall I believe the asseveration, (your supposed duty in the question! Persecution so flaming! — Hatred to me so strongly avowed!) after this instance of you so lightly dispensing with your promise?

If, my dearest life! you would prevent my distraction, or, at least, distracted consequences, renew the promised hope! — My fate is indeed upon its crisis.

Forgive me, dearest creature, forgive me! — I know I have written in too much anguish of mind! — Writing this, in the same moment that the just dawning light has imparted to me the heavy disappointment.

I dare not re-peruse what I have written. I must deposit it. It may serve to shew you my distracted apprehension that this disappointment is but a prelude to the greatest of all. — Nor, having here any other paper, am I able to write again, if I would, on this gloomy spot. (Gloomy is my soul; and all Nature around me partakes of my gloom!) — I trust it therefore to your goodness — if its fervour excite your displeasure rather than your pity, you wrong my passion; and I shall be ready to apprehend, that I am intended to be the sacrifice of more miscreants than one! [Have patience with me, dearest creature! — I mean Solmes and your brother only.] But if, exerting your usual generosity, you will excuse and re appoint, may that God, whom you profess to serve, and who is the God of truth and of promises, protect and bless you, for both; and for restoring to himself, and to hope,

Your ever-adoring, yet almost desponding, LOVELACE!
Ivy Cavern, in the Coppice — Day but just breaking.

This is the answer I shall return:
WEDNESDAY MORNING.
I am amazed, Sir, at the freedom of your reproaches. Pressed and teased, against convenience and inclination, to give you a private meeting, am I to be thus challenged and upbraided, and my sex reflected upon, because I thought it prudent to change my mind? — A liberty I had reserved to myself, when I made the appointment, as you call it. I wanted not instances of your impatient spirit to other people: yet may it be happy for me, that I can have this new one; which shows, that you can as little spare me, when I pursue the dictates of my own reason, as you do others, for acting up to theirs. Two motives you must be governed by in this excess. The one my easiness; the other your own presumption. Since you think you have found out the first, and have shown so much of the last upon it, I am too much alarmed, not to wish and desire, that your letter of this day may conclude all the trouble you had from, or for,
Your humble servant, CL. HARLOWE.

I believe, my dear, I may promise myself your approbation, whenever I write or speak with spirit, be it to whom it will. Indeed, I find but too much reason to exert it, since I have to deal with people, who govern themselves in their conduct to me, not by what is fit or decent, right or wrong, but by what they think my temper will bear. I have, till very lately, been praised for mine; but it has always been by those who never gave me opportunity to return the compliment to them. Some people have acted, as if they thought forbearance on one side absolutely necessary for them and me to be upon good terms together; and in this case have ever taken care rather to owe that obligation than to lay it. You have hinted to me, that resentment is not natural to my temper, and that therefore it must soon subside: it may be so with respect to my relations; but not to Mr. Lovelace, I assure you.
WEDNESDAY NOON, MARCH 29.
We cannot always answer for what we can do: but to convince you, that I can keep my above resolution, with regard to Mr. Lovelace, angry as my letter is, and three hours since it was written, I assure you, that I repent it not; nor will soften it, although I find it is not taken away. And yet I hardly ever before did any thing in

anger, that I did not repent in half an hour; and question myself in less that that time, whether I was right or wrong.

In this respite till Tuesday, I have a little time to look about me, as I may say, and to consider of what I have to do, and can do. And Mr. Lovelace's insolence will make me go very home with myself. Not that I think I can conquer my aversion to Mr. Solmes. I am sure I cannot. But, if I absolutely break with Mr. Lovelace, and give my friends convincing proofs of it, who knows but they will restore me to their favour, and let their views in relation to the other man go off by degrees? — Or, at least, that I may be safe till my cousin Morden arrives: to whom, I think, I will write; and the rather, as Mr. Lovelace has assured me, that my friends have written to him to make good their side of the question.

But, with all my courage, I am exceedingly apprehensive about the Tuesday next, and about what may result from my steadfastness; for steadfast I am sure I shall be. They are resolved, I am told, to try every means to induce me to comply with what they are determined upon. And I am resolved to do all I can to avoid what they would force me to do. A dreadful contention between parents and child! — Each hoping to leave the other without excuse, whatever the consequence may be.

What can I do? Advise me, my dear. Something is strangely wrong somewhere! to make parents, the most indulgent till now, seem cruel in a child's eye; and a daughter, till within these few weeks, thought unexceptionably dutiful, appear, in their judgment, a rebel! — Oh! my ambitious and violent brother! What may he have to answer for to both!

Be pleased to remember, my dear, that your last favour was dated on Saturday. This is Wednesday: and none of mine have been taken away since. Don't let me want you advice. My situation is extremely difficult. — But I am sure you love me still: and not the less on that account. Adieu, my beloved friend.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXI

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY MORNING, DAY-BREAK, MARCH 30.

An accident, and not remissness, has occasioned my silence.

My mother was sent for on Sunday night by her cousin Larkin, whom I mentioned in one of my former, and who was extremely earnest to see her.

This poor woman was always afraid of death, and was one of those weak persons who imagine that the making of their will must be an undoubted forerunner of it.

She had always said, when urged to the necessary work, That whenever she made it, she should not live long after; and, one would think, imagined she was under an obligation to prove her words: for, though she had been long bed-rid, and was, in a manner, worn out before, yet she thought herself better, till she was persuaded to make it: and from that moment, remembering what she used to prognosticate, (her fears, helping on what she feared, as is often the case, particularly in the small-pox,) grew worse; and had it in her head once to burn her will, in hopes to grow better upon it.

She sent my mother word, that the doctors had given her over: but that she could not die till she saw her. I told my mother, That if she wished her a chance for recovery, she should not, for that reason, go. But go she would; and, what was worse, would make me go with her; and that, at an hour's warning; for she said nothing of it to me, till she was rising in the morning early, resolving to return again at night. Had there been more time for argumentation, to be sure I had not gone; but as it was, there was a kind of necessity that my preparation to obey her, should, in a manner, accompany her command. — A command so much out of the way, on such a solemn occasion! And this I represented: but to no purpose: There never was such a contradicting girl in the world — My wisdom always made her a fool! — But she would be obliged this time, proper or improper.

I have but one way of accounting for this sudden whim of my mother; and that is this — She had a mind to accept of Mr. Hickman's offer to escort her: — and I verily believe [I wish I were quite sure of it] had a mind to oblige him with my company — as far as I know, to keep me out of worse.

For, would you believe it? — as sure as you are alive, she is afraid for her favourite Hickman, because of the long visit your Lovelace, though so much by accident, made me in her absence, last time she was at the same place. I hope, my dear, you are not jealous too. But indeed I now-and-then, when she teases me with praises which Hickman cannot deserve, in return fall to praising those qualities

and personalities in Lovelace, which the other never will have. Indeed I do love to tease a little bit, that I do. — My mamma's girl — I had like to have said.

As you know she is as passionate, as I am pert, you will not wonder to be told, that we generally fall out on these occasions. She flies from me, at the long run. It would be undutiful in me to leave her first — and then I get an opportunity to pursue our correspondence.

For, now I am rambling, let me tell you, that she does not much favour that; — for two reasons, I believe: — One, that I don't shew her all that passes between us; the other, that she thinks I harden your mind against your duty, as it is called. And with her, for a reason at home, as I have hinted more than once, parents cannot do wrong; children cannot oppose, and be right. This obliges me now-and-then to steal an hour, as I may say, and not let her know how I am employed.

You may guess from what I have written, how averse I was to comply with such an unreasonable stretch of motherly authority. But it came to be a test of duty; so I was obliged to yield, though with a full persuasion of being in the right.

I have always your reproofs upon these occasions: in your late letters stronger than ever. A good reason why, you'll say, because more deserved than ever. I thank you kindly for your correction. I hope to make correction of it. But let me tell you, that your stripes, whether deserved or not, have made me sensible, deeper than the skin — but of this another time.

It was Monday afternoon before we reached the old lady's house. That fiddling, parading fellow [you know who I mean] made us wait for him two hours, and I to go to a journey I disliked! only for the sake of having a little more tawdry upon his housings; which he had hurried his sadler to put on, to make him look fine, being to escort his dear Madam Howe, and her fair daughter. I told him, that I supposed he was afraid, that the double solemnity in the case (that of the visit to a dying woman, and that of his own countenance) would give him the appearance of an undertaker; to avoid which, he ran into as bad an extreme, and I doubted would be taken for a mountebank.

The man was confounded. He took it as strongly, as if his conscience gave assent to the justice of the remark: otherwise he would have borne it better; for he is used enough to this sort of treatment. I thought he would have cried. I have heretofore observed, that on this side of the contract, he seems to be a mighty meek sort of creature. And though I should like it in him hereafter perhaps, yet I can't help despising him a little in my heart for it now. I believe, my dear, we all love your blustering fellows best; could we but direct the bluster, and bid it roar when and at whom we pleased.

The poor man looked at my mother. She was so angry, (my airs upon it, and my opposition to the journey, have all helped,) that for half the way she would not

speak to me. And when she did, it was, I wish I had not brought you! You know not what it is to condescend. It is my fault, not Mr. Hickman's, that you are here so much against your will. Have you no eyes for this side of the chariot?

And then he fared the better from her, as he always does, for faring worse from me: for there was, How do you now, Sir? And how do you now, Mr. Hickman? as he ambled now on this side of the chariot, now on that, stealing a prim look at me; her head half out of the chariot, kindly smiling, as if married to the man but a fortnight herself: while I always saw something to divert myself on the side of the chariot where the honest man was not, were it but old Robin at a distance, on his roan Keffel.

Our courtship-days, they say, are our best days. Favour destroys courtship. Distance increases it. Its essence is distance. And, to see how familiar these men-wretches grow upon a smile, what an awe they are struck into when we frown; who would not make them stand off? Who would not enjoy a power, that is to be short-lived?

Don't chide me one bit for this, my dear. It is in nature. I can't help it. Nay, for that matter, I love it, and wish not to help it. So spare your gravity, I beseech you on this subject. I set up not for a perfect character. The man will bear it. And what need you care? My mother overbalances all he suffers: And if he thinks himself unhappy, he ought never to be otherwise.

Then did he not deserve a fit of the sullens, think you, to make us lose our dinner for his parade, since in so short a journey my mother would not bait, and lose the opportunity of coming back that night, had the old lady's condition permitted it? To say nothing of being the cause, that my mamma was in the glout with her poor daughter all the way.

At our alighting I gave him another dab; but it was but a little one. Yet the manner, and the air, made up (as I intended they should) for that defect. My mother's hand was kindly put into his, with a simpering altogether bridal; and with another How do you now, Sir? — All his plump muscles were in motion, and a double charge of care and obsequiousness fidgeted up his whole form, when he offered to me his officious palm. My mother, when I was a girl, always bid me hold up my head. I just then remembered her commands, and was dutiful — I never held up my head so high. With an averted supercilious eye, and a rejecting hand, half flourishing — I have no need of help, Sir! — You are in my way.

He ran back, as if on wheels; with a face excessively mortified: I had thoughts else to have followed the too-gentle touch, with a declaration, that I had as many hands and feet as himself. But this would have been telling him a piece of news, as to the latter, that I hope he had not the presumption to guess at.

We found the poor woman, as we thought, at the last gasp. Had we come sooner, we could not have got away as we intended, that night. You see I am for excusing the man all I can; and yet, I assure you, I have not so much as a conditional liking to him. My mother sat up most part of the night, expecting every hour would have been her poor cousin's last. I bore her company till two.

I never saw the approaches of death in a grown person before; and was extremely shocked. Death, to one in health, is a very terrible thing. We pity the person for what she suffers: and we pity ourselves for what we must some time hence in like sort suffer; and so are doubly affected.

She held out till Tuesday morning, eleven. As she had told my mother that she had left her an executrix, and her and me rings and mourning; we were employed all that day in matters of the will [by which, by the way, my own cousin Jenny Fynnett is handsomely provided for], so that it was Wednesday morning early, before we could set out on our return.

It is true, we got home (having no housings to stay for) by noon: but though I sent Robin away before he dismounted, (who brought me back a whole packet, down to the same Wednesday noon,) yet was I really so fatigued, and shocked, as I must own, at the hard death of the old lady; my mother likewise (who has no reason to dislike this world) being indisposed from the same occasion; that I could not set about writing time enough for Robin's return that night.

But having recruited my spirits, my mother having also had a good night, I arose with the dawn, to write this, and get it dispatched time enough for your breakfast airing; that your suspense might be as short as possible.

I will soon follow this with another. I will employ a person directly to find out how Lovelace behaves himself at his inn. Such a busy spirit must be traceable.

But, perhaps, my dear, you are indifferent now about him, or his employments; for this request was made before he mortally offended you. Nevertheless, I will have inquiry made. The result, it is very probable, will be of use to confirm you in your present unforgiving temper. — And yet, if the poor man [shall I pity him for you, my dear?] should be deprived of the greatest blessing any man on earth can receive, and to which he has the presumption, with so little merit, to aspire; he will have run great risks; caught great colds; hazarded fevers; sustained the highest indignities; braved the inclemencies of skies, and all for — nothing! — Will not this move your generosity (if nothing else) in his favour! — Poor Mr. Lovelace — !

I would occasion no throb; nor half-throb; no flash of sensibility, like lightning darting in, and as soon suppressed by a discretion that no one of the sex ever before could give such an example of — I would not, I say; and yet, for such a trial of you to yourself, rather than as an impertinent overflow of raillery in your friend, as money-takers try a suspected guinea by the sound, let me on such a supposition, sound you, by repeating, poor Mr. Lovelace!

And now, my dear, how is it with you? How do you now, as my mother says to Mr. Hickman, when her pert daughter has made him look sorrowful?

LETTER XXII

MR. HICKMAN, TO MRS. HOWE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29.

MADAM,

It is with infinite regret that I think myself obliged, by pen and ink, to repeat my apprehension, that it is impossible for me ever to obtain a share in the affections of your beloved daughter. O that it were not too evident to every one, as well as to myself, even to our very servants, that my love for her, and my assiduities, expose me rather to her scorn [forgive me, Madam, the hard word!] than to the treatment due to a man whose proposals have met with your approbation, and who loves her above all the women in the world!

Well might the merit of my passion be doubted, if, like Mr. Solmes to the truly-admirably Miss Clarissa Harlowe, I could continue my addresses to Miss Howe's distaste. Yet what will not the discontinuance cost me!

Give me leave, nevertheless, dearest, worthiest Lady, to repeat, what I told you, on Monday night, at Mrs. Larkin's, with a heart even bursting with grief, That I wanted not the treatment of that day to convince me, that I am not, nor ever can be, the object of Miss Howe's voluntary favour. What hopes can there be, that a lady will ever esteem, as a husband, the man, whom, as a lover, she despises? Will not every act of obligingness from such a one, be construed as an unmanly tameness of spirit, and entitle him the more to her disdain? — My heart is full: Forgive me, if I say, that Miss Howe's treatment of me does no credit either to her education, or fine sense.

Since, then, it is too evident, that she cannot esteem me; and since, as I have heard it justly observed by the excellent Miss Clarissa Harlowe, that love is not a voluntary passion; would it not be ungenerous to subject the dear daughter to the displeasure of a mother so justly fond of her; and you, Madam, while you are so good as to interest yourself in my favour, to uneasiness? And why, were I even to be sure, at last, of succeeding by means of your kind partiality to me, should I wish to make the best-beloved of my soul unhappy; since mutual must be our happiness, or misery for life the consequence to both?

My best wishes will for ever attend the dear, the ever-dear lady! may her nuptials be happy! they must be so, if she marry the man she can honour with her love. Yet I will say, that whoever be the happy, the thrice-happy man, he can never love her with a passion more ardent and more sincere than mine.

Accept, dear Madam, of my most grateful thanks for a distinction that has been the only support of my presumption in an address I am obliged, as utterly

hopeless, to discontinue. A distinction, on which (and not on my own merits) I had entirely relied; but which, I find, can avail me nothing. To the last hour of my life, it will give me pleasure to think, that had your favour, your recommendation, been of sufficient weight to conquer what seems to be an invincible aversion, I had been the happiest of men.

I am, dear Madam, with inviolable respect, your ever obliged and faithful humble servant, CHARLES HICKMAN.

LETTER XXIII

MRS. HOWE, TO CHARLES HICKMAN, ESQ. THURSDAY, MARCH 30.

I cannot but say, Mr. Hickman, but you have cause to be dissatisfied — to be out of humour — to be displeased — with Nancy — but, upon my word; but indeed — What shall I say? — Yet this I will say, that you good young gentlemen know nothing at all of our sex. Shall I tell you — but why should I? And yet I will, that if Nancy did not think well of you upon the main, she is too generous to treat you so freely as she does. — Don't you think she has courage enough to tell me, she would not see you, and to refuse at any time seeing you, as she knows on what account you come, if she had not something in her head favourable to you? — Fie! that I am forced to say thus much in writing, when I have hinted it to you twenty and twenty times by word of mouth!

But if you are so indifferent, Mr. Hickman — if you think you can part with her for her skittish tricks — if my interest in your favour — Why, Mr. Hickman, I must tell you that my Nancy is worth bearing with. If she be foolish — what is that owing to? — Is it not to her wit? Let me tell you, Sir, you cannot have the convenience without the inconvenience. What workman loves not a sharp tool to work with? But is there not more danger from a sharp tool than from a blunt one? And what workman will throw away a sharp tool, because it may cut his fingers? Wit may be likened to a sharp tool. And there is something very pretty in wit, let me tell you. Often and often have I been forced to smile at her arch turns upon me, when I could have beat her for them. And, pray, don't I bear a great deal from her? — And why? because I love her. And would you not wish me to judge of your love for her by my own? And would not you bear with her? — Don't you love her (what though with another sort of love?) as well as I do? I do assure you, Sir, that if I thought you did not — Well, but it is plain that you don't! — And is it plain that you don't? — Well, then, you must do as you think best.

Well might the merit of your passion be doubted, you say, if, like Mr. Solmes — fiddle-faddle! — Why, you are a captious man, I think! — Has Nancy been so plain in her repulses of you as Miss Clary Harlowe has been to Mr. Solmes? — Does Nancy love any man better than you, although she may not shew so much love to you as you wish for? — If she did, let me tell you, she would have let us all hear of it. — What idle comparisons then!

But it mat be you are tired out. It may be you have seen somebody else — it may be you would wish to change mistresses with that gay wretch Mr. Lovelace. It may be too, that, in that case, Nancy would not be sorry to change lovers —

The truly-admirable Miss Clarissa Harlowe! — Good lack!-but take care, Mr. Hickman, that you do not praise any woman living, let her be as admirable and as excellent as she will, above your own mistress. No polite man will do that, surely. And take care too, that you do not make her or me think you are in earnest in your anger — just though it may be, as anger only — I would not for a thousand pounds, that Nancy should know that you can so easily part with her, if you have the love for her which you declare you have. Be sure, if you are not absolutely determined, that you do not so much as whisper the contents of this your letter to your own heart, as I may say.

Her treatment of you, you say, does no credit either to her education or fine sense. Very home put, truly! Nevertheless, so say I. But is not hers the disgrace, more than yours? I can assure you, that every body blames her for it. And why do they blame her? — Why? because they think you merit better treatment at her hands: And is not this to your credit? Who but pities you, and blames he? Do the servants, who, as you observe, see her skittish airs, disrespect you for them? Do they not, at such times, look concerned for you? Are they not then doubly officious in their respects and services to you? — I have observed, with pleasure, that they are.

But you are afraid you shall be thought tame, perhaps, when married. That you shall not be though manly enough, I warrant! — And this was poor Mr. Howe's fear. And many a tug did this lordly fear cost us both, God knows! — Many more than needed, I am sure: — and more than ought to have been, had he known how to bear and forbear; as is the duty of those who pretend to have most sense — And, pray, which would you have to have most sense, the woman or the man?

Well, Sir, and now what remains, if you really love Nancy so well as you say you do? — Why, I leave that to you. You may, if you please, come to breakfast with me in the morning. But with no full heart, nor resenting looks, I advise you; except you can brave it out. That have I, when provoked, done many a time with my husband, but never did I get any thing by it with my daughter: much less will you. Of which, for your observation, I thought fit to advise you. As from

Your friend, Anabella Howe.

LETTER XXIV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY MORNING.

I will now take some notice of your last favour. But being so far behind-hand with you, must be brief.

In the first place, as to your reproofs, thus shall I discharge myself of that part of my subject. Is it likely, think you, that I should avoid deserving them now-and-then, occasionally, when I admire the manner in which you give me your rebukes, and love you the better for them? And when you are so well entitled to give them? For what faults can you possibly have, unless your relations are so kind as to find you a few to keep their many in countenance? — But they are as king to me in this, as to you; for I may venture to affirm, That any one who should read your letters, and would say you were right, would not on reading mine, condemn me for them quite wrong.

Your resolution not to leave your father's house is right — if you can stay in it, and avoid being Solmes's wife.

I think you have answered Solmes's letter, as I should have answered it. — Will you not compliment me and yourself at once, by saying, that was right?

You have, in your letters to your uncle and the rest, done all that you ought to do. You are wholly guiltless of the consequence, be it what it will. To offer to give up your estate! — That would not I have done! You see this offer staggered them: they took time to consider of it. They made my heart ache in the time they took. I was afraid they would have taken you at your word: and so, but for shame, and for fear of Lovelace, I dare say they would. You are too noble for them. This, I repeat, is an offer I would not have made. Let me beg of you, my dear, never to repeat the temptation to them.

I freely own to you, that their usage of you upon it, and Lovelace's different treatment of you* in his letter received at the same time, would have made me his, past redemption. The duce take the man, I was going to say, for not having so much regard to his character and morals, as would have entirely justified such a step in a CLARISSA, persecuted as she is!

* See Letter XVIII.

I wonder not at your appointment with him. I may further touch upon some part of this subject by-and-by.

Pray — pray — I pray you now, my dearest friend, contrive to send your Betty Banes to me! — Does the Coventry Act extend to women, know ye? — The least I will do, shall be, to send her home well soused in and dragged through our

deepest horsepond. I'll engage, if I get her hither, that she will keep the anniversary of her deliverance as long as she lives.

I wonder not at Lovelace's saucy answer, saucy as it really is.* If he loves you as he ought, he must be vexed at so great a disappointment. The man must have been a detestable hypocrite, I think, had he not shown his vexation. Your expectations of such a christian command of temper in him, in a disappointment of this nature especially, are too early by almost half a century in a man of his constitution. But nevertheless I am very far from blaming you for your resentment.

* See Letter XX.

I shall be all impatience to know how this matter ends between you and him. But a few inches of brick wall between you so lately; and now such mountains? — And you think to hold it? — May be so!

You see, you say, that the temper he shewed in his letter was not natural to him. Wretched creepers and insinuators! Yet when opportunity serves, as insolent encroachers! — This very Hickman, I make no doubt, would be as saucy as your Lovelace, if he dared. He has not half the arrogant bravery of the other, and can better hide his horns; that's all. But whenever he has the power, depend upon it, he will butt at one as valiantly as the other.

If ever I should be persuaded to have him, I shall watch how the obsequious lover goes off; and how the imperative husband comes upon him; in short, how he ascends, and how I descend, in the matrimonial wheel, never to take my turn again, but by fits and starts like the feeble struggles of a sinking state for its dying liberty.

All good-natured men are passionate, says Mr. Lovelace. A pretty plea to a beloved object in the plenitude of her power! As much as to say, 'Greatly I value you, Madam, I will not take pains to curb my passions to oblige you' — Methinks I should be glad to hear from Mr. Hickman such a plea for good nature as this.

Indeed, we are too apt to make allowances for such tempers as early indulgence has made uncontroulable; and therefore habitually evil. But if a boisterous temper, when under obligation, is to be thus allowed for, what, when the tables are turned, will it expect? You know a husband, who, I fancy, had some of these early allowances made for him: and you see that neither himself nor any body else is the happier for it.

The suiting of the tempers of two persons who are to come together, is a great matter: and there should be boundaries fixed between them, by consent as it were, beyond which neither should go: and each should hold the other to it; or there would probably be encroachment in both. To illustrate my assertion by a very high, and by a more manly (as some would think it) than womanly instance — if

the boundaries of the three estates that constitute our political union were not known, and occasionally asserted, what would become of the prerogatives and privileges of each? The two branches of the legislature would encroach upon each other; and the executive power would swallow up both.

But if two persons of discretion, you'll say, come together —

Ay, my dear, that's true: but, if none but persons of discretion were to marry — And would it not surprise you if I were to advance, that the persons of discretion are generally single? — Such persons are apt to consider too much, to resolve. — Are not you and I complimented as such? — And would either of us marry, if the fellows and our friends would let us alone?

But to the former point; — had Lovelace made his addresses to me, (unless indeed I had been taken with a liking for him more than conditional,) I would have forbid him, upon the first passionate instance of his good-nature, as he calls it, ever to see me more: 'Thou must bear with me, honest friend, might I have said [had I condescended to say any thing to him] an hundred times more than this: — Begone, therefore! — I bear with no passions that are predominant to that thou has pretended for me!'

But to one of your mild and gentle temper, it would be all one, were you married, whether the man were a Lovelace or a Hickman in his spirit. — You are so obediently principled, that perhaps you would have told a mild man, that he must not entreat, but command; and that it was beneath him not to exact from you the obedience you had so solemnly vowed to him at the altar. — I know of old, my dear, your meek regard to that little piddling part of the marriage-vow which some prerogative-monger foisted into the office, to make that a duty, which he knew was not a right.

Our way of training-up, you say, makes us need the protection of the brave. Very true: And how extremely brave and gallant is it, that this brave man will free us from all insults but those which will go nearest to our hearts; that is to say, his own!

How artfully has Lovelace, in the abstract you give me of one of his letters, calculated to your meridian! Generous spirits hate compulsion! — He is certainly a deeper creature by much than once we thought him. He knows, as you intimate, that his own wild pranks cannot be concealed: and so owns just enough to palliate (because it teaches you not to be surprised at) any new one, that may come to your ears; and then, truly, he is, however faulty, a mighty ingenuous man; and by no means an hypocrite: a character the most odious of all others, to our sex, in a lover, and the least to be forgiven, were it only because, when detected, it makes us doubt the justice of those praises which we are willing to believe he thought to be our due.

By means of this supposed ingenuity, Lovelace obtains a praise, instead of a merited dispraise; and, like an absolved confessionaire, wipes off as he goes along one score, to begin another: for an eye favourable to him will not see his faults through a magnifying glass; nor will a woman, willing to hope the best, forbear to impute it to ill-will and prejudice all that charity can make so imputable. And if she even give credit to such of the unfavourable imputations as may be too flagrant to be doubted, she will be very apt to take in the future hope, which he inculcates, and which to question would be to question her own power, and perhaps merit: and thus may a woman be inclined to make a slight, even a fancied merit atone for the most glaring vice.

I have a reason, a new one, for this preachment upon a text you have given me. But, till I am better informed, I will not explain myself. If it come out, as I shrewdly suspect it will, the man, my dear, is a devil; and you must rather think of — I protest I had like to have said Solmes than him.

But let this be as it will, shall I tell you, how, after all his offences, he may creep in with you again?

I will. Thus then: It is but to claim for himself the good-natured character: and this, granted, will blot out the fault of passionate insolence: and so he will have nothing to do, but this hour to accustom you to insult; the next, to bring you to forgive him, upon his submission: the consequence must be, that he will, by this teazing, break your resentment all to pieces: and then, a little more of the insult, and a little less of the submission, on his part, will go down, till nothing else but the first will be seen, and not a bit of the second. You will then be afraid to provoke so offensive a spirit: and at last will be brought so prettily, and so audibly, to pronounce the little reptile word OBEY, that it will do one's heart good to hear you. The Muscovite wife then takes place of the managed mistress. And if you doubt the progression, be pleased, my dear, to take your mother's judgment upon it.

But no more of this just now. Your situation is become too critical to permit me to dwell upon these sort of topics. And yet this is but an affected levity with me. My heart, as I have heretofore said, is a sincere sharer in all your distresses. My sun-shine darts but through a drizly cloud. My eye, were you to see it, when it seems to you so gladdened, as you mentioned in a former, is more than ready to overflow, even at the very passages perhaps upon which you impute to me the archness of exultation.

But now the unheard-of cruelty and perverseness of some of your friends [relations, I should say — I am always blundering thus!] the as strange determinedness of others; your present quarrel with Lovelace; and your approaching interview with Solmes, from which you are right to apprehend a

great deal; are such considerable circumstances in your story, that it is fit they should engross all my attention.

You ask me to advise you how to behave upon Solmes's visit. I cannot for my life. I know they expect a great deal from it: you had not else had your long day complied with. All I will say is, That if Solmes cannot be prevailed for, now that Lovelace has so much offended you, he never will. When the interview is over, I doubt not but that I shall have reason to say, that all you did, that all you said, was right, and could not be better: yet, if I don't think so, I won't say so; that I promise you.

Only let me advise you to pull up a spirit, even to your uncle, if there be occasion. Resent the vile and foolish treatment you meet with, in which he has taken so large a share, and make him ashamed of it, if you can.

I know not, upon recollection, but this interview may be a good thing for you, however designed. For when Solmes sees (if that be to be so) that it is impossible he should succeed with you; and your relations see it too; the one must, I think, recede, and the other come to terms with you, upon offers, that it is my opinion, will go hard enough with you to comply with; when the still harder are dispensed with.

There are several passages in your last letters, as well as in your former, which authorize me to say this. But it would be unseasonable to touch this subject farther just now.

But, upon the whole, I have no patience to see you thus made sport of your brother's and sister's cruelty: For what, after so much steadiness on your part, in so many trials, can be their hope? except indeed it be to drive you to extremity, and to ruin you in the opinion of your uncles as well as father.

I urge you by all means to send out of their reach all the letters and papers you would not have them see. Methinks, I would wish you to deposit likewise a parcel of clothes, linen, and the like, before your interview with Solmes: lest you should not have an opportunity for it afterwards. Robin shall fetch it away on the first orders by day or by night.

I am in hopes to procure from my mother, if things come to extremity, leave for you to be privately with us.

I will condition to be good-humoured, and even kind, to HER favourite, if she will shew me an indulgence that shall make me serviceable to MINE.

This alternative has been a good while in my head. But as your foolish uncle has so strangely attached my mother to their views, I cannot promise that I shall succeed as I wish.

Do not absolutely despair, however. What though the contention will be between woman and woman? I fancy I shall be able to manage it, by the help of a

little female perseverance. Your quarrel with Lovelace, if it continue, will strengthen my hands. And the offers you made in your answer to your uncle Harlowe's letter of Sunday night last, duly dwelt upon, must add force to my pleas.

I depend upon your forgiveness of all the perhaps unseasonable flippancies of your naturally too lively, yet most sincerely sympathizing, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, MARCH 31.

You have very kindly accounted for your silence. People in misfortune are always in doubt. They are too apt to turn even unavoidable accidents into slights and neglects; especially in those whose favourable opinion they wish to preserve.

I am sure I ought evermore to exempt my Anna Howe from the supposed possibility of her becoming one of those who bask only in the sun-shine of a friend: but nevertheless her friendship is too precious to me, not to doubt my own merits on the one hand, and not to be anxious for the preservation of it, on the other.

You so generously gave me liberty to chide you, that I am afraid of taking it, because I could sooner mistrust my own judgment, than that of a beloved friend, whose ingenuousness in acknowledging an imputed error seems to set her above the commission of a wilful one. This makes me half-afraid to ask you, if you think you are not too cruel, too ungenerous shall I say? in your behaviour to a man who loves you so dearly, and is so worthy and so sincere a man?

Only it is by YOU, or I should be ashamed to be outdone in that true magnanimity, which makes one thankful for the wounds given by a true friend. I believe I was guilty of a petulance, which nothing but my uneasy situation can excuse; if that can. I am but almost afraid to beg of you, and yet I repeatedly do, to give way to that charming spirit, whenever it rises to your pen, which smiles, yet goes to the quick of my fault. What patient shall be afraid of a probe in so delicate a hand? — I say, I am almost afraid to pray you to give way to it, for fear you should, for that very reason, restrain it. For the edge may be taken off, if it does not make the subject of its raillery wince a little. Permitted or desired satire may be apt, in a generous satirist, mending as it rallies, to turn too soon into panegyric. Yours is intended to instruct; and though it bites, it pleases at the same time: no fear of a wound's wrankling or festering by so delicate a point as you carry; not envenomed by personality, not intending to expose, or ridicule, or exasperate. The most admired of our moderns know nothing of this art: Why? Because it must be founded in good nature, and directed by a right heart. The man, not the fault, is generally the subject of their satire: and were it to be just, how should it be useful; how should it answer any good purpose; when every gash (for their weapon is a broad sword, not a lancet) lets in the air of public ridicule, and exasperates where it should heal? Spare me not therefore because I am your friend. For that very reason spare me not. I may feel your edge, fine as it

is. I may be pained: you would lose you end if I were not: but after the first sensibility (as I have said more than once before) I will love you the better, and my amended heart shall be all yours; and it will then be more worthy to be yours.

You have taught me what to say to, and what to think of, Mr. Lovelace. You have, by agreeable anticipation, let me know how it is probable he will apply to me to be excused. I will lay every thing before you that shall pass on the occasion, if he do apply, that I may take your advice, when it can come in time; and when it cannot, that I may receive your correction, or approbation, as I may happen to merit either. — Only one thing must be allowed for me; that whatever course I shall be permitted or be forced to steer, I must be considered as a person out of her own direction. Tost to and fro by the high winds of passionate controul, (and, as I think, unseasonable severity,) I behold the desired port, the single state, into which I would fain steer; but am kept off by the foaming billows of a brother's and sister's envy, and by the raging winds of a supposed invaded authority; while I see in Lovelace, the rocks on one hand, and in Solmes, the sands on the other; and tremble, lest I should split upon the former, or strike upon the latter.

But you, my better pilot, to what a charming hope do you bid me aspire, if things come to extremity! — I will not, as you caution me, too much depend upon your success with your mother in my favour; for well I know her high notions of implicit duty in a child: but yet I will hope too; because her seasonable protection may save me perhaps from a greater rashness: and in this case, she shall direct me in all my ways: I will do nothing but by her orders, and by her advice and yours: not see any body: not write to any body: nor shall any living soul, but by her direction and yours, know where I am. In any cottage place me, I will never stir out, unless, disguised as your servant, I am now-and-then permitted an evening-walk with you: and this private protection to be granted for no longer time than till my cousin Morden comes; which, as I hope, cannot be long.

I am afraid I must not venture to take the hint you give me, to deposit some of my clothes; although I will some of my linen, as well as papers.

I will tell you why — Betty had for some time been very curious about my wardrobe, whenever I took out any of my things before her.

Observing this, I once, on taking one of my garden-airings, left my keys in the locks: and on my return surprised the creature with her hand upon the keys, as if shutting the door.

She was confounded at my sudden coming back. I took no notice: but on her retiring, I found my cloaths were not in the usual order.

I doubted not, upon this, that her curiosity was owing to the orders she had received; and being afraid they would abridge me of my airings, if their suspicions were not obviated, it has ever since been my custom (among other

contrivances) not only to leave my keys in the locks, but to employ the wench now-and-then in taking out my cloaths, suit by suit, on pretence of preventing their being rumpled or creased, and to see that the flowered silver suit did not tarnish: sometimes declaredly to give myself employment, having little else to do. With which employment (superadded to the delight taken by the low as well as by the high of our sex in seeing fine cloaths) she seemed always, I thought, as well pleased as if it answered one of the offices she had in charge.

To this, and to the confidence they have in a spy so diligent, and to their knowing that I have not one confidant in a family in which nevertheless I believe every servant loves me; nor have attempted to make one; I suppose, I owe the freedom I enjoy of my airings: and perhaps (finding I make no movements towards going away) they are the more secure, that I shall at last be prevailed upon to comply with their measures: since they must think, that, otherwise, they give me provocation enough to take some rash step, in order to free myself from a treatment so disgraceful; and which [God forgive me, if I judge amiss!] I am afraid my brother and sister would not be sorry to drive me to take.

If, therefore, such a step should become necessary, (which I yet hope will not,) I must be contented to go away with the clothes I shall have on at the time. My custom to be dressed for the day, as soon as breakfast is over, when I have had no household employments to prevent me, will make such a step (if I am forced to take it) less suspected. And the linen I shall deposit, in pursuance of your kind hint, cannot be missed.

This custom, although a prisoner, (as I may too truly say,) and neither visited nor visiting, I continue. We owe to ourselves, and to our sex, you know, to be always neat; and never to be surprised in a way we should be pained to be seen in.

Besides, people in adversity (which is the state of trial of every good quality) should endeavour to preserve laudable customs, that, if sun shine return, they may not be losers by their trial.

Does it not, moreover, manifest a firmness of mind, in an unhappy person, to keep hope alive? To hope for better days, is half to deserve them: for could we have just ground for such a hope, if we did not resolve to deserve what that hope bids us aspire to? — Then who shall befriend a person who forsakes herself?

These are reflections by which I sometimes endeavour to support myself.

I know you don’t despise my grave airs, although (with a view no doubt to irradiate my mind in my misfortunes) you rally me upon them. Every body has not your talent of introducing serious and important lessons, in such a happy manner as at once to delight and instruct.

What a multitude of contrivances may not young people fall upon, if the mind be not engaged by acts of kindness and condescension! I am not used by my

friends of late as I always used their servants.

When I was intrusted with the family-management, I always found it right, as well in policy as generosity, to repose a trust in them. Not to seem to expect or depend upon justice from them, is in a manner to bid them to take opportunities, whenever they offer, to be unjust.

Mr. Solmes, (to expatiate on this low, but not unuseful subject,) in his more trifling solicitudes, would have had a sorry key-keeper in me. Were I mistress of a family, I would not either take to myself, or give to servants, the pain of keeping those I had reason to suspect. People low in station have often minds not sordid. Nay, I have sometimes thought, that (even take number for number) there are more honest low people, than honest high. In the one, honest is their chief pride. In the other, the love of power, of grandeur, of pleasure, mislead; and that and their ambition induce a paramount pride, which too often swallows up the more laudable one.

Many of the former would scorn to deceive a confidence. But I have seen, among the most ignorant of their class, a susceptibility of resentment, if their honesty has been suspected: and have more than once been forced to put a servant right, whom I have heard say, that, although she valued herself upon her honesty, no master or mistress should suspect her for nothing.

How far has the comparison I had in my head, between my friends treatment of me, and my treatment of the servants, carried me! — But we always allowed ourselves to expatiate on such subjects, whether low or high, as might tend to enlarge our minds, or mend our management, whether notional or practical, and whether such expatiating respected our present, or might respect our probable future situations.

What I was principally leading to, was to tell you how ingenious I am in my contrivances and pretences to blind my gaoleress, and to take off the jealousy of her principals on my going down so often into the garden and poultry-yard. People suspiciously treated are never I believe at a loss for invention. Sometimes I want air, and am better the moment I am out of my chamber. — Sometimes spirits; and then my bantams and pheasants or the cascade divert me; the former, by their inspiring liveliness; the latter, by its echoing dashes, and hollow murmurs. — Sometimes, solitude is of all things my wish; and the awful silence of the night, the spangled element, and the rising and setting sun, how promotive of contemplation! — Sometimes, when I intend nothing, and expect no letters, I am officious to take Betty with me; and at others, bespeak her attendance, when I know she is otherwise employed, and cannot give it me.

These more capital artifices I branch out into lesser ones, without number. Yet all have not only the face of truth, but are real truths; although not my principal

motive. How prompt a thing is will! — What impediments does dislike furnish! — How swiftly, through every difficulty, do we move with the one! — how tardily with the other! — every trifling obstruction weighing us down, as if lead were fastened to our feet!

FRIDAY MORNING, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

I have already made up my parcel of linen. My heart ached all the time I was employed about it; and still aches, at the thoughts of its being a necessary precaution.

When the parcel comes to your hands, as I hope it safely will, you will be pleased to open it. You will find in it two parcels sealed up; one of which contains the letters you have not yet seen; being those written since I left you: in the other are all the letters and copies of letters that have passed between you and me since I was last with you; with some other papers on subjects so much above me, that I cannot wish them to be seen by any body whose indulgence I am not so sure of, as I am of yours. If my judgment ripen with my years, perhaps I may review them.

Mrs. Norton used to say, from her reverend father, that youth was the time of life for imagination and fancy to work in: then, were a writer to lay by his works till riper years and experience should direct the fire rather to glow, than to flame out; something between both might perhaps be produced that would not displease a judicious eye.

In a third division, folded up separately, are all Mr. Lovelace's letters written to me since he was forbidden this house, and copies of my answers to them. I expect that you will break the seals of this parcel, and when you have perused them all, give me your free opinion of my conduct.

By the way, not a line from that man! — Not one line! Wednesday I deposited mine. It remained there on Wednesday night. What time it was taken away yesterday I cannot tell: for I did not concern myself about it, till towards night; and then it was not there. No return at ten this day. I suppose he is as much out of humour as I. — With all my heart.

He may be mean enough perhaps, if ever I should put it into his power, to avenge himself for the trouble he has had with me. — But that now, I dare say, I never shall.

I see what sort of a man the encroacher is. And I hope we are equally sick of one another. — My heart is vexedly easy, if I may so describe it. — Vexedly — because of the apprehended interview with Solmes, and the consequences it may be attended with: or else I should be quite easy; for why? I have not deserved the usage I receive: and could I be rid of Solmes, as I presume I am of Lovelace, their influence over my father, mother, and uncles, against me, could not hold.

The five guineas tied up in one corner of a handkerchief under the linen, I beg you will let pass as an acknowledgement for the trouble I give your trusty servant. You must not chide me for this. You know I cannot be easy unless I have my way in these little matters.

I was going to put up what little money I have, and some of my ornaments; but they are portable, and I cannot forget them. Besides, should they (suspecting me) desire to see any of the jewels, and were I not able to produce them, it would amount to a demonstration of an intention which would have a guilty appearance to them.

FRIDAY, ONE O'CLOCK, IN THE WOOD-HOUSE.

No letter yet from this man! I have luckily deposited my parcel, and have your letter of last night. If Robert take this without the parcel, pray let him return immediately for it. But he cannot miss it, I think: and must conclude that it is put there for him to take away. You may believe, from the contents of yours, that I shall immediately write again. —

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVI

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 30.

The fruits of my inquiry after your abominable wretch's behaviour and baseness at the paltry alehouse, which he calls an inn, prepare to hear.

Wrens and sparrows are not too ignoble a quarry for this villainous gos-hawk! — His assiduities; his watchings; his nightly risques; the inclement weather he journeys in; must not be all placed to your account. He has opportunities of making every thing light to him of that sort. A sweet pretty girl, I am told — innocent till he went thither — Now! (Ah! poor girl!) who knows what?

But just turned of seventeen! — His friend and brother-rake (a man of humour and intrigue) as I am told, to share the social bottle with. And sometimes another disguised rake or two. No sorrow comes near their hearts. Be not disturbed, my dear, at his hoarsenesses! his pretty, Betsey, his Rosebud, as the vile wretch calls her, can hear all he says.

He is very fond of her. They say she is innocent even yet — her father, her grandmother, believe her to be so. He is to fortune her out to a young lover! — Ah! the poor young lover! — Ah! the poor simple girl!

Mr. Hickman tells me, that he heard in town, that he used to be often at plays, and at the opera, with women; and every time with a different one — Ah! my sweet friend! — But I hope he is nothing to you, if all this were truth. — But this intelligence, in relation to this poor girl, will do his business, if you had been ever so good friends before.

A vile wretch! Cannot such purity in pursuit, in view, restrain him? but I leave him to you! — There can be no hope of him. More of a fool, than of such a man. Yet I wish I may be able to snatch the poor young creature out of his villainous paws. I have laid a scheme to do so; if indeed she be hitherto innocent and heart-free.

He appears to the people as a military man, in disguise, secreting himself on account of a duel fought in town; the adversary's life in suspense. They believe he is a great man. His friend passes for an inferior officer; upon a footing of freedom with him. He, accompanied by a third man, who is a sort of subordinate companion to the second. The wretch himself with but one servant.

O my dear! how pleasantly can these devils, as I must call them, pass their time, while our gentle bosoms heave with pity for their supposed sufferings for us!

I have sent for this girl and her father; and am just now informed, that I shall see them. I will sift them thoroughly. I shall soon find out such a simple thing as this, if he has not corrupted her already — and if he has, I shall soon find out that too. — If more art than nature appears either in her or her father, I shall give them both up — but depend upon it, the girl's undone.

He is said to be fond of her. He places her at the upper end of his table. He sets her a-prattling. He keeps his friends at a distance from her. She prates away. He admires for nature all she says. Once was heard to call her charming little creature! An hundred has he called so no doubt. He puts her upon singing. He praises her wild note — O my dear, the girl's undone! — must be undone! — The man, you know, is LOVELACE.

Let 'em bring Wyerley to you, if they will have you married — any body but Solmes and Lovelace be yours! — So advises

Your ANNA HOWE.

My dearest friend, consider this alehouse as his garrison: him as an enemy: his brother-rakes as his assistants and abettors. Would not your brother, would not your uncles, tremble, if they knew how near them he is, as they pass to and fro? — I am told, he is resolved you shall not be carried to your uncle Antony's. — What can you do, with or without such an enterprising —

Fill up the blank I leave. — I cannot find a word bad enough

LETTER XXVII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, THREE O'CLOCK.

You incense, alarm, and terrify me, at the same time. — Hasten, my dearest friend, hasten to me what further intelligence you can gather about this vilest of men.

But never talk of innocence, of simplicity, and this unhappy girl, together! Must she not know, that such a man as that, dignified in his very aspect; and no disguise able to conceal his being of condition; must mean too much, when he places her at the upper end of his table, and calls her by such tender names? Would a girl, modest as simple, above seventeen, be set a-singing at the pleasure of such a man as that? a stranger, and professedly in disguise! — Would her father and grandmother, if honest people, and careful of their simple girl, permit such freedoms?

Keep his friend at a distance from her! — To be sure his designs are villainous, if they have not been already effected.

Warn, my dear, if not too late, the unthinking father, of his child's danger. There cannot be a father in the world, who would sell his child's virtue. Nor mother! — The poor thing!

I long to hear the result of your intelligence. You shall see the simple creature, you tell me. — Let me know what sort of a girl she is. — A sweet pretty girl! you say. A sweet pretty girl, my dear! — They are sweet pretty words from your pen. But are they yours or his of her? — If she be so simple, if she have ease and nature in her manner, in her speech, and warbles prettily her wild notes, why, such a girl as that must engage such a profligate wretch, (as now indeed I doubt this man is,) accustomed, perhaps, to town women, and their confident ways. — Must deeply and for a long season engage him: since perhaps when her innocence is departed, she will endeavour by art to supply the loss of the natural charms which now engage him.

Fine hopes of such a wretch's reformation! I would not, my dear, for the world, have any thing to say — but I need not make resolutions. I have not opened, nor will I open, his letter. — A sycophant creature! — With his hoarsenesses — got perhaps by a midnight revel, singing to his wild note singer, and only increased in the coppice!

To be already on a footing! — In his esteem, I mean: for myself, I despise him. I hate myself almost for writing so much about him, and of such a simpleton as

this sweet pretty girl as you call her: but no one can be either sweet or pretty, that is not modest, that is not virtuous.

And now, my dear, I will tell you how I came to put you upon this inquiry.

This vile Joseph Leman had given a hint to Betty, and she to me, as if Lovelace would be found out to be a very bad man, at a place where he had been lately seen in disguise. But he would see further, he said, before he told her more; and she promised secrecy, in hope to get at further intelligence. I thought it could be no harm, to get you to inform yourself, and me, of what could be gathered.* And now I see, his enemies are but too well warranted in their reports of him: and, if the ruin of this poor young creature be his aim, and if he had not known her but for his visits to Harlowe-place, I shall have reason to be doubly concerned for her; and doubly incensed against so vile a man.

* It will be seen in Vol.I.Letter XXXIV. that Mr. Lovelace's motive for sparing his Rosebud was twofold. First, Because his pride was gratified by the grandmother's desiring him to spare her grand-daughter. Many a pretty rogue, say he, had I spared, whom I did not spare, had my power been acknowledged, and my mercy in time implored. But the debellare superbos should be my motto, were I to have a new one.

His other motive will be explained in the following passage, in the same. I never was so honest, for so long together, says he, since my matriculation. It behoves me so to be. Some way or other my recess [at the little inn] may be found out, and it then will be thought that my Rosebud has attracted me. A report in my favour, from simplicities so amiable, may establish me, &c.

Accordingly, as the reader will hereafter see, Mr. Lovelace finds by the effects, his expectations from the contrivance he set on foot by means of his agent Joseph Leman (who plays, as above, upon Betty Barnes) fully answered, though he could not know what passed on the occasion between the two ladies.

This explanation is the more necessary to be given, as several of our readers (through want of due attention) have attributed to Mr. Lovelace, on his behaviour to his Rosebud,

a greater merit than was due to him; and moreover imagined, that it was improbable, that a man, who was capable of acting so generously (as they supposed) in this instance, should be guilty of any atrocious vileness. Not considering, that love, pride, and revenge as he owns in Vol.I.Letter XXXI. were ingredients of equal force in his composition; and that resistance was a stimulus to him.

I think I hate him worse than I do Solmes himself.

But I will not add one more word about hi,; and after I have told you, that I wish to know, as soon as possible what further occurs from your inquiry. I have a letter from him; but shall not open it till I do: and then, if it come out as I dare say it will, I will directly put the letter unopened into the place I took it from, and never trouble myself more about him. Adieu, my dearest friend.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVIII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE. FRIDAY NOON, MARCH 31.

Justice obliges me to forward this after my last on the wings of the wind, as I may say. I really believe the man is innocent. Of this one accusation, I think he must be acquitted; and I am sorry I was so forward in dispatching away my intelligence by halves.

I have seen the girl. She is really a very pretty, a very neat, and, what is still a greater beauty, a very innocent young creature. He who could have ruined such an undersigned home-bred, must have been indeed infernally wicked. Her father is an honest simple man; entirely satisfied with his child, and with her new acquaintance.

I am almost afraid for your heart, when I tell you, that I find, now I have got to the bottom of this inquiry, something noble come out in this Lovelace's favour.

The girl is to be married next week; and this promoted and brought about by him. He is resolved, her father says, to make one couple happy, and wishes he could make more so [There's for you, my dear!] And she professes to love, he has given her an hundred pounds: the grandmother actually has it in her hands, to answer to the like sum given to the youth by one of his own relation: while Mr. Lovelace's companion, attracted by the example, has given twenty-five guineas to the father, who is poor, towards clothes to equip the pretty rustic.

Mr. Lovelace and his friend, the poor man says, when they first came to his house, affected to appear as persons of low degree; but now he knows the one (but mentioned it in confidence) to be Colonel Barrow, the other Captain Sloane. The colonel he owns was at first very sweet upon his girl: but her grandmother's begging of him to spare her innocence, he vowed, that he never would offer any thing but good counsel to her. He kept his word; and the pretty fool acknowledged, that she never could have been better instructed by the minister himself from the bible-book! — The girl pleased me so well, that I made her visit to me worth her while.

But what, my dear, will become of us now? — Lovelace not only reformed, but turned preacher! — What will become of us now? — Why, my sweet friend, your generosity is now engaged in his favour! — Fie upon this generosity! I think in my heart, that it does as much mischief to the noble-minded, as love to the ignobler. — What before was only a conditional liking, I am now afraid will turn to liking unconditional.

I could not endure to change my invective into panegyric all at once, and so soon. We, or such as I at least, love to keep ourselves in countenance for a rash judgment, even when we know it to be rash. Everybody has not your generosity in confessing a mistake. It requires a greatness of soul frankly to do it. So I made still further inquiry after his life and manner, and behaviour there, in hopes to find something bad: but all uniform!

Upon the whole, Mr. Lovelace comes out with so much advantage from this inquiry, that were there the least room for it, I should suspect the whole to be a plot set on foot to wash a blackamoor white. Adieu, my dear.

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

Hasty censures do indeed subject themselves to the charge of variableness and inconsistency in judgment: and so they ought; for, if you, even you, my dear, were so loth to own a mistake, as in the instance before us you pretend you were, I believe I should not have loved you so well as I really do love you. Nor could you, in that case, have so frankly thrown the reflection I hint at upon yourself, have not your mind been one of the most ingenuous that ever woman boasted.

Mr. Lovelace has faults enow to deserve very severe censure, although he be not guilty of this. If I were upon such terms with him as he could wish me to be, I should give him such a hint, that this treacherous Joseph Leman cannot be so much attached to him, as perhaps he thinks him to be. If it were, he would not have been so ready to report to his disadvantage (and to Betty Barnes too) this slight affair of the pretty rustic. Joseph has engaged Betty to secrecy; promising to let her, and her young master, to know more, when he knows the whole of the matter: and this hinders her from mentioning it, as she is nevertheless agog to do, to my sister or brother. And then she does not choose to disoblige Joseph; for although she pretends to look above him, she listens, I believe, to some love-stories he tells her.

Women having it not in their power to begin a courtship, some of them very frequently, I believe, lend an ear where their hearts incline not.

But to say no more of these low people, neither of whom I think tolerably of; I must needs own, that as I should for ever have despised this man, had he been capable of such a vile intrigue in his way to Harlowe-place, and as I believe he was capable of it, it has indeed [I own it has] proportionably engaged my generosity, as you call it, in his favour: perhaps more than I may have reason to wish it had. And, rally me as you will, pray tell me fairly, my dear, would it not have had such an effect upon you?

Then the real generosity of the act. — I protest, my beloved friend, if he would be good for the rest of his life from this time, I would forgive him a great many of his past errors, were it only for the demonstration he has given in this, that he is capable of so good and bountiful a manner of thinking.

You may believe I made no scruple to open his letter, after the receipt of your second on this subject: nor shall I of answering it, as I have no reason to find fault with it: an article in his favour, procured him, however, so much the easier, (I

must own,) by way of amends for the undue displeasure I took against him; though he knows it not.

Is it lucky enough that this matter was cleared up to me by your friendly diligence so soon: for had I written before it was, it would have been to reinforce my dismission of him; and perhaps I should have mentioned the very motive; for it affected me more than I think it ought: and then, what an advantage would that have given him, when he could have cleared up the matter so happily for himself!

When I send you this letter of his, you will see how very humble he is: what acknowledgements of natural impatience: what confession of faults, as you prognosticated.

A very different appearance, I must own, all these make, now the story of the pretty rustic is cleared up, to what they would have made, had it not.

You will see how he accounts to me, ‘That he could not, by reason of indisposition, come for my letter in person: and the forward creature labours the point, as if he thought I should be uneasy that he did not.’ I am indeed sorry he should be ill on my account; and I will allow, that the suspense he has been in for some time past, must have been vexatious enough to so impatient a spirit. But all is owing originally to himself.

You will find him (in the presumption of being forgiven) ‘full of contrivances and expedients for my escaping my threatened compulsion.’

I have always said, that next to being without fault, is the acknowledgement of a fault; since no amendment can be expected where an error is defended: but you will see in this very letter, an haughtiness even in his submissions. ’Tis true, I know not where to find fault as to the expression; yet cannot I be satisfied, that his humility is humility; or even an humility upon such conviction as one should be pleased with.

To be sure, he is far from being a polite man: yet is not directly and characteristically, as I may say, unpolite. But his is such a sort of politeness, as has, by a carelessness founded on very early indulgence, and perhaps on too much success in riper years, and an arrogance built upon both, grown into assuredness, and, of course, I may say, into indelicacy.

The distance you recommend at which to keep these men, is certainly right in the main: familiarity destroys reverence: But with whom? — Not with those, surely, who are prudent, grateful, and generous.

But it is very difficult for persons, who would avoid running into one extreme, to keep clear of another. Hence Mr. Lovelace, perhaps, thinks it the mark of a great spirit to humour his pride, though at the expense of his politeness: but can the man be a deep man, who knows not how to make such distinctions as a person of but moderate parts cannot miss?

He complains heavily of my ‘readiness to take mortal offence at him, and to dismiss him for ever: it is a high conduct, he says, he must be frank enough to tell me; a conduct that must be very far from contributing to allay his apprehensions of the possibility that I may be prosecuted into my relations’ measures in behalf of Mr. Solmes.’

You will see how he puts his present and his future happiness, ‘with regard to both worlds, entirely upon me.’ The ardour with which he vows and promises, I think the heart only can dictate: how else can one guess at a man’s heart?

You will also see, ‘that he has already heard of the interview I am to have with Mr. Solmes;’ and with what vehemence and anguish he expresses himself on the occasion. I intend to take proper notice of the ignoble means he stoops to, to come at his early intelligence of our family. If persons pretending to principle, bear not their testimony against unprincipled actions, what check can they have?

You will see, ‘how passionately he presses me to oblige him with a few lines, before the interview between Mr. Solmes and me takes place, (if, as he says, it must take place,) to confirm his hope, that I have no view, in my present displeasure against him, to give encouragement to Solmes. An apprehension, he says, that he must be excused for repeating; especially as the interview is a favour granted to that man, which I have refused to him; since, as he infers, were it not with such an expectation, why should my friends press it?’

I have written; and to this effect: ‘That I had never intended to write another line to a man, who could take upon himself to reflect upon my sex and myself, for having thought fit to make use of my own judgment.

‘I tell him, that I have submitted to the interview with Mr. Solmes, purely as an act of duty, to shew my friends, that I will comply with their commands as far as I can; and that I hope, when Mr. Solmes himself shall see how determined I am, he will cease to prosecute a suit, in which it is impossible he should succeed with my consent.

‘I assure him, that my aversion to Mr. Solmes is too sincere to permit me to doubt myself on this occasion. But, nevertheless, he must not imagine, that my rejecting of Mr. Solmes is in favour to him. That I value my freedom and independency too much, if my friends will but leave me to my own judgment, to give them up to a man so uncontroulable, and who shews me beforehand what I have to expect from him, were I in his power.

‘I express my high disapprobation of the methods he takes to come at what passes in a private family. The pretence of corrupting other people’s servants, by

way of reprisal for the spies they have set upon him, I tell him, is a very poor excuse; and no more than an attempt to justify one meanness by another.

‘There is, I observe to him, a right and a wrong in every thing, let people put what glosses they please upon their action. To condemn a deviation, and to follow it by as great a one, what, I ask him, is this, but propagating a general corruption? — A stand must be made somebody, turn round the evil as many as may, or virtue will be lost: And shall it not be I, a worthy mind would ask, that shall make this stand?

‘I leave him to judge, whether his be a worthy one, tried by this rule: And whether, knowing the impetuosity of his own disposition, and the improbability there is that my father and family will ever be reconciled to him, I ought to encourage his hopes?

‘These spots and blemishes, I further tell him, give me not earnestness enough for any sake but his own, to wish him in a juster and nobler train of thinking and acting; for that I truly despised many of the ways he allows himself in: our minds are therefore infinitely different: and as to his professions of reformation, I must tell him, that profuse acknowledgements, without amendment, are but to me as so many anticipating concessions, which he may find much easier to make, thane either to defend himself, or amend his errors.

‘I inform him, that I have been lately made acquainted’ [and so I have by Betty, and she by my brother] ‘with the weak and wanton airs he gives himself of declaiming against matrimony. I severely reprehend him on this occasion: and ask him, with what view he can take so witless, so despicable a liberty, in which only the most abandoned of men allow themselves, and yet presume to address me?

‘I tell him, that if I am obliged to go to my uncle Antony’s, it is not to be inferred, that I must therefore necessarily be Mr. Solmes’s wife: since I must therefore so sure perhaps that the same exceptions lie so strongly against my quitting a house to which I shall be forcibly carried, as if I left my father’s house: and, at the worst, I may be able to keep them in suspense till my cousin Morden comes, who will have a right to put me in possession of my grandfather’s estate, if I insist upon it.’

This, I doubt, is somewhat of an artifice; which can only be excusable, as it is principally designed to keep him out of mischief. For I have but little hope, if carried thither, whether sensible or senseless, absolutely if I am left to the mercy of my brother and sister, but they will endeavour to force the solemn obligation upon me. Otherwise, were there but any prospect of avoiding this, by delaying (or even by taking things to make me ill, if nothing else would do,) till my cousin comes, I hope I should not think of leaving even my uncle’s house. For I should

not know how to square it to my own principles, to dispense with the duty I owe to my father, wherever it shall be his will to place me.

But while you give me the charming hope, that, in order to avoid one man, I shall not be under the necessity of throwing myself upon the friends of the other; I think my case not desperate.

I see not any of my family, nor hear from them in any way of kindness. This looks as if they themselves expected no great matters from the Tuesday's conference which makes my heart flutter every time I think of it.

My uncle Antony's presence on the occasion I do not much like: but I had rather meet him than my brother or sister: yet my uncle is very impetuous. I can't think Mr. Lovelace can be much more so; at least he cannot look angry, as my uncle, with his harder features, can. These sea-prospered gentlemen, as my uncle has often made me think, not used to any but elemental controul, and even ready to buffet that, bluster often as violently as the winds they are accustomed to be angry at.

I believe Mr. Solmes will look as much like a fool as I shall do, if it be true, as my uncle Harlowe writes, and as Betty often tells me, that he is as much afraid of seeing me, as I am of seeing him.

Adieu, my happy, thrice-happy Miss Howe, who have no hard terms fixed to your duty! — Who have nothing to do, but to fall in with a choice your mother has made for you, to which you have not, nor can have, a just objection: except the frowardness of our sex, as our free censurers would perhaps take the liberty to say, makes it one, that the choice was your mother's, at first hand. Perverse nature, we know, loves not to be prescribed to; although youth is not so well qualified, either by sedateness or experience, to choose for itself.

To know your own happiness, and that it is now, nor to leave it to after reflection to look back upon the preferable past with a heavy and self accusing heart, that you did not choose it when you might have chosen it, is all that is necessary to complete your felicity! — And this power is wished you by

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXX

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SATURDAY, APRIL 2.

I ought yesterday to have acknowledged the receipt of your parcel. Robin tells me, that the Joseph Leman, whom you mention as the traitor, saw him. He was in the poultry-yard, and spoke to Robin over the bank which divides that from the green-lane. ‘What brings you hither, Mr. Robert? — But I can tell. Hie away, as fast as you can.’

No doubt but their dependence upon this fellow’s vigilance, and upon Betty’s, leaves you more at liberty in your airings, than you would otherwise be. But you are the only person I ever heard of, who in such circumstances had not some faithful servant to trust little offices to. A poet, my dear, would not have gone to work for an Angelica, without giving her her Violetta, her Cleante, her Clelia, or some such pretty-named confidant — an old nurse at the least.

I read to my mother several passages of your letters. But your last paragraph, in your yesterday’s quite charmed her. You have won her heart by it, she told me. And while her fit of gratitude for it lasted, I was thinking to make my proposal, and to press it with all the earnestness I could give it, when Hickman came in, making his legs, and stroking his cravat and ruffles.

I could most freely have ruffled him for it. As it was — Sir, said I, saw you not some of the servants? — Could not one of them have come in before you?

He begged pardon: looked as if he knew not whether he had best keep his ground, or withdraw: — Till my mother, his fast friend, interposed — Why, Nancy, we are not upon particulars. — Pray, Mr. Hickman, sit down.

By your le — ave, good Madam, to me. You know his drawl, when his muscles give him the respectful hesitation. —

Ay, ay, pray sit down, honest man, if you are weary — but by mamma, if you please. I desire my hoop may have its full circumference. All they’re good for, that I know, is to clean dirty shoes, and to keep fellows at a distance.

Strange girl! cried my mother, displeased; but with a milder turn, ay, ay, Mr. Hickman, sit down by me: I have no such forbidding folly in my dress.

I looked serious; and in my heart was glad this speech of hers was not made to your uncle Antony.

My mother, with the true widow’s freedom, would mighty prudently have led into the subject we had been upon; and would have had read to him, I question not, that very paragraph in your letter which is so much in his favour. He was highly obliged to dear Miss Harlowe, she would assure him; that she did say —

But I asked him, if he had any news by his last letters from London? — A question which he always understands to be a subject changer; for otherwise I never put it. And so if he be but silent, I am not angry with him that he answers it not.

I choose not to mention my proposal before him, till I know how it will be relished by my mother. If it be not well received, perhaps I may employ him on the occasion. Yet I don't like to owe him an obligation, if I could help it. For men who have his views in their heads, do so parade it, so strut about, if a woman condescend to employ them in her affairs, that one has no patience with them.

However, if I find not an opportunity this day, I will make one to-morrow.

I shall not open either of your sealed-up parcels, but in your presence. There is no need. Your conduct is out of all question with me: and by the extracts you have given me from his letters and your own, I know all that relates to the present situation of things between you.

I was going to give you a little flippant hint or two. But since you wish to be thought superior to all our sex in the command of yourself; and since indeed you deserve to be thought so; I will spare you. You are, however, at times, more than half inclined to speak out. That you do not, is only owing to a little bashful struggle between you and yourself, as I may say. When that is quite got over, I know you will favour me undisguisedly with the result.

I cannot forgive your taking upon me (at so extravagant a rate too) to pay my mother's servants. Indeed I am, and I will be, angry with you for it. A year's wages at once well nigh! only as, unknown to my mother, I make it better for the servants according to their merits — how it made the man stare! — And it may be his ruin too, as far as I know. If he should buy a ring, and marry a sorry body in the neighbourhood with the money, one would be loth, a twelvemonth hence, that the poor old fellow should think he had reason to wish the bounty never conferred.

I MUST give you your way in these things, you say. — And I know there is no contradicting you: for you were ever putting too great a value upon little offices done for you, and too little upon the great ones you do for others. The satisfaction you have in doing so, I grant it, repays you. But why should you, by the nobleness of your mind, throw reproaches upon the rest of the world? particularly, upon your own family — and upon ours too?

If, as I have heard you say, it is a good rule to give WORDS the hearing, but to form our judgment of men and things by DEEDS ONLY; what shall we think of one, who seeks to find palliatives in words, for narrowness of heart in the very persons her deeds so silently, yet so forcibly, reflect upon? Why blush you not, my dear friend, to be thus singular? — When you meet with another person

whose mind is like your own, then display your excellencies as you please: but till then, for pity's sake, let your heart and your spirit suffer a little contradiction.

I intended to write but a few lines; chiefly to let you know your parcels are come safe. And accordingly I began in a large hand; and I am already come to the end of my second sheet. But I could write a quire without hesitation upon a subject so copious and so beloved as is your praise. Not for this single instance of your generosity; since I am really angry with you for it; but for the benevolence exemplified in the whole tenor of your life and action; of which this is but a common instance. Heaven direct you, in your own arduous trials, is all I have room to add; and make you as happy, as you think to be

Your own ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 2.

I have many new particulars to acquaint you with, that shew a great change in the behaviour of my friends as I find we have. I will give these particulars to you as they offered.

All the family was at church in the morning. They brought good Dr. Lewen with them, in pursuance of a previous invitation. And the doctor sent up to desire my permission to attend me in my own apartment.

You may believe it was easily granted.

So the doctor came up.

We had a conversation of near an hour before dinner: but, to my surprise, he waved every thing that would have led me to the subject I supposed he wanted to talk about. At last, I asked him, if it were not thought strange I should be so long absent from church? He made me some handsome compliments upon it: but said, for his part, he had ever made it a rule to avoid interfering in the private concerns of families, unless desired to do so.

I was prodigiously disappointed; but supposing that he was thought too just a man to be made a judge of in this cause; I led no more to it: nor, when he was called down to dinner, did he take the least notice of leaving me behind him there.

But this was not the first time since my confinement that I thought it a hardship not to dine below. And when I parted with him on the stairs, a tear would burst its way; and he hurried down; his own good-natured eyes glistening; for he saw it. — Nor trusted he his voice, lest the accent I suppose should have discovered his concern; departing in silence; though with his usual graceful obligingness.

I hear that he praised me, and my part in the conversation that passed between us. To shew them, I suppose, that it was not upon the interesting subjects which I make no doubt he was desired not to enter upon.

He left me so dissatisfied, yet so perplexed with this new way of treatment, that I never found myself so much disconcerted, and out of my train.

But I was to be more so. This was to be a day of puzzle to me. Pregnant puzzle, if I may say so: for there must great meaning lie behind it.

In the afternoon, all but my brother and sister went to church with the good doctor; who left his compliments for me. I took a walk in the garden. My brother and sister walked in it too, and kept me in their eye a good while, on purpose, as I thought, that I might see how gay and good-humoured they were together. At last they came down the walk that I was coming up, hand-in-hand, lover-like.

Your servant, Miss — your servant, Sir — passed between my brother and me.

Is it not coldish, Clary! in a kinder voice than usual, said my sister, and stopped. — I stopped and courtesied low to her half-courtesy. — I think not, Sister, said I.

She went on. I courtesied without return; and proceeded, turning to my poultry-yard.

By a shorter turn, arm-in-arm, they were there before me.

I think, Clary, said my brother, you must present me with some of this breed, for Scotland.

If you please, Brother.

I'll choose for you, said my sister.

And while I fed them, they pointed to half a dozen: yet intending nothing by it, I believe, but to shew a deal of love and good-humour to each other before me.

My uncles next, (at their return from church) were to do me the honour of their notice. They bid Betty tell me, they would drink tea with me in my own apartment. Now, thought I, shall I have the subject of next Tuesday enforced upon me.

But they contradicted the order for tea, and only my uncle Harlowe came up to me.

Half-distant, half-affectionate, at his entering my chamber, was the air he put on to his daughter-niece, as he used to call me; and I threw myself at his feet, and besought his favour.

None of these discomposures, Child. None of these apprehensions. You will now have every body's favour. All is coming about, my dear. I was impatient to see you. I could no longer deny myself this satisfaction. He then raised me, and kissed me, and called me charming creature!

But he waved entering into any interesting subject. All will be well now. All will be right! — No more complainings! every body loves you! — I only came to make my earliest court to you! [were his condescending words] and to sit and talk of twenty and twenty fond things, as I used to do. And let every past disagreeable thing be forgotten; as if nothing had happened.

He understood me as beginning to hint at the disgrace of my confinement — No disgrace my dear can fall to your lot: your reputation is too well established. — I longed to see you, repeated me — I have seen nobody half so amiable since I saw you last.

And again he kissed my cheek, my glowing cheek; for I was impatient, I was vexed, to be thus, as I thought, played upon: And how could I be thankful for a visit, that (it was now evident) was only a too humble artifice, to draw me in against the next Tuesday, or to leave me inexcusable to them all?

O my cunning brother! — This is his contrivance. And then my anger made me recollect the triumph in his and my sister's fondness for each other, as practised before me; and the mingled indignation flashing from their eyes, as arm-in-arm they spoke to me, and the forced condescension playing upon their lips, when they called me Clary, and Sister.

Do you think I could, with these reflections, look upon my uncle Harlowe's visit as the favour he seemed desirous I should think it to be? — Indeed I could not; and seeing him so studiously avoid all recrimination, as I may call it, I gave into the affectation; and followed him in his talk of indifferent things: while he seemed to admire this thing and that, as if he had never seen them before; and now-and then condescendingly kissed the hand that wrought some of the things he fixed his eyes upon; not so much to admire them, as to find subjects to divert what was most in his head, and in my heart.

At his going away — How can I leave you here by yourself, my dear? you, whose company used to enliven us all. You are not expected down indeed: but I protest I had a good mind to surprise your father and mother! — If I thought nothing would arise that would be disagreeable — My dear! my love! [O the dear artful gentleman! how could my uncle Harlowe so dissemble?] What say you? Will you give me your hands? Will you see your father? Can you stand his displeasure, on first seeing the dear creature who has given him and all of us so much disturbance? Can you promise future —

He saw me rising in my temper — Nay, my dear, interrupting himself, if you cannot be all resignation, I would not have you think of it.

My heart, struggling between duty and warmth of temper, was full. You know, my dear, I never could bear to be dealt meanly with! — How — how can you, Sir! you my Papa-uncle — How can you, Sir! — The poor girl! — for I could not speak with connexion.

Nay, my dear, if you cannot be all duty, all resignation — better stay where you are. — But after the instance you have given —

Instance I have given! — What instance, Sir?

Well, well, Child, better stay where you are, if your past confinement hangs so heavy upon you — but now there will be a sudden end to it — Adieu, my dear! — Three words only — Let your compliance be sincere! — and love me, as you used to love me — your Grandfather did not do so much for you, as I will do for you.

Without suffering me to reply, he hurried away, as I thought, like one who has been employed to act a part against his will, and was glad it was over.

Don't you see, my dear Miss Howe, how they are all determined? — Have I not reason to dread next Tuesday?

Up presently after came my sister: — to observe, I suppose, the way I was in.

She found me in tears.

Have you not a Thomas a Kempis, Sister? with a stiff air.

I have, Madam.

Madam! — How long are we to be at this distance, Clary?

No longer, my dear Bella, if you allow me to call you sister. And I took her hand.

No fawning neither, Girl!

I withdrew my hand as hastily, as you may believe I should have done, had I, in feeling for one of your parcels under the wood, been bitten by a viper.

I beg pardon, said I, — Too-too ready to make advances, I am always subjecting myself to contempts.

People who know not how to keep a middle behaviour, said she, must ever do so.

I will fetch you the Kempis, Sister. I did. Here it is. You will find excellent things, Bella, in that little book.

I wish, retorted she, you had profited by them.

I wish you may, said I. Example from a sister older than one's self is a fine thing.

Older! saucy little fool! — And away she flung.

What a captious old woman will my sister make, if she lives to be one! — demanding the reverence, perhaps, yet not aiming at the merit; and ashamed of the years that can only entitle her to the reverence.

It is plain, from what I have related, that they think they have got me at some advantage by obtaining my consent to the interview: but if it were not, Betty's impertinence just now would make it evident. She has been complimenting me upon it; and upon the visit of my uncle Harlowe. She says, the difficulty now is more than half over with me. She is sure I would not see Mr. Solmes, but to have him. Now shall she be soon better employed than of late she has been. All hands will be at work. She loves dearly to have weddings go forward! — Who knows, whose turn will be next?

I found in the afternoon a reply to my answer to Mr. Lovelace's letter. It is full of promises, full of vows of gratitude, of eternal gratitude, is his word, among others still more hyperbolic. Yet Mr. Lovelace, the least of any man whose letters I have seen, runs into those elevated absurdities. I should be apt to despise him for it, if he did. Such language looks always to me, as if the flatterer thought to find a woman a fool, or hoped to make her one.

'He regrets my indifference to him; which puts all the hope he has in my favour upon the shocking usage I receive from my friends.

‘As to my charge upon him of unpoliteness and uncontroulableness — What [he asks] can he say? since being unable absolutely to vindicate himself, he has too much ingenuousness to attempt to do so: yet is struck dumb by my harsh construction, that his acknowledging temper is owing more to his carelessness to defend himself, than to his inclination to amend. He had never before met with the objections against his morals which I had raised, justly raised: and he was resolved to obviate them. What is it, he asks, that he has promised, but reformation by my example? And what occasion for the promise, if he had not faults, and those very great ones, to reform? He hopes acknowledgement of an error is no bad sign; although my severe virtue has interpreted it into one.

‘He believes I may be right (severely right, he calls it) in my judgment against making reprisals in the case of the intelligence he receives from my family: he cannot charge himself to be of a temper that leads him to be inquisitive into any body’s private affairs; but hopes, that the circumstances of the case, and the strange conduct of my friends, will excuse him; especially when so much depends upon his knowing the movements of a family so violently bent, by measures right or wrong, to carry their point against me, in malice to him. People, he says, who act like angels, ought to have angels to deal with. For his part, he has not yet learned the difficult lesson of returning good for evil: and shall think himself the less encouraged to learn it by the treatment I have met with from the very persons who would trample upon him, as they do upon me, were he to lay himself under their feet.

‘He excuses himself for the liberties he owns he has heretofore taken in ridiculing the marriage-state. It is a subject, he says, that he has not of late treated so lightly. He owns it to be so trite, so beaten a topic with all libertines and witlings; so frothy, so empty, so nothing meaning, so worn-out a theme, that he is heartily ashamed of himself, ever to have made it his. He condemns it as a stupid reflection upon the laws and good order of society, and upon a man’s own ancestors: and in himself, who has some reason to value himself upon his descent and alliances, more censurable, than in those who have not the same advantages to boast of. He promises to be more circumspect than ever, both in his words and actions, that he may be more and more worthy of my approbation; and that he may give an assurance before hand, that a foundation is laid in his mind for my example to work upon with equal reputation and effect to us both; — if he may be so happy to call me his.

‘He gives me up, as absolutely lost, if I go to my uncle Antony’s; the close confinement; the moated house; the chapel; the implacableness of my brother and sister; and their power over the rest of the family, he sets forth in strong lights; and plainly says, that he must have a struggle to prevent my being carried thither.’

Your kind, your generous endeavours to interest your mother in my behalf, will, I hope, prevent those harsher extremities to which I might be otherwise driven. And to you I will fly, if permitted, and keep all my promises, of not corresponding with any body, not seeing any body, but by your mother's direction and yours.

I will close and deposit at this place. It is not necessary to say, how much I am

Your ever affectionate and obliged CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

I am glad my papers are safe in your hands. I will make it my endeavour to deserve your good opinion, that I may not at once disgrace your judgment, and my own heart.

I have another letter from Mr. Lovelace. He is extremely apprehensive of the meeting I am to have with Mr. Solmes to-morrow. He says, ‘that the airs that wretch gives himself on the occasion add to his concern; and it is with infinite difficulty that he prevails upon himself not to make him a visit to let him know what he may expect, if compulsion be used towards me in his favour. He assures me, that Solmes has actually talked with tradesmen of new equipages, and names the people in town with whom he has treated: that he has even’ [Was there ever such a horrid wretch!] ‘allotted this and that apartment in his house, for a nursery, and other offices.’

How shall I bear to hear such a creature talk of love to me? I shall be out of all patience with him. Besides, I thought that he did not dare to make or talk of these impudent preparations. — So inconsistent as such are with my brother’s views — but I fly the subject.

Upon this confidence of Solmes, you will less wonder at that of Lovelace, ‘in pressing me in the name of all his family, to escape from so determined a violence as is intended to be offered to me at my uncle’s: that the forward contriver should propose Lord M.’s chariot and six to be at the stile that leads up to the lonely coppice adjoining to our paddock. You will see how audaciously he mentions settlements ready drawn; horsemen ready to mount; and one of his cousins Montague to be in the chariot, or at the George in the neighbouring village, waiting to accompany me to Lord M.’s, or to Lady Betty’s or Lady Sarah’s, or to town, as I please; and upon such orders, or conditions, and under such restrictions, as to himself, as I shall prescribe.’

You will see how he threatens, ‘To watch and waylay them, and to rescue me as he calls it, by an armed force of friends and servants, if they attempt to carry me against my will to my uncle’s; and this, whether I give my consent to the enterprise, or not: — since he shall have no hopes if I am once there.’

O my dear friend! Who can think of these things, and not be extremely miserable in her apprehensions!

This mischievous sex! What had I to do with any of them; or they with me? — I had deserved this, were it by my own seeking, by my own giddiness, that I had

brought myself into this situation — I wish with all my heart — but how foolish we are apt to wish when we find ourselves unhappy, and know not how to help ourselves!

On your mother's goodness, however, is my reliance. If I can but avoid being precipitated on either hand, till my cousin Morden arrives, a reconciliation must follow; and all will be happy.

I have deposited a letter for Mr. Lovelace; in which 'I charge him, as he would not disoblige me for ever, to avoid any rash step, any visit to Mr. Solmes, which may be followed by acts of violence.'

I re-assure him, 'That I will sooner die than be that man's wife.

'Whatever be my usage, whatever shall be the result of the apprehended interview, I insist upon it that he presume not to offer violence to any of my friends: and express myself highly displeased, that he should presume upon such an interest in my esteem, as to think himself entitled to dispute my father's authority in my removal to my uncle's; although I tell him, that I will omit neither prayers nor contrivance, even to the making myself ill, to avoid going.'

To-morrow is Tuesday! How soon comes upon us the day we dread! — Oh that a deep sleep of twenty four hours would seize my faculties! — But then the next day would be Tuesday, as to all the effects and purposes for which I so much dread it. If this reach you before the event of the so much apprehended interview can be known, pray for

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY MORNING, SIX O'CLOCK.

The day is come! — I wish it were happily over. I have had a wretched night. Hardly a wink have I slept, ruminating upon the approaching interview. The very distance of time to which they consented, has added solemnity to the meeting, which otherwise it would not have had.

A thoughtful mind is not a blessing to be coveted, unless it had such a happy vivacity with it as yours: a vivacity, which enables a person to enjoy the present, without being over-anxious about the future.

TUESDAY, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

I have had a visit from my aunt Hervey. Betty, in her alarming way, told me, I should have a lady to breakfast with me, whom I little expected; giving me to believe it was my mother. This fluttered me so much, on hearing a lady coming up-stairs, supposing it was she, (and not knowing how to account for her motives in such a visit, after I had been so long banished from her presence,) that my aunt, at her entrance, took notice of my disorder; and, after her first salutation,

Why, Miss, said she, you seem surprised. — Upon my word, you thoughtful young ladies have strange apprehensions about nothing at all. What, taking my hand, can be the matter with you? — Why, my dear, tremble, tremble, tremble, at this rate? You'll not be fit to be seen by any body. Come, my love, kissing my cheek, pluck up a courage. By this needless flutter on the approaching interview, when it is over you will judge of your other antipathies, and laugh at yourself for giving way to so apprehensive an imagination.

I said, that whatever we strongly imagined, was in its effect at the time more than imaginary, although to others it might not appear so: that I had not rested one hour all night: that the impertinent set over me, by giving me room to think my mother was coming up, had so much disconcerted me, that I should be very little qualified to see any body I disliked to see.

There was no accounting for these things, she said. Mr. Solmes last night supposed he should be under as much agitation as I could be.

Who is it, then, Madam, that so reluctant an interview on both sides, is to please?

Both of you, my dear, I hope, after the first flurries are over. The most apprehensive beginnings, I have often known, make the happiest conclusions.

There can be but one happy conclusion to the intended visit; and that is, That both sides may be satisfied it will be the last.

She then represented how unhappy it would be for me, if I did not suffer myself to be prevailed upon: she pressed me to receive Mr. Solmes as became my education: and declared, that his apprehensions on the expectation he had of seeing me, were owing to his love and his awe; intimating, That true love is ever accompanied by fear and reverence; and that no blustering, braving lover could deserve encouragement.

To this I answered, That constitution was to be considered: that a man of spirit would act like one, and could do nothing meanly: that a creeping mind would creep into every thing, where it had a view to obtain a benefit by it; and insult, where it had power, and nothing to expect: that this was not a point now to be determined with me: that I had said as much as I could possibly say on the subject: that this interview was imposed upon me: by those, indeed, who had a right to impose it: but that it was sorely against my will complied with: and for this reason, that there was aversion, not wilfulness, in the case; and so nothing could come of it, but a pretence, as I much apprehended, to use me still more severely than I had been used.

She was then pleased to charge me with prepossession and prejudice. She expatiated upon the duty of a child. She imputed to me abundance of fine qualities; but told me, that, in this case, that of persuadableness was wanting to crown all. She insisted upon the merit of obedience, although my will were not in it. From a little hint I gave of my still greater dislike to see Mr. Solmes, on account of the freedom I had treated him with, she talked to me of his forgiving disposition; of his infinite respect for me; and I cannot tell what of this sort.

I never found myself so fretful in my life: and so I told my aunt; and begged her pardon for it. But she said, it was well disguised then; for she saw nothing but little tremors, which were usual with young ladies when they were to see their admirers for the first time; and this might be called so, with respect to me; since it was the first time I had consented to see Mr. Solmes in that light — but that the next —

How, Madam, interrupted I — Is it then imagined, that I give this meeting on that footing?

To be sure it is, Child.

To be sure it is, Madam! Then I do yet desire to decline it. — I will not, I cannot, see him, if he expects me to see him upon those terms.

Niceness, punctilio, mere punctilio, Niece! — Can you think that your appointment, (day, place, hour,) and knowing what the intent of it was, is to be interpreted away as a mere ceremony, and to mean nothing? — Let me tell you,

my dear, your father, mother, uncles, every body, respect this appointment as the first act of your compliance with their wills: and therefore recede not, I desire you; but make a merit of what cannot be avoided.

O the hideous wretch! — Pardon me, Madam. — I to be supposed to meet such a man as that, with such a view! and he to be armed with such an expectation! — But it cannot be that he expects it, whatever others may do. — It is plain he cannot, by the fears he tell you all he shall have to see me. If his hope were so audacious, he could not fear so much.

Indeed, he has this hope; and justly founded too. But his fear arises from his reverence, as I told you before.

His reverence! — his unworthiness!— 'Tis so apparent, that even he himself sees it, as well as every body else. Hence his offers to purchase me! Hence it is, that settlements are to make up for acknowledged want of merit!

His unworthiness, say you! — Not so fast, my dear. Does not this look like setting a high value upon yourself? — We all have exalted notions of your merit, Niece; but nevertheless, it would not be wrong, if you were to arrogate less to yourself; though more were to be your due than your friends attribute to you.

I am sorry, Madam, it should be thought arrogance in me, to suppose I am not worthy of a better man than Mr. Solmes, both as to person and mind: and as to fortune, I thank God I despise all that can be insisted upon in his favour from so poor a plea.

She told me, It signified nothing to talk: I knew the expectation of every one.

Indeed I did not. It was impossible I could think of such a strange expectation, upon a compliance made only to shew I would comply in all that was in my power to comply with.

I might easily, she said, have supposed, that every one thought I was beginning to oblige them all, by the kind behaviour of my brother and sister to me in the garden, last Sunday; by my sister's visit to me afterwards in my chamber (although both more stiffly received by me, than were either wished or expected); by my uncle Harlowe's affectionate visit to me the same afternoon, not indeed so very gratefully received as I used to receive his favours: — but this he kindly imputed to the displeasure I had conceived at my confinement, and to my intention to come off by degrees, that I might keep myself in countenance for my past opposition.

See, my dear, the low cunning of that Sunday-management, which then so much surprised me! And see the reason why Dr. Lewen was admitted to visit me, yet forbore to enter upon a subject about which I thought he came to talk to me! — For it seems there was no occasion to dispute with me on the point I was to be supposed to have conceded to. — See, also, how unfairly my brother and sister

must have represented their pretended kindness, when (though the had an end to answer by appearing kind) their antipathy to me seems to have been so strong, that they could not help insulting me by their arm-in-arm lover-like behaviour to each other; as my sister afterwards likewise did, when she came to borrow my Kempis.

I lifted up my hands and eyes! I cannot, said I, give this treatment a name! The end so unlikely to be answered by means so low! I know whose the whole is! He that could get my uncle Harlowe to contribute his part, and to procure the acquiescence of the rest of my friends to it, must have the power to do any thing with them against me.

Again my aunt told me, that talking and invective, now I had given the expectation, would signify nothing. She hoped I would not shew every one, that they had been too forward in their constructions of my desire to oblige them. She could assure me, that it would be worse for me, if now I receded, than if I had never advanced.

Advanced, Madam! How can you say advanced? Why, this is a trick upon me! A poor low trick! Pardon me, Madam, I don't say you have a hand in it. — But, my dearest Aunt, tell me, Will not my mother be present at this dreaded interview? Will she not so far favour me? Were it but to qualify —

Qualify, my dear, interrupted she — your mother, and your uncle Harlowe would not be present on this occasion for the world —

O then, Madam, how can they look upon my consent to this interview as an advance?

My aunt was displeased at this home-push. Miss Clary, said she, there is no dealing with you. It would be happy for you, and for every body else, were your obedience as ready as your wit. I will leave you —

Not in anger, I hope, Madam, interrupted I — all I meant was, to observe, that let the meeting issue as it may, and as it must issue, it cannot be a disappointment to any body.

O Miss! you seem to be a very determined young creature. Mr. Solmes will be here at your time: and remember once more, that upon the coming afternoon depend upon the peace of your whole family, and your own happiness.

And so saying, down she hurried.

Here I will stop. In what way I shall resume, or when, is not left to me to conjecture; much less determine. I am excessively uneasy! — No good news from your mother, I doubt! — I will deposit thus far, for fear of the worst.

Adieu, my best, rather, my only friend! CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY EVENING; AND CONTINUED THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Well, my dear, I am alive, and here! but how long I shall be either here, or alive, I cannot say. I have a vast deal to write; and perhaps shall have little time for it. Nevertheless, I must tell you how the saucy Betty again discomposed me, when she came up with this Solmes's message; although, as you will remember from my last, I was in a way before that wanted no additional surprises.

Miss! Miss! Miss! cried she, as fast as she could speak, with her arms spread abroad, and all her fingers distended, and held up, will you be pleased to walk down into your own parlour? — There is every body, I will assure you in full congregation! — And there is Mr. Solmes, as fine as a lord, with a charming white peruke, fine laced shirt and ruffles, coat trimmed with silver, and a waistcoat standing on end with lace! — Quite handsome, believe me! — You never saw such an alteration! — Ah! Miss, shaking her head, 'tis pity you have said so much against him! but you will know how to come off for all that! — I hope it will not be too late!

Impertinence! said I — Wert thou bid to come up in this fluttering way? — and I took up my fan, and fanned myself.

Bless me! said she, how soon these fine young ladies will be put into flusterations! — I mean not either to offend or frighten you, I am sure. —

Every body there, do you say? — Who do you call every body?

Why, Miss, holding out her left palm opened, and with a flourish, and a saucy leer, patting it with the fore finger of the other, at every mentioned person, there is your papa! — there is your mamma! — there is your uncle Harlowe! — there is your uncle Antony! — your aunt Hervey! — my young lady! — and my young master! — and Mr. Solmes, with the air of a great courtier, standing up, because he named you: — Mrs. Betty, said he, [then the ape of a wench bowed and scraped, as awkwardly as I suppose the person did whom she endeavoured to imitate,] pray give my humble service to Miss, and tell her, I wait her commands.

Was not this a wicked wench? — I trembled so, I could hardly stand. I was spiteful enough to say, that her young mistress, I supposed, bid her put on these airs, to frighten me out of a capacity of behaving so calmly as should procure me my uncles' compassion.

What a way do you put yourself in, Miss, said the insolent! — Come, dear Madam, taking up my fan, which I had laid down, and approaching me with it, fanning, shall I —

None of thy impertinence! — But say you, all my friends are below with him? And am I to appear before them all?

I can't tell if they'll stay when you come. I think they seemed to be moving when Mr. Solmes gave me his orders. — But what answer shall I carry to the 'squire?

Say, I can't go! — but yet when 'tis over, 'tis over! — Say, I'll wait upon — I'll attend — I'll come presently — say anything; I care not what — but give me my fan, and fetch me a glass of water —

She went, and I fanned myself all the time; for I was in a flame; and hemmed, and struggled with myself all I could; and, when she returned, drank my water; and finding no hope presently of a quieter heart, I sent her down, and followed her with precipitation; trembling so, that, had I not hurried, I question if I could have got down at all. — Oh my dear, what a poor, passive machine is the body when the mind is disordered!

There are two doors to my parlour, as I used to call it. As I entered one, my friends hurried out the other. I just saw the gown of my sister, the last who slid away. My uncle Antony went out with them: but he staid not long, as you shall hear; and they all remained in the next parlour, a wainscot partition only parting the two. I remember them both in one: but they were separated in favour of us girls, for each to receive her visitors in at her pleasure.

Mr. Solmes approached me as soon as I entered, cringing to the ground, a visible confusion in every feature of his face. After half a dozen choaked-up Madams, — he was very sorry — he was very much concerned — it was his misfortune — and there he stopped, being unable presently to complete a sentence.

This gave me a little more presence of mind. Cowardice in a foe begets courage in one's self — I see that plainly now — yet perhaps, at bottom, the new-made bravo is a greater coward than the other.

I turned from him, and seated myself in one of the fireside chairs, fanning myself. I have since recollected, that I must have looked very saucily. Could I have had any thoughts of the man, I should have despised myself for it. But what can be said in the case of an aversion so perfectly sincere?

He hemmed five or six times, as I had done above; and these produced a sentence — that I could not but see his confusion. This sentence produced two or three more. I believe my aunt had been his tutoress; for it was his awe, his reverence for so superlative a Lady [I assure you!] And he hoped — he hoped — three times he hoped, before he told me what — at last it came out, that I was too generous (generosity, he said, was my character) to despise him for such — for such — for such — true tokens of his love.

I do indeed see you under some confusion, Sir; and this gives me hope, that although I have been compelled, as I may call it, to give way to this interview, it may be attended with happier effects than I had apprehended from it.

He had hemmed himself into more courage.

You could not, Madam, imagine any creature so blind to your merits, and so little attracted by them, as easily to forego the interest and approbation he was honoured with by your worthy family, while he had any hope given him, that one day he might, by his perseverance and zeal, expect your favour.

I am but too much aware, Sir, that it is upon the interest and approbation you mention, that you build such hope. It is impossible otherwise, that a man, who has any regard for his own happiness, would persevere against such declarations as I have made, and think myself obliged to make, in justice to you, as well as to myself.

He had seen many instances, he told me, and had heard of more, where ladies had seemed as averse, and yet had been induced, some by motives of compassion, others by persuasion of friends, to change their minds; and had been very happy afterwards: and he hoped this might be the case here.

I have no notion, Sir, of compliment, in an article of such importance as this: yet I am sorry to be obliged to speak my mind so plainly as I am going to do. — Know then, that I have invincible objections, Sir, to your address. I have avowed them with an earnestness that I believe is without example: and why? — because I believe it is without example that any young creature, circumstanced as I am, was ever treated as I have been treated on your account.

It is hoped, Madam, that your consent may in time be obtained — that is the hope; and I shall be a miserable man if it cannot.

Better, Sir, give me leave to say, you were miserable by yourself, than that you should make two so.

You may have heard, Madam, things to my disadvantage. No man is without enemies. Be pleased to let me know what you have heard, and I will either own my faults, and amend; or I will convince you that I am basely bespattered: and once I understand you overheard something that I should say, that gave you offence: unguardedly, perhaps; but nothing but what shewed my value, and that I would persist so long as I have hope.

I have indeed heard many things to your disadvantage: — and I was far from being pleased with what I overheard fall from your lips: but as you were not any thing to me, and never could be, it was not for me to be concerned about the one or the other.

I am sorry, Madam, to hear this. I am sure you should not tell me of my fault, that I would be unwilling to correct in myself.

Then, Sir, correct this fault — do not wish to have a young creature compelled in the most material article of her life, for the sake of motives she despises; and in behalf of a person she cannot value: one that has, in her own right, sufficient to set her above all your offers, and a spirit that craves no more than what it has, to make itself easy and happy.

I don't see, Madam, how you would be happy, if I were to discontinue my address: for —

That is nothing to you, Sir, interrupted I: do you but withdraw your pretensions: and if it will be thought fit to start up another man for my punishment, the blame will not lie at your door. You will be entitled to my thanks, and most heartily will I thank you.

He paused, and seemed a little at a loss: and I was going to give him still stronger and more personal instances of my plain-dealing; when in came my uncle Antony.

So, Niece, so! — sitting in state like a queen, giving audience! haughty audience! — Mr. Solmes, why stand you thus humbly? — Why this distance, man? I hope to see you upon a more intimate footing before we part.

I arose, as soon as he entered — and approached him with a bend knee: Let me, Sir, reverence my uncle, whom I have not for so long time seen! — Let me, Sir, bespeak your favour and compassion.

You will have the favour of every body, Niece, when you know how to deserve it.

If ever I deserved it, I deserve it now. — I have been hardly used! — I have made proposals that ought to be accepted, and such as would not have been asked of me. What have I done, that I must be banished and confined thus disgracefully? that I must not be allowed to have any free-will in an article that concerns my present and future happiness? —

Miss Clary, replied my uncle, you have had your will in every thing till now; and this makes your parents' will sit so heavy upon you.

My will, Sir! be pleased to allow me to ask, what was my will till now, but my father's will, and yours and my uncle Harlowe's will? — Has it not been my pride to obey and oblige? — I never asked a favour, that I did not first sit down and consider, if it were fit to be granted. And now, to shew my obedience, have I not offered to live single? — Have I not offered to divest myself of my grandfather's bounty, and to cast myself upon my father's! and that to be withdrawn, whenever I disoblige him? Why, dear, good Sir, am I to be made unhappy in a point so concerning my happiness?

Your grandfather's estate is not wished from you. You are not desired to live a single life. You know our motives, and we guess at yours. And, let me tell you,

well as we love you, we should much sooner choose to follow you to the grave, than that yours should take place.

I will engage never to marry any man, without my father's consent, and yours, Sir, and every body's. Did I ever give you cause to doubt my word? — And here I will take the solemnest oath that can be offered me —

That is the matrimonial one, interrupted he, with a big voice — and to this gentleman. — It shall, it shall, cousin Clary! — And the more you oppose it, the worse it shall be for you.

This, and before the man, who seemed to assume courage upon it, highly provoked me.

Then, Sir, you shall sooner follow me to the grave indeed. — I will undergo the cruelest death — I will even consent to enter into that awful vault of my ancestors, and have that bricked up upon me, rather than consent to be miserable for life. And, Mr. Solmes, turning to him, take notice of what I say: This or any death, I will sooner undergo [that will quickly be over] than be yours, and for ever unhappy!

My uncle was in a terrible rage upon this. He took Mr. Solmes by the hand, shocked as the man seemed to be, and drew him to the window — Don't be surprised, Mr. Solmes, don't be concerned at this. We know, and rapt out a sad oath, what women will say in their wrath: the wind is not more boisterous, nor more changeable; and again he swore to that. — If you think it worthwhile to wait for such an ungrateful girl as this, I'll engage she'll veer about; I'll engage she shall. And a third time violently swore to it.

Then coming up to me (who had thrown myself, very much disordered by my vehemence, into the most distant window) as if he would have beat me; his face violently working, his hands clinched, and his teeth set — Yes, yes, yes, you shall, Cousin Clary, be Mr. Solmes's wife; we will see that you shall; and this in one week at farthest. — And then a fourth time he confirmed it! — Poor gentleman! how he swore!

I am sorry, Sir, said I, to see you in such a passion. All this, I am but too sensible, is owing to my brother's instigation; who would not himself give the instance of duty that is sought to be exacted from me. It is best for me to withdraw. I shall but provoke you farther, I fear: for although I would gladly obey you if I could, yet this is a point determined with me; and I cannot so much as wish to get over it.

How could I avoid making these strong declarations, the man in presence?

I was going out at the door I came in at; the gentlemen looking upon one another, as if referring to each other what to do, or whether to engage my stay, or

suffer me to go; and whom should I meet at the door but my brother, who had heard all that had passed!

He bolted upon me so unexpectedly, that I was surprised. He took my hand, and grasped it with violence: Return, pretty Miss, said he; return, if you please. You shall not yet be bricked up. Your instigating brother shall save you from that! — O thou fallen angel, said he, peering up to my downcast face — such a sweetness here! — and such an obstinacy there! tapping my neck — O thou true woman — though so young! — But you shall not have your rake: remember that; in a loud whisper, as if he would be decently indecent before the man. You shall be redeemed, and this worthy gentleman, raising his voice, will be so good as to redeem you from ruin — and hereafter you will bless him, or have reason to bless him, for his condescension; that was the brutal brother's word!

He had led me up to meet Mr. Solmes, whose hand he took, as he held mine. Here, Sir, said he, take the rebel daughter's hand: I give it you now: she shall confirm the gift in a week's time; or will have neither father, mother, nor uncles, to boast of.

I snatched my hand away.

How now, Miss — !

And how now, Sir! — What right have you to dispose of my hand? — If you govern every body else, you shall not govern me; especially in a point so immediately relative to myself, and in which you neither have, nor ever shall have, any thing to do.

I would have broken from him; but he held my hand too fast.

Let me go, Sir! — Why am I thus treated? — You design, I doubt not, with your unmanly gripings, to hurt me, as you do: But again I ask, wherefore is it that I am to be thus treated by you?

He tossed my hand from him with a whirl, that pained my very shoulder. I wept, and held my other hand to the part.

Mr. Solmes blamed him. So did my uncle.

He had no patience, he said, with such a perverse one; and to think of the reflections upon himself, before he entered. He had only given me back the hand I had not deserved he should touch. It was one of my arts to pretend to be so pained.

Mr. Solmes said, he would sooner give up all his hopes of me, than that I should be used unkindly. — And he offered to plead in my behalf to them both; and applied himself with a bow, as if for my approbation of his interposition.

Interpose not, Mr. Solmes, said I, to save me from my brother's violence. I cannot wish to owe an obligation to a man whose ungenerous perseverance is the occasion of that violence, and of all my disgraceful sufferings.

How generous in you, Mr. Solmes, said my brother, to interpose so kindly in behalf of such an immovable spirit! I beg of you to persist in your address — the unnatural brother called it address! — For all our family's sake, and for her sake too, if you love her, persist! — Let us save her, if possible, from ruining herself. Look at her person! [and he gazed at me, from head to foot, pointing at me, as he referred to Mr. Solmes,] think of her fine qualities! — all the world confesses them, and we all gloried in her till now. She is worth saving; and, after two or three more struggles, she will be yours, and take my word for it, will reward your patience. Talk not, therefore, of giving up your hopes, for a little whining folly. She has entered upon a parade, which she knows not how to quit with a female grace. You have only her pride and her obstinacy to encounter: and depend upon it, you will be as happy a man in a fortnight, as a married man can be.

You have heard me say, my dear, that my brother has always taken a liberty to reflect upon our sex, and upon matrimony! — He would not, if he did not think it wit to do so! — Just as poor Mr. Wyerley, and others, whom we both know, profane and ridicule scripture; and all to evince their pretensions to the same pernicious talent, and to have it thought they are too wise to be religious.

Mr. Solmes, with a self-satisfied air, presumptuously said, he would suffer every thing, to oblige my family, and to save me: and doubted not to be amply rewarded, could he be so happy as to succeed at last.

Mr. Solmes, said I, if you have any regard for your own happiness, (mine is out of the question with you, you have not generosity enough to make that any part of your scheme,) prosecute no father your address, as my brother calls it. It is but too just to tell you, that I could not bring my heart so much as to think of you, without the utmost disapprobation, before I was used as I have been: — And can you think I am such a slave, such a poor slave, as to be brought to change my mind by the violent usage I have met with?

And you, Sir, turning to my brother, if you think that meekness always indicates tameness; and that there is no magnanimity without bluster; own yourself mistaken for once: for you shall have reason to judge from henceforth, that a generous mind is not to be forced; and that —

No more, said the imperious wretch, I charge you, lifting up his hands and eyes. Then turning to my uncle, Do you hear, Sir? this is your once faultless niece! This is your favourite!

Mr. Solmes looked as if he know not what to think of the matter; and had I been left alone with him, I saw plainly I could have got rid of him easily enough.

My uncle came to me, looking up also to my face, and down to my feet: and is it possible this can be you? All this violence from you, Miss Clary?

Yes, it is possible, Sir — and, I will presume to say, this vehemence on my side is but the natural consequence of the usage I have met with, and the rudeness I am treated with, even in your presence, by a brother, who has no more right to controul me, than I have to controul him.

This usage, cousin Clary, was not till all other means were tried with you.

Tried! to what end, Sir? — Do I contend for any thing more than a mere negative? You may, Sir, [turning to Mr. Solmes,] possibly you may be induced the rather to persevere thus ungenerously, as the usage I have met with for your sake, and what you have now seen offered to me by my brother, will shew you what I can bear, were my evil destiny ever to make me yours.

Lord, Madam, cried Solmes, [all this time distorted into twenty different attitudes, as my brother and my uncle were blessing themselves, and speaking only to each other by their eyes, and by their working features; Lord, Madam,] what a construction is this!

A fair construction, Sir, interrupted I: for he that can see a person, whom he pretends to value, thus treated, and approve of it, must be capable of treating her thus himself. And that you do approve of it, is evident by your declared perseverance, when you know I am confined, banished, and insulted, in order to make me consent to be what I never can be: and this, let me tell you, as I have often told others, not from motives of obstinacy, but aversion.

Excuse me, Sir, turning to my uncle — to you, as to my father's brother, I owe duty. I beg your pardon, but my brother; he shall not constrain me. — And [turning to the unnatural wretch — I will call him wretch] knit your brows, Sir, and frown all you will, I will ask you, would you, in my case, make the sacrifices I am willing to make, to obtain every one's favour? If not, what right have you to treat me thus; and to procure me to be treated as I have been for so long a time past?

I had put myself by this time into great disorder: they were silent, and seemed by their looks to want to talk to one another (walking about in violent disorders too) between whiles. I sat down fanning myself, (as it happened, against the glass,) and I could perceive my colour go and come; and being sick to the very heart, and apprehensive of fainting, I rung.

Betty came in. I called for a glass of water, and drank it: but nobody minded me. I heard my brother pronounce the words, Art! Female Art! to Solmes; which, together with the apprehension that he would not be welcome, I suppose kept him back. Else I could see the man was affected. And (still fearing I should faint) I arose, and taking hold of Betty's arm, let me hold by you, Betty, said I: let me withdraw. And moved with trembling feet towards the door, and then turned about, and made a courtesy to my uncle — Permit me, Sir, said I, to withdraw.

Whither go you, Niece? said my uncle: we have not done with you yet. I charge you depart not. Mr. Solmes has something to open to you, that will astonish you — and you shall hear it.

Only, Sir, by your leave, for a few minutes into the air. I will return, if you command it. I will hear all that I am to hear; that it may be over now and for ever. — You will go with me, Betty?

And so, without any farther prohibition, I retired into the garden; and there casting myself upon the first seat, and throwing Betty's apron over my face, leaning against her side, my hands between hers, I gave way to a violent burst of grief, or passion, or both; which, as it seemed, saved my heart from breaking, for I was sensible of an immediate relief.

I have already given you specimens of Mrs. Betty's impertinence. I shall not, therefore, trouble you with more: for the wench, notwithstanding this my distress, took great liberties with me, after she saw me a little recovered, and as I walked farther into the garden; insomuch that I was obliged to silence her by an absolute prohibition of saying another word to me; and then she dropped behind me sullen and gloomy.

It was near an hour before I was sent for in again. The messenger was my cousin Dolly Hervey, who, with an eye of compassion and respect, (for Miss Hervey always loved me, and calls herself my scholar, as you know,) told my company was desired.

Betty left us.

Who commands my attendance, Miss? said I — Have you not been in tears, my dear?

Who can forbid tears? said she.

Why, what is the matter, cousin Dolly? — Sure, nobody is entitled to weep in this family, but me!

Yes, I am, Madam, said she, because I love you.

I kissed her: And is it for me, my sweet Cousin, that you shed tears? — There never was love lost between us: but tell me, what is designed to be done with me, that I have this kind instance of your compassion for me?

You must take no notice of what I tell you, said the dear girl: but my mamma has been weeping for you, too, with me; but durst not let any body see it: O my Dolly, said my mamma, there never was so set a malice in man as in your cousin James Harlowe. They will ruin the flower and ornament of their family.

As how, Miss Dolly? — Did she not explain herself? — As how, my dear?

Yes; she said, Mr. Solmes would have given up his claim to you; for he said, you hated him, and there were no hopes; and your mamma was willing he should; and to have you taken at your word, to renounce Mr. Lovelace and to live single.

My mamma was for it too; for they heard all that passed between you and uncle Antony, and cousin James; saying, it was impossible to think of prevailing upon you to have Mr. Solmes. Uncle Harlowe seemed in the same way of thinking; at least, my mamma says he did not say any thing to the contrary. But your papa was immovable, and was angry at your mamma and mine upon it. — And hereupon your brother, your sister, and my uncle Antony, joined in, and changed the scene entirely. In short, she says, that Mr. Solmes had great matters engaged to him. He owned, that you were the finest young lady in England, and he would be content to be but little beloved, if he could not, after marriage, engage your heart, for the sake of having the honour to call you his but for one twelvemonth — I suppose he would break your heart the next — for he is a cruel-hearted man, I am sure.

My friends may break my heart, cousin Dolly; but Mr. Solmes will never have it in his power to break it.

I do not know that, Miss: you will have good luck to avoid having him, by what I can find; for my mamma says, they are all now of one mind, herself excepted; and she is forced to be silent, your papa and brother are both so outrageous.

I am got above minding my brother, cousin Dolly: — he is but my brother. But to my father I owe duty and obedience, if I could comply.

We are apt to be fond of any body that will side with us, when oppressed or provoked. I always loved my cousin Dolly; but now she endeared herself to me ten times more, by her soothing concern for me. I asked what she would do, were she in my case?

Without hesitation, she replied, have Mr. Lovelace out of hand, and take up her own estate, if she were me; and there would be an end to it. — And Mr. Lovelace, she said, was a fine gentleman: — Mr. Solmes was not worthy to buckle his shoes.

Miss Hervey told me further, that her mother was desired to come to me, to fetch me in; but she excused herself. I should have all my friends, she said, she believed, sit in judgment upon me.

I wish it had been so. But, as I have been told since, neither my father for my mother would trust themselves with seeing me: the one it seems for passion sake; my mother for tender considerations.

By this time we entered the house. Miss accompanied me into the parlour, and left me, as a person devoted, I then thought.

Nobody was there. I sat down, and had leisure to weep; reflecting upon what my cousin Dolly had told me.

They were all in my sister’s parlour adjoining: for I heard a confused mixture of voices, some louder than others, which drowned the more compassionating

accents.

Female accents I could distinguish the drowned ones to be. O my dear! what a hard-hearted sex is the other! Children of the same parents, how came they by their cruelty? — Do they get it by travel? — Do they get it by conversation with one another? — Or how do they get it? — Yet my sister, too, is as hard-hearted as any of them. But this may be no exception neither: for she has been thought to be masculine in her air and her spirit. She has then, perhaps, a soul of the other sex in a body of ours. And so, for the honour of our own, will I judge of every woman for the future, who imitating the rougher manners of men, acts unbeseeming the gentleness of her own sex.

Forgive me, my dear friend, for breaking into my story by these reflections. Were I rapidly to pursue my narration, without thinking, without reflecting, I believe I should hardly be able to keep in my right mind: since vehemence and passion would then be always uppermost; but while I think as I write, I cool, and my hurry of spirits is allayed.

I believe I was about a quarter of an hour enjoying my own comfortless contemplations, before any body came in to me; for they seemed to be in full debate. My aunt looked in first; O my dear, said she, are you there? and withdrew hastily to apprize them of it.

And then (as agreed upon I suppose) in came my uncle Antony, crediting Mr. Solmes with the words, Let me lead you in, my dear friend, having hold of his hand; while the new-made beau awkwardly followed, but more edgingly, as I may say, setting his feet mincingly, to avoid treading upon his leader's heels. Excuse me, my dear, this seeming levity; but those we do not love, appear in every thing ungraceful to us.

I stood up. My uncle looked very surly. — Sit down! — Sit down, Girl, said he. — And drawing a chair near me, he placed his dear friend in it, whether he would or not, I having taken my seat. And my uncle sat on the other side of me.

Well, Niece, taking my hand, we shall have very little more to say to you than we have already said, as to the subject that is so distasteful to you — unless, indeed, you have better considered of the matter — And first let me know if you have?

The matter wants no consideration, Sir.

Very well, very well, Madam! said my uncle, withdrawing his hands from mine: Could I ever have thought of this from you?

For God's sake, dearest Madam, said Mr. Solmes, folding his hands — And there he stopped.

For God's sake, what, Sir? — How came God's sake, and your sake, I pray you, to be the same?

This silenced him. My uncle could only be angry; and that he was before.

Well, well, well, Mr. Solmes, said my uncle, no more of supplication. You have not confidence enough to expect a woman's favour.

He then was pleased to hint what great things he had designed to do for me; and that it was more for my sake, after he returned from the Indies, than for the sake of any other of the family, that he had resolved to live a single life. — But now, concluded he, that the perverse girl despises all the great things it was once as much in my will, as it is in my power, to do for her, I will change my measures.

I told him, that I most sincerely thanked him for all his kind intentions to me: but that I was willing to resign all claim to any other of his favours than kind looks and kind words.

He looked about him this way and that.

Mr. Solmes looked pitifully down.

But both being silent, I was sorry, I added, that I had too much reason to say a very harsh thing, as I might be thought; which was, That if he would but be pleased to convince my brother and sister, that he was absolutely determined to alter his generous purposes towards me, it might possibly procure me better treatment from both, than I was otherwise likely to have.

My uncle was very much displeased. But he had not the opportunity to express his displeasure, as he seemed preparing to do; for in came my brother in exceeding great wrath; and called me several vile names. His success hitherto, in his device against me, had set him above keeping even decent measures.

Was this my spiteful construction? he asked — Was this the interpretation I put upon his brotherly care of me, and concern for me, in order to prevent my ruining myself?

It is, indeed it is, said I: I know no other way to account for your late behaviour to me: and before your face, I repeat my request to my uncle, and I will make it to my other uncle whenever I am permitted to see him, that they will confer all their favours upon you, and upon my sister; and only make me happy (it is all I wish for!) in their kind looks, and kind words.

How they all gazed upon one another! — But could I be less peremptory before the man?

And, as to your care and concern for me, Sir, turning to my brother; once more I desire it not. You are but my brother. My father and mother, I bless God, are both living; and were they not, you have given me abundant reason to say, that you are the very last person I would wish to have any concern for me.

How, Niece! And is a brother, an only brother, of so little consideration with you, as this comes to? And ought he to have no concern for his sister's honour, and the family's honour.

My honour, Sir! — I desire none of his concern for that! It never was endangered till it had his undesired concern! — Forgive me, Sir — but when my brother knows how to act like a brother, or behave like a gentleman, he may deserve more consideration from me than it is possible for me now to think he does.

I thought my brother would have beat me upon this: but my uncle stood between us.

Violent girl, however, he called me — Who, said he, who would have thought it of her?

Then was Mr. Solmes told, that I was unworthy of his pursuit.

But Mr. Solmes warmly took my part: he could not bear, he said, that I should be treated so roughly.

And so very much did he exert himself on this occasion, and so patiently was his warmth received by my brother, that I began to suspect, that it was a contrivance to make me think myself obliged to him; and that this might perhaps be one end of the pressed-for interview.

The very suspicion of this low artifice, violent as I was thought to be before, put me still more out of patience; and my uncle and my brother again praising his wonderful generosity, and his noble return of good for evil, You are a happy man, Mr. Solmes, said I, that you can so easily confer obligations upon a whole family, except upon one ungrateful person of it, whom you seem to intend most to oblige; but who being made unhappy by your favour, desires not to owe to you any protection from the violence of a brother.

Then was I a rude, an ungrateful, and unworthy creature.

I own it all — all, all you can call me, or think me, Brother, do I own. I own my unworthiness with regard to this gentleman. I take your word for his abundant merit, which I have neither leisure nor inclination to examine into — it may perhaps be as great as your own — but yet I cannot thank him for his great mediation: For who sees not, looking at my uncle, that this is giving himself a merit with every body at my expense?

Then turning to my brother, who seemed surprised into silence by my warmth, I must also acknowledge, Sir, the favour of your superabundant care for me. But I discharge you of it; at least, while I have the happiness of nearer and dearer relations. You have given me no reason to think better of your prudence, than of my own. I am independent of you, Sir, though I never desire to be so of my father: and although I wish for the good opinion of my uncles, it is all I wish for from them: and this, Sir, I repeat, to make you and my sister easy.

Instantly almost came in Betty, in a great hurry, looking at me as spitefully as if she were my sister: Sir, said she to my brother, my master desires to speak with

you this moment at the door.

He went to that which led into my sister's parlour; and this sentence I heard thundered from the mouth of one who had a right to all my reverence: Son James, let the rebel be this moment carried away to my brother's — this very moment — she shall not stay one hour more under my roof!

I trembled; I was ready to sink. Yet, not knowing what I did, or said, I flew to the door, and would have opened it: but my brother pulled it to, and held it close by the key — O my Papa! — my dear Papa! said I, falling upon my knees, at the door — admit your child to your presence! — Let me but plead my cause at your feet! — Oh! reprobate not thus your distressed daughter!

My uncle put his handkerchief to his eyes. Mr. Solmes made a still more grievous face than he had before. But my brother's marble heart was untouched.

I will not stir from my knees, continued I, without admission; at this door I beg it! — Oh! let it be the door of mercy! and open it to me, honoured Sir, I beseech you! — But this once, this once! although you were afterwards to shut it against me for ever!

The door was endeavoured to be opened on the inside, which made my brother let go the key on a sudden; and I pressing against it, (all the time remaining on my knees,) fell flat on my face into the other parlour; however without hurting myself. But every body was gone, except Betty, who I suppose was the person that endeavoured to open the door. She helped to raise me up; and when I was on my feet, I looked round that apartment, and seeing nobody there, re-entered the other, leaning upon her; and then threw myself into the chair which I had sat in before; and my eyes overflowed, to my great relief: while my uncle Antony, my brother, and Mr. Solmes, left me, and went to my other relations.

What passed among them, I know not: but my brother came in by the time I had tolerably recovered myself, with a settled and haughty gloom upon his brow — Your father and mother command you instantly to prepare for your uncle Antony's. You need not be solicitous about what you shall take with you: you may give Betty your keys — Take them, Betty, if the perverse one has them about her, and carry them to her mother. She will take care to send every thing after you that you shall want — but another night you will not be permitted to stay in this house.

I don't choose to give my keys to any body, except to my mother, and into her own hands. — You see how much I am disordered. It may cost me my life, to be hurried away so suddenly. I beg to be indulged till next Monday at least.

That will not be granted you. So prepare for this very very night. And give up your keys. Give them to me, Miss. I'll carry them to your mother.

Excuse me, Brother. Indeed I won't.

Indeed you must. Have you any thing you are afraid should be seen by your mother?

Not if I be permitted to attend her.

I'll make a report accordingly.

He went out.

In came Miss Dolly Hervey: I am sorry, Madam, to be the messenger — but your mamma insists upon your sending up all the keys of your cabinet, library, and drawers.

Tell my mother, that I yield them up to her commands: tell her, I make no conditions with my mother: but if she finds nothing she shall disapprove of, I beg that she will permit me to tarry here a few days longer. — Try, my Dolly, [the dear girl sobbing with grief;] try if your gentleness cannot prevail for me.

She wept still more, and said, It is sad, very sad, to see matters thus carried!

She took the keys, and wrapped her arms about me; and begged me to excuse her for her message; and would have said more; but Betty's presence awed her, as I saw.

Don't pity me, my dear, said I. It will be imputed to you as a fault. You see who is by.

The insolent wench scornfully smiled: One young lady pitying another in things of this nature, looks promising in the youngest, I must needs say.

I bid her begone from my presence.

She would most gladly go, she said, were she not to stay about me by my mother's order.

It soon appeared for what she staid; for I offering to go up stairs to my apartment when my cousin went from me with the keys, she told me she was commanded (to her very great regret, she must own) to desire me not to go up at present.

Such a bold face, as she, I told her, should not hinder me.

She instantly rang the bell, and in came my brother, meeting me at the door.

Return, return, Miss — no going up yet.

I went in again, and throwing myself upon the window-seat, wept bitterly.

Shall I give you the particulars of a ridiculously-spiteful conversation that passed between my brother and me, in the time that he (with Betty) was in office to keep me in the parlour while my closet was searching! — But I think I will not. It can answer no good end.

I desired several times, while he staid, to have leave to retire to my apartment; but was denied. The search, I suppose, was not over.

Bella was one of those employed in it. They could not have a more diligent searcher. How happy it was they were disappointed!

But when my sister could not find the cunning creature's papers, I was to stand another visit from Mr. Solmes — preceded now by my aunt Hervey, solely against her will, I could see that; accompanied by my uncle Antony, in order to keep her steady, I suppose.

But being a little heavy (for it is now past two in the morning) I will lie down in my clothes, to indulge the kind summons, if it will be indulged.

THREE O'CLOCK, WEDNESDAY MORNING.

I could not sleep — Only dozed away one half-hour.

My aunt Hervey accosted me thus: — O my dear child, what troubles do you give to your parents, and to every body! — I wonder at you!

I am sorry for it, Madam.

Sorry for it, child! — Why then so very obstinate? — Come, sit down, my dear. I will sit next to you; taking my hand.

My uncle placed Mr. Solmes on the other side of me: himself over-against me, almost close to me. Was I not finely beset, my dear?

Your brother, child, said my aunt, is too passionate — his zeal for your welfare pushes him on a little too vehemently.

Very true, said my uncle: but no more of this. We would now be glad to see if milder means will do with you — though, indeed, they were tried before.

I asked my aunt, If it were necessary, that the gentleman should be present?

There is a reason that he should, said my aunt, as you will hear by-and by. — But I must tell you, first, that, thinking you was a little too angrily treated by your brother, your mother desired me to try what gentler means would do upon a spirit so generous as we used to think yours.

Nothing can be done, Madam, I must presume to say, if this gentleman's address be the end.

She looked upon my uncle, who bit his lip; and looked upon Mr. Solmes, who rubbed his cheek; and shaking her head, Good, dear creature, said she, be calm. Let me ask you, If something would have been done, had you been more gently used, than you seem to think you have been?

No, Madam, I cannot say it would, in this gentleman's favour. You know, Madam, you know, Sir, to my uncle, I ever valued myself upon my sincerity: and once indeed had the happiness to be valued for it.

My uncle took Mr. Solmes aside. I heard him say, whispering, She must, she shall, still be yours. — We'll see, who'll conquer, parents or child, uncles or niece. I doubt not to be witness to all this being got over, and many a good-humoured jest made of this high phrensy!

I was heartily vexed.

Though we cannot find out, continued he, yet we guess, who puts her upon this obstinate behaviour. It is not natural to her, man. Nor would I concern myself so much about her, but that I know what I say to be true, and intend to do great things for her.

I will hourly pray for that happy time, whispered as audibly Mr. Solmes. I never will revive the remembrance of what is now so painful to me.

Well, but, Niece, I am to tell you, said my aunt, that the sending up of the keys, without making any conditions, has wrought for you what nothing else could have done. That, and the not finding any thing that could give them umbrage, together with Mr. Solmes's interposition —

O Madam, let me not owe an obligation to Mr. Solmes. I cannot repay it, except by my thanks; and those only on condition that he will decline his suit. To my thanks, Sir, [turning to him,] if you have a heart capable of humanity, if you have any esteem for me for my own sake, I beseech you to entitle yourself! — I beseech you, do — !

O Madam, cried he, believe, believe, believe me, it is impossible. While you are single, I will hope. While that hope is encouraged by so many worthy friends, I must persevere. I must not slight them, Madam, because you slight me.

I answered him only with a look; but it was of high disdain; and turning from him, — But what favour, dear Madam, [to my aunt,] has the instance of duty you mention procured me?

Your mother and Mr. Solmes, replied my aunt, have prevailed, that your request to stay here till Monday next shall be granted, if you will promise to go cheerfully then.

Let me but choose my own visiters, and I will go to my uncle's house with pleasure.

Well, Niece, said my aunt, we must wave this subject, I find. We will now proceed to another, which will require your utmost attention. It will give you the reason why Mr. Solmes's presence is requisite —

Ay, said my uncle, and shew you what sort of a man somebody is. Mr. Solmes, pray favour us, in the first place, with the letter you received from your anonymous friend.

I will, Sir. And out he pulled a letter-case, and taking out a letter, it is written in answer to one, sent to the person. It is superscribed, To Roger Solmes, Esq. It begins thus: Honoured Sir —

I beg your pardon, Sir, said I: but what, pray, is the intent of reading this letter to me?

To let you know what a vile man you are thought to have set your heart upon, said my uncle, in an audible whisper.

If, Sir, it be suspected, that I have set my heart upon any other, why is Mr. Solmes to give himself any further trouble about me?

Only hear, Niece, said my aunt; only hear what Mr. Solmes has to read and to say to you on this head.

If, Madam, Mr. Solmes will be pleased to declare, that he has no view to serve, no end to promote, for himself, I will hear any thing he shall read. But if the contrary, you must allow me to say, that it will abate with me a great deal of the weight of whatever he shall produce.

Hear it but read, Niece, said my aunt —

Hear it read, said my uncle. You are so ready to take part with —

With any body, Sir, that is accused anonymously, and from interested motives.

He began to read; and there seemed to be a heavy load of charges in this letter against the poor criminal: but I stopped the reading of it, and said, It will not be my fault, if this vilified man be not as indifferent to me, as one whom I never saw. If he be otherwise at present, which I neither own, nor deny, it proceed from the strange methods taken to prevent it. Do not let one cause unite him and me, and we shall not be united. If my offer to live single be accepted, he shall be no more to me than this gentleman.

Still — Proceed, Mr. Solmes — Hear it out, Niece, was my uncle's cry.

But to what purpose, Sir! said I — Had not Mr. Solmes a view in this? And, besides, can any thing worse be said of Mr. Lovelace, than I have heard said for several months past?

But this, said my uncle, and what Mr. Solmes can tell you besides, amounts to the fullest proof —

Was the unhappy man, then, so freely treated in his character before, without full proof? I beseech you, Sir, give me not too good an opinion of Mr. Lovelace; as I may have, if such pains be taken to make him guilty, by one who means not his reformation by it; nor to do good, if I may presume to say so in this case, to any body but himself.

I see very plainly, girl, said my uncle, your prepossession, your fond prepossession, for the person of a man without morals.

Indeed, my dear, said my aunt, you too much justify all your apprehension. Surprising! that a young creature of virtue and honour should thus esteem a man of a quite opposite character!

Dear Madam, do not conclude against me too hastily. I believe Mr. Lovelace is far from being so good as he ought to be: but if every man's private life was searched into by prejudiced people, set on for that purpose, I know not whose reputation would be safe. I love a virtuous character, as much in man as in

woman. I think it is requisite, and as meritorious, in the one as in the other. And, if left to myself, I would prefer a person of such a character to royalty without it.

Why then, said my uncle —

Give me leave, Sir — but I may venture to say, that many of those who have escaped censure, have not merited applause.

Permit me to observe further, That Mr. Solmes himself may not be absolutely faultless. I never head of his virtues. Some vices I have heard of — Excuse me, Mr. Solmes, I speak to your face — The text about casting the first stone affords an excellent lesson.

He looked down; but was silent.

Mr. Lovelace may have vices you have not. You may have others, which he has not. I speak not this to defend him, or to accuse you. No man is bad, no one is good, in every thing. Mr. Lovelace, for example, is said to be implacable, and to hate my friends: that does not make me value him the more: but give me leave to say, that they hate him as much. Mr. Solmes has his antipathies, likewise; very strong ones, and those to his own relations; which I don't find to be the other's fault; for he lives well with his — yet he may have as bad: — worse, pardon me, he cannot have, in my poor opinion: for what must be the man, who hates his own flesh?

You know not, Madam; You know not, Niece; all in one breath. You know not, Clary;

I may not, nor do I desire to know Mr. Solmes's reasons. It concerns not me to know them: but the world, even the impartial part of it, accuses him. If the world is unjust or rash, in one man's case, why may it not be so in another's? That's all I mean by it. Nor can there by a greater sign of want of merit, than where a man seeks to pull down another's character, in order to build up his own.

The poor man's face was all this time overspread with confusion, twisted, as it were, and all awry, neither mouth nor nose standing in the middle of it. He looked as if he were ready to cry: and had he been capable of pitying me, I had certainly tried to pity him.

They all three gazed upon one another in silence.

My aunt, I saw (at least I thought so) looked as if she would have been glad she might have appeared to approve of what I said. She but feebly blamed me, when she spoke, for not hearing what Mr. Solmes had to say. He himself seemed not now very earnest to be heard. My uncle said, There was no talking to me. And I should have absolutely silenced both gentlemen, had not my brother come in again to their assistance.

This was the strange speech he made at his entrance, his eyes flaming with anger; This prating girl, has struck you all dumb, I perceive. Persevere, however,

Mr. Solmes. I have heard every word she has said: and I know of no other method of being even with her, than after she is yours, to make her as sensible of your power, as she now makes you of her insolence.

Fie, cousin Harlowe! said my aunt — Could I have thought a brother would have said this, to a gentleman, of a sister?

I must tell you, Madam, said he, that you give the rebel courage. You yourself seem to favour too much the arrogance of her sex in her; otherwise she durst not have thus stopped her uncle's mouth by reflections upon him; as well as denied to hear a gentleman tell her the danger she is in from a libertine, whose protection, as she plainly hinted, she intends to claim against her family.

Stopped my uncle's mouth, by reflections upon him, Sir! said I, how can that be! how dare you to make such an application as this!

My aunt wept at his reflection upon her. — Cousin, said she to him, if this be the thanks I have for my trouble, I have done: your father would not treat me thus — and I will say, that the hint you gave was an unbrotherly one.

Not more unbrotherly than all the rest of his conduct to me, of late, Madam, said I. I see by this specimen of his violence, how every body has been brought into his measures. Had I any the least apprehension of ever being in Mr. Solmes's power, this might have affected me. But you see, Sir, to Mr. Solmes, what a conduct is thought necessary to enable you to arrive at your ungenerous end. You see how my brother courts for you.

I disclaim Mr. Harlowe's violence, Madam, with all my soul. I will never remind you —

Silence, worthy Sir, said I; I will take care you never shall have the opportunity.

Less violence, Clary, said my uncle. Cousin James, you are as much to blame as your sister.

In then came my sister. Brother, said she, you kept not your promise. You are thought to be to blame within, as well as here. Were not Mr. Solmes's generosity and affection to the girl well known, what you said would have been inexcusable. My father desires to speak with you; and with you, Mr. Solmes, if you please.

They all four withdrew into the next apartment.

I stood silent, as not knowing presently how to take this intervention of my sister's. But she left me not long at a loss — O thou perverse thing, said she [poking out her angry face at me, when they were all gone, but speaking spitefully low] — what trouble do you give to us all!

You and my brother, Bella, said I, give trouble to yourselves; yet neither you nor he have any business to concern yourselves about me.

She threw out some spiteful expressions, still in a low voice, as if she chose not to be heard without; and I thought it best to oblige her to raise her tone a little, if I could. If I could, did I say? It is easy to make a passionate spirit answer all one's views upon it.

She accordingly flamed out in a raised tone: and this brought my cousin Dolly in to us. Miss Harlowe, your company is desired.

I will come presently, cousin Dolly.

But again provoking a severity from me which she could not bear, and calling me names! in once more come Dolly, with another message, that her company was desired.

Not mine, I doubt, Miss Dolly, said I.

The sweet-tempered girl burst out into tears, and shook her head.

Go in before me, child, said Bella, [vexed to see her concern for me,] with thy sharp face like a new moon: What dost thou cry for? is it to make thy keen face look still keener?

I believe Bella was blamed, too, when she went in; for I heard her say, the creature was so provoking, there was no keeping a resolution.

Mr. Solmes, after a little while, came in again by himself, to take leave of me: full of scrapes and compliments; but too well tutored and encouraged, to give me hope of his declining his suit. He begged me not to impute to him any of the severe things to which he had been a sorrowful witness. He besought my compassion, as he called it.

He said, the result was, that he still had hopes given him; and, although discouraged by me, he was resolved to persevere, while I remained single. — And such long and such painful services he talked of, as never before were heard of.

I told him in the strongest manner, what he had to trust to.

Yet still he determined to persist. — While I was no man's else, he must hope.

What! said I, will you still persist, when I declare, as I do now, that my affections are engaged? — And let my brother make the most of it.

He knew my principles, and adored me for them. He doubted not, that it was in his power to make me happy: and he was sure I would not want the will to be so.

I assured him, that were I to be carried to my uncle's, it should answer no end; for I would never see him; nor receive a line from him; nor hear a word in his favour, whoever were the person who should mention him to me.

He was sorry for it. He must be miserable, were I to hold in that mind. But he doubted not, that I might be induced by my father and uncles to change it —

Never, never, he might depend upon it.

It was richly worth his patience, and the trial.

At my expense? — At the price of all my happiness, Sir?

He hoped I should be induced to think otherwise.

And then would he have run into his fortune, his settlements, his affection — vowing, that never man loved a woman with so sincere a passion as he loved me.

I stopped him, as to the first part of his speech: and to the second, of the sincerity of his passion, What then, Sir, said I, is your love to one, who must assure you, that never young creature looked upon man with a more sincere disapprobation, than I look upon you? And tell me, what argument can you urge, that this true declaration answers not before-hand?

Dearest Madam, what can I say? — On my knees I beg —

And down the ungraceful wretch dropped on his knees.

Let me not kneel in vain, Madam: let me not be thus despised. — And he looked most odiously sorrowful.

I have kneeled too, Mr. Solmes: often have I kneeled: and I will kneel again — even to you, Sir, will I kneel, if there be so much merit in kneeling; provided you will not be the implement of my cruel brother's undeserved persecution.

If all the services, even to worship you, during my whole life — You, Madam, invoke and expect mercy; yet shew none —

Am I to be cruel to myself, to shew mercy to you; take my estate, Sir, with all my heart, since you are such a favourite in this house! — only leave me myself — the mercy you ask for, do you shew to others.

If you mean to my relations, Madam — unworthy as they are, all shall be done that you shall prescribe.

Who, I, Sir, to find you bowels you naturally have not? I to purchase their happiness by the forfeiture of my own? What I ask you for, is mercy to myself: that, since you seem to have some power over my relations, you will use it in my behalf. Tell them, that you see I cannot conquer my aversion to you: tell them, if you are a wise man, that you too much value your own happiness, to risk it against such a determined antipathy: tell them that I am unworthy of your offers: and that in mercy to yourself, as well as to me, you will not prosecute a suit so impossible to be granted.

I will risque all consequences, said the fell wretch, rising, with a countenance whitened over, as if with malice, his hollow eyes flashing fire, and biting his under lip, to shew he could be manly. Your hatred, Madam, shall be no objection with me: and I doubt not in a few days to have it in my power to shew you —

You have it in your power, Sir —

He came well off — To shew you more generosity than, noble as you are said to be to others, you shew to me.

The man's face became his anger: it seems formed to express the passion.

At that instant, again in came my brother — Sister, Sister, Sister, said he, with his teeth set, act on the termagant part you have so newly assumed — most wonderfully well does it become you. It is but a short one, however. Tyraness in your turn, accuse others of your own guilt — But leave her, leaver her, Mr. Solmes: her time is short. You'll find her humble and mortified enough very quickly. Then, how like a little tame fool will she look, with her conscience upbraiding her, and begging of you [with a whining voice, the barbarous brother spoke] to forgive and forget!

More he said, as he flew out, with a glowing face, upon Shorey's coming in to recall him on his violence.

I removed from chair to chair, excessively frighted and disturbed at this brutal treatment.

The man attempted to excuse himself, as being sorry for my brother's passion.

Leave me, leave me, Sir, fanning — or I shall faint. And indeed I thought I should.

He recommended himself to my favour with an air of assurance; augmented, as I thought, by a distress so visible in me; for he even snatched my trembling, my struggling hand; and ravished it to his odious mouth.

I flung from him with high disdain: and he withdrew, bowing and cringing; self-gratified, and enjoying, as I thought, the confusion he saw me in.

The wretch is now, methinks, before me; and now I see him awkwardly striding backward, as he retired, till the edge of the opened door, which he ran against, remembered him to turn his welcome back upon me.

Upon his withdrawing, Betty brought me word, that I was permitted to go up to my own chamber: and was bid to consider of every thing: for my time was short. Nevertheless, she believed I might be permitted to stay till Saturday.

She tells me, that although my brother and sister were blamed for being so hasty with me, yet when they made their report, and my uncle Antony his, of my provocations, they were all more determined than ever in Mr. Solmes's favour.

The wretch himself, she tells me, pretends to be more in love with me than before; and to be rather delighted than discouraged with the conversation that passed between us. He ran on, she says, in raptures, about the grace wherewith I should dignify his board; and the like sort of stuff, either of his saying, or of her making.

She closed all with a Now is your time, Miss, to submit with a grace, and to make your own terms with him: — else, I can tell you, were I Mr. Solmes, it should be worse for you: And who, Miss, of our sex, proceeded the saucy creature, would admire a rakish gentleman, when she might be admired by a sober one to the end of the chapter?

She made this further speech to me on quitting my chamber — You have had amazing good luck, Miss. I must tell you, to keep your writings concealed so cunningly. You must needs think I know that you are always at your pen: and as you endeavour to hide that knowledge from me, I do not think myself obliged to keep your secret. But I love not to aggravate. I had rather reconcile by much. Peace-making is my talent, and ever was. And had I been as much your foe, as you imagine, you had not perhaps been here now. But this, however, I do not say to make a merit with you, Miss: for, truly, it will be the better for you the sooner every thing is over with you. And better for me, and for every one else; that's certain. Yet one hint I must conclude with; that your pen and ink (soon as you are to go away) will not be long in your power, I do assure you, Miss. And then, having lost that amusement, it will be seen, how a mind so active as yours will be able to employ itself.

This hint alarms me so much, that I shall instantly begin to conceal, in different places, pens, inks, and paper; and to deposit some in the ivy summer-house, if I can find a safe place there; and, at the worst, I have got a pencil of black, and another of red lead, which I use in my drawings; and my patterns shall serve for paper, if I have no other.

How lucky it was, that I had got away my papers! They made a strict search for them; that I can see, by the disorderly manner they have left all things in: for you know that I am such an observer of method, that I can go to a bit of ribband, or lace, or edging, blindfold. The same in my books; which they have strangely disordered and mismatched; to look behind them, and in some of them, I suppose. My clothes too are rumpled not a little. No place has escaped them. To your hint, I thank you, are they indebted for their disappointment.

The pen, through heaviness and fatigue, dropt out of my fingers, at the word indebted. I resumed it, to finish the sentence; and to tell you, that I am,

Your for ever obliged and affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY, ELEVEN O'CLOCK, APRIL 5.

I must write as I have opportunity; making use of my concealed stores: for my pens and ink (all of each that they could find) are taken from me; as I shall tell you about more particularly by and by.

About an hour ago, I deposited my long letter to you; as also, in the usual place, a billet to Mr. Lovelace, lest his impatience should put him upon some rashness; signifying, in four lines, 'That the interview was over; and that I hoped my steady refusal of Mr. Solmes would discourage any further applications to me in his favour.'

Although I was unable (through the fatigue I had undergone, and by reason of sitting up all night, to write to you, which made me lie longer than ordinary this morning) to deposit my letter to you sooner, yet I hope you will have it in such good time, as that you will be able to send me an answer to it this night, or in the morning early; which, if ever so short, will inform me, whether I may depend upon your mother's indulgence or not. This it behoves me to know as soon as possible; for they are resolved to hurry me away on Saturday next at farthest; perhaps to-morrow.

I will now inform you of all that has happened previous to their taking away my pen and ink, as well as of the manner in which that act of violence was committed; and this as briefly as I can.

My aunt, who (as well as Mr. Solmes, and my two uncles) lives here, I think, came up to me, and said, she would fain have me hear what Mr. Solmes had to say of Mr. Lovelace — only that I may be apprized of some things, that would convince me what a vile man he is, and what a wretched husband he must make. I might give them what degree of credit I pleased; and take them with abatement for Mr. Solmes's interestedness, if I thought fit. But it might be of use to me, were it but to question Mr. Lovelace indirectly upon some of them, that related to myself.

I was indifferent, I said, about what he could say of me; and I was sure it could not be to my disadvantage; and as he had no reason to impute to me the forwardness which my unkind friends had so causelessly taxed me with.

She said, That he gave himself high airs on account of his family; and spoke as despicably of ours as if an alliance with us were beneath him.

I replied, That he was a very unworthy man, if it were true, to speak slightingly of a family, which was as good as his own, ‘bating that it was not allied to the peerage: that the dignity itself, I thought, conveyed more shame than honour to descendants, who had not merit to adorn, as well as to be adorned by it: that my brother’s absurd pride, indeed, which made him every where declare, he would never marry but to quality, gave a disgraceful preference against ours: but that were I to be assured, that Mr. Lovelace was capable of so mean a pride as to insult us or value himself on such an accidental advantage, I should think as despicably of his sense, as every body else did of his morals.

She insisted upon it, that he had taken such liberties, it would be but common justice (so much hated as he was by all our family, and so much inveighed against in all companies by them) to inquire into the provocation he had to say what was imputed to him; and whether the value some of my friends put upon the riches they possess (throwing perhaps contempt upon every other advantage, and even discrediting their own pretensions to family, in order to depreciate his) might not provoke him to like contempts. Upon the whole, Madam, said I, can you say, that the inveteracy lies not as much on our side, as on his? Can he say any thing of us more disrespectful than we say of him? — And as to the suggestion, so often repeated, that he will make a bad husband, Is it possible for him to use a wife worse than I am used; particularly by my brother and sister?

Ah, Niece! Ah, my dear! how firmly has this wicked man attached you!

Perhaps not, Madam. But really great care should be taken by fathers and mothers, when they would have their daughters of their minds in these particulars, not to say things that shall necessitate the child, in honour and generosity, to take part with the man her friends are averse to. But, waving all this, as I have offered to renounce him for ever, I see now why he should be mentioned to me, nor why I should be wished to hear any thing about him.

Well, but still, my dear, there can be no harm to let Mr. Solmes tell you what Mr. Lovelace has said of you. Severely as you have treated Mr. Solmes, he is fond of attending you once more: he begs to be heard on this head.

If it be proper for me to hear it, Madam —

It is, eagerly interrupted she, very proper.

Has what he has said of me, Madam, convinced you of Mr. Lovelace’s baseness?

It has, my dear: and that you ought to abhor him for it.

Then, dear Madam, be pleased to let me hear it from your mouth: there is no need that I should see Mr. Solmes, when it will have double the weight from you. What, Madam, has the man dared to say of me?

My aunt was quite at a loss.

At last, Well, said she, I see how you are attached. I am sorry for it, Miss. For I do assure you, it will signify nothing. You must be Mrs. Solmes; and that in a very few days.

If consent of heart, and assent of voice, be necessary to a marriage, I am sure I never can, nor ever will, be married to Mr. Solmes. And what will any of my relations be answerable for, if they force my hand into his, and hold it there till the service be read; I perhaps insensible, and in fits, all the time!

What a romantic picture of a forced marriage have you drawn, Niece! Some people would say, you have given a fine description of your own obstinacy, child.

My brother and sister would: but you, Madam, distinguish, I am sure, between obstinacy and aversion.

Supposed aversion may owe its rise to real obstinacy, my dear.

I know my own heart, Madam. I wish you did.

Well, but see Mr. Solmes once more, Niece. It will oblige and make for you more than you imagine.

What should I see him for, Madam? — Is the man fond of hearing me declare my aversion to him? — Is he desirous of having me more and more incense my friends against myself? — O my cunning, my ambitious brother!

Ah, my dear! with a look of pity, as if she understood the meaning of my exclamation — But must that necessarily be the case?

It must, Madam, if they will take offence at me for declaring my steadfast detestation of Mr. Solmes, as a husband.

Mr. Solmes is to be pitied, said she. He adores you. He longs to see you once more. He loves you the better for your cruel usage of him yesterday. He is in raptures about you.

Ugly creature, thought I! — He in raptures!

What a cruel wretch must he be, said I, who can enjoy the distress to which he so largely contributes! — But I see, I see, Madam, that I am considered as an animal to be baited, to make sport for my brother and sister, and Mr. Solmes. They are all, all of them, wanton in their cruelty. — I, Madam, see the man! the man so incapable of pity! — Indeed I will not see him, if I can help it — indeed I will not.

What a construction does your lively wit put upon the admiration Mr. Solmes expresses of you! — Passionate as you were yesterday, and contemptuously as you treated him, he dotes upon you for the very severity by which he suffers. He is not so ungenerous a man as you think him: nor has he an unfeeling heart. — Let me prevail upon you, my dear, (as your father and mother expect it of you,) to see him once more, and hear what he has to say to you.

How can I consent to see him again, when yesterday's interview was interpreted by you, Madam, as well as by every other, as an encouragement to him? when I myself declared, that if I saw him a second time by my own consent, it might be so taken? and when I am determined never to encourage him?

You might spare your reflections upon me, Miss. I have no thanks either from one side or the other.

And away she flung.

Dearest Madam! said I, following her to the door —

But she would not hear me further; and her sudden breaking from me occasioned a hurry to some mean listener; as the slipping of a foot from the landing-place on the stairs discovered to me.

I had scarcely recovered myself from this attack, when up came Betty — Miss, said she, your company is desired below-stairs in your own parlour.

By whom, Betty?

How can I tell, Miss? — perhaps by your sister, perhaps by your brother — I know they wont' come up stairs to your apartment again.

Is Mr. Solmes gone, Betty?

I believe he is, Miss — Would you have him sent for back? said the bold creature.

Down I went: and to whom should I be sent for, but to my brother and Mr. Solmes! the latter standing sneaking behind the door, so that I saw him not, till I was mockingly led by the hand into the room by my brother. And then I started as if I had beheld a ghost.

You are to sit down, Clary.

And what then, Brother?

Why then, you are to put off that scornful look, and hear what Mr. Solmes has to say to you.

Sent down for to be baited again, thought I!

Madam, said Mr. Solmes, as if in haste to speak, lest he should not have an opportunity given him, [and indeed he judged right,] Mr. Lovelace is a declared marriage hater, and has a design upon your honour, if ever —

Base accuser! said I, in a passion, snatching my hand from my brother, who was insolently motioning to give it to Mr. Solmes; he has not! — he dares not! — But you have, if endeavouring to force a free mind be to dishonour it!

O thou violent creature! said my brother — but not gone yet — for I was rushing away.

What mean you, Sir, [struggling vehemently to get away,] to detain me thus against my will?

You shall not go, Violence; clasping his unbrotherly arms about me.

Then let not Mr. Solmes stay. — Why hold you me thus? he shall not for your own sake, if I can help it, see how barbarously a brother can treat a sister who deserves not evil treatment.

And I struggled so vehemently to get from him, that he was forced to quit my hand; which he did with these words — Begone then, Fury! — how strong is will! — there is no holding her.

And up I flew to my chamber, and locked myself in, trembling and out of breath.

In less than a quarter of an hour, up came Betty. I let her in upon her tapping, and asking (half out of breath too) for admittance.

The Lord have mercy upon us! said she. — What a confusion of a house is this! [hurrying up and down, fanning herself with her handkerchief,] Such angry masters and mistresses! — such an obstinate young lady! — such a humble lover! — such enraged uncles! — such — O dear! — dear! what a topsy-turvy house is this! — And all for what, trow? — only because a young lady may be happy, and will not? — only because a young lady will have a husband, and will not have a husband? What hurlyburlies are here, where all used to be peace and quietness!

Thus she ran on to herself; while I sat as patiently as I could (being assured that her errand was not designed to be a welcome one to me) to observe when her soliloquy would end.

At last, turning to me — I must do as I am bid. I can't help it — don't be angry with me, Miss. But I must carry down your pen and ink: and that this moment.

By whose order?

By your papa's and mamma's.

How shall I know that?

She offered to go to my closet: I stept in before her: touch it, if you dare.

Up came my cousin Dolly — Madam! — Madam! said the poor weeping, good natured creature, in broken sentences — you must — indeed you must — deliver to Betty — or to me — your pen and ink.

Must I, my sweet Cousin? then I will to you; but not to this bold body. And so I gave my standish to her.

I am sorry, very sorry, said she, Miss, to be the messenger: but your papa will not have you in the same house with him: he is resolved you shall be carried away to-morrow, or Saturday at farthest. And therefore your pen and ink are taken away, that you may give nobody notice of it.

And away went the dear girl, very sorrowful, carrying down with her my standish, and all its furniture, and a little parcel of pens beside, which having been seen when the great search was made, she was bid to ask for.

As it happened, I had not diminished it, having hid half a dozen crow quills in as many different places. It was lucky; for I doubt not they had numbered how many were in the parcel.

Betty ran on, telling me, that my mother was now as much incensed against me as any body — that my doom was fixed — that my violent behaviour had not left one to plead for me — that Mr. Solmes bit his lip, and muttered, and seemed to have more in his head, than could come out at his mouth; that was her phrase.

And yet she also hinted to me, that the cruel wretch took pleasure in seeing me; although so much to my disgust — and so wanted to see me again. — Must he not be a savage, my dear?

The wench went on — that my uncle Harlowe said, That now he gave me up — that he pitied Mr. Solmes — yet hoped he would not think of this to my detriment hereafter: that my uncle Antony was of opinion, that I ought to smart for it: and, for her part — and then, as one of the family, she gave her opinion of the same side.

As I have no other way of hearing any thing that is said or intended below, I bear sometimes more patiently than I otherwise should do with her impertinence. And indeed she seems to be in all my brother's and sister's counsels.

Miss Hervey came up again, and demanded an half-pint ink-bottle which they had seen in my closet.

I gave it her without hesitation.

If they have no suspicion of my being able to write, they will perhaps let me stay longer than otherwise they would.

This, my dear, is now my situation.

All my dependence, all my hopes, are in your mother's favour. But for that, I know not what I might do: For who can tell what will come next?

LETTER XXXVI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY, FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON

I am just returned from depositing the letter I so lately finished, and such of Mr. Lovelace's letters as I had not sent you. My long letter I found remaining there — so you will have both together.

I am convinced, methinks, it is not with you. — But your servant cannot always be at leisure. However, I will deposit as fast as I write. I must keep nothing by me now; and when I write, lock myself in, that I may not be surprised now they think I have no pen and ink.

I found in the usual place another letter from this diligent man: and, by its contents, a confirmation that nothing passes in this house but he knows it; and that almost as soon as it passes. For this letter must have been written before he could have received my billet; and deposited, I suppose, when that was taken away; yet he compliments me in it upon asserting myself (as he calls it) on that occasion to my uncle and to Mr. Solmes.

'He assures me, however, that they are more and more determined to subdue me.

'He sends me the compliments of his family; and acquaints me with their earnest desire to see me amongst them. Most vehemently does he press for my quitting this house, while it is in my power to get away: and again craves leave to order his uncle's chariot-and-six to attend my commands at the stile leading to the coppice adjoining to the paddock.

'Settlements to my own will he again offers. Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty to be guarantees of his honour and justice. But, if I choose not to go to either of those ladies, nor yet to make him the happiest of men so soon as it is nevertheless his hope that I will, he urges me to withdraw to my own house, and to accept of Lord M. for my guardian and protector till my cousin Morden arrives. He can contrive, he says, to give me easy possession of it, and will fill it with his female relations on the first invitation from me; and Mrs. Norton, or Miss Howe, may be undoubtedly prevailed upon to be with me for a time. There can be no pretence for litigation, he says, when I am once in it. Nor, if I choose to have it so, will he appear to visit me; nor presume to mention marriage to me till all is quiet and easy; till every method I shall prescribe for a reconciliation with my friends is tried; till my cousin comes; till such settlements are drawn as he shall approve of for me; and that I have unexceptionable proofs of his own good behaviour.'

As to the disgrace a person of my character may be apprehensive of upon quitting my father's house, he observes (too truly I doubt) 'That the treatment I meet with is in every one's mouth: yet, he says, that the public voice is in my favour. My friends themselves, he says, expect that I will do myself what he calls, this justice: why else do they confine me? He urges, that, thus treated, the independence I have a right to will be my sufficient excuse, going but from their house to my own, if I choose that measure; or in order to take possession of my own, if I do not: that all the disgrace I can receive, they have already given me: that his concern and his family's concern in my honour, will be equal to my own, if he may be so happy ever to call me his: and he presumes, he says, to aver, that no family can better supply the loss of my own friends to me than his, in whatever way I shall do them the honour to accept of his and their protection.

'But he repeats, that, in all events, he will oppose my being carried to my uncle's; being well assured, that I shall be lost to him for ever, if once I enter into that house.' He tells me, 'That my brother and sister, and Mr. Solmes, design to be there to receive me: that my father and mother will not come near me till the ceremony is actually over: and that then they will appear, in order to try to reconcile me to my odious husband, by urging upon me the obligations I shall be supposed to be under from a double duty.'

How, my dear, am I driven on one side, and invited on the other! — This last intimation is but a too probable one. All the steps they take seem to tend to this! And, indeed, they have declared almost as much.

He owns, 'That he has already taken his measures upon this intelligence: — but that he is so desirous for my sake (I must suppose, he says, that he owes them no forbearance for their own) to avoid coming to extremities, that he has suffered a person, whom they do not suspect, to acquaint them with his resolutions, as if come at by accident, if they persist in their design to carry me by violence to my uncle's; in hopes, that they may be induced from the fear of mischief which may ensue, to change their measures: and yet he is aware, that he has exposed himself to the greatest risques by having caused this intimation to be given them; since, if he cannot benefit himself by their fears, there is no doubt but they will doubly guard themselves against him upon it.'

What a dangerous enterpriser, however, is this man!

'He begs a few lines from me by way of answer to this letter, either this evening, or to-morrow morning. If he be not so favoured, he shall conclude, from what he knows of the fixed determination of my relations, that I shall be under a closer restraint than before: and he shall be obliged to take his measures according to that presumption.'

You will see by this abstract, as well by his letter preceding this, (for both run in the same strain,) how strangely forward the difficulty of my situation has brought him in his declarations and proposals; and in his threatenings too: which, but for that, I would not take from him.

Something, however, I must speedily resolve upon, or it will be out of my power to help myself.

Now I think of it, I will enclose his letter, (so might have spared the abstract of it,) that you may the better judge of all his proposals, and intelligence; and les it should fall into other hands. I cannot forgive the contents, although I am at a loss what answer to return.*

* She accordingly encloses Mr. Lovelace's letter. But as the most material contents of it are given in her abstract, it is omitted.

I cannot bear the thoughts of throwing myself upon the protection of his friends: — but I will not examine his proposals closely till I hear from you. Indeed, I have no eligible hope, but in your mother's goodness Hers is a protection I could more reputably fly to, than to that of any other person: and from hers should be ready to return to my father's (for the breach then would not be irreparable, as it would be, if I fled to his family): to return, I repeat, on such terms as shall secure but my negative; not my independence: I do not aim at that (so shall lay your mother under the less difficulty); though I have a right to be put into possession of my grandfather's estate, if I were to insist upon it: — such a right, I mean, as my brother exerts in the bid, that I should ever think myself freed from my father's reasonable controul, whatever right my grandfather's will has given me! He, good gentleman, left me that estate, as a reward of my duty, and not to set me above it, as has been justly hinted to me: and this reflection makes me more fearful of not answering the intention of so valuable a bequest. — Oh! that my friends knew but my heart! — Would but think of it as they used to do! — For once more, I say, If it deceive me not, it is not altered, although theirs are!

Would but your mother permit you to send her chariot, or chaise, to the bye-place where Mr. Lovelace proposes Lord M.'s shall come, (provoked, intimidated, and apprehensive, as I am,) I would not hesitate a moment what to do. Place me any where, as I have said before — in a cot, in a garret; any where — disguised as a servant — or let me pass as a servant's sister — so that I may but escape Mr. Solmes on one hand, and the disgrace of refuging with the family of a man at enmity with my own, on the other; and I shall be in some measure happy! — Should your good mother refuse me, what refuge, or whose, can I fly to? — Dearest creature, advise your distressed friend.

I broke off here — I was so excessively uneasy, that I durst not trust myself with my own reflections. I therefore went down to the garden, to try to calm my mind, by shifting the scene. I took but one turn upon the filbert-walk, when Betty came to me. Here, Miss, is your papa — here is your uncle Antony — here is my young master — and my young mistress, coming to take a walk in the garden; and your papa sends me to see where you are, for fear he should meet you.

I struck into an oblique path, and got behind the yew-hedge, seeing my sister appear; and there concealed myself till they were gone past me.

My mother, it seems is not well. My poor mother keeps her chamber — should she be worse, I should have an additional unhappiness, in apprehension that my reputed undutifulness had touched her heart.

You cannot imagine what my emotions were behind the yew-hedge, on seeing my father so near me. I was glad to look at him through the hedge as he passed by: but I trembled in every joint, when I heard him utter these words: Son James, to you, and to you Bella, and to you, Brother, do I wholly commit this matter. That I was meant, I cannot doubt. And yet, why was I so affected; since I may be said to have been given up to the cruelty of my brother and sister for many days past?

While my father remained in the garden, I sent my dutiful compliments to my mother, with inquiry after her health, by Shorey, whom I met accidentally upon the stairs; for none of the servants, except my gaoleress, dare to throw themselves in my way. I had the mortification of such a return, as made me repent my message, though not my concern for her health. ‘Let her not inquire after the disorders she occasions,’ was her harsh answer. ‘I will not receive any compliments from her.’

Very, very hard, my dear! Indeed it is very hard.

I have the pleasure to hear that my mother is already better. A colicky disorder, to which she is too subject. It is hoped it is gone off — God send it may! — Every evil that happens in this house is owing to me!

This good news was told me, with a circumstance very unacceptable; for Betty said, she had orders to let me know, that my garden-walks and poultry-visits were suspected; and that both will be prohibited, if I stay here till Saturday or Monday.

Possibly this is said by order, to make me go with less reluctance to my uncle’s.

My mother bid her say, if I expostulated about these orders, and about my pen and ink, ‘that reading was more to the purpose, at present, than writing: that by the one, I might be taught my duty; that the other, considering whom I was believed to write to, only stiffened my will: that my needle-works had better be pursued than my airings; which were observed to be taken in all weathers.’

So, my dear, if I do not resolve upon something soon, I shall neither be able to avoid the intended evil, nor have it in my power to correspond with you.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

All is in a hurry below-stairs. Betty is in and out like a spy. Something is working, I know not what. I am really a good deal disordered in body as well as in mind. Indeed I am quite heart-sick.

I will go down, though ’tis almost dark, on pretence of getting a little air and composure. Robert has my two former, I hope, before now: and I will deposit this, with Lovelace’s enclosed, if I can, for fear of another search.

I know not what I shall do! — All is so strangely busy! — Doors clapt to — going out of one apartment, hurryingly, as I may say, into another. Betty in her alarming way, staring, as if of frighted importance; twice with me in half an hour; called down in haste by Shorey the last time; leaving me with still more meaning in her looks and gestures — yet possibly nothing in all this worthy of my apprehensions —

Here again comes the creature, with her deep-drawn affected sighs, and her O dear’s! O dear’s!

More dark hints thrown out by the saucy creature. But she will not explain herself. ‘Suppose this pretty business ends in murder! she says. I may rue my opposition as long as I live, for aught she knows. Parents will not be baffled out of their children by imprudent gentlemen; nor is it fit they should. It may come home to me when I least expect it.’

These are the gloomy and perplexing hints this impertinent throws out. Probably they arose from the information Mr. Lovelace says he has secretly permitted them to have (from this vile double-faced agent, I suppose!) of his resolution to prevent my being carried to my uncle’s.

How justly, if so, may this exasperate them! — How am I driven to and fro, like a feather in the wind, at the pleasure of the rash, the selfish, the headstrong! and when I am as averse to the proceedings of the one, as I am to those of the other! For although I was induced to carry on this unhappy correspondence, as I

think I ought to call it, in hopes to prevent mischief; yet indiscreet measures are fallen upon by the rash man, before I, who am so much concerned in the event of the present contentions, can be consulted: and between his violence on one hand, and that of my relations on the other, I find myself in danger from both.

O my dear! what is worldly wisdom but the height of folly! — I, the meanest, at least youngest, of my father's family, to thrust myself in the gap between such uncontroulable spirits! — To the intercepting perhaps of the designs of Providence, which may intend to make those hostile spirits their own punishers. — If so, what presumption! — Indeed, my dear friend, I am afraid I have thought myself of too much consequence. But, however this be, it is good, when calamities befal us, that we should look into ourselves, and fear.

If I am prevented depositing this and the enclosed, (as I intend to try to do, late as it is,) I will add to it as occasion shall offer. Mean time, believe me to be

Your ever-affectionate and grateful CL. HARLOWE.

Under the superscription, written with a pencil, after she went down.

'My two former are not yet taken away — I am surprised — I hope you are well — I hope all is right betwixt your mother and you.'

LETTER XXXVII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 9.

I have your three letters. Never was there a creature more impatient on the most interesting uncertainty than I was, to know the event of the interview between you and Solmes.

It behoves me to account to my dear friend, in her present unhappy situation, for every thing that may have the least appearance of negligence or remissness on my part. I sent Robin in the morning early, in hopes of a deposit. He loitered about the place till near ten to no purpose; and then came away; my mother having given him a letter to carry to Mr. Hunt's, which he was to deliver before three, when only, in the day-time, that gentleman is at home; and to bring back an answer to it. Mr. Hunt's house, you know, lies wide from Harlowe-place. Robin but just saved his time; and returned not till it was too late to send him again. I only could direct him to set out before day this morning; and if he got any letter, to ride as for his life to bring it to me.

I lay by myself: a most uneasy night I had through impatience; and being discomposed with it, lay longer than usual. Just as I was risen, in came Kitty, from Robin, with your three letters. I was not a quarter dressed; and only slipt on my morning sack; proceeding no further till I had read them all through, long as they are: and yet I often stopped to rave aloud (though by myself) at the devilish people you have to deal with.

How my heart rises at them all! How poorly did they design to trick you into an encouragement of Solmes, from the extorted interview! — I am very, very angry at your aunt Hervey — to give up her own judgment so tamely! — and, not content to do so, to become such an active instrument in their hands! — But it is so like the world! — so like my mother too! — Next to her own child, there is not any body living she values so much as you: — Yet it is — Why should we embroil ourselves, Nancy, with the affairs of other people?

Other people! — How I hate the poor words, where friendship is concerned, and where the protection to be given may be of so much consequence to a friend, and of so little detriment to one's self?

I am delighted with your spirit, however. I expected it not from you Nor did they, I am sure. Nor would you, perhaps, have exerted it, if Lovelace's intelligence of Solmes's nursery-offices had not set you up. I wonder not that the wretch is said to love you the better for it. What an honour would it be to him to

have such a wife? And he can be even with you when you are so. He must indeed be a savage, as you say. — Yet he is less to blame for his perseverance, than those of your own family, whom most you reverence for theirs.

It is well, as I have often said, that I have not such provocations and trials; I should perhaps long ago have taken your cousin Dolly's advice — yet dare I not to touch that key. — I shall always love the good girl for her tenderness to you.

I know not what to say of Lovelace; nor what to think of his promises, nor of his proposals to you. 'Tis certain that you are highly esteemed by all his family. The ladies are persons of unblemished honour. My Lord M. is also (as men and peers go) a man of honour. I could tell what to advise any other person in the world to do but you. So much expected from you! — Such a shining light! — Your quitting your father's house, and throwing yourself into the protection of a family, however honourable, that has a man in it, whose person, parts, declarations, and pretensions, will be thought to have engaged your warmest esteem; — methinks I am rather for advising that you should get privately to London; and not to let either him, or any body else but me, know where you are, till your cousin Morden comes.

As to going to your uncle's, that you must not do, if you can help it. Nor must you have Solmes, that's certain: Not only because of his unworthiness in every respect, but because of the aversion you have so openly avowed to him; which every body knows and talks of; as they do of your approbation of the other. For your reputation sake therefore, as well as to prevent mischief, you must either live single, or have Lovelace.

If you think of going to London, let me know; and I hope you will have time to allow me a further concert as to the manner of your getting away, and thither, and how to procure proper lodgings for you.

To obtain this time, you must palliate a little, and come into some seeming compromise, if you cannot do otherwise. Driven as you are driven, it will be strange if you are not obliged to part with a few of your admirable punctilio's.

You will observe from what I have written, that I have not succeeded with my mother.

I am extremely mortified and disappointed. We have had very strong debates upon it. But, besides the narrow argument of embroiling ourselves with other people's affairs, as above-mentioned, she will have it, that it is your duty to comply. She says, she was always of opinion that daughters should implicitly submit to the will of their parents in the great article of marriage; and that she governed herself accordingly in marrying my father; who at first was more the choice of her parents than her own.

This is what she argues in behalf of her favourite Hickman, as well as for Solmes in your case.

I must not doubt, but my mother always governed herself by this principle — because she says she did. I have likewise another reason to believe it; which you shall have, though it may not become me to give it — that they did not live so happily together, as one would hope people might do who married preferring each other at the time to the rest of the world.

Somebody shall fare never the better for this double-meant policy of my mother, I do assure you. Such a retrospection in her arguments to him, and to his address, it is but fit that he should suffer for my mortification in failing to carry a point upon which I had set my whole heart.

Think, my dear, if in any way I can serve you. If you allow of it, I protest I will go off privately with you, and we will live and die together. Think of it. Improve upon my hint, and command me.

A little interruption. — What is breakfast to the subject I am upon?

London, I am told, is the best hiding-place in the world. I have written nothing but what I will stand in to at the word of command. Women love to engage in knight-errantry, now-and-then, as well as to encourage it in the men. But in your case, what I propose will not seem to have anything of that nature in it. It will enable me to perform what is no more than a duty in serving and comforting a dear and worthy friend, who labours under undeserved oppression: and you will ennoble, as I may say, your Anna Howe, if you allow her to be your companion in affliction.

I will engage, my dear, we shall not be in town together one month, before we surmount all difficulties; and this without being beholden to any men-fellows for their protection.

I must repeat what I have often said, that the authors of your persecutions would not have presumed to set on foot their selfish schemes against you, had they not depended upon the gentleness of your spirit; though now, having gone so far, and having engaged Old AUTHORITY in it, [chide me if you will!] neither he nor they know how to recede.

When they find you out of their reach, and know that I am with you, you'll see how they'll pull in their odious horns.

I think, however, that you should have written to your cousin Morden, the moment they had begun to treat you disgracefully.

I shall be impatient to hear whether they will attempt to carry you to your uncle's. I remember, that Lord M.'s dismissed bailiff reported of Lovelace, that he

had six or seven companions as bad as himself; and that the country was always glad when they left it.* He actually has, as I hear, such a knot of them about him now. And, depend upon it, he will not suffer them quietly to carry you to your uncle's: And whose must you be, if he succeeds in taking you from them?

* See Vol.I. Letter IV.

I tremble for you but upon supposing what may be the consequence of a conflict upon this occasion. Lovelace owes some of them vengeance. This gives me a double concern, that my mother should refuse her consent to the protection I had set my heart upon procuring for you.

My mother will not breakfast without me. A quarrel has its conveniencies sometimes. Yet too much love, I think, is as bad as too little.

We have just now had another pull. Upon my word, she is excessively — what shall I say? — unpersuadable — I must let her off with that soft word.

Who was the old Greek, that said, he governed Athens; his wife, him; and his son, her?

It was not my mother's fault [I am writing to you, you know] that she did not govern my father. But I am but a daughter! — Yet I thought I was not quite so powerless when I was set upon carrying a point, as I find myself to be.

Adieu, my dear! — Happier times must come — and that quickly too. — The strings cannot long continue to be thus overstrained. They must break or be relaxed. In either way, the certainty must be preferable to the suspense.

One word more:

I think in my conscience you must take one of these two alternatives; either to consent to let us go to London together privately; [in which case, I will procure a vehicle, and meet you at your appointment at the stile to which Lovelace proposes to bring his uncle's chariot;] or, to put yourself into the protection of Lord M. and the ladies of his family.

You have another, indeed; and that is, if you are absolutely resolved against Solmes, to meet and marry Lovelace directly.

Whichsoever of these you make choice of, you will have this plea, both to yourself, and to the world, that you are concluded by the same uniform principle that has governed your whole conduct, ever since the contention between Lovelace and your brother has been on foot: that is to say, that you have chosen a lesser evil, in hopes to prevent a greater.

Adieu! and Heaven direct for the best my beloved creature, prays

Her ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, APRIL 6.

I thank you, my dearest friend, for the pains you have taken in accounting so affectionately for my papers not being taken away yesterday; and for the kind protection you would have procured for me, if you could.

This kind protection was what I wished for: but my wishes, raised at first by your love, were rather governed by my despair of other refuge [having before cast about, and not being able to determine, what I ought to do, and what I could do, in a situation so unhappy] than by a reasonable hope: For why indeed should any body embroil themselves for others, when they can avoid it?

All my consolation is, as I have frequently said, that I have not, by my own inadvertence or folly, brought myself into this sad situation. If I had, I should not have dared to look up to any body with the expectation of protection or assistance, nor to you for excuse of the trouble I give you. But nevertheless we should not be angry at a person's not doing that for ourselves, or for our friend, which she thinks she ought not to do; and which she has it in her option either to do, or to let it alone. Much less have you a right to be displeased with so prudent a mother, for not engaging herself so warmly in my favour, as you wished she would. If my own aunt can give me up, and that against her judgment, as I may presume to say; and if my father and mother, and uncles, who once loved me so well, can join so strenuously against me; can I expect, or ought you, the protection of your mother, in opposition to them?

Indeed, my dear love, [permit me to be very serious,] I am afraid I am singled out (either for my own faults, or for the faults of my family, or perhaps for the faults of both) to be a very unhappy creature! — signally unhappy! For see you not how irresistible the waves of affliction come tumbling down upon me?

We have been till within these few weeks, every one of us, too happy. No crosses, no vexations, but what we gave ourselves from the pamperedness, as I may call it, of our own wills. Surrounded by our heaps and stores, hoarded up as fast as acquired, we have seemed to think ourselves out of the reach of the bolts of adverse fate. I was the pride of all my friends, proud myself of their pride, and glorying in my standing. Who knows what the justice of Heaven may inflict, in order to convince us, that we are not out of the reach of misfortune; and to reduce us to a better reliance, than what we have hitherto presumptuously made?

I should have been very little the better for the conversation-visits with the good Dr. Lewen used to honour me with, and for the principles wrought (as I may

say) into my earliest mind by my pious Mrs. Norton, founded on her reverend father's experience, as well as on her own, if I could not thus retrospect and argue, in such a strange situation as we are in. Strange, I may well call it; for don't you see, my dear, that we seem all to be impelled, as it were, by a perverse fate, which none of us are able to resist? — and yet all arising (with a strong appearance of self-punishment) from ourselves? Do not my parents see the hopeful children, from whom they expected a perpetuity of worldly happiness to their branching family, now grown up to answer the till now distant hope, setting their angry faces against each other, pulling up by the roots, as I may say, that hope which was ready to be carried into a probable certainty?

Your partial love will be ready to acquit me of capital and intentional faults: — but oh, my dear! my calamities have humbled me enough to make me turn my gaudy eye inward; to make me look into myself. — And what have I discovered there? — Why, my dear friend, more secret pride and vanity than I could have thought had lain in my unexamined heart.

If I am to be singled out to be the punisher of myself and family, who so lately was the pride of it, pray for me, my dear, that I may not be left wholly to myself; and that I may be enabled to support my character, so as to be justly acquitted of wilful and premeditated faults. The will of Providence be resigned to in the rest: as that leads, let me patiently and unrepiningly follow! — I shall not live always! — May but my closing scene be happy!

But I will not oppress you, my dearest friend, with further reflections of this sort. I will take them all into myself. Surely I have a mind that has room for them. My afflictions are too sharp to last long. The crisis is at hand. Happier times you bid me hope for. I will hope.

But yet, I cannot be but impatient at times, to find myself thus driven, and my character so depreciated and sunk, that were all the future to be happy, I should be ashamed to shew my face in public, or to look up. And all by the instigation of a selfish brother, and envious sister —

But let me stop: let me reflect! — Are not these suggestions the suggestions of the secret pride I have been censuring? Then, already so impatient! but this moment so resigned, so much better disposed for reflection! yet 'tis hard, 'tis very hard, to subdue an embittered spirit! — in the instant of its trial too! — O my cruel brother! — but now it rises again. — I will lay down a pen I am so little able to govern. — And I will try to subdue an impatience, which (if my afflictions are sent me for corrective ends) may otherwise lead me into still more punishable errors. —

I will return to a subject, which I cannot fly from for ten minutes together — called upon especially, as I am, by your three alternatives stated in the conclusion of your last.

As to the first; to wit, your advice for me to escape to London — let me tell you, that the other hint or proposal which accompanies it perfectly frightens me — surely, my dear, (happy as you are, and indulgently treated as your mother treats you,) you cannot mean what you propose! What a wretch must I be, if, for one moment only, I could lend an ear to such a proposal as this! — I, to be the occasion of making such a mother's (perhaps shortened) life unhappy to the last hour of it! — Ennoble you, my dear creature! How must such an enterprise (the rashness public, the motives, were they excusable, private) debase you! — but I will not dwell upon the subject — for your own sake I will not.

As to your second alternative, to put myself into the protection of Lord M. and of the ladies of that family, I own to you, (as I believe I have owned before,) that although to do this would be the same thing in the eye of the world as putting myself into Mr. Lovelace's protection, yet I think I would do it rather than be Mr. Solmes's wife, if there were evidently no other way to avoid being so.

Mr. Lovelace, you have seen, proposes to contrive a way to put me into possession of my own house; and he tells me, that he will soon fill it with the ladies of his family, as my visiters; — upon my invitation, however, to them. A very inconsiderate proposal I think it to be, and upon which I cannot explain myself to him. What an exertion of independency does it chalk out for me! How, were I to attend to him, (and not to the natural consequences to which the following of his advice would lead me,) might I be drawn by gentle words into the penetration of the most violent acts! — For how could I gain possession, but either by legal litigation, which, were I inclined to have recourse to it, (as I never can be,) must take up time; or by forcibly turning out the persons whom my father has placed there, to look after the gardens, the house, and the furniture — persons entirely attached to himself, and who, as I know, have been lately instructed by my brother?

Your third alternative, to meet and marry Mr. Lovelace directly; a man with whose morals I am far from being satisfied — a step, that could not be taken with the least hope of ever obtaining pardon from or reconciliation with any of my friends; and against which a thousand objections rise in my mind — that is not to be thought of.

What appears to me, upon the fullest deliberation, the most eligible, if I must be thus driven, is the escaping to London. But I would forfeit all my hopes of

happiness in this life, rather than you should go away with me, as you rashly, though with the kindest intentions, propose. If I could get safely thither, and be private, methinks I might remain absolutely independent of Mr. Lovelace, and at liberty either to make proposals to my friends, or, should they renounce me, (and I had no other or better way,) to make terms with him; supposing my cousin Morden, on his arrival, were to join with my other relations. But they would then perhaps indulge me in my choice of a single life, on giving him up: the renewing to them this offer, when at my own liberty, will at least convince them, that I was in earnest when I made it first: and, upon my word, I would stand to it, dear as you seem to think, when you are disposed to rally me, it would cost me, to stand to it.

If, my dear, you can procure a vehicle for us both, you can perhaps procure one for me singly: but can it be done without embroiling yourself with your mother, or her with our family? — Be it coach, chariot, chaise, wagon, or horse, I matter not, provided you appear not to have a hand in my withdrawing. Only, in case it be one of the two latter, I believe I must desire you to get me an ordinary gown and coat, or habit, of some servant; having no concert with any of our own: the more ordinary the better. They must be thrust on in the wood-house; where I can put them on; and then slide down from the bank, that separates the wood-yard from the green lane.

But, alas! my dear, this, even this alternative, is not without difficulties, which, to a spirit so little enterprising as mine, seem in a manner insuperable. These are my reflections upon it.

I am afraid, in the first place, that I shall not have time for the requisite preparations for an escape.

Should I be either detected in those preparations, or pursued and overtaken in my flight, and so brought back, then would they think themselves doubly warranted to compel me to have their Solmes: and, conscious of an intended fault, perhaps, I should be the less able to contend with them.

But were I even to get safely to London, I know nobody there but by name; and those the tradesmen to our family; who, no doubt, would be the first written to and engaged to find me out. And should Mr. Lovelace discover where I was, and he and my brother meet, what mischiefs might ensue between them, whether I were willing or not to return to Harlowe-place!

But supposing I could remain there concealed, to what might my youth, my sex, and unacquaintedness of the ways of that great, wicked town, expose me! — I should hardly dare to go to church for fear of being discovered. People would wonder how I lived. Who knows but I might pass for a kept mistress; and that,

although nobody came to me, yet, that every time I went out, it might be imagined to be in pursuance of some assignation?

You, my dear, who alone would know where to direct to me, would be watched in all your steps, and in all your messages; and your mother, at present not highly pleased with our correspondence, would then have reason to be more displeased: And might not differences follow between her and you, that would make me very unhappy, were I to know them? And this the more likely, as you take it so unaccountably (and, give me leave to say, so ungenerously) into your head, to revenge yourself upon the innocent Mr. Hickman, for all the displeasure your mother gives you.

Were Lovelace to find out my place of abode, that would be the same thing in the eye of the world as if I had actually gone off with him: For would he, do you think, be prevailed upon to forbear visiting me? And then his unhappy character (a foolish man!) would be no credit to any young creature desirous of concealment. Indeed the world, let me escape whither, and to whomsoever I could, would conclude him to be the contriver of it.

These are the difficulties which arise to me on revolving this scheme; which, nevertheless, might appear surmountable to a more enterprising spirit in my circumstances. If you, my dear, think them surmountable in any one of the cases put, [and to be sure I can take no course, but what must have some difficulty in it,] be pleased to let me know your free and full thoughts upon it.

Had you, my dear friend, been married, then should I have had no doubt but that you and Mr. Hickman would have afforded an asylum to a poor creature more than half lost in her own apprehension for want of one kind protecting friend!

You say I should have written to my cousin Morden the moment I was treated disgracefully: But could I have believed that my friends would not have softened by degrees when they saw my antipathy to their Solmes?

I had thoughts indeed several times of writing to my cousin: but by the time an answer could have come, I imagined all would have been over, as if it had never been: so from day to day, from week to week, I hoped on: and, after all, I might as reasonably fear (as I have heretofore said) that my cousin would be brought to side against me, as that some of those I have named would.

And then to appeal a cousin [I must have written with warmth to engage him] against a father; this was not a desirable thing to set about. Then I had not, you know, one soul on my side; my mother herself against me. To be sure my cousin would have suspended his judgment till he could have arrived. He might not have been in haste to come, hoping the malady would cure itself: but had he written, his letters probably would have run in the qualifying style; to persuade me to submit, or them only to relax. Had his letters been more on my side than on theirs,

they would not have regarded them: nor perhaps himself, had he come and been an advocate for me: for you see how strangely determined they are; how they have over-awed or got in every body; so that no one dare open their lips in my behalf. And you have heard that my brother pushes his measures with the more violence, that all may be over with me before my cousin's expected arrival.

But you tell me, that, in order to gain time, I must palliate; that I must seem to compromise with my friends: But how palliate? How seem to compromise? You would not have me endeavour to make them believe, that I will consent to what I never intended to consent to! You would not have me to gain time, with a view to deceive!

To do evil, that good may come of it, is forbidden: And shall I do evil, yet know not whether good may come of it or not?

Forbid it, heaven! that Clarissa Harlowe should have it in her thought to serve, or even to save herself at the expense of her sincerity, and by a studied deceit!

And is there, after all, no way to escape one great evil, but by plunging myself into another? — What an ill-fated creature am I! — Pray for me, my dearest Nancy! — my mind is at present so much disturbed, that I can hardly pray for myself.

LETTER XXXIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY NIGHT.

This alarming hurry I mentioned under my date of last night, and Betty's saucy dark hints, come out to be owing to what I guessed they were; that is to say, to the private intimation Mr. Lovelace contrived our family should have of his insolent resolution [insolent I must call it] to prevent my being carried to my uncle's.

I saw at the time that it was as wrong with respect to answering his own view, as it was insolent: For, could he think, as Betty (I suppose from her betters) justly observed, that parents would be insulted out of their right to dispose of their own child, by a violent man, whom they hate; and who could have no pretension to dispute that right with them, unless what he had from her who had none over herself? And how must this insolence of his, aggravated as my brother is able to aggravate it, exasperate them against me?

The rash man has indeed so far gained his point, as to intimidate them from attempting to carry me away: but he has put them upon a surer and a more desperate measure: and this has driven me also into one as desperate; the consequence of which, although he could not foresee it,* may perhaps too well answer his great end, little as he deserves to have it answered.

* She was mistaken in this. Mr. Lovelace did foresee this consequence. All his contrivances led to it, and the whole family, as he boasts, unknown to themselves, were but so many puppets danced by his wires. See Vol.I. Letter XXXI.

In short, I have done, as far as I know, the most rash thing that ever I did in my life.

But let me give you the motive, and then the action will follow of course.

About six o'clock this evening, my aunt (who stays here all night, on my account, no doubt) came up and tapped at my door; for I was writing; and had locked myself in. I opened it; and she entering, thus delivered herself:

I come once more to visit you, my dear; but sorely against my will; because it is to impart to you matters of the utmost concern to you, and to the whole family.

What, Madam, is now to be done with me? said I, wholly attentive.

You will not be hurried away to your uncle's, child; let that comfort you. — They see your aversion to go. — You will not be obliged to go to your uncle Antony's.

How you revive me, Madam! this is a cordial to my heart!

I little thought, my dear, what was to follow this supposed condescension.

And then I ran over with blessings for this good news, (and she permitted me so to do, by her silence); congratulating myself, that I thought my father could not resolve to carry things to the last extremity. —

Hold, Niece, said she, at last — you must not give yourself too much joy upon the occasion neither. — Don't be surprised, my dear. — Why look you upon me, child, with so affecting an earnestness? — but you must be Mrs. Solmes, for all that.

I was dumb.

She then told me, that they had undoubted information, that a certain desperate ruffian (I must excuse her that word, she said) had prepared armed men to way-lay my brother and uncles, and seize me, and carry me off. — Surely, she said, I was not consenting to a violence that might be followed by murder on one side or the other; perhaps on both.

I was still silent.

That therefore my father (still more exasperated than before) had changed his resolution as to my going to my uncle's; and was determined next Tuesday to set out thither himself with my mother; and that (for it was to no purpose to conceal a resolution so soon to be put into execution) — I must not dispute it any longer — on Wednesday I must give my hand — as they would have me.

She proceeded, that orders were already given for a license: that the ceremony was to be performed in my own chamber, in presence of all my friends, except of my father and mother; who would not return, nor see me, till all was over, and till they had a good account of my behaviour.

The very intelligence, my dear! — the very intelligence this, which Lovelace gave me!

I was still dumb — only sighing, as if my heart would break.

She went on, comforting me, as she thought. 'She laid before me the merit of obedience; and told me, that if it were my desire that my Norton should be present at the ceremony, it would be complied with: that the pleasure I should receive from reconciling al my friends to me, and in their congratulations upon it, must needs overbalance, with such a one as me, the difference of persons, however preferable I might think the one man to the other: that love was a fleeting thing, little better than a name, where mortality and virtue did not distinguish the object of it: that a choice made by its dictates was seldom happy; at least not durably so: nor was it to be wondered at, when it naturally exalted the object above its merits, and made the lover blind to faults, that were visible to every body else: so that when a nearer intimacy stript it of its imaginary perfections, it left frequently both parties surprised, that they could be so grossly cheated; and that then the indifference became stronger than the love ever was. That a woman gave a man

great advantages, and inspired him with great vanity, when she avowed her love for him, and preference of him; and was generally requited with insolence and contempt: whereas the confessedly-obliged man, it was probable, would be all reverence and gratitude' — and I cannot tell what.

'You, my dear, said she, believe you shall be unhappy, if you have Mr. Solmes: your parents think the contrary; and that you will be undoubtedly so, were you to have Mr. Lovelace, whose morals are unquestionably bad: suppose it were your sad lot to consider, what great consolation you will have on one hand, if you pursue your parents' advice, that you did so; what mortification on the other, that by following your own, you have nobody to blame but yourself.'

This, you remember, my dear, was an argument enforced upon me by Mrs. Norton.

These and other observations which she made were worthy of my aunt Hervey's good sense and experience, and applied to almost any young creature who stood in opposition to her parents' will, but one who had offered to make the sacrifices I have offered to make, ought to have had their due weight. But although it was easy to answer some of them in my own particular case; yet having over and over, to my mother, before my confinement, and to my brother and sister, and even to my aunt Hervey, since, said what I must now have repeated, I was so much mortified and afflicted at the cruel tidings she brought me, that however attentive I was to what she said, I had neither power nor will to answer one word; and, had she not stopped of herself, she might have gone on an hour longer, without interruption from me.

Observing this, and that I only sat weeping, my handkerchief covering my face, and my bosom heaving ready to burst; What! no answer, my dear? — Why so much silent grief? You know I have always loved you. You know, that I have no interest in the affair. You would not permit Mr. Solmes to acquaint you with some things which would have set your heart against Mr. Lovelace. Shall I tell you some of the matters charged against him? — shall I, my dear?

Still I answered only by my tears and sighs.

Well, child, you shall be told these things afterwards, when you will be in a better state of mind to hear them; and then you will rejoice in the escape you will have had. It will be some excuse, then, for you to plead for your behaviour to Mr. Solmes, that you could not have believed Mr. Lovelace had been so very vile a man.

My heart fluttered with impatience and anger at being so plainly talked to as the wife of this man; but yet I then chose to be silent. If I had spoken, it would have been with vehemence.

Strange, my dear, such silence! — Your concern is infinitely more on this side the day, than it will be on the other. — But let me ask you, and do not be displeased, Will you choose to see what generous stipulations for you there are in the settlements? — You have knowledge beyond your years — give the writings a perusal: do, my dear: they are engrossed, and ready for signing, and have been for some time. Excuse me, my love — I mean not to disorder you: — your father would oblige me to bring them up, and to leave them with you. He commands you to read them. But to read them, Niece — since they are engrossed, and were before you made them absolutely hopeless.

And then, to my great terror, she drew some parchments form her handkerchief, which she had kept, (unobserved by me,) under her apron; and rising, put them in the opposite window. Had she produced a serpent, I could not have been more frightened.

Oh! my dearest Aunt, turning away my face, and holding out my hands, hide from my eyes those horrid parchments! — Let me conjure you to tell me — by all the tenderness of near relationship, and upon your honour, and by your love for me, say, Are they absolutely resolved, that, come what will, I must be that man's?

My dear, you must have Mr. Solmes: indeed you must.

Indeed I never will! — This, as I have said over and over, is not originally my father's will. — Indeed I never will — and that is all I will say!

It is your father's will now, replied my aunt: and, considering how all the family is threatened by Mr. Lovelace, and the resolution he has certainly taken to force you out of their hands, I cannot but say they are in the right, not to be bullied out of their child.

Well, Madam, then nothing remains for me to say. I am made desperate. I care not what becomes of me.

Your piety, and your prudence, my dear, and Mr. Lovelace's immoral character, together with his daring insults, and threatenings, which ought to incense you, as much as any body, are every one's dependence. We are sure the time will come, when you'll think very differently of the steps your friends take to disappoint a man who has made himself so justly obnoxious to them all.

She withdrew; leaving me full of grief and indignation: — and as much out of humour with Mr. Lovelace as with any body; who, by his conceited contrivances, has made things worse for me than before; depriving me of the hopes I had of gaining time to receive your advice, and private assistance to get to town; and leaving me not other advice, in all appearance, than either to throw myself upon his family, or to be made miserable for ever with Mr. Solmes. But I was still resolved to avoid both these evils, if possible.

I sounded Betty, in the first place, (whom my aunt sent up, not thinking it proper, as Betty told me, that I should be left by myself, and who, I found, knew their designs,) whether it were not probable that they would forbear, at my earnest entreaty, to push matters to the threatened extremity.

But she confirmed all my aunt said; rejoicing (as she said they all did) that Mr. Lovelace had given them so good a pretence to save me from him now, and for ever.

She ran on about equipages bespoken; talked of my brother's and sister's exultations that now the whole family would soon be reconciled to each other: of the servants' joy upon it: of the expected license: of a visit to be paid me by Dr. Lewen, or another clergyman, whom they named not to her; which was to crown the work: and of other preparations, so particular, as made me dread that they designed to surprise me into a still nearer day than Wednesday.

These things made me excessively uneasy. I knew not what to resolve upon.

At one time, What have I to do, thought I, but to throw myself at once into the protection of Lady Betty Lawrance? — But then, in resentment of his fine contrivances, which had so abominably disconcerted me, I soon resolved to the contrary: and at last concluded to ask the favour of another half-hour's conversation with my aunt.

I sent Betty to her with my request.

She came.

I put it to her, in the most earnest manner, to tell me, whether I might not obtain the favour of a fortnight's respite?

She assured me, it would not be granted.

Would a week? Surely a week would?

She believed a week might, if I would promise two things: the first, upon my honour, not to write a line out of the house, in that week: for it was still suspected, she said, that I found means to write to somebody. And, secondly, to marry Mr. Solmes, at the expiration of it.

Impossible! Impossible! I said with a passion — What! might not I be obliged with one week, without such a horrid condition as the last?

She would go down, she said, that she might not seem of her own head to put upon me what I thought a hardship so great.

She went down: and came up again.

Did I want, was the answer, to give the vilest of men an opportunity to put his murderous schemes into execution? — It was time for them to put an end to my obstinacy (they were tired out with me) and to his hopes at once. And an end should be put on Tuesday or Wednesday next, at furthest; unless I would give my

honour to comply with the condition upon which my aunt had been so good as to allow me a longer time.

I even stamped with impatience! — I called upon her to witness, that I was guiltless of the consequence of this compulsion; this barbarous compulsion, I called it; let that consequence be what it would.

My aunt chid me in a higher strain than ever she did before.

While I, in a half phrensy, insisted upon seeing my father; such usage, I said, set me above fear. I would rejoice to owe my death to him, as I did my life.

I did go down half way of the stairs, resolved to throw myself at his feet wherever he was. — My aunt was frighted. She owned, that she feared for my head. — Indeed I was in a perfect phrensy for a few minutes — but hearing my brother's voice, as talking to somebody in my sister's apartment just by, I stopt; and heard the barbarous designer say, speaking to my sister, This works charmingly, my dear Arabella!

It does! It does! said she, in an exulting accent.

Let us keep it up, said my brother. — The villain is caught in his own trap! — Now must she be what we would have her be.

Do you keep my father to it; I'll take care of my mother, said Bella.

Never fear, said he! — and a laugh of congratulation to each other, and derision of me (as I made it out) quite turned my frantic humour into a vindictive one.

My aunt then just coming down to me, and taking my hand led me up; and tried to sooth me.

My raving was turned into sullenness.

She preached patience and obedience to me.

I was silent.

At last she desired me to assure her, that I would offer no violence to myself.

God, I said, had given me more grace, I hoped, than to permit me to be guilty of so horrid a rashness, I was his creature, and not my own.

She then took leave of me; and I insisted upon her taking down with her the odious parchments.

Seeing me in so ill an humour, and very earnest that she should take them with her, she took them; but said, that my father should not know that she did: and hoped I would better consider of the matter, and be calmer next time they were offered to my perusal.

I revolved after she was gone all that my brother and sister had said. I dwelt upon their triumphings over me; and found rise in my mind a rancour that was new to me; and which I could not withstand. — And putting every thing together, dreading the near day, what could I do? — Am I in any manner excusable for

what I did do? — If I shall be condemned by the world, who know not my provocations, may I be acquitted by you? — If not, I am unhappy indeed! — for this I did.

Having shaken off the impertinent Betty, I wrote to Mr. Lovelace, to let him know, 'That all that was threatened at my uncle Antony's, was intended to be executed here. That I had come to a resolution to throw myself upon the protection of either of his two aunts, who would afford it me — in short, that by endeavouring to obtain leave on Monday to dine in the ivy summer-house, I would, if possible, meet him without the garden-door, at two, three, four, or five o'clock on Monday afternoon, as I should be able. That in the mean time he should acquaint me, whether I might hope for either of those ladies' protection: and if I might, I absolutely insisted that he should leave me with either, and go to London himself, or remain at Lord M.'s; nor offer to visit me, till I were satisfied that nothing could be done with my friends in an amicable way; and that I could not obtain possession of my own estate, and leave to live upon it: and particularly, that he should not hint marriage to me, till I consented to hear him upon that subject. — I added, that if he could prevail upon one of the Misses Montague to favour me with her company on the road, it would make me abundantly more easy in the thoughts of carrying into effect a resolution which I had not come to, although so driven, but with the utmost reluctance and concern; and which would throw such a slur upon my reputation in the eye of the world, as perhaps I should never be able to wipe off.'

This was the purport of what I wrote; and down into the garden I slid with it in the dark, which at another time I should not have had the courage to do; and deposited it, and came up again unknown to any body.

My mind so dreadfully misgave me when I returned, that, to divert in some measure my increasing uneasiness, I had recourse to my private pen; and in a very short time ran this length.

And now, that I am come to this part, my uneasy reflections begin again to pour in upon me. Yet what can I do? — I believe I shall take it back again the first thing in the morning — Yet what can I do?

And who knows but they may have a still earlier day in their intention, than that which will too soon come?

I hope to deposit this early in the morning for you, as I shall return from resuming my letter, if I do resume it as my inwardest mind bids me.

Although it is now near two o'clock, I have a good mind to slide down once more, in order to take back my letter. Our doors are always locked and barred up at eleven; but the seats of the lesser hall-windows being almost even with the ground without, and the shutters not difficult to open, I could easily get out.

Yet why should I be thus uneasy, since, should the letter go, I can but hear what Mr. Lovelace says to it? His aunts live at too great a distance for him to have an immediate answer from them; so I can scruple going to them till I have invitation. I can insist upon one of his cousins meeting me in the chariot; and may he not be able to obtain that favour from either of them. Twenty things may happen to afford me a suspension at least: Why should I be so very uneasy? — When likewise I can take back my letter early, before it is probable he will have the thought of finding it there. Yet he owns he spends three parts of his days, and has done for this fortnight past, in loitering about sometimes in one disguise, sometimes in another, besides the attendance given by his trusty servant when he himself is not in waiting, as he calls it.

But these strange forebodings! — Yet I can, if you advise, cause the chariot he shall bring with him, to carry me directly to town, whither in my London scheme, if you were to approve it, I had proposed to go: and this will save you the trouble of procuring for me a vehicle; as well as prevent any suspicion from your mother of your contributing to my escape.

But, solicitous of your advice, and approbation too, if I can have it, I will put an end to this letter.

Adieu, my dearest friend, adieu!

LETTER XL

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY MORNING, SEVEN O'CLOCK, APRIL 7.

My aunt Hervey, who is a very early riser, was walking in the garden (Betty attending her, as I saw from my window this morning) when I arose: for after such a train of fatigue and restless nights, I had unhappily overslept myself: so all I durst venture upon, was, to step down to my poultry-yard, and deposit mine of yesterday, and last night. And I am just come up; for she is still in the garden. This prevents me from going to resume my letter, as I think still to do; and hope it will not be too late.

I said, I had unhappily overslept myself: I went to bed about half an hour after two. I told the quarters till five; after which I dropt asleep, and awaked not till past six, and then in great terror, from a dream, which has made such an impression upon me, that, slightly as I think of dreams, I cannot help taking this opportunity to relate it to you.

'Methought my brother, my uncle Antony, and Mr. Solmes, had formed a plot to destroy Mr. Lovelace; who discovering it, and believing I had a hand in it, turned all his rage against me. I thought he made them all fly to foreign parts upon it; and afterwards seizing upon me, carried me into a church-yard; and there, notwithstanding, all my prayers and tears, and protestations of innocence, stabbed me to the heart, and then tumbled me into a deep grave ready dug, among two or three half-dissolved carcases; throwing in the dirt and earth upon me with his hands, and trampling it down with his feet.'

I awoke in a cold sweat, trembling, and in agonies; and still the frightful images raised by it remain upon my memory.

But why should I, who have such real evils to contend with, regard imaginary ones? This, no doubt, was owing to my disturbed imagination; huddling together wildly all the frightful idea which my aunt's communications and discourse, my letter to Mr. Lovelace, my own uneasiness upon it, and the apprehensions of the dreaded Wednesday, furnished me with.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

The man, my dear, has got the letter! — What a strange diligence! I wish he mean me well, that he takes so much pains! — Yet, to be ingenuous, I must own, that I should be displeased if he took less — I wish, however, he had been an hundred miles off! — What an advantage have I given him over me!

Now the letter is out of my power, I have more uneasiness and regret than I had before. For, till now, I had a doubt, whether it should or should not go: and now I think it ought not to have gone. And yet is there any other way than to do as I have done, if I would avoid Solmes? But what a giddy creature shall I be thought, if I pursue the course to which this letter must lead me?

My dearest friend, tell me, have I done wrong? — Yet do not say I have, if you think it; for should all the world besides condemn me, I shall have some comfort, if you do not. The first time I ever besought you to flatter me. That, of itself, is an indication that I have done wrong, and am afraid of hearing the truth — O tell me (but yet do not tell me) if I have done wrong!

FRIDAY, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

My aunt has made me another visit. She began what she had to say with letting me know that my friends are all persuaded that I still correspond with Mr. Lovelace; as is plain, she said, by hints and menaces he throws out, which shew that he is apprized of several things that have passed between my relations and me, sometimes within a very little while after they have happened.

Although I approve not of the method he stoops to take to come at his intelligence, yet it is not prudent in me to clear myself by the ruin of the corrupted servant, (although his vileness has neither my connivance nor approbation,) since my doing so might occasion the detection of my own correspondence; and so frustrate all the hopes I have to avoid this Solmes. Yet it is not at all likely, that this very agent of Mr. Lovelace acts a double part between my brother and him: How else can our family know (so soon too) his menaces upon the passages they hint at?

I assured my aunt, that I was too much ashamed of the treatment I met with (and that from every one's sake as well as for my own) to acquaint Mr. Lovelace with the particulars of that treatment, even were the means of corresponding with him afforded me: that I had reason to think, that if he were to know of it from me, we must be upon such terms, that he would not scruple making some visits, which would give me great apprehensions. They all knew, I said, that I had no communication with any of my father's servants, except my sister's Betty Barnes: for although I had a good opinion of them all, and believed, if left to their own inclinations, that they would be glad to serve me; yet, finding by their shy behaviour, that they were under particular direction, I had forborn, ever since my Hannah had been so disgracefully dismissed, so much as to speak to any of them, for fear I should be the occasion of their losing their places too. They must, therefore, account among themselves for the intelligence Mr. Lovelace met with,

since neither my brother nor sister, (as Betty had frequently, in praise of their open hearts, informed me,) nor perhaps their favourite Mr. Solmes, were all careful before whom they spoke, when they had any thing to throw out against him, or even against me, whom they took great pride to join with him on this occasion.

It was but too natural, my aunt said, for my friends to suppose that he had his intelligence (part of it at least) from me; who, thinking yourself hardly treated, might complain of it, if not to him, to Miss Howe; which, perhaps, might be the same thing; for they knew Miss Howe spoke as freely of them, as they could do of Mr. Lovelace; and must have the particulars she spoke of from somebody who knew what was done here. That this determined my father to bring the whole matter to a speedy issue, lest fatal consequences should ensue.

I perceive you are going to speak with warmth, proceeded she: [and so I was] for my own part I am sure, you would not write any thing, if you do write, to inflame so violent a spirit. — But this is not the end of my present visit.

You cannot, my dear, but be convinced, that your father will be obeyed. The more you contend against his will, the more he thinks himself obliged to assert his authority. Your mother desires me to tell you, that if you will give her the least hopes of a dutiful compliance, she will be willing to see you in her closet just now, while your father is gone to take a walk in the garden.

Astonishing perseverance! said I — I am tired with making declarations and with pleadings on this subject; and had hoped, that my resolution being so well known, I should not have been further urged upon it.

You mistake the purport of my present visit, Miss: [looking gravely] — Heretofore you have been desired and prayed to obey and oblige your friends. Entreaty is at an end: they give it up. Now it is resolved upon, that your father's will is to be obeyed; as it is fit it should. Some things are laid at your door, as if you concurred with Lovelace's threatened violence to carry you off, which your mother will not believe. She will tell you her own good opinion of you. She will tell you how much she still loves you; and what she expects of you on the approaching occasion. But yet, that she may not be exposed to an opposition which would the more provoke her, she desires that you will first assure her that you go down with a resolution to do that with a grace which must be done with or without a grace. And besides, she wants to give you some advice how to proceed in order to reconcile yourself to your father, and to every body else. Will you go down, Miss Clary, or will you not?

I said, I should think myself happy, could I be admitted to my mother's presence, after so long a banishment from it; but that I could not wish it upon those terms.

And this is your answer, Niece?

It must be my answer, Madam. Come what may, I never will have Mr. Solmes. It is cruel to press this matter so often upon me. — I never will have that man.

Down she went with displeasure. I could not help it. I was quite tired with so many attempts, all to the same purpose. I am amazed that they are not! — So little variation! and no concession on either side!

I will go down and deposit this; for Betty has seen I have been writing. The saucy creature took a napkin, and dipt it in water, and with a fleering air, here, Miss; holding the wet corner to me.

What's that for? said I.

Only, Miss, one of the fingers of your right-hand, if you please to look at it.

It was inky.

I gave her a look; but said nothing.

But, lest I should have another search, I will close here.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, ONE O'CLOCK.

I have a letter from Mr. Lovelace, full of transports, vows, and promises. I will send it to you enclosed. You'll see how 'he engages in it for Lady Betty's protection, and for Miss Charlotte Montague's accompanying me. I have nothing to do, but to persevere, he says, and prepare to receive the personal congratulations of his whole family.'

But you'll see how he presumes upon my being his, as the consequence of throwing myself into that lady's protection.

'The chariot and six is to be ready at the place he mentions. You'll see as to the slur upon my reputation, about which I am so apprehensive, how boldly he argues.' Generously enough, indeed, were I to be his; and had given him to believe that I would. — But that I have not done.

How one step brings on another with this encroaching sex; how soon a young creature, who gives a man the least encouragement, be carried beyond her intentions, and out of her own power! You would imagine, by what he writes, that I have given him reason to think that my aversion to Mr. Solmes is all owing to my favour for him.

The dreadful thing is, that comparing what he writes from his intelligencer of what is designed against me (though he seems not to know the threatened day) with what my aunt and Betty assure me of, there can be no hope for me, but that I must be Solmes's wife, if I stay here.

I had better have gone to my uncle Antony's at this rate. I should have gained time, at least, by it. This is the fruit of his fine contrivances!

'What we are to do, and how good he is to be: how I am to direct all his future steps.' All this shews, as I said before, that he is sure of me.

However, I have replied to the following effect: 'That although I had given him room to expect that I would put myself into the protection of one of the ladies of his family; yet as I have three days to come, between this and Monday, and as I still hope that my friends will relent, or that Mr. Solmes will give up a point they will find impossible to carry; I shall not look upon myself as absolutely bound by the appointment: and expect therefore, if I recede, that I shall not again be called to account for it by him. That I think it necessary to acquaint him, that if my throwing myself upon Lady Betty Lawrance's protection, as he proposed, he understands, that I mean directly to put myself into his power, he is very much mistaken: for that there are many point in which I must be satisfied; several

matters to be adjusted, even after I have left this house, (if I do leave it,) before I can think of giving him any particular encouragement: that in the first place he must expect that I will do my utmost to procure my father's reconciliation and approbation of my future steps; and that I will govern myself entirely by his commands, in every reasonable point, as much as if I had not left his house: that if he imagines I shall not reserve to myself this liberty, but that my withdrawing is to give him any advantages which he would not otherwise have had; I am determined to stay where I am, and abide the event, in hopes that my friends will still accept of my reiterated promise never to marry him, or any body else, without their consent.

This I will deposit as soon as I can. And as he thinks things are near their crisis, I dare say it will not be long before I have an answer to it.

FRIDAY, FOUR O'CLOCK.

I am really ill. I was used to make the best of any little accidents that befel me, for fear of making my then affectionate friends uneasy: but now I shall make the worst of my indisposition, in hopes to obtain a suspension of the threatened evil of Wednesday next. And if I do obtain it, will postpone my appointment with Mr. Lovelace.

Betty has told them that I am very much indisposed. But I have no pity from any body.

I believe I am become the object of every one's aversion; and that they would all be glad if I were dead. Indeed I believe it. 'What ails the perverse creature?' cries one:— 'Is she love-sick?' another.

I was in the ivy summer-house, and came out shivering with cold, as if aguishly affected. Betty observed this, and reported it.— 'O no matter! — Let her shiver on! — Cold cannot hurt her. Obstinacy will defend her from harm. Perverseness is a bracer to a love-sick girl, and more effectual than the cold bath to make hardy, although the constitution be ever so tender.'

This was said by a cruel brother, and heard said by the dearer friends of one, for whom, but a few months ago, every body was apprehensive at the least blast of wind to which she exposed herself!

Betty, it must be owned, has an admirable memory on these occasions. Nothing of this nature is lost by her repetition: even the very air with which she repeats what she hears said, renders it unnecessary to ask, who spoke this or that severe thing.

FRIDAY, SIX O'CLOCK.

My aunt, who again stays all night, just left me. She came to tell me the result of my friends' deliberations about me. It is this:

Next Wednesday morning they are all to be assembled: to wit, my father, mother, my uncles, herself, and my uncle Hervey; my brother and sister of course: my good Mrs. Norton is likewise to be admitted: and Dr. Lewen is to be at hand, to exhort me, it seems, if there be occasion: but my aunt is not certain whether he is to be among them, or to tarry till called in.

When this awful court is assembled, the poor prisoner is to be brought in, supported by Mrs. Norton; who is to be first tutored to instruct me in the duty of a child; which it seems I have forgotten.

Nor is the success at all doubted, my aunt says: since it is not believed that I can be hardened enough to withstand the expostulations of so venerable a judicature, although I have withstood those of several of them separately. And still the less, as she hints at extraordinary condescensions from my father. But what condescensions, even from my father, can induce me to make such a sacrifice as is expected from me?

Yet my spirits will never bear up, I doubt, at such a tribunal — my father presiding in it.

Indeed I expected that my trials would not be at an end till he had admitted me into his awful presence.

What is hoped from me, she says, is, that I will cheerfully, on Tuesday night, if not before, sign the articles; and so turn the succeeding day's solemn convention into a day of festivity. I am to have the license sent me up, however, and once more the settlements, that I may see how much in earnest they are.

She further hinted, that my father himself would bring up the settlements for me to sign.

O my dear! what a trial will this be! — How shall I be able to refuse my father the writing of my name? — To my father, from whose presence I have been so long banished! — He commanding and entreating, perhaps, in a breath! — How shall I be able to refuse this to my father?

They are sure, she says, something is working on Mr. Lovelace's part, and perhaps on mine: and my father would sooner follow to the grave, than see me his wife.

I said, I was not well: that the very apprehensions of these trials were already insupportable to me; and would increase upon me, as the time approached; and I was afraid I should be extremely ill.

They had prepared themselves for such an artifice as that, was my aunt's unkind word; and she could assure me, it would stand me in no stead.

Artifice! repeated I: and this from my aunt Hervey?

Why, my dear, said she, do you think people are fools? — Can they not see how dismally you endeavour to sigh yourself down within-doors? — How you

hang down your sweet face [those were the words she was pleased to use] upon your bosom? — How you totter, as it were, and hold by this chair, and by that door post, when you know that any body sees you? [This, my dear Miss Howe, is an aspersion to fasten hypocrisy and contempt upon me: my brother's or sister's aspersion! — I am not capable of arts so low.] But the moment you are down with your poultry, or advancing upon your garden-walk, and, as you imagine, out of every body's sight, it is seem how nimbly you trip along; and what an alertness governs all your motions.

I should hate myself, said I, were I capable of such poor artifices as these. I must be a fool to use them, as well as a mean creature; for have I not had experience enough, that my friends are incapable of being moved in much more affecting instances? — But you'll see how I shall be by Tuesday.

My dear, you will not offer any violence to your health? — I hope, God has given you more grace than to do that.

I hope he has, Madam. But there is violence enough offered, and threatened, to affect my health; and so it will be found, without my needing to have recourse to any other, or to artifice either.

I'll only tell you one thing, my dear: and that is, ill or well, the ceremony will probably be performed before Wednesday night: — but this, also, I will tell you, although beyond my present commission, That Mr. Solmes will be under an engagement (if you should require it of him as a favour) after the ceremony is passed, and Lovelace's hopes thereby utterly extinguished, to leave you at your father's, and return to his own house every evening, until you are brought to a full sense of your duty, and consent to acknowledge your change of name.

There was no opening of my lips to such a speech as this. I was dumb.

And these, my dear Miss Howe, are they who, some of them at least, have called me a romantic girl! — This is my chimerical brother, and wise sister; both joining their heads together, I dare say. And yet, my aunt told me, that the last part was what took in my mother: who had, till that last expedient was found out, insisted, that her child should not be married, if, through grief or opposition, she should be ill, or fall into fits.

This intended violence my aunt often excused, by the certain information they pretended to have, of some plots or machinations, that were ready to break out, from Mr. Lovelace:* the effects of which were thus cunningly to be frustrated.

* It may not be amiss to observe in this place, that Mr. Lovelace artfully contrived to drive the family on, by permitting his and their agent Leman to report machinations, which he had neither intention nor power to execute.

FRIDAY, NINE O'CLOCK.

And now, my dear, what shall I conclude upon? You see how determined — But how can I expect your advice will come time enough to stand me in any stead? For here I have been down, and already have another letter from Mr. Lovelace [the man lives upon the spot, I think:] and I must write to him, either that I will or will not stand to my first resolution of escaping hence on Monday next. If I let him know that I will not, (appearances so strong against him and for Solmes, even stronger than when I made the appointment,) will it not be justly deemed my own fault, if I am compelled to marry their odious man? And if any mischief ensue from Mr. Lovelace's rage and disappointment, will it not lie at my door? — Yet, he offers so fair! — Yet, on the other hand, to incur the censure of the world, as a giddy creature — but that, as he hints, I have already incurred — What can I do? — Oh! that my cousin Morden — But what signifies wishing?

I will here give you the substance of Mr. Lovelace's letter. The letter itself I will send, when I have answered it; but that I will defer doing as long as I can, in hopes of finding reason to retract an appointment on which so much depends. And yet it is necessary you should have all before you as I go along, that you may be the better able to advise me in this dreadful crisis.

'He begs my pardon for writing with so much assurance; attributing it to his unbounded transport; and entirely acquiesces to me in my will. He is full of alternatives and proposals. He offers to attend me directly to Lady Betty's; or, if I had rather, to my own estate; and that my Lord M. shall protect me there.' [He knows not, my dear, my reasons for rejecting this inconsiderate advice.] 'In either case, as soon as he sees me safe, he will go up to London, or whither I please; and not come near me, but by my own permission; and till I am satisfied in every thing I am doubtful of, as well with regard to his reformation, as to settlements, &c.

'To conduct me to you, my dear, is another of his proposals, not doubting, he says, but your mother will receive me:* or, if that be not agreeable to you, or to your mother, or to me, he will put me into Mr. Hickman's protection; whom, no doubt he says, you can influence; and that it may be given out, that I have gone to Bath, or Bristol, or abroad; wherever I please.

* See Note in Letter V. of this Volume.

'Again, if it be more agreeable, he proposes to attend me privately to London, where he will procure handsome lodgings for me, and both his cousins Montague to receive me in them, and to accompany me till all shall be adjusted to my mind; and till a reconciliation shall be effected; which he assures me nothing shall be wanting in him to facilitate, greatly as he has been insulted by all my family.

'These several measures he proposes to my choice; as it was unlikely, he says, that he could procure, in the time, a letter from Lady Betty, under her own hand,

to invite me in form to her house, unless he had been himself to go to that lady for it; which, at this critical juncture, while he is attending my commands, is impossible.

‘He conjures me, in the most solemn manner, if I would not throw him into utter despair, to keep to my appointment.

‘However, instead of threatening my relations, or Solmes, if I recede, he respectfully says, that he doubts not, but that, if I do, it will be upon the reason, as he ought to be satisfied with; upon no slighter, he hopes, than their leaving me at full liberty to pursue my own inclinations: in which (whatever they shall be) he will entirely acquiesce; only endeavouring to make his future good behaviour the sole ground for his expectation of my favour.

‘In short, he solemnly vows, that his whole view, at present, is to free me from my imprisonment; and to restore me to my future happiness. He declares, that neither the hopes he has of my future favour, nor the consideration of his own and his family’s honour, will permit him to propose any thing that shall be inconsistent with my own most scrupulous notions: and, for my mind’s sake, should choose to have the proposed end obtained by my friends declining to compel me. But that nevertheless, as to the world’s opinion, it is impossible to imagine that the behaviour of my relations to me has not already brought upon my family those free censures which they deserve, and caused the step which I am so scrupulous about taking, to be no other than the natural and expected consequence of their treatment of me.’

Indeed, I am afraid all this is true: and it is owing to some little degree of politeness, that Mr. Lovelace does not say all he might on this subject: for I have no doubt that I am the talk, and perhaps the bye-word of half the county. If so, I am afraid I can now do nothing that will give me more disgrace than I have already so causelessly received by their indiscreet persecutions: and let me be whose I will, and do what I will, I shall never wipe off the stain which my confinement, and the rigorous usage I have received, have fixed upon me; at least in my own opinion.

I wish, if ever I am to be considered as one of the eminent family this man is allied to, some of them do not think the worse of me for the disgrace I have received. In that case, perhaps, I shall be obliged to him, if he do not. You see how much this harsh, this cruel treatment from my own family has humbled me! But perhaps I was too much exalted before.

Mr. Lovelace concludes, ‘with repeatedly begging an interview with me; and that, this night, if possible: an hour, he says, he is the more encouraged to solicit for, as I had twice before made him hope for it. But whether he obtain it or not, he beseeches me to choose one of the alternatives he offers to my acceptance; and

not to depart from my resolution of escaping on Monday, unless the reason ceases on which I had taken it up; and that I have a prospect of being restored to the favour of my friends; at least to my own liberty, and freedom of choice.'

He renews all his vows and promises on this head in so earnest and so solemn a manner, that (his own interest, and his family's honour, and their favour for me, co-operating) I can have no room to doubt of his sincerity.

LETTER XLII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SAT. MORN., EIGHT O'CLOCK, APRIL 8.

Whether you will blame me or not, I cannot tell, but I have deposited a letter confirming my resolution to leave this house on Monday next, within the hour mentioned in my former, if possible. I have not kept a copy of it. But this is the substance:

I tell him, 'That I have no way to avoid the determined resolution of my friends in behalf of Mr. Solmes, but by abandoning this house by his assistance.'

I have not pretended to make a merit with him on this score; for I plainly tell him, 'That could I, without an unpardonable sin, die when I would, I would sooner make death my choice, than take a step, which all the world, if not my own heart, would condemn me for taking.'

I tell him, 'That I shall not try to bring any other clothes with me than those I shall have on; and those but my common wearing-apparel; lest I should be suspected. That I must expect to be denied the possession of my estate: but that I am determined never to consent to a litigation with my father, were I to be reduced to ever so low a state: so that the protection I am to be obliged for to any one, must be alone for the distress sake. That, therefore, he will have nothing to hope for from this step that he had not before: and that in ever light I reserve to myself to accept or refuse his address, as his behaviour and circumspection shall appear to me to deserve.'

I tell him, 'That I think it best to go into a private lodging in the neighbourhood of Lady Betty Lawrance; and not to her ladyship's house; that it may not appear to the world that I have refuged myself in his family; and that a reconciliation with my friends may not, on that account, be made impracticable: that I will send for thither my faithful Hannah; and apprize only Miss Howe where I am: that he shall instantly leave me, and go to London, or to one of Lord M.'s seats; and as he had promised not to come near me, but by my leave; contenting himself with a correspondence by letter only.

'That if I find myself in danger of being discovered, and carried back by violence, I will then throw myself directly into the protection either of Lady Betty or Lady Sarah: but this only in case of absolute necessity; for that it will be more to my reputation, for me, by the best means I can, (taking advantage of my privacy,) to enter by a second or third hand into a treaty of reconciliation with my friends.

‘That I must, however, plainly tell him, ‘That if, in this treaty, my friends insist upon my resolving against marrying him, I will engage to comply with them; provided they will allow me to promise him, that I will never be the wife of any other man while he remains single, or is living: that this is a compliment I am willing to pay him, in return for the trouble and pains he has taken, and the usage he has met with on my account: although I intimate, that he may, in a great measure, thank himself (by reason of the little regard he has paid to his reputation) for the slights he has met with.’

I tell him, ‘That I may, in this privacy, write to my cousin Morden, and, if possible, interest him in my cause.

‘I take some brief notice then of his alternatives.’

You must think, my dear, that this unhappy force upon me, and this projected flight, make it necessary for me to account to him much sooner than I should otherwise choose to do, for every part of my conduct.

‘It is not to be expected, I tell him, that your mother will embroil herself, or suffer you or Mr. Hickman to be embroiled, on my account: and as to his proposal of my going to London, I am such an absolute stranger to every body there, and have such a bad opinion of the place, that I cannot by any means think of going thither; except I should be induced, some time hence, by the ladies of his family to attend them.

‘As to the meeting he is desirous of, I think it by no means proper; especially as it is so likely that I may soon see him. But that if any thing occurs to induce me to change my mind, as to withdrawing, I will then take the first opportunity to see him, and give him my reasons for that change.

This, my dear, I the less scrupled to write, as it might qualify him to bear such a disappointment, should I give it him; he having, besides, behaved so very unexceptionably when he surprised me some time ago in the lonely wood-house.

Finally, ‘I commend myself, as a person in distress, and merely as such, to his honour, and to the protection of the ladies of his family. I repeat [most cordially, I am sure!] my deep concern for being forced to take a step so disagreeable, and so derogatory to my honour. And having told him, that I will endeavour to obtain leave to dine in the Ivy Summer-house,* and to send Betty of some errand, when there, I leave the rest to him; but imagine, that about four o’clock will be a proper time for him to contrive some signal to let me know he is at hand, and for me to unbolt the garden-door.’

* The Ivy Summer-house (or Ivy Bower, as it was sometimes called in the family) was a place, that from a girl, this young lady delighted in. She used, in the summer months, frequently to sit and work, and read, and write, and draw,

and (when permitted) to breakfast, and dine, and sometimes to sup, in it; especially when Miss Howe, who had an equal liking to it, was her visiter and guest.

She describes it, in another letter (which appears not) as ‘pointing to a pretty variegated landscape of wood, water, and hilly country; which had pleased her so much, that she had drawn it; the piece hanging up, in her parlous, among some of her other drawings.’

I added, by way of postscript, ‘That their suspicions seeming to increase, I advise him to contrive to send or some to the usual place, as frequently as possible, in the interval of time till Monday morning ten or eleven o’clock; as something may possibly happen to make me alter my mind.’

O my dear Miss Howe! — what a sad, sad thing is the necessity, forced upon me, for all this preparation and contrivance! — But it is now too late! — But how! — Too late, did I say? — What a word is that! — What a dreadful thing, were I to repent, to find it to be too late to remedy the apprehended evil!

SATURDAY, TEN O’CLOCK.

Mr. Solmes is here. He is to dine with his new relations, as Betty tells me he already calls them.

He would have thrown himself in my way once more: but I hurried up to my prison, in my return from my garden-walk, to avoid him.

I had, when in the garden, the curiosity to see if my letter were gone: I cannot say with an intention to take it back again if it were not, because I see not how I could do otherwise than I have done; yet, what a caprice! when I found it gone, I began (as yesterday morning) to wish it had not: for no other reason, I believe, than because it was out of my power.

A strange diligence in this man! — He says, he almost lives upon the place; and I think so too.

He mentions, as you will see in his letter, four several disguises, which he puts on in one day. It is a wonder, nevertheless, that he has not been seen by some of our tenants: for it is impossible that any disguise can hide the gracefulness of his figure. But this is to be said, that the adjoining grounds being all in our own hands, and no common foot-paths near that part of the garden, and through the park and coppice, nothing can be more bye and unfrequented.

Then they are less watchful, I believe, over my garden-walks, and my poultry-visits, depending, as my aunt hinted, upon the bad character they have taken so much pains to fasten upon Mr. Lovelace. This, they think, (and justly think,) must fill me with doubts. And then the regard I have hitherto had for my reputation is another of their securities. Were it not for these two, they would not surely have used me as they have done; and at the same time left me the opportunities which I

have several times had, to get away, had I been disposed to do so:* and, indeed, their dependence on both these motives would have been well founded, had they kept but tolerable measures with me.

* They might, no doubt, make a dependence upon the reasons she gives: but their chief reliance was upon the vigilance of their Joseph Leman; little imagining what an implement he was of Mr. Lovelace.

Then, perhaps, they have no notion of the back-door; as it is seldom opened, and leads to a place so pathless and lonesome.* If not, there can be no other way to escape (if one would) unless by the plashy lane, so full of springs, by which your servant reaches the solitary wood house; to which lane one must descend from a high bank, that bounds the poultry yard. For, as to the front-way, you know, one must pass through the house to that, and in sight of the parlours, and the servants' hall; and then have the open courtyard to go through, and, by means of the iron-gate, be full in view, as one passes over the lawn, for a quarter of a mile together; the young plantations of elms and limes affording yet but little shade or covert.

* This, in another of her letters, (which neither is inserted,) is thus described:— 'A piece of ruins upon it, the remains of an old chapel, now standing in the midst of the coppice; here and there an over-grown oak, surrounded with ivy and mistletoe, starting up, to sanctify, as it were, the awful solemnness of the place: a spot, too, where a man having been found hanging some years ago, it was used to be thought of by us when children, and by the maid-servants, with a degree of terror, (it being actually the habitation of owls, ravens, and other ominous birds,) as haunted by ghosts, goblins, specters: the genuine result of the country loneliness and ignorance: notions which, early propagated, are apt to leave impressions even upon minds grown strong enough at the same time to despise the like credulous follies in others.'

The Ivy Summer-house is the most convenient for this heart-affecting purpose of any spot in the garden, as it is not far from the back-door, and yet in another alley, as you may remember. Then it is seldom resorted to by any body else, except in the summer-months, because it is cool. When they loved me, they would often, for this reason, object to my long continuance in it: — but now, it is no matter what becomes of me. Besides, cold is a bracer, as my brother said yesterday.

Here I will deposit what I have written. Let me have your prayers, my dear; and your approbation, or your censure, of the steps I have taken: for yet it may not be quite too late to revoke the appointment. I am

Your most affectionate and faithful CL. HARLOWE.

Why will you send your servant empty-handed?

LETTER XLIII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SAT. AFTERNOON.

By your last date of ten o'clock in your letter of this day, you could not long have deposited it before Robin took it. He rode hard, and brought it to be just as I had risen from table.

You may justly blame me for sending my messenger empty-handed, your situation considered; and yet that very situation (so critical!) is partly the reason for it: for indeed I knew not what to write, fit to send you.

I have been inquiring privately, how to procure you a conveyance from Harlowe-place, and yet not appear in it; knowing, that to oblige in the fact, and to disoblige in the manner, is but obliging by halves: my mother being moreover very suspicious, and very uneasy; made more so by daily visits from your uncle Antony; who tells her, that every thing is now upon the point of being determined; and hopes, that her daughter will not so interfere, as to discourage your compliance with their wills. This I came at by a way that I cannot take notice of, or both should hear of it in a manner neither would like: and, without that, my mother and I have had almost hourly bickerings.

I found more difficulty than I expected (as the time was confined, and secrecy required, and as you so earnestly forbid me to accompany you in your enterprise) in procuring you a vehicle. Had you not obliged me to keep measures with my mother, I could have managed it with ease. I could even have taken our own chariot, on one pretence or other, and put two horses extraordinary to it, if I had thought fit; and I could, when we had got to London, have sent it back, and nobody the wiser as to the lodgings we might have taken.

I wish to the Lord you had permitted this. Indeed I think you are too punctilious a great deal for you situation. Would you expect to enjoy yourself with your usual placidness, and not to be ruffled, in an hurricane which every moment threatens to blow your house down?

Had your distress sprung from yourself, that would have been another thing. But when all the world knows where to lay the fault, this alters the case.

How can you say I am happy, when my mother, to her power, is as much an abettor of their wickedness to my dearest friend, as your aunt, or any body else? — and this through the instigation of that odd-headed and foolish uncle of yours, who [sorry creature that he is!] keeps her up to resolutions which are unworthy of her, for an example to me, if it please you. Is not this cause enough for me to

ground a resentment upon, sufficient to justify me for accompanying you; the friendship between us so well known?

Indeed, my dear, the importance of the case considered, I must repeat, that you are too nice. Don't they already think that your non-compliance with their odious measures is owing a good deal to my advice? Have they not prohibited our correspondence upon that very surmise? And have I, but on your account, reason to value what they think?

Besides, What discredit have I to fear by such a step? What detriment? Would Hickman, do you believe, refuse me upon it? — If he did, should I be sorry for that? — Who is it, that has a soul, who would not be affected by such an instance of female friendship?

But I should vex and disorder my mother! — Well, that is something: but not more than she vexes and disorders me, on her being made an implement by such a sorry creature, who ambles hither every day in spite to my dearest friend — Woe be to both, if it be for a double end! — Chide me, if you will: I don't care.

I say, and I insist upon it, such a step would ennoble your friend: and if still you will permit it, I will take the office out of Lovelace's hands; and, to-morrow evening, or on Monday before his time of appointment takes place, will come in a chariot, or chaise: and then, my dear, if we get off as I wish, will we make terms (and what terms we please) with them all. My mother will be glad to receive her daughter again, I warrant: and Hickman will cry for joy on my return; or he shall for sorrow.

But you are so very earnestly angry with me for proposing such a step, and have always so much to say for your side of any question, that I am afraid to urge it farther. — Only be so good (let me add) as to encourage me to resume it, if, upon farther consideration, and upon weighing matters well, (and in this light, whether best to go off with me, or with Lovelace,) you can get over your punctilious regard for my reputation. A woman going away with a woman is not so discreditable a thing, surely! and with no view, but to avoid the fellows! — I say, only to be so good, as to consider this point; and if you can get over your scruples on my account, do. And so I will have done with this argument for the present; and apply myself to some of the passages in yours.

A time, I hope, will come, that I shall be able to read your affecting narratives without the impatient bitterness which now boils over in my heart, and would flow to my pen, were I to enter into the particulars of what you write. And indeed I am afraid of giving you my advice at all, or telling you what I should do in your case (supposing you will still refuse my offer; finding too what you have been brought or rather driven to without it); lest any evil should follow it: in which case, I should never forgive myself. And this consideration has added to my

difficulties in writing to you now you are upon such a crisis, and yet refuse the only method — but I said, I would not for the present touch any more that string. Yet, one word more, chide me if you please: If any harm betide you, I shall for ever blame my mother — indeed I shall — and perhaps yourself, if you do not accept my offer.

But one thing, in your present situation and prospects, let me advise: It is this, that if you do go off with Mr. Lovelace, you take the first opportunity to marry. Why should you not, when every body will know by whose assistance, and in whose company, you leave your father's house, go whithersoever you will? — You may indeed keep him at a distance, until settlements are drawn, and such like matters are adjusted to your mind: but even these are matters of less consideration in your particular case, than they would be in that of most others: and first, because, be his other faults what they will, nobody thinks him an ungenerous man: next, because the possession of your estate must be given up to you as soon as your cousin Morden comes; who, as your trustee, will see it done; and done upon proper terms: 3dly, because there is no want of fortune on his side: 4thly, because all his family value you, and are extremely desirous that you should be their relation: 5thly, because he makes no scruple of accepting you without conditions. You see how he has always defied your relations: [I, for my own part, can forgive him for the fault: nor know I, if it be not a noble one:] and I dare say, he had rather call you his, without a shilling, than be under obligation to those whom he has full as little reason to love, as they have to love him. You have heard, that his own relations cannot make his proud spirit submit to owe any favour to them.

For all these reasons, I think, you may the less stand upon previous settlements. It is therefore my absolute opinion, that, if you do withdraw with him, (and in that case you must let him be judge when he can leave you with safety, you'll observe that,) you should not postpone the ceremony.

Give this matter your most serious consideration. Punctilio is out of doors the moment you are out of your father's house. I know how justly severe you have been upon those inexcusable creatures, whose giddiness and even want of decency have made them, in the same hour as I may say, leap from a parent's window to a husband's bed — but considering Lovelace's character, I repeat my opinion, that your reputation in the eye of the world requires no delay be made in this point, when once you are in his power.

I need not, I am sure, make a stronger plea to you.

You say, in excuse for my mother, (what my fervent love for my friend very ill brooks,) that we ought not to blame any one for not doing what she has an opinion to do, or to let alone. This, in cases of friendship, would admit of very

strict discussion. If the thing requested be of greater consequence, or even of equal, to the person sought to, and it were, as the old phrase has it, to take a thorn out of one's friend's foot to put in into one's own, something might be said. — Nay, it would be, I will venture to say, a selfish thing in us to ask a favour of a friend which would subject that friend to the same or equal inconvenience as that from which we wanted to be relieved, The requested would, in this case, teach his friend, by his own selfish example, with much better reason, to deny him, and despise a friendship so merely nominal. But if, by a less inconvenience to ourselves, we could relieve our friend from a greater, the refusal of such a favour makes the refuser unworthy of the name of friend: nor would I admit such a one, not even into the outermost fold of my heart.

I am well aware that this is your opinion of friendship, as well as mine: for I owe the distinction to you, upon a certain occasion; and it saved me from a very great inconvenience, as you must needs remember. But you were always for making excuses for other people, in cases wherein you would not have allowed of one for yourself.

I must own, that were these excuses for a friend's indifference, or denial, made by any body but you, in a case of such vast importance to herself, and of so comparative a small one to those for whose protection she would be thought to wish; I, who am for ever, as you have often remarked, endeavouring to trace effects to their causes, should be ready to suspect that there was a latent, unowned inclination, which balancing, or preponderating rather, made the issue of the alternative (however important) sit more lightly upon the excuser's mind than she cared to own.

You will understand me, my dear. But if you do not, it may be well for me; for I am afraid I shall have it from you for but starting such a notion, or giving a hint, which perhaps, as you did once in another case, you will reprimandingly call, 'Not being able to forego the ostentation of sagacity, though at the expense of that tenderness which is due to friendship and charity.'

What signifies owning a fault without mending it, you'll say? — Very true, my dear. But you know I ever was a saucy creature — ever stood in need of great allowances. — And I remember, likewise, that I ever had them from my dear Clarissa. Nor do I doubt them now: for you know how much I love you — if it be possible, more than myself I love you! Believe me, my dear: and, in consequence of that belief, you will be able to judge how much I am affected by your present distressful and critical situation; which will not suffer me to pass by without a censure even that philosophy of temper in your own cause, which you have not in another's, and which all that know you ever admired you for.

From this critical and distressful situation, it shall be my hourly prayers that you may be delivered without blemish to that fair fame which has hitherto, like your heart, been unspotted.

With this prayer, twenty times repeated, concludes Your ever affectionate, ANNA HOWE.

I hurried myself in writing this; and I hurry Robin away with it, that, in a situation so very critical, you may have all the time possible to consider what I have written, upon two points so very important. I will repeat them in a very few words:

‘Whether you choose not rather to go off with one of your own sex; with your ANNA HOWE — than with one of the other; with Mr. LOVELACE?’

And if not,

‘Whether you should not marry him as soon as possible?’

LETTER XLIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [THE PRECEDING LETTER NOT RECEIVED.] SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Already have I an ecstatic answer, as I may call it, to my letter.

‘He promises compliance with my will in every article: approves of all I propose; particularly of the private lodging: and thinks it a happy expedient to obviate the censures of the busy and the unreflecting: and yet he hopes, that the putting myself into the protection of either of his aunts, (treated as I am treated,) would be far from being looked upon by any body in a disreputable light. But every thing I enjoin or resolve upon must, he says, be right, not only with respect to my present but future reputation; with regard to which, he hopes so to behave himself, as to be allowed to be, next to myself, more properly solicitous than any body. He will only assure me, that his whole family are extremely desirous to take advantage of the persecutions I labour under to make their court, and endear themselves to me, by their best and most cheerful services: happy if they can in any measure contribute to my present freedom and future happiness.

‘He will this afternoon, he says, write to Lord M. and to Lady Betty and Lady Sarah, that he is now within view of being the happiest man in the world, if it be not his own fault; since the only woman upon earth that can make him so will be soon out of danger of being another man’s; and cannot possibly prescribe any terms to him that he shall not think it his duty to comply with.

‘He flatters himself now (my last letter confirming my resolution) that he can be in no apprehension of my changing my mind, unless my friends change their manner of acting by me; which he is too sure they will not.* And now will all his relations, who take such a kind and generous share in his interests, glory and pride themselves in the prospects he has before him.’

* Well might he be so sure, when he had the art to play them off, by his corrupted agent, and to make them all join to promote his views unknown to themselves; as is shewn in some of his preceding letters.

Thus does he hold me to it.

‘As to fortune, he begs me not to be solicitous on that score: that his own estate is sufficient for us both; not a nominal, but a real, two thousand pounds per annum, equivalent to some estates reputed a third more: that it never was encumbered; that he is clear of the world, both as to book and bond debts; thanks, perhaps, to his pride, more than to his virtue: that Lord M. moreover resolves to settle upon him a thousand pounds per annum on his nuptials. And to this, he will

have it, his lordship is instigated more by motives of justice than of generosity; as he must consider it was but an equivalent for an estate which he had got possession of, to which his (Mr. Lovelace's) mother had better pretensions. That his lordship also proposed to give him up either his seat in Hertfordshire, or that in Lancashire, at his own or at his wife's option, especially if I am the person. All which it will be in my power to see done, and proper settlements drawn, before I enter into any farther engagements with him; if I will have it so.'

He says, 'That I need not be under any solicitude as to apparel: all immediate occasions of that sort will be most cheerfully supplied by the ladies of his family: as my others shall, with the greatest pride and pleasure (if I allow him that honour) by himself.

'He assures me, that I shall govern him as I please, with regard to any thing in his power towards effecting a reconciliation with my friends:' a point he knows my heart is set upon.

'He is afraid, that the time will hardly allow of his procuring Miss Charlotte Montague's attendance upon me, at St. Alban's, as he had proposed she should; because, he understands, she keeps her chamber with a violent cold and sore throat. But both she and her sister, the first moment she is able to go abroad, shall visit me at my private lodgings; and introduce me to Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, or those ladies to me, as I shall choose; and accompany me to town, if I please; and stay as long in it with me as I shall think fit to stay there.

'Lord M. will also, at my own time, and in my own manner, (that is to say, either publicly or privately,) make me a visit. And, for his own part, when he has seen me in safety, either in their protection, or in the privacy I prefer, he will leave me, and not attempt to visit me but by my own permission.

'He had thought once, he says, on hearing of his cousin Charlotte's indisposition, to have engaged his cousin Patty's attendance upon me, either in or about the neighbouring village, or at St. Alban's: but, he says, she is a low-spirited, timorous girl, and would but the more have perplexed us.'

So, my dear, the enterprise requires courage and high spirits, you see! — And indeed it does! — What am I about to do!

He himself, it is plain, thinks it necessary that I should be accompanied with one of my own sex. — He might, at least, have proposed the woman of one of the ladies of his family. — Lord bless me! — What am I about to do! —

After all, as far as I have gone, I know not but I may still recede: and, if I do, a mortal quarrel I suppose will ensue. — And what if it does? — Could there be any way to escape this Solmes, a breach with Lovelace might make way for the

single life to take place, which I so much prefer: and then I would defy the sex. For I see nothing but trouble and vexation that they bring upon ours: and when once entered, one is obliged to go on with them, treading, with tender feet, upon thorns, and sharper thorns, to the end of a painful journey.

What to do I know not. The more I think, the more I am embarrassed! — And the stronger will be my doubts as the appointed time draws near.

But I will go down, and take a little turn in the garden; and deposit this, and his letters all but the two last, which I will enclose in my next, if I have opportunity to write another.

Mean time, my dear friend —— But what can I desire you to pray for? — Adieu, then! — Let me only say — Adieu — !

LETTER XLV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE. [IN ANSWER TO LETTER XLIII.] SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 9.

Do not think, my beloved friend, although you have given me in yours of yesterday a severer instance of what, nevertheless, I must call your impartial love, than ever yet I received from you, that I would be displeased with you for it. That would be to put myself into the inconvenient situation of royalty: that is to say, out of the way of ever being told of my faults; of ever mending them: and in the way of making the sincerest and warmest friendship useless to me.

And then how brightly, how nobly glows in your bosom the sacred flame of friendship; since it can make you ready to impute to the unhappy sufferer a less degree of warmth in her own cause, than you have for her, because of the endeavours to divest herself of self so far as to leave others to the option which they have a right to make! — Ought I, my dear, to blame, ought I not rather to admire you for this ardor?

But nevertheless, lest you should think that there is any foundation for a surmise which (although it owe its rise to your friendship) would, if there were, leave me utterly inexcusable, I must, in justice to myself, declare, that I know not my own heart if I have any of that latent or unowned inclination, which you would impute to any other but me. Nor does the important alternative sit lightly on my mind. And yet I must excuse your mother, were it but on this single consideration, that I could not presume to reckon upon her favour, as I could upon her daughter's, so as to make the claim of friendship upon her, to whom, as the mother of my dearest friend, a veneration is owing, which can hardly be compatible with that sweet familiarity which is one of the indispensable requisites of the sacred tie by which your heart and mine are bound in one.

What therefore I might expect from my Anna Howe, I ought not from her mother; for would it not be very strange, that a person of her experience should be reflected upon because she gave not up her own judgment, where the consequence of her doing so would be to embroil herself, as she apprehends, with a family she has lived well with, and in behalf of a child against her parents? — as she has moreover a daughter of her own: — a daughter too, give me leave to say, of whose vivacity and charming spirits she is more apprehensive than she need to be, because her truly maternal cares make her fear more from her youth, than she hopes for her prudence; which, nevertheless, she and all the world know to be beyond her years.

And here let me add, that whatever you may generously, and as the result of an ardent affection for your unhappy friend, urge on this head, in my behalf, or harshly against any one who may refuse me protection in the extraordinary circumstances I find myself in, I have some pleasure in being able to curb undue expectations upon my indulgent friends, whatever were to befal myself from those circumstances, for I should be extremely mortified, were I by my selfish forwardness to give occasion for such a check, as to be told, that I had encouraged an unreasonable hope, or, according to the phrase you mention, wished to take a thorn out of my own foot, and to put in to that of my friend. Nor should I be better pleased with myself, if, having been taught by my good Mrs. Norton, that the best of schools is that of affliction, I should rather learn impatience than the contrary, by the lessons I am obliged to get by heart in it; and if I should judge of the merits of others, as they were kind to me; and that at the expense of their own convenience or peace of mind. For is not this to suppose myself ever in the right; and all who do not act as I would have them act, perpetually in the wrong? In short, to make my sake God's sake, in the sense of Mr. Solmes's pitiful plea to me?

How often, my dear, have you and I endeavoured to detect and censure this partial spirit in others?

But I know you do not always content yourself with saying what you think may justly be said; but, in order the shew the extent of a penetration which can go to the bottom of any subject, delight to say or to write all that can be said or written, or even thought, on the particular occasion; and this partly perhaps from being desirous [pardon me, my dear!] to be thought mistress of a sagacity that is aforehand with events. But who would wish to drain off or dry up a refreshing current, because it now-and-then puts us to some little inconvenience by its over-flowings? In other words, who would not allow for the liveliness of a spirit which for one painful sensibility gives an hundred pleasurable ones; and the one in consequence of the other?

But now I come to the two points in your letter, which most sensibly concern me: Thus you put them:

'Whether I choose not rather to go off [shocking words!] with one of my own sex; with my ANNA HOWE — than with one of the other; with Mr. LOVELACE?'

And if not,

'Whether I should not marry him as soon as possible?'

You know, my dear, my reasons for rejecting your proposal, and even for being earnest that you should not be known to be assisting me in an enterprise in which a cruel necessity induced me to think of engaging; and for which you have not the

same plea. At this rate, well might your mother be uneasy at our correspondence, not knowing to what inconveniencies it might subject her and you! — If I am hardly excusable to think of withdrawing from my unkind friends, what could you have to say for yourself, were you to abandon a mother so indulgent? Does she suspect that your fervent friendship may lead you to a small indiscretion? and does this suspicion offend you? And would you, in resentment, shew her and the world, that you can voluntarily rush into the highest error that any of our sex can be guilty of?

And is it worthy of your generosity [I ask you, my dear, is it?] to think of taking so undutiful a step, because you believe your mother would be glad to receive you again?

I do assure you, that were I to take this step myself, I would run all risks rather than you should accompany me in it. Have I, do you think, a desire to double and treble my own fault in the eye of the world? in the eye of that world which, cruelly as I am used, (not knowing all,) would not acquit me?

But, my dearest, kindest friend, let me tell you, that we will neither of us take such a step. The manner of putting your questions abundantly convinces me, that I ought not, in your opinion, to attempt it. You no doubt intend that I shall so take it; and I thank you for the equally polite and forcible conviction.

It is some satisfaction to me (taking the matter in this light) that I had begun to waver before I received your last. And now I tell you, that it has absolutely determined me not to go off; at least not to-morrow.

If you, my dear, think the issue of the alternative (to use your own words) sits so lightly upon my mind, in short, that my inclination is faulty; the world would treat me much less scrupulously. When therefore you represent, that all punctilio must be at an end the moment I am out of my father's house; and hint, that I must submit it to Mr. Lovelace to judge when he can leave me with safety; that is to say, give him the option whether he will leave me, or not; who can bear these reflections, who can resolve to incur these inconveniencies, that has the question still in her own power to decide upon?

While I thought only of an escape from this house as an escape from Mr. Solmes; that already my reputation suffered by my confinement; and that it would be in my own option either to marry Mr. Lovelace, or wholly to renounce him; bold as the step was, I thought, treated as I am treated, something was to be said in excuse of it — if not to the world, to myself: and to be self-acquitted, is a blessing to be preferred to the option of all the world. But, after I have censured most severely, as I have ever done, those giddy girls, who have in the same hour, as I may say, that they have fled from their chamber, presented themselves at the altar that is witness to their undutiful rashness; after I have stipulated with Mr.

Lovelace for time, and for an ultimate option whether to accept or refuse him; and for his leaving me, as soon as I am in a place of safety (which, as you observe, he must be the judge of); and after he has signified to me his compliance with these terms; so that I cannot, if I would, recall them, and suddenly marry; — you see, my dear, that I have nothing left me but to resolve not to go away with him!

But, how, on this revocation of my appointment, shall I be able to pacify him?

How! — Why assert the privilege of my sex! — Surely, on this side of the solemnity he has no right to be displeased. Besides, did I not reserve a power of receding, as I saw fit? To what purpose, as I asked in the case between your mother and you, has any body an option, if the making use of it shall give the refused a right to be disgusted?

Far, very far, would those, who, according to the old law, have a right of absolving or confirming a child's promise, be from ratifying mine, had it been ever so solemn a one.* But this was rather an appointment than a promise: and suppose it had been the latter; and that I had not reserved to myself a liberty of revoking it; was it to preclude better or maturer consideration? — If so, how unfit to be given! — how ungenerous to be insisted upon! — And how unfitter still to be kept! — Is there a man living who ought to be angry that a woman whom he hopes one day to call his, shall refuse to keep a rash promise, when, on the maturest deliberation, she is convinced that it was a rash one?

* See Numb. XXX. Where it is declared, whose vows shall be binding, and whose not. The vows of a man, or of a widow, are there pronounced to be indispensable; because they are sole, and subject to no other domestic authority. But the vows of a single woman, or of a wife, if the father of the one, or the husband of the other, disallow of them as soon as they know them, are to be of no force.

A matter highly necessary to be known; by all young ladies especially, whose designing addressers too often endeavour to engage them by vows; and then plead conscience and honour to them to hold them down to the performance.

It cannot be amiss to recite the very words.

Ver. 3 If a woman vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth;

4. And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she

hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her; then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

5. But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.

The same in the case of a wife, as said above. See ver. 6, 7, 8, &c. — All is thus solemnly closed:

Ver. 16. These are the statutes which the Lord commanded Moses between a man and his wife, between the father and his daughter, being yet in her youth in her father's house.

I resolve then, upon the whole, to stand this one trial of Wednesday next — or, perhaps, I should rather say, of Tuesday evening, if my father hold his purpose of endeavouring, in person, to make me read, or hear read, and then sign, the settlements. — That, that must be the greatest trial of all.

If I am compelled to sign them over-night — then (the Lord bless me!) must all I dread follow, as of course, on Wednesday. If I can prevail upon them by my prayers [perhaps I shall fall into fits; for the very first appearance of my father, after having been so long banished his presence, will greatly affect me — if, I say, I can prevail upon them by my prayers] to lay aside their views; or to suspend the day, if but for one week; but if not, but for two or three days; still Wednesday will be a lighter day of trial. They will surely give me time to consider: to argue with myself. This will not be promising. As I have made no effort to get away, they have no reason to suspect me; so I may have an opportunity, in the last resort, to withdraw. Mrs. Norton is to be with me: she, although she should be chidden for it, will, in my extremity, plead for me. My aunt Hervey may, in such an extremity, join with her. Perhaps my mother may be brought over. I will kneel to each, one by one, to make a friend. Some of them have been afraid to see me, lest they should be moved in my favour: does not this give a reasonable hope that I may move them? My brother's counsel, heretofore given, to turn me out of doors to my evil destiny, may again be repeated, and may prevail; then shall I be in no worse case than now, as to the displeasure of my friends; and thus far better, that it will not be my fault that I seek another protection: which even then ought to be my cousin Morden's, rather than Mr. Lovelace's, or any other person's.

My heart, in short, misgives me less, when I resolve this way, than when I think of the other: and in so strong and involuntary a bias, the heart is, as I may say, conscience. And well cautions the wise man: ‘Let the counsel of thine own heart stand; for there is no man more faithful to thee than it: for a man’s mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen, that sit above in a high tower.’*

* Ecclus. xxxvii. 13, 14.

Forgive these indigested self-reasonings. I will close here: and instantly set about a letter of revocation to Mr. Lovelace; take it as he will. It will only be another trial of temper to him. To me of infinite importance. And has he not promised temper and acquiescence, on the supposition of a change in my mind?

LETTER XLVI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 9.

Nobody it seems will go to church this day. No blessing to be expected perhaps upon views so worldly, and in some so cruel.

They have a mistrust that I have some device in my head. Betty has been looking among my clothes. I found her, on coming up from depositing my letter to Lovelace (for I have written!) peering among them; for I had left the key in the lock. She coloured, and was confounded to be caught. But I only said, I should be accustomed to any sort of treatment in time. If she had her orders — those were enough for her.

She owned, in her confusion, that a motion had been made to abridge me of my airings; and the report she should make, would be of no disadvantage to me. One of my friends, she told me, urged in my behalf, That there was no need of laying me under greater restraint, since Mr. Lovelace's threatening to rescue me by violence, were I to have been carried to my uncle's, was a conviction that I had no design to go to him voluntarily; and that if I had, I should have made preparations of that kind before now; and, most probably, had been detected in them. — Hence, it was also inferred, that there was no room to doubt, but I would at last comply. And, added the bold creature, if you don't intend to do so, your conduct, Miss, seems strange to me. — Only thus she reconciled it, that I had gone so far, I knew not how to come off genteelly: and she fancied I should, in full congregation, on Wednesday, give Mr. Solmes my hand. And then said the confident wench, as the learned Dr. Brand took his text last Sunday, There will be joy in heaven —

This is the substance of my letter to Mr. Lovelace:

'That I have reasons of the greatest consequence to myself (and which, when known, must satisfy him) to suspend, for the present, my intention of leaving my father's house: that I have hopes that matters may be brought to an happy conclusion, without taking a step, which nothing but the last necessity could justify: and that he may depend upon my promise, that I will die rather than consent to marry Mr. Solmes.'

And so, I am preparing myself to stand the shock of his exclamatory reply. But be that what it will, it cannot affect me so much, as the apprehensions of what may happen to me next Tuesday or Wednesday; for now those apprehensions engage my whole attention, and make me sick at the very heart.

SUNDAY, FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

My letter is not yet taken away — If he should not send for it, or take it, or come hither on my not meeting him to-morrow, in doubt of what may have befallen me, what shall I do! Why had I any concerns with this sex! — I, that was so happy till I knew this man!

I dined in the ivy summer-house. My request to do so, was complied with at the first word. To shew I meant nothing, I went again into the house with Betty, as soon as I had dined. I thought it was not amiss to ask this liberty; the weather seemed to be set in fine. Who knows what Tuesday or Wednesday may produce?

SUNDAY EVENING, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

There remains my letter still! — He is busied, I suppose, in his preparations for to-morrow. But then he has servants. Does the man think he is so secure of me, that having appointed, he need not give himself any further concern about me till the very moment? He knows how I am beset. He knows not what may happen. I may be ill, or still more closely watched or confined than before. The correspondence might be discovered. It might be necessary to vary the scheme. I might be forced into measures, which might entirely frustrate my purpose. I might have new doubts. I might suggest something more convenient, for any thing he knew. What can the man mean, I wonder! — Yet it shall lie; for if he has it any time before the appointed hour, it will save me declaring to him personally my changed purpose, and the trouble of contending with him on that score. If he send for it at all, he will see by the date, that he might have had it in time; and if he be put to any inconvenience from shortness of notice, let him take it for his pains.

SUNDAY NIGHT, NINE O'CLOCK.

It is determined, it seems, to send for Mrs. Norton to be here on Tuesday to dinner; and she is to stay with me for a whole week.

So she is first to endeavour to persuade me to comply; and, when the violence is done, she is to comfort me, and try to reconcile me to my fate. They expect fits and fetches, Betty insolently tells me, and expostulations, and exclamations, without number: but every body will be prepared for them: and when it's over, it's over; and I shall be easy and pacified when I find I can't help it.

MONDAY MORN. APRIL 10, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

O my dear! there yet lies the letter, just as I left it!

Does he think he is so sure of me? — Perhaps he imagines that I dare not alter my purpose. I wish I had never known him! I begin now to see this rashness in the light every one else would have seen it in, had I been guilty of it. But what can I do, if he come to-day at the appointed time! If he receive not the letter, I must see him, or he will think something has befallen me; and certainly will come to the house. As certainly he will be insulted. And what, in that case, may be the

consequence! Then I as good as promised that I would take the first opportunity to see him, if I change my mind, and to give him my reasons for it. I have no doubt but he will be out of humour upon it: but better, if we meet, that he should go away dissatisfied with me, than that I should go away dissatisfied with myself.

Yet, short as the time is, he may still perhaps send, and get the letter. Something may have happened to prevent him, which when known will excuse him.

After I have disappointed him more than once before, on a requested interview only, it is impossible he should not have a curiosity at least, to know if something has not happened; and whether my mind hold or not in this more important case. And yet, as I rashly confirmed my resolution by a second letter, I begin now to doubt it.

NINE O'CLOCK.

My cousin Dolly Hervey slid the enclosed letter into my hand, as I passed by her, coming out of the garden.

DEAREST MADAM,

I have got intelligence from one who pretends to know every thing, that you must be married on Wednesday morning to Mr. Solmes. Perhaps, however, she says this only to vex me; for it is that saucy creature Betty Barnes. A license is got, as she says: and so far she went as to tell me (bidding me say nothing, but she knew I would) that Mr. Brand is to marry you. For Dr. Lewen I hear, refuses, unless your consent can be obtained; and they have heard that he does not approve of their proceedings against you. Mr. Brand, I am told, is to have his fortune made by uncle Harlowe and among them.

You will know better than I what to make of all these matters; for sometimes I think Betty tells me things as if I should not tell you, and yet expects that I will.* For there is great whispering between Miss Harlowe and her; and I have observed that when their whispering is over, Betty comes and tells me something by way of secret. She and all the world know how much I love you: and so I would have them. It is an honour to me to love a young lady who is and ever was an honour to all her family, let them say what they will.

* It is easy for such of the readers as have been attentive to Mr. Lovelace's manner of working, to suppose, from this hint of Miss Hervey's, that he had instructed his double-faced agent to put his sweet-heart Betty upon alarming Miss Hervey, in hopes she would alarm her beloved cousin, (as we see she does,) in order to keep her steady to her appointment with him.

But from a more certain authority than Betty's I can assure you (but I must beg of you to burn this letter) that you are to be searched once more for letters, and for pen and ink; for they know you write. Something they pretend to have come at from one of Mr. Lovelace's servants, which they hope to make something of. I know not for certain what it is. He must be a very vile and wicked man who would boast of a lady's favour to him, and reveal secrets. But Mr. Lovelace, I dare say, is too much of a gentleman to be guilty of such ingratitude.

Then they have a notion, from that false Betty I believe, that you intend to take something to make yourself sick; and so they will search for phials and powders and such like.

If nothing shall be found that will increase their suspicions, you are to be used more kindly by your papa when you appear before them all, than he of late has used you.

Yet, sick or well, alas! my dear cousin! you must be married. But your husband is to go home every night without you, till you are reconciled to him. And so illness can be no pretence to save you.

They are sure you will make a good wife. So would not I, unless I liked my husband. And Mr. Solmes is always telling them how he will purchase your love by rich presents. — A syncophant man! — I wish he and Betty Barnes were to come together; and he would beat her every day.

After what I told you, I need not advise you to secure every thing you would not have seen.

Once more let me beg that you will burn this letter; and, pray, dearest Madam, do not take any thing that may prejudice your health: for that will not do. I am

Your truly loving cousin, D.H.

When I first read my cousin's letter, I was half inclined to resume my former intention; especially as my countermanding letter was not taken away; and as my heart ached at the thoughts of the conflict I must expect to have with him on my refusal. For see him for a few moments I doubt I must, lest he should take some rash resolutions; especially as he has reason to expect I will see him. But here your words, that all punctilio is at an end the moment I am out of my father's house, added to the still more cogent considerations of duty and reputation, determined me once more against the rash step. And it will be very hard (although no seasonable fainting, or wished-for fit, should stand my friend) if I cannot gain one month, or fortnight, or week. And I have still more hopes that I shall prevail for some delay, from my cousin's intimation that the good Dr. Lewen refuses to give his assistance to their projects, if they have not my consent, and thinks me

cruelly used: since, without taking notice that I am apprized of this, I can plead a scruple of conscience, and insist upon having that worthy divine's opinion upon it: in which, enforced as I shall enforce it, my mother will surely second me: my aunt Hervey, and Mrs. Norton, will support her: the suspension must follow: and I can but get away afterwards.

But, if they will compel me: if they will give me no time: if nobody will be moved: if it be resolved that the ceremony should be read over my constrained hand — why then — Alas! What then! — I can but — But what? O my dear! this Solmes shall never have my vows I am resolved! and I will say nothing but no, as long as I shall be able to speak. And who will presume to look upon such an act of violence as a marriage? — It is impossible, surely, that a father and mother can see such a dreadful compulsion offered to their child — but if mine should withdraw, and leave the task to my brother and sister, they will have no mercy.

I am grieved to be driven to have recourse to the following artifices.

I have given them a clue, by the feather of a pen sticking out, where they will find such of my hidden stories, as I intend they shall find.

Two or three little essays I have left easy to be seen, of my own writing.

About a dozen lines also of a letter begun to you, in which I express my hopes, (although I say that appearances are against me,) and that my friends will relent. They know from your mother, by my uncle Antony, that, some how or other, I now and then get a letter to you. In this piece of a letter I declare renewedly my firm resolution to give up the man so obnoxious to my family, on their releasing me from the address of the other.

Near the essays, I have left the copy of my letter to Lady Drayton;* which affording arguments suitable to my case, may chance (thus accidentally to be fallen upon) to incline them to favour me.

* See Letters XIII. and XIV.

I have reserves of pens and ink, you may believe; and one or two in the ivy summer-house; with which I shall amuse myself, in order to lighten, if possible, those apprehensions which more and more affect me, as Wednesday, the day of trial, approaches.

LETTER XLVII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE IVY SUMMER-HOUSE, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

He has not yet got my letter: and while I was contriving here how to send my officious gaoleress from me, that I might have time for the intended interview, and had hit upon an expedient, which I believe would have done, came my aunt, and furnished me with a much better. She saw my little table covered, preparative to my solitary dinner; and hoped, she told me, that this would be the last day that my friends would be deprived of my company at table.

You may believe, my dear, that the thoughts of meeting Mr. Lovelace, for fear of being discovered, together with the contents of my cousin Dolly's letter, gave me great and visible emotions. She took notice of them — Why these sighs, why these heavings here? said she, patting my neck — O my dear Niece, who would have thought so much natural sweetness could be so very unpersuadable?

I could not answer her, and she proceeded — I am come, I doubt, upon a very unwelcome errand. Some things have been told us yesterday, which came from the mouth of one of the most desperate and insolent men in the world, convince your father, and all of us, that you still find means to write out of the house. Mr. Lovelace knows every thing that is done here; and that as soon as done; and great mischief is apprehended from him, which you are as much concerned as any body to prevent. Your mother has also some apprehensions concerning yourself, which yet she hopes are groundless; but, however, cannot be easy, if she would, unless (while you remain here in the garden, or in this summer-house) you give her the opportunity once more of looking into your closet, your cabinet and drawers. It will be the better taken, if you give me cheerfully your keys. I hope, my dear, you won't dispute it. Your desire of dining in this place was the more readily complied with for the sake of such an opportunity.

I thought myself very lucky to be so well prepared by my cousin Dolly's means for this search: but yet I artfully made some scruples, and not a few complaints of this treatment: after which, I not only gave her the keys of all, but even officiously emptied my pockets before her, and invited her to put her fingers in my stays, that she might be sure I had no papers there.

This highly obliged her; and she said, she would represent my cheerful compliance as it deserved, let my brother and sister say what they would. My mother in particular, she was sure, would rejoice at the opportunity given her to

obviate, as she doubted not would be the case, some suspicions that were raised against me.

She then hinted, That there were methods taken to come at all Mr. Lovelace's secrets, and even, from his careless communicativeness, at some secret of mine; it being, she said, his custom, boastingly to prate to his very servants of his intentions, in particular cases. She added, that deep as he was thought to be, my brother was as deep as he, and fairly too hard for him at his own weapons — as one day it would be found.

I knew not, I said, the meaning of these dark hints. I thought the cunning she hinted at, on both sides, called rather for contempt than applause. I myself might have been put upon artifices which my heart disdained to practise, had I given way to the resentment, which, I was bold to say, was much more justifiable than the actions that occasioned it: that it was evident to me, from what she had said, that their present suspicions of me were partly owing to this supposed superior cunning of my brother, and partly to the consciousness that the usage I met with might naturally produce a reason for such suspicions: that it was very unhappy for me to be made the butt of my brother's wit: that it would have been more to his praise to have aimed at shewing a kind heart than a cunning head: that, nevertheless, I wished he knew himself as well as I imagined I knew him; and he would then have less conceit of his abilities: which abilities would, in my opinion, be less thought of, if his power to do ill offices were not much greater than they.

I was vexed. I could not help making this reflection. The dupe the other, too probably, makes of him, through his own spy, deserved it. But I so little approve of this low art in either, that were I but tolerably used, the vileness of that man, that Joseph Leman, should be inquired into.

She was sorry, she said, to find that I thought so disparagingly of my brother. He was a young man both of learning and parts.

Learning enough, I said, to make him vain of it among us women: but not of parts sufficient to make his learning valuable either to himself or to any body else.

She wished, indeed, that he had more good nature: but she feared that I had too great an opinion of somebody else, to think so well of my brother as a sister ought: since, between the two, there was a sort of rivalry, as to abilities, that made them hate one another.

Rivalry! Madam, said I. — If that be the case, or whether it be or not, I wish they both understood, better than either of them seem to do, what it becomes gentlemen, and men of liberal education, to be, and to do. — Neither of them, then, would glory in what they ought to be ashamed of.

But waving this subject, it was not impossible, I said, that they might find a little of my writing, and a pen or two, and a little ink, [hated art! — or rather,

hateful the necessity for it!] as I was not permitted to go up to put them out of the way: but if they did, I must be contented. And I assured her, that, take what time they pleased, I would not go in to disturb them, but would be either in or near the garden, in this summer-house, or in the cedar one, or about my poultry-yard, or near the great cascade, till I was ordered to return to my prison. With like cunning I said, I supposed the unkind search would not be made till the servants had dined; because I doubted not that the pert Betty Barnes, who knew all the corners of my apartment and closet, would be employed in it.

She hoped, she said, that nothing could be found that would give a handle against me: for, she would assure me, the motives to the search, on my mother's part especially, were, that she hoped to find reason rather to acquit than to blame me; and that my father might be induced to see my to-morrow night, or Wednesday morning, with temper: with tenderness, I should rather say, said she; for he is resolved to do so, if no new offence be given.

Ah! Madam, said I —

Why that Ah! Madam, and shaking your head so significantly?

I wish, Madam, that I may not have more reason to dread my father's continued displeasure, than to hope for his returning tenderness.

You don't know, my dear! — Things may take a turn — things may not be so bad as you fear —

Dearest Madam, have you any consolation to give me? —

Why, my dear, it is possible, that you may be more compliable than you have been.

Why raised you my hopes, Madam? — Don't let me think my dear aunt Hervey cruel to a niece who truly honours her.

I may tell you more perhaps, said she (but in confidence, absolute confidence) if the inquiry within came out in your favour. Do you know of any thin above that can be found to your disadvantage? —

Some papers they will find, I doubt: but I must take consequences. My brother and sister will be at hand with their good-natured constructions. I am made desperate, and care not what is found.

I hope, I earnestly hope, that nothing can be found that will impeach your discretion; and then — but I may say too much —

And away she went, having added to my perplexity.

But I now can think of nothing but this interview. — Would to Heaven it were over! — To meet to quarrel — but, let him take what measures he will, I will not stay a moment with him, if he be not quite calm and resigned.

Don't you see how crooked some of my lines are? Don't you see how some of the letters stagger more than others? — That is when this interview is more in my

head than in my subject.

But, after all, should I, ought I to meet him? How have I taken it for granted that I should! — I wish there were time to take your advice. Yet you are so loth to speak quite out — but that I owe, as you own, to the difficulty of my situation.

I should have mentioned, that in the course of this conversation I besought my aunt to stand my friend, and to put in a word for me on my approaching trial; and to endeavour to procure me time for consideration, if I could obtain nothing else.

She told me, that, after the ceremony was performed [odious confirmation of a hint in my cousin Dolly's letter!] I should have what time I pleased to reconcile myself to my lot before cohabitation.

This put me out of all patience.

She requested of me in her turn, she said, that I would resolve to meet them all with cheerful duty, and with a spirit of absolute acquiescence. It was in my power to make them all happy. And how joyful would it be to her, she said, to see my father, my mother, my uncles, my brother, my sister, all embracing me with raptures, and folding me in turns to their fond hearts, and congratulating each other on their restored happiness! Her own joy, she said, would probably make her motionless and speechless for a time: and for her Dolly — the poor girl, who had suffered in the esteem of some, for her grateful attachment to me, would have every body love her again.

Will you doubt, my dear, that my next trial will be the most affecting that I have yet had?

My aunt set forth all this in so strong a light, and I was so particularly touched on my cousin Dolly's account, that, impatient as I was just before, I was greatly moved: yet could only shew, by my sighs and my tears, how desirable such an event would be to me, could it be brought about upon conditions with which it was possible for me to comply.

Here comes Betty Barnes with my dinner —

The wench is gone. The time of meeting is at hand. O that he may not come! — But should I, or should I not, meet him? — How I question, without possibility of a timely answer!

Betty, according to my leading hint to my aunt, boasted to me, that she was to be employed, as she called it, after she had eat her own dinner.

She should be sorry, she told me, to have me found out. Yet 'twould be all for my good. I should have it in my power to be forgiven for all at once, before Wednesday night. The confident creature then, to stifle a laugh, put a corner of her apron in her mouth, and went to the door: and on her return to take away, as I

angrily bid her, she begged my excuse — but — but — and then the saucy creature laughed again, she could not help it, to think how I had drawn myself in by my summer-house dinnering, since it had given so fine an opportunity, by way of surprise, to look into all my private hoards. She thought something was in the wind, when my brother came into my dining here so readily. Her young master was too hard for every body. ‘Squire Lovelace himself was nothing at all at a quick thought to her young master.

My aunt mentioned Mr. Lovelace’s boasting behaviour to his servants: perhaps he may be so mean. But as to my brother, he always took a pride in making himself appear to be a man of parts and learning to our own servants. Pride and meanness, I have often thought, are as nearly allied, and as close borderers upon each other, as the poet tells us wit and madness are.

But why do I trouble you (and myself, at such a crisis) with these impertinences? — Yet I would forget, if I could, the nearest evil, the interview; because, my apprehensions increasing as the hour is at hand, I should, were my intentions to be engrossed by them, be unfit to see him, if he does come: and then he will have too much advantage over me, as he will have seeming reason to reproach me with change of resolution.

The upbraider, you know, my dear, is in some sense a superior; while the upbraided, if with reason upbraided, must make a figure as spiritless as conscious.

I know that this wretch will, if he can, be his own judge, and mine too. But the latter he shall not be.

I dare say, we shall be all to pieces. But I don’t care for that. It would be hard, if I, who have held it out so sturdily to my father and uncles, should not — but he is at the garden-door —

I was mistaken! — How many noises unlike, be made like to what one fears! — Why flutters the fool so — !

I will hasten to deposit this. Then I will, for the last time, go to the usual place, in hopes to find that he has got my letter. If he has, I will not meet him. If he has not, I will take it back, and shew him what I have written. That will break the ice, as I may say, and save me much circumlocution and reasoning: and a steady adherence to that my written mind is all that will be necessary. — The interview must be as short as possible; for should it be discovered, it would furnish a new and strong pretence for the intended evil of Wednesday next.

Perhaps I shall not be able to write again one while. Perhaps not till I am the miserable property of that Solmes! — But that shall never, never be, while I have my senses.

If your servant find nothing from me by Wednesday morning, you may then conclude that I can neither write to you, nor receive your favours.

In that case, pity and pray for me, my beloved friend; and continue to me that place in your affection, which is the pride of my life, and the only comfort left to

Your CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE ST. ALBAN'S, TUESDAY MORN. PAST ONE.

O MY DEAREST FRIEND!

After what I had resolved upon, as by my former, what shall I write? what can I? with what consciousness, even by letter, do I approach you? — You will soon hear (if already you have not heard from the mouth of common fame) that your Clarissa Harlowe is gone off with a man!

I am busying myself to give you the particulars at large. The whole twenty-four hours of each day (to begin at the moment I can fix) shall be employed in it till it is finished: every one of the hours, I mean, that will be spared me by this interrupting man, to whom I have made myself so foolishly accountable for too many of them. Rest is departed from me. I have no call for that: and that has no balm for the wounds of my mind. So you'll have all those hours without interruption till the account is ended.

But will you receive, shall you be permitted to receive my letters, after what I have done?

O my dearest friend! — But I must make the best of it.

I hope that will not be very bad! yet am I convinced that I did a rash and inexcusable thing in meeting him; and all his tenderness, all his vows, cannot pacify my inward reproaches on that account.

The bearer comes to you, my dear, for the little parcel of linen which I sent you with far better and more agreeable hopes.

Send not my letters. Send the linen only: except you will favour me with one line, to tell me you love me still; and that you will suspend your censures till you have the whole before you. I am the readier to send thus early, because if you have deposited any thing for me, you may cause it to be taken back, or withhold any thing you had but intended to send.

Adieu, my dearest friend! — I beseech you to love me still — But alas! what will your mother say? — what will mine? — what my other relations? — and what my dear Mrs. Norton? — and how will my brother and sister triumph!

I cannot at present tell you how, or where, you can direct to me. For very early shall I leave this place; harassed and fatigued to death. But, when I can do nothing else, constant use has made me able to write. Long, very long, has been all my amusement and pleasure: yet could not that have been such to me, had I not had you, my best beloved friend, to write to. Once more adieu. Pity and pray for

Your CL. HARLOWE.

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LETTER LI. Belford to Lovelace. — Becomes a warm advocate for the lady. Gives many instructive reasons to enforce his arguments in her favour.

LETTER LII. Mrs. Hervey to Clarissa. — A severe and cruel letter in answer to her's, Letter XLIX. It was not designed, she says, absolutely to force her to marry to her dislike.

LETTER LIII. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Her deep regret on this intelligence, for having met Lovelace. The finer sensibilities make not happy. Her fate too visibly in her power. He is unpolite, cruel, insolent, unwise, a trifler in his own happiness.

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LETTER LIV. LV. From the same. — Now indeed is her heart broken, she says. A solemn curse laid upon her by her father. Her sister's barbarous letters on the occasion.

LETTER LVI. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — A letter full of generous consolation and advice. Her friendly vow. Sends her fifty guineas in the leaves of a Norris's miscellanies.

LETTER LVII. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — A faithful friend the medicine of life. She is just setting out for London. Lovelace has offered marriage to her in so unreserved a manner, that she wishes she had never written with diffidence of him. Is sorry it was not in her power to comply with his earnest solicitations. Returns her Norris: and why.

LETTER LVIII. LIX. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Sorry she has returned her Norris. Wishes she had accepted of Lovelace's unreserved offer of marriage. Believes herself to have a sneaking kindness for Hickman: and why. She blames Mrs. Harlowe: and why.

In answer to Letter VIII. Clarissa states the difference in the characters of Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Hickman; and tells her, that her motives for suspending marriage were not merely ceremonious ones. Regrets Mrs. Howe's forbidding the correspondence between them. Her dutiful apology for her own mother. Lesson to children.

LETTER LX. Lovelace to Belford. — Thinks he shall be inevitably manacled at last. The lady's extreme illness. Her filial piety gives her dreadful faith in a father's curses. She lets not Miss Howe know how very ill she was. His vows of marriage bring her back to life. Absolutely in earnest in those vows. [The only time he was so.] He can now talk of love and marriage without check. Descants upon Belford's letter, No. LI.

LETTER LXI. From the same. — Is setting out for London. A struggle with his heart. Owns it to be a villain of a heart. A fit of strong, but transitory remorse. If he do marry, he doubts he shall have a vapourish wife. Thinks it would be better for both not to marry. His libertine reasons. Lessons to the sex.

LETTER LXII. From the same. — They arrive at Mrs. Sinclair's. Sally Martin and Polly Horton set upon him. He wavers in his good purposes. Dorcas Wykes

proposed, and reluctantly accepted for a servant, till Hannah can come. Dorcas's character. He has two great points to carry. What they are.

LETTER I

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TUESDAY, NINE O'CLOCK.

I write, because you enjoin me to do so. Love you still! — How can I help it, if I would? You may believe how I stand aghast, your letter communicating the first news — Good God of Heaven and Earth! — But what shall I say? — I am all impatient for particulars.

Lord have mercy upon me! — But can it be?

My mother will indeed be astonished! — How can I tell it her! — It was but last night (upon some jealousies put into her head by your foolish uncle) that I assured her, and this upon the strength of your own assurances, that neither man nor devil would be able to induce you to take a step that was in the least derogatory to the most punctilious honour.

But, once more, can it be? What woman at this rate! — But, God preserve you!

Let nothing escape you in your letters. Direct them for me, however, to Mrs. Knolly's, till further notice.

Observe, my dear, that I don't blame you by all this — Your relations only are in fault! — Yet how you came to change your mind is the surprising thing.

How to break it to my mother, I know not. Yet if she hear it first from any other, and find I knew it before, she will believe it to be my connivance! — Yet, as I hope to live, I know not how to break it to her.

But this is teasing you. — I am sure, without intention.

Let me now repeat my former advice — If you are not married by this time, be sure delay not the ceremony. Since things are as they are, I wish it were thought that you were privately married before you went away. If these men plead AUTHORITY to our pain, when we are theirs — Why should we not, in such a case as this, make some good out of the hated word, for our reputation, when we are induced to violate a more natural one?

Your brother and sister [that vexes me almost as much as any thing!] have now their ends. Now, I suppose, will go forward alterations of wills, and such-like spiteful doings.

Miss Lloyd and Miss Biddulph this moment send up their names. They are out of breath, Kitty says, to speak to me — easy to guess their errand; — I must see

my mother, before I see them. I have no way but to shew her your letter to clear myself. I shall not be able to say a word, till she has run herself out of her first breath. — Forgive me, my dear — surprise makes me write thus. If your messenger did not wait, and were not those young ladies below, I could write it over again, for fear of afflicting you.

I send what you write for. If there be any thing else you want that is in my power, command without reserve

Your ever affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER II.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE. TUESDAY NIGHT.

I think myself obliged to thank you, my dear Miss Howe, for your condescension, in taking notice of a creature who has occasioned you so much scandal.

I am grieved on this account, as much, I verily think, as for the evil itself.

Tell me — but yet I am afraid to know — what your mother said.

I long, and yet I dread, to be told, what the young ladies my companions, now never more perhaps to be so, say of me.

They cannot, however, say worse of me than I will of myself. Self accusation shall flow in every line of my narrative where I think I am justly censurable. If any thing can arise from the account I am going to give you, for extenuation of my fault (for that is all a person can hope for, who cannot excuse herself) I know I may expect it from your friendship, though not from the charity of any other: since by this time I doubt not every mouth is opened against me; and all that know Clarissa Harlowe condemn the fugitive daughter.

After I had deposited my letter to you, written down to the last hour, as I may say, I returned to the ivy summer-house; first taking back my letter from the loose bricks: and there I endeavoured, as coolly as my situation would permit, to recollect and lay together several incidents that had passed between my aunt and me; and, comparing them with some of the contents of my cousin Dolly's letter, I began to hope, that I needed not to be so very apprehensive as I have been of next Wednesday. And thus I argued with myself.

'Wednesday cannot possibly be the day they intend, although to intimidate me they may wish me to think it is: for the settlements are unsigned: nor have they been offered me to sign. I can choose whether I will or will not put my hand to them; hard as it will be to refuse if my father and mother propose, if I made compulsion necessary, to go to my uncle's themselves in order to be out of the way of my appeals? Whereas they intend to be present on Wednesday. And, however affecting to me the thought of meeting them and all my friends in full assembly is, perhaps it is the very thing I ought to wish for: since my brother and sister had such an opinion of my interest in them, that they got me excluded from their presence, as a measure which they thought previously necessary to carry on their designs.

'Nor have I reason to doubt, but that (as I had before argued with myself) I shall be able to bring over some of my relations to my party; and, being brought

face to face with my brother, that I shall expose his malevolence, and of consequence weaken his power.

‘Then supposing the very worst, challenging the minister as I shall challenge him, he will not presume to proceed: nor surely will Mr. Solmes dare to accept my refusing and struggling hand. And finally, if nothing else will do, nor procure me delay, I can plead scruples of conscience, and even pretend prior obligation; for, my dear, I have give Mr. Lovelace room to hope (as you will see in one of my letters in your hands) that I will be no other man’s while he is single, and gives me not wilful and premeditated cause of offence against him; and this in order to rein-in his resentment on the declared animosity of my brother and uncles to him. And as I shall appeal, or refer my scruples on this head, to the good Dr. Lewen, it is impossible but that my mother and aunt (if nobody else) must be affected with this plea.’

Revolving cursorily these things, I congratulated myself, that I had resolved against going away with Mr. Lovelace.

I told you, my dear, that I would not spare myself: and I enumerate these particulars as so many arguments to condemn the actions I have been so unhappily betrayed into. An argument that concludes against me with the greater force, as I must acknowledge, that I was apprehensive, that what my cousin Dolly mentions as from Betty, and from my sister who told her, that she should tell me, in order to make me desperate, and perhaps to push me upon some such step as I have been driven to take, as the most effectual means to ruin me with my father and uncles.

God forgive me, if I judge too harshly of their views! — But if I do not, it follows, that they laid a wicked snare for me; and that I have been caught in it. — And now they triumph, if they can triumph, in the ruin of a sister, who never wished or intended to hurt them!

As the above kind of reasoning had lessened my apprehensions as to the Wednesday, it added to those I had of meeting Mr. Lovelace — now, as it seemed, not only the nearest, but the heaviest evil; principally indeed because nearest; for little did I dream (foolish creature that I was, and every way beset!) of the event proving what it has proved. I expected a contention with him, ’tis true, as he had not my letter: but I thought it would be very strange, as I mentioned in one of my former,* if I, who had so steadily held out against characters so venerable, against authorities so sacred, as I may say, when I thought them unreasonably exerted, should not find myself more equal to such a trial as this; especially as I had so much reason to be displeased with him for not having taken away my letter.

On what a point of time may one’s worldly happiness depend! Had I but two hours more to consider of the matter, and to attend to and improve upon these new

lights, as I may call them — but even then, perhaps, I might have given him a meeting. — Fool that I was! what had I to do to give him hope that I would personally acquaint him with the reason for my change of mind, if I did change it?

O my dear! an obliging temper is a very dangerous temper! — By endeavouring to gratify others, it is evermore disobliging itself!

When the bell rang to call the servants to dinner, Betty came to me and asked, if I had any commands before she went to hers; repeating her hint, that she should be employed; adding, that she believed it was expected that I should not come up till she came down, or till I saw my aunt or Miss Hervey.

I asked her some questions about the cascade, which had been out of order, and lately mended; and expressed a curiosity to see how it played, in order to induce her [how cunning to cheat myself, as it proved!] to go thither, if she found me not where she left me; it being a part of the garden most distant from the ivy summer-house.

She could hardly have got into the house when I heard the first signal — O how my heart fluttered! — but no time was to be lost. I stept to the garden-door; and seeing a clear coast, unbolted the already-unlocked door — and there was he, all impatience, waiting for me.

A panic next to fainting seized me when I saw him. My heart seemed convulsed; and I trembled so, that I should hardly have kept my feet, had he not supported me.

Fear nothing, dearest creature, said he — let us hasten away — the chariot is at hand — and, by this sweet condescension, you have obliged me beyond expression or return.

Recovering my spirits a little, as he kept drawing me after him, O Mr. Lovelace, said I, I cannot go with you — indeed I cannot — I wrote you word so — let go my hand, and you shall see my letter. It is lain there from yesterday morning, till within this half-hour. I bid you watch to the last for a letter from me, lest I should be obliged to revoke the appointment; and, had you followed the direction, you would have found it.

I have been watched, my dearest life, said he, half out of breath — I have been watched in every step I took: and my trusty servant has been watched too, ever since Saturday; and dared not to come near your wall. And here we shall be discovered in a moment. — Speed away, my charmer — this is the moment of your deliverance — if you neglect this opportunity, you can never have such another.

What is it you mean, Sir? — Let go my hand: for I tell you [struggling vehemently] that I will sooner die than go with you.

Good God! said he, with a look of wildness and surprise, what is it I hear? — But [still drawing me after him, as he retreated farther from the door] it is no time to argue — by all that's good you must go — surely you cannot doubt my honour, nor give me cause to question your own.

As you value me, Mr. Lovelace, urge me no farther. I come fixed and resolved. Let me give you the letter I have written. My further reasons shall follow; and they will convince you that I ought not to go.

Nothing, Madam, can convince me — by all that's sacred, I will not leave you. To leave you now, would be to lose you for ever —

Am I to be thus compelled? interrupted I, with equal indignation and vehemence. — Let go my hands — I am resolved not to go with you — and I will convince you that I ought not.

All my friends expect you, Madam — all your own are determined against you — Wednesday next is the day, the important, perhaps the fatal day! Would you stay to be Solmes's wife? — Can this be your determination at last?

No, never, never will I be that man's — But I will not go with you! [draw me not thus — How dare you, Sir? I would not have seen you, but to tell you so]. I had not met you, but for fear you would have been guilty of some rashness — and, once more, I will not go — What mean you? — striving with all my force to get from him.

What can have possessed my angel, said he [quitting my hands, and with a gentler voice] that after so much ill-usage from your relations; vows so solemn on my part; an affection so ardent; you stab me with a refusal to stand by your own appointment?

We have no time to talk, Mr. Lovelace. I will give you my reasons at a better opportunity. I cannot go with you now — and once more urge me no farther — surely, I am not to be compelled by every body!

I see how it is, said he, with a dejected but passionate air — What a severe fate is mine! — At length your spirit is subdued! — Your brother and sister have prevailed; and I must give up all my hopes to a wretch so truly despicable —

Once more I tell you, interrupted I, I never will be his — all may end on Wednesday differently from what you expect —

And it may not! — And then, good heavens!

It is to be their last effort, as I have reason to believe —

And I have reason to believe so too — since if you stay, you will inevitably be Solmes's wife.

Not so, interrupted I — I have obliged them in one point. They will be in good-humour with me. I shall gain time at least. I am sure I shall. I have several ways to gain time.

And what, Madam, will gaining time do? It is plain you have not a hope beyond that — it is plain you have not, by putting all upon that precarious issue. O my dearest, dearest life, let me beseech you not to run a risque of this consequence. I can convince you that it will be more than a risque if you go back, that you will on Wednesday next be Solmes's wife. — Prevent, therefore, now that it is in your power to prevent, the fatal mischief that will follow such a dreadful certainty.

While I have any room for hope, it concerns your honour, Mr. Lovelace, as well as mine, (if you have the value for me you pretend, and wish me to believe you,) that my conduct in this great point should justify my prudence.

Your prudence, Madam! When has that been questionable? Yet what stead has either your prudence or your duty stood you in, with people so strangely determined?

And then he pathetically enumerated the different instances of the harsh treatment I had met with; imputing all to the malice and caprice of a brother, who set every body against him: and insisting, that I had no other way to bring about a reconciliation with my father and uncles, than by putting myself out of the power of my brother's inveterate malice.

Your brother's whole reliance, proceeded he, has been upon your easiness to bear his insults. Your whole family will seek to you, when you have freed yourself from this disgraceful oppression. When they know you are with those who can and will right you, they will give up to you your own estate. Why then, putting his arms around me, and again drawing me with a gentle force after him, do you hesitate a moment? — Now is the time — Fly with me, then, I beseech you, my dearest creature! Trust your persecuted adorer. Have we not suffered in the same cause? If any imputations are cast upon you, give me the honour (as I shall be found to deserve it) to call you mine; and, when you are so, shall I not be able to protect both your person and character?

Urge me no more, Mr. Lovelace, I conjure you. You yourself have given me a hint, which I will speak plainer to, than prudence, perhaps, on any other occasion, would allow. I am convinced, that Wednesday next (if I had time I would give you my reasons) is not intended to be the day we had both so much dreaded: and if after that day shall be over, I find my friends determined in Mr. Solmes's favour, I will then contrive some way to meet you with Miss Howe, who is not your enemy: and when the solemnity has passed, I shall think that step a duty, which till then will be criminal to take: since now my father's authority is unimpeached by any greater.

Dearest Madam —

Nay, Mr. Lovelace, if you now dispute — if, after this more favourable declaration, than I had the thought of making, you are not satisfied, I shall know what to think both of your gratitude and generosity.

The case, Madam, admits not of this alternative. I am all gratitude upon it. I cannot express how much I should be delighted with the charming hope you have given me, were you not next Wednesday, if you stay, to be another man's. Think, dearest creature! what an heightening of my anguish the distant hope you bid me look up to is, taken in this light!

Depend, depend upon it, I will die sooner than be Mr. Solmes's. If you would have me rely upon your honour, why should you doubt of mine?

I doubt not your honour, Madam; your power is all I doubt. You never, never can have such another opportunity. — Dearest creature, permit me — and he was again drawing me after him.

Whither, Sir, do you draw me? — Leave me this moment — Do you seek to keep me till my return shall grow dangerous or impracticable? This moment let me go, if you would have me think tolerably of you.

My happiness, Madam, both here and hereafter, and the safety of all your implacable family, depend upon this moment.

To Providence, Mr. Lovelace, and to the law, will I leave the safety of my friends. You shall not threaten me into a rashness that my heart condemns! — Shall I, to promote your happiness, as you call it, depend upon future peace of mind?

You trifle with me, my dear life, just as our better prospects begin to open. The way is clear; just now it is clear; but you may be prevented in a moment. What is it you doubt? — May I perish eternally, if your will shall not be a law to me in every thing! All my relations expect you. — Next Wednesday! — Dearest creature! think of next Wednesday! — And to what is it I urge you, but to take a step that sooner than any other will reconcile you to all whom you have most reason to value in your family?

Let my judge for myself, Sir. Do not you, who blame my friends for endeavouring to compel me, yourself seek to compel. I won't bear it. Your earnestness gives me greater apprehensions, and greater reluctance. Let me go back, then — let me, before it is too late, go back, that it may not be worse for both — What mean you by this forcible treatment? Is it thus that I am to judge of the entire submission to my will which you have so often vowed? — Unhand me this moment, or I will cry out for help.

I will obey you, my dearest creature! — And quitted my hand with a look full of tender despondency, that, knowing the violence of his temper, half-concerned me for him. Yet I was hastening from him, when, with a solemn air, looking upon

his sword, but catching, as it were, his hand from it, he folded both his arms, as if a sudden thought had recovered him from an intended rashness.

Stay, one moment — but one moment stay, O best beloved of my soul! — Your retreat is secure, if you will go: the key lies at the door. — But, O Madam, next Wednesday, and you are Mr. Solmes's! — Fly me not so eagerly — hear me but a few words.

When near the garden-door, I stopped; and was the more satisfied, as I saw the key there, by which I could let myself in again at pleasure. But, being uneasy lest I should be missed, I told him, I could stay no longer. I had already staid too long. I would write to him all my reasons. And depend upon it, Mr. Lovelace, said I [just upon the point of stooping for the key, in order to return] I will die, rather than have that man. You know what I have promised, if I find myself in danger.

One word, Madam, however; one word more [approaching me, his arms still folded, as if, I thought, he would not be tempted to mischief]. Remember only, that I come at your appointment, to redeem you, at the hazard of my life, from your gaolers and persecutors, with a resolution, God is my witness, or may he for ever blast me! [that was his shocking imprecation] to be a father, uncle, brother, and, as I humbly hoped, in your own good time, a husband to you, all in one. But since I find you are so ready to cry out for help against me, which must bring down upon me the vengeance of all your family, I am contented to run all risques. I will not ask you to retreat with me; I will attend you into the garden, and into the house, if I am not intercepted.

Nay, be not surprised, Madam. The help you would have called for, I will attend you to; for I will face them all: but not as a revenger, if they provoke me not too much. You shall see what I can further bear for your sake — and let us both see, if expostulation, and the behaviour of a gentleman to them, will not procure me the treatment due to a gentleman from them.

Had he offered to draw his sword upon himself, I was prepared to have despised him for supposing me such a poor novice, as to be intimidated by an artifice so common. But this resolution, uttered with so serious an air, of accompanying me in to my friends, made me gasp with terror.

What mean you, Mr. Lovelace? said I: I beseech you leave me — leave me, Sir, I beseech you.

Excuse me, Madam! I beg you to excuse me. I have long enough skulked like a thief about these lonely walls — long, too long, have I borne the insults of your brother, and other of your relations. Absence but heightens malice. I am desperate. I have but this one chance for it; for is not the day after to-morrow Wednesday? I have encouraged virulence by my tameness. — Yet tame I will still be. You shall see, Madam, what I will bear for your sake. My sword shall be put sheathed into

your hands [and he offered it to me in the scabbard]. — My heart, if you please, clapping one hand upon his breast, shall afford a sheath for your brother's sword. Life is nothing, if I lose you — be pleased, Madam, to shew me the way into the garden [moving toward the door]. I will attend you, though to my fate! — But too happy, be it what it will, if I receive it in your presence. Lead on, dear creature! [putting his sword into his belt] — You shall see what I can bear for you. And he stooped and took up the key; and offered it to the lock; but dropped it again, without opening the door, upon my earnest expostulations.

What can you mean, Mr. Lovelace? — said I — Would you thus expose yourself? Would you thus expose me? — Is this your generosity? Is every body to take advantage thus of the weakness of my temper?

And I wept. I could not help it.

He threw himself upon his knees at my feet — Who can bear, said he, [with an ardour that could not be feigned, his own eyes glistening,] who can bear to behold such sweet emotion? — O charmer of my heart, [and, respectfully still kneeling, he took my hand with both his, pressing it to his lips,] command me with you, command me from you; in every way I am implicit to obedience — but I appeal to all you know of your relations' cruelty to you, their determined malice against me, and as determined favour to the man you tell me you hate, (and, O Madam, if you did not hate him, I should hardly think there would be a merit in your approbation, place it where you would) — I appeal to every thing you know, to all you have suffered, whether you have not reason to be apprehensive of that Wednesday, which is my terror! — whether you can possibly have another opportunity — the chariot ready: my friends with impatience expecting the result of your own appointment: a man whose will shall be entirely your will, imploring you, thus, on his knees, imploring you — to be your own mistress; that is all: nor will I ask for your favour, but as upon full proof I shall appear to deserve it. Fortune, alliance, unobjectionable! — O my beloved creature! pressing my hand once more to his lips, let not such an opportunity slip. You never, never will have such another.

I bid him rise. He arose; and I told him, that were I not thus unaccountably hurried by his impatience, I doubted not to convince him, that both he and I had looked upon next Wednesday with greater apprehension than was necessary. I was proceeding to give him my reasons; but he broke in upon me —

Had I, Madam, but the shadow of a probability to hope what you hope, I would be all obedience and resignation. But the license is actually got: the parson is provided: the pedant Brand is the man. O my dearest creature, do these preparations mean only a trial?

You know not, Sir, were the worst to be intended, and weak as you think me, what a spirit I have: you know not what I can do, and how I can resist when I think myself meanly or unreasonably dealt with: nor do you know what I have already suffered, what I have already borne, knowing to whose unbrotherly instigations all is to be ascribed —

I may expect all things, Madam, interrupted he, from the nobleness of your mind. But your spirits may fail you. What may not be apprehended from the invincible temper of a father so positive, to a daughter so dutiful? — Fainting will not save you: they will not, perhaps, be sorry for such an effect of their barbarity. What will signify expostulations against a ceremony performed? Must not all, the dreadful all follow, that is torture to my heart but to think of? Nobody to appeal to, of what avail will your resistance be against the consequences of a rite witnessed to by the imposers of it, and those your nearest relations?

I was sure, I said, of procuring a delay at least. Many ways I had to procure a delay. Nothing could be so fatal to us both, as for me now to be found with him. My apprehensions on this score, I told him, grew too strong for my heart. I should think very hardly of him, if he sought to detain me longer. But his acquiescence should engage my gratitude.

And then stooping to take up the key to let myself into the garden, he started, and looked as if he had heard somebody near the door, on the inside; clapping his hand on his sword.

This frighted me so, that I thought I should have sunk down at his feet. But he instantly re-assured me: He thought, he said, he had heard a rustling against the door: but had it been so, the noise would have been stronger. It was only the effect of his apprehension for me.

And then taking up the key, he presented it to me. — If you will go, Madam — Yet, I cannot, cannot leave you! — I must enter the garden with you — forgive me, but I must enter the garden with you.

And will you, will you thus ungenerously, Mr. Lovelace, take advantage of my fears? of my wishes to prevent mischief? I, vain fool, to be concerned for every one; nobody for me!

Dearest creature! interrupted he, holding my hand, as I tremblingly offered to put the key to the lock — let me, if you will go, open the door. But once more, consider, could you possibly obtain that delay which seems to be your only dependence, whether you may not be closer confined? I know they have already had that in consideration. Will you not, in this case, be prevented from corresponding either with Miss Howe, or with me? — Who then shall assist you in your escape, if escape you would? — From your chamber-window only permitted to view the garden you must not enter into, how will you wish for the

opportunity you now have, if your hatred to Solmes continue! — But alas! that cannot continue. If you go back, it must be from the impulses of a yielding (which you'll call, a dutiful) heart, tired and teased out of your own will.

I have no patience, Sir, to be thus constrained. Must I never be at liberty to follow my own judgment? Be the consequence what it may, I will not be thus constrained.

And then, freeing my hand, I again offered the key to the door.

Down the ready kneeler dropt between me and that: And can you, can you, Madam, once more on my knees let me ask you, look with an indifferent eye upon the evils that may follow? Provoked as I have been, and triumphed over as I shall be, if your brother succeeds, my own heart shudders, at times, at the thoughts of what must happen: And can yours be unconcerned? Let me beseech you, dearest creature, to consider all these things; and lose not this only opportunity. My intelligence —

Never, Mr. Lovelace, interrupted I, give so much credit to the words of a traitor. Your base intelligencer is but a servant. He may pretend to know more than he has grounds for, in order to earn the wages of corruption. You know not what contrivances I can find out.

I was once more offering the key to the lock, when, starting from his knees, with a voice of affrightment, loudly whispering, and as if out of breath, they are at the door, my beloved creature! and taking the key from me, he fluttered with it, as if he would double lock it. And instantly a voice from within cried out, bursting against the door, as if to break it open, the person repeating his violent pushes, Are you there? — come up this moment! — this moment! — here they are — here they are both together! — your pistol this moment! — your gun! — Then another push, and another. He at the same moment drew his sword, and clapping it naked under his arm, took both my trembling hands in his; and drawing me swiftly after him, Fly, fly, my charmer; this moment is all you have for it, said he. — Your brother! — your uncles! — or this Solmes! — they will instantly burst the door — fly, my dearest life, if you would not be more cruelly used than ever — if you would not see two or three murders committed at your feet, fly, fly, I beseech you.

O Lord: — help, help, cried the fool, all in amaze and confusion, frighted beyond the power of controuling.

Now behind me, now before me, now on this side, now on that, turned I my affrighted face, in the same moment; expecting a furious brother here, armed servants there, an enraged sister screaming, and a father armed with terror in his countenance more dreadful than even the drawn sword which I saw, or those I apprehended. I ran as fast as he; yet knew not that I ran; my fears adding wings to

my feet, at the same time that they took all power of thinking from me — my fears, which probably would not have suffered me to know what course to take, had I not had him to urge and draw me after him: especially as I beheld a man, who must have come out of the door, keeping us in his eye, running now towards us; then back to the garden; beckoning and calling to others, whom I supposed he saw, although the turning of the wall hindered me from seeing them; and whom I imagined to be my brother, my father, and their servants.

Thus terrified, I was got out of sight of the door in a very few minutes: and then, although quite breathless between running and apprehension, he put my arm under his, his drawn sword in the other hand, and hurried me on still faster: my voice, however, contradicting my action; crying, no, no, no, all the while; straining my neck to look back, as long as the walls of the garden and park were within sight, and till he brought me to the chariot: where, attending, were two armed servants of his own, and two of Lord M.'s on horseback.

Here I must suspend my relation for a while: for now I am come to this sad period of it, my indiscretion stares me in the face; and my shame and my grief give me a compunction that is more poignant methinks than if I had a dagger in my heart. To have it to reflect, that I should so inconsiderately give in to an interview, which, had I known either myself or him, or in the least considered the circumstances of the case, I might have supposed would put me into the power of his resolution, and out of that of my own reason.

For, might I not have believed, that he, who thought he had cause to apprehend that he was on the point of losing a person who had cost him so much pains and trouble, would not hinder her, if possible, from returning? That he, who knew I had promised to give him up for ever, if insisted as a condition of reconciliation, would not endeavour to put it out of my power to do so? In short, that he, who had artfully forborne to send for my letter, (for he could not be watched, my dear,) lest he should find in it a countermand to my appointment, (as I myself could apprehend, although I profited by the apprehension,) would want a device to keep me with him till the danger of having our meeting discovered might throw me absolutely into his power, to avoid my own worse usage, and the mischiefs which might have ensued (perhaps in my very sight) had my friends and he met?

But if it shall come out, that the person within the garden was his corrupted implement, employed to frighten me away with him, do you think, my dear, that I shall not have reason to hate him and myself still more? I hope his heart cannot be so deep and so vile a one: I hope it cannot! But how came it to pass, that one man could get out at the garden-door, and no more? how, that that man kept aloof, as it were, and pursued us not; nor ran back to alarm the house? my fright, and my

distance, would not let me be certain; but really this man, as I now recollect, had the air of that vile Joseph Leman.

O why, why, my dear friends! — But wherefore blame I them, when I had argued myself into a hope, not improbable, that even the dreadful trial I was to undergo so soon might turn out better than if I had been directly carried away from the presence of my once indulgent parents, who might possibly intend that trial to be the last I should have had?

Would to Heaven, that I had stood it, however! then if I had afterwards done, what now I have been prevailed upon, or perhaps foolishly frightened to do, I should not have been stung so much by inward reproach as now I am: and this would have been a great evil avoided.

You know, my dear, that your Clarissa's mind was ever above justifying her own failings by those of others. God forgive those of my friends who have acted cruelly by me! But their faults are their own, and not excuses for mine. And mine began early: for I ought not to have corresponded with him.

O the vile encroacher! how my indignation, at times, rises at him! thus to lead a young creature (too much indeed relying upon her own strength) from evil to evil! — This last evil, although the remote, yet sure consequence of my first — my prohibited correspondence! by a father early prohibited.

How much more properly had I acted, with regard to that correspondence, had I, once for all, when he was forbidden to visit me, and I to receive his visits, pleaded the authority by which I ought to have been bound, and denied to write to him! — But I thought I could proceed, or stop, as I pleased. I supposed it concerned me, more than any other, to be the arbitress of the quarrels of unruly spirits. — And now I find my presumption punished — punished, as other sins frequently are, by itself!

As to this last rashness; now, that it is too late, I plainly see how I ought to have conducted myself. As he knew I had but one way of transmitting to him the knowledge of what befel me; as he knew that my fate was upon a crisis with my friends; and that I had in my letter to him reserved the liberty of revocation; I should not have been solicitous whether he had got my letter or not: when he had come, and found I did not answer to his signal, he would presently have resorted to the loose bricks, and there been satisfied, by the date of my letter, that it was his own fault that he had it not before. But, governed by the same pragmatical motives which induced me to correspond with him at first, I was again afraid, truly, with my foolish and busy prescience; and the disappointment would have thrown him into the way of receiving fresh insults from the same persons; which might have made him guilty of some violence to them. And so to save him an apprehended rashness, I rushed into a real one myself. And what vexes me more

is, that it is plain to me now, by all his behaviour, that he had as great a confidence in my weakness, as I had in my own strength. And so, in a point entirely relative to my honour, he has triumphed; for he has not been mistaken in me, while I have in myself!

Tell me, my dear Miss Howe, tell me truly, if your unbiassed heart does not despise me? — It must! for your mind and mine were ever one; and I despise myself! — And well I may: For could the giddiest and most inconsiderate girl in England have done worse than I shall appear to have done in the eye of the world? Since my crime will be known without the provocations, and without the artifices of the betrayer too; while it will be a high aggravation, that better things were expected from me than from many others.

You charge me to marry the first opportunity — Ah! my dear! another of the blessed effects of my folly — That's as much in my power now as — as I am myself! — And can I besides give a sanction immediately to his deluding arts? — Can I avoid being angry with him for tricking me thus, as I may say, (and as I have called it to him,) out of myself? — For compelling me to take a step so contrary to all my resolutions and assurances given to you; a step so dreadfully inconvenient to myself; so disgraceful and so grievous (as it must be) to my dear mother, were I to be less regardful of any other of my family or friends? — You don't know, nor can you imagine, my dear, how I am mortified! — How much I am sunk in my own opinion! I, that was proposed for an example, truly, to others! — O that I were again in my father's house, stealing down with a letter to you; my heart beating with expectation of finding one from you!

This is the Wednesday morning I dreaded so much, that I once thought of it as the day of my doom: but of the Monday, it is plain, I ought to have been most apprehensive. Had I staid, and had the worst I dreaded happened, my friends would then have been answerable for the consequences, if any bad ones had followed: — but now, I have only this consolation left me (a very poor one, you'll say!) that I have cleared them of blame, and taken it all upon myself!

You will not wonder to see this narrative so dismally scrawled. It is owing to different pens and ink, all bad, and written in snatches of time; my hand trembling too with fatigue and grief.

I will not add to the length of it, by the particulars of his behaviour to me, and of our conversation at St. Alban's, and since; because those will come in course in the continuation of my story; which, no doubt, you will expect from me.

Only thus much will I say, that he is extremely respectful (even obsequiously so) at present, though I am so much dissatisfied with him and myself that he has

hitherto had no great cause to praise my complaisance to him. Indeed, I can hardly, at times, bear the seducer in my sight.

The lodgings I am in are inconvenient. I shall not stay in them: so it signifies nothing to tell you how to direct to me hither. And where my next may be, as yet I know not.

He knows that I am writing to you; and has offered to send my letter, when finished, by a servant of his. But I thought I could not be too cautious, as I am now situated, in having a letter of this importance conveyed to you. Who knows what such a man may do? So very wicked a contriver! The contrivance, if a contrivance, to get me away, so insolently mean! — But I hope it is not a contrivance neither! — Yet, be that as it will, I must say, that the best of him, and of my prospects with him, are bad; and yet, having enrolled myself among the too-late repenters, who shall pity me?

Nevertheless, I will dare to hope for a continued interest in your affections [I shall be miserable indeed if I may not!] and to be remembered in your daily prayers. For neither time nor accident shall ever make me cease to be

Your faithful and affectionate CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER III

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOSEPH LEMAN SAT. APRIL 8.

HONEST JOSEPH,

At length your beloved young lady has consented to free herself from the cruel treatment she has so long borne. She is to meet me without the garden-door at about four o'clock on Monday afternoon. I told you she had promised to do so. She has confirmed her promise. Thank Heaven she has confirmed her promise!

I shall have a chariot-and-six ready in the by-road fronting the private path to Harlowe-paddock; and several of my friends and servants not far off, armed to protect her, if there be occasion: but every one charged to avoid mischief. That, you know, has always been my principal care.

All my fear is, that, when she comes to the point, the over-niceness of her principles will make her waver, and want to go back: although her honour is my honour, you know, and mine is her's. If she should, and should I be unable to prevail upon her, all your past services will avail nothing, and she will be lost to me for ever: the prey then of that cursed Solmes, whose vile stinginess will never permit him to do good to any of the servants of the family.

I have no doubt of your fidelity, honest Joseph; nor of your zeal to serve an injured gentleman, and an oppressed young lady. You see by the confidence I repose in you, that I have not; more particularly, on this very important occasion, in which your assistance may crown the work: for, if she waver, a little innocent contrivance will be necessary.

Be very mindful, therefore, of the following directions; take them into your heart. This will probably be your last trouble, until my beloved and I are joined in holy wedlock: and then we will be sure to take care of you. You know what I have promised. No man ever reproached me for breach of word.

These, then, honest Joseph, are they:

Contrive to be in the garden, in disguise, if possible, and unseen by your young lady. If you find the garden-door unbolted, you will know that she and I are together, although you should not see her go out at it. It will be locked, but my key shall be on the ground just without the door, that you may open it with your's, as it may be needful.

If you hear our voices parleying, keep at the door till I cry Hem, hem, twice: but be watchful for this signal; for I must not hem very loud, lest she should take it for a signal. Perhaps, in struggling to prevail upon the dear creature, I may have an opportunity to strike the door hard with my elbow, or heel, to confirm you —

then you are to make a violent burst against the door, as if you would break it open, drawing backward and forward the bolt in a hurry: then, with another push, but with more noise than strength, lest the lock give way, cry out (as if you saw some of the family) Come up, come up, instantly! — Here they are! Here they are! — Hasten! — This instant! hasten! And mention swords, pistols, guns, with as terrible a voice as you can cry out with. Then shall I prevail upon her, no doubt, if loth before, to fly. If I cannot, I will enter the garden with her, and the house too, be the consequence what it will. But, so affrighted, these is no question but she will fly.

When you think us at a sufficient distance [and I shall raise my voice urging her swifter flight, that you may guess at that] then open the door with your key: but you must be sure to open it very cautiously, lest we should not be far enough off. I would not have her know you have a hand in this matter, out of my great regard to you.

When you have opened the door, take your key out of the lock, and put it in your pocket: then, stooping for mine, put it in the lock on the inside, that it may appear as if the door was opened by herself, with a key, which they will suppose to be of my procuring (it being new) and left open by us.

They should conclude she is gone off by her own consent, that they may not pursue us: that they may see no hopes of tempting her back again. In either case, mischief might happen, you know.

But you must take notice, that you are only to open the door with your key, in case none of the family come up to interrupt us, and before we are quite gone: for, if they do, you'll find by what follows, that you must not open the door at all. Let them, on breaking it open, or by getting over the wall, find my key on the ground, if they will.

If they do not come to interrupt us, and if you, by help of your key, come out, follow us at a distance; and, with uplifted hands, and wild impatient gestures, (running backward and forward, for fear you should come up too near us, and as if you saw somebody coming to your assistance,) cry out for help, help, and to hasten. Then shall we be soon at the chariot.

Tell the family that you saw me enter a chariot with her: a dozen, or more, men on horseback, attending us; all armed; some with blunderbusses, as you believe; and that we took quite the contrary way to that we should take.

You see, honest Joseph, how careful I am, as well as you, to avoid mischief.

Observe to keep at such a distance that she may not discover who you are. Take long strides, to alter your gait; and hold up your head, honest Joseph; and she'll not know it to be you. Men's airs and gaits are as various and peculiar as their faces. Pluck a stake out of one of the hedges: and tug at it, though it may

come easy: this, if she turn back, will look terrible, and account for your not following us faster. Then, returning with it, shouldered, to brag to the family what you would have done, could you have overtaken us, rather than your young lady should be carried off by such a —— — And you may call me names, and curse me. And these airs will make you look valiant, and in earnest. You see, honest Joseph, I am always contriving to give you reputation. No man suffers by serving me.

But, if our parley should last longer than I wish; and if any of her friends miss her before I cry, Hem, hem, twice; then, in order to save yourself, (which is a very great point with me, I assure you,) make the same noise as above: but as I directed before, open not the door with your key. On the contrary, wish for a key with all your heart; but for fear any of them should by accident have a key about them, keep in readiness half a dozen little gravel-stones, no bigger than peas, and thrust two or three slily into the key-hole; which will hinder their key from turning round. It is good, you know, Joseph, to provide against every accident in such an important case, as this. And let this be your cry, instead of the other, if any of my enemies come in your sight, as you seem to be trying to burst the door open, Sir! Sir! or Madam! Madam! O Lord, hasten! O Lord, hasten! Mr. Lovelace! Mr. Lovelace! — And very loud — and that shall quicken me more than it shall those you call to. — If it be Betty, and only Betty, I shall think worse of your art of making love* than of your fidelity, if you can’t find a way to amuse her, and put her upon a false scent.

* See Vol.II. Letter XXIX.

You must tell them that your young lady seemed to run as fast off with me as I with her. This will also confirm to them that all pursuit is in vain. An end will hereby be put to Solmes’s hopes: and her friends, after a while, will be more studious to be reconciled to her than to get her back. So you will be a happy instrument of great good to all round. And this will one day be acknowledged by both families. You will then be every one’s favourite; and every good servant, for the future, will be proud to be likened to honest Joseph Leman.

If she should guess at you, or find you out, I have it already in my head to write a letter for you to copy,* which, occasionally produced, will set you right with her.

* See Vol.III. Letter XXI.

This one time be diligent, be careful: this will be the crown of all: and once more, depend, for a recompense, upon the honour of

Your assured friend, R. LOVELACE.

You need not be so much afraid of going too far with Betty. If you should make a match with her, she is a very likely creature, though a vixen, as you say. I

have an admirable receipt to cure a termagant wife. — Never fear, Joseph, but thou shalt be master of thine house. If she be very troublesome, I can teach thee how to break her heart in a twelvemonth; and honestly too; — or the precept would not be mine.

I enclose a new earnest of my future favour.

LETTER IV

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQUIER, HIS HONNER SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 9.

HONNERED SIR,

I must confesse I am infinitely obliged to your Honner's bounty. But this last command! — It seems so intricket! Lord be merciful to me, how have I been led from littel stepps to grate stepps! — And if I should be found out! — But your Honner says you will take me into your Honner's sarvise, and protect me, if as I should at any time be found out; and raise my wages besides; or set me upp in a good inne; which is my ambishion. And you will be honnerable and kind to my dearest young lady, God love her. — But who can be unkind to she?

I wil do my best I am able, since your Honner will be apt to lose her, as your Honner says, if I do not; and a man so stingie will be apt to gain her. But mayhap my deareste young lady will not make all this trubble needful. If she has promissed, she will stand to it, I dare to say.

I love your Honner for contriveing to save mischiff so well. I thought till I know'd your Honner, that you was verry mischevous, and plese your Honner: but find it to be clene contrary. Your Honner, it is plane, means mighty well by every body, as far as I see. As I am sure I do myself; for I am, althoff a very plane man, and all that, a very honnest one, I thank my God. And have good principels, and have kept my young lady's pressepts always in mind: for she goes no where, but saves a soul or two, more or less.

So, commending myself to your Honner's further favour, not forgetting the inne, when your Honner shall so please, and good one offers; for plases are no inherritanses now-a-days. And, I hope, your Honner will not think me a dishonest man for sarving your Honner agenst my duty, as it may look; but only as my conshence clears me.

Be pleased, howsomever, if it like your Honner, not to call me honest Joseph, so often. For, althoff I think myself verry honnest, and all that, yet I am touched a littel, for fear I should not do the quite right thing: and too besides, your Honner has such a fesseshious way with you, as that I hardly know whether you are in jest or earnest, when your Honner calls me honnest so often.

I am a very plane man, and seldom have writ to such honourable gentlemen; so you will be good enuff to pass by every thing, as I have often said, and need not now say over again.

As to Mrs. Betty; I tho’te, indeed, she looked above me. But she comes on vere well, natheless. I could like her better, iff she was better to my young lady. But she has too much wit for so plane a man. Natheless, if she was to angre me, althoff it is a shame to bete a woman, yet I colde make shift to throe my hat at her, or so, your Honner.

But that same reseit, iff your Honner so please, to cure a shrewish wife. It would more encurrege to wed, iff so be one know’d it before-hand, as one may say. So likewise, if one knoed one could honnestly, as your Honner says, and as of the handy-work of God, in one twelvemonth —

But, I shall grow impertinent to such a grate man. — And hereafter may do for that, as she turnes out: for one mought be loth to part with her, mayhap, so verry soon too; espessially if she was to make the notable landlady your Honner put into my head.

Butt wonce moer, begging your Honner’s parden, and promissing all dilligence and exsackness, I reste,

Your Honner’s dewtiful sarvant to command, JOSEPH LEMAN.

LETTER V

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. ST. ALBAN'S, MONDAY NIGHT.

I snatch a few moments while my beloved is retired, [as I hope, to rest,] to perform my promise. No pursuit — nor have I apprehensions of any; though I must make my charmer dread that there will be one.

And now, let me tell thee, that never was joy so complete as mine! — But let me inquire, is not the angel flown away?

O no! She is in the next apartment! — Securely mine! — Mine for ever!

O ecstasy! — My heart will burst my breast,
To leap into her bosom!

I knew that the whole stupid family were in a combination to do my business for me. I told thee that they were all working for me, like so many ground moles; and still more blind than the moles are said to be, unknowing that they did so. I myself, the director of their principal motions; which falling in with the malice of their little hearts, they took to be all their own.

But did I say my joy was perfect? — O no! — It receives some abatement from my disgusted bride. For how can I endure to think that I owe more to her relations' precautions than to her favour for me? — Or even, as far as I know, to her preference of me to another man?

But let me not indulge this thought. Were I to do so, it might cost my charmer dear. Let me rejoice, that she has passed the rubicon: that she cannot return: that, as I have ordered it, the flight will appear to the implacables to be altogether with her own consent: and that if I doubt her love, I can put her to trials as mortifying to her niceness, as glorious to my pride. — For, let me tell thee, dearly as I love her, if I thought there was but the shadow of a doubt in her mind whether she preferred me to any man living, I would shew her no mercy.

TUESDAY, DAY-DAWN.

But, on the wings of love, I fly to my charmer, who perhaps by this time is rising to encourage the tardy dawn. I have not slept a wink of the hour and half I lay down to invite sleep. It seems to me, that I am not so much body, as to require such a vulgar renovation.

But why, as in the chariot, as in the inn, at alighting, all heart-bursting grief, my dearest creature? SO persecuted as thou wert persecuted! — So much in

danger of the most abhorred compulsion! — Yet grief so unsuspectedly sincere for an escape so critical! — Take care, take care, O beloved of my soul! for jealous is the heart in which love has erected a temple to thee.

Yet, it must be allowed, that such a sudden transition must affect her; must ice her over. When a little more used to her new situation; when her hurries are at an end; when she sees how religiously I shall observe all her INJUNCTIONS; she will undoubtedly have the gratitude to distinguish between the confinement she has escaped from, and the liberty she has reason to rejoice in.

She comes! She comes! And the sun is just rising to attend her! Adieu! Be half as happy as I am (for all diffidencies, like night-fogs before the sun, disperse at her approach) and, next myself, thou wilt be the happiest man in the world.

LETTER VI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.

I will pursue my melancholy story.

Being thus hurried to the chariot, it would have been to no purpose to have refused entering into it, had he not in my fright lifted me in, as he did: and it instantly drove away a full gallop, and stopped not till it brought us to St. Alban's; which was just as the day shut in.

I thought I should have fainted several times by the way. With uplifted hands and eyes, God protect me! said I often to myself: Can it be I, that am here! My eyes running over, and my heart ready to burst with sighs as involuntarily as my flight.

How different, how inexpressibly different, the gay wretch; visibly triumphing (as I could not be construe his almost rapturous joy) in the success of his arts! But overflowing with complimental flourishes, yet respectfully distant his address, all the way we flew; for that, rather than galloping, was the motion of the horses; which took, as I believe, a round-about way, to prevent being traced.

I have reason to think, there were other horsemen at his devotion; three or four different persons, above the rank of the servants, galloping by us now-and-then, on each side of the chariot: but he took no notice of them; and I had too much grief, mingled with indignation, notwithstanding all his blandishments, to ask any questions about them, or any thing else.

Think, my dear, what were my thoughts on alighting from the chariot; having no attendant of my own sex; no clothes but what I had on, and those little suited to such a journey as I had already taken, and was still to take: neither hood nor hat, nor any thing but a handkerchief round my head and shoulders: fatigued to death: my mind still more fatigued than my body: and in such a foam the horses, that every one in the inn we put up at guessed [they could not do otherwise] that I was a young giddy creature, who had run away from her friends. This it was easy to see, by their whispering and gaping: more of the people of the house also coming in by turns, than were necessary for the attendance.

The mistress of the house, whom he sent in to me, showed me another apartment; and, seeing me ready to fain, brought me hartshorn and water; and then, upon my desiring to be left alone for half an hour, retired: for I found my heart ready to burst, on revolving every thing in my thoughts: and the moment she was gone, fastening the door, I threw myself into an old great chair, and gave way to a violent flood of tears, which a little relieved me.

Mr. Lovelace, sooner than I wished, sent up the gentlewoman, who pressed me, in his name, to admit my brother, or to come down to him: for he had told her I was his sister; and that he had brought me, against my will, and without warning, from a friend's house, where I had been all the winter, in order to prevent my marrying against the consent of my friends; to whom he was now conducting me; and that, having given me no time for a travelling-dress, I was greatly offended at him.

So, my dear, your frank, your open-hearted friend, was forced to countenance this tale; which indeed suited me the better, because I was unable for some time to talk, speak, or look up; and so my dejection, and grief, and silence, might very well pass before the gentlewoman and her niece who attended me, as a fit of sullenness.

The room I was in being a bed-chamber, I chose to go down, at his repeated message, attended by the mistress of the house, to that in which he was. He approached me with great respect, yet not exceeding a brotherly politeness, where a brother is polite; and, calling me his dearest sister, asked after the state of my mind; and hoped I would forgive him; for never brother half so well loved a sister, as he me.

A wretch! how naturally did he fall into the character, although I was so much out of mine!

Unthinking creatures have some comfort in the shortness of their views; in their unapprehensiveness; and that they penetrate not beyond the present moment: in short that they are unthinking! — But, for a person of my thoughtful disposition, who has been accustomed to look forward, as well to the possible, as to the probable, what comfort can I have in my reflections?

But let me give you the particulars of our conversation a little before and after our supper-time, joining both in one.

When we were alone, he besought me (I cannot say but with all the tokens of a passionate and respectful tenderness) to be better reconciled to myself and to him: he repeated all the vows of honour and inviolable affection that he ever made me: he promised to be wholly governed by me in every future step. He asked me to give him leave to propose, whether I chose to set out next day to either of his aunts?

I was silent. I knew not what to say, nor what to do.

Whether I chose to have private lodgings procured for me in either of those ladies' neighbourhood, as were once my thoughts?

I was still silent.

Whether I chose to go to either of Lord M.'s seats; that of Berks, or that in the county we were in?

In lodgings, I said, any where, where he was not to be.

He had promised this, he owned; and he would religiously keep to his word, as soon as he found all danger of pursuit over; and that I was settled to my mind. But, if the place were indifferent to me, London was the safest, and the most private: and his relations should all visit me there, the moment I thought fit to admit them. His cousin Charlotte, particularly, should attend me, as my companion, if I would accept of her, as soon as she was able to go abroad. Mean time, would I go to Lady Betty Lawrance's (Lady Sarah was a melancholy woman)? I should be the most welcome guest she ever received.

I told him, I wished not to go (immediately, however, and in the frame I was in, and not likely to be out of) to any of his relations: that my reputation was concerned, to have him absent from me: that, if I were in some private lodging, the meaner the less to be suspected, (as it would be known, that I went away by his means; and he would be supposed to have provided me handsome accommodations,) it would be most suitable both to my mind and to my situation: that this might be best, I should think, in the country for me; in town for him. And no matter how soon he was known to be there.

If he might deliver his opinion, he said, it was, that since I declined going to any of his relations, London was the only place in the world to be private in. Every new comer in a country town or village excited a curiosity: A person of my figure [and many compliments he made me] would excite more. Even messages and letters, where none used to be brought, would occasion inquiry. He had not provided a lodging any where, supposing I would choose to go either to London, where accommodations of that sort might be fixed upon in an hour's time, or to Lady Betty's; or to Lord M.'s Herfordshire seat, where was the housekeeper, an excellent woman, Mrs. Greme, such another as my Norton.

To be sure, I said, if I were pursued, it would be in their first passion; and some one of his relations' houses would be the place they would expect to find me at — I knew not what to do.

My pleasure should determine him, he said, be it what it would. Only that I were safe, was all he was solicitous about. He had lodgings in town; but he did not offer to propose them. He knew, I would have more objections to go to them, than I could to go to Lord M.'s, or to Lady Betty's.

No doubt of it, I replied, with such an indignation in my manner, as made him run over with professions, that he was far from proposing them, or wishing for my acceptance of them. And again he repeated, that my honour and safety were all he was solicitous about; assuring me, that my will should be a law to him in every particular.

I was too peevish, and too much afflicted, and indeed too much incensed against him, to take well any thing he said.

I thought myself, I said, extremely unhappy. I knew not what to determine upon: my reputation now, no doubt, utterly ruined: destitute of clothes: unfit to be seen by any body: my very indigence, as I might call it, proclaiming my folly to every one who saw me; who would suppose that I had been taken at advantage, or had given an undue one; and had no power over either my will or my actions: that I could not but think I had been dealt artfully with: that he had seemed to have taken, what he might suppose, the just measure of my weakness, founded on my youth and inexperience: that I could not forgive myself for meeting him: that my heart bled for the distresses of my father and mother, on this occasion: that I would give the world, and all my hopes in it, to have been still in my father's house, whatever had been my usage: that, let him protest and vow what he would, I saw something low and selfish in his love, that he could study to put a young creature upon making such a sacrifice of her duty and conscience: when a person, actuated by a generous love, must seek to oblige the object of it, in every thing essential to her honour, and to her peace of mind.

He was very attentive to all I said, never offering to interrupt me once. His answer to every article, almost methodically, shewed his memory.

'What I had said, he told me, made him very grave; and he would answer accordingly.

'He was grieved at his heart, to find that he had so little share in my favour or confidence.

'As to my reputation, (he must be very sincere with me,) that could not suffer half so much by the step I so regretted to have taken, as by the confinement, and equally foolish and unjust treatment, I had met with from my relations: that every mouth was full of blame of them, of my brother and sister particularly; and of wonder at my patience: that he must repeat what he had written to me he believed more than once, That my friends themselves expected that I should take a proper opportunity to free myself from their persecutions; why else did they confine me? That my exalted character, as he called it, would still bear me out, with those who knew me; who knew my brother's and sister's motives; and who knew the wretch they were for compelling me to have.

'With regard to clothes; who, as matters were circumstanced, could expect that I should be able to bring away any others than those I had on at the time? For present use or wear, all the ladies of his family would take a pride to supply me: for future, the product of the best looms, not only in England, but throughout the world, were at my command.

‘If I wanted money, as no doubt I must, he should be proud to supply me: Would to heaven, he might presume to hope, there were but one interest between us!’

And then he would fain have had me to accept of a bank note of a hundred pounds; which, unawares to me, he put into my hand: but which, you may be sure, I refused with warmth.

‘He was inexpressibly grieved and surprised, he said, to hear me say had acted artfully by me. He came provided, according to my confirmed appointment,’ [a wretch to upbraid me thus!] ‘to redeem me from my persecutors; and little expected a change of sentiment, and that he should have so much difficulty to prevail upon me, as he had met with: that perhaps I might think his offer to go into the garden with me, and to face my assembled relations, was a piece of art only: but that if I did, I wronged him: since to this hour, seeing my excessive uneasiness, he wished, with all his soul he had been permitted to accompany me in. It was always his maxim to brave a threatened danger. Threateners, where they have an opportunity to put in force their threats, were seldom to be feared. But had he been assured of a private stab, or of as many death’s wounds as there were persons in my family, (made desperate as he should have been by my return,) he would have attended me into the house.’

So, my dear, what I have to do, is to hold myself inexcusable for meeting such a determined and audacious spirit; that’s all! I have hardly any question now, but that he would have contrived some wicked stratagem or other to have got me away, had I met him at a midnight hour, as once or twice I had thoughts to do; and that would have been more terrible still.

He concluded this part of his talk, with saying, ‘That he doubted not but that, had he attended me in, he should have come off in every one’s opinion well, that he should have had general leave to renew his visits.’

He went on— ‘He must be so bold as to tell me, that he should have paid a visit of this kind, (but indeed accompanied by several of his trusty friends,) had I not met him; and that very afternoon too; for he could not tamely let the dreadful Wednesday come, without making some effort to change their determinations.’

What, my dear, was to be done with such a man!

‘That therefore for my sake, as well as for his own, he had reason to wish that a disease so desperate had been attempted to be overcome by as desperate a remedy. We all know, said he, that great ends are sometimes brought about by the very means by which they are endeavoured to be frustrated.’

My present situation, I am sure, thought I, affords a sad evidence of this truth!

I was silent all this time. My blame was indeed turned inward. Sometimes, too, I was half-frighted at his audaciousness: at others, had the less inclination to

interrupt him, being excessively fatigued, and my spirits sunk to nothing, with a view even of the best prospects with such a man.

This gave his opportunity to proceed: and that he did; assuming a still more serious air.

‘As to what further remained for him to say, in answer to what I had said, he hoped I would pardon him; but, upon his soul, he was concerned, infinitely concerned, he repeated, (his colour and his voice rising,) that it was necessary for him to observe, how much I chose rather to have run the risque of being Solmes’s wife, than to have it in my power to reward a man who, I must forgive him, had been as much insulted on my account, as I had been on his — who had watched my commands, and (pardon me, Madam) ever changeable motion of your pen, all hours, in all weathers, and with a cheerfulness and ardour, that nothing but the most faithful and obsequious passion could inspire.’

I now, my dear, began to revive into a little more warmth of attention. —

‘And all, Madam, for what?’ — How I stared! for he stopt then a moment or two— ‘Only,’ went he on, ‘to prevail upon you to free yourself from ungenerous and base oppressions’ —

Sir, Sir, indignantly said I —

‘Hear me but out, dearest Madam! — My heart is full — I must speak what I have to say — To be told (for your words are yet in my ears, and at my heart!) that you would give the world, and all your hopes in it, to have been still in your cruel and gloomy father’s house’ —

Not a word, Sir, against my father! — I will not bear that —

‘Whatever had been your usage: — and you have a credulity, Madam, against all probability, if you believe you should have avoided being Solmes’s wife: That I have put you upon sacrificing your duty and conscience — yet, dearest creature! see you not the contradiction that your warmth of temper has surprised you into, when the reluctance you shewed to the last to leave your persecutors, has cleared your conscience from the least reproach of this sort?’ —

O Sir! Sir! are you so critical then? Are you so light in your anger as to dwell upon words? —

Indeed, my dear, I have since thought that his anger was not owing to that sudden impetus, which cannot be easily bridled; but rather was a sort of manageable anger let loose to intimidate me.

‘Forgive me, Madam — I have just done — Have I not, in your opinion, hazarded my life to redeem you from oppression? Yet is not my reward, after all, precarious? — For, Madam, have you not conditioned with me (and, hard as the condition is, most sacredly will I observe it) that all my hope must be remote?

That you are determined to have it in your power to favour or reject me totally, as you please?'

See, my dear! in every respect my condition changed for the worse! Is it in my power to take your advice, if I should think it ever so right to take it?*

* Clarissa had been censured as behaving to Mr. Lovelace, in their first conversation at St. Alban's, and afterwards, with too much reserve, and even with haughtiness. Surely those, who have thought her to blame on this account, have not paid a due attention to the story. How early, as above, and in what immediately follows, does he remind her of the terms of distance which she had prescribed to him, before she was in his power, in hopes to leave the door open for a reconciliation with her friends, which her heart was set upon? And how artfully does he (unrequired) promise to observe the conditions in which she in her present circumstances and situation (in pursuance of Miss Howe's advice) would gladly have dispensed with? — To say nothing of the resentment she was under a necessity to shew, at the manner of his getting her away, in order to justify to him the sincerity of her refusal to go off with him. See, in her subsequent Letter to Miss Howe, No. IX., her own sense upon the subject.

'And have you not furthermore declared,' proceeded he 'that you will engage to renounce me for ever, if you friends insist upon that cruel renunciation, as the terms of being reconciled to you?

'But nevertheless, Madam, all the merit of having saved you from an odious compulsion, shall be mine. I glory in it, though I were to lose you for ever. As I see I am but too likely to do, from your present displeasure; and especially, if your friends insist upon the terms you are ready to comply with.

'That you are your own mistress, through my means, is, I repeat, my boast. As such, I humbly implore your favour, and that only upon the conditions I have yielded to hope for it. As I do now, thus humbly, [the proud wretch falling on one knee,] your forgiveness, for so long detaining your ear, and for all the plain dealing that my undesigning heart would not be denied to utter by my lips.'

O Sir, pray rise! Let the obliged kneel, if one of us must kneel! But, nevertheless, proceed not in this strain, I beseech you. You have had a great deal of trouble about me: but had you let me know in time, that you expected to be rewarded for it at the price of my duty, I should have spared you much of it.

Far be it from me, Sir, to depreciate merit so extraordinary. But let me say, that had it not been for the forbidden correspondence I was teased by you into; and which I had not continued (every letter, for many letters, intended to be the last) but because I thought you a sufferer from my friends; I had not been either

confined or ill treated: nor would my brother's low-meant violence have had a foundation to work upon.

I am far from thinking my case would have been so very desperate as you imagine had I staid. My father loved me in his heart: he would not see me before; and I wanted only to see him, and to be heard; and a delay of his sentence was the least thing I expected from the trial I was to stand.

You are boasting of your merits, Sir: let merit be your boast; nothing else can attract me. If personal considerations had principal weight with me, either in Solmes's disfavour, or in your favour, I shall despise myself: if you value yourself upon them, in preference to the person of the poor Solmes, I shall despise you!

You may glory in your fancied merits in getting me away: but the cause of your glory, I tell you plainly, is my shame.

Make to yourself a title to my regard, which I can better approve of; or else you will not have so much merit with me, as you have with yourself.

But here, Sir, like the first pair, (I, at least, driven out of my paradise,) are we recriminating. No more shall you need to tell me of your sufferings, and your merits! your all hours, and all weathers! For I will bear them in memory as long as I live; and if it be impossible for me to reward them, be ever ready to own the obligation. All that I desire of you now is, to leave it to myself to seek for some private abode: to take the chariot with you to London, or elsewhere: and, if I have any further occasion for your assistance and protection, I will signify it to you, and be still further obliged to you.

You are warm, my dearest life! — But indeed there is no occasion for it. Had I any views unworthy of my faithful love for you, I should not have been so honest in my declarations.

Then he began again to vow the sincerity of his intentions —

But I took him up short: I am willing to believe you, Sir. It would be insupportable but to suppose there were a necessity for such solemn declarations. [At this he seemed to collect himself, as I may say, into a little more circumspection.] If I thought there were, I would not sit with you here, in a public inn, I assure you, although cheated hither, as far as I know, by methods (you must excuse me, Sir) which, but to suspect, will hardly let me have patience either with you or with myself — but no more of this, just now: Let me, I beseech you, good Sir, bowing [I was very angry!] let me only know whether you intend to leave me; or whether I have only escaped from one confinement to another?

Cheated hither, as far as I know, Madam! Let you know (and with that air, too, charming, though grievous to my heart!) if you have only escaped from one confinement to another — amazing! perfectly amazing! And can there be a necessity for me to answer this? You are absolutely your own mistress — it was

very strange, if you were not. The moment you are in a place of safety, I will leave you. To one condition only, give me leave to beg your consent: it is this, that you will be pleased, now you are so entirely in your own power, to renew a promise voluntarily made before; voluntarily, or I would not now presume to request it; for although I would not be thought capable of growing upon concession, yet I cannot bear to think of losing the ground your goodness had given me room to hope I had gained; 'That, make up how you please with your relations, you will never marry any other man, while I am living and single, unless I should be so wicked as to give new cause for high displeasure.'

I hesitate not to confirm this promise, Sir, upon your own condition. In what manner do you expect to confirm it?

Only, Madam, by your word.

Then I never will.

He had the assurance (I was now in his power) to salute me as a sealing of my promise, as he called it. His motion was so sudden, that I was not aware of it. It would have looked affected to be very angry; yet I could not be pleased, considering this as a leading freedom, from a spirit so audacious and encroaching: and he might see, that I was not.

He passed all that by with an air peculiar to himself — Enough, enough, dearest Madam! And now let me beg of you but to conquer this dreadful uneasiness, which gives me to apprehend too much for my jealous love to bear; and it shall be my whole endeavour to deserve your favour, and to make you the happiest woman in the world; as I shall be the happiest of men.

I broke from him to write to you my preceding letter; but refused to send it by his servant, as I told you. The mistress of the house helped me to a messenger, who was to carry what you should give him to Lord M.'s seat in Hertfordshire, directed for Mrs. Greme, the housekeeper there. And early in the morning, for fear of pursuit, we were to set out that way: and there he proposed to change the chariot and six for a chaise and pair of his own, which he had at that seat, as it would be a less-noticed conveyance.

I looked over my little stock of money; and found it to be no more than seven guineas and some silver: the rest of my stock was but fifty guineas, and that five more than I thought it was, when my sister challeneged me as to the sum I had by me:* and those I left in my escritoire, little intending to go away with him.

* See Vol. I. Letter XLIII.

Indeed my case abounds with a shocking number of indelicate circumstances. Among the rest, I was forced to account to him, who knew I could have no clothes but what I had on, how I came to have linen with me (for he could not but

know I sent for it); lest he should imagine I had an early design to go away with him, and made that part of the preparation.

He most heartily wished, he said, for my mind's sake, that your mother would have afforded me her protection; and delivered himself upon this subject with equal freedom and concern.

There are, my dear Miss Howe, a multitude of punctilios and decorums, which a young creature must dispense with, who, in a situation like mine, makes a man the intimate attendant of her person. I could now, I think, give twenty reasons stronger than any I have heretofore mentioned, why women of the least delicacy should never think of incurring the danger and the disgrace of taking the step I have been drawn in to take, but with horror and aversion; and why they should look upon the man who should tempt them to it, as the vilest and most selfish of seducers.

Before five o'clock (Tuesday morning) the maidservant came up to tell me that my brother was ready, and that breakfast also waited for me in the parlour. I went down with a heart as heavy as my eyes, and received great acknowledgements and compliments from him on being so soon dressed, and ready (as he interpreted it) to continue on our journey.

He had the thought which I had not (for what had I to with thinking, who had it not when I stood most in need of it?) to purchase for me a velvet hood, and a short cloke, trimmed with silver, without saying any thing to me. He must reward himself, the artful encroacher said, before the landlady and her maids and niece, for his forethought; and would salute his pretty sullen sister! — He took his reward; and, as he said before, a tear with it. While he assured me, still before them [a vile wretch!] that I had nothing to fear from meeting with parents who so dearly loved me. —

How could I be complaisant, my dear, to such a man as this?

When we had got in the chariot, and it began to move, he asked me, whether I had any objection to go to Lord M.'s Hertfordshire seat? His Lordship, he said, was at his Berkshire one.

I told him, I chose not to go, as yet, to any of his relations; for that would indicate a plain defiance to my own. My choice was, to go to a private lodging, and for him to be at a distance from me: at least, till I heard how things were taken by my friends: for that, although I had but little hopes of a reconciliation as it was; yet if they knew I was in his protection, or in that of any of his friends, (which would be looked upon as the same thing,) there would not be room for any hopes at all.

I should govern him as I pleased, he solemnly assured me, in every thing. But he still thought London was the best place for me; and if I were once safe there, and in a lodging to my liking, he would go to M. Hall. But, as I approved not of London, he would urge it no further.

He proposed, and I consented, to put up at an inn in the neighbourhood of The Lawn (as he called Lord M.'s seat in this county) since I chose not to go thither. And here I got two hours to myself; which I told him I should pass in writing another letter to you, (meaning my narrative, which, though greatly fatigued, I had begun at St. Alban's,) and in one to my sister, to apprise the family (whether they were solicitous about it or not) that I was well; and to beg that my clothes, some particular books, and the fifty guineas I had left in my escritoire, might be sent me.

He asked, if I had considered whither to have them directed?

Indeed, not I, I told him: I was a stranger to —

So was he, he interrupted me; but it struck him by chance —

Wicked story-teller!

But, added he, I will tell you, Madam, how it shall be managed — If you don't choose to go to London, it is, nevertheless, best that your relations should think you there; for then they will absolutely despair of finding you. If you write, be pleased to direct, to be left for you, at Mr. Osgood's, near Soho-square. Mr. Osgood is a man of reputation: and this will effectually amuse them.

Amuse them, my dear! — Amuse whom? — My father! — my uncles! — But it must be so! —— All his expedients ready, you see!

I had no objection to this: and I have written accordingly. But what answer I shall have, or whether any, that is what gives me no small anxiety.

This, however, is one consolation, that if I have an answer, and although my brother should be the writer, it cannot be more severe than the treatment I have of late received from him and my sister.

Mr. Lovelace staid out about an hour and half; and then came in; impatiently sending up to me no less than four times, to desire admittance. But I sent him word as often, that I was busy; and at last, that I should be so, till dinner was ready. He then hastened that, as I heard him now-and-then, with a hearty curse upon the cook and waiters.

This is another of his perfections. I ventured afterwards to check him for his free words, as we sat at dinner.

Having heard him swear at his servant, when below, whom, nevertheless, he owns to be a good one; it is a sad life, said I, these innkeepers live, Mr. Lovelace.

No; pretty well, I believe — but why, Madam, think you, that fellows, who eat and drink at other men's cost, or they are sorry innkeepers, should be entitled to

pity?

Because of the soldiers they are obliged to quarter; who are generally, I believe, wretched profligates. Bless me! said I, how I heard one of them swear and curse, just now, at a modest, meek man, as I judge by his low voice, and gentle answers! — Well do they make it a proverb — Like a trooper!

He bit his lip; arose; turned upon his heel; stept to the glass; and looking confidently abashed, if I may say so, Ay, Madam, said he, these troopers are sad swearing fellows. I think their officers should chastise them for it.

I am sure they deserve chastisement, replied I: for swearing is a most unmanly vice, and cursing as poor and low a one; since they proclaim the profligate's want of power, and his wickedness at the same time; for, could such a one punish as he speaks, he would be a fiend!

Charmingly observed, by my soul, Madam! — The next trooper I hear swear and curse, I'll tell him what an unmanly, and what a poor wretch he is.

Mrs. Greme came to pay her duty to me, as Mr. Lovelace called it; and was very urgent with me to go to her lord's house; letting me know what handsome things she had heard of her lord, and his two nieces, and all the family, say of me; and what wishes for several months past they had put up for the honour she now hoped would soon be done them all.

This gave me some satisfaction, as it confirmed from the mouth of a very good sort of woman all that Mr. Lovelace had told me.

Upon inquiry about a private lodging, she recommended me to a sister-in-law of hers, eight miles from thence — where I now am. And what pleased me the better, was, that Mr. Lovelace (of whom I could see she was infinitely observant) obliged her, of his own motion, to accompany me in the chaise; himself riding on horseback, with his two servants, and one of Lord M.'s. And here we arrived about four o'clock.

But, as I told you in my former, the lodgings are inconvenient. Mr. Lovelace indeed found great fault with them: and told Mrs. Greme (who had said, that they were not worthy of us) that they came not up even to her own account of them. As the house was a mile from a town, it was not proper for him, he said, to be so far distant from me, lest any thing should happen: and yet the apartments were not separate and distinct enough for me to like them, he was sure.

This must be agreeable enough for him, you will believe.

Mrs. Greme and I had a good deal of talk in the chaise about him: she was very easy and free in her answers to all I asked; and has, I find, a very serious turn.

I led her on to say to the following effect; some part of it not unlike what Lord M.'s dismissed bailiff had said before; by which I find that all the servants have a like opinion of him.

‘That Mr. Lovelace was a generous man: that it was hard to say, whether the servants of her lord’s family loved or feared him most: that her lord had a very great affection for him: that his two noble aunts were not less fond of him: that his cousins Montague were as good natured young ladies as ever lived: that Lord M. and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty had proposed several ladies to him, before he made his addresses to me: and even since; despairing to move me and my friends in his favour. — But that he had no thoughts of marrying at all, she had heard him say, if it were not to me: that as well her lord as the two ladies his sisters were a good deal concerned at the ill-usage he received from my family: but admired my character, and wished to have him married to me (although I were not to have a shilling) in preference to any other person, from the opinion they had of the influence I should have over him. That, to be sure, Mr. Lovelace was a wild gentleman: but wildness was a distemper which would cure itself. That her lord delighted in his company, whenever he could get it: but that they often fell out; and his lordship was always forced to submit — indeed, was half afraid of him, she believed; for Mr. Lovelace would do as he pleased. She mingled a thousand pities often, that he acted not up to the talents lent him — yet would have it, that he had fine qualities to found a reformation upon: and, when the happy day came, would make amends for all: and of this all his friends were so assured, that they wished for nothing so earnestly, as for his marriage.’

This, indifferent as it is, is better than my brother says of him.

The people of the house here are very honest-looking industrious folks: Mrs. Sorlings is the gentlewoman’s name. The farm seems well stocked, and thriving. She is a widow; has two sons, men grown, who vie with each other which shall take most pains in promoting the common good; and they are both of them, I already see, more respectful to two modest young women their sisters, than my brother was to his sister.

I believe I must stay here longer than at first I thought I should.

I ought to have mentioned, that, before I set out for this place, I received your kind letter.* Every thing is kind from so dear a friend.

* See Vol. II. Letter XLVII.

I own, that after I had told you of my absolute determination not to go away with him, you might well be surprised, at your first hearing that I was actually gone. The Lord bless me, my dear, I myself, at times, can hardly believe it is I, that have been led to take so strange a step.

I have not the better opinion of Mr. Lovelace for his extravagant volubility. He is too full of professions. He says too many fine things of me, and to me. True respect, true value, I think, lies not in words: words cannot express it: the silent

awe, the humble, the doubting eye, and even the hesitating voice, better shew it by much, than, as our beloved Shakespeare says,

—— The rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

The man indeed at times is all upon the ecstatic; one of his phrases. But, to my shame and confusion, I must say, that I know too well to what to attribute his transports. In one word, it is to his triumph, my dear. And, to impute it to that perhaps equally exposes my vanity, and condemns my folly.

We have been alarmed with notions of a pursuit, founded upon a letter from his intelligencer.

How do different circumstances either sanctify or condemn the same action! — What care ought we to take not to confound the distinctions of right and wrong, when self comes in the question! — I condemned in Mr. Lovelace the corrupting of a servant of my father's; and now I am glad to give a kind of indirect approbation of that fault, by inquiring of him what he hears, by that or any other way, of the manner in which my relations took my flight. A preconcerted, forward, and artful flight, it must undoubtedly appear to them. How grievous is that to think of! yet how, as long as I am situated, can I put them right?

Most heavily, he says, they take it; but shew not so much grief as rage. And he can hardly have patience to hear of the virulence and menaces of my brother against himself. Then a merit is made to me of his forbearance.

What a satisfaction am I robbed of, my dearest friend, when I reflect upon my inconsiderateness! O that I had it still in my power to say I suffered wrong, rather than did wrong! That others were more wanting in their kindness to me than I duty (where duty is owing) to them.

Fie upon me! for meeting the seducer! — Let all end as happily as it now may, I have laid up for myself remorse for my whole life.

What still more concerns me is, that every time I see this man, I am still at a greater loss than before what to make of him. I watch every turn of his countenance: and I think I see very deep lines in it. He looks with more meaning, I verily think, than he used to look; yet not more serious; not less gay — I don't know how he looks — but with more confidence a great deal than formerly; and yet he never wanted that.

But here is the thing; I behold him with fear now, as conscious of the power my indiscretion has given him over me. And well may he look more elate, when he sees me deprived of all the self-supposed significance, which adorns and exults a person who has been accustomed to respect; and who now, by a conscious inferiority, allows herself to be overcome, and in a state of obligation, as I may

say, to a man who from a humble suitor to her for her favour, assumes the consequence and airs of a protector.

I shall send this, as my former, by a poor man, who travels every day with pedlary matters. He will leave it at Mrs. Knolly's, as you direct.

If you hear any thing of my father and mother, and of their health, and how my friends were affected by my unhappy step, pray be so good as to write me a few lines by the messenger, if his waiting for them can be known to you.

I am afraid to ask you, Whether, upon reading that part of my narrative already in your hands, you think any sort of extenuation lies for

Your unhappy CLARISSA HARLOWE?

LETTER VII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, WEDN. APRIL 11, 12.

You claim my promise, that I will be as particular as possible, in all that passes between me and my goddess. Indeed, I never had a more illustrious subject to exercise my pen. And, moreover, I have leisure; for by her good will, my access would be as difficult to her, as that of the humblest slave to an Eastern monarch. Nothing, then, but inclination to write can be wanting; and since our friendship, and your obliging attendance upon me at the White Hart, will not excuse that, I will endeavour to keep my word.

I parted with thee and thy brethren, with a full resolution, thou knowest, to rejoin ye, if she once again disappointed me, in order to go together (attended by our servants, for shew sake) to the gloomy father; and demand audience of the tyrant upon the freedoms taken with my character. In short, to have tried by fair resolutions, and treat his charming daughter with less inhumanity, and me with more civility.

I told thee my reasons for not going in search of a letter of countermand. I was right; for if I had, I should have found such a one; and had I received it, she would not have met me. Did she think, that after I had been more than once disappointed, I would not keep her to her promise; that I would not hold her to it, when I had got her in so deeply?

The moment I heard the door unbolt, I was sure of her. That motion made my heart bound to my throat. But when that was followed with the presence of my charmer, flashing upon me all at once in a flood of brightness, sweetly dressed, though all unprepared for a journey, I trod air, and hardly thought myself a mortal.

Thou shalt judge of her dress, as at the moment I first beheld her she appeared to me, and as, upon a nearer observation, she really was. I am a critic, thou knowest, in women's dresses. Many a one have I taught to dress, and helped to undress. But there is such a native elegance in this lady, that she surpasses all that I could imagine surpassing. But then her person adorns what she wears, more than dress can adorn her; and that's her excellence.

Expect therefore a faint sketch of her admirable person with her dress.

Her wax-like flesh (for after all, flesh and blood I think she is) by its delicacy and firmness, answers for the soundness of her health. Thou hast often heard me launch out in praise of her complexion. I never in my life beheld a skins so illustriously fair. The lily and the driven snow it is nonsense to talk of: her lawn

and her laces one might indeed compare to those; but what a whited wall would a woman appear to be, who had a complexion which would justify such unnatural comparisons? But this lady is all glowing, all charming flesh and blood; yet so clear, that every meandring vein is to be seen in all the lovely parts of her which custom permits to be visible.

Thou has heard me also describe the wavy ringlets of her shining hair, needing neither art nor powder; of itself an ornament, defying all other ornaments; wantoning in and about a neck that is beautiful beyond description.

Her head-dress was a Brussels-lace mob, peculiarly adapted to the charming air and turn of her features. A sky-blue ribband illustrated that. But although the weather was somewhat sharp, she had not on either hat or hood; for, besides that she loves to use herself hardily (by which means and by a temperance truly exemplary, she is allowed to have given high health and vigour to an originally tender constitution) she seems to have intended to shew me, that she was determined not to stand to her appointment. O Jack! that such a sweet girl should be a rogue!

Her morning gown was a pale primrose-coloured paduasoy: the cuffs and robins curiously embroidered by the fingers of this ever-charming Arachne, in a running pattern of violets and their leaves, the light in the flowers silver, gold in the leaves. A pair of diamond snaps in her ears. A white handkerchief wrought by the same inimitable fingers concealed — O Belford! what still more inimitable beauties did it not conceal! — And I saw, all the way we rode, the bounding heart (by its throbbing motions I saw it!) dancing beneath her charming umbrage.

Her ruffles were the same as her mob. Her apron a flowered lawn. Her coat white sattin, quilted: blue sattin her shoes, braided with the same colour, without lace; for what need has the prettiest foot in the world of ornament? neat buckles in them: and on her charming arms a pair of black velvet glove-like muffs of her own invention; for she makes and gives fashions as she pleases. — Her hands velvet of themselves, thus uncovered the freer to be grasped by those of her adorer.

I have told thee what were my transports, when the undrawn bolt presented to me my long-expected goddess. Her emotions were more sweetly feminine, after the first moments; for then the fire of her starry eyes began to sink into a less dazzling languor. She trembled: nor knew she how to support the agitations of a heart she had never found so ungovernable. She was even fainting, when I clasped her in my supporting arms. What a precious moment that! How near, how sweetly near, the throbbing partners!

By her dress, I saw, as I observed before, how unprepared she was for a journey; and not doubting her intention once more to disappoint me, I would have

drawn her after me. Then began a contention the most vehement that ever I had with woman. It would pain thy friendly heart to be told the infinite trouble I had with her. I begged, I prayed; on my knees, yet in vain, I begged and prayed her to answer her own appointment: and had I not happily provided for such a struggle, knowing whom I had to deal with, I had certainly failed in my design; and as certainly would have accompanied her in, without thee and thy brethren: and who knows what might have been the consequence?

But my honest agent answering my signal, though not quite so soon as I expected, in the manner thou knowest I had prescribed, They are coming! They are coming! — Fly, fly, my beloved creature, cried I, drawing my sword with a flourish, as if I would have slain half an hundred of the supposed intruders; and, seizing her trembling hands, I drew her after me so swiftly, that my feet, winged by love, could hardly keep pace with her feet, agitated by fear. — And so I became her emperor.

I'll tell thee all, when I see thee: and thou shalt then judge of my difficulties, and of her perverseness. And thou wilt rejoice with me at my conquest over such a watchful and open-eyed charmer.

But seest thou not now (as I think I do) the wind outstripping fair one flying from her love to her love? Is there not such a game? — Nay, flying from her friends she was resolved not to abandon, to the man she was determined not to go off with? — The sex! the sex, all over! — Charming contradiction! — Hah, hah, hah, hah! — I must here — I must here, lay down my pen, to hold my sides; for I must have my laugh out now the fit is upon me.

I believe — I believe — Hah, hah, hah! I believe, Jack, my dogs conclude me mad: for here has one of them popt in, as if to see what ailed me, or whom I had with me. Hah, hah, hah! An impudent dog! O Jack, knewest thou my conceit, and were but thy laugh joined to mine, I believe it would hold me for an hour longer.

But, O my best beloved fair one, repine not thou at the arts by which thou suspectest thy fruitless vigilence has been over watched. Take care, that thou provokest not new ones, that may be still more worthy of thee. If once thy emperor decrees thy fall, thou shalt greatly fall. Thou shalt have cause, if that come to pass, which may come to pass (for why wouldst thou put off marriage to so long a day, as till thou hadst reason to be convinced of my reformation, dearest?) thou shalt have cause, never fear, to sit down more dissatisfied with the stars, than with thyself. And come the worst to the worst, glorious terms will I give thee. Thy garrison, with general Prudence at the head, and governor Watchfulness bringing up the rear, shall be allowed to march out with all the

honours due to so brave a resistance. And all thy sex, and all mine, that hear of my stratagems, and of thy conduct, shall acknowledge the fortress as nobly won as defended.

‘Thou wilt not dare, methinks I hear thee say, to attempt to reduce such a goddess as this, to a standard unworthy of her excellencies. It is impossible, Lovelace, that thou shouldst intent to break through oaths and protestations so solemn.’

That I did not intend it, is certain. That I do intend it, I cannot (my heart, my reverence for her, will not let me) say. But knowest thou not my aversion to the state of shackles? — And is she not IN MY POWER?

‘And wilt thou, Lovelace, abuse that power which—’

Which what, Belford? Which I obtained not by her own consent, but against it.

‘But which thou never hadst obtained, had she not esteemed thee above all men.’

And which I had never taken so much pains to obtain, had I not loved her above all women. So far upon a par, Jack! and if thou pleadest honour, ought not honour to be mutual? If mutual, does it not imply mutual trust, mutual confidence? And what have I had of that from her to boast of? — Thou knowest the whole progress of our warfare: for a warfare it has truly been; and far, very far, from an amorous warfare too. Doubts, mistrusts, upbraidings, on her part; humiliations the most abject, on mine. Obliged to assume such airs of reformation, that every varlet of ye has been afraid I should reclaim in good earnest. And hast thou not thyself frequently observed to me, how awkwardly I returned to my usual gayety, after I had been within a mile of her father’s garden-wall, although I had not seen her?

Does she not deserve to pay for all this? — To make an honest fellow look like an hypocrite, what a vile thing is that!

Then thou knowest what a false little rogue she has been. How little conscience she has made of disappointing me. Hast thou not been a witness of my ravings on this score? Have I not, in the height of them, vowed revenge upon the faithless charmer? And if I must be forsworn, whether I answer her expectations, or follow my own inclinations; and if the option be in my own power, can I hesitate a moment which to choose?

Then, I fancy by her circumspection, and her continual grief, that she expects some mischief from me. I don’t care to disappoint any body I have a value for.

But O the noble, the exalted creature! Who can avoid hesitating when he thinks of an offence against her? Who can but pity —

Yet, on the other hand, so loth at last to venture, though threatened to be forced into the nuptial fetters with a man, whom to look upon as a rival, is to disgrace

myself! — So sullen, now she has ventured! — What title has she to pity; and to a pity which her pride would make her disclaim?

But I resolve not any way. I will see how her will works; and how my will leads me on. I will give the combatants fair play, and yet, every time I attend her, I find that she is less in my power; I more in hers.

Yet, a foolish little rogue! to forbid me to think of marriage till I am a reformed man! Till the implacables of her family change their natures, and become placable!

It is true, when she was for making those conditions, she did not think, that without any, she should be cheated out of herself; for so the dear soul, as I may tell thee in its place, phrases it.

How it swells my pride, to have been able to outwit such a vigilant charmer! I am taller by half a yard in my imagination than I was. I look down upon every body now. Last night I was still more extravagant. I took off my hat, as I walked, to see if the lace were not scorched, supposing it had brushed down a star; and, before I put it on again, in mere wantonness and heart's ease, I was for buffeting the moon.

In short, my whole soul is joy. When I go to bed I laugh myself asleep; and I awake either laughing or singing — yet nothing nearly in view, neither — For why? — I am not yet reformed enough!

I told thee at the time, if thou rememberest, how capable this restriction was of being turned upon the over-scrupulous dear creature, could I once get her out of her father's house; and were I disposed to punish her for her family's faults, and for the infinite trouble she herself had given me. Little thinks she, that I have kept an account of both: and that, when my heart is soft, and all her own, I can but turn to my memoranda, and harden myself at once.

O my charmer, look to it! Abate of thy haughty airs! Value not thyself upon thy sincerity, if thou art indifferent to me! I will not bear it now. Art thou not in my POWER! — Nor, if thou lovest me, think, that the female affectation of denying thy love, will avail thee now, with a heart so proud and so jealous as mine? — Remember, moreover, that all thy family sins are upon thy head — !

But ah! Jack, when I see my angel, when I am admitted to the presence of this radiant beauty, what will become of all this vapouring?

But, be my end what it may, I am obliged, by thy penetration, fair one, to proceed by the sap. Fair and softly. A wife at any time! Marriage will be always in my power.

When put to the university, the same course of initial studies will qualify the yonker for the one line or the other. The genius ought to point out the future lawyer, divine, or physician! — So the same cautious conduct, with such a

vigilance, will do either for the wife, or for the no-wife. When I reform, I'll marry. 'Tis time enough for the one, the lady must say — for the other, say I!

But how I ramble! — This is to be in such a situation, that I know not what to resolve upon.

I'll tell thee my inclinings, as I proceed. The pro's and the con's I'll tell thee: but being got too far from the track I set out in, I will close here. I may, however, write every day something, and send it as opportunity offers.

Regardless, nevertheless, I shall be in all I write, of connection, accuracy, or of any thing but of my own imperial will and pleasure.

LETTER VIII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WEDNESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 12.

I have your narrative, my dear. You are the same noble creature you ever were. Above disguise, above art, above attempting to extenuate a failing.

The only family in the world, yours, surely, that could have driven such a daughter upon such extremities.

But you must not be so very much too good for them, and for the case.

You lay the blame so properly and so unsparingly upon your meeting him, that nothing can be added to that subject by your worst enemies, were they to see what you have written.

I am not surprised, now I have read your narrative, that so bold and so contriving a man — I am forced to break off ——

You stood it out much better and longer — Here again comes my bustling, jealous mother!

Don't be angry at yourself. Did you not do for the best at the time? As to your first fault, the answering his letters; it was always incumbent upon you to assume the guardianship of such a family, when the bravo of it had run riot, as he did, and brought himself into danger.

Except your mother, who has no will of her own, have any of them common sense?

Forgive me, my dear — Here is that stupid uncle Antony of yours. A pragmatical, conceited positive. — He came yesterday, in a fearful pucker, and puffed, and blowed, and stumped about our hall and parlour, while his message was carried up.

My mother was dressing. These widows are as starched as the old bachelors. She would not see him in a dishabille for the world — What can she mean by it?

His errand was to set her against you, and to shew her their determined rage on your going away. The issue proved too evidently that this was the principal end of his visit.

The odd creature desired to speak with her alone. I am not used to such exceptions whenever any visits are made to my mother.

When she was primed out, down she came to him. They locked themselves in. The two positive heads were put together — close together I suppose; for I listened, but could hear nothing distinctly, though they both seemed full of their subject.

I had a good mind, once or twice, to have made them open the door. Could I have been sure of keeping but tolerably my temper, I would have demanded admittance. But I was afraid, if I had obtained it, that I should have forgot it was my mother's house, and been for turning him out of it. To come to rave against and abuse my dearest, dearest, faultless friend! and the ravings to be encouraged, and perhaps joined in, in order to justify themselves; the one for contributing to drive that dear friend out of her father's house; the other for refusing her a temporary asylum, till the reconciliation could have been effected, which her dutiful heart was set upon; and which it would have become the love which my mother had ever pretended for you, to have mediated for — Could I have had patience!

The issue, as I said, shewed what the errand was — Its fusty appearance, after the old fusty fellow was marched off, [you must excuse me, my dear,] was in a kind of gloomy, Harlowe-like reservedness in my mother; which upon a few resenting flirts of mine, was followed by a rigorous prohibition of correspondence.

This put us, you may suppose, upon terms not the most agreeable, I desired to know, if I were prohibited dreaming of you? — For, my dear, you have all my sleeping as well as waking hours.

I can easily allow for your correspondence with your wretch at first (and yet your notions were excellent) by the effect this prohibition has upon me; since, if possible, it has made me love you better than before; and I am more desirous than ever of corresponding with you.

But I have nevertheless a much more laudable motive — I should think myself the unworthiest of creatures, could I be brought to slight a dear friend, and such a meritorious one, in her distress. I would die first — And so I told my mother. And I have desired her not to watch me in my retired hours; nor to insist upon my lying with her constantly, which she now does more earnestly than ever. 'Twere better, I told her, that the Harlowe-Betty were borrowed to be set over me.

Mr. Hickman, who so greatly honours you, has, unknown to me, interposed so warmly in your favour with my mother, that it makes for him no small merit with me.

I cannot, at present, write to every particular, unless I would be in set defiance. Tease, tease, tease, for ever! The same thing, though answered fifty times over, in

every hour to be repeated — Lord bless me! what a life must my poor father — But let me remember to whom I am writing.

If this ever-active, ever-mischievous monkey of a man, this Lovelace, contrived as you suspect — But here comes my mother again — Ay, stay a little longer, my Mamma, if you please — I can but be suspected! I can but be chidden for making you wait; and chidden I am sure to be, whether I do or not, in the way you, my good Mamma, are Antony'd into.

Bless me! how impatient she is! How she thunders at the door! This moment, Madam! How came I to double-lock myself if! What have I done with the key! Duce take the key! Dear Madam! You flutter one so!

You may believe, my dear, that I took care of my papers before I opened the door. We have had a charming dialogue — She flung from me in a passion —

So — What's now to be done? Sent for down in a very peremptory manner, I assure you. What an incoherent letter will you have, when I get it to you! But now I know where to send it, Mr. Hickman shall find me a messenger. Yet, if he be detected, poor soul, he will be Harlowed-off, as well as his meek mistress.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13.

I have this moment your continuation-letter. And am favoured, at present, with the absence of my Argus-eyes mother. —

Dear creature! I can account for all your difficulties. A young lady of your delicacy! — And with such a man! — I must be brief ——

The man's a fool, my dear, with all his pride, and with all his complaisance, and affected regards to your injunctions. Yet his ready inventions ——

Sometimes I think you should go to Lady Betty's. I know not what to advise you to do. — I should, if you were not so intent upon reconciling yourself to your relations. Yet they are implacable. You can have no hopes of them. Your uncle's errand to my mother may convince you of that; and if you have an answer to your letter to your sister, that will confirm you, I dare say.

You need not to have been afraid of asking me, Whether upon reading your narrative, I thought any extenuation could lie for what you have done! I have, as above, before I had your question, told you my mind as to that. And I repeat, I think, your provocations and inducements considered, that ever young creature was who took such a step.

But you took it not — You were driven on one side, and, possibly, tricked on the other. — If any woman on earth shall be circumstanced as you were, and shall hold out so long as you did, against her persecutors on one hand, and her seducer on the other, I will forgive her for all the rest of her conduct, be it what it will.

All your acquaintance, you may suppose, talk of nobody but you. Some indeed bring your admirable character for a plea against you: but nobody does, or can, acquit your father and uncles.

Every body seems apprized of your brother's and sister's motives. Your flight is, no doubt, the very thing they aimed to drive you to, by the various attacks they made upon you; unhoping (as they must do all the time) the success of their schemes in Solmes's behalf. They knew, that if once you were restored to favour, the suspended love of your father and uncles, like a river breaking down a temporary obstruction, would return with double force; and that then you would expose, and triumph over all their arts. — And now, I hear they enjoy their successful malice.

Your father is all rage and violence. He ought, I am sure, to turn his rage inward. All your family accuse you of acting with deep art; and are put upon supposing that you are actually every hour exulting over them, with your man, in the success of it.

They all pretend now, that your trial of Wednesday was to be the last.

Advantage would indeed, my mother owns, have been taken of your yielding, if you had yielded. But had you not been prevailed upon, they would have given up their scheme, and taken your promise for renouncing Lovelace — Believe them who will!

They own, however, that a minister was to be present — Mr. Solmes was to be at hand — And your father was previously to try his authority over you, in order to make you sign the settlements — All of it a romantic contrivance of your wild-headed foolish brother, I make no doubt. Is it likely that he and Bell would have given way to your restoration to favour, supposing it in their power to hinder it, on any other terms than those their hearts had been so long set upon?

How they took your flight, when they found it out, may be better supposed than described.

Your aunt Hervey, it seems, was the first that went down to the ivy summer-house, in order to acquaint you that their search was over. Betty followed her; and they not finding you there, went on towards the cascade, according to a hint of yours.

Returning by the garden-door, they met a servant [they don't say, it was Joseph Leman; but it is very likely that it was he] running, as he said, from pursuing Mr. Lovelace (a great hedge-stake in his hand, and out of breath) to alarm the family.

If it were this fellow, and if he were employed in the double agency of cheating them, and cheating you, what shall we think of the wretch you are with? Run away from him, my dear, if so — no matter to whom — or marry him, if you cannot.

Your aunt and all your family were accordingly alarmed by this fellow — evidently when too late for pursuit. They got together, and when a posse, ran to the place of interview; and some of them as far as to the tracks of the chariot wheels, without stopping. And having heard the man's tale upon the spot, a general lamentation, a mutual upbraiding, and rage, and grief, were echoed from the different persons, according to their different tempers and conceptions. And they returned like fools as they went.

Your brother, at first, ordered horses and armed men to be got ready for a pursuit. Solmes and your uncle Tony were to be of the party. But your mother and your aunt Hervey dissuaded them from it, for fear of adding evil to evil; not doubting but Lovelace had taken measures to support himself in what he had done; and especially when the servant declared, that he saw you run with him as fast as you could set foot to the ground; and that there were several armed men on horseback at a small distance off.

My mother's absence was owing to her suspicion, that the Knolly's were to assist in our correspondence. She made them a visit upon it. She does every thing at once. And they have promised, that no more letters shall be left there, without her knowledge.

But Mr. Hickman has engaged one Filmer, a husbandman in the lane we call Finch-lane, near us, to receive them. Thither you will be pleased to direct yours, under cover, to Mr. John Soberton; and Mr. Hickman himself will call for them there; and there shall leave mine. It goes against me too, to make him so useful to me. He looks already so proud upon it! I shall have him [Who knows?] give himself airs — He had best consider, that the favour he has been long aiming at, may put him into a very dangerous, a very ticklish situation. He that can oblige, may disoblige — Happy for some people not to have it in their power to offend!

I will have patience, if I can, for a while, to see if these bustlings in my mother will subside — but upon my word, I will not long bear this usage.

Sometimes I am ready to think, that my mother carries it thus on purpose to tire me out, and to make me the sooner marry. If I find it to be so, and that Hickman, in order to make a merit with me, is in the low plot, I will never bear him in my sight.

Plotting wretch, as I doubt your man is, I wish to heaven that you were married, that you might brave them all, and not be forced to hide yourself, and be hurried from one inconvenient place to another. I charge you, omit not to lay hold on any handsome opportunity that may offer for that purpose.

Here again comes my mother —

We look mighty glum upon each other, I can tell you. She had not best Harlowe me at this rate — I won't bear it.

I have a vast deal to write. I know not what to write first. Yet my mind is full, and ready to run over.

I am got into a private corner of the garden, to be out of her way. — Lord help these mothers! — Do they think they can prevent a daughter's writing, or doing any thing she has a mind to do, by suspicion, watchfulness, and scolding? — They had better place a confidence in one by half — A generous mind scorns to abuse a generous confidence.

You have a nice, a very nice part to act with this wretch — who yet has, I think, but one plain path before him. I pity you — but you must make the best of the lot you have been forced to draw. Yet I see your difficulties. — But, if he do not offer to abuse your confidence, I would have you seem at least to place some in him.

If you think not of marrying soon, I approve of your resolution to fix somewhere out of his reach. And if he know not where to find you, so much the better. Yet I verily believe, they would force you back, could they but come at you, if they were not afraid of him.

I think, by all means, you should demand of both your trustees to be put in possession of your own estate. Mean time I have sixty guineas at your service. I beg you will command them. Before they are gone, I'll take care you shall be further supplied. I don't think you'll have a shilling or a shilling's worth of your own from your relations, unless you extort it from them.

As they believe you went away by your own consent, they are, it seems, equally surprised and glad that you have left your jewels and money behind you, and have contrived for clothes so ill. Very little likelihood this shews of their answering your requests.

Indeed every one who knows not what I now know, must be at a loss to account for your flight, as they will call it. And how, my dear, can one report it with any tolerable advantage to you? — To say, you did not intend it when you met him, who will believe it? — To say, that a person of your known steadiness and punctilio was over-persuaded when you gave him the meeting, how will that sound? — To say, you were tricked out of yourself, and people were given credit to it, how disreputable! — And while unmarried, and yet with him, the man a man of such a character, what would it not lead a censuring world to think?

I want to see how you put it in your letter for your clothes.

As you may depend upon all the little spiteful things they can offer, instead of sending what you write for, pray accept the sum that I tender. What will seven guineas do? — And I will find a way to send you also any of my clothes and linen for present supply. I beg, my dear Clarissa, that you will not put your Anna Howe upon a footing with Lovelace, in refusing to accept of my offer. If you do not oblige me, I shall be apt to think you rather incline to be obliged to him, than to favour me. And if I find this, I shall not know how to reconcile it with your delicacy in other respects.

Pray inform me of every thing that passes between you and him. My cares for you (however needless, from your own prudence) make me wish you to continue to be every minute. If any thing occur that you would tell me of if I were present, fail not to put it down in writing, although from your natural diffidence, it should not appear to you altogether so worthy of your pen, or my knowing. A stander-by may see more of the game than one that plays. Great consequences, like great folks, generally owe their greatness to small causes, and little incidents.

Upon the whole, I do not now think it is in your power to dismiss him when you please. I apprized you beforehand, that it would not. I repeat, therefore, that were I you, I would at least seem to place some confidence in him. So long as he is decent, you may. Very visibly observable, to such delicacy as yours, must be that behaviour in him, which will make him unworthy of some confidence.

Your relations, according to what old Antony says to my mother, and she to me, (by way of threatening, that you will not gain your supposed ends upon them by your flight,) seem to expect that you will throw yourself into Lady Betty's protection; and that she will offer to mediate for you. And they vow, that they will never hearken to any terms of accommodation that shall come from that quarter; for I dare aver, that your brother and sister will not let them cool — at least, till their uncles have made such dispositions, and perhaps your father too, as they would have them make.

As this letter will apprize you of an alteration in the place to which you must direct your next, I send it by a friend of Mr. Hickman, who may be depended upon. He has business in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Sorlings; and he knows her. He will return to Mr. Hickman this night; and bring back any letter you shall have ready to send, or can get ready. It is moon-light. He'll not mind waiting for you. I choose not to send by any of Mr. Hickman's servants — at present, however. Every hour is now, or may be, important; and may make an alteration in your resolutions necessary.

I hear at this instant, my mother calling about her, and putting every body into motion. She will soon, I suppose, make me and my employment the subjects of her inquiry.

Adieu, my dear. May heaven preserve you, and restore you with honour as unsullied as your mind to

Your ever affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER IX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 13.

I am infinitely concerned, my ever dear and ever kind friend, that I am the sad occasion of the displeasure between your mother and you. — How many persons have I made unhappy.

Had I not to console myself, that my error is not owing to wicked precipitation, I should be the most miserable of all creatures. As it is, I am enough punished in the loss of my character, more valuable to me than my life; and in the cruel doubts and perplexities which, conflicting with my hopes, and each getting the victory by turns, harrow up my soul between them.

I think, however, that you should obey your mother, and decline a correspondence with me; at least for the present. Take care how you fall into my error; for that begun with carrying on a prohibited correspondence; a correspondence which I thought it in my power to discontinue at pleasure. My talent is scribbling; and I the readier fell into this freedom, as I found delight in writing; having motives too, which I thought laudable; and, at one time, the permission of all my friends; to write to him.*

* See Vol. I. Letter III.

Yet, as to this correspondence, What hurt could arise from it, if your mother could be prevailed upon to permit it to be continued? — So much prudence and discretion as you have; and you, in writing to me, lying under no temptation of following so bad an example as I have set — my letters too occasionally filled with self-accusation.

I thank you, my dear, most cordially I thank you, for your kind offers. You may be assured, that I will sooner be beholden to you, than to any body living. To Mr. Lovelace the last. Do not therefore think, that by declining your favours, I have an intention to lay myself under obligations to him.

I am willing to hope (notwithstanding what you write) that my friends will send me my little money, together with my clothes. They are too considerate, some of them at least, to permit that I should be put to such low difficulties. Perhaps, they will not be in haste to oblige me. But, if not, I cannot yet want. I believe you think, I must not dispute with Mr. Lovelace the expenses of the road and lodgings, till I can get a fixed abode. But I hope soon to put an end even to those small sort of obligations.

Small hopes indeed of a reconciliation from your account of my uncle's visit to your mother, in order to set her against an almost friendless creature whom once he loved! But is it not my duty to try for it? Ought I to widen my error by obstinacy and resentment, because of their resentment; which must appear reasonable to them, as they suppose my flight premeditated; and as they are made to believe, that I am capable of triumphing in it, and over them, with the man they hate? When I have done all in my power to restore myself to their favour, I shall have the less to reproach myself with.

These considerations make me waver about following your advice, in relation to marriage; and the rather, as he is so full of complaisance with regard to my former conditions, which he calls my injunctions. Nor can I now, that my friends, as you inform me, have so strenuously declared against accepting of the mediation of the ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family, put myself into their protection, unless I am resolved to give up all hopes of a reconciliation with my own.

Yet if any happy introduction could be thought of to effect this desirable purpose, how shall terms be proposed to my father, while this man is with me, or near me? On the other hand, should they in his absence get me back by force, (and this, you are of opinion, they would attempt to do, but in fear of him,) how will their severest acts of compulsion be justified by my flight from them! — Mean while, to what censures, as you remind me, do I expose myself, while he and I are together and unmarried! — Yet [can I with patience ask the question?] Is it in my power? — O my dear Miss Howe! And am I so reduced, as that, to save the poor remains of my reputation in the world's eye, I must watch the gracious motion from this man's lips?

Were my cousin Morden in England, all might still perhaps be determined happily.

If no other mediation than this can be procured to set on foot the wished-for reconciliation, and if my situation with Mr. Lovelace alter not in the interim, I must endeavour to keep myself in a state of independence till he arrive, that I may be at liberty to govern myself by his advice and direction.

I will acquaint you, as you desire, with all that passes between Mr. Lovelace and me. Hitherto I have not discovered any thing in his behaviour that is very exceptionable. Yet I cannot say, that I think the respect he shews me, an easy, unrestrained, and natural respect, although I can hardly tell where the fault is.

But he has doubtless an arrogant and encroaching spirit. Nor is he so polite as his education, and other advantages, might have made one expect him to be. He seems, in short, to be one, who has always had too much of his own will to study to accommodate himself to that of others.

As to the placing of some confidence in him, I shall be as ready to take your advice in this particular, as in all others, and as he will be to deserve it. But tricked away as I was by him, not only against my judgment, but my inclination, can he, or any body, expect, that I should immediately treat him with complaisance, as if I acknowledged obligation to him for carrying me away? — If I did, must he not either think me a vile dissembler before he gained that point, or afterwards?

Indeed, indeed, my dear, I could tear my hair, on reconsidering what you write (as to the probability that the dreaded Wednesday was more dreaded than it needed to be) to think, that I should be thus tricked by this man; and that, in all likelihood, through his vile agent Joseph Leman. So premeditated and elaborate a wickedness as it must be! — Must I not, with such a man, be wanting to myself, if I were not jealous and vigilant? — Yet what a life to live for a spirit so open, and naturally so unsuspicious, as mine?

I am obliged to Mr. Hickman for the assistance he is so kindly ready to give to our correspondence. He is so little likely to make to himself an additional merit with the daughter upon it, that I shall be very sorry, if he risk any thing with the mother by it.

I am now in a state of obligation: so must rest satisfied with whatever I cannot help. Whom have I the power, once so precious to me, of obliging? — What I mean, my dear, is, that I ought, perhaps, to expect, that my influences over you are weakened by my indiscretion. Nevertheless, I will not, if I can help it, desert myself, nor give up the privilege you used to allow me, of telling you what I think of such parts of your conduct as I may not approve.

You must permit me therefore, severe as your mother is against an undesigning offender, to say that I think your liveliness to her inexcusable — to pass over, for this time, what nevertheless concerns me not a little, the free treatment you almost indiscriminately give to my relations.

If you will not, for your duty's sake, forbear your tauntings and impatience, let me beseech you, that you will for mine. — Since otherwise, your mother may apprehend that my example, like a leaven, is working itself into the mind of her beloved daughter. And may not such an apprehension give her an irreconcilable displeasure against me?

I enclose the copy of my letter to my sister, which you are desirous to see. You will observe, that although I have not demanded my estate in form, and of my trustees, yet that I have hinted at leave to retire to it. How joyfully would I keep my word, if they would accept of the offer I renew! — It was not proper, I believe you will think, on many accounts, to own that I was carried off against my inclination. I am, my dearest friend,

Your ever obliged and affectionate, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER X

TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE [ENCLOSED TO MISS HOWE IN THE PRECEDING.] ST. ALBAN'S, APR. 11.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I have, I confess, been guilty of an action which carries with it a rash and undutiful appearance. And I should have thought it an inexcusable one, had I been used with less severity than I have been of late; and had I not had too great reason to apprehend, that I was to be made a sacrifice to a man I could not bear to think of. But what is done, is done — perhaps I could wish it had not; and that I had trusted to the relenting of my dear and honourable parents. — Yet this from no other motives but those of duty to them. — To whom I am ready to return (if I may not be permitted to retire to The Grove) on conditions which I before offered to comply with.

Nor shall I be in any sort of dependence upon the person by whose means I have taken this truly-reluctant step, inconsistent with any reasonable engagement I shall enter into, if I am not further precipitated. Let me not have it to say, now at this important crisis! that I have a sister, but not a friend in that sister. My reputation, dearer to me than life, (whatever you may imagine from the step I have taken,) is suffering. A little lenity will, even yet, in a great measure, restore it, and make that pass for a temporary misunderstanding only, which otherwise will be a stain as durable as life, upon a creature who has already been treated with great unkindness, to use no harsher a word.

For your own sake therefore, for my brother's sake, by whom (I must say) I have been thus precipitated, and for all the family's sake, aggravate not my fault, if, on recollecting every thing, you think it one; nor by widening the unhappy difference, expose a sister for ever — prays

Your affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

I shall take it for a very great favour to have my clothes directly sent me, together with fifty guineas, which you will find in my escritoire (of which I enclose the key); as also of the divinity and miscellany classes of my little library; and, if it be thought fit, my jewels — directed for me, to be left till called for, at Mr. Osgood's, near Soho-square.

LETTER XI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Mr. Lovelace, in continuation of his last letter, (No. VII.) gives an account to his friend (pretty much to the same effect with the lady's) of all that passed between them at the inns, in the journey, and till their fixing at Mrs. Sorling's; to avoid repetition, those passages in his narrative are extracted, which will serve to embellish her's; to open his views; or to display the humourous talent he was noted for.

At their alighting at the inn at St. Alban's on Monday night, thus he writes:

The people who came about us, as we alighted, seemed by their jaw-fallen faces, and goggling eyes, to wonder at beholding a charming young lady, majesty in her air and aspect, so composedly dressed, yet with features so discomposed, come off a journey which made the cattle smoke, and the servants sweat. I read their curiosity in their faces, and my beloved's uneasiness in her's. She cast a conscious glance, as she alighted, upon her habit, which was no habit; and repulsively, as I may say, quitting my assisting hand, hurried into the house.* * * * *

Ovid was not a greater master of metamorphoses than thy friend. To the mistress of the house I instantly changed her into a sister, brought off by surprise from a near relation's, (where she had wintered,) to prevent her marrying a confounded rake, [I love always to go as near the truth as I can,] whom her father and mother, her elder sister, and all her loving uncles, aunts, and cousins abhorred. This accounted for my charmer's expected sullens; for her displeasure when she was to join me again, were it to hold; for her unsuitable dress upon the road; and, at the same time, gave her a proper and seasonable assurance of my honourable views.

Upon the debate between the lady and him, and particularly upon that part where she upbraids him with putting a young creature upon making a sacrifice of her duty and conscience, he write:

All these, and still more mortifying things, she said.

I heard her in silence. But when it came to my turn, I pleaded, I argued, I answered her, as well as I could. — And when humility would not do, I raised my

voice, and suffered my eyes to sparkle with anger; hoping to take advantage of that sweet cowardice which is so amiable in the sex, and to which my victory over this proud beauty is principally owing.

She was not intimidated, however, and was going to rise upon me in her temper; and would have broken in upon my defence. But when a man talks to a woman upon such subjects, let her be ever so much in alt, 'tis strange, if he cannot throw out a tub to the whale; — that is to say, if he cannot divert her from resenting one bold thing, by uttering two or three full as bold; but for which more favourable interpretations will lie.

To that part, where she tells him of the difficulty she made to correspond with him at first, thus he writes:

Very true, my precious! — And innumerable have been the difficulties thou hast made me struggle with. But one day thou mayest wish, that thou hadst spared this boast; as well as those other pretty haughtinesses, 'That thou didst not reject Solmes for my sake: that my glory, if I valued myself upon carrying thee off, was thy shame: that I have more merit with myself than with thee, or any body else: [what a coxcomb she makes me, Jack!] that thou wishest thyself in thy father's house again, whatever were to be the consequence.' — If I forgive thee, charmer, for these hints, for these reflections, for these wishes, for these contempts, I am not the Lovelace I have been reputed to be; and that thy treatment of me shews that thou thinkest I am.

In short, her whole air throughout this debate expressed a majestic kind of indignation, which implied a believed superiority of talents over the person to whom she spoke.

Thou hast heard me often expatiate upon the pitiful figure a man must make, whose wife has, or believes she has, more sense than himself. A thousand reasons could I give why I ought not to think of marrying Miss Clarissa Harlowe; at least till I can be sure, that she loves me with the preference I must expect from a wife.

I begin to stagger in my resolutions. Ever averse as I was to the hymeneal shackles, how easily will prejudices recur! Heaven give me the heart to be honest to my Clarissa! — There's a prayer, Jack! If I should not be heard, what a sad thing would that be, for the most admirable of women! — Yet, as I do no often trouble Heaven with my prayers, who knows but this may be granted?

But there lie before me such charming difficulties, such scenery for intrigue, for stratagem, for enterprize. What a horrible thing, that my talents point all that way! — When I know what is honourable and just; and would almost wish to be honest? — Almost, I say; for such a varlet am I, that I cannot altogether wish it, for the soul of me! — Such a triumph over the whole sex, if I can subdue this lady! My maiden vow, as I may call it! — For did not the sex begin with me? And

does this lady spare me? Thinkest thou, Jack, that I should have spared my Rosebud, had I been set at defiance thus? — Her grandmother besought me, at first, to spare her Rosebud: and when a girl is put, or puts herself into a man's power, what can he wish for further? while I always considered opposition and resistance as a challenge to do my worst.*

* See Vol. I. Letter XXXIV.

Why, why, will the dear creature take such pains to appear all ice to me? — Why will she, by her pride, awaken mine? — Hast thou not seen, in the above, how contemptibly she treats me? — What have I not suffered for her, and even from her! — Ought I to bear being told, that she will despise me, if I value myself above that odious Solmes?

Then she cuts me short in all my ardours. To vow fidelity, is by a cursed turn upon me, to shew, that there is reason, in my own opinion, for doubt of it. The very same reflection upon me once before.*

* See Vol. II. Letter XIII.

In my power, or out of my power, all one to this lady. — So, Belford, my poor vows are crammed down my throat, before they can well rise to my lips. And what can a lover say to his mistress, if she will neither let him lie nor swear?

One little piece of artifice I had recourse to: When she pushed so hard for me to leave her, I made a request to her, upon a condition she could not refuse; and pretended as much gratitude upon her granting it, as if it were a favour of the last consequence.

And what was this? but to promise what she had before promised, 'Never to marry any other man, while I am living, and single, unless I should give her cause for high disgust against me.' This, you know, was promising nothing, because she could be offended at any time, and was to be the sole judge of the offence. But it shewed her how reasonable and just my expectations were; and that I was no encroacher.

She consented; and asked what security I expected? Her word only.

She gave me her word: but I besought her excuse for sealing it: and in the same moment (since to have waited for consent would have been asking for a denial) saluted her. And, believe me, or not, but, as I hope to live, it was the first time I had the courage to touch her charming lips with mine. And this I tell thee, Belford, that that single pressure (as modestly put too, as if I were as much a virgin as herself, that she might not be afraid of me another time) delighted me more than ever I was delighted by the ultimatum with any other woman. — So precious do awe, reverence, and apprehended prohibition, make a favour!

And now, Belford, I am only afraid that I shall be too cunning; for she does not at present talk enough for me. I hardly know what to make of the dear creature

yet.

I topt the brother's part on Monday night before the landlady at St. Alban's; asking my sister's pardon for carrying her off so unprepared for a journey; prated of the joy my father and mother, and all our friends, would have in receiving her; and this with so many circumstances, that I perceived, by a look she gave me, that went through my very veins, that I had gone too far. I apologized for it indeed when alone; but could not penetrate for the soul of me, whether I made the matter better or worse by it.

But I am of too frank a nature: my success, and the joy I have because of the jewel I am half in possession of, has not only unlocked my bosom, but left the door quite open.

This is a confounded sly sex. Would she but speak out, as I do — but I must learn reserves of her.

She must needs be unprovided of money: but has too much pride to accept of any from me. I would have had her go to town [to town, if possible, must I get her to consent to go] in order to provide herself with the richest of silks which that can afford. But neither is this to be assented to. And yet, as my intelligencer acquaints me, her implacable relations are resolved to distress her all they can.

These wretches have been most gloriously raving, ever since her flight; and still, thank Heaven, continue to rave; and will, I hope, for a twelvemonth to come. Now, at last, it is my day!

Bitterly do they regret, that they permitted her poultry-visits, and garden-walks, which gave her the opportunity to effect an escape which they suppose preconcerted. For, as to her dining in the ivy-bower, they had a cunning design to answer upon her in that permission, as Betty told Joseph her lover.*

* Vol. II. Letter XLVII. paragr. 37, 38.

They lost, they say, and excellent pretence for confining her more closely on my threatening to rescue her, if they offered to carry her against her will to old Antony's moated house.* For this, as I told thee at the Hart, and as I once hinted to the dear creature herself,* * they had it in deliberation to do; apprehending, that I might attempt to carry her off, either with or without her consent, on some one of those connived-at excursions.

* Ibid. Let. XXXVI. and Let. XXXIX. par. I.

* * Ibid. Let. XXXVI. par. 4. See also Let. XV. par. 3.

But here my honest Joseph, who gave me the information, was of admirable service to me. I had taught him to make the Harlowes believe, that I was as communicative to my servants, as their stupid James was to Joseph:* Joseph, as they supposed, by tampering with Will,* * got all my secrets, and was acquainted with all my motions: and having also undertaken to watch all those of his young lady,* * * * * the wise family were secure; and so was my beloved; and so was I.

* Ibid. Letter XLVII. par. 6, and 39.

* * This will be farther explained in Letter XXI. of this volume. * * * * *

See Vol. I. Letters XXXI. and XXXIV.

I once had it in my head (and I hinted it to thee* in a former) in case such a step should be necessary, to attempt to carry her off by surprise from the wood-house; as it is remote from the dwelling-house. This, had I attempted, I should have certainly effected, by the help of the confraternity: and it would have been an action worthy of us all. — But Joseph's conscience, as he called it, stood in my way; for he thought it must have been known to be done by his connivance. I could, I dare say, have overcome this scruple, as easily as I did many of the others, had I not depended at one time upon her meeting me at midnight or late hour [and, if she had, she never would have gone back]; at other times, upon the cunning family's doing my work for me, equally against their knowledge or their wills.

* See Vol. I. Letter XXXV.

For well I knew, that James and Arabella were determined never to leave off their foolish trials and provocations, till, by tiring her out, they had either made her Solmes's wife, or guilty of some such rashness as should throw her for ever out of the favour of both her uncles; though they had too much malice in their heads to intend service to me by their persecutions of her.

LETTER XII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN CONTINUATION.]

I obliged the dear creature highly, I could perceive, by bringing Mrs. Greme to attend her, and to suffer that good woman's recommendation of lodgings to take place, on her refusal to go to The Lawn.

She must believe all my views to be honourable, when I had provided for her no particular lodgings, leaving it to her choice, whether she would go to M. Hall, to The Lawn, to London, or to either of the dowagers of my family.

She was visibly pleased with my motion of putting Mrs. Greme into the chaise with her, and riding on horseback myself.

Some people would have been apprehensive of what might pass between her and Mrs. Greme. But as all my relations either know or believe the justice of my intentions by her, I was in no pain on that account; and the less, as I have always been above hypocrisy, or wishing to be thought better than I am. And indeed, what occasion has a man to be an hypocrite, who has hitherto found his views upon the sex better answered for his being known to be a rake? Why, even my beloved here denied not to correspond with me, though her friends had taught her to think me a libertine — Who then would be trying a new and worse character?

And then Mrs. Greme is a pious matron, and would not have been biased against truth on any consideration. She used formerly, while there were any hopes of my reformation, to pray for me. She hardly continues the good custom, I doubt; for her worthy lord makes no scruple occasionally to rave against me to man, woman, and child, as they come in his way. He is very undutiful, as thou knowest. Surely, I may say so; since all duties are reciprocal. But for Mrs. Greme, poor woman! when my lord has the gout, and is at The Lawn, and the chaplain not to be found, she prays by him, or reads a chapter to him in the Bible, or some other good book.

Was it not therefore right to introduce such a good sort of woman to the dear creature; and to leave them, without reserve, to their own talk! — And very busy in talk I saw they were, as they rode; and felt it too; for most charmingly glowed my cheeks.

I hope I shall be honest, I once more say: but as we frail mortals are not our own masters at all times, I must endeavour to keep the dear creature unapprehensive, until I can get her to our acquaintance's in London, or to some other safe place there. Should I, in the interim, give her the least room for suspicion; or offer to restrain her; she can make her appeals to strangers, and call

the country in upon me; and, perhaps, throw herself upon her relations on their own terms. And were I now to lose her, how unworthy should I be to be the prince and leader of such a confraternity as ours! — How unable to look up among men! or to shew my face among women!

As things at present stand, she dare not own that she went off against her own consent; and I have taken care to make all the implacables believe, that she escaped with it.

She has received an answer from Miss Howe, to the letter written to her from St. Alban's.*

* See Vol. II. Letter XLVIII.

Whatever are the contents, I know not; but she was drowned in tears on the perusal of it. And I am the sufferer.

Miss Howe is a charming creature too; but confoundedly smart and spiritful. I am a good deal afraid of her. Her mother can hardly keep her in. I must continue to play off old Antony, by my honest Joseph, upon that mother, in order to manage that daughter, and oblige my beloved to an absolute dependence upon myself.*

* See Vol. I. Letter XXXI.

Mrs. Howe is impatient of contradiction. So is Miss. A young lady who is sensible that she has all the materials requisites herself, to be under maternal controul; — fine ground for a man of intrigue to build upon! — A mother over-notable; a daughter over-sensible; and their Hickman, who is — over-neither: but merely a passive —

Only that I have an object still more desirable — !

Yet how unhappy, that these two young ladies lived so near each other, and are so well acquainted! Else how charmingly might I have managed them both!

But one man cannot have every woman worth having — Pity though — when the man is such a VERY clever fellow!

LETTER XIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN CONTINUATION.]

Never was there such a pair of scribbling lovers as we; — yet perhaps whom it so much concerns to keep from each other what each writes. She won't have any thing else to do. I would, if she'd let me. I am not reformed enough for a husband. — Patience is a virtue, Lord M. says. Slow and sure, is another of his sentences. If I had not a great deal of that virtue, I should not have waited the Harlowes own time of ripening into execution my plots upon themselves and upon their goddess daughter.

My beloved has been writing to her saucy friend, I believe, all that has befallen her, and what has passed between us hitherto. She will possibly have fine subjects for her pen, if she be as minute as I am.

I would not be so barbarous as to permit old Antony to set Mrs. Howe against her, did I not dread the consequences of the correspondence between the two young ladies. So lively the one, so vigilant, so prudent both, who would not wish to outwit such girls, and to be able to twirl them round his finger?

My charmer has written to her sister for her clothes, for some gold, and for some of her books. What books can tell her more than she knows? But I can. So she had better study me.

She may write. She must be obliged to me at last, with all her pride. Miss Howe indeed will be ready enough to supply her; but I question, whether she can do it without her mother, who is as covetous as the grave. And my agent's agent, old Antony, has already given the mother a hint which will make her jealous of pecuniaries.

Besides, if Miss Howe has money by her, I can put her mother upon borrowing it of her: nor blame me, Jack, for contrivances that have their foundation in generosity. Thou knowest my spirit; and that I should be proud to lay an obligation upon my charmer to the amount of half, nay, to the whole of my estate. Lord M. has more for me than I can ever wish for. My predominant passion is girl, not gold; nor value I this, but as it helps me to that, and gives me independence.

I was forced to put it into the sweet novice's head, as well for my sake as for hers (lest we should be traceable by her direction) whither to direct the sending of her clothes, if they incline to do her that small piece of justice.

If they do I shall begin to dread a reconciliation; and must be forced to muse for a contrivance or two to prevent it, and to avoid mischief. For that (as I have

told honest Joseph Leman) is a great point with me.

Thou wilt think me a sad fellow, I doubt. But are not all rakes sad fellows? — And art not thou, to thy little power, as bad as any? If thou dost all that's in thy head and in thy heart to do, thou art worse than I; for I do not, I assure you.

I proposed, and she consented, that her clothes, or whatever else her relations should think fit to send her, should be directed to thy cousin Osgood's. Let a special messenger, at my charge, bring me any letter, or portable parcel, that shall come. If not portable, give me notice of it. But thou'lt have no trouble of this sort from her relations, I dare be sworn. And in this assurance, I will leave them, I think, to act upon their own heads. A man would have no more to answer for than needs must.

But one thing, while I think of it; which is of great importance to be attended to — You must hereafter write to me in character, as I shall do to you. It would be a confounded thing to be blown up by a train of my own laying. And who knows what opportunities a man in love may have against himself? In changing a coat or waistcoat, something might be forgotten. I once suffered that way. Then for the sex's curiosity, it is but remembering, in order to guard against it, that the name of their common mother was Eve.

Another thing remember; I have changed my name: changed it without an act of parliament. 'Robert Huntingford' it is now. Continue Esquire. It is a respectable addition, although every sorry fellow assumes it, almost to the banishment of the usual traveling one of Captain. 'To be left till called for, at the post-house at Hertford.'

Upon naming thee, she asked thy character. I gave thee a better than thou deservest, in order to do credit to myself. Yet I told her, that thou wert an awkward fellow; and this to do credit to thee, that she may not, if ever she be to see thee, expect a cleverer man than she'll find. Yet thy apparent awkwardness befriends thee not a little: for wert thou a sightly mortal, people would discover nothing extraordinary in thee, when they conversed with thee: whereas, seeing a bear, they are surprised to find in thee any thing that is like a man. Felicitate thyself then upon thy defects; which are evidently thy principal perfections; and which occasion thee a distinction which otherwise thou wouldst never have.

The lodgings we are in at present are not convenient. I was so delicate as to find fault with them, as communicating with each other, because I knew she would; and told her, that were I sure she was safe from pursuit, I would leave her in them, (since such was her earnest desire and expectation,) and go to London.

She must be an infidel against all reason and appearances, if I do not banish even the shadow of mistrust from her heart.

Here are two young likely girls, daughters of the widow Sorlings; that's the name of our landlady.

I have only, at present, admired them in their dairy-works. How greedily do the sex swallow praise! — Did I not once, in the streets of London, see a well-dressed, handsome girl laugh, bridle, and visibly enjoy the praises of a sooty dog, a chimney-sweeper; who, with his empty sack across his shoulder, after giving her the way, stopt, and held up his brush and shovel in admiration of her? — Egad, girl, thought I, I despise thee as Lovelace: but were I the chimney-sweeper, and could only contrive to get into thy presence, my life to thy virtue, I would have thee.

So pleased was I with the young Sorlings, for the elegance of her works, that I kissed her, and she made me a courtesy for my condescension; and blushed, and seemed sensible all over: encouraging, yet innocently, she adjusted her handkerchief, and looked towards the door, as much as to say, she would not tell, were I to kiss her again.

Her eldest sister popt upon her. The conscious girl blushed again, and looked so confounded, that I made an excuse for her, which gratified both. Mrs. Betty, said I, I have been so much pleased with the neatness of your dairy-works, that I could not help saluting your sister: you have your share of merit in them, I am sure — Give me leave ——

Good souls! — I like them both — she courtesied too! — How I love a grateful temper! O that my Clarissa were but half so acknowledging!

I think I must get one of them to attend my charmer when she removes — the mother seems to be a notable woman. She had not best, however, be too notable: since, were she by suspicion to give me a face of difficulty to the matter, it would prepare me for a trial with one or both the daughters.

Allow me a little rhodamantade, Jack — but really and truly my heart is fixed. I can think of no creature breathing of the sex, but my Gloriana.

LETTER XIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN CONTINUATION.]

This is Wednesday; the day that I was to have lost my charmer for ever to the hideous Solmes! With what high satisfaction and heart's-ease can I now sit down, and triumph over my men in straw at Harlowe-place! Yet 'tis perhaps best for them, that she got off as she did. Who knows what consequences might have followed upon my attending her in; or (if she had not met me) upon my projected visit, followed by my myrmidons?

But had I even gone in with her unaccompanied, I think I had but little reason for apprehension: for well thou knowest, that the tame spirits which value themselves upon reputation, and are held within the skirts of the law by political considerations only, may be compared to an infectious spider; which will run into his hole the moment one of his threads is touched by a finger that can crush him, leaving all his toils defenceless, and to be brushed down at the will of the potent invader. While a silly fly, that has neither courage nor strength to resist, no sooner gives notice, by its buz and its struggles, of its being entangled, but out steps the self-circumscribed tyrant, winds round and round the poor insect, till he covers it with his bowel-spun toils; and when so fully secured, that it can neither move leg nor wing, suspends it, as if for a spectacle to be exulted over: then stalking to the door of his cell, turns about, glotes over it at a distance; and, sometimes advancing, sometimes retiring, preys at leisure upon its vitals.

But now I think of it, will not this comparison do as well for the entangled girls, as for the tame spirits? — Better o' my conscience!— 'Tis but comparing the spider to us brave fellows, and it quadrates.

Whatever our hearts are in, our heads will follow. Begin with spiders, with flies, with what we will, girl is the centre of gravity, and we all naturally tend to it.

Nevertheless, to recur; I cannot but observe, that these tame spirits stand a poor chance in a fairly offensive war with such of us mad fellows as are above all law, and scorn to sculk behind the hypocritical screen of reputation.

Thou knowest that I never scruple to throw myself amongst numbers of adversaries; the more the safer: one or two, no fear, will take the part of a single adventurer, if not intentionally, in fact; holding him in, while others hold in the principal antagonist, to the augmentation of their mutual prowess, till both are prevailed upon to compromise, or one to be absent: so that, upon the whole, the law-breakers have the advantage of the law-keepers, all the world over; at least for a time, and till they have run to the end of their race. Add to this, in the

question between me and the Harlowes, that the whole family of them must know that they have injured me — must therefore be afraid of me. Did they not, at their own church, cluster together like bees, when they saw me enter it? Nor knew they which should venture out first, when the service was over.

James, indeed, was not there. If he had, he would perhaps have endeavoured to look valiant. But there is a sort of valour in the face, which shews fear in the heart: just such a face would James Harlowe's have been, had I made them a visit.

When I have had such a face and such a heart as I have described to deal with, I have been all calm and serene, and left it to the friends of the blusterer (as I have done to the Harlowes) to do my work for me.

I am about mustering up in my memory, all that I have ever done, that has been thought praise-worthy, or but barely tolerable. I am afraid thou canst not help me to many remembrances of this sort; because I never was so bad as since I have known thee.

Have I not had it in my heart to do some good that thou canst not remind me of? Study for me, Jack. I have recollected some instances which I think will tell in — but see if thou canst not help me to some which I may have forgot.

This I may venture to say, that the principal blot in my escutcheon is owing to these girls, these confounded girls. But for them, I could go to church with a good conscience: but when I do, there they are. Every where does Satan spread his snares for me! But, how I think of it, what if our governor should appoint churches for the women only, and others for the men? — Full as proper, I think, for the promoting of true piety in both, [much better than the synagogue-lattices,] as separate boarding-schools for their education.

There are already male and female dedications of churches.

St. Swithin's, St. Stephen's, St. Thomas's, St. George's, and so forth, might be appropriated to the men; and Santa Catharina's, Santa Anna's, Santa Maria's, Santa Margaretta's, for the women.

Yet were it so, and life to be the forfeiture of being found at the female churches, I believe that I, like a second Clodius, should change my dress, to come at my Portia or Pompeia, though one the daughter of a Cato, the other the wife of a Caesar.

But how I excurse! — Yet thou usedst to say, thou likedst my excursions. If thou dost, thou'lt have enow of them: for I never had a subject I so much adored; and with which I shall probably be compelled to have so much patience before I strike the blow; if the blow I do strike.

But let me call myself back to my recordation-subject — Thou needest not remind me of my Rosebud. I have her in my head; and moreover have contrived

to give my fair-one an hint of that affair, by the agency of honest Joseph Leman;* although I have not reaped the hoped-for credit of her acknowledgement.

* See Vol. II. Letter XXVII.

That's the devil; and it was always my hard fate — every thing I do that is good, is but as I ought! — Every thing of a contrary nature is brought into the most glaring light against me — Is this fair? Ought not a balance to be struck; and the credit carried to my account? — Yet I must own too, that I half grudge Johnny this blooming maiden? for, in truth, I think a fine woman too rich a jewel to hang about a poor man's neck.

Surely, Jack, if I am guilty of a fault in my universal adorations of the sex, the women in general ought to love me the better for it.

And so they do; I thank them heartily; except here and there a covetous little rogue comes cross me, who, under the pretence of loving virtue for its own sake, wants to have me all to herself.

I have rambled enough.

Adieu, for the present.

LETTER XV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 13.

I always loved writing, and my unhappy situation gives me now enough of it; and you, I fear, too much. I have had another very warm debate with Mr. Lovelace. It brought on the subject which you advised me not to decline, when it was handsomely offered. And I want to have either your acquittal or blame for having suffered it to go off without effect.

The impatient wretch sent up to me several times, while I was writing my last to you, to desire my company: yet his business nothing particular; only to hear him talk. The man seems pleased with his own volubility; and, whenever he has collected together abundance of smooth things, he wants me to find an ear for them! Yet he need not; for I don't often gratify him either with giving him the praise for his verboseness, or shewing the pleasure in it that he would be fond of.

When I had finished the letter, and given it to Mr. Hickman's friend, I was going up again, and had got up half a dozen stairs; when he besought be to stop, and hear what he had to say.

Nothing, as I said, to any new purpose had he to offer; but complainings; and those in a manner, and with an air, as I thought, that bordered upon insolence. He could not live, he told me, unless he had more of my company, and of my indulgence too, that I had yet given him.

Hereupon I stept down, and into the parlour, not a little out of humour with him; and the more, as he has very quietly taken up his quarters here, without talking of removing, as he had promised.

We began instantly our angry conference. He provoked me; and I repeated several of the plainest things I had said in our former conversations; and particularly told him, that I was every hour more and more dissatisfied with myself, and with him: that he was not a man, who, in my opinion, improved upon acquaintance: and that I should not be easy till he had left me to myself.

He might be surprised at my warmth, perhaps: but really the man looked so like a simpleton, hesitating, and having nothing to say for himself, or that should excuse the peremptoriness of his demand upon me, (when he knew I had been writing a letter which a gentleman waited for,) that I flung from him, declaring, that I would be mistress of my own time, and of my own actions, and not to be called to account for either.

He was very uneasy till he could again be admitted into my company, and when I was obliged to see him, which was sooner than I liked, never did the man put on a more humble and respectful demeanor.

He told me, that he had, upon this occasion, been entering into himself, and had found a great deal of reason to blame himself for an impertinency and inconsideration which, although he meant nothing by it, must be very disagreeable to one of my delicacy. That having always aimed at a manly sincerity and openness of heart, he had not till now discovered, that both were very consistent with that true politeness, which he feared he had too much disregarded, while he sought to avoid the contrary extreme; knowing, that in me he had to deal with a lady, who despised an hypocrite, and who was above all flattery. But from this time forth, I should find such an alteration in his whole behaviour, as might be expected from a man who knew himself to be honoured with the presence and conversation of a person, who had the most delicate mind in the world — that was his flourish.

I said, that he might perhaps expect congratulation upon the discovery he had just now made, to wit, that true politeness and sincerity were reconcilable: but that I, who had, by a perverse fate, been thrown into his company, had abundant reason to regret that he had not sooner found this out. — Since, I believed, very few men of birth and education were strangers to it.

He knew not, neither, he said, that he had so badly behaved himself, as to deserve so very severe a rebuke.

Perhaps not, I replied: but he might, if so, make another discovery from what I had said; which might be to my own disadvantage: since, if he had so much reason to be satisfied with himself, he would see what an ungenerous person he spoke to, who, when he seemed to give himself airs of humility, which, perhaps he thought beneath him to assume, had not the civility to make him a compliment upon them; but was ready to take him at his word.

He had long, with infinite pleasure, the pretended flattery-hater said, admired my superior talents, and a wisdom in so young a lady, perfectly suprising.

Let me, Madam, said he, stand ever so low in your opinion, I shall believe all you say to be just; and that I have nothing to do but to govern myself for the future by your example, and by the standard you shall be pleased to give me.

I know better, Sir, replied I, than to value myself upon your volubility of speech. As you pretend to pay so preferable a regard to sincerity, you shall confine yourself to the strict rules of truth, when you speak of me, to myself: and then, although you shall be so kind as to imagine that you have reason to make me a compliment, you will have much more to pride yourself in those arts which have made so extraordinary a young creature so great a fool.

Really, my dear, the man deserves not politer treatment. — And then has he not made a fool, an egregious fool of me? — I am afraid he himself thinks he has.

I am surprised! I am amazed, Madam, returned he, at so strange a turn upon me! — I am very unhappy, that nothing I can do or say will give you a good opinion of me! — Would to heaven that I knew what I can do to obtain the honour of your confidence!

I told him, that I desired his absence, of all things. I saw not, I said, that my friends thought it worth their while to give me disturbance: therefore, if he would set out for London, or Berkshire, or whither he pleased, it would be most agreeable to me, and most reputable too.

He would do so, he said, he intended to do so, the moment I was in a place to my liking — in a place convenient for me.

This, Sir, will be so, said I, when you are not here to break in upon me, and make the apartments inconvenient.

He did not think this place safe, he replied; and as I intended not to stay here, he had not been so solicitous, as otherwise he should have been, to enjoin privacy to his servants, nor to Mrs. Greme at her leaving me; that there were two or three gentlemen at the neighbourhood, he said, with whose servants his gossiping fellows had scraped acquaintance: so that he could not think of leaving me here unguarded and unattended. — But fix upon any place in England where I could be out of danger, and he would go to the furthermost part of the king's dominions, if by doing so he could make me easy.

I told him plainly that I should never be in humour with myself for meeting him; nor with him, for seducing me away: that my regrets increased, instead of diminished: that my reputation was wounded: that nothing I could do would now retrieve it: and that he must not wonder, if I every hour grew more and more uneasy both with myself and him: that upon the whole, I was willing to take care of myself; and when he had left me, I should best know what to resolve upon, and whither to go.

He wished, he said, he were at liberty, without giving me offence, or being thought to intend to infringe the articles I had stipulated and insisted upon, to make one humble proposal to me. But the sacred regard he was determined to pay to all my injunctions (reluctantly as I had on Monday last put it into his power to serve me) would not permit him to make it, unless I would promise to excuse him, if I did not approve of it.

I asked, in some confusion, what he would say?

He prefaced and paraded on; and then out came, with great diffidence, and many apologies, and a bashfulness which sat very awkwardly upon him, a proposal of speedy solemnization: which, he said, would put all right; and make

my first three or four months (which otherwise must be passed in obscurity and apprehension) a round of visits and visitings to and from all his relations; to Miss Howe; to whom I pleased: and would pave the way to the reconciliation I had so much at heart.

Your advice had great weight with me just then, as well as his reasons, and the consideration of my unhappy situation: But what could I say? I wanted somebody to speak for me.

The man saw I was not angry at his motion. I only blushed; and that I am sure I did up to the ears; and looked silly, and like a fool.

He wants not courage. Would he have had me catch at his first, at his very first word? — I was silent too — and do not the bold sex take silence for a mark of a favour! — Then, so lately in my father's house! Having also declared to him in my letters, before I had your advice, that I would not think of marriage till he had passed through a state of probation, as I may call it — How was it possible I could encourage, with very ready signs of approbation, such an early proposal? especially so soon after the free treatment he had provoked from me. If I were to die, I could not.

He looked at me with great confidence; as if (notwithstanding his contradictory bashfulness) he would look me through; while my eye but now-and-then could glance at him. — He begged my pardon with great humility: he was afraid I would think he deserved no other answer, but that of a contemptuous silence. True love was fearful of offending. [Take care, Mr. Lovelace, thought I, how your's is tried by that rule]. Indeed so sacred a regard [foolish man!] would he have to all my declarations made before I honoured him —

I would hear him no further; but withdrew in a confusion too visible, and left him to make his nonsensical flourishes to himself.

I will only add, that, if he really wishes for a speedy solemnization, he never could have had a luckier time to press for my consent to it. But he let it go off; and indignation has taken place of it. And now it shall be a point with me, to get him at a distance from me.

I am, my dearest friend, Your ever faithful and obliged CL. H.

LETTER XVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, APR. 13.

Why, Jack, thou needest not make such a wonderment, as the girls say, if I should have taken large strides already towards reformation: for dost thou not see, that while I have been so assiduously, night and day, pursuing this single charmer, I have infinitely less to answer for, than otherwise I should have had? Let me see, how many days and nights? — Forty, I believe, after open trenches, spent in the sap only, and never a mine sprung yet!

By a moderate computation, a dozen kites might have fallen, while I have been only trying to ensnare this single lark. Nor yet do I see when I shall be able to bring her to my lure: more innocent days yet, therefore! — But reformation for my stalking-horse, I hope, will be a sure, though a slow method to effect all my purposes.

Then, Jack, thou wilt have a merit too in engaging my pen, since thy time would be otherwise worse employed: and, after all, who knows but by creating new habits, at the expense of the old, a real reformation may be brought about? I have promised it; and I believe there is a pleasure to be found in being good, reversing that of Nat. Lee's madman,

— Which none but good men know.

By all this, seest thou not how greatly preferable it is, on twenty accounts, to pursue a difficult rather than an easy chace? I have a desire to inculcate this pleasure upon thee, and to teach thee to fly at nobler game than daws, crows, and widgeons: I have a mind to shew thee from time to time, in the course of the correspondence thou hast so earnestly wished me to begin on this illustrious occasion, that these exalted ladies may be abased, and to obviate one of the objections that thou madest to me, when we were last together, that the pleasure which attends these nobler aims, remunerates not the pains they bring with them; since, like a paltry fellow as thou wert, thou assertedst that all women are alike.

Thou knowest nothing, Jack, of the delicacies of intrigue: nothing of the glory of outwitting the witty and the watchful: of the joys that fill the mind of the inventive or contriving genius, ruminating which to use of the different webs that offer to him for the entanglement of a haughty charmer, who in her day has given him unnumbered torments. Thou, Jack, who, like a dog at his ease, contentest thyself to growl over a bone thrown out to thee, dost not know the joys of a chace, and in pursuing a winding game: these I will endeavour to rouse thee to, and then

thou wilt have reason doubly and trebly to thank me, as well because of thy present delight, as with regard to thy prospect beyond the moon.

To this place I had written, purely to amuse myself, before I was admitted to my charmer. But now I have to tell thee, that I was quite right in my conjecture, that she would set up for herself, and dismiss me: for she has declared in so many words that such was her resolution: And why? Because, to be plain with me, the more she saw of me, and of my ways, the less she liked of either.

This cut me to the heart! I did not cry, indeed! Had I been a woman, I should though, and that most plentifully: but I pulled out a white cambrick handkerchief: that I could command, but not my tears.

She finds fault with my protestations, with my professions, with my vows: I cannot curse a servant, the only privilege a master is known by, but I am supposed to be a trooper* — I must not say, By my soul! nor, As I hope to be saved! Why, Jack, how particular this is! Would she not have me think I have a precious soul, as well as she? If she thinks my salvation hopeless, what a devil [another exceptionable word!] does she propose to reform me for? So I have not an ardent expression left me.

* See Letter VI. of this volume.

What can be done with a woman who is above flattery, and despises all praise but that which flows from the approbation of her own heart?

Well, Jack, thou seest it is high time to change my measures. I must run into the pious a little faster than I had designed.

What a sad thing it would be, were I, after all, to lose her person, as well as her opinion! the only time that further acquaintance, and no blow struck, nor suspicion given, ever lessened me in a lady's favour! A cursed mortification!— 'Tis certain I can have no pretence for holding her, if she will go. No such thing as force to be used, or so much as hinted at: Lord send us safe at London! — That's all I have for it now: and yet it must be the least part of my speech.

But why will this admirable creature urge her destiny? Why will she defy the power she is absolutely dependent upon? Why will she still wish to my face that she had never left her father's house? Why will she deny me her company, till she makes me lose my patience, and lay myself open to her resentment? And why, when she is offended, does she carry her indignation to the utmost length that a scornful beauty, in the very height of her power and pride, can go?

Is it prudent, thinkest thou, in her circumstances, to tell me, repeatedly to tell me, 'That she is every hour more and more dissatisfied with herself and me? That I am not one who improve upon her in my conversation and address?' [Couldst

thou, Jack, bear this from a captive!] ‘That she shall not be easy while she is with me? That she knows better than to value herself upon my volubility? That if I think she deserves the compliments I make her, I may pride myself in those arts, by which I have made a fool of so extraordinary a person? That she shall never forgive herself for meeting me, nor me for seducing her away?’ [Her very words.] ‘That her regrets increase instead of diminish? That she will take care of herself; and, since her friends thing it not worth while to pursue her, she will be left to her own care? That I shall make Mrs. Sorlings’s house more agreeable by my absence? — And go to Berks, to town, or wherever I will,’ [to the devil, I suppose,] ‘with all her heart?’

The impolitic charmer! — To a temper so vindictive as she thins mine! To a free-liver, as she believes me to be, who has her in his power! I was before, as thou knowest, balancing; now this scale, now that, the heaviest. I only waited to see how her will would work, how mine would lead me on. Thou seest what bias here takes — And wilt thou doubt that mine will be determined by it? Were not her faults, before this, numerous enough? Why will she put me upon looking back?

I will sit down to argue with myself by-and-by, and thou shalt be acquainted with the result.

If thou didst but know, if thou hadst but beheld, what an abject slave she made me look like! — I had given myself high airs, as she called them: but they were airs that shewed my love for her: that shewed I could not live out of her company. But she took me down with a vengeance! She made me look about me. So much advantage had she over me; such severe turns upon me; by my soul, Jack, I had hardly a word to say for myself. I am ashamed to tell thee what a poor creature she made me look like! But I could have told her something that would have humbled her pretty pride at the instant, had she been in a proper place, and proper company about her.

To such a place then — and where she cannot fly me — And then to see how my will works, and what can be done with the amorous see-saw; now humble, now proud; now expecting, or demanding; now submitting, or acquiescing — till I have tried resistance.

But these hints are at present enough. I may further explain myself as I go along; and as I confirm or recede in my future motions. If she will revive past disobligations! If she will — But no more, no more, as I said, at present, of threatenings.

LETTER XVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN CONTINUATION.]

And do I not see that I shall need nothing but patience, in order to have all power with me? For what shall we say, if all these complaints of a character wounded; these declarations of increasing regrets for meeting me; of resentments never to be got over for my seducing her away; these angry commands to leaver her: — What shall we say, if all were to mean nothing but MATRIMONY? And what if my forbearing to enter upon that subject come out to be the true cause of their petulance and uneasiness!

I had once before played about the skirts of the irrevocable obligation; but thought myself obliged to speak in clouds, and to run away from the subject, as soon as she took my meaning, lest she should imagine it to be ungenerously urged, now she was in some sort in my power, as she had forbid me beforehand, to touch upon it, till I were in a state of visible reformation, and till a reconciliation with her friends were probable. But now, out-argued, out-talented, and pushed so vehemently to leave one of whom I had no good pretence to hold, if she would go; and who could so easily, if I had given her cause to doubt, have thrown herself into other protection, or have returned to Harlowe-place and Solmes; I spoke out upon the subject, and offered reasons, although with infinite doubt and hesitation, [lest she should be offended at me, Belford!] why she should assent to the legal tie, and make me the happiest of men. And O how the mantle cheek, the downcast eye, the silent yet trembling lip, and the heaving bosom, a sweet collection of heightened beauties, gave evidence that the tender was not mortally offensive!

Charming creature! thought I, [but I charge thee, that thou let not any of the sex know my exultation,*] Is it so soon come to this? Am I already lord of the destiny of a Clarissa Harlowe? Am I already the reformed man thou resolvest I should be, before I had the least encouragement given me? Is it thus, that the more thou knowest me, the less thou seest reason to approve of me? — And can art and design enter into a breast so celestial? To banish me from thee, to insist so rigorously upon my absence, in order to bring me closer to thee, and make the blessing dear? Well do thy arts justify mine; and encourage me to let loose my plotting genius upon thee.

* Mr. Lovelace might have spared this caution on this occasion, since many of the sex [we mention it with regret] who on the first publication had read thus far, and even to the lady’s first escape, have been

readier to censure her for over-niceness, as we have observed in a former note, page 42, than him for artifices and exultations not less cruel and ungrateful, than ungenerous and unmanly.

But let me tell thee, charming maid, if thy wishes are at all to be answered, that thou hast yet to account to me for thy reluctance to go off with me, at a crisis when thy going off was necessary to avoid being forced into the nuptial fetters with a wretch, that, were he not thy aversion, thou wert no more honest to thy own merit than to me.

I am accustomed to be preferred, let me tell thee, by thy equals in rank too, though thy inferiors in merit: But who is not so? And shall I marry a woman, who has given me reason to doubt the preference she has for me?

No, my dearest love, I have too sacred a regard for thy injunctions, to let them be broken through, even by thyself. Nor will I take in thy full meaning by blushing silence only. Nor shalt thou give me room to doubt, whether it be necessity or love, that inspires this condescending impulse.

Upon these principles, what had I to do but to construe her silence into contemptuous displeasure? And I begged her pardon for making a motion which I had so much reason to fear would offend her: for the future I would pay a sacred regard to her previous injunctions, and prove to her by all my conduct the truth of that observation, That true love is always fearful of offending.

And what could the lady say to this? methinks thou askest.

Say! — Why she looked vexed, disconcerted, teased; was at a loss, as I thought, whether to be more angry with herself, or with me. She turned about, however, as if to hide a starting tear; and drew a sigh into two or three but just audible quavers, trying to suppress it, and withdrew — leaving me master of the field.

Tell me not of politeness; tell me not of generosity; tell me not of compassion — Is she not a match for me? More than a match? Does she not outdo me at every fair weapon? Has she not made me doubt her love? Has she not taken officious pains to declare that she was not averse to Solmes for any respect she had to me? and her sorrow for putting herself out of his reach, that is to say, for meeting me?

Then, what a triumph would it be to the Harlowe pride, were I now to marry this lady? A family beneath my own! No one in it worthy of an alliance with but her! My own estate not contemptible! Living within the bounds of it, to avoid dependence upon their betters, and obliged to no man living! My expectations still so much more considerable! My person, my talents — not to be despised, surely — yet rejected by them with scorn. Obliged to carry on an underhand address to their daughter, when two of the most considerable families in the kingdom have made overtures, which I have declined, partly for her sake, and

partly because I never will marry; if she be not the person. To be forced to steal her away, not only from them, but from herself! And must I be brought to implore forgiveness and reconciliation from the Harlowes? — Beg to be acknowledged as the son of a gloomy tyrant, whose only boast is his riches? As a brother to a wretch, who has conceived immortal hatred to me; and to a sister who was beneath my attempts, or I would have had her in my own way, and that with a tenth part of the trouble and pains that her sister has cost me; and, finally, as a nephew to uncles, who value themselves upon their acquired fortunes, would insult me as creeping to them on that account? — Forbid it in the blood of the Lovelaces, that your last, and, let me say, not the meanest of your stock, should thus creep, thus fawn, thus lick the dust, for a WIFE — !

Proceed anon.

LETTER XVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN CONTINUATION.]

But is it not the divine CLARISSA [Harlowe let me not say; my soul spurns them all but her] whom I am thus by application threatening? — If virtue be the true nobility, how is she ennobled, and how shall an alliance with her ennoble, were not contempt due to the family from whom she sprang and prefers to me!

But again, let me stop. — Is there not something wrong, has there not been something wrong, in this divine creature? And will not the reflections upon that wrong (what though it may be construed in my favour?*) make me unhappy, when novelty has lost its charms, and when, mind and person, she is all my own? Libertines are nicer, if at all nice, than other men. They seldom meet with the stand of virtue in the women whom they attempt. And, by the frailty of those they have triumphed over, they judge of all the rest. 'Importunity and opportunity no woman is proof against, especially from the persevering lover, who knows how to suit temptations to inclinations:' This, thou knowest, is a prime article of the rake's creed.

* The particular attention of such of the fair sex, as are more apt to read for the same of amusement than instruction, is requested to this letter of Mr. Lovelace.

And what! (methinks thou askest with surprise) Dost thou question this most admirable of women? — The virtue of a CLARISSA dost thou question?

I do not, I dare not question it. My reverence for her will not let me directly question it. But let me, in my turn, ask thee — Is not, may not her virtue be founded rather in pride than in principle? Whose daughter is she? — And is she not a daughter? If impeccable, how came she by her impeccability? The pride of setting an example to her sex has run away with her hitherto, and may have made her till now invincible. But is not that pride abated? What may not both men and women be brought to do in a mortified state? What mind is superior to calamity? Pride is perhaps the principal bulwark of female virtue. Humble a woman, and may she not be effectually humbled?

Then who says Miss Clarissa Harlowe is the paragon of virtue? — Is virtue itself?

All who know her, and have heard of her, it will be answered.

Common bruit! — Is virtue to be established by common bruit only? — Has her virtue ever been proved? — Who has dared to try her virtue?

I told thee, I would sit down to argue with myself; and I have drawn myself into argumentation before I was aware.

Let me enter into a strict discussion of this subject.

I know how ungenerous an appearance what I have said, and what I have further to say, on this topic, will have from me: But am I not bringing virtue to the touchstone, with a view to exalt it, if it come out to be proof?— ‘Avaunt then, for one moment, all consideration that may arise from a weakness which some would miscall gratitude; and is oftentimes the corrupter of a heart most ignoble!’

To the test then — and I will bring this charming creature to the strictest test, ‘that all the sex, who may be shewn any passages in my letters,’ [and I know thou cheerest the hearts of all thy acquaintance with such detached parts of mine as tend not to dishonour characters or reveal names: and this gives me an appetite to oblige thee by interlardment,] ‘that all the sex, I say, may see what they ought to be; what is expected from them; and if they have to deal with a person of reflection and punctilio, [of pride, if thou wilt,] how careful they ought to be, by a regular and uniform conduct, not to give him cause to think lightly of them for favours granted, which may be interpreted into natural weakness. For is not a wife the keeper of a man’s honour? And do not her faults bring more disgrace upon a husband than even upon herself?’

It is not for nothing, Jack, that I have disliked the life of shackles.

To the test then, as I said, since now I have the question brought home to me, Whether I am to have a wife? And whether she be to be a wife at the first or at the second hand?

I will proceed fairly. I do the dear creature not only strict but generous justice; for I will try her by her own judgment, as well as by our principles.

She blames herself for having corresponded with me, a man of free character; and one indeed whose first view it was to draw her into this correspondence; and who succeeded in it by means unknown to herself.

‘Now, what were her inducements to this correspondence?’ If not what her niceness makes her think blameworthy, why does she blame herself?

Has she been capable of error? Of persisting in that error?

Whoever was the tempter, that is not the thing; nor what the temptation. The fact, the error, is now before us.

Did she persist in it against parental prohibition?

She owns she did.

Was a daughter ever known who had higher notions of the filial duty, of the parental authority?

Never.

‘What must be the inducements, how strong, that were too strong for duty, in a daughter so dutiful? — What must my thoughts have been of these inducements, what my hopes built upon them at the time, taken in this light?’

Well, but it will be said, That her principal view was to prevent mischief between her brother and her other friends, and the man vilely insulted by them all.

But why should she be more concerned for the safety of others than they were for their own? And had not the rencounter then happened? ‘Was a person of virtue to be prevailed upon to break through her apparent, her acknowledged duty, upon any consideration?’ And, if not, was she to be so prevailed upon to prevent an apprehended evil only?

Thou, Lovelace, the tempter (thou wilt again break out and say) to be the accuser!

But I am not the accuser. I am the arguer only, and, in my heart, all the time acquit and worship the divine creature. ‘But let me, nevertheless, examine, whether the acquital be owing to her merit, or to my weakness — Weakness the true name of love!’

But shall we suppose another motive? — And that is LOVE; a motive which all the world will excuse her for. ‘But let me tell all the world that do, not because they ought, but because all the world is apt to be misled by it.’

Let LOVE then be the motive: — Love of whom?

A Lovelace, is the answer.

‘Is there but one Lovelace in the world? May not more Lovelaces be attracted by so fine a figure? By such exalted qualities? It was her character that drew me to her: and it was her beauty and good sense that rivetted my chains: and now all together make me think her a subject worthy of my attempts, worthy of my ambition.’

But has she had the candour, the openness, to acknowledge that love?

She has not.

‘Well then, if love be at the bottom, is there not another fault lurking beneath the shadow of that love? — Has she not affectation? — Or is it pride of heart?’

And what results?— ‘Is then the divine Clarissa capable of loving a man whom she ought not to love? And is she capable of affectation? And is her virtue founded in pride? — And, if the answer to these questions be affirmative, must she not then be a woman?’

And can she keep this love at bay? Can she make him, who has been accustomed to triumph over other women, tremble? Can she conduct herself, as to make him, at times, question whether she loves him or any man; ‘yet not have the requisite command over the passion itself in steps of the highest consequence to her honour, as she thinks,’ [I am trying her, Jack, by her own thoughts,] ‘but suffer

herself to be provoked to promise to abandon her father's house, and go off with him, knowing his character; and even conditioning not to marry till improbably and remote contingencies were to come to pass? What though the provocations were such as would justify any other woman; yet was a CLARISSA to be susceptible to provocations which she thinks herself highly censurable for being so much moved by?'

But let us see the dear creature resolved to revoke her promise, yet meeting her lover; a bold and intrepid man, who was more than once before disappointed by her; and who comes, as she knows, prepared to expect the fruits of her appointment, and resolved to carry her off. And let us see him actually carrying her off, and having her at his mercy— 'May there not be, I repeat, other Lovelaces; other like intrepid, persevering enterprizers; although they may not go to work in the same way?

'And has then a CLARISSA (herself her judge) failed? — In such great points failed? — And may she not further fail? — Fail in the greatest point, to which all the other points, in which she has failed, have but a natural tendency?'

Nor say thou, that virtue, in the eye of Heaven, is as much a manly as a womanly grace. By virtue in this place I mean chastity, and to be superior to temptation; my Clarissa out of the question. Nor ask thou, shall the man be guilty, yet expect the woman to be guiltless, and even unsuspectible? Urge thou not these arguments, I say, since the wife, by a failure, may do much more injury to the husband, than the husband can do to the wife, and not only to her husband, but to all his family, by obtruding another man's children into his possessions, perhaps to the exclusion of (at least to a participation with) his own; he believing them all the time to be his. In the eye of Heaven, therefore, the sin cannot be equal. Besides I have read in some places that the woman was made for the man, not the man for the woman. Virtue then is less to be dispensed with in the woman than in the man.

Thou, Lovelace, (methinks some better man than thyself will say,) to expect such perfection in a woman!

Yes, I, may I answer. Was not the great Caesar a great rake as to women? Was he not called, by his very soldiers, on one of his triumphant entries into Rome, the bald-pated lecher? and warning given of him to the wives, as well as to the daughter of his fellow-citizens? Yet did not Caesar repudiate his wife for being only in company with Clodius, or rather because Clodius, though by surprise upon her, was found in hers? And what was the reason he gave for it? — It was this, (though a rake himself, as I have said,) and only this — The wife of Caesar must not be suspected! —

Caesar was not a prouder man than Lovelace.

Go to then, Jack; nor say, nor let any body say, in thy hearing, that Lovelace, a man valuing himself upon his ancestry, is singular in his expectations of a wife's purity, though not pure himself.

As to my CLARISSA, I own that I hardly think there ever was such an angel of a woman. But has she not, as above, already taken steps, which she herself condemns? Steps, which the world and her own family did not think her capable of taking? And for which her own family will not forgive her?

Nor think it strange, that I refuse to hear any thing pleaded in behalf of a standard virtue from high provocations. 'Are not provocations and temptations the tests of virtue? A standard virtue must not be allowed to be provoked to destroy or annihilate itself.

'May not then the success of him, who could carry her thus far, be allowed to be an encouragement for him to try to carry her farther?' 'Tis but to try. Who will be afraid of a trail for this divine creature? 'Thou knowest, that I have more than once, twice, or thrice, put to the fiery trial young women of name and character; and never yet met with one who held out a month; nor indeed so long as could puzzle my invention. I have concluded against the whole sex upon it.' And now, if I have not found a virtue that cannot be corrupted, I will swear that there is not one such in the whole sex. Is not then the whole sex concerned that this trial should be made? And who is it that knows this lady, that would not stake upon her head the honour of the whole? — Let her who would refuse it come forth, and desire to stand in her place.

I must assure thee, that I have a prodigious high opinion of virtue; as I have of all those graces and excellencies which I have not been able to attain myself. Every free-liver would not say this, nor think thus — every argument he uses, condemnatory of his own actions, as some would think. But ingenuousness was ever a signal part of my character.

Satan, whom thou mayest, if thou wilt, in this case, call my instigator, put the good man of old upon the severest trial. 'To his behaviour under these trials that good man owed his honour and his future rewards.' An innocent person, if doubted, must wish to be brought to a fair and candid trial.

Rinaldo, indeed, in Ariosto, put the Mantua Knight's cup of trial from him, which was to be the proof of his wife's chastity* — This was his argument for forbearing the experiment: 'Why should I seek a think I should be loth to find? My wife is a woman. The sex is frail. I cannot believe better of her than I do. It will be to my own loss, if I find reason to think worse.' But Rinaldo would not have refused the trial of the lady, before she became his wife, and when he might have found his account in detecting her.

* The story tells us, that whoever drank of this cup, if his wife were

chaste, could drink without spilling; if otherwise, the contrary.

For my part, I would not have put the cup from me, though married, had it been but in hope of finding reason to confirm my good opinion of my wife's honour; and that I might know whether I had a snake or a dove in my bosom.

To my point— 'What must that virtue be which will not stand a trial? — What that woman who would wish to shun it?'

Well, then, a trial seems necessary for the furthest establishment of the honour of so excellent a creature.

And who shall put her to this trial? Who, but the man who has, as she thinks, already induced her in lesser points to swerve? — And this for her own sake in a double sense — not only, as he has been able to make some impression, but as she regrets the impression made; and so may be presumed to be guarded against his further attempts.

The situation she is at present in, it must be confessed is a disadvantageous one to her: but, if she overcome, that will redound to her honour.

Shun not, therefore, my dear soul, further trials, nor hate me for making them. — 'For what woman can be said to be virtuous till she has been tried?

'Nor is one effort, one trial, to be sufficient. Why? Because a woman's heart may at one time be adamant, at another wax' — as I have often experienced. And so, no doubt, hast thou.

A fine time of it, methinks, thou sayest, would the woman have, if they were all to be tried — !

But, Jack, I am not for that neither. Though I am a rake, I am not a rake's friend; except thine and company's.

And be this one of the morals of my tedious discussion— 'Let the little rogues who would not be put to the question, as I may call it, choose accordingly. Let them prefer to their favour good honest sober fellows, who have not been used to play dog's tricks: who will be willing to take them as they offer; and, who being tolerable themselves, are not suspicious of others.'

But what, methinks thou askest, is to become of the lady if she fail?

What? — Why will she not, 'if once subdued, be always subdued?' Another of our libertine maxims. And what an immense pleasure to a marriage-hater, what rapture to thought, to be able to prevail upon such a woman as Miss Clarissa Harlowe to live with him, without real change of name!

But if she resist — if nobly she stand her trial? —

Why then I will marry her; and bless my starts for such an angel of a wife.

But will she not hate thee? — will she not refuse —

No, no, Jack! — Circumstanced and situated as we are, I am not afraid of that. And hate me! Why should she hate the man who loves her upon proof?

And then for a little hint at reprisal — am I not justified in my resolutions of trying her virtue, who is resolved, as I may say, to try mine? Who has declared that she will not marry me, till she has hopes of my reformation?

And now, to put an end to this sober argumentation, Wilt thou not thyself (whom I have supposed an advocate for the lady, because I know that Lord M. has put thee upon using the interest he thinks thou hast in me, to persuade me to enter the pale; wilt thou not thyself) allow me to try if I cannot awaken the woman in her? — To try if she, with all that glowing symmetry of parts, and that full bloom of vernal graces, by which she attracts every eye, be really inflexible as to the grand article?

Let me begin then, as opportunity presents — I will; and watch her every step to find one sliding one; her every moment to find the moment critical. And the rather, as she spares me not, but takes every advantage that offers to puzzle and plague me; nor expect nor thinks me to be a good man.

If she be a woman, and love me, I shall surely catch her once tripping: for love was ever a traitor to its harbourer: and love within, and I without, she will be more than woman, as the poet says, or I less than man, if I succeed not.

Now, Belford, all is out. The lady is mine; shall be more mine. Marriage, I see, is in my power, now she is so. Else perhaps it had not. If I can have her without marriage, who can blame me for trying? If not, great will be her glory, and my future confidence. And well will she merit the sacrifice I shall make her of my liberty; and from all her sex honours next to divine, for giving a proof, ‘that there was once a woman whose virtue no trials, no stratagems, no temptations, even from the man she hated not, could overpower.’

Now wilt thou see all my circulation: as in a glass wilt thou see it. — CABALA, however, is the word;* nor let the secret escape thee even in thy dreams.

* This word, whenever used by any of these gentlemen, was agreed to imply an inviolable secret.

Nobody doubts that she is to be my wife. Let her pass for such when I give the word. ‘Mean time reformation shall be my stalking-horse; some one of the women in London, if I can get her hither, my bird.’ And so much for this time.

LETTER XIX

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO LETTERS IX. XV.]

Do not be so much concerned, my dearest friend, at the bickerings between my mother and me. We love one another dearly notwithstanding. If my mother had not me to find fault with, she must find fault with somebody else. And as to me, I am a very saucy girl; and were not this occasion, there would be some other, to shew it.

You have heard me say, that this was always the case between us. You could not otherwise have known it. For when you was with us, you harmonized us both; and, indeed, I was always more afraid of you than of my mother. But then that awe is accompanied with love. Your reproofs, as I have always found, are so charmingly mild and instructive; so evidently calculated to improve, and not to provoke; that a generous temper must be amended by them. But hear now, mind my good mamma, when you are not with us — You shall, I tell you, Nancy. I will have it so. Don't I know best, I won't be disobeyed. How can a daughter of spirits bear such language; such looks too with the language; and not have a longing mind to disobey?

Don't advise me, my dear, to subscribe to my mother's prohibition of correspondence with you. She has no reason for it. Nor would she of her own judgment have prohibited it. That odd old ambling soul your uncle, (whose visits are frequenter than ever,) instigated by your malicious and selfish brother and sister in the occasion. And they have only borrowed my mother's lips, at the distance they are from you, for a sort of speaking trumpet for them. The prohibition, once more I say, cannot come from her heart: But if it did, is so much danger to be apprehended from my continuing to write to one of my own sex, as if I wrote to one of the other? Don't let dejection and disappointment, and the course of oppression which you have run through, weaken your mind, my dearest creature, and make you see inconveniencies where there possibly cannot be any. If your talent is scribbling, as you call it; so is mine — and I will scribble on, at all opportunities; and to you; let them say what they will. Nor let your letters be filled with the self-accusations you mention: there is no cause for them. I wish that your Anna Howe, who continues in her mother's house, were but half so good as Miss Clarissa Harlowe, who has been driven out of her father's.

I will say nothing upon your letter to your sister till I see the effect it will have. You hope, you tell me, that you shall have your money and clothes sent you,

notwithstanding my opinion to the contrary — I am sorry to have it to acquaint you, that I have just now heard, that they have sat in council upon your letter; and that your mother was the only person who was for sending you your things, and was overruled. I charge you therefore to accept of my offer, as by my last: and give me particular directions for what you want, that I can supply you with besides.

Don't set your thought so much upon a reconciliation as to prevent your laying hold of any handsome opportunity to give yourself a protector; such a one as the man will be, who, I imagine, husband-like, will let nobody insult you but himself.

What could he mean by letting slip such a one as that you mention? I don't know how to blame you; for how you go beyond silence and blushes, when the foolish fellow came with his observances of the restrictions which you laid him under when in another situation? But, as I told you above, you really strike people into awe. And, upon my word, you did not spare him.

I repeat what I said in my last, that you have a very nice part to act: and I will add, that you have a mind that is much too delicate for your part. But when the lover is exalted, the lady must be humbled. He is naturally proud and saucy. I doubt you must engage his pride, which he calls his honour: and that you must throw off a little more of the veil. And I would have you restrain your wishes before him, that you had not met him, and the like. What signifies wishing, my dear? He will not bear it. You can hardly expect that he will.

Nevertheless, it vexed me to the very bottom of my pride, that any wretch of that sex should be able to triumph over Clarissa.

I cannot, however, but say, that I am charmed with your spirit. So much sweetness, where sweetness is requisite; so much spirit, where spirit is called for — what a true magnanimity!

But I doubt, in your present circumstances, you must endeavour after a little more of the reserve, in cases where you are displeased with him, and palliate a little. That humility which he puts on when you rise upon him, is not natural to him.

Methinks I see the man hesitating, and looking like the fool you paint him, under your corrective superiority! — But he is not a fool. Don't put him upon mingling resentment with his love.

You are very serious, my dear, in the first of the two letters before me, in relation to Mr. Hickman and me; and in relation to my mother and me. But as to the latter, you must not be too grave. If we are not well together at one time, we are not ill together at another. And while I am able to make her smile in the midst of the most angry fit she ever fell into on the present occasion, (though sometimes she would not if she could help it,) it is a very good sign; a sign that displeasure

can never go deep, or be lasting. And then a kind word, or kind look, to her favourite Hickman, sets the one into raptures, and the other in tolerable humour, at any time.

But your case pains me at heart; and with all my levity, both the good folks most sometimes partake of that pain; nor will it be over, as long as you are in a state of uncertainty; and especially as I was not able to prevail for that protection for you which would have prevented the unhappy step, the necessity for which we both, with so much reason, deplore.

I have only to add (and yet it is needless to tell you) that I am, and will ever be,

Your affectionate friend and servant, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

You tell me, my dear, that my clothes and the little sum of money I left behind me, will not be sent me. — But I will still hope. It is yet early days. When their passions subside, they will better consider of the matter; and especially as I have my ever dear and excellent mother for my friend in this request! O the sweet indulgence! How has my heart bled, and how does it still bleed for her!

You advise me not to depend upon a reconciliation. I do not, I cannot depend upon it. But nevertheless, it is the wish next my heart. And as to this man, what can I do? You see, that marriage is not absolutely in my own power, if I were inclined to prefer it to the trial which I think I ought to have principally in view to make for a reconciliation.

You say, he is proud and insolent — indeed he is. But can it be your opinion, that he intends to humble me down to the level of his mean pride?

And what mean you, my dear friend, when you say, that I must throw off a little more of the veil? — Indeed I never knew that I wore one. Let me assure you, that if I never see any thing in Mr. Lovelace that looks like a design to humble me, his insolence shall never make me discover a weakness unworthy of a person distinguished by your friendship; that is to say, unworthy either of my sex, or of my former self.

But I hope, as I am out of all other protection, that he is not capable of mean or low resentments. If he has had any extraordinary trouble on my account, may he not thank himself for it? He may; and lay it, if he pleases, to his character; which, as I have told him, gave at least a pretence to my brother against him. And then, did I ever make him any promises? Did I ever profess a love for him? Did I ever wish for the continuance of his address? Had not my brother's violence precipitated matters, would not my indifference to him in all likelihood (as I designed it should) have tired out his proud spirit,* and make him set out for London, where he used chiefly to reside? And if he had, would not there have been an end of all his pretensions and hopes? For no encouragement had I given him; nor did I then correspond with him. Nor, believe me, should I have begun to do so — the fatal rencounter not having then happened; which drew me in afterwards for others' sakes (fool that I was!) and not for my own. And can you think, or can he, that even this but temporarily-intended correspondence (which, by the way, my mother* connived at) would have ended thus, had I not been driven on one hand, and teased on the other, to continue it, the occasion which

had at first induced it continuing? What pretence then has he, were I to be absolutely in his power, to avenge himself on me for the faults of others, and through which I have suffered more than he? It cannot, cannot be, that I should have cause to apprehend him to be so ungenerous, so bad a man.

* See Vol.I. Letter IV.

You bid me not to be concerned at the bickerings between your mother and you. Can I avoid concern, when those bickerings are on my account? That they are raised (instigated shall I say?) by my uncle, and my other relations, surely must add to my concern.

But I must observe, perhaps too critically for the state my mind is in at present, that the very sentences you give from your mother, as in so many imperatives, which you take amiss, are very severe reflections upon yourself. For instance — You shall, I tell you, Nancy, implies that you had disputed her will — and so of the rest.

And further let me observe, with respect to what you say, that there cannot be the same reason for a prohibition of correspondence with me, as there was of mine with Mr. Lovelace; that I thought as little of bad consequences from my correspondence with him at the time, as you can do from yours with me now. But, if obedience be a duty, the breach of it is a fault, however circumstances may differ. Surely there is no merit in setting up our own judgment against the judgments of our parents. And if it is punishable so to do, I have been severely punished; and that is what I warned you of from my own dear experience.

Yet, God forgive me! I advise thus against myself with very great reluctance: and, to say truth, have not strength of mind, at present, to decline it myself. But, if my occasion go not off, I will take it into further consideration.

You give me very good advice in relation to this man; and I thank you for it. When you bid me be more upon the reserve with him in expressing my displeasure, perhaps I may try for it: but to palliate, as you call it, that, my dearest Miss Howe, cannot be done, by

Your own, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

You may believe, my dear Miss Howe, that the circumstances of the noise and outcry within the garden-door, on Monday last, gave me no small uneasiness, to think that I was in the hands of a man, who could, by such vile premeditation, lay a snare to trick me out of myself, as I have so frequently called it.

Whenever he came in my sight, the thought of this gave me an indignation that made his presence disgustful to me; and the more, as I fancied I beheld in his face a triumph which reproached my weakness on that account; although perhaps it was only the same vivacity and placidness that generally sit upon his features.

I was resolved to task him upon this subject, the first time I could have patience to enter upon it with him. For, besides that it piqued me excessively from the nature of the artifice, I expected shuffling and evasion, if he were guilty, that would have incensed me: and, if not confessedly guilty, such unsatisfactory declarations as still would have kept my mind doubtful and uneasy; and would, upon every new offence that he might give me, sharpen my disgust to me.

I have had the opportunity I waited for; and will lay before you the result.

He was making his court to my good opinion in very polite terms, and with great seriousness lamenting that he had lost it; declaring, that he knew not how he had deserved to do so; attributing to me an indifference to him, that seemed, to his infinite concern, hourly to increase, And he besought me to let him know my whole mind, that he might have an opportunity either to confess his faults and amend them, or clear his conduct to my satisfaction, and thereby entitle himself to a greater share of my confidence.

I answered him with quickness — Then, Mr. Lovelace, I will tell you one thing with a frankness, that is, perhaps, more suitable to my character than to yours, [He hoped not, he said,] which gives me a very bad opinion of you, as a designing, artful man.

I am all attention, Madam.

I never can think tolerably of you, while the noise and voice I heard at the garden-door, which put me into the terror you took so much advantage of, remains unaccounted for. Tell me fairly, tell me candidly, the whole of that circumstance; and of your dealings with that wicked Joseph Leman; and, according to your explicitness in this particular, I shall form a judgment of your future professions.

I will, without reserve, my dearest life, said he, tell you the whole; and hope that my sincerity in the relation will atone for any thing you may think wrong in the fact.

'I knew nothing, said he, of this man, this Leman, and should have scorned a resort to so low a method as bribing the servant of any family to let me into the secrets of that family, if I had not detected him in attempting to corrupt a servant of mine, to inform him of all my motions, of all my supposed intrigues, and, in short, of every action of my private life, as well as of my circumstances and engagements; and this for motives too obvious to be dwelt upon.

'My servant told me of his offers, and I ordered him, unknown to the fellow, to let me hear a conversation that was to pass between them.

'In the midst of it, and just as he had made an offer of money for a particular piece of intelligence, promising more when procured, I broke in upon them, and by bluster, calling for a knife to cut off his ears (one of which I took hold of) in order to make a present of it, as I said, to his employers, I obliged him to tell me who they were.

'Your brother, Madam, and your uncle Antony, he named.

'It was not difficult, when I had given him my pardon on naming them, (after I had set before him the enormity of the task he had undertaken, and the honourableness of my intentions to your dear self,) to prevail upon him, by a larger reward, to serve me; since, at the same time, he might preserve the favour of your uncle and brother, as I desired to know nothing but what related to myself and to you, in order to guard us both against the effects of an ill-will, which all his fellow-servants, as well as himself, as he acknowledged, thought undeserved.

'By this means, I own to you, Madam, I frequently turned his principals about upon a pivot of my own, unknown to themselves: and the fellow, who is always calling himself a plain man, and boasting of his conscience, was the easier, as I condescended frequently to assure him of my honourable views; and as he knew that the use I made of his intelligence, in all likelihood, prevented fatal mischiefs.

'I was the more pleased with his services, as (let me acknowledge to you, Madam) they procured to you, unknown to yourself, a safe and uninterrupted egress (which perhaps would not otherwise have been continued to you so long as it was) to the garden and wood-house: for he undertook, to them, to watch all your motions: and the more cheerfully, (for the fellow loves you,) as it kept off the curiosity of others.'*

* See Vol.II. Letter XXXVI.

So, my dear, it comes out, that I myself was obliged to this deep contriver.

I sat in silent astonishment; and thus he went on.

‘As to the circumstance, for which you think so hardly of me, I do freely confess, that having a suspicion that you would revoke your intention of getting away, and in that case apprehending that we should not have the time together that was necessary for that purpose; I had ordered him to keep off every body he could keep off, and to be himself within a view of the garden-door; for I was determined, if possible, to induce you to adhere to your resolution.’ —

But pray, Sir, interrupting him, how came you to apprehend that I should revoke my intention? I had indeed deposited a letter to that purpose; but you had it not: and how, as I had reserved to myself the privilege of a revocation, did you know, but I might have prevailed upon my friends, and so have revoked upon good grounds?

‘I will be very ingenuous, Madam — You had made me hope that if you changed your mind, you would give me a meeting to apprize me of the reasons for it. I went to the loose bricks, and I saw the letter there: and as I knew your friends were immovably fixed in their schemes, I doubted not but the letter was to revoke or suspend your resolution; and probably to serve instead of a meeting too. I therefore let it lie, that if you did revoke, you might be under the necessity of meeting me for the sake of the expectation you had given me: and as I came prepared, I was resolved, pardon me, Madam, whatever were your intentions, that you should not go back. Had I taken your letter I must have been determined by the contents of it, for the present at least: but not having received it, and you having reason to think I wanted not resolution in a situation so desperate, to make your friends a personal visit, I depended upon the interview you had bid me hope for.’

Wicked wretch, said I; it is my grief, that I gave you opportunity to take so exact a measure of my weakness! — But would you have presumed to visit the family, had I not met you?

Indeed I would. I had some friends in readiness, who were to have accompanied me to them. And had your father refused to give me audience, I would have taken my friends with me to Solmes.

And what did you intend to do to Mr. Solmes?

Not the least hurt, had the man been passive.

But had he not been passive, as you call it, what would you have done to Mr. Solmes?

He was loth, he said to tell me — yet not the least hurt to his person.

I repeated my question.

If he must tell me, he only proposed to carry off the poor fellow, and to hide him for a month or two. And this he would have done, let what would have been the consequence.

Was ever such a wretch heard of! — I sighed from the bottom of my heart; but bid him proceed from the part I had interrupted him at.

‘I ordered the fellow, as I told you, Madam, said he, to keep within view of the garden-door: and if he found any parley between us, and any body coming (before you could retreat undiscovered) whose coming might be attended with violent effects, he should cry out; and this not only in order to save himself from their suspicions of him, but to give me warning to make off, and, if possible, to induce you (I own it, Madam) to go off with me, according to your own appointment. And I hope all circumstances considered, and the danger I was in of losing you for ever, that the acknowledgement of that contrivance, or if you had not met me, that upon Solmes, will not procure me your hatred: for, had they come as I expected as well as you, what a despicable wretch had I been, could I have left you to the insults of a brother and other of your family, whose mercy was cruelty when they had not the pretence with which this detected interview would have furnished them!’

What a wretch! said I. — But if, Sir, taking your own account of this strange matter to be fact, any body were coming, how happened it, that I saw only that man Leman (I thought it was he) out at the door, and at a distance, look after us?

Very lucky! said he, putting his hand first in one pocket, then in another — I hope I have not thrown it away — it is, perhaps, in the coat I had on yesterday — little did I think it would be necessary to be produced — but I love to come to a demonstration whenever I can — I may be giddy — I may be heedless. I am indeed — but no man, as to you, Madam, ever had a sincerer heart.

He then stepping to the parlour-door, called his servant to bring him the coat he had on yesterday.

The servant did. And in the pocket, rumpled up as a paper he regarded not, he pulled out a letter, written by that Joseph, dated Monday night; in which ‘he begs pardon for crying out so soon — says, That his fears of being discovered to act on both sides, had made him take the rushing of a little dog (that always follows him) through the phyllirea-hedge, for Betty’s being at hand, or some of his masters: and that when he found his mistake, he opened the door by his own key (which the contriving wretch confessed he had furnished him with) and inconsiderately ran out in a hurry, to have apprized him that his crying out was owing to his fright only:’ and he added, ‘that they were upon the hunt for me, by the time he returned.*

* See his Letter to Joseph Leman, Vol.III. No.III. towards the end, where he tells him, he would contrive for him a letter of this nature to copy.

I shook my head — Deep! deep! deep! said I, at the best! — O Mr. Lovelace! God forgive and reform you! — But you are, I see plainly, (upon the whole of

your own account,) a very artful, a very designing man.

Love, my dearest life, is ingenious. Night and day have I racked my stupid brain [O Sir, thought I, not stupid! ‘Twere well perhaps if it were] to contrive methods to prevent the sacrifice designed to be made of you, and the mischief that must have ensued upon it: so little hold in your affections: such undeserved antipathy from your friends: so much danger of losing you for ever from both causes. I have not had for the whole fortnight before last Monday, half an hour’s rest at a time. And I own to you, Madam, that I should never have forgiven myself, had I omitted any contrivance or forethought that would have prevented your return without me.

Again I blamed myself for meeting him: and justly; for there were many chances to one, that I had not met him. And if I had not, all his fortnight’s contrivances, as to me, would have come to nothing; and, perhaps, I might nevertheless have escaped Solmes.

Yet, had he resolved to come to Harlowe-place with his friends, and been insulted, as he certainly would have been, what mischiefs might have followed!

But his resolutions to run away with and to hide the poor Solmes for a month or so, O my dear! what a wretch have I let run away with me, instead of Solmes!

I asked him, if he thought such enormities as these, such defiances of the laws of society, would have passed unpunished?

He had the assurance to say, with one of his usual gay airs, That he should by this means have disappointed his enemies, and saved me from a forced marriage. He had no pleasure in such desperate pushes. Solmes he would not have personally hurt. He must have fled his country, for a time at least: and, truly, if he had been obliged to do so, (as all his hopes of my favour must have been at an end,) he would have had a fellow-traveller of his own sex out of our family, whom I little thought of.

Was ever such a wretch! — To be sure he meant my brother!

And such, Sir, said I, in high resentment, are the uses you make of your corrupt intelligencer —

My corrupt intelligencer, Madam! interrupted he, He is to this hour your brother’s as well as mine. By what I have ingenuously told you, you may see who began this corruption. Let me assure you, Madam, that there are many free things which I have been guilty of as reprisals, in which I would not have been the aggressor.

All that I shall further say on this head, Mr. Lovelace, is this: that as this vile double-faced wretch has probably been the cause of great mischief on both sides, and still continues, as you own, his wicked practices, I think it would be but just, to have my friends apprized what a creature he is whom some of them encourage.

What you please, Madam, as to that — my service, as well as your brother's is now almost over for him. The fellow has made a good hand of it. He does not intend to stay long in his place. He is now actually in treaty for an inn, which will do his business for life. I can tell you further, that he makes love to your sister's Betty: and that by my advice. They will be married when he is established. An innkeeper's wife is every man's mistress; and I have a scheme in my head to set some engines at work to make her repent her saucy behaviour to you to the last day of her life.

What a wicked schemer you are, Sir! — Who shall avenge upon you the still greater evils which you have been guilty of? I forgive Betty with all my heart. She was not my servant; and but too probably, in what she did, obeyed the commands of her to whom she owed duty, better than I obeyed those to whom I owed more.

No matter for that, the wretch said [To be sure, my dear, he must design to make me afraid of him]: The decree was gone out — Betty must smart — smart too by an act of her own choice. He loved, he said, to make bad people their own punishers. — Nay, Madam, excuse me; but if the fellow, if this Joseph, in your opinion, deserves punishment, mine is a complicated scheme; a man and his wife cannot well suffer separately, and it may come home to him too.

I had no patience with him. I told him so. I see, Sir, said I, I see, what a man I am with. Your rattle warns me of the snake. — And away I flung: leaving him seemingly vexed, and in confusion.

LETTER XXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

My plain-dealing with Mr. Lovelace, on seeing him again, and the free dislike I expressed to his ways, his manners, and his contrivances, as well as to his speeches, have obliged him to recollect himself a little. He will have it, that the menaces which he threw out just now against my brother and Mr. Solmes, are only the effect of an unmeaning pleasantry. He has too great a stake in his country, he says, to be guilty of such enterprises as should lay him under a necessity of quitting it for ever. Twenty things, particularly, he says, he has suffered Joseph Leman to tell him of, that were not, and could not be true, in order to make himself formidable in some people's eyes, and this purely with a view to prevent mischief. He is unhappy, as far as he knows, in a quick invention; in hitting readily upon expedients; and many things are reported of him which he never said, and many which he never did, and others which he has only talked of, (as just now,) and which he has forgot as soon as the words have passed his lips.

This may be so, in part, my dear. No one man so young could be so wicked as he has been reported to be. But such a man at the head of such wretches as he is said to have at his beck, all men of fortune and fearlessness, and capable of such enterprises as I have unhappily found him capable of, what is not to be apprehended from him!

His carelessness about his character is one of his excuses: a very bad one. What hope can a woman have of a man who values not his own reputation? — These gay wretches may, in mixed conversation, divert for an hour, or so: but the man of probity, the man of virtue, is the man that is to be the partner for life. What woman, who could help it, would submit it to the courtesy of a wretch, who avows a disregard to all moral sanctions, whether he will perform his part of the matrimonial obligation, and treat her with tolerable politeness?

With these notions, and with these reflections, to be thrown upon such a man myself! — Would to Heaven — But what avail wishes now? — To whom can I fly, if I would fly from him?

LETTER XXIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, APRIL 14.

Never did I hear of such a parcel of foolish toads as these Harlowes! — Why, Belford, the lady must fall, if every hair of her head were a guardian angel, unless they were to make a visible appearance for her, or, snatching her from me at unawares, would draw her after them into the starry regions.

All I had to apprehend, was, that a daughter, so reluctantly carried off, would offer terms to her father, and would be accepted upon a mutual concedence; they to give up Solmes; she to give up me. And so I was contriving to do all I could to guard against the latter. But they seem resolved to perfect the work they have begun.

What stupid creatures are there in the world! This foolish brother not to know, that he who would be bribed to undertake a base thing by one, would be over-bribed to retort the baseness; especially when he could be put into the way to serve himself by both! — Thou, Jack, wilt never know one half of my contrivances.

He here relates the conversation between him and the Lady (upon the subject of the noise and exclamations his agent made at the garden-door) to the same effect as in the Lady's Letter, No. XXI. and proceeds exulting:

What a capacity for glorious mischief has thy friend! — Yet how near the truth all of it! The only derivation, my asserting that the fellow made the noises by mistake, and through fright, and not by previous direction: had she known the precise truth, her anger, to be so taken in, would never have let her forgive me.

Had I been a military hero, I should have made gunpowder useless; for I should have blown up all my adversaries by dint of stratagem, turning their own devices upon them.

But these fathers and mothers — Lord help 'em! — Were not the powers of nature stronger than those of discretion, and were not that busy dea bona to afford her genial aids, till tardy prudence qualified parents to manage their future offspring, how few people would have children!

James and Arabella may have their motives; but what can be said for a father acting as this father has acted? What for a mother? What for an aunt? What for uncles? — Who can have patience with such fellows and fellowesses?

Soon will the fair one hear how high their foolish resentments run against her: and then will she, it is to be hoped, have a little more confidence in me. Then will

I be jealous that she loves me not with the preference my heart builds upon: then will I bring her to confessions of grateful love: and then will I kiss her when I please; and not stand trembling, as now, like a hungry hound, who sees a delicious morsel within his reach, (the froth hanging upon his vermilion jaws,) yet dares not leap at it for his life.

But I was originally a bashful mortal. Indeed I am bashful still with regard to this lady — Bashful, yet know the sex so well! — But that indeed is the reason that I know it so well: — For, Jack, I have had abundant cause, when I have looked into myself, by way of comparison with the other sex, to conclude that a bashful man has a good deal of the soul of a woman; and so, like Tiresias, can tell what they think, and what they drive at, as well as themselves.

The modest ones and I, particularly, are pretty much upon a par. The difference between us is only, what they think, I act. But the immodest ones out-do the worst of us by a bar's length, both in thinking and acting.

One argument let me plead in proof of my assertion; That even we rakes love modesty in a woman; while the modest woman, as they are accounted, (that is to say, the slyest,) love, and generally prefer, an impudent man. Whence can this be, but from a likeness in nature? And this made the poet say, That ever woman is a rake in her heart. It concerns them, by their actions, to prove the contrary, if they can.

Thus have I read in some of the philosophers, That no wickedness is comparable to the wickedness of a woman.* Canst thou tell me, Jack, who says this? Was it Socrates? for he had the devil of a wife — Or who? Or is it Solomon? — King Solomon — Thou remembrest to have read of such a king, dost thou not? SOL-O-MON, I learned, in my infant state [my mother was a good woman] to answer, when asked, Who was the wisest man? — But my indulgent questioner never asked me how he came by the uninspired part of his wisdom.

* Mr. Lovelace is as much out in his conjecture of Solomon, as of Socrates. The passage is in Ecclesiasticus, chap. xxv.

Come, come, Jack, you and I are not so very bad, could we but stop where we are.

He then gives the particulars of what passed between him and the Lady on his menaces relating to her brother and Mr. Solmes, and of his design to punish Betty Barnes and Joseph Leman.

LETTER XXIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, APR. 14.

I will now give you the particulars of a conversation that has just passed between Mr. Lovelace and me, which I must call agreeable.

It began with his telling me, that he had just received intelligence that my friends were on a sudden come to a resolution to lay aside all thoughts of pursuing me, or of getting me back: and that therefore he attended me to know of my pleasure; and what I would do, or have him do?

I told him, that I would have him leave me directly; and that, when it was known to every body that I was absolutely independent of him, it would pass, that I had left my father's house because of my brother's ill usage of me: which was a plea that I might make with justice, and to the excuse of my father, as well as of myself.

He mildly replied, that if we could be certain that my relations would adhere to this their new resolution, he could have no objection, since such was my pleasure; but, as he was well assured that they had taken it only from apprehensions, that a more active one might involve my brother (who had breathed nothing but revenge) in some fatal misfortune, there was too much reason to believe that they would resume their former purpose the moment they should think they safely might.

This, Madam, said he, is a risque I cannot run. You would think it strange if I could. And yet, as soon as I knew they had so given out, I thought it proper to apprize you of it, and take your commands upon it.

Let me hear, said I, (willing to try if he had any particular view,) what you think most advisable?

'Tis very easy to say that, if I durst — if I might not offend you — if it were not to break conditions that shall be inviolable with me.

Say then, Sir, what you would say. I can approve or disapprove, as I think fit.

Had not the man a fine opportunity here to speak out? — He had. And thus he used it.

To wave, Madam, what I would say till I have more courage to speak out [More courage, — Mr. Lovelace more courage, my dear!] — I will only propose what I think will be most agreeable to you — suppose, if you choose not to go to Lady Betty's, that you take a turn cross the country to Windsor?

Why to Windsor?

Because it is a pleasant place: because it lies in the way either to Berkshire, to Oxford, or to London: Berkshire, where Lord M. is at present: Oxford, in the neighbourhood of which lives Lady Betty: London, whither you may retire at your pleasure: or, if you will have it so, whither I may go, you staying at Windsor; and yet be within an easy distance of you, if any thing should happen, or if your friends should change their new-taken resolution.

This proposal, however, displeased me not. But I said, my only objection was, the distance of Windsor from Miss Howe, of whom I should be glad to be always within two or three hours reach of by messenger, if possible.

If I had thoughts of any other place than Windsor, or nearer to Miss Howe, he wanted but my commands, and would seek for proper accommodations: but, fix as I pleased, farther or nearer, he had servants, and they had nothing else to do but to obey me.

A grateful thing then he named to me — To send for my Hannah, as soon as I shall be fixed;* unless I would choose one of the young gentlewomen here to attend me; both of whom, as I had acknowledged, were very obliging; and he knew I had generosity enough to make it worth their while.

* See his reasons for proposing Windsor, Letter XXV. — and her Hannah, Letter XXVI.

This of Hannah, he might see, I took very well. I said I had thoughts of sending for her, as soon as I got to more convenient lodgings. As to these young gentlewomen, it were pity to break in upon that usefulness which the whole family were of to each other; each having her proper part, and performing it with an agreeable alacrity: insomuch, that I liked them all so well, that I could even pass my days among them, were he to leave me; by which means the lodgings would be more convenient to me than now they were.

He need not repeat his objections to this place, he said: but as to going to Windsor, or wherever else I thought fit, or as to his personal attendance, or leaving me, he would assure me (he very agreeably said) that I could propose nothing in which I thought my reputation, and even my punctilio, concerned, that he would not cheerfully come into. And since I was so much taken up with my pen, he would instantly order his horse to be got ready, and would set out.

Not to be off my caution. Have you any acquaintance at Windsor? said I. — Know you of any convenient lodgings there?

Except the forest, replied he, where I have often hunted, I know the least of Windsor of any place so noted and so pleasant. Indeed I have not a single acquaintance there.

Upon the whole, I told him, that I thought his proposal of Windsor, not amiss; and that I would remove thither, if I could get a lodging only for myself, and an

upper chamber for Hannah; for that my stock of money was but small, as was easy to be conceived and I should be very loth to be obliged to any body. I added, that the sooner I removed the better; for that then he could have no objection to go to London, or Berkshire, as he pleased: and I should let every body know my independence.

He again proposed himself, in very polite terms, for my banker. But I, as civilly, declined his offer.

This conversation was to be, all of it, in the main, agreeable. He asked whether I would choose to lodge in the town of Windsor, or out of it?

As near the castle, I said, as possible, for the convenience of going constantly to the public worship; an opportunity I had been very long deprived of.

He should be very glad, he told me, if he could procure me accommodations in any one of the canon's houses; which he imagined would be more agreeable to me than any other, on many accounts. And as he could depend upon my promise, Never to have any other man but himself, on the condition to which he had so cheerfully subscribed, he should be easy; since it was now his part, in earnest, to set about recommending himself to my favour, by the only way he knew it would be done. Adding, with a very serious air — I am but a young man, Madam; but I have run a long course: let not your purity of mind incline you to despise me for the acknowledgement. It is high time to be weary of it, and to reform; since, like Solomon, I can say, There is nothing new under the sun: but that it is my belief, that a life of virtue can afford such pleasures, on reflection, as will be for ever blooming, for ever new!

I was agreeably surprised. I looked at him, I believe, as if I doubted my ears and my eyes. His aspect however became his words.

I expressed my satisfaction in terms so agreeable to him, that he said, he found a delight in this early dawning of a better day to him, and in my approbation, which he had never received from the success of the most favoured of his pursuits.

Surely, my dear, the man must be in earnest. He could not have said this; he could not have thought it, had he not. What followed made me still readier to believe him.

In the midst of my wild vagaries, said he, I have ever preserved a reverence for religion, and for religious men. I always called another cause, when any of my libertine companions, in pursuance of Lord Shaftesbury's test (which is a part of the rake's creed, and what I may call the whetstone of infidelity,) endeavoured to turn the sacred subject into ridicule. On this very account I have been called by good men of the clergy, who nevertheless would have it that I was a practical

rake, the decent rake: and indeed I had too much pride in my shame, to disown the name of rake.

This, Madam, I am the readier to confess, as it may give you hope, that the generous task of my reformation, which I flatter myself you will have the goodness to undertake, will not be so difficult a one as you may have imagined; for it has afforded me some pleasure in my retired hours, when a temporary remorse has struck me for any thing I have done amiss, that I should one day delight in another course of life: for, unless we can, I dare say, no durable good is to be expected from the endeavour. Your example, Madam, must do all, must confirm all.*

* That he proposes one day to reform, and that he has sometimes good motions, see Vol.I. Letter XXXIV.

The divine grace, or favour, Mr. Lovelace, must do all, and confirm all. You know not how much you please me, that I can talk to you in this dialect.

And I then thought of his generosity to his pretty rustic; and of his kindness to his tenants.

Yet, Madam, be pleased to remember one thing; reformation cannot be a sudden work. I have infinite vivacity: it is that which runs away with me. Judge, dearest Madam, by what I am going to confess, that I have a prodigious way to journey on, before a good person will think me tolerable; since though I have read in some of our perfectionists enough to make a better man than myself either run into madness or despair about the grace you mention, yet I cannot enter into the meaning of the word, nor into the modus of its operation. Let me not then be checked, when I mention your example for my visible reliance; and instead of using such words, till I can better understand them, suppose all the rest included in the profession of that reliance.

I told him, that, although I was somewhat concerned at his expression, and surprised at so much darkness, as (for want of another word) I would call it, in a man of his talents and learning, yet I was pleased with his ingenuousness. I wished him to encourage this way of thinking. I told him, that his observation, that no durable good was to be expected from any new course, where there was not a delight taken in it, was just; but that the delight would follow by use.

And twenty things of this sort I even preached to him; taking care, however, not to be tedious, nor to let my expanded heart give him a contracted or impatient blow. And, indeed, he took visible pleasure in what I said, and even hung upon the subject, when I, to try him, once or twice, seemed ready to drop it: and proceeded to give me a most agreeable instance, that he could at times think both deeply and seriously. — Thus it was.

He was once, he said, dangerously wounded in a duel, in the left arm, baring it, to shew me the scar: that this (notwithstanding a great effusion of blood, it being upon an artery) was followed by a violent fever, which at last fixed upon his spirits; and that so obstinately, that neither did he desire life, nor his friends expect it: that, for a month together, his heart, as he thought, was so totally changed, that he despised his former courses, and particularly that rashness which had brought him to the state he was in, and his antagonist (who, however, was the aggressor) into a much worse: that in this space he had thought which at times still gave him pleasure to reflect upon: and although these promising prospects changed, as he recovered health and spirits, yet he parted with them with so much reluctance, that he could not help shewing it in a copy of verses, truly blank ones, he said; some of which he repeated, and (advantaged by the grace which he gives to every thing he repeats) I thought them very tolerable ones; the sentiments, however, much graver than I expected from him.

He has promised me a copy of the lines; and then I shall judge better of their merit; and so shall you. The tendency of them was, ‘That, since sickness only gave him a proper train of thinking, and that his restored health brought with it a return to his evil habits, he was ready to renounce those gifts of nature for those of contemplation.’

He farther declared, that although these good motions went off (as he had owned) on his recovery, yet he had better hopes now, from the influence of my example, and from the reward before him, if he persevered: and that he was the more hopeful that he should, as his present resolution was made in a full tide of health and spirits; and when he had nothing to wish for but perseverance, to entitle himself to my favour.

I will not throw cold water, Mr. Lovelace, said I, on a rising flame: but look to it! for I shall endeavour to keep you up to this spirit. I shall measure your value of me by this test: and I would have you bear those charming lines of Mr. Rowe for ever in your mind; you, who have, by your own confession, so much to repent of; and as the scar, indeed, you shewed me, will, in one instance, remind you to your dying day.

The lines, my dear, are from the poet’s Ulysses; you have heard me often admire them; and I repeated them to him:

Habitual evils change not on a sudden:
But many days must pass, and many sorrows;
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere Virtue can resume the place she lost:

’Tis else dissimulation —

He had often read these lines, he said; but never tasted them before. — By his soul, (the unmortified creature swore,) and as he hoped to be saved, he was now in earnest in his good resolutions. He had said, before I repeated those lines from Rowe, that habitual evils could not be changed on a sudden: but he hoped he should not be thought a dissembler, if he were not enabled to hold his good purposes; since ingratitude and dissimulation were vices that of all others he abhorred.

May you ever abhor them, said I. They are the most odious of all vices.

I hope, my dear Miss Howe, I shall not have occasion, in my future letters, to contradict these promising appearances. Should I have nothing on his side to combat with, I shall be very far from being happy, from the sense of my fault, and the indignation of all my relations. So shall not fail of condign punishment for it, from my inward remorse on account of my forfeited character. But the least ray of hope could not dart in upon me, without my being willing to lay hold of the very first opportunity to communicate it to you, who take so generous a share in all my concerns.

Nevertheless, you may depend upon it, my dear, that these agreeable assurances, and hopes of his begun reformation, shall not make me forget my caution. Not that I think, at worst, any more than you, that he dare to harbour a thought injurious to my honour: but he is very various, and there is an apparent, and even an acknowledged unfixedness in his temper, which at times gives me uneasiness. I am resolved therefore to keep him at a distance from my person and my thoughts, as much as I can: for whether all men are or are not encroachers, I am sure Mr. Lovelace is one.

Hence it is that I have always cast about, and will continue to cast about, what ends he may have in view from this proposal, or from that report. In a word, though hopeful of the best, I will always be fearful of the worst, in every thing that admits of doubt. For it is better, in such a situation as mine, to apprehend without cause, than to subject myself to surprise for want of forethought.

Mr. Lovelace is gone to Windsor, having left two servants to attend me. He purposes to be back to-morrow.

I have written to my aunt Hervey, to supplicate her interest in my behalf, for my clothes, books, and money; signifying to her, ‘That, if I may be restored to the favour of my family, and allowed a negative only, as to any man who may be proposed to me, and be used like a daughter, a niece, and a sister, I will stand by my offer to live single, and submit, as I ought, to a negative from my father.’ Intimating, nevertheless, ‘That it were perhaps better, after the usage I have received from my brother and sister, that I may be allowed to be distant from

them, as well for their sakes as for my own,' (meaning, as I suppose it will be taken, at my Dairy-house) — offering, 'to take my father's directions as to the manner I shall live in, the servants I shall have, and in every thing that shall shew the dutiful subordination to which I am willing to conform.'

My aunt will know by my letter to my sister how to direct to me, if she be permitted to favour me with a line.

I am equally earnest with her in this letter, as I was with my sister in that I wrote to her, to obtain for me a speedy reconciliation, that I not be further precipitated; intimating, 'That, by a timely lenity, all may pass for a misunderstanding only, which, otherwise, will be thought equally disgraceful to them, and to me; appealing to her for the necessity I was under to do what I did.' —

Had I owned that I was overreached, and forced away against my intention, might they not, as a proof of the truth of my assertion, have insisted upon my immediate return to them? And, if I did not return, would they not have reason to suppose, that I had now altered my mind (if such were my mind) or had not the power to return? — Then were I to have gone back, must it not have been upon their own terms? No conditioning with a father! is a maxim with my father, and with my uncles. If I would have gone, Mr. Lovelace would have opposed it. So I must have been under his controul, or have run away from him, as it is supposed I did to him, from Harlowe-place. In what a giddy light would this have made me appear! — Had he constrained me, could I have appealed to my friends for their protection, without risking the very consequences, to prevent which (setting up myself presumptuously, as a middle person between flaming spirits,) I have run into such terrible inconveniencies.

But, after all, must it not give me great anguish of mind, to be forced to sanctify, as I may say, by my seeming after-approbation, a measure I was so artfully tricked into, and which I was so much resolved not to take?

How one evil brings on another, is sorrowfully witnessed to by

Your ever-obliged and affectionate, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, APR. 14.

Thou hast often reproached me, Jack, with my vanity, without distinguishing the humourous turn that accompanies it; and for which, at the same time that thou robbest me of the merit of it thou admirest me highly. Envy gives thee the indistinction: Nature inspires the admiration: unknown to thyself it inspires it. But thou art too clumsy and too short-sighted a mortal, to know how to account even for the impulses by which thou thyself art moved.

Well, but this acquits thee not of my charge of vanity, Lovelace, methinks thou sayest.

And true thou sayest: for I have indeed a confounded parcel of it. But, if men of parts may not be allowed to be in vain, who should! and yet, upon second thoughts, men of parts have the least occasion of any to be vain; since the world (so few of them are there in it) are ready to find them out, and extol them. If a fool can be made sensible that there is a man who has more understanding than himself, he is ready enough to conclude, that such a man must be a very extraordinary creature.

And what, at this rate, is the general conclusion to be drawn from the premises? — Is it not, That no man ought to be vain? But what if a man can't help it! — This, perhaps, may be my case. But there is nothing upon which I value myself so much as upon my inventions. And for the soul of me, I cannot help letting it be seen, that I do. Yet this vanity may be a mean, perhaps, to overthrow me with this sagacious lady.

She is very apprehensive of me I see. I have studied before her and Miss Howe, as often as I have been with them, to pass for a giddy thoughtless creature. What a folly then to be so expatiatingly sincere, in my answer to her home put, upon the noises within the garden? — But such success having attended that contrivance [success, Jack, has blown many a man up!] my cursed vanity got uppermost, and kept down my caution. The menace to have secreted Solmes, and that other, that I had thoughts to run away with her foolish brother, and of my project to revenge her upon the two servants, so much terrified the dear creature, that I was forced to sit down to muse after means to put myself right in her opinion.

Some favourable incidents, at the time, tumbled in from my agent in her family; at least such as I was determined to make favourable: and therefore I

desired admittance; and this before she could resolve any thing against me; that is to say, while her admiration of my intrepidity kept resolution in suspense.

Accordingly, I prepared myself to be all gentleness, all obligingness, all serenity; and as I have now and then, and always had, more or less, good motions pop up in my mind, I encouraged and collected every thing of this sort that I had ever had from novicehood to maturity, [not long in recollecting, Jack,] in order to bring the dear creature into good humour with me:* And who knows, thought I, if I can hold it, and proceed, but I may be able to lay a foundation fit to build my grand scheme upon! — LOVE, thought I, is not naturally a doubter: FEAR is, I will try to banish the latter: nothing then but love will remain. CREDULITY is the God of Love's prime minister, and they never are asunder.

* He had said, Letter XVIII. that he would make reformation his stalking-horse, &c.

He then acquaints his friend with what passed between him and the Lady, in relation to his advices from Harlowe-place, and to his proposal about lodgings, pretty much to the same purpose as in her preceding Letter.

When he cones to mention his proposal of the Windsor lodgings, thus heexpresses himself:

Now, Belford, can it enter into thy leaden head, what I meant by this proposal! — I know it cannot. And so I'll tell thee.

To leave her for a day or two, with a view to serve her by my absence, would, as I thought, look like a confiding in her favour. I could not think of leaving her, thou knowest, while I had reason to believe her friends would pursue us; and I began to apprehend that she would suspect that I made a pretence of that intentional pursuit to keep about her and with her. But now that they had declared against it, and that they would not receive her if she went back, (a declaration she had better hear first from me, than from Miss Howe, or any other,) what should hinder me from giving her this mark of my obedience; especially as I could leave Will, who is a clever fellow, and can do any thing but write and spell, and Lord M.'s Jonas (not as guards, to be sure, but as attendants only); the latter to be dispatched to me occasionally by the former, whom I could acquaint with my motions?

Then I wanted to inform myself, why I had not congratulatory letters from Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, and from my cousins Montague, to whom I had written, glorying in my beloved's escape; which letters, if properly worded, might be made necessary to shew her as matters proceed.

As to Windsor, I had no design to carry her particularly thither: but somewhere it was proper to name, as she condescended to ask my advice about it. London, I durst not; but very cautiously; and so as to make it her own option: for I must tell thee, that there is such a perverseness in the sex, that when they ask your advice, they do it only to know your opinion, that they may oppose it; though, had not the thing in question been your choice, perhaps it had been theirs.

I could easily give reasons against Windsor, after I had pretended to be there; and this would have looked the better, as it was a place of my own nomination; and shewn her that I had no fixed scheme. Never was there in woman such a sagacious, such an all-alive apprehension, as in this. Yet it is a grievous thing to an honest man to be suspected.

Then, in my going or return, I can call upon Mrs. Greme. She and my beloved had a great deal of talk together. If I knew what it was about; and that either, upon their first acquaintance, was for benefiting herself by the other; I might contrive to serve them both, without hurting myself: for these are the most prudent ways of doing friendships, and what are not followed by regrets, though the served should prove ingrateful. Then Mrs. Greme corresponds by pen-and-ink with her farmer-sister where we are: something may possibly arise that way, either of a convenient nature, which I may pursue; or of an inconvenient nature, which I may avoid.

Always be careful of back doors, is a maxim with me in all my exploits. Whoever knows me, knows that I am no proud man. I can talk as familiarly to servants as to principals, when I have a mind to make it worth their while to oblige me in any thing. Then servants are but as the common soldiers in an army, they do all the mischief frequently without malice, and merely, good souls! for mischief-sake.

I am most apprehensive about Miss Howe. She has a confounded deal of wit, and wants only a subject, to shew as much roguery: and should I be outwitted with all my sententious boasting of conceit of my own nostrum-mongership — [I love to plague thee, who art a pretender to accuracy, and a surface-skimmer in learning, with out-of-the-way words and phrases] I should certainly hang, drown, or shoot myself.

Poor Hickman! I pity him for the prospect he has with such a virago! But the fellow's a fool, God wot! And now I think of it, it is absolutely necessary for complete happiness in the married state, that one should be a fool [an argument I once held with this very Miss Howe.] But then the fool should know the other's superiority; otherwise the obstinate one will disappoint the wise one.

But my agent Joseph has helped me to secure this quarter, as I have hinted to thee more than once.

LETTER XXVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN CONTINUATION.]

But is it not a confounded thing that I cannot fasten an obligation upon this proud beauty? I have two motives in endeavouring to prevail upon her to accept of money and raiment from me: one; the real pleasure I should have in the accommodating of the haughty maid; and to think there was something near her, and upon her, that I could call mine: the other, in order to abate her severity and humble her a little.

Nothing more effectually brings down a proud spirit, than a sense of lying under pecuniary obligations. This has always made me solicitous to avoid laying myself under any such: yet, sometimes, formerly, have I been put to it, and cursed the tardy resolution of the quarterly periods. And yet I ever made shift to avoid anticipation: I never would eat the calf in the cow's belly, as Lord M.'s phrase is: for what is that, but to hold our lands upon tenant-courtesy, the vilest of all tenures? To be denied a fox-chace, for breaking down a fence upon my own grounds? To be clamoured at for repairs studied for, rather than really wanted? To be prated to by a bumpkin with his hat on, and his arms folded, as if he defied your expectations of that sort; his foot firmly fixed, as if upon his own ground, and you forced to take his arch leers, and stupid gybes; he intimating, by the whole of his conduct, that he had had it in his power to oblige you, and, if you behave civilly, may oblige you again? I, who think I have a right to break every man's head I pass by, if I like not his looks, to bear this! — No more could I do it, then I could borrow of an insolent uncle, or inquisitive aunt, who would thence think themselves entitled to have an account of all my life and actions laid before them for their review and censure.

My charmer, I see, has a pride like my own: but she has no distinction in her pride: nor knows the pretty fool that there is nothing nobler, nothing more delightful, than for loves to be conferring and receiving obligations from each other. In this very farm-yard, to give thee a familiar instance, I have more than once seen this remark illustrated. A strutting rascal of a cock have I beheld chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck-ing his mistress to him, when he has found a single barley-corn, taking it up with his bill, and letting it drop five or six times, still repeating his chucking invitation: and when two or three of his feathered ladies strive who shall be the first for it [O Jack! a cock is a grand signor of a bird!] he directs the bill of the foremost to it; and when she has got the dirty pearl, he struts over her with an erected crest, cling round her with dropt wings, sweeping the dust in

humble courtship: while the obliged she, half-shy, half-willing, by her cowering tail, prepared wings, yet seemingly affrighted eyes, and contracted neck, lets one see that she knows the barley-corn was not all he called her for.

When he comes to that part of his narrative, where he mentions of the proposing of the Lady's maid Hannah, or one of the young Sorlings, to attend her, thus he writes:

Now, Belford, canst thou imagine what I meant by proposing Hannah, or one of the girls here, for her attendant? I'll give thee a month to guess.

Thou wilt not pretend to guess, thou say'st.

Well, then I'll tell thee.

Believing she would certainly propose to have that favourite wench about her, as soon as she was a little settled, I had caused the girl to be inquired after, with an intent to make interest, some how or other, that a month's warning should be insisted on by her master or mistress, or by some other means, which I had not determined upon, to prevent her coming to her. But fortune fights for me. The wench is luckily ill; a violent rheumatic disorder, which has obliged her to leave her place, confines her to her chamber. Poor Hannah! How I pity the girl! These things are very hard upon industrious servants! — I intend to make the poor wench a small present on the occasion — I know it will oblige my charmer.

And so, Jack, pretending not to know any thing of the matter, I pressed her to send for Hannah. She knew I had always a regard for this servant, because of her honest love to her lady: but now I have greater regard for her than ever. Calamity, though a poor servant's calamity, will rather increase than diminish good will, with a truly generous master or mistress.

As to one of the young Sorling's attendance, there was nothing at all in proposing that; for if either of them had been chosen by her, and permitted by the mother [two chances in that!] it would have been only till I had fixed upon another. And, if afterwards they had been loth to part, I could easily have given my beloved to a jealousy, which would have done the business; or to the girl, who would have quitted her country dairy, such a relish for a London one, and as would have made it very convenient for her to fall in love with Will; or perhaps I could have done still better for her with Lord M.'s chaplain, who is very desirous of standing well with his lord's presumptive heir.

A blessing on thy honest heart, Lovelace! thou'lt say; for thou art for providing for every body!

He gives an account of the serious part of their conversation, with no great variation from the Lady's account of it: and when he comes to that part of it, where he bids her remember, that reformation cannot be a sudden

thing, he asks his friend:

Is not this fair play? Is it not dealing ingenuously? Then the observation, I will be bold to say, is founded in truth and nature. But there was a little touch of policy in it besides; that the lady, if I should fly out again, should not think me too gross an hypocrite: for, as I plainly told her, I was afraid, that my fits of reformation were but fits and sallies; but I hoped her example would fix them into habits. But it is so discouraging a thing to have my monitress so very good! — I protest I know not how to look up at her! Now, as I am thinking, if I could pull her down a little nearer to my own level; that is to say, could prevail upon her to do something that would argue imperfection, something to repent of; we should jog on much more equally, and be better able to comprehend one another: and so the comfort would be mutual, and the remorse not all on one side.

He acknowledges that he was greatly affected and pleased with the Lady's serious arguments at the time: but even then was apprehensive that his temper would not hold. Thus he writes:

This lady says serious things in so agreeable a manner (and then her voice is all harmony when she touches a subject she is pleased with) that I could have listened to her for half a day together. But yet I am afraid, if she falls, as they call it, she will lose a good deal of that pathos, of that noble self-confidence, which gives a good person, as I now see, a visible superiority over one not so good.

But, after all, Belford, I would fain know why people call such free-livers as you and me hypocrites. — That's a word I hate; and should take it very ill to be called by it. For myself, I have as good motions, and, perhaps, have them as frequently as any body: all the business is, they don't hold; or, to speak more in character, I don't take the care some do to conceal my lapses.

LETTER XXVII

MISS HOWE, TO MIS CLARISSA HARLOWE SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

Though pretty much pressed in time, and oppressed by my mother's watchfulness, I will write a few lines upon the new light that has broken in upon your gentleman; and send it by a particular hand.

I know not what to think of him upon it. He talks well; but judge him by Rowe's lines, he is certainly a dissembler, odious as the sin of hypocrisy, and, as he says, that other of ingratitude, are to him.

And, pray, my dear, let me ask, could he have triumphed, as it is said he has done, over so many of our sex, had he not been egregiously guilty of both sins?

His ingenuousness is the thing that staggers me: yet is he cunning enough to know, that whoever accuses him first, blunts the edge of an adversary's accusation.

He is certainly a man of sense: there is more hope of such a one than a fool: and there must be a beginning to a reformation. These I will allow in his favour.

But this, that follows, I think, is the only way to judge of his specious confessions and self-accusations — Does he confess any thing that you knew not before, or that you are not likely to find out from others? — If nothing else, what does he confess to his own disadvantage? You have heard of his duels: you have heard of his seductions. — All the world has. He owns, therefore, what it would be to no purpose to conceal; and his ingenuousness is a salvo— 'Why, this, Madam, is no more than Mr. Lovelace himself acknowledges.'

Well, but what is now to be done? — You must make the best of your situation: and as you say, so he has proposed to you of Windsor, and his canon's house. His readiness to leave you, and go himself in quest of a lodging, likewise looks well. And I think there is nothing can be so properly done, as (whether you get to a canon's house or not) that the canon should join you together in wedlock as soon as possible.

I much approve, however, of all your cautions, of all your vigilance, and of every thing you have done, but of your meeting him. Yet, in my disapprobation of that, I judge by that event only: for who would have divined it would have been concluded as it did? But he is the devil by his own account: and had he run away with the wretched Solmes, and your more wretched brother, and himself been transported for life, he should have had my free consent for all three.

What use does he make of that Joseph Leman! — His ingenuousness, I must more than once say, confounds me; but if, my dear, you can forgive your brother

for the part he put that fellow upon acting, I don't know whether you ought to be angry at Lovelace. Yet I have wished fifty times, since Lovelace got you away, that you were rid of him, whether it were by a burning fever, by hanging, by drowning, or by a broken neck; provided it were before he laid you under a necessity to go into mourning for him.

I repeat my hitherto rejected offer. May I send it safely by your old man? I have reasons for not sending it by Hickman's servant; unless I had a bank note. Inquiring for such may cause distrust. My mother is so busy, so inquisitive — I don't love suspicious tempers.

And here she is continually in and out — I must break off.

Mr. Hickman begs his most respectful compliments to you, with offer of his services. I told him I would oblige him, because minds in trouble take kindly any body's civilities: but that he was not to imagine that he particularly obliged me by this; since I should think the man or woman either blind or stupid who admired not a person of your exalted merit for your own sake, and wished not to serve you without view to other reward than the honour of serving you.

To be sure, that was his principal motive, with great daintiness he said it: but with a kiss of his hand, and a bow to my feet, he hoped, that a fine lady's being my friend did not lessen the merit of the reverence he really had for her.

Believe me ever, what you, my dear, shall ever find me,

Your faithful and affectionate, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SAT. AFTERNOON.

I detain your messenger while I write an answer to yours; the poor old man not being very well.

You dishearten me a good deal about Mr. Lovelace. I may be too willing from my sad circumstances to think the best of him. If his pretences to reformation are but pretences, what must be his intent? But can the heart of man be so very vile? Can he, dare he, mock the Almighty? But I may not, from one very sad reflection, think better of him; that I am thrown too much into his power, to make it necessary for him (except he were to intend the very utmost villany by me) to be such a shocking hypocrite? He must, at least be in earnest at the time he gives the better hopes. Surely he must. You yourself must join with me in this hope, or you could not wish me to be so dreadfully yoked.

But after all, I had rather, much rather, be independent of him, and of his family, although I have an high opinion of them; at least till I see what my own may be brought to. — Otherwise, I think, it were best for me, at once, to cast myself into Lady Betty's protection. All would then be conducted with decency, and perhaps many mortifications would be spared me. But then I must be his, at all adventures, and be thought to defy my own family. And shall I not first see the issue of one application? And yet I cannot make this, till I am settled somewhere, and at a distance from him.

Mrs. Sorlings shewed me a letter this morning, which she had received from her sister Greme last night; in which Mrs. Greme (hoping I would forgive her forward zeal if her sister thinks fit to shew her letter to me) 'wishes (and that for all the noble family's sake, and she hopes she may say for my own) that I will be pleased to yield to make his honour, as she calls him, happy.' She grounds her officiousness, as she calls it, upon what he was so condescending [her word also] to say to her yesterday, in his way to Windsor, on her presuming to ask, if she might soon give him joy? 'That no man ever loved a woman as he loves me: that no woman ever so well deserved to be beloved: that he loves me with such a purity as he had never believed himself capable of, or that a mortal creature could have inspired him with; looking upon me as all soul; as an angel sent down to save his;' and a great deal more of this sort: 'but that he apprehends my consent to make him happy is at a greater distance than he wishes; and complained of too severe restrictions I had laid upon him before I honoured him with my

confidence: which restrictions must be as sacred to him, as if they were parts of the marriage contract,' &c.

What, my dear, shall I say to this? How shall I take it? Mrs. Greme is a good woman. Mrs. Sorlings is a good woman. And this letter agrees with the conversation between Mr. Lovelace and me, which I thought, and still think, so agreeable.* Yet what means the man by foregoing the opportunities he has had to declare himself? — What mean his complaints of my restrictions to Mrs. Greme? He is not a bashful man. — But you say, I inspire people with an awe of me. — An awe, my dear! — As how?

* This letter Mrs. Greme (with no bad design on her part) was put upon writing by Mr. Lovelace himself, as will be seen in Letter XXXV.

I am quite petulant, fretful, and peevish, with myself, at times, to find that I am bound to see the workings of the subtle, or this giddy spirit, which shall I call it?

How am I punished, as I frequently think, for my vanity, in hoping to be an example to young persons of my sex! Let me be but a warning, and I will now be contented. For, be my destiny what it may, I shall never be able to hold up my head again among my best friends and worthiest companions.

It is one of the cruelest circumstances that attends the faults of the inconsiderate, that she makes all who love her unhappy, and gives joy only to her own enemies, and to the enemies of her family.

What an useful lesson would this afford, were it properly inculcated at the time that the tempted mind was balancing upon a doubtful adventure?

You know not, my dear, the worth of a virtuous man; and, noble-minded as you are in most particulars, you partake of the common weakness of human nature, in being apt to slight what is in your own power.

You would not think of using Mr. Lovelace, were he your suitor, as you do the much worthier Mr. Hickman — would you? — You know who says in my mother's case, 'Much will bear, much shall bear, all the world through.'* Mr. Hickman, I fancy, would be glad to know the lady's name, who made such an observation. He would think it hardly possible, but such a one should benefit by her own remark; and would be apt to wish his Miss Howe acquainted with her.

* See Vol.I. Letter X.

Gentleness of heart, surely, is not despicable in a man. Why, if it be, is the highest distinction a man can arrive at, that of a gentleman? — A distinction which a prince may not deserve. For manners, more than birth, fortune, or title, are requisite in this character. Manners are indeed the essence of it. And shall it be generally said, and Miss Howe not be an exception to it (as you once wrote), that our sex are best dealt with by boisterous and unruly spirits?*

* See Vol.II. Letter III.

Forgive me, my dear, and love me as you used to do. For although my fortunes are changed, my heart is not: Nor ever will, while it bids my pen tell you, that it must cease to bear, when it is not as much yours as

Your CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE. SATURDAY EVENING.

Mr. Lovelace has seen divers apartments at Windsor; but not one, he says, that he thought fit for me, and which, at the same time, answered my description.

He has been very solicitous to keep to the letter of my instructions: which looked well: and the better I like him, as, although he proposed that town, he came back, dissuading me from it: for he said, that, in his journey from thence, he had thought Windsor, although of his own proposal, a wrong choice; because I coveted privacy, and that was a place generally visited and admired.*

* This inference of the Lady in his favour is exactly what he had hoped for. See Letter XXV. of this volume.

I told him, that if Mrs. Sorlings thought me not an incumbrance, I would be willing to stay here a little longer; provided he would leave me, and go to Lord M.'s, or to London, which ever he thought best.

He hoped, he said, that he might suppose me absolutely safe from the insults or attempts of my brother; and, therefore, if it should make me easier, he would obey, for a few days at least.

He again proposed to send for Hannah. I told him I designed to do so, through you — And shall I beg of you, my dear, to cause the honest creature to be sent to? Your faithful Robert, I think, knows where she is. Perhaps she will be permitted to quit her place directly, by allowing a month's wages, which I will repay her. He took notice of the serious humour he found me in, and of the redness of my eyes. I had just been answering your letter; and had he not approached me, on his coming off his journey, in a very respectful manner; had he not made an unexceptionable report of his inquiries, and been so ready to go from me, at the very first word; I was prepared (notwithstanding the good terms we parted upon when he set out for Windsor) to have given him a very unwelcome reception: for the contents of your last letter had so affected me, that the moment I saw him, I beheld with indignation the seducer, who had been the cause of all the evils I suffer, and have suffered.

He hinted to me, that he had received a letter from Lady Betty, and another (as I understood him) from one of the Miss Montagues. If they take notice of me in them, I wonder that he did not acquaint me with the contents. I am afraid, my dear, that his relations are among those who think I have taken a rash and inexcusable step. It is not to my credit to let even them know how I have been frighted out of myself: and yet perhaps they would hold me unworthy of their

alliance, if they were to think my flight a voluntary one. O my dear, how uneasy to us are our reflections upon every doubtful occurrence, when we know we have been prevailed upon to do a wrong thing!

SUNDAY MORNING.

Ah! this man, my dear! We have had warmer dialogues than ever yet we have had. At fair argument, I find I need not fear him;* but he is such a wild, such an ungovernable creature [he reformed!] that I am half afraid of him.

* See this confirmed by Mr. Lovelace, Letter XI. of this volume.

He again, on my declaring myself uneasy at his stay with me here, proposed that I would put myself into Lady Betty's protection; assuring me that he thought he could not leave me at Mrs. Sorlings's with safety to myself. And upon my declining to do that, for the reasons I gave you in my last,* he urged me to make a demand of my estate.

* See Letter XXVIII. of this volume.

He knew it, I told him, to be my resolution not to litigate with my father.

Nor would he put me upon it, he replied, but as the last thing. But if my spirit would not permit me to be obliged, as I called it, to any body, and yet if my relations would refuse me my own, he knew not how I could keep up that spirit, without being put to inconveniences, which would give him infinite concern — Unless — unless — unless, he said, hesitating, as if afraid to speak out — unless I would take the only method I could take, to obtain the possession of my own.

What is that, Sir?

Sure the man saw by my looks, when he came with his creeping unless's, that I guessed what he meant.

Ah! Madam, can you be at a loss to know what that method is? — They will not dispute with a man that right which they contest with you.

Why said he with a man, instead of with him? Yet he looked as if he wanted to be encouraged to say more.

So, Sir, you would have me employ a lawyer, would you, notwithstanding what I have ever declared as to litigating with my father?

No, I would not, my dearest creature, snatching my hand, and pressing it with his lips — except you would make me the lawyer.

Had he said me at first, I should have been above the affectation of mentioning a lawyer.

I blushed. The man pursued not the subject so ardently, but that it was more easy as well as more natural to avoid it than to fall into it.

Would to Heaven he might, without offending! — But I so over-awed him! — [over-awed him! — Your* notion, my dear!] — And so the over-awed, bashful man went off from the subject, repeating his proposal, that I would demand my

own estate, or empower some man of the law to demand it, if I would not [he put in] empower a happier man to demand it. But it could not be amiss, he thought, to acquaint my two trustees, that I intended to assume it.

* See Letter XIX. of this volume.

I should know better what to do, I told him, when he was at a distance from me, and known to be so. I suppose, Sir, that if my father propose my return, and engage never to mention Solmes to me, nor any other man, but by my consent, and I agree, upon that condition, to think no more of you, you will acquiesce.

I was willing to try whether he had the regard to all of my previous declarations, which he pretended to have to some of them.

He was struck all of a heap.

What say you, Mr. Lovelace? You know, all you mean is for my good. Surely I am my own mistress: surely I need not ask your leave to make what terms I please for myself, so long as I break none with you?

He hemm'd twice or thrice — Why, Madam — why, Madam, I cannot say — then pausing — and rising from his seat with petulance; I see plainly enough, said he, the reason why none of my proposals can be accepted: at last I am to be a sacrifice to your reconciliation with your implacable family.

It has always been your respectful way, Mr. Lovelace, to treat my family in this free manner. But pray, Sir, when you call others implacable, see that you deserve not the same censure yourself.

He must needs say, there was no love lost between some of my family and him; but he had not deserved of them what they had of him.

Yourself being judge, I suppose, Sir?

All the world, you yourself, Madam, being judge.

Then, Sir, let me tell you, had you been less upon your defiances, they would not have been irritated so much against you. But nobody ever heard, that avowed despite to the relations of a person was a proper courtship, either to that person, or to her friends.

Well, Madam, all that I know is, that their malice against me is such, that, if you determine to sacrifice me, you may be reconciled when you please.

And all I know, Sir, is, that if I do give my father the power of a negative, and he will be contented with that, it will be but my duty to give it him; and if I preserve one to myself, I shall break through no obligation to you.

Your duty to your capricious brother, not to your father, you mean, Madam.

If the dispute lay between my brother and me at first, surely, Sir, a father may choose which party he will take.

He may, Madam — but that exempts him not from blame for all that, if he take the wrong —

Different people will judge differently, Mr. Lovelace, of the right and the wrong. You judge as you please. Shall not others as they please? And who has a right to controul a father's judgment in his own family, and in relation to his own child?

I know, Madam, there is no arguing with you. But, nevertheless, I had hoped to have made myself some little merit with you, so as that I might not have been the preliminary sacrifice to a reconciliation.

Your hope, Sir, had been better grounded if you had had my consent to my abandoning of my father's house —

Always, Madam, and for ever, to be reminded of the choice you would have made of that damn'd Solmes — rather than —

Not so hasty! not so rash, Mr. Lovelace! I am convinced that there was no intention to marry me to that Solmes on Wednesday.

So I am told they now give out, in order to justify themselves at your expense. Every body living, Madam, is obliged to you for your kind thoughts but I.

Excuse me, good Mr. Lovelace [waving my hand, and bowing], that I am willing to think the best of my father.

Charming creature! said he, with what a bewitching air is that said! — And with a vehemence in his manner would have snatched my hand. But I withdrew it, being much offended with him.

I think, Madam, my sufferings for your sake might have entitled me to some favour.

My sufferings, Sir, for your impetuous temper, set against your sufferings for my sake, I humbly conceive, leave me very little your debtor.

Lord! Madam, [assuming a drawling air] What have you suffered? — Nothing but what you can easily forgive. You have been only made a prisoner in your father's house, by way of doing credit to your judgment! — You have only had an innocent and faithful servant turned out of your service, because you loved her! — You have only had your sister's confident servant set over you, with leave to tease and affront you — !

Very well, Sir!

You have only had an insolent brother take upon him to treat you like a slave, and as insolent a sister to undermine you in every body's favour, on pretence to keep you out of hands, which, if as vile as they vilely report, are not, however, half so vile and cruel as their own.

Go on, Sir, if you please!

You have only been persecuted, in order to oblige you to have a sordid fellow, whom you have professed to hate, and whom every body despises! The license has been only got! The parson has only been had in readiness! The day, a near, a

very near day, had been only fixed! And you were only to be searched for your correspondencies, and still closer confined till the day came, in order to deprive you of all means of escaping the snare laid for you! — But all this you can forgive! You can wish you had stood all this; inevitable as the compulsion must have been! — And the man who, at the hazard of his life, had delivered you from all these mortifications, is the only person you cannot forgive!

Can't you go on, Sir? You see I have patience to hear you. Can't you go on, Sir?

I can, Madam, with my sufferings: which I confess ought not to be mentioned, were I at last to be rewarded in the manner I hoped.

Your sufferings then, if you please, Sir?

Affrontingly forbidden your father's house, after encouragement given, without any reasons they knew not before to justify the prohibition: forced upon a rencounter I wished to avoid: the first I ever, so provoked, wished to avoid. And that, because the wretch was your brother!

Wretch, Sir! — And my brother! — This could be from no man breathing, but from him before me!

Pardon me, Madam! — But oh! how unworthy to be your brother! — The quarrel grafted upon an old one, when at college; he universally known to be the aggressor; and revived for views equally sordid and injurious both to yourself and me — giving life to him, who would have taken away mine!

Your generosity THIS, Sir; not your sufferings: a little more of your sufferings, if you please! — I hope you do not repent, that you did not murder my brother!

My private life hunted into! My morals decried! Some of the accusers not unfaulty!

That's an aspersion, Sir!

Spies set upon my conduct! One hired to bribe my own servant's fidelity; perhaps to have poisoned me at last, if the honest fellow had not —

Facts, Mr. Lovelace! — Do you want facts in the display of your sufferings? — None of your perhaps's, I beseech you!

Menaces every day, and defiances, put into every one's mouth against me! Forced to creep about in disguises — and to watch all hours —

And in all weathers, I suppose, Sir — That, I remember, was once your grievance! In all weathers, Sir!* and all these hardships arising from yourself, not imposed by me.

* See Letter VI. of this volume.

Like a thief, or an eaves-dropper, proceeded he: and yet neither by birth nor alliances unworthy of their relation, whatever I may be and am of their admirable daughter: of whom they, every one of them, are at least as unworthy! — These,

Madam, I call sufferings: justly call so; if at last I am to be sacrificed to an imperfect reconciliation — imperfect, I say: for, can you expect to live so much as tolerably under the same roof, after all that has passed, with that brother and sister?

O Sir, Sir! What sufferings have yours been! And all for my sake, I warrant! — I can never reward you for them! — Never think of me more I beseech you — How can you have patience with me? — Nothing has been owing to your own behaviour, I presume: nothing to your defiances for defiances: nothing to your resolution declared more than once, that you would be related to a family, which, nevertheless, you would not stoop to ask a relation of: nothing, in short to courses which every body blamed you for, you not thinking it worth your while to justify yourself. Had I not thought you used in an ungentlemanly manner, as I have heretofore told you, you had not had my notice by pen and ink.* That notice gave you a supposed security, and you generously defied my friends the more for it: and this brought upon me (perhaps not undeservedly) my father's displeasure; without which, my brother's private pique, and selfish views, would have wanted a foundation to build upon: so that for all that followed of my treatment, and your redundant only's, I might thank you principally, as you may yourself for all your sufferings, your mighty sufferings! — And if, voluble Sir, you have founded any merit upon them, be so good as to revoke it: and look upon me, with my forfeited reputation, as the only sufferer — For what — pray hear me out, Sir [for he was going to speak] have you suffered in but your pride? Your reputation could not suffer: that it was beneath you to be solicitous about. And had you not been an unmanageable man, I should not have been driven to the extremity I now every hour, as the hour passes, deplore — with this additional reflection upon myself, that I ought not to have begun, or, having begun, not continued a correspondence with one who thought it not worth his while to clear his own character for my sake, or to submit to my father for his own, in a point wherein every father ought to have an option —

* See Letter VI. of this volume.

Darkness, light; light, darkness; by my soul; — just as you please to have it. O charmer of my heart! snatching my hand, and pressing it between both of his, to his lips, in a strange wild way, take me, take me to yourself: mould me as you please: I am wax in your hands; give me your own impression; and seal me for ever yours — we were born for each other! — You to make me happy, and save a soul — I am all error, all crime. I see what I ought to have done. But do you think, Madam, I can willingly consent to be sacrificed to a partial reconciliation, in which I shall be so great, so irreparable a sufferer! — Any thing but that — include me in your terms: prescribe to me: promise for me as you please — put a

halter about my neck, and lead me by it, upon condition of forgiveness on that disgraceful penance, and of a prostration as servile, to your father's presence (your brother absent), and I will beg his consent at his feet, and bear any thing but spurning from him, because he is your father. But to give you up upon cold conditions, d —— n me [said the shocking wretch] if I either will, or can!

These were his words, as near as I can remember them; for his behaviour was so strangely wild and fervent, that I was perfectly frighted. I thought he would have devoured my hand. I wished myself a thousand miles distant from him.

I told him, I by no means approved of his violent temper: he was too boisterous a man for my liking. I saw now, by the conversation that had passed, what was his boasted regard to my injunctions; and should take my measures accordingly, as he should soon find. And, with a half frighted earnestness, I desired him to withdraw, and leave me to myself.

He obeyed; and that with extreme complaisance in his manner, but with his complexion greatly heightened, and a countenance as greatly dissatisfied.

But, on recollecting all that passed, I plainly see that he means not, if he can help it, to leave me to the liberty of refusing him; which I had nevertheless preserved a right to do; but looks upon me as his, by a strange sort of obligation, for having run away with me against my will.

Yet you see he but touches upon the edges of matrimony neither. And that at a time, generally, when he has either excited one's passions or apprehensions; so that one cannot at once descend. But surely this cannot be his design. — And yet such seemed to be his behaviour to my sister,* when he provoked her to refuse him, and so tamely submitted, as he did, to her refusal. But he dare not — What can one say of so various a man? — I am now again out of conceit with him. I wish I were fairly out of his power.

* See Vol.I. Letters II. and III.

He has sent up three times to beg admittance; in the two last with unusual earnestness. But I have sent him word, I will finish what I am about.

What to do about going from this place, I cannot tell. I could stay here with all my heart, as I have said to him: the gentlewoman and her daughters are desirous that I will: although not very convenient for them, I believe, neither: but I see he will not leave me, while I do — so I must remove somewhere.

I have long been sick of myself: and now I am more and more so. But let me not lose your good opinion. If I do, that loss will complete the misfortunes of

Your CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 16.

I may send to you, although you are forbid to write to me; may I not? — For that is not a correspondence (is it?) where letters are not answered.

I am strangely at a loss what to think of this man. He is a perfect Proteus. I can but write according to the shape he assumes at the time. Don't think me the changeable person, I beseech you, if in one letter I contradict what I wrote in another; nay, if I seem to contradict what I said in the same letter: for he is a perfect camelion; or rather more variable than the camelion; for that, it is said, cannot assume the red and the white; but this man can. And though black seems to be his natural colour, yet has he taken great pains to make me think him nothing but white.

But you shall judge of him as I proceed. Only, if I any where appear to you to be credulous, I beg you to set me right: for you are a stander-by, as you say in a former* — Would to Heaven I were not to play! for I think, after all, I am held to a desperate game.

* See Letter VIII. of this volume.

Before I could finish my last to you, he sent up twice more to beg admittance. I returned for answer, that I would see him at my own time: I would neither be invaded nor prescribed to.

Considering how we parted, and my delaying his audience, as he sometimes calls it, I expected him to be in no very good humour, when I admitted of his visit; and by what I wrote, you will conclude that I was not. Yet mine soon changed, when I saw his extreme humility at his entrance, and heard what he had to say.

I have a letter, Madam, said he, from Lady Betty Lawrance, and another from my cousin Charlotte. But of these more by-and-by. I came now to make my humble acknowledgement to you upon the arguments that passed between us so lately.

I was silent, wondering what he was driving at.

I am a most unhappy creature, proceeded he: unhappy from a strange impatiency of spirit, which I cannot conquer. It always brings upon me deserved humiliation. But it is more laudable to acknowledge, than to persevere when under the power of conviction.

I was still silent.

I have been considering what you proposed to me, Madam, that I should acquiesce with such terms as you should think proper to comply with, in order to

a reconciliation with your friends.

Well, Sir.

And I find all just, all right, on your side; and all impatience, all inconsideration on mine.

I stared, you may suppose. Whence this change, Sir? and so soon?

I am so much convinced that you must be in the right in all you think fit to insist upon, that I shall for the future mistrust myself; and, if it be possible, whenever I differ with you, take an hour's time for recollection, before I give way to that vehemence, which an opposition, to which I have not been accustomed, too often gives me.

All this is mighty good, Sir: But to what does it tend?

Why, Madam, when I came to consider what you had proposed, as to the terms of reconciliation with your friends; and when I recollected that you had always referred to yourself to approve or reject me, according to my merits or demerits; I plainly saw, that it was rather a condescension in you, that you were pleased to ask my consent to those terms, than that you were imposing a new law: and I now, Madam, beg your pardon for my impatience: whatever terms you think proper to come into with your relations, which will enable you to honour me with the conditional effect of your promise to me, to these be pleased to consent: and if I lose you, insupportable as that thought is to me; yet, as it must be by my own fault, I ought to thank myself for it.

What think you, Miss Howe? — Do you believe he can have any view in this? — I cannot see any he could have; and I thought it best, as he put it in so right a manner, to appear not to doubt the sincerity of his confession, and to accept of it as sincere.

He then read to me part of Lady Betty's letter; turning down the beginning, which was a little too severe upon him, he said, for my eye: and I believe, by the style, the remainder of it was in a corrective strain.

It was too plain, I told him, that he must have great faults, that none of his relations could write to him, but with a mingled censure for some bad action.

And it is as plain, my dearest creature, said he, that you, who know not of any such faults, but by surmise, are equally ready to condemn me. — Will not charity allow you to infer, that their charges are no better grounded? — And that my principal fault has been carelessness of my character, and too little solicitude to clear myself, when aspersed? Which, I do assure you, is the case.

Lady Betty, in her letter, expresses herself in the most obliging manner in relation to me. 'She wishes him so to behave, as to encourage me to make him soon happy. She desires her compliments to me; and expresses her impatience to see, as her niece, so celebrated a lady [those are her high words]. She shall take it

for an honour, she says, to be put into a way to oblige me. She hopes I will not too long delay the ceremony; because that performed, will be to her, and to Lord M. and Lady Sarah, a sure pledge of her nephew's merits and good behaviour.'

She says, 'she was always sorry to hear of the hardships I had met with on his account: that he will be the most ungrateful of men, if he make it not all up to me: and that she thinks it incumbent upon all their family to supply to me the lost favour of my own: and, for her part, nothing of that kind, she bids him assure me, shall be wanting.'

Her ladyship observes, 'That the treatment he had received from my family would have been much more unaccountable than it was, with such natural and accidental advantages as he had, had it not been owing to his own careless manners. But she hopes that he will convince the Harlowe family that they had thought worse of him than he had deserved; since now it was in his power to establish his character for ever. This she prays to God to enable him to do, as well for his own honour, as for the honour of their house,' was the magnificent word.

She concludes, with 'desiring to be informed of our nuptials the moment they are celebrated, that she may be with the earliest in felicitating me on the happy occasion.'

But her Ladyship gives me no direct invitation to attend her before the marriage: which I might have expected from what he had told me.

He then shewed me part of Miss Montague's more sprightly letter, 'congratulating him upon the honour he had obtained, of the confidence of so admirable a lady.' These are her words. Confidence, my dear! Nobody, indeed, as you say, will believe otherwise, were they to be told the truth: and you see that Miss Montague (and all his family, I suppose) think that the step I have taken an extraordinary one. 'She also wishes for his speedy nuptials; and to see her new cousin at M. Hall: as do Lord M. she tells him, and her sister; and in general all the well-wishers of their family.

'Whenever this happy day shall be passed, she proposes, she says, to attend me, and to make one in my train to M. Hall, if his Lordship shall continue as ill of the gout as he is at present. But that, should he get better, he will himself attend me, she is sure, and conduct me thither; and afterwards quit either of his three seats to us, till we shall be settled to our mind.'

This young lady says nothing in excuse for not meeting me on the road, or St. Alban's, as he had made me expect she would: yet mentions her having been indisposed. Mr. Lovelace had also told me, that Lord M. was ill of the gout; which Miss Montague's letter confirms.

But why did not the man show me these letters last night? Was he afraid of giving me too much pleasure?

LETTER XXXI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

You may believe, my dear, that these letters put me in good humour with him. He saw it in my countenance, and congratulated himself upon it. Yet I cannot but repeat my wonder, that I could not have the contents of them communicated to me last night.*

* The reader will see how Miss Howe accounts for this, in Letter XXXV.

He then urged me to go directly to Lady Betty's, on the strength of her letter.

But how, said I, can I do that, were I even out of all hope of a reconciliation with my friends, (which yet, however unlikely to be effected, is my duty to attempt,) as her Ladyship has given me no particular invitation?

That, he was sure, was owing to her doubt that it would be accepted — Else she had done it with the greatest pleasure in the world.

That doubt itself, I said, was enough to deter me: since her Ladyship, who knew so well the boundaries to the fit and the unfit, by her not expecting I would accept of the invitation, had she given it, would have reason to think me very forward, if I had accepted it; and much more forward to go without it. Then, said I, I thank you, Sir, I have no clothes fit to go any where, or to be seen by any body.

O, I was fit to appear in the drawing-room, were full dress and jewels to be excused; and should make the most amiable [he must mean extraordinary] figure there. He was astonished at the elegance of my dress. By what art he knew not, but I appeared to such advantage, as if I had a different suit every day.

Besides, his cousins Montague would supply me with all I wanted for the present; and he would write to Miss Charlotte accordingly, if I would give him leave.

Do you think me the jay in the fable? said I. Would you have me visit the owners of the borrowed dresses in their own clothes? Surely, Mr. Lovelace, you think I have either a very low, or a very confident mind.

Would I choose to go to London (for a very few days only) in order to furnish myself with clothes?

Not at your expense, Sir, said I, in an angry tone.

I could not have appeared in earnest to him, in my displeasure at his artful contrivances to get me away, if I were not occasionally to shew my real fretfulness upon the destitute condition to which he has reduced me. When people set out wrong together, it is very difficult to avoid recriminations.

He wished he knew but my mind — That should direct him in his proposals, and it would be his delight to observe it, whatever it were.

My mind is, that you, Sir, should leave me out of hand — How often must I tell you so?

If I were any where but here, he would obey me, he said, if I insisted upon it. But if I would assert my right, that would be infinitely preferable, in his opinion, to any other measure but one (which he durst only hint at:) for then admitting his visits, or refusing them, as I pleased, (Granting a correspondence by letter only) it would appear to all the world, that what I had done, was but in order to do myself justice.

How often, Mr. Lovelace, must I repeat, that I will not litigate with my father? Do you think that my unhappy circumstances will alter my notions of my own duty so far as I shall be enabled to perform it? How can I obtain possession without litigation, and but by my trustees? One of them will be against me; the other is abroad. Then the remedy proposed by this measure, were I disposed to fall in with it, will require time to bring it into effect; and what I want, is present independence, and your immediate absence.

Upon his soul, the wretch swore, he did not think it safe, for the reasons he had before given, to leave me here. He wished I would think of some place, to which I should like to go. But he must take the liberty to say, that he hoped his behaviour had not been so exceptionable, as to make me so very earnest for his absence in the interim: and the less, surely, as I was almost eternally shutting up myself from him; although he presumed to assure me, that he never went from me, but with a corrected heart, and with strengthened resolutions of improving by my example.

Externally shutting myself up from you! repeated I — I hope, Sir, that you will not pretend to take it amiss, that I expect to be uninvaded in my retirements. I hope you do not think me so weak a creature (novice as you have found me in a very capital instance) as to be fond of occasions to hear your fond speeches, especially as no differing circumstances require your over-frequent visits; nor that I am to be addressed to, as if I thought hourly professions needful to assure me of your honour.

He seemed a little disconcerted.

You know, Mr. Lovelace, proceeded I, why I am so earnest for your absence. It is, that I may appear to the world independent of you; and in hopes, by that means, to find it less difficult to set on foot a reconciliation with my friends. And now let me add, (in order to make you easier as to the terms of that hoped-for reconciliation,) that since I find I have the good fortune to stand so well with your relations, I will, from time to time, acquaint you, by letter, when you are absent, with every step I shall take, and with every overture that shall be made to me: but

not with an intention to render myself accountable to you, neither, as to my acceptance or non-acceptance of those overtures. They know that I have a power given me by my grandfather's will, to bequeath the estate he left me, with other of his bounties, in a way that may affect them, though not absolutely from them. This consideration, I hope, will procure me some from them, when their passion subsides, and when they know I am independent of you.

Charming reasoning! — And let him tell me, that the assurance I had given him was all he wished for. It was more than he could ask. What a happiness to have a woman of honour and generosity to depend upon! Had he, on his first entrance into the world, met with such a one, he had never been other than a man of strict virtue. — But all, he hoped, was for the best; since, in that case, he had never perhaps had the happiness he now had in view; because his relations had always been urging him to marry; and that before he had the honour to know me. And now, as he had not been so bad as some people's malice reported him to be, he hoped he should have near as much merit in his repentance, as if he had never erred. — A fine rakish notion and hope! And too much encouraged, I doubt, my dear, by the generality of our sex!

This brought on a more serious question or two. You'll see by it what a creature an unmortified libertine is.

I asked him, if he knew what he had said, alluded to a sentence in the best of books, That there was more joy in heaven —

He took the words out of my mouth,

Over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just persons, which need no repentance,* were his words.

* Luke xv. 7. The parable is concerning the Ninety-nine Sheep, not the Prodigal Son, as Mr. Lovelace erroneously imagines.

Yes, Madam, I thought of it, as soon as I said it, but not before. I have read the story of the Prodigal Son, I'll assure you; and one day, when I am settled as I hope to be, will write a dramatic piece on the subject. I have at times had it in my head; and you will be too ready, perhaps, to allow me to be qualified fro it.

You so lately, Sir, stumbled at a word, with which you must be better acquainted, ere you can be thoroughly master of such a subject, that I am amazed you should know any thing of the Scripture, and be so ignorant of that.*

* See Letter XXIV. of this volume.

O Madam, I have read the Bible, as a fine piece of ancient history — But as I hope to be saved, it has for some years past made me so uneasy, when I have popped upon some passages in it, that I have been forced to run to music or company to divert myself.

Poor wretch! lifting up my hands and eyes.

The denunciations come so slap-dash upon one, so unceremoniously, as I may say, without even the By-your-leave of a rude London chairman, that they overturn one, horse and man, as St. Paul was overturned. There's another Scripture allusion, Madam! The light, in short, as his was, is too glaring to be borne.

O Sir, do you want to be complimented into repentance and salvation? But pray, Mr. Lovelace, do you mean any thing at all, when you swear so often as you do, By your soul, or bind an asseveration with the words, As you hope to be saved?

O my beloved creature, shifting his seat; let us call another cause.

Why, Sir, don't I neither use ceremony enough with you?

Dearest Madam, forbear for the present: I am but in my noviciate. Your foundation must be laid brick by brick: you'll hinder the progress of the good work you would promote, if you tumble in a whole wagon-load at once upon me.

Lord bless me, thought I, what a character is that of a libertine! What a creature am I, who have risked what I have risked with such a one! — What a task before me, if my hopes continue of reforming such a wild Indian as this! — Nay, worse than a wild Indian; for a man who errs with his eyes open, and against conviction, is a thousand times worse for what he knows, and much harder to be reclaimed, than if he had never known any thing at all.

I was equally shocked at him, and concerned for him; and having laid so few bricks (to speak to his allusion) and those so ill-cemented, I was as willing as the gay and inconsiderate to call another cause, as he termed it — another cause, too, more immediately pressing upon me, from my uncertain situation.

I said, I took it for granted that he assented to the reasoning he seemed to approve, and would leave me. And then I asked him, what he really, and in his most deliberate mind, would advise me to, in my present situation? He must needs see, I said, that I was at a great loss what to resolve upon; entirely a stranger to London, having no adviser, no protector, at present: himself, he must give me leave to tell him, greatly deficient in practice, if not in the knowledge, of those decorums, which, I had supposed, were always to be found in a man of birth, fortune, and education.

He imagines himself, I find, to be a very polite man, and cannot bear to be thought otherwise. He put up his lip — I am sorry for it, Madam — a man of breeding, a man of politeness, give me leave to say, [colouring,] is much more of a black swan with you, than with any lady I ever met with.

Then that is your misfortune, Mr. Lovelace, as well as mine, at present. Every woman of discernment, I am confident, knowing what I know of you now, would say as I say, [I had a mind to mortify a pride, that I am sure deserves to be

mortified;] that your politeness is not regular, nor constant. It is not habit. It is too much seen by fits and starts, and sallies, and those not spontaneous. You must be reminded into them.

O Lord! O Lord! — Poor I! — was the light, yet the half-angry wretch's self-pitying expression!

I proceeded. — Upon my word, Sir, you are not the accomplished man, which your talents and opportunities would have led one to expect you to be. You are indeed in your noviciate, as to every laudable attainment.

LETTER XXXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [IN CONTINUATION.]

As this subject was introduced by himself, and treated so lightly by him, I was going on to tell him more of my mind; but he interrupted me — Dear, dear Madam, spare me. I am sorry that I have lived to this hour for nothing at all. But surely you could not have quitted a subject so much more agreeable, and so much more suitable, I will say, to your present situation, if you had not too cruel a pleasure in mortifying a man, who the less needed to be mortified, as he before looked up to you with a diffidence in his own merits too great to permit him to speak half of his mind to you. Be pleased but to return to the subject we were upon; and at another time I will gladly embrace correction from the only lips in the world so qualified to give it.

You talk of reformation sometimes, Mr. Lovelace, and in so talking, acknowledge errors. But I see you can very ill bear the reproof, for which perhaps you are not solicitous to avoid giving occasion. Far be it from me to take delight in finding fault; I should be glad for both our sakes, since my situation is what it is, that I could do nothing but praise you. But failures which affect a mind that need not be very delicate to be affected by them, are too grating to be passed over in silence by a person who wishes to be thought in earnest in her own duties.

I admire your delicacy, Madam, again interrupted he. Although I suffer by it, yet would I not have it otherwise: indeed I would not, when I consider of it. It is an angelic delicacy, which sets you above all our sex, and even above your own. It is natural to you, Madam; so you may think it extraordinary: but there is nothing like it on earth, said the flatterer — What company has he kept!

But let us return to the former subject — You were so good as to ask me what I would advise you to do: I want but to make you easy; I want but to see you fixed to your liking: your faithful Hannah with you; your reconciliation with those to whom you wish to be reconciled, set on foot, and in a train. And now let me mention to you different expedients; in hopes that some one of them may be acceptable to you.

‘I will go to Mrs. Howe, or to Miss Howe, or to whomsoever you would have me to go, and endeavour to prevail upon them to receive you.*

* The reader, perhaps, need not be reminded that he had taken care from the first (see Vol. I. Letter XXXI.) to deprive her of any protection from Mrs. Howe. See in his next letter, a repeated account of the same artifices, and his exultations upon his inventions to impose upon the

two such watchful ladies as Clarissa and Miss Howe.

‘Do you incline to go to Florence to your cousin Morden? I will furnish you with an opportunity of going thither, either by sea to Leghorn, or by land through France. Perhaps I may be able to procure one of the ladies of my family to attend you. Either Charlotte or Patty would rejoice in such an opportunity of seeing France and Italy. As for myself, I will only be your escort, in disguise, if you will have it so, even in your livery, that your punctilio may not receive offence by my attendance.’

I told him, I would consider of all he had said: but that I hoped for a line or two from my aunt Hervey, if not from my sister, to both of whom I had written, which, if I were to be so favoured, might help to determine me. Mean time, if he would withdraw, I would particularly consider of this proposal of his, in relation to my cousin Morden. And if it held its weight with me, so far as to write for your opinion upon it, he should know my mind in an hour’s time.

He withdrew with great respect: and in an hour’s time returned. And I then told him it was unnecessary to trouble you for your opinion about it. My cousin Morden was soon expected. If he were not, I could not admit him to accompany me to him upon any condition. It was highly improbable that I should obtain the favour of either of his cousins’ company: and if that could be brought about, it would be the same thing in the world’s eye as if he went himself.

This led us into another conversation; which shall be the subject of my next.

LETTER XXXIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN CONTINUATION.]

Mr. Lovelace told me, that on the supposition that his proposal in relation to my cousin Morden might not be accepted, he had been studying to find out, if possible, some other expedient that might be agreeable, in order to convince me, that he preferred my satisfaction to his own.

He then offered to go himself, and procure my Hannah to come and attend me. As I had declined the service of either of the young Misses Sorlings, he was extremely solicitous, he said, that I should have a servant in whose integrity I might confide.

I told him, that you would be so kind as to send to engage Hannah, if possible.

If any thing, he said, should prevent Hannah from coming, suppose he himself waited upon Miss Howe, to desire her to lend me her servant till I was provided to my mind?

I said, your mother's high displeasure at the step I had taken, (as she supposed, voluntarily,) had deprived me of an open assistance of that sort from you.

He was amazed, so much as Mrs. Howe herself used to admire me, and so great an influence as Miss Howe was supposed, and deserved to have over her mother, that Mrs. Howe should take upon herself to be so much offended with me. He wished that the man, who took such pains to keep up and enflame the passions of my father and uncles, were not at the bottom of this mischief too.

I was afraid, I said, that my brother was: or else my uncle Antony, I dared to say, would not have taken such pains to set Mrs. Howe against me, as I understood he had done.

Since I had declined visiting Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, he asked me, if I should admit of a visit from his cousin Montague, and accept of a servant of hers for the present?

That was not, I said, an acceptable proposal: but I would first see if my friends would send me my clothes, that I might not make such a giddy and runaway appearance to any of his relations.

If I pleased, he would take another journey to Windsor, to make a more particular inquiry amongst the canons, or in any worthy family.

Were not his objections as to the publicness of the place, I asked him, as strong now as before?

I remember, my dear, in one of your former letters, you mentioned London as the most private place to be in:* and I said, that since he made such pretences

against leaving me here, as shewed he had no intention to do so; and since he engaged to go from me, and leave me to pursue my own measures, if I were elsewhere; and since his presence made these lodgings inconvenient to me; I should not be disinclined to go to London, did I know any body there.

* See Vol. II. Letter XXXVII.

As he had several times proposed London to me, I expected that he would eagerly have embraced that motion from me. But he took not ready hold of it: yet I thought his eye approved of it.

We are both great watchers of each other's eyes; and, indeed, seem to be more than half afraid of each other.

He then made a grateful proposal to me: 'that I would send for my Norton to attend me.'*

* The reader is referred to Mr. Lovelace's next letter, for his motives in making the several proposals of which the Lady is willing to think so well.

He saw by my eyes, he said, that he had at last been happy in an expedient, which would answer the wishes of us both. Why, says he, did I not think of it before? — And snatching my hand, Shall I write, Madam? Shall I send? Shall I go and fetch the worthy woman myself?

After a little consideration, I told him that this was indeed a grateful motion: but that I apprehended it would put her to a difficulty which she would not be able to get over; as it would make a woman of her known prudence appear to countenance a fugitive daughter in opposition to her parents; and as her coming to me would deprive her of my mother's favour, without its being in my power to make it up to her.

O my beloved creature! said he, generously enough, let not this be an obstacle. I will do every thing for Mrs. Norton you wish to have done. — Let me go for her.

More coolly than perhaps his generosity deserved, I told him it was impossible but I must soon hear from my friends. I should not, mean time, embroil any body with them. Not Mrs. Norton especially, from whose interest in, and mediation with, my mother, I might expect some good, were she to keep herself in a neutral state: that, besides, the good woman had a mind above her fortune; and would sooner want than be beholden to any body improperly.

Improperly! said he. — Have not persons of merit a right to all the benefits conferred upon them? — Mrs. Norton is so good a woman, that I shall think she lays me under an obligation if she will put it in my power to serve her; although she were not to augment it, by giving me the opportunity, at the same time, of contributing to your pleasure and satisfaction.

How could this man, with such powers of right thinking, be so far depraved by evil habits, as to disgrace his talents by wrong acting?

Is there not room, after all, thought I, at the time, to hope (as he so lately led me to hope) that the example it will behove me, for both our sakes, to endeavour to set him, may influence him to a change of manners, in which both may find our account?

Give me leave, Sir, said I, to tell you, there is a strange mixture in your mind. You must have taken pains to suppress many good motions and reflections as they arose, or levity must have been surprisingly predominant in it. — But as to the subject we were upon, there is no taking any resolutions till I hear from my friends.

Well, Madam, I can only say, I would find out some expedient, if I could, that should be agreeable to you. But since I cannot, will you be so good as to tell me what you would wish to have done? Nothing in the world but I will comply with, excepting leaving you here, at such a distance from the place I shall be in, if any thing should happen; and in a place where my gossiping rascals have made me in a manner public, for want of proper cautions at first.

These vermin, added he, have a pride they can hardly rein-in, when they serve a man of family. They boast of their master's pedigree and descent, as if they were related to him. Nor is any thing they know of him, or of his affairs, a secret to one another, were it a matter that would hang him.

If so, thought I, men of family should take care to give them subjects worth boasting of.

I am quite at a loss, said I, what to do or where to go. Would you, Mr. Lovelace, in earnest, advise me to think of going to London?

And I looked at him with stedfastness. But nothing could I gather from his looks.

At first, Madam, said he, I was for proposing London, as I was then more apprehensive of pursuit. But as your relations seem cooler on that head, I am the more indifferent about the place you go to. — So as you are pleased, so as you are easy, I shall be happy.

This indifference of his to London, I cannot but say, made me incline the more to go thither. I asked him (to hear what he would say) if he could recommend me to any particular place in London?

No, he said: none that was fit for me, or that I should like. His friend Belford, indeed, had very handsome lodgings near Soho-square, at a relation's, whose wife was a woman of virtue and honour. These, as Mr. Belford was generally in the country, he could borrow till I was better accommodated.

I was resolved to refuse these at the first mention, as I should any other he had named. Nevertheless, I will see, thought I, if he has really thought of these for me. If I break off the talk here, and he resume this proposal with earnestness in the morning, I shall apprehend that he is less indifferent than he seems to be about my going to London, and that he has already a lodging in his eye for me. And then I will not go at all.

But after such generous motions from him, I really think it a little barbarous to act and behave as if I thought him capable of the blackest and most ungrateful baseness. But his character, his principles, are so faulty! He is so light, so vain, so various, that there is no certainty that he will be next hour what he is this. Then, my dear, I have no guardian now; no father, no mother! only God and my vigilance to depend upon. And I have no reason to expect a miracle in my favour.

Well, Sir, said I, [rising to leave him,] something must be resolved upon: but I will postpone this subject till to-morrow morning.

He would fain have engaged me longer: but I said I would see him as early as he pleased in the morning. He might think of any convenient place in London, or near it, in mean time.

And so I retired from him. As I do from my pen; hoping for better rest for the few hours that remain of this night than I have had of a long time.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN CONTINUATION.] MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 17.

Late as I went to bed, I have had very little rest. Sleep and I have quarreled; and although I court it, it will not be friends. I hope its fellow-irreconcilables at Harlowe-place enjoy its balmy comforts. Else that will be an aggravation of my fault. My brother and sister, I dare say, want it not.

Mr. Lovelace, who is an early riser, as well as I, joined me in the garden about six; and after the usual salutations, asked me to resume our last night's subject. It was upon lodgings at London, he said.

I think you mentioned one to me, Sir — Did you not?

Yes, Madam, [but, watching the turn of my countenance,] rather as what you would be welcome to, than perhaps approve of.

I believe so too. To go to town upon an uncertainty, I own, is not agreeable: but to be obliged to any persons of your acquaintance, when I want to be thought independent of you; and to a person, especially, to whom my friends are to direct to me, if they vouchsafe to take notice of me at all, is an absurd thing to mention.

He did not mention it as what he imagined I would accept, but only to confirm to me what he had said, that he himself knew of none fit for me.

Has not your family, Madam, some one tradesman they deal with, who has conveniences of this kind? I would make it worth such a person's while to keep his secret of your being at his house. Traders are dealers in pins, said he, and will be more obliged by a penny customer, than by a pound present, because it is in their way: yet will refuse neither, any more than a lawyer or a man of office his fee.

My father's tradesmen, I said, would, no doubt, be the first employed to find me out. So that that proposal was as wrong as the other. And who is it that a creature so lately in favour with all her friends can apply to, in such a situation as mine, but must be (at least) equally the friends of her relations.

We had a good deal of discourse upon the same topic. But, at last, the result was this — He wrote a letter to one Mr. Doleman, a married man, of fortune and character, (I excepting to Mr. Belford,) desiring him to provide decent apartments ready furnished [I had told him what they should be] for a single woman; consisting of a bed-chamber; another for a maidservant; with the use of a dining-room or parlour. This letter he gave me to peruse; and then sealed it up, and

dispatched it away in my presence, by one of his own servants, who, having business in town, is to bring back an answer.

I attend the issue of it; holding myself in readiness to set out for London, unless you, my dear, advise the contrary.

LETTER XXXV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SAT., SUNDAY, MONDAY.

He gives, in several letters, the substance of what is contained in the last seven of the Lady's.

He tells his friend, that calling at The Lawn, in his way to M. Hall, (for he owns that he went not to Windsor,) he found the letters from Lady Betty Lawrance, and his cousin Montague, which Mrs. Greme was about sending to him by a special messenger.

He gives the particulars, from Mrs. Greme's report, of what passed between the Lady and her, as in Letter VI. and makes such declarations to Mrs. Greme of his honour and affection to the Lady, as put her upon writing the letter to her sister Sorlings, the contents of which are in Letter XXVIII.

He then accounts, as follows, for the serious humour he found her in on his return:

Upon such good terms when we parted, I was surprised to find so solemn a brow upon my return, and her charming eyes red with weeping. But when I had understood she had received letters from Miss Howe, it was natural to imagine that that little devil had put her out of humour with me.

It is easy for me to perceive, that my charmer is more sullen when she receives, and has perused, a letter from that vixen, than at other times. But as the sweet maid shews, even then, more of passive grief, than of active spirit, I hope she is rather lamenting than plotting. And, indeed, for what now should she plot? when I am become a reformed man, and am hourly improving in my morals? — Nevertheless, I must contrive some way or other to get at their correspondence — only to see the turn of it; that's all.

But no attempt of this kind must be made yet. A detected invasion, in an article so sacred, would ruin me beyond retrieve. Nevertheless, it vexes me to the heart to think that she is hourly writing her whole mind on all that passes between her and me, I under the same roof with her, yet kept at such awful distance, that I dare

not break into a correspondence, that may perhaps be a mean to defeat all my devices.

Would it be very wicked, Jack, to knock her messenger on the head, as he is carrying my beloved's letters, or returning from Miss Howe's? — To attempt to bribe him, and not succeed, would utterly ruin me. And the man seems to be one used to poverty, one who can sit down satisfied with it, and enjoy it; contented with hand-to-mouth conveniencies, and not aiming to live better to-morrow, than he does to-day, and than he did yesterday. Such a one is above temptation, unless it could come clothed in the guise of truth and trust. What likelihood of corrupting a man who has no hope, no ambition?

Yet the rascal has but half life, and groans under that. Should I be answerable in his case for a whole life? — But hang the fellow! Let him live. Were I king, or a minister of state, an Antonio Perez,* it were another thing. And yet, on second thoughts, am I not a rake, as it is called? And who ever knew a rake stick at any thing? But thou knowest, Jack, that the greatest half of my wickedness is vapour, to shew my invention; and to prove that I could be mischievous if I would.

* Antonio Perez was first minister of Philip II. king of Spain, by whose command he caused Don Juan de Escovedo to be assassinated: which brought on his own ruin, through the perfidy of his viler master. — Gedde's Tracts.

When he comes to that part where the Lady says (Letter XXIX.) in a sarcastic way, waving her hand, and bowing, 'Excuse me, good Mr. Lovelace, that I am willing to think the best of my father,' he gives a description of her air and manner, greatly to her advantage; and says,

I could hardly forbear taking her into my arms upon it, in spite of an expected tempest. So much wit, so much beauty, such a lively manner, and such exceeding quickness and penetration! O Belford! she must be nobody's but mine. I can now account for and justify Herod's command to destroy his Mariamne, if he returned not alive from his interview with Caesar: for were I to know that it were but probable that any other man were to have this charming creature, even after my death, the very thought would be enough to provoke me to cut that man's throat, were he a prince.

I may be deemed by this lady a rapid, a boisterous lover — and she may like me the less for it: but all the ladies I have met with, till now, loved to raise a tempest, and to enjoy it: nor did they ever raise it, but I enjoyed it too! — Lord send us once happily to London!

Mr. Lovelace gives the following account of his rude rapture, when he seized her hand, and put her, by his WILD

manner, as she expresses it, Letter XXXIX. into such terror.

Darkness and light, I swore, were convertible at her pleasure: she could make any subject plausible. I was all error: she all perfection. And I snatched her hand; and, more than kissed it, I was ready to devour it. There was, I believe, a kind of phrensy in my manner, which threw her into a panic, like that of Semele perhaps, when the Thunderer, in all his majesty, surrounded with ten thousand celestial burning-glasses, was about to scorch her into a cinder.

Had not my heart misgiven me, and had I not, just in time, recollected that she was not so much in my power, but that she might abandon me at her pleasure, having more friends in that house than I had, I should at that moment have made offers, that would have decided all, one way or other. — But, apprehending that I had shewn too much meaning in my passion, I gave it another turn. — But little did the charmer think that an escape either she or I had (as the event might have proved) from that sudden gust of passion, which had like to have blown me into her arms. — She was born, I told her, to make me happy and to save a soul. ——

He gives the rest of his vehement speech pretty nearly in
the same words as the Lady gives them: and then proceeds:

I saw she was frighted: and she would have had reason had the scene been London, and that place in London, which I have in view to carry her to. She confirmed me in my apprehension, that I had alarmed her too much: she told me, that she saw what my boasted regard to her injunctions was; and she would take proper measures upon it, as I should find: that she was shocked at my violent airs; and if I hoped any favour from her, I must that instant withdraw, and leave her to her recollection.

She pronounced this in such a manner as shewed she was set upon it; and, having stepped out of the gentle, and polite part I had so newly engaged to act, I thought ready obedience was the best atonement. And indeed I was sensible, from her anger and repulses, that I wanted time myself for recollection. And so I withdrew, with the same veneration as a petitioning subject would withdraw from the presence of his sovereign. But, O Belford! had she had but the least patience with me — had she but made me think she would forgive this initiatory ardour — surely she will not be always thus guarded. —

I had not been a moment by myself, but I was sensible that I had half forfeited my newly-assumed character. It is exceedingly difficult, thou seest, for an honest man to act in disguises: as the poet says, Thrust Nature back with a pitchfork, it will return. I recollected, that what she had insisted upon was really a part of that declared will before she left her father’s house, to which in another case (to

humble her) I had pretended to have an inviolable regard. And when I had remembered her words of taking her measures accordingly, I was resolved to sacrifice a leg or an arm to make all up again, before she had time to determine upon any new measures.

How seasonably to this purpose have come in my aunt's and cousin's letters!

I have sent in again and again to implore her to admit me to her presence. But she will conclude a letter she is writing to Miss Howe, before she will see me. — I suppose to give her an account of what has just passed.

Curse upon her perverse tyranny! How she makes me wait for an humble audience, though she has done writing for some time! A prince begging for her upon his knees should not prevail upon me to spare her, if I can but get her to London — Oons! Jack, I believe I have bit my lip through for vexation! — But one day her's shall smart for it.

> Mr. Lovelace, beginning a new date, gives an account of his admittance, and of the conversation that followed: which differing only in style from that of the Lady gives in the next letter is omitted.
>
> He collects the lady's expressions, which his pride cannot bear: such as, That he is a stranger to the decorums which she thought inseparable from a man of birth and education; and that he is not the accomplished man he imagines himself to be; and threatens to remember them against her.
>
> He values himself upon his proposals and speeches, which he gives to his friend pretty much to the same purpose that the Lady does in her four last letters.
>
> After mentioning his proposal to her that she would borrow a servant from Miss Howe, till Hannah could come, he writes as follows:

Thou seest, Belford, that my charmer has no notion that Miss Howe herself is but a puppet danced upon my wires at second or third hand. To outwit, and impel, as I please, two such girls as these, who think they know every thing; and, by taking advantage of the pride and ill-nature of the old ones of both families, to

play them off likewise at the very time they think they are doing me spiteful displeasure; what charming revenge! — Then the sweet creature, when I wished that her brother was not at the bottom of Mrs. Howe's resentment, to tell me, that she was afraid he was, or her uncle would not have appeared against her to that lady! — Pretty dear! how innocent!

But don't think me the cause neither of her family's malice and resentment. It is all in their hearts. I work but with their materials. They, if left to their own wicked direction, would perhaps express their revenge by fire and faggot; that is to say, by the private dagger, or by Lord Chief Justices' warrants, by law, and so forth: I only point the lightning, and teach it where to dart, without the thunder. In other words, I only guide the effects: the cause is in their malignant hearts: and while I am doing a little mischief, I prevent a great deal.

Thus he exults on her mentioning London:

I wanted her to propose London herself. This made me again mention Windsor. If you would have a woman do one thing, you must always propose another, and that the very contrary: the sex! the very sex! as I hope to be saved! — Why, Jack, they lay a man under a necessity to deal doubly with them! And, when they find themselves outwitted, they cry out upon an honest fellow, who has been too hard for them at their own weapons.

I could hardly contain myself. My heart was at my throat. — Down, down, said I to myself, exuberant exultation! A sudden cough befriended me; I again turned to her, all as indifferenced over as a girl at the first long-expected question, who waits for two more. I heard out the rest of her speech: and when she had done, instead of saying any thing to her for London, I advised her to send for Mrs. Norton.

As I knew she would be afraid of lying under obligation, I could have proposed to do so much for the good woman and her son, as would have made her resolve that I should do nothing: this, however, not merely to avoid expense. But there was no such thing as allowing of the presence of Mrs. Norton. I might as well have had her mother or her aunt Hervey with her. Hannah, had she been able to come, and had she actually come, I could have done well enough with. What do I keep fellows idling in the country for, but to fall in love, and even to marry those whom I would have them marry? Nor, upon second thoughts, would the presence of her Norton, or of her aunt, or even of her mother, have saved the dear creature, had I decreed her fall.

How unequal is a modest woman to the adventure, when she throws herself into the power of a rake! Punctilio will, at any time, stand for reason with such an one. She cannot break through a well-tested modesty. None but the impudent little rogues, who can name the parson and the church before you think of either, and

undress and go to bed before you the next hour, should think of running away with a man.

I am in the right train now. Every hour, I doubt not, will give me an increasing interest in the affections of this proud beauty. I have just carried unpoliteness far enough to make her afraid of me; and to shew her, that I am no whiner. Every instance of politeness, now, will give me double credit with her. My next point will be to make her acknowledge a lambent flame, a preference of me to all other men, at least: and then my happy hour is not far off. An acknowledged reciprocality in love sanctifies every little freedom: and little freedoms beget greater. And if she call me ungenerous, I can call her cruel. The sex love to be called cruel. Many a time have I complained of cruelty, even in the act of yielding, because I knew it gratified the fair one's pride.

Mentioning that he had only hinted at Mr. Belford's lodgings as an instance to confirm what he had told her, that he knew of none in

London fit for her, he says,

I had a mind to alarm her with something furthest from my purpose; for (as much as she disliked my motion) I intend nothing by it: Mrs. Osgood is too pious a woman; and would have been more her friend than mine.

I had a view, moreover, to give her an high opinion of her own sagacity. I love, when I dig a put, to have my prey tumble in with secure feet, and open eyes: then a man can look down upon her, with an O-ho, charmer, how came you there?

MONDAY, APRIL 17.

I have just now received a fresh piece of intelligence from my agent, honest Joseph Leman. Thou knowest the history of poor Miss Betterton of Nottingham. James Harlowe is plotting to revive the resentments of her family against me. The Harlowes took great pains, some time ago, to endeavour to get to the bottom of that story. But now the foolish devils are resolved to do something in it, if they can. My head is working to make this booby 'squire a plotter, and a clever fellow, in order to turn his plots to my advantage, supposing his sister shall aim to keep me at arm's length when in town, and to send me from her. But I will, in proper time, let thee see Joseph's letter, and what I shall answer to it.* To know in time a designed mischief, is, with me, to disappoint it, and to turn it upon the contriver's head.

* See Letters XLVII., XLVIII. of this volume.

Joseph is plaguy squeamish again; but I know he only intends by his qualms to swell his merits with me. O Belford! Belford! what a vile corruptible rogue, whether in poor or rich, is human nature!

LETTER XXXVI

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO LETTERS XXVIII. — XXXIV. INCLUSIVE.] TUESDAY, APRIL 18.

You have a most implacable family. Another visit from your uncle Antony has not only confirmed my mother an enemy to our correspondence, but has almost put her upon treading in their steps. —

But to other subjects:

You plead generously for Mr. Hickman. Perhaps, with regard to him, I may have done, as I have often done in singing — begun a note or key too high; and yet, rather than begin again, proceed, though I strain my voice, or spoil my tune. But this is evident, the man is the more observant for it; and you have taught me, that the spirit which is the humbler for ill usage, will be insolent upon better. So, good and grave Mr. Hickman, keep your distance a little longer, I beseech you. You have erected an altar to me; and I hope you will not refuse to bow to it.

But you ask me, if I would treat Mr. Lovelace, were he to be in Mr. Hickman's place, as I do Mr. Hickman? Why really, my dear, I believe I should not. — I have been very sagely considering this point of behaviour (in general) on both sides in courtship; and I will very candidly tell you the result. I have concluded, that politeness, even to excess, is necessary on the men's part, to bring us to listen to their first addresses, in order to induce us to bow our necks to a yoke so unequal. But, upon my conscience, I very much doubt whether a little intermingled insolence is not requisite from them, to keep up that interest, when once it has got footing. Men must not let us see, that we can make fools of them. And I think, that smooth love; that is to say, a passion without rubs; in other words, a passion without passion; is like a sleepy stream that is hardly seen to give motion to a straw. So that, sometimes to make us fear, and even, for a short space, to hate the wretch, is productive of the contrary extreme.

If this be so, Lovelace, than whom no man was ever more polite and obsequious at the beginning, has hit the very point. For his turbulence since, his readiness to offend, and his equal readiness to humble himself, (as must keep a woman's passion alive); and at last tire her into a non-resistance that shall make her as passive as a tyrant-husband would wish her to be.

I verily think, that the different behaviour of our two heroes to their heroines make out this doctrine to demonstration. I am so much accustomed, for my own part, to Hickman's whining, creeping, submissive courtship, that I now expect nothing but whine and cringe from him: and am so little moved with his nonsense, that I am frequently forced to go to my harpsichord, to keep me awake,

and to silence his humdrum. Whereas Lovelace keeps up the ball with a witness, and all his address and conversation is one continual game at raquet.

Your frequent quarrels and reconciliations verify this observation: and I really believe, that, could Hickman have kept my attention alive after the Lovelace manner, only that he had preserved his morals, I should have married the man by this time. But then he must have set out accordingly. For now he can never, never recover himself, that's certain; but must be a dangler to the end of the courtship-chapter; and, what is still worse for him, a passive to the end of his life.

Poor Hickman! perhaps you'll say.

I have been called your echo — Poor Hickman! say I.

You wonder, my dear, that Mr. Lovelace took not notice to you over-night of the letters of Lady Betty and his cousin. I don't like his keeping such a material and relative circumstance, as I may call it, one moment from you. By his communicating the contents of them to you next day, when you was angry with him, it looks as if he withheld them for occasional pacifiers; and if so, must he not have had a forethought that he might give you cause for anger? Of all the circumstances that have happened since you have been with him, I think I like this the least: this alone, my dear, small as it might look to an indifferent eye, in mine warrants all your caution. Yet I think that Mrs. Greme's letter to her sister Sorlings: his repeated motions for Hannah's attendance; and for that of one of the widow Sorlings's daughters; and, above all, for that of Mrs. Norton; are agreeable counterbalances. Were it not for these circumstances, I should have said a great deal more of the other. Yet what a foolish fellow, to let you know over-night that he had such letters! — I can't tell what to make of him.

I am pleased with the contents of these ladies' letters. And the more, as I have caused the family to be again sounded, and find that they are all as desirous as ever of your alliance.

They really are (every one of them) your very great admirers. And as for Lord M., he is so much pleased with you, and with the confidence, as he calls it, which you have reposed in his nephew, that he vows he will disinherit him, if he reward it not as he ought. You must take care, that you lose not both families.

I hear Mrs. Norton is enjoined, as she values the favour of the other family, not to correspond either with you or with me — Poor creatures! — But they are your — yet they are not your relations, neither, I believe. Had you had any other nurse, I should have concluded you had been changed. I suffer by their low malice — excuse me, therefore.

You really hold this man to his good behaviour with more spirit than I thought you mistress of; especially when I judged of you by that meekness which you always contended for, as the proper distinction of the female character; and by the

love, which (think as you please) you certainly have for him. You may rather be proud of than angry at the imputation; since you are the only woman I ever knew, read, or heard of, whose love was so much governed by her prudence. But when once the indifference of the husband takes place of the ardour of the lover, it will be your turn: and, if I am not mistaken, this man, who is the only self-admirer I ever knew who was not a coxcomb, will rather in his day expect homage than pay it.

Your handsome husbands, my dear, make a wife's heart ache very often: and though you are as fine a person of a woman, at the least, as he is of a man, he will take too much delight in himself to think himself more indebted to your favour, than you are to his distinction and preference of you. But no man, take your finer mind with your very fine person, can deserve you. So you must be contented, should your merit be underrated; since that must be so, marry whom you will. Perhaps you will think I indulge these sort of reflections against your Narcissus's of men, to keep my mother's choice for me of Hickman in countenance with myself — I don't know but there is something in it; at least, enough to have given birth to the reflection.

I think there can be no objection to your going to London. There, as in the centre, you will be in the way of hearing from every body, and sending to any body. And then you will put all his sincerity to the test, as to his promised absence, and such like.

But indeed, my dear, I think you have nothing for it but marriage. You may try (that you may say you have tried) what your relations can be brought to: but the moment they refuse your proposals, submit to the yoke, and make the best of it. He will be a savage, indeed, if he makes you speak out. Yet, it is my opinion, that you must bend a little; for he cannot bear to be thought slightly of.

This was one of his speeches once; I believe designed for me— 'A woman who means one day to favour her lover with her hand, should show the world, for her own sake, that she distinguishes him from the common herd.'

Shall I give you another very fine sentence of his, and in the true libertine style, as he spoke it, throwing out his challenging hand?— 'D — n him, if he would marry the first princess on earth, if he but thought she balanced a minute in her choice of him, or of an emperor.'

All the world, in short, expect you to have this man. They think, that you left your father's house for this very purpose. The longer the ceremony is delayed, the worse appearance it will have in the world's eye. And it will not be the fault of some of your relations, if a slur be not thrown upon your reputation, while you continue unmarried. Your uncle Antony, in particular, speaks rough and vile things, grounded upon the morals of his brother Orson. But hitherto your

admirable character has antidoted the poison; the detractor is despised, and every one's indignation raised against him.

I have written through many interruptions: and you will see the first sheet creased and rumpled, occasioned by putting it into my bosom on my mother's sudden coming upon me. We have had one very pretty debate, I will assure you; but it is not worth while to trouble you with the particulars. — But upon my world — no matter though —

Your Hannah cannot attend you. The poor girl left her place about a fortnight ago, on account of the rheumatic disorder, which has confined her to her room ever since. She burst into tears, when Kitty carried to her your desire of having her with you; and called herself doubly unhappy, that she could not wait upon a mistress whom she so dearly loved.

Had my mother answered my wishes, I should have been sorry Mr. Lovelace had been the first proposer of my Kitty for your attendant, till Hannah should come. To be altogether among strangers, and a stranger to attend you every time you remove, is a very disagreeable thing. But your considerateness and bounty will make you faithful ones wherever you go.

You must take your own way: but, if you suffer any inconvenience, either as to clothes or money, that it is in my power to remedy, I will never forgive you. My mother, (if that is your objection) need not know any thing of the matter.

We have all our defects: we have often regretted the particular fault, which, though in venerable characters, we must have been blind not to see.

I remember what you once said to me; and the caution was good: Let us, my Nancy, were your words; let us, who have not the same failings as those we censure, guard against other and greater in ourselves. Nevertheless, I must needs tell you, that my mother has vexed me a little very lately, by some instances of her jealous narrowness. I will mention one of them, though I did not intend it. She wanted to borrow thirty guineas of me: only while she got a note changed. I said I could lend her but eight or ten. Eight or ten would not do: she thought I was much richer. I could have told her, I was much cunninger than to let her know my stock; which, on a review, I find ninety-five guineas; and all of them most heartily at your service.

I believe your uncle Tony put her upon this wise project; for she was out of cash in an hour after he left her.

If he did, you will judge that they intend to distress you. If it will provoke you to demand your own in a legal way, I wish they would; since their putting you upon that course will justify the necessity of your leaving them. And as it is not for your credit to own that you were tricked away contrary to your intention, this would afford a reason for your going off, that I should make very good use of.

You'll see, that I approve of Lovelace's advice upon this subject. I am not willing to allow the weight of your answer to him on that head, which perhaps ought to be allowed it.*

* See Letter XXXI. of this volume.

You must be the less surprised at the inventions of this man, because of his uncommon talents. Whatever he had turned his head to, he would have excelled in; or been (or done things) extraordinary. He is said to be revengeful: a very bad quality! I believe, indeed, he is a devil in every thing but his foot — this, therefore, is my repeated advice — provoke him not too much against yourself: but unchain him, and let him loose upon your sister' Betty, and your brother's Joseph Leman. This is resenting low: but I know to whom I write, or else I would go a good deal higher, [I'll assure you.]

Your next, I suppose, will be from London. Pray direct it, and your future letters, till further notice, to Mr. Hickman, at his own house. He is entirely devoted to you. Don't take so heavily my mother's partiality and prejudices. I hope I am past a baby.

Heaven preserve you, and make you as happy as I think you deserve to be, prays

Your ever affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDN. MORNING, APRIL 19.

I am glad, my dear friend, that you approve of my removal to London.

The disagreement between your mother and you gives me inexpressible affliction. I hope I think you both more unhappy than you are. But I beseech you let me know the particulars of the debate you call a very pretty one. I am well acquainted with your dialect. When I am informed of the whole, let your mother have been ever so severe upon me, I shall be easier a great deal. — Faulty people should rather deplore the occasion they have given for anger than resent it.

If I am to be obliged to any body in England for money, it shall be to you. Your mother need not know of your kindness to me, you say — but she must know it, if it be done, and if she challenge my beloved friend upon it; for would you either falsify or prevaricate? — I wish your mother could be made easy on this head — forgive me, my dear, — but I know — Yet once she had a better opinion of me. — O my inconsiderate rashness! — Excuse me once more, I pray you. — Pride, when it is native, will shew itself sometimes in the midst of mortifications — but my stomach is down already.

I am unhappy that I cannot have my worthy Hannah. I am sorry for the poor creature's illness as for my own disappointment by it. Come, my dear Miss Howe, since you press me to be beholden to you: and would think me proud if I absolutely refused your favour; pray be so good as to send her two guineas in my name.

If I have nothing for it, as you say, but matrimony, it yields little comfort, that his relations do not despise the fugitive, as persons of their rank and quality-pride might be supposed to do, for having been a fugitive.

But O my cruel, thrice cruel uncle! to suppose — but my heart checks my pen, and will not let it proceed, on an intimation so extremely shocking as that which he supposes! — Yet, if thus they have been persuaded, no wonder if they are irreconcilable.

This is all my hard-hearted brother's doings! — His surmisings: — God forgive him — prays his injured sister!

LETTER XXXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

Mr. Lovelace's servant is already returned with an answer from his friend Mr. Doleman, who has taken pains in his inquiries, and is very particular. Mr. Lovelace brought me the letter as soon as he had read it: and as he now knows that I acquaint you with every thing that he offers, I desired him to let me send it to you for your perusal. Be pleased to return it by the first opportunity. You will see by it, that his friends in town have a notion that we are actually married.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 18. DEAR SIR,

I am extremely rejoiced to hear, that we shall so soon have you in town after so long an absence. You will be the more welcome still, if what report says, be true; which is, that you are actually married to the fair lady upon whom we have heard you make such encomiums. Mrs. Doleman, and my sister, both wish you joy if you are; and joy upon your near prospect if you are not.

I have been in town for this week past, to get help if I could, from my paralytic complaints; and am in a course for them. Which, nevertheless, did not prevent me from making the desired inquiries. This is the result.

You may have a first floor, well furnished, at a mercer's in Belford-street, Covent-garden, with conveniencies for servants: and these either by the quarter or month. The terms according to the conveniences required.

Mrs. Doleman has seen lodgings in Norfolk-street and others in Cecil-street; but though the prospects to the Thames and Surrey-hills look inviting from both these streets, yet I suppose they are too near the city.

The owner of those in Norfolk-street would have half the house go together. It would be too much for your description therefore: and I suppose, that when you think fit to declare your marriage, you will hardly be in lodgings.

Those in Cecil-street are neat and convenient. The owner is a widow of a good character; and she insists, that you take them for a twelvemonth certain.

You may have good accommodations in Dover-street, at a widow's, the relict of an officer in the guards, who dying soon after he had purchased his commission (to which he had a good title by service, and which cost him most part of what he had) she was obliged to let lodgings.

This may possibly be an objection. But she is very careful, she says, that she takes no lodgers, but of figure and reputation. She rents two good houses, distant from each other, only joined by a large handsome passage. The inner-house is the

genteelest, and very elegantly furnished; but you may have the use of a very handsome parlour in the outer-house, if you choose to look into the street.

A little garden belongs to the inner-house, in which the old gentlewoman has displayed a true female fancy; having crammed it with vases, flower-pots, and figures, without number.

As these lodgings seemed to me the most likely to please you, I was more particular in my inquiries about them. The apartments she has to let are in the inner-house: they are a dining-room, two neat parlours, a withdrawing-room, two or three handsome bedchambers, one with a pretty light closet in it, which looks into the little garden, all furnished in taste.

A dignified clergyman, his wife, and maiden daughter were the last who lived in them. They have but lately quitted them, on his being presented to a considerable church preferment in Ireland. The gentlewoman says that he took the lodgings but for three months certain; but liked them and her usage so well, that he continued in them two years; and left them with regret, though on so good an account. She bragged, that this was the way of all the lodgers she ever had, who staid with her four times as long as they at first intended.

I had some knowledge of the colonel, who was always looked upon as a man of honour. His relict I never saw before. I think she has a masculine air, and is a little forbidding at first: but when I saw her behaviour to two agreeable gentlewomen, her husband's nieces, whom, for that reason, she calls doubly hers, and heard their praises of her, I could impute her very bulk to good humour; since we seldom see your sour peevish people plump. She lives reputably, and is, as I find, aforehand in the world.

If these, or any other of the lodgings I have mentioned, be not altogether to your lady's mind, she may continue in them the less while, and choose others for herself.

The widow consents that you shall take them for a month only, and what of them you please. The terms, she says, she will not fall out upon, when she knows what your lady expects, and what her servants are to do, or yours will undertake; for she observed that servants are generally worse to deal with than their masters or mistresses.

The lady may board or not as she pleases.

As we suppose you were married, but that you have reason, from family-differences, to keep it private for the present, I thought it not amiss to hint as much to the widow (but as uncertainty, however); and asked her, if she could, in that case, accommodate you and your servants, as well as the lady and hers? She said, she could; and wished, by all means, it were to be so: since the circumstance

of a person's being single, it not as well recommended as this lady, was one of the usual exceptions.

If none of these lodgings please, you need not doubt very handsome ones in or near Hanover-square, Soho-square, Golden-square, or in some of the new streets about Grosvenor-square. And Mrs. Doleman, her sister, and myself, most cordially join to offer to your good lady the best accommodations we can make for her at Uxbridge (and also for you, if you are the happy man we wish you to be), till she fits herself more to her mind.

Let me add, that the lodgings at the mercer's, those in Cecil-street, those at the widow's in Dover-street, any of them, may be entered upon at a day's warning.

I am, my dear Sir, Your sincere and affectionate friend and servant, THO. DOLEMAN.

You will easily guess, my dear, when you have read the letter, which lodgings I made choice of. But first to try him, (as in so material a point I thought I could not be too circumspect,) I seemed to prefer those in Norfolk-street, for the very reason the writer gives why he thought I would not; that is to say, for its neighbourhood to a city so well governed as London is said to be. Nor should I have disliked a lodging in the heart of it, having heard but indifferent accounts of the liberties sometimes taken at the other end of the town. — Then seeming to incline to the lodgings in Cecil-street — Then to the mercer's. But he made no visible preference; and when I asked his opinion of the widow gentlewoman's, he said he thought those the most to my taste and convenience: but as he hoped that I would think lodgings necessary but for a very little while, he knew not which to give his vote for.

I then fixed upon the widow's; and he has written accordingly to Mr. Doleman, making my compliments to his lady and sister, for their kind offer.

I am to have the dining-room, the bed-chamber with the light-closet, (of which, if I stay any time at the widow's, I shall make great use,) and a servant's room; and we propose to set out on Saturday morning. As for a maid servant, poor Hannah's illness is a great disappointment to me: but, as he observes, I can make the widow satisfaction for one of hers, till I can get a servant to my mind. And you know I want not much attendance.

Mr. Lovelace has just now, of his own accord, given me five guineas for poor Hannah. I send them inclosed. Be so good as to cause them to be conveyed to her, and to let her know from whom they came.

He has obliged me much by this little mark of his considerateness. Indeed I have the better opinion of him ever since he proposed her return to me.

I have just now another instance of his considerateness. He came to me, and said that, on second thoughts, he could not bear that I should go up to town without some attendant, were it but for the look of the thing to the London widow and her nieces, who, according to his friend's account, lived so genteelly; and especially as I required him to leave me so soon after I arrived there, and so would be left alone among strangers. He therefore sought that I might engage Mrs. Sorlings to lend me one of her two maids, or let one of her daughters go up with me, and stay till I were provided. And if the latter, the young gentlewoman, no doubt, would be glad of so good an opportunity to see the curiosities of the town, and would be a proper attendant on the same occasions.

I told him as I had done before, that the two young gentlewomen were so equally useful in their way, and servants in a busy farm were so little to be spared, that I should be loth to take them off their laudable employments. Nor should I think much of diversions for one while; and so the less want an attendant out of doors.

And now, my dear, lest any thing should happen, in so variable a situation as mine, to over-cloud my prospects, (which at present are more promising than ever yet they have been since I quitted Harlowe-place,) I will snatch the opportunity to subscribe myself

Your not unhoping and ever-obliged friend and servant, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

He begins with communicating to him the letter he wrote to Mr. Doleman, to procure suitable lodgings in town, and which he sent away by the Lady's approbation: and then gives him a copy of the answer to it (see): upon which he thus expresses himself:

Thou knowest the widow; thou knowest her nieces; thou knowest the lodgings: and didst thou ever read a letter more artfully couched than this of Tom Doleman? Every possible objection anticipated! Every accident provided against! Every tittle of it plot-proof!

Who could forbear smiling, to see my charmer, like a farcical dean and chapter, choose what was before chosen for her; and sagaciously (as they go in form to prayers, that Heaven would direct their choice) pondering upon the different proposals, as if she would make me believe she had a mind for some other? The dear sly rogue looking upon me, too, with a view to discover some emotion in me. Emotions I had; but I can tell her that they lay deeper than her eye could reach, though it had been a sun-beam.

No confidence in me, fair one! None at all, 'tis plain. Thou wilt not, if I were inclined to change my views, encourage me by a generous reliance on my honour! — And shall it be said that I, a master of arts in love, shall be overmatched by so unpractised a novice?

But to see the charmer so far satisfied with my contrivance as to borrow my friend's letter, in order to satisfy Miss Howe likewise — !

Silly little rogues! to walk out into bye-paths on the strength of their own judgment! — When nothing but experience can enable them to disappoint us, and teach them grandmother-wisdom! When they have it indeed, then may they sit down, like so many Cassandras, and preach caution to others; who will as little mind them as they did their instructresses, whenever a fine handsome confidant young fellow, such a one as thou knowest who, comes across them.

But, Belford, didst thou not mind that sly rogue Doleman's naming Dover-street for the widow's place of abode? — What dost thou think could be meant by that?— 'Tis impossible thou shouldst guess, so, not to puzzle thee about it, suppose the Widow Sinclair's in Dover-street should be inquired after by some officious person, in order to come at characters [Miss Howe is as sly as the devil, and as busy to the full,] and neither such a name, nor such a house, can be found

in that street, nor a house to answer the description; then will not the keenest hunter in England be at a fault?

But how wilt thou do, methinks thou askest, to hinder the lady from resenting the fallacy, and mistrusting thee the more on that account, when she finds it out to be in another street?

Pho! never mind that: either I shall have a way for it, or we shall thoroughly understand one another by that time; or if we don't, she'll know enough of me, not to wonder at such a peccadilla.

But how wilt thou hinder the lady from apprizing her friend of the real name?

She must first know it herself, monkey, must she not?

Well, but how wilt thou do to hinder her from knowing the street, and her friend from directing letters thither, which will be the same thing as if the name were known?

Let me alone for that too.

If thou further objectest, that Tom Doleman, is too great a dunce to write such a letter in answer to mine: — Canst thou not imagine that, in order to save honest Tom all this trouble, I who know the town so well, could send him a copy of what he should write, and leave him nothing to do but transcribe?

What now sayest thou to me, Belford?

And suppose I had designed this task of inquiry for thee; and suppose the lady excepted against thee for no other reason in the world, but because of my value for thee? What sayest thou to the lady, Jack?

This it is to have leisure upon my hands! — What a matchless plotter thy friend! — Stand by, and let me swell! — I am already as big as an elephant, and ten times wiser! — Mightier too by far! Have I not reason to snuff the moon with my proboscis? — Lord help thee for a poor, for a very poor creature! — Wonder not that I despise thee heartily; since the man who is disposed immoderately to exalt himself, cannot do it but by despising every body else in proportion.

I shall make good use of the Dolemanic hint of being married. But I will not tell thee all at once. Nor, indeed, have I thoroughly digested that part of my plot. When a general must regulate himself by the motions of a watchful adversary, how can he say beforehand what he will, or what he will not, do?

Widow SINCLAIR, didst thou not say, Lovelace? —

Ay, SINCLAIR, Jack! — Remember the name! SINCLAIR, I repeat. She has no other. And her features being broad and full-blown, I will suppose her to be of Highland extraction; as her husband the colonel [mind that too] was a Scot, as brave, as honest.

I never forget the minutiae in my contrivances. In all matters that admit of doubt, the minutiae, closely attended to and provided for, are of more service than

a thousand oaths, vows, and protestations made to supply the neglect of them, especially when jealousy has made its way in the working mind.

Thou wouldst wonder if thou knewest one half of my providences. To give thee but one — I have already been so good as to send up a list of books to be procured for the lady's closet, mostly at second hand. And thou knowest that the women there are all well read. But I will not anticipate — Besides, it looks as if I were afraid of leaving any thing to my old friend CHANCE; which has many a time been an excellent second to me, and ought not be affronted or despised; especially by one who has the art of making unpromising incidents turn out in his favour.

LETTER XL

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19.

I have a piece of intelligence to give you, which concerns you much to know.

Your brother having been assured that you are not married, has taken a resolution to find you out, waylay you, and carry you off. A friend of his, a captain of a ship, undertakes to get you on ship-board, and to sail away with you, either to Hull or Leith, in the way to one of your brother's houses.

They are very wicked: for in spite of your virtue they conclude you to be ruined. But if they can be assured when they have you that you are not, they will secure you till they can bring you out Mrs. Solmes. Mean time, in order to give Mr. Lovelace full employment, they talk of a prosecution which will be set up against him, for some crime they have got a notion of, which they think, if it do not cost him his life, will make him fly his country.

This is very early news. Miss Bell told it in confidence, and with mighty triumph over Lovelace, to Miss Lloyd, who is at present her favourite, though as much you admirer as ever. Miss Lloyd, being very apprehensive of the mischief which might follow such an attempt, told it to me, with leave to apprize you privately of it — and yet neither she nor I would be sorry, perhaps, if Lovelace were to be fairly hanged — that is to say, if you, my dear, had no objection to it. But we cannot bear that such an admirable creature should be made the tennis-ball of two violent spirits — much less that you should be seized, and exposed to the brutal treatment of wretches who have no bowels.

If you can engage Mr. Lovelace to keep his temper upon it, I think you should acquaint him with it, but not to mention Miss Lloyd. Perhaps his wicked agent may come at the intelligence, and reveal it to him. But leave it to your own discretions to do as you think fit in it. All my concern is, that this daring and foolish project, if carried on, will be a mean of throwing you more into his power than ever. But as it will convince you that there can be no hope of a reconciliation, I wish you were actually married, let the cause for prosecution hinted at be what it will, short of murder or a rape.

Your Hannah was very thankful for your kind present. She heaped a thousand blessings upon you for it. She has Mr. Lovelace's too by this time.

I am pleased with Mr. Hickman, I can tell you: — for he has sent her two guineas by the person who carries Mr. Lovelace's five, as from an unknown hand: nor am I, or you, to know it. But he does a great many things of this sort, and is as silent as the night in his charities; for nobody knows of them till the gratitude of

the benefited will not let them be concealed. He is now and then my almoner, and, I believe, always adds to my little benefactions.

But his time is not come to be praised to his face for these things; nor does he seem to want that encouragement.

The man certainly has a good mind. Nor can we expect in one man every good quality. But he is really a silly fellow, my dear, to trouble his head about me, when he sees how much I despise his whole sex; and must of course make a common man look like a fool, were he not to make himself look like one, by wishing to pitch his tent so oddly. Our likings and dislikings, as I have often thought, are seldom governed by prudence, or with a view to happiness. The eye, my dear, the wicked eye, has such a strict alliance with the heart — and both have such enmity to the judgment! — What an unequal union, the mind and body! All the senses, like the family at Harlowe-place, in a confederacy against that which would animate, and give honour to the whole, were it allowed its proper precedence.

Permit me, I beseech you, before you go to London to send you forty-eight guineas. I mention that sum to oblige you, because, by accepting back the two to Hannah, I will hold you indebted to me fifty. — Surely this will induce you! You know that I cannot want the money. I told you that I had near double that sum, and that the half of it is more than my mother knows I am mistress of. You are afraid that my mother will question me on this subject; and then you think I must own the truth. But little as I love equivocation, and little as you would allow of it in your Anna Howe, it is hard if I cannot (were I to be put to it ever so closely) find something to say that would bring me off, as you have, what can you do at such a place as London? — You don't know what occasion you may have for messengers, intelligence, and suchlike. If you don't oblige me, I shall not think your stomach so much down as you say it is, and as, in this one particular, I think it ought to be.

As to the state of things between my mother and me, you know enough of her temper, not to need to be told that she never espouses or resents with indifference. Yet will she not remember that I am her daughter. No, truly, I am all my papa's girl.

She was very sensible, surely, of the violence of my poor father's temper, that she can so long remember that, when acts of tenderness and affection seem quite forgotten. Some daughters would be tempted to think that controul sat very heavy upon a mother, who can endeavour to exert the power she has over a child, and regret, for years after death, that she had not the same over a husband.

If this manner of expression becomes not me of my mother, the fault will be somewhat extenuated by the love I always bore to my father, and by the reverence I shall ever pay to his memory: for he was a fond father, and perhaps would have

been as tender a husband, had not my mother and he been too much of a temper to agree.

The misfortune was, in short, that when one was out of humour, the other would be so too: yet neither of their tempers comparatively bad. Notwithstanding all which, I did not imagine, girl as I was in my father's life-time, that my mother's part of the yoke sat so heavy upon her neck as she gives me room to think it did, whenever she is pleased to disclaim her part of me.

Both parents, as I have often thought, should be very careful, if they would secure to themselves the undivided love of their children, that, of all things, they should avoid such durable contentions with each other, as should distress their children in choosing their party, when they would be glad to reverence both as they ought.

But here is the thing: there is not a better manager of affairs in the sex than my mother; and I believe a notable wife is more impatient of controul than an indolent one. An indolent one, perhaps, thinks she has some thing to compound for; while women of the other character, I suppose, know too well their own significance to think highly of that of any body else. All must be their own way. In one word, because they are useful, they will be more than useful.

I do assure you, my dear, were I man, and a man who loved my quiet, I would not have one of these managing wives on any consideration. I would make it a matter of serious inquiry beforehand, whether my mistress's qualifications, if I heard she was notable, were masculine or feminine ones. If indeed I were an indolent supine mortal, who might be in danger of perhaps choosing to marry for the qualifications of a steward.

But, setting my mother out of the question, because she is my mother, have I not seen how Lady Hartley pranks up herself above all her sex, because she knows how to manage affairs that do not belong to her sex to manage? — Affairs that do no credit to her as a woman to understand; practically, I mean; for the theory of them may not be amiss to be known.

Indeed, my dear, I do not think a man-woman a pretty character at all: and, as I said, were I a man, I would sooner choose a dove, though it were fit for nothing but, as the play says, to go tame about house, and breed, than a wife that is setting at work (my insignificant self present perhaps) every busy our my never-resting servants, those of the stud not excepted; and who, with a besom in her hand, as I may say, would be continually filling my with apprehensions that she wanted to sweep me out of my own house as useless lumber.

Were indeed the mistress of a family (like the wonderful young lady I so much and so justly admire) to know how to confine herself within her own respectable rounds of the needle, the pen, the housekeeper's bills, the dairy for her

amusement; to see the poor fed from superfluities that would otherwise be wasted, and exert herself in all the really-useful branches of domestic management; then would she move in her proper sphere; then would she render herself amiably useful, and respectably necessary; then would she become the mistress-wheel of the family, [whatever you think of your Anna Howe, I would not have her be the master-wheel,] and every body would love her; as every body did you, before your insolent brother came back, flushed with his unmerited acquirements, and turned all things topsy-turvy.

If you will be informed of the particulars of our contention, after you have known in general that your unhappy affair was the subject, why then, I think I must tell you.

Yet how shall I?==I feel my cheek glow with mingled shame and indignation. — Know then, my dear, — that I have been — as I may say — that I have been beaten — indeed ’tis true. My mother thought fit to slap my hands to get from me a sheet of a letter she caught me writing to you; which I tore, because she should not read it, and burnt it before her face.

I know this will trouble you: so spare yourself the pains to tell me it does.

Mr. Hickman came in presently after. I would not see him. I am either too much a woman to be beat, or too much a child to have an humble servant — so I told my mother. What can one oppose but sullens, when it would be unpardonable so much as to think of lifting up a finger?

In the Harlowe style, She will be obeyed, she says: and even Mr. Hickman shall be forbid the house, if he contributes to the carrying on of a correspondence which she will not suffer to be continued.

Poor man! He stands a whimsical chance between us. But he knows he is sure of my mother; but not of me. ’Tis easy then for him to choose his party, were it not his inclination to serve you, as it surely is. And this makes him a merit with me, which otherwise he would not have had; notwithstanding the good qualities which I have just now acknowledged in his favour. For, my dear, let my faults in other respects be what they may, I will pretend to say, that I have in my own mind those qualities which I praised him for. And if we are to come together, I could for that reason better dispense with them in him. — So if a husband, who has a bountiful-tempered wife, is not a niggard, nor seeks to restrain her, but has an opinion of all she does, that is enough for him: as, on the contrary, if a bountiful-tempered husband has a frugal wife, it is best for both. For one to give, and the other to give, except they have prudence, and are at so good an understanding with each other as to compare notes, they may perhaps put it out of their power to be just. Good frugal doctrine, my dear! But this way of putting it is middling the

matter between what I have learnt of my mother's over-prudent and your enlarged notions. — But from doctrine to fact —

I shut myself up all that day; and what little I did eat, eat alone. But at night she sent up Kitty with a command, upon my obedience, to attend her at supper.

I went down; but most gloriously in the sullens. YES, and NO, were great words with me, to every thing she asked, for a good while.

That behaviour, she told me, should not do for her.

Beating should not do for me, I said.

My bold resistance, she told me, had provoked her to slap my hand; and she was sorry to have been so provoked. But again insisted that I would either give up my correspondence absolutely, or let her see all that passed in it.

I must not do either, I told her. It was unsuitable both to my inclination and to my honour, at the instigation of base minds to give up a friend in distress.

She rung all the maternal changes upon the words duty, obedience, filial obligation, and so forth.

I told her that a duty too rigorously and unreasonably exacted had been your ruin, if you were ruined.

If I were of age to be married, I hope she would think me capable of making, or at least of keeping, my own friendships; such a one especially as this, with a woman too, and one whose friendship she herself, till this distressful point of time, had thought the most useful and edifying that I had ever contracted.

The greater the merit, the worse the action: the finer the talents, the more dangerous the example.

There were other duties, I said, besides the filial one; and I hoped I need not give up a suffering friend, especially at the instigation of those by whom she suffered. I told her, that it was very hard to annex such a condition as that to my duty; when I was persuaded, that both duties might be performed, without derogating from either: that an unreasonable command (she must excuse me, I must say it, though I were slapped again) was a degree of tyranny: and I could not have expected, that at these years I should be allowed now will, no choice of my own! where a woman only was concerned, and the devilish sex not in the question.

What turned most in favour of her argument was, that I desired to be excused from letting her read all that passes between us. She insisted much upon this: and since, she said, you were in the hands of the most intriguing man in the world, and a man who had made a jest of her favourite Hickman, as she had been told, she knows not what consequences, unthought of by your or me, may flow from such a correspondence.

So you see, my dear, that I fare the worse on Mr. Hickman's account! My mother might see all that passes between us, did I not know, that it would cramp your spirit, and restrain the freedom of your pen, as it would also the freedom of mine: and were she not moreover so firmly attached to the contrary side, that inferences, consequences, strained deductions, censures, and constructions the most partial, would for ever to be haled in to tease me, and would perpetually subject us to the necessity of debating and canvassing.

Besides, I don't choose that she should know how much this artful wretch has outwitted, as I may call it, a person so much his superior in all the nobler qualities of the human mind.

The generosity of your heart, and the greatness of your soul, full well I know; but do offer to dissuade me from this correspondence.

Mr. Hickman, immediately on the contention above, offered his service; and I accepted of it, as you will see by my last. He thinks, though he has all honour for my mother, that she is unkind to us both. He was pleased to tell me (with an air, as I thought) that he not only approved of our correspondence, but admired the steadiness of my friendship; and having no opinion of your man, but a great one of me, thinks that my advice or intelligence from time to time may be of use to you; and on this presumption said, that it would be a thousand pities that you should suffer for want of either.

Mr. Hickman pleased me in the main of his speech; and it is well the general tenor of it was agreeable; otherwise I can tell him, I should have reckoned with him for his word approve; for it is a style I have not yet permitted him to talk to me in. And you see, my dear, what these men are — no sooner do they find that you have favoured them with the power of doing you an agreeable service, but they take upon them to approve, forsooth, of your actions! By which is implied a right to disapprove, if they think fit.

I have told my mother how much you wish to be reconciled to your relations, and how independent you are upon Lovelace.

Mark the end of the latter assertion, she says. And as to reconciliation, she knows that nothing will do, (and will have it, that nothing ought to do,) but your returning back, without presuming to condition with them. And this if you do, she says, will best show your independence on Lovelace.

You see, my dear, what your duty is, in my mother's opinion.

I suppose your next, directed to Mr. Hickman, at his own house, will be from London.

Heaven preserve you in honour and safety, is my prayer.

What you do for change of clothes, I cannot imagine.

It is amazing to me what your relations can mean by distressing you, as they seem resolved to do. I see they will throw you into his arms, whether you will or not.

I send this by Robert, for dispatch-sake: and can only repeat the hitherto-rejected offer of my best services. Adieu, my dearest friend. Believe me ever

Your affectionate and faithful ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

I should think myself utterly unworthy of your friendship did not my own concerns, heavy as they are, so engross me, that I could not find leisure for a few lines to declare to my beloved friend my sincere disapprobation of her conduct, in an instance where she is so generously faulty, that the consciousness of that very generosity may hide from her the fault, which I, more than any other, have reason to deplore, as being the unhappy occasion of it.

You know, you say, that your account of the contentions between your mother and you will trouble me; and so you bid me spare myself the pains to tell you that they do.

You did not use, my dear, to forbid me thus beforehand. You were wont to say, you loved me the better for my expostulations with you on that acknowledged warmth and quickness of your temper which your own good sense taught you to be apprehensive of. What though I have so miserably fallen, and am unhappy, if ever I had any judgment worth regarding, it is now as much worth as ever, because I can give it as freely against myself as against any body else. And shall I not, when there seems to be an infection in my fault, and that it leads you likewise to resolve to carry on a correspondence against prohibition, expostulate with you upon it; when whatever consequences flow from your disobedience, they but widen my error, which is as the evil root, from which such sad branches spring?

The mind that can glory in being capable of so noble, so firm, so unshaken friendship, as that of my dear Miss Howe; a friendship which no casualty or distress can lessen, but which increases with the misfortunes of its friend — such a mind must be above taking amiss the well-meant admonitions of that distinguished friend. I will not therefore apologize for my freedom on this subject: and the less need I, when that freedom is the result of an affection, in the very instance, so absolutely disinterested, that it tends to deprive myself of the only comfort left me.

Your acknowledged sullens; your tearing from your mother’s hands the letter she thought she had a right to see, and burning it, as you own, before her face; your refusal to see the man, who is so willing to obey you for the sake of your unhappy friend, and this purely to vex your mother; can you think, my dear, upon this brief recapitulation of hardly one half of the faulty particulars you give, that these faults are excusable in one who so well knows her duty?

Your mother had a good opinion of me once: is not that a reason why she should be more regarded now, when I have, as she believes, so deservedly forfeited it? A prejudice in favour is as hard to be totally overcome as a prejudice in disfavour. In what a strong light, then, must that error appear to her, that should so totally turn her heart against me, herself not a principal in the case?

There are other duties, you say, besides the filial duty: but that, my dear, must be a duty prior to all other duties; a duty anterior, as I may say, to your very birth: and what duty ought not to give way to that, when they come in competition?

You are persuaded, that the duty to your friend, and the filial duty, may be performed without derogating from either. Your mother thinks otherwise. What is the conclusion to be drawn from these premises?

When your mother sees, how much I suffer in my reputation from the step I have taken, from whom she and all the world expected better things, how much reason has she to be watchful over you! One evil draws on another after it; and how knows she, or any body, where it may stop?

Does not the person who will vindicate, or seek to extenuate, a faulty step in another [in this light must your mother look upon the matter in question between her and you] give an indication either of a culpable will, or a weak judgment; and may not she apprehend, that the censorious will think, that such a one might probably have equally failed under the same inducements and provocations, to use your own words, as applied to me in a former letter?

Can there be a stronger instance in human lie than mine has so early furnished, within a few months past, (not to mention the uncommon provocations to it, which I have met with,) of the necessity of the continuance of a watchful parent's care over a daughter: let that daughter have obtained ever so great a reputation for her prudence?

Is not the space from sixteen to twenty-one that which requires this care, more than at any time of a young woman's life? For in that period do we not generally attract the eyes of the other sex, and become the subject of their addresses, and not seldom of their attempts? And is not that the period in which our conduct or misconduct gives us a reputation or disreputation, that almost inseparably accompanies us throughout our whole future lives?

Are we not likewise then most in danger from ourselves, because of the distinction with which we are apt to behold particulars of that sex.

And when our dangers multiply, both from within and without, do not our parents know, that their vigilance ought to be doubled? And shall that necessary increase of care sit uneasy upon us, because we are grown up to stature and womanhood?

Will you tell me, if so, what is the precise stature and age at which a good child shall conclude herself absolved from the duty she owes to a parent? — And at which a parent, after the example of the dams of the brute creation, is to lay aside all care and tenderness for her offspring?

Is it so hard for you, my dear, to be treated like a child? And can you not think it is hard for a good parent to imagine herself under the unhappy necessity of so treating her woman-grown daughter?

Do you think, if your mother had been you, and you your mother, and your daughter had struggled with you, as you did with her, that you would not have been as apt as your mother was to have slapped your daughter's hands, to have made her quit her hold, and give up the prohibited letter?

Your mother told you, with great truth, that you provoked her to this harshness; and it was a great condescension in her (and not taken notice of by you as it deserved) to say that she was sorry for it.

At every age on this side matrimony (for then we come under another sort of protection, though that is far from abrogating the filial duty) it will be found, that the wings of our parents are our most necessary and most effectual safeguard from the vultures, the hawks, the kites, and other villainous birds of prey, that hover over us with a view to seize and destroy us the first time we are caught wandering out of the eye or care of our watchful and natural guardians and protectors.

Hard as you may suppose it, to be denied to continuance of a correspondence once so much approved, even by the venerable denier; yet, if your mother think my fault to be of such a nature, as that a correspondence with me will cast a shade upon your reputation, all my own friends having given me up — that hardship is to be submitted to. And must it not make her the more strenuous to support her own opinion, when she sees the first fruits of this tenaciousness on your side is to be gloriously in the sullens, as you call it, and in a disobedient opposition?

I know that you have a humourous meaning in that expression, and that this turn, in most cases, gives a delightful poignancy both to your conversation and correspondence; but indeed, my dear, this case will not bear humour.

Will you give me leave to add to this tedious expostulation, that I by no means approve of some of the things you write, in relation to the manner in which your father and mother lived — at times lived — only at times, I dare say, though perhaps too often.

Your mother is answerable to any body, rather than to her child, for whatever was wrong in her conduct, if any thing was wrong, towards Mr. Howe: a gentleman, of whose memory I will only say, that it ought to be revered by you — But yet, should you not examine yourself, whether your displeasure at your

mother had no part in your revived reverence for your father at the time you wrote?

No one is perfect: and although your mother may not be right to remember disagreeableness against the departed, yet should you not want to be reminded on whose account, and on what occasion, she remembered them. You cannot judge, nor ought you to attempt to judge, of what might have passed between both, to embitter and keep awake disagreeable remembrances in the survivor.

LETTER XLII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN CONTINUATION.]

But this subject must not be pursued. Another might, with more pleasure, (though not with more approbation,) upon one of your lively excursions. It is upon the high airs you give yourself upon the word approve.

How comes it about, I wonder, that a young lady so noted for predominating generosity, should not be uniformly generous? That your generosity should fail in an instance where policy, prudence, gratitude, would not permit it to fail? Mr. Hickman (as you confess) had indeed a worthy mind. If I had not long ago known that, he would never have found an advocate in me for my Anna Howe's favour to him. Often and often have I been concerned, when I was your happy guest, to see him, after a conversation, in which he had well supported his part in your absence, sink at once into silence the moment you came into company.

I have told you of this before: and I believe I hinted to you once, that the superciliousness you put on only to him, was capable of a construction, which at the time would have very little gratified your pride to have had made; since it would have been as much in his favour, as in your disfavour.

Mr. Hickman, my dear, is a modest man. I never see a modest man, but I am sure (if he has not wanted opportunities) that he has a treasure in his mind, which requires nothing but the key of encouragement to unlock it, to make him shine — while a confident man, who, to be confident, must think as meanly of his company as highly of himself, enters with magisterial airs upon any subject; and, depending upon his assurance to bring himself off when found out, talks of more than he is master of.

But a modest man! — O my dear, shall not a modest woman distinguish and wish to consort with a modest man? — A man, before whom, and to whom she may open her lips secure of his good opinion of all she says, and of his just and polite regard for her judgment? and who must therefore inspire her with an agreeable self-confidence.

What a lot have I drawn! — We are all indeed apt to turn teachers — but, surely, I am better enabled to talk, to write, upon these subjects, than ever I was. But I will banish myself, if possible, from an address which, when I began to write, I was determined to confine wholly to your own particular.

My dearest, dearest friend, how ready are you to tell us what others should do, and even what a mother should have done! But indeed you once, I remember, advanced, that, as different attainments required different talents to master them,

so, in the writing way, a person might not be a bad critic upon the works of others, although he might himself be unable to write with excellence. But will you permit me to account for all this readiness of finding fault, by placing it to human nature, which, being sensible of the defects of human nature, (that is to say, of its own defects,) loves to be correcting? But in exercising that talent, chooses rather to turn its eye outward than inward? In other words, to employ itself rather in the out-door search, than in the in-door examination.

And here give me leave to add, (and yet it is with tender reluctance,) that although you say very pretty things of notable wives; and although I join with you in opinion, that husbands may have as many inconveniencies to encounter with, as conveniencies to boast of, from women, of that character; yet Lady Hartley perhaps would have had milder treatment from your pen, had it not been dipped in gall with a mother in your eye.

As to the money, you so generously and repeatedly offer, don't be angry with me, if I again say, that I am very desirous that you should be able to aver, without the least qualifying or reserve, that nothing of that sort has passed between us. I know your mother's strong way of putting the question she is intent upon having answered. But yet I promise that I will be obliged to nobody but you, when I have occasion.

LETTER XLIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN CONTINUATION.]

And now, my dear, a few words, as to the prohibition laid upon you; a subject that I have frequently touched upon, but cursorily, because I was afraid to trust myself with it, knowing that my judgment, if I did, would condemn my practice.

You command me not to attempt to dissuade you from this correspondence; and you tell me how kindly Mr. Hickman approves of it; and how obliging he is to me, to permit it to be carried on under cover to him — but this does not quite satisfy me.

I am a very bad casuist; and the pleasure I take in writing to you, who are the only one to whom I can disburden my mind, may make me, as I have hinted, very partial to my own wishes: else, if it were not an artful evasion beneath an open and frank heart to wish to be complied with, I would be glad methinks to be permitted still to write to you; and only to have such occasional returns by Mr. Hickman's pen, as well as cover, as might set me right when I am wrong; confirm me, when right, and guide me where I doubt. This would enable me to proceed in the difficult path before me with more assuredness. For whatever I suffer from the censure of others, if I can preserve your good opinion, I shall not be altogether unhappy, let what will befall me.

And indeed, my dear, I know not how to forbear writing. I have now no other employment or diversion. And I must write on, although I were not to send it to any body. You have often heard me own the advantages I have found from writing down every thing of moment that befalls me; and of all I think, and of all I do, that may be of future use to me; for, besides that this helps to form one to a style, and opens and expands the ductile mind, every one will find that many a good thought evaporates in thinking; many a good resolution goes off, driven out of memory perhaps by some other not so good. But when I set down what I will do, or what I have done, on this or that occasion; the resolution or action is before me either to be adhered to, withdrawn, or amended; and I have entered into compact with myself, as I may say; having given it under my own hand to improve, rather than to go backward, as I live longer.

I would willingly, therefore, write to you, if I might; the rather as it would be the more inspiriting to have some end in view in what I write; some friend to please; besides merely seeking to gratify my passion for scribbling.

But why, if your mother will permit our correspondence on communicating to her all that passes in it, and if she would condescend to one only condition, may it

not be complied with?

Would she not, do you think, my dear, be prevailed upon to have the communication made to her, in confidence?

If there were any prospect of a reconciliation with my friends, I should not have so much regard for my pride, as to be afraid of any body's knowing how much I have been outwitted as you call it. I would in that case (when I had left Mr. Lovelace) acquaint your mother, and all my own friends, with the whole of my story. It would behove me so to do, for my own reputation, and for their satisfaction.

But, if I have no such prospect, what will the communication of my reluctance to go away with Mr. Lovelace, and of his arts to frighten me away, avail me? Your mother has hinted, that my friends would insist upon my returning home to them (as a proof of the truth of my plea) to be disposed of, without condition, at their pleasure. If I scrupled this, my brother would rather triumph over me, than keep my secret. Mr. Lovelace, whose pride already so ill brooks my regrets for meeting him, (when he thinks, if I had not, I must have been Mr. Solmes's wife,) would perhaps treat me with indignity: and thus, deprived of all refuge and protection, I should become the scoff of men of intrigue; a disgrace to my sex — while that avowed love, however indiscreetly shown, which is followed by marriage, will find more excuses made for it, than generally it ought to find.

But, if your mother will receive the communication in confidence, pray shew her all that I have written, or shall write. If my past conduct in that case shall not be found to deserve heavy blame, I shall then perhaps have the benefit of her advice, as well as yours. And if, after a re-establishment in her favour, I shall wilfully deserve blame for the time to come, I will be content to be denied yours as well as hers for ever.

As to cramping my spirit, as you call it, (were I to sit down to write what I know your mother must see,) that, my dear, is already cramped. And do not think so unhandsomely of your mother, as to fear that she would make partial constructions against me. Neither you nor I can doubt, but that, had she been left unprepossessedly to herself, she would have shown favour to me. And so, I dare say, would my uncle Antony. Nay, my dear, I can extend my charity still farther: for I am sometimes of opinion, that were my brother and sister absolutely certain that they had so far ruined me in the opinion of both my uncles, as that they need not be apprehensive of my clashing with their interests, they would not oppose a pardon, although they might not wish a reconciliation; especially if I would make a few sacrifices to them: which, I assure you, I should be inclined to make were I wholly free, and independent on this man. You know I never valued myself upon

worldly acquisitions, but as they enlarged my power to do things I loved to do. And if I were denied the power, I must, as I now do, curb my inclination.

Do not however think me guilty of an affectation in what I have said of my brother and sister. Severe enough I am sure it is, in the most favourable sense. And an indifferent person will be of opinion, that they are much better warranted than ever, for the sake of the family honour, to seek to ruin me in the favour of all my friends.

But to the former topic — try, my dear, if your mother will, upon the condition above given, permit our correspondence, on seeing all we write. But if she will not, what a selfishness would there be in my love to you, were I to wish you to forego your duty for my sake?

And now, one word, as to the freedom I have treated you with in this tedious expostulatory address. I presume upon your forgiveness of it, because few friendships are founded on such a basis as ours: which is, ‘freely to give reproof, and thankfully to receive it as occasions arise; that so either may have opportunity to clear up mistakes, to acknowledge and amend errors, as well in behaviour as in words and deeds; and to rectify and confirm each other in the judgment each shall form upon persons, things, and circumstances.’ And all this upon the following consideration; ‘that it is much more eligible, as well as honourable, to be corrected with the gentleness that may be expected from an undoubted friend, than, by continuing either blind or wilful, to expose ourselves to the censures of an envious and perhaps malignant world.’

But it is as needless, I dare say, to remind you of this, as it is to repeat my request, so often repeated, that you will not, in your turn, spare the follies and the faults of

Your ever affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

SUBJOINED TO THE ABOVE.

I said, that I would avoid writing any thing of my own particular affairs in the above address, if I could.

I will write one letter more, to inform you how I stand with this man. But, my dear, you must permit that one, and your answer to it (for I want your advice upon the contents of mine) and the copy of one I have written to my aunt, to be the last that shall pass between us, while the prohibition continues.

I fear, I very much fear, that my unhappy situation will draw me in to being guilty of evasion, of little affectations, and of curvings from the plain simple truth which I was wont to delight in, and prefer to every other consideration. But allow me to say, and this for your sake, and in order to lessen your mother’s fears of any ill consequences that she might apprehend from our correspondence, that if I am

at any time guilty of a failure in these respects, I will not go on in it, but endeavour to recover my lost ground, that I may not bring error into habit.

I have deferred going to town, at Mrs. Sorlings's earnest request. But have fixed my removal to Monday, as I shall acquaint you in my next.

I have already made a progress in that next; but, having an unexpected opportunity, will send this by itself.

LETTER XLIV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 21.

My mother will not comply with your condition, my dear. I hinted it to her, as from myself. But the Harlowes (excuse me) have got her entirely in with them. It is a scheme of mine, she told me, formed to draw her into your party against your parents. Which, for your own sake, she is very careful about.

Don't be so much concerned about my mother and me, once more, I beg of you. We shall do well enough together — now a falling out, now a falling in.

It used to be so, when you were not in the question.

Yet do I give you my sincere thanks for every line of your reprehensive letters; which I intend to read as often as I find my temper rises.

I will freely own, however, that I winced a little at first reading them. But I see that, on every re-perusal, I shall love and honour you still more, if possible, than before.

Yet, I think I have one advantage over you; and which I will hold through this letter, and through all my future letters; that is, that I will treat you as freely as you treat me; and yet will never think an apology necessary to you for my freedom.

But that you so think with respect to me is the effect of your gentleness of temper, with a little sketch of implied reflection on the warmth of mine. Gentleness in a woman you hold to be no fault: nor do I a little due or provoked warmth — But what is this, but praising on both sides what what neither of us can help, nor perhaps wish to help? You can no more go out of your road, than I can go out of mine. It would be a pain to either to do so: What then is it in either's approving of her own natural bias, but making a virtue of necessity?

But one observation I will add, that were your character, and my character, to be truly drawn, mine would be allowed to be the most natural. Shades and lights are equally necessary in a fine picture. Yours would be surrounded with such a flood of brightness, with such a glory, that it would indeed dazzle; but leave one heartless to imitate it.

O may you not suffer from a base world for your gentleness; while my temper, by its warmth, keeping all imposition at a distance, though less amiable in general, affords me not reason, as I have mentioned heretofore, to wish to make an exchange with you!

I should indeed be inexcusable to open my lips by way of contradiction to my mother, had I such a fine spirit as yours to deal with. Truth is truth, my dear! Why should narrowness run away with the praises due to a noble expansion of heart? If every body would speak out, as I do, (that is to say, give praise where only praise is due; dispraise where due likewise,) shame, if not principle, would mend the world — nay, shame would introduce principle in a generation or two. Very true, my dear. Do you apply. I dare not. — For I fear you, almost as much as I love you.

I will give you an instance, nevertheless, which will a-new demonstrate, that none but very generous and noble-minded people ought to be implicitly obeyed. You know what I said above, that truth is truth.

Inconveniencies will sometimes arise from having to do with persons of modest and scrupulousness. Mr. Hickman, you say, is a modest man. He put your corrective packet into my hand with a very fine bow, and a self-satisfied air [we'll consider what you say of this honest man by-and-by, my dear]: his strut was no gone off, when in came my mother, as I was reading it.

When some folks find their anger has made them considerable, they will be always angry, or seeking occasions for anger.

Why, now, Mr. Hickman — why, now, Nancy, [as I was huddling in the packet between my gown and my stays, at her entrance.] You have a letter brought you this instant. — While the modest man, with his pausing brayings, Mad-da — Mad-dam, looked as if he knew not whether to fight it out, or to stand his ground, and see fair play.

It would have been poor to tell a lie for it. She flung away. I went out at the opposite door, to read the contents; leaving Mr. Hickman to exercise his white teeth upon his thumb-nails.

When I had read your letters, I went to find out my mother. I told her the generous contents, and that you desired that the prohibition might be adhered to. I proposed your condition, as for myself; and was rejected, as above.

She supposed, she was finely painted between two 'young creatures, who had more wit than prudence:' and instead of being prevailed upon by the generosity of your sentiments, made use of your opinion only to confirm her own, and renewed her prohibitions, charging me to return no other answer, but that she did renew them: adding, that they should stand, till your relations were reconciled to you; hinting as if she had engaged for as much: and expected my compliance.

I thought of your reprehensions, and was meek, though not pleased. And let me tell you, my dear, that as long as I can satisfy my own mind, that good is intended, and that it is hardly possible that evil should ensue from our correspondence — as long as I know that this prohibition proceeds originally from the same spiteful

minds which have been the occasion of all these mischiefs — as long as I know that it is not your fault if your relations are not reconciled to you, and that upon conditions which no reasonable people would refuse — you must give me leave, with all deference to your judgment, and to your excellent lessons, (which would reach almost every case of this kind but the present,) to insist upon your writing to me, and that minutely, as if this prohibition had not been laid.

It is not from humour, from perverseness, that I insist upon this. I cannot express how much my heart is in your concerns. And you must, in short, allow me to think, that if I can do you service by writing, I shall be better justified in continuing to write, than my mother is in her prohibition.

But yet, to satisfy you all I can, I will as seldom return answers, while the interdict lasts, as may be consistent with my notions of friendship, and with the service I owe you, and can do you.

As to your expedient of writing by Hickman [and now, my dear, your modest man comes in: and as you love modesty in that sex, I will do my endeavour, by holding him at a proper distance, to keep him in your favour] I know what you mean by it, my sweet friend. It is to make that man significant with me. As to the correspondence, THAT shall go on, I do assure you, be as scrupulous as you please — so that that will not suffer if I do not close with your proposal as to him.

I must tell you, that I think it will be honour enough for him to have his name made use of so frequently betwixt us. This, of itself, is placing a confidence in him, that will make him walk bolt upright, and display his white hand, and his fine diamond ring; and most mightily lay down his services, and his pride to oblige, and his diligence, and his fidelity, and his contrivances to keep our secret, and his excuses, and his evasions to my mother, when challenged by her; with fifty ana's beside: and will it not moreover give him pretence and excuse oftener than ever to pad-nag it hither to good Mrs. Howe's fair daughter?

But to admit him into my company tete-a-tete, and into my closet, as often as I would wish to write to you, I only dictate to his pen — my mother all the time supposing that I was going to be heartily in love with him — to make him master of my sentiments, and of my heart, as I may say, when I write to you — indeed, my dear, I won't. Nor, were I married to the best HE in England, would I honour him with the communication of my correspondences.

No, my dear, it is sufficient, surely, for him to parade in the character of our letter-conveyor, and to be honoured in a cover, and never fear but, modest as you think him, he will make enough of that.

You are always blaming me for want of generosity to this man, and for abuse of power. But I profess, my dear, I cannot tell how to help it. Do, dear, now, let me spread my plumes a little, and now-and-then make myself feared. This is my

time, you know, since it would be no more to my credit than to his, to give myself those airs when I am married. He has a joy when I am pleased with him that he would not know, but for the pain my displeasure gives him.

Men, no more than women, know how to make a moderate use of power. Is not that seen every day, from the prince to the peasant? If I do not make Hickman quake now-and-then, he will endeavour to make me fear. All the animals in the creation are more or less in a state of hostility with each other. The wolf, that runs away from a lion, will devour a lamb the next moment. I remember, that I was once so enraged at a game chicken that was continually pecking at another (a poor humble one, as I thought him) that I had the offender caught, and without more ado, in a pet of humanity, wrung his neck off. What followed this execution? Why that other grew insolent, as soon as his insulter was gone, and was continually pecking at one or two under him. Peck and be hanged, said I, — I might as well have preserved the first, for I see it is the nature of the beast.

Excuse my flippancies. I wish I were with you. I would make you smile in the midst of your gravest airs, as I used to do. O that you had accepted of my offer to attend you! but nothing that I offer will you accept —— Take care! — You will make me very angry with you: and when I am, you know I value nobody: for, dearly as I love you, I must be, and cannot always help it,

Your saucy ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, APRIL 22.

Mr. Lovelace communicated to me this morning early, from his intelligencer, the news of my brother's scheme. I like him the better for making very light of it, and for his treating it with contempt. And indeed, had I not had the hint of it from you, I should have suspected it to be some contrivance of his, in order to hasten me to town, where he has long wished to be himself.

He read me the passage in that Leman's letter, which is pretty much to the effect of what you wrote to me from Miss Lloyd; with this addition, that one Singleton, a master of a Scots vessel, is the man who is to be the principal in this act of violence.

I have seen him. He had been twice entertained at Harlowe-place, as my brother's friend. He has the air of a very bold and fearless man, and I fancy it must be his project; as my brother, I suppose, talks to every body of the rash step I have taken, for he did not spare me before he had this seeming reason to censure me.

This Singleton lives at Leith; so, perhaps, I am to be carried to my brother's house not far from that port.

Putting these passages together, I am not a little apprehensive that the design, lightly as Mr. Lovelace, from his fearless temper, treats it, may be attempted to be carried into execution; and of the consequences that may attend it, if it be.

I asked Mr. Lovelace, seeing him so frank and cool, what he would advise me to do.

Shall I ask you, Madam, what are your own thoughts? — Why I return the question, said he, is, because you have been so very earnest that I should leave you as soon as you are in London, that I know not what to propose without offending you.

My opinion is, said I, that I should studiously conceal myself from the knowledge of every body but Miss Howe; and that you should leave me out of hand; since they will certainly conclude, that where one is, the other is not far off: and it is easier to trace you than me.

You would not surely wish, said he, to fall into your brother's hands by such a violent measure as this? I propose not to throw myself officiously in their way; but should they have reason to think I avoided them, would not that whet their diligence to find you, and their courage to attempt to carry you off, and subject me to insults that no man of spirit can bear?

Lord bless me! said I, to what had this one fatal step that I have been betrayed into ——

Dearest Madam, let me beseech you to forbear this harsh language, when you see, by this new scheme, how determined they were upon carrying their old ones, had you not been betrayed, as you call it. Have I offered to defy the laws of society, as this brother of yours must do, if any thing be intended by this project? I hope you will be pleased to observe that there are as violent and as wicked enterprisers as myself. But this is so very wild a project, that I think there can be no room for apprehensions from it. I know your brother well. When at college, he had always a romantic turn: but never had a head for any thing but to puzzle and confound himself. A half-invention, and a whole conceit; but not master of talents to do himself good, or others harm, but as those others gave him the power by their own folly.

This is very volubly run off, Sir! — But violent spirits are but too much alike; at least in their methods of resenting. You will not presume to make yourself a less innocent man, surely, who had determined to brave my whole family in person, if my folly had not saved you the rashness, and them the insult —

Dear Madam! — Still must it be folly, rashness! — It is as impossible for you to think tolerably of any body out of your own family, as it is for any one in your family to deserve your love! Forgive me, dearest creature! If I did not love you as never man loved a woman, I might appear more indifferent to preferences so undeservedly made. But let me ask you, Madam, What have you borne from me? What cause have I given you to treat me with so much severity and so little confidence? And what have you not borne from them? Malice and ill-will, sitting in judgment upon my character, may not give sentence in my favour: But what of your own knowledge have you against me?

Spirited questions, were they not, my dear? — And they were asked with as spirited an air. I was startled. But I was resolved not to desert myself.

Is this a time, Mr. Lovelace, is this a proper occasion taken, to give yourself these high airs to me, a young creature destitute of protection? It is a surprising question you ask me — Had I aught against you of my own knowledge — I can tell you, Sir — And away I would have flung.

He snatched my hand, and besought me not to leave him in displeasure. He pleaded his passion for me, and my severity to him, and partiality for those from whom I had suffered so much; and whose intended violence, he said, was now the subject of our deliberation.

I was forced to hear him.

You condescended, dearest creature, said he, to ask my advice. It was very easy, give me leave to say, to advise you what to do. I hope I may, on this new

occasion, speak without offence, notwithstanding your former injunctions — You see that there can be no hope of reconciliation with your relations. Can you, Madam, consent to honour with your hand a wretch whom you have never yet obliged with one voluntary favour!

What a recriminating, what a reproachful way, my dear, was this, of putting a question of this nature!

I expected not from him, at the time, and just as I was very angry with him, either the question or the manner. I am ashamed to recollect the confusion I was thrown into; all your advice in my head at the moment: yet his words so prohibitory. He confidently seemed to enjoy my confusion [indeed, my dear, he knows not what respectful love is!] and gazed upon me, as if he would have looked me through.

He was still more declarative afterwards, as I shall mention by-and-by: but it was half extorted from him.

My heart struggled violently between resentment and shame, to be thus teased by one who seemed to have all his passions at command, at a time when I had very little over mine! till at last I burst into tears, and was going from him in high disgust: when, throwing his arms about me, with an air, however, the most tenderly respectful, he gave a stupid turn to the subject.

It was far from his heart, he said, to take so much advantage of the streight, which the discovery of my brother's foolish project had brought me into, as to renew, without my permission, a proposal which I had hitherto discountenanced, and which for that reason —

And then he came with his half-sentences, apologizing for what he had not so much as half-proposed.

Surely he had not the insolence to intend to tease me, to see if I could be brought to speak what became me not to speak. But whether he had or not, it did tease me; insomuch that my very heart was fretted, and I broke out, at last, into fresh tears, and a declaration that I was very unhappy. And just then recollecting how like a tame fool I stood with his arms about me, I flung from him with indignation. But he seized my hand, as I was going out of the room, and upon his knees besought my stay for one moment: and then, in words the most clear and explicit, tendered himself to my acceptance, as the most effectual means to disappoint my brother's scheme, and set all right.

But what could I say to this? — Extorted from him, as it seemed to me, rather as the effect of his compassion than his love? What could I say? I paused, I looked silly — I am sure I looked very silly. He suffered me to pause, and look silly; waiting for me to say something: and at last (ashamed of my confusion, and aiming to make an excuse for it) I told him that I desired he would avoid such

measures as might add to the uneasiness which it must be visible to him I had, when he reflected upon the irreconcilableness of my friends, and upon what might follow from this unaccountable project of my brother.

He promised to be governed by me in every thing. And again the wretch, instead of pressing his former question, asked me, If I forgave him for the humble suit he had made to me? What had I to do but to try for a palliation of my confusion, since it served me not?

I told him I had hopes it would not be long before Mr. Morden arrived; and doubted not that that gentleman would be the readier to engage in my favour, when he found that I made no other use of his (Mr. Lovelace's) assistance, than to free myself from the addresses of a man so disagreeable to me as Mr. Solmes: I must therefore wish that every thing might remain as it was till I could hear from my cousin.

This, although teased by him as I was, was not, you see, my dear, a denial. But he must throw himself into a heat, rather than try to persuade; which any other man in his situation, I should think, would have done; and this warmth obliged me to adhere to my seeming negative.

This was what he said, with a vehemence that must harden any woman's mind, who had a spirit above being frighted into passiveness —

Good God! and will you, Madam, still resolve to show me that I am to hope for no share in your favour, while any the remotest prospect remains that you will be received by my bitterest enemies, at the price of my utter rejection?

This was what I returned, with warmth, and with a salving art too — You should have seen, Mr. Lovelace, how much my brother's violence can affect me: but you will be mistaken if you let loose yours upon me, with a thought of terrifying me into measures the contrary of which you have acquiesced with.

He only besought me to suffer his future actions to speak for him; and if I saw him worthy of any favour, that I would not let him be the only person within my knowledge who was not entitled to my consideration.

You refer to a future time, Mr. Lovelace, so do I, for the future proof of a merit you seem to think for the past time wanting: and justly you think so. And I was again going from him.

One word more he begged me to hear — He was determined studiously to avoid all mischief, and every step that might lead to mischief, let my brother's proceedings, short of a violence upon my person, be what they would: but if any attempt that should extend to that were to be made, would I have had him to be a quiet spectator of my being seized, or carried back, or on board, by this Singleton; or, in case of extremity, was he not permitted to stand up in my defence?

Stand up in my defence, Mr. Lovelace! — I should be very miserable were there to be a call for that. But do you think I might not be safe and private in London? By your friend's description of the widow's house, I should think I might be safe there.

The widow's house, he replied, as described by his friend, being a back house within a front one, and looking to a garden, rather than to a street, had the appearance of privacy: but if, when there, it was not approved, it would be easy to find another more to my liking — though, as to his part, the method he would advise should be, to write to my uncle Harlowe, as one of my trustees, and wait the issue of it here at Mrs. Sorlings's, fearlessly directing it to be answered hither. To be afraid of little spirits was but to encourage insults, he said. The substance of the letter should be, 'To demand as a right, what they would refuse if requested as a courtesy: to acknowledge that I had put myself [too well, he said, did their treatment justify me] into the protection of the ladies of his family [by whose orders, and Lord M.'s, he himself would appear to act]: but that upon my own terms, which were such, that I was under no obligation to those ladies for the favour; it being no more than they would have granted to any one of my sex, equally distressed.' If I approved not of his method, happy should he think himself, he said, if I would honour him with the opportunity of making such a claim in his own name — but this was a point [with his but's again in the same breath!] that he durst but just touch upon. He hoped, however, that I would think their violence a sufficient inducement for me to take such a wished-for resolution.

Inwardly vexed, I told him that he himself had proposed to leave me when I was in town; that I expected he would: and that, when I was known to be absolutely independent, I should consider what to write, and what to do: but that while he was with me, I neither would nor could.

He would be very sincere with me, he said: this project of my brother's had changed the face of things. He must, before he left me, see whether I should or should not approve of the London widow and her family, if I chose to go thither. They might be people whom my brother might buy. But if he saw they were persons of integrity, he then might go for a day or two, or so. But he must needs say, he could not leave me longer at a time.

Do you propose, Sir, said I, to take up your lodgings in the house where I shall lodge?

He did not, he said, as he knew the use I intended to make of his absence, and my punctilio — and yet the house where he had lodgings was new-fronting, and not in condition to receive him: but he could go to his friend Belford's, in Soho; or perhaps he might reach to the same gentleman's house at Edgware, over night,

and return on the mornings, till he had reason to think this wild project of my brother's laid aside. But to no greater distance till then should he care to venture.

The result of all was, to set out on Monday next for town. I hope it will be in a happy hour.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

[As it was not probable that the Lady could give so particular an account of her own confusion, in the affecting scene she mentions on Mr. Lovelace's offering himself to her acceptance, the following extracts are made from his letter of the above date.]

And now, Belford, what wilt thou say, if, like the fly buzzing about the bright taper, I had like to have singed the silken wings of my liberty? Never was man in greater danger of being caught in his own snares: all my views anticipated; all my schemes untried; the admirable creature no brought to town; nor one effort made to know if she be really angel or woman.

I offered myself to her acceptance, with a suddenness, 'tis true, that gave her no time to wrap herself in reserves; and in terms less tender than fervent, tending to upbraid her for her past indifference, and to remind her of her injunctions: for it was the fear of her brother, not her love of me, that had inclined her to dispense with those injunctions.

I never beheld so sweet a confusion. What a glory to the pencil, could it do justice to it, and to the mingled impatience which visibly informed every feature of the most meaning and most beautiful face in the world! She hemmed twice or thrice: her look, now so charmingly silly, then so sweetly significant; till at last the lovely teaser, teased by my hesitating expectation of her answer, out of all power of articulate speech, burst into tears, and was turning from me with precipitation, when, presuming to fold her in my happy arms — O think not, best beloved of my heart, said I, think not, that this motion, which you may believe to be so contrary to your former injunctions, proceeds from a design to avail myself of the cruelty of your relations: if I have disobliged you by it, (and you know with what respectful tenderness I have presumed to hint it,) it shall be my utmost care for the future — There I stopped ——

Then she spoke, but with vexation — I am — I am — very unhappy — Tears trickling down her crimson cheeks, and her sweet face, as my arms still encircled the finest waist in the world, sinking upon my shoulder; the dear creature so absent, that she knew not the honour she permitted me.

But why, but why unhappy, my dearest life? said I: — all the gratitude that ever overflowed the heart of the most obliged of men —

Justice to myself there stopped my mouth: for what gratitude did I owe her for obligations so involuntary?

Then recovering herself, and her usual reserves, and struggling to free herself from my clasping arms, How now, Sir! said she, with a cheek more indignantly glowing, and eyes of fiercer lustre.

I gave way to her angry struggle; but, absolutely overcome by so charming a display of innocent confusion, I caught hold of her hand as she was flying from me, and kneeling at her fee, O my angel, said I, (quite destitute of reserve, and hardly knowing the tenor of my own speech; and had a parson been there, I had certainly been a gone man,) receive the vows of your faithful Lovelace. Make him yours, and only yours, for ever. This will answer every end. Who will dare to form plots and stratagems against my wife? That you are not so is the ground of all their foolish attempts, and of their insolent hopes in Solmes's favour. — O be mine! — I beseech you (thus on my knee I beseech you) to be mine. We shall then have all the world with us. And every body will applaud an event that every body expects.

Was the devil in me! I no more intended all this ecstatic nonsense, than I thought the same moment of flying in the air! All power is with this charming creature. It is I, not she, at this rate, that must fail in the arduous trial.

Didst thou ever before hear of a man uttering solemn things by an involuntary impulse, in defiance of premeditation, and of all his proud schemes? But this sweet creature is able to make a man forego every purpose of his heart that is not favourable to her. And I verily think I should be inclined to spare her all further trial (and yet what trial has she had?) were it not for the contention that her vigilance has set on foot, which shall overcome the other. Thou knowest my generosity to my uncontending Rosebud — and sometimes do I qualify my ardent aspirations after even this very fine creature, by this reflection: — That the most charming woman on earth, were she an empress, can excel the meanest in the customary visibles only. Such is the equality of the dispensation, to the prince and the peasant, in this prime gift WOMAN.

Well, but what was the result of this involuntary impulse on my part? — Wouldst thou not think; I was taken at my offer? — An offer so solemnly made, and on one knee too?

No such thing! The pretty trifler let me off as easily as I could have wished.

Her brother's project; and to find that there were no hopes of a reconciliation for her; and the apprehension she had of the mischiefs that might ensue; these, not my offer, nor love of me, were the causes to which she ascribed all her sweet confusion — an ascription that is high treason against my sovereign pride, — to make marriage with me but a second-place refuge; and as good as to tell me that her confusion was owing to her concern that there were no hopes that my enemies

would accept of her intended offer to renounce a man who had ventured his life for her, and was still ready to run the same risque in her behalf!

I re-urged her to make me happy, but I was to be postponed to her cousin Morden's arrival. On him are now placed all her hopes.

I raved; but to no purpose.

Another letter was to be sent, or had been sent, to her aunt Hervey, to which she hoped an answer.

Yet sometimes I think that fainter and fainter would have been her procrastinations, had I been a man of courage — but so fearful was I of offending!

A confounded thing! The man to be so bashful; the woman to want so much courting! — How shall two such come together — no kind mediatress in the way?

But I must be contented. 'Tis seldom, however, that a love so ardent as mine, meets with a spirit so resigned in the same person. But true love, I am now convinced, only wishes: nor has it any active will but that of the adored object.

But, O the charming creature, again of herself to mention London! Had Singleton's plot been of my own contriving, a more happy expedient could not have been thought of to induce her to resume her purpose of going thither; nor can I divine what could be her reason for postponing it.

I enclose the letter from Joseph Leman, which I mentioned to thee in mine of Monday last,* with my answer to it. I cannot resist the vanity that urges me to the communication. Otherwise, it were better, perhaps, that I suffer thee to imagine that this lady's stars fight against her, and dispense the opportunities in my favour, which are only the consequences of my own invention.

LETTER XLVII

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. HIS HONNER SAT. APRIL 15.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONNER,

This is to let you Honner kno', as how I have been emploied in a bisness I would have been excused from, if so be I could, for it is to gitt evidense from a young man, who has of late com'd out to be my cuzzen by my grandmother's side; and but lately come to live in these partes, about a very vile thing, as younge master calls it, relating to your Honner. God forbid I should call it so without your leafe. It is not for so plane a man as I be, to tacks my betters. It is consarning one Miss Batirton, of Notingam; a very pretty crature, belike.

Your Honner got her away, it seems, by a false letter to her, macking believe as how her she-cuzzen, that she derely loved, was coming to see her; and was tacken ill upon the rode: and so Miss Batirton set out in a shase, and one sarvant, to fet her cuzzen from the inne where she laid sick, as she thote: and the sarvant was tricked, and braute back the shase; but Miss Batirton was not harde of for a month, or so. And when it came to passe, that her frends founde her out and would have prossekutid your Honner, your Honner was gone abroad: and so she was broute to bed, as one may say, before your Honner's return: and she got colde in her lyin-inn, and lanquitched, and soon died: and the child is living; but your Honner never troubles your Honner's hedd about it in the least. And this, and some other matters, of verry bad reporte, 'Squier Solmes was to tell my young lady of, if so be she would have harde him speke, before we lost her sweet company, as I may say, from heere.*

* See Vol.II. Letters XV. and XVI.

Your Honner helped me to many ugly stories to tell against you Honner to my younge master, and younge mistriss; but did not tell me about this.

I most humbelly beseche your Honner to be good and kinde and fethful to my deerest younge lady, now you have her; or I shall brake my harte for having done some dedes that have helped to bringe things to this passe. Pray youre dere, good Honner, be just! Prayey do! — As God shall love ye! prayey do! — I cannot write no more for this pressent, for verry fear and grief —

But now I am cumm'd to my writing agen, will your Honner be pleased to tell me, if as how there be any danger to your Honner's life from this bisness; for my cuzzen is actile hier'd to go down to Miss Batirton's frendes to see if they will stir in it: for you must kno' your Honner, as how he lived in the Batirton family at the time, and could be a good evidense, and all that.

I hope it was not so verry bad as Titus says it was; for he ses as how there was a rape in the case betwixt you at furste, and plese your Honner; and my cuzzen Titus is a very honist younge man as ever brocke bred. This is his carackter; and this made me willinger to owne him for my relation, when we came to talck.

If there should be danger of your Honner's life, I hope your Honner will not be hanged like as one of us common men; only have your hedd cut off, or so: and yet it is pit such a hedd should be lossed: but if as how it should be prossekutid to that furr, which God forbid, be plesed natheless to thinck of youre fethful Joseph Leman, before your hedd be condemned; for after condemnation, as I have been told, all will be the king's or the shreeve's.

I thote as how it was best to acquent you Honner of this; and for you to let me kno' if I could do any think to sarve your Honner, and prevent mischief with my cuzzen Titus, on his coming back from Nottingam, before he mackes his reporte.

I have gin him a hint already: for what, as I sed to him, cuzzen Titus, signifies stirring up the coles and macking of strife, to make rich gentilfolkes live at varience, and to be cutting of throtes, and such-like?

Very trewe, sed little Titus. And this, and plese your Honner, gis me hopes of him, if so be your Honner gis me direction; sen', as God kno'es, I have a poor, a verry poor invenshon; only a willing mind to prevent mischief, that is the chief of my aim, and always was, I bless my God! — Els I could have made much mischief in my time; as indeed any sarvant may. Your Honner nathaless praises my invenshon every now-and-then: Alas! and plese your Honner, what invenshon should such a plane man as I have? — But when your Honner sets me agoing by your fine invenshon, I can do well enuff. And I am sure I have a hearty good will to deserve your Honner's faver, if I mought.

Two days, as I may say, off and on, have I been writing this long letter. And yet I have not sed all I would say. For, be it knone unto your Honner, as how I do not like that Captain Singleton, which I told you of in my last two letters. He is always laying his hedd and my young master's hedd together; and I suspect much if so be some mischief is not going on between them: and still the more, as because my eldest younge lady seemes to be joined to them sometimes.

Last week my younge master sed before my fase, My harte's blood boils over, Capten Singleton, for revenge upon this — and he called your Honner by a name it is not for such a won as me to say what. — Capten Singleton whispred my younge master, being I was by. So young master sed, You may say any thing before Joseph; for, althoff he looks so seelie, he has as good a harte, and as good a hedd, as any sarvante in the world need to have. My conscience touched me just then. But why shoulde it? when all I do is to prevent mischeff; and seeing your

Honner has so much patience, which younge master has not; so am not affeard of telling your Honner any thing whatsomever.

And furthermore, I have such a desire to desarve your Honner's bounty to me, as mackes me let nothing pass I can tell you of, to prevent harm: and too, besides, your Honner's goodness about the Blew Bore; which I have so good an accounte of! — I am sure I shall be bounden to bless your Honner the longest day I have to live.

And then the Blew Bore is not all neither: sen', and please your Honner, the pretty Sowe (God forgive me for gesting in so serus a matter) runs in my hedd likewise. I believe I shall love her mayhap more than your Honner would have me; for she begins to be kind and good-humered, and listens, and plese your Honour, licke as if she was among beans, when I talke about the Blew Bore, and all that.

Prayey, your Honner, forgive the gesting of a poor plane man. We common fokes have our joys, and plese your Honner, lick as our betters have; and if we be sometimes snubbed, we can find our underlings to snub them agen; and if not, we can get a wife mayhap, and snub her: so are masters some how or other oursells.

But how I try your Honner's patience! — Sarvants will shew their joyful hartes, tho' off but in partinens, when encourag'd.

Be plesed from the prems's to let me kno' if as how I can be put upon any sarvice to sarve your Honner, and to sarve my deerest younge lady; which God grant! for I begin to be affearde for her, hearing what peple talck — to be sure your Honner will not do her no harme, as a man may say. But I kno' your Honner must be good to so wonderous a younge lady. How can you help it? — But here my conscience smites me, that, but for some of my stories, which your Honner taute me, my old master, and my old lady, and the two old 'squires, would not have been able to be half so hardhearted as they be, for all my younge master and younge mistress sayes.

And here is the sad thing; they cannot come to clere up matters with my deerest young lady, because, as your Honner has ordered it, they have these stories as if bribed by me out of your Honner's sarvant; which must not be known for fere you should kill'n and me too, and blacken the briber! — Ah! your Honner! I doubte as tha I am a very vild fellow, (Lord bless my soil, I pray God!) and did not intend it.

But if my deerest younge lady should come to harm, and plese your Honner, the horsepond at the Blew Bore — but Lord preserve us all from all bad mischeff, and all bad endes, I pray the Lord! — For tho'ff you Honner is kinde to me in worldly pelf, yet what shall a man get to loos his soul, as holy Skrittuer says, and plese your Honner?

But natheless I am in hope of reppentence hereafter, being but a younge man, if I do wrong thro' ignorens: your Honner being a grate man, and a grave wit; and I a poor crature, not worthy notice; and your Honner able to answer for all. But, howsomever, I am

Your Honner's fetheful sarvant in all dewtie, JOSEPH LEMAN.

APRIL 15 AND 16.

LETTER XLVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOSEPH LEMAN MONDAY, APRIL 17.

HONEST JOSEPH,

You have a worse opinion of your invention than you ought to have. I must praise it again. Of a plain man's head, I have not known many better than yours. How often have your forecast and discretion answered my wishes in cases which I could not foresee, not knowing how my general directions would succeed, or what might happen in the execution of them! You are too doubtful of your own abilities, honest Joseph; that's your fault. — But it being a fault that is owing to natural modesty, you ought rather to be pitied for it than blamed.

The affair of Miss Betterton was a youthful frolic. I love dearly to exercise my invention. I do assure you, Joseph, that I have ever had more pleasure in my contrivances, than in the end of them. I am no sensual man: but a man of spirit — one woman is like another — you understand me, Joseph. — In coursing, all the sport is made by the winding hare — a barn-door chick is better eating — now you take me, Joseph.

Miss Betterton was but a tradesman's daughter. The family, indeed, was grown rich, and aimed at a new line of gentry; and were unreasonable enough to expect a man of my family would marry her. I was honest. I gave the young lady no hope of that; for she put it to me. She resented — kept up, and was kept up. A little innocent contrivance was necessary to get her out. But no rape in the case, I assure you, Joseph. She loved me — I loved her. Indeed, when I got her to the inn, I asked her no question. It is cruel to ask a modest woman for her consent. It is creating difficulties to both. Had not her friends been officious, I had been constant and faithful to her to this day, as far as I know — for then I had not known my angel.

I went not abroad upon her account. She loved me too well to have appeared against me; she refused to sign a paper they had drawn up for her, to found a prosecution upon; and the brutal creatures would not permit the mid-wife's assistance, till her life was in danger; and, I believe, to this her death was owing.

I went into mourning for her, though abroad at the time. A distinction I have ever paid to those worthy creatures who dies in childbed by me.

I was ever nice in my loves. — These were the rules I laid down to myself on my entrance into active life: — To set the mother above want, if her friends were cruel, and if I could not get her a husband worthy of her: to shun common women — a piece of justice I owed to innocent ladies, as well as to myself: to marry off a

former mistress, if possible, before I took to a new one: to maintain a lady handsomely in her lying-in: to provide for the little-one, if it lived, according to the degree of its mother: to go into mourning for the mother, if she died. And the promise of this was a great comfort to the pretty dears, as they grew near their times.

All my errors, all my expenses, have been with and upon women. So I could acquit my conscience (acting thus honourably by them) as well as my discretion as to point of fortune.

All men love women — and find me a man of more honour, in these points, if you can, Joseph.

No wonder the sex love me as they do!

But now I am strictly virtuous. I am reformed. So I have been for a long time, resolving to marry as soon as I can prevail upon the most admirable of women to have me. I think of nobody else — it is impossible I should. I have spared very pretty girls for her sake. Very true, Joseph! So set your honest heart at rest — You see the pains I take to satisfy your qualms.

But, as to Miss Betterton — no rape in the case, I repeat: rapes are unnatural things, and more are than are imagined, Joseph. I should be loth to be put to such a streight; I never was. Miss Betterton was taken from me against her own will. In that case her friends, not I, committed the rape.

I have contrived to see the boy twice, unknown to the aunt who takes care of him; loves him; and would not now part with him on any consideration. The boy is a fine boy I thank God. No father need be ashamed of him. He will be well provided for. If not, I would take care of him. He will have his mother's fortune. They curse the father, ungrateful wretches! but bless the boy — Upon the whole, there is nothing vile in this matter on my side — a great deal on the Bettertons.

Wherefore, Joseph, be not thou in pain, either for my head, or for thy own neck; nor for the Blue Boar; nor for the pretty Sow.

I love your jesting. Jesting better becomes a poor man than qualms. I love to have you jest. All we say, all we do, all we wish for, is a jest. He that makes life itself not so is a sad fellow, and has the worst of it.

I doubt not, Joseph, but you have had your joys, as you say, as well as your betters. May you have more and more, honest Joseph! — He that grudges a poor man joy, ought to have none himself. Jest on, therefore. — Jesting, I repeat, better becomes thee than qualms.

I had no need to tell you of Miss Betterton. Did I not furnish you with stories enough, without hers, against myself, to augment your credit with your cunning masters? Besides, I was loth to mention Miss Betterton, her friends being all

living, and in credit. I loved her too — for she was taken from me by her cruel friends, while our joys were young.

But enough of dear Miss Betterton. — Dear, I say; for death endears. — Rest to her worthy soul! — There, Joseph, off went a deep sigh to the memory of Miss Betterton!

As to the journey of little Titus, (I now recollect the fellow by his name) let that take its course: a lady dying in childbed eighteen months ago; no process begun in her life-time; refusing herself to give evidence against me while she lived — pretty circumstances to found an indictment for a rape upon!

As to your young lady, the ever-admirable Miss Clarissa Harlowe, I always courted her for a wife. Others rather expected marriage from the vanity of their own hearts, than from my promises; for I was always careful of what I promised. You know, Joseph, that I have gone beyond my promises to you. I do to every body; and why? because it is the best way of showing that I have no grudging or narrow spirit. A promise is an obligation. A just man will keep his promise, a generous man will go beyond it. — This is my rule.

If you doubt my honour to your young lady, it is more than she does. She would not stay with me an hour if she did. Mine is the steadiest heart in the world. Hast thou not reason to think it so? Why this squeamishness then, honest Joseph?

But it is because thou art honest — so I forgive thee. Whoever loves my divine Clarissa, loves me.

Let James Harlowe call me what names he will, for his sister’s sake I will bear them. Do not be concerned for me; her favour will make me rich amends; his own vilely malicious heart will make his blood boil over at any time; and when it does, thinkest thou that I will let it touch thine? Ah! Joseph, Joseph! what a foolish teaser is thy conscience! Such a conscience as gives a plain man trouble, when he intends to do for the best, is weakness, not conscience.

But say what thou wilt, write all thou knowest or hearest of to me, I’ll have patience with every body. Why should I not, when it is as much the desire of my heart, as it is of thine, to prevent mischief?

So now, Joseph, having taken all this pains to satisfy thy conscience, and answer all thy doubts, and to banish all thy fears, let me come to a new point.

Your endeavours and mine, which were designed, by round-about ways, to reconcile all, even against the wills of the most obstinate, have not, we see answered the end we hoped they would answer; but, on the contrary, have widened the differences between our families. But this has not been either your fault or mine: it is owing to the black, pitch-like blood of your venomous-hearted young master, boiling over, as he owns, that our honest wishes have hitherto been frustrated.

Yet we must proceed in the same course. We shall tire them out in time, and they will propose terms; and when they do, they shall find out how reasonable mine shall be, little as they deserve from me.

Persevere, therefore, Joseph, honest Joseph, persevere; and unlikely as you may imagine the means, our desires will at last be obtained.

We have nothing for it now, but to go through with our work in the way we have begun. For since (as I told you in my last) my beloved mistrusts you, she will blow you up, if she be not mine; if she be, I can, and will, protect you; and as, if there will be any fault, in her opinion, it will be rather mine than yours, she must forgive you, and keep her husband's secrets, for the sake of his reputation; else she will be guilty of a great failure in her duty. So now you have set your hand to the plough, Joseph, there is no looking back.

And what is the consequence of all this: one labour more, and that will be all that will fall to your lot; at least, of consequence.

My beloved is resolved not to think of marriage till she has tried to move her friends to a reconciliation with her. You know they are determined not to be reconciled. She has it in her head, I doubt not, to make me submit to the people I hate; and if I did, they would rather insult me, than receive my condescension as they ought. She even owns, that she will renounce me, if they insist upon it, provided they will give up Solmes: so, to all appearance, I am still as far as ever from the happiness of calling her mine; Indeed I am more likely than ever to lose her, (if I cannot contrive some way to avail myself of the present critical situation;) and then, Joseph, all I have been studying, and all you have been doing, will signify nothing.

At the place where we are, we cannot long be private. The lodgings are inconvenient for us, while both together, and while she refuses to marry. She wants to get me at a distance from her; there are extraordinary convenient lodgings, in my eye, in London, where we could be private, and all mischief avoided. When there, (if I get her thither,) she will insist that I leave her. Miss Howe is for ever putting her upon contrivances. That, you know, is the reason I have been obliged, by your means, to play the family off at Harlowe-place upon Mrs. Howe, and Mrs. Howe upon her daughter — Ah, Joseph! Little need for your fears for my angel! I only am in danger: but were I the free-liver I am reported to be, all this could I get over with a wet finger, as the saying is.

But, by the help of one of your hints, I have thought of an expedient which will do ever thing, and raise your reputation, though already so high, higher still. This Singleton, I hear, is a fellow who loves enterprising: the view he has to get James Harlowe to be his principal owner in a large vessel which he wants to be put into the command of, may be the subject of their present close conversation. But since

he is taught to have so good an opinion of you, Joseph, cannot you (still pretending an abhorrence of me, and of my contrivances) propose to Singleton to propose to James Harlowe (who so much thirsts for revenge upon me) to assist him, with his whole ship's crew, upon occasion, to carry off his sister to Leith, where both have houses, or elsewhere?

You may tell them, that if this can be effected, it will make me raving mad; and bring your young lady into all their measures.

You can inform them, as from my servant, of the distance she keeps me at, in hopes of procuring her father's forgiveness, by cruelly giving me up, if insisted upon.

You can tell them, that as the only secret my servant has kept from you is the place we are in, you make no doubt, that a two-guinea bribe will bring that out, and also an information when I shall be at a distance from her, that the enterprise may be conducted with safety.

You may tell them, (still as from my servant,) that we are about to remove from inconvenient lodgings to others more convenient, (which is true,) and that I must be often absent from her.

If they listen to your proposal, you will promote your interest with Betty, by telling it to her as a secret. Betty will tell Arabella of it; Arabella will be overjoyed at any thing that will help forward her revenge upon me; and will reveal it (if her brother do not) to her uncle Antony; he probably will whisper it to Mrs. Howe; she can keep nothing from her daughter, though they are always jangling. Her daughter will acquaint my beloved with it. And if it will not, or if it will, come to my ears from some of those, you can write it to me, as in confidence, by way of preventing msicheif; which is the study of us both.

I can then show it to my beloved; then will she be for placing a greater confidence in me — that will convince me of her love, which I am now sometimes ready to doubt. She will be for hastening to the safer lodgings. I shall have a pretence to stay about her person, as a guard. She will be convinced that there is no expectation to be had of a reconciliation. You can give James Harlowe and Singleton continual false scents, as I shall direct you; so that no mischief can possibly happen.

And what will be the happy, happy, thrice happy consequence? — The lady will be mine in an honourable way, we shall all be friends in good time. The two guineas will be an agreeable addition to the many gratuities I have helped you to, by the like contrivances, from this stingy family. Your reputation, both for head and heart, as I hinted before, will be heightened. The Blue Boar also will be yours; nor shall you have the least difficulty about raising money to buy the stock, if it be worth your while to have it.

Betty will likewise then be yours. You have both saved money, it seems. The whole Harlowe family, whom you have so faithfully served, [’tis serving them, surely, to prevent the mischief which their violent son would have brought upon them,] will throw you in somewhat towards housekeeping. I will still add to your store — so nothing but happiness before you!

Crow, Joseph, crow! — a dunghill of thy own in view; servants to snub at thy pleasure; a wife to quarrel with, or to love, as thy humour leads thee; Landlord and Landlady at every word; to be paid, instead of paying, for thy eating and drinking. But not thus happy only in thyself: happy in promoting peace and reconciliation between two good families, in the long run, without hurting any christian soul. O Joseph, honest Joseph! what envy wilt thou raise, and who would be squeamish with such prospects before him.

This one labour, I repeat, crowns the work. If you can get but such a design entertained by them, whether they prosecute it or not, it will be equally to the purpose of

Your loving friend, R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XLIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. HERVEY [ENCLOSED IN HER LAST TO MISS HOWE.] THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

HONOURED MADAM,

Having not had the favour of an answer to a letter I took the liberty to write to you on the 14th, I am in some hopes that it may have miscarried: for I had much rather it should, than to have the mortification to think that my aunt Hervey deemed me unworthy of the honour of her notice.

In this hope, having kept a copy of it, and not become able to express myself in terms better suited to the unhappy circumstances of things, I transcribe and enclose what I then wrote.* And I humbly beseech you to favour the contents of it with your interest.

* The contents of the Letter referred to are given in Letter XXIV. of this volume.

Hitherto it is in my power to perform what I undertake for in this letter; and it would be very grievous to me to be precipitated upon measures, which may render the desirable reconciliation more difficult.

If, Madam, I were permitted to write to you with the hopes of being answered, I could clear my intention with regard to the step I have taken, although I could not perhaps acquit myself to some of my severest judges, of an imprudence previous to it. You, I am sure, would pity me, if you knew all I could say, and how miserable I am in the forfeiture of the good opinion of all my friends.

I flatter myself, that their favour is yet retrievable: but, whatever be the determination at Harlowe-place, do not you, my dearest Aunt, deny me the favour of a few lines to inform me if there can be any hope of a reconciliation upon terms less shocking than those heretofore endeavoured to be imposed upon me; or if (which God forbid!) I am to be for ever reprobated.

At least, my dear Aunt, procure for me the justice of my wearing apparel, and the little money and other things which I wrote to my sister for, and mention in the enclosed to you; that I may not be destitute of common conveniencies, or be under a necessity to owe an obligation for such, where, at present, however, I would least of all owe it.

Allow me to say, that had I designed what happened, I might (as to the money and jewels at least) have saved myself some of the mortification which I have suffered, and which I still further apprehend, if my request be not complied with.

If you are permitted to encourage an eclaircissment of what I hint, I will open my whole heart to you, and inform you of every thing.

If it be any pleasure to have me mortified, be pleased to let it be known, that I am extremely mortified. And yet it is entirely from my own reflections that I am so, having nothing to find fault with in the behaviour of the person from whom every evil was to be apprehended.

The bearer, having business your way, will bring me your answer on Saturday morning, if you favour me according to my hopes. I knew not that I should have this opportunity till I had written the above.

I am, my dearest Aunt, Your ever dutiful, CL. HARLOWE.

Be pleased to direct for me, if I am to be favoured with a few lines, to be left at Mr. Osgood's, near Soho-square; and nobody shall ever know of your goodness to me, if you desire it to be kept a secret.

LETTER L

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

I cannot for my life account for your wretch's teasing ways; but he certainly doubts your love of him. In this he is a modest man, as well as somebody else; and tacitly confesses that he does not deserve it.

Your Israelitish hankerings after the Egyptian onion, (testified still more in your letter to your aunt,) your often repeated regrets for meeting him, for being betrayed by him — these he cannot bear.

I have been looking back on the whole of his conduct, and comparing it with his general character; and find that he is more consistently, more uniformly, mean, revengeful, and proud, than either of us once imagined.

From his cradle, as I may say, as an only child, and a boy, humoursome, spoiled, mischievous; the governor of his governors.

A libertine in his riper years, hardly regardful of appearances; and despising the sex in general, for the faults of particulars of it, who made themselves too cheap to him.

What has been his behaviour in your family? — a CLARISSA in view, (from the time your foolish brother was obliged to take a life from him,) but defiance for defiances. Getting you into his power by terror, by artifice. What politeness can be expected from such a man?

Well, but what in such a situation is to be done? Why, you must despise him: you must hate him, if you can, and run away from him — But whither? — Whither indeed, now that your brother is laying foolish plots to put you in a still worse condition, as it may happen.

But if you cannot despise and hate him — if you care not to break with him, you must part with some punctilio's. And if the so doing bring not on the solemnity, you must put yourself into the protection of the ladies of his family.

Their respect for you is of itself a security for his honour to you, if there could be any room for doubt. And at least, you should remind him of his offer to bring one of the Miss Montagues to attend you at your new lodgings in town, and accompany you till all is happily over.

This, you'll say, will be as good as declaring yourself to be his. And so let it. You ought not now to think of any thing else but to be his. Does not your brother's project convince you more and more of this?

Give over then, my dearest friend, any thoughts of this hopeless reconciliation, which has kept you balancing thus long. You own, in the letter before me, that he

made very explicit offers, though you give me not the very words. And he gave his reasons, I perceive, with his wishes that you should accept them; which very few of the sorry fellows do, whose plea is generally but a compliment to our self-love — That we must love them, however presumptuous and unworthy, because they love us.

Were I in your place, and had your charming delicacies, I should, perhaps, do as you do. No doubt but I should expect that the man should urge me with respectful warmth; that he should supplicate with constancy, and that all his words and actions should tend to the one principal point; nevertheless, if I suspected art or delay, founded upon his doubts of my love, I would either condescend to clear up is doubts or renounce him for ever.

And in my last case, I, your Anna Howe, would exert myself, and either find you a private refuge, or resolve to share fortunes with you.

What a wretch! to be so easily answered by your reference to the arrival of your cousin Morden! But I am afraid that you was too scrupulous: for did he not resent that reference?

Could we have his account of the matter, I fancy, my dear, I should think you over nice, over delicate.* Had you laid hold of his acknowledged explicitness, he would have been as much in your power, as now you seem to be in his: you wanted not to be told, that the person who had been tricked into such a step as you had taken, must of necessity submit to many mortifications.

* The reader who has seen his account, which Miss Howe could not have seen, when she wrote thus, will observe that it was not possible for a person of her true delicacy of mind to act otherwise than she did, to a man so cruelly and so insolently artful.

But were it to me, a girl of spirit as I am thought to be, I do assure you, I would, in a quarter of an hour (all the time I would allow to punctilio in such a case as yours) know what he drives at: since either he must mean well or ill; if ill, the sooner you know it, the better. If well, whose modesty is it he distresses, but that of his own wife?

And methinks you should endeavour to avoid all exasperating recriminations, as to what you have heard of his failure in morals; especially while you are so happy as not to have occasion to speak of them by experience.

I grant that it gives a worthy mind some satisfaction in having borne its testimony against the immoralities of a bad one. But that correction which is unseasonably given, is more likely either to harden or make an hypocrite, than to reclaim.

I am pleased, however, as well as you, with his making light of your brother's wise project. — Poor creature! and must Master Jemmy Harlowe, with his half-

wit, pretend to plot, and contrive mischief, yet rail at Lovelace for the same things? — A witty villain deserves hanging at once (and without ceremony, if you please): but a half-witted one deserves broken bones first, and hanging afterwards. I think Lovelace has given his character in a few words.*

* See Letter XLV. of this volume.

Be angry at me, if you please; but as sure as you are alive, now that this poor creature, whom some call your brother, finds he has succeeded in making you fly your father's house, and that he has nothing to fear but your getting into your own, and into an independence of him, he thinks himself equal to any thing, and so he has a mind to fight Lovelace with his own weapons.

Don't you remember his pragmatical triumph, as told you by your aunt, and prided in by that saucy Betty Barnes, from his own foolish mouth?*

* See Vol.II. Letter XLVII.

I expect nothing from your letter to your aunt. I hope Lovelace will never know the contents of it. In every one of yours, I see that he as warmly resents as he dares the little confidence you have in him. I should resent it too, were I he; and knew that I deserved better.

Don't be scrupulous about clothes, if you think of putting yourself into the protection of the ladies of his family. They know how matters stand between you and your relations, and love you never the worse for the silly people's cruelty.

I know you won't demand possession of your estate. But give him a right to demand it for you; and that will be still better.

Adieu, my dear! May heaven guide and direct you in all your steps, is the daily prayer of

Your ever affectionate and faithful ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

Thou, Lovelace, hast been long the entertainer; I the entertained. Nor have I been solicitous to animadvert, as thou wentest along, upon thy inventions, and their tendency. For I believed, that with all thy airs, the unequalled perfections and fine qualities of this lady would always be her protection and security. But now that I find thou hast so far succeeded, as to induce her to come to town, and to choose her lodgings in a house, the people of which will too probably damp and suppress any honourable motions which may arise in thy mind in her favour, I cannot help writing, and that professedly in her behalf.

My inducements to this are not owing to virtue: But if they were, what hope could I have of affecting thee by pleas arising from it?

Nor would such a man as thou art be deterred, were I to remind thee of the vengeance which thou mayest one day expect, if thou insultest a woman of her character, family, and fortune.

Neither are gratitude and honour motives to be mentioned in a woman's favour, to men such as we are, who consider all those of the sex as fair prize, over honour, in the general acceptation of the word, are two things.

What then is my motive? — What, but the true friendship that I bear thee, Lovelace; which makes me plead thy own sake, and thy family's sake, in the justice thou owest to this incomparable creature; who, however, so well deserves to have her sake to be mentioned as the principal consideration.

Last time I was at M. Hall, thy noble uncle so earnestly pressed me to use my interest to persuade thee to enter the pale, and gave me so many family reasons for it, that I could not help engaging myself heartily on his side of the question; and the rather, as I knew that thy own intentions with regard to this fine woman were then worthy of her. And of this I assured his Lordship; who was half afraid of thee, because of the ill usage thou receivedst from her family. But now, that the case is altered, let me press the matter home to thee from other considerations.

By what I have heard of this lady's perfections from every mouth, as well as from thine, and from every letter thou hast written, where wilt thou find such another woman? And why shouldst thou tempt her virtue? — Why shouldst thou wish to try where there is no reason to doubt?

Were I in thy case, and designed to marry, and if I preferred a woman as I know thou dost this to all the women in the world, I should read to make further

trial, knowing what we know of the sex, for fear of succeeding; and especially if I doubted not, that if there were a woman in the world virtuous at heart, it is she.

And let me tell thee, Lovelace, that in this lady's situation, the trial is not a fair trial. Considering the depth of thy plots and contrivances: considering the opportunities which I see thou must have with her, in spite of her own heart; all her relations' follies acting in concert, though unknown to themselves, with thy wicked, scheming head: considering how destitute of protection she is: considering the house she is to be in, where she will be surrounded with thy implements; specious, well-bred and genteel creatures, not easily to be detected when they are disposed to preserve appearances, especially by the young inexperienced lady wholly unacquainted with the town: considering all these things, I say, what glory, what cause of triumph wilt thou have, if she should be overcome? — Thou, too, a man born for intrigue, full of invention, intrepid, remorseless, able patiently to watch for thy opportunity, not hurried, as most men, by gusts of violent passion, which often nip a project in the bud, and make the snail, that was just putting out his horns to meet the inviter, withdraw into its shell — a man who has no regard to his word or oath to the sex; the lady scrupulously strict to her word, incapable of art or design; apt therefore to believe well of others — it would be a miracle if she stood such an attempter, such attempts, and such snares, as I see will be laid for her. And, after all, I see not when men are so frail without importunity, that so much should be expected from women, daughters of the same fathers and mothers, and made up of the same brittle compounds, (education all the difference,) nor where the triumph is in subduing them.

May there not be other Lovelaces, thou askest, who, attracted by her beauty, may endeavour to prevail with her?*

* See Letter XVIII. of this volume.

No; there cannot, I answer, be such another man, person, mind, fortune, and thy character, as above given, taken in. If thou imaginest there could, such is thy pride, that thou wouldst think the worse of thyself.

But let me touch upon thy predominant passion, revenge; for love is but second to that, as I have often told thee, though it has set thee into raving at me: what poor pretences for revenge are the difficulties thou hadst in getting her off; allowing that she had run a risque of being Solmes's wife, had she staid? If these are other than pretences, why thankest thou not those who, by their persecutions of her, answered thy hopes, and threw her into thy power? — Besides, are not the pretences thou makest for further trial, most ungratefully, as well as contradictorily founded upon the supposition of error in her, occasioned by her favour to thee?

And let me, for the utter confusion of thy poor pleas of this nature, ask thee — Would she, in thy opinion, had she willingly gone off with thee, have been entitled to better quarter? — For a mistress indeed she might: but how wouldst thou for a wife have had cause to like her half so well as now?

Has she not demonstrated, that even the highest provocations were not sufficient to warp her from her duty to her parents, though a native, and, as I may say, an originally involuntary duty, because native? And is not this a charming earnest that she will sacredly observe a still higher duty into which she proposes to enter, when she does enter, by plighted vows, and entirely as a volunteer?

That she loves thee, wicked as thou art, and cruel as a panther, there is no reason to doubt. Yet, what a command has she over herself, that such a penetrating self-flatterer as thyself is sometimes ready to doubt it! Though persecuted on the one hand, as she was, by her own family, and attracted, on the other, by the splendour of thine; every one of whom courts her to rank herself among them!

Thou wilt perhaps think that I have departed from my proposition, and pleaded the lady's sake more than thine, in the above — but no such thing. All that I have written is more in thy behalf than in her's; since she may make thee happy; but it is next to impossible, I should think, if she preserve her delicacy, that thou canst make her so. What is the love of a rakish heart? There cannot be peculiarity in it. But I need not give my further reasons. Thou wilt have ingenuousness enough, I dare say, were there occasion for it, to subscribe to my opinion.

I plead not for the state from any great liking to it myself. Nor have I, at present, thoughts of entering into it. But, as thou art the last of thy name; as thy family is of note and figure in thy country; and as thou thyself thinkest that thou shalt one day marry: Is it possible, let me ask thee, that thou canst have such another opportunity as thou now hast, if thou lettest this slip? A woman in her family and fortune not unworthy of thine own (though thou art so apt, from pride of ancestry, and pride of heart, to speak slightly of the families thou dislikest); so celebrated for beauty; and so noted at the same time for prudence, for soul, (I will say, instead of sense,) and for virtue?

If thou art not so narrow-minded an elf, as to prefer thine own single satisfaction to posterity, thou, who shouldst wish to beget children for duration, wilt not postpone till the rake's usual time; that is to say, till diseases or years, or both, lay hold of thee; since in that case thou wouldst entitle thyself to the curses of thy legitimate progeny for giving them a being altogether miserable: a being which they will be obliged to hold upon a worse tenure than that tenant-courtesy, which thou callest the worst;* to wit, upon the Doctor's courtesy; thy descendants

also propagating (if they shall live, and be able to propagate) a wretched race, that shall entail the curse, or the reason for it, upon remote generations.

Wicked as the sober world accounts you and me, we have not yet, it is to be hoped, got over all compunction. Although we find religion against us, we have not yet presumed those who do. And we know better than to be even doubters. In short, we believe a future state of rewards and punishments. But as we have so much youth and health in hand, we hope to have time for repentance. That is to say, in plain English, [nor think thou me too grave, Lovelace: thou art grave sometimes, though not often,] we hope to live to sense, as long as sense can relish, and purpose to reform when we can sin no longer.

And shall this admirable woman suffer for her generous endeavours to set on foot thy reformation; and for insisting upon proofs of the sincerity of thy professions before she will be thine?

Upon the whole matter, let me wish thee to consider well what thou art about, before thou goest a step farther in the path which thou hast chalked out for thyself to tread, and art just going to enter upon. Hitherto all is so far right, that if the lady mistrusts thy honour, she has no proofs. Be honest to her, then, in her sense of the word. None of thy companions, thou knowest, will offer to laugh at what thou dost. And if they should (of thy entering into a state which has been so much ridiculed by thee, and by all of us) thou hast one advantage — it is this, that thou canst not be ashamed.

Deferring to the post-day to close my letter, I find one left at my cousin Osgood's, with directions to be forwarded to the lady. It was brought within these two hours by a particular hand, and has a Harlowe-seal upon it. As it may therefore be of importance, I dispatch it with my own, by my servant, post-haste.*

* This letter was from Miss Arabella Harlowe. See Let. LV.

I suppose you will soon be in town. Without the lady, I hope. Farewell.

Be honest, and be happy, J. BELFORD.

SAT. APRIL 22.

LETTER LII

MRS. HERVEY, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO LETTER XVIII.]

DEAR NIECE,

It would be hard not to write a few lines, so much pressed to write, to one I ever loved. Your former letter I received; yet was not at liberty to answer it. I break my word to answer you now.

Strange informations are every day received about you. The wretch you are with, we are told, is every hour triumphing and defying — Must not these informations aggravate? You know the uncontroulableness of the man. He loves his own humour better than he loves you — though so fine a creature as you are! I warned you over and over: no young lady was ever more warned! — Miss Clarissa Harlowe to do such a thing!

You might have given your friends the meeting. If you had held your aversion, it would have been complied with. As soon as I was intrusted myself with their intention to give up the point, I gave you a hint — a dark one perhaps* — but who would have thought — O Miss! — Such an artful flight! — Such cunning preparations!

But you want to clear up things — what can you clear up? Are you not gone off? — With a Lovelace too? What, my dear, would you clear up?

You did not design to go, you say. Why did you meet him then, chariot and six, horsemen, all prepared by him? O my dear, how art produces art! — Will it be believed? — If it would, what power will he be thought to have had over you! — He — Who? — Lovelace! — The vilest of libertines! — Over whom? A Clarissa! — Was your love for such a man above your reason? Above your resolution? What credit would a belief of this, if believed, bring you? — How mend the matter? — Oh! that you had stood the next morning!

I'll tell you all that was intended if you had.

It was, indeed, imagined that you would not have been able to resist your father's entreaties and commands. He was resolved to be all condescension, if anew you had not provoked him. I love my Clary Harlowe, said he, but an hour before the killing tidings were brought him; I love her as my life: I will kneel to her, if nothing else will do, to prevail upon her to oblige me.

Your father and mother (the reverse of what should have been!) would have humbled themselves to you: and if you could have denied them, and refused to

sign the settlements previous to the meeting, they would have yielded, although with regret.

But it was presumed, so naturally sweet your temper, so self-denying as they thought you, that you could not have withstood them, notwithstanding all your dislike of the one man, without a greater degree of headstrong passion for the other, than you had given any of us reason to expect from you.

If you had, the meeting on Wednesday would have been a lighter trial to you. You would have been presented to all your assembled friends, with a short speech only, 'That this was the young creature, till very lately faultless, condescending, and obliging; now having cause to glory in a triumph over the wills of father, mother, uncles, the most indulgent; over family-interests, family-views; and preferring her own will to every body's! and this for a transitory preference to person only; there being no comparison between the men in their morals.'

Thus complied with, and perhaps blessed, by your father and mother, and the consequences of your disobedience deprecated in the solemnest manner by your inimitable mother, your generosity would have been appealed to, since your duty would have been fount too weak an inducement, and you would have been bid to withdraw for one half hour's consideration. Then would the settlements have been again tendered for your signing, by the person least disobliging to you; by your good Norton perhaps; she perhaps seconded by your father again; and, if again refused, you would have again have been led in to declare such your refusal. Some restrictions which you yourself had proposed, would have been insisted upon. You would have been permitted to go home with me, or with your uncle Antony, (with which of us was not agreed upon, because they hoped you might be persuaded,) there to stay till the arrival of your cousin Morden; or till your father could have borne to see you; or till assured that the views of Lovelace were at an end.

This the intention, your father so set upon your compliance, so much in hopes that you would have yielded, that you would have been prevailed upon by methods so condescending and so gentle; no wonder that he, in particular, was like a distracted man, when he heard of your flight — of your flight so premeditated; — with your ivy summer-house dinings, your arts to blind me, and all of us! — Naughty, naughty, young creature!

I, for my part, would not believe it, when told of it. Your uncle Hervey would not believe it. We rather expected, we rather feared, a still more desperate adventure. There could be but one more desperate; and I was readier to have the cascade resorted to, than the garden back-door. — Your mother fainted away, while her heart was torn between the two apprehensions. — Your father, poor man! your father was beside himself for near an hour — What imprecations! —

What dreadful imprecations! — To this day he can hardly bear your name: yet can think of nobody else. Your merits, my dear, but aggravate your fault. — Something of fresh aggravation every hour. — How can any favour be expected?

I am sorry for it; but am afraid nothing you ask will be complied with.

Why mention you, my dear, the saving you from mortifications, who have gone off with a man? What a poor pride is it to stand upon any thing else!

I dare not open my lips in your favour. Nobody dare. Your letter must stand by itself. This has caused me to send it to Harlowe-place. Expect therefore great severity. May you be enabled to support the lot you have drawn! O my dear! how unhappy have you made every body! Can you expect to be happy? Your father wishes you had never been born. Your poor mother — but why should I afflict you? There is now no help! — You must be changed, indeed, if you are not very unhappy yourself in the reflections your thoughtful mind must suggest to you.

You must now make the best of your lot. Yet not married, it seems!

It is in your power, you say, to perform whatever you shall undertake to do. You may deceive yourself: you hope that your reputation and the favour of your friends may be retrieved. Never, never, both, I doubt, if either. Every offended person (and that is all who loved you, and are related to you) must join to restore you: when can these be of one mind in a case so notoriously wrong?

It would be very grievous, you say, to be precipitated upon measures that may make the desirable reconciliation more difficult. Is it now, my dear, a time for you to be afraid of being precipitated? At present, if ever, there can be no thought of reconciliation. The upshot of your precipitation must first be seen. There may be murder yet, as far as we know. Will the man you are with part willingly with you? If not, what may be the consequence? If he will — Lord bless me! what shall we think of his reasons for it? — I will fly this thought. I know your purity — But, my dear, are you not out of all protection? — Are you not unmarried? — Have you not (making your daily prayers useless) thrown yourself into temptation? And is not the man the most wicked of plotters?

You have hitherto, you say, (and I think, my dear, with an air unbecoming to your declared penitence,) no fault to find with the behaviour of a man from whom every evil was apprehended: like Caesar to the Roman augur, which I heard you tell of, who had bid him beware the Ides of March: the Ides of March, said Caesar, seeing the augur among the crowd, as he marched in state to the senate-house, from which he was never to return alive, the Ides of March are come. But they are not past, the augur replied. Make the application, my dear: may you be able to make this reflection upon his good behaviour to the last of your knowledge of him! May he behave himself better to you, than he ever did to any body else over whom he had power! Amen!

No answer, I beseech you. I hope your messenger will not tell any body that I have written to you. And I dare say you will not show what I have written to Mr. Lovelace — for I have written with the less reserve, depending upon your prudence.

You have my prayers.

My Dolly knows not that I write: nobody does*; not even Mr. Hervey.

* Notwithstanding what Mrs. Hervey here says, it will be hereafter seen that this severe letter was written in private concert with the implacable Arabella.

Dolly would have several times written: but having defended your fault with heat, and with a partiality that alarmed us, (such a fall as your's, my dear, must be alarming to all parents,) she has been forbidden, on pain of losing our favour for ever: and this at your family's request, as well as by her father's commands.

You have the poor girl's hourly prayers, I will, however, tell you, though she knows not what I do, as well as those of

Your truly afflicted aunt, D. HERVEY.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

LETTER LIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [WITH THE PRECEDING.] SAT. MORN. APRIL 22.

I have just now received the enclosed from my aunt Hervey. Be pleased, my dear, to keep her secret of having written to the unhappy wretch her niece.

I may go to London, I see, or where I will. No matter what becomes of me.

I was the willinger to suspend my journey thither till I heard from Harlowe-place. I thought, if I could be encouraged to hope for a reconciliation, I would let this man see, that he should not have me in his power, but upon my own terms, if at all.

But I find I must be his, whether I will or not; and perhaps through still greater mortifications than those great ones which I have already met with — And must I be so absolutely thrown upon a man, with whom I am not at all satisfied!

My letter is sent, you see, to Harlowe-place. My heart aches for the reception it may meet with there.

One comfort only arises to me from its being sent; that my aunt will clear herself, by the communication, from the supposition of having corresponded with the poor creature whom they have all determine to reprobate. It is no small part of my misfortune that I have weakened the confidence one dear friend has in another, and made one look cool upon another. My poor cousin Dolly, you see, has reason to regret on this account, as well as my aunt. Miss Howe, my dear Miss Howe, is but too sensible of the effects of my fault, having had more words with her mother on my account, than ever she had on any other. Yet the man who has drawn me into all this evil I must be thrown upon! — Much did I consider, much did I apprehend, before my fault, supposing I were to be guilty of it: but I saw it not in all its shocking lights.

And now, to know that my father, an hour before he received the tidings of my supposed flight, owned that he loved me as his life: that he would have been all condescension: that he would — Oh! my dear, how tender, how mortifyingly tender now in him! My aunt need not have been afraid, that it should be known that she has sent me such a letter as this! — A father to kneel to his child! — There would not indeed have been any bearing of that! — What I should have done in such a case, I know not. Death would have been much more welcome to me than such a sight, on such an occasion, in behalf of a man so very, very disgustful to me! — But I had deserve annihilation, had I suffered my father to kneel in vain.

Yet, had but the sacrifice of inclination and personal preference been all, less than KNEELING should have been done. My duty should have been the conqueror of my inclination. But an aversion — an aversion so very sincere! — The triumph of a cruel and ambitious brother, ever so uncontroulable, joined with the insults of an envious sister, bringing wills to theirs, which otherwise would have been favourable to me: the marriage-duties, so absolutely indispensable, so solemnly to be engaged for: the marriage-intimacies (permit me to say to you, my friend, what the purest, although with apprehension, must think of) so very intimate: myself one who has never looked upon any duty, much less a voluntary-vowed one, with indifference; could it have been honest in me to have given my hand to an odious hand, and to have consented to such a more than reluctant, such an immiscible union, if I may so call it? — For life too! — Did not I think more and deeper than most young creatures think; did I not weigh, did I not reflect, I might perhaps have been less obstinate. — Delicacy, (may I presume to call it?) thinking, weighing, reflection, are not blessings (I he not found them such) in the degree I have them. I wish I had been able, in some very nice cases, to have known what indifference was; yet not to have my ignorance imputable to me as a fault. Oh! my dear! the finer sensibilities, if I may suppose mine to be such, make not happy.

What a method had my friends intended to take with me! This, I dare say, was a method chalked out by my brother. He, I suppose, was to have presented me to all my assembled friends, as the daughter capable of preferring her own will to the wills of them all. It would have been a sore trial, no doubt. Would to Heaven, however, I had stood it — let the issue have been what it would, would to Heaven I had stood it!

There may be murder, my aunt says. This looks as if she knew of Singleton's rash plot. Such an upshot, as she calls it, of this unhappy affair, Heaven avert!

She flies a thought, that I can less dwell upon — a cruel thought — but she has a poor opinion of the purity she compliments me with, if she thinks that I am not, by God's grace, above temptation from this sex. Although I never saw a man, whose person I could like, before this man; yet his faulty character allowed me but little merit from the indifference I pretended to on his account. But, now I see him in nearer lights, I like him less than ever. Unpolite, cruel, insolent! — Unwise! A trifler with his own happiness; the destroyer of mine! — His last treatment — my fate too visibly in his power — master of his own wishes, [shame to say it,] if he knew what to wish for. — Indeed I never liked him so little as now. Upon my word, I think I could hate him, (if I do not already hate him) sooner than any man I ever thought tolerably of — a good reason why: because I have been more disappointed in my expectations of him; although they never

were so high, as to have made him my choice in preference to the single life, had that been permitted me. Still, if the giving him up for ever will make my path to reconciliation easy, and if they will signify as much to me, they shall see that I never will be his: for I have the vanity to think my soul his soul's superior.

You will say I rave: forbidden to write to my aunt, and taught to despair of reconciliation, you, my dear, must be troubled with my passionate resentments. What a wretch was I to give him a meeting, since by that I put it out of my power to meet my assembled friends! — All would now, if I had met them, been over; and who can tell when my present distresses will? — Rid of both men, I had been now perhaps at my aunt Hervey's or at my uncle Antony's; wishing for my cousin Morden's arrival, who might have accommodated all.

I intended, indeed, to have stood it: And, if I had, how know I by whose name I might now have been called? For how should I have resisted a condescending, a kneeling father, had he been able to have kept his temper with me?

Yet my aunt say he would have relented, if I had not. Perhaps he would have been moved by my humility, before he could have shown such undue condescension. Such temper as he would have received me with might have been improved upon in my favour. And that he had designed ultimately to relent, how it clears my friends (at least to themselves) and condemns me! O why were my aunt's hints (I remember them now) so very dark? — Yet I intended to have returned after the interview; and then perhaps she would have explained herself. — O this artful, this designing Lovelace — yet I must repeat, that most ought I to blame myself for meeting him.

But far, far, be banished from me fruitless recrimination! Far banished, because fruitless! Let me wrap myself about in the mantle of my own integrity, and take comfort in my unfaulty intention! Since it is now too late to look back, let me collect all my fortitude, and endeavour to stand those shafts of angry Providence, which it will not permit me to shun! That, whatever the trials may be which I am destined to undergo, I may not behave unworthily in them, and may come out amended by them.

Join with me in this prayer, my beloved friend; for your own honour's sake, as well as for love's sake, join with me in it; lest a deviation on my side should, with the censorious, cast a shade upon a friendship which has no levity in it; and the basis of which is improvement, as well in the greater as lesser duties.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 22.

O my best, my only friend! Now indeed is my heart broken! It has received a blow it never will recover. Think not of corresponding with a wretch who now seems absolutely devoted. How can it be otherwise, if a parent's curses have the weight I always attributed to them, and have heard so many instances in confirmation of that weight! — Yes, my dear Miss Howe, superadded to all my afflictions, I have the consequences of a father's curse to struggle with! How shall I support this reflection! — My past and my present situation so much authorizing my apprehensions!

I have, at last, a letter from my unrelenting sister. Would to Heaven I had not provoked it by my second letter to my aunt Hervey! It lay ready for me, it seems. The thunder slept, till I awakened it. I enclose the letter itself. Transcribe it I cannot. There is no bearing the thoughts of it: for [shocking reflection!] the curse extends to the life beyond this.

I am in the depth of vapourish despondency. I can only repeat — shun, fly, correspond not with a wretch so devoted as

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LV

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO BE LEFT AT MR. OSGOOD'S, NEAR SOHO-SQUARE FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

It was expected you would send again to me, or to my aunt Hervey. The enclosed has lain ready for you, therefore, by direction. You will have no answer from any body, write to whom you will, and as often as you will, and what you will.

It was designed to bring you back by proper authority, or to send you whither the disgraces you have brought upon us all should be in the likeliest way, after a while, to be forgotten. But I believe that design is over: so you may range securely — nobody will think it worth while to give themselves any trouble about you. Yet my mother has obtained leave to send you your clothes of all sorts: but your clothes only. This is a favour you'll see by the within letter not designed you: and now not granted for your sake, but because my poor mother cannot bear in her sight any thing you used to wear. Read the enclosed, and tremble.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

TO THE MOST UNGRATEFUL AND UNDUTIFUL OF DAUGHTERS HARLOWE-PLACE, APRIL 15.

SISTER THAT WAS!

For I know not what name you are permitted, or choose to go by.

You have filled us all with distraction. My father, in the first agitations of his mind, on discovering your wicked, your shameful elopement, imprecated on his knees a fearful curse upon you. Tremble at the recital of it! — No less, than 'that you may meet your punishment both here and hereafter, by means of the very wretch in whom you have chosen to place your wicked confidence.'

Your clothes will not be sent you. You seen, by leaving them behind you, to have been secure of them, whenever you demanded them, but perhaps you could think of nothing but meeting your fellow: — nothing but how to get off your forward self! — For every thing seems to have been forgotten but what was to contribute to your wicked flight. — Yet you judged right, perhaps, that you would have been detected had you endeavoured to get away with your clothes. — Cunning creature! not to make one step that we would guess at you by! Cunning to effect your own ruin, and the disgrace of all the family!

But does the wretch put you upon writing for your things, for fear you should be too expensive to him? — That's it, I suppose.

Was there ever a giddier creature? — Yet this is the celebrated, the blazing Clarissa — Clarissa what? Harlowe, no doubt! — And Harlowe it will be, to the

disgrace of us all!

Your drawings and your pieces are all taken down; as is also your whole-length picture, in the Vandyke taste, from your late parlour: they are taken down, and thrown into your closet, which will be nailed up, as if it were not a part of the house, there to perish together: For who can bear to see them? Yet, how did they use to be shown to every body: the former, for the magnifying of your dainty finger-works; the latter, for the imputed dignity (dignity now in the dust!) of your boasted figure; and this by those fond parents from whom you have run away with so much, yet with so little contrivance!

My brother vows revenge upon your libertine — for the family's sake he vows it — not for yours! — for he will treat you, he declares, like a common creature, if ever he sees you: and doubts not that this will be your fate.

My uncle Harlowe renounces you for ever.

So does my uncle Antony.

So does my aunt Hervey.

So do I, base, unworthy creature! the disgrace of a good family, and the property of an infamous rake, as questionless you will soon find yourself, if you are not already.

Your books, since they have not taught you what belongs to your family, to your sex, and to your education, will not be sent to you. Your money neither. Nor yet the jewels so undeservedly made yours. For it is wished you may be seen a beggar along London-streets.

If all this is heavy, lay your hand to your heart, and ask yourself, why you have deserved it?

Every man whom your pride taught you to reject with scorn (Mr. Solmes excepted, who, however, has reason to rejoice that he missed you) triumphs in your shameful elopement, and now knows how to account for his being refused.

Your worthy Norton is ashamed of you, and mingles her tears with your mother's; both reproaching themselves for their shares in you, and in so fruitless an education.

Every body, in short, is ashamed of you: but none more than

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER LVI

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TUESDAY, APRIL 25.

Be comforted; be not dejected; do not despond, my dearest and best-beloved friend. God Almighty is just and gracious, and gives not his assent to rash and inhuman curses. Can you think that Heaven will seal to the black passions of its depraved creatures? If it did, malice, envy, and revenge would triumph; and the best of the human race, blasted by the malignity of the worst, would be miserable in both worlds.

This outrageousness shows only what manner of spirit they are of, and how much their sordid views exceed their parental love. 'Tis all owing to rage and disappointment — disappointment in designs proper to be frustrated.

If you consider this malediction as it ought to be considered, a person of your piety must and will rather pity and pray for your rash father, than terrify yourself on the occasion. None bug God can curse; parents or others, whoever they be, can only pray to Him to curse: and such prayers can have no weight with a just and all-perfect Being, the motives to which are unreasonable, and the end proposed by them cruel.

Has not God commanded us to bless and curse not? Pray for your father, then, I repeat, that he incur not the malediction he has announced on you; since he has broken, as you see, a command truly divine; while you, by obeying that other precept which enjoins us to pray for them that persecute and curse us, will turn the curse into a blessing.

My mother blames them for this wicked letter of your sister; and she pities you; and, of her own accord, wished me to write to comfort you, for this once: for she says, it is pity your heart, which was so noble, (and when the sense of your fault, and the weight of a parent's curse are so strong upon you,) should be quite broken.

Lord bless me, how your aunt writes! — Can there be two rights and two wrongs in palpable cases! — But, my dear, she must be wrong: so they all have been, justify themselves now as they will. They can only justify themselves to themselves from selfish principles, resolving to acquit, not fairly to try themselves. Did your unkind aunt, in all the tedious progress of your contentions with them, give you the least hope of their relenting? — Her dark hints now I recollect as well as you. But why was any thing good or hopeful to be darkly hinted? — How easy was it for her, who pretended always to love you; for her,

who can give such flowing license to her pen for your hurt; to have given you one word, one line (in confidence) of their pretended change of measures!

But do not mind their after-pretences, my dear — all of them serve but for tacit confessions of their vile usage of you. I will keep your aunt's secret, never fear. I would not, on any consideration, that my mother should see her letter.

You will now see that you have nothing left but to overcome all scrupulousness, and marry as son as you have an opportunity. Determine to do so, my dear.

I will give you a motive for it, regarding myself. For this I have resolved, and this I have vowed, [O friend, the best beloved of my heart, be not angry with me for it!] 'That so long as your happiness is in suspence, I will never think of marrying.' In justice to the man I shall have, I have vowed this: for, my dear, must I not be miserable, if you are so? And what an unworthy wife must I be to any man who cannot have interest enough in my heart to make his obligingness a balance for an affliction he has not caused!

I would show Lovelace your sister's abominable letter, were it to me. I enclose it. It shall not have a place in this house. This will enter him of course into the subject which you now ought to have most in view. Let him see what you suffer for him. He cannot prove base to such an excellence. I should never enjoy my head or my senses should this man prove a villain to you! — With a merit so exalted, you may have punishment more than enough for your involuntary fault in that husband.

I would not have you be too sure that their project to seize you is over. The words intimating that it is over, in the letter of that abominable Arabella, seem calculated to give you security. — She only says she believes that design is over. — And I do not yet find from Miss Lloyd that it is disavowed. So it will be best, when you are in London, to be private, and, for fear of the worst, to let every direction to be a third place; for I would not, for the world, have you fall into the hands of such flaming and malevolent spirits by surprize.

I will myself be content to direct you at some third place; and I shall then be able to aver to my mother, or to any other, if occasion be, that I know not where you are.

Besides, this measure will make you less apprehensive of the consequences of their violence, should they resolve to attempt to carry you of in spite of Lovelace.

I would have you direct to Mr. Hickman, even your answer to this. I have a reason for it. Besides, my mother, notwithstanding this particular indulgence, is very positive. They have prevailed upon her, I know, to give her word to this purpose — Spiteful, poor wretches! How I hate in particular your foolish uncle Antony.

I would not have your thought dwell on the contents of your sister's shocking letter; but pursue other subjects — the subjects before you. And let me know your progress with Lovelace, and what he says to this diabolical curse. So far you may enter into this hateful subject. I expect that this will aptly introduce the grant topic between you, without needing a mediator.

Come, my dear, when things are at worst they will mend. Good often comes when evil is expected. — But if you despond, there can be no hopes of cure. Don't let them break your heart; for that is plain to me, is now what some people have in view for you to do.

How poor to withhold from you your books, your jewels, and your money! As money is all you can at present want, since they will vouchsafe to send your clothes, I send fifty guineas by the bearer, enclosed in single papers in my Norris's Miscellanies. I charge you, as you love me, return them not.

I have more at your service. So, if you like not your lodgings or his behaviour when you get to town, leave both them and him out of hand.

I would advise you to write to Mr. Morden without delay. If he intends for England, it may hasten him. And you will do very well till he can come. But, surely Lovelace will be infatuated, if he secure not his happiness by your consent, before that of Mr. Morden's is made needful on his arrival.

Once more, my dear, let me beg of you to be comforted. Manage with your usual prudence the stake before you, and all will still be happy. Suppose yourself to be me, and me to be you, [you may — for your distress is mine,] and then you will add full day to these but glimmering lights which are held out to you by

Your ever affectionate and faithful ANNA HOWE.

I hurry this away by Robert. I will inquire into the truth of your aunt's pretences about the change of measures which she says they intended in case you had not gone away.

LETTER LVII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 26.

Your letter, my beloved Miss Howe, gives me great comfort. How sweetly do I experience the truth of the wise man's observation, That a faithful friend is the medicine of life!

Your messenger finds me just setting out for London: the chaise at the door. Already I have taken leave of the good widow, who has obliged me with the company of her eldest daughter, at Mr. Lovelace's request, while he rides by us. The young gentlewoman is to return in two or three days with the chaise, in its way to my Lord M.'s Hertfordshire seat.

I received my sister's dreadful letter on Sunday, when Mr. Lovelace was out. He saw, on his return, my extreme anguish and dejection; and he was told how much worse I had been: for I had fainted away more than once.

I think the contents of it have touched my head as well as my heart.

He would fain have seen it. But I would not permit that, because of the threatenings he would have found in it against himself. As it was, the effect it had upon me made him break out into execrations and menaces. I was so ill that he himself advised me to delay going to town on Monday, as I proposed to do.

He is extremely regardful and tender of me. All that you supposed would follow the violent letter, from him, has followed it. He has offered himself to my acceptance in so unreserved a manner, that I am concerned I have written so freely and diffidently of him. Pray, my dearest friend, keep to yourself every thing that may appear disreputable of him from me.

I must acquaint you that his kind behaviour, and my low-spiritedness, co-operating with your former advice, and my unhappy situation, made me that very Sunday evening receive unreservedly his declarations: and now indeed I am more in his power than ever.

He presses me every hour (indeed as needlessly, as unkindly) for fresh tokens of my esteem for him, and confidence in him. And as I have been brought to some verbal concessions, if he should prove unworthy, I am sure I shall have great reason to blame this violent letter: for I have no resolution at all. Abandoned thus of all my natural friends, of whose returning favour I have now no hopes, and only you to pity me, and you restrained, as I may say, I have been forced to turn my desolate heart to such protection as I could find.

All my comfort is, that your advice repeatedly given me to the same purpose, in your kind letter before me, warrants me. I now set out the more cheerfully to London on that account: for, before, a heavy weight hung upon my heart; and although I thought it best and safest to go, yet my spirits sunk, I know not why, at every motion I made towards a preparation for it.

I hope no mischief will happen on the road. — I hope these violent spirits will not meet.

Every one is waiting for me. — Pardon me, my best, my kindest friend, that I return your Norris. In these more promising prospects, I cannot have occasion for your favour. Besides, I have some hope that with my clothes they will send me the money I wrote for, although it is denied me in the letter. If they do not, and if I should have occasion, I can but signify my wants to so ready a friend. And I have promised to be obliged only to you. But I had rather methinks you should have it still to say, if challenged, that nothing of this nature has been either requested or done. I say this with a view entirely to my future hopes of recovering your mother's favour, which, next to that of my own father and mother, I am most solicitous to recover.

I must acquaint you wit one thing more, notwithstanding my hurry; and that is, that Mr. Lovelace offered either to attend me to Lord M.'s, or to send for his chaplain, yesterday. He pressed me to consent to this proposal most earnestly, and even seemed desirous rather to have the ceremony pass here than at London: for when there, I had told him, it was time enough to consider of so weighty and important a matter. Now, upon the receipt of your kind, your consolatory letter, methinks I could almost wish it had been in my power to comply with his earnest solicitations. But this dreadful letter has unhinged my whole frame. Then some little punctilio surely is necessary. No preparation made. No articles drawn. No license ready. Grief so extreme: no pleasure in prospect, nor so much as in wish — O my dear, who could think of entering into so solemn an engagement? Who, so unprepared, could seem to be so ready?

If I could flatter myself that my indifference to all the joys of this life proceeded from proper motives, not rather from the disappointments and mortifications my pride has met with, how much rather, I think, should I choose to be wedded to my shroud than to any man on earth!

Indeed I have at present no pleasure but in your friendship. Continue that to me, I beseech you. If my heart rises hereafter to a capacity of more, it must be built on that foundation.

My spirits sink again on setting out. Excuse this depth of vapourish dejection, which forbids me even hope, the cordial that keeps life from stagnating, and which never was denied me till within these eight-and-forty hours.

But ’tis time to relieve you.
Adieu, my best beloved and kindest friend! Pray for your CLARISSA.

LETTER LVIII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

I am sorry you sent back my Norris. But you must be allowed to do as you please. So must I, in my turn. We must neither of us, perhaps, expect absolutely of the other what is the rightest thing to be done: and yet few folks, so young as we are, better know what the rightest is. I cannot separate myself from you; although I give a double instance of my vanity in joining myself with you in this particular assertion.

I am most heartily rejoiced that your prospects are so much mended; and that, as I hoped, good has been produced out of evil. What must the man have been, what must have been his views, had he not taken such a turn, upon a letter so vile, and upon a treatment so unnatural, himself principally the occasion of it?

You know best your motives for suspending: but I wish you could have taken him at offers so earnest.* Why should you not have permitted him to send for Lord M.'s chaplain? If punctilio only was in the way, and want of a license, and of proper preparations, and such like, my service to you, my dear: and there is ceremony tantamount to your ceremony.

* Mr. Lovelace, in his next Letter, tells his friend how extremely ill the Lady was, recovering from fits to fall into stronger fits, and nobody expecting her life. She had not, he says, acquainted Miss Howe how very ill she was. — In the next Letter, she tells Miss Howe, that her motives for suspending were not merely ceremonious ones.

Do not, do not, my dear friend, again be so very melancholy a decliner as to prefer a shroud, when the matter you wish for is in your power; and when, as you have justly said heretofore, persons cannot die when they will.

But it is a strange perverseness in human nature that we slight that when near us which at a distance we wish for.

You have now but one point to pursue: that is marriage: let that be solemnized. Leave the rest to Providence, and, to use your own words in a former letter, follow as that leads. You will have a handsome man, a genteel man; he would be a wise man, if he were not vain of his endowments, and wild and intriguing: but while the eyes of many of our sex, taken by so specious a form and so brilliant a spirit, encourage that vanity, you must be contented to stay till grey hairs and prudence enter upon the stage together. You would not have every thing in the same man.

I believe Mr. Hickman treads no crooked paths; but he hobbles most ungracefully in a straight one. Yet Mr. Hickman, though he pleases not my eye, nor diverts my ear, will not, as I believe, disgust the one, nor shock the other. Your man, as I have lately said, will always keep up attention; you will always be alive with him, though perhaps more from fears than hopes: while Mr. Hickman will neither say any thing to keep one awake, nor yet, by shocking adventures, make one's slumbers uneasy.

I believe I now know which of the two men so prudent a person as you would, at first, have chosen; nor doubt I that you can guess which I would have made choice of, if I might. But proud as we are, the proudest of us all can only refuse, and many of us accept the but half-worthy, for fear a still worse should offer.

If men had chosen their mistresses for spirits like their own, although Mr. Lovelace, at the long run, may have been too many for me, I don't doubt but I should have given heart-ach for heart-ach, for one half-year at least; while you, with my dull-swift, would have glided on as serenely, as calmly, as unaccountably, as the succeeding seasons; and varying no otherwise than they, to bring on new beauties and conveniencies to all about you.

I was going on in this style — but my mother broke in upon me with a prohibitory aspect. 'She gave me leave for one letter only.' — She had just parted with your odious uncle, and they have been in close conference again.

She has vexed me. I must lay this by till I hear from you again, not knowing whither to send it.

Direct me to a third place, as I desired in my former.

I told my mother (on her challenging me) that I was writing indeed, and to you: but it was only to amuse myself; for I protested that I knew not where to send to you.

I hope that your next may inform me of your nuptials, although the next to that were to acquaint me that he was the most ungratefullest monster on earth; as he must be, if not the kindest husband in it.

My mother has vexed me. But so, on revising, I wrote before. — But she has unhinged me, as you call it: pretended to catechise Hickman, I assure you, for contributing to our supposed correspondence. Catechised him severely too, upon my word! — I believe I have a sneaking kindness for the sneaking fellow, for I cannot endure that any body should treat him like a fool but myself.

I believe, between you and me, the good lady forgot herself. I heard her loud. She possibly imagined that my father was come to life again. Yet the meekness of the man might have soon convinced her, I should have thought; for my father, it

seems, would talk as loud as she, I suppose, (though within a few yards of each other,) as if both were out of their way, and were hallooing at half a mile's distance, to get in again.

I know you'll blame me for this sauciness — but I told you I was vexed; and if I had not a spirit, my parentage on both sides might be doubted.

You must not chide me too severely, however, because I have learned of you not to defend myself in an error: and I own I am wrong: and that's enough: you won't be so generous in this case as you are in every other, if you don't think it is.

Adieu, my dear! I must, I will love you, and love you for ever! So subscribes your

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LIX

FROM MISS HOWE [ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.] THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

I have been making inquiry, as I told you I would, whether your relations had really (before you left them) resolved upon that change of measures which your aunt mentions in her letter; and by laying together several pieces of intelligence, some drawn from my mother, through your uncle Antony's communications; some from Miss Lloyd, by your sister's; and some by a third way that I shall not tell you of; I have reason to think the following a true state of the case.

'That there was no intention of a change of measures till within two or three days of your going away. On the contrary, your brother and sister, though they had no hope of prevailing with you in Solmes's favour, were resolved never to give over their persecutions till they had pushed you upon taking some step, which, by help of their good offices, should be deemed inexcusable by the half-witted souls they had to play upon.

'But that, at last, your mother (tired with, and, perhaps, ashamed of the passive part she had acted) thought fit to declare to Miss Bell, that she was determined to try to put an end to the family feuds, and to get your uncle Harlowe to second her endeavours.

'This alarmed your brother and sister, and then a change of measures was resolved upon. Solmes's offers were, however, too advantageous to be given up; and your father's condescension was now to be their sole dependence, and (as they give it out) the trying of what that would do with you, their last effort.'

And indeed, my dear, this must have succeeded, I verily think, with such a daughter as they had to deal with, could that father, who never, I dare say, kneeled in his life but to his God, have so far condescended as your aunt writes he would.

But then, my dear, what would this have done? — Perhaps you would have given Lovelace this meeting, in hopes to pacify him, and prevent mischief; supposing that they had given you time, and not hurried you directly into the state. But if you had not met him, you see that he was resolved to visit them, and well attended too: and what must have been the consequence?

So that, upon the whole, we know not but matters may be best as they are, however disagreeable that best is.

I hope your considerate and thoughtful mind will make a good use of this hint. Who would not with patience sustain even a great evil, if she could persuade herself that it was kindly dispensed, in order to prevent a still greater? — Especially, if she could sit down, as you can, and acquit her own heart?

Permit me one further observation — Do we not see, from the above state of the matter, what might have been done before by the worthy person of your family, had she exerted the mother, in behalf of a child so meritorious, yet so much oppressed?

Adieu, my dear. I will be ever yours. ANNA HOWE.

[Clarissa, in her answer to the first of the two last letters, chides her friend for giving so little weight to her advice, in relation to her behaviour to her mother. It may be proper to insert here the following extracts from that answer, though a little before the time.]

You assume, my dear, says she, your usual and ever-agreeable style in what you write of the two gentlemen,* and how unaptly you think they have chosen; Mr. Hickman in addressing you, Mr. Lovelace me. But I am inclinable to believe that, with a view to happiness, however two mild tempers might agree, two high ones would make sad work of it, both at one time violent and unyielding. You two might, indeed, have raqueted the ball betwixt you, as you say.* * But Mr. Hickman, by his gentle manners, seems formed for you, if you go not too far with him. If you do, it would be a tameness in him to bear it, which would make a man more contemptible than Mr. Hickman can ever deserve to be made. Nor is it a disgrace for even a brave man, who knows what a woman is to vow to him afterwards, to be very obsequious beforehand.

* See Letter XXXV. and Letter XXXVI. of this volume.

* * See Letter XXXVI. of this volume.

Do you think it is to the credit of Mr. Lovelace's character that he can be offensive and violent? — Does he not, as all such spirits must, subject himself to the necessity of making submissions for his excesses far more mortifying to a proud hear than those condescensions which the high-spirited are so apt to impute as a weakness of mind in such a man as Mr. Hickman?

Let me tell you, my dear, that Mr. Hickman is such a one as would rather bear an affront from a lady, than offer one to her. He had rather, I dare say, that she should have occasion to ask his pardon than he her's. But my dear, you have outlived your first passion; and had the second man been an angel, he would not have been more than indifferent to you.

My motives for suspending, proceeds she, were not merely ceremonious ones. I was really very ill. I could not hold up my head. The contents of my sister's letters had pierced my heart. Indeed, my dear, I was very ill. And was I, moreover, to be as ready to accept his offer as if I were afraid he never would repeat it?

I see with great regret that your mamma is still immovably bent against our correspondence. What shall I do about it? — It goes against me to continue it, or to wish you to favour me with returns. — Yet I have so managed my matters that I have no friend but you to advise with. It is enough to make one indeed wish to be married to this man, though a man of errors, as he has worthy relations of my own sex; and I should have some friends, I hope: — and having some, I might have more — for as money is said to increase money, so does the countenance of persons of character increase friends: while the destitute must be destitute. — It goes against my heart to beg of your to discontinue corresponding with me; and yet it is against my conscience to carry it on against parental prohibition. But I dare not use all the arguments against it that I could use — And why? — For fear I should convince you; and you should reject me as the rest of my friends have done. I leave therefore the determination of this point upon you. — I am not, I find, to be trusted with it. But be mine all the fault, and all the punishment, if it be punishable! — And certainly it must, when it can be the cause of the letter I have before me, and which I must no farther animadvert upon, because you forbid me to do so.

[To the second letter, among other things, she says,]

So, my dear, you seem to think that there was a fate in my error. The cordial, the considerate friendship is seen in the observation you make on this occasion. Yet since things have happened as they have, would to Heaven I could hear that all the world acquitted my father, or, at least, my mother! whose character, before these family feuds broke out, was the subject of everyone's admiration. Don't let any body say from you, so that it may come to her ear, that she might, from a timely exertion of her fine talents, have saved her unhappy child. You will observe, my dear, that in her own good time, when she saw there was not likely to be an end to my brother's persecutions, she resolved to exert herself. But the pragmatical daughter, by the fatal meeting, precipitated all, and frustrated her indulgent designs. O my love, I am now convinced, by dear experience, that while children are so happy as to have parents or guardians whom they may consult, they should not presume (no, not with the best and purest intentions) to follow their own conceits in material cases.

A ray of hope of future reconciliation darts in upon my mind, from the intention you tell me my mother had to exert herself in my favour, had I not gone away. And my hope is the stronger, as this communication points out to me that

my uncle Harlowe's interest is likely, in my mother's opinion, to be of weight, if it could be engaged. It will behove me, perhaps, to apply to that dear uncle, if a proper occasion offer.

LETTER LX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY, APRIL 24.

Fate is weaving a whimsical web for thy friend; and I see not but I shall be inevitably manacled.

Here have I been at work, dig, dig, dig, like a cunning miner, at one time, and spreading my snares, like an artful fowler, at another, and exulting in my contrivances to get this inimitable creature, absolutely into my power. Every thing made for me. Her brother and uncles were but my pioneers: her father stormed as I directed him to storm: Mrs. Howe was acted by the springs I set at work; her daughter was moving for me, yet imagined herself plumb against me: and the dear creature herself had already run her stubborn neck into my gin, and knew not that she was caught, for I had not drawn my springs close about her — And just as all this was completed, wouldst thou believe, that I should be my own enemy, and her friend? That I should be so totally diverted from all my favourite purposes, as to propose to marry her before I went to town, in order to put it out of my own power to resume them.

When thou knowest this, wilt thou not think that my black angel plays me booty, and has taken it into his head to urge me on to the indissoluble tie, that he might be more sure of me (from the complex transgressions to which he will certainly stimulate me, when wedded) than perhaps he thought he could be from the simple sins, in which I have so long allowed myself, that they seem to have the plea of habit?

Thou wilt be still the more surprised, when I tell thee, that there seems to be a coalition going forward between the black angels and the white ones; for here has her's induced her, in one hour, and by one retrograde accident, to acknowledge what the charming creature never before acknowledged, a preferable favour for me. She even avows an intention to be mine. — Mine! without reformation-conditions! — She permits me to talk of love to her! — of the irrevocable ceremony! — Yet, another extraordinary! postpones that ceremony; chooses to set out for London; and even to go to the widow's in town.

Well, but how comes all this about? methinks thou askest. — Thou, Lovelace, dealest in wonders, yet aimest not at the marvellous! — How did all this come about?

I will tell thee — I was in danger of losing my charmer for ever! She was soaring upward to her native skies! She was got above earth, by means too, of the earth-born! And something extraordinary was to be done to keep her with us

sublunaries. And what so effectually as the soothing voice of Love, and the attracting offer of matrimony from a man not hated, can fix the attention of the maiden heart, aching with uncertainty, and before impatient of the questionable question?

This, in short, was the case: while she was refusing all manner of obligation to me, keeping me at haughty distance, in hopes that her cousin Morden's arrival would soon fix her in a full and absolute independence of me — disgusted, likewise, at her adorer, for holding himself the reins of his own passions, instead of giving them up to her controul — she writes a letter, urging an answer to a letter before sent, for her apparel, her jewels, and some gold, which she had left behind her; all which was to save her pride from obligation, and to promote the independence her heart was set upon. And what followed but a shocking answer, made still more shocking by the communication of a father's curse, upon a daughter deserving only blessings? — A curse upon the curser's heart, and a double one upon the transmitter's, the spiteful the envious Arabella!

Absent when it came — on my return I found her recovering from fits, again to fall into stronger fits; and nobody expecting her life; half a dozen messengers dispatched to find me out. Nor wonder at her being so affected; she, whose filial piety gave her dreadful faith in a father's curses; and the curse of this gloomy tyrant extending (to use her own words, when she could speak) to both worlds — O that it had turned, in the moment of its utterance, to a mortal quinsy, and, sticking in his gullet, had choked the old execrator, as a warning to all such unnatural fathers!

What a miscreant had I been, not to have endeavoured to bring her back, by all the endearments, by all the vows, by all the offers, that I could make her!

I did bring her back. More than a father to her: for I have given her a life her unnatural father had well-nigh taken away: Shall I not cherish the fruits of my own benefaction? I was earnest in my vows to marry, and my ardour to urge the present time was a real ardour. But extreme dejection, with a mingled delicacy, that in her dying moments I doubt not she will preserve, have caused her to refuse me the time, though not the solemnity; for she has told me, that now she must be wholly in my protection [being destitute of every other!] More indebted, still, thy friend, as thou seest, to her cruel relations, than to herself, for her favour!

She has written to Miss Howe an account of their barbarity! but has not acquainted her how very ill she was.

Low, very low, she remains; yet, dreading her stupid brother's enterprise, she wants to be in London, where, but for this accident, and (wouldst thou have believed it?) for my persuasions, seeing her so very ill, she would have been this night; and we shall actually set out on Wednesday morning, if she be not worse.

And now for a few words with thee, on the heavy preachment of Saturday last.

Thou art apprehensive, that the lady is now truly in danger; and it is a miracle, thou tellest me, if she withstand such an attempter!— ‘Knowing what we know of the sex, thou sayest, thou shouldst dread, wert thou me, to make further trial, lest thou shouldst succeed.’ And, in another place, tellest me, ‘That thou pleadest not for the state for any favour thou hast for it.’

What an advocate art thou for matrimony — !

Thou wert ever an unhappy fellow at argument. Does the trite stuff with which the rest of thy letter abounds, in favour of wedlock, strike with the force that this which I have transcribed does against it?

Thou takest great pains to convince me, and that from the distresses the lady is reduced to (chiefly by her friend’s persecutions and implacableness, I hope thou wilt own, and not from me, as yet) that the proposed trial will not be a fair trial. But let me ask thee, Is not calamity the test of virtue? And wouldst thou not have me value this charming creature upon proof of her merits? — Do I not intend to reward her by marriage, if she stand that proof?

But why repeat I what I have said before? — Turn back, thou egregious arguer, turn back to my long letter of the 13th,* and thou wilt there find every syllable of what thou hast written either answered or invalidated.

* See Letter XVIII. of this volume.

But I am not angry with thee, Jack. I love opposition. As gold is tried by fire, and virtue by temptation, so is sterling wit by opposition. Have I not, before thou settest out as an advocate for my fair-one, often brought thee in, as making objections to my proceedings, for no other reason than to exalt myself by proving thee a man of straw? As Homer raises up many of his champions, and gives them terrible names, only to have them knocked on the head by his heroes.

However, take to thee this one piece of advice — Evermore be sure of being in the right, when thou presumest to sit down to correct thy master.

And another, if thou wilt — Never offer to invalidate the force which a virtuous education ought to have in the sex, by endeavouring to find excuses for their frailty from the frailty of ours. For, are we not devils to each other? — They tempt us — we tempt them. Because we men cannot resist temptation, is that a reason that women ought not, when the whole of their education is caution and warning against our attempts? Do not their grandmothers give them one easy rule — Men are to ask — Women are to deny?

Well, but to return to my principal subject; let me observe, that, be my future resolutions what they will, as to this lady, the contents of the violent letter she has received have set me at least a month forward with her. I can now, as I hinted, talk

of love and marriage, without controul or restriction; her injunctions no more my terror.

In this sweetly familiar way shall we set out together for London. Mrs. Sorlings's eldest daughter, at my motion, is to attend her in the chaise, while I ride by way of escort: for she is extremely apprehensive of the Singleton plot; and has engaged me to be all patience, if any thing should happen on the road. But nothing I am sure will happen: for, by a letter received just now from Joseph, I understand, that James Harlowe has already laid aside his stupid project: and this by the earnest desire of all those of his friends to whom he had communicated it; who were afraid of the consequences that might attend it. But it is not over with me, however; although I am not determined at present as to the uses I may make of it.

My beloved tells me, she shall have her clothes sent her. She hopes also her jewels, and some gold, which she left behind her: but Joseph says, clothes only will be sent. I will not, however, tell her that: on the contrary, I say, there is no doubt but they will send all she wrote for. The greater her disappointment from them, the greater must be her dependence on me.

But, after all, I hope I shall be enabled to be honest to a merit so transcendent. The devil take thee, though, for thy opinion, given so mal-a-propos, that she may be overcome.

If thou designest to be honest, methinkst thou sayest, Why should not Singleton's plot be over with thee, as it is with her brother?

Because (if I must answer thee) where people are so modestly doubtful of what they are able to do, it is good to leave a loop-hole. And, let me add, that when a man's heart is set upon a point, and any thing occurs to beat him off, he will find it very difficult, when the suspending reason ceases, to forbear resuming it.

LETTER LXI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, APRIL 25.

All hands at work in preparation for London. — What makes my heart beat so strong? Why rises it to my throat in such half-choking flutters, when I think of what this removal may do for me? I am hitherto resolved to be honest, and that increases my wonder at these involuntary commotions. 'Tis a plotting villain of a heart: it ever was — and ever will be, I doubt. Such a joy when any roguery is going forward! — I so little its master! — A head, likewise, so well turned to answer the triangular varlet's impulses! — No matter — I will have one struggle with thee, old friend; and if I cannot overcome thee now, I never will again attempt to conquer thee.

The dear creature continues extremely low and dejected. Tender blossom! how unfit to contend with the rude and ruffling winds of passion, and haughty and insolent control! — Never till now from under the wing (it is not enough to say of indulging, but) of admiring parents; the mother's bosom only fit to receive this charming flower!

This was the reflection, that, with mingled compassion, and augmented love, arose to my mind, when I beheld the charmer reposing her lovely face upon the bosom of the widow Sorlings, from a recovered fit, as I entered soon after she had received her execrable sister's letter. How lovely in her tears! — And as I entered, her uplifted face significantly bespeaking my protection, as I thought. And can I be a villain to such an angel! — I hope not — But why, Belford, why, once more, puttest thou me in mind, that she may be overcome? And why is her own reliance on my honour so late and so reluctantly shown?

But, after all, so low, so dejected, continues she to be, that I am terribly afraid I shall have a vapourish wife, if I do marry. I should then be doubly undone. Not that I shall be much at home with her, perhaps, after the first fortnight, or so. But when a man has been ranging, like the painful bee, from flower to flower, perhaps for a month together, and the thoughts of home and a wife begin to have their charms with him, to be received by a Niobe, who, like a wounded vine, weeps her vitals away, while she but involuntary curls about him; how shall I be able to bear that?

May Heaven restore my charmer to health and spirits, I hourly pray — that a man may see whether she can love any body but her father and mother! In their power, I am confident, it will be, at any time, to make her husband joyless; and that, as I hate them so heartily, is a shocking thing to reflect upon. — Something

more than woman, an angel, in some things; but a baby in others: so father-sick! so family-fond! — What a poor chance stands a husband with such a wife! unless, forsooth, they vouchsafe to be reconciled to her, and continue reconciled!

It is infinitely better for her and for me that we should not marry. What a delightful manner of life [O that I could persuade her to it!] would the life of honour be with such a woman! The fears, the inquietudes, the uneasy days, the restless nights; all arising from doubts of having disobliged me! Every absence dreaded to be an absence for ever! And then how amply rewarded, and rewarding, by the rapture-causing return! Such a passion as this keeps love in a continual fervour — makes it all alive. The happy pair, instead of sitting dozing and nodding at each other, in opposite chimney-corners, in a winter evening, and over a wintry love, always new to each other, and having always something to say.

Thou knowest, in my verses to my Stella, my mind on this occasion. I will lay those verses in her way, as if undesignedly, when we are together at the widow's; that is to say, if we do not soon go to church by consent. She will thence see what my notions are of wedlock. If she receives them with any sort of temper, that will be a foundation — and let me alone to build upon it.

Many a girl has been carried, who never would have been attempted, had she showed a proper resentment, when her ears, or her eyes were first invaded. I have tried a young creature by a bad book, a light quotation, or an indecent picture; and if she has borne that, or only blushed, and not been angry; and more especially if she has leered and smiled; that girl have I, and old Satan, put down for our own. O how I could warn these little rogues, if I would! Perhaps envy, more than virtue, will put me upon setting up beacons for them, when I grow old and joyless.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

If you are in London when I get thither, you will see me soon. My charmer is a little better than she was: her eyes show it; and her harmonious voice, hardly audible last time I saw her, now begins to cheer my heart once more. But yet she has no love — no sensibility! There is no addressing her with those meaning, yet innocent freedoms (innocent, at first setting out, they may be called) which soften others of her sex. The more strange this, as she now acknowledges preferable favour for me; and is highly susceptible of grief. Grief mollifies, and enervates. The grieved mind looks round it, silently implores consolation, and loves the soother. Grief is ever an inmate with joy. Though they won't show themselves at the same window at one time; yet they have the whole house in common between them.

LETTER LXII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDN. APRIL 26.

At last my lucky star has directed us into the desired port, and we are safely landed. — Well says Rowe: —

The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

But in the midst of my exultation, something, I know not what to call it, checks my joys, and glooms over my brighter prospects: if it be not conscience, it is wondrously like what I thought so, many, many years ago.

Surely, Lovelace, methinks thou sayest, thy good motions are not gone off already! Surely thou wilt not now at last be a villain to this lady!

I can't tell what to say to it. Why would not the dear creature accept of me, when I so sincerely offered myself to her acceptance? Things already appear with a very different face now I have got her here. Already have our mother and her daughters been about me:— 'Charming lady! What a complexion! What eyes! What majesty in her person! — O Mr. Lovelace, you are a happy man! You owe us such a lady!' — Then they remind me of my revenge, and of my hatred to her whole family.

Sally was so struck with her, at first sight, that she broke out to me in these lines of Dryden: —

—— Fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green!
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new!

I sent to thy lodgings within half an hour after our arrival, to receive thy congratulation upon it, but thou wert at Edgeware, it seems.

My beloved, who is charmingly amended, is retired to her constant employment, writing. I must content myself with the same amusement, till she shall be pleased to admit me to her presence: for already have I given to every one her cue.

And, among the rest, who dost thou think is to be her maid servant? — Deb. Butler.

Ah, Lovelace!

And Ah, Belford! — It can't be otherwise. But what dost think Deb's name is to be? Why, Dorcas, Dorcas Wykes. And won't it be admirable, if, either through

fear, fright, or good liking, we can get my beloved to accept of Dorcas Wykes for a bed-fellow?

In so many ways will it be now in my power to have the dear creature, that I shall not know which of them to choose!

But here comes the widow with Dorcas Wykes in her hand, and I am to introduce them both to my fair-one?

So, the honest girl is accepted — of good parentage — but, through a neglected education, plaguy illiterate: she can neither write, nor read writing. A kinswoman of Mrs. Sinclair — could not therefore well be refused, the widow in person recommending her; and the wench only taken till her Hannah can come. What an advantage has an imposing or forward nature over a courteous one! So here may something arise to lead into correspondencies, and so forth. To be sure a person need not be so wary, so cautious of what she writes, or what she leaves upon her table, or toilette, when her attendant cannot read.

It would be a miracle, as thou sayest, if this lady can save herself — And having gone so far, how can I recede? Then my revenge upon the Harlowes! — To have run away with a daughter of theirs, to make her a Lovelace — to make her one of a family so superior to her own — what a triumph, as I have heretofore observed,* to them! But to run away with her, and to bring her to my lure in the other light, what a mortification of their pride! What a gratification of my own!

Then these women are continually at me. These women, who, before my whole soul and faculties were absorbed in the love of this single charmer, used always to oblige me with the flower and first fruits of their garden! Indeed, indeed, my goddess should not have chosen this London widow's! But I dare say, if I had, she would not. People who will be dealing in contradiction ought to pay for it. And to be punished by the consequences of our own choice — what a moral lies there! — What a deal of good may I not be the occasion of from a little evil!

Dorcas is a neat creature, both in person and dress; her continuance not vulgar. And I am in hopes, as I hinted above, that her lady will accept of her for her bedfellow, in a strange house, for a week or so. But I saw she had a dislike to her at her very first appearance; yet I thought the girl behaved very modestly — over-did it a little perhaps. Her ladyship shrunk back, and looked shy upon her. The doctrine of sympathies and antipathies is a surprising doctrine. But Dorcas will be excessively obliging, and win her lady's favour soon, I doubt not. I am secure in one of the wench's qualities however — she is not to be corrupted. A great point that! since a lady and her maid, when heartily of one party, will be too hard for half a score devils.

The dear creature was no less shy when the widow first accosted her at her alighting. Yet I thought that honest Doleman's letter had prepared her for her masculine appearance.

And now I mention that letter, why dost thou not wish me joy, Jack?

Joy, of what?

Why, joy of my nuptials. Know then, that said, is done, with me, when I have a mind to have it so; and that we are actually man and wife! only that consummation has not passed: bound down to the contrary of that, by a solemn vow, till a reconciliation with her family take place. The women here are told so. They know it before my beloved knows it; and that, thou wilt say, is odd.

But how shall I do to make my fair-one keep her temper on the intimation? Why, is she not here? At Mrs. Sinclair's? — But if she will hear reason, I doubt not to convince her, that she ought to acquiesce.

She will insist, I suppose, upon my leaving her, and that I shall not take up my lodgings under the same roof. But circumstances are changed since I first made her that promise. I have taken all the vacant apartments; and must carry this point also.

I hope in a while to get her with me to the public entertainments. She knows nothing of the town, and has seen less of its diversions than ever woman of her taste, her fortune, her endowments, did see. She has, indeed, a natural politeness, which transcends all acquirement. The most capable of any one I ever knew of judging what an hundred things are, by seeing one of a like nature. Indeed she took so much pleasure in her own chosen amusements, till persecuted out of them, that she had neither leisure nor inclination for the town diversions.

These diversions will amuse, and the deuce is in it, if a little susceptibility will not put forth, now she receives my address; especially if I can manage it so as to be allowed to live under one roof with her. What though the sensibility be at first faint and reluctant, like the appearance of an early spring-flower in frosty winter, which seems afraid of being nipt by an easterly blast! That will be enough for me.

I hinted to thee in a former,* that I had provided books for the lady's in-door amusement. Sally and Polly are readers. My beloved's light closet was their library. And several pieces of devotion have been put in, bought on purpose at second-hand.

* See Letter XXXIX. of this volume.

I was always for forming a judgment of the reading part of the sex by their books. The observations I have made on this occasion have been of great use to me, as well in England as out of it. The sagacious lady may possibly be as curious in this point as her Lovelace.

So much for the present. Thou seest that I have a great deal of business before me; yet I will write again soon.

[Mr. Lovelace sends another letter with this; in which he takes notice of young Miss Sorlings's setting out with them, and leaving them at Barnet: but as its contents are nearly the same with those in the Lady's next letter, it is omitted.]

VOLUME IV.

DETAILED LETTER CONTENTS

LETTER I. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —
Likes her lodgings; but not greatly the widow. Chides Miss Howe for her rash, though friendly vow. Catalogue of good books she finds in her closet. Utterly dissatisfied with him for giving out to the women below that they were privately married. Has a strong debate with him on this subject. He offers matrimony to her, but in such a manner that she could not close with his offer. Her caution as to doors, windows, and seals of letters.
LETTER II. Miss Howe to Clarissa. —
Her expedient to correspond with each other every day. Is glad she had thoughts of marrying him had he repeated his offer. Wonders he did not.
LETTER III. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —
Breakfasts with him and the widow, and her two nieces. Observations upon their behaviour and looks. He makes a merit of leaving her, and hopes, ON HIS RETURN, that she will name his happy day. She is willing to make the best constructions in his favour.
In his next letter (extracts from which are only given) he triumphs on the points he has carried. Stimulated by the women, he resumes his resolution to try her to the utmost.
LETTER IV. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —
Lovelace returns the next day. She thinks herself meanly treated, and is angry. He again urges marriage; but before she can return his answer makes another proposal; yet she suspects not that he means a studied delay. He is in treaty for Mrs. Fretchville's house. Description of it.
An inviting opportunity offers for him to propose matrimony to her. She wonders he let it slip. He is very urgent for her company at a collation he is to give to four of his select friends, and Miss Partington. He gives an account who Miss Partington is.
In Mr. Lovelace's next letter he invites Belford, Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville, to his collation. His humourous instructions for their behaviour before the lady. Has two views in getting her into their company.
LETTER V. Lovelace to Belford. —
Has been at church with Clarissa. The sabbath a charming institution. The text startles him. Nathan the prophet he calls a good ingenious

fellow. She likes the women better than she did at first. She reluctantly consents to honour his collation with her presence. Longs to have their opinions of his fair prize. Describes her to great advantage.

LETTER VI. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —

She praises his good behaviour at St. Paul's. Is prevailed on to dine with Mrs. Sinclair and her nieces. Is better pleased with them than she thought she should be. Blames herself for her readiness to censure, where reputation is concerned. Her charitable allowances on this head. This day an agreeable day. Interprets ever thing she can fairly interpret in Mr. Lovelace's favour. She could prefer him to all the men she ever knew, if he would always be what he had been that day. Is determined, as much as possible, by true merit, and by deeds. Dates again, and is offended at Miss Partington's being introduced to her, and at his making her yield to be present at his intended collation.

LETTER VII. From the same. —

Disgusted wit her evening. Characterizes his four companions. Likes not Miss Partington's behaviour.

LETTER VIII. From the same. —

An attempt to induce her to admit Miss Partington to a share in her bed for that night. She refuses. Her reasons. Is highly dissatisfied.

LETTER IX. From the same. —

Has received an angry letter from Mrs. Howe, forbidding her to correspond with her daughter. She advises compliance, though against herself; and, to induce her to it, makes the best of her present prospects.

LETTER X. Miss Howe. In answer. —

Flames out upon this step of her mother. Insists upon continuing the correspondence. Her menaces if Clarissa write not. Raves against Lovelace. But blames her for not obliging Miss Partington: and why. Advises her to think of settlements. Likes Lovelace's proposal of Mrs. Fretchville's house.

LETTER XI. Clarissa. In reply. —

Terrified at her menaces, she promises to continue writing. Beseeches her to learn to subdue her passions. Has just received her clothes.

LETTER XII. Mr. Hickman to Clarissa. —

Miss Howe, he tells her, is uneasy for the vexation she has given her. If she will write on as before, Miss Howe will not think of doing what she is so apprehensive of. He offers her his most faithful services.

LETTER XIII. XIV. Lovelace to Belford. —

Tells him how much the lady dislikes the confraternity; Belford as well as the rest. Has a warm debate with her in her behalf. Looks upon her refusing a share in her bed to Miss Partington as suspecting and defying him. Threatens her. — Savagely glories in her grief, on receiving Miss Howe's prohibitory letter: which appears to be instigated by himself.
LETTER XV. Belford to Lovelace. —
His and his compeer's high admiration of Clarissa. They all join to entreat him to do her justice.
LETTER XVI. XVII. Lovelace. In answer. —
He endeavours to palliate his purposes by familiar instances of cruelty to birds, &c. — Farther characteristic reasonings in support of his wicked designs. The passive condition to which he wants to bring the lady.
LETTER XVIII. Belford. In reply. —
Still warmly argues in behalf of the lady. Is obliged to attend a dying uncle: and entreats him to write from time to time an account of all his proceedings.
LETTER XIX. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —
Lovelace, she says, complains of the reserves he gives occasion for. His pride a dirty low pride, which has eaten up his prudence. He is sunk in her opinion. An afflicting letter sent her from her cousin Morden. Encloses the letter. In which her cousin (swayed by the representations of her brother) pleads in behalf of Solmes, and the family-views; and sets before her, in strong and just lights, the character of a libertine. Her heavy reflections upon the contents. Her generous prayer.
LETTER XX. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —
He presses her to go abroad with him; yet mentions not the ceremony that should give propriety to his urgency. Cannot bear the life she lives. Wishes her uncle Harlowe to be sounded by Mr. Hickman, as to a reconciliation. Mennell introduced to her. Will not take another step with Lovelace till she know the success of the proposed application to her uncle.
Substance of two letters from Lovelace to Belford; in which he tells him who Mennell is, and gives an account of many new contrivances and precautions. Women's pockets ballast-bags. Mrs. Sinclair's wardrobe. Good order observed in her house. The lady's caution, he says, warrants his contrivances.
LETTER XXI. Lovelace to Belford. —
Will write a play. The title of it, The Quarrelsome Lovers.
Perseverance his glory; patience his hand-maid. Attempts to get a letter

the lady had dropt as she sat. Her high indignation upon it. Farther plots. Paul Wheatly, who; and for what employed. Sally Martin's reproaches. Has overplotted himself. Human nature a well-known rogue.
LETTER XXII. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —
Acquaints her with their present quarrel. Finds it imprudent to stay with him. Re-urges the application to her uncle. Cautions her sex with regard to the danger of being misled by the eye.
LETTER XXIII. Miss Howe. In answer. —
Approves of her leaving Lovelace. New stories of his wickedness. Will have her uncle sounded. Comforts her. How much her case differs from that of any other female fugitive. She will be an example, as well as a warning. A picture of Clarissa's happiness before she knew Lovelace. Brief sketches of her exalted character. Adversity her shining time.
LETTER XXIV. Clarissa. In reply. —
Has a contest with Lovelace about going to church. He obliges her again to accept of his company to St. Paul's.
LETTER XXV. Miss Howe to Mrs. Norton. —
Desiring her to try to dispose Mrs. Harlowe to forward a reconciliation.
LETTER XXVI. Mrs. Norton. In answer.
LETTER XXVII. Miss Howe. In reply.
LETTER XXVIII. Mrs. Harlowe's pathetic letter to Mrs. Norton.
LETTER XXIX. Miss Howe to Clarissa. —
Fruitless issue of Mr. Hickman's application to her uncle. Advises her how to proceed with, and what to say to, Lovelace. Endeavours to account for his teasing ways. Who knows, she says, but her dear friend was permitted to swerve, in order to bring about his reformation? Informs her of her uncle Antony's intended address to her mother.
LETTER XXX. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —
Hard fate to be thrown upon an ungenerous and cruel man. Reasons why she cannot proceed with Mr. Lovelace as she advises. Affecting apostrophe to Lovelace.
LETTER XXXI. From the same. —
Interesting conversation with Lovelace. He frightens her. He mentions settlements. Her modest encouragements of him. He evades. True generosity what. She requires his proposals of settlements in writing. Examines herself on her whole conduct to Lovelace. Maidenly niceness not her motive for the distance she has kept him at. What is. Invites her correction if she deceive herself.
LETTER XXXII. From the same. —

With Mr. Lovelace's written proposals. Her observations on the cold conclusion of them. He knows not what every wise man knows, of the prudence and delicacy required in a wife.
LETTER XXXIII. From the same. —
Mr. Lovelace presses for the day; yet makes a proposal which must necessarily occasion a delay. Her unreserved and pathetic answer to it. He is affected by it. She rejoices that he is penetrable. He presses for her instant resolution; but at the same time insinuates delay. Seeing her displeased, he urges for the morrow: but, before she can answer, gives her the alternative of other days. Yet, wanting to reward himself, as if he had obliged her, she repulses him on a liberty he would have taken. He is enraged. Her melancholy reflections on her future prospects with such a man. The moral she deduces from her story. [A note, defending her conduct from the censure which passed upon her as over nice.]
Extracts from four of his letters: in which he glories in his cruelty. Hardheartedness he owns to be an essential of the libertine character. Enjoys the confusion of a fine woman. His apostrophe to virtue. Ashamed of being visibly affected. Enraged against her for repulsing him. Will steel his own heart, that he may cut through a rock of ice to her's. The women afresh instigate him to attempt her virtue.
LETTER XXXIV. Miss Howe to Clarissa. —
Is enraged at his delays. Will think of some scheme to get her out of his hands. Has no notion that he can or dare to mean her dishonour. Women do not naturally hate such men as Lovelace.
LETTER XXXV. Belford to Lovelace. —
Warmly espouses the lady's cause. Nothing but vanity and nonsense in the wild pursuits of libertines. For his own sake, for his family's sake, and for the sake of their common humanity, he beseeches him to do this lady justice.
LETTER XXXVI. Lord M. to Mr. Belford. —
A proverbial letter in the lady's favour.
LETTER XXXVII. Lovelace to Belford. —
He ludicrously turns Belford's arguments against him. Resistance inflames him. Why the gallant is preferred to the husband. Gives a piece of advice to married women. Substance of his letter to Lord M. desiring him to give the lady to him in person. His view in this letter.
Ridicules Lord M. for his proverbs. Ludicrous advice to Belford in relation to his dying uncle. What physicians should do when a patient is

given over.
LETTER XXXVIII. Belford to Lovelace. —
Sets forth the folly, the inconvenience, the impolicy of KEEPING, and the preference of MARRIAGE, upon the foot of their own principles, as libertines.
LETTER XXXIX. Lovelace to Belford. —
Affects to mistake the intention of Belford's letter, and thanks him for approving his present scheme. The seduction progress is more delightful to him, he says, than the crowning act.
LETTER XL. From the same. —
All extremely happy at present. Contrives a conversation for the lady to overhear. Platonic love, how it generally ends. Will get her to a play; likes not tragedies. Has too much feeling. Why men of his cast prefer comedy to tragedy. The nymphs, and Mrs. Sinclair, and all their acquaintances, of the same mind. Other artifices of his. Could he have been admitted in her hours of dishabille and heedlessness, he had been long ago master of his wishes. His view in getting her to a play: a play, and a collation afterwards, greatly befriend a lover's designs; and why. She consents to go with him to see the tragedy of Venice Preserved.
LETTER XLI. Clarissa to Miss Howe. —
Gives the particulars of the overheard conversation. Thinks her prospects a little mended. Is willing to compound for tolerable appearances, and to hope, when reason for hope offers.
LETTER XLII. Miss Howe to Clarissa. —
Her scheme of Mrs. Townsend. Is not for encouraging dealers in prohibited goods; and why. Her humourous treatment of Hickman on consulting him upon Lovelace's proposals of settlements.
LETTER XLIII. From the same. —
Her account of Antony Harlowe's address to her mother, and of what passed on her mother's communicating it to her. Copy of Mrs. Howe's answer to his letter.
LETTER XLIV. XLV. Lovelace to Belford. —
Comes at several letters of Miss Howe. He is now more assured of Clarissa than ever; and why. Sparkling eyes, what they indicate. She keeps him at distance. Repeated instigations from the women. Account of the letters he has come at. All rage and revenge upon the contents of them. Menaces Hickman. Wishes Miss Howe had come up to town, as she threatened.
LETTER XLVI. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Is terrified by him. Disclaims

prudery. Begs of Miss Howe to perfect her scheme, that she may leave him. She thinks her temper changed for the worse. Trembles to look back upon his encroachments. Is afraid, on the close self-examination which her calamities have caused her to make, that even in the best actions of her past life she has not been quite free from secret pride, &c. Tears almost in two the answer she had written to his proposals. Intends to go out next day, and not to return. Her farther intentions.

LETTER XLVII. Lovelace to Belford. —

Meets the lady at breakfast. Flings the tea-cup and saucer over his head. The occasion. Alarms and terrifies her by his free address. Romping, the use of it by a lover. Will try if she will not yield to nightly surprises. A lion-hearted lady where her honour is concerned. Must have recourse to his master-strokes. Fable of the sun and north wind. Mrs. Fretchville's house an embarrass. He gives that pretended lady the small-pox. Other contrivances in his head to bring Clarissa back, if she should get away. Miss Howe's scheme of Mrs. Townsend is, he says, a sword hanging over his head. He must change his measures to render it abortive. He is of the true lady-make. What that is. Another conversation between them. Her apostrophe to her father. He is temporarily moved. Dorcas gives him notice of a paper she has come at, and is transcribing. In order to detain the lady, he presses for the day. Miss Howe he fancies in love with him; and why. He sees Clarissa does not hate him.

LETTER XLVIII. From the same. —

Copy of the transcribed paper. It proves to be her torn answer to his proposals. Meekness the glory of a woman. Ludicrous image of a termagant wife. He had better never to have seen this paper. Has very strong remorses. Paints them in lively colours. Sets forth the lady's transcendent virtue, and greatness of mind. Surprised into these arguments in her favour by his conscience. Puts it to flight.

LETTER XLIX. From the same. —

Mennell scruples to aid him farther in his designs. Vapourish people the physical tribe's milch-cows. Advice to the faculty. Has done with the project about Mrs. Fretchville's house. The lady suspects him. A seasonable letter for him from his cousin Charlotte. Sends up the letter to the lady. She writes to Miss Howe, upon perusing it, to suspend for the present her application to Mrs. Townsend.

LETTER L. From the same. —

An interview all placid and agreeable. Now is he in a train. All he now

waits for is a letter from Lord M. Inquires after their marriage by a stranger of good appearance. The lady alarmed at them.
LETTER LI. Lovelace to Belford. —
Curses his uncle for another proverbial letter he has sent him. Permits the lady to see it. Nine women in ten that fall, fall, he says, through their own fault.
LETTER LII. Lord M.’s characteristic letter.
LETTER LIII. Lovelace to Belford. —
The lady now comes to him at the first word. Triumphs in her sweetness of temper, and on her patience with him. Puts his writings into counsellor Williams’s hands, to prepare settlements. Shall now be doubly armed. Boasts of his contrivances in petto. Brings patterns to her. Proposes jewels. Admires her for her prudence with regard to what he puts her upon doing for her Norton. What his wife must do and be. She declines a public wedding. Her dutiful reasons. She is willing to dispense with Lord M.’s presence. He writes to Lord M. accordingly.
Extract from a letter from Clarissa. —
After giving Miss Howe an account of the present favourable appearances, she desires her to keep herself all such of the particulars which she has communicated to her as may discredit Mr. Lovelace.
LETTER LIV. Lovelace to Belford. —
His projected plot to revenge himself upon Miss Howe.
LETTER LV. From the same. —
Fresh contrivances crowd in upon him. He shall be very sick on the morrow; and why. Women below impertinently reproachful. He will be no man’s successor. Will not take up with harlots. — History of the French marquis.

LETTER I

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 26.

At length, my dearest Miss Howe, I am in London, and in my new lodgings. They are neatly furnished, and the situation, for the town, is pleasant.

But I think you must not ask me how I like the old gentlewoman. Yet she seems courteous and obliging. — Her kinswomen just appeared to welcome me at my alighting. They seemed to be genteel young women. But more of their aunt and them, as I shall see more.

Miss Sorlings has an uncle at Barnet, whom she found so very ill, that her uneasiness, on that account, (having large expectations from him,) made me comply with her desire to stay with him. Yet I wished, as her uncle did not expect her, that she would see me settled in London; and Mr. Lovelace was still more earnest that she would, offering to send her back again in a day or two, and urging that her uncle's malady threatened not a sudden change. But leaving the matter to her choice, after she knew what would have been mine, she made me not the expected compliment. Mr. Lovelace, however, made her a handsome present at parting.

His genteel spirit, on all occasions, makes me often wish him more consistent.

As soon as he arrived, I took possession of my apartment. I shall make good use of the light closet in it, if I stay here any time.

One of his attendants returns in the morning to The Lawn; and I made writing to you by him an excuse for my retiring.

And now give me leave to chide you, my dearest friend, for your rash, and I hope revocable resolution not to make Mr. Hickman the happiest man in the world, while my happiness is in suspense. Suppose I were to be unhappy, what, my dear, would this resolution of yours avail me? Marriage is the highest state of friendship: if happy, it lessens our cares, by dividing them, at the same time that it doubles our pleasures by a mutual participation. Why, my dear, if you love me, will you not rather give another friend to one who has not two she is sure of? Had you married on your mother's last birth-day, as she would have had you, I should not, I dare say, have wanted a refuge; that would have saved me many mortifications, and much disgrace.

* * *

Here I was broke in upon by Mr. Lovelace; introducing the widow leading in a kinswoman of her's to attend me, if I approved of her, till my Hannah should come, or till I had provided myself with some other servant. The widow gave her many good qualities; but said, that she had one great defect; which was, that she could not write, nor read writing; that part of her education having been neglected when she was young; but for discretion, fidelity, obligingness, she was not to be out-done by any body. So commented her likewise for her skill at the needle.

As for her defect, I can easily forgive that. She is very likely and genteel — too genteel indeed, I think, for a servant. But what I like least of all in her, she has a strange sly eye. I never saw such an eye; half-confident, I think. But indeed Mrs. Sinclair herself, (for that is the widow's name,) has an odd winking eye; and her respectfulness seems too much studied, methinks, for the London ease and freedom. But people can't help their looks, you know; and after all she is extremely civil and obliging, — and as for the young woman, (Dorcas is her name,) she will not be long with me.

I accepted her: How could I do otherwise, (if I had had a mind to make objections, which, in my present situation, I had not,) her aunt present, and the young woman also present; and Mr. Lovelace officious in his introducing them, to oblige me? But, upon their leaving me, I told him, (who seemed inclinable to begin a conversation with me,) that I desired that this apartment might be considered as my retirement: that when I saw him it might be in the dining-room, (which is up a few stairs; for this back-house, being once two, the rooms do not all of them very conveniently communicate with each other,) and that I might be as little broken in upon as possible, when I am here. He withdrew very respectfully to the door, but there stopt; and asked for my company then in the dining-room. If he were about setting out for other lodgings, I would go with him now, I told him; but, if he did not just then go, I would first finish my letter to Miss Howe.

I see he has no mind to leave me if he can help it. My brother's scheme may give him a pretence to try to engage me to dispense with his promise. But if I now do I must acquit him of it entirely.

My approbation of his tender behaviour in the midst of my grief, has given him a right, as he seems to think, of addressing me with all the freedom of an approved lover. I see by this man, that when once a woman embarks with this sex, there is no receding. One concession is but the prelude to another with them. He has been ever since Sunday last continually complaining of the distance I keep him at; and thinks himself entitled now to call in question my value for him; strengthening his doubts by my former declared readiness to give him up to a reconciliation with my friends; and yet has himself fallen off from that

obsequious tenderness, if I may couple the words, which drew from me the concessions he builds upon.

While we were talking at the door, my new servant came up with an invitation to us both to tea. I said he might accept of it, if he pleased: but I must pursue my writing; and not choosing either tea or supper, I desired him to make my excuses below, as to both; and inform them of my choice to be retired as much as possible; yet to promise for me my attendance on the widow and her nieces at breakfast in the morning.

He objected particularly in the eye of strangers as to avoiding supper.

You know, said I, and you can tell them, that I seldom eat suppers. My spirits are low. You must never urge me against a declared choice. Pray, Mr. Lovelace, inform them of all my particularities. If they are obliging, they will allow for them — I come not hither to make new acquaintance.

I have turned over the books I found in my closet; and am not a little pleased with them; and think the better of the people of the house for their sakes.

Stanhope's Gospels; Sharp's, Tillotson's, and South's Sermons; Nelson's Feasts and Fasts; a Sacramental Piece of the Bishop of Man, and another of Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter; and Inett's Devotions, are among the devout books: — and among those of a lighter turn, the following not ill- chosen ones: A Telemachus, in French; another in English; Steel's, Rowe's, and Shakespeare's Plays; that genteel Comedy of Mr. Cibber, The Careless Husband, and others of the same author; Dryden's Miscellanies; the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians; Pope's, and Swift's, and Addison's Works.

In the blank leaves of the Nelson and Bishop Gauden, is Mrs. Sinclair's name; and in those of most of the others, either Sarah Martin, or Mary Horton, the names of the two nieces.

* * *

I am exceedingly out of humour with Mr. Lovelace: and have great reason to be so, as you will allow, when you have read the conversation I am going to give you an account of; for he would not let me rest till I gave him my company in the dining-room.

He began with letting me know, that he had been out to inquire after the character of the widow, which was the more necessary, he said, as he supposed that I would expect his frequent absence.

I did, I said; and that he would not think of taking up his lodging in the same house with me. But what, said I, is the result of your inquiry?

Why, indeed, the widow's character was, in the main, what he liked well enough. But as it was Miss Howe's opinion, as I had told him, that my brother had not given over his scheme; as the widow lived by letting lodgings, and had others to let in the same part of the house, which might be taken by an enemy; he knew no better way than for him to take them all, as it could not be for a long time, unless I would think of removing to others.

So far was well enough. But as it was easy for me to see, that he spoke the slighter of the widow, in order to have a pretence to lodge here himself, I asked him his intention in that respect. And he frankly owned, that if I chose to stay here, he could not, as matters stood, think of leaving me for six hours together; and he had prepared the widow to expect, that we should be here but for a few days; only till we could fix ourselves in a house suitable to our condition; and this, that I might be under the less embarrassment, if I pleased to remove.

Fix our-selves in a house, and we, and our, Mr. Lovelace — Pray, in what light —

He interrupted me — Why, my dearest life, if you will hear me with patience — yet, I am half afraid that I have been too forward, as I have not consulted you upon it — but as my friends in town, according to what Mr. Doleman has written, in the letter you have seen, conclude us to be married —

Surely, Sir, you have not presumed —

Hear me out, my dearest creature — you have received with favour, my addresses: you have made me hope for the honour of your consenting hand: yet, by declining my most fervent tender of myself to you at Mrs. Sorlings's, have given me apprehensions of delay: I would not for the world be thought so ungenerous a wretch, now you have honoured me with your confidence, as to wish to precipitate you. Yet your brother's schemes are not given up. Singleton, I am afraid, is actually in town; his vessel lies at Rotherhithe — your brother is absent from Harlowe- place; indeed not with Singleton yet, as I can hear. If you are known to be mine, or if you are but thought to be so, there will probably be an end of your brother's contrivances. The widow's character may be as worthy as it is said to be. But the worthier she is, the more danger, if your brother's agent should find us out; since she may be persuaded, that she ought in conscience to take a parent's part against a child who stands in opposition to them. But if she believes us married, her good character will stand us instead, and give her a reason why two apartments are requisite for us at the hour of retirement.

I perfectly raved at him. I would have flung from him in resentment; but he would not let me: and what could I do? Whither go, the evening advanced?

I am astonished at you! said I. — If you are a man of honour, what need of all this strange obliquity? You delight in crooked ways — let me know, since I must

stay in your company (for he held my hand), let me know all you have said to the people below. — Indeed, indeed, Mr. Lovelace, you are a very unaccountable man.

My dearest creature, need I to have mentioned any thing of this? and could I not have taken up my lodgings in this house unknown to you, if I had not intended to make you the judge of all my proceedings? — But this is what I have told the widow before her kinswomen, and before your new servant— 'That indeed we were privately married at Hertford; but that you had preliminarily bound me under a solemn vow, which I am most religiously resolved to keep, to be contented with separate apartments, and even not to lodge under the same roof, till a certain reconciliation shall take place, which is of high consequence to both.' And further that I might convince you of the purity of my intentions, and that my whole view in this was to prevent mischief, I have acquainted them, 'that I have solemnly promised to behave to you before every body, as if we were only betrothed, and not married; not even offering to take any of those innocent freedoms which are not refused in the most punctilious loves.'

And then he solemnly vowed to me the strictest observance of the same respectful behaviour to me.

I said, that I was not by any means satisfied with the tale he had told, nor with the necessity he wanted to lay me under of appearing what I was not: that every step he took was a wry one, a needless wry one: and since he thought it necessary to tell the people below any thing about me, I insisted that he should unsay all he had said, and tell them the truth.

What he had told them, he said, was with so many circumstances, that he could sooner die than contradict it. And still he insisted upon the propriety of appearing to be married, for the reasons he had given before — And, dearest creature, said he, why this high displeasure with me upon so well-intended an expedient? You know, that I cannot wish to shun your brother, or his Singleton, but upon your account. The first step I would take, if left to myself, would be to find them out. I have always acted in this manner, when any body has presumed to give out threatenings against it.

'Tis true I would have consulted you first, and had your leave. But since you dislike what I have said, let me implore you, dearest Madam, to give the only proper sanction to it, by naming an early day. Would to Heaven that were to be to-morrow! — For God's sake, let it be to-morrow! But, if not, [was it his business, my dear, before I spoke (yet he seemed to be afraid of me) to say, if not?] let me beseech you, Madam, if my behaviour shall not be to your dislike, that you will not to-morrow, at breakfast-time, discredit what I have told them. The moment I give you cause to think that I take any advantage of your concession, that moment

revoke it, and expose me, as I shall deserve. — And once more, let me remind you, that I have no view either to serve or save myself by this expedient. It is only to prevent a probable mischief, for your own mind's sake; and for the sake of those who deserve not the least consideration from me.

What could I say? What could I do? — I verily think, that had he urged me again, in a proper manner, I should have consented (little satisfied as I am with him) to give him a meeting to-morrow morning at a more solemn place than in the parlour below.

But this I resolve, that he shall not have my consent to stay a night under this roof. He has now given me a stronger reason for this determination than I had before.

* * *

Alas! my dear, how vain a thing to say, what we will, or what we will not do, when we have put ourselves into the power of this sex! — He went down to the people below, on my desiring to be left to myself; and staid till their supper was just ready; and then, desiring a moment's audience, as he called it, he besought my leave to stay that one night, promising to set out either for Lord M.'s, or for Edgeware, to his friend Belford's, in the morning, after breakfast. But if I were against it, he said, he would not stay supper; and would attend me about eight next day — yet he added, that my denial would have a very particular appearance to the people below, from what he had told them; and the more, as he had actually agreed for all the vacant apartments, (indeed only for a month,) for the reasons he before hinted at: but I need not stay here two days, if, upon conversing with the widow and her nieces in the morning, I should have any dislike to them.

I thought, notwithstanding my resolution above-mentioned, that it would seem too punctilious to deny him, under the circumstances he had mentioned: having, besides, no reason to think he would obey me; for he looked as if he were determined to debate the matter with me. And now, as I see no likelihood of a reconciliation with my friends, and as I have actually received his addresses, I thought I would not quarrel with him, if I could help it, especially as he asked to stay but for one night, and could have done so without my knowing it; and you being of opinion, that the proud wretch, distrusting his own merits with me, or at least my regard for him, will probably bring me to some concessions in his favour — for all these reasons, I thought proper to yield this point: yet I was so vexed with him on the other, that it was impossible for me to comply with that grace which a concession should be made with, or not made at all.

This was what I said — What you will do, you must do, I think. You are very ready to promise; very ready to depart from your promise. You say, however, that you will set out to-morrow for the country. You know how ill I have been. I am not well enough now to debate with you upon your encroaching ways. I am utterly dissatisfied with the tale you have told below. Nor will I promise to appear to the people of the house to-morrow what I am not.

He withdrew in the most respectful manner, beseeching me only to favour him with such a meeting in the morning as might not make the widow and her nieces think he had given me reason to be offended with him.

I retired to my own apartment, and Dorcas came to me soon after to take my commands. I told her, that I required very little attendance, and always dressed and undressed myself.

She seemed concerned, as if she thought I had repulsed her; and said, it should be her whole study to oblige me.

I told her, that I was not difficult to be pleased: and should let her know from time to time what assistance I should expect from her. But for that night I had no occasion for her further attendance.

She is not only genteel, but is well bred, and well spoken — she must have had what is generally thought to be the polite part of education: but it is strange, that fathers and mothers should make so light, as they generally do, of that preferable part, in girls, which would improve their minds, and give a grace to all the rest.

As soon as she was gone, I inspected the doors, the windows, the wainscot, the dark closet as well as the light one; and finding very good fastenings to the door, and to all the windows, I again had recourse to my pen.

* * *

Mrs. Sinclair is just now gone from me. Dorcas, she told me, had acquainted her, that I had dismissed her for the night. She came to ask me how I liked my apartment, and to wish me good rest. She expressed her concern, that they could not have my company at supper. Mr. Lovelace, she said, had informed them of my love of retirement. She assured me, that I should not be broken in upon. She highly extolled him, and gave me a share in the praise as to person. But was sorry, she said, that she was likely to lose us so soon as Mr. Lovelace talked of.

I answered her with suitable civility; and she withdrew with great tokens of respect. With greater, I think, than should be from distance of years, as she was the wife of a gentleman; and as the appearance of every thing about her, as well house as dress, carries the marks of such good circumstances, as require not abasement.

If, my dear, you will write, against prohibition, be pleased to direct, To Miss Laetitia Beaumont; to be left till called for, at Mr. Wilson's, in Pall Mall.

Mr. Lovelace proposed this direction to me, not knowing of your desire that your letters should pass by a third hand. As his motive for it was, that my brother might not trace out where we are, I am glad, as well from this instance as from others, that he seems to think he has done mischief enough already.

Do you know how my poor Hannah does?

Mr. Lovelace is so full of his contrivances and expedients, that I think it may not be amiss to desire you to look carefully to the seals of my letters, as I shall to those of yours. If I find him base in this particular, I shall think him capable of any evil; and will fly him as my worst enemy.

LETTER II

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [WITH HER TWO LAST LETTERS, NO. LVIII. LIX. OF VOL. III., ENCLOSED.] THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 27.

I have your's; just brought me. Mr. Hickman has helped me to a lucky expedient, which, with the assistance of the post, will enable me to correspond with you every day. An honest higler, [Simon Collins his name,] by whom I shall send this, and the two enclosed, (now I have your direction whither,) goes to town constantly on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and can bring back to me from Mr. Wilson's what you shall have caused to be left for me.

I congratulate you on your arrival in town, so much amended in spirits. I must be brief. I hope you'll have no cause to repent returning my Norris. It is forthcoming on demand.

I am sorry your Hannah can't be with you. She is very ill still; but not dangerously.

I long for your account of the women you are with. If they are not right people, you will find them out in one breakfasting.

I know not what to write upon his reporting to them that you are actually married. His reasons for it are plausible. But he delights in odd expedients and inventions.

Whether you like the people or not, do not, by your noble sincerity and plain dealing, make yourself enemies. You are in the real world now you know.

I am glad you had thoughts of taking him at his offer, if he had re-urged it. I wonder he did not. But if he do not soon, and in such a way as you can accept of it, don't think of staying with him.

Depend upon it, my dear, he will not leave you, either night or day, if he can help it, now he has got footing.

I should have abhorred him for his report of your marriage, had he not made it with such circumstances as leave it still in your power to keep him at distance. If once he offer at the least familiarity — but this is needless to say to you. He can have, I think, no other design but what he professes; because he must needs think, that his report of being married to you must increase your vigilance.

You may depend upon my looking narrowly into the sealings of your letters. If, as you say, he be base in that point, he will be so in every thing. But to a person of your merit, of your fortune, of your virtue, he cannot be base. The man is no fool. It is his interest, as well with regard to his expectations from his own friends, as

from you, to be honest. Would to Heaven, however, you were really married! This is now the predominant wish of

Your ANNA HOWE.

LETTER III

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY MORNING, EIGHT O'CLOCK.

I am more and more displeased with Mr. Lovelace, on reflection, for his boldness in hoping to make me, though but passively, as I may say, testify to his great untruth. And I shall like him still less for it, if his view in it does not come out to be the hope of accelerating my resolution in his favour, by the difficulty it will lay me under as to my behaviour to him. He has sent me his compliments by Dorcas, with a request that I will permit him to attend me in the dining-room, — meet him in good humour, or not: but I have answered, that as I shall see him at breakfast-time I desired to be excused.

TEN O'CLOCK.

I tried to adjust my countenance, before I went down, to an easier air than I had a heart, and was received with the highest tokens of respect by the widow and her two nieces: agreeable young women enough in their persons; but they seemed to put on an air of reserve; while Mr. Lovelace was easy and free to all, as if he were of long acquaintance with them: gracefully enough, I cannot but say; an advantage which travelled gentlemen have over other people.

The widow, in the conversation we had after breakfast, gave us an account of the military merit of the Colonel her husband, and, upon this occasion, put her handkerchief to her eyes twice or thrice. I hope for the sake of her sincerity, she wetted it, because she would be thought to have done so; but I saw not that she did. She wished that I might never know the loss of a husband so dear to me, as her beloved Colonel was to her: and she again put the handkerchief to her eyes.

It must, no doubt, be a most affecting thing to be separated from a good husband, and to be left in difficult circumstances besides, and that not by his fault, and exposed to the insults of the base and ungrateful, as she represented her case to be at his death. This moved me a good deal in her favour.

You know, my dear, that I have an open and free heart; and naturally have as open and free a countenance; at least my complimenters have told me so. At once, where I like, I mingle minds without reserve, encouraging reciprocal freedoms, and am forward to dissipate diffidences. But with these two nieces of the widow I never can be intimate — I don't know why.

Only that circumstances, and what passed in conversation, encouraged not the notion, or I should have been apt to think, that the young ladies and Mr. Lovelace were of longer acquaintance than of yesterday. For he, by stealth as it were, cast

glances sometimes at them, when they returned; and, on my ocular notice, their eyes fell, as I may say, under my eye, as if they could not stand its examination.

The widow directed all her talk to me, as to Mrs. Lovelace; and I, with a very ill grace bore it. And once she expressed more forwardly than I thanked her for, her wonder that any vow, any consideration, however weighty, could have force enough with so charming a couple, as she called him and me, to make us keep separate beds.

Their eyes, upon this hint, had the advantage of mine. Yet was I not conscious of guilt. How know I then, upon recollection, that my censures upon theirs are not too rash? There are, no doubt, many truly modest persons (putting myself out of the question) who, by blushes at an injurious charge, have been suspected, by those who cannot distinguish between the confusion which guilt will be attended with, and the noble consciousness that overspreads the face of a fine spirit, to be thought but capable of an imputed evil.

The great Roman, as we read, who took his surname from one part in three (the fourth not then discovered) of the world he had triumphed over, being charged with a great crime to his soldiery, chose rather to suffer exile (the punishment due to it, had he been found guilty) than to have it said, that Scipio was questioned in public, on so scandalous a charge. And think you, my dear, that Scipio did not blush with indignation, when the charge was first communicated to him?

Mr. Lovelace, when the widow expressed her forward wonder, looked sly and leering, as if to observe how I took it: and said, they might take notice that his regard for my will and pleasure (calling me his dear creature) had greater force upon him than the oath by which he had bound himself.

Rebuking both him and the widow, I said, it was strange to me to hear an oath or vow so lightly treated, as to have it thought but of second consideration, whatever were the first.

The observation was just, Miss Martin said; for that nothing could excuse the breaking of a solemn vow, be the occasion of making it what it would.

I asked her after the nearest church; for I have been too long a stranger to the sacred worship. They named St. James's, St. Anne's, and another in Bloomsbury; and the two nieces said they oftenest went to St. James's church, because of the good company, as well as for the excellent preaching.

Mr. Lovelace said, the Royal Chapel was the place he oftenest went to, when he was in town. Poor man! little did I expect to hear he went to any place of devotion. I asked, if the presence of the visible king of, comparatively, but a small territory, did not take off, too generally, the requisite attention to the service of the invisible King and Maker of a thousand worlds?

He believed this might be so with such as came for curiosity, when the royal family were present. But otherwise, he had seen as many contrite faces at the Royal Chapel, as any where else: and why not? Since the people about court have as deep scores to wipe off, as any people whatsoever.

He spoke this with so much levity, that I could not help saying, that nobody questioned but he knew how to choose his company.

Your servant, my dear, bowing, were his words; and turning to them, you will observe upon numberless occasions, ladies, as we are further acquainted, that my beloved never spares me upon these topics. But I admire her as much in her reproofs, as I am fond of her approbation.

Miss Horton said, there was a time for every thing. She could not but say, that she thought innocent mirth was mighty becoming in young people.

Very true, joined in Miss Martin. And Shakespeare says well, that youth is the spring of life, the bloom of gaudy years [with a theatrical air, she spoke it:] and for her part, she could not but admire in my spouse that charming vivacity which so well suited his time of life.

Mr. Lovelace bowed. The man is fond of praise. More fond of it, I doubt, than of deserving it. Yet this sort of praise he does deserve. He has, you know, an easy free manner, and no bad voice: and this praise so expanded his gay heart, that he sung the following lines from Congreve, as he told us they were:

Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid age will fly;
Sweets that wanton in the bosom of the spring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

And this for a compliment, as he said, to the two nieces. Nor was it thrown away upon them. They encored it; and his compliance fixed them in my memory.

We had some talk about meals, and the widow very civilly offered to conform to any rules I would set her. I told her how easily I was pleased, and how much I chose to dine by myself, and that from a plate sent me from any single dish. But I will not trouble you, my dear, with such particulars.

They thought me very singular; and with reason: but as I liked them not so very well as to forego my own choice in compliment to them, I was the less concerned for what they thought. — And still the less, as Mr. Lovelace had put me very much out of humour with him.

They, however, cautioned me against melancholy. I said, I should be a very unhappy creature if I could not bear my own company.

Mr. Lovelace said, that he must let the ladies into my story, and then they would know how to allow for my ways. But, my dear, as you love me, said the confident wretch, give as little way to melancholy as possible. Nothing but the

sweetness of your temper, and your high notions of a duty that never can be deserved where you place it, can make you so uneasy as you are. — Be not angry, my dear love, for saying so, [seeing me frown, I suppose:] and snatched my hand and kissed it. — I left him with them; and retired to my closet and my pen.

Just as I have written thus far, I am interrupted by a message from him, that he is setting out on a journey, and desires to take my commands. — So here I will leave off, to give him a meeting in the dining-room.

I was not displeased to see him in his riding-dress.

He seemed desirous to know how I liked the gentlewomen below. I told him, that although I did not think them very exceptionable; yet as I wanted not, in my present situation, new acquaintance, I should not be fond of cultivating theirs.

He urged me still farther on this head.

I could not say, I told him, that I greatly liked either of the young gentlewomen, any more than their aunt: and that, were my situation ever so happy, they had much too gay a turn for me.

He did not wonder, he said, to hear me say so. He knew not any of the sex, who had been accustomed to show themselves at the town diversions and amusements, that would appear tolerable to me. Silences and blushes, Madam, are now no graces with our fine ladies in town. Hardened by frequent public appearances, they would be as much ashamed to be found guilty of these weaknesses, as men.

Do you defend these two gentlewomen, Sir, by reflections upon half the sex? But you must second me, Mr. Lovelace, (and yet I am not fond of being thought particular,) in my desire of breakfasting and supping (when I do sup) by myself.

If I would have it so, to be sure it should be so. The people of the house were not of consequence enough to be apologized to, in any point where my pleasure was concerned. And if I should dislike them still more on further knowledge of them, he hoped I would think of some other lodgings.

He expressed a good deal of regret at leaving me, declaring, that it was absolutely in obedience to my commands: but that he could not have consented to go, while my brother's schemes were on foot, if I had not done him the credit of my countenance in the report he had made that we were married; which, he said, had bound all the family to his interest, so that he could leave me with the greater security and satisfaction.

He hoped, he said, that on his return I would name his happy day; and the rather, as I might be convinced, by my brother's projects, that no reconciliation was to be expected.

I told him, that perhaps I might write one letter to my uncle Harlowe. He once loved me. I should be easier when I had made one direct application. I might

possibly propose such terms, in relation to my grandfather's estate, as might procure me their attention; and I hoped he would be long enough absent to give me time to write to him, and receive an answer from him.

That, he must beg my pardon, he could not promise. He would inform himself of Singleton's and my brother's motions; and if on his return he found no reason for apprehension, he would go directly for Berks, and endeavour to bring up with him his cousin Charlotte, who, he hoped, would induce me to give him an earlier day than at present I seemed to think of. — I seemed to think of, my dear, very acquiescent, as I should imagine!

I told him, that I should take that young lady's company for a great favour.

I was the more pleased with this motion, as it came from himself, and with no ill grace.

He earnestly pressed me to accept of a bank note: but I declined it. And then he offered me his servant William for my attendant in his absence; who, he said, might be dispatched to him, if any thing extraordinary fell out. I consented to that.

He took his leave of me in the most respectful manner, only kissing my hand. He left the bank note, unobserved by me, upon the table. You may be sure, I shall give it him back at his return.

I am in a much better humour with him than I was.

Where doubts of any person are removed, a mind not ungenerous is willing, by way of amends for having conceived those doubts, to construe every thing that happens, capable of a good instruction, in that person's favour. Particularly, I cannot but be pleased to observe, that although he speaks of the ladies of his family with the freedom of relationship, yet it is always of tenderness. And from a man's kindness to his relations of the sex, a woman has some reason to expect his good behaviour to herself, when married, if she be willing to deserve it from him.

And thus, my dear, am I brought to sit down satisfied with this man, where I find room to infer that he is not by nature a savage. But how could a creature who (treating herself unpolitely) gave a man an opportunity to run away with her, expect to be treated by that man with a very high degree of politeness?

But why, now, when fairer prospects seem to open, why these melancholy reflections? will my beloved friend ask of her Clarissa?

Why? Can you ask why, my dearest Miss Howe, of a creature, who, in the world's eye, had enrolled her name among the giddy and inconsiderate; who labours under a parent's curse, and the cruel uncertainties, which must arise from reflecting, that, equally against duty and principle, she has thrown herself into the power of a man, and that man an immoral one? — Must not the sense she has of her inconsideration darken her most hopeful prospects? Must it not even rise strongest upon a thoughtful mind, when her hopes are the fairest? Even her

pleasures, were the man to prove better than she expects, coming to her with an abatement, like that which persons who are in possession of ill-gotten wealth must then most poignantly experience (if they have reflecting and unseared minds) when, all their wishes answered, (if answered,) they sit down in hopes to enjoy what they have unjustly obtained, and find their own reflections their greatest torment.

May you, my dear friend, be always happy in your reflections, prays

Your ever affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

* * *

[Mr. Lovelace, in his next letter, triumphs on his having carried his two great points of making the Lady yield to pass for his wife to the people of the house, and to his taking up his lodging in it, though but for one night. He is now, he says, in a fair way, and doubts not but that he shall soon prevail, if not by persuasion, by surprise. Yet he pretends to have some little remorse, and censures himself as to acting the part of the grand tempter. But having succeeded thus far, he cannot, he says, forbear trying, according to the resolution he had before made, whether he cannot go farther.

He gives the particulars of their debates on the above-mentioned subjects, to the same effect as in the Lady's last letters.

It will by this time be seen that his whole merit, with regard to the Lady, lies in doing justice to her excellencies both of mind and person, though to his own condemnation. Thus he begins his succeeding letter:]

And now, Belford, will I give thee an account of our first breakfast-conversation.

All sweetly serene and easy was the lovely brow and charming aspect of my goddess, on her descending among us; commanding reverence from every eye, a courtesy from every knee, and silence, awful silence, from every quivering lip: while she, armed with conscious worthiness and superiority, looked and behaved as an empress would look and behave among her vassals; yet with a freedom from pride and haughtiness, as if born to dignity, and to a behaviour habitually gracious.

[He takes notice of the jealousy, pride, and vanity of Sally Martin and Polly Horton, on his respectful behaviour to the Lady: creatures who, brought up too high for their fortunes, and to a taste of pleasure, and the public diversions, had fallen an easy prey to his seducing

arts (as will be seen in the conclusion of this work:) and who, as he observed, ‘had not yet got over that distinction in their love, which makes a woman prefer one man to another.’]

How difficult is it, says he, to make a woman subscribe to a preference against herself, though ever so visible; especially where love is concerned! This violent, this partial little devil, Sally, has the insolence to compare herself with my angel — yet owns her to be an angel. I charge you, Mr. Lovelace, say she, show none of your extravagant acts of kindness before me to this sullen, this gloomy beauty — I cannot bear it. Then was I reminded of her first sacrifice.

What a rout do these women make about nothing at all! Were it not for what the learned Bishop, in his Letter from Italy, calls the entanglements of amour, and I the delicacies of intrigue, what is there, Belford, in all they can do for us?

How do these creatures endeavour to stimulate me! A fallen woman is a worse devil than ever a profligate man. The former is incapable of remorse: that am not I — nor ever shall they prevail upon me, though aided by all the powers of darkness, to treat this admirable creature with indignity — so far, I mean, as indignity can be separated from the trials which will prove her to be either woman or angel.

Yet with them I am a craven. I might have had her before now, if I would. If I would treat her as flesh and blood, I should find her such. They thought I knew, if any man living did, that if a man made a goddess of a woman, she would assume the goddess; that if power were given to her, she would exert that power to the giver, if to nobody else. And D —— r’s wife is thrown into my dish, who, thou knowest, kept her ceremonious husband at haughty distance, and whined in private to her insulting footman. O how I cursed the blasphemous wretches! They will make me, as I tell them, hate their house, and remove from it. And by my soul, Jack, I am ready at times to think that I should not have brought her hither, were it but on Sally’s account. And yet, without knowing either Sally’s heart, or Polly’s, the dear creature resolves against having any conversation with them but such as she can avoid. I am not sorry for this, thou mayest think; since jealousy in a woman is not to be concealed from woman. And Sally has no command of herself.

What dost think! — Here this little devil Sally, not being able, as she told me, to support life under my displeasure, was going into a fit: but when I saw her preparing for it, I went out of the room; and so she thought it would not be worth her while to show away.

[In this manner he mentions what his meaning was in making the Lady the compliment of his absence:]

As to leaving her: if I go but for one night, I have fulfilled my promise: and if she think not, I can mutter and grumble, and yield again, and make a merit of it; and then, unable to live out of her presence, soon return. Nor are women ever angry at bottom for being disobeyed through excess of love. They like an uncontroulable passion. They like to have every favour ravished from them, and to be eaten and drunk quite up by a voracious lover. Don’t I know the sex? — Not so, indeed, as yet, my Clarissa: but, however, with her my frequent egresses will make me look new to her, and create little busy scenes between us. At the least, I may surely, without exception, salute her at parting, and at return; and will not those occasional freedoms (which civility will warrant) by degrees familiarize my charmer to them?

But here, Jack, what shall I do with my uncle and aunts, and all my loving cousins? For I understand that they are more in haste to have me married than I am myself.

LETTER IV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, APRIL 28.

Mr. Lovelace is returned already. My brother's projects were his pretence. I could not but look upon this short absence as an evasion of his promise; especially as he had taken such precautions with the people below; and as he knew that I proposed to keep close within-doors. I cannot bear to be dealt meanly with; and angrily insisted that he should directly set out for Berkshire, in order to engage his cousin, as he had promised.

O my dearest life, said he, why will you banish me from your presence? I cannot leave you for so long a time as you seem to expect I should. I have been hovering about town ever since I left you. Edgware was the farthest place I went to, and there I was not able to stay two hours, for fear, at this crisis, any thing should happen. Who can account for the workings of an apprehensive mind, when all that is dear and valuable to it is at stake? You may spare yourself the trouble of writing to any of your friends, till the solemnity has passed that shall entitle me to give weight to your application. When they know we are married, your brother's plots will be at an end; and your father and mother, and uncles, must be reconciled to you. Why then should you hesitate a moment to confirm my happiness? Why, once more, would you banish me from you? Why will you not give the man who has brought you into difficulties, and who so honourably wishes to extricate you from them, the happiness of doing so?

He was silent. My voice failed to second the inclination I had to say something not wholly discouraging to a point so warmly pressed.

I'll tell you, my angel, resumed he, what I propose to do, if you approve of it. I will instantly go out to view some of the handsome new squares or fine streets round them, and make a report to you of any suitable house I find to be let. I will take such a one as you shall choose, and set up an equipage befitting our condition. You shall direct the whole. And on some early day, either before, or after we fix, [it must be at your own choice], be pleased to make me the happiest of men. And then will every thing be in a desirable train. You shall receive in your own house (if it can be so soon furnished as I wish) the compliments of all my relations. Charlotte shall visit you in the interim: and if it take up time, you shall choose whom you will honour with your company, first, second, or third, in the summer months; and on your return you shall find all that was wanting in your new habitation supplied, and pleasures in a constant round shall attend us. O my angel, take me to you, instead of banishing me from you, and make me your's for ever.

You see, my dear, that here was no day pressed for. I was not uneasy about that, and the sooner recovered myself, as there was not. But, however, I gave him no reason to upbraid me for refusing his offer of going in search of a house.

He is accordingly gone out for this purpose. But I find that he intends to take up his lodging here tonight; and if to-night, no doubt on other nights, while he is in town. As the doors and windows of my apartment have good fastenings; as he has not, in all this time, given me cause for apprehension; as he has the pretence of my brother's schemes to plead; as the people below are very courteous and obliging, Miss Horton especially, who seems to have taken a great liking to me, and to be of a gentler temper and manners than Miss Martin; and as we are now in a tolerable way; I imagine it would look particular to them all, and bring me into a debate with a man, who (let him be set upon what he will) has always a great deal to say for himself, if I were to insist upon his promise: on all these accounts, I think, I will take no notice of his lodging here, if he don't. — Let me know, my dear, your thoughts of every thing.

You may believe I gave him back his bank note the moment I saw him.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Mr. Lovelace has seen two or three houses, but none to his mind. But he has heard of one which looks promising, he says, and which he is to inquire about in the morning.

SATURDAY MORNING.

He has made his inquiries, and actually seen the house he was told of last night. The owner of it is a young widow lady, who is inconsolable for the death of her husband; Fretchville her name. It is furnished quite in taste, every thing being new within these six months. He believes, if I like not the furniture, the use of it may be agreed for, with the house, for a time certain: but, if I like it, he will endeavour to take the one, and purchase the other, directly.

The lady sees nobody; nor are the best apartments above-stairs to be viewed, till she is either absent, or gone into the country; which she talks of doing in a fortnight, or three weeks, at farthest, and to live there retired.

What Mr. Lovelace saw of the house (which were the saloon and two parlours) was perfectly elegant; and he was assured all is of a piece. The offices are also very convenient; coach-house and stables at hand.

He shall be very impatient, he says, till I see the whole; nor will he, if he finds he can have it, look farther till I have seen it, except any thing else offer to my liking. The price he values not.

He now does nothing but talk of the ceremony, but not indeed of the day. I don't want him to urge that — but I wonder he does not.

He has just now received a letter from Lady Betty Lawrance, by a particular hand; the contents principally relating to an affair she has in chancery. But in the postscript she is pleased to say very respectful things of me.

They are all impatient, she says, for the happy day being over; which they flatter themselves will ensure his reformation.

He hoped, he told me, that I would soon enable him to answer their wishes and his own.

But, my dear, although the opportunity was so inviting, he urged not for the day. Which is the more extraordinary, as he was so pressing for marriage before we came to town.

He was very earnest with me to give him, and four of his friends, my company on Monday evening, at a little collation. Miss Martin and Miss Horton cannot, he says, be there, being engaged in a party of their own, with two daughters of Colonel Solcombe, and two nieces of Sir Anthony Holmes, upon an annual occasion. But Mrs. Sinclair will be present, and she gave him hope of the company of a young lady of very great fortune and merit (Miss Partington), an heiress to whom Colonel Sinclair, it seems, in his lifetime was guardian, and who therefore calls Mrs. Sinclair Mamma.

I desired to be excused. He had laid me, I said, under a most disagreeable necessity of appearing as a married person, and I would see as few people as possible who were to think me so.

He would not urge it, he said, if I were much averse: but they were his select friends; men of birth and fortune, who longed to see me. It was true, he added, that they, as well as his friend Doleman, believed we were married: but they thought him under the restrictions that he had mentioned to the people below. I might be assured, he told me, that his politeness before them should be carried into the highest degree of reverence.

When he is set upon any thing, there is no knowing, as I have said heretofore, what one can do.* But I will not, if I can help it, be made a show of; especially to men of whose character and principles I have no good opinion. I am, my dearest friend,

Your ever affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

* See Letter I. of this volume. See also Vol. II. Letter XX.

* * *

[Mr. Lovelace, in his next letter, gives an account of his quick return:
of his reasons to the Lady for it: of her displeasure upon it: and of
her urging his absence from the safety she was in from the situation

of the house, except she were to be traced out by his visits.]

I was confoundedly puzzled, says he, on this occasion, and on her insisting upon the execution of a too-ready offer which I made her to go down to Berks, to bring up my cousin Charlotte to visit and attend her. I made miserable excuses; and fearing that they would be mortally resented, as her passion began to rise upon my saying Charlotte was delicate, which she took strangely wrong, I was obliged to screen myself behind the most solemn and explicit declarations.

[He then repeats those declarations, to the same effect with the account she gives of them.]

I began, says he, with an intention to keep my life of honour in view, in the declaration I made her; but, as it has been said of a certain orator in the House of Commons, who more than once, in a long speech, convinced himself as he went along, and concluded against the side he set out intending to favour, so I in earnest pressed without reserve for matrimony in the progress of my harangue, which state I little thought of urging upon her with so much strength and explicitness.

[He then values himself upon the delay that his proposal of taking and furnishing a house must occasion.

He wavers in his resolutions whether to act honourable or not by a merit so exalted.

He values himself upon his own delicacy, in expressing his indignation against her friends, for supposing what he pretends his heart rises against them for presuming to suppose.]

But have I not reason, says he, to be angry with her for not praising me for this my delicacy, when she is so ready to call me to account for the least failure in punctilio? — However, I believe I can excuse her too, upon this generous consideration, [for generous I am sure it is, because it is against myself,] that her mind being the essence of delicacy, the least want of it shocks her; while the meeting with what is so very extraordinary to me, is too familiar to her to obtain her notice, as an extraordinary.

[He glories in the story of the house, and of the young widow possessor of it, Mrs. Fretchville he calls her; and leaves it doubtful to Mr. Belford, whether it be a real or a fictitious story.

He mentions his different proposals in relation to the ceremony, which he so earnestly pressed for; and owns his artful intention in avoiding to name the day.]

And now, says he, I hope soon to have an opportunity to begin my operations; since all is halcyon and security.

It is impossible to describe the dear creature's sweet and silent confusion, when I touched upon the matrimonial topics.

She may doubt. She may fear. The wise in all important cases will doubt, and will fear, till they are sure. But her apparent willingness to think well of a spirit so inventive, and so machinating, is a happy prognostic for me. O these reasoning ladies! — How I love these reasoning ladies!— 'Tis all over with them, when once love has crept into their hearts: for then will they employ all their reasoning powers to excuse rather than to blame the conduct of the doubted lover, let appearances against him be ever so strong.

Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville, long to see my angel, and will be there. She has refused me; but must be present notwithstanding. So generous a spirit as mine is cannot enjoy its happiness without communication. If I raise not your envy and admiration both at once, but half-joy will be the joy of having such a charming fly entangled in my web. She therefore must comply. And thou must come. And then I will show thee the pride and glory of the Harlowe family, my implacable enemies; and thou shalt join with me in my triumph over them all.

I know not what may still be the perverse beauty's fate: I want thee, therefore, to see and admire her, while she is serene and full of hope: before her apprehensions are realized, if realized they are to be; and if evil apprehensions of me she really has; before her beamy eyes have lost their lustre; while yet her charming face is surrounded with all its virgin glories; and before the plough of disappointment has thrown up furrows of distress upon every lovely feature.

If I can procure you this honour you will be ready to laugh out, as I have often much ado to forbear, at the puritanical behaviour of the mother before this lady. Not an oath, not a curse, nor the least free word, escapes her lips. She minces in her gait. She prims up her horse-mouth. Her voice, which, when she pleases, is the voice of thunder, is sunk into an humble whine. Her stiff hams, that have not been bent to a civility for ten years past, are now limbered into courtesies three deep at ever word. Her fat arms are crossed before her; and she can hardly be prevailed upon to sit in the presence of my goddess.

I am drawing up instructions for ye all to observe on Monday night.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Most confoundedly alarmed! — Lord, Sir, what do you think? cried Dorcas — My lady is resolved to go to church to-morrow! I was at quadrille with the women below. — To church! said I, and down I laid my cards. To church! repeated they, each looking upon the other. We had done playing for that night.

Who could have dreamt of such a whim as this? — Without notice, without questions! Her clothes not come! No leave asked! — Impossible she should think of being my wife! — Besides, she don't consider, if she go to church, I must go

too! — Yet not to ask for my company! Her brother and Singleton ready to snap her up, as far as she knows! — Known by her clothes — her person, her features, so distinguished! — Not such another woman in England! — To church of all places! Is the devil in the girl? said I, as soon as I could speak.

Well, but to leave this subject till to-morrow morning, I will now give you the instructions I have drawn up for your's and your companions' behaviour on Monday night.

* * *

Instructions to be observed by John Belford, Richard Mowbray, Thomas Belton, and James Tourville, Esquires of the Body to General Robert Lovelace, on their admission to the presence of his Goddess.

Ye must be sure to let it sink deep into your heavy heads, that there is no such lady in the world as Miss Clarissa Harlowe; and that she is neither more nor less than Mrs. Lovelace, though at present, to my shame be it spoken, a virgin.

Be mindful also, that your old mother's name, after that of her mother when a maid, is Sinclair: that her husband was a lieutenant-colonel, and all that you, Belford, know from honest Doleman's letter of her,* that let your brethren know.

* See Letter XXXVIII. Vol. III.

Mowbray and Tourville, the two greatest blunderers of the four, I allow to be acquainted with the widow and nieces, from the knowledge they had of the colonel. They will not forbear familiarities of speech to the mother, as of longer acquaintance than a day. So I have suited their parts to their capacities.

They may praise the widow and the colonel for people of great honour — but not too grossly; nor to labour the point so as to render themselves suspected.

The mother will lead ye into her own and the colonel's praises! and Tourville and Mowbray may be both her vouchers — I, and you, and Belton, must be only hearsay confirmers.

As poverty is generally suspectible, the widow must be got handsomely aforehand; and no doubt but she is. The elegance of her house and furniture, and her readiness to discharge all demands upon her, which she does with ostentation enough, and which makes her neighbours, I suppose, like her the better, demonstrate this. She will propose to do handsome things by her two nieces. Sally is near marriage — with an eminent woollen-draper in the Strand, if ye have a mind to it; for there are five or six of them there.

The nieces may be inquired after, since they will be absent, as persons respected by Mowbray and Tourville, for their late worthy uncle's sake.

Watch ye diligently every turn of my countenance, every motion of my eye; for in my eye, and in my countenance will ye find a sovereign regulator. I need not bid you respect me mightily: your allegiance obliges you to that: And who that sees me, respects me not?

Priscilla Partington (for her looks so innocent, and discretion so deep, yet seeming so softly) may be greatly relied upon. She will accompany the mother, gorgeously dressed, with all her Jew's extravagance flaming out upon her; and first induce, then countenance, the lady. She has her cue, and I hope will make her acquaintance coveted by my charmer.

Miss Partington's history is this: the daughter of Colonel Sinclair's brother-in-law: that brother-in-law may have been a Turkey-merchant, or any merchant, who died confoundedly rich: the colonel one of her guardians [collateral credit in that to the old one:] whence she always calls Mrs. Sinclair Mamma, though not succeeding to the trust.

She is just come to pass a day or two, and then to return to her surviving guardian's at Barnet.

Miss Partington has suitors a little hundred (her grandmother, an alderman's dowager, having left her a great additional fortune,) and is not trusted out of her guardian's house without an old governante, noted for discretion, except to her Mamma Sinclair, with whom now-and-then she is permitted to be for a week together.

Pris. will Mamma-up Mrs. Sinclair, and will undertake to court her guardian to let her pass a delightful week with her — Sir Edward Holden he may as well be, if your shallow pates will not be clogged with too many circumstantials. Lady Holden, perhaps, will come with her; for she always delighted in her Mamma Sinclair's company, and talks of her, and her good management, twenty times a day.

Be it principally thy part, Jack, who art a parading fellow, and aimest at wisdom, to keep thy brother-varlets from blundering; for, as thou must have observed from what I have written, we have the most watchful and most penetrating lady in the world to deal with; a lady worth deceiving! but whose eyes will piece to the bottom of your shallow souls the moment she hears you open. Do you therefore place thyself between Mowbray and Tourville: their toes to be played upon and commanded by thine, if they go wrong: thy elbows to be the ministers of approbation.

As to your general behaviour; no hypocrisy! — I hate it: so does my charmer. If I had studied for it, I believe I could have been an hypocrite: but my general character is so well known, that I should have been suspected at once, had I aimed at making myself too white. But what necessity can there be for hypocrisy, unless

the generality of the sex were to refuse us for our immoralities? The best of them love to have the credit for reforming us. Let the sweet souls try for it: if they fail, their intent was good. That will be a consolation to them. And as to us, our work will be the easier; our sins the fewer: since they will draw themselves in with a very little of our help; and we shall save a parcel of cursed falsehoods, and appear to be what we are both to angels and men. — Mean time their very grandmothers will acquit us, and reproach them with their self-do, self-have, and as having erred against knowledge, and ventured against manifest appearances. What folly, therefore, for men of our character to be hypocrites!

Be sure to instruct the rest, and do thou thyself remember, not to talk obscenely. You know I never permitted any of you to talk obscenely. Time enough for that, when ye grow old, and can ONLY talk. Besides, ye must consider Prisc.'s affected character, my goddess's real one. Far from obscenity, therefore, do not so much as touch upon the double entendre. What! as I have often said, cannot you touch a lady's heart without wounding her ear?

It is necessary that ye should appear worse men than myself. You cannot help appearing so, you'll say. Well, then, there will be the less restraint upon you — the less restraint, the less affectation. — And if Belton begins his favourite subject in behalf of keeping, it may make me take upon myself to oppose him: but fear not; I shall not give the argument all my force.

She must have some curiosity, I think, to see what sort of men my companions are: she will not expect any of you to be saints. Are you not men born to considerable fortunes, although ye are not all of you men of parts? Who is it in this mortal life that wealth does not mislead? And as it gives people the power of being mischievous, does it not require great virtue to forbear the use of that power? Is not the devil said to be the god of this world? Are we not children of this world? Well, then! let me tell thee my opinion — It is this, that were it not for the poor and the middling, the world would probably, long ago, have been destroyed by fire from Heaven. Ungrateful wretches the rest, thou wilt be apt to say, to make such sorry returns, as they generally do make, to the poor and the middling!

This dear lady is prodigiously learned in theories. But as to practices, as to experimentals, must be, as you know from her tender years, a mere novice. Till she knew me, I dare say, she did not believe, whatever she had read, that there were such fellows in the world, as she will see in you four. I shall have much pleasure in observing how she'll stare at her company, when she finds me the politest man of the five.

And so much for instructions general and particular for your behaviour on Monday night.

And let me add, that you must attend to every minute circumstance, whether you think there be reason for it, or not. Deep, like golden ore, frequently lies my meaning, and richly worth digging for. The hint of least moment, as you may imagine it, is often pregnant with events of the greatest. Be implicit. Am I not your general? Did I ever lead you on that I brought you not off with safety and success? — Sometimes to your own stupid astonishment.

And now, methinks, thou art curious to know, what can be my view in risquing the displeasure of my fair-one, and alarming her fears, after four or five halcyon days have gone over our heads? I'll satisfy thee.

The visiters of the two nieces will crowd the house. — Beds will be scarce: — Miss Partington, a sweet, modest, genteel girl, will be prodigiously taken with my charmer; — will want to begin a friendship with her — a share in her bed, for one night only, will be requested. Who knows, but on that very Monday night I may be so unhappy as to give mortal offence to my beloved? The shyest birds may be caught napping. Should she attempt to fly me upon it, cannot I detain her? Should she actually fly, cannot I bring her back, by authority civil or uncivil, if I have evidence upon evidence that she acknowledged, though but tacitly, her marriage? And should I, or should I not succeed, and she forgive me, or if she but descend to expostulate, or if she bear me in her sight, then will she be all my own. All delicacy is my charmer. I long to see how such a delicacy, on any of these occasions, will behave, and in my situation it behoves me to provide against every accident.

I must take care, knowing what an eel I have to do with, that the little riggling rogue does not slip through my fingers. How silly should I look, staring after her, when she had shot from me into the muddy river, her family, from which with so much difficulty I have taken her!

Well then, here are — let me see — How many persons are there who, after Monday night, will be able to swear that she has gone by my name, answered to my name, had no other view in leaving her friends but to go by my name? her own relations neither able nor willing to deny it. — First, here are my servants, her servant, Dorcas, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Sinclair's two nieces, and Miss Partington.

But for fear these evidences should be suspected, here comes the jet of the business— 'No less than four worthy gentlemen of fortune and family, who were all in company such a night particularly, at a collation to which they were invited by Robert Lovelace, of Sandoun-hall, in the county of Lancaster, esquire, in company with Magdalen Sinclair, widow, and Priscilla Partington, spinster, and the lady complainant, when the said Robert Lovelace addressed himself to the said lady, on a multitude of occasions, as his wife; as they and others did, as Mrs.

Lovelace; every one complimenting and congratulating her upon her nuptials; and that she received such their compliments and congratulations with no other visible displeasure or repugnance, than such as a young bride, full of blushes and pretty confusion, might be supposed to express upon such contemplative revolvings as those compliments would naturally inspire.' Nor do thou rave at me, Jack, nor rebel. Dost think I brought the dear creature hither for nothing?

And here's a faint sketch of my plot. — Stand by, varlets — tanta-ra-ra-ra! — Veil your bonnets, and confess your master!

LETTER V

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY.

Have been at church, Jack — behaved admirably well too! My charmer is pleased with me now: for I was exceedingly attentive to the discourse, and very ready in the auditor's part of the service. — Eyes did not much wander. How could they, when the loveliest object, infinitely the loveliest in the whole church, was in my view!

Dear creature! how fervent, how amiable, in her devotions! I have got her to own that she prayed for me. I hope a prayer from so excellent a mind will not be made in vain.

There is, after all, something beautifully solemn in devotion. The Sabbath is a charming institution to keep the heart right, when it is right. One day in seven, how reasonable! — I think I'll go to church once a day often. I fancy it will go a great way towards making me a reformed man. To see multitudes of well-appearing people all joining in one reverend act. An exercise how worthy of a rational being! Yet it adds a sting or two to my former stings, when I think of my projects with regard to this charming creature. In my conscience, I believe, if I were to go constantly to church, I could not pursue them.

I had a scheme come into my head while there; but I will renounce it, because it obtruded itself upon me in so good a place. Excellent creature! How many ruins has she prevented by attaching me to herself — by engrossing my whole attention.

But let me tell thee what passed between us in my first visit of this morning; and then I will acquaint thee more largely with my good behaviour at church.

I could not be admitted till after eight. I found her ready prepared to go out. I pretended to be ignorant of her intention, having charged Dorcas not to own that she had told me of it.

Going abroad, Madam? — with an air of indifference.

Yes, Sir: I intend to go to church.

I hope, Madam, I shall have the honour to attend you.

No: she designed to take a chair, and go to the next church.

This startled me: — A chair to carry her to the next church from Mrs. Sinclair's, her right name not Sinclair, and to bring her back hither in the face of people who might not think well of the house! — There was no permitting that. Yet I was to appear indifferent. But said, I should take it for a favour, if she would permit me to attend her in a coach, as there was time for it, to St. Paul's.

She made objections to the gaiety of my dress; and told me, that if she went to St. Paul's, she could go in a coach without me.

I objected Singleton and her brother, and offered to dress in the plainest suit I had.

I beg the favour of attending you, dear Madam, said I. I have not been at church a great while; we shall sit in different stalls, and the next time I go, I hope it will be to give myself a title to the greatest blessing I can receive.

She made some further objections: but at last permitted me the honour of attending her.

I got myself placed in her eye, that the time might not seem tedious to me, for we were there early. And I gained her good opinion, as I mentioned above, by my behaviour.

The subject of the discourse was particular enough: It was about a prophet's story or parable of an ewe-lamb taken by a rich man from a poor one, who dearly loved it, and whose only comfort it was: designed to strike remorse into David, on his adultery with Uriah's wife Bathsheba, and his murder of the husband. These women, Jack, have been the occasion of all manner of mischief from the beginning! Now, when David, full of indignation, swore [King David would swear, Jack: But how shouldst thou know who King David was? — The story is in the Bible,] that the rich man should surely die; Nathan, which was the prophet's name, and a good ingenious fellow, cried out, (which were the words of the text,) Thou art the man! By my soul I thought the parson looked directly at me; and at that moment I cast my eye full on my ewe-lamb. — But I must tell thee too, that, that I thought a good deal of my Rosebud. — A better man than King David, in that point, however, thought I!

When we came home we talked upon the subject; and I showed my charmer my attention to the discourse, by letting her know where the Doctor made the most of his subject, and where it might have been touched to greater advantage: for it is really a very affecting story, and has as pretty a contrivance in it as ever I read. And this I did in such a grave way, that she seemed more and more pleased with me; and I have no doubt, that I shall get her to favour me to-morrow night with her company at my collation.

SUNDAY EVENING.

We all dined together in Mrs. Sinclair's parlour: — All excessively right! The two nieces have topped their parts — Mrs. Sinclair her's. Never was so easy as now!— 'She really thought a little oddly of these people at first, she said! Mrs. Sinclair seemed very forbidding! Her nieces were persons with whom she could not wish to be acquainted. But really we should not be too hasty in our censures. Some people improve upon us. The widow seems tolerable.' She went no farther

than tolerable.— ‘Miss Martin and Miss Horton are young people of good sense, and have read a great deal. What Miss Martin particularly said of marriage, and of her humble servant, was very solid. She believes with such notions she cannot make a bad wife.’ I have said Sally’s humble servant is a woolen- draper of great reputation; and she is soon to be married.

I have been letting her into thy character, and into the characters of my other three esquires, in hopes to excite her curiosity to see you to-morrow night. I have told her some of the worst, as well as best parts of your characters, in order to exalt myself, and to obviate any sudden surprizes, as well as to teach her what sort of men she may expect to see, if she will oblige me with her company.

By her after-observation upon each of you, I shall judge what I may or may not do to obtain or keep her good opinion; what she will like, or what not; and so pursue the one or avoid the other, as I see proper. So, while she is penetrating into your shallow heads, I shall enter her heart, and know what to bid my own to hope for.

The house is to be taken in three weeks. — All will be over in three weeks, or bad will be my luck! — Who knows but in three days? — Have I not carried that great point of making her pass for my wife to the people below? And that other great one, of fixing myself here night and day? — What woman ever escaped me, who lodged under one roof with me? — The house too, THE house; the people — people after my own heart; her servants, Will. and Dorcas, both my servants. — Three days, did I say! Pho! Pho! Pho! — three hours!

* * *

I have carried my third point: but so extremely to the dislike of my charmer, that I have been threatened, for suffering Miss Partington to be introduced to her without her leave. Which laid her under a necessity to deny or comply with the urgent request of so fine a young lady; who had engaged to honour me at my collation, on condition that my beloved would be present at it.

To be obliged to appear before my friends as what she was not! She was for insisting, that I should acquaint the women here with the truth of the matter; and not go on propagating stories for her to countenance, making her a sharer in my guilt.

But what points will not perseverance carry? especially when it is covered over with the face of yielding now, and, Parthian-like, returning to the charge anon. Do not the sex carry all their points with their men by the same methods? Have I conversed with them so freely as I have done, and learnt nothing of them? Didst thou ever know that a woman’s denial of any favour, whether the least or the

greatest, that my heart was set upon, stood her in any stead? The more perverse she, the more steady I — that is my rule.

But the point thus so much against her will carried, I doubt thou will see in her more of a sullen than of an obliging charmer: for, when Miss Partington was withdrawn, ‘What was Miss Partington to her? In her situation she wanted no new acquaintances. And what were my four friends to her in her present circumstances? She would assure me, if ever again’ — And there she stopped, with a twirl of her hand.

When we meet, I will, in her presence, tipping thee a wink, show thee the motion, for it was a very pretty one. Quite new. Yet have I seen an hundred pretty passionate twirls too, in my time, from other fair-ones. How universally engaging is it to put a woman of sense, to whom a man is not married, in a passion, let the reception given to every ranting scene in our plays testify. Take care, my charmer, now thou art come to delight me with thy angry twirls, that thou temptest me not to provoke a variety of them from one, whose every motion, whose every air, carries in it so much sense and soul.

But, angry or pleased, this charming creature must be all loveliness. Her features are all harmony, and made for one another. No other feature could be substituted in the place of any one of her’s but most abate of her perfection: And think you that I do not long to have your opinion of my fair prize?

If you love to see features that glow, though the heart is frozen, and never yet was thawed; if you love fine sense, and adages flowing through teeth of ivory and lips of coral; an eye that penetrates all things; a voice that is harmony itself; an air of grandeur, mingled with a sweetness that cannot be described; a politeness that, if ever equaled, was never excelled — you’ll see all these excellencies, and ten times more, in this my GLORIANA.

Mark her majestic fabric! — She’s a temple,
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
Her soul the deity that lodges there:
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

Or, to describe her in a softer style with Rowe,

The bloom of op’ning flow’rs, unsully’d beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world’s first spring.

Adieu, varlets four! — At six, on Monday evening, I expect ye all.

LETTER VI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY, APRIL 30.

[Mr. Lovelace, in his last letters, having taken notice of the most material passages contained in this letter, the following extracts from it are only inserted.

She gives pretty near the same account that he does of what passed between them on her resolution to go to church; and of his proposal of St. Paul's, and desire of attending her. — She praises his good behaviour there; as also the discourse, and the preacher. — Is pleased with its seasonableness. — Gives particulars of the conversation between them afterwards, and commends the good observations he makes upon the sermon.]

I am willing, says she, to have hopes of him: but am so unable to know how to depend upon his seriousness for an hour together, that all my favourable accounts of him in this respect must be taken with allowance.

Being very much pressed, I could not tell how to refuse dining with the widow and her nieces this day. I am better pleased with them than I ever thought I should be. I cannot help blaming myself for my readiness to give severe censures where reputation is concerned. People's ways, humours, constitutions, education, and opportunities allowed for, my dear, many persons, as far as I know, may appear blameless, whom others, of different humours and educations, are too apt to blame; and who, from the same fault, may be as ready to blame them. I will therefore make it a rule to myself for the future — Never to judge peremptorily on first appearances: but yet I must observe that these are not people I should choose to be intimate with, or whose ways I can like: although, for the stations they are in, they may go through the world with tolerable credit.

Mr. Lovelace's behaviour has been such as makes me call this, so far as it is passed, an agreeable day. Yet, when easiest as to him, my situation with my friends takes place in my thoughts, and causes me many a tear.

I am the more pleased with the people of the house, because of the persons of rank they are acquainted with, and who visits them.

SUNDAY EVENING.

I am still well pleased with Mr. Lovelace's behaviour. We have had a good deal of serious discourse together. The man has really just and good notions. He confesses how much he is pleased with this day, and hopes for many such. Nevertheless, he ingenuously warned me, that his unlucky vivacity might return:

but, he doubted not, that he should be fixed at last by my example and conversation.

He has given me an entertaining account of the four gentlemen he is to meet to-morrow night. — Entertaining, I mean for his humourous description of their persons, manners, &c. but such a description as is far from being to their praise. Yet he seemed rather to design to divert my melancholy by it than to degrade them. I think at bottom, my dear, that he must be a good-natured man; but that he was spoiled young, for want of check or controul.

I cannot but call this, my circumstances considered, an happy day to the end of it. Indeed, my dear, I think I could prefer him to all the men I ever knew, were he but to be always what he has been this day. You see how ready I am to own all you have charged me with, when I find myself out. It is a difficult thing, I believe, sometimes, for a young creature that is able to deliberate with herself, to know when she loves, or when she hates: but I am resolved, as much as possible, to be determined both in my hatred and love by actions, as they make the man worthy or unworthy.

[She dates again Monday, and declares herself highly displeased at Miss Partington's being introduced to her: and still more for being obliged to promise to be present at Mr. Lovelace's collation. She foresees, she says, a murder'd evening.]

LETTER VII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 1.

I have just escaped from a very disagreeable company I was obliged, so much against my will, to be in. As a very particular relation of this evening's conversation would be painful to me, you must content yourself with what you shall be able to collect from the outlines, as I may call them, of the characters of the persons; assisted by the little histories Mr. Lovelace gave me of each yesterday.

The names of the gentlemen are Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and Belford. These four, with Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Partington, the great heiress mentioned in my last, Mr. Lovelace, and myself, made up the company.

I gave you before the favourable side of Miss Partington's character, such as it was given to me by Mrs. Sinclair, and her nieces. I will now add a few words from my own observation upon her behaviour in this company.

In better company perhaps she would have appeared to less disadvantage: but, notwithstanding her innocent looks, which Mr. Lovelace also highly praised, he is the last person whose judgment I would take upon real modesty. For I observed, that, upon some talk from the gentlemen, not free enough to be easily censured, yet too indecent in its implication to come from well-bred persons, in the company of virtuous prople [sic], this young lady was very ready to apprehend; and yet, by smiles and simperings, to encourage, rather than discourage, the culpable freedoms of persons, who, in what they went out of their way to say, must either be guilty of absurdity, meaning nothing, or meaning something of rudeness.*

* Mr. Belford, in Letter XIII. of Vol. V. reminds Mr. Lovelace of some particular topics which passed in their conversation, extremely to the Lady's honour.

But, indeed, I have seen no women, of whom I had a better opinion than I can say of Mrs. Sinclair, who have allowed gentlemen, and themselves too, in greater liberties of this sort than I had thought consistent with that purity of manners which ought to be the distinguishing characteristic of our sex: For what are words, but the body and dress of thought? And is not the mind of a person strongly indicated by outward dress?

But to the gentlemen — as they must be called in right of their ancestors, it seems; for no other do they appear to have: —

Mr. BELTON has had university education, and was designed for the gown; but that not suiting with the gaiety of his temper, and an uncle dying, who devised

to him a good estate, he quitted the college, came up to town, and commenced fine gentleman. He is said to be a man of sense. — Mr. Belton dresses gaily, but not quite foppishly; drinks hard; keeps all hours, and glories in doing so; games, and has been hurt by that pernicious diversion: he is about thirty years of age: his face is a fiery red, somewhat bloated and pimply; and his irregularities threaten a brief duration to the sensual dream he is in: for he has a short consumption cough, which seems to denote bad lungs; yet makes himself and his friends merry by his stupid and inconsiderate jests upon very threatening symptoms which ought to make him more serious.

Mr. MOWBRAY has been a great traveller; speaks as many languages as Mr. Lovelace himself, but not so fluently: is of a good family: seems to be about thirty-three or thirty-four: tall and comely in his person: bold and daring in his look: is a large-boned, strong man: has a great scar in his forehead, with a dent, as if his skull had been beaten in there, and a seamed scar in his right cheek: he likewise dresses very gaily: has his servants always about him, whom he is continually calling upon, and sending on the most trifling messages — half a dozen instances of which we had in the little time I was among them; while they seem to watch the turn of his fierce eye, to be ready to run, before they have half his message, and serve him with fear and trembling. Yet to his equals the man seems tolerable: he talks not amiss upon public entertainments and diversions, especially upon those abroad: yet has a romancing air, and avers things strongly which seem quite improbable. Indeed he doubts nothing but what he ought to believe; for he jests upon sacred things; and professes to hate the clergy of all religions. He has high notions of honour, a world hardly ever out of his mouth; but seems to have no great regard to morals.

Mr. TOURVILLE occasionally told his age; just turned of thirty-one. He is also of an ancient family; but, in his person and manners, more of what I call the coxcomb than any of his companions. He dresses richly; would be thought elegant in the choice and fashion of what he wears; yet, after all, appears rather tawdry than fine. — One sees by the care he takes of his outside, and the notice he bespeaks from every one by his own notice of himself, that the inside takes up the least of his attention. He dances finely, Mr. Lovelace says; is a master of music, and singing is one of his principal excellencies. They prevailed upon him to sing, and he obliged them both in Italian and French; and, to do him justice, his songs in both were decent. They were all highly delighted with his performance; but his greatest admirers were, Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Partington, and himself. To me he appeared to have a great deal of affectation.

Mr. Tourville’s conversation and address are insufferably full of those really gross affronts upon the understanding of our sex, which the moderns call

compliments, and are intended to pass for so many instances of good breeding, though the most hyperbolical, unnatural stuff that can be conceived, and which can only serve to show the insincerity of the complimenter, and the ridiculous light in which the complimented appears in his eyes, if he supposes a woman capable of relishing the romantic absurdities of his speeches.

He affects to introduce into his common talk Italian and French words; and often answers an English question in French, which language he greatly prefers to the barbarously hissing English. But then he never fails to translate into this his odious native tongue the words and the sentences he speaks in the other two — lest, perhaps, it should be questioned whether he understands what he says.

He loves to tell stories: always calls them merry, facetious, good, or excellent, before he begins, in order to bespeak the attention of the hearers, but never gives himself concern in the progress or conclusion of them, to make good what he promises in his preface. Indeed he seldom brings any of them to a conclusion; for if his company have patience to hear him out, he breaks in upon himself by so many parenthetical intrusions, as one may call them, and has so many incidents springing in upon him, that he frequently drops his own thread, and sometimes sits down satisfied half way; or, if at other times he would resume it, he applies to his company to help him in again, with a Devil fetch him if he remembers what he was driving at — but enough, and too much of Mr. Tourville.

Mr. BELFORD is the fourth gentleman, and one of whom Mr. Lovelace seems more fond than any of the rest; for he is a man of tried bravery, it seems; and this pair of friends came acquainted upon occasion of a quarrel, (possibly about a woman,) which brought on a challenge, and a meeting at Kensington Gravel-pits; which ended without unhappy consequences, by the mediation of three gentlemen strangers, just as each had made a pass at the other.

Mr. Belford, it seems, is about seven or eight and twenty. He is the youngest of the five, except Mr. Lovelace, and they are perhaps the wickedest; for they seem to lead the other three as they please. Mr. Belford, as the others, dresses gaily; but has not those advantages of person, nor from his dress, which Mr. Lovelace is too proud of. He has, however, the appearance and air of a gentleman. He is well read in classical authors, and in the best English poets and writers; and, by his means, the conversation took now and then a more agreeable turn. And I, who endeavoured to put the best face I could upon my situation, as I passed for Mrs. Lovelace with them, made shift to join in it, at such times, and received abundance of compliments from all the company, on the observations I made.*

* See Letter XIII. of Vol. V. above referred to.

Mr. Belford seems good-natured and obliging; and although very complaisant, not so fulsomely so as Mr. Tourville; and has a polite and easy manner of

expressing his sentiments on all occasions. He seems to delight in a logical way of argumentation, as also does Mr. Belton. These two attacked each other in this way; and both looked at us women, as if to observe whether we did not admire this learning, or when they had said a smart thing, their wit. But Mr. Belford had visibly the advantage of the other, having quicker parts, and by taking the worst side of the argument, seemed to think he had. Upon the whole of his behaviour and conversation, he put me in mind of that character of Milton: —

—— —— His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious: but to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear.

How little soever matters in general may be to our liking, we are apt, when hope is strong enough to permit it, to endeavour to make the best we can of the lot we have drawn; and I could not but observe often, how much Mr. Lovelace excelled all his four friends in every thing they seemed desirous to excel in. But as to wit and vivacity, he had no equal there. All the others gave up to him, when his lips began to open. The haughty Mowbray would call upon the prating Tourville for silence, when Lovelace was going to speak. And when he had spoken, the words, Charming fellow! with a free word of admiration or envy, fell from every mouth.

He has indeed so many advantages in his person and manner, that what would be inexcusable in another, would, if one watched not over one's self, and did not endeavour to distinguish what is the essence of right and wrong, look becoming in him.

Mr. Belford, to my no small vexation and confusion, with the forwardness of a favoured and intrusted friend, singled me out, on Mr. Lovelace's being sent for down, to make me congratulatory compliments on my supposed nuptials; which he did with a caution, not to insist too long on the rigorous vow I had imposed upon a man so universally admired —

'See him among twenty men,' said he, 'all of distinction, and nobody is regarded but Mr. Lovelace.'

It must, indeed, be confessed, that there is, in his whole deportment, a natural dignity, which renders all insolent or imperative demeanour as unnecessary as inexcusable. Then that deceiving sweetness which appears in his smiles, in his accent, in his whole aspect, and address, when he thinks it worth his while to oblige, or endeavour to attract, how does this show that he was born innocent, as I may say; that he was not naturally the cruel, the boisterous, the impetuous

creature, which the wicked company he may have fallen into have made him! For he has, besides, as open, and, I think, an honest countenance. Don't you think so, my dear? On all these specious appearances, have I founded my hopes of seeing him a reformed man.

But it is amazing to me, I own, that with so much of the gentleman, such a general knowledge of books and men, such a skill in the learned as well as modern languages, he can take so much delight as he does in the company of such persons as I have described, and in subjects of frothy impertinence, unworthy of his talents, and his natural and acquired advantages. I can think but of one reason for it, and that must argue a very low mind, — his vanity; which makes him desirous of being considered as the head of the people he consorts with. — A man to love praise, yet to be content to draw it from such contaminated springs!

One compliment passed from Mr. Belford to Mr. Lovelace, which hastened my quitting the shocking company— 'You are a happy man, Mr. Lovelace,' said he, upon some fine speeches made him by Mrs. Sinclair, and assented to by Miss Partington:— 'You have so much courage, and so much wit, that neither man nor woman can stand before you.'

Mr. Belford looked at me when he spoke: yes, my dear, he smilingly looked at me; and he looked upon his complimented friend; and all their assenting, and therefore affronting eyes, both men's and women's, were turned upon your Clarissa; at least, my self-reproaching heart made me think so; for that would hardly permit my eye to look up.

Oh! my dear, were but a woman, who gives reason to the world to think her to be in love with a man, [And this must be believed to be my case; or to what can my supposed voluntary going off with Mr. Lovelace be imputed?] to reflect one moment on the exaltation she gives him, and the disgrace she brings upon herself, — the low pity, the silent contempt, the insolent sneers and whispers, to which she makes herself obnoxious from a censuring world of both sexes, — how would she despise herself! and how much more eligible would she think death itself than such a discovered debasement!

What I have thus in general touched upon, will account to you why I could not more particularly relate what passed in this evening's conversation: which, as may be gathered from what I have written, abounded with approbatory accusations, and supposed witty retorts.

LETTER VIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY MIDNIGHT.

I am very much vexed and disturbed at an odd incident. Mrs. Sinclair has just now left me; I believe in displeasure, on my declining to comply with a request she made me: which was, to admit Miss Partington to a share in my bed, her house being crowded by her nieces's guests and by their attendants, as well as by those of Miss Partington.

There might be nothing in it; and my denial carried a stiff and ill- natured appearance. But instantly, upon her making the request, it came into my thought, 'that I was in a manner a stranger to every body in the house: not so much as a servant I could call my own, or of whom I had any great opinion: that there were four men of free manners in the house, avowed supporters of Mr. Lovelace in matters of offence; himself a man of enterprise; all, as far as I knew, (and as I had reason to think by their noisy mirth after I left them,) drinking deeply: that Miss Partington herself is not so bashful a person as she was represented to me to be: that officious pains were taken to give me a good opinion of her: and that Mrs. Sinclair made a greater parade in prefacing the request, than such a request needed. To deny, thought I, can carry only an appearance of singularity to people who already think me singular. To consent may possibly, if not probably, be attended with inconveniencies. The consequences of the alternative so very disproportionate, I thought it more prudent to incur the censure, than to risque the inconvenience.'

I told her that I was writing a long letter: that I should choose to write till I were sleepy, and that a companion would be a restraint upon me, and I upon her.

She was loth, she said, that so delicate a young creature, and so great a fortune as Miss Partington, should be put to lie with Dorcas in a press-bed. She should be very sorry, if she had asked an improper thing. She had never been so put to it before. And Miss would stay up with her till I had done writing.

Alarmed at this urgency, and it being easier to persist in a denial given, than to give it at first, I said, Miss Partington should be welcome to my whole bed, and I would retire into the dining-room, and there, locking myself in, write all the night.

The poor thing, she said, was afraid to lie alone. To be sure Miss Partington would not put me to such an inconvenience.

She then withdrew, — but returned — begged my pardon for returning, but the poor child, she said, was in tears. — Miss Partington had never seen a young lady she so much admired, and so much wished to imitate as me. The dear girl hoped

that nothing had passed in her behaviour to give me dislike to her. — Should she bring her to me?

I was very busy, I said: the letter I was writing was upon a very important subject. I hoped to see the young lady in the morning, when I would apologize to her for my particularity. And then Mrs. Sinclair hesitating, and moving towards the door, (though she turned round to me again,) I desired her, (lighting her,) to take care how she went down.

Pray, Madam, said she, on the stairs-head, don't give yourself all this trouble. God knows my heart, I meant no affront: but, since you seem to take my freedom amiss, I beg you will not acquaint Mr. Lovelace with it; for he perhaps will think me bold and impertinent.

Now, my dear, is not this a particular incident, either as I have made it, or as it was designed? I don't love to do an uncivil thing. And if nothing were meant by the request, my refusal deserves to be called uncivil. Then I have shown a suspicion of foul usage by it, which surely dare not be meant. If just, I ought to apprehend every thing, and fly the house and the man as I would an infection. If not just, and if I cannot contrive to clear myself of having entertained suspicions, by assigning some other plausible reason for my denial, the very staying here will have an appearance not at all reputable to myself.

I am now out of humour with him, — with myself, — with all the world, but you. His companions are shocking creatures. Why, again I repeat, should he have been desirous to bring me into such company? Once more I like him not. — Indeed I do not like him!

LETTER IX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, MAY 2.

With infinite regret I am obliged to tell you, that I can no longer write to you, or receive letters from you. — Your mother has sent me a letter enclosed in a cover to Mr. Lovelace, directed for him at Lord M.'s, (and which was brought him just now,) reproaching me on this subject in very angry terms, and forbidding me, 'as I would not be thought to intend to make her and you unhappy, to write to you without her leave.'

This, therefore, is the last you must receive from me, till happier days. And as my prospects are not very bad, I presume we shall soon have leave to write again; and even to see each other: since an alliance with a family so honourable as Mr. Lovelace's is will not be a disgrace.

She is pleased to write, 'That if I would wish to inflame you, I should let you know her written prohibition: but if otherwise, find some way of my own accord (without bringing her into the question) to decline a correspondence, which I must know she has for some time past forbidden.' But all I can say is, to beg of you not to be inflamed: to beg of you not to let her know, or even by your behaviour to her, on this occasion, guess, that I have acquainted you with my reason for declining to write to you. For how else, after the scruples I have heretofore made on this very subject, yet proceeding to correspond, can I honestly satisfy you about my motives for this sudden stop? So, my dear, I choose, you see, rather to rely upon your discretion, than to feign reasons with which you would not be satisfied, but with your usual active penetration, sift to the bottom, and at last find me to be a mean and low qualifier; and that with an implication injurious to you, that I supposed you had not prudence enough to be trusted with the naked truth.

I repeat, that my prospects are not bad. 'The house, I presume, will soon be taken. The people here are very respectful, notwithstanding my nicety about Miss Partington. Miss Martin, who is near marriage with an eminent tradesman in the Strand, just now, in a very respectful manner, asked my opinion of some patterns of rich silks for the occasion. The widow has a less forbidding appearance than at first. Mr. Lovelace, on my declared dislike of his four friends, has assured me that neither they nor any body else shall be introduced to me without my leave.'

These circumstances I mention (as you will suppose) that your kind heart may be at ease about me; that you may be induced by them to acquiesce with your mother's commands, (cheerfully acquiesce,) and that for my sake, lest I should be thought an inflamer; who am, with very contrary intentions, my dearest and best beloved friend,

Your ever obliged and affectionate, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER X

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WEDN. MAY 3.

I am astonished that my mother should take such a step — purely to exercise an unreasonable act of authority; and to oblige the most remorseless hearts in the world. If I find that I can be of use to you, either by advice or information, do you think I will not give it! — Were it to any other person, much less dear to me than you are, do you think, in such a case, I would forbear giving it?

Mr. Hickman, who pretends to a little casuistry in such nice matters, is of opinion that I ought not to decline such a correspondence thus circumstanced. And it is well he is; for my mother having set me up, I must have somebody to quarrel with.

This I will come into if it will make you easy — I will forbear to write to you for a few days, if nothing extraordinary happen, and till the rigour of her prohibition is abated. But be assured that I will not dispense with your writing to me. My heart, my conscience, my honour, will not permit it.

But how will I help myself? — How! — easily enough. For I do assure you that I want but very little farther provocation to fly privately to London. And if I do, I will not leave you till I see you either honourably married, or absolutely quit of the wretch: and, in this last case, I will take you down with me, in defiance of the whole world: or, if you refuse to go with me, stay with you, and accompany you as your shadow whithersoever you go.

Don’t be frightened at this declaration. There is but one consideration, and but one hope, that withhold me, watched as I am in all my retirements; obliged to read to her without a voice; to work in her presence without fingers; and to lie with her every night against my will. The consideration is, lest you should apprehend that a step of this nature would look like a doubling of your fault, in the eyes of such as think your going away a fault. The hope is, that things will still end happily, and that some people will have reason to take shame to themselves for the sorry part they have acted. Nevertheless I am often balancing — but your resolving to give up the correspondence at this crisis will turn the scale. Write, therefore, or take the consequence.

A few words upon the subject of your last letters. I know not whether your brother’s wise project be given up or not. A dead silence reigns in your family. Your brother was absent three days; then at home one; and is now absent: but whether with Singleton, or not, I cannot find out.

By your account of your wretch’s companions, I see not but they are a set of infernals, and he the Beelzebub. What could he mean, as you say, by his

earnestness to bring you into such company, and to give you such an opportunity to make him and them reflecting-glasses to one another? The man's a fool, to be sure, my dear — a silly fellow, at least — the wretches must put on their best before you, no doubt — Lords of the creation! — noble fellows these! — Yet who knows how many poor despicable souls of our sex the worst of them has had to whine after him!

You have brought an inconvenience upon yourself, as you observe, by your refusal of Miss Partington for your bedfellow. Pity you had not admitted her! watchful as you are, what could have happened? If violence were intended, he would not stay for the night. You might have sat up after her, or not gone to bed. Mrs. Sinclair pressed it too far. You was over-scrupulous.

If any thing happen to delay your nuptials, I would advise you to remove: but, if you marry, perhaps you may think it no great matter to stay where you are till you take possession of your own estate. The knot once tied, and with so resolute a man, it is my opinion your relations will soon resign what they cannot legally hold: and, were even a litigation to follow, you will not be able, nor ought you to be willing, to help it: for your estate will then be his right; and it will be unjust to wish it to be withheld from him.

One thing I would advise you to think of; and that is, of proper settlements: it will be to the credit of your prudence and of his justice (and the more as matters stand) that something of this should be done before you marry. Bad as he is, nobody accounts him a sordid man. And I wonder he has been hitherto silent on that subject.

I am not displeased with his proposal about the widow lady's house. I think it will do very well. But if it must be three weeks before you can be certain about it, surely you need not put off his day for that space: and he may bespeak his equipages. Surprising to me, as well as to you, that he could be so acquiescent!

I repeat — continue to write to me. I insist upon it; and that as minutely as possible: or, take the consequence. I send this by a particular hand. I am, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, MAY 4.

I forego every other engagement, I suspend ever wish, I banish every other fear, to take up my pen, to beg of you that you will not think of being guilty of such an act of love as I can never thank you for; but must for ever regret. If I must continue to write to you, I must. I know full well your impatience of control, when you have the least imagination that your generosity or friendship is likely to be wondered at.

My dearest, dearest creature, would you incur a maternal, as I have a paternal, malediction? Would not the world think there was an infection in my fault, if it were to be followed by Miss Howe? There are some points so flagrantly wrong that they will not bear to be argued upon. This is one of them. I need not give reasons against such a rashness. Heaven forbid that it should be known that you had it but once in your thought, be your motives ever so noble and generous, to follow so bad an example, the rather, as that you would, in such a case, want the extenuations that might be pleaded in my favour; and particularly that one of being surprised into the unhappy step!

The restraint your mother lays you under would not have appeared heavy to you but on my account. Would you had once thought it a hardship to be admitted to a part of her bed? — How did I use to be delighted with such a favour from my mother! how did I love to work in her presence! — So did you in the presence of your's once. And to read to her in winter evenings I know was one of your joys. — Do not give me cause to reproach myself on the reason that may be assigned for the change in you.

Learn, my dear, I beseech you, learn to subdue your own passions. Be the motives what they will, excess is excess. Those passions in our sex, which we take pains to subdue, may have one and the same source with those infinitely-blacker passions, which we used so often to condemn in the violent and headstrong of the other sex; and which may only be heightened in them by custom, and their freer education. Let us both, my dear, ponder well this thought: look into ourselves, and fear.

If I write, as I find I must, I insist upon your forbearing to write. Your silence to this shall be the sign to me that you will not think of the rashness you threaten me with: and that you will obey your mother as to your own part of the correspondence, however; especially as you can inform or advise me in every weighty case by Mr. Hickman's pen.

My trembling writing will show you, my dear impetuous creature, what a trembling heart you have given to

Your ever obliged, Or, if you take so rash a step, Your for ever disobliged, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

My clothes were brought to me just now. But you have so much discomposed me, that I have no heart to look into the trunks. Why, why, my dear, will you fright me with your flaming love? discomposure gives distress to a weak heart, whether it arise from friendship or enmity.

A servant of Mr. Lovelace carries this to Mr. Hickman for dispatch-sake. Let that worthy man’s pen relieve my heart from this new uneasiness.

LETTER XII

MR. HICKMAN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [SENT TO WILSON'S BY A PARTICULAR HAND.] FRIDAY, MAY 5.

MADAM,

I have the honour of dear Miss Howe's commands to acquaint you, without knowing the occasion, 'That she is excessively concerned for the concern she has given you in her last letter: and that, if you will but write to her, under cover as before, she will have no thoughts of what you are so very apprehensive about.' — Yet she bid me write, 'That if she had but the least imagination that she can serve you, and save you,' those are her words, 'all the censures of the world will be but of second consideration with her.' I have great temptations, on this occasion, to express my own resentments upon your present state; but not being fully apprized of what that is — only conjecturing from the disturbance upon the mind of the dearest lady in the world to me, and the most sincere of friends to you, that that is not altogether so happy as were to be wished; and being, moreover, forbid to enter into the cruel subject; I can only offer, as I do, my best and faithfullest services! and wish you a happy deliverance from all your troubles. For I am,

Most excellent young lady, Your faithful and most obedient servant, CH. HICKMAN.

LETTER XIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, MAY 2.

Mercury, as the fabulist tells us, having the curiosity to know the estimation he stood in among mortals, descended in disguise, and in a statuary's shop cheapened a Jupiter, then a Juno, then one, then another, of the dii majores; and, at last, asked, What price that same statue of Mercury bore? O Sir, says the artist, buy one of the others, and I'll throw you in that for nothing.

How sheepish must the god of thieves look upon this rebuff to his vanity!

So thou! a thousand pounds wouldst thou give for the good opinion of this single lady — to be only thought tolerably of, and not quite unworthy of her conversation, would make thee happy. And at parting last night, or rather this morning, thou madest me promise a few lines to Edgware, to let thee know what she thinks of thee, and of thy brethren.

Thy thousand pounds, Jack, is all thy own: for most heartily does she dislike ye all — thee as much as any of the rest.

I am sorry for it too, as to thy part; for two reasons — one, that I think thy motive for thy curiosity was fear of consciousness: whereas that of the arch-thief was vanity, intolerable vanity: and he was therefore justly sent away with a blush upon his cheeks to heaven, and could not brag — the other, that I am afraid, if she dislikes thee, she dislikes me: for are we not birds of a feather?

I must never talk of reformation, she told me, having such companions, and taking such delight, as I seemed to take, in their frothy conversation.

I, no more than you, Jack, imagined she could possibly like ye: but then, as my friends, I thought a person of her education would have been more sparing of her censures.

I don't know how it is, Belford; but women think themselves entitled to take any freedoms with us; while we are unpolite, forsooth, and I can't tell what, if we don't tell a pack of cursed lies, and make black white, in their favour — teaching us to be hypocrites, yet stigmatizing us, at other times, for deceivers.

I defended ye all as well as I could: but you know there was no attempting aught but a palliative defence, to one of her principles.

I will summarily give thee a few of my pleas.

'To the pure, every little deviation seemed offensive: yet I saw not, that there was any thing amiss the whole evening, either in the words or behaviour of any of my friends. Some people could talk but upon one or two subjects: she upon every one: no wonder, therefore, they talked to what they understood best; and to mere objects of sense. Had she honoured us with more of her conversation, she would

have been less disgusted with ours; for she saw how every one was prepared to admire her, whenever she opened her lips. You, in particular, had said, when she retired, that virtue itself spoke when she spoke, but that you had such an awe upon you, after she had favoured us with an observation or two on a subject started, that you should ever be afraid in her company to be found most exceptionable, when you intended to be least so.'

Plainly, she said, she neither liked my companions nor the house she was in.

I liked not the house any more than she: though the people were very obliging, and she had owned they were less exceptionable to herself than at first: And were we not about another of our own?

She did not like Miss Partington — let her fortune be what it would, and she had heard a great deal said of her fortune, she should not choose an intimacy with her. She thought it was a hardship to be put upon such a difficulty as she was put upon the preceding night, when there were lodgers in the front-house, whom they had reason to be freer with, than, upon so short an acquaintance, with her.

I pretended to be an utter stranger as to this particular; and, when she explained herself upon it, condemned Mrs. Sinclair's request, and called it a confident one.

She, artfully, made lighter of her denial of the girl for a bedfellow, than she thought of it, I could see that; for it was plain, she supposed there was room for me to think she had been either over-nice, or over- cautious.

I offered to resent Mrs. Sinclair's freedom.

No; there was no great matter in it. It was best to let it pass. It might be thought more particular in her to deny such a request, than in Mrs. Sinclair to make it, or in Miss Partington to expect it to be complied with. But as the people below had a large acquaintance, she did not know how often she might indeed have her retirements invaded, if she gave way. And indeed there were levities in the behaviour of that young lady, which she could not so far pass over as to wish an intimacy with her.

I said, I liked Miss Partington as little as she could. Miss Partington was a silly young creature; who seemed to justify the watchfulness of her guardians over her. — But nevertheless, as to her own, that I thought the girl (for girl she was, as to discretion) not exceptionable; only carrying herself like a free good-natured creature who believed herself secure in the honour of her company.

It was very well said of me, she replied: but if that young lady were so well satisfied with her company, she must needs say, that I was very kind to suppose her such an innocent — for her own part, she had seen nothing of the London world: but thought, she must tell me plainly, that she never was in such company in her life; nor ever again wished to be in such.

There, Belford! — Worse off than Mercury! — Art thou not?

I was nettled. Hard would be the lot of more discreet women, as far as I knew, that Miss Partington, were they to be judged by so rigid a virtue as hers.

Not so, she said: but if I really saw nothing exceptionable to a virtuous mind, in that young person's behaviour, my ignorance of better behaviour was, she must needs tell me, as pitiable as hers: and it were to be wished, that minds so paired, for their own sakes should never be separated.

See, Jack, what I get by my charity!

I thanked her heartily. But said, that I must take the liberty to observe, that good folks were generally so uncharitable, that, devil take me, if I would choose to be good, were the consequence to be that I must think hardly of the whole world besides.

She congratulated me upon my charity; but told me, that to enlarge her own, she hoped it would not be expected of her to approve of the low company I had brought her into last night.

No exception for thee, Belford! — Safe is thy thousand pounds.

I saw not, I said, begging her pardon, that she liked any body. — [Plain dealing for plain dealing, Jack! — Why then did she abuse my friends?] However, let me but know whom and what she did or did not like; and, if possible, I would like and dislike the very same persons and things.

She bid me then, in a pet, dislike myself.

Cursed severe! — Does she think she must not pay for it one day, or one night? — And if one, many; that's my comfort.

I was in such a train of being happy, I said, before my earnestness to procure her to favour my friends with her company, that I wished the devil had had as well my friends as Miss Partington — and yet, I must say, that I saw not how good people could answer half their end, which is to reform the wicked by precept as well as example, were they to accompany only with the good.

I had the like to have been blasted by two or three flashes of lightning from her indignant eyes; and she turned scornfully from me, and retired to her own apartment.

Once more, Jack, safe, as thou seest, is thy thousand pounds.

She says, I am not a polite man. But is she, in the instance before us, more polite for a woman?

And now, dost thou not think that I owe my charmer some revenge for her cruelty in obliging such a fine young creature, and so vast a fortune, as Miss Partington, to crowd into a press-bed with Dorcas the maid-servant of the proud refuser? — Miss Partington too (with tears) declared, by Mrs. Sinclair, that would Mrs. Lovelace do her the honour of a visit at Barnet, the best bed and best room in her guardian's house should be at her service. Thinkest thou that I could not

guess at her dishonourable fears of me? — that she apprehended, that the supposed husband would endeavour to take possession of his own? — and that Miss Partington would be willing to contribute to such a piece of justice?

Thus, then, thou both remindest, and defiest me, charmer! — And since thou reliest more on thy own precaution than upon my honour; be it unto thee, fair one, as thou apprehendest.

And now, Jack, let me know, what thy opinion, and the opinions of thy brother varlets, are of my Gloriana.

I have just now heard, that Hannah hopes to be soon well enough to attend her young lady, when in London. It seems the girl has had no physician. I must send her one, out of pure love and respect to her mistress. Who knows but medicine may weaken nature, and strengthen the disease? — As her malady is not a fever, very likely it may do so. — But perhaps the wench's hopes are too forward. Blustering weather in this month yet. — And that is bad for rheumatic complaints.

LETTER XIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, MAY 2.

Just as I had sealed up the enclosed, comes a letter to my beloved, in a cover to me, directed to Lord M.'s. From whom, thinkest thou? — From Mrs. Howe!

And what the contents?

How should I know, unless the dear creature had communicated them to me? But a very cruel letter I believe it is, by the effect it had upon her. The tears ran down her cheeks as she read it; and her colour changed several times. No end of her persecutions, I think!

'What a cruelty in my fate!' said the sweet lamenter.— 'Now the only comfort of my life must be given up!'

Miss Howe's correspondence, no doubt.

But should she be so much grieved at this? This correspondence was prohibited before, and that, to the daughter, in the strongest terms: but yet carried on by both; although a brace of impeccables, an't please ye. Could they expect, that a mother would not vindicate her authority? — and finding her prohibition ineffectual with her perverse daughter, was it not reasonable to suppose she would try what effect it would have upon her daughter's friend? — And now I believe the end will be effectually answered: for my beloved, I dare say, will make a point of conscience of it.

I hate cruelty, especially in women; and should have been more concerned for this instance of it in Mrs. Howe, had I not had a stronger instance of the same in my beloved to Miss Partington: For how did she know, since she was so much afraid for herself, whom Dorcas might let in to that innocent and less watchful young lady? But nevertheless I must needs own, that I am not very sorry for this prohibition, let it originally come from the Harlowes, or from whom it will; because I make no doubt, that it is owing to Miss Howe, in a great measure, that my beloved is so much upon her guard, and thinks so hardly of me. And who can tell, as characters here are so tender, and some disguises so flimsy, what consequences might follow this undutiful correspondence? — I say, therefore, I am not sorry for it: now will she not have any body to compare notes with: any body to alarm her: and I may be saved the guilt and disobligation of inspecting into a correspondence that has long made me uneasy.

How every thing works for me! — Why will this charming creature make such contrivances necessary, as will increase my trouble, and my guilt too, as some will account it? But why, rather I should ask, will she fight against her stars?

LETTER XV

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. EDGWARE, TUESDAY NIGHT, MAY 2.

Without staying for the promised letter from you to inform us what the lady says of us, I write to tell you, that we are all of one opinion with regard to her; which is, that there is not of her age a finer woman in the world, as to her understanding. As for her person, she is at the age of bloom, and an admirable creature; a perfect beauty: but this poorer praise, a man, who has been honoured with her conversation, can hardly descend to give; and yet she was brought amongst us contrary to her will.

Permit me, dear Lovelace, to be a mean of saving this excellent creature from the dangers she hourly runs from the most plotting heart in the world. In a former, I pleaded your own family, Lord M.'s wishes particularly; and then I had not seen her: but now, I join her sake, honour's sake, motives of justice, generosity, gratitude, and humanity, which are all concerned in the preservation of so fine a woman. Thou knowest not the anguish I should have had, (whence arising, I cannot devise,) had I not known before I set out this morning, that the incomparable creature had disappointed thee in thy cursed view of getting her to admit the specious Partington for a bed-fellow.

I have done nothing but talk of this lady ever since I saw her. There is something so awful, and yet so sweet, in her aspect, that were I to have the virtues and the graces all drawn in one piece, they should be taken, every one of them, from different airs and attributes in her. She was born to adorn the age she was given to, and would be an ornament to the first dignity. What a piercing, yet gentle eye; every glance I thought mingled with love and fear of you! What a sweet smile darting through the cloud that overspread her fair face, demonstrating that she had more apprehensions and grief at her heart than she cared to express!

You may think what I am going to write too flighty: but, by my faith, I have conceived such a profound reverence for her sense and judgment, that, far from thinking the man excusable who should treat her basely, I am ready to regret that such an angel of a woman should even marry. She is in my eye all mind: and were she to meet with a man all mind likewise, why should the charming qualities she is mistress of be endangered? Why should such an angel be plunged so low as into the vulgar offices of a domestic life? Were she mine, I should hardly wish to see her a mother, unless there were a kind of moral certainty, that minds like hers could be propagated. For why, in short, should not the work of bodies be left to mere bodies? I know, that you yourself have an opinion of her little less exalted.

Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, are all of my mind; are full of her praises; and swear, it would be a million of pities to ruin a woman in whose fall none but devils can rejoice.

What must that merit and excellence be which can extort this from us, freelivers, like yourself, and all of your just resentments against the rest of her family, and offered our assistance to execute your vengeance on them? But we cannot think it reasonable that you should punish an innocent creature, who loves you so well, and who is in your protection, and has suffered so much for you, for the faults of her relations.

And here let me put a serious question or two. Thinkest thou, truly admirable as this lady is, that the end thou proposest to thyself, if obtained, is answerable to the means, to the trouble thou givest thyself, and to the perfidies, tricks, stratagems, and contrivances thou has already been guilty of, and still meditatest? In every real excellence she surpasses all her sex. But in the article thou seekest to subdue her for, a mere sensualist, a Partington, a Horton, a Martin, would make a sensualist a thousand times happier than she either will or can.

Sweet are the joys that come with willingness.

And wouldst thou make her unhappy for her whole life, and thyself not happy for a single moment?

Hitherto, it is not too late; and that perhaps is as much as can be said, if thou meanest to preserve her esteem and good opinion, as well as person; for I think it is impossible she can get out of thy hands now she is in this accursed house. O that damned hypocritical Sinclair, as thou callest her! How was it possible she should behave so speciously as she did all the time the lady staid with us! — Be honest, and marry; and be thankful that she will condescend to have thee. If thou dost not, thou wilt be the worst of men; and wilt be condemned in this world and the next: as I am sure thou oughtest, and shouldest too, wert thou to be judged by one, who never before was so much touched in a woman's favour; and whom thou knowest to be

Thy partial friend, J. BELFORD.

Our companions consented that I should withdraw to write to the above effect. They can make nothing of the characters we write in; and so I read this to them. They approve of it; and of their own motion each man would set his name to it. I would not delay sending it, for fear of some detestable scheme taking place.

THOMAS BELTON,
RICHARD MOWBRAY,
JAMES TOURVILLE.

Just now are brought me both yours. I vary not my opinion, nor forbear my earnest prayers to you in her behalf, notwithstanding her dislike of me.

LETTER XVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, MAY 3.

When I have already taken pains to acquaint thee in full with regard to my views, designs, and resolutions, with regard to this admirable woman, it is very extraordinary that thou shouldst vapour as thou dost in her behalf, when I have made no trial, no attempt: and yet, givest it as thy opinion in a former letter, that advantage may be taken of the situation she is in; and that she may be overcome.

Most of thy reflections, particularly that which respects the difference as to the joys to be given by the virtuous and libertine of her sex, are fitter to come in as after-reflections than as antecedencies.

I own with thee, and with the poet, that sweet are the joys that come with willingness — But is it to be expected, that a woman of education, and a lover of forms, will yield before she is attacked? And have I so much as summoned this to surrender? I doubt not but I shall meet with difficulty. I must therefore make my first effort by surprise. There may possibly be some cruelty necessary: but there may be consent in struggle; there may be yielding in resistance. But the first conflict over, whether the following may not be weaker and weaker, till willingness ensue, is the point to be tried. I will illustrate what I have said by the simile of a bird new caught. We begin, when boys, with birds; and when grown up, go on to women; and both perhaps, in turn, experience our sportive cruelty.

Hast thou not observed, the charming gradations by which the ensnared volatile has been brought to bear with its new condition? how, at first, refusing all sustenance, it beats and bruises itself against its wires, till it makes its gay plumage fly about, and over-spread its well-secured cage. Now it gets out its head; sticking only at its beautiful shoulders: then, with difficulty, drawing back its head, it gasps for breath, and erectly perched, with meditating eyes, first surveys, and then attempts, its wired canopy. As it gets its pretty head and sides, bites the wires, and pecks at the fingers of its delighted tamer. Till at last, finding its efforts ineffectual, quite tired and breathless, it lays itself down, and pants at the bottom of the cage, seeming to bemoan its cruel fate and forfeited liberty. And after a few days, its struggles to escape still diminishing as it finds it to no purpose to attempt it, its new habitation becomes familiar; and it hops about from perch to perch, resumes its wonted cheerfulness, and every day sings a song to amuse itself and reward its keeper.

Now let me tell thee, that I have known a bird actually starve itself, and die with grief, at its being caught and caged. But never did I meet with a woman who was so silly. — Yet have I heard the dear souls most vehemently threaten their

own lives on such an occasion. But it is saying nothing in a woman's favour, if we do not allow her to have more sense than a bird. And yet we must all own, that it is more difficult to catch a bird than a lady.

To pursue the comparison — If the disappointment of the captivated lady be very great, she will threaten, indeed, as I said: she will even refuse her sustenance for some time, especially if you entreat her much, and she thinks she gives you concern by her refusal. But then the stomach of the dear sullen one will soon return. 'Tis pretty to see how she comes to by degrees: pressed by appetite, she will first steal, perhaps, a weeping morsel by herself; then be brought to piddle and sigh, and sigh and piddle before you; now-and-then, if her viands be unsavoury, swallowing with them a relishing tear or two: then she comes to eat and drink, to oblige you: then resolves to live for your sake: her exclamations will, in the next place, be turned into blandishments; her vehement upbraidings into gentle murmuring — how dare you, traitor! — into how could you, dearest! She will draw you to her, instead of pushing you from her: no longer, with unsheathed claws, will she resist you; but, like a pretty, playful, wanton kitten, with gentle paws, and concealed talons, tap your cheek, and with intermingled smiles, and tears, and caresses, implore your consideration for her, and your constancy: all the favour she then has to ask of you! — And this is the time, were it given to man to confine himself to one object, to be happier every day than another.

Now, Belford, were I to go no farther than I have gone with my beloved Miss Harlowe, how shall I know the difference between her and another bird? To let her fly now, what a pretty jest would that be! — How do I know, except I try, whether she may not be brought to sing me a fine song, and to be as well contented as I have brought other birds to be, and very shy ones too?

But now let us reflect a little upon the confounded partiality of us human creatures. I can give two or three familiar, and if they were not familiar, they would be shocking, instances of the cruelty both of men and women, with respect to other creatures, perhaps as worthy as (at least more innocent than) themselves. By my soul, Jack, there is more of the savage on human nature than we are commonly aware of. Nor is it, after all, so much amiss, that we sometimes avenge the more innocent animals upon our own species.

To particulars:

How usual a thing is it for women as well as men, without the least remorse, to ensnare, to cage, and torment, and even with burning knitting-needles to put out the eyes of the poor feather'd songster [thou seest I have not yet done with birds]; which however, in proportion to its bulk, has more life than themselves (for a bird is all soul;) and of consequence has as much feeling as the human creature! when

at the same time, if an honest fellow, by the gentlest persuasion, and the softest arts, has the good luck to prevail upon a mew'd-up lady, to countenance her own escape, and she consents to break cage, and be set a flying into the all-cheering air of liberty, mercy on us! what an outcry is generally raised against him!

Just like what you and I once saw raised in a paltry village near Chelmsford, after a poor hungry fox, who, watching his opportunity, had seized by the neck, and shouldered a sleek-feathered goose: at what time we beheld the whole vicinage of boys and girls, old men, and old women, all the furrows and wrinkles of the latter filled up with malice for the time; the old men armed with prongs, pitch-forks, clubs, and catsticks; the old women with mops, brooms, fire-shovels, tongs, and pokers; and the younger fry with dirt, stones, and brickbats, gathering as they ran like a snowball, in pursuit of the wind-outstripping prowler; all the mongrel curs of the circumjacencies yelp, yelp, yelp, at their heels, completing the horrid chorus.

Rememebrest thou not this scene? Surely thou must. My imagination, inflamed by a tender sympathy for the danger of the adventurous marauder, represents it to my eye as if it were but yesterday. And dost thou not recollect how generously glad we were, as if our own case, that honest reynard, by the help of a lucky stile, over which both old and young tumbled upon one another, and a winding course, escaped their brutal fury, and flying catsticks; and how, in fancy, we followed him to his undiscovered retreat; and imagined we beheld the intrepid thief enjoying his dear-earned purchase with a delight proportioned to his past danger?

I once made a charming little savage severely repent the delight she took in seeing her tabby favourite make cruel sport with a pretty sleek bead- eyed mouse, before she devoured it. Egad, my love, said I to myself, as I sat meditating the scene, I am determined to lie in wait for a fit opportunity to try how thou wilt like to be tost over my head, and be caught again: how thou wilt like to be parted from me, and pulled to me. Yet will I rather give life than take it away, as this barbarous quadruped has at last done by her prey. And after all was over between my girl and me, I reminded her of the incident to which my resolution was owing.

Nor had I at another time any mercy upon the daughter of an old epicure, who had taught the girl, without the least remorse, to roast lobsters alive; to cause a poor pig to be whipt to death; to scrape carp the contrary way of the scales, making them leap in the stew-pan, and dressing them in their own blood for sauce. And this for luxury-sake, and to provoke an appetite; which I had without stimulation, in my way, and that I can tell thee a very ravenous one.

Many more instances of the like nature could I give, were I to leave nothing to thyself, to shew that the best take the same liberties, and perhaps worse, with some sort of creatures, that we take with others; all creatures still! and creatures

too, as I have observed above, replete with strong life, and sensible feeling! — If therefore people pretend to mercy, let mercy go through all their actions. I have heard somewhere, that a merciful man is merciful to his beast.

So much at present for those parts of thy letter in which thou urgest to me motives of compassion for the lady.

But I guess at thy principal motive in this thy earnestness in behalf of this charming creature. I know that thou correspondest with Lord M. who is impatient, and has long been desirous to see me shackled. And thou wantest to make a merit with the uncle, with a view to one of his nieces. But knowest thou not, that my consent will be wanting to complete thy wishes? — And what a commendation will it be of thee to such a girl as Charlotte, when I shall acquaint her with the affront thou puttest upon the whole sex, by asking, Whether I think my reward, when I have subdued the most charming woman in the world, will be equal to my trouble? — Which, thinkest thou, will a woman of spirit soonest forgive; the undervaluing varlet who can put such a question; or him, who prefers the pursuit and conquest of a fine woman to all the joys of life? Have I not known even a virtuous woman, as she would be thought, vow everlasting antipathy to a man who gave out that she was too old for him to attempt? And did not Essex's personal reflection on Queen Elizabeth, that she was old and crooked, contribute more to his ruin than his treason?

But another word or two, as to thy objection relating to my trouble and reward.

Does not the keen fox-hunter endanger his neck and his bones in pursuit of a vermin, which, when killed, is neither fit food for men nor dogs?

Do not the hunters of the noble game value the venison less than the sport?

Why then should I be reflected upon, and the sex affronted, for my patience and perseverance in the most noble of all chases; and for not being a poacher in love, as thy question be made to imply?

Learn of thy master, for the future, to treat more respectfully a sex that yields us our principal diversions and delights.

Proceed anon.

LETTER XVII

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

Well sayest thou, that mine is the most plotting heart in the world. Thou dost me honour; and I thank thee heartily. Thou art no bad judge. How like Boileau's parson I strut behind my double chin! Am I not obliged to deserve thy compliment? And wouldst thou have me repent of a murder before I have committed it?

'The Virtues and Graces are this Lady's handmaids. She was certainly born to adorn the age she was given to.' — Well said, Jack— 'And would be an ornament to the first dignity.' But what praise is that, unless the first dignity were adorned with the first merit? — Dignity! gew-gaw! — First dignity! thou idiot! — Art thou, who knowest me, so taken with ermine and tinsel? — I, who have won the gold, am only fit to wear it. For the future therefore correct thy style, and proclaim her the ornament of the happiest man, and (respecting herself and sex) the greatest conqueror in the world.

Then, that she loves me, as thou imaginest, by no means appears clear to me. Her conditional offers to renounce me; the little confidence she places in me; entitle me to ask, What merit can she have with a man, who won her in spite of herself; and who fairly, in set and obstinate battle, took her prisoner?

As to what thou inferrest from her eye when with us, thou knowest nothing of her heart from that, if thou imaginest there was one glance of love shot from it. Well did I note her eye, and plainly did I see, that it was all but just civil disgust to me and to the company I had brought her into. Her early retiring that night, against all entreaty, might have convinced thee, that there was very little of the gentle in her heart for me. And her eye never knew what it was to contradict her heart.

She is, thou sayest, all mind. So say I. But why shouldst thou imagine that such a mind as hers, meeting with such a one as mine, and, to dwell upon the word, meeting with an inclination in hers, should not propagate minds like her own?

Were I to take thy stupid advice, and marry; what a figure should I make in rakish annals! The lady in my power: yet not have intended to put herself in my power: declaring against love, and a rebel to it: so much open-eyed caution: no confidence in my honour: her family expecting the worst hath passed: herself seeming to expect that the worst will be attempted: [Priscilla Partington for that!] What! wouldst thou not have me act in character?

But why callest thou the lady innocent? And why sayest thou she loves me?

By innocent, with regard to me, and not taken as a general character, I must insist upon it she is not innocent. Can she be innocent, who, by wishing to shackle me in the prime and glory of my youth, with such a capacity as I have for noble mischief,* would make my perdition more certain, were I to break, as I doubt I should, the most solemn vow I could make? I say no man ought to take even a common oath, who thinks he cannot keep it. This is conscience! This is honour! — And when I think I can keep the marriage-vow, then will it be time to marry.

* See Vol. III. Letter XXIII. Paragr. 4.

No doubt of it, as thou sayest, the devils would rejoice in the fall of such a woman. But this is my confidence, that I shall have it in my power to marry when I will. And if I do her this justice, shall I not have a claim of her gratitude? And will she not think herself the obliged, rather than the obliger? Then let me tell thee, Belford, it is impossible so far to hurt the morals of this lady, as thou and thy brother varlets have hurt others of the sex, who now are casting about the town firebrands and double death. Take ye that thistle to mumble upon.

* * *

A short interruption. I now resume.

That the morals of this lady cannot fail, is a consideration that will lessen the guilt on both sides. And if, when subdued, she knows but how to middle the matter between virtue and love, then will she be a wife for me: for already I am convinced that there is not a woman in the world that is love-proof and plot-proof, if she be not the person.

And now imagine (the charmer overcome) thou seest me sitting supinely cross-kneed, reclining on my sofa, the god of love dancing in my eyes, and rejoicing in every mantling feature; the sweet rogue, late such a proud rogue, wholly in my power, moving up slowly to me, at my beck, with heaving sighs, half-pronounced upbraidings from murmuring lips, her finger in her eye, and quickening her pace at my Come hither, dearest!

One hand stuck in my side, the other extended to encourage her bashful approach — Kiss me, love! — sweet, as Jack Belford says, are the joys that come with willingness.

She tenders her purple mouth [her coral lips will be purple then, Jack!]: sigh not so deeply, my beloved! — Happier hours await thy humble love, than did thy proud resistance.

Once more bent to my ardent lips the swanny glossiness of a neck late so stately. —

There’s my precious!

Again!

Obliging loveliness!

O my ever-blooming glory! I have tried thee enough. To-morrow's sun —

Then I rise, and fold to my almost-talking heart the throbbing-bosom'd charmer.

And now shall thy humble pride confess its obligation to me!

To-morrow's sun — and then I disengage myself from the bashful passive, and stalk about the room — to-morrow's sun shall gild the altar at which my vows shall be paid thee!

Then, Jack, the rapture! then the darted sun-beams from her gladdened eye, drinking up, at one sip, the precious distillation from the pearl- dropt cheek! Then hands ardently folded, eyes seeming to pronounce, God bless my Lovelace! to supply the joy-locked tongue: her transports too strong, and expression too weak, to give utterance to her grateful meanings! — All — all the studies — all the studies of her future life vowed and devoted (when she can speak) to acknowledge and return the perpetual obligation!

If I could bring my charmer to this, would it not be the eligible of eligibles? — Is it not worth trying for? — As I said, I can marry her when I will. She can be nobody's but mine, neither for shame, nor by choice, nor yet by address: for who, that knows my character, believes that the worst she dreads is now to be dreaded?

I have the highest opinion that man can have (thou knowest I have) of the merit and perfections of this admirable woman; of her virtue and honour too, although thou, in a former, art of opinion that she may be overcome.* Am I not therefore obliged to go further, in order to contradict thee, and, as I have often urged, to be sure that she is what I really think her to be, and, if I am ever to marry her, hope to find her?

* See Vol. III. Letter LI. Paragr. 9.

Then this lady is a mistress of our passions: no one ever had to so much perfection the art of moving. This all her family know, and have equally feared and revered her for it. This I know too; and doubt not more and more to experience. How charmingly must this divine creature warble forth (if a proper occasion be given) her melodious elegiacs! — Infinite beauties are there in a weeping eye. I first taught the two nymphs below to distinguish the several accents of the lamentable in a new subject, and how admirably some, more than others, become their distresses.

But to return to thy objections — Thou wilt perhaps tell me, in the names of thy brethren, as well as in thy own name, that, among all the objects of your respective attempts, there was not one of the rank and merit of my charming Miss Harlowe.

But let me ask, Has it not been a constant maxim with us, that the greater the merit on the woman's side, the nobler the victory on the man's? And as to rank, sense of honour, sense of shame, pride of family, may make rifled rank get up, and shake itself to rights: and if any thing come of it, such a one may suffer only in her pride, by being obliged to take up with a second-rate match instead of a first; and, as it may fall out, be the happier, as well as the more useful, for the misadventure; since (taken off of her public gaddings, and domesticated by her disgrace) she will have reason to think herself obliged to the man who has saved her from further reproach; while her fortune and alliance will lay an obligation upon him; and her past fall, if she have prudence and consciousness, will be his present and future security.

But a poor girl [such a one as my Rosebud for instance] having no recalls from education; being driven out of every family that pretends to reputation; persecuted most perhaps by such as have only kept their secret better; and having no refuge to fly to — the common, the stews, the street, is the fate of such a poor wretch; penury, want, and disease, her sure attendants; and an untimely end perhaps closes the miserable scene.

And will you not now all join to say, that it is more manly to attach a lion than a sheep? — Thou knowest, that I always illustrated my eagleship, by aiming at the noblest quarries; and by disdaining to make a stoop at wrens, phyl-tits,* and wag-tails.

* Phyl-tits, q. d. Phyllis-tits, in opposition to Tom-tits. It needs not now be observed, that Mr. Lovelace, in this wanton gaiety of his heart, often takes liberties of coining words and phrases in his letters to this his familiar friend. See his ludicrous reason for it in Vol. III. Letter XXV. Paragr. antepenult.

The worst respecting myself, in the case before me, is that my triumph, when completed, will be so glorious a one, that I shall never be able to keep up to it. All my future attempts must be poor to this. I shall be as unhappy, after a while, from my reflections upon this conquest, as Don Juan of Austria was in his, on the renowned victory of Lepanto, when he found that none of future achievements could keep pace with his early glory.

I am sensible that my pleas and my reasoning may be easily answered, and perhaps justly censured; But by whom censured? Not by any of the confraternity, whose constant course of life, even long before I became your general, to this hour, has justified what ye now in a fit of squeamishness, and through envy, condemn. Having, therefore, vindicated myself and my intentions to YOU, that is all I am at present concerned for.

Be convinced, then, that I (according to our principles) am right, thou wrong; or, at least, be silent. But I command thee to be convinced. And in thy next be

sure to tell me that thou art.

LETTER XVIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. EDGEWARE, THURSDAY, MAY 4.

I know that thou art so abandoned a man, that to give thee the best reasons in the world against what thou hast once resolved upon will be but acting the madman whom once we saw trying to buffet down a hurricane with his hat. I hope, however, that the lady's merit will still avail her with thee. But, if thou persistest; if thou wilt avenge thyself on this sweet lamb which thou hast singled out from a flock thou hatest, for the faults of the dogs who kept it: if thou art not to be moved by beauty, by learning, by prudence, by innocence, all shining out in one charming object; but she must fall, fall by the man whom she has chosen for her protector; I would not for a thousand worlds have thy crime to answer for.

Upon my faith, Lovelace, the subject sticks with me, notwithstanding I find I have not the honour of the lady's good opinion. And the more, when I reflect upon her father's brutal curse, and the villainous hard- heartedness of all her family. But, nevertheless, I should be desirous to know (if thou wilt proceed) by what gradations, arts, and contrivances thou effectest thy ingrateful purpose. And, O Lovelace, I conjure thee, if thou art a man, let not the specious devils thou has brought her among be suffered to triumph over her; yield to fair seductions, if I may so express myself! if thou canst raise a weakness in her by love, or by arts not inhuman; I shall the less pity her: and shall then conclude, that there is not a woman in the world who can resist a bold and resolute lover.

A messenger is just now arrived from my uncle. The mortification, it seems, is got to his knee; and the surgeons declare that he cannot live many days. He therefore sends for me directly, with these shocking words, that I will come and close his eyes. My servant or his must of necessity be in town every day on his case, or other affairs; and one of them shall regularly attend you for any letter or commands. It will be charity to write to me as often as you can. For although I am likely to be a considerable gainer by the poor man's death, yet I cannot say that I at all love these scenes of death and the doctor so near me. The doctor and death I should have said; for that is the natural order, and generally speaking, the one is but the harbinger to the other.

If, therefore, you decline to oblige me, I shall think you are displeased with my freedom. But let me tell you, at the same, that no man has a right to be displeased at freedoms taken with him for faults he is not ashamed to be guilty of.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

I thank you and Mr. Hickman for his letter, sent me with such kind expedition; and proceed to obey my dear menacing tyranness.

[She then gives the particulars of what passed between herself and Mr. Lovelace on Tuesday morning, in relation to his four friends, and to Miss Partington, pretty much to the same effect as in Mr. Lovelace's Letter, No. XIII. And then proceeds:]

He is constantly accusing me of over-scrupulousness. He says, 'I am always out of humour with him: that I could not have behaved more reservedly to Mr. Solmes: and that it is contrary to all his hopes and notions, that he should not, in so long a time, find himself able to inspire the person, whom he hoped so soon to have the honour to call his, with the least distinguishing tenderness for him before-hand.'

Silly and partial encroacher! not to know to what to attribute the reserve I am forced to treat him with! But his pride has eaten up his prudence. It is indeed a dirty low pride, that has swallowed up the true pride which should have set him above the vanity that has overrun him.

Yet he pretends that he has no pride but in obliging me: and is always talking of his reverence and humility, and such sort of stuff: but of this I am sure that he has, as I observed the first time I saw him,* too much regard to his own person, greatly to value that of his wife, marry he whom he will: and I must be blind, if I did not see that he is exceedingly vain of his external advantages, and of that address, which, if it has any merit in it to an outward eye, is perhaps owing more to his confidence that [sic] to any thing else.

* See Vol. I. Letter III.

Have you not beheld the man, when I was your happy guest, as he walked to his chariot, looking about him, as if to observe what eyes his specious person and air had attracted?

But indeed we had some homely coxcombs as proud as if they had persons to be proud of; at the same time that it was apparent, that the pains they took about themselves but the more exposed their defects.

The man who is fond of being thought more or better than he is, as I have often observed, but provokes a scrutiny into his pretensions; and that generally produces contempt. For pride, as I believe I have heretofore said, is an infallible sign of weakness; of something wrong in the head or in both. He that exalts

himself insults his neighbour; who is provoked to question in him even that merit, which, were he modest, would perhaps be allowed to be his due.

You will say that I am very grave: and so I am. Mr. Lovelace is extremely sunk in my opinion since Monday night: nor see I before me any thing that can afford me a pleasing hope. For what, with a mind so unequal as his, can be my best hope?

I think I mentioned to you, in my former, that my clothes were brought me. You fluttered me so, that I am not sure I did. But I know I designed to mention that they were. They were brought me on Thursday; but neither my few guineas with them, nor any of my books, except a Drexelius on Eternity, the good old Practice of Piety, and a Francis Spira. My brother's wit, I suppose. He thinks he does well to point out death and despair to me. I wish for the one, and every now-and-then am on the brink of the other.

You will the less wonder at my being so very solemn, when, added to the above, and to my uncertain situation, I tell you, that they have sent me with these books a letter form my cousin Morden. It has set my heart against Mr. Lovelace. Against myself too. I send it enclosed. If you please, my dear, you may read it here:

COL. MORDEN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

Florence, April 13.

I am extremely concerned to hear of a difference betwixt the rest of a family so near and dear to me, and you still dearer to than any of the rest.

My cousin James has acquainted me with the offers you have had, and with your refusals. I wonder not at either. Such charming promises at so early an age as when I left England; and those promises, as I have often heard, so greatly exceeded, as well in your person as mind; how much must you be admired! how few must there be worthy of you!

Your parents, the most indulgent in the world, to a child the most deserving, have given way it seems to your refusal of several gentlemen. They have contented themselves at last to name one with earnestness to you, because of the address of another whom they cannot approve.

They had not reason, it seems, from your behaviour, to think you greatly averse: so they proceeded: perhaps too hastily for a delicacy like your's. But when all was fixed on their parts, and most extraordinary terms concluded in your favour; terms, which abundantly show the gentleman's just value for you; you flew off with a warmth and vehemence little suited to that sweetness which gave grace to all your actions.

I know very little of either of the gentlemen: but of Mr. Lovelace I know more than of Mr. Solmes. I wish I could say more to his advantage than I can. As to

every qualification but one, your brother owns there is no comparison. But that one outweighs all the rest together. It cannot be thought that Miss Clarissa Harlowe will dispense with MORALS in a husband.

What, my dearest cousin, shall I plead first to you on this occasion? Your duty, your interest, your temporal and your eternal welfare, do, and may all, depend upon this single point, the morality of a husband. A woman who hath a wicked husband may find it difficult to be good, and out of her power to do good; and is therefore in a worse situation than the man can be in, who hath a bad wife. You preserve all your religious regards, I understand. I wonder not that you do. I should have wondered had you not. But what can you promise youself, as to perseverance in them, with an immoral husband?

If your parents and you differ in sentiment on this important occasion, let me ask you, my dear cousin, who ought to give way? I own to you, that I should have thought there could not any where have been a more suitable match for you than Mr. Lovelace, had he been a moral man. I should have very little to say against a man, of whose actions I am not to set up myself as a judge, did he not address my cousin. But, on this occasion, let me tell you, my dear Clarissa, that Mr. Lovelace cannot possibly deserve you. He may reform, you'll say: but he may not. Habit is not soon or easily shaken off. Libertines, who are libertines in defiance of talents, of superior lights, of conviction, hardly ever reform but by miracle, or by incapacity. Well do I know mine own sex. Well am I able to judge of the probability of the reformation of a licentious young man, who has not been fastened upon by sickness, by affliction, by calamity: who has a prosperous run of fortune before him: his spirits high: his will uncontroulable: the company he keeps, perhaps such as himself, confirming him in all his courses, assisting him in all his enterprises.

As to the other gentleman, suppose, my dear cousin, you do not like him at present, it is far from being unlikely that you will hereafter: perhaps the more for not liking him now. He can hardly sink lower in your opinion: he may rise. Very seldom is it that high expectations are so much as tolerably answered. How indeed can they, when a fine and extensive imagination carries its expectation infinitely beyond reality, in the highest of our sublunary enjoyments? A woman adorned with such an imagination sees no defect in a favoured object, (the less, if she be not conscious of any wilful fault in herself,) till it is too late to rectify the mistakes occasioned by her generous credulity.

But suppose a person of your talents were to marry a man of inferior talents; Who, in this case, can be so happy in herself as Miss Clarissa Harlowe? What delight do you take in doing good! How happily do you devote the several portions of the day to your own improvement, and to the advantage of all that

move within your sphere! — And then, such is your taste, such are your acquirements in the politer studies, and in the politer amusements; such your excellence in all the different parts of economy fit for a young lady's inspection and practice, that your friends would wish you to be taken off as little as possible by regards that may be called merely personal.

But as to what may be the consequence respecting yourself, respecting a young lady of your talents, from the preference you are suspected to give to a libertine, I would have you, my dear cousin, consider what that may be. A mind so pure, to mingle with a mind impure! And will not such a man as this engross all your solitudes? Will he not perpetually fill you with anxieties for him and for yourself? — The divine and civil powers defied, and their sanctions broken through by him, on every not merely accidental but meditated occasion. To be agreeable to him, and to hope to preserve an interest in his affections, you must probably be obliged to abandon all your own laudable pursuits. You must enter into his pleasures and distastes. You must give up your virtuous companions for his profligate ones — perhaps be forsaken by your's, because of the scandal he daily gives. Can you hope, cousin, with such a man as this to be long so good as you now are? If not, consider which of your present laudable delights you would choose to give up! which of his culpable ones to follow him in! How could you brook to go backward, instead of forward, in those duties which you now so exemplarily perform? and how do you know, if you once give way, where you shall be suffered, where you shall be able, to stop?

Your brother acknowledges that Mr. Solmes is not near so agreeable in person as Mr. Lovelace. But what is person with such a lady as I have the honour to be now writing to? He owns likewise that he has not the address of Mr. Lovelace: but what a mere personal advantage is a plausible address, without morals? A woman had better take a husband whose manners she were to fashion, than to find them ready-fashioned to her hand, at the price of her morality; a price that is often paid for travelling accomplishments. O my dear cousin, were you but with us here at Florence, or at Rome, or at Paris, (where also I resided for many months,) to see the gentlemen whose supposed rough English manners at setting out are to be polished, and what their improvement are in their return through the same places, you would infinitely prefer the man in his first stage to the same man in his last. You find the difference on their return — a fondness for foreign fashions, an attachment to foreign vices, a supercilious contempt of his own country and countrymen; (himself more despicable than the most despicable of those he despises;) these, with an unblushing effrontery, are too generally the attainments that concur to finish the travelled gentleman!

Mr. Lovelace, I know, deserves to have an exception made in his favour; for he really is a man of parts and learning: he was esteemed so both here and at Rome; and a fine person, and a generous turn of mind, gave him great advantages. But you need not be told that a libertine man of sense does infinitely more mischief than a libertine of weak parts is able to do. And this I will tell you further, that it was Mr. Lovelace's own fault that he was not still more respected than he was among the literati here. There were, in short, some liberties in which he indulged himself, that endangered his person and his liberty; and made the best and most worthy of those who honoured him with their notice give him up, and his stay both at Florence and at Rome shorter than he designed.

This is all I choose to say of Mr. Lovelace. I had much rather have had reason to give him a quite contrary character. But as to rakes or libertines in general, I, who know them well, must be allowed, because of the mischiefs they have always in their hearts, and too often in their power, to do your sex, to add still a few more words upon this topic.

A libertine, my dear cousin, a plotting, an intriguing libertine, must be generally remorseless — unjust he must always be. The noble rule of doing to others what he would have done to himself is the first rule he breaks; and every day he breaks it; the oftener, the greater his triumph. He has great contempt for your sex. He believes no woman chaste, because he is a profligate. Every woman who favours him confirms him in his wicked incredulity. He is always plotting to extend the mischiefs he delights in. If a woman loves such a man, how can she bear the thought of dividing her interest in his affections with half the town, and that perhaps the dregs of it? Then so sensual! — How will a young lady of your delicacy bear with so sensual a man? a man who makes a jest of his vows? and who perhaps will break your spirit by the most unmanly insults. To be a libertine, is to continue to be every thing vile and inhuman. Prayers, tears, and the most abject submission, are but fuel to his pride: wagering perhaps with lewd companions, and, not improbably, with lewder women, upon instances which he boasts of to them of your patient sufferings, and broken spirit, and bringing them home to witness both.

I write what I know has been.

I mention not fortunes squandered, estates mortgaged or sold, and posterity robbed — nor yet a multitude of other evils, too gross, too shocking, to be mentioned to a person of your delicacy.

All these, my dear cousin, to be shunned, all the evils I have named to be avoided; the power of doing all the good you have been accustomed to, preserved, nay, increased, by the separate provision that will be made for you: your charming diversions, and exemplary employments, all maintained; and every good habit

perpetuated: and all by one sacrifice, the fading pleasure of the eye! who would not, (since every thing is not to be met with in one man, who would not,) to preserve so many essentials, give up to light, so unpermanent a pleasure!

Weigh all these things, which I might insist upon to more advantage, did I think it needful to one of your prudence — weigh them well, my beloved cousin; and if it be not the will of your parents that you should continue single, resolve to oblige them; and let it not be said that the powers of fancy shall (as in many others of your sex) be too hard for your duty and your prudence. The less agreeable the man, the more obliging the compliance. Remember, that he is a sober man — a man who has reputation to lose, and whose reputation therefore is a security for his good behaviour to you.

You have an opportunity offered you to give the highest instance that can be given of filial duty. Embrace it. It is worthy of you. It is expected from you; however, for your inclination-sake, we may be sorry that you are called upon to give it. Let it be said that you have been able to lay an obligation upon your parents, (a proud word, my cousin!) which you could not do, were it not laid against your inclination! — upon parents who have laid a thousand upon you: who are set upon this point: who will not give it up: who have given up many points to you, even of this very nature: and in their turn, for the sake of their own authority, as well as judgment, expect to be obliged.

I hope I shall soon, in person, congratulate you upon this your meritorious compliance. To settle and give up my trusteeship is one of the principal motives of my leaving these parts. I shall be glad to settle it to every one's satisfaction; to yours particularly.

If on my arrival I find a happy union, as formerly, reign in a family so dear to me, it will be an unspeakable pleasure to me; and I shall perhaps so dispose my affairs, as to be near you for ever.

I have written a very long letter, and will add no more, than that I am, with the greatest respect, my dearest cousin,

Your most affectionate and faithful servant, WM. MORDEN.

* * *

I will suppose, my dear Miss Howe, that you have read my cousin's letter. It is now in vain to wish it had come sooner. But if it had, I might perhaps have been so rash as to give Mr. Lovelace the fatal meeting, as I little thought of going away with him.

But I should hardly have given him the expectation of so doing, previous to the meeting, which made him come prepared; and the revocation of which he so

artfully made ineffectual.

Persecuted as I was, and little expecting so much condescension, as my aunt, to my great mortification, has told me (and you confirm) I should have met with, it is, however, hard to say what I should or should not have done as to meeting him, had it come in time: but this effect I verily believe it would have had — to have made me insist with all my might on going over, out of all their ways, to the kind writer of the instructive letter, and on making a father (a protector, as well as a friend) of a kinsman, who is one of my trustees. This, circumstanced as I was, would have been a natural, at least an unexceptionable protection! — But I was to be unhappy! and how it cuts me to the heart to think, that I can already subscribe to my cousin's character of a libertine, so well drawn in the letter which I suppose you now to have read!

That a man of a character which ever was my abhorrence should fall to my lot! — But, depending on my own strength; having no reason to apprehend danger from headstrong and disgraceful impulses; I too little perhaps cast up my eyes to the Supreme Director: in whom, mistrusting myself, I ought to have placed my whole confidence — and the more, when I saw myself so perserveringly addressed by a man of this character.

Inexperience and presumption, with the help of a brother and sister who have low ends to answer in my disgrace, have been my ruin! — A hard word, my dear! but I repeat it upon deliberation: since, let the best happen which now can happen, my reputation is destroyed; a rake is my portion: and what that portion is my cousin Morden's letter has acquainted you.

Pray keep it by you till called for. I saw it not myself (having not the heart to inspect my trunks) till this morning. I would not for the world this man should see it; because it might occasion mischief between the most violent spirit, and the most settled brave one in the world, as my cousin's is said to be.

This letter was enclosed (opened) in a blank cover. Scorn and detest me as they will, I wonder that one line was not sent with it — were it but to have more particularly pointed the design of it, in the same generous spirit that sent me the spira.

The sealing of the cover was with black wax. I hope there is no new occasion in the family to give reason for black wax. But if there were, it would, to be sure, have been mentioned, and laid at my door — perhaps too justly!

I had begun a letter to my cousin; but laid it by, because of the uncertainty of my situation, and expecting every day for several days past to be at a greater certainty. You bid me write to him some time ago, you know. Then it was I began it: for I have great pleasure in obeying you in all I may. So I ought to have; for you are the only friend left me. And, moreover, you generally honour me with

your own observance of the advice I take the liberty to offer you: for I pretend to say, I give better advice than I have taken. And so I had need. For, I know not how it comes about, but I am, in my own opinion, a poor lost creature: and yet cannot charge myself with one criminal or faulty inclination. Do you know, my dear, how this can be?

Yet I can tell you how, I believe — one devious step at setting out! — that must be it: — which pursued, has led me so far out of my path, that I am in a wilderness of doubt and error; and never, never, shall find my way out of it: for, although but one pace awry at first, it has led me hundreds and hundreds of miles out of my path: and the poor estray has not one kind friend, nor has met with one direct passenger, to help her to recover it.

But I, presumptuous creature! must rely so much upon my own knowledge of the right path! — little apprehending that an ignus fatuus with its false fires (and ye I had heard enough of such) would arise to mislead me! And now, in the midst of fens and quagmires, it plays around me, and around me, throwing me back again, whenever I think myself in the right track. But there is one common point, in which all shall meet, err widely as they may. In that I shall be laid quietly down at last: and then will all my calamities be at an end.

But how I stray again; stray from my intention! I would only have said, that I had begun a letter to my cousin Morden some time ago: but that now I can never end it. You will believe I cannot: for how shall I tell him that all his compliments are misbestowed? that all his advice is thrown away? all his warnings vain? and that even my highest expectation is to be the wife of that free-liver, whom he so pathetically warns me to shun?

Let me own, however, have your prayers joined with my own, (my fate depending, as it seems, upon the lips of such a man) ‘that, whatever shall be my destiny, that dreadful part of my father’s malediction, that I may be punished by the man in whom he supposes I put my confidence, may not take place! that this for Mr. Lovelace’s own sake, and for the sake of human nature, may not be! or, if it be necessary, in support of the parental authority, that I should be punished by him, that it may not be by his premeditated or wilful baseness; but that I may be able to acquit his intention, if not his action!’ Otherwise, my fault will appear to be doubled in the eye of the event-judging world. And yet, methinks, I would be glad that the unkindness of my father and uncles, whose hearts have already been too much wounded by my error, may be justified in every article, excepting in this heavy curse: and that my father will be pleased to withdraw that before it be generally known: at least the most dreadful part of it which regards futurity!

I must lay down my pen. I must brood over these reflections. Once more, before I close my cousin’s letter, I will peruse it. And then I shall have it by heart.

LETTER XX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY NIGHT, MAY 7.

When you reflect upon my unhappy situation, which is attended with so many indelicate and even shocking circumstances, some of which my pride will not let me think of with patience; all aggravated by the contents of my cousin's affecting letter; you will not wonder that the vapourishness which has laid hold of my heart should rise to my pen. And yet it would be more kind, more friendly in me, to conceal from you, who take such a generous interest in my concerns, that worst part of my griefs, which communication and complaint cannot relieve.

But to whom can I unbosom myself but to you: when the man who ought to be my protector, as he has brought upon me all my distresses, adds to my apprehensions; when I have not even a servant on whose fidelity I can rely, or to whom I can break my griefs as they arise; and when his bountiful temper and gay heart attach every one to him; and I am but a cipher, to give him significance, and myself pain! — These griefs, therefore, do what I can, will sometimes burst into tears; and these mingling with my ink, will blot my paper. And I know you will not grudge me the temporary relief.

But I shall go on in the strain I left off with in my last, when I intended rather to apologize for my melancholy. But let what I have above written, once for all, be my apology. My misfortunes have given you a call to discharge the noblest offices of the friendship we have vowed to each other, in advice and consolation; and it would be an injury to it, and to you, to suppose it needed even that call.

[She then tells Miss Howe, that now her clothes are come, Mr. Lovelace is continually teasing her to go abroad with him in a coach, attended by whom she pleases of her own sex, either for the air, or to the public diversions.

She gives the particulars of a conversation that has passed between them on that subject, and his several proposals. But takes notice, that he says not the least word of the solemnity which he so much pressed for before they came to town; and which, as she observes, was necessary to give propriety to his proposals.]

Now, my dear, she says, I cannot bear the life I live. I would be glad at my heart to be out of his reach. If I were, he should soon find the difference. If I must be humbled, it had better be by those to whom I owe duty, than by him. My aunt writes in her letter,* that SHE dare not propose any thing in my favour. You tell me, that upon inquiry, you find,* that, had I not been unhappily seduced away, a change of measures was actually resolved upon; and that my mother, particularly,

was determined to exert herself for the restoration of the family peace; and, in order to succeed the better, had thoughts of trying to engage my uncle Harlowe in her party.

* See Vol. III. Letter LII. * * Ibid. Letter VIII.

Let me build on these foundations. I can but try, my dear. It is my duty to try all probable methods to restore the poor outcast to favour. And who knows but that once indulgent uncle, who has very great weight in the family, may be induced to interpose in my behalf? I will give up all right and title to my grandfather's devises and bequests, with all my heart and soul, to whom they please, in order to make my proposal palatable to my brother. And that my surrender may be effectual, I will engage never to marry.

What think you, my dear, of this expedient? Surely, they cannot resolve to renounce me for ever. If they look with impartial eyes upon what has happened, they will have something to blame themselves for, as well as me.

I presume, that you will be of opinion that this expedient is worth trying. But here is my difficulty: If I should write, my hard-hearted brother has so strongly confederated them all against me, that my letter would be handed about from one to another, till he had hardened every one to refuse my request; whereas could my uncle be engaged to espouse my cause, as from himself, I should have some hope, as I presume to think he would soon have my mother and my aunt of his party.

What, therefore, I am thinking of, is this— 'Suppose Mr. Hickman, whose good character has gained him every body's respect, should put himself in my uncle Harlowe's way? And (as if from your knowledge of the state of things between Mr. Lovelace and me) assure him not only of the above particulars, but that I am under no obligations that shall hinder me from taking his directions?'

I submit the whole to your consideration, whether to pursue it at all, or in what manner. But if it be pursued, and if my uncle refuses to interest himself in my favour upon Mr. Hickman's application as from you, (for so, for obvious reasons, it must be put,) I can then have no hope; and my next step, in the mind I am in, shall be to throw myself into the protection of the ladies of his family.

It were an impiety to adopt the following lines, because it would be throwing upon the decrees of Providence a fault too much my own. But often do I revolve them, for the sake of the general similitude which they bear to my unhappy, yet undersigned error.

To you, great gods! I make my last appeal:
Or clear my virtue, or my crimes reveal.
If wand'ring in the maze of life I run,

And backward tread the steps I sought to shun,
Impute my error to your own decree:
My FEET are guilty: but my HEART is free.

[The Lady dates again on Monday, to let Miss Howe know, that Mr. Lovelace, on observing her uneasiness, had introduced to her Mr. Mennell, Mrs. Fretchville's kinsman, who managed all her affairs. She calls him a young officer of sense and politeness, who gave her an account of the house and furniture, to the same effect that Mr. Lovelace had done before;* as also of the melancholy way Mrs. Fretchville is in.

* See Letter IV. of this volume.

She tells Miss Howe how extremely urgent Mr. Lovelace was with the gentleman, to get his spouse (as he now always calls her before company) a sight of the house: and that Mr. Mennell undertook that very afternoon to show her all of it, except the apartment Mrs. Fretchville should be in when she went. But that she chose not to take another step till she knew how she approved of her scheme to have her uncle sounded, and with what success, if tried, it would be attended.

Mr. Lovelace, in his humourous way, gives his friend an account of the Lady's peevishness and dejection, on receiving a letter with her clothes. He regrets that he has lost her confidence; which he attributes to his bringing her into the company of his four companions. Yet he thinks he must excuse them, and censure her for over-niceness; for that he never saw men behave better, at least not them.

Mentioning his introducing Mr. Mennell to her,]

Now, Jack, says he, was it not very kind of Mr. Mennell [Captain Mennell I sometimes called him; for among the military there is no such officer, thou knowest, as a lieutenant, or an ensign — was it not very kind in him] to come along with me so readily as he did, to satisfy my beloved about the vapourish lady and the house?

But who is Capt. Mennell? methinks thou askest: I never heard of such a man as Captain Mennell.

Very likely. But knowest thou not young Newcomb, honest Doleman's newphew?

O-ho! Is it he?

It is. And I have changed his name by virtue of my own single authority. Knowest thou not, that I am a great name-father? Preferment I bestow, both

military and civil. I give estates, and take them away at my pleasure. Quality too I create. And by a still more valuable prerogative, I degrade by virtue of my own imperial will, without any other act of forfeiture than my own convenience. What a poor thing is a monarch to me!

But Mennell, now he has seen this angel of a woman, has qualms; that's the devil! — I shall have enough to do to keep him right. But it is the less wonder, that he should stagger, when a few hours' conversation with the same lady could make four much more hardened varlets find hearts — only, that I am confident, that I shall at least reward her virtue, if her virtue overcome me, or I should find it impossible to persevere — for at times I have confounded qualms myself. But say not a word of them to the confraternity: nor laugh at me for them thyself.

In another letter, dated Monday night, he writes as follows:

This perverse lady keeps me at such a distance, that I am sure something is going on between her and Miss Howe, notwithstanding the prohibition from Mrs. Howe to both: and as I have thought it some degree of merit in myself to punish others for their transgressions, I am of opinion that both these girls are punishable for their breach of parental injunctions. And as to their letter-carrier, I have been inquiring into his way of living; and finding him to be a common poacher, a deer-stealer, and warren-robber, who, under pretence of haggling, deals with a set of customers who constantly take all he brings, whether fish, fowl, or venison, I hold myself justified (since Wilson's conveyance must at present be sacred) to have him stripped and robbed, and what money he has about him given to the poor; since, if I take not money as well as letters, I shall be suspected.

To serve one's self, and punish a villain at the same time, is serving public and private. The law was not made for such a man as me. And I must come at correspondences so disobediently carried on.

But, on second thoughts, if I could find out that the dear creature carried any of her letters in her pockets, I can get her to a play or to a concert, and she may have the misfortune to lose her pockets.

But how shall I find this out; since her Dorcas knows no more of her dressing and undressing than her Lovelace? For she is dressed for the day before she appears even to her servant. Vilely suspicious! Upon my soul, Jack, a suspicious temper is a punishable temper. If a woman suspects a rogue in an honest man, is it not enough to make the honest man who knows it a rogue?

But, as to her pockets, I think my mind hankers after them, as the less mischievous attempt. But they cannot hold all the letters I should wish to see. And yet a woman's pockets are half as deep as she is high. Tied round the sweet levities, I presume, as ballast-bags, lest the wind, as they move with full sail, from whale-ribbed canvass, should blow away the gypsies.

[He then, in apprehension that something is meditating between the two ladies, or that something may be set on foot to get Miss Harlowe out of his hands, relates several of his contrivances, and boasts of his instructions given in writing to Dorcas, and to his servant Will. Summers; and says, that he has provided against every possible accident, even to bring her back if she should escape, or in case she should go abroad, and then refuse to return; and hopes so to manage, as that, should he make an attempt, whether he succeeded in it or not, he may have a pretence to detain her.]

He then proceeds as follows:

I have ordered Dorcas to cultivate by all means her lady's favour; to lament her incapacity as to writing and reading; to shew letters to her lady, as from pretended country relations; to beg her advice how to answer them, and to get them answered; and to be always aiming at scrawling with a pen, lest inky fingers should give suspicion. I have moreover given the wench an ivory-leafed pocket-book, with a silver pencil, that she may make memoranda on occasion.

And, let me tell thee, that the lady has already (at Mrs. Sinclair's motion) removed her clothes out of the trunks they came in, into an ample mahogany repository, where they will lie at full length, and which has drawers in it for linen. A repository, that used to hold the richest suits which some of the nymphs put on, when they are to be dressed out, to captivate, or to ape quality. For many a countess, thou knowest, has our mother equipped; nay, two or three duchesses, who live upon quality- terms with their lords. But this to such as will come up to her price, and can make an appearance like quality themselves on the occasion: for the reputation of persons of birth must not lie at the mercy of every under-degreed sinner.

A master-key, which will open every lock in this chest, is put into Dorcas's hands; and she is to take care, when she searches for papers, before she removes any thing, to observe how it lies, that she may replace all to a hair. Sally and Polly can occasionally help to transcribe. Slow and sure with such an Argus-eyed charmer must be all my movements.

It is impossible that one so young and so inexperienced as she is can have all her caution from herself; the behaviour of the women so unexceptionable; no revellings, no company ever admitted into this inner- house; all genteel, quiet, and easy in it; the nymphs well-bred, and well-read; her first disgusts to the old one got over. — It must be Miss Howe, therefore, [who once was in danger of being taken in by one of our class, by honest Sir George Colmar, as thou hast heard,] that makes my progress difficult.

Thou seest, Belford, by the above precautionaries, that I forget nothing. As the song says, it is not to be imagined

On what slight strings
Depend these things
On which men build their glory!

So far, so good. I shall never rest till I have discovered in the first place, where the dear creature puts her letters; and in the next till I have got her to a play, to a concert, or to take an airing with me out of town for a day or two.

* * *

I gave thee just now some of my contrivances. Dorcas, who is ever attentive to all her lady's motions, has given me some instances of her mistress's precautions. She wafers her letters, it seems, in two places; pricks the wafers; and then seals upon them. No doubt but the same care is taken with regard to those brought to her, for she always examines the seals of the latter before she opens them.

I must, I must come at them. This difficulty augments my curiosity. Strange, so much as she writes, and at all hours, that not one sleepy or forgetful moment has offered in our favour!

A fair contention, thou seest: nor plead thou in her favour her youth, her beauty, her family, her fortune, CREDULITY, she has none; and with regard to her TENDER YEARS, Am I not a young fellow myself? As to BEAUTY; pr'ythee, Jack, do thou, to spare my modesty, make a comparison between my Clarissa for a woman, and thy Lovelace for a man. For her FAMILY; that was not known to its country a century ago: and I hate them all but her. Have I not cause? — For her FORTUNE; fortune, thou knowest, was ever a stimulus with me; and this for reasons not ignoble. Do not girls of fortune adorn themselves on purpose to engage our attention? Seek they not to draw us into their snares? Depend they not, generally, upon their fortunes, in the views they have upon us, more than on their merits? Shall we deprive them of the benefit of their principal dependence? — Can I, in particular, marry every girl who wishes to obtain my notice? If, therefore, in support of the libertine principles for which none of the sweet rogues hate us, a woman of fortune is brought to yield homage to her emperor, and any consequences attend the subjugation, is not such a one shielded by her fortune, as well from insult and contempt, as from indigence — all, then, that admits of debate between my beloved and me is only this — which of the two has more wit, more circumspection — and that remains to be tried.

A sad life, however, this life of doubt and suspense, for the poor lady to live, as well as for me; that is to say, if she be not naturally jealous — if she be, her

uneasiness is constitutional, and she cannot help it; nor will it, in that case, hurt her. For a suspicious temper will make occasion for doubt, if none were to offer to its hand. My fair one therefore, if naturally suspicious, is obliged to me for saving her the trouble of studying for these occasions — but, after all, the plainest paths in our journeys through life are the safest and best I believe, although it is not given me to choose them; I am not, however, singular in the pursuit of the more intricate paths; since there are thousands, and ten thousands, who had rather fish in troubled waters than in smooth.

LETTER XXI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, MAY 9.

I am a very unhappy man. This lady is said to be one of the sweetest- tempered creatures in the world: and so I thought her. But to me she is one of the most perverse. I never was supposed to be an ill-natured mortal neither. How can it be? I imagined, for a long while, that we were born to make each other happy: but quite the contrary; we really seem to be sent to plague each other.

I will write a comedy, I think: I have a title already; and that's half the work. The Quarrelsome Lovers. 'Twill do. There's something new and striking in it. Yet, more or less, all lovers quarrel. Old Terence has taken notice of that; and observes upon it, That lovers falling out occasions lovers falling in; and a better understanding of course. 'Tis natural that it should be so. But with us, we fall out so often, without falling in once; and a second quarrel so generally happens before a first is made up; that it is hard to guess what event our loves will be attended with. But perseverance is my glory, and patience my handmaid, when I have in view an object worthy of my attempts. What is there in an easy conquest? Hudibras questions well,

—— — What mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a soft and easy bride?
Or, for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams, or hemp, departed?

But I will lead to the occasion of this preamble.

I had been out. On my return, meeting Dorcas on the stairs — Your lady in her chamber, Dorcas? In the dining-room, sir: and if ever you hope for an opportunity to come at a letter, it must be now. For at her feet I saw one lie, which, as may be seen by its open fold, she had been reading, with a little parcel of others she is now busied with — all pulled out of her pocket, as I believe: so, Sir, you'll know where to find them another time.

I was ready to leap for joy, and instantly resolved to bring forward an expedient which I had held in petto; and entering the dining-room with an air of transport, I boldly clasped my arms about her, as she sat; she huddling up her papers in her handkerchief all the time; the dropped paper unseen. O my dearest life, a lucky expedient have Mr. Mennell and I hit upon just now. In order to hasten Mrs. Fretchville to quit the house, I have agreed, if you approve of it, to entertain her cook, her housemaid, and two men-servants, (about whom she was very solicitous,) till you are provided to your mind. And, that no accommodations may be wanted, I have consented to take the household linen at an appraisement.

I am to pay down five hundred pounds, and the remainder as soon as the bills can be looked up, and the amount of them adjusted. Thus will you have a charming house entirely ready to receive you. Some of the ladies of my family will soon be with you: they will not permit you long to suspend my happy day. And that nothing may be wanting to gratify your utmost punctilio, I will till then consent to stay here at Mrs. Sinclair's while you reside at your new house; and leave the rest to your own generosity. O my beloved creature, will not this be agreeable to you? I am sure it will — it must — and clasping her closer to me, I gave her a more fervent kiss than ever I had dared to give her before. I permitted not my ardour to overcome my discretion, however; for I took care to set my foot upon the letter, and scraped it farther from her, as it were behind her chair.

She was in a passion at the liberty I took. Bowing low, I begged her pardon; and stooping still lower, in the same motion took up the letter, and whipt it into my bosom.

Pox on me for a puppy, a fool, a blockhead, a clumsy varlet, a mere Jack Belford! — I thought myself a much cleverer fellow than I am! — Why could I not have been followed in by Dorcas, who might have taken it up, while I addressed her lady?

For here, the letter being unfolded, I could not put it in my bosom without alarming her ears, as my sudden motion did her eyes — Up she flew in a moment: Traitor! Judas! her eyes flashing lightning, and a perturbation in her eager countenance, so charming! — What have you taken up? — and then, what for both my ears I durst not have done to her, she made no scruple to seize the stolen letter, though in my bosom.

What was to be done on so palpable a detection? — I clasped her hand, which had hold of the ravished paper, between mine: O my beloved creature! said I, can you think I have not some curiosity? Is it possible you can be thus for ever employed; and I, loving narrative letter-writing above every other species of writing, and admiring your talent that way, should not (thus upon the dawn of my happiness, as I presume to hope) burn with a desire to be admitted into so sweet a correspondence?

Let go my hand! — stamping with her pretty foot; How dare you, Sir! — At this rate, I see — too plainly I see — And more she could not say: but, gasping, was ready to faint with passion and affright; the devil a bit of her accustomed gentleness to be seen in her charming face, or to be heard in her musical voice.

Having gone thus far, loth, very loth, was I to lose my prize — once more I got hold of the rumpled-up letter! — Impudent man! were her words: stamping again. For God's sake, then it was. I let go my prize, lest she should faint away: but had the pleasure first to find my hand within both hers, she trying to open my

reluctant fingers. How near was my heart at that moment to my hand, throbbing to my fingers' ends, to be thus familiarly, although angrily, treated by the charmer of my soul!

When she had got it in her possession, she flew to the door. I threw myself in her way, shut it, and, in the humblest manner, besought her to forgive me. And yet do you think the Harlowe-hearted charmer (notwithstanding the agreeable annunciation I came in with) would forgive me? — No, truly; but pushing me rudely from the door, as if I had been nothing, [yet do I love to try, so innocently to try, her strength too!] she gained that force through passion, which I had lost through fear, out she shot to her own apartment; [thank my stars she could fly no farther!] and as soon as she entered it, in a passion still, she double-locked and double-bolted herself in. This my comfort, on reflection, that, upon a greater offence, it cannot be worse.

I retreated to my own apartment, with my heart full: and, my man Will not being near me, gave myself a plaguy knock on the forehead with my double fist.

And now is my charmer shut up from me: refusing to see me, refusing her meals. She resolves not to see me; that's more: — never again, if she can help it; and in the mind she is in — I hope she has said.

The dear creatures, whenever they quarrel with their humble servants, should always remember this saving clause, that they may not be forsworn.

But thinkest thou that I will not make it the subject of one of my first plots to inform myself of the reason why all this commotion was necessary on so slight an occasion as this would have been, were not the letters that pass between these ladies of a treasonable nature?

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

No admission to breakfast, any more than to supper. I wish this lady is not a simpleton, after all.

I have sent up in Captain Mennell's name.

A message from Captain Mennell, Madam.

It won't do. She is of baby age. She cannot be — a Solomon, I was going to say, in every thing. Solomon, Jack, was the wisest man. But didst ever hear who was the wisest woman? I want a comparison for this lady. Cunning women and witches we read of without number. But I fancy wisdom never entered into the character of a woman. It is not a requisite of the sex. Women, indeed, make better sovereigns than men: but why is that? — because the women-sovereigns are governed by men; the men- sovereigns by women. — Charming, by my soul! For hence we guess at the rudder by which both are steered.

But to putting wisdom out of the question, and to take cunning in; that is to say, to consider woman as a woman; what shall we do, if this lady has something

extraordinary in her head? Repeated charges has she given to Wilson, by a particular messenger, to send any letter directed for her the moment it comes.

I must keep a good look-out. She is not now afraid of her brother's plot. I shan't be at all surprised, if Singleton calls upon Miss Howe, as the only person who knows, or is likely to know, where Miss Harlowe is; pretending to have affairs of importance, and of particular service to her, if he can but be admitted to her speech — Of compromise, who knows, from her brother?

Then will Miss Howe warn her to keep close. Then will my protection be again necessary. This will do, I believe. Any thing from Miss Howe must.

Joseph Leman is a vile fellow with her, and my implement. Joseph, honest Joseph, as I call him, may hang himself. I have played him off enough, and have very little further use for him. No need to wear one plot to the stumps, when I can find new ones every hour.

Nor blame me for the use I make of my talents. Who, that hath such, will let 'em be idle?

Well, then, I will find a Singleton; that's all I have to do.

Instantly find one! — Will!

Sir —

This moment call me hither thy cousin Paul Wheatly, just come from sea, whom thou wert recommending to my service, if I were to marry, and keep a pleasure-boat.

Presto — Will's gone — Paul will be here presently. Presently to Mrs. Howe's. If Paul be Singleton's mate, coming from his captain, it will do as well as if it were Singleton himself.

Sally, a little devil, often reproaches me with the slowness of my proceedings. But in a play does not the principal entertainment lie in the first four acts? Is not all in a manner over when you come to the fifth? And what a vulture of a man must he be, who souses upon his prey, and in the same moment trusses and devours?

But to own the truth. I have overplotted myself. To my make my work secure, as I thought, I have frighted the dear creature with the sight of my four Hottentots, and I shall be a long time, I doubt, before I can recover my lost ground. And then this cursed family at Harlowe-place have made her out of humour with me, with herself, and with all the world, but Miss Howe, who, no doubt, is continually adding difficulties to my other difficulties.

I am very unwilling to have recourse to measures which these demons below are continually urging me to take; because I am sure, that, at last, I shall be brought to make her legally mine.

One complete trial over, and I think I will do her noble justice.

* * *

Well, Paul's gone — gone already — has all his lessons. A notable fellow! — Lord W.'s necessary-man was Paul before he went to sea. A more sensible rogue Paul than Joseph! Not such a pretender to piety neither as the other. At what a price have I bought that Joseph! I believe I must punish the rascal at last: but must let him marry first: then (though that may be punishment enough) I shall punish two at once in the man and his wife. And how richly does Betty deserve punishment for her behaviour to my goddess!

But now I hear the rusty hinges of my beloved's door give me creaking invitation. My heart creaks and throbs with respondent trepidations: Whimsical enough though! for what relation has a lover's heart to a rusty pair of hinges? But they are the hinges that open and shut the door of my beloved's bed-chamber. Relation enough in that.

I hear not the door shut again. I shall receive her commands I hope anon. What signifies her keeping me thus at a distance? she must be mine, let me do or offer what I will. Courage whenever I assume, all is over: for, should she think of escaping from hence, whither can she fly to avoid me? Her parents will not receive her. Her uncles will not entertain her. Her beloved Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miss Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town but me — is entirely a stranger to the town. And what then is the matter with me, that I should be thus unaccountably over-awed and tyrannized over by a dear creature who wants only to know how impossible it is that she should escape me, in order to be as humble to me as she is to her persecuting relations!

Should I ever make the grand attempt, and fail, and should she hate me for it, her hatred can be but temporary. She has already incurred the censure of the world. She must therefore choose to be mine, for the sake of soldering up her reputation in the eye of that impudent world. For, who that knows me, and knows that she has been in my power, though but for twenty-four hours, will think her spotless as to fact, let her inclination be what it will? And then human nature is such a well-known rogue, that every man and woman judges by what each knows of him or herself, that inclination is no more to be trusted, where an opportunity is given, than I am; especially where a woman, young and blooming, loves a man well enough to go off with him; for such will be the world's construction in the present case.

She calls her maid Dorcas. No doubt, that I may hear her harmonious voice, and to give me an opportunity to pour out my soul at her feet; to renew all my vows; and to receive her pardon for the past offence: and then, with what pleasure shall I begin upon a new score, and afterwards wipe out that; and begin another,

and another, till the last offence passes; and there can be no other! And once, after that, to be forgiven, will be to be forgiven for ever.

* * *

The door is again shut. Dorcas tells me, that her lady denies to admit me to dine with her; a favour I had ordered the wench to beseech her to grant me, the next time she saw her — not uncivilly, however, denies — coming-to by degrees! Nothing but the last offence, the honest wench tells me, in the language of her principals below, will do with her. The last offence is meditating. Yet this vile recreant heart of mine plays me booty.

But here I conclude; though the tyranness leaves me nothing to do but to read, write, and fret.

Subscription is formal between us. Besides, I am so much her's, that I cannot say how much I am thine or any other person's.

LETTER XXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, MAY 9.

If, my dear, you approve of the application to my uncle Harlowe, I wish it to be made as soon as possible. We are quite out again. I have shut myself up from him. The offence indeed not so very great — and yet it is too. He had like to have got a letter. One of your's. But never will I write again, or re-peruse my papers, in an apartment where he thinks himself entitled to come. He did not read a line of it. Indeed he did not. So don't be uneasy. And depend upon future caution.

Thus it was. The sun being upon my closet, and Mr. Lovelace abroad —

She then gives Miss Howe an account of his coming by surprise upon her:

of his fluttering speech: of his bold address: of her struggle with him for the letter, &c.

And now, my dear, proceeds she, I am more and more convinced, that I am too much in his power to make it prudent to stay with him. And if my friends will but give me hope, I will resolve to abandon him for ever.

O my dear! he is a fierce, a foolish, an insolent creature! — And, in truth, I hardly expect that we can accommodate. How much unhappier am I already with him than my mother ever was with my father after marriage! since (and that without any reason, any pretence in the world for it) he is for breaking my spirit before I am his, and while I am, or ought to be [O my folly, that I am not!] in my own power.

Till I can know whether my friends will give me hope or not, I must do what I never studied to do before in any case; that is, try to keep this difference open: and yet it will make me look little in my own eyes; because I shall mean by it more than I can own. But this is one of the consequences of all engagements, where the minds are unpaired — dispaired, in my case, I must say.

Let this evermore be my caution to individuals of my sex — Guard your eye: 'twill ever be in a combination against your judgment. If there are two parts to be taken, it will be for ever, traitor as it is, taking the wrong one.

If you ask me, my dear, how this caution befits me? let me tell you a secret which I have but very lately found out upon self-examination, although you seem to have made the discovery long ago: That had not my foolish eye been too much attached, I had not taken the pains to attempt, so officiously as I did, the prevention of mischief between him and some of my family, which first induced the correspondence between us, and was the occasion of bringing the apprehended mischief with double weight upon himself. My vanity and conceit, as far as I know, might have part in the inconsiderate measure: For does it not

look as if I thought myself more capable of obviating difficulties than anybody else of my family?

But you must not, my dear, suppose my heart to be still a confederate with my eye. That deluded eye now clearly sees its fault, and the misled heart despises it for it. Hence the application I am making to my uncle: hence it is, that I can say (I think truly) that I would atone for my fault at any rate, even by the sacrifice of a limb or two, if that would do.

Adieu, my dearest friend! — May your heart never know the hundredth part of the pain mine at present feels! prays

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXIII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WEDNESDAY, MAY 10.

I WILL write! No man shall write for me.* No woman shall hinder me from writing. Surely I am of age to distinguish between reason and caprice. I am not writing to a man, am I? — If I were carrying on a correspondence with a fellow, of whom my mother disapproved, and whom it might be improper for me to encourage, my own honour and my duty would engage my obedience. But as the case is so widely different, not a word more on this subject, I beseech you!

* Clarissa proposes Mr. Hickman to write for Miss Howe. See Letter XI. of this volume, Paragr. 5, & ult.

I much approve of your resolution to leave this wretch, if you can make it up with your uncle.

I hate the man — most heartily do I hate him, for his teasing ways. The very reading of your account of them teases me almost as much as they can you. May you have encouragement to fly the foolish wretch!

I have other reasons to wish you may: for I have just made an acquaintance with one who knows a vast deal of his private history. The man is really a villain, my dear! an execrable one! if all be true that I have heard! And yet I am promised other particulars. I do assure you, my dear friend, that, had he a dozen lives, he might have forfeited them all, and been dead twenty crimes ago.

If ever you condescend to talk familiarly with him again, ask him after Miss Betterton, and what became of her. And if he shuffle and prevaricate as to her, question him about Miss Lockyer. — O my dear, the man's a villain!

I will have your uncle sounded, as you desire, and that out of hand. But yet I am afraid of the success; and this for several reasons. 'Tis hard to say what the sacrifice of your estate would do with some people: and yet I must not, when it comes to the test, permit you to make it.

As your Hannah continues ill, I would advise you to try to attach Dorcas to your interest. Have you not been impoliticly shy of her?

I wish you could come at some of his letters. Surely a man of his negligent character cannot be always guarded. If he be, and if you cannot engage your servant, I shall suspect them both. Let him be called upon at a short warning when he is writing, or when he has papers lying about, and so surprise him into negligence.

Such inquiries, I know, are of the same nature with those we make at an inn in traveling, when we look into every corner and closet, for fear of a villain; yet should be frighted out of our wits, were we to find one. But 'tis better to detect

such a one when awake and up, than to be attacked by him when in bed and asleep.

I am glad you have your clothes. But no money! No books but a Spira, a Drexelius, and a Practice of Piety! Those who sent the latter ought to have kept it for themselves — But I must hurry myself from this subject.

You have exceedingly alarmed me by what you hint of his attempt to get one of my letters. I am assured by my new informant, that he is the head of a gang of wretched (those he brought you among, no doubt, were some of them) who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to support one another afterwards by violence; and were he to come at the knowledge of the freedoms I take with him, I should be afraid to stir out without a guard.

I am sorry to tell you, that I have reason to think, that your brother has not laid aside his foolish plot. A sunburnt, sailor-looking fellow was with me just now, pretending great service to you from Captain Singleton, could he be admitted to your speech. I pleaded ignorance as to the place of your abode. The fellow was too well instructed for me to get any thing out of him.

I wept for two hours incessantly on reading your's, which enclosed that from your cousin Morden.* My dearest creature, do not desert yourself. Let your Anna Howe obey the call of that friendship which has united us as one soul, and endeavour to give you consolation.

* See Letter XIX. of this volume.

I wonder not at the melancholy reflections you so often cast upon yourself in your letters, for the step you have been forced upon on one hand, and tricked into on the other. A strange fatality! As if it were designed to show the vanity of all human prudence. I wish, my dear, as you hint, that both you and I have not too much prided ourselves in a perhaps too conscious superiority over others. But I will stop — how apt are weak minds to look out for judgments in any extraordinary event! 'Tis so far right, that it is better, and safer, and juster, to arraign ourselves, or our dearest friends, than Providence; which must always have wise ends to answer its dispensations.

But do not talk, as if one of your former, of being a warning only* — you will be as excellent an example as ever you hoped to be, as well as a warning: and that will make your story, to all that shall come to know it, of double efficacy: for were it that such a merit as yours could not ensure to herself noble and generous usage from a libertine heart, who will expect any tolerable behaviour from men of his character?

* See Vol. III. Letter XXVIII.

If you think yourself inexcusable for taking a step that put you into the way of delusion, without any intention to go off with him, what must those giddy

creatures think of themselves, who, without half your provocations and inducements, and without any regard to decorum, leap walls, drop from windows, and steal away from their parents' house, to the seducer's bed, in the same day?

Again, if you are so ready to accuse yourself for dispensing with the prohibitions of the most unreasonable parents, which yet were but half-prohibitions at first, what ought those to do, who wilfully shut their ears to the advice of the most reasonable; and that perhaps, where apparent ruin, or undoubted inconvenience, is the consequence of the predetermined rashness?

And lastly, to all who will know your story, you will be an excellent example of watchfulness, and of that caution and reserve by which a prudent person, who has been supposed to be a little misled, endeavours to mend her error; and, never once losing sight of her duty, does all in her power to recover the path she has been rather driven out of than chosen to swerve from.

Come, come, my dearest friend, consider but these things; and steadily, without desponding, pursue your earnest purposes to amend what you think has been amiss; and it may not be a misfortune in the end that you have erred; especially as so little of your will was in your error.

And indeed I must say that I use the words misled, and error, and such- like, only in compliment to your own too-ready self-accusations, and to the opinion of one to whom I owe duty: for I think in my conscience, that every part of your conduct is defensible: and that those only are blamable who have no other way to clear themselves but by condemning you.

I expect, however, that such melancholy reflections as drop from your pen but too often will mingle with all your future pleasures, were you to marry Lovelace, and were he to make the best of husbands.

You was immensely happy, above the happiness of a mortal creature, before you knew him: every body almost worshipped you: envy itself, which has of late reared up its venomous head against you, was awed, by your superior worthiness, into silence and admiration. You was the soul of every company where you visited. Your elders have I seen declining to offer their opinions upon a subject till you had delivered yours; often, to save themselves the mortification of retracting theirs, when they heard yours. Yet, in all this, your sweetness of manners, your humility and affability, caused the subscription every one made to your sentiments, and to your superiority, to be equally unfeigned, and unhesitating; for they saw that their applause, and the preference they gave you to themselves, subjected not themselves to insults, nor exalted you into any visible triumph over them; for you had always something to say on every point you carried that raised the yielding heart, and left every one pleased and satisfied with themselves, though they carried not off the palm.

Your works were showed or referred to wherever fine works were talked of. Nobody had any but an inferior and second-hand praise for diligence, for economy, for reading, for writing, for memory, for facility in learning every thing laudable, and even for the more envied graces of person and dress, and an all-surpassing elegance in both, where you were known, and those subjects talked of.

The poor blessed you every step you trod: the rich thought you their honour, and took a pride that they were not obliged to descend from their own class for an example that did credit to it.

Though all men wished for you, and sought you, young as you were; yet, had not those who were brought to address you been encouraged out of sordid and spiteful views, not one of them would have dared to lift up his eyes to you.

Thus happy in all about you, thus making happy all within your circle, could you think that nothing would happen to you, to convince you that you were not to be exempted from the common lot? — To convince you, that you were not absolutely perfect; and that you must not expect to pass through life without trial, temptation, and misfortune?

Indeed, it must be owned that no trial, no temptation, worthy of your virtue, and of your prudence, could well have attacked you sooner, because of your tender years, and more effectually, than those heavy ones under which you struggle; since it must be allowed, that you equanimity and foresight made you superior to common accidents; for are not most of the troubles that fall to the lot of common mortals brought upon themselves either by their too large desires, or too little deserts? — Cases, both, from which you stood exempt. — It was therefore to be some man, or some worse spirit in the shape of one, that, formed on purpose, was to be sent to invade you; while as many other such spirits as there are persons in your family were permitted to take possession, severally, in one dark hour, of the heart of every one of it, there to sit perching, perhaps, and directing every motion to the motions of the seducer without, in order to irritate, to provoke, to push you forward to meet him.

Upon the whole, there seems, as I have often said, to have been a kind of fate in your error, if it were an error; and this perhaps admitted for the sake of a better example to be collected from your SUFFERINGS, than could have been given, had you never erred: for my dear, the time of ADVERSITY is your SHINING-TIME. I see it evidently, that adversity must call forth graces and beauties which could not have been brought to light in a run of that prosperous fortune which attended you from your cradle till now; admirably as you became, and, as we all thought, greatly as you deserved that prosperity.

All the matter is, the trial must be grievous to you. It is to me: it is to all who love you, and looked upon you as one set aloft to be admired and imitated, and

not as a mark, as you have lately found, for envy to shoot its shafts at.

Let what I have written above have its due weight with you, my dear; and then, as warm imaginations are not without a mixture of enthusiasm, your Anna Howe, who, on reperusal of it, imagines it to be in a style superior to her usual style, will be ready to flatter herself that she has been in a manner inspired with the hints that have comforted and raised the dejected heart of her suffering friend; who, from such hard trials, in a bloom so tender, may find at times her spirits sunk too low to enable her to pervade the surrounding darkness, which conceals from her the hopeful dawning of the better day which awaits her.

I will add no more at present, than that I am Your ever faithful and affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, MAY 12.

I must be silent, my exalted friend, under praises that oppress my heart with a consciousness of not deserving them; at the same time that the generous design of those praises raises and comforts it: for it is a charming thing to stand high in the opinion of those we love; and to find that there are souls that can carry their friendships beyond accidents, beyond body and ties of blood. Whatever, my dearest creature, is my shining-time, the time of a friend's adversity is yours. And it would be almost a fault in me to regret those afflictions, which give you an opportunity so gloriously to exert those qualities, which not only ennoble our sex, but dignify human nature.

But let me proceed to subjects less agreeable.

I am sorry you have reason to think Singleton's projects are not at an end. But who knows what the sailor had to propose? — Yet had any good been intended me, this method would hardly have been fallen upon.

Depend upon it, my dear, your letters shall be safe.

I have made a handle of Mr. Lovelace's bold attempt and freedom, as I told you I would, to keep him ever since at a distance, that I may have an opportunity to see the success of the application to my uncle, and to be at liberty to embrace any favourable overtures that may arise from it. Yet he has been very importunate, and twice brought Mr. Mennell from Mrs. Fretchvill to talk about the house. — If I should be obliged to make up with him again, I shall think I am always doing myself a spite.

As to what you mention of his newly-detected crimes; and your advice to attach Dorcas to my interest; and to come at some of his letters; these things will require more or less of my attention, as I may hope favour or not from my uncle Harlowe.

I am sorry that my poor Hannah continues ill. Pray, my dear, inform yourself, and let me know, whether she wants any thing that befits her case.

I will not close this letter till to-morrow is over; for I am resolved to go to church; and this as well for the sake of my duty, as to see if I am at liberty to go out when I please without being attended or accompanied.

SUNDAY, MAY 14.

I have not been able to avoid a short debate with Mr. Lovelace. I had ordered a coach to the door. When I had noticed that it was come, I went out of my chamber to go to it; but met him dressed on the stairs head, with a book in his hand, but without his hat and sword. He asked, with an air very solemn yet respectful, if I

were going abroad. I told him I was. He desired leave to attend me, if I were going to church. I refused him. And then he complained heavily of my treatment of him; and declared that he would not live such another week as the past, for the world.

I owned to him very frankly, that I had made an application to my friends; and that I was resolved to keep myself to myself till I knew the issue of it.

He coloured, and seemed surprised. But checking himself in something he was going to say, he pleaded my danger from Singleton, and again desired to attend me.

And then he told me, that Mrs. Fretchville had desired to continue a fortnight longer in the house. She found, said he, that I was unable to determine about entering upon it; and now who knows when such a vapourish creature will come to a resolution? This, Madam, has been an unhappy week; for had I not stood upon such bad terms with you, you might have been new mistress of that house; and probably had my cousin Montague, if not Lady Betty, actually with you.

And so, Sir, taking all you say for granted, your cousin Montague cannot come to Mrs. Sinclair's? What, pray, is her objection to Mrs. Sinclair's? Is this house fit for me to live in a month or two, and not fit for any of your relations for a few days? — And Mrs. Fretchville has taken more time too! — Then, pushing by him, I hurried down stairs.

He called to Dorcas to bring him his sword and hat; and following me down into the passage, placed himself between me and the door; and again desired leave to attend me.

Mrs. Sinclair came out at that instant, and asked me, if I did not choose a dish of chocolate?

I wish, Mrs. Sinclair, said I, you would take this man in with you to your chocolate. I don't know whether I am at liberty to stir out without his leave or not.

Then turning to him, I asked, if he kept me there his prisoner?

Dorcas just then bringing him his sword and hat, he opened the street- door, and taking my reluctant hand, led me, in a very obsequious manner, to the coach. People passing by, stopped, stared, and whispered — But he is so graceful in his person and dress, that he generally takes every eye.

I was uneasy to be so gazed at; and he stepped in after me, and the coachman drove to St. Paul's.

He was very full of assiduities all the way; while I was as reserved as possible: and when I returned, dined, as I had done the greatest part of the week, by myself.

He told me, upon my resolving to do so, that although he would continue his passive observance till I knew the issue of my application, yet I must expect, that

then I should not rest one moment till I had fixed his happy day: for that his very soul was fretted with my slights, resentments, and delays.

A wretch! when can I say, to my infinite regret, on a double account, that all he complains of is owing to himself!

O that I may have good tidings from my uncle!

Adieu, my dearest friend — This shall lie ready for an exchange (as I hope for one to-morrow from you) that will decide, as I may say, the destiny of

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXV

MISS HOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON THURSDAY, MAY 11.

GOOD MRS. NORTON,

Cannot you, without naming me as an adviser, who am hated by the family, contrive a way to let Mrs. Harlowe know, that in an accidental conversation with me, you had been assured that my beloved friend pines after a reconciliation with her relations? That she has hitherto, in hopes of it, refused to enter into any obligation that shall be in the least a hinderance [sic] to it: that she would fain avoid giving Mr. Lovelace a right to make her family uneasy in relation to her grandfather's estate: that all she wishes for still is to be indulged in her choice of a single life, and, on that condition, would make her father's pleasure her's with regard to that estate: that Mr. Lovelace is continually pressing her to marry him; and all his friends likewise: but that I am sure she has so little liking to the man, because of his faulty morals, and of the antipathy of her relations to him, that if she had any hope given her of a reconciliation, she would forego all thoughts of him, and put herself into her father's protection. But that their resolution must be speedy; for otherwise she would find herself obliged to give way to his pressing entreaties; and it might then be out of her power to prevent disagreeable litigations.

I do assure you, Mrs. Norton, upon my honour, that our dearest friend knows nothing of this procedure of mine: and therefore it is proper to acquaint you, in confidence, with my grounds for it. — These are they:

She had desired me to let Mr. Hickman drop hints to the above effect to her uncle Harlowe; but indirectly, as from himself, lest, if the application should not be attended with success, and Mr. Lovelace (who already takes it ill that he has so little of her favour) come to know it, she may be deprived of every protection, and be perhaps subjected to great inconveniencies from so haughty a spirit.

Having this authority from her, and being very solicitous about the success of the application, I thought, that if the weight of so good a wife, mother, and sister, as Mrs. Harlowe is known to be, were thrown into the same scale with that of Mr. John Harlowe (supposing he could be engaged) it could hardly fail of making a due impression.

Mr. Hickman will see Mr. John Harlowe to-morrow: by that time you may see Mrs. Harlowe. If Mr. Hickman finds the old gentleman favourable, he will tell him, that you will have seen Mrs. Harlowe upon the same account; and will advise him to join in consultation with her how best to proceed to melt the most obdurate heart in the world.

This is the fair state of the matter, and my true motive for writing to you. I leave all, therefore, to your discretion; and most heartily wish success to it; being of opinion that Mr. Lovelace cannot possibly deserve our admirable friend: nor indeed know I the man who does.

Pray acquaint me by a line of the result of your interposition. If it prove not such as may be reasonably hoped for, our dear friend shall know nothing of this step from me; and pray let her not from you. For, in that case, it would only give deeper grief to a heart already too much afflicted. I am, dear and worthy Mrs. Norton,

Your true friend, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVI

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS HOWE SATURDAY, MAY 13.

DEAR MADAM,

My heart is almost broken, to be obliged to let you know, that such is the situation of things in the family of my ever-dear Miss Harlowe, that there can be at present no success expected from any application in her favour. Her poor mother is to be pitied. I have a most affecting letter from her; but must not communicate it to you; and she forbids me to let it be known that she writes upon the subject; although she is compelled, as it were, to do it, for the ease of her own heart. I mention it therefore in confidence.

I hope in God that my beloved young lady has preserved her honour inviolate. I hope there is not a man breathing who could attempt a sacrilege so detestable. I have no apprehension of a failure in a virtue so established. God for ever keep so pure a heart out of the reach of surprises and violence! Ease, dear Madam, I beseech you, my over-anxious heart, by one line, by the bearer, although but one line, to acquaint me (as surely you can) that her honour is unsullied. — If it be not, adieu to all the comforts this life can give: since none will it be able to afford

To the poor JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XXVII

MISS HOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 13.

DEAR, GOOD WOMAN,

Your beloved's honour is inviolate! — Must be inviolate! and will be so, in spite of men and devils. Could I have had hope of a reconciliation, all my view was, that she should not have had this man. — All that can be said now, is, she must run the risk of a bad husband: she of whom no man living is worthy!

You pity her mother — so do not I! I pity no mother that puts it out of her power to show maternal love, and humanity, in order to patch up for herself a precarious and sorry quiet, which every blast of wind shall disturb.

I hate tyrants in ever form and shape: but paternal and maternal tyrants are the worst of all: for they can have no bowels.

I repeat, that I pity none of them. Our beloved friend only deserves pity. She had never been in the hands of this man, but for them. She is quite blameless. You don't know all her story. Were I to tell you that she had no intention to go off with this man, it would avail her nothing. It would only deserve to condemn, with those who drove her to extremities, him who now must be her refuge. I am

Your sincere friend and servant, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVIII

MRS. HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON [NOT COMMUNICATED TILL THE LETTERS CAME TO BE COLLECTED.] SATURDAY, MAY 13.

I return an answer in writing, as I promised, to your communication. But take no notice either to my Bella's Betty, (who I understand sometimes visits you,) or to the poor wretch herself, nor to any body, that I do write. I charge you don't. My heart is full: writing may give some vent to my griefs, and perhaps I may write what lies most upon my heart, without confining myself strictly to the present subject.

You know how dear this ungrateful creature ever was to us all. You know how sincerely we joined with every one of those who ever had seen her, or conversed with her, to praise and admire her; and exceeded in our praise even the bounds of that modesty, which, because she was our own, should have restrained us; being of opinion, that to have been silent in the praise of so apparent a merit must rather have argued blindness or affectation in us, than that we should incur the censure of vain partiality to our own.

When therefore any body congratulated us on such a daughter, we received their congratulations without any diminution. If it was said, you are happy in this child! we owned, that no parents ever were happier in a child. If, more particularly, they praised her dutiful behaviour to us, we said, she knew not how to offend. If it were said, Miss Clarissa Harlowe has a wit and penetration beyond her years; we, instead of disallowing it, would add — and a judgment no less extraordinary than her wit. If her prudence was praised, and a forethought, which every one saw supplied what only years and experience gave to others — nobody need to scruple taking lessons from Clarissa Harlowe, was our proud answer.

Forgive me, O forgive me, my dear Norton — But I know you will; for yours, when good, was this child, and your glory as well as mine.

But have you not heard strangers, as she passed to and from church, stop to praise the angel of a creature, as they called her; when it was enough for those who knew who she was, to cry, Why, it is Miss Clarissa Harlowe! — as if every body were obliged to know, or to have heard of Clarissa Harlowe, and of her excellencies. While, accustomed to praise, it was too familiar to her, to cause her to alter either her look or her pace.

For my own part, I could not stifle a pleasure that had perhaps a faulty vanity for its foundation, whenever I was spoken of, or addressed to, as the mother of so sweet a child: Mr. Harlowe and I, all the time, loving each other the better for the share each had in such a daughter.

Still, still indulge the fond, the overflowing heart of a mother! I could dwell for ever upon the remembrance of what she was, would but that remembrance banish from my mind what she is!

In her bosom, young as she was, could I repose all my griefs — sure of receiving from her prudence and advice as well as comfort; and both insinuated in so dutiful a manner, that it was impossible to take those exceptions which the distance of years and character between a mother and a daughter would have made one apprehensive of from any other daughter. She was our glory when abroad, our delight when at home. Every body was even covetous of her company; and we grudged her to our brothers Harlowe, and to our sister and brother Hervey. No other contention among us, then, but who should be next favoured by her. No chiding ever knew she from us, but the chiding of lovers, when she was for shutting herself up too long together from us, in pursuit of those charming amusements and useful employments, for which, however, the whole family was the better.

Our other children had reason (good children as they always were) to think themselves neglected. But they likewise were so sensible of their sister's superiority, and of the honour she reflected upon the whole family, that they confessed themselves eclipsed, without envying the eclipser. Indeed, there was not any body so equal with her, in their own opinions, as to envy what all aspired but to emulate. The dear creature, you know, my Norton, gave an eminence to us all!

Then her acquirements. Her skill in music, her fine needle-works, her elegance in dress; for which she was so much admired, that the neighbouring ladies used to say, that they need not fetch fashions from London; since whatever Miss Clarissa Harlowe wore was the best fashion, because her choice of natural beauties set those of art far behind them. Her genteel ease, and fine turn of person; her deep reading, and these, joined to her open manners, and her cheerful modesty — O my good Norton, what a sweet child was once my Clary Harlowe!

This, and more, you knew her to be: for many of her excellencies were owing to yourself; and with the milk you gave her, you gave her what no other nurse in the world could give her.

And do you think, my worthy woman, do you think, that the wilful lapse of such a child is to be forgiven? Can she herself think that she deserves not the severest punishment for the abuse of such talents as were intrusted to her?

Her fault was a fault of premeditation, of cunning, of contrivance. She had deceived every body's expectations. Her whole sex, as well as the family she sprung from, is disgraced by it.

Would any body ever have believed that such a young creature as this, who had by her advice saved even her over-lively friend from marrying a fop, and a libertine, would herself have gone off with one of the vilest and most notorious of libertines? A man whose character she knew; and knew it to be worse than the character of him from whom she saved her friend; a man against whom she was warned: one who had her brother's life in her hands; and who constantly set our whole family at defiance.

Think for me, my good Norton; think what my unhappiness must be both as a wife and a mother. What restless days, what sleepless nights; yet my own rankling anguish endeavoured to be smoothed over, to soften the anguish of fiercer spirits, and to keep them from blazing out to further mischief! O this naughty, naughty girl, who knew so well what she did; and who could look so far into consequences, that we thought she would have died rather than have done as she had done!

Her known character for prudence leaves her absolutely without excuse. How then can I offer to plead for her, if, through motherly indulgence, I would forgive her myself? — And have we not moreover suffered all the disgrace that can befall us? Has not she?

If now she has so little liking to his morals, has she not reason before to have as little? Or has she suffered by them in her own person? — O my good woman, I doubt — I doubt — Will not the character of the man make one doubt an angel, if once in his power? The world will think the worst. I am told it does. So likewise her father fears; her brother hears; and what can I do?

Our antipathy to him she knew before, as well as his character. These therefore cannot be new motives without a new reason. — O my dear Mrs. Norton, how shall I, how can you, support ourselves under the apprehensions to which these thoughts lead!

He continually pressing her, you say, to marry him: his friends likewise. She has reason, no doubt she has reason, for this application to us: and her crime is glossed over, to bring her to us with new disgrace! Whither, whither, does one guilty step lead the misguided heart! — And now, truly, to save a stubborn spirit, we are only to be sounded, that the application may be occasionally retracted or denied!

Upon the whole: were I inclined to plead for her, it is now the most improper of all times. Now that my brother Harlowe has discouraged (as he last night came hither on purpose to tell us) Mr. Hickman's insinuated application; and been applauded for it. Now, that my brother Antony is intending to carry his great fortune, through her fault, into another family: — she expecting, no doubt, herself to be put into her grandfather's estate, in consequence of a reconciliation, and as a

reward for her fault: and insisting still upon the same terms which she offered before, and which were rejected — Not through my fault, I am sure, rejected!

From all these things you will return such an answer as the case requires. It might cost me the peace of my whole life, at this time, to move for her. God forgive her! If I do, nobody else will. And let it, for your own sake, as well as mine, be a secret that you and I have entered upon this subject. And I desire you not to touch upon it again but by particular permission: for, O my dear, good woman, it sets my heart a bleeding in as many streams as there are veins in it!

Yet think me not impenetrable by a proper contrition and remorse — But what a torment is it to have a will without a power!

Adieu! adieu! God give us both comfort; and to the once dear — the ever- dear creature (for can a mother forget her child?) repentance, deep repentance! and as little suffering as may befit his blessed will, and her grievous fault, prays

Your real friend, CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

LETTER XXIX

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SUNDAY, MAY 14.

How it is now, my dear, between you and Mr. Lovelace, I cannot tell. But, wicked as the man is, I am afraid he must be your lord and master.

I called him by several very hard names in my last. I had but just heard of some of his vilenesses, when I sat down to write; so my indignation was raised. But on inquiry, and recollection, I find that the facts laid to his charge were all of them committed some time ago — not since he has had strong hopes of your favour.

This is saying something for him. His generous behaviour to the innkeeper's daughter is a more recent instance to his credit; to say nothing of the universal good character he has as a kind landlord. And then I approve much of the motion he made to put you in possession of Mrs. Fretchville's house, while he continues at the other widow's, till you agree that one house shall hold you. I wish this were done. Be sure you embrace this offer, (if you do not soon meet at the altar,) and get one of his cousins with you.

Were you once married, I should think you cannot be very unhappy, though you may not be so happy with him as you deserve to be. The stake he has in his country, and his reversions; the care he takes of his affairs; his freedom from obligation; nay, his pride, with your merit, must be a tolerable security for you, I should think. Though particulars of his wickedness, as they come to my knowledge, hurt and incense me; yet, after all, when I give myself time to reflect, all that I have heard of him to his disadvantage was comprehended in the general character given of him long ago, by Lord M.'s and his own dismissed bailiff,* and which was confirmed to me by Mrs. Fortescue, as I heretofore told you,* * and to you by Mrs. Greme.* * *

* See Vol. I. Letter IV. * * Ibid. Letter XII. * * * See Vol. III. Letter VI.

You can have nothing, therefore, I think, to be deeply concerned about, but his future good, and the bad example he may hereafter set to his own family. These indeed are very just concerns: but were you to leave him now, either with or without his consent, his fortunes and alliances so considerable, his person and address so engaging, (every one excusing you now on those accounts, and because of your relations' follies,) it would have a very ill appearance for your reputation. I cannot, therefore, on the most deliberate consideration, advise you to

think of that, while you have no reason to doubt his honour. May eternal vengeance pursue the villain, if he give room for an apprehension of this nature!

Yet his teasing ways are intolerable; his acquiescence with your slight delays, and his resignedness to the distance you now keep him at, (for a fault so much slighter, as he must think, than the punishment,) are unaccountable: He doubts your love of him, that is very probable; but you have reason to be surprised at his want of ardour; a blessing so great within his reach, as I may say.

By the time you have read to this place, you will have no doubt of what has been the issue of the conference between the two gentlemen. I am equally shocked, and enraged against them all. Against them all, I say; for I have tried your good Norton's weight with your mother, (though at first I did not intend to tell you so,) to the same purpose as the gentleman sounded your uncle. Never were there such determined brutes in the world! Why should I mince the matter? Yet would I fain, methinks, make an exception for your mother.

Your uncle will have it that you are ruined. 'He can believe every thing bad of a creature, he says, who could run away with a man; with such a one especially as Lovelace. They expected applications from you, when some heavy distress had fallen upon you. But they are all resolved not to stir an inch in your favour; no, not to save your life!'

My dearest soul, resolve to assert your right. Claim your own, and go and live upon it, as you ought. Then, if you marry not, how will the wretches creep to you for your reversionary dispositions!

You were accused (as in your aunt's letter) 'of premeditation and contrivance in your escape.' Instead of pitying you, the mediating person was called upon 'to pity them; who once, your uncle said, doated upon you: who took no joy but in your presence: who devoured your words as you spoke them: who trod over again your footsteps, as you walked before them.' — And I know not what of this sort.

Upon the whole, it is now evident to me, and so it must be to you, when you read this letter, that you must be his. And the sooner you are so the better. Shall we suppose that marriage is not in your power? — I cannot have patience to suppose that.

I am concerned, methinks, to know how you will do to condescend, (now you see you must be his,) after you have kept him at such a distance; and for the revenge his pride may put him upon taking for it. But let me tell you, that if my going up, and sharing fortunes with you, will prevent such a noble creature from stooping too low; much more, were it likely to prevent your ruin, I would not hesitate a moment about it. What is the whole world to me, weighed against such a friend as you are? Think you, that any of the enjoyments of this life could be enjoyments to me, were you involved in calamities, from which I could either

alleviate or relieve you, by giving up those enjoyments? And what in saying this, and acting up to it, do I offer you, but the frits of a friendship your worth has created?

Excuse my warmth of expression. The warmth of my heart wants none. I am enraged at your relations; for, bad as what I have mentioned is, I have not told you all; nor now, perhaps, ever will. I am angry at my own mother's narrowness of mind, and at her indiscriminate adherence to old notions. And I am exasperated against your foolish, your low-vanity'd Lovelace. But let us stoop to take the wretch as he is, and make the best of him, since you are destined to stoop, to keep grovellers and worldlings in countenance. He had not been guilty of a direct indecency to you. Nor dare he — not so much of a devil as that comes to neither. Had he such villainous intentions, so much in his power as you are, they would have shewn themselves before now to such a penetrating and vigilant eye, and to such a pure heart as yours. Let us save the wretch then, if we can, though we soil our fingers in lifting him up his dirt.

There is yet, to a person of your fortune and independence, a good deal to do, if you enter upon those terms which ought to be entered upon. I don't find that he has once talked of settlements; nor yet of the license. A foolish wretch! — But as your evil destiny has thrown you out of all other protection and mediation, you must be father, mother, uncle, to yourself; and enter upon the requisite points for yourself. It is hard upon you; but indeed you must. Your situation requires it. What room for delicacy now? — Or would you have me write to him? yet that would be the same thing as if you were to write yourself. Yet write you should, I think, if you cannot speak. But speaking is certainly best: for words leave no traces; they pass as breath; and mingle with air; and may be explained with latitude. But the pen is a witness on record.

I know the gentleness of your spirit; I know the laudable pride of your heart; and the just notion you have of the dignity of our sex in these delicate points. But once more, all this in nothing now: your honour is concerned that the dignity I speak of should not be stood upon.

'Mr. Lovelace,' would I say; yet hate the foolish fellow for his low, his stupid pride, in wishing to triumph over the dignity of his own wife;— 'I am by your means deprived of every friend I have in the world. In what light am I to look upon you? I have well considered every thing. You have made some people, much against my liking, think me a wife: others know I am not married; nor do I desire any body should believe I am: Do you think your being here in the same house with me can be to my reputation? You talked to me of Mrs. Fretchville's house.' This will bring him to renew his last discourse on the subject, if he does not revive it of himlsef. 'If Mrs. Fretchville knows not her own mind, what is her

house to me? You talked of bringing up your cousin Montague to bear me company: if my brother's schemes be your pretence for not going yourself to fetch her, you can write to her. I insist upon bringing these two points to an issue: off or on ought to be indifferent to me, if so to them.'

Such a declaration must bring all forward. There are twenty ways, my dear, that you would find out for another in your circumstances. He will disdain, from his native insolence, to have it thought he has any body to consult. Well then, will he not be obliged to declare himself? And if he does, no delays on your side, I beseech you. Give him the day. Let it be a short one. It would be derogating from your own merit, not to be so explicit as he ought to be, to seem but to doubt his meaning; and to wait for that explanation for which I should ever despise him, if he makes it necessary. Twice already have you, my dear, if not oftener modesty'd away such opportunities as you ought not to have slipped. As to settlements, if they come not in naturally, e'en leave them to his own justice, and to the justice of his family, And there's an end of the matter.

This is my advice: mend it as circumstances offer, and follow your own. But indeed, my dear, this, or something like it, would I do. And let him tell me afterwards, if he dared or would, that he humbled down to his shoe-buckles the person it would have been his glory to exalt.

Support yourself, mean time, with reflections worthy of yourself. Though tricked into this man's power, you are not meanly subjugated to it. All his reverence you command, or rather, as I may say, inspire; since it was never known, that he had any reverence for aught that was good, till you was with him: and he professes now and then to be so awed and charmed by your example, as that the force of it shall reclaim him.

I believe you will have a difficult task to keep him to it; but the more will be your honour, if you effect his reformation: and it is my belief, that if you can reclaim this great, this specious deceiver, who has, morally speaking, such a number of years before him, you will save from ruin a multitude of innocents; for those seem to me to have been the prey for which he has spread his wicked snares. And who knows but, for this very purpose, principally, a person may have been permitted to swerve, whose heart or will never was in her error, and who has so much remorse upon her for having, as she thinks, erred at all? Adieu, my dearest friend.

ANNA HOWE. ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.

I must trouble you with my concerns, though your own are so heavy upon you. A piece of news I have to tell you. Your uncle Antony is disposed to marry. With whom, think you? with my mother. True indeed. Your family knows it. All is laid with redoubled malice at your door. And there the old soul himself lays it.

Take no notice of this intelligence, not so much as in your letters to me, for fear of accidents.

I think it can't do. But were I to provoke my mother, that might afford a pretence. Else, I should have been with you before now, I fancy.

The first likelihood that appears to me of encouragement, I dismiss Hickman, that's certain. If my mother disoblige me in so important an article, I shan't think of obliging her in such another. It is impossible, surely, that the desire of popping me off to that honest man can be with such a view.

I repeat, that it cannot come to any thing. But these widows — Then such a love in us all, both old and young, of being courted and admired! — and so irresistible to their elderships to be flattered, that all power is not over with them; but that they may still class and prank it with their daughters. — It vexed me heartily to have her tell me of this proposal with self-complaisant simperings; and yet she affected to speak of it as if she had no intention to encourage it.

These antiquated bachelors (old before they believe themselves to be so) imagine that when they have once persuaded themselves to think of the state, they have nothing more to do than to make their minds known to the woman.

Your uncle's overgrown fortune is indeed a bait; a tempting one. A saucy daughter to be got rid of! The memory of the father of that daughter not precious enough to weigh much! — But let him advance if he dare — let her encourage — but I hope she won't.

Excuse me, my dear. I am nettled. They have fearfully rumpled my gorget. You'll think me faulty. So, I won't put my name to this separate paper. Other hands may resemble mine. You did not see me write it.

LETTER XXX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE MONDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15.

Now indeed it is evident, my best, my only friend, that I have but one choice to make. And now I do find that I have carried my resentment against this man too far; since now I am to appear as if under an obligation to his patience with me for a conduct, which perhaps he will think (if not humoursome and childish) plainly demonstrative of my little esteem of him; of but a secondary esteem at least, where before, his pride, rather than his merit, had made him expect a first. O my dear! to be cast upon a man that is not a generous man; that is indeed a cruel man! a man that is capable of creating a distress to a young creature, who, by her evil destiny is thrown into his power; and then of enjoying it, as I may say! [I verily think I may say so, of this savage!] — What a fate is mine!

You give me, my dear, good advice, as to the peremptory manner in which I ought to treat him: But do you consider to whom it is that you give it? — And then should I take it, and should he be capable of delay, I unprotected, desolate, nobody to fly to, in what a wretched light must I stand in his eyes; and, what is still as bad, in my own! O my dear, see you not, as I do, that the occasion for this my indelicate, my shocking situation should never have been given by me, of all creatures; since I am unequal, utterly unequal, to the circumstances to which my inconsideration has reduced me? — What! I to challenge a man for a husband! — I to exert myself to quicken the delayer in his resolutions! and, having as you think lost an opportunity, to begin to try to recall it, as from myself, and for myself! to threaten him, as I may say, into the marriage state! — O my dear! if this be right to be done, how difficult is it, where modesty and self (or where pride, if you please) is concerned, to do that right? or, to express myself in your words, to be father, mother, uncle, to myself! — especially where one thinks a triumph over one is intended.

You say, you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my mother — bad as the returns are which my application by Mr. Hickman has met with, you tell me, 'that you have not acquainted me with all the bad, nor now, perhaps, ever will.' But why so, my dear? What is the bad, what can be the bad, which now you will never tell me of? — What worse, than renounce me! and for ever! 'My uncle, you say, believes me ruined: he declares that he can believe every thing bad of a creature who could run away with a man: and they have all made a resolution not to stir an inch in my favour; no, not to save my life!' — Have you worse than this, my dear, behind? — Surely my father has not renewed his dreadful malediction! — Surely,

if so, my mother has not joined in it! Have my uncles given their sanction, and made it a family act? And themselves thereby more really faulty, than ever THEY suppose me to be, though I the cause of that greater fault in them? — What, my dear, is the worst, that you will leave for ever unrevealed?

O Lovelace! why comest thou not just now, while these black prospects are before me? For now, couldst thou look into my heart, wouldst thou see a distress worthy of thy barbarous triumph!

* * *

I was forced to quit my pen. And you say you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my mother?

What is done cannot be remedied: but I wish you had not taken a step of this importance to me without first consulting me. Forgive me, my dear, but I must tell you that that high-soul'd and noble friendship which you have ever avowed with so obliging and so uncommon a warmth, although it has been always the subject of my grateful admiration, has been often the ground of my apprehension, because of its unbridled fervour.

Well, but now to look forward, you are of opinion that I must be his: and that I cannot leave him with reputation to myself, whether with or without his consent. I must, if so, make the best of the bad matter.

He went out in the morning; intending not to return to dinner, unless (as he sent me word) I would admit him to dine with me.

I excused myself. The man, whose anger is now to be of such high importance to me, was, it seems, displeased.

As he (as well as I) expected that I should receive a letter from you this day by Collins, I suppose he will not be long before he returns; and then, possibly, he is to be mighty stately, mighty mannish, mighty coy, if you please! And then must I be very humble, very submissive, and try to insinuate myself into his good graces: with downcast eye, if not by speech, beg his forgiveness for the distance I have so perversely kept him at? — Yes, I warrant! — But I shall see how this behaviour will sit upon me! — You have always rallied me upon my meekness, I think: well then, I will try if I can be still meeker, shall I! — O my dear! —

But let me sit with my hands before me, all patience, all resignation; for I think I hear him coming up. Or shall I roundly accost him, in the words, in the form, which you, my dear, prescribed?

He is come in. He has sent to me, all impatience, as Dorcas says, by his aspect. — But I cannot, cannot see him!

MONDAY NIGHT.

The contents of your letter, and my own heavy reflections, rendered me incapable of seeing this expecting man. The first word he asked Dorcas, was, If I had received a letter since he had been out? She told me this; and her answer, that I had; and was fasting, and had been in tears ever since.

He sent to desire an interview with me.

I answered by her, That I was not very well. In the morning, if better, I would see him as soon as he pleased.

Very humble! was it not, my dear? Yet he was too royal to take it for humility; for Dorcas told me, he rubbed one side of his face impatiently; and said a rash word, and was out of humour; stalking about the room.

Half an hour later, he sent again; desiring very earnestly, that I should admit him to supper with me. He would enter upon no subjects of conversation but what I should lead to.

So I should have been at liberty, you see, to court him!

I again desired to be excused.

Indeed, my dear, my eyes were swelled: I was very low spirited; and could not think of entering all at once, after the distance I had kept him at for several days, into the freedom of conversation which the utter rejection I have met with from my relations, as well as your advice, has made necessary.

He sent up to tell me, that as he heard I was fasting, if I would promise to eat some chicken which Mrs. Sinclair had ordered for supper, he would acquiesce. — Very kind in his anger! Is he not?

I promised that I would. Can I be more preparatively condescending? — How happy, I'll warrant, if I may meet him in a kind and forgiving humour!

I hate myself! But I won't be insulted. Indeed I won't, for all this.

LETTER XXXI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, MAY 16.

I think once more we seem to be in a kind of train; but through a storm. I will give you the particulars.

I heard him in the dining-room at five in the morning. I had rested very ill, and was up too. But opened not my door till six: when Dorcas brought me his request for my company.

He approached me, and taking my hand, as I entered the dining-room, I went not to bed, Madam, till two, said he; yet slept not a wink. For God's sake, torment me not, as you have done for a week past.

He paused. I was silent.

At first, proceeded he, I thought your resentment of a curiosity, in which I had been disappointed, could not be deep; and that it would go off of itself: But, when I found it was to be kept up till you knew the success of some new overtures which you had made, and which, complied with, might have deprived me of you for ever, how, Madam, could I support myself under the thoughts of having, with such an union of interests, made so little impression upon your mind in my favour?

He paused again. I was still silent. He went on.

I acknowledge that I have a proud heart, Madam. I cannot but hope for some instances of previous and preferable favour from the lady I am ambitious to call mine; and that her choice of me should not appear, not flagrantly appear, directed by the perverseness of her selfish persecutors, who are my irreconcilable enemies.

More to the same purpose he said. You know, my dear, the room he had given me to recriminate upon him in twenty instances. I did not spare him.

Every one of these instances, said I, (after I had enumerated them) convinces me of your pride indeed, Sir, but not of your merit. I confess, that I have as much pride as you can have, although I hope it is of another kind than that you so readily avow. But if, Sir, you have the least mixture in yours of that pride which may be expected, and thought laudable, in a man of your birth, alliances, and fortune, you should rather wish, I will presume to say, to promote what you call my pride, than either to suppress it, or to regret that I have it. It is this my acknowledged pride, proceeded I, that induces me to tell you, Sir, that I think it beneath me to disown what have been my motives for declining, for some days past, any conversation with you, or visit from Mr. Mennell, that might lead to points out of my power to determine upon, until I heard from my uncle Harlowe; whom, I confess, I have caused to be sounded, whether I might be favoured with

his interest to obtain for me a reconciliation with my friends, upon terms which I had caused to be proposed.

I know not, said he, and suppose must not presume to ask, what those terms were. But I can but too well guess at them; and that I was to have been the preliminary sacrifice. But you must allow me, Madam, to say, That as much as I admire the nobleness of your sentiments in general, and in particular that laudable pride which you have spoken of, I wish that I could compliment you with such an uniformity in it, as had set you as much above all submission to minds implacable and unreasonable, (I hope I may, without offence, say, that your brother's and sister's are such,) as it has above all favour and condescension to me.

Duty and nature, Sir, call upon me to make the submissions you speak of: there is a father, there is a mother, there are uncles in the one case, to justify and demand those submissions. What, pray, Sir, can be pleaded for the condescension, as you call it? Will you say, your merits, either with regard to them, or to myself, may?

This, Madam, to be said, after the persecutions of those relations! After what you have suffered! After what you have made me hope! Let me, my dearest creature, ask you, (we have been talking of pride,) What sort of pride must his be, which can dispense with inclination and preference in the lady whom he adores? — What must that love —

Love, Sir! who talks of love? — Was not merit the thing we were talking of? — Have I ever professed, have I ever required of you professions of a passion of that nature? — But there is no end of these debatings; each so faultless, each so full of self —

I do not think myself faultless, Madam: — but —

But what, Sir! — Would you ever more argue with me, as if you were a child? — Seeking palliations, and making promises? — Promises of what, Sir? Of being in future the man it is a shame a gentleman is not? — Of being the man —

Good God! interrupted he, with eyes lifted up, if thou wert to be thus severe —

Well, well, Sir! [impatiently] I need only to observe, that all this vast difference in sentiment shows how unpaired our minds are — so let us —

Let us what, Madam? — My soul is rising into tumults! And he looked so wildly, that I was a good deal terrified — Let us what, Madam? ——

I was, however, resolved not to desert myself — Why, Sir! let us resolve to quit every regard for each other. — Nay, flame not out — I am a poor weak-minded creature in some things: but where what I should be, or not deserve to live, if I am not is in the question, I have a great and invincible spirit, or my own conceit betrays me — let us resolve to quit every regard for each other that is more than civil. This you may depend upon: I will never marry any other man. I

have seen enough of your sex; at least of you. — A single life shall ever be my choice: while I will leave you at liberty to pursue your own.

Indifference, worse than indifference! said he, in a passion —

Interrupting him — Indifference let it be — you have not (in my opinion at least) deserved that it should be other: if you have in your own, you have cause (at least your pride has) to hate me for misjudging you.

Dearest, dearest creature! snatching my hand with fierceness, let me beseech you to be uniformly noble! Civil regards, Madam! — Civil regards! — Can you so expect to narrow and confine such a passion as mine?

Such a passion as yours, Mr. Lovelace, deserves to be narrowed and confined. It is either the passion you do not think it, or I do not. I question whether your mind is capable of being so narrowed and so widened, as is necessary to make it be what I wish it to be. Lift up your hands and your eyes, Sir, in silent wonder, if you please; but what does that wonder express, what does it convince me of, but that we are not born for one another.

By my soul, said he, and grasped my hand with an eagerness that hurt it, we were born for one another: you must be mine — you shall be mine [and put his other hand round me] although my damnation were to be the purchase!

I was still more terrified — let me leave you, Mr. Lovelace, said I; or do you be gone from me. Is the passion you boast of to be thus shockingly demonstrated?

You must not go, Madam! — You must not leave me in anger —

I will return — I will return — when you can be less violent — less shocking.

And he let me go.

The man quite frighted me; insomuch, that when I got into my chamber, I found a sudden flow of tears a great relief to me.

In half an hour, he sent a little billet, expressing his concern for the vehemence of his behaviour, and prayed to see me.

I went. Because I could not help myself, I went.

He was full of excuses — O my dear, what would you, even you, do with such a man as this; and in my situation?

It was very possible for him now, he said, to account for the workings of a beginning phrensy. For his part, he was near distraction. All last week to suffer as he had suffered; and now to talk of civil regards only, when he had hoped, from the nobleness of my mind —

Hope what you will, interrupted I, I must insist upon it, that our minds are by no means suited to each other. You have brought me into difficulties. I am deserted by every friend but Miss Howe. My true sentiments I will not conceal — it is against my will that I must submit to owe protection from a brother's projects, which Miss Howe thinks are not given over, to you, who have brought

me into these straights: not with my own concurrence brought me into them; remember that —

I do remember that, Madam! — So often reminded, how can I forget it? —

Yet I will owe to you this protection, if it be necessary, in the earnest hope that you will shun, rather than seek mischief, if any further inquiry after me be made. But what hinders you from leaving me? — Cannot I send to you? The widow Fretchville, it is plain, knows not her own mind: the people here are more civil to me every day than other: but I had rather have lodgings more agreeable to my circumstances. I best know what will suit them; and am resolved not to be obliged to any body. If you leave me, I will privately retire to some one of the neighbouring villages, and there wait my cousin Morden's arrival with patience.

I presume, Madam, replied he, from what you have said, that your application to Harlowe-place has proved unsuccessful: I therefore hope that you will now give me leave to mention the terms in the nature of settlements, which I have long intended to propose to you; and which having till now delayed to do, through accidents not proceeding from myself, I had thoughts of urging to you the moment you entered upon your new house; and upon your finding yourself as independent in appearance as you are in fact. Permit me, Madam, to propose these matters to you — not with an expectation of your immediate answer; but for your consideration.

Were not hesitation, a self-felt glow, a downcast eye, encouragement more than enough? and yet you will observe (as I now do on recollection) that he was in no great hurry to solicit for a day; since he had no thoughts of proposing settlements till I had got into my new house; and now, in his great complaisance to me, he desired leave to propose his terms, not with an expectation of my immediate answer; but for my consideration only — Yet, my dear, your advice was too much in my head at this time. I hesitated.

He urged on upon my silence; he would call God to witness to the justice, nay to the generosity of his intentions to me, if I would be so good as to hear what he had to propose to me, as to settlements.

Could not the man have fallen into the subject without this parade? Many a point, you know, is refused, and ought to be refused, if leave be asked to introduce it; and when once refused, the refusal must in honour be adhered to — whereas, had it been slid in upon one, as I may say, it might have merited further consideration. If such a man as Mr. Lovelace knows not this, who should?

But he seemed to think it enough that he had asked my leave to propose his settlements. He took no advantage of my silence, as I presume men as modest as Mr. Lovelace would have done in a like case: yet, gazing in my face very confidently, and seeming to expect my answer, I thought myself obliged to give

the subject a more diffuse turn, in order to save myself the mortification of appearing too ready in my compliance, after such a distance as had been between us; and yet (in pursuance of your advice) I was willing to avoid the necessity of giving him such a repulse as might again throw us out of the course — a cruel alternative to be reduced to!

You talk of generosity, Mr. Lovelace, said I; and you talk of justice; perhaps, without having considered the force of the words, in the sense you use them on this occasion. — Let me tell you what generosity is, in my sense of the word — TRUE GENEROSITY is not confined to pecuniary instances: it is more than politeness: it is more than good faith: it is more than honour; it is more than justice; since all of these are but duties, and what a worthy mind cannot dispense with. But TRUE GENEROSITY is greatness of soul. It incites us to do more by a fellow-creature than can be strictly required of us. It obliges us to hasten to the relief of an object that wants relief; anticipating even such a one's hope or expectation. Generosity, Sir, will not surely permit a worthy mind to doubt of its honourable and beneficent intentions: much less will it allow itself to shock, to offend any one; and, least of all, a person thrown by adversity, mishap, or accident, into its protection.

What an opportunity had he to clear his intentions had he been so disposed, from the latter part of this home observation! — but he ran away with the first, and kept to that.

Admirably defined! he said — But who, at this rate, Madam, can be said to be generous to you? — Your generosity I implore, while justice, as it must be my sole merit, shall be my aim. Never was there a woman of such nice and delicate sentiments!

It is a reflection upon yourself, Sir, and upon the company you have kept, if you think these notions either nice or delicate. Thousands of my sex are more nice than I; for they would have avoided the devious path I have been surprised into; the consequences of which surprise have laid me under the sad necessity of telling a man, who has not delicacy enough to enter into those parts of the female character which are its glory and distinction, what true generosity is.

His divine monitress, he called me. He would endeavour to form his manners (as he had often promised) by my example. But he hoped I would now permit him to mention briefly the justice he proposed to do me, in the terms of the settlements; a subject so proper, before now, to have entered upon; and which would have been entered upon long ago, had not my frequent displeasure [I am ever in fault, my dear!] taken from him the opportunity he had often wished for: but now, having ventured to lay hold of this, nothing should divert him from improving it.

I have no spirits, just now, Sir, to attend such weighty points. What you have a mind to propose, write to me: and I shall know what answer to return. Only one thing let me remind you of, that if you touch upon a subject, in which my father has a concern, I shall judge by your treatment of the father what value you have for the daughter.

He looked as if he would choose rather to speak than write: but had he said so, I had a severe return to have made upon him; as possibly he might see by my looks.

* * *

In this way are we now: a sort of calm, as I said, succeeding a storm. What may happen next, whether a storm or a calm, with such a spirit as I have to deal with, who can tell?

But, be that as it will, I think, my dear, I am not meanly off: and that is a great point with me; and which I know you will be glad to hear: if it were only, that I can see this man without losing any of that dignity [What other word can I use, speaking of myself, that betokens decency, and not arrogance?] which is so necessary to enable me to look up, or rather with the mind's eye, I may say, to look down upon a man of this man's cast.

Although circumstance have so offered, that I could not take your advice as to the manner of dealing with him; yet you gave me so much courage by it, as has enabled me to conduct things to this issue; as well as determined me against leaving him: which, before, I was thinking to do, at all adventures. Whether, when it came to the point, I should have done so, or not, I cannot say, because it would have depended upon his behaviour at the time.

But let his behaviour be what it will, I am afraid, (with you,) that should any thing offer at last to oblige me to leave him, I shall not mend my situation in the world's eye; but the contrary. And yet I will not be treated by him with indignity while I have any power to help myself.

You, my dear, have accused me of having modesty'd away, as you phrase it, several opportunities of being — Being what, my dear? — Why, the wife of a libertine: and what a libertine and his wife are my cousin Morden's letter tells us. — Let me here, once for all, endeavour to account for the motives of behavior to this man, and for the principles I have proceeded upon, as they appear to me upon a close self-examination.

Be pleased to allow me to think that my motives on this occasion rise not altogether from maidenly niceness; nor yet from the apprehension of what my present tormenter, and future husband, may think of a precipitate compliance, on

such a disagreeable behaviour as his: but they arise principally from what offers to my own heart; respecting, as I may say, its own rectitude, its own judgment of the fit and the unfit; as I would, without study, answer for myself to myself, in the first place; to him, and to the world, in the second only. Principles that are in my mind; that I found there; implanted, no doubt, by the first gracious Planter: which therefore impel me, as I may say, to act up to them, that thereby I may, to the best of my judgment, be enabled to comport myself worthily in both states, (the single and the married), let others act as they will by me.

I hope, my dear, I do not deceive myself, and, instead of setting about rectifying what is amiss in my heart, endeavour to find excuses for habits and peculiarities, which I am unwilling to cast off or overcome. The heart is very deceitful: do you, my dear friend, lay mine open, [but surely it is always open before you!] and spare me not, if you think it culpable.

This observation, once for all, as I said, I thought proper to make, to convince you that, to the best of my judgment, my errors, in matters as well of lesser moment as of greater, shall rather be the fault of my judgment than of my will.

I am, my dearest friend, Your ever obliged, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY NIGHT, MAY 16.

Mr. Lovelace has sent me, by Dorcas, his proposals, as follow:

‘To spare a delicacy so extreme, and to obey you, I write: and the rather that you may communicate this paper to Miss Howe, who may consult any of her friends you shall think proper to have intrusted on this occasion. I say intrusted; because, as you know, I have given it out to several persons, that we are actually married.

‘In the first place, Madam, I offer to settle upon you, by way of jointure, your whole estate: and moreover to vest in trustees such a part of mine in Lancashire, as shall produce a clear four hundred pounds a year, to be paid to your sole and separate use quarterly.

‘My own estate is a clear not nominnal 2000l. per annum. Lord M. proposes to give me possession either of that which he has in Lancashire, [to which, by the way, I think I have a better title than he has himself,] or that we call The Lawn, in Hertfordshire, upon my nuptials with a lady whom he so greatly admires; and to make that I shall choose a clear 1000l. per annum.

‘My too great contempt of censure has subjected me to much slander. It may not therefore be improper to assure you, on the word of a gentleman, that no part of my estate was ever mortgaged: and that although I lived very expensively abroad, and made large draughts, yet that Midsummer-day next will discharge all that I owe in the world. My notions are not all bad ones. I have been thought, in pecuniary cases, generous. It would have deserved another name, had I not first been just.

‘If, as your own estate is at present in your father’s hands, you rather choose that I should make a jointure out of mine, tantamount to yours, be it what it will, it shall be done. I will engage Lord M. to write to you, what he proposes to do on the happy occasion: not as your desire or expectation, but to demonstrate, that no advantage is intended to be taken of the situation you are in with your own family.

‘To shew the beloved daughter the consideration I have for her, I will consent that she shall prescribe the terms of agreement in relation to the large sums, which must be in her father’s hands, arising from her grandfather’s estate. I have no doubt, but he will be put upon making large demands upon you. All those it shall be in your power to comply with, for the sake of your own peace. And the remainder shall be paid into your hands, and be entirely at your disposal, as a fund to support those charitable donations, which I have heard you so famed for out of your family, and for which you have been so greatly reflected upon in it.

‘As to clothes, jewels, and the like, against the time you shall choose to make your appearance, it will be my pride that you shall not be beholden for such of these, as shall be answerable to the rank of both, to those who have had the stupid folly to renounce a daughter they deserved not. You must excuse me, Madam: you would mistrust my sincerity in the rest, could I speak of these people without asperity, though so nearly related to you.

‘These, Madam, are my proposals. They are such as I always designed to make, whenever you would permit me to enter into the delightful subject. But you have been so determined to try every method for reconciling yourself to your relations, even by giving me absolutely up for ever, that you seemed to think it but justice to keep me at a distance, till the event of that your predominant hope could be seen. It is now seen! — and although I have been, and perhaps still am, ready to regret the want of that preference I wished for from you as Miss Clarissa Harlowe, yet I am sure, as the husband of Mrs. Lovelace, I shall be more ready to adore than to blame you for the pangs you have given to a heart, the generosity, or rather, the justice of which, my implacable enemies have taught you to doubt: and this still the readier, as I am persuaded that those pangs never would have been given by a mind so noble, had not the doubt been entertained (perhaps with too great an appearance of reason); and as I hope I shall have it to reflect, that the moment the doubt shall be overcome, the indifference will cease.

‘I will only add, that if I have omitted any thing, that would have given you farther satisfaction; or if the above terms be short of what you would wish; you will be pleased to supply them as you think fit. And when I know your pleasure, I will instantly order articles to be drawn up comformably, that nothing in my power may be wanting to make you happy.

‘You will now, dearest Madam, judge, how far all the rest depends upon yourself.’

You see, my dear, what he offers. You see it is all my fault, that he has not made these offers before. I am a strange creature! — to be to blame in every thing, and to every body; yet neither intend the ill at the time, nor know it to be the ill too late, or so nearly too late, that I must give up all the delicacy he talks of, to compound for my fault!

I shall now judge how far the rest depends upon myself! So coldly concludes he such warm, and, in the main, unobjectionably proposals: Would you not, as you read, have supposed, that the paper would conclude with the most earnest demand of a day? — I own, I had that expectation so strong, resulting naturally, as I may say, from the premises, that without studying for dissatisfaction, I could not help being dissatisfied when I came to the conclusion.

But you say there is no help. I must perhaps make further sacrifices. All delicacy it seems is to be at an end with me! — but, if so, this man knows not what every wise man knows, that prudence, and virtue, and delicacy of mind in a wife, do the husband more real honour in the eye of the world, than the same qualities (were she destitute of them) in himself, do him: as the want of them in her does him more dishonour: For are not the wife's errors the husband's reproach? how justly his reproach, is another thing.

I will consider this paper; and write to it, if I am able: for it seems now, all the rest depends upon myself.

LETTER XXXIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 17.

Mr. Lovelace would fain have engaged me last night. But as I was not prepared to enter upon the subject of his proposals, (intending to consider them maturely,) and was not highly pleased with his conclusion, I desired to be excused seeing him till morning; and the rather, as there is hardly any getting from him in tolerable time overnight.

Accordingly, about seven o'clock we met in the dining-room.

I find he was full of expectation that I should meet him with a very favourable, who knows but with a thankful, aspect? and I immediately found by his sullen countenance, that he was under no small disappointment that I did not.

My dearest love, are you well? Why look you so solemn upon me? Will your indifference never be over? If I have proposed terms in any respect short of your expectation —

I told him, that he had very considerately mentioned my shewing his proposals to Miss Howe; and as I should have a speedy opportunity to send them to her by Collins, I desired to suspend any talk upon that subject till I had her opinion upon them.

Good God! — If there was but the least loop-hole! the least room for delay! — But he was writing a letter to Lord M. to give him an account of his situation with me, and could not finish it so satisfactorily, either to my Lord or to himself, as if I would condescend to say, whether the terms he had proposed were acceptable, or not.

Thus far, I told him, I could say, that my principal point was peace and reconciliation with my relations. As to other matters, the gentleness of his own spirit would put him upon doing more for me than I should ask, or expect. Wherefore, if all he had to write about was to know what Lord M. would do on my account, he might spare himself the trouble, for that my utmost wishes, as to myself, were much more easily gratified than he perhaps imagined.

He asked me then, if I would so far permit him to touch upon the happy day, as to request the presence of Lord M. on the occasion, and to be my father?

Father had a sweet and venerable sound with it, I said. I should be glad to have a father who would own me!

Was not this plain speaking, think you, my dear? Yet it rather, I must own, appears so to me on reflection, than was designed freely at the time. For I then,

with a sigh from the bottom of my heart, thought of my own father; bitterly regretting, that I am an outcast from him and from my mother.

Mr. Lovelace I thought seemed a little affected at the manner of my speaking, and perhaps at the sad reflection.

I am but a very young creature, Mr. Lovelace, said I, [and wiped my eyes as I turned away my face,] although you have kindly, and in love to me, introduced so much sorry to me already: so you must not wonder, that the word father strikes so sensibly upon the heart of a child ever dutiful till she knew you, and whose tender years still require the paternal wing.

He turned towards the window — [rejoice with me, my dear, since I seem to be devoted to him, that the man is not absolutely impenetrable!] His emotion was visible; yet he endeavoured to suppress it. Approaching me again; again he was obliged to turn from me; angelic something, he said: but then, obtaining a heart more suitable to his wish, he once more approached me. — For his own part, he said, as Lord M. was so subject to gout, he was afraid, that the compliment he had just proposed to make him, might, if made, occasion a larger suspension than he could bear to think of; and if it did, it would vex him to the heart that he had made it.

I could not say a single word to this, you know, my dear. But you will guess at my thoughts of what he said — so much passionate love, lip-deep! so prudent, and so dutifully patient at heart to a relation he had till now so undutifully despised! — Why, why, am I thrown upon such a man, thought I!

He hesitated, as if contending with himself; and after taking a turn or two about the room, He was at a great loss what to determine upon, he said, because he had not the honour of knowing when he was to be made the happiest of men — Would to God it might that very instant be resolved upon!

He stopped a moment or two, staring in his usual confident way, in my downcast face, [Did I not, O my beloved friend, think you, want a father or a mother just then?] But if he could not, so soon as he wished, procure my consent to a day; in that case, he thought the compliment might as well be made to Lord M. as not, [See, my dear!] since the settlements might be drawn and engrossed in the intervenient time, which would pacify his impatience, as no time would be lost.

You will suppose how I was affected by this speech, by repeating the substance of what he said upon it; as follows.

But, by his soul, he knew not, so much was I upon the reserve, and so much latent meaning did my eye import, whether, when he most hoped to please me, he was not farthest from doing so. Would I vouchsafe to say, whether I approved of his compliment to Lord M. or not?

To leave it to me, to choose whether the speedy day he ought to have urged for with earnestness, should be accelerated or suspended! — Miss Howe, thought I, at that moment, says, I must not run away from this man!

To be sure, Mr. Lovelace, if this matter be ever to be, it must be agreeable to me to have the full approbation of one side, since I cannot have that of the other.

If this matter be ever to be! Good God! what words are these at this time of day! and full approbation of one side! Why that word approbation? when the greatest pride of all my family is, that of having the honour of so dear a creature for their relation? Would to heaven, my dearest life, added he, that, without complimenting any body, to-morrow might be the happiest day of my life! — What say you, my angel? with a trembling impatience, that seemed not affected — What say you for to-morrow?

It was likely, my dear, I could say much to it, or name another day, had I been disposed to the latter, with such an hinted delay from him.

I was silent.

Next day, Madam, if not to-morrow? —

Had he given me time to answer, it could not have been in the affirmative, you must think — but, in the same breath, he went on — Or the day after that? — and taking both my hands in his, he stared me into a half-confusion — Would you have had patience with him, my dear?

No, no, said I, as calmly as possible, you cannot think that I should imagine there can be reason for such a hurry. It will be most agreeable, to be sure, for my Lord to be present.

I am all obedience and resignation, returned the wretch, with a self- pluming air, as if he had acquiesced to a proposal made by me, and had complimented me with a great piece of self denial.

Is it not plain, my dear, that he designs to vex and tease me? Proud, yet mean and foolish man, if so! — But you say all punctilio is at an end with me. Why, why, will he take pains to make a heart wrap itself up in reserve, that wishes only, and that for his sake as well as my own, to observe due decorum?

Modesty, I think, required of me, that it should pass as he had put it: Did it not? — I think it did. Would to heaven — but what signifies wishing?

But when he would have rewarded himself, as he had heretofore called it, for this self-supposed concession, with a kiss, I repulsed him with a just and very sincere disdain.

He seemed both vexed and surprised, as one who had made the most agreeable proposals and concessions, and thought them ungratefully returned. He plainly said, that he thought our situation would entitle him to such an innocent freedom: and he was both amazed and grieved to be thus scornfully repulsed.

No reply could be made be me on such a subject.

I abruptly broke from him. I recollect, as I passed by one of the pier- glasses, that I saw in it his clenched hand offered in wrath to his forehead: the words, Indifference, by his soul, next to hatred, I heard him speak; and something of ice he mentioned: I heard not what.

Whether he intends to write to my Lord, or Miss Montague, I cannot tell. But, as all delicacy ought to be over with me now, perhaps I am to blame to expect it from a man who may not know what it is. If he does not, and yet thinks himself very polite, and intends not to be otherwise, I am rather to be pitied, than he to be censured.

And after all, since I must take him as I find him, I must: that is to say, as a man so vain and so accustomed to be admired, that, not being conscious of internal defect, he has taken no pains to polish more than his outside: and as his proposals are higher than my expectations; and as, in his own opinion, he has a great deal to bear from me, I will (no new offence preventing) sit down to answer them; and, if possible, in terms as unobjectionable to him, as his are to me.

But after all, see you not, my dear, more and more, the mismatch that there is in our minds?

However, I am willing to compound for my fault, by giving up, (if that may be all my punishment) the expectation of what is deemed happiness in this life, with such a husband as I fear he will make. In short, I will content myself to be a suffering person through the state to the end of my life. — A long one it cannot be!

This may qualify him (as it may prove) from stings of conscience from misbehaviour to a first wife, to be a more tolerable one to a second, though not perhaps a better deserving one: while my story, to all who shall know it, will afford these instructions: That the eye is a traitor, and ought ever to be mistrusted: that form is deceitful: in other words; that a fine person is seldom paired by a fine mind: and that sound principle and a good heart, are the only bases on which the hopes of a happy future, either with respect to this world, or the other, can be built.

And so much at present for Mr. Lovelace’s proposals: Of which I desire your opinion.*

* We cannot forbear observing in this place, that the Lady has been particularly censured, even by some of her own sex, as over-nice in her part of the above conversations: but surely this must be owing to want of attention to the circumstances she was in, and to her character, as well as to the character of the man she had to deal with: for, although she could not be supposed to know so much of his designs as the reader does by means of his letters to Belford, yet she

was but too well convinced of his faulty morals, and of the necessity there was, from the whole of his behaviour to her, to keep such an encroacher, as she frequently calls him, at a distance. In Letter XXXIII. of Vol. III. the reader will see, that upon some favourable appearances she blames herself for her readiness to suspect him. But his character, his principles, said she, are so faulty! — He is so light, so vain, so various. —— Then, my dear, I have no guardian to depend upon. In Letter IX. of Vol. III. Must I not with such a man, says she, be wanting to myself, were I not jealous and vigilant?

By this time the reader will see, that she had still greater reason for her jealousy and vigilance. And Lovelace will tell the sex, as he does in Letter XI. of Vol. V., that the woman who resents not initiatory freedoms, must be lost. Love is an encroacher, says he: loves never goes backward. Nothing but the highest act of love can satisfy an indulged love.

But the reader perhaps is too apt to form a judgment of Clarissa's conduct in critical cases by Lovelace's complaints of her coldness; not considering his views upon her; and that she is proposed as an example; and therefore in her trials and distresses must not be allowed to dispense with those rules which perhaps some others of the sex, in her delicate situation, would not have thought themselves so strictly bound to observe; although, if she had not observed them, a Lovelace would have carried all his points.

[Four letters are written by Mr. Lovelace from the date of his last, giving the state of affairs between him and the Lady, pretty much the same as in hers in the same period, allowing for the humour in his, and for his resentments expressed with vehemence on her resolution to leave him, if her friends could be brought to be reconciled to her. — A few extracts from them will be only given.]

What, says he, might have become of me, and of my projects, had not her father, and the rest of the implacables, stood my friends?

[After violent threatenings of revenge, he says,]

'Tis plain she would have given me up for ever: nor should I have been able to prevent her abandoning of me, unless I had torn up the tree by the roots to come at the fruit; which I hope still to bring down by a gentle shake or two, if I can but have patience to stay the ripening seasoning.

[Thus triumphing in his unpolite cruelty, he says,]

After her haughty treatment of me, I am resolved she shall speak out. There are a thousand beauties to be discovered in the face, in the accent, in the bush-beating hesitations of a woman who is earnest about a subject she wants to introduce, yet knows not how. Silly fellows, calling themselves generous ones, would value themselves for sparing a lady's confusion: but they are silly fellows indeed; and

rob themselves of prodigious pleasure by their forwardness; and at the same time deprive her of displaying a world of charms, which can only be manifested on these occasions.

I'll tell thee beforehand, how it will be with my charmer in this case — she will be about it, and about it, several times: but I will not understand her: at least, after half a dozen hem — ings, she will be obliged to speak out — I think, Mr. Lovelace — I think, Sir — I think you were saying some days ago — Still I will be all silence — her eyes fixed upon my shoe-buckles, as I sit over-against her — ladies when put to it thus, always admire a man's shoe-buckles, or perhaps some particular beauties in the carpet. I think you said that Mrs. Fretchville — Then a crystal tear trickles down each crimson cheek, vexed to have her virgin pride so little assisted. But, come, my meaning dear, cry I to myself, remember what I have suffered for thee, and what I have suffered by thee! Thy tearful pausings shall not be helped out by me. Speak out, love! — O the sweet confusion! Can I rob myself of so many conflicting beauties by the precipitate charmer-pitying folly, by which a politer man [thou knowest, lovely, that I am no polite man!] betrayed by his own tenderness, and unused to female tears, would have been overcome? I will feign an irresolution of mind on the occasion, that she may not quite abhor me — that her reflections on the scene in my absence may bring to her remembrance some beauties in my part of it: an irresolution that will be owing to awe, to reverence, to profound veneration; and that will have more eloquence in it than words can have. Speak out then, love, and spare not.

Hard-heartedness, as it is called, is an essential of the libertine's character. Familiarized to the distresses he occasions, he is seldom betrayed by tenderness into a complaisant weakness unworthy of himself.

[Mentioning the settlements, he says,]

I am in earnest as to the terms. If I marry her, [and I have no doubt that I shall, after my pride, my ambition, my revenge, if thou wilt, is gratified,] I will do her noble justice. The more I do for such a prudent, such an excellent economist, the more shall I do for myself. — But, by my soul, Belford, her haughtiness shall be brought down to own both love and obligation to me. Nor will this sketch of settlements bring us forwarder than I would have it. Modesty of sex will stand my friend at any time. At the very altar, our hands joined, I will engage to make this proud beauty leave the parson and me, and all my friends who should be present, though twenty in number, to look like fools upon one another, while she took wing, and flew out of the church door, or window, (if that were open, and the door shut); and this only by a single word.

[He mentions his rash expression, That she should be his, although his damnation was to be the purchase.]

At that instant, says he, I was upon the point of making a violent attempt, but was checked in the very moment, and but just in time to save myself, by the awe I was struck with on again casting my eye upon her terrified but lovely face, and seeing, as I thought, her spotless heart in every line of it.

O virtue, virtue! proceeds he, what is there in thee, that can thus against his will affect the heart of a Lovelace! — Whence these involuntary tremors, and fear of giving mortal offence? — What art thou, that acting in the breast of a feeble woman, which never before, no, not in my first attempt, young as I then was, and frightened at my own boldness (till I found myself forgiven,) had such an effect upon me!

[He paints in lively colours, that part of the scene between him and the Lady, where she says, The word father has a sweet and venerable sound with it.]

I was exceedingly affected, says he, upon the occasion, but was ashamed to be surprised into such a fit of unmanly weakness — so ashamed, that I was resolved to subdue it at the instant, and to guard against the like for the future. Yet, at that moment, I more than half regretted that I could not permit her to enjoy a triumph which she so well deserved to glory in — her youth, her beauty, her artless innocence, and her manner, equally beyond comparison or description. But her indifference, Belford! — That she could resolve to sacrifice me to the malice of my enemies; and carry on the design in so clandestine a manner — and yet love her, as I do, to phrensy! — revere her, as I do, to adoration! — These were the recollections with which I fortified my recreant heart against her! — Yet, after all, if she persevere, she must conquer! — Coward, as she has made me, that never was a coward before!

[He concludes his fourth letter in a vehement rage, upon her repulsing him, when he offered to salute her; having supposed, as he owns, that she would have been all condescension on his proposals to her.]

This, says he, I will for ever remember against her, in order to steel my heart, that I may cut through a rock of ice to hers; and repay her for the disdain, the scorn, which glowed in her countenance, and was apparent in her air, at her abrupt departure for me, after such obliging behaviour on my side, and after I had so earnestly pressed her for an early day. The women below say she hates me; she despises me! — And ’tis true: she does; she must. — And why cannot I take their advice? I will not long, my fair-one, be despised by thee, and laughed at by them!

Let me acquaint thee, Jack, adds he, by way of postscript, that this effort of hers to leave me, if she could have been received; her sending for a coach on Sunday; no doubt, resolving not to return, if she had gone out without me, (for did she not declare that she had thoughts to retire to some of the villages about town,

where she could be safe and private?) have, all together, so much alarmed me, that I have been adding to the written instructions for my fellow and the people below how to act in case she should elope in my absence: particularly letting Will. know what he shall report to strangers in case she shall throw herself upon any such with a resolution to abandon me. To these instructions I shall further add as circumstances offer.

LETTER XXXIV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY, MAY 18.

I have neither time nor patience, my dear friend, to answer every material article in your last letters just now received. Mr. Lovelace's proposals are all I like of him. And yet (as you do) I think, that he concludes them not with the warmth and earnestness which we might naturally have expected from him. Never in my life did I hear or read of so patient a man, with such a blessing in his reach. But wretches of his cast, between you and me, my dear, have not, I fancy, the ardors that honest men have. Who knows, as your Bell once spitefully said, but he may have half a dozen creatures to quit his hands of before he engages for life? — Yet I believe you must not expect him to be honest on this side of his grand climacteric.

He, to suggest delay from a compliment to be made to Lord M. and to give time for settlements! He, a part of whose character it is, not to know what complaisance to his relations is — I have no patience with him! You did indeed want an interposing friend on the affecting occasion which you mention in yours of yesterday morning. But, upon my word, were I to have been that moment in your situation, and been so treated, I would have torn his eyes out, and left it to his own heart, when I had done, to furnish the reason for it.

Would to Heaven to-morrow, without complimenting any body, might be his happy day! — Villain! After he had himself suggested the compliment! — And I think he accuses YOU of delaying! — Fellow, that he is! — How my heart is wrung —

But as matters now stand betwixt you, I am very unseasonable in expressing my resentments against him. — Yet I don't know whether I am or not, neither; since it is the most cruel of fates, for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart despises. You must, at least, despise him; at times, however. His clenched fist offered to his forehead on your leaving him in just displeasure — I wish it had been a pole-axe, and in the hand of his worst enemy.

I will endeavour to think of some method, of some scheme, to get you from him, and to fix you safely somewhere till your cousin Morden arrives — A scheme to lie by you, and to be pursued as occasion may be given. You are sure, that you can go abroad when you please? and that our correspondence is safe? I cannot, however (for the reasons heretofore mentioned respecting your own reputation,) wish you to leave him while he gives you not cause to suspect his honour. But your heart I know would be the easier, if you were sure of some asylum in case of necessity.

Yet once more, I say, I can have no notion that he can or dare mean your dishonour. But then the man is a fool, my dear — that's all.

However, since you are thrown upon a fool, marry the fool at the first opportunity; and though I doubt that this man will be the most ungovernable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a punishment, since you cannot as a reward: in short, as one given to convince you that there is nothing but imperfection in this life.

And what is the result of all I have written, but this — Either marry, my dear, or get from them all, and from him too.

You intend the latter, you'll say, as soon as you have opportunity. That, as above hinted, I hope quickly to furnish you with: and then comes on a trial between you and yourself.

These are the very fellows that we women do not naturally hate. We don't always know what is, and what is not, in our power to do. When some principal point we have long had in view becomes so critical, that we must of necessity choose or refuse, then perhaps we look about us; are affrighted at the wild and uncertain prospect before us; and, after a few struggles and heart-aches, reject the untried new; draw in your horns, and resolve to snail-on, as we did before, in a track we are acquainted with.

I shall be impatient till I have your next. I am, my dearest friend,

Your ever affectionate and faithful ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXV

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, MAY 17.

I cannot conceal from you any thing that relates to yourself so much as the enclosed does. You will see what the noble writer apprehends from you, and wishes of you, with regard to Miss Harlowe, and how much at heart all your relations have it that you do honourably by her. They compliment me with an influence over you, which I wish with all my soul you would let me have in this article.

Let me once more entreat thee, Lovelace, to reflect, before it be too late (before the mortal offence be given) upon the graces and merits of this lady. Let thy frequent remorses at last end in one effectual remorse. Let not pride and wantonness of heart ruin the fairer prospects. By my faith, Lovelace, there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonsense, in our wild schemes. As we grow older, we shall be wiser, and looking back upon our foolish notions of the present hour, (our youth dissipated,) shall certainly despise ourselves when we think of the honourable engagements we might have made: thou, more especially, if thou lettest such a matchless creature slide through thy fingers. A creature pure from her cradle. In all her actions and sentiments uniformly noble. Strict in the performance of all her even unrewarded duties to the most unreasonable of fathers; what a wife will she make the man who shall have the honour to call her his!

What apprehensions wouldst thou have had reason for, had she been prevailed upon by giddy or frail motives, for which one man, by importunity, might prevail, as well as another?

We all know what an inventive genius thou art master of: we are all sensible, that thou hast a head to contrive, and a heart to execute. Have I not called thine the plotting'st heart in the universe? I called it so upon knowledge. What wouldst thou more? Why should it be the most villainous, as well as the most able? — Marry the lady; and, when married, let her know what a number of contrivances thou hadst in readiness to play off. Beg of her not to hate thee for the communication; and assure her, that thou gavest them up for remorse, and in justice to her extraordinary merit: and let her have the opportunity of congratulating herself for subduing a heart so capable of what thou callest glorious mischief. This will give her room for triumph; and even thee no less: she, for hers over thee; thou, for thine over thyself.

Reflect likewise upon her sufferings for thee. Actually at the time thou art forming schemes to ruin her, (at least in her sense of the word,) is she not

labouring under a father's curse laid upon her by thy means, and for thy sake? and wouldst thou give operation and completion to that curse, which otherwise cannot have effect?

And what, Lovelace, all the time is thy pride? — Thou that vainly imaginest that the whole family of the Harlowes, and that of the Howes too, are but thy machines, unknown to themselves, to bring about thy purposes, and thy revenge, what art thou more, or better, than the instrument even of her implacable brother, and envious sister, to perpetuate the disgrace of the most excellent of sisters, to which they are moved by vilely low and sordid motives? — Canst thou bear, Lovelace, to be thought the machine of thy inveterate enemy James Harlowe? — Nay, art thou not the cully of that still viler Joseph Leman, who serves himself as much by thy money, as he does thee by the double part he acts by thy direction? — And further still, art thou not the devil's agent, who only can, and who certainly will, suitably reward thee, if thou proceedest, and if thou effectest thy wicked purpose?

Could any man but thee put together upon paper the following questions with so much unconcern as thou seemest to have written them? — give them a reperusal, O heart of adamant! 'Whither can she fly to avoid me? Her parents will not receive her. Her uncles will not entertain her. Her beloved Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miss Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town but ME — is entirely a stranger to the town.'* — What must that heart be that can triumph in a distress so deep, into which she has been plunged by thy elaborate arts and contrivances? And what a sweet, yet sad reflection was that, which had like to have had its due effect upon thee, arising from thy naming Lord M. for her nuptial father? her tender years inclining her to wish for a father, and to hope a friend. — O my dear Lovelace, canst thou resolve to be, instead of the father thou hast robbed her of, a devil?

* See Letter XXI. of this volume.

Thou knowest, that I have no interest, that I can have no view, in wishing thee to do justice to this admirable creature. For thy own sake, once more I conjure thee, for thy family's sake, and for the sake of our common humanity, let me beseech thee to be just to Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

No matter whether these expostulations are in character from me, or not. I have been and am bad enough. If thou takest my advice, which is (as the enclosed will shew thee) the advice of all thy family, thou wilt perhaps have it to reproach me (and but perhaps neither) that thou art not a worse man than myself. But if thou dost not, and if thou ruinest such a virtue, all the complicated wickedness of ten devils, let loose among the innocent with full power over them, will not do so much vile and base mischief as thou wilt be guilty of.

It is said that the prince on his throne is not safe, if a mind so desperate can be found, as values not its own life. So may it be said, that the most immaculate virtue is not safe, if a man can be met with who has no regard to his own honour, and makes a jest of the most solemn vows and protestations.

Thou mayest by trick, chicane, and false colours, thou who art worse than a pickeroon in love, overcome a poor lady so entangled as thou hast entangled her; so unprotected as thou hast made her: but consider, how much more generous and just to her, and noble to thyself, it is, to overcome thyself.

Once more, it is no matter whether my past or future actions countenance my preachment, as perhaps thou'lt call what I have written: but this I promise thee, that whenever I meet with a woman of but one half of Miss Harlowe's perfections, who will favour me with her acceptance, I will take the advice I give, and marry. Nor will I offer to try her honour at the hazard of my own.

In other words, I will not degrade an excellent creature in her own eyes, by trials, when I have no cause for suspicion. And let me add, with respect to thy eagleship's manifestation, of which thou boastest, in thy attempts upon the innocent and uncorrupted, rather than upon those whom thou humourously comparest to wrens, wagtails, and phyl-tits, as thou callest them,* that I hope I have it not once to reproach myself, that I ruined the morals of any one creature, who otherwise would have been uncorrupted. Guilt enough in contributing to the continued guilt of other poor wretches, if I am one of those who take care she shall never rise again, when she has once fallen.

* See Letter XVII. of this volume.

Whatever the capital devil, under whose banner thou hast listed, will let thee do, with regard to this incomparable woman, I hope thou wilt act with honour in relation to the enclosed, between Lord M. and me; since his Lordship, as thou wilt see, desires, that thou mayest not know he wrote on the subject; for reasons, I think, very far from being creditable to thyself: and that thou wilt take as meant, the honest zeal for thy service, of

Thy real friend, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXXVI

LORD M., TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [ENCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.] M. HALL, MONDAY, MAY 15.

SIR,

If any man in the world has power over my nephew, it is you. I therefore write this, to beg you to interfere in the affair depending between him and the most accomplished of women, as every one says; and what every one says must be true.

I don't know that he has any bad designs upon her; but I know his temper too well, not to be apprehensive upon such long delays: and the ladies here have been for some time in fear for her: Lady Sarah in particular, who (as you must know) is a wise woman, says, that these delays, in the present case, must be from him, rather than from the lady.

He had always indeed a strong antipathy to marriage, and may think of playing his dog's tricks by her, as he has by so many others. If there's any danger of this, 'tis best to prevent it in time: for when a thing is done, advice comes too late.

He has always had the folly and impertinence to make a jest of me for using proverbs: but as they are the wisdom of whole nations and ages collected into a small compass, I am not to be shamed out of sentences that often contain more wisdom in them than the tedious harangues of most of our parsons and moralists. Let him laugh at them, if he pleases: you and I know better things, Mr. Belford — Though you have kept company with a wolf, you have not learnt to howl of him.

But nevertheless, you must let him know that I have written to you on this subject. I am ashamed to say it; but he has ever treated me as if I were a man of very common understanding; and would, perhaps, think never the better of the best advice in the world for coming from me. Those, Mr. Belford, who most love, are least set by. — But who would expect velvet to be made out of a sow's ear?

I am sure he has no reason however to slight me as he does. He may and will be the better for me, if he outlives me; though he once told me to my face, that I might do as I would with my estate; for that he, for his part, loved his liberty as much as he despised money. And at another time, twitting me with my phrases, that the man was above controul, who wanted not either to borrow or flatter. He thought, I suppose, that I could not cover him with my wings, without pecking at him with my bill; though I never used to be pecking at him, without very great occasion: and, God knows, he might have my very heart, if he would but endeavour to oblige me, by studying his own good; for that is all I desire of him. Indeed, it was his poor mother that first spoiled him; and I have been but too

indulgent to him since. A fine grateful disposition, you'll say, to return evil for good! but that was always his way. It is a good saying, and which was verified by him with a witness — Children when little, make their parents fools; when great, mad. Had his parents lived to see what I have seen of him, they would have been mad indeed.

This match, however, as the lady has such an extraordinary share of wisdom and goodness, might set all to rights; and if you can forward it, I would enable him to make whatever settlements he could wish; and should not be unwilling to put him in possession of another pretty estate besides. I am no covetous man, he knows. And, indeed, what is a covetous man to be likened to so fitly, as to a dog in a wheel which roasts meat for others? And what do I live for, (as I have often said,) but to see him and my two nieces well married and settled. May Heaven settle him down to a better mind, and turn his heart to more of goodness and consideration!

If the delays are on his side, I tremble for the lady; and, if on hers, (as he tells my niece Charlotte,) I could wish she were apprized that delays are dangerous. Excellent as she is, she ought not to depend on her merits with such a changeable fellow, and such a profest marriage- hater, as he has been. Desert and reward, I can assure her, seldom keep company together.

But let him remember, that vengeance though it comes with leaden feet, strikes with iron hands. If he behaves ill in this case, he may find it so. What a pity it is, that a man of his talents and learning should be so vile a rake! Alas! alas! Une poignée de bonne vie vaut mieux que plein muy de clergée; a handful of good life is better than a whole bushel of learning.

You may throw in, too, as a friend, that, should he provoke me, it may not be too late for me to marry. My old friend Wycherly did so, when he was older than I am, on purpose to plague his nephew: and, in spite of this gout, I might have a child or two still. I have not been without some thoughts that way, when he has angered me more than ordinary: but these thoughts have gone off again hitherto, upon my considering, that the children of very young and very old men (though I am not so very old neither) last not long; and that old men, when they marry young women, are said to make much of death: Yet who knows but that matrimony might be good against the gouty humours I am troubled with?

No man is every thing — you, Mr. Belford, are a learned man. I am a peer. And do you (as you best know how) inculcate upon him the force of these wise sayings which follow, as well as those which went before; but yet so indiscreetly, as that he may not know that you borrow your darts from my quiver. These be they — Happy is the man who knows his follies in his youth. He that lives well, lives long. Again, He that lives ill one year, will sorrow for it seven. And again, as

the Spaniards have it — Who lives well, sees afar off! Far off indeed; for he sees into eternity, as a man may say. Then that other fine saying, He who perishes in needless dangers, is the Devil's martyr. Another proverb I picked up at Madrid, when I accompanied Lord Lexington in his embassy to Spain, which might teach my nephew more mercy and compassion than is in his nature I doubt to shew; which is this, That he who pities another, remembers himself. And this that is going to follow, I am sure he has proved the truth of a hundred times, That he who does what he will seldom does what he ought. Nor is that unworthy of his notice, Young men's frolics old men feel. My devilish gout, God help me — but I will not say what I was going to say.

I remember, that you yourself, complimenting me for my taste in pithy and wise sentences, said a thing that gave me a high opinion of you; and it was this: 'Men of talents,' said you, 'are sooner to be convinced by short sentences than by long preachments, because the short sentences drive themselves into the heart and stay there, while long discourses, though ever so good, tire the attention; and one good thing drives out another, and so on till all is forgotten.'

May your good counsel, Mr. Belford, founded upon these hints which I have given, pierce his heart, and incite him to do what will be so happy for himself, and so necessary for the honour of that admirable lady whom I long to see his wife; and, if I may, I will not think of one for myself.

Should he abuse the confidence she has placed in him, I myself shall pray, that vengeance may fall upon his head — Raro — I quite forget all my Latin; but I think it is, Raro antecedentem scelestum deseruit pede paean claudo: where vice goes before, vengeance (sooner or later) will follow. But why do I translate these things for you?

I shall make no apologies for this trouble. I know how well you love him and me; and there is nothing in which you could serve us both more importantly, than in forwarding this match to the utmost of your power. When it is done, how shall I rejoice to see you at M. Hall! Mean time, I shall long to hear that you are likely to be successful with him; and am,

Dear Sir, Your most faithful friend and servant, M.

[Mr. Lovelace having not returned an answer to Mr. Belford's expostulary letter so soon as Mr. Belford expected, he wrote to him, expressing his apprehension that he had disobliged him by his honest freedom. Among other things, he says —]

I pass my time here at Watford, attending my dying uncle, very heavily. I cannot therefore, by any means, dispense with thy correspondence. And why shouldst thou punish me, for having more conscience and more remorse than thyself? Thou who never thoughtest either conscience or remorse an honour to

thee. And I have, besides, a melancholy story to tell thee, in relation to Belton and his Thomasine; and which may afford a lesson to all the keeping-class.

I have a letter from each of our three companions in the time. They have all the wickedness that thou hast, but not the wit. Some new rogueries do two of them boast of, which, I think, if completed, deserve the gallows.

I am far from hating intrigue upon principle. But to have awkward fellows plot, and commit their plots to paper, destitute of the seasonings, of the acumen, which is thy talent, how extremely shocking must their letters be! — But do thou, Lovelace, whether thou art, or art not, determined upon thy measures with regard to the fine lady in thy power, enliven my heavy heart by thy communications; and thou wilt oblige

Thy melancholy friend, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXXVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY NIGHT, MAY 19.

When I have opened my view to thee so amply as I have done in my former letters; and have told thee, that my principal design is but to bring virtue to a trial, that, if virtue, it need not be afraid of; and that the reward of it will be marriage (that is to say, if, after I have carried my point, I cannot prevail upon her to live with me the life of honour;* for that thou knowest is the wish of my heart); I am amazed at the repetition of thy wambling nonsense.

* See Vol. III. Letter XVIII.

I am of opinion with thee, that some time hence, when I am grown wiser, I shall conclude, that there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonsense, in my present wild schemes. But what is this saying, but that I must be first wiser?

I do not intend to let this matchless creature slide through my fingers.

Art thou able to say half the things in her praise, that I have said, and am continually saying or writing?

Her gloomy father cursed the sweet creature, because she put it out of his wicked power to compel her to have the man she hated. Thou knowest how little merit she has with me on this score. — And shall I not try the virtue I intended, upon full proof, to reward, because her father is a tyrant? — Why art thou thus eternally reflecting upon so excellent a woman, as if thou wert assured she would fail in the trial? — Nay, thou declarest, every time thou writest on the subject, that she will, that she must yield, entangled as she is: and yet makest her virtue the pretence of thy solicitude for her.

An instrument of the vile James Harlowe, dost thou call me? — O Jack! how could I curse thee! — I am instrument of that brother! of that sister! But mark the end — and thou shalt see what will become of that brother, and of that sister!

Play not against me my own acknowledged sensibilities, I desire thee. Sensibilities, which at the same time that they contradict thy charge of an adamantine heart in thy friend, thou hadst known nothing of, had I not communicated them to thee.

If I ruin such a virtue, sayest thou! — Eternal monotonist! — Again; the most immaculate virtue may be ruined by men who have no regard to their honour, and who make a jest of the most solemn oaths, &c. What must be the virtue that will be ruined without oaths? Is not the world full of these deceptions? And are not lovers' oaths a jest of hundreds of years' standing? And are not cautions against the perfidy of our sex a necessary part of the female education?

I do intend to endeavour to overcome myself; but I must first try, if I cannot overcome this lady. Have I not said, that the honour of her sex is concerned that I should try?

Whenever thou meetest with a woman of but half her perfections, thou wilt marry — Do, Jack.

Can a girl be degraded by trials, who is not overcome?

I am glad that thou takest crime to thyself, for not endeavouring to convert the poor wretches whom others have ruined. I will not recriminate upon thee, Belford, as I might, when thou flatterest thyself that thou never ruinedst the morals of any young creature, who otherwise would not have been corrupted — the palliating consolation of an Hottentot heart, determined rather to gluttonize on the garbage of other foul feeders than to reform. — But tell me, Jack, wouldst thou have spared such a girl as my Rosebud, had I not, by my example, engaged thy generosity? Nor was my Rosebud the only girl I spared: — When my power was acknowledged, who more merciful than thy friend?

It is resistance that inflames desire,
Sharpens the darts of love, and blows its fire.
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much ease;
He languishes, and does not care to please.

The women know this as well as the men. They love to be addressed with spirit:

And therefore 'tis their golden fruit they guard
With so much care, to make profession hard.

Whence, for a by-reflection, the ardent, the complaisant gallant is so often preferred to the cold, the unadoring husband. And yet the sex do not consider, that variety and novelty give the ardour and the obsequiousness; and that, were the rake as much used to them as the husband is, he would be [and is to his own wife, if married] as indifferent to their favours, as their husbands are; and the husband, in his turn, would, to another woman, be the rake. Let the women, upon the whole, take this lesson from a Lovelace— 'Always to endeavour to make themselves as new to a husband, and to appear as elegant and as obliging to him, as they are desirous to appear to a lover, and actually were to him as such; and then the rake, which all women love, will last longer in the husband, than it generally does.'

But to return: — If I have not sufficiently cleared my conduct to thee in the above; I refer thee once more to mine of the 13th of last month.* And pr'ythee, Jack, lay me not under a necessity to repeat the same things so often. I hope thou readest what I write more than once.

* See Vol. II. Letter XIV.

I am not displeased that thou art so apprehensive of my resentment, that I cannot miss a day without making thee uneasy. Thy conscience, ’tis plain, tells thee, that thou has deserved my displeasure: and if it has convinced thee of that, it will make thee afraid of repeating thy fault. See that this be the consequence. Else, now that thou hast told me how I can punish thee, it is very likely that I do punish thee by my silence, although I have as much pleasure in writing on this charming subject, as thou canst have in reading what I write.

When a boy, if a dog ran away from me through fear, I generally looked about for a stone, or a stick; and if neither offered to my hand, I skinned my hat after him to make him afraid for something. What signifies power, if we do not exert it?

Let my Lord know, that thou hast scribbled to me. But give him not the contents of thy epistle. Though a parcel of crude stuff, he would think there was something in it. Poor arguments will do, when brought in favour of what we like. But the stupid peer little thinks that this lady is a rebel to Love. On the contrary, not only he, but all the world believe her to be a volunteer in his service. — So I shall incur blame, and she will be pitied, if any thing happen amiss.

Since my Lord’s heart is set upon this match, I have written already to let him know, ‘That my unhappy character had given my beloved an ungenerous diffidence of me. That she is so mother-sick and father-fond, that she had rather return to Harlowe-place than marry. That she is even apprehensive that the step she has taken of going off with me will make the ladies of a family of such rank and honour as ours think slightly of her. That therefore I desire his Lordship (though this hint, I tell him, must be very delicately touched) to write me such a letter as I can shew her; (let him treat me in it ever so freely, I shall not take it amiss, I tell him, because I know his Lordship takes pleasure in writing to me in a corrective style). That he may make what offers he pleases on the marriage. That I desire his presence at the ceremony; that I may take from his hand the greatest blessing that mortal man can give me.’

I have not absolutely told the lady that I would write to his Lordship to this effect; yet have given her reason to think I will. So that without the last necessity I shall not produce the answer I expect from him: for I am very loth, I own, to make use of any of my family’s names for the furthering of my designs. And yet I must make all secure, before I pull off the mask. Was not this my motive for bringing her hither?

Thus thou seest that the old peer’s letter came very seasonably. I thank thee for that. But as to his sentences, they cannot possibly do me good. I was early suffocated with his wisdom of nations. When a boy, I never asked anything of him, but out flew a proverb; and if the tendency of that was to deny me, I never

could obtain the least favour. This gave me so great an aversion to the very word, that, when a child, I made it a condition with my tutor, who was an honest parson, that I would not read my Bible at all, if he would not excuse me one of the wisest books in it: to which, however, I had no other objection, than that it was called The Proverbs. And as for Solomon, he was then a hated character with me, not because of his polygamy, but because I had conceived him to be such another musty old fellow as my uncle.

Well, but let us leave old saws to old me. What signifies thy tedious whining over thy departing relation? Is it not generally agreed that he cannot recover? Will it not be kind in thee to put him out of his misery? I hear that he is pestered still with visits from doctors, and apothecaries, and surgeons; that they cannot cut so deep as the mortification has gone; and that in every visit, in every scarification, inevitable death is pronounced upon him. Why then do they keep tormenting him? Is it not to take away more of his living fleece than of his dead flesh? — When a man is given over, the fee should surely be refused. Are they not now robbing his heirs? — What has thou to do, if the will be as thou'dst have it? — He sent for thee [did he not?] to close his eyes. He is but an uncle, is he?

Let me see, if I mistake not, it is in the Bible, or some other good book: can it be in Herodotus? — O I believe it is in Josephus, a half- sacred, and half-profane author. He tells us of a king of Syria put out of his pain by his prime minister, or one who deserved to be so for his contrivance. The story says, if I am right, that he spread a wet cloth over his face, which killing him, he reigned in his place. A notable fellow! Perhaps this wet cloth in the original, is what we now call laudanum; a potion that overspreads the faculties, as the wet cloth did the face of the royal patient; and the translator knew not how to render it.

But how like forlorn varlet thou subscribest, 'Thy melancholy friend, J. BELFORD!' Melancholy! For what? To stand by, and see fair play between an old man and death? I thought thou hadst been more of a man; that thou art not afraid of an acute death, a sword's point, to be so plaugily hip'd at the consequences of a chronical one! — What though the scarificators work upon him day by day? It's only upon a caput mortuum: and pr'ythee go to, to use the stylum veterum, and learn of the royal butchers; who, for sport, (an hundred times worse men than thy Lovelace,) widow ten thousand at a brush, and make twice as many fatherless — learn of them, I say, how to support a single death.

But art thou sure, Jack, it is a mortification? — My uncle once gave promises of such a root-and-branch distemper: but, alas! it turned to a smart gout-fit; and I had the mortification instead of him. — I have heard that bark, in proper doses, will arrest a mortification in its progress, and at last cure it. Let thy uncle's

surgeon know, that it is worth more than his ears, if he prescribe one grain of the bark.

I wish my uncle had given me the opportunity of setting thee a better example: thou shouldst have seen what a brave fellow I had been. And had I had occasion to write, my conclusion would have been this: ‘I hope the old Trojan’s happy. In that hope, I am so; and

‘Thy rejoicing friend, ‘R. LOVELACE.’

Dwell not always, Jack, upon one subject. Let me have poor Belton’s story. The sooner the better. If I can be of service to him, tell him he may command me either in purse or person. Yet the former with a freer will than the latter; for how can I leave my goddess? But I’ll issue my commands to my other vassals to attend thy summons.

If ye want head, let me know. If not, my quota, on this occasion, is money.

LETTER XXXVIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SATURDAY, MAY 20.

Not one word will I reply to such an abandoned wretch, as thou hast shewn thyself to be in thine of last night. I will leave the lady to the protection of that Power who only can work miracles; and to her own merits. Still I have hopes that these will save her.

I will proceed, as thou desirest, to poor Belton's case; and the rather, as it has thrown me into such a train of thinking upon our past lives, our present courses, and our future views, as may be of service to us both, if I can give due weight to the reflections that arise from it.

The poor man made me a visit on Thursday, in this my melancholy attendance. He began with complaints of his ill health and spirits, his hectic cough, and his increased malady of spitting blood; and then led to his story.

A confounded one it is; and which highly aggravates his other maladies: for it has come out, that his Thomasine, (who, truly, would be new christened, you know, that her name might be nearer in sound to the christian name of the man whom she pretended to doat upon) has for many years carried on an intrigue with a fellow who had been hostler to her father (an innkeeper at Darking); of whom, at the expense of poor Belton, she has made a gentleman; and managed it so, that having the art to make herself his cashier, she has been unable to account for large sums, which he thought forthcoming at demand, and had trusted to her custody, in order to pay off a mortgage upon his parental estate in Kent, which his heart has run upon leaving clear, but which now cannot be done, and will soon be foreclosed. And yet she has so long passed for his wife, that he knows not what to resolve upon about her; nor about the two boys he was so fond of, supposing them to be his; whereas now he begins to doubt his share in them.

So KEEPING don't do, Lovelace. 'Tis not the eligible wife. 'A man must keep a woman, said the poor fellow to me, but not his estate! — Two interests! — Then, my tottering fabric!' pointing to his emaciated carcass.

We do well to value ourselves upon our liberty, or to speak more properly, upon the liberties we take. We had need to run down matrimony as we do, and to make that state the subject of our frothy jests; when we frequently render ourselves (for this of Tom's is not a singular case) the dupes and tools of women who generally govern us (by arts our wise heads penetrate not) more absolutely than a wife would attempt to do.

Let us consider this point a little; and that upon our own principles, as libertines, setting aside what is exacted from us by the laws of our country, and its

customs; which, nevertheless, we cannot get over, till we have got over almost all moral obligations, as members of society.

In the first place, let us consider (we, who are in possession of estates by legal descent) how we should have liked to have been such naked destitute varlets, as we must have been, had our fathers been as wise as ourselves; and despised matrimony as we do — and then let us ask ourselves, If we ought not to have the same regard for our posterity, as we are glad our fathers had for theirs?

But this, perhaps, is too moral a consideration. — To proceed therefore to those considerations which will be more striking to us: How can we reasonably expect economy or frugality (or anything indeed but riot and waste) from creatures who have an interest, and must therefore have views, different from our own?

They know the uncertain tenure (our fickle humours) by which they hold: And is it to be wondered at, supposing them to be provident harlots, that they should endeavour, if they have the power, to lay up against a rainy day? or, if they have not the power, that they should squander all they can come at, when they are sure of nothing but the present hour; and when the life they live, and the sacrifices they have made, put conscience and honour out of the question?

Whereas a wife, having the same family-interest with her husband, lies not under either the same apprehensions or temptations; and has not broken through (of necessity, at least, has not) those restraints which education has fastened upon her: and if she makes a private purse, which we are told by anti-matrimonialists, all wives love to do, and has children, it goes all into the same family at the long-run.

Then as to the great article of fidelity to your bed — Are not women of family, who are well-educated, under greater restraints, than creatures, who, if they ever had reputation, sacrifice it to sordid interest, or to more sordid appetite, the moment they give it up to you? Does not the example you furnish, of having succeeded with her, give encouragement for others to attempt her likewise? For with all her blandishments, can any man be so credulous, or so vain, as to believe, that the woman he could persuade, another may not prevail upon?

Adultery is so capital a guilt, that even rakes and libertines, if not wholly abandoned, and as I may say, invited by a woman's levity, disavow and condemn it: but here, in a state of KEEPING, a woman is in no danger of incurring (legally, at least) that guilt; and you yourself have broken through and overthrown in her all the fences and boundaries of moral honesty, and the modesty and reserves of her sex: And what tie shall hold her against inclination, or interest? And what shall deter an attempter?

While a husband has this security from legal sanctions, that if his wife be detected in a criminal conversation with a man of fortune, (the most likely by bribes to seduce her,) he may recover very great damages, and procure a divorce besides: which, to say nothing of the ignominy, is a consideration that must have some force upon both parties. And a wife must be vicious indeed, and a reflection upon a man's own choice, who, for the sake of change, and where there are no qualities to seduce, nor affluence to corrupt, will run so many hazards to injure her husband in the tenderest of all points.

But there are difficulties in procuring a divorce — [and so there ought] — and none, says the rake, in parting with a mistress whenever you suspect her; or whenever you are weary of her, and have a mind to change her for another.

But must not the man be a brute indeed, who can cast off a woman whom he has seduced, [if he take her from the town, that's another thing,] without some flagrant reason; something that will better justify him to himself, as well as to her, and to the world, than mere power and novelty?

But I don't see, if we judge by fact, and by the practice of all we have been acquainted with of the keeping-class, that we know how to part with them when we have them.

That we know we can if we will, is all we have for it: and this leads us to bear many things from a mistress, which we would not from a wife. But, if we are good-natured and humane: if the woman has art: [and what woman wants it, who has fallen by art? and to whose precarious situation art is so necessary?] if you have given her the credit of being called by your name: if you have a settled place of abode, and have received and paid visits in her company, as your wife: if she has brought you children — you will allow that these are strong obligations upon you in the world's eye, as well as to your own heart, against tearing yourself from such close connections. She will stick to you as your skin: and it will be next to flaying yourself to cast her off.

Even if there be cause for it, by infidelity, she will have managed ill, if she have not her defenders. Nor did I ever know a cause or a person so bad, as to want advocates, either from ill-will to the one, or pity to the other: and you will then be thought a hard-hearted miscreant: and even were she to go off without credit to herself, she will leave you as little; especially with all those whose good opinion a man would wish to cultivate.

Well, then, shall this poor privilege, that we may part with a woman if we will, be deemed a balance for the other inconveniencies? Shall it be thought by us, who are men of family and fortune, an equivalent for giving up equality of degree; and taking for the partner of our bed, and very probably more than the partner in our estates, (to the breach of all family-rule and order,) a low-born, a low-educated

creature, who has not brought any thing into the common stock; and can possibly make no returns for the solid benefits she receives, but those libidinous ones, which a man cannot boast of, but to his disgrace, nor think of, but to the shame of both?

Moreover, as the man advances in years, the fury of his libertinism will go off. He will have different aims and pursuits, which will diminish his appetite to ranging, and make such a regular life as the matrimonial and family life, palatable to him, and every day more palatable.

If he has children, and has reason to think them his, and if his lewd courses have left him any estate, he will have cause to regret the restraint his boasted liberty has laid him under, and the valuable privilege it has deprived him of; when he finds that it must descend to some relation, for whom, whether near or distant, he cares not one farthing; and who perhaps (if a man of virtue) has held him in the utmost contempt for his dissolute life.

And were we to suppose his estate in his power to bequeath as he pleases; why should a man resolve, for the gratifying of his foolish humour only, to bastardize his race? Why should he wish to expose his children to the scorn and insults of the rest of the world? Why should he, whether they are sons or daughters, lay them under the necessity of complying with proposals of marriage, either inferior as to fortune, or unequal as to age? Why should he deprive the children he loves, who themselves may be guilty of no fault, of the respect they would wish to have, and to deserve; and of the opportunity of associating themselves with proper, that is to say, with reputable company? and why should he make them think themselves under obligation to every person of character, who will vouchsafe to visit them? What little reason, in a word, would such children have to bless their father's obstinate defiance of the laws and customs of his country; and for giving them a mother, of whom they could not think with honour; to whose crime it was that they owed their very beings, and whose example it was their duty to shun?

If the education and morals of these children are left to chance, as too generally they are, (for the man who has humanity and a feeling heart, and who is capable of fondness for his offspring, I take it for granted will marry,) the case is still worse; his crime is perpetuated, as I may say, by his children: and the sea, the army, perhaps the highway, for the boys; the common for the girls; too often point out the way to a worse catastrophe.

What therefore, upon the whole, do we get by treading in these crooked paths, but danger, disgrace, and a too-late repentance?

And after all, do we not frequently become the cullies of our own libertinism; sliding into the very state with those half-worn-out doxies, which perhaps we might have entered into with their ladies; at least with their superiors both in

degree and fortune? and all the time lived handsomely like ourselves; not sneaking into holes and corners; and, when we crept abroad with our women, looking about us, and at ever one that passed us, as if we were confessedly accountable to the censures of all honest people.

My cousin Tony Jenyns, thou knewest. He had not the actively mischievous spirit, that thou, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and myself, have: but he imbibed the same notions we do, and carried them into practice.

How did he prate against wedlock! how did he strut about as a wit and a smart! and what a wit and a smart did all the boys and girls of our family (myself among the rest, then an urchin) think him, for the airs he gave himself? — Marry! No, not for the world; what man of sense would bear the insolences, the petulances, the expensiveness of a wife! He could not for the heart of him think it tolerable, that a woman of equal rank and fortune, and, as it might happen, superior talents to his own, should look upon herself to have a right to share the benefit of that fortune which she brought him.

So, after he had fluttered about the town for two or three years, in all which time he had a better opinion of himself than any body else had, what does he do, but enter upon an affair with his fencing-master's daughter?

He succeeds; takes private lodgings for her at Hackney; visits her by stealth; both of them tender of reputations that were extremely tender, but which neither had quite given up; for rakes of either sex are always the last to condemn or cry down themselves: visited by nobody, nor visiting: the life of a thief, or of a man bested by creditors, afraid to look out of his own house, or to be seen abroad with her. And thus went on for twelve years, and, though he had a good estate, hardly making both ends meet; for though no glare, there was no economy; and, beside, he had ever year a child, and very fond of his children was he. But none of them lived above three years. And being now, on the death of the dozenth, grown as dully sober, as if he had been a real husband, his good Mrs. Thomas (for he had not permitted her to take his own name) prevailed upon him to think the loss of their children a judgment upon the parents for their wicked way of life; [a time will come, Lovelace, if we live to advanced years, in which reflection will take hold of the enfeebled mind;] and then it was not difficult for his woman to induce him, by way of compounding with Heaven, to marry her. When this was done, he had leisure to sit down, and contemplate; an to recollect the many offers of persons of family and fortune to which he had declined in the prime of life: his expenses equal at least: his reputation not only less, but lost: his enjoyments stolen: his partnership unequal, and such as he had always been ashamed of. But the woman said, that after twelve or thirteen years' cohabitation, Tony did an honest thing by her. And that was all my poor cousin got by making his old

mistress his new wife — not a drum, not a trumpet, not a fife, not a tabret, nor the expectation of a new joy, to animate him on!

What Belton will do with his Thomasine I know not! nor care I to advise him: for I see the poor fellow does not like that any body should curse her but himself. This he does very heartily. And so low is he reduced, that he blubbers over the reflection upon his past fondness for her cubs, and upon his present doubts of their being his: ‘What a damn’d thing is it, Belford, if Tom and Hal should be the hostler dog’s puppies and not mine!’

Very true! and I think the strong health of the chubby-faced muscular whelps confirms the too great probability.

But I say not so to him.

You, he says, are such a gay, lively mortal, that this sad tale would make no impression upon you: especially now, that your whole heart is engaged as it is. Mowbray would be too violent upon it: he has not, he says, a feeling heart. Tourville has no discretion: and, a pretty jest! although he and his Thomasine lived without reputation in the world, (people guessing that they were not married, notwithstanding she went by his name,) yet ‘he would not too much discredit the cursed ingrate neither!’

Could a man act a weaker part, had he been really married; and were he sure he was going to separate from the mother of his own children?

I leave this as a lesson upon thy heart, without making any application: only with this remark, ‘That after we libertines have indulged our licentious appetites, reflecting, (in the conceit of our vain hearts,) both with our lips and by our lives, upon our ancestors and the good old ways, we find out, when we come to years of discretion, if we live till then (what all who knew us found out before, that is to say, we found out), our own despicable folly; that those good old ways would have been best for us, as well as for the rest of the world; and that in every step we have deviated from them we have only exposed our vanity and our ignorance at the same time.’

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXXIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SATURDAY, MAY 20.

I am pleased with the sober reflection with which thou concludest thy last; and I thank thee for it. Poor Belton! — I did not think his Thomasine would have proved so very a devil. But this must everlastingly be the risk of a keeper, who takes up with a low-bred girl. This I never did. Nor had I occasion to do it. Such a one as I, Jack, needed only, till now, to shake the stateliest tree, and the mellowed fruit dropt into my mouth: — always of Montaigne's taste thou knowest: — thought it a glory to subdue a girl of family. — More truly delightful to me the seduction- progress than the crowned act: for that's a vapour, a bubble! and most cordially do I thank thee for thy indirect hint, that I am right in my pursuit.

From such a woman as Miss Harlowe, a man is secured from all the inconveniencies thou expatiatest upon.

Once more, therefore, do I thank thee, Belford, for thy approbation! — A man need not, as thou sayest, sneak into holes and corners, and shun the day, in the company of such a woman as this. How friendly in thee, thus to abet the favourite purpose of my heart! — nor can it be a disgrace to me, to permit such a lady to be called by my name! — nor shall I be at all concerned about the world's censure, if I live to the years of discretion, which thou mentionest, should I be taken in, and prevailed upon to tread with her the good old path of my ancestors.

A blessing on thy heart, thou honest fellow! I thought thou wert in jest, and but acquitting thyself of an engagement to Lord M. when thou wert pleading for matrimony in behalf of this lady! — It could not be principle, I knew, in thee: it could not be compassion — a little envy indeed I suspected! — But now I see thee once more thyself: and once more, say I, a blessing on thy heart, thou true friend, and very honest fellow!

Now will I proceed with courage in all my schemes, and oblige thee with the continued narrative of my progressions towards bringing them to effect! — but I could not forbear to interrupt my story, to show my gratitude.

LETTER XL

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

And now will I favour thee with a brief account of our present situation.

From the highest to the lowest we are all extremely happy. — Dorcas stands well in her lady's graces. Polly has asked her advice in relation to a courtship-affair of her own. No oracle ever gave better. Sally has had a quarrel with her woollen-draper; and made my charmer lady-chancellor in it. She blamed Sally for behaving tyrannically to a man who loves her. Dear creature! to stand against a glass, and to shut her eyes because she will not see her face in it! — Mrs. Sinclair has paid her court to so unerring a judge, by requesting her advice with regard to both nieces.

This the way we have been in for several days with the people below. Yet sola generally at her meals, and seldom at other times in their company. They now, used to her ways, [perseverance must conquer,] never press her; so when they meet, all is civility on both sides. Even married people, I believe, Jack, prevent abundance of quarrels, by seeing one another but seldom.

But how stands it between thyself and the lady, methinks thou askest, since her abrupt departure from thee, and undutiful repulse of Wednesday morning?

Why, pretty well in the main. Nay, very well. For why? the dear saucy- face knows not how to help herself. Can fly to no other protection. And has, besides, overheard a conversation [who would have thought she had been so near?] which passed between Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Martin, and myself, that very Wednesday afternoon; which has set her heart at ease with respect to several doubtful points.

Such as, particularly, 'Mrs. Fretchville's unhappy state of mind — most humanely pitied by Miss Martin, who knows her very well — the husband she has lost, and herself, (as Sally says,) lovers from their cradles. Pity from one begets pity from another, be the occasion for it either strong or weak; and so many circumstances were given to poor Mrs. Fretchville's distress, that it was impossible but my beloved must extremely pity her whom the less tender-hearted Miss Martin greatly pitied.

'My Lord M.'s gout his only hindrance from visiting my spouse. Lady Betty and Miss Montague soon expected in town.

'My earnest desire signified to have my spouse receive those ladies in her own house, if Mrs. Fretchville would but know her own mind; and I pathetically lamented the delay occasioned by her not knowing it.

‘My intention to stay at Mrs. Sinclair’s, as I said I had told them before, while my spouse resides in her own house, (when Mrs. Fretchville could be brought to quit it,) in order to gratify her utmost punctilio.

‘My passion for my beloved (which, as I told them in a high and fervent accent, was the truest that man could have for woman) I boasted of. It was, in short, I said, of the true platonic kind; or I had no notion of what platonic love was.’

So it is, Jack; and must end as platonic love generally does end.

‘Sally and Mrs. Sinclair next praised, but not grossly, my beloved. Sally particularly admired her purity; called it exemplary; yet (to avoid suspicion) expressed her thoughts that she was rather over-nice, if she might presume to say so before me. But nevertheless she applauded me for the strict observation I made of my vow.

‘I more freely blamed her reserves to me; called her cruel; inveighed against her relations; doubted her love. Every favour I asked of her denied me. Yet my behaviour to her as pure and delicate when alone, as when before them. Hinted at something that had passed between us that very day, that shewed her indifference to me in so strong a light, that I could not bear it. But that I would ask her for her company to the play of Venice Preserved, given out for Sunday night as a benefit-play; the prime actors to be in it; and this, to see if I were to be denied every favour. — Yet, for my own part, I loved not tragedies; though she did, for the sake of the instruction, the warning, and the example generally given in them.

‘I had too much feeling, I said. There was enough in the world to make our hearts sad, without carrying grief in our diversions, and making the distresses of others our own.’

True enough, Belford; and I believe, generally speaking, that all the men of our cast are of my mind — They love not any tragedies but those in which they themselves act the parts of tyrants and executioners; and, afraid to trust themselves with serious and solemn reflections, run to comedies, in order to laugh away compunction on the distresses they have occasioned, and to find examples of men as immoral as themselves. For very few of our comic performances, as thou knowest, give us good ones. — I answer, however, for myself — yet thou, I think, on recollection, lovest to deal in the lamentable.

Sally answered for Polly, who was absent; Mrs. Sinclair for herself, and for all her acquaintance, even for Miss Partington, in preferring the comic to the tragic scenes. — And I believe they are right; for the devil’s in it, if a confided-in rake does not give a girl enough of tragedy in his comedy.

‘I asked Sally to oblige my fair-one with her company. She was engaged, [that was right, thou’lt suppose]. I asked Mrs. Sinclair’s leave for Polly. To be sure, she

answered, Polly would think it an honour to attend Mrs. Lovelace: but the poor thing was tender-hearted; and as the tragedy was deep, would weep herself blind.

'Sally, meantime, objected Singleton, that I might answer the objection, and save my beloved the trouble of making it, or debating the point with me; and on this occasion I regretted that her brother's projects were not laid aside; since, if they had been given up, I would have gone in person to bring up the ladies of my family to attend my spouse.

'I then, from a letter just before received from one in her father's family, warned them of a person who had undertaken to find us out, and whom I thus in writing [having called for pen and ink] described, that they might arm all the family against him— "A sun-burnt, pock-fretten sailor, ill-looking, big-boned; his stature about six foot; an heavy eye, an overhanging brow, a deck-treading stride in his walk; a couteau generally by his side; lips parched from his gums, as if by staring at the sun in hot climates; a brown coat; a coloured handkerchief about his neck; an oaken plant in his hand near as long as himself, and proportionately thick."

'No questions asked by this fellow must be answered. They should call me to him. But not let my beloved know a tittle of this, so long as it could be helped. And I added, that if her brother or Singleton came, and if they behaved civilly, I would, for her sake, be civil to them: and in this case, she had nothing to do but to own her marriage, and there could be no pretence for violence on either side. But most fervently I swore, that if she was conveyed away, either by persuasion or force, I would directly, on missing her but one day, go to demand her at Harlowe-place, whether she were there or not; and if I recovered not a sister, I would have a brother; and should find out a captain of a ship as well as he.'

And now, Jack, dost thou think she'll attempt to get from me, do what I will?

'Mrs. Sinclair began to be afraid of mischief in her house — I was apprehensive that she would over-do the matter, and be out of character. I therefore winked at her. She primed; nodded, to show she took me; twanged out a high-ho through her nose, lapped one horse-lip over the other, and was silent.'

Here's preparation, Belford! — Dost think I will throw it all away for any thing thou canst say, or Lord M. write? — No, indeed — as my charmer says, when she bridles.

* * *

And what must necessarily be the consequence of all this with regard to my beloved's behaviour to me? Canst thou doubt, that it was all complaisance next time she admitted me into her presence?

Thursday we were very happy. All the morning extremely happy. I kissed her charming hand. — I need not describe to thee her hand and arm. When thou sawest her, I took notice that thy eyes dwelt upon them whenever thou couldst spare them from that beauty spot of wonders, her face — fifty times kissed her hand, I believe — once her cheek, intending her lip, but so rapturously, that she could not help seeming angry.

Had she not thus kept me at arms-length; had she not denied me those innocent liberties which our sex, from step to step, aspire to; could I but have gained access to her in her hours of heedlessness and dishabille, [for full dress creates dignity, augments consciousness, and compels distance;] we had familiarized to each other long ago. But keep her up ever so late, meet her ever so early, by breakfast-time she is dressed for the day, and at her earliest hour, as nice as others dressed. All her forms thus kept up, wonder not that I have made so little progress in the proposed trial. — But how must all this distance stimulate!

Thursday morning, as I said, we were extremely happy — about noon, she numbered the hours she had been with me; all of them to be but as one minute; and desired to be left to herself. I was loth to comply: but observing the sun-shine began to shut in, I yielded.

I dined out. Returning, I talked of the house, and of Mrs. Fretchville — had seen Mennell — had pressed him to get the widow to quit: she pitied Mrs. Fretchville [another good effect of the overheard conversation] — had written to Lord M., expected an answer soon from him. I was admitted to sup with her. I urged for her approbation or correction of my written terms. She again promised an answer as soon as she had heard from Miss Howe.

Then I pressed for her company to the play on Saturday night. She made objections, as I had foreseen: her brother's projects, warmth of the weather, &c. But in such a manner, as if half afraid to disoblige me [another happy effect of the overheard conversation]. I soon got over these, therefore; and she consented to favour me.

Friday passed as the day before.

Here were two happy days to both. Why cannot I make every day equally happy? It looks as if it were in my power to do so. Strange, I should thus delight in teasing a woman I so dearly love! I must, I doubt, have something in my temper like Miss Howe, who loves to plague the man who puts himself in her power. — But I could not do thus by such an angel as this, did I not believe that, after her probation time shall be expired, and if she be not to be brought to cohabitation, (my darling view,) I shall reward her as she wishes.

Saturday is half over. We are equally happy — preparing for the play. Polly has offered her company, and is accepted. I have directed her where to weep: and this

not only to show her humanity, [a weeping eye indicates a gentle heart,] but to have a pretence to hide her face with a fan or handkerchief. — Yet Polly is far from being every man's girl; and we shall sit in the gallery green-box.

The woes of others, so well represented as those of Belvidera particularly will be, must, I hope, unlock and open my charmer's heart. Whenever I have been able to prevail upon a girl to permit me to attend her to a play, I have thought myself sure of her. The female heart (all gentleness and harmony by nature) expands, and forgets its forms, when its attention is carried out of itself at an agreeable or affecting entertainment — music, and perhaps a collation afterwards, co-operating.

Indeed, I have no hope of such an effect here; but I have more than one end to answer by getting her to a play. To name but one. — Dorcas has a master-key, as I have told thee. — But it were worth while to carry her to the play of Venice Preserved, were it but to show her, that there have been, and may be, much deeper distresses than she can possibly know.

Thus exceedingly happy are we at present. I hope we shall not find any of Nat. Lee's left-handed gods at work, to dash our bowl of joy with wormwood.

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XLI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, MAY 19.

I would not, if I could help it, be so continually brooding over the dark and gloomy face of my condition [all nature, you know, my dear, and every thing in it, has a bright and a gloomy side] as to be thought unable to enjoy a more hopeful prospect. And this, not only for my own sake, but for yours, who take such generous concern in all that befalls me.

Let me tell you then, my dear, that I have known four-and-twenty hours together not unhappy ones, my situation considered.

[She then gives the particulars of the conversation which she had overheard between Mr. Lovelace, Mrs. Sinclair, and Miss Martin; but accounts more minutely than he had done for the opportunity she had of overhearing it, unknown to them.

She gives the reasons she has to be pleased with what she heard from each: but is shocked at the measure he is resolved to take, if he misses her but for one day. Yet is pleased that he proposes to avoid aggressive violence, if her brother and he meet in town.]

Even Dorcas, says she, appears less exceptionable to me than before; and I cannot but pity her for her neglected education, as it is matter of so much regret to herself: else, there would not be much in it; as the low and illiterate are the most useful people in the common-wealth (since such constitute the labouring part of the public); and as a lettered education but too generally sets people above those servile offices by which the businesses of the world is carried on. Nor have I any doubt but there are, take the world through, twenty happy people among the unlettered, to one among those who have had a school-education.

This, however, concludes not against learning or letters; since one would wish to lift to some little distinction, and more genteel usefulness, those who have capacity, and whose parentage one respects, or whose services one would wish to reward.

Were my mind quite at ease, I could enlarge, perhaps not unusefully, upon this subject; for I have considered it with as much attention as my years, and little experience and observation, will permit.

But the extreme illiterateness and indocility of this maid are surprising, considering that she wants not inquisitiveness, appears willing to learn, and, in other respects, has quick parts. This confirms to me what I have heard remarked, That there is a docible season, a learning-time, as I may say, for every person, in which the mind may be led, step by step, from the lower to the higher, (year by

year,) to improvement. How industriously ought these seasons, as they offer, to be taken hold of by tutors, parents, and other friends, to whom the cultivation of the genius of children and youth is committed; since, once elapsed, and no foundation laid, they hardly ever return! — And yet it must be confessed, that there are some geniuses, which, like some fruits, ripen not till late. And industry and perseverance will do prodigious things — but for a learner to have those first rudiments to master at twenty years of age, suppose, which others are taught, and they themselves might have attained, at ten, what an uphill labour!

These kind of observations you have always wished me to intersperse, as they arise to my thoughts. But it is a sign that my prospects are a little mended, or I should not, among so many more interesting ones that my mind has been of late filled with, have had heart's ease enough to make them.

Let me give you my reflections on my more hopeful prospects.

I am now, in the first place, better able to account for the delays about the house than I was before — Poor Mrs. Fretchville! — Though I know her not, I pity her! — Next, it looks well, that he had apprized the women (before this conversation with them), of his intention to stay in this house, after I was removed to the other. By the tone of his voice he seemed concerned for the appearance of this new delay would have with me.

So handsomely did Miss Martin express herself of me, that I am sorry, methinks, that I judged so hardly of her, when I first came hither — free people may go a great way, but not all the way: and as such are generally unguarded, precipitate, and thoughtless, the same quickness, changeableness, and suddenness of spirit, as I may call it, may intervene (if the heart be not corrupted) to recover them to thought and duty.

His reason for declining to go in person to bring up the ladies of his family, while my brother and Singleton continue their machinations, carries no bad face with it; and one may the rather allow for their expectations, that so proud a spirit as his should attend them for this purpose, as he speaks of them sometimes as persons of punctilio.

Other reasons I will mention for my being easier in my mind than I was before I overheard this conversation.

Such as, the advice he had received in relation to Singleton's mate; which agrees but too well with what you, my dear, wrote to me in your's of May the 10th.*

* See Letter XXIII. of this volume.

His not intending to acquaint me with it.

His cautions to the servants about the sailor, if he should come and make inquiries about us.

His resolution to avoid violence, were he to fall in either with my brother, or this Singleton; and the easy method he has chalked out, in this case, to prevent mischief; since I need only not to deny my being his. But yet I should be driven into such a tacit acknowledgement to any new persons, till I am so, although I have been led (so much against my liking) to give countenance to the belief of the persons below that we are married.

I think myself obliged, from what passed between Mr. Lovelace and me on Wednesday, and from what I overheard him say, to consent to go with him to the play; and the rather, as he had the discretion to propose one of the nieces to accompany me.

I cannot but acknowledge that I am pleased to find that he has actually written to Lord M.

I have promised to give Mr. Lovelace an answer to his proposals as soon as I have heard from you, my dear, on the subject.

I hope that in my next letter I shall have reason to confirm these favourable appearances. Favourable I must think them in the wreck I have suffered.

I hope, that in the trial which you hint may happen between me and myself, (as you* express it,) if he should so behave as to oblige me to leave him, I shall be able to act in such a manner as to bring no discredit upon myself in your eye; and that is all now that I have to wish for. But, if I value him so much as you are pleased to suppose I do, the trial, which you imagine will be so difficult to me, will not, I conceive, be upon getting from him, when the means to affect my escape are lent me; but how I shall behave when got from him; and if, like the Israelites of old, I shall be so weak as to wish to return to my Egyptian bondage.

* See Letter XXXIV. of this volume.

I think it will not be amiss, notwithstanding the present favourable appearances, that you should perfect the scheme (whatever it be) which you tell me* you have thought of, in order to procure for me an asylum, in case of necessity. Mr. Lovelace is certainly a deep and dangerous man; and it is therefore but prudence to be watchful, and to be provided against the worst. Lord bless me, my dear, how I am reduced! — Could I ever have thought to be in such a situation, as to be obliged to stay with a man, of whose honour by me I could have but the shadow of a doubt! — But I will look forward, and hope the best.

* Ibid.

I am certain that your letters are safe. Be perfectly easy, therefore, on that head.

Mr. Lovelace will never be out of my company by his good will, otherwise I have no doubt that I am mistress of my goings-out and comings-in; and did I think it needful, and were I not afraid of my brother and Captain Singleton, I would oftener put it to trial.

LETTER XLII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SATURDAY, MAY 20.

I did not know, my dear, that you deferred giving an answer to Mr. Lovelace's proposals till you had my opinion of them. A particular hand, occasionally going to town, will leave this at Wilson's, that no delay may be made on that account.

I never had any doubt of the man's justice and generosity in matters of settlement; and all his relations are as noble in their spirits as in their descent; but now, it may not be amiss for you to wait, to see what returns my Lord makes to his letter of invitation.

The scheme I think of is this:

There is a person, whom I believe you have seen with me, her name Townsend, who is a great dealer in Indian silks, Brussels and French laces, cambricks, linen, and other valuable goods; which she has a way of coming at duty-free; and has a great vend for them (and for other curiosities which she imports) in the private families of the gentry round us.

She has her days of being in town, and then is at a chamber she rents at an inn in Southwark, where she keeps patterns of all her silks, and much of her portable goods, for the conveniency of her London customers. But her place of residence, and where she has her principal warehouse, is at Depford, for the opportunity of getting her goods on shore.

She was first brought to me by my mother, to whom she was recommended on the supposal of my speedy marriage, 'that I might have an opportunity to be as fine as a princess,' was my mother's expression, 'at a moderate expense.'

Now, my dear, I must own, that I do not love to encourage these contraband traders. What is it, but bidding defiance to the laws of our country, when we do, and hurting fair traders; and at the same time robbing our prince of his legal due, to the diminution of those duties which possibly must be made good by new levities upon the public?

But, however, Mrs. Townsend and I, though I have not yet had dealings with her, are upon a very good foot of understanding. She is a sensible woman; she has been abroad, and often goes abroad in the way of her business, and gives very entertaining accounts of all she has seen.

And having applied to me to recommend her to you, (as it is her view to be known to young ladies who are likely to change their condition,) I am sure I can engage her to give you protection at her house at Deptford; which she says is a populous village, and one of the last, I should think, in which you would be sought for. She is not much there, you will believe, by the course of her dealings,

but, no doubt, must have somebody on the spot, in whom she can confide: and there, perhaps, you might be safe till your cousin comes. And I should not think it amiss that you write to him out of hand. I cannot suggest to you what you should write. That must be left to your own discretion. For you will be afraid, no doubt, of the consequence of a variance between the two men.

But, notwithstanding all this, and were I sure of getting you safely out of his hands, I will nevertheless forgive you, were you to make all up with him, and marry to-morrow. Yet I will proceed with my projected scheme in relation to Mrs. Townsend; though I hope there will be no occasion to prosecute it, since your prospects seem to be changed, and since you have had twenty-four not unhappy hours together. How my indignation rises for this poor consolation in the courtship [courtship must I call it?] of such a woman! let me tell you, my dear, that were you once your own absolute and independent mistress, I should be tempted, notwithstanding all I have written, to wish you to be the wife of any man in the world, rather than the wife either of Lovelace or of Solmes.

Mrs. Townsend, as I have recollected, has two brothers, each a master of a vessel; and who knows, as she and they have concerns together, but that, in case of need, you may have a whole ship's crew at your devotion? If Lovelace give you cause to leave him, take no thought for the people at Harlowe-place. Let them take care of one another. It is a care they are used to. The law will help to secure them. The wretch is no assassin, no night-murderer. He is an open, because a fearless enemy; and should he attempt any thing that would make him obnoxious to the laws of society, you might have a fair riddance of him, either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

Had you not been so minute in your account of the circumstances that attended the opportunity you had of overhearing the dialogue between Mr. Lovelace and two of the women, I should have thought the conference contrived on purpose for your ear.

I showed Mr. Lovelace's proposals to Mr. Hickman, who had chambers once in Lincoln's-inn, being designed for the law, had his elder brother lived. He looked so wise, so proud, and so important, upon the occasion; and wanted to take so much consideration about them — Would take them home if I pleased — and weigh them well — and so forth — and the like — and all that — that I had no patience with him, and snatched them back with anger.

O dear! — to be so angry, an't please me, for his zeal! —

Yes, zeal without knowledge, I said — like most other zeals — if there were no objections that struck him at once, there were none.

So hasty, dearest Madam —

And so slow, un-dearest Sir, I could have said — But SURELY, said I, with a look that implied, Would you rebel, Sir!

He begged my pardon — Saw no objection, indeed! — But might he be allowed once more —

No matter — no matter — I would have shown them to my mother, I said, who, though of no inn of court, knew more of these things than half the lounging lubbers of them; and that at first sight — only that she would have been angry at the confession of our continued correspondence.

But, my dear, let the articles be drawn up, and engrossed; and solemnize upon them; and there's no more to be said.

Let me add, that the sailor-fellow has been tampering with my Kitty, and offered a bribe, to find where to direct to you. Next time he comes, I will have him laid hold of; and if I can get nothing out of him, will have him drawn through one of our deepest fishponds. His attempt to corrupt a servant of mine will justify my orders.

I send this letter away directly. But will follow it by another; which shall have for its subject only my mother, myself, and your uncle Antony. And as your prospects are more promising than they have been, I will endeavour to make you smile upon the occasion. For you will be pleased to know, that my mother has had a formal tender from that grey goose, which may make her skill in settlements useful to herself, were she to encourage it.

May your prospects be still more and more happy, prays

Your own, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLIII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SAT. SUNDAY, MAY 20, 21.

Now, my dear, for the promised subject. You must not ask me how I came by the originals [such they really are] that I am going to present you with: for my mother would not read to me those parts of your uncle's letter which bore hard upon myself, and which leave him without any title to mercy from me: nor would she let me hear but what she pleased of her's in answer; for she has condescended to answer him — with a denial, however; but such a denial as no one but an old bachelor would take from a widow.

Any body, except myself, who could have been acquainted with such a fal-lal courtship as this must have been had it proceeded, would have been glad it had gone on: and I dare say, but for the saucy daughter, it had. My good mamma, in that case, would have been ten years the younger for it, perhaps: and, could I but have approved of it, I should have been considered by her as if ten years older than I am: since, very likely, it would have been: 'We widows, my dear, know not how to keep men at a distance — so as to give them pain, in order to try their love. — You must advise me, child: you must teach me to be cruel — yet not too cruel neither — so as to make a man heartless, who has no time, God wot, to throw away.' — Then would my behaviour to Mr. Hickman have been better liked; and my mother would have bridled like her daughter.

O my dear, how might we have been diverted by the practisings for the recovery of the long forgottens! could I have been sure that it would have been in my power to have put them asunder, in the Irish style, before they had come together. But there's no trusting to the widow whose goods and chattels are in her own hands, addressed by an old bachelor who has fine things, and offers to leave her ten thousand pounds better than he found her, and sole mistress, besides, of all her notables! for these, as you will see by-and-by, are his proposals.

The old Triton's address carries the writer's marks upon the very subscription — To the equally amiable and worthy admired [there's for you!] Mrs. ANABELLA HOWE, widow, the last word added, I suppose as Esquire to a man, as a word of honour; or for fear the bella to Anna, should not enough distinguish the person meant from the spinster: [vain hussy you'll call me, I know:] And then follows; — These humbly present. — Put down as a memorandum, I presume, to make a leg, and behave handsomely at presenting it, he intending, very probably, to deliver it himself.

And now stand by — to see

ENTER OLD NEPTUNE.

His head adorned with sea-weed, and a crown of cockle-shells; as we see him decked out in Mrs. Robinson's grotto.

MONDAY, MAY 15. MADAM,

I did make a sort of resolution ten years ago never to marry. I saw in other families, where they lived best, you will be pleased to mark that, queernesses I could not away with. Then liked well enough to live single for the sake of my brother's family; and for one child in it more than the rest. But that girl has turned us all off the hinges: and why should I deny myself any comforts for them, as will not thank me for so doing, I don't know.

So much for my motives as from self and family: but the dear Mrs. Howe makes me go farther.

I have a very great fortune, I bless God for it, all of my own getting, or most of it; you will be pleased to mark that; for I was the youngest brother of three. You have also, God be thanked, a great estate, which you have improved by your own frugality and wise management. Frugality, let me stop to say, is one of the greatest virtues in this mortal life, because it enables us to do justice to all, and puts it in our power to benefit some by it, as we see they deserve.

You have but one child; and I am a bachelor, and have never a one — all bachelors cannot say so: wherefore your daughter may be the better for me, if she will keep up with my humour; which was never thought bad: especially to my equals. Servants, indeed, I don't matter being angry with, when I please; they are paid for bearing it, and too-too often deserve it; as we have frequently taken notice of to one another. And, moreover, if we keep not servants at distance, they will be familiar. I always made it a rule to find fault, whether reasonable or not, that so I might have no reason to find fault. Young women and servants in general (as worthy Mr. Solmes observes) are better governed by fear than love. But this my humour as to servants will not effect either you or Miss, you know.

I will make very advantageous settlements; such as any common friend shall judge to be so. But must have all in my own power, while I live: because, you know, Madam, it is as creditable to the wife, as to the husband, that it should be so.

I am not at fine words. We are not children; though it is hoped we may have some; for I am a very healthy sound man. I bless God for it: and never brought home from my voyages and travels a worser constitution than I took out with me. I was none of those, I will assure you. But this I will undertake, that, if you are the survivor, you shall be at the least ten thousand pounds the better for me. What, in the contrary case, I shall be the better for you, I leave to you, as you shall think my kindness to you shall deserve.

But one thing, Madam, I shall be glad of, that Miss Howe might not live with us then — [she need not know I write thus] — but go home to Mr. Hickman, as she is upon the point of marriage, I hear: and if she behaves dutifully, as she should do, to us both, she shall be the better; for I said so before.

You shall manage all things, both mine and your own; for I know but little of land-matters. All my opposition to you shall be out of love, when I think you take too much upon you for your health.

It will be very pretty for you, I should think, to have a man of experience, in a long winter's evening, to sit down by you, and tell you stories of foreign parts, and the customs of the nations he has consorted with. And I have fine curiosities of the Indian growth, such as ladies love, and some that even my niece Clary, when she was good, never saw. These, one by one, as you are kind to me, (which I make no question of, because I shall be kind to you,) shall be all yours. Prettier entertainment by much, than sitting with a too smartish daughter, sometimes out of humour; and thwarting, and vexing, as daughters will, (when women-grown especially, as I have heard you often observe;) and thinking their parents old, without paying them the reverence due to years; when, as in your case, I make no sort of doubt, they are young enough to wipe their noses. You understand me, Madam.

As for me myself, it will be very happy, and I am delighted with the thinking of it, to have, after a pleasant ride, or so, a lady of like experience with myself to come home to, and but one interest betwixt us: to reckon up our comings-in together; and what this day and this week has produced — O how this will increase love! — most mightily will it increase it! — and I believe I shall never love you enough, or be able to show you all my love.

I hope, Madam, there need not be such maiden niceties and hangings-off, as I may call them, between us, (for hanging-off sake,) as that you will deny me a line or two to this proposal, written down, although you would not answer me so readily when I spoke to you; your daughter being, I suppose, hard by; for you looked round you, as if not willing to be overheard. So I resolved to write: that my writing may stand as upon record for my upright meaning; being none of your Lovelaces; you will mark that, Madam; but a downright, true, honest, faithful Englishman. So hope you will not disdain to write a line or two to this my proposal: and I shall look upon it as a great honour, I will assure you, and be proud thereof. What can I say more? — for you are your own mistress, as I am my own master: and you shall always be your own mistress, be pleased to mark that; for so a lady of your prudence and experience ought to be.

This is a long letter. But the subject requires it; because I would not write twice where once would do. So would explain my sense and meaning at one time.

I have had writing in my head two whole months very near; but hardly knew how (being unpracticed in these matters) to begin to write. And now, good lady, be favourable to

Your most humble lover, and obedient servant, ANT. HARLOWE.

* * *

Here's a letter of courtship, my dear! — and let me subjoin to it, that if now, or hereafter, I should treat this hideous lover, who is so free with me to my mother, with asperity, and you should be disgusted at it, I shall think you don't give me that preference in your love which you have in mine.

And now, which shall I first give you; the answer of my good mamma; or the dialogue that passed between the widow mother, and the pert daughter, upon her letting the latter know that she had a love-letter?

I think you shall have the dialogue. But let me promise one thing; that if you think me too free, you must not let it run in your head that I am writing of your uncle, or of my mother; but of a couple of old lovers, no matter whom. Reverence is too apt to be forgotten by children, where the reverends forget first what belongs to their own characters. A grave remark, and therefore at your service, my dear.

Well then, suppose my mamma, (after twice coming into my closet to me, and as often going out, with very meaning features, and lips ready to burst open, but still closed, as if by compulsion, a speech going off in a slight cough, that never went near the lungs,) grown more resolute the third time of entrance, and sitting down by me, thus begin:

Mother. I have a very serious matter to talk with you upon, Nancy, when you are disposed to attend to matters within ourselves, and not let matters without ourselves wholly engross you.

A good selve-ish speech! — But I thought that friendship, gratitude, and humanity, were matters that ought to be deemed of the most intimate concern to us. But not to dwell upon words.

Daughter. I am now disposed to attend to every thing my momma is disposed to say to me.

M. Why then, child — why then, my dear — [and the good lady's face looked so plump, so smooth, and so shining!] — I see you are all attention, Nancy! — But don't be surprised! — don't be uneasy! — But I have — I have — Where is it? — [and yet it lay next her heart, never another near it — so no difficulty to have found it] — I have a letter, my dear! — [And out from her bosom it came:

but she still held it in her hand] — I have a letter, child. — It is — it is — it is from — from a gentleman, I assure you! — [lifting up her head, and smiling.]

There is no delight to a daughter, thought I, in such surprises as seem to be collecting. I will deprive my mother of the satisfaction of making a gradual discovery.

D. From Mr. Antony Harlowe, I suppose, Madam?

M. [Lips drawn closer: eye raised] Why, my dear! — I cannot but own — But how, I wonder, could you think of Mr. Anthony Harlowe?

D. How, Madam, could I think of any body else?

M. How could you think of any body else? — [angry, and drawing back her face]. But do you know the subject, Nancy?

D. You have told it, Madam, by your manner of breaking it to me. But, indeed, I question not that he had two motives in his visits — both equally agreeable to me; for all that family love me dearly.

M. No love lost, if so, between you and them. But this [rising] is what I get — so like your papa! — I never could open my heart to him!

D. Dear Madam, excuse me. Be so good as to open your heart to me. — I don't love the Harlowes — but pray excuse me.

M. You have put me quite out with your forward temper! [angrily sitting down again.]

D. I will be all patience and attention. May I be allowed to read his letter?

M. I wanted to advise with you upon it. — But you are such a strange creature! — you are always for answering one before one speaks!

D. You'll be so good as to forgive me, Madam. — But I thought every body (he among the rest) knew that you had always declared against a second marriage.

M. And so I have. But then it was in the mind I was in. Things may offer ——

I stared.

M. Nay, don't be surprised! — I don't intend — I don't intend —

D. Not, perhaps, in the mind you are in, Madam.

M. Pert creature! [rising again] —— We shall quarrel, I see! — There's no ——

D. Once more, dear Madam, I beg your excuse. I will attend in silence. — Pray, Madam, sit down again — pray do [she sat down.] — May I see the letter?

No; there are some things in it you won't like. — Your temper is known, I find, to be unhappy. But nothing bad against you; intimations, on the contrary, that you shall be the better for him, if you oblige him.

Not a living soul but the Harlowes, I said, thought me ill-tempered: and I was contented that they should, who could do as they had done by the most universally acknowledged sweetness in the world.

Here we broke out a little; but at last she read me some of the passages in the letter. But not the most mightily ridiculous: yet I could hardly keep my countenance neither, especially when she came to that passage which mentions his sound health; and at which she stopped; she best knew why — But soon resuming:

M. Well now, Nancy, tell me what you think of it.

D. Nay, pray, Madam, tell me what you think of it.

M. I expect to be answered by an answer; not by a question! You don't use to be so shy to speak your mind.

D. Not when my mamma commands me to do so.

M. Then speak it now.

D. Without hearing the whole of the letter?

M. Speak to what you have heard.

D. Why then, Madam —— you won't be my mamma HOWE, if you give way to it.

M. I am surprised at your assurance, Nancy!

D. I mean, Madam, you will then be my mamma Harlowe.

M. O dear heart! — But I am not a fool.

And her colour went and came.

D. Dear Madam, [but, indeed, I don't love a Harlowe — that's what I mean,] I am your child, and must be your child, do what you will.

M. A very pert one, I am sure, as ever mother bore! And you must be my child, do what I will! — as much as to say, you would not, if you could help it, if I —

D. How could I have such a thought! — It would be forward, indeed, if I had — when I don't know what your mind is as to the proposal: — when the proposal is so very advantageous a one too.

M. [Looking a little less discomposed] why, indeed, ten thousand pounds ——

D. And to be sure of outliving him, Madam!

M. Sure! — nobody can be sure — but it is very likely that ——

D. Not at all, Madam. You was going to read something (but stopped) about his constitution: his sobriety is well known — Why, Madam, these gentlemen who have used the sea, and been in different climates, and come home to relax from cares in a temperate one, and are sober — are the likeliest to live long of any men in the world. Don't you see that his very skin is a fortification of buff?

M. Strange creature!

D. God forbid, that any body I love and honour should marry a man in hopes to bury him — but suppose, Madam, at your time of life ——

M. My time of life? — Dear heart! — What is my time of life, pray?

D. Not old, Madam; and that you are not, may be your danger!

As I hope to live (my dear) my mother smiled, and looked not displeased with me.

M. Why, indeed, child — why, indeed, I must needs say — and then I should choose to do nothing (forward as you are sometimes) to hurt you.

D. Why, as to that, Madam, I can't expect that you should deprive yourself of any satisfaction —

M. Satisfaction, my dear! — I don't say it would be a satisfaction — but could I do any thing that would benefit you, it would perhaps be an inducement to hold one conference upon the subject.

D. My fortune already will be more considerable than my match, if I am to have Mr. Hickman.

M. Why so? — Mr. Hickman has fortune enough to entitle him to your's.

D. If you think so, that's enough.

M. Not but I should think the worse of myself, if I desired anybody's death; but I think, as you say, Mr. Antony Harlowe is a healthy man, and bids fair for a long life.

Bless me, thought I, how shall I do to know whether this be an objection or a recommendation!

D. Will you forgive me, Madam?

M. What would the girl say? [looking as if she was half afraid to hear what.]

D. Only, that if you marry a man of his time of life, you stand two chances instead of one, to be a nurse at your time of life.

M. Saucebox!

D. Dear Madam! — What I mean is only that these healthy old men sometimes fall into lingering disorders all at once. And I humbly conceive, that the infirmities of age are uneasily borne with, where the remembrance of the pleasanter season comes not in to relieve the healthier of the two.

M. A strange girl! — Yet his healthy constitution an objection just now! — But I have always told you, that you know either too much to be argued with, or too little for me to have patience with you.

D. I can't but say, I should be glad of your commands, Madam, how to behave myself to Mr. Antony Harlowe next time he comes.

M. How to behave yourself! — Why, if you retire with contempt of him, when he comes next, it will be but as you have been used to do of late.

D. Then he is to come again, Madam?

M. And suppose he be?

D. I can't help it, if it be your pleasure, Madam. He desires a line in answer to his fine letter. If he come, it will be in pursuance of that line, I presume?

M. None of your arch and pert leers, girl! — You know I won't bear them. I had a mind to hear what you would say to this matter. I have not written; but I shall presently.

D. It is mighty good of you, Madam, (I hope the man will think so,) to answer his first application by letter. — Pity he should write twice, if once will do.

M. That fetch won't let you into my intention as to what I shall write. It is too saucily put.

D. Perhaps I can guess at your intention, Madam, were it to become me so to do.

M. Perhaps I would not make Mr. Hickman of any man; using him the worse for respecting me.

D. Nor, perhaps, would I, Madam, if I liked his respects.

M. I understand you. But, perhaps, it is in your power to make me hearken, or not, to Mr. Harlowe.

D. Young men, who have probably a good deal of time before them need not be in haste for a wife. Mr. Hickman, poor man! must stay his time, or take his remedy.

M. He bears more from you than a man ought.

D. Then, I doubt, he gives a reason for the treatment he meets with.

M. Provoking creature!

D. I have but one request to make to you, Madam.

M. A dutiful one, I suppose. What is it, pray?

D. That if you marry, I may be permitted to live single.

M. Perverse creature, I'm sure!

D. How can I expect, Madam, that you should refuse such terms? Ten thousand pounds! — At the least ten thousand pounds! — A very handsome proposal! — So many fine things too, to give you one by one! — Dearest Madam, forgive me! — I hope it is not yet so far gone, that rallying this man will be thought want of duty to you.

M. Your rallying of him, and your reverence to me, it is plain, have one source.

D. I hope not, Madam. But ten thousand pounds ——

M. Is no unhandsome proposal.

D. Indeed I think so. I hope, Madam, you will not be behind-hand with him in generosity.

M. He won't be ten thousand pounds the better for me, if he survive me.

D. No, Madam; he can't expect that, as you have a daughter, and as he is a bachelor, and has not a child! — Poor old soul!

M. Old soul, Nancy! — And thus to call him for being a bachelor, not having a child! — Does this become you?

D. Not old soul for that, Madam — but half the sum; five thousand pounds; you can't engage for less, Madam.

M. That sum has your approbation then? [Looking as if she'd be even with me].

D. As he leaves it to your generosity, Madam, to reward his kindness to you, it can't be less. — Do, dear Madam, permit me, without incurring your displeasure, to call him poor old soul again.

M. Never was such a whimsical creature! — [turning away to hide her involuntary smile, for I believe I looked very archly; at least I intended to do so] — I hate that wicked sly look. You give yourself very free airs — don't you?

D. I snatched her hand, and kissed it — My dear Mamma, be not angry with your girl! — You have told me, that you was very lively formerly.

M. Formerly! Good lack! — But were I to encourage his proposals, you may be sure, that for Mr. Hickman's sake, as well as your's, I should make a wise agreement.

D. You have both lived to years of prudence, Madam.

M. Yes, I suppose I am an old soul too.

D. He also is for making a wise agreement, or hinting at one, at least.

M. Well, the short and the long I suppose is this: I have not your consent to marry.

D. Indeed, Madam, you have not my wishes to marry.

M. Let me tell you, that if prudence consists in wishing well to one's self, I see not but the young flirts are as prudent as the old souls.

D. Dear Madam, would you blame me, if to wish you not to marry Mr. Antony Harlowe, is to wish well to myself?

M. You are mighty witty. I wish you were as dutiful.

D. I am more dutiful, I hope, than witty; or I should be a fool as well as a saucebox.

M. Let me be judge of both — Parents are only to live for their children, let them deserve it or not. That's their dutiful notion!

D. Heaven forbid that I should wish, if there be two interests between my mother and me, that my mother postpone her own for mine! — or give up any thing that would add to the real comforts of her life to oblige me! — Tell me, my dear Mamma, if you think the closing with this proposal will?

M. I say, that ten thousand pounds is such an acquisition to one's family, that the offer of it deserves a civil return.

D. Not the offer, Madam: the chance only! — if indeed you have a view to an increase of family, the money may provide —

M. You can’t keep within tolerable bounds! — That saucy fleer I cannot away with —

D. Dearest, dearest Madam, forgive me; but old soul ran in my head again! — Nay, indeed, and upon my word, I will not be robbed of that charming smile! And again I kissed her hand.

M. Away, bold creature! Nothing can be so provoking as to be made to smile when one would choose, and ought, to be angry.

D. But, dear Madam, if it be to be, I presume you won’t think of it before next winter.

M. What now would the pert one be at?

D. Because he only proposes to entertain you with pretty stories of foreign nations in a winter’s evening. — Dearest, dearest Madam, let me have all the reading of his letter through. I will forgive him all he says about me.

M. It may be a very difficult thing, perhaps, for a man of the best sense to write a love-letter that may not be cavilled at.

D. That’s because lovers in their letters hit not the medium. They either write too much nonsense, or too little. But do you call this odd soul’s letter [no more will I call him old soul, if I can help it] a love-letter?

M. Well, well, I see you are averse to this matter. I am not to be your mother; you will live single, if I marry. I had a mind to see if generosity govern you in your views. I shall pursue my own inclinations; and if they should happen to be suitable to yours, pray let me for the future be better rewarded by you than hitherto I have been.

And away she flung, without staying for a reply. — Vexed, I dare say, that I did not better approve of the proposal — were it only that the merit of denying might have been all her own, and to lay the stronger obligation upon her saucy daughter.

She wrote such a widow-like refusal when she went from me, as might not exclude hope in any other wooer; whatever it may do in Mr. Tony Harlowe.

It will be my part, to take care to beat her off the visit she half- promises to make him (as you will see in her answer) upon condition that he will withdraw his suit. For who knows what effect the old bachelor’s exotics [far-fetched and dear-bought you know is a proverb] might otherwise have upon a woman’s mind, wanting nothing but unnecessaries, gewgaws, and fineries, and offered such as are not easily to be met with, or purchased?

Well, but now I give you leave to read here, in this place, the copy of my mother’s answer to your uncle’s letter. Not one comment will I make upon it. I know my duty better. And here, therefore, taking the liberty to hope, that I may, in your present less disagreeable, though not wholly agreeable situation, provoke a smile from you, I conclude myself,

Your ever affectionate and faithful, ANNA HOWE.

MRS. ANNABELLA HOWE, TO ANTONY HARLY, ESQ.

MR. ANTONY HARLOWE, FRIDAY, MAY 19.

SIR,

It is not usual I believe for our sex to answer by pen and ink the first letter on these occasions. The first letter! How odd is that! As if I expected another; which I do not. But then I think, as I do not judge proper to encourage your proposal, there is no reason why I should not answer in civility, where so great a civility is intended. Indeed, I was always of opinion that a person was entitled to that, and not to ill usage, because he had a respect for me. And so I have often and often told my daughter.

A woman I think makes but a poor figure in a man's eye afterwards, and does no reputation to her sex neither, when she behaves like a tyrant to him beforehand.

To be sure, Sir, if I were to change my condition, I know not a gentleman whose proposal could be more agreeable. Your nephew and your nieces have enough without you: my daughter has a fine fortune without me, and I should take care to double it, living or dying, were I to do such a thing: so nobody need to be the worse for it. But Nancy would not think so.

All the comfort I know of in children, is, that when young they do with us what they will, and all is pretty in them to their very faults; and when they are grown up, they think their parents must live for them only; and deny themselves every thing for their sakes. I know Nancy could not bear a father-in-law. She would fly at the very thought of my being in earnest to give her one. Not that I stand in fear of my daughter neither. It is not fit I should. But she has her poor papa's spirit. A very violent one that was. And one would not choose, you know, Sir, to enter into any affair, that, one knows, one must renounce a daughter for, or she a mother — except indeed one's heart were much in it; which, I bless God, mine is not.

I have now been a widow these ten years; nobody to controul me: and I am said not to bear controul: so, Sir, you and I are best as we are, I believe: nay, I am sure of it: for we want not what either has; having both more than we know what to do with. And I know I could not be in the least accountable for any of my ways.

My daughter indeed, though she is a fine girl, as girls go, (she has too much sense indeed for one of her sex, and knows she has it,) is more a check to me than one would wish a daughter to be: for who would choose to be always snapping at each other? But she will soon be married; and then, not living together, we shall only come together when we are pleased, and stay away when we are not; and so, like other lovers, never see any thing but the best sides of each other.

I own, for all this, that I love her dearly; and she me, I dare say: so would not wish to provoke her to do otherwise. Besides, the girl is so much regarded every where, that having lived so much of my prime a widow, I would not lay myself open to her censures, or even to her indifference, you know.

Your generous proposal requires all this explicitness. I thank you for your good opinion of me. When I know you acquiesce with this my civil refusal [and indeed, Sir, I am as much in earnest in it, as if I had spoken broader] I don't know but Nancy and I may, with your permission, come to see your fine things; for I am a great admirer of rarities that come from abroad.

So, Sir, let us only converse occasionally as we meet, as we used to do, without any other view to each other than good wishes: which I hope may not be lessened for this declining. And then I shall always think myself

Your obliged servant, ANNABELLA HOWE.

P.S. I sent word by Mrs. Lorimer, that I would write an answer: but would take time for consideration. So hope, Sir, you won't think it a slight, I did not write sooner.

LETTER XLIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY, MAY 21.

I am too much disturbed in my mind to think of any thing but revenge; or I did intend to give thee an account of Miss Harlowe's observations on the play. Miss Harlowe's I say. Thou knowest that I hate the name of Harlowe; and I am exceedingly out of humour with her, and with her saucy friend.

What's the matter now? thou'lt ask.

Matter enough; for while we were at the play, Dorcas, who had her orders, and a key to her lady's chamber, as well as a master-key to her drawers and mahogany chest, closet-key and all, found means to come at some of Miss Howe's last-written letters. The vigilant wench was directed to them by seeing her lady take a letter out of her stays, and put it to the others, before she went out with me — afraid, as the women upbraidingly tell me, that I should find it there.

Dorcas no sooner found them, than she assembled three ready writers of the non-apparents; and Sally, and she, and they employed themselves with the utmost diligence, in making extracts, according to former directions, from these cursed letters, for my use. Cursed, may I well call them — Such abuses! — Such virulence! — O this little fury Miss Howe! — Well might her saucy friend (who has been equally free with me, or the occasion could not have been given) be so violent as she lately was, at my endeavouring to come at one of these letters.

I was sure, that this fair-one, at so early an age, with a constitution so firm, health so blooming, eyes so sparkling, expectations therefore so lively, and hope so predominating, could not be absolutely, and from her own vigilance, so guarded, and so apprehensive, as I have found her to be.

Sparkling eyes, Jack, when the poetical tribe have said all they can for them, are an infallible sign of a rogue, or room for a rogue, in the heart.

Thou mayest go on with thy preachments, and Lord M. with his wisdom of nations, I am now more assured of her than ever. And now my revenge is up, and joined with my love, all resistance must fall before it. And most solemnly do I swear, that Miss Howe shall come in for her snack.

And here, just now, is another letter brought from the same little virulent devil. I hope to procure scripts from that too, very speedily, if it be put to the test; for the saucy fair-one is resolved to go to church this morning; no so much from a spirit of devotion, I have reason to think, as to try whether she can go out without check, controul, or my attention.

* * *

I have been denied breakfasting with her. Indeed she was a little displeased with me last night: because, on our return from the play, I obliged her to pass the rest of the night with the women and me, in their parlour, and to stay till near one. She told me at parting, that she expected to have the whole next day to herself. I had not read the extracts then; so I had resolved to begin a new course, and, if possible, to banish all jealousy and suspicion from her heart: and yet I had no reason to be much troubled at her past suspicions; since, if a woman will continue with a man whom she suspects, when she can get from him, or thinks she can, I am sure it is a very hopeful sign.

* * *

She is gone. Slipt down before I was aware. She had ordered a chair, on purpose to exclude my personal attendance. But I had taken proper precautions. Will. attended her by consent; Peter, the house-servant, was within Will.'s call.

I had, by Dorcas, represented her danger from Singleton, in order to dissuade her from going at all, unless she allowed me to attend her; but I was answered, with her usual saucy smartness, that if there were no cause of fear of being met with at the playhouse, when there were but two playhouses, surely there was less at church, when there were so many churches. The chairmen were ordered to carry her to St. James's Church.

But she would not be so careless of obliging me, if she knew what I have already come at, and how the women urge me on; for they are continually complaining of the restraint they lie under in their behaviour; in their attendance; neglecting all their concerns in the front house; and keeping this elegant back one entirely free from company, that she may have no suspicion of them. They doubt not my generosity, they say: But why for my own sake, in Lord M.'s style, should I make so long a harvest of so little corn?

Women, ye reason well. I think I will begin my operations the moment she comes in.

* * *

I have come at the letter brought her from Miss Howe to-day. Plot, conjuration, sorcery, witchcraft, all going forward! I shall not be able to see this Miss Harlowe with patience. As the nymphs below ask, so do I, Why is night necessary? And Sally and Polly upbraidingly remind me of my first attempts upon themselves. Yet force answers not my end — and yet it may, if there be truth in that part of the

libertine's creed, That once subdued, is always subdued! And what woman answers affirmatively to the question?

* * *

She is returned: But refuses to admit me: and insists upon having the day to herself. Dorcas tells me, that she believes her denial is from motives of piety. — Oons, Jack, is there impiety in seeing me? — Would it not be the highest act of piety to reclaim me? And is this to be done by her refusing to see me when she is in a devouter frame than usual? — But I hate her, hate her heartily! She is old, ugly, and deformed. — But O the blasphemy! yet she is a Harlowe: and I do and can hate her for that.

But since I must not see her, [she will be mistress of her own will, and of her time, truly!] let me fill up my time, by telling thee what I have come at.

The first letter the women met with, is dated April 27.* Where can she have put the preceding ones! — It mentions Mr. Hickman as a busy fellow between them. Hickman had best take care of himself. She says in it, 'I hope you have no cause to repent returning my Norris — it is forthcoming on demand.' Now, what the devil can this mean! — Her Norris forthcoming on demand! — the devil take me, if I am out-Norris'd! — If such innocents can allow themselves to plot (to Norris), well may I.

* See Vol. IV. Letter II.

She is sorry, that 'her Hannah can't be with her.' — And what if she could? — What could Hannah do for her in such a house as this?

'The women in the house are to be found out in one breakfasting.' The women are enraged at both the correspondents for this; and more than ever make a point of my subduing her. I had a good mind to give Miss Howe to them in full property. Say but the word, Jack, and it shall be done.

'She is glad that Miss Harlowe had thoughts of taking me at my word. She wondered I did not offer again.' Advises her, if I don't soon, 'not to stay with me.' Cautions her, 'to keep me at a distance; not to permit the least familiarity.' — See, Jack! see Belford! — Exactly as I thought! — Her vigilance all owing to a cool friend; who can sit down quietly, and give that advice, which in her own case she could not take. What an encouragement to me to proceed in my devices, when I have reason to think that my beloved's reserves are owing more to Miss Howe's cautions than to her own inclinations! But 'it is my interest to be honest,' Miss Howe tells her. — INTEREST, fools! — I thought these girls knew, that my interest was ever subservient to my pleasure.

What would I give to come at the copies of the letters to which those of Miss Howe are answers!

The next letter is dated May 3.* In this the little termagant expresses her astonishment, that her mother should write to Miss Harlowe, to forbid her to correspond with her daughter. Mr. Hickman, she says, is of opinion, ‘that she ought not to obey her mother.’ How the creeping fellow trims between both! I am afraid, that I must punish him, as well as this virago; and I have a scheme rumbling in my head, that wants but half an hour’s musing to bring into form, that will do my business upon both. I cannot bear, that the parental authority should be thus despised, thus trampled under foot. But observe the vixen, ‘’Tis well he is of her opinion; for her mother having set her up, she must have somebody to quarrel with.’ — Could a Lovelace have allowed himself a greater license? This girl’s a devilish rake in her heart. Had she been a man, and one of us, she’d have outdone us all in enterprise and spirit.

* See Vol. IV. Letter X.

‘She wants but very little farther provocation,’ she says, ‘to fly privately to London. And if she does, she will not leave her till she sees her either honourably married, or quit of the wretch.’ Here, Jack, the transcriber Sally has added a prayer— ‘For the Lord’s sake, dear Mr. Lovealce, get this fury to London!’ — Her fate, I can tell thee, Jack, if we had her among us, should not be so long deciding as her friend’s. What a gantelope would she run, when I had done with her, among a dozen of her own pitiless sex, whom my charmer shall never see! — But more of this anon.

I find by this letter, that my saucy captive has been drawing the characters of every varlet of ye. Nor am I spared in it more than you. ‘The man’s a fool, to be sure, my dear.’ Let me perish, if they either of them find me one!— ‘A silly fellow, at least.’ Cursed contemptible!— ‘I see not but they are a set of infernals!’ There’s one for thee, Lovelace! and yet she would have her friend marry a Beelzebub. — And what have any of us done, (within the knowledge of Miss Harlowe,) that she should give such an account of us, as should excuse so much abuse from Miss Howe! — But the occasion that shall warrant this abuse is to come!

She blames her, for ‘not admitting Miss Partington to her bed — watchful, as you are, what could have happened? — If violence were intended, he would not stay for the night.’ I am ashamed to have this hinted to me by this virago. Sally writes upon this hint— ‘See, Sir, what is expected from you. An hundred, and an hundred times have we told you of this.’ — And so they have. But to be sure, the advice from them was not half the efficacy as it will be from Miss Howe.— ‘You might have sat up after her, or not gone to bed,’ proceeds she.

But can there be such apprehensions between them, yet the one advise her to stay, and the other resolve to wait my imperial motion for marriage? I am glad I know that.

She approves of my proposal of Mrs. Fretchville's house. She puts her upon expecting settlements; upon naming a day: and concludes with insisting upon her writing, notwithstanding her mother's prohibitions; or bids her 'take the consequence.' Undutiful wretches! How I long to vindicate against them both the insulted parental character!

Thou wilt say to thyself, by this time, And can this proud and insolent girl be the same Miss Howe, who sighed for an honest Sir George Colmar; and who, but for this her beloved friend, would have followed him in all his broken fortunes, when he was obliged to quit the kingdom?

Yes, she is the very same. And I always found in others, as well as in myself, that a first passion thoroughly subdued, made the conqueror of it a rover; the conqueress a tyrant.

Well, but now comes mincing in a letter, from one who has 'the honour of dear Miss Howe's commands'* to acquaint Miss Harlowe, that Miss Howe is 'excessively concerned for the concern she has given her.'

* See Vol. IV. Letter XII.

'I have great temptations, on this occasion,' says the prim Gothamite, 'to express my own resentments upon your present state.'

'My own resentments!' —— And why did he not fall into this temptation? — Why, truly, because he knew not what that state was which gave him so tempting a subject — only by a conjecture, and so forth.

He then dances in his style, as he does in his gait! To be sure, to be sure, he must have made the grand tour, and come home by way of Tipperary.

'And being moreover forbid,' says the prancer, 'to enter into the cruel subject.' — This prohibition was a mercy to thee, friend Hickman! — But why cruel subject, if thou knowest not what it is, but conjecturest only from the disturbance it gives to a girl, that is her mother's disturbance, will be thy disturbance, and the disturbance, in turn, of every body with whom she is intimately acquainted, unless I have the humbling of her?

In another letter,* the little fury professes, 'that she will write, and that no man shall write for her,' as if some medium of that kind had been proposed. She approves of her fair friend's intention 'to leave me, if she can be received by her relations. I am a wretch, a foolish wretch. She hates me for my teasing ways. She has just made an acquaintance with one who knows a vast deal of my private history.' A curse upon her, and upon her historiographer!— 'The man is really a

villain, an execrable one.' Devil take her!— 'Had I a dozen lives, I might have forfeited them all twenty crimes ago.' An odd way of reckoning, Jack!

* See Letter XXIII. of this volume.

Miss Betterton, Miss Lockyer, are named — the man, (she irreverently repeats) she again calls a villain. Let me perish, I repeat, if I am called a villain for nothing! — She 'will have her uncle,' as Miss Harlowe requests, 'sounded about receiving her. Dorcas is to be attached to her interest: my letters are to be come at by surprise or trick' —

What thinkest thou of this, Jack?

Miss Howe is alarmed at my attempt to come at a letter of hers.

'Were I to come at the knowledge of her freedoms with my character,' she says, 'she should be afraid to stir out without a guard.' I would advise the vixen to get her guard ready.

'I am at the head of a gang of wretches,' [thee, Jack, and thy brother varlets, she owns she means,] 'who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to support one another in their villanies.' — What sayest thou to this, Belford?

'She wonders not at her melancholy reflections for meeting me, for being forced upon me, and tricked by me.' — I hope, Jack, thou'lt have done preaching after this!

But she comforts her, 'that she will be both a warning and an example to all her sex.' I hope the sex will thank me for this!

The nymphs had not time, they say, to transcribe all that was worthy of my resentment in this letter: so I must find an opportunity to come at it myself. Noble rant, they say, it contains — But I am a seducer, and a hundred vile fellows, in it. — 'And the devil, it seems, took possession of my heart, and of the hearts of all her friends, in the same dark hour, in order to provoke her to meet me.' Again, 'There is a fate in her error,' she says — Why then should she grieve?— 'Adversity is her shining time,' and I can't tell what; yet never to thank the man to whom she owes the shine!

In the next letter,* wicked as I am, 'she fears I must be her lord and master.'

* See Letter XXIX. of this volume.

I hope so.

She retracts what she said against me in her last. — My behaviour to my Rosebud; Miss Harlowe to take possession of Mrs. Fretchville's house; I to stay at Mrs. Sinclair's; the stake I have in my country; my reversions; my economy; my person; my address; [something like in all this!] are brought in my favour, to induce her now not to leave me. How do I love to puzzle these long-sighted girls!

Yet 'my teasing ways,' it seems, 'are intolerable.' — Are women only to tease, I trow? The sex may thank themselves for teaching me to out-tease them. So the

headstrong Charles XII. of Sweden taught the Czar Peter to beat him, by continuing a war with the Muscovites against the ancient maxims of his kingdom.

'May eternal vengeance PURSUE the villain, [thank heaven, she does not say overtake,] if he give room to doubt his honour!' — Women can't swear, Jack — sweet souls! they can only curse.

I am said, to doubt her love — Have I not reason? And she, to doubt my ardour — Ardour, Jack! — why, 'tis very right — women, as Miss Howe says, and as every rake knows, love ardours!

She apprizes her, of the 'ill success of the application made to her uncle.' — By Hickman no doubt! — I must have this fellow's ears in my pocket, very quickly I believe.

She says, 'she is equally shocked and enraged against all her family: Mrs. Norton's weight has been tried upon Mrs. Harlowe, as well as Mr. Hickman's upon the uncle: but never were there,' says the vixen, 'such determined brutes in the world. Her uncle concludes her ruined already.' Is not that a call upon me, as well as a reproach?— 'They all expected applications from her when in distress — but were resolved not to stir an inch to save her life.' Miss Howe 'is concerned,' she tells her, 'for the revenge my pride may put me upon taking for the distance she has kept me at' — and well she may. — It is now evident to her, that she must be mine (for her cousin Morden, it seems, is set against her too) — an act of necessity, of convenience! — thy friend, Jack, to be already made a woman's convenience! Is this to be borne by a Lovelace?

I shall make great use of this letter. From Miss Howe's hints of what passed between her uncle Harlowe and Hickman, [it must be Hickman,] I can give room for my invention to play; for she tells her, that 'she will not reveal all.' I must endeavour to come at this letter myself. I must have the very words: extracts will not do. This letter, when I have it, must be my compass to steer by.

The fire of friendship then blazes and crackles. I never before imagined that so fervent a friendship could subsist between two sister-beauties, both toasts. But even here it may be inflamed by opposition, and by that contradiction which gives vigour to female spirits of a warm and romantic turn.

She raves about 'coming up, if by doing so she could prevent so noble a creature from stooping too low, or save her from ruin.' — One reed to support another! I think I will contrive to bring her up.

How comes it to pass, that I cannot help being pleased with this virago's spirit, though I suffer by it? Had I her but here, I'd engage, in a week's time, to teach her submission without reserve. What pleasure should I have in breaking such a spirit! I should wish for her but for one month, I think. She would be too tame and spiritless for me after that. How sweetly pretty to see the two lovely friends, when

humbled and tame, both sitting in the darkest corner of a room, arm in arm, weeping and sobbing for each other! — and I their emperor, their then acknowledged emperor, reclined at my ease in the same room, uncertain to which I should first, grand signor like, throw out my handkerchief!

Again mind the girl: ‘She is enraged at the Harlowes;’ she is ‘angry at her own mother;’ she is exasperated against her foolish and low-vanity’d Lovelace.’ FOOLISH, a little toad! [God forgive me for calling such a virtuous girl a toad!] — ‘Let us stoop to lift the wretch out of his dirt, though we soil our fingers in doing it! He has not been guilty of direct indecency to you.’ It seems extraordinary to Miss Howe that I have not.— ‘Nor dare he!’ She should be sure of that. If women have such things in their heads, why should not I in my heart? Not so much of a devil as that comes to neither. Such villainous intentions would have shown themselves before now if I had them. — Lord help them! —

She then puts her friend upon urging for settlements, license, and so forth.— ‘No room for delicacy now,’ she says; and tells her what she shall say, ‘to bring all forward from me.’ Is it not as clear to thee, Jack, as it is to me, that I should have carried my point long ago, but for this vixen? — She reproaches her for having MODESTY’D away, as she calls it, more than one opportunity, that she ought not to have slipt. — Thus thou seest, that the noblest of the sex mean nothing in the world by their shyness and distance, but to pound the poor fellow they dislike not, when he comes into their purlieus.

Though ‘tricked into this man’s power,’ she tells her, she is ‘not meanly subjugated to it.’ There are hopes of my reformation, it seems, ‘from my reverence for her; since before her I never had any reverence for what was good!’ I am ‘a great, a specious deceiver.’ I thank her for this, however. A good moral use, she says, may be made of my ‘having prevailed upon her to swerve.’ I am glad that any good may flow from my actions.

Annexed to this letter is a paper the most saucy that ever was written of a mother by a daughter. There are in it such free reflections upon widows and bachelors, that I cannot but wonder how Miss Howe came by her learning. Sir George Colmar, I can tell thee, was a greater fool than thy friend, if she had it all for nothing.

The contents of this paper acquaint Miss Harlowe, that her uncle Antony has been making proposals of marriage to her mother.

The old fellow’s heart ought to be a tough one, if he succeed; or she who broke that of a much worthier man, the late Mr. Howe, will soon get rid of him.

But be this as it may, the stupid family is made more irreconcilable than ever to their goddess-daughter for old Antony’s thoughts of marrying: so I am more secure of her than ever. And yet I believe at last, that my tender heart will be

moved in her favour. For I did not wish that she should have nothing but persecution and distress. — But why loves she the brutes, as Miss Howe justly calls them, so much; me so little?

I have still more unpardonable transcripts from other letters.

LETTER XLV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

The next letter is of such a nature, that, I dare say, these proud rouges would not have had it fall into my hands for the world.*

* See Letter XXXIV. of this volume.

I see by it to what her displeasure with me, in relation to my proposals, was owing. They were not summed up, it seems, with the warmth, with the ardour, which she had expected.

This whole letter was transcribed by Dorcas, to whose lot it fell. Thou shalt have copies of them all at full length shortly.

'Men of our cast,' this little devil says, 'she fancies, cannot have the ardours that honest men have.' Miss Howe has very pretty fancies, Jack. Charming girl! Would to Heaven I knew whether my fair-one answers her as freely as she writes! 'Twould vex a man's heart, that this virago should have come honestly by her fancies.

Who knows but I may have half a dozen creatures to get off my hands, before I engage for life? — Yet, lest this should mean me a compliment, as if I would reform, she adds her belief, that she 'must not expect me to be honest on this side my grand climacteric.' She has an high opinion of her sex, to think they can charm so long a man so well acquainted with their identicalness.

'He to suggest delays,' she says, 'from a compliment to be made to Lord M.!' — Yes, I, my dear. — Because a man has not been accustomed to be dutiful, must he never be dutiful? — In so important a case as this too! the hearts of his whole family are engaged in it!— 'You did, indeed,' says she, 'want an interposing friend — but were I to have been in your situation, I would have torn his eyes out, and left it to his heart to furnish the reason for it.' See! See! What sayest thou to this, Jack?

'Villain — fellow that he is!' follow. And for what? Only for wishing that the next day were to be my happy one; and for being dutiful to my nearest relation.

'It is the cruelest of fates,' she says, 'for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart despises.' — That is what I wanted to be sure of. — I was afraid, that my beloved was too conscious of her talents; of her superiority! I was afraid that she indeed despises me. — And I cannot bear to think that she does. But, Belford, I do not intend that this lady shall be bound down to so cruel a fate. Let me perish if I marry a woman who has given her most intimate friend reason to say, she despises me! — A Lovelace to be despised, Jack!

‘His clenched fist to his forehead on your leaving him in just displeasure’ — that is, when she was not satisfied with my ardours, if it please ye! — I remember the motion: but her back was towards me at the time.* Are these watchful ladies all eye? — But observe what follows; ‘I wish it had been a poll-axe, and in the hands of his worst enemy.’ —

* She tells Miss Howe, that she saw this motion in the pier-glass. See Letter XXXIII. of this volume.

I will have patience, Jack; I will have patience! My day is at hand. — Then will I steel my heart with these remembrances.

But here is a scheme to be thought of, in order to ‘get my fair prize out of my hands, in case I give her reason to suspect me.’

This indeed alarms me. Now the contention becomes arduous. Now wilt thou not wonder, if I let loose my plotting genius upon them both. I will not be out-Norris’d, Belford.

But once more, ‘She has no notion,’ she says, ‘that I can or dare to mean her dishonour. But then the man is a fool — that’s all.’ — I should indeed be a fool, to proceed as I do, and mean matrimony!— ‘However, since you are thrown upon a fool,’ says she, ‘marry the fool at the first opportunity; and though I doubt that this man will be the most unmanageable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a punishment, since you cannot as a reward.’ — Is there any bearing this, Belford?

But, ‘such men as myself, are the men that women do not naturally hate.’ — True as the gospel, Jack! — The truth is out at last. Have I not always told thee so? Sweet creatures and true christians these young girls! They love their enemies. But rakes in their hearts all of them! Like turns to like; that’s the thing. Were I not well assured of the truth of this observation of the vixen, I should have thought it worth while, if not to be a good man, to be more of an hypocrite, than I found it needful to be.

But in the letter I came at to-day, while she was at church, her scheme is further opened; and a cursed one it is.

[Mr. Lovelace then transcribes, from his short-hand notes, that part of Miss Howe’s letter, which relates to the design of engaging Mrs. Townsend (in case of necessity) to give her protection till Colonel Morden come:* and repeats his vows of revenge; especially for these words; ‘That should he attempt any thing that would make him obnoxious to the laws of society, she might have a fair riddance of him, either by flight or the gallows, no matter which.’ He then adds] —

* See Letter XLII. of this volume.

’Tis my pride to subdue girls who know too much to doubt their knowledge; and to convince them, that they know too little, to defend themselves from the inconveniencies of knowing too much.

How passion drives a man on! (proceeds he). — I have written a prodigious quantity in a very few hours! Now my resentments are warm, I will see, and perhaps will punish, this proud, this double-armed beauty. I have sent to tell her, that I must be admitted to sup with her. We have neither of us dined. She refused to drink tea in the afternoon: and I believe neither of us will have much stomach to our supper.

LETTER XLVI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY MORNING, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I was at the play last night with Mr. Lovelace and Miss Horton. It is, you know, a deep and most affecting tragedy in the reading. You have my remarks upon it, in the little book you made me write upon the principal acting-plays. You will not wonder, that Miss Horton, as well as I, was greatly moved at the representation, when I tell you, and have some pleasure in telling you, that Mr. Lovelace himself was very sensibly touched with some of the most affecting scenes. I mention this in praise of the author's performance; for I take Mr. Lovelace to be one of the most hard-hearted men in the world. Upon my word, my dear, I do.

His behaviour, however, on this occasion, and on our return, was unexceptionable; only that he would oblige me to stay to supper with the women below, when we came back, and to sit up with him and them till near one o'clock this morning. I was resolved to be even with him; and indeed I am not very sorry to have the pretence; for I love to pass the Sundays by myself.

To have the better excuse to avoid his teasing, I am ready dressed to go to church this morning. I will go only to St. James's church, and in a chair; that I may be sure I can go out and come in when I please, without being intruded upon by him, as I was twice before.

* * * NEAR NINE O'CLOCK.

I have your kind letter of yesterday. He knows I have. And I shall expect, that he will be inquisitive next time I see him after your opinions of his proposals. I doubted not your approbation of them, and had written an answer on that presumption; which is ready for him. He must study for occasions of procrastination, and to disoblige me, if now any thing happens to set us at variance again.

He is very importunate to see me. He has desired to attend me to church. He is angry that I have declined to breakfast with him. I am sure that I should not have been at my own liberty if I had. I bid Dorcas tell him, that I desired to have this day to myself. I would see him in the morning as early as he pleased. She says, she knows not what ails him, but that he is out of humour with every body.

He has sent again in a peremptory manner. He warns me of Singleton. I sent him word, that if he was not afraid of Singleton at the playhouse last night, I need

not at church to-day: so many churches to one playhouse. I have accepted of his servant's proposed attendance. But he is quite displeased, it seems. I don't care. I will not be perpetually at his insolent beck. — Adieu my dear, till I return. The chair waits. He won't stop me, sure, as I go down to it.

* * *

I did not see him as I went down. He is, it seems, excessively out of humour. Dorcas says, not with me neither, she believes: but something has vexed him. This is perhaps to make me dine with him. But I will not, if I can help it. I shan't get rid of him for the rest of the day, if I do.

* * *

He was very earnest to dine with me. But I was resolved to carry this one small point; and so denied to dine myself. And indeed I was endeavouring to write to my cousin Morden; and had begun three different times, without being able to please myself.

He was very busy in writing, Dorcas says; and pursued it without dining, because I denied him my company.

He afterwards demanded, as I may say, to be admitted to afternoon-tea with me: and appealed by Dorcas to his behaviour to me last night; as if I sent him word by her, he thought he had a merit in being unexceptionable. However, I repeated my promise to meet him as early as he pleased in the morning, or to breakfast with him.

Dorcas says, he raved: I heard him loud, and I heard his servant fly from him, as I thought. You, my dearest friend, say, in one of yours,* that you must have somebody to be angry at, when your mother sets you up. I should be very loth to draw comparisons; but the workings of passion, when indulged, are but too much alike, whether in man or woman.

* See Letter X. of this volume, Parag. 2.

* * *

He has just sent me word, that he insists upon supping with me. As we had been in a good train for several days past, I thought it not prudent to break with him for little matters. Yet, to be, in a manner, threatened into his will, I know not how to bear that.

While I was considering, he came up, and, tapping at my door, told me, in a very angry tone, he must see me this night. He could not rest, till he had been told

what he had done to deserve the treatment I gave him.

Treatment I gave him! a wretch! Yet perhaps he has nothing new to say to me. I shall be very angry with him.

* * *

[As the Lady could not know what Mr. Lovelace's designs were, nor the cause of his ill humour, it will not be improper to pursue the subject from his letter.

Having described his angry manner of demanding, in person, her company at supper, he proceeds as follows:]

‘’Tis hard, answered the fair perverse, that I am to be so little my own mistress. I will meet you in the dining-room half an hour hence.

‘I went down to wait the half hour. All the women set me hard to give her cause for this tyranny. They demonstrated, as well from the nature of the sex, as of the case, that I had nothing to hope for from my tameness, and could meet with no worse treatment, were I to be guilty of the last offence. They urge me vehemently to try at least what effect some greater familiarities than I had ever taken with her would have: and their arguments being strengthened by my just resentments on the discoveries I had made, I was resolved to take some liberties, as they were received, to take still greater, and lay all the fault upon her tyranny. In this humour I went up, and never had paralytic so little command of his joints, as I had, while I walked about the dining-room, attending her motions.

‘With an erect mien she entered, her face averted, her lovely bosom swelling, and the more charmingly protuberant for the erectness of her mien. O Jack! that sullenness and reserve should add to the charms of this haughty maid! but in every attitude, in every humour, in every gesture, is beauty beautiful. By her averted face, and indignant aspect, I saw the dear insolent was disposed to be angry — but by the fierceness of mine, as my trembling hand seized hers, I soon made fear her predominant passion. And yet the moment I beheld her, my heart was dastardized; and my reverence for the virgin purity, so visible in her whole deportment, again took place. Surely, Belford, this is an angel. And yet, had she not been known to be a female, they would not from babyhood have dressed her as such, nor would she, but upon that conviction, have continued the dress.

‘Let me ask you, Madam, I beseech you tell me, what I have done to deserve this distant treatment?

‘And let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace, why are my retirements to be thus invaded? — What can you have to say to me since last night, that I went with you

so much against my will to the play? and after sitting up with you, equally against my will, till a very late hour?

‘This I have to say, Madam, that I cannot bear to be kept at this distance from you under the same roof.

‘Under the same roof, Sir! — How came you ——

‘Hear me out, Madam — [letting go her trembling hands, and snatching them back again with an eagerness that made her start] — I have a thousand things to say, to talk of, relating to our present and future prospects; but when I want to open my whole soul to you, you are always contriving to keep me at a distance. You make me inconsistent with myself. Your heart is set upon delays. You must have views that you will not own. Tell me, Madam, I conjure you to tell me, this moment, without subterfuge or reserve, in what light am I to appear to you in future? I cannot bear this distance. The suspense you hold me in I cannot bear.

‘In what light, Mr. Lovelace! [visibly terrified.] In no bad light, I hope. — Pray, Mr. Lovelace, do not grasp my hands so hard [endeavouring to withdraw them.] Pray let me go. —

‘You hate me, Madam —

‘I hate nobody, Sir —

‘You hate me, Madam, repeated I.

‘Instigated and resolved, as I came up, I wanted some new provocation. The devil indeed, as soon as my angel made her appearance, crept out of my heart; but he had left the door open, and was no farther off than my elbow.

‘You come up in no good temper, I see, Mr. Lovelace. — But pray be not violent — I have done you no hurt. — Pray be not violent —

‘Sweet creature! and I clasped one arm about her, holding one hand in my other. — You have done me no hurt. — I could have devoured her — but restraining myself — You have done me the greatest hurt! — In what have I deserved the distance you keep me at? — I knew not what to say.

‘She struggled to disengage herself. — Pray, Mr. Lovelace, let me withdraw. I know not why this is. I know not what I have done to offend you. I see you are come with a design to quarrel with me. If you would not terrify me by the ill humour you are in, permit me to withdraw. I will hear all you have to say another time — to-morrow morning, as I sent you word. — But indeed you frighten me — I beseech you, if you have any value for me, permit me to withdraw.

‘Night, mid-night, is necessary, Belford. Surprise, terror, must be necessary to the ultimate trial of this charming creature, say the women below what they will. I could not hold my purposes. This was not the first time that I had intended to try if she could forgive.

‘I kissed her hand with a fervour, as if I would have left my lips upon it. — Withdraw, then, dearest, and ever-dear creature. Indeed I entered in a very ill humour. I cannot bear the distance at which you so causelessly keep me. Withdraw, Madam, since it is your will to withdraw; and judge me generously; judge me but as I deserve to be judged; and let me hope to meet you to-morrow morning early in such a temper as becomes our present situation, and my future hopes.

‘And so saying, I conducted her to the door, and left her there. But, instead of going down to the women, I went into my own chamber, and locked myself in; ashamed of being awed by her majestic loveliness, and apprehensive virtue, into so great a change of purpose, notwithstanding I had such just provocations from the letters of her saucy friend, formed on her own representations of facts and situations between herself and me.

* * *

[The Lady (dated Sunday night) thus describes her terrors, and Mr. Lovelace’s behaviour, on the occasion.]

On my entering the dining-room, he took my hand in his, in such a humour, I saw plainly he was resolved to quarrel with me — And for what? — What had I done to him? — I never in my life beheld in any body such wild, such angry, such impatient airs. I was terrified; and instead of being as angry as I intended to be, I was forced to be all mildness. I can hardly remember what were his first words, I was so frighted. But you hate me, Madam! you hate me, Madam! were some of them — with such a fierceness — I wished myself a thousand miles distant from him. I hate nobody, said I: I thank God I hate nobody — You terrify me, Mr. Lovelace — let me leave you. — The man, my dear, looked quite ugly — I never saw a man look so ugly as passion made him look — and for what? — And so he grasped my hands! — fierce creature; — he so grasped my hands! In short, he seemed by his looks, and by his words (once putting his arms about me) to wish me to provoke him. So that I had nothing to do but to beg of him (which I did repeatedly) to permit me to withdraw: and to promise to meet him at his own time in the morning.

It was with a very ill grace that he complied, on that condition; and at parting he kissed my hand with such a savageness, that a redness remains upon it still.

Do you not think, my dear, that I have reason to be incensed at him, my situation considered? Am I not under a necessity, as it were, of quarrelling with him; at least every other time I see him? No prudery, no coquetry, no tyranny in my heart, or in my behaviour to him, that I know of. No affected procrastination.

Aiming at nothing but decorum. He as much concerned, and so he ought to think, as I, to have that observed. Too much in his power: cast upon him by the cruelty of my relations. No other protection to fly to but his. One plain path before us; yet such embarrasses, such difficulties, such subjects for doubt, for cavil, for uneasiness; as fast as one is obviated, another to be introduced, and not by myself — know not how introduced — What pleasure can I propose to myself in meeting such a wretch?

Perfect for me, my dearest Miss Howe, perfect for me, I beseech you, your kind scheme with Mrs. Townsend; and I will then leave this man.

My temper, I believe, is changed. No wonder if it be. I question whether ever it will be what it was. But I cannot make him half so uneasy by the change, as I am myself. See you not how, from step to step, he grows upon me? — I tremble to look back upon his encroachments. And now to give me cause to apprehend more evil from him, than indignation will permit me to express! — O my dear, perfect your scheme, and let me fly from so strange a wretch!

Yet, to be first an eloper from my friends to him, as the world supposes; and now to be so from him [to whom I know not!] how hard to one who ever endeavoured to shun intricate paths! But he must certainly have views in quarrelling with me thus, which he dare not own! — Yet what can they be? — I am terrified but to think of what they may be!

Let me but get from him! — As to my reputation, if I leave him — that is already too much wounded for me, now, to be careful about any thing, but how to act so as that my own heart shall not reproach me. As to the world's censure, I must be content to suffer that — an unhappy composition, however. — What a wreck have my fortunes suffered, to be obliged to throw overboard so many valuables, to preserve, indeed, the only valuable! — A composition that once it would have half broken my heart to think there would have been the least danger that I should be obliged to submit to.

You, my dear, could not be a stranger to my most secret failings, although you would not tell me of them. What a pride did I take in the applause of every one! — What a pride even in supposing I had not that pride! — Which concealed itself from my unexamining heart under the specious veil of humility, doubling the merit to myself by the supposed, and indeed imputed, gracefulness in the manner of conferring benefits, when I had not a single merit in what I did, vastly overpaid by the pleasure of doing some little good, and impelled, as I may say, by talents given me — for what! — Not to be proud of.

So, desirous, in short, to be considered as an example! A vanity which my partial admirers put into my head! — And so secure in my own virtue!

I am punished enough, enough mortified, for this my vanity — I hope, enough, if it so please the all-gracious inflictor: since now, I verily think, I more despise myself for my presumptuous self-security, as well as vanity, than ever I secretly vaunted myself on my good inclinations: secretly, I say, however; for, indeed, I had not given myself leisure to reflect, till I was thus mortified, how very imperfect I was; nor how much truth there is in what divines tell us, that we sin in our best performances.

But I was very young. — But here let me watch over myself again: for in those four words, I was very young, is there not a palliation couched, that were enough to take all efficacy from the discovery and confession?

What strange imperfect beings! — but self here, which is at the bottom of all we do, and of all we wish, is the grand misleader.

I will not apologize to you, my dear, for these grave reflections. Is it not enough to make the unhappy creature look into herself, and endeavour to detect herself, who, from such a high reputation, left to proud and presumptuous self, should by one thoughtless step, be brought to the dreadful situation I am in?

Let me, however, look forward: to despond would be to add sin to sin. And whom have I to raise me up, whom to comfort me, if I desert myself? — Thou, O Father, who, I hope, hast not yet deserted, hast not yet cursed me! — For I am thine! — It is fit that mediation should supply the rest. —

* * *

I was so disgusted with him, as well as frighted by him, that on my return to my chamber, in a fit of passionate despair, I tore almost in two the answer I had written to his proposals.

I will see him in the morning, because I promised I would. But I will go out, and that without him, or any attendant. If he account not tolerably for his sudden change of behaviour, and a proper opportunity offer of a private lodging in some creditable house, I will not any more return to this: — at present I think so. — And there will I either attend the perfecting of your scheme; or, by your epistolary mediation, make my own terms with the wretch; since it is your opinion, that I must be his, and cannot help myself: or, perhaps, take a resolution to throw myself at once into Lady Betty's protection; and this will hinder him from making his insolently-threatened visit to Harlowe-place.

[The Lady writes again on Monday evening; and gives her friend an account of all that passed between herself and Mr. Lovelace that day; and of her being terrified out of her purpose, of going out: but Mr. Lovelace's next letters giving a more ample account of all, hers are

omitted.

It is proper, however, to mention, that she re-urges Miss Howe (from the dissatisfaction she has reason for from what passed between Mr. Lovelace and herself) to perfect her scheme in relation to Mrs. Townsend. She concludes this letter in these words:]

I should say something of your last favour (but a few hours ago received) and of your dialogue with your mother — Are you not very whimsical, my dear? I have but two things to wish for on this occasion. — The one, that your charming pleasantry had a better subject than that you find for it in this dialogue — the other, that my situation were not such, as must too often damp that pleasantry in you, and will not permit me to enjoy it, as I used to do. Be, however, happy in yourself, though you cannot in

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY MORNING, MAY 22.

No generosity in this lady. None at all. Wouldst thou not have thought, that after I had permitted her to withdraw, primed for mischief as I was, she would meet me next morning early; and that with a smile; making me one of her best courtesies?

I was in the dining-room before six, expecting her. She opened not her door. I went up stairs and down; and hemm'd; and called Will.; called Dorcas; threw the doors hard to; but still she opened not her door. Thus till half an hour after eight, fooled I away my time; and then (breakfast ready) I sent Dorcas to request her company.

But I was astonished, when (following the wench, as she did at the first invitation) I saw her enter dressed, all but her gloves, and those and her fan in her hand; in the same moment bidding Dorcas direct Will. to get her a chair to the door.

Cruel creature, thought I, to expose me thus to the derision of the women below!

Going abroad, Madam!

I am, Sir.

I looked cursed silly, I am sure. You will breakfast first, I hope, Madam; and a very humble strain; yet with an hundred tender looks in my heart.

Had she given me more notice of her intention, I had perhaps wrought myself up to the frame I was in the day before, and begun my vengeance. And immediately came into my head all the virulence that had been transcribed for me from Miss Howe's letters, and in that letter which I had transcribed myself.

Yes, she would drink one dish; and then laid her gloves and fan in the window just by.

I was perfectly disconcerted. I hemm'd, and was going to speak several times; but I knew not in what key. Who's modest now! thought I. Who's insolent now! — How a tyrant of a woman confounds a bashful man! She was acting Miss Howe, I thought; and I the spiritless Hickman.

At last, I will begin, thought I.

She a dish — I a dish.

Sip, her eyes her own, she; like a haughty and imperious sovereign, conscious of dignity, every look a favour.

Sip, like her vassal, I; lips and hands trembling, and not knowing that I sipp'd or tasted.

I was — I was — I sipp'd — (drawing in my breath and the liquor together, though I scalded my mouth with it) I was in hopes, Madam —

Dorcas came in just then. — Dorcas, said she, is a chair gone for?

Damn'd impertinence, thought I, thus to put me out in my speech! And I was forced to wait for the servant's answer to the insolent mistress's question.

William is gone for one, Madam.

This cost me a minute's silence before I could begin again. And then it was with my hopes, and my hopes, and my hopes, that I should have been early admitted to —

What weather is it, Dorcas? said she, as regardless of me as if I had not been present.

A little lowering, Madam — The sun is gone in — it was very fine half an hour ago.

I had no patience. Up I rose. Down went the tea-cup, saucer and all — Confound the weather, the sunshine, and the wench! — Begone for a devil, when I am speaking to your lady, and have so little opportunity given me.

Up rose the saucy-face, half-frighted; and snatched from the window her gloves and fan.

You must not go, Madam! — Seizing her hand — by my soul you must not —

Must not, Sir! — But I must — you can curse your maid in my absence, as well as if I were present —— Except — except — you intend for me, what you direct to her.

Dearest creature, you must not go — you must not leave me — Such determined scorn! such contempts! — Questions asked your servant of no meaning but to break in upon me — I cannot bear it!

Detain me not [struggling.] I will not be withheld. I like you not, nor your ways. You sought to quarrel with me yesterday, for no reason in the world that I can think of, but because I was too obliging. You are an ungrateful man; and I hate you with my whole heart, Mr. Lovelace!

Do not make me desperate, Madam. Permit me to say, that you shall not leave me in this humour. Wherever you go, I will attend you. Had Miss Howe been my friend, I had not been thus treated. It is but too plain to whom my difficulties are owing. I have long observed, that every letter you received from her, makes an alteration in your behaviour to me. She would have you treat me, as she treats Mr. Hickman, I suppose: but neither does that treatment become your admirable temper to offer, nor me to receive.

This startled her. She did not care to have me think hardly of Miss Howe.

But recollecting herself, Miss Howe, said she, is a friend to virtue, and to good men. If she like not you, it is because you are not one of those.

Yes, Madam; and therefore to speak of Mr. Hickman and myself, as you both, I suppose, think of each, she treats him as she would not treat a Lovelace. — I challenge you, Madam, to shew me but one of the many letters you have received from her, where I am mentioned.

Miss Howe is just; Miss Howe is good, replied she. She writes, she speaks, of every body as they deserve. If you point me out but any one occasion, upon which you have reason to build a merit to yourself, as either just or good, or even generous, I will look out for her letter on that occasion [if such an occasion there be, I have certainly acquainted her with it]; and will engage it shall be in your favour.

Devilish severe! And as indelicate as severe, to put a modish man upon hunting backward after his own merits.

She would have flung from me: I will not be detained, Mr. Lovelace. I will go out.

Indeed you must not, Madam, in this humour. And I placed myself between her and the door. —— And then, fanning, she threw herself into a chair, her sweet face all crimsoned over with passion.

I cast myself at her feet. — Begone, Mr. Lovelace, said she, with a rejecting motion, her fan in her hand; for your own sake leave me! — My soul is above thee, man! with both her hands pushing me from her! — Urge me not to tell thee, how sincerely I think my soul above thee! — Thou hast, in mine, a proud, a too proud heart to contend with! — Leave me, and leave me for ever! — Thou has a proud heart to contend with!

Her air, her manner, her voice, were bewitchingly noble, though her words were so severe.

Let me worship an angel, said I, no woman. Forgive me, dearest creature! — creature if you be, forgive me! — forgive my inadvertencies! — forgive my inequalities! — pity my infirmities! — Who is equal to my Clarissa?

I trembled between admiration and love; and wrapt my arms about her knees, as she sat. She tried to rise at the moment; but my clasping round her thus ardently, drew her down again; and never was woman more affrighted. But free as my clasping emotion might appear to her apprehensive heart, I had not, at the instant, any thought but what reverence inspired. And till she had actually withdrawn [which I permitted under promise of a speedy return, and on her consent to dismiss the chair] all the motions of my heart were as pure as her own.

She kept not her word. An hour I waited before I sent to claim her promise. She could not possibly see me yet, was her answer. As soon as she could, she

would.

Dorcas says, she still excessively trembled; and ordered her to give her hartshorn and water.

A strange apprehensive creature! Her terror is too great for the occasion. Evils are often greater in apprehension than in reality. Hast thou never observed, that the terrors of a bird caught, and actually in the hand, bear no comparison to what we might have supposed those terrors would be, were we to have formed a judgment of the same bird by its shyness before it was taken?

Dear creature! — Did she never romp? Did she never, from girlhood to now, hoyden? The innocent kinds of freedom taken and allowed on these occasions, would have familiarized her to greater. Sacrilege but to touch the hem of her garment! — Excess of delicacy! — O the consecrated beauty! How can she think to be a wife?

But how do I know till I try, whether she may not by a less alarming treatment be prevailed upon, or whether [day, I have done with thee!] she may not yield to nightly surprises? This is still the burden of my song, I can marry her when I will. And if I do, after prevailing (whether by surprise, or by reluctant consent) whom but myself shall I have injured?

* * *

It is now eleven o'clock. She will see me as soon as she can, she tells Polly Horton, who made her a tender visit, and to whom she is less reserved than to any body else. Her emotion, she assures her, was not owing to perverseness, to nicety, to ill humour; but to weakness of heart. She has not strength of mind sufficient, she says, to enable her to support her condition.

Yet what a contradiction! — Weakness of heart, says she, with such a strength of will! — O Belford! she is a lion-hearted lady, in every case where her honour, her punctilio rather, calls for spirit. But I have had reason more than once in her case, to conclude, that the passions of the gentle, slower to be moved than those of the quick, are the most flaming, the most irresistible, when raised. — Yet her charming body is not equally organized. The unequal partners pull two ways; and the divinity within her tears her silken frame. But had the same soul informed a masculine body, never would there have been a truer hero.

MONDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

Not yet visible! — My beloved is not well. What expectations had she from my ardent admiration of her! — More rudeness than revenge apprehended. Yet, how my soul thirsts for revenge upon both these ladies? I must have recourse to my master-strokes. This cursed project of Miss Howe and her Mrs. Townsend (if I

cannot contrive to render it abortive) will be always a sword hanging over my head. Upon every little disobligation my beloved will be for taking wing; and the pains I have taken to deprive her of every other refuge or protection, in order to make her absolutely dependent upon me, will be all thrown away. But perhaps I shall find out a smuggler to counterplot Miss Howe.

Thou remembrest the contention between the Sun and the North-wind, in the fable; which should first make an honest traveller throw off his cloak.

Boreas began first. He puffed away most vehemently; and often made the poor fellow curve and stagger; but with no other effect, than to cause him to wrap his surtout the closer about him.

But when it came to Phoebus's turn, he so played upon the traveller with his beams, that he made him first unbutton, and then throw it quite off: — Nor left he, till he obliged him to take to the friendly shade of a spreading beech; where, prostrating himself on the thrown-off cloak, he took a comfortable nap.

The victor-god then laughed outright, both at Boreas and the traveller, and pursued his radiant course, shining upon, and warming and cherishing a thousand new objects, as he danced along: and at night, when he put up his fiery coursers, he diverted his Thetis with the relation of his pranks in the passed day.

I, in like manner, will discard all my boisterous inventions: and if I can oblige my sweet traveller to throw aside, but for one moment, the cloak of her rigid virtue, I shall have nothing to do, but, like the sun, to bless new objects with my rays. But my chosen hours of conversation and repose, after all my peregrinations, will be devoted to my goddess.

* * *

And now, Belford, according to my new system, I think this house of Mrs. Fretchville an embarrass upon me. I will get rid of it; for some time at least. Mennell, when I am out, shall come to her, inquiring for me. What for? thou'lt ask. What for — hast thou not heard what has befallen poor Mrs. Fretchville? — Then I'll tell thee.

One of her maids, about a week ago, was taken with the small-pox. The rest kept their mistress ignorant of it till Friday; and then she came to know of it by accident. The greater half of the plagues poor mortals of condition are tormented with, proceed from the servants they take, partly for show, partly for use, and with a view to lessen their cares.

This has so terrified the widow, that she is taken with all the symptoms that threaten an attack from that dreadful enemy of fair faces. — So must not think of removing: yet cannot expect, that we should be further delayed on her account.

She now wishes, with all her heart, that she had known her own mind, and gone into the country at first when I treated about the house. This evil then had not happened! a cursed cross accident for us, too! — Heigh-ho! nothing else, I think, in this mortal life! people need not study to bring crosses upon themselves by their petulancies.

So this affair of the house will be over; at least for one while. But then I can fall upon an expedient which will make amends for this disappointment. I must move slow, in order to be sure. I have a charming contrivance or two in my head, even supposing my beloved should get away, to bring her back again.

But what is become of Lord M. I trow, that he writes not to me, in answer to my invitation? If he would send me such a letter as I could show, it might go a great way towards a perfect reconciliation. I have written to Charlotte about it. He shall soon hear from me, and that in a way he won't like, if he writes not quickly. He has sometimes threatened to disinherit me. But if I should renounce him, it would be but justice, and would vex him ten times more than any thing he can do will vex me. Then, the settlements unavoidably delayed, by his neglect! — How shall I bear such a life of procrastination! — I, who, as to my will, and impatience, and so forth, am of the true lady-make, and can as little bear controul and disappointment as the best of them!

* * *

Another letter from Miss Howe. I suppose it is that which she promises in her last to send her relating to the courtship between old Tony the uncle, and Annabella the mother. I should be extremely rejoiced to see it. No more of the smuggler-plot in it, surely! This letter, it seems, she has put in her pocket. But I hope I shall soon find it deposited with the rest.

MONDAY EVENING.

At my repeated request she condescended to meet me in the dining-room to afternoon-tea, and not before.

She entered with bashfulness, as I thought; in a pretty confusion, for having carried her apprehensions too far. Sullen and slow moved she towards the tea-table. — Dorcas present, busy in tea-cup preparations. I took her reluctant hand, and pressed it to my lips. — Dearest, loveliest of creatures, why this distance? why this displeasure? — How can you thus torture the faithfullest heart in the world?

She disengaged her hand. Again I would have snatched it.

Be quiet, [peevishly withdrawing it.] And down she sat; a gentle palpitation in the beauty of beauties indicating a mingled sullenness and resentment; her snowy

handkerchief rising and falling, and a sweet flush overspreading her charming cheeks.

For God's sake, Madam! — [And a third time I would have taken her repulsing hand.]

And for the same sake, Sir, no more teasing.

Dorcas retired; I drew my chair nearer her's, and with the most respectful tenderness took her hand; and told her, that I could not forbear to express my apprehensions (from the distance she was so desirous to keep me at) that if any man in the world was more indifferent to her, to use no harsher word, than another, it was the unhappy wretch before her.

She looked steadily upon me for a moment, and with her other hand, not withdrawing that I held, pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket; and by a twinkling motion urged forward a tear or two, which having arisen in each sweet eye, it was plain by that motion she would rather have dissipated: but answered me only with a sigh, and an averted face.

I urged her to speak; to look up at me; to bless me with an eye more favourable.

I had reason, she told me, for my complaint of her indifference. She saw nothing in my mind that was generous. I was not a man to be obliged or favoured. My strange behaviour to her since Saturday night, for no cause at all that she knew of, convinced her of this. Whatever hopes she had conceived of me were utterly dissipated: all my ways were disgustful to her.

This cut me to the heart. The guilty, I believe, in every case, less patiently bear the detecting truth, than the innocent do the degrading falsehood.

I bespoke her patience, while I took the liberty to account for this change on my part. — I re-acknowledged the pride of my heart, which could not bear the thought of that want of preference in the heart of a lady whom I hoped to call mine, which she had always manifested. Marriage, I said, was a state that was not to be entered upon with indifference on either side.

It is insolence, interrupted she, it is a presumption, Sir, to expect tokens of value, without resolving to deserve them. You have no whining creature before you, Mr. Lovelace, overcome by weak motives, to love where there is no merit. Miss Howe can tell you, Sir, that I never loved the faults of my friend; nor ever wished her to love me for mine. It was a rule with us not to spare each other. And would a man who has nothing but faults (for pray, Sir, what are your virtues?) expect that I should show a value for him? Indeed, if I did, I should not deserve even his value; but ought to be despised by him.

Well have you, Madam, kept up to this noble manner of thinking. You are in no danger of being despised for any marks of tenderness or favour shown to the man

before you. You have been perhaps, you'll think, laudably studious of making and taking occasions to declare, that it was far from being owing to your choice, that you had any thoughts of me. My whole soul, Madam, in all its errors, in all its wishes, in all its views, had been laid open and naked before you, had I been encouraged by such a share in your confidence and esteem, as would have secured me against your apprehended worst constructions of what I should from time to time have revealed to you, and consulted you upon. For never was there a franker heart; nor a man so ready to accuse himself. [This, Belford, is true.] But you know, Madam, how much otherwise it has been between us. — Doubt, distance, reserve, on your part, begat doubt, fear, awe, on mine. — How little confidence! as if we apprehended each other to be a plotter rather than a lover. How have I dreaded every letter that has been brought you from Wilson's! — and with reason: since the last, from which I expected so much, on account of the proposals I had made you in writing, has, if I may judge by the effects, and by your denial of seeing me yesterday, (though you could go abroad, and in a chair too, to avoid my attendance on you,) set you against me more than ever.

I was guilty, it seems, of going to church, said the indignant charmer; and without the company of a man, whose choice it would not have been to go, had I not gone — I was guilty of desiring to have the whole Sunday to myself, after I had obliged you, against my will, at a play; and after you had detained me (equally to my dislike) to a very late hour over- night. — These were my faults: for these I was to be punished: I was to be compelled to see you, and to be terrified when I did see you, by the most shocking ill humour that was ever shown to a creature in my circumstances, and not bound to bear it. You have pretended to find free fault with my father's temper, Mr. Lovelace: but the worst that he ever showed after marriage, was not in the least to be compared to what you have shown twenty times beforehand. — And what are my prospects with you, at the very best? — My indignation rises against you, Mr. Lovelace, while I speak to you, when I recollect the many instances, equally ungenerous and unpolite, of your behaviour to one whom you have brought into distress — and I can hardly bear you in my sight.

She turned from me, standing up; and, lifting up her folded hands, and charming eyes swimming in tears, O my father, said the inimitable creature, you might have spared your heavy curse, had you known how I have been punished ever since my swerving feet led me out of your garden-doors to meet this man! — Then, sinking into her chair, a burst of passionate tears forced their way down her glowing cheeks.

My dearest life, [taking her still folded hands in mine,] who can bear an invocation so affecting, though so passionate?

And, as I hope to live, my nose tingled, as I once, when a boy, remember it did (and indeed once more very lately) just before some tears came into my eyes; and I durst hardly trust my face in view of her's.

What have I done to deserve this impatient exclamation? — Have I, at any time, by word, by deeds, by looks, given you cause to doubt my honour, my reverence, my adoration, I may call it, of your virtues? All is owing to misapprehension, I hope, on both sides. Condescend to clear up but your part, as I will mine, and all must speedily be happy. — Would to Heaven I loved that Heaven as I love you! and yet, if I doubted a return in love, let me perish if I should know how to wish you mine! — Give me hope, dearest creature, give me but hope, that I am your preferable choice! — Give me but hope, that you hate me not: that you do not despise me.

O Mr. Lovelace, we have been long enough together to be tired of each other's humours and ways; ways and humours so different, that perhaps you ought to dislike me, as much as I do you. — I think, I think, that I cannot make an answerable return to the value you profess for me. My temper is utterly ruined. You have given me an ill opinion of all mankind; of yourself in particular: and withal so bad a one of myself, that I shall never be able to look up, having utterly and for ever lost all that self-complacency, and conscious pride, which are so necessary to carry a woman through this life with tolerable satisfaction to herself.

She paused. I was silent. By my soul, thought I, this sweet creature will at last undo me!

She proceeded: What now remains, but that you pronounce me free of all obligation to you? and that you hinder me not from pursuing the destiny that shall be allotted me?

Again she paused. I was still silent; meditating whether to renounce all further designs upon her; whether I had not received sufficient evidence of a virtue, and of a greatness of soul, that could not be questioned or impeached.

She went on: Propitious to me be your silence, Mr. Lovelace! — Tell me, that I am free of all obligation to you. You know, I never made you promises. You know, that you are not under any to me. — My broken fortunes I matter not —

She was proceeding — My dearest life, said I, I have been all this time, though you fill me with doubts of your favour, busy in the nuptial preparations. I am actually in treaty for equipage.

Equipage, Sir! — Trappings, tinsel! — What is equipage; what is life; what is any thing; to a creature sunk so low as I am in my own opinion! — Labouring under a father's curse! — Unable to look backward without self- reproach, or forward without terror! — These reflections strengthened by every cross accident! — And what but cross accidents befall me! — All my darling schemes dashed in

pieces, all my hopes at an end; deny me not the liberty to refuge myself in some obscure corner, where neither the enemies you have made me, nor the few friends you have left me, may ever hear of the supposed rash-one, till those happy moments are at hand, which shall expiate for all!

I had not a word to say for myself. Such a war in my mind had I never known. Gratitude, and admiration of the excellent creature before me, combating with villanous habit, with resolutions so premeditatedly made, and with view so much gloried in! — An hundred new contrivances in my head, and in my heart, that to be honest, as it is called, must all be given up, by a heart delighting in intrigue and difficulty — Miss Howe's virulences endeavoured to be recollected — yet recollection refusing to bring them forward with the requisite efficacy — I had certainly been a lost man, had not Dorcas come seasonably in with a letter. — On the superscription written — Be pleased, Sir, to open it now.

I retired to the window — opened it — it was from Dorcas herself. — These the contents— 'Be pleased to detain my lady: a paper of importance to transcribe. I will cough when I have done.'

I put the paper in my pocket, and turned to my charmer, less disconcerted, as she, by that time, had also a little recovered herself. — One favour, dearest creature — Let me but know, whether Miss Howe approves or disapproves of my proposals? I know her to be my enemy. I was intending to account to you for the change of behaviour you accused me of at the beginning of the conversation; but was diverted from it by your vehemence. Indeed, my beloved creature, you were very vehement. Do you think it must not be matter of high regret to me, to find my wishes so often delayed and postponed in favour of your predominant view to a reconciliation with relations who will not be reconciled to you? — To this was owing your declining to celebrate our nuptials before we came to town, though you were so atrociously treated by your sister, and your whole family; and though so ardently pressed to celebrate by me — to this was owing the ready offence you took at my four friends; and at the unavailing attempt I made to see a dropt letter; little imagining, from what two such ladies could write to each other, that there could be room for mortal displeasure — to this was owing the week's distance you held me at, till you knew the issue of another application. — But, when they had rejected that; when you had sent my cold-received proposals to Miss Howe for her approbation or advice, as indeed I advised; and had honoured me with your company at the play on Saturday night; (my whole behaviour unobjectionable to the last hour;) must not, Madam, the sudden change in your conduct the very next morning, astonish and distress me? — and this persisted in with still stronger declarations, after you had received the impatiently-expected letter from Miss Howe; must I not conclude, that all was owing to her influence;

and that some other application or project was meditating, that made it necessary to keep me again at a distance till the result were known, and which was to deprive me of you for ever? For was not that your constantly-proposed preliminary? — Well, Madam, might I be wrought up to a half-phrensy by this apprehension; and well might I charge you with hating me. — And now, dearest creature, let me know, I once more ask you, what is Miss Howe's opinion of my proposals?

Were I disposed to debate with you, Mr. Lovelace, I could very easily answer your fine harangue. But at present, I shall only say, that your ways have been very unaccountable. You seem to me, if your meanings were always just, to have taken great pains to embarrass them. Whether owing in you to the want of a clear head, or a sound heart, I cannot determine; but it is to the want of one of them, I verily think, that I am to ascribe the greatest part of your strange conduct.

Curse upon the heart of the little devil, said I, who instigates you to think so hardly of the faithfullest heart in the world!

How dare you, Sir! And there she stopt; having almost overshot herself; as I designed she should.

How dare I what, Madam? And I looked with meaning. How dare I what?

Vile man — And do you — And there again she stopt.

Do I what, Madam? — And why vile man?

How dare you curse any body in my presence?

O the sweet receder! But that was not to go off so with a Lovelace.

Why then, dearest creature, is there any body that instigates you? — If there be, again I curse them, be they whom they will.

She was in a charming pretty passion. And this was the first time that I had the odds in my favour.

Well, Madam, it is just as I thought. And now I know how to account for a temper that I hope is not natural to you.

Artful wretch! and is it thus you would entrap me? But know, Sir, that I received letters from nobody but Miss Howe. Miss Howe likes some of your ways as little as I do; for I have set every thing before her. Yet she is thus far your enemy, as she is mine. She thinks I could not refuse your offers; but endeavour to make the best of my lot. And now you have the truth. Would to heaven you were capable of dealing with equal sincerity!

I am, Madam. And here, on my knee, I renew my vows, and my supplication, that you will make me your's. Your's for ever. And let me have cause to bless you and Miss Howe in the same breath.

To say the truth, Belford, I had before begun to think that the vixen of a girl, who certainly likes not Hickman, was in love with me.

Rise, Sir, from your too-ready knees; and mock me not!

Too-ready knees, thought I! Though this humble posture so little affects this proud beauty, she knows not how much I have obtained of others of her sex, nor how often I have been forgiven for the last attempts, by kneeling.

Mock you, Madam! And I arose, and re-urged her for the day. I blamed myself, at the same time, for the invitation I had given to Lord M., as it might subject me to delay from his infirmities: but told her, that I would write to him to excuse me, if she had no objection; or to give him the day she would give me, and not wait for him, if he could not come in time.

My day, Sir, said she, is never. Be not surprised. A person of politeness judging between us, would not be surprised that I say so. But indeed, Mr. Lovelace, [and wept through impatience,] you either know not how to treat with a mind of the least degree of delicacy, notwithstanding your birth and education, or you are an ungrateful man; and [after a pause] a worse than ungrateful one. But I will retire. I will see you again to-morrow. I cannot before. I think I hate you. And if, upon a re-examination of my own heart, I find I do, I would not for the world that matters should go on farther between us.

But I see, I see, she does not hate me! How it would mortify my vanity, if I thought there was a woman in the world, much more this, that could hate me! 'Tis evident, villain as she thinks me, that I should not be an odious villain, if I could but at last in one instance cease to be a villain! She could not hold it, determined as she had thought herself, I saw by her eyes, the moment I endeavoured to dissipate her apprehensions, on my too-ready knees, as she calls them. The moment the rough covering my teasing behaviour has thrown over her affections is quite removed, I doubt not to find all silk and silver at the bottom, all soft, bright, and charming.

I was however too much vexed, disconcerted, mortified, to hinder her from retiring. And yet she had not gone, if Dorcas had not coughed.

The wench came in, as soon as her lady had retired, and gave me the copy she had taken. And what should it be but of the answer the truly admirable creature had intended to give to my written proposals in relation to settlements?

I have but just dipt my pen into this affecting paper. Were I to read it attentively, not a wink should I sleep this night. To-morrow it shall obtain my serious consideration.

LETTER XLVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 23.

The dear creature desires to be excused seeing me till evening. She is not very well, as Dorcas tells me.

Read here, if thou wilt, the paper transcribed by Dorcas. It is impossible that I should proceed with my projects against this admirable woman, were it not that I am resolved, after a few trials more, if as nobly sustained as those she has passed through, to make her (if she really hate me not) legally mine.

TO MR. LOVELACE

'When a woman is married, that supreme earthly obligation requires, that in all instances, where her husband's real honour is concerned, she should yield her own will to his. But, beforehand, I could be glad, conformably to what I have always signified, to have the most explicit assurances, that every possible way should be tried to avoid litigation with my father. Time and patience will subdue all things. My prospects of happiness are extremely contracted. A husband's right will be always the same. In my lifetime I could wish nothing to be done of this sort. Your circumstances, Sir, will not oblige you to extort violently from him what is in his hands. All that depends upon me, either with regard to my person, to my diversions, or to the economy that no married woman, of whatever rank or quality, should be above inspecting, shall be done, to prevent a necessity for such measures being taken. And if there will be no necessity for them, it is to be hoped that motives less excusable will not have force — motives which must be founded in a littleness of mind, which a woman, who has not that littleness of mind, will be under such temptations, as her duty will hardly be able at all times to check, to despise her husband for having; especially in cases where her own family, so much a part of herself, and which will have obligations upon her (though then but secondary ones) from which she can never be freed, is intimately concerned.

'This article, then, I urge to your most serious consideration, as what lies next my heart. I enter not here minutely into the fatal misunderstanding between them and you: the fault may be in both. But, Sir, your's was the foundation-fault: at least, you gave a too-plausible pretence for my brother's antipathy to work upon. Condescension was no part of your study. You chose to bear the imputations laid to your charge, rather than to make it your endeavour to obviate them.

'But this may lead into hateful recrimination. — Let it be remembered, I will only say, in this place, that, in their eye, you have robbed them of a daughter they doated upon; and that their resentments on this occasion rise but in proportion to

their love and their disappointment. If they were faulty in some of the measures they took, while they themselves did not think so, who shall judge for them? You, Sir, who will judge every body as you please, and will let nobody judge you in your own particular, must not be their judge. — It may therefore be expected that they will stand out.

'As for myself, Sir, I must leave it (so seems it to be destined) to your justice, to treat me as you shall think I deserve: but, if your future behaviour to them is not governed by that harsh-sounding implacableness, which you charge upon some of their tempers, the splendour of your family, and the excellent character of some of them (of all indeed, unless your own conscience furnishes you with one only exception) will, on better consideration, do every thing with them: for they may be overcome; perhaps, however, with the more difficulty, as the greatly prosperous less bear controul and disappointment than others: for I will own to you, that I have often in secret lamented, that their great acquirements have been a snare to them; perhaps as great a snare, as some other accidentals have been to you; which being less immediately your own gifts, you have still less reason than they to value yourself upon them.

'Let me only, on this subject, further observe, that condescension is not meanness. There is a glory in yielding, that hardly any violent spirit can judge of. My brother, perhaps, is no more sensible of this than you. But as you have talents, which he has not, (who, however, has, as I hope, that regard for morals, the want of which makes one of his objections to you,) I could wish it may not be owing to you, that your mutual dislikes to each other do not subside! for it is my earnest hope, that in time you may see each other, without exciting the fears of a wife and a sister for the consequence. Not that I should wish you to yield in points that truly concerned your honour: no, Sir; I would be as delicate in such, as you yourself: more delicate, I will venture to say, because more uniformly so. How vain, how contemptible, is that pride, which shows itself in standing upon diminutive observances; and gives up, and makes a jest of, the most important duties!

'This article being considered as I wish, all the rest will be easy. Were I to accept of the handsome separate provision you seem to intend me; added to the considerate sums arisen from my grandfather's estate since his death (more considerable than perhaps you may suppose from your offer); I should think it my duty to lay up for the family good, and for unforseen events, out of it: for, as to my donations, I would generally confine myself in them to the tenth of my income, be it what it would. I aim at no glare in what I do of that sort. All I wish for, is the power of relieving the lame, the blind, the sick, and the industrious poor, and those whom accident has made so, or sudden distress reduced. The

common or bred beggars I leave to others, and to the public provision. They cannot be lower: perhaps they wish not to be higher: and, not able to do for every one, I aim not at works of supererogation. Two hundred pounds a year would do all I wish to do of the separate sort: for all above, I would content myself to ask you; except, mistrusting your own economy, you would give up to my management and keeping, in order to provide for future contingencies, a larger portion; for which, as your steward, I would regularly account.

'As to clothes, I have particularly two suits, which, having been only in a manner tried on, would answer for any present occasion. Jewels I have of my grandmother's, which want only new-setting: another set I have, which on particular days I used to wear. Although these are not sent me, I have no doubt, being merely personals, but they will, when I should send for them in another name: till when I should not choose to wear any.

'As to your complaints of my diffidences, and the like, I appeal to your own heart, if it be possible for you to make my case your own for one moment, and to retrospect some parts of your behaviour, words, and actions, whether I am not rather to be justified than censured: and whether, of all the men in the world, avowing what you avow, you ought not to think so. If you do not, let me admonish you, Sir, from the very great mismatch that then must appear to be in our minds, never to seek, nor so much as to wish, to bring about the most intimate union of interests between yourself and

CLARISSA HARLOWE. MAY 20.'

* * *

The original of this charming paper, as Dorcas tells me, was torn almost in two. In one of her pets, I suppose! What business have the sex, whose principal glory is meekness, and patience, and resignation, to be in a passion, I trow? — Will not she who allows herself such liberties as a maiden take greater when married?

And a wife to be in a passion! — Let me tell the ladies, it is an impudent thing, begging their pardon, and as imprudent as impudent, for a wife to be in a passion, if she mean not eternal separation, or wicked defiance, by it: For is it not rejecting at once all that expostulatory meekness, and gentle reasoning, mingled with sighs as gentle, and graced with bent knees, supplicating hands, and eyes lifted up to your imperial countenance, just running over, that you should make a reconciliation speedy, and as lasting as speedy? Even suppose the husband is in the wrong, will not this being so give the greater force to her expostulation?

Now I think of it, a man should be in the wrong now-and-then, to make his wife shine. Miss Howe tells my charmer, that adversity is her shining- time. 'Tis a

generous thing in a man to make his wife shine at his own expense: to give her leave to triumph over him by patient reasoning: for were he to be too imperial to acknowledge his fault on the spot, she will find the benefit of her duty and submission in future, and in the high opinion he will conceive of her prudence and obligingness — and so, by degrees, she will become her master's master.

But for a wife to come up with kemboed arm, the other hand thrown out, perhaps with a pointing finger — Look ye here, Sir! — Take notice! — If you are wrong, I'll be wrong! — If you are in a passion, I'll be in a passion! — Rebuff, for rebuff, Sir! — If you fly, I'll tear! — If you swear, I'll curse! — And the same room, and the same bed, shall not hold us, Sir!- For, remember, I am married, Sir! — I am a wife, Sir! — You can't help yourself, Sir! — Your honour, as well as your peace, is in my keeping! And, if you like not this treatment, you may have worse, Sir!

Ah! Jack! Jack! What man, who has observed these things, either implied or expressed, in other families, would wish to be a husband!

Dorcas found this paper in one of the drawers of her lady's dressing- table. She was reperusing it, as she supposes, when the honest wench carried my message to desire her to favour me at the tea-table; for she saw her pop a paper into the drawer as she came in; and there, on her mistress's going to meet me in the dining-room, she found it; and to be this.

But I had better not to have had a copy of it, as far as I know: for, determined as I was before upon my operations, it instantly turned all my resolutions in her favour. Yet I would give something to be convinced that she did not pop it into her drawer before the wench, in order for me to see it; and perhaps (if I were to take notice of it) to discover whether Dorcas, according to Miss Howe's advice, were most my friend, or her's.

The very suspicion of this will do her no good: for I cannot bear to be artfully dealt with. People love to enjoy their own peculiar talents in monopoly, as arguments against me in her behalf. But I know every tittle thou canst say upon it. Spare therefore thy wambling nonsense, I desire thee; and leave this sweet excellence and me to our fate: that will determine for us, as it shall please itself: for as Cowley says,

An unseen hand makes all our moves:
And some are great, and some are small;
Some climb to good, some from great fortunes fall:
Some wise men, and some fools we call:
Figures, alas! of speech! — For destiny plays us all.

But, after all, I am sorry, almost sorry (for how shall I do to be quite sorry, when it is not given to me to be so?) that I cannot, until I have made further trials,

resolve upon wedlock.

I have just read over again this intended answer to my proposals: and how I adore her for it!

But yet; another yet! — She has not given it or sent it to me. — It is not therefore her answer. It is not written for me, though to me.

Nay, she has not intended to send it to me: she has even torn it, perhaps with indignation, as thinking it too good for me. By this action she absolutely retracts it. Why then does my foolish fondness seek to establish for her the same merit in my heart, as if she avowed it? Pr'ythee, dear Belford, once more, leave us to our fate; and do not thou interpose with thy nonsense, to weaken a spirit already too squeamish, and strengthen a conscience that has declared itself of her party.

Then again, remember thy recent discoveries, Lovelace! Remember her indifference, attended with all the appearance of contempt and hatred. View her, even now, wrapt up in reserve and mystery; meditating plots, as far as thou knowest, against the sovereignty thou hast, by right of conquest, obtained over her. Remember, in short, all thou hast threatened to remember against this insolent beauty, who is a rebel to the power she has listed under.

But yet, how dost thou propose to subdue thy sweet enemy! — Abhorred be force, be the necessity of force, if that can be avoided! There is no triumph in force — no conquest over the will — no prevailing by gentle degrees over the gentle passions! — force is the devil!

My cursed character, as I have often said, was against me at setting out — Yet is she not a woman? Cannot I find one yielding or but half- yielding moment, if she do not absolutely hate me?

But with what can I tempt her? — RICHES she was born to, and despises, knowing what they are. JEWELS and ornaments, to a mind so much a jewel, and so richly set, her worthy consciousness will not let her value. LOVE — if she be susceptible of love, it seems to be so much under the direction of prudence, that one unguarded moment, I fear, cannot be reasonably hoped for: and so much VIGILANCE, so much apprehensiveness, that her fears are ever aforehand with her dangers. Then her LOVE or VIRTUE seems to be principle, native principle, or, if not native, so deeply rooted, that its fibres have struck into her heart, and, as she grew up, so blended and twisted themselves with the strings of life, that I doubt there is no separating of the one without cutting the others asunder.

What then can be done to make such a matchless creature get over the first tests, in order to put her to the grand proof, whether once overcome, she will not be always overcome?

Our mother and her nymphs say, I am a perfect Craven, and no Lovelace: and so I think. But this is no simpering, smiling charmer, as I have found others to be,

when I have touched upon affecting subjects at a distance; as once or twice I have tried to her, the mother introducing them (to make sex palliate the freedom to sex) when only we three together. She is above the affectation of not seeming to understand you. She shows by her displeasure, and a fierceness not natural to her eye, that she judges of an impure heart by an impure mouth, and darts dead at once even the embryo hopes of an encroaching lover, however distantly insinuated, before the meaning hint can dawn into double entendre.

By my faith, Jack, as I sit gazing upon her, my whole soul in my eyes, contemplating her perfections, and thinking, when I have seen her easy and serene, what would be her thoughts, did she know my heart as well as I know it; when I behold her disturbed and jealous, and think of the justness of her apprehensions, and that she cannot fear so much as there is room for her to fear; my heart often misgives me.

And must, think I, O creature so divinely excellent, and so beloved of my soul, those arms, those encircling arms, that would make a monarch happy, be used to repel brutal force; all their strength, unavailingly perhaps, exerted to repel it, and to defend a person so delicately framed? Can violence enter into the heart of a wretch, who might entitle himself to all her willing yet virtuous love, and make the blessings he aspireth after, her duty to confer? — Begone, villain-purposes! Sink ye all to the hell that could only inspire ye! And I am then ready to throw myself at her feet, to confess my villainous designs, to avow my repentance, and put it out of my power to act unworthily by such an excellence.

How then comes it, that all these compassionate, and, as some would call them, honest sensibilities go off! — Why, Miss Howe will tell thee: she says, I am the devil. — By my conscience, I think he has at present a great share in me.

There's ingenuousness! — How I lay myself open to thee! — But seest thou not, that the more I say against myself, the less room there is for thee to take me to task? — O Belford, Belford! I cannot, cannot (at least at present) I cannot marry.

Then her family, my bitter enemies — to supple to them, or if I do not, to make her as unhappy as she can be from my attempts ——

Then does she not love them too much, me too little?

She now seems to despise me: Miss Howe declares, that she really does despise me. To be despised by a WIFE — What a thought is that! — To be excelled by a WIFE too, in every part of praise-worthy knowledge! — To take lessons, to take instructions, from a WIFE! — More than despise me, she herself has taken time to consider whether she does not hate me: — I hate you, Lovelace, with my whole heart, said she to me but yesterday! My soul is above thee, man! — Urge me not to tell thee how sincerely I think my soul above thee! — How

poor indeed was I then, even in my own heart! — So visible a superiority, to so proud a spirit as mine! — And here from below, from BELOW indeed! from these women! I am so goaded on ——

Yet ’tis poor too, to think myself a machine in the hands of such wretches. — I am no machine. — Lovelace, thou art base to thyself, but to suppose thyself a machine.

But having gone thus far, I should be unhappy, if after marriage, in the petulance of ill humour, I had it to reproach myself, that I did not try her to the utmost. And yet I don’t know how it is, but this lady, the moment I come into her presence, half-assimilates me to her own virtue. — Once or twice (to say nothing of her triumph over me on Sunday night) I was prevailed upon to fluster myself, with an intention to make some advances, which, if obliged to recede, I might lay upon raised spirits: but the instant I beheld her, I was soberized into awe and reverence: and the majesty of her even visible purity first damped, and then extinguished, my double flame.

What a surprisingly powerful effect, so much and so long in my power she! so instigated by some of her own sex, and so stimulated by passion I! — How can this be accounted for in a Lovelace!

But what a heap of stuff have I written! — How have I been run away with! — By what? — Canst thou say by what? — O thou lurking varletess CONSCIENCE! — Is it thou that hast thus made me of party against myself? — How camest thou in? — In what disguise, thou egregious haunter of my more agreeable hours? — Stand thou, with fate, but neuter in this controversy; and, if I cannot do credit to human nature, and to the female sex, by bringing down such an angel as this to class with and adorn it, (for adorn it she does in her very foibles,) then I am all your’s, and never will resist you more.

Here I arose. I shook myself. The window was open. Always the troublesome bosom-visiter, the intruder, is flown. — I see it yet! — And now it lessens to my aching eye! — And now the cleft air is closed after it, and it is out of sight! — and once more I am

ROBERT LOVELACE.

LETTER XLIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, MAY 23.

Well did I, and but just in time to conclude to have done with Mrs. Fretchville and the house: for here Mennell has declared, that he cannot in conscience and honour go any farther. — He would not for the world be accessory to the deceiving of such a lady! — I was a fool to let either you or him see her; for ever since ye have both had scruples, which neither would have had, were a woman to have been in the question.

Well, I can't help it!

Mennell has, however, though with some reluctance, consented to write me a letter, provided I will allow it to be the last step he shall take in this affair.

I presumed, I told him, that if I could cause Mrs. Fretchville's woman to supply his place, he would have no objection to that.

None, he says — But is it not pity —

A pitiful fellow! Such a ridiculous kind of pity his, as those silly souls have, who would not kill an innocent chicken for the world; but when killed to their hands, are always the most greedy devourers of it.

Now this letter gives the servant the small-pox: and she has given it to her unhappy vapourish lady. Vapourish people are perpetual subjects for diseases to work upon. Name but the malady, and it is theirs in a moment. Ever fitted for inoculation. — The physical tribe's milch-cows. — A vapourish or splenetic patient is a fiddle for the doctors; and they are eternally playing upon it. Sweet music does it make them. All their difficulty, except a case extraordinary happens, (as poor Mrs. Fretchville's, who has realized her apprehensions,) is but to hold their countenance, while their patient is drawing up a bill of indictment against himself; — and when they have heard it, proceed to punish — the right word for prescribe. Why should they not, when the criminal has confessed his guilt? — And punish they generally do with a vengeance.

Yet, silly toads too, now I think of it. For why, when they know they cannot do good, may they not as well endeavour to gratify, as to nauseate, the patient's palate?

Were I a physician, I'd get all the trade to myself: for Malmsey, and Cyprus, and the generous product of the Cape, a little disguised, should be my principal doses: as these would create new spirits, how would the revived patient covet the physic, and adore the doctor!

Give all the paraders of the faculty whom thou knowest this hint. — There could but one inconvenience arise from it. The APOTHECARIES would find

their medicines cost them something: but the demand for quantities would answer that: since the honest NURSE would be the patient's taster; perpetually requiring repetitions of the last cordial julap.

Well, but to the letter — Yet what need of further explanation after the hints in my former? The widow can't be removed; and that's enough: and Mennell's work is over; and his conscience left to plague him for his own sins, and not another man's: and, very possibly, plague enough will give him for those.

This letter is directed, To Robert Lovelace, Esq. or, in his absence, to his Lady. She has refused dining with me, or seeing me: and I was out when it came. She opened it: so is my lady by her own consent, proud and saucy as she is.

I am glad at my heart that it came before we entirely make up. She would else perhaps have concluded it to be contrived for a delay: and now, moreover, we can accommodate our old and new quarrels together; and that's contrivance, you know. But how is her dear haughty heart humbled to what it was when I knew her first, that she can apprehend any delays from me; and have nothing to do but to vex at them!

I came in to dinner. She sent me down the letter, desiring my excuse for opening it. — Did it before she was aware. Lady-pride, Belford! recollection, then retrogradation!

I requested to see her upon it that moment. — But she desires to suspend our interview till morning. I will bring her to own, before I have done with her, that she can't see me too often.

My impatience was so great, on an occasion so unexpected, that I could not help writing to tell her, 'how much vexed I was at the accident: but that it need not delay my happy day, as that did not depend upon the house. [She knew that before, she'll think; and so did I.] And as Mrs. Fretchville, by Mr. Mennell, so handsomely expressed her concern upon it, and her wishes that it could suit us to bear with the unavoidable delay, I hoped, that going down to The Lawn for two or three of the summer- months, when I was made the happiest of men, would be favourable to all round.'

The dear creature takes this incident to heart, I believe: She has sent word to my repeated request to see her notwithstanding her denial, that she cannot till the morning: it shall be then at six o'clock, if I please!

To be sure I do please!

Can see her but once a day now, Jack!

Did I tell thee, that I wrote a letter to my cousin Montague, wondering that I heard not from Lord M. as the subject was so very interesting! In it I acquainted her with the house I was about taking; and with Mrs. Fretchville's vapourish delays.

I was very loth to engage my own family, either man or woman, in this affair; but I must take my measures securely: and already they all think as bad of me as they well can. You observe by my Lord M.'s letter to yourself, that the well-manner'd peer is afraid I should play this admirable creature one of my usual dog's tricks.

I have received just now an answer from Charlotte.

Charlot i'n't well. A stomach disorder!

No wonder a girl's stomach should plague her. A single woman; that's it. When she has a man to plague, it will have something besides itself to prey upon. Knowest thou not moreover, that man is the woman's sun; woman is the man's earth? — How dreary, how desolate, the earth, that the suns shines not upon!

Poor Charlotte! But I heard she was not well: that encouraged me to write to her; and to express myself a little concerned, that she had not, of her own accord, thought of a visit in town to my charmer.

Here follows a copy of her letter. Thou wilt see by it that every little monkey is to catechise me. They all depend upon my good-nature.

M. HALL, MAY 22. DEAR COUSIN,

We have been in daily hope for a long time, I must call it, of hearing that the happy knot was tied. My Lord has been very much out of order: and yet nothing would serve him, but he would himself write an answer to your letter. It was the only opportunity he should ever have, perhaps, to throw in a little good advice to you, with the hope of its being of any signification; and he has been several hours in a day, as his gout would let him, busied in it. It wants now only his last revisal. He hopes it will have the greater weight with you, as it appear all in his own hand-writing.

Indeed, Mr. Lovelace, his worthy heart is wrapt up in you. I wish you loved yourself but half as well. But I believe too, that if all the family loved you less, you would love yourself more.

His Lordship has been very busy, at the times he could not write, in consulting Pritchard about those estates which he proposes to transfer to you on the happy occasion, that he may answer your letter in the most acceptable manner; and show, by effects, how kindly he takes your invitation. I assure you he is mighty proud of it.

As for myself, I am not at all well, and have not been for some weeks past, with my old stomach-disorder. I had certainly else before now have done myself the honour you wonder I have not done myself. Lady Betty, who would have accompanied me, (for we have laid it all out,) has been exceedingly busy in her law-affair; her antagonist, who is actually on the spot, having been making proposals for an accommodation. But you may assure yourself, that when our

dear relation-elect shall be entered upon the new habitation you tell me of, we will do ourselves the honour of visiting her; and if any delay arises from the dear lady's want of courage, (which considering her man, let me tell you, may very well be,) we will endeavour to inspire her with it, and be sponsors for you; — for, cousin, I believe you have need to be christened over again before you are entitled to so great a blessing. What think you?

Just now, my Lord tells me, he will dispatch a man on purpose with his letter to-morrow: so I needed not to have written. But now I have, let it go; and by Empson, who sets out directly on his return to town.

My best compliments, and sister's, to the most deserving lady in the world [you will need no other direction to the person meant] conclude me

Your affectionate cousin and servant, CHARL. MONTAGUE.

* * *

Thou seest how seasonably this letter comes. I hope my Lord will write nothing but what I may show to my beloved. I have actually sent her up this letter of Charlotte's, and hope for happy effects from it.

R.L. * * *

[The Lady, in her next letter, gives Miss Howe an account of what passed between Mr. Lovelace and herself. She resents his behaviour with her usual dignity. But when she comes to mention Mr. Mennell's letter, she re-urges Miss Howe to perfect her scheme for her deliverance; being resolved to leave him. But, dating again, on his sending up to her Miss Montague's letter, she alters her mind, and desires her to suspend for the present her application to Mrs. Townsend.]

I had begun, says she, to suspect all he had said of Mrs. Fretchville and her house; and even Mr. Mennell himself, though so well-appearing a man. But now that I find Mr. Lovelace has apprized his relations of his intent to take it, and had engaged some of the ladies to visit me there, I could hardly forbear blaming myself for censuring him as capable of so vile an imposture. But may he not thank himself for acting so very unaccountably, and taking such needlessly-awry steps, as he had done, embarrassing, as I told him, his own meanings, if they were good?

LETTER L

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, MAY 24.

[He gives his friend an account of their interview that morning; and of the happy effects of his cousin Montague's letter in his favour. Her reserves, however, he tells him, are not absolutely banished. But this he imputes to form.]

It is not in the power of woman, says he, to be altogether sincere on these occasions. But why? — Do they think it so great a disgrace to be found out to be really what they are?

I regretted the illness of Mrs. Fretchville; as the intention I had to fix her dear self in the house before the happy knot was tied, would have set her in that independence in appearance, as well as fact, which was necessary to show to all the world that her choice was free; and as the ladies of my family would have been proud to make their court to her there, while the settlements and our equipages were preparing. But, on any other account, there was no great matter in it; since when my happy day was over, we could, with so much convenience, go down to The Lawn, to my Lord M.'s, and to Lady Sarah's or Lady Betty's, in turn; which would give full time to provide ourselves with servants and other accommodations.

How sweetly the charmer listened!

I asked her, if she had had the small-pox?

Ten thousand pounds the worse in my estimation, thought I, if she has not; for no one of her charming graces can I dispense with.

'Twas always a doubtful point with her mother and Mrs. Norton, she owned. But although she was not afraid of it, she chose not unnecessarily to rush into places where it was.

Right, thought I — Else, I said, it would not have been amiss for her to see the house before she went into the country; for if she liked it not, I was not obliged to have it.

She asked, if she might take a copy of Miss Montague's letter?

I said, she might keep the letter itself, and send it to Miss Howe, if she pleased; for that, I suppose, was her intention.

She bowed her head to me.

There, Jack! I shall have her courtesy to me by-and-by, I question not. What a-devil had I to do, to terrify the sweet creature by my termagant projects! — Yet it was not amiss, I believe, to make her afraid of me. She says, I am an unpolite man. And every polite instance from such a one is deemed a favour.

Talking of the settlements, I told her I had rather that Pritchard (mentioned by my cousin Charlotte) had not been consulted on this occasion. Pritchard, indeed, was a very honest man; and had been for a generation in the family; and knew of the estates, and the condition of them, better than either my Lord or myself: but Pritchard, like other old men, was diffident and slow; and valued himself upon his skill as a draughts-man; and, for the sake of the paltry reputation, must have all his forms preserved, were an imperial crown to depend upon his dispatch.

I kissed her unrepulsing hand no less than five times during this conversation. Lord, Jack, how my generous heart ran over! — She was quite obliging at parting. — She in a manner asked me leave to retire; to reperuse Charlotte's letter. — I think she bent her knees to me; but I won't be sure. — How happy might we both have been long ago, had the dear creature been always as complaisant to me! For I do love respect, and, whether I deserve it or not, always had it, till I knew this proud beauty.

And now, Belford, are we in a train, or the deuce is in it. Every fortified town has its strong and its weak place. I have carried on my attacks against the impregnable parts. I have not doubt but I shall either shine or smuggle her out of her cloke, since she and Miss Howe have intended to employ a smuggler against me. — All we wait for now is my Lord's letter.

But I had like to have forgot to tell thee, that we have been not a little alarmed, by some inquiries that have been made after me and my beloved by a man of good appearance; who yesterday procured a tradesman in the neighbourhood to send for Dorcas: of whom he asked several questions relating to us; particularly (as we boarded and lodged in one house) whether we were married?

This has given my beloved great uneasiness. And I could not help observing upon it, to her, how right a thing it was that we had given out below that we were married. The inquiry, most probably, I said, was from her brother's quarter; and now perhaps that our marriage was owned, we should hear no more of his machinations. The person, it seems, was curious to know the day that the ceremony was performed. But Dorcas refused to give him any other particulars than that we were married; and she was the more reserved, as he declined to tell her the motives of his inquiry.

LETTER LI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MAY 24.

The devil take this uncle of mine! He has at last sent me a letter which I cannot show, without exposing the head of our family for a fool. A confounded parcel of pop-guns has he let off upon me. I was in hopes he had exhausted his whole stock of this sort in his letter to you. — To keep it back, to delay sending it, till he had recollected all this farrago of nonsense — confound his wisdom of nations, if so much of it is to be scraped together, in disgrace of itself, to make one egregious simpleton! — But I am glad I am fortified with this piece of flagrant folly, however; since, in all human affairs, the convenient are so mingled, that there is no having the one without the other.

I have already offered the bill enclosed in it to my beloved; and read to her part of the letter. But she refused the bill: and, as I am in cash myself, I shall return it. She seemed very desirous to peruse the whole letter. And when I told her, that, were it not for exposing the writer, I would oblige her, she said, it would not be exposing his Lordship to show it to her; and that she always preferred the heart to the head. I knew her meaning; but did not thank her for it.

All that makes for me in it I will transcribe for her — yet, hang it, she shall have the letter, and my soul with it, for one consenting kiss.

* * *

She has got the letter from me without the reward. Deuce take me, if I had the courage to propose the condition. A new character this of bashfulness in thy friend. I see, that a truly modest woman may make even a confident man keep his distance. By my soul, Belford, I believe, that nine women in ten, who fall, fall either from their own vanity or levity, or for want of circumspection and proper reserves.

* * *

I did intend to take my reward on her returning a letter so favourable to us both. But she sent it to me, sealed up, by Dorcas. I might have thought that there were two or three hints in it, that she would be too nice immediately to appear to. I send it to thee; and here will stop, to give thee time to read it. Return it as soon as thou hast perused it.

LETTER LII

LORD M. TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY, MAY 23.

It is a long lane that has no turning. — Do not despise me for my proverbs — you know I was always fond of them; and if you had been so too, it would have been the better for you, let me tell you. I dare swear, the fine lady you are so likely to be soon happy with, will be far from despising them; for I am told, that she writes well, and that all her letters are full of sentences. God convert you! for nobody but he and this lady can.

I have no manner of doubt but that you will marry, as your father, and all your ancestors, did before you: else you would have had no title to be my heir; nor can your descendants have any title to be your's, unless they are legitimate; that's worth your remembrance, Sir! — No man is always a fool, every man is sometimes. — But your follies, I hope, are now at an end.

I know, you have vowed revenge against this fine lady's family: but no more of that, now. You must look upon them all as your relations; and forgive and forget. And when they see you make a good husband and a good father, [which God send, for all our sakes!] they will wonder at their nonsensical antipathy, and beg your pardon: But while they think you a vile fellow, and a rake, how can they either love you, or excuse their daughter?

And methinks I could wish to give a word of comfort to the lady, who, doubtless, must be under great fears, how she shall be able to hold in such a wild creature as you have hitherto been. I would hint to her, that by strong arguments, and gentle words, she may do any thing with you; for though you are apt to be hot, gentle words will cool you, and bring you into the temper that is necessary for your cure.

Would to God, my poor lady, your aunt, who is dead and gone, had been a proper patient for the same remedy! God rest her soul! No reflections upon her memory! Worth is best known by want! I know her's now; and if I had went first, she would by this time have known mine.

There is great wisdom in that saying, God send me a friend, that may tell me of my faults: if not, an enemy, and he will. Not that I am your enemy; and that you well know. The more noble any one is, the more humble; so bear with me, if you would be thought noble. — Am I not your uncle? and do I not design to be better to you than your father could be? Nay, I will be your father too, when the happy day comes; since you desire it: and pray make my compliments to my dear niece; and tell her, I wonder much that she has so long deferred your happiness.

Pray let her know as that I will present HER (not you) either my Lancashire seat or The Lawn in Hertfordshire, and settle upon her a thousand pounds a year penny-rents; to show her, that we are not a family to take base advantages: and you may have writings drawn, and settle as you will. — Honest Pritchard has the rent-roll of both these estates; and as he has been a good old servant, I recommend him to your lady's favour. I have already consulted him: he will tell you what is best for you, and most pleasing to me.

I am still very bad with my gout, but will come in a litter, as soon as the day is fixed; it would be the joy of my heart to join your hands. And, let me tell you, if you do not make the best of husbands to so good a young lady, and one who has had so much courage for your sake, I will renounce you; and settle all I can upon her and her's by you, and leave you out of the question.

If any thing be wanting for your further security, I am ready to give it; though you know, that my word has always been looked upon as my bond. And when the Harlowes know all this, let us see whether they are able to blush, and take shame to themselves.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty want only to know the day, to make all the country round them blaze, and all their tenants mad. And, if any one of mine be sober upon the occasion, Pritchard shall eject him. And, on the birth of the first child, if a son, I will do something more for you, and repeat all our rejoicings.

I ought indeed to have written sooner. But I knew, that if you thought me long, and were in haste as to your nuptials, you would write and tell me so. But my gout was very troublesome: and I am but a slow writer, you know, at best: for composing is a thing that, though formerly I was very ready at it, (as my Lord Lexington used to say,) yet having left it off a great while, I am not so now. And I chose, on this occasion, to write all out of my own hand and memory; and to give you my best advice; for I may never have such an opportunity again. You have had [God mend you!] a strange way of turning your back upon all I have said: this once, I hope, you will be more attentive to the advice I give you for your own good.

I have still another end; nay, two other ends.

The one was, that now you are upon the borders of wedlock, as I may say, and all your wild oats will be sown, I would give you some instructions as to your public as well as private behaviour in life; which, intending you so much good as I do, you ought to hear; and perhaps would never have listened to, on any less extraordinary occasion.

The second is, that your dear lady-elect (who is it seems herself so fine and so sententious a writer) will see by this, that it is not our faults, nor for want of the best advice, that you was not a better man than you have hitherto been.

And now, in a few words, for the conduct I would wish you to follow in public, as well as in private, if you would think me worthy of advising. — It shall be short; so be not uneasy.

As to the private life: Love your lady as she deserves. Let your actions praise you. Be a good husband; and so give the lie to all your enemies; and make them ashamed of their scandals. And let us have pride in saying, that Miss Harlowe has not done either herself or family any discredit by coming among us. Do this; and I, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, will love you for ever.

As to your public conduct: This as follows is what I could wish: but I reckon your lady's wisdom will put us both right — no disparagement, Sir; since, with all your wit, you have not hitherto shown much wisdom, you know.

Get into parliament as soon as you can: for you have talons to make a great figure there. Who so proper to assist in making new holding laws, as those whom no law in being could hold?

Then, for so long as you will give attendance in St. Stephen's chapel — its being called a chapel, I hope, will not disgust you: I am sure I have known many a riot there — a speaker has a hard time of it! but we peers have more decorum — But what was I going to say? — I must go back.

For so long as you will give your attendance in parliament, for so long will you be out of mischief; out of private mischief, at least: and may St. Stephen's fate be your's, if you wilfully do public mischief!

When a new election comes, you will have two or three boroughs, you know, to choose out of: — but if you stay till then, I had rather you were for the shire.

You will have interest enough, I am sure; and being so handsome a man, the women will make their husbands vote for you.

I shall long to read your speeches. I expect you will speak, if occasion offer, the very first day. You want no courage, and think highly enough of yourself, and lowly enough of every body else, to speak on all occasions.

As to the methods of the house, you have spirit enough, I fear, to be too much above them: take care of that. — I don't so much fear your want of good-manners. To men, you want no decency, if they don't provoke you: as to that, I wish you would only learn to be as patient of contradiction from others, as you would have other people be to you.

Although I would not have you to be a courtier; neither would I have you to be a malcontent. I remember (for I have it down) what my old friend Archibald Hutcheson said; and it was a very good saying — (to Mr. Secretary Craggs, I think it was)— 'I look upon an administration, as entitled to every vote I can with good conscience give it; for a house of commons should not needlessly put drags upon the wheels of government: and when I have not given it my vote, it was with

regret: and, for my country's sake, I wished with all my heart the measure had been such as I could have approved.'

And another saying he had, which was this: 'Neither can an opposition, neither can a ministry, be always wrong. To be a plumb man therefore with either, is an infallible mark, that that man must mean more and worse than he will own he does mean.'

Are these sayings bad, Sir? are they to be despised? — Well, then, why should I be despised for remembering them, and quoting them, as I love to do? Let me tell you, if you loved my company more than you do, you would not be the worse for it. I may say so without any vanity; since it is other men's wisdom, and not my own, that I am so fond of.

But to add a word or two more on this occasion; and I may never have such another; for you must read this through — Love honest men, and herd with them, in the house and out of the house; by whatever names they be dignified or distinguished: Keep good men company, and you shall be out of their number. But did I, or did I not, write this before? — Writing, at so many different times, and such a quantity, one may forget.

You may come in for the title when I am dead and gone — God help me! — So I would have you keep an equilibrium. If once you get the name of being a fine speaker, you may have any thing: and, to be sure, you have naturally a great deal of elocution; a tongue that would delude an angel, as the women say — to their sorrow, some of them, poor creatures! — A leading man in the house of commons is a very important character; because that house has the giving of money: and money makes the mare to go; ay, and queens and kings too, sometimes, to go in a manner very different from what they might otherwise choose to go, let me tell you.

However, methinks, I would not have you take a place neither — it will double your value, and your interest, if it be believed, that you will not: for, as you will then stand in no man's way, you will have no envy; but pure sterling respect; and both sides will court you.

For your part, you will not want a place, as some others do, to piece up their broken fortunes. If you can now live reputably upon two thousand pounds a year, it will be hard if you cannot hereafter live upon seven or eight — less you will not have, if you oblige me; as now, by marrying so fine a lady, very much you will — and all this, and above Lady Betty's and Lady Sarah's favours! What, in the name of wonder, could possibly possess the proud Harlowes! — That son, that son of theirs! — But, for his dear sister's sake, I will say no more of him.

I never was offered a place myself: and the only one I would have taken, had I been offered it, was master of the buckhounds; for I loved hunting when I was

young; and it carries a good sound with it for us who live in the country. Often have I thought of that excellent old adage; He that eats the king's goose, shall be choked with his feathers. I wish to the Lord, this was thoroughly considered by place-hunters! it would be better for them, and for their poor families.

I could say a great deal more, and all equally to the purpose. But really I am tired; and so I doubt are you. And besides, I would reserve something for conversation.

My nieces Montague, and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, join in compliments to my niece that is to be. If she would choose to have the knot tied among us, pray tell her that we shall all see it securely done: and we will make all the country ring and blaze for a week together. But so I believe I said before.

If any thing further may be needful toward promoting your reciprocal felicity, let me know it; and how you order about the day; and all that. The enclosed bill is very much at your service. 'Tis payable at sight, as whatever else you may have occasion for shall be.

So God bless you both; and make things as convenient to my gout as you can; though, be it whenever it will, I will hobble to you; for I long to see you; and still more to see my niece; and am (in expectation of that happy opportunity)

Your most affectionate Uncle M.

LETTER LIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY, MAY 25.

Thou seest, Belford, how we now drive before the wind. — The dear creature now comes almost at the first word, whenever I desire the honour of her company. I told her last night, that apprehending delay from Pritchard's slowness, I was determined to leave it to my Lord to make his compliments in his own way; and had actually that afternoon put my writings into the hands of a very eminent lawyer, Counsellor Willians, with directions for him to draw up settlements from my own estate, and conformably to those of my mother! which I put into his hands at the same time. It had been, I assured her, no small part of my concern, that her frequent displeasure, and our mutual misapprehensions, had hindered me from advising with her before on this subject. Indeed, indeed, my dearest life, said I, you have hitherto afforded me but a very thorny courtship.

She was silent. Kindly silent. For well know I, that she could have recriminated upon me with a vengeance. But I was willing to see if she were not loth to disoblige me now. I comforted myself, I said, with the hopes that all my difficulties were now over; and that every past disobligations would be buried in oblivion.

Now, Belford, I have actually deposited these writings with Counsellor Williams; and I expect the draughts in a week at farthest. So shall be doubly armed. For if I attempt, and fail, these shall be ready to throw in, to make her have patience with me till I can try again.

I have more contrivances still in embryo. I could tell thee of an hundred, and yet hold another hundred in petto, to pop in as I go along, to excite thy surprize, and to keep up thy attention. Nor rave thou at me; but, if thou art my friend, think of Miss Howe's letters, and of her smuggling scheme. All owing to my fair captive's informations incitements. Am I not a villain, a fool, a Beelzebub, with them already? — Yet no harm done by me, nor so much as attempted?

Every thing of this nature, the dear creature answered, (with a downcast eye, and a blushing cheek,) she left to me.

I proposed my Lord's chapel for the celebration, where we might have the presence of Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and my two cousins Montague.

She seemed not to favour a public celebration! and waved this subject for the present. I doubted not but she would be as willing as I to decline a public wedding; so I pressed not this matter farther just then.

But patterns I actually produced; and a jeweller was to bring as this day several sets of jewels for her choice. But the patterns she would not open. She sighed at

the mention of them: the second patterns, she said, that had been offered to her:* and very peremptorily forbid the jeweller's coming; as well as declined my offer of causing my mother's to be new-set, at least for the present.

* See Vol. I. Letter XLI.

I do assure thee, Belford, I was in earnest in all this. My whole estate is nothing to me, put in competition with her hoped-for favour.

She then told me, that she had put into writing her opinion of my general proposals; and there had expressed her mind as to clothes and jewels: but on my strange behaviour to her (for no cause that she knew of) on Sunday night, she had torn the paper in two.

I earnestly pressed her to let me be favoured with a sight of this paper, torn as it was. And, after some hesitation, she withdrew, and sent it to me by Dorcas.

I perused it again. It was in a manner new to me, though I had read it so lately: and, by my soul, I could hardly stand it. An hundred admirable creatures I called her to myself. But I charge thee, write not a word to me in her favour, if thou meanest her well; for, if I spare her, it must be all ex mero motu.

You may easily suppose, when I was re-admitted to her presence, that I ran over in her praises, and in vows of gratitude, and everlasting love. But here's the devil; she still receives all I say with reserve; or if it be not with reserve, she receives it so much as her due, that she is not at all raised by it. Some women are undone by praise, by flattery. I myself, a man, am proud of praise. Perhaps thou wilt say, that those are most proud of it who least deserve it; as those are of riches and grandeur who are not born to either. I own, that to be superior to these foibles, it requires a soul. Have I not then a soul? — Surely, I have. — Let me then be considered as an exception to the rule.

Now have I foundation to go upon in my terms. My Lord, in the exuberance of his generosity, mentions a thousand pounds a year penny-rents. This I know, that were I to marry this lady, he would rather settle upon her all he has a mind to settle, than upon me. He has even threatened, that if I prove not a good husband to her, he will leave all he can at his death from me to her. Yet considers not that a woman so perfect can never be displeased with her husband but to his disgrace: For who will blame her? — Another reason why a LOVELACE should not wish to marry a CLARISSA.

But what a pretty fellow of an uncle is this foolish peer, to think of making a wife independent of her emperor, and a rebel of course; yet smarted himself for an error of this kind!

My beloved, in her torn paper, mentions but two hundred pounds a year, for her separate use. I insisted upon her naming a larger sum. She said it might be three; and I, for fear she should suspect very large offers, named only five; but

added the entire disposal of all arrears in her father's hands for the benefit of Mrs. Norton, or whom she pleased.

She said, that the good woman would be uneasy if any thing more than a competency were done for her. She was more for suiting all her dispositions of this kind, she said, to the usual way of life of the person. To go beyond it, was but to put the benefited upon projects, or to make them awkward in a new state; when they might shine in that to which they were accustomed. And to put it into so good a mother's power to give her son a beginning in his business at a proper time; yet to leave her something for herself, to set her above want, or above the necessity of taking back from her child what she had been enabled to bestow upon him; would be the height of such a worthy parent's ambition.

Here's prudence! Here's judgment in so young a creature! How do I hate the Harlowes for producing such an angel! — O why, why, did she refuse my sincere address to tie the knot before we came to this house!

But yet, what mortifies my pride is, that this exalted creature, if I were to marry her, would not be governed in her behaviour to me by love, but by generosity merely, or by blind duty; and had rather live single, than be mine.

I cannot bear this. I would have the woman whom I honour with my name, if ever I confer this honour upon any, forego even her superior duties for me. I would have her look after me when I go out as far as she can see me, as my Rosebud after her Johnny; and meet me at my return with rapture. I would be the subject of her dreams, as well as of her waking thoughts. I would have her think every moment lost that is not passed with me: sing to me, read to me, play to me when I pleased: no joy so great as in obeying me. When I should be inclined to love, overwhelm me with it; when to be serious or solitary, if apprehensive of intrusion, retiring at a nod; approaching me only if I smiled encouragement: steal into my presence with silence; out of it, if not noticed, on tiptoe. Be a lady easy to all my pleasures, and valuing those most who most contributed to them; only sighing in private, that it was not herself at the time. Thus of old did the contending wives of the honest patriarchs; each recommending her handmaid to her lord, as she thought it would oblige him, and looking upon the genial product as her own.

The gentle Waller says, women are born to be controuled. Gentle as he was, he knew that. A tyrant husband makes a dutiful wife. And why do the sex love rakes, but because they know how to direct their uncertain wills, and manage them?

* * *

Another agreeable conversation. The day of days the subject. As to fixing a particular one, that need not be done, my charmer says, till the settlements are completed. As to marrying at my Lord's chapel, the Ladies of my family present, that would be making a public affair of it; and the dear creature observed, with regret, that it seemed to be my Lord's intention to make it so.

It could not be imagined, I said, but that his Lordship's setting out in a litter, and coming to town, as well as his taste for glare, and the joy he would take to see me married at last, and to her dear self, would give it as much the air of a public marriage as if the ceremony were performed at his own chapel, all the Ladies present.

I cannot, said she, endure the thoughts of a public day. It will carry with it an air of insult upon my whole family. And for my part, if my Lord will not take it amiss, [and perhaps he will not, as the motion came not from himself, but from you, Mr. Lovelace,] I will very willingly dispense with his Lordship's presence; the rather, as dress and appearance will then be unnecessary; for I cannot bear to think of decking my person while my parents are in tears.

How excellent this! Yet do not her parents richly deserve to be in tears?

See, Belford, with so charming a niceness, we might have been a long time ago upon the verge of the state, and yet found a great deal to do before we entered into it.

All obedience, all resignation — no will but her's. I withdrew, and wrote directly to my Lord; and she not disapproving of it, I sent it away. The purport as follows; for I took no copy.

'That I was much obliged to his Lordship for his intended goodness to me on an occasion the most solemn of my life. That the admirable Lady, whom he so justly praised, thought his Lordship's proposals in her favour too high. That she chose not to make a public appearance, if, without disobliging my friends, she could avoid it, till a reconciliation with her own could be effected. That although she expressed a grateful sense of his Lordship's consent to give her to me with his own hand; yet, presuming that the motive to this kind intention was rather to do her honour, than it otherwise would have been his own choice, (especially as travelling would be at this time so inconvenient to him,) she thought it advisable to save his Lordship trouble on this occasion; and hoped he would take as meant her declining the favour.

'That The Lawn will be most acceptable to us both to retire to; and the rather, as it is so to his Lordship.

'But, if he pleases, the jointure may be made from my own estate; leaving to his Lordship's goodness the alternative.'

I conclude with telling him, ‘that I had offered to present the Lady his Lordship’s bill; but on her declining to accept of it (having myself no present occasion for it) I return it enclosed, with my thanks, &c.’

And is not this going a plaguy length? What a figure should I make in rakish annals, if at last I should be caught in my own gin?

The sex may say what they will, but a poor innocent fellow had need to take great care of himself, when he dances upon the edge of the matrimonial precipice. Many a faint-hearted man, when he began to jest, or only designed to ape gallantry, has been forced into earnest, by being over-prompt, and taken at his word, not knowing how to own that he meant less than the lady supposed he meant. I am the better enabled to judge that this must have been the case of many a sneaking varlet; because I, who know the female world as well as any man in it of my standing, am so frequently in doubt of myself, and know not what to make of the matter.

Then these little sly rogues, how they lie couchant, ready to spring upon us harmless fellows the moment we are in their reach! — When the ice is once broken for them, how swiftly can they make to port! — Mean time, the subject they can least speak to, they most think of. Nor can you talk of the ceremony, before they have laid out in their minds how it is all to be. Little saucy-faced designers! how first they draw themselves in, then us!

But be all these things as they will, Lord M. never in his life received so handsome a letter as this from his nephew

LOVELACE. * * *

[The Lady, after having given to Miss Howe on the particulars contained in Mr. Lovelace’s last letter, thus expresses herself:]

A principal consolation arising from these favourable appearances, is, that I, who have now but one only friend, shall most probably, and if it be not my own fault, have as many new ones as there are persons in Mr. Lovelace’s family; and this whether Mr. Lovelace treat me kindly or not. And who knows, but that, by degrees, those new friends, by their rank and merit, may have weight enough to get me restored to the favour of my relations? till which can be effected, I shall not be tolerably easy. Happy I never expect to be. Mr. Lovelace’s mind and mine are vastly different; different in essentials.

But as matters are at present circumstanced, I pray you, my dear friend, to keep to yourself every thing that might bring discredit to him, if revealed. — Better any body expose a man than a wife, if I am to be his; and what is said by you will be thought to come from me.

It shall be my constant prayer, that all the felicities which this world can afford may be your's: and that the Almighty will never suffer you nor your's, to the remotest posterity, to want such a friend as my Anna Howe has been to

Her CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

And now, that my beloved seems secure in my net, for my project upon the vixen Miss Howe, and upon her mother: in which the officious prancer Hickman is to come in for a dash.

But why upon her mother, methinks thou askest, who, unknown to herself, has only acted, by the impulse, through thy agent Joseph Leman, upon the folly of old Tony the uncle?

No matter for that: she believes she acts upon her own judgment: and deserves to be punished for pretending to judgment, when she has none. — Every living soul, but myself, I can tell thee, shall be punished, that treats either cruelly or disrespectfully so adored a lady. — What a plague! is it not enough that she is teased and tormented in person by me?

I have already broken the matter to our three confederates; as a supposed, not a resolved-on case indeed. And yet they know, that with me, in a piece of mischief, execution, with its swiftest feel, is seldom three paces behind projection, which hardly ever limps neither.

MOWBRAY is not against it. It is a scheme, he says, worthy of us: and we have not done any thing for a good while that has made a noise.

BELTON, indeed, hesitates a little, because matters go wrong between him and his Thomasine; and the poor fellow has not the courage to have his sore place probed to the bottom.

TOURVILLE has started a fresh game, and shrugs his shoulders, and should not choose to go abroad at present, if I please. For I apprehend that (from the nature of the project) there will be a kind of necessity to travel, till all is blown over.

To ME, one country is as good as another; and I shall soon, I suppose, choose to quit this paltry island; except the mistress of my fate will consent to cohabit at home; and so lay me under no necessity of surprising her into foreign parts. TRAVELLING, thou knowest, gives the sexes charming opportunities of being familiar with one another. A very few days and nights must now decide all matters betwixt me and my fair inimitable.

DOLEMAN, who can act in these causes only as chamber-counsel, will inform us by pen and ink [his right hand and right side having not yet been struck, and the other side beginning to be sensible] of all that shall occur in our absence.

As for THEE, we had rather have thy company than not; for, although thou art a wretched fellow at contrivance, yet art thou intrepid at execution. But as thy present engagements make thy attendance uncertain, I am not for making thy part necessary to our scheme; but for leaving thee to come after us when abroad. I know thou canst not long live without us.

The project, in short, is this: — Mrs. Howe has an elder sister in the Isle of Wight, who is lately a widow; and I am well informed, that the mother and daughter have engaged, before the latter is married, to pay a visit to this lady, who is rich, and intends Miss for her heiress; and in the interim will make her some valuable presents on her approaching nuptials; which, as Mrs. Howe, who loves money more than any thing but herself, told one of my acquaintance, would be worth fetching.

Now, Jack, nothing more need be done, than to hire a little trim vessel, which shall sail a pleasuring backward and forward to Portsmouth, Spithead, and the Isle of Wight, for a week or fortnight before we enter upon our parts of the plot. And as Mrs. Howe will be for making the best bargain she can for her passage, the master of the vessel may have orders (as a perquisite allowed him by his owners) to take what she will give: and the master's name, be it what it will, shall be Ganmore on the occasion; for I know a rogue of that name, who is not obliged to be of any country, any more than we.

Well, then, we will imagine them on board. I will be there in disguise. They know not any of ye four — supposing (the scheme so inviting) that thou canst be one.

'Tis plaguy hard, if we cannot find, or make a storm.

Perhaps they will be sea-sick: but whether they be or not, no doubt they will keep their cabin.

Here will be Mrs. Howe, Miss Howe, Mr. Hickman, a maid, and a footman, I suppose: and thus we will order it.

I know it will be hard weather: I know it will: and, before there can be the least suspicion of the matter, we shall be in sight of Guernsey, Jersey, Dieppe, Cherbourg, or any where on the French coast that it shall please us to agree with the winds to blow us: and then, securing the footman, and the women being separated, one of us, according to lots that may be cast, shall overcome, either by persuasion or force, the maid servant: that will be no hard task; and she is a likely wench, [I have seen her often:] one, Mrs. Howe; nor can there be much difficulty there; for she is full of health and life, and has been long a widow: another, [that, says the princely lion, must be I!] the saucy daughter; who will be much too frightened to make great resistance, [violent spirits, in that sex, are seldom true spirits— 'tis but where they can:] and after beating about the coast for three or

four days for recreation's sake, and to make sure work, till we see our sullen birds begin to eat and sip, we will set them all ashore where it will be most convenient; sell the vessel, [to Mrs. Townsend's agents, with all my heart, or to some other smugglers,] or give it to Ganmore; and pursue our travels, and tarry abroad till all is hushed up.

Now I know thou wilt make difficulties, as it is thy way; while it is mine to conquer them. My other vassals made theirs; and I condescended to obviate them: as thus I will thine, first stating them for thee according to what I know of thy phlegm.

What, in the first place, wilt thou ask, shall be done with Hickman? who will be in full parade of dress and primness, in order to show the old aunt what a devilish clever fellow of a nephew she is to have.

What! — I'll tell thee — Hickman, in good manners, will leave the women in their cabin — and, to show his courage with his breeding, be upon deck —

Well, and suppose he is! — Why then I hope it is easy for Ganmore, or any body else, myself suppose in my pea-jacket and great watch coat, (if any other make scruple to do it), while he stands in the way, gaping and staring like a novice, to stumble against him, and push him overboard! — A rich thought — is it not, Belford? — He is certainly plaguy officious in the ladies' correspondence; and I am informed, plays double between mother and daughter, in fear of both. — Dost not see him, Jack? — I do — popping up and down, his wig and hat floating by him; and paddling, pawing, and dashing, like a frighted mongrel — I am afraid he never ventured to learn to swim.

But thou wilt not drown the poor fellow; wilt thou?

No, no! — that is not necessary to the project — I hate to do mischiefs supererogatory. The skiff shall be ready to save him, while the vessel keeps its course: he shall be set on shore with the loss of wig and hat only, and of half his little wits, at the place where he embarked, or any where else.

Well, but shall we not be in danger of being hanged for three such enormous rapes, although Hickman should escape with only a bellyful of sea-water?

Yes, to be sure, when caught — But is there any likelihood of that? — Besides, have we not been in danger before now for worse facts? and what is there in being only in danger? — If we actually were to appear in open day in England before matters are made up, there will be greater likelihood that these women will not prosecute that they will. — For my own part, I should wish they may. Would not a brave fellow choose to appear in court to such an arraignment, confronting women who would do credit to his attempt? The country is more merciful in these cases, than in any others: I should therefore like to put myself upon my country.

Let me indulge in a few reflections upon what thou mayest think the worst that can happen. I will suppose that thou art one of us; and that all five are actually brought to trial on this occasion: how bravely shall we enter a court, I at the head of you, dressed out each man, as if to his wedding appearance! — You are sure of all the women, old and young, of your side. — What brave fellows! — what fine gentlemen! — There goes a charming handsome man! — meaning me, to be sure! — who could find in their hearts to hang such a gentleman as that? whispers one lady, sitting perhaps on the right hand of the recorder: [I suppose the scene to be in London:] while another disbelieves that any woman could fairly swear against me. All will crowd after me: it will be each man's happiness (if ye shall chance to be bashful) to be neglected: I shall be found to be the greatest criminal; and my safety, for which the general voice will be engaged, will be yours.

But then comes the triumph of triumphs, that will make the accused look up, while the accusers are covered with confusion.

Make room there! — stand by! — give back! — One receiving a rap, another an elbow, half a score a push a piece! —

Enter the slow-moving, hooded-faced, down-looking plaintiffs. —

And first the widow, with a sorrowful countenance, though half-veiled, pitying her daughter more than herself. The people, the women especially, who on this occasion will be five-sixths of the spectators, reproaching her — You'd have the conscience, would you, to have five such brave gentlemen as these hanged for you know not what?

Next comes the poor maid — who, perhaps, has been ravished twenty times before; and had not appeared now, but for company-sake; mincing, simpering, weeping, by turns; not knowing whether she should be sorry or glad.

But every eye dwells upon Miss! — See, see, the handsome gentleman bows to her!

To the very ground, to be sure, I shall bow; and kiss my hand.

See her confusion! see! she turns from him! — Ay! that's because it is in open court, cries an arch one! — While others admire her — Ay! that's a girl worth venturing one's neck for!

Then we shall be praised — even the judges, and the whole crowded bench, will acquit us in their hearts! and every single man wish he had been me! — the women, all the time, disclaiming prosecution, were the case to be their own. To be sure, Belford, the sufferers cannot put half so good a face upon the matter as we.

Then what a noise will this matter make! — Is it not enough, suppose us moving from the prison to the sessions-house,* to make a noble heart thump it away most gloriously, when such an one finds himself attended to his trial by a parade of guards and officers, of miens and aspects warlike and unwarlike;

himself of their whole care, and their business! weapons in their hands, some bright, some rusty, equally venerable for their antiquity and inoffensiveness! others of more authoritative demeanour, strutting before with fine painted staves! shoals of people following, with a Which is he whom the young lady appears against? — Then, let us look down, look up, look round, which way we will, we shall see all the doors, the shops, the windows, the sign-irons, and balconies, (garrets, gutters, and chimney-tops included,) all white-capt, black- hooded, and periwigg'd, or crop-ear'd up by the immobile vulgus: while the floating street-swarmers, who have seen us pass by at one place, run with stretched-out necks, and strained eye-balls, a roundabout way, and elbow and shoulder themselves into places by which we have not passed, in order to obtain another sight of us; every street continuing to pour out its swarms of late-comers, to add to the gathering snowball; who are content to take descriptions of our persons, behaviour, and countenances, from those who had the good fortune to have been in time to see us.

* Within these few years past, a passage has been made from the prison to the sessions-house, whereby malefactors are carried into court without going through the street. Lovelace's triumph on their supposed march shows the wisdom of this alteration.

Let me tell thee, Jack, I see not why (to judge according to our principles and practices) we should not be as much elated in our march, were this to happen to us, as others may be upon any other the most mob- attracting occasion — suppose a lord-mayor on his gawdy — suppose a victorious general, or ambassador, on his public entry — suppose (as I began with the lowest) the grandest parade that can be supposed, a coronation — for, in all these, do not the royal guard, the heroic trained-bands, the pendent, clinging throngs of spectators, with their waving heads rolling to-and-fro from house-tops to house-bottoms and street-ways, as I have above described, make the principal part of the raree-show?

And let me ask thee, if thou dost not think, that either the mayor, the ambassador, or the general would not make very pitiful figures on their galas, did not the trumpets and tabrets call together the canaille to gaze at them? — Nor perhaps should we be the most guilty heroes neither: for who knows how the magistrate may have obtained his gold chain? while the general probably returns from cutting of throats, and from murders, sanctified by custom only. — Caesar, we are told,* had won, at the age of fifty-six, when he was assassinated, fifty pitched battles, had taken by assault above a thousand towns, and slain near 1,200,000 men; I suppose exclusive of those who fell on his own side in slaying them. Are not you and I, Jack, innocent men, and babes in swaddling-clothes,

compared to Caesar, and to his predecessor in heroism, Alexander, dubbed, for murders and depredation, Magnus?

* Pliny gives this account, putting the number of men slain at 1,100,092. See also Lipsius de Constandia.

The principal difference that strikes me in the comparison between us and the mayor, the ambassador, the general, on their gawdies, is, that the mob make a greater noise, a louder huzzaing, in the one case than the other, which is called acclamation, and ends frequently in higher taste, by throwing dead animals at one another, before they disperse; in which they have as much joy, as in the former part of the triumph: while they will attend us with all the marks of an awful or silent (at most only a whispering) respect; their mouths distended, as if set open with gags, and their voices generally lost in goggle-ey'd admiration.

Well, but suppose, after all, we are convicted; what have we to do, but in time make over our estates, that the sheriffs may not revel in our spoils? — There is no fear of being hanged for such a crime as this, while we have money or friends. — And suppose even the worst, that two or three were to die, have we not a chance, each man of us, to escape? The devil's in them, if they'll hang five for ravishing three!

I know I shall get off for one — were it but for family sake: and being a handsome fellow, I shall have a dozen or two young maidens, all dressed in white, go to court to beg my life — and what a pretty show they will make, with their white hoods, white gowns, white petticoats, white scarves, white gloves, kneeling for me, with their white handkerchiefs at their eyes, in two pretty rows, as his Majesty walks through them and nods my pardon for their sakes! — And, if once pardoned, all is over: for, Jack, in a crime of this nature there lies no appeal, as in a murder.

So thou seest the worst that can happen, should we not make the grand tour upon this occasion, but stay and take our trials. But it is most likely, that they will not prosecute at all. If not, no risque on our side will be run; only taking our pleasure abroad, at the worst; leaving friends tired of us, in order, after a time, to return to the same friends endeared to us, as we to them, by absence.

This, Jack, is my scheme, at the first running. I know it is capable of improvement — for example: I can land these ladies in France; whip over before they can get a passage back, or before Hickman can have recovered his fright; and so find means to entrap my beloved on board — and then all will be right; and I need not care if I were never to return to England.

Memorandum, To be considered of — Whether, in order to complete my vengeance, I cannot contrive to kidnap away either James Harlowe or Solmes? or both? A man, Jack, would not go into exile for nothing.

LETTER LV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

If, Belford, thou likest not my plot upon Miss Howe, I have three or four more as good in my own opinion; better, perhaps, they will be in thine: and so ’tis but getting loose from thy present engagement, and thou shalt pick and choose. But as for thy three brethren, they must do as I would have them: and so, indeed, must thou — Else why am I your general? But I will refer this subject to its proper season. Thou knowest, that I never absolutely conclude upon a project, till ’tis time for execution; and then lightning strikes not quicker than I.

And now to the subject next my heart.

Wilt thou believe me, when I tell thee, that I have so many contrivances rising up and crowding upon me for preference, with regard to my Gloriana, that I hardly know which to choose? — I could tell thee of no less than six princely ones, any of which must do. But as the dear creature has not grudged giving me trouble, I think I ought not, in gratitude, to spare combustibles for her; but, on the contrary, to make her stare and stand aghast, by springing three or four mines at once.

Thou remembrest what Shakespeare, in his Troilus and Cressida, makes Hector, who, however, is not used to boast, say to Achilles in an interview between them; and which, applied to this watchful lady, and to the vexation she has given me, and to the certainty I now think I have of subduing her, will run thus: supposing the charmer before me; and I meditating her sweet person from head to foot:

Henceforth, O watchful fair-one, guard thee well:
For I’ll not kill thee there! nor there! nor there!
But, by the zone that circles Venus’ waist,
I’ll kill thee ev’ry where; yea, o’er and o’er. —
Thou, wisest Belford, pardon me this brag:
Her watchfulness draws folly from my lips;
But I’ll endeavour deeds to match the words,
Or I may never ——

Then I imagine thee interposing to qualify my impatience, as Ajax did to Achilles:

—— Do not chafe thee, cousin:
—— And let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring thee to it.

All that vexes me, in the midst of my gloried-in devices, is, that there is a sorry fellow in the world, who has presumed to question, whether the prize, when obtained, is worthy of the pains it costs me: yet knows, with what patience and trouble a bird-man will spread an acre of ground with gins and snares; set up his stalking horse, his glasses; plant his decoy- birds, and invite the feathered throng by his whistle; and all his prize at last (the reward of early hours, and of a whole morning's pains) only a simple linnet.

To be serious, Belford, I must acknowledge, that all our pursuits, from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different sort and sizes, proportioned to our years and views: but then is not a fine woman the noblest trifle, that ever was or could be obtained by man? — And to what purpose do we say obtained, if it be not in the way we wish for? — If a man is rather to be her prize, than she his?

* * *

And now, Belford, what dost think?

That thou art a cursed fellow, if —

If — no if's — but I shall be very sick to-morrow. I shall, 'faith.

Sick! — Why sick? What a-devil shouldst thou be sick for?

For more good reasons than one, Jack.

I should be glad to hear but one. — Sick, quotha! Of all thy roguish inventions I should not have thought of this.

Perhaps thou thinkest my view to be, to draw the lady to my bedside. That's a trick of three or four thousand years old; and I should find it much more to my purpose, if I could get to her's. However, I'll condescend to make thee as wise as myself.

I am excessively disturbed about this smuggling scheme of Miss Howe. I have no doubt, that my fair-one, were I to make an attempt, and miscarry, will fly from me, if she can. I once believed she loved me: but now I doubt whether she does or not: at least, that it is with such an ardour, as Miss Howe calls it, as will make her overlook a premeditated fault, should I be guilty of one.

And what will being sick do for thee?

Have patience. I don't intend to be so very bad as Dorcas shall represent me to be. But yet I know I shall reach confoundedly, and bring up some clotted blood. To be sure, I shall break a vessel: there's no doubt of that: and a bottle of Eaton's styptic shall be sent for; but no doctor. If she has humanity, she will be concerned. But if she has love, let it have been pushed ever so far back, it will, on this occasion, come forward, and show itself; not only in her eye, but in every line of her sweet face.

I will be very intrepid. I will not fear death, or any thing else. I will be sure of being well in an hour or two, having formerly found great benefit by this astringent medicine, on occasion of an inward bruise by a fall from my horse in hunting, of which perhaps this malady may be the remains. And this will show her, that though those about me may make the most of it, I do not; and so can have no design in it.

Well, methinks thou sayest, I begin to think tolerably of this device.

I knew thou wouldst, when I explained myself. Another time prepare to wonder; and banish doubt.

Now, Belford, I shall expect, that she will show some concern at the broken vessel, as it may be attended with fatal effects, especially to one so fiery in his temper as I have the reputation to be thought to be: and the rather, as I shall calmly attribute the accident to the harasses and doubts under which I have laboured for some time past. And this will be a further proof of my love, and will demand a grateful return —

And what then, thou egregious contriver?

Why then I shall have the less remorse, if I am to use a little violence: for can she deserve compassion, who shows none?

And what if she shows a great deal of concern?

Then shall I be in hopes of building on a good foundation. Love hides a multitude of faults, and diminishes those it cannot hide. Love, when acknowledged, authorizes freedom; and freedom begets freedom; and I shall then see how far I can go.

Well but, Lovelace, how the deuce wilt thou, with that full health and vigour of constitution, and with that bloom in thy face, make any body believe thou art sick?

How! — Why, take a few grains of ipecacuanha; enough to make me reach like a fury.

Good! — But how wilt thou manage to bring up blood, and not hurt thyself?

Foolish fellow! Are there no pigeons and chickens in every poulterer's shop?

Cry thy mercy.

But then I will be persuaded by Mrs. Sinclair, that I have of late confined myself too much; and so will have a chair called, and be carried to the Park; where I will try to walk half the length of the Mall, or so; and in my return, amuse myself at White's or the Cocoa.

And what will this do?

Questioning again! — I am afraid thou'rt an infidel, Belford — Why then shall I not know if my beloved offers to go out in my absence? — And shall I not see whether she receives me with tenderness at my return? But this is not all: I have a

foreboding that something affecting will happen while I am out. But of this more in its place.

And now, Belford, wilt thou, or wilt thou not, allow, that it is a right thing to be sick? — Lord, Jack, so much delight do I take in my contrivances, that I shall be half sorry when the occasion for them is over; for never, never, shall I again have such charming exercise for my invention.

Mean time these plaguy women are so impertinent, so full of reproaches, that I know not how to do any thing but curse them. And then, truly, they are for helping me out with some of their trite and vulgar artifices. Sally, particularly, who pretends to be a mighty contriver, has just now, in an insolent manner, told me, on my rejecting her proffered aids, that I had no mind to conquer; and that I was so wicked as to intend to marry, though I would not own it to her.

Because this little devil made her first sacrifice at my altar, she thinks she may take any liberty with me: and what makes her outrageous at times is, that I have, for a long time, studiously, as she says, slighted her too-readily-offered favours: But is it not very impudent in her to think, that I will be any man's successor? It is not come to that neither. This, thou knowest, was always my rule — Once any other man's, and I know it, and never more mine. It is for such as thou, and thy brethren, to take up with harlots. I have been always aiming at the merit of a first discoverer.

The more devil I, perhaps thou wilt say, to endeavour to corrupt the uncorrupted.

But I say, not; since, hence, I have but very few adulteries to answer for.

One affair, indeed, at Paris, with a married lady [I believe I never told thee of it] touched my conscience a little: yet brought on by the spirit of intrigue, more than by sheer wickedness. I'll give it thee in brief:

'A French marquis, somewhat in years, employed by his court in a public function at that of Madrid, had put his charming young new-married wife under the controul and wardship, as I may say, of his insolent sister, an old prude.

'I saw the lady at the opera. I liked her at first sight, and better at second, when I knew the situation she was in. So, pretending to make my addresses to the prude, got admittance to both.

'The first thing I had to do, was to compliment the prude into shyness by complaints of shyness: next, to take advantage of the marquise's situation, between her husband's jealousy and his sister's arrogance; and to inspire her with resentment; and, as I hoped, with a regard to my person. The French ladies have no dislike to intrigue.

'The sister began to suspect me: the lady had no mind to part with the company of the only man who had been permitted to visit her; and told me of her

sister's suspicions. I put her upon concealing the prude, as if unknown to me, in a closet in one of her own apartments, locking her in, and putting the key in her own pocket: and she was to question me on the sincerity of my professions to her sister, in her sister's hearing.

'She complied. My mistress was locked up. The lady and I took our seats. I owned fervent love, and made high professions: for the marquise put it home to me. The prude was delighted with what she heard.

'And how dost thou think it ended? — I took my advantage of the lady herself, who durst not for her life cry out; and drew her after me to the next apartment, on pretence of going to seek her sister, who all the time was locked up in the closet.'

No woman ever gave me a private meeting for nothing; my dearest Miss Harlowe excepted.

'My ingenuity obtained my pardon: the lady being unable to forbear laughing throughout the whole affair, to find both so uncommonly tricked; her gaoleress her prisoner, safe locked up, and as much pleased as either of us.'

The English, Jack, do not often out-wit the French.

'We had contrivances afterwards equally ingenious, in which the lady, the ice once broken [once subdued, always subdued] co-operated. But a more tender tell-tale revealed the secret — revealed it, before the marquise could cover the disgrace. The sister was inveterate; the husband irreconcilable; in every respect unfit for a husband, even for a French one — made, perhaps, more delicate to these particulars by the customs of a people among whom he was then resident, so contrary to those of his own countrymen. She was obliged to throw herself into my protection — nor thought herself unhappy in it, till childbed pangs seized her: then penitence, and death, overtook her the same hour!'

Excuse a tear, Belford! — She deserved a better fate! What hath such a vile inexorable husband to answer for! — The sister was punished effectually — that pleases me on reflection — the sister effectually punished! — But perhaps I have told thee this story before.

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LETTER I

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY EVENING.

Just returned from an airing with my charmer, complied with after great importunity. She was attended by the two nymphs. They both topt their parts; kept their eyes within bounds; made moral reflections now-and- then. O Jack! what devils are women, when all tests are got over, and we have completely ruined them!

The coach carried us to Hampstead, to Highgate, to Muswell-hill; back to Hampstead to the Upper-Flask: there, in compliment to the nymphs, my beloved consented to alight, and take a little repast. Then home early by Kentish-town.

Delightfully easy she, and so respectful and obliging I, all the way, and as we walked out upon the heath, to view the variegated prospects which that agreeable elevation affords, that she promised to take now-and-then a little excursion with me. I think, Miss Howe, I think, said I to myself, every now-and-then as we walked, that thy wicked devices are superceded.

But let me give thee a few particulars of our conversation in the circumrotation we took, while in the coach — She had received a letter from Miss Howe yesterday, I presumed?

She made no answer. How happy should I think myself to be admitted into their correspondence? I would joyfully make an exchange of communications.

So, though I hoped not to succeed by her consent, [and little did she think I had so happily in part succeeded without it,] I thought it not amiss to urge for it, for several reasons: among others, that I might account to her for my constant employment at my pen; in order to take off her jealousy, that she was the subject of thy correspondence and mine: and that I might justify my secrecy and uncommunicativeness by her own.

I proceeded therefore — That I loved familiar-letter-writing, as I had more than once told her, above all the species of writing: it was writing from the heart, (without the fetters prescribed by method or study,) as the very word correspondence implied. Not the heart only; the soul was in it. Nothing of body, when friend writes to friend; the mind impelling sovereignly the vassal-fingers. It was, in short, friendship recorded; friendship given under hand and seal; demonstrating that the parties were under no apprehension of changing from time or accident, when they so liberally gave testimonies, which would always be ready, on failure or infidelity, to be turned against them. — For my own part, it was the principal diversion I had in her absence; but for this innocent amusement, the distance she so frequently kept me at would have been intolerable.

Sally knew my drift; and said, She had had the honour to see two or three of my letters, and of Mr. Belford's; and she thought them the most entertaining that she had ever read.

My friend Belford, I said, had a happy talent in the letter-writing way; and upon all subjects.

I expected my beloved would have been inquisitive after our subject: but (lying perdue, as I saw) not a word said she. So I touched upon this article myself.

Our topics were various and diffuse: sometimes upon literary articles [she was very attentive upon this]; sometimes upon the public entertainments; sometimes amusing each other with the fruits of the different correspondencies we held with persons abroad, with whom we had contracted friendships; sometimes upon the foibles and perfections of our particular friends; sometimes upon our own present and future hopes; sometimes aiming at humour and raillery upon each other. — It might indeed appear to savour of vanity, to suppose my letters would entertain a lady of her delicacy and judgment: but yet I could not but say, that perhaps she would be far from thinking so hardly of me as sometimes she had seemed to do, if she were to see the letters which generally passed between Mr. Belford and me [I hope, Jack, thou hast more manners, than to give me the lie, though but in thy heart].

She then spoke: after declining my compliment in such a manner, as only a person can do, who deserved it, she said, For her part, she had always thought me a man of sense [a man of sense, Jack! What a niggardly praise!], — and should therefore hope, that, when I wrote, it exceeded even my speech: for that it was impossible, be the letters written in as easy and familiar a style as they would, but that they must have that advantage from sitting down to write them which prompt speech could not always have. She should think it very strange therefore, if my letters were barren of sentiment; and as strange, if I gave myself liberties upon premeditation, which could have no excuse at all, but from a thoughtlessness, which itself wanted excuse. — But if Mr. Belford's letters and mine were upon subjects so general, and some of them equally (she presumed) instructive and entertaining, she could not but say, that she should be glad to see any of them; and particularly those which Miss Martin had seen and praised.

This was put close.

I looked at her, to see if I could discover any tincture of jealousy in this hint; that Miss Martin had seen what I had not shown to her. But she did not look it: so I only said, I should be very proud to show her not only those, but all that passed between Mr. Belford and me; but I must remind her, that she knew the condition.

No, indeed! with a sweet lip pouted out, as saucy as pretty; implying a lovely scorn, that yet can only be lovely in youth so blooming, and beauty so divinely

distinguished.

How I long to see such a motion again! Her mouth only can give it.

But I am mad with love — yet eternal will be the distance, at the rate I go on: now fire, now ice, my soul is continually upon the hiss, as I may say. In vain, however, is the trial to quench — what, after all, is unquenchable.

Pr'ythee, Belford, forgive my nonsense, and my Vulcan-like metaphors — Did I not tell thee, not that I am sick of love, but that I am mad with it? Why brought I such an angel into such a house? into such company? — And why do I not stop my ears to the sirens, who, knowing my aversion to wedlock, are perpetually touching that string?

I was not willing to be answered so easily: I was sure, that what passed between two such young ladies (friends so dear) might be seen by every body: I had more reason than any body to wish to see the letters that passed between her and Miss Howe; because I was sure they must be full of admirable instruction, and one of the dear correspondents had deigned to wish my entire reformation.

She looked at me as if she would look me through: I thought I felt eye- beam, after eye-beam, penetrate my shivering reins. — But she was silent. Nor needed her eyes the assistance of speech.

Nevertheless, a little recovering myself, I hoped that nothing unhappy had befallen either Miss Howe or her mother. The letter of yesterday sent by a particular hand: she opening it with great emotion — seeming to have expected it sooner — were the reasons for my apprehensions.

We were then at Muswell-hill: a pretty country within the eye, to Polly, was the remark, instead of replying to me.

But I was not so to be answered — I should expect some charming subjects and characters from two such pens: I hoped every thing went on well between Mr. Hickman and Miss Howe. Her mother's heart, I said, was set upon that match: Mr. Hickman was not without his merits: he was what the ladies called a SOBER man: but I must needs say, that I thought Miss Howe deserved a husband of a very different cast!

This, I supposed, would have engaged her into a subject from which I could have wiredrawn something: — for Hickman is one of her favourites — why, I can't divine, except for the sake of opposition of character to that of thy honest friend.

But she cut me short by a look of disapprobation, and another cool remark upon a distant view; and, How far off, Miss Horton, do you think that clump of trees may be? pointing out of the coach. — So I had done.

Here endeth all I have to write concerning our conversation on this our agreeable airing.

We have both been writing ever since we came home. I am to be favoured with her company for an hour, before she retires to rest.

All that obsequious love can suggest, in order to engage her tenderest sentiments for me against tomorrow's sickness, will I aim at when we meet. But at parting will complain of a disorder in my stomach.

* * *

We have met. All was love and unexceptionable respect on my part. Ease and complaisance on her's. She was concerned for my disorder. So sudden! — Just as we parted! But it was nothing. I should be quite well by the morning.

Faith, Jack, I think I am sick already. Is it possible for such a giddy fellow as me to persuade myself to be ill! I am a better mimic at this rate than I wish to be. But every nerve and fibre of me is always ready to contribute its aid, whether by health or by ailment, to carry a resolved-on roguery into execution.

Dorcas has transcribed for me the whole letter of Miss Howe, dated Sunday, May 14,* of which before I had only extracts. She found no other letter added to that parcel: but this, and that which I copied myself in character last Sunday whilst she was at church, relating to the smuggling scheme,* * are enough for me.

* See Vol. IV. Letter XXIX. * * Ibid. Letter XLII.

* * *

Dorcas tells me, that her lady has been removing her papers from the mahogany chest into a wainscot box, which held her linen, and which she put into her dark closet. We have no key of that at present. No doubt but all her letters, previous to those I have come at, are in that box. Dorcas is uneasy upon it: yet hopes that her lady does not suspect her; for she is sure that she laid in every thing as she found it.

LETTER II

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. COCOA-TREE, SATURDAY, MAY 27.

This ipecacuanha is a most disagreeable medicine. That these cursed physical folks can find out nothing to do us good, but what would poison the devil! In the other world, were they only to take physic, it would be punishable enough of itself for a mis-spent life. A doctor at one elbow, and an apothecary at the other, and the poor soul labouring under their prescribed operations, he need no worse tormentors.

But now this was to take down my countenance. It has done it: for, with violent reachings, having taken enough to make me sick, and not enough water to carry it off, I presently looked as if I had kept my bed a fortnight. Ill jesting, as I thought in the midst of the exercise, with edge tools, and worse with physical ones.

Two hours it held me. I had forbid Dorcas to let her lady know any thing of the matter; out of tenderness to her; being willing, when she knew my prohibition, to let her see that I expected her to be concerned for me. —

Well, but Dorcas was nevertheless a woman, and she can whisper to her lady the secret she is enjoined to keep!

Come hither, toad, [sick as the devil at the instant]; let me see what a mixture of grief and surprize may be beat up together in thy puden-face.

That won't do. That dropt jaw, and mouth distended into the long oval, is more upon the horrible than the grievous.

Nor that pinking and winking with thy odious eyes, as my charmer once called them.

A little better that; yet not quite right: but keep your mouth closer. You have a muscle or two which you have no command of, between your cheek-bone and your lips, that should carry one corner of your mouth up towards your crow's-foot, and that down to meet it.

There! Begone! Be in a plaguy hurry running up stair and down, to fetch from the dining-room what you carry up on purpose to fetch, till motion extraordinary put you out of breath, and give you the sigh natural.

What's the matter, Dorcas?

Nothing, Madam.

My beloved wonders she has not seen me this morning, no doubt; but is too shy to say she wonders. Repeated What's the matter, however, as Dorcas runs up and down stairs by her door, bring on, O Madam! my master! my poor master!

What! How! When! — and all the monosyllables of surprize.

[Within parentheses let me tell thee, that I have often thought, that the little words in the republic of letters, like the little folks in a nation, are the most significant. The trisyllables, and the rumblers of syllables more than three, are but the good-for-little magnates.]

I must not tell you, Madam — My master ordered me not to tell you — but he is in a worse way than he thinks for! — But he would not have you frighted.

High concern took possession of every sweet feature. She pitied me! — by my soul, she pitied me!

Where is he?

Too much in a hurry for good manners, [another parenthesis, Jack! Good manners are so little natural, that we ought to be composed to observe them: politeness will not live in a storm]. I cannot stay to answer questions, cries the wench — though desirous to answer [a third parenthesis — Like the people crying proclamations, running away from the customers they want to sell to]. This hurry puts the lady in a hurry to ask, [a fourth, by way of establishing the third!] as the other does the people in a hurry to buy. And I have in my eye now a whole street raised, and running after a proclamation or express-crier, as if the first was a thief, the other his pursuers.

At last, O Lord! let Mrs. Lovelace know! — There is danger, to be sure! whispered from one nymph to another; but at the door, and so loud, that my listening fair-one might hear.

Out she darts — As how! as how, Dorcas!

O Madam — A vomiting of blood! A vessel broke, to be sure!

Down she hastens; finds every one as busy over my blood in the entry, as if it were that of the Neapolitan saint.

In steps my charmer, with a face of sweet concern.

How do you, Mr. Lovelace?

O my best love! — Very well! — Very well! — Nothing at all! nothing of consequence! — I shall be well in an instant! — Straining again! for I was indeed plaguy sick, though no more blood came.

In short, Belford, I have gained my end. I see the dear soul loves me. I see she forgives me all that's past. I see I have credit for a new score.

Miss Howe, I defy thee, my dear — Mrs. Townsend! — Who the devil are you? — Troop away with your contrabands. No smuggling! nor smuggler, but myself! Nor will the choicest of my fair-one's favours be long prohibited goods to me!

* * *

Every one is now sure that she loves me. Tears were in her eyes more than once for me. She suffered me to take her hand, and kiss it as often as I pleased. On Mrs. Sinclair's mentioning, that I too much confined myself, she pressed me to take an airing; but obligingly desired me to be careful of myself. Wished I would advise with a physician. God made physicians, she said.

I did not think that, Jack. God indeed made us all. But I fancy she meant physic instead of physicians; and then the phrase might mean what the vulgar phrase means; — God sends meat, the Devil cooks.

I was well already, on taking the styptic from her dear hands.

On her requiring me to take the air, I asked, If I might have the honour of her company in a coach; and this, that I might observe if she had an intention of going out in my absence.

If she thought a chair were not a more proper vehicle for my case, she would with all her heart!

There's a precious!

I kissed her hand again! She was all goodness! — Would to Heaven I better deserved it, I said! — But all were golden days before us! — Her presence and generous concern had done every thing. I was well! Nothing ailed me. But since my beloved will have it so, I'll take a little airing! — Let a chair be called! — O my charmer! were I to have owned this indisposition to my late harasses, and to the uneasiness I have had for disobliging you; all is infinitely compensated by your goodness. — All the art of healing is in your smiles! — Your late displeasure was the only malady!

While Mrs. Sinclair, and Dorcas, and Polly, and even poor silly Mabell [for Sally went out, as my angel came in] with uplifted hands and eyes, stood thanking Heaven that I was better, in audible whispers: See the power of love, cried one! — What a charming husband, another! — Happy couple, all!

O how the dear creature's cheek mantled! — How her eyes sparkled! — How sweetly acceptable is praise to conscious merit, while it but reproaches when applied to the undeserving! — What a new, what a gay creation it makes all at once in a diffident or dispirited heart!

And now, Belford, was it not worth while to be sick? And yet I must tell thee, that too many pleasanter expedients offer themselves, to make trial any more of this confounded ipecacuanha.

LETTER III

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SATURDAY, MAY 27.

Mr. Lovelace, my dear, has been very ill. Suddenly taken. With a vomiting of blood in great quantities. Some vessel broken. He complained of a disorder in his stomach over night. I was the affected with it, as I am afraid it was occasioned by the violent contentions between us. — But was I in fault?

How lately did I think I hated him! — But hatred and anger, I see, are but temporary passions with me. One cannot, my dear, hate people in danger of death, or who are in distress or affliction. My heart, I find, is not proof against kindness, and acknowledgements of errors committed.

He took great care to have his illness concealed from me as long as he could. So tender in the violence of his disorder! — So desirous to make the best of it! — I wish he had not been ill in my sight. I was too much affected — every body alarming me with his danger. The poor man, from such high health, so suddenly taken! — and so unprepared! —

He is gone out in a chair. I advised him to do so. I fear that my advice was wrong; since quiet in such a disorder must needs be best. We are apt to be so ready, in cases of emergency, to give our advice, without judgment, or waiting for it! — I proposed a physician indeed; but he would not hear of one. I have great honour for the faculty; and the greater, as I have always observed that those who treat the professors of the art of healing contemptuously, too generally treat higher institutions in the same manner.

I am really very uneasy. For I have, I doubt, exposed myself to him, and to the women below. They indeed will excuse me, as they think us married. But if he be not generous, I shall have cause to regret this surprise; which (as I had reason to think myself unaccountably treated by him) has taught me more than I knew of myself.

’Tis true, I have owned more than once, that I could have liked Mr. Lovelace above all men. I remember the debates you and I used to have on this subject, when I was your happy guest. You used to say, and once you wrote,* that men of his cast are the men that our sex do not naturally dislike: While I held, that such were not (however that might be) the men we ought to like. But what with my relations precipitating of me, on one hand, and what with his unhappy character, and embarrassing ways, on the other, I had no more leisure than inclination to examine my own heart in this particular. And this reminds me of a transcribe, though it was written in raillery. ‘May it not be,’ say you,* * ‘that you have had

such persons to deal with, as have not allowed you to attend to the throbs; or if you had them a little now-and-then, whether, having had two accounts to place them to, you have not by mistake put them to the wrong one?' A passage, which, although it came into my mind when Mr. Lovelace was least exceptionable, yet that I have denied any efficacy to, when he has teased and vexed me, and given me cause of suspicion. For, after all, my dear, Mr. Lovelace is not wise in all his ways. And should we not endeavour, as much as is possible, (where we are not attached by natural ties,) to like and dislike as reason bids us, and according to the merit or demerit of the object? If love, as it is called, is allowed to be an excuse for our most unreasonable follies, and to lay level all the fences that a careful education has surrounded us by, what is meant by the doctrine of subduing our passions? — But, O my dearest friend, am I not guilty of a punishable fault, were I to love this man of errors? And has not my own heart deceived me, when I thought it did not? And what must be that love, that has not some degree of purity for its object? I am afraid of recollecting some passages in my cousin Morden's letter.* * * — And yet why fly I from subjects that, duly considered, might tend to correct and purify my heart? I have carried, I doubt, my notions on this head too high, not for practice, but for my practice. Yet think me not guilty of prudery neither; for had I found out as much of myself before; or, rather, had he given me heart's ease enough before to find it out, you should have had my confession sooner.

* See Vol. IV. Letter XXXIV. * * See Vol. I. Letter XII. * * * See Vol. IV. Letter XIX, & seq.

Nevertheless, let me tell you (what I hope I may justly tell you,) that if again he give me cause to resume distance and reserve, I hope my reason will gather strength enough from his imperfections to enable me to keep my passions under. — What can we do more than govern ourselves by the temporary lights lent us?

You will not wonder that I am grave on this detection — Detection, must I call it? What can I call it? —

Dissatisfied with myself, I am afraid to look back upon what I have written: yet know not how to have done writing. I never was in such an odd frame of mind. — I know not how to describe it. — Was you ever so? — Afraid of the censure of her you love — yet not conscious that you deserve it?

Of this, however, I am convinced, that I should indeed deserve censure, if I kept any secret of my heart from you.

But I will not add another word, after I have assured you, that I will look still more narrowly into myself: and that I am

Your equally sincere and affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER IV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SAT. EVENING.

I had a charming airing. No return of my malady. My heart was perfectly easy, how could my stomach be otherwise?

But when I came home, I found that my sweet soul had been alarmed by a new incident — The inquiry after us both, in a very suspicious manner, and that by description of our persons, and not by names, by a servant in a blue livery turn'd up and trimm'd with yellow.

Dorcas was called to him, as the upper servant; and she refusing to answer any of the fellow's questions, unless he told his business, and from whom he came, the fellow (as short as she) said, that if she would not answer him, perhaps she might answer somebody else; and went away out of humour.

Dorcas hurried up to her Lady, and alarmed her, not only with the fact, but with her own conjectures; adding, that he was an ill-looking fellow, and she was sure could come for no good.

The livery and the features of the servant were particularly inquired after, and as particularly described — Lord bless her! no end of her alarms, she thought! And then did her apprehensions anticipate every evil that could happen.

She wished Mr. Lovelace would come in.

Mr. Lovelace came in soon after; all lively, grateful, full of hopes, of duty, of love, to thank his charmer, and to congratulate with her upon the cure she had performed. And then she told the story, with all its circumstances; and Dorcas, to point her lady's fears, told us, that the servant was a sun-burnt fellow, and looked as if he had been at sea.

He was then, no doubt, Captain Singleton's servant, and the next news she should hear, was, that the house was surrounded by a whole ship's crew; the vessel lying no farther off, as she understood, than Rotherhithe.

Impossible, I said. Such an attempt would not be ushered in by such a manner of inquiry. And why may it not rather be a servant of your cousin Morden, with notice of his arrival, and of his design to attend you?

This surmise delighted her. Her apprehensions went off, and she was at leisure to congratulate me upon my sudden recovery; which she did in the most obliging manner.

But we had not sat long together, when Dorcas again came fluttering up to tell us, that the footman, the very footman, was again at the door, and inquired, whether Mr. Lovelace and his lady, by name, had not lodgings in this house? He asked, he told Dorcas, for no harm. But his disavowing of harm, was a

demonstration with my apprehensive fair-one, that harm was intended. And as the fellow had not been answered by Dorcas, I proposed to go down to the street-parlour, and hear what he had to say.

I see your causeless terror, my dearest life, said I, and your impatience — Will you be pleased to walk down — and, without being observed, (for he shall come no farther than the parlour-door,) you may hear all that passes?

She consented. We went down. Dorcas bid the man come forward. Well, friend, what is your business with Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace?

Bowing, scraping, I am sure you are the gentleman, Sir. Why, Sir, my business is only to know if your honour be here, and to be spoken with; or if you shall be here for any time?

Whom came you from?

From a gentleman who ordered me to say, if I was made to tell, but not else, it was from a friend of Mr. John Harlowe, Mrs. Lovelace's eldest uncle.

The dear creature was ready to sink upon this. It was but of late that she had provided herself with salts. She pulled them out.

Do you know anything of Colonel Morden, friend? said I.

No; I never heard of his name.

Of Captain Singleton?

No, Sir. But the gentleman, my master, is a Captain too.

What is his name?

I don't know if I should tell.

There can be no harm in telling the gentleman's name, if you come upon a good account.

That I do; for my master told me so; and there is not an honester gentleman on the face of God's yearth. — His name is Captain Tomlinson, Sir.

I don't know such a one.

I believe not, Sir. He was pleased to say, he don't know your honor, Sir; but I heard him say as how he should not be an unwelcome visiter to you for all that.

Do you know such a man as Captain Tomlinson, my dearest life, [aside,] your uncle's friend?

No; but my uncle may have acquaintance, no doubt, that I don't know. — But I hope [trembling] this is not a trick.

Well, friend, if your master has anything to say to Mr. Lovelace, you may tell him, that Mr. Lovelace is here; and will see him whenever he pleases.

The dear creature looked as if afraid that my engagement was too prompt for my own safety; and away went the fellow — I wondering, that she might not wonder, that this Captain Tomlinson, whoever he were, came not himself, or sent not a letter the second time, when he had reason to suppose that I might be here.

Mean time, for fear that this should be a contrivance of James Harlowe, who, I said, love plotting, though he had not a head turned for it, I gave some precautionary directions to the servants, and the women, whom, for the greater parade, I assembled before us, and my beloved was resolved not to stir abroad till she saw the issue of this odd affair.

And here must I close, though in so great a puzzle.

Only let me add, that poor Belton wants thee; for I dare not stir for my life.

Mowbray and Tourville skulk about like vagabonds, without heads, without hands, without souls; having neither you nor me to conduct them. They tell me, they shall rust beyond the power of oil or action to brighten them up, or give them motion.

How goes it with thy uncle?

LETTER V

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY, MAY 28.

This story of Captain Tomlinson employed us not only for the time we were together last night, but all the while we sat at breakfast this morning. She would still have it that it was the prelude to some mischief from Singleton. I insisted (according to my former hint) that it might much more probably be a method taken by Colonel Morden to alarm her, previous to a personal visit. Travelled gentlemen affected to surprise in this manner. And why, dearest creature, said I, must every thing that happens, which we cannot immediately account for, be what we least wish?

She had had so many disagreeable things befall her of late, that her fears were too often stronger than her hopes.

And this, Madam, makes me apprehensive, that you will get into so low-spirited a way, that you will not be able to enjoy the happiness that seems to await us.

Her duty and her gratitude, she gravely said, to the Dispenser of all good, would secure her, she hoped, against unthankfulness. And a thankful spirit was the same as a joyful one.

So, Belford, for all her future joys she depends entirely upon the invisible Good. She is certainly right; since those who fix least upon second causes are the least likely to be disappointed — And is not this gravity for her gravity?

She had hardly done speaking, when Dorcas came running up in a hurry — she set even my heart into a palpitation — thump, thump, thump, like a precipitated pendulum in a clock-case — flutter, flutter, flutter, my charmer's, as by her sweet bosom rising to her chin I saw.

This lower class of people, my beloved herself observed, were for ever aiming at the stupid wonderful, and for making even common incidents matter of surprise.

Why the devil, said I to the wench, this alarming hurry? — And with your spread fingers, and your O Madams, and O Sirs! — and be cursed to you! Would there have been a second of time difference, had you come up slowly?

Captain Tomlinson, Sir!

Captain Devilson, what care I? — Do you see how you have disordered your lady?

Good Mr. Lovelace, said my charmer, trembling [see, Jack, when she has an end to serve, I am good Mr. Lovelace,] if — if my brother, — if Captain Singleton

should appear — pray now — I beseech you — let me beg of you — to govern your temper — My brother is my brother — Captain Singleton is but an agent.

My dearest life, folding my arms about her, [when she asks favours, thought I, the devil's in it, if she will not allow such an innocent freedom as this, from good Mr. Lovelace too,] you shall be witness of all passes between us. — Dorcas, desire the gentleman to walk up.

Let me retire to my chamber first! — Let me not be known to be in the house!

Charming dear! — Thou seest, Belford, she is afraid of leaving me! — O the little witchcrafts! Were it not for surprises now-and-then, how would an honest man know where to have them?

She withdrew to listen. — And though this incident has not turned out to answer all I wished from it, yet is it not necessary, if I would acquaint thee with my whole circulation, to be very particular in what passed between Captain Tomlinson and me.

Enter Captain Tomlinson, in a riding-dress, whip in hand.

Your servant, Sir, — Mr. Lovelace, I presume?

My name is Lovelace, Sir.

Excuse the day, Sir. — Be pleased to excuse my garb. I am obliged to go out of town directly, that I may return at night.

The day is a good day. Your garb needs no apology.

When I sent my servant, I did not know that I should find time to do myself this honour. All that I thought I could do to oblige my friend this journey, was only to assure myself of your abode; and whether there was a probability of being admitted to the speech of either you, or your lady.

Sir, you best know your own motives. What your time will permit you to do, you also best know. And here I am, attending your pleasure.

My charmer owned afterwards her concern on my being so short. Whatever I shall mingle of her emotions, thou wilt easily guess I had afterwards.

Sir, I hope no offence. I intend none.

None — None at all, Sir.

Sir, I have no interest in the affair I come about. I may appear officious; and if I thought I should, I would decline any concern in it, after I have just hinted what it is.

And pray, Sir, what is it?

May I ask you, Sir, without offence, whether you wish to be reconciled, and to co-operate upon honourable terms, with one gentleman of the name of Harlowe; preparative, as it may be hoped, to a general reconciliation?

O how my heart fluttered! cried my charmer.

I can’t tell, Sir — [and then it fluttered still more, no doubt:] The whole family have used me extremely ill. They have taken greater liberties with my character than are justifiable; and with my family too; which I can less forgive.

Sir, Sir, I have done. I beg pardon for this intrusion.

My beloved was then ready to sink, and thought very hardly of me.

But, pray, Sir, to the immediate purpose of your present commission; since a commission it seems to be?

It is a commission, Sir; and such a one, as I thought would be agreeable to all parties, or I should not have given myself concern about it.

Perhaps it may, Sir, when known. But let me ask you one previous question — Do you know Colonel Morden, Sir?

No, Sir. If you mean personally, I do not. But I have heard my good friend Mr. John Harlowe talk of him with great respect; and such a co-trustee with him in a certain trust.

Lovel. I thought it probable, Sir, that the Colonel might be arrived; that you might be a gentleman of his acquaintance; and that something of an agreeable surprise might be intended.

Capt. Had Colonel Morden been in England, Mr. John Harlowe would have known it; and then I should not have been a stranger to it.

Lovel. Well but, Sir, have you then any commission to me from Mr. John Harlowe?

Capt. Sir, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, the whole of what I have to say; but you’ll excuse me also in a previous question, for what curiosity is not my motive; but it is necessary to be answered before I can proceed; as you will judge when you hear it.

Lovel. What, pray, Sir, is your question?

Capt. Briefly, whether you are actually, and bonâ fide, married to Miss Clarissa Harlowe?

I started, and, in a haughty tone, is this, Sir, a question that must be answered before you can proceed in the business you have undertaken?

I mean no offence, Mr. Lovelace. Mr. Harlowe sought to me to undertake this office. I have daughters and nieces of my own. I thought it a good office, or I, who have many considerable affairs upon my hands, had not accepted of it. I know the world; and will take the liberty to say, that if the young lady —

Captain Tomlinson, I think you are called?

My name is Tomlinson.

Why then, Tomlinson, no liberty, as you call it, will be taken well, that is not extremely delicate, when that lady is mentioned.

When you had heard me out, Mr. Lovelace, and had found I had so behaved, as to make the caution necessary, it would have been just to have given it. — Allow me to say, I know what is due to the character of a woman of virtue, as well as any man alive.

Why, Sir! Why, Captain Tomlinson, you seem warm. If you intend any thing by this, [O how I trembled! said the lady, when she took notice of this part of our conversation afterwards,] I will only say, that this is a privileged place. It is at present my home, and an asylum for any gentleman who thinks it worth his while to inquire after me, be the manner or end of his inquiry what it will.

I know not, Sir, that I have given occasion for this. I make no scruple to attend you elsewhere, if I am troublesome here. I was told, I had a warm young gentleman to deal with: but as I knew my intention, and that my commission was an amicable one, I was the less concerned about that. I am twice your age, Mr. Lovelace, I dare say: but I do assure you, that if either my message or my manner gives you offence, I can suspend the one or the other for a day, or for ever, as you like. And so, Sir, any time before eight tomorrow morning, you will let me know your further commands. — And was going to tell me where he might be found.

Captain Tomlinson, said I, you answer well. I love a man of spirit. Have you not been in the army?

I have, Sir; but have turned my sword into a ploughshare, as the scripture has it, — [there was a clever fellow, Jack! — he was a good man with somebody, I warrant! O what a fine coat and cloke for an hypocrite will a text of scripture, properly applied, make at any time in the eyes of the pious! — how easily are the good folks taken in!] — and all my delight, added he, for some years past, has been in cultivating my paternal estate. I love a brave man, Mr. Lovelace, as well as ever I did in my life. But let me tell you, Sir, that when you come to my time of life, you will be of opinion, that there is not so much true bravery in youthful choler, as you may now think there is.

A clever fellow again, Belford! — Ear and heart, both at once, he took in my charmer!— ’Tis well, she says, there are some men who have wisdom in their anger.

Well, Captain, that is reproof for reproof. So we are upon a footing. And now give me the pleasure of hearing the import of your commission.

Sir, you must first allow me to repeat my question: Are you really, and bonâ fide, married to Miss Clarissa Harlowe? or are you not yet married?

Bluntly put, Captain. But if I answer that I am, what then?

Why then, Sir, I shall say, that you are a man of honour.

That I hope I am, whether you say it or not, Captain Tomlinson.

Sir, I will be very frank in all I have to say on this subject — Mr. John Harlowe has lately found out, that you and his niece are both in the same lodgings; that you have been long so; and that the lady was at the play with you yesterday was se'nnight; and he hopes that you are actually married. He has indeed heard that you are; but as he knows your enterprising temper, and that you have declared, that you disdain a relation to their family, he is willing by me to have your marriage confirmed from your own mouth, before he take the steps he is inclined to take in his niece's favour. You will allow me to say, Mr. Lovelace, that he will not be satisfied with an answer that admits of the least doubt.

Let me tell you, Captain Tomlinson, that it is a high degree of vileness for any man to suppose —

Sir — Mr. Lovelace — don't put yourself into a passion. The lady's relations are jealous of the honour of their family. They have prejudices to overcome as well as you — advantage may have been taken — and the lady, at the time, not to blame.

This lady, Sir, could give no such advantages: and if she had, what must the man be, Captain Tomlinson, who could have taken them? — Do you know the lady, Sir?

I never had the honour to see her but once; and that was at a church; and should not know her again.

Not know her again, Sir! — I thought there was not a man living who had once seen her, and would not know her among a thousand.

I remember, Sir, that I thought I never saw a finer woman in my life. But, Mr. Lovelace, I believe, you will allow, that it is better that her relations should have wronged you, than you the lady, I hope, Sir, you will permit me to repeat my question.

Enter Dorcas, in a hurry.

A gentleman, this minute, Sir, desires to speak with your honour — [My lady, Sir! — Aside.]

Could the dear creature put Dorcas upon telling this fib, yet want to save me one?

Desire the gentleman to walk into one of the parlours. I will wait upon him presently.

[Exit Dorcas.

The dear creature, I doubted not, wanted to instruct me how to answer the Captain's home put. I knew how I intended to answer it — plumb, thou may'st be sure — but Dorcas's message staggered me. And yet I was upon one of my master-strokes — which was, to take advantage of the captain's inquiries, and to make her own her marriage before him, as she had done to the people below; and

if she had been brought to that, to induce her, for her uncle's satisfaction, to write him a letter of gratitude; which of course must have been signed Clarissa Lovelace. I was loth, therefore, thou may'st believe, to attend her sudden commands: and yet, afraid of pushing matters beyond recovery with her, I thought proper to lead him from the question, to account for himself and for Mr. Harlowe's coming to the knowledge of where we are; and for other particulars which I knew would engage her attention; and which might possibly convince her of the necessity there was for her to acquiesce in the affirmative I was disposed to give. And this for her own sake; For what, as I asked her afterwards, is it to me, whether I am ever reconciled to her family? — A family, Jack, which I must for ever despise.

You think, Captain, that I have answered doubtfully to the question you put. You may think so. And you must know, that I have a good deal of pride; and, only that you are a gentleman, and seem in this affair to be governed by generous motives, or I should ill brook being interrogated as to my honour to a lady so dear to me. — But before I answer more directly to the point, pray satisfy me in a question or two that I shall put to you.

With all my heart, Sir. Ask me what questions you please, I will answer them with sincerity and candour.

You say, Mr. Harlowe has found out that we were at a play together: and that we were both in the same lodgings — How, pray, came he at his knowledge? — for, let me tell you, that I have, for certain considerations, (not respecting myself, I will assure you,) condescended that our abode should be kept secret. And this has been so strictly observed, that even Miss Howe, though she and my beloved correspond, knows not directly where to send to us.

Why, Sir, the person who saw you at the play, was a tenant of Mr. John Harlowe. He watched all your motions. When the play was done, he followed your coach to your lodgings. And early the next day, Sunday, he took horse, and acquainted his landlord with what he had observed.

Lovel. How oddly things come about! — But does any other of the Harlowes know where we are?

Capt. It is an absolute secret to every other person of the family; and so it is intended to be kept: as also that Mr. John Harlowe is willing to enter into treaty with you, by me, if his niece be actually married; for perhaps he is aware, that he shall have difficulty enough with some people to bring about the desirable reconciliation, although he could give them this assurance.

I doubt it not, Captain — to James Harlowe is all the family folly owing. Fine fools! [heroically stalking about] to be governed by one to whom malice and not

genius, gives the busy liveliness that distinguishes him from a natural! — But how long, pray, Sir, has Mr. John Harlowe been in this pacific disposition?

I will tell you, Mr. Lovelace, and the occasion; and be very explicit upon it, and upon all that concerns you to know of me, and of the commission I have undertaken to execute; and this the rather, as when you have heard me out, you will be satisfied, that I am not an officious man in this my present address to you.

I am all attention, Captain Tomlinson.

And so I doubt not was my beloved.

Capt. 'You must know, Sir, that I have not been many months in Mr. John Harlowe's neighbourhood. I removed from Northamptonshire, partly for the sake of better managing one of two executorship, which I could not avoid engaging in, (the affairs of which frequently call me to town, and are part of my present business;) and partly for the sake of occupying a neglected farm, which has lately fallen into my hands. But though an acquaintance of no longer standing, and that commencing on the bowling- green, [uncle John is a great bowler, Belford,] (upon my decision of a point to every one's satisfaction, which was appealed to me by all the gentlemen, and which might have been attended with bad consequences,) no two brothers have a more cordial esteem for each other. You know, Mr. Lovelace, that there is a consent, as I may call it, in some minds, which will unite them stronger together in a few hours, than years can do with others, whom yet we see not with disgust.'

Lovel. Very true, Captain.

Capt. 'It was on the foot of this avowed friendship on both sides, that on Monday the 15th, as I very well remember, Mr. Harlowe invited himself home with me. And when there, he acquainted me with the whole of the unhappy affair that had made them all so uneasy. Till then I knew it only by report; for, intimate as we were, I forbore to speak of what was so near his heart, till he began first. And then he told me, that he had had an application made to him, two or three days before, by a gentleman whom he named,* to induce him not only to be reconciled himself to his niece, but to forward for her a general reconciliation.

* See Vol. IV. Letters XXIII and XXIX.

'A like application, he told me, had been made to his sister Harlowe, by a good woman, whom every body respected; who had intimated, that his niece, if encouraged, would again put herself into the protection of her friends, and leave you: but if not, that she must unavoidably be your's.'

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, I make no mischief. — You look concerned — you sigh, Sir.

Proceed, Captain Tomlinson. Pray proceed. — And I sighed still more profoundly.

Capt. ‘They all thought it extremely particular, that a lady should decline marriage with a man she had so lately gone away with.’

Pray, Captain — pray, Mr. Tomlinson — no more of this subject. My beloved is an angel. In every thing unblamable. Whatever faults there have been, have been theirs and mine. What you would further say, is, that the unforgiving family rejected her application. They did. She and I had a misunderstanding. The falling out of lovers — you know, Captain. — We have been happier ever since.

Capt. ‘Well, Sir; but Mr. John Harlowe could not but better consider the matter afterwards. And he desired my advice how to act in it. He told me that no father ever loved a daughter as he loved this niece of his; whom, indeed, he used to call his daughter-niece. He said, she had really been unkindly treated by her brother and sister: and as your alliance, Sir, was far from being a discredit to their family, he would do his endeavour to reconcile all parties, if he could be sure that ye were actually man and wife.’

Lovel. And what, pray, Captain, was your advice?

Capt. ‘I gave it as my opinion, that if his niece were unworthily treated, and in distress, (as he apprehended from the application to him,) he would soon hear of her again: but that it was likely, that this application was made without expecting it would succeed; and as a salvo only, to herself, for marrying without their consent. And the rather thought I so, as he had told me, that it came from a young lady her friend, and not in a direct way from herself; which young lady was no favourite of the family; and therefore would hardly have been employed, had success been expected.’

Lovel. Very well, Captain Tomlinson — pray proceed.

Capt. ‘Here the matter rested till last Sunday evening, when Mr. John Harlowe came to me with the man who had seen you and your lady (as I presume she is) at the play; and who had assured him, that you both lodged in the same house. — And then the application having been so lately made, which implied that you were not then married, he was so uneasy for his niece’s honour, that I advised him to dispatch to town some one in whom he could confide, to make proper inquiries.’

Lovel. Very well, Captain — And was such a person employed on such an errand by her uncle?

Capt. ‘A trusty and discreet person was accordingly sent; and last Tuesday, I think it was, (for he returned to us on the Wednesday,) he made the inquiries among the neighbours first.’ [The very inquiry, Jack, that gave us all so much uneasiness.*] ‘But finding that none of them could give any satisfactory account, the lady’s woman was come at, who declared, that you were actually married. But the inquirist keeping himself on the reserve as to his employers, the girl refused to tell the day, or to give him other particulars.’

* See Vol. IV. Letter L.

Lovel. You give a very clear account of every thing, Captain Tomlinson. Pray proceed.

Capt. ‘The gentleman returned; and, on his report, Mr. Harlowe, having still doubts, and being willing to proceed on some grounds in so important a point, besought me (as my affairs called me frequently to town) to undertake this matter. “You, Mr. Tomlinson, he was pleased to say, have children of your own: you know the world: you know what I drive at: you will proceed, I am sure, with understanding and spirit: and whatever you are satisfied with shall satisfy me.”’

Enter Dorcas again in a hurry.

Sir, the gentleman is impatient.

I will attend him presently.

The Captain then accounted for his not calling in person, when he had reason to think us here.

He said he had business of consequence a few miles out of town, whither he thought he must have gone yesterday, and having been obliged to put off his little journey till this day, and understanding that we were within, not knowing whether he should have such another opportunity, he was willing to try his good fortune before he set out; and this made him come booted and spurred, as I saw him.

He dropped a hint in commendation of the people of the house; but it was in such a way, as to give no room to suspect that he thought it necessary to inquire after the character of persons, who make so genteel an appearance, as he observed they do.

And here let me remark, that my beloved might collect another circumstance in favour of the people below, had she doubted their characters, from the silence of her uncle’s inquirist on Tuesday among the neighbours.

Capt. ‘And now, Sir, that I believe I have satisfied you in every thing relating to my commission, I hope you will permit me to repeat my question — which is —’

Enter Dorcas again, out of breath.

Sir, the gentleman will step up to you. [My lady is impatient. She wonders at your honour’s delay. Aside.]

Excuse me, Captain, for one moment.

I have staid my full time, Mr. Lovelace. What may result from my question and your answer, whatever it shall be, may take us up time. — And you are engaged. Will you permit me to attend you in the morning, before I set out on my return?

You will then breakfast with me, Captain?

It must be early if I do. I must reach my own house to-morrow night, or I shall make the best of wives unhappy. And I have two or three places to call at in my way.

It shall be by seven o'clock, if you please, Captain. We are early folks. And this I will tell you, that if ever I am reconciled to a family so implacable as I have always found the Harlowes to be, it must be by the mediation of so cool and so moderate a gentleman as yourself.

And so, with the highest civilities on both sides, we parted. But for the private satisfaction of so good a man, I left him out of doubt that we were man and wife, though I did not directly aver it.

LETTER VI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY NIGHT.

This Captain Tomlinson is one of the happiest as well as one of the best men in the world. What would I give to stand as high in my beloved's opinion as he does! but yet I am as good a man as he, were I to tell my own story, and have equal credit given to it. But the devil should have had him before I had seen him on the account he came upon, had I thought I should not have answered my principal end in it. I hinted to thee in my last what that was.

But to the particulars of the conference between my fair-one and me, on her hasty messages; which I was loth to come to, because she has had an half triumph over me in it.

After I had attended the Captain down to the very passage, I returned to the dining-room, and put on a joyful air, on my beloved's entrance into it — O my dearest creature, said I, let me congratulate you on a prospect so agreeable to your wishes! And I snatched her hand, and smothered it with kisses.

I was going on; when interrupting me, You see, Mr. Lovelace, said she, how you have embarrassed yourself by your obliquities! You see, that you have not been able to return a direct answer to a plain and honest question, though upon it depends all the happiness, on the prospect of which you congratulate me!

You know, my best love, what my prudent, and I will say, my kind motives were, for giving out that we were married. You see that I have taken no advantage of it; and that no inconvenience has followed it. You see that your uncle wants only to be assured from ourselves that it is so —

Not another word on this subject, Mr. Lovelace. I will not only risk, but I will forfeit, the reconciliation so near my heart, rather than I will go on to countenance a story so untrue!

My dearest soul — Would you have me appear —

I would have you appear, Sir, as you are! I am resolved that I will appear to my uncle's friend, and to my uncle, as I am.

For one week, my dearest life! cannot you for one week — only till the settlements —

Not for one hour, with my own consent. You don't know, Sir, how much I have been afflicted, that I have appeared to the people below what I am not. But my uncle, Sir, shall never have it to upbraid me, nor will I to upbraid myself, that I have wilfully passed upon him in false lights.

What, my dear, would you have me say to the Captain to-morrow morning? I have given him room to think —

Then put him right, Mr. Lovelace. Tell the truth. Tell him what you please of the favour of your relations to me: tell him what you will about the settlements: and if, when drawn, you will submit them to his perusal and approbation, it will show him how much you are in earnest.

My dearest life! — Do you think that he would disapprove of the terms I have offered?

No.

Then may I be accursed, if I willingly submit to be trampled under foot by my enemies!

And may I, Mr. Lovelace, never be happy in this life, if I submit to the passing upon my uncle Harlowe a wilful and premeditated falshood for truth! I have too long laboured under the affliction which the rejection of all my friends has given me, to purchase my reconciliation with them now at so dear a price as this of my veracity.

The women below, my dear —

What are the women below to me? — I want not to establish myself with them. Need they know all that passes between my relations and you and me?

Neither are they any thing to me, Madam. Only, that when, for the sake of preventing the fatal mischiefs which might have attended your brother's projects, I have made them think us married, I would not appear to them in a light which you yourself think so shocking. By my soul, Madam, I had rather die, than contradict myself so flagrantly, after I have related to them so many circumstances of our marriage.

Well, Sir, the women may believe what they please. That I have given countenance to what you told them is my error. The many circumstances which you own one untruth has drawn you in to relate, is a justification of my refusal in the present case.

Don't you see, Madam, that your uncle wishes to find that we are married? May not the ceremony be privately over, before his mediation can take place?

Urge this point no further, Mr. Lovelace. If you will not tell the truth, I will to-morrow morning (if I see Captain Tomlinson) tell it myself. Indeed I will.

Will you, Madam, consent that things pass as before with the people below? This mediation of Tomlinson may come to nothing. Your brother's schemes may be pursued; the rather, that now he will know (perhaps from your uncle) that you are not under a legal protection. — You will, at least, consent that things pass here as before? —

To permit this, is to go on in an error, Mr. Lovelace. But as the occasion for so doing (if there can be in your opinion an occasion that will warrant an untruth)

will, as I presume, soon be over, I shall the less dispute that point with you. But a new error I will not be guilty of, if I can avoid it.

Can I, do you think, Madam, have any dishonourable view in the step I supposed you would not scruple to take towards a reconciliation with your own family? Not for my own sake, you know, did I wish you to take it; for what is it to me, if I am never reconciled to your family? I want no favours from them.

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, there is no occasion, in our present not disagreeable situation, to answer such a question. And let me say, that I shall think my prospects still more agreeable, if, to-morrow morning you will not only own the very truth, but give my uncle's friend such an account of the steps you have taken, and are taking, as may keep up my uncle's favourable intentions towards me. This you may do under what restrictions of secrecy you please. Captain Tomlinson is a prudent man; a promoter of family-peace, you find; and, I dare say, may be made a friend.

I saw there was no help. I saw that the inflexible Harlowe spirit was all up in her. — A little witch! — A little — Forgive me, Love, for calling her names! And so I said, with an air, We have had too many misunderstandings, Madam, for me to wish for new ones: I will obey you without reserve. Had I not thought I should have obliged you by the other method, (especially as the ceremony might have been over before any thing could have operated from your uncle's intentions, and of consequence no untruth persisted in,) I would not have proposed it. But think not, my beloved creature, that you shall enjoy, without condition, this triumph over my judgment.

And then, clasping my arms about her, I gave her averted cheek (her charming lip designed) a fervent kiss. — And your forgiveness of this sweet freedom [bowing] is that condition.

She was not mortally offended. And now must I make out the rest as well as I can. But this I will tell thee, that although her triumph has not diminished my love for her, yet it has stimulated me more than ever to revenge, as thou wilt be apt to call it. But victory, or conquest, is the more proper word.

There is a pleasure, 'tis true, in subduing one of these watchful beauties. But by my soul, Belford, men of our cast take twenty times the pains to be rogues than it would cost them to be honest; and dearly, with the sweat of our brows, and to the puzzlement of our brains, (to say nothing of the hazards we run,) do we earn our purchase; and ought not therefore to be grudged our success when we meet with it — especially as, when we have obtained our end, satiety soon follows; and leaves us little or nothing to show for it. But this, indeed, may be said of all worldly delights. — And is not that a grave reflection from me?

I was willing to write up to the time. Although I have not carried my principal point, I shall make something turn out in my favour from Captain Tomlinson's errand. But let me give thee this caution; that thou do not pretend to judge of my devices by parts; but have patience till thou seest the whole. But once more I swear, that I will not be out-Norris'd by a pair of novices. And yet I am very apprehensive, at times, of the consequences of Miss Howe's smuggling scheme.

My conscience, I should think, ought not to reproach me for a contrivance, which is justified by the contrivances of two such girls as these: one of whom (the more excellent of the two) I have always, with her own approbation, as I imagine, proposed for my imitation.

But here, Jack, is the thing that concludes me, and cases my heart with adamant: I find, by Miss Howe's letters, that it is owing to her, that I have made no greater progress with my blooming fair-one. She loves me. The ipecacuanha contrivance convinces me that she loves me. Where there is love there must be confidence, or a desire of having reason to confide. Generosity, founded on my supposed generosity, has taken hold of her heart. Shall I not now see (since I must forever be unhappy, if I marry her, and leave any trial unessayed) what I can make of her love, and her newly-raised confidence? — Will it not be to my glory to succeed? And to her's and to the honour of her sex, if I cannot? — Where then will be the hurt to either, to make the trial? And cannot I, as I have often said, reward her when I will by marriage?

'Tis late, or rather early; for the day begins to dawn upon me. I am plaguy heavy. Perhaps I need not to have told thee that. But will only indulge a doze in my chair for an hour; then shake myself, wash and refresh. At my time of life, with such a constitution as I am blessed with, that's all that's wanted.

Good night to me! — It cannot be broad day till I am awake. — Aw-w-w-whaugh — pox of this yawning!

Is not thy uncle dead yet?

What's come to mine, that he writes not to my last? — Hunting after more wisdom of nations, I suppose! — Yaw-yaw-yawning again! — Pen, begone!

LETTER VII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY, MAY 29.

Now have I established myself for ever in my charmer's heart.

The Captain came at seven, as promised, and ready equipped for his journey. My beloved chose not to give us her company till our first conversation was over — ashamed, I suppose, to be present at that part of it which was to restore her to her virgin state by my confession, after her wifehood had been reported to her uncle. But she took her cue, nevertheless, and listened to all that passed.

The modestest women, Jack, must think, and think deeply sometimes. I wonder whether they ever blush at those things by themselves, at which they have so charming a knack of blushing in company. If not; and if blushing be a sign of grace or modesty; have not the sex as great a command over their blushes as they are said to have over their tears? This reflection would lead me a great way into female minds, were I disposed to pursue it.

I told the Captain, that I would prevent his question; and accordingly (after I had enjoined the strictest secrecy, that no advantage might be given to James Harlowe, and which he had answered for as well on Mr. Harlowe's part as his own) I acknowledged nakedly and fairly the whole truth — to wit, 'That we were not yet married. I gave him hints of the causes of procrastination. Some of them owing to unhappy misunderstandings: but chiefly to the Lady's desire of previous reconciliation with her friends; and to a delicacy that had no example.'

Less nice ladies than this, Jack, love to have delays, wilful and studied delays, imputed to them in these cases — yet are indelicate in their affected delicacy: For do they not thereby tacitly confess, that they expect to be the greatest estgainers in wedlock; and that there is self-denial in the pride they take in delaying?

'I told him the reason of our passing to the people below as married — yet as under a vow of restriction, as to consummation, which had kept us both to the height, one of forbearing, the other of vigilant punctilio; even to the denial of those innocent freedoms, which betrothed lovers never scruple to allow and to take.

'I then communicated to him a copy of my proposal of settlement; the substance of her written answer; the contents of my letter of invitation to Lord M. to be her nuptial-father; and of my Lord's generous reply. But said, that having apprehensions of delay from his infirmities, and my beloved choosing by all means (and that from principles of unrequited duty) a private solemnization, I had written to excuse his Lordship's presence; and expected an answer every hour.

‘The settlements, I told him, were actually drawing by Counsellor Williams, of whose eminence he must have heard—’

He had.

‘And of the truth of this he might satisfy himself before he went out of town.

‘When these were drawn, approved, and engrossed, nothing, I said, but signing, and the nomination of my happy day, would be wanting. I had a pride, I declared, in doing the highest justice to so beloved a creature, of my own voluntary motion, and without the intervention of a family from whom I had received the greatest insults. And this being our present situation, I was contented that Mr. John Harlowe should suspend his reconciliatory purposes till our marriage were actually solemnized.’

The Captain was highly delighted with all I said: Yet owned, that as his dear friend Mr. Harlowe had expressed himself greatly pleased to hear that we were actually married, he could have wished it had been so. But, nevertheless, he doubted not that all would be well.

He saw my reasons, he said, and approved of them, for making the gentlewomen below [whom again he understood to be good sort of people] believe that the ceremony had passed; which so well accounted for what the lady’s maid had told Mr. Harlowe’s friend. Mr. James Harlowe, he said, had certainly ends to answer in keeping open the breach; and as certainly had formed a design to get his sister out of my hands. Wherefore it as much imported his worthy friend to keep this treaty as secret, as it did me; at least till he had formed his party, and taken his measures. Ill will and passion were dreadful misrepresenters. It was amazing to him, that animosity could be carried so high against a man capable of views so pacific and so honourable, and who had shown such a command of his temper, in this whole transaction, as I had done. Generosity, indeed, in every case, where love of stratagem and intrigue (I would excuse him) were not concerned, was a part of my character.

He was proceeding, when, breakfast being ready, in came the empress of my heart, irradiating all around her, as with a glory — a benignity and graciousness in her aspect, that, though natural to it, had been long banished from it.

Next to prostration lowly bowed the Captain. O how the sweet creature smiled her approbation of him! Reverence from one begets reverence from another. Men are more of monkeys in imitation than they think themselves. — Involuntarily, in a manner, I bent my knee — My dearest life — and made a very fine speech on presenting the Captain to her. No title myself, to her lip or cheek, ’tis well he attempted not either. He was indeed ready to worship her; — could only touch her charming hand.

I have told the Captain, my dear creature — and then I briefly repeated (as if I had supposed she had not heard it) all I had told him.

He was astonished, that any body could be displeased one moment with such an angel. He undertook her cause as the highest degree of merit to himself.

Never, I must need say, did an angel so much look the angel. All placid, serene, smiling, self-assured: a more lovely flush than usual heightening her natural graces, and adding charms, even to radiance, to her charming complexion.

After we had seated ourselves, the agreeable subject was renewed, as we took our chocolate. How happy should she be in her uncle's restored favour!

The Captain engaged for it — No more delays, he hoped, on her part! Let the happy day be but once over, all would then be right. But was it improper to ask for copies of my proposals, and of her answer, in order to show them to his dear friend, her uncle?

As Mr. Lovelace pleased. — O that the dear creature would always say so!

It must be in strict confidence then, I said. But would it not be better to show her uncle the draught of the settlements, when drawn?

And will you be so good as to allow of this, Mr. Lovelace?

There, Belford! We were once the quarrelsome, but now we are the polite, lovers.

Indeed, my dear creature, I will, if you desire it, and if Captain Tomlinson will engage that Mr. Harlowe shall keep them absolutely a secret; that I may not be subjected to the cavil and controul of any others of a family that have used me so very ill.

Now, indeed, Sir, you are very obliging.

Dost think, Jack, that my face did not now also shine?

I held out my hand, (first consecrating it with a kiss,) for her's. She condescended to give it me. I pressed it to my lips: You know not Captain Tomlinson, (with an air,) all storms overblown, what a happy man —

Charming couple! [his hands lifted up,] how will my good friend rejoice! O that he were present! You know not, Madam, how dear you still are to your uncle Harlowe!

I am still unhappy ever to have disobliged him!

Not too much of that, however, fairest, thought I!

The Captain repeated his resolution of service, and that in so acceptable a manner, that the dear creature wished that neither he, nor any of his, might ever want a friend of equal benevolence.

Nor any of this, she said; for the Captain brought it in, that he had five children living, by one of the best wives and mothers, whose excellent management made

him as happy as if his eight hundred pounds a year (which was all he had to boast of) were two thousand.

Without economy, the oracular lady said, no estate was large enough. With it, the least was not too small.

Lie still, teasing villain! lie still. — I was only speaking to my conscience, Jack.

And let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace, said the Captain; yet not so much from doubt, as that I may proceed upon sure grounds — You are willing to co-operate with my dear friend in a general reconciliation?

Let me tell you, Mr. Tomlinson, that if it can be distinguished, that my readiness to make up with a family, of whose generosity I have not had reason to think highly, is entirely owing to the value I have for this angel of a woman, I will not only co-operate with Mr. John Harlowe, as you ask; but I will meet with Mr. James Harlowe senior, and his lady, all the way. And furthermore, to make the son James and his sister Arabella quite easy, I will absolutely disclaim any further interest, whether living or dying, in any of the three brothers' estates; contenting myself with what my beloved's grandfather had bequeathed to her: for I have reason to be abundantly satisfied with my own circumstances and prospects — enough rewarded, were she not to bring a shilling in dowry, in a woman who has a merit superior to all the goods of fortune. — True as the Gospel, Belford! — Why had not this scene a real foundation?

The dear creature, by her eyes, expressed her gratitude, before her lips could utter it. O Mr. Lovelace, said she — you have infinitely — And there she stopt.

The Captain run over in my praise. He was really affected.

O that I had not such a mixture of revenge and pride in my love, thought I! — But, (my old plea,) cannot I make her amends at any time? And is not her virtue now in the height of its probation? — Would she lay aside, like the friends of my uncontending Rosebud, all thoughts of defiance — Would she throw herself upon my mercy, and try me but one fortnight in the life of honour — What then? — I cannot say, What then —

Do not despise me, Jack, for my inconsistency — in no two letters perhaps agreeing with myself — Who expects consistency in men of our character? — But I am mad with love — fired by revenge — puzzled with my own devices — my invention is my curse — my pride my punishment — drawn five or six ways at once, can she possibly be so unhappy as I? — O why, why, was this woman so divinely excellent! — Yet how know I that she is? What have been her trials? Have I had the courage to make a single one upon her person, though a thousand upon her temper? — Enow, I hope, to make her afraid of ever more disobliging me more! —

* * *

I must banish reflection, or I am a lost man. For these two hours past have I hated myself for my own contrivances. And this not only from what I have related to thee; but for what I have further to relate. But I have now once more steeled my heart. My vengeance is uppermost; for I have been reperusing some of Miss Howe's virulence. The contempt they have both held me in I cannot bear.

The happiest breakfast-time, my beloved owned, that she had ever known since she had left her father's house. [She might have let this alone.] The Captain renewed all his protestations of service. He would write me word how his dear friend received the account he should give him of the happy situation of our affairs, and what he thought of the settlements, as soon as I should send him the draughts so kindly promised. And we parted with great professions of mutual esteem; my beloved putting up vows for the success of his generous mediation.

When I returned from attending the Captain down stairs, which I did to the outward door, my beloved met me as I entered the dining-room; complacency reigning in every lovely feature.

'You see me already,' said she, 'another creature. You know not, Mr. Lovelace, how near my heart this hoped-for reconciliation is. I am now willing to banish every disagreeable remembrance. You know not, Sir, how much you have obliged me. And O Mr. Lovelace, how happy I shall be, when my heart is lightened from the all-sinking weight of a father's curse! When my dear mamma — You don't know, Sir, half the excellencies of my dear mamma! and what a kind heart she has, when it is left to follow its own impulses — When this blessed mamma shall once more fold me to her indulgent bosom! When I shall again have uncles and aunts, and a brother and sister, all striving who shall show most kindness and favour to the poor outcast, then no more an outcast — And you, Mr. Lovelace, to behold all this, with welcome — What though a little cold at first? when they come to know you better, and to see you oftener, no fresh causes of disgust occurring, and you, as I hope, having entered upon a new course, all will be warmer and warmer love on both sides, till every one will perhaps wonder, how they came to set themselves against you.'

Then drying her tears with her handkerchief, after a few moments pausing, on a sudden, as if recollecting that she had been led by her joy to an expression of it which she had not intended I should see, she retired to her chamber with precipitation; leaving me almost as unable to stand it as herself.

In short, I was — I want words to say how I was — my nose had been made to tingle before; my eyes have before been made to glisten by this soul-moving beauty; but so very much affected, I never was — for, trying to check my

sensibility, it was too strong for me, and I even sobbed — Yes, by my soul, I audibly sobbed, and was forced to turn from her before she had well finished her affecting speech.

I want, methinks, now I have owned the odd sensation, to describe it to thee — the thing was so strange to me — something choking, as it were, in my throat — I know not how — yet, I must needs say, though I am out of countenance upon the recollection, that there was something very pretty in it; and I wish I could know it again, that I might have a more perfect idea of it, and be better able to describe it to thee.

But this effect of her joy on such an occasion gives me a high notion of what that virtue must be [What other name can I call it?] which in a mind so capable of delicate transport, should be able to make so charming a creature, in her very bloom, all frost and snow to every advance of love from the man she hates not. This must be all from education too — Must it not, Belford? Can education have stronger force in a woman's heart than nature? — Sure it cannot. But if it can, how entirely right are parents to cultivate their daughters' minds, and to inspire them with notions of reserve and distance to our sex: and indeed to make them think highly of their own! for pride is an excellent substitute, let me tell thee, where virtue shines not out, as the sun, in its own unborrowed lustre.

LETTER VIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

And now it is time to confess (and yet I know that thy conjectures are aforehand with my exposition) that this Captain Tomlinson, who is so great a favourite with my charmer, and who takes so much delight in healing breaches, and reconciling differences, is neither a greater man nor a less than honest Patrick M'Donald, attended by a discarded footman of his own finding out.

Thou knowest what a various-lifed rascal he is; and to what better hopes born and educated. But that ingenious knack of forgery, for which he was expelled the Dublin-University, and a detection since in evidenceship, have been his ruin. For these have thrown him from one country to another; and at last, into the way of life, which would make him a fit husband for Miss Howe's Townsend with her contrabands. He is, thou knowest, admirably qualified for any enterprize that requires adroitness and solemnity. And can there, after all, be a higher piece of justice, than to keep one smuggler in readiness to play against another?

'Well, but, Lovelace, (methinks thou questionest,) how camest thou to venture upon such a contrivance as this, when, as thou hast told me, the Lady used to be a month at a time at this uncle's; and must therefore, in all probability, know, that there was not a Captain Tomlinson in all the neighbourhood, at least no one of the name so intimate with him as this man pretends to be?'

This objection, Jack, is so natural a one, that I could not help observing to my charmer, that she must surely have heard her uncle speak of this gentleman. No, she said, she never had. Besides she had not been at her uncle Harlowe's for near ten months [this I had heard from her before]: and there were several gentlemen who used the same green, whom she knew not.

We are all very ready, thou knowest, to believe what she likes.

And what was the reason, thinkest thou, that she had not been of so long a time at this uncle's? — Why, this old sinner, who imagines himself entitled to call me to account for my freedoms with the sex, has lately fallen into familiarities, as it is suspected, with his housekeeper; who assumes airs upon it. — A cursed deluding sex! — In youth, middle age, or dotage, they take us all in.

Dost thou not see, however, that this housekeeper knows nothing, nor is to know any thing, of the treaty of reconciliation designed to be set on foot; and therefore the uncle always comes to the Captain, the Captain goes not to the uncle? And this I surmised to the lady. And then it was a natural suggestion, that

the Captain was the rather applied to, as he is a stranger to the rest of the family — Need I tell thee the meaning of all this?

But this intrigue of the antient is a piece of private history, the truth of which my beloved cares not to own, and indeed affects to disbelieve: as she does also some puisny gallantries of her foolish brother; which, by way of recrimination, I have hinted at, without naming my informant in their family.

'Well but, methinks, thou questionest again, Is it not probable that Miss Howe will make inquiry after such a man as Tomlinson? — And when she cannot—'

I know what thou wouldst say — but I have no doubt, that Wilson will be so good, if I desire it, as to give into my own hands any letter that may be brought by Collins to his house, for a week to come. And now I hope thou art satisfied.

I will conclude with a short story.

'Two neighbouring sovereigns were at war together, about some pitiful chuck-farthing thing or other; no matter what; for the least trifles will set princes and children at loggerheads. Their armies had been drawn up in battalia some days, and the news of a decisive action was expected every hour to arrive at each court. At last, issue was joined; a bloody battle was fought; and a fellow who had been a spectator of it, arriving, with the news of a complete victory, at the capital of one of the princes some time before the appointed couriers, the bells were set a ringing, bonfires and illuminations were made, and the people went to bed intoxicated with joy and good liquor. But the next day all was reversed: The victorious enemy, pursuing his advantage, was expected every hour at the gates of the almost defenceless capital. The first reporter was hereupon sought for, and found; and being questioned, pleaded a great deal of merit, in that he had, in so dismal a situation, taken such a space of time from the distress of his fellow-citizens, and given it to festivity, as were the hours between the false good news and the real bad.'

Do thou, Belford, make the application. This I know, that I have given greater joy to my beloved, than she had thought would so soon fall to her share. And as the human life is properly said to be chequerwork, no doubt but a person of her prudence will make the best of it, and set off so much good against so much bad, in order to strike as just a balance as possible.

[The Lady, in three several letters, acquaints her friend with the most material passages and conversations contained in those of Mr. Lovelace's preceding. These are her words, on relating what the commission of the pretended Tomlinson was, after the apprehensions that his distant inquiry had given her:]

At last, my dear, all these doubts and fears were cleared up, and banished; and, in their place, a delightful prospect was opened to me. For it comes happily out, (but at present it must be an absolute secret, for reasons which I shall mention in

the sequel,) that the gentleman was sent by my uncle Harlowe [I thought he could not be angry with me for ever]: all owing to the conversation that passed between your good Mr. Hickman and him. For although Mr. Hickman's application was too harshly rejected at the time, my uncle could not but think better of it afterwards, and of the arguments that worthy gentleman used in my favour.

Who, upon a passionate repulse, would despair of having a reasonable request granted? — Who would not, by gentleness and condescension, endeavour to leave favourable impressions upon an angry mind; which, when it comes cooly to reflect, may induce it to work itself into a condescending temper? To request a favour, as I have often said, is one thing; to challenge it as our due, is another. And what right has a petitioner to be angry at a repulse, if he has not a right to demand what he sues for as a debt?

[She describes Captain Tomlinson, on his breakfast-visit, to be, a grave, good sort of man. And in another place, a genteel man of great gravity, and a good aspect; she believes upwards of fifty years of age. 'I liked him, says she, as soon as I saw him.'

As her projects are now, she says, more favourable than heretofore, she wishes, that her hopes of Mr. Lovelace's so-often-promised reformation were better grounded than she is afraid they can be.]

We have both been extremely puzzled, my dear, says she, to reconcile some parts of Mr. Lovelace's character with other parts of it: his good with his bad; such of the former, in particular, as his generosity to his tenants; his bounty to the innkeeper's daughter; his readiness to put me upon doing kind things by my good Norton, and others.

A strange mixture in his mind, as I have told him! for he is certainly (as I have reason to say, looking back upon his past behaviour to me in twenty instances) a hard-hearted man. — Indeed, my dear, I have thought more than once, that he had rather see me in tears than give me reason to be pleased with him.

My cousin Morden says, that free livers are remorseless.* And so they must be in the very nature of things.

* See Vol. IV. Letter XIX. See also Mr. Lovelace's own confession of the delight he takes in a woman's tears, in different parts of his letters.

Mr. Lovelace is a proud man. We have both long ago observed that he is. And I am truly afraid, that his very generosity is more owing to his pride and his vanity, that that philanthropy (shall I call it?) which distinguishes a beneficent mind.

Money he values not, but as a mean to support his pride and his independence. And it is easy, as I have often thought, for a person to part with a secondary appetite, when, by so doing, he can promote or gratify a first.

I am afraid, my dear, that there must have been some fault in his education. His natural bias was not, perhaps (as his power was likely to be large) to do good and beneficent actions; but not, I doubt, from proper motives.

If he had, his generosity would not have stopt at pride, but would have struck into humanity; and then would he not have contented himself with doing praiseworthy things by fits and starts, or, as if relying on the doctrine of merits, he hoped by a good action to atone for a bad one;* but he would have been uniformly noble, and done the good for its own sake.

* That the Lady judges rightly of him in this place, see Vol. I. Letter XXXIV. where, giving the motive for his generosity to his Rosebud, he says— ‘As I make it my rule, whenever I have committed a very capital enormity, to do some good by way of atonement; and as I believe I am a pretty deal indebted on that score; I intend to join an hundred pounds to Johnny’s aunt’s hundred pounds, to make one innocent couple happy.’ — Besides which motive, he had a further view in answer in that instance of his generosity; as may be seen in Vol. II. Letters XXVI. XXVII. XXVIII. See also the note, Vol. II. p, 171.

To show the consistence of his actions, as they now appear, with his views and principles, as he lays them down in his first letters, it may be not amiss to refer the reader to his letters, Vol. I. No. XXXIV. XXXV.

See also Vol. I. Letter XXX. — and Letter XL. for Clarissa’s early opinion of Mr. Lovelace. — Whence the coldness and indifference to him, which he so repeatedly accuses her of, will be accounted for, more to her glory, than to his honour.

O my dear! what a lot have I drawn! pride, this poor man’s virtue; and revenge, his other predominating quality! — This one consolation, however, remains: — He is not an infidel, and unbeliever: had he been an infidel, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; (but priding himself, as he does, in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a savage.

[When she comes to relate those occasions, which Mr. Lovelace in his narrative acknowledges himself to be affected by, she thus expresses herself:]

He endeavoured, as once before, to conceal his emotion. But why, my dear, should these men (for Mr. Lovelace is not singular in this) think themselves above giving these beautiful proofs of a feeling heart? Were it in my power again to choose, or to refuse, I would reject the man with contempt, who sought to suppress, or offered to deny, the power of being visibly affected upon proper occasions, as either a savage-hearted creature, or as one who was so ignorant of the principal glory of the human nature, as to place his pride in a barbarous insensibility.

These lines translated from Juvenal by Mr. Tate, I have been often pleased with:

Compassion proper to mankind appears:
Which Nature witness'd, when she lent us tears.
Of tender sentiments we only give
These proofs: To weep is our prerogative:
To show by pitying looks, and melting eyes,
How with a suff'ring friend we sympathise.
Who can all sense of other ills escape,
Is but a brute at best, in human shape.

It cannot but yield me some pleasure, hardly as I have sometimes thought of the people of the house, that such a good man as Captain Tomlinson had spoken well of them, upon inquiry.

And here I stop a minute, my dear, to receive, in fancy, your kind congratulation.

My next, I hope, will confirm my present, and open still more agreeable prospects. Mean time be assured, that there cannot possibly any good fortune befal me, which I shall look upon with equal delight to that I have in your friendship.

My thankful compliments to your good Mr. Hickman, to whose kind invention I am so much obliged on this occasion, conclude me, my dearest Miss Howe,

Your ever affectionate and grateful CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER IX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, MAY 30.

I have a letter from Lord M. Such a one as I would wish for, if I intended matrimony. But as matters are circumstanced, I cannot think of showing it to my beloved.

My Lord regrets, ‘that he is not to be the Lady’s nuptial father. He seems apprehensive that I have still, specious as my reasons are, some mischief in my head.’

He graciously consents, ‘that I may marry when I please; and offers one or both of my cousins to assist my bride, and to support her spirits on the occasion; since, as he understands, she is so much afraid to venture with me.

‘Pritchard, he tells me, has his final orders to draw up deeds for assigning over to me, in perpetuity, 1000£. per annum: which he will execute the same hour that the lady in person owns her marriage.’

He consents, ‘that the jointure be made from my own estate.’

He wishes, ‘that the Lady would have accepted of his draught; and commends me for tendering it to her. But reproaches me for my pride in not keeping it myself. What the right side gives up, the left, he says, may be the better for.’

The girls, the left-sided girls, he means.

With all my heart. If I can have my Clarissa, the devil take every thing else.

A good deal of other stuff writes the stupid peer; scribbling in several places half a dozen lines, apparently for no other reason but to bring in as many musty words in an old saw.

If thou sawest, ‘How I can manage, since my beloved will wonder that I have not an answer from my Lord to such a letter as I wrote to him; and if I own I have one, will expect that I should shew it to her, as I did my letter? — This I answer— ‘That I can be informed by Pritchard, that my Lord has the gout in his right-hand; and has ordered him to attend me in form, for my particular orders about the transfer:’ And I can see Pritchard, thou knowest, at the King’s Arms, or wherever I please, at an hour’s warning; though he be at M. Hall, I in town; and he, by word of mouth, can acquaint me with every thing in my Lord’s letter that is necessary for my charmer to know.

Whenever it suits me, I can resolve the old peer to his right hand, and then can make him write a much more sensible letter than this that he has now sent me.

Thou knowest, that an adroitness in the art of manual imitation, was one of my earliest attainments. It has been said, on this occasion, that had I been a bad man in meum and tuum matters, I should not have been fit to live. As to the girls, we

hold it no sin to cheat them. And are we not told, that in being well deceived consists the whole of human happiness?

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31.

All still happier and happier. A very high honour done me: a chariot, instead of a coach, permitted, purposely to indulge me in the subject of subjects.

Our discourse in this sweet airing turned upon our future manner of life. The day is bashfully promised me. Soon was the answer to my repeated urgency. Our equipage, our servants, our liveries, were parts of the delightful subject. A desire that the wretch who had given me intelligence out of the family (honest Joseph Leman) might not be one of our menials; and her resolution to have her faithful Hannah, whether recovered or not; were signified; and both as readily assented to.

Her wishes, from my attentive behaviour, when with her at St. Paul's,* that I would often accompany her to the Divine Service, were greatly intimated, and as readily engaged for. I assured her, that I ever had respected the clergy in a body; and some individuals of them (her Dr. Lewen for one) highly: and that were not going to church an act of religion, I thought it [as I told thee once] a most agreeable sight to see rich and poor, all of a company, as I might say, assembled once a week in one place, and each in his or her best attire, to worship the God that made them. Nor could it be a hardship upon a man liberally educated, to make one on so solemn an occasion, and to hear the harangue of a man of letters, (though far from being the principal part of the service, as it is too generally looked upon to be,) whose studies having taken a different turn from his own, he must always have something new to say.

* See Vol. IV. Letter V. * * Ibid.

She shook her head, and repeated the word new: but looked as if willing to be satisfied for the present with this answer. To be sure, Jack, she means to do great despight to his Satanic majesty in her hopes of reforming me. No wonder, therefore, if he exerts himself to prevent her, and to be revenged. But how came this in! — I am ever of party against myself. — One day, I fancy, I shall hate myself on recollecting what I am about at this instant. But I must stay till then. We must all of us do something to repent of.

The reconciliation-prospect was enlarged upon. If her uncle Harlowe will but pave the way to it, and if it can be brought about, she shall be happy. — Happy, with a sigh, as it is now possible she can be!

She won't forbear, Jack!

I told her, that I had heard from Pritchard, just before we set out on our airing, and expected him in town to-morrow from Lord M. to take my directions. I spoke

with gratitude of my Lord's kindness to me; and with pleasure of Lady Sarah's, Lady Betty's, and my two cousins Montague's veneration for her: as also of his Lordship's concern that his gout hindered him from writing a reply with his own hand to my last.

She pitied my Lord. She pitied poor Mrs. Fretchville too; for she had the goodness to inquire after her. The dear creature pitied every body that seemed to want pity. Happy in her own prospects, she had leisure to look abroad, and wishes every body equally happy.

It is likely to go very hard with Mrs. Fretchville. Her face, which she had valued herself upon, will be utterly ruined. 'This good, however, as I could not but observe, she may reap from so great an evil — as the greater malady generally swallows up the less, she may have a grief on this occasion, that may diminish the other grief, and make it tolerable.'

I had a gentle reprimand for this light turn on so heavy an evil— 'For what was the loss of beauty to the loss of a good husband?' — Excellent creature!

Her hopes (and her pleasure upon those hopes) that Miss Howe's mother would be reconciled to her, were also mentioned. Good Mrs. Howe was her word, for a woman so covetous, and so remorseless in her covetousness, that no one else will call her good. But this dear creature has such an extension in her love, as to be capable of valuing the most insignificant animal related to those whom she respects. Love me, and love my dog, I have heard Lord M. say. — Who knows, but that I may in time, in compliment to myself, bring her to think well of thee, Jack?

But what am I about? Am I not all this time arraigning my own heart? — I know I am, by the remorse I feel in it, while my pen bears testimony to her excellence. But yet I must add (for no selfish consideration shall hinder me from doing justice to this admirable creature) that in this conversation she demonstrated so much prudent knowledge in every thing that relates to that part of the domestic management which falls under the care of a mistress of a family, that I believe she has no equal of her years in the world.

But, indeed, I know not the subject on which she does not talk with admirable distinction; insomuch that could I but get over my prejudices against matrimony, and resolve to walk in the dull beaten path of my ancestors, I should be the happiest of men — and if I cannot, I may be ten times more to be pitied than she.

My heart, my heart, Belford, is not to be trusted — I break off, to re-peruse some of Miss Howe's virulence.

* * *

Cursed letters, these of Miss Howe, Jack! — Do thou turn back to those of mine, where I take notice of them — I proceed —

Upon the whole, my charmer was all gentleness, all ease, all serenity, throughout this sweet excursion. Nor had she reason to be otherwise: for it being the first time that I had the honour of her company alone, I was resolved to encourage her, by my respectfulness, to repeat the favour.

On our return, I found the counsellor's clerk waiting for me, with a draught of the marriage-settlements.

They are drawn, with only the necessary variations, from those made for my mother. The original of which (now returned by the counsellor) as well as the new draughts, I have put into my beloved's hands.

These settlements of my mother made the lawyer's work easy; nor can she have a better precedent; the great Lord S. having settled them, at the request of my mother's relations; all the difference, my charmer's are 100l. per annum more than my mother's.

I offered to read to her the old deed, while she looked over the draught; for she had refused her presence at the examination with the clerk: but this she also declined.

I suppose she did not care to hear of so many children, first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons, and as many daughters, to be begotten upon the body of the said Clarissa Harlowe.

Charming matrimonial recitativoes! — though it is always said lawfully begotten too — as if a man could beget children unlawfully upon the body of his own wife. — But thinkest thou not that these arch rogues the lawyers hereby intimate, that a man may have children by his wife before marriage? — This must be what they mean. Why will these sly fellows put an honest man in minds of such rogueries? — but hence, as in numberless other instances, we see, that law and gospel are two very different things.

Dorcas, in our absence, tried to get at the wainscot-box in the dark closet. But it cannot be done without violence. And to run a risk of consequence now, for mere curiosity-sake, would be inexcusable.

Mrs. Sinclair and the nymphs are all of opinion, that I am now so much a favourite, and have such a visible share in her confidence, and even in her affections, that I may do what I will, and plead for excuse violence of passion; which, they will have it, makes violence of action pardonable with their sex; as well as allowed extenuation with the unconcerned of both sexes; and they all offer their helping hands. Why not? they say: Has she not passed for my wife before them all? — And is she not in a fine way of being reconciled to her friends? —

And was not the want of that reconciliation the pretence for postponing the consummation?

They again urge me, since it is so difficult to make night my friend, to an attempt in the day. They remind me, that the situation of their house is such, that no noises can be heard out of it; and ridicule me for making it necessary for a lady to be undressed. It was not always so with me, poor old man! Sally told me; saucily flinging her handkerchief in my face.

LETTER X

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, JUNE 2.

Notwithstanding my studied-for politeness and complaisance for some days past; and though I have wanted courage to throw the mask quite aside; yet I have made the dear creature more than once look about her, by the warm, though decent expression of my passion. I have brought her to own, that I am more than indifferent with her: but as to LOVE, which I pressed her to acknowledge, what need of acknowledgments of that sort, when a woman consents to marrying? — And once repulsing me with displeasure, the proof of true love I was vowing for her, was RESPECT, not FREEDOM. And offering to defend myself, she told me, that all the conception she had been able to form of a faulty passion, was, that it must demonstrate itself as mine sought to do.

I endeavoured to justify my passion, by laying over-delicacy at her door. Over-delicacy, she said, was not my fault, if it were her's. She must plainly tell me, that I appeared to her incapable of distinguishing what were the requisites of a pure mind. Perhaps, had the libertine presumption to imagine, that there was no difference in heart, nor any but what proceeded from difference of education and custom, between the pure and impure — and yet custom alone, as she observed, if I did so think, would make a second nature, as well in good as in bad habits.

* * *

I have just now been called to account for some innocent liberties which I thought myself entitled to take before the women; as they suppose us to be married, and now within view of consummation.

I took the lecture very hardly; and with impatience wished for the happy day and hour when I might call her all my own, and meet with no check from a niceness that had no example.

She looked at me with a bashful kind of contempt. I thought it contempt, and required the reason for it; not being conscious of offence, as I told her.

This is not the first time, Mr. Lovelace, said she, that I have had cause to be displeased with you, when you, perhaps, have not thought yourself exceptionable. — But, Sir, let me tell you, that the married state, in my eye, is a state of purity, and [I think she told me] not of licentiousness; so, at least, I understood her.

Marriage-purity, Jack! — Very comical, 'faith — yet, sweet dears, half the female world ready to run away with a rake, because he is a rake; and for no other reason; nay, every other reason against their choice of such a one.

But have not you and I, Belford, seen young wives, who would be thought modest! and, when maids, were fantastically shy; permit freedoms in public from their uxorious husbands, which have shown, that both of them have forgotten what belongs either to prudence or decency? while every modest eye has sunk under the shameless effrontery, and every modest face been covered with blushes for those who could not blush.

I once, upon such an occasion, proposed to a circle of a dozen, thus scandalized, to withdraw; since they must needs see that as well the lady, as the gentleman, wanted to be in private. This motion had its effect upon the amorous pair; and I was applauded for the check given to their licentiousness.

But, upon another occasion of this sort, I acted a little more in character. For I ventured to make an attempt upon a bride, which I should not have had the courage to make, had not the unblushing passiveness with which she received her fond husband's public toyings (looking round her with triumph rather than with shame, upon every lady present) incited my curiosity to know if the same complacency might not be shown to a private friend. 'Tis true, I was in honour obliged to keep the secret. But I never saw the turtles bill afterwards, but I thought of number two to the same female; and in my heart thanked the fond husband for the lesson he had taught his wife.

From what I have said, thou wilt see, that I approve of my beloved's exception to public loves. That, I hope, is all the charming icicle means by marriage-purity, but to return.

From the whole of what I have mentioned to have passed between my beloved and me, thou wilt gather, that I have not been a mere dangler, a Hickman, in the passed days, though not absolutely active, and a Lovelace.

The dear creature now considers herself as my wife-elect. The unsaddened heart, no longer prudish, will not now, I hope, give the sable turn to every address of the man she dislikes not. And yet she must keep up so much reserve, as will justify past inflexibilities. 'Many and many a pretty soul would yield, were she not afraid that the man she favoured would think the worse of her for it.' That is also a part of the rake's creed. But should she resent ever so strongly, she cannot now break with me; since, if she does, there will be an end of the family reconciliation; and that in a way highly discreditable to herself.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

Just returned from Doctors Commons. I have been endeavouring to get a license. Very true, Jack. I have the mortification to find a difficulty, as the lady is of rank and fortune, and as there is no consent of father or next friend, in obtaining this all-fettering instrument.

I made report of this difficulty. ‘It is very right,’ she says, ‘that such difficulties should be made.’ — But not to a man of my known fortune, surely, Jack, though the woman were the daughter of a duke.

I asked, if she approved of the settlements? She said, she had compared them with my mother’s, and had no objection to them. She had written to Miss Howe upon the subject, she owned; and to inform her of our present situation.*

* As this letter of the Lady to Miss Howe contains no new matter, but what may be collected from one of those of Mr. Lovelace, it is omitted.

* * *

Just now, in high good humour, my beloved returned me the draughts of the settlements: a copy of which I have sent to Captain Tomlinson. She complimented me, ‘that she never had any doubt of my honour in cases of this nature.’

In matters between man and man nobody ever had, thou knowest.

I had need, thou wilt say, to have some good qualities.

Great faults and great virtues are often found in the same person. In nothing very bad, but as to women: and did not one of them begin with me.*

* See Vol. I. Letter XXXI.

We have held, that women have no souls. I am a very Turk in this point, and willing to believe they have not. And if so, to whom shall I be accountable for what I do to them? Nay, if souls they have, as there is no sex in ethereals, nor need of any, what plea can a lady hold of injuries done her in her lady-state, when there is an end of her lady-ship?

LETTER XI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY, JUNE 5.

I am now almost in despair of succeeding with this charming frost-piece by love or gentleness. — A copy of the draughts, as I told thee, has been sent to Captain Tomlinson; and that by a special messenger. Engrossments are proceeding with. I have been again at the Commons. — Should in all probability have procured a license by Mallory's means, had not Mallory's friend, the proctor, been suddenly sent for to Chestnut, to make an old lady's will. Pritchard has told me by word of mouth, though my charmer saw him not, all that was necessary for her to know in the letter my Lord wrote, which I could not show her: and taken my directions about the estates to be made over to me on my nuptials. — Yet, with all these favourable appearances, no conceding moment to be found, no improvable tenderness to be raised.

But never, I believe, was there so true, so delicate a modesty in the human mind as in that of this lady. And this has been my security all along; and, in spite of Miss Howe's advice to her, will be so still; since, if her delicacy be a fault, she can no more overcome it than I can my aversion to matrimony. Habit, habit, Jack, seest thou not? may subject us both to weaknesses. And should she not have charity for me, as I have for her?

Twice indeed with rapture, which once she called rude, did I salute her; and each time resenting the freedom, did she retire; though, to do her justice, she favoured me again with her presence at my first entreaty, and took no notice of the cause of her withdrawing.

Is it policy to show so open a resentment for innocent liberties, which, in her situation, she must so soon forgive?

Yet the woman who resents not initiatory freedoms must be lost. For love is an encroacher. Love never goes backward. Love is always aspiring. Always must aspire. Nothing but the highest act of love can satisfy an indulged love. And what advantages has a lover, who values not breaking the peace, over his mistress who is solicitous to keep it!

I have now at this instant wrought myself up, for the dozenth time, to a half-resolution. A thousand agreeable things I have to say to her. She is in the dining-room. Just gone up. She always expects me when there.

* * *

High displeasure! — followed by an abrupt departure.

I sat down by her. I took both her hands in mine. I would have it so. All gentle my voice. Her father mentioned with respect. Her mother with reverence. Even her brother amicably spoken of. I never thought I could have wished so ardently, as I told her I did wish, for a reconciliation with her family.

A sweet and grateful flush then overspread her fair face; a gentle sigh now-and-then heaved her handkerchief.

I perfectly longed to hear from Captain Tomlinson. It was impossible for the uncle to find fault with the draught of the settlements. I would not, however, be understood, by sending them down, that I intended to put it in her uncle's power to delay my happy day. When, when was it to be?

I would hasten again to the Commons; and would not return without the license.

The Lawn I proposed to retire to, as soon as the happy ceremony was over. This day and that day I proposed.

It was time enough to name the day, when the settlements were completed, and the license obtained. Happy should she be, could the kind Captain Tomlinson obtain her uncle's presence privately.

A good hint! — It may perhaps be improved upon — either for a delay or a pacifier.

No new delays for Heaven's sake, I besought her; and reproached her gently for the past. Name but the day — (an early day, I hoped it would be, in the following week) — that I might hail its approach, and number the tardy hours.

My cheek reclined on her shoulder — kissing her hands by turns. Rather bashfully than angrily reluctant, her hands sought to be withdrawn; her shoulder avoiding my reclined cheek — apparently loth, and more loth to quarrel with me; her downcast eye confessing more than her lips can utter. Now surely, thought I, is my time to try if she can forgive a still bolder freedom than I had ever yet taken.

I then gave her struggling hands liberty. I put one arm round her waist: I imprinted a kiss on her sweet lip, with a Be quiet only, and an averted face, as if she feared another.

Encouraged by so gentle a repulse, the tenderest things I said; and then, with my other hand, drew aside the handkerchief that concealed the beauty of beauties, and pressed with my burning lips the most charming breast that ever my ravished eyes beheld.

A very contrary passion to that which gave her bosom so delightful a swell, immediately took place. She struggled out of my encircling arms with indignation. I detained her reluctant hand. Let me go, said she. I see there is no keeping terms with you. Base encroacher! Is this the design of your flattering

speeches? Far as matters have gone, I will for ever renounce you. You have an odious heart. Let me go, I tell you.

I was forced to obey, and she flung from me, repeating base, and adding flattering, encroacher.

* * *

In vain have I urged by Dorcas for the promised favour of dining with her. She would not dine at all. She could not.

But why makes she every inch of her person thus sacred? — So near the time too, that she must suppose, that all will be my own by deed of purchase and settlement?

She has read, no doubt, of the art of the eastern monarchs, who sequester themselves from the eyes of their subjects, in order to excite their adoration, when, upon some solemn occasions, they think fit to appear in public.

But let me ask thee, Belford, whether (on these solemn occasions) the preceding cavalcade; here a greater officer, and there a great minister, with their satellites, and glaring equipages; do not prepare the eyes of the wondering beholders, by degrees, to bear the blaze of canopy'd majesty (what though but an ugly old man perhaps himself? yet) glittering in the collected riches of his vast empire?

And should not my beloved, for her own sake, descend, by degrees, from goddess-hood into humanity? If it be pride that restrains her, ought not that pride to be punished? If, as in the eastern emperors, it be art as well as pride, art is what she of all women need not use. If shame, what a shame to be ashamed to communicate to her adorer's sight the most admirable of her personal graces?

Let me perish, Belford, if I would not forego the brightest diadem in the world, for the pleasure of seeing a twin Lovelace at each charming breast, drawing from it his first sustenance; the pious task, for physical reasons,* continued for one month and no more!

* In Pamela, Vol. III. Letter XXXII. these reasons are given, and are worthy of every parent's consideration, as is the whole Letter, which contains the debate between Mr. B. and his Pamela, on the important subject of mothers being nurses to their own children.

I now, methinks, behold this most charming of women in this sweet office: her conscious eye now dropt on one, now on the other, with a sigh of maternal tenderness, and then raised up to my delighted eye, full of wishes, for the sake of the pretty varlets, and for her own sake, that I would deign to legitimate; that I would condescend to put on the nuptial fetters.

LETTER XII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY AFTERNOON.

A letter received from the worthy Captain Tomlinson has introduced me into the presence of my charmer sooner than perhaps I should otherwise have been admitted.

Sullen her brow, at her first entrance into the dining-room. But I took no notice of what had passed, and her anger of itself subsided.

‘The Captain, after letting me know that he chose not to write till he had promised the draught of the settlements, acquaint me, that his friend Mr. John Harlowe, in their first conference (which was held as soon as he got down) was extremely surprised, and even grieved (as he feared he would be) to hear that we were not married. The world, he said, who knew my character, would be very censorious, were it owned, that we had lived so long together unmarried in the same lodgings; although our marriage were now to be ever so publicly celebrated.

‘His nephew James, he was sure, would make a great handle of it against any motion that might be made towards a reconciliation; and with the greater success, as there was not a family in the kingdom more jealous of their honour than theirs.’

This is true of the Harlowes, Jack: they have been called The proud Harlowes: and I have ever found, that all young honour is supercilious and touchy.

But seest thou not how right I was in my endeavour to persuade my fair- one to allow her uncle’s friend to think us married; especially as he came prepared to believe it; and as her uncle hoped it was so? — But nothing on earth is so perverse as a woman, when she is set upon carrying a point, and has a meek man, or one who loves his peace, to deal with.

My beloved was vexed. She pulled out her handkerchief: but was more inclined to blame me than herself.

Had you kept your word, Mr. Lovelace, and left me when we came to town — And there she stopt; for she knew, that it was her own fault that we were not married before we left the country; and how could I leave her afterwards, while her brother was plotting to carry her off by violence?

Nor has this brother yet given over his machinations.

For, as the Captain proceeds, ‘Mr. John Harlowe owned to him (but in confidence) that his nephew is at this time busied in endeavouring to find out where we are; being assured (as I am not to be heard of at any of my relations, or at my usual lodgings) that we are together. And that we are not married is plain, as he will have it, from Mr. Hickman’s application so lately made to her uncle; and

which was seconded by Mrs. Norton to her mother. And her brother cannot bear that I should enjoy such a triumph unmolested.'

A profound sigh, and the handkerchief again lifted to the eye. But did not the sweet soul deserve this turn upon her, for feloniously resolving to rob me of herself, had the application made by Hickman succeeded?

I read on to the following effect:

'Why (asked Mr. Harlowe) was it said to his other inquiring friend, that we were married; and that by his niece's woman, who ought to know? who could give convincing reasons, no doubt' —

Here again she wept; took a turn across the room; then returned — Read on, says she —

Will you, my dearest life, read it yourself?

I will take the letter with me, by-and-by — I cannot see to read it just now, wiping her eyes — read on — let me hear it all — that I may know your sentiments upon this letter, as well as give my own.

'The Captain then told uncle John the reasons that induced me to give out that we were married; and the conditions on which my beloved was brought to countenance it; which had kept us at the most punctilious distance.

'But still Mr. Harlowe objected my character. And went away dissatisfied. And the Captain was also so much concerned, that he cared not to write what the result of his first conference was.

'But in the next, which was held on receipt of the draughts, at the Captain's house, (as the former was, for the greater secrecy,) when the old gentleman had read them, and had the Captain's opinion, he was much better pleased. And yet he declared, that it would not be easy to persuade any other person of his family to believe so favourably of the matter, as he was now willing to believe, were they to know that we had lived so long together unmarried.

'And then the Captain says, his dear friend made a proposal: — It was this — That we should marry out of hand, but as privately as possible, as indeed he found we intended, (for he could have no objection to the draughts) — but yet, he expected to have present one trusty friend of his own, for his better satisfaction' —

Here I stopt, with a design to be angry — but she desiring me to read on, I obeyed.

' — But that it should pass to every one living, except to that trusty person, to himself, and to the Captain, that we were married from the time that we had lived together in one house; and that this time should be made to agree with that of Mr. Hickman's application to him from Miss Howe.'

This, my dearest life, said I, is a very considerate proposal. We have nothing to do but to caution the people below properly on this head. I did not think your uncle Harlowe capable of hitting upon such a charming expedient as this. But you see how much his heart is in the reconciliation.

This was the return I met with — You have always, as a mark of your politeness, let me know how meanly you think of every one in my family.

Yet thou wilt think, Belford, that I could forgive her for the reproach.

'The Captain does not know, says he, how this proposal will be relished by us. But for his part, he thinks it an expedient that will obviate many difficulties, and may possibly put an end to Mr. James Harlowe's further designs: and on this account he has, by the uncle's advice, already declared to two several persons, by whose means it may come to that young gentleman's, that he [Captain Tomlinson] has very great reason to believe that we were married soon after Mr. Hickman's application was rejected.

'And this, Mr. Lovelace, (says the Captain,) will enable you to pay a compliment to the family, that will not be unsuitable to the generosity of some of the declarations you were pleased to make to the lady before me, (and which Mr. John Harlowe may make some advantage of in favour of a reconciliation,) in that you were entitled to make the demand.' An excellent contriver, surely, she must think this worthy Mr. Tomlinson to be!

But the Captain adds, 'that if either the lady or I disapprove of his report of our marriage, he will retract it. Nevertheless, he must tell me, that Mr. John Harlowe is very much set upon this way of proceeding; as the only one, in his opinion, capable of being improved into a general reconciliation. But if we do acquiesce in it, he beseeches my fair-one not to suspend my day, that he may be authorized in what he says, as to the truth of the main fact. [How conscientious this good man!] Nor must it be expected, he says, that her uncle will take one step towards the wished-for reconciliation, till the solemnity is actually over.'

He adds, 'that he shall be very soon in town on other affairs; and then proposes to attend us, and give us a more particular account of all that has passed, or shall further pass, between Mr. Harlowe and him.'

Well, my dearest life, what say you to your uncle's expedient? Shall I write to the Captain, and acquaint him, that we have no objection to it?

She was silent for a few minutes. At last, with a sigh, See, Mr. Lovelace, said she, what you have brought me to, by treading after you in such crooked paths! — See what disgrace I have incurred! — Indeed you have not acted like a wise man.

My beloved creature, do you not remember, how earnestly I besought the honour of your hand before we came to town? — Had I been then favoured —

Well, well, Sir; there has been much amiss somewhere; that's all I will say at present. And since what's past cannot be recalled, my uncle must be obeyed, I think.

Charmingly dutiful! — I had nothing then to do, that I might not be behind-hand with the worthy Captain and her uncle, but to press for the day. This I fervently did. But (as I might have expected) she repeated her former answer; to wit, That when the settlements were completed; when the license was actually obtained; it would be time enough to name the day: and, O Mr. Lovelace, said she, turning from me with a grace inimitably tender, her handkerchief at her eyes, what a happiness, if my dear uncle could be prevailed upon to be personally a father, on this occasion, to the poor fatherless girl!

What's the matter with me! — Whence this dew-drop! — A tear! — As I hope to be saved, it is a tear, Jack! — Very ready methinks! — Only on reciting! — But her lovely image was before me, in the very attitude she spoke the words — and indeed at the time she spoke them, these lines of Shakespeare came into my head:

> Thy heart is big. Get thee apart and weep!
> Passion, I see, is catching: — For my eye,
> Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
> Begin to water —

I withdrew, and wrote to the Captain to the following effect— 'I desired that he would be so good as to acquaint his dear friend that we entirely acquiesced with what he had proposed; and had already properly cautioned the gentlewomen of the house, and their servants, as well as our own: and to tell him, That if he would in person give me the blessing of his dear niece's hand, it would crown the wishes of both. In this case, I consented, that his own day, as I presumed it would be a short one, should be ours: that by this means the secret would be with fewer persons: that I myself, as well as he, thought the ceremony could not be too privately performed; and this not only for the sake of the wise end he had proposed to answer by it, but because I would not have Lord M. think himself slighted; since that nobleman, as I had told him [the Captain] had once intended to be our nuptial-father; and actually made the offer; but that we had declined to accept of it, and that for no other reason than to avoid a public wedding; which his beloved niece would not come into, while she was in disgrace with her friends. But that if he chose not to do us this honour, I wished that Captain Tomlinson might be the trusty person whom he would have be present on the happy occasion.'

I showed this letter to my fair-one. She was not displeased with it. So, Jack, we cannot now move too fast, as to settlements and license: the day is her uncle's

day, or Captain Tomlinson's, perhaps, as shall best suit the occasion. Miss Howe's smuggling scheme is now surely provided against in all events.

But I will not by anticipation make thee a judge of all the benefits that may flow from this my elaborate contrivance. Why will these girls put me upon my master-strokes?

And now for a little mine which I am getting ready to spring. The first that I have sprung, and at the rate I go on (now a resolution, and now a remorse) perhaps the last that I shall attempt to spring.

A little mine, I call it. But it may be attended with great effects. I shall not, however, absolutely depend upon the success of it, having much more effectual ones in reserve. And yet great engines are often moved by small springs. A little spark falling by accident into a powder-magazine, hath done more execution in a siege, than an hundred cannon.

Come the worst, the hymeneal torch, and a white sheet, must be my amende honorable, as the French have it.

LETTER XIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY, JUNE 6.

Unsuccessful as hitherto my application to you has been, I cannot for the heart of me forbear writing once more in behalf of this admirable woman: and yet am unable to account for the zeal which impels me to take her part with an earnestness so sincere.

But all her merit thou acknowledgest; all thy own vileness thou confessest, and even gloriest in it: What hope then of moving so hardened a man? — Yet, as it is not too late, and thou art nevertheless upon the crisis, I am resolved to try what another letter will do. It is but my writing in vain, if it do no good; and if thou wilt let me prevail, I knowthou wilt hereafter think me richly entitled to thy thanks.

To argue with thee would be folly. The case cannot require it. I will only entreat thee, therefore, that thou wilt not let such an excellence lose the reward of her vigilant virtue.

I believe there never were libertines so vile, but purposed, at some future period of their lives, to set about reforming: and let me beg of thee, that thou wilt, in this great article, make thy future repentance as easy, as some time hence thou wilt wish thou hadst made it.

If thou proceedest, I have no doubt that this affair will end tragically, one way or another. It must. Such a woman must interest both gods and men in her cause. But what I most apprehend is, that with her own hand, in resentment of the perpetrated outrage, she (like another Lucretia) will assert the purity of her heart: or, if her piety preserve her from this violence, that wasting grief will soon put a period to her days. And, in either case, will not the remembrance of thy ever-during guilt, and transitory triumph, be a torment of torments to thee?

’Tis a seriously sad thing, after all, that so fine a creature should have fallen into such vile and remorseless hands: for, from thy cradle, as I have heard thee own, thou ever delightedst to sport with and torment the animal, whether bird or beast, that thou lovedst, and hadst a power over.

How different is the case of this fine woman from that of any other whom thou hast seduced! — I need not mention to thee, nor insist upon the striking difference: justice, gratitude, thy interest, thy vows, all engaging thee; and thou certainly loving her, as far as thou art capable of love, above all her sex. She not to be drawn aside by art, or to be made to suffer from credulity, nor for want of wit and discernment, (that will be another cutting reflection to so fine a mind as her’s:) the contention between you only unequal, as it is between naked innocence and armed guilt. In every thing else, as thou ownest, her talents greatly superior to

thine! — What a fate will her's be, if thou art not at last overcome by thy reiterated remorses!

At first, indeed, when I was admitted into her presence,* (and till I observed her meaning air, and heard her speak,) I supposed that she had no very uncommon judgment to boast of: for I made, as I thought, but just allowances for her blossoming youth, and for that loveliness of person, and for that ease and elegance in her dress, which I imagined must have taken up half her time and study to cultivate; and yet I had been prepared by thee to entertain a very high opinion of her sense and her reading. Her choice of this gay fellow, upon such hazardous terms, (thought I,) is a confirmation that her wit wants that maturity which only years and experience can give it. Her knowledge (argued I to myself) must be all theory; and the complaisance ever consorting with an age so green and so gay, will make so inexperienced a lady at least forbear to show herself disgusted at freedoms of discourse in which those present of her own sex, and some of ours, (so learned, so well read, and so travelled,) allow themselves.

* See Vol. IV. Letter VII.

In this presumption I ran on; and having the advantage, as I conceited, of all the company but you, and being desirous to appear in her eyes a mighty clever fellow, I thought I showed away, when I said any foolish things that had more sound than sense in them; and when I made silly jests, which attracted the smiles of thy Sinclair, and the specious Partington: and that Miss Harlowe did not smile too, I thought was owing to her youth or affectation, or to a mixture of both, perhaps to a greater command of her features. — Little dreamt I, that I was incurring her contempt all the time.

But when, as I said, I heard her speak, which she did not till she had fathomed us all; when I heard her sentiments on two or three subjects, and took notice of the searching eye, darting into the very inmost cells of our frothy brains; by my faith, it made me look about me; and I began to recollect, and be ashamed of all I had said before; in short, was resolved to sit silent, till every one had talked round, to keep my folly in countenance. And then I raised the subjects that she could join in, and which she did join in, so much to the confusion and surprise of every one of us! — For even thou, Lovelace, so noted for smart wit, repartee, and a vein of raillery, that delighteth all who come near thee, sattest in palpable darkness, and lookedst about thee, as well as we.

One instance only of this shall I remind thee of.

We talked of wit, and of it, and aimed at it, bandying it like a ball from one to another, and resting it chiefly with thee, who wert always proud enough and vain enough of the attribute; and then more especially as thou hadst assembled us, as far as I know, principally to show the lady thy superiority over us; and us thy

triumph over her. And then Tourville (who is always satisfied with wit at second-hand; wit upon memory: other men's wit) repeated some verses, as applicable to the subject; which two of us applauded, though full of double entendre. Thou, seeing the lady's serious air on one of those repetitions, appliedst thyself to her, desiring her notions of wit: a quality, thou saidst, which every one prized, whether flowing from himself, or found in another.

Then it was that she took all our attention. It was a quality much talked of, she said, but, she believed, very little understood. At least, if she might be so free as to give her judgment of it from what had passed in the present conversation, she must say, that wit with men was one thing; with women another.

This startled us all: — How the women looked! — How they pursed their mouths; a broad smile the moment before upon each, from the verses they had heard repeated, so well understood, as we saw, by their looks! While I besought her to let us know, for our instruction, what wit with women: for such I was sure it ought to be with men.

Cowley, she said, had defined it prettily by negatives. Thou desiredst her to repeat his definition.

She did; and with so much graceful ease, and beauty, and propriety of accent, as would have made bad poetry delightful.

A thousand diff'rent shapes it bears;
Comely in thousand shapes appears.
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which must this title gain:
The proofs of wit for ever must remain.
Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face.
Such dross the fire must purge away:— 'Tis just
The author blush there, where the reader must.

Here she stopt, looking round upon her upon us all with conscious superiority, as I thought. Lord, how we stared! Thou attemptedst to give us thy definition of wit, that thou mightest have something to say, and not seem to be surprised into silent modesty.

But as if she cared not to trust thee with the subject, referring to the same author as for his more positive decision, she thus, with the same harmony of voice and accent, emphatically decided upon it.

Wit, like a luxurious vine,
Unless to virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect, tow'rd heaven bound,

Tho’ it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be crown’d,
It lies deform’d, and rotting on the ground.

If thou recollectest this part of the conversation, and how like fools we looked at one another; how much it put us out of conceit with ourselves, and made us fear her, when we found our conversation thus excluded from the very character which our vanity had made us think unquestionably ours; and if thou profitest properly by the recollection; thou wilt be of my mind, that there is not so much wit in wickedness as we had flattered ourselves there was.

And after all, I have been of opinion ever since that conversation, that the wit of all the rakes and libertines down to little Johnny Hartop the punster, consists mostly in saying bold and shocking things, with such courage as shall make the modest blush, the impudent laugh, and the ignorant stare.

And why dost thou think I mention these things, so mal-a-propos, as it may seem! — Only, let me tell thee, as an instance (among many that might be given from the same evening’s conversation) of this fine woman’s superiority in those talents which ennoble nature, and dignify her sex — evidenced not only to each of us, as we offended, but to the flippant Partington, and the grosser, but egregiously hypocritical Sinclair, in the correcting eye, the discouraging blush, in which was mixed as much displeasure as modesty, and sometimes, as the occasion called for it, (for we were some of us hardened above the sense of feeling delicate reproof,) by the sovereign contempt, mingled with a disdainful kind of pity, that showed at once her own conscious worth, and our despicable worthlessness.

O Lovelace! what then was the triumph, even in my eye, and what is it still upon reflection, of true jest, laughing impertinence, and an obscenity so shameful, even to the guilty, that they cannot hint at it but under a double meaning!

Then, as thou hast somewhere observed,* all her correctives avowed by her eye. Not poorly, like the generality of her sex, affecting ignorance of meanings too obvious to be concealed; but so resenting, as to show each impudent laugher the offence given to, and taken by a purity, that had mistaken its way, when it fell into such company.

* See Vol. IV. Letter XLVIII.

Such is the woman, such is the angel, whom thou hast betrayed into thy power, and wouldst deceive and ruin. — Sweet creature! did she but know how she is surrounded, (as I then thought, as well as now think,) and what is intended, how much sooner would death be her choice, than so dreadful a situation!— ‘And how effectually would her story, were it generally known, warn all the sex against throwing themselves into the power of ours, let our vows, oaths, and protestations, be what they will!’

But let me beg of thee, once more, my dear Lovelace, if thou hast any regard for thine own honour, for the honour of thy family, for thy future peace, or for my opinion of thee, (who yet pretend not to be so much moved by principle, as by that dazzling merit which ought still more to attract thee,) to be prevailed upon — to be — to be humane, that's all — only, that thou wouldst not disgrace our common humanity!

Hardened as thou art, I know that they are the abandoned people in the house who keep thee up to a resolution against her. O that the sagacious fair-one (with so much innocent charity in her own heart) had not so resolutely held those women at distance! — that as she boarded there, she had oftener tabled with them! Specious as they are, in a week's time, she would have seen through them; they could not have been always so guarded, as they were when they saw her but seldom, and when they prepared themselves to see her; and she would have fled their house as a place infected. And yet, perhaps, with so determined an enterprizer, this discovery might have accelerated her ruin.

I know that thou art nice in thy loves. But are there not hundreds of women, who, though not utterly abandoned, would be taken with thee for mere personal regards! Make a toy, if thou wilt, of principle, with respect to such of the sex as regard it as a toy; but rob not an angel of those purities, which, in her own opinion, constitute the difference between angelic and brutal qualities.

With regard to the passion itself, the less of soul in either man or woman, the more sensual are they. Thou, Lovelace, hast a soul, though a corrupted one; and art more intent (as thou even gloriest) upon the preparative stratagem, that upon the end of conquering.

See we not the natural bent of idiots and the crazed? The very appetite is body; and when we ourselves are most fools, and crazed, then are we most eager in these pursuits. See what fools this passion makes the wisest men! What snivellers, what dotards, when they suffer themselves to be run away with by it! — An unpermanent passion! Since, if (ashamed of its more proper name) we must call it love, love gratified, is love satisfied — and where consent on one side adds to the obligation on the other. What then but remorse can follow a forcible attempt?

Do not even chaste lovers choose to be alone in their courtship preparations, ashamed to have even a child to witness to their foolish actions, and more foolish expressions? Is this deified passion, in its greatest altitudes, fitted to stand the day? Do not the lovers, when mutual consent awaits their wills, retire to coverts, and to darkness, to complete their wishes? And shall such a sneaking passion as this, which can be so easily gratified by viler objects, be permitted to debase the noblest?

Were not the delays of thy vile purposes owing more to the awe which her majestic virtue has inspired thee with, than to thy want of adroitness in villany? [I must write my free sentiments in this case; for have I not seen the angel?] I should be ready to censure some of thy contrivances and pretences to suspend the expected day, as trite, stale, and (to me, who know thy intention) poor; and too often resorted to, as nothing comes of them to be gloried in; particularly that of Mennell, the vapourish lady, and the ready-furnished house.

She must have thought so too, at times, and in her heart despised thee for them, or love thee (ungrateful as thou art!) to her misfortune; as well as entertain hope against probability. But this would afford another warning to the sex, were they to know her story; 'as it would show them what poor pretences they must seem to be satisfied with, if once they put themselves into the power of a designing man.'

If trial only was thy end, as once was thy pretence,* enough surely hast thou tried this paragon of virtue and vigilance. But I knew thee too well, to expect, at the time, that thou wouldest stop there. 'Men of our cast put no other bound to their views upon any of the sex, than what want of power compels them to put.' I knew that from one advantage gained, thou wouldest proceed to attempt another. Thy habitual aversion to wedlock too well I knew; and indeed thou avowest thy hope to bring her to cohabitation, in that very letter in which thou pretendest trial to be thy principal view.* *

* See Vol. III. Letter XVIII. * * Ibid. See also Letters XVI. and XVII. of that volume.

But do not even thy own frequent and involuntary remorses, when thou hast time, place, company, and every other circumstance, to favour thee in thy wicked design, convince thee, that there can be no room for a hope so presumptuous? — Why then, since thou wouldest choose to marry her rather than lose her, wilt thou make her hate thee for ever?

But if thou darest to meditate personal trial, and art sincere in thy resolution to reward her, as she behaves in it, let me beseech thee to remove her from this vile house. That will be to give her and thy conscience fair play. So entirely now does the sweet deluded excellence depend upon her supposed happier prospects, that thou needest not to fear that she will fly from thee, or that she will wish to have recourse to that scheme of Miss Howe, which has put thee upon what thou callest thy master-strokes.

But whatever be thy determination on this head; and if I write not in time, but that thou hast actually pulled off the mask; let it not be one of the devices, if thou

wouldest avoid the curses of every heart, and hereafter of thy own, to give her, no not for one hour, (be her resentment ever so great,) into the power of that villanous woman, who has, if possible, less remorse than thyself; and whose trade it is to break the resisting spirit, and utterly to ruin the heart unpractised in evil. — O Lovelace, Lovelace, how many dreadful stories could this horrid woman tell the sex! And shall that of a Clarissa swell the guilty list?

But this I might have spared. Of this, devil as thou art, thou canst not be capable. Thou couldst not enjoy a triumph so disgraceful to thy wicked pride, as well as to humanity.

Shouldest thou think, that the melancholy spectacle hourly before me has made me more serious than usual, perhaps thou wilt not be mistaken. But nothing more is to be inferred from hence (were I even to return to my former courses) but that whenever the time of cool reflection comes, whether brought on by our own disasters, or by those of others, we shall undoubtedly, if capable of thought, and if we have time for it, think in the same manner.

We neither of us are such fools as to disbelieve a futurity, or to think, whatever be our practice, that we came hither by chance, and for no end but to do all the mischief we have it in our power to do. Nor am I ashamed to own, that in the prayers which my poor uncle makes me read to him, in the absence of a very good clergyman who regularly attends him, I do not forget to put in a word or two for myself.

If, Lovelace, thou laughest at me, thy ridicule will be more conformable to thy actions than to thy belief. — Devils believe and tremble. Canst thou be more abandoned than they?

And here let me add, with regard to my poor old man, that I often wish thee present but for one half hour in a day, to see the dregs of a gay life running off in the most excruciating tortures that the cholic, the stone, and the surgeon's knife can unitedly inflict, and to hear him bewail the dissoluteness of his past life, in the bitterest anguish of a spirit every hour expecting to be called to its last account. — Yet, by all his confessions, he has not to accuse himself, in sixty-seven years of life, of half the very vile enormities which you and I have committed in the last seven only.

I conclude with recommending to your serious consideration all I have written, as proceeding from the heart and soul of

Your assured friend, JOHN BELFORD

LETTER XIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 6.

Difficulties still to be got over in procuring this plaguy license. I ever hated, and ever shall hate, these spiritual lawyers, and their court.

And now, Jack, if I have not secured victory, I have a retreat.

But hold — thy servant with a letter —

* * *

A confounded long one, though not a narrative one — Once more in behalf of this lady? — Lie thee down, oddity! What canst thou write that can have force upon me at this crisis? — And have I not, as I went along, made thee to say all that was necessary for thee to say?

* * *

Yet once more I will take thee up.

Trite, stale, poor, (sayest thou,) are some of my contrivances; that of the widow particularly! — I have no patience with thee. Had not that contrivance its effect at that time, for a procrastination? and had I not then reason to fear, that the lady would find enough to make her dislike this house? and was it not right (intending what I intended) to lead her on from time to time with a notion that a house of her own would be ready for her soon, in order to induce her to continue here till it was?

Trite, stale, and poor! — Thou art a silly fellow, and no judge, when thou sayest this. Had I not, like a blockhead, revealed to thee, as I went along, the secret purposes of my heart, but had kept all in till the event had explained my mysteries, I would have defied thee to have been able, any more than the lady, to have guessed at what was to befall her, till it had actually come to pass. Nor doubt I, in this case, that, instead of presuming to reflect upon her for credulity, as loving me to her misfortune, and for hoping against probability, thou wouldest have been readier, by far, to censure her for nicety and over-scrupulousness. And, let me tell thee, that had she loved me as I wished her to love me, she could not possibly have been so very apprehensive of my designs, nor so ready to be influenced by Miss Howe's precautions, as she has always been, although my general character made not for me with her.

But, in thy opinion, I suffer for that simplicity in my contrivances, which is their principal excellence. No machinery make I necessary. No unnatural flights aim I at. All pure nature, taking advantage of nature, as nature tends; and so simple my devices, that when they are known, thou, even thou, imaginest thou couldest have thought of the same. And indeed thou seemest to own, that the slight thou puttest upon them is owing to my letting thee into them before-hand — undistingushing as well as ungrateful as thou art!

Yet, after all, I would not have thee think that I do not know my weak places. I have formerly told thee, that it is difficult for the ablest general to say what he will do, or what he can do, when he is obliged to regulate his motions by those of a watchful enemy.* If thou givest due weight to this consideration, thou wilt not wonder that I should make many marches and countermarches, some of which may appear, to a slight observer, unnecessary.

* See Vol. III. Letter XXXIX.

But let me cursorily enter into debate with thee on this subject, now I am within sight of my journey's end.

Abundance of impertinent things thou tellest me in this letter; some of which thou hadst from myself; others that I knew before.

All that thou sayest in this charming creature's praise is short of what I have said and written on the inexhaustible subject.

Her virtue, her resistance, which are her merits, are my stimulatives. have I not told thee so twenty times over?

Devil, as these girls between them call me, what of devil am I, but in my contrivances? I am not more a devil than others in the end I aim at; for when I have carried my point, it is still but one seduction. And I have perhaps been spared the guilt of many seductions in the time.

What of uncommon would there be in this case, but for her watchfulness! — As well as I love intrigue and stratagem, dost think that I had not rather have gained my end with less trouble and less guilt?

The man, let me tell thee, who is as wicked as he can be, is a worse man than I am. Let me ask any rake in England, if, resolving to carry his point, he would have been so long about it? or have had so much compunction as I have had?

Were every rake, nay, were every man, to sit down, as I do, and write all that enters into his head, or into his heart, and to accuse himself with equal freedom and truth, what an army of miscreants should I have to keep me in countenance!

It is a maxim with some, that if they are left alone with a woman, and make not an attempt upon her, she will think herself affronted — Are not such men as these worse than I am? What an opinion must they have of the whole sex!

Let me defend the sex I so dearly love. If these elder brethren of ours think they have general reason for their assertion, they must have kept very bad company, or must judge of women's hearts by their own. She must be an abandoned woman, who will not shrink as a snail into its shell at a gross and sudden attempt. A modest woman must be naturally cold, reserved, and shy. She cannot be so much and so soon affected as libertines are apt to imagine. She must, at least, have some confidence in the honour and silence of a man, before desire can possibly put forth in her, to encourage and meet his flame. For my own part, I have been always decent in the company of women, till I was sure of them. Nor have I ever offered a great offence, till I have found little ones passed over; and that they shunned me not, when they knew my character.

My divine Clarissa has puzzled me, and beat me out of my play: at one time, I hope to overcome by intimidating her; at another, by love; by the amorous see-saw, as I have called it.* And I have only now to join surprise to the other two, and see what can be done by all three.

* See Vol. III. Letter XVI.

And whose property, I pray thee, shall I invade, if I pursue my schemes of love and vengeance? Have not those who have a right to her renounced that right? Have they not wilfully exposed her to dangers? Yet must know, that such a woman would be considered as lawful prize by as many as could have the opportunity to attempt her? — And had they not thus cruelly exposed her, is she not a single woman? And need I tell thee, Jack, that men of our cast, the best of them [the worst stick at nothing] think it a great grace and favour done to the married men, if they leave them their wives to themselves; and compound for their sisters, daughters, wards and nieces? Shocking as these principles must be to a reflecting mind, yet such thou knowest are the principles of thousands (who would not act so generously as I have acted by almost all of the sex, over whom I have obtained a power); and as often carried into practice, as their opportunities or courage will permit. — Such therefore have no right to blame me.

Thou repeatedly pleadest her sufferings from her family. But I have too often answered this plea, to need to say any more now, than that she has not suffered for my sake. For has she not been made the victim of the malice of her rapacious brother and envious sister, who only waited for an occasion to ruin her with her other relations; and took this as the first to drive her out of the house; and, as it happened, into my arms? — Thou knowest how much against her inclination.

As for her own sins, how many has the dear creature to answer for to love and to me! — Twenty times, and twenty times twenty, has she not told me, that she refused not the odious Solmes in favour to me? And as often has she not offered

to renounce me for the single life, if the implacables would have received her on that condition? — Of what repetitions does thy weak pity make me guilty?

To look a litter farther back: Canst thou forget what my sufferings were from this haughty beauty in the whole time of my attendance upon her proud motions, in the purlieus of Harlowe-place, and at the little White Hart, at Neale, as we called it? — Did I not threaten vengeance upon her then (and had I not reason?) for disappointing me of a promised interview?

O Jack! what a night had I in the bleak coppice adjoining to her father's paddock! My linen and wig frozen; my limbs absolutely numbed; my fingers only sensible of so much warmth as enabled me to hold a pen; and that obtained by rubbing the skin off, and by beating with my hands my shivering sides! Kneeling on the hoar moss on one knee, writing on the other, if the stiff scrawl could be called writing! My feet, by the time I had done, seeming to have taken root, and actually unable to support me for some minutes! — Love and rage then kept my heart in motion, [and only love and rage could do it,] or how much more than I did suffer must I have suffered!

I told thee, at my melancholy return, what were the contents of the letter I wrote.* And I showed thee afterwards her tyrannical answer to it.* * Thou, then, Jack, lovedst thy friend; and pitiedst thy poor suffering Lovelace. Even the affronted God of Love approved then of my threatened vengeance against the fair promiser; though of the night of my sufferings, he is become an advocate for her.

* See Vol. II. Letter XX. * * Ibid.

Nay, was it not he himself that brought to me my adorable Nemesis; and both together put me upon this very vow, 'That I would never rest till I had drawn in this goddess-daughter of the Harlowes to cohabit with me; and that in the face of all their proud family?'

Nor canst thou forget this vow. At this instant I have thee before me, as then thou sorrowfully lookedst. Thy strong features glowing with compassion for me; thy lips twisted; thy forehead furrowed; thy whole face drawn out from the stupid round into the ghastly oval; every muscle contributing its power to complete the aspect grievous; and not one word couldst thou utter, but Amen! to my vow.

And what of distinguishing love, or favour, or confidence, have I had from her since, to make me forego this vow!

I renewed it not, indeed, afterwards; and actually, for a long season, was willing to forget it; till repetitions of the same faults revived the remembrance of the former. And now adding to those the contents of some of Miss Howe's

virulent letters, so lately come at, what canst thou say for the rebel, consistent with thy loyalty to thy friend?

Every man to his genius and constitution. Hannibal was called The father of warlike stratagems. Had Hannibal been a private man, and turned his plotting head against the other sex; or had I been a general, and, turned mine against such of my fellow-creatures of my own, as I thought myself entitled to consider as my enemies, because they were born and lived in a different climate; Hannibal would have done less mischief; Lovelace more. — That would have been the difference.

Not a sovereign on earth, if he be not a good man, and if he be of a warlike temper, but must do a thousand times more mischief than I. And why? Because he has it in his power to do more.

An honest man, perhaps thou'lt say, will not wish to have it in his power to do hurt. He ought not, let me tell him: for, if he have it, a thousand to one but it makes him both wanton and wicked.

In what, then, am I so singularly vile?

In my contrivances thou wilt say, (for thou art my echo,) if not in my proposed end of them.

How difficult does every man find it, as well as I, to forego a predominant passion! I have three passions that sway me by turns; all imperial ones — love, revenge, ambition or a desire of conquest.

As to this particular contrivance of Tomlinson and the uncle, which perhaps thou wilt think a black one; that had been spared, had not these innocent ladies put me upon finding a husband for their Mrs. Townsend: that device, therefore, is but a preventive one. Thinkest thou that I could bear to be outwitted? And may not this very contrivance save a world of mischief? for dost thou think I would have tamely given up the lady to Townsend's tars?

What meanest thou, except to overthrow thy own plea, when thou sayest, that men of our cast know no other bound to their wickedness, but want of power; yet knowest this lady to be in mine?

Enough, sayest thou, have I tried this paragon of virtue. Not so; for I have not tried her at all — all I have been doing is but preparation to a trial.

But thou art concerned for the means that I may have recourse to in the trial, and for my veracity.

Silly fellow! — Did ever any man, thinkest thou, deceive a woman, but at the expense of his veracity; how, otherwise, can he be said to deceive?

As to the means, thou dost not imagine that I expect a direct consent. My main hope is but in a yielding reluctance; without which I will be sworn, whatever rapes have been attempted, none ever were committed, one person to one person.

And good Queen Bess of England, had she been living, and appealed to, would have declared herself of my mind.

It would not be amiss for the sex to know what our opinions are upon this subject. I love to warn them. I wish no man to succeed with them but myself. I told thee once, that though a rake, I am not a rake's friend.*

* See Vol. III. Letter XVIII.

Thou sayest, that I ever hated wedlock. And true thou sayest. And yet as true, when thou tellest me, that I would rather marry than lose this lady. And will she detest me for ever, thinkest thou, if I try her, and succeed not? — Take care — take care, Jack! — Seest thou not that thou warnest me that I do not try without resolving to conquer?

I must add, that I have for some time been convinced that I have done wrong to scribble to thee so freely as I have done (and the more so, if I make the lady legally mine); for has not every letter I have written to thee been a bill of indictment against myself? I may partly curse my vanity for it; and I think I will refrain for the future; for thou art really very impertinent.

A good man, I own, might urge many of the things thou urgest; but, by my soul, they come very awkwardly from thee. And thou must be sensible, that I can answer every tittle of what you writest, upon the foot of the maxims we have long held and pursued. — By the specimen above, thou wilt see that I can.

And pr'ythee tell me, Jack, what but this that follows would have been the epitome of mine and my beloved's story, after ten years' cohabitation, had I never written to thee upon the subject, and had I not been my own accuser?

'Robert Lovelace, a notorious woman-eater, makes his addresses in an honourable way to Miss Clarissa Harlowe; a young lady of the highest merit — fortunes on both sides out of the question.

'After encouragement given, he is insulted by her violent brother; who thinks it his interest to discountenance the match; and who at last challenging him, is obliged to take his worthless life at his hands.

'The family, as much enraged, as if he had taken the life he gave, insult him personally, and find out an odious lover for the young lady.

'To avoid a forced marriage, she is prevailed upon to take a step which throws her into Mr. Lovelace's protection.

'Yet, disclaiming any passion for him, she repeatedly offers to renounce him for ever, if, on that condition, her relations will receive her, and free her from the address of the man she hates.

'Mr. Lovelace, a man of strong passions, and, as some say, of great pride, thinks himself under very little obligation to her on this account; and not being naturally fond of marriage, and having so much reason to hate her relations,

endeavours to prevail upon her to live with him what he calls the life of honour; and at last, by stratagem, art, and contrivance, prevails.

‘He resolves never to marry any other woman: takes a pride to have her called by his name: a church-rite all the difference between them: treats her with deserved tenderness. Nobody questions their marriage but those proud relations of her’s, whom he wishes to question it. Every year a charming boy. Fortunes to support the increasing family with splendor. A tender father. Always a warm friend; a generous landlord; and a punctual paymaster. Now-and-then however, perhaps, indulging with a new object, in order to bring him back with greater delight to his charming Clarissa — his only fault, love of the sex — which, nevertheless, the women say, will cure itself — defensible thus far, that he breaks no contracts by his rovings.’ —

And what is there so very greatly amiss, AS THE WORLD GOES, in all this?

Let me aver, that there are thousands and ten thousands, who have worse stories to tell than this would appear to be, had I not interested thee in the progress to my great end. And besides, thou knowest that the character I gave myself to Joseph Leman, as to my treatment of my mistress, is pretty near the truth.*

* See Vol. III. Letter XLVIII.

Were I to be as much in earnest in my defence, as thou art warm in my arraignment, I could convince thee, by other arguments, observations, and comparisons, [Is not all human good and evil comparative?] that though from my ingenuous temper (writing only to thee, who art master of every secret of my heart) I am so ready to accuse myself in my narrations, yet I have something to say for myself to myself, as I go along; though no one else, perhaps, that was not a rake, would allow any weight to it. — And this caution might I give to thousands, who would stoop for a stone to throw at me: ‘See that your own predominant passions, whatever they be, hurry you not into as much wickedness as mine do me. See, if ye happen to be better than I in some things, that ye are not worse in others; and in points too, that may be of more extensive bad consequence, than that of seducing a girl, (and taking care of her afterwards,) who, from her cradle, is armed with cautions against the delusions of men.’ And yet I am not so partial to my own follies as to think lightly of this fault, when I allow myself to think.

Another grave thing I will add, now my hand is in: ‘So dearly do I love the sex, that had I found that a character for virtue had been generally necessary to recommend me to them, I should have had a much greater regard to my morals, as to the sex, than I have had.’

To sum all up — I am sufficiently apprized, that men of worthy and honest hearts, who never allowed themselves in premeditated evil, and who take into the account the excellencies of this fine creature, will and must not only condemn, but abhor me, were they to know as much of me as thou dost. But, methinks, I would be glad to escape the censure of those men, and of those women too, who have never known what capital trials and temptations are; of those who have no genius for enterprise; of those who want rather courage than will; and most particularly of those who have only kept their secret better than I have kept, or wish to keep, mine. Were those exceptions to take place, perhaps, Jack, I should have ten to acquit to one that should condemn me. Have I not often said, that human nature is a rogue?

* * *

I threatened above to refrain writing to thee. But take it not to heart, Jack — I must write on, and cannot help it.

LETTER XV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDNESDAY NIGHT, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Faith, Jack, thou hadst half undone me with thy nonsense, though I would not own it on my yesterday's letter: my conscience of thy party before. — But I think I am my own man again.

So near to execution my plot; so near springing my mine; all agreed upon between the women and me; or I believe thou hadst overthrown me.

I have time for a few lines preparative to what is to happen in an hour or two; and I love to write to the moment.

We have been extremely happy. How many agreeable days have we known together! — What may the next two hours produce.

When I parted with my charmer, (which I did, with infinite reluctance, half an hour ago,) it was upon her promise that she would not sit up to write or read. For so engaging was the conversation to me, (and indeed my behaviour throughout the whole of it was confessedly agreeable to her,) that I insisted, if she did not directly retire to rest, that she should add another happy hour to the former.

To have sat up writing or reading half the night, as she sometimes does, would have frustrated my view, as thou wilt observe, when my little plot unravels.

* * *

What — What — What now! — Bounding villain! wouldst thou choke me? —

I was speaking to my heart, Jack! — It was then at my throat. — And what is all this for? — These shy women, how, when a man thinks himself near the mark, do they tempest him!

* * *

Is all ready, Dorcas? Has my beloved kept her word with me? — Whether are these billowy heavings owing more to love or to fear? I cannot tell, for the soul of me, of which I have most. If I can but take her before her apprehension, before her eloquence, is awake —

Limbs, why thus convulsed? — Knees, till now so firmly knit, why thus relaxed? why beat you thus together? Will not these trembling fingers, which twice have refused to direct the pen, fail me in the arduous moment?

Once again, why and for what all these convulsions? This project is not to end in matrimony, surely!

But the consequences must be greater than I had thought of till this moment — my beloved's destiny or my own may depend upon the issue of the two next hours!

I will recede, I think! —

* * *

Soft, O virgin saint, and safe as soft, be thy slumbers!

I will now once more turn to my friend Belford's letter. Thou shalt have fair play, my charmer. I will reperuse what thy advocate has to say for thee. Weak arguments will do, in the frame I am in! —

But, what, what's the matter! — What a double — But the uproar abates! — What a double coward am I! — Or is it that I am taken in a cowardly minute? for heroes have their fits of fear; cowards their brave moments; and virtuous women, all but my Clarissa, their moment critical —

But thus coolly enjoying the reflection in a hurricane! — Again the confusion is renewed —

What! Where! — How came it!

Is my beloved safe —

O wake not too roughly, my beloved!

LETTER XVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY MORNING, FIVE O'CLOCK, (JUNE 8.)

Now is my reformation secure; for I never shall love any other woman! Oh! she is all variety! She must ever be new to me! Imagination cannot form; much less can the pencil paint; nor can the soul of painting, poetry, describe an angel so exquisitely, so elegantly lovely! — But I will not by anticipation pacify thy impatience. Although the subject is too hallowed for profane contemplation, yet shalt thou have the whole before thee as it passed: and this not from a spirit wantoning in description upon so rich a subject; but with a design to put a bound to thy roving thoughts. It will be iniquity, greater than a Lovelace was ever guilty of, to carry them farther than I shall acknowledge.

Thus then, connecting my last with the present, I lead to it.

Didst thou not, by the conclusion of my former, perceive the consternation I was in, just as I was about to reperuse thy letter, in order to prevail upon myself to recede from my purpose of awaking in terrors my slumbering charmer? And what dost think was the matter?

I'll tell thee —

At a little after two, when the whole house was still, or seemed to be so, and, as it proved, my Clarissa in bed, and fast asleep; I also in a manner undressed (as indeed I was for an hour before) and in my gown and slippers, though, to oblige thee, writing on! — I was alarmed by a trampling noise over head, and a confused buz of mixed voices, some louder than others, like scolding, and little short of screaming. While I was wondering what could be the matter, down stairs ran Dorcas, and at my door, in an accent rather frightedly and hoarsely inward than shrilly clamorous, she cried out Fire! Fire! And this the more alarmed me, as she seemed to endeavour to cry out louder, but could not.

My pen (its last scrawl a benediction on my beloved) dropped from my fingers; and up started I; and making but three steps to the door, opening it, cried out, Where! Where! almost as much terrified as the wench; while she, more than half undrest, her petticoats in her hand, unable to speak distinctly, pointed up stairs.

I was there in a moment, and found all owing to the carelessness of Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid, who having sat up to read the simple History of Dorastus and Faunia, when she should have been in bed, had set fire to an old pair of calico window-curtains.

She had had the presence of mind, in her fright, to tear down the half- burnt vallens, as well as curtains, and had got them, though blazing, into the chimney, by the time I came up; so that I had the satisfaction to find the danger happily over.

Mean time Dorcas, after she had directed me up stairs, not knowing the worst was over, and expecting every minute the house would be in a blaze, out of tender regard for her lady, [I shall for ever love the wench for it,] ran to her door, and rapping loudly at it, in a recovered voice, cried out, with a shrillness equal to her love, Fire! Fire! The house is on fire! — Rise, Madam! — This instant rise — if you would not be burnt in your bed!

No sooner had she made this dreadful out-cry, but I heard her lady's door, with hasty violence, unbar, unbolt, unlock, and open, and my charmer's voice sounding like that of one going into a fit.

Thou mayest believe that I was greatly affected. I trembled with concern for her, and hastened down faster than the alarm of fire had made me run up, in order to satisfy her that all the danger was over.

When I had flown down to her chamber-door, there I beheld the most charming creature in the world, supporting herself on the arm of the gasping Dorcas, sighing, trembling, and ready to faint, with nothing on but an under petticoat, her lovely bosom half open, and her feet just slipped into her shoes. As soon as she saw me, she panted, and struggled to speak; but could only say, O Mr. Lovelace! and down was ready to sink.

I clasped her in my arms with an ardour she never felt before: My dearest life! fear nothing: I have been up — the danger is over — the fire is got under — and how, foolish devil, [to Dorcas,] could you thus, by your hideous yell, alarm and frighten my angel!

O Jack! how her sweet bosom, as I clasped her to mine, heaved and panted! I could even distinguish her dear heart flutter, flutter, against mine; and, for a few minutes, I feared she would go into fits.

Lest the half-lifeless charmer should catch cold in this undress, I lifted her to her bed, and sat down by her upon the side of it, endeavouring with the utmost tenderness, as well of action as expression, to dissipate her terrors.

But what did I get by this my generous care of her, and my successful endeavour to bring her to herself? — Nothing (ungrateful as she was!) but the most passionate exclamations: for we had both already forgotten the occasion, dreadful as it was, which had thrown her into my arms: I, from the joy of encircling the almost disrobed body of the loveliest of her sex; she, from the greater terrors that arose from finding herself in my arms, and both seated on the bed, from which she had been so lately frighted.

And now, Belford, reflect upon the distance at which the watchful charmer had hitherto kept me: reflect upon my love, and upon my sufferings for her: reflect upon her vigilance, and how long I had laid in wait to elude it; the awe I had stood in, because of her frozen virtue and over-niceness; and that I never before was so happy with her; and then think how ungovernable must be my transports in those happy moments! — And yet, in my own account, I was both decent and generous.

But, far from being affected, as I wished, by an address so fervent, (although from a man from whom she had so lately owned a regard, and with whom, but an hour or two before, she had parted with so much satisfaction,) I never saw a bitterer, or more moving grief, when she came fully to herself.

She appealed to Heaven against my treachery, as she called it; while I, by the most solemn vows, pleaded my own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed us both.

She conjured me, in the most solemn and affecting manner, by turns threatening and soothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herself from the light, and from every human eye.

I besought her pardon, yet could not avoid offending; and repeatedly vowed, that the next morning's sun should witness our espousals. But taking, I suppose, all my protestations of this kind as an indication that I intended to proceed to the last extremity, she would hear nothing that I said; but, redoubling her struggles to get from me, in broken accents, and exclamations the most vehement, she protested, that she would not survive what she called a treatment so disgraceful and villanous; and, looking all wildly round her, as if for some instrument of mischief, she espied a pair of sharp-pointed scissors on a chair by the bed-side, and endeavoured to catch them up, with design to make her words good on the spot.

Seeing her desperation, I begged her to be pacified; that she would hear me speak but one word; declaring that I intended no dishonour to her: and having seized the scissors, I threw them into the chimney; and she still insisting vehemently upon my distance, I permitted her to take the chair.

But, O the sweet discomposure! — Her bared shoulders, and arms so inimitably fair and lovely: her spread hands crossed over her charming neck; yet not half concealing its glossy beauties: the scanty coat, as she rose from me, giving the whole of her admirable shape, and fine- turn'd limbs: her eyes running over, yet seeming to threaten future vengeance: and at last her lips uttering what every indignant look and glowing feature portended: exclaiming as if I had done the worst I could do, and vowing never to forgive me; wilt thou wonder if I resumed the incensed, the already too-much-provoked fair-one?

I did; and clasped her once more to my bosom: but, considering the delicacy of her frame, her force was amazing, and showed how much in earnest she was in her resentment; for it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to hold her: nor could I prevent her sliding through my arms, to fall upon her knees: which she did at my feet: and there in the anguish of her soul, her streaming eyes lifted up to my face with supplicating softness, hands folded, dishevelled hair; for her night head-dress having fallen off in her struggling, her charming tresses fell down in naturally shining ringlets, as if officious to conceal the dazzling beauties of her neck and shoulders; her lovely bosom too heaving with sighs, and broken sobs, as if to aid her quivering lips in pleading for her — in this manner, but when her grief gave way to her speech, in words pronounced with that emphatical propriety, which distinguishes this admirable creature in her elocution from all the women I ever heard speak, did she implore my compassion and my honour.

'Consider me, dear Lovelace,' [dear was her charming word!] 'on my knees I beg you to consider me as a poor creature who has no protector but you; who has no defence but your honour: by that honour! by your humanity! by all you have vowed! I conjure you not to make me abhor myself! not to make me vile in my own eyes!'

I mentioned to-morrow as the happiest day of my life.

Tell me not of to-morrow. If indeed you mean me honourably, now, this very instant NOW! you must show it, and be gone! you can never in a whole long life repair the evils you NOW make me suffer!

Wicked wretch! — Insolent villain! — yes, she called me insolent villain, although so much in my power! And for what! — only for kissing (with passion indeed) her inimitable neck, her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, and her streaming eyes, as this assemblage of beauties offered itself at once to my ravished sight; she continuing kneeling at my feet as I sat.

If I am a villain, Madam! — And then my grasping, but trembling hand — I hope I did not hurt the tenderest and loveliest of all her beauties — If I am a villain, Madam —

She tore my ruffle, shrunk from my happy hand, with amazing force and agility, as with my other arm I would have encircled her waist.

Indeed you are! — the worst of villains! — Help! dear, blessed people! and screamed out — No help for a poor creature!

Am I then a villain, Madam? — Am I then a villain, say you? — and clasped both my arms about her, offering to raise her to my bounding heart.

Oh! no! — And yet you are! — And again I was her dear Lovelace! — her hands again clasped over her charming bosom: — Kill me! kill me! — if I am odious enough in your eyes to deserve this treatment: and I will thank you! —

Too long, much too long has my life been a burden to me! — Or, (wildly looking all round her,) give me but the means, and I will instantly convince you that my honour is dearer to me than my life!

Then, with still folded hands, and fresh streaming eyes, I was her blessed Lovelace; and she would thank me with her latest breath if I would permit her to make that preference, or free her from farther indignities.

I sat suspended for a moment: by my soul, thought I, thou art, upon full proof, an angel and no woman! still, however, close clasping her to my bosom, as I raised her from her knees, she again slid through my arms, and dropped upon them.— 'See, Mr. Lovelace! — Good God! that I should live to see this hour, and to bear this treatment! — See at your feet a poor creature, imploring your pity; who, for your sake, is abandoned of all the world. Let not my father's curse thus dreadfully operate! be not you the inflicter, who have been the cause of it: but spare me, I beseech you, spare me! — for how have I deserved this treatment from you? for your own sake, if not for my sake, and as you would that God Almighty, in your last hour, should have mercy upon you, spare me!'

What heart but must have been penetrated!

I would again have raised the dear suppliant from her knees; but she would not be raised, till my softened mind, she said, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her rise to be innocent.

Rise then, my angel! rise, and be what you are, and all you wish to be! only pronounce me pardoned for what has passed, and tell me you will continue to look upon me with that eye of favour and serenity which I have been blessed with for some days past, and I will submit to my beloved conqueress, whose power never was at so great an height with me, as now, and retire to my apartment.

God Almighty, said she, hear your prayers in your most arduous moments, as you have heard mine! and now leave me, this moment leave me, to my own recollection: in that you will leave me to misery enough, and more than you ought to wish to your bitterest enemy.

Impute not every thing, my best beloved, to design, for design it was not —

O Mr. Lovelace!

Upon my soul, Madam, the fire was real — [and so it was, Jack!] — The house, my dearest life, might have been consumed by it, as you will be convinced in the morning by ocular demonstration.

O Mr. Lovelace! —

Let my passion for you, Madam, and the unexpected meeting of you at your chamber-door, in an attitude so charming —

Leave me, leave me, this moment! — I beseech you leave me; looking wildly and in confusion about her, and upon herself.

Excuse me, my dearest creature, for those liberties which, innocent as they were, your too great delicacy may make you take amiss —

No more! no more! — leave me, I beseech you! again looking upon herself, and round her, in a sweet confusion — Begone! begone!

Then weeping, she struggled vehemently to withdraw her hands, which all the while I held between mine. — Her struggles! — O what additional charms, as I now reflect, did her struggles give to every feature, every limb, of a person so sweetly elegant and lovely!

Impossible, my dearest life, till you pronounce my pardon! — Say but you forgive me! — say but you forgive me!

I beseech you to be gone! leave me to myself, that I may think what I can do, and what I ought to do.

That, my dearest creature, is not enough. You must tell me that I am forgiven; that you will see me to-morrow as if nothing had happened.

And then I clasped her again in my arms, hoping she would not forgive me —

I will — I do forgive you — wretch that you are!

Nay, my Clarissa! and is it such a reluctant pardon, mingled with a word so upbraiding, that I am to be put off with, when you are thus (clasping her close to me) in my power?

I do, I do forgive you!

Heartily?

Yes, heartily!

And freely?

Freely!

And will you look upon me to-morrow as if nothing had passed?

Yes, yes!

I cannot take these peevish affirmatives, so much like intentional negatives! — Say, you will, upon your honour.

Upon my honour, then — Oh! now, begone! begone! — and never never —

What! never, my angel! — Is this forgiveness?

Never, said she, let what has passed be remembered more!

I insisted upon one kiss to seal my pardon — and retired like a fool, a woman's fool, as I was! — I sneakingly retired! — Couldst thou have believed it?

But I had no sooner entered my own apartment, than reflecting upon the opportunity I had lost, and that all I had gained was but an increase of my own difficulties; and upon the ridicule I should meet with below upon a weakness so much out of my usual character; I repented, and hastened back, in hope that, through the distress of mind which I left her in, she had not so soon fastened the door; and I was fully resolved to execute all my purposes, be the consequence

what it would; for, thought I, I have already sinned beyond cordial forgiveness, I doubt; and if fits and desperation ensue, I can but marry at last, and then I shall make her amends.

But I was justly punished; for her door was fast: and hearing her sigh and sob, as if her heart would burst, My beloved creature, said I, rapping gently, [the sobbings then ceasing,] I want but to say three words to you, which must be the most acceptable you ever heard from me. Let me see you out for one moment.

I thought I heard her coming to open the door, and my heart leapt in that hope; but it was only to draw another bolt, to make it still the faster; and she either could not or would not answer me, but retired to the farther end of her apartment, to her closet, probably; and, more like a fool than before, again I sneaked away.

This was mine, my plot! and this was all I made of it! — I love her more than ever! — And well I may! — never saw I polished ivory so beautiful as her arms and shoulders; never touched I velvet so soft as her skin: her virgin bosom — O Belford, she is all perfection! then such an elegance! — In her struggling losing her shoe, (but just slipt on, as I told thee,) her pretty foot equally white and delicate as the hand of any other woman, or even her own hand!

But seest thou not that I have a claim of merit for a grace that every body hitherto had denied me? and that is for a capacity of being moved by prayers and tears — Where, where, on this occasion, was the callous, where the flint, by which my heart was said to be surrounded?

This, indeed, is the first instance, in the like case, that ever I was wrought upon. But why? because, I never before encountered a resistance so much in earnest: a resistance, in short, so irresistible.

What a triumph has her sex obtained in my thoughts by this trial, and this resistance?

But if she can now forgive me — can! — she must. Has she not upon her honour already done it? — But how will the dear creature keep that part of her promise which engages her to see me in the morning as if nothing had happened?

She would give the world, I fancy, to have the first interview over! — She had not best reproach me — yet not to reproach me! — what a charming puzzle! — Let her break her word with me at her peril. Fly me she cannot — no appeals lie from my tribunal — What friend has she in the world, if my compassion exert not itself in her favour? — and then the worthy Captain Tomlinson, and her uncle Harlowe, will be able to make all up for me, be my next offence what it may.

As to thy apprehensions of her committing any rashness upon herself, whatever she might have done in her passion, if she could have seized upon her scissors, or found any other weapon, I dare say there is no fear of that from her deliberate mind. A man has trouble enough with these truly pious, and truly

virtuous girls; [now I believe there are such;] he had need to have some benefit from, some security in, the rectitude of their minds.

In short, I fear nothing in this lady but grief: yet that's a slow worker, you know; and gives time to pop in a little joy between its sullen fits.

LETTER XVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY MORNING, EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Her chamber-door has not yet been opened. I must not expect she will breakfast with me. Nor dine with me, I doubt. A little silly soul, what troubles does she make to herself by her over-niceness! — All I have done to her, would have been looked upon as a frolic only, a romping bout, and laughed off by nine parts in ten of the sex accordingly. The more she makes of it, the more painful to herself, as well as to me.

Why now, Jack, were it not better, upon her own notions, that she seemed not so sensible as she will make herself to be, if she is very angry?

But perhaps I am more afraid than I need. I believe I am. From her over-niceness arises my fear, more than from any extraordinary reason for resentment. Next time, she may count herself very happy, if she come off no worse.

The dear creature was so frightened, and so fatigued, last night, no wonder she lies it out this morning.

I hope she has had more rest than I have had. Soft and balmy, I hope, have been her slumbers, that she may meet me in tolerable temper. All sweetly blushing and confounded — I know how she will look! — But why should she, the sufferer, be ashamed, when I, the trespasser, am not?

But custom is a prodigious thing. The women are told how much their blushes heighten their graces: they practise for them therefore: blushes come as hastily when they call for them, as their tears: aye, that's it! While we men, taking blushes for a sign of guilt or sheepishness, are equally studious to suppress them.

* * *

By my troth, Jack, I am half as much ashamed to see the women below, as my fair-one can be to see me. I have not yet opened my door, that I may not be obtruded upon my them.

After all, what devils may one make of the sex! To what a height of — what shall I call it? — must those of it be arrived, who once loved a man with so much distinction, as both Polly and Sally loved me; and yet can have got so much above the pangs of jealousy, so much above the mortifying reflections that arise from dividing and sharing with new objects the affections of them they prefer to all others, as to wish for, and promote a competitorship in his love, and make their supreme delight consist in reducing others to their level! — For thou canst not

imagine, how even Sally Martin rejoiced last night in the thought that the lady's hour was approaching.

PAST TEN O'CLOCK.

I never longed in my life for any thing with so much impatience as to see my charmer. She has been stirring, it seems, these two hours.

Dorcas just now tapped at her door, to take her morning commands.

She had none for her, was the answer.

She desired to know, if she would not breakfast?

A sullen and low-voiced negative received Dorcas.

I will go myself.

* * *

Three different times tapped I at the door, but had no answer.

Permit me, dearest creature, to inquire after your health. As you have not been seen to-day, I am impatient to know how you do.

Not a word of answer; but a deep sigh, even to sobbing.

Let me beg of you, Madam, to accompany me up another pair of stairs — you'll rejoice to see what a happy escape we have all had.

A happy escape indeed, Jack! — For the fire had scorched the window-board, singed the hangings, and burnt through the slit-deal linings of the window-jambs.

No answer, Madam! — Am I not worthy of one word? — Is it thus you keep your promise with me? — Shall I not have the favour of your company for two minutes [only for two minutes] in the dining-room?

Hem! — and a deep sigh! — were all the answer.

Answer me but how you do! Answer me but that you are well! Is this the forgiveness that was the condition of my obedience?

Then, with a faintish, but angry voice, begone from my door! — Wretch! inhuman, barbarous, and all that is base and treacherous! begone from my door! Nor tease thus a poor creature, entitled to protection, not outrage.

I see, Madam, how you keep your word with me — if a sudden impulse, the effects of an unthought-of accident, cannot be forgiven —

O the dreadful weight of a father's curse, thus in the very letter of it —

And then her voice dying away in murmurs inarticulate, I looked through the key-hole, and saw her on her knees, her face, though not towards me, lifted up, as well as hands, and these folded, depreciating, I suppose, that gloomy tyrant's curse.

I could not help being moved.

My dearest life! admit me to your presence but for two minutes, and confirm your promised pardon; and may lightning blast me on the spot, if I offer any thing but my penitence, at a shrine so sacred! — I will afterwards leave you for a whole day; till to-morrow morning; and then attend you with writings, all ready to sign, a license obtained, or if it cannot, a minister without one. This once believe me! When you see the reality of the danger that gave occasion for this your unhappy resentment, you will think less hardly of me. And let me beseech you to perform a promise on which I made a reliance not altogether ungenerous.

I cannot see you! Would to Heaven I never had! If I write, that's all I can do.

Let your writing then, my dearest life, confirm your promise: and I will withdraw in expectation of it.

PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

She rung her bell for Dorcas; and, with her door in her hand, only half opened, gave her a billet for me.

How did the dear creature look, Dorcas?

She was dressed. She turned her face quite from me; and sighed, as if her heart would break.

Sweet creature: — I kissed the wet wafer, and drew it from the paper with my breath.

These are the contents. — No inscriptive Sir! No Mr. Lovelace!

I cannot see you: nor will I, if I can help it. Words cannot express the anguish of my sou on your baseness and ingratitude.

If the circumstances of things are such, that I can have no way for reconciliation with those who would have been my natural protectors from such outrages, but through you, [the only inducement I have to stay a moment longer in your knowledge,] pen and ink must be, at present, the only means of communication between us.

Vilest of men, and most detestable of plotters! how have I deserved from you the shocking indignities — but no more — only for your own sake, wish not, at least for a week to come, to see

The undeservedly injured and insulted CLARISSA HARLOWE

* * *

So thou seest, nothing could have stood me in stead, but this plot of Tomlinson and her uncle! To what a pretty pass, nevertheless, have I brought myself! — Had Caesar been such a fool, he had never passed the rubicon. But after he had passed it, had he retreated re infecta, intimidated by a senatorial edict, what a pretty figure would he have made in history! — I might have known, that to attempt a

robbery, and put a person in bodily fear, is as punishable as if the robbery had been actually committed.

But not to see her for a week! — Dear, pretty soul! how she anticipates me in every thing! The counsellor will have finished the writings to-day or to-morrow, at furthest: the license with the parson, or the parson without the license, must also be procured within the next four-and- twenty hours; Pritchard is as good as ready with his indentures tripartite: Tomlinson is at hand with a favourable answer from her uncle — yet not to see her for a week! —— Dear sweet soul; — her good angel is gone a journey: is truanting at least. But nevertheless, in thy week's time, or in much less, my charmer, I doubt not to complete my triumph!

But what vexes me of all things is, that such an excellent creature should break her word: — Fie, fie, upon her! — But nobody is absolutely perfect! 'Tis human to err, but not to persevere — I hope my charmer cannot be inhuman!

LETTER XVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. KING'S ARMS, PALL-MALL, THURSDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

Several billets passed between us before I went out, by the internuncioship of Dorcas: for which reason mine are superscribed by her married name. — She would not open her door to receive them; lest I should be near it, I suppose: so Dorcas was forced to put them under the door (after copying them for thee); and thence to take the answers. Read them, if thou wilt, at this place.

* * * TO MRS. LOVELACE

Indeed, my dearest life, you carry this matter too far. What will the people below, who suppose us one as to the ceremony, think of so great a niceness? Liberties so innocent! the occasion so accidental! — You will expose yourself as well as me. — Hitherto they know nothing of what has passed. And what indeed has passed to occasion all this resentment? — I am sure you will not, by a breach of your word of honour, give me reason to conclude that, had I not obeyed you, I could have fared no worse.

Most sincerely do I repent the offence given to your delicacy — But must I, for so accidental an occurrence, be branded by such shocking names? — Vilest of men, and most detestable of plotters, are hard words! — From the pen of such a lady too.

If you step up another pair of stairs, you will be convinced, that, however detestable I may be to you, I am no plotter in this affair.

I must insist upon seeing you, in order to take your directions upon some of the subjects we talked of yesterday in the evening.

All that is more than necessary is too much. I claim your promised pardon, and wish to plead it on my knees.

I beg your presence in the dining-room for one quarter of an hour, and I will then leave you for the day, I am,

My dearest life, Your ever adoring and truly penitent LOVELACE.

* * * TO MR. LOVELACE

I will not see you. I cannot see you. I have no directions to give you. Let Providence decide for me as it pleases.

The more I reflect upon your vileness, your ungrateful, your barbarous vileness, the more I am exasperated against you.

You are the last person whose judgment I will take upon what is or is not carried too far in matters of decency.

'Tis grievous to me to write, or even to think of you at present. Urge me no more then. Once more, I will not see you. Nor care I, now you have made me vile to myself, what other people think of me.

* * * TO MRS. LOVELACE

Again, Madam, I remind you of your promise: and beg leave to say, I insist upon the performance of it.

Remember, dearest creature, that the fault of a blameable person cannot warrant a fault in one more perfect. Overniceness may be underniceness!

I cannot reproach myself with any thing that deserves this high resentment.

I own that the violence of my passion for you might have carried me beyond fit bounds — but that your commands and adjurations had power over me at such a moment, I humbly presume to say, deserves some consideration.

You enjoin me not to see you for a week. If I have not your pardon before Captain Tomlinson comes to town, what shall I say to him?

I beg once more your presence in the dining-room. By my soul, Madam, I must see you.

I want to consult you about the license, and other particulars of great importance. The people below think us married; and I cannot talk to you upon such subjects with the door between us.

For Heaven's sake, favour me with your presence for a few minutes: and I will leave you for the day.

If I am to be forgiven, according to your promise, the earlier forgiveness will be most obliging, and will save great pain to yourself, as well as to

Your truly contrite and afflicted LOVELACE.

* * * TO MR. LOVELACE

The more you tease me, the worse it will be for you.

Time is wanted to consider whether I ever should think of you at all.

At present, it is my sincere wish, that I may never more see your face.

All that can afford you the least shadow of favour from me, arises from the hoped-for reconciliation with my real friends, not my Judas protector.

I am careless at present of consequences. I hate myself: And who is it I have reason to value? — Not the man who could form a plot to disgrace his own hopes, as well as a poor friendless creature, (made friendless by himself,) by insults not to be thought of with patience.

* * * TO MRS. LOVELACE

MADAM, I will go to the Commons, and proceed in every particular as if I had not the misfortune to be under your displeasure.

I must insist upon it, that however faulty my passion, on so unexpected an incident, made me appear to a lady of your delicacy, yet my compliance with your entreaties at such a moment [as it gave you an instance of your power over me, which few men could have shown] ought, duly considered, to entitle me to the effects of that solemn promise which was the condition of my obedience.

I hope to find you in a kinder, and, I will say, juster disposition on my return. Whether I get the license, or not, let me beg of you to make the soon you have been pleased to bid me hope for, to-morrow morning. This will reconcile every thing, and make me the happiest of men.

The settlements are ready to sign, or will be by night.

For Heaven’s sake, Madam, do not carry your resentment into a displeasure so disproportionate to the offence. For that would be to expose us both to the people below; and, what is of infinite more consequence to us, to Captain Tomlinson. Let us be able, I beseech you, Madam, to assure him, on his next visit, that we are one.

As I have no hope to be permitted to dine with you, I shall not return till evening: and then, I presume to say, I expect [your promise authorizes me to use the word] to find you disposed to bless, by your consent for to-morrow,

Your adoring LOVELACE.

* * *

What pleasure did I propose to take, how to enjoy the sweet confusion in which I expected to find her, while all was so recent! — But she must, she shall, see me on my return. It were better to herself, as well as for me, that she had not made so much ado about nothing. I must keep my anger alive, lest it sink into compassion. Love and compassion, be the provocation ever so great, are hard to be separated: while anger converts what would be pity, without it, into resentment. Nothing can be lovely in a man’s eye with which he is thoroughly displeased.

I ordered Dorcas, on putting the last billet under the door, and finding it taken up, to tell her, that I hoped an answer to it before I went out.

Her reply was verbal, tell him that I care not whither he goes, nor what he does. — And this, re-urged by Dorcas, was all she had to say to me.

I looked through the key-hole at my going by her door, and saw her on her knees, at her bed's feet, her head and bosom on the bed, her arms extended; [sweet creature how I adore her!] and in an agony she seemed to be, sobbing, as I heard at that distance, as if her heart would break. — By my soul, Jack, I am a pityful fellow! Recollection is my enemy! — Divine excellence! — Happy with her for so many days together! Now so unhappy! — And for what? — But she is purity herself. And why, after all, should I thus torment — but I must not trust myself with myself, in the humour I am in.

* * *

Waiting here for Mowbray and Mallory, by whose aid I am to get the license, I took papers out of my pocket, to divert myself; and thy last popt officiously the first into my hand. I gave it the honour of a re-perusal; and this revived the subject with me, with which I had resolved not to trust myself.

I remember, that the dear creature, in her torn answer to my proposals, says, condescension is not meanness. She better knows how to make this out, than any mortal breathing. Condescension indeed implies dignity: and dignity ever was there in her condescension. Yet such a dignity as gave grace to the condescension; for there was no pride, no insult, no apparent superiority, indicated by it. — This, Miss Howe confirms to be a part of her general character.*

* See Vol. IV. Letter XXIII.

I can tell her, how she might behave, to make me her own for ever. She knows she cannot fly me. She knows she must see me sooner or later; the sooner the more gracious. — I would allow her to resent [not because the liberties I took with her require resentment, were she not a CLARISSA; but as it becomes her particular niceness to resent]: but would she show more love than abhorrence of me in her resentment; would she seem, if it were but to seem, to believe the fire no device, and all that followed merely accidental; and descend, upon it, to tender expostulation, and upbraiding for the advantage I would have taken of her surprise; and would she, at last, be satisfied (as well she may) that it was attended with no further consequence; and place some generous confidence in my honour, [power loves to be trusted, Jack;] I think I would put an end to all her trials, and pay her my vows at the altar.

Yet, to have taken such bold steps, as with Tomlinson and her uncle — to have made such a progress — O Belford, Belford, how I have puzzled myself, as well as her! — This cursed aversion to wedlock how it has entangled me! — What contradictions has it made me guilty of!

How pleasing to myself, to look back upon the happy days I gave her; though mine would doubtless have been unmixedly so, could I have determined to lay aside my contrivances, and to be as sincere all the time, as she deserved that I should be!

If I find this humour hold but till to-morrow morning, [and it has now lasted two full hours, and I seem, methinks, to have pleasure in encouraging it,] I will make thee a visit, I think, or get thee to come to me; and then will I — consult thee upon it.

But she will not trust me. She will not confide in my honour. Doubt, in this case, is defiance. She loves me not well enough to forgive me generously. She is so greatly above me! How can I forgive her for a merit so mortifying to my pride! She thinks, she knows, she has told me, that she is above me. These words are still in my ears, 'Be gone, Lovelace! — My soul is above thee, man! — Thou hast a proud heart to contend with! — My soul is above thee, man!'* Miss Howe thinks her above me too. Thou, even thou, my friend, my intimate friend and companion, art of the same opinion. Then I fear her as much as I love her. — How shall my pride bear these reflections? My wife (as I have often said, because it so often recurs to my thoughts) to be so much my superior! — Myself to be considered but as the second person in my own family! — Canst thou teach me to bear such a reflection as this! — To tell me of my acquisition in her, and that she, with all her excellencies, will be mine in full property, is a mistake — it cannot be so — for shall I not be her's; and not my own? — Will not every act of her duty (as I cannot deserve it) be a condescension, and a triumph over me? — And must I owe it merely to her goodness that she does not despise me? — To have her condescend to bear with my follies! — To wound me with an eye of pity! — A daughter of the Harlowes thus to excel the last, and as I have heretofore said, not the meanest of the Lovelaces* * — forbid it!

* See Vol. IV. Letter XLVII. * * See Vol. III. Letter XVIII.

Yet forbid it not — for do I not now — do I not every moment — see her before me all over charms, and elegance and purity, as in the struggles of the past midnight? And in these struggles, heart, voice, eyes, hand, and sentiments, so

greatly, so gloriously consistent with the character she has sustained from her cradle to the present hour?

But what advantages do I give thee?

Yet have I not always done her justice? Why then thy teasing impertinence?

However, I forgive thee, Jack — since (so much generous love am I capable of!) I had rather all the world should condemn me, than that her character should suffer the least impeachment.

The dear creature herself once told me, that there was a strange mixture in my mind.* I have been called Devil and Beelzebub, between the two proud beauties: I must indeed be a Beelzebub, if I had not some tolerable qualities.

* See Vol. III. Letter XXXIII.

But as Miss Howe says, the suffering time of this excellent creature is her shining time.* Hitherto she has done nothing but shine.

* See Vol. IV. Letter XXIII.

She called me villain, Belford, within these few hours. And what is the sum of the present argument; but that had I not been a villain in her sense of the word, she had not been such an angel?

O Jack, Jack! This midnight attempt has made me mad; has utterly undone me! How can the dear creature say, I have made her vile in her own eyes, when her behaviour under such a surprise, and her resentment under such circumstances, have so greatly exalted her in mine?

Whence, however, this strange rhapsody? — Is it owing to my being here? That I am not at Sinclair's? But if there be infection in that house, how has my beloved escaped it?

But no more in this strain! — I will see what her behaviour will be on my return — yet already do I begin to apprehend some little sinkings, some little retrogradations: for I have just now a doubt arisen, whether, for her own sake, I should wish her to forgive me lightly, or with difficulty?

* * *

I am in a way to come at the wished-for license.

I have now given every thing between my beloved and me a full consideration; and my puzzle is over. What has brought me to a speedier determination is, that I think I have found out what she means by the week's distance at which she intends to hold me. It is, that she may have time to write to Miss Howe, to put in motion that cursed scheme of her's, and to take measures upon it which shall enable her to abandon and renounce me for ever. Now, Jack, if I obtain not admission to her presence on my return; but am refused with haughtiness; if her

week be insisted upon (such prospects before her); I shall be confirmed in my conjecture; and it will be plain to me, that weak at best was that love, which could give place to punctilio, at a time when that all-reconciling ceremony, as she must think, waits her command: — then will I recollect all her perversenesses; then will I re-peruse Miss Howe's letters, and the transcripts from others of them; give way to my aversion to the life of shackles: and then shall she be mine in my own way.

But, after all, I am in hopes that she will have better considered of every thing by the evening; that her threat of a week's distance was thrown out in the heat of passion; and that she will allow, that I have as much cause to quarrel with her for breach of her word, as she has with me for breach of the peace.

These lines of Rowe have got into my head; and I shall repeat them very devoutly all the way the chairman shall poppet me towards her by-and-by.

Teach me, some power, the happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.

LETTER XIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 8.

O for a curse to kill with! — Ruined! Undone! Outwitted! Tricked! — Zounds, man, the lady has gone off! — Absolutely gone off! Escaped! —

Thou knowest not, nor canst conceive, the pangs that wring my heart! — What can I do! — O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

And thou, too, who hast endeavoured to weaken my hands, wilt but clap thy dragon's wings at the tidings!

Yet I must write, or I shall go distracted! Little less have I been these two hours; dispatching messengers to every stage, to every inn, to every waggon or coach, whether flying or creeping, and to every house with a bill up, for five miles around.

The little hypocrite, who knows not a soul in this town, [I thought I was sure of her at any time,] such an unexperienced traitress — giving me hope too, in her first billet, that her expectation of the family- reconciliation would withhold her from taking such a step as this — curse upon her contrivances! — I thought, that it was owing to her bashfulness, to her modesty, that, after a few innocent freedoms, she could not look me in the face; when, all the while, she was impudently [yes, I say, impudently, though she be Clarissa Harlowe] contriving to rob me of the dearest property I had ever purchased — purchased by a painful servitude of many months; fighting through the wild-beasts of her family for her, and combating with a wind-mill virtue, which hath cost me millions of perjuries only to attempt; and which now, with its damn'd air-fans, has tost me a mile and a half beyond hope! — And this, just as I had arrived within view of the consummation of all my wishes!

O Devil of Love! God of Love no more — how have I deserved this of thee! — Never before the friend of frozen virtue? — Powerless demon, for powerless thou must be, if thou meanedest not to frustrate my hopes; who shall henceforth kneel at thy altars! — May every enterprising heart abhor, despise, execrate, renounce thee, as I do! — But, O Belford, Belford, what signifies cursing now!

* * *

How she could effect this her wicked escape is my astonishment; the whole sisterhood having charge of her; — for, as yet, I have not had patience enough to inquire into the particulars, nor to let a soul of them approach me.

Of this I am sure, or I had not brought her hither, there is not a creature belonging to this house, that could be corrupted either by virtue or remorse: the highest joy every infernal nymph, of this worse than infernal habitation, could have known, would have been to reduce this proud beauty to her own level. — And as to my villain, who also had charge of her, he is such a seasoned varlet, that he delights in mischief for the sake of it: no bribe could seduce him to betray his trust, were there but wickedness in it!— 'Tis well, however, he was out of my way when the cursed news was imparted to me! — Gone, the villain! in quest of her: not to return, nor to see my face [so it seems he declared] till he has heard some tidings of her; and all the out-of-place varlets of his numerous acquaintance are summoned and employed in the same business.

To what purpose brought I this angel (angel I must yet call her) to this hellish house? — And was I not meditating to do her deserved honour? By my soul, Belford, I was resolved — but thou knowest what I had conditionally resolved — And now, who can tell into what hands she may have fallen!

I am mad, stark mad, by Jupiter, at the thoughts of this! — Unprovided, destitute, unacquainted — some villain, worse than myself, who adores her not as I adore her, may have seized her, and taken advantage of her distress! — Let me perish, Belford, if a whole hecatomb of innocents, as the little plagues are called, shall atone for the broken promises and wicked artifices of this cruel creature!

* * *

Going home, as I did, with resolutions favourable to her, judge thou of my distraction, when her escape was first hinted to me, although but in broken sentences. I knew not what I said, nor what I did. I wanted to kill somebody. I flew out of one room into another, who broke the matter to me. I charged bribery and corruption, in my first fury, upon all; and threatened destruction to old and young, as they should come in my way.

Dorcas continues locked up from me: Sally and Polly have not yet dared to appear: the vile Sinclair —

But here comes the odious devil. She taps at the door, thought that's only a-jar, whining and snuffling, to try, I suppose, to coax me into temper.

* * *

What a helpless state, where a man can only execrate himself and others; the occasion of his rage remaining; the evil increasing upon reflection; time itself conspiring to deepen it! — O how I curs'd her!

I have her now, methinks, before me, blubbering — how odious does sorrow make an ugly face! — Thine, Jack, and this old beldam's, in penitentials, instead of moving compassion, must evermore confirm hatred; while beauty in tears, is beauty heightened, and what my heart has ever delighted to see. ——

'What excuse! — Confound you, and your cursed daughters, what excuse can you make? — Is she not gone — Has she not escaped? — But before I am quite distracted, before I commit half a hundred murders, let me hear how it was.' ——

* * *

I have heard her story! — Art, damn'd, confounded, wicked, unpardonable art, is a woman of her character — But show me a woman, and I'll show thee a plotter! — This plaguy sex is art itself: every individual of it is a plotter by nature.

This is the substance of the old wretch's account.

She told me, 'That I had no sooner left the vile house, than Dorcas acquainted the syren' [Do, Jack, let me call her names! — I beseech thee, Jack, to permit me to call her names!] 'that Dorcas acquainted her lady with it; and that I had left word, that I was gone to doctors-commons, and should be heard of for some hours at the Horn there, if inquired after by the counsellor, or anybody else: that afterwards I should be either at the Cocoa-tree, or King's-Arms, and should not return till late. She then urged her to take some refreshment.

'She was in tears when Dorcas approached her; her saucy eyes swelled with weeping: she refused either to eat or drink; sighed as if her heart would break.' — False, devilish grief! not the humble, silent, grief, that only deserves pity! — Contriving to ruin me, to despoil me of all that I held valuable, in the very midst of it.

'Nevertheless, being resolved not to see me for a week at least, she ordered her to bring up three or four French rolls, with a little butter, and a decanter of water; telling her, she would dispense with her attendance; and that should be all she should live upon in the interim. So artful creature! pretending to lay up for a week's siege.' — For, as to substantial food, she, no more than other angels — Angels! said I — the devil take me if she be any more an angel! — for she is odious in my eyes; and I hate her mortally!

But O Lovelace, thou liest! — She is all that is lovely. All that is excellent!

But is she, can she be gone! — Oh! how Miss Howe will triumph! — But if that little fury receive her, fate shall make me rich amends; for then will I contrive to have them both.

I was looking back for connection — but the devil take connection; I have no business with it: the contrary best befits distraction, and that will soon be my lot!

‘Dorcas consulted the old wretch about obeying her: O yes, by all means; for Mr. Lovelace knew how to come at her at any time: and directed a bottle of sherry to be added.

‘This cheerful compliance so obliged her, that she was prevailed upon to go up, and look at the damage done by the fire; and seemed not only shocked by it, but, as they thought, satisfied it was no trick; as she owned she had at first apprehended it to be. All this made them secure; and they laughed in their sleeves, to think what a childish way of showing her resentment she had found out; Sally throwing out her witticisms, that Mrs. Lovelace was right, however, not to quarrel with her bread and butter.’

Now this very childishness, as they imagined it, in such a genius, would have made me suspect either her head, after what had happened the night before; or her purpose, when the marriage was (so far as she knew) to be completed within the week in which she was resolved to secrete herself from me in the same house.

‘She sent Will. with a letter to Wilson’s, directed to Miss Howe, ordering him to inquire if there were not one for her there.

‘He only pretended to go, and brought word there was none; and put her letter in his pocket for me.

‘She then ordered him to carry another (which she gave him) to the Horn Tavern to me. — All this done without any seeming hurry: yet she appeared to be very solemn; and put her handkerchief frequently to her eyes.

‘Will. pretended to come to me with this letter. But thou the dog had the sagacity to mistrust something on her sending him out a second time; (and to me, whom she had refused to see;) which he thought extraordinary; and mentioned his mistrusts to Sally, Polly, and Dorcas; yet they made light of his suspicions; Dorcas assuring them all, that her lady seemed more stupid with her grief, than active; and that she really believed she was a little turned in her head, and knew not what she did. But all of them depended upon her inexperience, her open temper, and upon her not making the least motion towards going out, or to have a coach or chair called, as sometimes she had done; and still more upon the preparations she had made for a week’s siege, as I may call it.

‘Will. went out, pretending to bring the letter to me; but quickly returned; his heart still misgiving him, on recollecting my frequent cautions, that he was not to judge for himself, when he had positive orders; but if any doubt occurred, from circumstances I could not foresee, literally to follow them, as the only way to avoid blame.

‘But it must have been in this little interval, that she escaped; for soon after his return, they made fast the street-door and hatch, the mother and the two nymphs

taking a little turn into the garden; Dorcas going up stairs, and Will. (to avoid being seen by his lady, or his voice heard) down into the kitchen.

‘About half an hour after, Dorcas, who had planted herself where she could see her lady’s door open, had the curiosity to go look through the keyhole, having a misgiving, as she said, that the lady might offer some violence to herself, in the mood she had been in all day; and finding the key in the door, which was not very usual, she tapped at it three or four times, and having no answer, opened it, with Madam, Madam, did you call? — Supposing her in her closet.

‘Having no answer, she stept forward, and was astonished to find she was not there. She hastily ran into the dining-room, then into my apartments; searched every closet; dreading all the time to behold some sad catastrophe.

‘Not finding her any where, she ran down to the old creature, and her nymphs, with a Have you seen my lady? — Then she’s gone! — She’s no where above!

‘They were sure she could not be gone out.

‘The whole house was in an uproar in an instant; some running up-stairs, some down, from the upper rooms to the lower; and all screaming, How should they look me in the face!

‘Will. cried out, he was a dead man: he blamed them; they him; and every one was an accuser, and an excuser, at the same time.

‘When they had searched the whole house, and every closet in it, ten times over, to no purpose, they took it into their heads to send to all the porters, chairmen, and hackney-coachmen, that had been near the house for two hours past, to inquire if any of them saw such a young lady; describing her.

‘This brought them some light: the only dawning for hope, that I can have, and which keeps me from absolute despair. One of the chairmen gave them this account: That he saw such a one come out of the house a little before four (in a great hurry, and as if frighted) with a little parcel tied up in a handkerchief, in her hand: that he took notice to his fellow, who plied her without her answering, that she was a fine young lady: that he’d warrant, she had either a husband, or very cross parents; for that her eyes seemed swelled with crying. Upon which, a third fellow replied, that it might be a doe escaped from mother Damnable’s park. This Mrs. Sinclair told me with a curse, and a wish that she had a better reputation; so handsomely as she lived, and so justly as she paid every body for what she bought; her house visited by the best and civilest of gentlemen; and no noise or brawls ever heard or known in it.

‘From these appearances, the fellow who gave this information, had the curiosity to follow her, unperceived. She often looked back. Every body who passed her, turned to look after her; passing their verdict upon her tears, her hurry, and her charming person; till coming to a stand of coaches, a coachman plied her;

was accepted; alighted; opened the coach-door in a hurry, seeing her hurry; and in it she stumbled for haste; and, as the fellow believed, hurt her shin with the stumble.'

The devil take me, Belford, if my generous heart is not moved for her, notwithstanding her wicked deceit, to think what must be her reflections and apprehensions at the time: — A mind so delicate, heeding no censures; yet, probably afraid of being laid hold of by a Lovelace in every one she saw! At the same time, not knowing to what dangers she was about to expose herself; nor of whom she could obtain shelter; a stranger to the town, and to all its ways; the afternoon far gone: but little money; and no clothes but those she had on!

It is impossible, in this little interval since last night, that Miss Howe's Townsend could be co-operating.

But how she must abhor me to run all these risques; how heartily she must detest me for my freedoms of last night! Oh! that I had given her greater reason for a resentment so violent! — As to her virtue, I am too much enraged to give her the merit due to that. To virtue it cannot be owing that she should fly from the charming prospects that were before her; but to malice, hatred, contempt, Harlowe pride, (the worst of pride,) and to all the deadly passions that ever reigned in a female breast — and if I can but recover her — But be still, be calm, be hushed, my stormy passions; for is it not Clarissa [Harlowe must I say?] that thus far I rave against?

'The fellow heard her say, drive fast! very fast! Where, Madam? To Holborn-bars, answered she; repeating, Drive very fast! — And up she pulled both the windows: and he lost sight of the coach in a minute.

'Will., as soon as he had this intelligence, speeded away in hopes to trace her out; declaring, that he would never think of seeing me, till he had heard some tidings of his lady.'

And now, Belford, all my hope is, that this fellow (who attended us in our airing to Hampstead, to Highgate, to Muswell-hill, to Kentish-town) will hear of her at some one or other of those places. And on this I the rather build, as I remember she was once, after our return, very inquisitive about the stages, and their prices; praising the conveniency to passengers in their going off every hour; and this in Will.'s hearing, who was then in attendance. Woe be to the villain, if he recollect not this!

* * *

I have been traversing her room, meditating, or taking up every thing she but touched or used: the glass she dressed at, I was ready to break, for not giving me

the personal image it was wont to reflect of her, whose idea is for ever present with me. I call for her, now in the tenderest, now in the most reproachful terms, as if within hearing: wanting her, I want my own soul, at least every thing dear to it. What a void in my heart! what a chilness in my blood, as if its circulation was arrested! From her room to my own; in the dining-room, and in and out of every place where I have seen the beloved of my heart, do I hurry; in none can I tarry; her lovely image in every one, in some lively attitude, rushing cruelly upon me, in differently remembered conversations.

But when in my first fury, at my return, I went up two pairs of stairs, resolved to find the locked-up Dorcas, and beheld the vainly-burnt window-board, and recollected my baffled contrivances, baffled by my own weak folly, I thought my distraction completed; and down I ran as one frighted at a spectre, ready to howl for vexation; my head and my temples shooting with a violence I had never felt before; and my back aching as if the vertebrae were disjointed, and falling in pieces.

But now that I have heard the mother's story, and contemplated the dawning hopes given by the chairman's information, I am a good deal easier, and can make cooler reflections. Most heartily pray I for Will.'s success, every four or five minutes. If I lose her, all my rage will return with redoubled fury. The disgrace to be thus outwitted by a novice, an infant in stratagem and contrivance, added to the violence of my passion for her, will either break my heart, or (what saves many a heart, in evils insupportable) turn my brain. What had I to do to go out a license-hunting, at least till I had seen her, and made up matters with her? And indeed, were it not the privilege of a principal to lay all his own faults upon his underlings, and never be to blame himself, I should be apt to reflect, that I am more in fault than any body. And, as the sting of this reflection will sharpen upon me, if I recover her not, how shall I ever be able to bear it?

If ever —

[Here Mr. Lovelace lays himself under a curse, too shocking to be repeated, if he revenge not himself upon the Lady, should he once more get her into his hands.]

* * *

I have just now dismissed the sniveling toad Dorcas, who was introduced to me for my pardon by the whining mother. I gave her a kind of negative and ungracious forgiveness. Yet I shall as violently curse the two nymphs, by-and-by, for the consequences of my own folly: and if this will be a good way too to

prevent their ridicule upon me, for losing so glorious an opportunity as I had last night, or rather this morning.

I have corrected, from the result of the inquiries made of the chairman, and from Dorcas's observations before the cruel creature escaped, a description of her dress; and am resolved, if I cannot otherwise hear of her, to advertise her in the gazette, as an eloped wife, both by her maiden and acknowledged name; for her elopement will soon be known by every enemy: why then should not my friends be made acquainted with it, from whose inquiries and informations I may expect some tidings of her?

'She had on a brown lustring night-gown, fresh, and looking like new, as every thing she wears does, whether new or not, from an elegance natural to her. A beaver hat, a black ribbon about her neck, and blue knots on her breast. A quilted petticoat of carnation-coloured satin; a rose diamond ring, supposed on her finger; and in her whole person and appearance, as I shall express it, a dignity, as well as beauty, that commands the repeated attention of every one who sees her.'

The description of her person I shall take a little more pains about. My mind must be more at ease, before I undertake that. And I shall threaten, 'that if, after a certain period given for her voluntary return, she be not heard of, I will prosecute any person who presumes to entertain, harbour, abet, or encourage her, with all the vengeance that an injured gentleman and husband may be warranted to take by law, or otherwise.'

* * *

Fresh cause of aggravation! — But for this scribbling vein, or I should still run mad.

Again going into her chamber, because it was her's, and sighing over the bed, and every piece of furniture in it, I cast my eye towards the drawers of the dressing-glass, and saw peep out, as it were, in one of the half-drawn drawers, the corner of a letter. I snatched it out, and found it superscribed, by her, To Mr. Lovelace. The sight of it made my heart leap, and I trembled so, that I could hardly open the seal.

How does this damn'd love unman me! — but nobody ever loved as I love! — It is even increased by her unworthy flight, and my disappointment. Ungrateful creature, to fly from a passion thus ardently flaming! which, like the palm, rises the more for being depressed and slighted.

I will not give thee a copy of this letter. I owe her not so much service.

But wouldst thou think, that this haughty promise-breaker could resolve as she does, absolutely and for ever to renounce me for what passed last night? That she

could resolve to forego all her opening prospects of reconciliation; the reconciliation with a worthless family, on which she has set her whole heart? — Yet she does — she acquits me of all obligation to her, and herself of all expectations from me — And for what? — O that indeed I had given her real cause! Damn'd confounded niceness, prudery, affectation, or pretty ignorance, if not affectation! — By my soul, Belford, I told thee all — I was more indebted to her struggles, than to my own forwardness. I cannot support my own reflections upon a decency so ill-requited. — She could not, she would not have been so much a Harlowe in her resentment. All she feared had then been over; and her own good sense, and even modesty, would have taught her to make the best of it.

But if ever again I get her into my hands, art, and more art, and compulsion too, if she make it necessary, [and 'tis plain that nothing else will do,] shall she experience from the man whose fear of her has been above even his passion for her; and whose gentleness and forbearance she has thus perfidiously triumphed over. Well, says the Poet,

'Tis nobler like a lion to invade
When appetite directs, and seize my prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging dog,
Till dull consent throws out the scraps of love.

Thou knowest what I have so lately vowed — and yet, at times [cruel creature, and ungrateful as cruel!] I can subscribe with too much truth to those lines of another Poet:

She reigns more fully in my soul than ever;
She garrisons my breast, and mans against me
Ev'n my own rebel thoughts, with thousand graces,
Ten thousand charms, and new-discovered beauties!

LETTER XX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

A letter is put into my hands by Wilson himself. — Such a letter!

A letter from Miss Howe to her cruel friend! —

I made no scruple to open it.

It is a miracle that I fell not into fits at the reading of it; and at the thought of what might have been the consequence, had it come into the hands of this Clarissa Harlowe. Let my justly-excited rage excuse my irreverence.

Collins, though not his day, brought it this afternoon to Wilson's, with a particular desire that it might be sent with all speed to Miss Beaumont's lodgings, and given, if possible, into her own hands. He had before been here (at Mrs. Sinclair's with intent to deliver it to the lady with his own hand; but was told [too truly told!] that she was abroad; but that they would give her any thing he should leave for her the moment she returned.) But he cared not to trust them with his business, and went away to Wilson's, (as I find by the description of him at both places,) and there left the letter; but not till he had a second time called here, and found her not come in.

The letter [which I shall enclose; for it is too long to transcribe] will account to thee for Collins's coming hither.

O this devilish Miss Howe; — something must be resolved upon and done with that little fury!

* * *

Thou wilt see the margin of this cursed letter crowded with indices [>>>]. I put them to mark the places which call for vengeance upon the vixen writer, or which require animadversion. Return thou it to me the moment thou hast perused it.

Read it here; and avoid trembling for me, if thou canst.

TO MISS LAETITIA BEAUMONT WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

You will perhaps think that I have been too
long silent. But I had begun two letters at differ-
ent times since my last, and written a great deal
>>> each time; and with spirit enough, I assure you;
incensed as I was against the abominable wretch you
are with; particularly on reading your's of the 21st

of the past month.*

* See Vol. IV. Letter XLVI.

>>> The first I intended to keep open till I could give you some account of my proceedings with Mrs. Townsend. It was some days before I saw her: and this intervenient space giving me time to re-peruse what I had written, I thought it proper to lay
>>> that aside, and to write in a style a little less fervent;
>>> for you would have blamed me, I know, for the free-dom of some of my expressions. [Execrations, if you please.] And when I had gone a good way in the second, the change in your prospects, on his communicating to you Miss Montague's letter, and his better behaviour, occasioning a change in your mind, I laid that aside also. And in this uncer-tainty, thought I would wait to see the issue of affairs between you before I wrote again; believing that all would soon be decided one way or other.

I had still, perhaps, held this resolution, [as every appearance, according to your letters, was more and more promising,] had not the two passed days fur-nished me with intelligence which it highly imports you to know.

But I must stop here, and take a little walk, to try to keep down that just indignation which rises to my pen, when I am about to relate to you what I must communicate.

* * *

I am not my own mistress enough — then my mother — always up and down — and watching as if I were writing to a fellow. But I will try if I can contain myself in tolerable bounds.

The women of the house where you are — O my dear, the women of the house — but you never thought highly of them — so it cannot be very sur-
>>> prising — nor would you have staid so long with them, had not the notion of removing to one of your own, made you less uneasy, and less curious about their characters, and behaviour. Yet I could now wish, that you had been less reserved among them
>>> — But I tease you — In short, my dear, you are certainly in a devilish house! — Be assured that the woman is one of the vilest women — nor does she go to you by her right name — [Very true!] — Her name is not Sinclair, nor is the street she lives in Dover-street. Did you never go out by yourself, and discharge the coach or chair, and return
>>> by another coach or chair? If you did, [yet I don't remember that you ever wrote to me, that you did,] you would never have found your way to the vile house, either by the woman's name, Sinclair, or by the street's name, mentioned by that Doleman in his letter about the lodgings.*

* Vol. III. Letters XXXVIII. and XXXIX.

The wretch might indeed have held out these false lights a little more excusably, had the house been an honest house; and had his end only been to prevent mischief from your brother. But this contrivance was antecedent, as I think, to your brother's project; so that no excuse can be made
>>> for his intentions at the time — the man, whatever he may now intend, was certainly then, even then, a villain in his heart.

* * *

>>> I am excessively concerned that I should be prevailed upon, between your over-niceness, on one hand, and my mother's positiveness, on the other, to

be satisfied without knowing how to direct to you at your lodgings. I think too, that the proposal that I should be put off to a third-hand knowledge, or rather veiled in a first-hand ignorance, came from him, and that it was only acquiesced in by you, as it was by me,* upon needless and weak considerations; because, truly, I might have it to say, if challenged, that I knew not where to send to you! I am ashamed of myself! — Had this been at first excusable, it could not be a good reason for going on in the folly, when you had no liking to the
>>> house, and when he began to play tricks, and delay with you. — What! I was to mistrust myself, was I? I was to allow it to be thought, that I could
>>> not keep my own secret? — But the house to be
>>> taken at this time, and at that time, led us both on
>>> — like fools, like tame fools, in a string. Upon my life, my dear, this man is a vile, a contemptible villain — I must speak out! — How has he laughed in his sleeve at us both, I warrant, for I can't tell how long!

* See Vol. III. Letter LVI. par. 12. and Letter LVIII. par. 12. — Where the reader will observe, that the proposal came from herself; which, as it was also mentioned by Mr. Lovelace, (towards the end of Letter I. in Vol. IV.) she may be presumed to have forgotten. So that Clarissa had a double inducement for acquiescing with the proposed method of carrying on the correspondence between Miss Howe and herself by Wilson's conveyance, and by the name of Laetitia Beaumont.

And yet who could have thought that a man of
>>> fortune, and some reputation, [this Doleman, I mean — not your wretch, to be sure!] formerly a rake, indeed, [I inquired after him long ago; and so was the easier satisfied;] but married to a woman of family — having had a palsy-blow — and,
>>> one would think, a penitent, should recommend such a house [why, my dear, he could not inquire of it, but must find it to be bad] to such a man as Lovelace, to bring his future, nay, his then supposed,

bride to?

* * *

>>> I write, perhaps, with too much violence, to be clear, but I cannot help it. Yet I lay down my pen, and take it up every ten minutes, in order to write with some temper — my mother too, in and out — What need I, (she asks me,) lock myself in, if I am only reading past correspondencies? For
>>> that is my pretence, when she comes poking in with her face sharpened to an edge, as I may say, by a curiosity that gives her more pain than pleasure. —
>>> The Lord forgive me; but I believe I shall huff her next time she comes in.

* * *

Do you forgive me too, my dear — my mother ought; because she says, I am my father's girl; and because I am sure I am her's. I don't kow what to do — I don't know what to write next — I have so much to write, yet have so little patience, and so little opportunity.

But I will tell you how I came by my intelli-
>>> gence. That being a fact, and requiring the less attention, I will try to account to you for that.

Thus, then, it came about: 'Miss Lardner (whom you have seen at her cousin Biddulph's) saw you at St. James's Church on Sunday was fortnight. She kept you in her eye during the whole time; but could not once obtain the notice of your's, though she courtesied to you twice. She thought to pay her compliments to you when the service was over, for she doubted not but you were married —

>>> and for an odd reason — because you came to church by yourself. Every eye, (as usual, wherever you are, she said,) was upon you; and this seeming to give you hurry, and you being nearer the door than she, you slid out, before she could get to you. — But she ordered her servant to follow you till you were housed. This servant saw you step into a chair, which waited for you; and you ordered the men to carry you to the place where they took you up.

'The next day, Miss Lardner sent the same servant, out of mere curiosity, to make private inquiry whether Mr. Lovelace were, or were not, with you there. — And this inquiry brought out,
>>> from different people, that the house was suspected to be one of those genteel wicked houses, which receive and accommodate fashionable people of both sexes.

'Miss Lardner, confounded at this strange intelligence, made further inquiry; enjoining secrecy to the servant she had sent, as well as to the gentle-
>>> man whom she employed; who had it confirmed from a rakish friend, who knew the house; and told him, that there were two houses: the one in which all decent appearances were preserved, and guests rarely admitted; the other, the receptacle of those who were absolutely engaged, and broken to the vile yoke.'

>>> Say — my dear creature — say — Shall I not execrate the wretch? — But words are weak — What can I say, that will suitably express my abhorrence of such a villain as he must have been, when he meditated to carry a Clarissa to such a place!

'Miss Lardner kept this to herself some days, not knowing what to do; for she loves you, and admires you of all women. At last she revealed it,

but in confidence, to Miss Biddulph, by letter. Miss Biddulph, in like confidence, being afraid it would distract me, were I to know it, communicated it to Miss Lloyd; and so, like a whispered scandal, it passed through several canals, and then it came to me; which was not till last Monday.'

I thought I should have fainted upon the surprising communication. But rage taking place, it blew away the sudden illness. I besought Miss Lloyd to re-enjoin secrecy to every one. I told her that
>>> I would not for the world that my mother, or any of your family, should know it. And I instantly caused a trusty friend to make what inquiries he could about Tomlinson.

>>> I had thoughts to have done it before I had this intelligence: but not imagining it to be needful, and little thinking that you could be in such a house, and as you were pleased with your changed prospects, I
>>> forbore. And the rather forbore, as the matter is so laid, that Mrs. Hodges is supposed to know nothing of the projected treaty of accommodation; but, on the contrary, that it was designed to be a secret to her, and to every body but immediate parties; and it was Mrs. Hodges that I had proposed to sound by a second hand.

>>> Now, my dear, it is certain, without applying to that too-much-favoured housekeeper, that there is not such a man within ten miles of your uncle. — Very true! — One Tomkins there is, about four miles off; but he is a day-labourer: and one Thompson, about five miles distant the other way; but he is a parish schoolmaster, poor, and about seventy.

>>> A man, thought but of £.800 a year, cannot come from one country to settle in another, but every body in both must know it, and talk of it.

>>> Mrs. Hodges may yet be sounded at a distance, if you will. Your uncle is an old man. Old men imagine themselves under obligation to their para-
>>> mours, if younger than themselves, and seldom keep any thing from their knowledge. But if we suppose him to make secret of this designed treaty, it is impossible, before that treaty was thought of, but she must have seen him, at least have heard your uncle speak praisefully of a man he is said to be so intimate with, let him have been ever so little a while in those parts.

>>> Yet, methinks, the story is so plausible — Tomlinson, as you describe him, is so good a man, and so much of a gentleman; the end to be answered
>>> by his being an impostor, so much more than necessary if Lovelace has villany in his head; and as
>>> you are in such a house — your wretch's behaviour to him was so petulant and lordly; and Tomlinson's answer so full of spirit and circumstance;
>>> and then what he communicated to you of Mr. Hickman's application to your uncle, and of Mrs. Norton's to your mother, [some of which particu-
>>> lars, I am satisfied, his vile agent, Joseph Leman, could not reveal to his vile employer;] his pressing on the marriage-day, in the name of your uncle, which it could not answer any wicked pur-
>>> pose for him to do; and what he writes of your uncle's proposal, to have it thought that you were married from the time that you have lived in one house together; and that to be made to agree with the time of Mr. Hickman's visit to your uncle.
>>> The insisting on a trusty person's being present at the ceremony, at that uncle's nomination — These things make me willing to try for a tolerable construction to be made of all. Though I am so much puzzled by what occurs on both sides of the ques-
>>> tion, that I cannot but abhor the devilish wretch,

whose inventions and contrivances are for ever employing an inquisitive head, as mine is, without affording the means of absolute detection.

But this is what I am ready to conjecture, that Tomlinson, specious as he is, is a machine of Love-
>>> lace; and that he is employed for some end, which has not yet been answered. This is certain, that not only Tomlinson, but Mennell, who, I think, attended you more than once at this vile house, must know it to be a vile house.

What can you then think of Tomlinson's declaring himself in favour of it upon inquiry?

Lovelace too must know it to be so; if not before he brought you to it, soon after.

>>> Perhaps the company he found there, may be the most probable way of accounting for his bearing with the house, and for his strange suspensions of marriage, when it was in his power to call such an angel of a woman his. —

>>> O my dear, the man is a villain! — the greatest of villains, in every light! — I am convinced that he is. — And this Doleman must be another of his implements!

>>> There are so many wretches who think that to be no sin, which is one of the greatest and most ungrateful of all sins, — to ruin young creatures of our sex who place their confidence in them; that the wonder is less than the shame, that people, of appearance at least, are found to promote the horrid purposes of profligates of fortune and interest!

>>> But can I think [you will ask with indignant astonishment] that Lovelace can have designs upon

your honour?

>>> That such designs he has had, if he still hold them or not, I can have no doubt, now that I know the house he has brought you to, to be a vile one. This is a clue that has led me to account for all his behaviour to you ever since you have been in his hands.

Allow me a brief retrospection of it all.

We both know, that pride, revenge, and a delight to tread in unbeaten paths, are principal ingredients in the character of this finished libertine.

>>> He hates all your family — yourself excepted: and I have several times thought, that I have seen
>>> him stung and mortified that love has obliged him to kneel at your footstool, because you are a Harlowe. Yet is this wretch a savage in love. — Love
>>> that humanizes the fiercest spirits, has not been able to subdue his. His pride, and the credit which a
>>> few plausible qualities, sprinkled among his odious ones, have given him, have secured him too good a reception from our eye-judging, our undistinguishing, our self-flattering, our too-confiding sex, to make assiduity and obsequiousness, and a conquest of his unruly passions, any part of his study.

>>> He has some reason for his animosity to all the men, and to one woman of your family. He has always shown you, and his own family too, that he
>>> prefers his pride to his interest. He is a declared marriage-hater; a notorious intriguer; full of his inventions, and glorying in them: he never could draw you into declarations of love; nor till your
>>> wise relations persecuted you as they did, to receive his addresses as a lover. He knew that you professedly disliked him for his immoralities; he could

not, therefore, justly blame you for the coldness and indifference of your behaviour to him.

>>> The prevention of mischief was your first main view in the correspondence he drew you into. He ought not, then, to have wondered that you declared your preference of the single life to any matrimonial engagement. He knew that this was always your
>>> preference; and that before he tricked you away so artfully. What was his conduct to you afterwards, that you should of a sudden change it?

Thus was your whole behaviour regular, consistent, and dutiful to those to whom by birth you owed duty; and neither prudish, coquettish, nor tyrannical to him.

>>> He had agreed to go on with you upon those your own terms, and to rely only on his own merits and future reformation for your favour.

>>> It was plain to me, indeed, to whom you communicated all that you knew of your own heart, though not all of it that I found out, that love had pretty early gained footing in it. And this you yourself would have discovered sooner than you
>>> did, had not his alarming, his unpolite, his rough conduct, kept it under.

>>> I knew by experience that love is a fire that is not to be played with without burning one's fingers: I knew it to be a dangerous thing for two single persons of different sexes to enter into familiarity and correspondence with each other: Since, as to the latter, must not a person be capable of premeditated art, who can sit down to write, and not write from the heart? — And a woman to write her heart to a man practised in deceit, or even to a man of

some character, what advantage does it give him over her?

>>> As this man's vanity had made him imagine, that no woman could be proof against love, when his address was honourable; no wonder that he struggled, like a lion held in toils, against a passion that he thought not returned. And how could you, at first, show a return in love, to so fierce a spirit, and who had seduced you away by vile artifices, but to the approval of those artifices.

>>> Hence, perhaps, it is not difficult to believe, that it became possible for such a wretch as this to give way to his old prejudices against marriage; and to that revenge which had always been a first passion with him.

This is the only way, I think, to account for his horrid views in bringing you to a vile house.

And now may not all the rest be naturally accounted for? — His delays — his teasing ways — his bringing you to bear with his lodging in the same house — his making you pass to the people of
>>> it as his wife, though restrictively so, yet with hope, no doubt, (vilest of villains as he is!) to take you
>>> at an advantage — his bringing you into the company of his libertine companions — the attempt of imposing upon you that Miss Partington for a bedfellow, very probably his own invention for the worst of purposes — his terrifying you at many different times — his obtruding himself upon you when you went out to church; no doubt to prevent your finding out what the people of the house were — the advantages he made of your brother's foolish project with Singleton.

See, my dear, how naturally all this follows from

>>> the discovery made by Miss Lardner. See how the monster, whom I thought, and so often called,
>>> a fool, comes out to have been all the time one of the greatest villains in the world!

But if this is so, what, [it would be asked by an indifferent person,] has hitherto saved you? Glorious creature! — What, morally speaking, but your watchfulness! What but that, and the majesty of your virtue; the native dignity, which, in a situation so very difficult, (friendless, destitute, passing for a wife, cast into the company of creatures accustomed to betray and ruin innocent hearts,) has hitherto enabled you to baffle, over-awe, and confound, such a dangerous libertine as this; so habitually remorseless, as you have observed him to be; so very various in his temper, so inventive, so seconded, so supported, so instigated, too probably, as he has been! — That native dignity, that heroism, I will call it, which has, on all proper occasions, exerted itself in its full lustre, unmingled
>>> with that charming obligingness and condescending sweetness, which is evermore the softener of that dignity, when your mind is free and unapprehensive!

>>> Let me stop to admire, and to bless my beloved friend, who, unhappily for herself, at an age so tender, unacquainted as she was with the world, and with the vile arts of libertines, having been called upon to sustain the hardest and most shocking trials, from persecuting relations on one hand, and from a villanous lover on the other, has been enabled to give such an illustrious example of fortitude and prudence as never woman gave before her; and who, as I have heretofore observed,* has made a far greater figure in adversity, than she possibly could have made, had all her shining qualities been exerted in their full force and power, by the con-

>>> tinuance of that prosperous run of fortune which attended her for eighteen years of life out of nineteen.

* See Vol. IV. Letters XXIV.

* * *

>>> But now, my dear, do I apprehend, that you are in greater danger than ever yet you have been in; if you are not married in a week; and yet stay in this abominable house. For were you out of it, I own I should not be much afraid for you.

These are my thoughts, on the most deliberate
>>> consideration: 'That he is now convinced, that he has not been able to draw you off your guard: that therefore, if he can obtain no new advantage over you as he goes along, he is resolved to do you all the poor justice that it is in the power of such a wretch as he to do you. He is the rather induced to this, as he sees that all his own family have warmly engaged themselves in your cause: and that it is
>>> his highest interest to be just to you. Then the horrid wretch loves you (as well he may) above all women. I have no doubt of this: with such a love
>>> as such a wretch is capable of: with such a love as Herod loved his Marianne. He is now therefore, very probably, at last, in earnest.'

I took time for inquiries of different natures, as I knew, by the train you are in, that whatever his designs are, they cannot ripen either for good or
>>> evil till something shall result from this device of his about Tomlinson and your uncle.

Device I have no doubt that it is, whatever this dark, this impenetrable spirit intends by it.

>>> And yet I find it to be true, that Counsellor Williams (whom Mr. Hickman knows to be a man of eminence in his profession) has actually as good
>>> as finished the settlements: that two draughts of them have been made; one avowedly to be sent to one Captain Tomlinson, as the clerk says: — and I find that a license has actually been more than once endeavoured to be obtained; and that difficulties have hitherto been made, equally to Lovelace's
>>> vexation and disappointment. My mother's proctor, who is very intimate with the proctor applied to by the wretch, has come at this information in confidence; and hints, that, as Mr. Lovelace is a man of high fortunes, these difficulties will probably be got over.

But here follow the causes of my apprehension of your danger; which I should not have had a thought
>>> of (since nothing very vile has yet been attempted) but on finding what a house you are in, and, on that discovery, laying together and ruminating on past occurrences.

'You are obliged, from the present favourable
>>> appearances, to give him your company whenever he requests it. — You are under a necessity of forgetting, or seeming to forget, past disobligations; and to receive his addresses as those of a betrothed lover. — You will incur the censure of prudery and affectation, even perhaps in your own apprehension, if you keep him at that distance which has hitherto
>>> been your security. — His sudden (and as suddenly recovered) illness has given him an opportunity to find out that you love him. [Alas! my dear, I knew you loved him!] He is, as you relate, every
>>> hour more and more an encroacher upon it. He has seemed to change his nature, and is all love and
>>> gentleness. The wolf has put on the sheep's clothing; yet more than once has shown his teeth, and

his hardly-sheathed claws. The instance you have given of his freedom with your person,* which you could not but resent; and yet, as matters are circumstanced between you, could not but pass over, when Tomlinson's letter called you into his

>>> company,* * show the advantage he has now over

you; and also, that if he can obtain greater, he will. — And for this very reason (as I apprehend) it
>>> is, that Tomlinson is introduced; that is to say, to give you the greater security, and to be a mediator, if mortal offence be given you by any villanous attempt. — The day seems not now to be so much in your power as it ought to be, since that now partly depends on your uncle, whose presence, at your own motion, he has wished on the occasion. A wish, were all real, very unlikely, I think, to be granted.'

* She means the freedom Mr. Lovelace took with her before the fire-plot. See Vol. V. Letter XI. When Miss Howe wrote this letter she could not know of that. * *
See Vol. V. Letter XII.

>>> And thus situated, should he offer greater freedoms, must you not forgive him?

I fear nothing (as I know who has said) that devil carnate or incarnate can fairly do against a
>>> virtue so established.* — But surprizes, my dear, in such a house as you are in, and in such circumstances as I have mentioned, I greatly fear! the
>>> man one who has already triumphed over persons worthy of his alliance.

>>> What then have you to do, but to fly this house, this infernal house! — O that your heart would let you fly the man!

>>> If you should be disposed so to do, Mrs. Townsend shall be ready at your command. — But if you meet with no impediments, no new causes of doubt, I think your reputation in the eye of the world,
>>> though not your happiness, is concerned, that you should be his — and yet I cannot bear that these libertines should be rewarded for their villany with the best of the sex, when the worst of it are too good for them.

But if you meet with the least ground for suspicion; if he would detain you at the odious house, or wish you to stay, now you know what
>>> the people are; fly him, whatever your prospects are, as well as them.

In one of your next airings, if you have no other
>>> way, refuse to return with him. Name me for your intelligencer, that you are in a bad house, and if you think you cannot now break with him, seem rather
>>> to believe that he may not know it to be so; and that I do not believe he does: and yet this belief in us both must appear to be very gross.

But suppose you desire to go out of town for the air, this sultry weather, and insist upon it? You may plead your health for so doing. He dare not
>>> resist such a plea. Your brother's foolish scheme, I am told, is certainly given up; so you need not be afraid on that account.

If you do not fly the house upon reading of this, or some way or other get out of it, I shall judge of his power over you, by the little you will have over either him or yourself.

>>> One of my informers has made such slight inquiries concerning Mrs. Fretchville. Did he ever name

to you the street or square she lived in? — I don't
>>> remember that you, in any of your's, mentioned the place of her abode to me. Strange, very strange, this, I think! No such person or house can be found, near any of the new streets or squares, where the lights I had from your letters led me to imagine
>>> her house might be. — Ask him what street the house is in, if he has not told you; and let me
>>> know. If he make a difficulty of that circumstance, it will amount to a detection. — And yet, I think, you will have enough without this.

I shall send this long letter by Collins, who changes his day to oblige me; and that he may try (now I know where you are) to get it into your own hands. If he cannot, he will leave it at Wilson's. As none of our letters by that convey-ance have miscarried when you have been in more apparently disagreeable situations than you are in at present. I hope that this will go safe, if Collins should be obliged to leave it there.

>>> I wrote a short letter to you in my first agitations. It contained not above twenty lines, all full of fright, alarm, and execration. But being afraid that my vehemence would too much affect you, I thought it better to wait a little, as well for the reasons already hinted at, as to be able to give you as many par-ticulars as I could, and my thoughts upon all. And as they have offered, or may offer, you will be sufficiently armed to resist all his machinations, be what they will.

>>> One word more. Command me up, if I can be of the least service or pleasure to you. I value not fame; I value not censure; nor even life itself, I verily think, as I do your honour, and your friend-ship — For, is not your honour my honour? And is not your friendship the pride of my life?

May Heaven preserve you, my dearest creature, in honour and safety, is the prayer, the hourly prayer, of

Your ever-faithful and affectionate ANNA HOWE.

THURSDAY MORN. 5. I have written all night

* * * TO MISS HOWE MY DEAREST CREATURE,

How you have shocked, confounded, surprised, astonished me, by your dreadful communication! — My heart is too weak to bear up against such a stroke as this! — When all hope was with me! When my prospects were so much mended! — But can there be such villany in men, as in this vile principal, and equally vile agent!

I am really ill — very ill — grief and surprise, and, now I will say, despair, have overcome me! — All, all, you have laid down as conjecture, appears to me now to be more than conjecture!

O that your mother would have the goodness to permit me the presence of the only comforter that my afflicted, my half-broken heart, could be raised by. But I charge you, think not of coming up without her indulgent permission. I am too ill at present, my dear, to think of combating with this dreadful man; and of flying from this horrid house! — My bad writing will show you this. — But my illness will be my present security, should he indeed have meditated villany. — Forgive, O forgive me, my dearest friend, the trouble I have given you! — All must soon — But why add I grief to grief, and trouble to trouble? — But I charge you, my beloved creature, not to think of coming up without your mother's love, to the truly desolate and broken-spirited

CLARISSA HARLOWE. * * *

Well, Jack! — And what thinkest thou of this last letter? Miss Howe values not either fame or censure; and thinkest thou, that this letter will not bring the little fury up, though she could procure no other conveyance than her higgler's panniers, one for herself, the other for her maid? She knows whither to come now. Many a little villain have I punished for knowing more than I would have her know, and that by adding to her knowledge and experience. What thinkest thou, Belford, if, by getting hither this virago, and giving cause for a lamentable letter

from her to the fair fugitive, I should be able to recover her? Would she not visit that friend in her distress, thinkest thou, whose intended visit to her in her's brought her into the condition from which she herself had so perfidiously escaped?

Let me enjoy the thought!

Shall I send this letter? — Thou seest I have left room, if I fail in the exact imitation of so charming a hand, to avoid too strict a scrutiny. Do they not both deserve it of me? Seest thou now how the raving girl threatens her mother? Ought she not to be punished? And can I be a worse devil, or villain, or monster, that she calls me in the long letter I enclose (and has called me in her former letters) were I to punish them both as my vengeance urges me to punish them? And when I have executed that my vengeance, how charmingly satisfied may they both go down into the country and keep house together, and have a much better reason than their pride could give them, for living the single life they have both seemed so fond of!

I will set about transcribing it this moment, I think. I can resolve afterwards. Yet what has poor Hickman done to deserve this of me! — But gloriously would it punish the mother (as well as daughter) for all her sordid avarice; and for her undutifulness to honest Mr. Howe, whose heart she actually broke. I am on tiptoe, Jack, to enter upon this project. Is not one country as good to me as another, if I should be obliged to take another tour upon it?

* * *

But I will not venture. Hickman is a good man, they tell me. I love a good man. I hope one of these days to be a good man myself. Besides, I have heard within this week something of this honest fellow that shows he has a soul; when I thought, if he had one, that it lay a little of the deepest to emerge to notice, except on very extraordinary occasions; and that then it presently sunk again into its cellula adiposa. — The man is a plump man. — Didst ever see him, Jack?

But the principal reason that withholds me [for 'tis a tempting project!] is, for fear of being utterly blown up, if I should not be quick enough with my letter, or if Miss Howe should deliberate on setting out, to try her mother's consent first; in which time a letter from my frighted beauty might reach her; for I have no doubt, wherever she has refuged, but her first work was to write to her vixen friend. I will therefore go on patiently; and take my revenge upon the little fury at my leisure.

But in spite of my compassion for Hickman, whose better character is sometimes my envy, and who is one of those mortals that bring clumsiness into

credit with the mothers, to the disgrace of us clever fellows, and often to our disappointment, with the daughters; and who has been very busy in assisting these double-armed beauties against me; I swear by all the dii majores, as well as minores, that I will have Miss Howe, if I cannot have her more exalted friend! And then, if there be as much flaming love between these girls as they pretend, will my charmer profit by her escape?

And now, that I shall permit Miss Howe to reign a little longer, let me ask thee, if thou hast not, in the enclosed letter, a fresh instance, that a great many of my difficulties with her sister-toast are owing to this flighty girl?— 'Tis true that here was naturally a confounded sharp winter air; and if a little cold water was thrown into the path, no wonder that it was instantly frozen; and that the poor honest traveller found it next to impossible to keep his way; one foot sliding back as fast as the other advanced, to the endangering of his limbs or neck. But yet I think it impossible that she should have baffled me as she has done (novice as she is, and never before from under her parents' wings) had she not been armed by a virago, who was formerly very near showing that she could better advise than practise. But this, I believe, I have said more than once before.

I am loth to reproach myself, now the cruel creature has escaped me; For what would that do, but add to my torment? since evils self-caused, and avoidable, admit not of palliation or comfort. And yet, if thou tellest me, that all her strength was owing to my weakness, and that I have been a cursed coward in this whole affair; why, then, Jack, I may blush, and be vexed; but, by my soul, I cannot contradict thee.

But this, Belford, I hope — that if I can turn the poison of the enclosed letter into wholesome ailment; that is to say, if I can make use of it to my advantage; I shall have thy free consent to do it.

I am always careful to open covers cautiously, and to preserve seals entire. I will draw out from this cursed letter an alphabet. Nor was Nick Rowe ever half so diligent to learn Spanish, at the Quixote recommendation of a certain peer, as I will be to gain the mastery of this vixen's hand.

LETTER XXI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 8.

After my last, so full of other hopes, the contents of this will surprise you. O my dearest friend, the man has at last proved himself to be a villain!

It was with the utmost difficulty last night, that I preserved myself from the vilest dishonour. He extorted from me a promise of forgiveness, and that I would see him next day, as if nothing had happened: but if it were possible to escape from a wretch, who, as I have too much reason to believe, formed a plot to fire the house, to frighten me, almost naked, into his arms, how could I see him next day?

I have escaped — Heaven be praised that I have! — And now have no other concern, than that I fly from the only hope that could have made such a husband tolerable to me; the reconciliation with my friends, so agreeably undertaken by my uncle.

All my present hope is, to find some reputable family, or person of my own sex, who is obliged to go beyond sea, or who lives abroad; I care not whether; but if I might choose, in some one of our American colonies — never to be heard of more by my relations, whom I have so grievously offended.

Nor let your generous heart be moved at what I write. If I can escape the dreadfullest part of my father's malediction, (for the temporary part is already, in a manner, fulfilled, which makes me tremble in apprehension of the other,) I shall think the wreck of my worldly fortunes a happy composition.

Neither is there need of the renewal of your so-often-tendered goodness to me: for I have with me rings and other valuables, that were sent me with my clothes, which will turn into money to answer all I can want, till Providence shall be pleased to put me into some want to help myself, if, for my further punishment, my life is to be lengthened beyond my wishes.

Impute not this scheme, my beloved friend, either to dejection on one hand, or to that romantic turn on the other, which we have supposed generally to obtain with our sex, from fifteen to twenty-two: for, be pleased to consider my unhappy situation, in the light in which it really must appear to every considerate person who knows it. In the first place, the man, who has endeavoured to make me, his property, will hunt me as a stray: and he knows he may do so with impunity; for whom have I to protect me from him?

Then as to my estate, the envied estate, which has been the original cause of all my misfortunes, it shall never be mine upon litigated terms. What is there in being enabled to boast, that I am worth more than I can use, or wish to use? And if my

power is circumscribed, I shall not have that to answer for, which I should have, if I did not use it as I ought: which very few do. I shall have no husband, of whose interest I ought to be so regardful, as to prevent me doing more than justice to others, that I may not do less for him. If therefore my father will be pleased (as I shall presume, in proper time, to propose to him) to pay two annuities out of it, one to my dear Mrs. Norton, which may make her easy for the remainder of her life, as she is now growing into years; the other of 50£. per annum, to the same good woman, for the use of my poor, as I had the vanity to call a certain set of people, concerning whom she knows all my mind; that so as few as possible may suffer by the consequences of my error; God bless them, and give them heart's ease and content, with the rest!

Other reasons for my taking the step I have hinted at, are these.

This wicked man knows I have no friend in the world but you: your neighbourhood therefore would be the first he would seek for me in, were you to think it possible for me to be concealed in it: and in this case you might be subjected to inconveniencies greater even than those which you have already sustained on my account.

From my cousin Morden, were he to come, I could not hope protection; since, by his letter to me, it is evident, that my brother has engaged him in his party: nor would I, by any means, subject so worthy a man to danger; as might be the case, from the violence of this ungovernable spirit.

These things considered, what better method can I take, than to go abroad to some one of the English colonies; where nobody but yourself shall know any thing of me; nor you, let me tell you, presently, nor till I am fixed, and (if it please God) in a course of living tolerably to my mind? For it is no small part of my concern, that my indiscretions have laid so heavy a tax upon you, my dear friend, to whom, once, I hoped to give more pleasure than pain.

I am at present at one Mrs. Moore's at Hampstead. My heart misgave me at coming to this village, because I had been here with him more than once: but the coach hither was so ready a conveniency, that I knew not what to do better. Then I shall stay here no longer than till I can receive your answer to this: in which you will be pleased to let me know, if I cannot be hid, according to your former contrivance, [happy, had I given into it at the time!] by Mrs. Townsend's assistance, till the heat of his search be over. The Deptford road, I imagine, will be the right direction to hear of a passage, and to get safely aboard.

O why was the great fiend of all unchained, and permitted to assume so specious a form, and yet allowed to conceal his feet and his talons, till with the one he was ready to trample upon my honour, and to strike the other into my heart! — And what had I done, that he should be let loose particularly upon me!

Forgive me this murmuring question, the effect of my impatience, my guilty impatience, I doubt: for, as I have escaped with my honour, and nothing but my worldly prospects, and my pride, my ambition, and my vanity, have suffered in this wretch of my hopefuller fortunes, may I not still be more happy than I deserve to be? And is it not in my own power still, by the Divine favour, to secure the greatest stake of all? And who knows but that this very path into which my inconsideration has thrown me, strewed as it is with briers and thorns, which tear in pieces my gaudier trappings, may not be the right path to lead me into the great road to my future happiness; which might have been endangered by evil communication?

And after all, are there not still more deserving persons than I, who never failed in any capital point of duty, than have been more humbled than myself; and some too, by the errors of parents and relations, by the tricks and baseness of guardians and trustees, and in which their own rashness or folly had no part?

I will then endeavour to make the best of my present lot. And join with me, my best, my only friend, in praying, that my punishment may end here; and that my present afflictions may be sanctified to me.

This letter will enable you to account for a line or two, which I sent to Wilson's, to be carried to you, only for a feint, to get his servant out of the way. He seemed to be left, as I thought, for a spy upon me. But he returning too soon, I was forced to write a few lines for him to carry to his master, to a tavern near Doctors Commons, with the same view: and this happily answered my end.

I wrote early in the morning a bitter letter to the wretch, which I left for him obvious enough; and I suppose he has it by this time. I kept no copy of it. I shall recollect the contents, and give you the particulars of all, at more leisure.

I am sure you will approve of my escape — the rather, as the people of the house must be very vile: for they, and that Dorcas too, did hear me (I know they did) cry out for help: if the fire had been other than a villanous plot (although in the morning, to blind them, I pretended to think it otherwise) they would have been alarmed as much as I; and have run in, hearing me scream, to comfort me, supposing my terror was the fire; to relieve me, supposing it was any thing else. But the vile Dorcas went away as soon as she saw the wretch throw his arms about me! — Bless me, my dear, I had only my slippers and an under-petticoat on. I was frighted out of my bed, by her cries of fire; and that I should be burnt to ashes in a moment — and she to go away, and never to return, nor any body else! And yet I heard women's voices in the next room; indeed I did — an evident contrivance of them all: — God be praised, I am out of their house!

My terror is not yet over: I can hardly think myself safe: every well- dressed man I see from my windows, whether on horseback or on foot, I think to be him.

I know you will expedite an answer. A man and horse will be procured me to-morrow early, to carry this. To be sure, you cannot return an answer by the same man, because you must see Mrs. Townsend first: nevertheless, I shall wait with impatience till you can; having no friend but you to apply to; and being such a stranger to this part of the world, that I know not which way to turn myself; whither to go; nor what to do — What a dreadful hand have I made of it!

Mrs. Moore, at whose house I am, is a widow, and of good character: and of this one of her neighbours, of whom I bought a handkerchief, purposely to make inquiry before I would venture, informed me.

I will not set my foot out of doors, till I have your direction: and I am the more secure, having dropt words to the people of the house where the coach set me down, as if I expected a chariot to meet me in my way to Hendon; a village a little distance from this. And when I left their house, I walked backward and forward upon the hill; at first, not knowing what to do; and afterwards, to be certain that I was not watched before I ventured to inquire after a lodging.

You will direct for me, my dear, by the name of Mrs. Harriot Lucas.

Had I not made my escape when I did, I was resolved to attempt it again and again. He was gone to the Commons for a license, as he wrote me word; for I refused to see him, notwithstanding the promise he extorted from me.

How hard, how next to impossible, my dear, to avoid many lesser deviations, when we are betrayed into a capital one!

For fear I should not get away at my first effort, I had apprized him, that I would not set eye upon him under a week, in order to gain myself time for it in different ways. And were I so to have been watched as to have made it necessary, I would, after such an instance of the connivance of the women of the house, have run out into the street, and thrown myself into the next house I could have entered, or claim protection from the first person I had met — Women to desert the cause of a poor creature of their own sex, in such a situation, what must they be! — Then, such poor guilty sort of figures did they make in the morning after he was gone out — so earnest to get me up stairs, and to convince me, by the scorched window-boards, and burnt curtains and vallens, that the fire was real — that (although I seemed to believe all they would have me believe) I was more and more resolved to get out of their house at all adventures.

When I began, I thought to write but a few lines. But, be my subject what it will, I know not how to conclude when I write to you. It was always so: it is not therefore owing peculiarly to that most interesting and unhappy situation, which you will allow, however, to engross at present the whole mind of

Your unhappy, but ever-affectionate CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY MORNING, PAST TWO O'CLOCK.

Io Triumphe! — Io Clarissa, sing! — Once more, what a happy man thy friend! — A silly dear novice, to be heard to tell the coachman where to carry her! — And to go to Hampstead, of all the villages about London! — The place where we had been together more than once!

Methinks I am sorry she managed no better! — I shall find the recovery of her too easy a task, I fear! Had she but known how much difficulty enhances the value of any thing with me, and had she the least notion of obliging me by it, she would never have stopt short at Hampstead, surely.

Well, but after al this exultation, thou wilt ask, If I have already got back my charmer? — I have not; — But knowing where she is, is almost the same thing as having her in my power. And it delights me to think how she will start and tremble when I first pop upon her! How she will look with conscious guilt, that will more than wipe off my guilt of Wednesday night, when she sees her injured lover, and acknowledged husband, from whom, the greatest of felonies, she would have stolen herself.

But thou wilt be impatient to know how I came by my lights. Read the enclosed letter, as I have told thee, I have given my fellow, in apprehension of such an elopement; and that will tell thee all, and what I may reasonably expect from the rascal's diligence and management, if he wishes ever to see my face again.

I received it about half an hour ago, just as I was going to lie down in my clothes, and it has made me so much alive, that, midnight as it is, I have sent for a Blunt's chariot, to attend me here by day peep, with my usual coachman, if possible; and knowing not what else to do with myself, I sat down, and, in the joy of my heart, have not only written thus far, but have concluded upon the measures I shall take when admitted to her presence: for well am I aware of the difficulties I shall have to contend with from her perverseness.

HONNERED SIR,

This is to sertifie your Honner, as how I am heer at Hamestet, where I have found out my lady to be in logins at one Mrs. Moore's, near upon Hamestet-Hethe. And I have so ordered matters, that her ladyship cannot stur but I must have notice of her goins and comins. As I knowed I durst not look into your Honner's fase, if I had not found out my lady, thoff she was gone off the prems's in a quarter of an hour, as a man may say; so I knowed you would be glad at hart

to know I have found her out: and so I send thiss Petur Patrick, who is to have 5 shillings, it being now near 12 of the clock at nite; for he would not stur without a hearty drink too besides: and I was willing all shulde be snug likeways at the logins before I sent.

I have munny of youre Honner's; but I thought as how, if the man was payed by me beforend, he mought play trix; so left that to your Honner.

My lady knows nothing of my being hereaway. But I thoute it best not to leve the plase, because she has taken the logins but for a fue nites.

If your Honner come to the Upper Flax, I will be in site all the day about the tapp-house or the Hethe. I have borrowed another cote, instead of your Honner's liferie, and a blacke wigg; so cannot be knoen by my lady, iff as howe she shuld see me: and have made as if I had the tooth- ake; so with my hancriffe at my mothe, the teth which your Honner was pleased to bett out with your Honner's fyste, and my dam'd wide mothe, as your Honner notifys it to be, cannot be knoen to be mine.

The two inner letters I had from my lady, before she went off the prems's. One was to be left at Mr. Wilson's for Miss Howe. The next was to be for your Honner. But I knowed you was not at the plase directed; and being afear'd of what fell out, so I kept them for your Honner, and so could not give um to you, until I seed you. Miss How's I only made belief to her ladyship as I carried it, and sed as how there was nothing left for hur, as she wished to knoe: so here they be bothe.

I am, may it please your Honner, Your Honner's must dutiful, And, wonce more, happy servant, WM. SUMMERS.

* * *

The two inner letters, as Will. calls them, 'tis plain, were written for no other purpose, but to send him out of the way with them, and one of them to amuse me. That directed to Miss Howe is only this: —

THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

I write this, my dear Miss Howe, only for a feint, and to see if it will go current. I shall write at large very soon, if not miserably prevented!!!

CL. H. * * *

Now, Jack, will not her feints justify mine! Does she not invade my province, thinkest thou? And is it not now fairly come to — Who shall most deceive and cheat the other? So, I thank my stars, we are upon a par at last, as to this point,

which is a great ease to my conscience, thou must believe. And if what Hudibras tells us is true, the dear fugitive has also abundance of pleasure to come.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat.
As lookers-on find most delight,
Who least perceive the juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more admire the slight of hand.

* * *

This my dear juggler's letter to me; the other inner letter sent by Will.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8. MR. LOVELACE,

Do not give me cause to dread your return. If you would not that I should hate you for ever, send me half a line by the bearer, to assure me that you will not attempt to see me for a week to come. I cannot look you in the face without equal confusion and indignation. The obliging me in this, is but a poor atonement for your last night's vile behaviour.

You may pass this time in a journey to Lord M.'s; and I cannot doubt, if the ladies of your family are as favourable to me, as you have assured me they are, but that you will have interest enough to prevail with one of them to oblige me with their company. After your baseness of last night, you will not wonder, that I insist upon this proof of your future honour.

If Captain Tomlinson comes mean time, I can hear what he has to say, and send you an account of it.

But in less than a week if you see me, it must be owing to a fresh act of violence, of which you know not the consequence.

Send me the requested line, if ever you expect to have the forgiveness confirmed, the promise of which you extorted from

The unhappy CL. H.

* * *

Now, Belford, what canst thou say in behalf of this sweet rogue of a lady? What canst thou say for her? 'Tis apparent, that she was fully determined upon an elopement when she wrote it. And thus would she make me of party against myself, by drawing me in to give her a week's time to complete it. And, more wicked still, send me upon a fool's errand to bring up one of my cousins. — When we came to have the satisfaction of finding her gone off, and me exposed

for ever! — What punishment can be bad enough for such a little villain of a lady?

But mind, moreover, how plausibly she accounts by this billet, (supposing she should not find an opportunity of eloping before I returned,) for the resolution of not seeing me for a week; and for the bread and butter expedient! — So childish as we thought it!

The chariot is not come; and if it were, it is yet too soon for every thing but my impatience. And as I have already taken all my measures, and can think of nothing but my triumph, I will resume her violent letter, in order to strengthen my resolutions against her. I was before in too gloomy a way to proceed with it. But now the subject is all alive to me, and my gayer fancy, like the sunbeams, will irradiate it, and turn the solemn deep-green into a brighter verdure.

When I have called upon my charmer to explain some parts of her letter, and to atone for others, I will send it, or a copy of it, to thee.

Suffice it at present to tell thee, in the first place, that she is determined never to be my wife. — To be sure there ought to be no compulsion in so material a case. Compulsion was her parents' fault, which I have censured so severely, that I shall hardly be guilty of the same. I am therefore glad I know her mind as to this essential point.

I have ruined her! she says. — Now that's a fib, take it her own way — if I had, she would not, perhaps, have run away from me.

She is thrown upon the wide world! Now I own that Hampstead-heath affords very pretty and very extensive prospects; but 'tis not the wide world neither. And suppose that to be her grievance, I hope soon to restore her to a narrower.

I am the enemy of her soul, as well as of her honour! — Confoundedly severe! Nevertheless, another fib! — For I love her soul very well; but think no more of it in this case than of my own.

She is to be thrown upon strangers! — And is not that her own fault? — Much against my will, I am sure!

She is cast from a state of independency into one of obligation. She never was in a state of independency; nor is it fit a woman should, of any age, or in any state of life. And as to the state of obligation, there is no such thing as living without being beholden to somebody. Mutual obligation is the very essence and soul of the social and commercial life: — Why should she be exempt from it? I am sure the person she raves at desires not such an exemption; has been long dependent upon her; and would rejoice to owe further obligations to her than he can boast of hitherto.

She talks of her father's curse! — But have I not repaid him for it an hundred fold in the same coin? But why must the faults of other people be laid at my door?

Have I not enow of my own?

But the grey-eyed dawn begins to peep — let me sum up all.

In short, then, the dear creature's letter is a collection of invectives not very new to me: though the occasion for them, no doubt is new to her. A little sprinkling of the romantic and contradictory runs through it. She loves, and she hates; she encourages me to pursue her, by telling me I safely may; and yet she begs I will not. She apprehends poverty and want, yet resolves to give away her estate; To gratify whom? — Why, in short, those who have been the cause of her misfortunes. And finally, though she resolves never to be mine, yet she has some regrets at leaving me, because of the opening prospects of a reconciliation with her friends.

But never did morning dawn so tardily as this! — Neither is the chariot yet come.

* * *

A gentleman to speak with me, Dorcas? — Who can want me thus early?

Captain Tomlinson, sayest thou? Surely he must have traveled all night! Early riser as I am, how could he think to find me up thus early?

Let but the chariot come, and he shall accompany me in it to the bottom of the hill, (though he return to town on foot; for the Captain is all obliging goodness,) that I may hear all he has to say, and tell him all my mind, and lose no time.

Well, now I am satisfied that this rebellious flight will turn to my advantage, as all crushed rebellions do to the advantage of a sovereign in possession.

* * *

Dear Captain, I rejoice to see you — just in the nick of time — See! See!

The rosy-finger'd morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears:
The sun arising mortals cheers,
And drives the rising mists away,
In promise of a glorious day.

Excuse me, Sir, that I salute you from my favourite bard. He that rises with the lark will sing with the lark. Strange news since I saw you, Captain! — Poor mistaken lady! — But you have too much goodness, I know, to reveal to her uncle Harlowe the error of this capricious beauty. It will all turn out for the best. You must accompany me part of the way. I know the delight you take in composing

differences. But ’tis the task of the prudent to heal the breaches made by the rashness and folly of the imprudent.

* * *

And now, (all around me so still and so silent,) the rattling of the chariot-wheels at a street’s distance do I hear! And to this angel of a woman I fly!

Reward, O God of Love! [The cause is thy own!] Reward thou, as it deserves, my suffering perseverance! — Succeed my endeavours to bring back to thy obedience this charming fugitive! Make her acknowledge her rashness; repent her insults; implore my forgiveness; beg to be reinstated in my favour, and that I will bury in oblivion the remembrance of her heinous offence against thee, and against me, thy faithful votary.

* * *

The chariot at the door! — I come! I come!

I attend you, good Captain —

Indeed, Sir —

Pray, Sir — civility is not ceremony.

And now, dressed as a bridegroom, my heart elated beyond that of the most desiring one, (attended by a footman whom my beloved never saw,) I am already at Hampstead!

LETTER XXIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. UPPER-FLASK, HAMPSTEAD. FRI. MORN. 7 O'CLOCK. (JUNE 9.)

I am now here, and here have been this hour and half. — What an industrious spirit have I! — Nobody can say that I eat the bread of idleness. I take true pains for all the pleasure I enjoy. I cannot but admire myself strangely; for certainly, with this active soul, I should have made a very great figure in whatever station I had filled. But had I been a prince, (to be sure I should have made a most noble prince!) I should have led up a military dance equal to that of the great Macedonian. I should have added kingdom to kingdom, and despoiled all my neighbour sovereigns, in order to have obtained the name of Robert the Great! And I would have gone to war with the Great Turk, and the Persian, and Mogul, for the seraglios; for not one of those eastern monarchs should have had a pretty woman to bless himself with till I had done with her.

And now I have so much leisure upon my hands, that, after having informed myself of all necessary particulars, I am set to my short-hand writing in order to keep up with time as well as I can; for the subject is now become worthy of me; and it is yet too soon, I doubt, to pay my compliments to my charmer, after all her fatigues for two or three days past. And, moreover, I have abundance of matters preparative to my future proceedings to recount, in order to connect and render all intelligible.

I parted with the Captain at the foot of the hill, trebly instructed; that is to say, as to the fact, to the probable, and to the possible. If my beloved and I can meet, and make up without the mediating of this worthy gentleman, it will be so much the better. As little foreign aid as possible in my amorous conflicts has always been a rule with me; though here I have been obliged to call in so much. And who knows but it may be the better for the lady the less she makes necessary? I cannot bear that she should sit so indifferent to me as to be in earnest to part with me for ever upon so slight, or even upon any occasion. If I find she is — but no more threatenings till she is in my power — thou knowest what I have vowed.

All Will.'s account, from the lady's flight to his finding her again, all the accounts of the people of the house, the coachman's information to Will., and so forth, collected together, stand thus:

'The Hampstead coach, when the dear fugitive came to it, had but two passengers in it. But she made the fellow to go off directly, paying for the vacant places.

‘The two passengers directing the coachman to set them down at the Upper Flask, she bid him set her down there also.

‘They took leave of her, [very respectfully, no doubt,] and she went into the house, and asked, if she could not have a dish of tea, and a room to herself for half an hour.

‘They showed her up to the very room where I now am. She sat at the very table I now write upon; and, I believe, the chair I sit in was her’s.’ O Belford, if thou knowest what love is, thou wilt be able to account for these minutiae.

‘She seemed spiritless and fatigued. The gentlewoman herself chose to attend so genteel and lovely a guest. She asked her if she would have bread and butter with her tea?

‘No. She could not eat.

‘They had very good biscuits.

‘As she pleased.

‘The gentlewoman stept out for some, and returning on a sudden, she observed the sweet little fugitive endeavouring to restrain a violent burst of grief to which she had given way in the little interval.

‘However, when the tea came, she made the landlady sit down with her, and asked her abundance of questions, about the villages and roads in the neighbourhood.

‘The gentlewoman took notice to her, that she seemed to be troubled in mind.

‘Tender spirits, she replied, could not part with dear friends without concern.’

She meant me, no doubt.

‘She made no inquiry about a lodging, though by the sequel, thou’lt observe, that she seemed to intend to go no farther that night than Hampstead. But after she had drank two dishes, and put a biscuit in her pocket, [sweet soul! to serve for her supper, perhaps,] she laid down half-a-crown; and refusing change, sighing, took leave, saying she would proceed towards Hendon; the distance to which had been one of her questions.

‘They offered to send to know if a Hampstead coach were not to go to Hendon that evening.

‘No matter, she said — perhaps she might meet the chariot.’

Another of her feints, I suppose: for how, or with whom, could any thing of this sort have been concerted since yesterday morning?

‘She had, as the people took notice to one another, something so uncommonly noble in her air, and in her person and behaviour, that they were sure she was of quality. And having no servant with her of either sex, her eyes, [her fine eyes, the gentlewoman called them, stranger as she was, and a woman!] being swelled and red, they were sure there was an elopement in the case, either from parents or

guardians; for they supposed her too young and too maidenly to be a married lady; and were she married, no husband would let such a fine young creature to be unattended and alone; nor give her cause for so much grief, as seemed to be settled in her countenance. Then at times she seemed to be so bewildered, they said, that they were afraid she had it in her head to make away with herself.

'All these things put together, excited their curiosity; and they engaged a peery servant, as they called a footman who was drinking with Kit. the hostler, at the tap-house, to watch all her motions. This fellow reported the following particulars, as they re-reported to me:

'She indeed went towards Hendon, passing by the sign of the Castle on the Heath; then, stopping, looked about her, and down into the valley before her. Then, turning her face towards London, she seemed, by the motion of her handkerchief to her eyes, to weep; repenting [who knows?] the rash step she had taken, and wishing herself back again.'

Better for her, if she do, Jack, once more I say! — Woe be to the girl who could think of marrying me, yet to be able to run away from me, and renounce me for ever!

'Then, continuing on a few paces, she stopt again — and, as if disliking her road, again seeming to weep, directed her course back towards Hampstead.'

I am glad she wept so much, because no heart bursts, (be the occasion for the sorrow what it will,) which has that kindly relief. Hence I hardly ever am moved at the sight of these pellucid fugitives in a fine woman. How often, in the past twelve hours, have I wished that I could cry most confoundedly?

'She then saw a coach-and-four driving towards her empty. She crossed the path she was in, as if to meet it, and seemed to intend to speak to the coachman, had he stopt or spoken first. He as earnestly looked at her. — Every one did so who passed her, (so the man who dogged her was the less suspected.') — Happy rogue of a coachman, hadst thou known whose notice thou didst engage, and whom thou mightest have obliged! — It was the divine Clarissa Harlowe at whom thou gazest! — Mine own Clarissa Harlowe! — But it was well for me that thou wert as undistinguishing as the beasts thou drovest; otherwise, what a wild-goose chace had I been led?

'The lady, as well as the coachman, in short, seemed to want resolution; — the horses kept on — [the fellow's head and eyes, no doubt, turned behind him,] and the distance soon lengthened beyond recall. With a wistful eye she looked after him; sighed and wept again; as the servant who then slyly passed her, observed.

'By this time she had reached the houses. She looked up at every one as she passed; now and then breathing upon her bared hand, and applying it to her swelled eyes, to abate the redness, and dry the tears. At last, seeing a bill up for

letting lodgings, she walked backwards and forwards half a dozen times, as if unable to determine what to do. And then went farther into the town, and there the fellow, being spoken to by one of his familiars, lost her for a few minutes: but he soon saw her come out of a linen-drapery shop, attended with a servant-maid, having, as it proved, got that maid-servant to go with her to the house she is now at.*

* See Letter XXI. of this volume.

'The fellow, after waiting about an hour, and not seeing her come out, returned, concluding that she had taken lodgings there.'

And here, supposing my narrative of the dramatic kind, ends Act the first. And now begins

ACT II SCENE. — Hampstead Heath continued. ENTER MY RASCAL.

Will. having got at all these particulars, by exchanging others as frankly against them, with which I had formerly prepared him both verbally and in writing. — I found the people already of my party, and full of good wishes for my success, repeating to me all they told him.

But he had first acquainted me with the accounts he had given them of his lady and me. It is necessary that I give thee the particulars of his tale, and I have a little time upon my hands: for the maid of the house, who had been out of an errand, tells us, that she saw Mrs. Moore, [with whom must be my first business,] go into the house of a young gentleman, within a few doors of her, who has a maiden sister, Miss Rawlins by name, so notified for prudence, that none of her acquaintance undertake any thing of consequence without consulting her.

Meanwhile my honest coachman is walking about Miss Rawlin's door, in order to bring me notice of Mrs. Moore's return to her own house. I hope her gossip's-tale will be as soon told as mine — which take as follows: —

Will. told them, before I came, 'That his lady was but lately married to one of the finest gentlemen in the world. But that he, being very gay and lively, she was mortal jealous of him; and, in a fit of that sort, had eloped from him. For although she loved him dearly, and he doated upon her, (as well he might, since, as they had seen, she was the finest creature that ever the sun shone upon,) yet she was apt to be very wilful and sullen, if he might take liberty to say so — but truth was truth; — and if she could not have her own way in every thing, would be for leaving him. That she had three or four times played his master such tricks; but with all the virtue and innocence in the world; running away to an intimate friend of her's, who, though a young lady of honour, was but too indulgent to her in this only failing; for which reason his master has brought her to London lodgings; their usual residence being in the country: and that, on his refusing to satisfy her about a lady he had been seen with in St. James's Park, she had, for the first time

since she came to town, served his master thus, whom he had left half-distracted on this account.'

And truly well he might, poor gentleman! cried the honest folks, pitying me before they saw me.

'He told them how he came by his intelligence of her; and made himself such an interest with them, that they helped him to a change of clothes for himself; and the landlord, at his request, privately inquired, if the lady actually remained at Mrs. Moore's, and for how long she had taken the lodgings? — which he found only to be for a week certain; but she had said, that she believed she should hardly stay so long. And then it was that he wrote his letter, and sent it by honest Peter Patrick, as thou hast heard.'

When I came, my person and dress having answered Will.'s description, the people were ready to worship me. I now-and-then sighed, now-and-then put on a lighter air; which, however, I designed should show more of vexation ill-disguised, than of real cheerfulness; and they told Will. it was such a thousand pities so fine a lady should have such skittish tricks; adding, that she might expose herself to great dangers by them; for that there were rakes every where — [Lovelaces in every corner, Jack!] and many about that town, who would leave nothing unattempted to get into her company; and although they might not prevail upon her, yet might they nevertheless hurt her reputation; and, in time, estrange the affections of so fine a gentleman from her.

Good sensible people these! — Hey, Jack!

Here, Landlord, one word with you. — My servant, I find, has acquainted you with the reason of my coming this way. — An unhappy affair, Landlord! — A very unhappy affair! — But never was there a more virtuous woman.

So, Sir, she seems to be. A thousand pities her ladyship has such ways — and to so good-humoured a gentleman as you seem to be, Sir.

Mother-spoilt, Landlord! — Mother-spoilt! — that's the thing! — But [sighing] I must make the best of it. What I want you to do for me is to lend me a great-coat. — I care not what it is. If my spouse should see me at a distance, she would make it very difficult for me to get at her speech. A great-coat with a cape, if you have one. I must come upon her before she is aware.

I am afraid, Sir, I have none fit for such a gentleman as you.

O, any thing will do! — The worse the better.

Exit Landlord. — Re-enter with two great-coats.

Ay, Landlord, this will be best; for I can button the cape over the lower part of my face. Don't I look devilishly down and concerned, Landlord?

I never saw a gentleman with a better-natured look.— 'Tis pity you should have such trials, Sir.

I must be very unhappy, no doubt of it, Landlord. — And yet I am a little pleased, you must needs think, that I have found her out before any great inconvenience has arisen to her. However, if I cannot break her of these freaks, she'll break my heart; for I do love her with all her failings.

The good woman, who was within hearing of all this, pitied me much.

Pray, your Honour, said she, if I may be so bold, was madam ever a mamma?

No — [and I sighed.] — We have been but a little while married; and as I may say to you, it is her own fault that she is not in that way. [Not a word of a lie in this, Jack.] But to tell you truth, Madam, she may be compared to the dog in the manger —

I understand you, Sir, [simpering,] she is but young, Sir. I have heard of one or two such skittish young ladies, in my time, Sir. — But when madam is in that way, I dare say, as she loves you, (and it would be strange if she did not!) all this will be over, and she may make the best of wives.

That's all my hope.

She is a fine lady as I ever beheld. — I hope, Sir, you won't be too severe. She'll get over all these freaks, if once she be a mamma, I warrant.

I can't be severe to her — she knows that. The moment I see her, all resentment is over with me, if she gives me but one kind look.

All this time I was adjusting the horseman's coat, and Will. was putting in the ties of my wig,* and buttoning the cape over my chin.

* The fashionable wigs at that time.

I asked the gentlewoman for a little powder. She brought me a powder- box, and I slightly shook the puff over my hat, and flapt one side of it, though the lace looked a little too gay for my covering; and, slouching it over my eyes, Shall I be known, think you, Madam?

Your Honour is so expert, Sir! — I wish, if I may be so bold, your lady has not some cause to be jealous. But it will be impossible, if you keep your laced clothes covered, that any body should know you in that dress to be the same gentleman — except they find you out by your clocked stockings.

Well observed — Can't you, Landlord, lend or sell me a pair of stockings, that will draw over these? I can cut off the feet, if they won't go into my shoes.

He could let me have a pair of coarse, but clean, stirrup stockings, if I pleased.

The best in the world for the purpose.

He fetch'd them. Will. drew them on; and my legs then made a good gouty appearance.

The good woman smiling, wished me success; and so did the landlord. And as thou knowest that I am not a bad mimic, I took a cane, which I borrowed of the landlord, and stooped in the shoulders to a quarter of a foot less height, and

stumped away cross to the bowling-green, to practise a little the hobbling gait of a gouty man. — The landlady whispered her husband, as Will. tells me, He's a good one, I warrant him — I dare say the fault lies not at all of one side. While mine host replied, That I was so lively and so good-natured a gentleman, that he did not know who could be angry with me, do what I would. A sensible fellow! — I wish my charmer were of the same opinion.

And now I am going to try if I can't agree with goody Moore for lodgings and other conveniencies for my sick wife.

'Wife, Lovelace?' methinks thou interrogatest.

Yes, wife, for who knows what cautions the dear fugitive may have given in apprehension of me?

'But has goody Moore any other lodgings to let?'

Yes, yes; I have taken care of that; and find that she has just such conveniencies as I want. And I know that my wife will like them. For, although married, I can do every thing I please; and that's a bold word, you know. But had she only a garret to let, I would have liked it; and been a poor author afraid of arrests, and made that my place of refuge; yet would have made shift to pay beforehand for what I had. I can suit myself to any condition, that's my comfort.

* * *

The widow Moore returned! say you? — Down, down, flutterer! — This impertinent heart is more troublesome to me than my conscience, I think. — I shall be obliged to hoarsen my voice, and roughen my character, to keep up with its puppily dancings.

But let me see, shall I be angry or pleased when I am admitted to my beloved's presence?

Angry to be sure. — Has she not broken her word with me? — At a time too when I was meditating to do her grateful justice? — And is not breach of word a dreadful crime in good folks? — I have ever been for forming my judgment of the nature of things and actions, not so much from what they are in themselves, as from the character of the actors. Thus it would be as odd a thing in such as we to keep our words with a woman, as it would be wicked in her to break her's to us.

Seest thou not that this unseasonable gravity is admitted to quell the palpitations of this unmanageable heart? But still it will go on with its boundings. I'll try as I ride in my chariot to tranquilize.

'Ride, Bob! so little a way?'

Yes, ride, Jack; for am I not lame? And will it not look well to have a lodger who keeps his chariot? What widow, what servant, asks questions of a man with

an equipage?

My coachman, as well as my other servant, is under Will.'s tuition.

Never was there such a hideous rascal as he has made himself. The devil only and his other master can know him. They both have set their marks upon him. As to my honour's mark, it will never be out of his dam'd wide mothe, as he calls it. For the dog will be hanged before he can lose the rest of his teeth by age.

I am gone.

LETTER XXIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. HAMPSTEAD, FRIDAY NIGHT, JUNE 9.

Now, Belford, for the narrative of narratives. I will continue it as I have opportunity; and that so dexterously, that, if I break off twenty times, thou shalt not discern where I piece my thread.

Although grievously afflicted with the gout, I alighted out of my chariot (leaning very hard on my cane with one hand, and on my new servant's shoulder with the other) the same instant almost that he had knocked at the door, that I might be sure of admission into the house.

I took care to button my great coat about me, and to cover with it even the pummel of my sword, it being a little too gay for my years. I knew not what occasion I might have for my sword. I stooped forward; blinked with my eyes to conceal their lustre (no vanity in saying that, Jack); my chin wrapt up for the tooth-ache; my slouched, laced hat, and so much of my wig as was visible, giving me, all together, the appearance of an antiquated beau.

My wife, I resolved beforehand, should have a complication of disorders.

The maid came to the door. I asked for her mistress. She showed me into one of the parlours; and I sat down with a gouty Oh! —

ENTER GOODY MOORE.

Your servant, Madam — but you must excuse me; I cannot well stand — I find by the bill at the door, that you have lodgings to let [mumbling my words as if, like my man Will., I had lost some of my fore-teeth]: be pleased to inform me what they are; for I like your situation — and I will tell you my family — I have a wife, a good old woman — older than myself, by the way, a pretty deal. She is in a bad state of health, and is advised into the Hampstead air. She will have two maid servants and a footman. The coach or chariot (I shall not have them put up both together) we can put up any where, and the coachman will be with his horses.

When, Sir, shall you want to come in?

I will take them from this very day; and, if convenient, will bring my wife in the afternoon.

Perhaps, Sir, you would board, as well as lodge?

That as you please. It will save me the trouble of bringing my cook, if we do. And I suppose you have servants who know how to dress a couple of dishes. My wife must eat plain food, and I don't love kickshaws.

We have a single lady, who will be gone in two or three days. She has one of the best apartments: that will then be at liberty.

You have one or two good ones mean time, I presume, Madam, just to receive my wife; for we have lost time — these damn'd physicians — excuse me, Madam, I am not used to curse; but it is owing to the love I have for my wife — they have kept her in hand, till they are ashamed to take more fees, and now advise her to the air. I wish we had sent her hither at first. But we must now make the best of it.

Excuse me, Madam, [for she looked hard at me,] that I am muffled up in this warm weather. I am but too sensible that I have left my chamber sooner that I ought, and perhaps shall have a return of my gout for it. I came out thus muffled up with a dreadful pain in my jaws; an ague in them, I believe. But my poor dear will not be satisfied with any body's care but mine. And, as I told thee, we have lost time.

You shall see what accommodations I have, if you please, Sir. But I doubt you are too lame to walk up stairs.

I can make shift to hobble up now I have rested a little. I'll just look upon the apartment my wife is to have. Any thing may do for the servants: and as you seem to be a good sort of gentlewoman, I shan't stand for a price, and will pay well besides for the trouble I shall give.

She led the way; and I, helping myself by the banisters, made shift to get up with less fatigue than I expected from ancles so weak. But oh! Jack, what was Sixtus the Vth.'s artful depression of his natural powers to mine, when, as this half-dead Montalto, he gaped for the pretendedly unsought pontificate, and the moment he was chosen leapt upon the prancing beast, which it was thought by the amazed conclave he was not able to mount, without help of chairs and men? Never was there a more joyful heart and lighter heels than mine joined together; yet both denied their functions; the one fluttering in secret, ready to burst its bars for relief-ful expression, the others obliged to an hobbling motion; when, unrestrained, they would, in their master's imagination, have mounted him to the lunar world without the help of a ladder.

There were three rooms on a floor: two of them handsome; and the third, she said, still handsomer; but the lady was in it.

I saw, I saw she was! for as I hobbled up, crying out upon my weak ancles, in the hoarse mumbling voice I had assumed, I beheld a little piece of her as she just cast an eye (with the door a-jar, as they call it) to observe who was coming up; and, seeing such an old clumsy fellow, great coated in weather so warm, slouched and muffled up, she withdrew, shutting the door without any emotion. But it was not so with me; for thou canst not imagine how my heart danced to my mouth, at

the very glimpse of her; so that I was afraid the thump, thump, thumping villain, which had so lately thumped as much to no purpose, would have choked me.

I liked the lodging well; and the more as she said the third room was still handsomer. I must sit down, Madam, [and chose the darkest part of the room]: Won't you take a seat yourself? — No price shall part us — but I will leave the terms to you and my wife, if you please. And also whether for board or not. Only please to take this for earnest, putting a guinea into her hand — and one thing I will say; my poor wife loves money; but is not an ill-natured woman. She was a great fortune to me: but, as the real estate goes away at her death, I would fain preserve her for that reason, as well as for the love I bear her as an honest man. But if she makes too close a bargain with you, tell me; and, unknown to her, I will make it up. This is my constant way: she loves to have her pen'orths; and I would not have her vexed or made uneasy on any account.

She said, I was a very considerate gentleman; and, upon the condition I had mentioned, she was content to leave the terms to my lady.

But, Madam, cannot a body just peep into the other apartment; that I may be more particular to my wife in the furniture of it?

The lady desires to be private, Sir — but — and was going to ask her leave.

I caught hold of her arm — However, stay, stay, Madam: it mayn't be proper, if the lady loves to be private. Don't let me intrude upon the lady —

No intrusion, Sir, I dare say: the lady is good-humoured. She will be so kind as to step down into the parlour, I dare say. As she stays so little a while, I am sure she will not wish to stand in my way.

No, Madam, that's true, if she be good-humoured, as you say — Has she been with you long, Madam?

She came but yesterday, Sir —

I believe I just now saw the glimpse of her. She seems to be an elderly lady.

No, Sir! you're mistaken. She's a young lady; and one of the handsomest I ever saw.

Cot so, I beg her pardon! Not but that I should have liked her the better, were she to stay longer, if she had been elderly. I have a strange taste, Madam, you'll say; but I really, for my wife's sake, love every elderly woman. Indeed I ever thought age was to be reverenced, which made me (taking the fortune into the scale too, that I own) make my addresses to my present dear.

Very good of you, Sir, to respect age: we all hope to live to be old.

Right, Madam. — But you say the lady is beautiful. Now you must know, that though I choose to converse with the elderly, yet I love to see a beautiful young woman, just as I love to see fine flowers in a garden. There's no casting an eye upon her, is there, without her notice? For in this dress, and thus muffled up about

my jaws, I should not care to be seen any more than she, let her love privacy as much as she will.

I will go and ask if I may show a gentleman the apartment, Sir; and, as you are a married gentleman, and not over young, she'll perhaps make the less scruple.

Then, like me, she loves elderly folks best perhaps. But it may be she has suffered by young ones.

I fancy she has, Sir, or is afraid she shall. She desired to be very private; and if by description inquired after, to be denied.

Thou art a true woman, goody Moore, thought I.

Good lack — good lack! — What may be her story then, I pray?

She is pretty reserved in her story: but, to tell you my thoughts, I believe love is in the case: she is always in tears, and does not much care for company.

Nay, Madam, it becomes not me to dive into ladies' secrets; I want not to pry into other people's affairs. But, pray, how does she employ herself? — Yet she came but yesterday; so you can't tell.

Writing continually, Sir.

These women, Jack, when you ask them questions by way of information, don't care to be ignorant of any thing.

Nay, excuse me, Madam, I am very far from being an inquisitive man. But if her case be difficult, and not merely love, as she is a friend of your's, I would give her my advice.

Then you are a lawyer, Sir —

Why, indeed, Madam, I was some time at the bar; but I have long left practice; yet am much consulted by my friends in difficult points. In a pauper case I frequently give money; but never take any from the richest.

You are a very good gentleman, then, Sir.

Ay, Madam, we cannot live always here; and we ought to do what good we can — but I hate to appear officious. If the lady stay any time, and think fit, upon better acquaintance, to let me into her case, it may be a happy day for her, if I find it a just one; for, you must know, that when I was at the bar, I never was such a sad fellow as to undertake, for the sake of a paltry fee, to make white black, and black white: For what would that have been, but to endeavour to establish iniquity by quirks, while I robbed the innocent?

You are an excellent gentleman, Sir: I wish [and then she sighed] I had had the happiness to know there was such a lawyer in the world; and to have been acquainted with him.

Come, come, Mrs. Moore, I think your name is, it may not be too late — when you and I are better acquainted, I may help you perhaps. — But mention nothing of this to the lady: for, as I said, I hate to appear officious.

This prohibition, I knew, if goody Moore answered the specimen she had given of her womanhood, would make her take the first opportunity to tell, were it to be necessary to my purpose that she should.

I appeared, upon the whole, so indifferent about seeing the room, or the lady, that the good woman was the more eager I should see both. And the rather, as I, to stimulate her, declared, that there was more required in my eye to merit the character of a handsome woman, than most people thought necessary; and that I had never seen six truly lovely women in my life.

To be brief, she went in; and after a little while came out again. The lady, Sir, is retired to her closet. So you may go in and look at the room.

Then how my heart began again to play its pug's tricks!

I hobbled in, and stumped about, and liked it very much; and was sure my wife would. I begged excuse for sitting down, and asked, who was the minister of the place? If he were a good preacher? Who preached at the Chapel? And if he were a good preacher, and a good liver too, Madam — I must inquire after that: for I love, but I must needs say, that the clergy should practise what they preach.

Very right, Sir; but that is not so often the case as were to be wished.

More's the pity, Madam. But I have a great veneration for the clergy in general. It is more a satire upon human nature than upon the cloth, if we suppose those who have the best opportunities to do good, less perfect than other people. For my part, I don't love professional any more than national reflections. — But I keep the lady in her closet. My gout makes me rude.

Then up from my seat stumped I — what do you call these window-curtains, Madam?

Stuff-damask, Sir.

It looks mighty well, truly. I like it better than silk. It is warmer to be sure, and much fitter for lodgings in the country; especially for people in years. The bed is in a pretty state.

It is neat and clean, Sir: that's all we pretend to.

Ay, mighty well — very well — a silk camblet, I think — very well, truly! — I am sure my wife will like it. But we would not turn the lady out of her lodgings for the world. The other two apartments will do for us at present.

Then stumping towards the closet, over the door of which hung a picture — What picture is that — Oh! I see; a St. Cecilia!

A common print, Sir!

Pretty well, pretty well! It is after an Italian master. — I would not for the world turn the lady out of her apartment. We can make shift with the other two, repeated I, louder still: but yet mumblingly hoarse: for I had as great regard to uniformity in accent, as to my words.

O Belford! to be so near my angel, think what a painful constraint I was under.

I was resolved to fetch her out, if possible: and pretending to be going — you can't agree as to any time, Mrs. Moore, when we can have this third room, can you? — Not that [whispered I, loud enough to be heard in the next room; not that] I would incommode the lady: but I would tell my wife when abouts — and women, you know, Mrs. Moore, love to have every thing before them of this nature.

Mrs. Moore (said my charmer) [and never did her voice sound so harmonious to me: Oh! how my heart bounded again! It even talked to me, in a manner; for I thought I heard, as well as felt, its unruly flutters; and every vein about me seemed a pulse; Mrs. Moore] you may acquaint the gentleman, that I shall stay here only for two or three days at most, till I receive an answer to a letter I have written into the country; and rather than be your hindrance, I will take up with any apartment a pair of stairs higher.

Not for the world! — Not for the world, young lady! cried I. — My wife, as I love her, should lie in a garret, rather than put such a considerate young lady, as you seem to be, to the least inconveniency.

She opened not the door yet; and I said, but since you have so much goodness, Madam, if I could but just look into the closet as I stand, I could tell my wife whether it is large enough to hold a cabinet she much values, and ill have with her wherever she goes.

Then my charmer opened the door, and blazed upon me, as it were, in a flood of light, like what one might imagine would strike a man, who, born blind, had by some propitious power been blessed with his sight, all at once, in a meridian sun.

Upon my soul, I never was so strangely affected before. I had much ado to forbear discovering myself that instant: but, hesitatingly, and in great disorder, I said, looking into the closet and around it, there is room, I see, for my wife's cabinet; and it has many jewels in it of high price; but, upon my soul, [for I could not forbear swearing, like a puppy: habit is a cursed thing, Jack —] nothing so valuable as a lady I see, can be brought into it.

She started, and looked at me with terror. The truth of the compliment, as far as I know, had taken dissimulation from my accent.

I saw it was impossible to conceal myself longer from her, any more than (from the violent impulses of my passion) to forbear manifesting myself. I unbuttoned therefore my cape, I pulled off my flapt slouched hat; I threw open my great coat, and, like the devil in Milton [an odd comparison though!] —

I started up in my own form divine,
Touch'd by the beam of her celestial eye,
More potent than Ithuriel's spear! —

Now, Belford, for a similitude — now for a likeness to illustrate the surprising scene, and the effect it had upon my charmer, and the gentlewoman! — But nothing was like it, or equal to it. The plain fact can only describe it, and set it off — thus then take it.

She no sooner saw who it was, than she gave three violent screams; and, before I could catch her in my arms, (as I was about to do the moment I discovered myself,) down she sunk at my feet in a fit; which made me curse my indiscretion for so suddenly, and with so much emotion, revealing myself.

The gentlewoman, seeing so strange an alteration in my person, and features, and voice, and dress, cried out, Murder, help! murder, help! by turns, for half a dozen times running. This alarmed the house, and up ran two servant maids, and my servant after them. I cried out for water and hartshorn, and every one flew a different way, one of the maids as fast down as she came up; while the gentlewoman ran out of one room into another, and by turns up and down the apartment we were in, without meaning or end, wringing her foolish hands, and not knowing what she did.

Up then came running a gentleman and his sister, fetched, and brought in by the maid, who had run down, and having let in a cursed crabbed old wretch, hobbling with his gout, and mumbling with his hoarse broken-toothed voice, who was metamorphosed all at once into a lively, gay young fellow, with a clear accent, and all his teeth, she would have it, that I was neither more nor less than the devil, and could not keep her eye from my foot, expecting, no doubt, every minute to see it discover itself to be cloven.

For my part, I was so intent upon restoring my angel, that I regarded nobody else. And, at last, she slowly recovering motion, with bitter sighs and sobs, (only the whites of her eyes however appearing for some moments,) I called upon her in the tenderest accent, as I kneeled by her, my arm supporting her head, My angel! my charmer! my Clarissa! look upon me, my dearest life! — I am not angry with you; I will forgive you, my best beloved.

The gentleman and his sister knew not what to make of all this: and the less, when my fair-one, recovering her sight, snatched another look at me; and then again groaned, and fainted away.

I threw up the closet-sash for air, and then left her to the care of the young gentlewoman, the same notable Miss Rawlins, who I had heard of at the Flask: and to that of Mrs. Moore; who by this time had recovered herself; and then retiring to one corner of the room, I made my servant pull off my gouty stockings, brush my hat, and loop it up into the usual smart cock.

I then stept to the closet to Mr. Rawlins, whom, in the general confusion, I had not much minded before. — Sir, said I, you have an uncommon scene before you.

The lady is my wife, and no gentleman's presence is necessary here but my own.

I beg pardon, Sir; if the lady be your wife, I have no business here. But, Sir, by her concern at seeing you —

Pray, Sir, none of your if's and but's, I beseech you: nor your concern about the lady's concern. You are a very unqualified judge in this cause; and I beg of you, Sir, to oblige me with your absence. The women only are proper to be present on this occasion, added I; and I think myself obliged to them for their care and kind assistance.

'Tis well he made not another word: for I found my choler begin to rise. I could not bear, that the finest neck, and arms, and foot, in the world, should be exposed to the eyes of any man living but mine.

I withdrew once more from the closet, finding her beginning to recover, lest the sight of me too soon should throw her back again.

The first words she said, looking round her with great emotion, were, Oh! hide me, hide me! Is he gone? — Oh! hide me! — Is he gone?

Sir, said Miss Rawlins, coming to me with an air both peremptory and assured, This is some surprising case. The lady cannot bear the sight of you. What you have done is best known to yourself. But another such fit will probably be her last. It would be but kind therefore for you to retire.

It behoved me to have so notable a person of my party; and the rather as I had disobliged her impertinent brother.

The dear creature, said I, may well, be concerned to see me. If you, Madam, had a husband who loved you as I love her, you would not, I am confident, fly from him, and expose yourself to hazards, as she does whenever she has not all her way — and yet with a mind not capable of intentional evil — but mother-spoilt! — This is her fault, and all her fault: and the more inexcusable it is, as I am the man of her choice, and have reason to think she loves me above all the men in the world.

Here, Jack, was a story to support to the lady; face to face too!*

* And here, Belford, lest thou, through inattention, should be surprised at my assurance, let me remind thee (and that, thus, by way of marginal observation, that I may not break in upon my narrative) that this my intrepidity concerted (as I have from time to time acquainted thee) in apprehension of such an event as has fallen out. For had not the dear creature already passed for my wife before no less than four worthy gentlemen of family and fortune?* * and before Mrs. Sinclair, and her household, and Miss Partington? And had she not agreed to her uncle's expedient, that she should pass for such, from the time of Mr. Hickman's application to that uncle;* * * and that the worthy Capt. Tomlinson should be

allowed to propagate that belief: as he had actually reported to two families (they possibly to more); purposely that it might come to the ears of James Harlowe; and serve for a foundation for uncle John to build his reconciliation-scheme upon?* * * * And canst thou think that nothing was meant by all this contrivance? and that I am not still further prepared to support my story?

* * See Vol. IV. Letter IV. towards the conclusion. * * * Ibid. Letter XVI. * * * * Ibid.

Indeed, I little thought, at the time that I formed these precautionary schemes, that she would ever have been able, if willing, to get out of my hands. All that I hoped I should have occasion to have recourse to them for, was only, in case I should have the courage to make the grand attempt, and should succeed in it, to bring the dear creature [and this out of tenderness to her, for what attention did I ever yet pay to the grief, the execrations, the tears of a woman I had triumphed over?] to bear me in her sight: to expostulate with me, to be pacified by my pleas, and by my own future hopes, founded upon the reconciliatory-project, upon my reiterated vows, and upon the Captain's assurances. Since in that case, to forgive me, to have gone on with me, for a week, would have been to forgive me, to have gone on with me, for ever. And that, had my eligible life of honour taken place, her trials would all have been then over: and she would have known nothing but gratitude, love, and joy, to the end of one of our lives. For never would I, never could I, have abandoned such an admirable creature as this. Thou knowest I never was a sordid villain to any of her inferiors — Her inferiors, I may say — For who is not her inferior?

You speak like a gentleman; you look like a gentleman, said Miss Rawlins — but, Sir, this is a strange case; the lady sees to dread the sight of you.

No wonder, Madam; taking her a little on one side, nearer to Mrs. Moore. I have three times already forgiven the dear creature — but this is jealousy! — There is a spice of that in it — and of phrensy too [whispered I, that it might have the face of a secret, and of consequence the more engage their attention] — but our story is too long.

I then made a motion to go to my beloved. But they desired that I would walk into the next room; and they would endeavour to prevail upon her to lie down.

I begged that they would not suffer her to talk; for that she was accustomed to fits, and, when in this way, would talk of any thing that came uppermost: and the more she was suffered to run on, the worse she was; and if not kept quiet, would fall into ravings: which might possibly hold her a week.

They promised to keep her quiet; and I withdrew into the next room; ordering every one down but Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins.

She was full of exclamations! Unhappy creature! miserable! ruined! and undone! she called herself; wrung her hands, and begged they would assist her to escape from the terrible evils she should otherwise be made to suffer.

They preached patience and quietness to her; and would have had her to lie down: but she refused; sinking, however, into an easy chair; for she trembled so she could not stand.

By this time, I hoped, that she was enough recovered to bear a presence that it behoved me to make her bear; and fearing she would throw out something in her exclamations, that would still more disconcert me, I went into the room again.

O there he is! said she, and threw her apron over her face — I cannot see him! — I cannot look upon him! — Begone, begone! touch me not! —

For I took her struggling hand, beseeching her to be pacified; and assuring her, that I would make all up with her upon her own terms and wishes.

Base man! said the violent lady, I have no wishes, but never to behold you more! Why must I be thus pursued and haunted? Have you not made me miserable enough already? — Despoiled of all succour and help, and of every friend, I am contented to be poor, low, and miserable, so I may live free from your persecutions.

Miss Rawlins stared at me [a confident slut this Miss Rawlins, thought I]: so did Mrs. Moore. I told you so! whispering said I, turning to the women; shaking my head with a face of great concern and pity; and then to my charmer, My dear creature, how you rave! You will not easily recover from the effects of this violence. Have patience, my love. Be pacified; and we will coolly talk this matter over: for you expose yourself, as well as me: these ladies will certainly think you have fallen among robbers, and that I am the chief of them.

So you are! so you are! stamping, her face still covered [she thought of Wednesday night, no doubt]; and, sighing as if her heart were breaking, she put her hand to her forehead — I shall be quite distracted!

I will not, my dearest love, uncover your face. You shall not look upon me, since I am so odious to you. But this is a violence I never thought you capable of.

And I would have pressed her hand, as I held it, with my lips; but she drew it from me with indignation.

Unhand me, Sir, said she. I will not be touched by you. Leave me to my fate. What right, what title, have you to persecute me thus?

What right, what title, my dear! — But this is not a time — I have a letter from Captain Tomlinson — here it is — offering it to her —

I will receive nothing from your hands — tell me not of Captain Tomlinson — tell me not of any body — you have no right to invade me thus — once more leave me to my fate — have you not made me miserable enough?

I touched a delicate string, on purpose to set her in such a passion before the women, as might confirm the intimation I had given of a phrensical disorder.

What a turn is here! — Lately so happy — nothing wanting but a reconciliation between you and your friends! — That reconciliation in such a happy train — shall so slight, so accidental an occasion be suffered to overturn all our happiness?

She started up with a trembling impatience, her apron falling from her indignant face — now, said she, that thou darest to call the occasion slight and accidental, and that I am happily out of thy vile hands, and out of a house I have reason to believe as vile, traitor and wretch as thou art, I will venture to cast an eye upon thee — and Oh! that it were in my power, in mercy to my sex, to look thee first into shame and remorse, and then into death!

This violent tragedy-speech, and the high manner in which she uttered it, had its desired effect. I looked upon the women, and upon her by turns, with a pitying eye; and they shook their wise heads, and besought me to retire, and her to lie down to compose herself.

This hurricane, like other hurricanes, was presently allayed by a shower. She threw herself once more into her armed chair, and begged pardon of the women for her passionate excess; but not of me: yet I was in hopes, that when compliments were stirring, I should have come in for a share.

Indeed, Ladies, said I, [with assurance enough, thou'lt say,] this violence is not natural to my beloved's temper — misapprehension —

Misapprehension, wretch! — And want I excuses from thee!

By what a scorn was every lovely feature agitated!

Then turning her face from me, I have not patience, O thou guileful betrayer, to look upon thee! Begone! Begone! With a face so unblushing, how darest thou appear in my presence?

I thought then, that the character of a husband obliged me to be angry.

You may one day, Madam, repent this treatment: — by my soul, you may. You know I have not deserved it of you — you know — I have not.

Do I know you have not? — Wretch! Do I know —

You do, Madam — and never did man of my figure and consideration, [I thought it was proper to throw that in] meet with such treatment —

She lifted up her hands: indignation kept her silent.

But all is of a piece with the charge you bring against me of despoiling you of all succour and help, of making you poor and low, and with other unprecedented

language. I will only say, before these two gentlewomen, that since it must be so, and since your former esteem for me is turned into so riveted an aversion, I will soon, very soon, make you entirely easy. I will be gone: — I will leave you to your own fate, as you call it; and may that be happy! — Only, that I may not appear to be a spoiler, a robber indeed, let me know whither I shall send your apparel, and every thing that belongs to you, and I will send it.

Send it to this place; and assure me, that you will never molest me more; never more come near me; and that is all I ask of you.

I will do so, Madam, said I, with a dejected air. But did I ever think I should be so indifferent to you? — However, you must permit me to insist on your reading this letter; and on your seeing Captain Tomlinson, and hearing what he has to say from your uncle. He will be here by-and-by.

Don't trifle with me, said she in an imperious tone — do as you offer. I will not receive any letter from your hands. If I see Captain Tomlinson, it shall be on his own account, not on your's. You tell me you will send me my apparel — if you would have me believe any thing you say, let this be the test of your sincerity. — Leave me now, and send my things.

The women started. — They did nothing but stare; and appeared to be more and more at a loss what to make of the matter between us.

I pretended to be going from her in a pet; but, when I had got to the door, I turned back; and, as if I had recollected myself — One word more, my dearest creature! — Charming, even in your anger! — O my fond soul! said I, turning half round, and pulling out my handkerchief. —

I believe, Jack, my eyes did glisten a little. I have no doubt but they did. The women pitied me — honest souls! They showed they had each of them a handkerchief as well as I. So, has thou not observed (to give a familiar illustration,) every man in a company of a dozen, or more, obligingly pull out his watch, when some one has asked what's o'clock? — As each man of a like number, if one talks of his beard, will fall to stroking his chin with his four fingers and thumb.

One word only, Madam, repeated I, (as soon as my voice had recovered its tone,) I have represented to Captain Tomlinson in the most favourable light the cause of our present misunderstanding. You know what your uncle insists upon, and with which you have acquiesced. — The letter in my hand, [and again I offered it to her,] will acquaint you with what you have to apprehend from your brother's active malice.

She was going to speak in a high accent, putting the letter from her, with an open palm — Nay, hear me out, Madam — The Captain, you know, has reported our marriage to two different persons. It is come to your brother's ears. My own

relations have also heard of it. — Letters were brought me from town this morning, from Lady Betty Lawrance, and Miss Montague. Here they are. [I pulled them out of my pocket, and offered them to her, with that of the Captain; but she held back her still open palm, that she might not receive them.] Reflect, Madam, I beseech you, reflect upon the fatal consequences with which this, your high resentment, may be attended.

Ever since I knew you, said she, I have been in a wilderness of doubt and error. I bless God that I am out of your hands. I will transact for myself what relates to myself. I dismiss all your solicitude for me. — Am I not my own mistress? — Have you any title? —

The women stared — [the devil stare ye, thought I! — Can ye do nothing but stare?] — It was high time to stop her here.

I raised my voice to drown her's. — You used, my dearest creature, to have a tender and apprehensive heart. — You never had so much reason for such a one as now.

Let me judge for myself, upon what I shall see, not upon what I shall hear. — Do you think I shall ever? —

I dreaded her going on — I must be heard, Madam, (raising my voice still higher,) — you must let me read one paragraph or two out of this letter to you, if you will not read it yourself —

Begone from me, Man! — Begone from me with thy letters! What pretence hast thou for tormenting me thus? What right? — What title? —

Dearest creature! what questions you ask! — Questions that you can as well answer yourself —

I can, I will, and thus I answer them —

Still louder I raised my voice. — She was overborne. — Sweet soul! It would be hard, thought I, [and yet I was very angry with her,] if such a spirit as thine cannot be brought to yield to such a one as mine!

I lowered my voice on her silence. All gentle, all intreative, my accent. My head bowed — one hand held out — the other on my honest heart. — For heaven's sake, my dearest creature, resolve to see Captain Tomlinson with temper. He would have come along with me, but I was willing to try to soften your mind first on this fatal misapprehension, and this for the same of your own wishes. For what is it otherwise to me, whether your friends are, or are not, reconciled to us? — Do I want any favour from them? — For your own mind's sake, therefore, frustrate not Captain Tomlinson's negociation. That worthy gentleman will be here in the afternoon; Lady Betty will be in town, with my cousin Montague, in a day or two. — They will be your visiters. I beseech you do not carry this misunderstanding so far, as that Lord M. and Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, may

know it. [How considerable this made me look to the women!] Lady Betty will not let you rest till you consent to accompany her to her own seat — and to that lady may you safely intrust your cause.

Again, upon my pausing a moment, she was going to break out. I liked not the turn of her countenance, nor the tone of her voice— 'And thinkest thou, base wretch,' were the words she did utter: I again raised my voice, and drowned her's. — Base wretch, Madam? — You know that I have not deserved the violent names you have called me. Words so opprobrious from a mind so gentle! — But this treatment is from you, Madam? — From you, whom I love more than my own soul! — By that soul, I swear that I do. — [The women looked upon each other — they seemed pleased with my ardour. — Women, whether wives, maids, or widows, love ardours: even Miss Howe, thou knowest, speaks up for ardours,*] — Nevertheless, I must say, that you have carried matters too far for the occasion. I see you hate me —

* See Vol. IV. Letters XXIX. and XXXIV.

She was just going to speak — If we are to separate for ever, in a strong and solemn voice, proceeded I, this island shall not long be troubled with me. Mean time, only be pleased to give these letters a perusal, and consider what is to be said to your uncle's friend, and what he is to say to your uncle. — Any thing will I come into, (renounce me, if you will,) that shall make for your peace, and for the reconciliation your heart was so lately set upon. But I humbly conceive, that it is necessary that you should come into better temper with me, were it but to give a favourable appearance to what has passed, and weight to any future application to your friends, in whatever way you shall think proper to make it.

I then put the letters into her lap, and retired into the next apartment with a low bow, and a very solemn air.

I was soon followed by the two women. Mrs. Moore withdrew to give the fair perverse time to read them: Miss Rawlins for the same reason, and because she was sent for home.

The widow besought her speedy return. I joined in the same request; and she was ready enough to promise to oblige us.

I excused myself to Mrs. Moore for the disguise I had appeared in at first, and for the story I had invented. I told her that I held myself obliged to satisfy her for the whole floor we were upon; and for an upper room for my servant, and that for a month certain.

She made many scruples, and begged she might not be urged, on this head, till she had consulted Miss Rawlins.

I consented; but told her, that she had taken my earnest, and I hoped there was no room for dispute.

Just then Miss Rawlins returned, with an air of eager curiosity; and having been told what had passed between Mrs. Moore and me, she gave herself airs of office immediately: which I humoured, plainly perceiving that if I had her with me I had the other.

She wished, if there were time for it, and if it were not quite impertinent in her to desire it, that I would give Mrs. Moore and her a brief history of an affair, which, as she said, bore the face of novelty, mystery, and surprise. For sometimes it looked to her as if we were married; at other times that point appeared doubtful; and yet the lady did not absolutely deny it, but, upon the whole, thought herself highly injured.

I said that our's was a very particular case. — That, were I to acquaint them with it, some part of it would hardly appear credible. But, however, as they seemed hardly to be persons of discretion, I would give them a brief account of the whole; and this in so plain and sincere a manner, that it should clear up, to their satisfaction, every thing that had passed, or might hereafter pass between us.

They sat down by me and threw every feature of their faces into attention. I was resolved to go as near the truth as possible, lest any thing should drop from my spouse to impeach my veracity; and yet keep in view what passed at the Flask.

It is necessary, although thou knowest my whole story, and a good deal of my views, that thou shouldst be apprized of the substance of what I told them.

'I gave them, in as concise a manner as I was able, this history of our families, fortunes, alliances, antipathies, her brother's and mine particularly. I averred the truth of our private marriage.' The Captain's letter, which I will enclose, will give thee my reasons for that. And, besides, the women might have proposed a parson to me by way of compromise. 'I told them the condition my spouse had made me swear to; and to which she held me, in order, I said, to induce me the sooner to be reconciled to her relations.

'I owned, that this restraint made me sometimes ready to fly out.' And Mrs. Moore was so good as to declare, that she did not much wonder at it.

Thou art a very good sort of woman, Mrs. Moore, thought I.

As Miss Howe has actually detected our mother, and might possibly find some way still to acquaint her friend with her discoveries, I thought it proper to prepossess them in favour of Mrs. Sinclair and her two nieces.

I said, 'they were gentlewomen born; that they had not bad hearts; that indeed my spouse did not love them; they having once taken the liberty to blame her for her over-niceness with regard to me. People, I said, even good people, who knew themselves to be guilty of a fault they had no inclination to mend, were too often least patient when told of it; as they could less bear than others to be thought indifferently of.'

Too often the case, they owned.

‘Mrs. Sinclair’s house was a very handsome house, and fit to receive the first quality, [true enough, Jack!] Mrs. Sinclair was a woman very easy in her circumstances: — A widow gentlewoman, as you, Mrs. Moore, are. — Lets lodgings, as you, Mrs. Moore, do. — Once had better prospects as you, Mrs. Moore, may have had: the relict of Colonel Sinclair; — you, Mrs. Moore, might know Colonel Sinclair — he had lodgings at Hampstead.’

She had heard of the name.

‘Oh! he was related to the best families in Scotland! — And his widow is not to be reflected upon because she lets lodgings you know, Mrs. Moore — you know, Miss Rawlins.’

Very true, and very true. — And they must needs say, it did not look quite so pretty, in such a lady as my spouse, to be so censorious.

A foundation here, thought I, to procure these women’s help to get back the fugitive, or their connivance, at least, at my doing so; as well as for anticipating any future information from Miss Howe.

I gave them a character of that virago; and intimated, ‘that for a head to contrive mischief, and a heart to execute it, she had hardly her equal in her sex.’

To this Miss Howe it was, Mrs. Moore said, she supposed, that my spouse was so desirous to dispatch a man and horse, by day-dawn, with a letter she wrote before she went to bed last night, proposing to stay no longer than till she had received an answer to it.

The very same, said I; I knew she would have immediate recourse to her. I should have been but too happy, could I have prevented such a letter from passing, or so to have it managed, as to have it given into Mrs. Howe’s hands, instead of her daughter’s. Women who had lived some time in the world knew better, than to encourage such skittish pranks in young wives.

Let me just stop to tell thee, while it is in my head, that I have since given Will. his cue to find out where the man lives who is gone with the fair fugitive’s letter; and, if possible, to see him on his return, before he sees her.

I told the women, ‘I despaired that it would ever be better with us while Miss Howe had so strange an ascendancy over my spouse, and remained herself unmarried. And until the reconciliation with her friends could be effected; or a still happier event — as I should think it, who am the last male of my family; and which my foolish vow, and her rigour, had hitherto’ —

Here I stopt, and looked modest, turning my diamond ring round my finger; while goody Moore looked mighty significant, calling it a very particular case; and the maiden fanned away, and primm’d, and purs’d, to show that what I had said needed no farther explanantion.

‘I told them the occasion of our present difference. I avowed the reality of the fire; but owned, that I would have made no scruple of breaking the unnatural oath she had bound me in, (having a husband’s right on my side,) when she was so accidentally frighted into my arms; and I blamed myself excessively, that I did not; since she thought fit to carry her resentment so high, and had the injustice to suppose the fire to be a contrivance of mine.’

Nay, for that matter, Mrs. Moore said, as we were married, and madam was so odd — every gentleman would not — and stopt there Mrs. Moore.

‘To suppose I should have recourse to such a poor contrivance, said I, when I saw the dear creature every hour.’ — Was not this a bold put, Jack?

A most extraordinary case, truly, cried the maiden; fanning, yet coming in with her Well-but’s! — and her sifting Pray, Sir’s! — and her restraining Enough, Sir’s. — flying from the question to the question — her seat now-and-then uneasy, for fear my want of delicacy should hurt her abundant modesty; and yet it was difficult to satisfy her super-abundant curiosity.

‘My beloved’s jealousy, [and jealousy of itself, to female minds, accounts for a thousand unaccountablenesses,] and the imputation of her half-phrensy, brought upon her by her father’s wicked curse, and by the previous persecutions she had undergone from all her family, were what I dwelt upon, in order to provide against what might happen.’

In short, ‘I owned against myself most of the offences which I did not doubt but she would charge me with in their hearing; and as every cause has a black and white side, I gave the worst parts of our story the gentlest turn. And when I had done, acquainted them with some of the contents of that letter of Captain Tomlinson which I left with the lady. I concluded with James Harlowe, and of Captain Singleton, or of any sailor-looking men.’

This thou wilt see, from the letter itself, was necessary to be done. Here, therefore, thou mayest read it. And a charming letter to my purpose wilt thou find it to be, if thou givest the least attention to its contents.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDN. JUNE 7.

DEAR SIR,

Although I am obliged to be in town to-morrow, or next day at farthest, yet I would not dispense with writing to you, by one of my servants, (whom I send up before upon a particular occasion,) in order to advertise you, that it is probable you will hear from some of your own relations on your [supposed*] nuptials. One of the persons, (Mr. Lilburne by name,) to whom I hinted my belief of your marriage, happens to be acquainted with Mr. Spurrier, Lady Betty Lawrance’s steward, and (not being under any restriction) mentioned it to Mr. Spurrier, and he to Lady Betty, as a thing certain; and this, (though I have not the honour to be

personally known to her Ladyship,) brought on an inquiry from her Ladyship to me by her gentleman; who coming to me in company with Mr. Lilburne, I had no way but to confirm the report. — And I understand, that Lady Betty takes it amiss that she was not acquainted with so desirable a piece of news from yourself.

* What is between hooks [ ] thou mayest suppose, Jack, I sunk upon the women, in the account I gave them of the contents of this letter.

Her Ladyship, it seems, has business that calls her to town [and you will possibly choose to put her right. If you do, it will, I presume, be in confidence; that nothing may transpire from your own family to contradict what I have given out.]

[I have ever been of opinion, That truth ought to be strictly adhered to on all occasions: and am concerned that I have, (though with so good a view,) departed from my old maxim. But my dear friend Mr. John Harlowe would have it so. Yet I never knew a departure of this kind a single departure. But, to make the best of it now, allow me, Sir, once more to beg the lady, as soon as possible, to authenticate the report given out.] When both you and the lady join in the acknowledgement of your marriage, it will be impertinent in any one to be inquisitive as to the day or week. [And if as privately celebrated as you intend, (while the gentlewomen with whom you lodge are properly instructed, as you say they are, and who shall actually believe you were married long ago,) who shall be able to give a contradiction to my report?]

And yet it is very probable, that minute inquiries will be made; and this is what renders precaution necessary; for Mr. James Harlowe will not believe that you are married; and is sure, he says, that you both lived together when Mr. Hickman's application was made to Mr. John Harlowe: and if you lived together any time unmarried, he infers from your character, Mr. Lovelace, that it is not probable that you would ever marry. And he leaves it to his two uncles to decide, if you even should be married, whether there be not room to believe, that his sister was first dishonoured; and if so, to judge of the title she will have to their favour, or to the forgiveness of any of her family. — I believe, Sir, this part of my letter had best be kept from the lady.

Young Mr. Harlowe is resolved to find this out, and to come at his sister's speech likewise: and for that purpose sets out to-morrow, as I am well informed, with a large attendance armed; and Mr. Solmes is to be of the party. And what makes him the more earnest to find it out is this: — Mr. John Harlowe has told the whole family that he will alter, and new-settle his will. Mr. Antony Harlowe is resolved to do the same by his; for, it seems, he has now given over all thoughts of changing his condition, having lately been disappointed in a view he had of that sort with Mrs. Howe. These two brothers generally act in concert; and Mr.

James Harlowe dreads (and let me tell you, that he has reason for it, on my Mr. Harlowe's account) that his younger sister will be, at last, more benefited than he wishes for, by the alteration intended. He has already been endeavouring to sound his uncle Harlowe on this subject; and wanted to know whether any new application had been made to him on his sister's part. Mr. Harlowe avoided a direct answer, and expressed his wishes for a general reconciliation, and his hopes that his niece were married. This offended the furious young man, and he reminded his uncle of engagements they had all entered into at his sister's going away, not to be reconciled but by general consent.

Mr. John Harlowe complains to me often of the uncontroulableness of his nephew; and says, that now that the young man has not any body of whose superior sense he stands in awe, he observes not decency in his behaviour to any of them, and this makes my Mr. Harlowe still more desirous than ever of bringing his younger niece into favour again. I will not say all I might of this young man's extraordinary rapaciousness: — but one would think, that these grasping men expect to live for ever!

'I took the liberty but within these two hours to propose to set on foot (and offered my cover to) a correspondence between my friend and his daughter-niece, as she still sometimes fondly calls her. She was mistress of so much prudence, I said, that I was sure she could better direct every thing to its desirable end, than any body else could. But he said, he did not think himself entirely at liberty to take such a step at present; and that it was best that he should have it in his power to say, occasionally, that he had not any correspondence with her, or letter from her.

'You will see, Sir, from all this, the necessity of keeping our treaty an absolute secret; and if the lady has mentioned it to her worthy friend Miss Howe, I hope it is in confidence.'

[And now, Sir, a few lines in answer to your's of Monday last.]

[Mr. Harlowe was very well pleased with your readiness to come into his proposal. But as to what you both desire, that he will be present at the ceremony, he said, that his nephew watched all his steps so narrowly, that he thought it was not practicable (if he were inclinable) to oblige you: but that he consented, with all his heart, that I should be the person whom he had stipulated should be privately present at the ceremony on his part.]

[However, I think, I have an expedient for this, if your lady continues to be very desirous of her uncle's presence (except he should be more determined than his answer to me seemed to import); of which I shall acquaint you, and perhaps of what he says to it, when I have the pleasure to see you in town. But, indeed, I think you have no time to lose. Mr. Harlowe is impatient to hear, that you are

actually one; and I hope I may carry him down word, when I leave you next, that I saw the ceremony performed.]

[If any obstacle arises from the lady, (from you it cannot,) I shall be tempted to think a little hardly of her punctilio.]

Mr. Harlowe hopes, Sir, that you will rather take pains to avoid, than to meet, this violent young man. He has the better opinion of you, let me tell you, Sir, from the account I gave him of your moderation and politeness; neither of which are qualities with his nephew. But we have all of us something to amend.

You cannot imagine how dearly my friend still loves this excellent niece of his. — I will give you an instance of it, which affected me a good deal— 'If once more, said he, (the last time but one we were together,) I can but see this sweet child gracing the upper end of my table, as mistress of my house, in my allotted month; all the rest of my family present but as her guests; for so I formerly would have it; and had her mother's consent for it—' There he stopt; for he was forced to turn his reverend face from me. Tears ran down his cheeks. Fain would he have hid them: but he could not— 'Yet — yet, said he — how — how—' [poor gentleman, he perfectly sobbed,] 'how shall I be able to bear the first meeting!'

I bless God I am no hard-hearted man, Mr. Lovelace: my eyes showed to my worthy friend, that he had no reason to be ashamed of his humanity before me.

I will put an end to this long epistle. Be pleased to make my compliments acceptable to the most excellent of women; as well as believe me to be,

Dear Sir, Your faithful friend, and humble servant, ANTONY TOMLINSON.

* * *

During the conversation between me and the women, I had planted myself at the farthest end of the apartment we were in, over against the door, which was open; and opposite to the lady's chamber-door, which was shut. I spoke so low that it was impossible for her, at that distance, to hear what we said; and in this situation I could see if her door was opened.

I told the women, that what I had mentioned to my spouse of Lady Betty's coming to town with her niece Montague, and of their intention to visit my beloved, whom they had never seen, nor she them, was real; and that I expected news of their arrival every hour. I then showed them copies of the other two letters, which I had left with her; the one from Lady Betty, the other from my cousin Montague. — And here thou mayest read them if thou wilt.

Eternally reproaching, eternally upbraiding me, are my impertinent relations. But they are fond of occasions to find fault with me. Their love, their love, Jack, and their dependence on my known good humour, are their inducements.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WED. MORN. JUNE 7.

DEAR NEPHEW,

I understand that at length all our wishes are answered in your happy marriage. But I think we might as well have heard of it directly from you, as from the round-about way by which we have been made acquainted with it. Methinks, Sir, the power and the will we have to oblige you, should not expose us the more to your slights and negligence. My brother had set his heart upon giving to you the wife we have all so long wished you to have. But if you were actually married at the time you made him that request (supposing, perhaps, that his gout would not let him attend you) it is but like you.* — If your lady had her reasons to wish it to be private while the differences between her family and self continue, you might nevertheless have communicated it to us with that restriction; and we should have forborne the public manifestations of our joy upon an event we have so long desired.

* I gave Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins room to think this reproach just, Jack.

The distant way we have come to know it is by my steward; who is acquainted with a friend of Captain Tomlinson, to whom that gentleman revealed it: and he, it seems, had it from yourself and lady, with such circumstances as leave it not to be doubted.

I am, indeed, very much disobliged with you: so is Lady Sarah. But I have a very speedy opportunity to tell you so in person; being obliged to go to town to my old chancery affair. My cousin Leeson, who is, it seems, removed to Albemarle-street, has notice of it. I shall be at her house, where I bespeak your attendance of Sunday night. I have written to my cousin Charlotte for either her, or her sister, to meet me at Reading, and accompany me to town. I shall stay but a few days; my business being matter of form only. On my return I shall pop upon Lord M. at M. Hall, to see in what way his last fit has left him.

Mean time, having told you my mind on your negligence, I cannot help congratulating you both on the occasion. — Your fair lady particularly, upon her entrance into a family which is prepared to admire and love her.

My principal intention of writing to you (dispensing with the necessary punctilio) is, that you may acquaint my dear new niece, that I will not be denied the honour of her company down with me into Oxfordshire. I understand that your proposed house and equipages cannot be soon ready. She shall be with me till they are. I insist upon it. This shall make all up. My house shall be her own. My servants and equipages her’s.

Lady Sarah, who has not been out of her own house for months, will oblige me with her company for a week, in honour of a niece so dearly beloved, as I am sure she will be of us all.

Being but in lodgings in town, neither you nor your lady can require much preparation.

Some time on Monday I hope to attend the dear young lady, to make her my compliments; and to receive her apology for your negligence: which, and her going down with me, as I said before, shall be full satisfaction. Mean time, God bless her for her courage, (tell her I say so;) and bless you both in each other; and that will be happiness to us all — particularly to

Your truly affectionate Aunt, ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. DEAR COUSIN,

At last, as we understand, there is some hope of you. Now does my good Lord run over his bead-roll of proverbs; of black oxen, wild oats, long lanes, and so forth.

Now, Cousin, say I, is your time come; and you will be no longer, I hope, an infidel either to the power or excellence of the sex you have pretended hitherto so much as undervalue; nor a ridiculer or scoffer at an institution which all sober people reverence, and all rakes, sooner or later, are brought to reverence, or to wish they had.

I want to see how you become your silken fetters: whether the charming yoke sits light upon your shoulders. If with such a sweet yoke-fellow it does not, my Lord, and my sister, as well as I, think that you will deserve a closer tie about your neck.

His Lordship is very much displeased, that you have not written him word of the day, the hour, the manner, and every thing. But I ask him, how he can already expect any mark of deference or politeness from you? He must stay, I tell him, till that sign of reformation, among others, appear from the influence and example of your lady: but that, if ever you will be good for any thing, it will be quickly seen. And, O Cousin, what a vast, vast journey have you to take from the dreary land of libertinism, through the bright province of reformation, into the serene kingdom of happiness! — You had need to lose no time. You have many a weary step to tread, before you can overtake those travellers who set out for it from a less remote quarter. But you have a charming pole-star to guide you; that's your advantage. I wish you joy of it: and as I have never yet expected any highly complaisant thing from you, I make no scruple to begin first; but it is purely, I must tell you, in respect to my new cousin; whose accession into our family we most heartily congratulate and rejoice in.

I have a letter from Lady Betty. She commands either my attendance or my sister's to my cousin Leeson's. She puts Lord M. in hopes, that she shall certainly bring down with her our lovely new relation; for she says, she will not be denied. His Lordship is the willinger to let me be the person, as I am in a manner wild to

see her; my sister having two years ago had that honour at Sir Robert Biddulph's. So get ready to accompany us in our return; except your lady had objections strong enough to satisfy us all. Lady Sarah longs to see her; and says, This accession to the family will supply to it the loss of her beloved daughter.

I shall soon, I hope, pay my compliments to the dear lady in person: so have nothing to add, but that I am

Your old mad Playfellow and Cousin, CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

* * *

The women having read the copies of these two letters, I thought that I might then threaten and swagger— 'But very little heart have I, said I, to encourage such a visit from Lady Betty and Miss Montague to my spouse. For after all, I am tired out with her strange ways. She is not what she was, and (as I told her in your hearing, Ladies) I will leave this plaguy island, though the place of my birth, and though the stake I have in it is very considerable, and go and reside in France or Italy, and never think of myself as a married man, nor live like one.'

O dear! said one.

That would be a sad thing! said the other.

Nay, Madam, [turning to Mrs. Moore,] — Indeed, Madam, [to Miss Rawlins,] — I am quite desperate. I can no longer bear such usage. I have had the good fortune to be favoured by the smiles of very fine ladies, though I say it [and I looked very modest] both abroad and at home — [Thou knowest this to be true, Jack]. With regard to my spouse here, I have but one hope left, (for as to the reconciliation with her friends, I left, I scorn them all too much to value that, but for her sake,) and that was, that if it pleased God to bless us with children, she might entirely recover her usual serenity; and we might then be happy. But the reconciliation her heart was so much set upon, is now, as I hinted before, entirely hopeless — made so, by this rash step of her's, and by the rash temper she is in; since (as you will believe) her brother and sister, when they come to know it, will make a fine handle of it against us both; — affecting, as they do at present, to disbelieve our marriage — and the dear creature herself too ready to countenance such a disbelief — as nothing more than the ceremony — as nothing more — hem! — as nothing more than the ceremony —

Here, as thou wilt perceive, I was bashful; for Miss Rawlins, by her preparatory primness, put me in mind that it was proper to be so —

I turned half round; then facing the fan-player, and the matron — you yourselves, Ladies, knew not what to believe till now, that I have told you our story; and I do assure you, that I shall not give myself the same trouble to

convince people I hate; people from whom I neither expect nor desire any favour; and who are determined not to be convinced. And what, pray, must be the issue, when her uncle's friend comes, although he seems to be a truly worthy man? It is not natural for him to say, 'To what purpose, Mr. Lovelace, should I endeavour to bring about a reconciliation between Mrs. Lovelace and her friends, by means of her elder uncle, when a good understanding is wanting between yourselves?' — A fair inference, Mrs. Moore! — A fair inference, Miss Rawlins. — And here is the unhappiness — till she is reconciled to them, this cursed oath, in her notion, is binding.

The women seemed moved; for I spoke with great earnestness, though low — and besides, they love to have their sex, and its favours, appear of importance to us. They shook their deep heads at each other, and looked sorrowful: and this moved my tender heart too.

'Tis an unheard-of case, Ladies — had she not preferred me to all mankind — There I stopped — and that, resumed I, feeling for my handkerchief, is what staggered Captain Tomlinson when he heard of her flight; who, the last time he saw us together, saw the most affectionate couple on earth! — the most affectionate couple on earth! — in the accent-grievous, repeated I.

Out then I pulled my handkerchief, and putting it to my eyes, arose, and walked to the window — It makes me weaker than a woman, did I not love her, as never man loved his wife! [I have no doubt but I do, Jack.]

There again I stopt; and resuming — Charming creature, as you see she is, I wish I had never beheld her face! — Excuse me, Ladies; traversing the room, and having rubbed my eyes till I supposed them red, I turned to the women; and, pulling out my letter-case, I will show you one letter — here it is — read it, Miss Rawlins, if you please — it will confirm to you how much all my family are prepared to admire her. I am freely treated in it; — so I am in the two others: but after what I have told you, nothing need be a secret to you two.

She took it, with an air of eager curiosity, and looked at the seal, ostentatiously coroneted; and at the superscription, reading out, To Robert Lovelace, Esq. — Ay, Madam — Ay, Miss, that's my name, [giving myself an air, though I had told it to them before,] I am not ashamed of it. My wife's maiden name — unmarried name, I should rather say — fool that I am! — and I rubbed my cheek for vexation [Fool enough in conscience, Jack!] was Harlowe — Clarissa Harlowe — you heard me call her my Clarissa —

I did — but thought it to be a feigned or love-name, said Miss Rawlins.

I wonder what is Miss Rawlins's love-name, Jack. Most of the fair romancers have in their early womanhood chosen love-names. No parson ever gave more real names, than I have given fictitious ones. And to very good purpose: many a

sweet dear has answered me a letter for the sake of owning a name which her godmother never gave her.

No — it was her real name, I said.

I bid her read out the whole letter. If the spelling be not exact, Miss Rawlins, said I, you will excuse it; the writer is a lord. But, perhaps, I may not show it to my spouse; for if those I have left with her have no effect upon her, neither will this: and I shall not care to expose my Lord M. to her scorn. Indeed I begin to be quite careless of consequences.

Miss Rawlins, who could not but be pleased with this mark of my confidence, looked as if she pitied me.

And here thou mayest read the letter, No. III.

* * *

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. M. HALL, WEDN. JUNE 7.

COUSIN LOVELACE,

I think you might have found time to let us know of your nuptials being actually solemnized. I might have expected this piece of civility from you. But perhaps the ceremony was performed at the very time that you asked me to be your lady's father — but I should be angry if I proceed in my guesses — and little said is soon amended.

But I can tell you, that Lady Betty Lawrance, whatever Lady Sarah does, will not so soon forgive you, as I have done. Women resent slights longer than men. You that know so much of the sex (I speak it not, however, to your praise) might have known that. But never was you before acquainted with a lady of such an amiable character. I hope there will be but one soul between you. I have before now said, that I will disinherit you, and settle all I can upon her, if you prove not a good husband to her.

May this marriage be crowned with a great many fine boys (I desire no girls) to build up again a family so antient! The first boy shall take my surname by act of parliament. That is my will.

Lady Betty and niece Charlotte will be in town about business before you know where you are. They long to pay their compliments to your fair bride. I suppose you will hardly be at The Lawn when they get to town; because Greme informs me, you have sent no orders there for your lady's accommodation.

Pritchard has all things in readiness for signing. I will take no advantage of your slights. Indeed I am too much used to them — more praise to my patience than to your complaisance, however.

One reason for Lady Betty's going up, as I may tell you under the rose, is, to buy some suitable presents for Lady Sarah and all of us to make on this agreeable occasion.

We would have blazed it away, could we have had timely notice, and thought it would have been agreeable to all round. The like occasions don't happen every day.

My most affectionate compliments and congratulations to my new niece, conclude me, for the present, in violent pain, that with all your heroicalness would make you mad,

Your truly affectionate uncle, M.

* * *

This letter clench'd the nail. Not but that, Miss Rawlins said, she saw I had been a wild gentleman; and, truly she thought so the moment she beheld me.

They began to intercede for my spouse, (so nicely had I turned the tables;) and that I would not go abroad and disappoint a reconciliation so much wished for on one side, and such desirable prospects on the other in my own family.

Who knows, thought I to myself, but more may come of this plot, than I had even promised myself? What a happy man shall I be, if these women can be brought to join to carry my marriage into consummation!

Ladies, you are exceedingly good to us both. I should have some hopes, if my unhappily nice spouse could be brought to dispense with the unnatural oath she has laid me under. You see what my case is. Do you think I may not insist upon her absolving me from this abominable oath? Will you be so good as to give your advice, that one apartment may serve for a man and his wife at the hour of retirement? — [Modestly put, Belford! — And let me here observe, that few rakes would find a language so decent as to engage modest women to talk with him in, upon such subjects.]

They both simpered, and looked upon one another.

These subjects always make women simper, at least. No need but of the most delicate hints to them. A man who is gross in a woman's company, ought to be knocked down with a club: for, like so many musical instruments, touch but a single wire, and the dear souls are sensible all over.

To be sure, Miss Rawlins learnedly said, playing with her fan, a casuist would give it, that the matrimonial vow ought to supercede any other obligation.

Mrs. Moore, for her part, was of opinion, that, if the lady owned herself to be a wife, she ought to behave like one.

Whatever be my luck, thought I, with this all-eyed fair-one, any other woman in the world, from fifteen to five-and-twenty, would be mine upon my own terms before the morning.

And now, that I may be at hand to take all advantages, I will endeavour, said I to myself, to make sure of good quarters.

I am your lodger, Mrs. Moore, in virtue of the earnest I have given you for these apartments, and for any one you can spare above for my servants. Indeed for all you have to spare — For who knows what my spouse's brother may attempt? I will pay you to your own demand; and that for a month or two certain, (board included,) as I shall or shall not be your hindrance. Take that as a pledge; or in part of payment — offering her a thirty pound bank note.

She declined taking it; desiring she might consult the lady first; adding, that she doubted not my honour; and that she would not let her apartments to any other person, whom she knew not something of, while I and the lady were here.

The Lady! The Lady! from both women's mouth's continually (which still implied a doubt in their hearts): and not Your Spouse, and Your Lady, Sir.

I never met with such women, thought I: — so thoroughly convinced but this moment, yet already doubting — I am afraid I have a couple of skeptics to deal with.

I knew no reason, I said, for my wife to object to my lodging in the same house with her here, any more than in town, at Mrs. Sinclair's. But were she to make such objection, I would not quit possession since it was not unlikely that the same freakish disorder which brought her to Hampstead, might carry her absolutely out of my knowledge.

They both seemed embarrassed; and looked upon one another; yet with such an air, as if they thought there was reason in what I said. And I declared myself her boarder, as well as lodger; and dinner-time approaching, was not denied to be the former.

LETTER XXV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I thought it was now high time to turn my whole mind to my beloved; who had had full leisure to weigh the contents of the letters I had left with her.

I therefore requested Mrs. Moore to step in, and desire to know whether she would be pleased to admit me to attend her in her apartment, on occasion of the letters I had left with her; or whether she would favour me with her company in the dining-room?

Mrs. Moore desired Miss Rawlins to accompany her in to the lady. They tapped at the door, and were both admitted.

I cannot but stop here for one minute to remark, though against myself, upon that security which innocence gives, that nevertheless had better have in it a greater mixture of the serpent with the dove. For here, heedless of all I could say behind her back, because she was satisfied with her own worthiness, she permitted me to go on with my own story, without interruption, to persons as great strangers to her as me; and who, as strangers to both, might be supposed to lean to the side most injured; and that, as I managed it, was to mine. A dear, silly soul, thought I, at the time, to depend upon the goodness of her own heart, when the heart cannot be seen into but by its actions; and she, to appearance, a runaway, an eloper, from a tender, a most indulgent husband! — To neglect to cultivate the opinion of individuals, when the whole world is governed by appearance!

Yet what can be expected of an angel under twenty? — She has a world of knowledge: — knowledge speculative, as I may say, but no experience. — How should she? — Knowledge by theory only is a vague, uncertain light: a Will o' the Wisp, which as often misleads the doubting mind, as puts it right.

There are many things in the world, could a moralizer say, that would afford inexpressible pleasure to a reflecting mind, were it not for the mixture they come to us with. To be graver still, I have seen parents, [perhaps my own did so,] who delighted in those very qualities in their children while young, the natural consequences of which, (too much indulged and encouraged,) made them, as they grew up, the plague of their hearts. — To bring this home to my present purpose, I must tell thee, that I adore this charming creature for her vigilant prudence; but yet I would not, methinks, wish her, by virtue of that prudence, which is, however, necessary to carry her above the devices of all the rest of the world, to be too wise for mine.

My revenge, my sworn revenge, is, nevertheless, (adore her as I will,) uppermost in my heart. — Miss Howe says that my love is a Herodian love.* By my soul, that girl's a witch! I am half sorry to say, that I find a pleasure in playing the tyrant over what I love. Call it an ungenerous pleasure, if thou wilt: softer hearts than mine know it. The women, to a woman, know it, and show it too, whenever they are trusted with power. And why should it be thought strange, that I, who love them so dearly, and study them so much, should catch the infection of them?

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

LETTER XXVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I will now give thee the substance of the dialogue that passed between the two women and the lady. Wonder not, that a perverse wife makes a listening husband. The event, however, as thou wilt find, justified the old observation, That listners seldom hear good of themselves. Conscious of their own demerits, if I may guess by myself, [There's ingenuousness, Jack!] and fearful of censure, they seldom find themselves disappointed. There is something of sense, after all in these proverbs, in these phrases, in this wisdom of nations.

Mrs. Moore was to be the messenger, but Miss Rawlins began the dialogue.

Your SPOUSE, Madam, — [Devil! — only to fish for a negative or affirmative declaration.]

Cl. My spouse, Madam —

Miss R. Mr. Lovelace, Madam, avers that you are married to him; and begs admittance, or your company in the dining-room, to talk upon the subject of the letters he left with you.

Cl. He is a poor wicked wretch. Let me beg of you, Madam, to favour me with your company as often as possible while he is hereabouts, and I remain here.

Miss R. I shall with pleasure attend you, Madam: but, methinks, I could wish you would see the gentleman, and hear what he has to say on the subject of the letters.

Cl. My case is a hard, a very hard one — I am quite bewildered!-I know not what to do! — I have not a friend in the world that can or will help me! Yet had none but friends till I knew that man!

Miss R. The gentleman neither looks nor talks like a bad man. — Not a very bad man, as men go.

As men go! Poor Miss Rawlins, thought I; and dost thou know how men go?

Cl. O Madam, you know him not! He can put on the appearance of an angel of light; but has a black, a very black heart!

Poor I! —

Miss R. I could not have thought it, truly! But men are very deceitful, now-a-days.

Now-a-days! — A fool! — Have not her history-books told her that they were always so?

Mrs. Moore, sighing. I have found it so, I am sure, to my cost! —

Who knows but in her time poor goody Moore may have met with a Lovelace, or a Belford, or some such vile fellow? My little harum-scarum beauty knows not what strange histories every woman living, who has had the least independence of will, could tell her, were such to be as communicative as she is. But here's the thing — I have given her cause enough of offence; but not enough to make her hold her tongue.

Cl. As to the letters he has left with me, I know not what to say to them: but am resolved never to have any thing to say to him.

Miss R. If, Madam, I may be allowed to say so, I think you carry matters very far.

Cl. Has he been making a bad cause a good one with you, Madam? — That he can do with those who know him not. Indeed I heard him talking, thought not what he said, and am indifferent about it. — But what account does he give of himself?

I was pleased to hear this. To arrest, to stop her passion, thought I, in the height of its career, is a charming presage.

Then the busy Miss Rawlins fished on, to find out from her either a confirmation or disavowal of my story — Was Lord M. my uncle? Did I court her at first with the allowance of her friends, her brother excepted? Had I a rencounter with that brother? Was she so persecuted in favour of a very disagreeable man, one Solmes, as to induce her to throw herself into my protection?

None of these were denied. All the objections she could have made, were stifled, or kept in, by the considerations, (as she mentioned,) that she should stay there but a little while, and that her story was too long; but Miss Rawlins would not be thus easily answered.

Miss R. He says, Madam, that he could not prevail for marriage, till he had consented, under a solemn oath, to separate beds, while your family remained unreconciled.

Cl. O the wretch! What can be still in his head, to endeavour to pass these stories upon strangers?

So no direct denial, thought I. — Admirable! — All will do by-and-by.

Miss R. He has owned that an accidental fire had frightened you very much on Wednesday night — and that — and that — an accidental fire had frightened you — very much frightened you — last Wednesday night!

Then, after a short pause — In short, he owned, that he had taken some innocent liberties, which might have led to a breach of the oath you had imposed upon him; and that this was the cause of your displeasure.

I would have been glad to see how my charmer then looked. — To be sure she was at a loss in her own mind, to justify herself for resenting so highly an offence

so trifling. — She hesitated — did not presently speak. — When she did, she wished that she, (Miss Rawlins,) might never meet with any man who would take such innocent liberties with her.

Miss Rawlins pushed further.

Your case, to be sure, Madam, is very particular: but if the hope of a reconciliation with your own friends is made more distant by your leaving him, give me leave to say, that 'tis pity— 'tis pity — [I suppose the maiden then primm'd, fann'd, and blush'd— 'tis pity] the oath cannot be dispensed with; especially as he owns he has not been so strict a liver.

I could have gone in and kissed the girl.

Cl. You have heard his story. Mine, as I told you before, is too long, and too melancholy: my disorder on seeing the wretch is too great; and my time here is too short, for me to enter upon it. And if he has any end to serve by his own vindication, in which I shall not be a personal sufferer, let him make himself appear as white as an angel, with all my heart.

My love for her, and the excellent character I gave her, were then pleaded.

Cl. Specious seducer! — Only tell me if I cannot get away from him by some back way?

How my heart then went pit-a-pat, to speak in the female dialect.

Cl. Let me look out — [I heard the sash lifted up.] — Whither does that path lead? Is there no possibility of getting to a coach? Surely he must deal with some fiend, or how could he have found me out? Cannot I steal to some neighbouring house, where I may be concealed till I can get quite away? You are good people! — I have not been always among such! — O help me, help me, Ladies! [with a voice of impatience,] or I am ruined!

Then pausing, Is that the way to Hendon? [pointing, I suppose.] Is Hendon a private place? — The Hampstead coach, I am told, will carry passengers thither.

Mrs. Moore. I have an honest friend at Mill-Hill, [Devil fetch her! thought I,] where, if such be your determination, Madam, and if you think yourself in danger, you may be safe, I believe.

Cl. Any where, if I can but escape from this man! Whither does that path lead, out yonder? — What is that town on the right hand called?

Mrs. Moore. Highgate, Madam.

Miss R. On the side of the heath is a little village, called North-end. A kinswoman of mine lives there. But her house is small. I am not sure she could accommodate such a lady.

Devil take her too! thought I, — I imagined that I had made myself a better interest in these women. But the whole sex love plotting — and plotters too, Jack.

Cl. A barn, an outhouse, a garret, will be a palace to me, if it will but afford me a refuge from this man!

Her senses, thought I, are much livelier than mine. — What a devil have I done, that she should be so very implacable? I told thee, Belford, all I did: Was there any thing in it so very much amiss? Such prospects of a family reconciliation before her too! To be sure she is a very sensible lady!

She then espied my new servant walking under the window, and asked if he were not one of mine?

Will. was on the look-out for old Grimes, [so is the fellow called whom my beloved has dispatched to Miss Howe.] And being told that the man she saw was my servant; I see, said she, that there is no escaping, unless you, Madam, [to Miss Rawlins, I suppose,] can befriend me till I can get farther. I have no doubt that the fellow is planted about the house to watch my steps. But the wicked wretch his master has no right to controul me. He shall not hinder me from going where I please. I will raise the town upon him, if he molests me. Dear Ladies, is there no back-door for me to get out at while you hold him in talk?

Miss R. Give me leave to ask you, Madam, Is there no room to hope for accommodation? Had you not better see him? He certainly loves you dearly: he is a fine gentleman; you may exasperate him, and make matters more unhappy for yourself.

Cl. O Mrs. Moore! O Miss Rawlins! you know not the man! I wish not to see his face, nor to exchange another word with him as long as I live.

Mrs. Moore. I don't find, Miss Rawlins, that the gentleman has misrepresented any thing. You see, Madam, [to my Clarissa,] how respectful he is; not to come in till permitted. He certainly loves you dearly. Pray, Madam, let him talk to you, as he wishes to do, on the subject of his letters.

Very kind of Mrs. Moore! — Mrs. Moore, thought I, is a very good woman. I did not curse her then.

Miss Rawlins said something; but so low that I could not hear what it was. Thus it was answered.

Cl. I am greatly distressed! I know not what to do! — But, Mrs. Moore, be so good as to give his letters to him — here they are. — Be pleased to tell him, that I wish him and Lady Betty and Miss Montague a happy meeting. He never can want excuses to them for what has happened, any more than pretences to those he would delude. Tell him, that he has ruined me in the opinion of my own friends. I am for that reason the less solicitous how I appear to his.

Mrs. Moore then came to me; and I, being afraid that something would pass mean time between the other two, which I should not like, took the letters, and

entered the room, and found them retired into the closet; my beloved whispering with an air of earnestness to Miss Rawlins, who was all attention.

Her back was towards me; and Miss Rawlins, by pulling her sleeve, giving intimation of my being there — Can I have no retirement uninvaded, Sir, said she, with indignation, as if she were interrupted in some talk her heart was in? — What business have you here, or with me? — You have your letters; have you not?

Lovel. I have, my dear; and let me beg of you to consider what you are about. I every moment expect Captain Tomlinson here. Upon my soul, I do. He has promised to keep from your uncle what has happened: but what will he think if he find you hold in this strange humour?

Cl. I will endeavour, Sir, to have patience with you for a moment or two, while I ask you a few questions before this lady, and before Mrs. Moore, [who just then came in,] both of whom you have prejudiced in your favour by your specious stories: — Will you say, Sir, that we are married together? Lay your hand upon your heart, and answer me, am I your wedded wife?

I am gone too far, thought I, to give up for such a push as this, home one as it is.

My dearest soul! how can you put such a question? It is either for your honour or my own, that it should be doubted? — Surely, surely, Madam, you cannot have attended to the contents of Captain Tomlinson's letter.

She complained often of want of spirits throughout our whole contention, and of weakness of person and mind, from the fits she had been thrown into: but little reason had she for this complaint, as I thought, who was able to hold me to it, as she did. I own that I was excessively concerned for her several times.

You and I! Vilest of Men! —

My name is Lovelace, Madam —

Therefore it is that I call you the vilest of men. [Was this pardonable, Jack!] — You and I know the truth, the whole truth. — I want not to clear up my reputation with these gentlewomen: — that is already lost with every one I had most reason to value: but let me have this new specimen of what you are capable of — say, wretch, (say, Lovelace, if thou hadst rather,) art thou really and truly my wedded husband? — Say; answer without hesitation.

She trembled with impatient indignation; but had a wildness in her manner, which I took some advantage of, in order to parry this cursed thrust. And a cursed thrust it was; since, had I positively averred it, she would never have believed any thing I said: and had I owned that I was not married, I had destroyed my own plot, as well with the women as with her; and could have no pretence for pursuing her, or hindering her from going wheresoever she pleased. Not that I was ashamed to

aver it, had it been consistent with policy. I would not have thee think me such a milk-sop neither.

Lovel. My dearest love, how wildly you talk! What would you have me answer? It is necessary that I should answer? May I not re-appeal this to your own breast, as well as to Captain Tomlinson's treaty and letter? You know yourself how matters stand between us. — And Captain Tomlinson —

Cl. O wretch! Is this an answer to my question? Say, are we married, or are we not?

Lovel. What makes a marriage, we all know. If it be the union of two hearts, [there was a turn, Jack!] to my utmost grief, I must say that we are not; since now I see you hate me. If it be the completion of marriage, to my confusion and regret, I must own we are not. But, my dear, will you be pleased to consider what answer half a dozen people whence you came, could give to your question? And do not now, in the disorder of your mind, and the height of passion, bring into question before these gentlewomen a point you have acknowledged before those who know us better.

I would have whispered her about the treaty with her uncle, and about the contents of the Captain's letter; but, retreating, and with a rejecting hand, Keep thy distance, man, cried the dear insolent — to thine own heart I appeal, since thou evadest me thus pitifully! — I own no marriage with thee! — Bear witness, Ladies, I do not. And cease to torment me, cease to follow me. — Surely, surely, faulty as I have been, I have not deserved to be thus persecuted! — I resume, therefore, my former language: you have no right to pursue me: you know you have not: begone then, and leave me to make the best of my hard lot. O my dear, cruel father! said she, in a violent fit of grief [falling upon her knees, and clasping her uplifted hands together] thy heavy curse is completed upon thy devoted daughter! I am punished, dreadfully punished, by the very wretch in whom I had placed my wicked confidence!

By my soul, Belford, the little witch with her words, but more by her manner, moved me! Wonder not then that her action, her grief, her tears, set the women into the like compassionate manifestations.

Had I not a cursed task of it?

The two women withdrew to the further end of the room, and whispered, a strange case! There is no phrensy here — I just heard said.

The charming creature threw her handkerchief over her head and neck, continuing kneeling, her back towards me, and her face hid upon a chair, and repeatedly sobbed with grief and passion.

I took this opportunity to step to the women to keep them steady.

You see, Ladies, [whispering,] what an unhappy man I am! You see what a spirit this dear creature has! — All, all owing to her implacable relations, and to her father's curse. — A curse upon them all! they have turned the head of the most charming woman in the world!

Ah! Sir, Sir, replied Miss Rawlins, whatever be the fault of her relations, all is not as it should be between you and her. 'Tis plain she does not think herself married: 'tis plain she does not: and if you have any value for the poor lady, and would not totally deprive her of her senses, you had better withdraw, and leave to time and cooler consideration the event in your favour.

She will compel me to this at last, I fear, Miss Rawlins; I fear she will; and then we are both undone: for I cannot live without her; she knows it too well: and she has not a friend who will look upon her: this also she knows. Our marriage, when her uncle's friend comes, will be proved incontestably. But I am ashamed to think I have given her room to believe it no marriage: that's what she harps upon!

Well, 'tis a strange case, a very strange one, said Miss Rawlins; and was going to say further, when the angry beauty, coming towards the door, said, Mrs. Moore, I beg a word with you. And they both stepped into the dining-room.

I saw her just before put a parcel into her pocket; and followed them out, for fear she should slip away; and stepping to the stairs, that she might not go by me, Will., cried I, aloud [though I knew he was not near] — Pray, child, to a maid, who answered, call either of my servants to me.

She then came up to me with a wrathful countenance: do you call your servant, Sir, to hinder me, between you, from going where I please?

Don't, my dearest life, misinterpret every thing I do. Can you think me so mean and unworthy as to employ a servant to constrain you? — I call him to send to the public-houses, or inns in this town, to inquire after Captain Tomlinson, who may have alighted at some one of them, and be now, perhaps, needlessly adjusting his dress; and I would have him come, were he to be without clothes, God forgive me! for I am stabbed to the heart by your cruelty.

Answer was returned, that neither of my servants was in the way.

Not in the way, said I! — Whither can the dogs be gone?

O Sir! with a scornful air; not far, I'll warrant. One of them was under the window just now; according to order, I suppose, to watch my steps — but I will do what I please, and go where I please; and that to your face.

God forbid, that I should hinder you in any thing that you may do with safety to yourself!

Now I verily believe that her design was to slip out, in pursuance of the closet-whispering between her and Miss Rawlins; perhaps to Miss Rawlins's house.

She then stept back to Mrs. Moore, and gave her something, which proved to be a diamond ring, and desired her [not whisperingly, but with an air of defiance to me] that that might be a pledge for her, till she defrayed her demands; which she should soon find means to do; having no more money about her than she might have occasion for before she came to an acquaintance's.

Mrs. Moore would have declined taking it; but she would not be denied; and then, wiping her eyes, she put on her gloves — nobody has a right to stop me, said she! — I will go! — Whom should I be afraid of? — Her very question, charming creature! testifying her fear.

I beg pardon, Madam, [turning to Mrs. Moore, and courtesying,] for the trouble I have given you. — I beg pardon, Madam, to Miss Rawlins, [courtesying likewise to her,] — you may both hear of me in a happier hour, if such a one fall to my lot — and God bless you both! — struggling with her tears till she sobbed — and away was tripping.

I stepped to the door: I put it to; and setting my back against it, took her struggling hand — My dearest life! my angel! said I, why will you thus distress me? — Is this the forgiveness which you so solemnly promised? —

Unhand me, Sir! — You have no business with me! You have no right over me! You know you have not.

But whither, whither, my dearest love, would you go! — Think you not that I will follow you, were it to the world's end! — Whither would you go?

Well do you ask me, whither I would go, who have been the occasion that I have not a friend left! — But God, who knows my innocence, and my upright intentions, will not wholly abandon me when I am out of your power; but while I am in it, I cannot expect a gleam of the divine grace or favour to reach me.

How severe is this! — How shockingly severe! — Out of your presence, my angry fair-one, I can neither hope for the one nor the other. As my cousin Montague, in the letter you have read, observes, You are my polar star and my guide, and if ever I am to be happy, either here or hereafter, it must be in and by you.

She would then have opened the door. But I, respectfully opposing her, Begone, man! Begone, Mr. Lovelace! said she, stop not in my way. If you would not that I should attempt the window, give me passage by the door; for, once more, you have no right to detain me.

Your resentments, my dearest life, I will own to be well grounded. I will acknowledge that I have been all in fault. On my knee, [and down I dropt,] I ask your pardon. And can you refuse to ratify your own promise? Look forward to the happy prospect before us. See you not my Lord M. and Lady Sarah longing to bless you, for blessing me, and their whole family? Can you take no pleasure in

the promised visit of Lady Betty and my cousin Montague? And in the protection they offer you, if you are dissatisfied with mine? Have you no wish to see your uncle's friend? Stay only till Captain Tomlinson comes. Receive from him the news of your uncle's compliance with the wishes of both.

She seemed altogether distressed; was ready to sink; and forced to lean against the wainscot, as I kneeled at her feet. A stream of tears at last burst from her less indignant eyes. Good heaven! said she, lifting up her lovely face, and clasped hands, what is at last to be my destiny? Deliver me from this dangerous man; and direct me — I know not what to do, what I can do, nor what I ought to do!

The women, as I had owned our marriage to be but half completed, heard nothing in this whole scene to contradict (not flagrantly to contradict) what I had asserted. They believed they saw in her returning temper, and staggered resolution, a love for me, which her indignation had before suppressed; and they joined to persuade her to tarry till the Captain came, and to hear his proposals; representing the dangers to which she would be exposed; the fatigues she might endure; a lady of her appearance, unguarded, unprotected. On the other hand they dwelt upon my declared contrition, and on my promises; for the performance of which they offered to be bound. So much had my kneeling humility affected them.

Women, Jack, tacitly acknowledge the inferiority of their sex, in the pride they take to behold a kneeling lover at their feet.

She turned from me, and threw herself into a chair.

I arose and approached her with reverence. My dearest creature, said I, and was proceeding, but, with a face glowing with conscious dignity, she interrupted me — Ungenerous, ungrateful Lovelace! You know not the value of the heart you have insulted! Nor can you conceive how much my soul despises your meanness. But meanness must ever be the portion of the man, who can act vilely!

The women believing we were likely to be on better terms, retired. The dear perverse opposed their going; but they saw I was desirous of their absence; and when they had withdrawn, I once more threw myself at her feet, and acknowledged my offences; implored her forgiveness for this one time, and promised the most exact circumspection for the future.

It was impossible for her she said to keep her memory and forgive me. What hadst thou seen in the conduct of Clarissa Harlowe, that should encourage such an insult upon her as thou didst dare to make? How meanly must thou think of her, that thou couldst presume to be so guilty, and expect her to be so weak as to forgive thee?

I besought her to let me read over to her Captain Tomlinson's letter. I was sure it was impossible she could have given it the requisite attention.

I have given it the requisite attention, said she; and the other letters too. So that what I say is upon deliberation. And what have I to fear from my brother and sister? They can but complete the ruin of my fortunes with my father and uncles. Let them and welcome. You, Sir, I thank you, have lowered my fortunes; but, I bless God, that my mind is not sunk with my fortunes. It is, on the contrary, raised above fortune, and above you; and for half a word they shall have the estate they envied me for, and an acquittal from me of all the expectations from my family that may make them uneasy.

I lifted up my hands and eyes in silent admiration of her.

My brother, Sir, may think me ruined; to the praise of your character, he may think it impossible to be with you and be innocent. You have but too well justified their harshest censures by every part of your conduct. But now that I have escaped from you, and that I am out of the reach of your mysterious devices, I will wrap myself up in mine own innocence, [and then the passionate beauty folded her arms about herself,] and leave to time, and to my future circumspection, the re-establishment of my character. Leave me then, Sir, pursue me not! —

Good Heaven! [interrupting her] — and all this, for what? — Had I not yielded to your entreaties, (forgive me, Madam,) you could not have carried farther your resentments —

Wretch! Was it not crime enough to give occasion for those entreaties? Wouldst thou make a merit to me, that thou didst not utterly ruin her whom thou oughtest to have protected? Begone, man! (turning from me, her face crimsoned over with passion.) — See me no more! — I cannot bear thee in my sight! —

Dearest, dearest creature!

If I forgive thee, Lovelace — And there she stopped. — To endeavour, proceeded she, to endeavour by premeditation, by low contrivances, by cries of Fire! to terrify a poor creature who had consented to take a wretched chance with thee for life!

For Heaven’s sake, — offering to take her repulsing hand, as she was flying from me towards the closet.

What hast thou to do to plead for the sake of Heaven in thy favour! — O darkest of human minds!

Then turning from me, wiping her eyes, and again turning towards me, but her sweet face half aside, What difficulties hast thou involved me in! That thou hadst a plain path before thee, after thou hadst betrayed me into thy power. — At once my mind takes in the whole of thy crooked behaviour; and if thou thinkest of Clarissa Harlowe as her proud heart tells her thou oughtest to think of her, thou

wilt seek thy fortunes elsewhere. How often hast thou provoked me to tell thee, that my soul is above thee!

For Heaven's sake, Madam, for a soul's sake, which it is in your power to save from perdition, forgive me the past offence. I am the greatest villain on earth if it was a premeditated one; yet I presume not to excuse myself. On your mercy I throw myself. I will not offer at any plea but that of penitence. See but Captain Tomlinson. — See but Lady Betty and my cousin; let them plead for me; let them be guarantees for my honour.

If Captain Tomlinson come while I stay here, I may see him; but as for you, Sir —

Dearest creature! let me beg of you not to aggravate my offence to the Captain when he comes. Let me beg of you —

What askest thou? It is not that I shall be of party against myself? That I shall palliate —

Do not charge me, Madam, interrupted I, with villainous premeditation! — Do not give such a construction to my offence as may weaken your uncle's opinion — as may strengthen your brother's —

She flung from me to the further end of the room, [she could go no further,] and just then Mrs. Moore came up, and told her that dinner was ready, and that she had prevailed upon Miss Rawlins to give her her company.

You must excuse me, Mrs. Moore, said she. Miss Rawlins I hope also will — but I cannot eat — I cannot go down. As for you, Sir, I suppose you will think it right to depart hence; at least till the gentleman comes whom you expect.

I respectfully withdrew into the next room, that Mrs. Moore might acquaint her, (I durst not myself,) that I was her lodger and boarder, as, whisperingly, I desired that she would; and meeting Miss Rawlins in the passage, Dearest Miss Rawlins, said I, stand my friend; join with Mrs. Moore to pacify my spouse, if she has any new flights upon my having taken lodgings, and intending to board here. I hope she will have more generosity than to think of hindering a gentlewoman from letting her lodgings.

I suppose Mrs. Moore, (whom I left with my fair-one,) had apprized her of this before Miss Rawlins went in; for I heard her say, while I withheld Miss Rawlins, — 'No, indeed: he is much mistaken — surely he does not think I will.'

They both expostulated with her, as I could gather from bits and scraps of what they said; for they spoke so low, that I could not hear any distinct sentence, but from the fair perverse, whose anger made her louder. And to this purpose I heard her deliver herself in answer to different parts of their talk to her:— 'Good Mrs. Moore, dear Miss Rawlins, press me no further: — I cannot sit down at table with him!'

They said something, as I suppose in my behalf— ‘O the insinuating wretch! What defence have I against a man, who, go where I will, can turn every one, even of the virtuous of my sex, in his favour?’

After something else said, which I heard not distinctly— ‘This is execrable cunning! — Were you to know his wicked heart, he is not without hope of engaging you two good persons to second him in the vilest of his machinations.’

How came she, (thought I, at the instant,) by all this penetration? My devil surely does not play me booty. If I thought he did, I would marry, and live honest, to be even with him.

I suppose then they urged the plea which I hinted to Miss Rawlins at going in, that she would not be Mrs. Moore’s hindrance; for thus she expressed herself— ‘He will no doubt pay you your own price. You need not question his liberality; but one house cannot hold us. — Why, if it would, did I fly from him, to seek refuge among strangers?’

Then, in answer to somewhat else they pleaded—’’Tis a mistake, Madam; I am not reconciled to him, I will believe nothing he says. Has he not given you a flagrant specimen of what a man he is, and of what his is capable, by the disguises you saw him in? My story is too long, and my stay here will be but short; or I could convince you that my resentments against him are but too well founded.’

I suppose that they pleaded for her leave for my dining with them; for she said — ‘I have nothing to say to that: it is your own house, Mrs. Moore — it is your own table — you may admit whom you please to it, only leave me at my liberty to choose my company.’

Then, in answer, as I suppose, to their offer of sending her up a plate— ‘A bit of bread, if you please, and a glass of water; that’s all I can swallow at present. I am really very much discomposed. Saw you not how bad I was? Indignation only could have supported my spirits! —

‘I have no objections to his dining with you, Madam;’ added she, in reply, I suppose, to a farther question of the same nature— ‘But I will not stay a night in the same house where he lodges.’

I presume Miss Rawlins had told her that she would not stay dinner: for she said,— ‘Let me not deprive Mrs. Moore of your company, Miss Rawlins. You will not be displeased with his talk. He can have no design upon you.’

Then I suppose they pleaded what I might say behind her back, to make my own story good:— ‘I care not what he says or what he thinks of me. Repentance and amendment are all the harm I wish him, whatever becomes of me!’

By her accent she wept when she spoke these last words.

They came out both of them wiping their eyes; and would have persuaded me to relinquish the lodgings, and to depart till her uncle’s friend came. But I knew

better. I did not care to trust the Devil, well as she and Miss Howe suppose me to be acquainted with him, for finding her out again, if once more she escaped me.

What I am most afraid of is, that she will throw herself among her own relations; and, if she does, I am confident they will not be able to withstand her affecting eloquence. But yet, as thou'lt see, the Captain's letter to me is admirably calculated to obviate my apprehensions on this score; particularly in that passage where it is said, that her uncle thinks not himself at liberty to correspond directly with her, or to receive applications from her — but through Captain Tomlinson, as is strongly implied.*

* See Letter XXIV. of this volume.

I must own, (notwithstanding the revenge I have so solemnly vowed,) that I would very fain have made for her a merit with myself in her returning favour, and have owed as little as possible to the mediation of Captain Tomlinson. My pride was concerned in this: and this was one of my reasons for not bringing him with me. — Another was, that, if I were obliged to have recourse to his assistance, I should be better able, (by visiting without him,) to direct him what to say or do, as I should find out the turn of her humour.

I was, however, glad at my heart that Mrs. Moore came up so seasonably with notice that dinner was ready. The fair fugitive was all in all. She had the excuse for withdrawing, I had time to strengthen myself; the Captain had time to come; and the lady to cool. — Shakspeare advises well:

> Oppose not rage, whilst rage is in its force;
> But give it way awhile, and let it waste.
> The rising deluge is not stopt with dams;
> Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hope of harvest.
> But, wisely manag'd, its divided strength
> Is sluic'd in channels, and securely drain'd:
> And when its force is spent, and unsupply'd,
> The residue with mounds may be restrain'd,
> And dry-shod we may pass the naked ford.

I went down with the women to dinner. Mrs. Moore sent her fair boarder up a plate, but she only ate a little bit of bread, and drank a glass of water. I doubted not but she would keep her word, when it was once gone out. Is she not an Harlowe? She seems to be enuring herself to hardships, which at the worst she can never know; since, though she should ultimately refuse to be obliged to me, or (to express myself more suitable to my own heart,) to oblige me, every one who sees her must befriend her.

But let me ask thee, Belford, Art thou not solicitous for me in relation to the contents of the letter which the angry beauty had written and dispatched away by

man and horse; and for what may be Miss Howe's answer to it? Art thou not ready to inquire, Whether it be not likely that Miss Howe, when she knows of her saucy friend's flight, will be concerned about her letter, which she must know could not be at Wilson's till after that flight, and so, probably, would fall into my hands? —

All these things, as thou'lt see in the sequel, are provided for with as much contrivance as human foresight can admit.

I have already told thee that Will. is upon the lookout for old Grimes — old Grimes is, it seems, a gossiping, sottish rascal; and if Will. can but light of him, I'll answer for the consequence; For has not Will. been my servant upwards of seven years?

LETTER XXVII

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

We had at dinner, besides Miss Rawlins, a young widow-niece of Mrs. Moore, who is come to stay a month with her aunt — Bevis her name; very forward, very lively, and a great admirer of me, I assure you; — hanging smirkingly upon all I said; and prepared to approve of every word before I spoke: and who, by the time we had half-dined, (by the help of what she had collected before,) was as much acquainted with our story as either of the other two.

As it behoved me to prepare them in my favour against whatever might come from Miss Howe, I improved upon the hint I had thrown out above-stairs against that mischief-making lady. I represented her to be an arrogant creature, revengeful, artful, enterprising, and one who, had she been a man, would have sworn and cursed, and committed rapes, and played the devil, as far as I knew: [I have no doubt of it, Jack!] but who, by advantage of a female education, and pride and insolence, I believed was personally virtuous.

Mrs. Bevis allowed, that there was a vast deal in education — and in pride too, she said. While Miss Rawlins came with a prudish God forbid that virtue should be owing to education only! However, I declared that Miss Howe was a subtle contriver of mischief; one who had always been my enemy: her motives I knew not: but despised the man whom her mother was desirous she should have, one Hickman; although I did not directly aver that she would rather have had me; yet they all immediately imagined that that was the ground of her animosity to me, and of her envy to my beloved: and it was pity, they said, that so fine a young lady did not see through such a pretended friend.

And yet nobody [added I] has more reason than she to know by experience the force of a hatred founded in envy; as I hinted to you above, Mrs. Moore, and to you, Miss Rawlins, in the case of her sister Arabella.

I had compliments made to my person and talents on this occasion: which gave me a singular opportunity of displaying my modesty, by disclaiming the merit of them, with a No, indeed! — I should be very vain, Ladies, if I thought so. While thus abusing myself, and exalting Miss Howe, I got their opinion both for modesty and generosity; and had all the graces which I disclaimed thrown in upon me besides.

In short, they even oppressed that modesty, which (to speak modestly of myself) their praises created, by disbelieving all I said against myself.

And, truly, I must needs say, they have almost persuaded even me myself, that Miss Howe is actually in love with me. I have often been willing to hope this.

And who knows but she may? The Captain and I have agreed, that it shall be so insinuated occasionally — And what's thy opinion, Jack? She certainly hates Hickman; and girls who are disengaged seldom hate, though they may not love: and if she had rather have another, why not that other ME? For am I not a smart fellow, and a rake? And do not your sprightly ladies love your smart fellow, and your rakes? And where is the wonder, that the man who could engage the affections of Miss Harlowe, should engage those of a lady (with her* alas's) who would be honoured in being deemed her second?

* See Letter XX. of this volume, where Miss Howe says, Alas! my dear, I know you loved him!

Nor accuse thou me of SINGULAR vanity in this presumption, Belford. Wert thou to know the secret vanity that lurks in the hearts of those who disguise or cloke it best, thou wouldst find great reason to acquit, at least, to allow for me: since it is generally the conscious over-fulness of conceit, that makes the hypocrite most upon his guard to conceal it. Yet with these fellows, proudly humble as they are, it will break out sometimes in spite of their clokes, though but in self-denying, compliment-begging self-degradation.

But now I have undervalued myself, in apologizing to thee on this occasion, let me use another argument in favour of my observation, that the ladies generally prefer a rake to a sober man; and of my presumption upon it, that Miss Howe is in love with me: it is this: common fame says, That Hickman is a very virtuous, a very innocent fellow — a male-virgin, I warrant! — An odd dog I always thought him. Now women, Jack, like not novices. Two maidenheads meeting together in wedlock, the first child must be a fool, is their common aphorism. They are pleased with a love of the sex that is founded in the knowledge of it. Reason good; novices expect more than they can possibly find in the commerce with them. The man who knows them, yet has ardours for them, to borrow a word from Miss Howe,* though those ardours are generally owing more to the devil within him, than to the witch without him, is the man who makes them the highest and most grateful compliment. He knows what to expect, and with what to be satisfied.

* See Vol. IV. Letters XXIX. and XXXIV.

Then the merit of a woman, in some cases, must be ignorance, whether real or pretended. The man, in these cases, must be an adept. Will it then be wondered at, that a woman prefers a libertine to a novice? — While she expects in the one the confidence she wants, she considers the other and herself as two parallel lines, which, though they run side by side, can never meet.

Yet in this the sex is generally mistaken too; for these sheepish fellows are sly. I myself was modest once; and this, as I have elsewhere hinted to thee,* has better

enabled me to judge of both sexes.

* See Vol. III. Letter XXIII.

But to proceed with my narrative:

Having thus prepared every one against any letter should come from Miss Howe, and against my beloved's messenger returns, I thought it proper to conclude that subject with a hint, that my spouse could not bear to have any thing said that reflected upon Miss Howe; and, with a deep sigh, added, that I had been made very unhappy more than once by the ill-will of ladies whom I had never offended.

The widow Bevis believed that might very easily be. Will. both without and within, [for I intend he shall fall in love with widow Moore's maid, and have saved one hundred pounds in my service, at least,] will be great helps, as things may happen.

LETTER XXVIII

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

We had hardly dined, when my coachman, who kept a look-out for Captain Tomlinson, as Will. did for old Grimes, conducted hither that worthy gentleman, attended by one servant, both on horseback. He alighted. I went out to meet him at the door.

Thou knowest his solemn appearance, and unblushing freedom; and yet canst not imagine what a dignity the rascal assumed, nor how respectful to him I was.

I led him into the parlour, and presented him to the women, and them to him. I thought it highly imported me (as they might still have some diffidences about our marriage, from my fair-one's home-pushed questions on that head) to convince them entirely of the truth of all I had asserted. And how could I do this better, than by dialoguing a little with him before them?

Dear Captain, I thought you long; for I have had a terrible conflict with my spouse.

Capt. I am sorry that I am later than my intention — my account with my banker — [There's a dog, Jack!] took me up longer time to adjust than I had foreseen [all the time pulling down and stroking his ruffles]: for there was a small difference between us — only twenty pounds, indeed, which I had taken no account of.

The rascal has not seen twenty pounds of his own these ten years.

Then had we between us the character of the Harlowe family; I railed against them all; the Captain taking his dear friend Mr. John Harlowe's part; with a Not so fast! — not so fast, young gentleman! — and the like free assumptions.

He accounted for their animosity by my defiances: no good family, having such a charming daughter, would care to be defied, instead of courted: he must speak his mind: never was a double-tongued man. — He appealed to the ladies, if he were not right?

He got them on his side.

The correction I had given the brother, he told me, must have aggravated matters.

How valiant this made me look to the women! — The sex love us mettled fellows at their hearts.

Be that as it would, I should never love any of the family but my spouse; and wanting nothing from them, I would not, but for her sake, have gone so far as I had gone towards a reconciliation.

This was very good of me; Mrs. Moore said.

Very good indeed; Miss Rawlins.

Good; — It is more than good; it is very generous; said the widow.

Capt. Why so it is, I must needs say: for I am sensible that Mr. Lovelace has been rudely treated by them all — more rudely, than it could have been imagined a man of his quality and spirit would have put up with. But then, Sir, [turning to me,] I think you are amply rewarded in such a lady; and that you ought to forgive the father for the daughter's sake.

Mrs. Moore. Indeed so I think.

Miss R. So must every one think who has seen the lady.

Widow B. A fine lady, to be sure! But she has a violent spirit; and some very odd humours too, by what I have heard. The value of good husbands is not known till they are lost!

Her conscience then drew a sigh from her.

Lovel. Nobody must reflect upon my angel! — An angel she is — some little blemishes, indeed, as to her over-hasty spirit, and as to her unforgiving temper. But this she has from the Harlowes; instigated too by that Miss Howe. — But her innumerable excellencies are all her own.

Capt. Ay, talk of spirit, there's a spirit, now you have named Miss Howe! [And so I led him to confirm all I had said of that vixen.] Yet she was to be pitied too; looking with meaning at me.

As I have already hinted, I had before agreed with him to impute secret love occasionally to Miss Howe, as the best means to invalidate all that might come from her in my disfavour.

Capt. Mr. Lovelace, but that I know your modesty, or you could give a reason —

Lovel. Looking down, and very modest — I can't think so, Captain — but let us call another cause.

Every woman present could look me in the face, so bashful was I.

Capt. Well, but as to our present situation — only it mayn't be proper — looking upon me, and round upon the women.

Lovel. O Captain, you may say any thing before this company — only, Andrew, [to my new servant, who attended us at table,] do you withdraw: this good girl [looking at the maid-servant] will help us to all we want.

Away went Andrew: he wanted not his cue; and the maid seemed pleased at my honour's preference of her.

Capt. As to our present situation, I say, Mr. Lovelace — why, Sir, we shall be all untwisted, let me tell you, if my friend Mr. John Harlowe were to know what that is. He would as much question the truth of your being married, as the rest of the family do.

Here the women perked up their ears; and were all silent attention.

Capt. I asked you before for particulars, Mr. Lovelace; but you declined giving them. — Indeed it may not be proper for me to be acquainted with them. — But I must own, that it is past my comprehension, that a wife can resent any thing a husband can do (that is not a breach of the peace) so far as to think herself justified for eloping from him.

Lovel. Captain Tomlinson: — Sir — I do assure you, that I shall be offended — I shall be extremely concerned — if I hear that word eloping mentioned again —

Capt. Your nicety and your love, Sir, may make you take offence — but it is my way to call every thing by its proper name, let who will be offended —

Thou canst not imagine, Belford, how brave and how independent the rascal looked.

Capt. When, young gentleman, you shall think proper to give us particulars, we will find a word for this rash act in so admirable a lady, that shall please you better. — You see, Sir, that being the representative of my dear friend Mr. John Harlowe, I speak as freely as I suppose he would do, if present. But you blush, Sir — I beg your pardon, Mr. Lovelace: it becomes not a modest man to pry into those secrets, which a modest man cannot reveal.

I did not blush, Jack; but denied not the compliment, and looked down: the women seemed delighted with my modesty: but the widow Bevis was more inclined to laugh at me than praise me for it.

Capt. Whatever be the cause of this step, (I will not again, Sir, call it elopement, since that harsh word wounds your tenderness,) I cannot but express my surprise upon it, when I recollect the affectionate behaviour, to which I was witness between you, when I attended you last. Over-love, Sir, I think you once mention — but over-love [smiling] give me leave to say, Sir, it is an odd cause of quarrel — few ladies —

Lovel. Dear Captain! — And I tried to blush.

The women also tried; and being more used to it, succeeded better. — Mrs. Bevis indeed has a red-hot countenance, and always blushes.

Miss R. It signifies nothing to mince the matter: but the lady above as good as denies her marriage. You know, Sir, that she does; turning to me.

Capt. Denies her marriage! Heavens! how then have I imposed upon my dear friend Mr. John Harlowe!

Lovel. Poor dear! — But let not her veracity be called into question. She would not be guilty of a wilful untruth for the world.

Then I had all their praises again.

Lovel. Dear creature! — She thinks she has reason for her denial. You know, Mrs. Moore; you know, Miss Rawlins; what I owned to you above as my vow.

I looked down, and, as once before, turned round my diamond ring.

Mrs. Moore looked awry, and with a leer at Miss Rawlins, as to her partner in the hinted-at reference.

Miss Rawlins looked down as well as I; her eyelids half closed, as if mumbling a pater-noster, meditating her snuff-box, the distance between her nose and chin lengthened by a close-shut mouth.

She put me in mind of the pious Mrs. Fetherstone at Oxford, whom I pointed out to thee once, among other grotesque figures, at St. Mary's church, whither we went to take a view of her two sisters: her eyes shut, not daring to trust her heart with them open; and but just half-rearing her lids, to see who the next comer was; and falling them again, when her curiosity was satisfied.

The widow Bevis gazed, as if on the hunt for a secret.

The Captain looked archly, as if half in the possession of one.

Mrs. Moore at last broke the bashful silence. Mrs. Lovelace's behaviour, she said, could be no otherwise so well accounted for, as by the ill offices of that Miss Howe; and by the severity of her relations; which might but too probably have affected her head a little at times: adding, that it was very generous in me to give way to the storm when it was up, rather than to exasperate at such a time.

But let me tell you, Sirs, said the widow Bevis, that is not what one husband in a thousand would have done.

I desired, that no part of this conversation might be hinted to my spouse; and looked still more bashfully. Her great fault, I must own, was over-delicacy.

The Captain leered round him; and said, he believed he could guess from the hints I had given him in town (of my over-love) and from what had now passed, that we had not consummated our marriage.

O Jack! how sheepishly then looked, or endeavoured to look, thy friend! how primly goody Moore! how affectedly Miss Rawlins! — while the honest widow Bevis gazed around her fearless; and though only simpering with her mouth, her eyes laughed outright, and seemed to challenge a laugh from every eye in the company.

He observed, that I was a phoenix of a man, if so; and he could not but hope that all matters would be happily accommodated in a day or two; and that then he should have the pleasure to aver to her uncle, that he was present, as he might say, on our wedding-day.

The women seemed all to join in the same hope.

Ah, Captain! Ah, Ladies! how happy should I be, if I could bring my dear spouse to be of the same mind!

It would be a very happy conclusion of a very knotty affair, said the widow Bevis; and I see not why we may not make this very night a merry one.

The Captain superciliously smiled at me. He saw plainly enough, he said, that we had been at children's play hitherto. A man of my character, who could give way to such a caprice as this, must have a prodigious value for his lady. But one thing he would venture to tell me; and that was this — that, however desirous young skittish ladies might be to have their way in this particular, it was a very bad setting-out for the man; as it gave his bride a very high proof of the power she had over him: and he would engage, that no woman, thus humoured, ever valued the man the more for it; but very much the contrary — and there were reasons to be given why she should not.

Well, well, Captain, no more of this subject before the ladies. — One feels [shrugging my shoulders in a bashful try-to-blush manner] that one is so ridiculous — I have been punished enough for my tender folly.

Miss Rawlins had taken her fan, and would needs hide her face behind it — I suppose because her blush was not quite ready.

Mrs. Moore hemmed, and looked down; and by that gave her's over.

While the jolly widow, laughing out, praised the Captain as one of Hudibras's metaphysicians, repeating,

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

This made Miss Rawlins blush indeed: — Fie, fie, Mrs. Bevis! cried she, unwilling, I suppose, to be thought absolutely ignorant.

Upon the whole, I began to think that I had not made a bad exchange of our professing mother, for the unprofessing Mrs. Moore. And indeed the women and I, and my beloved too, all mean the same thing: we only differ about the manner of coming at the proposed end.

LETTER XXIX

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

It was now high time to acquaint my spouse, that Captain Tomlinson was come. And the rather, as the maid told us, that the lady had asked her if such a gentleman [describing him] was not in the parlour?

Mrs. Moore went up, and requested, in my name, that she would give us audience.

But she returned, reporting my beloved's desire, that Captain Tomlinson would excuse her for the present. She was very ill. Her spirits were too weak to enter into conversation with him; and she must lie down.

I was vexed, and at first extremely disconcerted. The Captain was vexed too. And my concern, thou mayest believe, was the greater on his account.

She had been very much fatigued, I own. Her fits in the morning must have disordered her: and she had carried her resentment so high, that it was the less wonder she should find herself low, when her raised spirits had subsided. Very low, I may say; if sinkings are proportioned to risings; for she had been lifted up above the standard of a common mortal.

The Captain, however, sent up his own name, that if he could be admitted to drink one dish of tea with her, he should take it for a favour: and would go to town, and dispatch some necessary business, in order, if possible, to leave his morning free to attend her.

But she pleaded a violent head-ache; and Mrs. Moore confirmed the plea to be just.

I would have had the Captain lodge there that night, as well in compliment to him, as introductory to my intention of entering myself upon my new-taken apartment: but his hours were of too much importance to him to stay the evening.

It was indeed very inconvenient for him, he said, to return in the morning; but he is willing to do all in his power to heal this breach, and that as well for the sakes of me and my lady, as for that of his dear friend Mr. John Harlowe; who must not know how far this misunderstanding had gone. He would therefore only drink one dish of tea with the ladies and me.

And accordingly, after he had done so, and I had had a little private conversation with him, he hurried away.

His fellow had given him, in the interim, a high character to Mrs. Moore's servants: and this reported by the widow Bevis (who being no proud woman, is hail fellow well met, as the saying is, with all her aunt's servants) he was a fine gentleman, a discreet gentleman, a man of sense and breeding, with them all: and

it was pity, that, with such great business upon his hands, he should be obliged to come again.

My life for your's, audibly whispered the widow Bevis, there is humour as well as head-ache in somebody's declining to see this worthy gentleman. — Ah, Lord! how happy might some people be if they would!

No perfect happiness in this world, said I, very gravely, and with a sigh; for the widow must know that I heard her. If we have not real unhappiness, we can make it, even from the overflowings of our good fortune.

Very true, and very true, the two widows. A charming observation! Mrs. Bevis. Miss Rawlins smiled her assent to it; and I thought she called me in her heart charming man! for she professes to be a great admirer of moral observations.

I had hardly taken leave of the Captain, and sat down again with the women, when Will. came; and calling me out, 'Sir, Sir,' said he, grinning with a familiarity in his looks as if what he had to say entitled him to take liberties; 'I have got the fellow down! — I have got old Grimes — hah, hah, hah, hah! — He is at the Lower Flask — almost in the condition of David's sow, and please your honour — [the dog himself not much better] here is his letter — from — from Miss Howe — ha, ha, ha, ha,' laughed the varlet; holding it fast, as if to make conditions with me, and to excite my praises, as well as my impatience.

I could have knocked him down; but he would have his say out— 'old Grimes knows not that I have the letter — I must get back to him before he misses it — I only make a pretence to go out for a few minutes — but — but' — and then the dog laughed again— 'he must stay — old Grimes must stay — till I go back to pay the reckoning.'

D — n the prater; grinning rascal! The letter! The letter!

He gathered in his wide mothe, as he calls it, and gave me the letter; but with a strut, rather than a bow; and then sidled off like one of widow Sorlings's dunghill cocks, exulting after a great feat performed. And all the time that I was holding up the billet to the light, to try to get at its contents without breaking the seal, [for, dispatched in a hurry, it had no cover,] there stood he, laughing, shrugging, playing off his legs; now stroking his shining chin, now turning his hat upon his thumb! then leering in my face, flourishing with his head — O Christ! now-and-then cried the rascal —

What joy has this dog in mischief! — More than I can have in the completion of my most favourite purposes! — These fellows are ever happier than their masters.

I was once thinking to rumple up this billet till I had broken the seal. Young families [Miss Howe's is not an ancient one] love ostentatious sealings: and it might have been supposed to have been squeezed in pieces in old Grimes's

breeches-pocket. But I was glad to be saved the guilt as well as suspicion of having a hand in so dirty a trick; for thus much of the contents (enough for my purpose) I was enabled to scratch out in character without it; the folds depriving me only of a few connecting words, which I have supplied between hooks.

My Miss Harlowe, thou knowest, had before changed her name to Miss Laetitia Beaumont. Another alias now, Jack, to it; for this billet was directed to her by the name of Mrs. Harriot Lucas. I have learned her to be half a rogue, thou seest.

'I congratulate you, my dear, with all my heart and soul, upon [your escape] from the villain. [I long] for the particulars of all. [My mother] is out; but, expecting her return every minute, I dispatched [your] messenger instantly. [I will endeavour to come at] Mrs. Townsend without loss of time; and will write at large in a day or two, if in that time I can see her. [Mean time I] am excessively uneasy for a letter I sent you yesterday by Collins, [who must have left it at] Wilson's after you got away. [It is of very] great importance. [I hope the] villain has it not. I would not for the world [that he should.] Immediately send for it, if, by doing so, the place you are at [will not be] discovered. If he has it, let me know it by some way [out of] hand. If not, you need not send.

'Ever, ever your's, 'A.H. 'June 9.'

* * *

O Jack! what heart's-ease does this interception give me! — I sent the rascal back with the letter to old Grimes, and charged him to drink no deeper. He owned, that he was half-seas over, as he phrased it.

Dog! said I, are you not to court one of Mrs. Moore's maids to-night? —

Cry your mercy, Sir! — I will be sober. — I had forgot that — but old Grimes is plaguy tough, I thought I should never have got him down.

Away, villain! Let old Grimes come, and on horseback too, to the door —

He shall, and please your honour, if I can get him on the saddle, and if he can sit —

And charge him not to have alighted, nor to have seen any body —

Enough, Sir, familiarly nodding his head, to show he took me. And away went the villain — into the parlour, to the women, I.

In a quarter of an hour came old Grimes on horseback, waving to his saddle-bow, now on this side, now on that; his head, at others, joining to that of his more sober beast.

It looked very well to the women that I made no effort to speak to old Grimes, (though I wished, before them, that I knew the contents of what he brought;) but,

on the contrary, desired that they would instantly let my spouse know that her messenger was returned.

Down she flew, violently as she had the head-ache!

O how I prayed for an opportunity to be revenged of her for the ungrateful trouble she had given to her uncle's friend!

She took the letter from old Grimes with her own hands, and retired to an inner parlour to read it.

She presently came out again to the fellow, who had much ado to sit his horse — Here is your money, friend. — I thought you long: but what shall I do to get somebody to go to town immediately for me? I see you cannot.

Old Grimes took his money, let fall his hat in doffing it; had it given him, and rode away; his eyes isinglass, and set in his head, as I saw through the window, and in a manner speechless — all his language hiccup. My dog needed not to have gone so deep with this tough old Grimes. But the rascal was in his kingdom with him.

The lady applied to Mrs. Moore; she mattered not the price. Could a man and horse be engaged for her? — Only to go for a letter left for her, at one Mr. Wilson's, in Pall-mall.

A poor neighbour was hired — a horse procured for him — he had his directions.

In vain did I endeavour to engaged my beloved, when she was below. Her head-ache, I suppose, returned. — She, like the rest of her sex, can be ill or well when she pleases.

I see her drift, thought I; it is to have all her lights from Miss Howe before she resolves, and to take her measures accordingly.

Up she went expressing great impatience about the letter she had sent for; and desired Mrs. Moore to let her know if I offered to send any one of my servants to town — to get at the letter, I suppose, was her fear; but she might have been quite easy on that head; and yet, perhaps, would not, had she known that the worthy Captain Tomlinson, (who will be in town before her messenger,) will leave there the important letter, which I hope will help to pacify her, and reconcile her to me.

O Jack, Jack! thinkest thou that I will take all this roguish pains, and be so often called villain for nothing?

But yet, is it not taking pains to come at the finest creature in the world, not for a transitory moment only, but for one of our lives! The struggle only, Whether I am to have her in my own way, or in her's?

But now I know thou wilt be frightened out of thy wits for me — What, Lovelace! wouldest thou let her have a letter that will inevitably blow thee up;

and blow up the mother, and all her nymphs! — yet not intend to reform, nor intend to marry?

Patience, puppy! — Canst thou not trust thy master?

LETTER XXX

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

I went up to my new-taken apartment, and fell to writing in character, as usual. I thought I had made good my quarters, but the cruel creature, understanding that I intended to take up my lodgings there, declared with so much violence against it, that I was obliged to submit, and to accept of another lodging, about twelve doors off, which Mrs. Moore recommended. And all the advantage I could obtain was, that Will., unknown to my spouse, and for fear of a freak, should lie in the house.

Mrs. Moore, indeed, was unwilling to disoblige either of us. But Miss Rawlins was of opinion, that nothing more ought to be allowed me: and yet Mrs. Moore owned, that the refusal was a strange piece of tyranny to a husband, if I were a husband.

I had a good mind to make Miss Rawlins smart for it. Come and see Miss Rawlins, Jack. — If thou likest her, I'll get her for thee with a wet-finger, as the saying is!

The widow Bevis indeed stickled hard for me. [An innocent, or injured man, will have friends every where.] She said, that to bear much with some wives, was to be obliged to bear more; and I reflected, with a sigh, that tame spirits must always be imposed upon. And then, in my heart, I renewed my vows of revenge upon this haughty and perverse beauty.

The second fellow came back from town about nine o'clock, with Miss Howe's letter of Wednesday last. 'Collins, it seems, when he left it, had desired, that it might be safely and speedily delivered into Miss Laetitia Beaumont's own hands. But Wilson, understanding that neither she nor I were in town, [he could not know of our difference thou must think,] resolved to take care of it till our return, in order to give it into one of our own hands; and now delivered it to her messenger.'

This was told her. Wilson, I doubt not, is in her favour upon it.

She took the letter with great eagerness; opened it in a hurry, [am glad she did; yet, I believe, all was right,] before Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis, [Miss Rawlins was gone home;] and said, she would not for the world that I should have had that letter, for the sake of her dear friend the writer, who had written to her very uneasily about it.

Her dear friend! repeated Mrs. Bevis, when she told me this: — such mischief-makers are always deemed dear friends till they are found out!

The widow says that I am the finest gentleman she ever beheld.

I have found a warm kiss now-and-then very kindly taken.

I might be a very wicked fellow, Jack, if I were to do all the mischief in my power. But I am evermore for quitting a too-easy prey to reptile rakes! What but difficulty, (though the lady is an angel,) engages me to so much perseverance here? — And here, conquer or die! is now the determination!

* * *

I have just now parted with this honest widow. She called upon me at my new lodgings. I told her, that I saw I must be further obliged to her in the course of this difficult affair. She must allow me to make her a handsome present when all was happily over. But I desired that she would take no notice of what should pass between us, not even to her aunt; for that she, as I saw, was in the power of Miss Rawlins: and Miss Rawlins, being a maiden gentlewoman, knew not the right and the fit in matrimonial matters, as she, my dear widow, did.

Very true: How should she? said Mrs. Bevis, proud of knowing — nothing! But, for her part, she desired no present. It was enough if she could contribute to reconcile man and wife, and disappoint mischief-makers. She doubted not, that such an envious creature as Miss Howe was glad that Mrs. Lovelace had eloped — jealousy and love was Old Nick!

See, Belford, how charmingly things work between me and my new acquaintance, the widow! — Who knows, but that she may, after a little farther intimacy, (though I am banished the house on nights,) contrive a midnight visit for me to my spouse, when all is still and fast asleep?

Where can a woman be safe, who has once entered the lists with a contriving and intrepid lover?

But as to this letter, methinkest thou sayest, of Miss Howe?

I knew thou wouldest be uneasy for me. But did not I tell thee that I had provided for every thing? That I always took care to keep seals entire, and to preserve covers?* Was it not easy then, thinkest thou, to contrive a shorter letter out of a longer; and to copy the very words?

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

I can tell thee, it was so well ordered, that, not being suspected to have been in my hands, it was not easy to find me out. Had it been my beloved's hand, there would have been no imitating it for such a length. Her delicate and even mind is seen in the very cut of her letters. Miss Howe's hand is no bad one, but it is not so equal and regular. That little devil's natural impatience hurrying on her fingers, gave, I suppose, from the beginning, her handwriting, as well as the rest of her, its

fits and starts, and those peculiarities, which, like strong muscular lines in a face, neither the pen, nor the pencil, can miss.

Hast thou a mind tot see what it was I permitted Miss Howe to write to her lovely friend? Why then, read it here, so extracted from her's of Wednesday last, with a few additions of my own. The additions underscored.*

* Editor's note: In place of italics, as in the original, I have substituted hooks [ ].

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

You will perhaps think that I have been too long silent. But I had begun two letters at different times since my last, and written a great deal each time; and with spirit enough I assure you; incensed as I was against the abominable wretch you are with; particularly on reading your's of the 21st of the past month.

The FIRST I intended to keep open till I could give you some account of my proceedings with Mrs. Townsend. It was some days before I saw her: and this intervenient space giving me time to reperuse what I had written, I thought it proper to lay that aside, and to write in a style a little less fervent; for you would have blamed me, I knew, for the freedom of some of my expressions, (execrations, if you please.) And when I had gone a good way in the SECOND, and change your prospects, on his communicating to you Miss Montague's letter, and his better behaviour, occasioning a change in your mind, I laid that aside also. And in this uncertainty thought I would wait to see the issue of affairs between you before I wrote again; believing that all would soon be decided one way or other.

* * *

[Here I was forced to break off. I am too little my own mistress: — My mother* is always up and down — and watching as if I were writing to a fellow. What need I (she asks me,) lock myself in,* * if I am only reading past correspondencies? For that is my pretence, when she comes poking in with her face sharpened to an edge, as I may say, by a curiosity that gives her more pain than pleasure. — The Lord forgive me; but I believe I shall huff her next time she comes in.]

* See Letter XX. of this volume. * * Ibid.

* * *

Do you forgive me too, my dear — my mother ought; because she says I am my father's girl; and because I am sure I am her's.

[Upon my life, my dear, I am sometimes of opinion, that this vile man was capable of meaning you dishonour. When I look back upon his past conduct, I cannot help, and verily believe, that he has laid aside such thoughts. My reasons for both opinions I will give you.]

[For the first: to-wit, that he had it once in his head to take you at advantage if he could, I consider* that] pride, revenge, and a delight to tread in unbeaten paths, are principal ingredients in the character of this finished libertine. He hates all your family, yourself excepted — yet is a savage in love. His pride, and the credit which a few plausible qualities, sprinkled among his odious ones, have given him, have secured him too good a reception from our eye-judging, our undistinguishing, our self — flattering, our too-confiding sex, to make assiduity and obsequiousness, and a conquest of his unruly passions, any part of his study.

He has some reason for his animosity to all the men, and to one woman of your family. He has always shown you, and his own family too, that he prefers his pride to his interest. He is a declared marriage-hater; a notorious intriguer; full of his inventions, and glorying in them. — As his vanity had made him imagine that no woman could be proof against his love, no wonder that he struggled like a lion held in toils,* against a passion that he thought not returned.* * Hence, perhaps, it is not difficult to believe, that it became possible for such a wretch as this to give way to his old prejudices against marriage; and to that revenge which had always been a first passion with him.* * *

* See Letter XX. of this volume. * * Ibid. * * * Ibid.

[And hence we may account for] his delays — his teasing ways — his bringing you to bear with his lodging in the same house — his making you pass to the other people of it as his wife — his bringing you into the company of his libertine companions — the attempt of imposing upon you that Miss Partington for a bedfellow, &c.

[My reasons for a contrary opinion, to wit, that he is now resolved to do you all the justice in his power to do you,] are these: — That he sees that all his own family* have warmly engaged themselves in your cause: that the horrid wretch loves you; with such a love, however, as Herod loved his Mariamne: that, on inquiry, I find it to be true, that Counsellor Williams, (whom Mr. Hickman knows to be a man of eminence in his profession,) has actually as good as finished the settlements: that two draughts of them have been made; one avowedly to be sent

to this very Captain Tomlinson: — and I find, that a license has actually been more than once endeavoured to be obtained, and that difficulties have hitherto been made, equally to Lovelace's vexation and disappointment. My mother's proctor, who is very intimate with the proctor applied to by the wretch, has come at this information in confidence; and hints, that, as Mr. Lovelace is a man of high fortunes, these difficulties will probably be got over.

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

[I had once resolved to make strict inquiry about Tomlinson; and still, if you will, your uncle's favourite housekeeper may be sounded at a distance.]

[I know that the matter is so laid,*] that Mrs. Hodges is supposed to know nothing of the treaty set on foot by means of Captain Tomlinson. But your uncle is an —

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

But your uncle is an old man;* and old men imagine themselves to be under obligation to their paramours, if younger than themselves, and seldom keep any thing from their knowledge. — Yet, methinks, there can be no need; since Tomlinson, as you describe him, is so good a man, and so much of a gentleman; the end to be answered by his being an impostor so much more than necessary, if Lovelace has villany in his head. — And thus what he communicated to you of Mr. Hickman's application to your uncle, and of Mrs. Norton's to your mother (some of which particulars I am satisfied his vile agent Joseph Leman could not reveal to his viler employer); his pushing on the marriage-day in the name of your uncle; which it could not answer any wicked purpose for him to do; and what he writes of your uncle's proposal, to have it thought that you were married from the time that you had lived in one house together; and that to be made to agree with the time of Mr. Hickman's visit to your uncle; the insisting on a trusty person's being present at the ceremony, at that uncle's nomination — these things make me [assured that he now at last means honourably.]

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

[But if any unexpected delays should happen on his side, acquaint me, my dear, with the very street where Mrs. Sinclair lives; and where Mrs. Fretchville's house is situated (which I cannot find that you have ever mentioned in your former letters — which is a little odd); and I will make strict inquiries of them, and of Tomlinson too; and I will (if your heart will let you take my advice) soon procure you a refuge from him with Mrs. Townsend.]

[But why do I now, when you seem to be in so good a train, puzzle and perplex you with my retrospections? And yet they may be of use to you, if any delay happen on his part.]

[But that I think cannot well be. What you have therefore now to do, is so to behave to this proud-spirited wretch, as may banish from his mind all remembrance of] past disobligations,* and to receive his addresses, as those of a betrothed lover. You will incur the censure of prudery and affectation, if you keep him at that distance which you have hitherto [kept him at.] His sudden (and as suddenly recovered) illness has given him an opportunity to find out that you love him (Alas! my dear, I knew you loved him!) He has seemed to change his nature, and is all love and gentleness. [And no more quarrels now, I beseech you.]

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

[I am very angry with him, nevertheless, for the freedoms which he took with your person;* and I think some guard is necessary, as he is certainly an encroacher. But indeed all men are so; and you are such a charming creature, and have kept him at such a distance! — But no more of this subject. Only, my dear, be not over-nice, now you are so near the state. You see what difficulties you laid yourself under,] when Tomlinson's letter called you again into [the wretch's] company.

* See Letter XI. of this volume.

If you meet with no impediments, no new causes of doubt,* your reputation in the eye of the world is concerned, that you should be his, [and, as your uncle rightly judges, be thought to have been his before now.] And yet, [let me tell you,] I [can hardly] bear [to think,] that these libertines should be rewarded for their villany with the best of the sex, when the worst of it are too good for them.

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

I shall send this long letter by Collins,* who changes his day to oblige me. As none of our letters by Wilson's conveyance have miscarried, when you have been in more apparently-disagreeable situations than you are in at present, [I have no doubt] that this will go safe.

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

Miss Lardner* (whom you have seen hat her cousin Biddulph's) saw you at St. James's church on Sunday was fortnight. She kept you in her eye during the whole time; but could not once obtain the notice of your's, though she courtesied to you twice. She thought to pay her compliments to you when the service was over; for she doubted not but you were married — and for an odd reason — because you came to church by yourself. Every eye, (as usual, wherever you are,) she said was upon you; and this seeming to give you hurry, and you being nearer the door than she, you slid out before she could get to you. But she ordered her servant to follow you till you were housed. This servant saw you step into a chair which waited for you; and you ordered the men to carry you to the place where they took you up. She [describes the house] as a very genteel house, and fit to

receive people of fashion: [and what makes me mention this, is, that perhaps you will have a visit from her; or message, at least.]

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

[So that you have Mr. Doleman's testimony to the credit of the house and people you are with; and he is] a man of fortune, and some reputation; formerly a rake indeed; but married to a woman of family; and having had a palsy blow, one would think a penitent.* You have [also Mr. Mennell's at least passive testimony; Mr.] Tomlinson's; [and now, lastly, Miss Lardner's; so that there will be the less need for inquiry: but you know my busy and inquisitive temper, as well as my affection for you, and my concern for your honour. But all doubt will soon be lost in certainty.]

[Nevertheless I must add, that I would have you] command me up, if I can be of the least service or pleasure to you.* I value not fame; I value not censure; nor even life itself, I verily think, as I do your honour, and your friendship — For is not your honour my honour? And is not your friendship the pride of my life?

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

May Heaven preserve you, my dearest creature, in honour and safety, is the prayer, the hourly prayer, of

Your ever-faithful and affectionate, ANNA HOWE.

THURSDAY MORN. 5.

I have written all night. [Excuse indifferent writing; my crow-quills are worn to the stumps, and I must get a new supply.]

* * *

These ladies always write with crow-quills, Jack.

If thou art capable of taking in all my providences, in this letter, thou wilt admire my sagacity and contrivance almost as much as I do myself. Thou seest, that Miss Lardner, Mrs. Sinclair, Tomlinson, Mrs. Fretchville, Mennell, are all mentioned in it. My first liberties with her person also. [Modesty, modesty, Belford, I doubt, is more confined to time, place, and occasion, even by the most delicate minds, than these minds would have it believed to be.] And why all these taken notice of by me from the genuine letter, but for fear some future letter from the vixen should escape my hands, in which she might refer to these names? And, if none of them were to have been found in this that is to pass for her's, I might be routed horse and foot, as Lord M. would phrase it in a like case.

Devilish hard (and yet I may thank myself) to be put to all this plague and trouble: — And for what dost thou ask? — O Jack, for a triumph of more value to

me beforehand than an imperial crown! — Don’t ask me the value of it a month hence. But what indeed is an imperial crown itself when a man is used to it?

Miss Howe might well be anxious about the letter she wrote. Her sweet friend, from what I have let pass of her’s, has reason to rejoice in the thought that it fell not into my hands.

And now must all my contrivances be set at work, to intercept the expected letter from Miss Howe: which is, as I suppose, to direct her to a place of safety, and out of my knowledge. Mrs. Townsend is, no doubt, in this case, to smuggle her off: I hope the villain, as I am so frequently called between these two girls, will be able to manage this point.

But what, perhaps, thou askest, if the lady should take it into her head, by the connivance of Miss Rawlins, to quit this house privately in the night?

I have thought of this, Jack. Does not Will. lie in the house? And is not the widow Bevis my fast friend?

LETTER XXXI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SATURDAY, SIX O'CLOCK, JUNE 10.

The lady gave Will.'s sweetheart a letter last night to be carried to the post-house, as this morning, directed for Miss Howe, under cover to Hickman. I dare say neither cover nor letter will be seen to have been opened. The contents but eight lines — To own— 'The receipt of her double-dated letter in safety; and referring to a longer letter, which she intends to write, when she shall have a quieter heart, and less trembling fingers. But mentions something to have happened [My detecting her she means] which has given her very great flutters, confusions, and apprehensions: but which she will wait the issue of [Some hopes for me hence, Jack!] before she gives her fresh perturbation or concern on her account. — She tells her how impatient she shall be for her next,' &c.

Now, Belford, I thought it would be but kind in me to save Miss Howe's concern on these alarming hints; since the curiosity of such a spirit must have been prodigiously excited by them. Having therefore so good a copy to imitate, I wrote; and, taking out that of my beloved, put under the same cover the following short billet; inscriptive and conclusive parts of it in her own words.

HAMPSTEAD, TUES. EVEN. MY EVER-DEAR MISS HOWE,

A few lines only, till calmer spirits and quieter fingers be granted me, and till I can get over the shock which your intelligence has given me — to acquaint you — that your kind long letter of Wednesday, and, as I may say, of Thursday morning, is come safe to my hands. On receipt of your's by my messenger to you, I sent for it from Wilson's. There, thank Heaven! it lay. May that Heaven reward you for all your past, and for all your intended goodness to

Your for-ever obliged, CL. HARLOWE.

* * *

I took great pains in writing this. It cannot, I hope, be suspected. Her hand is so very delicate. Yet her's is written less beautifully than she usually writes: and I hope Miss Howe will allow somewhat for hurry of spirits, and unsteady fingers.

My consideration for Miss Howe's ease of mind extended still farther than to the instance I have mentioned.

That this billet might be with her as soon as possible, (and before it could have reached Hickman by the post,) I dispatched it away by a servant of Mowbray's. Miss Howe, had there been any failure or delay, might, as thou wilt think, have

communicated her anxieties to her fugitive friend; and she to me perhaps in a way I should not have been pleased with.

Once more wilt thou wonderingly question — All this pains for a single girl?

Yes, Jack — But is not this girl a CLARISSA? — And who knows, but kind fortune, as a reward for my perseverance, may toss me in her charming friend? Less likely things have come to pass, Belford. And to be sure I shall have her, if I resolve upon it.

LETTER XXXII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. EIGHT O'CLOCK, SAT. MORN. JUNE 10.

I am come back from Mrs. Moore's, whither I went in order to attend my charmer's commands. But no admittance — a very bad night.

Doubtless she must be as much concerned that she has carried her resentments so very far, as I have reason to be that I made such poor use of the opportunity I had on Wednesday night.

But now, Jack, for a brief review of my present situation; and a slight hint or two of my precautions.

I have seen the women this morning, and find them half-right, half- doubting.

Miss Rawlins's brother tells her, that she lives at Mrs. Moore's.

Mrs. Moore can do nothing without Miss Rawlins.

People who keep lodgings at public places expect to get by every one who comes into their purlieus. Though not permitted to lodge there myself, I have engaged all the rooms she has to spare, to the very garrets; and that, as I have told thee before, for a month certain, and at her own price, board included; my spouse's and all: but she must not at present know it. So I hope I have Mrs. Moore fast by the interest.

This, devil-like, is suiting temptations to inclinations.

I have always observed, and, I believe, I have hinted as much formerly,* that all dealers, though but for pins, may be taken in by customers for pins, sooner than by a direct bribe of ten times the value; especially if pretenders to conscience: for the offer of a bribe would not only give room for suspicion, but would startle and alarm their scrupulousness; while a high price paid for what you buy, is but submitting to be cheated in the method of the person makes a profession to get by. Have I not said that human nature is a rogue?* * — And do not I know that it is?

* See Vol. III. Letter XXXIV. * * See Vol. III. Letter XXXV. and Vol. IV. Letter XXI.

To give a higher instance, how many proud senators, in the year 1720, were induced, by presents or subscription of South-sea stock, to contribute to a scheme big with national ruin; who yet would have spurned the man who should have presumed to offer them even twice the sum certain that they had a chance to gain by the stock? — But to return to my review and to my precautions.

Miss Rawlins fluctuates, as she hears the lady's story, or as she hears mine. Somewhat of an infidel, I doubt, is this Miss Rawlins. I have not yet considered her foible. The next time I see her, I will take particular notice of all the moles and freckles in her mind; and then infer and apply.

The widow Bevis, as I have told thee, is all my own.

My man Will. lies in the house. My other new fellow attends upon me; and cannot therefore be quite stupid.

Already is Will. over head and ears in love with one of Mrs. Moore's maids. He was struck with her the moment he set his eyes upon her. A raw country wench too. But all women, from the countess to the cook- maid, are put into high good humour with themselves when a man is taken with them at first sight. Be they ever so plain [no woman can be ugly, Jack!] they'll find twenty good reasons, besides the great one (for sake's sake) by the help of the glass without (and perhaps in spite of it) and conceit within, to justify the honest fellow's caption.

'The rogue has saved 150£. in my service.' — More by 50 than I bid him save. No doubt, he thinks he might have done so; though I believe not worth a groat. 'The best of masters I — passionate, indeed; but soon appeased.'

The wench is extremely kind to him already. The other maid is also very civil to him. He has a husband for her in his eye. She cannot but say, that Mr. Andrew, my other servant [the girl is for fixing the person] is a very well spoken civil young man.

'We common folks have our joys, and please your honour, says honest Joseph Leman, like as our betters have.'* And true says honest Joseph — did I prefer ease to difficulty, I should envy these low-born sinners some of their joys.

* See Vol. III. Letter XLVII.

But if Will. had not made amorous pretensions to the wenches, we all know, that servants, united in one common compare-note cause, are intimate the moment they see one another — great genealogists too; they know immediately the whole kin and kin's kin of each other, though dispersed over the three kingdoms, as well as the genealogies and kin's kin of those whom they serve.

But my precautions end not here.

O Jack, with such an invention, what occasion had I to carry my beloved to Mrs. Sinclair's?

My spouse may have farther occasion for the messengers whom she dispatched, one to Miss Howe, the other to Wilson's. With one of these Will. is already well-acquainted, as thou hast heard — to mingle liquor is to mingle souls with these fellows; with the other messenger he will soon be acquainted, if he be not already.

The Captain’s servant has his uses and instructions assigned him. I have hinted at some of them already.* He also serves a most humane and considerate master. I love to make every body respected to my power.

* See Letter XXIX. of this volume.

The post, general and penny, will be strictly watched likewise.

Miss Howe’s Collins is remembered to be described. Miss Howe’s and Hickman’s liveries also.

James Harlowe and Singleton are warned against. I am to be acquainted with any inquiry that shall happen to be made after my spouse, whether by her married or maiden name, before she shall be told of it — and this that I may have it in my power to prevent mischief.

I have ordered Mowbray and Tourville (and Belton, if his health permit) to take their quarters at Hampstead for a week, with their fellows to attend them. I spare thee for the present, because of thy private concerns. But hold thyself in cheerful readiness, however, as a mark of thy allegiance.

As to my spouse herself, has she not reason to be pleased with me for having permitted her to receive Miss Howe’s letter from Wilson’s? A plain case, either that I am no deep plotter, or that I have no farther views than to make my peace with her for an offence so slight and so accidental.

Miss Howe says, though prefaced with an alas! that her charming friend loves me: she must therefore yearn after this reconciliation — prospects so fair — if she showed me any compassion; seemed inclinable to spare me, and to make the most favourable construction: I cannot but say, that it would be impossible not to show her some. But, to be insulted and defied by a rebel in one’s power, what prince can bear that?

But I must return to the scene of action. I must keep the women steady. I had no opportunity to talk to my worthy Mrs. Bevis in private.

Tomlinson, a dog, not come yet!

LETTER XXXIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FROM MY APARTMENTS AT MRS. MOORE'S.

Miss Rawlins at her brothers; Mrs. Moore engaged in household matters; widow Bevis dressing; I have nothing to do but write. This cursed Tomlinson not yet arrived! — Nothing to be done without him.

I think he shall complain in pretty high language of the treatment he met with yesterday. 'What are our affairs to him? He can have no view but to serve us. Cruel to send back to town, un-audienced, unseen, a man of his business and importance. He never stirs a-foot, but something of consequence depends upon his movements. A confounded thing to trifle thus humoursomely with such a gentleman's moments! — These women think, that all the business of the world must stand still for their figaries [a good female word, Jack!] the greatest triflers in the creation, to fancy themselves the most important beings in it — marry come up! as I have heard goody Sorlings say to her servants, when she has rated at them with mingled anger and disdain.'

After all, methinks I want those tostications [thou seest how women, and women's words, fill my mind] to be over, happily over, that I may sit down quietly, and reflect upon the dangers I have passed through, and the troubles I have undergone. I have a reflecting mind, as thou knowest; but the very word reflecting implies all got over.

What briars and thorns does the wretch rush into (a scratched face and tattered garments the unavoidable consequence) who will needs be for striking out a new path through overgrown underwood; quitting that beaten out for him by those who have travelled the same road before him!

* * *

A visit from the widow Bevis, in my own apartment. She tells me, that my spouse had thoughts last night, after I was gone to my lodgings, of removing from Mrs. Moore's.

I almost wish she had attempted to do so.

Miss Rawlins, it seems, who was applied to upon it, dissuaded her from it.

Mrs. Moore also, though she did not own that Will. lay in the house, (or rather set up in it, courting,) set before her the difficulties, which, in her opinion, she would have to get clear off, without my knowledge; assuring her, that she could be no where more safe than with her, till she had fixed whither to go. And the lady

herself recollected, that if she went, she might miss the expected letter from her dear friend Miss Howe! which, as she owned, was to direct her future steps.

She must also surely have some curiosity to know what her uncle's friend had to say to her from her uncle, contemptuously as she yesterday treated a man of his importance. Nor could she, I should think, be absolutely determined to put herself out of the way of receiving the visits of two of the principal ladies of my family, and to break entirely with me in the face of them all. — Besides, whither could she have gone? — Moreover, Miss Howe's letter coming (after her elopement) so safely to her hands, must surely put her into a more confiding temper with me, and with every one else, though she would not immediately own it.

But these good folks have so little charity! — Are such severe censurers! — Yet who is absolutely perfect? — It were to be wished, however, that they would be so modest as to doubt themselves sometimes: then would they allow for others, as others (excellent as they imagine themselves to be) must for them.

SATURDAY, ONE O'CLOCK.

Tomlinson at last is come. Forced to ride five miles about (though I shall impute his delay to great and important business) to avoid the sight of two or three impertinent rascals, who, little thinking whose affairs he was employed in, wanted to obtrude themselves upon him. I think I will make this fellow easy, if he behave to my liking in this affair.

I sent up the moment he came.

She desired to be excused receiving his visit till four this afternoon.

Intolerable! — No consideration! — None at all in this sex, when their cursed humours are in the way! — Pay-day, pay-hour, rather, will come! — Oh! that it were to be the next!

The Captain is in a pet. Who can blame him? Even the women think a man of his consequence, and generously coming to serve us, hardly used. Would to heaven she had attempted to get off last night! The women not my enemies, who knows but the husband's exerted authority might have met with such connivance, as might have concluded either in carrying her back to her former lodgings, or in consummation at Mrs. Moore's, in spite of exclamations, fits, and the rest of the female obsecrations?

My beloved has not appeared to any body this day, except to Mrs. Moore. Is, it seems, extremely low: unfit for the interesting conversation that is to be held in the afternoon. Longs to hear from her dear friend Miss Howe — yet cannot expect a letter for a day or two. Has a bad opinion of all mankind. — No wonder! — Excellent creature as she is! with such a father, such uncles, such a brother, as she has!

How does she look?

Better than could be expected from yesterday's fatigue, and last night's ill rest.

These tender doves know not, till put to it, what they can bear; especially when engaged in love affairs; and their attention wholly engrossed. But the sex love busy scenes. Still life is their aversion. A woman will create a storm, rather than be without one. So that they can preside in the whirlwind, and direct it, they are happy. — But my beloved's misfortune is, that she must live in tumult; yet neither raise them herself, nor be able to controul them.

LETTER XXXIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SAT NIGHT, JUNE 10.

What will be the issue of all my plots and contrivances, devil take me if I am able to divine. But I will not, as Lord M. would say, forestall my own market.

At four, the appointed hour, I sent up, to desire admittance in the Captain's name and my own.

She would wait upon the Captain presently; [not upon me!] and in the parlour, if it were not engaged.

The dining-room being mine, perhaps that was the reason of her naming the parlour — mighty nice again, if so! No good sign for me, thought I, this stiff punctilio.

In the parlour, with me and the Captain, were Mrs. Moore, Miss Rawlins, and Mrs. Bevis.

The women said, they would withdraw when the lady came down.

Lovel. Not, except she chooses you should, Ladies. — People who are so much above-board as I am, need not make secrets of any of their affairs. Besides, you three ladies are now acquainted with all our concerns.

Capt. I have some things to say to your lady, that perhaps she would not herself choose that any body should hear; not even you, Mr. Lovelace, as you and her family are not upon such a good foot of understanding as were to be wished.

Lovel. Well, well, Captain, I must submit. Give us a sign to withdraw, and we will withdraw.

It was better that the exclusion of the women should come from him, than from me.

Capt. I will bow, and wave my hand, thus — when I wish to be alone with the lady. Her uncle dotes upon her. I hope, Mr. Lovelace, you will not make a reconciliation more difficult, for the earnestness which my dear friend shows to bring it to bear. But indeed I must tell you, as I told you more than once before, that I am afraid you have made lighter of the occasion of this misunderstanding to me, than it ought to have been made.

Lovel. I hope, Captain Tomlinson, you do not question my veracity!

Capt. I beg your pardon, Mr. Lovelace — but those things which we men may think lightly of, may not be light to a woman of delicacy. — And then, if you have bound yourself by a vow, you ought —

Miss Rawlins bridling, her lips closed, (but her mouth stretched to a smile of approbation, the longer for not buttoning,) tacitly showed herself pleased with the Captain for his delicacy.

Mrs. Moore could speak — Very true, however, was all she said, with a motion of her head that expressed the bow-approbatory.

For my part, said the jolly widow, staring with eyes as big as eggs, I know what I know. — But man and wife are man and wife; or they are not man and wife. — I have no notion of standing upon such niceties.

But here she comes! cried one, hearing her chamber-door open — Here she comes! another, hearing it shut after her — And down dropt the angel among us.

We all stood up, bowing and courtesying, and could not help it; for she entered with such an air as commanded all our reverence. Yet the Captain looked plaguy grave.

Cl. Pray keep your seats, Ladies — Pray do not go, [for they made offers to withdraw; yet Miss Rawlins would have burst had she been suffered to retire.] Before this time you have all heard my story, I make no doubt — pray keep your seats — at least all Mr. Lovelace's.

A very saucy and whimsical beginning, thought I.

Captain Tomlinson, your servant, addressing herself to him with inimitable dignity. I hope you did not take amiss my declining your visit yesterday. I was really incapable of talking upon any subject that required attention.

Capt. I am glad to see you better now, Madam. I hope I do.

Cl. Indeed I am not well. I would not have excused myself from attending you some hours ago, but in hopes I should have been better. I beg your pardon, Sir, for the trouble I have given you; and shall the rather expect it, as this day will, I hope, conclude it all.

Thus set; thus determined; thought I, — yet to have slept upon it! — But, as what she said was capable of a good, as well as a bad, construction, I would not put an unfavourable one upon it.

Lovel. The Captain was sorry, my dear, he did not offer his attendance the moment he arrived yesterday. He was afraid that you took it amiss that he did not.

Cl. Perhaps I thought that my uncle's friend might have wished to see me as soon as he came, [how we stared!] — But, Sir, [to me,] it might be convenient to you to detain him.

The devil, thought I! — So there really was resentment as well as head- ache, as my good friend Mrs. Bevis observed, in her refusing to see the honest gentleman.

Capt. You would detain me, Mr. Lovelace — I was for paying my respects to the lady the moment I came —

Cl. Well, Sir, [interrupting him,] to wave this; for I would not be thought captious — if you have not suffered inconvenience, in being obliged to come again, I shall be easy.

Capt. [Half disconcerted.] A little inconvenience, I can't say but I have suffered. I have, indeed, too many affairs upon my hands; but the desire I have to serve you and Mr. Lovelace, as well as to oblige my dear friend, your uncle Harlowe, make great inconveniencies but small ones.

Cl. You are very obliging, Sir. — Here is a great alteration since you parted with us last.

Capt. A great one indeed, Madam! I was very much surprised at it, on Thursday evening, when Mr. Lovelace conducted me to your lodgings, where we hoped to find you.

Cl. Have you any thing to say to me, Sir, from my uncle himself, that requires my private ear! — Don't go, Ladies, [for the women stood up, and offered to withdraw,] — if Mr. Lovelace stays, I am sure you may.

I frowned — I bit my lip — I looked at the women — and shook my head.

Capt. I have nothing to offer, but what Mr. Lovelace is a party to, and may hear, except one private word or two, which may be postponed to the last.

Cl. Pray, Ladies, keep your seats. — Things are altered, Sir, since I saw you. You can mention nothing that relates to me now, to which that gentleman can be a party.

Capt. You surprise me, Madam! I am sorry to hear this! — Sorry for your uncle's sake! — Sorry for your sake! — Sorry for Mr. Lovelace's sake! — And yet I am sure he must have given greater occasion than he has mentioned to me, or —

Lovel. Indeed, Captain, — indeed, Ladies, I have told you great part of my story! — And what I told you of my offence was the truth: — what I concealed of my story was only what I apprehended would, if known, cause this dear creature to be thought more censorious than charitable.

Cl. Well, well, Sir, say what you please. Make me as black as you please — make yourself as white as you can — I am not now in your power: that consideration will comfort me for all.

Capt. God forbid that I should offer to plead in behalf of a crime, that a woman of virtue and honour cannot forgive! But surely, surely, Madam, this is going too far.

Cl. Do not blame me, Captain Tomlinson. I have a good opinion of you, as my uncle's friend; but if you are Mr. Lovelace's friend, that is another thing; for my interest and Mr. Lovelace's must now be for ever separated.

Capt. One word with you, Madam, if you please — offering to retire.

Cl. You may say all that you please to say before these gentlewomen. — Mr. Lovelace may have secrets — I have none: — you seem to think me faulty: I should be glad that all the world knew my heart. Let my enemies sit in judgment

upon my actions; fairly scanned, I fear not the result; let them even ask me my most secret thoughts, and, whether they make for me, or against me, I will reveal them.

Capt. Noble Lady! who can say as you say?

The women held up their hands and eyes; each, as if she had said, — Not I.

No disorder here! said Miss Rawlins: — but, (judging by her own heart,) a confounded deal of improbability, I believe she thought.

Finely said, to be sure, said the widow Bevis, shrugging her shoulders.

Mrs. Moore sighed.

Jack Belford, thought I, knows all mine; and in this I am more ingenuous than any of the three, and a fit match for this paragon.

Cl. How Mr. Lovelace has found me out here I cannot tell: but such mean devices, such artful, such worse than Waltham disguises put on, to obtrude himself into my company; such bold, such shocking untruths —

Capt. The favour of but one word, Madam, in private —

Cl. In order to support a right which he has not over me! — O Sir! — O Captain Tomlinson! — I think I have reason to say, that the man, (there he stands!) is capable of any vileness! —

The women looked upon one another, and upon me, by turns, to see how I bore it. I had such dartings in my head at the instant, that I thought I should have gone distracted. My brain seemed on fire. What would I have given to have had her alone with me! — I traversed the room; my clenched fist to my forehead. O that I had any body here, thought I, that, Hercules-like, when flaming in the tortures of Dejanira's poisoned shirt, I could tear in pieces!

Capt. Dear Lady! see you not how the poor gentleman — Lord, how have I imposed upon your uncle, at this rate! How happy did I tell him I saw you! How happy I was sure you would be in each other!

Cl. O Sir, you don't know how many premeditated offences I had forgiven when I saw you last, before I could appear to you what I hoped then I might for the future be! — But now you may tell my uncle, if you please, that I cannot hope for his mediation. Tell him, that my guilt, in giving this man an opportunity to spirit me away from my tried, my experienced, my natural friends, (harshly as they treated me,) stares me every day more and more in the face; and still the more, as my fate seems to be drawing to a crisis, according to the malediction of my offended father!

And then she burst into tears, which even affected that dog, who, brought to abet me, was himself all Belforded over.

The women, so used to cry without grief, as they are to laugh without reason, by mere force of example, [confound their promptitudes;] must needs pull out

their handkerchiefs. The less wonder, however, as I myself, between confusion, surprise, and concern, could hardly stand it.

What's a tender heart good for? — Who can be happy that has a feeling heart? — And yet, thou'lt say, that he who has it not, must be a tiger, and no man.

Capt. Let me beg the favour of one word with you, Madam, in private; and that on my own account.

The women hereupon offered to retire. She insisted that, if they went, I should not stay.

Capt. Sir, bowing to me, shall I beg —

I hope, thought I, that I may trust this solemn dog, instructed as he is. She does not doubt him. I'll stay out no longer than to give her time to spend her first fire.

I then passively withdrew with the women. — But with such a bow to my goddess, that it won for me every heart but that I wanted most to win; for the haughty maid bent not her knee in return.

The conversation between the Captain and the lady, when we were retired, was to the following effect: — They both talked loud enough for me to hear them — the lady from anger, the Captain with design; and thou mayest be sure there was no listener but myself. What I was imperfect in was supplied afterwards; for I had my vellum-leaved book to note all down. If she had known this, perhaps she would have been more sparing of her invectives — and but perhaps neither.

He told her that as her brother was absolutely resolved to see her; and as he himself, in compliance with her uncle's expedient, had reported her marriage; and as that report had reached the ears of Lord M., Lady Betty, and the rest of my relations; and as he had been obliged, in consequence of his first report, to vouch it; and as her brother might find out where she was, and apply to the women here for a confirmation or refutation of the marriage; he had thought himself obliged to countenance the report before the women. That this had embarrassed him not a little, as he would not for the world that she should have cause to think him capable of prevarication, contrivance, or double dealing; and that this made him desirous of a private conversation with her.

It was true, she said, she had given her consent to such an expedient, believing it was her uncle's; and little thinking that it would lead to so many errors. Yet she might have known that one error is frequently the parent of many. Mr. Lovelace had made her sensible of the truth of that observation, on more occasions than one; and it was an observation that he, the Captain, had made, in one of the letters that was shown her yesterday.*

* See Letter XXIV.

He hoped that she had no mistrust of him: that she had no doubt of his honour. If, Madam, you suspect me — if you think me capable — what a man! the Lord

be merciful to me! — What a man must you think me!

I hope, Sir, there cannot be a man in the world who could deserve to be suspected in such a case as this. I do not suspect you. If it were possible there could be one such a man, I am sure, Captain Tomlinson, a father of children, a man in years, of sense and experience, cannot be that man.

He told me, that just then, he thought he felt a sudden flash from her eye, an eye-beam as he called it, dart through his shivering reins; and he could not help trembling.

The dog's conscience, Jack! — Nothing else! — I have felt half a dozen such flashes, such eye-beams, in as many different conversations with this soul-piercing beauty.

Her uncle, she must own, was not accustomed to think of such expedients; but she had reconciled this to herself, as the case was unhappily uncommon; and by the regard he had for her honour.

This set the puppy's heart at ease, and gave him more courage.

She asked him if he thought Lady Betty and Miss Montague intended her a visit?

He had no doubt but they did.

And does he imagine, said she, that I could be brought to countenance to them the report you have given out?

[I had hoped to bring her to this, Jack, or she had seen their letters. But I had told the Captain that I believed I must give up this expectation.]

No. — He believed that I had not such a thought. He was pretty sure, that I intended, when I saw them, to tell them, (as in confidence,) the naked truth.

He then told her that her uncle had already made some steps towards a general reconciliation. The moment, Madam, that he knows you are really married, he will enter into confidence with your father upon it; having actually expressed to your mother his desire to be reconciled to you.

And what, Sir, said my mother? What said my dear mother?

With great emotion she asked this question; holding out her sweet face, as the Captain described her, with the most earnest attention, as if she would shorten the way which his words were to have to her heart.

Your mother, Madam, burst into tears upon it: and your uncle was so penetrated by her tenderness, that he could not proceed with the subject. But he intends to enter upon it with her in form, as soon as he hears that the ceremony is over.

By the tone of her voice she wept. The dear creature, thought I, begins to relent! — And I grudged the dog his eloquence. I could hardly bear the thought that any man breathing should have the power which I had lost, of persuading this

high-souled woman, though in my own favour. And wouldest thou think it? this reflection gave me more uneasiness at the moment than I felt from her reproaches, violent as they were; or than I had pleasure in her supposed relenting: for there is beauty in every thing she says and does! — Beauty in her passion! — Beauty in her tears! — Had the Captain been a young fellow, and of rank and fortune, his throat would have been in danger; and I should have thought very hardly of her.

O Captain Tomlinson, said she, you know not what I have suffered by this man's strange ways! He had, as I was not ashamed to tell him yesterday, a plain path before him. He at first betrayed me into his power — but when I was in it — There she stopt. — Then resuming — O Sir, you know not what a strange man he has been! — An unpolite, a rough-manner'd man! In disgrace of his birth, and education, and knowledge, an unpolite man! — And so acting, as if his worldly and personal advantages set him above those graces which distinguish a gentleman.

The first woman that ever said, or that ever thought so of me, that's my comfort, thought I! — But this, (spoken of to her uncle's friend, behind my back,) helps to heap up thy already-too-full measure, dearest! — It is down in my vellum-book.

Cl. When I look back on his whole behaviour to a poor young creature, (for I am but a very young creature,) I cannot acquit him either of great folly or of deep design. And, last Wednesday — There she stopt; and I suppose turned away her face.

I wonder she was not ashamed to hint at what she thought so shameful; and that to a man, and alone with him.

Capt. Far be it from me, Madam, to offer to enter too closely into so tender a subject. Mr. Lovelace owns, that you have reason to be displeased with him. But he so solemnly clears himself of premeditated offence —

Cl. He cannot clear himself, Captain Tomlinson. The people of the house must be very vile, as well as he. I am convinced that there was a wicked confederacy — but no more upon such a subject.

Capt. Only one word more, Madam. — He tells me, that you promised to pardon him. He tells me —

He knew, interrupted she, that he deserved not pardon, or he had not extorted the promise from me. Nor had I given it to him, but to shield myself from the vilest outrage —

Capt. I could wish, Madam, inexcusable as his behaviour has been, since he has something to plead in the reliance he made upon your promise, that, for the sake of appearances to the world, and to avoid the mischiefs that may follow if

you absolutely break with him, you could prevail upon your naturally-generous mind to lay an obligation upon him by your forgiveness.

She was silent.

Capt. Your father and mother, Madam, deplore a daughter lost to them, whom your generosity to Mr. Lovelace may restore: do not put it to the possible chance, that they may have cause to deplore a double loss; the losing of a son, as well as a daughter, who, by his own violence, which you may perhaps prevent, may be for ever lost to them, and to the whole family.

She paused — she wept — she owned that she felt the force of this argument.

I will be the making of this fellow, thought I.

Capt. Permit me, Madam, to tell you, that I do not think it would be difficult to prevail upon your uncle, if you insist upon it, to come up privately to town, and to give you with his own hand to Mr. Lovelace — except, indeed, your present misunderstanding were to come to his ears. Besides, Madam, your brother, it is likely, may at this very time be in town; and he is resolved to find you out —

Cl. Why, Sir, should I be so much afraid of my brother? My brother has injured me, not I him. Will my brother offer to me what Mr. Lovelace has offered? — Wicked, ungrateful man! to insult a friendless, unprotected creature, made friendless by himself! — I cannot, cannot think of him in the light I once thought of him. What, Sir, to put myself into the power of a wretch, who has acted by me with so much vile premeditation! — Who shall pity, who shall excuse me, if I do, were I to suffer ever so much from him? — No, Sir. — Let Mr. Lovelace leave me — let my brother find me. I am not such a poor creature as to be afraid to face the brother who has injured me.

Capt. Were you and your brother to meet only to confer together, to expostulate, to clear up difficulties, it were another thing. But what, Madam, can you think will be the issue of an interview, (Mr. Solmes with him,) when he finds you unmarried, and resolved never to have Mr. Lovelace; supposing Mr. Lovelace were not to interfere, which cannot be imagined?

Cl. Well, Sir, I can only say, I am a very unhappy creature! — I must resign to the will of Providence, and be patient under evils, which that will not permit me to shun. But I have taken my measures. Mr. Lovelace can never make me happy, nor I him. I wait here only for a letter from Miss Howe — that must determine me —

Determine you as to Mr. Lovelace, Madam? interrupted the Captain.

Cl. I am already determined as to him.

Capt. If it be not in his favour, I have done. I cannot use stronger arguments than I have used, and it would be impertinent to repeat them. If you cannot forgive his offence, I am sure it must have been much greater than he has owned

to me. If you are absolutely determined, be pleased to let me know what I shall say to your uncle? You were pleased to tell me, that this day would put an end to what you called my trouble: I should not have thought it any, could I have been an humble mean of reconciling persons of worth and honour to each other.

Here I entered with a solemn air.

Lovel. Captain Tomlinson, I have heard a part of what has passed between you and this unforgiving (however otherwise excellent) lady. I am cut to the heart to find the dear creature so determined. I could not have believed it possible, with such prospects, that I had so little share in her esteem. Nevertheless I must do myself justice with regard to the offence I was so unhappy as to give, since I find you are ready to think it much greater than it really was.

Cl. I hear not, Sir, your recapitulations. I am, and ought to be, the sole judge of insults offered to my person. I enter not into discussion with you, nor hear you on the shocking subject. And was going.

I put myself between her and the door — You may hear all I have to say, Madam. My fault is not of such a nature, but that you may. I will be a just accuser of myself; and will not wound your ears.

I then protested that the fire was a real fire. [So it was.] I disclaimed [less truly] premeditation. I owned that I was hurried on by the violence of a youthful passion, and by a sudden impulse, which few other persons, in the like situation, would have been able to check: that I withdrew, at her command and entreaty, on the promise of pardon, without having offered the least indecency, or any freedom, that would not have been forgiven by persons of delicacy, surprised in an attitude so charming — her terror, on the alarm of fire, calling for a soothing behaviour, and personal tenderness, she being ready to fall into fits: my hoped-for happy day so near, that I might be presumed to be looked upon as a betrothed lover — and that this excuse might be pleaded even for the women of the house, that they, thinking us actually married, might suppose themselves to be the less concerned to interfere on so tender an occasion. — [There, Jack, was a bold insinuation on behalf of the women!]

High indignation filled her disdainful eye, eye-beam after eye-beam flashing at me. Every feature of her sweet face had soul in it. Yet she spoke not. Perhaps, Jack, she had a thought, that this plea for the women accounted for my contrivance to have her pass to them as married, when I first carried her thither.

Capt. Indeed, Sir, I must say that you did not well to add to the apprehensions of a lady so much terrified before.

The dear creature offered to go by me. I set my back against the door, and besought her to stay a few moments. I had not said thus much, my dearest creature, but for your sake, as well as for my own, that Captain Tomlinson should

not think I had been viler than I was. Nor will I say one word more on the subject, after I have appealed to your own heart, whether it was not necessary that I should say so much; and to the Captain, whether otherwise he would not have gone away with a much worse opinion of me, if he had judged of my offence by the violence of your resentment.

Capt. Indeed I should. I own I should. And I am very glad, Mr. Lovelace, that you are able to defend yourself thus far.

Cl. That cause must be well tried, where the offender takes his seat upon the same bench with the judge. — I submit not mine to men — nor, give me leave to say, to you, Captain Tomlinson, though I am willing to have a good opinion of you. Had not the man been assured that he had influenced you in his favour, he would not have brought you up to Hampstead.

Capt. That I am influenced, as you call it, Madam, is for the sake of your uncle, and for your own sake, more (I will say to Mr. Lovelace's face) than for his. What can I have in view but peace and reconciliation? I have, from the first, blamed, and I now, again, blame Mr. Lovelace, for adding distress to distress, and terror to terror; the lady, as you acknowledge, Sir, [looking valiantly,] ready before to fall into fits.

Lovel. Let me own to you, Captain Tomlinson, that I have been a very faulty, a very foolish man; and, if this dear creature ever honoured me with her love, an ungrateful one. But I have had too much reason to doubt it. And this is now a flagrant proof that she never had the value for me which my proud heart wished for; that, with such prospects before us; a day so near; settlements approved and drawn; her uncle meditating a general reconciliation which, for her sake, not my own, I was desirous to give into; she can, for an offence so really slight, on an occasion so truly accidental, renounce me for ever; and, with me, all hopes of that reconciliation in the way her uncle had put it in, and she had acquiesced with; and risque all consequences, fatal ones as they may too possibly be. — By my soul, Captain Tomlinson, the dear creature must have hated me all the time she was intending to honour me with her hand. And now she must resolve to abandon me, as far as I know, with a preference in her heart of the most odious of men — in favour of that Solmes, who, as you tell me, accompanies her brother: and with what hopes, with what view, accompanies him! — How can I bear to think of this? —

Cl. It is fit, Sir, that you should judge of my regard for you by your own conscienceness of demerit. Yet you know, or you would not have dared to behave to me as sometimes you did, that you had more of it than you deserved.

She walked from us; and then returning, Captain Tomlinson, said she, I will own to you, that I was not capable of resolving to give my hand, and — nothing

but my hand. Had I not given a flagrant proof of this to the once most indulgent of parents? which has brought me into a distress, which this man has heightened, when he ought, in gratitude and honour, to have endeavoured to render it supportable. I had even a bias, Sir, in his favour, I scruple not to own it. Long (much too long!) bore I with his unaccountable ways, attributing his errors to unmeaning gaiety, and to a want of knowing what true delicacy, and true generosity, required from a heart susceptible of grateful impressions to one involved by his means in unhappy circumstances.

It is now wickedness in him (a wickedness which discredits all his professions) to say, that this last cruel and ungrateful insult was not a premeditated one — But what need I say more of this insult, when it was of such a nature, and that it has changed that bias in his favour, and make me choose to forego all the inviting prospects he talks of, and to run all hazards, to free myself from his power?

O my dearest creature! how happy for us both, had I been able to discover that bias, as you condescend to call it, through such reserves as man never encountered with!

He did discover it, Capt. Tomlinson. He brought me, more than once, to own it; the more needlessly brought me to own it, as I dare say his own vanity gave him no cause to doubt it; and as I had apparently no other motive in not being forward to own it, than my too-justly-founded apprehensions of his want of generosity. In a word, Captain Tomlinson, (and now, that I am determined upon my measures, I the less scruple to say,) I should have despised myself, had I found myself capable of affectation or tyranny to the man I intended to marry. I have always blamed the dearest friend I have in the world for a fault of this nature. In a word —

Lovel. And had my angel really and indeed the favour for me she is pleased to own? — Dearest creature, forgive me. Restore me to your good opinion. Surely I have not sinned beyond forgiveness. You say that I extorted from you the promise you made me. But I could not have presumed to make that promise the condition of my obedience, had I not thought there was room to expect forgiveness. Permit, I beseech you, the prospects to take place, that were opening so agreeably before us. I will go to town, and bring the license. All difficulties to the obtaining of it are surmounted. Captain Tomlinson shall be witness to the deeds. He will be present at the ceremony on the part of your uncle. Indeed he gave me hope that your uncle himself —

Capt. I did, Mr. Lovelace: and I will tell you my grounds for the hope I gave. I promised to my dear friend, (your uncle, Madam,) that he should give out that he would take a turn with me to my little farm-house, as I call it, near Northampton, for a week or so. — Poor gentleman! he has of late been very little abroad! — Too

visibly declining! — Change of air, it might be given out, was good for him. — But I see, Madam, that this is too tender a subject —

The dear creature wept. She knew how to apply as meant the Captain's hint to the occasion of her uncle's declining state of health.

Capt. We might indeed, I told him, set out in that road, but turn short to town in my chariot; and he might see the ceremony performed with his own eyes, and be the desired father, as well as the beloved uncle.

She turned from us, and wiped her eyes.

Capt. And, really, there seem now to be but two objections to this, as Mr. Harlowe discouraged not the proposal — The one, the unhappy misunderstanding between you; which I would not by any means he should know; since then he might be apt to give weight to Mr. James Harlowe's unjust surmises. — The other, that it would necessarily occasion some delay to the ceremony; which certainly may be performed in a day or two — if —

And then he reverently bowed to my goddess. — Charming fellow! — But often did I curse my stars, for making me so much obliged to his adroitness.

She was going to speak; but, not liking the turn of her countenance (although, as I thought, its severity and indignation seemed a little abated) I said, and had like to have blown myself up by it — one expedient I have just thought of —

Cl. None of your expedients, Mr. Lovelace! — I abhor your expedients, your inventions — I have had too many of them.

Lovel. See, Capt. Tomlinson! — See, Sir! — O how we expose ourselves to you! — Little did you think, I dare say, that we have lived in such a continued misunderstanding together! — But you will make the best of it all. We may yet be happy. Oh! that I could have been assured that this dear creature loved me with the hundredth part of the love I have for her! — Our diffidences have been mutual. I presume to say that she has too much punctilio: I am afraid that I have too little. Hence our difficulties. But I have a heart, Captain Tomlinson, a heart, that bids me hope for her love, because it is resolved to deserve it as much as man can deserve it.

Capt. I am indeed surprised at what I have seen and heard. I defend not Mr. Lovelace, Madam, in the offence he has given you — as a father of daughters myself, I cannot defend him; though his fault seems to be lighter than I had apprehended — but in my conscience, Madam, I think you carry your resentment too high.

Cl. Too high, Sir! — Too high to the man that might have been happy if he would! Too high to the man that has held my soul in suspense an hundred times, since (by artifice and deceit) he obtained a power over me! — Say, Lovelace, thyself say, art thou not the very Lovelace, who by insulting me, hast wronged

thine own hopes? — The wretch that appeared in vile disguises, personating an old, lame creature, seeking for lodgings for thy sick wife? — Telling the gentlewomen here stories all of thine own invention; and asserting to them an husband's right over me, which thou hast not! — And is it [turning to the Captain] to be expected, that I should give credit to the protestations of such a man?

Lovel. Treat me, my dearest creature, as you please, I will bear it: and yet your scorn and your violence have fixed daggers in my heart — But was it possible, without those disguises, to come at your speech? — And could I lose you, if study, if invention, would put it in my power to arrest your anger, and give me hope to engage you to confirm to me the promised pardon? The address I made to you before the women, as if the marriage-ceremony had passed, was in consequence of what your uncle had advised, and what you had acquiesced with; and the rather made, as your brother, and Singleton, and Solmes, were resolved to find out whether what was reported of your marriage were true or not, that they might take their measures accordingly; and in hopes to prevent that mischief, which I have been but too studious to prevent, since this tameness has but invited insolence from your brother and his confederates.

Cl. O thou strange wretch, how thou talkest! — But, Captain Tomlinson, give me leave to say, that, were I inclined to enter farther upon this subject, I would appeal to Miss Rawlins's judgment (whom else have I to appeal to?) She seems to be a person of prudence and honour; but not to any man's judgment, whether I carry my resentment beyond fit bounds, when I resolve —

Capt. Forgive, Madam, the interruption — but I think there can be no reason for this. You ought, as you said, to be the sole judge of indignities offered you. The gentlewomen here are strangers to you. You will perhaps stay but a little while among them. If you lay the state of your case before any of them, and your brother come to inquire of them, your uncle's intended mediation will be discovered, and rendered abortive — I shall appear in a light that I never appeared in, in my life — for these women may not think themselves obliged to keep the secret.

Charming fellow!

Cl. O what difficulties has one fatal step involved me in — but there is no necessity for such an appeal to any body. I am resolved on my measures.

Capt. Absolutely resolved, Madam?

Cl. I am.

Capt. What shall I say to your uncle Harlowe, Madam? — Poor gentleman! how will he be surprised! — You see, Mr. Lovelace — you see, Sir, — turning to me with a flourishing hand — but you may thank yourself — and admirably stalked he from us.

True, by my soul, thought I. I traversed the room, and bit my unpersuasive lips, now upper, now under, for vexation.

He made a profound reverence to her — and went to the window, where lay his hat and whip; and, taking them up, opened the door. Child, said he, to some body he saw, pray order my servant to bring my horse to the door —

Lovel. You won't go, Sir — I hope you won't! — I am the unhappiest man in the world! — You won't go — yet, alas! — But you won't go, Sir! — there may be yet hopes that Lady Betty may have some weight —

Capt. Dear Mr. Lovelace! and may not my worthy friend, and affectionate uncle, hope for some influence upon his daughter-niece? — But I beg pardon — a letter will always find me disposed to serve the lady, and that as well for her sake as for the sake of my dear friend.

She had thrown herself into her chair: her eyes cast down: she was motionless, as in a profound study.

The Captain bowed to her again: but met with no return to his bow. Mr. Lovelace, said he, (with an air of equality and independence,) I am your's.

Still the dear unaccountable sat as immovable as a statue; stirring neither hand, foot, head, nor eye — I never before saw any one in so profound a reverie in so waking a dream.

He passed by her to go out at the door she sat near, though the passage by the other door was his direct way; and bowed again. She moved not. I will not disturb the lady in her meditations, Sir. — Adieu, Mr. Lovelace — no farther, I beseech you.

She started, sighing — Are you going, Sir?

Capt. I am, Madam. I could have been glad to do you service; but I see it is not in my power.

She stood up, holding out one hand, with inimitable dignity and sweetness — I am sorry you are going, Sir! — can't help it — I have no friend to advise with — Mr. Lovelace has the art (or good fortune, perhaps I should call it) to make himself many. — Well, Sir — if you will go, I can't help it.

Capt. I will not go, Madam; his eyes twinkling. [Again seized with a fit of humanity!] I will not go, if my longer stay can do you either service or pleasure. What, Sir, [turning to me,] what, Mr. Lovelace, was your expedient; — perhaps something may be offered, Madam —

She sighed, and was silent.

REVENGE, invoked I to myself, keep thy throne in my heart. If the usurper LOVE once more drive thee from it, thou wilt never again regain possession!

Lovel. What I had thought of, what I had intended to propose, [and I sighed,] was this, that the dear creature, if she will not forgive me, as she promised, will

suspend the displeasure she has conceived against me, till Lady Betty arrives. — That lady may be the mediatrix between us. This dear creature may put herself into her protection, and accompany her down to her seat in Oxfordshire. It is one of her Ladyship's purposes to prevail on her supposed new niece to go down with her. It may pass to every one but to Lady Betty, and to you, Captain Tomlinson, and to your friend Mr. Harlowe (as he desires) that we have been some time married: and her being with my relations will amount to a proof to James Harlowe that we are; and our nuptials may be privately, and at this beloved creature's pleasure, solemnized; and your report, Captain, authenticated.

Capt. Upon my honour, Madam, clapping his hand upon his breast, a charming expedient! — This will answer every end.

She mused — she was greatly perplexed — at last, God direct me! said she: I know not what to do — a young unfriended creature! Whom can I have to advise with? — Let me retire, if I can retire.

She withdrew with slow and trembling feet, and went up to her chamber.

For Heaven's sake, said the penetrated varlet [his hands lifted up]; for Heaven's sake, take compassion upon this admirable woman! — I cannot proceed — she deserves all things —

Softly! — d — n the fellow! — the women are coming in.

He sobbed up his grief — turned about — hemm'd up a more manly accent — Wipe thy cursed eyes — He did. The sunshine took place on one cheek, and spread slowly to the other, and the fellow had his whole face again.

The women all three came in, led by that ever-curious Miss Rawlins. I told them, that the lady was gone up to consider of every thing: that we had hopes of her. And such a representation we made of all that had passed, as brought either tacit or declared blame upon the fair perverse for hardness of heart and over-delicacy.

The widow Bevis, in particular, put out one lip, tossed up her head, wrinkled her forehead, and made such motions with her now lifted-up, now cast-down eyes, as showed that she thought there was a great deal of perverseness and affectation in the lady. Now-and-then she changed her censuring looks to looks of pity of me — but (as she said) she loved not to aggravate! — A poor business, God help's! shrugging up her shoulders, to make such a rout about! And then her eyes laughed heartily — Indulgence was a good thing! Love was a good thing! — but too much was too much!

Miss Rawlins, however, declared, after she had called the widow Bevis, with a prudish simper, a comical gentlewoman! that there must be something in our story, which she could not fathom; and went from us into a corner, and sat down, seemingly vexed that she could not.

LETTER XXXV

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

The lady staid longer above than we wished; and I hoping that (lady-like) she only waited for an invitation to return to us, desired the widow Bevis, in the Captain's name, (who wanted to go to town,) to request the favour of her company.

I cared not to send up either Miss Rawlins or Mrs. Moore on the errand, lest my beloved should be in a communicative disposition; especially as she had hinted at an appeal to Miss Rawlins; who, besides, has such an unbounded curiosity.

Mrs. Bevis presently returned with an answer (winking and pinking at me) that the lady would follow her down.

Miss Rawlins could not but offer to retire, as the others did. Her eyes, however, intimated that she had rather stay. But they not being answered as she seemed to wish, she went with the rest, but with slower feet; and had hardly left the parlour, when the lady entered it by the other door; a melancholy dignity in her person and air.

She sat down. Pray, Mr. Tomlinson, be seated.

He took his chair over against her. I stood behind her's that I might give him agreed-upon signals, should there be occasion for them.

As thus — a wink of the left eye was to signify push that point, Captain.

A wink of the right, and a nod, was to indicate approbation of what he had said.

My fore-finger held up, and biting my lip, get off of that, as fast as possible.

A right-forward nod, and a frown, swear to it, Captain.

My whole spread hand, to take care not to say too much on that particular subject.

A scowling brow, and a positive nod, was to bid him rise in temper.

And these motions I could make, even those with my hand, without holding up my arm, or moving my wrist, had the women been there; as, when the motions were agreed upon, I knew not but they would.

She hemmed — I was going to speak, to spare her supposed confusion: but this lady never wants presence of mind, when presence of mind is necessary either to her honour, or to that conscious dignity which distinguishes her from all the women I ever knew.

I have been considering, said she, as well as I was able, of every thing that has passed; and of all that has been said; and of my unhappy situation. I mean no ill, I

wish no ill, to any creature living, Mr. Tomlinson. I have always delighted to draw favourable rather than unfavourable conclusions; sometimes, as it has proved, for very bad hearts. Censoriousness, whatever faults I have, is not naturally my fault. — But, circumstanced as I am, treated as I have been, unworthily treated, by a man who is full of contrivances, and glories in them —

Lovel. My dearest life! — But I will not interrupt you.

Cl. Thus treated, it becomes me to doubt — it concerns my honour to doubt, to fear, to apprehend — your intervention, Sir, is so seasonable, so kind, for this man — my uncle's expedient, the first of the kind he ever, I believe, thought of! a plain, honest, good-minded man, as he is, not affecting such expedients — your report in conformity to it — the consequences of that report; the alarm taken by my brother; his rash resolution upon it — the alarm taken by Lady Betty, and the rest of Mr. Lovelace's relations — the sudden letters written to him upon it, which, with your's, he showed me — all ceremony, among persons born observers of ceremony, and entitled to value themselves upon their distinction, dispensed with — all these things have happened so quick, and some of them so seasonable —

Lovel. Lady Betty, you see, Madam, in her letter, dispenses with punctilo, avowedly in compliment to you. Charlotte, in her's, professes to do the same for the same reason. Good Heaven! that the respect intended you by my relations, who, in every other case, are really punctilious, should be thus construed! They were glad, Madam, to have an opportunity to compliment you at my expense. Every one of my family takes delight in rallying me. But their joy on the supposed occasion —

Cl. Do I doubt, Sir, that you have not something to say for any thing you think fit to do? I am speaking to Captain Tomlinson, Sir. I will you would be pleased to withdraw — at least to come from behind my chair.

And she looked at the Captain, observing, no doubt, that his eyes seemed to take lessons from mine.

A fair match, by Jupiter!

The Captain was disconcerted. The dog had not had such a blush upon his face for ten years before. I bit my lip for vexation: walked about the room; but nevertheless took my post again; and blinked with my eyes to the Captain, as a caution for him to take more care of his: and then scouling with my brows, and giving the nod positive, I as good as said, resent that, Captain.

Capt. I hope, Madam, you have no suspicion that I am capable —

Cl. Be not displeased with me, Captain Tomlinson. I have told you that I am not of a suspicious temper. Excuse me for the sake of my sincerity. There is not, I will be bold to say, a sincerer heart in the world than her's before you.

She took out her handkerchief, and put it to her eyes.

I was going, at that instant, after her example, to vouch for the honesty of my heart; but my conscience Mennelled upon me; and would not suffer the meditated vow to pass my lips. — A devilish thing, thought I, for a man to be so little himself, when he has most occasion for himself!

The villain Tomlinson looked at me with a rueful face, as if he begged leave to cry for company. It might have been as well, if he had cried. A feeling heart, or the tokens of it given by a sensible eye, are very reputable things, when kept in countenance by the occasion.

And here let me fairly own to thee, that twenty times in this trying conversation I said to myself, that could I have thought that I should have had all this trouble, and incurred all this guilt, I would have been honest at first. But why, Jack, is this dear creature so lovely, yet so invincible? — Ever heardst thou before that the sweets of May blossomed in December?

Capt. Be pleased — be pleased, Madam — if you have any doubts of my honour —

A whining varlet! He should have been quite angry — For what gave I him the nod positive? He should have stalked again to the window, as for his whip and hat.

Cl. I am only making such observations as my youth, my inexperience, and my present unhappy circumstances, suggest to me — a worthy heart (such, I hope, as Captain Tomlinson's) need not fear an examination — need not fear being looked into — whatever doubts that man, who has been the cause of my errors, and, as my severe father imprecated, the punisher of the errors he has caused, might have had of me, or of my honour, I would have forgiven him for them, if he had fairly proposed them to me: for some doubts perhaps such a man might have of the future conduct of a creature whom he could induce to correspond with him against parental prohibition, and against the lights which her own judgment threw in upon her: and if he had propounded them to me like a man and a gentleman, I would have been glad of the opportunity given me to clear my intentions, and to have shown myself entitled to his good opinion — and I hope you, Sir —

Capt. I am ready to hear all your doubts, Madam, and to clear them up —

Cl. I will only put it, Sir, to your conscience and honour —

The dog sat uneasy — he shuffled with his feet — her eye was upon him — he was, therefore, after the rebuff he had met with, afraid to look at me for my motions; and now turned his eyes towards me, then from me, as if he would unlook his own looks.

Cl. That all is true, that you have written, and that you have told me.

I gave him a right forward nod, and a frown — as much as to say, swear to it, Captain. But the varlet did not round it off as I would have had him. However, he averred that it was.

He had hoped, he said, that the circumstances with which his commission was attended, and what he had communicated to her, which he could not know but from his dear friend, her uncle, might have shielded him even from the shadow of suspicion. But I am contented, said he, stammering, to be thought — to be thought — what — what you please to think of me — till, till, you are satisfied —

A whore's-bird!

Cl. The circumstances you refer to, I must own ought to shield you, Sir, from suspicion; but the man before you is a man that would make an angel suspected, should that angel plead for him.

I came forward, — traversed the room, — was indeed in a bl — dy passion. — I have no patience, Madam! — and again I bit my unpersuasive lips.

Cl. No man ought to be impatient at imputations he is not ashamed to deserve. An innocent man will not be outrageous upon such imputations. A guilty man ought not. [Most excellently would this charming creature cap sentences with Lord M.!] But I am not now trying you, Sir, [to me,] on the foot of your merits. I am only sorry that I am constrained to put questions to this worthier gentleman, [worthier gentleman, Jack!] which, perhaps, I ought not to put, so far as they regard himself. And I hope, Captain Tomlinson, that you, who know not Mr. Lovelace so well, as, to my unhappiness, I do, and who have children of your own, will excuse a poor young creature, who is deprived of all worldly protection, and who has been insulted and endangered by the most designing man in the world, and, perhaps, by a confederacy of his creatures.

There she stopt; and stood up, and looked at me; fear, nevertheless, apparently mingled with her anger. — And so it ought. I was glad, however, of this poor sign of love; no one fears whom they value not.

Women's tongues were licensed, I was going to say; but my conscience would not let me call her a woman; nor use to her so vulgar a phrase. I could only rave by my motions, lift up my eyes, spread my hands, rub my face, pull my wig, and look like a fool. Indeed, I had a great mind to run mad. Had I been alone with her, I would; and she should have taken consequences.

The Captain interposed in my behalf; gently, however, and as a man not quite sure that he was himself acquitted. Some of the pleas we had both insisted on he again enforced; and, speaking low, Poor gentleman! said he, who can but pity him? Indeed, Madam, it is easy to see, with all his failings, the power you have over him!

Cl. I have no pleasure, Sir, in distressing any one; not even him, who has so much distressed me. But, Sir, when I THINK, and when I see him before me, I cannot command my temper! Indeed, indeed, Captain Tomlinson, Mr. Lovelace has not acted by me either as a grateful or a generous man, nor even as a prudent one! — He knows not, as I told him yesterday, the value of the heart he has insulted!

There the angel stopt; her handkerchief at her eyes.

O Belford, Belford! that she should so greatly excel, as to make me, at times, appear as a villain in my own eyes!

I besought her pardon. I promised that it should be the study of my whole life to deserve it. My faults, I said, whatever they had been, were rather faults in her apprehension than in fact. I besought her to give way to the expedient I had hit upon — I repeated it. The Captain enforced it, for her uncle's sake. I, once more, for the sake of the general reconciliation; for the sake of all my family; for the sake of preventing further mischief.

She wept. She seemed staggered in her resolution — she turned from me. I mentioned the letter of Lord M. I besought her to resign to Lady Betty's mediation all our differences, if she would not forgive me before she saw her.

She turned towards me — she was going to speak; but her heart was full, and again she turned away her eyes, — And do you really and indeed expect Lady Betty and Miss Montague? — And do you — Again she stopt.

I answered in a solemn manner.

She turned from me her whole face, and paused, and seemed to consider. But, in a passionate accent, again turning towards me, [O how difficult, Jack, for a Harlowe spirit to forgive!] Let her Ladyship come, if she pleases, said she, I cannot, cannot, wish to see her; and if I did see her, and she were to plead for you, I cannot wish to hear her! The more I think, the less I can forgive an attempt, that I am convinced was intended to destroy me. [A plaguy strong word for the occasion, supposing she was right!] What has my conduct been, that an insult of such a nature should be offered to me, and it would be a weakness in me to forgive? I am sunk in my own eyes! And how can I receive a visit that must depress me more?

The Captain urged her in my favour with greater earnestness than before. We both even clamoured, as I may say, for mercy and forgiveness. [Didst thou never hear the good folks talk of taking Heaven by storm?] — Contrition repeatedly avowed; a total reformation promised; the happy expedient again urged.

Cl. I have taken my measures. I have gone too far to recede, or to wish to recede. My mind is prepared for adversity. That I have not deserved the evils I have met with is my consolation; I have written to Miss Howe what my intentions

are. My heart is not with you — it is against you, Mr. Lovelace. I had not written to you as I did in the letter I left behind me, had I not resolved, whatever became of me, to renounce you for ever.

I was full of hope now. Severe as her expressions were, I saw she was afraid that I should think of what she had written. And, indeed, her letter is violence itself. — Angry people, Jack, should never write while their passion holds.

Lovel. The severity you have shown me, Madam, whether by pen or by speech, shall never have place in my remembrance, but for your honor. In the light you have taken things, all is deserved, and but the natural result of virtuous resentment; and I adore you, even for the pangs you have given me.

She was silent. She had employment enough with her handkerchief at her eyes.

Lovel. You lament, sometimes, that you have no friends of your own sex to consult with. Miss Rawlins, I must confess, is too inquisitive to be confided in, [I liked not, thou mayest think, her appeal to Miss Rawlins.] She may mean well. But I never in my life knew a person, who was fond of prying into the secrets of others, that was fit to be trusted. The curiosity of such is governed by pride, which is not gratified but by whispering about a secret till it becomes public, in order to show either their consequence, or their sagacity. It is so in every case. What man or woman, who is covetous of power, or of making a right use of it? But in the ladies of my family you may confide. It is their ambition to think of you as one of themselves. Renew but your consent to pass to the world, for the sake of your uncle's expedient, and for the prevention of mischief, as a lady some time married. Lady Betty may be acquainted with the naked truth; and you may, (as she hopes you will,) accompany her to her seat; and, if it must be so, consider me as in a state of penitence or probation, to be accepted or rejected, as I may appear to deserve.

The Captain again clapt his hands on his breast, and declared, upon his honour, that this was a proposal that, were the case that of his own daughter, and she were not resolved upon immediate marriage, (which yet he thought by far the more eligible choice,) he should be very much concerned were she to refuse it.

Cl. Were I with Mr. Lovelace's relations, and to pass as his wife to the world, I could not have any choice. And how could he be then in a state of probation? — O Mr. Tomlinson, you are too much his friend to see into his drift.

Capt. His friend, Madam, as I said before, as I am your's and your uncle's, for the sake of a general reconciliation, which must begin with a better understanding between yourselves.

Lovel. Only, my dearest life, resolve to attend the arrival and visit of Lady Betty; and permit her to arbitrate between us.

Capt. There can be no harm in that, Madam. You can suffer no inconvenience from that. If Mr. Lovelace's offence be such, that a woman of Lady Betty's character judges it to be unpardonable, why then —

Cl. [Interrupting; and to me,] If I am not invaded by you, Sir; if I am, (as I ought to be,) my own mistress, I think to stay here, in this honest house, [and then had I an eye-beam, as the Captain calls it, flashed at me,] till I receive a letter from Miss Howe. That, I hope, will be in a day or two. If in that time the ladies come whom you expect, and if they are desirous to see the creature whom you have made unhappy, I shall know whether I can or cannot receive their visit.

She turned short to the door, and, retiring, went up stairs to her chamber.

O Sir, said the Captain, as soon as she was gone, what an angel of a woman is this! I have been, and I am a very wicked man. But if any thing should happen amiss to this admirable lady, through my means, I shall have more cause for self-reproach than for all the bad actions of my life put together.

And his eyes glistened.

Nothing can happen amiss, thou sorrowful dog! — What can happen amiss? Are we to form our opinion of things by the romantic notions of a girl, who supposes that to be the greatest which is the slightest of evils? Have I not told thee our whole story? Has she not broken her promise? Did I not generously spare her, when in my power? I was decent, though I had her at such advantage. — Greater liberties have I taken with girls of character at a common romping 'bout, and all has been laughed off, and handkerchief and head-clothes adjusted, and petticoats shaken to rights, in my presence. Never man, in the like circumstances, and resolved as I was resolved, goaded on as I was goaded on, as well by her own sex, as by the impulses of a violent passion, was ever so decent. Yet what mercy does she show me?

Now, Jack, this pitiful dog was such another unfortunate one as thyself — his arguments serving to confirm me in the very purpose he brought them to prevail upon me to give up. Had he left me to myself, to the tenderness of my own nature, moved as I was when the lady withdrew, and had he set down, and made odious faces, and said nothing — it is very possible that I should have taken the chair over against him, which she had quitted, and have cried and blubbered with him for half an hour together. But the varlet to argue with me! — to pretend to convince a man, who knows in is heart that he is doing a wrong thing! — He must needs think that this would put me upon trying what I could say for myself; and when the extended compunction can be carried from the heart to the lips it must evaporate in words.

Thou, perhaps, in this place, wouldst have urged the same pleas that he urged. What I answered to him therefore may do for thee, and spare thee the trouble of

writing, and me of reading, a good deal of nonsense.

Capt. You were pleased to tell me, Sir, that you only proposed to try her virtue; and that you believed you should actually marry her.

Lovel. So I shall, and cannot help it. I have no doubt but I shall. And as to trying her, is she not now in the height of her trial? Have I not reason to think that she is coming about? Is she not now yielding up her resentment for an attempt which she thinks she ought not to forgive? And if she do, may she not forgive the last attempt? — Can she, in a word, resent that more than she does this? Women often, for their own sakes, will keep the last secret; but will ostentatiously din the ears of gods and men with their clamours upon a successless offer. It was my folly, my weakness, that I gave her not more cause for this her unsparing violence!

Capt. O Sir, you will never be able to subdue this lady without force.

Lovel. Well, then, puppy, must I not endeavour to find a proper time and place —

Capt. Forgive me, Sir! but can you think of force to such a fine creature?

Lovel. Force, indeed, I abhor the thought of; and for what, thinkest thou, have I taken all the pains I have taken, and engaged so many persons in my cause, but to avoid the necessity of violent compulsion? But yet, imaginest thou that I expect direct consent from such a lover of forms as this lady is known to be! Let me tell thee, M'Donald, that thy master, Belford, has urged on thy side of the question all that thou canst urge. Must I have every sorry fellow's conscience to pacify, as well as my own? — By my soul, Patrick, she has a friend here, [clapping my hand on my breast,] that pleads for her with greater and more irresistible eloquence than all the men in the world can plead for her. And had she not escaped me — And yet how have I answered my first design of trying her,* and in her the virtue of the most virtuous of the sex? — Perseverance, man! — Perseverance! — What! wouldst thou have me decline a trial that they make for the honour of a sex we all so dearly love?

* See Vol. III. Letter XVIII.

Then, Sir, you have no thoughts — no thoughts — [looking still more sorrowfully,] of marrying this wonderful lady?

Yes, yes, Patrick, but I have. But let me, first, to gratify my pride, bring down her's. Let me see, that she loves me well enough to forgive me for my own sake. Has she not heretofore lamented that she staid not in her father's house, though the consequence must have been, if she had, that she would have been the wife of the odious Solmes? If now she be brought to consent to be mine, seest thou not that the reconciliation with her detested relations is the inducement, as it always was, and not love of me? — Neither her virtue nor her love can be established but

upon full trial; the last trial — but if her resistance and resentment be such as hitherto I have reason to expect they will be, and if I find in that resentment less of hatred of me than of the fact, then shall she be mine in her own way. Then, hateful as is the life of shackles to me, will I marry her.

Well, Sir, I can only say, that I am dough in your hands, to be moulded into what shape you please. But if, as I said before —

None of thy Said-before's, Patrick. I remember all thou saidst — and I know all thou canst farther say — thou art only, Pontius Pilate like, washing thine own hands, (don't I know thee?) that thou mayest have something to silence thy conscience with by loading me. But we have gone too far to recede. Are not all our engines in readiness? Dry up thy sorrowful eyes. Let unconcern and heart's ease once more take possession of thy solemn features. Thou hast hitherto performed extremely well. — Shame not thy past by thy future behaviour; and a rich reward awaits thee. If thou art dough be dough; and I slapt him on the shoulder — Resume but thy former shape, and I'll be answerable for the event.

He bowed assent and compliance; went to the glass; and began to untwist and unsadden his features; pulled his wig right, as if that, as well as his head and heart had been discomposed by his compunction, and once more became old Lucifer's and mine.

But didst thou think, Jack, that there was so much — What-shall-I-call-it? — in this Tomlinson? Didst thou imagine that such a fellow as that had bowels? That nature, so long dead and buried in him, as to all humane effects, should thus revive and exert itself? — Yet why do I ask this question of thee, who, to my equal surprise, hast shown, on the same occasion, the like compassionate sensibilities?

As to Tomlinson, it looks as if poverty had made him the wicked fellow he is; as plenty and wantonness have made us what we are. Necessity, after all, is the test of principle. But what is there in this dull word, or thing, called HONESTY, that even I, who cannot in my present views be served by it, cannot help thinking even the accidental emanations of it amiable in Tomlinson, though demonstrated in a female case; and judging better of him for being capable of such?

LETTER XXXVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

This debate between the Captain and me was hardly over when the three women, led by Miss Rawlins, entered, hoping no intrusion, but very desirous, the maiden said, to know if we were likely to accommodate.

O yes, I hope so. You know, Ladies, that your sex must, in these cases, preserve their forms. They must be courted to comply with their own happiness. A lucky expedient we have hit upon. The uncle has his doubts of our marriage. He cannot believe, nor will any body, that it is possible that a man so much in love, the lady so desirable —

They all took the hint. It was a very extraordinary case, the two widows allowed. Women, Jack, [as I believe I have observed* elsewhere,] have a high opinion of what they can do for us. Miss Rawlins desired, if I pleased, to let them know the expedient; and looked as if there was no need to proceed in the rest of my speech.

* See Letter XXIV. of this volume.

I begged that they would not let the lady know I had told them what this expedient was; and they should hear it.

They promised.

It was this: that to oblige and satisfy Mr. Harlowe, the ceremony was to be again performed. He was to be privately present, and to give his niece to me with his own hands — and she was retired to consider of it.

Thou seest, Jack, that I have provided an excuse, to save my veracity to the women here, in case I should incline to marriage, and she should choose to have Miss Rawlins's assistance at the ceremony. Nor doubted I to bring my fair-one to save my credit on this occasion, if I could get her to consent to be mine.

A charming expedient! cried the widow. They were all three ready to clap their hands for joy upon it. Women love to be married twice at least, Jack; though not indeed to the same man. And all blessed the reconciliatory scheme and the proposer of it; and, supposing it came from the Captain, they looked at him with pleasure, while his face shined with the applause implied. He should think himself very happy, if he could bring about a general reconciliation; and he flourished with his head like my man Will. on his victory over old Grimes; bridling by turns, like Miss Rawlins in the height of a prudish fit.

But now it was time for the Captain to think of returning to town, having a great deal of business to dispatch before morning. Nor was he certain that he

should be able again to attend us at Hampstead before he went home.

And yet, as every thing was drawing towards a crisis, I did not intend that he should leave Hampstead that night.

A message to the above effect was carried up, at my desire, by Mrs. Moore; with the Captain's compliments, and to know if she had any commands for him to her uncle?

But I hinted to the women, that it would be proper for them to withdraw, if the lady did come down; lest she should not care to be so free before them on a proposal so particular, as she would be to us, who had offered it to her consideration.

Mrs. Moore brought down word that the lady was following her. They all three withdrew; and she entered at one door, as they went out at the other.

The Captain accosted her, repeating the contents of the message sent up; and desired that she would give him her commands in relation to the report he was to make to her uncle Harlowe.

I know not what to say, Sir, nor what I would have you to say, to my uncle — perhaps you may have business in town — perhaps you need not see my uncle till I have heard from Miss Howe; till after Lady Betty — I don't know what to say.

I implored the return of that value which she had so generously acknowledged once to have had for me. I presumed, I said, to flatter myself that Lady Betty, in her own person, and in the name of all my family, would be able, on my promised reformation and contrition, to prevail in my favour, especially as our prospects in other respects with regard to the general reconciliation wished for were so happy. But let me owe to your own generosity, my dearest creature, said I, rather than to the mediation of any person on earth, the forgiveness I am an humble suitor for. How much more agreeable to yourself, O best beloved of my soul, must it be, as well as obliging to me, that your first personal knowledge of my relations, and theirs of you, (for they will not be denied attending you) should not be begun in recriminations, in appeals? As Lady Betty will be here soon, it will not perhaps be possible for you to receive her visit with a brow absolutely serene. But, dearest, dearest creature, I beseech you, let the misunderstanding pass as a slight one — as a misunderstanding cleared up. Appeals give pride and superiority to the persons appealed to, and are apt to lessen the appellant, not only in their eye, but in her own. Exalt not into judges those who are prepared to take lessons and instructions from you. The individuals of my family are as proud as I am said to be. But they will cheerfully resign to your superiority — you will be the first woman of the family in every one's eyes.

This might have done with any other woman in the world but this; and yet she is the only woman in the world of whom it may with truth be said. But thus,

angrily, did she disclaim the compliment.

Yes, indeed! — [and there she stopt a moment, her sweet bosom heaving with a noble disdain] — cheated out of myself from the very first! — A fugitive from my own family! Renounced by my relations! Insulted by you! — Laying humble claim to the protection of your's! — Is not this the light in which I must appear not only to the ladies of your family, but to all the world? — Think you, Sir, that in these circumstances, or even had I been in the happiest, that I could be affected by this plea of undeserved superiority? — You are a stranger to the mind of Clarissa Harlowe, if you think her capable of so poor and so undue a pride!

She went from us to the farther end of the room.

The Captain was again affected — Excellent creature! I called her; and, reverently approaching her, urged farther the plea I had last made.

It is but lately, said I, that the opinions of my relations have been more than indifferent to me, whether good or bad; and it is for your sake, more than for my own, that I now wish to stand well with my whole family. The principal motive of Lady Betty's coming up, is, to purchase presents for the whole family to make on the happy occasion.

This consideration, turning to the Captain, with so noble-minded a dear creature, I know, can have no weight; only as it will show their value and respect. But what a damp would their worthy hearts receive, were they to find their admired new niece, as they now think her, not only not their niece, but capable of renouncing me for ever! They love me. They all love me. I have been guilty of carelessness and levity to them, indeed; but of carelessness and levity only; and that owing to a pride that has set me above meanness, though it has not done every thing for me.

My whole family will be guaranties for my good behaviour to this dear creature, their niece, their daughter, their cousin, their friend, their chosen companion and directress, all in one. — Upon my soul, Captain, we may, we must be happy.

But, dearest, dearest creature, let me on my knees [and down I dropt, her face all the time turned half from me, as she stood at the window, her handkerchief often at her eyes] on my knees let me plead your promised forgiveness; and let us not appear to them, on their visit, thus unhappy with each other. Lady Betty, the next hour that she sees you, will write her opinion of you, and of the likelihood of our future happiness, to Lady Sarah her sister, a weak-spirited woman, who now hopes to supply to herself, in my bride, the lost daughter she still mourns for!

The Captain then joined in, and re-urged her uncle's hopes and expectations, and his resolution effectually to set about the general reconciliation; the mischief that might be prevented; and the certainty that there was that her uncle might be

prevailed on to give her to me with his own hand, if she made it her choice to wait for his coming up. but, for his own part, he humbly advised, and fervently pressed her, to make the very next day, or Monday at farthest, my happy day.

Permit me, dearest lady, said he, and I could kneel to you myself, [bending his knee,] though I have no interest in my earnestness, but the pleasure I should have to be able to serve you all, to beseech you to give me an opportunity to assure your uncle that I myself saw with my own eyes the happy knot tied! — All misunderstandings, all doubts, all diffidences, will then be at an end.

And what, Madam, rejoined I, still kneeling, can there be in your new measures, be they what they will, that can so happily, so reputably, I will presume to say, for all around, obviate the present difficulties?

Miss Howe herself, if she love you, and if she love your fame, Madam, urged the Captain, his knee still bent, must congratulate you on such happy conclusion.

Then turning her face, she saw the Captain half-kneeling — O Sir! O Capt. Tomlinson! — Why this undue condescension? extending her hand to his elbow, to raise him. I cannot bear this! — Then casting her eye on me, Rise, Mr. Lovelace — kneel not to the poor creature whom you have insulted! — How cruel the occasion for it! — And how mean the submission!

Not mean to such an angel! — Nor can I rise but to be forgiven!

The Captain then re-urged once more the day — he was amazed, he said, if she ever valued me —

O Captain Tomlinson, interrupted she, how much are you the friend of this man! — If I had never valued him, he never would have had it in his power to insult me; nor could I, if I had never regarded him, have taken to heart as I do, the insult (execrable as it was) so undeservedly, so ungratefully given — but let him retire — for a moment let him retire.

I was more than half afraid to trust the Captain by himself with her. He gave me a sign that I might depend upon him. And then I took out of my pocket his letter to me, and Lady Betty's and Miss Montague's, and Lord M.'s letters (which last she had not then seen); and giving them to him, procure for me, in the first place, Mr. Tomlinson, a re-perusal of these three letters; and of this from Lord M. And I beseech you, my dearest life, give them due consideration: and let me on my return find the happy effects of that consideration.

I then withdrew; with slow feet, however, and a misgiving heart.

The Captain insisted upon this re-perusal previously to what she had to say to him, as he tells me. She complied, but with some difficulty; as if she were afraid of being softened in my favour.

She lamented her unhappy situation; destitute of friends, and not knowing whither to go, or what to do. She asked questions, sifting-questions, about her

uncle, about her family, and after what he knew of Mr. Hickman's fruitless application in her favour.

He was well prepared in this particular; for I had shown him the letters and extracts of letter of Miss Howe, which I had so happily come at.* Might she be assured, she asked him, that her brother, with Singleton and Solmes, were actually in quest of her?

* Vol. IV. Letter XLIV.

He averred that they were.

She asked, if he thought I had hopes of prevailing on her to go back to town?

He was sure I had not.

Was he really of opinion that Lady Betty would pay her a visit?

He had no doubt of it.

But, Sir; but, Captain Tomlinson — [impatiently turning from him, and again to him] I know not what to do — but were I your daughter, Sir — were you my own father — Alas! Sir, I have neither father nor mother!

He turned from her and wiped his eyes.

O Sir! you have humanity! [She wept too.] There are some men in the world, thank Heaven, that can be moved. O Sir, I have met with hard- hearted men — in my own family too — or I could not have been so unhappy as I am — but I make every body unhappy!

His eyes no doubt ran over. —

Dearest Madam! Heavenly Lady! — Who can — who can — hesitated and blubbered the dog, as he owned. And indeed I heard some part of what passed, though they both talked lower than I wished; for, from the nature of their conversation, there was no room for altitudes.

THEM, and BOTH, and THEY! — How it goes against me to include this angel of a creature, and any man on earth but myself, in one world!

Capt. Who can forbear being affected? — But, Madam, you can be no other man's.

Cl. Nor would I be. But he is so sunk with me! — To fire the house! — An artifice so vile! — contrived for the worst of purposes! — Would you have a daughter of your's — But what would I say? — Yet you see that I have nobody in whom I can confide! — Mr. Lovelace is a vindictive man! — He could not love the creature whom he could insult as he has insulted me!

She paused. And then resuming — in short, I never, never can forgive him, nor he me. — Do you think, Sir, I never would have gone so far as I have gone, if I had intended ever to draw with him in one yoke? — I left behind me such a letter —

You know, Madam, he has acknowledged the justice of your resentment —

O Sir, he can acknowledge, and he can retract, fifty times a day — but do not think I am trifling with myself and you, and want to be persuaded to forgive him, and to be his. There is not a creature of my sex, who would have been more explicit, and more frank, than I would have been, from the moment I intended to be his, had I a heart like my own to deal with. I was always above reserve, Sir, I will presume to say, where I had no cause of doubt. Mr. Lovelace's conduct has made me appear, perhaps, over-nice, when my heart wanted to be encouraged and assured! and when, if it had been so, my whole behaviour would have been governed by it.

She stopt; her handkerchief at her eyes.

I inquired after the minutest part of her behaviour, as well as after her words. I love, thou knowest, to trace human nature, and more particularly female nature, through its most secret recesses.

The pitiful fellow was lost in silent admiration of her. And thus the noble creature proceeded.

It is the fate in unequal unions, that tolerable creatures, through them, frequently incur censure, when more happily yoked they might be entitled to praise. And shall I not shun a union with a man, that might lead into errors a creature who flatters herself that she is blest with an inclination to be good; and who wishes to make every one happy with whom she has any connection, even to her very servants?

She paused, taking a turn about the room — the fellow, devil fetch him, a mummy all the time: — Then proceeded.

Formerly, indeed, I hoped to be an humble mean of reforming him. But, when I have no such hope, is it right [you are a serious man, Sir] to make a venture that shall endanger my own morals?

Still silent was the varlet. If my advocate had nothing to say for me, what hope of carrying my cause?

And now, Sir, what is the result of all? — It is this — that you will endeavour, if you have that influence over him which a man of your sense and experience ought to have, to prevail upon him, and that for his own sake, as well as for mine, to leave me free, to pursue my own destiny. And of this you may assure him, that I will never be any other man's.

Impossible, Madam! I know that Mr. Lovelace would not hear me with patience on such a topic. And I do assure you that I have some spirit, and should not care to take an indignity from him or from any man living.

She paused — then resuming — and think you, Sir, that my uncle will refuse to receive a letter from me? [How averse, Jack, to concede a tittle in my favour!]

I know, Madam, as matters are circumstanced, that he would not answer it. If you please I will carry one down from you.

And will he not pursue his intentions in my favour, nor be himself reconciled to me, except I am married?

From what your brother gives out, and effects to believe, on Mr. Lovelace's living with you in the same —

No more, Sir — I am an unhappy creature!

He then re-urged, that it would be in her power instantly, or on the morrow, to put an end to all her difficulties.

How can that be? said she: the license still to be obtained? The settlements still to be signed? Miss Howe's answer to my last unreceived? — And shall I, Sir, be in such a HURRY, as if I thought my honour in danger if I delayed? Yet marry the man from whom only it can be endangered! — Unhappy, thrice unhappy Clarissa Harlowe! — In how many difficulties has one rash step involved thee! — And she turned from him and wept.

The varlet, by way of comfort, wept too: yet her tears, as he might have observed, were tears that indicated rather a yielding than a perverse temper.

There is a sort of stone, thou knowest, so soft in the quarry, that it may in manner be cut with a knife; but if the opportunity not be taken, and it is exposed to the air for any time, it will become as hard as marble, and then with difficulty it yields to the chisel.* So this lady, not taken at the moment, after a turn or two across the room, gained more resolution! and then she declared, as she had done once before, that she would wait the issue of Miss Howe's answer to the letter she had sent her from hence, and take her measures accordingly — leaving it to him, mean time, to make what report he thought fit to her uncle — the kindest that truth could bear, she doubted not from Captain Tomlinson: and she should be glad of a few lines from him, to hear what that was.

* The nature of the Bath stone, in particular.

She wished him a good journey. She complained of her head; and was about to withdraw: but I stept round to the door next the stairs, as if I had but just come in from the garden (which, as I entered, I called a very pretty one) and took her reluctant hand as she was going out: My dearest life, you are not going? — What hopes, Captain? — Have you not some hopes to give me of pardon and reconciliation?

She said she would not be detained. But I would not let her go till she had promised to return, when the Captain had reported to me what her resolution was.

And when he had, I sent up and claimed her promise; and she came down again, and repeated (as what she was determined upon) that she would wait for

Miss Howe's answers to the letter she had written to her, and take her measures according to its contents.

I expostulated with her upon it, in the most submissive and earnest manner. She made it necessary for me to repeat many of the pleas I had before urged. The Captain seconded me with equal earnestness. At last, each fell down on our knees before her.

She was distressed. I was afraid at one time she would have fainted. Yet neither of us would rise without some concessions. I pleaded my own sake; the Captain, his dear friend, her uncle's; and both re-pleaded the prevention of future mischief; and the peace and happiness of the two families.

She owned herself unequal to the conflict. She sighed. She sobbed. She wept. She wrung her hands.

I was perfectly eloquent in my vows and protestations. Her tearful eyes were cast down upon me; a glow upon each charming cheek; a visible anguish in every lovely feature — at last, her trembling knees seemed to fail her, she dropt into the next chair; her charming face, as if seeking for a hiding place (which a mother's bosom would have best supplied) sinking upon her own shoulder.

I forgot at the instant all my vows of revenge. I threw myself at her feet, as she sat; and, snatching her hand, pressed it with my lips. I besought Heaven to forgive my past offences, and prosper my future hopes, as I designed honourably and justly by the charmer of my heart, if once more she should restore me to her favour. And I thought I felt drops of scalding water [could they be tears?] trickle down upon my cheeks; while my cheeks, glowing like fire, seemed to scorch up the unwelcome strangers.

I then arose, not doubting of an implied pardon in this silent distress. I raised the Captain. I whispered him — by my soul, man, I am in earnest. — Now talk of reconciliation, of her uncle, of the license, of settlement — and raising my voice, If now at last, Captain Tomlinson, my angel will give me leave to call so great a blessing mine, it will be impossible that you should say too much to her uncle in praise of my gratitude, my affection, and fidelity to his charming niece; and he may begin as soon as he pleases his kind schemes for effecting the desirable reconciliation! — Nor shall he prescribe any terms to me that I will not comply with.

The Captain blessed me with his eyes and hands — Thank God! whispered he. We approached the lady together.

Capt. What hinders, dearest Madam, what now hinders, but that Lady Betty Lawrance, when she comes, may be acquainted with the truth of every thing? And that then she may assist privately at your nuptials? I will stay till they are

celebrated; and then shall go down with the happy tidings to my dear Mr. Harlowe. And all will, all must, soon be happy.

I must have an answer from Miss Howe, replied the still trembling fair- one. I cannot change my new measures but with her advice. I will forfeit all my hopes of happiness in this world, rather than forfeit her good opinion, and that she should think me giddy, unsteady, or precipitate. All I shall further say on the present subject is this, that when I have her answer to what I have written, I will write to her the whole state of the matter, as I shall then be enabled to do.

Lovel. Then must I despair for ever! — O Captain Tomlinson, Miss Howe hates me! — Miss Howe —

Capt. Not so, perhaps — when Miss Howe knows your concern for having offended, she will never advise that, with such prospects of general reconciliation, the hopes of so many considerable persons in both families should be frustrated. Some little time, as this excellent lady had foreseen and hinted, will necessarily be taken up in actually procuring the license, and in perusing and signing the settlements. In that time Miss Howe's answer may be received; and Lady Betty may arrive; and she, no doubt, will have weight to dissipate the lady's doubts, and to accelerate the day. It shall be my part, mean time, to make Mr. Harlowe easy. All I fear is from Mr. James Harlowe's quarter; and therefore all must be conducted with prudence and privacy: as your uncle, Madam, has proposed.

She was silent, I rejoiced in her silence. The dear creature, thought I, has actually forgiven me in her heart! — But why will she not lay me under obligation to her, by the generosity of an explicit declaration? — And yet, as that would not accelerate any thing, while the license is not in my hands, she is the less to be blamed (if I do her justice) for taking more time to descend.

I proposed, as on the morrow night, to go to town; and doubted not to bring the license up with me on Monday morning; would she be pleased to assure me, that she would not depart form Mrs. Moore's.

She should stay at Mrs. Moore's till she had an answer from Miss Howe.

I told her that I hoped I might have her tacit consent at least to the obtaining of the license.

I saw by the turn of her countenance that I should not have asked this question. She was so far from tacitly consenting, that she declared to the contrary.

As I never intended, I said, to ask her to enter again into a house, with the people of which she was so much offended, would she be pleased to give orders for her clothes to be brought up hither? Or should Dorcas attend her for any of her commands on that head?

She desired not ever more to see any body belonging to that house. She might perhaps get Mrs. Moore or Mrs. Bevis to go thither for her, and take her keys with

them.

I doubted not, I said, that Lady Betty would arrive by that time. I hoped she had no objection to my bringing that lady and my cousin Montague up with me?

She was silent.

To be sure, Mr. Lovelace, said the Captain, the lady can have no objection to this.

She was still silent. So silence in this case was assent.

Would she be pleased to write to Miss Howe? —

Sir! Sir! peevishly interrupting — no more questions; no prescribing to me — you will do as you think fit — so will I, as I please. I own no obligation to you. Captain Tomlinson, your servant. Recommend me to my uncle Harlowe's favour. And was going.

I took her reluctant hand, and besought her only to promise to meet me early in the morning.

To what purpose meet you? Have you more to say than has been said? I have had enough of vows and protestations, Mr. Lovelace. To what purpose should I meet you to-morrow morning?

I repeated my request, and that in the most fervent manner, naming six in the morning.

'You know that I am always stirring before that hour, at this season of the year,' was the half-expressed consent.

She then again recommended herself to her uncle's favour; and withdrew.

And thus, Belford, has she mended her markets, as Lord M. would say, and I worsted mine. Miss Howe's next letter is now the hinge on which the fate of both must turn. I shall be absolutely ruined and undone, if I cannot intercept it.

VOLUME VI.

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LETTER LXVI. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Gently remonstrates upon her severity. To this hour knows not all the methods taken to deceive and ruin her. But will briefly, yet circumstantially, enter into the darker part of her sad story, though her heart sinks under the thoughts of a recollection so painful.

LETTER LXVII. LXVIII. LXIX. LXX. From the same. — She gives the promised particulars of her story. Begs that the blackest parts of it may be kept secret; and why. Desires one friendly tear, and no more, may be dropt from her gentle eye, on the happy day that shall shut up all her sorrows.

LETTER LXXI. LXXII. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Execrates the abandoned profligate. She must, she tells her, look to the world beyond this for her reward. Unravels some of Lovelace's plots; and detects his forgeries. Is apprehensive for her own as well as Clarissa's safety. Advises her to pursue a legal vengeance. Laudable custom in the Isle of Man. Offers personally to attend her in a court of justice.

LETTER LXXIII. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Cannot consent to a prosecution. Discovers who it was that personated her at Hampstead. She is quite sick of life, and of an earth in which innocent and benevolent spirits are sure to be considered as aliens.

LETTER I

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SAT. MIDNIGHT.

No rest, says a text that I once heard preached upon, to the wicked — and I cannot close my eyes (yet only wanted to compound for half an hour in an elbow-chair) — so must scribble on.

I parted with the Captain after another strong debate with him in relation to what is to be the fate of this lady. As the fellow has an excellent head, and would have made an eminent figure in any station of life, had not his early days been tainted with a deep crime, and he detected in it; and as he had the right side of the argument; I had a good deal of difficulty with him; and at last brought myself to promise, that if I could prevail upon her generously to forgive me, and to reinstate me in her favour, I would make it my whole endeavour to get off of my contrivances, as happily as I could; (only that Lady Betty and Charlotte must come;) and then substituting him for her uncle's proxy, take shame to myself, and marry.

But if I should, Jack, (with the strongest antipathy to the state that ever man had,) what a figure shall I make in rakish annals? And can I have taken all this pains for nothing? Or for a wife only, that, however excellent, [and any woman, do I think I could make good, because I could make any woman fear as well as love me,] might have been obtained without the plague I have been at, and much more reputably than with it? And hast thou not seen, that this haughty woman [forgive me that I call her haughty! and a woman! Yet is she not haughty?] knows not how to forgive with graciousness? Indeed has not at all forgiven me? But holds my soul in a suspense which has been so grievous to her own.

At this silent moment, I think, that if I were to pursue my former scheme, and resolve to try whether I cannot make a greater fault serve as a sponge to wipe out the less; and then be forgiven for that; I can justify myself to myself; and that, as the fair invincible would say, is all in all.

As it is my intention, in all my reflections, to avoid repeating, at least dwelling upon, what I have before written to thee, though the state of the case may not have varied; so I would have thee to re-consider the old reasonings (particularly those contained in my answer to thy last* expostulatory nonsense); and add the new as they fall from my pen; and then I shall think myself invincible; — at least, as arguing rake to rake.

* See Vol. V. Letter XIV.

I take the gaining of this lady to be essential to my happiness: and is it not natural for all men to aim at obtaining whatever they think will make them happy,

be the object more or less considerable in the eyes of others?

As to the manner of endeavouring to obtain her, by falsification of oaths, vows, and the like — do not the poets of two thousand years and upwards tell us, that Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of lovers? And let me add, to what I have heretofore mentioned on that head, a question or two.

Do not the mothers, the aunts, the grandmothers, the governesses of the pretty innocents, always, from their very cradles to riper years, preach to them the deceitfulness of men? — That they are not to regard their oaths, vows, promises? — What a parcel of fibbers would all these reverend matrons be, if there were not now and then a pretty credulous rogue taken in for a justification of their preachments, and to serve as a beacon lighted up for the benefit of the rest?

Do we not then see, that an honest prowling fellow is a necessary evil on many accounts? Do we not see that it is highly requisite that a sweet girl should be now-and-then drawn aside by him? — And the more eminent the girl, in the graces of person, mind, and fortune, is not the example likely to be the more efficacious?

If these postulata be granted me, who, I pray, can equal my charmer in all these? Who therefore so fit for an example to the rest of her sex? — At worst, I am entirely within my worthy friend Mandeville's assertion, that private vices are public benefits.

Well, then, if this sweet creature must fall, as it is called, for the benefit of all the pretty fools of the sex, she must; and there's an end of the matter. And what would there have been in it of uncommon or rare, had I not been so long about it? — And so I dismiss all further argumentation and debate upon the question: and I impose upon thee, when thou writest to me, an eternal silence on this head.

Wafer'd on, as an after-written introduction to the paragraphs which follow, marked with turned commas, [thus, ']:

Lord, Jack, what shall I do now! How one evil brings on another! Dreadful news to tell thee! While I was meditating a simple robbery, here have I (in my own defence indeed) been guilty of murder! — A bl — y murder! So I believe it will prove. At her last gasp! — Poor impertinent opposer! — Eternally resisting! — Eternally contradicting! There she lies weltering in her blood! her death's wound have I given her! — But she was a thief, an impostor, as well as a tormentor. She had stolen my pen. While I was sullenly meditating, doubting, as to my future measures, she stole it; and thus she wrote with it in a hand exactly like my own; and would have faced me down, that it was really my own hand-writing.

'But let me reflect before it is too late. On the manifold perfections of this ever-amiable creature let me reflect. The hand yet is only held up. The blow is not struck. Miss Howe's next letter may blow thee up. In policy thou shouldest be

now at least honest. Thou canst not live without her. Thou wouldest rather marry her than lose her absolutely. Thou mayest undoubtedly prevail upon her, inflexible as she seems to be, for marriage. But if now she finds thee a villain, thou mayest never more engage her attention, and she perhaps will refuse and abhor thee.

'Yet already have I not gone too far? Like a repentant thief, afraid of his gang, and obliged to go on, in fear of hanging till he comes to be hanged, I am afraid of the gang of my cursed contrivances.

'As I hope to live, I am sorry, (at the present writing,) that I have been such a foolish plotter, as to put it, as I fear I have done, out of my own power to be honest. I hate compulsion in all forms; and cannot bear, even to be compelled to be the wretch my choice has made me! So now, Belford, as thou hast said, I am a machine at last, and no free agent.

'Upon my soul, Jack, it is a very foolish thing for a man of spirit to have brought himself to such a height of iniquity, that he must proceed, and cannot help himself, and yet to be next to certain, that this very victory will undo him.

'Why was such a woman as this thrown into my way, whose very fall will be her glory, and, perhaps, not only my shame but my destruction?

'What a happiness must that man know, who moves regularly to some laudable end, and has nothing to reproach himself with in his progress to do it! When, by honest means, he attains his end, how great and unmixed must be his enjoyments! What a happy man, in this particular case, had I been, had it been given me to be only what I wished to appear to be!'

Thus far had my conscience written with my pen; and see what a recreant she had made of me! — I seized her by the throat — There! — There, said I, thou vile impertinent! — take that, and that! — How often have I gave thee warning! — and now, I hope, thou intruding varletess, have I done thy business!

Puling and low-voiced, rearing up thy detested head, in vain implorest thou my mercy, who, in thy day hast showed me so little! — Take that, for a rising blow! — And now will thy pain, and my pain for thee, soon be over. Lie there! — Welter on! — Had I not given thee thy death's wound, thou wouldest have robbed me of all my joys. Thou couldest not have mended me, 'tis plain. Thou couldest only have thrown me into despair. Didst thou not see, that I had gone too far to recede? — Welter on, once more I bid thee! — Gasp on! — That thy last gasp, surely! — How hard diest thou!

ADIEU! — Unhappy man! ADIEU!

'Tis kind in thee, however, to bid me, Adieu!

Adieu, Adieu, Adieu, to thee, O thou inflexible, and, till now, unconquerable bosom intruder! — Adieu to thee for ever!

LETTER II

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY MORN. (JUNE 11). FOUR O'CLOCK.

A few words to the verbal information thou sentest me last night concerning thy poor old man; and then I rise from my seat, shake myself, refresh, new-dress, and so to my charmer, whom, notwithstanding her reserves, I hope to prevail upon to walk out with me on the Heath this warm and fine morning.

The birds must have awakened her before now. They are in full song. She always gloried in accustoming herself to behold the sun rise — one of God's natural wonders, as once she called it.

Her window salutes the east. The valleys must be gilded by his rays, by the time I am with her; for already have they made the up-lands smile, and the face of nature cheerful.

How unsuitable will thou find this gay preface to a subject so gloomy as that I am now turning to!

I am glad to hear thy tedious expectations are at last answered.

Thy servant tells me that thou are plaguily grieved at the old fellow's departure.

I can't say, but thou mayest look as if thou wert; harassed as thou hast been for a number of days and nights with a close attendance upon a dying man, beholding his drawing-on hour — pretending, for decency's sake, to whine over his excruciating pangs; to be in the way to answer a thousand impertinent inquiries after the health of a man thou wishedest to die — to pray by him — for so once thou wrotest to me! — To read by him — to be forced to join in consultation with a crew of solemn and parading doctors, and their officious zanies, the apothecaries, joined with the butcherly tribe of scarficators; all combined to carry on the physical farce, and to cut out thongs both from his flesh and his estate — to have the superadded apprehension of dividing thy interest in what he shall leave with a crew of eager-hoping, never-to-be-satisfied relations, legatees, and the devil knows who, of private gratifiers of passions laudable and illaudable — in these circumstances, I wonder not that thou lookest before servants, (as little grieved as thou after heirship,) as if thou indeed wert grieved; and as if the most wry-fac'd woe had befallen thee.

Then, as I have often thought, the reflection that must naturally arise from such mortifying objects, as the death of one with whom we have been familiar, must afford, when we are obliged to attend it in its slow approaches, and in its face-

twisting pangs, that it will one day be our own case, goes a great way to credit the appearance of grief.

And that it is this, seriously reflected upon, may temporally give a fine air of sincerity to the wailings of lively widows, heart-exulting heirs, and residuary legatees of all denominations; since, by keeping down the inward joy, those interesting reflections must sadden the aspect, and add an appearance of real concern to the assumed sables.

Well, but, now thou art come to the reward of all thy watchings, anxieties, and close attendances, tell me what it is; tell me if it compensate thy trouble, and answer thy hope?

As to myself, thou seest, by the gravity of my style, how the subject has helped to mortify me. But the necessity I am under of committing either speedy matrimony, or a rape, has saddened over my gayer prospects, and, more than the case itself, contributed to make me sympathize with the present joyful-sorrow.

Adieu, Jack, I must be soon out of my pain; and my Clarissa shall be soon out of her’s — for so does the arduousness of the case require.

LETTER III

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY MORNING.

I have had the honour of my charmer's company for two complete hours. We met before six in Mrs. Moore's garden. A walk on the Heath refused me.

The sedateness of her aspect and her kind compliance in this meeting gave me hopes. And all that either the Captain and I had urged yesterday to obtain a full and free pardon, that re-urged I; and I told her, besides, that Captain Tomlinson was gone down with hopes to prevail upon her uncle Harlowe to come up in person, in order to present to me the greatest blessing that man ever received.

But the utmost I could obtain was, that she would take no resolution in my favour till she received Miss Howe's next letter.

I will not repeat the arguments I used; but I will give thee the substance of what she said in answer to them.

She had considered of every thing, she told me. My whole conduct was before her. The house I carried her to must be a vile house. The people early showed what they were capable of, in the earnest attempt made to fasten Miss Partington upon her; as she doubted not, with my approbation. [Surely, thought I, she has not received a duplicate of Miss Howe's letter of detection!] They heard her cries. My insult was undoubtedly premeditated. By my whole recollected behaviour to her, previous to it, it must be so. I had the vilest of views, no question. And my treatment of her put it out of all doubt.

Soul over all, Belford! She seems sensible of liberties that my passion made me insensible of having taken, or she could not so deeply resent.

She besought me to give over all thoughts of her. Sometimes, she said, she thought herself cruelly treated by her nearest and dearest relations; at such times, a spirit of repining and even of resentment took place; and the reconciliation, at other times so desirable, was not then so much the favourite wish of her heart, as was the scheme she had formerly planned — of taking her good Norton for her directress and guide, and living upon her own estate in the manner her grandfather had intended she should live.

This scheme she doubted not that her cousin Morden, who was one of her trustees for that estate, would enable her, (and that, as she hoped, without litigation,) to pursue. And if he can, and does, what, Sir, let me ask you, said she, have I seen in your conduct, that should make me prefer to it an union of interest, where there is such a disunion in minds?

So thou seest, Jack, there is reason, as well as resentment, in the preference she makes against me! — Thou seest, that she presumes to think that she can be

happy without me; and that she must be unhappy with me!

I had besought her, in the conclusion of my re-urged arguments, to write to Miss Howe before Miss Howe's answer could come, in order to lay before her the present state of things; and if she would pay a deference to her judgment, to let her have an opportunity to give it, on the full knowledge of the case —

So I would, Mr. Lovelace, was the answer, if I were in doubt myself, which I would prefer — marriage, or the scheme I have mentioned. You cannot think, Sir, but the latter must be my choice. I wish to part with you with temper — don't put me upon repeating —

Part with me, Madam! interrupted I — I cannot bear those words! — But let me beseech you, however, to write to Miss Howe. I hope, if Miss Howe is not my enemy —

She is not the enemy of your person, Sir; — as you would be convinced, if you saw her last letter* to me. But were she not an enemy to your actions, she would not be my friend, nor the friend of virtue. Why will you provoke from me, Mr. Lovelace, the harshness of expression, which, however, which, however deserved by you, I am unwilling just now to use, having suffered enough in the two past days from my own vehemence?

* The lady innocently means Mr. Lovelace's forged one. See Vol. V. Letter XXX.

I bit my lip for vexation. And was silent.

Miss Howe, proceeded she, knows the full state of matters already, Sir. The answer I expect from her respects myself, not you. Her heart is too warm in the cause of friendship, to leave me in suspense one moment longer than is necessary as to what I want to know. Nor does her answer absolutely depend upon herself. She must see a person first, and that person perhaps see others.

The cursed smuggler-woman, Jack! — Miss Howe's Townsend, I doubt not — Plot, contrivance, intrigue, stratagem! — Underground-moles these women — but let the earth cover me! — let me be a mole too, thought I, if they carry their point! — and if this lady escape me now!

She frankly owned that she had once thought of embarking out of all our ways for some one of our American colonies. But now that she had been compelled to see me, (which had been her greatest dread), and which she might be happiest in the resumption of her former favourite scheme, if Miss Howe could find her a reputable and private asylum, till her cousin Morden could come. — But if he came not soon, and if she had a difficulty to get to a place of refuge, whether from her brother or from any body else, [meaning me, I suppose,] she might yet perhaps go abroad; for, to say the truth, she could not think of returning to her father's house, since her brother's rage, her sister's upbraidings, her father's

anger, her mother's still-more-affecting sorrowings, and her own consciousness under them all, would be unsupportable to her.

O Jack! I am sick to death, I pine, I die, for Miss Howe's next letter! I would bind, gag, strip, rob, and do any thing but murder, to intercept it.

But, determined as she seems to be, it was evident to me, nevertheless, that she had still some tenderness for me.

She often wept as she talked, and much oftener sighed. She looked at me twice with an eye of undoubted gentleness, and three times with an eye tending to compassion and softness; but its benign rays were as often snatched back, as I may say, and her face averted, as if her sweet eyes were not to be trusted, and could not stand against my eager eyes; seeking, as they did, for a lost heart in her's, and endeavouring to penetrate to her very soul.

More than once I took her hand. She struggled not much against the freedom. I pressed it once with my lips — she was not very angry. A frown indeed — but a frown that had more distress in it than indignation.

How came the dear soul, (clothed as it is with such a silken vesture,) by all its steadiness?* Was it necessary that the active gloom of such a tyrant of a father, should commix with such a passive sweetness of a will-less mother, to produce a constancy, an equanimity, a steadiness, in the daughter, which never woman before could boast of? If so, she is more obliged to that despotic father than I could have imagined a creature to be, who gave distinction to every one related to her beyond what the crown itself can confer.

* See Vol. I. Letters IX. XIV. and XIX. for what she herself says on that steadiness which Mr. Lovelace, though a deserved sufferer by it, cannot help admiring.

I hoped, I said, that she would admit of the intended visit, which I had so often mentioned, of the two ladies.

She was here. She had seen me. She could not help herself at present. She even had the highest regard for the ladies of my family, because of their worthy characters. There she turned away her sweet face, and vanquished an half-risen sigh.

I kneeled to her then. It was upon a verdant cushion; for we were upon the grass walk. I caught her hand. I besought her with an earnestness that called up, as I could feel, my heart to my eyes, to make me, by her forgiveness and example, more worthy of them, and of her own kind and generous wishes. By my soul, Madam, said I, you stab me with your goodness — your undeserved goodness! and I cannot bear it!

Why, why, thought I, as I did several times in this conversation, will she not generously forgive me? Why will she make it necessary for me to bring Lady

Betty and my cousin to my assistance? Can the fortress expect the same advantageous capitulation, which yields not to the summons of a resistless conqueror, as if it gave not the trouble of bringing up and raising its heavy artillery against it?

What sensibilities, said the divine creature, withdrawing her hand, must thou have suppressed! What a dreadful, what a judicial hardness of heart must thine be! who canst be capable of such emotions, as sometimes thou hast shown; and of such sentiments, as sometimes have flowed from thy lips; yet canst have so far overcome them all as to be able to act as thou hast acted, and that from settled purpose and premeditation; and this, as it is said, throughout the whole of thy life, from infancy to this time!

I told her, that I had hoped, from the generous concern she had expressed for me, when I was so suddenly and dangerously taken ill — [the ipecacuanha experiment, Jack!]

She interrupted me — Well have you rewarded me for the concern you speak of! — However, I will frankly own, now that I am determined to think no more of you, that you might, (unsatisfied as I nevertheless was with you,) have made an interest —

She paused. I besought her to proceed.

Do you suppose, Sir, and turned away her sweet face as we walked, — Do you suppose that I had not thought of laying down a plan to govern myself by, when I found myself so unhappily over-reached and cheated, as I may say, out of myself — When I found, that I could not be, and do, what I wished to be, and to do, do you imagine that I had not cast about, what was the next proper course to take? — And do you believe that this next course has not caused me some pain to be obliged to —

There again she stopt.

But let us break off discourse, resumed she. The subject grows too — She sighed — Let us break off discourse — I will go in — I will prepare for church — [The devil! thought I.] Well, as I can appear in those every-day-worn clothes — looking upon herself — I will go to church.

She then turned from me to go into the house.

Bless me, my beloved creature, bless me with the continuance of this affecting conversation. — Remorse has seized my heart! — I have been excessively wrong — give me farther cause to curse my heedless folly, by the continuance of this calm but soul-penetrating conversation.

No, no, Mr. Lovelace: I have said too much. Impatience begins to break in upon me. If you can excuse me to the ladies, it will be better for my mind's sake, and for your credit's sake, that I do not see them. Call me to them over-nice,

petulant, prudish — what you please call me to them. Nobody but Miss Howe, to whom, next to the Almighty, and my own mother, I wish to stand acquitted of wilful error, shall know the whole of what has passed. Be happy, as you may! — Deserve to be happy, and happy you will be, in your own reflection at least, were you to be ever so unhappy in other respects. For myself, if I ever shall be enabled, on due reflection, to look back upon my own conduct, without the great reproach of having wilfully, and against the light of my own judgment, erred, I shall be more happy than if I had all that the world accounts desirable.

The noble creature proceeded; for I could not speak.

This self-acquittal, when spirits are lent me to dispel the darkness which at present too often over-clouds my mind, will, I hope, make me superior to all the calamities that can befal me.

Her whole person was informed by her sentiments. She seemed to be taller than before. How the God within her exalted her, not only above me, but above herself!

Divine creature! (as I thought her,) I called her. I acknowledged the superiority of her mind; and was proceeding — but she interrupted me — All human excellence, said she, is comparative only. My mind, I believe, is indeed superior to your's, debased as your's is by evil habits: but I had not known it to be so, if you had not taken pains to convince me of the inferiority of your's.

How great, how sublimely great, this creature! — By my soul I cannot forgive her for her virtues! There is no bearing the consciousness of the infinite inferiority she charged me with. — But why will she break from me, when good resolutions are taking place? The red-hot iron she refuses to strike — O why will she suffer the yielding wax to harden?

We had gone but a few paces towards the house, when we were met by the impertinent women, with notice, that breakfast was ready. I could only, with uplifted hands, beseech her to give me hope of a renewed conversation after breakfast.

No — she would go to church.

And into the house she went, and up stairs directly. Nor would she oblige me with her company at the tea-table.

I offered, by Mrs. Moore, to quit both the table and the parlour, rather than she should exclude herself, or deprive the two widows of the favour of her company.

That was not all the matter, she told Mrs. Moore. She had been struggling to keep down her temper. It had cost her some pains to do it. She was desirous to compose herself, in hopes to receive benefit by the divine worship she was going to join in.

Mrs. Moore hoped for her presence at dinner.

She had rather be excused. Yet, if she could obtain the frame of mind she hoped for, she might not be averse to show, that she had got above those sensibilities, which gave consideration to a man who deserved not to be to her what he had been.

This said, no doubt, to let Mrs. Moore know, that the garden-conversation had not been a reconciling one.

Mrs. Moore seemed to wonder that we were not upon a better foot of understanding, after so long a conference; and the more, as she believed that the lady had given in to the proposal for the repetition of the ceremony, which I had told them was insisted upon by her uncle Harlowe. — But I accounted for this, by telling both widows that she was resolved to keep on the reserve till she heard from Captain Tomlinson, whether her uncle would be present in person at the solemnity, or would name that worthy gentleman for his proxy.

Again I enjoined strict secresy, as to this particular; which was promised by the widows, as well as for themselves, as for Miss Rawlins; of whose taciturnity they gave me such an account, as showed me, that she was secret-keeper-general to all the women of fashion at Hampstead.

The Lord, Jack! What a world of mischief, at this rate, must Miss Rawlins know! — What a Pandora's box must her bosom be! — Yet, had I nothing that was more worthy of my attention to regard, I would engage to open it, and make my uses of the discovery.

And now, Belford, thou perceivest, that all my reliance is upon the mediation of Lady Betty and Miss Montague, and upon the hope of intercepting Miss Howe's next letter.

LETTER IV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

This fair inexorable is actually gone to church with Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis; but Will. closely attends her motions; and I am in the way to receive any occasional intelligence from him.

She did not choose, [a mighty word with the sex! as if they were always to have their own wills!] that I should wait upon her. I did not much press it, that she might not apprehend that I thought I had reason to doubt her voluntary return.

I once had it in my head to have found the widow Bevis other employment. And I believe she would have been as well pleased with my company as to go to church; for she seemed irresolute when I told her that two out of a family were enough to go to church for one day. But having her things on, (as the women call every thing,) and her aunt Moore expecting her company, she thought it best to go — lest it should look oddly, you know, whispered she, to one who was above regarding how it looked.

So here am I in my dining-room; and have nothing to do but to write till they return.

And what will be my subject thinkest thou? Why, the old beaten one to be sure; self-debate — through temporary remorse: for the blow being not struck, her guardian angel is redoubling his efforts to save her.

If it be not that, [and yet what power should her guardian angel have over me?] I don’t know what it is that gives a check to my revenge, whenever I meditate treason against so sovereign a virtue. Conscience is dead and gone, as I told thee; so it cannot be that. A young conscience growing up, like the phoenix, from the ashes of the old one, it cannot be, surely. But if it were, it would be hard, if I could not overlay a young conscience.

Well, then, it must be LOVE, I fancy. LOVE itself, inspiring love of an object so adorable — some little attention possibly paid likewise to thy whining arguments in her favour.

Let LOVE then be allowed to be the moving principle; and the rather, as LOVE naturally makes the lover loth to disoblige the object of its flame; and knowing, that to an offence of the meditated kind will be a mortal offence to her, cannot bear that I should think of giving it.

Let LOVE and me talk together a little on this subject — be it a young conscience, or love, or thyself, Jack, thou seest that I am for giving every whiffler audience. But this must be the last debate on this subject; for is not her fate in a

manner at its crisis? And must not my next step be an irretrievable one, tend it which way it will?

* * *

And now the debate is over.

A thousand charming things, (for LOVE is gentler than CONSCIENCE,) has this little urchin suggested in her favour. He pretended to know both our hearts: and he would have it, that though my love was a prodigious strong and potent love; and though it has the merit of many months, faithful service to plead, and has had infinite difficulties to struggle with; yet that it is not THE RIGHT SORT OF LOVE.

Right sort of love! — A puppy! — But, with due regard to your deityship, said I, what merits has she with YOU, that you should be of her party? Is her's, I pray you, a right sort of love? Is it love at all? She don't pretend that it is. She owns not your sovereignty. What a d — l I moves you, to plead thus earnestly for a rebel, who despises your power?

And then he came with his If's and And's — and it would have been, and still, as he believed, would be, love, and a love of the exalted kind, if I would encourage it by the right sort of love he talked of: and, in justification of his opinion, pleaded her own confessions, as well those of yesterday, as of this morning: and even went so far back as to my ipecacuanha illness.

I never talked so familiarly with his godship before: thou mayest think, therefore, that his dialect sounded oddly in my ears. And then he told me, how often I had thrown cold water upon the most charming flame that ever warmed a lady's bosom, while but young and rising.

I required a definition of this right sort of love, he tried at it: but made a sorry hand of it: nor could I, for the soul of me, be convinced, that what he meant to extol was LOVE.

Upon the whole, we had a noble controversy upon this subject, in which he insisted upon the unprecedented merit of the lady. Nevertheless I got the better of him; for he was struck absolutely dumb, when (waving her present perverseness, which yet was a sufficient answer to all his pleas) I asserted, and offered to prove it, by a thousand instances impromptu, that love was not governed by merit, nor could be under the dominion of prudence, or any other reasoning power: and if the lady were capable of love, it was of such a sort as he had nothing to do with, and which never before reigned in a female heart.

I asked him, what he thought of her flight from me, at a time when I was more than half overcome by the right sort of love he talked of? — And then I showed

him the letter she wrote, and left behind her for me, with an intention, no doubt, absolutely to break my heart, or to provoke me to hang, drown, or shoot myself; to say nothing of a multitude of declarations from her, defying his power, and imputing all that looked like love in her behaviour to me, to the persecution and rejection of her friends; which made her think of me but as a last resort.

LOVE then gave her up. The letter, he said, deserved neither pardon nor excuse. He did not think he had been pleading for such a declared rebel. And as to the rest, he should be a betrayer of the rights of his own sovereignty, if what I had alleged were true, and he were still to plead for her.

I swore to the truth of all. And truly I swore: which perhaps I do not always do.

And now what thinkest thou must become of the lady, whom LOVE itself gives up, and CONSCIENCE cannot plead for?

LETTER V

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

O Belford! what a hair's-breadth escape have I had! — Such a one, that I tremble between terror and joy, at the thought of what might have happened, and did not.

What a perverse girl is this, to contend with her fate; yet has reason to think, that her very stars fight against her! I am the luckiest of me! — But my breath almost fails me, when I reflect upon what a slender thread my destiny hung.

But not to keep thee in suspense; I have, within this half-hour, obtained possession of the expected letter from Miss Howe — and by such an accident! But here, with the former, I dispatch this; thy messenger waiting.

LETTER VI

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

Thus it was — My charmer accompanied Mrs. Moore again to church this afternoon. I had been in very earnest, in the first place, to obtain her company at dinner: but in vain. According to what she had said to Mrs. Moore,* I was too considerable to her to be allowed that favour. In the next place, I besought her to favour me, after dinner, with another garden-walk. But she would again go to church. And what reason have I to rejoice that she did!

* See Letter III. of this volume.

My worthy friend, Mrs. Bevis, thought one sermon a day, well observed, enough; so staid at home to bear me company.

The lady and Mrs. Moore had not been gone a quarter of an hour, when a young country-fellow on horseback came to the door, and inquired for Mrs. Harriot Lucas. The widow and I (undetermined how we were to entertain each other) were in the parlour next the door; and hearing the fellow's inquiry, O my dear Mrs. Bevis, said I, I am undone, undone for ever, if you don't help me out! — Since here, in all probability, is a messenger from that implacable Miss Howe with a letter; which, if delivered to Mrs. Lovelace, may undo all we have been doing.

What, said she, would you have me do?

Call the maid in this moment, that I may give her her lesson; and if it be as I imagined, I'll tell you what you shall do.

Wid. Margaret! — Margaret! come in this minute.

Lovel. What answer, Mrs. Margaret, did you give the man, upon his asking for Mrs. Harriot Lucas?

Peggy. I only asked, What was his business, and who he came from? (for, Sir, your honour's servant had told me how things stood): and I came at your call, Madam, before he answered me.

Lovel. Well, child, if ever you wish to be happy in wedlock yourself, and would have people disappointed who want to make mischief between you and your husband, get out of him his message, or letter if he has one, and bring it to me, and say nothing to Mrs. Lovelace, when she comes in; and here is a guinea for you.

Peggy. I will do all I can to serve your honour's worship for nothing: [nevertheless, with a ready hand, taking the guinea:] for Mr. William tells me what a good gentleman you be.

Away went Peggy to the fellow at the door.

Peggy. What is your business, friend, with Mrs. Harry Lucas?

Fellow. I must speak to her her own self.

Lovel. My dearest widow, do you personate Mrs. Lovelace — for Heaven's sake do you personate Mrs. Lovelace.

Wid. I personate Mrs. Lovelace, Sir! How can I do that? — She is fair; I am brown. She is slender: I am plump —

Lovel. No matter, no matter — The fellow may be a new-come servant: he is not in livery, I see. He may not know her person. You can but be bloated and in a dropsy.

Wid. Dropsical people look not so fresh and ruddy as I do.

Lovel. True — but the clown may not know that. 'Tis but for a present deception. Peggy, Peggy, call'd I, in a female tone, softly at the door. Madam, answer'd Peggy; and came up to me to the parlour-door.

Lovel. Tell him the lady is ill; and has lain down upon the couch. And get his business from him, whatever you do.

Away went Peggy.

Lovel. Now, my dear widow, lie along the settee, and put your handkerchief over your face, that, if he will speak to you himself, he may not see your eyes and your hair. — So — that's right. — I'll step into the closet by you.

I did so.

Peggy. [Returning.] He won't deliver his business to me. He will speak to Mrs. Harriot Lucas her own self.

Lovel. [Holding the door in my hand.] Tell him that this is Mrs. Harriot Lucas; and let him come in. Whisper him (if he doubts) that she is bloated, dropsical, and not the woman she was.

Away went Margery.

Lovel. And now, my dear widow, let me see what a charming Mrs. Lovelace you'll make! — Ask if he comes from Miss Howe. Ask if he lives with her. Ask how she does. Call her, at every word, your dear Miss Howe. Offer him money — take this half-guinea for him — complain of your head, to have a pretence to hold it down; and cover your forehead and eyes with your hand, where your handkerchief hides not your face. — That's right — and dismiss the rascal — [here he comes] — as soon as you can.

In came the fellow, bowing and scraping, his hat poked out before him with both his hands.

Fellow. I am sorry, Madam, an't please you, to find you ben't well.

Widow. What is your business with me, friend?

Fellow. You are Mrs. Harriot Lucas, I suppose, Madam?

Widow. Yes. Do you come from Miss Howe?

Fellow. I do, Madam.

Widow. Dost thou know my right name, friend?

Fellow. I can give a shrewd guess. But that is none of my business.

Widow. What is thy business? I hope Miss Howe is well?

Fellow. Yes, Madam; pure well, I thank God. I wish you were so too.

Widow. I am too full of grief to be well.

Fellow. So belike I have hard to say.

Widow. My head aches so dreadfully, I cannot hold it up. I must beg of you to let me know your business.

Fellow. Nay, and that be all, my business is soon known. It is but to give this letter into your own partiklar hands — here it is.

Widow. [Taking it.] From my dear friend Miss Howe? — Ah, my head!

Fellow. Yes, Madam: but I am sorry you are so bad.

Widow. Do you live with Miss Howe?

Fellow. No, Madam: I am one of her tenants' sons. Her lady-mother must not know as how I came of this errand. But the letter, I suppose, will tell you all.

Widow. How shall I satisfy you for this kind trouble?

Fellow. No how at all. What I do is for love of Miss Howe. She will satisfy me more than enough. But, may-hap, you can send no answer, you are so ill.

Widow. Was you ordered to wait for an answer?

Fellow. No, I cannot say as that I was. But I was bidden to observe how you looked, and how you was; and if you did write a line or two, to take care of it, and give it only to our young landlady in secret.

Widow. You see I look strangely. Not so well as I used to do.

Fellow. Nay, I don't know that I ever saw you but once before; and that was at a stile, where I met you and my young landlady; but knew better than to stare a gentlewoman in the face; especially at a stile.

Widow. Will you eat, or drink, friend?

Fellow. A cup of small ale, I don't care if I do.

Widow. Margaret, take the young man down, and treat him with what the house affords.

Fellow. Your servant, Madam. But I staid to eat as I come along, just upon the Heath yonder; or else, to say the truth, I had been here sooner. [Thank my stars, thought I, thou didst.] A piece of powdered beef was upon the table, at the sign of the Castle, where I stopt to inquire for this house: and so, thoff I only intended to wet my whistle, I could not help eating. So shall only taste of your ale; for the beef was woundily corned.

Prating dog! Pox on thee! thought I.

He withdrew, bowing and scraping.

Margaret, whispered I, in a female voice [whispering out of the closet, and holding the parlour-door in my hand] get him out of the house as fast as you can, lest they come from church, and catch him here.

Peggy. Never fear, Sir.

The fellow went down, and it seems, drank a large draught of ale; and Margaret finding him very talkative, told him, she begged his pardon, but she had a sweetheart just come from sea, whom she was forced to hide in the pantry; so was sure he would excuse her from staying with him.

Ay, ay, to be sure, the clown said: for if he could not make sport, he would spoil none. But he whispered her, that one ‘Squire Lovelace was a damnation rogue, if the truth might be told.

For what? said Margaret. And could have given him, she told the widow (who related to me all this) a good dowse of the chaps.

For kissing all the women he came near.

At the same time, the dog wrapped himself round Margery, and gave her a smack, that, she told Mrs. Bevis afterwards, she might have heard into the parlour.

Such, Jack, is human nature: thus does it operate in all degrees; and so does the clown, as well as his practises! Yet this sly dog knew not but the wench had a sweetheart locked up in the pantry! If the truth were known, some of the ruddy-faced dairy wenches might perhaps call him a damnation rogue, as justly as their betters of the same sex might ‘Squire Lovelace.

The fellow told the maid, that, by what he discovered of the young lady’s face, it looked very rosy to what he took it to be; and he thought her a good deal fatter, as she lay, and not so tall.

All women are born to intrigue, Jack; and practise it more or less, as fathers, guardians, governesses, from dear experience, can tell; and in love affairs are naturally expert, and quicker in their wits by half than men. This ready, though raw wench, gave an instance of this, and improved on the dropsical hint I had given her. The lady’s seeming plumpness was owing to a dropsical disorder, and to the round posture she lay in — very likely, truly. Her appearing to him to be shorter, he might have observed, was owing to her drawing her feet up from pain, and because the couch was too short, she supposed — Adso, he did not think of that. Her rosy colour was owing to her grief and head-ache. — Ay, that might very well be — but he was highly pleased that he had given the letter into Mrs. Harriot’s own hand, as he should tell Miss Howe.

He desired once more to see the lady at his going away, and would not be denied. The widow therefore sat up, with her handkerchief over her face, leaning her head against the wainscot.

He asked if she had any partiklar message?

No: she was so ill she could not write; which was a great grief to her.

Should he call the next day? for he was going to London, now he was so near; and should stay at a cousin's that night, who lived in a street called Fetter-Lane.

No: she would write as soon as able, and send by the post.

Well, then, if she had nothing to send by him, mayhap he might stay in town a day or two; for he had never seen the lions in the Tower, nor Bedlam, nor the tombs; and he would make a holiday or two, as he had leave to do, if she had no business or message that required his posting down next day.

She had not.

She offered him the half-guinea I had given her for him; but he refused it with great professions of disinterestedness, and love, as he called it, to Miss Howe; to serve whom, he would ride to the world's-end, or even to Jericho.

And so the shocking rascal went away: and glad at my heart was I when he was gone; for I feared nothing so much as that he would have staid till they came from church.

Thus, Jack, got I my heart's ease, the letter of Miss Howe; ad through such a train of accidents, as makes me say, that the lady's stars fight against her. But yet I must attribute a good deal to my own precaution, in having taken right measures. For had I not secured the widow by my stories, and the maid by my servant, all would have signified nothing. And so heartily were they secured, the one by a single guinea, the other by half a dozen warm kisses, and the aversion they both had to such wicked creatures as delighted in making mischief between man and wife, that they promised, that neither Mrs. Moore, Miss Rawlins, Mrs. Lovelace, nor any body living, should know any thing of the matter.

The widow rejoiced that I had got the mischief-maker's letter. I excused myself to her, and instantly withdrew with it; and, after I had read it, fell to my short-hand, to acquaint thee with my good luck: and they not returning so soon as church was done, (stepping, as it proved, into Miss Rawlins's, and tarrying there awhile, to bring that busy girl with them to drink tea,) I wrote thus far to thee, that thou mightest, when thou camest to this place, rejoice with me upon the occasion.

They are all three just come in.

I hasten to them.

LETTER VII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I have begun another letter to thee, in continuation of my narrative: but I believe I shall send thee this before I shall finish that. By the enclosed thou wilt see, that neither of the correspondents deserve mercy from me: and I am resolved to make the ending with one the beginning with the other.

If thou sayest that the provocations I have given to one of them will justify her freedoms; I answer, so they will, to any other person but myself. But he that is capable of giving those provocations, and has the power to punish those who abuse him for giving them, will show his resentment; and the more remorselessly, perhaps, as he has deserved the freedoms.

If thou sayest, it is, however, wrong to do so; I reply, that it is nevertheless human nature: — And wouldst thou not have me to be a man, Jack?

Here read the letter, if thou wilt. But thou art not my friend, if thou offerest to plead for either of the saucy creatures, after thou hast read it.

TO MRS. HARRIOT LUCAS,
AT MRS. MOORE'S, AT HAMPSTEAD. JUNE 10.

After the discoveries I had made of the villanous machinations of the most abandoned of men, particularized in my long letter of Wednesday* last, you will believe, my dearest friend, that my surprise upon perusing your's of Thursday evening from Hampstead* * was not so great as my indignation. Had the villain attempted to fire a city instead of a house, I should not have wondered at it. All that I am amazed at is, that he (whose boast, as I am told, it is, that no woman shall keep him out of her bed-chamber, when he has made a resolution to be in it) did not discover his foot before. And it is as strange to me, that, having got you at such a shocking advantage, and in such a horrid house, you could, at the time, escape dishonour, and afterwards get from such a set of infernals.

* See Vol. V. Letter XX. * * Ibid. See Letter XXI.

I gave you, in my long letter of Wednesday and Thursday last, reasons why you ought to mistrust that specious Tomlinson. That man, my dear, must be a solemn villain. May lightning from Heaven blast the wretch, who has set him and the rest of his REMORSELESS GANG at work, to endeavour to destroy the most consummate virtue! — Heaven be praised! you have escaped from all their

snares, and now are out of danger. — So I will not trouble you at present with the particulars I have further collected relating to this abominable imposture.

For the same reason, I forbear to communicate to you some new stories of the abhorred wretch himself which have come to my ears. One, in particular, of so shocking a nature! — Indeed, my dear, the man's a devil.

The whole story of Mrs. Fretchville, and her house, I have no doubt to pronounce, likewise, an absolute fiction. — Fellow! — How my soul spurns the villain!

Your thought of going abroad, and your reasons for so doing, most sensibly affect me. But be comforted, my dear; I hope you will not be under a necessity of quitting your native country. Were I sure that that must be the cruel case, I would abandon all my better prospects, and soon be with you. And I would accompany you whithersoever you went, and share fortunes with you: for it is impossible that I should be happy, if I knew that you were exposed not only to the perils of the sea, but to the attempts of other vile men; your personal graces attracting every eye; and exposing you to those hourly dangers, which others, less distinguished by the gifts of nature, might avoid. — All that I know that beauty (so greatly coveted, and so greatly admired) is good for.

O my dear, were I ever to marry, and to be the mother of a CLARISSA, [Clarissa must be the name, if promisingly lovely,] how often would my heart ache for the dear creature, as she grew up, when I reflected that a prudence and discretion, unexampled in woman, had not, in you, been a sufficient protection to that beauty, which had drawn after it as many admirers as beholders! — How little should I regret the attacks of that cruel distemper, as it is called, which frequently makes the greatest ravages in the finest faces!

SAT. AFTERNOON.

I have just parted with Mrs. Townsend.* I thought you had once seen her with me; but she says she never had the honour to be personally known to you. She has a manlike spirit. She knows the world. And her two brothers being in town, she is sure she can engage them in so good a cause, and (if there should be occasion) both their ships' crews, in your service.

* For the account of Mrs. Townsend, &c. see Vol. IV. Letter XLII.

Give your consent, my dear; and the horrid villain shall be repaid with broken bones, at least, for all his vileness!

The misfortune is, Mrs. Townsend cannot be with you till Thursday next, or Wednesday, at soonest: Are you sure you can be safe where you are till then? I think you are too near London; and perhaps you had better be in it. If you remove, let me, the very moment, know whither.

How my heart is torn, to think of the necessity so dear a creature is driven to of hiding herself! Devilish fellow! He must have been sportive and wanton in his inventions — yet that cruel, that savage sportiveness has saved you from the sudden violence to which he has had recourse in the violation of others, of names and families not contemptible. For such the villain always gloried to spread his snares.

The vileness of this specious monster has done more, than any other consideration could do, to bring Mr. Hickman into credit with me. Mr. Hickman alone knows (from me) of your flight, and the reason of it. Had I not given him the reason, he might have thought still worse of the vile attempt. I communicated it to him by showing him your letter from Hampstead. When he had read it, [and he trembled and reddened, as he read,] he threw himself at my feet, and besought me to permit him to attend you, and to give you the protection of his house. The good-natured man had tears in his eyes, and was repeatedly earnest on this subject; proposing to take his chariot-and-four, or a set, and in person, in the face of all the world, give himself the glory of protecting such an oppressed innocent.

I could not but be pleased with him. And I let him know that I was. I hardly expected so much spirit from him. But a man's passiveness to a beloved object of our sex may not, perhaps, argue want of courage on proper occasions.

I thought I ought, in return, to have some consideration for his safety, as such an open step would draw upon him the vengeance of the most villanous enterpriser in the world, who has always a gang of fellows, such as himself, at his call, ready to support one another in the vilest outrages. But yet, as Mr. Hickman might have strengthened his hands by legal recourses, I should not have stood upon it, had I not known your delicacy, [since such a step must have made a great noise, and given occasion for scandal, as if some advantage had been gained over you,] and were there not the greatest probability that all might be more silently, and more effectually, managed, by Mrs. Townsend's means.

Mrs. Townsend will in person attend you — she hopes, on Wednesday — her brothers, and some of their people, will scatteringly, and as if they knew nothing of you, [so we have contrived,] see you safe not only to London, but to her house at Deptford.

She has a kinswoman, who will take your commands there, if she herself be obliged to leave you. And there you may stay, till the wretch's fury, on losing you, and his search, are over.

He will very soon, 'tis likely, enter upon some new villany, which may engross him: and it may be given out, that you are gone to lay claim to the protection of your cousin Morden at Florence.

Possibly, if he can be made to believe it, he will go over, in hopes to find you there.

After a while, I can procure you a lodging in one of our neighbouring villages, where I may have the happiness to be your daily visiter. And if this Hickman be not silly and apish, and if my mother do not do unaccountable things, I may the sooner think of marrying, that I may, without controul, receive and entertain the darling of my heart.

Many, very many, happy days do I hope we shall yet see together; and as this is my hope, I expect that it will be your consolation.

As to your estate, since you are resolved not to litigate for it, we will be patient, either till Colonel Morden arrives, or till shame compels some people to be just.

Upon the whole, I cannot but think your prospects now much happier than they could have been, had you been actually married to such a man as this. I must therefore congratulate you upon your escape, not only from a horrid libertine, but from so vile a husband, as he must have made to any woman; but more especially to a person of your virtue and delicacy.

You hate him, heartily hate him, I hope, my dear — I am sure you do. It would be strange, if so much purity of life and manners were not to abhor what is so repugnant to itself.

In your letter before me, you mention one written to me for a feint.* I have not received any such. Depend upon it, therefore, that he must have it. And if he has, it is a wonder that he did not likewise get my long one of the 7th. Heaven be praised that he did not; and that it came safe to your hands!

* See Vol. V. Letters XXI. and XXII.

I send this by a young fellow, whose father is one of our tenants, with command to deliver it to no other hands but your's. He is to return directly, if you give him any letter. If not, he will proceed to London upon his own pleasures. He is a simple fellow; but very honest. So you may say anything to him. If you write not by him, I desire a line or two, as soon as possible.

My mother knows nothing of his going to you; nor yet of your abandoning the fellow. Forgive me! But he is not entitled to good manners.

I shall long to hear how you and Mrs. Townsend order matters. I wish she could have been with you sooner. But I have lost no time in engaging her, as you will suppose. I refer to her, what I have further to say and advise. So shall conclude with my prayers, that Heaven will direct and protect my dearest creature, and make your future days happy!

ANNA HOWE.

And now, Jack, I will suppose that thou hast read this cursed letter. Allow me to make a few observations upon some of its contents.

It is strange to Miss Howe, that having got her friend at such a shocking advantage, &c. And it is strange to me, too. If ever I have such another opportunity given to me, the cause of both our wonder, I believe, will cease.

So thou seest Tomlinson is further detected. — No such person as Mrs. Fretchville. — May lightning from Heaven — O Lord, O Lord, O Lord! — What a horrid vixen is this! — My gang, my remorseless gang, too, is brought in — and thou wilt plead for these girls again; wilt thou? heaven be praised, she says, that her friend is out of danger — Miss Howe should be sure of that, and that she herself is safe. — But for this termagant, (as I often said,) I must surely have made a better hand of it. —

New stories of me, Jack! — What can they be? — I have not found that my generosity to my Rose-bud ever did me due credit with this pair of friends. Very hard, Belford, that credits cannot be set against debits, and a balance struck in a rake's favour, as well as in that of every common man! — But he, from whom no good is expected, is not allowed the merit of the good he does.

I ought to have been a little more attentive to character than I have been. For, notwithstanding that the measures of right and wrong are said to be so manifest, let me tell thee, that character biases and runs away with all mankind. Let a man or woman once establish themselves in the world's opinion, and all that either of them do will be sanctified. Nay, in the very courts of justice, does not character acquit or condemn as often as facts, and sometimes even in spite of facts? — Yet, [impolitic that I have been and am!] to be so careless of mine! — And now, I doubt, it is irretrievable. — But to leave moralizing.

Thou, Jack, knowest almost all my enterprises worth remembering. Can this particular story, which this girl hints at, be that of Lucy Villars? — Or can she have heard of my intrigue with the pretty gipsey, who met me in Norwood, and of the trap I caught her cruel husband in, [a fellow as gloomy and tyrannical as old Harlowe,] when he pursued a wife, who would not have deserved ill of him, if he had deserved well of her! — But he was not quite drowned. The man is alive at this day, and Miss Howe mentions the story as a very shocking one. Besides, both these are a twelve-month old, or more.

But evil fame and scandal are always new. When the offender has forgot a vile fact, it is often told to one and to another, who, having never heard of it before, trumpet it about as a novelty to others. But well said the honest corregidor at Madrid, [a saying with which I encroached Lord M.'s collection,] — Good actions are remembered but for a day: bad ones for many years after the life of the guilty. Such is the relish that the world has for scandal. In other words, such is the

desire which every one has to exculpate himself by blackening his neighbour. You and I, Belford, have been very kind to the world, in furnishing it with opportunities to gratify its devil.

[Miss Howe will abandon her own better prospects, and share fortunes with her, were she to go abroad.] — Charming romancer! — I must set about this girl, Jack. I have always had hopes of a woman whose passions carry her to such altitudes. — Had I attacked Miss Howe first, her passions, (inflamed and guided as I could have managed them,) would have brought her into my lure in a fortnight.

But thinkest thou, [and yet I think thou dost,] that there is any thing in these high flights among the sex? — Verily, Jack, these vehement friendships are nothing but chaff and stubble, liable to be blown away by the very wind that raises them. Apes, mere apes of us! they think the word friendship has a pretty sound with it; and it is much talked of — a fashionable word. And so, truly, a single woman, who thinks she has a soul, and knows that she wants something, would be thought to have found a fellow-soul for it in her own sex. But I repeat, that the word is a mere word, the thing a mere name with them; a cork-bottomed shuttle-cock, which they are fond of striking to and fro, to make one another glow in the frosty weather of a single-state; but which, when a man comes in between the pretended inseparables, is given up, like their music and other maidenly amusements; which, nevertheless, may be necessary to keep the pretty rogues out of active mischief. They then, in short, having caught the fish, lay aside the net.*

* He alludes here to the story of a pope, who, (once a poor fisherman,) through every preferment he rose to, even to that of the cardinalate, hung up in view of all his guests his net, as a token of humility. But, when he arrived at the pontificate, he took it down, saying, that there was no need of the net, when he had caught the fish.

Thou hast a mind, perhaps, to make an exception for these two ladies. — With all my heart. My Clarissa has, if woman has, a soul capable of friendship. Her flame is bright and steady. But Miss Howe’s, were it not kept up by her mother’s opposition, is too vehement to endure. How often have I known opposition not only cement friendship, but create love? I doubt not but poor Hickman would fare the better with this vixen, if her mother were as heartily against him, as she is for him.

Thus much, indeed, as to these two ladies, I will grant thee, that the active spirit of the one, and the meek disposition of the other, may make their friendship more durable than it would otherwise be; for this is certain, that in every friendship, whether male or female, there must be a man and a woman spirit, (that is to say, one of them must be a forbearing one,) to make it permanent.

But this I pronounce, as a truth, which all experience confirms, that friendship between women never holds to the sacrifice of capital gratifications, or to the endangering of life, limb, or estate, as it often does in our nobler sex.

Well, but next comes an indictment against poor beauty! What has beauty done that Miss Howe should be offended at it? — Miss Howe, Jack, is a charming girl. She has no reason to quarrel with beauty! — Didst ever see her? — Too much fire and spirit in her eye, indeed, for a girl! — But that's no fault with a man that can lower that fire and spirit at pleasure; and I know I am the man that can.

For my own part, when I was first introduced to this lady, which was by my goddess when she herself was a visiter at Mrs. Howe's, I had not been half an hour with her, but I even hungered and thirsted after a romping 'bout with the lively rogue; and, in the second or third visit, was more deterred by the delicacy of her friend, than by what I apprehended from her own. This charming creature's presence, thought I, awes us both. And I wished her absence, though any other woman were present, that I might try the differences in Miss Howe's behaviour before her friend's face, or behind her back.

Delicate women make delicate women, as well as decent men. With all Miss Howe's fire and spirit, it was easy to see, by her very eye, that she watched for lessons and feared reproof from the penetrating eye of her milder dispositioned friend;* and yet it was as easy to observe, in the candour and sweet manners of the other, that the fear which Miss Howe stood in of her, was more owing to her own generous apprehension that she fell short of her excellencies, than to Miss Harlowe's consciousness of excellence over her. I have often since I came at Miss Howe's letters, revolved this just and fine praise contained in one of them:* * 'Every one saw that the preference they gave you to themselves exalted you not into any visible triumph over them; for you had always something to say, on every point you carried, that raised the yielding heart, and left every one pleased and satisfied with themselves, though they carried not off the palm.'

* Miss Howe, in Vol. III. Letter XIX. says, That she was always more afraid of Clarissa than of her mother; and, in Vol. III. Letter XLIV. That she fears her almost as much as she loves her; and in many other places, in her letters, verifies this observation of Lovelace. * * See Vol. IV. Letter XXXI.

As I propose, in a more advanced life, to endeavour to atone for my useful freedoms with individuals of the sex, by giving cautions and instructions to the whole, I have made a memorandum to enlarge upon this doctrine; — to wit, that it

is full as necessary to direct daughters in the choice of their female companions, as it is to guard them against the designs of men.

I say not this, however, to the disparagement of Miss Howe. She has from pride, what her friend has from principle. [The Lord help the sex, if they had not pride!] But yet I am confident, that Miss Howe is indebted to the conversation and correspondence of Miss Harlowe for her highest improvements. But, both these ladies out of the question, I make no scruple to aver, [and I, Jack, should know something of the matter,] that there have been more girls ruined, at least prepared for ruin, by their own sex, (taking in servants, as well as companions,) than directly by the attempts and delusions of men.

But it is time enough when I am old and joyless, to enlarge upon this topic.

As to the comparison between the two ladies, I will expatiate more on that subject, (for I like it,) when I have had them both. Which this letter of the vixen girl's, I hope thou wilt allow, warrants me to try for.

I return to the consideration of a few more of its contents, to justify my vengeances so nearly now in view.

As to Mrs. Townsend, — her manlike spirit — her two brothers — and the ships' crews — I say nothing but this to the insolent threatening — Let 'em come! — But as to her sordid menace — To repay the horrid villain, as she calls me, for all my vileness by BROKEN BONES! — Broken bones, Belford! — Who can bear this porterly threatening! — Broken bones, Jack! — D — n the little vulgar! — Give me a name for her — but I banish all furious resentment. If I get these two girls into my power, Heaven forbid that I should be a second Phalaris, who turned his bull upon the artist! — No bones of their's will I break — They shall come off with me upon much lighter terms! —

But these fellows are smugglers, it seems. And am not I a smuggler too? — I am — and have not the least doubt but I shall have secured my goods before Thursday, or Wednesday either.

But did I want a plot, what a charming new one does this letter of Miss Howe strike me out! I am almost sorry, that I have fixed upon one. — For here, how easy would it be for me to assemble a crew of swabbers, and to create a Mrs. Townsend (whose person, thou seest, my beloved knows not) to come on Tuesday, at Miss Howe's repeated solicitations, in order to carry my beloved to a warehouse of my own providing?

This, however, is my triumphant hope, that at the very time that these ragamuffins will be at Hampstead (looking for us) my dear Miss Harlowe and I [so the Fates I imagine have ordained] shall be fast asleep in each other's arms in town. — Lie still, villain, till the time comes. — My heart, Jack! my heart! — It is always thumping away on the remotest prospects of this nature.

But it seems that the vileness of this specious monster [meaning me, Jack!] has brought Hickman into credit with her. So I have done some good! But to whom I cannot tell: for this poor fellow, should I permit him to have this termagant, will be punished, as many times we all are, by the enjoyment of his own wishes — nor can she be happy, as I take it, with him, were he to govern himself by her will, and have none of his own; since never was there a directing wife who knew where to stop: power makes such a one wanton — she despises the man she can govern. Like Alexander, who wept, that he had no more worlds to conquer, she will be looking out for new exercises for her power, till she grow uneasy to herself, a discredit to her husband, and a plague to all about her.

But this honest fellow, it seems, with tears in his eyes, and with humble prostration, besought the vixen to permit him to set out in his chariot-and-four, in order to give himself the glory of protecting such an oppressed innocent, in the face of the whole world. Nay, he reddened, it seems: and trembled too! as he read the fair complainant's letter. — How valiant is all this! — Women love brave men; and no wonder that his tears, his trembling, and his prostration, gave him high reputation with the meek Miss Howe.

But dost think, Jack, that I in the like case (and equally affected with the distress) should have acted thus? Dost think, that I should not first have rescued the lady, and then, if needful, have asked excuse for it, the lady in my hand? — Wouldst not thou have done thus, as well as I?

But, 'tis best as it is. Honest Hickman may now sleep in a whole skin. And yet that is more perhaps than he would have done (the lady's deliverance unattempted) had I come at this requested permission of his any other way than by a letter that it must not be known that I have intercepted.

Miss Howe thinks I may be diverted from pursuing my charmer, by some new-started villany. Villany is a word that she is extremely fond of. But I can tell her, that it is impossible I should, till the end of this villany be obtained. Difficulty is a stimulus with such a spirit as mine. I thought Miss Howe knew me better. Were she to offer herself, person for person, in the romancing zeal of her friendship, to save her friend, it should not do, while the dear creature is on this side the moon.

She thanks Heaven, that her friend has received her letter of the 7th. We are all glad of it. She ought to thank me too. But I will not at present claim her thanks.

But when she rejoices that the letter went safe, does she not, in effect, call out for vengeance, and expect it! — All in good time, Miss Howe. When settest thou out for the Isle of Wight, love?

I will close at this time with desiring thee to make a list of the virulent terms with which the enclosed letter abounds: and then, if thou supposest that I have made such another, and have added to it all the flowers of the same blow, in the

former letters of the same saucy creature, and those in that of Miss Harlowe, which she left for me on her elopement, thou wilt certainly think, that I have provocations sufficient to justify me in all that I shall do to either.

Return the enclosed the moment thou hast perused it.

LETTER VIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY NIGHT — MONDAY MORNING.

I went down with revenge in my heart, the contents of Miss Howe's letter almost engrossing me, the moment that Miss Harlowe and Mrs. Moore (accompanied by Miss Rawlins) came in: but in my countenance all the gentle, the placid, the serene, that the glass could teach; and in my behaviour all the polite, that such an unpolite creature, as she has often told me I am, could put on.

Miss Rawlins was sent for home almost as soon as she came in, to entertain an unexpected visiter; to her great regret, as well as to the disappointment of my fair-one, as I could perceive from the looks of both: for they had agreed, it seems, if I went to town, as I said I intended to do, to take a walk upon the Heath, at least in Mrs. Moore's garden; and who knows, what might have been the issue, had the spirit of curiosity in the one met with the spirit of communication in the other?

Miss Rawlins promised to return, if possible: but sent to excuse herself: her visiter intending to stay with her all night.

I rejoiced in my heart at her message; and, after much supplication, obtained the favour of my beloved's company for another walk in the garden, having, as I told her, abundance of things to say, to propose, and to be informed of, in order ultimately to govern myself in my future steps.

She had vouchsafed, I should have told thee, with eyes turned from me, and in a half-aside attitude, to sip two dishes of tea in my company — Dear soul! — How anger unpolishes the most polite! for I never saw Miss Harlowe behave so awkwardly. I imagined she knew not how to be awkward.

When we were in the garden, I poured my whole soul into her attentive ear; and besought her returning favour.

She told me, that she had formed her scheme for her future life: that, vile as the treatment was which she had received from me, that was not all the reason she had for rejecting my suit: but that, on the maturest deliberation, she was convinced that she could neither be happy with me, nor make me happy; and she injoined me, for both our sakes, to think no more of her.

The Captain, I told her, was rid down post, in a manner, to forward my wishes with her uncle. — Lady Betty and Miss Montague were undoubtedly arrived in town by this time. I would set out early in the morning to attend them. They adored her. They longed to see her. They would see her. — They would not be denied her company in Oxfordshire. Whither could she better go, to be free from her brother's insults? — Whither, to be absolutely made unapprehensive of any

body else? — Might I have any hopes of her returning favour, if Miss Howe could be prevailed upon to intercede for me?

Miss Howe prevailed upon to intercede for you! repeated she, with a scornful bridle, but a very pretty one. — And there she stopt.

I repeated the concern it would be to me to be under a necessity of mentioning the misunderstanding to Lady Betty and my cousin, as a misunderstanding still to be made up; and as if I were of very little consequence to a dear creature who was of so much to me; urging, that these circumstances would extremely lower me not only in my own opinion, but in that of my relations.

But still she referred to Miss Howe's next letter; and all the concession I could bring her to in this whole conference, was, that she would wait the arrival and visit of the two ladies, if they came in a day or two, or before she received the expected letter from Miss Howe.

Thank Heaven for this! thought I. And now may I go to town with hopes at my return to find thee, dearest, where I shall leave thee.

But yet, as she may find reasons to change her mind in my absence, I shall not entirely trust to this. My fellow, therefore, who is in the house, and who, by Mrs. Bevis's kind intelligence, will know every step she can take, shall have Andrew and a horse ready, to give me immediate notice of her motions; and moreover, go whither she will, he shall be one of her retinue, though unknown to herself, if possible.

This was all I could make of the fair inexorable. Should I be glad of it, or sorry for it? —

Glad I believe: and yet my pride is confoundedly abated, to think that I had so little hold in the affections of this daughter of the Harlowes.

Don't tell me that virtue and principle are her guides on this occasion!— 'Tis pride, a greater pride than my own, that governs her. Love, she has none, thou seest; nor ever had; at least not in a superior degree. Love, that deserves the name, never was under the dominion of prudence, or of any reasoning power. She cannot bear to be thought a woman, I warrant! And if, in the last attempt, I find her not one, what will she be the worse for the trial? — No one is to blame for suffering an evil he cannot shun or avoid.

Were a general to be overpowered, and robbed by a highwayman, would he be less fit for the command of an army on that account? — If indeed the general, pretending great valour, and having boasted that he never would be robbed, were to make but faint resistance when he was brought to the test, and to yield his purse when he was master of his own sword, then indeed will the highwayman who robs him be thought the braver man.

But from these last conferences am I furnished with one argument in defence of my favourite purpose, which I never yet pleaded.

O Jack! what a difficulty must a man be allowed to have to conquer a predominant passion, be it what it will, when the gratifying of it is in his power, however wrong he knows it to be to resolve to gratify it! Reflect upon this; and then wilt thou be able to account for, if not to excuse, a projected crime, which has habit to plead for it, in a breast as stormy as uncontroulable!

This that follows is my new argument —

Should she fail in the trial; should I succeed; and should she refuse to go on with me; and even resolve not to marry me (of which I can have no notion); and should she disdain to be obliged to me for the handsome provision I should be proud to make for her, even to the half of my estate; yet cannot she be altogether unhappy — Is she not entitled to an independent fortune? Will not Col. Morden, as her trustee, put her in possession of it? And did she not in our former conference point out the way of life, that she always preferred to the married life — to wit, 'To take her good Norton for her directress and guide, and to live upon her own estate in the manner her grandfather desired she should live?'*

* See Letter III. of this volume.

It is moreover to be considered that she cannot, according to her own notions, recover above one half of her fame, were we not to intermarry; so much does she think she has suffered by her going off with me. And will she not be always repining and mourning for the loss of the other half? — And if she must live a life of such uneasiness and regret for half, may she not as well repine and mourn for the whole?

Nor, let me tell thee, will her own scheme or penitence, in this case, be half so perfect, if she do not fall, as if she does: for what a foolish penitent will she make, who has nothing to repent of! — She piques herself, thou knowest, and makes it matter of reproach to me, that she went not off with me by her own consent; but was tricked out of herself.

Nor upbraid thou me upon the meditated breach of vows so repeatedly made. She will not, thou seest, permit me to fulfil them. And if she would, this I have to say, that, at the time I made the most solemn of them, I was fully determined to keep them. But what prince thinks himself obliged any longer to observe the articles of treaties, the most sacredly sworn to, than suits with his interest or inclination; although the consequence of the infraction must be, as he knows, the destruction of thousands.

Is not this then the result of all, that Miss Clarissa Harlowe, if it be not her own fault, may be as virtuous after she has lost her honour, as it is called, as she was before? She may be a more eminent example to her sex; and if she yield (a little

yield) in the trial, may be a completer penitent. Nor can she, but by her own wilfulness, be reduced to low fortunes.

And thus may her old nurse and she; an old coachman; and a pair of old coach-horses; and two or three old maid-servants, and perhaps a very old footman or two, (for every thing will be old and penitential about her,) live very comfortably together; reading old sermons, and old prayer-books; and relieving old men and old women; and giving old lessons, and old warnings, upon new subjects, as well as old ones, to the young ladies of her neighbourhood; and so pass on to a good old age, doing a great deal of good both by precept and example in her generation.

And is a woman who can live thus prettily without controul; who ever did prefer, and who still prefers, the single to the married life; and who will be enabled to do every thing that the plan she had formed will direct her to do; to be said to be ruined, undone, and such sort of stuff? — I have no patience with the pretty fools, who use those strong words, to describe a transitory evil; an evil which a mere church-form makes none?

At this rate of romancing, how many flourishing ruins dost thou, as well as I, know? Let us but look about us, and we shall see some of the haughtiest and most censorious spirits among out acquaintance of that sex now passing for chaste wives, of whom strange stories might be told; and others, whose husbands' hearts have been made to ache for their gaieties, both before and after marriage; and yet know not half so much of them, as some of us honest fellows could tell them.

But, having thus satisfied myself in relation to the worst that can happen to this charming creature; and that it will be her own fault, if she be unhappy; I have not at all reflected upon what is likely to be my own lot.

This has always been my notion, though Miss Howe grudges us rakes the best of the sex, and says, that the worst is too good for us,* that the wife of a libertine ought to be pure, spotless, uncontaminated. To what purpose has such a one lived a free life, but to know the world, and to make his advantages of it! — And, to be very serious, it would be a misfortune to the public for two persons, heads of a family, to be both bad; since, between two such, a race of varlets might be propagated (Lovelaces and Belfords, if thou wilt) who might do great mischief in the world.

Thou seest at bottom that I am not an abandoned fellow; and that there is a mixture of gravity in me. This, as I grow older, may increase; and when my active capacity begins to abate, I may sit down with the preacher, and resolve all my past life into vanity and vexation of spirit.

This is certain, that I shall never find a woman so well suited to my taste as Miss Clarissa Harlowe. I only wish that I may have such a lady as her to comfort and adorn my setting sun. I have often thought it very unhappy for us both, that so

excellent a creature sprang up a little too late for my setting out, and a little too early in my progress, before I can think of returning. And yet, as I have picked up the sweet traveller in my way, I cannot help wishing that she would bear me company in the rest of my journey, although she were stepping out of her own path to oblige me. And then, perhaps, we could put up in the evening at the same inn; and be very happy in each other's conversation; recounting the difficulties and dangers we had passed in our way to it.

I imagine that thou wilt be apt to suspect that some passages in this letter were written in town. Why, Jack, I cannot but say that the Westminster air is a little grosser than that at Hampstead; and the conversation of Mrs. Sinclair and the nymphs less innocent than Mrs. Moore's and Miss Rawlins's. And I think in my heart I can say and write those things at one place which I cannot at the other, nor indeed any where else.

I came to town about seven this morning — all necessary directions and precautions remembered to be given.

I besought the favour of an audience before I set out. I was desirous to see which of her lovely faces she was pleased to put on, after another night had passed. But she was resolved, I found, to leave our quarrel open. She would not give me an opportunity so much as to entreat her again to close it, before the arrival of Lady Betty and my cousin.

I had notice from my proctor, by a few lines brought by a man and horse, just before I set out, that all difficulties had been for two days past surmounted; and that I might have the license for fetching.

I sent up the letter to my beloved, by Mrs. Bevis, with a repeated request for admittance to her presence upon it; but neither did this stand me in stead. I suppose she thought it would be allowing of the consequences that were naturally to be expected to follow the obtaining of this instrument, if she had consented to see me on the contents of this letter, having refused me that honour before I sent it up to her. — No surprising her. — No advantage to be taken of her inattention to the nicest circumstances.

And now, Belford, I set out upon business.

LETTER IX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY, JUNE 12.

Durst ever see a license, Jack?

‘Edmund, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of London, to our well-beloved in Christ, Robert Lovelace, [your servant, my good Lord! What have I done to merit so much goodness, who never saw your Lordship in my life?] of the parish of St. Martin’s in the Fields, bachelor, and Clarissa Harlowe, of the same parish, spinster, sendeth greeting. — WHEREAS ye are, as is alleged, determined to enter into the holy state of Matrimony [this is only alleged, thou observest] by and with the consent of, &c. &c. &c. and are very desirous of obtaining your marriage to be solemnized in the face of the church: We are willing that your honest desires [honest desires, Jack!] may more speedily have their due effect: and therefore, that ye may be able to procure such Marriage to be freely and lawfully solemnized in the parish church of St. Martin’s in the Fields, or St. Giles’s in the Fields, in the county of Middlesex, by the Rector, Vicar, or Curate thereof, at any time of the year, [at ANY time of the year, Jack!] without publication of bans: Provided, that by reason of any pre-contract, [I verily think that I have had three or four pre-contracts in my time; but the good girls have not claimed upon them of a long while,] consanguinity, affinity, or any other lawful cause whatsoever, there be no lawful impediment on this behalf; and that there be not at this time any action, suit, plaint, quarrel, or demand, moved or depending before any judge ecclesiastical or temporal, for or concerning any marriage contracted by or with either of you; and that the said marriage be openly solemnized in the church above-mentioned, between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon; and without prejudice to the minister of the place where the said woman is a parishioner: We do hereby, for good causes, [it cost me — let me see, Jack — what did it cost me?] give and grant our License, as well to you as to the parties contracting, as to the Rector, Vicar, or Curate of the said church, where the said marriage is intended to be solemnized, to solemnize the same, in manner and form above specified, according to the rites and ceremonies prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer in that behalf published by authority of Parliament. Provided always, that if hereafter any fraud shall appear to have been committed, at the time of granting this License, either by false suggestions, or concealment of the truth, [now this, Belford, is a little hard upon us; for I cannot say that every one of our suggestions is literally true: — so, in good conscience, I ought not to marry under this License;] the License shall be void to all intents and purposes, as if the same had not been granted. And in that case we do inhibit all ministers

whatsoever, if any thing of the premises shall come to their knowledge, from proceeding to the celebration of the said Marriage; without first consulting Us, or our Vicar-general. Given,' &c.

Then follow the register's name, and a large pendent seal, with these words round it — SEAL OF THE VICAR-GENERAL AND OFFICIAL PRINCIPAL OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.

A good whimsical instrument, take it altogether! But what, thinkest thou, are the arms to this matrimonial harbinger? — Why, in the first place, two crossed swords; to show that marriage is a state of offence as well as defence; three lions; to denote that those who enter into the state ought to have a triple proportion of courage. And [couldst thou have imagined that these priestly fellows, in so solemn a case, would cut their jokes upon poor souls who came to have their honest desires put in a way to be gratified;] there are three crooked horns, smartly top-knotted with ribands; which being the ladies' wear, seem to indicate that they may very probably adorn, as well as bestow, the bull's feather.

To describe it according to heraldry art, if I am not mistaken — gules, two swords, saltire-wise, or; second coat, a chevron sable between three bugle-horns, OR [so it ought to be]: on a chief of the second, three lions rampant of the first — but the devil take them for their hieroglyphics, should I say, if I were determined in good earnest to marry!

And determined to marry I would be, were it not for this consideration, that once married, and I am married for life.

That's the plague of it! — Could a man do as the birds do, change every Valentine's day, [a natural appointment! for birds have not the sense, forsooth, to fetter themselves, as we wiseacre men take great and solemn pains to do,] there would be nothing at all in it. And what a glorious time would the lawyers have, on the one hand, with their noverini universi's, and suits commenceable on restitution of goods and chattels; and the parsons, on the other, with their indulgencies [renewable annually, as other licenses] to the honest desires of their clients?

Then, were a stated mullet, according to rank or fortune, to be paid on every change, towards the exigencies of the state [but none on renewals with the old lives, for the sake of encouraging constancy, especially among the minores] the change would be made sufficiently difficult, and the whole public would be the better for it; while those children, which the parents could not agree about maintaining, might be considered as the children of the public, and provided for like the children of the antient Spartans; who were (as ours would in this case be) a nation of heroes. How, Jack, could I have improved upon Lycurgus's institutions had I been a lawgiver!

Did I never show thee a scheme which I drew up on such a notion as this? — In which I demonstrated the conveniencies, and obviated the inconveniencies, of changing the present mode to this? I believe I never did.

I remember I proved to a demonstration, that such a change would be a mean of annihilating, absolutely annihilating, four or five very atrocious and capital sins. — Rapes, vulgarly so called; adultery, and fornication; nor would polygamy be panted after. Frequently would it prevent murders and duelling; hardly any such thing as jealousy (the cause of shocking violences) would be heard of: and hypocrisy between man and wife be banished the bosoms of each. Nor, probably, would the reproach of barrenness rest, as it now too often does, where it is least deserved. — Nor would there possibly be such a person as a barren woman.

Moreover, what a multitude of domestic quarrels would be avoided, where such a scheme carried into execution? Since both sexes would bear with each other, in the view that they could help themselves in a few months.

And then what a charming subject for conversation would be the gallant and generous last partings between man and wife! Each, perhaps, a new mate in eye, and rejoicing secretly in the manumission, could afford to be complaisantly sorrowful in appearance. ‘He presented her with this jewel, it will be said by the reporter, for example sake: she him with that. How he wept! How she sobb’d! How they looked after one another!’ Yet, that’s the jest of it, neither of them wishing to stand another twelvemonth’s trial.

And if giddy fellows, or giddy girls, misbehave in a first marriage, whether from noviceship, having expected to find more in the matter than can be found; or from perverseness on her part, or positiveness on his, each being mistaken in the other [a mighty difference, Jack, in the same person, an inmate or a visiter]; what a fine opportunity will each have, by this scheme, of recovering a lost character, and of setting all right in the next adventure?

And, O Jack! with what joy, with what rapture, would the changelings (or changeables, if thou like that word better) number the weeks, the days, the hours, as the annual obligation approached to its desirable period!

As for the spleen or vapours, no such malady would be known or heard of. The physical tribe would, indeed, be the sufferers, and the only sufferers; since fresh health and fresh spirits, the consequences of sweet blood and sweet humours (the mind and body continually pleased with each other) would perpetually flow in; and the joys of expectation, the highest of all our joys, would invigorate and keep all alive.

But, that no body of men might suffer, the physicians, I thought, might turn parsons, as there would be a great demand for parsons. Besides, as they would be

partakers in the general benefit, they must be sorry fellows indeed if they preferred themselves to the public.

Every one would be married a dozen times at least. Both men and women would be careful of their characters and polite in their behaviour, as well as delicate in their persons, and elegant in their dress, [a great matte each of these, let me tell thee, to keep passion alive,] either to induce a renewal with the old love, or to recommend themselves to a new. While the newspapers would be crowded with paragraphs; all the world their readers, as all the world would be concerned to see who and who's together —

'Yesterday, for instance, entered into the holy state of matrimony,' [we should all speak reverently of matrimony, then,] 'the right Honourable Robert Earl Lovelace' [I shall be an earl by that time,] 'with her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Fifty-manors; his Lordship's one-and-thirtieth wife.' — I shall then be contented, perhaps, to take up, as it is called, with a widow. But she must not have had more than one husband neither. Thou knowest that I am nice in these particulars.

I know, Jack, that thou for thy part, wilt approve of my scheme.

As Lord M. and I, between us, have three or four boroughs at command, I think I will get into parliament, in order to bring in a bill for this good purpose.

Neither will the house of parliament, nor the houses of convocation, have reason to object it. And all the courts, whether spiritual or sensual, civil or uncivil, will find their account in it when passed into a law.

By my soul, Jack, I should be apprehensive of a general insurrection, and that incited by the women, were such a bill to be thrown out. — For here is the excellency of the scheme: the women will have equal reason with the men to be pleased with it.

Dost think, that old prerogative Harlowe, for example, must not, if such a law were in being, have pulled in his horns? — So excellent a wife as he has, would never else have renewed with such a gloomy tyrant: who, as well as all other married tyrants, must have been upon good behaviour from year to year.

A termagant wife, if such a law were to pass, would be a phoenix.

The churches would be the only market-place for the fair sex; and domestic excellence the capital recommendation.

Nor would there be an old maid in Great Britain, and all its territories. For what an odd soul must she be who could not have her twelvemonth's trial?

In short, a total alteration for the better, in the morals and way of life in both sexes, must, in a very few years, be the consequence of such a salutary law.

Who would have expected such a one from me! I wish the devil owe me not a spite for it.

The would not the distinction be very pretty, Jack? as in flowers; — such a gentleman, or such a lady, is an ANNUAL — such a one is a PERENNIAL.

One difficulty, however, as I remember, occurred to me, upon the probability that a wife might be enceinte, as the lawyers call it. But thus I obviated it —

That no man should be allowed to marry another woman without his then wife's consent, till she were brought-to-bed, and he had defrayed all incident charges; and till it was agreed upon between them whether the child should be his, her's, or the public's. The women in this case to have what I call the coercive option; for I would not have it in the man's power to be a dog neither.

And, indeed, I gave the turn of the scale in every part of my scheme in the women's favour: for dearly do I love the sweet rogues.

How infinitely more preferable this my scheme to the polygamy one of the old patriarchs; who had wives and concubines without number! — I believe David and Solomon had their hundreds at a time. Had they not, Jack?

Let me add, that annual parliaments, and annual marriages, are the projects next my heart. How could I expatiate upon the benefits that would arise from both!

LETTER X

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Well, but now my plots thicken; and my employment of writing to thee on this subject will soon come to a conclusion. For now, having got the license; and Mrs. Townsend with her tars, being to come to Hampstead next Wednesday or Thursday; and another letter possibly, or message from Miss Howe, to inquire how Miss Harlowe does, upon the rustic's report of her ill health, and to express her wonder that she has not heard form her in answer to her's on her escape; I must soon blow up the lady, or be blown up myself. And so I am preparing, with Lady Betty and my cousin Montague, to wait upon my beloved with a coach-and-four, or a sett; for Lady Betty will not stir out with a pair for the world; though but for two or three miles. And this is a well-known part of her character.

But as to the arms and crest upon the coach and trappings?

Dost thou not know that a Blunt's must supply her, while her own is new lining and repairing? An opportunity she is willing to take now she is in town. Nothing of this kind can be done to her mind in the country. Liveries nearly Lady Betty's.

Thou hast seen Lady Betty Lawrance several times — hast thou not, Belford?

No, never in my life.

But thou hast — and lain with her too; or fame does thee more credit than thou deservest — Why, Jack, knowest thou not Lady Betty's other name?

Other name! — Has she two?

She has. And what thinkest thou of Lady Bab. Wallis?

O the devil!

Now thou hast it. Lady Barbara thou knowest, lifted up in circumstances, and by pride, never appears or produces herself, but on occasions special — to pass to men of quality or price, for a duchess, or countess, at least. She has always been admired for a grandeur in her air, that few women of quality can come up to; and never was supposed to be other than what she passed for; though often and often a paramour for lords.

And who, thinkest thou, is my cousin Montague?

Nay, how should I know?

How indeed! Why, my little Johanetta Golding, a lively, yet modest-looking girl, is my cousin Montague.

There, Belford, is an aunt! — There's a cousin! — Both have wit at will. Both are accustomed to ape quality. — Both are genteelly descended. Mistresses of themselves, and well educated — yet past pity. — True Spartan dames; ashamed

of nothing but detection — always, therefore, upon their guard against that. And in their own conceit, when assuming top parts, the very quality they ape.

And how dost think I dress them out? — I'll tell thee.

Lady Betty in a rich gold tissue, adorned with jewels of high price.

My cousin Montague in a pale pink, standing on end with silver flowers of her own working. Charlotte as well as my beloved is admirable at her needle. Not quite so richly jewell'd out as Lady Betty; but ear-rings and solitaire very valuable, and infinitely becoming.

Johanetta, thou knowest, has a good complexion, a fine neck, and ears remarkably fine — so has Charlotte. She is nearly of Charlotte's stature too.

Laces both, the richest that could be procured.

Thou canst not imagine what a sum the loan of the jewels cost me, though but for three days.

This sweet girl will half ruin me. But seest thou not, by this time, that her reign is short! — It must be so. And Mrs. Sinclair has already prepared every thing for her reception once more.

* * *

Here come the ladies — attended by Susan Morrison, a tenant-farmer's daughter, as Lady Betty's woman; with her hands before her, and thoroughly instructed.

How dress advantages women! — especially those who have naturally a genteel air and turn, and have had education.

Hadst thou seen how they paraded it — Cousin, and Cousin, and Nephew, at every word; Lady Betty bridling and looking haughtily-condescending. — Charlotte galanting her fan, and swimming over the floor without touching it.

How I long to see my niece-elect! cries one — for they are told that we are not married; and are pleased that I have not put the slight upon them that they had apprehended from me.

How I long to see my dear cousin that is to be, the other!

Your La'ship, and your La'ship, and an awkward courtesy at every address — prim Susan Morrison.

Top your parts, ye villains! — You know how nicely I distinguish. There will be no passion in this case to blind the judgment, and to help on meditated delusion, as when you engage with titled sinners. My charmer is as cool and as distinguishing, though not quite so learned in her own sex, as I am. Your commonly-assumed dignity won't do for me now. Airs of superiority, as if born to rank. — But no over-do! — Doubting nothing. Let not your faces arraign your hearts.

Easy and unaffected! — Your very dresses will give you pride enough.

A little graver, Lady Betty. — More significance, less bridling in your dignity.

That's the air! Charmingly hit —— Again —— You have it.

Devil take you! — Less arrogance. You are got into airs of young quality. Be less sensible of your new condition. People born to dignity command respect without needing to require it.

Now for your part, Cousin Charlotte! —

Pretty well. But a little too frolicky that air. — Yet have I prepared my beloved to expect in you both great vivacity and quality-freedom.

Curse those eyes! — Those glancings will never do. A down-cast bashful turn, if you can command it. Look upon me. Suppose me now to be my beloved.

Devil take that leer. Too significantly arch! — Once I knew you the girl I would now have you to be.

Sprightly, but not confident, cousin Charlotte! — Be sure forget not to look down, or aside, when looked at. When eyes meet eyes, be your's the retreating ones. Your face will bear examination.

O Lord! Lord! that so young a creature can so soon forget the innocent appearance she first charmed by; and which I thought born with you all! — Five years to ruin what twenty had been building up! How natural the latter lesson! How difficult to regain the former!

A stranger, as I hope to be saved, to the principal arts of your sex! — Once more, what a devil has your heart to do in your eyes?

Have I not told you, that my beloved is a great observer of the eyes? She once quoted upon me a text,* which showed me how she came by her knowledge — Dorcas's were found guilty of treason the first moment she saw her.

* Eccles. xxvi. The whoredom of a woman may be known in her haughty looks and eye-lids. Watch over an impudent eye, and marvel not if it trespass against thee.

Once more, suppose me to be my charmer. — Now you are to encounter my examining eye, and my doubting heart —

That's my dear!

Study that air in the pier-glass! —

Charmingly! — Perfectly right!

Your honours, now, devils! —

Pretty well, Cousin Charlotte, for a young country lady! Till form yields to familiarity, you may courtesy low. You must not be supposed to have forgot your boarding-school airs.

But too low, too low Lady Betty, for your years and your quality. The common fault of your sex will be your danger: aiming to be young too long! — The devil's

in you all, when you judge of yourselves by your wishes, and by your vanity! Fifty, in that case, is never more than fifteen.

Graceful ease, conscious dignity, like that of my charmer, Oh! how hard to hit!

Both together now —

Charming! — That's the air, Lady Betty! — That's the cue, Cousin Charlotte, suited to the character of each! — But, once more, be sure to have a guard upon your eyes.

Never fear, Nephew! —

Never fear, Cousin.

A dram of Barbadoes each —

And now we are gone —

LETTER XI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. AT MRS. SINCLAIR'S, MONDAY AFTERNOON.

All's right, as heart can wish! — In spite of all objection — in spite of a reluctance next to faintings — in spite of all foresight, vigilance, suspicion — once more is the charmer of my soul in her old lodgings!

Now throbs away every pulse! Now thump, thump, thumps my bounding heart for something!

But I have not time for the particulars of our management.

My beloved is now directing some of her clothes to be packed up — never more to enter this house! Nor ever more will she, I dare say, when once again out of it!

Yet not so much as a condition of forgiveness! — The Harlowe-spirited fair-one will not deserve my mercy! — She will wait for Miss Howe's next letter; and then, if she find a difficulty in her new schemes, [Thank her for nothing,] — will — will what? Why even then will take time to consider, whether I am to be forgiven, or for ever rejected. An indifference that revives in my heart the remembrance of a thousand of the like nature. — And yet Lady Betty and Miss Montague, [a man would be tempted to think, Jack, that they wish her to provoke my vengeance,] declare, that I ought to be satisfied with such a proud suspension!

They are entirely attached to her. Whatever she says, is, must be, gospel! They are guarantees for her return to Hampstead this night. They are to go back with her. A supper bespoken by Lady Betty at Mrs. Moore's. All the vacant apartments there, by my permission, (for I had engaged them for a month certain,) to be filled with them and their attendants, for a week at least, or till they can prevail upon the dear perverse, as they hope they shall, to restore me to her favour, and to accompany Lady Betty to Oxfordshire.

The dear creature has thus far condescended — that she will write to Miss Howe and acquaint her with the present situation of things.

If she write, I shall see what she writes. But I believe she will have other employment soon.

Lady Betty is sure, she tells her, that she shall prevail upon her to forgive me; though she dares say, that I deserve not forgiveness. Lady Betty is too delicate to inquire strictly into the nature of my offence. But it must be an offence against herself, against Miss Montague, against the virtuous of the whole sex, or it could not be so highly resented. Yet she will not leave her till she forgive me, and till

she see our nuptials privately celebrated. Mean time, as she approves of her uncle's expedient, she will address her as already my wife before strangers.

Stedman, her solicitor, may attend her for orders in relation to her chancery affair, at Hampstead. Not one hour they can be favoured with, will they lose from the company and conversation of so dear, so charming a new relation.

Hard then if she had not obliged them with her company in their coach-and-four, to and from their cousin Leeson's, who longed, (as they themselves had done,) to see a lady so justly celebrated.

'How will Lord M. be raptured when he sees her, and can salute her as his niece!

'How will Lady Sarah bless herself! — She will now think her loss of the dear daughter she mourns for happily supplied!'

Miss Montague dwells upon every word that falls from her lips. She perfectly adores her new cousin— 'For her cousin she must be. And her cousin will she call her! She answers for equal admiration in her sister Patty.

'Ay, cry I, (whispering loud enough for her to hear,) how will my cousin Patty's dove's eyes glisten and run over, on the very first interview! — So gracious, so noble, so unaffected a dear creature!'

'What a happy family,' chorus we all, 'will our's be!'

These and such like congratulatory admirations every hour repeated. Her modesty hurt by the ecstatic praises:— 'Her graces are too natural to herself for her to be proud of them: but she must be content to be punished for excellencies that cast a shade upon the most excellent!'

In short, we are here, as at Hampstead, all joy and rapture — all of us except my beloved; in whose sweet face, [her almost fainting reluctance to re-enter these doors not overcome,] reigns a kind of anxious serenity! — But how will even that be changed in a few hours!

Methinks I begin to pity the half-apprehensive beauty! — But avaunt, thou unseasonably-intruding pity! Thou hast more than once already well nigh undone me! And, adieu, reflection! Begone, consideration! and commiseration! I dismiss ye all, for at least a week to come! — But remembered her broken word! Her flight, when my fond soul was meditating mercy to her! — Be remembered her treatment of me in her letter on her escape to Hampstead! Her Hampstead virulence! What is it she ought not to expect from an unchained Beelzebub, and a plotting villain?

Be her preference of the single life to me also remembered! — That she despises me! — That she even refuses to be my WIFE! — A proud Lovelace to be denied a wife! — To be more proudly rejected by a daughter of the Harlowes! — The ladies of my own family, [she thinks them the ladies of my family,]

supplicating in vain for her returning favour to their despised kinsman, and taking laws from her still prouder punctilio!

Be the execrations of her vixen friend likewise remembered, poured out upon me from her representations, and thereby made her own execrations!

Be remembered still more particularly the Townsend plot, set on foot between them, and now, in a day or two, ready to break out; and the sordid threatening thrown out against me by that little fury!

Is not this the crisis for which I have been long waiting? Shall Tomlinson, shall these women be engaged; shall so many engines be set at work, at an immense expense, with infinite contrivance; and all to no purpose?

Is not this the hour of her trial — and in her, of the trial of the virtue of her whole sex, so long premeditated, so long threatened? — Whether her frost be frost indeed? Whether her virtue be principle? Whether, if once subdued, she will not be always subdued? And will she not want the crown of her glory, the proof of her till now all-surpassing excellence, if I stop short of the ultimate trial?

Now is the end of purposes long over-awed, often suspended, at hand. And need I go throw the sins of her cursed family into the too-weighty scale?

[Abhorred be force! — be the thoughts of force! — There's no triumph over the will in force!] This I know I have said.* But would I not have avoided it, if I could? Have I not tried every other method? And have I any other resource left me? Can she resent the last outrage more than she has resented a fainter effort? — And if her resentments run ever so high, cannot I repair by matrimony? — She will not refuse me, I know, Jack: the haughty beauty will not refuse me, when her pride of being corporally inviolate is brought down; when she can tell no tales, but when, (be her resistance what it will,) even her own sex will suspect a yielding in resistance; and when that modesty, which may fill her bosom with resentment, will lock up her speech.

* Vol. IV. Letter XLVIII.

But how know I, that I have not made my own difficulties? Is she not a woman! What redress lies for a perpetuated evil? Must she not live? Her piety will secure her life. — And will not time be my friend! What, in a word, will be her behaviour afterwards? — She cannot fly me! — She must forgive me — and as I have often said, once forgiven, will be for ever forgiven.

Why then should this enervating pity unsteel my foolish heart?

It shall not. All these things will I remember; and think of nothing else, in order to keep up a resolution, which the women about me will have it I shall be still unable to hold.

I'll teach the dear, charming creature to emulate me in contrivance; I'll teach her to weave webs and plots against her conqueror! I'll show her, that in her

smuggling schemes she is but a spider compared to me, and that she has all this time been spinning only a cobweb!

* * *

What shall we do now! we are immersed in the depth of grief and apprehension! How ill do women bear disappointment! — Set upon going to Hampstead, and upon quitting for ever a house she re-entered with infinite reluctance; what things she intended to take with her ready packed up, herself on tiptoe to be gone, and I prepared to attend her thither; she begins to be afraid that she shall not go this night; and in grief and despair has flung herself into her old apartment; locked herself in; and through the key-hole Dorcas sees her on her knees, praying, I suppose, for a safe deliverance.

And from what? and wherefore these agonizing apprehensions?

Why, here, this unkind Lady Betty, with the dear creature's knowledge, though to her concern, and this mad-headed cousin Montague without it, while she was employed in directing her package, have hurried away in the coach to their own lodgings, [only, indeed, to put up some night-clothes, and so forth, in order to attend their sweet cousin to Hampstead;] and, no less to my surprise than her's, are not yet returned.

I have sent to know the meaning of it.

In a great hurry of spirits, she would have had me to go myself. Hardly any pacifying her! The girl, God bless her! is wild with her own idle apprehensions! What is she afraid of?

I curse them both for their delay. My tardy villain, how he stays! Devil fetch them! let them send their coach, and we'll go without them. In her hearing I bid the fellow tell them so. Perhaps he stays to bring the coach, if any thing happens to hinder the ladies from attending my beloved this night.

* * *

Devil take them, again say I! They promised too they would not stay, because it was but two nights ago that a chariot was robbed at the foot of Hampstead-hill, which alarmed my fair-one when told of it!

Oh! here's Lady Betty's servant, with a billet.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. MONDAY NIGHT.

Excuse us, my dear Nephew, I beseech you, to my dearest kinswoman. One night cannot break squares: for here Miss Montague has been taken violently ill with three fainting fits, one after another. The hurry of her joy, I believe, to find

your dear lady so much surpass all expectations, [never did family love, you know, reign so strong as among us,] and the too eager desire she had to attend her, have occasioned it! For she has but weak spirits, poor girl! well as she looks.

If she be better, we will certainly go with you tomorrow morning, after we have breakfasted with her, at your lodgings. But whether she be, or not, I will do myself the pleasure to attend your lady to Hampstead; and will be with you for that purpose about nine in the morning. With due compliments to your most worthily beloved, I am

Your's affectionately, ELIZAB. LAWRANCE.

* * *

Faith and troth, Jack, I know not what to do with myself; for here, just now having sent in the above note by Dorcas, out came my beloved with it in her hand, in a fit of phrensy! — true, by my soul!

She had indeed complained of her head all the evening.

Dorcas ran to me, out of breath, to tell me, that her lady was coming in some strange way; but she followed her so quick, that the frighted wench had not time to say in what way.

It seems, when she read the billet — Now indeed, said she, am I a lost creature! O the poor Clarissa Harlowe!

She tore off her head-clothes; inquired where I was; and in she came, her shining tresses flowing about her neck; her ruffles torn, and hanging in tatters about her snowy hands, with her arms spread out — her eyes wildly turned, as if starting from their orbits — down sunk she at my feet, as soon as she approached me; her charming bosom heaving to her uplifted face; and clasping her arms about my knees, Dear Lovelace, said she, if ever — if ever — if ever — and, unable to speak another word, quitting her clasping hold — down — prostrate on the floor sunk she, neither in a fit nor out of one.

I was quite astonished. — All my purposes suspended for a few moments, I knew neither what to say, nor what to do. But, recollecting myself, am I again, thought I, in a way to be overcome, and made a fool of! — If I now recede, I am gone for ever.

I raised her; but down she sunk, as if quite disjointed — her limbs failing her — yet not in a fit neither. I never heard of or saw such a dear unaccountable; almost lifeless, and speechless too for a few moments; what must her apprehensions be at that moment? — And for what? — An high-notioned dear soul! — Pretty ignorance! — thought I.

Never having met with so sincere, so unquestionable a repugnance, I was staggered — I was confounded — yet how should I know that it would be so till I tried? — And how, having proceeded thus far, could I stop, were I not to have had the women to goad me on, and to make light of circumstances, which they pretended to be better judges of than I?

I lifted her, however, into a chair, and in words of disordered passion, told her, all her fears were needless — wondered at them — begged of her to be pacified — besought her reliance on my faith and honour — and revowed all my old vows, and poured forth new ones.

At last, with a heart-breaking sob, I see, I see, Mr. Lovelace, in broken sentences she spoke — I see, I see — that at last — I am ruined! — Ruined, if your pity — let me implore your pity! — and down on her bosom, like a half-broken-stalked lily top-heavy with the overcharging dews of the morning, sunk her head, with a sigh that went to my heart.

All I could think of to re-assure her, when a little recovered, I said.

Why did I not send for their coach, as I had intimated? It might return in the morning for the ladies.

I had actually done so, I told her, on seeing her strange uneasiness. But it was then gone to fetch a doctor for Miss Montague, lest his chariot should not be so ready.

Ah! Lovelace! said she, with a doubting face; anguish in her imploring eye.

Lady Betty would think it very strange, I told her, if she were to know it was so disagreeable to her to stay one night for her company in the house where she had passed so many.

She called me names upon this — she had called me names before. — I was patient.

Let her go to Lady Betty's lodgings then; directly go; if the person I called Lady Betty was really Lady Betty.

If, my dear! Good Heaven! What a villain does that IF show you believe me to be!

I cannot help it — I beseech you once more, let me go to Mrs. Leeson's, if that IF ought not to be said.

Then assuming a more resolute spirit — I will go! I will inquire my way! — I will go by myself! — and would have rushed by me.

I folded my arms about her to detain her; pleading the bad way I heard poor Charlotte was in; and what a farther concern her impatience, if she went, would give to poor Charlotte.

She would believe nothing I said, unless I would instantly order a coach, (since she was not to have Lady Betty's, nor was permitted to go to Mrs. Leeson's,) and

let her go in it to Hampstead, late as it was, and all alone, so much the better; for in the house of people of whom Lady Betty, upon inquiry, had heard a bad character, [Dropt foolishly this, by my prating new relation, in order to do credit to herself, by depreciating others,] every thing, and every face, looking with so much meaning vileness, as well as my own, [thou art still too sensible, thought I, my charmer!] she was resolved not to stay another night.

Dreading what might happen as to her intellects, and being very apprehensive that she might possibly go through a great deal before morning, (though more violent she could not well be with the worst she dreaded,) I humoured her, and ordered Will. to endeavour to get a coach directly, to carry us to Hampstead; I cared not at what price.

Robbers, with whom I would have terrified her, she feared not — I was all her fear, I found; and this house her terror: for I saw plainly that she now believed that Lady Betty and Miss Montague were both impostors.

But her mistrust is a little of the latest to do her service!

And, O Jack, the rage of love, the rage of revenge is upon me! by turns they tear me! The progress already made — the women's instigations — the power I shall have to try her to the utmost, and still to marry her, if she be not to be brought to cohabitation — let me perish, Belford, if she escape me now!

* * *

Will. is not yet come back. Near eleven.

* * *

Will. is this moment returned. No coach to be got, either for love or money.

Once more she urges — to Mrs. Leeson's, let me go, Lovelace! Good Lovelace, let me go to Mrs. Leeson's? What is Miss Montague's illness to my terror? — For the Almighty's sake, Mr. Lovelace! — her hands clasped.

O my angel! What a wildness is this! Do you know, do you see, my dearest life, what appearances your causeless apprehensions have given you? — Do you know it is past eleven o'clock?

Twelve, one, two, three, four — any hour, I care not — If you mean me honourably, let me go out of this hated house!

Thou'lt observe, Belford, that though this was written afterwards, yet, (as in other places,) I write it as it was spoken and happened, as if I had retired to put down every sentence spoken. I know thou likest this lively present-tense manner, as it is one of my peculiars.

Just as she had repeated the last words, If you mean me honourably, let me go out of this hated house, in came Mrs. Sinclair, in a great ferment — And what, pray, Madam, has this house done to you? Mr. Lovelace, you have known me some time; and, if I have not the niceness of this lady, I hope I do not deserve to be treated thus!

She set her huge arms akimbo: Hoh! Madam, let me tell you that I am amazed at your freedoms with my character! And, Mr. Lovelace, [holding up, and violently shaking her head,] if you are a gentleman, and a man of honour ——

Having never before seen any thing but obsequiousness in this woman, little as she liked her, she was frighted at her masculine air, and fierce look — God help me! cried she — what will become of me now! Then, turning her head hither and thither, in a wild kind of amaze. Whom have I for a protector! What will become of me now!

I will be your protector, my dearest love! — But indeed you are uncharitably severe upon poor Mrs. Sinclair! Indeed you are! — She is a gentlewoman born, and the relict of a man of honour; and though left in such circumstance as to oblige her to let lodgings, yet would she scorn to be guilty of a wilful baseness.

I hope so — it may be so — I may be mistaken — but — but there is no crime, I presume, no treason, to say I don't like her house.

The old dragon straddled up to her, with her arms kemboed again — her eye-brows erect, like the bristles upon a hog's back, and, scouling over her shortened nose, more than half-hid her ferret eyes. Her mouth was distorted. She pouted out her blubber-lips, as if to bellows up wind and sputter into her horse-nostrils; and her chin was curdled, and more than usually prominent with passion.

With two Hoh-Madams she accosted the frighted fair-one; who, terrified, caught hold of my sleeve.

I feared she would fall into fits; and, with a look of indignation, told Mrs. Sinclair that these apartments were mine; and I could not imagine what she meant, either by listening to what passed between me and my spouse, or to come in uninvited; and still more I wondered at her giving herself these strange liberties.

I may be to blame, Jack, for suffering this wretch to give herself these airs; but her coming in was without my orders.

The old beldam, throwing herself into a chair, fell a blubbering and exclaiming. And the pacifying of her, and endeavouring to reconcile the lady to her, took up till near one o'clock.

And thus, between terror, and the late hour, and what followed, she was diverted from the thoughts of getting out of the house to Mrs. Leeson's, or any where else.

LETTER XII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 13.

And now, Belford, I can go no farther. The affair is over. Clarissa lives. And I am

Your humble servant, R. LOVELACE.

[The whole of this black transaction is given by the injured lady to Miss Howe, in her subsequent letters, dated Thursday, July 6. See Letters LXVII. LXVIII. LXIX.]

LETTER XIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WATFORD, WEDN. JAN. 14.

O thou savage-hearted monster! What work hast thou made in one guilty hour, for a whole age of repentance!

I am inexpressibly concerned at the fate of this matchless lady! She could not have fallen into the hands of any other man breathing, and suffered as she has done with thee.

I had written a great part of another long letter to try to soften thy flinty heart in her favour; for I thought it but too likely that thou shouldst succeed in getting her back again to the accursed woman's. But I find it would have been too late, had I finished it, and sent it away. Yet cannot I forbear writing, to urge thee to make the only amends thou now canst make her, by a proper use of the license thou hast obtained.

Poor, poor lady! It is a pain to me that I ever saw her. Such an adorer of virtue to be sacrificed to the vilest of her sex; and thou their implement in the devil's hand, for a purpose so base, so ungenerous, so inhumane! — Pride thyself, O cruellest of men! in this reflection; and that thy triumph over a woman, who for thy sake was abandoned of every friend she had in the world, was effected; not by advantages taken of her weakness and credulity; but by the blackest artifice; after a long course of studied deceits had been tried to no purpose.

I can tell thee, it is well either for thee or for me, that I am not the brother of the lady. Had I been her brother, her violation must have been followed by the blood of one of us.

Excuse me, Lovelace; and let not the lady fare the worse for my concern for her. And yet I have but one other motive to ask thy excuse; and that is, because I owe to thy own communicative pen the knowledge I have of thy barbarous villany, since thou mightest, if thou wouldst, have passed it upon me for a common seduction.

CLARISSA LIVES, thou sayest. That she does is my wonder: and these words show that thou thyself (though thou couldst, nevertheless, proceed) hardly expectedst she would have survived the outrage. What must have been the poor lady's distress (watchful as she had been over her honour) when dreadful certainty took place of cruel apprehension! — And yet a man may guess what must have been, by that which thou paintest, when she suspected herself tricked, deserted, and betrayed, by the pretended ladies.

That thou couldst behold her phrensy on this occasion, and her half-speechless, half-fainting prostration at thy feet, and yet retain thy evil purposes, will hardly be thought credible, even by those who know thee, if they have seen her.

Poor, poor lady! With such noble qualities as would have adorned the most exalted married life, to fall into the hands of the only man in the world, who could have treated her as thou hast treated her! — And to let loose the old dragon, as thou properly callest her, upon the before-affrighted innocent, what a barbarity was that! What a poor piece of barbarity! in order to obtain by terror, what thou dispairedst to gain by love, though supported by stratagems the most insidious!

O LOVELACE! LOVELACE! had I doubted it before, I should now be convinced, that there must be a WORLD AFTER THIS, to do justice to injured merit, and to punish barbarous perfidy! Could the divine SOCRATES, and the divine CLARISSA, otherwise have suffered?

But let me, if possible, for one moment, try to forget this villanous outrage on the most excellent of women.

I have business here which will hold me yet a few days; and then perhaps I shall quit this house for ever.

I have had a solemn and tedious time of it. I should never have known that I had half the respect I really find I had for the old gentleman, had I not so closely, at his earnest desire, attended him, and been a witness of the tortures he underwent.

This melancholy occasion may possibly have contributed to humanize me: but surely I never could have been so remorseless a caitiff as thou hast been, to a woman of half this lady's excellence.

But pr'ythee, dear Lovelace, if thou'rt a man, and not a devil, resolve, out of hand, to repair thy sin of ingratitude, by conferring upon thyself the highest honour thou canst receive, in making her lawfully thine.

But if thou canst not prevail upon thyself to do her this justice, I think I should not scruple a tilt with thee, [an everlasting rupture at least must follow] if thou sacrificest her to the accursed women.

Thou art desirous to know what advantage I reap by my uncle's demise. I do not certainly know; for I have not been so greedily solicitous on this subject as some of the kindred have been, who ought to have shown more decency, as I have told them, and suffered the corpse to have been cold before they had begun their hungry inquiries. But, by what I gathered from the poor man's talk to me, who oftener than I wished touched upon the subject, I deem it will be upwards of 5000£. in cash, and in the funds, after all legacies paid, besides the real estate, which is a clear 1000£. a-year.

I wish, from my heart, thou wert a money-lover! Were the estate to be of double the value, thou shouldst have it every shilling; only upon one condition [for my circumstances before were as easy as I wish them to be while I am single] — that thou wouldst permit me the honour of being this fatherless lady's father, as it is called, at the altar.

Think of this! my dear Lovelace! be honest: and let me present thee with the brightest jewel that man ever possessed; and then, body and soul, wilt thou bind to thee for ever thy

BELFORD.

LETTER XIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY, JUNE 15.

Let me alone, you great dog, you! — let me alone! — have I heard a lesser boy, his coward arms held over his head and face, say to a bigger, who was pommeling him, for having run away with his apple, his orange, or his gingerbread.

So say I to thee, on occasion of thy severity to thy poor friend, who, as thou ownest, has furnished thee (ungenerous as thou art!) with the weapons thou brandishest so fearfully against him. — And to what purpose, when the mischief is done? when, of consequence, the affair is irretrievable? and when a CLARISSA could not move me?

Well, but, after all, I must own, that there is something very singular in this lady's case: and, at times, I cannot help regretting that ever I attempted her; since not one power either of body or soul could be moved in my favour; and since, to use the expression of the philosopher, on a much graver occasion, there is no difference to be found between the skull of King Philip and that of another man.

But people's extravagant notions of things alter not facts, Belford: and, when all's done, Miss Clarissa Harlowe has but run the fate of a thousand others of her sex — only that they did not set such a romantic value upon what they call their honour; that's all.

And yet I will allow thee this — that if a person sets a high value upon any thing, be it ever such a trifle in itself, or in the eye of others, the robbing of that person of it is not a trifle to him. Take the matter in this light, I own I have done wrong, great wrong, to this admirable creature.

But have I not known twenty and twenty of the sex, who have seemed to carry their notions of virtue high; yet, when brought to the test, have abated of their severity? And how should we be convinced that any of them are proof till they are tried?

A thousand times have I said, that I never yet met with such a woman as this. If I had, I hardly ever should have attempted Miss Clarissa Harlowe. Hitherto she is all angel: and was not that the point which at setting out I proposed to try?* And was not cohabitation ever my darling view? And am I not now, at last, in the high road to it? — It is true, that I have nothing to boast of as to her will. The very contrary. But now are we come to the test, whether she cannot be brought to make the best of an irreparable evil. If she exclaim, [she has reason to exclaim, and I will sit down with patience by the hour together to hear her exclamations, till she is tired of them,] she will then descend to expostulation perhaps: expostulation

will give me hope: expostulation will show that she hates me not. And, if she hate me not, she will forgive: and, if she now forgive, then will all be over; and she will be mine upon my own terms: and it shall then be the whole study of my future life to make her happy.

* See Vol. III. Letter XVIII.

So, Belford, thou seest that I have journeyed on to this stage [indeed, through infinite mazes, and as infinite remorses] with one determined point in view from the first. To thy urgent supplication then, that I will do her grateful justice by marriage, let me answer in Matt. Prior's two lines on his hoped-for auditorship; as put into the mouths of his St. John and Harley;

— Let that be done, which Matt. doth say.
YEA, quoth the Earl — BUT NOT TO-DAY.

Thou seest, Jack, that I make no resolutions, however, against doing her, one time or other, the wished-for justice, even were I to succeed in my principal view, cohabitation. And of this I do assure thee, that, if I ever marry, it must, it shall be Miss Clarissa Harlowe. — Nor is her honour at all impaired with me, by what she has so far suffered: but the contrary. She must only take care that, if she be at last brought to forgive me, she show me that her Lovelace is the only man on earth whom she could have forgiven on the like occasion.

But ah, Jack! what, in the mean time, shall I do with this admirable creature? At present — [I am loth to say it — but, at present] she is quite stupified.

I had rather, methinks, she should have retained all her active powers, though I had suffered by her nails and her teeth, than that she should be sunk into such a state of absolute — insensibility (shall I call it?) as she has been in every since Tuesday morning. Yet, as she begins a little to revive, and now-and-then to call names, and to exclaim, I dread almost to engage with the anguish of a spirit that owes its extraordinary agitations to a niceness that has no example either in ancient or modern story. For, after all, what is there in her case that should stupify such a glowing, such a blooming charmer? — Excess of grief, excess of terror, have made a person's hair stand on end, and even (as we have read) changed the colour of it. But that it should so stupify, as to make a person, at times, insensible to those imaginary wrongs, which would raise others from stupifaction, is very surprising!

But I will leave this subject, least it should make me too grave.

I was yesterday at Hampstead, and discharged all obligations there, with no small applause. I told them that the lady was now as happy as myself: and that is no great untruth; for I am not altogether so, when I allow myself to think.

Mrs. Townsend, with her tars, had not been then there. I told them what I would have them say to her, if she came.

Well, but, after all [how many after-all's have I?] I could be very grave, were I to give way to it. — The devil take me for a fool! What's the matte with me, I wonder! — I must breathe a fresher air for a few days.

But what shall I do with this admirable creature the while? — Hang me, if I know! — For, if I stir, the venomous spider of this habitation will want to set upon the charming fly, whose silken wings are already so entangled in my enormous web, that she cannot move hand or foot: for so much has grief stupified her, that she is at present destitute of will, as she always seemed to be of desire. I must not therefore think of leaving her yet for two days together.

LETTER XV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I have just now had a specimen of what the resentment of this dear creature will be when quite recovered: an affecting one! — For entering her apartment after Dorcas; and endeavouring to soothe and pacify her disordered mind; in the midst of my blandishments, she held up to Heaven, in a speechless agony, the innocent license (which she has in her own power); as the poor distressed Catalans held up their English treaty, on an occasion that keeps the worst of my actions in countenance.

She seemed about to call down vengeance upon me; when, happily the leaden god, in pity to her trembling Lovelace, waved over her half-drowned eyes his somniferous want, and laid asleep the fair exclaimer, before she could go half through with her intended imprecation.

Thou wilt guess, by what I have written, that some little art has been made use of: but it was with a generous design (if thou'lt allow me the word on such an occasion) in order to lessen the too-quick sense she was likely to have of what she was to suffer. A contrivance I never had occasion for before, and had not thought of now, if Mrs. Sinclair had not proposed it to me: to whom I left the management of it: and I have done nothing but curse her ever since, lest the quantity should have for ever dampened her charming intellects.

Hence my concern — for I think the poor lady ought not to have been so treated. Poor lady, did I say? — What have I to do with thy creeping style? — But have not I the worst of it; since her insensibility has made me but a thief to my own joys?

I did not intend to tell thee of this little innocent trick; for such I designed it to be; but that I hate disingenuousness: to thee, especially: and as I cannot help writing in a more serious vein than usual, thou wouldst perhaps, had I not hinted the true cause, have imagined that I was sorry for the fact itself: and this would have given thee a good deal of trouble in scribbling dull persuasives to repair by matrimony; and me in reading thy cruel nonsense. Besides, one day or other, thou mightest, had I not confessed it, have heard of it in an aggravated manner; and I know thou hast such an high opinion of this lady's virtue, that thou wouldst be disappointed, if thou hadst reason to think that she was subdued by her own consent, or any the least yielding in her will. And so is she beholden to me in some measure, that, at the expense of my honour, she may so justly form a plea, which will entirely salve her's.

And now is the whole secret out.

Thou wilt say I am a horrid fellow! — As the lady does, that I am the unchained Beelzebub, and a plotting villain: and as this is what you both said beforehand, and nothing worse can be said, I desire, if thou wouldst not have me quite serious with thee, and that I should think thou meanest more by thy tilting hint than I am willing to believe thou dost, that thou wilt forbear thy invectives: For is not the thing done? — Can it be helped? — And must I not now try to make the best of it? — And the rather do I enjoin to make thee this, and inviolable secrecy; because I begin to think that my punishment will be greater than the fault, were it to be only from my own reflection.

LETTER XVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

I am sorry to hear of thy misfortune; but hope thou wilt not long lie by it. Thy servant tells me what narrow escape thou hadst with thy neck, I wish it may not be ominous: but I think thou seemest not to be in so enterprising a way as formerly; and yet, merry or sad, thou seest a rake's neck is always in danger, if not from the hangman, from his own horse. But, 'tis a vicious toad, it seems; and I think thou shouldst never venture upon his back again; for 'tis a plaguy thing for rider and horse both to be vicious.

The fellow tells me, thou desirest me to continue to write to thee in order to divert thy chagrin on thy forced confinement: but how can I think it in my power to divert, when my subject is not pleasing to myself?

Caesar never knew what it was to be hipped, I will call it, till he came to be what Pompey was; that is to say, till he arrived at the height of his ambition: nor did thy Lovelace know what it was to be gloomy, till he had completed his wishes upon the most charming creature in the world.

And yet why say I completed? when the will, the consent, is wanting — and I have still views before me of obtaining that?

Yet I could almost join with thee in the wish, which thou sendest me up by thy servant, unfriendly as it is, that I had had thy misfortune before Monday night last: for here, the poor lady has run into a contrary extreme to that I told thee of in my last: for now is she as much too lively, as before she was too stupid; and 'bating that she has pretty frequent lucid intervals, would be deemed raving mad, and I should be obliged to confine her.

I am most confoundedly disturbed about it: for I begin to fear that her intellects are irreparably hurt.

Who the devil could have expected such strange effects from a cause so common and so slight?

But these high-souled and high-sensed girls, who had set up for shining lights and examples to the rest of the sex, are with such difficulty brought down to the common standard, that a wise man, who prefers his peace of mind to his glory, in subduing one of that exalted class, would have nothing to say to them.

I do all in my power to quiet her spirits, when I force myself into her presence.

I go on, begging pardon one minute; and vowing truth and honour another.

I would at first have persuaded her, and offered to call witnesses to the truth of it, that we were actually married. Though the license was in her hands, I thought

the assertion might go down in her disorder; and charming consequences I hoped would follow. But this would not do. —

I therefore gave up that hope: and now I declare to her, that it is my resolution to marry her, the moment her uncle Harlowe informs me that he will grace the ceremony with his presence.

But she believes nothing I say; nor, (whether in her senses, or not) bears me with patience in her sight.

I pity her with all my soul; and I curse myself, when she is in her wailing fits, and when I apprehend that intellects, so charming, are for ever damped.

But more I curse these women, who put me upon such an expedient! Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it! — And all for what?

Last night, for the first time since Monday night, she got to her pen and ink; but she pursues her writing with such eagerness and hurry, as show too evidently her discomposure.

I hope, however, that this employment will help to calm her spirits.

* * *

Just now Dorcas tells me, that what she writes she tears, and throws the paper in fragments under the table, either as not knowing what she does, or disliking it: then gets up, wrings her hands, weeps, and shifts her seat all round the room: then returns to her table, sits down, and writes again.

* * *

One odd letter, as I may call it, Dorcas has this moment given me from her — Carry this, said she, to the vilest of men. Dorcas, a toad, brought it, without any further direction to me. I sat down, intending (though ’tis pretty long) to give thee a copy of it: but, for my life, I cannot; ’tis so extravagant. And the original is too much an original to let it go out of my hands.

But some of the scraps and fragments, as either torn through, or flung aside, I will copy, for the novelty of the thing, and to show thee how her mind works now she is in the whimsical way. Yet I know I am still furnishing thee with new weapons against myself. But spare thy comments. My own reflections render them needless. Dorcas thinks her lady will ask for them: so wishes to have them to lay again under the table.

By the first thou’lt guess that I have told her that Miss Howe is very ill, and can’t write; that she may account the better for not having received the letter designed for her.

PAPER I (Torn in two pieces.)

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

O what dreadful, dreadful things have I to tell you! But yet I cannot tell you neither. But say, are you really ill, as a vile, vile creature informs me you are?

But he never yet told me truth, and I hope has not in this: and yet, if it were not true, surely I should have heard from you before now! — But what have I to do to upbraid? — You may well be tired of me! — And if you are, I can forgive you; for I am tired of myself: and all my own relations were tired of me long before you were.

How good you have always been to me, mine own dear Anna Howe! — But how I ramble!

I sat down to say a great deal — my heart was full — I did not know what to say first — and thought, and grief, and confusion, and (O my poor head) I cannot tell what — and thought, and grief and confusion, came crowding so thick upon me; one would be first; another would be first; all would be first; so I can write nothing at all. — Only that, whatever they have done to me, I cannot tell; but I am no longer what I was-in any one thing did I say? Yes, but I am; for I am still, and I ever will be,

Your true ——

Plague on it! I can write no more of this eloquent nonsense myself; which rather shows a raised, than a quenched, imagination: but Dorcas shall transcribe the others in separate papers, as written by the whimsical charmer: and some time hence when all is over, and I can better bear to read them, I may ask thee for a sight of them. Preserve them, therefore; for we often look back with pleasure even upon the heaviest griefs, when the cause of them is removed.

PAPER II (Scratch'd through, and thrown under the table.)

— And can you, my dear, honoured Papa, resolve for ever to reprobate your poor child? — But I am sure you would not, if you knew what she has suffered since her unhappy — And will nobody plead for your poor suffering girl? — No one good body? — Why then, dearest Sir, let it be an act of your own innate goodness, which I have so much experienced, and so much abused. I don't presume to think you should receive me — No, indeed! — My name is — I don't know what my name is! — I never dare to wish to come into your family again! — But your heavy curse, my Papa — Yes, I will call you Papa, and help yourself as you can — for you are my own dear Papa, whether you will or not — and though I am an unworthy child — yet I am your child —

PAPER III

A Lady took a great fancy to a young lion, or a bear, I forget which — but a bear, or a tiger, I believe it was. It was made her a present of when a whelp. She

fed it with her own hand: she nursed up the wicked cub with great tenderness; and would play with it without fear or apprehension of danger: and it was obedient to all her commands: and its tameness, as she used to boast, increased with its growth; so that, like a lap-dog, it would follow her all over the house. But mind what followed: at last, some how, neglecting to satisfy its hungry maw, or having otherwise disobliged it on some occasion, it resumed its nature; and on a sudden fell upon her, and tore her in pieces. — And who was most to blame, I pray? The brute, or the lady? The lady, surely! — For what she did was out of nature, out of character, at least: what it did was in its own nature.

PAPER IV

How art thou now humbled in the dust, thou proud Clarissa Harlowe! Thou that never steppedst out of thy father's house but to be admired! Who wert wont to turn thine eye, sparkling with healthful life, and self-assurance, to different objects at once as thou passedst, as if (for so thy penetrating sister used to say) to plume thyself upon the expected applauses of all that beheld thee! Thou that usedst to go to rest satisfied with the adulations paid thee in the past day, and couldst put off every thing but thy vanity! —

PAPER V

Rejoice not now, my Bella, my Sister, my Friend; but pity the humbled creature, whose foolish heart you used to say you beheld through the thin veil of humility which covered it.

It must have been so! My fall had not else been permitted —

You penetrated my proud heart with the jealousy of an elder sister's searching eye.

You knew me better than I knew myself.

Hence your upbraidings and your chidings, when I began to totter.

But forgive now those vain triumphs of my heart.

I thought, poor, proud wretch that I was, that what you said was owing to your envy.

I thought I could acquit my intention of any such vanity.

I was too secure in the knowledge I thought I had of my own heart.

My supposed advantages became a snare to me.

And what now is the end of all? —

PAPER VI

What now is become of the prospects of a happy life, which once I thought opening before me? — Who now shall assist in the solemn preparations? Who now shall provide the nuptial ornaments, which soften and divert the apprehensions of the fearful virgin? No court now to be paid to my smiles! No encouraging compliments to inspire thee with hope of laying a mind not unworthy

of thee under obligation! No elevation now for conscious merit, and applauded purity, to look down from on a prostrate adorer, and an admiring world, and up to pleased and rejoicing parents and relations!

PAPER VII

Thou pernicious caterpillar, that preyest upon the fair leaf of virgin fame, and poisonest those leaves which thou canst not devour!

Thou fell blight, thou eastern blast, thou overspreading mildew, that destroyest the early promises of the shining year! that mockest the laborious toil, and blastest the joyful hopes, of the painful husbandman!

Thou fretting moth, that corruptest the fairest garment!

Thou eating canker-worm, that preyest upon the opening bud, and turnest the damask-rose into livid yellowness!

If, as religion teaches us, God will judge us, in a great measure, by our benevolent or evil actions to one another — O wretch! bethink thee, in time bethink thee, how great must be thy condemnation!

PAPER VIIII

At first, I saw something in your air and person that displeased me not. Your birth and fortunes were no small advantages to you. — You acted not ignobly by my passionate brother. Every body said you were brave: every body said you were generous: a brave man, I thought, could not be a base man: a generous man, could not, I believed, be ungenerous, where he acknowledged obligation. Thus prepossessed, all the rest that my soul loved and wished for in your reformation I hoped! — I knew not, but by report, any flagrant instances of your vileness. You seemed frank, as well as generous: frankness and generosity ever attracted me: whoever kept up those appearances, I judged of their hearts by my own; and whatever qualities I wished to find in them, I was ready to find; and, when found, I believed them to be natives of the soil.

My fortunes, my rank, my character, I thought a further security. I was in none of those respects unworthy of being the niece of Lord M. and of his two noble sisters. — Your vows, your imprecations — But, Oh! you have barbarously and basely conspired against that honour, which you ought to have protected: and now you have made me — What is it of vile that you have not made me? —

Yet, God knows my heart, I had no culpable inclinations! — I honoured virtue! — I hated vice! — But I knew not, that you were vice itself!

PAPER IX

Had the happiness of any of the poorest outcast in the world, whom I had neveer seen, never known, never before heard of, lain as much in my power, as my happiness did in your's, my benevolent heart would have made me fly to the succour of such a poor distressed — with what pleasure would I have raised the

dejected head, and comforted the desponding heart! — But who now shall pity the poor wretch, who has increased, instead of diminished, the number of the miserable!

PAPER X

Lead me, where my own thoughts themselves may lose me; Where I may dose out what I've left of life, Forget myself, and that day's guile! —— Cruel remembrance! —— how shall I appease thee?

[Death only can be dreadful to the bad;* To innocence 'tis like a bugbear dress'd To frighten children. Pull but off the mask, And he'll appear a friend.]

* Transcriber's note: Portions set off in square brackets [ ] are written at angles to the majority of the text, as if squeezed into margins.

—— Oh! you have done an act
That blots the face and blush of modesty;
Takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there!

Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead;
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled!
Ah! sottish soul! said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly;
Fool! to resume her broken chain,
And row the galley here again!
Fool! to that body to return,
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to mourn!
[I could a tale unfold ——
Would harrow up thy soul ——]
O my Miss Howe! if thou hast friendship, help me,
And speak the words of peace to my divided soul,
That wars within me,
And raises ev'ry sense to my confusion.
I'm tott'ring on the brink
Of peace; an thou art all the hold I've left!
Assist me —— in the pangs of my affliction!
When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die: Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
[By swift misfortunes
How I am pursu'd!
Which on each other

Are, like waves, renew’d!]
The farewell, youth,
And all the joys that dwell
With youth and life!
And life itself, farewell!

For life can never be sincerely blest. Heav’n punishes the bad, and proves the best.

* * *

After all, Belford, I have just skimmed over these transcriptions of Dorcas: and I see there are method and good sense in some of them, wild as others of them are; and that her memory, which serves her so well for these poetical flights, is far from being impaired. And this gives me hope, that she will soon recover her charming intellects — though I shall be the sufferer by their restoration, I make no doubt.

But, in the letter she wrote to me, there are yet greater extravagancies; and though I said it was too affecting to give thee a copy of it, yet, after I have let thee see the loose papers enclosed, I think I may throw in a transcript of that. Dorcas therefore shall here transcribe it. I cannot. The reading of it affected me ten times more than the severest reproaches of a regular mind could do.

TO MR. LOVELACE

I never intended to write another line to you. I would not see you, if I could help it — O that I never had!

But tell me, of a truth, is Miss Howe really and truly ill? — Very ill? — And is not her illness poison? And don’t you know who gave it to her?

What you, or Mrs. Sinclair, or somebody (I cannot tell who) have done to my poor head, you best know: but I shall never be what I was. My head is gone. I have wept away all my brain, I believe; for I can weep no more. Indeed I have had my full share; so it is no matter.

But, good now, Lovelace, don’t set Mrs. Sinclair upon me again. — I never did her any harm. She so affrights me, when I see her! — Ever since — when was it? I cannot tell. You can, I suppose. She may be a good woman, as far as I know. She was the wife of a man of honour — very likely — though forced to let lodgings for a livelihood. Poor gentlewoman! Let her know I pity her: but don’t let her come near me again — pray don’t!

Yet she may be a very good woman —

What would I say! — I forget what I was going to say.

O Lovelace, you are Satan himself; or he helps you out in every thing; and that's as bad!

But have you really and truly sold yourself to him? And for how long? What duration is your reign to have?

Poor man! The contract will be out: and then what will be your fate!

O Lovelace! if you could be sorry for yourself, I would be sorry too — but when all my doors are fast, and nothing but the key-hole open, and the key of late put into that, to be where you are, in a manner without opening any of them — O wretched, wretched Clarissa Harlowe!

For I never will be Lovelace — let my uncle take it as he pleases.

Well, but now I remember what I was going to say — it is for your good — not mine — for nothing can do me good now! — O thou villanous man! thou hated Lovelace!

But Mrs. Sinclair may be a good woman — if you love me — but that you don't — but don't let her bluster up with her worse than mannish airs to me again! O she is a frightful woman! If she be a woman! She needed not to put on that fearful mask to scare me out of my poor wits. But don't tell her what I say — I have no hatred to her — it is only fright, and foolish fear, that's all. — She may not be a bad woman — but neither are all men, any more than all women alike — God forbid they should be like you!

Alas! you have killed my head among you — I don't say who did it! — God forgive you all! — But had it not been better to have put me out of all your ways at once? You might safely have done it! For nobody would require me at your hands — no, not a soul — except, indeed, Miss Howe would have said, when she should see you, What, Lovelace, have you done with Clarissa Harlowe? — And then you could have given any slight, gay answer — sent her beyond sea; or, she has run away from me, as she did from her parents. And this would have been easily credited; for you know, Lovelace, she that could run away from them, might very well run away from you.

But this is nothing to what I wanted to say. Now I have it.

I have lost it again — This foolish wench comes teasing me — for what purpose should I eat? For what end should I wish to live? — I tell thee, Dorcas, I will neither eat nor drink. I cannot be worse than I am.

I will do as you'd have me — good Dorcas, look not upon me so fiercely — but thou canst not look so bad as I have seen somebody look.

Mr. Lovelace, now that I remember what I took pen in hand to say, let me hurry off my thoughts, lest I lose them again — here I am sensible — and yet I am hardly sensible neither — but I know my head is not as it should be, for all

that — therefore let me propose one thing to you: it is for your good — not mine; and this is it:

I must needs be both a trouble and an expense to you. And here my uncle Harlowe, when he knows how I am, will never wish any man to have me: no, not even you, who have been the occasion of it — barbarous and ungrateful! — A less complicated villany cost a Tarquin — but I forget what I would say again —

Then this is it — I never shall be myself again: I have been a very wicked creature — a vain, proud, poor creature, full of secret pride — which I carried off under an humble guise, and deceived every body — my sister says so — and now I am punished — so let me be carried out of this house, and out of your sight; and let me be put into that Bedlam privately, which once I saw: but it was a sad sight to me then! Little as I thought what I should come to myself! — That is all I would say: this is all I have to wish for — then I shall be out of all your ways; and I shall be taken care of; and bread and water without your tormentings, will be dainties: and my straw-bed the easiest I have lain in — for — I cannot tell how long!

My clothes will sell for what will keep me there, perhaps as long as I shall live. But, Lovelace, dear Lovelace, I will call you; for you have cost me enough, I'm sure! — don't let me be made a show of, for my family's sake; nay, for your own sake, don't do that — for when I know all I have suffered, which yet I do not, and no matter if I never do — I may be apt to rave against you by name, and tell of all your baseness to a poor humbled creature, that once was as proud as any body — but of what I can't tell — except of my own folly and vanity — but let that pass — since I am punished enough for it —

So, suppose, instead of Bedlam, it were a private mad-house, where nobody comes! — That will be better a great deal.

But, another thing, Lovelace: don't let them use me cruelly when I am there — you have used me cruelly enough, you know! — Don't let them use me cruelly; for I will be very tractable; and do as any body would have me to do — except what you would have me do — for that I never will. — Another thing, Lovelace: don't let this good woman, I was going to say vile woman; but don't tell her that — because she won't let you send me to this happy refuge, perhaps, if she were to know it —

Another thing, Lovelace: and let me have pen, and ink, and paper, allowed me — it will be all my amusement — but they need not send to any body I shall write to, what I write, because it will but trouble them: and somebody may do you a mischief, may be — I wish not that any body do any body a mischief upon my account.

You tell me, that Lady Betty Lawrance, and your cousin Montague, were here to take leave of me; but that I was asleep, and could not be waked. So you told me at first I was married, you know, and that you were my husband — Ah! Lovelace! look to what you say. — But let not them, (for they will sport with my misery,) let not that Lady Betty, let not that Miss Montague, whatever the real ones may do; nor Mrs. Sinclair neither, nor any of her lodgers, nor her nieces, come to see me in my place — real ones, I say; for, Lovelace, I shall find out all your villanies in time — indeed I shall — so put me there as soon as you can — it is for your good — then all will pass for ravings that I can say, as, I doubt no many poor creatures' exclamations do pass, though there may be too much truth in them for all that — and you know I began to be mad at Hampstead — so you said. — Ah! villanous man! what have you not to answer for!

* * *

A little interval seems to be lent me. I had begun to look over what I have written. It is not fit for any one to see, so far as I have been able to re-peruse it: but my head will not hold, I doubt, to go through it all. If therefore I have not already mentioned my earnest desire, let me tell you it is this: that I be sent out of this abominable house without delay, and locked up in some private mad-house about this town; for such, it seems, there are; never more to be seen, or to be produced to any body, except in your own vindication, if you should be charged with the murder of my person; a much lighter crime than that of honour, which the greatest villain on earth has robbed me of. And deny me not this my last request, I beseech you; and one other, and that is, never to let me see you more! This surely may be granted to

The miserably abused CLARISSA HARLOWE.

* * *

I will not bear thy heavy preachments, Belford, upon this affecting letter. So, not a word of that sort! The paper, thou'lt see, is blistered with the tears even of the hardened transcriber; which has made her ink run here and there.

Mrs. Sinclair is a true heroine, and, I think, shames us all. And she is a woman too! Thou'lt say, the beset things corrupted become the worst. But this is certain, that whatever the sex set their hearts upon, they make thorough work of it. And hence it is, that a mischief which would end in simple robbery among men rogues, becomes murder, if a woman be in it.

I know thou wilt blame me for having had recourse to art. But do not physicians prescribe opiates in acute cases, where the violence of the disorder would be apt to throw the patient into a fever or delirium? I aver, that my motive for this expedient was mercy; nor could it be any thing else. For a rape, thou knowest, to us rakes, is far from being an undesirable thing. Nothing but the law stands in our way, upon that account; and the opinion of what a modest woman will suffer rather than become a viva voce accuser, lessens much an honest fellow's apprehensions on that score. Then, if these somnivolencies [I hate the word opiates on this occasion,] have turned her head, that is an effect they frequently have upon some constitutions; and in this case was rather the fault of the dose than the design of the giver.

But is not wine itself an opiate in degree? — How many women have been taken advantage of by wine, and other still more intoxicating viands? — Let me tell thee, Jack, that the experience of many of the passive sex, and the consciences of many more of the active, appealed to, will testify that thy Lovelace is not the worst of villains. Nor would I have thee put me upon clearing myself by comparisons.

If she escape a settled delirium when my plots unravel, I think it is all I ought to be concerned about. What therefore I desire of thee, is, that, if two constructions may be made of my actions, thou wilt afford me the most favourable. For this, not only friendship, but my own ingenuousness, which has furnished thee with the knowledge of the facts against which thou art so ready to inveigh, require of thee.

* * *

Will. is just returned from an errand to Hampstead; and acquaints me, that Mrs. Townsend was yesterday at Mrs. Moore's, accompanied by three or four rough fellows; a greater number (as supposed) at a distance. She was strangely surprised at the news that my spouse and I are entirely reconciled; and that two fine ladies, my relations, came to visit her, and went to town with her: where she is very happy with me. She was sure we were not married, she said, unless it was while we were at Hampstead: and they were sure the ceremony was not performed there. But that the lady is happy and easy, is unquestionable: and a fling was thrown out by Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis at mischief-makers, as they knew Mrs. Townsend to be acquainted with Miss Howe.

Now, since my fair-one can neither receive, nor send away letters, I am pretty easy as to this Mrs. Townsend and her employer. And I fancy Miss Howe will be puzzled to know what to think of the matter, and afraid of sending by Wilson's

conveyance; and perhaps suppose that her friend slights her; or has changed her mind in my favour, and is ashamed to own it; as she has not had an answer to what she wrote; and will believe that the rustic delivered her last letter into her own hand.

Mean time I have a little project come into my head, of a new kind; just for amusement-sake, that's all: variety has irresistible charms. I cannot live without intrigue. My charmer has no passions; that is to say, none of the passions that I want her to have. She engages all my reverence. I am at present more inclined to regret what I have done, than to proceed to new offences: and shall regret it till I see how she takes it when recovered.

Shall I tell thee my project? 'Tis not a high one.— 'Tis this — to get hither to Mrs. Moore, Miss Rawlins, and my widow Bevis; for they are desirous to make a visit to my spouse, now we are so happy together. And, if I can order it right, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and I, will show them a little more of the ways of this wicked town, than they at present know. Why should they be acquainted with a man of my character, and not be the better and wiser for it? — I would have every body rail against rakes with judgment and knowledge, if they will rail. Two of these women gave me a great deal of trouble: and the third, I am confident, will forgive a merry evening.

Thou wilt be curious to know what the persons of these women are, to whom I intend so much distinction. I think I have not heretofore mentioned any thing characteristic of their persons.

Mrs. Moore is a widow of about thirty-eight; a little mortified by misfortunes; but those are often the merriest folks, when warmed. She has good features still; and is what they call much of a gentlewoman, and very neat in her person and dress. She has given over, I believe, all thoughts of our sex: but when the dying embers are raked up about the half-consumed stump, there will be fuel enough left, I dare say, to blaze out, and give a comfortable warmth to a half-starved by-stander.

Mrs. Bevis is comely; that is to say, plump; a lover of mirth, and one whom no grief ever dwelt with, I dare say, for a week together; about twenty-five years of age: Mowbray will have very little difficulty with her, I believe; for one cannot do every thing one's self. And yet sometimes women of this free cast, when it comes to the point, answer not the promises their cheerful forwardness gives a man who has a view upon them.

Miss Rawlins is an agreeable young lady enough; but not beautiful. She has sense, and would be thought to know the world, as it is called; but, for her knowledge, is more indebted to theory than experience. A mere whipt-syllabub knowledge this, Jack, that always fails the person who trusts to it, when it should

hold to do her service. For such young ladies have so much dependence upon their own understanding and wariness, are so much above the cautions that the less opinionative may be benefited by, that their presumption is generally their overthrow, when attempted by a man of experience, who knows how to flatter their vanity, and to magnify their wisdom, in order to take advantage of their folly. But, for Miss Rawlins, if I can add experience to her theory, what an accomplished person will she be! — And how much will she be obliged to me; and not only she, but all those who may be the better for the precepts she thinks herself already so well qualified to give! Dearly, Jack, do I love to engage with these precept-givers, and example-setters.

Now, Belford, although there is nothing striking in any of these characters; yet may we, at a pinch, make a good frolicky half-day with them, if, after we have softened their wax at table by encouraging viands, we can set our women and them into dancing: dancing, which all women love, and all men should therefore promote, for both their sakes.

And thus, when Tourville sings, Belton fiddles, Mowbray makes rough love, and I smooth; and thou, Jack, wilt be by that time well enough to join in the chorus; the devil's in't if we don't mould them into what shape we please — our own women, by their laughing freedoms, encouraging them to break through all their customary reserves. For women to women, thou knowest, are great darers and incentives: not one of them loving to be outdone or outdared, when their hearts are thoroughly warmed.

I know, at first, the difficulty will be the accidental absence of my dear Mrs. Lovelace, to whom principally they will design their visit: but if we can exhilarate them, they won't then wish to see her; and I can form twenty accidents and excuses, from one hour to another, for her absence, till each shall have a subject to take up all her thoughts.

I am really sick at heart for a frolic, and have no doubt but this will be an agreeable one. These women already think me a wild fellow; nor do they like me the less for it, as I can perceive; and I shall take care, that they shall be treated with so much freedom before one another's faces, that in policy they shall keep each other's counsel. And won't this be doing a kind thing by them? since it will knit an indissoluble band of union and friendship between three women who are neighbours, and at present have only common obligations to one another: for thou wantest not to be told, that secrets of love, and secrets of this nature, are generally the strongest cement of female friendships.

But, after all, if my beloved should be happily restored to her intellects, we may have scenes arise between us that will be sufficiently busy to employ all the faculties of thy friend, without looking out for new occasions. Already, as I have

often observed, has she been the means of saving scores of her sex, yet without her own knowledge.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

By Dorcas's account of her lady's behaviour, the dear creature seems to be recovering. I shall give the earliest notice of this to the worthy Capt. Tomlinson, that he may apprize uncle John of it. I must be properly enabled, from that quarter, to pacify her, or, at least, to rebate her first violence.

LETTER XVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SIX O'CLOCK, (JUNE 18.)

I went out early this morning, and returned not till just now; when I was informed that my beloved, in my absence, had taken it into her head to attempt to get away.

She tripped down, with a parcel tied up in a handkerchief, her hood on; and was actually in the entry, when Mrs. Sinclair saw her.

Pray, Madam, whipping between her and the street-door, be pleased to let me know where you are going?

Who has a right to controul me? was the word.

I have, Madam, by order of your spouse: and, kemboing her arms, as she owned, I desire you will be pleased to walk up again.

She would have spoken; but could not: and, bursting into tears, turned back, and went up to her chamber: and Dorcas was taken to task for suffering her to be in the passage before she was seen.

This shows, as we hoped last night, that she is recovering her charming intellects.

Dorcas says, she was visible to her but once before the whole day; and then she seemed very solemn and sedate.

I will endeavour to see her. It must be in her own chamber, I suppose; for she will hardly meet me in the dining-room. What advantage will the confidence of our sex give me over the modesty of her's, if she be recovered! — I, the most confident of men: she, the most delicate of women. Sweet soul! methinks I have her before me: her face averted: speech lost in sighs — abashed — conscious — what a triumphant aspect will this give me, when I gaze on her downcast countenance!

* * *

This moment Dorcas tells me she believes she is coming to find me out. She asked her after me: and Dorcas left her, drying her red-swoln eyes at her glass; [no design of moving me by tears!] sighing too sensibly for my courage. But to what purpose have I gone thus far, if I pursue not my principal end? Niceness must be a little abated. She knows the worst. That she cannot fly me; that she must see me; and that I can look her into a sweet confusion; are circumstances greatly in my favour. What can she do but rave and exclaim? I am used to raving

and exclaiming — but, if recovered, I shall see how she behaves upon this our first sensible interview after what she has suffered.

Here she comes.

LETTER XVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY NIGHT.

Never blame me for giving way to have art used with this admirable creature. All the princes of the air, or beneath it, joining with me, could never have subdued her while she had her senses.

I will not anticipate — only to tell thee, that I am too much awakened by her to think of sleep, were I to go to bed; and so shall have nothing to do but to write an account of our odd conversation, while it is so strong upon my mind that I can think of nothing else.

She was dressed in a white damask night-gown, with less negligence than for some days past. I was sitting with my pen in my fingers; and stood up when I first saw her, with great complaisance, as if the day were still her own. And so indeed it is.

She entered with such dignity in her manner as struck me with great awe, and prepared me for the poor figure I made in the subsequent conversation. A poor figure indeed! — But I will do her justice.

She came up with quick steps, pretty close to me; a white handkerchief in her hand; her eyes neither fierce nor mild, but very earnest; and a fixed sedateness in her whole aspect, which seemed to be the effect of deep contemplation: and thus she accosted me, with an air and action that I never saw equalled.

You see before you, Sir, the wretch, whose preference of you to all your sex you have rewarded — as it indeed deserved to be rewarded. My father's dreadful curse has already operated upon me in the very letter of it, as to this life; and it seems to me too evident that it will not be your fault that it is not entirely completed in the loss of my soul, as well as of my honour — which you, villanous man! have robbed me of, with a baseness so unnatural, so inhuman, that it seems you, even you, had not the heart to attempt it, till my senses were made the previous sacrifice.

Here I made an hesitating effort to speak, laying down my pen: but she proceeded! — Hear me out, guilty wretch! — abandoned man! — Man, did I say? — Yet what name else can I? since the mortal worryings of the fiercest beast would have been more natural, and infinitely more welcome, that what you have acted by me; and that with a premeditation and contrivance worthy only of that single heart which now, base as well as ungrateful as thou art, seems to quake within thee. — And well may'st thou quake; well may'st thou tremble, and falter, and hesitate, as thou dost, when thou reflectest upon what I have suffered for thy sake, and upon the returns thou hast made me!

By my soul, Belford, my whole frame was shaken: for not only her looks and her action, but her voice, so solemn, was inexpressibly affecting: and then my cursed guilt, and her innocence, and merit, and rank, and superiority of talents, all stared me at that instant in the face so formidably, that my present account, to which she unexpectedly called me, seemed, as I then thought, to resemble that general one, to which we are told we shall be summoned, when our conscience shall be our accuser.

But she had had time to collect all the powers of her eloquence. The whole day probably in her intellects. And then I was the more disappointed, as I had thought I could have gazed the dear creature into confusion — but it is plain, that the sense she has of her wrongs sets this matchless woman above all lesser, all weaker considerations.

My dear — my love — I — I — I never — no never — lips trembling, limbs quaking, voice inward, hesitating, broken — never surely did miscreant look so like a miscreant! while thus she proceeded, waving her snowy hand, with all the graces of moving oratory.

I have no pride in the confusion visible in thy whole person. I have been all the day praying for a composure, if I could not escape from this vile house, that should once more enable me to look up to my destroyer with the consciousness of an innocent sufferer. Thou seest me, since my wrongs are beyond the power of words to express, thou seest me, calm enough to wish, that thou may'st continue harassed by the workings of thy own conscience, till effectual repentance take hold of thee, that so thou may'st not forfeit all title to that mercy which thou hast not shown to the poor creature now before thee, who had so well deserved to meet with a faithful friend where she met with the worst of enemies.

But tell me, (for no doubt thou hast some scheme to pursue,) tell me, since I am a prisoner, as I find, in the vilest of houses, and have not a friend to protect or save me, what thou intendest shall become of the remnant of a life not worth the keeping! — Tell me, if yet there are more evils reserved for me; and whether thou hast entered into a compact with the grand deceiver, in the person of his horrid agent in this house; and if the ruin of my soul, that my father's curse may be fulfilled, is to complete the triumphs of so vile a confederacy? — Answer me! — Say, if thou hast courage to speak out to her whom thou hast ruined, tell me what farther I am to suffer from thy barbarity?

She stopped here, and, sighing, turned her sweet face from me, drying up with her handkerchief those tears which she endeavoured to restrain; and, when she could not, to conceal from my sight.

As I told thee, I had prepared myself for high passions, raving, flying, tearing execration; these transient violences, the workings of sudden grief, and shame,

and vengeance, would have set us upon a par with each other, and quitted scores. These have I been accustomed to; and as nothing violent is lasting, with these I could have wished to encounter. But such a majestic composure — seeking me — whom, yet it is plain, by her attempt to get away, she would have avoided seeking — no Lucretia-like vengeance upon herself in her thought — yet swallowed up, her whole mind swallowed up, as I may say, by a grief so heavy, as, in her own words, to be beyond the power of speech to express — and to be able, discomposed as she was, to the very morning, to put such a home-question to me, as if she had penetrated my future view — how could I avoid looking like a fool, and answering, as before, in broken sentences and confusion?

What — what-a — what has been done — I, I, I — cannot but say — must own — must confess — hem — hem —— is not right — is not what should have been — but-a — but — but — I am truly — truly — sorry for it — upon my soul I am — and — and — will do all — do every thing — do what — whatever is incumbent upon me — all that you — that you — that you shall require, to make you amends! ——

O Belford! Belford! whose the triumph now! HER'S, or MINE?

Amends! O thou truly despicable wretch! Then lifting up her eyes — Good Heaven! who shall pity the creature who could fall by so base a mind! — Yet — [and then she looked indignantly upon me!] yet, I hate thee not (base and low-souled as thou art!) half so much as I hate myself, that I saw thee not sooner in thy proper colours! That I hoped either morality, gratitude, or humanity, from a libertine, who, to be a libertine, must have got over and defied all moral sanctions.*

* Her cousin Morden's words to her in his letter from Florence. See Vol. IV. Letter XIX.

She then called upon her cousin Morden's name, as if he had warned her against a man of free principles; and walked towards the window; her handkerchief at her eyes. But, turning short towards me, with an air of mingled scorn and majesty, [what, at the moment, would I have given never to have injured her!] What amends hast thou to propose! What amends can such a one as thou make to a person of spirit, or common sense, for the evils thou hast so inhumanely made me suffer?

As soon, Madam — as soon — as — as soon as your uncle — or — not waiting ——

Thou wouldest tell me, I suppose — I know what thou wouldest tell me — But thinkest thou, that marriage will satisfy for a guilt like thine? Destitute as thou hast made me both of friends and fortune, I too much despise the wretch, who

could rob himself of his wife's virtue, to endure the thoughts of thee in the light thou seemest to hope I will accept thee in! —

I hesitated an interruption; but my meaning died away upon my trembling lips. I could only pronounce the word marriage — and thus she proceeded:

Let me, therefore, know whether I am to be controuled in the future disposal of myself? Whether, in a country of liberty, as this, where the sovereign of it must not be guilty of your wickedness, and where you neither durst have attempted it, had I one friend or relation to look upon me, I am to be kept here a prisoner, to sustain fresh injuries? Whether, in a word, you intend to hinder me from going where my destiny shall lead me?

After a pause — for I was still silent:

Can you not answer me this plain question? — I quit all claim, all expectation, upon you — what right have you to detain me here?

I could not speak. What could I say to such a question?

O wretch! wringing her uplifted hands, had I not been robbed of my senses, and that in the basest manner — you best know how — had I been able to account for myself, and your proceedings, or to have known but how the days passed — a whole week should not have gone over my head, as I find it has done, before I had told you, what I now tell you — That the man who has been the villain to me you have been, shall never make me his wife. — I will write to my uncle, to lay aside his kind intentions in my favour — all my prospects are shut in — I give myself up for a lost creature as to this world — hinder me not from entering upon a life of severe penitence, for corresponding, after prohibition, with a wretch who has too well justified all their warnings and inveteracy; and for throwing myself into the power of your vile artifices. Let me try to secure the only hope I have left. This is all the amends I ask of you. I repeat, therefore, Am I now at liberty to dispose of myself as I please?

Now comes the fool, the miscreant again, hesitating his broken answer: My dearest love, I am confounded, quite confounded, at the thought of what — of what has been done; and at the thought of — to whom. I see, I see, there is no withstanding your eloquence! — Such irresistible proofs of the love of virtue, for its own sake, did I never hear of, nor meet with, in all my reading. And if you can forgive a repentant villain, who thus on his knees implores your forgiveness, [then down I dropt, absolutely in earnest in all I said,] I vow by all that's sacred and just, (and may a thunderbolt strike me dead at your feet, if I am not sincere!) that I will by marriage before to-morrow noon, without waiting for your uncle, or any body, do you all the justice I now can do you. And you shall ever after controul and direct me as you please, till you have made me more worthy of your angelic

purity than now I am: nor will I presume so much as to touch your garment, till I have the honour to call so great a blessing lawfully mine.

O thou guileful betrayer! there is a just God, whom thou invokest: yet the thunderbolt descends not; and thou livest to imprecate and deceive!

My dearest life! rising; for I hoped she was relenting ——

Hadst thou not sinned beyond the possibility of forgiveness, interrupted she; and this had been the first time that thus thou solemnly promisest and invokest the vengeance thou hast as often defied; the desperateness of my condition might have induced me to think of taking a wretched chance with a man so profligate. But, after what I have suffered by thee, it would be criminal in me to wish to bind my soul in covenant to a man so nearly allied to perdition.

Good God! — how uncharitable! — I offer not to defend — would to Heaven that I could recall — so nearly allied to perdition, Madam! — So profligate a man, Madam! ——

O how short is expression of thy crimes, and of my sufferings! Such premeditation is thy baseness! To prostitute the characters of persons of honour of thy own family — and all to delude a poor creature, whom thou oughtest — But why talk I to thee? Be thy crimes upon thy head! Once more I ask thee, Am I, or am I not, at my own liberty now?

I offered to speak in defence of the women, declaring that they really were the very persons ——

Presume not, interrupted she, base as thou art, to say one word in thine own vindication. I have been contemplating their behaviour, their conversation, their over-ready acquiescences, to my declarations in thy disfavour; their free, yet affectedly-reserved light manners: and now that the sad event has opened my eyes, and I have compared facts and passages together, in the little interval that has been lent me, I wonder I could not distinguish the behaviour of the unmatron-like jilt, whom thou broughtest to betray me, from the worthy lady whom thou hast the honour to call thy aunt: and that I could not detect the superficial creature whom thou passedst upon me for the virtuous Miss Montague.

Amazing uncharitableness in a lady so good herself! — That the high spirits those ladies were in to see you, should subject them to such censures! — I do must solemnly vow, Madam ——

That they were, interrupting me, verily and indeed Lady Betty Lawrance and thy cousin Montague! — O wretch! I see by thy solemn averment [I had not yet averred it,] what credit ought to be given to all the rest. Had I no other proof ——

Interrupting her, I besought her patient ear. ‘I had found myself, I told her, almost avowedly despised and hated. I had no hope of gaining her love, or her confidence. The letter she had left behind her, on her removal to Hampstead,

sufficiently convinced me that she was entirely under Miss Howe's influence, and waited but the return of a letter from her to enter upon measures that would deprive me of her for ever: Miss Howe had ever been my enemy: more so then, no doubt, from the contents of the letter she had written to her on her first coming to Hampstead; that I dared not to stand the event of such a letter; and was glad of an opportunity, by Lady Betty's and my cousin's means (though they knew not my motive) to get her back to town; far, at the time, from intending the outrage which my despair, and her want of confidence in me, put me so vilely upon' —

I would have proceeded; and particularly would have said something of Captain Tomlinson and her uncle; but she would not hear me further. And indeed it was with visible indignation, and not without several angry interruptions, that she heard me say so much.

Would I dare, she asked me, to offer at a palliation of my baseness? The two women, she was convinced, were impostors. She knew not but Captain Tomlinson and Mr. Mennell were so too. But whether they were so or not, I was. And she insisted upon being at her own disposal for the remainder of her short life — for indeed she abhorred me in every light; and more particularly in that in which I offered myself to her acceptance.

And, saying this, she flung from me; leaving me absolutely shocked and confounded at her part of a conversation which she began with such uncommon, however severe, composure, and concluded with so much sincere and unaffected indignation.

And now, Jack, I must address one serious paragraph particularly to thee.

I have not yet touched upon cohabitation — her uncle's mediation she does not absolutely discredit, as I had the pleasure to find by one hint in this conversation — yet she suspects my future views, and has doubt about Mennell and Tomlinson.

I do say, if she come fairly at her lights, at her clues, or what shall I call them? her penetration is wonderful.

But if she do not come at them fairly, then is her incredulity, then is her antipathy to me evidently accounted for.

I will speak out — thou couldst not, surely, play me booty, Jack? — Surely thou couldst not let thy weak pity for her lead thee to an unpardonable breach of trust to thy friend, who has been so unreserved in his communications to thee?

I cannot believe thee capable of such a baseness. Satisfy me, however, upon this head. I must make a cursed figure in her eye, vowing and protesting, as I shall not scruple occasionally to vow and protest, if all the time she has had unquestionable informations of my perfidy. I know thou as little fearest me, as I do thee, if any point of manhood; and wilt scorn to deny it, if thou hast done it, when thus home-pressed.

And here I have a good mind to stop, and write no farther, till I have thy answer.

And so I will.

MONDAY MORN. PAST THREE.

LETTER XIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY MORN. FIVE O'CLOCK (JUNE 19.)

I must write on. Nothing else can divert me: and I think thou canst not have been a dog to me.

I would fain have closed my eyes: but sleep flies me. Well says Horace, as translated by Cowley:

The halcyon sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in the mind:
Darkness but half his work will do.
'Tis not enough: he must find quiet too.

Now indeed do I from my heart wish that I had never known this lady. But who would have thought there had been such a woman in the world? Of all the sex I have hitherto known, or heard, or read of, it was once subdued, and always subdued. The first struggle was generally the last; or, at least, the subsequent struggles were so much fainter and fainter, that a man would rather have them than be without them. But how know I yet ——

* * *

It is now near six — the sun for two hours past has been illuminating every thing about me: for that impartial orb shines upon Mother Sinclair's house as well as upon any other: but nothing within me can it illuminate.

At day-dawn I looked through the key-hole of my beloved's door. She had declared she would not put off her clothes any more in this house. There I beheld her in a sweet slumber, which I hope will prove refreshing to her disturbed senses; sitting in her elbow-chair, her apron over her head; her head supported by one sweet hand, the other hand hanging down upon her side, in a sleepy lifelessness; half of one pretty foot only visible.

See the difference in our cases! thought I: she, the charming injured, can sweetly sleep, while the varlet injurer cannot close his eyes; and has been trying, to no purpose, the whole night to divert his melancholy, and to fly from himself!

As every vice generally brings on its own punishment, even in this life; if any thing were to tempt me to doubt of future punishment, it would be, that there can

hardly be a greater than that in which I at this instant experience in my own remorse.

I hope it will go off. If not, well will the dear creature be avenged; for I shall be the most miserable of men.

* * * SIX O'CLOCK.

Just now Dorcas tells me, that her lady is preparing openly, and without disguise, to be gone. Very probable. The humour she flew away from me in last night has given me expectation of such an enterprize.

Now, Jack, to be thus hated and despised! — And if I have sinned beyond forgiveness ——

But she has sent me a message by Dorcas, that she will meet me in the dining-room; and desires [odd enough] that the wretch may be present at the conversation that shall pass between us. This message gives me hope.

NINE O'CLOCK.

Confounded art, cunning villany! — By my soul, she had like to have slipped through my fingers! She meant nothing by her message but to get Dorcas out of the way, and a clear coast. Is a fancied distress, sufficient to justify this lady for dispensing with her principles? Does she not show me that she can wilfully deceive, as well as I?

Had she been in the fore-house, and no passage to go through to get at the street-door, she had certainly been gone. But her haste betrayed her: for Sally Martin happening to be in the fore-parlour, and hearing a swifter motion than usual, and a rustling of silks, as if from somebody in a hurry, looked out; and seeing who it was, stept between her and the door, and set her back against it.

You must not go, Madam. Indeed you must not.

By what right? — And how dare you? — And such-like imperious airs the dear creature gave herself. — While Sally called out for her aunt; and half a dozen voiced joined instantly in the cry, for me to hasten down, to hasten down in a moment.

I was gravely instructing Dorcas above stairs, and wondering what would be the subject of the conversation to which the wench was to be a witness, when these outcries reached my ears. And down I flew. — And there was the charming creature, the sweet deceiver, panting for breath, her back against the partition, a parcel in her hand, [women make no excursions without their parcels,] Sally, Polly, (but Polly obligingly pleaded for her,) the mother, Mabell, and Peter, (the footman of the house,) about her; all, however, keeping their distance; the mother and Sally between her and the door — in her soft rage the dear soul repeating, I

will go — nobody has a right — I will go — if you kill me, women, I won't go up again!

As soon as she saw me, she stept a pace or two towards me; Mr. Lovelace, I will go! said she — do you authorize these women — what right have they, or you either, to stop me?

Is this, my dear, preparative to the conversation you led me to expect in the dining-room? And do you thing [sic] I can part with you thus? — Do you think I will.

And am I, Sir, to be thus beset? — Surrounded thus? — What have these women to do with me?

I desired them to leave us, all but Dorcas, who was down as soon as I. I then thought it right to assume an air of resolution, having found my tameness so greatly triumphed over. And now, my dear, said I, (urging her reluctant feet,) be pleased to walk into the fore-parlour. Here, since you will not go up stairs, here we may hold our parley; and Dorcas will be witness to it. And now, Madam, seating her, and sticking my hands in my sides, your pleasure!

Insolent villain! said the furious lady. And rising, ran to the window, and threw up the sash, [she knew not, I suppose, that there were iron rails before the windows.] And, when she found she could not get out into the street, clasping her uplifted hands together, having dropt her parcel — For the love of God, good honest man! — For the love of God, mistress — [to two passers by,] a poor, a poor creature, said she, ruined! ——

I clasped her in my arms, people beginning to gather about the window: and then she cried out Murder! help! help! and carried her up to the dining-room, in spite of her little plotting heart, (as I may now call it,) although she violently struggled, catching hold of the banisters here and there, as she could. I would have seated her there; but she sunk down half-motionless, pale as ashes. And a violent burst of tears happily relieved her.

Dorcas wept over her. The wench was actually moved for her!

Violent hysterics succeeded. I left her to Mabell, Dorcas, and Polly; the latter the most supportable to her of the sisterhood.

This attempt, so resolutely made, alarmed me not a little.

Mrs. Sinclair and her nymphs, are much more concerned; because of the reputation of their house as they call it, having received some insults (broken windows threatened) to make them produce the young creature who cried out.

While the mobbish inquisitors were in the height of their office, the women came running up to me, to know what they should do; a constable being actually fetched.

Get the constable into the parlour, said I, with three or four of the forwardest of the mob, and produce one of the nymphs, onion-eyed, in a moment, with disordered head-dress and handkerchief, and let her own herself the person: the occasion, a female skirmish: but satisfied with the justice done her. Then give a dram or two to each fellow, and all will be well.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

All done as I advised; and all is well.

Mrs. Sinclair wishes she had never seen the face of so skittish a lady; and she and Sally are extremely pressing with me, to leave the perverse beauty to their breaking, as they call it, for four or five days. But I cursed them into silence; only ordering double precaution for the future.

Polly, though she consoled the dear perverse one all she could, when with her, insists upon it to me, that nothing but terror will procure me tolerable usage.

Dorcas was challenged by the women upon her tears. She owned them real. Said she was ashamed of herself: but could not help it. So sincere, so unyielding a grief, in so sweet a lady! —

The women laughed at her; but I bid her make no apologies for her tears, nor mind their laughing. I was glad to see them so ready. Good use might be made of such strangers. In short, I would not have her indulge them often, and try if it were not possible to gain her lady's confidence by her concern for her.

She said that her lady did take kind notice of them to her; and was glad to see such tokens of humanity in her.

Well then, said I, your part, whether any thing come of it or not, is to be tender-hearted. It can do no harm, if no good. But take care you are not too suddenly, or too officiously compassionate.

So Dorcas will be a humane, good sort of creature, I believe, very quickly with her lady. And as it becomes women to be so, and as my beloved is willing to think highly of her own sex; it will the more readily pass with her.

I thought to have had one trial (having gone so far) for cohabitation. But what hope can there be of succeeding? — She is invincible! — Against all my motions, against all my conceptions, (thinking of her as a woman, and in the very bloom of her charms,) she is absolutely invincible. My whole view, at the present, is to do her legal justice, if I can but once more get her out of her altitudes.

The consent of such a woman must make her ever new, ever charming. But astonishing! Can the want of a church-ceremony make such a difference!

She owes me her consent; for hitherto I have had nothing to boast of. All of my side, has been deep remorse, anguish of mind, and love increased rather than abated.

How her proud rejection stings me! — And yet I hope still to get her to listen to my stories of the family-reconciliation, and of her uncle and Capt. Tomlinson — and as she has given me a pretence to detain her against her will, she must see me, whether in temper or not. — She cannot help it. And if love will not do, terror, as the women advise, must be tried.

A nice part, after all, has my beloved to act. If she forgive me easily, I resume perhaps my projects: — if she carry her rejection into violence, that violence may make me desperate, and occasion fresh violence. She ought, since she thinks she has found the women out, to consider where she is.

I am confoundedly out of conceit with myself. If I give up my contrivances, my joy in stratagem, and plot, and invention, I shall be but a common man; such another dull heavy creature as thyself. Yet what does even my success in my machinations bring me but regret, disgrace, repentance? But I am overmatched, egregiously overmatched, by this woman. What to do with her, or without her, I know not.

LETTER XX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I have this moment intelligence from Simon Parsons, one of Lord M.'s stewards, that his Lordship is very ill. Simon, who is my obsequious servant, in virtue of my presumptive heirship, gives me a hint in his letter, that my presence at M. Hall will not be amiss. So I must accelerate, whatever be the course I shall be allowed or compelled to take.

No bad prospects for this charming creature, if the old peer would be so kind as to surrender; and many a summons has this gout given him. A good 8000£. a-year, and perhaps the title reversionary, or a still higher, would help me up with her.

Proudly as this lady pretends to be above all pride, grandeur will have its charms with her; for grandeur always makes a man's face shine in a woman's eye. I have a pretty good, because a clear, estate, as it is. But what a noble variety of mischief will 8000£. a-year, enable a man to do?

Perhaps thou'lt say, I do already all that comes into my head; but that's a mistake — not one half I will assure thee. And even good folks, as I have heard, love to have the power of doing mischief, whether they make use of it or not. The late Queen Anne, who was a very good woman, was always fond of prerogative. And her ministers, in her name, in more instances than one, made a ministerial use of this her foible.

* * *

But now, at last, am I to be admitted to the presence of my angry fair-one; after three denials, nevertheless; and a peremptory from me, by Dorcas, that I must see her in her chamber, if I cannot see her in the dining-room.

Dorcas, however, tells me that she says, if she were at her own liberty, she would never see me more; and that she had been asking after the characters and conditions of the neighbours. I suppose, now she has found her voice, to call out for help from them, if there were any to hear her.

She will have it now, it seems, that I had the wickedness from the very beginning, to contrive, for her ruin, a house so convenient for dreadful mischief.

Dorcas begs of her to be pacified — entreats her to see me with patience — tells her that I am one of the most determined of men, as she has heard say. That gentleness may do with me; but that nothing else will, she believes. And what, as

her ladyship (as she always styles her,) is married, if I had broken my oath, or intended to break it! —

She hinted plain enough to the honest wench, that she was not married. But Dorcas would not understand her.

This shows she is resolved to keep no measures. And now is to be a trial of skill, whether she shall or not.

Dorcas has hinted to her my Lord's illness, as a piece of intelligence that dropt in conversation from me.

But here I stop. My beloved, pursuant to my peremptory message, is just gone up into the dining-room.

LETTER XXI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY AFTERNOON.

Pity me, Jack, for pity's sake; since, if thou dost not, nobody else will: and yet never was there a man of my genius and lively temper that wanted it more. We are apt to attribute to the devil every thing happens to us, which we would not have happen: but here, being, (as perhaps thou'lt say,) the devil myself, my plagues arise from an angel. I suppose all mankind is to be plagued by its contrary.

She began with me like a true woman, [she in the fault, I to be blamed,] the moment I entered the dining-room: not the least apology, not the least excuse, for the uproar she had made, and the trouble she had given me.

I come, said she, into thy detested presence, because I cannot help it. But why am I to be imprisoned here? — Although to no purpose, I cannot help ——

Dearest Madam, interrupted I, give not way to so much violence. You must know, that your detention is entirely owing to the desire I have to make you all the amends that is in my power to make you. And this, as well for your sake as my own. Surely there is still one way left to repair the wrongs you have suffered ——

Canst thou blot out the past week! Several weeks past, I should say; ever since I have been with thee? Canst thou call back time? — If thou canst ——

Surely, Madam, again interrupting her, if I may be permitted to call you legally mine, I might have but anticip ——

Wretch, that thou art! Say not another word upon this subject. When thou vowedst, when thou promisedst at Hampstead, I had begun to think that I must be thine. If I had consented, at the request of those I thought thy relations, this would have been a principal inducement, that I could then have brought thee, what was most wanted, an unsullied honour in dowry, to a wretch destitute of all honour; and could have met the gratulations of a family to which thy life has been one continued disgrace, with a consciousness of deserving their gratulations. But thinkest thou, that I will give a harlot niece to thy honourable uncle, and to thy real aunts; and a cousin to thy cousins from a brothel? for such, in my opinion, is this detested house! — Then, lifting up her clasped hands, 'Great and good God of Heaven,' said she, 'give me patience to support myself under the weight of those afflictions, which thou, for wise and good ends, though at present impenetrable by me, hast permitted!'

Then, turning towards me, who knew neither what to say to her, nor for myself, I renounce thee for ever, Lovelace! — Abhorred of my soul! for ever I renounce thee! — Seek thy fortunes wheresoever thou wilt! — only now, that thou hast already ruined me! —

Ruined you, Madam — the world need not — I knew not what to say.

Ruined me in my own eyes; and that is the same to me as if all the world knew it — hinder me not from going whither my mysterious destiny shall lead me.

Why hesitate you, Sir? What right have you to stop me, as you lately did; and to bring me up by force, my hands and arms bruised by your violence? What right have you to detain me here?

I am cut to the heart, Madam, with invectives so violent. I am but too sensible of the wrong I have done you, or I could not bear your reproaches. The man who perpetrates a villany, and resolves to go on with it, shows not the compunction I show. Yet, if you think yourself in my power, I would caution you, Madam, not to make me desperate. For you shall be mine, or my life shall be the forfeit! Nor is life worth having without you! —

Be thine! — I be thine! — said the passionate beauty. O how lovely in her violence!

Yes, Madam, be mine! I repeat you shall be mine! My very crime is your glory. My love, my admiration of you is increased by what has passed — and so it ought. I am willing, Madam, to court your returning favour; but let me tell you, were the house beset by a thousand armed men, resolved to take you from me, they should not effect their purpose, while I had life.

I never, never will be your's, said she, clasping her hands together, and lifting up her eyes! — I never will be your's!

We may yet see many happy years, Madam. All your friends may be reconciled to you. The treaty for that purpose is in greater forwardness than you imagine. You know better than to think the worse of yourself for suffering what you could not help. Enjoin but the terms I can make my peace with you upon, and I will instantly comply.

Never, never, repeated she, will I be your's!

Only forgive me, my dearest life, this one time! — A virtue so invincible! what further view can I have against you? — Have I attempted any further outrage? — If you will be mine, your injuries will be injuries done to myself. You have too well guessed at the unnatural arts that have been used. But can a greater testimony be given of your virtue? — And now I have only to hope, that although I cannot make you complete amends, yet you will permit me to make you all the amends that can possibly be made.

Here [sic] me out, I beseech you, Madam; for she was going to speak with an aspect unpacifiedly angry: the God, whom you serve, requires but repentance and amendment. Imitate him, my dearest love, and bless me with the means of reforming a course of life that begins to be hateful to me. That was once your favourite point. Resume it, dearest creature, in charity to a soul, as well as body,

which once, as I flattered myself, was more than indifferent to you, resume it. And let to-morrow's sun witness to our espousals.

I cannot judge thee, said she; but the GOD to whom thou so boldly referrest can, and, assure thyself, He will. But, if compunction has really taken hold of thee — if, indeed, thou art touched for thy ungrateful baseness, and meanest any thing by this pleading the holy example thou recommendest to my imitation; in this thy pretended repentant moment, let me sift thee thoroughly, and by thy answer I shall judge of the sincerity of thy pretended declarations.

Tell me, then, is there any reality in the treaty thou has pretended to be on foot between my uncle and Capt. Tomlinson, and thyself? — Say, and hesitate not, is there any truth in that story? — But, remember, if there be not, and thou avowest that there is, what further condemnation attends to thy averment, if it be as solemn as I require it to be!

This was a cursed thrust! What could I say! — Surely this merciless lady is resolved to d — n me, thought I, and yet accuses me of a design against her soul! — But was I not obliged to proceed as I had begun?

In short, I solemnly averred that there was! — How one crime, as the good folks say, brings on another!

I added, that the Captain had been in town, and would have waited on her, had she not been indisposed; that he went down much afflicted, as well on her account, as on that of her uncle; though I had not acquainted him either with the nature of her disorder, or the ever-to-be-regretted occasion of it, having told him that it was a violent fever; That he had twice since, by her uncle's desire, sent up to inquire after her health; and that I had already dispatched a man and horse with a letter, to acquaint him, (and her uncle through him,) with her recovery; making it my earnest request, that he would renew his application to her uncle for the favour of his presence at the private celebrations of our nuptials; and that I expected an answer, if not this night, as to-morrow.

Let me ask thee next, said she, (thou knowest the opinion I have of the women thou broughtest to me at Hampstead; and who have seduced me hither to my ruin; let me ask thee,) If, really and truly, they were Lady Betty Lawrance and thy cousin Montague? — What sayest thou — hesitate not — what sayest thou to this question?

Astonishing, my dear, that you should suspect them! — But, knowing your strange opinion of them, what can I say to be believed?

And is this the answer thou returnest me? Dost thou thus evade my question? But let me know, for I am trying thy sincerity now, and all shall judge of thy new professions by thy answer to this question; let me know, I repeat, whether those women be really Lady Betty Lawrance and thy cousin Montague?

Let me, my dearest love, be enabled to-morrow to call you lawfully mine, and we will set out the next day, if you please, to Berkshire to my Lord M.'s, where they both are at this time; and you shall convince yourself by your own eyes, and by your own ears; which you will believe sooner than all I can say or swear.

Now, Belford, I had really some apprehension of treachery from thee; which made me so miserably evade; for else, I could as safely have sworn to the truth of this, as to that of the former: but she pressing me still for a categorical answer, I ventured plumb; and swore to it, [lover's oaths, Jack!] that they were really and truly Lady Betty Lawrance and my cousin Montague.

She lifted up her hands and eyes — What can I think! — what can I think!

You think me a devil, Madam; a very devil! or you could not after you have put these questions to me, seem to doubt the truth of answers so solemnly sworn to.

And if I do think thee so, have I not cause? Is there another man in the world, (I hope for the sake of human nature, there is not,) who could act by any poor friendless creature as thou hast acted by me, whom thou hast made friendless — and who, before I knew thee, had for a friend every one who knew me?

I told you, Madam, before that Lady Betty and my cousin were actually here, in order to take leave of you, before they set out for Berkshire: but the effects of my ungrateful crime, (such, with shame and remorse, I own it to be,) were the reason you could not see them. Nor could I be fond that they should see you; since they never would have forgiven me, had they known what had passed — and what reason had I to expect your silence on the subject, had you been recovered?

It signifies nothing now, that the cause of their appearance has been answered in my ruin, who or what they are: but if thou hast averred thus solemnly to two falsehoods, what a wretch do I see before me!

I thought she had now reason to be satisfied; and I begged her to allow me to talk to her of to-morrow, as of the happiest day of my life. We have the license, Madam — and you must excuse me, that I cannot let you go hence till I have tried every way I can to obtain your forgiveness.

And am I then, [with a kind of frantic wildness,] to be detained a prisoner in this horrid house — am I, Sir? — Take care! take care! holding up her hand, menacing, how you make me desperate! If I fall, though by my own hand, inquisition will be made for my blood; and be not out in thy plot, Lovelace, if it should be so — make sure work, I charge thee — dig a hole deep enough to cram in and conceal this unhappy body; for, depend upon it, that some of those who will not stir to protect me living, will move heaven and earth to avenge me dead!

A horrid dear creature! — By my soul she made me shudder! She had need indeed to talk of her unhappiness in falling into the hands of the only man in the world, who could have used her as I have used her — she is the only woman in the world, who could have shocked and disturbed me as she has done. So we are upon a foot in that respect. And I think I have the worst of it by much: since very little has been my joy — very much my trouble. And her punishment, as she calls it, is over: but when mine will, or what it may be, who can tell?

Here, only recapitulating, (think, then, how I must be affected at the time,) I was forced to leave off, and sing a song to myself. I aimed at a lively air; but I croaked rather than sung. And fell into the old dismal thirtieth of January strain; I hemmed up for a sprightlier note; but it would not do; and at last I ended, like a malefactor, in a dead psalm melody.

Heigh-ho! — I gape like an unfledged kite in its nest, wanting to swallow a chicken, bobbed at its mouth by its marauding dam! —

What a-devil ails me? — I can neither think nor write!

Lie down, pen, for a moment!

LETTER XXII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

There is certainly a good deal in the observation, that it costs a man ten times more pains to be wicked, than it would cost him to be good. What a confounded number of contrivances have I had recourse to, in order to carry my point with this charming creature; and yet after all, how have I puzzled myself by it; and yet am near tumbling into the pit which it was the end of all my plots to shun! What a happy man had I been with such an excellence, could I have brought my mind to marry when I first prevailed upon her to quit her father's house! But then, as I have often reflected, how had I known, that a but blossoming beauty, who could carry on a private correspondence, and run such risques with a notorious wild fellow, was not prompted by inclination, which one day might give such a free-liver as myself as much pain to reflect upon, as, at the time it gave me pleasure? Thou rememberest the host's tale in Ariosto. And thy experience, as well as mine, can furnish out twenty Fiametta's in proof of the imbecility of the sex.

But to proceed with my narrative.

The dear creature resumed the topic her heart was so firmly fixed upon; and insisted upon quitting the odious house, and that in very high terms.

I urged her to meet me the next day at the altar in either of the two churches mentioned in the license. And I besought her, whatever was her resolution, to let me debate this matter calmly with her.

If, she said, I would have her give what I desired the least moment's consideration, I must not hinder her from being her own mistress. To what purpose did I ask her consent, if she had not a power over either her own person or actions?

Will you give me your honour, Madam, if I consent to your quitting a house so disagreeable to you? —

My honour, Sir! said the dear creature — Alas! — And turned weeping from me with inimitable grace — as if she had said — Alas! — you have robbed me of my honour!

I hoped then, that her angry passions were subsiding; but I was mistaken; for, urging her warmly for the day; and that for the sake of our mutual honour, and the honour of both our families; in this high-flown and high-souled strain she answered me:

And canst thou, Lovelace, be so mean — as to wish to make a wife of the creature thou hast insulted, dishonoured, and abused, as thou hast me? Was it

necessary to humble me down to the low level of thy baseness, before I could be a wife meet for thee? Thou hadst a father, who was a man of honour: a mother, who deserved a better son. Thou hast an uncle, who is no dishonour to the Peerage of a kingdom, whose peers are more respectable than the nobility of any other country. Thou hast other relations also, who may be thy boast, though thou canst not be theirs — and canst thou not imagine, that thou hearest them calling upon thee; the dead from their monuments; the living from their laudable pride; not to dishonour thy ancient and splendid house, by entering into wedlock with a creature whom thou hast levelled with the dirt of the street, and classed with the vilest of her sex?

I extolled her greatness of soul, and her virtue. I execrated myself for my guilt: and told her, how grateful to the manes of my ancestors, as well as to the wishes of the living, the honour I supplicated for would be.

But still she insisted upon being a free agent; of seeing herself in other lodgings before she would give what I urged the least consideration. Nor would she promise me favour even then, or to permit my visits. How then, as I asked her, could I comply, without resolving to lose her for ever?

She put her hand to her forehead often as she talked; and at last, pleading disorder in her head, retired; neither of us satisfied with the other. But she ten times more dissatisfied with me, than I with her.

Dorcas seems to be coming into favour with her —

What now! — What now!

MONDAY NIGHT.

How determined is this lady! — Again had she like to have escaped us! — What a fixed resentment! — She only, I find, assumed a little calm, in order to quiet suspicion. She was got down, and actually had unbolted the street-door, before I could get to her; alarmed as I was by Mrs. Sinclair's cookmaid, who was the only one that saw her fly through the passage: yet lightning was not quicker than I.

Again I brought her back to the dining-room, with infinite reluctance on her part. And, before her face, ordered a servant to be placed constantly at the bottom of the stairs for the future.

She seemed even choked with grief and disappointment.

Dorcas was exceedingly assiduous about her; and confidently gave it as her own opinion, that her dear lady should be permitted to go to another lodging, since this was so disagreeable to her: were she to be killed for saying so, she would say it. And was good Dorcas for this afterwards.

But for some time the dear creature was all passion and violence —

I see, I see, said she, when I had brought her up, what I am to expect from your new professions, O vilest of men! —

Have I offered t you, my beloved creature, any thing that can justify this impatience after a more hopeful calm?

She wrung her hands. She disordered her head-dress. She tore her ruffles. She was in a perfect phrensy.

I dreaded her returning malady: but, entreaty rather exasperating, I affected an angry air. — I bid her expect the worst she had to fear — and was menacing on, in hopes to intimidate her; when, dropping to my feet,

'Twill be a mercy, said she, the highest act of mercy you can do, to kill me outright upon this spot — this happy spot, as I will, in my last moments, call it! — Then, baring, with a still more frantic violence, part of her enchanting neck — Here, here, said the soul-harrowing beauty, let thy pointed mercy enter! and I will thank thee, and forgive thee for all the dreadful past! — With my latest gasp will I forgive and thank thee! — Or help me to the means, and I will myself put out of the way so miserable a wretch! And bless thee for those means!

Why all this extravagant passion? Why all these exclamations? Have I offered any new injury to you, my dearest life? What a phrensy is this! Am I not ready to make you all the reparation that I can make you? Had I not reason to hope —

No, no, no, no, as before, shaking her head with wild impatience, as resolved not to attend to what I said.

My resolutions are so honourable, if you will permit them to take effect, that I need not be solicitous where you go, if you will but permit my visits, and receive my vows. — And God is my witness, that I bring you not back from the door with any view to your dishonour, but the contrary: and this moment I will send for a minister to put an end to all your doubts and fears.

Say this, and say a thousand times more, and bind every word with a solemn appeal to that God whom thou art accustomed to invoke to the truth of the vilest falsehoods, and all will still be short of what thou has vowed and promised to me. And, were not my heart to abhor thee, and to rise against thee, for thy perjuries, as it does, I would not, I tell thee once more, I would not, bind my soul in covenant with such a man, for a thousand worlds!

Compose yourself, however, Madam; for your own sake, compose yourself. Permit me to raise you up; abhorred as I am of your soul!

Nay, if I must not touch you; for she wildly slapt my hands; but with such a sweet passionate air, her bosom heaving and throbbing as she looked up to me, that although I was most sincerely enraged, I could with transport have pressed her to mine.

If I must not touch you, I will not. — But depend upon it, [and I assumed the sternest air I could assume, to try what it would do,] depend upon it, Madam, that

this is not the way to avoid the evils you dread. Let me do what I will, I cannot be used worse — Dorcas, begone!

She arose, Dorcas being about to withdraw; and wildly caught hold of her arm: O Dorcas! If thou art of mine own sex, leave me not, I charge thee! — Then quitting Dorcas, down she threw herself upon her knees, in the furthermost corner of the room, clasping a chair with her face laid upon the bottom of it! — O where can I be safe? — Where, where can I be safe, from this man of violence? —

This gave Dorcas an opportunity to confirm herself in her lady's confidence: the wench threw herself at my feet, while I seemed in violent wrath; and embracing my knees, Kill me, Sir, kill me, Sir, if you please! — I must throw myself in your way, to save my lady. I beg your pardon, Sir — but you must be set on! — God forgive the mischief-makers! — But your own heart, if left to itself, would not permit these things — spare, however, Sir! spare my lady, I beseech you! — bustling on her knees about me, as if I were intending to approach her lady, had I not been restrained by her.

This, humoured by me, Begone, devil! — Officious devil, begone! — startled the dear creature: who, snatching up hastily her head from the chair, and as hastily popping it down again in terror, hit her nose, I suppose, against the edge of the chair; and it gushed out with blood, running in a stream down her bosom; she herself was too much frighted to heed it!

Never was mortal man in such terror and agitation as I; for I instantly concluded, that she had stabbed herself with some concealed instrument.

I ran to her in a wild agony — for Dorcas was frighted out of all her mock interposition ——

What have you done! — O what have you done! — Look up to me, my dearest life! — Sweet injured innocence, look up to me! What have you done! — Long will I not survive you! — And I was upon the point of drawing my sword to dispatch myself, when I discovered — [What an unmanly blockhead does this charming creature make me at her pleasure!] that all I apprehended was but a bloody nose, which, as far as I know (for it could not be stopped in a quarter of an hour) may have saved her head and her intellects.

But I see by this scene, that the sweet creature is but a pretty coward at bottom; and that I can terrify her out of her virulence against me, whenever I put on sternness and anger. But then, as a qualifier to the advantage this gives me over her, I find myself to be a coward too, which I had not before suspected, since I was capable of being so easily terrified by the apprehensions of her offering violence to herself.

LETTER XXIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

But with all this dear creature's resentment against me, I cannot, for my heart, think but she will get all over, and consent to enter the pale with me. Were she even to die to-morrow, and to know she should, would not a woman of her sense, of her punctilio, and in her situation, and of so proud a family, rather die married, than otherwise? — No doubt but she would; although she were to hate the man ever so heartily. If so, there is now but one man in the world whom she can have — and that is me.

Now I talk [familiar writing is but talking, Jack] thus glibly of entering the pale, thou wilt be ready to question me, I know, as to my intentions on this head.

As much of my heart, as I know of it myself, will I tell thee. — When I am from her, I cannot still help hesitating about marriage; and I even frequently resolve against it, and determine to press my favourite scheme for cohabitation. But when I am with her, I am ready to say, to swear, and to do, whatever I think will be the most acceptable to her, and were a parson at hand, I should plunge at once, no doubt of it, into the state.

I have frequently thought, in common cases, that it is happy for many giddy fellows [there are giddy fellows, as well as giddy girls, Jack; and perhaps those are as often drawn in, as these] that ceremony and parade are necessary to the irrevocable solemnity; and that there is generally time for a man to recollect himself in the space between the heated over-night, and the cooler next morning; or I know not who could escape the sweet gypsies, whose fascinating powers are so much aided by our own raised imaginations.

A wife at any time, I used to say. I had ever confidence and vanity enough to think that no woman breathing could deny her hand when I held out mine. I am confoundedly mortified to find that this lady is able to hold me at bay, and to refuse all my honest vows.

What force [allow me a serious reflection, Jack: it will be put down! What force] have evil habits upon the human mind! When we enter upon a devious course, we think we shall have it in our power when we will return to the right path. But it is not so, I plainly see: For, who can acknowledge with more justice this dear creature's merits, and his own errors, than I? Whose regret, at times, can be deeper than mine, for the injuries I have done her? Whose resolutions to repair those injuries stronger? — Yet how transitory is my penitence! — How am I hurried away — Canst thou tell by what? — O devil of youth, and devil of

intrigue, how do you mislead me! — How often do we end in occasions for the deepest remorse, what we begin in wantonness! —

At the present writing, however, the turn of the scale is in behalf of matrimony — for I despair of carrying with her my favourite point.

The lady tells Dorcas, that her heart is broken: and that she shall live but a little while. I think nothing of that, if we marry. In the first place, she knows not what a mind unapprehensive will do for her, in a state to which all the sex look forwards with high satisfaction. How often have the whole of the sacred conclave been thus deceived in their choice of a pope; not considering that the new dignity is of itself sufficient to give new life! A few months' heart's ease will give my charmer a quite different notion of things: and I dare say, as I have heretofore said,* once married, and I am married for life.

* See Letter IX. of this volume.

I will allow that her pride, in one sense, has suffered abasement: but her triumph is the greater in every other. And while I can think that all her trials are but additions to her honour, and that I have laid the foundations of her glory in my own shame, can I be called cruel, if I am not affected with her grief as some men would be?

And for what should her heart be broken? Her will is unviolated; — at present, however, her will is unviolated. The destroying of good habits, and the introducing of bad, to the corrupting of the whole heart, is the violation. That her will is not to be corrupted, that her mind is not to be debased, she has hitherto unquestionably proved. And if she give cause for farther trials, and hold fast her integrity, what ideas will she have to dwell upon, that will be able to corrupt her morals? What vestigia, what remembrances, but such as will inspire abhorrence of the attempter?

What nonsense then to suppose that such a mere notional violation as she has suffered should be able to cut asunder the strings of life?

Her religion, married, or not married, will set her above making such a trifling accident, such an involuntary suffering fatal to her.

Such considerations as these they are that support me against all apprehensions of bugbear consequences; and I would have them have weight with thee; who are such a doughty advocate for her. And yet I allow thee this; that she really makes too much of it; takes it too much to heart. To be sure she ought to have forgot it by this time, except the charming, charming consequence happen, that still I am in hopes will happen, were I to proceed no farther. And, if she apprehended this herself, then has the dear over-nice soul some reason for taking it so much to heart; and yet would not, I think, refuse to legitimate.

O Jack! had I am imperial diadem, I swear to thee, that I would give it up, even to my enemy, to have one charming boy by this lady. And should she escape me, and no such effect follow, my revenge on her family, and, in such a case, on herself, would be incomplete, and I should reproach myself as long as I lived.

Were I to be sure that this foundation is laid [And why may I not hope it is?] I should not doubt to have her still (should she withstand her day of grace) on my own conditions; nor should I, if it were so, question that revived affection in her, which a woman seldom fails to have for the father of her first child, whether born in wedlock, or out of it.

And pr'ythee, Jack, see in this my ardent hope, a distinction in my favour from other rakes; who, almost to a man, follow their inclinations without troubling themselves about consequences. In imitation, as one would think, of the strutting villain of a bird, which from feathered lady to feathered lady pursues his imperial pleasures, leaving it to his sleek paramours to hatch the genial product in holes and corners of their own finding out.

LETTER XXIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY MORN. JUNE 20.

Well, Jack, now are we upon another footing together. This dear creature will not let me be good. She is now authorizing all my plots by her own example.

Thou must be partial in the highest degree, if now thou blamest me for resuming my former schemes, since in that case I shall but follow her cue. No forced construction of her actions do I make on this occasion, in order to justify a bad cause or a worse intention. A slight pretence, indeed, served the wolf when he had a mind to quarrel with the lamb; but this is not now my case.

For here (wouldst thou have thought it?) taking advantage of Dorcas's compassionate temper, and of some warm expressions which the tender-hearted wench let fall against the cruelty of men, and wishing to have it in her power to serve her, has she given her the following note, signed by her maiden name: for she has thought fit, in positive and plain words, to own to the pitying Dorcas that she is not married.

MONDAY, JUNE 19.

I then underwritten do hereby promise, that, on my coming into possession of my own estate, I will provide for Dorcas Martindale in a gentlewoman-like manner, in my own house: or, if I do not soon obtain that possession, or should first die, I do hereby bind myself, my executors, and administrators, to pay to her, or her order, during the term of her natural life, the sum of five pounds on each of the four usual quarterly days in the year; on condition that she faithfully assist me in my escape from an illegal confinement under which I now labour. The first quarterly payment to commence and be payable at the end of three months immediately following the day of my deliverance. And I do also promise to give her, as a testimony of my honour in the rest, a diamond ring, which I have showed her. Witness my hand this nineteenth day of June, in the year above written.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Now, Jack, what terms wouldst thou have me to keep with such a sweet corruptress? Seest thou not how she hates me? Seest thou not that she is resolved never to forgive me? Seest thou not, however, that she must disgrace herself in the eye of the world, if she actually should escape? That she must be subjected to infinite distress and hazard! For whom has she to receive and protect her? Yet to determine to risque all these evils! and furthermore to stoop to artifice, to be guilty of the reigning vice of the times, of bribery and corruption! O Jack, Jack! say not, write not another word in her favour!

Thou hast blamed me for bringing her to this house: but had I carried her to any other in England, where there would have been one servant or inmate capable either of compassion or corruption, what must have been the consequence?

But seest thou not, however, that in this flimsy contrivance, the dear implacable, like a drowning man, catches at a straw to save herself! — A straw shall she find to be the refuge she has resorted to.

LETTER XXV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUES. MORN. TEN O'CLOCK

Very ill — exceedingly ill — as Dorcas tells me, in order to avoid seeing me — and yet the dear soul may be so in her mind. But is not that equivocation? Some one passion predominating in every human breast, breaks through principle, and controuls us all. Mine is love and revenge taking turns. Her's is hatred. — But this is my consolation, that hatred appeased is love begun; or love renewed, I may rather say, if love ever had footing here.

But reflectioning apart, thou seest, Jack, that her plot is beginning to work. To-morrow is to break out.

I have been abroad, to set on foot a plot of circumvention. All fair now, Belford!

I insisted upon visiting my indisposed fair-one. Dorcas made officious excuses for her. I cursed the wench in her hearing for her impertinence; and stamped and made a clutter; which was improved into an apprehension to the lady that I would have flung her faithful confidante from the top of the stairs to the bottom.

He is a violent wretch! — But, Dorcas, [dear Dorcas, now it is,] thou shalt have a friend in me to the last day of my life.

And what now, Jack, dost think the name of her good angel is! — Why Dorcas Martindale, christian and super (no more Wykes) as in the promissory note in my former — and the dear creature has bound her to her by the most solemn obligations, besides the tie of interest.

Whither, Madam, do you design to go when you get out of this house?

I will throw myself into the first open house I can find; and beg protection till I can get a coach, or a lodging in some honest family.

What will you do for clothes, Madam? I doubt you'll be able to take any away with you, but what you'll have on.

O, no matter for clothes, if I can but get out of this house.

What will you do for money, Madam? I have heard his honour express his concern, that he could not prevail upon you to be obliged to him, though he apprehended that you must be short of money.

O, I have rings and other valuables. Indeed I have but four guineas, and two of them I found lately wrapt up in a bit of lace, designed for a charitable use. But now, alas! charity begins at home! — But I have one dear friend left, if she be living, as I hope in God she is! to whom I can be obliged, if I want. O Dorcas! I must ere now have heard from her, if I had had fair play.

Well, Madam, your's is a hard lot. I pity you at my heart!

Thank you, Dorcas! — I am unhappy, that I did not think before, that I might have confided in thy pity, and in thy sex!

I pitied you, Madam, often and often: but you were always, as I thought, diffident of me. And then I doubted not but you were married; and I thought his honour was unkindly used by you. So that I thought it my duty to wish well to his honour, rather than to what I thought to be your humours, Madam. Would to Heaven that I had known before that you were not married! — Such a lady! such a fortune! to be so sadly betrayed; ——

Ah, Dorcas! I was basely drawn in! My youth — my ignorance of the world — and I have some things to reproach myself with when I look back.

Lord, Madam, what deceitful creatures are these men! — Neither oaths, nor vows — I am sure! I am sure! [and then with her apron she gave her eyes half a dozen hearty rubs] I may curse the time that I came into this house!

Here was accounting for her bold eyes! And was it not better for Dorcas to give up a house which her lady could not think worse of than she did, in order to gain the reputation of sincerity, than by offering to vindicate it, to make her proffered services suspected.

Poor Dorcas! — Bless me! how little do we, who have lived all our time in the country, know of this wicked town!

Had I been able to write, cried the veteran wench, I should certainly have given some other near relations I have in Wales a little inkling of matters; and they would have saved me from —— from —— from ——

Her sobs were enough. The apprehensions of women on such subjects are ever aforehand with speech.

And then, sobbing on, she lifted her apron to her face again. She showed me how.

Poor Dorcas! — Again wiping her own charming eyes.

All love, all compassion, is this dear creature to every one in affliction but me.

And would not an aunt protect her kinswoman? — Abominable wretch!

I can't — I can't — I can't — say, my aunt was privy to it. She gave me good advice. She knew not for a great while that I was — that I was — that I was — ugh! — ugh! — ugh! —

No more, no more, good Dorcas — What a world do we live in! — What a house am I in! — But come, don't weep, (though she herself could not forbear:) my being betrayed into it, though to my own ruin, may be a happy event for thee: and, if I live, it shall.

I thank you, my good lady, blubbering. I am sorry, very sorry, you have had so hard a lot. But it may be the saving of my soul, if I can get to your ladyship's

house. Had I but known that your ladyship was not married, I would have eat my own flesh, before —— before —— before ——

Dorcas sobbed and wept. The lady sighed and wept also.

But now, Jack, for a serious reflection upon the premises.

How will the good folks account for it, that Satan has such faithful instruments, and that the bond of wickedness is a stronger bond than the ties of virtue; as if it were the nature of the human mind to be villanous? For here, had Dorcas been good, and been tempted as she was tempted to any thing evil, I make no doubt but she would have yielded to the temptation.

And cannot our fraternity in an hundred instances give proof of the like predominance of vice over virtue? And that we have risked more to serve and promote the interests of the former, than ever a good man did to serve a good man or a good cause? For have we not been prodigal of life and fortune? have we not defied the civil magistrate upon occasion? and have we not attempted rescues, and dared all things, only to extricate a pounded profligate?

Whence, Jack, can this be?

O! I have it, I believe. The vicious are as bad as they can be; and do the Devil's work without looking after; while he is continually spreading snares for the others; and, like a skilful angler, suiting his baits to the fish he angles for.

Nor let even honest people, so called, blame poor Dorcas for her fidelity in a bad cause. For does not the general, who implicitly serves an ambitious prince in his unjust designs upon his neighbours, or upon his own oppressed subjects; and even the lawyer, who, for the sake of a paltry fee, undertakes to whiten a black cause, and to defend it against one he knows to be good, do the very same thing as Dorcas? And are they not both every whit as culpable? Yet the one shall be dubbed a hero, the other called an admirable fellow, and be contended for by every client, and his double-tongued abilities shall carry him through all the high preferments of the law with reputation and applause.

Well, but what shall be done, since the lady is so much determined on removing! — Is there no way to oblige her, and yet to make the very act subservient to my other views? I fancy such a way may be found out.

I will study for it ——

Suppose I suffer her to make an escape? Her heart is in it. If she effect it, the triumph she will have over me upon it will be a counterbalance for all she has suffered.

I will oblige her if I can.

LETTER XXVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Tired with a succession of fatiguing days and sleepless nights, and with contemplating the precarious situation I stand in with my beloved, I fell into a profound reverie; which brought on sleep; and that produced a dream; a fortunate dream; which, as I imagine, will afford my working mind the means to effect the obliging double purpose my heart is now once more set upon.

What, as I have often contemplated, is the enjoyment of the finest woman in the world, to the contrivance, the bustle, the surprises, and at last the happy conclusion of a well-laid plot! — The charming round-abouts, to come to the nearest way home; — the doubts; the apprehensions; the heart-achings; the meditated triumphs — these are the joys that make the blessing dear. — For all the rest, what is it? — What but to find an angel in imagination dwindled down to a woman in fact? —— But to my dream ——

Methought it was about nine on Wednesday morning that a chariot, with a dowager's arms upon the doors, and in it a grave matronly lady [not unlike mother H. in the face; but, in her heart, Oh! how unlike!] stopped at a grocer's shop, about ten doors on the other side of the way, in order to buy some groceries: and methought Dorcas, having been out to see if the coast were clear for her lady's flight, and if a coach were to be got near the place, espied the chariot with the dowager's arms, and this matronly lady: and what, methought, did Dorcas, that subtle traitress, do, but whip up to the old matronly lady, and lifting up her voice, say, Good my Lady, permit me one word with your Ladyship!

What thou hast to say to me, say on, quoth the old lady; the grocer retiring, and standing aloof, to give Dorcas leave to speak; who, methought, in words like these accosted the lady:

'You seem, Madam, to be a very good lady; and here, in this neighbourhood, at a house of no high repute, is an innocent lady of rank and fortune, beautiful as a May morning, and youthful as a rose-bud, and full as sweet and lovely, who has been tricked thither by a wicked gentleman, practised in the ways of the town, and this very night will she be ruined if she get not out of his hands. Now, O Lady! if you will extend your compassionate goodness to this fair young lady, in whom, the moment you behold her, you will see cause to believe all I say, and let her but have a place in your chariot, and remain in your protection for one day only, till she can send a man and horse to her rich and powerful friends, you may save from ruin a lady who has no equal for virtue as well as beauty.'

Methought the old lady, moved with Dorcas's story, answered and said, 'Hasten, O damsel, who in a happy moment art come to put it in my power to serve the innocent and virtuous, which it has always been my delight to do: hasten to this young lady, and bid her hie hither to me with all speed; and tell her, that my chariot shall be her asylum: and if I find all that thou sayest true, my house shall be her sanctuary, and I will protect her from all her oppressors.'

Hereupon, methought, this traitress Dorcas hied back to the lady, and made report of what she had done. And, methought, the lady highly approved of Dorcas's proceeding and blessed her for her good thought.

And I lifted up mine eyes, and behold the lady issued out of the house, and without looking back, ran to the chariot with the dowager's coat upon it; and was received by the matronly lady with open arms, and 'Welcome, welcome, welcome, fair young lady, who so well answer the description of the faithful damsel: and I will carry you instantly to my house, where you shall meet with all the good usage your heart can wish for, till you can apprize your rich and powerful friends of your past dangers, and present escape.'

'Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, worthy, thrice worthy lady, who afford so kindly your protection to a most unhappy young creature, who has been basely seduced and betrayed, and brought to the very brink of destruction.'

Methought, then, the matronly lady, who had, by the time the young lady came to her, bought and paid for the goods she wanted, ordered her coachman to drive home with all speed; who stopped not till he had arrived in a certain street not far from Lincoln's-inn-fields, where the matronly lady lived in a sumptuous dwelling, replete with damsels who wrought curiously in muslins, cambrics, and fine linen, and in every good work that industrious damsels love to be employed about, except the loom and the spinning-wheel.

And, methought, all the way the young lady and the old lady rode, and after they came in, till dinner was ready, the young lady filled up the time with the dismal account of her wrongs and her sufferings, the like of which was never heard by mortal ear; and this in so moving a manner, that the good old lady did nothing but weep, and sigh, and sob, and inveigh against the arts of wicked men, and against that abominable 'Squire Lovelace, who was a plotting villain, methought she said; and more than that, an unchained Beelzebub.

Methought I was in a dreadful agony, when I found the lady had escaped, and in my wrath had like to have slain Dorcas, and our mother, and every one I met. But, by some quick transition, and strange metamorphosis, which dreams do not usually account for, methought, all of a sudden, this matronly lady turned into the famous mother H. herself; and, being an old acquaintance of mother Sinclair, was prevailed upon to assist in my plot upon the young lady.

Then, methought, followed a strange scene; for mother H. longing to hear more of the young lady's story, and night being come, besought her to accept of a place in her own bed, in order to have all the talk to themselves. For, methought, two young nieces of her's had broken in upon them, in the middle of the dismal tale.

Accordingly, going early to bed, and the sad story being resumed, with as great earnestness on one side as attention on the other, before the young lady had gone far in it, mother H. methought was taken with a fit of the colic; and her tortures increasing, was obliged to rise to get a cordial she used to find specific in this disorder, to which she was unhappily subject.

Having thus risen, and stept to her closet, methought she let fall the wax taper in her return; and then [O metamorphosis still stranger than the former! what unaccountable things are dreams!] coming to bed again in the dark, the young lady, to her infinite astonishment, grief, and surprise, found mother H. turned into a young person of the other sex; and although Lovelace was the abhorred of her soul, yet, fearing it was some other person, it was matter of consolation to her, when she found it was no other than himself, and that she had been still the bed-fellow of but one and the same man.

A strange promiscuous huddle of adventures followed, scenes perpetually shifting; now nothing heard from the lady, but sighs, groans, exclamations, faintings, dyings — From the gentleman, but vows, promises, protestations, disclaimers of purposes pursued, and all the gentle and ungentle pressures of the lover's warfare.

Then, as quick as thought (for dreams, thou knowest confine not themselves to the rules of the drama) ensued recoveries, lyings-in, christenings, the smiling boy, amply, even in her own opinion, rewarding the suffering mother.

Then the grandfather's estate yielded up, possession taken of it: living very happily upon it: her beloved Norton her companion; Miss Howe her visiter; and (admirable! thrice admirable!) enabled to compare notes with her; a charming girl, by the same father, to her friend's charming boy; who, as they grow up, in order to consolidate their mamma's friendships, (for neither have dreams regard to consanguinity,) intermarry; change names by act of parliament, to enjoy my estate — and I know not what of the like incongruous stuff.

I awoke, as thou mayest believe, in great disorder, and rejoiced to find my charmer in the next room, and Dorcas honest.

Now thou wilt say this was a very odd dream. And yet, (for I am a strange dreamer,) it is not altogether improbable that something like it may happen; as the pretty simpleton has the weakness to confide in Dorcas, whom till now she disliked.

But I forgot to tell thee one part of my dream; and that was, that, the next morning, the lady gave way to such transports of grief and resentment, that she was with difficulty diverted from making an attempt upon her own life. But, however, at last was prevailed upon to resolve to live, and make the best of the matter: a letter, methought, from Captain Tomlinson helping to pacify her, written to apprize me, that her uncle Harlowe would certainly be at Kentish-town on Wednesday night, June 28, the following day (the 29th) being his birth-day; and be doubly desirous, on that account, that our nuptials should be then privately solemnized in his presence.

But is Thursday, the 29th, her uncle's anniversary, methinks thou askest? — It is; or else the day of celebration should have been earlier still. Three weeks ago I heard her say it was: and I have down the birthday of every one in the family, and the wedding-day of her father and mother. The minutest circumstances are often of great service in matters of the last importance.

And what sayest thou now to my dream?

Who says that, sleeping and waking, I have not fine helps from somebody, some spirit rather, as thou'lt be apt to say? But no wonder that a Beelzebub has his devilkins to attend his call.

I can have no manner of doubt of succeeding in mother H.'s part of the scheme; for will the lady (who resolves to throw herself into the first house she can enter, or to bespeak the protection of the first person she meets, and who thinks there can be no danger out of this house, equal to what she apprehends from me in it) scruple to accept of the chariot of a dowager, accidentally offered? and the lady's protection engaged by her faithful Dorcas, so highly bribed to promote her escape? — And then Mrs. H. has the air and appearance of a venerable matron, and is not such a forbidding devil as Mrs. Sinclair.

The pretty simpleton knows nothing in the world; nor that people who have money never want assistants in their views, be they what they will. How else could the princes of the earth be so implicitly served as they are, change they hands every so often, and be their purposes ever so wicked.

If I can but get her to go on with me till Wednesday next week, we shall be settled together pretty quietly by that time. And indeed if she has any gratitude, and has in her the least of her sex's foibles, she must think I deserve her favour, by the pains she has cost me. For dearly do they all love that men should take pains about them and for them.

And here, for the present, I will lay down my pen, and congratulate myself upon my happy invention (since her obstinacy puts me once more upon exercising it.) — But with this resolution, I think, that, if the present contrivance fail me, I will exert all the faculties of my mind, all my talents, to procure for myself a regal

right to her favour and that in defiance of all my antipathies to the married state; and of the suggestions of the great devil out of the house, and of his secret agents in it. — Since, if now she is not to be prevailed upon, or drawn in, it will be in vain to attempt her further.

LETTER XXVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY NIGHT, JUNE 20.

No admittance yet to my charmer! she is very ill — in a violent fever, Dorcas thinks. Yet will have no advice.

Dorcas tells her how much I am concerned at it.

But again let me ask, Does this lady do right to make herself ill, when she is not ill? For my own part, libertine as people think me, when I had occasion to be sick, I took a dose of ipecacuanha, that I might not be guilty of a falsehood; and most heartily sick was I; as she, who then pitied me, full well knew. But here to pretend to be very ill, only to get an opportunity to run away, in order to avoid forgiving a man who has offended her, how unchristian! — If good folks allow themselves in these breaches of a known duty, and in these presumptuous contrivances to deceive, who, Belford, shall blame us?

I have a strange notion that the matronly lady will be certainly at the grocer's shop at the hour of nine tomorrow morning: for Dorcas heard me tell Mrs. Sinclair, that I should go out at eight precisely; and then she is to try for a coach: and if the dowager's chariot should happen to be there, how lucky will it be for my charmer! how strangely will my dream be made out!

* * *

I have just received a letter from Captain Tomlinson. Is it not wonderful? for that was part of my dream.

I shall always have a prodigious regard to dreams henceforward. I know not but I may write a book upon that subject; for my own experience will furnish out a great part of it. 'Glanville of Witches,' 'Baxter's History of Spirits and Apparitions,' and the 'Royal Pedant's Demonology,' will be nothing at all to Lovelace's Reveries.

The letter is just what I dreamed it to be. I am only concerned that uncle John's anniversary did not happen three or four days sooner; for should any new misfortune befal my charmer, she may not be able to support her spirits so long as till Thursday in the next week. Yet it will give me the more time for new expedients, should my present contrivance fail; which I cannot however suppose.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. MONDAY, JUNE 19.

Dear Sir,

I can now return your joy, for the joy you have given me, as well as my dear friend Mr. Harlowe, in the news of his beloved niece's happy recovery; for he is

determined to comply with her wishes and your's, and to give her to you with his own hand.

As the ceremony has been necessarily delayed by reason of her illness, and as Mr. Harlowe's birth-day is on Thursday the 29th of this instant June, when he enters into the seventy-fourth year of his age; and as time may be wanted to complete the dear lady's recovery; he is very desirous that the marriage shall be solemnized upon it; that he may afterwards have double joy on that day to the end of his life.

For this purpose he intends to set out privately, so as to be at Kentish-town on Wednesday se'nnight in the evening.

All the family used, he says, to meet to celebrate it with him; but as they are at present in too unhappy a situation for that, he will give out, that, not being able to bear the day at home, he has resolved to be absent for two or three days.

He will set out on horseback, attended only with one trusty servant, for the greater privacy. He will be at the most creditable-looking public house there, expecting you both next morning, if he hear nothing from me to prevent him. And he will go to town with you after the ceremony is performed, in the coach he supposes you will come in.

He is very desirous that I should be present on the occasion. But this I have promised him, at his request, that I will be up before the day, in order to see the settlements executed, and every thing properly prepared.

He is very glad you have the license ready.

He speaks very kindly of you, Mr. Lovelace; and says, that, if any of the family stand out after he has seen the ceremony performed, he will separate from them, and unite himself to his dear niece and her interests.

I owned to you, when in town last, that I took slight notice to my dear friend of the misunderstanding between you and his niece; and that I did this, for fear the lady should have shown any little discontent in his presence, had I been able to prevail upon him to go up in person, as then was doubtful. But I hope nothing of that discontent remains now.

My absence, when your messenger came, must excuse me for not writing by him.

Be pleased to make my most respectful compliments acceptable to the admirable lady, and believe me to be

Your most faithful and obedient servant, ANTONY TOMLINSON.

* * *

This letter I sealed, and broke open. It was brought, thou mayest suppose, by a particular messenger; the seal such a one as the writer need be ashamed of. I took care to inquire after the Captain's health, in my beloved's hearing; and it is now ready to be produced as a pacifier, according as she shall take on or resent, if the two metamorphoses happen pursuant to my wonderful dream; as, having great faith in dreams, I dare say they will. — I think it will not be amiss, in changing my clothes, to have this letter of the worthy Captain lie in my beloved's way.

LETTER XXVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDN. NOON, JUNE 21.

What shall I say now! — I, who but a few hours ago had such faith in dreams, and had proposed out of hand to begin my treatise of dreams sleeping and dreams waking, and was pleasing myself with the dialogues between the old matronal lady and the young lady, and with the metamorphoses, (absolutely assured that every thing would happen as my dream chalked it out,) shall never more depend upon those flying follies, those illusions of a fancy depraved, and run mad.

Thus confoundedly have matters happened.

I went out at eight o'clock in high good humour with myself, in order to give the sought-for opportunity to the plotting mistress and corrupted maid; only ordering Will. to keep a good look-out for fear his lady should mistrust my plot, or mistake a hackney-coach for the dowager-lady's chariot. But first I sent to know how she did; and receiving for answer, Very ill: had a very bad night: which latter was but too probable; since this I know, that people who have plots in their heads as seldom have as deserve good ones.

I desired a physician might be called in; but was refused.

I took a walk in St. James's Park, congratulating myself all the way on my rare inventions: then, impatient, I took coach, with one of the windows quite up, the other almost up, playing at bo-peep in every chariot I saw pass in my way to Lincoln's-inn-fields: and when arrived there I sent the coachman to desire any one of Mother H.'s family to come to me to the coach-side, not doubting but I should have intelligence of my fair fugitive there; it being then half an hour after ten.

A servant came, who gave me to understand that the matronly lady was just returned by herself in the chariot.

Frighted out of my wits, I alighted, and heard from the mother's own mouth, that Dorcas had engaged her to protect the lady; but came to tell her afterwards, that she had changed her mind, and would not quit the house.

Quite astonished, not knowing what might have happened, I ordered the coachman to lash away to our mother's.

Arriving here in an instant, the first word I asked, was, If the lady was safe?

[Mr. Lovelace here gives a very circumstantial relation of all that passed between the Lady and Dorcas. But as he could only guess at her motives for refusing to go off, when Dorcas told her that she had engaged for her the protection of the dowager-lady, it is thought proper to omit this relation, and to supply it by some memoranda of the Lady's. But it is first necessary to account for the occasion on

which those memoranda were made.

The reader may remember, that in the letter written to Miss Howe, on her escape to Hampstead,* she promises to give her the particulars of her flight at leisure. She had indeed thoughts of continuing her account of every thing that had passed between her and Mr. Lovelace since her last narrative letter. But the uncertainty she was in from that time, with the execrable treatment she met with on her being deluded back again, followed by a week's delirium, had hitherto hindered her from prosecuting her intention. But, nevertheless, having it still in her view to perform her promise as soon as she had opportunity, she made minutes of every thing as it passed, in order to help her memory:— 'Which,' as she observes in one place, 'she could less trust to since her late disorders than before.' In these minutes, or book of memoranda, she observes, 'That having apprehensions that Dorcas might be a traitress, she would have got away while she was gone out to see for a coach; and actually slid down stairs with that intent. But that, seeing Mrs. Sinclair in the entry, (whom Dorcas had planted there while she went out,) she speeded up again unseen.'

* See Vol. V. Letter XXI.

She then went up to the dining-room, and saw the letter of Captain Tomlinson: on which she observes in her memorandum-book as follows:]

'How am I puzzled now! — He might leave this letter on purpose: none of the other papers left with it being of any consequence: What is the alternative? — To stay, and be the wife of the vilest of men — how my heart resists that! — To attempt to get off, and fail, ruin inevitable! — Dorcas may betray me! — I doubt she is still his implement! — At his going out, he whispered her, as I saw, unobserved — in a very familiar manner too — Never fear, Sir, with a courtesy.

'In her agreeing to connive at my escape, she provided not for her own safety, if I got away: yet had reason, in that case, to expect his vengeance. And wants not forethought. — To have taken her with me, was to be in the power of her intelligence, if a faithless creature. — Let me, however, though I part not with my caution, keep my charity! — Can there be any woman so vile to a woman? — O yes! — Mrs. Sinclair: her aunt. — The Lord deliver me! — But, alas! — I have put myself out of the course of his protection by the natural means — and am already ruined! A father's curse likewise against me! Having made vain all my friends' cautions and solicitudes, I must not hope for miracles in my favour!

'If I do escape, what may become of me, a poor, helpless, deserted creature! — Helpless from sex! — from circumstances! — Exposed to every danger! — Lord

protect me!

‘His vile man not gone with him! — Lurking hereabouts, no doubt, to watch my steps! — I will not go away by the chariot, however. ——

‘That the chariot should come so opportunely! So like his many opportunities! — That Dorcas should have the sudden thought! — Should have the courage with the thought, to address a lady in behalf of an absolute stranger to that lady! That the lady should so readily consent! Yet the transaction between them to take up so much time, their distance in degree considered: for, arduous as the case was, and precious as the time, Dorcas was gone above half an hour! Yet the chariot was said to be ready at a grocer’s not many doors off!

‘Indeed some elderly ladies are talkative: and there are, no doubt, some good people in the world. ——

‘But that it should chance to be a widow lady, who could do what she pleased! That Dorcas should know her to be so by the lozenge! Persons in her station are not usually so knowing, I believe, in heraldry.

‘Yet some may! for servants are fond of deriving collateral honours and distinctions, as I may call them, from the quality, or people of rank, whom they serve. But this sly servant not gone with him! Then this letter of Tomlinson! ——

‘Although I am resolved never to have this wretch, yet, may I not throw myself into my uncle’s protection at Kentish-town, or Highgate, if I cannot escape before: and so get clear of him? May not the evil I know be less than what I may fall into, if I can avoid farther villany? Farther villany he has not yet threatened; freely and justly as I have treated him! — I will not go, I think. At least, unless I can send this fellow away.* ——

* She tried to do this; but was prevented by the fellow’s pretending to put his ankle out, by a slip down stairs — A trick, says his contriving master, in his omitted relation, I had taught him, on a like occasion, at Amiens.

‘The fellow a villain! The wench, I doubt, a vile wench. At last concerned for her own safety. Plays off and on about a coach.

‘All my hopes of getting off at present over! — Unhappy creature! to what farther evils art thou reserved! Oh! how my heart rises at the necessity I must still be under to see and converse with so very vile a man!’

LETTER XXIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Disappointed in her meditated escape; obliged, against her will, to meet me in the dining-room; and perhaps apprehensive of being upbraided for her art in feigning herself ill; I expected that the dear perverse would begin with me with spirit and indignation. But I was in hopes, from the gentleness of her natural disposition; from the consideration which I expected from her on her situation; from the contents of the letter of Captain Tomlinson, which Dorcas told me she had seen; and from the time she had had to cool and reflect since she last admitted me to her presence, that she would not have carried it so strongly through as she did.

As I entered the dining-room, I congratulated her and myself upon her sudden recovery. And would have taken her hand, with an air of respectful tenderness; but she was resolved to begin where she left off.

She turned from me, drawing in her hand, with a repulsing and indignant aspect — I meet you once more, said she, because I cannot help it. What have you to say to me? Why am I to be thus detained against my will?

With the utmost solemnity of speech and behaviour, I urged the ceremony. I saw I had nothing else for it. I had a letter in my pocket I said, [feeling for it, although I had not taken it from the table where I left it in the same room,] the contents of which, if attended to, would make us both happy. I had been loth to show it to her before, because I hoped to prevail upon her to be mine sooner than the day mentioned in it.

I felt for it in all my pockets, watching her eye mean time, which I saw glance towards the table where it lay.

I was uneasy that I could not find it — at last, directed again by her sly eye, I spied it on the table at the farther end of the room.

With joy I fetched it. Be pleased to read that letter, Madam; with an air of satisfied assurance.

She took it, and cast her eye over it, in such a careless way, as made it evident, that she had read it before: and then unthankfully tossed it into the window-seat before her.

I urged her to bless me to-morrow, or Friday morning; at least, that she would not render vain her uncle’s journey, and kind endeavours to bring about a reconciliation among us all.

Among us all! repeated she, with an air equally disdainful and incredulous. O Lovelace, thou art surely nearly allied to the grand deceiver, in thy endeavour to

suit temptations to inclinations? — But what honour, what faith, what veracity, were it possible that I could enter into parley with thee on this subject, (which it is not,) may I expect from such a man as thou hast shown thyself to be?

I was touched to the quick. A lady of your perfect character, Madam, who has feigned herself sick, on purpose to avoid seeing the man who adored her, should not —

I know what thou wouldst say, interrupted she — Twenty and twenty low things, that my soul would have been above being guilty of, and which I have despised myself for, have I been brought into by the infection of thy company, and by the necessity thou hadst laid me under, of appearing mean. But, I thank God, destitute as I am, that I am not, however, sunk so low, as to wish to be thine.

I, Madam, as the injurer, ought to have patience. It is for the injured to reproach. But your uncle is not in a plot against you, it is to be hoped. There are circumstances in the letter you cast your eyes over ——

Again she interrupted me, Why, once more I ask you, am I detained in this house? — Do I not see myself surrounded by wretches, who, though they wear the habit of my sex, may yet, as far as I know, lie in wait for my perdition?

She would be very loth, I said, that Mrs. Sinclair and her nieces should be called up to vindicate themselves and their house.

Would but they kill me, let them come, and welcome, I will bless the hand that will strike the blow! Indeed I will.

'Tis idle, very idle, to talk of dying. Mere young-lady talk, when controuled by those they hate. But let me beseech you, dearest creature ——

Beseech me nothing. Let me not be detained thus against my will! — Unhappy creature that I am, said she, in a kind of phrensy, wringing her hands at the same time, and turning from me, her eyes lifted up! 'Thy curse, O my cruel father, seems to be now in the height of its operation! — My weakened mind is full of forebodings, that I am in the way of being a lost creature as to both worlds! Blessed, blessed God, said she, falling on her knees, save me, O save me, from myself and from this man!'

I sunk down on my knees by her, excessively affecting — O that I could recall yesterday! — Forgive me, my dearest creature, forgive what is past, as it cannot now, but by one way, be retrieved. Forgive me only on this condition — That my future faith and honour —

She interrupted me, rising — If you mean to beg of me never to seek to avenge myself by law, or by an appeal to my relations, to my cousin Morden in particular, when he comes to England ——

D — n the law, rising also, [she started,] and all those to whom you talk of appealing! — I defy both the one and the other — All I beg is YOUR forgiveness;

and that you will, on my unfeigned contrition, re-establish me in your favour ——

O no, no, no! lifting up her clasped hands, I never never will, never, never can forgive you! — and it is a punishment worse than death to me, that I am obliged to meet you, or to see you.

This is the last time, my dearest life, that you will ever see me in this posture, on this occasion: and again I kneeled to her. Let me hope, that you will be mine next Thursday, your uncle's birth-day, if not before. Would to Heaven I had never been a villain! Your indignation is not, cannot be greater, than my remorse — and I took hold of her gown for she was going from me.

Be remorse thy portion! — For thine own sake, be remorse thy portion! — I never, never will forgive thee! — I never, never will be thine! — Let me retire! — Why kneelest thou to the wretch whom thou hast so vilely humbled?

Say but, dearest creature, you will consider — say but you will take time to reflect upon what the honour of both our families requires of you. I will not rise. I will not permit you to withdraw [still holding her gown] till you tell me you will consider. — Take this letter. Weigh well your situation, and mine. Say you will withdraw to consider; and then I will not presume to withold [sic] you.

Compulsion shall do nothing with me. Though a slave, a prisoner, in circumstance, I am no slave in my will! — Nothing will I promise thee! — Withheld, compelled — nothing will I promise thee!

Noble creature! but not implacable, I hope! — Promise me but to return in an hour!

Nothing will I promise thee!

Say but that you will see me again this evening!

O that I could say — that it were in my power to say — I never will see thee more! — Would to Heaven I never were to see thee more!

Passionate beauty! — still holding her —

I speak, though with vehemence, the deliberate wish of my heart. — O that I could avoid looking down upon thee, mean groveler, and abject as insulting — Let me withdraw! My soul is in tumults! Let we [sic] withdraw!

I quitted my hold to clasp my hands together — Withdraw, O sovereign of my fate! — Withdraw, if you will withdraw! My destiny is in your power! — It depends upon your breath! — Your scorn but augments my love! Your resentment is but too well founded! — But, dearest creature, return, return, return, with a resolution to bless with pardon and peace your faithful adorer!

She flew from me. The angel, as soon as she found her wings, flew from me. I, the reptile kneeler, the despicable slave, no more the proud victor, arose; and, retiring, tried to comfort myself, that, circumstanced as she is, destitute of friends

and fortune; her uncle moreover, who is to reconcile all so soon, (as I thank my stars she still believes,) expected.

O that she would forgive me! — Would she but generously forgive me, and receive my vows at the altar, at the instant of her forgiving me, that I might not have time to relapse into my old prejudices! By my soul, Belford, this dear girl gives the lie to all our rakish maxims. There must be something more than a name in virtue! — I now see that there is! — Once subdued, always subdued— 'Tis an egregious falsehood! — But, O Jack, she never was subdued. What have I obtained but an increase of shame and confusion! — While her glory has been established by her sufferings!

This one merit is, however, left me, that I have laid all her sex under obligation to me, by putting this noble creature to trials, which, so gloriously supported, have done honour to them all.

However — But no more will I add — What a force have evil habits! — I will take an airing, and try to fly from myself! — Do not thou upbraid me on my weak fits — on my contradictory purposes — on my irresolution — and all will be well.

LETTER XXX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

A man is just now arrived from M. Hall, who tells me, that my Lord is in a very dangerous way. The gout in his stomach to an extreme degree, occasioned by drinking a great quantity of lemonade.

A man of 8000£. a year to prefer his appetite to his health! — He deserves to die! — But we have all of us our inordinate passions to gratify: and they generally bring their punishment along with them — so witnesses the nephew, as well as the uncle.

The fellow was sent upon other business; but stretched his orders a little, to make his court to a successor.

I am glad I was not at M. Hall, at the time my Lord took the grateful dose: [it was certainly grateful to him at the time:] there are people in the world, who would have had the wickedness to say, that I had persuaded him to drink.

The man says, that his Lordship was so bad when he came away, that the family began to talk of sending for me in post haste. As I know the old peer has a good deal of cash by him, of which he seldom keeps account, it behoves me to go down as soon as I can. But what shall I do with this dear creature the while? — To-morrow over, I shall, perhaps, be able to answer my own question. I am afraid she will make me desperate.

For here have I sent to implore her company, and am denied with scorn.

* * *

I have been so happy as to receive, this moment, a third letter from the dear correspondent Miss Howe. A little severe devil! — It would have broken the heart of my beloved, had it fallen into her hands. I will enclose a copy of it. Read it here.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20. MY DEAREST MISS HARLOWE,

Again I venture to you, (almost against inclination;) and that by your former conveyance, little as I like it.

I know not how it is with you. It may be bad; and then it would be hard to upbraid you, for a silence you may not be able to help. But if not, what shall I say severe enough, that you have not answered either of my last letters? the first* of which [and I think it imported you too much to be silent upon it] you owned the receipt of. The other which was delivered into your own hands,* * was so pressing for

the favour of a line from you, that I am amazed I could not be obliged; and still more, that I have not heard from you since.

* See Vol. V. Letter XX. * * See Vol. VI. Letter VII.

The fellow made so strange a story of the condition he saw you in, and of your speech to him, that I know not what to conclude from it: only, that he is a simple, blundering, and yet conceited fellow, who, aiming at description, and the rustic wonderful, gives an air of bumkinly romance to all he tells. That this is his character, you will believe, when you are informed that he described you in grief excessive,* yet so improved in your person and features, and so rosy, that was his word, in your face, and so flush-coloured, and so plump in your arms, that one would conclude you were labouring under the operation of some malignant poison; and so much the rather, as he was introduced to you, when you were upon a couch, from which you offered not to rise, or sit up.

* See Vol. VI. Letter VI.

Upon my word, Miss Harlowe, I am greatly distressed upon your account; for I must be so free as to say, that in your ready return with your deceiver, you have not at all answered my expectations, nor acted up to your own character; for Mrs. Townsend tells me, from the women at Hampstead, how cheerfully you put yourself into his hands again: yet, at the time, it was impossible you should be married! —

Lord, my dear, what pity it is, that you took much pains to get from the man! — But you know best! — Sometimes I think it could not be you to whom the rustic delivered my letter. But it must too: yet, it is strange I could not have one line by him: — not one: — and you so soon well enough to go with the wretch back again!

I am not sure that the letter I am now writing will come to your hands: so shall not say half that I have upon my mind to say. But, if you think it worth your while to write to me, pray let me know what fine ladies his relations those were who visited you at Hampstead, and carried you back again so joyfully to a place that I had so fully warned you. — But I will say no more: at least till I know more: for I can do nothing but wonder and stand amazed.

Notwithstanding all the man’s baseness, ’tis plain there was more than a lurking love — Good Heaven! — But I have done! — Yet I know not how to have done neither! — Yet I must — I will.

Only account to me, my dear, for what I cannot at all account for: and inform me, whether you are really married, or not. — And then I shall know whether

there must or must not, be a period shorter than that of one of our lives, to a friendship which has hitherto been the pride and boast of

Your ANNA HOWE.

* * *

Dorcas tells me, that she has just now had a searching conversation, as she calls it, with her lady. She is willing, she tells the wench, still to place her confidence in her. Dorcas hopes she has re-assured her: but wishes me not to depend upon it. Yet Captain Tomlinson's letter must assuredly weigh with her.

I sent it in just now by Dorcas, desiring her to re-peruse it. And it was not returned me, as I feared it would be. And that's a good sign, I think.

I say I think, and I think; for this charming creature, entangled as I am in my own inventions, puzzles me ten thousand times more than I her.

LETTER XXXI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY NOON, JUNE 22.

Let me perish if I know what to make either of myself or of this surprising creature — now calm, now tempestuous. — But I know thou lovest not anticipation any more than I.

At my repeated requests, she met me at six this morning.

She was ready dressed; for she had not her clothes off every since she declared, that they never more should be off in this house. And charmingly she looked, with all the disadvantages of a three-hours violent stomach-ache — (for Dorcas told me that she had been really ill) — no rest, and eyes red and swelled with weeping. Strange to me that those charming fountains have not been so long ago exhausted! But she is a woman. And I believe anatomists allow, that women have more watry heads than men.

Well, my dearest creature, I hope you have now thoroughly considered of the contents of Captain Tomlinson's letter. But as we are thus early met, let me beseech you to make this my happy day.

She looked not favourably upon me. A cloud hung upon her brow at her entrance: but as she was going to answer me, a still greater solemnity took possession of her charming features.

Your air, and your countenance, my beloved creature, are not propitious to me. Let me beg of you, before you speak, to forbear all further recriminations: for already I have such a sense of my vileness to you, that I know not how to bear the reproaches of my own mind.

I have been endeavouring, said she, since I am not permitted to avoid you, to obtain a composure which I never more expected to see you in. How long I may enjoy it, I cannot tell. But I hope I shall be enabled to speak to you without that vehemence which I expressed yesterday, and could not help it.*

* The Lady, in her minutes, says, 'I fear Dorcas is a false one. May I not be able to prevail upon him to leave me at my liberty? Better to try than to trust to her. If I cannot prevail, but must meet him and my uncle, I hope I shall have fortitude enough to renounce him then. But I would fain avoid qualifying with the wretch, or to give him an expectation which I intend not to answer. If I am mistress of my own resolutions, my uncle himself shall not prevail with me to bind my soul in covenant with so vile a man.'

After a pause (for I was all attention) thus she proceeded:

It is easy for me, Mr. Lovelace, to see that further violences are intended me, if I comply not with your purposes, whatever they are, I will suppose them to be

what you solemnly profess they are. But I have told you as solemnly my mind, that I never will, that I never can be your's; nor, if so, any man's upon earth. All vengeance, nevertheless, for the wrongs you have done me, I disclaim. I want but to slide into some obscure corner, to hide myself from you and from every one who once loved me. The desire lately so near my heart, of a reconciliation with my friends, is much abated. They shall not receive me now, if they would. Sunk in mine own eyes, I now think myself unworthy of their favour. In the anguish of my soul, therefore, I conjure you, Lovelace, [tears in her eyes,] to leave me to my fate. In doing so, you will give me a pleasure the highest I now can know.

Where, my dearest life ——

No matter where. I will leave to Providence, when I am out of this house, the direction of my future steps. I am sensible enough of my destitute condition. I know that I have not now a friend in the world. Even Miss Howe has given me up — or you are — But I would fain keep my temper! — By your means I have lost them all — and you have been a barbarous enemy to me. You know you have.

She paused.

I could not speak.

The evils I have suffered, proceeded she, [turning from me,] however irreparable, are but temporarily evils. Leave me to my hopes of being enabled to obtain the Divine forgiveness for the offence I have been drawn in to give to my parents and to virtue; that so I may avoid the evils that are more than temporary. This is now all I have to wish for. And what is it that I demand, that I have not a right to, and from which it is an illegal violence to withhold me?

It was impossible for me, I told her plainly, to comply.

I besought her to give me her hand as this very day. I could not live without her. I communicated to her my Lord's illness, as a reason why I wished not to stay for her uncle's anniversary. I besought her to bless me with her consent; and, after the ceremony was passed, to accompany me down to Berks. And thus, my dearest life, said I, will you be freed from a house, to which you have conceived so great an antipathy.

This, thou wilt own, was a princely offer. And I was resolved to be as good as my word. I thought I had killed my conscience, as I told thee, Belford, some time ago. But conscience, I find, though it may be temporarily stifled, cannot die, and, when it dare not speak aloud, will whisper. And at this instant I thought I felt the revived varletess (on but a slight retrograde motion) writhing round my pericardium like a serpent; and in the action of a dying one, (collecting all its force into its head,) fix its plaguy fangs into my heart.

She hesitated, and looked down, as if irresolute. And this set my heart up at my mouth. And, believe me, I had instantly popt in upon me, in imagination, an old

spectacled parson, with a white surplice thrown over a black habit, [a fit emblem of the halcyon office, which, under a benign appearance, often introduced a life of storms and tempests,] whining and snuffling through his nose the irrevocable ceremony.

I hope now, my dearest life, said I, snatching her hand, and pressing it to my lips, that your silence bodes me good. Let me, my beloved creature, have but your tacit consent; and this moment I will step out and engage a minister. And then I promised how much my whole future life should be devoted to her commands, and that I would make her the best and tenderest of husbands.

At last, turning to me, I have told you my mind, Mr. Lovelace, said she. Think you, that I could thus solemnly — There she stopt — I am too much in your power, proceeded she; your prisoner, rather than a person free to choose for myself, or to say what I will do or be. But as a testimony that you mean me well, let me instantly quit this house; and I will then give you such an answer in writing, as best befits my unhappy circumstances.

And imaginest thou, fairest, thought I, that this will go down with a Lovelace? Thou oughtest to have known that free-livers, like ministers of state, never part with a power put into their hands, without an equivalent of twice the value.

I pleaded, that if we joined hands this morning, (if not, to-morrow; if not, on Thursday, her uncle's birth-day, and in his presence); and afterwards, as I had proposed, set out for Berks; we should, of course, quit this house; and, on our return to town, should have in readiness the house I was in treaty for.

She answered me not, but with tears and sighs; fond of believing what I hoped I imputed her silence to the modesty of her sex. The dear creature, (thought I,) solemnly as she began with me, is ruminating, in a sweet suspence, how to put into fit words the gentle purposes of her condescending heart. But, looking in her averted face with a soothing gentleness, I plainly perceived, that it was resentment, and not bashfulness, that was struggling in her bosom.*

* The Lady, in her minutes, owns the difficulty she lay under to keep her temper in this conference. 'But when I found,' says she, 'that all my entreaties were ineffectual, and that he was resolved to detain me, I could no longer withhold my impatience.'

At last she broke silence — I have no patience, said she, to find myself a slave, a prisoner, in a vile house — Tell me, Sir, in so many words tell me, whether it be, or be not, your intention to permit me to quit it? — To permit me the freedom which is my birthright as an English subject?

Will not the consequence of your departure hence be that I shall lose you for ever, Madam? — And can I bear the thoughts of that?

She flung from me — My soul disdains to hold parley with thee! were her violent words. — But I threw myself at her feet, and took hold of her reluctant hand, and began to imprecate, avow, to promise — But thus the passionate beauty, interrupting me, went on:

I am sick of thee, MAN! — One continued string of vows, oaths, and protestations, varied only by time and place, fills thy mouth! — Why detainest thou me? My heart rises against thee, O thou cruel implement of my brother's causeless vengeance. — All I beg of thee is, that thou wilt remit me the future part of my father's dreadful curse! the temporary part, base and ungrateful as thou art! thou hast completed!

I was speechless! — Well I might! — Her brother's implement! — James Harlowe's implement! — Zounds, Jack! what words were these!

I let go her struggling hand. She took two or three turns cross the room, her whole haughty soul in her air. Then approaching me, but in silence, turning from me, and again to me, in a milder voice — I see thy confusion, Lovelace. Or is it thy remorse? — I have but one request to make thee — the request so often repeated — That thou wilt this moment permit me to quit this house. Adieu, then, let me say, for ever adieu! And mayest thou enjoy that happiness in this world, which thou hast robbed me of; as thou hast of every friend I have in it!

And saying this, away she flung, leaving me in a confusion so great, that I knew not what to think, say, or do!

But Dorcas soon roused me — Do you know, Sir, running in hastily, that my lady is gone down stairs!

No, sure! — And down I flew, and found her once more at the street-door, contending with Polly Horton to get out.

She rushed by me into the fore parlour, and flew to the window, and attempted once more to throw up the sash — Good people! good people! cried she.

I caught her in my arms, and lifted her from the window. But being afraid of hurting the charming creature, (charming in her very rage,) she slid through my arms on the floor. — Let me die here! let me die here! were her words; remaining jointless and immovable, till Sally and Mrs. Sinclair hurried in.

She was visibly terrified at the sight of the old wretch; while I (sincerely affected) appealed, Bear witness, Mrs. Sinclair! — bear witness, Miss Martin! — Miss Horton! — Every one bear witness, that I offer not violence to this beloved creature!

She then found her feet — O house [look towards the windows, and all round her, O house,] contrived on purpose for my ruin! said she — but let not that woman come into my presence — not that Miss Horton neither, who would not have dared to controul me, had she not been a base one! —

Hoh, Sir! Hoh, Madam! vociferated the old dragon, her armed kemboed, and flourishing with one foot to the extent of her petticoats — What's ado here about nothing! I never knew such work in my life, between a chicken of a gentleman and a tiger of a lady! —

She was visibly affrighted: and up stairs she hastened. A bad woman is certainly, Jack, more terrible to her own sex than even a bad man.

I followed her up. She rushed by her own apartment into the dining-room: no terror can make her forget her punctilio.

To recite what passed there of invective, exclamations, threatenings, even of her own life, on one side; of expostulations, supplications, and sometimes menaces, on the other; would be too affecting; and, after my particularity in like scenes, these things may as well be imagined as expressed.

I will therefore only mention, that, at length, I extorted a concession from her. She had reason* to think it would have been worse for her on the spot, if she had not made it. It was, That she would endeavour to make herself easy till she saw what next Thursday, her uncle's birth-day, would produce. But Oh! that it were not a sin, she passionately exclaimed on making this poor concession, to put and end to her own life, rather than yield to give me but that assurance!

* The Lady mentions, in her memorandum-book, that she had no other way, as is apprehended, to save herself from instant dishonour, but by making this concession. Her only hope, now, she says, if she cannot escape by Dorcas's connivance, (whom, nevertheless she suspects,) is to find a way to engage the protection of her uncle, and even of the civil magistrate, on Thursday next, if necessary. 'He shall see,' says she, 'tame and timid as he thought me, what I dare to do, to avoid so hated a compulsion, and a man capable of a baseness so premeditatedly vile and inhuman.'

This, however, shows me, that she is aware that the reluctantly-given assurance may be fairly construed into a matrimonial expectation on my side. And if she will now, even now, look forward, I think, from my heart, that I will put on her livery, and wear it for life.

What a situation am I in, with all my cursed inventions! I am puzzled, confounded, and ashamed of myself, upon the whole. To take such pains to be a villain! — But (for the fiftieth time) let me ask thee, Who would have thought that there had been such a woman in the world? — Nevertheless, she had best take care that she carries not her obstinacy much farther. She knows not what revenge for slighted love will make me do.

The busy scenes I have just passed through have given emotions to my heart, which will not be quieted one while. My heart, I see, (on re-perusing what I have written,) has communicated its tremors to my fingers; and in some places the

characters are so indistinct and unformed, that thou'lt hardly be able to make them out. But if one half of them is only intelligible, that will be enough to expose me to thy contempt, for the wretched hand I have made of my plots and contrivances. — But surely, Jack, I have gained some ground by this promise.

And now, one word to the assurances thou sendest me, that thou hast not betrayed my secrets in relation to this charming creature. Thou mightest have spared them, Belford. My suspicions held no longer than while I wrote about them.* For well I knew, when I allowed myself time to think, that thou hadst no principles, no virtue, to be misled by. A great deal of strong envy, and a little of weak pity, I knew to be thy motives. Thou couldst not provoke my anger, and my compassion thou ever hadst; and art now more especially entitled to it; because thou art a pityful fellow.

All thy new expostulations in my beloved's behalf I will answer when I see thee.

LETTER XXXII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY NIGHT.

Confoundedly out of humour with this perverse woman! — Nor wilt thou blame me, if thou art my friend. She regards the concession she made, as a concession extorted from her: and we are but just where we were before she made it.

With great difficulty I prevailed upon her to favour me with her company for one half hour this evening. The necessity I was under to go down to M. Hall was the subject I wanted to talk upon.

I told her, that as she had been so good as to promise that she would endeavour to make herself easy till she saw the Thursday in next week over, I hoped that she would not scruple to oblige me with her word, that I should find her here at my return from M. Hall.

Indeed she would make no such promise. Nothing of this house was mentioned to me, said she: you know it was not. And do you think that I would have given my consent to my imprisonment in it?

I was plaguily nettled, and disappointed too. If I go not down to Mr. Hall, Madam, you'll have no scruple to stay here, I suppose, till Thursday is over?

If I cannot help myself I must — but I insist upon being permitted to go out of this house, whether you leave it or not.

Well, Madam, then I will comply with your commands. And I will go out this very evening in quest of lodgings that you shall have no objections to.

I will have no lodgings of your providing, Sir — I will go to Mrs. Moore's, at Hampstead.

Mrs. Moore's, Madam! — I have no objection to Mrs. Moore's — but will you give me your promise, to admit me there to your presence?

As I do here — when I cannot help it.

Very well, Madam — Will you be so good as to let me know what you intend by your promise to make yourself easy.

To endeavour, Sir, to make myself easy — were the words ——

Till you saw what next Thursday would produce?

Ask me no questions that may ensnare me. I am too sincere for the company I am in.

Let me ask you, Madam, What meant you, when you said, 'that, were it not a sin, you would die before you gave me that assurance?'

She was indignantly silent.

You thought, Madam, you had given me room to hope your pardon by it?

When I think I ought to answer you with patience I will speak.

Do you think yourself in my power, Madam?

If I were not — And there she stopt ——

Dearest creature, speak out — I beseech you, dearest creature, speak out ——

She was silent; her charming face all in a glow.

Have you, Madam, any reliance upon my honour?

Still silent.

You hate me, Madam! You despise me more than you do the most odious of God's creatures!

You ought to despise me, if I did not.

You say, Madam, you are in a bad house. You have no reliance upon my honour — you believe you cannot avoid me ——

She arose. I beseech you, let me withdraw.

I snatched her hand, rising, and pressed it first to my lips, and then to my heart, in wild disorder. She might have felt the bounding mischief ready to burst its bars — You shall go — to your own apartment, if you please — But, by the great God of Heaven, I will accompany you thither!

She trembled — Pray, pray, Mr. Lovelace, don't terrify me so!

Be seated, Madam! I beseech you, be seated! ——

I will sit down ——

Do then — All my soul is in my eyes, and my heart's blood throbbing at my fingers' ends.

I will — I will — You hurt me — Pray, Mr. Lovelace, don't — don't frighten me so — And down she sat, trembling; my hand still grasping her's.

I hung over her throbbing bosom, and putting my other arm round her waist — And you say, you hate me, Madam — and you say, you despise me — and you say, you promise me nothing ——

Yes, yes, I did promise you — let me not be held down thus — you see I sat down when you bid me — Why [struggling] need you hold me down thus? — I did promise to endeavour to be easy till Thursday was over! But you won't let me! — How can I be easy? — Pray, let me not be thus terrified.

And what, Madam, meant you by your promise? Did you mean any thing in my favour? — You designed that I should, at that time, think you did. Did you mean any thing in my favour, Madam? — Did you intend that I should think you did?

Let go my hand, Sir — Take away your arm from about me, [struggling, yet trembling,] — Why do you gaze upon me so?

Answer me, Madam — Did you mean any thing in my favour by your promise?

Let me be not thus constrained to answer.

Then pausing, and gaining more spirit, Let me go, said she: I am but a woman — but a weak woman.

But my life is in my own power, though my person is not — I will not be thus constrained.

You shall not, Madam, quitting her hand, bowing; but my heart is at my mouth, and hoping farther provocation.

She arose, and was hurrying away.

I pursue you not, Madam — I will try your generosity. Stop — return — this moment stop, return, if, Madam, you would not make me desperate.

She stopt at the door; burst into tears — O Lovelace! — How, how, have I deserved ——

Be pleased, dearest angel, to return.

She came back — but with declared reluctance; and imputing her compliance to terror.

Terror, Jack, as I have heretofore found out, though I have so little benefited by the discovery, must be my resort, if she make it necessary — nothing else will do with the inflexible charmer.

She seated herself over-against me; extremely discomposed — but indignation had a visible predominance in her features.

I was going towards her, with a countenance intendedly changed to love and softness: Sweetest, dearest angel, were my words, in the tenderest accent: — But, rising up, she insisted upon my being seated at a distance from her.

I obeyed, and begged her hand over the table, to my extended hand; to see, if in any thing she would oblige me. But nothing gentle, soft, or affectionate, would do. She refused me her hand! — Was she wise, Jack, to confirm to me, that nothing but terror would do?

Let me only know, Madam, if your promise to endeavour to wait with patience the event of next Thursday meant me favour?

Do you expect any voluntary favour from one to whom you give not a free choice?

Do you intend, Madam, to honour me with your hand, in your uncle's presence, or do you not?

My heart and my hand shall never be separated. Why, think you, did I stand in opposition to the will of my best, my natural friends.

I know what you mean, Madam — Am I then as hateful to you as the vile Solmes?

Ask me not such a question, Mr. Lovelace.

I must be answered. Am I as hateful to you as the vile Solmes?

Why do you call Mr. Solmes vile?

Don’t you think him so, Madam?

Why should I? Did Mr. Solmes ever do vilely by me?

Dearest creature! don’t distract me by hateful comparisons! and perhaps by a more hateful preference.

Don’t you, Sir, put questions to me that you know I will answer truly, though my answer were ever so much to enrage you.

My heart, Madam, my soul is all your’s at present. But you must give me hope, that your promise, in your own construction, binds you, no new cause to the contrary, to be mine on Thursday. How else can I leave you?

Let me go to Hampstead; and trust to my favour.

May I trust to it? — Say only may I trust to it?

How will you trust to it, if you extort an answer to this question?

Say only, dearest creature, say only, may I trust to your favour, if you go to Hampstead?

How dare you, Sir, if I must speak out, expect a promise of favour from me? — What a mean creature must you think me, after the ungrateful baseness to me, were I to give you such a promise?

Then standing up, Thou hast made me, O vilest of men! [her hands clasped, and a face crimsoned with indignation,] an inmate of the vilest of houses — nevertheless, while I am in it, I shall have a heart incapable of any thing but abhorrence of that and of thee!

And round her looked the angel, and upon me, with fear in her sweet aspect of the consequence of her free declaration — But what a devil must I have been, I who love bravery in a man, had I not been more struck with admiration of her fortitude at the instant, than stimulated by revenge?

Noblest of creatures! — And do you think I can leave you, and my interest in such an excellence, precarious? No promise! — no hope! — If you make me not desperate, may lightning blast me, if I do you not all the justice ’tis in my power to do you!

If you have any intention to oblige me, leave me at my own liberty, and let me not be detained in this abominable house. To be constrained as I have been constrained! to be stopt by your vile agents! to be brought up by force, and be bruised in my own defence against such illegal violence! — I dare to die, Lovelace — and she who fears not death, is not to be intimidated into a meanness unworthy of her heart and principles!

Wonderful creature! But why, Madam, did you lead me to hope for something favourable for next Thursday? — Once more, make me not desperate — With all your magnanimity, glorious creature! [I was more than half frantic, Belford,] you

may, you may — but do not, do not make me brutally threaten you — do not, do not make me desperate!

My aspect, I believe, threatened still more than my words. I was rising — She rose — Mr. Lovelace, be pacified — you are even more dreadful than the Lovelace I have long dreaded — let me retire — I ask your leave to retire — you really frighten me — yet I give you no hope — from my heart I ab ——

Say not, Madam, you abhor me. You must, for your own sake, conceal your hatred — at least not avow it. I seized her hand.

Let me retire — let me, retire, said she, in a manner out of breath.

I will only say, Madam, that I refer myself to your generosity. My heart is not to be trusted at this instant. As a mark of my submission to your will, you shall, if you please, withdraw — but I will not go to M. Hall — live or die my Lord M. I will not go to M. Hall — but will attend the effect of your promise. Remember, Madam, you have promised to endeavour to make yourself easy till you see the event of next Thursday — next Thursday, remember, your uncle comes up, to see us married — that's the event. — You think ill of your Lovelace — do not, Madam, suffer your own morals to be degraded by the infection, as you called it, of his example.

Away flew the charmer with this half permission — and no doubt thought that she had an escape — nor without reason.

I knew not for half an hour what to do with myself. Vexed at the heart, nevertheless, (now she was from me, and when I reflected upon her hatred of me, and her defiances,) that I suffered myself to be so overawed, checked, restrained ——

And now I have written thus far, (have of course recollected the whole of our conversation,) I am more and more incensed against myself.

But I will go down to these women — and perhaps suffer myself to be laughed at by them.

Devil fetch them, they pretend to know their own sex. Sally was a woman well educated — Polly also — both have read — both have sense — of parentage not mean — once modest both — still, they say, had been modest, but for me — not entirely indelicate now; though too little nice for my personal intimacy, loth as they both are to have me think so — the old one, too, a woman of family, though thus (from bad inclination as well as at first from low circumstances) miserably sunk: — and hence they all pretend to remember what once they were; and vouch for the inclinations and hypocrisy of the whole sex, and wish for nothing so ardently, as that I will leave the perverse lady to their management while I am gone to Berkshire; undertaking absolutely for her humility and passiveness on my

return; and continually boasting of the many perverse creatures whom they have obliged to draw in their traces.

* * *

I am just come from the sorceresses.

I was forced to take the mother down; for she began with her Hoh, Sir! with me; and to catechize and upbraid me, with as much insolence as if I owed her money.

I made her fly the pit at last. Strange wishes wished we against each other at her quitting it —— What were they? — I'll tell thee —— She wished me married, and to be jealous of my wife; and my heir-apparent the child of another man. I was even with her with a vengeance. And yet thou wilt think that could not well be. — As how? — As how, Jack! — Why, I wished for her conscience come to life! And I know, by the gripes mine gives me every half-hour, that she would then have a cursed time of it.

Sally and Polly gave themselves high airs too. Their first favours were thrown at me, [women to boast of those favours which they were as willing to impart, first forms all the difficulty with them! as I to receive!] I was upbraided with ingratitude, dastardice and all my difficulties with my angel charged upon myself, for want of following my blows; and for leaving the proud lady mistress of her own will, and nothing to reproach herself with. And all agreed, that the arts used against her on a certain occasion, had too high an operation for them or me to judge what her will would have been in the arduous trial. And then they blamed one another; as I cursed them all.

They concluded, that I should certainly marry, and be a lost man. And Sally, on this occasion, with an affected and malicious laugh, snapt her fingers at me, and pointing two of each hand forkedly at me, bid me remember the lines I once showed her of my favourite Jack Dryden, as she always familiarly calls that celebrated poet:

> We women to new joys unseen may move:
> There are no prints left in the paths of love.
> All goods besides by public marks are known:
> But those men most desire to keep, have none.

This infernal implement had the confidence further to hint, that when a wife, some other man would not find half the difficulty with my angel that I had found. Confidence indeed! But yet, I must say, if a man gives himself up to the company of these devils, they never let him rest till he either suspects or hate his wife.

But a word or two of other matters, if possible.

Methinks I long to know how causes go at M. Hall. I have another private intimation, that the old peer is in the greatest danger.

I must go down. Yet what to do with this lady the mean while! These cursed women are full of cruelty and enterprise. She will never be easy with them in my absence. They will have provocation and pretence therefore. But woe be to them, if ——

Yet what will vengeance do, after an insult committed? The two nymphs will have jealous rage to goad them on. And what will withhold a jealous and already-ruined woman?

To let her go elsewhere; that cannot be done. I am still too resolved to be honest, if she'll give me hope: if yet she'll let me be honest. But I'll see how she'll be after the contention she will certainly have between her resentment and the terror she has reason for from our last conversation. So let this subject rest till the morning. And to the old peer once more.

I shall have a good deal of trouble, I reckon, though no sordid man, to be decent on the expected occasion. Then how to act (I who am no hypocrite) in the days of condolement! What farces have I to go through; and to be the principal actor in them! I'll try to think of my own latter end; a gray beard, and a graceless heir; in order to make me serious.

Thou, Belford, knowest a good deal of this sort of grimace; and canst help a gay heart to a little of the dismal. But then every feature of thy face is cut out for it. My heart may be touched, perhaps, sooner than thine; for, believe me or not, I have a very tender one. But then, no man looking into my face, be the occasion for grief ever so great, will believe that heart to be deeply distressed.

All is placid, easy, serene, in my countenance. Sorrow cannot sit half an hour together upon it. Nay, I believe, that Lord M.'s recovery, should it happen, would not affect me above a quarter of an hour. Only the new scenery, (and the pleasure of aping an Heraclitus to the family, while I am a Democritus among my private friends,) or I want nothing that the old peer can leave me. Wherefore then should grief sadden and distort such blythe, such jocund, features as mine?

But as for thine, were there murder committed in the street, and thou wert but passing by, the murderer even in sight, the pursuers would quit him, and lay hold of thee: and thy very looks would hang, as well as apprehend thee.

But one word to business, Jack. Whom dealest thou with for thy blacks? — Wert thou well used? — I shall want a plaguy parcel of them. For I intend to make every soul of the family mourn — outside, if not in.

LETTER XXXIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. JUNE 23, FRIDAY MORNING.

I went out early this morning, on a design that I know not yet whether I shall or shall not pursue; and on my return found Simon Parsons, my Lord's Berkshire bailiff, (just before arrived,) waiting for me with a message in form, sent by all the family, to press me to go down, and that at my Lord's particular desire, who wants to see me before he dies.

Simon has brought my Lord's chariot-and-six [perhaps my own by this time,] to carry me down. I have ordered it to be in readiness by four to-morrow morning. The cattle shall smoke for the delay; and by the rest they'll have in the interim, will be better able to bear it.

I am still resolved upon matrimony, if my fair perverse will accept of me. But, if she will not —— why then I must give an uninterrupted hearing, not to my conscience, but to these women below.

Dorcas had acquainted her lady with Simon's arrival and errand. My beloved had desired to see him. But my coming in prevented his attendance on her, just as Dorcas was instructing him what questions he should not answer to, that might be asked of him.

I am to be admitted to her presence immediately, at my repeated request. Surely the acquisition in view will help me to make up all with her. She is just gone up to the dining-room.

* * *

Nothing will do, Jack! — I can procure no favour from her, though she has obtained from me the point which she had set her heart upon.

I will give thee a brief account of what passed between us.

I first proposed instant marriage; and this in the most fervent manner: but was denied as fervently.

Would she be pleased to assure me that she would stay here only till Tuesday morning? I would but just go down to see how my Lord was — to know whether he had any thing particular to say, or enjoin me, while yet he was sensible, as he was very earnest to see me: perhaps I might be up on Sunday. — Concede in something! — I beseech you, Madam, show me some little consideration.

Why, Mr. Lovelace, must I be determined by your motions? — Think you that I will voluntarily give a sanction to the imprisonment of my person? Of what importance to me ought to be your stay or your return.

Give a sanction to the imprisonment of your person! Do you think, Madam, that I fear the law?

I might have spared this foolish question of defiance: but my pride would not let me. I thought she threatened me, Jack.

I don't think you fear the law, Sir. — You are too brave to have any regard either to moral or divine sanctions.

'Tis well, Madam! But ask me any thing I can do to oblige you; and I will oblige you, though in nothing will you oblige me.

Then I ask you, then I request of you, to let me go to Hampstead.

I paused — And at last — By my soul you shall — this very moment I will wait upon you, and see you fixed there, if you'll promise me your hand on Thursday, in presence of your uncle.

I want not you to see me fixed. I will promise nothing.

Take care, Madam, that you don't let me see that I can have no reliance upon your future favour.

I have been used to be threatened by you, Sir — but I will accept of your company to Hampstead — I will be ready to go in a quarter of an hour — my clothes may be sent after me.

You know the condition, Madam — Next Thursday.

You dare not trust ——

My infinite demerits tell me, that I ought not — nevertheless I will confide in your generosity. — To-morrow morning (no new cause arising to give reason to the contrary) as early as you please you may go to Hampstead.

This seemed to oblige her. But yet she looked with a face of doubt.

I will go down to the women, Belford. And having no better judges at hand, will hear what they say upon my critical situation with this proud beauty, who has so insolently rejected a Lovelace kneeling at her feet, though making an earnest tender of himself for a husband, in spite of all his prejudices to the state of shackles.

LETTER XXXIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Just come from the women.

‘Have I gone so far, and am I afraid to go farther? — Have I not already, as it is evident by her behaviour, sinned beyond forgiveness? — A woman’s tears used to be to me but as water sprinkled on a glowing fire, which gives it a fiercer and brighter blaze: What defence has this lady but her tears and her eloquence? She was before taken at no weak advantage. She was insensible in her moments of trial. Had she been sensible, she must have been sensible. So they say. The methods taken with her have augmented her glory and her pride. She has now a tale to tell, that she may tell with honour to herself. No accomplice-inclination. She can look me into confusion, without being conscious of so much as a thought which she need to be ashamed of.’

This, Jack, is the substance of the women’s reasonings with me.

To which let me add, that the dear creature now sees the necessity I am in to leave her. Detecting me is in her head. My contrivances are of such a nature, that I must appear to be the most odious of men if I am detected on this side matrimony. And yet I have promised, as thou seest, that she shall set out to Hampstead as soon as she pleases in the morning, and that without condition on her side.

Dost thou ask, What I meant by this promise?

No new cause arising, was the proviso on my side, thou’lt remember. But there will be a new cause.

Suppose Dorcas should drop the promissory note given her by her lady? Servants, especially those who cannot read or write, are the most careless people in the world of written papers. Suppose I take it up? — at a time, too, that I was determined that the dear creature should be her own mistress? — Will not this detection be a new cause? — A cause that will carry with it against her the appearance of ingratitude!

That she designed it a secret to me, argues a fear of detection, and indirectly a sense of guilt. I wanted a pretence. Can I have a better? — If I am in a violent passion upon the detection, is not passion an universally-allowed extenuator of violence? Is not every man and woman obliged to excuse that fault in another, which at times they find attended with such ungovernable effects in themselves?

The mother and sisterhood, suppose, brought to sit in judgment upon the vile corrupted — the least benefit that must accrue from the accidental discovery, if not a pretence for perpetration, [which, however, may be the case,] an excuse for

renewing my orders for her detention till my return from M. Hall, [the fault her own,] and for keeping a stricter watch over her than before; with direction to send me any letters that may be written by her or to her. — And when I return, the devil's in it if I find not a way to make her choose lodgings for herself, (since these are so hateful to her,) that shall answer all my purposes; and yet I no more appear to direct her choice, than I did before in these.

Thou wilt curse me when thou comest to this place. I know thou wilt. But thinkest thou that, after such a series of contrivance, I will lose this inimitable woman for want of a little more? A rake's a rake, Jack! — And what rake is withheld by principle from the perpetration of any evil his heart is set upon, and in which he thinks he can succeed? — Besides, am I not in earnest as to marriage? — Will not the generality of the world acquit me, if I do marry? And what is that injury which a church-rite will not at any time repair? Is not the catastrophe of every story that ends in wedlock accounted happy, be the difficulties in the progress of it ever so great.

But here, how am I engrossed by this lady, while poor Lord M. as Simon tells me, lies groaning in the most dreadful agonies! — What must he suffer! — Heaven relieve him! — I have a too compassionate heart. And so would the dear creature have found, could I have thought that the worst of her sufferings is equal to the lightest of his. I mean as to fact; for as to that part of her's, which arises from extreme sensibility, I know nothing of that; and cannot therefore be answerable for it.

LETTER XXXV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Just come from my charmer. She will not suffer me to say half the obliging, the tender things, which my honest heart is ready to overflow with. A confounded situation that, when a man finds himself in humour to be eloquent, and pathetic at the same time, yet cannot engage the mistress of his fate to lend an ear to his fine speeches.

I can account now how it comes about that lovers, when their mistresses are cruel, run into solitude, and disburthen their minds to stocks and stones: For am I not forced to make my complaints to thee?

She claimed the performance of my promise, the moment she saw me, of permitting her [haughtily she spoke the word] to go to Hampstead as soon as I was gone to Berks.

Most cheerfully I renewed it.

She desired me to give orders in her hearing.

I sent for Dorcas and Will. They came. — Do you both take notice, (but, perhaps, Sir, I may take you with me,) that your lady is to be obeyed in all her commands. She purposes to return to Hampstead as soon as I am gone — My dear, will you not have a servant to attend you?

I shall want no servant there.

Will you take Dorcas?

If I should want Dorcas, I can send for her.

Dorcas could not but say, She should be very proud —

Well, well, that may be at my return, if your lady permit. — Shall I, my dear, call up Mrs. Sinclair, and give her orders, to the same effect, in your hearing?

I desire not to see Mrs. Sinclair; nor any that belong to her.

As you please, Madam.

And then (the servants being withdrawn) I urged her again for the assurance, that she would meet me at the altar on Thursday next. But to no purpose. — May she not thank herself for all that may follow?

One favour, however, I would not be denied, to be admitted to pass the evening with her.

All sweetness and obsequiousness will I be on this occasion. My whole soul shall be poured out to move her to forgive me. If she will not, and if the promissory note should fall in my way, my revenge will doubtless take total possession of me.

All the house in my interest, and every one in it not only engaging to intimidate and assist, as occasion shall offer, but staking all their experience upon my success, if it be not my own fault, what must be the consequence?

This, Jack, however, shall be her last trial; and if she behave as nobly in and after this second attempt (all her senses about her) as she has done after the first, she will come out an angel upon full proof, in spite of man, woman, and devil: then shall there be an end of all her sufferings. I will then renounce that vanquished devil, and reform. And if any vile machination start up, presuming to mislead me, I will sooner stab it in my heart, as it rises, than give way to it.

A few hours will now decide all. But whatever be the event, I shall be too busy to write again, till I get to M. Hall.

Mean time, I am in strange agitations. I must suppress them, if possible, before I venture into her presence. — My heart bounces my bosom from the table. I will lay down my pen, and wholly resign to its impulses.

LETTER XXXVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY NIGHT, OR RATHER SAT. MORN. ONE O'CLOCK.

I thought I should not have had either time or inclination to write another line before I got to M. Hall. But, having the first, must find the last; since I can neither sleep, nor do any thing but write, if I can do that. I am most confoundedly out of humour. The reason let it follow; if it will follow — nor preparation for it from me.

I tried by gentleness and love to soften — What? — Marble. A heart incapable either of love or gentleness. Her past injuries for ever in her head. Ready to receive a favour; the permission to go to Hampstead: but neither to deserve it, nor return any. So my scheme of the gentle kind was soon given over.

I then wanted to provoke her: like a coward boy, who waits for the first blow before he can persuade himself to fight, I half challenged her to challenge or defy me. She seemed aware of her danger; and would not directly brave my resentment: but kept such a middle course, that I neither could find a pretence to offend, nor reason to hope: yet she believed my tale, that her uncle would come to Kentish-town, and seemed not to apprehend that Tomlinson was an impostor.

She was very uneasy, upon the whole, in my company: wanted often to break from me: yet so held me to my purpose of permitting her to go to Hampstead, that I knew not how to get off it; although it was impossible, in my precarious situation with her, to think of performing it.

In this situation; the women ready to assist; and, if I proceeded not, as ready to ridicule me; what had I left me, but to pursue the concerted scheme, and to seek a pretence to quarrel with her, in order to revoke my promised permission, and to convince her that I would not be upbraided as the most brutal of ravishers for nothing?

I had agreed with the women, that if I could not find a pretence in her presence to begin my operations, the note should lie in my way, and I was to pick it up, soon after her retiring from me. But I began to doubt at near ten o'clock, (so earnest was she to leave me, suspecting my over-warm behaviour to her, and eager grasping of her hand two or three times, with eye-strings, as I felt, on the strain, while her eyes showed uneasiness and apprehension,) that if she actually retired for the night, it might be a chance whether it would be easy to come at her again. Loth, therefore, to run such a risk, I stept out a little after ten, with intent to alter the preconcerted disposition a little; saying I would attend her again instantly. But as I returned I met her at the door, intending to withdraw for the

night. I could not persuade her to go back: nor had I presence of mind (so full of complaisance as I was to her just before) to stay her by force: so she slid through my hands into her own apartment. I had nothing to do, therefore, but to let my former concert take place.

I should have promised (but care not for order of time, connection, or any thing else) that, between eight and nine in the evening, another servant of Lord M. on horseback came, to desire me to carry down with me Dr. S., the old peer having been once (in extremis, as they judge he is now) relieved and reprieved by him. I sent and engaged the doctor to accompany me down: and am to call upon him by four this morning: or the devil should have both my Lord and the Doctor, if I'd stir till I got all made up.

Poke thy damn'd nose forward into the event, if thou wilt — Curse me if thou shalt have it till its proper time and place. And too soon then.

She had hardly got into her chamber, but I found a little paper, as I was going into mine, which I took up; and opening it, (for it was carefully pinned in another paper,) what should it be but a promissory note, given as a bribe, with a further promise of a diamond ring, to induce Dorcas to favour her mistress's escape?

How my temper changed in a moment! — Ring, ring, ring, ring, I my bell, with a violence enough to break the string, and as if the house were on fire.

Every devil frighted into active life: the whole house in an uproar. Up runs Will. — Sir — Sir — Sir! — Eyes goggling, mouth distended — Bid the damn'd toad Dorcas come hither, (as I stood at the stair-head,) in a horrible rage, and out of breath, cried I.

In sight came the trembling devil — but standing aloof, from the report made her by Will. of the passion I was in, as well as from what she had heard.

Flash came out my sword immediately; for I had it ready on — Cursed, confounded, villanous bribery and corruption ——

Up runs she to her lady's door, screaming out for safety and protection.

Good your honour, interposed Will., for God's sake! — O Lord, O Lord! — receiving a good cuff. —

Take that, varlet, for saving the ungrateful wretch from my vengeance.

Wretch! I intended to say; but if it were some other word of like ending, passion must be my excuse.

Up ran two or three of the sisterhood, What's the matter! What's the matter!

The matter! (for still my beloved opened not the door; on the contrary, drew another bolt,) This abominable Dorcas! — (call her aunt up! — let her see what a traitress she has placed about me! — and let her bring the toad to answer for herself) — has taken a bribe, a provision for life, to betray her trust; by that means

to perpetuate a quarrel between a man and his wife, and frustrate for ever all hopes of reconciliation between us!

Let me perish, Belford, if I have patience to proceed with the farce!

* * *

If I must resume, I must ——

Up came the aunt, puffing and blowing — As she hoped for mercy, she was not privy to it! She never knew such a plotting, perverse lady in her life! — Well might servants be at the pass they were, when such ladies as Mrs. Lovelace made no conscience of corrupting them. For her part she desired no mercy for the wretch; no niece of her's, if she were not faithful to her trust! — But what was the proof? ——

She was shown the paper ——

But too evident! — Cursed, cursed toad, devil, jade, passed from each mouth: — and the vileness of the corrupted, and the unworthiness of the corruptress, were inveighed against.

Up we all went, passing the lady's door into the dining-room, to proceed to trial. ——

Stamp, stamp, stamp up, each on her heels; rave, rave, rave, every tongue ——

Bring up the creature before us all this instant! ——

And would she have got out of the house, say you? —

These the noises and the speeches as we clattered by the door of the fair bribress.

Up was brought Dorcas (whimpering) between two, both bawling out — You must go — You shall go— 'Tis fit you should answer for yourself — You are a discredit to all worthy servants — as they pulled and pushed her up stairs. — She whining, I cannot see his honour — I cannot look so good and so generous a gentleman in the face — O how shall I bear my aunt's ravings? ——

Come up, and be d — n'd — Bring her forward, her imperial judge — What a plague, it is the detection, not the crime, that confounds you. You could be quiet enough for days together, as I see by the date, under the villany. Tell me, ungrateful devil, tell me who made the first advances?

Ay, disgrace to my family and blood, cried the old one — tell his honour — tell the truth! — Who made the first advances? ——

Ay, cursed creature, cried Sally, who made the first advances?

I have betrayed one trust already! — O let me not betray another! — My lady is a good lady! — O let not her suffer! —

Tell all you know. Tell the whole truth, Dorcas, cried Polly Horton. — His honour loves his lady too well to make her suffer much: little as she requites his love! ——

Every body sees that, cried Sally — too well, indeed, for his honour, I was going to say.

Till now, I thought she deserved my love — But to bribe a servant thus, who she supposed had orders to watch her steps, for fear of another elopement; and to impute that precaution to me as a crime! — Yet I must love her — Ladies, forgive my weakness! ——

Curse upon my grimaces! — if I have patience to repeat them! — But thou shalt have it all — thou canst not despise me more than I despise myself!

* * *

But suppose, Sir, said Sally, you have my lady and the wench face to face! You see she cares not to confess.

O my carelessness! cried Dorcas — Don't let my poor lady suffer! — Indeed, if you all knew what I know, you would say her ladyship has been cruelly treated —

See, see, see, see! — repeatedly, every one at once — Only sorry for the detection, as your honour said — not for the fault.

Cursed creature, and devilish creature, from every mouth.

Your lady won't, she dare not come out to save you, cried Sally; though it is more his honour's mercy, than your desert, if he does not cut your vile throat this instant.

Say, repeated Polly, was it your lady that made the first advances, or was it you, you creature ——

If the lady had so much honour, bawled the mother, excuse me, so — Excuse me, Sir, [confound the old wretch! she had like to have said son!] — If the lady has so much honour, as we have supposed, she will appear to vindicate a poor servant, misled, as she has been, by such large promises! — But I hope, Sir, you will do them both justice: I hope you will! — Good lack! — Good lack! clapping her hands together, to grant her every thing she could ask — to indulge her in her unworthy hatred to my poor innocent house! — to let her go to Hampstead, though your honour told us, you could get no condescension from her; no, not the least — O Sir, O Sir — I hope — I hope — if your lady will not come out — I hope you will find a way to hear this cause in her presence. I value not my doors on such an occasion as this. Justice I ever loved. I desire you will come to the

bottom of it in clearance to me. I'll be sworn I had no privity in this black corruption.

Just then we heard the lady's door, unbar, unlock, unbolt ——

Now, Sir!

Now, Mr. Lovelace!

Now, Sir! from every encouraging mouth! ——

But, O Jack! Jack! Jack! I can write no more!

* * *

If you must have it all, you must!

Now, Belford, see us all sitting in judgment, resolved to punish the fair bribress — I, and the mother, the hitherto dreaded mother, the nieces Sally, Polly, the traitress Dorcas, and Mabell, a guard, as it were, over Dorcas, that she might not run away, and hide herself: — all pre-determined, and of necessity pre-determined, from the journey I was going to take, and my precarious situation with her — and hear her unbolt, unlock, unbar, the door; then, as it proved afterwards, put the key into the lock on the outside, lock the door, and put it in her pocket — Will. I knew, below, who would give me notice, if, while we were all above, she should mistake her way, and go down stairs, instead of coming into the dining-room: the street-door also doubly secured, and every shutter to the windows round the house fastened, that no noise or screaming should be heard — [such was the brutal preparation] — and then hear her step towards us, and instantly see her enter among us, confiding in her own innocence; and with a majesty in her person and manner, that is natural to her; but which then shone out in all its glory! — Every tongue silent, every eye awed, every heart quaking, mine, in a particular manner sunk, throbless, and twice below its usual region, to once at my throat: — a shameful recreant: — She silent too, looking round her, first on me; then on the mother, no longer fearing her; then on Sally, Polly, and the culprit Dorcas! — such the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment!

She would have spoken, but could not, looking down my guilt into confusion. A mouse might have been heard passing over the floor: her own light feet and rustling silks could not have prevented it; for she seemed to tread air, and to be all soul. She passed backwards and forwards, now towards me, now towards the door several times, before speech could get the better of indignation; and at last, after twice or thrice hemming to recover her articulate voice— 'O thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace, thinkest thou that I see not through this poor villanous plot of thine, and of these thy wicked accomplices?

‘Thou, woman, [looking at the mother] once my terror! always my dislike! but now my detestation! shouldst once more (for thine perhaps was the preparation) have provided for me intoxicating potions, to rob me of my senses ——

‘And then, thus, wretch, [turning to me,] mightest thou more securely have depended upon such a low contrivance as this!

‘And ye, vile women, who perhaps have been the ruin, body and soul, of hundreds of innocents, (you show me how, in full assembly,) know, that I am not married — ruined as I am, by your help, I bless God, I am not married to this miscreant — and I have friends that will demand my honour at your hands! — and to whose authority I will apply; for none has this man over me. Look to it then, what farther insults you offer me, or incite him to offer me. I am a person, though thus vilely betrayed, of rank and fortune. I never will be his; and, to your utter ruin, will find friends to pursue you: and now I have this full proof of your detestable wickedness, and have heard your base incitements, will have no mercy upon you!’

They could not laugh at the poor figure I made. — Lord! how every devil, conscience-shaken, trembled! —

What a dejection must ever fall to the lot of guilt, were it given to innocence always thus to exert itself!

‘And as for thee, thou vile Dorcas! Thou double deceiver! — whining out thy pretended love for me! — Begone, wretch! — Nobody will hurt thee! — Begone, I say! — thou has too well acted thy part to be blamed by any here but myself — thou art safe: thy guilt is thy security in such a house as this! — thy shameful, thy poor part, thou hast as well acted as the low farce could give thee to act! — as well as they each of them (thy superiors, though not thy betters), thou seest, can act theirs. — Steal away into darkness! No inquiry after this will be made, whose the first advances, thine or mine.’

And, as I hope to live, the wench, confoundedly frightened, slunk away; so did her sentinel Mabell; though I, endeavouring to rally, cried out for Dorcas to stay — but I believe the devil could not have stopt her, when an angel bid her begone.

Madam, said I, let me tell you; and was advancing towards her with a fierce aspect, most cursedly vexed, and ashamed too ——

But she turned to me: ‘Stop where thou art, O vilest and most abandoned of men! — Stop where thou art! — nor, with that determined face, offer to touch me, if thou wouldst not that I should be a corps at thy feet!’

To my astonishment, she held forth a penknife in her hand, the point to her own bosom, grasping resolutely the whole handle, so that there was no offering to take it from her.

‘I offer not mischief to any body but myself. You, Sir, and ye women, are safe from every violence of mine. The LAW shall be all my resource: the LAW,’ and she spoke the word with emphasis, the LAW! that to such people carries natural terror with it, and now struck a panic into them.

No wonder, since those who will damn themselves to procure ease and plenty in this world, will tremble at every thing that seems to threaten their methods of obtaining that ease and plenty. ——

‘The LAW only shall be my refuge!’ ——

The infamous mother whispered me, that it were better to make terms with this strange lady, and let her go.

Sally, notwithstanding all her impudent bravery at other times, said, If Mr. Lovelace had told them what was not true, of her being his wife ——

And Polly Horton, That she must needs say, the lady, if she were not my wife, had been very much injured; that was all.

That is not now a matter to be disputed, cried I: you and I know, Madam ——

‘We do, said she; and I thank God, I am not thine — once more I thank God for it — I have no doubt of the farther baseness that thou hast intended me, by this vile and low trick: but I have my SENSES, Lovelace: and from my heart I despise thee, thou very poor Lovelace! — How canst thou stand in my presence! — Thou, that’ ——

Madam, Madam, Madam — these are insults not to be borne — and was approaching her.

She withdrew to the door, and set her back against it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving bosom; while the women held me, beseeching me not to provoke the violent lady — for their house sake, and be curs’d to them, they besought me — and all three hung upon me — while the truly heroic lady braved me at that distance:

‘Approach me, Lovelace, with resentment, if thou wilt. I dare die. It is in defence of my honour. God will be merciful to my poor soul! I expect no more mercy from thee! I have gained this distance, and two steps nearer me, and thou shalt see what I dare do!’ ——

Leave me, women, to myself, and to my angel! — [They retired at a distance.] — O my beloved creature, how you terrify me! Holding out my arms, and kneeling on one knee — not a step, not a step farther, except to receive my death at that injured hand which is thus held up against a life far dearer to me than my own! I am a villain! the blackest of villains! — Say you will sheath your knife in the injurer’s, not the injured’s heart, and then will I indeed approach you, but not else.

The mother twanged her d — n'd nose; and Sally and Polly pulled out their handkerchiefs, and turned from us. They never in their lives, they told me afterwards, beheld such a scene ——

Innocence so triumphant: villany so debased, they must mean!

Unawares to myself, I had moved onward to my angel— 'And dost thou, dost thou, still disclaiming, still advancing — dost thou, dost thou, still insidiously move towards me?' — [And her hand was extended] 'I dare — I dare — not rashly neither — my heart from principle abhors the act, which thou makest necessary! — God, in thy mercy! [lifting up her eyes and hands] God, in thy mercy!'

I threw myself to the farther end of the room. An ejaculation, a silent ejaculation, employing her thoughts that moment; Polly says the whites of her lovely eyes were only visible: and, in the instant that she extended her hand, assuredly to strike the fatal blow, [how the very recital terrifies me!] she cast her eye towards me, and saw me at the utmost distance the room would allow, and heard my broken voice — my voice was utterly broken; nor knew I what I said, or whether to the purpose or not — and her charming cheeks, that were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpose; and lifting up her eyes— 'Thank God! — thank God! said the angel — delivered for the present; for the present delivered — from myself — keep, Sir, that distance;' [looking down towards me, who was prostrate on the floor, my heart pierced, as with an hundred daggers;] 'that distance has saved a life; to what reserved, the Almighty only knows!' —

To be happy, Madam; and to make happy! — And, O let me hope for your favour for to-morrow — I will put off my journey till then — and may God —

Swear not, Sir! — with an awful and piercing aspect — you have too often sworn! — God's eye is upon us! — His more immediate eye; and looked wildly. — But the women looked up to the ceiling, as if afraid of God's eye, and trembled. And well they might, and I too, who so very lately had each of us the devil in our hearts.

If not to-morrow, Madam, say but next Thursday, your uncle's birth-day; say but next Thursday!

'This I say, of this you may assure yourself, I never, never will be your's. — And let me hope, that I may be entitled to the performance of your promise, to be permitted to leave this innocent house, as one called it, (but long have my ears been accustomed to such inversions of words), as soon as the day breaks.'

Did my perdition depend upon it, that you cannot, Madam, but upon terms. And I hope you will not terrify me — still dreading the accursed knife.

‘Nothing less than an attempt upon my honour shall make me desperate. I have no view but to defend my honour: with such a view only I entered into treaty with your infamous agent below. The resolution you have seen, I trust, God will give me again, upon the same occasion. But for a less, I wish not for it. — Only take notice, women, that I am no wife of this man: basely as he has used me, I am not his wife. He has no authority over me. If he go away by-and-by, and you act by his authority to detain me, look to it.’

Then, taking one of the lights, she turned from us; and away she went, unmolested. — Not a soul was able to molest her.

Mabell saw her, tremblingly, and in a hurry, take the key of her chamber-door out of her pocket, and unlock it; and, as soon as she entered, heard her double-lock, bar, and bolt it.

By her taking out her key, when she came out of her chamber to us, she no doubt suspected my design: which was, to have carried her in my arms thither, if she made such force necessary, after I had intimidated her; and to have been her companion for that night.

She was to have had several bedchamber-women to assist to undress her upon occasion: but from the moment she entered the dining-room with so much intrepidity, it was absolutely impossible to think of prosecuting my villanous designs against her.

* * *

This, this, Belford, was the hand I made of a contrivance from which I expected so much! — And now I am ten times worse off than before.

Thou never sawest people in thy life look so like fools upon one another, as the mother, her partners, and I, did, for a few minutes. And at last, the two devilish nymphs broke out into insulting ridicule upon me; while the old wretch was concerned for her house, the reputation of her house. I cursed them all together; and, retiring to my chamber, locked myself in.

And now it is time to set out: all I have gained, detection, disgrace, fresh guilt by repeated perjuries, and to be despised by her I doat upon; and, what is still worse to a proud heart, by myself.

Success, success in projects, is every thing. What an admirable contriver did I think myself till now! Even for this scheme among the rest! But how pitifully foolish does it now appear to me! — Scratch out, erase, never to be read, every part of my preceding letters, where I have boastingly mentioned it. And never presume to rally me upon the cursed subject: for I cannot bear it.

But for the lady, by my soul, I love her. I admire her more than ever! I must have her. I will have her still — with honour or without, as I have often vowed. My cursed fright at her accidental bloody nose, so lately, put her upon improving upon me thus. Had she threatened ME, I should have soon been master of one arm, and in both! But for so sincere a virtue to threaten herself, and not to offer to intimidate any other, and with so much presence of mind, as to distinguish, in the very passionate intention, the necessity of the act, defence of her honour, and so fairly to disavow lesser occasions: showed such a deliberation, such a choice, such a principle; and then keeping me so watchfully at a distance that I could not seize her hand, so soon as she could have given the fatal blow; how impossible not to be subdued by so true and so discreet a magnanimity!

But she is not gone. She shall not go. I will press her with letters for the Thursday. She shall yet be mine, legally mine. For, as to cohabitation, there is no such thing to be thought of.

The Captain shall give her away, as proxy for her uncle. My Lord will die. My fortune will help my will, and set me above every thing and every body.

But here is the curse — she despises me, Jack! — What man, as I have heretofore said, can bear to be despised — especially by his wife! — O Lord! — O Lord! What a hand, what a cursed hand, have I made of this plot! — And here ends

The history of the lady and the penknife! — The devil take the penknife! — It goes against me to say,

God bless the lady!

NEAR 5, SAT. MORN.

LETTER XXXVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [SUPERSCRIBED TO MRS. LOVELACE.] M. HALL, SAT. NIGHT, JUNE 24.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

If you do not impute to live, and to terror raised by love, the poor figure I made before you last night, you will not do me justice. I thought I would try to the very last moment, if, by complying with you in every thing, I could prevail upon you to promise to be mine on Thursday next, since you refused me an earlier day. Could I have been so happy, you had not been hindered going to Hampstead, or wherever else you pleased. But when I could not prevail upon you to give me this assurance, what room had I, (my demerit so great,) to suppose, that your going thither would not be to lose you for ever?

I will own to you, Madam, that yesterday afternoon I picked up the paper dropt by Dorcas; who has confessed that she would have assisted you in getting away, if she had had opportunity so to do; and undoubtedly dropped it by accident. And could I have prevailed upon you as to Thursday next, I would have made no use of it; secure as I should have been in your word given, to be mine. But when I found you inflexible, I was resolved to try, if, by resenting Dorcas's treachery, I could not make your pardon of me the condition of mine to her: and if not, to make a handle of it to revoke my consent to your going away from Mrs. Sinclair's; since the consequence of that must have been so fatal to me.

So far, indeed, was my proceeding low and artful: and when I was challenged with it, as such, in so high and noble a manner, I could not avoid taking shame to myself upon it.

But you must permit me, Madam, to hope, that you will not punish me too heavily for so poor a contrivance, since no dishonour was meant you: and since, in the moment of its execution, you had as great an instance of my incapacity to defend a wrong, a low measure, and, at the same time, in your power over me, as mortal man could give — in a word, since you must have seen, that I was absolutely under the controul both of conscience and of love.

I will not offer to defend myself, for wishing you to remain where you are, till either you give me your word to meet me at the altar on Thursday; or till I have the honour of attending you, preparative to the solemnity which will make that day the happiest of my life.

I am but too sensible, that this kind of treatment may appear to you with the face of an arbitrary and illegal imposition: but as the consequences, not only to ourselves, but to both our families, may be fatal, if you cannot be moved in my

favour; let me beseech you to forgive this act of compulsion, on the score of the necessity you your dear self have laid me under to be guilty of it; and to permit the solemnity of next Thursday to include an act of oblivion for all past offences.

The orders I have given to the people of the house are: ‘That you shall be obeyed in every particular that is consistent with my expectations of finding you there on my return on Wednesday next: that Mrs. Sinclair and her nieces, having incurred your just displeasure, shall not, without your orders, come into your presence: that neither shall Dorcas, till she has fully cleared her conduct to your satisfaction, be permitted to attend you: but Mabell, in her place; of whom you seemed some time ago to express some liking. Will. I have left behind me to attend your commands. If he be either negligent or impertinent, your dismission shall be a dismission of him from my service for ever. But, as to letters which may be sent you, or any which you may have to send, I must humbly entreat, that none such pass from or to you, for the few days that I shall be absent.’ But I do assure you, madam, that the seals of both sorts shall be sacred: and the letters, if such be sent, shall be given into your own hands the moment the ceremony is performed, or before, if you require it.

Mean time I will inquire, and send you word, how Miss Howe does; and to what, if I can be informed, her long silence is owing.

Dr. Perkins I found here, attending my Lord, when I arrived with Dr. S. He acquaints me that your father, mother, uncles, and the still less worthy persons of your family, are well; and intend to be all at your uncle Harlowe’s next week; I presume, with intent to keep his anniversary. This can make no alteration, but a happy one, as to persons, on Thursday; because Mr. Tomlinson assured me, that if any thing fell out to hinder your uncle’s coming up in person, (which, however, he did not then expect,) he would be satisfied if his friend the Captain were proxy for him. I shall send a man and horse to-morrow to the Captain, to be at greater certainty.

I send this by a special messenger, who will wait your pleasure in relation to the impatiently-wished-for Thursday: which I humbly hope will be signified by a line.

My Lord, though hardly sensible, and unmindful of every thing but of your felicity, desires his most affectionate compliments to you. He has in readiness to present to you a very valuable set of jewels, which he hopes will be acceptable, whether he lives to see you adorn them or not.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty have also their tokens of respect ready to court your acceptance: but may Heaven incline you to give the opportunity of receiving their personal compliments, and those of my cousins Montague, before the next week be out!

His Lordship is exceeding ill. Dr. S. has no hopes of him. The only consolation I can have for the death of a relation who loves me so well, if he do die, must arise from the additional power it will put into my hands of showing how much I am,

My dearest life, Your ever-affectionate, faithful, LOVELACE.

LETTER XXXVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [SUPERSCRIBED TO MRS. LOVELACE.] M. HALL, SUNDAY NIGHT, JUNE 25.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

I cannot find words to express how much I am mortified at the return of my messenger without a line from you.

Thursday is so near, that I will send messenger after messenger every four hours, till I have a favourable answer; the one to meet the other, till its eve arrives, to know if I may venture to appear in your presence with the hope of having my wishes answered on that day.

Your love, Madam, I neither expect, nor ask for; nor will, till my future behaviour gives you cause to think I deserve it. All I at present presume to wish is, to have it in my power to do you all the justice I can now do you: and to your generosity will I leave it, to reward me, as I shall merit, with your affection.

At present, revolving my poor behaviour of Friday night before you, I think I should sooner choose to go to my last audit, unprepared for it as I am, than to appear in your presence, unless you give me some hope, that I shall be received as your elected husband, rather than, (however deserved,) as a detested criminal.

Let me, therefore, propose an expedient, in order to spare my own confusion; and to spare you the necessity for that soul-harrowing recrimination, which I cannot stand, and which must be disagreeable to yourself — to name the church, and I will have every thing in readiness; so that our next interview will be, in a manner, at the very altar; and then you will have the kind husband to forgive for the faults of the ungrateful lover. If your resentment be still too high to write more, let it only be in your own dear hand, these words, St. Martin’s church, Thursday — or these, St. Giles’s church, Thursday; nor will I insist upon any inscription or subscription, or so much as the initials of your name. This shall be all the favour I will expect, till the dear hand itself is given to mine, in presence of that Being whom I invoke as a witness of the inviolable faith and honour of

Your adoring LOVELACE.

LETTER XXXIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [SUPERSCRIBED TO MRS. LOVELACE.] M. HALL, MONDAY, JUNE 26.

Once more, my dearest love, do I conjure you to send me the four requested words. There is no time to be lost. And I would not have next Thursday go over, without being entitled to call you mine, for the world; and that as well for your sake as for my own. Hitherto all that has passed is between you and me only; but, after Thursday, if my wishes are unanswered, the whole will be before the world.

My Lord is extremely ill, and endures not to have me out of his sight for one half hour. But this shall not have the least weight with me, if you be pleased to hold out the olive-branch to me in the four requested words.

I have the following intelligence from Captain Tomlinson.

'All your family are at your uncle Harlowe's. Your uncle finds he cannot go up; and names Captain Tomlinson for his proxy. He proposes to keep all your family with him till the Captain assures him that the ceremony is over.

'Already he has begun, with hope of success, to try to reconcile your mother to you.'

My Lord M. but just now has told me how happy he should think himself to have an opportunity, before he dies, to salute you as his niece. I have put him in hopes that he shall see you; and have told him that I will go to town on Wednesday, in order to prevail upon you to accompany me down on Thursday or Friday. I have ordered a set to be in readiness to carry me up; and, were not my Lord so very ill, my cousin Montague tells me that she would offer her attendance on you. If you please, therefore, we can set out for this place the moment the solemnity is performed.

Do not, dearest creature, dissipate all those promising appearances, and by refusing to save your own and your family's reputation in the eye of the world, use yourself worse than the ungratefullest wretch on earth has used you. For if we were married, all the disgrace you imagine you have suffered while a single lady, will be my own, and only known to ourselves.

Once more, then, consider well the situation we are both in; and remember, my dearest life, that Thursday will be soon here; and that you have no time to lose.

In a letter sent by the messenger whom I dispatch with this, I have desired that my friend, Mr. Belford, who is your very great admirer, and who knows all the secrets of my heart, will wait upon you, to know what I am to depend upon as to the chosen day.

Surely, my dear, you never could, at any time, suffer half so much from cruel suspense, as I do.

If I have not an answer to this, either from your own goodness, or through Mr. Belford's intercession, it will be too late for me to set out: and Captain Tomlinson will be disappointed, who goes to town on purpose to attend your pleasure.

One motive for the gentle resistance I have presumed to lay you under is, to prevent the mischiefs that might ensue (as probably to the more innocent, as to the less) were you to write to any body while your passions were so much raised and inflamed against me. Having apprized you of my direction to the women in town on this head, I wonder you should have endeavoured to send a letter to Miss Howe, although in a cover directed to that young lady's* servant; as you must think it would be likely to fall into my hands.

* The lady had made an attempt to send away a letter.

The just sense of what I have deserved the contents should be, leaves me no room to doubt what they are. Nevertheless, I return it you enclosed, with the seal, as you will see, unbroken.

Relieve, I beseech you, dearest Madam, by the four requested words, or by Mr. Belford, the anxiety of

Your ever-affectionate and obliged LOVELACE.

Remember, there will not, there cannot be time for further writing, and for coming up by Thursday, your uncle's birth-day.

LETTER XL

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY, JUNE 26.

Thou wilt see the situation I am in with Miss Harlowe by the enclosed copies of three letters; to two of which I am so much scorned as not to have one word given me in answer; and of the third (now sent by the messenger who brings thee this) I am afraid as little notice will be taken — and if so, her day of grace is absolutely over.

One would imagine (so long used to constraint too as she has been) that she might have been satisfied with the triumph she had over us all on Friday night! a triumph that to this hour has sunk my pride and my vanity so much, that I almost hate the words, plot, contrivance, scheme; and shall mistrust myself in future for every one that rises to my inventive head.

But seest thou not that I am under a necessity to continue her at Sinclair's and to prohibit all her correspondencies?

Now, Belford, as I really, in my present mood, think of nothing less than marrying her, if she let not Thursday slip, I would have thee attend her, in pursuance of the intimation I have given her in my letter of this date; and vow for me, swear for me, bind thy soul to her for my honour, and use what arguments thy friendly heart can suggest, in order to procure me an answer from her; which, as thou wilt see, she may give in four words only. And then I purpose to leave Lord M. (dangerously ill as he is,) and meet her at her appointed church, in order to solemnize. If she will but sign Cl. H. to thy writing the four words, that shall do: for I would not come up to be made a fool of in the face of all my family and friends.

If she should let the day go off, I shall be desperate. I am entangled in my own devices, and cannot bear that she should detect me.

O that I had been honest! — What a devil are all my plots come to! What do they end in, but one grand plot upon myself, and a title to eternal infamy and disgrace! But, depending on thy friendly offices, I will say no more of this. — Let her send me but one line! — But one line! — To treat me as unworthy of her notice; — yet be altogether in my power — I cannot — I will not bear that.

My Lord, as I said, is extremely ill. The doctors give him over. He gives himself over. Those who would not have him die, are afraid he will die. But as to myself, I am doubtful: for these long and violent struggles between the constitution and the disease (though the latter has three physicians and an apothecary to help it forward, and all three, as to their prescriptions, of different opinions too) indicate a plaguy habit, and savour more of recovery than death:

and the more so, as he has no sharp or acute mental organs to whet out his bodily ones, and to raise his fever above the sympathetic helpful one.

Thou wilt see in the enclosed what pains I am at to dispatch messengers; who are constantly on the road to meet each other, and one of them to link in the chain with the fourth, whose station is in London, and five miles onwards, or till met. But in truth I have some other matters for them to perform at the same time, with my Lord's banker and his lawyer; which will enable me, if his Lordship is so good as to die this bout, to be an over match for some of my other relations. I don't mean Charlotte and Patty; for they are noble girls: but others, who have been scratching and clawing under-ground like so many moles in my absence; and whose workings I have discovered since I have been down, by the little heaps of dirt they have thrown up.

A speedy account of thy commission, dear Jack! The letter travels all night.

LETTER XLI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. LONDON, JUNE 27. TUESDAY.

You must excuse me, Lovelace, from engaging in the office you would have me undertake, till I can be better assured you really intend honourably at last by this much-injured lady.

I believe you know your friend Belford too well to think he would be easy with you, or with any man alive, who should seek to make him promise for him what he never intended to perform. And let me tell thee, that I have not much confidence in the honour of a man, why by imitation of hands (I will only call it) has shown so little regard to the honour of his own relations.

Only that thou hast such jesuitical qualifyings, or I should think thee at last touched with remorse, and brought within view of being ashamed of thy cursed inventions by the ill success of thy last: which I heartily congratulate thee upon.

O the divine lady! — But I will not aggravate!

Nevertheless, when thou writest that, in thy present mood, thou thinkest of marrying, and yet canst so easily change thy mood; when I know thy heart is against the state: that the four words thou courtest from the lady are as much to thy purpose, as if she wrote forty; since it will show she can forgive the highest injury that can be offered to woman; and when I recollect how easily thou canst find excuses to postpone; thou must be more explicit a good deal, as to thy real intentions, and future honour, than thou art: for I cannot trust to temporary remorse; which brought on by disappointment too, and not by principle, and the like of which thou hast so often got over.

If thou canst convince me time enough for the day, that thou meanest to do honourably by her, in her own sense of the word; or, if not time enough, wilt fix some other day, (which thou oughtest to leave to her option, and not bind her down for the Thursday; and the rather, as thy pretence for so doing is founded on an absolute fiction;) I will then most cheerfully undertake thy cause; by person, if she will admit me to her presence; if she will not, by pen. But, in this case, thou must allow me to be guarantee for thy family. And, if so, so much as I value thee, and respect thy skill in all the qualifications of a gentleman, thou mayest depend upon it, that I will act up to the character of a guarantee, with more honour than the princes of our day usually do —— to their shame be it spoken.

Mean time let me tell thee, that my heart bleeds for the wrong this angelic lady has received: and if thou dost not marry her, if she will have thee, and, when

married, make her the best and tenderest of husbands, I would rather be a dog, a monkey, a bear, a viper, or a toad, than thee.

Command me with honour, and thou shalt find none readier to oblige thee than

Thy sincere friend, JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER XLII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. M. HALL, JUNE 27. TUESDAY NIGHT, NEAR 12.

Your's reached me this moment, by an extraordinary push in the messengers.

What a man of honour thou of a sudden! ——

And so, in the imaginary shape of a guarantee, thou threatenest me!

Had I not been in earnest as to the lady, I should not have offered to employ thee in the affair. But, let me say, that hadst thou undertaken the task, and I hadst afterwards thought fit to change my mind, I should have contented myself to tell thee, that that was my mind when thou engagedst for me, and to have given thee the reasons for the change, and then left thee to thy own discretion: for never knew I what fear of man was — nor fear of woman neither, till I became acquainted with Miss Clarissa Harlowe, nay, what is most surprising, till I came to have her in my power.

And so thou wilt not wait upon the charmer of my heart, but upon terms and conditions! — Let it alone and be curs'd; I care not. — But so much credit did I give to the value thou expressedst for her, that I thought the office would have been acceptable to thee, as serviceable to me; for what was it, but to endeavour to persuade her to consent to the reparation of her own honour? For what have I done but disgraced myself, and been a thief to my own joys? — And if there be a union of hearts, and an intention to solemnize, what is there wanting but the foolish ceremony? — and that I still offer. But, if she will keep back her hand, if she will make me hold out mine in vain, how can I help it?

I write her one more letter; and if, after she has received that, she keeps sullen silence, she must thank herself for what is to follow.

But, after all,, my heart is not wholly her's. I love her beyond expression; and cannot help it. I hope therefore she will receive this last tender as I wish. I hope she intends not, like a true woman, to plague, and vex, and tease me, now she has found her power. If she will take me to mercy now these remorses are upon me, (though I scorn to condition with thee for my sincerity,) all her trials, as I have heretofore declared, shall be over, and she shall be as happy as I can make her: for, ruminating upon all that has passed between us, from the first hour of our acquaintance till the present, I must pronounce, That she is virtue itself and once more I say, has no equal.

As to what you hint, of leaving to her choice another day, do you consider, that it will be impossible that my contrivances and stratagems should be much longer concealed? — This makes me press that day, though so near; and the more, as I

have made so much ado about her uncle's anniversary. If she send me the four words, I will spare no fatigue to be in time, if not for the canonical hour at church, for some other hour of the day in her own apartment, or any other: for money will do every thing: and that I have never spared in this affair.

To show thee, that I am not at enmity with thee, I enclose the copies of two letters — one to her: it is the fourth, and must be the last on the subject —— The other to Captain Tomlinson; calculated, as thou wilt see, for him to show her.

And now, Jack, interfere; in this case or not, thou knowest the mind of

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XLIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [SUPERSCRIBED TO MRS. LOVELACE.] M. HALL, WED. MORNING, ONE O'CLOCK, JUNE 28.

Not one line, my dearest life, not one word, in answer to three letters I have written! The time is now so short, that this must be the last letter that can reach you on this side the important hour that might make us legally one.

My friend, Mr. Belford, is apprehensive, that he cannot wait upon you in time, by reason of some urgent affairs of his own.

I the less regret the disappointment, because I have procured a more acceptable person, as I hope, to attend you; Captain Tomlinson I mean: to whom I had applied for this purpose, before I had Mr. Belford's answer.

I was the more solicitous to obtain his favour form him, because of the office he is to take upon him, as I humbly presume to hope, to-morrow. That office obliged him to be in town as this day: and I acquainted him with my unhappy situation with you; and desired that he would show me, on this occasion, that I had as much of his favour and friendship as your uncle had; since the whole treaty must be broken off, if he could not prevail upon you in my behalf.

He will dispatch the messenger directly; whom I propose to meet in person at Slough; either to proceed onward to London with a joyful heart, or to return back to M. Hall with a broken one.

I ought not (but cannot help it) to anticipate the pleasure Mr. Tomlinson proposes to himself, in acquainting you with the likelihood there is of your mother's seconding your uncle's views. For, it seems, he has privately communicated to her his laudable intentions: and her resolution depends, as well as his, upon what to-morrow will produce.

Disappoint not then, I beseech you, for an hundred persons' sakes, as well as for mine, that uncle and that mother, whose displeasure I have heard you so often deplore.

You may think it impossible for me to reach London by the canonical hour. If it should, the ceremony may be performed in your own apartments, at any time in the day, or at night: so that Captain Tomlinson may have it to aver to your uncle, that it was performed on his anniversary.

Tell but the Captain, that you forbid me not to attend you: and that shall be sufficient for bringing to you, on the wings of love,

Your ever-grateful and affectionate LOVELACE.

LETTER XLIV

TO MR. PATRICK M'DONALD,

AT HIS LODGINGS, AT MR. BROWN'S, PERUKE-MAKER, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE,

WESTMINSTER

M. HALL, WEDN. MORNING, TWO O'CLOCK.

DEAR M'DONALD,

The bearer of this has a letter to carry to the lady.* I have been at the trouble of writing a copy of it: which I enclose, that you may not mistake your cue.

* See the preceding Letter.

You will judge of my reasons for ante-dating the enclosed sealed one,* directed to you by the name of Tomlinson; which you are to show to the lady, as in confidence. You will open it of course.

* See the next Letter.

I doubt not your dexterity and management, dear M'Donald; nor your zeal; especially as the hope of cohabitation must now be given up. Impossible to be carried is that scheme. I might break her heart, but not incline her will — am in earnest therefore to marry her, if she let not the day slip.

Improve upon the hint of her mother. That may touch her. But John Harlowe, remember, has privately engaged that lady — privately, I say; else, (not to mention the reason for her uncle Harlowe's former expedient,) you know, she might find means to get a letter away to the one or to the other, to know the truth; or to Miss Howe, to engage her to inquire into it: and, if she should, the word privately will account for the uncle's and mother's denying it.

However, fail not, as from me, to charge our mother and her nymphs to redouble their vigilance both as to her person and letters. All's upon a crisis now. But she must not be treated ill neither.

Thursday over, I shall know what to resolve upon.

If necessary, you must assume authority. The devil's in't, if such a girl as this shall awe a man of your years and experience. You are not in love with her as I am. Fly out, if she doubt your honour. Spirits naturally soft may be beat out of their play and borne down (though ever so much raised) by higher anger. All women are cowards at bottom; only violent where they may. I have often stormed a girl out of her mistrust, and made her yield (before she knew where she was) to the point indignantly mistrusted; and that to make up with me, though I was the aggressor.

If this matter succeed as I'd have it, (or if not, and do not fail by your fault,) I will take you off the necessity of pursuing your cursed smuggling; which otherwise may one day end fatally for you.

We are none of us perfect, M'Donald. This sweet lady makes me serious sometimes in spite of my heart. But as private vices are less blamable than public; an as I think smuggling (as it is called) a national evil; I have no doubt to pronounce you a much worse man than myself, and as such shall take pleasure in reforming you.

I send you enclosed ten guineas, as a small earnest of further favours. Hitherto you have been a very clever fellow.

As to clothes for Thursday, Monmouth-street will afford a ready supply. Clothes quite new would make your condition suspected. But you may defer that care, till you see if she can be prevailed upon. Your riding-dress will do for the first visit. Nor let your boots be over clean. I have always told you the consequence of attending to the minutiae, where art (or imposture, as the ill-mannered would call it) is designed — your linen rumpled and soily, when you wait upon her — easy terms these — just come to town — remember (as formerly) to loll, to throw out your legs, to stroke and grasp down your ruffles, as if of significance enough to be careless. What though the presence of a fine lady would require a different behaviour, are you not of years to dispense with politeness? You can have no design upon her, you know. You are a father yourself of daughters as old as she. Evermore is parade and obsequiousness suspectable: it must show either a foolish head, or a knavish heart. Assume airs of consequence therefore; and you will be treated as a man of consequence. I have often more than half ruined myself by my complaisance; and, being afraid of controul, have brought controul upon myself.

I think I have no more to say at present. I intend to be at Slough, or on the way to it, as by mine to the lady. Adieu, honest M'Donald.

R.L.

LETTER XLV

TO CAPTAIN TOMLINSON [ENCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING; TO BE SHOWN TO THE LADY AS IN CONFIDENCE.] M. HALL, TUESDAY MORN., JUNE 27.

DEAR CAPTAIN TOMLINSON,

An unhappy misunderstanding has arisen between the dearest lady in the world and me (the particulars of which she perhaps may give you, but I will not, because I might be thought partial to myself;) and she refusing to answer my most pressing and respectful letters; I am at a most perplexing uncertainty whether she will meet us or not next Thursday to solemnize.

My Lord is so extremely ill, that if I thought she would not oblige me, I would defer going up to town for two or three days. He cares not to have me out of his sight: yet is impatient to salute my beloved as his neice [sic] before he dies. This I have promised to give him an opportunity to do: intending, if the dear creature will make me happy, to set out with her for this place directly from church.

With regret I speak it of the charmer of my soul, that irreconcilableness is her family-fault — the less excusable indeed for her, as she herself suffers by it in so high a degree from her own relations.

Now, Sir, as you intended to be in town some time before Thursday, if it be not too great an inconvenience to you, I could be glad you would go up as soon as possible, for my sake: and this I the more boldly request, as I presume that a man who has so many great affairs of his own in hand as you have, would be glad to be at a certainty as to the day.

You, Sir, can so pathetically and justly set before her the unhappy consequences that will follow if the day be postponed, as well with regard to her uncle's disappointment, as to the part you have assured me her mother is willing to take in the wished-for reconciliation, that I have great hopes she will suffer herself to be prevailed upon. And a man and horse shall be in waiting to take your dispatches and bring them to me.

But if you cannot prevail in my favour, you will be pleased to satisfy your friend, Mr. John Harlowe, that it is not my fault that he is not obliged. I am, dear Sir,

Your extremely obliged and faithful servant, R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XLVI

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDN. JUNE 28, NEAR TWELVE O'CLOCK.

HONOURED SIR,

I received your's, as your servant desired me to acquaint you, by ten this morning. Horse and man were in a foam.

I instantly equipped myself, as if come off from a journey, and posted away to the lady, intending to plead great affairs that I came not before, in order to favour your antedate; and likewise to be in a hurry, to have a pretence to hurry her ladyship, and to take no denial for her giving a satisfactory return to your messenger. But, upon my entering Mrs. Sinclair's house, I found all in the greatest consternation.

You must not, Sir, be surprised. It is a trouble to me to be the relater of the bad news; but so it is — The lady is gone off! She was missed but half an hour before I came.

Her waiting-maid is run away, or hitherto is not to be found: so that they conclude it was by her connivance.

They had sent, before I came, to my honoured masters Mr. Belton, Mr. Mowbray, and Mr. Belford. Mr. Tourville is out of town.

High words are passing between Madam Sinclair, and Madam Horton, and Madam Martin; as also with Dorcas. And your servant William threatens to hang or drown himself.

They have sent to know if they can hear of Mabell, the waiting-maid, at her mother's, who it seems lives in Chick-lane, West-Smithfield; and to an uncle of her's also, who keeps an alehouse at Cow-cross, had by, and with whom she lived last.

Your messenger having just changed his horse, is come back: so I will not detain him longer than to add, that I am, with great concern for this misfortune, and thanks for your seasonable favour and kind intentions towards me — I am sure this was not my fault —

Honoured Sir, Your most obliged, humble servant, PATRICK M'DONALD.

LETTER XLVII

MR. MOWBRAY, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, TWELVE O'CLOCK.

DEAR LOVELACE,

I have plaguy news to acquaint thee with. Miss Harlowe is gone off! — Quite gone, by soul! — I have no time for particulars, your servant being gone off. But if I had, we are not yet come to the bottom of the matter. The ladies here are all blubbering like devills, accusing one another most confoundedly: whilst Belton and I damn them all together in thy name.

If thou shouldst hear that thy fellow Will. is taken dead out of some horse-pond, and Dorcas cut down from her bed's teaster, from dangling in her own garters, be not surprised. Here's the devil to pay. Nobody serene but Jack Belford, who is taking minutes of examinations, accusations, and confessions, with the significant air of a Middlesex Justice; and intends to write at large all particulars, I suppose.

I heartily condole with thee: so does Belton. But it may turn out for the best: for she is gone away with thy marks, I understand. A foolish little devill! Where will she mend herself? for nobody will look upon her. And they tell me that thou wouldst certainly have married her, had she staid. But I know thee better.

Dear Bobby, adieu. If Lord M. will die now, to comfort thee for this loss, what a seasonable exit would he make! Let's have a letter from thee. Pr'ythee do. Thou can'st write devill-like to Belford, who shews us nothing at all. Thine heartily,

RD. MOWBRAY.

LETTER XLVIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

Thou hast heard from M'Donald and Mowbray the news. Bad or good, I know not which thou'lt deem it. I only wish I could have given thee joy upon the same account, before the unhappy lady was seduced from Hampstead; for then of what an ungrateful villany hadst thou been spared the perpetration, which now thou hast to answer for!

I came to town purely to serve thee with her, expecting that thy next would satisfy me that I might endeavour it without dishonour. And at first when I found her gone, I half pitied thee; for now wilt thou be inevitably blown up: and in what an execrable light wilt thou appear to all the world! — Poor Lovelace! caught in thy own snares! thy punishment is but beginning.

But to my narrative: for I suppose thou expectest all particulars from me, since Mowbray has informed thee that I have been collecting them.

'The noble exertion of spirit she has made on Friday night, had, it seems, greatly disordered her; insomuch that she was not visible till Saturday evening; when Mabell saw her; and she seemed to be very ill: but on Sunday morning, having dressed herself, as if designing to go to church, she ordered Mabell to get her a coach to the door.

'The wench told her, She was to obey her in every thing but the calling of a coach or chair, or in relation to letters.

'She sent for Will. and gave him the same command.

'He pleaded his master's orders to the contrary, and desired to be excused.

'Upon this, down she went, herself, and would have gone out without observation; but finding the street-door double-locked, and the key not in the lock, she stept into the street-parlour, and would have thrown up the sash to call out to the people passing by, as they doubted not: but that, since her last attempt of the same nature, had been fastened down.

'Hereupon she resolutely stept into Mrs. Sinclair's parlour in the back-house; where were the old devil and her two partners; and demanded the key of the street-door, or to have it opened for her.

'They were all surprised; but desired to be excused, and pleaded your orders.

'She asserted, that you had no authority over her; and never should have any: that their present refusal was their own act and deed: she saw the intent of their back house, and the reason of putting her there: she pleaded her condition and fortune; and said, they had no way to avoid utter ruin, but by opening their doors to her, or by murdering her, and burying her in their garden or cellar, too deep for

detection: that already what had been done to her was punishable by death: and bid them at their peril detain her.'

What a noble, what a right spirit has this charming creature, in cases that will justify an exertion of spirit! —

'They answered that Mr. Lovelace could prove his marriage, and would indemnify them. And they all would have vindicated their behaviour on Friday night, and the reputation of their house. But refusing to hear them on that topic, she flung from them threatening.

'She then went up half a dozen stairs in her way to her own apartment: but, as if she had bethought herself, down she stept again, and proceeded towards the street-parlour; saying, as she passed by the infamous Dorcas, I'll make myself protectors, though the windows suffer. But that wench, of her own head, on the lady's going out of that parlour to Mrs. Sinclair's, had locked the door, and taken out the key: so that finding herself disappointed, she burst into tears, and went sobbing and menacing up stairs again.

'She made no other attempt till the effectual one. Your letters and messages, they suppose, coming so fast upon one another (though she would not answer one of them) gave her some amusement, and an assurance to them, that she would at last forgive you; and that then all would end as you wished.

'The women, in pursuance of your orders, offered not to obtrude themselves upon her; and Dorcas also kept out of her sight all the rest of Sunday; also on Monday and Tuesday. But by the lady's condescension, (even to familiarity) to Mabell, they imagined, that she must be working in her mind all that time to get away. They therefore redoubled their cautions to the wench; who told them so faithfully all that passed between her lady and her, that they had no doubt of her fidelity to her wicked trust.

''Tis probable she might have been contriving something all this time; but saw no room for perfecting any scheme. The contrivance by which she effected her escape seems to me not to have been fallen upon till the very day; since it depended partly upon the weather, as it proved. But it is evident she hoped something from Mabell's simplicity, or gratitude, or compassion, by cultivating all the time her civility to her.

'Polly waited on her early on Wednesday morning; and met with a better reception than she had reason to expect. She complained however, with warmth, of her confinement. Polly said there would be an happy end to it (if it were a confinement,) next day, she presumed. She absolutely declared to the contrary, in the way Polly meant it; and said, That Mr. Lovelace, on his return [which looked as if she intended to wait for it] should have reason to repent the orders he had given, as they all should their observance of them: let him send twenty letters, she

would not answer one, be the consequence what it would; nor give him hope of the least favour, while she was in that house. She had given Mrs. Sinclair and themselves fair warning, she said: no orders of another ought to make them detain a free person: but having made an open attempt to go, and been detained by them, she was the calmer, she told Polly; let them look to the consequence.

'But yet she spoke this with temper; and Polly gave it as her opinion, (with apprehension for their own safety,) that having so good a handle to punish them all, she would not go away if she might. And what, inferred Polly, is the indemnity of a man who has committed the vilest of rapes on a person of condition; and must himself, if prosecuted for it, either fly, or be hanged?

'Sinclair, [so I will still call her,] upon this representation of Polly, foresaw, she said, the ruin of her poor house in the issue of this strange business; and the infamous Sally and Dorcas bore their parts in the apprehension: and this put them upon thinking it advisable for the future, that the street-door should generally in the day-time be only left upon a bolt-latch, as they called it, which any body might open on the inside; and that the key should be kept in the door; that their numerous comers and goers, as they called their guests, should be able to give evidence, that she might have gone out if she would: not forgetting, however, to renew their orders to Will. to Dorcas, to Mabell, and the rest, to redouble their vigilance on this occasion, to prevent her escape: none of them doubting, at the same time, that her love of a man so considerable in their eyes, and the prospect of what was to happen, as she had reason to believe, on Thursday, her uncle's birth-day, would (though perhaps not till the last hour, for her pride sake, was their word) engage her to change her temper.

'They believe, that she discovered the key to be left in the door; for she was down more than once to walk in the little garden, and seemed to cast her eye each time to the street-door.

'About eight yesterday morning, an hour after Polly had left her, she told Mabell, she was sure she should not live long; and having a good many suits of apparel, which after her death would be of no use to any body she valued, she would give her a brown lustring gown, which, with some alterations to make it more suitable to her degree, would a great while serve her for a Sunday wear; for that she (Mabell) was the only person in that house of whom she could think without terror or antipathy.

'Mabell expressing her gratitude upon the occasion, the lady said, she had nothing to employ herself about, and if she could get a workwoman directly, she would look over her things then, and give her what she intended for her.

'Her mistress's mantua-maker, the maid replied, lived but a little way off: and she doubted not that she could procure her, or one of the journey-women to alter

the gown out of hand.

‘I will give you also, said she, a quilted coat, which will require but little alteration, if any; for you are much about my stature: but the gown I will give directions about, because the sleeves and the robings and facings must be altered for your wear, being, I believe, above your station: and try, said she, if you can get the workwoman, and we’ll advise about it. If she cannot come now, let her come in the afternoon; but I had rather now, because it will amuse me to give you a lift.

‘Then stepping to the window, it rains, said she, [and so it had done all the morning:] slip on the hood and short cloak I have seen you wear, and come to me when you are ready to go out, because you shall bring me in something that I want.

‘Mabell equipped herself accordingly, and received her commands to buy her some trifles, and then left her; but in her way out, stept into the back parlour, where Dorcas was with Mrs. Sinclair, telling her where she was going, and on what account, bidding Dorcas look out till she came back. So faithful as the wench to the trust reposed in her, and so little had the lady’s generosity wrought upon her.

‘Mrs. Sinclair commended her; Dorcas envied her, and took her cue: and Mabell soon returned with the mantua-maker’s journey-woman; (she resolved, she said, but she would not come without her); and then Dorcas went off guard.

‘The lady looked out the gown and petticoat, and before the workwoman caused Mabell to try it on; and, that it might fit the better, made the willing wench pull off her upper-petticoat, and put on that she gave her. Then she bid them go into Mr. Lovelace’s apartment, and contrive about it before the pier-glass there, and stay till she came to them, to give them her opinion.

‘Mabell would have taken her own clothes, and hood, and short cloak with her: but her lady said, No matter; you may put them on again here, when we have considered about the alterations: there’s no occasion to litter the other room.

‘They went; and instantly, as it is supposed, she slipt on Mabell’s gown and petticoat over her own, which was white damask, and put on the wench’s hood, short cloak, and ordinary apron, and down she went.

‘Hearing somebody tripping along the passage, both Will. and Dorcas whipt to the inner-hall door, and saw her; but, taking her for Mabell, Are you going far, Mabell? cried Will.

‘Without turning her face, or answering, she held out her hand, pointing to the stairs; which they construed as a caution for them to look out in her absence; and supposing she would not be long gone, as she had not in form, repeated her caution to them, up went Will, tarrying at the stairs-head in expectation of the supposed Mabell’s return.

‘Mabell and the workwoman waited a good while, amusing themselves not disagreeably, the one with contriving in the way of her business, the other delighting herself with her fine gown and coat. But at last, wondering the lady did not come in to them, Mabell tiptoed it to her door, and tapping, and not being answered, stept into the chamber.

‘Will. at that instant, from his station at the stairs-head, seeing Mabell in her lady’s clothes; for he had been told of the present, [gifts to servants fly from servant to servant in a minute,] was very much surprised, having, as he thought, just seen her go out in her own; and stepping up, met her at the door. How the devil can this be? said he: just now you went out in your own dress! How came you here in this? and how could you pass me unseen? but nevertheless, kissing her, said, he would now brag he had kissed his lady, or one in her clothes.

‘I am glad, Mr. William, cried Mabell, to see you here so diligently. But know you where my lady is?

‘In my master’s apartment, answered Will. Is she not? Was she not talking with you this moment?

‘No, that’s Mrs. Dolins’s journey-woman.

‘They both stood aghast, as they said; Will, again recollecting he had seen Mabell, as he thought, go out in her own clothes. And while they were debating and wondering, up comes Dorcas with your fourth letter, just then brought for the lady, and seeing Mabell dressed out, (whom she had likewise beheld a little before), as she supposed, in her common clothes; she joined in the wonder; till Mabell, re-entering the lady’s apartment, missed her own clothes; and then suspecting what had happened, and letting the others into the ground of the suspicion, they all agreed that she had certainly escaped. And then followed such an uproar of mutual accusation, and you should have done this, and you have done that, as alarmed the whole house; every apartment in both houses giving up its devil, to the number of fourteen or fifteen, including the mother and her partners.

‘Will. told them his story; and then ran out, as on the like occasion formerly, to make inquiry whether the lady was seen by any of the coachmen, chairmen, or porters, plying in that neighbourhood: while Dorcas cleared herself immediately, and that at the poor Mabell’s expense, who made a figure as guilty as awkward, having on the suspected price of her treachery; which Dorcas, out of envy, was ready to tear from her back.

‘Hereupon all the pack opened at the poor wench, while the mother foamed at the mouth, bellowed out her orders for seizing the suspected offender; who could neither be heard in her own defence, nor had she been heard, would have been believed.

‘That such a perfidious wretch should ever disgrace her house, was the mother’s cry; good people might be corrupted; but it was a fine thing if such a house as her’s could not be faithfully served by cursed creatures who were hired knowing the business they were to be employed in, and who had no pretence to principle! — D — n her, the wretch proceeded! — She had no patience with her! call the cook, and call the scullion!

‘They were at hand.

‘See, that guilty pyeball devil, was her word — (her lady’s gown upon her back) — but I’ll punish her for a warning to all betrayers of their trust. Put on the great gridiron this moment, [an oath or a curse at every word:] make up a roaring fire — the cleaver bring me this instant — I’ll cut her into quarters with my own hands; and carbonade and broil the traitress for a feast to all the dogs and cats in the neighbourhood, and eat the first slice of the toad myself, without salt or pepper.

‘The poor Mabell, frighted out of her wits, expected every moment to be torn in pieces, having half a score open-clawed paws upon her all at once. She promised to confess all. But that all, when she had obtained a hearing, was nothing: for nothing had she to confess.

‘Sally, hereupon with a curse of mercy, ordered her to retire; undertaking that she and Polly would examine her themselves, that they might be able to write all particulars to his honour; and then, if she could not clear herself, or, if guilty, give some account of the lady, (who had been so wicked as to give them all this trouble,) so as they might get her again, then the cleaver and gridiron might go to work with all their heart.

‘The wench, glad of this reprieve, went up stairs; and while Sally was laying out the law, and prating away in her usual dictorial manner, whipt on another gown, and sliding down the stairs, escaped to her relations. And this flight, which was certainly more owing to terror than guilt, was, in the true Old Bailey construction, made a confirmation of the latter.’

* * *

These are the particulars of Miss Harlowe’s flight. Thou’lt hardly think me too minute. — How I long to triumph over thy impatience and fury on the occasion!

Let me beseech thee, my dear Lovelace, in thy next letter, to rave most gloriously! — I shall be grievously disappointed if thou dost not.

* * *

Where, Lovelace, can the poor lady be gone? And who can describe the distress she must be in?

By thy former letters, it may be supposed, that she can have very little money: nor, by the suddenness of her flight, more clothes than those she has on. And thou knowest who once said,* 'Her parents will not receive her. Her uncles will not entertain her. Her Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miss Howe dare not. She has not one friend or intimate in town — entirely a stranger to it.' And, let me add, has been despoiled of her honour by the man for whom she had made all these sacrifices; and who stood bound to her by a thousand oaths and vows, to be her husband, her protector, and friend!

* See Vol. IV. Letter XXI.

How strong must be her resentment of the barbarous treatment she has received! how worthy of herself, that it has made her hate the man she once loved! and, rather than marry him, choose to expose her disgrace to the whole world: to forego the reconciliation with her friends which her heart was so set upon: and to hazard a thousand evils to which her youth and her sex may too probably expose an indigent and friendly beauty!

Rememberest thou not that home push upon thee, in one of the papers written in her delirium; of which, however it savours not? ——

I will assure thee, that I have very often since most seriously reflected upon it: and as thy intended second outrage convinces me that it made no impression upon thee then, and perhaps thou hast never thought of it since, I will transcribe the sentence.

'If, as religion teaches us, God will judge us, in a great measure! by our benevolent or evil actions to one another — O wretch! bethink thee, in time bethink thee, how great must be thy condemnation.'*

* See Vol. VI. Letter XVI.

And is this amiable doctrine the sum of religion? Upon my faith, believe it is. For, to indulge a serious thought, since we are not atheists, except in practice, does God, the BEING of Beings, want any thing of us for HIMSELF! And does he not enjoin us works of mercy to one another, as the means to obtain his mercy? A sublime principle, and worthy of the SUPREME SUPERINTENDENT and FATHER of all things! — But if we are to be judged by this noble principle, what, indeed, must be thy condemnation on the score of this lady only? and what mine, and what all our confraternity's, on the score of other women: though we are none of us half so bad as thou art, as well for want of inclination, I hope, as of opportunity!

I must add, that, as well for thy own sake, as for the lady's, I wish ye were yet to be married to each other. It is the only medium that can be hit upon to salve the

honour of both. All that's past may yet be concealed from the world, and from all her sufferings, if thou resolvest to be a tender and kind husband to her.

And if this really be thy intention, I will accept with pleasure of a commission from thee that shall tend to promote so good an end, whenever she can be found; that is to say, if she will admit to her presence a man who professes friendship to thee. Nor can I give a greater demonstration, that I am

Thy sincere friend, J. BELFORD.

P.S. Mabell's clothes were thrown into the passage this morning: nobody knows by whom.

LETTER XLIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, JUNE 30.

I am ruined, undone, blown up, destroyed, and worse than annihilated, that's certain! — But was not the news shocking enough, dost thou think, without thy throwing into the too-weighty scale reproaches, which thou couldst have had no opportunity to make but for my own voluntary communications? at a time too, when, as it falls out, I have another very sensible disappointment to struggle with?

I imagine, if there be such a thing as future punishment, it must be none of the smallest mortifications, that a new devil shall be punished by a worse old one. And, take that! And, take that! to have the old satyr cry to the screaming sufferer, laying on with a cat-o'-nine-tails, with a star of burning brass at the end of each: and, for what! for what! — Why, if the truth may be fairly told, for not being so bad a devil as myself.

Thou art, surely, casuist good enough to know, (what I have insisted upon* heretofore,) that the sin of seducing a credulous and easy girl, is as great as that of bringing to your lure an incredulous and watchful one.

* See Vol. IV. Letter XVII.

However ungenerous an appearance what I am going to say may have from my pen, let me tell thee, that if such a woman as Miss Harlowe chose to enter into the matrimonial state, [I am resolved to disappoint thee in thy meditated triumph over my rage and despair!] and, according to the old patriarchal system, to go on contributing to get sons and daughters, with no other view than to bring them up piously, and to be good and useful members of the commonwealth, what a devil had she to do, to let her fancy run a gadding after a rake? one whom she knew to be a rake?

Oh! but truly she hoped to have the merit of reclaiming him. She had formed pretty notions how charming it would look to have a penitent of her own making dangling at her side at church, through an applauding neighbourhood: and, as their family increased, marching with her thither, at the head of their boys and girls, processionally, as it were, boasting of the fruits of their honest desires, as my good lord bishop has it in his license. And then, what a comely sight, all kneeling down together in one pew, according to eldership as we have seen in effigy, a whole family upon some old monument, where the honest chevalier in armour is presented kneeling, with up-lifted hands, and half a dozen jolter-headed crop-eared boys behind him, ranged gradatim, or step-fashion according to age and size, all in the same posture — facing his pious dame, with a ruff about her neck, and as many whey-faced girls all kneeling behind her: an altar between

them, and an open book upon it: over their heads semiluminary rays darting from gilded clouds, surrounding an achievement-motto, IN COELO SALUS — or QUIES — perhaps, if they have happened to live the usual married life of brawl and contradiction.

It is certainly as much my misfortune to have fallen in with Miss Clarissa Harlowe, were I to have valued my reputation or ease, as it is that of Miss Harlowe to have been acquainted with me. And, after all, what have I done more than prosecute the maxim, by which thou and I and every rake are governed, and which, before I knew this lady, we have pursued from pretty girl to pretty girl, as fast as we have set one down, taking another up; — just as the fellows do with their flying coaches and flying horses at a country fair —— with a Who rides next! Who rides next!

But here in the present case, to carry on the volant metaphor, (for I must either be merry, or mad,) is a pretty little miss just come out of her hanging-sleeve-coat, brought to buy a pretty little fairing; for the world, Jack, is but a great fair, thou knowest; and, to give thee serious reflection for serious, all its joys but tinselled hobby-horses, gilt gingerbread, squeaking trumpets, painted drums, and so forth.

Now behold this pretty little miss skimming from booth to booth, in a very pretty manner. One pretty little fellow called Wyerley, perhaps; another jiggeting rascal called Biron, a third simpering varlet of the name of Symmes, and a more hideous villain than any of the reset, with a long bag under his arm, and parchment settlements tagged to his heels, yelped Solmes: pursue her from raree-show to raree-show, shouldering upon one another at every turn, stopping when she stops, and set a spinning again when she moves. And thus dangled after, but still in the eye of her watchful guardians, traverses the pretty little miss through the whole fair, equally delighted and delighting: till at last, taken with the invitation of the laced-hat orator, and seeing several pretty little bib-wearers stuck together in the flying-coaches, cutting safely the yielding air, in the one-go-up the other go-down picture-of-the-world vehicle, and all with as little fear as wit, is tempted to ride next.

In then suppose she slily pops, when none of her friends are near her: And if, after two or three ups and downs, her pretty head turns giddy, and she throws herself out of the coach when at its elevation, and so dashes out her pretty little brains, who can help it? — And would you hang the poor fellow, whose professed trade it was to set the pretty little creature a flying?

’Tis true, this pretty little miss, being a very pretty little miss, being a very much-admired little miss, being a very good little miss, who always minded her book, and had passed through her sampler-doctrine with high applause; had even stitched out, in gaudy propriety of colors, an Abraham offering up Isaac, a

Sampson and the Philistines; and flowers, and knots, and trees, and the sun and the moon, and the seven stars, all hung up in frames with glasses before them, for the admiration of her future grand children: who likewise was entitled to a very pretty little estate: who was descended from a pretty little family upwards of one hundred years gentility; which lived in a very pretty little manner, respected a very little on their own accounts, a great deal on her's: ——

For such a pretty little miss as this to come to so great a misfortune, must be a very sad thing: But, tell me, would not the losing of any ordinary child, of any other less considerable family, or less shining or amiable qualities, have been as great and heavy a loss to that family, as the losing this pretty little miss could be to her's?

To descend to a very low instance, and that only as to personality; hast thou any doubt, that thy strong-muscled bony-faced was as much admired by thy mother, as if it had been the face of a Lovelace, or any other handsome fellow? And had thy picture been drawn, would she have forgiven the painter, had he not expressed so exactly thy lineaments, as that every one should have discerned the likeness? The handsome likeness is all that is wished for. Ugliness made familiar to us, with the partiality natural to fond parents, will be beauty all the world over. — Do thou apply.

But, alas! Jack, all this is but a copy of my countenance, drawn to evade thy malice! — Though it answer thy unfriendly purpose to own it, I cannot forbear to own it, that I am stung to the very soul with this unhappy — accident, must I call it! — Have I nobody, whose throat, either for carelessness or treachery, I ought to cut, in order to pacify my vengeance?

When I reflect upon my last iniquitous intention, the first outrage so nobly resented, as well as, so far as she was able, so nobly resisted, I cannot but conclude, that I was under the power of fascination from these accursed Circes; who, pretending to know their own sex, would have it, that there is in every woman a yielding, or a weak-resisting moment to be met with: and that yet, and yet, and yet, I had not tried enough; but that, if neither love nor terror should enable me to hit that lucky moment, when, by help of their cursed arts, she was once overcome, she would be for ever overcome: — appealing to all my experience, to all my knowledge of the sex, for justification of their assertion.

My appeal to experience, I own, was but too favourable to their argument: For dost thou think I could have held my purpose against such an angel as this, had I ever before met with a woman so much in earnest to defend her honour against the unwearied artifices and perseverance of the man she loved? Why then were there not more examples of a virtue so immovable? Or, why was this singular one to fall to my lot? except indeed to double my guilt; and at the same time to

convince all that should hear her story, that there are angels as well as devils in the flesh?

So much for confession; and for the sake of humouring my conscience; with a view likewise to disarm thy malice by acknowledgement: since no one shall say worse of me, than I will of myself on this occasion.

One thing I will nevertheless add, to show the sincerity of my contrition— 'Tis this, that if thou canst by any means find her out within these three days, or any time before she has discovered the stories relating to Captain Tomlinson and her uncle to be what they are; and if thou canst prevail upon her to consent, I will actually, in thy presence and his, (he to represent her uncle,) marry her.

I am still in hopes it may be so — she cannot be long concealed — I have already set all engines at work to find her out! and if I do, what indifferent persons, [and no one of her friends, as thou observest, will look upon her,] will care to embroil themselves with a man of my figure, fortune, and resolution? Show her this part, then, or any other part of this letter, as thy own discretion, if thou canst find her: for, after all, methinks, I would be glad that this affair, which is bad enough in itself, should go off without worse personal consequences to any body else: and yet it runs in my mind, I know not why, that, sooner or later it will draw a few drops of blood after it; except she and I can make it up between ourselves. And this may be another reason why she should not carry her resentment too far — not that such an affair would give me much concern neither, were I to choose any man of men, for I heartily hate all her family, but herself; and ever shall.

* * *

Let me add, that the lady's plot to escape appears to me no extraordinary one. There was much more luck than probability that it should do: since, to make it succeed, it was necessary that Dorcas and Will., and Sinclair and her nymphs, should be all deceived, or off their guard. It belongs to me, when I see them, to give them my hearty thanks that they were; and that their selfish care to provide for their own future security, should induce them to leave their outward door upon their bolt-latch, and be curs'd to them.

Mabell deserves a pitch suit and a bonfire, rather than the lustring; and as her clothes are returned, le the lady's be put to her others, to be sent to her when it can be told whither — but not till I give the word neither; for we must get the dear fugitive back again if possible.

I suppose that my stupid villain, who knew not such a goddess-shaped lady with a mien so noble, from the awkward and bent-shouldered Mabell, has been at

Hampstead to see after her. And yet I hardly think she would go thither. He ought to go through every street where bills for lodgings are up, to inquire after a new-comer. The houses of such as deal in women's matters, and tea, coffee, and such-like, are those to be inquired at for her. If some tidings be not quickly heard of her, I would not have either Dorcas, Will., or Mabell, appear in my sight, whatever their superiors think fit to do.

This, though written in character, is a very long letter, considering it is not a narrative one, or a journal of proceedings, like most of my former; for such will unavoidably and naturally, as I may say, run into length. But I have so used myself to write a great deal of late, that I know not how to help it. Yet I must add to its length, in order to explain myself on a hint I gave at the beginning of it; which was, that I have another disappointment, besides this of Miss Harlowe's escape, to bemoan.

And what dost thou think it is? Why, the old Peer, pox of his tough constitution, (for that malady would have helped him on,) has made shift by fire and brimstone, and the devil knows what, to force the gout to quit the counterscarp of his stomach, just as it had collected all its strength, in order to storm the citadel of his heart. In short, they have, by the mere force of stink-pots, hand-granades, and pop-guns, driven the slow-working pioneer quite out of the trunk into the extremities; and there it lies nibbling and gnawing upon his great toe; when I had a fair end of the distemper and the distempered.

But I, who could write to thee of laudanum, and the wet cloth, formerly, yet let 8000£. a year slip through my fingers, when I had entered upon it more than in imagination, [for I had begun to ask the stewards questions, and to hear them talk of fines and renewals, and such sort of stuff,] deserve to be mortified.

Thou canst not imagine how differently the servants, and even my cousins, look upon me, since yesterday, to what they did before. Neither the one nor the other bow or courtesy half so low — nor am I a quarter so often his honour and your honour, as I was within these few hours, with the former: and as to the latter — it is cousin Bobby again, with the usual familiarity, instead of Sir, and Sir, and If you please, Mr. Lovelace. And now they have the insolence to congratulate me on the recovery of the best of uncles; while I am forced to seem as much delighted as they, when, would it do me good, I could sit down and cry my eyes out.

I had bespoke my mourning in imagination, after the example of a certain foreign minister, who, before the death, or even last illness of Charles II., as honest White Kennet tells us, had half exhausted Blackwell-hall of its sables — an indication, as the historian would insinuate, that the monarch was to be poisoned, and the ambassador in the secret. — And yet, fool that I was, I could

not take the hint — What the devil does a man read history for, if he cannot profit by the examples he find in it?

But thus, Jack, is an observation of the old Peer's verified, that one misfortune seldom comes alone: and so concludes

Thy doubly mortified LOVELACE.

LETTER L

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE WEDNESDAY NIGHT, JUNE 28.

O MY DEAREST MISS HOWE!

Once more have I escaped — But, alas! I, my best self, have not escaped! — Oh! your poor Clarissa Harlowe! you also will hate me, I fear! ——

Yet you won't, when you know all!

But no more of my self! my lost self. You that can rise in a morning to be blest, and to bless; and go to rest delighted with your own reflections, and in your unbroken, unstarting slumbers, conversing with saints and angels, the former only more pure than yourself, as they have shaken off the incumbrance of body; you shall be my subject, as you have long, long, been my only pleasure. And let me, at awful distance, revere my beloved Anna Howe, and in her reflect upon what her Clarissa Harlowe once was!

* * *

Forgive, O forgive my rambling. My peace is destroyed. My intellects are touched. And what flighty nonsense must you read, if you now will vouchsafe to correspond with me, as formerly!

O my best, my dearest, my only friend! what a tale have I to unfold! — But still upon self, this vile, this hated self! — I will shake it off, if possible; and why should I not, since I think, except one wretch, I hate nothing so much? Self, then, be banished from self one moment (for I doubt it will be for no longer) to inquire after a dearer object, my beloved Anna Howe! — whose mind, all robed in spotless white, charms and irradiates — But what would I say? ——

* * *

And how, my dearest friend, after this rhapsody, which on re-perusal, I would not let go, but to show you what a distracted mind dictates to my trembling pen! How do you? You have been very ill, it seems. That you are recovered, my dear, let me hear. That your mother is well, pray let me hear, and hear quickly. This comfort surely is owing to me; for if life is no worse than chequer-work, I must now have a little white to come, having seen nothing but black, all unchequered dismal black, for a great, great while.

* * *

And what is all this wild incoherence for? It is only to beg to know how you have been, and how you do now, by a line directed for Mrs. Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's, a glove-shop, in King-street, Covent-garden; which (although my abode is secret to every body else) will reach the hands of — your unhappy — but that's not enough ——

Your miserable CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LI

MRS. HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [SUPERSCRIBED AS DIRECTED IN THE PRECEDING.] FRIDAY, JUNE 30.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE,

You will wonder to receive a letter from me. I am sorry for the great distress you seem to be in. Such a hopeful young lady as you were! But see what comes of disobedience to parents!

For my part; although I pity you, yet I much more pity your poor father and mother. Such education as they gave you! such improvement as you made! and such delight as they took in you! — And all come to this! —

But pray, Miss, don't make my Nancy guilt of your fault; which is that of disobedience. I have charged her over and over not to correspond with one who had made such a giddy step. It is not to her reputation, I am sure. You know that I so charged her; yet you go on corresponding together, to my very great vexation; for she has been very perverse upon it more than once. Evil communication, Miss — you know the rest.

Here, people cannot be unhappy by themselves, but they must invoke their friends and acquaintance whose discretion has kept them clear of their errors, into near as much unhappiness as if they had run into the like of their own heads! Thus my poor daughter is always in tears and grief. And she has postponed her own felicity, truly, because you are unhappy.

If people, who seek their own ruin, could be the only sufferers by their headstrong doings, it were something: But, O Miss, Miss! what have you to answer for, who have made as many grieved hearts as have known you! The whole sex is indeed wounded by you: For, who but Miss Clarissa Harlowe was proposed by every father and mother for a pattern for their daughters?

I write a long letter, where I proposed to say but a few words; and those to forbid your writing to my Nancy: and this as well because of the false step you have made, as because it will grieve her poor heart, and do you no good. If you love her, therefore, write not to her. Your sad letter came into my hands, Nancy being abroad: and I shall not show it her: for there would be no comfort for her, if she saw it, nor for me, whose delight she is — as you once was to your parents. —

But you seem to be sensible enough of your errors now. — So are all giddy girls, when it is too late: and what a crest-fallen figure then do the consequences of their self-willed obstinacy and headstrongness compel them to make!

I may say too much: only as I think it proper to bear that testimony against your rashness which it behoves every careful parent to bear: and none more than

Your compassionating, well-wishing ANNABELLA HOWE.

I send this by a special messenger, who has business only so far as Barnet, because you shall have no need to write again; knowing how you love writing: and knowing, likewise, that misfortune makes people plaintive.

LETTER LII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. HOWE. SATURDAY, JULY 1.

Permit me, Madam, to trouble you with a few lines, were it only to thank you for your reproofs; which have nevertheless drawn fresh streams of blood from a bleeding heart.

My story is a dismal story. It has circumstances in it that would engage pity, and possibly a judgment not altogether unfavourable, were those circumstances known. But it is my business, and shall be all my business, to repent of my failings, and not endeavour to extenuate them.

Nor will I seek to distress your worthy mind. If I cannot suffer alone, I will make as few parties as I can in my sufferings. And, indeed, I took up my pen with this resolution when I wrote the letter which has fallen into your hands. It was only to know, and that for a very particular reason, as well as for affection unbounded, if my dear Miss Howe, from whom I had not heard of a long time, were ill; as I had been told she was; and if so, how she now does. But my injuries being recent, and my distresses having been exceeding great, self would crowd into my letter. When distressed, the human mind is apt to turn itself to every one, in whom it imagined or wished an interest, for pity and consolation. — Or, to express myself better, and more concisely, in your own words, misfortune makes people plaintive: And to whom, if not to a friend, can the afflicted complain?

Miss Howe being abroad when my letter came, I flatter myself that she is recovered. But it would be some satisfaction to me to be informed if she has been ill. Another line from your hand would be too great a favour: but if you will be pleased to direct any servant to answer yes, or no, to that question, I will not be farther troublesome.

Nevertheless, I must declare, that my Miss Howe's friendship was all the comfort I had, or expected to have in this world; and a line from her would have been a cordial to my fainting heart. Judge then, dearest Madam, how reluctantly I must obey your prohibition — but yet I will endeavour to obey it; although I should have hoped, as well from the tenor of all that has passed between Miss Howe and me, as from her established virtue, that she could not be tainted by evil communication, had one or two letters been permitted. This, however, I ask not for, since I think I have nothing to do but to beg of God (who, I hope, has not yet withdrawn his grace from me, although he has pleaded to let loose his justice upon my faults) to give me a truly broken spirit, if it be not already broken enough, and then to take to his mercy

The unhappy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Two favours, good Madam, I have to beg of you. — The first, — that you will not let any of my relations know that you have heard from me. The other, — that no living creature be apprized where I am to be heard of, or directed to. This is a point that concerns me more than I can express. — In short, my preservation from further evils may depend upon it.

LETTER LIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO HANNAH BURTON THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MY GOOD HANNAH,

Strange things have happened to me, since you were dismissed my service (so sorely against my will) and your pert fellow servant set over me. But that must all be forgotten now —

How do you, my Hannah? Are you recovered of your illness? If you are, do you choose to come and be with me? Or can you conveniently?

I am a very unhappy creature, and, being among all strangers, should be very glad to have you with me, of whose fidelity and love I have had so many acceptable instances.

Living or dying, I will endeavour to make it worth your while, my Hannah.

If you are recovered, as I hope, and if you have a good place, it may be they would bear with your absence, and suffer somebody in your room for a month or so: and, by that time, I hope to be provided for, and you may then return to your place.

Don’t let any of my friends know of this my desire: whether you can come or not.

I am at Mr. Smith’s, a hosier’s and glove shop, in King-street, Covent-garden.

You must direct to me by the name of Rachel Clark.

Do, my good Hannah, come if you can to your poor young mistress, who always valued you, and always will whether you come or not.

I send this to your mother at St. Alban’s, not knowing where to direct to you. Return me a line, that I may know what to depend upon: and I shall see you have not forgotten the pretty hand you were taught, in happy days, by

Your true friend, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LIV

HANNAH BURTON [IN ANSWER.] MONDAY, JULY 3.

HONORED MADDAM,

I have not forgot to write, and never will forget any thing you, my dear young lady, was so good as to larn me. I am very sorrowful for your misfortens, my dearest young lady; so sorrowfull, I do not know what to do. Gladd at harte would I be to be able to come to you. But indeed I have not been able to stir out of my rome here at my mother's ever since I was forsed to leave my plase with a roomatise, which has made me quite and clene helpless. I will pray for you night and day, my dearest, my kindest, my goodest young lady, who have been so badly used; and I am very sorry I cannot come to do you love and sarvice; which will ever be in the harte of mee to do, if it was in my power: who am

Your most dutiful servant to command, HANNAH BURTON.

LETTER LV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MY DEAR MRS. NORTON,

I address myself to you, after a very long silence, (which, however, was not owing either to want of love or duty,) principally to desire you to satisfy me in two or three points, which it behoves me to know.

My father, and all the family, I am informed, are to be at my uncle Harlowe's this day, as usual. Pray acquaint me, if they have been there? And if they were cheerful on the anniversary occasion? And also, if you have heard of any journey, or intended journey, of my brother, in company with Captain Singleton and Mr. Solmes?

Strange things have happened to me, my dear, worthy and maternal friend — very strange things! — Mr. Lovelace has proved a very barbarous and ungrateful man to me. But, God be praised, I have escaped from him. Being among absolute strangers (though I think worthy folks) I have written to Hannah Burton to come and be with me. If the good creature fall in your way, pray encourage her to come to me. I always intended to have her, she knows: but hoped to be in happier circumstances.

Say nothing to any of my friends that you have heard from me.

Pray, do you think my father would be prevailed upon, if I were to supplicate him by letter, to take off the heavy curse he laid upon me at my going from Harlowe-place? I can expect no other favour from him. But that being literally fulfilled as to my prospects in this life, I hope it will be thought to have operated far enough; and my heart is so weak! — it is very weak! — But for my father's own sake — what should I say! — Indeed I hardly know how I ought to express myself on this sad subject! — but it will give ease to my mind to be released from it.

I am afraid my Poor, as I used to call the good creatures to whose necessities I was wont to administer by your faithful hands, have missed me of late. But now, alas! I am poor myself. It is not the least aggravation of my fault, nor of my regrets, that with such inclinations as God has given me, I have put it our of my power to do the good I once pleased myself to think I was born to do. It is a sad thing, my dearest Mrs. Nortin, to render useless to ourselves and the world, by our own rashness, the talents which Providence has intrusted to us, for the service of both.

But these reflections are now too late; and perhaps I ought to have kept them to myself. Let me, however, hope that you love me still. Pray let me hope that you do. And then, notwithstanding my misfortunes, which have made me seem ungrateful to the kind and truly maternal pains you have taken with me from my cradle, I shall have the happiness to think that there is one worthy person, who hates not

The unfortunate CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Pray remember me to my foster-brother. I hope he continues dutiful and good to you.

Be pleased to direct for Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's, in King-street, Covent-garden. But keep the direction an absolute secret.

LETTER LVI

MRS. NORTON [IN ANSWER.] SATURDAY, JULY 1.

Your letter, my dearest young lady, cuts me to the heart! Why will you not let me know all your distresses? — Yet you have said enough!

My son is very good to me. A few hours ago he was taken with a feverish disorder. But I hope it will go off happily, if his ardour for business will give him the recess from it which his good master is willing to allow him. He presents his duty to you, and shed tears at hearing your sad letter read.

You have been misinformed as to your family's being at your uncle Harlowe's. They did not intend to be there. Nor was the day kept at all. Indeed, they have not stirred out, but to church (and that but three times) ever since the day you went away. — Unhappy day for them, and for all who know you! — To me, I am sure, most particularly so! — My heart now bleeds more and more for you.

I have not heard a syllable of such a journey as you mentioned of your brother, Captain Singleton, and Mr. Solmes. There has been some talk indeed of your brother's setting out for his northern estates: but I have not heard of it lately.

I am afraid no letter will be received from you. It grieves me to tell you so, my dearest young lady. No evil can have happened to you, which they do not expect to hear of; so great is their antipathy to the wicked man, and so bad is his character.

I cannot but think hardly of their unforgiveness: but there is no judging for others by one's self. Nevertheless I will add, that, if you had had as gentle spirits as mine, these evils had never happened either to them or to you. I knew your virtue, and your love of virtue, from your very cradle; and I doubted not but that, with God's grace, would always be your guard. But you could never be driven; nor was there occasion to drive you — so generous, so noble, so discreet. — But how does my love of your amiable qualities increase my affliction; as these recollections must do your's!

You are escaped, my dearest Miss — happily, I hope — that is to say, with your honour — else, how great must be your distress! — Yet, from your letter, I dread the worst.

I am very seldom at Harlowe-place. The house is not the house it used to be, since you went from it. Then they are so relentless! And, as I cannot say harsh things of the beloved child of my heart, as well as bosom, they do not take it amiss that I stay away.

Your Hannah left her place ill some time ago! and, as she is still at her mother's at St. Alban's, I am afraid she continues ill. If so, as you are among

strangers, and I cannot encourage you at present to come into these parts, I shall think it my duty to attend you (let it be taken as it will) as soon as my Tommy's indisposition will permit; which I hope will be soon.

I have a little money by me. You say you are poor yourself. — How grievous are those words from one entitled and accustomed to affluence! — Will you be so good to command it, my beloved young lady? — It is most of it your own bounty to me. And I should take a pride to restore it to its original owner.

Your Poor bless you, and pray for you continually. I have so managed your last benevolence, and they have been so healthy, and have had such constant employ, that it has held out; and will hold out till the happier times return, which I continually pray for.

Let me beg of you, my dearest young lady, to take to yourself all those aids which good persons, like you, draw from RELIGION, in support of their calamities. Let your sufferings be what they will, I am sure you have been innocent in your intention. So do not despond. None are made to suffer above what they can, and therefore ought to bear.

We know not the methods of Providence, nor what wise ends it may have to serve in its seemingly-severe dispensations to its poor creatures.

Few persons have greater reason to say this than myself. And since we are apt in calamities to draw more comfort from example than precept, you will permit me to remind you of my own lot: For who has had a greater share of afflictions than myself?

To say nothing of the loss of an excellent mother, at a time of life when motherly care is most wanted; the death of a dear father, who was an ornament to his cloth, (and who had qualified me to be his scribe and amanuensis,) just as he came within view of a preferment which would have made his family easy, threw me friendless into the wide world; threw me upon a very careless, and, which was much worse, a very unkind husband. Poor man! — but he was spared long enough, thank God, in a tedious illness, to repent of his neglected opportunities, and his light principles; which I have always thought of with pleasure, although I was left the more destitute for his chargeable illness, and ready to be brought to bed, when he died, of my Tommy.

But this very circumstance, which I thought the unhappiest that I could have been left in, (so short-sighted is human prudence!) became the happy means of recommending me to your mother, who, in regard to my character, and in compassion to my very destitute circumstances, permitted me, as I made a conscience of not parting with my poor boy, to nurse both you and him, born within a few days of each other. And I have never since wanted any of the humble blessings which God has made me contented with.

Nor have I known what a very great grief was, from the day of my poor husband's death till the day that your parents told me how much they were determined that you should have Mr. Solmes; when I was apprized not only of your aversion to him, but how unworthy he was of you: for then I began to dread the consequences of forcing so generous a spirit; and, till then, I never feared Mr. Lovelace, attracting as was his person, and specious his manners and address. For I was sure you would never have him, if he gave you not good reason to be convinced of his reformation: nor till your friends were as well satisfied in it as yourself. But that unhappy misunderstanding between your brother and Mr. Lovelace, and their joining so violently to force you upon Mr. Solmes, did all that mischief, which has cost you and them so dear, and poor me all my peace! Oh! what has not this ungrateful, this double-guilty man to answer for!

Nevertheless, you know not what God has in store for you yet! — But if you are to be punished all your days here, for example sake, in a case of such importance, for your one false step, be pleased to consider, that this life is but a state of probation; and if you have your purification in it, you will be the more happy. Nor doubt I, that you will have the higher reward hereafter for submitting to the will of Providence here with patience and resignation.

You see, my dearest Miss Clary, that I make no scruple to call the step you took a false one. In you it was less excusable than it would have been in any other young lady; not only because of your superior talents, but because of the opposition between your character and his: so that, if you had been provoked to quit your father's house, it need not to have been with him. Nor needed I, indeed, but as an instance of my impartial love, to have written this to you.*

* Mrs. Norton, having only the family representation and invectives to form her judgment upon, knew not that Clarissa had determined against going off with Mr. Lovelace; nor how solicitous she had been to procure for herself any other protection than his, when she apprehended that, if she staid, she had no way to avoid being married to Mr. Solmes.

After this, it will have an unkind, and perhaps at this time an unseasonable appearance, to express my concern that you have not before favoured me with a line. Yet if you can account to yourself for your silence, I dare say I ought to be satisfied; for I am sure you love me: as I both love and honour you, and ever will, and the more for your misfortunes.

One consolation, methinks, I have, even when I am sorrowing for your calamities; and that is, that I know not any young person so qualified to shine the brighter for the trials she may be exercised with: and yet it is a consolation that ends in adding to my regrets for your afflictions, because you are blessed with a

mind so well able to bear prosperity, and to make every body round you the better for it! — But I will forbear till I know more.

Ruminating on every thing your melancholy letter suggests, and apprehending, from the gentleness of your mind, the amiableness of your person, and your youth, the farther misfortunes and inconveniencies to which you may possibly be subjected, I cannot conclude without asking for your leave to attend you, and that in a very earnest manner — and I beg of you not to deny me, on any consideration relating to myself, or even to the indisposition of my other beloved child, if I can be either of use or of comfort to you. Were it, my dearest young lady, but for two or three days, permit me to attend you, although my son's illness should increase, and compel me to come down again at the end of those two or three days. — I repeat my request, likewise, that you will command from me the little sum remaining in the hands of your bounty to your Poor, as well as that dispensed to

Your ever-affectionate and faithful servant, JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER LVII

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO LADY BETTY LAWRANCE THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MADAM,

I hope you'll excuse the freedom of this address, from one who has not the honour to be personally known to you, although you must have heard much of Clarissa Harlowe. It is only to beg the favour of a line from your Ladyship's hand, (by the next post, if convenient,) in answer to the following questions:

1. Whether you wrote a letter, dated, as I have a memorandum, Wedn. June 7, congratulating your nephew Lovelace on his supposed nuptials, as reported to you by Mr. Spurrier, your Ladyship's steward, as from one Captain Tomlinson: — and in it reproaching Mr. Lovelace, as guilty of slight, &c. in not having acquainted your Ladyship and the family with his marriage?
2. Whether your ladyship wrote to Miss Montague to meet you at Reading, in order to attend you to your cousin Leeson's, in Albemarle-street; on your being obliged to be in town on your old chancery affair, I remember are the words? and whether you bespoke your nephew's attendance there on Sunday night the 11th?
3. Whether your Ladyship and Miss Montague did come to town at that time; and whether you went to Hampstead, on Monday, in a hired coach and four, your own being repairing, and took from thence to town with the young creature whom you visited there?

Your Ladyship will probably guess, that the questions are not asked for reasons favourable to your nephew Lovelace. But be the answer what it will, it can do him no hurt, nor me any good; only that I think I owe it to my former hopes, (however deceived in them,) and even to charity, that a person, of whom I was once willing to think better, should not prove so egregiously abandoned, as to be wanting, in every instance, to that veracity which is indispensable in the character of a gentleman.

Be pleased, Madam, to direct to me, (keeping the direction a secret for the present,) to be left at the Belle-Savage, on Ludgate hill, till called for. I am

Your Ladyship's most humble servant, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LVIII

LADY BETTY LAWRANCE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE SATURDAY, JULY 1.

DEAR MADAM,

I find that all is not as it should be between you and my nephew Lovelace. It will very much afflict me, and all his friends, if he has been guilty of any designed baseness to a lady of your character and merit.

We have been long in expectation of an opportunity to congratulate you and ourselves upon an event most earnestly wished for by us all; since our hopes of him are built upon the power you have over him: for if ever man adored a woman, he is that man, and you, Madam, are that woman.

Miss Montague, in her last letter to me, in answer to one of mine, inquiring if she knew from him whether he could call you his, or was likely soon to have that honour, has these words: ‘I know not what to make of my cousin Lovelace, as to the point your Ladyship is so earnest about. He sometimes says he is actually married to Miss Cl. Harlowe: at other times, that it is her own fault if he be not. — He speaks of her not only with love but with reverence: yet owns, that there is a misunderstanding between them; but confesses that she is wholly faultless. An angel, and not a woman, he says she is: and that no man living can be worthy of her.’ —

This is what my niece Montague writes.

God grant, my dearest young lady, that he may not have so heinously offended you that you cannot forgive him! If you are not already married, and refuse to be his, I shall lose all hopes that he ever will marry, or be the man I wish him to be. So will Lord M. So will Lady Sarah Sadleir.

I will now answer your questions: but indeed I hardly know what to write, for fear of widening still more the unhappy difference between you. But yet such a young lady must command every thing from me. This then is my answer:

I wrote not any letter to him on or about the 7th of June.

Neither I nor my steward know any such man as Captain Tomlinson.

I wrote not to my niece to meet me at Reading, nor to accompany me to my cousin Leeson’s in town.

My chancery affair, though, like most chancery affairs, it be of long standing, is, nevertheless, now in so good a way, that it cannot give me occasion to go to town.

Nor have I been in town these six months: nor at Hampstead for years.

Neither shall I have any temptation to go to town, except to pay my

congratulatory compliments to Mrs. Lovelace. On which occasion I should go with the greatest pleasure; and should hope for the favour of your accompanying me to Glenham-hall, for a month at least.

Be what will the reason of your inquiry, let me entreat you, my dear young lady, for Lord M.'s sake; for my sake; for this giddy man's sake, soul as well as body; and for all our family's sakes; not to suffer this answer to widen differences so far as to make you refuse him, if he already has not the honour of calling you his; as I am apprehensive he has not, by your signing by your family-name.

And here let me offer to you my mediation to compose the difference between you, be it what it will. Your cause, my dear young lady, cannot be put into the hands of any body living more devoted to your service, than into those of

Your sincere admirer, and humble servant, ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

LETTER LIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. HODGES ENFIELD, JUNE 22.

MRS. HODGES,

I am under a kind of necessity to write to you, having no one among my relations to whom I dare write, or hope a line from if I did. It is but to answer a question. It is this:

Whether you know any such man as Captain Tomlinson? and, if you do, whether he be very intimate with my uncle Harlowe?

I will describe his person lest, possibly, he should go by another name among you; although I know not why he should.

‘He is a thin, tallish man, a little pock-fretten, of a sallowish complexion. Fifty years of age, or more. Of good aspect when he looks up. He seems to be a serious man, and one who knows the world. He stoops a little in the shoulders. Is of Berkshire. His wife of Oxfordshire; and has several children. He removed lately into your parts form Northamptonshire.’

I must desire you, Mrs. Hodges, that you will not let my uncle, nor any of my relations, know that I write to you.

You used to say, that you would be glad to have it in your power to serve me. That, indeed, was in my prosperity. But, I dare say, you will not refuse me in a particular that will oblige me, without hurting yourself.

I understand that my father, mother, and sister, and I presume, my brother, and my uncle Antony, are to be at my uncle Harlowe’s this day. God preserve them all, and may they rejoice in many happy birth-days! You will write six words to me concerning their healths.

Direct, for a particular reason, to Mrs. Dorothy Salcombe, to be left till called for, at the Four Swans Inn, Bishopsgate-street.

You know my hand-writing well enough, were not the contents of the letter sufficient to excuse my name, or any other subscription, than that of

Your friend.

LETTER LX

MRS. HODGES [IN ANSWER.] SAT. JULY 2.

MADDAM,

I return you an anser, as you wish me to doe. Master is acquented with no sitch man. I am shure no sitch ever came to our house. And master sturs very little out. He has no harte to stur out. For why? Your obstinacy makes um not care to see one another. Master's birth-day never was kept soe before: for not a sole heere: and nothing but sikeing and sorrowin from master to think how it yused to bee.

I axed master, if soe bee he knowed sitch a man as one Captain Tomlinson? but said not whirfor I axed. He sed, No, not he.

Shure this is no trix nor forgery bruing against master by one Tomlinson — Won knows not what company you may have been forsed to keep, sen you went away, you knoe, Maddam; but Lundon is a pestilent plase; and that 'Squire Luvless is a devil (for all he is sitch a like gentleman to look to) as I hev herd every boddy say; and think as how you have found by thiss.

I truste, Maddam, you wulde not let master cum to harme, if you knoed it, by any body who may pretend to be acquented with him: but for fere, I querid with myself if I shulde not tell him. But I was willin to show you, that I wulde plessure you in advarsity, if advarsity be your lott, as well as prosperity; for I am none of those that woulde doe otherwiss. Soe no more from

Your humble sarvent, to wish you well, SARAH HODGES.

LETTER LXI

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO LADY BETTY LAWRANCE. MONDAY, JULY 3.

MADAM,

I cannot excuse myself from giving your Ladyship this one trouble more; to thank you, as I most heartily do, for your kind letter.

I must own to you, Madam, that the honour of being related to ladies as eminent for their virtue as for their descent, was at first no small inducement with me to lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's address. And the rather, as I was determined, had it come to effect, to do every thing in my power to deserve your favourable opinion.

I had another motive, which I knew would of itself give me merit with your whole family; a presumptuous one, (a punishably presumptuous one, as it has proved,) in the hope that I might be an humble mean in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, who had, as I thought, good sense enough to acknowledge the intended obligation, whether the generous hope were to succeed or not.

But I have been most egregiously mistaken in Mr. Lovelace; the only man, I persuade myself, pretending to be a gentleman, in whom I could have been so much mistaken: for while I was endeavouring to save a drowning wretch, I have been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of set purpose, drawn in after him. And he has had the glory to add to the list of those he has ruined, a name, that, I will be bold to say, would not have disparaged his own. And this, Madam, by means that would shock humanity to be made acquainted with.

My whole end is served by your Ladyship's answer to the questions I took the liberty to put to you in writing. Nor have I a wish to make the unhappy man more odious to you than is necessary to excuse myself for absolutely declining your offered mediation.

When your Ladyship shall be informed of the following particulars:

That after he had compulsorily, as I may say, tricked me into the act of going off with him, he could carry me to one of the vilest houses, as it proved, in London:

That he could be guilty of a wicked attempt, in resentment of which, I found means to escape from him to Hampstead:

That, after he had found me out there (I know not how) he could procure two women, dressed out richly, to personate your Ladyship and Miss Montague; who, under pretence of engaging me to make a visit in town to your cousin Leeson, (promising to return with me that evening to Hampstead,) betrayed me back again to the vile house: where, again made a prisoner, I was first robbed of my senses;

and then of my honour. Why should I seek to conceal that disgrace from others which I cannot hide from myself?

When your Ladyship shall know, that, in the shocking progress to this ruin, wilful falsehoods, repeated forgeries, (particularly of one letter from your Ladyship, another from Miss Montague, and a third from Lord M.) and numberless perjuries, were not the least of his crimes: you will judge, that I can have no principles that will make me worthy of an alliance with ladies of your's and your noble sister's character, if I could not from my soul declare, that such an alliance can never now take place.

I will not offer to clear myself entirely of blame: but, as to him, I have no fault to accuse myself of: my crime was, the corresponding with him at first, when prohibited so to do by those who had a right to my obedience; made still more inexcusable, by giving him a clandestine meeting, which put me into the power of his arts. And for this I am content to be punished: thankful, that at last I have escaped from him; and have it in my power to reject so wicked a man for my husband: and glad, if I may be a warning, since I cannot be an example: which once (very vain, and very conceited, as I was) I proposed to myself to be.

All the ill I wish him is, that he may reform; and that I may be the last victim to his baseness. Perhaps this desirable wish may be obtained, when he shall see how his wickedness, his unmerited wickedness! to a poor creature, made friendless by his cruel arts, will end.

I conclude with my humble thanks to your Ladyship for your favourable opinion of me; and with the assurance that I will be, while life is lent me,

Your Ladyship's grateful and obliged servant, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 2.

How kindly, my beloved Mrs. Norton, do you soothe the anguish of a bleeding heart! Surely you are mine own mother; and, by some unaccountable mistake, I must have been laid to a family that, having newly found out, or at least suspected, the imposture, cast me from their hearts, with the indignation that such a discovery will warrant.

Oh! that I had been indeed your own child, born to partake of your humble fortunes, an heiress only to that content in which you are so happy! then should I have had a truly gentle spirit to have guided my ductile heart, which force and ungenerous usage sit so ill upon: and nothing of what has happened would have been.

But let me take heed that I enlarge not, by impatience, the breach already made in my duty by my rashness! since, had I not erred, my mother, at least, could never have been thought hard-hearted and unforgiving. Am I not then answerable, not only for my own faults, but for the consequences of them; which tend to depreciate and bring disgrace upon a maternal character never before called in question?

It is kind, however, in you to endeavour to extenuate the faults of one so greatly sensible of it: and could it be wiped off entirely, it would render me more worthy of the pains you have taken in my education: for it must add to your grief, as it does to my confusion, that, after such promising beginnings, I should have so behaved as to be a disgrace instead of a credit to you and my other friends.

But that I may not make you think me more guilty than I am, give me leave briefly to assure you, that, when my story is known, I shall be to more compassion than blame, even on the score of going away with Mr. Lovelace.

As to all that happened afterwards, let me only say, that although I must call myself a lost creature as to this world, yet have I this consolation left me, that I have not suffered either for want of circumspection, or through careful credulity or weakness. Not one moment was I off my guard, or unmindful of your early precepts. But (having been enabled to baffle many base contrivances) I was at last ruined by arts the most inhuman. But had I not been rejected by every friend, this low-hearted man had not dared, nor would have had opportunity, to treat me as he has treated me.

More I cannot, at this time, nor need I say: and this I desire you to keep to yourself, lest resentments should be taken up when I am gone, that may spread the

evil which I hope will end with me.

I have been misinformed, you say, as to my principal relations being at my uncle Harlowe's. The day, you say, was not kept. Nor have my brother and Mr. Solmes — Astonishing! — What complicated wickedness has this wretched man to answer for! — Were I to tell you, you would hardly believe that there could have been such a heart in man. —

But one day you may know the whole story! — At present I have neither inclination nor words — O my bursting heart! — Yet a happy, a wished relief! — Were you present my tears would supply the rest!

* * *

I resume my pen!

And so you fear no letter will be received from me. But DON'T grieve to tell me so! I expect every thing bad — and such is my distress, that had you not bid me hope for mercy from the throne of mercy, I should have been afraid that my father's dreadful curse would be completed with regard to both worlds.

For here, an additional misfortune! — In a fit of phrensical heedlessness, I sent a letter to my beloved Miss Howe, without recollecting her private address; and it has fallen into her angry mother's hands: and so that dear friend perhaps has anew incurred displeasure on my account. And here too your worthy son is ill; and my poor Hannah, you think, cannot come to me — O my dear Mrs. Norton, will you, can you censure those whose resentments against me Heaven seems to approve of? and will you acquit her whom that condemns?

Yet you bid me not despond. — I will not, if I can help it. And, indeed, most seasonable consolation has your kind letter afforded me. — Yet to God Almighty do I appeal, to avenge my wrongs, and vindicate my inno ——

But hushed be my stormy passions! — Have I not but this moment said that your letter gave me consolation? — May those be forgiven who hinder my father from forgiving me! — and this, as to them, shall be the harshest thing that shall drop from my pen.

But although your son should recover, I charge you, my dear Mrs. Norton, that you do not think of coming to me. I don't know still but your mediation with my mother (although at present your interposition would be so little attended to) may be of use to procure me the revocation of that most dreadful part of my father's curse, which only remains to be fulfilled. The voice of Nature must at last be heard in my favour, surely. It will only plead at first to my friends in the still conscious plaintiveness of a young and unhardened beggar. But it will grow more clamorous when I have the courage to be so, and shall demand, perhaps, the

paternal protection from farther ruin; and that forgiveness, which those will be little entitled to expect, for their own faults, who shall interpose to have it refused to me, for an accidental, not a premeditated error: and which, but for them, I had never fallen into.

But again, impatiency, founded perhaps on self-partiality, that strange misleader! prevails.

Let me briefly say, that it is necessary to my present and future hopes that you keep well with my family. And moreover, should you come, I may be traced out by that means by the most abandoned of men. Say not then that you think you ought to come up to me, let it be taken as it will: — For my sake, let me repeat, (were my foster-brother recovered, as I hope he is,) you must not come. Nor can I want your advice, while I can write, and you can answer me. And write I will as often as I stand in need of your counsel.

Then the people I am now with seem to be both honest and humane: and there is in the same house a widow-lodger, of low fortunes, but of great merit: — almost such another serious and good woman as the dear one to whom I am now writing; who has, as she says, given over all other thoughts of the world but such as should assist her to leave it happily. — How suitable to my own views! — There seems to be a comfortable providence in this at least — so that at present there is nothing of exigence; nothing that can require, or even excuse, your coming, when so many better ends may be answered by your staying where you are. A time may come, when I shall want your last and best assistance: and then, my dear Mrs. Norton — and then, I will speak it, and embrace it with all my whole heart — and then, will it not be denied me by any body.

You are very obliging in your offer of money. But although I was forced to leave my clothes behind me, yet I took several things of value with me, which will keep me from present want. You'll say, I have made a miserable hand of it — so indeed I have — and, to look backwards, in a very little while too.

But what shall I do, if my father cannot be prevailed upon to recall his malediction? O my dear Mrs. Norton, what a weight must a father's curse have upon a heart so appreciative as mine! — Did I think I should ever have a father's curse to deprecate? And yet, only that the temporary part of it is so terribly fulfilled, or I should be as earnest for its recall, for my father's sake, as for my own!

You must not be angry with me that I wrote not to you before. You are very right and very kind to say you are sure I love you. Indeed I do. And what a generosity, [so like yourself!] is there in your praise, to attribute to me more than I merit, in order to raise an emulation to me to deserve your praises! — you tell me

what you expect from me in the calamities I am called upon to bear. May I behave answerably!

I can a little account to myself for my silence to you, my kind, my dear maternal friend! How equally sweetly and politely do you express yourself on this occasion! I was very desirous, for your sake, as well as for my own, that you should have it to say that we did not correspond: had they thought we did, every word you could have dropt in my favour would have been rejected; and my mother would have been forbid to see you, or pay any regard to what you should say.

Then I had sometimes better and sometimes worse prospects before me. My worst would only have troubled you to know: my better made me frequently hope, that, by the next post, or the next, and so on for weeks, I should have the best news to impart to you that then could happen: cold as the wretch had made my heart to that best. — For how could I think to write to you, with a confession that I was not married, yet lived in the house (for I could not help it) with such a man? — Who likewise had given it out to several, that we were actually married, although with restrictions that depended on the reconciliation with my friends? And to disguise the truth, or be guilty of a falsehood, either direct or equivocal, that was what you had never taught me.

But I might have written to you for advice, in my precarious situation, perhaps you will think. But, indeed, my dear Mrs. Norton, I was not lost for want of advice. And this will appear clear to you from what I have already hinted, were I to explain myself no further: — For what need had the cruel spoiler to have recourse to unprecedented arts — I will speak out plainer still, (but you must not at present report it,) to stupifying potions, and to the most brutal and outrageous force, had I been wanting in my duty?

A few words more upon this grievous subject —

When I reflect upon all that has happened to me, it is apparent, that this generally-supposed thoughtless seducer has acted by me upon a regular and preconcerted plan of villany.

In order to set all his vile plots in motion, nothing was wanting, from the first, but to prevail upon me, either by force or fraud, to throw myself into his power: and when this was effected, nothing less than the intervention of the paternal authority, (which I had not deserved to be exerted in my behalf,) could have saved me from the effect of his deep machinations. Opposition from any other quarter would but too probably have precipitated his barbarous and ungrateful violence: and had you yourself been with me, I have reason now to think, that somehow or other you would have suffered in endeavouring to save me: for never was there, as now I see, a plan of wickedness more steadily and uniformly pursued than his

has been, against an unhappy creature who merited better of him: but the Almighty has thought fit, according to the general course of His providence, to make the fault bring on its own punishment: but surely not in consequence of my father's dreadful imprecation, 'That I might be punished here,' [O my mamma Norton, pray with me, if so, that here it stop!] 'by the very wretch in whom I had placed my wicked confidence!'

I am sorry, for your sake, to leave off so heavily. Yet the rest must be brief.

Let me desire you to be secret in what I have communicated to you; at least till you have my consent to divulge it.

God preserve to you your more faultless child!

I will hope for His mercy, although I should not obtain that of any earthly person.

And I repeat my prohibition: — You must not think of coming up to

Your ever dutiful CL. HARLOWE.

The obliging person, who left your's for me this day, promised to call to-morrow, to see if I should have any thing to return. I would not lose so good an opportunity.

LETTER LXIII

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 3.

O the barbarous villany of this detestable man! And is there a man in the world who could offer violence to so sweet a creature!

And are you sure you are now out of his reach?

You command me to keep secret the particulars of the vile treatment you have met with; or else, upon an unexpected visit which Miss Harlowe favoured me with, soon after I had received your melancholy letter, I should have been tempted to own I had heard from you, and to have communicated to her such parts of your two letters as would have demonstrated your penitence, and your earnestness to obtain the revocation of your father's malediction, as well as his protection from outrages that may still be offered to you. But then your sister would probably have expected a sight of the letters, and even to have been permitted to take them with her to the family.

Yet they must one day be acquainted with the sad story: — and it is impossible but they must pity you, and forgive you, when they know your early penitence, and your unprecedented sufferings; and that you have fallen by the brutal force of a barbarous ravisher, and not by the vile arts of a seducing lover.

The wicked man gives it out at Lord M.'s, as Miss Harlowe tells me, that he is actually married to you — yet she believes it not: nor had I the heart to let her know the truth.

She put it close to me, Whether I had not corresponded with you from the time of your going away? I could safely tell her, (as I did,) that I had not: but I said, that I was well informed, that you took extremely to heart your father's imprecation; and that, if she would excuse me, I would say it would be a kind and sisterly part, if she would use her interest to get you discharged from it.

Among other severe things, she told me, that my partial fondness for you made me very little consider the honour of the rest of the family: but, if I had not heard this from you, she supposed I was set on by Miss Howe.

She expressed herself with a good deal of bitterness against that young lady: who, it seems, every where, and to every body, (for you must think that your story is the subject of all conversations,) rails against your family; treating them, as your sister says, with contempt, and even with ridicule.

I am sorry such angry freedoms are taken, for two reasons; first, because such liberties never do any good. I have heard you own, that Miss Howe has a satirical vein; but I should hope that a young lady of her sense, and right cast of mind,

must know that the end of satire is not to exasperate, but amend; and should never be personal. If it be, as my good father used to say, it may make an impartial person suspect that the satirist has a natural spleen to gratify; which may be as great a fault in him, as any of those which he pretends to censure and expose in others.

Perhaps a hint of this from you will not be thrown away.

My second reason is, That these freedoms, from so warm a friend to you as Miss Howe is known to be, are most likely to be charged to your account.

My resentments are so strong against this vilest of men, that I dare not touch upon the shocking particulars which you mention of his baseness. What defence, indeed, could there be against so determined a wretch, after you was in his power? I will only repeat my earnest supplication to you, that, black as appearances are, you will not despair. Your calamities are exceeding great; but then you have talents proportioned to your trials. This every body allows.

Suppose the worst, and that your family will not be moved in your favour, your cousin Morden will soon arrive, as Miss Harlowe told me. If he should even be got over to their side, he will however see justice done you; and then may you live an exemplary life, making hundreds happy, and teaching young ladies to shun the snares in which you have been so dreadfully entangled.

As to the man you have lost, is an union with such a perjured heart as his, with such an admirable one as your's, to be wished for? A base, low-hearted wretch, as you justly call him, with all his pride of ancestry; and more an enemy to himself with regard to his present and future happiness than to you, in the barbarous and ungrateful wrongs he has done you: I need not, I am sure, exhort you to despise such a man as this, since not to be able to do so, would be a reflection upon a sex to which you have always been an honour.

Your moral character is untainted: the very nature of your sufferings, as you will observe, demonstrates that. Cheer up, therefore, your dear heart, and do not despair; for is it not GOD who governs the world, and permits some things, and directs others, as He pleases? and will He not reward temporary sufferings, innocently incurred, and piously supported, with eternal felicity? — And what, my dear, is this poor needle's point of NOW to a boundless eternity?

My heart, however, labours under a double affliction: For my poor boy is very, very bad — a violent fever — nor can it be brought to intermit. — Pray for him, my dearest Miss — for his recovery, if God see fit. — I hope God will see fit — if not (how can I bear to suppose that!) Pray for me, that he will give me that patience and resignation which I have been wishing to you. I am, my dearest young lady,

Your ever affectionate JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER LXIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON THURSDAY, JULY 6.

I ought not, especially at this time, to add to your afflictions — but yet I cannot help communicating to you (who now are my only soothing friend) a new trouble that has befallen me.

I had but one friend in the world, beside you; and she is utterly displeased with me.* It is grievous, but for one moment, to lie under a beloved person's censure; and this through imputations that affect one's honour and prudence. There are points so delicate, you know, my dear Mrs. Norton, that it is a degree of dishonour to have a vindication of one's self from them appear to be necessary. In the present case, my misfortune is, that I know not how to account, but by guess (so subtle have been the workings of the dark spirit I have been unhappily entangled by) for some of the facts that I am called upon to explain.

Miss Howe, in short, supposes she has found a flaw in my character. I have just now received her severe letter — but I shall answer it, perhaps, in better temper, if I first consider your's: for indeed my patience is almost at an end. And yet I ought to consider, that faithful are the wounds of a friend. But so many things at once! O my dear Mrs. Norton, how shall so young a scholar in the school of affliction be able to bear such heavy and such various evils!

But to leave this subject for a while, and turn to your letter.

I am very sorry Miss Howe is so lively in her resentments on my account. I have always blamed her very freely for her liberties of this sort with my friends. I once had a good deal of influence over her kind heart, and she made all I said a law to her. But people in calamity have little weight in any thing, or with any body. Prosperity and independence are charming things on this account, that they give force to the counsels of a friendly heart; while it is thought insolence in the miserable to advise, or so much as to remonstrate.

Yet is Miss Howe an invaluable person: And is it to be expected that she should preserve the same regard for my judgment that she had before I forfeited all title to discretion? With what face can I take upon me to reproach a want of prudence in her? But if I can be so happy as to re-establish myself in her ever-valued opinion, I shall endeavour to enforce upon her your just observation on this head.

You need not, you say, exhort me to despise such a man as him, by whom I have suffered — indeed you need not: for I would choose the cruellest death rather than to be his. And yet, my dear Mrs. Norton, I will own to you, that once I

could have loved him. — Ungrateful man! — had he permitted me to love him, I once could have loved him. Yet he never deserved love. And was not this a fault? — But now, if I can but keep out of his hands, and obtain a last forgiveness, and that as well for the sake of my dear friends' future reflections, as for my own present comfort, it is all I wish for.

Reconciliation with my friends I do not expect; nor pardon from them; at least, till in extremity, and as a viaticum.

O my beloved Mrs. Norton, you cannot imagine what I have suffered! — But indeed my heart is broken! — I am sure I shall not live to take possession of that independence, which you think would enable me to atone, in some measure, for my past conduct.

While this is my opinion, you may believe I shall not be easy till I can obtain a last forgiveness.

I wish to be left to take my own course in endeavouring to procure this grace. Yet know I not, at present, what that course shall be.

I will write. But to whom is my doubt. Calamity has not yet given me the assurance to address myself to my FATHER. My UNCLES (well as they once loved me) are hard hearted. They never had their masculine passions humanized by the tender name of FATHER. Of my BROTHER I have no hope. I have then but my MOTHER, and my SISTER, to whom I can apply.— 'And may I not, my dearest Mamma, be permitted to lift up my trembling eye to your all-cheering, and your once more than indulgent, your fond eye, in hopes of seasonable mercy to the poor sick heart that yet beats with life drawn from your own dearer heart? — Especially when pardon only, and not restoration, is implored?'

Yet were I able to engage my mother's pity, would it not be a mean to make her still more unhappy than I have already made her, by the opposition she would meet with, were she to try to give force to that pity?

To my SISTER, then, I think, I will apply — Yet how hard-hearted has my sister been! — But I will not ask for protection; and yet I am in hourly dread that I shall want protection. — All I will ask for at present (preparative to the last forgiveness I will implore) shall be only to be freed from the heavy curse that seems to have operated as far is it can operate as to this life — and, surely, it was passion, and not intention, that carried it so far as to the other!

But why do I thus add to your distresses? — It is not, my dear Mrs. Norton, that I have so much feeling for my own calamity that I have none for your's: since your's is indeed an addition to my own. But you have one consolation (a very great one) which I have not: — That your afflictions, whether respecting your more or your less deserving child, rise not from any fault of your own.

But what can I do for you more than pray? — Assure yourself, that in every supplication I put up for myself, I will with equal fervour remember both you and your son. For I am and ever will be

Your truly sympathising and dutiful CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [SUPERSCRIBED FOR MRS. RACHEL CLARK, &c.] WEDNESDAY, JULY 5.

MY DEAR CLARISSA,

I have at last heard from you from a quarter I little expected.

From my mother!

She had for some time seen me uneasy and grieving; and justly supposed it was about you: and this morning dropt a hint, which made me conjecture that she must have heard something of you more than I knew. And when she found that this added to my uneasiness, she owned she had a letter in her hands of your's, dated the 29th of June, directed for me.

You may guess, that this occasioned a little warmth, that could not be wished for by either.

[It is surprising, my dear, mighty surprising! that knowing the prohibition I lay under of corresponding with you, you could send a letter for me to our own house: since it must be fifty to one that it would fall into my mother's hands, as you find it did.]

In short, she resented that I should disobey her: I was as much concerned that she should open and withhold from me my letters: and at last she was pleased to compromise the matter with me by giving up the letter, and permitting me to write to you once or twice: she to see the contents of what I wrote. For, besides the value she has for you, she could not but have greater curiosity to know the occasion of so sad a situation as your melancholy letter shows you to be in.

[But I shall get her to be satisfied with hearing me read what I write; putting in between hooks, { }, what I intend not to read to her.]

Need I to remind you, Miss Clarissa Harlowe, of three letters I wrote to you, to none of which I had any answer; except to the first, and that of a few lines only, promising a letter at large, though you were well enough, the day after you received my second, to go joyfully back again with him to the vile house? But more of these by-and-by. I must hasten to take notice of your letter of Wednesday last week; which you could contrive should fall into my mother's hands.

Let me tell you, that that letter has almost broken my heart. Good God! — What have you brought yourself to, Miss Clarissa Harlowe? — Could I have believed, that after you had escaped from the miscreant, (with such mighty pains and earnestness escaped,) and after such an attempt as he had made, you would have been prevailed upon not only to forgive him, but (without being married too) to return with him to that horrid house! — A house I had given you such an

account of! — Surprising! —— What an intoxicating thing is this love? — I always feared, that you, even you, were not proof against its inconsistent effects.

You your best self have not escaped! — Indeed I see not how you could expect to escape.

What a tale have you to unfold! — You need not unfold it, my dear: I would have engaged to prognosticate all that has happened, had you but told me that you would once more have put yourself in his power, after you had taken such pains to get out of it.

Your peace is destroyed! — I wonder not at it: since now you must reproach yourself for a credulity so ill-placed.

Your intellect is touched! — I am sure my heart bleeds for you! But, excuse me, my dear, I doubt your intellect was touched before you left Hampstead: or you would never have let him find you out there; or, when he did, suffer him to prevail upon you to return to the horrid brothel.

I tell you, I sent you three letters: The first of which, dated the 7th and 8th of June* (for it was written at twice) came safely to your hands, as you sent me word by a few lines dated the 9th: had it not, I should have doubted my own safety; since in it I give you such an account of the abominable house, and threw such cautions in your way, in relation to that Tomlinson, as the more surprised me that you could think of going back to it again, after you had escaped from it, and from Lovelace. — O my dear — but nothing now will I ever wonder at!

* See Vol. V. Letter XX.

The second, dated June 10,* was given into your own hand at Hampstead, on Sunday the 11th, as you was lying upon a couch, in a strange way, according to my messenger's account of you, bloated, and flush-coloured; I don't know how.

* See Letter VII. of this volume.

The third was dated the 20th of June.* Having not heard one word from you since the promising billet of the 9th, I own I did not spare you in it. I ventured it by the usual conveyance, by that Wilson's, having no other: so cannot be sure you received it. Indeed I rather think you might not; because in your's, which fell into my mother's hands, you make no mention of it: and if you had had it, I believe it would have touched you too much to have been passed by unnoticed.

* See Letter XXX. of this volume.

You have heard, that I have been ill, you say. I had a cold, indeed; but it was so slight a one that it confined me not an hour. But I doubt not that strange things you have heard, and been told, to induce you to take the step you took. And, till you did take that step (the going back with this villain, I mean,) I knew not a more pitiable case than your's: since every body must have excused you before, who knew how you were used at home, and was acquainted with your prudence and

vigilance. But, alas! my dear, we see that the wisest people are not to be depended upon, when love, like an ignis fatuus, holds up its misleading lights before their eyes.

My mother tells me, she sent you an answer, desiring you not to write to me, because it would grieve me. To be sure I am grieved; exceedingly grieved; and, disappointed too, you must permit me to say. For I had always thought that there never was such a woman, at your years, in the world.

But I remember once an argument you held, on occasion of a censure passed in company upon an excellent preacher, who was not a very excellent liver: preaching and practising, you said, required very different talents:* which, when united in the same person, made the man a saint; as wit and judgment, going together, constituted a genius.

* See Vol. II. Letter IV.

You made it out, I remember, very prettily: but you never made it out, excuse me, my dear, more convincingly, than by that part of your late conduct, which I complain of.

My love for you, and my concern for your honour, may possibly have made me a little of the severest. If you think so, place it to its proper account; to that love, and to that concern: which will but do justice to

Your afflicted and faithful A.H.

P.S. My mother would not be satisfied without reading my letter herself; and that before I had fixed all the proposed hooks. She knows, by this means, and has excused, our former correspondence.

She indeed suspected it before: and so she very well might; knowing my love of you.

She has so much real concern for your misfortunes, that, thinking it will be a consolation to you, and that it will oblige me, she consents that you shall write to me the particulars at large of your say story. But it is on condition that I show her all that has passed between us, relating to yourself and the vilest of men. I have the more cheerfully complied, as the communication cannot be to your disadvantage.

You may therefore write freely, and direct to our own house.

My mother promises to show me the copy of her letter to you, and your reply to it; which latter she has but just told me of. She already apologizes for the severity of her's: and thinks the sight of your reply will affect me too much. But, having her promise, I will not dispense with it.

I doubt her's is severe enough. So I fear you will think mine: but you

have taught me never to spare the fault for the friend's sake; and that a great error ought rather to be the more inexcusable in the person we value, than in one we are indifferent to; because it is a reflection upon our choice of that person, and tends to a breach of the love of mind, and to expose us to the world for our partiality. To the love of mind, I repeat; since it is impossible but the errors of the dearest friend must weaken our inward opinion of that friend; and thereby lay a foundation for future distance, and perhaps disgust.

God grant that you may be able to clear your conduct after you had escaped from Hampstead; as all before that time was noble, generous, and prudent; the man a devil and you a saint! —— Yet I hope you can; and therefore expect it from you.

I send by a particular hand. He will call for your answer at your own appointment.

I am afraid this horrid wretch will trace out by the post-offices where you are, if not careful.

To have money, and will, and head, to be a villain, is too much for the rest of the world, when they meet in one man.

LETTER LXVI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, JULY 6.

Few young persons have been able to give more convincing proofs than myself how little true happiness lies in the enjoyment of our own wishes.

To produce one instance only of the truth of this observation; what would I have given for weeks past, for the favour of a letter from my dear Miss Howe, in whose friendship I placed all my remaining comfort! Little did I think, that the next letter she would honour me with, should be in such a style, as should make me look more than once at the subscription, that I might be sure (the name not being written at length) that it was not signed by another A.H. For surely, thought I, this is my sister Arabella's style: surely Miss Howe (blame me as she pleases in other points) could never repeat so sharply upon her friend, words written in the bitterness of spirit, and in the disorder of head; nor remind her, with asperity, and with mingled strokes of wit, of an argument held in the gaiety of a heart elated with prosperous fortunes, (as mine then was,) and very little apprehensive of the severe turn that argument would one day take against herself.

But what have I, sink in my fortunes; my character forfeited; my honour lost, [while I know it, I care not who knows it;] destitute of friends, and even of hope; what have I to do to show a spirit of repining and expostulation to a dear friend, because she is not more kind than a sister? ——

You have till now, my dear, treated me with great indulgence. If it was with greater than I had deserved, I may be to blame to have built upon it, on the consciousness that I deserve it now as much as ever. But I find, by the rising bitterness which will mingle with the gall in my ink, that I am not yet subdued enough to my condition. — I lay down my pen for one moment.

* * *

Pardon me, my Miss Howe. I have recollected myself: and will endeavour to give a particular answer to your letter; although it will take me up too much time to think of sending it by your messenger to-morrow: he can put off his journey, he says, till Saturday. I will endeavour to have the whole narrative ready for you by Saturday.

But how to defend myself in every thing that has happened, I cannot tell: since in some part of the time, in which my conduct appears to have been censurable, I was not myself; and to this hour know not all the methods taken to deceive and ruin me.

You tell me, that in your first letter you gave me such an account of the vile house I was in, and such cautions about that Tomlinson, as made you wonder how I could think of going back.

Alas, my dear! I was tricked, most vilely tricked back, as you shall hear in its place.

Without knowing the house was so very vile a house from your intended information, I disliked the people too much, ever voluntarily to have returned to it. But had you really written such cautions about Tomlinson, and the house, as you seem to have purposed to do, they must, had they come in time, have been of infinite service to me. But not one word of either, whatever was your intention, did you mention to me, in that first of the three letters you so warmly TELL me you did send me. I will enclose it to convince you.*

* The letter she encloses was Mr. Lovelace's forged one. See Vol. V. Letter XXX.

But your account of your messenger's delivering to me your second letter, and the description he gives of me, as lying upon a couch, in a strange way, bloated, and flush-coloured; you don't know how, absolutely puzzles and confounds me.

Lord have mercy upon the poor Clarissa Harlowe! What can this mean! — Who was the messenger you sent? Was he one of Lovelace's creatures too! — Could nobody come near me but that man's confederates, either setting out so, or made so? I know not what to make of any one syllable of this! Indeed I don't.

Let me see. You say, this was before I went from Hampstead! My intellects had not then been touched! — nor had I ever been surprised by wine, [strange if I had!]: How then could I be found in such a strange way, bloated and flush-coloured; you don't know how! — Yet what a vile, what a hateful figure has your messenger represented me to have made!

But indeed I know nothing of any messenger from you.

Believing myself secure at Hampstead, I staid longer there than I would have done, in hopes of the letter promised me in your short one of the 9th, brought me by my own messenger, in which you undertake to send for and engage Mrs. Townsend in my favour.*

* See Vol. V. Letter XXIX.

I wondered I had not heard from you: and was told you were sick; and, at another time, that your mother and you had had words on my account, and that you had refused to admit Mr. Hickman's visits upon it: so that I supposed, at one time, that you were not able to write; at another, that your mother's prohibition had its due force with you. But now I have no doubt that the wicked man must have intercepted your letter; and I wish he found not means to corrupt your messenger to tell you so strange a story.

It was on Sunday, June 11, you say, that the man gave it me. I was at church twice that day with Mrs. Moore. Mr. Lovelace was at her house the while, where he boarded, and wanted to have lodged; but I would not permit that, though I could not help the other. In one of these spaces it must be that he had time to work upon the man. You'll easily, my dear, find that out, by inquiring the time of his arrival at Mrs. Moore's and other circumstances of the strange way he pretended to see me in, on a couch, and the rest.

Had any body seen me afterwards, when I was betrayed back to the vile house, struggling under the operation of wicked potions, and robbed indeed of my intellects (for this, as you shall hear, was my dreadful case,) I might then, perhaps, have appeared bloated and flush-coloured, and I know not how myself. But were you to see your poor Clarissa, now (or even to have seen her at Hampstead before she suffered the vilest of all outrages,) you would not think her bloated or flush-coloured: indeed you would not.

In a word, it could not be me your messenger saw; nor (if any body) who it was can I divine.

I will now, as briefly as the subject will permit, enter into the darker part of my sad story: and yet I must be somewhat circumstantial, that you may not think me capable of reserve or palliation. The latter I am not conscious that I need. I should be utterly inexcusable were I guilty of the former to you. And yet, if you know how my heart sinks under the thoughts of a recollection so painful, you would pity me.

As I shall not be able, perhaps, to conclude what I have to write in even two or three letters, I will begin a new one with my story; and send the whole of it together, although written at different periods, as I am able.

Allow me a little pause, my dear, at this place; and to subscribe myself

Your ever affectionate and obliged, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXVII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [REFERRED TO IN LETTER XII.] THURSDAY NIGHT.

He had found me out at Hampstead: strangely found me out; for I am still at a loss to know by what means.

I was loth, in my billet of the 6th,* to tell you so, for fear of giving you apprehensions for me; and besides, I hoped then to have a shorter and happier issue to account to you for, through your assistance, than I met with.

* See Vol. V. Letter XXXI.

[She then gives a narrative of all that passed at Hampstead between herself, Mr. Lovelace, Capt. Tomlinson, and the women there, to the same effect with that so amply given by Mr. Lovelace.]

Mr. Lovelace, finding all he could say, and all Captain Tomlinson could urge, ineffectual, to prevail upon me to forgive an outrage so flagrantly premeditated; rested all his hopes on a visit which was to be paid me by Lady Betty Lawrance and Miss Montague.

In my uncertain situation, my prospects all so dark, I knew not to whom I might be obliged to have recourse in the last resort: and as those ladies had the best of characters, insomuch that I had reason to regret that I had not from the first thrown myself upon their protection, (when I had forfeited that of my own friends,) I thought I would not shun an interview with them, though I was too indifferent to their kinsman to seek it, as I doubted not that one end of their visit would be to reconcile me to him.

On Monday, the 12th of June, these pretended ladies came to Hampstead; and I was presented to them, and they to me by their kinsman.

They were richly dressed, and stuck out with jewels; the pretended Lady Betty's were particularly very fine.

They came in a coach-and-four, hired, as was confessed, while their own was repairing in town: a pretence made, I now perceive, that I should not guess at the imposture by the want of the real lady's arms upon it. Lady Betty was attended by her woman, who she called Morrison; a modest country-looking person.

I had heard, that Lady Betty was a fine woman, and that Miss Montague was a beautiful young lady, genteel, and graceful, and full of vivacity. — Such were these impostors: and having never seen either of them, I had not the least suspicion, that they were not the ladies they personated; and being put a little out of countenance by the richness of their dresses, I could not help, (fool that I was!) to apologize for my own.

The pretended Lady Betty then told me, that her nephew had acquainted them with the situation of affairs between us. And although she could not but say, that she was very glad that she had not put such a slight upon his Lordship and them, as report had given them cause to apprehend, (the reasons for which report, however, she must have approved of;) yet it had been matter of great concern to her, and to her niece Montague, and would to the whole family, to find so great a misunderstanding subsisting between us, as, if not made up, might distance all their hopes.

She could easily tell who was in fault, she said. And gave him a look both of anger and disdain; asking him, How it was possible for him to give an offence of such a nature to so charming a lady, [so she called me,] as should occasion a resentment so strong?

He pretended to be awed into shame and silence.

My dearest niece, said she, and took my hand, (I must call you niece, as well from love, as to humour your uncle's laudable expedient,) permit me to be, not an advocate, but a mediatrix for him; and not for his sake, so much as for my own, my Charlotte's, and all our family's. The indignity he has offered to you, may be of too tender a nature to be inquired into. But as he declares, that it was not a premeditated offence; whether, my dear, [for I was going to rise upon it in my temper,] it were or not; and as he declares his sorrows for it, (and never did creature express a deeper sorrow for any offence than he); and as it is a repairable one; let us, for this one time, forgive him; and thereby lay an obligation upon this man of errors — Let US, I say, my dear: for, Sir, [turning to him,] an offence against such a peerless lady as this, must be an offence against me, against your cousin here, and against all the virtuous of our sex.

See, my dear, what a creature he had picked out! Could you have thought there was a woman in the world who could thus express herself, and yet be vile? But she had her principal instructions from him, and those written down too, as I have reason to think: for I have recollected since, that I once saw this Lady Betty, (who often rose from her seat, and took a turn to the other end of the room with such an emotion, as if the joy of her heart would not let her sit still) take out a paper from her stays, and look into it, and put it there again. She might oftener, and I not observe it; for I little thought that there could be such impostors in the world.

I could not forbear paying great attention to what she said. I found my tears ready to start; I drew out my handkerchief, and was silent. I had not been so indulgently treated a great while by a person of character and distinction, [such I thought her;] and durst not trust to the accent of my voice.

The pretended Miss Montague joined in on this occasion: and drawing her chair close to me, took my other hand, and besought me to forgive her cousin; and

consent to rank myself as one of the principals of a family that had long, very long, coveted the honour of my alliance.

I am ashamed to repeat to you, my dear, now I know what wretches they are, the tender, the obliging, and the respectful things I said to them.

The wretch himself then came forward. He threw himself at my feet. How was I beset! — The women grasping, one my right hand, the other my left: the pretended Miss Montague pressing to her lips more than once the hand she held: the wicked man on his knees, imploring my forgiveness; and setting before me my happy and my unhappy prospects, as I should forgive and not forgive him. All that he thought would affect me in former pleas, and those of Capt. Tomlinson, he repeated. He vowed, he promised, he bespoke the pretended ladies to answer for him; and they engaged their honours in his behalf.

Indeed, my dear, I was distressed, perfectly distressed. I was sorry that I had given way to this visit. For I knew not how, in tenderness to relations, (as I thought them,) so worthy, to treat so freely as he deserved, a man nearly allied to them: so that my arguments and my resolutions were deprived of their greatest force.

I pleaded, however, my application to you. I expected every hour, I told them, an answer from you to a letter I had written, which would decide my future destiny.

They offered to apply to you themselves in person, in their own behalf, as they politely termed it. They besought me to write to you to hasten your answer.

I said, I was sure that you would write the moment that the event of an application to be made to a third person enabled you to write. But as to the success of their request in behalf of their kinsman, that depended not upon the expected answer; for that, I begged their pardon, was out of the question. I wished him well. I wished him happy. But I was convinced, that I neither could make him so, nor he me.

Then! how the wretch promised! — How he vowed! — How he entreated! — And how the women pleaded! — And they engaged themselves, and the honour of their whole family, for his just, his kind, his tender behaviour to me.

In short, my dear, I was so hard set, that I was obliged to come to a more favourable compromise with them than I had intended. I would wait for your answer to my letter, I said: and if that made doubtful or difficult the change of measures I had resolved upon, and the scheme of life I had formed, I would then consider of the matter; and, if they would permit me, lay all before them, and take their advice upon it, in conjunction with your’s, as if the one were my own aunt, and the other were my own cousin.

They shed tears upon this — of joy they called them: — But since, I believe, to their credit, bad as they are, that they were tears of temporary remorse; for, the pretended Miss Montague turned about, and, as I remember, said, There was no standing it.

But Mr. Lovelace was not so easily satisfied. He was fixed upon his villanous measures perhaps; and so might not be sorry to have a pretence against me. He bit his lip — he had been but too much used, he said, to such indifference, such coldness, in the very midst of his happiest prospects. I had on twenty occasions shown him, to his infinite regret, that any favour I was to confer upon him was to be the result of — there he stopt — and not of my choice.

This had like to have set all back again. I was exceedingly offended. But the pretended ladies interposed. The elder severely took him to task. He ought, she told him, to be satisfied with what I had said. She desired no other condition. And what, Sir, said she, with an air of authority, would you commit errors, and expect to be rewarded for them?

They then engaged me in a more agreeable conversation — the pretended lady declared, that she, Lord M. and Lady Sarah, would directly and personally interest themselves to bring about a general reconciliation between the two families, and this either in open or private concert with my uncle Harlowe, as should be thought fit. Animosities on one side had been carried a great way, she said; and too little care had been shown on the other to mollify or heal. My father should see that they could treat him as a brother and a friend; and my brother and sister should be convinced that there was no room either for the jealously [sic] or envy they had conceived from motives too unworthy to be avowed.

Could I help, my dear, being pleased with them? —

Permit me here to break off. The task grows too heavy, at present, for the heart of

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN CONTINUATION.]

I was very ill, and obliged to lay down my pen. I thought I should have fainted. But am better now — so will proceed.

The pretended ladies, the more we talked, the fonder they seemed to be of me. And the Lady Betty had Mrs. Moore called up; and asked her, If she had accommodations for her niece and self, her woman, and two men servants, for three or four days?

Mr. Lovelace answered for her that she had.

She would not ask her dear niece Lovelace, [Permit me, my dear, whispered she, this charming style before strangers! I will keep your uncle's secret,] whether she should be welcome or not to be so near her. But for the time she should stay in these parts, she would come up every night — What say you, niece Charlotte?

The pretended Charlotte answered, she should like to do so, of all things.

The Lady Betty called her an obliging girl. She liked the place, she said. Her cousin Leeson would excuse her. The air, and my company, would do her good. She never chose to lie in the smoky town, if she could help it. In short, my dear, said she to me, I will stay with you till you hear from Miss Howe; and till I have your consent to go with me to Glenham-hall. Not one moment will I be out of your company, when I can have it. Stedman, my solicitor, as the distance from town is so small, may attend me here for instructions. Niece Charlotte, one word with you, child.

They retired to the further end of the room, and talked about their night-dresses.

The Miss Charlotte said, Morrison might be dispatched for them.

True, said the other — but I have some letters in my private box, which I must have up. And you know, Charlotte, that I trust nobody with the keys of that.

Could not Morrison bring up the box?

No. She thought it safest where it was. She had heard of a robbery committed but two days ago at the food of Hampstead-hill; and she should be ruined in she lost her box.

Well, then, it was but going to town to undress, and she would leave her jewels behind her, and return; and should be easier a great deal on all accounts.

For my part, I wondered they came up with them. But that was to be taken as a respect paid to me. And then they hinted at another visit of ceremony which they had thought to make, had they not found me so inexpressibly engaging.

They talked loud enough for me to hear them; on purpose, no doubt, though in affected whispers; and concluded with high praises of me.

I was not fool enough to believe, or to be puffed up with their encomiums; yet not suspecting them, I was not displeased at so favourable a beginning of acquaintance with Ladies (whether I were to be related to them or not) of whom I had always heard honourable mention. And yet at the time, I thought, highly as they exalted me, that in some respects (though I hardly know in what) they fell short of what I expected them to be.

The grand deluder was at the farther end of the room, another way; probably to give me an opportunity to hear these preconcerted praises — looking into a book, which had there not been a preconcert, would not have taken his attention for one moment. It was Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

When the pretended ladies joined me, he approached me with it in his hand — a smart book, this, my dear! — this old divine affects, I see, a mighty flowery style of an ordinary country funeral, where, the young women, in honour of a defunct companion, especially if she were a virgin, or passed for such, make a flower-bed of her coffin.

And then, laying down the book, turning upon his heel, with one of his usual airs of gaiety, And are you determined, Ladies, to take up your lodgings with my charming creature?

Indeed they were.

Never were there more cunning, more artful impostors, than these women. Practised creatures, to be sure: yet genteel; and they must have been well-educated — once, perhaps, as much the delight of their parents, as I was of mine: and who knows by what arts ruined, body and mind — O my dear! how pregnant is this reflection!

But the man! — Never was there a man so deep. Never so consummate a deceiver; except that detested Tomlinson; whose years and seriousness, joined with a solidity of sense and judgment that seemed uncommon, gave him, one would have thought, advantages in villany, the other had not time for. Hard, very hard, that I should fall into the knowledge of two such wretches; when two more such I hope are not to be met with in the world! — both so determined to carry on the most barbarous and perfidious projects against a poor young creature, who never did or wished harm to either.

Take the following slight account of these women's and of this man's behaviour to each other before me.

Mr. Lovelace carried himself to his pretended aunt with high respect, and paid a great deference to all she said. He permitted her to have all the advantage over him in the repartees and retorts that passed between them. I could, indeed, easily

see, that it was permitted; and that he forbore that vivacity, that quickness, which he never spared showing to his pretended Miss Montague; and which a man of wit seldom knows how to spare showing, when an opportunity offers to display his wit.

The pretended Miss Montague was still more respectful in her behaviour to her pretended aunt. While the aunt kept up the dignity of the character she had assumed, rallying both of them with the air of a person who depends upon the superiority which years and fortune give over younger persons, who might have a view to be obliged to her, either in her life, or at her death.

The severity of her raillery, however, was turned upon Mr. Lovelace, on occasion of the character of the people who kept the lodgings, which, she said, I had thought myself so well warranted to leave privately.

This startled me. For having then no suspicion of the vile Tomlinson, I concluded (and your letter of the 7th* favoured my conclusion) that if the house were notorious, either he, or Mr. Mennell, would have given me or him some hints of it — nor, although I liked not the people, did I observe any thing in them very culpable, till the Wednesday night before, that they offered not to come to my assistance, although within hearing of my distress, (as I am sure they were,) and having as much reason as I to be frighted at the fire, had it been real.

* His forged letter. See Vol. V. Letter XXX.

I looked with indignation upon Mr. Lovelace, at this hint.

He seemed abashed. I have not patience, but to recollect the specious looks of this vile deceiver. But how was it possible, that even that florid countenance of his should enable him to command a blush at his pleasure? for blush he did, more than once: and the blush, on this occasion, was a deep-dyed crimson, unstrained for, and natural, as I thought — but he is so much of the actor, that he seems able to enter into any character; and his muscles and features appear entirely under obedience to his wicked will.*

* It is proper to observe, that there was a more natural reason than this that the Lady gives for Mr. Lovelace's blushing. It was a blush of indignation, as he owned afterwards to his friend Belford, in conversation; for the pretended Lady Betty had mistaken her cue, in condemning the house; and he had much ado to recover the blunder; being obliged to follow her lead, and vary from his first design; which was to have the people of the house spoken well of, in order to induce her to return to it, were it but on pretence to direct her clothes to be carried to Hampstead.

The pretended lady went on, saying, she had taken upon herself to inquire after the people, on hearing that I had left the house in disgust; and though she heard not any thing much amiss, yet she heard enough to make her wonder that he could

carry his spouse, a person of so much delicacy, to a house, that, if it had not a bad fame, had not a good one.

You must think, my dear, that I liked the pretended Lady Betty the better for this. I suppose it was designed that I should.

He was surprised, he said, that her Ladyship should hear a bad character of the people. It was what he had never before heard that they deserved. It was easy, indeed, to see, that they had not very great delicacy, though they were not indelicate. The nature of their livelihood, letting lodgings, and taking people to board, (and yet he had understood that they were nice in these particulars,) led them to aim at being free and obliging: and it was difficult, he said, for persons of cheerful dispositions, so to behave as to avoid censure: openness of heart and countenance in the sex (more was the pity) too often subjected good people, whose fortunes did not set them above the world, to uncharitable censure.

He wished, however, that her Ladyship would tell what she had heard: although now it signified but little, because he would never ask me to set foot within their doors again: and he begged she would not mince the matter.

Nay, no great matter, she said. But she had been informed, that there were more women-lodgers in the house than men: yet that their visiters were more men than women. And this had been hinted to her (perhaps by ill-wishers, she could not answer for that) in such a way, as if somewhat further were meant by it than was spoken.

This, he said, was the true innuendo-way of characterizing, used by detractors. Every body and every thing had a black and a white side, of which well wishers and ill wishers may make their advantage. He had observed that the front house was well let, and he believed more to the one sex than to the other; for he had seen, occasionally passing to or fro, several genteel modest looking women; and who, it was very probable, were not so ill-beloved, but they might have visiters and relations of both sexes: but they were none of them any thing to us, or we to them: we were not once in any of their companies: but in the genteelest and most retired house of the two, which we had in a manner to ourselves, with the use of a parlour to the street, to serve us for a servants' hall, or to receive common visiters, or our traders only, whom we admitted not up stairs.

He always loved to speak as he found. No man in the world had suffered more from calumny than he himself had done.

Women, he owned, ought to be more scrupulous than men needed to be where they lodged. Nevertheless he wished that fact, rather than surmise, were to be the foundation of their judgments, especially when they spoke of one another.

He meant no reflection upon her Ladyship's informants, or rather surmisants, (as he might call them,) be they who they would: nor did he think himself obliged

to defend characters impeached, or not thought well of, by women of virtue and honour. Neither were these people of importance enough to have so much said about them.

The pretended Lady Betty said, all who knew her, would clear her of censoriousness: that it gave her some opinion, she must needs say, of the people, that he had continued there so long with me; that I had rather negative than positive reasons of dislike to them; and that so shrewd a man as she heard Captain Tomlinson was had not objected to them.

I think, niece Charlotte, proceeded she, as my nephew had not parted with these lodgings, you and I, (for, as my dear Miss Harlowe dislikes the people, I would not ask her for her company) will take a dish of tea with my nephew there, before we go out of town; and then we shall see what sort of people they are. I have heard that Mrs. Sinclair is a mighty forbidding creature.

With all my heart, Madam. In your Ladyship's company I shall make no scruple of going any where.

It was Ladyship at every word; and as she seemed proud of her title, and of her dress too, I might have guessed that she was not used to either.

What say you, cousin Lovelace? Lady Sarah, though a melancholy woman, is very inquisitive about all your affairs. I must acquaint her with every particular circumstance when I go down.

With all his heart. He would attend her whenever she pleased. She would see very handsome apartments, and very civil people.

The deuce is in them, said the Miss Montague, if they appear other to us.

She then fell into family talk; family happiness on my hoped-for accession into it. They mentioned Lord M.'s and Lady Sarah's great desire to see me: how many friends and admirers, with uplift hands, I should have! [Oh! my dear, what a triumph must these creatures, and he, have over the poor devoted all the time!] — What a happy man he would be! — They would not, the Lady Betty said, give themselves the mortification but to suppose that I should not be one of them!

Presents were hinted at. She resolved that I should go with her to Glenham-hall. She would not be refused, although she were to stay a week beyond her time for me.

She longed for the expected letter from you. I must write to hasten it, and to let Miss Howe know how every thing stood since I wrote last. That might dispose me absolutely in her favour and in her nephew's; and then she hoped there would be no occasion for me to think of entering upon any new measures.

Indeed, my dear, I did at the time intend, if I heard not from you by morning, to dispatch a man and horse to you, with the particulars of all, that you might (if

you thought proper) at least put off Mrs. Townsend's coming up to another day. — But I was miserably prevented.

She made me promise that I would write to you upon this subject, whether I heard from you or not. One of her servants should ride post with my letter, and wait for Miss Howe's answer.

She then launched out in deserved praises of you, my dear. How fond she should be of the honour of your acquaintance.

The pretended Miss Montague joined in with her, as well for herself as for her sister.

Abominably well instructed were they both!

O my dear! what risks may poor giddy girls run, when they throw themselves out of the protection of their natural friends, and into the wide world!

The then talked again of reconciliation and intimacy with every one of my friends; with my mother particularly; and gave the dear good lady the praises that every one gives her, who has the happiness to know her.

Ah, my dear Miss Howe! I had almost forgot my resentments against the pretended nephew! — So many agreeable things said, made me think, that, if you should advise it, and if I could bring my mind to forgive the wretch for an outrage so premeditatedly vile, and could forbear despising him for that and his other ungrateful and wicked ways, I might not be unhappy in an alliance with such a family. Yet, thought I at the time, with what intermixture does every thing come to me that had the appearance of good! —— However, as my lucid hopes made me see fewer faults in the behaviour of these pretended ladies, than recollection and abhorrence have helped me since to see, I began to reproach myself, that I had not at first thrown myself into their protection.

But amidst all these delightful prospects, I must not, said the Lady Betty, forget that I am to go to town.

She then ordered her coach to be got to the door. — We will all go to town together, said she, and return together. Morrison shall stay here, and see every thing as I am used to have it, in relation to my apartment, and my bed; for I am very particular in some respects. My cousin Leeson's servants can do all I want to be done with regard to my night-dresses, and the like. And it will be a little airing for you, my dear, and a want of your apparel to be sent from your former lodgings to Mrs. Leeson's; and we can bring it up with us from thence.

I had no intention to comply. But as I did not imagine that she would insist upon my going to town with them, I made no answer to that part of her speech.

I must here lay down my tired pen!

Recollection! heart-affecting recollection! how it pains me!

LETTER LXIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

In the midst of this agreeableness, the coach came to the door. The pretended Lady Betty besought me to give them my company to their cousin Leeson's. I desired to be excused: yet suspected nothing. She would not be denied. How happy would a visit so condescending make her cousin Leeson! —— Her cousin Leeson was not unworthy of my acquaintance: and would take it for the greatest favour in the world.

I objected my dress. But the objection was not admitted. She bespoke a supper of Mrs. Moore to be ready at nine.

Mr. Lovelace, vile hypocrite, and wicked deceiver! seeing, as he said, my dislike to go, desired his Ladyship not to insist upon it.

Fondness for my company was pleaded. She begged me to oblige her: made a motion to help me to my fan herself: and, in short, was so very urgent, that my feet complied against my speech and my mind: and being, in a manner, led to the coach by her, and made to step in first, she followed me: and her pretended niece, and the wretch, followed her: and away it drove.

Nothing but the height of affectionate complaisance passed all the way: over and over, what a joy would this unexpected visit give her cousin Leeson! What a pleasure must it be to such a mind as mine, to be able to give so much joy to every body I came near!

The cruel, the savage seducer (as I have since recollected) was in a rapture all the way; but yet such a sort of rapture, as he took visible pains to check.

Hateful villain! how I abhor him! — What mischief must be then in his plotting heart! — What a devoted victim must I be in all their eyes!

Though not pleased, I was nevertheless just then thoughtless of danger; they endeavouring thus to lift me up above all apprehensions of that, and above myself too.

But think, my dear, what a dreadful turn all had upon me, when, through several streets and ways I knew nothing of, the coach slackening its pace, came within sight of the dreadful house of the dreadfullest woman in the world; as she proved to me.

Lord be good unto me! cried the poor fool, looking out of the coach — Mr. Lovelace! — Madam! turning to the pretended Lady Betty! — Madam! turning to the niece, my hands and eyes lifted up — Lord be good unto me!

What! What! What! my dear.

He pulled the string — What need to have come this way? said he — But since we are, I will but ask a question — My dearest life, why this apprehension?

The coachman stopped: his servant, who, with one of her's was behind, alighted — Ask, said he, if I have any letters? Who knows, my dearest creature, turning to me, but we may already have one from the Captain? — We will not go out of the coach! — Fear nothing — Why so apprehensive? — Oh! these fine spirits! — cried the execrable insulter.

Dreadfully did my heart then misgive me: I was ready to faint. Why this terror, my life? you shall not stir out of the coach but one question, now the fellow has drove us this way.

Your lady will faint, cried the execrable Lady Betty, turning to him — My dearest Niece! (niece I will call you, taking my hand) — we must alight, if you are so ill. — Let us alight — only for a glass of water and hartshorn — indeed we must alight.

No, no, no — I am well — quite well — Won't the man drive on? — I am well — quite well — indeed I am. — Man, drive on, putting my head out of the coach — Man, drive on! — though my voice was too low to be heard.

The coach stopt at the door. How I trembled!

Dorcas came to the door, on its stopping.

My dearest creature, said the vile man, gasping, as it were for breath, you shall not alight — Any letters for me, Dorcas?

There are two, Sir. And here is a gentleman, Mr. Belton, Sir, waits for your honour; and has done so above an hour.

I'll just speak to him. Open the door — You sha'n't step out, my dear — A letter perhaps from Captain already! — You sha'n't step out, my dear.

I sighed as if my heart would burst.

But we must step out, Nephew: your lady will faint. Maid, a glass of hartshorn and water! — My dear you must step out — You will faint, child — We must cut your laces. — [I believe my complexion was all manner of colours by turns] — Indeed, you must step out, my dear.

He knew, said I, I should be well, the moment the coach drove from the door. I should not alight. By his soul, I should not.

Lord, Lord, Nephew, Lord, Lord, Cousin, both women in a breath, what ado you make about nothing! You persuade your lady to be afraid of alighting. — See you not that she is just fainting?

Indeed, Madam, said the vile seducer, my dearest love must not be moved in this point against her will. I beg it may not be insisted upon.

Fiddle-faddle, foolish man — What a pother is here! I guess how it is: you are ashamed to let us see what sort of people you carried your lady among — but do

you go out, and speak to your friend, and take your letters.

He stept out; but shut the coach-door after him, to oblige me.

The coach may go on, Madam, said I.

The coach shall go on, my dear life, said he. — But he gave not, nor intended to give, orders that it should.

Let the coach go on! said I — Mr. Lovelace may come after us.

Indeed, my dear, you are ill! — Indeed you must alight — alight but for one quarter of an hour. — Alight but to give orders yourself about your things. Whom can you be afraid of in my company, and my niece's; these people must have behaved shockingly to you! Please the Lord, I'll inquire into it! — I'll see what sort of people they are!

Immediately came the old creature to the door. A thousand pardons, dear Madam, stepping to the coach-side, if we have any way offended you — Be pleased, Ladies, [to the other two] to alight.

Well, my dear, whispered the Lady Betty, I now find that an hideous description of a person we never saw is an advantage to them. I thought the woman was a monster — but, really, she seems tolerable.

I was afraid I should have fallen into fits: but still refused to go out — Man! — Man! — Man! — cried I, gaspingly, my head out of the coach and in, by turns, half a dozen times running, drive on! — Let us go!

My heart misgave me beyond the power of my own accounting for it; for still I did not suspect these women. But the antipathy I had taken to the vile house, and to find myself so near it, when I expected no such matter, with the sight of the old creature, all together made me behave like a distracted person.

The hartshorn and water was brought. The pretended Lady Betty made me drink it. Heaven knows if there was any thing else in it!

Besides, said she, whisperingly, I must see what sort of creatures the nieces are. Want of delicacy cannot be hid from me. You could not surely, my dear, have this aversion to re-enter a house, for a few minutes, in our company, in which you lodged and boarded several weeks, unless these women could be so presumptuously vile, as my nephew ought not to know.

Out stept the pretended lady; the servant, at her command, having opened the door.

Dearest Madam, said the other to me, let me follow you, [for I was next the door.] Fear nothing: I will not stir from your presence.

Come, my dear, said the pretended lady, give me your hand; holding out her's. Oblige me this once.

I will bless your footsteps, said the old creature, if once more you honour my house with your presence.

A crowd by this time was gathered about us; but I was too much affected to mind that.

Again the pretended Miss Montague urged me; standing up as ready to go out if I would give her room. — Lord, my dear, said she, who can bear this crowd? — What will people think?

The pretended Lady again pressed me, with both her hands held out — Only, my dear, to give orders about your things.

And thus pressed, and gazed at, (for then I looked about me,) the women so richly dressed, people whispering; in an evil moment, out stepped I, trembling, forced to lean with both my hands (frighted too much for ceremony) on the pretended Lady Betty's arm — Oh! that I had dropped down dead upon the guilty threshold!

We shall stay but a few minutes, my dear! — but a few minutes! said the same specious jilt — out of breath with her joy, as I have since thought, that they had thus triumphed over the unhappy victim!

Come, Mrs. Sinclair, I think your name is, show us the way —— following her, and leading me. I am very thirsty. You have frighted me, my dear, with your strange fears. I must have tea made, if it can be done in a moment. We have farther to go, Mrs. Sinclair, and must return to Hampstead this night.

It shall be ready in a moment, cried the wretch. We have water boiling.

Hasten, then — Come, my dear, to me, as she led me through the passage to the fatal inner house — lean upon me — how you tremble! — how you falter in your steps! — Dearest niece Lovelace, [the old wretch being in hearing,] why these hurries upon your spirits? — We'll be gone in a minute.

And thus she led the poor sacrifice into the old wretch's too-well-known parlour.

Never was any body so gentle, so meek, so low voiced, as the odious woman; drawling out, in a puling accent, all the obliging things she could say: awed, I then thought, by the conscious dignity of a woman of quality; glittering with jewels.

The called-for tea was ready presently.

There was no Mr. Belton, I believe: for the wretch went not to any body, unless it were while we were parlying in the coach. No such person however, appeared at the tea-table.

I was made to drink two dishes, with milk, complaisantly urged by the pretended ladies helping me each to one. I was stupid to their hands; and, when I took the tea, almost choked with vapours; and could hardly swallow.

I thought, transiently thought, that the tea, the last dish particularly, had an odd taste. They, on my palating it, observed, that the milk was London-milk; far short

in goodness of what they were accustomed to from their own dairies.

I have no doubt that my two dishes, and perhaps my hartshorn, were prepared for me; in which case it was more proper for their purpose, that they should help me, than that I should help myself. Ill before, I found myself still more and more disordered in my head; a heavy torpid pain increasing fast upon me. But I imputed it to my terror.

Nevertheless, at the pretended Lady's motion, I went up stairs, attended by Dorcas; who affected to weep for joy, that she once more saw my blessed face; that was the vile creature's word: and immediately I set about taking out some of my clothes, ordering what should be put up, and what sent after me.

While I was thus employed, up came the pretended Lady Betty, in a hurrying way —— My dear, you won't be long before you are ready. My nephew is very busy in writing answers to his letters: so, I'll just whip away, and change my dress, and call upon you in an instant.

O Madam! — I am ready! I am now ready! — You must not leave me here. And down I sunk, affrighted, into a chair.

This instant, this instant, I will return — before you can be ready — before you can have packed up your things — we would not be late — the robbers we have heard of may be out — don't let us be late.

And away she hurried before I could say another word. Her pretended niece went with her, without taking notice to me of her going.

I had no suspicion yet that these women were not indeed the ladies they personated; and I blamed myself for my weak fears. — It cannot be, thought I, that such ladies will abet treachery against a poor creature they are so fond of. They must undoubtedly be the persons they appear to be — what folly to doubt it! The air, the dress, the dignity of women of quality. How unworthy of them, and of my charity, concluded I, is this ungenerous shadow of suspicion!

So, recovering my stupefied spirits, as well as they could be recovered, (for I was heavier and heavier! and wondered to Dorcas what ailed me, rubbing my eyes, and taking some of her snuff, pinch after pinch, to very little purpose,) I pursued my employment: but when that was over, all packed up that I designed to be packed up; and I had nothing to do but to think; and found them tarry so long; I thought I should have gone distracted. I shut myself into the chamber that had been mine; I kneeled, I prayed; yet knew not what I prayed for: then ran out again: it was almost dark night, I said: where, where, where was Mr. Lovelace?

He came to me, taking no notice at first of my consternation and wildness, [what they had given me made me incoherent and wild:] All goes well, said he, my dear! — A line from Capt. Tomlinson!

All indeed did go well for the villanous project of the most cruel and most villanous of men!

I demanded his aunt! — I demanded his cousin! — The evening, I said, was closing! — My head was very, very bad, I remember I said — and it grew worse and worse. —

Terror, however, as yet kept up my spirits; and I insisted upon his going himself to hasten them.

He called his servant. He raved at the sex for their delay: 'twas well that business of consequence seldom depended upon such parading, unpunctual triflers!

His servant came.

He ordered him to fly to his cousin Leeson's, and to let Lady Betty and his cousin know how uneasy we both were at their delay: adding, of his own accord, desire them, if they don't come instantly, to send their coach, and we will go without them. Tell them I wonder they'll serve me so!

I thought this was considerately and fairly put. But now, indifferent as my head was, I had a little time to consider the man and his behaviour. He terrified me with his looks, and with his violent emotions, as he gazed upon me. Evident joy-suppressed emotions, as I have since recollected. His sentences short, and pronounced as if his breath were touched. Never saw I his abominable eyes look as then they looked — Triumph in them! — fierce and wild; and more disagreeable than the women's at the vile house appeared to me when I first saw them: and at times, such a leering, mischief-boding cast! — I would have given the world to have been an hundred miles from him. Yet his behaviour was decent — a decency, however, that I might have seen to be struggled for — for he snatched my hand two or three times, with a vehemence in his grasp that hurt me; speaking words of tenderness through his shut teeth, as it seemed; and let it go with a beggar-voiced humbled accent, like the vile woman's just before; half-inward; yet his words and manner carrying the appearance of strong and almost convulsed passion! — O my dear! what mischief was he not then meditating!

I complained once or twice of thirst. My mouth seemed parched. At the time, I supposed that it was my terror (gasping often as I did for breath) that parched up the roof of my mouth. I called for water: some table-beer was brought me: beer, I suppose, was a better vehicle for their potions. I told the maid, that she knew I seldom tasted malt liquor: yet, suspecting nothing of this nature, being extremely thirsty, I drank it, as what came next: and instantly, as it were, found myself much worse than before: as if inebriated, I should fancy: I know not how.

His servant was gone twice as long as he needed: and, just before his return, came one of the pretended Lady Betty's with a letter for Mr. Lovelace.

He sent it up to me. I read it: and then it was that I thought myself a lost creature; it being to put off her going to Hampstead that night, on account of violent fits which Miss Montague was pretended to be seized with; for then immediately came into my head his vile attempt upon me in this house; the revenge that my flight might too probably inspire him with on that occasion, and because of the difficulty I made to forgive him, and to be reconciled to him; his very looks wild and dreadful to me; and the women of the house such as I had more reason than ever, even from the pretended Lady Betty's hint, to be afraid of: all these crowding together in my apprehensive mind, I fell into a kind of phrensy.

I have no remembrance how I was for this time it lasted: but I know that, in my first agitations, I pulled off my head-dress, and tore my ruffles in twenty tatters, and ran to find him out.

When a little recovered, I insisted upon the hint he had given me of their coach. But the messenger, he said, had told him, that it was sent to fetch a physician, lest his chariot should be put up, or not ready.

I then insisted upon going directly to Lady Betty's lodgings.

Mrs. Leeson's was now a crowded house, he said: and as my earnestness could be owing to nothing but groundless apprehensions, [and Oh! what vows, what protestations of his honour, did he then make!] he hoped I would not add to their present concern. Charlotte, indeed, was used to fits, he said, upon any great surprises, whether of joy or grief; and they would hold her for one week together, if not got off in a few hours.

You are an observer of eyes, my dear, said the villain; perhaps in secret insult: Saw you not in Miss Montague's, now-and-then at Hampstead, something wildish? I was afraid for her then. Silence and quiet only do her good: your concern for her, and her love for you, will but augment the poor girl's disorder, if you should go.

All impatient with grief and apprehension, I still declared myself resolved not to stay in that house till morning. All I had in the world, my rings, my watch, my little money, for a coach; or, if one were not to be got, I would go on foot to Hampstead that night, though I walked it by myself.

A coach was hereupon sent for, or pretended to be sent for. Any price, he said, he would give to oblige me, late as it was; and he would attend me with all his soul. But no coach was to be got.

Let me cut short the rest. I grew worse and worse in my head! now stupid, now raving, now senseless. The vilest of vile women was brought to frighten me. Never was there so horrible a creature as she appreared to me at this time.

I remember I pleaded for mercy. I remember that I said I would be his — indeed I would be his — to obtain his mercy. But no mercy found I! My strength,

my intellects failed me — And then such scenes followed — O my dear, such dreadful scenes! — fits upon fits, (faintly indeed and imperfectly remembered,) procuring me no compassion — But death was withheld from me. That would have been too great a mercy!

* * *

Thus was I tricked and deluded back by blacker hearts of my own sex than I thought there were in the world; who appeared to me to be persons of honour; and, when in his power, thus barbarously was I treated by this villanous man!

I was so senseless, that I dare not aver, that the horrid creatures of the house were personally aiding and abetting: but some visionary remembrances I have of female figures, flitting, as I may say, before my sight; the wretched woman's particularly. But as these confused ideas might be owing to the terror I had conceived of the worse than masculine violence she had been permitted to assume to me, for expressing my abhorrence of her house; and as what I suffered from his barbarity wants not that aggravation; I will say no more on a subject so shocking as this must ever be to my remembrance.

I never saw the personating wretches afterwards. He persisted to the last, (dreadfully invoking Heaven as a witness to the truth of his assertion) that they were really and truly the ladies they pretended to be; declaring, that they could not take leave of me, when they left town, because of the state of senselessness and phrensy I was in. For their intoxicating, or rather stupefying, potions had almost deleterious effects upon my intellects, as I have hinted; insomuch that, for several days together, I was under a strange delirium; now moping, now dozing, now weeping, now raving, now scribbling, tearing what I scribbled as fast as I wrote it: most miserable when now-and-then a ray of reason brought confusedly to my remembrance what I had suffered.

LETTER LXX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN CONTINUATION.]

[The lady next gives an account,
Of her recovery from her delirium and sleepy disorder:
Of her attempt to get away in his absence:
Of the conversations that followed, at his return, between them:
Of the guilty figure he made:
Of her resolution not to have him:
Of her several efforts to escape:
Of her treaty with Dorcas to assist her in it:
Of Dorcas's dropping the promissory note, undoubtedly, as she says, on purpose to betray her:
Of her triumph over all the creatures of the house, assembled to terrify her; and perhaps to commit fresh outrages upon her:
Of his setting out for M. Hall:
Of his repeated letters to induce her to meet him at the altar, on her uncle's anniversary:
Of her determined silence to them all:
Of her second escape, effected, as she says, contrary to her own expectation: the attempt being at first but the intended prelude to a more promising one, which she had formed in her mind:
And of other particulars; which being to be found in Mr. Lovelace's letters preceding, and the letter of his friend Belford, are omitted. She then proceeds:]

The very hour that I found myself in a place of safety, I took pen to write to you. When I began, I designed only to write six or eight lines, to inquire after your health: for, having heard nothing from you, I feared indeed, that you had been, and still were, too ill to write. But no sooner did my pen begin to blot the paper, but my sad heart hurried it into length. The apprehensions I had lain under, that I should not be able to get away; the fatigue I had in effecting my escape: the difficulty of procuring a lodging for myself; having disliked the people of two houses, and those of a third disliking me; for you must think I made a frighted appearance — these, together with the recollection of what I had suffered from him, and my farther apprehensions of my insecurity, and my desolate circumstances, had so disordered me, that I remember I rambled strangely in that letter.

In short, I thought it, on re-perusal, a half-distracted one: but I then despaired, (were I to begin again,) of writing better: so I let it go: and can have no excuse for directing it as I did, if the cause of the incoherence in it will not furnish me with a very pitiable one.

The letter I received from your mother was a dreadful blow to me. But nevertheless it had the good effect upon me (labouring, as I did just then, under a violent fit of vapourish despondency, and almost yielding to it) which profuse bleeding and blisterings have in paralytic or apoplectical strokes; reviving my attention, and restoring me to spirits to combat the evils I was surrounded by — sluicing off, and diverting into a new channel, (if I may be allowed another metaphor,) the overcharging woes which threatened once more to overwhelm my intellects.

But yet I most sincerely lamented, (and still lament,) in your mother's words, That I cannot be unhappy by myself: and was grieved, not only for the trouble I had given you before; but for the new one I had brought upon you by my inattention.

[She then gives the substance of the letters she wrote to Mrs. Norton, to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to Mrs. Hodges; as also of their answers; whereby she detected all Mr. Lovelace's impostures. She proceeds as follows:]

I cannot, however, forbear to wonder how the vile Tomlinson could come at the knowledge of several of the things he told me of, and which contributed to give me confidence in him.*

* The attentive reader need not be referred back for what the Lady nevertheless could not account for, as she knew not that Mr. Lovelace had come at Miss Howe's letters; particularly that in Vol. IV. Letter XXIX. which he comments upon in Letter XLIV. of the same volume.

I doubt not that the stories of Mrs. Fretchville and her house would be found as vile as any of the rest, were I to inquire; and had I not enough, and too much, already against the perjured man.

How have I been led on! — What will be the end of such a false and perjured creature! Heaven not less profaned and defied by him than myself deceived and abused! This, however, against myself I must say, That if what I have suffered be the natural consequence of my first error, I never can forgive myself, although you are so partial in my favour, as to say, that I was not censurable for what passed before my first escape.

And now, honoured Madam, and my dearest Miss Howe, who are to sit in judgment upon my case, permit me to lay down my pen with one request, which, with the greatest earnestness, I make to you both: and that is, That you will

neither of you open your lips in relation to the potions and the violences I have hinted at. — Not that I am solicitous, that my disgrace should be hidden from the world, or that it should not be generally known, that the man has proved a villain to me: for this, it seems, every body but myself expected from his character. But suppose, as his actions by me are really of a capital nature, it were insisted upon that I should appear to prosecute him and his accomplices in a court of justice, how do you think I could bear that?

But since my character, before the capital enormity, was lost in the eye of the world; and that from the very hour I left my father's house; and since all my own hopes of worldly happiness are entirely over; let me slide quietly into my grave; and let it be not remembered, except by one friendly tear, and no more, dropt from your gentle eye, mine own dear Anna Howe, on the happy day that shall shut up all my sorrows, that there was such a creature as

CLARISSA HARLOWE SATURDAY, JULY 8.

LETTER LXXI

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SUNDAY, JULY 9.

May Heaven signalize its vengeance, in the face of all the world, upon the most abandoned and profligate of men! — And in its own time, I doubt not but it will. — And we must look to a WORLD BEYOND THIS for the reward of your sufferings!

Another shocking detection, my dear! — How have you been deluded! — Very watchful I have thought you; very sagacious: — but, alas! not watchful, not sagacious enough, for the horrid villain you have had to deal with! ——

The letter you sent me enclosed as mine, of the 7th of June, is a villanous forgery.*

* See Vol. V. Letter XXX.

The hand, indeed, is astonishingly like mine; and the cover, I see, is actually my cover: but yet the letter is not so exactly imitated, but that, (had you had any suspicions about his vileness at the time,) you, who so well know my hand, might have detected it.

In short, this vile, forged letter, though a long one, contains but a few extracts from mine. Mine was a very long one. He has omitted every thing, I see, in it that could have shown you what a detestable house the house is; and given you suspicions of the vile Tomlinson. — You will see this, and how he has turned Miss Lardner's information, and my advices to you, [execrable villain!] to his own horrid ends, by the rough draught of the genuine letter, which I shall enclose.*

* See Vol. V. Letter XX.

Apprehensive for both our safeties from the villany of such a daring and profligate contriver, I must call upon you, my dear, to resolve upon taking legal vengeance of the infernal wretch. And this not only for our own sakes, but for the sakes of innocents who otherwise may yet be deluded and outraged by him.

[She then gives the particulars of the report made by the young fellow whom she sent to Hampstead with her letter; and who supposed he had delivered it into her own hand;* and then proceeds:]

* See Vol. VI. Letter VI.

I am astonished, that the vile wretch, who could know nothing of the time my messenger, (whose honesty I can vouch for) would come, could have a creature ready to personate you! Strange, that the man should happen to arrive just as you were gone to church, (as I find was the fact, on comparing what he says with your hint that you were at church twice that day,) when he might have got to Mrs.

Moore's two hours before! — But had you told me, my dear, that the villain had found you out, and was about you! — You should have done that — yet I blame you upon a judgment founded on the event only!

I never had any faith in the stories that go current among country girls, of specters, familiars, and demons; yet I see not any other way to account for this wretch's successful villany, and for his means of working up his specious delusions, but by supposing, (if he be not the devil himself,) that he has a familiar constantly at his elbow. Sometimes it seems to me that this familiar assumes the shape of that solemn villain Tomlinson: sometimes that of the execrable Sinclair, as he calls her: sometimes it is permitted to take that of Lady Betty Lawrance — but, when it would assume the angelic shape and mien of my beloved friend, see what a bloated figure it made!

'Tis my opinion, my dear, that you will be no longer safe where you are, than while the V. is in the country. Words are poor! — or how could I execrate him! I have hardly any doubt that he has sold himself for a time. Oh! may the time be short! — or may his infernal prompter no more keep covenant with him than he does with others!

I enclose not only the rough draught of my long letter mentioned above, but the heads of that which the young fellow thought he delivered into your own hands at Hampstead. And when you have perused them, I will leave to you to judge how much reason I had to be surprised that you wrote me not an answer to either of those letters; one of which you owned you had received, (though it proved to be his forged one,) the other delivered into your own hands, as I was assured; and both of them of so much concern to your honour; and still now much more surprised I must be, when I received a letter from Mrs. Townsend, dated June 15, from Hampstead, importing, 'That Mr. Lovelace, who had been with you several days, had, on the Monday before, brought Lady Betty and his cousin, richly dressed, and in a coach-and-four, to visit you: who, with your own consent, had carried you to town with them — to your former lodgings; where you still were: that the Hampstead women believed you to be married; and reflected upon me as a fomenter of differences between man and wife: that he himself was at Hampstead the day before; viz. Wednesday the 14th; and boasted of his happiness with you; inviting Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Bevis, and Miss Rawlins, to go to town, to visit his spouse; which they promised to do: that he declared that you were entirely reconciled to your former lodgings: — and that, finally, the women at Hampstead told Mrs. Townsend, that he had very handsomely discharged theirs.'

I own to you, my dear, that I was so much surprised and disgusted at these appearances against a conduct till then unexceptionable, that I was resolved to make myself as easy as I could, and wait till you should think fit to write to me.

But I could rein-in my impatience but for a few days; and on the 20th of June I wrote a sharp letter to you; which I find you did not receive.

What a fatality, my dear, has appeared in your case, from the very beginning till this hour! Had my mother permitted ——

But can I blame her; when you have a father and mother living, who have so much to answer for? — So much! — as no father and mother, considering the child they have driven, persecuted, exposed, renounced, ever had to answer for!

But again I must execrate the abandoned villain — yet, as I said before, all words are poor, and beneath the occasion.

But see we not, in the horrid perjuries and treachery of this man, what rakes and libertines will do, when they get a young creature into their power! It is probable that he might have the intolerable presumption to hope an easier conquest: but, when your unexampled vigilance and exalted virtue made potions, and rapes, and the utmost violences, necessary to the attainment of his detestable end, we see that he never boggled at them. I have no doubt that the same or equal wickedness would be oftener committed by men of his villanous cast, if the folly and credulity of the poor inconsiderates who throw themselves into their hands, did not give them an easier triumph.

With what comfort must those parents reflect upon these things who have happily disposed of their daughters in marriage to a virtuous man! And how happy the young women who find themselves safe in a worthy protection! — If such a person as Miss Clarissa Harlowe could not escape, who can be secure? — Since, though every rake is not a LOVELACE, neither is every woman a CLARISSA: and his attempts were but proportioned to your resistance and vigilance.

My mother has commanded me to let you know her thoughts upon the whole of your sad story. I will do it in another letter; and send it to you with this, by a special messenger.

But, for the future, if you approve of it, I will send my letters by the usual hand, (Collins's,) to be left at the Saracen's Head, on Snow-hill: whither you may send your's, (as we both used to do, to Wilson's,) except such as we shall think fit to transmit by the post: which I am afraid, after my next, must be directed to Mr. Hickman, as before: since my mother is fixing a condition to our correspondence, which, I doubt, you will not comply with, though I wish you would. This condition I shall acquaint you with by-and-by.

Mean time, begging excuse for all the harsh things in my last, of which your sweet meekness and superior greatness of soul have now made me most heartily ashamed, I beseech you, my dearest creature, to believe me to be

Your truly sympathising, and unalterable friend, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXXII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE MONDAY, JULY 10.

I now, my dearest friend, resume my pen, to obey my mother, in giving you her opinion upon your unhappy story.

She still harps upon the old string, and will have it that all your calamities are owing to your first fatal step; for she believes, (what I cannot,) that your relations had intended after one general trial more, to comply with your aversion, if they had found it to be as riveted a one, as, let me say, it was a folly to suppose it would not be found to be, after so many ridiculously-repeated experiments.

As to your latter sufferings from that vilest of miscreants, she is unalterably of opinion that if all be as you have related (which she doubts not) with regard to the potions, and to the violences you have sustained, you ought by all means to set on foot a prosecution against him, and against his devilish accomplices.

She asks, What murderers, what ravishers, would be brought to justice, if modesty were to be a general plea, and allowable, against appearing in a court to prosecute?

She says, that the good of society requires, that such a beast of prey should be hunted out of it: and, if you do not prosecute him, she thinks you will be answerable for all the mischiefs he may do in the course of his future villanous life.

Will it be thought, Nancy, said she, that Miss Clarissa Harlowe can be in earnest, when she says, she is not solicitous to have her disgraces concealed from the world, if she be afraid or ashamed to appear in court, to do justice to herself and her sex against him? Will it not be rather surmised, that she may be apprehensive that some weakness, or lurking love, will appear upon the trial of the strange cause? If, inferred she, such complicated villany as this (where perjury, potions, forgery, subornation, are all combined to effect the ruin of an innocent creature, and to dishonour a family of eminence, and where the very crimes, as may be supposed, are proofs of her innocence) is to go off with impunity, what case will deserve to be brought into judgment? or what malefactor ought to be hanged?

Then she thinks, and so do I, that the vile creatures, his accomplices, ought, by all means, to be brought to condign punishment, as they must and will be upon bringing him to trial: and this may be a mean to blow up and root out a whole nest of vipers, and save many innocent creatures.

She added, that if Miss Clarissa Harlowe could be so indifferent about having this public justice done upon such a wretch for her own sake, she ought to

overcome her scruples out of regard to her family, her acquaintance, and her sex, which are all highly injured and scandalized by his villany to her.

For her own part, she declares, that were she your mother, she would forgive you upon no other terms: and, upon your compliance with these, she herself will undertake to reconcile all your family to you.

These, my dear, are my mother's sentiments upon your sad story.

I cannot say but there are reason and justice in them: and it is my opinion, that it would be very right for the law to oblige an injured woman to prosecute, and to make seduction on the man's part capital, where his studied baseness, and no fault in her will, appeared.

To this purpose the custom in the Isle of Man is a very good one ——

'If a single woman there prosecutes a single man for a rape, the ecclesiastical judges impannel a jury; and, if this jury find him guilty, he is returned guilty to the temporal courts: where if he be convicted, the deemster, or judge, delivers to the woman a rope, a sword, and a ring; and she has it in her choice to have him hanged, beheaded, or to marry him.'

One of the two former, I think, should always be her option.

I long for the particulars of your story. You must have too much time upon your hands for a mind so active as your's, if tolerable health and spirits be afforded you.

The villany of the worst of men, and the virtue of the most excellent of women, I expect will be exemplified in it, were it to be written in the same connected and particular manner in which you used to write to me.

Try for it, my dearest friend; and since you cannot give the example without the warning, give both, for the sakes of all those who shall hear of your unhappy fate; beginning from your's of June 5, your prospects then not disagreeable. I pity you for the task; though I cannot willingly exempt you from it.

* * *

My mother will have me add, that she must insist upon your prosecuting the villain. She repeats, that she makes that a condition on which she permits our future correspondence. Let me therefore know your thoughts upon it. I asked her, if she would be willing that I should appear to support you in court, if you complied? — By all means, she said, if that would induce you to begin with him, and with the horrid women. I think I could probably attend you, I am sure I could, were there but a probability of bringing the monster to his deserved end.

Once more your thoughts of it, supposing it were to meet with the approbation of your relations.

But whatever be your determination on this head, it shall be my constant prayer, that God will give you patience to bear your heavy afflictions, as a person ought to do who has not brought them upon herself by a faulty will: that He will speak peace and comfort to your wounded mind; and give you many happy years. I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate and faithful ANNA HOWE.

* * *

[The two preceding letters were sent by a special messenger: in the cover were written the following lines:]

MONDAY, JULY 10.

I cannot, my dearest friend, suffer the enclosed to go unaccompanied by a few lines, to signify to you that they are both less tender in some places than I would have written, had they not been to pass my mother's inspection. The principal reason, however, of my writing thus separately is, to beg of you to permit me to send you money and necessaries, which you must needs want; and that you will let me know, if either I, or any body I can influence, can be of service to you. I am excessively apprehensive that you are not enough out of the villain's reach where you are. Yet London, I am persuaded, is the place, of all others, to be private in.

I could tear my hair for vexation, that I have it not in my power to afford you personal protection! — I am

Your ever devoted ANNA HOWE.

Once more forgive me, my dearest creature, for my barbarous taunting in mine of the 5th! Yet I can hardly forgive myself. I to be so cruel, yet to know you so well! — Whence, whence, had I this vile impatiency of spirit! —

LETTER LXXIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE TUESDAY, JULY 11.

Forgive you, my dear! — Most cordially do I forgive you — Will you forgive me for some sharp things I wrote in return to your's of the 5th? You could not have loved me as you do, nor had the concern you have always shown for my honour, if you had not been utterly displeased with me, on the appearance which my conduct wore to you when you wrote that letter. I most heartily thank you, my best and only love, for the opportunity you gave me of clearing it up; and for being generously ready to acquit me of intentional blame, the moment you had read my melancholy narrative.

As you are so earnest to have all the particulars of my sad story before you, I will, if life and spirits be lent me, give you an ample account of all that has befallen me, from the time you mention. But this, it is very probable, you will not see, till after the close of my last scene: and as I shall write with a view to that, I hope no other voucher will be wanted for the veracity of the writer, be who will the reader.

I am far from thinking myself out of the reach of this man's further violence. But what can I do? Whither can I fly? — Perhaps my bad state of health (which must grow worse, as recollection of the past evils, and reflections upon them, grow heavier and heavier upon me) may be my protection. Once, indeed, I thought of going abroad; and, had I the prospect of many years before me, I would go. — But, my dear, the blow is given. — Nor have you reason now, circumstanced as I am, to be concerned that it is. What a heart must I have, if it be not broken — and indeed, my dear friend, I do so earnestly wish for the last closing scene, and with so much comfort find myself in a declining way, that I even sometimes ungratefully regret that naturally-healthy constitution, which used to double upon me all my enjoyments.

As to the earnestly-recommended prosecution, I may possibly touch upon it more largely hereafter, if ever I shall have better spirits; for they are at present extremely sunk and low. But just now, I will only say, that I would sooner suffer every evil (the repetition of the capital one excepted) than appear publicly in a court to do myself justice.* And I am heartily grieved that your mother prescribes such a measure as the condition of our future correspondence: for the continuance of your friendship, my dear, and the desire I had to correspond with you to my life's end, were all my remaining hopes and consolation. Nevertheless, as that friendship is in the power of the heart, not of the hand only, I hope I shall not forfeit that.

* Dr. Lewen, in Letter XXIV. of Vol. VIII. presses her to this public prosecution, by arguments worthy of his character; which she answers in a manner worthy of her's. See Letter XXV. of that volume.

O my dear! what would I give to obtain a revocation of my father's malediction! a reconciliation is not to be hoped for. You, who never loved my father, may think my solicitude on this head a weakness: but the motive for it, sunk as my spirits at times are, is not always weak.

* * *

I approve of the method you prescribe for the conveyance of our letters; and have already caused the porter of the inn to be engaged to bring to me your's, the moment that Collins arrives with them. And the servant of the house where I am will be permitted to carry mine to Collins for you.

I have written a letter to Miss Rawlins, of Hampstead; the answer to which, just now received, has helped me to the knowledge of the vile contrivance, by which the wicked man got your letter of June the 10th. I will give you the contents of both.

In mine to her, I briefly acquainted her 'with what had befallen me, through the vileness of the women who had passed upon me as the aunt and cousin of the wickedest of men; and own, that I never was married to him. I desire her to make particular inquiry, and to let me know, who it was at Mrs. Moore's that, on Sunday afternoon, June 11, while I was at church, received a letter from Miss Howe, pretending to be me, and lying on a couch: — which letter, had it come to my hands, would have saved me from ruin. I excuse myself (on the score of the delirium, which the horrid usage I had received threw me into, and from a confinement as barbarous as illegal) that I had not before applied to Mrs. Moore for an account of what I was indebted to her: which account I now desired. And, for fear of being traced by Mr. Lovelace, I directed her to superscribe her answer, To Mrs. Mary Atkins; to be left till called for, at the Belle Savage Inn, on Ludgate-hill.'

In her answer, she tells me, 'that the vile wretch prevailed upon Mrs. Bevis to personate me, [a sudden motion of his, it seems, on the appearance of your messenger,] and persuaded her to lie along a couch: a handkerchief over her neck and face; pretending to be ill; the credulous woman drawn in by false notions of your ill offices to keep up a variance between a man and his wife — and so taking the letter from your messenger as me.

'Miss Rawlins takes pains to excuse Mrs. Bevis's intention. She expresses their astonishment, and concern at what I communicate: but is glad, however, and so

they are all, that they know in time the vileness of the base man; the two widows and herself having, at his earnest invitation, designed me a visit at Mrs. Sinclair's: supposing all to be happy between him and me; as he assured them was the case. Mr. Lovelace, she informs me, had handsomely satisfied Mrs. Moore. And Miss Rawlins concludes with wishing to be favoured with the particulars of so extraordinary a story, as these particulars may be of use, to let her see what wicked creatures (women as well as men) there are in the world.'

I thank you, my dear, for the draughts of your two letters which were intercepted by this horrid man. I see the great advantage they were of to him, in the prosecution of his villanous designs against the poor wretch whom he had so long made the sport of his abhorred inventions.

Let me repeat, that I am quite sick of life; and of an earth, in which innocent and benevolent spirits are sure to be considered as aliens, and to be made sufferers by the genuine sons and daughters of that earth.

How unhappy, that those letters only which could have acquainted me with his horrid views, and armed me against them, and against the vileness of the base women, should fall into his hands! — Unhappier still, in that my very escape to Hampstead gave him the opportunity of receiving them.

Nevertheless, I cannot but still wonder, how it was possible for that Tomlinson to know what passed between Mr. Hickman and my uncle Harlowe:* a circumstance which gave the vile impostor most of his credit with me.

* See the note in Letter LXX. of this volume.

How the wicked wretch himself could find me out at Hampstead, must also remain wholly a mystery to me. He may glory in his contrivances — he, who has more wickedness than wit, may glory in his contrivances! — But, after all, I shall, I humbly presume to hope, be happy, when he, poor wretch, will be — alas! — who can say what! ——

Adieu, my dearest friend! — May you be happy! — And then your Clarissa cannot be wholly miserable!

VOLUME VII.

DETAILED LETTER CONTENTS

LETTER I. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Beseeches her to take comfort, and not despair. Is dreadfully apprehensive of her own safety from Mr. Lovelace. An instruction to mothers.

LETTER II. Clarissa To Miss Howe. — Averse as she is to appear in a court of justice against Lovelace, she will consent to prosecute him, rather than Miss Howe shall live in terror. Hopes she shall not despair: but doubts not, from so many concurrent circumstances, that the blow is given.

LETTER III. IV. Lovelace to Belford. — Has no subject worth writing upon now he has lost his Clarissa. Half in jest, half in earnest, [as usual with him when vexed or disappointed,] he deplores the loss of her. — Humourous account of Lord M., of himself, and of his two cousins Montague. His Clarissa has made him eyeless and senseless to every other beauty.

LETTER V. VI. VII. VIII. From the same. — Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance arrive, and engage Lord M. and his two cousins Montague against him, on account of his treatment of the lady. His trial, as he calls it. After many altercations, they obtain his consent that his two cousins should endeavour to engage Miss Howe to prevail upon Clarissa to accept of him, on his unfeigned repentance. It is some pleasure to him, he however rakishly reflects, to observe how placable the ladies of his family would have been, had they met with a Lovelace. MARRIAGE, says he, with these women, is an atonement for the worst we can do to them; a true dramatic recompense. He makes several other whimsical, but characteristic observations, some of which may serve as cautions and warnings to the sex.

LETTER IX. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Has had a visit from the two Miss Montague's. Their errand. Advises her to marry Lovelace. Reasons for her advice.

LETTER X. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Chides her with friendly impatience for not answering her letter. Re-urges her to marry Lovelace, and instantly to put herself under Lady Betty's protection.

LETTER XI. Miss Howe to Miss Montague. — In a phrensy of her soul, writes to her to demand news of her beloved friend, spirited away, as she apprehends, by the base arts of the blackest of men.

LETTER XII. Lovelace to Belford. — The suffering innocent arrested and confined, by the execrable woman, in a sham action. He curses himself, and all his plots and contrivances. Conjures him to fly to her, and clear him of this low, this dirty villany; to set her free without conditions; and assure her, that he will never molest her more. Horribly execrates the diabolical women, who thought to make themselves a merit with him by this abominable insult.

LETTER XIII. XIV. Miss Montague to Miss Howe, with the particulars of all that has happened to the lady. — Mr. Lovelace the most miserable of men. Reflections on libertines. She, her sister, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, Lord M., and Lovelace himself, all sign letters to Miss Howe, asserting his innocence of this horrid insult, and imploring her continued interest in his and their favour with Clarissa.

LETTER XV. Belford to Lovelace. — Particulars of the vile arrest. Insolent visits of the wicked women to her. Her unexampled meekness and patience. Her fortitude. He admires it, and prefers it to the false courage of men of their class.

LETTER XVI. From the same. — Goes to the officer's house. A description of the horrid prison-room, and of the suffering lady on her knees in one corner of it. Her great and moving behaviour. Breaks off, and sends away his letter, on purpose to harass him by suspense.

LETTER XVII. Lovelace to Belford. — Curses him for his tormenting abruption. Clarissa never suffered half what he suffers. That sex made to bear pain. Conjures him to hasten to him the rest of his soul-harrowing intelligence.

LETTER XVIII. Belford to Lovelace. — His farther proceedings. The lady returns to her lodgings at Smith's. Distinction between revenge and resentment in her character. Sends her, from the vile women, all her apparel, as Lovelace had desired.

LETTER XIX. Belford to Lovelace. — Rejoices to find he can feel. Will endeavour from time to time to add to his remorse. Insists upon his promise not to molest the lady.

LETTER XX. From the same. — Describes her lodgings, and gives a character of the people, and of the good widow Lovick. She is so ill, that they provide her an honest nurse, and send for Mr. Goddard, a worthy apothecary. Substance of a letter to Miss Howe, dictated by the lady.

LETTER XXI. From the same. — Admitted to the lady's presence. What passed on the occasion. Really believes that she still loves him. Has a reverence, and

even a holy love for her. Astonished that Lovelace could hold his purposes against such an angel of a woman. Condemns him for not timely exerting himself to save her.

LETTER XXII. From the same. — Dr. H. called in. Not having a single guinea to give him, she accepts of three from Mrs. Lovick on a diamond ring. Her dutiful reasons for admitting the doctor's visit. His engaging and gentlemanly behaviour. She resolves to part with some of her richest apparel. Her reasons.

LETTER XXIII. Lovelace to Belford. — Raves at him. For what. Rallies him, with his usual gayety, on several passages in his letters. Reasons why Clarissa's heart cannot be broken by what she has suffered. Passionate girls easily subdued. Sedate ones hardly ever pardon. He has some retrograde motions: yet is in earnest to marry Clarissa. Gravely concludes, that a person intending to marry should never be a rake. His gay resolutions. Renews, however, his promises not to molest her. A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, when a woman is known not to love her husband. Advantages which men have over women, when disappointed in love. He knows she will permit him to make her amends, after she has plagued him heartily.

LETTER XXIV. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Is shocked at receiving a letter from her written by another hand. Tenderly consoles her, and inveighs against Lovelace. Re-urges her, however, to marry him. Her mother absolutely of her opinion. Praises Mr. Hickman's sister, who, with her Lord, had paid her a visit.

LETTER XXV. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Her condition greatly mended. In what particulars. Her mind begins to strengthen; and she finds herself at times superior to her calamities. In what light she wishes her to think of her. Desires her to love her still, but with a weaning love. She is not now what she was when they were inseparable lovers. Their views must now be different.

LETTER XXVI. Belford to Lovelace. — A consuming malady, and a consuming mistress, as in Belton's case, dreadful things to struggle with. Farther reflections on the life of keeping. The poor man afraid to enter into his own house. Belford undertakes his cause. Instinct in brutes equivalent to natural affection in men. Story of the ancient Sarmatians, and their slaves. Reflects on the lives of rakes, and free-livers; and how ready they are in sickness to run away from one another. Picture of a rake on a sick bed. Will marry and desert them all.

LETTER XXVII. From the same. — The lady parts with some of her laces. Instances of the worthiness of Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard. He severely reflects upon

Lovelace.

LETTER XXVIII. Lovelace to Belford. — Has an interview with Mr. Hickman. On what occasion. He endeavours to disconcert him, by assurance and ridicule; but finds him to behave with spirit.

LETTER XXIX. From the same. — Rallies him on his intentional reformation. Ascribes the lady's ill health entirely to the arrest, (in which, he says, he had no hand,) and to her relations' cruelty. Makes light of her selling her clothes and laces. Touches upon Belton's case. Distinguishes between companionship and friendship. How he purposes to rid Belton of his Thomasine and her cubs.

LETTER XXX. Belford to Lovelace. — The lady has written to her sister, to obtain a revocation of her father's malediction. Defends her parents. He pleads with the utmost earnestness to her for his friend.

LETTER XXXI. From the same. — Can hardly forbear prostration to her. Tenders himself as her banker. Conversation on this subject. Admires her magnanimity. No wonder that a virtue so solidly based could baffle all his arts. Other instances of her greatness of mind. Mr. Smith and his wife invite him, and beg of her to dine with them, it being their wedding day. Her affecting behaviour on the occasion. She briefly, and with her usual noble simplicity, relates to them the particulars of her life and misfortunes.

LETTER XXXII. Lovelace to Belford. — Ridicules him on his address to the lady as her banker, and on his aspirations and prostrations. Wants to come at letters she has written. Puts him upon engaging Mrs. Lovick to bring this about. Weight that proselytes have with the good people that convert them. Reasons for it. He has hopes still of the lady's favour; and why. Never adored her so much as now. Is about to go to a ball at Colonel Ambrose's. Who to be there. Censures affectation and finery in the dress of men; and particularly with a view to exalt himself, ridicules Belford on this subject.

LETTER XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI. XXXVII. Sharp letters that pass between Miss Howe and Arabella Harlowe.

LETTER XXXVIII. Mrs. Harlowe to Mrs. Howe. — Sent with copies of the five foregoing letters.

LETTER XXXIX. Mrs. Howe to Mrs. Harlowe. In answer.

LETTER XL. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Desires an answer to her former letters for her to communicate to Miss Montague. Farther enforces her own and her

mother’s opinion, that she should marry Lovelace. Is obliged by her mother to go to a ball at Colonel Ambrose’s. Fervent professions of her friendly love.

LETTER XLI. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Her noble reasons for refusing Lovelace. Desires her to communicate extracts from this letter to the Ladies of his family.

LETTER XLII. From the same. — Begs, for her sake, that she will forbear treating her relations with freedom and asperity. Endeavours, in her usual dutiful manner, to defend their conduct towards her. Presses her to make Mr. Hickman happy.

LETTER XLIII. Mrs. Norton to Clarissa. — Excuses her long silence. Her family, who were intending to favour her, incensed against her by means of Miss Howe’s warm letters to her sister.

LETTER XLIV. Clarissa to Mrs. Norton. — Is concerned that Miss Howe should write about her to her friends. Gives her a narrative of all that has befallen her since her last. Her truly christian frame of mind. Makes reflections worthy of herself, upon her present situation, and upon her hopes, with regard to a happy futurity.

LETTER XLV. Copy of Clarissa’s humble letter to her sister, imploring the revocation of her father’s heavy malediction.

LETTER XLVI. Belford to Lovelace. — Defends the lady from the perverseness he (Lovelace) imputes to her on parting with some of her apparel. Poor Belton’s miserable state both of body and mind. Observations on the friendship of libertines. Admires the noble simplicity, and natural ease and dignity of style, of the sacred books. Expatiates upon the pragmatical folly of man. Those who know least, the greatest scoffers.

LETTER XLVII. From the same. — The lady parts with one of her best suits of clothes. Reflections upon such purchasers as take advantage of the necessities of their fellow-creatures. Self an odious devil. A visible alteration in the lady for the worse. She gives him all Mr. Lovelace’s letters. He (Belford) takes this opportunity to plead for him. Mr. Hickman comes to visit her.

LETTER XLVIII. From the same. — Breakfasts next morning with the lady and Mr. Hickman. His advantageous opinion of that gentleman. Censures the conceited pride and narrow-mindedness of rakes and libertines. Tender and

affecting parting between Mr. Hickman and the lady. Observations in praise of intellectual friendship.

LETTER XLIX. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Has no notion of coldness in friendship. Is not a daughter of those whom she so freely treats. Delays giving the desired negative to the solicitation of the ladies of Lovelace's family; and why. Has been exceedingly fluttered by the appearance of Lovelace at the ball given by Colonel Ambrose. What passed on that occasion. Her mother and all the ladies of their select acquaintance of opinion that she should accept of him.

LETTER L. Clarissa. In answer. — Chides her for suspending the decisive negative. Were she sure she should live many years, she would not have Mr. Lovelace. Censures of the world to be but of second regard with any body. Method as to devotion and exercise she was in when so cruelly arrested.

LETTER LI. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Designed to be communicated to Mr. Lovelace's relations.

LETTER LII. LIII. Lovelace to Belford. — Two letters entirely characteristic yet intermingled with lessons and observations not unworthy of a better character. He has great hopes from Miss Howe's mediation in his favour. Picture of two rakes turned Hermits, in their penitentials.

LETTER LIV. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — She now greatly approves of her rejection of Lovelace. Admires the noble example she has given her sex of a passion conquered. Is sorry she wrote to Arabella: but cannot imitate her in her self-accusations, and acquittals of others who are all in fault. Her notions of a husband's prerogative. Hopes she is employing herself in penning down the particulars of her tragical story. Use to be made of it to the advantage of her sex. Her mother earnest about it.

LETTER LV. Miss Howe to Miss Montague. — With Clarissa's Letter, No. XLI. of this volume. Her own sentiments of the villanous treatment her beloved friend had met with from their kinsman. Prays for vengeance upon him, if she do not recover.

LETTER LVI. Mrs. Norton to Clarissa. — Acquaints her with some of their movements at Harlowe-place. Almost wishes she would marry the wicked man; and why. Useful reflections on what has befallen a young lady so universally beloved. Must try to move her mother in her favour. But by what means, will not tell her, unless she succeed.

LETTER LVII. Mrs. Norton to Mrs. Harlowe.

LETTER LVIII. Mrs. Harlowe’s affecting answer.

LETTER LIX. Clarissa to Mrs. Norton. — Earnestly begs, for reasons equally generous and dutiful, that she may be left to her own way of working with her relations. Has received her sister’s answer to her letter, No. XLV. of this volume. She tries to find an excuse for the severity of it, though greatly affected by it. Other affecting and dutiful reflections.

LETTER LX. Her sister’s cruel letter, mentioned in the preceding.

LETTER LXI. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Is pleased that she now at last approved of her rejecting Lovelace. Desires her to be comforted as to her. Promises that she will not run away from life. Hopes she has already got above the shock given her by the ill treatment she has met with from Lovelace. Has had an escape, rather than a loss. Impossible, were it not for the outrage, that she could have been happy with him; and why. Sets in the most affecting, the most dutiful and generous lights, the grief of her father, mother, and other relations, on her account. Had begun the particulars of her tragical story; but would fain avoid proceeding with it; and why. Opens her design to make Mr. Belford her executor, and gives her reasons for it. Her father having withdrawn his malediction, she now has only a last blessing to supplicate for.

LETTER LXII. Clarissa to her sister. — Beseeching her, in the most humble and earnest manner, to procure her a last blessing.

LETTER LXIII. Mrs. Norton to Clarissa. — Mr. Brand to be sent up to inquire after her way of life and health. His pedantic character. Believes they will withhold any favour till they hear his report. Doubts not that matters will soon take a happy turn.

LETTER LXIV. Clarissa. In answer. — The grace she asks for is only a blessing to die with, not to live with. Their favour, if they design her any, may come too late. Doubts her mother can do nothing for her of herself. A strong confederacy against a poor girl, their daughter, sister, niece. Her brother perhaps got it renewed before he went to Edinburgh. He needed not, says she: his work is done, and more than done.

LETTER LXV. Lovelace to Belford. — Is mortified at receiving letters of rejection. Charlotte writes to the lady in his favour, in the name of all the family. Every body approves of what she has written; and he has great hopes from it.

LETTER LXVI. Copy of Miss Montague's letter to Clarissa. — Beseeching her, in the names of all their noble family, to receive Lovelace to favour.

LETTER LXVII. Belford to Lovelace. — Proposes to put Belton's sister into possession of Belton's house for him. The lady visibly altered for the worse. Again insists upon his promise not to molest her.

LETTER LXVIII. Clarissa to Miss Montague. — In answer to her's, No. LXVI.

LETTER LXIX. Belford to Lovelace. — Has just now received a letter from the lady, which he encloses, requesting extracts form the letters written to him by Mr. Lovelace within a particular period. The reasons which determine him to oblige her.

LETTER LXX. Belford to Clarissa. — With the requested extracts; and a plea in his friend's favour.

LETTER LXXI. Clarissa to Belford. — Thanks him for his communications. Requests that he will be her executor; and gives her reasons for her choice of him for that solemn office.

LETTER LXXII. Belford to Clarissa. — His cheerful acceptance of the trust.

LETTER LXXIII. Belford to Lovelace. — Brief account of the extracts delivered to the lady. Tells him of her appointing him her executor. The melancholy pleasure he shall have in the perusal of her papers. Much more lively and affecting, says he, must be the style of those who write in the height of a present distress than the dry, narrative, unanimated style of a person relating difficulties surmounted, can be.

LETTER LXXIV. Arabella to Clarissa. — In answer to her letter, No. LXII., requesting a last blessing.

LETTER LXXV. Clarissa to her mother. — Written in the fervour of her spirit, yet with the deepest humility, and on her knees, imploring her blessing, and her father's, as what will sprinkle comfort through her last hours.

LETTER LXXVI. Miss Montague to Clarissa. — In reply to her's, No. LXVIII. — All their family love and admire her. Their kinsman has not one friend among them. Beseech her to oblige them with the acceptance of an annuity, and the first payment now sent her, at least till she can be put in possession of her own estate. This letter signed by Lord M., Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and her sister and self.

LETTER LXXVII. Lovelace to Belford. — Raves against the lady for rejecting him; yet adores her the more for it. Has one half of the house to himself, and that the best; having forbid Lord M. and the ladies to see him, in return for their forbidding him to see them. Incensed against Belford for the extracts he has promised from his letters. Is piqued to death at her proud refusal of him. Curses the vile women, and their potions. But for these latter, the majesty of her virtue, he says, would have saved her, as it did once before.

LETTER LXXVIII. Lovelace to Belford. — He shall not, he tells him, be her executor. Nobody shall be any thing to her but himself. What a reprobation of a man, who was once so dear to her! Farther instances of his raving impatience.

LETTER LXXIX. Lovelace to Clarissa. — A letter full of penitence, promises, praises, and admiration of her virtue. Has no hopes of escaping from perdition but by her precepts and example. All he begs for the present is a few lines to encourage him to hope for forgiveness, if he can justify his vows by his future conduct.

LETTER LXXX. Clarissa to Lord M. and the ladies of the house. — Thankfully declines accepting of their offered bounty. Pleads for their being reconciled to their kinsman, for reasons respecting her own peace. Hopes that they may be enabled to rejoice in the effects of his reformation many years after she is laid low and forgotten.

LETTER LXXXI. Belford to Lovelace. — Brief account of his expelling Thomasine, her sons, and her gallant. Farther reflections on keeping. A state not calculated for a sick bed. Gives a short journal of what had passed relating to the lady since his last. Mr. Brand inquires after her character and behaviour of Mrs. Smith. His starchedness, conceit, and pedantry.

LETTER LXXXII. From the same. — Farther particulars relating to the lady. Power left her by her grandfather’s will.

LETTER LXXXIII. Clarissa to Lovelace. — In answer to his letter, No. LXXIX.

LETTER LXXXIV. Her uncle Harlowe’s cruel answer, in answer to her’s to her mother, No. LXXV. Meditation stitched to it with black silk.

LETTER LXXXV. Clarissa to her uncle Harlowe. In reply.

LETTER I

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WED. NIGHT, JULY 12.

I write, my dearest creature, I cannot but write, to express my concern on your dejection. Let me beseech you, my charming excellence, let me beseech you, not to give way to it.

Comfort yourself, on the contrary, in the triumphs of a virtue unsullied; a will wholly faultless. Who could have withstood the trials you have surmounted? — Your cousin Morden will soon come. He will see justice done you, I make no doubt, as well with regard to what concerns your person as your estate. And many happy days may you yet see; and much good may you still do, if you will not heighten unavoidable accidents into guilty despondency.

But why, why, my dear, this pining solicitude continued after a reconciliation with relations as unworthy as implacable; whose wills are governed by an all-grasping brother, who finds his account in keeping the breach open? On this over-solicitude it is now plain to me, that the vilest of men built all his schemes. He saw that you thirsted after it beyond all reason for hope. The view, the hope, I own, extremely desirable, had your family been Christians: or even had they been Pagans who had had bowels.

I shall send this short letter [I am obliged to make it a short one] by young Rogers, as we call him; the fellow I sent to you to Hampstead; an innocent, though pragmatical rustic. Admit him, I pray you, into you presence, that he may report to me how you look, and how you are.

Mr. Hickman should attend you; but I apprehend, that all his motions, and mine own too, are watched by the execrable wretch: and indeed his are by an agent of mine; for I own, that I am so apprehensive of his plots and revenge, now I know that he has intercepted my vehement letters against him, that he is the subject of my dreams, as well as of my waking fears.

* * *

My mother, at my earnest importunity, has just given me leave to write, and to receive your letters — but fastened this condition upon the concession, that your's must be under cover to Mr. Hickman, [this is a view, I suppose, to give him consideration with me]; and upon this further consideration, that she is to see all we write.— 'When girls are set upon a point,' she told one who told me again, 'it is better for a mother, if possible, to make herself of their party, than to oppose

them; since there will be then hopes that she will still hold the reins in her own hands.’

Pray let me know what the people are with whom you lodge? — Shall I send Mrs. Townsend to direct you to lodgings either more safe or more convenient for you?

Be pleased to write to me by Rogers; who will wait on you for your answer, at your own time.

Adieu, my dearest creature. Comfort yourself, as you would in the like unhappy circumstances comfort

Your own ANNA HOWE.

LETTER II

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, JULY 13.

I am extremely concerned, my dear Miss Howe, for being primarily the occasion of the apprehensions you have of this wicked man's vindictive attempts. What a wide-spreading error is mine! ——

If I find that he has set foot on any machination against you, or against Mr. Hickman, I do assure you I will consent to prosecute him, although I were sure I could not survive my first appearance at the bar he should be arraigned at.

I own the justice of your mother's arguments on that subject; but must say, that I think there are circumstances in my particular case, which will excuse me, although on a slighter occasion than that you are apprehensive of I should decline to appear against him. I have said, that I may one day enter more particularly into this argument.

Your messenger has now indeed seen me. I talked with him on the cheat put upon him at Hampstead: and am sorry to have reason to say, that had not the poor young man been very simple, and very self-sufficient, he had not been so grossly deluded. Mrs. Bevis has the same plea to make for herself. A good-natured, thoughtless woman; not used to converse with so vile and so specious a deceiver as him, who made his advantage of both these shallow creatures.

I think I cannot be more private than where I am. I hope I am safe. All the risque I run, is in going out, and returning from morning-prayers; which I have two or three times ventured to do; once at Lincoln's-inn chapel, at eleven; once at St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, at seven in the morning,* in a chair both times; and twice, at six in the morning, at the neighbouring church in Covent-garden. The wicked wretches I have escaped from, will not, I hope, come to church to look for me; especially at so early prayers; and I have fixed upon the privatest pew in the latter church to hide myself in; and perhaps I may lay out a little matter in an ordinary gown, by way of disguise; my face half hid by my mob. — I am very careless, my dear, of my appearance now. Neat and clean takes up the whole of my attention.

* The seven-o'clock prayers at St. Dunstan's have been since discontinued.

The man's name at whose house I belong, is Smith — a glove maker, as well as seller. His wife is the shop-keeper. A dealer also in stockings, ribbands, snuff, and perfumes. A matron-like woman, plain-hearted, and prudent. The husband an honest, industrious man. And they live in good understanding with each other: a proof with me that their hearts are right; for where a married couple live together upon ill terms, it is a sign, I think, that each knows something amiss of the other,

either with regard to temper or morals, which if the world knew as well as themselves, it would perhaps as little like them as such people like each other. Happy the marriage, where neither man nor wife has any wilful or premeditated evil in their general conduct to reproach the other with! — for even persons who have bad hearts will have a veneration for those who have good ones.

Two neat rooms, with plain, but clean furniture, on the first floor, are mine; one they call the dining-room.

There is, up another pair of stairs, a very worthy widow-lodger, Mrs. Lovick by name; who, although of low fortunes, is much respected, as Mrs. Smith assures me, by people of condition of her acquaintance, for her piety, prudence, and understanding. With her I propose to be well acquainted.

I thank you, my dear, for your kind, your seasonable advice and consolation. I hope I shall have more grace given me than to despond, in the religious sense of the word: especially as I can apply to myself the comfort you give me, that neither my will, nor my inconsiderateness, has contributed to my calamity. But, nevertheless, the irreconcilableness of my relations, whom I love with an unabated reverence; my apprehensions of fresh violences, [this wicked man, I doubt, will not let me rest]; my being destitute of protection; my youth, my sex, my unacquaintedness with the world, subjecting me to insults; my reflections on the scandal I have given, added to the sense of the indignities I have received from a man, of whom I deserved not ill; all together will undoubtedly bring on the effect that cannot be undesirable to me. — The situation; and, as I presume to imagine, from principles which I hope will, in due time, and by due reflection, set me above the sense of all worldly disappointments.

At present, my head is much disordered. I have not indeed enjoyed it with any degree of clearness, since the violence done to that, and to my heart too, by the wicked arts of the abandoned creatures I was cast among.

I must have more conflicts. At times I find myself not subdued enough to my condition. I will welcome those conflicts as they come, as probationary ones. — But yet my father's malediction — the temporary part so strangely and so literally completed! — I cannot, however, think, when my mind is strongest — But what is the story of Isaac, and Jacob, and Esau, and of Rebekah's cheating the latter of the blessing designed for him, (in favour of Jacob,) given us for in the 27th chapter of Genesis? My father used, I remember, to enforce the doctrine deducible from it, on his children, by many arguments. At least, therefore, he must believe there is great weight in the curse he has announced; and shall I not be solicitous to get it revoked, that he may not hereafter be grieved, for my sake, that he did not revoke it?

All I will at present add, are my thanks to your mother for her indulgence to us; due compliments to Mr. Hickman; and my request, that you will believe me to be, to my last hour, and beyond it, if possible, my beloved friend, and my dearer self (for what is now myself!)

Your obliged and affectionate CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER III

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, JULY 7.

I have three of thy letters at once before me to answer; in each of which thou complainest of my silence; and in one of them tallest me, that thou canst not live without I scribble to thee every day, or every other day at least.

Why, then, die, Jack, if thou wilt. What heart, thinkest thou, can I have to write, when I have lost the only subject worth writing upon?

Help me again to my angel, to my CLARISSA; and thou shalt have a letter from me, or writing at least part of a letter, every hour. All that the charmer of my heart shall say, that will I put down. Every motion, every air of her beloved person, every look, will I try to describe; and when she is silent, I will endeavour to tell thee her thoughts, either what they are, or what I would have them to be — so that, having her, I shall never want a subject. Having lost her, my whole soul is a blank: the whole creation round me, the elements above, beneath, and every thing I behold, (for nothing can I enjoy,) are a blank without her.

Oh! return, return, thou only charmer of my soul! return to thy adoring Lovelace! What is the light, what the air, what the town, what the country, what's any thing, without thee? Light, air, joy, harmony, in my notion, are but parts of thee; and could they be all expressed in one word, that word would be CLARISSA.

O my beloved CLARISSA, return thou then; once more return to bless thy LOVELACE, who now, by the loss of thee, knows the value of the jewel he has slighted; and rises every morning but to curse the sun that shines upon every body but him!

* * *

Well, but, Jack, 'tis a surprising thing to me, that the dear fugitive cannot be met with; cannot be heard of. She is so poor a plotter, (for plotting is not her talent,) that I am confident, had I been at liberty, I should have found her out before now; although the different emissaries I have employed about town, round the adjacent villages, and in Miss Howe's vicinage, have hitherto failed of success. But my Lord continues so weak and low-spirited, that there is no getting from him. I would not disoblige a man whom I think in danger still: for would his gout, now it has got him down, but give him, like a fair boxer, the rising-blow, all would be over with him. And here [pox of his fondness for me! it happens at a very bad time] he makes me sit hours together entertaining him with my rogueries: (a

pretty amusement for a sick man!) and yet, whenever he has the gout, he prays night and morning with his chaplain. But what must his notions of religion be, who after he has nosed and mumbled over his responses, can give a sigh or groan of satisfaction, as if he thought he had made up with Heaven; and return with a new appetite to my stories? — encouraging them, by shaking his sides with laughing at them, and calling me a sad fellow, in such an accent as shows he takes no small delight in his kinsman.

The old peer has been a sinner in his day, and suffers for it now: a sneaking sinner, sliding, rather than rushing into vices, for fear of his reputation. — Paying for what he never had, and never daring to rise to the joy of an enterprise at first hand, which could bring him within view of a tilting, or of the honour of being considered as a principal man in a court of justice.

To see such an old Trojan as this, just dropping into the grave, which I hoped ere this would have been dug, and filled up with him; crying out with pain, and grunting with weakness; yet in the same moment crack his leathern face into an horrible laugh, and call a young sinner charming varlet, encoreing him, as formerly he used to do to the Italian eunuchs; what a preposterous, what an unnatural adherence to old habits!

My two cousins are generally present when I entertain, as the old peer calls it. Those stories must drag horribly, that have not more hearers and applauders than relaters.

Applauders!

Ay, Belford, applauders, repeat I; for although these girls pretend to blame me sometimes for the facts, they praise my manner, my invention, my intrepidity. — Besides, what other people call blame, that call I praise: I ever did; and so I very early discharged shame, that cold-water damper to an enterprising spirit.

These are smart girls; they have life and wit; and yesterday, upon Charlotte's raving against me upon a related enterprise, I told her, that I had had in debate several times, whether she were or were not too near of kin to me: and that it was once a moot point with me, whether I could not love her dearly for a month or so: and perhaps it was well for her, that another pretty little puss started up, and diverted me, just as I was entering upon the course.

They all three held up their hands and eyes at once. But I observed that, though the girls exclaimed against me, they were not so angry at this plain speaking as I have found my beloved upon hints so dark that I have wondered at her quick apprehension.

I told Charlotte, that, grave as she pretended to be in her smiling resentments on this declaration, I was sure I should not have been put to the expense of above two or three stratagems, (for nobody admired a good invention more than she,)

could I but have disentangled her conscience from the embarrasses of consanguinity.

She pretended to be highly displeased: so did her sister for her. I told her, she seemed as much in earnest as if she had thought me so; and dared the trial. Plain words, I said, in these cases, were more shocking to their sex than gradatim actions. And I bid Patty not be displeased at my distinguishing her sister; since I had a great respect for her likewise.

An Italian air, in my usual careless way, a half-struggled-for kiss from me, and a shrug of the shoulder, by way of admiration, from each pretty cousin, and sad, sad fellow, from the old peer, attended with a side-shaking laugh, made us all friends.

There, Jack! — Wilt thou, or wilt thou not, take this for a letter? there's quantity, I am sure. — How have I filled a sheet (not a short-hand one indeed) without a subject! My fellow shall take this; for he is going to town. And if thou canst think tolerably of such execrable stuff, I will send thee another.

LETTER IV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SIX, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 8.

Have I nothing new, nothing diverting, in my whimsical way, thou askest, in one of thy three letters before me, to entertain thee with? — And thou tallest me, that, when I have least to narrate, to speak, in the Scottish phrase, I am most diverting. A pretty compliment, either to thyself, or to me. To both indeed! — a sign that thou hast as frothy a heart as I a head. But canst thou suppose that this admirable woman is not all, is not every thing with me? Yet I dread to think of her too; for detection of all my contrivances, I doubt, must come next.

The old peer is also full of Miss Harlowe: and so are my cousins. He hopes I will not be such a dog [there's a specimen of his peer-like dialect] as to think of doing dishonourably by a woman of so much merit, beauty, and fortune; and he says of so good a family. But I tell him, that this is a string he must not touch: that it is a very tender point: in short, is my sore place; and that I am afraid he would handle it too roughly, were I to put myself in the power of so ungentle an operator.

He shakes his crazy head. He thinks all is not as it should be between us; longs to have me present her to him as my wife; and often tells me what great things he will do, additional to his former proposals; and what presents he will make on the birth of the first child. But I hope the whole of his estate will be in my hands before such an event takes place. No harm in hoping, Jack! Lord M. says, were it not for hope, the heart would break.

* * *

Eight o'clock at Midsummer, and these lazy varletesses (in full health) not come down yet to breakfast! — What a confounded indecency in young ladies, to let a rake know that they love their beds so dearly, and, at the same time, where to have them! But I'll punish them — they shall breakfast with their old uncle, and yawn at one another as if for a wager; while I drive my phaëton to Colonel Ambroses's, who yesterday gave me an invitation both to breakfast and dine, on account of two Yorkshire nieces, celebrated toasts, who have been with him this fortnight past; and who, he says, want to see me. So, Jack, all women do not run away from me, thank Heaven! — I wish I could have leave of my heart, since the dear fugitive is so ungrateful, to drive her out of it with another beauty. But who can supplant her? Who can be admitted to a place in it after Miss Clarissa Harlowe?

At my return, if I can find a subject, I will scribble on, to oblige thee.

My phaëton's ready. My cousins send me word they are just coming down: so in spite I'll be gone.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I did stay to dine with the Colonel, and his lady, and nieces: but I could not pass the afternoon with them, for the heart of me. There was enough in the persons and faces of the two young ladies to set me upon comparisons. Particular features held my attention for a few moments: but these served but to whet my impatience to find the charmer of my soul; who, for person, for air, for mind, never had any equal. My heart recoiled and sickened upon comparing minds and conversation. Pert wit, a too-studied desire to please; each in high good humour with herself; an open-mouth affectation in both, to show white teeth, as if the principal excellence; and to invite amorous familiarity, by the promise of a sweet breath; at the same time reflecting tacitly upon breaths arrogantly implied to be less pure.

Once I could have borne them.

They seemed to be disappointed that I was so soon able to leave them. Yet have I not at present so much vanity [my Clarissa has cured me of my vanity] as to attribute their disappointment so much to particular liking of me, as to their own self-admiration. They looked upon me as a connoisseur in beauty. They would have been proud of engaging my attention, as such: but so affected, so flimsy-witted, mere skin-deep beauties! — They had looked no farther into themselves than what their glasses were flattering-glasses too; for I thought them passive-faced, and spiritless; with eyes, however, upon the hunt for conquests, and bespeaking the attention of others, in order to countenance their own. —— I believe I could, with a little pains, have given them life and soul, and to every feature of their faces sparkling information — but my Clarissa! — O Belford, my Clarissa has made me eyeless and senseless to every other beauty! — Do thou find her for me, as a subject worthy of my pen, or this shall be the last from

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER V

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 9.

Now, Jack, have I a subject with a vengeance. I am in the very height of my trial for all my sins to my beloved fugitive. For here to-day, at about five o'clock, arrived Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance, each in her chariot-and-six. Dowagers love equipage; and these cannot travel ten miles without a sett, and half a dozen horsemen.

My time had hung heavy upon my hands; and so I went to church after dinner. Why may not handsome fellows, thought I, like to be looked at, as well as handsome wenches? I fell in, when service was over, with Major Warneton; and so came not home till after six; and was surprised, at entering the court-yard here, to find it littered with equipages and servants. I was sure the owners of them came for no good to me.

Lady Sarah, I soon found, was raised to this visit by Lady Betty; who has health enough to allow her to look out to herself, and out of her own affairs, for business. Yet congratulation to Lord M. on his amendment, [spiteful devils on both accounts!] was the avowed errand. But coming in my absence, I was their principal subject; and they had opportunity to set each other's heart against me.

Simon Parsons hinted this to me, as I passed by the steward's office; for it seems they talked loud; and he was making up some accounts with old Pritchard.

However, I hastened to pay my duty to them — other people not performing theirs, is no excuse for the neglect of our own, you know.

And now I enter upon my TRIAL.

With horrible grave faces was I received. The two antiquities only bowed their tabby heads; making longer faces than ordinary; and all the old lines appearing strong in their furrowed foreheads and fallen cheeks; How do you, Cousin? And how do you, Mr. Lovelace? looking all round at one another, as who should say, do you speak first: and, do you: for they seemed resolved to lose no time.

I had nothing for it, but an air as manly, as theirs was womanly. Your servant, Madam, to Lady Betty; and, Your servant, Madam, I am glad to see you abroad, to Lady Sarah.

I took my seat. Lord M. looked horribly glum; his fingers claspt, and turning round and round, under and over, his but just disgouted thumb; his sallow face, and goggling eyes, on his two kinswomen, by turns; but not once deigning to look upon me.

Then I began to think of the laudanum, and wet cloth, I told thee of long ago; and to call myself in question for a tenderness of heart that will never do me

good.

At last, Mr. Lovelace! —— Cousin Lovelace! —— Hem! — Hem! — I am sorry, very sorry, hesitated Lady Sarah, that there is no hope of your ever taking up ——

What's the matter now, Madam?

The matter now! —— Why Lady Betty has two letters from Miss Harlowe, which have told us what's the matter —— Are all women alike with you?

Yes; I could have answered; 'bating the difference which pride makes.

Then they all chorus'd upon me — Such a character as Miss Harlowe's! cried one —— A lady of so much generosity and good sense! Another — How charmingly she writes! the two maiden monkeys, looking at her find handwriting: her perfections my crimes. What can you expect will be the end of these things! cried Lady Sarah — d —— d, d —— d doings! vociferated the Peer, shaking his loose-fleshe'd wabbling chaps, which hung on his shoulders like an old cow's dewlap.

For my part, I hardly knew whether to sing or say what I had to reply to these all-at-once attacks upon me!-Fair and softly, Ladies — one at a time, I beseech you. I am not to be hunted down without being heard, I hope. Pray let me see these letters. I beg you will let me see them.

There they are: — that's the first — read it out, if you can.

I opened a letter from my charmer, dated Thursday, June 29, our wedding-day, that was to be, and written to Lady Betty Lawrance. By the contents, to my great joy, I find the dear creature is alive and well, and in charming spirits. But the direction where to send an answer to was so scratched out that I could not read it; which afflicted me much.

She puts three questions in it to Lady Betty.

1st. About a letter of her's, dated June 7, congratulating me on my nuptials, and which I was so good as to save Lady Betty the trouble of writing —— A very civil thing of me, I think!

Again— 'Whether she and one of her nieces Montague were to go to town, on an old chancery suit?' — And, 'Whether they actually did go to town accordingly, and to Hampstead afterwards?' and, 'Whether they brought to town from thence the young creature whom they visited?' was the subject of the second and third questions.

A little inquisitive, dear rogue! and what did she expect to be the better for these questions? —— But curiosity, d —— d curiosity, is the itch of the sex — yet when didst thou know it turned to their benefit? — For they seldom inquire, but what they fear — and the proverb, as my Lord has it, says, It comes with a

fear. That is, I suppose, what they fear generally happens, because there is generally occasion for the fear.

Curiosity indeed she avows to be her only motive for these interrogatories: for, though she says her Ladyship may suppose the questions are not asked for good to me, yet the answer can do me no harm, nor her good, only to give her to understand, whether I have told her a parcel of d —— d lyes; that's the plain English of her inquiry.

Well, Madam, said I, with as much philosophy as I could assume; and may I ask — Pray, what was your Ladyship's answer?

There's a copy of it, tossing it to me, very disrespectfully.

This answer was dated July 1. A very kind and complaisant one to the lady, but very so-so to her poor kinsman — That people can give up their own flesh and blood with so much ease! — She tells her 'how proud all our family would be of an alliance with such an excellence.' She does me justice in saying how much I adore her, as an angel of a woman; and begs of her, for I know not how many sakes, besides my soul's sake, 'that she will be so good as to have me for a husband:' and answers — thou wilt guess how — to the lady's questions.

Well, Madam; and pray, may I be favoured with the lady's other letter? I presume it is in reply to your's.

It is, said the Peer: but, Sir, let me ask you a few questions, before you read it — give me the letter, Lady Betty.

There it is, my Lord.

Then on went the spectacles, and his head moved to the lines — a charming pretty hand! — I have often heard that this lady is a genius.

And so, Jack, repeating my Lord's wise comments and questions will let thee into the contents of this merciless letter.

'Monday, July 3,' [reads my Lord.] — Let me see! — that was last Monday; no longer ago! 'Monday, July the third — Madam — I cannot excuse myself' — um, um, um, um, um, um, [humming inarticulately, and skipping,]— 'I must own to you, Madam, that the honour of being related' ——

Off went the spectacles — Now, tell me, Sir-r, Has not this lady lost all the friends she had in the world for your sake?

She has very implacable friends, my Lord: we all know that.

But has she not lost them all for your sake? — Tell me that.

I believe so, my Lord.

Well then! — I am glad thou art not so graceless as to deny that.

On went the spectacles again— 'I must own to you, Madam, that the honour of being related to ladies as eminent for their virtue as for their descent.' — Very pretty, truly! saith my Lord, repeating, 'as eminent for their virtue as for their

descent, was, at first, no small inducement with me to lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's address.'

There is dignity, born-dignity, in this lady, cried my Lord.

Lady Sarah. She would have been a grace to our family.

Lady Betty. Indeed she would.

Lovel. To a royal family, I will venture to say.

Lord M. Then what a devil —

Lovel. Please to read on, my Lord. It cannot be her letter, if it does not make you admire her more and more as you read. Cousin Charlotte, Cousin Patty, pray attend —— Read on, my Lord.

Miss Charlotte. Amazing fortitude!

Miss Patty only lifted up her dove's eyes.

Lord M. [Reading.] 'And the rather, as I was determined, had it come to effect, to do every thing in my power to deserve your favourable opinion.'

Then again they chorus'd upon me!

A blessed time of it, poor I! — I had nothing for it but impudence!

Lovel. Pray read on, my Lord — I told you how you would all admire her —— or, shall I read?

Lord M. D —— d assurance! [Then reading.] 'I had another motive, which I knew would of itself give me merit with your whole family: [they were all ear:] a presumptuous one; a punishably-presumptuous one, as it has proved: in the hope that I might be an humble mean, in the hand of Providence, to reclaim a man who had, as I thought, good sense enough at bottom to be reclaimed; or at least gratitude enough to acknowledge the intended obligation, whether the generous hope were to succeed or not.' — Excellent young creature! —

Excellent young creature! echoed the Ladies, with their handkerchiefs at their eyes, attended with music.

Lovel. By my soul, Miss Patty, you weep in the wrong place: you shall never go with me to a tragedy.

Lady Betty. Hardened wretch.

His Lordship had pulled off his spectacles to wipe them. His eyes were misty; and he thought the fault in his spectacles.

I saw they were all cocked and primed — to be sure that is a very pretty sentence, said I —— that is the excellency of this lady, that in every line, as she writes on, she improves upon herself. Pray, my Lord, proceed — I know her style; the next sentence will still rise upon us.

Lord M. D —— d fellow! [Again saddling, and reading.] 'But I have been most egregiously mistaken in Mr. Lovelace!' [Then they all clamoured again.]— 'The only man, I persuade myself' ——

Lovel. Ladies may persuade themselves to any thing: but how can she answer for what other men would or would not have done in the same circumstances?

I was forced to say any thing to stifle their outcries. Pox take ye altogether, thought I; as if I had not vexation enough in losing her!

Lord M. [Reading.] ‘The only man, I persuade myself, pretending to be a gentleman, in whom I could have been so much mistaken.’

They were all beginning again — Pray, my Lord, proceed! — Hear, hear — pray, Ladies, hear! — Now, my Lord, be pleased to proceed. The Ladies are silent.

So they were; lost in admiration of me, hands and eyes uplifted.

Lord M. I will, to thy confusion; for he had looked over the next sentence.

What wretches, Belford, what spiteful wretches, are poor mortals! — So rejoiced to sting one another! to see each other stung!

Lord M. [Reading.] ‘For while I was endeavouring to save a drowning wretch, I have been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of set purpose, drawn in after him.’ — What say you to that, Sir-r?

Lady S. | Ay, Sir, what say you to this? Lady B. |

Lovel. Say! Why I say it is a very pretty metaphor, if it would but hold. — But, if you please, my Lord, read on. Let me hear what is further said, and I will speak to it all together.

Lord M. I will. ‘And he has had the glory to add to the list of those he has ruined, a name that, I will be bold to say, would not have disparaged his own.’

They all looked at me, as expecting me to speak.

Lovel. Be pleased to proceed, my Lord: I will speak to this by-and-by — How came she to know I kept a list? — I will speak to this by-and-by.

Lord M. [Reading on.] ‘And this, Madam, by means that would shock humanity to be made acquainted with.’

Then again, in a hurry, off went the spectacles.

This was a plaguy stroke upon me. I thought myself an oak in impudence; but, by my troth, this almost felled me.

Lord M. What say you to this, SIR-R!

Remember, Jack, to read all their Sirs in this dialogue with a double rr, Sir-r! denoting indignation rather than respect.

They all looked at me as if to see if I could blush.

Lovel. Eyes off, my Lord! —— Eyes off, Ladies! [Looking bashfully, I believe.] — What say I to this, my Lord! — Why, I say, that this lady has a strong manner of expressing herself! — That’s all. — There are many things that pass among lovers, which a man cannot explain himself upon before grave people.

Lady Betty. Among lovers, Sir-r! But, Mr. Lovelace, can you say that this lady behaved either like a weak, or a credulous person? — Can you say —

Lovel. I am ready to do the lady all manner of justice. — But, pray now, Ladies, if I am to be thus interrogated, let me know the contents of the rest of the letter, that I may be prepared for my defence, as you are all for my arraignment. For, to be required to answer piecemeal thus, without knowing what is to follow, is a cursed ensnaring way of proceeding.

They gave me the letter: I read it through to myself: — and by the repetition of what I said, thou wilt guess at the remaining contents.

You shall find, Ladies, you shall find, my Lord, that I will not spare myself. Then holding the letter in my hand, and looking upon it, as a lawyer upon his brief,

Miss Harlowe says, ‘That when your Ladyship,’ [turning to Lady Betty,] ‘shall know, that, in the progress to her ruin, wilful falsehoods, repeated forgeries, and numberless perjuries, were not the least of my crimes, you will judge that she can have no principles that will make her worthy of an alliance with ladies of your’s, and your noble sister’s character, if she could not, from her soul, declare, that such an alliance can never now take place.’

Surely, Ladies, this is passion! This is not reason. If our family would not think themselves dishonoured by my marrying a person whom I had so treated; but, on the contrary, would rejoice that I did her this justice: and if she has come out pure gold from the assay; and has nothing to reproach herself with; why should it be an impeachment of her principles, to consent that such an alliance take place?

She cannot think herself the worse, justly she cannot, for what was done against her will.

Their countenances menaced a general uproar — but I proceeded.

Your Lordship read to us, that she had an hope, a presumptuous one: nay, a punishably-presumptuous one, she calls it; ‘that she might be a mean, in the hand of Providence, to reclaim me; and that this, she knew, if effected, would give her a merit with you all.’ But from what would she reclaim me? — She had heard, you’ll say, (but she had only heard, at the time she entertained that hope,) that, to express myself in the women’s dialect, I was a very wicked fellow! — Well, and what then? — Why, truly, the very moment she was convinced, by her own experience, that the charge against me was more than hearsay; and that, of consequence, I was a fit subject for her generous endeavours to work upon; she would needs give me up. Accordingly, she flies out, and declares, that the ceremony which would repair all shall never take place! — Can this be from any other motive than female resentment?

This brought them all upon me, as I intended it should: it was as a tub to a whale; and after I had let them play with it a while, I claimed their attention, and, knowing that they always loved to hear me prate, went on.

The lady, it is plain, thought, that the reclaiming of a man from bad habits was a much easier task than, in the nature of things, it can be.

She writes, as your Lordship has read, ‘That, in endeavouring to save a drowning wretch, she had been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of set purpose, drawn in after him.’ But how is this, Ladies? — You see by her own words, that I am still far from being out of danger myself. Had she found me, in a quagmire suppose, and I had got out of it by her means, and left her to perish in it; that would have been a crime indeed. — But is not the fact quite otherwise? Has she not, if her allegory prove what she would have it prove, got out herself, and left me floundering still deeper and deeper in? — What she should have done, had she been in earnest to save me, was, to join her hand with mine, that so we might by our united strength help one another out. — I held out my hand to her, and besought her to give me her’s: — But, no truly! she was determined to get out herself as fast as she could, let me sink or swim: refusing her assistance (against her own principles) because she saw I wanted it. — You see, Ladies, you see, my Lord, how pretty tinkling words run away with ears inclined to be musical.

They were all ready to exclaim again: but I went on, proleptically, as a rhetorician would say, before their voices would break out into words.

But my fair accuser says, that, ‘I have added to the list of those I have ruined, a name that would not have disparaged my own.’ It is true, I have been gay and enterprising. It is in my constitution to be so. I know not how I came by such a constitution: but I was never accustomed to check or controul; that you all know. When a man finds himself hurried by passion into a slight offence, which, however slight, will not be forgiven, he may be made desperate: as a thief, who only intends a robbery, is often by resistance, and for self-preservation, drawn in to commit murder.

I was a strange, a horrid wretch, with every one. But he must be a silly fellow who has not something to say for himself, when every cause has its black and its white side. — Westminster-hall, Jack, affords every day as confident defences as mine.

But what right, proceeded I, has this lady to complain of me, when she as good as says — Here, Lovelace, you have acted the part of a villain by me! — You would repair your fault: but I won’t let you, that I may have the satisfaction of exposing you; and the pride of refusing you.

But, was that the case? Was that the case? Would I pretend to say, I would now marry the lady, if she would have me?

Lovel. You find she renounces Lady Betty's mediation ——

Lord M. [Interrupting me.] Words are wind; but deeds are mind: What signifies your cursed quibbling, Bob? — Say plainly, if she will have you, will you have her? Answer me, yes or no; and lead us not a wild-goose chace after your meaning.

Lovel. She knows I would. But here, my Lord, if she thus goes on to expose herself and me, she will make it a dishonour to us both to marry.

Charl. But how must she have been treated —

Lovel. [Interrupting her.] Why now, Cousin Charlotte, chucking her under the chin, would you have me tell you all that has passed between the lady and me? Would you care, had you a bold and enterprizing lover, that proclamation should be made of every little piece of amorous roguery, that he offered to you?

Charlotte reddened. They all began to exclaim. But I proceeded.

The lady says, 'She has been dishonoured' (devil take me, if I spare myself!) 'by means that would shock humanity to be made acquainted with them.' She is a very innocent lady, and may not be a judge of the means she hints at. Over-niceness may be under-niceness: Have you not such a proverb, my Lord? — tantamount to, One extreme produces another! —— Such a lady as this may possibly think her case more extraordinary than it is. This I will take upon me to say, that if she has met with the only man in the world who would have treated her, as she says I have treated her, I have met in her with the only woman in the world who would have made such a rout about a case that is uncommon only from the circumstances that attend it.

This brought them all upon me; hands, eyes, voices, all lifted at once. But my Lord M. who has in his head (the last seat of retreating lewdness) as much wickedness as I have in my heart, was forced (upon the air I spoke this with, and Charlotte's and all the rest reddening) to make a mouth that was big enough to swallow up the other half of his face; crying out, to avoid laughing, Oh! Oh! — as if under the power of a gouty twinge.

Hadst thou seen how the two tabbies and the young grimalkins looked at one another, at my Lord, and at me, by turns, thou would have been ready to split thy ugly face just in the middle. Thy mouth hath already done half the work. And, after all, I found not seldom in this conversation, that my humourous undaunted airs forced a smile into my service from the prim mouths of the young ladies. They perhaps, had they met with such another intrepid fellow as myself, who had first gained upon their affections, would not have made such a rout as my beloved has done, about such an affair as that we were assembled upon. Young ladies, as I have observed on an hundred occasions, fear not half so much for themselves as their mothers do for them. But here the girls were forced to put on grave airs, and

to seem angry, because the antiques made the matter of such high importance. Yet so lightly sat anger and fellow-feeling at their hearts, that they were forced to purse in their mouths, to suppress the smiles I now-and-then laid out for: while the elders having had roses (that is to say, daughters) of their own, and knowing how fond men are of a trifle, would have been very loth to have had them nipt in the bud, without saying to the mother of them, By your leave, Mrs. Rose-bush.

The next article of my indictment was for forgery; and for personating of Lady Betty and my cousin Charlotte.

Two shocking charges, thou'lt say: and so they were! — The Peer was outrageous upon the forgery charge. The Ladies vowed never to forgive the personating part.

Not a peace-maker among them. So we all turned women, and scolded.

My Lord told me, that he believed in his conscience there was not a viler fellow upon God's earth than me. — What signifies mincing the matter? said he — and that it was not the first time I had forged his hand.

To this I answered, that I supposed, when the statute of Scandalum Magnatum was framed, there were a good many in the peerage who knew they deserved hard names; and that that law therefore was rather made to privilege their qualities, than to whiten their characters.

He called upon me to explain myself, with a Sir-r, so pronounced, as to show that one of the most ignominious words in our language was in his head.

People, I said, that were fenced in by their quality, and by their years, should not take freedoms that a man of spirit could not put up with, unless he were able heartily to despise the insulter.

This set him in a violent passion. He would send for Pritchard instantly. Let Pritchard be called. He would alter his will; and all he could leave from me, he would.

Do, do, my Lord, said I: I always valued my own pleasure above your estate. But I'll let Pritchard know, that if he draws, he shall sign and seal.

Why, what would I do to Pritchard? — shaking his crazy head at me.

Only, what he, or any man else, writes with his pen, to despoil me of what I think my right, he shall seal with his ears; that's all, my Lord.

Then the two Ladies interposed.

Lady Sarah told me, that I carried things a great way; and that neither Lord M. nor any of them, deserved the treatment I gave them.

I said, I could not bear to be used ill by my Lord, for two reasons; first, because I respected his Lordship above any man living; and next, because it looked as if I were induced by selfish considerations to take that from him, which nobody else would offer to me.

And what, returned he, shall be my inducement to take what I do at your hands? — Hay, Sir?

Indeed, Cousin Lovelace, said Lady Betty, with great gravity, we do not any of us, as Lady Sarah says, deserve at your hands the treatment you give us: and let me tell you, that I don't think my character and your cousin Charlotte's ought to be prostituted, in order to ruin an innocent lady. She must have known early the good opinion we all have of her, and how much we wished her to be your wife. This good opinion of ours has been an inducement to her (you see she says so) to listen to your address. And this, with her friends' folly, has helped to throw her into your power. How you have requited her is too apparent. It becomes the character we all bear, to disclaim your actions by her. And let me tell you, that to have her abused by wicked people raised up to personate us, or any of us, makes a double call upon us to disclaim them.

Lovel. Why this is talking somewhat like. I would have you all disclaim my actions. I own I have done very vilely by this lady. One step led to another. I am curst with an enterprizing spirit. I hate to be foiled —

Foiled! interrupted Lady Sarah. What a shame to talk at this rate! — Did the lady set up a contention with you? All nobly sincere, and plain-hearted, have I heard Miss Clarissa Harlowe is: above art, above disguise; neither the coquette, nor the prude! — Poor lady! she deserved a better fare from the man for whom she took the step which she so freely blames!

This above half affected me. — Had this dispute been so handled by every one, I had been ashamed to look up. I began to be bashful.

Charlotte asked if I did not still seem inclinable to do the lady justice, if she would accept of me? It would be, she dared to say, the greatest felicity the family could know (she would answer for one) that this fine lady were of it.

They all declared to the same effect; and Lady Sarah put the matter home to me.

But my Lord Marplot would have it that I could not be serious for six minutes together.

I told his Lordship that he was mistaken; light as he thought I made of his subject, I never knew any that went so near my heart.

Miss Patty said she was glad to hear that: and her soft eyes glistened with pleasure.

Lord M. called her sweet soul, and was ready to cry.

Not from humanity neither, Jack. This Peer has no bowels; as thou mayest observe by this treatment of me. But when people's minds are weakened by a sense of their own infirmities, and when they are drawing on to their latter ends, they will be moved on the slightest occasions, whether those offer from within or

without them. And this, frequently, the unpenetrating world, calls humanity; when all the time, in compassionating the miseries of human nature, they are but pitying themselves; and were they in strong health and spirits, would care as little for any body else as thou or I do.

Here broke they off my trial for this sitting. Lady Sarah was much fatigued. It was agreed to pursue the subject in the morning. They all, however, retired together, and went into private conference.

LETTER VI

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

The Ladies, instead of taking up the subject where we had laid it down, must needs touch upon passage in my fair accuser's letter, which I was in hopes they would have let rest, as we were in a tolerable way. But, truly, they must hear all they could hear of our story, and what I had to say to those passages, that they might be better enabled to mediate between us, if I were really and indeed inclined to do her the hoped-for justice.

These passages were, 1st, 'That, after I had compulsorily tricked her into the act of going off with me, I carried her to one of the worst houses in London.'

2nd, 'That I had made a wicked attempt upon her; in resentment of which she fled to Hampstead privately.'

3dly, Came the forgery, and personating charges again; and we were upon the point of renewing out quarrel, before we could get to the next charge: which was still worse.

For that (4thly) was 'That having betrayed her back to the vile house, I first robbed her of her senses, and then her honour; detaining her afterwards a prisoner there.'

Were I to tell thee the glosses I put upon these heavy charges, what would it be, but repeat many of the extenuating arguments I have used in my letters to thee? — Suffice it, therefore, to say, that I insisted much, by way of palliation, on the lady's extreme niceness: on her diffidence in my honour: on Miss Howe's contriving spirit; plots on their parts begetting plots on mine: on the high passions of the sex. I asserted, that my whole view, in gently restraining her, was to oblige her to forgive me, and to marry me; and this for the honour of both families. I boasted of my own good qualities; some of which none that knew me deny; and to which few libertines can lay claim.

They then fell into warm admirations and praises of the lady; all of them preparatory, as I knew, to the grand question: and thus it was introduced by Lady Sarah.

We have said as much as I think we can say upon these letters of the poor lady. To dwell upon the mischiefs that may ensue from the abuse of a person of her rank, if all the reparation be not made that now can be made, would perhaps be to little purpose. But you seem, Sir, still to have a just opinion of her, as well as affection for her. Her virtue is not in the least questionable. She could not resent as she does, had she any thing to reproach herself with. She is, by every body's account, a fine woman; has a good estate in her own right; is of no contemptible

family; though I think, with regard to her, they have acted as imprudently as unworthily. For the excellency of her mind, for good economy, the common speech of her, as the worthy Dr. Lewen once told me, is that her prudence would enrich a poor man, and her piety reclaim a licentious one. I, who have not been abroad twice this twelvemonth, came hither purposely, so did Lady Betty, to see if justice may not be done her; and also whether we, and my Lord M. (your nearest relations, Sir,) have, or have not, any influence over you. And, for my own part, as your determination shall be in this article, such shall be mine, with regard to the disposition of all that is within my power.

Lady Betty. And mine.

And mine, said my Lord: and valiantly he swore to it.

Lovel. Far be it from me to think slightly of favours you may any of you be glad I would deserve! but as far be it from me to enter into conditions against my own liking, with sordid views! — As to future mischiefs, let them come. I have not done with the Harlowes yet. They were the aggressors; and I should be glad they would let me hear from them, in the way they should hear from me in the like case. Perhaps I should not be sorry to be found, rather than be obliged to seek, on this occasion.

Miss Charlotte. [Reddening.] Spoke like a man of violence, rather than a man of reason! I hope you'll allow that, Cousin.

Lady Sarah. Well, but since what is done, and cannot be undone, let us think of the next best, Have you any objection against marrying Miss Harlowe, if she will have you?

Lovel. There can possibly be but one: That she is to every body, no doubt, as well as to Lady Betty, pursuing that maxim peculiar to herself, (and let me tell you so it ought to be:) that what she cannot conceal from herself, she will publish to the world.

Miss Patty. The lady, to be sure, writes this in the bitterness of her grief, and in despair. ——

Lovel. And so when her grief is allayed; when her despairing fit is over — and this from you, Cousin Patty! — Sweet girl! And would you, my dear, in the like case [whispering her] have yielded to entreaty — would you have meant no more by the like exclamations?

I had a rap with her fan, and blush; and from Lord M. a reflection, That I turn'd into jest every thing they said.

I asked, if they thought the Harlowes deserved any consideration from me? And whether that family would not exult over me, were I to marry their daughter, as if I dared not to do otherwise?

Lady Sarah. Once I was angry with that family, as we all were. But now I pity them; and think, that you have but too well justified the worse treatment they gave you.

Lord M. Their family is of standing. All gentlemen of it, and rich, and reputable. Let me tell you, that many of our coronets would be glad they could derive their descents from no worse a stem than theirs.

Lovel. The Harlowes are a narrow-souled and implacable family. I hate them: and, though I revere the lady, scorn all relation to them.

Lady Betty. I wish no worse could be said of him, who is such a scorner of common failings in others.

Lord M. How would my sister Lovelace have reproached herself for all her indulgent folly to this favourite boy of her's, had she lived till now, and been present on this occasion!

Lady Sarah. Well, but, begging your Lordship's pardon, let us see if any thing can be done for this poor lady.

Miss Ch. If Mr. Lovelace has nothing to object against the lady's character, (and I presume to think he is not ashamed to do her justice, though it may make against himself,) I cannot but see her honour and generosity will compel from him all that we expect. If there be any levities, any weaknesses, to be charged upon the lady, I should not open my lips in her favour; though in private I would pity her, and deplore her hard hap. And yet, even then, there might not want arguments, from honour to gratitude, in so particular a case, to engage you, Sir, to make good the vows it is plain you have broken.

Lady Betty. My niece Charlotte has called upon you so justly, and has put the question to you so properly, that I cannot but wish you would speak to it directly, and without evasion.

All in a breath then bespoke my seriousness, and my justice: and in this manner I delivered myself, assuming an air sincerely solemn.

'I am very sensible that the performance of the task you have put me upon will leave me without excuse: but I will not have recourse either to evasion or palliation.

'As my cousin Charlotte has severely observed, I am not ashamed to do justice to Miss Harlowe's merit.

'I own to you all, and, what is more, with high regret, (if not with shame, cousin Charlotte,) that I have a great deal to answer for in my usage of this lady. The sex has not a nobler mind, nor a lovelier person of it. And, for virtue, I could not have believed (excuse me, Ladies) that there ever was a woman who gave, or could have given, such illustrious, such uniform proofs of it: for, in her whole

conduct, she has shown herself to be equally above temptation and art; and, I had almost said, human frailty.

‘The step she so freely blames herself for taking, was truly what she calls compulsatory: for though she was provoked to think of going off with me, she intended it not, nor was provided to do so: neither would she ever have had the thought of it, had her relations left her free, upon her offered composition to renounce the man she did not hate, in order to avoid the man she did.

‘It piqued my pride, I own, that I could so little depend upon the force of those impressions which I had the vanity to hope I had made in a heart so delicate; and, in my worst devices against her, I encouraged myself that I abused no confidence; for none had she in my honour.

‘The evils she has suffered, it would have been more than a miracle had she avoided. Her watchfulness rendered more plots abortive than those which contributed to her fall; and they were many and various. And all her greater trials and hardships were owing to her noble resistance and just resentment.

‘I know, proceeded I, how much I condemn myself in the justice I am doing to this excellent creature. But yet I will do her justice, and cannot help it if I would. And I hope this shows that I am not so totally abandoned as I have been thought to be.

‘Indeed, with me, she has done more honour to her sex in her fall, if it be to be called a fall, (in truth it ought not,) than ever any other could do in her standing.

‘When, at length, I had given her watchful virtue cause of suspicion, I was then indeed obliged to make use of power and art to prevent her escaping from me. She then formed contrivances to elude mine; but all her’s were such as strict truth and punctilious honour would justify. She could not stoop to deceit and falsehood, no, not to save herself. More than once justly did she tell me, fired by conscious worthiness, that her soul was my soul’s superior! — Forgive me, Ladies, for saying, that till I knew her, I questioned a soul in a sex, created, as I was willing to suppose, only for temporary purposes. — It is not to be imagined into what absurdities men of free principle run in order to justify to themselves their free practices; and to make a religion to their minds: and yet, in this respect, I have not been so faulty as some others.

‘No wonder that such a noble creature as this looked upon every studied artifice as a degree of baseness not to be forgiven: no wonder that she could so easily become averse to the man (though once she beheld him with an eye not wholly indifferent) whom she thought capable of premeditated guilt. Nor, give me leave, on the other hand, to say, is it to be wondered at, that the man who found it so difficult to be forgiven for the slighter offences, and who had not the grace to

recede or repent, (made desperate,) should be hurried on to the commission of the greater.

‘In short, Ladies, in a word, my Lord, Miss Clarissa Harlowe is an angel; if ever there was or could be one in human nature: and is, and ever was, as pure as an angel in her will: and this justice I must do her, although the question, I see by every glistening eye, is ready to be asked, What then, Lovelace, art thou?’ —

Lord M. A devil! — a d —— d devil! I must answer. And may the curse of God follow you in all you undertake, if you do not make her the best amends now in your power to make her!

Lovel. From you, my Lord, I could expect no other: but from the Ladies I hope for less violence from the ingenuousness of my confession.

The Ladies, elder and younger, had their handkerchiefs to their eyes, at the just testimony which I bore to the merits of this exalted creature; and which I would make no scruple to bear at the bar of a court of justice, were I to be called to it.

Lady Betty. Well, Sir, this is a noble character. If you think as you speak, surely you cannot refuse to do the lady all the justice now in your power to do her.

They all joined in this demand.

I pleaded, that I was sure she would not have me: that, when she had taken a resolution, she was not to be moved. Unpersuadableness was an Harlowe sin: that, and her name, I told them, were all she had of theirs.

All were of opinion, that she might, in her present desolate circumstances, be brought to forgive me. Lady Sarah said, that Lady Betty and she would endeavour to find out the noble sufferer, as they justly called her; and would take her into their protection, and be guarantees of the justice that I would do her; as well after marriage as before.

It was some pleasure to me, to observe the placability of these ladies of my own family, had they, any or either of them, met with a LOVELACE. But ’twould be hard upon us honest fellows, Jack, if all women were CLARISSAS.

Here I am obliged to break off.

LETTER VII

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.]

It is much better, Jack, to tell your own story, when it must be known, than to have an adversary tell it for you. Conscious of this, I gave them a particular account how urgent I had been with her to fix upon the Thursday after I left her (it being her uncle Harlowe's anniversary birth-day, and named to oblige her) for the private celebration; having some days before actually procured a license, which still remained with her.

That, not being able to prevail upon her to promise any thing, while under a supposed restraint! I offered to leave her at full liberty, if she would give me the least hope for that day. But neither did this offer avail me.

That this inflexibleness making me desperate, I resolved to add to my former fault, by giving directions that she should not either go or correspond out of the house, till I returned from M. Hall; well knowing, that if she were at full liberty, I must for ever lose her.

That this constraint had so much incensed her, that although I wrote no less than four different letters, I could not procure a single word in answer; though I pressed her but for four words to signify the day and the church.

I referred to my two cousins to vouch for me the extraordinary methods I took to send messengers to town, though they knew not the occasion; which now I told them was this.

I acquainted them, that I even had wrote to you, Jack, and to another gentleman of whom I thought she had a good opinion, to attend her, in order to press for her compliance; holding myself in readiness the last day, at Salt-hill, to meet the messenger they should send, and proceed to London, if his message were favourable. But that, before they could attend her, she had found means to fly away once more: and is now, said I, perched perhaps somewhere under Lady Betty's window at Glenham-hall; and there, like the sweet Philomela, a thorn in her breast, warbles forth her melancholy complaints against her barbarous Tereus.

Lady Betty declared that she was not with her; nor did she know where she was. She should be, she added, the most welcome guest to her that she ever received.

In truth, I had a suspicion that she was already in their knowledge, and taken into their protection; for Lady Sarah I imagined incapable of being roused to this spirit by a letter only from Miss Harlowe, and that not directed to herself; she being a very indolent and melancholy woman. But her sister, I find had wrought

her up to it: for Lady Betty is as officious and managing a woman as Mrs. Howe; but of a much more generous and noble disposition — she is my aunt, Jack.

I supposed, I said, that her Ladyship might have a private direction where to send to her. I spoke as I wished: I would have given the world to have heard that she was inclined to cultivate the interest of any of my family.

Lady Betty answered that she had no direction but what was in the letter; which she had scratched out, and which, it was probable, was only a temporary one, in order to avoid me: otherwise she would hardly have directed an answer to be left at an inn. And she was of opinion, that to apply to Miss Howe would be the only certain way to succeed in any application for forgiveness, would I enable that young lady to interest herself in procuring it.

Miss Charlotte. Permit me to make a proposal. —— Since we are all of one mind, in relation to the justice due to Miss Harlowe, if Mr. Lovelace will oblige himself to marry her, I will make Miss Howe a visit, little as I am acquainted with her; and endeavour to engage her interest to forward the desired reconciliation. And if this can be done, I make no question but all may be happily accommodated; for every body knows the love there is between Miss Harlowe and Miss Howe.

MARRIAGE, with these women, thou seest, Jack, is an atonement for all we can do to them. A true dramatic recompense!

This motion was highly approved of; and I gave my honour, as desired, in the fullest manner they could wish.

Lady Sarah. Well then, Cousin Charlotte, begin your treaty with Miss Howe, out of hand.

Lady Betty. Pray do. And let Miss Harlowe be told, that I am ready to receive her as the most welcome of guests: and I will not have her out of my sight till the knot is tied.

Lady Sarah. Tell her from me, that she shall be my daughter, instead of my poor Betsey! —— And shed a tear in remembrance of her lost daughter.

Lord M. What say you, Sir, to this?

Lovel. CONTENT, my Lord, I speak in the language of your house.

Lord M. We are not to be fooled, Nephew. No quibbling. We will have no slur put upon us.

Lovel. You shall not. And yet, I did not intend to marry, if she exceeded the appointed Thursday. But, I think (according to her own notions) that I have injured her beyond reparation, although I were to make her the best of husbands; as I am resolved to be, if she will condescend, as I will call it, to have me. And be this, Cousin Charlotte, my part of your commission to say.

This pleased them all.

Lord M. Give me thy hand, Bob! — Thou talkest like a man of honour at last. I hope we may depend upon what thou sayest!

The Ladies eyes put the same question to me.

Lovel. You may, my Lord — You may, Ladies — absolutely you may.

Then was the personal character of the lady, as well as her more extraordinary talents and endowments again expatiated upon: and Miss Patty, who had once seen her, launched out more than all the rest in her praise. These were followed by such inquiries as are never forgotten to be made in marriage-treaties, and which generally are the principal motives with the sages of a family, though the least to be mentioned by the parties themselves, and yet even by them, perhaps, the first thought of: that is to say, inquisition into the lady's fortune; into the particulars of the grandfather's estate; and what her father, and her single-souled uncles, will probably do for her, if a reconciliation be effected; as, by their means, they make no doubt but it will be between both families, if it be not my fault. The two venerables [no longer tabbies with me now] hinted at rich presents on their own parts; and my Lord declared that he would make such overtures in my behalf, as should render my marriage with Miss Harlowe the best day's work I ever made; and what, he doubted not, would be as agreeable to that family as to myself.

Thus, at present, by a single hair, hangs over my head the matrimonial sword. And thus ended my trial. And thus are we all friends, and Cousin and Cousin, and Nephew and Nephew, at every word.

Did ever comedy end more happily than this long trial?

LETTER VIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDN. JULY 12.

So, Jack, they think they have gained a mighty point. But, were I to change my mind, were I to repent, I fancy I am safe. — And yet this very moment it rises to my mind, that ’tis hard trusting too; for surely there must be some embers, where there was fire so lately, that may be stirred up to give a blaze to combustibles strewed lightly upon them. Love, like some self-propagating plants, or roots, (which have taken strong hold in the earth) when once got deep into the heart, is hardly ever totally extirpated, except by matrimony indeed, which is the grave of love, because it allows of the end of love. Then these ladies, all advocates for herself, with herself, Miss Howe at their head, perhaps, —— not in favour to me — I don’t expect that from Miss Howe — but perhaps in favour to herself: for Miss Howe has reason to apprehend vengeance from me, I ween. Her Hickman will be safe too, as she may think, if I marry her beloved friend: for he has been a busy fellow, and I have long wished to have a slap at him! — The lady’s case desperate with her friends too; and likely to be so, while single, and her character exposed to censure.

A husband is a charming cloke, a fig-leaved apron for a wife: and for a lady to be protected in liberties, in diversions, which her heart pants after — and all her faults, even the most criminal, were she to be detected, to be thrown upon the husband, and the ridicule too; a charming privilege for a wife!

But I shall have one comfort, if I marry, which pleases me not a little. If a man’s wife has a dear friend of her sex, a hundred liberties may be taken with that friend, which could not be taken, if the single lady (knowing what a title to freedoms marriage had given him with her friend) was not less scrupulous with him than she ought to be as to herself. Then there are broad freedoms (shall I call them?) that may be taken by the husband with his wife, that may not be quite shocking, which, if the wife bears before her friends, will serve for a lesson to that friend; and if that friend bears to be present at them without check or bashfulness, will show a sagacious fellow that she can bear as much herself, at proper time and place.

Chastity, Jack, like piety, is an uniform thing. If in look, if in speech, a girl give way to undue levity, depend upon it the devil has got one of his cloven feet in her heart already — so, Hickman, take care of thyself, I advise thee, whether I marry or not.

Thus, Jack, have I at once reconciled myself to all my relations — and if the lady refuses me, thrown the fault upon her. This, I knew, would be in my power to

do at any time: and I was the more arrogant to them, in order to heighten the merit of my compliance.

But, after all, it would be very whimsical, would it not, if all my plots and contrivances should end in wedlock? What a punishment should this come out to be, upon myself too, that all this while I have been plundering my own treasury?

And then, can there be so much harm done, if it can be so easily repaired by a few magical words; as I Robert take thee, Clarissa; and I Clarissa take thee, Robert, with the rest of the for-better and for-worse legerdemain, which will hocus pocus all the wrongs, the crying wrongs, that I have done to Miss Harlowe, into acts of kindness and benevolence to Mrs. Lovelace?

But, Jack, two things I must insist upon with thee, if this is to be the case. — Having put secrets of so high a nature between me and my spouse into thy power, I must, for my own honour, and for the honour of my wife and illustrious progeny, first oblige thee to give up the letters I have so profusely scribbled to thee; and in the next place, do by thee, as I have head whispered in France was done by the true father of a certain monarque; that is to say, cut thy throat, to prevent thy telling of tales.

I have found means to heighten the kind opinion my friends here have begun to have of me, by communicating to them the contents of the four last letters which I wrote to press my elected spouse to solemnize. My Lord repeated one of his phrases in my favour, that he hopes it will come out, that the devil is not quite so black as he is painted.

Now pr'ythee, dear Jack, since so many good consequences are to flow from these our nuptials, (one of which to thyself; since the sooner thou diest, the less thou wilt have to answer for); and that I now-and-then am apt to believe there may be something in the old fellow's notion, who once told us, that he who kills a man, has all that man's sins to answer for, as well as his own, because he gave him not the time to repent of them that Heaven designed to allow him, [a fine thing for thee, if thou consentest to be knocked of the head; but a cursed one for the manslayer!] and since there may be room to fear that Miss Howe will not give us her help; I pr'ythee now exert thyself to find out my Clarissa Harlowe, that I may make a LOVELACE of her. Set all the city bellmen, and the country criers, for ten miles round the metropolis, at work, with their 'Oye's! and if any man, woman, or child can give tale or tidings.' — Advertise her in all the news-papers; and let her know, 'That if she will repair to Lady Betty Lawrance, or to Miss Charlotte Montague, she may hear of something greatly to her advantage.'

* * *

My two cousins Montague are actually to set out to-morrow to Mrs. Howe's, to engage her vixen daughter's interest with her friend. They will flaunt it away in a chariot-and-six, for the greater state and significance.

Confounded mortification to be reduced this low! — My pride hardly knows how to brook it.

Lord M. has engaged the two venerables to stay here to attend the issue: and I, standing very high at present in their good graces, am to gallant them to Oxford, to Blenheim, and to several other places.

LETTER IX

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY NIGHT, JULY 13.

Collins sets not out to-morrow. Some domestic occasion hinders him. Rogers is but now returned from you, and cannot be well spared. Mr. Hickman is gone upon an affair of my mother's, and has taken both his servants with him, to do credit to his employer: so I am forced to venture this by post, directed by your assumed name.

I am to acquaint you, that I have been favoured with a visit from Miss Montague and her sister, in Lord M.'s chariot-and-six. My Lord's gentleman rode here yesterday, with a request that I would receive a visit from the two young ladies, on a very particular occasion; the greater favour if it might be the next day.

As I had so little personal knowledge of either, I doubted not but it must be in relation to the interests of my dear friend; and so consulting with my mother, I sent them an invitation to favour me (because of the distance) with their company at dinner; which they kindly accepted.

I hope, my dear, since things have been so very bad, that their errand to me will be as agreeable to you, as any thing that can now happen. They came in the name of Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty his two sisters, to desire my interest to engage you to put yourself into the protection of Lady Betty; who will not part with you till she sees all the justice done you that now can be done.

Lady Sarah had not stirred out for a twelve-month before; never since she lost her agreeable daughter whom you and I saw at Mrs. Benson's: but was induced to take this journey by Lady Betty, purely to procure you reparation, if possible. And their joint strength, united with Lord M.'s, has so far succeeded, that the wretch has bound himself to them, and to these young ladies, in the solemnest manner, to wed you in their presence, if they can prevail upon you to give him your hand.

This consolation you may take to yourself, that all this honourable family have a due (that is, the highest) sense of your merit, and greatly admire you. The horrid creature has not spared himself in doing justice to your virtue; and the young ladies gave us such an account of his confessions, and self-condemnation, that my mother was quite charmed with you; and we all four shed tears of joy, that there is one of our sex [I, that that one is my dearest friend,] who has done so much honour to it, as to deserve the exalted praises given you by a wretch so self-conceited; though pity for the excellent creature mixed with our joy.

He promises by them to make the best of husbands; and my Lord, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, are all three to be guarantees that he will be so. Noble

settlements, noble presents, they talked of: they say, they left Lord M. and his two sisters talking of nothing else but of those presents and settlements, how most to do you honour, the greater in proportion for the indignities you have suffered; and of changing of names by act of parliament, preparative to the interest they will all join to make to get the titles to go where the bulk of the estate must go, at my Lord's death, which they apprehend to be nearer than they wish. Nor doubt they of a thorough reformation in his morals, from your example and influence over him.

I made a great many objections for you — all, I believe, that you could have made yourself, had you been present. But I have no doubt to advise you, my dear, (and so does my mother,) instantly to put yourself into Lady Betty's protection, with a resolution to take the wretch for your husband. All his future grandeur [he wants not pride] depends upon his sincerity to you; and the young ladies vouch for the depth of his concern for the wrongs he has done you.

All his apprehension is, in your readiness to communicate to every one, as he fears, the evils you have suffered; which he thinks will expose you both. But had you not revealed them to Lady Betty, you had not had so warm a friend; since it is owing to two letters you wrote to her, that all this good, as I hope it will prove, was brought about. But I advise you to be more sparing in exposing what is past, whether you have thoughts of accepting him or not: for what, my dear, can that avail now, but to give a handle to vile wretches to triumph over your friends; since every one will not know how much to your honour your very sufferings have been?

Your melancholy letter brought by Rogers,* with his account of your indifferent health, confirmed to him by the woman of the house, as well as by your looks and by your faintness while you talked with him, would have given me inexpressible affliction, had I not bee cheered by this agreeable visit from the young ladies. I hope you will be equally so on my imparting the subject of it to you.

* See Letter II. of this volume.

Indeed, my dear, you must not hesitate. You must oblige them. The alliance is splendid and honourable. Very few will know any thing of his brutal baseness to you. All must end, in a little while, in a general reconciliation; and you will be able to resume your course of doing the good to every deserving object, which procured you blessings wherever you set your foot.

I am concerned to find, that your father's inhuman curse affects you so much as it does. Yet you are a noble creature to put it, as you put it — I hope you are indeed more solicitous to get it revoked for their sakes than for your own. It is for them to be penitent, who hurried you into evils you could not well avoid. You are

apt to judge by the unhappy event, rather than upon the true merits of your case. Upon my honour, I think you faultless almost in every step you have taken. What has not that vilely-insolent and ambitious, yet stupid, brother of your's to answer for? — that spiteful thing your sister too!

But come, since what is past cannot be helped, let us look forward. You have now happy prospects opening to you: a family, already noble, prepared to receive you with open arms and joyful heart; and who, by their love to you, will teach another family (who know not what an excellence they have confederated to persecute) how to value you. Your prudence, your piety, will crown all. You will reclaim a wretch that, for an hundred sakes more than for his own, one would wish to be reclaimed.

Like a traveller, who has been put out of his way, by the overflowing of some rapid stream, you have only had the fore-right path you were in overwhelmed. A few miles about, a day or two only lost, as I may say, and you are in a way to recover it; and, by quickening your speed, will get up the lost time. The hurry upon your spirits, mean time, will be all your inconvenience; for it was not your fault you were stopped in your progress.

Think of this, my dear; and improve upon the allegory, as you know how. If you can, without impeding your progress, be the means of assuaging the inundation, of bounding the waters within their natural channel, and thereby of recovering the overwhelmed path for the sake of future passengers who travel the same way, what a merit will your's be!

I shall impatiently expect your next letter. The young ladies proposed that you should put yourself, if in town, or near it, into the Reading stage-coach, which inns somewhere in Fleet-street: and, if you give notice of the day, you will be met on the road, and that pretty early in your journey, by some of both sexes; one of whom you won't be sorry to see.

Mr. Hickman shall attend you at Slough; and Lady Betty herself, and one of the Miss Montagues, with proper equipages, will be at Reading to receive you; and carry you directly to the seat of the former: for I have expressly stipulated, that the wretch himself shall not come into your presence till your nuptials are to be solemnized, unless you give leave.

Adieu, my dearest friend. Be happy: and hundreds will then be happy of consequence. Inexpressibly so, I am sure, will then be

Your ever affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER X

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 16.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Why should you permit a mind, so much devoted to your service, to labour under such an impatience as you must know it would labour under, for want of an answer to a letter of such consequence to you, and therefore to me, as was mine of Thursday night? — Rogers told me, on Thursday, you were so ill; your letter sent by him was so melancholy! — Yet you must be ill indeed, if you could not write something to such a letter; were it but a line, to say you would write as soon as you could. Sure you have received it. The master of your nearest post-office will pawn his reputation that it went safe: I gave him particular charge of it.

God send me good news of your health, of your ability to write; and then I will chide you — indeed I will — as I never yet did chide you.

I suppose your excuse will be, that the subject required consideration — Lord! my dear, so it might; but you have so right a mind, and the matter in question is so obvious, that you could not want half an hour to determine. — Then you intended, probably, to wait Collins's call for your letter as on to-morrow! — Suppose something were to happen, as it did on Friday, that he should not be able to go to town to-morrow? — How, child, could you serve me so! — I know not how to leave off scolding you!

Dear, honest Collins, make haste: he will: he will. He sets out, and travels all night: for I have told him, that the dearest friend I have in the world has it in her own choice to be happy, and to make me so; and that the letter he will bring from her will assure it to me.

I have ordered him to go directly (without stopping at the Saracen's-head-inn) to you at your lodgings. Matters are now in so good a way, that he safely may.

Your expected letter is ready written I hope: if it can be not, he will call for it at your hour.

You can't be so happy as you deserve to be: but I doubt not that you will be as happy as you can; that is, that you will choose to put yourself instantly into Lady Betty's protection. If you would not have the wretch for your own sake; have him you must, for mine, for your family's, for your honour's, sake! — Dear, honest Collins, make haste! make haste! and relieve the impatient heart of my beloved's

Ever faithful, ever affectionate, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XI

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE TUESDAY MORN. JULY 18.

MADAM,

I take the liberty to write to you, by this special messenger. In the phrensy of my soul I write to you, to demand of you, and of any of your family who can tell news of my beloved friend, who, I doubt, has been spirited away by the base arts of one of the blackest — O help me to a name black enough to call him by! Her piety is proof against self-attempts. It must, it must be he, the only wretch, who could injure such an innocent; and now — who knows what he has done with her!

If I have patience, I will give you the occasion of this distracted vehemence.

I wrote to her the very moment you and your sister left me. But being unable to procure a special messenger, as I intended, was forced to send by the post. I urged her, [you know I promised that I would: I urged her,] with earnestness, to comply with the desires of all your family. Having no answer, I wrote again on Sunday night; and sent it by a particular hand, who travelled all night; chiding her for keeping a heart so impatient as mine in such cruel suspense, upon a matter of so much importance to her, and therefore to me. And very angry I was with her in my mind.

But, judge my astonishment, my distraction, when last night, the messenger, returning post-haste, brought me word, that she had not been heard of since Friday morning! and that a letter lay for her at her lodgings, which came by the post; and must be mine!

She went out about six that morning; only intending, as they believe, to go to morning-prayers at Covent-Garden church, just by her lodgings, as she had done divers times before — Went on foot! — Left word she should be back in an hour! — Very poorly in health!

Lord, have mercy upon me! What shall I do! — I was a distracted creature all last night!

O Madam! you know not how I love her! — My own soul is not dearer to me, than my Clarissa Harlowe! — Nay! she is my soul — for I now have none — only a miserable one, however — for she was the joy, the stay, the prop of my life. Never woman loved woman as we love one another. It is impossible to tell you half her excellencies. It was my glory and my pride, that I was capable of so fervent a love of so pure and matchless a creature. — But now — who knows, whether the dear injured has not all her woes, her undeserved woes, completed in

death; or is not reserved for a worse fate! — This I leave to your inquiry — for — your — [shall I call the man —— your?] relation I understand is still with you.

Surely, my good Ladies, you were well authorized in the proposals you made in presence of my mother! — Surely he dare not abuse your confidence, and the confidence of your noble relations! I make no apology for giving you this trouble, nor for desiring you to favour with a line, by this messenger,

Your almost distracted ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. M. HALL, SAT. NIGHT, JUNE 15.

All undone, undone, by Jupiter! — Zounds, Jack, what shall I do now! a curse upon all my plots and contrivances! — But I have it —— in the very heart and soul of me I have it!

Thou toldest me, that my punishments were but beginning — Canst thou, O fatal prognosticator, cans thou tell me, where they will end?

Thy assistance I bespeak. The moment thou receivest this, I bespeak thy assistance. This messenger rides for life and death — and I hope he'll find you at your town-lodgings; if he meet not with you at Edgware; where, being Sunday, he will call first.

This cursed, cursed woman, on Friday dispatched man and horse with the joyful news (as she thought it would be to me) in an exulting letter from Sally Martin, that she had found out my angel as on Wednesday last; and on Friday morning, after she had been at prayers at Covent-Garden church — praying for my reformation perhaps — got her arrested by two sheriff's officers, as she was returning to her lodgings, who (villains!) put her into a chair they had in readiness, and carried her to one of the cursed fellow's houses.

She has arrested her for 150£. pretendedly due for board and lodging: a sum (besides the low villany of the proceeding) which the dear soul could not possibly raise: all her clothes and effects, except what she had on and with her when she went away, being at the old devil's.

And here, for an aggravation, has the dear creature lain already two days; for I must be gallanting my two aunts and my two cousins, and giving Lord M. an airing after his lying-in — pox upon the whole family of us! and returned not till within this hour: and now returned to my distraction, on receiving the cursed tidings, and the exulting letter.

Hasten, hasten, dear Jack; for the love of God, hasten to the injured charmer! my heart bleeds for her! — she deserved not this! — I dare not stir. It will be thought done by my contrivance — and if I am absent from this place, that will confirm the suspicion.

Damnation seize quick this accursed woman! — Yet she thinks she has made no small merit with me. Unhappy, thrice unhappy circumstances! — At a time too, when better prospects were opening for the sweet creature!

Hasten to her! — Clear me of this cursed job. Most sincerely, by all that's sacred, I swear you may! —— Yet have I been such a villanous plotter, that the

charming sufferer will hardly believe it: although the proceeding be so dirtily low.

Set her free the moment you see her: without conditioning, free! — On your knees, for me, beg her pardon: and assure her, that, wherever she goes, I will not molest her: no, nor come near her without her leave: and be sure allow not any of the d —— d crew to go near her — only let her permit you to receive her commands from time to time. — You have always been her friend and advocate. What would I now give, had I permitted you to have been a successful one!

Let her have all her clothes and effects sent her instantly, as a small proof of my sincerity. And force upon the dear creature, who must be moneyless, what sums you can get her to take. Let me know how she has been treated. If roughly, woe be to the guilty!

Take thy watch in thy hand, after thou hast freed her, and d — n the whole brood, dragon and serpents, by the hour, till thou'rt tired; and tell them, I bid thee do so for their cursed officiousness.

They had nothing to do when they had found her, but to wait my orders how to proceed.

The great devil fly away with them all, one by one, through the roof of their own cursed house, and dash them to pieces against the tops of chimneys as he flies; and let the lesser devils collect the scattered scraps, and bag them up, in order to put them together again in their allotted place, in the element of fire, with cements of molten lead.

A line! a line! a kingdom for a line! with tolerable news, the first moment thou canst write! — This fellow waits to bring it.

LETTER XIII

MISS CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, TO MISS HOWE M. HALL, TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

DEAR MISS HOWE,

Your letter has infinitely disturbed us all.

This wretched man has been half distracted ever since Saturday night.

We knew not what ailed him, till your letter was brought.

Vile wretch, as he is, he is however innocent of this new evil.

Indeed he is, he must be; as I shall more at large acquaint you.

But will not now detain your messenger.

Only to satisfy your just impatience, by telling you, that the dear young lady is safe, and we hope well.

A horrid mistake of his general orders has subjected her to the terror and disgrace of an arrest.

Poor dear Miss Harlowe! — Her sufferings have endeared her to us, almost as much as her excellencies can have endeared her to you.

But she must now be quite at liberty.

He has been a distracted man, ever since the news was brought him; and we knew not what ailed him.

But that I said before.

My Lord M. my lady Sarah Sadleir, and my Lady Betty Lawrance, will all write to you this very afternoon.

And so will the wretch himself.

And send it by a servant of their own, not to detain your's.

I know not what I write.

But you shall have all the particulars, just, and true, and fair, from

Dear Madam, Your most faithful and obedient servant, CH. MONTAGUE.

LETTER XIV

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS HOWE M. HALL, JULY 18.

DEAR MADAM,

In pursuance of my promise, I will minutely inform you of every thing we know relating to this shocking transaction.

When we returned from you on Thursday night, and made our report of the kind reception both we and our message met with, in that you had been so good as to promise to use your interest with your dear friend, it put us all into such good humour with one another, and with my cousin Lovelace, that we resolved upon a little tour of two days, the Friday and Saturday, in order to give an airing to my Lord, and Lady Sarah, both having been long confined, one by illness, the other by melancholy. My Lord, Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and myself, were in the coach; and all our talk was of dear Miss Harlowe, and of our future happiness with her: Mr. Lovelace and my sister (who is his favourite, as he is her's) were in his phaëton: and, whenever we joined company, that was still the subject.

As to him, never man praised woman as he did her: Never man gave greater hopes, and made better resolutions. He is none of those that are governed by interest. He is too proud for that. But most sincerely delighted was he in talking of her; and of his hopes of her returning favour. He said, however, more than once, that he feared she would not forgive him; for, from his heart, he must say, he deserved not her forgiveness: and often and often, that there was not such a woman in the world.

This I mention to show you, Madam, that he could not at this time be privy to such a barbarous and disgraceful treatment of her.

We returned not till Saturday night, all in as good humour with one another as we went out. We never had such pleasure in his company before. If he would be good, and as he ought to be, no man would be better beloved by relations than he. But never was there a greater alteration in man when he came home, and received a letter from a messenger, who, it seems, had been flattering himself in hopes of a reward, and had been waiting for his return from the night before. In such a fury! — The man fared but badly. He instantly shut himself up to write, and ordered man and horse to be ready to set out before day-light the next morning, to carry the letter to a friend in London.

He would not see us all that night; neither breakfast nor dine with us next day. He ought, he said, never to see the light; and bid my sister, whom he called an innocent, (and who was very desirous to know the occasion of all this,) shun him,

saying, he was a wretch, and made so by his own inventions, and the consequences of them.

None of us could get out of him what so disturbed him. We should too soon hear, he said, to the utter dissipation of all his hopes, and of all ours.

We could easily suppose that all was not right with regard to the worthy young lady and him.

He went out each day; and said he wanted to run away from himself.

Late on Monday night he received a letter from Mr. Belford, his most favoured friend, by his own messenger; who came back in a foam, man and horse. Whatever were the contents, he was not easier, but like a madman rather: but still would not let us know the occasion. But to my sister he said, nobody, my dear Patsey, who can think but of half the plagues that pursue an intriguing spirit, would ever quit the fore-right path.

He was out when your messenger came: but soon came in; and bad enough was his reception from us all. And he said, that his own torments were greater than ours, than Miss Harlowe's, or your's, Madam, all put together. He would see your letter. He always carries every thing before him: and said, when he had read it, that he thanked God, he was not such a villain, as you, with too great an appearance of reason, thought him.

Thus, then, he owned the matter to be.

He had left general instructions to the people of the lodgings the dear lady went from, to find out where she was gone to, if possible, that he might have an opportunity to importune her to be his, before their difference was public. The wicked people (officious at least, if not wicked) discovered where she was on Wednesday; and, for fear she should remove before they could have his orders, they put her under a gentle restraint, as they call it; and dispatched away a messenger to acquaint him with it; and to take his orders.

This messenger arrived Friday afternoon; and staid here till we returned on Saturday night: — and, when he read the letter he brought — I have told you, Madam, what a fury he was in.

The letter he retired to write, and which he dispatched away so early on Sunday morning, was to conjure his friend, Mr. Belford, on receipt of it, to fly to the lady, and set her free; and to order all her things to be sent to her; and to clear him of so black and villanous a fact, as he justly called it.

And by this time he doubts not that all is happily over; and the beloved of his soul (as he calls her at ever word) in an easier and happier way than she was before the horrid fact. And now he owns that the reason why Mr. Belford's letter set him into stronger ravings was, because of his keeping him wilfully (and on purpose to torment him) in suspense; and reflecting very heavily upon him, (for

Mr. Belford, he says, was ever the lady's friend and advocate); and only mentioning, that he had waited upon her; referring to his next for further particulars; which Mr. Belford could have told him at the time.

He declares, and we can vouch for him, that he has been, ever since last Saturday night, the most miserable of men.

He forbore going up himself, that it might not be imagined he was guilty of so black a contrivance; and that he went up to complete any base views in consequence of it.

Believe us all, dear Miss Howe, under the deepest concern at this unhappy accident; which will, we fear, exasperate the charming sufferer; not too much for the occasion, but too much for our hopes.

O what wretches are these free-living men, who love to tread in intricate paths; and, when once they err, know not how far out of the way their headstrong course may lead them!

My sister joins her thanks with mine to your good mother and self, for the favours you heaped upon us last Thursday. We beseech your continued interest as to the subject of our visit. It shall be all our studies to oblige and recompense the dear lady to the utmost of our power, and for what she has suffered from the unhappy man.

We are, dear Madam,

Your obliged and faithful servants,

CHARLOTTE | MONTAGUE. MARTHA | * * * DEAR MISS HOWE,

We join in the above request of Miss Charlotte and Miss Patty Montague, for your favour and interest; being convinced that the accident was an accident, and no plot or contrivance of a wretch too full of them. We are, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servants,

M. SARAH SADLEIR. ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

* * * DEAR MISS HOWE,

After what is written above, by names and characters of unquestionable honour, I might have been excused signing a name almost as hateful to myself, as I KNOW it is to you. But the above will have it so. Since, therefore, I must write, it shall be the truth; which is, that if I may be once more admitted to pay my duty to the most deserving and most injured of her sex, I will be content to do it with a halter about my neck; and, attended by a parson on my right hand, and the hangman on my left, be doomed, at her will, either to the church or the gallows.

Your most humble servant, ROBERT LOVELACE.
TUESDAY, JULY 18.

LETTER XV

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 16.

What a cursed piece of work hast thou made of it, with the most excellent of women! Thou mayest be in earnest, or in jest, as thou wilt; but the poor lady will not be long either thy sport, or the sport of fortune!

I will give thee an account of a scene that wants but her affecting pen to represent it justly; and it would wring all the black blood out of thy callous heart.

Thou only, who art the author of her calamities, shouldst have attended her in her prison. I am unequal to such a task: nor know I any other man but would.

This last act, however unintended by thee, yet a consequence of thy general orders, and too likely to be thought agreeable to thee, by those who know thy other villanies by her, has finished thy barbarous work. And I advise thee to trumpet forth every where, how much in earnest thou art to marry her, whether true or not.

Thou mayest safely do it. She will not live to put thee to the trial; and it will a little palliate for thy enormous usage of her, and be a mean to make mankind, who know not what I know of the matter, herd a little longer with thee, and forbear to hunt thee to thy fellow-savages in the Lybian wilds and desarts.

Your messenger found me at Edgware expecting to dinner with me several friends, whom I had invited three days before. I sent apologies to them, as in a case of life and death; and speeded to town to the woman's: for how knew I but shocking attempts might be made upon her by the cursed wretches: perhaps by your connivance, in order to mortify her into your measures?

Little knows the public what villanies are committed by vile wretches, in these abominable houses upon innocent creatures drawn into their snares.

Finding the lady not there, I posted away to the officer's, although Sally told me that she had but just come from thence; and that she had refused to see her, or (as she sent down word) any body else; being resolved to have the remainder of that Sunday to herself, as it might, perhaps, be the last she should ever see.

I had the same thing told me, when I got thither.

I sent up to let her know, that I came with a commission to set her at liberty. I was afraid of sending up the name of a man known to be your friend. She absolutely refused to see any man, however, for that day, or to answer further to any thing said from me.

Having therefore informed myself of all that the officer, and his wife, and servant, could acquaint me with, as well in relation to the horrid arrest, as to her behaviour, and the women's to her; and her ill state of health; I went back to

Sinclair's, as I will still call her, and heard the three women's story. From all which I am enabled to give you the following shocking particulars: which may serve till I can see the unhappy lady herself to-morrow, if then I gain admittance to her. You will find that I have been very minute in my inquiries.

Your villain it was that set the poor lady, and had the impudence to appear, and abet the sheriff's officers in the cursed transaction. He thought, no doubt, that he was doing the most acceptable service to his blessed master. They had got a chair; the head ready up, as soon as service was over. And as she came out of the church, at the door fronting Bedford-street, the officers, stepping up to her, whispered that they had an action against her.

She was terrified, trembled, and turned pale.

Action, said she! What is that! —— I have committed no bad action! —— Lord bless me! men, what mean you?

That you are our prisoner, Madam.

Prisoner, Sirs! — What — How — Why — What have I done?

You must go with us. Be pleased, Madam, to step into this chair.

With you! — With men! Must go with men! — I am not used to go with strange men! —— Indeed you must excuse me!

We can't excuse you. We are sheriff's officers, We have a writ against you. You must go with us, and you shall know at whose suit.

Suit! said the charming innocent; I don't know what you mean. Pray, men, don't lay hands upon me; (they offering to put her into the chair.) I am not used to be thus treated — I have done nothing to deserve it.

She then spied thy villain — O thou wretch, said she, where is thy vile master? — Am I again to be his prisoner? Help, good people!

A crowd had begun to gather.

My master is in the country, Madam, many miles off. If you please to go with these men, they will treat you civilly.

The people were most of them struck with compassion. A fine young creature! — A thousand pities cried some. While some few threw out vile and shocking reflections! But a gentleman interposed, and demanded to see the fellow's authority.

They showed it. Is your name Clarissa Harlowe, Madam? said he.

Yes, yes, indeed, ready to sink, my name was Clarissa Harlowe: — but it is now Wretchedness! —— Lord be merciful to me, what is to come next?

You must go with these men, Madam, said the gentleman: they have authority for what they do.

He pitied her, and retired.

Indeed you must, said one chairman.

Indeed you must, said the other.

Can nobody, joined in another gentleman, be applied to, who will see that so fine a creature is not ill used?

Thy villain answered, orders were given particularly for that. She had rich relations. She need but ask and have. She would only be carried to the officer's house till matters could be made up. The people she had lodged with loved her: — but she had left her lodgings privately.

Oh! had she those tricks already? cried one or two.

She heard not this — but said — Well, if I must go, I must — I cannot resist — but I will not be carried to the woman's! I will rather die at your feet, than be carried to the woman's.

You won't be carried there, Madam, cried thy fellow.

Only to my house, Madam, said one of the officers.

Where is that?

In High-Holborn, Madam.

I know not where High-Holborn is: but any where, except to the woman's. —— But am I to go with men only?

Looking about her, and seeing the three passages, to wit, that leading to Henrietta-street, that to King-street, and the fore-right one, to Bedford-street, crowded, she started — Any where — any where, said she, but to the woman's! And stepping into the chair, threw herself on the seat, in the utmost distress and confusion — Carry me, carry me out of sight — cover me — cover me up — for ever — were her words.

Thy villain drew the curtain: she had not power: and they went away with her through a vast crowd of people.

Here I must rest. I can write no more at present.

Only, Lovelace, remember, all this was to a Clarissa.

* * *

The unhappy lady fainted away when she was taken out of the chair at the officer's house.

Several people followed the chair to the very house, which is in a wretched court. Sally was there; and satisfied some of the inquirers, that the young gentlewoman would be exceedingly well used: and they soon dispersed.

Dorcas was also there; but came not in her sight. Sally, as a favour, offered to carry her to her former lodgings: but she declared they should carry her thither a corpse, if they did.

Very gentle usage the women boast of: so would a vulture, could it speak, with the entrails of its prey upon its rapacious talons. Of this you'll judge from what I have to recite.

She asked, what was meant by this usage of her? People told me, said she, that I must go with the men: that they had authority to take me: so I submitted. But now, what is to be the end of this disgraceful violence?

The end, said the vile Sally Martin, is, for honest people to come at their own.

Bless me! have I taken away any thing that belongs to those who have obtained the power over me? — I have left very valuable things behind me; but have taken away that is not my own.

And who do you think, Miss Harlowe; for I understand, said the cursed creature, you are not married; who do you think is to pay for your board and your lodgings! such handsome lodgings! for so long a time as you were at Mrs. Sinclair's?

Lord have mercy upon me! — Miss Martin, (I think you are Miss Martin!) — And is this the cause of such a disgraceful insult upon me in the open streets?

And cause enough, Miss Harlowe! (fond of gratifying her jealous revenge, by calling her Miss,) — One hundred and fifty guineas, or pounds, is no small sum to lose — and by a young creature who would have bilked her lodgings.

You amaze me, Miss Martin! — What language do you talk in? — Bilk my lodgings? — What is that?

She stood astonished and silent for a few moments.

But recovering herself, and turning from her to the window, she wrung her hands [the cursed Sally showed me how!] and lifting them up — Now, Lovelace: now indeed do I think I ought to forgive thee! — But who shall forgive Clarissa Harlowe! —— O my sister! — O my brother! — Tender mercies were your cruelties to this!

After a pause, her handkerchief drying up her falling tears, she turned to Sally: Now, have I noting to do but acquiesce — only let me say, that if this aunt of your's, this Mrs. Sinclair, or this man, this Mr. Lovelace, come near me; or if I am carried to the horrid house; (for that, I suppose, is the design of this new outrage;) God be merciful to the poor Clarissa Harlowe! —— Look to the consequence! —— Look, I charge you, to the consequence!

The vile wretch told her, it was not designed to carry her any where against her will: but, if it were, they should take care not to be frighted again by a penknife.

She cast up her eyes to Heaven, and was silent — and went to the farthest corner of the room, and, sitting down, threw her handkerchief over her face.

Sally asked her several questions; but not answering her, she told her, she would wait upon her by-and-by, when she had found her speech.

She ordered the people to press her to eat and drink. She must be fasting — nothing but her prayers and tears, poor thing! — were the merciless devil's words, as she owned to me. — Dost think I did not curse her?

She went away; and, after her own dinner, returned.

The unhappy lady, by this devil's account of her, then seemed either mortified into meekness, or to have made a resolution not to be provoked by the insults of this cursed creature.

Sally inquired, in her presence, whether she had eat or drank any thing; and being told by the woman, that she could not prevail upon her to taste a morsel, or drink a drop, she said, this is wrong, Miss Harlowe! Very wrong! — Your religion, I think, should teach you, that starving yourself is self-murder.

She answered not.

The wretch owned she was resolved to make her speak.

She asked if Mabell should attend her, till it were seen what her friends would do for her in discharge of the debt? Mabell, said she, had not yet earned the clothes you were so good as to give her.

Am I not worthy an answer, Miss Harlowe?

I would answer you (said the sweet sufferer, without any emotion) if I knew how.

I have ordered pen, ink, and paper, to be brought you, Miss Harlowe. There they are. I know you love writing. You may write to whom you please. Your friend, Miss Howe, will expect to hear from you.

I have no friend, said she, I deserve none.

Rowland, for that's the officer's name, told her, she had friends enow to pay the debt, if she would write.

She would trouble nobody; she had no friends; was all they could get from her, while Sally staid: but yet spoken with a patience of spirit, as if she enjoyed her griefs.

The insolent creature went away, ordering them, in the lady's hearing, to be very civil to her, and to let her want for nothing. Now had she, she owned, the triumph of her heart over this haughty beauty, who kept them all at such a distance in their own house!

What thinkest thou, Lovelace, of this! — This wretch's triumph was over a Clarissa!

About six in the evening, Rowland's wife pressed her to drink tea. She said, she had rather have a glass of water; for her tongue was ready to cleave to the roof of her mouth.

The woman brought her a glass, and some bread and butter. She tried to taste the latter; but could not swallow it: but eagerly drank the water; lifting up her

eyes in thankfulness for that!!!

The divine Clarissa, Lovelace, — reduced to rejoice for a cup of cold water! — By whom reduced?

About nine o'clock she asked if any body were to be her bedfellow.

Their maid, if she pleased; or, as she was so weak and ill, the girl should sit up with her, if she chose she should.

She chose to be alone both night and day, she said. But might she not be trusted with the key of the room where she was to lie down; for she should not put off her clothes!

That, they told her, could not be.

She was afraid not, she said. — But indeed she would not get away, if she could.

They told me, that they had but one bed, besides that they lay in themselves, (which they would fain have had her accept of,) and besides that their maid lay in, in a garret, which they called a hole of a garret: and that that one bed was the prisoner's bed; which they made several apologies to me about. I suppose it is shocking enough.

But the lady would not lie in theirs. Was she not a prisoner? she said — let her have the prisoner's room.

Yet they owned that she started, when she was conducted thither. But recovering herself, Very well, said she — why should not all be of a piece? — Why should not my wretchedness be complete?

She found fault, that all the fastenings were on the outside, and none within; and said, she could not trust herself in a room where others could come in at their pleasure, and she not go out. She had not been used to it!!!

Dear, dear soul! — My tears flow as I write! —— Indeed, Lovelace, she had not been used to such treatment.

They assured her, that it was as much their duty to protect her from other persons' insults, as from escaping herself.

Then they were people of more honour, she said, than she had been of late used to.

She asked if they knew Mr. Lovelace?

No, was their answer.

Have you heard of him?

No.

Well, then, you may be good sort of folks in your way.

Pause here for a moment, Lovelace! — and reflect — I must.

* * *

Again they asked her if they should send any word to her lodgings?

These are my lodgings now; are they not? — was all her answer.

She sat up in a chair all night, the back against the door; having, it seems, thrust a piece of a poker through the staples where a bolt had been on the inside.

* * *

Next morning Sally and Polly both went to visit her.

She had begged of Sally, the day before, that she might not see Mrs. Sinclair, nor Dorcas, nor the broken-toothed servant, called William.

Polly would have ingratiated herself with her; and pretended to be concerned for her misfortunes. But she took no more notice of her than of the other.

They asked if she had any commands? — If she had, she only need to mention what they were, and she should be obeyed.

None at all, she said.

How did she like the people of the house? Were they civil to her?

Pretty well, considering she had no money to give them.

Would she accept of any money? they could put it to her account.

She would contract no debts.

Had she any money about her?

She meekly put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out half a guinea, and a little silver. Yes, I have a little. —— But here should be fees paid, I believe. Should there not? I have heard of entrance-money to compound for not being stript. But these people are very civil people, I fancy; for they have not offered to take away my clothes.

They have orders to be civil to you.

It is very kind.

But we two will bail you, Miss, if you will go back with us to Mrs. Sinclair's.

Not for the world!

Her's are very handsome apartments.

The fitter for those who own them!

These are very sad ones.

The fitter for me!

You may be happy yet, Miss, if you will.

I hope I shall.

If you refuse to eat or drink, we will give bail, and take you with us.

Then I will try to eat and drink. Any thing but go with you.

Will you not send to your new lodgings; the people will be frighted.

So they will, if I send. So they will, if they know where I am.

But have you no things to send for from thence?

There is what will pay for their lodgings and trouble: I shall not lessen their security.

But perhaps letters or messages may be left for you there.

I have very few friends; and to those I have I will spare the mortification of knowing what has befallen me.

We are surprised at your indifference, Miss Harlowe! Will you not write to any of your friends?

No.

Why, you don't think of tarrying here always?

I shall not live always.

Do you think you are to stay here as long as you live?

That's as it shall please God, and those who have brought me hither.

Should you like to be at liberty?

I am miserable! — What is liberty to the miserable, but to be more miserable.

How miserable, Miss? — You may make yourself as happy as you please.

I hope you are both happy.

We are.

May you be more and more happy!

But we wish you to be so too.

I shall never be of your opinion, I believe, as to what happiness is.

What do you take our opinion of happiness to be?

To live at Mrs. Sinclair's.

Perhaps, said Sally, we were once as squeamish and narrow-minded as you.

How came it over with you?

Because we saw the ridiculousness of prudery.

Do you come hither to persuade me to hate prudery, as you call it, as much as you do?

We came to offer our service to you.

It is out of your power to serve me.

Perhaps not.

It is not in my inclination to trouble you.

You may be worse offered.

Perhaps I may.

You are mighty short, Miss.

As I wish your visit to be, Ladies.

They owned to me, that they cracked their fans, and laughed.

Adieu, perverse beauty!

Your servant, Ladies.

Adieu, haughty airs!

You see me humbled —

As you deserve, Miss Harlowe. Pride will have a fall.

Better fall, with what you call pride, than stand with meanness.

Who does?

I had once a better opinion of you, Miss Horton! — Indeed you should not insult the miserable.

Neither should the miserable, said Sally, insult people for their civility.

I should be sorry if I did.

Mrs. Sinclair shall attend you by-and-by, to know if you have any commands for her.

I have no wish for any liberty, but that of refusing to see her, and one more person.

What we came for, was to know if you had any proposals to make for your enlargement.

Then, it seems, the officer put in. You have very good friends, Madam, I understand. Is it not better that you make it up? Charges will run high. A hundred and fifty guineas are easier paid than two hundred. Let these ladies bail you, and go along with them; or write to your friends to make it up.

Sally said, There is a gentleman who saw you taken, and was so much moved for you, Miss Harlowe, that he would gladly advance the money for you, and leave you to pay it when you can.

See, Lovelace, what cursed devils these are! This is the way, we know, that many an innocent heart is thrown upon keeping, and then upon the town. But for these wretches thus to go to work with such an angel as this! — How glad would have been the devilish Sally, to have had the least handle to report to thee a listening ear, or patient spirit, upon this hint!

Sir, said she, with high indignation, to the officer, did not you say, last night, that it was as much your business to protect me from the insults of others, as from escaping? — Cannot I be permitted to see whom I please? and to refuse admittance to those I like not?

Your creditors, Madam, will expect to see you.

Not if I declare I will not treat with them.

Then, Madam, you will be sent to prison.

Prison, friend! — What dost thou call thy house?

Not a prison, Madam.

Why these iron-barred windows, then? Why these double locks and bolts all on the outside, none on the in?

And down she dropt into her chair, and they could not get another word from her. She threw her handkerchief over her face, as one before, which was soon wet with tears; and grievously, they own, she sobbed.

Gentle treatment, Lovelace! — Perhaps thou, as well as these wretches, will think it so!

Sally then ordered a dinner, and said, They would soon be back a gain, and see that she eat and drank, as a good christian should, comporting herself to her condition, and making the best of it.

What has not this charming creature suffered, what has she not gone through, in these last three months, that I know of! — Who would think such a delicately-framed person could have sustained what she has sustained! We sometimes talk of bravery, of courage, of fortitude! — Here they are in perfection! — Such bravoes as thou and I should never have been able to support ourselves under half the persecutions, the disappointments, and contumelies, that she has met with; but, like cowards, should have slid out of the world, basely, by some back-door; that is to say, by a sword, by a pistol, by a halter, or knife; — but here is a fine-principled woman, who, by dint of this noble consideration, as I imagine, [What else can support her?] that she has not deserved the evils she contends with; and that this world is designed but as a transitory state of the probation; and that she is travelling to another and better; puts up with all the hardships of the journey; and is not to be diverted from her course by the attacks of thieves and robbers, or any other terrors and difficulties; being assured of an ample reward at the end of it.

If thou thinkest this reflection uncharacteristic from a companion and friend of thine, imaginest thou, that I profited nothing by my long attendance on my uncle in his dying state; and from the pious reflections of the good clergyman, who, day by day, at the poor man's own request, visited and prayed by him? — And could I have another such instance, as this, to bring all these reflections home to me?

Then who can write of good persons, and of good subjects, and be capable of admiring them, and not be made serious for the time? And hence may we gather what a benefit to the morals of men the keeping of good company must be; while those who keep only bad, must necessarily more and more harden, and be hardened.

* * *

'Tis twelve of the clock, Sunday night — I can think of nothing but this excellent creature. Her distresses fill my head and my heart. I was drowsy for a quarter of an hour; but the fit is gone off. And I will continue the melancholy subject from the information of these wretches. Enough, I dare say, will arise in

the visit I shall make, if admitted to-morrow, to send by thy servant, as to the way I am likely to find her in.

After the women had left her, she complained of her head and her heart; and seemed terrified with apprehensions of being carried once more to Sinclair's.

Refusing any thing for breakfast, Mrs. Rowland came up to her, and told her, (as these wretches owned they had ordered her, for fear she should starve herself,) that she must and should have tea, and bread and butter: and that, as she had friends who could support her, if she wrote to them, it was a wrong thing, both for herself and them, to starve herself thus.

If it be for your own sakes, said she, that is another thing: let coffee, or tea, or chocolate, or what you will, be got: and put down a chicken to my account every day, if you please, and eat it yourselves. I will taste it, if I can. I would do nothing to hinder you. I have friends will pay you liberally, when they know I am gone.

They wondered, they told her, at her strange composure in such distresses.

They were nothing, she said, to what she had suffered already from the vilest of all men. The disgrace of seizing her in the street; multitudes of people about her; shocking imputations wounding her ears; had indeed been very affecting to her. But that was over. — Every thing soon would! — And she should be still more composed, were it not for the apprehensions of seeing one man, and one woman; and being tricked or forced back to the vilest house in the world.

Then were it not better to give way to the two gentlewoman's offer to bail her? — They could tell her, it was a very kind proffer; and what was not to be met every day.

She believed so.

The ladies might, possibly, dispense with her going back to the house to which she had such an antipathy. Then the compassionate gentleman, who was inclined to make it up with her creditors on her own bond — it was very strange to them she hearkened not to so generous a proposal.

Did the two ladies tell you who the gentleman was? — Or, did they say any more on the subject?

Yes, they did! and hinted to me, said the woman, that you had nothing to do but to receive a visit from the gentleman, and the money, they believed, would be laid down on your own bond or note.

She was startled.

I charge you, said she, as you will answer it one day to my friends, I charge you don't. If you do, you know not what may be the consequence.

They apprehended no bad consequence, they said, in doing their duty: and if she knew not her own good, her friends would thank them for taking any innocent steps to serve her, though against her will.

Don’t push me upon extremities, man! — Don’t make me desperate, woman! — I have no small difficulty, notwithstanding the seeming composure you just now took notice of, to bear, as I ought to bear, the evils I suffer. But if you bring a man or men to me, be the pretence what it will ——

She stopt there, and looked so earnestly, and so wildly, they said, that they did not know but she would do some harm to herself, if they disobeyed her; and that would be a sad thing in their house, and might be their ruin. They therefore promised, that no man should be brought to her but by her own consent.

Mrs. Rowland prevailed on her to drink a dish of tea, and taste some bread and butter, about eleven on Saturday morning: which she probably did to have an excuse not to dine with the women when they returned.

But she would not quit her prison-room, as she called it, to go into their parlour.

‘Unbarred windows, and a lightsomer apartment,’ she said, ‘had too cheerful an appearance for her mind.’

A shower falling, as she spoke, ‘What,’ said she, looking up, ‘do the elements weep for me?’

At another time, ‘The light of the sun was irksome to her. The sun seemed to shine in to mock her woes.’

‘Methought,’ added she, ‘the sun darting in, and gilding these iron bars, plays upon me like the two women, who came to insult my haggard looks, by the word beauty; and my dejected heart, by the word haughty airs!’

Sally came again at dinner-time, to see how she fared, as she told her; and that she did not starve herself: and, as she wanted to have some talk with her, if she gave her leave, she would dine with her.

I cannot eat.

You must try, Miss Harlowe.

And, dinner being ready just then, she offered her hand, and desired her to walk down.

No; she would not stir out of her prison-room.

These sullen airs won’t do, Miss Harlowe: indeed they won’t.

She was silent.

You will have harder usage than any you have ever yet known, I can tell you, if you come not into some humour to make matters up.

She was still silent.

Come, Miss, walk down to dinner. Let me entreat you, do. Miss Horton is below: she was once your favourite.

She waited for an answer: but received none.

We came to make some proposals to you, for your good; though you affronted us so lately. And we would not let Mrs. Sinclair come in person, because we thought to oblige you.

This is indeed obliging.

Come, give me your hand. Miss Harlowe: you are obliged to me, I can tell you that: and let us go down to Miss Horton.

Excuse me: I will not stir out of this room.

Would you have me and Miss Horton dine in this filthy bed-room?

It is not a bed-room to me. I have not been in bed; nor will, while I am here.

And yet you care not, as I see, to leave the house. — And so, you won't go down, Miss Harlowe?

I won't, except I am forced to it.

Well, well, let it alone. I sha'n't ask Miss Horton to dine in this room, I assure you. I will send up a plate.

And away the little saucy toad fluttered down.

When they had dined, up they came together.

Well, Miss, you would not eat any thing, it seems? — Very pretty sullen airs these! — No wonder the honest gentleman had such a hand with you.

She only held up her hands and eyes; the tears trickling down her cheeks.

Insolent devils! — how much more cruel and insulting are bad women even than bad men!

Methinks, Miss, said Sally, you are a little soily, to what we have seen you. Pity such a nice lady should not have changes of apparel! Why won't you send to your lodgings for linen, at least?

I am not nice now.

Miss looks well and clean in any thing, said Polly. But, dear Madam, why won't you send to your lodgings? Were it but in kindness to the people? They must have a concern about you. And your Miss Howe will wonder what's become of you; for, no doubt, you correspond.

She turned from them, and, to herself, said, Too much! Too much! — She tossed her handkerchief, wet before with her tears, from her, and held her apron to her eyes.

Don't weep, Miss! said the vile Polly.

Yet do, cried the viler Sally, it will be a relief. Nothing, as Mr. Lovelace once told me, dries sooner than tears. For once I too wept mightily.

I could not bear the recital of this with patience. Yet I cursed them not so much as I should have done, had I not had a mind to get from them all the particulars of their gentle treatment: and this for two reasons; the one, that I might stab thee to

the heart with the repetition; and the other, that I might know upon what terms I am likely to see the unhappy lady to-morrow.

Well, but, Miss Harlowe, cried Sally, do you think these forlorn airs pretty? You are a good christian, child. Mrs. Rowland tells me, she has got you a Bible-book. — O there it lies! — I make no doubt but you have doubled down the useful places, as honest Matt. Prior says.

Then rising, and taking it up. — Ay, so you have. — The Book of Job! One opens naturally here, I see — My mamma made me a fine Bible-scholar. — You see, Miss Horton, I know something of the book.

They proposed once more to bail her, and to go home with them. A motion which she received with the same indignation as before.

Sally told her, That she had written in a very favourable manner, in her behalf, to you; and that she every hour expected an answer; and made no doubt, that you would come up with a messenger, and generously pay the whole debt, and ask her pardon for neglecting it.

This disturbed her so much, that they feared she would have fallen into fits. She could not bear your name, she said. She hoped she should never see you more: and, were you to intrude yourself, dreadful consequences might follow.

Surely, they said, she would be glad to be released from her confinement.

Indeed she should, now they had begun to alarm her with his name, who was the author of all her woes: and who, she now saw plainly, gave way to this new outrage, in order to bring her to his own infamous terms.

Why then, they asked, would she not write to her friends, to pay Mrs. Sinclair's demand?

Because she hoped she should not trouble any body; and because she knew that the payment of the money if she should be able to pay it, was not what was aimed at.

Sally owned that she told her, That, truly, she had thought herself as well descended, and as well educated, as herself, though not entitled to such considerable fortunes. And had the impudence to insist upon it to me to be truth.

She had the insolence to add, to the lady, That she had as much reason as she to expect Mr. Lovelace would marry her; he having contracted to do so before he knew Miss Clarissa Harlowe: and that she had it under his hand and seal too — or else he had not obtained his end: therefore it was not likely she should be so officious as to do his work against herself, if she thought Mr. Lovelace had designs upon her, like what she presumed to hint at: that, for her part, her only view was, to procure liberty to a young gentlewoman, who made those things grievous to her which would not be made such a rout about by any body else — and to procure the payment of a just debt to her friend Mrs. Sinclair.

She besought them to leave her. She wanted not these instances, she said, to convince her of the company she was in; and told them, that, to get rid of such visiters, and of the still worse she was apprehensive of, she would write to one friend to raise the money for her; though it would be death for her to do so; because that friend could not do it without her mother, in whose eye it would give a selfish appearance to a friendship that was above all sordid alloys.

They advised her to write out of hand.

But how much must I write for? What is the sum? Should I not have had a bill delivered me? God knows, I took not your lodgings. But he that could treat me as he has done, could do this!

Don't speak against Mr. Lovelace, Miss Harlowe. He is a man I greatly esteem. [Cursed toad!] And, 'bating that he will take his advantage, where he can, of US silly credulous women, he is a man of honour.

She lifted up her hands and eyes, instead of speaking: and well she might! For any words she could have used could not have expressed the anguish she must feel on being comprehended in the US.

She must write for one hundred and fifty guineas, at least: two hundred, if she were short of more money, might well be written for.

Mrs. Sinclair, she said, had all her clothes. Let them be sold, fairly sold, and the money go as far as it would go. She had also a few other valuables; but no money, (none at all,) but the poor half guinea, and the little silver they had seen. She would give bond to pay all that her apparel, and the other maters she had, would fall short of. She had great effects belonging to her of right. Her bond would, and must be paid, were it for a thousand pounds. But her clothes she should never want. She believed, if not too much undervalued, those, and her few valuables, would answer every thing. She wished for no surplus but to discharge the last expenses; and forty shillings would do as well for those as forty pounds. 'Let my ruin, said she, lifting up her eyes, be LARGE! Let it be COMPLETE, in this life! — For a composition, let it be COMPLETE.' — And there she stopped.

The wretches could not help wishing to me for the opportunity of making such a purchase for their own wear. How I cursed them! and, in my heart, thee! — But too probable, thought I, that this vile Sally Martin may hope, [though thou art incapable of it,] that her Lovelace, as she has the assurance, behind thy back, to call thee, may present her with some of the poor lady's spoils!

Will not Mrs. Sinclair, proceeded she, think my clothes a security, till they can be sold? They are very good clothes. A suit or two but just put on, as it were; never worn. They cost much more than it demanded of me. My father loved to see me fine. — All shall go. But let me have the particulars of her demand. I suppose I must pay for my destroyer [that was her well-adapted word!] and his servants, as

well as for myself. I am content to do so — I am above wishing that any body, who could thus act, should be so much as expostulated with, as to the justice and equity of this payment. If I have but enough to pay the demand, I shall be satisfied; and will leave the baseness of such an action as this, as ana aggravation of a guilt which I thought could not be aggravated.

I own, Lovelace, I have malice in this particularity, in order to sting thee on the heart. And, let me ask thee, what now thou can’st think of thy barbarity, thy unprecedented barbarity, in having reduced a person of her rank, fortune, talents, and virtue, so low?

The wretched women, it must be owned, act but in their profession: a profession thou hast been the principal means of reducing these two to act in. And they know what thy designs have been, and how far prosecuted. It is, in their opinions, using her gently, that they have forborne to bring her to the woman so justly odious to her: and that they have not threatened her with the introducing to her strange men: nor yet brought into her company their spirit-breakers, and humbling-drones, (fellows not allowed to carry stings,) to trace and force her back to their detested house; and, when there, into all their measures.

Till I came, they thought thou wouldst not be displeased at any thing she suffered, that could help to mortify her into a state of shame and disgrace; and bring her to comply with thy views, when thou shouldst come to release her from these wretches, as from a greater evil than cohabiting with thee.

When thou considerest these things, thou wilt make no difficulty of believing, that this their own account of their behaviour to this admirable woman has been far short of their insults: and the less, when I tell thee, that, all together, their usage had such effect upon her, that they left her in violent hysterics; ordering an apothecary to be sent for, if she should continue in them, and be worse; and particularly (as they had done from the first) that they kept out of her way any edged or pointed instrument; especially a pen-knife; which, pretending to mend a pen, they said, she might ask for.

At twelve, Saturday night, Rowland sent to tell them, that she was so ill, that he knew not what might be the issue; and wished her out of his house.

And this made them as heartily wish to hear from you. For their messenger, to their great surprise, was not then returned from M. Hall. And they were sure he must have reached that place by Friday night.

Early on Sunday morning, both devils went to see how she did. They had such an account of her weakness, lowness, and anguish, that they forebore (out of compassion, they said, finding their visits so disagreeable to her) to see her. But their apprehension of what might be the issue was, no doubt, their principal consideration: nothing else could have softened such flinty bosoms.

They sent for the apothecary Rowland had had to her, and gave him, and Rowland, and his wife and maid, strict orders, many times repeated, for the utmost care to be taken of her — no doubt, with an Old-Bailey forecast. And they sent up to let her know what orders they had given: but that, understanding she had taken something to compose herself, they would not disturb her.

She had scrupled, it seems, to admit the apothecary's visit over night, because he was a MAN. Nor could she be prevailed upon to see him, till they pleaded their own safety to her.

They went again, from church, [Lord, Bob., these creatures go to church!] but she sent them down word that she must have all the remainder of the day to herself.

When I first came, and told them of thy execrations for what they had done, and joined my own to them, they were astonished. The mother said, she had thought she had known Mr. Lovelace better; and expected thanks, and not curses.

While I was with them, came back halting and cursing, most horribly, their messenger; by reason of the ill-usage he had received from you, instead of the reward he had been taught to expect for the supposed good news that he carried down. — A pretty fellow, art thou not, to abuse people for the consequences of thy own faults?

Dorcas, whose acquaintance this fellow is, and who recommended him for the journey, had conditioned with him, it seems, for a share in the expected bounty from you. Had she been to have had her share made good, I wish thou hadst broken every bone in his skin.

Under what shocking disadvantages, and with this addition to them, that I am thy friend and intimate, am I to make a visit to this unhappy lady to-morrow morning! In thy name, too! — Enough to be refused, that I am of a sex, to which, for thy sake, she has so justifiable an aversion: nor, having such a tyrant of a father, and such an implacable brother, has she the reason to make an exception in favour of any of it on their accounts.

It is three o'clock. I will close here; and take a little rest: what I have written will be a proper preparative for what shall offer by-and-by.

Thy servant is not to return without a letter, he tells me; and that thou expectest him back in the morning. Thou hast fellows enough where thou art at thy command. If I find any difficulty in seeing the lady, thy messenger shall post away with this. — Let him look to broken bones, and other consequences, if what he carries answer not thy expectation. But, if I am admitted, thou shalt have this and the result of my audience both together. In the former case, thou mayest send another servant to wait the next advices from

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XVI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. MONDAY, JULY 17.

About six this morning, I went to Rowland's. Mrs. Sinclair was to follow me, in order to dismiss the action; but not to come in sight.

Rowland, upon inquiry, told me, that the lady was extremely ill; and that she had desired, that no one but his wife or maid should come near her.

I said, I must see her. I had told him my business over-night, and I must see her.

His wife went up: but returned presently, saying, she could not get her to speak to her; yet that her eyelids moved; though she either would not, or could not, open them, to look up at her.

Oons, woman, said I, the lady may be in a fit: the lady may be dying — let me go up. Show me the way.

A horrid hole of a house, in an alley they call a court; stairs wretchedly narrow, even to the first-floor rooms: and into a den they led me, with broken walls, which had been papered, as I saw by a multitude of tacks, and some torn bits held on by the rusty heads.

The floor indeed was clean, but the ceiling was smoked with variety of figures, and initials of names, that had been the woeful employment of wretches who had no other way to amuse themselves.

A bed at one corner, with coarse curtains tacked up at the feet to the ceiling; because the curtain-rings were broken off; but a coverlid upon it with a cleanish look, though plaguily in tatters, and the corners tied up in tassels, that the rents in it might go no farther.

The windows dark and double-barred, the tops boarded up to save mending; and only a little four-paned eyelet-hole of a casement to let in air; more, however, coming in at broken panes than could come in at that.

Four old Turkey-worked chairs, bursten-bottomed, the stuffing staring out.

An old, tottering, worm-eaten table, that had more nails bestowed in mending it to make it stand, than the table cost fifty years ago, when new.

On the mantle-piece was an iron shove-up candlestick, with a lighted candle in it, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, four of them, I suppose, for a penny.

Near that, on the same shelf, was an old looking-glass, cracked through the middle, breaking out into a thousand points; the crack given it, perhaps, in a rage, by some poor creature, to whom it gave the representation of his heart's woes in his face.

The chimney had two half-tiles in it on one side, and one whole one on the other; which showed it had been in better plight; but now the very mortar had followed the rest of the tiles in every other place, and left the bricks bare.

An old half-barred stove grate was in the chimney; and in that a large stone-bottle without a neck, filled with baleful yew, as an evergreen, withered southern-wood, dead sweet-briar, and sprigs of rue in flower.

To finish the shocking description, in a dark nook stood an old broken-bottomed cane couch, without a squab, or coverlid, sunk at one corner, and unmortised by the failing of one of its worm-eater legs, which lay in two pieces under the wretched piece of furniture it could no longer support.

And this, thou horrid Lovelace, was the bed-chamber of the divine Clarissa!!!

I had leisure to cast my eye on these things: for, going up softly, the poor lady turned not about at our entrance; nor, till I spoke, moved her head.

She was kneeling in a corner of the room, near the dismal window, against the table, on an old bolster (as it seemed to be) of the cane couch, half-covered with her handkerchief; her back to the door; which was only shut to, [no need of fastenings;] her arms crossed upon the table, the fore-finger of her right-hand in her Bible. She had perhaps been reading in it, and could read no longer. Paper, pens, ink, lay by her book on the table. Her dress was white damask, exceeding neat; but her stays seemed not tight-laced. I was told afterwards, that her laces had been cut, when she fainted away at her entrance into this cursed place; and she had not been solicitous enough about her dress to send for others. Her head-dress was a little discomposed; her charming hair, in natural ringlets, as you have heretofore described it, but a little tangled, as if not lately combed, irregularly shading one side of the loveliest neck in the world; as her disordered rumpled handkerchief did the other. Her face [O how altered from what I had seen it! yet lovely in spite of all her griefs and sufferings!] was reclined, when we entered, upon her crossed arms; but so, as not more than one side of it could be hid.

When I surveyed the room around, and the kneeling lady, sunk with majesty too in her white flowing robes, (for she had not on a hoop,) spreading the dark, though not dirty, floor, and illuminating that horrid corner; her linen beyond imagination white, considering that she had not been undressed every since she had been here; I thought my concern would have choked me. Something rose in my throat, I know not what, which made me, for a moment, guggle, as it were, for speech: which, at last, forcing its way, con — con — confound you both, said I, to the man and woman, is this an apartment for such a lady? and could the cursed devils of her own sex, who visited this suffering angel, see her, and leave her, in so d —— d a nook?

Sir, we would have had the lady to accept of our own bed-chamber: but she refused it. We are poor people — and we expect nobody will stay with us longer than they can help it.

You are people chosen purposely, I doubt not, by the d —— d woman who has employed you: and if your usage of this lady has been but half as bad as your house, you had better never to have seen the light.

Up then raised the charming sufferer her lovely face; but with such a significance of woe overspreading it, that I could not, for the soul of me, help being visibly affected.

She waved her hand two or three times towards the door, as if commanding me to withdraw; and displeased at my intrusion; but did not speak.

Permit me, Madam — I will not approach one step farther without your leave — permit me, for one moment, the favour of your ear!

No — no — go, go, MAN! with an emphasis — and would have said more; but, as if struggling in vain for words, she seemed to give up speech for lost, and dropped her head down once more, with a deep sigh, upon her left arm; her right, as if she had not the use of it (numbed, I suppose) self-moved, dropping on her side.

O that thou hadst been there! and in my place! — But by what I then felt, in myself, I am convinced, that a capacity of being moved by the distresses of our fellow creatures, is far from being disgraceful to a manly heart. With what pleasure, at that moment, could I have given up my own life, could I but first have avenged this charming creature, and cut the throat of her destroyer, as she emphatically calls thee, though the friend that I best love: and yet, at the same time, my heart and my eyes gave way to a softness of which (though not so hardened a wretch as thou) they were never before so susceptible.

I dare not approach you, dearest lady, without your leave: but on my knees I beseech you to permit me to release you from this d —— d house, and out of the power of the cursed woman, who was the occasion of your being here!

She lifted up her sweet face once more, and beheld me on my knees. Never knew I before what it was to pray so heartily.

Are you not — are you not Mr. Belford, Sir? I think your name is Belford?

It is, Madam, and I ever was a worshipper of your virtues, and an advocate for you; and I come to release you from the hands you are in.

And in whose to place me? — O leave me, leave me! let me never rise from this spot! let me never, never more believe in man!

This moment, dearest lady, this very moment, if you please, you may depart whithersoever you think fit. You are absolutely free, and your own mistress.

I had now as lieve die here in this place, as any where. I will owe no obligation to any friend of him in whose company you have seen me. So, pray, Sir, withdraw.

Then turning to the officer, Mr. Rowland I think your name is? I am better reconciled to your house than I was at first. If you can but engage that I shall have nobody come near me but your wife, (no man!) and neither of those women who have sported with my calamities, I will die with you, and in this very corner. And you shall be well satisfied for the trouble you have had with me — I have value enough for that — for, see, I have a diamond ring; taking it out of her bosom; and I have friends will redeem it at a high price, when I am gone.

But for you, Sir, looking at me, I beg you to withdraw. If you mean well by me, God, I hope, will reward you for your good meaning; but to the friend of my destroyer will I not owe an obligation.

You will owe no obligation to me, nor to any body. You have been detained for a debt you do not owe. The action is dismissed; and you will only be so good as to give me your hand into the coach, which stands as near to this house as it could draw up. And I will either leave you at the coach-door, or attend you whithersoever you please, till I see you safe where you would wish to be.

Will you then, Sir, compel me to be beholden to you?

You will inexpressibly oblige me, Madam, to command me to do you either service or pleasure.

Why then, Sir, [looking at me] — but why do you mock me in that humble posture! Rise, Sir! I cannot speak to you else.

I rose.

Only, Sir, take this ring. I have a sister, who will be glad to have it, at the price it shall be valued at, for the former owner's sake! — Out of the money she gives, let this man be paid! handsomely paid: and I have a few valuables more at my lodging, (Dorcas, or the MAN William, can tell where that is;) let them, and my clothes at the wicked woman's, where you have seen me, be sold for the payment of my lodging first, and next of your friend's debts, that I have been arrested for, as far as they will go; only reserving enough to put me into the ground, any where, or any how, no matter —— Tell your friend, I wish it may be enough to satisfy the whole demand; but if it be not, he must make it up himself; or, if he think fit to draw for it on Miss Howe, she will repay it, and with interest, if he insist upon it. —— And this, Sir, if you promise to perform, you will do me, as you offer, both pleasure and service: and say you will, and take the ring and withdraw. If I want to say any thing more to you (you seem to be an humane man) I will let you know —— and so, Sir, God bless you!

I approached her, and was going to speak ——

Don’t speak, Sir: here’s the ring.

I stood off.

And won’t you take it? won’t you do this last office for me? — I have no other person to ask it of; else, believe me, I would not request it of you. But take it, or not, laying it upon the table —— you must withdraw, Sir: I am very ill. I would fain get a little rest, if I could. I find I am going to be bad again.

And offering to rise, she sunk down through excess of weakness and grief, in a fainting fit.

Why, Lovelace, was thou not present thyself? —— Why dost thou commit such villanies, as even thou art afraid to appear in; and yet puttest a weaker heart and head upon encountering with them?

The maid coming in just then, the woman and she lifted her up on a decrepit couch; and I withdrew with this Rowland; who wept like a child, and said, he never in his life was so moved.

Yet so hardened a wretch art thou, that I question whether thou wilt shed a tear at my relation.

They recovered her by hartshorn and water. I went down mean while; for the detestable woman had been below some time. O how I did curse her! I never before was so fluent in curses.

She tried to wheedle me; but I renounced her; and, after she had dismissed the action, sent her away crying, or pretending to cry, because of my behaviour to her.

You will observe, that I did not mention one word to the lady about you. I was afraid to do it. For ’twas plain, that she could not bear your name: your friend, and the company you have seen me in, were the words nearest to naming you she could speak: and yet I wanted to clear your intention of this brutal, this sordid-looking villany.

I sent up again, by Rowland’s wife, when I heard that the lady was recovered, beseeching her to quit that devilish place; and the woman assured her that she was at liberty to do so, for that the action was dismissed.

But she cared not to answer her: and was so weak and low, that it was almost as much out of her power as inclination, the woman told me, to speak.

I would have hastened away for my friend Doctor H., but the house is such a den, and the room she was in such a hole, that I was ashamed to be seen in it by a man of his reputation, especially with a woman of such an appearance, and in such uncommon distress; and I found there was no prevailing upon her to quit it for the people’s bed-room, which was neat and lightsome.

The strong room she was in, the wretches told me, should have been in better order, but that it was but the very morning that she was brought in that an

unhappy man had quitted it; for a more eligible prison, no doubt; since there could hardly be a worse.

Being told that she desired not to be disturbed, and seemed inclined to doze, I took this opportunity to go to her lodgings in Covent-garden: to which Dorcas (who first discovered her there, as Will. was the setter from church) had before given me a direction.

The man's name is Smith, a dealer in gloves, snuff, and such petty merchandize: his wife the shopkeeper: he a maker of the gloves they sell. Honest people, it seems.

I thought to have got the woman with me to the lady; but she was not within.

I talked with the man, and told him what had befallen the lady; owing, as I said, to a mistake of orders; and gave her the character she deserved; and desired him to send his wife, the moment she came in, to the lady; directing him whither; not doubting that her attendance would be very welcome to her; which he promised.

He told me that a letter was left for her there on Saturday; and, about half an hour before I came, another, superscribed by the same hand; the first, by the post; the other, by a countryman; who having been informed of her absence, and of all the circumstances they could tell him of it, posted away, full of concern, saying, that the lady he was sent from would be ready to break her heart at the tidings.

I thought it right to take the two letters back with me; and, dismissing my coach, took a chair, as a more proper vehicle for the lady, if I (the friend of her destroyer) could prevail upon her to leave Rowland's.

And here, being obliged to give way to an indispensable avocation, I will make thee taste a little, in thy turn, of the plague of suspense; and break off, without giving thee the least hint of the issue of my further proceedings. I know, that those least bear disappointment, who love most to give it. In twenty instances, hast thou afforded me proof of the truth of this observation. And I matter not thy raving.

Another letter, however, shall be ready, send for it a soon as thou wilt. But, were it not, have I not written enough to convince thee, that I am

Thy ready and obliging friend, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY, JULY 17, ELEVEN AT NIGHT.

Curse upon thy hard heart, thou vile caitiff! How hast thou tortured me, by thy designed abruption! ’tis impossible that Miss Harlowe should have ever suffered as thou hast made me suffer, and as I now suffer!

That sex is made to bear pain. It is a curse that the first of it entailed upon all her daughters, when she brought the curse upon us all. And they love those best, whether man or child, who give them most — But to stretch upon thy d —— d tenter-hooks such a spirit as mine — No rack, no torture, can equal my torture!

And must I still wait the return of another messenger?

Confound thee for a malicious devil! I wish thou wert a post-horse, and I upon the back of thee! how would I whip and spur, and harrow up thy clumsy sides, till I make thee a ready-roasted, ready-flayed, mess of dog’s meat; all the hounds in the country howling after thee, as I drove thee, to wait my dismounting, in order to devour thee piece-meal; life still throbbing in each churned mouthful!

Give this fellow the sequel of thy tormenting scribble.

Dispatch him away with it. Thou hast promised it shall be ready. Every cushion or chair I shall sit upon, the bed I shall lie down upon (if I go to bed) till he return, will be stuffed with bolt-upright awls, bodkins, corking-pins, and packing needles: already I can fancy that, to pink my body like my mind, I need only to be put into a hogshead stuck full of steel-pointed spikes, and rolled down a hill three times as high as the Monument.

But I lose time; yet know not how to employ it till this fellow returns with the sequel of thy soul-harrowing intelligence!

LETTER XVIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 17.

On my return to Rowland's, I found that the apothecary was just gone up. Mrs. Rowland being above with him, I made the less scruple to go up too, as it was probable, that to ask for leave would be to ask to be denied; hoping also, that the letters had with me would be a good excuse.

She was sitting on the side of the broken couch, extremely weak and low; and, I observed, cared not to speak to the man: and no wonder; for I never saw a more shocking fellow, of a profession tolerably genteel, nor heard a more illiterate one prate — physician in ordinary to this house, and others like it, I suppose! He put me in mind of Otway's apothecary in his Caius Marius; as borrowed from the immortal Shakspeare:

> Meagre and very rueful were his looks:
> Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
> —— —— —— Famine in his cheeks:
> Need and oppression staring in his eyes:
> Contempt and beggary hanging on his back:
> The world no friend of his, nor the world's law.

As I am in black, he took me, at my entrance, I believe, to be a doctor; and slunk behind me with his hat upon his two thumbs, and looked as if he expected the oracle to open, and give him orders.

The lady looked displeased, as well at me as at Rowland, who followed me, and at the apothecary. It was not, she said, the least of her present misfortunes, that she could not be left to her own sex; and to her option to see whom she pleased.

I besought her excuse; and winking for the apothecary to withdraw, [which he did,] told her, that I had been at her new lodgings, to order every thing to be got ready for reception, presuming she would choose to go thither: that I had a chair at the door: that Mr. Smith and his wife [I named their names, that she should not have room for the least fear of Sinclair's] had been full of apprehensions for her safety: that I had brought two letters, which were left there fore her; the one by the post, the other that very morning.

This took her attention. She held out her charming hand for them; took them, and, pressing them to her lips — From the only friend I have in the world! said she; kissing them again; and looking at the seals, as if to see whether they had been opened. I can't read them, said she, my eyes are too dim; and put them into her bosom.

I besought her to think of quitting that wretched hole.

Whither could she go, she asked, to be safe and uninterrupted for the short remainder of her life; and to avoid being again visited by the creatures who had insulted her before?

I gave her the solemnest assurances that she should not be invaded in her new lodgings by any body; and said that I would particularly engage my honour, that the person who had most offended her should not come near her, without her own consent.

Your honour, Sir! Are you not that man's friend!

I am not a friend, Madam, to his vile actions to the most excellent of women.

Do you flatter me, Sir? then you are a MAN. — But Oh, Sir, your friend, holding her face forward with great earnestness, your barbarous friend, what has he not to answer for!

There she stopt: her heart full; and putting her hand over her eyes and forehead, the tears tricked through her fingers: resenting thy barbarity, it seemed, as Caesar did the stab from his distinguished Brutus!

Though she was so very much disordered, I thought I would not lose this opportunity to assert your innocence of this villanous arrest.

There is no defending the unhappy man in any of his vile actions by you, Madam; but of this last outrage, by all that's good and sacred, he is innocent.

O wretches; what a sex is your's! — Have you all one dialect? good and sacred! — If, Sir, you can find an oath, or a vow, or an adjuration, that my ears have not been twenty times a day wounded with, then speak it, and I may again believe a MAN.

I was excessively touched at these words, knowing thy baseness, and the reason she had for them.

But say you, Sir, for I would not, methinks, have the wretch capable of this sordid baseness! — Say you, that he is innocent of this last wickedness? can you truly say that he is?

By the great God of Heaven! ——

Nay, Sir, if you swear, I must doubt you! — If you yourself think your WORD insufficient, what reliance can I have on your OATH! — O that this my experience had not cost me so dear! but were I to love a thousand years, I would always suspect the veracity of a swearer. Excuse me, Sir; but is it likely, that he who makes so free with his GOD, will scruple any thing that may serve his turn with his fellow creature?

This was a most affecting reprimand!

Madam, said I, I have a regard, a regard a gentleman ought to have, to my word; and whenever I forfeit it to you ——

Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me. It is grievous to me to question a gentleman's veracity. But your friend calls himself a gentleman — you know not what I have suffered by a gentleman! —— And then again she wept.

I would give you, Madam, demonstration, if your grief and your weakness would permit it, that he has no hand in this barbarous baseness: and that he resents it as it ought to be resented.

Well, well, Sir, [with quickness,] he will have his account to make up somewhere else; not to me. I should not be sorry to find him able to acquit his intention on this occasion. Let him know, Sir, only one thing, that when you heard me in the bitterness of my spirit, most vehemently exclaim against the undeserved usage I have met with from him, that even then, in that passionate moment, I was able to say [and never did I see such an earnest and affecting exultation of hands and eyes,] 'Give him, good God! repentance and amendment; that I may be the last poor creature, who shall be ruined by him! — and, in thine own good time, receive to thy mercy the poor wretch who had none on me!—'

By my soul, I could not speak. — She had not her Bible before her for nothing.

I was forced to turn my head away, and to take out my handkerchief.

What an angel is this! — Even the gaoler, and his wife and maid, wept.

Again I wish thou hadst been there, that thou mightest have sunk down at her feet, and begun that moment to reap the effect of her generous wishes for thee; undeserving, as thou art, of any thing but perdition.

I represented to her that she would be less free where she was from visits she liked not, than at her own lodgings. I told her, that it would probably bring her, in particular, one visiter, who, otherwise I would engage, [but I durst not swear again, after the severe reprimand she had just given me,] should not come near her, without her consent. And I expressed my surprize, that she should be unwilling to quit such a place as this; when it was more than probable that some of her friends, when it was known how bad she was, would visit her.

She said the place, when she was first brought into it, was indeed very shocking to her: but that she had found herself so weak and ill, and her griefs had so sunk her, that she did not expect to have lived till now: that therefore all places had been alike to her; for to die in a prison, was to die; and equally eligible as to die in a palace, [palaces, she said, could have no attractions for a dying person:] but that, since she feared she was not so soon to be released, as she had hoped; since she was suffered to be so little mistress of herself here; and since she might, by removal, be in the way of her dear friend's letters; she would hope that she might depend upon the assurances I gave her of being at liberty to return to her last lodgings, (otherwise she would provide herself with new ones, out of my knowledge, as well as your's;) and that I was too much of a gentleman, to be

concerned in carrying her back to the house she had so much reason to abhor, and to which she had been once before most vilely betrayed to her ruin.

I assured her, in the strongest terms [but swore not,] that you were resolved not to molest her: and, as a proof of the sincerity of my professions, besought her to give me directions, (in pursuance of my friend's express desire,) about sending all her apparel, and whatever belonged to her, to her new lodgings.

She seemed pleased; and gave me instantly out of her pocket her keys; asking me, If Mrs. Smith, whom I had named, might not attend me; and she would give her further directions? To which I cheerfully assented; and then she told me that she would accept of the chair I had offered her.

I withdrew; and took the opportunity to be civil to Rowland and his maid; for she found no fault with their behaviour, for what they were; and the fellow seems to be miserably poor. I sent also for the apothecary, who is as poor as the officer, (and still poorer, I dare say, as to the skill required in his business,) and satisfied him beyond his hopes.

The lady, after I had withdrawn, attempted to read the letters I had brought her. But she could read but a little way in one of them, and had great emotions upon it.

She told the woman she would take a speedy opportunity to acknowledge her civilities and her husband's, and to satisfy the apothecary, who might send her his bill to her lodgings.

She gave the maid something; probably the only half-guinea she had: and then with difficulty, her limbs trembling under her, and supported by Mrs. Rowland, got down stairs.

I offered my arm: she was pleased to lean upon it. I doubt, Sir, said she, as she moved, I have behaved rudely to you: but, if you knew all, you would forgive me.

I know enough, Madam, to convince me, that there is not such purity and honour in any woman upon earth; nor any one that has been so barbarously treated.

She looked at me very earnestly. What she thought, I cannot say; but, in general, I never saw so much soul in a woman's eyes as in her's.

I ordered my servant, (whose mourning made him less observable as such, and who had not been in the lady's eye,) to keep the chair in view; and to bring me word, how she did, when set down. The fellow had the thought to step into the shop, just before the chair entered it, under pretence of buying snuff; and so enabled himself to give me an account, that she was received with great joy by the good woman of the house; who told her, she was but just come in; and was preparing to attend her in High Holborn. — O Mrs. Smith, said she, as soon as she saw her, did you not think I was run away? — You don't know what I have suffered since I saw you. I have been in a prison! —— Arrested for debts I owe

not! — But, thank God, I am here! — Will your maid — I have forgot her name already ——

Catharine, Madam ——

Will you let Catharine assist me to bed? — I have not had my clothes off since Thursday night.

What she further said the fellow heard not, she leaning upon the maid, and going up stairs.

But dost thou not observe, what a strange, what an uncommon openness of heart reigns in this lady? She had been in a prison, she said, before a stranger in the shop, and before the maid-servant: and so, probably, she would have said, had there been twenty people in the shop.

The disgrace she cannot hide from herself, as she says in her letter to Lady Betty, she is not solicitous to conceal from the world!

But this makes it evident to me, that she is resolved to keep no terms with thee. And yet to be able to put up such a prayer for thee, as she did in her prison; [I will often mention the prison-room, to tease thee!] Does this not show, that revenge has very little sway in her mind; though she can retain so much proper resentment?

And this is another excellence in this admirable woman's character: for whom, before her, have we met with in the whole sex, or in ours either, that knew how, in practice, to distinguish between REVENGE and RESENTMENT, for base and ungrateful treatment?

'Tis a cursed thing, after all, that such a woman as this should be treated as she has been treated. Hadst thou been a king, and done as thou hast done by such a meritorious innocent, I believe, in my heart, it would have been adjudged to be a national sin, and the sword, the pestilence, or famine, must have atoned for it! — But as thou art a private man, thou wilt certainly meet with thy punishment, (besides what thou mayest expect from the justice of the country, and the vengeance of her friends,) as she will her reward, HEREAFTER.

It must be so, if there be really such a thing as future remuneration; as now I am more and more convinced there must: — Else, what a hard fate is her's, whose punishment, to all appearance, has so much exceeded her fault? And, as to thine, how can temporary burnings, wert thou by some accident to be consumed in thy bed, expiate for thy abominable vileness to her, in breach of all obligations moral and divine?

I was resolved to lose no time in having every thing which belonged to the lady at the cursed woman's sent her. Accordingly, I took coach to Smith's, and procured the lady, (to whom I sent up my compliments, and inquiries how she bore her removal,) ill as she sent down word she was, to give proper direction to

Mrs. Smith: whom I took with me to Sinclair's: and who saw every thing looked out, and put into the trunks and boxes they were first brought in, and carried away in two coaches.

Had I not been there, Sally and Polly would each of them have taken to herself something of the poor lady's spoils. This they declared: and I had some difficulty to get from Sally a fine Brussels-lace head, which she had the confidence to say she would wear for Miss Harlowe's sake. Nor should either I or Mrs. Smith have known she had got it, had she not been in search of the ruffles belonging to it.

My resentment on this occasion, and the conversation which Mrs. Smith and I had, (in which I not only expatiated on the merits of the lady, but expressed my concern for her sufferings; though I left her room to suppose her married, yet without averring it,) gave me high credit with the good woman: so that we are perfectly well acquainted already: by which means I shall be enabled to give you accounts from time to time of all that passes; and which I will be very industrious to do, provided I may depend upon the solemn promises I have given the lady, in your name, as well as in my own, that she shall be free from all personal molestation from you. And thus shall I have it in my power to return in kind your writing favours; and preserve my short-hand besides: which, till this correspondence was opened, I had pretty much neglected.

I ordered the abandoned women to make out your account. They answered, That they would do it with a vengeance. Indeed they breathe nothing but vengeance. For now, they say, you will assuredly marry; and your example will be followed by all your friends and companions — as the old one says, to the utter ruin of her poor house.

LETTER XIX

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY MORN. JULY 18, SIX O'CLOCK.

Having sat up so late to finish and seal in readiness my letter to the above period, I am disturbed before I wished to have risen, by the arrival of thy second fellow, man and horse in a foam.

While he baits, I will write a few lines, most heartily to congratulate thee on thy expected rage and impatience, and on thy recovery of mental feeling.

How much does the idea thou givest me of thy deserved torments, by thy upright awls, bodkins, pins, and packing-needles, by thy rolling hogshead with iron spikes, and by thy macerated sides, delight me!

I will, upon every occasion that offers, drive more spikes into thy hogshead, and roll thee down hill, and up, as thou recoverest to sense, or rather returnest back to senselessness. Thou knowest therefore the terms on which thou art to enjoy my correspondence. Am not I, who have all along, and in time, protested against thy barbarous and ungrateful perfidies to a woman so noble, entitled to drive remorse, if possible, into thy hitherto-callous heart?

Only let me repeat one thing, which perhaps I mentioned too slightly before. That the lady was determined to remove to new lodgings, where neither you nor I should be able to find her, had I not solemnly assured her, that she might depend upon being free from your visits.

These assurances I thought I might give her, not only because of your promise, but because it is necessary for you to know where she is, in order to address yourself to her by your friends.

Enable me therefore to make good to her this my solemn engagement; or adieu to all friendship, at least to all correspondence, with thee for ever.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XX

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY, JULY 18. AFTERNOON.

I renewed my inquiries after the lady's health, in the morning, by my servant: and, as soon as I had dined, I went myself.

I had but a poor account of it: yet sent up my compliments. She returned me thanks for all my good offices; and her excuses, that they could not be personal just then, being very low and faint: but if I gave myself the trouble of coming about six this evening, she should be able, she hoped, to drink a dish of tea with me, and would then thank me herself.

I am very proud of this condescension; and think it looks not amiss for you, as I am your avowed friend. Methinks I want fully to remove from her mind all doubts of you in this last villanous action: and who knows then what your noble relations may be able to do for you with her, if you hold your mind? For your servant acquainted me with their having actually engaged Miss Howe in their and your favour, before this cursed affair happened. And I desire the particulars of all from yourself, that I may the better know how to serve you.

She has two handsome apartments, a bed-chamber and dining-room, with light closets in each. She has already a nurse, (the people of the house having but one maid,) a woman whose care, diligence, and honesty, Mrs. Smith highly commends. She has likewise the benefit of a widow gentlewoman, Mrs. Lovick her name, who lodges over her apartment, and of whom she seems very fond, having found something in her, she thinks, resembling the qualities of her worthy Mrs. Norton.

About seven o'clock this morning, it seems, the lady was so ill, that she yielded to their desires to have an apothecary sent for — not the fellow, thou mayest believe, she had had before at Rowland's; but one Mr. Goddard, a man of skill and eminence; and of conscience too; demonstrated as well by general character, as by his prescriptions to this lady: for pronouncing her case to be grief, he ordered, for the present, only innocent juleps, by way of cordial; and, as soon as her stomach should be able to bear it, light kitchen-diet; telling Mrs. Lovick, that that, with air, moderate exercise, and cheerful company, would do her more good than all the medicines in his shop.

This has given me, as it seems it has the lady, (who also praises his modest behaviour, paternal looks, and genteel address,) a very good opinion of the man; and I design to make myself acquainted with him, and, if he advises to call in a doctor, to wish him, for the fair patient's sake, more than the physician's, (who

wants not practice,) my worthy friend Dr. H. — whose character is above all exception, as his humanity, I am sure, will distinguish him to the lady.

Mrs. Lovick gratified me with an account of a letter she had written from the lady's mouth to Miss Howe; she being unable to write herself with steadiness.

It was to this effect; in answer, it seems, to her two letters, whatever were the contents of them:

'That she had been involved in a dreadful calamity, which she was sure, when known, would exempt her from the effects of her friendly displeasure, for not answering her first; having been put under an arrest. — Could she have believed it? — That she was released but the day before: and was now so weak and so low, that she was obliged to account thus for her silence to her [Miss Howe's] two letters of the 13th and 16th: that she would, as soon as able, answer them — begged of her, mean time, not to be uneasy for her; since (only that this was a calamity which came upon her when she was far from being well, a load laid upon the shoulders of a poor wretch, ready before to sink under too heavy a burden) it was nothing to the evil she had before suffered: and one felicity seemed likely to issue from it; which was, that she would be at rest, in an honest house, with considerate and kind-hearted people; having assurance given her, that she should not be molested by the wretch, whom it would be death for her to see: so that now she, [Miss Howe,] needed not to send to her by private and expensive conveyances: nor need Collins to take precautions for fear of being dogged to her lodgings; nor need she write by a fictitious name to her, but by her own.'

You can see I am in a way to oblige you: you see how much she depends upon my engaging for your forbearing to intrude yourself into her company: let not your flaming impatience destroy all; and make me look like a villain to a lady who has reason to suspect every man she sees to be so. — Upon this condition, you may expect all the services that can flow from

Your sincere well-wisher, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY NIGHT, JULY 18.

I am just come from the lady. I was admitted into the dining-room, where she was sitting in an elbow-chair, in a very weak and low way. She made an effort to stand up when I entered; but was forced to keep her seat. You'll excuse me, Mr. Belford: I ought to rise to thank you for all your kindness to me. I was to blame to be so loth to leave that sad place; for I am in heaven here, to what I was there; and good people about me too! — I have not had good people about me for a long, long time before; so that [with a half-smile] I had begun to wonder whither they were all gone.

Her nurse and Mrs. Smith, who were present, took occasion to retire: and, when we were alone, You seem to be a person of humanity, Sir, said she: you hinted, as I was leaving my prison, that you were not a stranger to my sad story. If you know it truly, you must know that I have been most barbarously treated; and have not deserved it at the man's hands by whom I have suffered.

I told her I knew enough to be convinced that she had the merit of a saint, and the purity of an angel: and was proceeding, when she said, No flighty compliments! no undue attributes, Sir!

I offered to plead for my sincerity; and mentioned the word politeness; and would have distinguished between that and flattery. Nothing can be polite, said she, that is not just: whatever I may have had; I have now no vanity to gratify.

I disclaimed all intentions of compliment: all I had said, and what I should say, was, and should be, the effect of sincere veneration. My unhappy friend's account of her had entitled her to that.

I then mentioned your grief, your penitence, your resolutions of making her all the amends that were possible now to be made her: and in the most earnest manner, I asserted your innocence as to the last villanous outrage.

Her answer was to this effect — It is painful to me to think of him. The amends you talk of cannot be made. This last violence you speak of, is nothing to what preceded it. That cannot be atoned for: nor palliated: this may: and I shall not be sorry to be convinced that he cannot be guilty of so very low a wickedness. —— Yet, after his vile forgeries of hands — after his baseness in imposing upon me the most infamous persons as ladies of honour of his own family — what are the iniquities he is not capable of?

I would then have given her an account of the trial you stood with your friends: your own previous resolutions of marriage, had she honoured you with the

requested four words: all your family's earnestness to have the honour of her alliance: and the application of your two cousins to Miss Howe, by general consent, for that young lady's interest with her: but, having just touched upon these topics, she cut me short, saying, that was a cause before another tribunal: Miss Howe's letters to her were upon the subject; and as she would write her thoughts to her as soon as she was able.

I then attempted more particularly to clear you of having any hand in the vile Sinclair's officious arrest; a point she had the generosity to wish you cleared of: and, having mentioned the outrageous letter you had written to me on this occasion, she asked, If I had that letter about me?

I owned I had.

She wished to see it.

This puzzled me horribly: for you must needs think that most of the free things, which, among us rakes, pass for wit and spirit, must be shocking stuff to the ears or eyes of persons of delicacy of that sex: and then such an air of levity runs through thy most serious letters; such a false bravery, endeavouring to carry off ludicrously the subjects that most affect thee; that those letters are generally the least fit to be seen, which ought to be most to thy credit.

Something like this I observed to her; and would fain have excused myself from showing it: but she was so earnest, that I undertook to read some parts of it, resolving to omit the most exceptionable.

I know thou'lt curse me for that; but I thought it better to oblige her than to be suspected myself; and so not have it in my power to serve thee with her, when so good a foundation was laid for it; and when she knows as bad of thee as I can tell her.

Thou rememberest the contents, I suppose, of thy furious letter.* Her remarks upon the different parts of it, which I read to her, were to the following effect:

* See Letter XII. of this volume.

Upon the last two lines, All undone! undone, by Jupiter! Zounds, Jack, what shall I do now? a curse upon all my plots and contrivances! thus she expressed herself:

'O how light, how unaffected with the sense of its own crimes, is the heart that could dictate to the pen this libertine froth?'

The paragraph which mentions the vile arrest affected her a good deal.

In the next I omitted thy curse upon thy relations, whom thou wert gallanting: and read on the seven subsequent paragraphs down to thy execrable wish; which was too shocking to read to her. What I read produced the following reflections from her:

‘The plots and contrivances which he curses, and the exultings of the wicked wretches on finding me out, show me that all his guilt was premeditated: nor doubt I that his dreadful perjuries, and inhuman arts, as he went along, were to pass for fine stratagems; for witty sport; and to demonstrate a superiority of inventive talents! — O my cruel, cruel brother! had it not been for thee, I had not been thrown upon so pernicious and so despicable a plotter! — But proceed, Sir; pray proceed.’

At that part, Canst thou, O fatal prognosticator! tell me where my punishment will end? — she sighed. And when I came to that sentence, praying for my reformation, perhaps — Is that there? said she, sighing again. Wretched man! — and shed a tear for thee. — By my faith, Lovelace, I believe she hates thee not! she has at least a concern, a generous concern for thy future happiness — What a noble creature hast thou injured!

She made a very severe reflection upon me, on reading the words — On your knees, for me, beg her pardon— ‘You had all your lessons, Sir, said she, when you came to redeem me — You was so condescending as to kneel: I thought it was the effect of your own humanity, and good-natured earnestness to serve me — excuse me, Sir, I knew not that it was in consequence of a prescribed lesson.’

This concerned me not a little; I could not bear to be thought such a wretched puppet, such a Joseph Leman, such a Tomlinson. I endeavoured, therefore, with some warmth, to clear myself of this reflection; and she again asked my excuse: ‘I was avowedly, she said, the friend of a man, whose friendship, she had reason to be sorry to say, was no credit to any body.’ — And desired me to proceed.

I did; but fared not much better afterwards: for on that passage where you say, I had always been her friend and advocate, this was her unanswerable remark: ‘I find, Sir, by this expression, that he had always designs against me; and that you all along knew that he had. Would to Heaven, you had had the goodness to have contrived some way, that might not have endangered your own safety, to give me notice of his baseness, since you approved not of it! But you gentlemen, I suppose, had rather see an innocent fellow-creature ruined, than be thought capable of an action, which, however generous, might be likely to loosen the bands of a wicked friendship!’

After this severe, but just reflection, I would have avoided reading the following, although I had unawares begun the sentence, (but she held me to it:) What would I now give, had I permitted you to have been a successful advocate! And this was her remark upon it— ‘So, Sir, you see, if you had been the happy means of preventing the evils designed me, you would have had your friend’s thanks for it when he came to his consideration. This satisfaction, I am persuaded every one, in the long run, will enjoy, who has the virtue to withstand, or prevent,

a wicked purpose. I was obliged, I see, to your kind wishes — but it was a point of honour with you to keep his secret; the more indispensable with you, perhaps, the viler the secret. Yet permit me to wish, Mr. Belford, that you were capable of relishing the pleasures that arise to a benevolent mind from VIRTUOUS friendship! — none other is worthy of the sacred name. You seem an humane man: I hope, for your own sake, you will one day experience the difference: and, when you do, think of Miss Howe and Clarissa Harlowe, (I find you know much of my sad story,) who were the happiest creatures on earth in each other's friendship till this friend of your's' — And there she stopt, and turned from me.

Where thou callest thyself a villanous plotter; 'To take a crime to himself, said she, without shame, O what a hardened wretch is this man!'

On that passage, where thou sayest, Let me know how she has been treated: if roughly, woe be to the guilty! this was her remark, with an air of indignation: 'What a man is your friend, Sir! — Is such a one as he to set himself up to punish the guilty? — All the rough usage I could receive from them, was infinitely less' — And there she stopt a moment or two: then proceeding— 'And who shall punish him? what an assuming wretch! — Nobody but himself is entitled to injure the innocent; — he is, I suppose, on the earth, to act the part which the malignant fiend is supposed to act below — dealing out punishments, at his pleasure, to every inferior instrument of mischief!'

What, thought I, have I been doing! I shall have this savage fellow think I have been playing him booty, in reading part of his letter to this sagacious lady! — Yet, if thou art angry, it can only, in reason, be at thyself; for who would think I might not communicate to her some of thy sincerity in exculpating thyself from a criminal charge, which thou wrotest to thy friend, to convince him of thy innocence? But a bad heart, and a bad cause are confounded things: and so let us put it to its proper account.

I passed over thy charge to me, to curse them by the hour; and thy names of dragon and serpents, though so applicable; since, had I read them, thou must have been supposed to know from the first what creatures they were; vile fellow as thou wert, for bringing so much purity among them! And I closed with thy own concluding paragraph, A line! a line! a kingdom for a line! &c. However, telling her (since she saw that I omitted some sentences) that there were farther vehemences in it; but as they were better fitted to show to me the sincerity of the writer than for so delicate an ear as her's to hear, I chose to pass them over.

You have read enough, said she — he is a wicked, wicked man! — I see he intended to have me in his power at any rate; and I have no doubt of what his purposes were, by what his actions have been. You know his vile Tomlinson, I suppose — You know — But what signifies talking? — Never was there such a

premeditated false heart in man, [nothing can be truer, thought I!] What has he not vowed! what has he not invented! and all for what? — Only to ruin a poor young creature, whom he ought to have protected; and whom he had first deceived of all other protection!

She arose and turned from me, her handkerchief at her eyes: and, after a pause, came towards me again— ‘I hope, said she, I talk to a man who has a better heart: and I thank you, Sir, for all your kind, though ineffectual pleas in my favour formerly, whether the motives for them were compassion, or principle, or both. That they were ineffectual, might very probably be owing to your want of earnestness; and that, as you might think, to my want of merit. I might not, in your eye, deserve to be saved! — I might appear to you a giddy creature, who had run away from her true and natural friends; and who therefore ought to take the consequence of the lot she had drawn.’

I was afraid, for thy sake, to let her know how very earnest I had been: but assured her that I had been her zealous friend; and that my motives were founded upon a merit, that, I believed, was never equaled: that, however indefensible Mr. Lovelace was, he had always done justice to her virtue: that to a full conviction of her untainted honour it was owing that he so earnestly desired to call so inestimable a jewel his — and was proceeding, when she again cut me short —

Enough, and too much, of this subject, Sir! — If he will never more let me behold his face, that is all I have now to ask of him. — Indeed, indeed, clasping her hands, I never will, if I can, by any means not criminally desperate, avoid it.

What could I say for thee? — There was no room, however, at that time, to touch this string again, for fear of bringing upon myself a prohibition, not only of the subject, but of ever attending her again.

I gave some distant intimations of money-matters. I should have told thee, when I read to her that passage, where thou biddest me force what sums upon her I can get her to take — she repeated, No, no, no, no! several times with great quickness; and I durst no more than just intimate it again — and that so darkly, as left her room to seem not to understand me.

Indeed I know not the person, man or woman, I should be so much afraid of disobliging, or incurring a censure from, as from her. She has so much true dignity in her manner, without pride or arrogance, (which, in those who have either, one is tempted to mortify,) such a piercing eye, yet softened so sweetly with rays of benignity, that she commands all one’s reverence.

Methinks I have a kind of holy love for this angel of a woman; and it is matter of astonishment to me, that thou couldst converse with her a quarter of an hour together, and hold thy devilish purposes.

Guarded as she was by piety, prudence, virtue, dignity, family, fortune, and a purity of heart that never woman before her boasted, what a real devil must he be (yet I doubt I shall make thee proud!) who could resolve to break through so many fences!

For my own part, I am more and more sensible that I ought not to have contented myself with representing against, and expostulating with thee upon, thy base intentions: and indeed I had it in my head, more than once, to try to do something for her. But, wretch that I was! I was with-held by notions of false honour, as she justly reproached me, because of thy own voluntary communications to me of thy purposes: and then, as she was brought into such a cursed house, and was so watched by thyself, as well as by thy infernal agents, I thought (knowing my man!) that I should only accelerate the intended mischiefs. — Moreover, finding thee so much over-awed by her virtue, that thou hadst not, at thy first carrying her thither, the courage to attempt her; and that she had, more than once, without knowing thy base views, obliged thee to abandon them, and to resolve to do her justice, and thyself honour; I hardly doubted, that her merit would be triumphant at last.

It is my opinion, (if thou holdest thy purposes to marry,) that thou canst not do better than to procure thy real aunts, and thy real cousins, to pay her a visit, and to be thy advocates. But if they decline personal visits, letters from them, and from my Lord M. supported by Miss Howe’s interest, may, perhaps, effect something in thy favour.

But these are only my hopes, founded on what I wish for thy sake. The lady, I really think, would choose death rather than thee: and the two women are of opinion, though they knew not half of what she has suffered, that her heart is actually broken.

At taking my leave, I tendered my best services to her, and besought her to permit me frequently to inquire after her health.

She made me no answer, but by bowing her head.

LETTER XXII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, JULY 19.

This morning I took a chair to Smith's; and, being told that the lady had a very bad night, but was up, I sent for her worthy apothecary; who, on his coming to me, approving of my proposal of calling in Dr. H., I bid the woman acquaint her with the designed visit.

It seems she was at first displeased; yet withdrew her objection: but, after a pause, asked them, What she should do? She had effects of value, some of which she intended, as soon as she could, to turn into money, but, till then, had not a single guinea to give the doctor for his fee.

Mrs. Lovick said, she had five guineas by her; they were at her service.

She would accept of three, she said, if she would take that (pulling a diamond ring from her finger) till she repaid her; but on no other terms.

Having been told I was below with Mr. Goddard, she desired to speak one word with me, before she saw the Doctor.

She was sitting in an elbow-chair, leaning her head on a pillow; Mrs. Smith and the widow on each side her chair; her nurse, with a phial of hartshorn, behind her; in her own hand her salts.

Raising her head at my entrance, she inquired if the Doctor knew Mr. Lovelace.

I told her no; and that I believed you never saw him in your life.

Was the Doctor my friend?

He was; and a very worthy and skilful man. I named him for his eminence in his profession: and Mr. Goddard said he knew not a better physician.

I have but one condition to make before I see the gentleman; that he refuse not his fees from me. If I am poor, Sir, I am proud. I will not be under obligation, you may believe, Sir, I will not. I suffer this visit, because I would not appear ungrateful to the few friends I have left, nor obstinate to such of my relations, as may some time hence, for their private satisfaction, inquire after my behaviour in my sick hours. So, Sir, you know the condition. And don't let me be vexed. 'I am very ill! and cannot debate the matter.'

Seeing her so determined, I told her, if it must be so, it should.

Then, Sir, the gentleman may come. But I shall not be able to answer many questions. Nurse, you can tell him at the window there what a night I have had, and how I have been for two days past. And Mr. Goddard, if he be here, can let him know what I have taken. Pray let me be as little questioned as possible.

The Doctor paid his respects to her with the gentlemanly address for which he is noted: and she cast up her sweet eyes to him with that benignity which accompanies her every graceful look.

I would have retired: but she forbid it.

He took her hand, the lily not of so beautiful a white: Indeed, Madam, you are very low, said he: but give me leave to say, that you can do more for yourself than all the faculty can do for you.

He then withdrew to the window. And, after a short conference with the women, he turned to me, and to Mr. Goddard, at the other window: We can do nothing here, (speaking low,) but by cordials and nourishment. What friends has the lady? She seems to be a person of condition; and, ill as she is, a very fine woman. —— A single lady, I presume?

I whisperingly told him she was. That there were extraordinary circumstances in her case; as I would have apprized him, had I met with him yesterday: that her friends were very cruel to her; but that she could not hear them named without reproaching herself; though they were much more to blame than she.

I knew I was right, said the Doctor. A love-case, Mr. Goddard! a love-case, Mr. Belford! there is one person in the world who can do her more service than all the faculty.

Mr. Goddard said he had apprehended her disorder was in her mind; and had treated her accordingly: and then told the Doctor what he had done: which he approving of, again taking her charming hand, said, My good young lady, you will require very little of our assistance. You must, in a great measure, be your own assistance. You must, in a great measure, be your own doctress. Come, dear Madam, [forgive me the familiar tenderness; your aspect commands love as well as reverence; and a father of children, some of them older than yourself, may be excused for his familiar address,] cheer up your spirits. Resolve to do all in your power to be well; and you'll soon grow better.

You are very kind, Sir, said she. I will take whatever you direct. My spirits have been hurried. I shall be better, I believe, before I am worse. The care of my good friends here, looking at the women, shall not meet with an ungrateful return.

The Doctor wrote. He would fain have declined his fee. As her malady, he said, was rather to be relieved by the soothings of a friend, than by the prescriptions of a physician, he should think himself greatly honoured to be admitted rather to advise her in the one character, than to prescribe to her in the other.

She answered, That she should be always glad to see so humane a man: that his visits would keep her in charity with his sex: but that, where [sic] she able to forget that he was her physician, she might be apt to abate of the confidence in his

skill, which might be necessary to effect the amendment that was the end of his visits.

And when he urged her still further, which he did in a very polite manner, and as passing by the door two or three times a day, she said she should always have pleasure in considering him in the kind light he offered himself to her: that that might be very generous in one person to offer, which would be as ungenerous in another to accept: that indeed she was not at present high in circumstance; and he saw by the tender, (which he must accept of,) that she had greater respect to her own convenience than to his merit, or than to the pleasure she should take in his visits.

We all withdrew together; and the Doctor and Mr. Goddard having a great curiosity to know something more of her story, at the motion of the latter we went into a neighbouring coffee-house, and I gave them, in confidence, a brief relation of it; making all as light for you as I could; and yet you'll suppose, that, in order to do but common justice to the lady's character, heavy must be that light.

THREE O'CLOCK, AFTERNOON.

I just now called again at Smith's; and am told she is somewhat better; which she attributed to the soothings of her Doctor. She expressed herself highly pleased with both gentlemen; and said that their behaviour to her was perfectly paternal.

——

Paternal, poor lady! —— never having been, till very lately, from under her parents' wings, and now abandoned by all her friends, she is for finding out something paternal and maternal in every one, (the latter qualities in Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith,) to supply to herself the father and mother her dutiful heart pants after.

Mrs. Smith told me, that, after we were gone, she gave the keys of her trunk and drawers to her and the widow Lovick, and desired them to take an inventory of them; which they did in her presence.

They also informed me, that she had requested them to find her a purchaser for two rich dressed suits; one never worn, the other not above once or twice.

This shocked me exceedingly — perhaps it may thee a little!!! — Her reason for so doing, she told them, was, that she should never live to wear them: that her sister, and other relations, were above wearing them: that her mother would not endure in her sight any thing that was her's: that she wanted the money: that she would not be obliged to any body, when she had effects by her for which she had no occasion: and yet, said she, I expect not that they will fetch a price answerable to their value.

They were both very much concerned, as they owned; and asked my advice upon it: and the richness of her apparel having given them a still higher notion of

her rank than they had before, they supposed she must be of quality; and again wanted to know her story.

I told them, that she was indeed a woman of family and fortune: I still gave them room to suppose her married: but left it to her to tell them all in her own time and manner: all I would say was, that she had been very vilely treated; deserved it not; and was all innocence and purity.

You may suppose that they both expressed their astonishment, that there could be a man in the world who could ill treat so fine a creature.

As to the disposing of the two suits of apparel, I told Mrs. Smith that she should pretend that, upon inquiry, she had found a friend who would purchase the richest of them; but (that she might not mistrust) would stand upon a good bargain. And having twenty guineas about me, I left them with her, in part of payment; and bid her pretend to get her to part with it for as little more as she could induce her to take.

I am setting out for Edgeware with poor Belton — more of whom in my next. I shall return to-morrow; and leave this in readiness for your messenger, if he call in my absence.

ADIEU.

LETTER XXIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO LETTER XXI. OF THIS VOLUME.] M. HALL, WED. NIGHT, JULY 19.

You might well apprehend that I should think you were playing me booty in communicating my letter to the lady.

You ask, Who would think you might not read to her the least exceptionable parts of a letter written in my own defence? — I'll tell you who — the man who, in the same letter that he asks this question, tells the friend whom he exposes to her resentment, 'That there is such an air of levity runs through his most serious letters, that those of this are least fit to be seen which ought to be most to his credit:' And now what thinkest thou of thyself-condemned folly? Be, however, I charge thee, more circumspect for the future, that so this clumsy error may stand singly by itself.

'It is painful to her to think of me!' 'Libertine froth!' 'So pernicious and so despicable a plotter!' 'A man whose friendship is no credit to any body!' 'Hardened wretch!' 'The devil's counterpart!' 'A wicked, wicked man!' — But did she, could she, dared she, to say, or imply all this? — and say it to a man whom she praises for humanity, and prefers to myself for that virtue; when all the humanity he shows, and she knows it too, is by my direction — so robs me of the credit of my own works; admirably entitled, all this shows her, to thy refinement upon the words resentment and revenge. But thou wert always aiming and blundering at some thing thou never couldst make out.

The praise thou givest to her ingenuousness, is another of thy peculiars. I think not as thou dost, of her tell-tale recapitulations and exclamations: — what end can they answer? — only that thou hast a holy love for her, [the devil fetch thee for thy oddity!] or it is extremely provoking to suppose one sees such a charming creature stand upright before a libertine, and talk of the sin against her, that cannot be forgiven! — I wish, at my heart, that these chaste ladies would have a little modesty in their anger! — It would sound very strange, if I Robert Lovelace should pretend to have more true delicacy, in a point that requires the utmost, than Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

I think I will put it into the head of her nurse Norton, and her Miss Howe, by some one of my agents, to chide the dear novice for her proclamations.

But to be serious: let me tell thee, that, severe as she is, and saucy, in asking so contemptuously, 'What a man is your friend, Sir, to set himself to punish guilty people!' I will never forgive the cursed woman, who could commit this last horrid violence on so excellent a creature.

The barbarous insults of the two nymphs, in their visits to her; the choice of the most execrable den that could be found out, in order, no doubt, to induce her to go back to theirs; and the still more execrable attempt, to propose to her a man who would pay the debt; a snare, I make no question, laid for her despairing and resenting heart by that devilish Sally, (thinking her, no doubt, a woman,) in order to ruin her with me; and to provoke me, in a fury, to give her up to their remorseless cruelty; are outrages, that, to express myself in her style, I never can, never will forgive.

But as to thy opinion, and the two women's at Smith's, that her heart is broken! that is the true women's language: I wonder how thou camest into it: thou who hast seen and heard of so many female deaths and revivals.

I'll tell thee what makes against this notion of theirs.

Her time of life, and charming constitution: the good she ever delighted to do, and fancified she was born to do; and which she may still continue to do, to as high a degree as ever; nay, higher: since I am no sordid varlet, thou knowest: her religious turn: a turn that will always teach her to bear inevitable evils with patience: the contemplation upon her last noble triumph over me, and over the whole crew; and upon her succeeding escape from us all: her will unviolated: and the inward pride of having not deserved the treatment she has met with.

How is it possible to imagine, that a woman, who has all these consolations to reflect upon, will die of a broken heart?

On the contrary, I make no doubt, but that, as she recovers from the dejection into which this last scurvy villany (which none but wretches of her own sex could have been guilty of) has thrown her, returning love will re-enter her time-pacified mind: her thoughts will then turn once more on the conjugal pivot: of course she will have livelier notions in her head; and these will make her perform all her circumvolutions with ease and pleasure; though not with so high a degree of either, as if the dear proud rogue could have exalted herself above the rest of her sex, as she turned round.

Thou askest, on reciting the bitter invectives that the lady made against thy poor friend, (standing before her, I suppose, with thy fingers in thy mouth,) What couldst thou say FOR me?

Have I not, in my former letters, suggested an hundred things, which a friend, in earnest to vindicate or excuse a friend, might say on such an occasion?

But now to current topics, and the present state of matters here. — It is true, as my servant told thee, that Miss Howe had engaged, before this cursed woman's officiousness, to use her interest with her friend in my behalf: and yet she told my cousins, in the visit they made her, that it was her opinion that she would never forgive me. I send to thee enclosed copies of all that passed on this occasion

between my cousins Montague, Miss Howe, myself, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and Lord M.

I long to know what Miss Howe wrote to her friend, in order to induce her to marry the despicable plotter; the man whose friendship is no credit to any body; the wicked, wicked man. Thou hadst the two letters in thy hand. Had they been in mine, the seal would have yielded to the touch of my warm finger, (perhaps without the help of the post-office bullet;) and the folds, as other placations have done, opened of themselves to oblige my curiosity. A wicked omission, Jack, not to contrive to send them down to me by man and horse! It might have passed, that the messenger who brought the second letter, took them both back. I could have returned them by another, when copied, as from Miss Howe, and nobody but myself and thee the wiser.

That's a charming girl! her spirit, her delightful spirit! — not to be married to it — how I wish to get that lively bird into my cage! how would I make her flutter and fly about! — till she left a feather upon every wire!

Had I begun there, I am confident, as I have heretofore said,* that I should not have had half the difficulty with her as I have had with her charming friend. For these passionate girls have high pulses, and a clever fellow may make what sport he pleases with their unevenness — now too high, now too low, you need only to provoke and appease them by turns; to bear with them, and to forbear to tease and ask pardon; and sometimes to give yourself the merit of a sufferer from them; then catching them in the moment of concession, conscious of their ill usage of you, they are all your own.

* See Vol. VI. Letter VII.

But these sedate, contemplative girls, never out of temper but with reason; when that reason is given them, hardly ever pardon, or afford you another opportunity to offend.

It was in part the apprehension that this would be so with my dear Miss Harlowe, that made me carry her to a place where I believed she would be unable to escape me, although I were not to succeed in my first attempts. Else widow Sorlings's would have been as well for me as widow Sinclair's. For early I saw that there was no credulity in her to graft upon: no pretending to whine myself into her confidence. She was proof against amorous persuasion. She had reason in her love. Her penetration and good sense made her hate all compliments that had not truth and nature in them. What could I have done with her in any other place? and yet how long, even there, was I kept in awe, in spite of natural incitement, and unnatural instigations, (as I now think them,) by the mere force of that native dignity, and obvious purity of mind and manners, which fill every one with reverence, if not with holy love, as thou callest it,* the moment he sees her! —

Else, thinkest thou not, it was easy for me to be a fine gentleman, and a delicate lover, or, at least a specious and flattering one?

* See Letter XXI. of this volume.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, finding the treaty, upon the success of which they have set their foolish hearts, likely to run into length, are about departing to their own seats; having taken from me the best security the nature of the case will admit of, that is to say, my word, to marry the lady, if she will have me.

And after all, (methinks thou asked,) art thou still resolved to repair, if reparation be put into thy power?

Why, Jack, I must needs own that my heart has now-and-then some retrograde motions upon thinking seriously of the irrevocable ceremony. We do not easily give up the desire of our hearts, and what we imagine essential to our happiness, let the expectation or hope of compassing it be ever so unreasonable or absurd in the opinion of others. Recurrings there will be; hankerings that will, on every but-remotely-favourable incident, (however before discouraged and beaten back by ill success,) pop up, and abate the satisfaction we should otherwise take in contrariant overtures.

'Tis ungentlemanly, Jack, man to man, to lie. —— But matrimony I do not heartily love — although with a CLARISSA — yet I am in earnest to marry her.

But I am often thinking that if now this dear creature, suffering time, and my penitence, my relations' prayers, and Miss Howe's mediation to soften her resentments, (her revenge thou hast prettily* distinguished away,) and to recall repulsed inclination, should consent to meet me at the altar — How vain will she then make all thy eloquent periods of execration! — How many charming interjections of her own will she spoil! And what a couple of old patriarchs shall we become, going in the mill-horse round; getting sons and daughters; providing nurses for them first, governors and governesses next; teaching them lessons their fathers never practised, nor which their mother, as her parents will say, was much the better for! And at last, perhaps, when life shall be turned into the dully sober stillness, and I become desirous to forget all my past rogueries, what comfortable reflections will it afford to find them all revived, with equal, or probably greater trouble and expense, in the persons and manners of so many young Lovelaces of the boys; and to have the girls run away with varlets, perhaps not half so ingenious as myself; clumsy fellows, as it might happen, who could not afford the baggages one excuse for their weakness, besides those disgraceful ones of sex and nature! — O Belford! who can bear to think of these things! —— Who, at my time of life especially, and with such a bias for mischief!

* See Letter XVIII. of this volume.

Of this I am absolutely convinced, that if a man ever intends to marry, and to enjoy in peace his own reflections, and not be afraid retribution, or of the consequences of his own example, he should never be a rake.

This looks like conscience; don't it, Belford?

But, being in earnest still, as I have said, all I have to do in my present uncertainty, is, to brighten up my faculties, by filing off the rust they have contracted by the town smoke, a long imprisonment in my close attendance to so little purpose on my fair perverse; and to brace up, if I can, the relaxed fibres of my mind, which have been twitched and convulsed like the nerves of some tottering paralytic, by means of the tumults she has excited in it; that so I may be able to present to her a husband as worthy as I can be of her acceptance; or, if she reject me, be in a capacity to resume my usual gaiety of heart, and show others of the misleading sex, that I am not discouraged, by the difficulties I have met with from this sweet individual of it, from endeavouring to make myself as acceptable to them as before.

In this latter case, one tour to France and Italy, I dare say, will do the business. Miss Harlowe will by that time have forgotten all she has suffered from her ungrateful Lovelace: though it will be impossible that her Lovelace should ever forget a woman, whose equal he despairs to meet with, were he to travel from one end of the world to the other.

If thou continuest paying off the heavy debts my long letters, for so many weeks together, have made thee groan under, I will endeavour to restrain myself in the desires I have, (importunate as they are,) of going to town, to throw myself at the feet of my soul's beloved. Policy and honesty, both join to strengthen the restraint my own promise and thy engagement have laid me under on this head. I would not afresh provoke: on the contrary, would give time for her resentments to subside, that so all that follows may be her own act and deed.

* * *

Hickman, [I have a mortal aversion to that fellow!] has, by a line which I have just now received, requested an interview with me on Friday at Mr. Dormer's, as at a common friend's. Does the business he wants to meet me upon require that it should be at a common friend's? — A challenge implied: Is it not, Belford? — I shall not be civil to him, I doubt. He has been an intermeddler? — Then I envy him on Miss Howe's account: for if I have a right notion of this Hickman, it is impossible that that virago can ever love him.

Every one knows that the mother, (saucy as the daughter sometimes is,) crams him down her throat. Her mother is one of the most violent-spirited women in

England. Her late husband could not stand in the matrimonial contention of Who should? but tipt off the perch in it, neither knowing how to yield, nor knowing how to conquer.

A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, when he has reason to believe that the woman he has a view upon has no love for her husband! What good principles must that wife have, who is kept in against temptation by a sense of her duty, and plighted faith, where affection has no hold of her!

Pr'ythee let's know, very particularly, how it fares with poor Belton. 'Tis an honest fellow. Something more than his Thomasine seems to stick with him.

Thou hast not been preaching to him conscience and reformation, hast thou? — Thou shouldest not take liberties with him of this sort, unless thou thoughtest him absolutely irrecoverable. A man in ill health, and crop-sick, cannot play with these solemn things as thou canst, and be neither better nor worse for them. — Repentance, Jack, I have a notion, should be set about while a man is in health and spirits. What's a man fit for, [not to begin a new work, surely!] when he is not himself, nor master of his faculties? — Hence, as I apprehend, it is that a death-bed repentance is supposed to be such a precarious and ineffectual thing.

As to myself, I hope I have a great deal of time before me; since I intend one day to be a reformed man. I have very serious reflections now-and-then. Yet am I half afraid of the truth of what my charmer once told me, that a man cannot repent when he will. — Not to hold it, I suppose she meant! By fits and starts I have repented a thousand times.

Casting my eye over the two preceding paragraphs, I fancy there is something like contradiction in them. But I will not reconsider them. The subject is a very serious one. I don't at present quite understand it. But now for one more airy.

Tourville, Mowbray, and myself, pass away our time as pleasantly as possibly we can without thee. I wish we don't add to Lord M.'s gouty days by the joy we give him.

This is one advantage, as I believe I have elsewhere observed, that we male-delinquents in love-matters have of the other sex: — for while they, poor things! sit sighing in holes and corners, or run to woods and groves to bemoan themselves on their baffled hopes, we can rant and roar, hunt and hawk; and, by new loves, banish from our hearts all remembrance of the old ones.

Merrily, however, as we pass our time, my reflections upon the injuries done to this noble creature bring a qualm upon my heart very often. But I know she will permit me to make her amends, after she has plagued me heartily; and that's my consolation.

An honest fellow still — clap thy wings, and crow, Jack! ——

LETTER XXIV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY MORN. JUNE* 20.

* Text error: should be JULY.

What, my dearest creature, have been your sufferings! — What must have been your anguish on so disgraceful an insult, committed in the open streets, and in the broad day!

No end, I think, of the undeserved calamities of a dear soul, who had been so unhappily driven and betrayed into the hands of a vile libertine! — How was I shocked at the receiving of your letter written by another hand, and only dictated by you! — You must be very ill. Nor is it to be wondered at. But I hope it is rather from hurry, and surprise, and lowness, which may be overcome, than from a grief given way to, which may be attended with effects I cannot bear to think of.

But whatever you do, my dear, you must not despond! Indeed you must not despond! Hitherto you have been in no fault: but despair would be all your own: and the worst fault you can be guilty of.

I cannot bear to look upon another hand instead of your's. My dear creature, send me a few lines, though ever so few, in your own hand, if possible. — For they will revive my heart; especially if they can acquaint me of your amended health.

I expect your answer to my letter of the 13th. We all expect it with impatience.

His relations are persons of so much honour — they are so very earnest to rank you among them — the wretch is so very penitent: every one of his family says he is — your own are so implacable — your last distress, though the consequence of his former villany, yet neither brought on by his direction nor with his knowledge; and so much resented by him — that my mother is absolutely of opinion that you should be his — especially if, yielding to my wishes, as expressed in my letter, and those of all his friends, you would have complied, had it not been for this horrid arrest.

I will enclose the copy of the letter I wrote to Miss Montague last Tuesday, on hearing that nobody knew what was become of you; and the answer to it, underwritten and signed by Lord M., Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, as well as by the young Ladies; and also by the wretch himself.

I own, that I like not the turn of what he has written to me; and, before I will further interest myself in his favour, I have determined to inform myself, by a friend, from his own mouth, of his sincerity, and whether his whole inclination be, in his request to me, exclusive of the wishes of his relations. Yet my heart rises

against him, on the supposition that there is the shadow of a reason for such a question, the woman Miss Clarissa Harlowe. But I think, with my mother, that marriage is now the only means left to make your future life tolerably easy — happy there is no saying. — His disgraces, in that case, in the eye of the world itself, will be more than your's: and, to those who know you, glorious will be your triumph.

I am obliged to accompany my mother soon to the Isle of Wight. My aunt Harman is in a declining way, and insists upon seeing us both — and Mr. Hickman too, I think.

His sister, of whom we had heard so much, with her lord, were brought t'other day to visit us. She strangely likes me, or says she does.

I can't say but that I think she answers the excellent character we heard of her.

It would be death to me to set out for the little island, and not see you first: and yet my mother (fond of exerting an authority that she herself, by that exertion, often brings into question) insists, that my next visit to you must be a congratulatory one as Mrs. Lovelace.

When I know what will be the result of the questions to be put in my name to that wretch, and what is your mind on my letter of the 13th, I shall tell you more of mine.

The bearer promises to make so much dispatch as to attend you this very afternoon. May he return with good tidings to

Your ever affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

You pain me, Miss Howe, by the ardour of your noble friendship. I will be brief, because I am not well; yet a good deal better than I was; and because I am preparing an answer to your's of the 13th. But, before hand, I must tell you, my dear, I will not have that man — don't be angry with me. But indeed I won't. So let him be asked no questions about me, I beseech you.

I do not despond, my dear. I hope I may say, I will not despond. Is not my condition greatly mended? I thank Heaven it is!

I am no prisoner now in a vile house. I am not now in the power of that man's devices. I am not now obliged to hide myself in corners for fear of him. One of his intimate companions is become my warm friend, and engages to keep him from me, and that by his own consent. I am among honest people. I have all my clothes and effects restored to me. The wretch himself bears testimony to my honour.

Indeed I am very weak and ill: but I have an excellent physician, Dr. H. and as worthy an apothecary, Mr. Goddard. — Their treatment of me, my dear, is perfectly paternal! — My mind too, I can find, begins to strengthen: and methinks, at times, I find myself superior to my calamities.

I shall have sinkings sometimes. I must expect such. And my father's maledict —— But you will chide me for introducing that, now I am enumerating my comforts.

But I charge you, my dear, that you do not suffer my calamities to sit too heavily upon your own mind. If you do, that will be to new-point some of those arrows that have been blunted and lost their sharpness.

If you would contribute to my happiness, give way, my dear, to your own; and to the cheerful prospects before you!

You will think very meanly of your Clarissa, if you do not believe, that the greatest pleasure she can receive in this life is in your prosperity and welfare. Think not of me, my only friend, but as we were in times past: and suppose me gone a great, great way off! — A long journey! —— How often are the dearest of friends, at their country's call, thus parted — with a certainty for years — with a probability for ever.

Love me still, however. But let it be with a weaning love. I am not what I was, when we were inseparable lovers, as I may say. — Our views must now be different — Resolve, my dear, to make a worthy man happy, because a worthy

man make you so. — And so, my dearest love, for the present adieu! — adieu, my dearest love! — but I shall soon write again, I hope!

LETTER XXVI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO LETTER XXIII. OF THIS VOLUME.] THURDAY, JULY 20.

I read that part of your conclusion to poor Belton, where you inquire after him, and mention how merrily you and the reset pass your time at M. Hall. He fetched a deep sigh: You are all very happy! were his words. — I am sorry they were his words; for, poor fellow, he is going very fast. Change of air, he hopes, will mend him, joined to the cheerful company I have left him in. But nothing, I dare say, will.

A consuming malady, and a consuming mistress, to an indulgent keeper, are dreadful things to struggle with both together: violence must be used to get rid of the latter; and yet he has not spirit enough left him to exert himself. His house is Thomasine's house; not his. He has not been within his doors for a fortnight past. Vagabonding about from inn to inn; entering each for a bait only; and staying two or three days without power to remove; and hardly knowing which to go to next. His malady is within him; and he cannot run away from it.

Her boys (once he thought them his) are sturdy enough to shoulder him in his own house as they pass by him. Siding with the mother, they in a manner expel him; and, in his absence, riot away on the remnant of his broken fortunes. As to their mother, (who was once so tender, so submissive, so studious to oblige, that we all pronounced him happy, and his course of life the eligible,) she is now so termagant, so insolent, that he cannot contend with her, without doing infinite prejudice to his health. A broken-spirited defensive, hardly a defensive, therefore, reduced to: and this to a heart, for so many years waging offensive war, (not valuing whom the opponent,) what a reduction! now comparing himself to the superannuated lion in the fable, kicked in the jaws, and laid sprawling, by the spurning heel of an ignoble ass!

I have undertaken his cause. He has given me leave, yet not without reluctance, to put him into possession of his own house; and to place in it for him his unhappy sister, whom he has hitherto slighted, because unhappy. It is hard, he told me, (and wept, poor fellow, when he said it,) that he cannot be permitted to die quietly in his own house! — The fruits of blessed keeping these! ——

Though but lately apprized of her infidelity, it now comes out to have been of so long continuance, that he has no room to believe the boys to be his: yet how fond did he use to be of them!

To what, Lovelace, shall we attribute the tenderness which a reputed father frequently shows to the children of another man? — What is that, I pray thee,

which we call nature, and natural affection? And what has man to boast of as to sagacity and penetration, when he is as easily brought to cover and rear, and even to love, and often to prefer, the product of another's guilt with his wife or mistress, as a hen or a goose the eggs, and even young, of others of their kind?

Nay, let me ask, if instinct, as it is called, in the animal creation, does not enable them to distinguish their own, much more easily than we, with our boasted reason and sagacity, in this nice particular, can do?

If some men, who have wives but of doubtful virtue, considered this matter duly, I believe their inordinate ardour after gain would be a good deal cooled, when they could not be certain (though their mates could) for whose children they were elbowing, bustling, griping, and perhaps cheating, those with whom they have concerns, whether friends, neighbours, or more certain next-of-kin, by the mother's side however.

But I will not push this notion so far as it might be carried; because, if propagated, it might be of unsocial or unnatural consequence; since women of virtue would perhaps be more liable to suffer by the mistrusts and caprices or bad-hearted and foolish-headed husbands, than those who can screen themselves from detection by arts and hypocrisy, to which a woman of virtue cannot have recourse. And yet, were this notion duly and generally considered, it might be attended with no bad effects; as good education, good inclinations, and established virtue, would be the principally-sought-after qualities; and not money, when a man (not biased by mere personal attractions) was looking round him for a partner in his fortunes, and for a mother of his future children, which are to be the heirs of his possessions, and to enjoy the fruits of his industry.

But to return to poor Belton.

If I have occasion for your assistance, and that of our compeers, in re-instating the poor fellow, I will give you notice. Mean time, I have just now been told that Thomasine declares she will not stir; for, it seems, she suspects that measures will be fallen upon to make her quit. She is Mrs. Belton, she says, and will prove her marriage.

If she would give herself these airs in his life-time, what would she attempt to do after his death?

Her boy threatens any body who shall presume to insult their mother. Their father (as they call poor Belton) they speak of as an unnatural one. And their probably true father is for ever there, hostilely there, passing for her cousin, as usual: now her protecting cousin.

Hardly ever, I dare say, was there a keeper that did not make keeperess; who lavished away on her kept-fellow what she obtained from the extravagant folly of him who kept her.

I will do without you, if I can. The case will be only, as I conceive, that like of the ancient Sarmatians, their wives then in possession of their slaves. So that they had to contend not only with those wives, conscious of their infidelity, and with their slaves, but with the children of those slaves, grown up to manhood, resolute to defend their mothers and their long-manumitted fathers. But the noble Sarmatians, scorning to attack their slaves with equal weapons, only provided themselves with the same sort of whips with which they used formerly to chastise them. And attacking them with them, the miscreants fled before them. — In memory of which, to this day, the device on the coin in Novogrod, in Russia, a city of the antient Sarmatia, is a man on horseback, with a whip in his hand.

The poor fellow takes it ill, that you did not press him more than you did to be of your party at M. Hall. It is owing to Mowbray, he is sure, that he had so very slight an invitation from one whose invitations used to be so warm.

Mowbray's speech to him, he says, he never will forgive: 'Why, Tom,' said the brutal fellow, with a curse, 'thou droopest like a pip or roup-cloaking chicken. Thou shouldst grow perter, or submit to a solitary quarantine, if thou wouldst not infect the whole brood.'

For my own part, only that this poor fellow is in distress, as well in his affairs as in his mind, or I should be sick of you all. Such is the relish I have of the conversation, and such my admiration of the deportment and sentiments of this divine lady, that I would forego a month, even of thy company, to be admitted into her's but for one hour: and I am highly in conceit with myself, greatly as I used to value thine, for being able, spontaneously as I may say, to make this preference.

It is, after all, a devilish life we have lived. And to consider how it all ends in a very few years — to see to what a state of ill health this poor fellow is so soon reduced — and then to observe how every one of ye run away from the unhappy being, as rats from a falling house, is fine comfort to help a man to look back upon companions ill-chosen, and a life mis-spent!

It will be your turns by-and-by, every man of ye, if the justice of your country interpose not.

Thou art the only rake we have herded with, if thou wilt not except thyself, who hast preserved entire thy health and thy fortunes.

Mowbray indeed is indebted to a robust constitution that he has not yet suffered in his health; but his estate is dwindled away year by year.

Three-fourths of Tourville's very considerable fortunes are already dissipated; and the remaining fourth will probably soon go after the other three.

Poor Belton! we see how it is with him! — His own felicity is, that he will hardly live to want.

Thou art too proud, and too prudent, ever to be destitute; and, to do thee justice, hath a spirit to assist such of thy friends as may be reduced; and wilt, if thou shouldest then be living. But I think thou must, much sooner than thou imaginest, be called to thy account — knocked on the head perhaps by the friends of those whom thou hast injured; for if thou escapest this fate from the Harlowe family, thou wilt go on tempting danger and vengeance, till thou meetest with vengeance; and this, whether thou marriest, or not: for the nuptial life will not, I doubt, till age join with it, cure thee of that spirit for intrigue which is continually running away with thee, in spite of thy better sense, and transitory resolutions.

Well, then, I will suppose thee laid down quietly among thy worthier ancestors.

And now let me look forward to the ends of Tourville and Mowbray, [Belton will be crumbled into dust before thee, perhaps,] supposing thy early exit has saved thee from gallows intervention.

Reduced, probably, by riotous waste to consequential want, behold them refuged in some obscene hole or garret; obliged to the careless care of some dirty old woman, whom nothing but her poverty prevails upon to attend to perform the last offices for men, who have made such shocking ravage among the young ones.

Then how miserably will they whine through squeaking organs; their big voices turned into puling pity-begging lamentations! their now-offensive paws, how helpless then! — their now-erect necks then denying support to their aching heads; those globes of mischief dropping upon their quaking shoulders. Then what wry faces will they make! their hearts, and their heads, reproaching each other! — distended their parched mouths! — sunk their unmuscled cheeks! — dropt their under jaws! — each grunting like the swine he had resembled in his life! Oh! what a vile wretch have I been! Oh! that I had my life to come over again! — Confessing to the poor old woman, who cannot shrive them! Imaginary ghosts of deflowered virgins, and polluted matrons, flitting before their glassy eyes! And old Satan, to their apprehensions, grinning behind a looking-glass held up before them, to frighten them with the horror visible in their own countenances!

For my own part, if I can get some good family to credit me with a sister or daughter, as I have now an increased fortune, which will enable me to propose handsome settlements, I will desert ye all; marry, and live a life of reason, rather than a life of a brute, for the time to come.

LETTER XXVII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY NIGHT.

I was forced to take back my twenty guineas. How the women managed it I can't tell, (I suppose they too readily found a purchaser for the rich suit;) but she mistrusted, that I was the advancer of the money; and would not let the clothes go. But Mrs. Lovick has actually sold, for fifteen guineas, some rich lace worth three times the sum; out of which she repaid her the money she borrowed for fees to the doctor, in an illness occasioned by the barbarity of the most savage of men. Thou knowest his name!

The Doctor called on her in the morning it seems, and had a short debate with her about fees. She insisted that he should take one every time he came, write or not write; mistrusting that he only gave verbal directions to Mrs. Lovick, or the nurse, to avoid taking any.

He said that it would be impossible for him, had he not been a physician, to forbear inquiries after the health and welfare of so excellent a person. He had not the thought of paying her a compliment in declining the offered fee: but he knew her case could not so suddenly vary as to demand his daily visits. She must permit him, therefore, to inquire of the women below after her health; and he must not think of coming up, if he were to be pecuniarily rewarded for the satisfaction he was so desirous to give himself.

It ended in a compromise for a fee each other time; which she unwillingly submitted to; telling him, that though she was at present desolate and in disgrace, yet her circumstances were, of right, high; and no expenses could rise so as to be scrupled, whether she lived or died. But she submitted, she added, to the compromise, in hopes to see him as often as he had opportunity; for she really looked upon him, and Mr. Goddard, from their kind and tender treatment of her, with a regard next to filial.

I hope thou wilt make thyself acquainted with this worthy Doctor when thou comest to town; and give him thy thanks, for putting her into conceit with the sex that thou hast given her so much reason to execrate.

Farewell.

LETTER XXVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. M. HALL, FRIDAY, JULY 21.

Just returned from an interview with this Hickman: a precise fop of a fellow, as starched as his ruffles.

Thou knowest I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not we cannot allow a merit to! perhaps not the merit they should be granted. However, I am in earnest, when I say, that he seems to me to be so set, so prim, so affected, so mincing, yet so clouterly in his person, that I dare engage for thy opinion, if thou dost justice to him, and to thyself, that thou never beheldest such another, except in a pier-glass.

I'll tell thee how I play'd him off.

He came in his own chariot to Dormer's; and we took a turn in the garden, at his request. He was devilish ceremonious, and made a bushel of apologies for the freedom he was going to take: and, after half a hundred hums and haws, told me, that he came — that he came — to wait on me — at the request of dear Miss Howe, on the account — on the account — of Miss Harlowe.

Well, Sir, speak on, said I: but give me leave to say, that if your book be as long as your preface, it will take up a week to read it.

This was pretty rough, thou'lt say: but there's nothing like balking these formalities at first. When they are put out of their road, they are filled with doubts of themselves, and can never get into it again: so that an honest fellow, impertinently attacked, as I was, has all the game in his own hand quite through the conference.

He stroked his chin, and hardly knew what to say. At last, after parenthesis within parenthesis, apologizing for apologies, in imitation, I suppose, of Swift's digression in praise of digressions — I presume — I presume, Sir, you were privy to the visit made to Miss Howe by the young Ladies your cousins, in the name of Lord M., and Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance.

I was, Sir: and Miss Howe had a letter afterwards, signed by his Lordship and by those Ladies, and underwritten by myself. Have you seen it, Sir?

I can't say but I have. It is the principal cause of this visit: for Miss Howe thinks your part of it is written with such an air of levity — pardon me, Sir — that she knows not whether you are in earnest or not, in your address to her for her interest to her friend.*

* See Mr. Lovelace's billet to Miss Howe, Letter XIV. of this volume.

Will Miss Howe permit me to explain myself in person to her, Mr. Hickman?

O Sir, by no means. Miss Howe, I am sure, would not give you that trouble.

I should not think it a trouble. I will most readily attend you, Sir, to Miss Howe, and satisfy her in all her scruples. Come, Sir, I will wait upon you now. You have a chariot. Are alone. We can talk as we ride.

He hesitated, wriggled, winced, stroked his ruffles, set his wig, and pulled his neckcloth, which was long enough for a bib. — I am not going directly back to Miss Howe, Sir. It will be as well if you will be so good as to satisfy Miss Howe by me.

What is it she scruples, Mr. Hickman?

Why, Sir, Miss Howe observes, that in your part of the letter, you say — but let me see, Sir — I have a copy of what you wrote, [pulling it out,] will you give me leave, Sir? — Thus you begin — Dear Miss Howe —

No offence, I hope, Mr. Hickman?

None in the least, Sir! — None at all, Sir! — Taking aim, as it were, to read.

Do you use spectacles, Mr. Hickman?

Spectacles, Sir! His whole broad face lifted up at me: Spectacles! — What makes you ask me such a question? such a young man as I use spectacles, Sir! —

They do in Spain, Mr. Hickman: young as well as old, to save their eyes. — Have you ever read Prior's Alma, Mr. Hickman?

I have, Sir — custom is every thing in nations, as well as with individuals: I know the meaning of your question — but 'tis not the English custom. —

Was you ever in Spain, Mr. Hickman?

No, Sir: I have been in Holland.

In Holland, Sir? — Never to France or Italy? — I was resolved to travel with him into the land of puzzledom.

No, Sir, I cannot say I have, as yet.

That's a wonder, Sir, when on the continent!

I went on a particular affair: I was obliged to return soon.

Well, Sir; you was going to read — pray be pleased to proceed.

Again he took aim, as if his eyes were older than the rest of him; and read, After what is written above, and signed by names and characters of such unquestionable honour — to be sure, (taking off his eye,) nobody questions the honour of Lord M. nor that of the good Ladies who signed the letter.

I hope, Mr. Hickman, nobody questions mine neither?

If you please, Sir, I will read on. — I might have been excused signing a name, almost as hateful to myself [you are pleased to say] — as I KNOW it is to YOU —

Well, Mr. Hickman, I must interrupt you at this place. In what I wrote to Miss Howe, I distinguished the word KNOW. I had a reason for it. Miss Howe has been

very free with my character. I have never done her any harm. I take it very ill of her. And I hope, Sir, you come in her name to make excuses for it.

Miss Howe, Sir, is a very polite young lady. She is not accustomed to treat any man's character unbecomingly.

Then I have the more reason to take it amiss, Mr. Hickman.

Why, Sir, you know the friendship —

No friendship should warrant such freedoms as Miss Howe has taken with my character.

(I believed he began to wish he had not come near me. He seemed quite disconcerted.)

Have you not heard Miss Howe treat my name with great —

Sir, I come not to offend or affront you: but you know what a love there is between Miss Howe and Miss Harlowe. — I doubt, Sir, you have not treated Miss Harlowe as so fine a young lady deserved to be treated. And if love for her friend has made Miss Howe take freedoms, as you call them, a mind not ungenerous, on such an occasion, will rather be sorry for having given the cause, than —

I know your consequence, Sir! — but I'd rather have this reproof from a lady than from a gentleman. I have a great desire to wait upon Miss Howe. I am persuaded we should soon come to a good understanding. Generous minds are always of kin. I know we should agree in every thing. Pray, Mr. Hickman, be so kind as to introduce me to Miss Howe.

Sir — I can signify your desire, if you please, to Miss Howe.

Do so. Be pleased to read on, Mr. Hickman.

He did very formally, as if I remembered not what I had written; and when he came to the passage about the halter, the parson, and the hangman, reading it, Why, Sir, says he, does not this look like a jest? — Miss Howe thinks it does. It is not in the lady's power, you know, Sir, to doom you to the gallows.

Then, if it were, Mr. Hickman, you think she would?

You say here to Miss Howe, proceeded he, that Miss Harlowe is the most injured of her sex. I know, from Miss Howe, that she highly resents the injuries you own: insomuch that Miss Howe doubts that she shall never prevail upon her to overlook them: and as your family are all desirous you should repair her wrongs, and likewise desire Miss Howe's interposition with her friend; Miss Howe fears, from this part of your letter, that you are too much in jest; and that your offer to do her justice is rather in compliment to your friends' entreaties, than proceeding form your own inclinations: and she desires to know your true sentiments on this occasion, before she interposes further.

Do you think, Mr. Hickman, that, if I am capable of deceiving my own relations, I have so much obligation to Miss Howe, who has always treated me

with great freedom, as to acknowledge to her what I don't to them?

Sir, I beg pardon: but Miss Howe thinks that, as you have written to her, she may ask you, by me, for an explanation of what you have written.

You see, Mr. Hickman, something of me. — Do you think I am in jest, or in earnest?

I see, Sir, you are a gay gentleman, of fine spirits, and all that. All I beg in Miss Howe's name is, to know if you really and bonâ fide join with your friends in desiring her to use her interest to reconcile you to Miss Harlowe?

I should be extremely glad to be reconciled to Miss Harlowe; and should owe great obligations to Miss Howe, if she could bring about so happy an event.

Well, Sir, and you have no objections to marriage, I presume, as the condition of that reconciliation?

I never liked matrimony in my life. I must be plain with you, Mr. Hickman.

I am sorry for it: I think it a very happy state.

I hope you will find it so, Mr. Hickman.

I doubt not but I shall, Sir. And I dare say, so would you, if you were to have Miss Harlowe.

If I could be happy in it with any body, it would be with Miss Harlowe.

I am surprised, Sir! —— Then, after all, you don't think of marrying Miss Harlowe! —— After the hard usage ——

What hard usage, Mr. Hickman? I don't doubt but a lady of her niceness has represented what would appear trifles to any other, in a very strong light.

If what I have had hinted to me, Sir — excuse me — had been offered to the lady, she has more than trifles to complain of.

Let me know what you have heard, Mr. Hickman? I will very truly answer to the accusations.

Sir, you know best what you have done: you own the lady is the most injured, as well as the most deserving of her sex.

I do, Sir; and yet I would be glad to know what you have heard: for on that, perhaps, depends my answer to the questions Miss Howe puts to me by you.

Why then, Sir, since you ask it, you cannot be displeased if I answer you: — in the first place, Sir, you will acknowledge, I suppose, that you promised Miss Harlowe marriage, and all that?

Well, Sir, and I suppose what you have to charge me with is, that I was desirous to have all that, without marriage?

Cot-so, Sir, I know you are deemed to be a man of wit: but may I not ask if these things sit not too light upon you?

When a thing is done, and cannot be helped, 'tis right to make the best of it. I wish the lady would think so too.

I think, Sir, ladies should not be deceived. I think a promise to a lady should be as binding as to any other person, at the least.

I believe you think so, Mr. Hickman: and I believe you are a very honest, good sort of a man.

I would always keep my word, Sir, whether to man or woman.

You say well. And far be it from me to persuade you to do otherwise. But what have you farther heard?

(Thou wilt think, Jack, I must be very desirous to know in what light my elected spouse had represented things to Miss Howe; and how far Miss Howe had communicated them to Mr. Hickman.)

Sir, this is no part of my present business.

But, Mr. Hickman, 'tis part of mine. I hope you would not expect that I should answer your questions, at the same time that you refused to answer mine. What, pray, have you farther heard?

Why then, Sir, if I must say, I am told, that Miss Harlowe was carried to a very bad house.

Why, indeed, the people did not prove so good as they should be. — What farther have you heard?

I have heard, Sir, that the lady had strange advantages taken of her, very unfair ones: but what I cannot say.

And cannot you say? Cannot you guess? — Then I'll tell you, Sir. Perhaps some liberty was taken with her when she was asleep. Do you think no lady ever was taken at such an advantage? — You know, Mr. Hickman, that ladies are very shy of trusting themselves with the modestest of our sex, when they are disposed to sleep; and why so, if they did not expect that advantages would be taken of them at such times?

But, Sir, had not the lady something given her to make her sleep?

Ay, Mr. Hickman, that's the question: I want to know if the lady says she had?

I have not seen all she has written; but, by what I have heard, it is a very black affair — Excuse me, Sir.

I do excuse you, Mr. Hickman: but, supposing it were so, do you think a lady was never imposed upon by wine, or so? — Do you not think the most cautious woman in the world might not be cheated by a stronger liquor for a smaller, when she was thirsty, after a fatigue in this very warm weather? And do you think, if she was thus thrown into a profound sleep, that she is the only lady that was ever taken at such an advantage?

Even as you make it, Mr. Lovelace, this matter is not a light one. But I fear it is a great deal heavier than as you put it.

What reasons have you to fear this, Sir? What has the lady said? Pray let me know. I have reason to be so earnest.

Why, Sir, Miss Howe herself knows not the whole. The lady promises to give her all the particulars at a proper time, if she lives; but has said enough to make it out to be a very bad affair.

I am glad Miss Harlowe has not yet given all the particulars. And, since she has not, you may tell Miss Howe from me, that neither she, nor any woman in the world can be more virtuous than Miss Harlowe is to this hour, as to her own mind. Tell her, that I hope she never will know the particulars; but that she has been unworthily used: tell her, that though I know not what she has said, yet I have such an opinion of her veracity, that I would blindly subscribe to the truth of every tittle of it, though it make me ever so black. Tell her, that I have but three things to blame her for; one, that she won't give me an opportunity of repairing her wrongs: the second, that she is so ready to acquaint every body with what she has suffered, that it will put it out of my power to redress those wrongs, with any tolerable reputation to either of us. Will this, Mr. Hickman, answer any part of the intention of this visit?

Why, Sir, this is talking like a man of honour, I own. But you say there is a third thing you blame the lady for: May I ask what that is?

I don't know, Sir, whether I ought to tell it you, or not. Perhaps you won't believe it, if I do. But though the lady will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, yet, perhaps, she will not tell the whole truth.

Pray, Sir — But it mayn't be proper — Yet you give me great curiosity. Sure there is no misconduct in the lady. I hope there is not. I am sure, if Miss Howe did not believe her to be faultless in every particular, she would not interest herself so much in her favour as she does, dearly as she loves her.

I love Miss Harlowe too well, Mr. Hickman, to wish to lessen her in Miss Howe's opinion; especially as she is abandoned of every other friend. But, perhaps, it would hardly be credited, if I should tell you.

I should be very sorry, Sir, and so would Miss Howe, if this poor lady's conduct had laid her under obligation to you for this reserve. — You have so much the appearance of a gentleman, as well as are so much distinguished in your family and fortunes, that I hope you are incapable of loading such a young lady as this, in order to lighten yourself —— Excuse me, Sir.

I do, I do, Mr. Hickman. You say you came not with any intention to affront me. I take freedom, and I give it. I should be very loth, I repeat, to say any thing that may weaken Miss Harlowe in the good opinion of the only friend she thinks she has left.

It may not be proper, said he, for me to know your third article against this unhappy lady: but I never heard of any body, out of her own implacable family, that had the least doubt of her honour. Mrs. Howe, indeed, once said, after a conference with one of her uncles, that she feared all was not right on her side. — But else, I never heard —

Oons, Sir, in a fierce tone, and with an erect mien, stopping short upon him, which made him start back— 'tis next to blasphemy to question this lady's honour. She is more pure than a vestal; for vestals have often been warmed by their own fires. No age, from the first to the present, ever produced, nor will the future, to the end of the world, I dare aver, ever produce, a young blooming lady, tried as she has been tried, who has stood all trials, as she has done. — Let me tell you, Sir, that you never saw, never knew, never heard of, such another woman as Miss Harlowe.

Sir, Sir, I beg your pardon. Far be it from me to question the lady. You have not heard me say a word that could be so construed. I have the utmost honour for her. Miss Howe loves her, as she loves her own soul; and that she would not do, if she were not sure she were as virtuous as herself.

As herself, Sir! — I have a high opinion of Miss Howe, Sir — but, I dare say —

What, Sir, dare you say of Miss Howe! — I hope, Sir, you will not presume to say any thing to the disparagement of Miss Howe.

Presume, Mr. Hickman! — that is presuming language, let me tell you, Mr. Hickman!

The occasion for it, Mr. Lovelace, if designed, is presuming, if you please. — I am not a man ready to take offence, Sir — especially where I am employed as a mediator. But no man breathing shall say disparaging things of Miss Howe, in my hearing, without observation.

Well said, Mr. Hickman. I dislike not your spirit, on such a supposed occasion. But what I was going to say is this. That there is not, in my opinion, a woman in the world, who ought to compare herself with Miss Clarissa Harlowe till she has stood her trials, and has behaved under them, and after them, as she has done. You see, Sir, I speak against myself. You see I do. For, libertine as I am thought to be, I never will attempt to bring down the measures of right and wrong to the standard of my actions.

Why, Sir, this is very right. It is very noble, I will say. But 'tis pity, that the man who can pronounce so fine a sentence, will not square his actions accordingly.

That, Mr. Hickman, is another point. We all err in some things. I wish not that Miss Howe should have Miss Harlowe's trials: and I rejoice that she is in no

danger of any such from so good a man.

(Poor Hickman! — he looked as if he knew not whether I meant a compliment or a reflection!)

But, proceeded I, since I find that I have excited your curiosity, that you may not go away with a doubt that may be injurious to the most admirable of women, I am enclined to hint to you what I have in the third place to blame her for.

Sir, as you please — it may not be proper —

It cannot be very improper, Mr. Hickman — So let me ask you, What would Miss Howe think, if her friend is the more determined against me, because she thinks (to revenge to me, I verily believe that!) of encouraging another lover?

How, Sir! — Sure this cannot be the case! — I can tell you, Sir, if Miss Howe thought this, she would not approve of it at all: for, little as you think Miss Howe likes you, Sir, and little as she approves of your actions by her friend, I know she is of opinion that she ought to have nobody living but you: and should continue single all her life, if she be not your's.

Revenge and obstinacy, Mr. Hickman, will make women, the best of them, do very unaccountable things. Rather than not put out both eyes of a man they are offended with, they will give up one of their own.

I don't know what to say to this, Sir: but sure she cannot encourage any other person's address! — So soon too — Why, Sir, she is, as we are told, so ill, and so weak ——

Not in resentment weak, I'll assure you. I am well acquainted with all her movements — and I tell you, believe it, or not, that she refuses me in view of another lover.

Can it be?

'Tis true, by my soul! — Has she not hinted this to Miss Howe, do you think?

No, indeed, Sir. If she had I should not have troubled you at this time from Miss Howe.

Well then, you see I am right: that though she cannot be guilty of a falsehood, yet she has not told her friend the whole truth.

What shall a man say to these things! — (looking most stupidly perplexed.)

Say! Say! Mr. Hickman! — Who can account for the workings and ways of a passionate and offended woman? Endless would be the histories I could give you, within my own knowledge, of the dreadful effects of woman's passionate resentments, and what that sex will do when disappointed.

There was Miss DORRINGTON, [perhaps you know her not,] who run away with her father's groom, because he would not let her have a half-pay officer, with whom (her passions all up) she fell in love at first sight, as he accidentally passed under her window.

There was MISS SAVAGE; she married her mother's coachman, because her mother refused her a journey to Wales; in apprehension that miss intended to league herself with a remote cousin of unequal fortunes, of whom she was not a little fond when he was a visiting-guest at their house for a week.

There was the young widow SANDERSON, who believing herself slighted by a younger brother of a noble family, (Sarah Stout like,) took it into her head to drown herself.

Miss SALLY ANDERSON, [You have heard of her, no doubt?] being checked by her uncle for encouraging an address beneath her, in spite, threw herself into the arms of an ugly dog, a shoe-maker's apprentice, running away with him in a pair of shoes he had just fitted to her feet, though she never saw the fellow before, and hated him ever after: and, at last, took laudanum to make her forget for ever her own folly.

But can there be a stronger instance in point than what the unaccountable resentments of such a lady as Miss Clarissa Harlowe afford us? Who at this instant, ill as she is, not only encourages, but, in a manner, makes court to one of the most odious dogs that ever was seen? I think Miss Howe should not be told this — and yet she ought too, in order to dissuade her from such a preposterous rashness.

O fie! O strange! Miss Howe knows nothing of this! To be sure she won't look upon her, if this be true!

'Tis true, very true, Mr. Hickman! True as I am here to tell you so! — And he is an ugly fellow too; uglier to look at than me.

Than you, Sir! Why, to be sure, you are one of the handsomest men in England.

Well, but the wretch she so spitefully prefers to me is a mis-shapen, meagre varlet; more like a skeleton than a man! Then he dresses — you never saw a devil so bedizened! Hardly a coat to his back, nor a shoe to his foot. A bald-pated villain, yet grudges to buy a peruke to his baldness: for he is as covetous as hell, never satisfied, yet plaguy rich.

Why, Sir, there is some joke in this, surely. A man of common parts knows not how to take such gentleman as you. But, Sir, if there be any truth in the story, what is he? Some Jew or miserly citizen, I suppose, that may have presumed on the lady's distressful circumstances; and your lively wit points him out as it pleases.

Why, the rascal has estates in every county in England, and out of England too.

Some East India governor, I suppose, if there be any thing in it. The lady once had thoughts of going abroad. But I fancy all this time you are in jest, Sir. If not, we must surely have heard of him ——

Heard of him! Aye, Sir, we have all heard of him — But none of us care to be intimate with him — except this lady — and that, as I told you, in spite of me — his name, in short, is DEATH! — DEATH! Sir, stamping, and speaking loud, and full in his ears; which made him jump half a yard high.

(Thou never beheldest any man so disconcerted. He looked as if the frightful skeleton was before him, and he had not his accounts ready. When a little recovered, he fribbled with his waistcoat buttons, as if he had been telling his beads.)

This, Sir, proceeded I, is her wooer! — Nay, she is so forward a girl, that she wooes him: but I hope it never will be a match.

He had before behaved, and now looked with more spirit than I expected from him.

I came, Sir, said he, as a mediator of differences. — It behoves me to keep my temper. But, Sir, and turned short upon me, as much as I love peace, and to promote it, I will not be ill-used.

As I had played so much upon him, it would have been wrong to take him at his more than half-menace: yet I think I owe him a grudge, for his presuming to address Miss Howe.

You mean no defiance, I presume, Mr. Hickman, any more than I do offence. On that presumption, I ask your excuse. But this is my way. I mean no harm. I cannot let sorrow touch my heart. I cannot be grave six minutes together, for the blood of me. I am a descendant of old Chancellor Moore, I believe; and should not forbear to cut a joke, were I upon the scaffold. But you may gather, from what I have said, that I prefer Miss Harlowe, and that upon the justest grounds, to all the women in the world: and I wonder that there should be any difficulty to believe, from what I have signed, and from what I have promised to my relations, and enabled them to promise for me, that I should be glad to marry that excellent creature upon her own terms. I acknowledge to you, Mr. Hickman, that I have basely injured her. If she will honour me with her hand, I declare that is my intention to make her the best of husbands. — But, nevertheless, I must say that if she goes on appealing her case, and exposing us both, as she does, it is impossible to think the knot can be knit with reputation to either. And although, Mr. Hickman, I have delivered my apprehensions under so ludicrous a figure, I am afraid that she will ruin her constitution: and, by seeking Death when she may shun him, will not be able to avoid him when she would be glad to do so.

This cool and honest speech let down his stiffened muscles into complacence. He was my very obedient and faithful humble servant several times over, as I waited on him to his chariot: and I was his almost as often.

And so exit Hickman.

LETTER XXIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO LETTERS XXII. XXVI. XXVII. OF THIS VOLUME.] FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 21.

I will throw away a few paragraphs upon the contents of thy last shocking letters just brought me; and send what I shall write by the fellow who carries mine on the interview with Hickman.

Reformation, I see, is coming fast upon thee. Thy uncle's slow death, and thy attendance upon him through every stage towards it, prepared thee for it. But go thou on in thine own way, as I will in mine. Happiness consists in being pleased with what we do: and if thou canst find delight in being sad, it will be as well for thee as if thou wert merry, though no other person should join to keep thee in countenance.

I am, nevertheless, exceedingly disturbed at the lady's ill health. It is entirely owing to the cursed arrest. She was absolutely triumphant over me and the whole crew before. Thou believest me guiltless of that: so, I hope, does she. — The rest, as I have often said, is a common case; only a little uncommonly circumstanced; that's all: Why, then, all these severe things from her, and from thee?

As to selling her clothes, and her laces, and so forth, it has, I own, a shocking sound to it. What an implacable as well as unjust set of wretches are those of her unkindredly kin, who have money of her's in their hands, as well as large arrears of her own estate; yet with-hold both, avowedly to distress her! But may she not have money of that proud and saucy friend of her's, Miss Howe, more than she wants? — And should not I be overjoyed, thinkest thou, to serve her? —— What then is there in the parting with her apparel but female perverseness? — And I am not sure, whether I ought not to be glad, if she does this out of spite to me. — Some disappointed fair-ones would have hanged, some drowned themselves. My beloved only revenges herself upon her clothes. Different ways of working has passion in different bosoms, as humours or complexion induce. — Besides, dost think I shall grudge to replace, to three times the value, what she disposes of? So, Jack, there is no great matter in this.

Thou seest how sensible she is of the soothings of the polite doctor: this will enable thee to judge how dreadfully the horrid arrest, and her gloomy father's curse, must have hurt her. I have great hope, if she will but see me, that my behaviour, my contrition, my soothings, may have some happy effect upon her.

But thou art too ready to give up. Let me seriously tell thee that, all excellence as she is, I think the earnest interposition of my relations; the implored mediation of that little fury Miss Howe; and the commissions thou actest under from myself;

are such instances of condescension and high value in them, and such contrition in me, that nothing farther can be done. — So here let the matter rest for the present, till she considers better of it.

But now a few words upon poor Belton's case. I own I was at first a little startled at the disloyalty of his Thomasine. Her hypocrisy to be for so many years undetected! — I have very lately had some intimations given me of her vileness; and had intended to mention them to thee when I saw thee. To say the truth, I always suspected her eye: the eye, thou knowest, is the casement at which the heart generally looks out. Many a woman, who will not show herself at the door, has tipt the sly, the intelligible wink from the windows.

But Tom. had no management at all. A very careless fellow. Would never look into his own affairs. The estate his uncle left him was his ruin: wife, or mistress, whoever was, must have had his fortune to sport with.

I have often hinted his weakness of this sort to him; and the danger he was in of becoming the property of designing people. But he hated to take pains. He would ever run away from his accounts; as now, poor fellow! he would be glad to do from himself. Had he not had a woman to fleece him, his coachman or valet, would have been his prime-minister, and done it as effectually.

But yet, for many years, I thought she was true to his bed. At least I thought the boys were his own. For though they are muscular, and big-boned, yet I supposed the healthy mother might have furnished them with legs and shoulders: for she is not of a delicate frame; and then Tom., some years ago, looked up, and spoke more like a man, than he has done of late; squeaking inwardly, poor fellow! for some time past, from contracted quail-pipes, and wheezing from lungs half spit away.

He complains, thou sayest, that we all run away from him. Why, after all, Belford, it is no pleasant thing to see a poor fellow one loves, dying by inches, yet unable to do him good. There are friendships which are only bottle-deep: I should be loth to have it thought that mine for any of my vassals is such a one. Yet, with gay hearts, which become intimate because they were gay, the reason for their first intimacy ceasing, the friendship will fade: but may not this sort of friendship be more properly distinguished by the word companionship?

But mine, as I said, is deeper than this: I would still be as ready as ever I was in my life, to the utmost of my power, to do him service.

As once instance of this my readiness to extricate him from all his difficulties as to Thomasine, dost thou care to propose to him an expedient, that is just come into my head?

It is this: I would engage Thomasine and her cubs (if Belton be convinced they are neither of them his) in a party of pleasure. She was always complaisant to me.

It should be in a boat, hired for the purpose, to sail to Tilbury, to the Isle Shepey, or pleasuring up the Medway; and ’tis but contriving to turn the boat bottom upward. I can swim like a fish. Another boat shall be ready to take up whom I should direct, for fear of the worst: and then, if Tom. has a mind to be decent, one suit of mourning will serve for all three: Nay, the hostler-cousin may take his plunge from the steerage: and who knows but they may be thrown up on the beach, Thomasine and he, hand in hand?

This, thou’lt say, is no common instance of friendship.

Mean time, do thou prevail on him to come down to us: he never was more welcome in his life than he shall be now. If he will not, let him find me some other service; and I will clap a pair of wings to my shoulders, and he shall see me come flying in at his windows at the word of command.

Mowbray and Tourville each intend to give thee a letter; and I leave to those rough varlets to handle thee as thou deservest, for the shocking picture thou hast drawn of their last ends. Thy own past guilt has stared thee full in the face, one may see by it; and made thee, in consciousness of thy demerits, sketch out these cursed out-lines. I am glad thou hast got the old fiend to hold the glass* before thy own face so soon. Thou must be in earnest surely, when thou wrotest it, and have severe conviction upon thee: for what a hardened varlet must he be, who could draw such a picture as this in sport?

* See Letter XXVI. of this volume.

As for thy resolution of repenting and marrying; I would have thee consider which thou wilt set about first. If thou wilt follow my advice, thou shalt make short work of it: let matrimony take place of the other; for then thou wilt, very possibly, have repentance come tumbling in fast upon thee, as a consequence, and so have both in one.

LETTER XXX

MR. BELFORD, TO MR. ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY NOON, JULY 21.

This morning I was admitted, as soon as I sent up my name, into the presence of the divine lady. Such I may call her; as what I have to relate will fully prove.

She had had a tolerable night, and was much better in spirits; though weak in person; and visibly declining in looks.

Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith were with her; and accused her, in a gentle manner, of having applied herself too assiduously to her pen for her strength, having been up ever since five. She said, she had rested better than she had done for many nights: she had found her spirits free, and her mind tolerably easy: and having, as she had reason to think, but a short time, and much to do in it, she must be a good housewife of her hours.

She had been writing, she said, a letter to her sister: but had not pleased herself in it; though she had made two or three essays: but that the last must go.

By hints I had dropt from time to time, she had reason, she said, to think that I knew every thing that concerned her and her family; and, if so, must be acquainted with the heavy curse her father had laid upon her; which had been dreadfully fulfilled in one part, as to her prospects in this life, and that in a very short time; which gave her great apprehensions of the other part. She had been applying herself to her sister, to obtain a revocation of it. I hope my father will revoke it, said she, or I shall be very miserable — Yet [and she gasped as she spoke, with apprehension] — I am ready to tremble at what the answer may be; for my sister is hard-hearted.

I said something reflecting upon her friends; as to what they would deserve to be thought of, if the unmerited imprecation were not withdrawn. Upon which she took me up, and talked in such a dutiful manner of her parents as must doubly condemn them (if they remain implacable) for their inhuman treatment of such a daughter.

She said, I must not blame her parents: it was her dear Miss Howe's fault to do so. But what an enormity was there in her crime, which could set the best of parents (they had been to her, till she disobliged them) in a bad light, for resenting the rashness of a child from whose education they had reason to expect better fruits! There were some hard circumstances in her case, it was true: but my friend could tell me, that no one person, throughout the whole fatal transaction, had acted out of character, but herself. She submitted therefore to the penalty she had incurred. If they had any fault, it was only that they would not inform themselves

of such circumstances, which would alleviate a little her misdeed; and that supposing her a more guilty creature than she was, they punished her without a hearing.

Lord! — I was going to curse thee, Lovelace! How every instance of excellence, in this all excelling creature, condemns thee; — thou wilt have reason to think thyself of all men the most accursed, if she die!

I then besought her, while she was capable of such glorious instances of generosity, and forgiveness, to extend her goodness to a man, whose heart bled in every vein of it for the injuries he had done her; and who would make it the study of his whole life to repair them.

The women would have withdrawn when the subject became so particular. But she would not permit them to go. She told me, that if after this time I was for entering with so much earnestness into a subject so very disagreeable to her, my visits must not be repeated. Nor was there occasion, she said, for my friendly offices in your favour; since she had begun to write her whole mind upon that subject to Miss Howe, in answer to letters from her, in which Miss Howe urged the same arguments, in compliment to the wishes of your noble and worthy relations.

Mean time, you may let him know, said she, that I reject him with my whole heart: — yet, that although I say this with such a determination as shall leave no room for doubt, I say it not however with passion. On the contrary, tell him, that I am trying to bring my mind into such a frame as to be able to pity him; [poor perjured wretch! what has he not to answer for!] and that I shall not think myself qualified for the state I am aspiring to, if, after a few struggles more, I cannot forgive him too: and I hope, clasping her hands together, uplifted as were her eyes, my dear earthly father will set me the example my heavenly one has already set us all; and, by forgiving his fallen daughter, teach her to forgive the man, who then, I hope, will not have destroyed my eternal prospects, as he has my temporal!

Stop here, thou wretch! — but I need not bid thee! —— for I can go no farther!

LETTER XXXI

MR. BELFORD [IN CONTINUATION.]

You will imagine how affecting her noble speech and behaviour were to me, at the time when the bare recollecting and transcribing them obliged me to drop my pen. The women had tears in their eyes. I was silent for a few moments. — At last, Matchless excellence! Inimitable goodness! I called her, with a voice so accented, that I was half-ashamed of myself, as it was before the women — but who could stand such sublime generosity of soul in so young a creature, her loveliness giving grace to all she said? Methinks, said I, [and I really, in a manner, involuntarily bent my knee,] I have before me an angel indeed. I can hardly forbear prostration, and to beg your influence to draw me after you to the world you are aspiring to! — Yet — but what shall I say — Only, dearest excellence, make me, in some small instances, serviceable to you, that I may (if I survive you) have the glory to think I was able to contribute to your satisfaction, while among us.

Here I stopt. She was silent. I proceeded — Have you no commission to employ me in; deserted as you are by all your friends; among strangers, though I doubt not, worthy people? Cannot I be serviceable by message, by letter-writing, by attending personally, with either message or letter, your father, your uncles, your brother, your sister, Miss Howe, Lord M., or the Ladies his sisters? — any office to be employed to serve you, absolutely independent of my friend's wishes, or of my own wishes to oblige him? — Think, Madam, if I cannot?

I thank you, Sir: very heartily I thank you: but in nothing that I can at present think of, or at least resolve upon, can you do me service. I will see what return the letter I have written will bring me. — Till then ——

My life and my fortune, interrupted I, are devoted to your service. Permit me to observe, that here you are, without one natural friend; and (so much do I know of your unhappy case) that you must be in a manner destitute of the means to make friends ——

She was going to interrupt me, with a prohibitory kind of earnestness in her manner.

I beg leave to proceed, Madam: I have cast about twenty ways how to mention this before, but never dared till now. Suffer me now, that I have broken the ice, to tender myself — as your banker only. — I know you will not be obliged: you need not. You have sufficient of your own, if it were in your hands; and from that, whether you live or die, will I consent to be reimbursed. I do assure you, that the

unhappy man shall never know either my offer, or your acceptance — Only permit me this small ——

And down behind her chair dropt a bank note of 100£. which I had brought with me, intending some how or other to leave it behind me: nor shouldst thou ever have known it, had she favoured me with the acceptance of it; as I told her.

You give me great pain, Mr. Belford, said she, by these instances of your humanity. And yet, considering the company I have seen you in, I am not sorry to find you capable of such. Methinks I am glad, for the sake of human nature, that there could be but one such man in the world, as he you and I know. But as to your kind offer, whatever it be, if you take it not up, you will greatly disturb me. I have no need of your kindness. I have effects enough, which I never can want, to supply my present occasion: and, if needful, can have recourse to Miss Howe. I have promised that I would — So, pray, Sir, urge not upon me this favour. — Take it up yourself. — If you mean me peace and ease of mind, urge not this favour. — And she spoke with impatience.

I beg, Madam, but one word ——

Not one, Sir, till you have taken back what you have let fall. I doubt not either the honour, or the kindness, of your offer; but you must not say one word more on this subject. I cannot bear it.

She was stooping, but with pain. I therefore prevented her; and besought her to forgive me for a tender, which, I saw, had been more discomposing to her than I had hoped (from the purity of my intentions) it would be. But I could not bear to think that such a mind as her's should be distressed: since the want of the conveniencies she was used to abound in might affect and disturb her in the divine course she was in.

You are very kind to me, Sir, said she, and very favourable in your opinion of me. But I hope that I cannot now be easily put out of my present course. My declining health will more and more confirm me in it. Those who arrested and confined me, no doubt, thought they had fallen upon the most ready method to distress me so as to bring me into all their measures. But I presume to hope that I have a mind that cannot be debased, in essential instances, by temporal calamities.

Little do those poor wretches know of the force of innate principles, (forgive my own implied vanity, was her word,) who imagine, that a prison, or penury, can bring a right-turned mind to be guilty of a wilful baseness, in order to avoid such short-lived evils.

She then turned from me towards the window, with a dignity suitable to her words; and such as showed her to be more of soul than of body at that instant.

What magnanimity! — No wonder a virtue so solidly founded could baffle all thy arts: and that it forced thee (in order to carry thy accursed point) to have recourse to those unnatural ones, which robbed her of her charming senses.

The women were extremely affected, Mrs. Lovick especially; who said, whisperingly to Mrs. Smith, We have an angel, not a woman, with us, Mrs. Smith!

I repeated my offers to write to any of her friends; and told her, that, having taken the liberty to acquaint Dr. H. with the cruel displeasure of her relations, as what I presumed lay nearest to her heart, he had proposed to write himself, to acquaint her friends how ill she was, if she would not take it amiss.

It was kind in the Doctor, she said: but begged, that no step of that sort might be taken without her knowledge or consent. She would wait to see what effects her letter to her sister would have. All she had to hope for was, that her father would revoke his malediction, previous to the last blessing she should then implore. For the rest, her friends would think she could not suffer too much; and she was content to suffer: for now nothing could happen that could make her wish to live.

Mrs. Smith went down; and, soon returning, asked, if the lady and I would not dine with her that day; for it was her wedding-day. She had engaged Mrs. Lovick she said; and should have nobody else, if we would do her that favour.

The charming creature sighed, and shook her head. — Wedding-day, repeated she! — I wish you, Mrs. Smith, many happy wedding-days! — But you will excuse me.

Mr. Smith came up with the same request. They both applied to me.

On condition the lady would, I should make no scruple; and would suspend an engagement: which I actually had.

She then desired they would all sit down. You have several times, Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, hinted your wishes, that I would give you some little history of myself: now, if you are at leisure, that this gentleman, who, I have reason to believe, knows it all, is present, and can tell you if I give it justly, or not, I will oblige your curiosity.

They all eagerly, the man Smith too, sat down; and she began an account of herself, which I will endeavour to repeat, as nearly in her own words as I possibly can: for I know you will think it of importance to be apprized of her manner of relating your barbarity to her, as well as what her sentiments are of it; and what room there is for the hopes your friends have in your favour for her.

‘At first when I took these lodgings, said she, I thought of staying but a short time in them; and so Mrs. Smith, I told you: I therefore avoided giving any other account of myself than that I was a very unhappy young creature, seduced from good, and escaped from very vile wretches.

‘This account I thought myself obliged to give, that you might the less wonder at seeing a young creature rushing through your shop, into your back apartment, all trembling and out of breath; an ordinary garb over my own; craving lodging and protection; only giving my bare word, that you should be handsomely paid: all my effects contained in a pocket-handkerchief.

‘My sudden absence, for three days and nights together when arrested, must still further surprise you: and although this gentleman, who, perhaps, knows more of the darker part of my story, than I do myself, has informed you (as you, Mrs. Lovick, tell me) that I am only an unhappy, not a guilty creature; yet I think it incumbent upon me not to suffer honest minds to be in doubt about my character.

‘You must know, then, that I have been, in one instance (I had like to have said but in one instance; but that was a capital one) an undutiful child to the most indulgent of parents: for what some people call cruelty in them, is owing but to the excess of their love, and to their disappointment, having had reason to expect better from me.

‘I was visited (at first, with my friends connivance) by a man of birth and fortune, but of worse principles, as it proved, than I believed any man could have. My brother, a very headstrong young man, was absent at that time; and, when he returned, (from an old grudge, and knowing the gentleman, it is plain, better than I knew him) entirely disapproved of his visits: and, having a great sway in our family, brought other gentlemen to address me: and at last (several having been rejected) he introduced one extremely disagreeable: in every indifferent person’s eyes disagreeable. I could not love him. They all joined to compel me to have him; a rencounter between the gentleman my friends were set against, and my brother, having confirmed them all his enemies.

‘To be short; I was confined, and treated so very hardly, that, in a rash fit, I appointed to go off with the man they hated. A wicked intention, you’ll say! but I was greatly provoked. Nevertheless, I repented, and resolved not to go off with him: yet I did not mistrust his honour to me neither; nor his love; because nobody thought me unworthy of the latter, and my fortune was not to be despised. But foolishly (wickedly and contrivingly, as my friends still think, with a design, as they imagine, to abandon them) giving him a private meeting, I was tricked away; poorly enough tricked away, I must needs say; though others who had been first guilty of so rash a step as the meeting of him was, might have been so deceived and surprised as well as I.

‘After remaining some time at a farm-house in the country, and behaving to me all the time with honour, he brought me to handsome lodgings in town till still better provision could be made for me. But they proved to be (as he indeed knew

and designed) at a vile, a very vile creature's; though it was long before I found her to be so; for I knew nothing of the town, or its ways.

'There is no repeating what followed: such unprecedented vile arts! — For I gave him no opportunity to take me at any disreputable advantage.' —

And here (half covering her sweet face, with her handkerchief put to her tearful eyes) she stopt.

Hastily, as if she would fly from the hateful remembrance, she resumed:— 'I made escape afterward from the abominable house in his absence, and came to your's: and this gentleman has almost prevailed on me to think, that the ungrateful man did not connive at the vile arrest: which was made, no doubt, in order to get me once more to those wicked lodgings: for nothing do I owe them, except I were to pay them' — [she sighed, and again wiped her charming eyes — adding in a softer, lower voice]— 'for being ruined.'

Indeed, Madam, said I, guilty, abominably guilty, as he is in all the rest, he is innocent of this last wicked outrage.

'Well, and so I wish him to be. That evil, heavy as it was, is one of the slightest evils I have suffered. But hence you'll observe, Mrs. Lovick, (for you seemed this morning curious to know if I were not a wife,) that I never was married. — You, Mr. Belford, no doubt, knew before that I am no wife: and now I never will be one. Yet, I bless God, that I am not a guilty creature!

'As to my parentage, I am of no mean family; I have in my own right, by the intended favour of my grandfather, a fortune not contemptible: independent of my father; if I had pleased; but I never will please.

'My father is very rich. I went by another name when I came to you first: but that was to avoid being discovered to the perfidious man: who now engages, by this gentleman, not to molest me.

'My real name you now know to be Harlowe: Clarissa Harlowe. I am not yet twenty years of age.

'I have an excellent mother, as well as father; a woman of family, and fine sense — worthy of a better child! — they both doated upon me.

'I have two good uncles: men of great fortune; jealous of the honour of their family; which I have wounded.

'I was the joy of their hearts; and, with theirs and my father's, I had three houses to call my own; for they used to have me with them by turns, and almost kindly to quarrel for me; so that I was two months in the year with the one; two months with the other; six months at my father's; and two at the houses of others of my dear friends, who thought themselves happy in me: and whenever I was at any one's, I was crowded upon with letters by all the rest, who longed for my return to them.

‘In short, I was beloved by every body. The poor — I used to make glad their hearts: I never shut my hand to any distress, wherever I was — but now I am poor myself!

‘So Mrs. Smith, so Mrs. Lovick, I am not married. It is but just to tell you so. And I am now, as I ought to be, in a state of humiliation and penitence for the rash step which has been followed by so much evil. God, I hope, will forgive me, as I am endeavouring to bring my mind to forgive all the world, even the man who has ungratefully, and by dreadful perjuries, [poor wretch! he thought all his wickedness to be wit!] reduced to this a young creature, who had his happiness in her view, and in her wish, even beyond this life; and who was believed to be of rank, and fortune, and expectations, considerable enough to make it the interest of any gentleman in England to be faithful to his vows to her. But I cannot expect that my parents will forgive me: my refuge must be death; the most painful kind of which I would suffer, rather than be the wife of one who could act by me, as the man has acted, upon whose birth, education, and honour, I had so much reason to found better expectations.

‘I see, continued she, that I, who once was every one’s delight, am now the cause of grief to every one — you, that are strangers to me, are moved for me! ’tis kind! — but ’tis time to stop. Your compassionate hearts, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, are too much touched,’ [For the women sobbed, and the man was also affected.] ‘It is barbarous in me, with my woes, thus to sadden your wedding-day.’ Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Smith— ‘May you see many happy ones, honest, good couple! — how agreeable is it to see you both join so kindly to celebrate it, after many years are gone over you! — I once — but no more! — All my prospects of felicity, as to this life, are at an end. My hopes, like opening buds or blossoms in an over-forward spring, have been nipt by a severe frost! — blighted by an eastern wind! — but I can but once die; and if life be spared me, but till I am discharged from a heavy malediction, which my father in his wrath laid upon me, and which is fulfilled literally in every article relating to this world; that, and a last blessing, are all I have to wish for; and death will be welcomer to me, than rest to the most wearied traveller that ever reached his journey’s end.’

And then she sunk her head against the back of her chair, and, hiding her face with her handkerchief, endeavoured to conceal her tears from us.

Not a soul of us could speak a word. Thy presence, perhaps, thou hardened wretch, might have made us ashamed of a weakness which perhaps thou wilt deride me in particular for, when thou readest this! ——

She retired to her chamber soon after, and was forced, it seems, to lie down. We all went down together; and, for an hour and a half, dwelt upon her praises; Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick repeatedly expressing their astonishment, that there

could be a man in the world, capable of offending, much more of wilfully injuring such a lady; and repeating, that they had an angel in their house. — I thought they had; and that as assuredly as there is a devil under the roof of good Lord M.

I hate thee heartily! — by my faith I do! — every hour I hate thee more than the former! ——

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXXII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SATURDAY, JULY 22.

What dost hate me for, Belford! — and why more and more! have I been guilty of any offence thou knewest not before? — If pathos can move such a heart as thine, can it alter facts! — Did I not always do this incomparable creature as much justice as thou canst do her for the heart of thee, or as she can do herself? —— What nonsense then thy hatred, thy augmented hatred, when I still persist to marry her, pursuant to word given to thee, and to faith plighted to all my relations? But hate, if thou wilt, so thou dost but write. Thou canst not hate me so much as I do myself: and yet I know if thou really hatedst me, thou wouldst not venture to tell me so.

Well, but after all, what need of her history to these women? She will certainly repent, some time hence, that she has thus needless exposed us both.

Sickness palls every appetite, and makes us hate what we loved: but renewed health changes the scene; disposes us to be pleased with ourselves; and then we are in a way to be pleased with every one else. Every hope, then, rises upon us: every hour presents itself to us on dancing feet: and what Mr. Addison says of liberty, may, with still greater propriety, be said of health, for what is liberty itself without health?

It makes the gloomy face of nature gay;
Gives beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

And I rejoice that she is already so much better, as to hold with strangers such a long and interesting conversation.

Strange, confoundedly strange, and as perverse [that is to say, womanly] as strange, that she should refuse, and sooner choose to die [O the obscene word! and yet how free does thy pen make with it to me!] than be mine, who offended her by acting in character, while her parents acted shamefully out of theirs, and when I am now willing to act out of my own to oblige her; yet I am not to be forgiven; they to be faultless with her! — and marriage the only medium to repair all breaches, and to salve her own honour! — Surely thou must see the inconsistence of her forgiving unforgiveness, as I may call it! — yet, heavy varlet as thou art, thou wantest to be drawn up after her! And what a figure dost thou make with thy speeches, stiff as Hickman's ruffles, with thy aspirations and protestations! — unused, thy weak head, to bear the sublimities that fall, even in common conversation, from the lips of this ever-charming creature!

But the prettiest whim of all was, to drop the bank note behind her chair, instead of presenting it on thy knees to her hand! — To make such a woman as

this doubly stoop — by the acceptance, and to take it from the ground! — What an ungrateful benefit-conferrer art thou! — How awkward, to take in into thy head, that the best way of making a present to a lady was to throw the present behind her chair!

I am very desirous to see what she has written to her sister; what she is about to write to Miss Howe; and what return she will have from the Harlowe-Arabella. Canst thou not form some scheme to come at the copies of these letters, or the substance of them at least, and of that of her other correspondencies? Mrs. Lovick, thou seemest to say, is a pious woman. The lady, having given such a particular history of herself, will acquaint her with every thing. And art thou not about to reform! — Won't this consent of minds between thee and the widow, [what age is she, Jack? the devil never trumpt up a friendship between a man and a woman, of any thing like years, which did not end in matrimony, or in the ruin of their morals!] Won't it strike out an intimacy between ye, that may enable thee to gratify me in this particular? A proselyte, I can tell thee, has great influence upon your good people: such a one is a saint of their own creation: and they will water, and cultivate, and cherish him, as a plant of their own raising: and this from a pride truly spiritual!

One of my lovers in Paris was a devotée. She took great pains to convert me. I gave way to her kind endeavours for the good of my soul. She thought it a point gained to make me profess some religion. The catholic has its conveniencies. I permitted her to bring a father to me. My reformation went on swimmingly. The father had hopes of me: he applauded her zeal: so did I. And how dost thou think it ended? — Not a girl in England, reading thus far, but would guess! — In a word, very happily: for she not only brought me a father, but made me one: and then, being satisfied with each other's conversation, we took different routes: she into Navarre; I into Italy: both well inclined to propagate the good lessons in which we had so well instructed each other.

But to return. One consolation arises to me, from the pretty regrets which this admirable creature seems to have in indulging reflections on the people's wedding-day. — I ONCE! — thou makest her break off with saying.

She once! What — O Belford! why didst thou not urge her to explain what she once hoped?

What once a woman hopes, in love matters, she always hopes, while there is room for hope: And are we not both single? Can she be any man's but mine? Will I be any woman's but her's?

I never will! I never can! — and I tell thee, that I am every day, every hour, more and more in love with her: and, at this instant, have a more vehement passion for her than ever I had in my life! — and that with views absolutely

honourable, in her own sense of the word: nor have I varied, so much as in wish, for this week past; firmly fixed, and wrought into my very nature, as the life of honour, or of generous confidence in me, was, in preference to the life of doubt and distrust. That must be a life of doubt and distrust, surely, where the woman confides nothing, and ties up a man for his good behaviour for life, taking church-and-state sanctions in aid of the obligation she imposes upon him.

I shall go on Monday to a kind of ball, to which Colonel Ambrose has invited me. It is given on a family account. I care not on what: for all that delights me in the thing is, that Mrs. and Miss Howe are to be there; — Hickman, of course; for the old lady will not stir abroad without him. The Colonel is in hopes that Miss Arabella Harlowe will be there likewise; for all the men and women of fashion round him are invited.

I fell in by accident with the Colonel, who I believe, hardly thought I would accept of the invitation. But he knows me not, if he thinks I am ashamed to appear at any place, where women dare show their faces. Yet he hinted to me that my name was up, on Miss Harlowe's account. But, to allude to one of Lord M.'s phrases, if it be, I will not lie a bed when any thing joyous is going forward.

As I shall go in my Lord's chariot, I would have had one of my cousins Montague to go with me: but they both refused: and I shall not choose to take either of thy brethren. It would look as if I thought I wanted a bodyguard: besides, one of them is too rough, the other too smooth, and too great a fop for some of the staid company that will be there; and for me in particular. Men are known by their companions; and a fop [as Tourville, for example] takes great pains to hang out a sign by his dress of what he has in his shop. Thou, indeed, art an exception; dressing like a coxcomb, yet a very clever fellow. Nevertheless so clumsy a beau, that thou seemest to me to owe thyself a double spite, making thy ungracefulness appear the more ungraceful, by thy remarkable tawdriness, when thou art out of mourning.

I remember, when I first saw thee, my mind laboured with a strong puzzle, whether I should put thee down for a great fool, or a smatterer in wit. Something I saw was wrong in thee, by thy dress. If this fellow, thought I, delights not so much in ridicule, that he will not spare himself, he must be plaguy silly to take so much pains to make his ugliness more conspicuous than it would otherwise be.

Plain dress, for an ordinary man or woman, implies at least modesty, and always procures a kind quarter from the censorious. Who will ridicule a personal imperfection in one that seems conscious, that it is an imperfection? Who ever said an anchoret was poor? But who would spare so very absurd a wrong-head, as should bestow tinsel to make his deformity the more conspicuous?

But, although I put on these lively airs, I am sick at my soul! — My whole heart is with my charmer! with what indifference shall I look upon all the assembly at the Colonel's, my beloved in my ideal eye, and engrossing my whole heart?

LETTER XXXIII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE THURSDAY, JULY 20.

MISS HARLOWE,

I cannot help acquainting you (however it may be received, coming from me) that your poor sister is dangerously ill, at the house of one Smith, who keeps a glover's and perfume shop, in King-street, Covent-garden. She knows not that I write. Some violent words, in the nature of an imprecation, from her father, afflict her greatly in her weak state. I presume not to direct you what to do in this case. You are her sister. I therefore could not help writing to you, not only for her sake, but for your own. I am, Madam,

Your humble servant, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXIV

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE [IN ANSWER.] THURSDAY, JULY 20.

MISS HOWE,

I have your's of this morning. All that has happened to the unhappy body you mentioned, is what we foretold and expected. Let him, for whose sake she abandoned us, be her comfort. We are told he has remorse, and would marry her. We don't believe it, indeed. She may be very ill. Her disappointment may make her so, or ought. Yet is she the only one I know who is disappointed.

I cannot say, Miss, that the notification from you is the more welcome, for the liberties you have been pleased to take with our whole family for resenting a conduct, that it is a shame any young lady should justify. Excuse this freedom, occasioned by greater. I am, Miss,

Your humble servant, ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXV

MISS HOWE [IN REPLY.] FRIDAY, JULY 21.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE,

If you had half as much sense as you have ill-nature, you would (notwithstanding the exuberance of the latter) have been able to distinguish between a kind intention to you all (that you might have the less to reproach yourselves with, if a deplorable case should happen) and an officiousness I owed you not, by reason of freedoms at least reciprocal. I will not, for the unhappy body's sake, as you call a sister you have helped to make so, say all that I could say. If what I fear happen, you shall hear (whether desired or not) all the mind of

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVI

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, JULY 21.

MISS ANNA HOWE,

Your pert letter I have received. You, that spare nobody, I cannot expect should spare me. You are very happy in a prudent and watchful mother. — But else mine cannot be exceeded in prudence; but we had all too good an opinion of somebody, to think watchfulness needful. There may possibly be some reason why you are so much attached to her in an error of this flagrant nature.

I help to make a sister unhappy! — It is false, Miss! — It is all her own doings! — except, indeed, what she may owe to somebody's advice — you know who can best answer for that.

Let us know your mind as soon as you please: as we shall know it to be your mind, we shall judge what attention to give it. That's all, from, &c.

AR. H.

LETTER XXXVII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE SAT. JULY 22.

It may be the misfortune of some people to engage every body's notice: others may be the happier, though they may be the more envious, for nobody's thinking them worthy of any. But one would be glad people had the sense to be thankful for that want of consequence, which subject them not to hazards they would heartily have been able to manage under.

I own to you, that had it not been for the prudent advice of that admirable somebody (whose principal fault is the superiority of her talents, and whose misfortune to be brother'd and sister'd by a couple of creatures, who are not able to comprehend her excellencies) I might at one time have been plunged into difficulties. But pert as the superlatively pert may think me, I thought not myself wiser, because I was older; nor for that poor reason qualified to prescribe to, much less to maltreat, a genius so superior.

I repeat it with gratitude, that the dear creature's advice was of very great service to me — and this before my mother's watchfulness became necessary. But how it would have fared with me, I cannot say, had I had a brother or sister, who had deemed it their interest, as well as a gratification of their sordid envy, to misrepresent me.

Your admirable sister, in effect, saved you, Miss, as well as me — with this difference — you, against your will — me with mine: and but for your own brother, and his own sister, would not have been lost herself.

Would to Heaven both sisters had been obliged with their own wills! — the most admirable of her sex would never then have been out of her father's house! — you, Miss — I don't know what had become of you. — But, let what would have happened, you would have met with the humanity you have not shown, whether you had deserved it or not: — nor, at the worst, lost either a kind sister, or a pitying friend, in the most excellent of sisters.

But why run I into length to such a poor thing? why push I so weak an adversary? whose first letter is all low malice, and whose next is made up of falsehood and inconsistence, as well as spite and ill-manners! yet I was willing to give you a part of my mind. Call for more of it; it shall be at your service: from one, who, though she thanks God she is not your sister, is not your enemy: but that she is not the latter, is withheld but by two considerations; one that you bear, though unworthily, a relation to a sister so excellent; the other, that you are not of consequence enough to engage any thing but the pity and contempt of

A.H.

LETTER XXXVIII

MRS. HARLOWE, TO MRS. HOWE SAT. JULY 22.

DEAR MADAM,

I send you, enclosed, copies of five letters that have passed between Miss Howe and my Arabella. You are a person of so much prudence and good sense, and (being a mother yourself) can so well enter into the distresses of all our family, upon the rashness and ingratitude of a child we once doated upon, that, I dare say, you will not countenance the strange freedoms your daughter has taken with us all. These are not the only ones we have to complain of; but we were silent on the others, as they did not, as these have done, spread themselves out upon paper. We only beg, that we may not be reflected upon by a young lady who knows not what we have suffered, and do suffer by the rashness of a naughty creature who has brought ruin upon herself, and disgrace upon a family which she had robbed of all comfort. I offer not to prescribe to your known wisdom in this case; but leave it to you to do as you think most proper. I am, Madam,

Your most humble servant, CHARL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIX

MRS. HOWE [IN ANSWER.] SAT. JULY 22.

DEAR MADAM,

I am highly offended with my daughter's letters to Miss Harlowe. I knew nothing at all of her having taken such a liberty. These young creatures have such romantic notions, some of live, some of friendship, that there is no governing them in either. Nothing but time, and dear experience, will convince them of their absurdities in both. I have chidden Miss Howe very severely. I had before so just a notion of what your whole family's distress must be, that, as I told your brother, Mr. Antony Harlowe, I had often forbid her corresponding with the poor fallen angel — for surely never did young lady more resemble what we imagine of angels, both in person and mind. But, tired out with her headstrong ways, [I am sorry to say this of my own child,] I was forced to give way to it again. And, indeed, so sturdy was she in her will, that I was afraid it would end in a fit of sickness, as too often it did in fits of sullens.

None but parents know the trouble that children give. They are happiest, I have often thought, who have none. And these women-grown girls, bless my heart! how ungovernable!

I believe, however, you will have no more such letters from my Nancy. I have been forced to use compulsion with her upon Miss Clary's illness, [and it seems she is very bad,] or she would have run away to London, to attend upon her: and this she calls doing the duty of a friend; forgetting that she sacrifices to her romantic friendship her duty to her fond indulgent mother.

There are a thousand excellencies in the poor sufferer, notwithstanding her fault: and, if the hints she has given to my daughter be true, she has been most grievously abused. But I think your forgiveness and her father's forgiveness of her ought to be all at your own choice; and nobody should intermeddle in that, for the sake of due authority in parents: and besides, as Miss Harlowe writes, it was what every body expected, though Miss Clary would not believe it till she smarted for her credulity. And, fir these reasons, I offer not to plead any thing in alleviation of her fault, which is aggravated by her admirable sense, and a judgment above her years.

I am, Madam, with compliments to good Mr. Harlowe, and all your afflicted family,

Your most humble servant, ANNABELLA HOWE.

I shall set out for the Isle of Wight in a few days, with my daughter. I will hasten our setting out, on purpose to break her mind from her

friend’s distresses; which afflict us as much, nearly, as Miss Clary’s rashness has done you.

LETTER XL

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SAT. JULY 22.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

We are busy in preparing for our little journey and voyage: but I will be ill, I will be very ill, if I cannot hear you are better before I go.

Rogers greatly afflicted me, by telling me the bad way you are in. But now you have been able to hold a pen, and as your sense is strong and clear, I hope that the amusement you will receive from writing will make you better.

I dispatch this by an extraordinary way, that it may reach you time enough to move you to consider well before you absolutely decide upon the contents of mine of the 13th, on the subject of the two Misses Montague's visit to me; since, according to what you write, must I answer them.

In your last, conclude very positively that you will not be his. To be sure, he rather deserves an infamous death than such a wife. But as I really believe him innocent of the arrest, and as all his family are such earnest pleaders, and will be guarantees, for him, I think the compliance with their entreaties, and his own, will be now the best step you can take; your own family remaining implacable, as I can assure you they do. He is a man of sense; and it is not impossible but he may make you a good husband, and in time may become no bad man.

My mother is entirely of my opinion: and on Friday, pursuant to a hint I gave you in my last, Mr. Hickman had a conference with the strange wretch: and though he liked not, by any means, his behaviour to himself; nor indeed, had reason to do so; yet he is of opinion that he is sincerely determined to marry you, if you will condescend to have him.

Perhaps Mr. Hickman may make you a private visit before we set out. If I may not attend you myself, I shall not be easy except he does. And he will then give you an account of the admirable character the surprising wretch gave of you, and of the justice he does to your virtue.

He was as acknowledging to his relations, though to his own condemnation, as his two cousins told me. All he apprehends, as he said to Mr. Hickman, is that if you go on exposing him, wedlock itself will not wipe off the dishonour to both: and moreover, 'that you would ruin your constitution by your immoderate sorrow; and, by seeking death when you might avoid it, would not be able to escape it when you would wish to do so.'

So, my dearest friend, I charge you, if you can, to get over your aversion to this vile man. You may yet live to see many happy days, and be once more the delight

of all your friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, as well as a stay, a comfort, and a blessing to your Anna Howe.

I long to have your answer to mine of the 13th. Pray keep the messenger till it be ready. If he return on Monday night, it will be time enough for his affairs, and to find me come back from Colonel Ambrose's; who gives a ball on the anniversary of Mrs. Ambrose's birth and marriage both in one. The gentry all round the neighbourhood are invited this time, on some good news they have received from Mrs. Ambrose's brother, the governor.

My mother promised the Colonel for me and herself, in my absence. I would fain have excused myself to her; and the rather, as I had exceptions on account of the day:* but she is almost as young as her daughter; and thinking it not so well to go without me, she told me. And having had a few sparring blows with each other very lately, I think I must comply. For I don't love jingling when I can help it; though I seldom make it my study to avoid the occasion, when it offers of itself. I don't know, if either were not a little afraid of the other, whether it would be possible that we could live together: — I, all my father! — My mamma — What? — All my mother — What else should I say?

* The 24th of July, Miss Clarissa Harlowe's birth-day.

O my dear, how many things happen in this life to give us displeasure! How few to give us joy! — I am sure I shall have none on this occasion; since the true partner of my heart, the principal of the one soul, that it used to be said, animated the pair of friends, as we were called; you, my dear, [who used to irradiate every circle you set your foot into, and to give me real significance in a second place to yourself,] cannot be there! — One hour of your company, my ever instructive friend, [I thirst for it!] how infinitely preferable would it be to me to all the diversions and amusements with which our sex are generally most delighted — Adieu, my dear!

A. HOWE.

LETTER XLI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY, JULY 23.

What pain, my dearest friend, does your kind solicitude for my welfare give me! How much more binding and tender are the ties of pure friendship, and the union of like minds, than the ties of nature! Well might the sweet-singer of Israel, when he was carrying to the utmost extent the praises of the friendship between him and his beloved friend, say, that the love of Jonathan to him was wonderful; that it surpassed the love of women! What an exalted idea does it give of the soul of Jonathan, sweetly attempered for the sacred band, if we may suppose it but equal to that of my Anna Howe for her fallen Clarissa? — But, although I can glory in your kind love for me, think, my dear, what concern must fill a mind, not ungenerous, when the obligation lies all on one side. And when, at the same time that your light is the brighter for my darkness, I must give pain to a dear friend, to whom I delighted to give pleasure; and not pain only, but discredit, for supporting my blighted fame against the busy tongues of uncharitable censures!

This is that makes me, in the words of my admired exclaimer, very little altered, often repeat: ‘Oh! that I were as in months past! as in the days when God preserved me! when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness! As I was in the days of my childhood — when the Almighty was yet with me: when I was in my father’s house: when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil.’

You set before me your reasons, enforced by the opinion of your honoured mother, why I should think of Mr. Lovelace for a husband.*

* See the preceding Letter.

And I have before me your letter of the 13th,* containing the account of the visit and proposals, and kind interposition of the two Misses Montague, in the names of the good Ladies Sadleir and Betty Lawrance, and in that of my Lord M.

* See Letter IX. of this vol.

Also your’s of the 18th,* demanding me, as I may say, of those ladies, and of that family, when I was so infamously and cruelly arrested, and you knew not what was become of me.

* See Letter XI. ibid.

The answer likewise of those ladies, signed in so full and generous a manner by themselves,* and by that nobleman, and those two venerable ladies; and, in his light way, by the wretch himself.

* See Letter XIV. ibid.

Thse, my dearest Miss Howe; and your letter of the 16th,* which came when I was under arrest, and which I received not till some days after; are all before me.

* See Letter X. of this volume.

And I have as well weighed the whole matter, and your arguments in support of your advice, as at present my head and my heart will let me weigh them.

I am, moreover, willing to believe, not only from your own opinion, but from the assurances of one of Mr. Lovelace's friends, Mr. Belford, a good-natured and humane man, who spares not to censure the author of my calamities (I think, with undissembled and undesigning sincerity) that that man is innocent of the disgraceful arrest.

And even, if you please, in sincere compliment to your opinion, and to that of Mr. Hickman, that (over-persuaded by his friends, and ashamed of his unmerited baseness to me) he would in earnest marry me, if I would have him.

'*Well, and now, what is the result of all? — It is this — that I must abide by what I have already declared — and that is, [don't be angry at me, my best friend,] that I have much more pleasure in thinking of death, than of such a husband. In short, as I declared in my last, that I cannot [forgive me, if I say, I will not] ever be his.

* Those parts of this letter which are marked with an inverted comma [thus '] were afterwards transcribed by Miss Howe in Letter LV. written to the Ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family; and are thus distinguished to avoid the necessity of repeating them in that letter.

'But you will expect my reasons; I know you will: and if I give them not, will conclude me either obstinate, or implacable, or both: and those would be sad imputations, if just, to be laid to the charge of a person who thinks and talks of dying. And yet, to say that resentment and disappointment have no part in my determination, would be saying a thing hardly to be credited. For I own I have resentment, strong resentment, but not unreasonable ones, as you will be convinced, if already you are not so, when you know all my story — if ever you do know it — for I begin to fear (so many things more necessary to be thought of than either this man, or my own vindication, have I to do) that I shall not have time to compass what I have intended, and, in a manner, promised you.*

* See Vol. VI. Letter LXXIII.

'I have one reason to give in support of my resolution, that, I believe, yourself will allow of: but having owned that I have resentments, I will begin with those considerations in which anger and disappointment have too great a share; in hopes that, having once disburdened my mind upon paper, and to my Anna Howe, of those corroding uneasy passions, I shall prevent them for ever from returning to

my heart, and to have their place supplied by better, milder, and more agreeable ones.

‘My pride, then, my dearest friend, although a great deal mortified, is not sufficiently mortified, if it be necessary for me to submit to make that man my choice, whose actions are, and ought to be, my abhorrence! — What! — Shall I, who have been treated with such premeditated and perfidious barbarity, as is painful to be thought of, and cannot, with modesty be described, think of taking the violator to my heart? Can I vow duty to one so wicked, and hazard my salvation by joining myself to so great a profligate, now I know him to be so? Do you think your Clarissa Harlowe so lost, so sunk, at least, as that she could, for the sake of patching up, in the world’s eye, a broken reputation, meanly appear indebted to the generosity, or perhaps compassion, of a man, who has, by means so inhuman, robbed her of it? Indeed, my dear, I should not think my penitence for the rash step I took, any thing better than a specious delusion, if I had not got above the least wish to have Mr. Lovelace for my husband.

‘Yes, I warrant, I must creep to the violator, and be thankful to him for doing me poor justice!

‘Do you not already see me (pursuing the advice you give) with a downcast eye, appear before his friends, and before my own, (supposing the latter would at last condescend to own me,) divested of that noble confidence which arises from a mind unconscious of having deserved reproach?

‘Do you not see me creep about mine own house, preferring all my honest maidens to myself — as if afraid, too, to open my lips, either by way of reproof or admonition, lest their bolder eyes should bid me look inward, and not expect perfection from them?

‘And shall I entitle the wretch to upbraid me with his generosity, and his pity; and perhaps to reproach me for having been capable of forgiving crimes of such a nature?

‘I once indeed hoped, little thinking him so premeditatedly vile a man, that I might have the happiness to reclaim him: I vainly believed that he loved me well enough to suffer my advice for his good, and the example I humbly presumed I should be enabled to set him, to have weight with him; and the rather, as he had no mean opinion of my morals and understanding: But now what hope is there left for this my prime hope? — Were I to marry him, what a figure should I make, preaching virtue and morality to a man whom I had trusted with opportunities to seduce me from all my own duties! — And then, supposing I were to have children by such a husband, must it not, think you, cut a thoughtful person to the heart; to look round upon her little family, and think she had given them a father destined, without a miracle, to perdition; and whose immoralities, propagated

among them by his vile example, might, too probably, bring down a curse upon them? And, after all, who knows but that my own sinful compliances with a man, who might think himself entitled to my obedience, might taint my own morals, and make me, instead of a reformer, an imitator of him? — For who can touch pitch, and not be defiled?

‘Let me then repeat, that I truly despise this man! If I know my own heart, indeed I do! — I pity him! beneath my very pity as he is, I nevertheless pity him! — But this I could not do, if I still loved him: for, my dear, one must be greatly sensible of the baseness and ingratitude of those we love. I love him not, therefore! my soul disdains communion with him.

‘But, although thus much is due to resentment, yet have I not been so far carried away by its angry effects as to be rendered incapable of casting about what I ought to do, and what could be done, if the Almighty, in order to lengthen the time of my penitence, were to bid me to live.

‘The single life, at such times, has offered to me, as the life, the only life, to be chosen. But in that, must I not now sit brooding over my past afflictions, and mourning my faults till the hour of my release? And would not every one be able to assign the reason why Clarissa Harlowe chose solitude, and to sequester herself from the world? Would not the look of every creature, who beheld me, appear as a reproach to me? And would not my conscious eye confess my fault, whether the eyes of others accused me or not? One of my delights was, to enter the cots of my poor neighbours, to leave lessons to the boys, and cautions to the elder girls: and how should I be able, unconscious, and without pain, to say to the latter, fly the delusions of men, who had been supposed to have run away with one?

‘What then, my dear and only friend, can I wish for but death? — And what, after all, is death? ’Tis but a cessation from mortal life: ’tis but the finishing of an appointed course: the refreshing inn after a fatiguing journey; the end of a life of cares and troubles; and, if happy, the beginning of a life of immortal happiness.

‘If I die not now, it may possibly happen that I may be taken when I am less prepared. Had I escaped the evils I labour under, it might have been in the midst of some gay promising hope; when my heart had beat high with the desire of life; and when the vanity of this earth had taken hold of me.

‘But now, my dear, for your satisfaction let me say that, although I wish not for life, yet would I not, like a poor coward, desert my post when I can maintain it, and when it is my duty to maintain it.

‘More than once, indeed, was I urged by thoughts so sinful: but then it was in the height of my distress: and once, particularly, I have reason to believe, I saved myself by my desperation from the most shocking personal insults; from a repetition, as far as I know, of his vileness; the base women (with so much reason

dreaded by me) present, to intimidate me, if not to assist him! — O my dear, you know not what I suffered on that occasion! — Nor do I what I escaped at the time, if the wicked man had approached me to execute the horrid purposes of his vile heart.'

As I am of opinion, that it would have manifested more of revenge and despair than of principle, had I committed a violence upon myself, when the villany was perpetrated; so I should think it equally criminal, were I now wilfully to neglect myself; were I purposely to run into the arms of death, (as that man supposes I shall do,) when I might avoid it.

Nor, my dear, whatever are the suppositions of such a short-sighted, such a low-souled man, must you impute to gloom, to melancholy, to despondency, nor yet to a spirit of faulty pride, or still more faulty revenge, the resolution I have taken never to marry this: and if not this, any man. So far from deserving this imputation, I do assure you, (my dear and only love,) that I will do every thing I can to prolong my life, till God, in mercy to me, shall be pleased to call for it. I have reason to think my punishment is but the due consequence of my fault, and I will not run away from it; but beg of Heaven to sanctify it to me. When appetite serves, I will eat and drink what is sufficient to support nature. A very little, you know, will do for that. And whatever my physicians shall think fit to prescribe, I will take, though ever so disagreeable. In short, I will do every thing I can do to convince all my friends, who hereafter may think it worth their while to inquire after my last behaviour, that I possessed my soul with tolerable patience; and endeavoured to bear with a lot of my own drawing; for thus, in humble imitation of the sublimest exemplar, I often say: — Lord, it is thy will; and it shall be mine. Thou art just in all thy dealings with the children of men; and I know thou wilt not afflict me beyond what I can bear: and, if I can bear it, I ought to bear it; and (thy grace assisting me) I will bear it.

'But here, my dear, is another reason; a reason that will convince you yourself that I ought not to think of wedlock; but of a preparation for a quite different event. I am persuaded, as much as that I am now alive, that I shall not long live. The strong sense I have ever had of my fault, the loss of my reputation, my disappointments, the determined resentment of my friends, aiding the barbarous usage I have met with where I least deserved it, have seized upon my heart: seized upon it, before it was so well fortified by religious considerations as I hope it now is. Don't be concerned, my dear — But I am sure, if I may say it with as little presumption as grief, That God will soon dissolve my substance; and bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.'

And now, my dearest friend, you know all my mind. And you will be pleased to write to the ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family, that I think myself infinitely

obliged to them for their good opinion of me; and that it has given me greater pleasure than I thought I had to come in this life, that, upon the little knowledge they have of me, and that not personal, I was thought worthy (after the ill usage I have received) of an alliance with their honourable family: but that I can by no means think of their kinsman for a husband: and do you, my dear, extract from the above such reasons as you think have any weight with them.

I would write myself to acknowledge their favour, had I not more employment for my head, my heart, and my fingers, than I doubt they will be able to go through.

I should be glad to know when you set out on your journey; as also your little stages; and your time of stay at your aunt Harman's; that my prayers may locally attend you whithersoever you go, and wherever you are.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY, JULY 23.

The letter accompanying this being upon a very particular subject, I would not embarrass it, as I may say, with any other. And yet having some farther matters upon my mind, which will want your excuse for directing them to you, I hope the following lines will have that excuse.

My good Mrs. Norton, so long ago as in a letter dated the 3d of this month,* hinted to me that my relations took amiss some severe things you were pleased, in love to me, to say to them. Mrs. Norton mentioned it with that respectful love which she bears to my dearest friend: but wished, for my sake, that you would rein in a vivacity, which, on most other occasions, so charmingly becomes you. This was her sense. You know that I am warranted to speak and write freer to my Anna Howe than Mrs. Norton would do.

* See Vol. VI. Letter LXIII.

I durst not mention it to you at that time, because appearances were so strong against me, on Mr. Lovelace's getting me again into his power, (after my escape to Hampstead,) as made you very angry with me when you answered mine on my second escape. And, soon afterwards, I was put under that barbarous arrest; so that I could not well touch upon the subject till now.

Now, therefore, my dearest Miss Howe, let me repeat my earnest request (for this is not the first time by several that I have been obliged to chide you on this occasion,) that you will spare my parents, and other relations, in all your conversations about me. Indeed, I wish they had thought fit to take other measures with me: But who shall judge for them? — The event has justified them, and condemned me. — They expected nothing good of this vile man; he had not, therefore, deceived them: but they expected other things from me; and I have. And they have the more reason to be set against me, if (as my aunt Hervey wrote* formerly,) they intended not to force my inclinations in favour of Mr. Solmes; and if they believe that my going off was the effect of choice and premeditation.

* See Vol. III. Letter LII.

I have no desire to be received to favour by them: For why should I sit down to wish for what I have no reason to expect? — Besides, I could not look them in the face, if they would receive me. Indeed I could not. All I have to hope for is, first, that my father will absolve me from his heavy malediction: and next, for a last blessing. The obtaining of these favours are needful to my peace of mind.

I have written to my sister; but have only mentioned the absolution.

I am afraid I shall receive a very harsh answer from her: my fault, in the eyes of my family, is of so enormous a nature, that my first application will hardly be encouraged. Then they know not (nor perhaps will believe) that I am so very ill as I am. So that, were I actually to die before they could have time to take the necessary informations, you must not blame them too severely. You must call it a fatality. I know not what you must call it: for, alas! I have made them as miserable as I am myself. And yet sometimes I think that, were they cheerfully to pronounce me forgiven, I know not whether my concern for having offended them would not be augmented: since I imagine that nothing can be more wounding to a spirit not ungenerous than a generous forgiveness.

I hope your mother will permit our correspondence for one month more, although I do not take her advice as to having this man. When catastrophes are winding up, what changes (changes that make one's heart shudder to think of,) may one short month produce? — But if she will not — why then, my dear, it becomes us both to acquiesce.

You can't think what my apprehensions would have been, had I known Mr. Hickman was to have had a meeting (on such a questioning occasion as must have been his errand from you) with that haughty and uncontroulable man.

You give me hope of a visit from Mr. Hickman: let him expect to see me greatly altered. I know he loves me: for he loves every one whom you love. A painful interview, I doubt! But I shall be glad to see a man whom you will one day, and that on an early day, I hope, make happy; whose gentle manners, and unbounded love for you, will make you so, if it be not your own fault.

I am, my dearest, kindest friend, the sweet companion of my happy hours, the friend ever dearest and nearest to my fond heart,

Your equally obliged and faithful, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLIII

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE MONDAY, JULY 24.

Excuse, my dearest young lady, my long silence. I have been extremely ill. My poor boy has also been at death's door; and, when I hoped that he was better, he has relapsed. Alas! my dear, he is very dangerously ill. Let us both have your prayers!

Very angry letters have passed between your sister and Miss Howe. Every one of your family is incensed against that young lady. I wish you would remonstrate against her warmth; since it can do no good; for they will not believe but that her interposition had your connivance; nor that you are so ill as Miss Howe assures them you are.

Before she wrote, they were going to send up young Mr. Brand, the clergyman, to make private inquiries of your health, and way of life. — But now they are so exasperated that they have laid aside their intention.

We have flying reports here, and at Harlowe-place, of some fresh insults which you have undergone: and that you are about to put yourself into Lady Betty Lawrance's protection. I believe they would not be glad (as I should be) that you would do so; and this, perhaps, will make them suspend, for the present, any determination in your favour.

How unhappy am I, that the dangerous way my son is in prevents my attendance on you! Let me beg of you to write to me word how you are, both as to person and mind. A servant of Sir Robert Beachcroft, who rides post on his master's business to town, will present you with this; and, perhaps, will bring me the favour of a few lines in return. He will be obliged to stay in town several hours for an answer to his dispatches.

This is the anniversary that used to give joy to as many as had the pleasure and honour of knowing you. May the Almighty bless you, and grant that it may be the only unhappy one that may ever be known by you, my dearest young lady, and by

Your ever affectionate JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XLIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 24.

MY DEAR MRS. NORTON,

Had I not fallen into fresh troubles, which disabled me for several days from holding a pen, I should not have forborne inquiring after your health, and that of your son; for I should have been but too ready to impute your silence to the cause to which, to my very great concern, I find it was owing. I pray to Heaven, my dear good friend, to give you comfort in the way most desirable to yourself.

I am exceedingly concerned at Miss Howe's writing about me to my friends. I do assure you, that I was as ignorant of her intention so to do as of the contents of her letter. Nor has she yet let me know (discouraged, I suppose, by her ill success) that she did write. It is impossible to share the delight which such charming spirits give, without the inconvenience that will attend their volatility. — So mixed are our best enjoyments!

It was but yesterday that I wrote to chide the dear creature for freedoms of that nature, which her unseasonably-expressed love for me had made her take, as you wrote me word in your former. I was afraid that all such freedoms would be attributed to me. And I am sure that nothing but my own application to my friends, and a full conviction of my contrition, will procure me favour. Least of all can I expect that either your mediation or her's (both of whose fond and partial love of me is so well known) will avail me.

[She then gives a brief account of the arrest: of her dejection under it: of her apprehensions of being carried to her former lodgings: of Mr. Lovelace's avowed innocence as to that insult: of her release by Mr. Belford: of Mr. Lovelace's promise not to molest her: of her clothes being sent her: of the earnest desire of all his friends, and of himself, to marry her: of Miss Howe's advice to comply with their requests: and of her declared resolution rather to die than be his, sent to Miss Howe, to be given to his relations, but as the day before. After which she thus proceeds:]

Now, my dear Mrs. Norton, you will be surprised, perhaps, that I should have returned such an answer: but when you have every thing before you, you, who know me so well, will not think me wrong. And, besides, I am upon a better preparation than for an earthly husband.

Nor let it be imagined, my dear and ever venerable friend, that my present turn of mind proceeds from gloominess or melancholy; for although it was brought on

by disappointment, (the world showing me early, even at my first rushing into it, its true and ugly face,) yet I hope that it has obtained a better root, and will every day more and more, by its fruits, demonstrate to me, and to all my friends, that it has.

I have written to my sister. Last Friday I wrote. So the die is thrown. I hope for a gentle answer. But, perhaps, they will not vouchsafe me any. It is my first direct application, you know. I wish Miss Howe had left me to my own workings in this tender point.

It will be a great satisfaction to me to hear of your perfect recovery; and that my foster-brother is out of danger. But why, said I, out of danger? — When can this be justly said of creatures, who hold by so uncertain a tenure? This is one of those forms of common speech, that proves the frailty and the presumption of poor mortal at the same time.

Don't be uneasy, you cannot answer your wishes to be with me. I am happier than I could have expected to be among mere strangers. It was grievous at first; but use reconciles every thing to us. The people of the house where I am are courteous and honest. There is a widow who lodges in it [have I not said so formerly?] a good woman; who is the better for having been a proficient in the school of affliction.

An excellent school! my dear Mrs. Norton, in which we are taught to know ourselves, to be able to compassionate and bear with one another, and to look up to a better hope.

I have as humane a physician, (whose fees are his least regard,) and as worthy an apothecary, as ever patient was visited by. My nurse is diligent, obliging, silent, and sober. So I am not unhappy without: and within — I hope, my dear Mrs. Norton, that I shall be every day more and more happy within.

No doubt it would be one of the greatest comforts I could know to have you with me: you, who love me so dearly: who have been the watchful sustainer of my helpless infancy: you, by whose precepts I have been so much benefited! — In your dear bosom could I repose all my griefs: and by your piety and experience in the ways of Heaven, should I be strengthened in what I am still to go through.

But, as it must not be, I will acquiesce; and so, I hope, will you: for you see in what respects I am not unhappy; and in those that I am, they lie not in your power to remedy.

Then as I have told you, I have all my clothes in my own possession. So I am rich enough, as to this world, in common conveniencies.

You see, my venerable and dear friend, that I am not always turning the dark side of my prospects, in order to move compassion; a trick imputed to me, too often, by my hard-hearted sister; when, if I know my own heart, it is above all

trick or artifice. Yet I hope at last I shall be so happy as to receive benefit rather than reproach from this talent, if it be my talent. At last, I say; for whose heart have I hitherto moved? — Not one, I am sure, that was not predetermined in my favour.

As to the day — I have passed it, as I ought to pass it. It has been a very heavy day to me! — More for my friends sake, too, than for my own! — How did they use to pass it! — What a festivity! — How have they now passed it? — To imagine it, how grievous! — Say not that those are cruel, who suffer so much for my fault; and who, for eighteen years together, rejoiced in me, and rejoiced me by their indulgent goodness! — But I will think the rest! — Adieu, my dearest Mrs. Norton! —

Adieu!

LETTER XLV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE FRIDAY, JULY 21.

If, my dearest Sister, I did not think the state of my health very precarious, and that it was my duty to take this step, I should hardly have dared to approach you, although but with my pen, after having found your censures so dreadfully justified as they have been.

I have not the courage to write to my father himself, nor yet to my mother. And it is with trembling that I address myself to you, to beg of you to intercede for me, that my father will have the goodness to revoke that heaviest part of the very heavy curse he laid upon me, which relates to HEREAFTER; for, as to the HERE, I have indeed met with my punishment from the very wretch in whom I was supposed to place my confidence.

As I hope not for restoration to favour, I may be allowed to be very earnest on this head: yet will I not use any arguments in support of my request, because I am sure my father, were it in his power, would not have his poor child miserable for ever.

I have the most grateful sense of my mother’s goodness in sending me up my clothes. I would have acknowledged the favour the moment I received them, with the most thankful duty, but that I feared any line from me would be unacceptable.

I would not give fresh offence: so will decline all other commendations of duty and love: appealing to my heart for both, where both are flaming with an ardour that nothing but death can extinguish: therefore only subscribe myself, without so much as a name,

My dear and happy Sister, Your afflicted servant.

A letter directed for me, at Mr. Smith’s, a glover, in King-street,
Covent-garden, will come to hand.

LETTER XLVI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO LETTERS XXIX. XXXII. OF THIS VOLUME.] EDGWARE, MONDAY, JULY 24.

What pains thou takest to persuade thyself, that the lady's ill health is owing to the vile arrest, and to the implacableness of her friends. Both primarily (if they were) to be laid at thy door. What poor excuses will good hearts make for the evils they are put upon by bad hearts! — But 'tis no wonder that he who can sit down premeditatedly to do a bad action, will content himself with a bad excuse: and yet what fools must he suppose the rest of the world to be, if he imagines them as easy to be imposed upon as he can impose upon himself?

In vain dost thou impute to pride or wilfulness the necessity to which thou hast reduced this lady of parting with her clothes; For can she do otherwise, and be the noble-minded creature she is?

Her implacable friends have refused her the current cash she left behind her; and wished, as her sister wrote to her, to see her reduced to want: probably therefore they will not be sorry that she is reduced to such straights; and will take it for a justification from Heaven of their wicked hard heartedness. Thou canst not suppose she would take supplies from thee: to take them from me would, in her opinion, be taking them from thee. Miss Howe's mother is an avaricious woman; and, perhaps, the daughter can do nothing of that sort unknown to her; and, if she could, is too noble a girl to deny it, if charged. And then Miss Harlowe is firmly of opinion, that she shall never want nor wear the think she disposes of.

Having heard nothing from town that obliges me to go thither, I shall gratify poor Belton with my company till to-morrow, or perhaps till Wednesday. For the unhappy man is more and more loth to part with me. I shall soon set out for Epsom, to endeavour to serve him there, and re-instate him in his own house. Poor fellow! he is most horribly low spirited; mopes about; and nothing diverts him. I pity him at my heart; but can do him no good. — What consolation can I give him, either from his past life, or from his future prospects?

Our friendships and intimacies, Lovelace, are only calculated for strong life and health. When sickness comes, we look round us, and upon one another, like frighted birds, at the sight of a kite ready to souse upon them. Then, with all our bravery, what miserable wretches are we!

Thou tallest me that thou seest reformation is coming swiftly upon me. I hope it is. I see so much difference in the behaviour of this admirable woman in her illness, and that of poor Belton in his, that it is plain to me the sinner is the real

coward, and the saint the true hero; and, sooner or later, we shall all find it to be so, if we are not cut off suddenly.

The lady shut herself up at six o'clock yesterday afternoon; and intends not to see company till seven or eight this; not even her nurse — imposing upon herself a severe fast. And why? It is her BIRTH-DAY! — Every birth-day till this, no doubt, happy! — What must be her reflections! — What ought to be thine!

What sport dost thou make with my aspirations, and my prostrations, as thou callest them; and with my dropping of the banknote behind her chair! I had too much awe of her at the time, to make it with the grace that would better have become my intention. But the action, if awkward, was modest. Indeed, the fitter subject for ridicule with thee; who canst no more taste the beauty and delicacy of modest obligingness than of modest love. For the same may be said of inviolable respect, that the poet says of unfeigned affection,

> I speak! I know not what! —
> Speak ever so: and if I answer you
> I know not what, it shows the more of love.
> Love is a child that talks in broken language;
> Yet then it speaks most plain.

The like may be pleaded in behalf of that modest respect which made the humble offerer afraid to invade the awful eye, or the revered hand; but awkwardly to drop its incense behind the altar it should have been laid upon. But how should that soul, which could treat delicacy itself brutally, know any thing of this!

But I am still more amazed at thy courage, to think of throwing thyself in the way of Miss Howe, and Miss Arabella Harlowe! — Thou wilt not dare, surely, to carry this thought into execution!

As to my dress, and thy dress, I have only to say, that the sum total of thy observation is this: that my outside is the worst of me; and thine the best of thee: and what gettest thou by the comparison? Do thou reform the one, I'll try to mend the other. I challenge thee to begin.

Mrs. Lovick gave me, at my request, the copy of a meditation she showed me, which was extracted by the lady from the scriptures, while under arrest at Rowland's, as appears by the date. The lady is not to know that I have taken a copy.

You and I always admired the noble simplicity, and natural ease and dignity of style, which are the distinguishing characteristics of these books, whenever any passages from them, by way of quotation in the works of other authors, popt upon us. And once I remember you, even you, observed, that those passages always appeared to you like a rich vein of golden ore, which runs through baser metals; embellishing the work they were brought to authenticate.

Try, Lovelace, if thou canst relish a Divine beauty. I think it must strike transient (if not permanent) remorse into thy heart. Thou boastest of thy ingenuousness: let this be the test of it; and whether thou canst be serious on a subject too deep, the occasion of it resulting from thyself.

MEDITATION Saturday, July 15.

O that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balance together!

For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea: therefore my words are swallowed up!

For the arrows of the Almighty are within me; the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit. The terrors of God do set themselves in array against me.

When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise? When will the night be gone? And I am full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope — mine eye shall no more see good.

Wherefore is light given to her that is in misery; and life unto the bitter in soul?

Who longeth for death; but it cometh not; and diggeth for it more than for hid treasures?

Why is light given to one whose way is hid; and whom God hath hedged in?

For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me!

I was not in safety; neither had I rest; neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.

But behold God is mighty, and despiseth not any.

He giveth right to the poor — and if they be found in fetters, and holden in cords of affliction, then he showeth them their works and their transgressions.

I have a little leisure, and am in a scribbing vein: indulge me, Lovelace, a few reflections on these sacred books.

We are taught to read the Bible, when children, as a rudiment only; and, as far as I know, this may be the reason why we think ourselves above it when at a maturer age. For you know that our parents, as well as we, wisely rate our proficiency by the books we are advanced to, and not by our understanding of those we have passed through. But, in my uncle's illness, I had the curiosity, in some of my dull hours, (lighting upon one in his closet,) to dip into it: and then I found, wherever I turned, that there were admirable things in it. I have borrowed one, on receiving from Mrs. Lovick the above meditation; for I had a mind to compare the passages contained in it by the book, hardly believing they could be so exceedingly apposite as I find they are. And one time or another, it is very likely, that I shall make a resolution to give the whole Bible a perusal, by way of course, as I may say.

This, meantime, I will venture to repeat, is certain, that the style is that truly easy, simple, and natural one, which we should admire in each other authors excessively. Then all the world join in an opinion of the antiquity, and authenticity too, of the book; and the learned are fond of strengthening their different arguments by its sanctions. Indeed, I was so much taken with it at my uncle's, that I was half ashamed that it appeared so new to me. And yet, I cannot but say, that I have some of the Old Testament history, as it is called, in my head: but, perhaps, am more obliged for it to Josephus than to the Bible itself.

Odd enough, with all our pride of learning, that we choose to derive the little we know from the under currents, perhaps muddy ones too, when the clear, the pellucid fountain-head, is much nearer at hand, and easier to be come at — slighted the more, possibly, for that very reason!

But man is a pragmatical, foolish creature; and the more we look into him, the more we must despise him — Lords of the creation! — Who can forbear indignant laughter! When we see not one of the individuals of that creation (his perpetually-eccentric self excepted) but acts within its own natural and original appointment: is of fancied and self-dependent excellence, he is obliged not only for the ornaments, but for the necessaries of life, (that is to say, for food as well as raiment,) to all the other creatures; strutting with their blood and spirits in his veins, and with their plumage on his back: for what has he of his own, but a very mischievous, monkey-like, bad nature! Yet thinks himself at liberty to kick, and cuff, and elbow out every worthier creature: and when he has none of the animal creation to hunt down and abuse, will make use of his power, his strength, or his wealth, to oppress the less powerful and weaker of his own species!

When you and I meet next, let us enter more largely into this subject: and, I dare say, we shall take it by turns, in imitation of the two sages of antiquity, to laugh and to weep at the thoughts of what miserable, yet conceited beings, men in general, but we libertines in particular, are.

I fell upon a piece at Dorrell's, this very evening, intituled, The Sacred Classics, written by one Blackwell.

I took it home with me, and had not read a dozen pages, when I was convinced that I ought to be ashamed of myself to think how greatly I have admired less noble and less natural beauties in Pagan authors; while I have known nothing of this all-exciting collection of beauties, the Bible! By my faith, Lovelace, I shall for the future have a better opinion of the good sense and taste of half a score of parsons, whom I have fallen in with in my time, and despised for magnifying, as I thought they did, the language and the sentiments to be found in it, in preference to all the ancient poets and philosophers. And this is now a convincing proof to me, and shames as much an infidel's presumption as his ignorance, that those who

know least are the greatest scoffers. A pretty pack of would-be wits of us, who censure without knowledge, laugh without reason, and are most noisy and loud against things we know least of!

LETTER XLVII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, JULY 26.

I came not to town till this morning early: poor Belton clinging to me, as a man destitute of all other hold.

I hastened to Smith's, and had but a very indifferent account of the lady's health. I sent up my compliments; and she desired to see me in the afternoon.

Mrs. Lovick told me, that after I went away on Saturday, she actually parted with one of her best suits of clothes to a gentlewoman who is her [Mrs. Lovick's] benefactress, and who bought them for a niece who is very speedily to be married, and whom she fits out and portions as her intended heiress. The lady was so jealous that the money might come from you or me, that she would see the purchaser: who owned to Mrs. Lovick that she bought them for half their worth: but yet, though her conscience permitted her to take them at such an under rate, the widow says her friend admired the lady, as one of the loveliest of her sex: and having been let into a little of her story, could not help shedding tears at taking away her purchase.

She may be a good sort of woman: Mrs. Lovick says she is: but SELF is an odious devil, that reconciles to some people the most cruel and dishonest actions. But, nevertheless, it is my opinion, that those who can suffer themselves to take advantage of the necessities of their fellow-creatures, in order to buy any thing at a less rate than would allow them the legal interest of their purchase-money (supposing they purchase before they want) are no better than robbers for the difference. — To plunder a wreck, and to rob at a fire, are indeed higher degrees of wickedness: but do not those, as well as these, heighten the distresses of the distressed, and heap misery on the miserable, whom it is the duty of every one to relieve?

About three o'clock I went again to Smith's. The lady was writing when I sent up my name; but admitted of my visit. I saw a miserable alteration in her countenance for the worse; and Mrs. Lovick respectfully accusing her of too great assiduity to her pen, early and late, and of her abstinence the day before, I took notice of the alteration; and told her, that her physician had greater hopes of her than she had of herself; and I would take the liberty to say, that despair of recovery allowed not room for cure.

She said she neither despaired nor hoped. Then stepping to the glass, with great composure, My countenance, said she, is indeed an honest picture of my heart. But the mind will run away with the body at any time.

Writing is all my diversion, continued she: and I have subjects that cannot be dispensed with. As to my hours, I have always been an early riser: but now rest is less in my power than ever. Sleep has a long time ago quarreled with me, and will not be friends, although I have made the first advances. What will be, must.

She then stept to her closet, and brought me a parcel sealed up with three seals: Be so kind, said she, as to give this to your friend. A very grateful present it ought to be to him: for, Sir, this packet contains such letters of his to me, as, compared with his actions, would reflect dishonour upon all his sex, were they to fall into other hands.

As to my letters to him, they are not many. He may either keep or destroy them, as he pleases.

I thought, Lovelace, I ought not to forego this opportunity to plead for you: I therefore, with the packet in my hand, urged all the arguments I could think of in your favour.

She heard me out with more attention than I could have promised myself, considering her determined resolution.

I would not interrupt you, Mr. Belford, said she, though I am far from being pleased with the subject of your discourse. The motives for your pleas in his favour are generous. I love to see instances of generous friendship in either sex. But I have written my full mind on this subject to Miss Howe, who will communicate it to the ladies of his family. No more, therefore, I pray you, upon a topic that may lead to disagreeable recrimination.

Her apothecary came in. He advised her to the air, and blamed her for so great an application, as he was told she made to her pen; and he gave it as the doctor's opinion, as well as his own, that she would recover, if she herself desired to recover, and would use the means.

She may possibly write too much for her health: but I have observed, on several occasions, that when the medical men are at a loss what to prescribe, they inquire what their patients like best, or are most diverted with, and forbid them that.

But, noble minded as they see this lady is, they know not half her nobleness of mind, nor how deeply she is wounded; and depend too much upon her youth, which I doubt will not do in this case; and upon time, which will not alleviate the woes of such a mind: for, having been bent upon doing good, and upon reclaiming a libertine whom she loved, she is disappointed in all her darling views, and will never be able, I fear, to look up with satisfaction enough in herself to make life desirable to her. For this lady had other views in living, than the common ones of eating, sleeping, dressing, visiting, and those other fashionable amusements, which fill up the time of most of her sex, especially of those of it who think

themselves fitted to shine in and adorn polite assemblies. Her grief, in short, seems to me to be of such a nature, that time, which alleviates most other person's afflictions, will, as the poet says, give increase to her's.

Thou, Lovelace, mightest have seen all this superior excellence, as thou wentest along. In every word, in every sentiment, in every action, is it visible. — But thy cursed inventions and intriguing spirit ran away with thee. 'Tis fit that the subject of thy wicked boast, and thy reflections on talents so egregiously misapplied, should be thy punishment and thy curse.

Mr. Goddard took his leave; and I was going to do so too, when the maid came up, and told her a gentleman was below, who very earnestly inquired after her health, and desired to see her: his name Hickman.

She was overjoyed; and bid the maid desire the gentleman to walk up.

I would have withdrawn; but I supposed she thought it was likely I should have met him upon the stairs; and so she forbid it.

She shot to the stairs-head to receive him, and, taking his hand, asked half a dozen questions (without waiting for any answer) in relation to Miss Howe's health; acknowledging, in high terms, her goodness in sending him to see her, before she set out upon her little journey.

He gave her a letter from that young lady, which she put into her bosom, saying, she would read it by-and-by.

He was visibly shocked to see how ill she looked.

You look at me with concern, Mr. Hickman, said she — O Sir! times are strangely altered with me since I saw you last at my dear Miss Howe's! — What a cheerful creature was I then! — my heart at rest! my prospects charming! and beloved by every body! — but I will not pain you!

Indeed, Madam, said he, I am grieved for you at my soul.

He turned away his face, with visible grief in it.

Her own eyes glistened: but she turned to each of us, presenting one to the other — him to me, as a gentleman truly deserving to be called so — me to him, as your friend, indeed, [how was I at that instant ashamed of myself!] but, nevertheless, as a man of humanity; detesting my friend's baseness; and desirous of doing her all manner of good offices.

Mr. Hickman received my civilities with a coldness, which, however, was rather to be expected on your account, than that it deserved exception on mine. And the lady invited us both to breakfast with her in the morning; he being obliged to return the next day.

I left them together, and called upon Mr. Dorrell, my attorney, to consult him upon poor Belton's affairs; and then went home, and wrote thus far, preparative to what may occur in my breakfasting-visit in the morning.

LETTER XLVIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY, JULY 27.

I went this morning, according to the lady's invitation, to breakfast, and found Mr. Hickman with her.

A good deal of heaviness and concern hung upon his countenance: but he received me with more respect than he did yesterday; which, I presume, was owing to the lady's favourable character of me.

He spoke very little; for I suppose they had all their talk out yesterday, and before I came this morning.

By the hints that dropped, I perceived that Miss Howe's letter gave an account of your interview with her at Col. Ambrose's — of your professions to Miss Howe; and Miss Howe's opinion, that marrying you was the only way now left to repair her wrongs.

Mr. Hickman, as I also gathered, had pressed her, in Miss Howe's name, to let her, on her return from the Isle of Wight, find her at a neighbouring farm-house, where neat apartments would be made ready to receive her. She asked how long it would be before they returned? And he told her, it was proposed to be no more than a fortnight out and in. Upon which she said, she should then perhaps have time to consider of that kind proposal.

He had tendered her money from Miss Howe; but could not induce her to take any. No wonder I was refused! she only said, that, if she had occasion, she would be obliged to nobody but Miss Howe.

Mr. Goddard, her apothecary, came in before breakfast was over. At her desire he sat down with us. Mr. Hickman asked him, if he could give him any consolation in relation to Miss Harlowe's recovery, to carry down to a friend who loved her as she loved her own life?

The lady, said he, will do very well, if she will resolve upon it herself. Indeed you will, Madam. The doctor is entirely of this opinion; and has ordered nothing for you but weak jellies and innocent cordials, lest you should starve yourself. And let me tell you, Madam, that so much watching, so little nourishment, and so much grief, as you seem to indulge, is enough to impair the most vigorous health, and to wear out the strongest constitution.

What, Sir, said she, can I do? I have no appetite. Nothing you call nourishing will stay on my stomach. I do what I can: and have such kind directors in Dr. H. and you, that I should be inexcusable if I did not.

I'll give you a regimen, Madam, replied he; which, I am sure, the doctor will approve of, and will make physic unnecessary in your case. And that is, 'go to rest

at ten at night. Rise not till seven in the morning. Let your breakfast be watergruel, or milk-pottage, or weak broths: your dinner any thing you like, so you will but eat: a dish of tea, with milk, in the afternoon; and sago for your supper: and, my life for your's, this diet, and a month's country air, will set you up.'

We were much pleased with the worthy gentleman's disinterested regimen: and she said, referring to her nurse, (who vouched for her,) Pray, Mr. Hickman, let Miss Howe know the good hands I am in: and as to the kind charge of the gentleman, assure her, that all I promised to her, in the longest of my two last letters, on the subject of my health, I do and will, to the utmost of my power, observe. I have engaged, Sir, (to Mr. Goddard,) I have engaged, Sir, (to me,) to Miss Howe, to avoid all wilful neglects. It would be an unpardonable fault, and very ill become the character I would be glad to deserve, or the temper of mind I wish my friends hereafter to think me mistress of, if I did not.

Mr. Hickman and I went afterwards to a neighbouring coffee-house; and he gave me some account of your behaviour at the ball on Monday night, and of your treatment of him in the conference he had with you before that; which he represented in a more favourable light than you had done yourself: and yet he gave his sentiments of you with great freedom, but with the politeness of a gentleman.

He told me how very determined the lady was against marrying you; that she had, early this morning, set herself to write a letter to Miss Howe, in answer to one he brought her, which he was to call for at twelve, it being almost finished before he saw her at breakfast; and that at three he proposed to set out on his return.

He told me that Miss Howe, and her mother, and himself, were to begin their little journey for the Isle of Wight on Monday next: but that he must make the most favourable representation of Miss Harlowe's bad health, or they should have a very uneasy absence. He expressed the pleasure he had in finding the lady in such good hands. He proposed to call on Dr. H. to take his opinion whether it were likely she would recover; and hoped he should find it favourable.

As he was resolved to make the best of the matter, and as the lady had refused to accept of the money offered by Mr. Hickman, I said nothing of her parting with her clothes. I thought it would serve no other end to mention it, but to shock Miss Howe: for it has such a sound with it, that a woman of her rank and fortune should be so reduced, that I cannot myself think of it with patience; nor know I but one man in the world who can.

This gentleman is a little finical and formal. Modest or diffident men wear not soon off those little precisenesses, which the confident, if ever they had them,

presently get above; because they are too confident to doubt any thing. But I think Mr. Hickman is an agreeable, sensible man, and not at all deserving of the treatment or the character you give him.

But you are really a strange mortal: because you have advantages in your person, in your air, and intellect, above all the men I know, and a face that would deceive the devil, you can't think any man else tolerable.

It is upon this modest principle that thou deridest some of us, who, not having thy confidence in their outside appearance, seek to hide their defects by the tailor's and peruke-maker's assistance; (mistakenly enough, if it be really done so absurdly as to expose them more;) and sayest, that we do but hang out a sign, in our dress, of what we have in the shop of our minds. This, no doubt, thou thinkest, is smartly observed: but pr'ythee, Lovelace, let me tell thee, if thou canst, what sort of a sign must thou hang out, wert thou obliged to give us a clear idea by it of the furniture of thy mind?

Mr. Hickman tells me, he should have been happy with Miss Howe some weeks ago, (for all the settlements have been some time engrossed;) but that she will not marry, she declares, while her dear friend is so unhappy.

This is truly a charming instance of the force of female friendship; which you and I, and our brother rakes, have constantly ridiculed as a chimerical thing in women of equal age, and perfections.

But really, Lovelace, I see more and more that there are not in the world, with our conceited pride, narrower-souled wretches than we rakes and libertines are. And I'll tell thee how it comes about.

Our early love of roguery makes us generally run away from instruction; and so we become mere smatterers in the sciences we are put to learn; and, because we will know no more, think there is no more to be known.

With an infinite deal of vanity, un-reined imaginations, and no judgments at all, we next commence half-wits, and then think we have the whole field of knowledge in possession, and despise every one who takes more pains, and is more serious, than ourselves, as phlegmatic, stupid fellows, who have no taste for the most poignant pleasures of life.

This makes us insufferable to men of modesty and merit, and obliges us to herd with those of our own cast; and by this means we have no opportunities of seeing or conversing with any body who could or would show us what we are; and so we conclude that we are the cleverest fellows in the world, and the only men of spirit in it; and looking down with supercilious eyes on all who gave not themselves the liberties we take, imagine the world made for us, and for us only.

Thus, as to useful knowledge, while others go to the bottom, we only skim the surface; are despised by people of solid sense, of true honour, and superior

talents; and shutting our eyes, move round and round, like so many blind mill-horses, in one narrow circle, while we imagine we have all the world to range in.

* * *

I threw myself in Mr. Hickman's way, on his return from the lady.

He was excessively moved at taking leave of her; being afraid, as he said to me, (though he would not tell her so,) that he should never see her again. She charged him to represent every thing to Miss Howe in the most favourable light that the truth would bear.

He told me of a tender passage at parting; which was, that having saluted her at her closet-door, he could not help once more taking the same liberty, in a more fervent manner, at the stairs-head, whither she accompanied him; and this in the thought, that it was the last time he should ever have that honour; and offering to apologize for his freedom (for he had pressed her to his heart with a vehemence, that he could neither account for or resist)— 'Excuse you, Mr. Hickman! that I will: you are my brother and my friend: and to show you that the good man, who is to be happy with my beloved Miss Howe, is very dear to me, you shall carry to her this token of my love,' [offering her sweet face to his salute, and pressing his hand between her's:] 'and perhaps her love of me will make it more agreeable to her, than her punctilio would otherwise allow it to be: and tell her, said she, dropping on one knee, with clasped hands, and uplifted eyes, that in this posture you see me, in the last moment of our parting, begging a blessing upon you both, and that you may be the delight and comfort of each other, for many, very many happy years!'

Tears, said he, fell from my eyes: I even sobbed with mingled joy and sorrow; and she retreating as soon as I raised her, I went down stairs highly dissatisfied with myself for going; yet unable to stay; my eyes fixed the contrary way to my feet, as long as I could behold the skirts of her raiment.

I went to the back-shop, continued the worthy man, and recommended the angelic lady to the best care of Mrs. Smith; and, when I was in the street, cast my eye up at her window: there, for the last time, I doubt, said he, that I shall ever behold her, I saw her; and she waved her charming hand to me, and with such a look of smiling goodness, and mingled concern, as I cannot describe.

Pr'ythee tell me, thou vile Lovelace, if thou hast not a notion, even from these jejune descriptions of mine, that there must be a more exalted pleasure in intellectual friendship, than ever thou couldst taste in the gross fumes of sensuality? And whether it may not be possible for thee, in time, to give that

preference to the infinitely preferable, which I hope, now, that I shall always give?

I will leave thee to make the most of this reflection, from

Thy true friend, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLIX

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY, JULY 25.*

* Text error: should be Tuesday.

Your two affecting letters were brought to me (as I had directed any letter from you should be) to the Colonel's, about an hour before we broke up. I could not forbear dipping into them there; and shedding more tears over them than I will tell you of; although I dried my eyes as well as I could, that the company I was obliged to return to, and my mother, should see as little of my concern as possible.

I am yet (and was then still more) excessively fluttered. The occasion I will communicate to you by-and-by: for nothing but the flutters given by the stroke of death could divert my first attention from the sad and solemn contents of your last favour. These therefore I must begin with.

How can I bear the thoughts of losing so dear a friend! I will not so much as suppose it. Indeed I cannot! such a mind as your's was not vested in humanity to be snatched away from us so soon. There must still be a great deal for you to do for the good of all who have the happiness to know you.

You enumerate in your letter of Thursday last,* the particulars in which your situation is already mended: let me see by effects that you are in earnest in that enumeration; and that you really have the courage to resolve to get above the sense of injuries you could not avoid; and then will I trust to Providence and my humble prayers for your perfect recovery: and glad at my heart shall I be, on my return from the little island, to find you well enough to be near us according to the proposal Mr. Hickman has to make to you.

* See Vol. VII. Letter XXV.

You chide me in your's of Sunday on the freedom I take with your friends.*

* Ibid. Letter XLII.

I may be warm. I know I am — too warm. Yet warmth in friendship, surely, cannot be a crime; especially when our friend has great merit, labours under oppression, and is struggling with undeserved calamity.

I have no opinion of coolness in friendship, be it dignified or distinguished by the name of prudence, or what it will.

You may excuse your relations. It was ever your way to do so. But, my dear, other people must be allowed to judge as they please. I am not their daughter, nor the sister of your brother and sister — I thank Heaven, I am not.

But if you are displeased with me for the freedoms I took so long ago as you mention, I am afraid, if you knew what passed upon an application I made to your sister very lately, (in hopes to procure you the absolution your heart is so much set

upon,) that you would be still more concerned. But they have been even with me — but I must not tell you all. I hope, however, that these unforgivers [my mother is among them] were always good, dutiful, passive children to their parents.

Once more forgive me. I owned I was too warm. But I have no example to the contrary but from you: and the treatment you meet with is very little encouragement to me to endeavour to imitate you in your dutiful meekness.

You leave it to me to give a negative to the hopes of the noble family, whose only disgrace is, that so very vile a man is so nearly related to them. But yet — alas! my dear, I am so fearful of consequences, so selfishly fearful, if this negative must be given — I don't know what I should say — but give me leave to suspend, however, this negative till I hear from you again.

This earnest courtship of you into their splendid family is so very honourable to you — they so justly admire you — you must have had such a noble triumph over the base man — he is so much in earnest — the world knows so much of the unhappy affair — you may do still so much good — your will is so inviolate — your relations are so implacable — think, my dear, and re-think.

And let me leave you to do so, while I give you the occasion of the flutter I mentioned at the beginning of this letter; in the conclusion of which you will find the obligation I have consented to lay myself under, to refer this important point once more to your discussion, before I give, in your name, the negative that cannot, when given, be with honour to yourself repented of or recalled.

Know, then, my dear, that I accompanied my mother to Colonel Ambrose's on the occasion I mentioned to you in my former. Many ladies and gentlemen were there whom you know; particularly Miss Kitty D'Oily, Miss Lloyd, Miss Biddy D'Ollyffe, Miss Biddulph, and their respective admirers, with the Colonel's two nieces; fine women both; besides many whom you know not; for they were strangers to me but by name. A splendid company, and all pleased with one another, till Colonel Ambrose introduced one, who, the moment he was brought into the great hall, set the whole assembly into a kind of agitation.

It was your villain.

I thought I should have sunk as soon as I set my eyes upon him. My mother was also affected; and, coming to me, Nancy, whispered she, can you bear the sight of that wretch without too much emotion? — If not, withdraw into the next apartment.

I could not remove. Every body's eyes were glanced from him to me. I sat down and fanned myself, and was forced to order a glass of water. Oh! that I had the eye the basilisk is reported to have, thought I, and that his life were within the power of it! — directly would I kill him.

He entered with an air so hateful to me, but so agreeable to every other eye, that I could have looked him dead for that too.

After the general salutations he singled out Mr. Hickman, and told him he had recollected some parts of his behaviour to him, when he saw him last, which had made him think himself under obligation to his patience and politeness.

And so, indeed, he was.

Miss D'Oily, upon his complimenting her, among a knot of ladies, asked him, in their hearing, how Miss Clarissa Harlowe did?

He heard, he said, you were not so well as he wished you to be, and as you deserved to be.

O Mr. Lovelace, said she, what have you to answer for on that young lady's account, if all be true that I have heard.

I have a great deal to answer for, said the unblushing villain: but that dear lady has so many excellencies, and so much delicacy, that little sins are great ones in her eye.

Little sins! replied Miss D'Oily: Mr. Lovelace's character is so well known, that nobody believes he can commit little sins.

You are very good to me, Miss D'Oily.

Indeed I am not.

Then I am the only person to whom you are not very good: and so I am the less obliged to you.

He turned, with an unconcerned air, to Miss Playford, and made her some genteel compliments. I believe you know her not. She visits his cousins Montague. Indeed he had something in his specious manner to say to every body: and this too soon quieted the disgust each person had at his entrance.

I still kept my seat, and he either saw me not, or would not yet see me; and addressing himself to my mother, taking her unwilling hand, with an air of high assurance, I am glad to see you here, Madam, I hope Miss Howe is well. I have reason to complain greatly of her: but hope to owe to her the highest obligation that can be laid on man.

My daughter, Sir, is accustomed to be too warm and too zealous in her friendships for either my tranquility or her own.

There had indeed been some late occasion given for mutual displeasure between my mother and me: but I think she might have spared this to him; though nobody heard it, I believe, but the person to whom it was spoken, and the lady who told it me; for my mother spoke it low.

We are not wholly, Madam, to live for ourselves, said the vile hypocrite: it is not every one who had a soul capable of friendship: and what a heart must that be, which can be insensible to the interests of a suffering friend?

This sentiment from Mr. Lovelace's mouth! said my mother — forgive me, Sir; but you can have no end, surely, in endeavouring to make me think as well of you as some innocent creatures have thought of you to their cost.

She would have flung from him. But, detaining her hand — Less severe, dear Madam, said he, be less severe in this place, I beseech you. You will allow, that a very faulty person may see his errors; and when he does, and owns them, and repents, should he not be treated mercifully?

Your air, Sir, seems not to be that of a penitent. But the place may as properly excuse this subject, as what you call my severity.

But, dearest Madam, permit me to say, that I hope for your interest with your charming daughter (was his syncophant word) to have it put in my power to convince all the world that there never was a truer penitent. And why, why this anger, dear Madam, (for she struggled to get her hand out of his,) these violent airs — so maidenly! [impudent fellow!] — May I not ask, if Miss Howe be here?

She would not have been here, replied my mother, had she known whom she had been to see.

And is she here, then? — Thank Heaven! — he disengaged her hand, and stept forward into company.

Dear Miss Lloyd, said he, with an air, (taking her hand as he quitted my mother's,) tell me, tell me, is Miss Arabella Harlowe here? Or will she be here? I was informed she would — and this, and the opportunity of paying my compliments to your friend Miss Howe, were great inducements with me to attend the Colonel.

Superlative assurance! was it not, my dear?

Miss Arabella Harlowe, excuse me, Sir, said Miss Lloyd, would be very little inclined to meet you here, or any where else.

Perhaps so, my dear Miss Lloyd: but, perhaps, for that very reason, I am more desirous to see her.

Miss Harlowe, Sir, and Miss Biddulph, with a threatening air, will hardly be here without her brother. I imagine, if one comes, both will come.

Heaven grant they both may! said the wretch. Nothing, Miss Biddulph, shall begin from me to disturb this assembly, I assure you, if they do. One calm half-hour's conversation with that brother and sister, would be a most fortunate opportunity to me, in presence of the Colonel and his lady, or whom else they should choose.

Then, turning round, as if desirous to find out the one or the other, he 'spied me, and with a very low bow, approached me.

I was all in a flutter, you may suppose. He would have taken my hand. I refused it, all glowing with indignation: every body's eyes upon us.

I went down from him to the other end of the room, and sat down, as I thought, out of his hated sight; but presently I heard his odious voice, whispering, behind my chair, (he leaning upon the back of it, with impudent unconcern,) Charming Miss Howe! looking over my shoulder: one request — [I started up from my seat; but could hardly stand neither, for very indignation] — O this sweet, but becoming disdain! whispered on the insufferable creature — I am sorry to give you all this emotion: but either here, or at your own house, let me entreat from you one quarter of an hour's audience. — I beseech you, Madam, but one quarter of an hour, in any of the adjoining apartments.

Not for a kingdom, fluttering my fan. I knew not what I did. — But I could have killed him.

We are so much observed — else on my knees, my dear Miss Howe, would I beg your interest with your charming friend.

She'll have nothing to say to you.

(I had not then your letters, my dear.)

Killing words! — But indeed I have deserved them, and a dagger in my heart besides. I am so conscious of my demerits, that I have no hope, but in your interposition — could I owe that favour to Miss Howe's mediation which I cannot hope for on any other account —

My mediation, vilest of men! — My mediation! — I abhor you! — From my soul, I abhor you, vilest of men! — Three or four times I repeated these words, stammering too. — I was excessively fluttered.

You can tell me nothing, Madam, so bad as I will call myself. I have been, indeed, the vilest of men; but now I am not so. Permit me — every body's eyes are upon us! — but one moment's audience — to exchange but ten words with you, dearest Miss Howe — in whose presence you please — for your dear friend's sake — but ten words with you in the next apartment.

It is an insult upon me to presume that I would exchange with you, if I could help it! — Out of my way! Out of my sight — fellow!

And away I would have flung: but he took my hand. I was excessively disordered — every body's eyes more and more intent upon us.

Mr. Hickman, whom my mother had drawn on one side, to enjoin him a patience, which perhaps needed not to have been enforced, came up just then, with my mother who had him by his leading-strings — by his sleeve I should say.

Mr. Hickman, said the bold wretch, be my advocate but for ten words in the next apartment with Miss Howe, in your presence; and in your's, Madam, to my mother.

Hear, Nancy, what he has to say to you. To get rid of him, hear his ten words.

Excuse me, Madam! his very breath — Unhand me, Sir!

He sighed and looked — O how the practised villain sighed and looked! He then let go my hand, with such a reverence in his manner, as brought blame upon me from some, that I would not hear him. — And this incensed me the more. O my dear, this man is a devil! This man is indeed a devil! — So much patience when he pleases! So much gentleness! — Yet so resolute, so persisting, so audacious!

I was going out of the assembly in great disorder. He was at the door as soon as I.

How kind this is, said the wretch; and, ready to follow me, opened the door for me.

I turned back upon this: and, not knowing what I did, snapped my fan just in his face, as he turned short upon me; and the powder flew from his hair.

Every body seemed as much pleased as I was vexed.

He turned to Mr. Hickman, nettled at the powder flying, and at the smiles of the company upon him; Mr. Hickman, you will be one of the happiest men in the world, because you are a good man, and will do nothing to provoke this passionate lady; and because she has too much good sense to be provoked without reason: but else the Lord have mercy upon you!

This man, this Mr. Hickman, my dear, is too meek for a man. Indeed he is. — But my patient mother twits me, that her passionate daughter ought to like him the better for that. But meek men abroad are not always meek at home. I have observed that in more instances than one: and if they were, I should not, I verily think, like them the better for being so.

He then turned to my mother, resolved to be even with her too: Where, good Madam, could Miss Howe get all this spirit?

The company around smiled; for I need not tell you that my mother's high spiritedness is pretty well known; and she, sadly vexed, said, Sir, you treat me, as you do the rest of the world — but —

I beg pardon, Madam, interrupted he: I might have spared my question — and instantly (I retiring to the other end of the hall) he turned to Miss Playford; What would I give, Madam, to hear you sing that song you obliged us with at Lord M.'s!

He then, as if nothing had happened, fell into a conversation with her and Miss D'Ollyffe, upon music; and whisperingly sung to Miss Playford; holding her two hands, with such airs of genteel unconcern, that it vexed me not a little to look round, and see how pleased half the giddy fools of our sex were with him, notwithstanding his notorious wicked character. To this it is that such vile fellows owe much of their vileness: whereas, if they found themselves shunned, and despised, and treated as beasts of prey, as they are, they would run to their

caverns; there howl by themselves; and none but such as sad accident, or unpitiable presumption, threw in their way, would suffer by them.

He afterwards talked very seriously, at times, to Mr. Hickman: at times, I say; for it was with such breaks and starts of gaiety, turning to this lady, and to that, and then to Mr. Hickman again, resuming a serious or a gay air at pleasure, that he took every body's eye, the women's especially; who were full of their whispering admirations of him, qualified with if's and but's, and what pity's, and such sort of stuff, that showed in their very dispraises too much liking.

Well may our sex be the sport and ridicule of such libertines! Unthinking eye-governed creatures! — Would not a little reflection teach us, that a man of merit must be a man of modesty, because a diffident one? and that such a wretch as this must have taken his degrees in wickedness, and gone through a course of vileness, before he could arrive at this impenetrable effrontery? an effrontery which can produce only from the light opinion he has of us, and the high one of himself.

But our sex are generally modest and bashful themselves, and are too apt to consider that which in the main is their principal grace, as a defect: and finely do they judge, when they think of supplying that defect by choosing a man that cannot be ashamed.

His discourse to Mr. Hickman turned upon you, and his acknowledged injuries of you: though he could so lightly start from the subject, and return to it.

I have no patience with such a devil — man he cannot be called. To be sure he would behave in the same manner any where, or in any presence, even at the altar itself, if a woman were with him there.

It shall ever be a rule with me, that he who does not regard a woman with some degree of reverence, will look upon her and occasionally treat her with contempt.

He had the confidence to offer to take me out; but I absolutely refused him, and shunned him all I could, putting on the most contemptuous airs; but nothing could mortify him.

I wished twenty times I had not been there.

The gentlemen were as ready as I to wish he had broken his neck, rather than been present, I believe: for nobody was regarded but he. So little of the fop; yet so elegant and rich in his dress: his person so specious: his air so intrepid: so much meaning and penetration in his face: so much gaiety, yet so little affectation; no mere toupet-man; but all manly; and his courage and wit, the one so known, the other so dreaded, you must think the petits-maîtres (of which there were four or five present) were most deplorably off in his company; and one grave gentleman observed to me, (pleased to see me shun him as I did,) that the poet's observation

was too true, that the generality of ladies were rakes in their hearts, or they could not be so much taken with a man who had so notorious a character.

I told him the reflection both of the poet and applier was much too general, and made with more ill-nature than good manners.

When the wretch saw how industriously I avoided him, (shifting from one part of the hall to another,) he at last boldly stept up to me, as my mother and Mr. Hickman were talking to me; and thus before them accosted me:

I beg your pardon, Madam; but by your mother's leave, I must have a few moments' conversation with you, either here, or at your own house; and I beg you will give me the opportunity.

Nancy, said my mother, hear what he has to say to you. In my presence you may: and better in the adjoining apartment, if it must be, than to come to you at our own house.

I retired to one corner of the hall, my mother following me, and he, taking Mr. Hickman under his arm, following her — Well, Sir, said I, what have you to say? — Tell me here.

I have been telling Mr. Hickman, said he, how much I am concerned for the injuries I have done to the most excellent woman in the world: and yet, that she obtained such a glorious triumph over me the last time I had the honour to see her, as, with my penitence, ought to have abated her former resentments: but that I will, with all my soul, enter into any measures to obtain her forgiveness of me. My cousins Montague have told you this. Lady Betty and Lady Sarah and my Lord M. are engaged for my honour. I know your power with the dear creature. My cousins told me you gave them hopes you would use it in my behalf. My Lord M. and his two sisters are impatiently expecting the fruits of it. You must have heard from her before now: I hope you have. And will you be so good as to tell me, if I may have any hopes?

If I must speak on this subject, let me tell you that you have broken her heart. You know not the value of the lady you have injured. You deserve her not. And she despises you, as she ought.

Dear Miss Howe, mingle not passion with denunciations so severe. I must know my fate. I will go abroad once more, if I find her absolutely irreconcileable. But I hope she will give me leave to attend upon her, to know my doom from her own mouth.

It would be death immediate for her to see you. And what must you be, to be able to look her in the face?

I then reproached him (with vehemence enough you may believe) on his baseness, and the evils he had made you suffer: the distress he had reduced you to; all your friends made your enemies: the vile house he had carried you to;

hinted at his villanous arts; the dreadful arrest: and told him of your present deplorable illness, and resolution to die rather than to have him.

He vindicated not any part of his conduct, but that of the arrest; and so solemnly protested his sorrow for his usage of you, accusing himself in the freest manner, and by deserved appellations, that I promised to lay before you this part of our conversation. And now you have it.

My mother, as well as Mr. Hickman, believes, from what passed on this occasion, that he is touched in conscience for the wrongs he has done you: but, by his whole behaviour, I must own, it seems to me that nothing can touch him for half an hour together. Yet I have no doubt that he would willingly marry you; and it piques his pride, I could see, that he should be denied; as it did mine, that such a wretch had dared to think it in his power to have such a woman whenever he pleased; and that it must be accounted a condescension, and matter of obligation (by all his own family at least) that he would vouchsafe to think of marriage.

Now, my dear, you have before you the reason why I suspend the decisive negative to the ladies of his family. My mother, Miss Lloyd, and Miss Biddulph, who were inquisitive after the subject of our retired conversation, and whose curiosity I thought it was right, in some degree, to gratify, (especially as these young ladies are of our select acquaintance,) are all of opinion that you should be his.

You will let Mr. Hickman know your whole mind; and when he acquaint me with it, I will tell you all my own.

Mean time, may the news he will bring me of the state of your health be favourable! prays, with the utmost fervency,

Your ever faithful and affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER L

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, JULY 27.

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

After I have thankfully acknowledged your favour in sending Mr. Hickman to visit me before you set out upon your intended journey, I must chide you (in the sincerity of that faithful love, which could not be the love it is if it would not admit of that cementing freedom) for suspending the decisive negative, which, upon such full deliberation, I had entreated you to give to Mr. Lovelace's relations.

I am sorry that I am obliged to repeat to you, my dear, who know me so well, that, were I sure I should live many years, I would not have Mr. Lovelace; much less can I think of him, as it is probable I may not live one.

As to the world and its censures, you know, my dear, that, however desirous I always was of a fair fame, yet I never thought it right to give more than a second place to the world's opinion. The challenges made to Mr. Lovelace, by Miss D'Oily, in public company, are a fresh proof that I have lost my reputation: and what advantage would it be to me, were it retrievable, and were I to live long, if I could not acquit myself to myself?

Having in my former said so much on the freedoms you have taken with my friends, I shall say the less now; but your hint, that something else has newly passed between some of them and you, gives me great concern, and that as well for my own sake as for theirs, since it must necessarily incense them against me. I wise, my dear, that I had been left to my own course on an occasion so very interesting to myself. But, since what is done cannot be helped, I must abide the consequences: yet I dread more than before, what may be my sister's answer, if an answer will be at all vouchsafed.

Will you give me leave, my dear, to close this subject with one remark? — It is this: that my beloved friend, in points where her own laudable zeal is concerned, has ever seemed more ready to fly from the rebuke, than from the fault. If you will excuse this freedom, I will acknowledge thus far in favour of your way of thinking, as to the conduct of some parents in these nice cases, that indiscreet opposition does frequently as much mischief as giddy love.

As to the invitation you are so kind as to give me, to remove privately into your neighbourhood, I have told Mr. Hickman that I will consider of it; but believe, if you will be so good as to excuse me, that I shall not accept of it, even should I be able to remove. I will give you my reasons for declining it; and so I

ought, when both my love and my gratitude would make a visit now-and-then from my dear Miss Howe the most consolate thing in the world to me.

You must know then, that this great town, wicked as it is, wants not opportunities of being better; having daily prayers at several churches in it; and I am desirous, as my strength will permit, to embrace those opportunities. The method I have proposed to myself (and was beginning to practise when that cruel arrest deprived me of both freedom and strength) is this: when I was disposed to gentle exercise, I took a chair to St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, where are prayers at seven in the morning; I proposed if the weather favoured, to walk (if not, to take chair) to Lincoln's-inn chapel, where, at eleven in the morning, and at five in the afternoon, are the same desirable opportunities; and at other times to go no farther than Covent-garden church, where are early morning prayers likewise.

This method pursued, I doubt not, will greatly help, as it has already done, to calm my disturbed thoughts, and to bring me to that perfect resignation after which I aspire: for I must own, my dear, that sometimes still my griefs and my reflections are too heavy for me; and all the aid I can draw from religious duties is hardly sufficient to support my staggering reason. I am a very young creature you know, my dear, to be left to my own conduct in such circumstances as I am in.

Another reason why I choose not to go down into your neighbourhood, is the displeasure that might arise, on my account, between your mother and you.

If indeed you were actually married, and the worthy man (who would then have a title to all your regard) were earnestly desirous of near neighbourhood, I know not what I might do: for although I might not perhaps intend to give up my other important reasons at the time I should make you a congratulatory visit, yet I might not know how to deny myself the pleasure of continuing near you when there.

I send you enclosed the copy of my letter to my sister. I hope it will be thought to be written with a true penitent spirit; for indeed it is. I desire that you will not think I stoop too low in it; since there can be no such thing as that in a child to parents whom she has unhappily offended.

But if still (perhaps more disgusted than before at your freedom with them) they should pass it by with the contempt of silence, (for I have not yet been favoured with an answer,) I must learn to think it right in them to do so; especially as it is my first direct application: for I have often censured the boldness of those, who, applying for a favour, which it is in a person's option to grant or refuse, take the liberty of being offended, if they are not gratified; as if the petitioned had not as good a right to reject, as the petitioner to ask.

But if my letter should be answered, and that in such terms as will make me loth to communicate it to so warm a friend — you must not, my dear, take it upon yourself to censure my relations; but allow for them as they know not what I have suffered; as being filled with just resentments against me, (just to them if they think them just;) and as not being able to judge of the reality of my penitence.

And after all, what can they do for me? — They can only pity me: and what will that but augment their own grief; to which at present their resentment is an alleviation? for can they by their pity restore to me my lost reputation? Can they by it purchase a sponge that will wipe out from the year the past fatal four months of my life?*

* She takes in the time that she appointed to meet Mr. Lovelace.

Your account of the gay, unconcerned behaviour of Mr. Lovelace, at the Colonel's, does not surprise me at all, after I am told that he had the intrepidity to go there, knowing who were invited and expected. — Only this, my dear, I really wonder at, that Miss Howe could imagine that I could have a thought of such a man for a husband.

Poor wretch! I pity him, to see him fluttering about; abusing talents that were given him for excellent purposes; taking in consideration for courage; and dancing, fearless of danger, on the edge of a precipice!

But indeed his threatening to see me most sensibly alarms and shocks me. I cannot but hope that I never, never more shall see him in this world.

Since you are so loth, my dear, to send the desired negative to the ladies of his family, I will only trouble you to transmit the letter I shall enclose for that purpose; directed indeed to yourself, because it was to you that those ladies applied themselves on this occasion; but to be sent by you to any one of the ladies, at your own choice.

I commend myself, my dearest Miss Howe, to your prayers; and conclude with repeated thanks for sending Mr. Hickman to me; and with wishes for your health and happiness, and for the speedy celebration of your nuptials;

Your ever affectionate and obliged, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE [ENCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.] THURSDAY, JULY 27.

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

Since you seem loth to acquiesce in my determined resolution, signified to you as soon as I was able to hold a pen, I beg the favour of you, by this, or by any other way you think most proper, to acquaint the worthy ladies, who have applied to you in behalf of their relation, that although I am infinitely obliged to their generous opinion of me, yet I cannot consent to sanctify, as I may say, Mr. Lovelace's repeated breaches of all moral sanctions, and hazard my future happiness by a union with a man, through whose premeditated injuries, in a long train of the basest contrivances, I have forfeited my temporal hopes.

He himself, when he reflects upon his own actions, must surely bear testimony to the justice as well as fitness of my determination. The ladies, I dare say, would, were they to know the whole of my unhappy story.

Be pleased to acquaint them that I deceive myself, if my resolution on this head (however ungratefully and even inhumanely he has treated me) be not owing more to principle than passion. Nor can I give a stronger proof of the truth of this assurance, on this one easy condition, that he will never molest me more.

In whatever way you choose to make this declaration, be pleased to let my most respectful compliments to the ladies of that noble family, and to my Lord M., accompany it. And do you, my dear, believe that I shall be, to the last moment of my life,

Your ever obliged and affectionate CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, JULY 28.

I have three letters of thine to take notice of:* but am divided in my mind, whether to quarrel with thee on thy unmerciful reflections, or to thank thee for thy acceptable particularity and diligence. But several of my sweet dears have I, indeed, in my time, made to cry and laugh before the cry could go off the other: Why may I not, therefore, curse and applaud thee in the same moment? So take both in one: and what follows, as it shall rise from my pen.

* Letters XLVI. XLVII. and XLVIII. of this volume.

How often have I ingenuously confessed my sins against this excellent creature? — Yet thou never sparest me, although as bad a man as myself. Since then I get so little by my confessions, I had a good mind to try to defend myself; and that not only from antient and modern story, but from common practice; and yet avoid repeating any thing I have suggested before in my own behalf.

I am in a humour to play the fool with my pen: briefly then, from antient story first: — Dost thou not think that I am as much entitled to forgiveness on Miss Harlowe's account, as Virgil's hero was on Queen Dido's? For what an ungrateful varlet was that vagabond to the hospitable princess, who had willingly conferred upon him the last favour? — Stealing away, (whence, I suppose, the ironical phrase of trusty Trojan to this day,) like a thief — pretendedly indeed at the command of the gods; but could that be, when the errand he went upon was to rob other princes, not only of their dominions, but of their lives? — Yet this fellow is, at every word, the pious Æneas, with the immortal bard who celebrates him.

Should Miss Harlowe even break her heart, (which Heaven forbid!) for the usage she has received, (to say nothing of her disappointed pride, to which her death would be attributable, more than to reason,) what comparison will her fate hold to Queen Dido's? And have I half the obligation to her, that Æneas had to the Queen of Carthage? The latter placing a confidence, the former none, in her man? — Then, whom else have I robbed? Whom else have I injured? Her brother's worthless life I gave him, instead of taking any man's; while the Trojan vagabond destroyed his thousands. Why then should it not be the pious Lovelace, as well as the pious Æneas? For, dost thou think, had a conflagration happened, and had it been in my power, that I would not have saved my old Anchises, (as he did his from the Ilion bonfire,) even at the expense of my Creüsa, had I a wife of that name?

But for a more modern instance in my favour — Have I used Miss Harlowe, as our famous Maiden Queen, as she was called, used one of her own blood, a sister-

queen, who threw herself into her protection from her rebel-subjects, and whom she detained prisoner eighteen years, and at last cut off her head? Yet do not honest protestants pronounce her pious too? — And call her particularly their Queen?

As to common practice — Who, let me ask, that has it in his power to gratify a predominant passion, be it what it will, denies himself the gratification? — Leaving it to cooler deliberation, (and, if he be a great man, to his flatterers,) to find a reason for it afterwards?

Then, as to the worst part of my treatment of this lady, How many men are there, who, as well as I, have sought, by intoxicating liquors, first to inebriate, then to subdue? What signifies what the potations were, when the same end was in view?

Let me tell thee, upon the whole, that neither the Queen of Carthage, nor the Queen of Scots, would have thought they had any reason to complain of cruelty, had they been used no worse than I have used the queen of my heart: And then do I not aspire with my whole soul to repair by marriage? Would the pious *Æneas*, thinkest thou, have done such a piece of justice by Dido, had she lived?

Come, come, Belford, let people run away with notions as they will, I am comparatively a very innocent man. And if by these, and other like reasonings, I have quieted my own conscience, a great end is answered. What have I to do with the world?

And now I sit me peaceably down to consider thy letters.

I hope thy pleas in my favour,* when she gave thee, (so generously gave thee,) for me my letters, were urged with an honest energy. But I suspect thee much for being too ready to give up thy client. Then thou hast such a misgiving aspect, an aspect rather inviting rejection than carrying persuasion with it; and art such an hesitating, such a humming and hawing caitiff; that I shall attribute my failure, if I do fail, rather to the inability and ill looks of my advocate, than to my cause. Again, thou art deprived of the force men of our cast give to arguments; for she won't let thee swear!-Art, moreover, a very heavy, thoughtless fellow; tolerable only at a second rebound; a horrid dunce at the impromptu. These, encountering with such a lady, are great disadvantages. — And still a greater is thy balancing, (as thou dost at present,) between old rakery and new reformation; since this puts thee into the same situation with her, as they told me, at Leipsick, Martin Luther was in, at the first public dispute which he held in defence of his supposed new doctrines with Eckius. For Martin was then but a linsey-wolsey reformer. He retained some dogmas, which, by natural consequence, made others, that he held, untenable. So that Eckius, in some points, had the better of him. But, from that time, he made clear work, renouncing all that stood in his way: and then his

doctrines ran upon all fours. He was never puzzled afterwards; and could boldly declare that he would defend them in the face of angels and men; and to his friends, who would have dissuaded him from venturing to appear before the Emperor Charles at Spires, That, were there as many devils at Spires, as tiles upon the houses, he would go. An answer that is admired by every protestant Saxon to this day.

* See Letter XLVII. of this volume.

Since then thy unhappy awkwardness destroys the force of thy arguments, I think thou hadst better (for the present, however) forbear to urge her on the subject of accepting the reparation I offer; lest the continual teasing of her to forgive me should but strengthen her in her denials of forgiveness; till, for consistency sake, she'll be forced to adhere to a resolution so often avowed — Whereas, if left to herself, a little time, and better health, which will bring on better spirits, will give her quicker resentments; those quicker resentments will lead her into vehemence; that vehemence will subside, and turn into expostulation and parley: my friends will then interpose, and guaranty for me: and all our trouble on both sides will be over. — Such is the natural course of things.

I cannot endure thee for thy hopelessness in the lady's recovery;* and that in contradiction to the doctor and apothecary.

* See Letter XLVII. of this volume.

Time, in the words of Congreve, thou sayest, will give increase to her afflictions. But why so? Knowest thou not that those words (so contrary to common experience) were applied to the case of a person, while passion was in its full vigour? — At such a time, every one in a heavy grief thinks the same: but as enthusiasts do by Scripture, so dost thou by the poets thou hast read: any thing that carries the most distant allusion from either to the case in hand, is put down by both for gospel, however incongruous to the general scope of either, and to that case. So once, in a pulpit, I heard one of the former very vehemently declare himself to be a dead dog; when every man, woman, and child, were convinced to the contrary by his howling.

I can tell thee that, if nothing else will do, I am determined, in spite of thy buskin-airs, and of thy engagements for me to the contrary, to see her myself.

Face to face have I known many a quarrel made up, which distance would have kept alive, and widened. Thou wilt be a madder Jack than he in the tale of a Tub, if thou givest an active opposition to this interview.

In short, I cannot bear the thought, that a woman whom once I had bound to me in the silken cords of love, should slip through my fingers, and be able, while my heart flames out with a violent passion for her, to despise me, and to set both love and me at defiance. Thou canst not imagine how much I envy thee, and her

doctor, and her apothecary, and every one who I hear are admitted to her presence and conversation; and wish to be the one or the other in turn.

Wherefore, if nothing else will do, I will see her. I'll tell thee of an admirable expedient, just come cross me, to save thy promise, and my own.

Mrs. Lovick, you say, is a good woman: if the lady be worse, you shall advise her to send for a parson to pray by her: unknown to her, unknown to the lady, unknown to thee, (for so it may pass,) I will contrive to be the man, petticoated out, and vested in a gown and cassock. I once, for a certain purpose, did assume the canonicals; and I was thought to make a fine sleek appearance; my broad rose-bound beaver became me mightily; and I was much admired upon the whole by all who saw me.

Methinks it must be charmingly a propos to see me kneeling down by her bed-side, (I am sure I shall pray heartily,) beginning out of the common-prayer book the sick-office for the restoration of the languishing lady, and concluding with an exhortation to charity and forgiveness for myself.

I will consider of this matter. But, in whatever shape I shall choose to appear, of this thou mayest assure thyself, I will apprize thee beforehand of my visit, that thou mayst contrive to be out of the way, and to know nothing of the matter. This will save thy word; and, as to mine, can she think worse of me than she does at present?

An indispensable of true love and profound respect, in thy wise opinion,* is absurdity or awkwardness.— 'Tis surprising that thou shouldst be one of those partial mortals who take their measures of right and wrong from what they find themselves to be, and cannot help being! — So awkwardness is a perfection in the awkward! — At this rate, no man ever can be in the wrong. But I insist upon it, that an awkward fellow will do every thing awkwardly: and, if he be like thee, will, when he has done foolishly, rack his unmeaning brain for excuses as awkward as his first fault. Respectful love is an inspirer of actions worthy of itself; and he who cannot show it, where he most means it, manifests that he is an unpolite rough creature, a perfect Belford, and has it not in him.

* See Letter XLVI. of this volume.

But here thou'lt throw out that notable witticism, that my outside is the best of me, thine the worst of thee; and that, if I set about mending my mind, thou wilt mend thy appearance.

But, pr'ythee, Jack, don't stay for that; but set about thy amendment in dress when thou leavest off thy mourning; for why shouldst thou prepossess in thy disfavour all those who never saw thee before? — It is hard to remove early-taken prejudices, whether of liking or distaste. People will hunt, as I may say, for reasons to confirm first impressions, in compliment to their own sagacity: nor is it

every mind that has the ingenuousness to confess itself half mistaken, when it finds itself to be wrong. Thou thyself art an adept in the pretended science of reading men; and, whenever thou art out, wilt study to find some reasons why it was more probable that thou shouldst have been right; and wilt watch every motion and action, and every word and sentiment, in the person thou hast once censured, for proofs, in order to help thee to revive and maintain thy first opinion. And, indeed, as thou seldom errest on the favourable side, human nature is so vile a thing that thou art likely to be right five times in six on what thou findest in thine own heart, to have reason to compliment thyself on thy penetration.

Here is preachment for thy preachment: and I hope, if thou likest thy own, thou wilt thank me for mine; the rather, as thou mayest be the better for it, if thou wilt: since it is calculated for thy own meridian.

Well, but the lady refers my destiny to the letter she has written, actually written, to Miss Howe; to whom it seems she has given her reasons why she will not have me. I long to know the contents of this letter: but am in great hopes that she has so expressed her denials, as shall give room to think she only wants to be persuaded to the contrary, in order to reconcile herself to herself.

I could make some pretty observations upon one or two places of the lady's mediation: but, wicked as I am thought to be, I never was so abandoned as to turn into ridicule, or even to treat with levity, things sacred. I think it the highest degree of ill manners to jest upon those subjects which the world in general look upon with veneration, and call divine. I would not even treat the mythology of the heathen to a heathen, with the ridicule that perhaps would fairly lie from some of the absurdities that strike every common observer. Nor, when at Rome, and in other popish countries, did I ever behave indecently at those ceremonies which I thought very extraordinary: for I saw some people affected, and seemingly edified, by them; and I contented myself to think, though they were any good end to the many, there was religion enough in them, or civil policy at least, to exempt them from the ridicule of even a bad man who had common sense and good manners.

For the like reason I have never given noisy or tumultuous instances of dislike to a new play, if I thought it ever so indifferent: for I concluded, first, that every one was entitled to see quietly what he paid for: and, next, as the theatre (the epitome of the world) consisted of pit, boxes, and gallery, it was hard, I thought, if there could be such a performance exhibited as would not please somebody in that mixed multitude: and, if it did, those somebodies had as much right to enjoy their own judgments, undisturbedly, as I had to enjoy mine.

This was my way of showing my disapprobation; I never went again. And as a man is at his option, whether he will go to a play or not, he has not the same

excuse for expressing his dislike clamorously as if he were compelled to see it.

I have ever, thou knowest, declared against those shallow libertines, who could not make out their pretensions to wit, but on two subjects, to which every man of true wit will scorn to be beholden: PROFANENESS and OBSCENITY, I mean; which must shock the ears of every man or woman of sense, without answering any end, but of showing a very low and abandoned nature. And, till I came acquainted with the brutal Mowbray, [no great praise to myself from such a tutor,] I was far from making so free as I do now, with oaths and curses; for then I was forced to out-swear him sometimes in order to keep him in his allegiance to me his general: nay, I often check myself to myself, for this empty unprofitable liberty of speech; in which we are outdone by the sons of the common-sewer.

All my vice is women, and the love of plots and intrigues; and I cannot but wonder how I fell into those shocking freedoms of speech; since, generally speaking, they are far from helping forward my main end: only, now-and-then, indeed, a little novice rises to one's notice, who seems to think dress, and oaths, and curses, the diagnostics of the rakish spirit she is inclined to favour: and indeed they are the only qualifications that some who are called rakes and pretty fellows have to boast of. But what must the women be, who can be attracted by such empty-souled profligates! — since wickedness with wit is hardly tolerable; but, without it, is equally shocking and contemptible.

There again is preachment for thy preachment; and thou wilt be apt to think that I am reforming too: but no such matter. If this were new light darting in upon me, as thy morality seems to be to thee, something of this kind might be apprehended: but this was always my way of thinking; and I defy thee, or any of thy brethren, to name a time when I have either ridiculed religion, or talked obscenely. On the contrary, thou knowest how often I have checked that bear, in love-matters, Mowbray, and the finical Tourville, and thyself too, for what ye have called the double-entendre. In love, as in points that required a manly-resentment, it has always been my maxim, to act, rather than to talk; and I do assure thee, as to the first, the women themselves will excuse the one sooner than the other.

As to the admiration thou expressest for the books of scripture, thou art certainly right in it. But 'tis strange to me, that thou wert ignorant of their beauty, and noble simplicity, till now. Their antiquity always made me reverence them: And how was it possible that thou couldest not, for that reason, if for no other, give them a perusal?

I'll tell thee a short story, which I had from my tutor, admonishing me against exposing myself by ignorant wonder, when I should quit college, to go to town, or travel.

‘The first time Dryden’s Alexander’s Feast fell into his hands, he told me, he was prodigiously charmed with it: and, having never heard any body speak of it before, thought, as thou dost of the Bible, that he had made a new discovery.

‘He hastened to an appointment which he had with several wits, (for he was then in town,) one of whom was a noted critic, who, according to him, had more merit than good fortune; for all the little nibblers in wit, whose writings would not stand the test of criticism, made it, he said, a common cause to run him down, as men would a mad dog.

‘The young gentleman (for young he then was) set forth magnificently in the praises of that inimitable performance; and gave himself airs of second-hand merit, for finding out its beauties.

‘The old bard heard him out with a smile, which the collegian took for approbation, till he spoke; and then it was in these mortifying words: ‘Sdeath, Sir, where have you lived till now, or with what sort of company have you conversed, young as you are, that you have never before heard of the finest piece in the English language?’

This story had such an effect upon me, who had ever a proud heart, and wanted to be thought a clever fellow, that, in order to avoid the like disgrace, I laid down two rules to myself. The first, whenever I went into company where there were strangers, to hear every one of them speak, before I gave myself liberty to prate: The other, if I found any of them above my match, to give up all title to new discoveries, contenting myself to praise what they praised, as beauties familiar to me, though I had never heard of them before. And so, by degrees, I got the reputation of a wit myself: and when I threw off all restraint, and books, and learned conversation, and fell in with some of our brethren who are now wandering in Erebus, and with such others as Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and thyself, I set up on my own stock; and, like what we have been told of Sir Richard, in his latter days, valued myself on being the emperor of the company; for, having fathomed the depth of them all, and afraid of no rival but thee, whom also I had got a little under, (by my gaiety and promptitude at least) I proudly, like Addison’s Cato, delighted to give laws to my little senate.

Proceed with thee by-and-by.

LETTER LIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

But now I have cleared myself of any intentional levity on occasion of my beloved's meditation; which, as you observe, is finely suited to her case, (that is to say, as she and you have drawn her case;) I cannot help expressing my pleasure, that by one or two verses of it, [the arrow, Jack, and what she feared being come upon her!] I am encouraged to hope, what it will be very surprising to me if it do not happen: that is, in plain English, that the dear creature is in the way to be a mamma.

This cursed arrest, because of the ill effects the terror might have had upon her, in that hoped-for circumstance, has concerned me more than on any other account. It would be the pride of my life to prove, in this charming frost-piece, the triumph of Nature over principle, and to have a young Lovelace by such an angel: and then, for its sake, I am confident she will live, and will legitimate it. And what a meritorious little cherub would it be, that should lay an obligation upon both parents before it was born, which neither of them would be able to repay! — Could I be sure it is so, I should be out of all pain for her recovery: pain, I say; since, were she to die — [die! abominable word! how I hate it!] I verily think I should be the most miserable man in the world.

As for the earnestness she expresses for death, she has found the words ready to her hand in honest Job; else she would not have delivered herself with such strength and vehemence.

Her innate piety (as I have more than once observed) will not permit her to shorten her own life, either by violence or neglect. She has a mind too noble for that; and would have done it before now, had she designed any such thing: for to do it, like the Roman matron, when the mischief is over, and it can serve no end; and when the man, however a Tarquin, as some may think me in this action, is not a Tarquin in power, so that no national point can be made of it; is what she has too much good sense to think of.

Then, as I observed in a like case, a little while ago, the distress, when this was written, was strong upon her; and she saw no end of it: but all was darkness and apprehension before her. Moreover, has she it not in her power to disappoint, as much as she has been disappointed? Revenge, Jack, has induced many a woman to cherish a life, to which grief and despair would otherwise have put an end.

And, after all, death is no such eligible thing, as Job in his calamities, makes it. And a death desired merely from worldly disappointments shows not a right

mind, let me tell this lady, whatever she may think of it.* You and I Jack, although not afraid, in the height of passion or resentment, to rush into those dangers which might be followed by a sudden and violent death, whenever a point of honour calls upon us, would shudder at his cool and deliberate approach in a lingering sickness, which had debilitated the spirits.

* Mr. Lovelace could not know, that the lady was so thoroughly sensible of the solidity of this doctrine, as she really was: for, in her letter to Mrs. Norton, (Letter XLIV. of this volume,) she says,— 'Nor let it be imagined, that my present turn of mind proceeds from gloominess or melancholy: for although it was brought on by disappointment, (the world showing me early, even at my first rushing into it, its true and ugly face,) yet I hope, that it has obtained a better root, and will every day more and more, by its fruits, demonstrate to me, and to all my friends, that it has.'

So we read of a famous French general [I forget as well the reign of the prince as the name of the man] who, having faced with intrepidity the ghastly varlet on an hundred occasions in the field, was the most dejected of wretches, when, having forfeited his life for treason, he was led with all the cruel parade of preparation, and surrounding guards, to the scaffold.

The poet says well:

'Tis not the stoic lesson, got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertation,
That can support us in the hour of terror.
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it:
But when the trial comes, they start, and stand aghast.

Very true: for then it is the old man in the fable, with his bundle of sticks.

The lady is well read in Shakspeare, our English pride and glory; and must sometimes reason with herself in his words, so greatly expressed, that the subject, affecting as it is, cannot produce any thing greater.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible, warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
Or blown, with restless violence, about
The pendant worlds; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
Imagines howling: 'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loaded worldly life,
That pain, age, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. ——

I find, by one of thy three letters, that my beloved had some account from Hickman of my interview with Miss Howe, at Col. Ambrose's. I had a very agreeable time of it there; although severely rallied by several of the assembly. It concerns me, however, not a little, to find our affair so generally known among the flippanti of both sexes. It is all her own fault. There never, surely, was such an odd little soul as this. — Not to keep her own secret, when the revealing of it could answer no possible good end; and when she wants not (one would think) to raise to herself either pity or friends, or to me enemies, by the proclamation! — Why, Jack, must not all her own sex laugh in their sleeves at her weakness? what would become of the peace of the world, if all women should take it into their heads to follow her example? what a fine time of it would the heads of families have? Their wives always filling their ears with their confessions; their daughters with theirs: sisters would be every day setting their brothers about cutting of throats, if the brothers had at heart the honour of their families, as it is called; and the whole world would either be a scene of confusion; or cuckoldom as much the fashion as it is in Lithuania.*

* In Lithuania, the women are said to have so allowedly their gallants, called adjutores, that the husbands hardly ever enter upon any part of pleasure without them.

I am glad, however, that Miss Howe (as much as she hates me) kept her word with my cousins on their visit to her, and with me at the Colonel's, to endeavour to persuade her friend to make up all matters by matrimony; which, no doubt, is the best, nay, the only method she can take, for her own honour, and that of her family.

I had once thoughts of revenging myself on that vixen, and, particularly, as thou mayest* remember, had planned something to this purpose on the journey she is going to take, which had been talked of some time. But, I think — let me see — yet, I think, I will let this Hickman have her safe and entire, as thou believest the fellow to be a tolerable sort of a mortal, and that I have made the worst of him: and I am glad, for his own sake, he has not launched out too virulently against me to thee.

* See Vol. IV. Letter LIV.

But thou seest, Jack, by her refusal of money from him, or Miss Howe,* that the dear extravagant takes a delight in oddnesses, choosing to part with her clothes, though for a song. Dost think she is not a little touched at times? I am

afraid she is. A little spice of that insanity, I doubt, runs through her, that she had in a stronger degree, in the first week of my operations. Her contempt of life; her proclamations; her refusal of matrimony; and now of money from her most intimate friends; are sprinklings of this kind, and no other way, I think, to be accounted for.

* See Letter XLVIII. of this volume.

Her apothecary is a good honest fellow. I like him much. But the silly dear's harping so continually upon one string, dying, dying, dying, is what I have no patience with. I hope all this melancholy jargon is owing entirely to the way I would have her to be in. And it being as new to her, as the Bible beauties to thee,* no wonder she knows not what to make of herself; and so fancies she is breeding death, when the event will turn out quite the contrary.

* See Letter XLVI. of this volume.

Thou art a sorry fellow in thy remarks on the education and qualification of smarts and beaux of the rakish order; if by thy we's and us's thou meanest thyself or me:* for I pretend to say, that the picture has no resemblance of us, who have read and conversed as we have done. It may indeed, and I believe it does, resemble the generality of the fops and coxcombs about town. But that let them look to; for, if it affects not me, to what purpose thy random shot? — If indeed thou findest, by the new light darted in upon thee, since thou hast had the honour of conversing with this admirable creature, that the cap fits thy own head, why then, according to the qui capit rule, e'en take and clap it on: and I will add a string of bells to it, to complete thee for the fore-horse of the idiot team.

* Ibid. and Letter LXVIII.

Although I just now said a kind thing or two for this fellow Hickman; yet I can tell thee, I could (to use one of my noble peer's humble phrases) eat him up without a corn of salt, when I think of his impudence to salute my charmer twice at parting:* And have still less patience with the lady herself for presuming to offer her cheek or lip [thou sayest not which] to him, and to press his clumsy fist between her charming hands. An honour worth a king's ransom; and what I would give — what would I not give? to have! — And then he, in return, to press her, as thou sayest he did, to his stupid heart; at that time, no doubt, more sensible, than ever it was before!

* See Letter XLVIII. of this volume.

By thy description of their parting, I see thou wilt be a delicate fellow in time. My mortification in this lady's displeasure, will be thy exaltation from her conversation. I envy thee as well for thy opportunities, as for thy improvements: and such an impression has thy concluding paragraph* made upon me, that I wish I do not get into a reformation-humour as well as thou: and then what a couple of

lamentable puppies shall we make, howling in recitative to each other's discordant music!

* Ibid.

Let me improve upon the thought, and imagine that, turned hermits, we have opened the two old caves at Hornsey, or dug new ones; and in each of our cells set up a death's head, and an hour-glass, for objects of contemplation — I have seen such a picture: but then, Jack, had not the old penitent fornicator a suffocating long grey beard? What figures would a couple of brocaded or laced-waistcoated toupets make with their sour screw'd up half-cock'd faces, and more than half shut eyes, in a kneeling attitude, recapitulating their respective rogueries? This scheme, were we only to make trial of it, and return afterwards to our old ways, might serve to better purpose by far, than Horner's in the Country Wife, to bring the pretty wenches to us.

Let me see; the author of Hudibras has somewhere a description that would suit us, when met in one of our caves, and comparing our dismal notes together. This is it. Suppose me described —

— He sat upon his rump,
His head like one in doleful dump:
Betwixt his knees his hands apply'd
Unto his cheeks, on either side:
And by him, in another hole,
Sat stupid Belford, cheek by jowl.

I know thou wilt think me too ludicrous. I think myself so. It is truly, to be ingenuous, a forced put: for my passions are so wound up, that I am obliged either to laugh or cry. Like honest drunken Jack Daventry, [poor fellow! — What an unhappy end was his!] — thou knowest, I used to observe, that whenever he rose from an entertainment, which he never did sober, it was his way, as soon as he got to the door, to look round him like a carrier pigeon just thrown up, in order to spy out his course; and then, taking to his heels, he would run all the way home, though it were a mile or two, when he could hardly stand, and must have tumbled on his nose if he had attempted to walk moderately. This then must be my excuse, in this my unconverted estate, for a conclusion so unworthy of the conclusion to thy third letter.

What a length have I run! — Thou wilt own, that if I pay thee not in quality, I do in quantity: and yet I leave a multitude of things unobserved upon. Indeed I hardly at this present know what to do with myself but scribble. Tired with Lord M. who, in his recovery, has played upon me the fable of the nurse, the crying child, and the wolf — tired with my cousins Montague, though charming girls, were they not so near of kin — tired with Mowbray and Tourville, and their

everlasting identity — tired with the country — tired of myself — longing for what I have not — I must go to town; and there have an interview with the charmer of my soul: for desperate diseases must have desperate remedies; and I only wait to know my doom from Miss Howe! and then, if it be rejection, I will try my fate, and receive my sentence at her feet. — But I will apprize thee of it beforehand, as I told thee, that thou mayest keep thy parole with the lady in the best manner thou canst.

LETTER LIV

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO HER'S OF JULY 27, SEE LETTERS L. LI. OF THIS VOLUME.] FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 28.

I will now, my dearest friend, write to you all my mind, without reserve, on your resolution not to have this vilest of men. You gave me, in your's of Sunday the 23d, reasons so worthy of the pure mind of my Clarissa, in support of this your resolution, that nothing but self-love, lest I should lose my ever-amiable friend, could have prevailed upon me to wish you to alter it.

Indeed, I thought it was impossible there could be (however desirable) so noble an instance given by any of our sex, of a passion conquered, when there were so many inducements to give way to it. And, therefore, I was willing to urge you once more to overcome your just indignation, and to be prevailed upon by the solicitations of his friends, before you carried your resentments to so great a height, that it would be more difficult for you, and less to your honour to comply, than if you had complied at first.

But now, my dear, that I see you fixed in your noble resolution; and that it is impossible for your pure mind to join itself with that of so perjured a miscreant; I congratulate you most heartily upon it; and beg your pardon for but seeming to doubt that theory and practice were not the same thing with my beloved Clarissa.

I have only one thing that saddens my heart on this occasion; and that is, the bad state of health Mr. Hickman (unwillingly) owns you are in. Hitherto you have well observed the doctrine you always laid down to me, That a cursed person should first seek the world's opinion of her; and, in all cases where the two could not be reconciled, have preferred the first to the last; and are, of consequence, well justified to your own heart, as well as to your Anna Howe. Let me therefore beseech you to endeavour, by all possible means, to recover your health and spirits: and this, as what, if it can be effected, will crown the work, and show the world, that you were indeed got above the base wretch; and, though put out of your course for a little while, could resume it again, and go on blessing all within your knowledge, as well by your example as by your precepts.

For Heaven's sake, then, for the world's sake, for the honour of our sex, and for my sake, once more I beseech you, try to overcome this shock: and, if you can overcome it, I shall then be as happy as I wish to be; for I cannot, indeed I cannot, think of parting with you, for many, many years to come.

The reasons you give for discouraging my wishes to have you near us are so convincing, that I ought at present to acquiesce in them: but, my dear, when your

mind is fully settled, as, (now you are so absolutely determined in it, with regard this wretch,) I hope it will soon be, I shall expect you with us, or near us: and then you shall chalk out every path that I will set my foot in; nor will I turn aside either to the right hand or to the left.

You wish I had not mediated for you to your friends. I wish so too; because my mediation was ineffectual; because it may give new ground for the malice of some of them to work upon; and because you are angry with me for doing so. But how, as I said in my former, could I sit down in quiet, when I knew how uneasy their implacableness made you? — But I will tear myself from the subject; for I see I shall be warm again — and displease you — and there is not one thing in the world that I would do, however agreeable to myself, if I thought it would disoblige you; nor any one that I would omit to do, if I knew it would give you pleasure. And indeed, my dear half-severe friend, I will try if I cannot avoid the fault as willingly as I would the rebuke.

For this reason, I forbear saying any thing on so nice a subject as your letter to your sister. It must be right, because you think it so — and if it be taken as it ought, that will show you that it is. But if it beget insults and revilings, as it is but too likely, I find you don't intend to let me know it.

You were always so ready to accuse yourself for other people's faults, and to suspect your own conduct rather than the judgment of your relations, that I have often told you I cannot imitate you in this. It is not a necessary point of belief with me, that all people in years are therefore wise; or that all young people are therefore rash and headstrong: it may be generally the case, as far as I know: and possibly it may be so in the case of my mother and her girl: but I will venture to say that it has not yet appeared to be so between the principals of Harlowe-place and their second daughter.

You are for excusing them beforehand for their expected cruelty, as not knowing what you have suffered, nor how ill you are: they have heard of the former, and are not sorry for it: of the latter they have been told, and I have most reason to know how they have taken it — but I shall be far from avoiding the fault, and as surely shall incur the rebuke, if I say any more upon this subject. I will therefore only add at present, That your reasonings in their behalf show you to be all excellence; their returns to you that they are all —— Do, my dear, let me end with a little bit of spiteful justice — but you won't, I know — so I have done, quite done, however reluctantly: yet if you think of the word I would have said, don't doubt the justice of it, and fill up the blank with it.

You intimate that were I actually married, and Mr. Hickman to desire it, you would think of obliging me with a visit on the occasion; and that, perhaps, when with me, it would be difficult for you to remove far from me.

Lord, my dear, what a stress do you seem to lay upon Mr. Hickman's desiring it! — To be sure he does and would of all things desire to have you near us, and with us, if we might be so favoured — policy, as well as veneration for you, would undoubtedly make the man, if not a fool, desire this. But let me tell you, that if Mr. Hickman, after marriage, should pretend to dispute with me my friendships, as I hope I am not quite a fool, I should let him know how far his own quiet was concerned in such an impertinence; especially if they were such friendships as were contracted before I knew him.

I know I always differed from you on this subject: for you think more highly of a husband's prerogative than most people do of the royal one. These notions, my dear, from a person of your sense and judgment, are no way advantageous to us; inasmuch as they justify the assuming sex in their insolence; when hardly one out of ten of them, their opportunities considered, deserves any prerogative at all. Look through all the families we know; and we shall not find one-third of them have half the sense of their wives. And yet these are to be vested with prerogatives! And a woman of twice their sense has nothing to do but hear, tremble, and obey — and for conscience-sake too, I warrant!

But Mr. Hickman and I may perhaps have a little discourse upon these sorts of subjects, before I suffer him to talk of the day: and then I shall let him know what he has to trust to; as he will me, if he be a sincere man, what he pretends to expect from me. But let me tell you, my dear, that it is more in your power than, perhaps, you think it, to hasten the day so much pressed for by my mother, as well as wished for by you — for the very day that you can assure me that you are in a tolerable state of health, and have discharged your doctor and apothecary, at their own motions, on that account — some day in a month from that desirable news shall be it. So, my dear, make haste and be well, and then this matter will be brought to effect in a manner more agreeable to your Anna Howe than it otherwise ever can.

I sent this day, by a particular hand, to the Misses Montague, your letter of just reprobation of the greatest profligate in the kingdom; and hope I shall not have done amiss that I transcribe some of the paragraphs of your letter of the 23d, and send them with it, as you at first intended should be done.

You are, it seems, (and that too much for your health,) employed in writing. I hope it is in penning down the particulars of your tragical story. And my mother has put me in mind to press you to it, with a view that one day, if it might be published under feigned names, it would be as much use as honour to the sex. My mother says she cannot help admiring you for the propriety of your resentment of the wretch; and she would be extremely glad to have her advice of penning your sad story complied with. And then, she says, your noble conduct throughout your

trials and calamities will afford not only a shining example to your sex, but at the same time, (those calamities befalling SUCH a person,) a fearful warning to the inconsiderate young creatures of it.

On Monday we shall set out on our journey; and I hope to be back in a fortnight, and on my return will have one pull more with my mother for a London journey: and, if the pretence must be the buying of clothes, the principal motive will be that of seeing once more my dear friend, while I can say I have not finally given consent to the change of a visiter into a relation, and so can call myself MY OWN, as well as

Your ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LV

MISS HOWE, TO THE TWO MISSES MONTAGUE SAT. JULY 29.

DEAR LADIES,

I have not bee wanting to use all my interest with my beloved friend, to induce her to forgive and be reconciled to your kinsman, (though he has so ill deserved it;) and have even repeated my earnest advice to her on this head. This repetition, and the waiting for her answer, having taken up time, have bee the cause that I could not sooner do myself the honour of writing to you on this subject.

You will see, by the enclosed, her immovable resolution, grounded on noble and high-souled motives, which I cannot but regret and applaud at the same time: applaud, for the justice of her determination, which will confirm all your worthy house in the opinion you had conceived of her unequalled merit; and regret, because I have but too much reason to apprehend, as well by that, as by the report of a gentleman just come from her, that she is in a declining way, as to her health, that her thoughts are very differently employed than on a continuance here.

The enclosed letter she thought fit to send to me unsealed, that, after I had perused it, I might forward it to you: and this is the reason it is superscribed by myself, and sealed with my seal. It is very full and peremptory; but as she had been pleased, in a letter to me, dated the 23d instant, (as soon as she could hold a pen,) to give me more ample reasons why she could not comply with your pressing requests, as well as mine, I will transcribe some of the passages in that letter, which will give one of the wickedest men in the world, (if he sees them,) reason to think himself one of the most unhappy, in the loss of so incomparable a wife as he might have gloried in, had he not been so superlatively wicked. These are the passages.

[See, for these passages, Miss Harlowe's letter, No. XLI. of this volume, dated July 23, marked with a turned comma, thus ']

And now, Ladies, you have before you my beloved friend's reasons for her refusal of a man unworthy of the relation he bears to so many excellent persons: and I will add, [for I cannot help it,] that the merit and rank of the person considered, and the vile manner of his proceedings, there never was a greater villany committed: and since she thinks her first and only fault cannot be expiated but by death, I pray to God daily, and will hourly from the moment I shall hear of that sad catastrophe, that He will be pleased to make him the subject of His vengeance, in some such way, as that all who know of his perfidious crime, may see the hand of Heaven in the punishment of it!

You will forgive me, Ladies: I love not mine own soul better than I do Miss Clarissa Harlowe. And the distresses she has gone through; the persecution she suffers from all her friends; the curse she lies under, for his sake, from her implacable father; her reduced health and circumstances, from high health and affluence; and that execrable arrest and confinement, which have deepened all her other calamities, [and which must be laid at his door, as it was the act of his vile agents, that, whether from his immediate orders or not, naturally flowed from his preceding baseness;] the sex dishonoured in the eye of the world, in the person of one of the greatest ornaments of it; the unmanly methods, whatever they were, [for I know not all as yet,] by which he compassed her ruin; all these considerations join to justify my warmth, and my execrations of a man whom I think excluded by his crimes from the benefit even of christian forgiveness — and were you to see all she writes, and to know the admirable talents she is mistress of, you yourselves would join with me to admire her, and execrate him.

Believe me to be, with a high sense of your merits,

Dear Ladies, Your most obedient and humble servant, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LVI

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE FRIDAY, JULY 28.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

I have the consolation to tell you that my son is once again in a hopeful way, as to his health. He desires his duty to you. He is very low and weak. And so am I. But this is the first time that I have been able, for several days past, to sit up to write, or I would not have been so long silent.

Your letter to your sister is received and answered. You have the answer by this time, I suppose. I wish it may be to your satisfaction: but am afraid it will not: for, by Betty Barnes, I find they were in a great ferment on receiving your's, and much divided whether it should be answered or not. They will not yet believe that you are so ill, as [to my infinite concern] I find you are. What passed between Miss Harlowe and Miss Howe has been, as I feared it would be, an aggravation.

I showed Betty two or three passages in your letter to me; and she seemed moved, and said, She would report them favourably, and would procure me a visit from Miss Harlowe, if I would promise to show the same to her. But I have heard no more of that.

Methinks, I am sorry you refuse the wicked man: but doubt not, nevertheless, that your motives for doing so are more commendable than my wishes that you would not. But as you would be resolved, as I may say, on life, if you gave way to such a thought; and as I have so much interest in your recovery; I cannot forbear showing this regard to myself; and to ask you, If you cannot get over your just resentments? — But I dare say no more on this subject.

What a dreadful thing indeed was it for my dearest tender young lady to be arrested in the streets of London! — How does my heart go over again and again for you, what your's must have suffered at that time! — Yet this, to such a mind as your's, must be light, compared to what you had suffered before.

O my dearest Miss Clary, how shall we know what to pray for, when we pray, but that God's will may be done, and that we may be resigned to it! — When at nine years old, and afterwards at eleven, you had a dangerous fever, how incessantly did we grieve, and pray, and put up our vows to the Throne of Grace, for your recovery! — For all our lives were bound up in your life — yet now, my dear, as it has proved, [especially if we are soon to lose you,] what a much more desirable event, both for you and for us, would it have been, had we then lost you!

A sad thing to say! But as it is in pure love to you that I say it, and in full conviction that we are not always fit to be our own choosers, I hope it may be excusable; and the rather, as the same reflection will naturally lead both you and

me to acquiesce under the dispensation; since we are assured that nothing happens by chance; and the greatest good may, for aught we know, be produced from the heaviest evils.

I am glad you are with such honest people; and that you have all your effects restored. How dreadfully have you been used, that one should be glad of such a poor piece of justice as that!

Your talent at moving the passions is always hinted at; and this Betty of your sister's never comes near me that she is not full of it. But, as you say, whom has it moved, that you wished to move? Yet, were it not for this unhappy notion, I am sure your mother would relent. Forgive me, my dear Miss Clary; for I must try one way to be convinced if my opinion be not just. But I will not tell you what that is, unless it succeeds. I will try, in pure duty and love to them, as to you.

May Heaven be your support in all your trials, is the constant prayer, my dearest young lady, of

Your ever affectionate friend and servant, JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER LVII

MRS. NORTON, TO MRS. HARLOWE FRIDAY, JULY 28.

HONOURED MADAM,

Being forbid (without leave) to send you any thing I might happen to receive from my beloved Miss Clary, and so ill, that I cannot attend you to ask your leave, I give you this trouble, to let you know that I have received a letter from her; which, I think, I should hereafter be held inexcusable, as things may happen, if I did not desire permission to communicate to you, and that as soon as possible.

Applications have been made to the dear young lady from Lord M., from the two ladies his sisters, and from both his nieces, and from the wicked man himself, to forgive and marry him. This, in noble indignation for the usage she has received from him, she has absolutely refused. And perhaps, Madam, if you and the honoured family should be of opinion that to comply with their wishes is now the properest measure that can be taken, the circumstances of things may require your authority or advice, to induce her to change her mind.

I have reason to believe that one motive for her refusal is her full conviction that she shall not long be a trouble to any body; and so she would not give a husband a right to interfere with her family, in relation to the estate her grandfather devised to her. But of this, however, I have not the least intimation from her. Nor would she, I dare say, mention it as a reason, having still stronger reasons, from his vile treatment of her, to refuse him.

The letter I have received will show how truly penitent the dear creature is; and, if I have your permission, I will send it sealed up, with a copy of mine, to which it is an answer. But as I resolve upon this step without her knowledge, [and indeed I do,] I will not acquaint her with it, unless it be attended with desirable effects: because, otherwise, besides making me incur her displeasure, it might quite break her already half-broken heart. I am,

Honoured Madam, Your dutiful and ever-obliged servant, JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER LVIII

MRS. HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON SUNDAY, JULY 30.

We all know your virtuous prudence, worthy woman: we all do. But your partiality to this your rash favourite is likewise known. And we are no less acquainted with the unhappy body's power of painting her distresses so as to pierce a stone.

Every one is of opinion that the dear naughty creature is working about to be forgiven and received: and for this reason it is that Betty has been forbidden, [not by me, you may be assured!] to mention any more of her letters; for she did speak to my Bella of some moving passages you read to her.

This will convince you that nothing will be heard in her favour. To what purpose then should I mention any thing about her? — But you may be sure that I will, if I can have but one second. However, that is not at all likely, until we see what the consequences of her crime will be: And who can tell that? — She may — How can I speak it, and my once darling daughter unmarried? — She may be with child! — This would perpetuate her stain. Her brother may come to some harm; which God forbid! — One child's ruin, I hope, will not be followed by another's murder!

As to her grief, and her present misery, whatever it be, she must bear with it; and it must be short of what I hourly bear for her! Indeed I am afraid nothing but her being at the last extremity of all will make her father, and her uncles, and her other friends, forgive her.

The easy pardon perverse children meet with, when they have done the rashest and most rebellious thing they can do, is the reason (as is pleaded to us every day) that so may follow their example. They depend upon the indulgent weakness of their parents' tempers, and, in that dependence, harden their own hearts: and a little humiliation, when they have brought themselves into the foretold misery, is to be a sufficient atonement for the greatest perverseness.

But for such a child as this [I mention what others hourly say, but what I must sorrowfully subscribe to] to lay plots and stratagems to deceive her parents as well as herself! and to run away with a libertine! Can there be any atonement for her crime? And is she not answerable to God, to us, to you, and to all the world who knew her, for the abuse of such talents as she has abused?

You say her heart is half-broken: Is it to be wondered at? Was not her sin committed equally against warning and the light of her own knowledge?

That he would now marry her, or that she would refuse him, if she believed him in earnest, as she has circumstanced herself, is not at all probable; and were I

inclined to believe it, nobody else here would. He values not his relations; and would deceive them as soon as any others: his aversion to marriage he has always openly declared; and still occasionally declares it. But, if he be now in earnest, which every one who knows him must doubt, which do you think (hating us too as he professes to hate and despise us all) would be most eligible here, To hear of her death, or of her marriage to such a vile man?

To all of us, yet, I cannot say! For, O my good Mrs. Norton, you know what a mother's tenderness for the child of her heart would make her choose, notwithstanding all that child's faults, rather than lose her for ever!

But I must sail with the tide; my own judgment also joining with the general resentment; or I should make the unhappiness of the more worthy still greater, [my dear Mr. Harlowe's particularly;] which is already more than enough to make them unhappy for the remainder of their days. This I know; if I were to oppose the rest, our son would fly out to find this libertine; and who could tell what would be the issue of that with such a man of violence and blood as that Lovelace is known to be?

All I can expect to prevail for her is, that in a week, or so, Mr. Brand may be sent up to inquire privately about her present state and way of life, and to see she is not altogether destitute: for nothing she writes herself will be regarded.

Her father indeed has, at her earnest request, withdrawn the curse, which, in a passion, he laid upon her, at her first wicked flight from us. But Miss Howe, [it is a sad thing, Mrs. Norton, to suffer so many ways at once,] had made matters so difficult by her undue liberties with us all, as well by speech in all companies, as by letters written to my Bella, that we could hardly prevail upon him to hear her letter read.

These liberties of Miss Howe with us; the general cry against us abroad wherever we are spoken of; and the visible, and not seldom audible, disrespectfulness, which high and low treat us with to our faces, as we go to and from church, and even at church, (for no where else have we the heart to go,) as if none of us had been regarded but upon her account; and as if she were innocent, we all in fault; are constant aggravations, you must needs think, to the whole family.

She has made my lot heavy, I am sure, that was far from being light before! — To tell you truth, I am enjoined not to receive any thing of her's, from any hand, without leave. Should I therefore gratify my yearnings after her, so far as to receive privately the letter you mention, what would the case be, but to torment myself, without being able to do her good? — And were it to be known — Mr. Harlowe is so passionate — And should it throw his gout into his stomach, as her rash flight did — Indeed, indeed, I am very unhappy! — For, O my good woman,

she is my child still! — But unless it were more in my power — Yet do I long to see the letter — you say it tells of her present way and circumstances. The poor child, who ought to be in possession of thousands! — And will! — For her father will be a faithful steward for her. — But it must be in his own way, and at his own time.

And is she really ill? — so very ill? — But she ought to sorrow — she has given a double measure of it.

But does she really believe she shall not long trouble us? — But, O my Norton! — She must, she will, long trouble us — For can she think her death, if we should be deprived of her, will put an end to our afflictions? — Can it be thought that the fall of such a child will not be regretted by us to the last hour of our lives?

But, in the letter you have, does she, without reserve, express her contrition? Has she in it no reflecting hints? Does she not aim at extenuations? — If I were to see it, will it not shock me so much, that my apparent grief may expose me to harshnesses? — Can it be contrived —

But to what purpose? — Don't send it — I charge you don't — I dare not see it —

Yet —

But alas! —

Oh! forgive the almost distracted mother! You can. — You know how to allow for all this — so I will let it go. — I will not write over again this part of my letter.

But I choose not to know more of her than is communicated to us all — no more than I dare own I have seen — and what some of them may rather communicate to me, than receive from me: and this for the sake of my outward quiet: although my inward peace suffers more and more by the compelled reserve.

* * *

I was forced to break off. But I will now try to conclude my long letter.

I am sorry you are ill. But if you were well, I could not, for your own sake, wish you to go up, as Betty tells us you long to do. If you went, nothing would be minded that came from you. As they already think you too partial in her favour, your going up would confirm it, and do yourself prejudice, and her no good. And as every body values you here, I advise you not to interest yourself too warmly in her favour, especially before my Bella's Betty, till I can let you know a proper time. Yet to forbid you to love the dear naughty creature, who can? O my Norton! you must love her! — And so must I!

I send you five guineas, to help you in your present illness, and your son's; for it must have lain heavy upon you. What a sad, sad thing, my dear good woman, that all your pains, and all my pains, for eighteen or nineteen years together, have, in so few months, been rendered thus deplorably vain! Yet I must be always your friend, and pity you, for the very reason that I myself deserve every one's pity.

Perhaps I may find an opportunity to pay you a visit, as in your illness; and then may weep over the letter you mention with you. But, for the future, write nothing to me about the poor girl that you think may not be communicated to us all.

And I charge you, as you value my friendship, as you wish my peace, not to say any thing of a letter you have from me, either to the naughty one, or to any body else. It was with some little relief (the occasion given) to write to you, who must, in so particular a manner, share my affliction. A mother, Mrs. Norton, cannot forget her child, though that child could abandon her mother; and, in so doing, run away with all her mother's comforts! — As I truly say is the case of

Your unhappy friend, CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

LETTER LIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON SAT. JULY 29.

I congratulate you, my dear Mrs. Norton, with all my heart, on your son's recovery; which I pray to God, with all your own health, to perfect.

I write in some hurry, being apprehensive of the sequence of the hints you give of some method you propose to try in my favour [with my relations, I presume, you mean]: but you will not tell me what, you say, if it prove unsuccessful.

Now I must beg of you that you will not take any step in my favour, with which you do not first acquaint me.

I have but one request to make to them, besides what is contained in my letter to my sister; and I would not, methinks, for the sake of their own future peace of mind, that they should be teased so by your well-meant kindness, and that of Miss Howe, as to be put upon denying me that. And why should more be asked for me than I can partake of? More than is absolutely necessary for my own peace?

You suppose I should have my sister's answer to my letter by the time your's reached my hand. I have it: and a severe one, a very severe one, it is. Yet, considering my fault in their eyes, and the provocations I am to suppose they so newly had from my dear Miss Howe, I am to look upon it as a favour that it was answered at all. I will send you a copy of it soon; as also of mine, to which it is an answer.

I have reason to be very thankful that my father has withdrawn that heavy malediction, which affected me so much — A parent's curse, my dear Mrs. Norton! What child could die in peace under a parent's curse? so literally fulfilled too as this has been in what relates to this life!

My heart is too full to touch upon the particulars of my sister's letter. I can make but one atonement for my fault. May that be accepted! And may it soon be forgotten, by every dear relation, that there was such an unhappy daughter, sister, or niece, as Clarissa Harlowe!

My cousin Morden was one of those who was so earnest in prayer for my recovery, at nine and eleven years of age, as you mention. My sister thinks he will be one of those who wish I never had had a being. But pray, when he does come, let me hear of it with the first.

You think that, were it not for that unhappy notion of my moving talent, my mother would relent. What would I give to see her once more, and, although unknown to her, to kiss but the hem of her garment!

Could I have thought that the last time I saw her would have been the last, with what difficulty should I have been torn from her embraced feet! — And when,

screened behind the yew-hedge on the 5th of April last,* I saw my father, and my uncle Antony, and my brother and sister, how little did I think that that would be the last time I should ever see them; and, in so short a space, that so many dreadful evils would befal me!

* See Vol. II. Letter XXXVI.

But I can write nothing but what must give you trouble. I will therefore, after repeating my desire that you will not intercede for me but with my previous consent, conclude with the assurance, that I am, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate and dutiful CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LX

MISS AR. HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO HER'S OF FRIDAY, JULY 21, LETTER XLV. OF THIS VOLUME.] THURSDAY, JULY 27.

O MY UNHAPPY LOST SISTER!

What a miserable hand have you made of your romantic and giddy expedition! — I pity you at my heart.

You may well grieve and repent! — Lovelace has left you! — In what way or circumstances you know best.

I wish your conduct had made your case more pitiable. But 'tis your own seeking!

God help you! — For you have not a friend will look upon you! — Poor, wicked, undone creature! — Fallen, as you are, against warning, against expostulation, against duty!

But it signifies nothing to reproach you. I weep over you.

My poor mother! — Your rashness and folly have made her more miserable than you can be. — Yet she has besought my father to grant your request.

My uncles joined with her: for they thought there was a little more modesty in your letter than in the letters of your pert advocate: and my father is pleased to give me leave to write; but only these words for him, and no more: 'That he withdraws the curse he laid upon you, at the first hearing of your wicked flight, so far as it is in his power to do it; and hopes that your present punishment may be all that you will meet with. For the rest, he will never own you, nor forgive you; and grieves he has such a daughter in the world.'

All this, and more you have deserved from him, and from all of us: But what have you done to this abandoned libertine, to deserve what you have met with at his hands? — I fear, I fear, Sister! — But no more! — A blessed four months' work have you made of it.

My brother is now at Edinburgh, sent thither by my father, [though he knows not this to be the motive,] that he may not meet your triumphant deluder.

We are told he would be glad to marry you: But why, then, did he abandon you? He had kept you till he was tired of you, no question; and it is not likely he would wish to have you but upon the terms you have already without all doubt been his.

You ought to advise your friend Miss Howe to concern herself less in your matters than she does, except she could do it with more decency. She has written three letters to me: very insolent ones. Your favourer, poor Mrs. Norton, thinks

you know nothing of the pert creature's writing. I hope you don't. But then the more impertinent the writer. But, believing the fond woman, I sat down the more readily to answer your letter; and I write with less severity, I can tell you, than otherwise I should have done, if I had answered it all.

Monday last was your birth-day. Think, poor ungrateful wretch, as you are! how we all used to keep it; and you will not wonder to be told, that we ran away from one another that day. But God give you true penitence, if you have it not already! and it will be true, if it be equal to the shame and the sorrow you have given us all.

Your afflicted sister, ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Your cousin Morden is every day expected in England. He, as well as others of the family, when he comes to hear what a blessed piece of work you have made of it, will wish you never had had a being.

LETTER LXI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SUNDAY, JULY 30.

You have given me great pleasure, my dearest friend, by your approbation of my reasonings, and of my resolution founded upon them, never to have Mr. Lovelace. This approbation is so right a thing, give me leave to say, from the nature of the case, and from the strict honour and true dignity of mind, which I always admired in my Anna Howe, that I could hardly tell to what, but to my evil destiny, which of late would not let me please any body, to attribute the advice you gave me to the contrary.

But let not the ill state of my health, and what that may naturally tend to, sadden you. I have told you, that I will not run away from life, nor avoid the means that may continue it, if God see fit: and if He do not, who shall repine at His will!

If it shall be found that I have not acted unworthy of your love, and of my own character, in my greater trials, that will be a happiness to both on reflection.

The shock which you so earnestly advise me to try to get above, was a shock, the greatest that I could receive. But, my dear, as it was not occasioned by my fault, I hope I am already got above it. I hope I am.

I am more grieved (at times however) for others, than for myself. And so I ought. For as to myself, I cannot but reflect that I have had an escape, rather than a loss, in missing Mr. Lovelace for a husband — even had he not committed the vilest of all outrages.

Let any one, who knows my story, collect his character from his behaviour to me before that outrage; and then judge whether it was in the least probable that such a man should make me happy. But to collect his character from his principles with regard to the sex in general, and from his enterprizes upon many of them, and to consider the cruelty of his nature, and the sportiveness of his invention, together with the high opinion he has of himself, it will not be doubted that a wife of his must have been miserable; and more miserable if she loved him, than she could have been were she to be indifferent to him.

A twelvemonth might very probably have put a period to my life; situated as I was with my friends; persecuted and harassed as I had been by my brother and sister; and my very heart torn in pieces by the wilful, and (as it is now apparent) premeditated suspenses of the man, whose gratitude I wished to engage, and whose protection I was the more entitled to expect, as he had robbed me of every other, and reduced me to an absolute dependence upon himself. Indeed I once

thought that it was all his view to bring me to this, (as he hated my family;) and uncomfortable enough for me, if it had been all.

Can it be thought, my dear, that my heart was not more than half broken (happy as I was before I knew Mr. Lovelace) by a grievous change in my circumstances? — Indeed it was. Nor perhaps was the wicked violence wanting to have cut short, though possibly not so very short, a life that he has sported with.

Had I been his but a month, he must have possessed the estate on which my relations had set their hearts; the more to their regret, as they hated him as much as he hated them.

Have I not reason, these things considered, to think myself happier without Mr. Lovelace than I could have been with him? — My will too unviolated; and very little, nay, not any thing as to him, to reproach myself with?

But with my relations it is otherwise. They indeed deserve to be pitied. They are, and no doubt will long be, unhappy.

To judge of their resentments, and of their conduct, we must put ourselves in their situation: — and while they think me more in fault than themselves, (whether my favourers are of their opinion, or not,) and have a right to judge for themselves, they ought to have great allowances made for them; my parents especially. They stand at least self-acquitted, (that I cannot;) and the rather, as they can recollect, to their pain, their past indulgencies to me, and their unquestionable love.

Your partiality for the friend you so much value will not easily let you come into this way of thinking. But only, my dear, be pleased to consider the matter in the following light.

‘Here was my MOTHER, one of the most prudent persons of her sex, married into a family, not perhaps so happily tempered as herself; but every one of which she had the address, for a great while, absolutely to govern as she pleased by her directing wisdom, at the same time that they knew not but her prescriptions were the dictates of their own hearts; such a sweet heart had she of conquering by seeming to yield. Think, my dear, what must be the pride and the pleasure of such a mother, that in my brother she could give a son to the family she distinguished with her love, not unworthy of their wishes; a daughter, in my sister, of whom she had no reason to be ashamed; and in me a second daughter, whom every body complimented (such was their partial favour to me) as being the still more immediate likeness of herself? How, self pleased, could she smile round upon a family she had so blessed! What compliments were paid her upon the example she had given us, which was followed with such hopeful effects! With what a noble confidence could she look upon her dear Mr. Harlowe, as a person made

happy by her; and be delighted to think that nothing but purity streamed from a fountain so pure!

‘Now, my dear, reverse, as I daily do, this charming prospect. See my dear mother, sorrowing in her closet; endeavouring to suppress her sorrow at her table, and in those retirements where sorrow was before a stranger: hanging down her pensive head: smiles no more beaming over her benign aspect: her virtue made to suffer for faults she could not be guilty of: her patience continually tried (because she has more of it than any other) with repetitions of faults she is as much wounded by, as those can be from whom she so often hears of them: taking to herself, as the fountain-head, a taint which only had infected one of the under-currents: afraid to open her lips (were she willing) in my favour, lest it should be thought she has any bias in her own mind to failings that never could have been suspected in her: robbed of that pleasing merit, which the mother of well-nurtured and hopeful children may glory in: every one who visits her, or is visited by her, by dumb show, and looks that mean more than words can express, condoling where they used to congratulate: the affected silence wounding: the compassionating look reminding: the half-suppressed sigh in them, calling up deeper sighs from her; and their averted eyes, while they endeavour to restrain the rising tear, provoking tears from her, that will not be restrained.

‘When I consider these things, and, added to these, the pangs that tear in pieces the stronger heart of my FATHER, because it cannot relieve itself by those which carry the torturing grief to the eyes of softer spirits: the overboiling tumults of my impatient and uncontroulable BROTHER, piqued to the heart of his honour, in the fall of a sister, in whom he once gloried: the pride of an ELDER SISTER, who had given unwilling way to the honours paid over her head to one born after her: and, lastly, the dishonour I have brought upon two UNCLES, who each contended which should most favour their then happy niece: — When, I say, I reflect upon my fault in these strong, yet just lights, what room can there be to censure any body but my unhappy self? and how much reason have I to say, If I justify myself, mine own heart shall condemn me: if I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse?’

Here permit me to lay down my pen for a few moments.

* * *

You are very obliging to me, intentionally, I know, when you tell me, it is in my power to hasten the day of Mr. Hickman’s happiness. But yet, give me leave to say, that I admire this kind assurance less than any other paragraph of your letter.

In the first place you know it is not in my power to say when I can dismiss my physician; and you should not put the celebration of a marriage intended by yourself, and so desirable to your mother, upon so precarious an issue. Nor will I accept of a compliment, which must mean a slight to her.

If any thing could give me a relish for life, after what I have suffered, it would be the hopes of the continuance of the more than sisterly love, which has, for years, uninterruptedly bound us together as one mind. — And why, my dear, should you defer giving (by a tie still stronger) another friend to one who has so few?

I am glad you have sent my letter to Miss Montague. I hope I shall hear no more of this unhappy man.

I had begun the particulars of my tragical story: but it is so painful a task, and I have so many more important things to do, and, as I apprehend, so little time to do them in, that, could I avoid it, I would go no farther in it.

Then, to this hour, I know not by what means several of his machinations to ruin me were brought about; so that some material parts of my sad story must be defective, if I were to sit down to write it. But I have been thinking of a way that will answer the end wished for by your mother and you full as well, perhaps better.

Mr. Lovelace, it seems, had communicated to his friend Mr. Belford all that has passed between himself and me, as he went on. Mr. Belford has not been able to deny it. So that (as we may observe by the way) a poor young creature, whose indiscretion has given a libertine power over her, has a reason she little thinks of, to regret her folly; since these wretches, who have no more honour in one point than in another, scruple not to make her weakness a part of their triumph to their brother libertines.

I have nothing to apprehend of this sort, if I have the justice done me in his letters which Mr. Belford assures me I have: and therefore the particulars of my story, and the base arts of this vile man, will, I think, be best collected from those very letters of his, (if Mr. Belford can be prevailed upon to communicate them;) to which I dare appeal with the same truth and fervour as he did, who says — O that one would hear me! and that mine adversary had written a book! — Surely, I would take it upon my shoulders, and bind it to me as a crown! for I covered not my transgressions as Adam, by hiding mine iniquity in my bosom.

There is one way which may be fallen upon to induce Mr. Belford to communicate these letters; since he seems to have (and declares he always had) a sincere abhorrence of his friend’s baseness to me: but that, you’ll say, when you hear it, is a strange one. Nevertheless, I am very earnest upon it at present.

It is no other than this:

I think to make Mr. Belford the executor of my last will: [don't be surprised:] and with this view I permit his visits with the less scruple: and every time I see him, from his concern for me, am more and more inclined to do so. If I hold in the same mind, and if he accept the trust, and will communicate the materials in his power, those, joined with what you can furnish, will answer the whole end.

I know you will start at my notion of such an executor; but pray, my dear, consider, in my present circumstances, what I can do better, as I am empowered to make a will, and have considerable matters in my own disposal.

Your mother, I am sure, would not consent that you should take this office upon you. It might subject Mr. Hickman to the insults of that violent man. Mrs. Norton cannot, for several reasons respecting herself. My brother looks upon what I ought to have as his right. My uncle Harlowe is already one of my trustees (as my cousin Morden is the other) for the estate my grandfather left me: but you see I could not get from my own family the few guineas I left behind me at Harlowe-place; and my uncle Antony once threatened to have my grandfather's will controverted. My father! — To be sure, my dear, I could not expect that my father would do all I wish should be done: and a will to be executed by a father for a daughter, (parts of it, perhaps, absolutely against his own judgment,) carries somewhat daring and prescriptive in the very word.

If indeed my cousin Morden were to come in time, and would undertake this trust — but even him it might subject to hazards; and the more, as he is a man of great spirit; and as the other man (of as great) looks upon me (unprotected as I have long been) as his property.

Now Mr. Belford, as I have already mentioned, knows every thing that has passed. He is a man of spirit, and, it seems, as fearless as the other, with more humane qualities. You don't know, my dear, what instances of sincere humanity this Mr. Belford has shown, not only on occasion of the cruel arrest, but on several occasions since. And Mrs. Lovick has taken pains to inquire after his general character; and hears a very good one of him, his justice and generosity in all his concerns of meum and tuum, as they are called: he has a knowledge of law-matters; and has two executorships upon him at this time, in the discharge of which his honour is unquestioned.

All these reasons have already in a manner determined me to ask this favour of him; although it will have an odd sound with it to make an intimate friend of Mr. Lovelace my executor.

This is certain: my brother will be more acquiescent a great deal in such a case with the articles of the will, as he will see that it will be to no purpose to controvert some of them, which else, I dare say, he would controvert, or persuade my other friends to do so. And who would involve an executor in a law-suit, if

they could help it? — Which would be the case, if any body were left, whom my brother could hope to awe or controul; since my father has possession of all, and is absolutely governed by him. [Angry spirits, my dear, as I have often seen, will be overcome by more angry ones, as well as sometimes be disarmed by the meek.] — Nor would I wish, you may believe, to have effects torn out of my father's hands: while Mr. Belford, who is a man of fortune, (and a good economist in his own affairs) would have no interest but to do justice.

Then he exceedingly presses for some occasion to show his readiness to serve me: and he would be able to manage his violent friend, over whom he has more influence than any other person.

But after all, I know not if it were not more eligible by far, that my story, and myself too, should be forgotten as soon as possible. And of this I shall have the less doubt, if the character of my parents [you will forgive my, my dear] cannot be guarded against the unqualified bitterness which, from your affectionate zeal for me, has sometimes mingled with your ink — a point that ought, and (I insist upon it) must be well considered of, if any thing be done which your mother and you are desirous to have done. The generality of the world is too apt to oppose a duty — and general duties, my dear, ought not to be weakened by the justification of a single person, however unhappily circumstanced.

My father has been so good as to take off the heavy malediction he laid me under. I must be now solicitous for a last blessing; and that is all I shall presume to petition for. My sister's letter, communicating this grace, is a severe one: but as she writes to me as from every body, how could I expect it to be otherwise?

If you set out to-morrow, this letter cannot reach you till you get to your aunt Harman's. I shall therefore direct it thither, as Mr. Hickman instructed me.

I hope you will have met with no inconveniencies in your little journey and voyage; and that you will have found in good health all whom you wish to see well.

If your relations in the little island join their solicitations with your mother's commands, to have your nuptials celebrated before you leave them, let me beg of you, my dear, to oblige them. How grateful will the notification that you have done so be to

Your ever faithful and affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HARLOWE SATURDAY, JULY 29.

I repine not, my dear Sister, at the severity you have been pleased to express in the letter you favoured me with; because that severity was accompanied with the grace I had petitioned for; and because the reproaches of mine own heart are stronger than any other person's reproaches can be: and yet I am not half so culpable as I am imagined to be: as would be allowed, if all the circumstances of my unhappy story were known: and which I shall be ready to communicate to Mrs. Norton, if she be commissioned to inquire into them; or to you, my Sister, if you can have patience to hear them.

I remembered with a bleeding heart what day the 24th of July was. I began with the eve of it; and I passed the day itself — as it was fit I should pass it. Nor have I any comfort to give to my dear and ever-honoured father and mother, and to you, my Bella, but this — that, as it was the first unhappy anniversary of my birth, in all probability, it will be the last.

Believe me, my dear Sister, I say not this merely to move compassion, but from the best grounds. And as, on that account, I think it of the highest importance to my peace of mind to obtain one farther favour, I would choose to owe to your intercession, as my sister, the leave I beg, to address half a dozen lines (with the hope of having them answered as I wish) to either or to both my honoured parents, to beg their last blessing.

This blessing is all the favour I have now to ask: it is all I dare to ask: yet am I afraid to rush at once, though by letter, into the presence of either. And if I did not ask it, it might seem to be owing to stubbornness and want of duty, when my heart is all humility penitence. Only, be so good as to embolden me to attempt this task — write but this one line, 'Clary Harlowe, you are at liberty to write as you desire.' This will be enough — and shall, to my last hour, be acknowledged as the greatest favour, by

Your truly penitent sister, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXIII

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE MONDAY, JULY 31.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

I must indeed own that I took the liberty to write to your mother, offering to enclose to her, if she gave me leave, your's of the 24th: by which I thought she would see what was the state of your mind; what the nature of your last troubles was from the wicked arrest; what the people are where you lodge; what proposals were made you from Lord M.'s family; also your sincere penitence; and how much Miss Howe's writing to them, in the terms she wrote in, disturbed you — but, as you have taken the matter into your own hands, and forbid me, in your last, to act in this nice affair unknown to you, I am glad the letter was not required of me — and indeed it may be better that the matter lie wholly between you and them; since my affection for you is thought to proceed from partiality.

They would choose, no doubt, that you should owe to themselves, and not to my humble mediation, the favour for which you so earnestly sue, and of which I would not have your despair: for I will venture to assure you, that your mother is ready to take the first opportunity to show her maternal tenderness: and this I gather from several hints I am not at liberty to explain myself upon.

I long to be with you, now I am better, and now my son is in a fair way of recovery. But is it not hard to have it signified to me that at present it will not be taken well if I go? — I suppose, while the reconciliation, which I hope will take place, is negotiating by means of the correspondence so newly opened between you and your sister. But if you will have me come, I will rely on my good intentions, and risque every one's displeasure.

Mr. Brand has business in town; to solicit for a benefice which it is expected the incumbent will be obliged to quit for a better preferment: and, when there, he is to inquire privately after your way of life, and of your health.

He is a very officious young man; and, but that your uncle Harlowe (who has chosen him for this errand) regards him as an oracle, your mother had rather any body else had been sent.

He is one of those puzzling, over-doing gentlemen, who think they see farther into matters than any body else, and are fond of discovered mysteries where there are none, in order to be thought shrewd men.

I can't say I like him, either in the pulpit or out of it: I, who had a father one of the soundest divines and finest scholars in the kingdom; who never made an ostentation of what he knew; but loved and venerated he gospel he taught, preferring it to all other learning: to be obliged to hear a young man depart from

his text as soon as he has named it, (so contrary, too, to the example set him by his learned and worthy principal,* when his health permits him to preach;) and throwing about, to a christian and country audience, scraps of Latin and Greek from the Pagan Classics; and not always brought in with great propriety neither, (if I am to judge by the only way given me to judge of them, by the English he puts them into;) is an indication of something wrong, either in his head, or his heart, or both; for, otherwise, his education at the university must have taught him better. You know, my dear Miss Clary, the honour I have for the cloth: it is owing to that, that I say what I do.

* Dr. Lewen.

I know not the day he is to set out; and, as his inquiries are to be private, be pleased to take no notice of this intelligence. I have no doubt that your life and conversation are such as may defy the scrutinies of the most officious inquirer.

I am just now told that you have written a second letter to your sister: but am afraid they will wait for Mr. Brand's report, before farther favour will be obtained from them; for they will not yet believe you are so ill as I fear you are.

But you would soon find that you have an indulgent mother, were she at liberty to act according to her own inclination. And this gives me great hopes that all will end well at last: for I verily think you are in the right way to a reconciliation. God give a blessing to it, and restore your health, and you to all your friends, prays

Your ever affectionate, JUDITH NORTON.

Your mother has privately sent me five guineas: she is pleased to say to help us in the illness we have been afflicted with; but, more likely, that I might send them to you, as from myself. I hope, therefore, I may send them up, with ten more I have still left.

I will send you word of Mr. Morden's arrival, the moment I know it.

If agreeable, I should be glad to know all that passes between your relations and you.

LETTER LXIV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2.

You give me, my dear Mrs. Norton, great pleasure in hearing of your's and your son's recovery. May you continue, for many, many years, a blessing to each other!

You tell me that you did actually write to my mother, offering to enclose to her mine of the 24th past: and you say it was not required of you. That is to say, although you cover it over as gently as you could, that your offer was rejected; which makes it evident that no plea could be made for me. Yet, you bid me hope, that the grace I sued for would, in time, be granted.

The grace I then sued for was indeed granted; but you are afraid, you say, that they will wait for Mr. Brand's report, before favour will be obtained in return to the second letter which I wrote to my sister; and you add, that I have an indulgent mother, were she at liberty to act according to her own inclination; and that all will end well at last.

But what, my dear Mrs. Norton, what is the grace I sue for in my second letter? — It is not that they will receive me into favour — If they think it is, they are mistaken. I do not, I cannot expect that. Nor, as I have often said, should I, if they would receive me, bear to live in the eye of those dear friends whom I have so grievously offended. 'Tis only, simply, a blessing I ask: a blessing to die with; not to lie with. — Do they know that? and do they know that their unkindness will perhaps shorten my date; so that their favour, if ever they intend to grant it, may come too late?

Once more, I desire you not to think of coming to me. I have no uneasiness now, but what proceeds from the apprehension of seeing a man I would not see for the world, if I could help it; and from the severity of my nearest and dearest relations: a severity entirely their own, I doubt; for you tell me that my brother is at Edinburgh! You would therefore heighten their severity, and make yourself enemies besides, if you were to come to me — Don't you see you would?

Mr. Brand may come, if he will. He is a clergyman, and must mean well; or I must think so, let him say of me what he will. All my fear is, that, as he knows I am in disgrace with a family whose esteem he is desirous to cultivate; and as he has obligations to my uncle Harlowe and to my father; he will be but a languid acquitter — not that I am afraid of what he, or any body in the world, can hear as to my conduct. You may, my revered and dear friend, indeed you may, rest satisfied, that that is such as may warrant me to challenge the inquiries of the most officious.

I will send you copies of what passes, as you desire, when I have an answer to my second letter. I now begin to wish that I had taken the heart to write to my father himself; or to my mother, at least; instead of to my sister; and yet I doubt my poor mother can do nothing for me of herself. A strong confederacy, my dear Mrs. Norton, (a strong confederacy indeed!) against a poor girl, their daughter, sister, niece! — My brother, perhaps, got it renewed before he left them. He needed not — his work is done; and more than done.

Don't afflict yourself about money-matters on my account. I have no occasion for money. I am glad my mother was so considerate to you. I was in pain for you on the same subject. But Heaven will not permit so good a woman to want the humble blessings she was always satisfied with. I wish every individual of our family were but as rich as you! — O my mamma Norton, you are rich! you are rich indeed! — the true riches are such content as you are blessed with. — And I hope in God that I am in the way to be rich too.

Adieu, my ever-indulgent friend. You say all will be at last happy — and I know it will — I confide that it will, with as much security, as you may, that I will be, to my last hour,

Your ever grateful and affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LXV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, AUG. 1.

I am most confoundedly chagrined and disappointed: for here, on Saturday, arrived a messenger from Miss Howe, with a letter to my cousins;* which I knew nothing of till yesterday; when Lady Sarah and Lady Betty were procured to be here, to sit in judgment upon it with the old Peer, and my two kinswomen. And never was bear so miserably baited as thy poor friend! — And for what? — why for the cruelty of Miss Harlowe: For have I committed any new offence? and would I not have re-instated myself in her favour upon her own terms, if I could? And is it fair to punish me for what is my misfortune, and not my fault? Such event-judging fools as I have for my relations! I am ashamed of them all.

* See Letter LV. of this volume.

In that of Miss Howe was enclosed one to her from Miss Harlowe,* to be transmitted to my cousins, containing a final rejection of me; and that in very vehement and positive terms; yet she pretends that, in this rejection, she is governed more by principle than passion — [D —— d lie, as ever was told!] and, as a proof that she is, says, that she can forgive me, and does, on this one condition, that I will never molest her more — the whole letter so written as to make herself more admired, me more detested.

* See Letter XLI. of this volume.

What we have been told of the agitations and workings, and sighings and sobbings, of the French prophets among us formerly, was nothing at all to the scene exhibited by these maudlin souls, at the reading of these letters; and of some affecting passages extracted from another of my fair implacable's to Miss Howe — such lamentations for the loss of so charming a relation! such applaudings of her virtue, of her exaltedness of soul and sentiment! such menaces of disinherisons! I, not needing their reproaches to be stung to the heart with my own reflections, and with the rage of disappointment; and as sincerely as any of them admiring her— 'What the devil,' cried I, 'is all this for? Is it not enough to be despised and rejected? Can I help her implacable spirit? Would I not repair the evils I have made her suffer?' — Then was I ready to curse them all, herself and Miss Howe for company: and heartily swore that she should yet be mine.

I now swear it over again to thee— 'Were her death to follow in a week after the knot is tied, by the Lord of Heaven, it shall be tied, and she shall die a Lovelace!' — Tell her so, if thou wilt: but, at the same time, tell her that I have no view to her fortune; and that I will solemnly resign that, and all pretensions to it, in whose favour she pleases, if she resign life issueless. — I am not so low-

minded a wretch, as to be guilty of any sordid views to her fortune. — Let her judge for herself, then, whether it be not for her honour rather to leave this world a Lovelace than a Harlowe.

But do not think I will entirely rest a cause so near my heart upon an advocate who so much more admires his client's adversary than his client. I will go to town, in a few days, in order to throw myself at her feet: and I will carry with me, or have at hand, a resolute, well-prepared parson; and the ceremony shall be performed, let what will be the consequence.

But if she will permit me to attend her for this purpose at either of the churches mentioned in the license, (which she has by her, and, thank Heaven! has not returned me with my letters,) then will I not disturb her; but meet her at the altar in either church, and will engage to bring my two cousins to attend her, and even Lady Sarah and Lady Betty; and my Lord M. in person shall give her to me.

Or, if it be still more agreeable to her, I will undertake that either Lady Sarah or Lady Betty, or both, shall go to town and attend her down; and the marriage shall be celebrated in their presence, and in that of Lord M., either here or elsewhere, at her own choice.

Do not play me booty, Belford; but sincerely and warmly use all the eloquence thou art master of, to prevail upon her to choose one of these three methods. One of them she must choose — by my soul, she must.

Here is Charlotte tapping at my closet-door for admittance. What a devil wants Charlotte? — I will hear no more reproaches! — Come in, girl!

* * *

My cousin Charlotte, finding me writing on with too much earnestness to have any regard for politeness to her, and guessing at my subject, besought me to let her see what I had written.

I obliged her. And she was so highly pleased on seeing me so much in earnest, that she offered, and I accepted her offer, to write a letter to Miss Harlowe; with permission to treat me in it as she thought fit.

I shall enclose a copy of her letter.

When she had written it, she brought it to me, with apologies for the freedom taken with me in it: but I excused it; and she was ready to give me a kiss for it; telling her I had hopes of success from it; and that I thought she had luckily hit it off.

Every one approves of it, as well as I; and is pleased with me for so patiently submitting to be abused, and undertaken for. — If it do not succeed, all the blame will be thrown upon the dear creature's perverseness: her charitable or forgiving

disposition, about which she makes such a parade, will be justly questioned; and the piety, of which she is now in full possession, will be transferred to me.

Putting, therefore, my whole confidence in this letter, I postpone all my other alternatives, as also my going to town, till my empress send an answer to my cousin Montague.

But if she persist, and will not promise to take time to consider of the matter, thou mayest communicate to her what I had written, as above, before my cousin entered; and, if she be still perverse, assure her, that I must and will see her — but this with all honour, all humility: and, if I cannot move her in my favour, I will then go abroad, and perhaps never more return to England.

I am sorry thou art, at this critical time, so busily employed, as thou informest me thou art, in thy Watford affairs, and in preparing to do Belton justice. If thou wantest my assistance in the latter, command me. Though engrossed by this perverse beauty, and plagued as I am, I will obey thy first summons.

I have great dependence upon thy zeal and thy friendship: hasten back to her, therefore, and resume a task so interesting to me, that it is equally the subject of my dreams, as of my waking hours.

LETTER LXVI

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TUESDAY, AUG. 1.

DEAREST MADAM,

All our family is deeply sensible of the injuries you have received at the hands of one of it, whom you only can render in any manner worthy of the relation he stands in to us all: and if, as an act of mercy and charity, the greatest your pious heart can show, you will be pleased to look over his past wickedness and ingratitude, and suffer yourself to be our kinswoman, you will make us the happiest family in the world: and I can engage, that Lord M., and Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, and my sister, who are all admirers of your virtues, and of your nobleness of mind, will for ever love and reverence you, and do every thing in all their powers to make you amends for what you have suffered from Mr. Lovelace. This, Madam, we should not, however, dare to petition for, were we not assured, that Mr. Lovelace is most sincerely sorry for his past vileness to you; and that he will, on his knees, beg your pardon, and vow eternal love and honour to you.

Wherefore, my dearest cousin, [how you will charm us all, if this agreeable style may be permitted!] for all our sakes, for his soul's sake, [you must, I am sure, be so good a lady, as to wish to save a soul!] and allow me to say, for your own fame's sake, condescend to our joint request: and if, by way of encouragement, you will but say you will be glad to see, and to be as much known personally, as you are by fame, to Charlotte Montague, I will, in two days' time from the receipt of your permission, wait upon you with or without my sister, and receive your farther commands.

Let me, our dearest cousin, [we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of calling you so; let me] entreat you to give me your permission for my journey to London; and put it in the power of Lord M. and of the ladies of the family, to make you what reparation they can make you, for the injuries which a person of the greatest merit in the world has received from one of the most audacious men in it; and you will infinitely oblige us all; and particularly her, who repeatedly presumes to style herself

Your affectionate cousin, and obliged servant, CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

LETTER LXVII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 3. SIX O'CLOCK.

I have been so much employed in my own and Belton's affairs, that I could not come to town till last night; having contented myself with sending to Mrs. Lovick, to know, from time to time, the state of the lady's health; of which I received but very indifferent accounts, owing, in a great measure, to letters or advices brought her from her implacable family.

I have now completed my own affairs; and, next week, shall go to Epsom, to endeavour to put Belton's sister into possession of his own house for him: after which, I shall devote myself wholly to your service, and to that of the lady.

I was admitted to her presence last night; and found her visibly altered for the worse. When I went home, I had your letter of Tuesday last put into my hands. Let me tell thee, Lovelace, that I insist upon the performance of thy engagement to me that thou wilt not personally molest her.

[Mr. Belford dates again on Thursday morning, ten o'clock; and gives an account of a conversation which he had just held with the Lady upon the subject of Miss Montague's letter to her, preceding, and upon Mr. Lovelace's alternatives, as mentioned in Letter LXV., which Mr. Belford supported with the utmost earnestness. But, as the result of this conversation will be found in the subsequent letters, Mr. Belford's pleas and arguments in favour of his friend, and the Lady's answers, are omitted.]

LETTER LXVIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS MONTAGUE THURSDAY, AUG. 3.

DEAR MADAM,

I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind and condescending letter. A letter, however, which heightens my regrets, as it gives me a new instance of what a happy creature I might have been in an alliance so much approved of by such worthy ladies; and which, on their accounts, and on that of Lord M. would have been so reputable to myself, and was once so desirable.

But indeed, indeed, Madam, my heart sincerely repulses the man who, descended from such a family, could be guilty, first, of such premeditated violence as he has been guilty of; and, as he knows, farther intended me, on the night previous to the day he set out for Berkshire; and, next, pretending to spirit, could be so mean as to wish to lift into that family a person he was capable of abasing into a companionship with the most abandoned of her sex.

Allow me then, dear Madam, to declare with favour, that I think I never could be ranked with the ladies of a family so splendid and so noble, if, by vowing love and honour at the altar to such a violator, I could sanctify, as I may say, his unprecedented and elaborate wickedness.

Permit me, however, to make one request to my good Lord M., and to Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, and to your kind self, and your sister. — It is, that you will all be pleased to join your authority and interests to prevail upon Mr. Lovelace not to molest me farther.

Be pleased to tell him, that, if I am designed for life, it will be very cruel in him to attempt to hunt me out of it; for I am determined never to see him more, if I can help it. The more cruel, because he knows that I have nobody to defend me from him: nor do I wish to engage any body to his hurt, or to their own.

If I am, on the other hand, destined for death, it will be no less cruel, if he will not permit me to die in peace — since a peaceable and happy end I wish him; indeed I do.

Every worldly good attend you, dear Madam, and every branch of the honourable family, is the wish of one, whose misfortune it is that she is obliged to disclaim any other title than that of,

Dear Madam, Your and their obliged and faithful servant, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXIX

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 3.

I am just now agreeably surprised by the following letter, delivered into my hands by a messenger from the lady. The letter she mentions, as enclosed,* I have returned, without taking a copy of it. The contents of it will soon be communicated to you, I presume, by other hands. They are an absolute rejection of thee — Poor Lovelace!

* See Miss Harlowe's Letter, No. LXVIII.

TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. AUG. 3.

SIR,

You have frequently offered to oblige me in any thing that shall be within your power: and I have such an opinion of you, as to be willing to hope that, at the times you made these offers, you meant more than mere compliment.

I have therefore two requests to make to you: the first I will now mention; the other, if this shall be complied with, otherwise not.

It behoves me to leave behind me such an account as may clear up my conduct to several of my friends who will not at present concern themselves about me: and Miss Howe, and her mother, are very solicitous that I will do so.

I am apprehensive that I shall not have time to do this; and you will not wonder that I have less and less inclination to set about such a painful task; especially as I find myself unable to look back with patience on what I have suffered; and shall be too much discomposed by the retrospection, were I obliged to make it, to proceed with the requisite temper in a task of still greater importance which I have before me.

It is very evident to me that your wicked friend has given you, from time to time, a circumstantial account of all his behaviour to me, and devices against me; and you have more than once assured me, that he has done my character all the justice I could wish for, both by writing and speech.

Now, Sir, if I may have a fair, a faithful specimen from his letters or accounts to you, written upon some of the most interesting occasions, I shall be able to judge whether there will or will not be a necessity for me, for my honour's sake, to enter upon the solicited task.

You may be assured, from my enclosed answer to the letter which Miss Montague has honoured me with, (and which you'll be pleased to return me as soon as read,) that it is impossible for me ever to think of your friend in the way I am importuned to think of him: he cannot therefore receive any detriment from

the requested specimen: and I give you my honour, that no use shall be made of it to his prejudice, in law, or otherwise. And that it may not, after I am no more, I assure you, that it is a main part of my view that the passages you shall oblige me with shall be always in your own power, and not in that of any other person.

If, Sir, you think fit to comply with my request, the passages I would wish to be transcribed (making neither better nor worse of the matter) are those which he has written to you, on or about the 7th and 8th of June, when I was alarmed by the wicked pretence of a fire; and what he has written from Sunday, June 11, to the 19th. And in doing this you will much oblige

Your humble servant, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

* * *

Now, Lovelace, since there are no hopes for thee of her returning favour — since some praise may lie for thy ingenuousness, having neither offered [as more diminutive-minded libertines would have done] to palliate thy crimes, by aspersing the lady, or her sex — since she may be made easier by it — since thou must fare better from thine own pen than from her's — and, finally, since thy actions have manifested that thy letters are not the most guilty part of what she knows of thee — I see not why I may not oblige her, upon her honour, and under the restrictions, and for the reasons she has given; and this without breach of the confidence due to friendly communication; especially, as I might have added, since thou gloriest in thy pen and in thy wickedness, and canst not be ashamed.

But, be this as it may, she will be obliged before thy remonstrances or clamours against it can come; so, pr'ythee now, make the best of it, and rave not; except for the sake of a pretence against me, and to exercise thy talent of execration: — and, if thou likest to do so for these reasons, rave and welcome.

I long to know what the second request is: but this I know, that if it be any thing less than cutting thy throat, or endangering my own neck, I will certainly comply; and be proud of having it in my power to oblige her.

And now I am actually going to be busy in the extracts.

LETTER LXX

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE AUG. 3, 4.

MADAM,

You have engaged me to communicate to you, upon my honour, (making neither better nor worse of the matter,) what Mr. Lovelace has written to me, in relation to yourself, in the period preceding your going to Hampstead, and in that between the 11th and 19th of June: and you assure me you have no view in this request, but to see if it be necessary for you, from the account he gives, to touch upon the painful subjects yourself, for the sake of your own character.

Your commands, Madam, are of a very delicate nature, as they may seem to affect the secrets of private friendship: but as I know you are not capable of a view, the motives to which you will not own; and as I think the communication may do some credit to my unhappy friend's character, as an ingenuous man; though his actions by the most excellent woman in the world have lost him all title to that of an honourable one; I obey you with the greater cheerfulness.

[He then proceeds with his extracts, and concludes them with an address to her in his friend's behalf, in the following words:]

'And now, Madam, I have fulfilled your commands; and, I hope, have not disserved my friend with you; since you will hereby see the justice he does to your virtue in every line he writes. He does the same in all his letters, though to his own condemnation: and, give me leave to add, that if this ever-amiable sufferer can think it in any manner consistent with her honour to receive his vows on the altar, on his truly penitent turn of mind, I have not the least doubt but that he will make her the best and tenderest of husbands. What obligation will not the admirable lady hereby lay upon all his noble family, who so greatly admire her! and, I will presume to say, upon her own, when the unhappy family aversion (which certainly has been carried to an unreasonable height against him) shall be got over, and a general reconciliation takes place! For who is it that would not give these two admirable persons to each other, were not his morals an objection?

However this be, I would humbly refer to you, Madam, whether, as you will be mistress of very delicate particulars from me his friend, you should not in honour think yourself concerned to pass them by, as if you had never seen them; and not to take advantage of the communication, not even in an argument, as some perhaps might lie, with respect to the premeditated design he seems to have had, not against you, as you; but as against the sex; over whom (I am sorry I can bear witness myself) it is the villanous aim of all libertines to triumph: and I would not, if any misunderstanding should arise between him and me, give him room to

reproach me that his losing of you, and (through his usage of you) of his own friends, were owing to what perhaps he would call breach of trust, were he to judge rather by the event than by my intention.

I am, Madam, with the most profound veneration,

Your most faithful humble servant, J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXXI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. FRIDAY, AUG. 4.

SIR,

I hold myself extremely obliged to you for your communications. I will make no use of them, that you shall have reason to reproach either yourself or me with. I wanted no new lights to make the unhappy man's premeditated baseness to me unquestionable, as my answer to Miss Montague's letter might convince you.*

* See Letter LXVIII. of this volume.

I must own, in his favour, that he has observed some decency in his accounts to you of the most indecent and shocking actions. And if all his strangely-communicative narrations are equally decent, nothing will be rendered criminally odious by them, but the vile heart that could meditate such contrivances as were much stronger evidences of his inhumanity than of his wit: since men of very contemptible parts and understanding may succeed in the vilest attempts, if they can once bring themselves to trample on the sanctions which bind man to man; and sooner upon an innocent person than upon any other; because such a one is apt to judge of the integrity of others' hearts by its own.

I find I have had great reason to think myself obliged to your intention in the whole progress of my sufferings. It is, however, impossible, Sir, to miss the natural inference on this occasion that lies against his predetermined baseness. But I say the less, because you shall not think I borrow, from what you have communicated, aggravations that are not needed.

And now, Sir, that I may spare you the trouble of offering any future arguments in his favour, let me tell you that I have weighed every thing thoroughly — all that human vanity could suggest — all that a desirable reconciliation with my friends, and the kind respects of his own, could bid me hope for — the enjoyment of Miss Howe's friendship, the dearest consideration to me, now, of all the worldly ones — all these I have weighed: and the result is, and was before you favoured me with these communications, that I have more satisfaction in the hope that, in one month, there will be an end of all with me, than in the most agreeable things that could happen from an alliance with Mr. Lovelace, although I were to be assured he would make the best and tenderest of husbands. But as to the rest; if, satisfied with the evils he has brought upon me, he will forbear all further persecutions of me, I will, to my last hour, wish him good: although he hath overwhelmed the fatherless, and digged a pit for his friend: fatherless may she well be called, and motherless too, who has been denied all paternal protection, and motherly forgiveness.

* * *

And now, Sir, acknowledging gratefully your favour in the extracts, I come to the second request I had to make you; which requires a great deal of courage to mention; and which courage nothing but a great deal of distress, and a very destitute condition, can give. But, if improper, I can but be denied; and dare to say I shall be at least excused. Thus, then, I preface it:

'You see, Sir, that I am thrown absolutely into the hands of strangers, who, although as kind and compassionate as strangers can be wished to be, are, nevertheless, persons from whom I cannot expect any thing more than pity and good wishes; nor can my memory receive from them any more protection than my person, if either should need it.

'If then I request it, of the only person possessed of materials that will enable him to do my character justice;

'And who has courage, independence, and ability to oblige me;

'To be the protector or my memory, as I may say;

'And to be my executor; and to see some of my dying requests performed;

'And if I leave it to him to do the whole in his own way, manner, and time; consulting, however, in requisite cases, my dear Miss Howe;

'I presume to hope that this my second request may be granted.'

And if it may, these satisfactions will accrue to me from the favour done me, and the office undertaken:

'It will be an honour to my memory, with all those who shall know that I was so well satisfied of my innocence, that, having not time to write my own story, I could intrust it to the relation which the destroyer of my fame and fortunes has given of it.

'I shall not be apprehensive of involving any one in my troubles or hazards by this task, either with my own relations, or with your friend; having dispositions to make which perhaps my own friends will not be so well pleased with as it were to be wished they would be;' as I intend not unreasonable ones; but you know, Sir, where self is judge, matters, even with good people, will not always be rightly judged of.

'I shall also be freed from the pain of recollecting things that my soul is vexed at; and this at a time when its tumults should be allayed, in order to make way for the most important preparation.

'And who knows, but that Mr. Belford, who already, from a principle of humanity, is touched at my misfortunes, when he comes to revolve the whole story, placed before him in one strong light: and when he shall have the catastrophe likewise before him; and shall become in a manner interested in it;

who knows, but that, from a still higher principle, he may so regulate his future actions as to find his own reward in the everlasting welfare which is wished him by his

‘Obliged servant, ‘CLARISSA HARLOWE?’

LETTER LXXII

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE FRIDAY, AUG. 4.

MADAM,

I am so sensible of the honour done me in your's of this day, that I would not delay for one moment the answering of it. I hope you will live to see many happy years; and to be your own executrix in those points which your heart is most set upon. But, in the case of survivorship, I most cheerfully accept of the sacred office you are pleased to offer me; and you may absolutely rely upon my fidelity, and, if possible, upon the literal performance of every article you shall enjoin me.

The effect of the kind wish you conclude with, had been my concern ever since I have been admitted to the honour of your conversation. It shall be my whole endeavour that it be not vain. The happiness of approaching you, which this trust, as I presume, will give me frequent opportunities of doing, must necessarily promote the desired end: since it will be impossible to be a witness of your piety, equanimity, and other virtues, and not aspire to emulate you. All I beg is, that you will not suffer any future candidate, or event, to displace me; unless some new instances of unworthiness appear either in the morals or behaviour of,

Madam, Your most obliged and faithful servant, J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXXIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY NIGHT, AUG. 4.

I have actually delivered to the lady the extracts she requested me to give her from your letters. I do assure you that I have made the very best of the matter for you, not that conscience, but that friendship, could oblige me to make. I have changed or omitted some free words. The warm description of her person in the fire-scene, as I may call it, I have omitted. I have told her, that I have done justice to you, in the justice you have done to her by her unexampled virtue. But take the very words which I wrote to her immediately following the extracts:

'And now, Madam,' — See the paragraph marked with an inverted comma [thus '], Letter LXX. of this volume.

The lady is extremely uneasy at the thoughts of your attempting to visit her. For Heaven's sake, (your word being given,) and for pity's sake, (for she is really in a very weak and languishing way,) let me beg of you not to think of it.

Yesterday afternoon she received a cruel letter (as Mrs. Lovick supposes it to be, by the effect it had upon her) from her sister, in answer to one written last Saturday, entreating a blessing and forgiveness from her parents.

She acknowledges, that if the same decency and justice are observed in all of your letters, as in the extracts I have obliged her with, (as I have assured her they are,) she shall think herself freed from the necessity of writing her own story: and this is an advantage to thee which thou oughtest to thank me for.

But what thinkest thou is the second request she had to make to me? no other than that I would be her executor! — Her motives will appear before thee in proper time; and then, I dare to answer, will be satisfactory.

You cannot imagine how proud I am of this trust. I am afraid I shall too soon come into the execution of it. As she is always writing, what a melancholy pleasure will be the perusal and disposition of her papers afford me! such a sweetness of temper, so much patience and resignation, as she seems to be mistress of; yet writing of and in the midst of present distresses! how much more lively and affecting, for that reason, must her style be; her mind tortured by the pangs of uncertainty, (the events then hidden in the womb of fate,) than the dry, narrative, unanimated style of persons, relating difficulties and dangers surmounted; the relater perfectly at ease; and if himself unmoved by his own story, not likely greatly to affect the reader!

* * * SATURDAY MORNING, AUG. 5.

I am just returned from visiting the lady, and thanking her in person for the honour she has done me; and assuring her, if called to the sacred trust, of the utmost fidelity and exactness.

I found her very ill. I took notice of it. She said, she had received a second hard-hearted letter from her sister; and she had been writing a letter (and that on her knees) directly to her mother; which, before, she had not had the courage to do. It was for a last blessing and forgiveness. No wonder, she said, that I saw her affected. Now that I had accepted of the last charitable office for her, (for which, as well as for complying with her other request, she thanked me,) I should one day have all these letters before me: and could she have a kind one in return to that she had been now writing, to counterbalance the unkind one she had from her sister, she might be induced to show me both together — otherwise, for her sister's sake, it were no matter how few saw the poor Bella's letter.

I knew she would be displeased if I had censured the cruelty of her relations: I therefore only said, that surely she must have enemies, who hoped to find their account in keeping up the resentments of her friends against her.

It may be so, Mr. Belford, said she: the unhappy never want enemies. One fault, wilfully committed, authorizes the imputation of many more. Where the ear is opened to accusations, accusers will not be wanting; and every one will officiously come with stories against a disgraced child, where nothing dare be said in her favour. I should have been wise in time, and not have needed to be convinced, by my own misfortunes, of the truth of what common experience daily demonstrates. Mr. Lovelace's baseness, my father's inflexibility, my sister's reproaches, are the natural consequences of my own rashness; so I must make the best of my hard lot. Only, as these consequences follow one another so closely, while they are new, how can I help being anew affected?

I asked, if a letter written by myself, by her doctor or apothecary, to any of her friends, representing her low state of health, and great humility, would be acceptable? or if a journey to any of them would be of service, I would gladly undertake it in person, and strictly conform to her orders, to whomsoever she should direct me to apply.

She earnestly desired that nothing of this sort might be attempted, especially without her knowledge and consent. Miss Howe, she said, had done harm by her kindly-intended zeal; and if there were room to expect favour by mediation, she had ready at hand a kind friend, Mrs. Norton, who for piety and prudence had few equals; and who would let slip no opportunity to endeavour to do her service.

I let her know that I was going out of town till Monday: she wished me pleasure; and said she should be glad to see me on my return.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXIV

MISS AR. HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO HER'S OF JULY 29. SEE LETTER LXII. OF THIS VOLUME.] THURSDAY MORN. AUG. 3.

SISTER CLARY,

I wish you would not trouble me with any more of your letters. You had always a knack at writing; and depended upon making every one do what you would when you wrote. But your wit and folly have undone you. And now, as all naughty creatures do, when they can't help themselves, you come begging and praying, and make others as uneasy as yourself.

When I wrote last to you, I expected that I should not be at rest.

And so you'd creep on, by little and little, till you'll want to be received again.

But you only hope for forgiveness and a blessing, you say. A blessing for what, sister Clary? Think for what! — However, I read your letter to my father and mother.

I won't tell you what my father said — one who has the true sense you boast to have of your misdeeds, may guess, without my telling you, what a justly-incensed father would say on such an occasion.

My poor mother — O wretch! what has not your ungrateful folly cost my poor mother! — Had you been less a darling, you would not, perhaps, have been so graceless: But I never in my life saw a cockered favourite come to good.

My heart is full, and I can't help writing my mind; for your crimes have disgraced us all; and I am afraid and ashamed to go to any public or private assembly or diversion: And why? — I need not say why, when your actions are the subjects either of the open talk, or of the affronting whispers, of both sexes at all such places.

Upon the whole, I am sorry I have no more comfort to send you: but I find nobody willing to forgive you.

I don't know what time may do for you; and when it is seen that your penitence is not owing more to disappointment than to true conviction: for it is too probable, Miss Clary, that, had not your feather-headed villain abandoned you, we should have heard nothing of these moving supplications; nor of any thing but defiances from him, and a guilt gloried in from you. And this is every one's opinion, as well as that of

Your afflicted sister, ARABELLA HARLOWE.

I send this by a particular hand, who undertakes to give it you or leave it for you by to-morrow night.

LETTER LXXV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO HER MOTHER SATURDAY, AUG. 5

HONOURED MADAM,

No self-convicted criminal ever approached her angry and just judge with greater awe, nor with a truer contrition, than I do you by these lines.

Indeed I must say, that if the latter of my humble prayer had not respected my future welfare, I had not dared to take this liberty. But my heart is set upon it, as upon a thing next to God Almighty's forgiveness necessary for me.

Had my happy sister known my distresses, she would not have wrung my heart, as she has done, by a severity, which I must needs think unkind and unsisterly.

But complaint of any unkindness from her belongs not to me: yet, as she is pleased to write that it must be seen that my penitence is less owing to disappointment than to true conviction, permit me, Madam, to insist upon it, that, if such a plea can be allowed me, I an actually entitled to the blessing I sue for; since my humble prayer is founded upon a true and unfeigned repentance: and this you will the readier believe, if the creature who never, to the best of her remembrance, told her mamma a wilful falsehood may be credited, when she declares, as she does, in the most solemn manner, that she met the seducer with a determination not to go off with him: that the rash step was owing more to compulsion than to infatuation: and that her heart was so little in it, that she repented and grieved from the moment she found herself in his power; and for every moment after, for several weeks before she had any cause from him to apprehend the usage she met with.

Wherefore, on my knees, my ever-honoured Mamma, (for on my knees I write this letter,) I do most humbly beg your blessing: say but, in so many words, (I ask you not, Madam, to call me your daughter,) — Lost, unhappy wretch, I forgive you! and may God bless you! — This is all! Let me, on a blessed scrap of paper, but see one sentence to this effect, under your dear hand, that I may hold it to my heart in my most trying struggles, and I shall think it a passport to Heaven. And, if I do not too much presume, and it were WE instead of I, and both your honoured names subjoined to it, I should then have nothing more to wish. Then would I say, 'Great and merciful God! thou seest here in this paper thy poor unworthy creature absolved by her justly-offended parents: Oh! join, for my Redeemer's sake, thy all-gracious fiat, and receive a repentant sinner to the arms of thy mercy!'

I can conjure you, Madam, by no subject of motherly tenderness, that will not, in the opinion of my severe censurers, (before whom this humble address must

appear,) add to reproach: let me therefore, for God's sake, prevail upon you to pronounce me blest and forgiven, since you will thereby sprinkle comfort through the last hours of

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXVI

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO HER'S OF AUG. 3. SEE LETTER LXVIII. OF THIS VOLUME.] MONDAY, AUG. 7.

DEAR MADAM,

We were all of opinion, before your letter came, that Mr. Lovelace was utterly unworthy of you, and deserved condign punishment, rather than to be blessed with such a wife: and hoped far more from your kind consideration for us, than any we supposed you could have for so base an injurer. For we were all determined to love you, and admire you, let his behaviour to you be what it would.

But, after your letter, what can be said?

I am, however, commanded to write in all the subscribing names, to let you know how greatly your sufferings have affected us: to tell you that my Lord M. has forbid him ever more to enter the doors of the apartments where he shall be: and as you labour under the unhappy effects of your friends' displeasure, which may subject you to inconveniencies, his Lordship, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, beg of you to accept, for your life, or, at least, till you are admitted to enjoy your own estate, of one hundred guineas per quarter, which will be regularly brought you by an especial hand, and of the enclosed bank-bill for a beginning. And do not, dearest Madam, we all beseech you, do not think you are beholden (for this token of Lord M.'s, and Lady Sarah's, and Lady Betty's, love to you) to the friends of this vile man; for he has not one friend left among us.

We each of us desire to be favoured with a place in your esteem; and to be considered upon the same foot of relationship as if what once was so much our pleasure to hope would be, had been. And it shall be our united prayer, that you may recover health and spirits, and live to see many happy years: and, since this wretch can no more be pleaded for, that, when he is gone abroad, as he now is preparing to do, we may be permitted the honour of a personal acquaintance with a lady who has no equal. These are the earnest requests, dearest young lady, of

Your affectionate friends, and most faithful servants, M. SARAH SADLEIR. ELIZ. LAWRANCE. CHARL. MONTAGUE. MARTH. MONTAGUE.

You will break the hearts of the three first-named more particularly, if you refuse them your acceptance. Dearest young lady, punish not them for his crimes. We send by a particular hand, which will bring us, we hope, your accepting favour.

Mr. Lovelace writes by the same hand; but he knows nothing of our letter,

nor we of his: for we shun each other; and one part of the house holds us, another him, the remotest from each other.

LETTER LXXVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SAT. AUG. 23.

I am so disturbed at the contents of Miss Harlowe's answer to my cousin Charlotte's letter of Tuesday last, (which was given her by the same fellow that gave me your's,) that I have hardly patience or consideration enough to weigh what you write.

She had need indeed to cry out for mercy for herself from her friends, who knows not how to show any! She is a true daughter of the Harlowes! — By my soul, Jack, she is a true daughter of the Harlowes! Yet has she so many excellencies, that I must love her; and, fool that I am, love her the more for despising me.

Thou runnest on with thy cursed nonsensical reformado rote, of dying, dying, dying! and, having once got the word by the end, canst not help foisting it in at every period! The devil take me, if I don't think thou wouldst rather give her poison with thy own hands, rather than she should recover, and rob thee of the merit of being a conjurer!

But no more of thy cursed knell; thy changes upon death's candlestick turned bottom-upwards: she'll live to bury me; I see that: for, by my soul, I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, nor, what is still worse, love any woman in the world but her. Nor care I to look upon a woman now: on the contrary, I turn my head from every one I meet: except by chance an eye, an air, a feature, strikes me, resembling her's in some glancing-by face; and then I cannot forbear looking again: though the second look recovers me; for there can be nobody like her.

But surely, Belford, the devil's in this woman! The more I think of her nonsense and obstinacy, the less patience I have with her. Is it possible she can do herself, her family, her friends, so much justice any other way, as by marrying me? Were she sure she should live but a day, she ought to die a wife. If her christian revenge will not let her wish to do so for her own sake, ought she not for the sake of her family, and of her sex, which she pretends sometimes to have so much concern for? And if no sake is dear enough to move her Harlowe-spirit in my favour, has she any title to the pity thou so pitifully art always bespeaking for her?

As to the difference which her letter has made between me and the stupid family here, [and I must tell thee we are all broke in pieces,] I value not that of a button. They are fools to anathematize and curse me, who can give them ten curses for one, were they to hold it for a day together.

I have one half of the house to myself; and that the best; for the great enjoy that least which costs them most: grandeur and use are two things: the common part is their's; the state part is mine: and here I lord it, and will lord it, as long as I please; while the two pursy sisters, the old gouty brother, and the two musty nieces, are stived up in the other half, and dare not stir for fear of meeting me: whom, (that's the jest of it,) they have forbidden coming into their apartments, as I have them into mine. And so I have them all prisoners, while I range about as I please. Pretty dogs and doggesses to quarrel and bark at me, and yet, whenever I appear, afraid to pop out of their kennels; or, if out before they see me, at the sight of me run growling in again, with their flapt ears, their sweeping dewlaps, and their quivering tails curling inwards.

And here, while I am thus worthily waging war with beetles, drones, wasps, and hornets, and am all on fire with the rage of slighted love, thou art regaling thyself with phlegm and rock-water, and art going on with thy reformation-scheme and thy exultations in my misfortunes!

The devil take thee for an insensible dough-baked varlet! I have no more patience with thee than with the lady; for thou knowest nothing either of love or friendship, but art as unworthy of the one, as incapable of the other; else wouldst thou not rejoice, as thou dost under the grimace of pity, in my disappointments.

And thou art a pretty fellow, art thou not? to engage to transcribe for her some parts of my letters written to thee in confidence? Letters that thou shouldest sooner have parted with thy cursed tongue, than have owned that thou ever hadst received such: yet these are now to be communicated to her! But I charge thee, and woe be to thee if it be too late! that thou do not oblige her with a line of mine.

If thou hast done it, the least vengeance I will take is to break through my honour given to thee not to visit her, as thou wilt have broken through thine to me, in communicating letters written under the seal of friendship.

I am now convinced, too sadly for my hopes, by her letter to my cousin Charlotte, that she is determined never to have me.

Unprecedented wickedness, she calls mine to her. But how does she know what love, in its flaming ardour, will stimulate men to do? How does she know the requisite distinctions of the words she uses in this case? — To think the worst, and to be able to make comparisons in these very delicate situations, must she not be less delicate than I had imagined her to be? — But she has head that the devil is black; and having a mind to make one of me, brays together, in the mortar of her wild fancy, twenty chimney-sweepers, in order to make one sootier than ordinary rise out of the dirty mass.

But what a whirlwind does she raise in my soul by her proud contempts of me! Never, never, was mortal man's pride so mortified! How does she sink me, even

in my own eyes!— ‘Her heart sincerely repulses me, she says, for my MEANNESS!’ — Yet she intends to reap the benefit of what she calls so! — Curse upon her haughtiness, and her meanness, at the same time! — Her haughtiness to me, and her meanness to her own relations; more unworthy of kindred with her, than I can be, or I am mean indeed.

Yet who but must admire, who but must adore her; Oh! that cursed, cursed house! But for the women of that! — Then their d —— d potions! But for those, had her unimpaired intellects, and the majesty of her virtue, saved her, as once it did by her humble eloquence,* another time by her terrifying menaces against her own life.* *

* In the fire-scene, Vol. V. Letter XVI. * * Vol. VI. Letter XXXVI. in the pen-knife-scene.

Yet in both these to find her power over me, and my love for her, and to hate, to despise, and to refuse me! — She might have done this with some show of justice, had the last-intended violation been perpetrated: — but to go away conqueress and triumphant in every light! — Well may she despise me for suffering her to do so.

She left me low and mean indeed! — And the impression holds with her. — I could tear my flesh, that I gave her not cause — that I humbled her not indeed; — or that I staid not in town to attend her motions instead of Lord M.’s, till I could have exalted myself, by giving to myself a wife superior to all trial, to all temptation.

I will venture one more letter to her, however; and if that don’t do, or procure me an answer, then will I endeavour to see her, let what will be the consequence. If she get out of my way, I will do some noble mischief to the vixen girl whom she most loves, and then quit the kingdom for ever.

And now, Jack, since thy hand is in at communicating the contents of private letters, tell her this, if thou wilt. And add to it, That if SHE abandon me, GOD will: and what then will be the fate of

Her LOVELACE.

LETTER LXXVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO LETTER LXV. OF THIS VOLUME.] MONDAY, AUG. 7.

And so you have actually delivered to the fair implacable extracts of letters written in the confidence of friendship! Take care — take care, Belford — I do indeed love you better than I love any man in the world: but this is a very delicate point. The matter is grown very serious to me. My heart is bent upon having her. And have her I will, though I marry her in the agonies of death.

She is very earnest, you say, that I will not offer to molest her. That, let me tell her, will absolutely depend upon herself, and the answer she returns, whether by pen and ink, or the contemptuous one of silence, which she bestowed upon my last four to her: and I will write it in such humble, and in such reasonable terms, that, if she be not a true Harlowe, she shall forgive me. But as to the executorship which she is for conferring upon thee — thou shalt not be her executor: let me perish if thou shalt. — Nor shall she die. Nobody shall be any thing, nobody shall dare to be any thing, to her, but I — thy happiness is already too great, to be admitted daily to her presence; to look upon her, to talk to her, to hear her talk, while I am forbid to come within view of her window — What a reprobation is this, of the man who was once more dear to her than all the men in the world! — And now to be able to look down upon me, while her exalted head is hid from me among the stars, sometimes with scorn, at other times with pity; I cannot bear it.

This I tell thee, that if I have not success in my effort by letter, I will overcome the creeping folly that has found its way to my heart, or I will tear it out in her presence, and throw it at her's, that she may see how much more tender than her own that organ is, which she, and you, and every one else, have taken the liberty to call callous.

Give notice of the people who live back and edge, and on either hand, of the cursed mother, to remove their best effects, if I am rejected: for the first vengeance I shall take will be to set fire to that den of serpents. Nor will there be any fear of taking them when they are in any act that has the relish of salvation in it, as Shakspeare says — so that my revenge, if they perish in the flames I shall light up, will be complete as to them.

LETTER LXXIX

MR. LOVELACE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE MONDAY, AUG. 7.

Little as I have reason to expect either your patient ear, or forgiving heart, yet cannot I forbear to write to you once more, (as a more pardonable intrusion, perhaps, than a visit would be,) to beg of you to put it in my power to atone, as far as it is possible to atone, for the injuries I have done you.

Your angelic purity, and my awakened conscience, are standing records of your exalted merit, and of my detestable baseness: but your forgiveness will lay me under an eternal obligation to you. — Forgive me then, my dearest life, my earthly good, the visible anchor of my future hope! — As you, (who believe you have something to be forgiven for,) hope for pardon yourself, forgive me, and consent to meet me, upon your own conditions, and in whose company you please, at the holy altar, and to give yourself a title to the most repentant and affectionate heart that ever beat in a human bosom.

But, perhaps, a time of probation may be required. It may be impossible for you, as well from indisposition as doubt, so soon to receive me to absolute favour as my heart wishes to be received. In this case, I will submit to your pleasure; and there shall be no penance which you can impose that I will not cheerfully undergo, if you will be pleased to give me hope that, after an expiation, suppose of months, wherein the regularity of my future life and actions shall convince you of my reformation, you will at last be mine.

Let me beg then the favour of a few lines, encouraging me in this conditional hope, if it must not be a still nearer hope, and a more generous encouragement.

If you refuse me this, you will make me desperate. But even then I must, at all events, throw myself at your feet, that I may not charge myself with the omission of any earnest, any humble effort, to move you in my favour: for in YOU, Madam, in YOUR forgiveness, are centred my hopes as to both worlds: since to be reprobated finally by you, will leave me without expectation of mercy from above! For I am now awakened enough to think that to be forgiven by injured innocents is necessary to the Divine pardon; the Almighty putting into the power of such, (as is reasonable to believe,) the wretch who causelessly and capitally offends them. And who can be entitled to this power, if YOU are not?

Your cause, Madam, in a word, I look upon to be the cause of virtue, and, as such, the cause of God. And may I not expect that He will assert it in the perdition of a man, who has acted by a person of the most spotless purity as I have done, if you, by rejecting me, show that I have offended beyond the possibility of forgiveness.

I do most solemnly assure you that no temporal or worldly views induce me to this earnest address. I deserve not forgiveness from you. Nor do my Lord M. and his sisters from me. I despise them from my heart for presuming to imagine that I will be controuled by the prospect of any benefits in their power to confer. There is not a person breathing, but yourself, who shall prescribe to me. Your whole conduct, Madam, has been so nobly principled, and your resentments are so admirably just, that you appear to me even in a divine light; and in an infinitely more amiable one at the same time than you could have appeared in, had you not suffered the barbarous wrongs, that now fill my mind with anguish and horror at my own recollected villany to the most excellent of women.

I repeat, that all I beg for the present is a few lines to guide my doubtful steps; and, if possible for you so far to condescend, to encourage me to hope that, if I can justify my present vows by my future conduct, I may be permitted the honour to style myself,

Eternally your’s, R. LOVELACE.

LETTER LXXX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO LORD M. AND TO THE LADIES OF HIS HOUSE [IN REPLY TO MISS MONTAGUE'S OF AUG. 7. SEE LETTER LXXVI. OF THIS VOLUME.] TUESDAY, AUG. 8.

Excuse me, my good Lord, and my ever-honoured Ladies, from accepting of your noble quarterly bounty; and allow me to return, with all grateful acknowledgement, and true humility, the enclosed earnest of your goodness to me. Indeed I have no need of the one, and cannot possibly want the other: but, nevertheless have such a sense of your generous favour, that, to my last hour, I shall have pleasure in contemplating upon it, and be proud of the place I hold in the esteem of such venerable persons, to whom I once had the ambition to hope to be related.

But give me leave to express my concern that you have banished your kinsman from your presence and favour: since now, perhaps, he will be under less restraint than ever; and since I in particular, who had hoped by your influence to remain unmolested for the remainder of my days, may again be subjected to his persecutions.

He has not, my good Lord, and my dear Ladies, offended against you, as he has against me; yet you could all very generously intercede for him with me: and shall I be very improper, if I desire, for my own peace-sake; for the sake of other poor creatures, who may still be injured by him, if he be made quite desperate; and for the sake of all your worthy family; that you will extend to him that forgiveness which you hope for from me? and this the rather, as I presume to think, that his daring and impetuous spirit will not be subdued by violent methods; since I have no doubt that the gratifying of a present passion will be always more prevalent with him than any future prospects, however unwarrantable the one, or beneficial the other.

Your resentments on my account are extremely generous, as your goodness to me is truly noble: but I am not without hope that he will be properly affected by the evils he has made me suffer; and that, when I am laid low and forgotten, your whole honourable family will be enabled to rejoice in his reformation; and see many of those happy years together, which, my good Lord, and my dear Ladies, you so kindly wish to

Your ever-grateful and obliged CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY NIGHT, AUG. 10.

You have been informed by Tourville, how much Belton's illness and affairs have engaged me, as well as Mowbray and him, since my former. I called at Smith's on Monday, in my way to Epsom.

The lady was gone to chapel: but I had the satisfaction to hear she was not worse; and left my compliments, and an intimation that I should be out of town for three or four days.

I refer myself to Tourville, who will let you know the difficulty we had to drive out this meek mistress, and frugal manager, with her cubs, and to give the poor fellow's sister possession for him of his own house; he skulking mean while at an inn at Croydon, too dispirited to appear in his own cause.

But I must observe that we were probably but just in time to save the shattered remains of his fortune from this rapacious woman, and her accomplices: for, as he cannot live long, and she thinks so, we found she had certainly taken measures to set up a marriage, and keep possession of all for herself and her sons.

Tourville will tell you how I was forced to chastise the quondam hostler in her sight, before I could drive him out of the house. He had the insolence to lay hands on me: and I made him take but one step from the top to the bottom of a pair of stairs. I thought his neck and all his bones had been broken. And then, he being carried out neck-and-heels, Thomasine thought fit to walk out after him.

Charming consequences of keeping; the state we have been so fond of extolling! — Whatever it may be thought of in strong health, sickness and declining spirits in the keeper will bring him to see the difference.

She should soon have him, she told a confidant, in the space of six foot by five; meaning his bed: and then she would let nobody come near him but whom she pleased. This hostler-fellow, I suppose, would then have been his physician; his will ready made for him; and widows' weeds probably ready provided; who knows, but she to appear in them in his own sight? as once I knew an instance in a wicked wife; insulting a husband she hated, when she thought him past recovery: though it gave the man such spirits, and such a turn, that he got over it, and lived to see her in her coffin, dressed out in the very weeds she had insulted him in.

So much, for the present, for Belton and his Thomasine.

* * *

I begin to pity thee heartily, now I see thee in earnest in the fruitless love thou expressest to this angel of a woman; and the rather, as, say what thou wilt, it is impossible she should get over her illness, and her friends' implacableness, of which she has had fresh instances.

I hope thou art not indeed displeased with the extracts I have made from thy letters for her. The letting her know the justice thou hast done to her virtue in them, is so much in favour of thy ingenuousness, (a quality, let me repeat, that gives thee a superiority over common libertines,) that I think in my heart I was right; though to any other woman, and to one who had not known the worst of thee that she could know, it might have been wrong.

If the end will justify the means, it is plain, that I have done well with regard to ye both; since I have made her easier, and thee appear in a better light to her, than otherwise thou wouldst have done.

But if, nevertheless, thou art dissatisfied with my having obliged her in a point, which I acknowledge to be delicate, let us canvas this matter at our first meeting: and then I will show thee what the extracts were, and what connections I gave them in thy favour.

But surely thou dost not pretend to say what I shall, or shall not do, as to the executorship.

I am my own man, I hope. I think thou shouldst be glad to have the justification of her memory left to one, who, at the same time, thou mayest be assured, will treat thee, and thy actions, with all the lenity the case will admit.

I cannot help expressing my surprise at one instance of thy self-partiality; and that is, where thou sayest she has need, indeed, to cry out for mercy herself from her friends, who knows not how to show any.

Surely thou canst not think the cases alike — for she, as I understand, desires but a last blessing, and a last forgiveness, for a fault in a manner involuntary, if a fault at all; and does not so much as hope to be received; thou, to be forgiven premeditated wrongs, (which, nevertheless, she forgives, on condition to be no more molested by thee;) and hopest to be received into favour, and to make the finest jewel in the world thy absolute property in consequence of that forgiveness.

I will now briefly proceed to relate what has passed since my last, as to the excellent lady. By the account I shall give thee, thou wilt see that she has troubles enough upon her, all springing originally from thyself, without needing to add more to them by new vexations. And as long as thou canst exert thyself so very cavalierly at M. Hall, where every one is thy prisoner, I see not but the bravery of thy spirit may be as well gratified in domineering there over half a dozen persons of rank and distinction, as it could be over an helpless orphan, as I may call this lady, since she has not a single friend to stand by her, if I do not; and who will

think herself happy, if she can refuge herself from thee, and from all the world, in the arms of death.

My last was dated on Saturday.

On Sunday, in compliance with her doctor's advice, she took a little airing. Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. Smith and his wife, were with her. After being at Highgate chapel at divine service, she treated them with a little repast; and in the afternoon was at Islington church, in her way home; returning tolerably cheerful.

She had received several letters in my absence, as Mrs. Lovick acquainted me, besides your's. Your's, it seems, much distressed her; but she ordered the messenger, who pressed for an answer, to be told that it did not require an immediate one.

On Wednesday she received a letter from her uncle Harlowe,* in answer to one she had written to her mother on Saturday on her knees. It must be a very cruel one, Mrs. Lovick says, by the effects it had upon her: for, when she received it, she was intending to take an afternoon airing in a coach: but was thrown into so violent a fit of hysterics upon it, that she was forced to lie down; and (being not recovered by it) to go to bed about eight o'clock.

* See Letter LXXXIV. of this volume.

On Thursday morning she was up very early; and had recourse to the Scriptures to calm her mind, as she told Mrs. Lovick: and, weak as she was, would go in a chair to Lincoln's-inn chapel, about eleven. She was brought home a little better; and then sat down to write to her uncle. But was obliged to leave off several times — to struggle, as she told Mrs. Lovick, for an humble temper. 'My heart, said she to the good woman, is a proud heart, and not yet, I find, enough mortified to my condition; but, do what I can, will be for prescribing resenting things to my pen.'

I arrived in town from Belton's this Thursday evening; and went directly to Smith's. She was too ill to receive my visit. But, on sending up my compliments, she sent me down word that she should be glad to see me in the morning.

Mrs. Lovick obliged me with the copy of a meditation collected by the lady from the Scriptures. She has entitled it Poor mortals the cause of their own misery; so entitled, I presume, with intention to take off the edge of her repinings at hardships so disproportioned to her fault, were her fault even as great as she is inclined to think it. We may see, by this, the method she takes to fortify her mind, and to which she owes, in a great measure, the magnanimity with which she bears her undeserved persecutions.

MEDITATION POOR MORTALS THE CAUSE OF THEIR OWN MISERY.

Say not thou, it is through the Lord that I fell away; for thou oughtest not to do the thing that he hateth.

Say not thou, he hath caused me to err; for he hath no need of the sinful man.

He himself made man from the beginning, and left him in the hand of his own counsel;

If thou wilt, to keep the commandments, and to perform acceptable faithfulness.

He hath set fire and water before thee: stretch forth thine hand to whither thou wilt.

He hath commanded no man to do wickedly: neither hath he given any man license to sin.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is only in thee.

Deliver me from all my offences: and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

When thou with rebuke dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man, therefore, is vanity.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged. O bring thou me out of my distresses!

* * *

Mrs. Smith gave me the following particulars of a conversation that passed between herself and a young clergyman, on Tuesday afternoon, who, as it appears, was employed to make inquiries about the lady by her friends.

He came into the shop in a riding-habit, and asked for some Spanish snuff; and finding only Mrs. Smith there, he desired to have a little talk with her in the back-shop.

He beat about the bush in several distant questions, and at last began to talk more directly about Miss Harlowe.

He said he knew her before her fall, [that was his impudent word;] and gave the substance of the following account of her, as I collected it from Mrs. Smith:

‘She was then, he said, the admiration and delight of every body: he lamented, with great solemnity, her backsliding; another of his phrases. Mrs. Smith said, he was a fine scholar; for he spoke several things she understood not; and either in Latin or Greek, she could not tell which; but was so good as to give her the English of them without asking. A fine thing, she said, for a scholar to be so condescending!’

He said, ‘Her going off with so vile a rake had given great scandal and offence to all the neighbouring ladies, as well as to her friends.’

He told Mrs. Smith ‘how much she used to be followed by every one’s eye, whenever she went abroad, or to church; and praised and blessed by every tongue,

as she passed; especially by the poor: that she gave the fashion to the fashionable, without seeming herself to intend it, or to know she did: that, however, it was pleasant to see ladies imitate her in dress and behaviour, who being unable to come up to her in grace and ease, exposed but their own affectation and awkwardness, at the time that they thought themselves secure of general approbation, because they wore the same things, and put them on in the same manner, that she did, who had every body's admiration; little considering, that were her person like their's, or if she had their defects, she would have brought up a very different fashion; for that nature was her guide in every thing, and ease her study; which, joined with a mingled dignity and condescension in her air and manner, whether she received or paid a compliment, distinguished her above all her sex.

'He spoke not, he said, his own sentiments only on this occasion, but those of every body: for that the praises of Miss Clarissa Harlowe were such a favourite topic, that a person who could not speak well upon any other subject, was sure to speak well upon that; because he could say nothing but what he had heard repeated and applauded twenty times over.'

Hence it was, perhaps, that this novice accounted for the best things he said himself; though I must own that the personal knowledge of the lady, which I am favoured with, made it easy to me to lick into shape what the good woman reported to me, as the character given her by the young Levite: For who, even now, in her decline of health, sees not that all these attributes belong to her?

I suppose he has not been long come from college, and now thinks he has nothing to do but to blaze away for a scholar among the ignorant; as such young fellows are apt to think those who cannot cap verses with them, and tell us how an antient author expressed himself in Latin on a subject, upon which, however, they may know how, as well as that author, to express themselves in English.

Mrs. Smith was so taken with him, that she would fain have introduced him to the lady, not questioning but it would be very acceptable to her to see one who knew her and her friends so well. But this he declined for several reasons, as he call them; which he gave. One was, that persons of his cloth should be very cautious of the company they were in, especially where sex was concerned, and where a woman had slurred her reputation — [I wish I had been there when he gave himself these airs.] Another, that he was desired to inform himself of her present way of life, and who her visiters were; for, as to the praises Mrs. Smith gave the lady, he hinted, that she seemed to be a good-natured woman, and might (though for the lady's sake he hoped not) be too partial and short-sighted to be trusted to, absolutely, in a concern of so high a nature as he intimated the task was which he had undertaken; nodding out words of doubtful import, and assuming

airs of great significance (as I could gather) throughout the whole conversation. And when Mrs. Smith told him that the lady was in a very bad state of health, he gave a careless shrug — She may be very ill, says he: her disappointments must have touched her to the quick: but she is not bad enough, I dare say, yet, to atone for her very great lapse, and to expect to be forgiven by those whom she has so much disgraced.

A starched, conceited coxcomb! what would I give he had fallen in my way!

He departed, highly satisfied with himself, no doubt, and assured of Mrs. Smith's great opinion of his sagacity and learning: but bid her not say any thing to the lady about him or his inquiries. And I, for very different reasons, enjoined the same thing.

I am glad, however, for her peace of mind's sake, that they begin to think it behoves them to inquire about her.

LETTER LXXXII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY, AUG. 11.

[Mr. Belford acquaints his friend with the generosity of Lord M. and the Ladies of his family; and with the Lady's grateful sentiments upon the occasion.

He says, that in hopes to avoid the pain of seeing him, (Mr. Lovelace,) she intends to answer his letter of the 7th, though much against her inclination.]

'She took great notice,' says Mr. Belford, 'of that passage in your's, which makes necessary to the Divine pardon, the forgiveness of a person causelessly injured.

'Her grandfather, I find, has enabled her at eighteen years of age to make her will, and to devise great part of his estate to whom she pleases of the family, and the rest out of it (if she die single) at her own discretion; and this to create respect to her! as he apprehended that she would be envied: and she now resolves to set about making her will out of hand.'

[Mr. Belford insists upon the promise he had made him, not to molest the Lady: and gives him the contents of her answer to Lord M. and the Ladies of his Lordship's family, declining their generous offers.

See Letter LXXX. of this volume.

LETTER LXXXIII

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY, AUG. 11.

It is a cruel alternative to be either forced to see you, or to write to you. But a will of my own has been long denied me; and to avoid a greater evil, nay, now I may say, the greatest, I write.

Were I capable of disguising or concealing my real sentiments, I might safely, I dare say, give you the remote hope you request, and yet keep all my resolutions. But I must tell you, Sir, (it becomes my character to tell you, that, were I to live more years than perhaps I may weeks, and there were not another man in the world, I could not, I would not, be your's.

There is no merit in performing a duty.

Religion enjoins me not only to forgive injuries, but to return good for evil. It is all my consolation, and I bless God for giving me that, that I am now in such a state of mind, with regard to you, that I can cheerfully obey its dictates. And accordingly I tell you, that, wherever you go, I wish you happy. And in this I mean to include every good wish.

And now having, with great reluctance I own, complied with one of your compulsatory alternatives, I expect the fruits of it.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXIV

MR. JOHN HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO HER'S TO HER MOTHER. SEE LETTER LXXV. OF THIS VOLUME.] MONDAY, AUG. 7.

POOR UNGRATEFUL, NAUGHTY KINSWOMAN!

Your mother neither caring, nor being permitted, to write, I am desired to set pen to paper, though I had resolved against it.

And so I am to tell you, that your letters, joined to the occasion of them, almost break the hearts of us all.

Were we sure you had seen your folly, and were truly penitent, and, at the same time, that you were so very ill as you pretend, I know not what might be done for you. But we are all acquainted with your moving ways when you want to carry a point.

Unhappy girl! how miserable have you made us all! We, who used to visit with so much pleasure, now cannot endure to look upon one another.

If you had not know, upon an hundred occasions, how dear you once was to us, you might judge of it now, were you to know how much your folly has unhinged us all.

Naughty, naughty girl! You see the fruits of preferring a rake and libertine to a man of sobriety and morals, against full warning, against better knowledge. And such a modest creature, too, as you were! How could you think of such an unworthy preference!

Your mother can't ask, and your sister knows not in modesty how to ask; and so I ask you, if you have any reason to think yourself with child by this villain? — You must answer this, and answer it truly, before any thing can be resolved upon about you.

You may well be touched with a deep remorse for your misdeeds. Could I ever have thought that my doting-piece, as every one called you, would have done thus? To be sure I loved you too well. But that is over now. Yet, though I will not pretend to answer for any body but myself, for my own part I say God forgive you! and this is all from

Your afflicted uncle, JOHN HARLOWE.

* * *

The following MEDITATION was stitched to the bottom of this letter with black silk.

MEDITATION

O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave! that thou wouldst keep me secret, till thy wrath be past!

My face is foul with weeping; and on my eye-lid is the shadow of death.

My friends scorn me; but mine eye poureth out tears unto God.

A dreadful sound is in my ears; in prosperity the destroyer came upon me!

I have sinned! what shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men! why hast thou set me as a mark against thee; so that I am a burden to myself!

When I say my bed shall comfort me; my couch shall ease my complaint;

Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions.

So that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life.

I loath it! I would not live always! — Let me alone; for my days are vanity!

He hath made me a bye-word of the people; and aforetime I was as a tabret.

My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart.

When I looked for good, then evil came unto me; and when I waited for light, then came darkness.

And where now is my hope? —

Yet all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

LETTER LXXXV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ. THURSDAY, AUG. 10.

HONOURED SIR,

It was an act of charity I begged: only for a last blessing, that I might die in peace. I ask not to be received again, as my severe sister [Oh! that I had not written to her!] is pleased to say, is my view. Let that grace be denied me when I do.

I could not look forward to my last scene with comfort, without seeking, at least, to obtain the blessing I petitioned for; and that with a contrition so deep, that I deserved not, were it known, to be turned over from the tender nature of a mother, to the upbraiding pen of an uncle! and to be wounded by a cruel question, put by him in a shocking manner: and which a little, a very little time, will better answer than I can: for I am not either a hardened or shameless creature: if I were, I should not have been so solicitous to obtain the favour I sued for.

And permit me to say that I asked it as well for my father and mother's sake, as for my own; for I am sure they at least will be uneasy, after I am gone, that they refused it to me.

I should still be glad to have theirs, and your's, Sir, and all your blessings, and your prayers: but, denied in such a manner, I will not presume again to ask it: relying entirely on the Almighty's; which is never denied, when supplicated for with such true penitence as I hope mine is.

God preserve my dear uncle, and all my honoured friends! prays

Your unhappy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME VIII.

DETAILED LETTER CONTENTS

LETTER I. Miss Howe, from the Isle of Wight. — In answer to her's, No. LXI. of Vol. VII. Approves not of her choice of Belford for her executor; yet thinks she cannot appoint for that office any of her own family. Hopes she will live many years.

LETTER II. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Sends her a large packet of letters; but (for her relations' sake) not all she has received. Must now abide by the choice of Mr. Belford for executor; but farther refers to the papers she sends her, for her justification on this head.

LETTER III. Antony Harlowe to Clarissa. — A letter more taunting and reproachful than that of her other uncle. To what owing.

LETTER IV. Clarissa. In answer. — Wishes that the circumstances of her case had been inquired into. Concludes with a solemn and pathetic prayer for the happiness of the whole family.

LETTER V. Mrs. Norton to Clarissa. — Her friends, through Brand's reports, as she imagines, intent upon her going to the plantations. Wishes her to discourage improper visiters. Difficult situations the tests of prudence as well as virtue. Dr. Lewen's solicitude for her welfare. Her cousin Morden arrived in England. Farther pious consolations.

LETTER VI. Clarissa. In answer. — Sends her a packet of letters, which, for her relations' sake, she cannot communicate to Miss Howe. From these she will collect a good deal of her story. Defends, yet gently blames her mother. Afraid that her cousin Morden will be set against her; or, what is worse, that he will seek to avenge her. Her affecting conclusion on her Norton's divine consolations.

LETTER VII. Lovelace to Belford. — Is very ill. The lady, if he die, will repent her refusal of him. One of the greatest felicities that can befal a woman, what. Extremely ill. His ludicrous behaviour on awaking, and finding a clergyman and his friends praying for him by his bedside.

LETTER VIII. Belford to Lovelace. — Concerned at his illness. Wishes that he had died before last April. The lady, he tells him, generously pities him; and prays that he may meet with the mercy he has not shown.

LETTER IX. Lovelace to Belford. — In raptures on her goodness to him. His deep regrets for his treatment of her. Blesses her.

LETTER X. Belford to Lovelace. — Congratulates him on his amendment. The lady's exalted charity to him. Her story a fine subject for tragedy. Compares with it, and censures, the play of the Fair Penitent. She is very ill; the worse for some new instances of the implacableness of her relations. A meditation on the subject. Poor Belton, he tells him, is at death's door; and desirous to see him.

LETTER XI. Belford to Clarissa. — Acquaints her with the obligation he is under to go to Belton, and (lest she should be surprised) with Lovelace's resolution (as signified in the next letter) to visit her.

LETTER XII. Lovelace to Belford. — Resolves to throw himself at the lady's feet. Lord M. of opinion that she ought to admit of one interview.

LETTER XIII. From the same. — Arrived in London, he finds the lady gone abroad. Suspects Belford. His unaccountable freaks at Smith's. His motives for behaving so ludicrously there. The vile Sally Martin entertains him with her mimicry of the divine lady.

LETTER XIV. From the same. — His frightful dream. How affected by it. Sleeping or waking, his Clarissa always present with him. Hears she is returned to her lodgings. Is hastening to her.

LETTER XV. From the same. — Disappointed again. Is affected by Mrs. Lovick's expostulations. Is shown a meditation on being hunted after by the enemy of her soul, as it is entitled. His light comments upon it. Leaves word that he resolves to see her. Makes several other efforts for that purpose.

LETTER XVI. Belford to Lovelace. — Reproaches him that he has not kept his honour with him. Inveighs against, and severely censures him for his light behaviour at Smith's. Belton's terrors and despondency. Mowbray's impenetrable behaviour.

LETTER XVII. From the same. — Mowbray's impatience to run from a dying Belton to a too-lively Lovelace. Mowbray abuses Mr. Belton's servant in the language of a rake of the common class. Reflection on the brevity of life.

LETTER XVIII. Lovelace to Belford. — Receives a letter from Clarissa, written by way of allegory to induce him to forbear hunting after her. Copy of it. He takes it in a literal sense. Exults upon it. Will now hasten down to Lord M. and receive

the gratulations of all his family on her returning favour. Gives an interpretation of his frightful dream to his own liking.

LETTER XIX. XX. From the same. — Pities Belton. Rakishly defends him on the issue of a duel, which now adds to the poor man's terrors. His opinion of death, and the fear of it. Reflections upon the conduct of play-writers with regard servants. He cannot account for the turn his Clarissa has taken in his favour. Hints at one hopeful cause of it. Now matrimony seems to be in his power, he has some retrograde motions.

LETTER XXI. Belford to Lovelace. — Continuation of his narrative of Belton's last illness and impatience. The poor man abuses the gentlemen of the faculty. Belford censures some of them for their greediness after fees. Belton dies. Serious reflections on the occasion.

LETTER XXII. Lovelace to Belford. — Hopes Belton is happy; and why. He is setting out for Berks.

LETTER XXIII. Belford to Lovelace. — Attends the lady. She is extremely ill, and receives the sacrament. Complains of the harasses his friend had given her. Two different persons (from her relations, he supposes) inquire after her. Her affecting address to the doctor, apothecary, and himself. Disposes of some more of her apparel for a very affecting purpose.

LETTER XXIV. Dr. Lewen to Clarissa. — Writes on his pillow, to prevail upon her to prosecute Lovelace for his life.

LETTER XXV. Her pathetic and noble answer.

LETTER XXVI. Miss Arabella Harlowe to Clarissa. — Proposes, in a most taunting and cruel manner, the prosecution of Lovelace; or, if not, her going to Pensylvania.

LETTER XXVII. Clarissa's affecting answer.

LETTER XXVIII. XXIX. Mrs. Norton to Clarissa. — Her uncle's cruel letter to what owing. Colonel Morden resolved on a visit to Lovelace. — Mrs. Hervey, in a private conversation with her, accounts for, yet blames, the cruelty of her family. Miss Dolly Hervey wishes to attend her.

LETTER XXX. Clarissa. In answer. — Thinks she has been treated with great rigour by her relations. Expresses more warmth than usual on this subject. Yet soon checks herself. Grieves that Colonel Morden resolves on a visit to Lovelace.

Touches upon her sister's taunting letter. Requests Mrs. Norton's prayers for patience and resignation.

LETTER XXXI. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Approves now of her appointment of Belford for an executor. Admires her greatness of mind in despising Lovelace. Every body she is with taken with Hickman; yet she cannot help wantoning with the power his obsequious love gives her over him.

LETTER XXXII. XXXIII. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — Instructive lessons and observations on her treatment of Hickman. — Acquaints her with all that has happened since her last. Fears that all her allegorical letter is not strictly right. Is forced by illness to break off. Resumes. Wishes her married.

LETTER XXXIV. Mr. Wyerley to Clarissa. — A generous renewal of his address to her now in her calamity; and a tender of his best services.

LETTER XXXV. Her open, kind, and instructive answer.

LETTER XXXVI. Lovelace to Belford. — Uneasy, on a suspicion that her letter to him was a stratagem only. What he will do, if he find it so.

LETTER XXXVII. Belford to Lovelace. — Brief account of his proceedings in Belton's affairs. The lady extremely ill. Thought to be near her end. Has a low-spirited day. Recovers her spirits; and thinks herself above this world. She bespeaks her coffin. Confesses that her letter to Lovelace was allegorical only. The light in which Belford beholds her.

LETTER XXXVIII. Belford to Lovelace. — An affecting conversation that passed between the lady and Dr. H. She talks of death, he says, and prepares for it, as if it were an occurrence as familiar to her as dressing and undressing. Worthy behaviour of the doctor. She makes observations on the vanity of life, on the wisdom of an early preparation for death, and on the last behaviour of Belton.

LETTER XXXIX. XL. XLI. Lovelace to Belford. — Particulars of what passed between himself, Colonel Morden, Lord M., and Mowbray, on the visit made him by the Colonel. Proposes Belford to Miss Charlotte Montague, by way of raillery, for an husband. — He encloses Brand's letter, which misrepresents (from credulity and officiousness, rather than ill-will) the lady's conduct.

LETTER XLII. Belford to Lovelace. — Expatiates on the baseness of deluding young creatures, whose confidence has been obtained by oaths, vows, promises. Evil of censoriousness. People deemed good too much addicted to it. Desires to know what he means my his ridicule with regard to his charming cousin.

LETTER XLIII. From the same. — A proper test of the purity of writing. The lady again makes excuses for her allegorical letter. Her calm behaviour, and generous and useful reflections, on his communicating to her Brand's misrepresentations of her conduct.

LETTER XLIV. Colonel Morden to Clarissa. — Offers his assistance and service to make the best of what has happened. Advises her to marry Lovelace, as the only means to bring about a general reconciliation. Has no doubt of his resolution to do her justice. Desires to know if she has.

LETTER XLV. Clarissa. In answer.

LETTER XLVI. Lovelace to Belford. — His reasonings and ravings on finding the lady's letter to him only an allegorical one. In the midst of these, the natural gayety of his heart runs him into ridicule on Belford. His ludicrous image drawn from a monument in Westminster Abbey. Resumes his serious disposition. If the worst happen, (the Lord of Heaven and Earth, says he, avert that worst!) he bids him only write that he advises him to take a trip to Paris; and that will stab him to the heart.

LETTER XLVII. Belford to Lovelace. — The lady's coffin brought up stairs. He is extremely shocked and discomposed at it. Her intrepidity. Great minds, he observes, cannot avoid doing uncommon things. Reflections on the curiosity of women.

LETTER XLVIII. From the same. — Description of the coffin, and devices on the lid. It is placed in her bed-chamber. His serious application to Lovelace on her great behaviour.

LETTER XLIX. From the same. — Astonished at his levity in the Abbey-instance. The lady extremely ill.

LETTER L. Lovelace to Belford. — All he has done to the lady a jest to die for; since her triumph has ever been greater than her sufferings. He will make over all his possessions and all his reversions to the doctor, if he will but prolong her life for one twelvemonth. How, but for her calamities, could her equanimity blaze out as it does! He would now love her with an intellectual flame. He cannot bear to think that the last time she so triumphantly left him should be the last. His conscience, he says, tears him. He is sick of the remembrance of his vile plots.

LETTER LI. Belford to Lovelace. — The lady alive, serene, and calm. The more serene for having finished, signed, and sealed her last will; deferred till now for

reasons of filial duty.

LETTER LII. Miss Howe to Clarissa. — Pathetically laments the illness of her own mother, and of her dear friend. Now all her pertness to the former, she says, fly in her face. She lays down her pen; and resumes it, to tell her, with great joy, that her mother is better. She has had a visit form her cousin Morden. What passed in it.

LETTER LIII. From the same. — Displeased with the Colonel for thinking too freely of the sex. Never knew a man that had a slight notion of the virtue of women in general, who deserved to be valued for his morals. Why women must either be more or less virtuous than men. Useful hints to young ladies. Is out of humour with Mr. Hickman. Resolves to see her soon in town.

LETTER LIV. Belford to Lovelace. — The lady writes and reads upon her coffin, as upon a desk. The doctor resolves to write to her father. Her intense, yet cheerful devotion.

LETTER LV. Clarissa to Miss Howe. — A letter full of pious reflections, and good advice, both general and particular; and breathing the true spirit of charity, forgiveness, patience, and resignation. A just reflection, to her dear friend, upon the mortifying nature of pride.

LETTER LVI. Mrs. Norton to Clarissa. — Her account of an interesting conversation at Harlowe-place between the family and Colonel Morden; and of another between her mother and self. The Colonel incensed against them all. Her advice concerning Belford, and other matters. Miss Howe has obtained leave, she hears, to visit her. Praises Mr. Hickman. Gently censures Miss Howe on his account. Her truly maternal and pious comfortings.

LETTER LVII. Belford to Lovelace. — The lady’s sight begins to fail her. She blesses God for the serenity she enjoys. It is what, she says, she had prayed for. What a blessing, so near to her dissolution, to have her prayers answered! Gives particular directions to him about her papers, about her last will and apparel. Comforts the women and him on their concern for her. Another letter brought her from Colonel Morden. The substance of it. Belford writes to hasten up the Colonel. Dr. H. has also written to her father; and Brand to Mr. John Harlowe a letter recanting his officious one.

LETTER LVIII. Dr. H. to James Harlowe, Senior, Esq.

LETTER LIX. Copy of Mr. Belford’s letter to Colonel Morden, to hasten him up.

LETTER LX. Lovelace to Belford. — He feels the torments of the damned, in the remorse that wrings his heart, on looking back on his past actions by this lady. Gives him what he calls a faint picture of his horrible uneasiness, riding up and down, expecting the return of his servant as soon as he had dispatched him. Woe be to the man who brings him the fatal news!

LETTER LXI. Belford to Lovelace. — Farther particulars of the lady's pious and exemplary behaviour. She rejoices in the gradual death afforded her. Her thankful acknowledgments to Mr. Belford, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Lovick, for their kindness to her. Her edifying address to Mr. Belford.

LETTER LXII. Clarissa to Mrs. Norton. In answer to her's, No. LVI. — Afflicted only for her friends. Desires not now to see her cousin Morden, nor even herself, or Miss Howe. God will have no rivals, she says, in the hearts of those whom HE sanctifies. Advice to Miss Howe. To Mr. Hickman. Blesses all her relations and friends.

LETTER LXIII. Lovelace to Belford. — A letter of deep distress, remorse, and impatience. Yet would he fain lighten his own guilt by reflections on the cruelty of her relations.

LETTER LXIV. Belford to Lovelace The lady is disappointed at the Doctor's telling her that she may yet live two or three days. Death from grief the slowest of deaths. Her solemn forgiveness of Lovelace, and prayer for him. Owns that once she could have loved him. Her generous concern for his future happiness. Belford's good resolutions.

LETTER LXV. Mr. Brand to Mr. John Walton.

LETTER LXVI. Mr. Brand to John Harlowe, Esq.; in excuse of his credulity, and of the misreports founded upon it.

LETTER LXVII. Lovelace to Belford. — Blesses him for sending him word the lady is better. Her charity towards him cuts him to the heart. He cannot bear it. His vehement self reproaches. Curses his contriving genius, and his disbelief that there could be such virtue in woman. The world never saw such an husband as he will make, if she recover, and will be his.

LETTER LXVIII. Belford to Lovelace. — The lady's pious frame. The approaches of death how supportable to her; and why. She has no reason, she says, to grieve for any thing but the sorrow she has given to her friends.

LETTER LXIX. Lovelace to Belford. — Never prayed in his life, put all the years of it together, as he has done for this fortnight. Has repented of all his baseness: And will nothing do? Conjures him to send him good news in his next, as he would not be answerable for consequences.

LETTER LXX. Belford to Lovelace. — Solemn leave taken of her by the doctor and apothecary; who tell her she will hardly see the next night. The pleasure with which she receives the intimation. How unlike poor Belton's behaviour her's! A letter from Miss Howe. Copy of it. She cannot see to read it. Her exalted expressions on hearing it read. Tries to write an answer to it; but cannot. Dictates to Mrs. Lovick. Writes the superscriptive part herself on her knees. Colonel Morden arrives in town.

LETTER LXXI. From the same. — What passes on Colonel Morden's visit to his cousin. She enjoins the Colonel not to avenge her.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE

LETTER I

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, MONDAY, AUG. 7.

MY DEAREST CREATURE,

I can write but just now a few lines. I cannot tell how to bear the sound of that Mr. Belford for your executor, cogent as your reasons for that measure are: and yet I am firmly of opinion, that none of your relations should be named for the trust. But I dwell the less on this subject, as I hope (and cannot bear to apprehend the contrary) that you will still live many, many years.

Mr. Hickman, indeed, speaks very handsomely of Mr. Belford. But he, poor man! has not much penetration. — If he had, he would hardly think so well of me as he does.

I have a particular opportunity of sending this by a friend of my aunt Harman's; who is ready to set out for London, (and this occasions my hurry,) and is to return out of hand. I expect therefore, by him a large packet from you; and hope and long for news of your amended health: which Heaven grant to the prayers of

Your ever-affectionate ANNA HOWE.

LETTER II

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, AUG. 11.

I will send you a large packet, as you desire and expect; since I can do it by so safe a conveyance: but not all that is come to my hand — for I must own that my friends are very severe; too severe for any body, who loves them not, to see their letters. You, my dear, would not call them my friends, you said, long ago; but my relations: indeed I cannot call them my relations, I think! —— But I am ill; and therefore perhaps more peevish than I should be. It is difficult to go out of ourselves to give a judgment against ourselves; and yet, oftentimes, to pass a just judgment, we ought.

I thought I should alarm you in the choice of my executor. But the sad necessity I am reduced to must excuse me.

I shall not repeat any thing I have said before on that subject: but if your objections will not be answered to your satisfaction by the papers and letters I shall enclose, marked 1, 2, 3, 4, to 9, I must think myself in another instance unhappy; since I am engaged too far (and with my own judgment too) to recede.

As Mr. Belford has transcribed for me, in confidence, from his friend's letters, the passages which accompany this, I must insist that you suffer no soul but yourself to peruse them; and that you return them by the very first opportunity; that so no use may be made of them that may do hurt either to the original writer or to the communicator. You'll observe I am bound by promise to this care. If through my means any mischief should arise, between this humane and that inhuman libertine, I should think myself utterly inexcusable.

I subjoin a list of the papers or letters I shall enclose. You must return them all when perused.*

* 1. A letter from Miss Montague, dated . . . . Aug. 1.
2. A copy of my answer . . . . . Aug. 3.
3. Mr. Belford's Letter to me, which will show you what my request was to him, and his compliance with it; and the desired extracts from his friend's letters . . . . Aug. 3, 4.
4. A copy of my answer, with thanks; and requesting him to undertake the executorship . . . . . Aug. 4.
5. Mr. Belford's acceptance of the trust . . Aug. 4.
6. Miss Montague's letter, with a generous offer from Lord M. and the Ladies of that

family . . . . . Aug. 7.

7. Mr. Lovelace's to me . . . . . Aug. 7.
8. Copy of mine to Miss Montague, in answer to her's of the day before . . . . . Aug. 8.
9. Copy of my answer to Mr. Lovelace . . . . Aug. 11.

You will see by these several Letters, written and received in so little a space of time (to say nothing of what I have received and written which I cannot show you,) how little opportunity or leisure I can have for writing my own story.

I am very much tired and fatigued — with — I don't know what — with writing, I think — but most with myself, and with a situation I cannot help aspiring to get out of, and above!

O my dear, the world we live in is a sad, a very sad world! —— While under our parents' protecting wings, we know nothing at all of it. Book-learned and a scribbler, and looking at people as I saw them as visiters or visiting, I thought I knew a great deal of it. Pitiable ignorance! — Alas! I knew nothing at all!

With zealous wishes for your happiness, and the happiness of every one dear to you, I am, and will ever be,

Your gratefully-affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER III

MR. ANTONY HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE [IN REPLY TO HER'S TO HER UNCLE HARLOWE, OF THURSDAY, AUG. 10.] AUG. 12.

UNHAPPY GIRL!

As your uncle Harlowe chooses not to answer your pert letter to him; and as mine, written to you before,* was written as if it were in the spirit of prophecy, as you have found to your sorrow; and as you are now making yourself worse than you are in your health, and better than you are in your penitence, as we are very well assured, in order to move compassion; which you do not deserve, having had so much warning: for all these reasons, I take up my pen once more; though I had told your brother, at his going to Edinburgh, that I would not write to you, even were you to write to me, without letting him know. So indeed had we all; for he prognosticated what would happen, as to your applying to us, when you knew not how to help it.

* See Vol. I. Letter XXXII.

Brother John has hurt your niceness, it seems, by asking you a plain question, which your mother's heart is too full of grief to let her ask; and modesty will not let your sister ask; though but the consequence of your actions — and yet it must be answered, before you'll obtain from your father and mother, and us, the notice you hope for, I can tell you that.

You lived several guilty weeks with one of the vilest fellows that ever drew breath, at bed, as well as at board, no doubt, (for is not his character known?) and pray don't be ashamed to be asked after what may naturally come of such free living. This modesty indeed would have become you for eighteen years of your life — you'll be pleased to mark that — but makes no good figure compared with your behaviour since the beginning of April last. So pray don't take it up, and wipe your mouth upon it, as if nothing had happened.

But, may be, I likewise am to shocking to your niceness! — O girl, girl! your modesty had better been shown at the right time and place — Every body but you believed what the rake was: but you would believe nothing bad of him — What think you now?

Your folly has ruined all our peace. And who knows where it may yet end? — Your poor father but yesterday showed me this text: With bitter grief he showed it me, poor man! and do you lay it to your heart:

'A father waketh for his daughter, when no man knoweth; and the care for her taketh away his sleep — When she is young, lest she pass away the flower of her age — [and you know what proposals were made to you at different times.] And,

being married, lest she should be hated. In her virginity, lest she should be defiled, and gotten with child in her father's house — [and I don't make the words, mind that.] And, having an husband, lest she should misbehave herself.' And what follows? 'Keep a sure watch over a shameless daughter — [yet no watch could hold you!] lest she make thee a laughing stock to thine enemies — [as you have made us all to this cursed Lovelace,] and a bye-word in the city, and a reproach among the people, and make thee ashamed before the multitude.' Ecclus. xlii. 9, 10, &c.

Now will you wish you had not written pertly. Your sister's severities! — Never, girl, say that is severe that is deserved. You know the meaning of words. No body better. Would to the Lord you had acted up but to one half of what you know! then had we not been disappointed and grieved, as we all have been: and nobody more than him who was

Your loving uncle, ANTONY HARLOWE.

This will be with you to-morrow. Perhaps you may be suffered to have some part of your estate, after you have smarted a little more.

Your pertly-answered uncle John, who is your trustee, will not have you be destitute. But we hope all is not true that we hear of you.

— Only take care, I advise you, that, bad as you have acted, you act not still worse, if it be possible to act worse. Improve upon the hint.

LETTER IV

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQ. SUNDAY, AUG. 13.

HONOURED SIR,

I am very sorry for my pert letter to my uncle Harlowe. Yet I did not intend it to be pert. People new to misfortune may be too easily moved to impatience.

The fall of a regular person, no doubt, is dreadful and inexcusable. is like the sin of apostacy. Would to Heaven, however, that I had had the circumstances of mine inquired into!

If, Sir, I make myself worse than I am in my health, and better than I am in my penitence, it is fit I should be punished for my double dissimulation: and you have the pleasure of being one of my punishers. My sincerity in both respects will, however, be best justified by the event. To that I refer. — May Heaven give you always as much comfort in reflecting upon the reprobation I have met with, as you seem to have pleasure in mortifying a young creature, extremely mortified; and that from a right sense, as she presumes to hope, of her own fault!

What you heard of me I cannot tell. When the nearest and dearest relations give up an unhappy wretch, it is not to be wondered at that those who are not related to her are ready to take up and propagate slanders against her. Yet I think I may defy calumny itself, and (excepting the fatal, though involuntary step of April 10) wrap myself in my own innocence, and be easy. I thank you, Sir, nevertheless, for your caution, mean it what it will.

As to the question required of me to answer, and which is allowed to be too shocking either for a mother to put to a daughter, or a sister to a sister; and which, however, you say I must answer; — O Sir! — And must I answer? — This then be my answer:— ‘A little time, a much less time than is imagined, will afford a more satisfactory answer to my whole family, and even to my brother and sister, than I can give in words.’

Nevertheless, be pleased to let it be remembered, that I did not petition for a restoration to favour. I could not hope for that. Nor yet to be put in possession of any part of my own estate. Nor even for means of necessary subsistence from the produce of that estate — but only for a blessing; for a last blessing!

And this I will farther add, because it is true, that I have no wilful crime to charge against myself: no free living at bed and at board, as you phrase it!

Why, why, Sir, were not other inquiries made of me, as well as this shocking one? — inquiries that modesty would have permitted a mother or sister to make; and which, if I may be excused to say so, would have been still less improper, and

more charitable, to have been made by uncles, (were the mother forbidden, or the sister not inclined, to make them,) than those they have made.

Although my humble application has brought upon me so much severe reproach, I repent not that I have written to my mother, (although I cannot but wish that I had not written to my sister;) because I have satisfied a dutiful consciousness by it, however unanswered by the wished-for success. Nevertheless, I cannot help saying, that mine is indeed a hard fate, that I cannot beg pardon for my capital errors without doing it in such terms as shall be an aggravation of the offence.

But I had best leave off, lest, as my full mind, I find, is rising to my pen, I have other pardons to beg as I multiply lines, where none at all will be given.

God Almighty bless, preserve, and comfort my dear sorrowing and grievously offended father and mother! — and continue in honour, favour, and merit, my happy sister! — May God forgive my brother, and protect him from the violence of his own temper, as well as from the destroyer of his sister's honour! — And may you, my dear uncle, and your no less now than ever dear brother, my second papa, as he used to bid me call him, be blessed and happy in them, and in each other! — And, in order to this, may you all speedily banish from your remembrance, for ever,

The unhappy CLARISSA HARLOWE!

LETTER V

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE MONDAY, AUG. 14.

All your friends here, my dear young lady, now seem set upon proposing to you to go to one of the plantations. This, I believe, is owing to some misrepresentations of Mr. Brand; from whom they have received a letter.

I wish, with all my heart, that you could, consistently with your own notions of honour, yield to the pressing requests of all Mr. Lovelace's family in his behalf. This, I think, would stop every mouth; and, in time, reconcile every body to you. For your own friends will not believe that he is in earnest to marry you; and the hatred between the families is such, that they will not condescend to inform themselves better; nor would believe him, if he were ever so solemnly to avow that he is.

I should be very glad to have in readiness, upon occasion, some brief particulars of your sad story under your own hand. But let me tell you, at the same time, that no misrepresentations, nor even your own confession, shall lessen my opinion either of your piety, or of your prudence in essential points; because I know it was always your humble way to make light faults heavy against yourself: and well might you, my dearest young lady, aggravate your own failings, who have ever had so few; and those few so slight, that your ingenuousness has turned most of them into excellencies.

Nevertheless, let me advise you, my dear Miss Clary, to discountenance any visits, which, with the censorious, may affect your character. As that has not hitherto suffered by your wilful default, I hope you will not, in a desponding negligence (satisfying yourself with a consciousness of your own innocence) permit it to suffer. Difficult situations, you know, my dear young lady, are the tests not only of prudence but of virtue.

I think, I must own to you, that, since Mr. Brand's letter has been received, I have a renewed prohibition to attend you. However, if you will give me leave, that shall not detain me from you. Nor would I stay for that leave, if I were not in hopes that, in this critical situation, I may be able to do you service here.

I have often had messages and inquiries after your health from the truly-reverend Dr. Lewen, who has always expressed, and still expresses, infinite concern for you. He entirely disapproves of the measures of the family with regard to you. He is too much indisposed to go abroad. But, were he in good health, he would not, as I understand, visit at Harlowe-place, having some time since been unhandsomely treated by your brother, on his offering to mediate for you with your family.

* * *

I am just now informed that your cousin Morden is arrived in England. He is at Canterbury, it seems, looking after some concerns he has there; and is soon expected in these parts. Who knows what may arise from his arrival? God be with you, my dearest Miss Clary, and be your comforter and sustainer. And never fear but He will; for I am sure, I am very sure, that you put your whole trust in Him.

And what, after all, is this world, on which we so much depend for durable good, poor creatures that we are! — When all the joys of it, and (what is a balancing comfort) all the troubles of it, are but momentary, and vanish like a morning dream!

And be this remembered, my dearest young lady, that worldly joy claims no kindred with the joys we are bid to aspire after. These latter we must be fitted for by affliction and disappointment. You are therefore in the direct road to glory, however thorny the path you are in. And I had almost said, that it depends upon yourself, by your patience, and by your resignedness to the dispensation, (God enabling you, who never fails the true penitent, and sincere invoker,) to be an heir of a blessed immortality.

But this glory, I humbly pray, that you may not be permitted to enter into, ripe as you are so soon to be for it, till, with your gentle hand, (a pleasure I have so often, as you now, promised to myself,) you have closed the eyes of

Your maternally-affectionate JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER VI

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON THURSDAY, AUG. 27.

What Mr. Brand, or any body, can have written or said to my prejudice, I cannot imagine; and yet some evil reports have gone out against me; as I find by some hints in a very severe letter written to me by my uncle Antony. Such a letter as I believe was never written to any poor creature, who, by ill health of body, as well as of mind, was before tottering on the brink of the grave. But my friends may possibly be better justified than the reporters — For who knows what they may have heard?

You give me a kind caution, which seems to imply more than you express, when you advise me against countenancing visiters that may discredit me. You have spoken quite out. Surely, I have had afflictions enow to strengthen my mind, and to enable it to bear the worst that can now happen. But I will not puzzle myself by conjectural evils; as I might perhaps do, if I had not enow that were certain. I shall hear all, when it is thought proper that I should. Mean time, let me say, for your satisfaction, that I know not that I have any thing criminal or disreputable to answer for either in word or deed, since the fatal 10th of April last.

You desire an account of what passes between me and my friends; and also particulars or brief heads of my sad story, in order to serve me as occasion shall offer. My dear good Mrs. Norton, you shall have a whole packet of papers, which I have sent to my Miss Howe, when she returns them; and you shall have likewise another packet, (and that with this letter,) which I cannot at present think of sending to that dear friend for the sake of my own relations; whom, without seeing that packet, she is but too ready to censure heavily. From these you will be able to collect a great deal of my story. But for what is previous to these papers, and which more particularly relates to what I have suffered from Mr. Lovelace, you must have patience; for at present I have neither head nor heart for such subjects. The papers I send you with this will be those mentioned in the margin.* You must restore them to me as soon as perused; and upon your honour make no use of them, or of any intelligence you have from me, but by my previous consent.

* 1. A copy of mine to my sister, begging
off my father's malediction . . . . . dated July 21.
2. My sister's answer . . . . . dated July 27.
3. Copy of my second letter to my sister. . dated July 29.
4. My sister's answer . . . . . dated Aug. 3.
5. Copy of my Letter to my mother . . . . . dated Aug. 5.

6. My uncle Harlowe's letter . . . . . dated Aug. 7.
7. Copy of my answer to it . . . . . dated the 10th.
8. Letter from my uncle Antony . . . . . dated the 12th.
9. And lastly, the copy of my answer to it. dated the 13th.

These communications you must not, my good Mrs. Norton, look upon as appeals against my relations. On the contrary, I am heartily sorry that they have incurred the displeasure of so excellent a divine as Dr. Lewen. But you desire to have every thing before you: and I think you ought; for who knows, as you say, but you may be applied to at last to administer comfort from their conceding hearts, to one that wants it; and who sometimes, judging by what she knows of her own heart, thinks herself entitled to it?

I know that I have a most indulgent and sweet-tempered mother; but, having to deal with violent spirits, she has too often forfeited that peace of mind which she so much prefers, by her over concern to preserve it.

I am sure she would not have turned me over for an answer to a letter written with so contrite and fervent a spirit, as was mine to her, to a masculine spirit, had she been left to herself.

But, my dear Mrs. Norton, might not, think you, the revered lady have favoured me with one private line? —— If not, might not you have written by her order, or connivance, one softening, one motherly line, when she saw her poor girl, whom once she dearly loved, borne so hard upon?

O no, she might not! — because her heart, to be sure, is in their measures! and if she think them right, perhaps they must be right! — at least, knowing only what they know, they must! — and yet they might know all, if they would! — and possibly, in their own good time, they think to make proper inquiry. — My application was made to them but lately. — Yet how deeply will it afflict them, if their time should be out of time!

When you have before you the letters I have sent to Miss Howe, you will see that Lord M. and the Ladies of his family, jealous as they are of the honour of their house, (to express myself in their language,) think better of me than my own relations do. You will see an instance of their generosity to me, which at the time extremely affected me, and indeed still affects me. Unhappy man! gay, inconsiderate, and cruel! what has been his gain by making unhappy a creature who hoped to make him happy! and who was determined to deserve the love of all to whom he is related! — Poor man! — but you will mistake a compassionate and placable nature for love! — he took care, great care, that I should rein-in betimes any passion that I might have had for him, had he known how to be but commonly grateful or generous! — But the Almighty knows what is best for his poor creatures.

Some of the letters in the same packet will also let you into the knowledge of a strange step which I have taken, (strange you will think it); and, at the same time, give you my reasons for taking it.*

* She means that of making Mr. Belford her executor.

It must be expected, that situations uncommonly difficult will make necessary some extraordinary steps, which, but for those situations, would be hardly excusable. It will be very happy indeed, and somewhat wonderful, if all the measures I have been driven to take should be right. A pure intention, void of all undutiful resentment, is what must be my consolation, whatever others may think of those measures, when they come to know them: which, however, will hardly be till it is out of my power to justify them, or to answer for myself.

I am glad to hear of my cousin Morden's safe arrival. I should wish to see him methinks: but I am afraid that he will sail with the stream; as it must be expected, that he will hear what they have to say first. — But what I most fear is, that he will take upon himself to avenge me. Rather than he should do so, I would have him look upon me as a creature utterly unworthy of his concern; at least of his vindictive concern.

How soothing to the wounded heart of your Clarissa, how balmy are the assurances of your continued love and favour; — love me, my dear mamma Norton, continue to love me, to the end! — I now think that I may, without presumption, promise to deserve your love to the end. And, when I am gone, cherish my memory in your worthy heart; for in so doing you will cherish the memory of one who loves and honours you more than she can express.

But when I am no more, I charge you, as soon as you can, the smarting pangs of grief that will attend a recent loss; and let all be early turned into that sweetly melancholy regard to MEMORY, which, engaging us to forget all faults, and to remember nothing but what was thought amiable, gives more pleasure than pain to survivors — especially if they can comfort themselves with the humble hope, that the Divine mercy has taken the dear departed to itself.

And what is the space of time to look backward upon, between an early departure and the longest survivance! — and what the consolation attending the sweet hope of meeting again, never more to be separated, never more to be pained, grieved, or aspersed; — but mutually blessing, and being blessed, to all eternity!

In the contemplation of this happy state, in which I hope, in God's good time, to rejoice with you, my beloved Mrs. Norton, and also with my dear relations, all reconciled to, and blessing the child against whom they are now so much incensed, I conclude myself

Your ever dutiful and affectionate CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER VII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY, AUG. 13.

I don’t know what a devil ails me; but I never was so much indisposed in my life. At first, I thought some of my blessed relations here had got a dose administered to me, in order to get the whole house to themselves. But, as I am the hopes of the family, I believe they would not be so wicked.

I must lay down my pen. I cannot write with any spirit at all. What a plague can be the matter with me!

* * *

Lord M. paid me just now a cursed gloomy visit, to ask how I do after bleeding. His sisters both drove away yesterday, God be thanked. But they asked not my leave; and hardly bid me good-bye. My Lord was more tender, and more dutiful, than I expected. Men are less unforgiving than women. I have reason to say so, I am sure. For, besides implacable Miss Harlowe, and the old Ladies, the two Montague apes han’t been near me yet.

* * *

Neither eat, drink, nor sleep! — a piteous case, Jack! If I should die like a fool now, people would say Miss Harlowe had broken my heart. — That she vexes me to the heart, is certain.

Confounded squeamish! I would fain write it off. But must lay down my pen again. It won’t do. Poor Lovelace! —— What a devil ails thee?

* * *

Well, but now let’s try for’t — Hoy — Hoy — Hoy! Confound me for a gaping puppy, how I yawn! — Where shall I begin? at thy executorship — thou shalt have a double office of it: for I really think thou mayest send me a coffin and a shroud. I shall be ready for them by the time they can come down.

What a little fool is this Miss Harlowe! I warrant she’ll now repent that she refused me. Such a lovely young widow — What a charming widow would she have made! how would she have adorned the weeds! to be a widow in the first twelve months is one of the greatest felicities that can befal a fine woman. Such pretty employment in new dismals, when she had hardly worn round her blazing

joyfuls! Such lights, and such shades! how would they set off one another, and be adorned by the wearer! —

Go to the devil! — I will write! — Can I do anything else?

They would not have me write, Belford. — I must be ill indeed, when I can't write.

* * *

But thou seemest nettled, Jack! Is it because I was stung? It is not for two friends, any more than for man and wife, to be out of patience at one time. — What must be the consequence if they are? — I am in no fighting mood just now: but as patient and passive as the chickens that are brought me in broth — for I am come to that already.

But I can tell thee, for all this, be thy own man, if thou wilt, as to the executorship, I will never suffer thee to expose my letters. They are too ingenuous by half to be seen. And I absolutely insist upon it, that, on receipt of this, thou burn them all.

I will never forgive thee that impudent and unfriendly reflection, of my cavaliering it here over half a dozen persons of distinction: remember, too, thy words poor helpless orphan — these reflections are too serious, and thou art also too serious, for me to let these things go off as jesting; notwithstanding the Roman style* is preserved; and, indeed, but just preserved. By my soul, Jack, if I had not been taken thus egregiously cropsick, I would have been up with thee, and the lady too, before now.

* For what these gentlemen mean by the Roman style, see Vol. I. Letter XXXI. in the first note.

But write on, however: and send me copies, if thou canst, of all that passes between our Charlotte and Miss Harlowe. I'll take no notice of what thou communicatest of that sort. I like not the people here the worse for their generous offer to the lady. But you see she is as proud as implacable. There's no obliging her. She'd rather sell her clothes than be beholden to any body, although she would oblige by permitting the obligation.

O Lord! O Lord! — Mortal ill! — Adieu, Jack!

* * *

I was forced to leave off, I was so ill, at this place. And what dost think! why Lord M. brought the parson of the parish to pray by me; for his chaplain is at Oxford. I was lain down in my night-gown over my waistcoat, and in a doze: and,

when I opened my eyes, who should I see, but the parson kneeling on one side the bed; Lord M. on the other; Mrs. Greme, who had been sent for to tend me, as they call it, at the feet! God be thanked, my Lord, said I in an ecstasy! — Where's Miss? — for I supposed they were going to marry me.

They thought me delirious at first; and prayed louder and louder.

This roused me: off the bed I started; slid my feet into my slippers; put my hand in my waistcoat pocket, and pulled out thy letter with my beloved's meditation in it! My Lord, Dr. Wright, Mrs. Greme, you have thought me a very wicked fellow: but, see! I can read you as good as you can read me.

They stared at one another. I gaped, and read, Poor mo — or — tals the cau — o — ause of their own — their own mi — ser — ry.

It is as suitable to my case, as to the lady's, as thou'lt observe, if thou readest it again.* At the passage where it is said, That when a man is chastened for sin, his beauty consumes away, I stept to the glass: A poor figure, by Jupiter, cried I! — And they all praised and admired me; lifted up their hands and their eyes; and the doctor said, he always thought it impossible, that a man of my sense could be so wild as the world said I was. My Lord chuckled for joy; congratulated me; and, thank my dear Miss Harlowe, I got high reputation among good, bad, and indifferent. In short, I have established myself for ever with all here. — But, O Belford, even this will not do — I must leave off again.

* See Vol. VII. Letter LXXXI.

* * *

A visit from the Montague sisters, led in by the hobbling Peer, to congratulate my amendment and reformation both in one. What a lucky event this illness with this meditation in my pocket; for we were all to pieces before! Thus, when a boy, have I joined with a crowd coming out of church, and have been thought to have been there myself.

I am incensed at the insolence of the young Levite. Thou wilt highly oblige me, if thou'lt find him out, and send me his ears in the next letter.

My beloved mistakes me, if she thinks I proposed her writing to me as an alternative that should dispense with my attendance upon her. That it shall not do, nor did I intend it should, unless she pleased me better in the contents of her letter than she has done. Bid her read again. I gave no such hopes. I would have been with her in spite of you both, by to-morrow, at farthest, had I not been laid by the heels thus, like a helpless miscreant.

But I grow better and better every hour, I say: the doctor says not: but I am sure I know best: and I will soon be in London, depend on't. But say nothing of

this to my dear, cruel, and implacable Miss Harlowe.

A — dieu — u, Ja — aack — What a gaping puppy (yaw — n! yaw — n! yaw — n!)

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER VIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. MONDAY, AUG. 15.

I am extremely concerned for thy illness. I should be very sorry to lose thee. Yet, if thou diest so soon, I could wish, from my soul, it had been before the beginning of last April: and this as well for thy sake, as for the sake of the most excellent woman in the world: for then thou wouldst not have had the most crying sin of thy life to answer for.

I was told on Saturday that thou wert very much out of order; and this made me forbear writing till I heard farther. Harry, on his return from thee, confirmed the bad way thou art in. But I hope Lord M. in his unmerited tenderness for thee, thinks the worst of thee. What can it be, Bob.? A violent fever, they say; but attended with odd and severe symptoms.

I will not trouble thee in the way thou art in, with what passes here with Miss Harlowe. I wish thy repentance as swift as thy illness; and as efficacious, if thou diest; for it is else to be feared, that she and you will never meet in one place.

I told her how ill you are. Poor man! said she. Dangerously ill, say you?

Dangerously indeed, Madam! — So Lord M. sends me word!

God be merciful to him, if he die! — said the admirable creature. — Then, after a pause, Poor wretch! — may he meet with the mercy he has not shown!

I send this by a special messenger: for I am impatient to hear how it goes with thee. — If I have received thy last letter, what melancholy reflections will that last, so full of shocking levity, give to

Thy true friend, JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER IX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, AUG. 15.*

* Text error: should be Aug. 16.

Thank thee, Jack; most heartily I thank thee, for the sober conclusion of thy last! — I have a good mind, for the sake of it, to forgive thy till now absolutely unpardonable extracts.

But dost think I will lose such an angel, such a forgiving angel, as this? — By my soul, I will not! — To pray for mercy for such an ungrateful miscreant! — how she wounds me, how she cuts me to the soul, by her exalted generosity! — But SHE must have mercy upon me first! — then will she teach me a reliance for the sake of which her prayer for me will be answered.

But hasten, hasten to me particulars of her health, of her employments, of her conversation.

I am sick only of love! Oh! that I could have called her mine! — it would then have been worth while to be sick! — to have sent for her down to me from town; and to have had her, with healing in her dove-like wings, flying to my comfort; her duty and her choice to pray for me, and to bid me live for her sake! — O Jack! what an angel have I —

But I have not lost her! — I will not lose her! I am almost well; should be quite well but for these prescribing rascals, who, to do credit to their skill, will make the disease of importance. — And I will make her mine! — and be sick again, to entitle myself to her dutiful tenderness, and pious as well as personal concern!

God for ever bless her! — Hasten, hasten particulars of her! — I am sick of love! — such generous goodness! — By all that's great and good, I will not lose her! — so tell her! — She says, that she could not pity me, if she thought of being mine! This, according to Miss Howe's transcriptions to Charlotte. — But bid her hate me, and have me: and my behaviour to her shall soon turn that hate to love! for, body and mind, I will be wholly her's.

LETTER X

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY, AUG. 17.

I am sincerely rejoiced to hear that thou art already so much amended, as thy servant tells me thou art. Thy letter looks as if thy morals were mending with thy health. This was a letter I could show, as I did, to the lady.

She is very ill: (cursed letters received from her implacable family!) so I could not have much conversation with her, in thy favour, upon it. — But what passed will make thee more and more adore her.

She was very attentive to me, as I read it; and, when I had done, Poor man! said she; what a letter is this! He had timely instances that my temper was not ungenerous, if generosity could have obliged him! But his remorse, and that for his own sake, is all the punishment I wish him. — Yet I must be more reserved, if you write to him every thing I say!

I extolled her unbounded goodness — how could I help it, though to her face!

No goodness in it! she said — it was a frame of mind she had endeavoured after for her own sake. She suffered too much in want of mercy, not to wish it to a penitent heart. He seems to be penitent, said she; and it is not for me to judge beyond appearances. — If he be not, he deceives himself more than any body else.

She was so ill that this was all that passed on the occasion.

What a fine subject for tragedy, would the injuries of this lady, and her behaviour under them, both with regard to her implacable friends, and to her persecutor, make! With a grand objection as to the moral, nevertheless;* for here virtue is punished! Except indeed we look forward to the rewards of HEREAFTER, which, morally, she must be sure of, or who can? Yet, after all, I know not, so sad a fellow art thou, and so vile an husband mightest thou have made, whether her virtue is not rewarded in missing thee: for things the most grievous to human nature, when they happen, as this charming creature once observed, are often the happiest for us in the event.

* Mr. Belford's objections, That virtue ought not to suffer in a tragedy, is not well considered: Monimia in the Orphean, Belvidera in Venice Preserved, Athenais in Theodosius, Cordelia in Shakespeare's King Lear, Desdemona in Othello, Hamlet, (to name no more,) are instances that a tragedy could hardly be justly called a tragedy, if virtue did not temporarily suffer, and vice for a while triumph. But he recovers himself in the same paragraph; and leads us to look up to the FUTURE for the reward of virtue, and for the punishment of guilt: and

observes not amiss, when he says, He knows not but that the virtue of such a woman as Clarissa is rewarded in missing such a man as Lovelace.

I have frequently thought, in my attendance on this lady, that if Belton's admired author, Nic. Rowe, had had such a character before him, he would have drawn another sort of penitent than he has done, or given his play, which he calls The Fair Penitent, a fitter title. Miss Harlowe is a penitent indeed! I think, if I am not guilty of a contradiction in terms; a penitent without a fault; her parents' conduct towards her from the first considered.

The whole story of the other is a pack of d —— d stuff. Lothario, 'tis true, seems such another wicked ungenerous varlet as thou knowest who: the author knew how to draw a rake; but not to paint a penitent. Calista is a desiring luscious wench, and her penitence is nothing else but rage, insolence, and scorn. Her passions are all storm and tumult; nothing of the finer passions of the sex, which, if naturally drawn, will distinguish themselves from the masculine passions, by a softness that will even shine through rage and despair. Her character is made up of deceit and disguise. She has no virtue; is all pride; and her devil is as much within her, as without her.

How then can the fall of such a one create a proper distress, when all the circumstances of it are considered? For does she not brazen out her crime, even after detection? Knowing her own guilt, she calls for Altamont's vengeance on his best friend, as if he had traduced her; yields to marry Altamont, though criminal with another; and actually beds that whining puppy, when she had given up herself, body and soul, to Lothario; who, nevertheless, refused to marry her.

Her penitence, when begun, she justly styles the phrensy of her soul; and, as I said, after having, as long as she could, most audaciously brazened out her crime, and done all the mischief she could do, (occasioning the death of Lothario, of her father, and others,) she stabs herself.

And can this be the act of penitence?

But, indeed, our poets hardly know how to create a distress without horror, murder, and suicide; and must shock your soul, to bring tears from your eyes.

Altamont indeed, who is an amorous blockhead, a credulous cuckold, and, (though painted as a brave fellow, and a soldier,) a mere Tom. Essence, and a quarreler with his best friend, dies like a fool, (as we are led to suppose at the conclusion of the play,) without either sword or pop-gun, of mere grief and nonsense for one of the vilest of her sex: but the Fair Penitent, as she is called, perishes by her own hand; and, having no title by her past crimes to laudable pity, forfeits all claim to true penitence, and, in all probability, to future mercy.

But here is Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, a virtuous, noble, wise, and pious young lady; who being ill used by her friends, and unhappily ensnared by a vile

libertine, whom she believes to be a man of honour, is in a manner forced to throw herself upon his protection. And he, in order to obtain her confidence, never scruples the deepest and most solemn protestations of honour.

After a series of plots and contrivances, al baffled by her virtue and vigilance, he basely has recourse to the vilest of arts, and, to rob her of her honour, is forced first to rob her of her senses.

Unable to bring her, notwithstanding, to his ungenerous views of cohabitation, she over-awes him in the very entrance of a fresh act of premeditated guilt, in presence of the most abandoned of women assembled to assist his devilish purpose; triumphs over them all, by virtue only of her innocence; and escapes from the vile hands he had put her into.

She nobly, not franticly, resents: refuses to see or to marry the wretch; who, repenting his usage of so divine a creature, would fain move her to forgive his baseness, and make him her husband: and this, though persecuted by all her friends, and abandoned to the deepest distress, being obliged, from ample fortunes, to make away with her apparel for subsistence; surrounded also by strangers, and forced (in want of others) to make a friend of the friend of her seducer.

Though longing for death, and making all proper preparations for it, convinced that grief and ill usage have broken her noble heart, she abhors the impious thought of shortening her allotted period; and, as much a stranger to revenge as despair, is able to forgive the author of her ruin; wishes his repentance, and that she may be the last victim to his barbarous perfidy: and is solicitous for nothing so much in this life, as to prevent vindictive mischief to and from the man who used her so basely.

This is penitence! This is piety! And hence distress naturally arises, that must worthily effect every heart.

Whatever the ill usage of this excellent woman is from her relations, she breaks not out into excesses: she strives, on the contrary, to find reason to justify them at her own expense; and seems more concerned for their cruelty to her for their sakes hereafter, when she shall be no more, than for her own: for, as to herself, she is sure, she says, God will forgive her, though no one on earth will.

On every extraordinary provocation she has recourse to the Scriptures, and endeavours to regulate her vehemence by sacred precedents. ‘Better people, she says, have been more afflicted than she, grievous as she sometimes thinks her afflictions: and shall she not bear what less faulty persons have borne?’ On the very occasion I have mentioned, (some new instances of implacableness from her friends,) the enclosed meditation will show how mildly, and yet how forcibly, she complains. See if thou, in the wicked levity of thy heart, canst apply it to thy

cause, as thou didst the other. If thou canst not, give way to thy conscience, and that will make the properest application.

MEDITATION

How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words!

Be it indeed that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myself.

To her that is afflicted, pity should be shown from her friend.

But she that is ready to slip with her feet, is as a lamp despised in the thought of them that are at ease.

There is a shame which bringeth sin, and there is a shame which bringeth glory and grace.

Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye, my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me.

If your soul were in my soul's stead, I also could speak as ye do: I could heap up words against you —

But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the moving of my lips should assuage your grief.

Why will ye break a leaf driven to and fro? Why will ye pursue the dry stubble? Why will ye write bitter words against me, and make me possess the iniquities of my youth?

Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.

Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little — before I go whence I shall not return; even to the land of darkness, and shadow of death!

Let me add, that the excellent lady is informed, by a letter from Mrs. Norton, that Colonel Morden is just arrived in England. He is now the only person she wishes to see.

I expressed some jealousy upon it, lest he should have place given over me in the executorship. She said, That she had no thoughts to do so now; because such a trust, were he to accept of it, (which she doubted,) might, from the nature of some of the papers which in that case would necessarily pass through his hands, occasion mischiefs between my friend and him, that would be worse than death for her to think of.

Poor Belton, I hear, is at death's door. A messenger is just come from him, who tells me he cannot die till he sees me. I hope the poor fellow will not go off yet; since neither his affairs of this world, nor for the other, are in tolerable order. I cannot avoid going to the poor man. Yet am unwilling to stir, till I have an assurance from you that you will not disturb the lady: for I know he will be very loth to part with me, when he gets me to him.

Tourville tells me how fast thou mendest: let me conjure thee not to think of molesting this incomparable woman. For thy own sake I request this, as well as for her's, and for the sake of thy given promise: for, should she die within a few weeks, as I fear she will, it will be said, and perhaps too justly, that thy visit has hastened her end.

In hopes thou wilt not, I wish thy perfect recovery: else that thou mayest relapse, and be confined to thy bed.

LETTER XI

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE SAT. MORN. AUG. 19.

MADAM,

I think myself obliged in honour to acquaint you that I am afraid Mr. Lovelace will try his fate by an interview with you.

I wish to Heaven you could prevail upon yourself to receive his visit. All that is respectful, even to veneration, and all that is penitent, will you see in his behaviour, if you can admit of it. But as I am obliged to set out directly for Epsom, (to perform, as I apprehend, the last friendly offices for poor Mr. Belton, whom once you saw,) and as I think it more likely that Mr. Lovelace will not be prevailed upon, than that he will, I thought fit to give you this intimation, lest, if he should come, you should be too much surprised.

He flatters himself that you are not so ill as I represent you to be. When he sees you, he will be convinced that the most obliging things he can do, will be as proper to be done for the sake of his own future peace of mind, as for your health-sake; and, I dare say, in fear of hurting the latter, he will forbear the thoughts of any farther intrusion; at least while you are so much indisposed: so that one half-hour's shock, if it will be a shock to see the unhappy man, (but just got up himself from a dangerous fever,) will be all you will have occasion to stand.

I beg you will not too much hurry and discompose yourself. It is impossible he can be in town till Monday, at soonest. And if he resolve to come, I hope to be at Mr. Smith's before him.

I am, Madam, with the profoundest veneration,

Your most faithful and most obedient servant, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO HIS OF AUG. 17. SEE LETTER X. OF THIS VOLUME.] SUNDAY, AUG. 20.

What an unmerciful fellow art thou! A man has no need of a conscience, who has such an impertinent monitor. But if Nic. Rowe wrote a play that answers not his title, am I to be reflected upon for that? — I have sinned; I repent; I would repair — she forgives my sin: she accepts my repentance: but she won't let me repair — What wouldst thou have me do?

But get thee gone to Belton, as soon as thou canst. Yet whether thou goest or not, up I must go, and see what I can do with the sweet oddity myself. The moment these prescribing varlets will let me, depend upon it, I go. Nay, Lord M. thinks she ought to permit me one interview. His opinion has great authority with me — when it squares with my own: and I have assured him, and my two cousins, that I will behave with all the decency and respect that man can behave with to the person whom he most respects. And so I will. Of this, if thou choosest not to go to Belton mean time, thou shalt be witness.

Colonel Morden, thou hast heard me say, is a man of honour and bravery: — but Colonel Morden has had his girls, as well as you or I. And indeed, either openly or secretly, who has not? The devil always baits with a pretty wench, when he angles for a man, be his age, rank, or degree, what it will.

I have often heard my beloved speak of the Colonel with great distinction and esteem. I wish he could make matters a little easier, for her mind's sake, between the rest of the implacables and herself.

Methinks I am sorry for honest Belton. But a man cannot be ill, or vapourish, but thou liftest up thy shriek-owl note, and killest him immediately. None but a fellow, who is for a drummer in death's forlorn-hope, could take so much delight, as thou dost, in beating a dead-march with thy goose-quills. Whereas, didst thou but know thine own talents, thou art formed to give mirth by thy very appearance; and wouldst make a better figure by half, leading up thy brother-bears at Hockley in the Hole, to the music of a Scot's bagpipe. Methinks I see thy clumsy sides shaking, (and shaking the sides of all beholders,) in these attitudes; thy fat head archly beating time on thy porterly shoulders, right and left by turns, as I once beheld thee practising to the horn-pipe at Preston. Thou remembrest the frolick, as I have done an hundred times; for I never before saw thee appear so much in character.

But I know what I shall get by this — only that notable observation repeated, That thy outside is the worst of thee, and mine the best of me. And so let it be.

Nothing thou writest of this sort can I take amiss.

But I shall call thee seriously to account, when I see thee, for the extracts thou hast given the lady from my letters, notwithstanding what I said in my last; especially if she continue to refuse me. An hundred times have I myself known a woman deny, yet comply at last: but, by these extracts, thou hast, I doubt, made her bar up the door of her heart, as she used to do her chamber-door, against me. — This therefore is a disloyalty that friendship cannot bear, nor honour allow me to forgive.

LETTER XIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. LONDON, AUG. 21, MONDAY.

I believe I am bound to curse thee, Jack. Nevertheless I won't anticipate, but proceed to write thee a longer letter than thou hast had from me for some time past. So here goes.

That thou mightest have as little notice as possible of the time I was resolved to be in town, I set out in my Lord's chariot-and-six yesterday, as soon as I had dispatched my letter to thee, and arrived in town last night: for I knew I could have no dependence on thy friendship where Miss Harlowe's humour was concerned.

I had no other place so ready, and so was forced to go to my old lodgings, where also my wardrobe is; and there I poured out millions of curses upon the whole crew, and refused to see either Sally or Polly; and this not only for suffering the lady to escape, but for the villanous arrest, and for their detestable insolence to her at the officer's house.

I dressed myself in a never-worn suit, which I had intended for one of my wedding-suits; and liked myself so well, that I began to think, with thee, that my outside was the best of me:

I took a chair to Smith's, my heart bounding in almost audible thumps to my throat, with the assured expectations of seeing my beloved. I clasped my fingers, as I was danced along: I charged my eyes to languish and sparkle by turns: I talked to my knees, telling them how they must bend; and, in the language of a charming describer, acted my part in fancy, as well as spoke it to myself.

Tenderly kneeling, thus will I complain:
Thus court her pity; and thus plead my pain:
Thus sigh for fancy'd frowns, if frowns should rise;
And thus meet favour in her soft'ning eyes.

In this manner entertained I myself till I arrived at Smith's; and there the fellows set down their gay burden. Off went their hats; Will. ready at hand in a new livery; up went the head; out rushed my honour; the woman behind the counter all in flutters, respect and fear giving due solemnity to her features, and her knees, I doubt not, knocking against the inside of her wainscot-fence.

Your servant, Madam — Will. let the fellows move to some distance, and wait.

You have a young lady lodges here; Miss Harlowe, Madam: Is she above?

Sir, Sir, and please your Honour: [the woman is struck with my figure, thought I:] Miss Harlowe, Sir! There is, indeed, such a young lady lodges here — But, but

—

But, what, Madam? — I must see her. — One pair of stairs; is it not? — Don't trouble yourself — I shall find her apartment. And was making towards the stairs.

Sir, Sir, the lady, the lady is not at home — she is abroad — she is in the country —

In the country! Not at home! — Impossible! You will not pass this story upon me, good woman. I must see her. I have business of life and death with her.

Indeed, Sir, the lady is not at home! Indeed, Sir, she is abroad! —

She then rung a bell: John, cried she, pray step down! — Indeed, Sir, the lady is not at home.

Down came John, the good man of the house, when I expected one of his journeymen, by her saucy familiarity.

My dear, said she, the gentleman will not believe Miss Harlowe is abroad.

John bowed to my fine clothes: Your servant, Sir, — indeed the lady is abroad. She went out of town this morning by six o'clock — into the country — by the doctor's advice.

Still I would not believe either John or his wife. I am sure, said I, she cannot be abroad. I heard she was very ill — she is not able to go out in a coach. Do you know Mr. Belford, friend?

Yes, Sir; I have the honour to know 'Squire Belford. He is gone into the country to visit a sick friend. He went on Saturday, Sir.

This had also been told from thy lodgings to Will. whom I sent to desire to see thee on my first coming to town.

Well, and Mr. Belford wrote me word that she was exceeding ill. How then can she be gone out?

O Sir, she is very ill; very ill, indeed — she could hardly walk to the coach.

Belford, thought I, himself knew nothing of the time of my coming; neither can he have received my letter of yesterday: and so ill, 'tis impossible she would go out.

Where is her servant? Call her servant to me.

Her servant, Sir, is her nurse: she has no other. And she is gone with her.

Well, friend, I must not believe you. You'll excuse me; but I must go up stairs myself. And was stepping up.

John hereupon put on a serious, and a less respectful face — Sir, this house is mine; and —

And what, friend? not doubting then but she was above. — I must and will see her. I have authority for it. I am a justice of the peace. I have a search warrant.

And up I went; they following me, muttering, and in a plaguy flutter.

The first door I came to was locked. I tapped at it.

The lady, Sir, has the key of her own apartment.

On the inside, I question not, my honest friend; tapping again. And being assured, if she heard my voice, that her timorous and soft temper would make her betray herself, by some flutters, to my listning ear, I said aloud, I am confident Miss Harlowe is here: dearest Madam, open the door: admit me but for one moment to your presence.

But neither answer nor fluttering saluted my ear; and, the people being very quiet, I led on to the next apartment; and, the key being on the outside, I opened it, and looked all around it, and into the closet.

The mans said he never saw so uncivil a gentleman in his life.

Hark thee, friend, said I; let me advise thee to be a little decent; or I shall teach thee a lesson thou never learnedst in all thy life.

Sir, said he, 'tis not like a gentleman, to affront a man in his own house.

Then prythee, man, replied I, don't crow upon thine own dunghil.

I stept back to the locked door: My dear Miss Harlowe, I beg of you to open the door, or I'll break it open; — pushing hard against it, that it cracked again.

The man looked pale: and, trembling with his fright, made a plaguy long face; and called to one of his bodice-makers above, Joseph, come down quickly.

Joseph came down: a lion's-face grinning fellow; thick, and short, and bushy-headed, like an old oak-pollard. Then did master John put on a sturdier look. But I only hummed a tune, traversed all the other apartments, sounded the passages with my knuckles, to find whether there were private doors, and walked up the next pair of stairs, singing all the way; John and Joseph, and Mrs. Smith, following me up, trembling.

I looked round me there, and went into two open-door bed-chambers; searched the closets, and the passages, and peeped through the key-hole of another: no Miss Harlowe, by Jupiter! What shall I do! — what shall I do! as the girls say. — Now will she be grieved that she is out of the way.

I said this on purpose to find out whether these people knew the lady's story; and had the answer I expected from Mrs. Smith — I believe not, Sir.

Why so, Mrs. Smith? Do you know who I am?

I can guess, Sir.

Whom do you guess me to be?

Your name is Mr. Lovelace, Sir, I make no doubt.

The very same. But how came you to guess so well, dame Smith! You never saw me before, did you?

Here, Jack, I laid out for a compliment, and missed it.

'Tis easy to guess, Sir; for there cannot be two such gentlemen as you.

Well said, dame Smith — but mean you good or bad? — Handsome was the least I thought she would have said.

I leave you to guess, Sir.

Condemned, thought I, by myself, on this appeal.

Why, father Smith, thy wife is a wit, man! — Didst thou ever find that out before? — But where is widow Lovick, dame Smith? My cousin John Belford says she is a very good woman. Is she within? or is she gone with Miss Harlowe too?

She will be within by-and-by, Sir. She is not with the lady.

Well, but my good dear Mrs. Smith, where is the lady gone? and when will she return?

I can't tell, Sir.

Don't tell fibs, dame Smith; don't tell fibs, chucking her under the chin: which made John's upper-lip, with chin shortened, rise to his nose. — I am sure you know! — But here's another pair of stairs: let us see: Who lives up there? — but hold, here's another room locked up, tapping at the door — Who's at home? cried I.

That's Mrs. Lovick's apartment. She is gone out, and has the key with her.

Widow Lovick! rapping again, I believe you are at home: pray open the door.

John and Joseph muttered and whispered together.

No whispering, honest friends: 'tis not manners to whisper. Joseph, what said John to thee?

JOHN! Sir, disdainfully repeated the good woman.

I beg pardon, Mrs. Smith: but you see the force of example. Had you showed your honest man more respect, I should. Let me give you a piece of advice — women who treat their husbands irreverently, teach strangers to use them with contempt. There, honest master John; why dost not pull off thy hat to me? — Oh! so thou wouldst, if thou hadst it on: but thou never wearest thy hat in thy wife's presence, I believe; dost thou?

None of your fleers and your jeers, Sir, cried John. I wish every married pair lived as happily as we do.

I wish so too, honest friend. But I'll be hanged if thou hast any children.

Why so, Sir?

Hast thou? — Answer me, man: Hast thou, or not?

Perhaps not, Sir. But what of that?

What of that? — Why I'll tell thee: The man who has no children by his wife must put up with plain John. Hadst thou a child or two, thou'dst be called Mr. Smith, with a courtesy, or a smile at least, at every word.

You are very pleasant, Sir, replied my dame. I fancy, if either my husband or I had as much to answer for as I know whom, we should not be so merry.

Why then, dame Smith, so much the worse for those who were obliged to keep you company. But I am not merry — I am sad! — Hey-ho! — Where shall I find my dear Miss Harlowe?

My beloved Miss Harlowe! [calling at the foot of the third pair of stairs,] if you are above, for Heaven's sake answer me. I am coming up.

Sir, said the good man, I wish you'd walk down. The servants' rooms, and the working-rooms, are up those stairs, and another pair; and nobody's there that you want.

Shall I go up, and see if Miss Harlowe be there, Mrs. Smith?

You may, Sir, if you please.

Then I won't; for, if she was, you would not be so obliging.

I am ashamed to give you all this attendance: you are the politest traders I ever knew. Honest Joseph, slapping him upon the shoulders on a sudden, which made him jump, didst ever grin for a wager, man? — for the rascal seemed not displeased with me; and, cracking his flat face from ear to ear, with a distended mouth, showed his teeth, as broad and as black as his thumb-nails. — But don't I hinder thee? What canst earn a-day, man?

Half-a-crown I can earn a-day; with an air of pride and petulance, at being startled.

There then is a day's wages for thee. But thou needest not attend me farther.

Come, Mrs. Smith, come John, (Master Smith I should say,) let's walk down, and give me an account where the lady is gone, and when she will return.

So down stairs led I. John and Joseph (thought I had discharged the latter,) and my dame, following me, to show their complaisance to a stranger.

I re-entered one of the first-floor rooms. I have a great mind to be your lodger: for I never saw such obliging folks in my life. What rooms have you to let?

None at all, Sir.

I am sorry for that. But whose is this?

Mine, Sir, chuffily said John.

Thine, man! why then I will take it of thee. This, and a bed-chamber, and a garret for one servant, will content me. I will give thee thine own price, and half a guinea a day over, for those conveniencies.

For ten guineas a day, Sir —

Hold, John! (Master Smith I should say) — Before thou speakest, consider — I won't be affronted, man.

Sir, I wish you'd walk down, said the good woman. Really, Sir, you take —

Great liberties I hope you would not say, Mrs. Smith?

Indeed, Sir, I was going to say something like it.

Well, then, I am glad I prevented you; for such words better become my mouth than yours. But I must lodge with you till the lady returns. I believe I must. However, you may be wanted in the shop; so we'll talk that over there.

Down I went, they paying diligent attendance on my steps.

When I came into the shop, seeing no chair or stool, I went behind the compter, and sat down under an arched kind of canopy of carved work, which these proud traders, emulating the royal niche-fillers, often give themselves, while a joint-stool, perhaps, serves those by whom they get their bread: such is the dignity of trade in this mercantile nation!

I looked about me, and above me; and told them I was very proud of my seat; asking, if John were ever permitted to fill this superb niche?

Perhaps he was, he said, very surlily.

That is it that makes thee looks so like a statue, man.

John looked plaguy glum upon me. But his man Joseph and my man Will. turned round with their backs to us, to hide their grinning, with each his fist in his mouth.

I asked, what it was they sold?

Powder, and wash-balls, and snuff, they said; and gloves and stockings.

O come, I'll be your customer. Will. do I want wash-balls?

Yes, and please your Honour, you can dispense with one or two.

Give him half a dozen, dame Smith.

She told me she must come where I was, to serve them. Pray, Sir, walk from behind the compter.

Indeed but I won't. The shop shall be mine. Where are they, if a customer shall come in?

She pointed over my head, with a purse mouth, as if she would not have simpered, could she have helped it. I reached down the glass, and gave Will. six. There — put 'em up, Sirrah.

He did, grinning with his teeth out before; which touching my conscience, as the loss of them was owing to me, Joseph, said I, come hither. Come hither, man, when I bid thee.

He stalked towards me, his hands behind him, half willing, and half unwilling.

I suddenly wrapt my arm round his neck. Will. thy penknife, this moment. D —— n the fellow, where's thy penknife?

O Lord! said the pollard-headed dog, struggling to get his head loose from under my arm, while my other hand was muzzling about his cursed chaps, as if I would take his teeth out.

I will pay thee a good price, man: don't struggle thus? The penknife, Will.!

O Lord, cried Joseph, struggling still more and more: and out comes Will.'s pruning-knife; for the rascal is a gardener in the country. I have only this, Sir.

The best in the world to launch a gum. D —— n the fellow, why dost struggle thus?

Master and Mistress Smith being afraid, I suppose, that I had a design upon Joseph's throat, because he was their champion, (and this, indeed, made me take the more notice of him,) coming towards me with countenances tragic-comical, I let him go.

I only wanted, said I, to take out two or three of this rascal's broad teeth, to put them into my servant's jaws — and I would have paid him his price for them. — I would by my soul, Joseph.

Joseph shook his ears; and with both hands stroked down, smooth as it would lie, his bushy hair; and looked at me as if he knew not whether he should laugh or be angry: but, after a stupid stare or two, stalked off to the other end of the shop, nodding his head at me as he went, still stroking down his hair; and took his stand by his master, facing about and muttering, that I was plaguy strong in the arms, and he thought would have throttled him. Then folding his arms, and shaking his bristled head, added, 'twas well I was a gentleman, or he would not have taken such an affront.

I demanded where their rappee was? the good woman pointed to the place; and I took up a scollop-shell of it, refusing to let her weight it, and filled my box. And now, Mrs. Smith, said I, where are your gloves?

She showed me; and I chose four pair of them, and set Joseph, who looked as if he wanted to be taken notice of again, to open the fingers.

A female customer, who had been gaping at the door, came in for some Scots sniff; and I would serve her. The wench was plaguy homely; and I told her so; or else, I said, I would have treated her. She, in anger, [no woman is homely in her own opinion,] threw down her penny; and I put it in my pocket.

Just then, turning my eye to the door, I saw a pretty, genteel lady, with a footman after her, peeping in with a What's the matter, good folks? to the starers; and I ran to her from behind the compter, and, as she was making off, took her hand, and drew her into the shop; begging that she would be my customer; for that I had but just begun trade.

What do you sell, Sir? said she, smiling; but a little surprised.

Tapes, ribbands, silk laces, pins, and needles; for I am a pedlar: powder, patches, wash-balls, stockings, garters, snuffs, and pin cushions — Don't we, goody Smith?

So in I gently drew her to the compter, running behind it myself, with an air of great dilingence and obligingness. I have excellent gloves and wash-balls,

Madam: rappee, Scots, Portugal, and all sorts of snuff.

Well, said she, in a very good humour, I'll encourage a young beginner for once. Here, Andrew, [to her footman,] you want a pair of gloves, don't you?

I took down a parcel of gloves, which Mrs. Smith pointed to, and came round to the fellow to fit them on myself.

No matter for opening them, said I: thy fingers, friend, are as stiff as drum-sticks. Push! — Thou'rt an awkward dog! I wonder such a pretty lady will be followed by such a clumsy varlet.

The fellow had no strength for laughing: and Joseph was mightily pleased, in hopes, I suppose, I would borrow a few of Andrew's teeth, to keep him in countenance: and, father and mother Smith, like all the world, as the jest was turned from themselves, seemed diverted with the humour.

The fellow said the gloves were too little.

Thrust, and be d —— d to thee, said I: why, fellow, thou hast not the strength of a cat.

Sir, Sir, said he, laughing, I shall hurt your Honour's side.

D —— n thee, thrust I say.

He did; and burst out the sides of the glove.

Will. said I, where's thy pruning-knife? By my soul, friend, I had a good mind to pare thy cursed paws. But come, here's a larger pair: try them, when thou gettest home; and let thy sweetheart, if thou hast one, mend the other, so take both.

The lady laughed at the humour; as did my fellow, and Mrs. Smith, and Joseph: even John laughed, though he seemed by the force put upon his countenance to be but half pleased with me neither.

Madam, said I, and stepped behind the compter, bowing over it, now I hope you will buy something for yourself. Nobody shall use you better, nor sell you cheaper.

Come, said she, give me six-penny worth of Portugal snuff.

They showed me where it was, and I served her; and said, when she would have paid me, I took nothing at my opening.

If I treated her footman, she told me, I should not treat her.

Well, with all my heart, said I: 'tis not for us tradesmen to be saucy — Is it, Mrs. Smith?

I put her sixpence in my pocket; and, seizing her hand, took notice to her of the crowd that had gathered about the door, and besought her to walk into the back-shop with me.

She struggled her hand out of mine, and would stay no longer.

So I bowed, and bid her kindly welcome, and thanked her, and hoped I should have her custom another time.

She went away smiling; and Andrew after her; who made me a fine bow.

I began to be out of countenance at the crowd, which thickened apace; and bid Will. order the chair to the door.

Well, Mrs. Smith, with a grave air, I am heartily sorry Miss Harlowe is abroad. You don't tell me where she is?

Indeed, Sir, I cannot.

You will not, you mean. — She could have no notion of my coming. I came to town but last night. I have been very ill. She has almost broken my heart by her cruelty. You know my story, I doubt not. Tell her, I must go out of town to-morrow morning. But I will send my servant, to know if she will favour me with one half-hour's conversation; for, as soon as I get down, I shall set out for Dover, in my way to France, if I have not a countermand from her, who has the sole disposal of my fate.

And so flinging down a Portugal six-and-thirty, I took Mr. Smith by the hand, telling him, I was sorry we had not more time to be better acquainted; and bidding farewell to honest Joseph, (who pursed up his mouth as I passed by him, as if he thought his teeth still in jeopardy,) and Mrs. Smith adieu, and to recommend me to her fair lodger, hummed an air, and, the chair being come, whipt into it; the people about the door seeming to be in good humour with me; one crying, a pleasant gentleman, I warrant him! and away I was carried to White's, according to direction.

As soon as I came thither, I ordered Will. to go and change his clothes, and to disguise himself by putting on his black wig, and keeping his mouth shut; and then to dodge about Smith's, to inform himself of the lady's motions.

* * *

I give thee this impudent account of myself, that thou mayest rave at me, and call me hardened, and what thou wilt. For, in the first place, I, who had been so lately ill, was glad I was alive; and then I was so balked by my charmer's unexpected absence, and so ruffled by that, and by the bluff treatment of father John, that I had no other way to avoid being out of humour with all I met with. Moreover I was rejoiced to find, by the lady's absence, and by her going out at six in the morning, that it was impossible she should be so ill as thou representest her to be; and this gave me still higher spirits. Then I know the sex always love cheerful and humourous fellows. The dear creature herself used to be pleased with my gay

temper and lively manner; and had she been told that I was blubbering for her in the back-shop, she would have despised me still more than she does.

Furthermore, I was sensible that the people of the house must needs have a terrible notion of me, as a savage, bloody-minded, obdurate fellow; a perfect woman-eater; and, no doubt, expected to see me with the claws of a lion, and the fangs of a tiger; and it was but policy to show them what a harmless pleasant fellow I am, in order to familiarize the Johns and the Josephs to me. For it was evident to me, by the good woman's calling them down, that she thought me a dangerous man. Whereas now, John and I have shaken hands together, and dame Smith having seen that I have the face, and hands, and looks of a man, and walk upright, and prate, and laugh, and joke, like other people; and Joseph, that I can talk of taking his teeth out of his head, without doing him the least hurt; they will all, at my next visit, be much more easy and pleasant to me than Andrew's gloves were to him; and we shall be as thoroughly acquainted, as if we had known one another a twelvemonth.

When I returned to our mother's, I again cursed her and all her nymphs together; and still refused to see either Sally or Polly! I raved at the horrid arrest; and told the old dragon that it was owing to her and her's that the fairest virtue in the world was ruined; my reputation for ever blasted; and that I was not married and perfectly happy in the love of the most excellent of her sex.

She, to pacify me, said she would show me a new face that would please me; since I would not see my Sally, who was dying with grief.

Where is this new face? cried I: let me see her, though I shall never see any face with pleasure but Miss Harlowe's.

She won't come down, replied she. She will not be at the word of command yet. She is but just in the trammels; and must be waited upon, I'll assure you; and courted much besides.

Ay! said I, that looks well. Lead me to her this instant.

I followed her up: and who should she be, but that little toad Sally!

O curse you, said I, for a devil! Is it you? is your's the new face?

O my dear, dear Mr. Lovelace! cried she, I am glad any thing will bring you to me! — and so the little beast threw herself about my neck, and there clung like a cat. Come, said she, what will you give me, and I'll be as virtuous for a quarter of an hour, and mimic your Clarissa to the life?

I was Belforded all over. I could not bear such an insult upon the dear creature, (for I have a soft and generous nature in the main, whatever thou thinkest;) and cursed her most devoutly, for taking my beloved's name in her mouth in such a way. But the little devil was not to be balked; but fell a crying, sobbing, praying, begging, exclaiming, fainting, that I never saw my lovely girl so well aped.

Indeed I was almost taken in; for I could have fancied I had her before me once more.

O this sex! this artful sex! there's no minding them. At first, indeed, their grief and their concern may be real: but, give way to the hurricane, and it will soon die away in soft murmurs, thrilling upon your ears like the notes of a well-tuned viol. And, by Sally, one sees that art will generally so well supply the place of nature, that you shall not easily know the difference. Miss Clarisa Harlowe, indeed, is the only woman in the world I believe that can say, in the words of her favourite Job, (for I can quote a text as well as she,) But it is not so with me.

They were very inquisitive about my fair-one. They told me that you seldom came near them; that, when you did, you put on plaguy grave airs; would hardly stay five minutes; and did nothing but praise Miss Harlowe, and lament her hard fate. In short, that you despised them; was full of sentences; and they doubted not, in a little while, would be a lost man, and marry.

A pretty character for thee, is it not? thou art in a blessed way; yet hast nothing to do but to go on in it: and then what work hast thou to go through! If thou turnest back, these sorceresses will be like the czar's cossacks, [at Pultowa, I think it was,] who were planted with ready primed and cocked pieces behind the regulars, in order to shoot them dead, if they did not push on and conquer; and then wilt thou be most lamentably despised by every harlot thou hast made — and, O Jack, how formidable, in that case, will be the number of thy enemies!

I intend to regulate my motions by Will.'s intelligence; for see this dear creature I must and will. Yet I have promised Lord M. to be down in two or three days at farthest; for he is grown plaguy fond of me since I was ill.

I am in hopes that the word I left, that I am to go out of town to-morrow morning, will soon bring the lady back again.

Mean time, I thought I would write to divert thee, while thou art of such importance about the dying; and as thy servant, it seems, comes backward and forward every day, perhaps I may send thee another letter to-morrow, with the particulars of the interview between the dear creature and me; after which my soul thirsteth.

LETTER XIV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

I must write on, to divert myself: for I can get no rest; no refreshing rest. I awaked just now in a cursed fright. How a man may be affected by dreams!

‘Methought I had an interview with my beloved. I found her all goodness, condescension, and forgiveness. She suffered herself to be overcome in my favour by the joint intercessions of Lord M., Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and my two cousins Montague, who waited upon her in deep mourning; the ladies in long trains sweeping after them; Lord M. in a long black mantle trailing after him. They told her they came in these robs to express their sorrow for my sins against her, and to implore her to forgive me.

‘I myself, I thought, was upon my knees, with a sword in my hand, offering either to put it up in the scabbard, or to thrust it into my heart, as she should command the one or the other.

‘At that moment her cousin Morden, I thought, all of a sudden, flashed in through a window, with his drawn sword — Die, Lovelace! said he; this instant die, and be d —— d, if in earnest thou repairest not by marriage my cousin’s wrongs!

‘I was rising to resent this insult, I thought, when Lord M. ran between us with his great black mantle, and threw it over my face: and instantly my charmer, with that sweet voice which has so often played upon my ravished ears, wrapped her arms around me, muffled as I was in my Lord’s mantle: O spare, spare my Lovelace! and spare, O Lovelace, my beloved cousin Morden! Let me not have my distresses augmented by the fall of either or both of those who are so dear to me!

‘At this, charmed with her sweet mediation, I thought I would have clasped her in my arms: when immediately the most angelic form I had ever beheld, all clad in transparent white, descended in a cloud, which, opening, discovered a firmament above it, crowded with golden cherubs and glittering seraphs, all addressing her with Welcome, welcome, welcome! and, encircling my charmer, ascended with her to the region of seraphims; and instantly, the opened cloud closing, I lost sight of her, and of the bright form together, and found wrapt in my arms her azure robe (all stuck thick with stars of embossed silver) which I had caught hold of in hopes of detaining her; but was all that was left me of my beloved Clarissa. And then, (horrid to relate!) the floor sinking under me, as the firmament had opened for her, I dropt into a hole more frightful than that of Elden; and, tumbling over and over down it, without view of a bottom, I awaked

in a panic; and was as effectually disordered for half an hour, as if my dream had been a reality.'

Wilt thou forgive my troubling thee with such visionary stuff? Thou wilt see by it only that, sleeping or waking, my Clarissa is always present with me.

But here this moment is Will. come running hither to tell me that his lady actually returned to her lodgings last night between eleven and twelve; and is now there, though very ill.

I hasten to her. But, that I may not add to her indisposition, by any rough or boisterous behaviour, I will be as soft and gentle as the dove herself in my addresses to her.

That I do love her, I all ye host of Heaven,
Be witness. — That she is dear to me!
Dearer than day, to one whom sight must leave;
Dearer than life, to one who fears to die!

The chair is come. I fly to my beloved.

LETTER XV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Curse upon my stars! — Disappointed again! It was about eight when I arrived at Smith's. — The woman was in the shop.

So, old acquaintance, how do you now? I know my love is above. — Let her be acquainted that I am here, waiting for admission to her presence, and can take no denial. Tell her, that I will approach her with the most respectful duty, and in whose company she pleases; and I will not touch the hem of her garment, without her leave.

Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. The lady is not in this house, nor near it.

I'll see that. — Will.! beckoning him to me, and whispering, see if thou canst any way find out (without losing sight of the door, lest she should be below stairs) if she be in the neighbourhood, if not within.

Will. bowed, and went off. Up went I, without further ceremony; attended now only by the good woman.

I went into each apartment, except that which was locked before, and was now also locked: and I called to my Clarissa in the voice of love; but, by the still silence, was convinced she was not there. Yet, on the strength of my intelligence, I doubted not but she was in the house.

I then went up two pairs of stairs, and looked round the first room: but no Miss Harlowe.

And who, pray, is in this room? stopping at the door of another.

A widow gentlewoman, Sir. — Mrs. Lovick.

O my dear Mrs. Lovick! said I. — I am intimately acquainted with Mrs. Lovick's character, from my cousin John Belford. I must see Mrs. Lovick by all means. — Good Mrs. Lovick, open the door.

She did.

Your servant, Madam. Be so good as to excuse me. — You have heard my story. You are an admirer of the most excellent woman in the world. Dear Mrs. Lovick, tell me what is become of her?

The poor lady, Sir, went out yesterday, on purpose to avoid you.

How so? she knew not that I would be here.

She was afraid you would come, when she heard you were recovered from your illness. Ah! Sir, what pity it is that so fine a gentleman should make such ill returns for God's goodness to him!

You are an excellent woman, Mrs. Lovick: I know that, by my cousin John Belford's account of you: and Miss Clarissa Harlowe is an angel.

Miss Harlowe is indeed an angel, replied she; and soon will be company for angels.

No jesting with such a woman as this, Jack.

Tell me of a truth, good Mrs. Lovick, where I may see this dear lady. Upon my soul, I will neither fright for offend her. I will only beg of her to hear me speak for one half-quarter of an hour; and, if she will have it so, I will never trouble her more.

Sir, said the widow, it would be death for her to see you. She was at home last night; I'll tell you truth: but fitter to be in bed all day. She came home, she said, to die; and, if she could not avoid your visit, she was unable to fly from you; and believed she should die in your presence.

And yet go out again this morning early? How can that be, widow?

Why, Sir, she rested not two hours, for fear of you. Her fear gave her strength, which she'll suffer for, when that fear is over. And finding herself, the more she thought of your visit, the less able to stay to receive it, she took chair, and is gone nobody knows whither. But, I believe, she intended to be carried to the waterside, in order to take boat; for she cannot bear a coach. It extremely incommoded her yesterday.

But before we talk any further, said I, if she be gone abroad, you can have no objection to my looking into every apartment above and below; because I am told she is actually in the house.

Indeed, Sir, she is not. You may satisfy yourself, if you please: but Mrs. Smith and I waited on her to her chair. We were forced to support her, she was so weak. She said, Whither can I go, Mrs. Lovick? whither can I go, Mrs. Smith? — Cruel, cruel man! — tell him I called him so, if he come again! — God give him that peace which he denies me!

Sweet creature! cried I; and looked down, and took out my handkerchief.

The widow wept. I wish, said she, I had never known so excellent a lady, and so great a sufferer! I love her as my own child!

Mrs. Smith wept.

I then gave over the hope of seeing her for this time, I was extremely chagrined at my disappointment, and at the account they gave of her ill health.

Would to Heaven, said I, she would put it in my power to repair her wrongs! I have been an ungrateful wretch to her. I need not tell you, Mrs. Lovick, how much I have injured her, nor how much she suffers by her relations' implacableness, Mrs. Smith, that cuts her to the heart. Her family is the most

implacable family on earth; and the dear creature, in refusing to see me, and to be reconciled to me, shows her relation to them a little too plainly.

O Sir, said the widow, not one syllable of what you say belongs to this lady. I never saw so sweet a temper! she is always accusing herself, and excusing her relations. And, as to you, Sir, she forgives you: she wishes you well; and happier than you will let her die in peace? 'tis all she wishes for. You don't look like a hard-hearted gentleman! — How can you thus hunt and persecute a poor lady, whom none of her relations will look upon? It makes my heart bleed for her.

And then she wept again. Mrs. Smith wept also. My seat grew uneasy to me. I shifted to another several times; and what Mrs. Lovick farther said, and showed me, made me still more uneasy.

Bad as the poor lady was last night, said she, she transcribed into her book a meditation on your persecuting her thus. I have a copy of it. If I thought it would have any effect, I would read it to you.

Let me read it myself, Mrs. Lovick.

She gave it to me. It has an Harlowe-spirited title: and, from a forgiving spirit, intolerable. I desired to take it with me. She consented, on condition that I showed it to 'Squire Belford. So here, Mr. 'Squire Belford, thou mayest read it, if thou wilt.

ON BEING HUNTED AFTER BY THE ENEMY OF MY SOUL. MONDAY, AUG. 21.

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man.

Preserve me from the violent man.

Who imagines mischief in his heart.

He hath sharpened his tongue like a serpent. Adders' poison is under his lips.

Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the wicked. Preserve me from the violent man, who hath purposed to overthrow my goings.

He hath hid a snare for me. He hath spread a net by the way-side. He hath set gins for me in the way wherein I walked.

Keep me from the snares which he hath laid for me, and the gins of this worker of iniquity.

The enemy hath persecuted my soul. He hath smitten my life down to the ground. He hath made me dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead.

Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me. My heart within me is desolate.

Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble.

For my days are consumed like smoke: and my bones are burnt as the hearth.

My heart is smitten and withered like grass: so that I forget to eat my bread.

By reason of the voice of my groaning, my bones cleave to my skin.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness. I am like an owl of the desart.

I watch; and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top.

I have eaten ashes like bread; and mingled my drink with weeping:

Because of thine indignation, and thy wrath: for thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.

My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass.

Grant not, O Lord, the desires of the wicked: further not his devices, lest he exalt himself.

Why now, Mrs. Lovick, said I, when I had read this meditation, as she called it, I think I am very severely treated by the lady, if she mean me in all this. For how is it that I am the enemy of her soul, when I love her both soul and body?

She says, that I am a violent man, and a wicked man. — That I have been so, I own: but I repent, and only wish to have it in my power to repair the injuries I have done her.

The gin, the snare, the net, mean matrimony, I suppose — But is it a crime in me to wish to marry her? Would any other woman think it so? and choose to become a pelican in the wilderness, or a lonely sparrow on the house-top, rather than have a mate that would chirp about her all day and all night?

She says, she has eaten ashes like bread — A sad mistake to be sure! — And mingled her drink with weeping — Sweet maudlin soul! should I say of any body confessing this, but Miss Harlowe.

She concludes with praying, that the desires of the wicked (meaning poor me, I doubt) may not be granted; that my devices may not be furthered, lest I exalt myself. I should undoubtedly exalt myself, and with reason, could I have the honour and the blessing of such a wife. And if my desires have so honourable an end, I know not why I should be called wicked, and why I should not be allowed to hope, that my honest devices may be furthered, that I MAY exalt myself.

But here, Mrs. Lovick, let me ask, as something is undoubtedly meant by the lonely sparrow on the house-top, is not the dear creature at this very instant (tell me truly) concealed in Mrs. Smith's cockloft? — What say you, Mrs. Lovick? What say you, Mrs. Smith, to this?

They assured me to the contrary; and that shew as actually abroad, and they knew not where.

Thou seest, Jack, that I would fain have diverted the chagrin given me not only by the women's talk, but by this collection of Scripture-texts drawn up in array against me. Several other whimsical and light things I said [all I had for it!] with the same view. But the widow would not let me come off so. She stuck to me; and gave me, as I told thee, a good deal of uneasiness, by her sensible and serious expostulations. Mrs. Smith put in now-and-then; and the two Jack-pudding

fellows, John and Joseph, not being present, I had no provocation to turn the conversation into a farce; and, at last, they both joined warmly to endeavour to prevail upon me to give up all thoughts of seeing the lady. But I could not hear of that. On the contrary, I besought Mrs. Smith to let me have one of her rooms but till I could see her; and were it but for one, two, or three days, I would pay a year's rent for it; and quit it the moment the interview was over. But they desired to be excused; and were sure the lady would not come to the house till I was gone, were it for a month.

This pleased me; for I found they did not think her so very ill as they would have me believe her to be; but I took no notice of the slip, because I would not guard them against more of the like.

In short, I told them, I must and would see her: but that it should be with all the respect and veneration that heart could pay to excellence like her's: and that I would go round to all the churches in London and Westminster, where there were prayers or service, from sun-rise to sun-set, and haunt their house like a ghost, till I had the opportunity my soul panted after.

This I bid them tell her. And thus ended our serious conversation.

I took leave of them; and went down; and, stepping into my chair, caused myself to be carried to Lincoln's-Inn; and walked in the gardens till the chapel was opened; and then I went in, and staid prayers, in hopes of seeing the dear creature enter: but to no purpose; and yet I prayed most devoutly that she might be conducted thither, either by my good angel, or her own. And indeed I burn more than ever with impatience to be once more permitted to kneel at the feet of this adorable woman. And had I met her, or espied her in the chapel, it is my firm belief that I should not have been able (though it had been in the midst of the sacred office, and in the presence of thousands) to have forborne prostration to her, and even clamorous supplication for her forgiveness: a christian act; the exercise of it therefore worthy of the place.

After service was over, I stept into my chair again, and once more was carried to Smith's, in hopes I might have surprised her there: but no such happiness for thy friend. I staid in the back-shop an hour and an half, by my watch; and again underwent a good deal of preachment from the women. John was mainly civil to me now; won over a little by my serious talk, and the honour I professed for the lady. They all three wished matters could be made up between us: but still insisted that she could never get over her illness; and that her heart was broken. A cue, I suppose, they had from you.

While I was there a letter was brought by a particular hand. They seemed very solicitous to hide it from me; which made me suspect it was for her. I desired to

be suffered to cast an eye upon the seal, and the superscription; promising to give it back to them unopened.

Looking upon it, I told them I knew the hand and seal. It was from her sister.* And I hoped it would bring her news that she would be pleased with.

* See Letter XXVI. of this volume.

They joined most heartily in the same hope: and, giving the letter to them again, I civilly took leave, and went away.

But I will be there again presently; for I fancy my courteous behaviour to these women will, on their report of it, procure me the favour I so earnestly covet. And so I will leave my letter unsealed, to tell thee the event of my next visit at Smith's.

* * *

Thy servant just calling, I sent thee this: and will soon follow it by another. Mean time, I long to hear how poor Belton is: to whom my best wishes.

LETTER XVI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

I have been under such concern for the poor man, whose exit I almost hourly expect, and at the shocking scenes his illness and his agonies exhibit, that I have been only able to make memoranda of the melancholy passages, from which to draw up a more perfect account, for the instruction of us all, when the writing appetite shall return.

* * *

It is returned! Indignation has revived it, on receipt of thy letters of Sunday and yesterday; by which I have reason to reproach thee in very serious terms, that thou hast not kept thy honour with me: and if thy breach of it be attended with such effects as I fear it will be, I shall let thee know more of my mind on this head.

If thou wouldst be thought in earnest in thy wishes to move the poor lady in thy favour, thy ludicrous behaviour at Smith's, when it comes to be represented to her, will have a very consistent appearance; will it not? — I will, indeed, confirm in her opinion, that the grave is more to be wished-for, by one of her serious and pious turn, than a husband incapable either of reflection or remorse; just recovered, as thou art, from a dangerous, at least a sharp turn.

I am extremely concerned for the poor unprotected lady. She was so excessively low and weak on Saturday, that I could not be admitted to her speech: and to be driven out of her lodgings, when it was fitter for her to be in bed, is such a piece of cruelty, as he only could be guilty of who could act as thou hast done by such an angel.

Canst thou thyself say, on reflection, that it has not the look of a wicked and hardened sportiveness, in thee, for the sake of a wanton humour only, (since it can answer no end that thou proposest to thyself, but the direct contrary,) to hunt from place to place a poor lady, who, like a harmless deer, that has already a barbed shaft in her breast, seeks only a refuge from thee in the shades of death.

But I will leave this matter upon thy own conscience, to paint thee such a scene from my memoranda, as thou perhaps wilt be moved by more effectually than by any other: because it is such a one as thou thyself must one day be a principal actor in, and, as I thought, hadst very lately in apprehension: and is the last scene of one of thy more intimate friends, who has been for the four past days labouring in the agonies of death. For, Lovelace, let this truth, this undoubted

truth, be engraved on thy memory, in all thy gaieties, That the life we are so fond of is hardly life; a mere breathing space only; and that, at the end of its longest date,

Thou must die, as well as Belton.

Thou knowest, by Tourville, what we had done as to the poor man's worldly affairs; and that we had got his unhappy sister to come and live with him (little did we think him so very near to his end): and so I will proceed to tell thee, that when I arrived at his house on Saturday night, I found him excessively ill: but just raised, and in his elbow-chair, held up by his nurse and Mowbray (the roughest and most untouched creature that ever entered a sick man's chamber); while the maid-servants were trying to make that bed easier for him which he was to return to; his mind ten times uneasier than that could be, and the true cause that the down was no softer to him.

He had so much longed to see me, as I was told by his sister, (whom I sent for down to inquire how he was,) that they all rejoiced when I entered: Here, said Mowbray, here, Tommy, is honest Jack Belford!

Where, where? said the poor man.

I hear his voice, cried Mowbray: he is coming up stairs.

In a transport of joy, he would have raised himself at my entrance, but had like to have pitched out of the chair: and when recovered, called me his best friend! his kindest friend! but burst into a flood of tears: O Jack! O Belford! said he, see the way I am in! See how weak! So much, and so soon reduced! Do you know me? Do you know your poor friend Belton?

You are not so much altered, my dear Belton, as you think you are. But I see you are weak; very weak — and I am sorry for it.

Weak, weak, indeed, my dearest Belford, said he, and weaker in mind, if possible, than in body; and wept bitterly — or I should not thus unman myself. I, who never feared any thing, to be forced to show myself such a nursling! — I am quite ashamed of myself! — But don't despise me; dear Belford, don't despise me, I beseech thee.

I ever honoured a man that could weep for the distresses of others; and ever shall, said I; and such a one cannot be insensible of his own.

However, I could not help being visibly moved at the poor fellow's emotion.

Now, said the brutal Mowbray, do I think thee insufferable, Jack. Our poor friend is already a peg too low; and here thou art letting him down lower and lower still. This soothing of him in his dejected moments, and joining thy womanish tears with his, is not the way; I am sure it is not. If our Lovelace were here, he'd tell thee so.

Thou art an impenetrable creature, replied I; unfit to be present at a scene, the terrors of which thou wilt not be able to feel till thou feelest them in thyself; and then, if thou hadst time for feeling, my life for thine, thou behavest as pitifully as those thou thinkest most pitiful.

Then turning to the poor sick man, Tears, my dear Belton, are no signs of an unmanly, but, contrarily of a humane nature; they ease the over-charged heart, which would burst but for that kindly and natural relief.

Give sorrow words (says Shakspeare)
— The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

I know, my dear Belton, thou usedst to take pleasure in repetitions from the poets; but thou must be tasteless of their beauties now: yet be not discountenanced by this uncouth and unreflecting Mowbray, for, as Juvenal says, Tears are the prerogative of manhood.

'Tis at least seasonably said, my dear Belford. It is kind to keep me in countenance for this womanish weakness, as Mowbray has been upbraidingly calling it, ever since he has been with me: and in so doing, (whatever I might have thought in such high health as he enjoys,) has convinced me, that bottle-friends feel nothing but what moves in that little circle.

Well, well, proceed in your own way, Jack. I love my friend Belton as well as you can do; yet for the blood of me, I cannot but think, that soothing a man's weakness is increasing it.

If it be a weakness, to be touched at great and concerning events, in which our humanity is concerned, said I, thou mayest be right.

I have seen many a man, said the rough creature, going up Holborn-hill, that has behaved more like a man than either of you.

Ay, but, Mowbray, replied the poor man, those wretches have not had their minds enervated by such infirmities of body as I have long laboured under. Thou art a shocking fellow, and ever wert. — But to be able to remember nothing in these moments but what reproaches me, and to know that I cannot hold it long, and what may then be my lot, if — but interrupting himself, and turning to me, Give me thy pity, Jack; 'tis balm to my wounded soul; and let Mowbray sit indifferent enough to the pangs of a dying friend, to laugh at us both.

The hardened fellow then retired, with the air of a Lovelace; only more stupid; yawning and stretching, instead of humming a tune as thou didst at Smith's.

I assisted to get the poor man into bed. He was so weak and low, that he could not bear the fatigue, and fainted away; and I verily thought was quite gone. But recovering, and his doctor coming, and advising to keep him quiet, I retired, and

joined Mowbray in the garden; who took more delight to talk of the living Lovelace and levities, than of the dying Belton and his repentance.

I just saw him again on Saturday night before I went to bed; which I did early; for I was surfeited with Mowbray's frothy insensibility, and could not bear him.

It is such a horrid thing to think of, that a man who had lived in such strict terms of — what shall I call it? with another; the proof does not come out so, as to say, friendship; who had pretended so much love for him; could not bear to be out of his company; would ride an hundred miles on end to enjoy it; and would fight for him, be the cause right or wrong: yet now, could be so little moved to see him in such misery of body and mind, as to be able to rebuke him, and rather ridicule than pity him, because he was more affected by what he felt, than he had seen a malefactor, (hardened perhaps by liquor, and not softened by previous sickness,) on his going to execution.

This put me strongly in mind of what the divine Miss HARLOWE once said to me, talking of friendship, and what my friendship to you required of me: 'Depend upon it, Mr. Belford,' said she, 'that one day you will be convinced, that what you call friendship, is chaff and stubble; and that nothing is worthy of that sacred name,

'That has not virtue for its base.'

Sunday morning, I was called up at six o'clock, at the poor man's earnest request, and found him in a terrible agony. O Jack! Jack! said he, looking wildly, as if he had seen a spectre — Come nearer me! — Dear, dear Belford, save me! Then clasping my arm with both his hands, and rearing up his head towards me, his eyes strangely rolling, Save me! dear Belford, save me! repeated he.

I put my other arm about him — Save you from what, my dear Belton! said I; save you from what? Nothing shall hurt you. What must I save you from?

Recovering from his terror, he sunk down again, O save me from myself! said he; save me from my own reflections. O dear Jack! what a thing it is to die; and not to have one comfortable reflection to revolve! What would I give for one year of my past life? — only one year — and to have the same sense of things that I now have?

I tried to comfort him as well as I could: but free-livers to free-livers are sorry death-bed comforters. And he broke in upon me: O my dear Belford, said he, I am told, (and I have heard you ridiculed for it,) that the excellent Miss Harlowe has wrought a conversion in you. May it be so! You are a man of sense: O may it be so! Now is your time! Now, that you are in full vigour of mind and body! — But your poor Belton, alas! your poor Belton kept his vices, till they left him — and see the miserable effects in debility of mind and despondency! Were Mowbray here, and were he to laugh at me, I would own that this is the cause of my despair

— that God's justice cannot let his mercy operate for my comfort: for, Oh! I have been very, very wicked; and have despised the offers of his grace, till he has withdrawn it from me for ever.

I used all the arguments I could think of to give him consolation: and what I said had such an effect upon him, as to quiet his mind for the greatest part of the day; and in a lucid hour his memory served him to repeat these lines of Dryden, grasping my hand, and looking wistfully upon me:

O that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball, in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasped, the faster melts away!

In the afternoon of Sunday, he was inquisitive after you, and your present behaviour to Miss Harlowe. I told him how you had been, and how light you made of it. Mowbray was pleased with your impenetrable hardness of heart, and said, Bob. Lovelace was a good edge-tool, and steel to the back: and such coarse but hearty praises he gave you, as an abandoned man might give, and only an abandoned man could wish to deserve.

But hadst thou heard what the poor dying Belton said on this occasion, perhaps it would have made thee serious an hour or two, at least.

'When poor Lovelace is brought,' said he, 'to a sick-bed, as I am now, and his mind forebodes that it is impossible he should recover, (which his could not do in his late illness: if it had, he could not have behaved so lightly in it;) when he revolves his past mis-spent life; his actions of offence to helpless innocents; in Miss Harlowe's case particularly; what then will he think of himself, or of his past actions? his mind debilitated; his strength turned into weakness; unable to stir or to move without help; not one ray of hope darting in upon his benighted soul; his conscience standing in the place of a thousand witnesses; his pains excruciating; weary of the poor remnant of life he drags, yet dreading, that, in a few short hours, his bad will be changed to worse, nay, to worst of all; and that worst of all, to last beyond time and to all eternity; O Jack! what will he then think of the poor transitory gratifications of sense, which now engage all his attention? Tell him, dear Belford, tell him, how happy he is if he know his own dying happiness; how happy, compared to his poor dying friend, that he has recovered from his illness, and has still an opportunity lent him, for which I would give a thousand worlds, had I them to give!'

I approved exceedingly of his reflections, as suited to his present circumstances; and inferred consolations to him from a mind so properly touched.

He proceeded in the like penitent strain. I have lived a very wicked life; so have we all. We have never made a conscience of doing whatever mischief either force or fraud enabled us to do. We have laid snares for the innocent heart; and

have not scrupled by the too-ready sword to extend, as occasions offered, the wrongs we did to the persons whom we had before injured in their dearest relations. But yet, I flatter myself, sometimes, that I have less to answer for than either Lovelace or Mowbray; for I, by taking to myself that accursed deceiver from whom thou hast freed me, (and who, for years, unknown to me, was retaliating upon my own head some of the evils I had brought upon others,) and retiring, and living with her as a wife, was not party to half the mischiefs, that I doubt they, and Tourville, and even you, Belford, committed. As to the ungrateful Thomasine, I hope I have met with my punishment in her. But notwithstanding this, dost thou not think, that such an action — and such an action — and such an action; [and then he recapitulated several enormities, in the perpetration of which (led on by false bravery, and the heat of youth and wine) we have all been concerned;] dost thou not think that these villanies, (let me call them now by their proper name,) joined to the wilful and gloried-in neglect of every duty that our better sense and education gave us to know were required of us as men and christians, are not enough to weigh down my soul into despondency? — Indeed, indeed, they are! and now to hope for mercy; and to depend upon the efficacy of that gracious attribute, when that no less shining one of justice forbids me to hope; how can I! — I, who have despised all warnings, and taken no advantage of the benefit I might have reaped from the lingering consumptive illness I have laboured under, but left all to the last stake; hoping for recovery against hope, and driving off repentance, till that grace is denied me; for, oh! my dear Belford! I can now neither repent, nor pray, as I ought; my heart is hardened, and I can do nothing but despair! —

More he would have said; but, overwhelmed with grief and infirmity, he bowed his head upon his pangful bosom, endeavouring to hide from the sight of the hardened Mowbray, who just then entered the room, those tears which he could not restrain.

Prefaced by a phlegmatic hem; sad, very sad, truly! cried Mowbray; who sat himself down on one side of the bed, as I sat on the other: his eyes half closed, and his lips pouting out to his turned-up nose, his chin curdled [to use one of thy descriptions]; leaving one at a loss to know whether stupid drowsiness or intense contemplation had got most hold of him.

An excellent, however uneasy lesson, Mowbray! said I. — By my faith it is! It may one day, who knows how soon? be our own case!

I thought of thy yawning-fit, as described in thy letter of Aug. 13. For up started Mowbray, writhing and shaking himself as in an ague-fit; his hands stretched over his head — with thy hoy! hoy! hoy! yawning. And then recovering himself, with another stretch and a shake, What's o'clock? cried he; pulling out

his watch — and stalking by long tip-toe strides through the room, down stairs he went; and meeting the maid in the passage, I heard him say — Betty, bring me a bumper of claret; thy poor master, and this d —— d Belford, are enough to throw a Hercules into the vapours.

Mowbray, after this, assuming himself in our friend's library, which is, as thou knowest, chiefly classical and dramatical, found out a passage in Lee's Oedipus, which he would needs have to be extremely apt; and in he came full fraught with the notion of the courage it would give the dying man, and read it to him. 'Tis poetical and pretty. This is it:

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible:
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds:
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death;
Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons:
Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus;
While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff,
And sweat with our imagination's weight.

He expected praises for finding this out. But Belton turning his head from him, Ah, Dick! (said he,) these are not the reflections of a dying man! — What thou wilt one day feel, if it be what I now feel, will convince thee that the evils before thee, and with thee, are more than the effects of imagination.

I was called twice on Sunday night to him; for the poor fellow, when his reflections on his past life annoy him most, is afraid of being left with the women; and his eyes, they tell me, hunt and roll about for me. Where's Mr. Belford? — But I shall tire him out, cries he — yet beg of him to step to me — yet don't — yet do; were once the doubting and changeful orders he gave: and they called me accordingly.

But, alas! What could Belford do for him? Belford, who had been but too often the companion of his guilty hours; who wants mercy as much as he does; and is unable to promise it to himself, though 'tis all he can bid his poor friend rely upon!

What miscreants are we! What figures shall we make in these terrible hours!

If Miss HARLOWE'S glorious example, on one hand, and the terrors of this poor man's last scene on the other, affect me not, I must be abandoned to perdition; as I fear thou wilt be, if thou benefittest not thyself from both.

Among the consolatory things I urged, when I was called up the last time on Sunday night, I told him, that he must not absolutely give himself up to despair: that many of the apprehensions he was under, were such as the best men must have, on the dreadful uncertainty of what was to succeed to this life. 'Tis well observed, said I, by a poetical divine, who was an excellent christian,* That

Death could not a more sad retinue find,
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

* The Rev Mr. Norris, of Bremerton.

About eight o'clock yesterday (Monday) morning, I found him a little calmer. He asked me who was the author of the two lines I had repeated to him; and made me speak them over again. A sad retinue, indeed! said the poor man. And then expressing his hopelessness of life, and his terrors at the thoughts of dying; and drawing from thence terrible conclusions with regard to his future state; There is, said I, such a natural aversion to death in human nature, that you are not to imagine, that you, my dear Belton, are singular in the fear of it, and in the apprehensions that fill the thoughtful mind upon its approach; but you ought, as much as possible, to separate those natural fears which all men must have on so solemn an occasion, from those particular ones which your justly-apprehended unfitness fills you with. Mr. Pomfret, in his Prospect of Death, which I dipped into last night from a collection in your closet, which I put into my pocket, says, [and I turned to the place]

Merely to die, no man of reason fears;
For certainly we must,
As we are born, return to dust;
'Tis the last point of many ling-ring years;
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know;
But human understanding cannot show.
This makes US tremble ——

Mr. Pomfret, therefore, proceeded I, had such apprehensions of this dark state as you have: and the excellent divine I hinted at last night, who had very little else but human frailties to reproach himself with, and whose miscellanies fell into my hands among my uncle's books in my attendance upon him in his last hours, says,

It must be done, my soul: but 'tis a strange,
A dismal, and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown — somewhere — wing away;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be — thou know'st not what — and live —

thou know’st not how!
Amazing state! no wonder that we dread
To think of death, or view the dead;
Thou’rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy.
Then follows, what I repeated,
Death could not a more sad retinue find,
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Alas! my dear Belford [inferred the unhappy deep-thinker] what poor creatures does this convince me we mortals are at best! — But what then must be the case of such a profligate as I, who by a past wicked life have added greater force to these natural terrors? If death be so repugnant a thing to human nature, that good men will be startled at it, what must it be to one who has lived a life of sense and appetite; nor ever reflected upon the end which I now am within view of?

What could I say to an inference so fairly drawn? Mercy, mercy, unbounded mercy, was still my plea, though his repeated opposition of justice to it, in a manner silenced that plea: and what would I have given to have had rise in my mind, one good, eminently good action to have remembered him of, in order to combat his fears with it?

I believe, Lovelace, I shall tire thee, and that more with the subject of my letter, than even with the length of it. But really, I think thy spirits are so offensively up since thy recovery, that I ought, as the melancholy subjects offer, to endeavour to reduce thee to the standard of humanity, by expatiating upon them. And then thou canst not but be curious to know every thing that concerns the poor man, for whom thou hast always expressed a great regard. I will therefore proceed as I have begun. If thou likest not to read it now, lay it by, if thou wilt, till the like circumstances befall thee, till like reflections from those circumstances seize thee; and then take it up, and compare the two cases together.

* * *

At his earnest request, I sat up with him last night; and, poor man! it is impossible to tell thee, how easy and safe he thought himself in my company, for the first part of the night: A drowning man will catch at a straw, the proverb well says: and a straw was I, with respect to any real help I could give him. He often awaked in terrors; and once calling out for me, Dear Belford, said he, Where are you! — Oh! There you are! — Give me your friendly hand! — Then grasping it, and putting his clammy, half-cold lips to it — How kind! I fear every thing when you are

absent. But the presence of a friend, a sympathising friend — Oh! how comfortable!

But, about four in the morning, he frighted me much: he waked with three terrible groans; and endeavoured to speak, but could not presently — and when he did, — Jack, Jack, Jack, five or six times repeated he as quick as thought, now, now, now, save me, save me, save me — I am going — going indeed!

I threw my arms about him, and raised him upon his pillow, as he was sinking (as if to hide himself) in the bed-clothes — And staring wildly, Where am I? said he, a little recovering. Did you not see him? turning his head this way and that; horror in his countenance; Did you not see him?

See whom, see what, my dear Belton!

O lay me upon the bed again, cried he! — Let me not die upon the floor! — Lay me down gently; and stand by me! — Leave me not! — All, all will soon be over!

You are already, my dear Belton, upon the bed. You have not been upon the floor. This is a strong delirium; you are faint for want of refreshment [for he had refused several times to take any thing]: let me persuade you to take some of this cordial julap. I will leave you, if you will not oblige me.

He then readily took it; but said he could have sworn that Tom. Metcalfe had been in the room, and had drawn him out of bed by the throat, upbraiding him with the injuries he had first done his sister, and then him, in the duel to which he owed that fever which cost him his life.

Thou knowest the story, Lovelace, too well, to need my repeating it: but, mercy on us, if in these terrible moments all the evils we do rise to our frighted imaginations! — If so, what shocking scenes have I, but still what more shocking ones hast thou, to go through, if, as the noble poet says,

If any sense at that sad time remains!

The doctor ordered him an opiate this morning early, which operated so well, that he dosed and slept several hours more quietly than he had done for the two past days and nights, though he had sleeping-draughts given him before. But it is more and more evident every hour that nature is almost worn out in him.

* * *

Mowbray, quite tired with this house of mourning, intends to set out in the morning to find you. He was not a little rejoiced to hear you were in town; I believe to have a pretence to leave us.

* * *

He has just taken leave of his poor friend, intending to go away early: an everlasting leave, I may venture to say; for I think he will hardly live till to-morrow night.

I believe the poor man would not have been sorry had he left him when I arrived; for ’tis a shocking creature, and enjoys too strong health to know how to pity the sick. Then (to borrow an observation from thee) he has, by nature, strong bodily organs, which those of his soul are not likely to whet out; and he, as well as the wicked friend he is going to, may last a great while from the strength of their constitutions, though so greatly different in their talents, if neither the sword nor the halter interpose.

I must repeat, That I cannot but be very uneasy for the poor lady whom you so cruelly persecute; and that I do not think that you have kept your honour with me. I was apprehensive, indeed, that you would attempt to see her, as soon as you got well enough to come up; and I told her as much, making use of it as an argument to prepare her for your visit, and to induce her to stand it. But she could not, it is plain, bear the shock of it: and indeed she told me that she would not see you, though but for one half-hour, for the world.

Could she have prevailed upon herself, I know that the sight of her would have been as affecting to you, as your visit could have been to her; when you had seen to what a lovely skeleton (for she is really lovely still, nor can she, with such a form and features, be otherwise) you have, in a few weeks, reduced one of the most charming women in the world; and that in the full bloom of her youth and beauty.

Mowbray undertakes to carry this, that he may be more welcome to you, he says. Were it to be sent unsealed, the characters we write in would be Hebrew to the dunce. I desire you to return it; and I’ll give you a copy of it upon demand; for I intend to keep it by me, as a guard against the infection of your company, which might otherwise, perhaps, some time hence, be apt to weaken the impressions I always desire to have of the awful scene before me. God convert us both!

LETTER XVII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY MORN. 11 O'CLOCK.

I believe no man has two such servants as I have. Because I treat them with kindness, and do not lord it over my inferiors, and d — n and curse them by looks and words like Mowbray; or beat their teeth out like Lovelace; but cry, Pr'ythee, Harry, do this, and, Pr'ythee, Jonathan, do that; the fellows pursue their own devices, and regard nothing I say, but what falls in with these.

Here, this vile Harry, who might have brought your letter of yesterday in good time, came not in with it till past eleven at night (drunk, I suppose); and concluding that I was in bed, as he pretends (because he was told I sat up the preceding night) brought it not to me; and having overslept himself, just as I had sealed up my letter, in comes the villain with the forgotten one, shaking his ears, and looking as if he himself did not believe the excuses he was going to make. I questioned him about it, and heard his pitiful pleas; and though I never think it becomes a gentleman to treat people insolently who by their stations are humbled beneath his feet, yet could I not forbear to Lovelace and Mowbray him most cordially.

And this detaining Mowbray (who was ready to set out to you before) while I write a few lines upon it, the fierce fellow, who is impatient to exchange the company of a dying Belton for that of a too-lively Lovelace, affixed a supplement of curses upon the staring fellow, that was larger than my book — nor did I offer to take off the bear from such a mongrel, since, on this occasion, he deserved not of me the protection which every master owes to a good servant.

He has not done cursing him yet; for stalking about the court-yard with his boots on, (the poor fellow dressing his horse, and unable to get from him,) he is at him without mercy; and I will heighten his impatience, (since being just under the window where I am writing, he will not let me attend to my pen,) by telling you how he fills my ears as well as the fellow's, with his — Hay, Sir! And G — d d — n ye, Sir! And were ye my servant, ye dog ye! And must I stay here till the mid-day sun scorches me to a parchment, for such a mangy dog's drunken neglect? — Ye lie, Sirrah! — Ye lie, I tell you — [I hear the fellow's voice in an humble excusatory tone, though not articulately] Ye lie, ye dog! — I'd a good mind to thrust my whip down your drunken throat: d — n me, if I would not flay the skin from the back of such a rascal, if thou wert mine, and have dog's-skin gloves made of it, for thy brother scoundrels to wear in remembrance of thy abuses of such a master.

The poor horse suffers for this, I doubt not; for, What now! and, Stand still, and be d — d to ye, cries the fellow, with a kick, I suppose, which he better deserves himself; for these varlets, where they can, are Mowbrays and Lovelaces to man or beast; and not daring to answer him, is flaying the poor horse.

I hear the fellow is just escaped, the horse, (better curried than ordinary, I suppose, in half the usual time,) by his clanking shoes, and Mowbray's silence, letting me know, that I may now write on: and so, I will tell thee that, in the first place, (little as I, as well as you, regard dreams,) I would have thee lay thine to heart; for I could give thee such an interpretation of it, as would shock thee, perhaps; and if thou askest me for it, I will.

Mowbray calls to me from the court-yard, that 'tis a cursed hot day, and he shall be fried by riding in the noon of it: and that poor Belton longs to see me. So I will only add my earnest desire, that you will give over all thoughts of seeing the lady, if, when this comes to your hand, you have not seen her: and, that it would be kind, if you'd come, and, for the last time you will ever see your poor friend, share my concern for him; and, in him, see what, in a little time, will be your fate and mine, and that of Mowbray, Tourville, and the rest of us — For what are ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, to look back to; in the longest of which periods forward we shall all perhaps be mingled with the dust from which we sprung?

LETTER XVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDNESDAY MORN. AUG. 23.

All alive, dear Jack, and in ecstacy! — Likely to be once more a happy man! For I have received a letter from my beloved Miss HARLOWE; in consequence, I suppose, of that which I mentioned in my last to be left for her from her sister. And I am setting out for Berks directly, to show the contents to my Lord M. and to receive the congratulations of all my kindred upon it.

I went, last night, as I intended, to Smith's: but the dear creature was not returned at near ten o'clock. And, lighting upon Tourville, I took him home with me, and made him sing me out of my megrims. I went to bed tolerably easy at two; had bright and pleasant dreams; (not such of a frightful one as that I gave thee an account of;) and at eight this morning, as I was dressing, to be in readiness against the return of my fellow, whom I had sent to inquire after the lady, I had the following letter brought to me by a chairman:

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY NIGHT, 11 O'CLOCK (AUG. 22.)

SIR,

I have good news to tell you. I am setting out with all diligence for my father's house, I am bid to hope that he will receive his poor penitent with a goodness peculiar to himself; for I am overjoyed with the assurance of a thorough reconciliation, through the interposition of a dear, blessed friend, whom I always loved and honoured. I am so taken up with my preparation for this joyful and long-wished-for journey, that I cannot spare one moment for any other business, having several matters of the last importance to settle first. So, pray, Sir, don't disturb or interrupt me — I beseech you don't. You may possibly in time see me at my father's; at least if it be not your own fault.

I will write a letter, which shall be sent you when I am got thither and received: till when, I am, &c.

CLARISSA HARLOWE. * * *

I dispatched instantly a letter to the dear creature, assuring her, with the most thankful joy, 'That I would directly set out for Berks, and wait the issue of the happy reconciliation, and the charming hopes she had filled me with. I poured out upon her a thousand blessings. I declared that it should be the study of my whole life to merit such transcendent goodness: and that there was nothing which her

father or friends should require at my hands, that I would not for her sake comply with, in order to promote and complete so desirable a reconciliation.'

I hurried it away without taking a copy of it; and I have ordered the chariot-and-six to be got ready; and hey for M. Hall! Let me but know how Belton does. I hope a letter from thee is on the road. And if the poor fellow can spare thee, make haste, I command thee, to attend this truly divine lady. Thou mayest not else see her of months perhaps; at least, not while she is Miss HARLOWE. And oblige me, if possible, with one letter before she sets out, confirming to me and accounting for this generous change.

But what accounting for it is necessary? The dear creature cannot receive consolation herself but she must communicate it to others. How noble! She would not see me in her adversity; but no sooner does the sun of prosperity begin to shine upon her than she forgives me.

I know to whose mediation all this is owing. It is to Colonel Morden's. She always, as she says, loved and honoured him! And he loved her above all his relations.

I shall now be convinced that there is something in dreams. The opening cloud is the reconciliation in view. The bright form, lifting up my charmer through it to a firmament stuck round with golden cherubims and seraphims, indicates the charming little boys and girls, that will be the fruits of this happy reconciliation. The welcomes, thrice repeated, are those of her family, now no more to be deemed implacable. Yet are they family, too, that my soul cannot mingle with.

But then what is my tumbling over and over through the floor into a frightful hole, descending as she ascends? Ho! only this! it alludes to my disrelish to matrimony: Which is a bottomless pit, a gulph, and I know not what. And I suppose, had I not awoke in such a plaguy fright, I had been soused into some river at the bottom of the hole, and then been carried (mundified or purified from my past iniquities,) by the same bright form (waiting for me upon the mossy banks,) to my beloved girl; and we should have gone on cherubiming of it and caroling to the end of the chapter.

But what are the black sweeping mantles and robes of Lord M. thrown over my face? And what are those of the ladies? O Jack! I have these too: They indicate nothing in the world but that my Lord will be so good as to die, and leave me all he has. So, rest to thy good-natured soul, honest Lord M.

Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance, will also die, and leave me swinging legacies.

Miss Charlotte and her sister — what will become of the? — Oh! they will be in mourning, of course, for their uncle and aunts — that's right!

As to Morden's flashing through the window, and crying, Die, Lovelace, and be d —— d, if thou wilt not repair my cousin's wrong! That is only, that he would have sent me a challenge, had I not been disposed to do the lady justice.

All I dislike is this part of the dream: for, even in a dream, I would not be thought to be threatened into any measure, though I liked it ever so well.

And so much for my prophetic dream.

Dear charming creature! What a meeting will there be between her and her father and mother and uncles! What transports, what pleasure, will this happy, long-wished-for reconciliation give her dutiful heart! And indeed now methinks I am glad she is so dutiful to them; for her duty to her parents is a conviction to me that she will be as dutiful to her husband: since duty upon principle is an uniform thing.

Why pr'ythee, now, Jack, I have not been so much to blame as thou thinkest: for had it not been for me, who have led her into so much distress, she could neither have received nor given the joy that will now overwhelm them all. So here rises great and durable good out of temporary evil.

I know they loved her (the pride and glory of their family,) too well to hold out long!

I wish I could have seen Arabella's letter. She has always been so much eclipsed by her sister, that I dare say she has signified this reconciliation to her with intermingled phlegm and wormwood; and her invitation must certainly runs all in the rock-water style.

I shall long to see the promised letter too when she is got to her father's, which I hope will give an account of the reception she will meet with.

There is a solemnity, however, I think, in the style of her letter, which pleases and affects me at the same time. But as it is evident she loves me still, and hopes soon to see me at her father's, she could not help being a little solemn, and half-ashamed, [dear blushing pretty rogue!] to own her love, after my usage of her.

And then her subscription: Till when, I am, CLARISSA HARLOWE: as much as to say, after that, I shall be, if not to your own fault, CLARISSA LOVELACE!

O my best love! My ever-generous and adorable creature! How much does this thy forgiving goodness exalt us both! — Me, for the occasion given thee! Thee, for turning it so gloriously to thy advantage, and to the honour of both!

And if, my beloved creature, you will but connive at the imperfections of your adorer, and not play the wife with me: if, while the charms of novelty have their force with me, I should happen to be drawn aside by the love of intrigue, and of plots that my soul delights to form and pursue; and if thou wilt not be open-eyed to the follies of my youth, [a transitory state;] every excursion shall serve but the more to endear thee to me, till in time, and in a very little time too, I shall get

above sense; and then, charmed by thy soul-attracting converse; and brought to despise my former courses; what I now, at distance, consider as a painful duty, will be my joyful choice, and all my delight will centre in thee!

* * *

Mowbray is just arrived with thy letters. I therefore close my agreeable subject, to attend to one which I doubt will be very shocking.

I have engaged the rough varlet to bear me company in the morning to Berks; where I shall file off the rust he has contracted in his attendance upon the poor fellow.

He tells me that, between the dying Belton and the preaching Belford, he shan't be his own man these three days: and says that thou addest to the unhappy fellow's weakness, instead of giving him courage to help him to bear his destiny.

I am sorry he takes the unavoidable lot so heavily. But he has been long ill; and sickness enervates the mind as well as the body; as he himself very significantly observed to thee.

LETTER XIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDN. EVENING.

I have been reading thy shocking letter — Poor Belton! what a multitude of lively hours have we passed together! He was a fearless, cheerful fellow: who'd have thought all that should end in such dejected whimpering and terror?

But why didst thou not comfort the poor man about the rencounter between him and that poltroon Metcalfe? He acted in that affair like a man of true honour, and as I should have acted in the same circumstances. Tell him I say so; and that what happened he could neither help nor foresee.

Some people are as sensible of a scratch from a pin's point, as others from a push of a sword: and who can say any thing for the sensibility of such fellows? Metcalfe would resent for his sister, when his sister resented not for herself. Had she demanded her brother's protection and resentment, that would have been another man's matte, to speak in Lord M.'s phrase: but she herself thought her brother a coxcomb to busy himself undesired in her affairs, and wished for nothing but to be provided for decently and privately in her lying-in; and was willing to take the chance of Maintenon-ing his conscience in her favour,* and getting him to marry when the little stranger came; for she knew what an easy, good-natured fellow he was. And indeed if she had prevailed upon him, it might have been happy for both; as then he would not have fallen in with his cursed Thomasine. But truly this officious brother of her's must interpose. This made a trifling affair important: And what was the issue? Metcalfe challenged; Belton met him; disarmed him; gave him his life: but the fellow, more sensible in his skin than in his head, having received a scratch, was frighted: it gave him first a puke, then a fever, and then he died, that was all. And how could Belton help that? — But sickness, a long tedious sickness, will make a bugbear of any thing to a languishing heart, I see that. And so far was Mowbray à-propos in the verses from Nat. Lee, which thou hast described.

* Madam Maintenon was reported to have prevailed upon Lewis XIV. of France, in his old age, (sunk, as he was, by ill success in the field,) to marry her, by way of compounding with his conscience for the freedoms of his past life, to which she attributed his public losses.

Merely to die, no man of reason fears, is a mistake, say thou, or say thy author, what ye will. And thy solemn parading about the natural repugnance between life and death, is a proof that it is.

Let me tell thee, Jack, that so much am I pleased with this world, in the main; though, in some points too, the world (to make a person of it,) has been a rascal to

me; so delighted am I with the joys of youth; with my worldly prospects as to fortune; and now, newly, with the charming hopes given me by my dear, thrice dear, and for ever dear CLARISSA; that were I even sure that nothing bad would come hereafter, I should be very loth (very much afraid, if thou wilt have it so,) to lay down my life and them together; and yet, upon a call of honour, no man fears death less than myself.

But I have not either inclination or leisure to weigh thy leaden arguments, except in the pig, or, as thou wouldst say, in the lump.

If I return thy letters, let me have them again some time hence, that is to say, when I am married, or when poor Belton is half forgotten; or when time has enrolled the honest fellow among those whom we have so long lost, that we may remember them with more pleasure than pain; and then I may give them a serious perusal, and enter with thee as deeply as thou wilt into the subject.

When I am married, said I? — What a sound has that!

I must wait with patience for a sight of this charming creature, till she is at her father's. And yet, as the but blossoming beauty, as thou tellest me, is reduced to a shadow, I should have been exceedingly delighted to see her now, and every day till the happy one; that I might have the pleasure of observing how sweetly, hour by hour, she will rise to her pristine glories, by means of that state of ease and contentment, which will take place of the stormy past, upon her reconciliation with her friends, and our happy nuptials.

LETTER XX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Well, but now my heart is a little at ease, I will condescend to take brief notice of some other passages in thy letters.

I find I am to thank thee, that the dear creature has avoided my visit. Things are now in so good a train that I must forgive thee; else thou shouldst have heard more of this new instance of disloyalty to thy general.

Thou art continually giving thyself high praise, by way of opposition, as I may say, to others; gently and artfully blaming thyself for qualities thou wouldst at the same time have to be thought, and which generally are thought, praise-worthy.

Thus, in the airs thou assumest about thy servants, thou wouldst pass for a mighty humane mortal; and that at the expense of Mowbray and me, whom thou representest as kings and emperors to our menials. Yet art thou always unhappy in thy attempts of this kind, and never canst make us, who know thee, believe that to be a virtue in thee, which is but the effect of constitutional phlegm and absurdity.

Knowest thou not, that some men have a native dignity in their manner, that makes them more regarded by a look, than either thou canst be in thy low style, or Mowbray in his high?

I am fit to be a prince, I can tell thee, for I reward well, and I punish seasonably and properly; and I am generally as well served by any man.

The art of governing these underbred varlets lies more in the dignity of looks than in words; and thou art a sorry fellow, to think humanity consists in acting by thy servants, as men must act who are not able to pay them their wages; or had made them masters of secrets, which, if divulged, would lay them at the mercy of such wretches.

Now to me, who never did any thing I was ashamed to own, and who have more ingenuousness than ever man had; who can call a villany by its own right name, though practised by myself, and (by my own readiness to reproach myself) anticipate all reproach from others; who am not such a hypocrite, as to wish the world to think me other or better than I am — it is my part, to look a servant into his duty, if I can; nor will I keep one who knows not how to take me by a nod, or a wink; and who, when I smile, shall not be all transport; when I frown, all terror. If, indeed, I am out of the way a little, I always take care to rewards the varlets for patiently bearing my displeasure. But this I hardly ever am but when a fellow is egregiously stupid in any plain point of duty, or will be wiser than his master; and

when he shall tell me, that he thought acting contrary to my orders was the way to serve me best.

One time or other I will enter the lists with thee upon thy conduct and mine to servants; and I will convince thee, that what thou wouldst have pass for humanity, if it be indiscriminately practised to all tempers, will perpetually subject thee to the evils thou complainest of; and justly too; and that he only is fit to be a master of servants, who can command their attention as much by a nod, as if he were to pr'ythee a fellow to do his duty, on one hand, or to talk of flaying, and horse-whipping, like Mowbray, on the other: for the servant who being used to expect thy creeping style, will always be master of his master, and he who deserves to be treated as the other, is not fit to be any man's servant; nor would I keep such a fellow to rub my horse's heels.

I shall be the readier to enter the lists with thee upon this argument, because I have presumption enough to think that we have not in any of our dramatic poets, that I can at present call to mind, one character of a servant of either sex, that is justly hit off. So absurdly wise some, and so sottishly foolish others; and both sometime in the same person. Foils drawn from lees or dregs of the people to set off the characters of their masters and mistresses; nay, sometimes, which is still more absurd, introduced with more wit than the poet has to bestow upon their principals. — Mere flints and steels to strike fire with — or, to vary the metaphor, to serve for whetstones to wit, which, otherwise, could not be made apparent; or, for engines to be made use of like the machinery of the antient poets, (or the still more unnatural soliloquy,) to help on a sorry plot, or to bring about a necessary eclaircissement, to save the poet the trouble of thinking deeply for a better way to wind up his bottoms.

Of this I am persuaded, (whatever my practice be to my own servants,) that thou wilt be benefited by my theory, when we come to controvert the point. For then I shall convince thee, that the dramatic as well as natural characteristics of a good servant ought to be fidelity, common sense, cheerful obedience, and silent respect; that wit in his station, except to his companions, would be sauciness; that he should never presume to give his advice; that if he venture to expostulate upon any unreasonable command, or such a one a appeared to him to be so, he should do it with humility and respect, and take a proper season for it. But such lessons do most of the dramatic performances I have seen give, where servants are introduced as characters essential to the play, or to act very significant or long parts in it, (which, of itself, I think a fault;) such lessons, I say, do they give to the footmen's gallery, that I have not wondered we have so few modest or good men-servants among those who often attend their masters or mistresses to plays. Then how miserably evident must that poet's conscious want of genius be, who can

stoop to raise or give force to a clap by the indiscriminate roar of the party-coloured gallery!

But this subject I will suspend to a better opportunity; that is to say, to the happy one, when my nuptials with my Clarissa will oblige me to increase the number of my servants, and of consequence to enter more nicely into their qualifications.

* * *

Although I have the highest opinion that man can have of the generosity of my dear Miss Harlowe, yet I cannot for the heart of me account for this agreeable change in her temper but one way. Faith and troth, Belford, I verily believe, laying all circumstances together, that the dear creature unexpectedly finds herself in the way I have so ardently wished her to be in; and that this makes her, at last, incline to favour me, that she may set the better face upon her gestation, when at her father's.

If this be the case, all her falling away, and her fainting fits, are charmingly accounted for. Nor is it surprising, that such a sweet novice in these matters should not, for some time, have known to what to attribute her frequent indispositions. If this should be the case, how I shall laugh at thee! and (when I am sure of her) at the dear novice herself, that all her grievous distresses shall end in a man-child; which I shall love better than all the cherubims and seraphims that may come after; though there were to be as many of them as I beheld in my dream; in which a vast expanse of firmament was stuck as full of them as it could hold!

I shall be afraid to open thy next, lest it bring me the account of poor Belton's death. Yet, as there are no hopes of his recovery — but what should I say, unless the poor man were better fitted — but thy heavy sermon shall not affect me too much neither.

I enclose thy papers; and do thou transcribe them for me, or return them; for there are some things in them, which, at a proper season, a mortal man should not avoid attending to; and thou seemest to have entered deeply into the shocking subject. — But here I will end, lest I grow too serious.

* * *

Thy servant called here about an hour ago, to know if I had any commands; I therefore hope that thou wilt have this early in the morning. And if thou canst let

me hear from thee, do. I'll stretch an hour or two in expectation of it. Yet I must be at Lord M.'s to-morrow night, if possible, though ever so late.

Thy fellow tells me the poor man is much as he was when Mowbray left him.

Wouldst thou think that this varlet Mowbray is sorry that I am so near being happy with Miss Harlowe? And, 'egad, Jack, I know not what to say to it, now the fruit seems to be within my reach — but let what will come, I'll stand to't: for I find I can't live without her.

LETTER XXI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, THREE O'CLOCK.

I will proceed where I left off in my last.

As soon as I had seen Mowbray mounted, I went to attend upon poor Belton; whom I found in dreadful agonies, in which he awoke, after he generally does.

The doctor came in presently after, and I was concerned at the scene that passed between them.

It opened with the dying man's asking him, with melancholy earnestness, if nothing — if nothing at all could be done for him?

The doctor shook his head, and told him, he doubted not.

I cannot die, said the poor man — I cannot think of dying. I am very desirous of living a little longer, if I could but be free from these horrible pains in my stomach and head. Can you give me nothing to make me pass one week — but one week, in tolerable ease, that I may die like a man, if I must die!

But, Doctor, I am yet a young man; in the prime of my years — youth is a good subject for a physician to work upon — Can you do nothing — nothing at all for me, Doctor?

Alas! Sir, replied his physician, you have been long in a bad way. I fear, I fear, nothing in physic can help you!

He was then out of all patience: What, then, is your art, Sir? — I have been a passive machine for a whole twelvemonth, to be wrought upon at the pleasure of you people of the faculty. — I verily believe, had I not taken such doses of nasty stuff, I had been now a well man — But who the plague would regard physicians, whose art is to cheat us with hopes while they help to destroy us? — And who, not one of you, know any thing but by guess?

Sir, continued he, fiercely, (and with more strength of voice and coherence, than he had shown for several hours before,) if you give me over, I give you over. — The only honest and certain part of the art of healing is surgery. A good surgeon is worth a thousand of you. I have been in surgeons' hands often, and have always found reason to depend upon their skill; but your art, Sir, what is it? — but to daub, daub, daub; load, load, load; plaster, plaster, plaster; till ye utterly destroy the appetite first, and the constitution afterwards, which you are called in to help. I had a companion once, my dear Belford, thou knewest honest Blomer, as pretty a physician he would have made as any in England, had he kept himself from excess in wine and women; and he always used to say, there was nothing at all but the pick-pocket parade in the physician's art; and that the best guesser was

the best physician. And I used to believe him too — and yet, fond of life, and fearful of death, what do we do, when we are taken ill, but call ye in? And what do ye do, when called in, but nurse our distempers, till from pigmies you make giants of them? and then ye come creeping with solemn faces, when ye are ashamed to prescribe, or when the stomach won't bear its natural food, by reason of your poisonous potions, — Alas, I am afraid physic can do no more for him! — Nor need it, when it has brought to the brink of the grave the poor wretch who placed all his reliance in your cursed slops, and the flattering hopes you gave him.

The doctor was out of countenance; but said, if we could make mortal men immortal, and would not, all this might be just.

I blamed the poor man; yet excused him to the physician. To die, dear Doctor, when, like my poor friend, we are so desirous of life, is a melancholy thing. We are apt to hope too much, not considering that the seeds of death are sown in us when we begin to live, and grow up, till, like rampant weeds, they choke the tender flower of life; which declines in us as those weeds flourish. We ought, therefore, to begin early to study what our constitutions will bear, in order to root out, by temperance, the weeds which the soil is most apt to produce; or, at least, to keep them down as they rise; and not, when the flower or plant is withered at the root, and the weed in its full vigour, expect, that the medical art will restore the one, or destroy the other; when that other, as I hinted, has been rooting itself in the habit from the time of our birth.

This speech, Bob., thou wilt call a prettiness; but the allegory is just; and thou hast not quite cured me of the metaphorical.

Very true, said the doctor; you have brought a good metaphor to illustrate the thing. I am sorry I can do nothing for the gentleman; and can only recommend patience, and a better frame of mind.

Well, Sir, said the poor angry man, vexed at the doctor, but more at death, you will perhaps recommend the next succession to the physician, when he can do no more; and, I suppose, will send your brother to pray by me for those virtues which you wish me.

It seems the physician's brother is a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

I was greatly concerned to see the gentleman thus treated; and so I told poor Belton when he was gone; but he continued impatient, and would not be denied, he said, the liberty of talking to a man, who had taken so many guineas of him for doing nothing, or worse than nothing, and never declined one, though he know all the time he could do him no good.

It seems the gentleman, though rich, is noted for being greedy after fees! and poor Belton went on raving at the extravagant fees of English physicians, compared with those of the most eminent foreign ones. But, poor man! he, like

the Turks, who judge of a general by his success, (out of patience to think he must die,) would have worshipped the doctor, and not grudged thee times the sum, could he have given him hopes of recovery.

But, nevertheless, I must needs say, that gentlemen of the faculty should be more moderate in their fees, or take more pains to deserve them; for, generally, they only come into a room, feel the sick man's pulse, ask the nurse a few questions, inspect the patient's tongue, and, perhaps, his water; then sit down, look plaguy wise, and write. The golden fee finds the ready hand, and they hurry away, as if the sick man's room were infectious. So to the next they troll, and to the next, if men of great practice; valuing themselves upon the number of visits they make in a morning, and the little time they make them in. They go to dinner and unload their pockets; and sally out again to refill them. And thus, in a little time, they raise vast estates; for, as Ratcliffe said, when first told of a great loss which befell him, It was only going up and down one hundred pairs of stairs to fetch it up.

Mrs. Sambre (Belton's sister) had several times proposed to him a minister to pray by him, but the poor man could not, he said, bear the thoughts of one; for that he should certainly die in an hour or two after; and he was willing to hope still, against all probability, that he might recover; and was often asking his sister if she had not seen people as bad as he was, who, almost to a miracle, when every body gave them over, had got up again?

She, shaking her head, told him she had; but, once saying, that their disorders were of an acute kind, and such as had a crisis in them, he called her Small-hopes, and Job's comforter; and bid her say nothing, if she could not say more to the purpose, and what was fitter for a sick man to hear. And yet, poor fellow, he has no hopes himself, as is plain by his desponding terrors; one of which he fell into, and a very dreadful one, soon after the doctor went.

* * * WEDNESDAY, NINE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

The poor man had been in convulsions, terrible convulsions! for an hour past. O Lord! Lovelace, death is a shocking thing! by my faith it is! — I wish thou wert present on this occasion. It is not merely the concern a man has for his friend; but, as death is the common lot, we see, in his agonies, how it will be one day with ourselves. I am all over as if cold water were poured down my back, or as if I had a strong ague-fit upon me. I was obliged to come away. And I write, hardly knowing what. — I wish thou wert here.

* * *

Though I left him, because I could stay no longer, I can't be easy by myself, but must go to him again.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Poor Belton! — Drawing on apace! Yet was he sensible when I went in — too sensible, poor man! He has something upon his mind to reveal, he tells me, that is the worst action of his life; worse than ever you or I knew of him, he says. It must then be very bad!

He ordered every body out; but was seized with another convulsion-fit, before he could reveal it; and in it he lies struggling between life and death — but I'll go in again.

ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

All now must soon be over with him: Poor, poor fellow! He has given me some hints of what he wanted to say; but all incoherent, interrupted by dying hiccoughs and convulsions.

Bad enough it must be, Heaven knows, by what I can gather! — Alas! Lovelace, I fear, I fear, he came too soon into his uncle's estate.

If a man were to live always, he might have some temptation to do base things, in order to procure to himself, as it would then be, everlasting ease, plenty, or affluence; but, for the sake of ten, twenty, thirty years of poor life to be a villain — Can that be worth while? with a conscience stinging him all the time too! And when he comes to wind up all, such agonizing reflections upon his past guilt! All then appearing as nothing! What he most valued, most disgustful! and not one thing to think of, as the poor fellow says twenty and twenty times over, but what is attended with anguish and reproach! —

To hear the poor man wish he had never been born! — To hear him pray to be nothing after death! Good God! how shocking!

By his incoherent hints, I am afraid 'tis very bad with him. No pardon, no mercy, he repeats, can lie for him!

I hope I shall make a proper use of this lesson. Laugh at me if thou wilt; but never, never more, will I take the liberties I have taken; but whenever I am tempted, will think of Belton's dying agonies, and what my own may be.

* * * THURSDAY, THREE IN THE MORNING.

He is now at the last gasp — rattles in the throat — has a new convulsion every minute almost! What horror is he in! His eyes look like breath-stained glass! They roll ghastly no more; are quite set; his face distorted, and drawn out, by his sinking jaws, and erected staring eyebrows, with his lengthened furrowed forehead, to double its usual length, as it seems. It is not, it cannot be the face of

Belton, thy Belton, and my Belton, whom we have beheld with so much delight over the social bottle, comparing notes, that one day may be brought against us, and make us groan, as they very lately did him — that is to say, while he had strength to groan; for now his voice is not to be heard; all inward, lost; not so much as speaking by his eyes; yet, strange! how can it be? the bed rocking under him like a cradle.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Alas: he's gone! that groan, that dreadful groan,
Was the last farewell of the parting mind!
The struggling soul has bid a long adieu
To its late mansion — Fled! Ah! whither fled?

Now is all indeed over! — Poor, poor Belton! by this time thou knowest if thy crimes were above the size of God's mercies! Now are every one's cares and attendance at an end! now do we, thy friends, — poor Belton! — know the worst of thee, as to this life! Thou art released from insufferable tortures both of body and mind! may those tortures, and thy repentance, expiate for thy offences, and mayest thou be happy to all eternity!

We are told, that God desires not the death, the spiritual death of a sinner: And 'tis certain, that thou didst deeply repent! I hope, therefore, as thou wert not cut off in the midst of thy sins by the sword of injured friendship, which more than once thou hadst braved, [the dreadfullest of all deaths, next to suicide, because it gives no opportunity for repentance] that this is a merciful earnest that thy penitence is accepted; and that thy long illness, and dreadful agonies in the last stages of it, were thy only punishment.

I wish indeed, I heartily wish, we could have seen one ray of comfort darting in upon his benighted mind, before he departed. But all, alas! to the very last gasp, was horror and confusion. And my only fear arises from this, that, till within the four last days of his life, he could not be brought to think he should die, though in a visible decline for months; and, in that presumption, was too little inclined to set about a serious preparation for a journey, which he hoped he should not be obliged to take; and when he began to apprehend that he could not put it off, his impatience, and terror, and apprehension, showed too little of that reliance and resignation, which afford the most comfortable reflections to the friends of the dying, as well as to the dying themselves.

But we must leave poor Belton to that mercy, of which we have all so much need; and, for my own part (do you, Lovelace, and the rest of the fraternity, as ye will) I am resolved, I will endeavour to begin to repent of my follies while my health is sound, my intellects untouched, and while it is in my power to make some atonement, as near to restitution or reparation, as is possible, to those I have

wronged or misled. And do ye outwardly, and from a point of false bravery, make as light as ye will of my resolution, as ye are none of ye of the class of abandoned and stupid sots who endeavour to disbelieve the future existence of which ye are afraid, I am sure you will justify me in your hearts, if not by your practices; and one day you will wish you had joined with me in the same resolution, and will confess there is more good sense in it, than now perhaps you will own.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, THURSDAY MORNING.

You are very earnest, by your last letter, (just given me) to hear again from me, before you set out for Berks. I will therefore close with a few words upon the only subject in your letter which I can at present touch upon: and this is the letter of which you give me a copy from the lady.

Want of rest, and the sad scene I have before my eyes, have rendered me altogether incapable of accounting for the contents of it in any shape. You are in ecstacies upon it. You have reason to be so, if it be as you think. Nor would I rob you of your joy: but I must say I am amazed at it.

Surely, Lovelace, this surprising letter cannot be a forgery of thy own, in order to carry on some view, and to impose upon me. Yet, by the style of it, it cannot though thou art a perfect Proteus too.

I will not, however, add another word, after I have desired the return of this, and have told you that I am

Your true friend, and well-wisher, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. AUG. 24, THURSDAY MORNING.

I received thy letter in such good time, by thy fellow's dispatch, that it gives me an opportunity of throwing in a few paragraphs upon it. I read a passage or two of it to Mowbray; and we both agree that thou art an absolute master of the lamentable.

Poor Belton! what terrible conflicts were thy last conflicts! — I hope, however, that he is happy: and I have the more hope, because the hardness of his death is likely to be such a warning to thee. If it have the effect thou declarest it shall have, what a world of mischief will it prevent! how much good will it do! how many poor wretches will rejoice at the occasion, (if they know it,) however melancholy in itself, which shall bring them in a compensation for injuries they had been forced to sit down contented with! But, Jack, though thy uncle's death has made thee a rich fellow, art thou sure that the making good of such a vow will not totally bankrupt thee?

Thou sayest I may laugh at thee, if I will. Not I, Jack: I do not take it to be a laughing subject: and I am heartily concerned at the loss we all have in poor Belton: and when I get a little settled, and have leisure to contemplate the vanity of all sublunary things (a subject that will now-and-then, in my gayest hours, obtrude itself upon me) it is very likely that I may talk seriously with thee upon these topics; and, if thou hast not got too much the start of me in the repentance thou art entering upon, will go hand-in-hand with thee in it. If thou hast, thou wilt let me just keep thee in my eye; for it is an up-hill work; and I shall see thee, at setting out, at a great distance; but as thou art a much heavier and clumsier fellow than myself, I hope that without much puffing and sweating, only keeping on a good round dog-trot, I shall be able to overtake thee.

Mean time, take back thy letter, as thou desirest. I would not have it in my pocket upon any account at present; nor read it once more.

I am going down without seeing my beloved. I was a hasty fool to write her a letter, promising that I would not come near her till I saw her at her father's. For as she is now actually at Smith's, and I so near her, one short visit could have done no harm.

I sent Will., two hours ago, with my grateful compliments, and to know how she does.

How must I adore this charming creature! for I am ready to think my servant a happier fellow than myself, for having been within a pair of stairs and an

apartment of her.

Mowbray and I will drop a tear a-piece, as we ride along, to the memory of poor Belton: — as we ride along, said I: for we shall have so much joy when we arrive at Lord M.'s, and when I communicate to him and my cousins the dear creature's letter, that we shall forget every thing grievous: since now their family-hopes in my reformation (the point which lies so near their hearts) will all revive; it being an article of their faith, that if I marry, repentance and mortification will follow of course.

Neither Mowbray nor I shall accept of thy verbal invitation to the funeral. We like not these dismal formalities. And as to the respect that is supposed to be shown to the memory of a deceased friend in such an attendance, why should we do any thing to reflect upon those who have made it a fashion to leave this parade to people whom they hire for that purpose?

Adieu, and be cheerful. Thou canst now do no more for poor Belton, wert thou to howl for him to the end of thy life.

LETTER XXIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SAT. AUG. 26.

On Thursday afternoon I assisted at the opening of poor Belton's will, in which he has left me his sole executor, and bequeathed me a legacy of an hundred guineas; which I shall present to his unfortunate sister, to whom he has not been so kind as I think he ought to have been. He has also left twenty pounds a-piece to Mowbray, Tourville, thyself, and me, for a ring to be worn in remembrance of him.

After I had given some particular orders about the preparations to be made for his funeral, I went to town; but having made it late before I got in on Thursday night, and being fatigued for want of rest several nights before, and now in my spirits, [I could not help it, Lovelace!] I contented myself to send my compliments to the innocent sufferer, to inquire after her health.

My servant saw Mrs. Smith, who told him, she was very glad I was come to town; for that lady was worse than she had yet been.

It is impossible to account for the contents of her letter to you; or to reconcile those contents to the facts I have to communicate.

I was at Smith's by seven yesterday (Friday) morning; and found that the lady was just gone in a chair to St. Dunstan's to prayers: she was too ill to get out by six to Covent-garden church; and was forced to be supported to her chair by Mrs. Lovick. They would have persuaded her against going; but she said she knew not but it would be her last opportunity. Mrs. Lovick, dreading that she would be taken worse at church, walked thither before her.

Mrs. Smith told me she was so ill on Wednesday night, that she had desired to receive the sacrament; and accordingly it was administered to her, by the parson of the parish: whom she besought to take all opportunities of assisting her in her solemn preparation.

This the gentleman promised: and called in the morning to inquire after her health; and was admitted at the first word. He staid with her about half an hour; and when he came down, with his face turned aside, and a faltering accent, 'Mrs. Smith,' said he, 'you have an angel in your house. — I will attend her again in the evening, as she desires, and as often as I think it will be agreeable to her.'

Her increased weakness she attributed to the fatigues she had undergone by your means; and to a letter she had received from her sister, which she answered the same day.

Mrs. Smith told me that two different persons had called there, one on Thursday morning, one in the evening, to inquire after her state of health; and

seemed as if commissioned from her relations for that purpose; but asked not to see her, only were very inquisitive after her visiters: (particularly, it seems, after me: What could they mean by that?) after her way of life, and expenses; and one of them inquired after her manner of supporting them; to the latter of which, Mrs. Smith said, she had answered, as the truth was, that she had been obliged to sell some of her clothes, and was actually about parting with more; at which the inquirist (a grave old farmer-looking man) held up his hands, and said, Good God! — this will be sad, sad news to somebody! I believe I must not mention it. But Mrs. Smith says she desired he would, let him come from whom he would. He shook his head, and said if she died, the flower of the world would be gone, and the family she belonged to would be no more than a common family.* I was pleased with the man's expression.

* This man came from her cousin Morden; as will be seen hereafter, Letters LII. and LVI. of this volume.

You may be curious to know how she passed her time, when she was obliged to leave her lodging to avoid you.

Mrs. Smith tells me 'that she was very ill when she went out on Monday morning, and sighed as if her heart would break as she came down stairs, and as she went through the shop into the coach, her nurse with her, as you had informed me before: that she ordered the coachman (whom she hired for the day) to drive any where, so it was into the air: he accordingly drove her to Hampstead, and thence to Highgate. There at the Bowling-green House, she alighted, extremely ill, and having breakfasted, ordered the coachman to drive very slowly any where. He crept along to Muswell-hill, and put up at a public house there; where she employed herself two hours in writing, though exceedingly weak and low, till the dinner she had ordered was brought in: she endeavoured to eat, but could not: her appetite was gone, quite gone, she said. And then she wrote on for three hours more: after which, being heavy, she dozed a little in an elbow-chair. When she awoke, she ordered the coachman to drive her very slowly to town, to the house of a friend of Mrs. Lovick; whom, as agreed upon, she met there: but, being extremely ill, she would venture home at a late hour, although she heard from the widow that you had been there; and had reason to be shocked at your behaviour. She said she found there was no avoiding you: she was apprehensive she should not live many hours, and it was not impossible but the shock the sight of you must give her would determine her fate in your presence.

'She accordingly went home. She heard the relation of your astonishing vagaries, with hands and eyes often lifted up; and with these words intermingled, Shocking creature! incorrigible wretch! And will nothing make him serious? And not being able to bear the thoughts of an interview with a man so hardened, she

took to her usual chair early in the morning, and was carried to the Temple-stairs, where she had ordered her nurse before her, to get a pair of oars in readiness (for her fatigues the day before made her unable to bear a coach;) and then she was rowed to Chelsea, where she breakfasted; and after rowing about, put in at the Swan at Brentford-ait, where she dined; and would have written, but had no conveniency either of tolerable pens, or ink, or private room; and then proceeding to Richmond, they rowed her back to Mort-lake; where she put in, and drank tea at a house her waterman recommended to her. She wrote there for an hour; and returned to the Temple; and, when she landed, made one of the watermen get her a chair, and so was carried to the widow's friend, as the night before; where she again met the widow, who informed her that you had been after her twice that day.

'Mrs. Lovick gave her there her sister's letter;* and she was so much affected with the contents of it, that she was twice very nigh fainting away; and wept bitterly, as Mrs. Lovick told Mrs. Smith; dropping some warmer expressions than ever they had heard proceed from her lips, in relation to her friends; calling them cruel, and complaining of ill offices done her, and of vile reports raised against her.

* See Letter XXVI. of this volume.

'While she was thus disturbed, Mrs. Smith came to her, and told her, that you had been there a third time, and was just gone, (at half an hour after nine,) having left word how civil and respectful you would be; but that you was determined to see her at all events.

'She said it was hard she could not be permitted to die in peace: that her lot was a severe one: that she began to be afraid she should not forbear repining, and to think her punishment greater than her fault: but, recalling herself immediately, she comforted herself, that her life would be short, and with the assurance of a better.'

By what I have mentioned, you will conclude with me, that the letter brought her by Mrs. Lovick (the superscription of which you saw to be written in her sister's hand) could not be the letter on the contents of which she grounded that she wrote to you, on her return home. And yet neither Mrs. Lovick, nor Mrs. Smith, nor the servant of the latter, know of any other brought her. But as the women assured me, that she actually did write to you, I was eased of a suspicion which I had begun to entertain, that you (for some purpose I could not guess at) had forged the letter from her of which you sent me a copy.

On Wednesday morning, when she received your letter, in answer to her's, she said, Necessity may well be called the mother of invention — but calamity is the test of integrity. — I hope I have not taken an inexcusable step — And there she

stopt a minute or two; and then said, I shall now, perhaps, be allowed to die in peace.

I staid till she came in. She was glad to see me; but, being very weak, said, she must sit down before she could go up stairs: and so went into the back-shop; leaning upon Mrs. Lovick: and when she had sat down, ‘I am glad to see you, Mr. Belford, said she; I must say so — let mis-reporters say what they will.’

I wondered at this expression;* but would not interrupt her.

* Explained in Letter XXVIII. of this volume.

O Sir, said she, I have been grievously harassed. Your friend, who would not let me live with reputation, will not permit me to die in peace. You see how I am. Is there not a great alteration in me within this week! but ’tis all for the better. Yet were I to wish for life, I must say that your friend, your barbarous friend, has hurt me greatly.

She was so weak, so short breathed, and her words and actions so very moving, that I was forced to walk from her; the two women and her nurse turning away their faces also, weeping.

I have had, Madam, said I, since I saw you, a most shocking scene before my eyes for days together. My poor friend Belton is no more. He quitted the world yesterday morning in such dreadful agonies, that the impression they have left upon me have so weakened my mind —

I was loth to have her think that my grief was owing to the weak state I saw her in, for fear of dispiriting her.

That is only, Mr. Belford, interrupted she, in order to strengthen it, if a proper use be made of the impression. But I should be glad, since you are so humanely affected with the solemn circumstance, that you could have written an account of it to your gay friend, in the style and manner you are master of. Who knows, as it would have come from an associate, and of an associate, it might have affected him?

That I had done, I told her, in such a manner as had, I believed, some effect upon you.

His behaviour in this honest family so lately, said she, and his cruel pursuit of me, give me but little hope that any thing serious or solemn will affect him.

We had some talk about Belton’s dying behaviour, and I gave her several particulars of the poor man’s impatience and despair; to which she was very attentive; and made fine observations upon the subject of procrastination.

A letter and packet were brought her by a man on horseback from Miss Howe, while we were talking. She retired up stairs to read it; and while I was in discourse with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, the doctor and apothecary both came in together. They confirmed to me my fears, as to the dangerous way she is in.

They had both been apprized of the new instances of implacableness in her friends, and of your persecutions: and the doctor said he would not for the world be either the unforgiving father of that lady, or the man who had brought her to this distress. Her heart's broken: she'll die, said he: there is no saving her. But how, were I either the one or the other of the people I have named, I should support myself afterwards, I cannot tell.

When she was told we were all three together, she desired us to walk up. She arose to receive us, and after answering two or three general questions relating to her health, she addressed herself to us, to the following effect:

As I may not, said she, see you three gentlemen together again, let me take this opportunity to acknowledge my obligations to you all. I am inexpressibly obliged to you, Sir, and to you, Sir, [courtesying to the doctor and to Mr. Goddard] for your more than friendly, your paternal care and concern for me. Humanity in your profession, I dare say, is far from being a rare qualification, because you are gentlemen by your profession: but so much kindness, so much humanity, did never desolate creature meet with, as I have met with from you both. But indeed I have always observed, that where a person relies upon Providence, it never fails to raise up a new friend for every old one that falls off.

This gentleman, [bowing to me,] who, some people think, should have been one of the last I should have thought of for my executor — is, nevertheless, (such is the strange turn that things have taken!) the only one I can choose; and therefore I have chosen him for that charitable office, and he has been so good as to accept of it: for, rich as I may boast myself to be, I am rather so in right than in fact, at this present. I repeat, therefore, my humble thanks to you all three, and beg of God to return to you and yours [looking to each] an hundred-fold, the kindness and favour you have shown me; and that it may be in the power of you and of yours, to the end of time, to confer benefits, rather than to be obliged to receive them. This is a godlike power, gentlemen: I once rejoiced in it some little degree; and much more in the prospect I had of its being enlarged to me; though I have had the mortification to experience the reverse, and to be obliged almost to every body I have seen or met with: but all, originally, through my own fault; so I ought to bear the punishment without repining: and I hope I do. Forgive these impertinencies: a grateful heart, that wants the power it wishes for, to express itself suitably to its own impulses, will be at a loss what properly to dictate to the tongue; and yet, unable to restrain its overflowings, will force the tongue to say weak and silly things, rather than appear ungratefully silent. Once more, then, I thank ye all three for your kindness to me: and God Almighty make you that amends which at present I cannot!

She retired from us to her closet with her eyes full; and left us looking upon one another.

We had hardly recovered ourselves, when she, quite easy, cheerful, and smiling, returned to us: Doctor, said she (seeing we had been moved) you will excuse me for the concern I give you; and so will you, Mr. Goddard, and you, Mr. Belford; for ’tis a concern that only generous natures can show: and to such natures sweet is the pain, if I may say so, that attends such a concern. But as I have some few preparations still to make, and would not (though in ease of Mr. Belford’s future cares, which is, and ought to be, part of my study) undertake more than it is likely I shall have time lent me to perform, I would beg of you to give me your opinions [you see my way of living, and you may be assured that I will do nothing wilfully to shorten my life] how long it may possibly be, before I may hope to be released from all my troubles.

They both hesitated, and looked upon each other. Don’t be afraid to answer me, said she, each sweet hand pressing upon the arm of each gentleman, with that mingled freedom and reserve, which virgin modesty, mixed with conscious dignity, can only express, and with a look serenely earnest, tell me how long you think I may hold it! and believe me, gentlemen, the shorter you tell me my time is likely to be, the more comfort you will give me.

With what pleasing woe, said the Doctor, do you fill the minds of those who have the happiness to converse with you, and see the happy frame you are in! what you have undergone within a few days past has much hurt you: and should you have fresh troubles of those kinds, I could not be answerable for your holding it — And there he paused.

How long, Doctor? — I believe I shall have a little more ruffling — I am afraid I shall — but there can happen only one thing that I shall not be tolerably easy under — How long then, Sir? —

He was silent.

A fortnight, Sir?

He was still silent.

Ten days? — A week? — How long, Sir? with smiling earnestness.

If I must speak, Madam, if you have not better treatment than you have lately met with, I am afraid — There again he stopt.

Afraid of what, Doctor? don’t be afraid — How long, Sir?

That a fortnight or three weeks may deprive the world of the finest flower in it.

A fortnight or three weeks yet, Doctor? — But God’s will be done! I shall, however, by this means, have full time, if I have but strength and intellect, to do all that is now upon my mind to do. And so, Sirs, I can but once more thank you [turning to each of us] for all your goodness to me; and, having letters to write,

will take up no more of your time — Only, Doctor, be pleased to order me some more of those drops: they cheer me a little, when I am low; and putting a fee into his unwilling hand — You know the terms, Sir! — Then, turning to Mr. Goddard, you'll be so good, Sir, as to look in upon me to-night or to-morrow, as you have opportunity: and you, Mr. Belford, I know, will be desirous to set out to prepare for the last office for your late friend: so I wish you a good journey, and hope to see you when that is performed.

She then retired with a cheerful and serene air. The two gentlemen went away together. I went down to the women, and, inquiring, found, that Mrs. Lovick was this day to bring her twenty guineas more, for some other of her apparel.

The widow told me that she had taken the liberty to expostulate with her upon the occasion she had for raising this money, to such great disadvantage; and it produced the following short and affecting conversation between them.

None of my friends will wear any thing of mine, said she. I shall leave a great many good things behind me. — And as to what I want the money for — don't be surprised: — But suppose I want it to purchase a house?

You are all mystery, Madam. I don't comprehend you.

Why, then, Mrs. Lovick, I will explain myself. — I have a man, not a woman, for my executor: and think you that I will leave to his care any thing that concerns my own person? — Now, Mrs. Lovick, smiling, do you comprehend me?

Mrs. Lovick wept.

O fie! proceeded the Lady, drying up her tears with her own handkerchief, and giving her a kiss — Why this kind weakness for one with whom you have been so little while acquainted? Dear, good Mrs. Lovick, don't be concerned for me on a prospect with which I have occasion to be pleased; but go to-morrow to your friends, and bring me the money they have agreed to give you.

Thus, Lovelace, it is plain she means to bespeak her last house! Here's presence of mind; here's tranquillity of heart, on the most affecting occasion — This is magnanimity indeed! — Couldst thou, or could I, with all our boisterous bravery, and offensive false courage, act thus? — Poor Belton! how unlike was thy behaviour!

Mrs. Lovick tells me that the lady spoke of a letter she had received from her favourite divine Dr. Lewen, in the time of my absence; and of an letter she had returned to it. But Mrs. Lovick knows not the contents of either.

When thou receivest the letter I am now writing, thou wilt see what will soon be the end of all thy injuries to this divine lady. I say when thou receivest it; for I will delay it for some little time, lest thou shouldest take it into thy head (under pretence of resenting the disappointment her letter must give thee) to molest her again.

This letter having detained me by its length, I shall not now set out for Epsom till to-morrow.

I should have mentioned that the lady explained to me what the one thing was that she was afraid might happen to ruffle her. It was the apprehension of what may result from a visit which Col. Morden, as she is informed, designs to make you.

LETTER XXIV

THE REV. DR. LEWEN, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE FRIDAY, AUG. 18.

Presuming, dearest and ever-respectable young lady, upon your former favour, and upon your opinion of my judgment and sincerity, I cannot help addressing you by a few lines on your present unhappy situation.

I will not look back upon the measures into which you have either been led or driven. But will only say as to those, that I think you are the least to blame of any young lady that was ever reduced from happy to unhappy circumstances; and I have not been wanting to say as much, where I hoped my freedom would have been better received than I have had the mortification to find it to be.

What I principally write for now is, to put you upon doing a piece of justice to yourself, and to your sex, in the prosecuting for his life (I am assured his life is in your power) the most profligate and abandoned of men, as he must be, who could act so basely, as I understand Mr. Lovelace has acted by you.

I am very ill; and am now forced to write upon my pillow; my thoughts confused; and incapable of method: I shall not therefore aim at method: but to give you in general my opinion — and that is, that your religion, your duty to your family, the duty you owe to your honour, and even charity to your sex, oblige you to give public evidence against this very wicked man.

And let me add another consideration: The prevention, by this means, of the mischiefs that may otherwise happen between your brother and Mr. Lovelace, or between the latter and your cousin Morden, who is now, I hear, arrived, and resolves to have justice done you.

A consideration which ought to affect your conscience, [forgive me, dearest young lady, I think I am now in the way of my duty;] and to be of more concern to you, than that hard pressure upon your modesty which I know the appearance against him in an open court must be of to such a lady as you; and which, I conceive, will be your great difficulty. But I know, Madam, that you have dignity enough to become the blushes of the most naked truth, when necessity, justice, and honour, exact it from you. Rakes and ravishers would meet with encouragement indeed, and most from those who had the greatest abhorrence of their actions, if violated modesty were never to complain of the injury it received from the villanous attempters of it.

In a word, the reparation of your family dishonour now rests in your own bosom: and which only one of these two alternatives can repair; to wit, either to marry the offender, or to prosecute him at law. Bitter expedients for a soul so delicate as your’s!

He, and all his friends, I understand, solicit you to the first: and it is certainly, now, all the amends within his power to make. But I am assured that you have rejected their solicitations, and his, with the indignation and contempt that his foul actions have deserved: but yet, that you refuse not to extend to him the christian forgiveness he has so little reason to expect, provided he will not disturb you farther.

But, Madam, the prosecution I advise, will not let your present and future exemption from fresh disturbance from so vile a molester depend upon his courtesy: I should think so noble and so rightly-guided a spirit as your's would not permit that it should, if you could help it.

And can indignities of any kind be properly pardoned till we have it in our power to punish them? To pretend to pardon, while we are labouring under the pain or dishonour of them, will be thought by some to be but the vaunted mercy of a pusillanimous heart, trembling to resent them. The remedy I propose is a severe one: But what pain can be more severe than the injury? Or how will injuries be believed to grieve us, that are never honourably complained of?

I am sure Miss Clarissa Harlowe, however injured and oppressed, remains unshaken in her sentiments of honour and virtue: and although she would sooner die than deserve that her modesty should be drawn into question; yet she will think no truth immodest that is to be uttered in the vindicated cause of innocence and chastity. Little, very little difference is there, my dear young lady, between a suppressed evidence, and a false one.

It is a terrible circumstance, I once more own, for a young lady of your delicacy to be under the obligation of telling so shocking a story in public court: but it is still a worse imputation, that she should pass over so mortal an injury unresented.

Conscience, honour, justice, are on your side: and modesty would, by some, be thought but an empty name, should you refuse to obey their dictates.

I have been consulted, I own, on this subject. I have given it as my opinion, that you ought to prosecute the abandoned man — but without my reasons. These I reserved, with a resolution to lay them before you unknown to any body, that the result, if what I wish, may be your own.

I will only add that the misfortunes which have befallen you, had they been the lot of a child of my own, could not have affected me more than your's have done. My own child I love: but I both love and honour you: since to love you, is to love virtue, good sense, prudence, and every thing that is good and noble in woman.

Wounded as I think all these are by the injuries you have received, you will believe that the knowledge of your distresses must have afflicted, beyond what I am able to express,

Your sincere admirer, and humble servant, ARTHUR LEWEN.

I just now understand that your sister will, by proper authority, propose this prosecution to you. I humbly presume that the reason why you resolved not upon this step from the first, was, that you did not know that it would have the countenance and support of your relations.

LETTER XXV

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO THE REV. DR. LEWEN SAT. AUG. 19.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

I thought, till I received your affectionate and welcome letter, that I had neither father, uncle, brother left; nor hardly a friend among my former favourers of your sex. Yet, knowing you so well, and having no reason to upbraid myself with a faulty will, I was to blame, (even although I had doubted the continuance of your good opinion,) to decline the trial whether I had forfeited it or not; and if I had, whether I could not honourably reinstate myself in it.

But, Sir, it was owing to different causes that I did not; partly to shame, to think how high, in my happier days, I stood in your esteem, and how much I must be sunk in it, since those so much nearer in relation to me gave me up; partly to deep distress, which makes the humbled heart diffident; and made mine afraid to claim the kindred mind in your's, which would have supplied to me in some measure all the dear and lost relations I have named.

Then, so loth, as I sometimes was, to be thought to want to make a party against those whom both duty and inclination bid me reverence: so long trailed on between hope and doubt: so little my own mistress at one time; so fearful of making or causing mischief at another; and not being encouraged to hope, by your kind notice, that my application to you would be acceptable: — apprehending that my relations had engaged your silence at least* — THESE — But why these unavailing retrospections now? — I was to be unhappy — in order to be happy; that is my hope! — Resigning therefore to that hope, I will, without any further preamble, write a few lines, (if writing to you, I can write but a few,) in answer to the subject of your kind letter.

* The stiff visit this good divine was prevailed upon to make her, as mentioned in Vol. II. Letter XXXI. (of which, however, she was too generous to remind him) might warrant the lady to think that he had rather inclined to their party, as to the parental side, than to her's.

Permit me, then, to say, That I believe your arguments would have been unanswerable in almost every other case of this nature, but in that of the unhappy Clarissa Harlowe.

It is certain that creatures who cannot stand the shock of public shame, should be doubly careful how they expose themselves to the danger of incurring private guilt, which may possibly bring them to it. But as to myself, suppose there were no objections from the declining way I am in as to my health; and supposing I could have prevailed upon myself to appear against this man; were there not room

to apprehend that the end so much wished for by my friends, (to wit, his condign punishment,) would not have been obtained, when it came to be seen that I had consented to give him a clandestine meeting; and, in consequence of that, had been weakly tricked out of living under one roof with him for several weeks; which I did, (not only without complaint, but) without cause of complaint?

Little advantage in a court, (perhaps, bandied about, and jested profligately with,) would some of those pleas in my favour have been, which out of court, and to a private and serious audience, would have carried the greatest weight against him — Such, particularly, as the infamous methods to which he had recourse —

It would, no doubt, have been a ready retort from every mouth, that I ought not to have thrown myself into the power of such a man, and that I ought to take for my pains what had befallen me.

But had the prosecution been carried on to effect, and had he even been sentenced to death, can it be supposed that his family would not have had interest enough to obtain his pardon, for a crime thought too lightly of, though one of the greatest that can be committed against a creature valuing her honour above her life? — While I had been censured as pursuing with sanguinary views a man who offered me early all the reparation in his power to make?

And had he been pardoned, would he not then have been at liberty to do as much mischief as ever?

I dare say, Sir, such is the assurance of the man upon whom my unhappy destiny threw me; and such his inveteracy to my family, (which would then have appeared to be justified by their known inveteracy to him, and by their earnest endeavours to take away his life;) that he would not have been sorry to have had an opportunity to confront me, and my father, uncles, and brother, at the bar of a court of justice, on such an occasion. In which case, would not (on his acquittal, or pardon) resentments have been reciprocally heightened? And then would my brother, or my cousin Morden, have been more secure than now?

How do these conditions aggravate my fault! My motives, at first, were not indeed blamable: but I had forgotten the excellent caution, which yet I was not ignorant of, That we ought not to do evil that good may come of it.

In full conviction of the purity of my heart, and of the firmness of my principles, [Why may I not, thus called upon, say what I am conscious of, and yet without the imputation of faulty pride; since all is but a duty, and I should be utterly inexcusable, could I not justly say what I do? — In this full conviction,] he has offered me marriage. He has avowed his penitence: a sincere penitence I have reason to think it, though perhaps not a christian one. And his noble relations, (kinder to the poor sufferer than her own,) on the same conviction, and his own not ungenerous acknowledgements, have joined to intercede with me to forgive

and accept of him. Although I cannot comply with the latter part of their intercession, have not you, Sir, from the best rules, and from the divinest example, taught me to forgive injuries?

The injury I have received from him is indeed of the highest nature, and it was attended with circumstances of unmanly baseness and premeditation; yet, I bless God, it has not tainted my mind; it has not hurt my morals. No thanks indeed to the wicked man that it has not. No vile courses have followed it. My will is unviolated. The evil, (respecting myself, and not my friends,) is merely personal. No credulity, no weakness, no want of vigilance, have I to reproach myself with. I have, through grace, triumphed over the deepest machinations. I have escaped from him. I have renounced him. The man whom once I could have loved, I have been enabled to despise: And shall not charity complete my triumph? and shall I not enjoy it? — And where would be my triumph if he deserved my forgiveness? — Poor man! he has had a loss in losing me! I have the pride to think so, because I think I know my own heart. I have had none in losing him.

But I have another plea to make, which alone would have been enough (as I presume) to answer the contents of your very kind and friendly letter.

I know, my dear and reverend friend, the spiritual guide and director of my happier days! I know, that you will allow of my endeavour to bring myself to this charitable disposition, when I tell you how near I think myself to that great and awful moment, in which, and even in the ardent preparation to which, every sense of indignity or injury that concerns not the immortal soul, ought to be absorbed in higher and more important contemplations.

Thus much for myself.

And for the satisfaction of my friends and favourers, Miss Howe is solicitous to have all those letters and materials preserved, which will set my whole story in a true light. The good Dr. Lewen is one of the principal of those friends and favourers.

The warning that may be given from those papers to all such young creatures as may have known or heard of me, may be of more efficacy to the end wished for, as I humbly presume to think, than my appearance could have been in a court of justice, pursuing a doubtful event, under the disadvantages I have mentioned. And if, my dear and good Sir, you are now, on considering every thing, of this opinion, and I could know it, I should consider it as a particular felicity; being as solicitous as ever to be justified in what I may in your eyes.

I am sorry, Sir, that your indisposition has reduced you to the necessity of writing upon your pillow. But how much am I obliged to that kind and generous concern for me, which has impelled you, as I may say, to write a letter, containing so many paternal lines, with such inconvenience to yourself!

May the Almighty bless you, dear and reverend Sir, for all your goodness to me of long time past, as well as for that which engaged my present gratitude! Continue to esteem me to the last, as I do and will venerate you! And let me bespeak your prayers, the continuance, I should say, of your prayers; for I doubt not, that I have always had them: and to them, perhaps, has in part been owing (as well as to your pious precepts instilled through my earlier youth) that I have been able to make the stand I have made; although every thing that you prayed for has not been granted to me by that Divine Wisdom, which knows what is best for its poor creatures.

My prayers for you are, that it will please God to restore you to your affectionate flock; and after as many years of life as shall be for his service, and to your own comfort, give us a happy meeting in those regions of blessedness, which you have taught me, as well by example, as by precept, to aspire to!

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVI

MISS ARAB. HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO HER'S TO HER UNCLE ANTONY OF AUG. 13.*] MONDAY, AUG. 21.

* See Letter IV. of this volume.

SISTER CLARY,

I find by your letters to my uncles, that they, as well as I, are in great disgrace with you for writing our minds to you.

We can't help it, sister Clary.

You don't think it worth your while, I find, a second time to press for the blessing you pretend to be so earnest about. You think, no doubt, that you have done your duty in asking for it: so you'll sit down satisfied with that, I suppose, and leave it to your wounded parents to repent hereafter that they have not done theirs, in giving it to you, at the first word; and in making such inquiries about you, as you think ought to have been made. Fine encouragement to inquire after a run-away daughter! living with her fellow as long as he would live with her! You repent also (with your full mind, as you modestly call it) that you wrote to me.

So we are not likely to be applied to any more, I find, in this way.

Well then, since this is the case, sister Clary, let me, with all humility, address myself with a proposal or two to you; to which you will be graciously pleased to give an answer.

Now you must know, that we have had hints given us, from several quarters, that you have been used in such a manner by the villain you ran away with, that his life would be answerable for his crime, if it were fairly to be proved. And, by your own hints, something like it appears to us.

If, Clary, there be any thing but jingle and affected period in what proceeds from your full mind, and your dutiful consciousness; and if there be truth in what Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Howe have acquainted us with; you may yet justify your character to us, and to the world, in every thing but your scandalous elopement; and the law may reach the villain: and, could we but bring him to the gallows, what a meritorious revenge would that be to our whole injured family, and to the innocents he has deluded, as well as the saving from ruin many others!

Let me, therefore, know (if you please) whether you are willing to appear to do yourself, and us, and your sex, this justice? If not, sister Clary, we shall know what to think of you; for neither you nor we can suffer more than we have done from the scandal of your fall: and, if you will, Mr. Ackland and counselor Derham will both attend you to make proper inquiries, and to take minutes of your story,

to found a process upon, if it will bear one with as great a probability of success as we are told it may be prosecuted with.

But, by what Mrs. Howe intimates, this is not likely to be complied with; for it is what she hinted to you, it seems, by her lively daughter, but not without effect;* so prudently in some certain points, as to entitle yourself to public justice; which, if true, the Lord have mercy upon you!

* See Vol. VI. Letter LXXII.

One word only more as to the above proposal: — Your admirer, Dr. Lewen, is clear, in his opinion, that you should prosecute the villain.

But if you will not agree to this, I have another proposal to make to you, and that in the name of every one in the family; which is, that you will think of going to Pensylvania to reside there for some few years till all is blown over: and, if it please God to spare you, and your unhappy parents, till they can be satisfied that you behave like a true and uniform penitent; at least till you are one-and-twenty; you may then come back to your own estate, or have the produce of it sent you thither, as you shall choose. A period which my father fixes, because it is the custom; and because he thinks your grandfather should have fixed it; and because, let me add, you have fully proved by your fine conduct, that you were not at years of discretion at eighteen. Poor doting, though good old man! — Your grandfather, he thought — But I would not be too severe.

Mr. Hartley has a widow-sister at Pensylvania, with whom he will undertake you may board, and who is a sober, sensible, well-read woman. And if you were once well there, it would rid your father and mother of a world of cares, and fears, and scandal; and that I think is what you should wish for of all things.

Mr. Hartley will engage for all accommodations in your passage suitable to your rank and fortune; and he has a concern in a ship, which will sail in a month; and you may take your secret-keeping Hannah with you, or whom you will of your newer acquaintance. ’Tis presumed that your companions will be of your own sex.

These are what I had to communicate to you; and if you’ll oblige me with an answer, (which the hand that conveys this will call for on Wednesday morning,) it will be very condescending.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVII

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO MISS ARAB. HARLOWE TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

Write to me, my hard-hearted Sister, in what manner you please, I shall always be thankful to you for your notice. But (think what you will of me) I cannot see Mr. Ackland and the counselor on such a business as you mention.

The Lord have mercy upon me indeed! for none else will.

Surely I am believed to a creature past all shame, or it could not be thought of sending two gentlemen to me on such an errand.

Had my mother required of me (or would modesty have permitted you to inquire into) the particulars of my sad story, or had Mrs. Norton been directed to receive them from me, methinks it had been more fit: and I presume to think that it would have been more in every one's character too, had they been required of me before such heavy judgment had been passed upon me as has been passed.

I know that this is Dr. Lewen's opinion. He has been so good as to enforce it in a kind letter to me. I have answered his letter; and given such reasons as I hope will satisfy him. I could wish it were thought worth while to request of him a sight of my answer.*

* Her letter, containing the reasons she refers to, was not asked for; and Dr. Lewen's death, which fell out soon after he had received it, was the reason that it was not communicated to the family, till it was too late to do the service that might have been hoped for from it.

To your other proposal, of going to Pensylvania; this is my answer — If nothing happen within a month which may full as effectually rid my parents and friends of that world of cares, and fears, and scandals, which you mention, and if I am then able to be carried on board of ship, I will cheerfully obey my father and mother, although I were sure to die in the passage. And, if I may be forgiven for saying so (for indeed it proceeds not from a spirit of reprisal) you shall set over me, instead of my poor obliging, but really-unculpable, Hannah, your Betty Barnes; to whom I will be answerable for all my conduct. And I will make it worth her while to accompany me.

I am equally surprised and concerned at the hints which both you and my uncle Antony give of new points of misbehaviour in me! — What can be meant by them?

I will not tell you, Miss Harlowe, how much I am afflicted at your severity, and how much I suffer by it, and by your hard-hearted levity of style, because what I shall say may be construed into jingle and period, and because I know it is

intended, very possibly for kind ends, to mortify me. All I will therefore say is, that it does not lose its end, if that be it.

But, nevertheless, (divesting myself as much as possible of all resentment,) I will only pray that Heaven will give you, for your own sake, a kinder heart than at present you seem to have; since a kind heart, I am convinced, is a greater blessing to its possessor than it can be to any other person. Under this conviction I subscribe myself, my dear Bella,

Your ever-affectionate sister, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVIII

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO HER'S OF THURSDAY, AUG. 17.*] TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

* See Letter VI. of this volume.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

The letters you sent me I now return by the hand that brings you this.

It is impossible for me to express how much I have been affected by them, and by your last of the 17th. Indeed, my dear Miss Clary, you are very harshly used; indeed you are! And if you should be taken from us, what grief and what punishment are not treasuring up against themselves in the heavy reflections which their rash censures and unforgivingness will occasion them!

But I find to what your uncle Antony's cruel letter is owing, as well as one you will be still more afflicted by, [God help you, my poor dear child!] when it comes to your hand, written by your sister, with proposals to you.*

* See Letter XXVI. ibid.

It was finished to send you yesterday, I know; and I apprize you of it, that you should fortify your heart against the contents of it.

The motives which incline them all to this severity, if well grounded, would authorize any severity they could express, and which, while they believe them to be so, both they and you are to be equally pitied.

They are owning to the information of that officious Mr. Brand, who has acquainted them (from some enemy of your's in the neighbourhood about you) that visits are made you, highly censurable, by a man of a free character, and an intimate of Mr. Lovelace; who is often in private with you; sometimes twice or thrice a day.

Betty gives herself great liberties of speech upon this occasion, and all your friends are too ready to believe that things are not as they should be; which makes me wish that, let the gentleman's views be ever so honourable, you could entirely drop acquaintance with him.

Something of this nature was hinted at by Betty to me before, but so darkly that I could not tell what to make of it; and this made me mention to you so generally as I did in my last.

Your cousin Morden has been among them. He is exceedingly concerned for your misfortunes; and as they will not believe Mr. Lovelace would marry you, he is determined to go to Lord M.'s, in order to inform himself from Mr. Lovelace's own mouth, whether he intends to do you that justice or not.

He was extremely caressed by every one at his first arrival; but I am told there is some little coldness between them and him at present.

I was in hopes of getting a sight of this letter of Mr. Brand: (a rash officious man!) but it seems Mr. Morden had it given him yesterday to read, and he took it away with him.

God be your comfort, my dear Miss! But indeed I am exceedingly disturbed at the thoughts of what may still be the issue of all these things. I am, my beloved young lady,

Your most affectionate and faithful JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XXIX

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

After I had sealed up the enclosed, I had the honour of a private visit from your aunt Hervey; who has been in a very low-spirited way, and kept her chamber for several weeks past; and is but just got abroad.

She longed, she said, to see me, and to weep with me, on the hard fate that had befallen her beloved niece.

I will give you a faithful account of what passed between us; as I expect that it will, upon the whole, administer hope and comfort to you.

‘She pitied very much your good mother, who, she assured me, is obliged to act a part entirely contrary to her inclinations; as she herself, she owns, had been in a great measure.

‘She said, that the poor lady was with great difficulty with-held from answering your letter to her; which had (as was your aunt’s expression) almost broken the heart of every one: that she had reason to think that she was neither consenting to your two uncles writing, nor approving of what they wrote.

‘She is sure they all love you dearly; but have gone so far, that they know not how to recede.

‘That, but for the abominable league which your brother had got every body into (he refusing to set out for Scotland till it was renewed, and till they had all promised to take no step towards a reconciliation in his absence but by his consent; and to which your sister’s resentments kept them up); all would before now have happily subsided.

‘That nobody knew the pangs which their inflexible behaviour gave them, ever since you had begun to write to them in so affecting and humble a style.

‘That, however, they were not inclined to believe that you were either so ill, or so penitent as you really are; and still less, that Mr. Lovelace is in earnest in his offers of marriage.

‘She is sure, however, she says, that all will soon be well: and the sooner for Mr. Morden’s arrival: who is very zealous in your behalf.

‘She wished to Heaven that you would accept of Mr. Lovelace, wicked as he has been, if he were now in earnest.

‘It had always,’ she said, ‘been matter of astonishment to her, that so weak a pride in her cousin James, of making himself the whole family, should induce them all to refuse an alliance with such a family as Mr. Lovelace’s was.

‘She would have it, that your going off with Mr. Lovelace was the unhappiest step for your honour and your interest that could have been taken; for that

although you would have had a severe trial the next day, yet it would probably have been the last; and your pathetic powers must have drawn you off some friends — hinting at your mother, at your uncle Harlowe, at your uncle Hervey, and herself.'

But here (that the regret that you did not trust to the event of that meeting, may not, in your present low way, too much afflict you) I must observe, that it seems a little too evident, even from this opinion of your aunt's, that it was not absolutely determined that all compulsion was designed to be avoided, since your freedom from it must have been owing to the party to be made among them by your persuasive eloquence and dutiful expostulation.

'She owned, that some of them were as much afraid of meeting you as you could be of meeting them:' — But why so, if they designed, in the last instance, to give you your way?

Your aunt told me, 'That Mrs. Williams* had been with her, and asked her opinion, if it would be taken amiss, if she desired leave to go up, to attend her dearest young lady in her calamity. Your aunt referred her to your mother: but had heard no more of it.

* The former housekeeper at Harlowe-place.

'Her daughter,' (Miss Dolly,) she said, 'had been frequently earnest with her on the same subject; and renewed her request with the greatest fervour when your first letter came to hand.'

Your aunt says, 'That she then being very ill, wrote to your mother upon it, hoping it would not be taken amiss if she permitted Dolly to go; but that your sister, as from your mother, answered her, That now you seemed to be coming-to, and to have a due sense of your faults, you must be left entirely to their own management.

'Miss Dolly,' she said, 'had pined ever since she had heard of Mr. Lovelace's baseness, being doubly mortified by it: first, on account of your sufferings; next, because she was one who rejoiced in your getting off, and vindicated you for it; and had incurred censure and ill-will on that account; especially from your brother and sister; so that she seldom went to Harlowe-place.'

Make the best use of these intelligences, my dearest young lady, for your consolation.

I will only add, that I am, with the most fervent prayers for your recovery and restoration to favour,

Your ever-faitful JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XXX

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON THURSDAY, AUG. 24.

The relation of such a conversation as passed between my aunt and you would have given me pleasure, had it come some time ago; because it would have met with a spirit more industrious than mine now is, to pick out remote comfort in the hope of a favourable turn that might one day have rewarded my patient duty.

I did not doubt my aunt't good-will to me. Her affection I did not doubt. But shall we wonder that kings and princes meet with so little controul in their passions, be they every so violent, when, in a private family, an aunt, nay, even a mother in that family, shall choose to give up a once-favoured child against their own inclinations, rather than oppose an aspiring young man, who had armed himself with the authority of a father, who, when once determined, never would be expostulated with?

And will you not blame me, if I say, that good sense, that kindred indulgence, must be a little offended at the treatment I have met with; and if I own, that I think that great rigour has been exercised towards me! And yet I am now authorized to call it rigour by the judgment of two excellent sisters, my mother and my aunt, who acknowledge (as you tell me from my aunt) that they have been obliged to join against me, contrary to their inclinations; and that even in a point which might seem to concern my eternal welfare.

But I must not go on at this rate. For may not the inclination my mother has given up be the effect of a too-fond indulgence, rather than that I merit the indulgence? And yet so petulantly perverse am I, that I must tear myself from the subject.

All then that I will say further to it, at this time, is, that were the intended goodness to be granted to me but a week hence, it would possibly be too late — too late I mean to be of the consolation to me that I would wish from it: for what an inefficacious preparation must I have been making, if it has not, by this time, carried me above — But above what? — Poor mistaken creature! Unhappy self-deluder! that finds herself above nothing! Nor able to subdue her own faulty impatience!

But in-deed, to have done with a subject that I dare not trust myself with, if it come in your way, let my aunt Hervey, let my dear cousin Dolly, let the worthy Mrs. Williams, know how exceedingly grateful to me their kind intentions and concern for me are: and, as the best warrant or justification of their good opinions, (since I know that their favour for me is founded on the belief that I loved virtue,) tell them, that I continued to love virtue to my last hour, as I presume to hope it

may be said; and assure them that I never made the least wilful deviation, however unhappy I became for one faulty step; which nevertheless was not owing to unworthy or perverse motives.

I am very sorry that my cousin Morden has taken a resolution to see Mr. Lovelace.

My apprehensions on this intelligence are a great abatement to the pleasure I have in knowing that he still loves me.

My sister's letter to me is a most affecting one — so needlessly, so ludicrously taunting! — But for that part of it that is so, I ought rather to pity her, than to be so much concerned at it as I am.

I wonder what I have done to Mr. Brand — I pray God to forgive both him and his informants, whoever they be. But if the scandal arise solely from Mr. Belford's visits, a very little time will confute it. Mean while, the packet I shall send you, which I sent to Miss Howe, will, I hope, satisfy you, my dear Mrs. Norton, as to my reasons for admitting his visits.

My sister's taunting letter, and the inflexibleness of my dearer friends — But how do remoter-begun subjects tend to the point which lies nearest the heart! — As new-caught bodily disorders all crowd to a fractured or distempered part.

I will break off, with requesting your prayers that I may be blessed with patience and due resignation; and with assuring you, that I am, and will be to the last hour of my life,

Your equally grateful and affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXI

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN REPLY TO HER'S OF FRIDAY, AUG. 11.*] YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, AUG. 23.

* See Letter II. of this volume.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I have read the letters and copies of letters you favoured me with: and I return them by a particular hand. I am extremely concerned at your indifferent state of health: but I approve of all your proceedings and precautions in relation to the appointment of Mr. Belford for an office, in which, I hope, neither he nor any body else will be wanted to act, for many, very many years.

I admire, and so we do all, that greatness of mind which can make you so stedfastly [sic] despise (through such inducements as no other woman could resist, and in such desolate circumstances as you have been reduced to) the wretch that ought to be so heartily despised and detested.

What must the contents of those letters from your relations be, which you will not communicate to me! — Fie upon them! How my heart rises! — But I dare say no more — though you yourself now begin to think they use you with great severity.

Every body here is so taken with Mr. Hickman (and the more from the horror they conceive at the character of the detestable Lovelace,) that I have been teased to death almost to name a day. This has given him airs: and, did I not keep him to it, he would behave as carelessly and as insolently as if he were sure of me. I have been forced to mortify him no less than four times since we have been here.

I made him lately undergo a severe penance for some negligences that were not to be passed over. Not designed ones, he said: but that was a poor excuse, as I told him: for, had they been designed, he should never have come into my presence more: that they were not, showed his want of thought and attention; and those were inexcusable in a man only in his probatory state.

He hoped he had been more than in a probatory state, he said.

And therefore, Sir, might be more careless! — So you add ingratitude to negligence, and make what you plead as accident, that itself wants an excuse, design, which deserves none.

I would not see him for two days, and he was so penitent, and so humble, that I had like to have lost myself, to make him amends: for, as you have said, resentment carried too high, often ends in amends too humble.

I long to be nearer to you: but that must not yet be, it seems. Pray, my dear, let me hear from you as often as you can.

May Heaven increase your comforts, and restore your health, are the prayers of
Your ever faithful and affectionate ANNA HOWE.

P.S. Excuse me that I did not write before: it was owing to a little coasting voyage I was obliged to give into.

LETTER XXXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE FRIDAY, AUG. 25.

You are very obliging, my dear Miss Howe, to account to me for your silence. I was easy in it, as I doubted not that, among such near and dear friends as you are with, you was diverted from writing by some such agreeable excursion as that you mention.

I was in hopes that you had given over, at this time of day, those very sprightly airs, which I have taken the liberty to blame you for, as often as you have given me occasion to so do; and that has been very often.

I was always very grave with you upon this subject: and while your own and a worthy man's future happiness are in the question, I must enter into it, whenever you forget yourself, although I had not a day to live: and indeed I am very ill.

I am sure it was not your intention to take your future husband with you to the little island to make him look weak and silly among those of your relations who never before had seen him. Yet do you think it possible for them (however prepared and resolved they may be to like him) to forbear smiling at him, when they see him suffering under your whimsical penances? A modest man should no more be made little in his own eyes, than in the eyes of others. If he be, he will have a diffidence, which will give an awkwardness to every thing he says or does; and this will be no more to the credit of your choice than to that of the approbation he meets with from your friends, or to his own credit.

I love an obliging, and even an humble, deportment in a man to the woman he addresses. It is a mark of his politeness, and tends to give her that opinion of herself, which it may be supposed bashful merit wants to be inspired with. But if the woman exacts it with an high hand, she shows not either her own politeness or gratitude; although I must confess she does her courage. I gave you expectations that I would be very serious with you.

O my dear, that it had been my lot (as I was not permitted to live single,) to have met with a man by whom I could have acted generously and unreservedly!

Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a pretence against me, taxed my behaviour to him with stiffness and distance. You, at one time, thought me guilty of some degree of prudery. Difficult situations should be allowed for: which often make seeming occasions for censure unavoidable. I deserved not blame from him who made mine difficult. And you, my dear, had I any other man to deal with, or had he but half the merit which Mr. Hickman has, would have found that my doctrine on this subject should have governed my practice.

But to put myself out of the question — I'll tell you what I should think, were I an indifferent by-stander, of those high airs of your's, in return for Mr. Hickman's humble demeanour. 'The lady thinks of having the gentleman, I see plainly, would I say. But I see as plainly, that she has a very great indifference to him. And to what may this indifference be owing? To one or all of these considerations, no doubt: that she receives his addresses rather from motives of convenience than choice: that she thinks meanly of his endowments and intellects; at least more highly of her own: or, she has not the generosity to use that power with moderation, which his great affection for her puts into her hands.'

How would you like, my dear, to have any of these things said?

Then to give but the shadow of a reason for free-livers and free speakers to say, or to imagine, that Miss Howe gives her hand to a man who has no reason to expect any share in her heart, I am sure you would not wish that such a thing should be so much as supposed. Then all the regard from you to come afterwards; none to be shown before; must, should I think, be capable of being construed as a compliment to the husband, made at the expense of the wife's and even of the sex's delicacy!

There is no fear that attempts could be formed by the most audacious [two Lovelaces there cannot be!] upon a character so revered for virtue, and so charmingly spirited, as Miss Howe's: yet, to have any man encouraged to despise a husband by the example of one who is most concerned to do him honour; what, my dear, think you of that? It is but too natural for envious men (and who that knows Miss Howe, will not envy Mr. Hickman!) to scoff at, and to jest upon, those who are treated with or will bear indignity from a woman.

If a man so treated have a true and ardent love for the woman he addresses, he will be easily overawed by her displeasure: and this will put him upon acts of submission, which will be called meanness. And what woman of true spirit would like to have it said, that she would impose any thing upon the man from whom she one day expects protection and defence, that should be capable of being construed as a meanness, or unmanly abjectness in his behaviour, even to herself? — Nay, I am not sure, and I ask it of you, my dear, to resolve me, whether, in your own opinion, it is not likely, that a woman of spirit will despise rather than value more, the man who will take patiently an insult at her hands; especially before company.

I have always observed, that prejudices in disfavour of a person at his first appearance, fix deeper, and are much more difficult to be removed when fixed, than that malignant principle so eminently visible in little minds, which makes them wish to bring down the more worthy characters to their own low level, I pretend not to determine. When once, therefore, a woman of your good sense

gives room to the world to think she has not an high opinion of the lover, whom nevertheless she entertains, it will be very difficult for her afterwards to make that world think so well as she would have it of the husband she has chosen.

Give me leave to observe, that to condescend with dignity, and to command with such kindness, and sweetness of manners, as should let the condescension, while in a single state, be seen and acknowledged, are points, which a wise woman, knowing her man, should aim at: and a wise woman, I should think, would choose to live single all her life rather than give herself to a man whom she thinks unworthy of a treatment so noble.

But when a woman lets her lover see that she has the generosity to approve of and reward a well-meant service; that she has a mind that lifts her above the little captious follies, which some (too licentiously, I hope,) attribute to the sex in general: that she resents not (if ever she thinks she has reason to be displeased) with petulance, or through pride: nor thinks it necessary to insist upon little points, to come at or secure great ones, perhaps not proper to be aimed at: nor leaves room to suppose she has so much cause to doubt her own merit, as to put the love of the man she intends to favour upon disagreeable or arrogant trials: but let reason be the principal guide of her actions — she will then never fail of that true respect, of that sincere veneration, which she wishes to meet with; and which will make her judgment after marriage consulted, sometimes with a preference to a man’s own; at other times as a delightful confirmation of his.

And so much, my beloved Miss Howe, for this subject now, and I dare say, for ever!

I will begin another letter by-and-by, and send both together. Mean time, I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE

[In this letter, the Lady acquaints Miss Howe with Mr. Brand's report; with her sister's proposals either that she will go abroad, or prosecute Mr. Lovelace. She complains of the severe letters of her uncle Antony and her sister; but in milder terms than they deserved.

She sends her Dr. Lewen's letter, and the copy of her answer to it.

She tells her of the difficulties she had been under to avoid seeing Mr. Lovelace. She gives her the contents of the letter she wrote to him to divert him from his proposed visit: she is afraid, she says, that it is a step that is not strictly right, if allegory or metaphor be not allowable to one in her circumstances.

She informs her of her cousin Morden's arrival and readiness to take her part with her relations; of his designed interview with Mr. Lovelace; and tells her what her apprehensions are upon it.

She gives her the purport of the conversation between her aunt Hervey and Mrs. Norton. And then add:]

But were they ever so favourably inclined to me now, what can they do for me? I wish, and that for their sakes more than for my own, that they would yet relent — but I am very ill — I must drop my pen — a sudden faintness overspreads my heart — excuse my crooked writing! — Adieu, my dear! — Adieu!

THREE O'CLOCK, FRIDAY.

Once more I resume my pen. I thought I had taken my last farewell to you. I never was so very oddly affected: something that seemed totally to overwhelm my faculties — I don't know how to describe it — I believe I do amiss in writing so much, and taking too much upon me: but an active mind, though clouded by bodily illness, cannot be idle.

I'll see if the air, and a discontinued attention, will help me. But, if it will not, don't be concerned for me, my dear. I shall be happy. Nay, I am more so already than of late I thought I could ever be in this life. — Yet how this body clings! — How it encumbers!

SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I could not send this letter away with so melancholy an ending, as you would have thought it. So I deferred closing it, till I saw how I should be on my return

from my airing: and now I must say I am quite another thing: so alert! that I could proceed with as much spirit as I began, and add more preachment to your lively subject, if I had not written more than enough upon it already.

I wish you would let me give you and Mr. Hickman joy. Do, my dear. I should take some to myself, if you would.

My respectful compliments to all your friends, as well to those I have the honour to know, as to those I do not know.

* * *

I have just now been surprised with a letter from one whom I long ago gave up all thoughts of hearing from. From Mr. Wyerley. I will enclose it. You'll be surprised at it as much as I was. This seems to be a man whom I might have reclaimed. But I could not love him. Yet I hope I never treated him with arrogance. Indeed, my dear, if I am not too partial to myself, I think I refused him with more gentleness, than you retain somebody else. And this recollection gives me less pain than I should have had in the other case, on receiving this instance of a generosity that affects me. I will also enclose the rough draught of my answer, as soon as I have transcribed it.

If I begin another sheet, I shall write to the end of it: wherefore I will only add my prayers for your honour and prosperity, and for a long, long, happy life; and that, when it comes to be wound up, you may be as calm and as easy at quitting it as I hope in God I shall be. I am, and will be, to the latest moment,

Your truly affectionate and obliged servant, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIV

MR. WYERLEY, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23.

DEAREST MADAM,

You will be surprised to find renewed, at this distance of time, an address so positively though so politely discouraged: but, however it be received, I must renew it. Every body has heard that you have been vilely treated by a man who, to treat you ill, must be the vilest of men. Every body knows your just resentment of his base treatment: that you are determined never to be reconciled to him: and that you persist in these sentiments against all the entreaties of his noble relations, against all the prayers and repentance of his ignoble self. And all the world that have the honour to know you, or have heard of him, applaud your resolution, as worthy of yourself; worthy of your virtue, and of that strict honour which was always attributed to you by every one who spoke of you.

But, Madam, were all the world to have been of a different opinion, it could never have altered mine. I ever loved you; I ever must love you. Yet have I endeavoured to resign to my hard fate. When I had so many ways, in vain, sought to move you in my favour, I sat down seemingly contented. I even wrote to you that I would sit down contented. And I endeavoured to make all my friends and companions think I was. But nobody knows what pangs this self-denial cost me! In vain did the chace, in vain did travel, in vain did lively company, offer themselves, and were embraced in their turn: with redoubled force did my passion for you renew my unhappiness, when I looked into myself, into my own heart; for there did your charming image sit enthroned; and you engrossed me all.

I truly deplore those misfortunes, and those sufferings, for your own sake; which nevertheless encourage me to renew my old hope. I know not particulars. I dare not inquire after them; because my sufferings would be increased with the knowledge of what your's have been. I therefore desire not the know more than what common report wounds my ears with; and what is given me to know, by your absence from your cruel family, and from the sacred place, where I, among numbers of your rejected admirers, used to be twice a week sure to behold you doing credit to that service of which your example gave me the highest notions. But whatever be those misfortunes, of whatsoever nature those sufferings, I shall bless the occasion for my own sake (though for your's curse the author of them,) if they may give me the happiness to know that this my renewed address may not be absolutely rejected. — Only give me hope, that it may one day meet with encouragement, if in the interim nothing happen, either in my morals or behaviour, to give you fresh offence. Give me but hope of this — not absolutely

to reject me is all the hope I ask for; and I will love you, if possible, still more than I ever loved you — and that for your sufferings; for well you deserve to be loved, even to adoration, who can, for honour's and for virtue's sake, subdue a passion which common spirits [I speak by cruel experience] find invincible; and this at a time when the black offender kneels and supplicates, as I am well assured he does, (all his friends likewise supplicating for him,) to be forgiven.

That you cannot forgive him, not forgive him so as to receive him again to favour, is no wonder. His offence is against virtue: this is a part of your essence. What magnanimity is this! How just to yourself, and to your spotless character! Is it any merit to admire more than ever a lady who can so exaltedly distinguish? It is not. I cannot plead it.

What hope have I left, may it be said, when my address was before rejected, now, that your sufferings, so nobly borne, have, with all the good judges, exalted your character? Yet, Madam, I have to pride myself in this, that while your friends (not looking upon you in the just light I do) persecute and banish you; while your estate is withheld from you, and threatened (as I know,) to be withheld, as long as the chicaning law, or rather the chicaneries of its practisers, can keep it from you: while you are destitute of protection; every body standing aloof, either through fear of the injurer of one family, or of the hard-hearted of the other; I pride myself, I say, to stand forth, and offer my fortune, and my life, at your devotion. With a selfish hope indeed: I should be too great an hypocrite not to own this! and I know how much you abhor insincerity.

But, whether you encourage that hope or not, accept my best services, I beseech you, Madam: and be pleased to excuse me for a piece of honest art, which the nature of the case (doubting the honour of your notice otherwise) makes me choose to conclude with — it is this:

If I am to be still the most unhappy of men, let your pen by one line tell me so. If I am permitted to indulge a hope, however distant, your silence shall be deemed, by me, the happiest indication of it that you can give — except that still happier — (the happiest than can befall me,) a signification that you will accept the tender of that life and fortune, which it would be my pride and my glory to sacrifice in your service, leaving the reward to yourself.

Be your determination as it may, I must for ever admire and love you. Nor will I ever change my condition, while you live, whether you change your's or not: for, having once had the presumption to address you, I cannot stoop to think of any other woman: and this I solemnly declare in the presence of that God, whom I daily pray to bless and protect you, be your determination what it will with regard to, dearest Madam,

Your most devoted and ever affectionate and faithful servant, ALEXANDER WYERLEY.

LETTER XXXV

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO ALEX. WYERLEY, ESQ. SAT. AUG. 26.

SIR,

The generosity of your purpose would have commanded not only my notice, but my thanks, although you had not given me the alternative you are pleased to call artful. And I do therefore give you my thanks for your kind letter.

At the time you distinguished me by your favourable opinion, I told you, Sir, that my choice was the single life. And most truly did I tell you so.

When that was not permitted me, and I looked round upon the several gentlemen who had been proposed to me, and had reason to believe that there was not one of them against whose morals or principles there lay not some exception, it would not have been much to be wondered at, if FANCY had been allowed to give a preference, where JUDGMENT was at a loss to determine.

Far be it from me to say this with a design to upbraid you, Sir, or to reflect upon you. I always wished you well. You had reason to think I did. You had the generosity to be pleased with the frankness of my behaviour to you; as I had with that of your's to me; and I am sorry, very sorry, to be now told, that the acquaintance you obliged me with gave you so much pain.

Had the option I have mentioned been allowed me afterwards, (as I not only wished, but proposed,) things had not happened that did happen. But there was a kind of fatality by which our whole family was impelled, as I may say; and which none of us were permitted to avoid. But this is a subject that cannot be dwelt upon.

As matters are, I have only to wish, for your own sake, that you will encourage and cultivate those good motions in your mind, to which many passages in your kind and generous letter now before me must be owing. Depend upon it, Sir, that such motions, wrought into habit, will yield you pleasure at a time when nothing else can; and at present, shining out in your actions and conversation, will commend you to the worthiest of our sex. For, Sir, the man who is so good upon choice, as well as by education, has that quality in himself, which ennobles the human race, and without which the most dignified by birth or rank or ignoble.

As to the resolution you solemnly make not to marry while I live, I should be concerned at it, were I not morally sure that you may keep it, and yet not be detrimented by it: since a few, a very few days, will convince you, that I am got above all human dependence; and that there is no need of that protection and favour, which you so generously offer to, Sir,

Your obliged well-wisher, and humble servant, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY NOON, AUG. 28.

About the time of poor Belton's interment last night, as near as we could guess, Lord M., Mowbray, and myself, toasted once, To the memory of honest Tom. Belton; and, by a quick transition to the living, Health to Miss Harlowe; which Lord M. obligingly began, and, To the happy reconciliation; and then we stuck in a remembrance To honest Jack Belford, who, of late, we all agreed, is become an useful and humane man; and one who prefers his friend's service to his own.

But what is the meaning I hear nothing from thee?* And why dost thou not let me into the grounds of the sudden reconciliation between my beloved and her friends, and the cause of the generous invitation which she gives me of attending her at her father's some time hence?

* Mr. Belford has not yet sent him his last-written letter. His reason for which see Letter XXIII. of this volume.

Thou must certainly have been let into the secret by this time; and I can tell thee, I shall be plaguy jealous if there is to be any one thing pass between my angel and thee that is to be concealed from me. For either I am a principal in this cause, or I am nothing.

I have dispatched Will. to know the reason of thy neglect.

But let me whisper a word or two in thy ear. I begin to be afraid, after all, that this letter was a stratagem to get me out of town, and for nothing else: for, in the first place, Tourville, in a letter I received this morning, tells me, that the lady is actually very ill! [I am sorry for it with all my soul!]. This, thou'lt say, I may think a reason why she cannot set out as yet: but then I have heard, on the other hand, but last night, that the family is as implacable as ever; and my Lord and I expect this very afternoon a visit from Colonel Morden; who, undertakes, it seems, to question me as to my intention with regard to his cousin.

This convinces me, that if she has apprized her friends of my offers to her, they will not believe me to be in earnest, till they are assured that I am so from my own mouth. But then I understand, that the intended visit is an officiousness of Morden's own, without the desire of any of her friends.

Now, Jack, what can a man make of all this? My intelligence as to the continuance of her family's implacableness is not to be doubted; and yet when I read her letter, what can one say? — Surely, the dear little rogue will not lie!

I never knew her dispense with her word, but once; and that was, when she promised to forgive me after the dreadful fire that had like to have happened at

our mother's, and yet would not see me the next day, and afterwards made her escape to Hampstead, in order to avoid forgiving me: and as she severely smarted for this departure from her honour given, (for it is a sad thing for good people to break their word when it is in their power to keep it,) one would not expect that she should set about deceiving again; more especially by the premeditation of writing. Thou, perhaps, wilt ask, what honest man is obliged to keep his promise with a highwayman? for well I know thy unmannerly way of making comparisons; but I say, every honest man is — and I will give thee an illustration.

Here is a marauding varlet, who demands your money, with a pistol at your breast. You have neither money nor valuable effects about you; and promise solemnly, if he will spare your life, that you will send him an agreed-upon sum, by such a day, to such a place.

The question is, if your life is not in the fellow's power?

How he came by the power is another question; for which he must answer with his life when caught — so he runs risque for risque.

Now if he give you your life, does he not give, think you, a valuable consideration for the money you engage your honour to send him? If not, the sum must be exorbitant, or your life is a very paltry one, even in your own opinion.

I need not make the application; and I am sure that even thou thyself, who never sparest me, and thinkest thou knowest my heart by thy own, canst not possibly put the case in a stronger light against me.

Then, why do good people take upon themselves to censure, as they do, persons less scrupulous than themselves? Is it not because the latter allow themselves in any liberty, in order to carry a point? And can my not doing my duty, warrant another for not doing his? — Thou wilt not say it can.

And how would it sound, to put the case as strongly once more, as my greatest enemy would put it, both as to fact and in words — here has that profligate wretch Lovelace broken his vow with and deceived Miss Clarissa Harlowe. — A vile fellow! would an enemy say: but it is like him. But when it comes to be said that the pious Clarissa has broken her word with and deceived Lovelace; Good Lord! would every one say; sure it cannot be!

Upon my soul, Jack, such is the veneration I have for this admirable woman, that I am shocked barely at putting the case — and so wilt thou, if thou respectest her as thou oughtest: for thou knowest that men and women, all the world over, form their opinions of one another by each person's professions and known practices. In this lady, therefore, it would be unpardonable to tell a wilful untruth, as it would be strange if I kept my word. — In love cases, I mean; for, as to the rest, I am an honest, moral man, as all who know me can testify.

And what, after all, would this lady deserve, if she has deceived me in this case? For did she not set me prancing away, upon Lord M.'s best nag, to Lady Sarah's, and to Lady Betty's, with an erect and triumphing countenance, to show them her letter to me?

And let me tell thee, that I have received their congratulations upon it: Well, and now, cousin Lovelace, cries one: Well, and now, cousin Lovelace, cries t'other; I hope you will make the best of husbands to so excellent and so forgiving a lady! — And now we shall soon have the pleasure of looking upon you as a reformed man, added one! And now we shall see you in the way we have so long wished you to be in, cried the other!

My cousins Montague also have been ever since rejoicing in the new relationship. Their charming cousin, and their lovely cousin, at every word! And how dearly they will love he! What lessons they will take from her! And yet Charlotte, who pretends to have the eye of an eagle, was for finding out some mystery in the style and manner, till I overbore her, and laughed her out of it.

As for Lord M. he has been in hourly expectation of being sent to with proposals of one sort or other from the Harlowes; and still we have it, that such proposals will be made by Colonel Morden when he comes; and that the Harlowes only put on a fae of irreconcileableness, till they know the issue of Morden's visit, in order to make the better terms with us.

Indeed, if I had not undoubted reason, as I said, to believe the continuance of their antipathy to me, and implacableness to her, I should be apt to think there might be some foundation for my Lord's conjecture; for there is a cursed deal of low cunning in all that family, except in the angel of it; who has so much generosity of soul, that she despises cunning, both name and thing.

What I mean by all this is, to let thee see what a stupid figure I shall make to all my own family, if my Clarissa has been capable, as Gulliver in his abominable Yahoo story phrases it, if it were only that I should be outwitted by such a novice at plotting, and that it would make me look silly to my kinswomen here, who know I value myself upon my contrivances, it would vex me to the heart; and I would instantly clap a featherbed into a coach and six, and fetch her away, sick or well, and marry her at my leisure.

But Col. Morden is come, and I must break off.

LETTER XXXVII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. MONDAY NIGHT, AUG. 28.

I doubt you will be all impatience that you have not heard from me since mine of Thursday last. You would be still more so, if you knew that I had by me a letter ready written.

I went early yesterday morning to Epsom; and found every thing disposed according to the directions I had left on Friday; and at night the solemn office was performed. Tourville was there; and behaved very decently, and with greater concern than I thought he would every have expressed for any body.

Thomasine, they told me, in a kind of disguise, was in an obscure pew, out of curiosity (for it seems she was far from showing any tokens of grief) to see the last office performed for the man whose heart she had so largely contributed to break.

I was obliged to stay till this afternoon, to settle several necessary matters, and to direct inventories to be taken, in order for appraisement; for every thing is to be turned into money, by his will. I presented his sister with the hundred guineas the poor man left me as his executor, and desired her to continue in the house, and take the direction of every thing, till I could hear from his nephew at Antigua, who is heir at law. He had left her but fifty pounds, although he knew her indigence; and that it was owing to a vile husband, and not to herself, that she was indigent.

The poor man left about two hundred pounds in money, and two hundred pounds in two East-India bonds; and I will contrive, if I can, to make up the poor woman's fifty pounds, and my hundred guineas, two hundred pounds to her; and then she will have some little matter coming in certain, which I will oblige her to keep out of the hands of a son, who has completed that ruin which his father had very nearly effected.

I gave Tourville his twenty pounds, and will send you and Mowbray your's by the first order.

And so much for poor Belton's affairs till I see you.

I got to town in the evening, and went directly to Smith's. I found Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith in the back shop, and I saw they had been both in tears. They rejoiced to see me, however; and told me, that the Doctor and Mr. Goddard were but just gone; as was also the worthy clergyman, who often comes to pray by her; and all three were of opinion, that she would hardly live to see the entrance of

another week. I was not so much surprised as grieved; for I had feared as much when I left her on Saturday.

I sent up my compliments; and she returned, that she would take it for a favour if I would call upon her in the morning by eight o'clock. Mrs. Lovick told me that she had fainted away on Saturday, while she was writing, as she had done likewise the day before; and having received benefit then by a little turn in a chair, she was carried abroad again. She returned somewhat better; and wrote till late; yet had a pretty good night: and went to Covent-garden church in the morning; but came home so ill that she was obliged to lie down.

When she arose, seeing how much grieved Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith were for her, she made apologies for the trouble she gave them — You were happy, said she, before I came hither. It was a cruel thing in me to come amongst honest strangers, and to be sick, and die with you.

When they touched upon the irreconcileableness of her friends, I have had ill offices done me to them, said she, and they do not know how ill I am; nor will they believe any thing I should write. But yet I cannot sometimes forbear thinking it a little hard, that out of so many near and dear friends as I have living, not one of them will vouchsafe to look upon me. No old servant, no old friend, proceeded she, to be permitted to come near me, without being sure of incurring displeasure! And to have such a great work to go through by myself, a young creature as I am, and to have every thing to think of as to my temporal matters, and to order, to my very interment! No dear mother, said the sweet sufferer, to pray by me and bless me! — No kind sister to sooth and comfort me! — But come, recollected she, how do I know but all is for the best — if I can but make a right use of my discomforts? — Pray for me, Mrs. Lovick — pray for me, Mrs. Smith, that I may — I have great need of your prayers. — This cruel man has discomposed me. His persecutions have given mea pain just here, [putting her hand to her heart.] What a step has he made me take to avoid him! — Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled? He had made a bad spirit take possession of me, I think — broken in upon all my duties — and will not yet, I doubt, let me be at rest. Indeed he is very cruel — but this is one of my trials, I believe. By God's grace, I shall be easier to-morrow, and especially if I have no more of his tormentings, and if I can get a tolerable night. And I will sit up till eleven, that I may.

She said, that though this was so heavy a day with her, she was at other times, within these few days past especially, blessed with bright hours; and particularly that she had now and then such joyful assurances, (which she hoped were not presumptuous ones,) that God would receive her to his mercy, that she could hardly contain herself, and was ready to think herself above this earth while she was in it: And what, inferred she to Mrs. Lovick, must be the state itself, the very

aspirations after which have often cast a beamy light through the thickest darkness, and, when I have been at the lowest ebb, have dispelled the black clouds of despondency? — As I hope they soon will this spirit of repining.

She had a pretty good night, it seems; and this morning went in a chair to St. Dunstan's church.

The chairmen told Mrs. Smith, that after prayers (for she did not return till between nine and ten) they carried her to a house in Fleet-street, whither they never waited on her before. And where dost think this was? — Why to an undertaker's! Good Heaven! what a woman is this! She went into the back shop, and talked with the master of it about half an hour, and came from him with great serenity; he waiting upon her to her chair with a respectful countenance, but full of curiosity and seriousness.

'Tis evident that she went to bespeak her house that she talked of* — As soon as you can, Sir, were her words to him as she got into the chair. Mrs. Smith told me this with the same surprise and grief that I heard it.

* See Letter XXIII. of this volume.

She was very ill in the afternoon, having got cold either at St. Dunstan's, or at chapel, and sent for the clergyman to pray by her; and the women, unknown to her, sent both for Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard: who were just gone, as I told you, when I came to pay my respects to her this evening.

And thus have I recounted from the good women what passed to this night since my absence.

I long for to-morrow, that I may see her: and yet it is such a melancholy longing as I never experienced, and know not how to describe.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

I was at Smith's at half an hour after seven. They told me that the lady was gone in a chair to St. Dunstan's: but was better than she had been in either of the two preceding days; and that she said she to Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, as she went into the chair, I have a good deal to answer for to you, my good friends, for my vapourish conversation of last night.

If, Mrs. Lovick, said she, smiling, I have no new matters to discompose me, I believe my spirits will hold out purely.

She returned immediately after prayers.

Mr. Belford, said she, as she entered the back shop where I was, (and upon my approaching her,) I am very glad to see you. You have been performing for your poor friend a kind last office. 'Tis not long ago since you did the same for a near relation. Is it not a little hard upon you, that these troubles should fall so thick to your lot? But they are charitable offices: and it is a praise to your humanity, that poor dying people know not where to choose so well.

I told her I was sorry to hear she had been so ill since I had the honour to attend her; but rejoiced to find that now she seemed a good deal better.

It will be sometimes better, and sometimes worse, replied she, with poor creatures, when they are balancing between life and death. But no more of these matters just now. I hope, Sir, you'll breakfast with me. I was quite vapourish yesterday. I had a very bad spirit upon me. Had I not, Mrs. Smith? But I hope I shall be no more so. And to-day I am perfectly serene. This day rises upon me as if it would be a bright one.

She desired me to walk up, and invited Mr. Smith and his wife, and Mrs. Lovick also, to breakfast with her. I was better pleased with her liveliness than with her looks.

The good people retiring after breakfast, the following conversation passed between us:

Pray, Sir, let me ask you, if you think I may promise myself that I shall be no more molested by your friend?

I hesitated: For how could I answer for such a man?

What shall I do, if he comes again? — You see how I am. — I cannot fly from him now — If he has any pity left for the poor creature whom he has thus reduced, let him not come. — But have you heard from him lately? And will he come?

I hope not, Madam. I have not heard from him since Thursday last, that he went out of town, rejoicing in the hopes your letter gave him of a reconciliation between your friends and you, and that he might in good time see you at your father's; and he is gone down to give all his friends joy of the news, and is in high spirits upon it.

Alas! for me: I shall then surely have him come up to persecute me again! As soon as he discovers that that was only a stratagem to keep him away, he will come up, and who knows but even now he is upon the road? I thought I was so bad that I should have been out of his and every body's way before now; for I expected not that this contrivance would serve me above two or three days; and by this time he must have found out that I am not so happy as to have any hope of a reconciliation with my family; and then he will come, if it be only in revenge for what he will think a deceit, but is not, I hope, a wicked one.

I believe I looked surprised to hear her confess that her letter was a stratagem only; for she said, You wonder, Mr. Belford, I observe, that I could be guilty of such an artifice. I doubt it is not right: it was done in a hurry of spirits. How could I see a man who had so mortally injured me; yet pretending a sorrow for his crimes, (and wanting to see me,) could behave with so much shocking levity, as he did to the honest people of the house? Yet, 'tis strange too, that neither you nor

he found out my meaning on perusal of my letter. You have seen what I wrote, no doubt?

I have, Madam. And then I began to account for it, as an innocent artifice.

Thus far indeed, Sir, it is an innocent, that I meant him no hurt, and had a right to the effect I hoped for from it; and he had none to invade me. But have you, Sir, that letter of his in which he gives you (as I suppose he does) the copy of mine?

I have, Madam. And pulled it out of my letter-case. But hesitating — Nay, Sir, said she, be pleased to read my letter to yourself — I desire not to see his — and see if you can be longer a stranger to a meaning so obvious.

I read it to myself — Indeed, Madam, I can find nothing but that you are going down to Harlowe-place to be reconciled to your father and other friends: and Mr. Lovelace presumed that a letter from your sister, which he saw brought when he was at Mr. Smith's, gave you the welcome news of it.

She then explained all to me, and that, as I may say, in six words — A religious meaning is couched under it, and that's the reason that neither you nor I could find it out.

'Read but for my father's house, Heaven, said she, and for the interposition of my dear blessed friend, suppose the mediation of my Saviour (which I humbly rely upon); and all the rest of the letter will be accounted for.' I hope (repeated she) that it is a pardonable artifice. But I am afraid it is not strictly right.

I read it so, and stood astonished for a minute at her invention, her piety, her charity, and at thine and mine own stupidity to be thus taken in.

And now, thou vile Lovelace, what hast thou to do (the lady all consistent with herself, and no hopes left for thee) but to hang, drown, or shoot thyself, for an outwitted boaster?

My surprise being a little over, she proceeded: As to the letter that came from my sister while your friend was here, you will soon see, Sir, that it is the cruellest letter she ever wrote me.

And then she expressed a deep concern for what might be the consequence of Colonel Morden's intended visit to you; and besought me, that if now, or at any time hereafter, I had opportunity to prevent any further mischief, without detriment or danger to myself, I would do it.

I assured her of the most particular attention to this and to all her commands; and that in a manner so agreeable to her, that she invoked a blessing upon me for my goodness, as she called it, to a desolate creature who suffered under the worst of orphanage; those were her words.

She then went back to her first subject, her uneasiness for fear of your molesting her again; and said, If you have any influence over him, Mr. Belford, prevail upon him that he will give me the assurance that the short remainder of

my time shall be all my own. I have need of it. Indeed I have. Why will he wish to interrupt me in my duty? Has he not punished me enough for my preference of him to all his sex? Has he not destroyed my fame and my fortune? And will not his causeless vengeance upon me be complete, unless he ruin my soul too? — Excuse me, Sir, for this vehemence! But indeed it greatly imports me to know that I shall be no more disturbed by him. And yet, with all this aversion, I would sooner give way to his visit, though I were to expire the moment I saw him, than to be the cause of any fatal misunderstanding between you and him.

I assured her that I would make such a representation of the matter to you, and of the state of her health, that I would undertake to answer for you, that you would not attempt to come near her.

And for this reason, Lovelace, do I lay the whole matter before you, and desire you will authorize me, as soon as this and mine of Saturday last come to your hands, to dissipate her fears.

This gave her a little satisfaction; and then she said that had I not told her that I could promise for you, she was determined, ill as she is, to remove somewhere out of my knowledge as well as out of your's. And yet, to have been obliged to leave people I am but just got acquainted with, said the poor lady, and to have died among perfect strangers, would have completed my hardships.

This conversation, I found, as well from the length as the nature of it, had fatigued her; and seeing her change colour once or twice, I made that my excuse, and took leave of her: desiring her permission, however, to attend her in the evening; and as often as possible; for I could not help telling her that, every time I saw her, I more and more considered her as a beatified spirit; and as one sent from Heaven to draw me after her out of the miry gulf in which I had been so long immersed.

And laugh at me if thou wilt; but it is true that, every time I approach her, I cannot but look upon her as one just entering into a companionship with saints and angels. This thought so wholly possessed me, that I could not help begging, as I went away, her prayers and her blessing, with the reverence due to an angel.

In the evening, she was so low and weak, that I took my leave of her in less than a quarter of an hour. I went directly home. Where, to the pleasure and wonder of my cousin and her family, I now pass many honest evenings: which they impute to your being out of town.

I shall dispatch my packet to-morrow morning early by my own servant, to make thee amends for the suspense I must have kept thee in: thou'lt thank me for that, I hope; but wilt not, I am sure, for sending thy servant back without a letter.

I long for the particulars of the conversation between you and Mr. Morden; the lady, as I have hinted, is full of apprehensions about it. Send me back this packet

when perused; for I have not had either time or patience to take a copy of it. And I beseech you enable me to make good my engagements to the poor lady that you will not invade her again.

LETTER XXXVIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30.

I have a conversation to give you that passed between this admirable lady and Dr. H. which will furnish a new instance of the calmness and serenity with which she can talk of death, and prepare for it, as if it were an occurrence as familiar to her as dressing and undressing.

As soon as I had dispatched my servant to you with my letters of the 26th, 28th, and yesterday the 29th, I went to pay my duty to her, and had the pleasure to find her, after a tolerable night, pretty lively and cheerful. She was but just returned from her usual devotions; and Doctor H. alighted as she entered the door.

After inquiring how she did, and hearing her complaints of shortness of breath, (which she attributed to inward decay, precipitated by her late harasses, as well from her friends as from you,) he was for advising her to go into the air.

What will that do for me? said she: tell me truly, good Sir, with a cheerful aspect, (you know you cannot disturb me by it,) whether now you do not put on the true physician; and despairing that any thing in medicine will help me, advise me to the air, as the last resource? — Can you think the air will avail in such a malady as mine?

He was silent.

I ask, said she, because my friends (who will possibly some time hence inquire after the means I used for my recovery) may be satisfied that I omitted nothing which so worthy and skilful a physician prescribed?

The air, Madam, may possibly help the difficulty of breathing, which has so lately attacked you.

But, Sir, you see how weak I am. You must see that I have been consuming from day to day; and now, if I can judge by what I feel in myself, putting her hand to her heart, I cannot continue long. If the air would very probably add to my days, though I am far from being desirous to have them lengthened, I would go into it; and the rather, as I know Mrs. Lovick would kindly accompany me. But if I were to be at the trouble of removing into new lodgings, (a trouble which I think now would be too much for me,) and this only to die in the country, I had rather the scene were to shut up here. For here have I meditated the spot, and the manner, and every thing, as well of the minutest as of the highest consequence, that can attend the solemn moments. So, Doctor, tell me truly, may I stay here, and be clear of any imputations of curtailing, through wilfulness or impatiency, or through resentments which I hope I am got above, a life that might otherwise be

prolonged? — Tell me, Sir; you are not talking to a coward in this respect; indeed you are not! — Unaffectedly smiling.

The doctor, turning to me, was at a loss what to say, lifting up his eyes only in admiration of her.

Never had any patient, said she, a more indulgent and more humane physician. But since you are loth to answer my question directly, I will put it in other words — You don't enjoin me to go into the air, Doctor, do you?

I do not, Madam. Nor do I now visit you as a physician; but as a person whose conversation I admire, and whose sufferings I condole. And, to explain myself more directly, as to the occasion of this day's visit in particular, I must tell you, Madam, that, understanding how much you suffer by the displeasure of your friends; and having no doubt but that, if they knew the way you are in, they would alter their conduct to you; and believing it must cut them to the heart, when too late, they shall be informed of every thing; I have resolved to apprize them by letter (stranger as I am to their persons) how necessary it is for some of them to attend you very speedily. For their sakes, Madam, let me press for your approbation of this measure.

She paused; and at last said, This is kind, very kind, in you, Sir. But I hope that you do not think me so perverse, and so obstinate, as to have left till now any means unessayed which I thought likely to move my friends in my favour. But now, Doctor, said she, I should be too much disturbed at their grief, if they were any of them to come or to send to me: and perhaps, if I found they still loved me, wish to live; and so should quit unwillingly that life, which I am now really fond of quitting, and hope to quit as becomes a person who has had such a weaning-time as I have been favoured with.

I hope, Madam, said I, we are not so near as you apprehend to that deplorable catastrophe you hint at with such an amazing presence of mind. And therefore I presume to second the doctor's motion, if it were only for the sake of your father and mother, that they may have the satisfaction, if they must lose you, to think they were first reconciled to you.

It is very kindly, very humanely considered, said she. But, if you think me not so very near my last hour, let me desire this may be postponed till I see what effect my cousin Morden's mediation may have. Perhaps he may vouchsafe to make me a visit yet, after his intended interview with Mr. Lovelace is over; of which, who knows, Mr. Belford, but your next letters may give an account? I hope it will not be a fatal one to any body. Will you promise me, Doctor, to forbear writing for two days only, and I will communicate to you any thing that occurs in that time; and then you shall take your own way? Mean time, I repeat my thanks for your goodness to me. — Nay, dear Doctor, hurry not away from me

so precipitately [for he was going, for fear of an offered fee]: I will no more affront you with tenders that have pained you for some time past: and since I must now, from this kindly-offered favour, look upon you only as a friend, I will assure you henceforth that I will give you no more uneasiness on that head: and now, Sir, I know I shall have the pleasure of seeing you oftener than heretofore.

The worthy gentleman was pleased with this assurance, telling her that he had always come to see her with great pleasure, but parted with her, on the account she hinted at, with as much pain; and that he should not have forborne to double his visits, could he have had this kind assurance as early as he wished for it.

There are few instances of like disinterestedness, I doubt, in this tribe. Till now I always held it for gospel, that friendship and physician were incompatible things; and little imagined that a man of medicine, when he had given over his patient to death, would think of any visits but those of ceremony, that he might stand well with the family, against it came to their turns to go through his turnpike.

After the doctor was gone, she fell into a very serious discourse of the vanity of life, and the wisdom of preparing for death, while health and strength remained, and before the infirmities of body impaired the faculties of the mind, and disabled them from acting with the necessary efficacy and clearness: the whole calculated for every one's meridian, but particularly, as it was easy to observe, for thine and mine.

She was very curious to know farther particulars of the behaviour of poor Belton in his last moments. You must not wonder at my inquiries, Mr. Belford, said she; For who is it, that is to undertake a journey into a country they never travelled to before, that inquires not into the difficulties of the road, and what accommodations are to be expected in the way?

I gave her a brief account of the poor man's terrors, and unwillingness to die: and, when I had done, Thus, Mr. Belford, said she, must it always be with poor souls who have never thought of their long voyage till the moment they are to embark for it.

She made other such observations upon this subject as, coming from the mouth of a person who will so soon be a companion for angels, I shall never forget. And indeed, when I went home, that I might engraft them the better on my memory, I entered them down in writing: but I will not let you see them until you are in a frame more proper to benefit by them than you are likely to be in one while.

Thus far had I written, when the unexpected early return of my servant with your packet (your's and he meeting at Slough, and exchanging letters) obliged me to leave off to give its contents a reading. — Here, therefore, I close this letter.

LETTER XXXIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY MORN. AUG. 29.

Now, Jack, will I give thee an account of what passed on occasion of the visit made us by Col. Morden.

He came on horseback, attended by one servant; and Lord M. received him as a relation of Miss Harlowe's with the highest marks of civility and respect.

After some general talk of the times, and of the weather, and such nonsense as Englishmen generally make their introductory topics to conversation, the Colonel addressed himself to Lord M. and to me, as follows:

I need not, my Lord, and Mr. Lovelace, as you know the relation I bear to the Harlowe family, make any apology for entering upon a subject, which, on account of that relation, you must think is the principal reason of the honour I have done myself in this visit.

Miss Harlowe, Miss Clarissa Harlowe's affair, said Lord M. with his usual forward bluntness. That, Sir, is what you mean. She is, by all accounts, the most excellent woman in the world.

I am glad to hear that is your Lordship's opinion of her. It is every one's.

It is not only my opinion, Col. Morden (proceeded the prating Peer), but it is the opinion of all my family. Of my sisters, of my nieces, and of Mr. Lovelace himself.

Col. Would to Heaven it had been always Mr. Lovelace's opinion of her!

Lovel. You have been out of England, Colonel, a good many years. Perhaps you are not yet fully apprized of all the particulars of this case.

Col. I have been out of England, Sir, about seven years. My cousin Clary was then about 12 years of age: but never was there at twenty so discreet, so prudent, and so excellent a creature. All that knew her, or saw her, admired her. Mind and person, never did I see such promises of perfection in any young lady: and I am told, nor is it to be wondered at, that, as she advanced to maturity, she more than justified and made good those promises. — Then as to fortune — what her father, what her uncles, and what I myself, intended to do for her, besides what her grandfather had done — there is not a finer fortune in the country.

Lovel. All this, Colonel, and more than this, is Miss Clarissa Harlowe; and had it not been for the implacableness and violence of her family (all resolved to push her upon a match as unworthy of her as hateful to her) she had still been happy.

Col. I own, Mr. Lovelace, the truth of what you observed just now, that I am not thoroughly acquainted with all that has passed between you and my cousin. But permit me to say, that when I first heard that you made your addresses to her,

I knew but of one objection against you; that, indeed, a very great one: and upon a letter sent me, I gave her my free opinion upon that subject.* But had it not been for that, I own, that, in my private mind, there could not have been a more suitable match: for you are a gallant gentleman, graceful in your person, easy and genteel in your deportment, and in your family, fortunes, and expectations, happy as a man can wish to be. Then the knowledge I had of you in Italy (although, give me leave to say, your conduct there was not wholly unexceptionable) convinces me that you are brave: and few gentlemen come up to you in wit and vivacity. Your education has given you great advantages; your manners are engaging, and you have travelled; and I know, if you'll excuse me, you make better observations than you are governed by. All these qualifications make it not at all surprising that a young lady should love you: and that this love, joined to that indiscreet warmth wherewith my cousin's friends would have forced her inclinations in favour of men who are far your inferiors in the qualities I have named, should throw herself upon your protection. But then, if there were these two strong motives, the one to induce, the other to impel, her, let me ask you, Sir, if she were not doubly entitled to generous usage from a man whom she chose for her protector; and whom, let me take the liberty to say, she could so amply reward for the protection he was to afford her?

* See Vol. IV. Letter XIX.

Lovel. Miss Clarissa Harlowe was entitled, Sir, to have the best usage that man could give her. I have no scruple to own it. I will always do her the justice she so well deserves. I know what will be your inference; and have only to say, that time past cannot be recalled; perhaps I wish it could.

The Colonel then, in a very manly strain, set forth the wickedness of attempting a woman of virtue and character. He said, that men had generally too many advantages from the weakness, credulity, and inexperience of the fair sex: that their early learning, which chiefly consisted in inflaming novels, and idle and improbable romances, contributed to enervate and weaken their minds: that his cousin, however, he was sure, was above the reach of common seduction, and not to be influenced to the rashness her parents accused her of, by weaker motives than their violence, and the most solemn promises on my part: but, nevertheless, having those motives, and her prudence (eminent as it was) being rather the effect of constitution than experience, (a fine advantage, however, he said, to ground an unblamable future life upon,) she might not be apprehensive of bad designs in a man she loved: it was, therefore, a very heinous thing to abuse the confidence of such a woman.

He was going on in this trite manner; when, interrupting him, I said, These general observations, Colonel, suit not perhaps this particular case. But you

yourself are a man of gallantry; and, possibly, were you to be put to the question, might not be able to vindicate every action of your life, any more than I.

Col. You are welcome, Sir, to put what questions you please to me. And, I thank God, I can both own an be ashamed of my errors.

Lord M. looked at me; but as the Colonel did not by his manner seem to intend a reflection, I had no occasion to take it for one; especially as I can as readily own my errors, as he, or any man, can his, whether ashamed of them or not.

He proceeded. As you seem to call upon me, Mr. Lovelace, I will tell you (without boasting of it) what has been my general practice, till lately, that I hope I have reformed it a good deal.

I have taken liberties, which the laws of morality will by no means justify; and once I should have thought myself warranted to cut the throat of any young fellow who should make as free with a sister of mine as I have made with the sisters and daughters of others. But then I took care never to promise any thing I intended not to perform. A modest ear should as soon have heard downright obscenity from my lips, as matrimony, if I had not intended it. Young ladies are generally ready enough to believe we mean honourably, if they love us; and it would look lie a strange affront to their virtue and charms, that it should be supposed needful to put the question whether in your address you mean a wife. But when once a man make a promise, I think it ought to be performed; and a woman is well warranted to appeal to every one against the perfidy of a deceiver; and is always sure to have the world on her side.

Now, Sir, continued he, I believe you have so much honour as to own, that you could not have made way to so eminent a virtue, without promising marriage; and that very explicitly and solemnly —

I know very well, Colonel, interrupted I, all you would say. You will excuse me, I am sure, that I break in upon you, when you find it is to answer the end you drive at.

I own to you then that I have acted very unworthily by Miss Clarissa Harlowe; and I'll tell you farther, that I heartily repent of my ingratitude and baseness to her. Nay, I will say still farther, that I am so grossly culpable as to her, that even to plead that the abuses and affronts I daily received from her implacable relations were in any manner a provocation to me to act vilely by her, would be a mean and low attempt to excuse myself — so low and so mean, that it would doubly condemn me. And if you can say worse, speak it.

He looked upon Lord M. and then upon me, two or three times. And my Lord said, My kinsman speaks what he thinks, I'll answer for him.

Lovel. I do, Sir; and what can I say more? And what farther, in your opinion, can be done?

Col. Done! Sir? Why, Sir, [in a haughty tone he spoke,] I need not tell you that reparation follows repentance. And I hope you make no scruple of justifying your sincerity as to the one or the other.

I hesitated, (for I relished not the manner of his speech, and his haughty accent,) as undetermined whether to take proper notice of it or not.

Col. Let me put this question to you, Mr. Lovelace: Is it true, as I have heard it is, that you would marry my cousin, if she would have you? — What say you, Sir? —

This wound me up a peg higher.

Lovel. Some questions, as they may be put, imply commands, Colonel. I would be glad to know how I am to take your's? And what is to be the end of your interrogatories?

Col. My questions are not meant by me as commands, Mr. Lovelace. The end is, to prevail upon a gentleman to act like a gentleman, and a man of honour.

Lovel. (briskly) And by what arguments, Sir, do you propose to prevail upon me?

Col. By what arguments, Sir, prevail upon a gentleman to act like a gentleman! — I am surprised at that question from Mr. Lovelace.

Lovel. Why so, Sir?

Col. WHY so, Sir! (angrily) — Let me —

Lovel. (interrupting) I don't choose, Colonel, to be repeated upon, in that accent.

Lord M. Come, come, gentlemen, I beg of you to be willing to understand one another. You young gentlemen are so warm —

Col. Not I, my Lord — I am neither very young, nor unduly warm. Your nephew, my Lord, can make me be every thing he would have me to be.

Lovel. And that shall be, whatever you please to be, Colonel.

Col. (fiercely) The choice be your's, Mr. Lovelace. Friend or foe! as you do or are willing to do justice to one of the finest women in the world.

Lord M. I guessed, from both your characters, what would be the case when you met. Let me interpose, gentlemen, and beg you but to understand one another. You both shoot at one mark; and, if you are patient, will both hit it. Let me beg of you, Colonel, to give no challenges —

Col. Challenges, my Lord! — They are things I ever was readier to accept than to offer. But does your Lordship think that a man, so nearly related as I have the honour to be to the most accomplished woman on earth, —

Lord M. (interrupting) We all allow the excellencies of the lady — and we shall all take it as the greatest honour to be allied to her that can be conferred upon us.

Col. So you ought, my Lord! —

A perfect Chamont; thought I.*

* See Otway's Orphan.

Lord M. So we ought, Colonel! and so we do! — and pray let every one do as he ought! — and no more than he ought; and you, Colonel, let me tell you, will not be so hasty.

Lovel. (coolly) Come, come, Col. Morden, don't let this dispute, whatever you intend to make of it, go farther than with you and me. You deliver yourself in very high terms. Higher than ever I was talked to in my life. But here, beneath this roof, 'twould be inexcusable for me to take that notice of it which, perhaps, it would become me to take elsewhere.

Col. That is spoken as I wish the man to speak whom I should be pleased to call my friend, if all his actions were of a piece; and as I would have the man speak whom I would think it worth my while to call my foe. I love a man of spirit, as I love my soul. But, Mr. Lovelace, as my Lord thinks we aim at one mark, let me say, that were we permitted to be alone for six minutes, I dare say, we should soon understand one another perfectly well. — And he moved to the door.

Lovel. I am entirely of your opinion, Sir; and will attend you.

My Lord rung, and stept between us: Colonel, return, I beseech you return, said he: for he had stept out of the room while my Lord held me — Nephew, you shall not go out.

The bell and my Lord's raised voice brought in Mowbray, and Clements, my Lord's gentleman; the former in his careless way, with his hands behind him, What's the matter, Bobby? What's the matter, my Lord?

Only, only, only, stammered the agitated peer, these young gentlemen are, are, are — are young gentlemen, that's all. — Pray, Colonel Morden, [who again entered the room with a sedater aspect,] let this cause have a fair trial, I beseech you.

Col. With all my heart, my Lord.

Mowbray whispered me, What is the cause, Bobby? — Shall I take the gentleman to task for thee, my boy?

Not for the world, whispered I. The Colonel is a gentleman, and I desire you'll not say one word.

Well, well, well, Bobby, I have done. I can turn thee loose to the best man upon God's earth; that's all, Bobby; strutting off to the other end of the room.

Col. I am sorry, my Lord, I should give your Lordship the least uneasiness. I came not with such a design.

Lord M. Indeed, Colonel, I thought you did, by your taking fire so quickly. I am glad to hear you say you did not. How soon a little spark kindles into a flame;

especially when it meets with such combustible spirits!

Col. If I had had the least thought of proceeding to extremities, I am sure Mr. Lovelace would have given me the honour of a meeting where I should have been less an intruder: but I came with an amicable intention; to reconcile differences rather than to widen them.

Lovel. Well then, Colonel Morden, let us enter upon the subject in your own way. I don't know the man I should sooner choose to be upon terms with than one whom Miss Clarissa Harlowe so much respects. But I cannot bear to be treated, either in word or accent, in a menacing way.

Lord M. Well, well, well, well, gentlemen, this is somewhat like. Angry men make to themselves beds of nettles, and, when they lie down in them, are uneasy with every body. But I hope you are friends. Let me hear you say you are. I am persuaded, Colonel, that you don't know all this unhappy story. You don't know how desirous my kinsman is, as well as all of us, to have this matter end happily. You don't know, do you, Colonel, that Mr. Lovelace, at all our requests, is disposed to marry the lady?

Col. At all your requests, my Lord? — I should have hoped that Mr. Lovelace was disposed to do justice for the sake of justice; and when at the same time the doing of justice was doing himself the highest honour.

Mowbray lifted up his before half-closed eyes to the Colonel, and glanced them upon me.

Lovel. This is in very high language, Colonel.

Mowbr. By my soul, I thought so.

Col. High language, Mr. Lovelace? Is it not just language?

Lovel. It is, Colonel. And I think, the man that does honour to Miss Clarissa Harlowe, does me honour. But, nevertheless, there is a manner in speaking, that may be liable to exception, where the words, without that manner, can bear none.

Col. Your observation in the general is undoubtedly just: but, if you have the value for my cousin that you say you have, you must needs think —

Lovel. You must allow me, Sir, to interrupt you — IF I have the value I say I have — I hope, Sir, when I say I have that value, there is no room for that if, pronounced as you pronounced it with an emphasis.

Col. You have broken in upon me twice, Mr. Lovelace. I am as little accustomed to be broken in upon, as you are to be repeated upon.

Lord M. Two barrels of gunpowder, by my conscience! What a devil will it signify talking, if thus you are to blow one another up at every word?

Lovel. No man of honour, my Lord, will be easy to have his veracity called into question, though but by implication.

Col. Had you heard me out, Mr. Lovelace, you would have found, that my if was rather an if of inference, than of doubt. But 'tis, really a strange liberty gentlemen of free principles take; who at the same time that they would resent unto death the imputation of being capable of telling an untruth to a man, will not scruple to break through the most solemn oaths and promises to a woman. I must assure you, Mr. Lovelace, that I always made a conscience of my vows and promises.

Lovel. You did right, Colonel. But let me tell you, Sir, that you know not the man you talk to, if you imagine he is not able to rise to a proper resentment, when he sees his generous confessions taken for a mark of base-spiritedness.

Col. (warmly, and with a sneer,) Far be it from me, Mr. Lovelace, to impute to you the baseness of spirit you speak of; for what would that be but to imagine that a man, who has done a very flagrant injury, is not ready to show his bravery in defending it —

Mowbr. This is d —— d severe, Colonel. It is, by Jove. I could not take so much at the hands of any man breathing as Mr. Lovelace before this took at your's.

Col. Who are you, Sir? What pretence have you to interpose in a cause where there is an acknowledged guilt on one side, and the honour of a considerable family wounded in the tenderest part by that guilt on the other?

Mowbr. (whispering to the Colonel) My dear child, you will oblige me highly if you will give me the opportunity of answering your question. And was going out.

The Colonel was held in by my Lord. And I brought in Mowbray.

Col. Pray, my good Lord, let me attend this officious gentleman, I beseech you do. I will wait upon your Lordship in three minutes, depend upon it.

Lovel. Mowbray, is this acting like a friend by me, to suppose me incapable of answering for myself? And shall a man of honour and bravery, as I know Colonel Morden to be, (rash as perhaps in this visit he has shown himself,) have it to say, that he comes to my Lord M.'s house, in a manner naked as to attendants and friends, and shall not for that reason be rather borne with than insulted? This moment, my dear Mowbray, leave us. You have really no concern in this business; and if you are my friend, I desire you'll ask the Colonel pardon for interfering in it in the manner you have done.

Mowbr. Well, well, Bob.; thou shalt be arbiter in this matter; I know I have no business in it — and, Colonel, (holding out his hand,) I leave you to one who knows how to defend his own cause as well as any man in England.

Col. (taking Mowbray's hand, at Lord M.'s request,) You need not tell me that, Mr. Mowbray. I have no doubt of Mr. Lovelace's ability to defend his own cause,

were it a cause to be defended. And let me tell you, Mr. Lovelace, that I am astonished to think that a brave man, and a generous man, as you have appeared to be in two or three instances that you have given in the little knowledge I have of you, should be capable of acting as you have done by the most excellent of her sex.

Lord M. Well, but, gentlemen, now Mr. Mowbray is gone, and you have both shown instances of courage and generosity to boot, let me desire you to lay your heads together amicably, and think whether there be any thing to be done to make all end happily for the lady?

Lovel. But hold, my Lord, let me say one thing, now Mowbray is gone; and that is, that I think a gentleman ought not to put up tamely one or two severe things that the Colonel has said.

Lord M. What the devil canst thou mean? I thought all had been over. Why thou hast nothing to do but to confirm to the Colonel that thou art willing to marry Miss Harlowe, if she will have thee.

Col. Mr. Lovelace will not scruple to say that, I suppose, notwithstanding all that has passed: but if you think, Mr. Lovelace, I have said any thing I should not have said, I suppose it is this, that the man who has shown so little of the thing honour, to a defenceless unprotected woman, ought not to stand so nicely upon the empty name of it, with a man who is expostulating with him upon it. I am sorry to have cause to say this, Mr. Lovelace; but I would, on the same occasion, repeat it to a king upon his throne, and surrounded by all his guards.

Lord M. But what is all this, but more sacks upon the mill? more coals upon the fire? You have a mind to quarrel both of you, I see that. Are you not willing, Nephew, are you not most willing, to marry this lady, if she can be prevailed upon to have you?

Lovel. D — n me, my Lord, if I'd marry my empress upon such treatment as this.

Lord M. Why now, Bob., thou art more choleric than the Colonel. It was his turn just now. And now you see he is cool, you are all gunpowder.

Lovel. I own the Colonel has many advantages over me; but, perhaps, there is one advantage he has not, if it were put to the trial.

Col. I came not hither, as I said before, to seek the occasion: but if it were offered me, I won't refuse it — and since we find we disturb my good Lord M. I'll take my leave, and will go home by the way of St. Alban's.

Lovel. I'll see you part of the way, with all my heart, Colonel.

Col. I accept your civility very cheerfully, Mr. Lovelace.

Lord M. (interposing again, as we were both for going out,) And what will this do, gentlemen? Suppose you kill one another, will the matter be bettered or

worsted by that? Will the lady be made happier or unhappier, do you think, by either or both of your deaths? Your characters are too well known to make fresh instances of the courage of either needful. And, I think, if the honour of the lady is your view, Colonel, it can by no other way so effectually promoted as by marriage. And, Sir, if you would use your interest with her, it is very probable that you may succeed, though nobody else can.

Lovel. I think, my Lord, I have said all that a man can say, (since what is passed cannot be recalled:) and you see Colonel Morden rises in proportion to my coolness, till it is necessary for me to assert myself, or even he would despise me.

Lord M. Let me ask you, Colonel, have you any way, any method, that you think reasonable and honourable to propose, to bring about a reconciliation with the lady? That is what we all wish for. And I can tell you, Sir, it is not a little owing to her family, and to their implacable usage of her, that her resentments are heightened against my kinsman; who, however, has used her vilely; but is willing to repair her wrongs. —

Lovel. Not, my Lord, for the sake of her family; nor for this gentleman's haughty behaviour; but for her own sake, and in full sense of the wrongs I have done her.

Col. As to my haughty behaviour, as you call it, Sir, I am mistaken if you would not have gone beyond it in the like case of a relation so meritorious, and so unworthily injured. And, Sir, let me tell you, that if your motives are not love, honour, and justice, and if they have the least tincture of mean compassion for her, or of an uncheerful assent on your part, I am sure it will neither be desired or accepted by a person of my cousin's merit and sense; nor shall I wish that it should.

Lovel. Don't think, Colonel, that I am meanly compounding off a debate, that I should as willingly go through with you as to eat or drink, if I have the occasion given me for it: but thus much I will tell you, that my Lord, that Lady Sarah Sadleir, Lady Betty Lawrance, my two cousins Montague, and myself, have written to her in the most solemn and sincere manner, to offer her such terms as no one but herself would refuse, and this long enough before Colonel Morden's arrival was dreamt of.

Col. What reason, Sir, may I ask, does she give, against listening to so powerful a mediation, and to such offers?

Lovel. It looks like capitulating, or else —

Col. It looks not like any such thing to me, Mr. Lovelace, who have as good an opinion of your spirit as man can have. And what, pray, is the part I act, and my motives for it? Are they not, in desiring that justice may be done to my Cousin

Clarissa Harlowe, that I seek to establish the honour of Mrs. Lovelace, if matters can once be brought to bear?

Lovel. Were she to honour me with her acceptance of that name, Mr. Morden, I should not want you or any man to assert the honour of Mrs. Lovelace.

Col. I believe it. But still she has honoured you with that acceptance, she is nearer to me than to you, Mr. Lovelace. And I speak this, only to show you that, in the part I take, I mean rather to deserve your thanks than your displeasure, though against yourself, were there occasion. Nor ought you take it amiss, if you rightly weigh the matter: For, Sir, whom does a lady want protection against but her injurers? And who has been her greatest injurer? — Till, therefore, she becomes entitled to your protection, as your wife, you yourself cannot refuse me some merit in wishing to have justice done my cousin. But, Sir, you were going to say, that if it were not to look like capitulating, you would hint the reasons my cousin gives against accepting such an honourable mediation?

I then told him of my sincere offers of marriage: ‘I made no difficulty, I said, to own my apprehensions, that my unhappy behaviour to her had greatly affected her: but that it was the implacableness of her friends that had thrown her into despair, and given her a contempt for life.’ I told him, ‘that she had been so good as to send me a letter to divert me from a visit my heart was set upon making her: a letter on which I built great hopes, because she assured me that in it she was going to her father’s; and that I might see her there, when she was received, if it were not my own fault.

Col. Is it possible? And were you, Sir, thus earnest? And did she send you such a letter?

Lord M. confirmed both; and also, that, in obedience to her desires, and that intimation, I had come down without the satisfaction I had proposed to myself in seeing her.

It is very true, Colonel, said I: and I should have told you this before: but your heat made me decline it; for, as I said, it had an appearance of meanly capitulating with you. An abjectness of heart, of which, had I been capable, I should have despised myself as much as I might have expected you would despise me.

Lord M. proposed to enter into the proof of all this. He said, in his phraseological way, That one story was good till another was heard; and that the Harlowe family and I, ’twas true, had behaved like so many Orsons to one another; and that they had been very free with all our family besides: that nevertheless, for the lady’s sake, more than for their’s, or even for mine, (he could tell me,) he would do greater things for me than they could ask, if she could be brought to have me: and that this he wanted to declare, and would sooner have

declared, if he could have brought us sooner to patience, and a good understanding.

The Colonel made excuses for his warmth, on the score of his affection to his cousin.

My regard for her made me readily admit them: and so a fresh bottle of Burgundy, and another of Champagne, being put upon the table, we sat down in good humour, after all this blustering, in order to enter closer into the particulars of the case: which I undertook, at both their desires, to do.

But these things must be the subject of another letter, which shall immediately follow this, if it do not accompany it.

Mean time you will observe that a bad cause gives a man great disadvantages: for I myself thing that the interrogatories put to me with so much spirit by the Colonel made me look cursedly mean; at the same time that it gave him a superiority which I know not how to allow to the best man in Europe. So that, literally speaking, as a good man would infer, guilt is its own punisher: in that it makes the most lofty spirit look like the miscreant he is — a good man, I say: So, Jack, proleptically I add, thou hast no right to make the observation.

LETTER XL

MR. LOVELACE [IN CONTINUATION.] TUESDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 29.

I went back, in this part of our conversation, to the day that I was obliged to come down to attend my Lord in the dangerous illness which some feared would have been his last.

I told the Colonel, ‘what earnest letters I had written to a particular friend, to engage him to prevail upon the lady not to slip a day that had been proposed for the private celebration of our nuptials; and of my letters* written to her on that subject;’ for I had stepped to my closet, and fetched down all the letters and draughts and copies of letters relating to this affair.

* See Vol. VI. Letters XXXVII. XXXVIII. XXXIX. XLIII.

I read to him, ‘several passages in the copies of those letters, which, thou wilt remember, make not a little to my honour.’ And I told him, ‘that I wished I had kept copies of those to my friend on the same occasion; by which he would have seen how much in earnest I was in my professions to her, although she would not answer one of them;’ and thou mayest remember, that one of those four letters accounted to herself why I was desirous she should remain where I had left her.*

* See Vol. VI. Letter XXXVII.

I then proceeded to give him an account ‘of the visit made by Lady Sarah and Lady Betty to Lord M. and me, in order to induce me to do her justice: of my readiness to comply with their desires; and of their high opinion of her merit: of the visit made to Miss Howe by my cousins Montague, in the name of us all, to engage her interest with her friend in my behalf: of my conversation with Miss Howe, at a private assembly, to whom I gave the same assurances, and besought her interest with her friend.’

I then read a copy of the letter (though so much to my disadvantage) which was written to her by Miss Charlotte Montague, Aug. 1,* entreating her alliance in the names of all our family.

* See Vol. VII. Letter LXVI.

This made him ready to think that his fair cousin carried her resentment against me too far. He did not imagine, he said, that either myself or our family had been so much in earnest.

So thou seest, Belford, that it is but glossing over one part of a story, and omitting another, that will make a bad cause a good one at any time. What an admirable lawyer should I have made! And what a poor hand would this charming creature, with all her innocence, have made of it in a court of justice against a man who had so much to say and to show for himself!

I then hinted at the generous annual tender which Lord M. and his sisters made to his fair cousin, in apprehension that she might suffer by her friends' implacableness.

And this also the Colonel highly applauded, and was pleased to lament the unhappy misunderstanding between the two families, which had made the Harlowes less fond of an alliance with a family of so much honour as this instance showed ours to be.

I then told him, 'That having, by my friend, [meaning thee,] who was admitted into her presence, (and who had always been an admirer of her virtues, and had given me such advice from time to time in relation to her as I wished I had followed,) been assured that a visit from me would be very disagreeable to her, I once more resolved to try what a letter would do; and that, accordingly, on the seventh of August, I wrote her one.

'This, Colonel, is the copy of it. I was then out of humour with my Lord M. and the ladies of my family. You will, therefore, read it to yourself.'*

* See Vol. VII. Letter LXXIX.

This letter gave him high satisfaction. You write here, Mr. Lovelace, from your heart. 'Tis a letter full of penitence and acknowledgement. Your request is reasonable — To be forgiven only as you shall appear to deserve it after a time of probation, which you leave to her to fix. Pray, Sir, did she return an answer to this letter?

She did, but with reluctance, I own, and not till I had declared by my friend, that, if I could not procure one, I would go up to town, and throw myself at her feet.

I wish I might be permitted to see it, Sir, or to hear such parts of it read as you shall think proper.

Turning over my papers, Here it is, Sir.* I will make no scruple to put it into your hands.

This is very obliging, Mr. Lovelace.

He read it. My charming cousin! — How strong her resentments! — Yet how charitable her wishes! — Good Heaven! that such an excellent creature — But, Mr. Lovelace, it is to your regret, as much as to mine, I doubt not —

Interrupting him, I swore that it was.

So it ought, said he. Nor do I wonder that it should be so. I shall tell you by-and-by, proceeded he, how much she suffers with her friends by false and villanous reports. But, Sir, will you permit me to take with me these two letters? I shall make use of them to the advantage of you both.

I told him I would oblige him with all my heart. And this he took very kindly (as he had reason); and put them in his pocket-book, promising to return hem in a

few days.

I then told him, ‘That upon this her refusal, I took upon myself to go to town, in hopes to move her in my favour; and that, though I went without giving her notice of my intention, yet had she got some notion of my coming, and so contrived to be out of the way: and at last, when she found I was fully determined at all events to see her, before I went abroad, (which I shall do, said I, if I cannot prevail upon her,) she sent me the letter I have already mentioned to you, desiring me to suspend my purposed visit: and that for a reason which amazes and confounds me; because I don’t find there is any thing in it: and yet I never knew her once dispense with her word; for she always made it a maxim, that it was not lawful to do evil, that good might come of it: and yet in this letter, for no reason in the world but to avoid seeing me (to gratify an humour only) has she sent me out of town, depending upon the assurance she had given me.’

Col. This is indeed surprising. But I cannot believe that my cousin, for such an end only, or indeed for any end, according to the character I hear of her, should stoop to make use of such an artifice.

Lovel. This, Colonel, is the thing that astonishes me; and yet, see here! — This is the letter she wrote me — Nay, Sir, ’tis her own hand.

Col. I see it is; and a charming hand it is.

Lovel. You observe, Colonel, that all her hopes of reconciliation with her parents are from you. You are her dear blessed friend! She always talked of you with delight.

Col. Would to Heaven I had come to England before she left Harlowe-place! — Nothing of this had then happened. Not a man of those whom I have heard that her friends proposed for her should have had her. Nor you, Mr. Lovelace, unless I had found you to be the man every one who sees you must wish you to be: and if you had been that man, no one living should I have preferred to you for such an excellence.

My Lord and I both joined in the wish: and ‘faith I wished it most cordially.

The Colonel read the letter twice over, and then returned it to me. ’Tis all a mystery, said he. I can make nothing of it. For, alas! her friends are as averse to a reconciliation as ever.

Lord M. I could not have thought it. But don’t you think there is something very favourable to my nephew in this letter — something that looks as if the lady would comply at last?

Col. Let me die if I know what to make of it. This letter is very different from her preceding one! — You returned an answer to it, Mr. Lovelace?

Lovel. An answer, Colonel! No doubt of it. And an answer full of transport. I told her, ‘I would directly set out for Lord M.’s, in obedience to her will. I told her

that I would consent to any thing she should command, in order to promote this happy reconciliation. I told her that it should be my hourly study, to the end of my life, to deserve a goodness so transcendent.' But I cannot forbear saying that I am not a little shocked and surprised, if nothing more be meant by it than to get me into the country without seeing her.

Col. That can't be the thing, depend upon it, Sir. There must be more in it than that. For, were that all, she must think you would soon be undeceived, and that you would then most probably resume your intention — unless, indeed, she depended upon seeing me in the interim, as she knew I was arrived. But I own I know not what to make of it. Only that she does me a great deal of honour, if it be me that she calls her dear blessed friend, whom she always loved and honoured. Indeed I ever loved her: and if I die unmarried, and without children, shall be as kind to her as her grandfather was: and the rather, as I fear there is too much of envy and self-love in the resentments her brother and sister endeavour to keep up in her father and mother against her. But I shall know better how to judge of this, when my cousin James comes from Edinburgh; and he is every hour expected.

But let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace, what is the name of your friend, who is admitted so easily into my cousin's presence? Is it not Belford, pray?

Lovel. It is, Sir; and Mr. Belford's a man of honour; and a great admirer of your fair cousin.

Was I right, as to the first, Jack? The last I have such strong proof of, that it makes me question the first; since she would not have been out of the way of my intended visit but for thee.

Col. Are you sure, Sir, that Mr. Belford is a man of honour?

Lovel. I can swear for him, Colonel. What makes you put this question?

Col. Only this: that an officious pragmatical novice has been sent up to inquire into my cousin's life and conversation: And, would you believe it? the frequent visits of this gentlemen have been interpreted basely to her disreputation. — Read that letter, Mr. Lovelace; and you will be shocked at ever part of it.

This cursed letter, no doubt, is from the young Levite, whom thou, Jack, describest as making inquiry of Mrs. Smith about Miss Harlowe's character and visiters.*

* See Vol. VII. Letter LXXXI.

I believe I was a quarter of an hour in reading it: for I made it, though not a short one, six times as long as it is, by the additions of oaths and curses to every pedantic line. Lord M. too helped to lengthen it, by the like execrations. And thou, Jack, wilt have as much reason to curse it as we.

You cannot but see, said the Colonel, when I had done reading it, that this fellow has been officious in his malevolence; for what he says is mere hearsay,

and that hearsay conjectural scandal without fact, or the appearance of fact, to support it; so that an unprejudiced eye, upon the face of the letter, would condemn the writer of it, as I did, and acquit my cousin. But yet, such is the spirit by which the rest of my relations are governed, that they run away with the belief of the worst it insinuates, and the dear creature has had shocking letters upon it; the pedant's hints are taken; and a voyage to one of the colonies has been proposed to her, as the only way to avoid Mr. Belford and you. I have not seen these letters indeed; but they took a pride in repeating some of their contents, which must have cut the poor soul to the heart; and these, joined to her former sufferings, — What have you not, Mr. Lovelace, to answer for?

Lovel. Who the devil could have expected such consequences as these? Who could have believe there could be parents so implacable? Brother and sister so immovably fixed against the only means that could be taken to put all right with every body? — And what now can be done?

Lord M. I have great hopes that Col. Morden may yet prevail upon his cousin. And, by her last letter, it runs in my mind that she has some thoughts of forgiving all that's past. Do you think, Colonel, if there should not be such a thing as a reconciliation going forward at present, that her letter may not imply that, if we could bring such a thing to bear with her friends, she would be reconciled with Mr. Lovelace?

Col. Such an artifice would better become the Italian subtilty than the English simplicity. Your Lordship has been in Italy, I presume?

Lovel. My Lord has read Boccaccio, perhaps; and that's as well, as to the hint he gives, which may be borrowed from one of that author's stories. But Miss Clarissa Harlowe is above all artifice. She must have some meaning I cannot fathom.

Col. Well, my Lord, I can only say that I will make some use of the letters Mr. Lovelace has obliged me with: and after I have had some talk with my cousin James, who is hourly expected; and when I have dispatched two or three affairs that press upon me; I will pay my respects to my dear cousin; and shall then be able to form a better judgment of things. Mean time I will write to her; for I have sent to inquire about her, and find she wants consolation.

Lovel. If you favour me, Colonel, with the d —— d letter of that fellow Brand for a day or two, you will oblige me.

Col. I will. But remember, the man is a parson, Mr. Lovelace; an innocent one too, they say. Else I had been at him before now. And these college novices, who think they know every thing in their cloisters, and that all learning lies in books, make dismal figures when they come into the world among men and women.

Lord M. Brand! Brand! It should have been Firebrand, I think in my conscience!

Thus ended this doughty conference.

I cannot say, Jack, but I am greatly taken with Col. Morden. He is brave and generous, and knows the world; and then his contempt of the parsons is a certain sign that he is one of us.

We parted with great civility: Lord M. (not a little pleased that we did, and as greatly taken with Colonel) repeated his wish, after the Colonel was gone, that he had arrived in time to save the lady, if that would have done it.

I wish so too. For by my soul, Jack, I am every day more and more uneasy about her. But I hope she is not so ill as I am told she is.

I have made Charlotte transcribe the letter of this Firebrand, as my Lord calls him; and will enclose her copy of it. All thy phlegm I know will be roused into vengeance when thou readest it.

I know not what to advise as to showing it to the lady. Yet, perhaps, she will be able to reap more satisfaction than concern from it, knowing her own innocence; in that it will give her to hope that her friends' treatment of her is owing as much to misrepresentation as to their own natural implacableness. Such a mind as her's, I know, would be glad to find out the shadow of a reason for the shocking letters the Colonel says they have sent her, and for their proposal to her of going to some one of the colonies [confound them all — but, if I begin to curse, I shall never have done] — Then it may put her upon such a defence as she might be glad of an opportunity to make, and to shame them for their monstrous credulity — but this I leave to thy own fat-headed prudence — Only it vexes me to the heart, that even scandal and calumny should dare to surmise the bare possibility of any man sharing the favours of a woman, whom now methinks I could worship with a veneration due only to a divinity.

Charlotte and her sister could not help weeping at the base aspersion: When, when, said Patty, lifting up her hands, will this sweet lady's sufferings be at an end? — O cousin Lovelace! —

And thus am I blamed for every one's faults! — When her brutal father curses her, it is I. I upbraid her with her severe mother. The implacableness of her stupid uncles is all mine. The virulence of her brother, and the spite of her sister, are entirely owing to me. The letter of this rascal Brand is of my writing — O Jack, what a wretch is thy Lovelace!

* * *

Returned without a letter! — This d —— d fellow Will. is returned without a letter! — Yet the rascal tells me that he hears you have been writing to me these two days!

Plague confound thee, who must know my impatience, and the reason for it!

To send a man and horse on purpose; as I did! My imagination chained me to the belly of the beast, in order to keep pace with him! — Now he is got to this place; now to that; now to London; now to thee!

Now [a letter given him] whip and spur upon the return. This town just entered, not staying to bait: that village passed by: leaves the wind behind him; in a foaming sweat man and horse.

And in this way did he actually enter Lord M.'s courtyard.

The reverberating pavement brought me down — The letter, Will.! The letter, dog! — The letter, Sirrah!

No letter, Sir! — Then wildly staring round me, fists clenched, and grinning like a maniac, Confound thee for a dog, and him that sent thee without one! — This moment out of my sight, or I'll scatter thy stupid brains through the air. I snatched from his holsters a pistol, while the rascal threw himself from the foaming beast, and ran to avoid the fate which I wished with all my soul thou hadst been within the reach of me to have met with.

But, to be as meek as a lamb to one who has me at his mercy, and can wring and torture my soul as he pleases, What canst thou mean to send back my varlet without a letter? — I will send away by day-dawn another fellow upon another beast for what thou hast written; and I charge thee on thy allegiance, that thou dispatch him not back empty-handed.

POSTSCRIPT

Charlotte, in a whim of delicacy, is displeased that I send the enclosed letter to you — that her handwriting, forsooth! should go into the hands of a single man!

There's encouragement for thee, Belford! This is a certain sign that thou may'st have her if thou wilt. And yet, till she has given me this unerring demonstration of her glancing towards thee, I could not have thought it. Indeed I have often in pleasantry told her that I would bring such an affair to bear. But I never intended it; because she really is a dainty girl; and thou art such a clumsy fellow in thy person, that I should as soon have wished her a rhinoceros for a husband as thee. But, poor little dears! they must stay till their time's come! They won't have this man, and they won't have that man, from seventeen to twenty-five: but then, afraid, as the saying is, that God has forgot them, and finding their bloom departing, they are glad of whom they can get, and verify the fable of the parson and the pears.

LETTER XLI

MR. BRAND, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ. [ENCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

WORTHY SIR, MY VERY GOOD FRIEND AND PATRON,

I arrived in town yesterday, after a tolerably pleasant journey (considering the hot weather and dusty roads). I put up at the Bull and Gate in Holborn, and hastened to Covent-garden. I soon found the house where the unhappy lady lodgeth. And, in the back shop, had a good deal of discourse* with Mrs. Smith, (her landlady,) whom I found to be so ‘highly prepossessed’* * in her ‘favour,’ that I saw it would not answer your desires to take my informations ‘altogether’ from her: and being obliged to attend my patron, (who to my sorrow,

* See Vol. VII. Letter LXXXI. * * Transcriber’s note: Mr. Brand’s letters are characterized by a style that makes excessive use of italics for emphasis. Although in the remainder of *Clarissa* I have largely disregarded italics for the sake of plain-text formatting, this style makes such emphatic use of italics that I have indicated all such instances in his letters by placing the italicized words and phrases in quotations, thus ‘ ‘.

‘Miserum et aliena vivere quadra,’)

I find wanteth much waiting upon, and is ‘another’ sort of man than he was at college: for, Sir, ‘inter nos,’ ‘honours change manners.’ For the ‘aforesaid causes,’ I thought it would best answer all the ends of the commission with which you honoured me, to engage, in the desired scrutiny, the wife of a ‘particular friend,’ who liveth almost over-against the house where she lodgeth, and who is a gentlewoman of ‘character,’ and ‘sobriety,’ a ‘mother of children,’ and one who ‘knoweth’ the ‘world’ well.

To her I applied myself, therefore, and gave her a short history of the case, and desired she would very particularly inquire into the ‘conduct’ of the unhappy young lady; her ‘present way of life’ and ‘subsistence’; her ‘visiters,’ her ‘employments,’ and such-like: for these, Sir, you know, are the things whereof you wished to be informed.

Accordingly, Sir, I waited upon the gentlewoman aforesaid, this day; and, to ‘my’ very great trouble, (because I know it will be to ‘your’s,’ and likewise to all your worthy family’s,) I must say, that I do find things look a little more ‘darkly’ than I hoped the would. For, alas! Sir, the gentlewoman’s report turneth out not so

‘favourable’ for Miss’s reputation, as ‘I’ wished, as ‘you’ wished, and as ‘every one’ of her friends wished. But so it is throughout the world, that ‘one false step’ generally brings on ‘another’; and peradventure ‘a worse,’ and ‘a still worse’; till the poor ‘limed soul’ (a very fit epithet of the Divine Quarles’s!) is quite ‘entangled,’ and (without infinite mercy) lost for ever.

It seemeth, Sir, she is, notwithstanding, in a very ‘ill state of health.’ In this, ‘both’ gentlewomen (that is to say, Mrs. Smith, her landlady, and my friend’s wife) agree. Yet she goeth often out in a chair, to ‘prayers’ (as it is said). But my friend’s wife told me, that nothing is more common in London, than that the frequenting of the church at morning prayers is made the ‘pretence’ and ‘cover’ for ‘private assignations.’ What a sad thing is this! that what was designed for ‘wholesome nourishment’ to the ‘poor soul,’ should be turned into ‘rank poison!’ But as Mr. Daniel de Foe (an ingenious man, though a ‘dissenter’) observeth (but indeed it is an old proverb; only I think he was the first that put it into verse)

God never had a house of pray’r
But Satan had a chapel there.

Yet to do the lady ‘justice,’ nobody cometh home with her: nor indeed ‘can’ they, because she goeth forward and backward in a ‘sedan,’ or ‘chair,’ (as they call it). But then there is a gentleman of ‘no good character’ (an ‘intimado’ of Mr. Lovelace) who is a ‘constant’ visiter of her, and of the people of the house, whom he ‘regaleth’ and ‘treateth,’ and hath (of consequence) their ‘high good words.’

I have thereupon taken the trouble (for I love to be ‘exact’ in any ‘commission’ I undertake) to inquire ‘particularly’ about this ‘gentleman,’ as he is called (albeit I hold no man so but by his actions: for, as Juvenal saith,

— ‘Nobilitas sola est, atque unica virtus’)

And this I did ‘before’ I would sit down to write to you.

His name is Belford. He hath a paternal estate of upwards of one thousand pounds by the year; and is now in mourning for an uncle who left him very considerably besides. He beareth a very profligate character as to ‘women,’ (for I inquired particularly about ‘that,’) and is Mr. Lovelace’s more especial ‘privado,’ with whom he holdeth a ‘regular correspondence’; and hath been often seen with Miss (tête à tête) at the ‘window’ — in no ‘bad way,’ indeed: but my friend’s wife is of opinion that all is not ‘as it should be.’ And, indeed, it is mighty strange to me, if Miss be so ‘notable a penitent’ (as is represented) and if she have such an ‘aversion’ to Mr. Lovelace, that she will admit his ‘privado’ into ‘her retirements,’ and see ‘no other company.’

I understand, from Mrs. Smith, that Mr. Hickman was to see her some time ago, from Miss Howe; and I am told, by ‘another’ hand, (you see, Sir, how diligent I have been to execute the ‘commissions’ you gave me,) that he had no

‘extraordinary opinion’ of this Belford at first; though they were seen together one morning by the opposite neighbour, at ‘breakfast’: and another time this Belford was observed to ‘watch’ Mr. Hickman’s coming from her; so that, as it should seem, he was mighty zealous to ‘ingratiate’ himself with Mr. Hickman; no doubt to engage him to make a ‘favourable report to Miss Howe’ of the ‘intimacy’ he was admitted into by her unhappy friend; who (‘as she is very ill’) may ‘mean no harm’ in allowing his visits, (for he, it seemeth, brought to her, or recommended, at least, the doctor and apothecary that attend her:) but I think (upon the whole) ‘it looketh not well.’

I am sorry, Sir, I cannot give you a better account of the young lady’s ‘prudence.’ But, what shall we say?

‘Uvaque conspectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ,’

as Juvenal observeth.

One thing I am afraid of; which is, that Miss may be under ‘necessities’; and that this Belford (who, as Mrs. Smith owns, hath ‘offered her money,’ which she, ‘at the time,’ refused) may find an opportunity to ‘take advantage’ of those ‘necessities’: and it is well observed by that poet, that

‘Ægrè formosam poteris servare puellam:
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, forma petita ruit.’

And this Belford (who is a ‘bold man,’ and hath, as they say, the ‘look’ of one) may make good that of Horace, (with whose writings you are so well acquainted; nobody better;)

‘Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.’

Forgive me, Sir, for what I am going to write: but if you could prevail upon the rest of your family to join in the scheme which ‘you,’ and her ‘virtuous sister,’ Miss Arabella, and the Archdeacon, and I, once talked of, (which is to persuade the unhappy young lady to go, in some ‘creditable’ manner, to some one of the foreign colonies,) it might not save only her ‘own credit’ and ‘reputation,’ but the ‘reputation’ and ‘credit’ of all her ‘family,’ and a great deal of ‘vexation’ moreover. For it is my humble opinion, that you will hardly (any of you) enjoy yourselves while this (‘once’ innocent) young lady is in the way of being so frequently heard of by you: and this would put her ‘out of the way’ both of ‘this Belford’ and of ‘that Lovelace,’ and it might, peradventure, prevent as much ‘evil’ as ‘scandal.’

You will forgive me, Sir, for this my ‘plainness.’ Ovid pleadeth for me,

‘ —— Adulator nullus amicus erit.’

And I have no view but that of approving myself a ‘zealous well-wisher’ to ‘all’ your worthy family, (whereto I owe a great number of obligations,) and very

particularly, Sir,

Your obliged and humble servant, ELIAS BRAND.

WEDN. AUG. 9.

P.S. I shall give you ‘farther hints’ when I come down, (which will be in a few days;) and who my ‘informants’ were; but by ‘these’ you will see, that I have been very assiduous (for the time) in the task you set me upon.

The ‘length’ of my letter you will excuse: for I need not tell you, Sir, what ‘narrative,’ ‘complex,’ and ‘conversation’ letters (such a one as ‘mine’) require. Every one to his ‘talent.’ ‘Letter-writing’ is mine. I will be bold to say; and that my ‘correspondence’ was much coveted in the university, on that account, by ‘tyros,’ and by ‘sophs,’ when I was hardly a ‘soph’ myself. But this I should not have taken upon myself to mention, but only in defence of the ‘length’ of my letter; for nobody writeth ‘shorter’ or ‘pithier,’ when the subject requireth ‘common forms’ only — but, in apologizing for my ‘prolixity,’ I am ‘adding’ to the ‘fault,’ (if it were one, which, however, I cannot think it to be, the ‘subject’ considered: but this I have said before in other words:) so, Sir, if you will excuse my ‘post-script,’ I am sure you will not find fault with my ‘letter.’

One word more as to a matter of ‘erudition,’ which you greatly love to hear me ‘start’ and ‘dwell upon.’ Dr. Lewen once, in ‘your’ presence, (as you, ‘my good patron,’ cannot but remember,) in a ‘smartish’ kind of debate between ‘him’ and ‘me,’ took upon him to censure the ‘paranthetical’ style, as I call it. He was a very learned and judicious man, to be sure, and an ornament to ‘our function’: but yet I must needs say, that it is a style which I greatly like; and the good Doctor was then past his ‘youth,’ and that time of life, of consequence, when a ‘fertile imagination,’ and a ‘rich fancy,’ pour in ideas so fast upon a writer, that parentheses are often wanted (and that for the sake of ‘brevity,’ as well as ‘perspicuity’) to save the reader the trouble of reading a passage ‘more than once.’ Every man to his talent, (as I said before.) We are all so apt to set up our ‘natural biasses’ for ‘general standards,’ that I wondered ‘the less’ at the worthy Doctor’s ‘stiffness’ on this occasion. He ‘smiled at me,’ you may remember, Sir — and, whether I was right or not, I am sure I ‘smiled at him.’ And ‘you,’ my ‘worthy patron,’ (as I had the satisfaction

to observe,) seemed to be of ‘my party.’ But was it not strange, that the ‘old gentleman’ and ‘I’ should so widely differ, when the ‘end’ with ‘both’ (that is to say, ‘perspicuity’ or ‘clearness,’) was the same? — But what shall we say? —

‘Errare est hominis, sed non persistere.’

I think I have nothing to add until I have the honour of attending you in ‘person’; but I am, (as above,) &c. &c. &c.

E.B.

LETTER XLII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AUG. 30.

It was lucky enough that our two servants met at Hannah's,* which gave them so good an opportunity of exchanging their letters time enough for each to return to his master early in the day.

* The Windmill, near Slough.

Thou dost well to boast of thy capacity for managing servants, and to set up for correcting our poets in their characters of this class of people,* when, like a madman, thou canst beat their teeth out, and attempt to shoot them through the head, for not bringing to thee what they had no power to obtain.

* See Letter XX. of this volume.

You well observe* that you would have made a thorough-paced lawyer. The whole of the conversation-piece between you and the Colonel affords a convincing proof that there is a black and a white side to every cause: But what must the conscience of a partial whitener of his own cause, or blackener of another's, tell him, while he is throwing dust in the eyes of his judges, and all the time knows his own guilt?

* See Letter XL. of this volume.

The Colonel, I see, is far from being a faultless man: but while he sought not to carry his point by breach of faith, he has an excuse which thou hast not. But, with respect to him, and to us all, I can now, with the detestation of some of my own actions, see, that the taking advantage of another person's good opinion of us to injure (perhaps to ruin) that other, is the most ungenerous wickedness that can be committed.

Man acting thus by man, we should not be at a loss to give such actions a name: But is it not doubly and trebly aggravated, when such advantage is taken of an unexperienced and innocent young creature, whom we pretend to love above all the women in the world; and when we seal our pretences by the most solemn vows and protestations of inviolable honour that we can invent?

I see that this gentleman is the best match thou ever couldest have had, upon all accounts: his spirit such another impetuous one as thy own; soon taking fire; vindictive; and only differing in this, that the cause he engages in is a just one. But commend me to honest brutal Mowbray, who, before he knew the cause, offers his sword in thy behalf against a man who had taken the injured side, and whom he had never seen before.

As soon as I had run through your letters, and the copy of that of the incendiary Brand's, (by the latter of which I saw to what cause a great deal of this last implacableness of the Harlowe family is owing,) I took coach to Smith's, although I had been come from thence but about an hour, and had taken leave of the lady for the night.

I sent up for Mrs. Lovick, and desired her, in the first place, to acquaint the lady (who was busied in her closet,) that I had letters from Berks: in which I was informed, that the interview between Colonel Morden and Mr. Lovelace had ended without ill consequences; that the Colonel intended to write to her very soon, and was interesting himself mean while, in her favour, with her relations; that I hoped that this agreeable news would be means of giving her good rest; and I would wait upon her in the morning, by the time she should return from prayers, with all the particulars.

She sent me word that she should be glad to see me in the morning; and was highly obliged to me for the good news I had sent her up.

I then, in the back shop, read to Mrs. Lovick and to Mrs. Smith the copy of Brand's letter, and asked them if they could guess at the man's informant? They were not at a loss; Mrs. Smith having seen the same fellow Brand who had talked with her, as I mentioned in the former,* come out of a milliner's shop over against them; which milliner, she said, had also lately been very inquisitive about the lady.

* See Vol. VII. Letter LXXXI.

I wanted no farther hint; but, bidding them take no notice to the lady of what I had read, I shot over the way, and, asking for the mistress of the house, she came to me.

Retiring with her, at her invitation, into her parlour, I desired to know if she were acquainted with a young country clergyman of the name of Brand. She hesitatingly, seeing me in some emotion, owned that she had some small knowledge of the gentleman. Just then came in her husband, who is, it seems, a petty officer of excise, (and not an ill-behaved man,) who owned a fuller knowledge of him.

I have the copy of a letter, said I, from this Brand, in which he has taken great liberties with my character, and with that of the most unblamable lady in the world, which he grounds upon information that you, Madam, have given him. And then I read to them several passages in his letter, and asked what foundation she had for giving that fellow such impressions of either of us?

They knew not what to answer: but at last said, that he had told them how wickedly the young lady had run away from her parents: what worthy and rich

people they were: in what favour he stood with them; and that they had employed him to inquire after her behaviour, visiters, &c.

They said, ‘That indeed they knew very little of the young lady; but that [curse upon their censoriousness!] it was but too natural to think, that, where a lady had given way to a delusion, and taken so wrong a step, she would not stop there: that the most sacred places and things were but too often made clokes for bad actions; that Mr. Brand had been informed (perhaps by some enemy of mine) that I was a man of very free principles, and an intimado, as he calls it, of the man who had ruined her. And that their cousin Barker, a manteau-maker, who lodged up one pair of stairs,’ (and who, at their desire, came down and confirmed what they said,) ‘had often, from her window, seen me with the lady in her chamber, and both talking very earnestly together; and that Mr. Brand, being unable to account for her admiring my visits, and knowing I was but a new acquaintance of her’s, and an old one of Mr. Lovelace, thought himself obliged to lay these matters before her friends.’

This was the sum and substance of their tale. O how I cursed the censoriousness of this plaguy triumvirate! A parson, a milliner, and a mantua-maker! The two latter, not more by business led to adorn the persons, than generally by scandal to destroy the reputations, of those they have a mind to exercise their talents upon!

The two women took great pains to persuade me that they themselves were people of conscience; — of consequence, I told them, too much addicted, I feared, to censure other people who pretended not to their strictness; for that I had ever found censoriousness, with those who affected to be thought more pious than their neighbours.

They answered, that that was not their case; and that they had since inquired into the lady’s character and manner of life, and were very much concerned to think any thing they had said should be made use of against her: and as they heard from Mrs. Smith that she was not likely to live long, they should be sorry she should go out of the world a sufferer by their means, or with an ill opinion of them, though strangers to her. The husband offered to write, if I pleased, to Mr. Brand, in vindication of the lady; and the two women said they should be glad to wait upon her in person, to beg her pardon for any thing she had reason to take amiss from them; because they were now convinced that there was not such another young lady in the world.

I told them that the least said of the affair to the lady, in her present circumstances, was best. That she was a heavenly creature, and fond of taking all occasions to find excuses for her relations on their implacableness to her: that therefore I should take some notice to her of the uncharitable and weak surmises

which gave birth to so vile a scandal: but that I would have him, Mr. Walton, (for that is the husband's name,) write to his acquaintance Brand as soon as possible, as he had offered; and so I left them.

As to what thou sayest of thy charming cousin, let me know if thou hast any meaning in it. I have not the vanity to think myself deserving of such a lady as Miss Montague; and should not therefore care to expose myself to her scorn and to thy derision. But were I assured I might avoid both of these, I would soon acquaint thee that I should think no pains nor assiduity too much to obtain a share in the good graces of such a lady.

But I know thee too well to depend upon any thing thou sayest on this subject. Thou lovest to make thy friends the objects of ridicule to ladies; and imaginest, from the vanity, (and, in this respect, I will say littleness,) of thine own heart, that thou shinest the brighter for the foil.

Thus didst thou once play off the rough Mowbray with Miss Hatton, till the poor fellow knew not how to go either backward or forward.

LETTER XLIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY, 11 O'CLOCK, AUG. 31.

I am just come from the lady, whom I left cheerful and serene.

She thanked me for my communication of the preceding night. I read to her such parts of your letters as I could read to her; and I thought it was a good test to distinguish the froth and whipt-syllabub in them from the cream, in what one could and could not read to a woman of so fine a mind; since four parts out of six of thy letters, which I thought entertaining as I read them to myself, appeared to me, when I should have read them to her, most abominable stuff, and gave me a very contemptible idea of thy talents, and of my own judgment.

She as far from rejoicing, as I had done, at the disappointment her letter gave you when explained.

She said, she meant only an innocent allegory, which might carry instruction and warning to you, when the meaning was taken, as well as answer her own hopes for the time. It was run off in a hurry. She was afraid it was not quite right in her. But hoped the end would excuse (if it could not justify) the means. And then she again expressed a good deal of apprehension lest you should still take it into your head to molest her, when her time, she said, was so short, that she wanted every moment of it; repeating what she had once said before, that, when she wrote, she was so ill that she believed she should not have lived till now: if she had thought she should, she must have studied for an expedient that would have better answered her intentions. Hinting at a removal out of the knowledge of us both.

But she was much pleased that the conference between you and Colonel Morden, after two or three such violent sallies, as I acquainted her you had had between you, ended so amicably; and said she must absolutely depend upon the promise I had given her to use my utmost endeavours to prevent farther mischief on her account.

She was pleased with the justice you did her character to her cousin.

She was glad to hear that he had so kind an opinion of her, and that he would write to her.

I was under an unnecessary concern, how to break to her that I had the copy of Brand's vile letter: unnecessary, I say; for she took it just as you thought she would, as an excuse she wished to have for the implacableness of her friends; and begged I would let her read it herself; for, said she, the contents cannot disturb me, be they what they will.

I gave it to her, and she read it to herself; a tear now and then being ready to start, and a sigh sometimes interposing.

She gave me back the letter with great and surprising calmness, considering the subject.

There was a time, said she, and that not long since, when such a letter as this would have greatly pained me. But I hope I have now go above all these things: and I can refer to your kind offices, and to those of Miss Howe, the justice that will be done to my memory among my friends. There is a good and a bad light in which every thing that befalls us may be taken. If the human mind will busy itself to make the worst of every disagreeable occurrence, it will never want woe. This letter, affecting as the subject of it is to my reputation, gives me more pleasure than pain, because I can gather from it, that had not my friends been prepossessed by misinformed or rash and officious persons, who are always at hand to flatter or soothe the passions of the affluent, they could not have been so immovably determined against me. But now they are sufficiently cleared from every imputation of unforgivingness; for, while I appeared to them in the character of a vile hypocrite, pretending to true penitence, yet giving up myself to profligate courses, how could I expect either their pardon or blessing?

But, Madam, said I, you'll see by the date of this letter, that their severity, previous to that, cannot be excused by it.

It imports me much, replied she, on account of my present wishes, as to the office you are so kind to undertake, that you should not think harshly of my friends. I must own to you, that I have been apt sometimes myself to think them not only severe but cruel. Suffering minds will be partial to their own cause and merits. Knowing their own hearts, if sincere, they are apt to murmur when harshly treated: But, if they are not believed to be innocent, by persons who have a right to decide upon their conduct according to their own judgments, how can it be helped? Besides, Sir, how do you know, that there are not about my friends as well-meaning misrepresenters as Mr. Brand really seems to be? But, be this as it will, there is no doubt that there are and have been multitudes of persons, as innocent as myself, who have suffered upon surmises as little probable as those on which Mr. Brand founds his judgment. Your intimacy, Sir, with Mr. Lovelace, and (may I say?) a character which, it seems, you have been less solicitous formerly to justify than perhaps you will be for the future, and your frequent visits to me may well be thought to be questionable circumstances in my conduct.

I could only admire her in silence.

But you see, Sir, proceeded she, how necessary it is for young people of our sex to be careful of our company. And how much, at the same time, it behoves young persons of your's to be chary of their own reputation, were it only for the

sake of such of our's as they may mean honourably by, and who otherwise may suffer in their good names for being seen in their company.

As to Mr. Brand, continued she, he is to be pitied; and let me enjoin you, Mr. Belford, not to take any resentments against him which may be detrimental either to his person or his fortunes. Let his function and his good meaning plead for him. He will have concern enough, when he finds every body, whose displeasure I now labour under, acquitting my memory of perverse guilt, and joining in a general pity for me.

This, Lovelace, is the woman whose life thou hast curtailed in the blossom of it! — How many opportunities must thou have had of admiring her inestimable worth, yet couldst have thy senses so much absorbed in the WOMAN, in her charming person, as to be blind to the ANGEL, that shines out in such full glory in her mind! Indeed, I have ever thought myself, when blest with her conversation, in the company of a real angel: and I am sure it would be impossible for me, were she to be as beautiful, and as crimsoned over with health, as I have seen her, to have the least thought of sex, when I heard her talk.

THURSDAY, THREE O'CLOCK, AUG. 31.

On my re-visit to the lady, I found her almost as much a sufferer from joy as she had sometimes been from grief; for she had just received a very kind letter from her cousin Morden; which she was so good as to communicate to me. As she had already begun to answer it, I begged leave to attend her in the evening, that I might not interrupt her in it.

The letter is a very tender one * * * *

[Here Mr. Belford gives the substance of it upon his memory; but that is
omitted; as the letter is given at length (see the next letter.)
And then adds:]

But, alas! all will be now too late. For the decree is certainly gone out — the world is unworthy of her.

LETTER XLIV

COLONEL MORDEN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

I should not, my dearest Cousin, have been a fortnight in England, without either doing myself the honour of waiting upon you in person, or of writing to you; if I had not been busying myself almost all the time in your service, in hopes of making my visit or letter still more acceptable to you — acceptable as I have reason to presume either will be from the unquestionable love I ever bore you, and from the esteem you always honoured me with.

Little did I think that so many days would have been required to effect my well-intended purpose, where there used to be a love so ardent on one side, and where there still is, as I am thoroughly convinced, the most exalted merit on the other!

I was yesterday with Mr. Lovelace and Lord M. I need not tell you, it seems, how very desirous the whole family and all the relations of that nobleman are of the honour of an alliance with you; nor how exceedingly earnest the ungrateful man is to make you all the reparation in his power.

I think, my dear Cousin, that you cannot now do better than to give him the honour of your hand. He says just and great things of your virtue, and so heartily condemns himself, that I think there is honorable room for you to forgive him: and the more room, as it seems you are determined against a legal prosecution.

Your effectual forgiveness of Mr. Lovelace, it is evident to me, will accelerate a general reconciliation: for, at present, my other cousins cannot persuade themselves that he is in earnest to do you justice; or that you would refuse him, if you believed he was.

But, my dear Cousin, there may possibly be something in this affair, to which I may be a stranger. If there be, and you will acquaint me with it, all that a naturally-warm heart can do in your behalf shall be done.

I hope I shall be able, in my next visits to my several cousins, to set all right with them. Haughty spirits, when convinced that they have carried resentments too high, want but a good excuse to condescend: and parents must always love the child they once loved.

But if I find them inflexible, I will set out, and attend you without delay; for I long to see you, after so many years' absence.

Mean while, I beg the favour of a few lines, to know if you have reason to doubt Mr. Lovelace's sincerity. For my part, I can have none, if I am to judge from the conversation that passed between us yesterday, in presence of Lord M.

You will be pleased to direct for me at your uncle Antony's.

Permit me, my dearest Cousin, till I can procure a happy reconciliation between you and your father, and brother, and uncles, to supply the place to you of all those near relations, as well as that of

Your affectionate kinsman, and humble servant, WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XLV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO WM. MORDEN, ESQ. THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

I most heartily congratulate you, dear Sir, on your return to your native country.

I heard with much pleasure that you were come; but I was both afraid and ashamed, till you encouraged me by a first notice, to address myself to you.

How consoling is it to my wounded heart to find that you have not been carried away by that tide of resentment and displeasure with which I have been so unhappily overwhelmed — but that, while my still nearer relations have not thought fit to examine into the truth of vile reports raised against me, you have informed yourself of my innocence, and generously credited the information!

I have not the least reason to doubt Mr. Lovelace's sincerity in his offers of marriage; nor that all his relations are heartily desirous of ranking me among them. I have had noble instances of their esteem for me, on their apprehending that my father's displeasure must have had absolutely refused their pressing solicitations in their kinsman's favour as well as his own.

Nor think me, my dear Cousin, blamable for refusing him. I had given Mr. Lovelace no reason to think me a weak creature. If I had, a man of his character might have thought himself warranted to endeavour to take ungenerous advantage of the weakness he had been able to inspire. The consciousness of my own weakness (in that case) might have brought me to a composition with his wickedness.

I can indeed forgive him. But that is, because I think his crimes have set me above him. Can I be above the man, Sir, to whom I shall give my hand and my vows, and with them a sanction to the most premeditated baseness? No, Sir, let me say, that your cousin Clarissa, were she likely to live many years, and that (if she married not this man) in penury or want, despised and forsaken by all her friends, puts not so high a value upon the conveniencies of life, nor upon life itself, as to seek to re-obtain the one, or to preserve the other, by giving such a sanction: a sanction, which (were she to perform her duty,) would reward the violator.

Nor is it so much from pride as from principle that I say this. What, Sir! when virtue, when chastity, is the crown of a woman, and particularly of a wife, shall form an attempt upon her's but upon a presumption that she was capable of receiving his offered hand when he had found himself mistaken in the vile opinion he had conceived of her? Hitherto he has not had reason to think me

weak. Nor will I give an instance so flagrant, that weak I am in a point in which it would be criminal to be found weak.

One day, Sir, you will perhaps know all my story. But, whenever it is known, I beg that the author of my calamities may not be vindictively sought after. He could not have been the author of them, but for a strange concurrence of unhappy causes. As the law will not be able to reach him when I am gone, the apprehension of any other sort of vengeance terrifies me; since, in such a case, should my friends be safe, what honour would his death bring to my memory? — If any of them should come to misfortune, how would my fault be aggravated!

God long preserve you, my dearest Cousin, and bless you but in proportion to the consolation you have given me, in letting me know that you still love me; and that I have one near and dear relation who can pity and forgive me; (and then you will be greatly blessed;) is the prayer of

Your ever grateful and affectionate CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO HIS LETTERS XXIII. XXXVII. OF THIS VOLUME.] THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

I cannot but own that I am cut to the heart by this Miss Harlowe's interpretation of her letter. She ought never to be forgiven. She, a meek person, and a penitent, and innocent, and pious, and I know not what, who can deceive with a foot in the grave! —

'Tis evident, that she sat down to write this letter with a design to mislead and deceive. And if she be capable of that, at such a crisis, she has as much need of Heaven's forgiveness, as I have of her's: and, with all her cant of charity and charity, if she be not more sure of it than I am of her real pardon, and if she take the thing in the light she ought to take it in, she will have a few darker moments yet to come than she seems to expect.

Lord M. himself, who is not one of those (to speak in his own phrase) who can penetrate a millstone, sees the deceit, and thinks it unworthy of her; though my cousins Montague vindicate her. And no wonder this cursed partial sex [I hate 'em all — by my soul, I hate 'em all!] will never allow any thing against an individual of it, where our's is concerned. And why? Because, if they censure deceit in another, they must condemn their own hearts.

She is to send me a letter after she is in Heaven, is she? The devil take such allegories, and the devil take thee for calling this absurdity an innocent artifice!

I insist upon it, that if a woman of her character, at such a critical time, is to be justified in such a deception, a man in full health and vigour of body and mind, as I am, may be excused for all his stratagems and attempts against her. And, thank my stars, I can now sit me down with a quiet conscience on that score. By my soul, I can, Jack. Nor has any body, who can acquit her, a right to blame me. But with some, indeed, every thing she does must be good, every thing I do must be bad — And why? Because she has always taken care to coax the stupid misjudging world, like a woman: while I have constantly defied and despised its censures, like a man.

But, notwithstanding all, you may let her know from me that I will not molest her, since my visits would be so shocking to her: and I hope she will take this into her consideration as a piece of generosity which she could hardly expect after the deception she has put upon me. And let her farther know, that if there be any thing in my power, that will contribute either to her ease or honour, I will obey her, at the very first intimation, however disgraceful or detrimental to myself. All this, to make her unapprehensive, and that she may have nothing to pull her back.

If her cursed relations could be brought as cheerfully to perform their parts, I'd answer life for life for her recovery.

But who, that has so many ludicrous images raised in his mind by the awkward penitence, can forbear laughing at thee? Spare, I beseech thee, dear Belford, for the future, all thine own aspirations, if thou wouldst not dishonour those of an angel indeed.

When I came to that passage, where thou sayest that thou considerest her* as one sent from Heaven to draw thee after her — for the heart of me I could not for an hour put thee out of my head, in the attitude of dame Elizabeth Carteret, on her monument in Westminster Abbey. If thou never observedst it, go thither on purpose: and there wilt thou see this dame in effigy, with uplifted head and hand, the latter taken hold of by a cupid every inch of stone, one clumsy foot lifted up also, aiming, as the sculptor designed it, to ascend; but so executed, as would rather make one imagine that the figure (without shoe or stocking, as it is, though the rest of the body is robed) was looking up to its corn-cutter: the other riveted to its native earth, bemired, like thee (immersed thou callest it) beyond the possibility of unsticking itself. Both figures, thou wilt find, seem to be in a contention, the bigger, whether it should pull down the lesser about its ears — the lesser (a chubby fat little varlet, of a fourth part of the other's bigness, with wings not much larger than those of a butterfly) whether it should raise the larger to a Heaven it points to, hardly big enough to contain the great toes of either.

* See Letter XXXVII. of this volume.

Thou wilt say, perhaps, that the dame's figure in stone may do credit, in the comparison, to thine, both in grain and shape, wooden as thou art all over: but that the lady, who, in every thing but in the trick she has played me so lately, is truly an angel, is but sorrily represented by the fat-flanked cupid. This I allow thee. But yet there is enough in thy aspirations to strike my mind with a resemblance of thee and the lady to the figures on the wretched monument; for thou oughtest to remember, that, prepared as she may be to mount to her native skies, it is impossible for her to draw after her a heavy fellow who has so much to repent of as thou hast.

But now, to be serious once more, let me tell you, Belford, that, if the lady be really so ill as you write she is, it will become you [no Roman style here!] in a case so very affecting, to be a little less pointed and sarcastic in your reflections. For, upon my soul, the matter begins to grate me most confoundedly.

I am now so impatient to hear oftener of her, that I take the hint accidentally given me by our two fellows meeting at Slough, and resolve to go to our friend Doleman's at Uxbridge; whose wife and sister, as well as he, have so frequently pressed me to give them my company for a week or two. There shall I be within

two hours' ride, if any thing should happen to induce her to see me: for it will well become her piety, and avowed charity, should the worst happen, [the Lord of Heaven and Earth, however, avert that worst!] to give me that pardon from her lips, which she has not denied to me by pen and ink. And as she wishes my reformation, she knows not what good effects such an interview may have upon me.

I shall accordingly be at Doleman's to-morrow morning, by eleven at farthest. My fellow will find me there at his return from you (with a letter, I hope). I shall have Joel with me likewise, that I may send the oftener, as matters fall out. Were I to be still nearer, or in town, it would be impossible to withhold myself from seeing her.

But, if the worst happen! — as, by your continual knelling, I know not what to think of it! — [Yet, once more, Heaven avert that worst! — How natural it is to pray, when once cannot help one's self!] — THEN say not, in so many dreadful words, what the event is — Only, that you advise me to take a trip to Paris — And that will stab me to the heart.

* * *

I so well approve of your generosity to poor Belton's sister, that I have made Mowbray give up his legacy, as I do mine, towards her India bonds. When I come to town, Tourville shall do the like; and we will buy each a ring to wear in memory of the honest fellow, with our own money, that we may perform his will, as well as our own.

My fellow rides the rest of the night. I charge you, Jack, if you would save his life, that you send him not back empty-handed.

LETTER XLVII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUESDAY NIGHT, AUG. 30.

When I concluded my last, I hoped that my next attendance upon this surprising lady would furnish me with some particulars as agreeable as now could be hoped for from the declining way she is in, by reason of the welcome letter she had received from her cousin Morden. But it proved quite otherwise to me, though not to herself; for I think I was never more shocked in my life than on the occasion I shall mention presently.

When I attended her about seven in the evening, she told me that she found herself in a very petulant way after I had left her. Strange, said she, that the pleasure I received from my cousin's letter should have such an effect upon me! But I could not help giving way to a comparative humour, as I may call it, and to think it very hard that my nearer relations did not take the methods which my cousin Morden kindly took, by inquiring into my merit or demerit, and giving my cause a fair audit before they proceeded to condemnation.

She had hardly said this, when she started, and a blush overspread her sweet face, on hearing, as I also did, a sort of lumbering noise upon the stairs, as if a large trunk were bringing up between two people: and, looking upon me with an eye of concern, Blunderers! said she, they have brought in something two hours before the time. — Don't be surprised, Sir — it is all to save you trouble.

Before I could speak, in came Mrs. Smith: O Madam, said she, what have you done? — Mrs. Lovick, entering, made the same exclamation. Lord have mercy upon me, Madam! cried I, what have you done? — For she, stepping at the same instant to the door, the women told me it was a coffin. — O Lovelace! that thou hadst been there at that moment! — Thou, the causer of all these shocking scenes! Surely thou couldst not have been less affected than I, who have no guilt, as to her, to answer for.

With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, having directed them to carry it to her bed-chamber, she returned to us: they were not to have brought it in till after dark, said she — Pray, excuse me, Mr. Belford: and don't you, Mrs. Lovick, be concerned: nor you, Mrs. Smith. — Why should you? There is nothing more in it than the unusualness of the thing. Why may we not be as reasonably shocked at going to church where are the monuments of our ancestors, with whose dust we even hope our dust shall be one day mingled, as to be moved at such a sight as this?

We all remaining silent, the women having their aprons at their eyes, Why this concern for nothing at all? said she. If I am to be blamed for any thing, it is for showing too much solicitude, as it may be thought, for this earthly part. I love to do every thing for myself that I can do. I ever did. Every other material point is so far done, and taken care of, that I have had leisure for things of lesser moment. Minutenesses may be observed, where greater articles are not neglected for them. I might have had this to order, perhaps, when less fit to order it. I have no mother, no sister, no Mrs. Norton, no Miss Howe, near me. Some of you must have seen this in a few days, if not now; perhaps have had the friendly trouble of directing it. And what is the difference of a few days to you, when I am gratified rather than discomposed by it? I shall not die the sooner for such a preparation. Should not every body that has any thing to bequeath make their will? And who, that makes a will, should be afraid of a coffin? — My dear friends, [to the women] I have considered these things; do not, with such an object before you as you have had in me for weeks, give me reason to think you have not.

How reasonable was all this! — It showed, indeed, that she herself had well considered it. But yet we could not help being shocked at the thoughts of the coffin thus brought in; the lovely person before our eyes who is, in all likelihood, so soon to fill it.

We were all silent still, the women in grief; I in a manner stunned. She would not ask me, she said; but would be glad, since it had thus earlier than she had intended been brought in, that her two good friends would walk in and look upon it. They would be less shocked when it was made more familiar to their eye: don't you lead back, said she, a starting steed to the object he is apt to start at, in order to familiarize him to it, and cure his starting? The same reason will hold in this case. Come, my good friends, I will lead you in.

I took my leave; telling her she had done wrong, very wrong; and ought not, by any means, to have such an object before her.

The women followed her in.— 'Tis a strange sex! Nothing is too shocking for them to look upon, or see acted, that has but novelty and curiosity in it.

Down I posted; got a chair; and was carried home, extremely shocked and discomposed: yet, weighing the lady's arguments, I know not why I was so affected — except, as she said, at the unusualness of the thing.

While I waited for a chair, Mrs. Smith came down, and told me that there were devices and inscriptions upon the lid. Lord bless me! is a coffin a proper subject to display fancy upon? — But these great minds cannot avoid doing extraordinary things!

LETTER XLVIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY MORN. SEPT. 1.

It is surprising, that I, a man, should be so much affected as I was, at such an object as is the subject of my former letter; who also, in my late uncle's case, and poor Belton's had the like before me, and the directing of it: when she, a woman, of so weak and tender a frame, who was to fill it (so soon perhaps to fill it!) could give orders about it, and draw out the devices upon it, and explain them with so little concern as the women tell me she did to them last night after I was gone.

I really was ill, and restless all night. Thou wert the subject of my execration, as she was of my admiration, all the time I was quite awake: and, when I dozed, I dreamt of nothing but of flying hour-glasses, deaths-heads, spades, mattocks, and eternity; the hint of her devices (as given me by Mrs. Smith) running in my head.

However, not being able to keep away from Smith's, I went thither about seven. The lady was just gone out: she had slept better, I found, than I, though her solemn repository was under her window, not far from her bed-side.

I was prevailed upon by Mrs. Smith and her nurse Shelburne (Mrs. Lovick being abroad with her) to go up and look at the devices. Mrs. Lovick has since shown me a copy of the draught by which all was ordered; and I will give thee a sketch of the symbols.

The principal device, neatly etched on a plate of white metal, is a crowned serpent, with its tail in its mouth, forming a ring, the emblem of eternity: and in the circle made by it is this inscription:

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

April x.

[Then the year.]

ÆTAT. XIX.

For ornaments: at top, an hour-glass, winged. At bottom, an urn.

Under the hour-glass, on another plate, this inscription:

> HERE the wicked cease from troubling: and HERE the weary be at rest. Job. iii. 17.

Over the urn, near the bottom:

> Turn again unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath rewarded thee: And why? Thou hast delivered my soul from death; mine eyes from tears; and my feet

from falling. Ps. cxvi. 7, 8.

Over this is the head of a white lily snapt short off, and just falling from the stalk; and this inscription over that, between the principal plate and the lily:

The days of man are but as grass. For he flourisheth as a flower of the field: for, as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. Ps. ciii. 15, 16.

She excused herself to the women, on the score of her youth, and being used to draw for her needleworks, for having shown more fancy than would perhaps be thought suitable on so solemn an occasion.

The date, April 10, she accounted for, as not being able to tell what her closing-day would be; and as that was the fatal day of her leaving her father's house.

She discharged the undertaker's bill after I went away, with as much cheerfulness as she could ever have paid for the clothes she sold to purchase this her palace: for such she called it; reflecting upon herself for the expensiveness of it, saying, that they might observe in her, that pride left not poor mortals to the last: but indeed she did not know but her father would permit it, when furnished, to be carried down to be deposited with her ancestors; and, in that case, she ought not to discredit those ancestors in her appearance amongst them.

It is covered with fine black cloth, and lined with white satin; soon, she said, to be tarnished with viler earth than any it could be covered by.

The burial-dress was brought home with it. The women had curiosity enough, I suppose, to see her open that, if she did open it. — And, perhaps, thou wouldst have been glad to have been present to have admired it too! —

Mrs. Lovick said, she took the liberty to blame her; and wished the removal of such an object — from her bed-chamber, at least: and was so affected with the noble answer she made upon it, that she entered it down the moment she left her.

'To persons in health, said she, this sight may be shocking; and the preparation, and my unconcernedness in it, may appear affected: but to me, who have had so gradual a weaning-time from the world, and so much reason not to love it, I must say, I dwell on, I indulge, (and, strictly speaking, I enjoy,) the thoughts of death. For, believe me,' [looking stedfastly at the awful receptacle,] 'believe what at this instant I feel to be most true, That there is such a vast superiority of weight and importance in the thought of death, and its hoped-for happy consequences, that it in a manner annihilates all other considerations and concerns. Believe me, my good friends, it does what nothing else can do: it teaches me, by strengthening in me the force of the divinest example, to forgive the injuries I have received; and shuts out the remembrance of past evils from my soul.'

And now let me ask thee, Lovelace, Dost thou think that, when the time shall come that thou shalt be obliged to launch into the boundless ocean of eternity, thou wilt be able (any more than poor Belton) to act thy part with such true heroism, as this sweet and tender blossom of a woman has manifested, and continues to manifest!

Oh! no! it cannot be! — And why can't it be? — The reason is evident: she has no wilful errors to look back upon with self-reproach — and her mind is strengthened by the consolations which flow from that religious rectitude which has been the guide of all her actions; and which has taught her rather to choose to be a sufferer than an aggressor!

This was the support of the divine Socrates, as thou hast read. When led to execution, his wife lamenting that he should suffer being innocent, Thou fool, said he, wouldst thou wish me to be guilty!

LETTER XLIX

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY, SEPT. 1.

How astonishing, in the midst of such affecting scenes, is thy mirth on what thou callest my own aspirations! Never, surely, was there such another man in this world, thy talents and thy levity taken together! — Surely, what I shall send thee with this will affect thee. If not, nothing can, till thy own hour come: and heavy will then thy reflections be!

I am glad, however, that thou enablest me to assure the lady that thou wilt no more molest her; that is to say, in other words, that, after having ruined her fortunes, and all her worldly prospects, thou wilt be so gracious, as to let her lie down and die in peace.

Thy giving up to poor Belton's sister the little legacy, and thy undertaking to make Mowbray and Tourville follow thy example, are, I must say to thy honour, of a piece with thy generosity to thy Rose-bud and her Johnny; and to a number of other good actions in pecuniary matters: although thy Rose-bud's is, I believe, the only instance, where a pretty woman was concerned, of such a disinterested bounty.

Upon my faith, Lovelace, I love to praise thee; and often and often, as thou knowest, have I studied for occasions to do it: insomuch that when, for the life of me, I could not think of any thing done by thee that deserved praise, I have taken pains to applaud the not ungraceful manner in which thou hast performed actions that merited the gallows.

Now thou art so near, I will dispatch my servant to thee, if occasion requires. But, I fear, I shall soon give thee the news thou art apprehensive of. For I am just now sent for by Mrs. Smith; who has ordered the messenger to tell me, that she knew not if the lady will be alive when I come.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1, TWO O'CLOCK, AT SMITH'S.

I could not close my letter in such an uncertainty as must have added to your impatience. For you have, on several occasions, convinced me, that the suspense you love to give would be the greatest torment to you that you could receive. A common case with all aggressive and violent spirits, I believe. I will just mention then (your servant waiting here till I have written) that the lady has had two very severe fits: in the last of which whilst she lay, they sent to the doctor and Mr. Goddard, who both advised that a messenger should be dispatched for me, as her executor; being doubtful whether, if she had a third, it would not carry her off.

She was tolerably recovered by the time I cane; and the doctor made her promise before me, that, while she was so weak, she would not attempt any more

to go abroad; for, by Mrs. Lovick's description, who attended her, the shortness of her breath, her extreme weakness, and the fervour of her devotions when at church, were contraries, which, pulling different ways (the soul aspiring, the body sinking) tore her tender frame in pieces.

So much for the present. I shall detain Will. no longer than just to beg that you will send me back this packet and the last. Your memory is so good, that once reading is all you ever give, or need to give, to any thing. And who but ourselves can make out our characters, were you inclined to let any body see what passes between us? If I cannot be obliged, I shall be tempted to withhold what I write, till I have time to take a copy of it.*

* It may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. Belford's solicitude to get back his letters was owing to his desire of fulfilling the lady's wishes that he would furnish Miss Howe with materials to vindicate her memory.

A letter from Miss Howe is just now brought by a particular messenger, who says he must carry back a few lines in return. But, as the lady is just retired to lie down, the man is to call again by-and-by.

LETTER L

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. UXBRIDGE, SEPT. 1, TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

I send you the papers with this. You must account to me honestly and fairly, when I see you, for the earnestness with which you write for them. And then also will we talk about the contents of your last dispatch, and about some of your severe and unfriendly reflections.

Mean time, whatever thou dost, don't let the wonderful creature leave us! Set before her the sin of her preparation, as if she thought she could depart when she pleased. She'll persuade herself, at this rate, that she has nothing to do, when all is ready, but to lie down, and go to sleep: and such a lively fancy as her's will make a reality of a jest at any time.

A jest I call all that has passed between her and me; a mere jest to die for — For has not her triumph over me, from first to last, been infinitely greater than her sufferings from me?

Would the sacred regard I have for her purity, even for her personal as well as intellectual purity, permit, I could prove this as clear as the sun. Tell, therefore, the dear creature that she must not be wicked in her piety. There is a too much, as well as too little, even in righteousness. Perhaps she does not think of that. — Oh! that she would have permitted my attendance, as obligingly as she does of thine! — The dear soul used to love humour. I remember the time that she knew how to smile at a piece of apropos humour. And, let me tell thee, a smile upon the lips, or a sparkling in the eye, must have had its correspondent cheerfulness in a heart so sincere as her's.

Tell the doctor I will make over all my possessions, and all my reversions, to him, if he will but prolong her life for one twelvemonth to come. But for one twelvemonth, Jack! — He will lose all his reputation with me, and I shall treat him as Belton did his doctor, if he cannot do this for me, on so young a subject. But nineteen, Belford! — nineteen cannot so soon die of grief, if the doctor deserve that title; and so blooming and so fine a constitution as she had but three or four months ago!

But what need the doctor to ask her leave to write to her friends? Could he not have done it without letting her know any thing of the matter? That was one of the likeliest means that could be thought of to bring some of them about her, since she is so desirous to see them. At least it would have induced them to send up her favourite Norton. But these plaguy solemn fellows are great traders in parade. They'll cram down your throat their poisonous drugs by wholesale, without

asking you a question; and have the assurance to own it to be prescribing: but when they are to do good, they are to require your consent.

How the dear creature's character rises in every line of thy letters! But it is owing to the uncommon occasions she has met with that she blazes out upon us with such a meridian lustre. How, but for those occasions, could her noble sentiments, her prudent consideration, her forgiving spirit, her exalted benevolence, and her equanimity in view of the most shocking prospects (which set her in a light so superior to all her sex, and even to the philosophers of antiquity) have been manifested?

I know thou wilt think I am going to claim some merit to myself, for having given her such opportunities of signalizing her virtues. But I am not; for, if I did, I must share that merit with her implacable relations, who would justly be entitled to two-thirds of it, at least: and my soul disdains a partnership in any thing with such a family.

But this I mention as an answer to thy reproaches, that I could be so little edified by perfections, to which, thou supposest, I was for so long together daily and hourly a personal witness — when, admirable as she was in all she said, and in all she did, occasion had not at that time ripened, and called forth, those amazing perfections which now astonish and confound me.

Hence it is that I admire her more than ever; and that my love for her is less personal, as I may say, more intellectual, than ever I thought it could be to a woman.

Hence also it is that I am confident (would it please the Fates to spare her, and make her mine) I could love her with a purity that would draw on my own FUTURE, as well as ensure her TEMPORAL, happiness. — And hence, by necessary consequence, shall I be the most miserable of all men, if I am deprived of her.

Thou severely reflectest upon me for my levity: the Abbey instance in thine eye, I suppose. And I will be ingenuous enough to own, that as thou seest not my heart, there may be passages, in every one of my letters, which (the melancholy occasion considered) deserve thy most pointed rebukes. But faith, Jack, thou art such a tragi-comical mortal, with thy leaden aspirations at one time, and thy flying hour-glasses and dreaming terrors at another, that, as Prior says, What serious is, thou turn'st to farce; and it is impossible to keep within the bounds of decorum or gravity when one reads what thou writest.

But to restrain myself (for my constitutional gayety was ready to run away with me again) I will repeat, I must ever repeat, that I am most egregiously affected with the circumstances of the case: and, were this paragon actually to

quit the world, should never enjoy myself one hour together, though I were to live to the age of Methusalem.

Indeed it is to this deep concern, that my levity is owing: for I struggle and struggle, and try to buffet down my cruel reflections as they rise; and when I cannot, I am forced, as I have often said, to try to make myself laugh, that I may not cry; for one or other I must do: and is it not philosophy carried to the highest pitch, for a man to conquer such tumults of soul as I am sometimes agitated by, and, in the very height of the storm, to be able to quaver out an horse-laugh?

Your Seneca's, your Epictetus's, and the rest of your stoical tribe, with all their apathy nonsense, could not come up to this. They could forbear wry faces: bodily pains they could well enough seem to support; and that was all: but the pangs of their own smitten-down souls they could not laugh over, though they could at the follies of others. They read grave lectures; but they were grave. This high point of philosophy, to laugh and be merry in the midst of the most soul-harrowing woes, when the heart-strings are just bursting asunder, was reserved for thy Lovelace.

There is something owing to constitution, I own; and that this is the laughing-time of my life. For what a woe must that be, which for an hour together can mortify a man six or seven and twenty, in high blood and spirits, of a naturally gay disposition, who can sing, dance, and scribble, and take and give delight in them all? — But then my grief, as my joy, is sharper-pointed than most other men's; and, like what Dolly Welby once told me, describing the parturient throes, if there were not lucid intervals, if they did not come and go, there would be no bearing them.

* * *

After all, as I am so little distant from the dear creature, and as she is so very ill, I think I cannot excuse myself from making her one visit. Nevertheless, if I thought her so near — [what word shall I use, that my soul is not shocked at!] and that she would be too much discomposed by a visit, I would not think of it. — Yet how can I bear the recollection, that, when she last went from me (her innocence so triumphant over my premeditated guilt, as was enough to reconcile her to life, and to set her above the sense of injuries so nobly sustained, that) she should then depart with an incurable fracture in her heart; and that that should be the last time I should ever see her! — How, how, can I bear this reflection!

O Jack! how my conscience, that gives edge even to thy blunt reflections, tears me! — Even this moment would I give the world to push the cruel reproacher from me by one ray of my usual gayety! — Sick of myself! — sick of the remembrance of my vile plots; and of my light, my momentary ecstacy [villanous

burglar, felon, thief, that I was!] which has brought on me such durable and such heavy remorse! what would I give that I had not been guilty of such barbarous and ungrateful perfidy to the most excellent of God's creatures!

I would end, methinks, with one sprightlier line! — but it will not be. — Let me tell thee then, and rejoice at it if thou wilt, that I am

Inexpressibly miserable!

LETTER LI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SAT. MORNING, SEPT. 2.

I have some little pleasure given me by thine, just now brought me. I see now that thou hast a little humanity left. Would to Heaven, for the dear lady's sake, as well as for thy own, that thou hadst rummaged it up from all the dark forgotten corners of thy soul a little sooner!

The lady is alive, and serene, and calm, and has all her noble intellects clear and strong: but nineteen will not however save her. She says she will now content herself with her closet duties, and the visits of the parish-minister; and will not attempt to go out. Nor, indeed, will she, I am afraid, ever walk up or down a pair of stairs again.

I am sorry at my soul to have this to say: but it would be a folly to flatter thee.

As to thy seeing her, I believe the least hint of that sort, now, would cut off some hours of her life.

What has contributed to her serenity, it seems, is, that taking the alarm her fits gave her, she has entirely finished, and signed and sealed, her last will: which she had deferred till this time, in hopes, as she said, of some good news from Harlowe-place; which would have induced her to alter some passages in it.

Miss Howe's letter was not given her till four in the afternoon, yesterday; at which time the messenger returned for an answer. She admitted him into her presence in the dining-room, ill as she then was, and she would have written a few lines, as desired by Miss Howe; but, not being able to hold a pen, she bid the messenger tell her that she hoped to be well enough to write a long letter by the next day's post; and would not now detain him.

* * * SATURDAY, SIX IN THE AFTERNOON.

I called just now, and found the lady writing to Miss Howe. She made me a melancholy compliment, that she showed me not Miss Howe's letter, because I should soon have that and all her papers before me. But she told me that Miss Howe had very considerably obviated to Colonel Morden several things which might have occasioned misapprehensions between him and me; and had likewise put a lighter construction, for the sake of peace, on some of your actions than they deserved.

She added, that her cousin Morden was warmly engaged in her favour with her friends: and one good piece of news Miss Howe's letter contained, that her father

would give up some matters, which (appertaining to her of right) would make my executorship the easier in some particulars that had given her a little pain.

She owned she had been obliged to leave off (in the letter she was writing) through weakness.

Will. says he shall reach you to-night. I shall send in the morning; and, if I find her not worse, will ride to Edgware, and return in the afternoon.

LETTER LII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

We are at length returned to our own home. I had intended to wait on you in London: but my mother is very ill — Alas! my dear, she is very ill indeed — and you are likewise very ill — I see that by your's of the 25th — What shall I do, if I lose two such near, and dear, and tender friends? She was taken ill yesterday at our last stage in our return home — and has a violent surfeit and fever, and the doctors are doubtful about her.

If she should die, how will all my pertnesses to her fly in my face! — Why, why, did I ever vex her? She says I have been all duty and obedience! — She kindly forgets all my faults, and remembers every thing I have been so happy as to oblige her in. And this cuts me to the heart.

I see, I see, my dear, that you are very bad — and I cannot bear it. Do, my beloved Miss Harlowe, if you can be better, do, for my sake, be better; and send me word of it. Let the bearer bring me a line. Be sure you send me a line. If I lose you, my more than sister, and lose my mother, I shall distrust my own conduct, and will not marry. And why should I? — Creeping, cringing in courtship! — O my dear, these men are a vile race of reptiles in our day, and mere bears in their own. See in Lovelace all that is desirable in figure, in birth, and in fortune: but in his heart a devil! — See in Hickman — Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell what any body can see in Hickman, to be always preaching in his favour. And is it to be expected that I, who could hardly bear control from a mother, should take it from a husband? — from one too, who has neither more wit, nor more understanding, than myself? yet he to be my instructor! — So he will, I suppose; but more by the insolence of his will than by the merit of his counsel. It is in vain to think of it. I cannot be a wife to any man breathing whom I at present know. This I the rather mention now, because, on my mother's danger, I know you will be for pressing me the sooner to throw myself into another sort of protection, should I be deprived of her. But no more of this subject, or indeed of any other; for I am obliged to attend my mamma, who cannot bear me out of her sight.

* * * WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30.

My mother, Heaven be praised! has had a fine night, and is much better. Her fever has yielded to medicine! and now I can write once more with freedom and ease to you, in hopes that you also are better. If this be granted to my prayers, I shall

again be happy, I writhe with still the more alacrity as I have an opportunity given me to touch upon a subject in which you are nearly concerned.

You must know then, my dear, that your cousin Morden has been here with me. He told me of an interview he had on Monday at Lord M.'s with Lovelace; and asked me abundance of questions about you, and about that villanous man.

I could have raised a fine flame between them if I would: but, observing that he is a man of very lively passions, and believing you would be miserable if any thing should happen to him from a quarrel with a man who is known to have so many advantages at his sword, I made not the worst of the subjects we talked of. But, as I could not tell untruths in his favour, you must think I said enough to make him curse the wretch.

I don't find, well as they all used to respect Colonel Morden, that he has influence enough upon them to bring them to any terms of reconciliation.

What can they mean by it! — But your brother is come home, it seems: so, the honour of the house, the reputation of the family, is all the cry!

The Colonel is exceedingly out of humour with them all. Yet has he not hitherto, it seems, seen your brutal brother. — I told him how ill you were, and communicated to him some of the contents of your letter. He admired you, cursed Lovelace, and raved against all your family. — He declared that they were all unworthy of you.

At his earnest request, I permitted him to take some brief notes of such of the contents of your letter to me as I thought I could read to him; and, particularly, of your melancholy conclusion.*

* See Letter XXXII. of this volume.

He says that none of your friends think you are so ill as you are; nor will believe it. He is sure they all love you; and that dearly too.

If they do, their present hardness of heart will be the subject of everlasting remorse to them should you be taken from us — but now it seems [barbarous wretches!] you are to suffer within an inch of your life.

He asked me questions about Mr. Belford: and, when he had heard what I had to say of that gentleman, and his disinterested services to you, he raved at some villanous surmises thrown out against you by that officious pedant, Brand: who, but for his gown, I find, would come off poorly enough between your cousin and Lovelace.

He was so uneasy about you himself, that on Thursday, the 24th, he sent up an honest serious man,* one Alston, a gentleman farmer, to inquire of your condition, your visiters, and the like; who brought him word that you was very ill, and was put to great straits to support yourself: but as this was told him by the gentlewoman of the house where you lodge, who, it seems, mingled it with some

tart, though deserved, reflections upon your relations' cruelty, it was not credited by them: and I myself hope it cannot be true; for surely you could not be so unjust, I will say, to my friendship, as to suffer any inconveniencies for want of money. I think I could not forgive you, if it were so.

* See Letter XXIII. ibid.

The Colonel (as one of your trustees) is resolved to see you put into possession of your estate: and, in the mean time, he has actually engaged them to remit to him for you the produce of it accrued since your grandfather's death, (a very considerable sum;) and proposes himself to attend you with it. But, by a hint he dropt, I find you had disappointed some people's littleness, by not writing to them for money and supplies; since they were determined to distress you, and to put you at defiance.

Like all the rest! — I hope I may say that without offence.

Your cousin imagines that, before a reconciliation takes place, they will insist that you make such a will, as to that estate, as they shall approve of: but he declares that he will not go out of England till he has seen justice done you by every body; and that you shall not be imposed on either by friend or foe —

By relation or foe, should he not have said? — for a friend will not impose upon a friend.

So, my dear, you are to buy your peace, if some people are to have their wills!

Your cousin [not I, my dear, though it was always my opinion*] says, that the whole family is too rich to be either humble, considerate, or contented. And as for himself, he has an ample fortune, he says, and thinks of leaving it wholly to you.

* See Vol. I. Letter X.

Had this villain Lovelace consulted his worldly interest only, what a fortune would he have had in you, even although your marrying him had deprived you of a paternal share!

I am obliged to leave off here. But having a good deal still more to write, and my mother better, I will pursue the subject in another letter, although I send both together. I need not say how much I am, and will ever be,

Your affectionate, &c. ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LIII

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE THURSDAY, AUGUST 31.

The Colonel thought fit once, in praise of Lovelace's generosity, to say, that (as a man of honour ought) he took to himself all the blame, and acquitted you of the consequences of the precipitate step you had taken; since he said, as you loved him, and was in his power, he must have had advantages which he would not have had, if you had continued at your father's, or at any friend's.

Mighty generous, I said, (were it as he supposed,) in such insolent reflectors, the best of them; who pretend to clear reputations which never had been sullied but by falling into their dirty acquaintance! but in this case, I averred, that there was no need of any thing but the strictest truth, to demonstrate Lovelace to be the blackest of villains, you the brightest of innocents.

This he catched at; and swore, that if any thing uncommon or barbarous in the seduction were to come out, as indeed one of the letters you had written to your friends, and which had been shown him, very strongly implied; that is to say, my dear, if any thing worse than perjury, breach of faith, and abuse of a generous confidence, were to appear! [sorry fellows!] he would avenge his cousin to the utmost.

I urged your apprehensions on this head from your last letter to me: but he seemed capable of taking what I know to be real greatness of soul, in an unworthy sense: for he mentioned directly upon it the expectations your friends had, that you should (previous to any reconciliation with them) appear in a court of justice against the villain — IF you could do it with the advantage to yourself that I hinted might be done.

And truly, if I would have heard him, he had indelicacy enough to have gone into the nature of the proof of the crime upon which they wanted to have Lovelace arraigned. Yet this is a man improved by travel and learning! — Upon my word, my dear, I, who have been accustomed to the most delicate conversation ever since I had the honour to know you, despise this sex from the gentleman down to the peasant.

Upon the whole, I find that Mr. Morden has a very slender notion of women's virtue in particular cases: for which reason I put him down, though your favourite, as one who is not entitled to cast the first stone.

I never knew a man who deserved to be well thought of himself for his morals, who had a slight opinion of the virtue of our sex in general. For if, from the difference of temperament and education, modesty, chastity, and piety too, are not

to be found in our sex preferably to the other, I should think it a sign of much worse nature in ours.

He even hinted (as from your relations indeed) that it is impossible but there most be some will where there is much love.

These sort of reflections are enough to make a woman, who has at heart her own honour and the honour of her sex, to look about her, and consider what she is doing when she enters into an intimacy with these wretches; since it is plain, that whenever she throws herself into the power of a man, and leaves for him her parents or guardians, every body will believe it to be owing more to her good luck than to her discretion if there be not an end of her virtue: and let the man be ever such a villain to her, she must take into her own bosom a share of his guilty baseness.

I am writing to general cases. You, my dear, are out of the question. Your story, as I have heretofore said, will afford a warning as well as an example:* For who is it that will not infer, that if a person of your fortune, character, and merit, could not escape ruin, after she had put herself into the power of her hyæna, what can a thoughtless, fond, giddy creature expect?

* See Vol. IV. Letter XXIII.

Every man, they will say, is not a LOVELACE — True: but then, neither is every woman a CLARISSA. And allow for the one and for the other the example must be of general use.

I prepared Mr. Morden to expect your appointment of Mr. Belford for an office that we both hope he will have no occasion to act in (nor any body else) for many, very many years to come. He was at first startled at it: but, upon hearing such of your reasons as had satisfied me, he only said that such an appointment, were it to take place, would exceedingly affect his other cousins.

He told me, he had a copy of Lovelace's letter to you, imploring your pardon, and offering to undergo any penance to procure it;* and also of your answer to it.* *

* See Vol. VII. Letter LXXIX. * * Ibid. Letter LXXXIII.

I find he is willing to hope that a marriage between you may still take place; which, he says, will heal up all breaches.

I would have written much more — on the following particulars especially; to wit, of the wretched man's hunting you out of your lodgings: of your relations' strange implacableness, [I am in haste, and cannot think of a word you would like better just now:] of your last letter to Lovelace, to divert him from pursuing you: of your aunt Hervey's penitential conversation with Mrs. Norton: of Mr.

Wyerley's renewed address: of your lessons to me in Hickman's behalf, so approvable, were the man more so than he is; but indeed I am offended with him at this instant, and have been for these two days: of your sister's transportation-project: and of twenty and twenty other things: but am obliged to leave off, to attend my two cousins Spilsworth, and my cousin Herbert, who are come to visit us on account of my mother's illness — I will therefore dispatch these by Rogers; and if my mother gets well soon (as I hope she will) I am resolved to see you in town, and tell you every thing that now is upon my mind; and particularly, mingling my soul with your's, how much I am, and will ever be, my dearest, dear friend,

Your affectionate ANNA HOWE.

Let Rogers bring one line, I pray you. I thought to have sent him this afternoon; but he cannot set out till to-morrow morning early.

I cannot express how much your staggering lines and your conclusion affect me!

LETTER LIV

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 3.

I wonder not at the impatience your servant tells me you express to hear from me. I was designing to write you a long letter, and was just returned from Smith's for that purpose; but, since you are urgent, you must be contented with a short one.

I attended the lady this morning, just before I set out for Edgware. She was so ill over-night, that she was obliged to leave unfinished her letter to Miss Howe. But early this morning she made an end of it, and just sealed it up as I came. She was so fatigued with writing, that she told me she would lie down after I was gone, and endeavour to recruit her spirits.

They had sent for Mr. Goddard, when she was so ill last night; and not being able to see him out of her own chamber, he, for the first time, saw her house, as she calls it. He was extremely shocked and concerned at it; and chid Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick for not persuading her to have such an object removed form her bed-chamber: and when they excused themselves on the little authority it was reasonable to suppose they must have with a lady so much their superior, he reflected warmly on those who had more authority, and who left her to proceed with such a shocking and solemn whimsy, as he called it.

It is placed near the window, like a harpsichord, though covered over to the ground: and when she is so ill that she cannot well go to her closet, she writes and reads upon it, as others would upon a desk or table. But (only as she was so ill last night) she chooses not to see any body in that apartment.

I went to Edgware; and, returning in the evening, attended her again. She had a letter brought her from Mrs. Norton (a long one, as it seems by its bulk,) just before I came. But she had not opened it; and said, that as she was pretty calm and composed, she was afraid to look into the contents, lest she should be ruffled; expecting now to hear of nothing that could do her good or give her pleasure from that good woman's dear hard-hearted neighbours, as she called her own relations.

Seeing her so weak and ill, I withdrew; nor did she desire me to tarry, as sometimes she does, when I make a motion to depart.

I had some hints, as I went away, from Mrs. Smith, that she had appropriated that evening to some offices, that were to save trouble, as she called it, after her departure; and had been giving orders to her nurse, and to Mrs. Lovick, and Mrs. Smith, about what she would have done when she was gone; and I believe they

were of a very delicate and affecting nature; but Mrs. Smith descended not to particulars.

The doctor had been with her, as well as Mr. Goddard; and they both joined with great earnestness to persuade her to have her house removed out of her sight; but she assured them that it gave her pleasure and spirits; and, being a necessary preparation, she wondered they should be surprised at it, when she had not any of her family about her, or any old acquaintance, on whose care and exactness in these punctilios, as she called them, she could rely.

The doctor told Mrs. Smith, that he believed she would hold out long enough for any of her friends to have notice of her state, and to see her; and hardly longer; and since he could not find that she had any certainty of seeing her cousin Morden, (which made it plain that her relations continued inflexible,) he would go home, and write a letter to her father, take it as she would.

She had spent great part of the day in intense devotions; and to-morrow morning she is to have with her the same clergyman who has often attended her; from whose hands she will again receive the sacrament.

Thou seest, Lovelace, that all is preparing, that all will be ready; and I am to attend her to-morrow afternoon, to take some instructions from her in relation to my part in the office to be performed for her. And thus, omitting the particulars of a fine conversation between her and Mrs. Lovick, which the latter acquainted me with, as well as another between her and the doctor and apothecary, which I had a design this evening to give you, they being of a very affecting nature, I have yielded to your impatience.

I shall dispatch Harry to-morrow morning early with her letter to Miss Howe: an offer she took very kindly; as she is extremely solicitous to lessen that young lady’s apprehensions for her on not hearing from her by Saturday’s post: and yet, if she write truth, as no doubt but she will, how can her apprehensions be lessened?

LETTER LV

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE SATURDAY, SEPT. 2.

I write, my beloved Miss Howe, though very ill still: but I could not by the return of your messenger; for I was then unable to hold a pen.

Your mother's illness (as mentioned in the first part of your letter,) gave me great distress for you, till I read farther. You bewailed it as became a daughter so sensible. May you be blessed in each other for many, very many years to come! I doubt not, that even this sudden and grievous indisposition, by the frame it has put you in, and the apprehension it has given you of losing so dear a mother, will contribute to the happiness I wish you: for, alas! my dear, we seldom know how to value the blessings we enjoy, till we are in danger of losing them, or have actually lost them: and then, what would we give to have them restored to us!

What, I wonder, has again happened between you and Mr. Hickman? Although I know not, I dare say it is owing to some petty petulance, to some half-ungenerous advantage taken of his obligingness and assiduity. Will you never, my dear, give the weight you and all our sex ought to give to the qualities of sobriety and regularity of life and manners in that sex? Must bold creatures, and forward spirits, for ever, and by the best and wisest of us, as well as by the indiscreetest, be the most kindly treated?

My dear friends know not that I have actually suffered within less than an inch of my life.

Poor Mr. Brand! he meant well, I believe. I am afraid all will turn heavily upon him, when he probably imagined that he was taking the best method to oblige. But were he not to have been so light of belief, and so weakly officious; and had given a more favourable, and, it would be strange if I could not say, a juster report; things would have been, nevertheless, exactly as they are.

I must lay down my pen. I am very ill. I believe I shall be better by-and-by. The bad writing would betray me, although I had a mind to keep from you what the event must soon —

* * *

Now I resume my trembling pen. Excuse the unsteady writing. It will be so —

I have wanted no money: so don't be angry about such a trifle as money. Yet I am glad of what you inclined me to hope, that my friends will give up the produce of my grandfather's estate since it has been in their hands: because, knowing it to be my right, and that they could not want it, I had already disposed of a good part

of it; and could only hope they would be willing to give it up at my last request. And now how rich shall I think myself in this my last stage! — And yet I did not want before — indeed I did not — for who, that has many superfluities, can be said to want!

Do not, my dear friend, be concerned that I call it my last stage; For what is even the long life which in high health we wish for? What, but, as we go along, a life of apprehension, sometimes for our friends, oftener for ourselves? And at last, when arrived at the old age we covet, one heavy loss or deprivation having succeeded another, we see ourselves stript, as I may say, of every one we loved; and find ourselves exposed, as uncompanionable poor creatures, to the slights, to the contempts, of jostling youth, who want to push us off the stage, in hopes to possess what we have: — and, superadded to all, our own infirmities every day increasing: of themselves enough to make the life we wished for the greatest disease of all! Don't you remember the lines of Howard, which once you read to me in my ivy-bower?*

* These are the lines the lady refers to:

From death we rose to life: 'tis but the same,
Through life to pass again from whence we came.
With shame we see our PASSIONS can prevail,
Where reason, certainty, and virtue fail.
HONOUR, that empty name, can death despise; |
SCORN'D LOVE to death, as to a refuge, flies; |
And SORROW waits for death with longing eyes. |
HOPE triumphs o'er the thoughts of death; and FATE
Cheats fools, and flatters the unfortunate.
We fear to lose, what a small time must waste,
Till life itself grows the disease at last.
Begging for life, we beg for more decay,
And to be long a dying only pray.

In the disposition of what belongs to me, I have endeavoured to do every thing in the justest and best manner I could think of; putting myself in my relations' places, and, in the greater points, ordering my matters as if no misunderstanding had happened.

I hope they will not think much of some bequests where wanted, and where due from my gratitude: but if they should, what is done, is done; and I cannot now help it. Yet I must repeat, that I hope, I hope, I have pleased every one of them. For I would not, on any account, have it thought that, in my last disposition, any thing undaughterly, unsisterly, or unlike a kinswoman, should have had place in a mind that is a truly free (as I will presume to say) from all resentment, that it now

overflows with gratitude and blessings for the good I have received, although it be not all that my heart wished to receive. Were it even an hardship that I was not favoured with more, what is it but an hardship of half a year, against the most indulgent goodness of eighteen years and an half, that ever was shown to a daughter?

My cousin, you tell me, thinks I was off my guard, and that I was taken at some advantage. Indeed, my dear, I was not. Indeed I gave no room for advantage to be taken of me. I hope, one day, that will be seen, if I have the justice done me which Mr. Belford assures me of.

I should hope that my cousin has not taken the liberties which you (by an observation not, in general, unjust) seem to charge him with. For it is sad to think, that the generality of that sex should make so light of crimes, which they justly hold so unpardonable in their own most intimate relations of our's — yet cannot commit them without doing such injuries to other families as they think themselves obliged to resent unto death, when offered to their own.

But we women are to often to blame on this head; since the most virtuous among us seldom make virtue the test of their approbation of the other sex; insomuch that a man may glory in his wickedness of this sort without being rejected on that account, even to the faces of women of unquestionable virtue. Hence it is, that a libertine seldom thinks himself concerned so much as to save appearances: And what is it not that our sex suffers in their opinion on this very score? And what have I, more than many others, to answer for on this account in the world's eye?

May my story be a warning to all, how they prefer a libertine to a man of true honour; and how they permit themselves to be misled (where they mean the best) by the specious, yet foolish hope of subduing riveted habits, and, as I may say, of altering natures! — The more foolish, as constant experience might convince us, that there is hardly one in ten, of even tolerably happy marriages, in which the wife keeps the hold in the husband's affections, which she had in the lover's. What influence then can she hope to have over the morals of an avowed libertine, who marries perhaps for conveniency, who despises the tie, and whom, it is too probable, nothing but old age, or sickness, or disease, (the consequence of ruinous riot,) can reclaim?

I am very glad you gave my cous —

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 3, SIX O'CLOCK.

Hither I had written, and was forced to quit my pen. And so much weaker and worse I grew, that had I resumed it, to have closed here, it must have been with such trembling unsteadiness, that it would have given you more concern for me, than the delay of sending it away by last night's post can do. I deferred it,

therefore, to see how it would please God to deal with me. And I find myself, after a better night than I expected, lively and clear; and hope to give a proof that I do, in the continuation of my letter, which I will pursue as currently as if I had not left off.

I am glad that you so considerately gave my cousin Morden favourable impressions of Mr. Belford; since, otherwise, some misunderstanding might have happened between them: for although I hope this Mr. Belford is an altered man, and in time will be a reformed one, yet is he one of those high spirits that has been accustomed to resent imaginary indignities to himself, when, I believe, he has not been studious to avoid giving real offences to others; men of this cast acting as if they thought all the world was made to bar with them, and they with nobody in it.

Mr. Lovelace, you tell me, thought fit to intrust my cousin with the copy of his letter of penitence to me, and with my answer to it, rejecting him and his suit: and Mr. Belford, moreover, acquaints me, how much concerned Mr. Lovelace is for his baseness, and how freely he accused himself to my cousin. This shows, that the true bravery of spirit is to be above doing a vile action; and that nothing subjects the human mind to so much meanness, as the consciousness of having done wilful wrong to our fellow creatures. How low, how sordid, are the submissions which elaborate baseness compels! that that wretch could treat me as he did, and then could so poorly creep to me for forgiveness of crimes so wilful, so black, and so premeditated! how my soul despised him for his meanness on a certain occasion, of which you will one day be informed!* and him whose actions one's heart despises, it is far from being difficult to reject, had one ever so partially favoured him once.

* Meaning his meditated second violence (See Vol. VI. Letter XXXVI.) and his succeeding letters to her, supplicating for her pardon.

Yet am I glad this violent spirit can thus creep; that, like a poisonous serpent, he can thus coil himself, and hide his head in his own narrow circlets; because this stooping, this abasement, gives me hope that no farther mischief will ensue.

All my apprehension is, what may happen when I am gone; lest then my cousin, or any other of my family, should endeavour to avenge me, and risk their own more precious lives on that account.

If that part of Cain's curse were Mr. Lovelace's, to be a fugitive and vagabond in the earth; that is to say, if it meant no more harm to him than that he should be obliged to travel, as it seems he intends, (though I wish him no ill in his travels;) and I could know it; then should I be easy in the hoped-for safety of my friends from his skilful violence — Oh! that I could hear he was a thousand miles off!

When I began this letter, I did not think I could have run to such a length. But ’tis to YOU, my dearest friend, and you have a title to the spirits you raise and support; for they are no longer mine, and will subside the moment I cease writing to you.

But what do you bid me hope for, when you tell me that, if your mother’s health will permit, you will see me in town? I hope your mother’s health will be perfected as you wish; but I dare not promise myself so great a favour; so great a blessing, I will call it — and indeed I know not if I should be able to bear it now!

Yet one comfort it is in your power to give me; and that is, let me know, and very speedily it must be, if you wish to oblige me, that all matters are made up between you and Mr. Hickman; to whom, I see, you are resolved, with all your bravery of spirit, to owe a multitude of obligations for his patience with your flightiness. Think of this, my dear proud friend! and think, likewise, of what I have often told you, that PRIDE, in man or woman, is an extreme that hardly ever fails, sooner or later, to bring forth its mortifying CONTRARY.

May you, my dear Miss Howe, have no discomforts but what you make to yourself! as it will be in your own power to lessen such as these, they ought to be your punishment if you do not. There is no such thing as perfect happiness here, since the busy mind will make to itself evils, were it to find none. You will, therefore, pardon this limited wish, strange as it may appear, till you consider it: for to wish you no infelicity, either within or without you, were to wish you what can never happen in this world; and what perhaps ought not to be wished for, if by a wish one could give one’s friend such an exemption; since we are not to live here always.

We must not, in short, expect that our roses will grow without thorns: but then they are useful and instructive thorns: which, by pricking the fingers of the too-hasty plucker, teach future caution. And who knows not that difficulty gives poignancy to our enjoyments; which are apt to lose their relish with us when they are over easily obtained?

I must conclude —

God for ever bless you, and all you love and honour, and reward you here and hereafter for your kindness to

Your ever obliged and affectionate CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LVI

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE [IN ANSWER TO HER'S OF THURSDAY, AUGUST 24. SEE LETTER XXX. OF THIS VOLUME.] THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

I had written sooner, my dearest young lady, but that I have been endeavouring, ever since the receipt of your last letter, to obtain a private audience of your mother, in hopes of leave to communicate it to her. But last night I was surprised by an invitation to breakfast at Harlowe-place this morning; and the chariot came early to fetch me — an honour I did not expect.

When I came, I found there was to be a meeting of all your family with Col. Morden, at Harlowe-place; and it was proposed by your mother, and consented to, that I should be present. Your cousin, I understand, had with difficulty brought this meeting to bear; for your brother had before industriously avoided all conversation with him on the affecting subject; urging that it was not necessary to talk to Mr. Morden upon it, who, being a remoter relation than themselves, had no business to make himself a judge of their conduct to their daughter, their niece, and their sister; especially as he had declared himself in her favour; adding, that he should hardly have patience to be questioned by Mr. Morden on that head.

I was in hopes that your mother would have given me an opportunity of talking with her alone before the company met; but she seemed studiously to avoid it; I dare say, however, not with her inclination.

I was ordered in just before Mr. Morden came; and was bid to sit down — which I did in the window.

The Colonel, when he came, began the discourse, by renewing, as he called it, his solicitations in your favour. He set before them your penitence; your ill health; your virtue, though once betrayed, and basely used; he then read to them Mr. Lovelace's letter, a most contrite one indeed,* and your high-souled answer;* * for that was what he justly called it; and he treated as it deserved Mr. Brand's officious information, (of which I had before heard he had made them ashamed,) by representations founded upon inquiries made by Mr. Alston,* * * whom he had procured to go up on purpose to acquaint himself with your manner of life, and what was meant by the visits of that Mr. Belford.

* See Vol. VII. LXXIX. * * Ibid. Letter LXXXIII. * * * See Vol. VIII. Letter XXIII.

He then told them, that he had the day before waited upon Miss Howe, and had been shown a letter from you to her,* and permitted to take some memorandums from it, in which you appeared, both by handwriting, and the contents, to be so very ill, that it seemed doubtful to him, if it were possible for you to get over it. And when he read to them that passage, where you ask Miss Howe, 'What can be done for you now, were your friends to be ever so favourable? and wish for their sakes, more than for your own, that they would still relent;' and then say, 'You are very ill — you must drop your pen — and ask excuse for your crooked writing; and take, as it were, a last farewell of Miss Howe; — adieu, my dear, adieu,' are your words —

* Ibid. Letter XXXIII.

O my child! my child! said you mamma, weeping, and clasping her hands.

Dear Madam, said your brother, be so good as to think you have more children than this ungrateful one.

Yet your sister seemed affected.

Your uncle Harlowe, wiping his eyes, O cousin, said he, if one thought the poor girl was really so ill —

She must, said your uncle Antony. This is written to her private friend. God forbid she should be quite lost!

Your uncle Harlowe wished they did not carry their resentments too far.

I begged for God's sake, wringing my hands, and with a bended knee, that they would permit me to go up to you; engaging to give them a faithful account of the way you were in. But I was chidden by your brother; and this occasioned some angry words between him and Mr. Morden.

I believe, Sir, I believe, Madam, said your sister to her father and mother, we need not trouble my cousin to read any more. It does but grieve and disturb you. My sister Clary seems to be ill: I think, if Mrs. Norton were permitted to go up to her, it would be right; wickedly as she has acted, if she be truly penitent —

Here she stopt; and every one being silent, I stood up once more, and besought them to let me go; and then I offered to read a passage or two in your letter to me of the 24th. But I was taken up again by your brother, and this occasioned still higher words between the Colonel and him.

Your mother, hoping to gain upon your inflexible brother, and to divert the anger of the two gentlemen from each other, proposed that the Colonel should proceed in reading the minutes he had taken from your letter.

He accordingly read, 'of your resuming your pen; that you thought you had taken your last farewell; and the rest of that very affecting passage, in which you are obliged to break off more than once, and afterwards to take an airing in a chair.' Your brother and sister were affected at this; and he had recourse to his

snuff-box. And where you comfort Miss Howe, and say, ‘You shall be happy;’ It is more, said he, than she will let any body else be.

Your sister called you sweet soul! but with a low voice: then grew hard-hearted again; set said [sic], Nobody could help being affected by your pathetic grief — but that it was your talent.

The Colonel then went on to the good effect your airing had upon you; to your good wishes to Miss Howe and Mr. Hickman; and to your concluding sentence, that when the happy life you wished to her comes to be wound up, she may be as calm and as easy at quitting it, as you hope in God you shall be. Your mother could not stand this; but retired to a corner of the room, and sobbed, and wept. Your father for a few minutes could not speak, though he seemed inclined to say something.

Your uncles were also both affected; but your brother went round to each, and again reminded your mother that she had other children. — What was there, he said, in what was read, but the result of the talent you had of moving the passions? And he blamed them for choosing to hear read what they knew their abused indulgence could not be a proof against.

This set Mr. Morden up again — Fie upon you, Cousin Harlowe, said he, I see plainly to whom it is owing that all relationship and ties of blood, with regard to this sweet sufferer, are laid aside. Such rigours as these make it difficult for a sliding virtue ever to recover itself.

Your brother pretended the honour of the family; and declared, that no child ought to be forgiven who abandoned the most indulgent of parents against warning, against the light of knowledge, as you had done.

But, Sir, and Ladies, said I, rising from the seat in the window, and humbly turning round to each, if I may be permitted to speak, my dear Miss asks only for a blessing. She does not beg to be received to favour; she is very ill, and asks only for a last blessing.

Come, come, good Norton, [I need not tell you who said this,] you are up again with your lamentables! — A good woman, as you are, to forgive so readily a crime, that has been as disgraceful to your part in her education as to her family, is a weakness that would induce one to suspect your virtue, if you were to be encountered by a temptation properly adapted.

By some such charitable logic, said Mr. Morden, as this, is my cousin Arabella captivated, I doubt not. If virtue, you, Mr. James Harlowe, are the most virtuous young man in the world.

I knew how it would be, replied your brother, in a passion, if I met Mr. Morden upon this business. I would have declined it; but you, Sir, to his father, would not permit me to do so.

But, Sir, turning to the Colonel, in no other presence ——

Then, Cousin James, interrupted the other gentleman, that which is your protection, it seems, is mine. I am not used to bear defiances thus — you are my Cousin, Sir, and the son and nephew of persons as dear as near to me — There he paused —

Are we, said your father, to be made still more unhappy among ourselves, when the villain lives that ought to be the object of every one's resentment who has either a value for the family, or for this ungrateful girl?

That's the man, said your cousin, whom last Monday, as you know, I went purposely to make the object of mine. But what could I say, when I found him so willing to repair his crime? — And I give it as my opinion, and have written accordingly to my poor cousin, that it is best for all round that his offer should be accepted; and let me tell you —

Tell me nothing, said your father, quite enraged, or that very vile fellow! I have a rivetted hatred to him. I would rather see the rebel die an hundred deaths, were it possible, than that she should give such a villain as him a relation to my family.

Well, but there is no room to think, said you mother, that she will give us such a relation, my dear. The poor girl will lessen, I fear, the number of our relations not increase it. If she be so ill as we are told she is, let us send Mrs. Norton up to her. — That's the least we can do — let us take her, however, out of the hands of that Belford.

Both your uncles supported this motion; the latter part of it especially.

Your brother observed, in his ill-natured way, what a fine piece of consistency it was in you to refuse the vile injurer, and the amends he offered; yet to throw yourself upon the protection of his fast friend.

Miss Harlowe was apprehensive, she said, that you would leave all you could leave to that pert creature, Miss Howe, [so she called her,] if you should die.

O do not, do not suppose that, my Bella, said your poor mother. I cannot think of parting with my Clary — with all her faults, she is my child — her reasons for her conduct are not heard — it would break my heart to lose her. — I think, my dear, to your father, none so fit as I to go up, if you will give me leave, and Mrs. Norton shall accompany me.

This was a sweet motion, and your father paused upon it. Mr. Morden offered his service to escort her; your uncles seemed to approve of it; but your brother dashed all. I hope, Sir, said he, to his father — I hope, Madam, to his mother — that you will not endeavour to recover a faulty daughter by losing an unculpable son. I do declare, that if ever my sister Clary darkens these doors again, I never will. I will set out, Madam, the same hour you go to London, (on such an errand,)

to Edinburgh; and there I will reside, and try to forget that I have relations in England, so near and so dear as you are now all to me.

Good God, said the Colonel, what a declaration is this! And suppose, Sir, and suppose, Madam, [turning to your father and mother,] this should be the case, whether it is better, think you, that you should lose for ever such a daughter as my cousin Clary, or that your son should go to Edinburgh, and reside there upon an estate which will be the better for his residence upon it? —

Your brother's passionate behaviour hereupon is hardly to be described. He resented it as promising an alienation of the affection of the family to him. And to such an height were resentments carried, every one siding with him, that the Colonel, with hands and eyes lifted up, cried out, What hearts of flint am I related to! — O, Cousin Harlowe, to your father, are you resolved to have but one daughter? — Are you, Madam, to be taught, by a son, who has no bowels, to forget you are a mother?

The Colonel turned from them to draw out his handkerchief, and could not for a minute speak. The eyes of every one, but the hard-hearted brother, caught tears from his.

But then turning to them, (with the more indignation, as it seemed, as he had been obliged to show a humanity, which, however, no brave heart should be ashamed of,) I leave ye all, said he, fit company for one another. I will never open my lips to any of you more upon this subject. I will instantly make my will, and in me shall the dear creature have the father, uncle, brother, she has lost. I will prevail upon her to take the tour of France and Italy with me; nor shall she return till ye know the value of such a daughter.

And saying this, he hurried out of the room, went into the court-yard, and ordered his horse.

Mr. Antony Harlowe went to him there, just as he was mounting, and said he hoped he should find him cooler in the evening, (for he, till then, had lodged at his house,) and that then they would converse calmly, and every one, mean time, would weigh all matters well. — But the angry gentleman said, Cousin Harlowe, I shall endeavour to discharge the obligations I owe to your civility since I have been in England; but I have been so treated by that hot-headed young man, (who, as far as I know, has done more to ruin his sister than Lovelace himself, and this with the approbation of you all,) that I will not again enter into your doors, or theirs. My servants shall have orders whither to bring what belongs to me from your house. I will see my dear cousin Clary as soon as I can. And so God bless you altogether! — only this one word to your nephew, if you please — That he wants to be taught the difference between courage and bluster; and it is happy for him, perhaps, that I am his kinsman; though I am sorry he is mine.

I wondered to hear your uncle, on his return to them all, repeat this; because of the consequences it may be attended with, though I hope it will not have bad ones; yet it was considered as a sort of challenge, and so it confirmed every body in your brother's favour; and Miss Harlowe forgot not to inveigh against that error which had brought on all these evils.

I took the liberty again, but with fear and trembling, to desire leave to attend you.

Before any other person could answer, your brother said, I suppose you look upon yourself, Mrs. Norton, to be your own mistress. Pray do you want our consents and courtship to go up? — If I may speak my mind, you and my sister Clary are the fittest to be together. — Yet I wish you would not trouble your head about our family matters, till you are desired to do so.

But don't you know, brother, said Miss Harlowe, that the error of any branch of a family splits that family into two parties, and makes not only every common friend and acquaintance, but even servants judges over both? — This is one of the blessed effects of my sister Clary's fault!

There never was a creature so criminal, said your father, looking with displeasure at me, who had not some weak heads to pity and side with her.

I wept. Your mother was so good as to take me by the hand; come, good woman, said she, come along with me. You have too much reason to be afflicted with what afflicts us, to want additions to your grief.

But, my dearest young lady, I was more touched for your sake than for my own; for I have been low in the world for a great number of years; and, of consequence, have been accustomed to snubs and rebuffs from the affluent. But I hope that patience is written as legibly on my forehead, as haughtiness on that of any of my obligers.

Your mother led me to her chamber; and there we sat and wept together for several minutes, without being able to speak either of us one word to the other. At last she broke silence, asking me, if you were really and indeed so ill as it was said you were?

I answered in the affirmative; and would have shown her your last letter; but she declined seeing it.

I would fain have procured from her the favour of a line to you, with her blessing. I asked, what was intended by your brother and sister? Would nothing satisfy them but your final reprobation? — I insinuated, how easy it would be, did not your duty and humility govern you, to make yourself independent as to circumstances; but that nothing but a blessing, a last blessing, was requested by you. And many other thins I urged in your behalf. The following brief repetition

of what she was pleased to say in answer to my pleas, will give you a notion of it all; and of the present situation of things.

She said, ‘She was very unhappy! — She had lost the little authority she once had over her other children, through one child’s failing! and all influence over Mr. Harlowe and his brothers. Your father, she said, had besought her to leave it to him to take his own methods with you; and, (as she valued him,) to take no step in your favour unknown to him and your uncles; yet she owned, that they were too much governed by your brother. They would, however, give way in time, she knew, to a reconciliation — they designed no other, for they all still loved you.

‘Your brother and sister, she owned, were very jealous of your coming into favour again; — yet could but Mr. Morden have kept his temper, and stood her son’s first sallies, who (having always had the family grandeur in view) had carried his resentment so high, that he knew not how to descend, the conferences, so abruptly broken off just now, would have ended more happily; for that she had reason to think that a few concessions on your part, with regard to your grandfather’s estate, and your cousin’s engaging for your submission as from proper motives, would have softened them all.

‘Mr. Brand’s account of your intimacy with the friend of the obnoxious man, she said, had, for the time very unhappy effects; for before that she had gained some ground: but afterwards dared not, nor indeed had inclination, to open her lips in your behalf. Your continued intimacy with that Mr. Belford was wholly unaccountable, and as wholly inexcusable.

‘What made the wished-for reconciliation, she said, more difficult, was, first, that you yourself acknowledged yourself dishonoured; (and it was too well known, that it was your own fault that you ever were in the power of so great a profligate;) of consequence, that their and your disgrace could not be greater than it was; yet, that you refuse to prosecute the wretch. Next, that the pardon and blessing hoped for must probably be attended with your marriage to the man they hate, and who hates them as much: very disagreeable circumstances, she said, I must allow, to found a reconciliation upon.

‘As to her own part, she must needs say, that if there were any hope that Mr. Lovelace would become a reformed man, the letter her cousin Morden had read to them from him to you, and the justice (as she hoped it was) he did your character, though to his own condemnation, (his family and fortunes being unexceptionable,) and all his relations earnest to be related to you, were arguments that would weigh with her, could they have any with your father and uncles.’

To my plea of your illness, ‘she could not but flatter herself, she answered, that it was from lowness of spirits, and temporary dejection. A young creature, she

said, so very considerate as you naturally were, and fallen so low, must have enough of that. Should they lose you, which God forbid! the scene would then indeed be sadly changed; for then those who now most resented, would be most grieved; all your fine qualities would rise to their remembrance, and your unhappy error would be quite forgotten.

'She wished you would put yourself into your cousin's protection entirely, and have nothing to more to say to Mr. Belford.

And I would recommend it to your most serious consideration, my dear Miss Clary, whether now, as your cousin (who is your trustee for your grandfather's estate,) is come, you should not give over all thoughts of Mr. Lovelace's intimate friend for your executor; more especially, as that gentleman's interfering in the concerns of your family, should the sad event take place (which my heart aches but to think of) might be attended with those consequences which you are so desirous, in other cases, to obviate and prevent. And suppose, my dear young lady, you were to write one letter more to each of your uncles, to let them know how ill you are? — And to ask their advice, and offer to be governed by it, in relation to the disposition of your estate and effects? — Methinks I wish you would.

I find they will send you up a large part of what has been received from that estate since it was your's; together with your current cash which you left behind you: and this by your cousin Morden, for fear you should have contracted debts which may make you uneasy.

They seem to expect, that you will wish to live at your grandfather's house, in a private manner, if your cousin prevail not upon you to go abroad for a year or two.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Betty was with me just now. She tells me, that your cousin Morden is so much displeased with them all, that he has refused to lodge any more at your uncle Antony's; and has even taken up with inconvenient lodgings, till he is provided with others to his mind. This very much concerns them; and they repent their violent treatment of him: and the more, as he is resolved, he says, to make you his sole executrix, and heir to all his fortune.

What noble fortunes still, my dearest young lady, await you! I am thoroughly convinced, if it please God to preserve your life and your health, that every body will soon be reconciled to you, and that you will see many happy days.

Your mother wished me not to attend you as yet, because she hopes that I may give myself that pleasure soon with every body's good liking, and even at their desire. Your cousin Morden's reconciliation with them, which they are very desirous of, I am ready to hope will include theirs with you.

But if that should happen which I so much dread, and I not with you, I should never forgive myself. Let me, therefore, my dearest young lady, desire you to command my attendance, if you find any danger, and if you wish me peace of mind; and no consideration shall withhold me.

I hear that Miss Howe has obtained leave from her mother to see you; and intends next week to go to town for that purpose; and (as it is believed) to buy clothes for her approaching nuptials.

Mr. Hickman's mother-in-law is lately dead. Her jointure of 600£. a-year is fallen to him; and she has, moreover, as an acknowledgement of his good behaviour to her, left him all she was worth, which was very considerable, a few legacies excepted to her own relations.

These good men are uniformly good: indeed could not else be good; and never fare the worse for being so. All the world agrees he will make that fine young lady an excellent husband: and I am sorry they are not as much agreed in her making him an excellent wife. But I hope a woman of her principles would not encourage his address, if, whether she at present love him or not, she thought she could not love him; or if she preferred any other man to him.

Mr. Pocock undertakes to deliver this; but fears it will be Saturday night first, if not Sunday morning.

May the Almighty protect and bless you! — I long to see you — my dearest young lady, I long to see you; and to fold you once more to my fond heart. I dare to say happy days are coming. Be but cheerful. Give way to hope.

Whether for this world, or the other, you must be happy. Wish to live, however, were it only because you are so well fitted in mind to make every one happy who has the honour to know you. What signifies this transitory eclipse? You are as near perfection, by all I have heard, as any creature in this world can be: for here is your glory — you are brightened and purified, as I may say, by your sufferings! — How I long to hear your whole sad, yet instructive story, from your own lips!

For Miss Howe's sake, who, in her new engagements will so much want you; for your cousin Morden's sake, for your mother's sake, if I must go on farther in your family; and yet I can say, for all their sakes; and for my sake, my dearest Miss Clary; let your resumed and accustomed magnanimity bear you up. You have many things to do which I know not the person who will do if you leave us.

Join your prayers then to mine, that God will spare you to a world that wants you and your example; and, although your days may seem to have been numbered, who knows but that, with the good King Hezekiah, you may have them prolonged? Which God grant, if it be his blessed will, to the prayers of

Your JUDITH NORTON

LETTER LVII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. MONDAY, SEPT. 4.

The lady would not read the letter she had from Mrs. Norton till she had received the Communion, for fear it should contain any thing that might disturb that happy calm, which she had been endeavouring to obtain for it. And when that solemn office was over, she was so composed, she said, that she thought she could receive any news, however affecting, with tranquillity.

Nevertheless, in reading it, she was forced to leave off several times through weakness and a dimness in her sight, of which she complained; if I may say complained; for so easy and soft were her complaints, that they could hardly be called such.

She was very much affected at divers parts of this letter. She wept several times, and sighed often. Mrs. Lovick told me, that these were the gentle exclamations she broke out into, as she read: — Her unkind, her cruel brother! — How unsisterly! — Poor dear woman! seeming to speak of Mrs. Norton. Her kind cousin! — O these flaming spirits! And then reflecting upon herself more than once — What a deep error is mine! — What evils have I been the occasion of! —

When I was admitted to her presence, I have received, said she, a long and not very pleasing letter from my dear Mrs. Norton. It will soon be in your hands. I am advised against appointing you to the office you have so kindly accepted of: but you must resent nothing of these things. My choice will have an odd appearance to them: but it is now too late to alter it, if I would.

I would fain write an answer to it, continued she: but I have no distinct sight, Mr. Belford, no steadiness of fingers. — This mistiness, however, will perhaps be gone by-and-by. — Then turning to Mrs. Lovick, I don't think I am dying yet — not actually dying, Mrs. Lovick — for I have no bodily pain — no numbnesses; no signs of immediate death, I think. — And my breath, which used of late to be so short, is now tolerable — my head clear, my intellects free — I think I cannot be dying yet — I shall have agonies, I doubt — life will not give up so blessedly easy, I fear — yet how merciful is the Almighty, to give his poor creature such a sweet serenity!— 'Tis what I have prayed for! — What encouragement, Mrs. Lovick, so near one's dissolution, to have it to hope that one's prayers are answered.

Mrs. Smith, as well as Mrs. Lovick, was with her. They were both in tears; nor had I, any more than they, power to say a word in answer: yet she spoke all this, as well as what follows, with a surprising composure of mind and countenance.

But, Mr. Belford, said she, assuming a still sprightlier air and accent, let me talk a little to you, while I am thus able to say what I have to say.

Mrs. Lovick, don't leave us, [for the women were rising to go,] pray sit down; and do you, Mrs. Smith, sit down too. — Dame Shelbourne, take this key, and open the upper drawer. I will move to it.

She did, with trembling knees. Here, Mr. Belford, is my will. It is witnessed by three persons of Mr. Smith's acquaintance.

I dare to hope, that my cousin Morden will give you assistance, if you request it of him. My cousin Morden continued his affection for me: but as I have not seen him, I leave all the trouble upon you, Mr. Belford. This deed may want forms; and it does, no doubt: but the less, as I have my grandfather's will almost by heart, and have often enough heard that canvassed. I will lay it by itself in this corner; putting it at the further end of the drawer.

She then took up a parcel of letters, enclosed in one cover, sealed with three seals of black wax: This, said she, I sealed up last night. The cover, Sir, will let you know what is to be done with what it encloses. This is the superscription [holding it close to her eyes, and rubbing them]; As soon as I am certainly dead, this to be broke open by Mr. Belford. — Here, Sir, I put it [placing it by the will]. — These folded papers are letters, and copies of letters, disposed according to their dates. Miss Howe will do with those as you and she shall think fit. If I receive any more, or more come when I cannot receive them, they may be put into this drawer, [pulling out and pushing in the looking-glass drawer,] to be given to Mr. Belford, be they from whom they will. You'll be so kind as to observe that, Mrs. Lovick, and dame Shelbourne.

Here, Sir, proceeded she, I put the keys of my apparel [putting them into the drawer with her papers]. All is in order, and the inventory upon them, and an account of what I have disposed of: so that nobody need to ask Mrs. Smith any questions.

There will be no immediate need to open or inspect the trunks which contain my wearing apparel. Mrs. Norton will open them, or order somebody to do it for her, in your presence, Mrs. Lovick; for so I have directed in my will. They may be sealed up now: I shall never more have occasion to open them.

She then, though I expostulated with her to the contrary, caused me to seal them up with my seal.

After this, she locked up the drawer where were her papers; first taking out her book of meditations, as she called it; saying, she should, perhaps, have use for that; and then desired me to take the key of that drawer; for she should have no further occasion for that neither.

All this in so composed and cheerful a manner, that we were equally surprised and affected with it.

You can witness for me, Mrs. Smith, and so can you, Mrs. Lovick, proceeded she, if any one ask after my life and conversation, since you have known me, that I have been very orderly; have kept good hours; and never have lain out of your house but when I was in prison; and then you know I could not help it.

O, Lovelace! that thou hadst heard her or seen her, unknown to herself, on this occasion! — Not one of us could speak a word.

I shall leave the world in perfect charity, proceeded she. And turning towards the women, don't be so much concerned for me, my good friends. This is all but needful preparation; and I shall be very happy.

Then again rubbing her eyes, which she said were misty, and looked more intently round upon each, particularly on me — God bless you all! said she; how kindly are you concerned for me! — Who says I am friendless? Who says I am abandoned, and among strangers? — Good Mr. Belford, don't be so generously humane! — Indeed [putting her handkerchief to her charming eyes,] you will make me less happy, than I am sure you wish me to be.

While we were thus solemnly engaged, a servant came with a letter from her cousin Morden: — Then, said she, he is not come himself!

She broke it open; but every line, she said, appeared two to her: so that, being unable to read it herself, she desired I would read it to her. I did so; and wished it were more consolatory to her: but she was all patient attention: tears, however, often trickling down her cheeks. By the date, it was written yesterday; and this is the substance of it.

He tells her, 'That the Thursday before he had procured a general meeting of her principal relations, at her father's; though not without difficulty, her haughty brother opposing it, and, when met, rendering all his endeavours to reconcile them to her ineffectual. He censures him, as the most ungovernable young man he ever knew: some great sickness, he says, some heavy misfortune, is wanted to bring him to a knowledge of himself, and of what is due from him to others; and he wishes that he were not her brother, and his cousin. Nor doe he spare her father and uncles for being so implicitly led by him.'

He tells her, 'That he parted with them all in high displeasure, and thought never more to darken any of their doors: that he declared as much to her two uncles, who came to him on Saturday, to try to accommodate with him; and who found him preparing to go to London to attend her; and that, notwithstanding their pressing entreaties, he determined so to do, and not to go with them to Harlowe-place, or to either of their own houses; and accordingly dismissed them with such an answer.

‘But that her noble letter,’ as he calls it, of Aug. 31,* ‘being brought him about an hour after their departure, he thought it might affect them as much as it did him; and give them the exalted opinion of her virtue which was so well deserved; he therefore turned his horse’s head back to her uncle Antony’s, instead of forwards toward London.

* See Letter XLV. of this volume.

‘That accordingly arriving there, and finding her two uncles together, he read to them the affecting letter; which left none of the three a dry eye: that the absent, as is usual in such cases, bearing all the load, they accused her brother and sister; and besought him to put off his journey to town, till he could carry with him the blessings which she had formerly in vain solicited for; and (as they hoped) the happy tidings of a general reconciliation.

‘That not doubting but his visit would be the more welcome to her, if these good ends could be obtained, he the more readily complied with their desires. But not being willing to subject himself to the possibility of receiving fresh insult from her brother, he had given her uncles a copy of her letter, for the family to assemble upon; and desired to know, as soon as possible, the result of their deliberations.

‘He tells her, that he shall bring her up the accounts relating to the produce of her grandfather’s estate, and adjust them with her; having actually in his hands the arrears due to her from it.

‘He highly applauds the noble manner in which she resents your usage of her. It is impossible, he owns, that you can either deserve her, or to be forgiven. But as you do justice to her virtue, and offer to make her all the reparation now in your power; and as she is so very earnest with him not to resent that usage; and declares, that you could not have been the author of her calamities but through a strange concurrence of unhappy causes; and as he is not at a loss to know how to place to a proper account that strange concurrence; he desires her not to be apprehensive of any vindictive measures from him.’

Nevertheless (as may be expected) ‘he inveighs against you; as he finds that she gave you no advantage over her. But he forbears to enter further into this subject, he says, till he has the honour to see her; and the rather, as she seems so much determined against you. However, he cannot but say, that he thinks you a gallant man, and a man of sense; and that you have the reputation of being thought a generous man in every instance but where the sex is concerned. In such, he owns, that you have taken inexcusable liberties. And he is sorry to say, that there are very few young men of fortune but who allow themselves in the same. Both sexes, he observes, too much love to have each other in their power: yet he

hardly ever knew man or woman who was very fond of power make a right use of it.

‘If she be so absolutely determined against marrying you, as she declares she is, he hopes, he says, to prevail upon her to take (as soon as her health will permit) a little tour abroad with him, as what will probably establish it; since traveling is certainly the best physic for all those disorders which owe their rise to grief or disappointment. An absence of two or three years will endear her to every one, on her return, and every one to her.

‘He expresses his impatience to see her. He will set out, he says, the moment he knows the result of her family’s determination; which, he doubts not, will be favourable. Nor will he wait long for that.’

When I had read the letter through to the languishing lady, And so, my friends, said she, have I heard of a patient who actually died, while five or six principal physicians were in a consultation, and not agreed upon what name to give his distemper. The patient was an emperor, the emperor Joseph, I think.

I asked, if I should write to her cousin, as he knew not how ill she was, to hasten up?

By no means, she said; since, if he were not already set out, she was persuaded that she should be so low by the time he could receive my letter, and come, that his presence would but discompose and hurry her, and afflict him.

I hope, however, she is not so very near her end. And without saying any more to her, when I retired, I wrote to Colonel Morden, that if he expects to see his beloved cousin alive, he must lose no time in setting out. I sent this letter by his own servant.

Dr. H. sent away his letter to her father by a particular hand this morning.

Mrs. Walton the milliner has also just now acquainted Mrs. Smith, that her husband had a letter brought by a special messenger from Parson Brand, within this half hour, enclosing the copy of one he had written to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his officious one.

And as all these, and the copy of the lady’s letter to Col. Morden, will be with them pretty much at a time, the devil’s in the family if they are not struck with a remorse that shall burst open the double-barred doors of their hearts.

Will. engages to reach you with this (late as it will be) before you go to rest. He begs that I will testify for him the hour and the minute I shall give it him. It is just half an hour after ten.

I pretend to be (now by use) the swiftest short-hand writer in England, next to yourself. But were matter to arise every hour to write upon, and I had nothing else to do, I cannot write so fast as you expect. And let it be remembered, that your servants cannot bring letters or messages before they are written or sent.

LETTER LVIII

DR. H. TO JAMES HARLOWE, SENIOR, ESQ. LONDON, SEPT. 4.

SIR,

If I may judge of the hearts of other parents by my own, I cannot doubt but you will take it well to be informed that you have yet an opportunity to save yourself and family great future regret, by dispatching hither some one of it with your last blessing, and your lady's, to the most excellent of her sex.

I have some reason to believe, Sir, that she has been represented to you in a very different light from the true one. And this it is that induces me to acquaint you, that I think her, on the best grounds, absolutely irreproachable in all her conduct which has passed under my eye, or come to my ear; and that her very misfortunes are made glorious to her, and honourable to all that are related to her, by the use she has made of them; and by the patience and resignation with which she supports herself in a painful, lingering, and dispiriting decay! and by the greatness of mind with which she views her approaching dissolution. And all this from proper motives; from motives in which a dying saint might glory.

She knows not that I write. I must indeed acknowledge, that I offered to do so some days ago, and that very pressingly: nor did she refuse me from obstinacy — she seemed not to know what that is — but desired me to forbear for two days only, in hopes that her newly-arrived cousin, who, as she heard, was soliciting for her, would be able to succeed in her favour.

I hope I shall not be thought an officious man on this occasion; but, if I am, I cannot help it, being driven to write, by a kind of parental and irresistible impulse.

But, Sir, whatever you think fit to do, or permit to be done, must be speedily done; for she cannot, I verily think, live a week: and how long of that short space she may enjoy her admirable intellects to take comfort in the favours you may think proper to confer upon her cannot be said. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

R.H.

LETTER LIX

MR. BELFORD, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ. LONDON, SEPT. 4.

SIR,

The urgency of the case, and the opportunity by your servant, will sufficiently apologize for this trouble from a stranger to your person, who, however, is not a stranger to your merit.

I understand you are employing your good offices with the parents of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, and other relations, to reconcile them to the most meritorious daughter and kinswoman that ever family had to boast of.

Generously as this is intended by you, we here have too much reason to think all your solicitudes on this head will be unnecessary: for it is the opinion of every one who has the honour of being admitted to her presence, that she cannot lie over three days: so that, if you wish to see her alive, you must lose no time to come up.

She knows not that I write. I had done it sooner, if I had had the least doubt that before now she would not have received from you some news of the happy effects of your kind mediation in her behalf. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, J. BELFORD.

LETTER LX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO LETTER LVII.] UXBRIDGE, TUESDAY MORN, BETWEEN 4 AND 5.

And can it be, that this admirable creature will so soon leave this cursed world! For cursed I shall think it, and more cursed myself, when she is gone. O, Jack! thou who canst sit so cool, and, like Addison's Angel, direct, and even enjoy, the storm, that tears up my happiness by the roots; blame me not for my impatience, however unreasonable! If thou knowest, that already I feel the torments of the damned, in the remorse that wrings my heart, on looking back upon my past actions by her, thou wouldst not be the devil thou art, to halloo on a worrying conscience, which, without my merciless aggravations, is altogether intolerable.

I know not what to write, nor what I would write. When the company that used to delight me is as uneasy to me as my reflections are painful, and I can neither help nor divert myself, must not every servant about me partake in a perturbation so sincere!

Shall I give thee a faint picture of the horrible uneasiness with which my mind struggles? And faint indeed it must be; for nothing but outrageous madness can exceed it; and that only in the apprehension of others; since, as to the sufferer, it is certain, that actual distraction (take it out of its lucid intervals) must be an infinitely more happy state than the state of suspense and anxiety, which often brings it on.

Forbidden to attend the dear creature, yet longing to see her, I would give the world to be admitted once more to her beloved presence. I ride towards London three or four times a day, resolving pro and con, twenty times in two or three miles; and at last ride back; and, in view of Uxbridge, loathing even the kind friend, and hospitable house, turn my horse's head again towards the town, and resolve to gratify my humour, let her take it as she will; but, at the very entrance of it, after infinite canvassings, once more alter my mind, dreading to offend and shock her, lest, by that means, I should curtail a life so precious.

Yesterday, in particular, to give you an idea of the strength of that impatience, which I cannot avoid suffering to break out upon my servants, I had no sooner dispatched Will., than I took horse to meet him on his return.

In order to give him time, I loitered about on the road, riding up this lane to the one highway, down that to the other, just as my horse pointed; all the way cursing my very being; and though so lately looking down upon all the world, wishing to change conditions with the poorest beggar that cried to me for charity as I rode by

him — and throwing him money, in hopes to obtain by his prayers the blessing my heart pants after.

After I had sauntered about an hour or two, (which seemed three or four tedious ones,) fearing I had slipt the fellow, I inquired at every turnpike, whether a servant in such a livery had not passed through in his return from London, on a full gallop; for woe had been to the dog, had I met him on a sluggish trot! And lest I should miss him at one end of Kensingtohn, as he might take either the Acton or Hammersmith road; or at the other, as he might come through the Park, or not; how many score times did I ride backwards and forwards from the Palace to the Gore, making myself the subject of observation to all passengers whether on horseback or on foot; who, no doubt, wondered to see a well-dressed and well-mounted man, sometimes ambling, sometimes prancing, (as the beast had more fire than his master) backwards and forwards in so short a compass!

Yet all this time, though longing to espy the fellow, did I dread to meet him, lest he should be charged with fatal tidings.

When at distance I saw any man galloping towards me, my resemblance-forming fancy immediately made it to be him; and then my heart choked me. But when the person's nearer approach undeceived me, how did I curse the varlet's delay, and thee, by turns! And how ready was I to draw my pistol at the stranger, for having the impudence to gallop; which none but my messenger, I thought, had either right or reason to do! For all the business of the world, I am ready to imagine, should stand still on an occasion so melancholy and so interesting to me. Nay, for this week past, I could cut the throat of any man or woman I see laugh, while I am in such dejection of mind.

I am now convinced that the wretches who fly from a heavy scene, labour under ten times more distress in the intermediate suspense and apprehension, than they could have, were they present at it, and to see and know the worst: so capable is fancy or imagination, the more immediate offspring of the soul, to outgo fact, let the subject be either joyous or grievous.

And hence, as I conceive, it is, that all pleasures are greater in the expectation, or in the reflection, than in fruition; as all pains, which press heavy upon both parts of that unequal union by which frail mortality holds its precarious tenure, are ever most acute in the time of suffering: for how easy sit upon the reflection the heaviest misfortunes, when surmounted! — But most easy, I confess, those in which body has more concern than soul. This, however, is a point of philosophy I have neither time nor head just now to weigh: so take it as it falls from a madman's pen.

Woe be to either of the wretches who shall bring me the fatal news that she is no more! For it is but too likely that a shriek-owl so hated will never hoot or

scream again; unless the shock, that will probably disorder my whole frame on so sad an occasion, (by unsteadying my hand,) shall divert my aim from his head, heart, or bowels, if it turn not against my own.

But, surely, she will not, she cannot yet die! Such a matchless excellence,

—— whose mind

Contains a world, and seems for all things fram'd,

could not be lent to be so soon demanded back again!

But may it not be, that thou, Belford, art in a plot with the dear creature, (who will not let me attend her to convince myself,) in order to work up my soul to the deepest remorse; and that, when she is convinced of the sincerity of my penitence, and when my mind is made such wax, as to be fit to take what impression she pleases to give it, she will then raise me up with the joyful tidings of her returning health and acceptance of me!

What would I give to have it so! And when the happiness of hundreds, as well as the peace and reconciliation of several eminent families, depend upon her restoration and happiness, why should it not be so?

But let me presume it will. Let me indulge my former hope, however improbable — I will; and enjoy it too. And let me tell thee how ecstatic my delight would be on the unravelling of such a plot as this!

Do, dear Belford, let it be so! — And, O, my dearest, and ever-dear Clarissa, keep me no loner in this cruel suspense; in which I suffer a thousand times more than ever I made thee suffer. Nor fear thou that I will resent, or recede, on an ecclaircissement so desirable; for I will adore thee for ever, and without reproaching thee for the pangs thou hast tortured me with, confess thee as much my superior in virtue and honour!

But once more, should the worst happen — say not what that worst is — and I am gone from this hated island — gone for ever — and may eternal — but I am crazed already — and will therefore conclude myself,

Thine more than my own, (and no great compliment neither) R.L.

LETTER LXI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUES. SEPT. 9 IN THE MORN. AT MR. SMITH'S.

When I read yours of this morning, I could not help pitying you for the account you give of the dreadful anxiety and suspense you labour under. I wish from my heart all were to end as you are so willing to hope: but it will not be; and your suspense, if the worst part of your torment, as you say it is, will soon be over; but, alas! in a way you wish not.

I attended the lady just now. She is extremely ill: yet is she aiming at an answer to her Norton's letter, which she began yesterday in her own chamber, and has written a good deal: but in a hand not like her own fine one, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, but larger, and the lines crooked.

I have accepted of the offer of a room adjoining to the widow Lovick's, till I see how matters go; but unknown to the lady; and I shall go home every night, for a few hours. I would not lose a sentence that I could gain from lips so instructive, nor the opportunity of receiving any command from her, for an estate.

In this my new apartment I now write, and shall continue to write, as occasions offer, that I may be the more circumstantial: but I depend upon the return of my letters, or copies of them, on demand, that I may have together all that relates to this affecting story; which I shall re-peruse with melancholy pleasure to the end of my life.

I think I will send thee Brand's letter to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his base surmises. It is a matchless piece of pedantry; and may perhaps a little divert thy deep chagrin: some time hence at least it may, if not now.

What wretched creatures are there in the world! What strangely mixed creatures! — So sensible and so silly at the same time! What a various, what a foolish creature is man! —

THREE O'CLOCK.

The lady has just finished her letter, and has entertained Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and me, with a noble discourse on the vanity and brevity of life, to which I cannot do justice in the repetition: and indeed I am so grieved for her, that, ill as she is, my intellects are not half so clear as her's.

A few things which made the strongest impression upon me, as well from the sentiments themselves as from her manner of uttering them, I remember. She introduced them thus:

I am thinking, said she, what a gradual and happy death God Almighty (blessed be his name) affords me! Who would have thought, that, suffering what I

have suffered, and abandoned as I have been, with such a tender education as I have had, I should be so long a dying! — But see now by little and little it had come to this. I was first take off from the power of walking; then I took a coach — a coach grew too violent an exercise: then I took up a chair — the prison was a large DEATH-STRIDE upon me — I should have suffered longer else! — Next, I was unable to go to church; then to go up or down stairs; now hardly can move from one room to another: and a less room will soon hold me. — My eyes begin to fail me, so that at times I cannot see to read distinctly; and now I can hardly write, or hold a pen. — Next, I presume, I shall know nobody, nor be able to thank any of you; I therefore now once more thank you, Mrs. Lovick, and you, Mrs. Smith, and you, Mr. Belford, while I can thank you, for all your kindness to me. And thus by little and little, in such a gradual sensible death as I am blessed with, God dies away in us, as I may say, all human satisfaction, in order to subdue his poor creatures to himself.

Thou mayest guess how affected we all were at this moving account of her progressive weakness. We heard it with wet eyes; for what with the women's example, and what with her moving eloquence, I could no more help it than they. But we were silent nevertheless; and she went on applying herself to me.

O Mr. Belford! This is a poor transitory life in the best enjoyments. We flutter about here and there, with all our vanities about us, like painted butterflies, for a gay, but a very short season, till at last we lay ourselves down in a quiescent state, and turn into vile worms: And who knows in what form, or to what condition we shall rise again?

I wish you would permit me, a young creature, just turned of nineteen years of age, blooming and healthy as I was a few months ago, now nipt by the cold hand of death, to influence you, in these my last hours, to a life of regularity and repentance for any past evils you may have been guilty of. For, believe me, Sir, that now, in this last stage, very few things will bear the test, or be passed as laudable, if pardonable, at our own bar, much less at a more tremendous one, in all we have done, or delighted in, even in a life not very offensive neither, as we may think! — Ought we not then to study in our full day, before the dark hours approach, so to live, as may afford reflections that will soften the agony of the last moments when they come, and let in upon the departing soul a ray of Divine mercy to illuminate its passage into an awful eternity?

She was ready to faint, and choosing to lie down, I withdrew; I need not say with a melancholy heart: and when I got to my new-taken apartment, my heart was still more affected by the sight of the solemn letter the admirable lady had so lately finished. It was communicated to me by Mrs. Lovick; who had it to copy for me; but it was not to be delivered to me till after her departure. However, I

trespassed so far, as to prevail upon the widow to let me take a copy of it; which I did directly in character.

I send it enclosed. If thou canst read it, and thy heart not bleed at thy eyes, thy remorse can hardly be so deep as thou hast inclined me to think it is.

LETTER LXII

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON [IN ANSWER TO LETTER LVI.*]

* Begun on Monday Sept. 4, and by piecemeal finished on Tuesday; but not sent till the Thursday following.

MY DEAREST MRS. NORTON,

I am afraid I shall not be able to write all that is upon my mind to say to you upon the subject of your last. Yet I will try.

As to my friends, and as to the sad breakfasting, I cannot help being afflicted for them. What, alas! has not my mother, in particular, suffered by my rashness! — Yet to allow so much for a son! — so little for a daughter! — But all now will soon be over, as to me. I hope they will bury all their resentments in my grave.

As to your advice, in relation to Mr. Belford, let me only say, that the unhappy reprobation I have met with, and my short time, must be my apology now. — I wish I could have written to my mother and my uncles as you advise. And yet, favours come so slowly from them.

The granting of one request only now remains as a desirable one from them. Which nevertheless, when granted, I shall not be sensible of. It is that they will be pleased to permit my remains to be laid with those of my ancestors — placed at the feet of my dear grandfather, as I have mentioned in my will. This, however, as they please. For, after all, this vile body ought not so much to engage my cares. It is a weakness — but let it be called a natural weakness, and I shall be excused; especially when a reverential gratitude shall be known to be the foundation of it. You know, my dear woman, how my grandfather loved me. And you know how much I honoured him, and that from my very infancy to the hour of his death. How often since have I wished, that he had not loved me so well!

I wish not now, at the writing of this, to see even my cousin Morden. O, my blessed woman! My dear maternal friend! I am entering upon a better tour than to France or Italy either! — or even than to settle at my once-beloved Dairy-house! — All these prospects and pleasures, which used to be so agreeable to me in health, how poor seem they to me now! —

Indeed, indeed, my dear Mamma Norton, I shall be happy! I know I shall! — I have charming forebodings of happiness already! — Tell all my dear friends, for their comfort, that I shall! — Who would not bear the punishments I have borne, to have the prospects and assurances I rejoice in! — Assurances I might not have had, were my own wishes to have been granted to me!

Neither do I want to see even you, my dear Mrs. Norton. Nevertheless I must, in justice to my own gratitude, declare, that there was a time, could you have been permitted to come, without incurring displeasure from those whose esteem it is necessary for you to cultivate and preserve, that your presence and comfortings would have been balm to my wounded mind. But were you now, even by consent, and with reconciliatory tidings, to come, it would but add to your grief; and the sight of one I so dearly love, so happily fraught with good news, might but draw me back to wishes I have had great struggles to get above. And let me tell you for your comfort, that I have not left undone any thing that ought to be done, either respecting mind or person; no, not to the minutest preparation: so that nothing is left for you to do for me. Every one has her direction as to the last offices. — And my desk, that I now write upon — O my dearest Mrs. Norton, all is provided! — All is ready! And all will be as decent as it should be!

And pray let my Miss Howe know, that by the time you will receive this, and she your signification of the contents of it, will, in all probability, be too late for her to do me the inestimable favour, as I should once have thought it, to see me. God will have no rivals in the hearts of those he sanctifies. By various methods he deadens all other sensations, or rather absorbs them all in the love of him.

I shall nevertheless love you, my Mamma Norton, and my Miss Howe, whose love to me has passed the love of woman, to my latest hour! — But yet, I am now above the quick sense of those pleasures which once delighted me, and once more I say, that I do not wish to see objects so dear to me, which might bring me back again into sense, and rival my supreme love.

* * *

Twice have I been forced to leave off. I wished, that my last writing might be to you, or to Miss Howe, if it might not be to my dearest Ma ——

Mamma, I would have wrote — is the word distinct? — My eyes are so misty! — If, when I apply to you, I break off in half-words, do you supply them — the kindest are your due. — Be sure take the kindest, to fill up chasms with, if any chasms there be —

* * *

Another breaking off! — But the new day seems to rise upon me with healing in its wings. I have gotten, I think, a recruit of strength: spirits, I bless God, I have not of late wanted.

Let my dearest Miss Howe purchase her wedding-garments — and may all temporal blessings attend the charming preparation! — Blessings will, I make no question, notwithstanding the little cloudiness that Mr. Hickman encounters with now and then, which are but prognostications of a future golden day to him: for her heart is good, and her head not wrong. — But great merit is coy, and that coyness had not always its foundation in pride: but if it should seem to be pride, take off the skin-deep covering, and, in her, it is noble diffidence, and a love that wants but to be assured!

Tell Mr. Hickman I write this, and write it, as I believe, with my last pen; and bid him bear a little at first, and forbear; and all the future will be crowning gratitude, and rewarding love: for Miss Howe had great sense, fine judgment, and exalted generosity; and can such a one be ungrateful or easy under those obligations which his assiduity and obligingness (when he shall be so happy as to call her his) will lay her under to him?

As for me, never bride was so ready as I am. My wedding garments are bought — and though not fine or gawdy to the sight, though not adorned with jewels, and set off with gold and silver, (for I have no beholders' eyes to wish to glitter in,) yet will they be the easiest, the happiest suit, that ever bridal maiden wore — for they are such as carry with them a security against all those anxieties, pains, and perturbations, which sometimes succeed to the most promising outsettings.

And now, my dear Mrs. Norton, do I wish for no other.

O hasten, good God, if it be thy blessed will, the happy moment that I am to be decked out in his all-quieting garb! And sustain, comfort, bless, and protect with the all-shadowing wing of thy mercy, my dear parents, my uncles, my brother, my sister, my cousin Morden, my ever-dear and ever-kind Miss Howe, my good Mrs. Norton, and every deserving person to whom they wish well! is the ardent prayer, first and last, of every beginning hour, as the clock tells it me, (hours now are days, nay, years,) of

Your now not sorrowing or afflicted, but happy, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WED. MORN. SEPT. 6, HALF AN HOUR AFTER THREE.

I am not the savage which you and my worst enemies think me. My soul is too much penetrated by the contents of the letter which you enclosed in your last, to say one word more to it, than that my heart has bled over it from every vein! — I will fly from the subject — but what other can I choose, that will not be as grievous, and lead into the same?

I could quarrel with all the world; with thee, as well as the rest; obliging as thou supposest thyself for writing to me hourly. How darest thou, (though unknown to her,) to presume to take an apartment under the sane roof with her? — I cannot bear to think that thou shouldest be seen, at all hours passing to and repassing from her apartments, while I, who have so much reason to call her mine, and one was preferred by her to all the world, am forced to keep aloof, and hardly dare to enter the city where she is!

If there be any thing in Brand's letter that will divert me, hasten it to me. But nothing now will ever divert me, will ever again give me joy or pleasure! I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. I am sick of all the world.

Surely it will be better when all is over — when I know the worst the Fates can do against me — yet how shall I bear that worst? — O Belford, Belford! write it not to me! — But if it must happen, get somebody else to write; for I shall curse the pen, the hand, the head, and the heart, employed in communicating to me the fatal tidings. But what is this saying, when already I curse the whole world except her — myself most?

In fine, I am a most miserable being. Life is a burden to me. I would not bear it upon these terms for one week more, let what would be my lot; for already is there a hell begun in my own mind. Never more mention it to me, let her, or who will say it, the prison — I cannot bear it — May d —— n —— n seize quick the cursed woman, who could set death upon taking that large stride, as the dear creature calls it! — I had no hand in it! — But her relations, her implacable relations, have done the business. All else would have been got over. Never persuade me but it would. The fire of youth, and the violence of passion, would have pleaded for me to good purpose, with an individual of a sex, which loves to be addressed with passionate ardour, even to tumult, had it not been for that cruelty and unforgivingness, which, (the object and the penitence considered,) have no example, and have aggravated the heinousness of my faults.

Unable to rest, though I went not to bed till two, I dispatch this ere the day dawn — who knows what this night, this dismal night, may have produced!

I must after my messenger. I have told the varlet I will meet him, perhaps at Knightsbridge, perhaps in Piccadilly; and I trust not myself with pistols, not only on his account, but my own — for pistols are too ready a mischief.

I hope thou hast a letter ready for him. He goes to thy lodgings first — for surely thou wilt not presume to take thy rest in an apartment near her's. If he miss thee there, he flies to Smith's, and brings me word whether in being, or not.

I shall look for him through the air as I ride, as well as on horseback; for if the prince of it serve me, as well as I have served him, he will bring the dog by his ears, like another Habakkuk, to my saddle-bow, with the tidings that my heart pants after.

Nothing but the excruciating pangs the condemned soul fells, at its entrance into the eternity of the torments we are taught to fear, can exceed what I now feel, and have felt for almost this week past; and mayest thou have a spice of those, if thou hast not a letter ready written for thy

LOVELACE.

LETTER LXIV

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. TUEDAY, SEPT. 5, SIX O'CLOCK.

The lady remains exceedingly weak and ill. Her intellects, nevertheless, continue clear and strong, and her piety and patience are without example. Every one thinks this night will be her last. What a shocking thing is that to say of such an excellence! She will not, however, send away her letter to her Norton, as yet. She endeavoured in vain to superscribe it: so desired me to do it. Her fingers will not hold the pen with the requisite steadiness. — She has, I fear, written and read her last!

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

She is somewhat better than she was. The doctor had been here, and thinks she will hold out yet a day or two. He has ordered her, as for some time past, only some little cordials to take when ready to faint. She seemed disappointed, when he told her she might yet live two or three days; and said, she longed for dismission! — Life was not so easily extinguished, she saw, as some imagined. — Death from grief, was, she believed, the slowest of deaths. But God's will must be done! — Her only prayer was now for submission to it: for she doubted not but by the Divine goodness she should be an happy creature, as soon as she could be divested of these rags of mortality.

Of her own accord she mentioned you; which, till then, she had avoided to do. She asked, with great serenity, where you were?

I told her where, and your motives for being so near; and read to her a few lines of your's of this morning, in which you mention your wishes to see her, your sincere affliction, and your resolution not to approach her without her consent.

I would have read more; but she said, Enough, Mr. Belford, enough! — Poor man, does his conscience begin to find him! — Then need not any body to wish him a greater punishment! — May it work upon him to an happy purpose!

I took the liberty to say, that as she was in such a frame that nothing now seemed capable of discomposing her, I could wish that you might have the benefit of her exhortations, which, I dared to say, while you were so seriously affected, would have a greater force upon you than a thousand sermons; and how happy you would think yourself, if you could but receive her forgiveness on your knees.

How can you think of such a thing, Mr. Belford? said she, with some emotion; my composure is owing, next to the Divine goodness blessing my earnest supplications for it, to the not seeing him. Yet let him know that I now again repeat, that I forgive him. — And may God Almighty, clasping her fingers, and

lifting up her eyes, forgive him too; and perfect repentance, and sanctify it to him! — Tell him I say so! And tell him, that if I could not say so with my whole heart, I should be very uneasy, and think that my hopes of mercy were but weakly founded; and that I had still, in my harboured resentment, some hankerings after a life which he has been the cause of shortening.

The divine creature then turning aside her head — Poor man, said she! I once could have loved him. This is saying more than ever I could say of any other man out of my own family! Would he have permitted me to have been an humble instrument to have made him good, I think I could have made him happy! But tell him not this if he be really penitent — it may too much affect him! — There she paused. —

Admirable creature! — Heavenly forgiver! — Then resuming — but pray tell him, that if I could know that my death might be a mean to reclaim and save him, it would be an inexpressible satisfaction to me!

But let me not, however, be made uneasy with the apprehension of seeing him. I cannot bear to see him!

Just as she had done speaking, the minister, who had so often attended her, sent up his name; and was admitted.

Being apprehensive that it would be with difficulty that you could prevail upon that impetuous spirit of your's not to invade her in her dying hours, and of the agonies into which a surprise of this nature would throw her, I thought this gentleman's visit afforded a proper opportunity to renew the subject; and, (having asked her leave,) acquainted him with the topic we had been upon.

The good man urged that some condescensions were usually expected, on these solemn occasions, from pious souls like her's, however satisfied with themselves, for the sake of showing the world, and for example-sake, that all resentments against those who had most injured them were subdued; and if she would vouchsafe to a heart so truly penitent, as I had represented Mr. Lovelace's to be, that personal pardon, which I had been pleading for there would be no room to suppose the least lurking resentment remained; and it might have very happy effects upon the gentleman.

I have no lurking resentment, Sir, said she — this is not a time for resentment: and you will be the readier to believe me, when I can assure you, (looking at me,) that even what I have most rejoiced in, the truly friendly love that has so long subsisted between my Miss Howe and her Clarissa, although to my last gasp it will be the dearest to me of all that is dear in this life, has already abated of its fervour; has already given place to supremer fervours; and shall the remembrance of Mr. Lovelace's personal insults, which I bless God never corrupted that mind which her friendship so much delighted, be stronger in these hours with me, then

the remembrance of a love as pure as the human heart ever boasted? Tell, therefore, the world, if you please, and (if, Mr. Belford, you think what I said to you before not strong enough,) tell the poor man, that I not only forgive him, but have such earnest wishes for the good of his soul, and that from consideration of its immortality, that could my penitence avail for more sins than my own, my last tear should fall for him by whom I die!

Our eyes and hands expressed to us both what our lips could not utter.

Say not, then, proceeded she, nor let it be said, that my resentments are unsubdued! — And yet these eyes, lifted up to Heaven as witness to the truth of what I have said, shall never, if I can help it, behold him more! — For do you not consider, Sirs, how short my time is; what much more important subjects I have to employ it upon; and how unable I should be, (so weak as I am,) to contend even with the avowed penitence of a person in strong health, governed by passions unabated, and always violent? — And now I hope you will never urge me more on this subject?

The minister said, it were pity ever to urge this plea again.

You see, Lovelace, that I did not forget the office of a friend, in endeavouring to prevail upon her to give you her last forgiveness personally. And I hope, as she is so near her end, you will not invade her in her last hours; since she must be extremely discomposed at such an interview; and it might make her leave the world the sooner for it.

This reminds me of an expression which she used on your barbarous hunting of her at Smith's, on her return to her lodgings; and that with a serenity unexampled, (as Mrs. Lovick told me, considering the occasion, and the trouble given her by it, and her indisposition at the time;) he will not let me die decently, said the angelic sufferer! — He will not let me enter into my Maker's presence with the composure that is required in entering into the drawing-room of an earthly prince!

I cannot, however, forbear to wish, that the heavenly creature could have prevailed upon herself, in these her last hours, to see you; and that for my sake, as well as yours; for although I am determined never to be guilty of the crimes, which, till within these few past weeks have blackened my former life; and for which, at present, I most heartily hate myself; yet should I be less apprehensive of such a relapse, if wrought upon by the solemnity which such an interview must have been attended with, you had become a reformed man: for no devil do I fear, but one in your shape.

* * *

It is now eleven o’clock at night. The lady who retired to rest an hour ago, is, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, in a sweet slumber.

I will close here. I hope I shall find her the better for it in the morning. Yet, alas! how frail is hope — How frail is life; when we are apt to build so much on every shadowy relief; although in such a desperate case as this, sitting down to reflect, we must know, that it is but shadowy!

I will enclose Brand’s horrid pedantry. And for once am aforehand with thy ravenous impatience.

LETTER LXV

MR. BRAND, TO MR. JOHN WALTON SAT. NIGHT, SEPT. 2.

DEAR MR. WALTON,

I am obliged to you for the very ‘handsomely penned’, (and ‘elegantly written,’) letter which you have sent me on purpose to do ‘justice’ to the ‘character’ of the ‘younger’ Miss Harlowe; and yet I must tell you that I had reason, ‘before that came,’ to ‘think,’ (and to ‘know’ indeed,) that we were ‘all wrong.’ And so I had employed the ‘greatest part’ of this ‘week,’ in drawing up an ‘apologetical letter’ to my worthy ‘patron,’ Mr. John Harlowe, in order to set all ‘matters right’ between ‘me and them,’ and, (‘as far as I could,’) between ‘them’ and ‘Miss.’ So it required little more than ‘connection’ and ‘transcribing,’ when I received ‘your’s’; and it will be with Mr. Harlowe aforesaid, ‘to-morrow morning’; and this, and the copy of that, will be with you on ‘Monday morning.’

You cannot imagine how sorry I am that ‘you’ and Mrs. Walton, and Mrs. Barker, and ‘I myself,’ should have taken matters up so lightly, (judging, alas-a-day! by appearance and conjecture,) where ‘character’ and ‘reputation’ are concerned. Horace says truly,

‘Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.’

That is, ‘Words one spoken cannot be recalled.’ But, Mr. Walton, they may be ‘contradicted’ by ‘other’ words; and we may confess ourselves guilty of a ‘mistake,’ and express our ‘concern’ for being ‘mistaken’; and resolve to make our ‘mistake’ a ‘warning’ to us for the ‘future’: and this is all that ‘can be done,’ and what every ‘worthy mind will do’; and what nobody can be ‘readier to do’ than ‘we four undesigning offenders,’ (as I see by ‘your letter,’ on ‘your part,’ and as you will see by the ‘enclosed copy,’ on ‘mine’;) which, if it be received as I ‘think it ought,’ (and as I ‘believe it will,’) must give me a ‘speedy’ opportunity to see you when I ‘visit the lady’; to whom, (as you will see in it,) I expect to be sent up with the ‘olive-branch.’

The matter in which we all ‘erred,’ must be owned to be ‘very nice’; and (Mr. Belford’s ‘character considered’) ‘appearances’ ran very strong ‘against the lady.’ But all that this serveth to show is, ‘that in doubtful matters, the wisest people may be mistaken’; for so saith the ‘Poet,’

‘Fallitur in dubiis hominum solertia rebus.’

If you have an ‘opportunity,’ you may (as if ‘from yourself,’ and ‘unknown to me’) show the enclosed to Mr. Belford, who (you tell me) ‘resenteth’ the matter very heinously; but not to let him ‘see’ or ‘hear read,’ those words ‘that relate to him,’ in the paragraph at the ‘bottom of the second page,’ beginning, [‘But yet I

do insist upon it,] to the ‘end’ of that paragraph; for one would not make one’s self ‘enemies,’ you know; and I have ‘reason to think,’ that this Mr. ‘Belford’ is as ‘passionate’ and ‘fierce’ a man as Mr. Lovelace. What pity it is the lady could find no ‘worthier a protector!’ You may paste those lines over with ‘blue’ or ‘black paper,’ before he seeth it: and if he insisteth upon taking a copy of my letter, (for he, or any body that ‘seeth it,’ or ‘heareth it read,’ will, no doubt, be glad to have by them the copy of a letter so full of the ‘sentiments’ of the ‘noblest writers’ of ‘antiquity,’ and ‘so well adapted,’ as I will be bold to say they are, to the ‘point in hand’; I say, if he insisteth upon taking a copy,) let him give you the ‘strongest assurances’ not to suffer it to be ‘printed’ on ‘any account’; and I make the same request to you, that ‘you’ will not; for if any thing be to be made of a ‘man’s works,’ who, but the ‘author,’ should have the ‘advantage’? And if the ‘Spectators,’ the ‘Tatlers,’ the ‘Examiners,’ the ‘Guardians,’ and other of our polite papers, make such a ‘strutting’ with a ‘single verse,’ or so by way of ‘motto,’ in the ‘front’ of ‘each day’s’ paper; and if other ‘authors’ pride themselves in ‘finding out’ and ‘embellishing’ the ‘title-pages’ of their ‘books’ with a ‘verse’ or ‘adage’ from the ‘classical writers’; what a figure would ‘such a letter as the enclosed make,’ so full fraught with ‘admirable precepts,’ and ‘à-propos quotations,’ from the ‘best authority’?

I have been told that a ‘certain noble Lord,’ who once sat himself down to write a ‘pamphlet’ in behalf of a ‘great minister,’ after taking ‘infinite pains’ to ‘no purpose’ to find a ‘Latin motto,’ gave commission to a friend of ‘his’ to offer to ‘any one,’ who could help him to a ‘suitable one,’ but of one or two lines, a ‘hamper of claret.’ Accordingly, his lordship had a ‘motto found him’ from ‘Juvenal,’ which he ‘unhappily mistaking,’ (not knowing ‘Juvenal’ was a ‘poet,’) printed as a prose ‘sentence’ in his ‘title-page.’

If, then, ‘one’ or ‘two’ lines were of so much worth, (A ‘hamper of claret’! No ‘less’!) of what ‘inestimable value’ would ‘such a letter as mine’ be deemed? — And who knoweth but that this noble P — r, (who is now* living,) if he should happen to see ‘this letter’ shining with such a ‘glorious string of jewels,’ might give the ‘writer a scarf,’ in order to have him ‘always at hand,’ or be a ‘mean’ (some way or other) to bring him into ‘notice’? And I would be bold to say (‘bad’ as the ‘world’ is) a man of ‘sound learning’ wanteth nothing but an ‘initiation’ to make his ‘fortune.’

* i.e. At the time this Letter was written.

I hope, my good friend, that the lady will not ‘die’: I shall be much ‘grieved,’ if she doth; and the more because of mine ‘unhappy misrepresentation’: so will ‘you’ for the ‘same cause’; so will her ‘parents’ and ‘friends.’ They are very ‘rich’ and ‘very worthy’ gentlefolks.

But let me tell you, ‘by-the-by,’ that they had carried the matter against her ‘so far,’ that I believe in my heart they were glad to ‘justify themselves’ by ‘my report’; and would have been ‘less pleased,’ had I made a ‘more favourable one.’ And yet in ‘their hearts’ they ‘dote’ upon her. But now they are all (as I hear) inclined to be ‘friends with her,’ and ‘forgive her’; her ‘brother,’ as well as ‘the rest.’

But their ‘cousin,’ Col. Morden, ‘a very fine gentleman,’ had had such ‘high words’ with them, and they with him, that they know not how to ‘stoop,’ lest it should look like being frighted into an ‘accommodation.’ Hence it is, that ‘I’ have taken the greater liberty to ‘press the reconciliation’; and I hope in ‘such good season,’ that they will all be ‘pleased’ with it: for can they have a ‘better handle’ to save their ‘pride’ all round, than by my ‘mediation’? And let me tell you, (inter nos, ‘betwixt ourselves,’) ‘very proud they all are.’

By this ‘honest means,’ (for by ‘dishonest ones’ I would not be ‘Archbishop of Canterbury,’) I hope to please every body; to be ‘forgiven,’ in the ‘first place,’ by ‘the lady,’ (whom, being a ‘lover of learning’ and ‘learned men,’ I shall have great ‘opportunities’ of ‘obliging’; for, when she departed from her father’s house, I had but just the honour of her ‘notice,’ and she seemed ‘highly pleased’ with my ‘conversation’;) and, ‘next’ to be ‘thanked’ and ‘respected’ by her ‘parents,’ and ‘all her family’; as I am (I bless God for it) by my ‘dear friend’ Mr. John Harlowe: who indeed is a man that professeth a ‘great esteem’ for ‘men of erudition’; and who (with ‘singular delight,’ I know) will run over with me the ‘authorities’ I have ‘quoted,’ and ‘wonder’ at my ‘memory,’ and the ‘happy knack’ I have of recommending ‘mine own sense of things’ in the words of the ‘greatest sages of antiquity.’

Excuse me, my good friend, for this ‘seeming vanity.’ The great Cicero (you must have heard, I suppose) had a ‘much greater’ spice of it, and wrote a ‘long letter begging’ and ‘praying’ to be ‘flattered.’ But if I say ‘less of myself’ than other people (who know me) ‘say of me,’ I think I keep a ‘medium’ between ‘vanity’ and ‘false modesty’; the latter of which oftentimes gives itself the ‘lie,’ when it is ‘declaring of’ the ‘compliments,’ that ‘every body’ gives it as its due: an hypocrisy, as well as folly, that, (I hope,) I shall for ever scorn to be guilty of.

I have ‘another reason’ (as I may tell to you, my ‘old school-fellow’) to make me wish for this ‘fine lady’s recovery’ and ‘health’; and that is, (by some distant intimations,) I have heard from Mr. John Harlowe, that it is ‘very likely’ (because of the ‘slur’ she hath received) that she will choose to ‘live privately’ and ‘penitently’ — and will probably (when she cometh into her ‘estate’) keep a ‘chaplain’ to direct her in her ‘devotions’ and ‘penitence’ — If she doth, who can stand a ‘better chance’ than ‘myself’? — And as I find (by ‘your’ account, as well

as by ‘every body’s’) that she is innocent as to ‘intention,’ and is resolved never to think of Mr. ‘Lovelace more,’ who knoweth ‘what’ (in time) ‘may happen’? — And yet it must be after Mr. ‘Lovelace’s death,’ (which may possibly sooner happen than he ‘thinketh’ of, by means of his ‘detestable courses’:) for, after all, a man who is of ‘public utility,’ ought not (for the ‘finest woman’ in the world) to lay his ‘throat’ at the ‘mercy’ of a man who boggleth at nothing.

I beseech you, let not this hint ‘go farther’ than to ‘yourself,’ your ‘spouse,’ and Mrs. ‘Barker.’ I know I may trust my ‘life’ in ‘your hands’ and ‘theirs.’ There have been (let me tell ye) ‘unlikelier’ things come to pass, and that with ‘rich widows,’ (some of ‘quality’ truly!) whose choice, in their ‘first marriages’ hath (perhaps) been guided by ‘motives of convenience,’ or ‘mere corporalities,’ as I may say; but who by their ‘second’ have had for their view the ‘corporal’ and ‘spiritual’ mingled; which is the most eligible (no doubt) to ‘substance’ composed ‘of both,’ as ‘men’ and ‘women’ are.

Nor think (Sir) that, should such a thing come to pass, ‘either’ would be ‘disgraced,’ since ‘the lady’ in ‘me’ would marry a ‘gentleman’ and a ‘scholar’: and as to ‘mine own honour,’ as the ‘slur’ would bring her ‘high fortunes’ down to an ‘equivalence’ with my ‘mean ones,’ (if ‘fortune’ only, and not ‘merit,’ be considered,) so hath not the ‘life’ of ‘this lady’ been ‘so tainted,’ (either by ‘length of time,’ or ‘naughtiness of practice,’) as to put her on a ‘foot’ with the ‘cast Abigails,’ that too, too often, (God knoweth,) are thought good enough for a ‘young clergyman,’ who, perhaps, is drawn in by a ‘poor benefice’; and (if the ‘wicked one’ be not ‘quite worn out’) groweth poorer and poorer upon it, by an ‘increase of family’ he knoweth not whether ‘is most his,’ or his ‘noble,’ (‘ignoble,’ I should say,) ‘patrons.’

But, all this ‘apart,’ and ‘in confidence.’

I know you made at school but a small progress in ‘languages.’ So I have restrained myself from ‘many illustrations’ from the ‘classics,’ that I could have filled this letter with, (as I have done the enclosed one:) and, being at a ‘distance,’ I cannot ‘explain’ them to you, as I ‘do to my friend,’ Mr. John Harlowe; and who, (after all,) is obliged to ‘me’ for pointing out to ‘him’ many ‘beauties’ of the ‘authors I quote,’ which otherwise would lie concealed from ‘him,’ as they must from every ‘common observer.’ — But this (too) ‘inter nos’ — for he would not take it well to ‘have it known’— ‘Jays’ (you know, old school-fellow, ‘jays,’ you know) ‘will strut in peacocks’ feathers.’

But whither am I running? I never know where to end, when I get upon ‘learned topics.’ And albeit I cannot compliment ‘you’ with the ‘name of a learned man,’ yet are you ‘a sensible man’; and (‘as such’) must have ‘pleasure’ in ‘learned men,’ and in ‘their writings.’

In this confidence, (Mr. Walton,) with my ‘kind respects’ to the good ladies, (your ‘spouse’ and ‘sister,’) and in hopes, for the ‘young lady’s sake,’ soon to follow this long, long epistle, in ‘person,’ I conclude myself,

Your loving and faithful friend, ELIAS BRAND.

You will perhaps, Mr. Walton, wonder at the meaning of the ‘lines drawn under many of the words and sentences,’ (UNDERSCORING we call it;) and were my letters to be printed, those would be put in a ‘different character.’ Now, you must know, Sir, that ‘we learned men’ do this to point out to the readers, who are not ‘so learned,’ where the ‘jet of our arguments lieth,’ and the ‘emphasis’ they are to lay upon ‘those words’; whereby they will take in readily our ‘sense’ and ‘cogency.’ Some ‘pragmatical’ people have said, that an author who doth a ‘great deal of this,’ either calleth his readers ‘fools,’ or tacitly condemneth ‘his own style,’ as supposing his meaning would be ‘dark’ without it, or that all of his ‘force’ lay in ‘words.’ But all of those with whom I have conversed in a learned way, ‘think as I think.’ And to give a very ‘pretty,’ though ‘familiar illustration,’ I have considered a page distinguished by ‘different characters,’ as a ‘verdant field’ overspread with ‘butter-flowers’ and ‘daisies,’ and other summer-flowers. These the poets liken to ‘enamelling’ — have you not read in the poets of ‘enamelled meads,’ and so forth?

LETTER LXVI

MR. BRAND, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ. SAT. NIGHT, SEPT. 2.

WORTHY SIR,

I am under no ‘small concern,’ that I should (unhappily) be the ‘occasion’ (I am sure I ‘intended’ nothing like it) of ‘widening differences’ by ‘light misreport,’ when it is the ‘duty’ of one of ‘my function’ (and no less consisting with my ‘inclination’) to ‘heal’ and ‘reconcile.’

I have received two letter to set me ‘right’: one from a ‘particular acquaintance,’ (whom I set to inquire of Mr. Belford’s character); and that came on Tuesday last, informing me, that your ‘unhappy niece’ was greatly injured in the account I had had of her; (for I had told ‘him’ of it, and that with very ‘great concern,’ I am sure, apprehending it to be ‘true.’) So I ‘then’ set about writing to you, to ‘acknowledge’ the ‘error.’ And had gone a good way in it, when the second letter came (a very ‘handsome one’ it is, both in ‘style’ and ‘penmanship’) from my friend Mr. Walton, (though I am sure it cannot be ‘his inditing,’) expressing his sorrow, and his wife’s, and his sister-in-law’s likewise, for having been the cause of ‘misleading me,’ in the account I gave of the said ‘young lady’; whom they ‘now’ say (upon ‘further inquiry’) they find to be the ‘most unblameable,’ and ‘most prudent,’ and (it seems) the most ‘pious’ young lady, that ever (once) committed a ‘great error’; as (to be sure) ‘her’s was,’ in leaving such ‘worthy parents’ and ‘relations’ for so ‘vile a man’ as Mr. Lovelace; but what shall we say? — Why, the divine Virgil tells us,

‘Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?’

For ‘my part,’ I was but too much afraid (for we have ‘great opportunities),’ you are sensible, Sir, at the ‘University,’ of knowing ‘human nature’ from ‘books,’ the ‘calm result’ of the ‘wise man’s wisdom,’ as I may say,

‘(Haurit aquam cribro, qui discere vult sine libro)’

‘uninterrupted’ by the ‘noise’ and ‘vanities’ that will mingle with ‘personal conversation,’ which (in the ‘turbulent world’) is not to be enjoyed but over a ‘bottle,’ where you have an ‘hundred foolish things’ pass to ‘one that deserveth to be remembered’; I was but too much afraid ‘I say’, that so ‘great a slip’ might be attended with ‘still greater’ and ‘worse’: for ‘your’ Horace, and ‘my’ Horace, the most charming writer that ever lived among the ‘Pagans’ (for the ‘lyric kind of poetry,’ I mean; for, the be sure, ‘Homer’ and ‘Virgil’ would ‘otherwise’ be ‘first’ named ‘in their way’) well observeth (and who understood ‘human nature’ better than he?)

‘Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,

Curat reponi deterioribus.’

And ‘Ovid’ no less wisely observeth:

‘Et mala sunt vicina bonis. Errore sub illo
Pro vitio virtus crimina sæpe tulit.’

Who, that can draw ‘knowledge’ from its ‘fountain-head,’ the works of the ‘sages of antiquity,’ (improved by the ‘comments’ of the ‘moderns,’) but would ‘prefer’ to all others the ‘silent quiet life,’ which ‘contemplative men’ lead in the ‘seats of learning,’ were they not called out (according to their ‘dedication’) to the ‘service’ and ‘instruction’ of the world?

Now, Sir, ‘another’ favourite poet of mine (and not the ‘less a favourite’ for being a ‘Christian’) telleth us, that ill is the custom of ‘some,’ when in a ‘fault,’ to throw the blame upon the backs of ‘others,’

‘ —— Hominum quoque mos est,
Quæ nos cunque premunt, alieno imponere tergo.’
MANT.

But I, though (in this case) ‘misled,’ (‘well intendedly,’ nevertheless, both in the ‘misleaders’ and ‘misled,’ and therefore entitled to lay hold of that plea, if ‘any body’ is so entitled,) will not however, be classed among such ‘extenuators’; but (contrarily) will always keep in mind that verse, which ‘comforteth in mistake,’ as well as ‘instructeth’; and which I quoted in my last letter;

‘Errare est hominis, sed non persistere — —’

And will own, that I was very ‘rash’ to take up with ‘conjectures’ and ‘consequences’ drawn from ‘probabilites,’ where (especially) the ‘character’ of so ‘fine a lady’ was concerned.

‘Credere fallacy gravis est dementia famæ.’ MANT.

Notwithstanding, Miss Clarissa Harlowe (I must be bold to say) is the ‘only young lady,’ that ever I heard of (or indeed read of) that, ‘having made such a false step,’ so ‘soon’ (of ‘her own accord,’ as I may say) ‘recovered’ herself, and conquered her ‘love of the deceiver’; (a great conquest indeed!) and who flieth him, and resolveth to ‘die,’ rather than to be his; which now, to her never-dying ‘honour’ (I am well assured) is the case — and, in ‘justice’ to her, I am now ready to take to myself (with no small vexation) that of Ovid,

‘Heu! patior telis vulnera facta meis.’

But yet I do insist upon it, that all ‘that part’ of my ‘information,’ which I took upon mine own ‘personal inquiry,’ which is what relates to Mr. ‘Belford’ and ‘his character,’ is ‘literally true’; for there is not any where to be met with a man of a more ‘libertine character’ as to ‘women,’ Mr. ‘Lovelace’ excepted, than he beareth.

And so, Sir, I must desire of you, that you will not let ‘any blame’ lie upon my ‘intention’; since you see how ready I am to ‘accuse myself’ of too lightly giving ear to a ‘rash information’ (not knowing it to be so, however): for I depended the more upon it, as the ‘people I had it from’ are very ‘sober,’ and live in the ‘fear of God’: and indeed when I wait upon you, you will see by their letter, that they must be ‘conscientious’ good people: wherefore, Sir, let me be entitled, from ‘all your good family,’ to that of my last-named poet,

‘Aspera confesso verba remitte reo.’

And now, Sir, (what is much more becoming of my ‘function,’) let me, instead of appearing with the ‘face of an accuser,’ and a ‘rash censurer,’ (which in my ‘heart’ I have not ‘deserved’ to be thought,) assume the character of a ‘reconciler’; and propose (by way of ‘penance’ to myself for my ‘fault’) to be sent up as a ‘messenger of peace’ to the ‘pious young lady’; for they write me word ‘absolutely’ (and, I believe in my heart, ‘truly’) that the ‘doctors’ have ‘given her over,’ and that she ‘cannot live.’ Alas! alas! what a sad thing would that be, if the ‘poor bough,’ that was only designed (as I ‘very well know,’ and am ‘fully assured’) ‘to be bent, should be broken!’

Let it not, dear Sir, seem to the ‘world’ that there was any thing in your ‘resentments’ (which, while meant for ‘reclaiming,’ were just and fit) that hath the ‘appearance’ of ‘violence,’ and ‘fierce wrath,’ and ‘inexorability’; (as it would look to some, if carried to extremity, after ‘repentance’ and ‘contrition,’ and ‘humiliation,’ on the ‘fair offender’s’ side:) for all this while (it seemeth) she hat been a ‘second Magdalen’ in her ‘penitence,’ and yet not so bad as a ‘Magdalen’ in her ‘faults’; (faulty, nevertheless, as she hath been once, the Lord knoweth!

‘Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgentur’ —— saith Horace).

Now, Sir, if I may be named for this ‘blessed’ employment, (for, ‘Blessed is the peace-maker!’) I will hasten to London; and (as I know Miss had always a ‘great regard’ to the ‘function’ I have the honour to be of) I have no doubt of making myself acceptable to her, and to bring her, by ‘sound arguments,’ and ‘good advice,’ into a ‘liking of life,’ which must be the ‘first step’ to her ‘recovery’: for, when the ‘mind’ is ‘made easy,’ the ‘body’ will not ‘long suffer’; and the ‘love of life’ is a ‘natural passion,’ that is soon ‘revived,’ when fortune turneth about, and smileth:

‘Vivere quisque diu, quamvis & egenus & ager,
Optat. —— —— — —’ OVID.

And the sweet Lucan truly observeth,

‘ —— —— Fatis debentibus annos
Mors invita subit. —— — —’

And now, Sir, let me tell you what shall be the ‘tenor’ of my ‘pleadings’ with her, and ‘comfortings’ of her, as she is, as I may say, a ‘learned lady’; and as I can ‘explain’ to her ‘those sentences,’ which she cannot so readily ‘construe herself’: and this in order to convince ‘you’ (did you not already ‘know’ my ‘qualifications’) how well qualified I ‘am’ for the ‘christian office’ to which I commend myself.

I will, IN THE FIRST PLACE, put her in mind of the ‘common course of things’ in this ‘sublunary world,’ in which ‘joy’ and ‘sorrow, sorrow’ and joy,’ succeed one another by turns’; in order to convince her, that her griefs have been but according to ‘that’ common course of things:

‘Gaudia post luctus veniunt, post gaudia luctus.’

SECONDLY, I will remind her of her own notable description of ‘sorrow,’ whence she was once called upon to distinguish wherein ‘sorrow, grief,’ and ‘melancholy,’ differed from each other; which she did ‘impromptu,’ by their ‘effects,’ in a truly admirable manner, to the high satisfaction of every one: I myself could not, by ‘study,’ have distinguished ‘better,’ nor more ‘concisely’ — SORROW, said she, ‘wears’; GRIEF ‘tears’; but MELANCHOLY ‘sooths.’

My inference to her shall be, that since a happy reconciliation will take place, ‘grief’ will be banished; ‘sorrow’ dismissed; and only sweet ‘melancholy’ remain to ‘sooth’ and ‘indulge’ her contrite ‘heart,’ and show to all the world the penitent sense she hath of her great error.

THIRDLY, That her ‘joys,’* when restored to health and favour, will be the greater, the deeper her griefs were.

* ‘Joy,’ let me here observe, my dear Sir, by way of note, is not absolutely inconsistent with ‘melancholy’; a ‘soft gentle joy,’ not a ‘rapid,’ not a ‘rampant joy,’ however; but such a ‘joy,’ as shall lift her ‘temporarily’ out of her ‘soothing melancholy,’ and then ‘let her down gently’ into it again; for ‘melancholy,’ to be sure, her ‘reflection’ will generally make to be her state.

‘Gaudia, quæ multo parta labore, placent.’

FOURTHLY, That having ‘really’ been guilty of a ‘great error,’ she should not take ‘impatiently’ the ‘correction’ and ‘anger’ with which she hath been treated.

‘Leniter, ex merito quicquid patiare ferundum est.’

FIFTHLY, That ‘virtue’ must be established by ‘patience’; as saith Prudentius:

‘Hæc virtus vidua est, quam non patientia firmat.’

SIXTHLY, That in the words of Horace, she may ‘expect better times,’ than (of late) she had ‘reason’ to look for.

‘Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.’

SEVENTHLY, That she is really now in ‘a way’ to be ‘happy,’ since, according to ‘Ovid,’ she ‘can count up all her woe’:

‘Felix, qui patitur quæ numerare potest.’

And those comforting lines,

‘Estque serena dies post longos gratior imbres,
Et post triste malum gratior ipsa salus.’

EIGHTHLY, That, in the words of Mantuan, her ‘parents’ and ‘uncles’ could not ‘help loving her’ all the time they were ‘angry at her’:

‘Æqua tamen mens est, & amica voluntas,
Sit licet in natos austere parentum.’

NINTHLY, That the ‘ills she hath met with’ may be turned (by the ‘good use’ to be made of them) to her ‘everlasting benefit’; for that,

‘Cum furit atque ferit, Deus olim parcere quærit.’

TENTHLY, That she will be able to give a ‘fine lesson’ (a ‘very’ fine lesson) to all the ‘young ladies’ of her ‘acquaintance,’ of the ‘vanity’ of being ‘lifted up’ in ‘prosperity,’ and the ‘weakness’ of being ‘cast down’ in ‘adversity’; since no one is so ‘high,’ as to be above being ‘humbled’; so ‘low,’ as to ‘need to despair’: for which purpose the advice of ‘Ausonius,’

‘Dum fortuna juvat, caveto tolli:
Dum fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.’

I shall tell her, that Lucan saith well, when he calleth ‘adversity the element of patience’;

‘ —— Gaudet patientia duris:’

That

‘Fortunam superat virtus, prudential famam.’

That while weak souls are ‘crushed by fortune,’ the ‘brave mind’ maketh the fickle deity afraid of it:

‘Fortuna fortes metuit, ignavos permit.’

ELEVENTHLY, That if she take the advice of ‘Horace,’

‘Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus,’

it will delight her ‘hereafter’ (as ‘Virgil’ saith) to ‘revoke her past troubles’:

‘ —— Forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.’

And, to the same purpose, ‘Juvenal’ speaking of the ‘prating joy’ of mariners, after all their ‘dangers are over’:

‘Gaudent securi narrare pericula nautæ.’

Which suiting the case so well, you’ll forgive me, Sir, for ‘popping down’ in ‘English metre,’ as the ‘translative impulse’ (pardon a new word, and yet we ‘scholars’ are not fond of ‘authenticating new’ words) came upon me ‘uncalled for’:

The seaman, safe on shore, with joy doth tell
What cruel dangers him at sea befell.

With ‘these,’ Sir, and an ‘hundred more’ wise ‘adages,’ which I have always at my ‘fingers’ end,’ will I (when reduced to ‘form’ and ‘method’) entertain Miss; and as she is a ‘well-read,’ and (I might say, but for this ‘one’ great error) a ‘wise’ young lady, I make no doubt but I shall ‘prevail’ upon her, if not by ‘mine own arguments,’ by those of ‘wits’ and ‘capacities’ that have a ‘congeniality’ (as I may say) to ‘her own,’ to take to heart,

—— Nor of the laws of fate complain,
Since, though it has been cloudy, now’t clears up again. ——

Oh! what ‘wisdom’ is there in these ‘noble classical authors!’ A ‘wise man’ will (upon searching into them,) always find that they speak ‘his’ sense of ‘men’ and ‘things.’ Hence it is, that they so readily occur to my ‘memory’ on every occasion — though this may look like ‘vanity,’ it is too true to be omitted; and I see not why a man may not ‘know these things of himself,’ which ‘every body’ seeth and ‘saith of him’; who, nevertheless, perhaps know not ‘half so much as he,’ in other matters.

I know but of ‘one objection,’ Sir, that can lie against my going; and that will arise from your kind ‘care’ and ‘concern’ for the ‘safety of my person,’ in case that ‘fierce’ and ‘terrible man,’ the wicked Mr. Lovelace, (of whom every one standeth in fear,) should come cross me, as he may be resolved to try once more to ‘gain a footing in Miss’s affections’: but I will trust in ‘Providence’ for ‘my safety,’ while I shall be engaged in a ‘cause so worthy of my function’; and the ‘more’ trust in it, as he is a ‘learned man’ as I am told.

Strange too, that so ‘vile a rake’ (I hope he will never see this!) should be a ‘learned man’; that is to say, that a ‘learned man’ may be a ‘sly sinner,’ and take opportunities, ‘as they come in his way’ — which, however, I do assure you, ‘I never did,’

I repeat, that as he is a ‘learned man,’ I shall ‘vest myself,’ as I may say, in ‘classical armour’; beginning ‘meekly’ with him (for, Sir, ‘bravery’ and ‘meekness’ are qualities ‘very consistent with each other,’ and in no persons so shiningly ‘exert’ themselves, as in the ‘Christian priesthood’; beginning ‘meekly’ with him, I say) from Ovid,

‘Corpora magnanimo satis est protrasse leoni:’

So that, if I should not be safe behind the ‘shield of mine own prudence,’ I certainly should be behind the ‘shields’ of the ‘ever-admirable classics’: of ‘Horace’ particularly; who, being a ‘rake’ (and a ‘jovial rake’ too,) himself, must have great weight with all ‘learned rakes.’

And who knoweth but I may be able to bring even this ‘Goliath in wickedness,’ although in ‘person’ but a ‘little David’ myself, (armed with the

‘slings’ and ‘stones’ of the ‘ancient sages,’) to a due sense of his errors? And what a victory would that be!

I could here, Sir, pursuing the allegory of David and Goliath, give you some of the ‘stones’ (‘hard arguments’ may be called ‘stones,’ since they ‘knock down a pertinacious opponent’) which I could ‘pelt him with,’ were he to be wroth with me; and this in order to take from you, Sir, all apprehensions for my ‘life,’ or my ‘bones’; but I forbear them till you demand them of me, when I have the honour to attend you in person.

And now, (my dear Sir,) what remaineth, but that having shown you (what yet, I believe, you did not doubt) how ‘well qualified’ I am to attend the lady with the ‘olive-branch,’ I beg of you to dispatch me with it ‘out of hand’? For if she be so ‘very ill,’ and if she should not live to receive the grace, which (to my knowledge) all the ‘worthy family’ design her, how much will that grieve you all! And then, Sir, of what avail will be the ‘eulogies’ you shall all, peradventure, join to give to her memory? For, as Martial wisely observeth,

‘ —— Post cineres gloria sera venit.’

Then, as ‘Ausonius’ layeth it down with ‘equal propriety,’ that ‘those favours which are speedily conferred are the most grateful and obliging’ ——

And to the same purpose Ovid:

‘Gratia ab officio, quod mora tar dat, abest.’

And, Sir, whatever you do, let the ‘lady’s pardon’ be as ‘ample,’ and as ‘cheerfully given,’ as she can ‘wish for it’: that I may be able to tell her, that it hath your ‘hands,’ your ‘countenances,’ and your ‘whole hearts,’ with it — for, as the Latin verse hath it, (and I presume to think I have not weakened its sense by my humble advice),

‘Dat bene, dat multum, qui dat cum munere vultum.’

And now, Sir, when I survey this long letter,* (albeit I see it enamelled, as a ‘beautiful meadow’ is enamelled by the ‘spring’ or ‘summer’ flowers, very glorious to behold!) I begin to be afraid that I may have tired you; and the more likely, as I have written without that ‘method’ or ‘order,’ which I think constituteth the ‘beauty’ of ‘good writing’: which ‘method’ or ‘order,’ nevertheless, may be the ‘better excused’ in a ‘familiar epistle,’ (as this may be called,) you pardoning, Sir, the ‘familiarity’ of the ‘word’; but yet not altogether ‘here,’ I must needs own; because this is ‘a letter’ and ‘not a letter,’ as I may say; but a kind of ‘short’ and ‘pithy discourse,’ touching upon ‘various’ and ‘sundry topics,’ every one of which might be a ‘fit theme’ to enlarge upon of volumes; if this ‘epistolary discourse’ (then let me call it) should be pleasing to you, (as I am inclined to think it will, because of the ‘sentiments’ and ‘aphorisms’ of the ‘wisest of the antients,’ which ‘glitter through it’ like so many dazzling ‘sunbeams,’) I

will (at my leisure) work it up into a ‘methodical discourse’; and perhaps may one day print it, with a ‘dedication’ to my ‘honoured patron,’ (if, Sir, I have ‘your’ leave,) ‘singly’ at first, (but not till I have thrown out ‘anonymously,’ two or three ‘smaller things,’ by the success of which I shall have made myself of ‘some account’ in the ‘commonwealth of letters,’) and afterwards in my ‘works’ — not for the ‘vanity’ of the thing (however) I will say, but for the ‘use’ it may be of to the ‘public’; for, (as one well observeth,) ‘though glory always followeth virtue, yet it should be considered only as its shadow.’

* And here, by way of note, permit me to say, that no ‘sermon’ I ever composed cost me half the ‘pains’ that this letter hath done — but I knew your great ‘appetite’ after, as well as ‘admiration’ of, the ‘antient wisdom,’ which you so justly prefer to the ‘modern’ — and indeed I join with you to think, that the ‘modern’ is only ‘borrowed,’ (as the ‘moon’ doth its light from the ‘sun,’) at least, that we ‘excel’ them in nothing; and that our ‘best cogitations’ may be found, generally speaking, more ‘elegantly’ dressed and expressed by them.

‘Contemnit laudem virtus, licet usque sequatur
Gloria virtutem, corpus ut umbra suum.’

A very pretty saying, and worthy of all men’s admiration.

And now, (‘most worthy Sir,’ my very good friend and patron,) referring the whole to ‘your’s,’ and to your ‘two brothers,’ and to ‘young Mr. Harlowe’s’ consideration, and to the wise consideration of good ‘Madam Harlowe,’ and her excellent daughter, ‘Miss Arabella Harlowe’; I take the liberty to subscribe myself, what I ‘truly am,’ and ‘every shall delight to be,’ in ‘all cases,’ and at ‘all times,’

Your and their most ready and obedient as well as faithful servant, ELIAS BRAND.

LETTER LXVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. [IN ANSWER TO LETTER LXIV. OF THIS VOLUME.] WEDN. MORN. SEPT. 6.

And is she somewhat better? — Blessings upon thee without number or measure! Let her still be better and better! Tell me so at least, if she be not so: for thou knowest not what a joy that poor temporary reprieve, that she will hold out yet a day or two, gave me.

But who told this hard-hearted and death-pronouncing doctor that she will hold it no longer? By what warrant says he this? What presumption in these parading solemn fellows of a college, which will be my contempt to the latest hour of my life, if this brother of it (eminent as he is deemed to be) cannot work an ordinary miracle in her favour, or rather in mine!

Let me tell thee, Belford, that already he deserves the utmost contempt, for suffering this charming clock to run down so low. What must be his art, if it could not wind it up in a quarter of the time he has attended her, when, at his first visits, the springs and wheels of life and motion were so god, that they seemed only to want common care and oiling!

I am obliged to you for endeavouring to engage her to see me. ’Twas acting like a friend. If she had vouchsafed me that favour, she should have seen at her feet the most abject adorer that ever kneeled to justly-offended beauty.

What she bid you, and what she forbid you, to tell me, (the latter for tender considerations:) that she forgives me; and that, could she have made me a good man, she would have made me a happy one! That she even loved me! At such a moment to own that she once loved me! Never before loved any man! That she prays for me! That her last tear should be shed for me, could she by it save a soul, doomed, without her, to perdition! — O Belford! Belford! I cannot bear it! — What a dog, what a devil have I been to a goodness so superlative! — Why does she not inveigh against me? — Why does she not execrate me? — O the triumphant subduer! Ever above me! — And now to leave me so infinitely below her!

Marry and repair, at any time; this, wretch that I was, was my plea to myself. To give her a lowering sensibility; to bring her down from among the stars which her beamy head was surrounded by, that my wife, so greatly above me, might not despise me; this was one of my reptile motives, owing to my more reptile envy, and to my consciousness of inferiority to her! — Yet she, from step to step, from distress to distress, to maintain her superiority; and, like the sun, to break out upon me with the greater refulgence for the clouds that I had contrived to cast

about her! — And now to escape me thus! — No power left me to repair her wrongs! — No alleviation to my self-reproach! — No dividing of blame with her! —

Tell her, O tell her, Belford, that her prayers and wishes, her superlatively-generous prayers and wishes, shall not be vain: that I can, and do repent — and long have repented. — Tell her of my frequent deep remorses — it was impossible that such remorses should not at last produce effectual remorse — yet she must not leave me — she must live, if she would wish to have my contrition perfect — For what can despair produce?

* * *

I will do every thing you would have me do, in the return of your letters. You have infinitely obliged me by this last, and by pressing for an admission for me, though it succeeded not.

Once more, how could I be such a villain to so divine a creature! Yet love her all the time, as never man loved woman! — Curse upon my contriving genius! — Curse upon my intriguing head, and upon my seconding heart! — To sport with the fame, with the honour, with the life, of such an angel of a woman! — O my d —— d incredulity! That, believing her to be a woman, I must hope to find her a woman! On my incredulity, that there could be such virtue (virtue for virtue's sake) in the sex, founded I my hope of succeeding with her.

But say not, Jack, that she must leave us yet. If she recover, and if I can but re-obtain her favour, then, indeed, will life be life to me. The world never saw such an husband as I will make. I will have no will but her's. She shall conduct me in all my steps. She shall open and direct my prospects, and turn every motion of my heart as she pleases.

You tell me, in your letter, that at eleven o'clock she had sweet rest; and my servant acquaints me, from Mrs. Smith, that she has had a good night. What hopes does this fill me with! I have given the fellow five guineas for his good news, to be divided between him and his fellow-servant.

Dear, dear Jack! confirm this to me in thy next — for Heaven's sake, do! — Tell the doctor I'll make a present of a thousand guineas if he recover her. Ask if a consultation then be necessary.

Adieu, dear Belford! Confirm, I beseech thee, the hopes that now, with sovereign gladness, have taken possession of a heart, that, next to her's, is

Thine.

LETTER LXVIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDN. MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK, (6 SEPT.)

Your servant arrived here before I was stirring. I sent him to Smith's to inquire how the lady was; and ordered him to call upon me when he came back. I was pleased to hear she had tolerable rest. As soon as I had dispatched him with the letter I had written over night, I went to attend her.

I found hr up, and dressed; in a white sattin night-gown. Ever elegant; but now more so than I had seen her for a week past: her aspect serenely cheerful.

She mentioned the increased dimness of her eyes, and the tremor which had invaded her limbs. If this be dying, said she, there is nothing at all shocking in it. My body hardly sensible of pain, my mind at ease, my intellects clear and perfect as ever. What a good and gracious God have I! — For this is what I always prayed for.

I told her it was not so serene with you.

There is not the same reason for it, replied she. 'Tis a choice comfort, Mr. Belford, at the winding up of our short story, to be able to say, I have rather suffered injuries myself, than offered them to others. I bless God, though I have bee unhappy, as the world deems it, and once I thought more so than at present I think I ought to have done, since my calamities were to work out for me my everlasting happiness; yet have I not wilfully made any one creature so. I have no reason to grieve for any thing but for the sorrow I have given my friends.

But pray, Mr. Belford, remember me in the best manner to my cousin Morden; and desire him to comfort them, and to tell them, that all would have been the same, had they accepted of my true penitence, as I wish and as I trust the Almighty has done.

I was called down: it was to Harry, who was just returned from Miss Howe's, to whom he carried the lady's letter. The stupid fellow being bid to make haste with it, and return as soon as possible, staid not until Miss Howe had it, she being at the distance of five minutes, although Mrs. Howe would have had him stay, and sent a man and horse purposely with it to her daughter.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, TEN O'CLOCK.

The poor lady is just recovered from a fainting fit, which has left her at death's door. Her late tranquillity and freedom from pain seemed but a lightening, as Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith call it.

By my faith, Lovelace, I had rather part with all the friends I have in the world, than with this lady. I never knew what a virtuous, a holy friendship, as I may call

mine to her, was before. But to be so new to it, and to be obliged to forego it so soon, what an affliction! Yet, thank Heaven, I lose her not by my own fault! — But ’twould be barbarous not to spare thee now.

She has sent for the divine who visited her before, to pray with her.

LETTER LXIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. KENSINGTON, WEDNESDAY NOON.

Like *Æsop*'s traveller, thou blowest hot and cold, life and death, in the same breath, with a view, no doubt, to distract me. How familiarly dost thou use the words, dying, dimness, tremor? Never did any mortal ring so many changes on so few bells. Thy true father, I dare swear, was a butcher, or an undertaker, by the delight thou seemest to take in scenes of death and horror. Thy barbarous reflection, that thou losest her not by thy own fault, is never to be forgiven. Thou hast but one way to atone for the torments thou hast given me, and that is, by sending me word that she is better, and will recover. Whether it be true or not, let me be told so, and I will go abroad rejoicing and believing it, and my wishes and imaginations shall make out all the rest.

If she live but one year, that I may acquit myself to myself (no matter for the world!) that her death is not owing to me, I will compound for the rest.

Will neither vows nor prayers save her? I never prayed in my life, put all the years of it together, as I have done for this fortnight past: and I have most sincerely repented of all my baseness to her — And will nothing do?

But after all, if she recovers not, this reflection must be my comfort; and it is truth; that her departure will be owing rather to wilfulness, to downright female wilfulness, than to any other cause.

It is difficult for people, who pursue the dictates of a violent resentment, to stop where first they designed to stop.

I have the charity to believe, that even James and Arabella Harlowe, at first, intended no more by the confederacy they formed against this their angel sister, than to disgrace and keep her down, lest (sordid wretches!) their uncles should follow the example their grandfather had set, to their detriment.

So this lady, as I suppose, intended only at first to vex and plague me; and, finding she could do it to purpose, her desire of revenge insensibly became stronger in her than the desire of life; and now she is willing to die, as an event which she thinks will cut my heart-strings asunder. And still, the more to be revenged, puts on the Christian, and forgives me.

But I'll have none of her forgiveness! My own heart tells me I do not deserve it; and I cannot bear it! — And what is it but a mere verbal forgiveness, as ostentatiously as cruelly given with a view to magnify herself, and wound me deeper! A little, dear, specious — but let me stop — lest I blaspheme!

* * *

Reading over the above, I am ashamed of my ramblings; but what wouldest have me do? — Seest thou not that I am but seeking to run out of myself, in hope to lose myself; yet, that I am unable to do either?

If ever thou lovedst but half so fervently as I love — but of that thy heavy soul is not capable.

Send me word by the next, I conjure thee, in the names of all her kindred saints and angels, that she is living, and likely to live! — If thou sendest ill news, thou wilt be answerable for the consequences, whether it be fatal to the messenger, or to

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER LXX

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Dr. H. has just been here. He tarried with me till the minister had done praying by the lady; and then we were both admitted. Mr. Goddard, who came while the doctor and the clergyman were with her, went away with them when they went. They took a solemn and everlasting leave of her, as I have no scruple to say; blessing her, and being blessed by her; and wishing (when it came to be their lot) for an exit as happy as her's is likely to be.

She had again earnestly requested of the doctor his opinion how long it was now probable that she could continue; and he told her, that he apprehended she would hardly see to-morrow night. She said, she should number the hours with greater pleasure than ever she numbered any in her life on the most joyful occasion.

How unlike poor Belton's last hours her's! See the infinite differences in the effects, on the same awful and affecting occasion, between a good and a bad conscience!

This moment a man is come from Miss Howe with a letter. Perhaps I shall be able to send you the contents.

* * *

She endeavoured several times with earnestness, but in vain, to read the letter of her dear friend. The writing, she said, was too fine for her grosser sight, and the lines staggered under her eye. And indeed she trembled so, she could not hold the paper; and at last desired Mrs. Lovick to read it to her, the messenger waiting for an answer.

Thou wilt see in Miss Howe's letter, how different the expression of the same impatience, and passionate love, is, when dictated by the gentler mind of a woman, from that which results from a mind so boisterous and knotty as thine. For Mrs. Lovick will transcribe it, and I shall send it — to be read in this place, if thou wilt.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TUESDAY, SEPT. 5.

O MY DEAREST FRIEND!

What will become of your poor Anna Howe! I see by your writing, as well as read by your own account, (which, were you not very, very ill, you would have touched more tenderly,) how it is with you! Why have I thus long delayed to

attend you! Could I think, that the comfortings of a faithful friend were as nothing to a gentle mind in distress, that I could be prevailed upon to forbear visiting you so much as once in all this time! I, as well as every body else, to desert and abandon my dear creature to strangers! What will become of you, if you be as bad as my apprehensions make you!

I will set out this moment, little as the encouragement is that you give me to do so! My mother is willing I should! Why, O why was she not before willing?

Yet she persuades me too, (lest I should be fatally affected were I to find my fears too well justified,) to wait the return of this messenger, who rides our swiftest horse. — God speed him with good news to me — One line from your hand by him! — Send me but one line to bid me attend you! I will set out the moment, the very moment I receive it. I am now actually ready to do so! And if you love me, as I love you, the sight of me will revive you to my hopes. — But why, why, when I can think this, did I not go up sooner!

Blessed Heaven! deny not to my prayers, my friend, my admonisher, my adviser, at a time so critical to myself.

But methinks, your style and sentiments are too well connected, too full of life and vigour, to give cause for so much despair as thy staggering pen seems to forbode.

I am sorry I was not at home, [I must add thus much, though the servant is ready mounted at the door,] when Mr. Belford's servant came with your affecting letter. I was at Miss Lloyd's. My mamma sent it to me — and I came home that instant. But he was gone: he would not stay, it seems. Yet I wanted to ask him an hundred thousand questions. But why delay I thus my messenger? I have a multitude of things to say to you — to advise with you about! — You shall direct me in every thing. I will obey the holding up of your finger. But, if you leave me — what is the world, or any thing in it, to your

ANNA HOWE?

The effect this letter had on the lady, who is so near the end which the fair writer so much apprehends and deplores, obliged Mrs. Lovick to make many breaks in reading it, and many changes of voice.

This is a friend, said the divine lady, (taking the letter in her hand, and kissing it,) worth wishing to live for. — O my dear Anna Howe! how uninterruptedly sweet and noble has been our friendship! — But we shall one day meet, (and this hope must comfort us both,) never to part again! Then, divested of the shades of body, shall be all light and all mind! — Then how unalloyed, how perfect, will be our friendship! Our love then will have one and the same adorable object, and we shall enjoy it and each other to all eternity!

She said, her dear friend was so earnest for a line or two, that she fain would write, if she could: and she tried — but to no purpose. She could dictate, however, she believed; and desired Mrs. Lovick would take pen and paper. Which she did, and then she dictated to her. I would have withdrawn; but at her desire staid.

She wandered a good deal at first. She took notice that she did. And when she got into a little train, not pleasing herself, she apologized to Mrs. Lovick for making her begin again and again; and said, that the third time should go, let it be as it would.

She dictated the farewell part without hesitation; and when she came to blessing and subscription, she took the pen, and dropping on her knees, supported by Mrs. Lovick, wrote the conclusion; but Mrs. Lovick was forced to guide her hand.

You will find the sense surprisingly entire, her weakness considered.

I made the messenger wait while I transcribed it. I have endeavoured to imitate the subscriptive part; and in the letter made pauses where, to the best of my remembrance, she paused. In nothing that relates to this admirable lady can I be too minute.

WEDN. NEAR THREE O'CLOCK. MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

You must not be surprised — nor grieved — that Mrs. Lovick writes for me. Although I cannot obey you, and write with my pen, yet my heart writes by her's — accept it so — it is the nearest to obedience I can!

And now, what ought I to say? What can I say? — But why should not you know the truth? since soon you must — very soon.

Know then, and let your tears be those, if of pity, of joyful pity! for I permit you to shed a few, to embalm, as I may say, a fallen blossom — know then, that the good doctor, and the pious clergyman, and the worthy apothecary, have just now — with joint benedictions — taken their last leave of me; and the former bids me hope — do, my dearest, let me say hope — hope for my enlargement before to-morrow sun-set.

Adieu, therefore, my dearest friend! — Be this your consolation, as it is mine, that in God's good time we shall meet in a blessed eternity, never more to part! — Once more, then, adieu! — and be happy! — Which a generous nature cannot be, unless — to its power — it makes others so too.

God for ever bless you! — prays, dropt on my bended knees, although supported upon them,

Your obliged, grateful, affectionate, CL. HARLOWE.

* * *

When I had transcribed and sealed this letter, by her direction, I gave it to the messenger myself, who told me that Miss Howe waited for nothing but his return to set out for London.

Thy servant is just come; so I will close here. Thou art a merciless master. These two fellows are battered to death by thee, to use a female word; and all female words, though we are not sure of their derivation, have very significant meanings. I believe, in their hearts, they wish the angel in the Heaven that is ready to receive her, and thee at the proper place, that there might be an end of their flurries — another word of the same gender.

What a letter hast thou sent me! — Poor Lovelace! — is all the answer I will return.

[FIVE O'CLOCK.] Col. Morden is this moment arrived.

LETTER LXXI

MR. BELFORD [IN CONTINUATION.] EIGHT IN THE EVENING.

I had but just time, in my former, to tell you that Col. Morden was arrived. He was on horseback, attended by two servants, and alighted at the door just as the clock struck five. Mrs. Smith was then below in her back-shop, weeping, her husband with her, who was as much affected as she; Mrs. Lovick having left them a little before, in tears likewise; for they had been bemoaning one another; joining in opinion that the admirable lady would not live the night over. She had told them, it was her opinion too, from some numbnesses, which she called the forerunners of death, and from an increased inclination to doze.

The Colonel, as Mrs. Smith told me afterwards, asked with great impatience, the moment he alighted, how Miss Harlowe was? She answered — Alive! — but, she feared, drawing on apace. — Good God! said he, with his hands and eyes lifted up, can I see her? My name is Morden. I have the honour to be nearly related to her. — Step up, pray, and let her know, (she is sensible, I hope,) that I am here — Who is with her?

Nobody but her nurse, and Mrs. Lovick, a widow gentlewoman, who is as careful of her as if she were her mother.

And more careful too, interrupted he, or she is not careful at all ——

Except a gentleman be with her, one Mr. Belford, continued Mrs. Smith, who has been the best friend she has had.

If Mr. Belford be with her, surely I may — but pray step up, and let Mr. Belford know that I shall take it for a favour to speak with him first.

Mrs. Smith came up to me in my new apartment. I had but just dispatched your servant, and was asking her nurse if I might be again admitted? Who answered, that she was dozing in the elbow chair, having refused to lie down, saying, she should soon, she hoped, lie down for good.

The Colonel, who is really a fine gentleman, received me with great politeness. After the first compliments — My kinswoman, Sir, said he, is more obliged to you than to any of her own family. For my part, I have been endeavouring to move so many rocks in her favour; and, little thinking the dear creature so very bad, have neglected to attend her, as I ought to have done the moment I arrived; and would, had I known how ill she was, and what a task I should have had with the family. But, Sir, your friend has been excessively to blame; and you being so intimately his friend, has made her fare the worse for your civilities to her. But are there no hopes of her recovery?

The doctors have left her, with the melancholy declaration that there are none.

Has she had good attendance, Sir? A skilful physician? I hear these good folks have been very civil and obliging to her.

Who could be otherwise? said Mrs. Smith, weeping. — She is the sweetest lady in the world!

The character, said the Colonel, lifting up his eyes and one hand, that she has from every living creature! — Good God! How could your accursed friend —

And how could her cruel parents? interrupted I. — We may as easily account for him, as for them.

Too true! returned me, the vileness of the profligates of our sex considered, whenever they can get any of the other into their power.

I satisfied him about the care that had been taken of her, and told him of the friendly and even paternal attendance she had had from Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard.

He was impatient to attend her, having not seen her, as he said, since she was twelve years old; and that then she gave promises of being one of the finest women in England.

She was so, replied I, a very few months ago: and, though emaciated, she will appear to you to have confirmed those promises; for her features are so regular and exact, her proportions so fine, and her manner so inimitably graceful, that, were she only skin and bone, she must be a beauty.

Mrs. Smith, at his request, stept up, and brought us down word that Mrs. Lovick and her nurse were with her; and that she was in so sound a sleep, leaning upon the former in her elbow-chair, that she had neither heard her enter the room, nor go out. The Colonel begged, if not improper, that he might see her, though sleeping. He said, that his impatience would not let him stay till he awaked. Yet he would not have her disturbed; and should be glad to contemplate her sweet features, when she saw not him; and asked, if she thought he could not go in, and come out, without disturbing her?

She believed he might, she answered; for her chair's back was towards the door.

He said he would take care to withdraw, if she awoke, that his sudden appearance might not surprise her.

Mrs. Smith, stepping up before us, bid Mrs. Lovick and nurse not stir, when we entered; and then we went up softly together.

We beheld the lady in a charming attitude. Dressed, as I told you before, in her virgin white. She was sitting in her elbow-chair, Mrs. Lovick close by her, in another chair, with her left arm round her neck, supporting it, as it were; for, it seems, the lady had bid her do so, saying, she had been a mother to her, and she would delight herself in thinking she was in her mamma's arms; for she found herself drowsy; perhaps, she said, for the last time she should be so.

One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint, but charming flush; the other paler and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands white as the lily, with her meandering veins more transparently blue than ever I had seen even her's, (veins so soon, alas! to be choked up by the congealment of that purple stream, which already so languidly creeps, rather than flows, through them!) her hands hanging lifelessly, one before her, the other grasped by the right-hand of the kind widow, whose tears bedewed the sweet face which her motherly boson supported, though unfelt by the fair sleeper; and either insensibly to the good woman, or what she would not disturb her to wipe off, or to change her posture: her aspect was sweetly calm and serene: and though she started now and then, yet her sleep seemed easy; her breath, indeed short and quick; but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying person.

In this heart-moving attitude she appeared to us when we approached her, and came to have her lovely face before us.

The Colonel, sighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the most profound and affectionate attention; till at last, on her starting, and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a screen, that was drawn before her house, as she calls it, which, as I have heretofore observed, stands under one of the windows. This screen was placed there at the time she found herself obliged to take to her chamber; and in the depth of our concern, and the fulness of other discourse at our first interview, I had forgotten to apprize the Colonel of what he would probably see.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and, overwhelmed with grief, seemed unable to speak; but, on casting his eye behind the screen, he soon broke silence; for, struck with the shape of the coffin, he lifted up a purplish-coloured cloth that was spread over it, and, starting back, Good God! said he, what's here?

Mrs. Smith standing next him, Why, said he, with great emotion, is my cousin suffered to indulge her sad reflections with such an object before her?

Alas! Sir, replied the good woman, who should controul her? We are all strangers about her, in a manner: and yet we have expostulated with her upon this sad occasion.

I ought, said I, (stepping softly up to him, the lady again falling into a doze,) to have apprized you of this. I was here when it was brought in, and never was so shocked in my life. But she had none of her friends about her, and no reason to hope for any of them to come near her; and, assured she should not recover, she was resolved to leave as little as possible, especially as to what related to her person, to her executor. But it is not a shocking object to her, though it be to every body else.

Curse upon the hard-heartedness of those, said he, who occasioned her to make so sad a provision for herself! — What must her reflections have been all the time she was thinking of it, and giving orders about it? And what must they be every time she turns her head towards it? These uncommon genius's — but indeed she should have been controuled in it, had I been here.

The lady fetched a profound sigh, and, starting, it broke off our talk; and the Colonel then withdrew farther behind the screen, that his sudden appearance might not surprise her.

Where am I? — said she. How drowsy I am! How long have I dozed? Don't go, Sir, (for I was retiring,) I am very stupid, and shall be more and more so, I suppose.

She then offered to raise herself; but being ready to faint through weakness, was forced to sit down again, reclining her head on her chair back; and, after a few moments, I believe now, my good friends, said she, all your kind trouble will soon be over. I have slept, but am not refreshed, and my fingers' ends seem numbed — have no feeling! (holding them up,)— 'tis time to send the letter to my good Norton.

Shall I, Madam, send my servant post with it?

O no, Sir, I thank you. It will reach the dear woman too soon, (as she will think,) by the post.

I told her this was not post-day.

Is it Wednesday still, said she; bless me! I know not how the time goes — but very tediously, 'tis plain. And now I think I must soon take to my bed. All will be most conveniently, and with least trouble, over there — will it not, Mrs. Lovick? — I think, Sir, turning to me, I have left nothing to these last incapacitating hours. Nothing either to say, or to do — I bless God, I have not. If I had, how unhappy should I be! Can you, Sir, remind me of any thing necessary to be done or said to make your office easy?

If, Madam, your cousin Morden should come, you would be glad to see him, I presume?

I am too weak to wish to see my cousin now. It would but discompose me, and him too. Yet, if he come while I can see him, I will see him, were it but to thank him for former favours, and for his present kind intentions to me. Has any body been here from him?

He has called, and will be here, Madam, in half an hour; but he feared to surprise you.

Nothing can surprise me now, except my mamma were to favour me with her last blessing in person. That would be a welcome surprise to me, even yet. But did my cousin come purposely to town to see me?

Yes, Madam, I took the liberty to let him know, by a line last Monday, how ill you were.

You are very kind, Sir. I am, and have been greatly obliged to you. But I think I shall be pained to see him now, because he will be concerned to see me. And yet, as I am not so ill as I shall presently be — the sooner he comes the better. But if he come, what shall I do about the screen? He will chide me, very probably, and I cannot bear chiding now. Perhaps, [leaning upon Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith,] I can walk into the next apartment to receive him.

She motioned to rise, but was ready to faint again, and forced to sit still.

The Colonel was in a perfect agitation behind the screen to hear this discourse; and twice, unseen by his cousin, was coming from it towards her; but retreated for fear of surprising her too much.

I stept to him, and favoured his retreat; she only saying, Are you going, Mr. Belford? Are you sent for down? Is my cousin come? For she heard somebody step softly across the room, and thought it to be me; her hearing being more perfect than her sight.

I told her, I believed he was; and she said, We must make the best of it, Mrs. Lovick, and Mrs. Smith. I shall otherwise most grievously shock my poor cousin: for he loved me dearly once. — Pray give me a few of the doctor's last drops in water, to keep up my spirits for this one interview; and that is all, I believe, that can concern me now.

The Colonel, (who heard all this,) sent in his name; and I, pretending to go down to him, introduced the afflicted gentleman; she having first ordered the screen to be put as close to the window as possible, that he might not see what was behind it; while he, having heard what she had said about it, was determined to take no notice of it.

He folded the angel in his arms as she sat, dropping down on one knee; for, supporting herself upon the two elbows of the chair, she attempted to rise, but could not. Excuse, my dear Cousin, said she, excuse me, that I cannot stand up — I did not expect this favour now. But I am glad of this opportunity to thank you for all your generous goodness to me.

I never, my best-beloved and dearest Cousin, said he, (with eyes running over,) shall forgive myself, that I did not attend you sooner. Little did I think you were so ill; nor do any of your friends believe it. If they did —

If they did, repeated she, interrupting him, I should have had more compassion from them. I am sure I should — But pray, Sir, how did you leave them? Are you reconciled to them? If you are not, I beg, if you love your poor Clarissa, that you will; for every widened difference augments but my fault; since that is the foundation of all.

I had been expecting to hear from them in your favour, my dear Cousin, said he, for some hours, when this gentleman's letter arrived, which hastened me up; but I have the account of your grandfather's estate to make up with you, and have bills and drafts upon their banker for the sums due to you; which they desire you may receive, lest you should have occasion for money. And this is such an earnest of an approaching reconciliation, that I dare to answer for all the rest being according to your wishes, if ——

Ah! Sir, interrupted she, with frequent breaks and pauses — I wish — I wish this does not rather show that, were I to live, they would have nothing more to say to me. I never had any pride in being independent of them; all my actions, when I might have made myself more independent, show this — But what avail these reflections now? — I only beg, Sir, that you, and this gentleman — to whom I am exceedingly obliged — will adjust those matters — according to the will I have written. Mr. Belford will excuse me; but it was in truth more necessity than choice that made me think of giving him the trouble he so kindly accepts. Had I the happiness to see you, my Cousin, sooner — or to know that you still honoured me with your regard — I should not have had the assurance to ask this favour of him. — But, though the friend of Mr. Lovelace, he is a man of honour, and he will make peace rather than break it. And, my dear Cousin, let me beg of you while I have nearer relations than my Cousin Morden, dear as you are, and always were to me, you have no title to avenge my wrongs upon him who has been the occasion of them. But I wrote to you my mind on this subject, and my reasons — and I hope I need not further urge them.

I must do Mr. Lovelace so much justice, answered he, wiping his eyes, as to witness how sincerely he repents him of his ungrateful baseness to you, and how ready he is to make you all the amends in his power. He owns his wickedness, and your merit. If he did not, I could not pass it over, though you have nearer relations; for, my dear Cousin, did not your grandfather leave me in trust for you? And should I think myself concerned for your fortune, and not for your honour? But since he is so desirous to do you justice, I have the less to say; and you may make yourself entirely easy on that account.

I thank you, thank you, Sir, said she; — all is now as I wished. — But I am very faint, very weak. I am sorry I cannot hold up; that I cannot better deserve the honour of this visit — but it will not be — and saying this, she sunk down in her chair, and was silent.

Hereupon we both withdrew, leaving word that we would be at the Bedford Head, if any thing extraordinary happened.

We bespoke a little repast, having neither of us dined; and, while it was getting ready, you may guess at the subject of our discourse. Both joined in lamentation

for the lady's desperate state; admired her manifold excellencies; severely condemned you and her friends. Yet, to bring him into better opinion of you, I read to him some passages from your last letters, which showed your concern for the wrongs you had done her, and your deep remorse: and he said it was a dreadful thing to labour under the sense of a guilt so irredeemable.

We procured Mr. Goddard, (Dr. H. not being at home,) once more to visit her, and to call upon us in his return. He was so good as to do so; but he tarried with her not five minutes; and told us, that she was drawing on apace; that he feared she would not live till morning; and that she wished to see Colonel Morden directly.

The Colonel made excuses where none were needed; and though our little refection was just brought in, he went away immediately.

I could not touch a morsel; and took pen and ink to amuse myself, and oblige you; knowing how impatient you would be for a few lines: for, from what I have recited, you see it was impossible I could withdraw to write when your servant came at half an hour after five, or have an opportunity for it till now; and this is accidental; and yet your poor fellow was afraid to go away with the verbal message I sent; importing, as no doubt he told you, that the Colonel was with us, the lady excessively ill, and that I could not stir to write a line.

TEN O'CLOCK.

The Colonel sent to me afterwards, to tell me that the lady having been in convulsions, he was so much disordered that he could not possibly attend me.

I have sent every half hour to know how she does — and just now I have the pleasure to hear that her convulsions have left her; and that she is gone to rest in a much quieter way than could be expected.

Her poor cousin is very much indisposed; yet will not stir out of the house while she is in such a way; but intends to lie down on a couch, having refused any other accommodation.

VOLUME IX.

DETAILED LETTER CONTENTS

LETTER I. Belford to Lovelace. — Her silent devotion. Strong symptoms of her approaching dissolution. Comforts her cousin and him. Wishes she had her parents' last blessing: but God, she says, would not let her depend for comfort on any but Himself. Repeats her request to the Colonel, that he will not seek to avenge her wrongs; and to Belford, that he will endeavour to heal all breaches.

LETTER II. From the same. — The Colonel writes to Mr. John Harlowe that they may now spare themselves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation. The lady takes from her bosom a miniature picture of Miss Howe, to be given to Mr. Hickman after her decease. Her affecting address to it, on parting with it.

LETTER III. Belford to Mowbray. — Desires him and Tourville to throw themselves in the way of Lovelace, in order to prevent him doing either mischief to himself or others, on the receipt of the fatal news which he shall probably send him in an hour or two.

LETTER IV. Lovelace to Belford. — A letter filled with rage, curses, and alternate despair and hope.

LETTER V. Belford to Lovelace. — With the fatal hint, that he may take a tour to Paris, or wherever else his destiny shall lead him.

LETTER VI. Mowbray to Belford. — With the particulars, in his libertine manner, of Lovelace's behaviour on his receiving the fatal breviate, and of the distracted way he is in.

LETTER VII. Belford to Lovelace. — Particulars of Clarissa's truly christian behaviour in her last hours. A short sketch of her character.

LETTER VIII. From the same. — The three next following letters brought by a servant in livery, directed to the departed lady, viz.

LETTER IX. From Mrs. Norton. — With the news of a general reconciliation upon her own conditions.

LETTER X. From Miss Arabella. — In which she assures her of all their returning love and favour.

LETTER XI. From Mr. John Harlowe. — Regretting that things have been carried so far; and desiring her to excuse his part in what had passed.

LETTER XII. Belford to Lovelace. — His executorial proceedings. Eleven posthumous letters of the lady. Copy of one of them written to himself. Tells Lovelace of one written to him, in pursuance of her promise in her allegorical letter. (See Letter XVIII. of Vol. VIII.) Other executorial proceedings. The Colonel's letter to James Harlowe, signifying Clarissa's request to be buried at the feet of her grandfather.

LETTER XIII. From the same. — Mrs. Norton arrives. Her surprise and grief to find her beloved young lady departed. The posthumous letters calculated to give comfort, and not to reproach.

LETTER XIV. XV. XVI. XVII. XVIII. Copies of Clarissa's posthumous letters to her father, mother, brother, sister, and uncle.

Substance of her letter to her aunt Hervey, concluding with advice to her cousin Dolly.

Substance of her letter to Miss Howe, with advice in favour of Mr. Hickman.

LETTER XIX. Belford to Lovelace. — The wretched Sinclair breaks her leg, and dispatches Sally Martin to beg a visit from him, and that he will procure for her the forgiveness. Sally's remorse for the treatment she gave her at Rowland's. Acknowledges the lady's ruin to be in a great measure owing to their instigations.

LETTER XX. From the same. — Miss Howe's distress on receiving the fatal news, and the posthumous letters directed to her. Copy of James Harlowe's answer to Colonel Morden's letter, in which he relates the unspeakable distress of the family; endeavours to exculpate himself; desires the body may be sent down to Harlowe-place; and that the Colonel will favour them with his company.

LETTER XXI. Belford to Lovelace. — The corpse sent down, attended by the Colonel and Mrs. Norton.

LETTER XXII. Mowbray to Belford. — An account of Lovelace's delirious unmanageableness, and extravagant design, had they not all interposed. They have got Lord M. to him. He endeavours to justify Lovelace by rakish principles, and by a true story of a villany which he thinks greater than that of Lovelace by Clarissa.

LETTER XXIII. Lovelace to Belford. — Written in the height of his delirium. The whole world, he says, is but one great Bedlam. Every one in it mad but himself.

LETTER XXIV. Belford to Mowbray. — Desires that Lovelace, on his recovery, may be prevailed upon to go abroad; and why. Exhorts him and Tourville to reform, as he is resolved to do.

LETTER XXV. Belford to Lovelace. — Describing the terrible impatience, despondency, and death of the wretched Sinclair.

[As the bad house is often mentioned in this work, without any other stigma than what arises from the wicked principles and actions occasionally given of the wretches who inhabit it; Mr. Belford here enters into the secret retirements of those creatures, and exposes them in the appearances they are supposed to make, before they are tricked out to ensnare weak and inconsiderate minds.]

LETTER XXVI. Colonel Morden to Mr. Belford. — With an account of his arrival at Harlowe-place before the body. The dreadful distress of the whole family in expectation of its coming. The deep remorse of James and Arabella Harlowe. Mutual recriminations on recollecting the numerous instances of their inexorable cruelty. Mrs. Norton so ill he was forced to leave her at St. Alban's. He dates again to give a farther account of their distress on the arrival of the hearse. Solemn respect paid to her memory by crowds of people.

LETTER XXVII. From the same. — Farther interesting accounts of what passed among the Harlowes. Miss Howe expected to see, for the last time, her beloved friend.

LETTER XXVIII. From the same. — Miss Howe arrives. The Colonel receives her. Her tender woe; and characteristic behaviour.

LETTER XXIX. Colonel Morden to Mr. Belford. — Mrs. Norton arrives. Amended in spirits. To what owing. Farther recriminations of the unhappy parents. They attempt to see the corpse; but cannot. Could ever wilful hard-heartedness, the Colonel asks, be more severely punished? Substance of the lady's posthumous letter to Mrs. Norton.

LETTER XXX. From the same. — Account of the funeral solemnity. Heads of the eulogium. The universal justice done to the lady's great and good qualities. Other affecting particulars.

LETTER XXXI. Belford to Colonel Morden. — Compliments him on his pathetic narratives. Farther account of his executorial proceedings.

LETTER XXXII. James Harlowe to Belford.

LETTER XXXIII. Mr. Belford. In answer.

The lady's LAST WILL. In the preamble to which, as well as in the body of it, she gives several instructive hints; and displays, in an exemplary manner, her forgiving spirit, her piety, her charity, her gratitude, and other christian and heroic virtues.

LETTER XXXIV. Colonel Morden to Mr. Belford. — The will read. What passed on the occasion.

LETTER XXXV. Belford to Lord M. — Apprehends a vindictive resentment from the Colonel. — Desires that Mr. Lovelace may be prevailed upon to take a tour.

LETTER XXXVI. Miss Montague. In answer.

Summary account of proceedings relating to the execution of the lady's will, and other matters. Substance of a letter from Mr. Belford to Mr. Hickman; of Mr. Hickman's answer; and of a letter from Miss Howe to Mr. Belford.

LETTER XXXVII. Lovelace to Belford. — Describing his delirium as dawning into sense and recollection. All is conscience and horror with him, he says. A description of his misery at its height.

LETTER XXXVIII. From the same. — Revokes his last letter, as ashamed of it. Yet breaks into fits and starts, and is ready to go back again. Why, he asks, did his mother bring him up to know no controul? His heart sickens at the recollection of what he was. Dreads the return of his malady. Makes an effort to forget all.

LETTER XXXIX. Lovelace to Belford. — Is preparing to leave the kingdom. His route. Seasonable warnings, though delivered in a ludicrous manner, on Belford's resolution to reform. Complains that he has been strangely kept in the dark of late. Demands a copy of the lady's will.

LETTER XL. Belford to Lovelace. — Justice likely to overtake his instrument Tomlinson. On what occasion. The wretched man's remorse on the lady's account. Belford urges Lovelace to go abroad for his health. Answers very seriously to the warnings he gives him. Amiable scheme for the conduct of his future life.

LETTER XLI. Lovelace to Belford. — Pities Tomlinson. Finds that he is dead in prison. Happy that he lived not to be hanged. Why. No discomfort so great but some comfort may be drawn from it. Endeavours to defend himself by a whimsical case which he puts between A. a miser, and B. a thief.

LETTER XLII. From the same. — Ridicules him on the scheme of life he has drawn out for himself. In his manner gives Belford some farther cautions and warnings. Reproaches him for not saving the lady. A breach of confidence in some cases is more excusable than to keep a secret. Rallies him on his person and air, on his cousin Charlotte, and the widow Lovick.

LETTER XLIII. Mr. Belford to Colonel Morden. — On a declaration he had made, of taking vengeance of Mr. Lovelace. His arguments with him on that subject, from various topics.

LETTER XLIV. The Lady's posthumous letter to her cousin Morden. — Containing arguments against DUELLING, as well as with regard to her particular case, as in general. See also Letter XVI. to her brother, on the same subject.

LETTER XLV. Colonel Morden to Mr. Belford. — In answer to his pleas against avenging his cousin. He paints in very strong colours the grief and distress of the whole family, on the loss of a child, whose character and excellencies rise upon them to their torment.

LETTER XLVI. Colonel Morden to Mr. Belford. — Farther particulars relating to the execution of the lady's will. Gives his thoughts of women's friendships in general; of that of Miss Howe and his cousin, in particular. An early habit of familiar letter-writing, how improving. Censures Miss Howe for her behaviour to Mr. Hickman. Mr. Hickman's good character. Caution to parents who desire to preserve their children's veneration for them. Mr. Hickman, unknown to Miss Howe, puts himself and equipage in mourning for Clarissa. Her lively turn upon him on that occasion. What he, the Colonel, expects from the generosity of Miss Howe, in relation to Mr. Hickman. Weakness of such as are afraid of making their last wills.

LETTER XLVII. Belford to Miss Howe. — With copies of Clarissa's posthumous letters; and respectfully, as from Colonel Morden and himself, reminding her of her performing her part of her dear friend's last desires, in making one of the most deserving men in England happy. Informs her of the delirium of Lovelace, in order to move her compassion for him, and of the dreadful death of Sinclair and Tomlinson.

LETTER XLVIII. Miss Howe to Mr. Belford. — Observations on the letters and subjects he communicates to her. She promises another letter, in answer to his and Colonel Morden's call upon her in Mr. Hickman's favour. Applauds the Colonel

for purchasing her beloved friend's jewels, in order to present them to Miss Dolly Hervey.

LETTER XLIX. From the same. — She accounts for, though not defends, her treatment of Mr. Hickman. She owns that he is a man worthy of a better choice; that she values no man more than him: and assures Mr. Belford and the Colonel that her endeavours shall not be wanting to make him happy.

LETTER L. Mr. Belford to Miss Howe. — A letter full of grateful acknowledgements for the favour of her's.

LETTER LI. Lord M. to Mr. Belford. — Acquainting him with his kinsman's setting out for London, in order to embark. Wishes him to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Morden.

LETTER LII. Mr. Belford to Lord M. — Has had a visit from Mr. Lovelace. What passed between them on the occasion. Has an interview with Colonel Morden.

LETTER LIII. Mr. Belford to Lord M. — Just returned from attending Mr. Lovelace part of his way towards Dover. Their solemn parting.

LETTER LIV. From the same. — An account of what passed between himself and Colonel Morden at their next meeting. Their affectionate parting.

LETTER LV. Miss Howe to Mr. Belford. — Gives, at his request, the character of her beloved friend at large; and an account of the particular distribution of her time in the twenty-four hours of the natural day.

LETTER LVI. Lovelace to Belford, from Paris. — Conscience the conqueror of souls. He cannot run away from his reflections. He desires a particular account of all that has passed since he left England.

LETTER LVII. Belford to Lovelace. — Answers him as to all the particulars he writes about.

LETTER LVIII. Lovelace to Belford. — Has received a letter from Joseph Leman (who, he says, is conscience-ridden) to inform him that Colonel Morden resolves to have his will of him. He cannot bear to be threatened. He will write to the Colonel to know his purpose. He cannot get off his regrets on account of the dear lady for the blood of him.

LETTER LIX. Belford to Lovelace. — It would be matter of serious reflection to him, he says, if that very Leman, who had been his machine, should be the

instrument of his fall.

LETTER LX. Lovelace to Belford. — Has written to the Colonel to know his intention: but yet in such a manner that he may handsomely avoid taking it as a challenge; though, in the like case, he owns that he himself should not. Copy of his letter to the Colonel.

LETTER LXI. From the same. — He is now in his way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden. He is sure of victory: but will not, if he can help it, out of regard to Clarissa, kill the Colonel.

LETTER LXII. From the same. — Interview with Colonel Morden. To-morrow, says he, is the day that will, in all probability, send either one or two ghosts to attend the manes of my Clarissa. He doubts not to give the Colonel his life, or his death; and to be able, by next morning eleven, to write all the particulars.

LETTER LXIV. THE ISSUE OF THE DUEL.

CONCLUSION

LETTER I

MR. BELFORD [IN CONTINUATION.] SOHO, SIX O'CLOCK, SEPT. 7.

The lady is still alive. The Colonel having just sent his servant to let me know that she inquired after me about an hour ago, I am dressing to attend her. Joel begs of me to dispatch him back, though but with one line to gratify your present impatience. He expects, he says, to find you at Knightsbridge, let him make what haste he can back; and, if he has not a line or two to pacify you, he is afraid you will pistol him; for he apprehends that you are hardly yourself. I therefore dispatch this, and will have another ready, as soon as I can, with particulars. — But you must have a little patience; for how can I withdraw myself every half hour to write, if I am admitted to the lady's presence, or if I am with the Colonel?

SMITH'S, EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

The lady is in a slumber. Mrs. Lovick, who sat up with her, says she had a better night than was expected; for although she slept little, she seemed easy; and the easier for the pious frame she was in; all her waking moments being taken up in devotion, or in an ejaculatory silence; her hands and eyes often lifted up, and her lips moving with a fervour worthy of these her last hours.

TEN O'CLOCK.

The Colonel being earnest to see his cousin as soon as she awoke, we were both admitted. We observed in her, as soon as we entered, strong symptoms of her approaching dissolution, notwithstanding what the women had flattered us with from her last night's tranquillity. — The Colonel and I, each loth to say what we thought, looked upon one another with melancholy countenances.

The Colonel told her he should send a servant to her uncle Antony's for some papers he had left there; and asked if she had any commands that way.

She thought not, she said, speaking more inwardly than she did the day before. She had indeed a letter ready to be sent to her good Norton; and there was a request intimated in it. But it was time enough, if the request were signified to those whom it concerned when all was over. — However, it might be sent them by the servant who was going that way. And she caused it to be given to the Colonel for that purpose.

Her breath being very short, she desired another pillow. Having two before, this made her in a manner sit up in her bed; and she spoke then with more distinctness; and, seeing us greatly concerned, forgot her own sufferings to comfort us; and a charming lecture she gave us, though a brief one, upon the happiness of a timely preparation, and upon the hazards of a late repentance,

when the mind, as she observed, was so much weakened, as well as the body, as to render a poor soul hardly able to contend with its natural infirmities.

I beseech ye, my good friends, proceeded she, mourn not for one who mourns not, nor has cause to mourn, for herself. On the contrary, rejoice with me, that all my worldly troubles are so near to their end. Believe me, Sirs, that I would not, if I might, choose to live, although the pleasantest part of my life were to come over again: and yet eighteen years of it, out of nineteen, have been very pleasant. To be so much exposed to temptation, and to be so liable to fail in the trial, who would not rejoice that all her dangers are over? — All I wished was pardon and blessing from my dear parents. Easy as my departure seems promised to be, it would have been still easier, had I that pleasure. BUT GOD ALMIGHTY WOULD NOT LET ME DEPEND FOR COMFORT UPON ANY BUT HIMSELF.

She then repeated her request, in the most earnest manner, to her cousin, that he would not heighten her fault, by seeking to avenge her death; to me, that I would endeavour to make up all breaches, and use the power I had with my friend, to prevent all future mischiefs from him, as well as that which this trust might give me to prevent any to him.

She made some excuses to her cousin, for not having been able to alter her will, to join him in the executorship with me; and to me, for the trouble she had given, and yet should give me.

She had fatigued herself so much, (growing sensibly weaker) that she sunk her head upon her pillows, ready to faint; and we withdrew to the window, looking upon one another; but could not tell what to say; and yet both seemed inclinable to speak: but the motion passed over in silence. Our eyes only spoke; and that in a manner neither's were used to — mine, at least, not till I knew this admirable creature.

The Colonel withdrew to dismiss his messenger, and send away the letter to Mrs. Norton. I took the opportunity to retire likewise; and to write thus far. And Joel returning to take it, I now close here.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

LETTER II

MR. BELFORD [IN CONTINUATION.]

The Colonel tells me that he had written to Mr. John Harlowe, by his servant, ‘That they might spare themselves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation; for that his dear cousin would probably be no more before they could resolve.’

He asked me after his cousin’s means of subsisting; and whether she had accepted of any favour from me; he was sure, he said, she would not from you.

I acquainted him with the truth of her parting with some of her apparel.

This wrung his heart; and bitterly did he exclaim as well against you as against her implacable relations.

He wished he had not come to England at all, or had come sooner; and hoped I would apprize him of the whole mournful story, at a proper season. He added, that he had thoughts, when he came over, of fixing here for the remainder of his days; but now, as it was impossible his cousin could recover, he would go abroad again, and re-settle himself at Florence or Leghorn.

The lady has been giving orders, with great presence of mind, about her body! directing her nurse and the maid of the house to put her in the coffin as soon as she is cold. Mr. Belford, she said, would know the rest by her will.

* * *

She has just now given from her bosom, where she always wore it, a miniature picture, set in gold, of Miss Howe. She gave it to Mrs. Lovick, desiring her to fold it up in white paper, and direct it, To Charles Hickman, Esq. and to give it to me, when she was departed, for that gentleman.

She looked upon the picture, before she gave it her — Sweet and ever-amiable friend! — Companion! — Sister! — Lover! said she — and kissed it four several times, once at each tender appellation.

* * *

Your other servant is come. — Well may you be impatient! — Well may you! — But do you think I can leave off, in the middle of a conversation, to run and set down what offers, and send it away piece-meal as I write? — If I could, must I not lose one half, while I put down the other?

This event is nearly as interesting to me as it is to you. If you are more grieved than I, there can be but one reason for it; and that’s at your heart! — I had rather

lose all the friends I have in the world, (yourself in the number,) than this divine lady; and shall be unhappy whenever I think of her sufferings, and of her merit; though I have nothing to reproach myself by reason of the former.

I say not this, just now, so much to reflect upon you as to express my own grief; though your conscience I suppose, will make you think otherwise.

Your poor fellow, who says that he begs for his life, in desiring to be dispatched back with a letter, tears this from me — else, perhaps, (for I am just sent for down,) a quarter of an hour would make you — not easy indeed — but certain — and that, in a state like your's, to a mind like your's, is a relief.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FOUR O'CLOCK.

LETTER III

MR. BELFORD, TO RICHARD MOWBRAY, ESQ. THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

DEAR MOWBRAY,

I am glad to hear you are in town. Throw yourself the moment this comes to your hand, (if possible with Tourville,) in the way of the man who least of all men deserves the love of the worthy heart; but most that of thine and Tourville; else the news I shall most probably send him within an hour or two, will make annihilation the greatest blessing he has to wish for.

You will find him between Piccadilly and Kensington, most probably on horseback, riding backwards and forwards in a crazy way; or put up, perhaps, at some inn or tavern in the way — a waiter possibly, if so, watching for his servant's return to him from me.

* * *

His man Will. is just come to me. He will carry this to you in his way back, and be your director. Hie away in a coach, or any how. Your being with him may save either his or a servant's life. See the blessed effects of triumphant libertinism! Sooner or later it comes home to us, and all concludes in gall and bitterness!

Adieu. J. BELFORD.

LETTER IV

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

Curse upon the Colonel, and curse upon the writer of the last letter I received, and upon all the world! Thou to pretend to be as much interested in my Clarissa's fate as myself!— 'Tis well for one of us that this was not said to me, instead of written. — Living or dying, she is mine — and only mine. Have I not earned her dearly? — Is not d —— n —— n likely to be the purchase to me, though a happy eternity will be her's?

An eternal separation! — O God! O God! — How can I bear that thought! — But yet there is life! — Yet, therefore, hope — enlarge my hope, and thou shalt be my good genius, and I will forgive thee every thing.

For this last time — but it must not, shall not be the last — Let me hear, the moment thou receivest this — what I am to be — for, at present, I am

The most miserable of Men.

ROSE, AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, FIVE O'CLOCK.

My fellow tells me that thou art sending Mowbray and Tourville to me: — I want them not — my soul's sick of them, and of all the world — but most of myself. Yet, as they send me word they will come to me immediately, I will wait for them, and for thy next. O Belford, let it not be — But hasten it, be what it may!

LETTER V

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SEVEN O'CLOCK, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 7.

I have only to say at present — Thou wilt do well to take a tour to Paris; or wherever else thy destiny shall lead thee! ——

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER VI

MR. MOWBRAY, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. UXBRIDGE, SEPT. 7, BETWEEN ELEVEN AND TWELVE AT NIGHT.

DEAR JACK,

I send by poor Lovelace's desire, for particulars of the fatal breviate thou sentest him this night. He cannot bear to set pen to paper; yet wants to know every minute passage of Miss Harlowe's departure. Yet why he should, I cannot see: for if she is gone, she is gone; and who can help it?

I never heard of such a woman in my life. What great matters has she suffered, that grief should kill her thus?

I wish the poor fellow had never known her. From first to last, what trouble she has cost him! The charming fellow had been half lost to us ever since he pursued her. And what is there in one woman more than another, for matter of that?

It was well we were with him when your note came. Your showed your true friendship in your foresight. Why, Jack, the poor fellow was quite beside himself — mad as any man ever was in Bedlam.

Will. brought him the letter just after we had joined him at the Bohemia Head; where he had left word at the Rose at Knightsbridge he should be; for he had been sauntering up and down, backwards and forwards, expecting us, and his fellow. Will., as soon as he delivered it, got out of his way; and, when he opened it, never was such a piece of scenery. He trembled like a devil at receiving it: fumbled at the seal, his fingers in a palsy, like Tom. Doleman's; his hand shake, shake, shake, that he tore the letter in two, before he could come at the contents: and, when he had read them, off went his hat to one corner of the room, his wig to the other — D — n — n seize the world! and a whole volley of such-like excratious wishes; running up and down the room, and throwing up the sash, and pulling it down, and smiting his forehead with his double fist, with such force as would have felled as ox, and stamping and tearing, that the landlord ran in, and faster out again. And this was the distraction scene for some time.

In vain was all Jemmy or I could say to him. I offered once to take hold of his hands, because he was going to do himself a mischief, as I believed, looking about for his pistols, which he had laid upon the table, but which Will., unseen, had taken out with him, [a faithful, honest dog, that Will.! I shall for ever love the fellow for it,] and he hit me a d — d dowse of the chops, as made my nose bleed. 'Twas well 'twas he, for I hardly knew how to take it.

Jemmy raved at him, and told him, how wicked it was in him, to be so brutish to abuse a friend, and run mad for a woman. And then he said he was sorry for it;

and then Will. ventured in with water and a towel; and the dog rejoiced, as I could see by his look, that I had it rather than he.

And so, by degrees, we brought him a little to his reason, and he promised to behave more like a man. And so I forgave him: and we rode on in the dark to here at Doleman's. And we all tried to shame him out of his mad, ungovernable foolishness: for we told him, as how she was but a woman, and an obstinate perverse woman too; and how could he help it?

And you know, Jack, (as we told him, moreover,) that it was a shame to manhood, for a man, who had served twenty and twenty women as bad or worse, let him have served Miss Harlowe never so bad, should give himself such obstropulous airs, because she would die: and we advised him never to attempt a woman proud of her character and virtue, as they call it, any more: for why? The conquest did not pay trouble; and what was there in one woman more than another? Hay, you know, Jack! — And thus we comforted him, and advised him.

But yet his d — d addled pate runs upon this lady as much now she's dead as it did when she was living. For, I suppose, Jack, it is no joke: she is certainly and bonâ fide dead: I'n't she? If not, thou deservest to be doubly d — d for thy fooling, I tell thee that. So he will have me write for particulars of her departure.

He won't bear the word dead on any account. A squeamish puppy! How love unmans and softens! And such a noble fellow as this too! Rot him for an idiot, and an oaf! I have no patience with the foolish duncical dog — upon my soul, I have not!

So send the account, and let him howl over it, as I suppose he will.

But he must and shall go abroad: and in a month or two Jemmy, and you, and I, will join him, and he'll soon get the better of this chicken-hearted folly, never fear; and will then be ashamed of himself: and then we'll not spare him; though now, poor fellow, it were pity to lay him on so thick as he deserves. And do thou, till then, spare all reflections upon him; for, it seems, thou hast worked him unmercifully.

I was willing to give thee some account of the hand we have had with the tearing fellow, who had certainly been a lost man, had we not been with him; or he would have killed somebody or other. I have no doubt of it. And now he is but very middling; sits grinning like a man in straw; curses and swears, and is confounded gloomy; and creeps into holes and corners, like an old hedge-hog hunted for his grease.

And so, adieu, Jack. Tourville, and all of us, wish for thee; for no one has the influence upon him that thou hast.

R. MOWBRAY.

As I promised him that I would write for the particulars abovesaid, I

write this after all are gone to bed; and the fellow is set out with it by day-break.

LETTER VII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. THURSDAY NIGHT.

I may as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman; whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I dare say, to rest.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down; and, as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woeful scene that presented itself to me, as I approached the bed.

The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me, O Mr. Belford, cried she, with folded hands — the dear lady — A heavy sob permitted her not to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress; her face was swoln with weeping (though used to such scenes as this); and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly exprest her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick, on my approach, pronounced my name, O Mr. Belford, said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless — Now! — Now! [in broken periods she spoke] — I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature — all will soon be over — a few — a very few moments — will end this strife — and I shall be happy!

Comfort here, Sir — turning her head to the Colonel — comfort my cousin — see! the blame — able kindness — he would not wish me to be happy — so soon!

Here she stopt for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him. Then resuming, My dearest Cousin, said she, be comforted — what is dying but the common lot? — The mortal frame may seem to labour — but that is all! — It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be! — The preparation is the difficulty — I bless God, I have had time for that — the rest is worse to beholders, than to me! — I am all blessed hope — hope itself. She looked what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence, Once more, my dear Cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my father and mother — There she stopt. And then proceeding — To my sister, to my brother, to my uncles — and tell them, I bless them with my parting breath — for all their goodness to me — even for their displeasure, I bless them — most happy has been to me my punishment here! Happy indeed!

She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then, O Death! said she, where is thy sting! [the words I remember to have heard in the burial-service read over my uncle and poor Belton.] And after a pause — It is good for me that I was afflicted! Words of scripture, I suppose.

Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow — O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not what foretastes — what assurances — And there she again stopped, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling.

Then turning her head towards me — Do you, Sir, tell your friend that I forgive him! — And I pray to God to forgive him! — Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes as if praying that He would. Let him know how happily I die: — And that such as my own, I wish to be his last hour.

She was again silent for a few moments: and then resuming — My sight fails me! — Your voices only — [for we both applauded her christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own]; and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go. Which is Mr. Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both — in your last hour — for you must come to this — happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and, after a few minutes — And now, my dearest Cousin, give me your hand — nearer — still nearer — drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips — God protect you, dear, dear Sir — and once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks — and tell my

dear Miss Howe — and vouchsafe to see, and to tell my worthy Norton — she will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in Heaven — tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments! — And pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years, for the sake of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown hereafter; and such assurances of it, as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent — And you, Mr. Belford, pressing my hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors — you see, in me, how all ends — may you be — And down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief.

But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's blessing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly — Bless — bless — bless — you all — and — now — and now — [holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time] come — O come — blessed Lord — JESUS!

And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired: — such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun.

O Lovelace! — But I can write no more!

* * *

I resume my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, though pulseless, we pressed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other, with intent to speak: but, as if one motion governed, as one cause affected both, we turned away silent.

The Colonel sighed as if his heart would burst: at last, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, Good Heaven! said he to himself, support me! — And is it thus, O flower of nature! — Then pausing — And must we no more — never more! — My blessed, blessed Cousin! uttering some other words, which his sighs made inarticulate. — And then, as if recollecting himself — Forgive me,

Sir! — Excuse me, Mr. Belford! And sliding by me, Anon I hope to see you, Sir — And down stairs he went, and out of the house, leaving me a statue.

When I recovered, I was ready to repine at what I then called an unequal dispensation; forgetting her happy preparation, and still happier departure; and that she had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and leaving behind her every one less assured of happiness, though equally certain that the lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at forty minutes after six o'clock, as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, in the blossom of her youth and beauty: and who, her tender years considered, had not left behind her her superior in extensive knowledge and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemished virtue, exemplary piety, sweetness of manners, discreet generosity, and true christian charity: and these all set off by the most graceful modesty and humility; yet on all proper occasions, manifesting a noble presence of mind, and true magnanimity: so that she may be said to have been not only an ornament to her sex, but to human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller justice. Thine, I mean, O Lovelace! For well dost thou know how much she excelled in the graces of both mind and person, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou also can best account for the causes of her immature death, through those calamities which in so short a space of time, from the highest pitch of felicity, (every one in a manner adoring her,) brought he to an exit so happy for herself, but, that it was so early, so much to be deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This task, then, I leave to thee: but now I can write no more, only that I am a sympathizer in every part of thy distress, except (and yet it is cruel to say it) in that which arises from thy guilt.

ONE O'CLOCK, FRIDAY MORNING.

LETTER VIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. NINE, FRIDAY MORN.

I have no opportunity to write at length, having necessary orders to give on the melancholy occasion. Joel, who got to me by six in the morning, and whom I dispatched instantly back with the letter I had ready from last night, gives me but an indifferent account of the state of your mind. I wonder not at it; but time (and nothing else can) will make it easier to you: if (that is to say) you have compounded with your conscience; else it may be heavier every day than other.

* * *

Tourville tells us what a way you are in. I hope you will not think of coming hither. The lady in her will desires you may not see her. Four copies are making of it. It is a long one; for she gives her reasons for all she wills. I will write to you more particularly as soon as possibly I can.

* * *

Three letters are just brought by a servant in livery, directed To Miss Clarissa Harlowe. I will send copies of them to you. The contents are enough to make one mad. How would this poor lady have rejoiced to receive them! — And yet, if she had, she would not have been enabled to say, as she nobly did,* That God would not let her depend for comfort upon any but Himself. — And indeed for some days past she had seemed to have got above all worldly considerations. — Her fervent love, even for her Miss Howe, as she acknowledged, having given way to supremer fervours.* *

* See Letter I. of this volume. * * See Vol. VIII. Letter LXII.

LETTER IX

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6.

At length, my best beloved Miss Clary, every thing is in the wished train: for all your relations are unanimous in your favour. Even your brother and your sister are with the foremost to be reconciled to you.

I knew it must end thus! By patience, and persevering sweetness, what a triumph have you gained!

This happy change is owing to letters received from your physician, from your cousin Morden, and from Mr. Brand.

Colonel Morden will be with you, no doubt, before this can reach you, with his pocket-book filled with money-bills, that nothing may be wanting to make you easy.

And now, all our hopes, all our prayers, are, that this good news may restore you to spirits and health; and that (so long withheld) it may not come too late.

I know how much your dutiful heart will be raised with the joyful tidings I write you, and still shall more particularly tell you of, when I have the happiness to see you: which will be by next Sunday, at farthest; perhaps on Friday afternoon, by the time you can receive this.

For this day, being sent for by the general voice, I was received by every one with great goodness and condescension, and entreated (for that was the word they were pleased to use, when I needed no entreaty, I am sure,) to hasten up to you, and to assure you of all their affectionate regards to you: and your father bid me say all the kind things that were in my heart to say, in order to comfort and raise you up, and they would hold themselves bound to make them good.

How agreeable is this commission to your Norton! My heart will overflow with kind speeches, never fear! I am already meditating what I shall say, to cheer and raise you up, in the names of every one dear and near to you. And sorry I am that I cannot this moment set out, as I might, instead of writing, would they favour my eager impatience with their chariot; but as it was not offered, it would be a presumption to have asked for it: and to-morrow a hired chaise and pair will be ready; but at what hour I know not.

How I long once more to fold my dear, precious young lady to my fond, my more than fond, my maternal bosom!

Your sister will write to you, and send her letter, with this, by a particular hand.

I must not let them see what I write, because of my wish about the chariot.

Your uncle Harlowe will also write, and (I doubt not) in the kindest terms: for they are all extremely alarmed and troubled at the dangerous way your doctor

represents you to be in; as well as delighted with the character he gives you. Would to Heaven the good gentleman had written sooner! And yet he writes, that you know not he has now written. But it is all our confidence, and our consolation, that he would not have written at all, had he thought it too late.

They will prescribe no conditions to you, my dear young lady; but will leave all to your own duty and discretion. Only your brother and sister declare they will never yield to call Mr. Lovelace brother; nor will your father, I believe, be easily brought to think of him for a son.

I am to bring you down with me as soon as your health and inclination will permit. You will be received with open arms. Every one longs to see you. All the servants please themselves that they shall be permitted to kiss your hands. The pert Betty's note is already changed; and she now runs over in your just praises. What friends does prosperity make! What enemies adversity! It always was, and always will be so, in every state of life, from the throne to the cottage. — But let all be forgotten now on this jubilee change: and may you, my dearest Miss, be capable of rejoicing in this good news; as I know you will rejoice, if capable of any thing.

God preserve you to our happy meeting! And I will, if I may say so, weary Heaven with my incessant prayers to preserve and restore you afterwards!

I need not say how much I am, my dear young lady, Your ever-affectionate and devoted, JUDITH NORTON.

An unhappy delay, as to the chaise, will make it Saturday morning before I can fold you to my fond heart.

LETTER X

MISS ARAB. HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE WEDN. MORN. SEPT. 6.

DEAR SISTER,

We have just heard that you are exceedingly ill. We all loved you as never young creature was loved: you are sensible of that, sister Clary. And you have been very naughty — but we could not be angry always.

We are indeed more afflicted with the news of your being so very ill than I can express; for I see not but, after this separation, (as we understand that your misfortune has been greater than your fault, and that, however unhappy, you have demeaned yourself like the good young creature you used to be,) we shall love you better, if possible, than ever.

Take comfort, therefore, sister Clary, and don't be too much cast down — whatever your mortifications may be from such noble prospects over-clouded, and from the reflections you will have from within, on your faulty step, and from the sullying of such a charming character by it, you will receive none from any of us; and, as an earnest of your papa's and mamma's favour and reconciliation, they assure you by me of their blessing and hourly prayers.

If it will be any comfort to you, and my mother finds this letter is received as we expect, (which we shall know by the good effect it will have upon your health,) she will herself go to town to you. Mean-time, the good woman you so dearly love will be hastened up to you; and she writes by this opportunity, to acquaint you of it, and of all our returning love.

I hope you will rejoice at this good news. Pray let us hear that you do. Your next grateful letter on this occasion, especially if it gives us the pleasure of hearing you are better upon this news, will be received with the same (if not greater) delight, than we used to have in all your prettily-penn'd epistles. Adieu, my dear Clary! I am,

Your loving sister, and true friend, ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER XI

TO HIS DEAR NIECE, MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6.

We were greatly grieved, my beloved Miss Clary, at your fault; but we are still more, if possible, to hear you are so very ill; and we are sorry things have been carried so far. We know your talents, my dear, and how movingly you could write, whenever you pleased; so that nobody could ever deny you any thing; and, believing you depended on your pen, and little thinking you were so ill, and that you lived so regular a life, and are so truly penitent, are must troubled every one of us, your brother and all, for being so severe. Forgive my part in it, my dearest Clary. I am your second papa, you know. And you used to love me.

I hope you'll soon be able to come down, and, after a while, when your indulgent parents can spare you, that you will come to me for a whole month, and rejoice my heart, as you used to do. But if, through illness, you cannot so soon come down as we wish, I will go up to you; for I long to see you. I never more longed to see you in my life; and you was always the darling of my heart, you know.

My brother Antony desires his hearty commendations to you, and joins with me in the tenderest assurance, that all shall be well, and, if possible, better than ever; for we now have been so long without you, that we know the miss of you, and even hunger and thirst, as I may say, to see you, and to take you once more to our hearts; whence indeed you was never banished so far as our concern for the unhappy step made us think and you believe you were. Your sister and brother both talk of seeing you in town; so does my dear sister, your indulgent mother.

God restore your health, if it be his will; else, I know not what will become of

Your truly loving uncle, and second papa, JOHN HARLOWE.

LETTER XII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 8, PAST TEN.

I will now take up the account of our proceedings from my letter of last night, which contained the dying words of this incomparable lady.

As soon as we had seen the last scene closed (so blessedly for herself!) we left the body to the care of the good women, who, according to the orders she had given them that very night, removed her into that last house which she had displayed so much fortitude in providing.

In the morning, between seven and eight o'clock, according to appointment, the Colonel came to me here. He was very much indisposed. We went together, accompanied by Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, into the deceased's chamber. We could not help taking a view of the lovely corpse, and admiring the charming serenity of her noble aspect. The women declared they never say death so lovely before; and that she looked as if in an easy slumber, the colour having not quite left her cheeks and lips.

I unlocked the drawer, in which (as I mentioned in a former*) she had deposited her papers. I told you in mine of Monday last, that she had the night before sealed up, with three black seals, a parcel inscribed, As soon as I am certainly dead, this to be broke open by Mr. Belford. I accused myself for not having done it over-night. But really I was then incapable of any thing.

* See Vol. VIII. Letter LVII.

I broke it open accordingly, and found in it no less than eleven letters, each sealed with her own seal, and black wax, one of which was directed to me.

I will enclose a copy of it.

TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 3.

SIR,

I take this last and solemn occasion to repeat to you my thanks for all your kindness to me at a time when I most needed countenance and protection.

A few considerations I beg leave, as now at your perusal of this, from the dead, to press upon you, with all the warmth of a sincere friendship.

By the time you will see this, you will have had an instance, I humbly trust, of the comfortable importance of a pacified conscience, in the last hours of one, who, to the last hour, will wish your eternal welfare.

The great Duke of Luxemburgh, as I have heard, on his death-bed, declared, that he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon, that he had administered a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in distress, than that he

had won so many battles as he had triumphed for. And, as one well observes, All the sentiments of worldly grandeur vanish at that unavoidable moment which decides the destiny of men.

If then, Sir, at the tremendous hour it be thus with the conquerors of armies, and the subduers of nations, let me in a very few words (many are not needed,) ask, What, at that period, must be the reflection of those, (if capable of reflection,) who have lived a life of sense and offence; whose study and whose pride most ingloriously have been to seduce the innocent, and to ruin the weak, the unguarded, and the friendless; made still more friendless by their base seductions? — O Mr. Belford, weigh, ponder, and reflect upon it, now that, in health, and in vigour of mind and body, the reflections will most avail you — what an ungrateful, what an unmanly, what a meaner than reptile pride is this!

In the next place, Sir, let me beg of you, for my sake, who AM, or, as now you will best read it, have been, driven to the necessity of applying to you to be the executor of my will, that you will bear, according to that generosity which I think to be in you, with all my friends, and particularly with my brother, (who is really a worthy young man, but perhaps a little too headstrong in his first resentments and conceptions of things,) if any thing, by reason of this trust, should fall out disagreeably; and that you will study to make peace, and to reconcile all parties; and more especially, that you, who seem to have a great influence upon your still-more headstrong friend, will interpose, if occasion be, to prevent farther mischief — for surely, Sir, that violent spirit may sit down satisfied with the evils he has already wrought; and, particularly, with the wrongs, the heinous and ignoble wrongs, he has in me done to my family, wounded in the tenderest part of its honour.

For your compliance with this request I have already your repeated promise. I claim the observance of it, therefore, as a debt from you: and though I hope I need not doubt it, yet was I willing, on this solemn, this last occasion, thus earnestly to re-inforce it.

I have another request to make to you; it is only, that you will be pleased, by a particular messenger, to forward the enclosed letters as directed.

And now, Sir, having the presumption to think that an useful member is lost to society by means of the unhappy step which has brought my life so soon to its period, let me hope that I may be an humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reform a man of your abilities; and then I shall think that loss will be more abundantly repaired to the world, while it will be, by God’s goodness, my gain; and I shall have this farther hope, that once more I shall have an opportunity in a blessed eternity to thank you, as I now repeatedly do, for the good you have done to, and the trouble you will have taken for, Sir,

Your obliged servant, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

* * *

The other letters are directed to her father, to her mother, one to her two uncles, to her brother, to her sister, to her aunt Hervey, to her cousin Morden, to Miss Howe, to Mrs. Norton, and lastly one to you, in performance of her promise, that a letter should be sent you when she arrived at her father's house! —— I will withhold this last till I can be assured that you will be fitter to receive it than Tourville tells me you are at present.

Copies of all these are sealed up, and entitled, Copies of my ten posthumous letters, for J. Belford, Esq.; and put in among the bundle of papers left to my direction, which I have not yet had leisure to open.

No wonder, while able, that she was always writing, since thus only of late could she employ that time, which heretofore, from the long days she made, caused so many beautiful works to spring from her fingers. It is my opinion, that there never was a woman so young, who wrote so much, and with such celerity. Her thoughts keeping pace, as I have seen, with her pen, she hardly ever stopped or hesitated; and very seldom blotted out, or altered. It was a natural talent she was mistress of, among many other extraordinary ones. I gave the Colonel his letter, and ordered Harry instantly to get ready to carry the others. Mean time (retiring into the next apartment) we opened the will. We were both so much affected in perusing it, that at one time the Colonel, breaking off, gave it to me to read on; at another I gave it back to him to proceed with; neither of us being able to read it through without such tokens of sensibility as affected the voice of each.

Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and her nurse, were still more touched, when we read those articles in which they are respectively remembered: but I will avoid mentioning the particulars, (except in what relates to the thread of my narration,) as in proper time I shall send you a copy of it.

The Colonel told me, he was ready to account with me for the money and bills brought up from Harlowe-place; which would enable me, as he said, directly to execute the legacy parts of the will; and he would needs at the instant force into my hands a paper relating to that subject. I put it into my pocket-book, without looking into it; telling him, that as I hoped he would do all in his power to promote a literal performance of the will, I must beg his advice and assistance in the execution of it.

Her request to be buried with her ancestors, made a letter of the following import necessary, which I prevailed upon the Colonel to write; being unwilling

myself (so early at least,) to appear officious in the eye of a family which probably wishes not any communication with me.

TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ. SIR,

The letter which the bearer of this brings with him, will, I presume, make it unnecessary to acquaint you and my cousins with the death of the most excellent of women. But I am requested by her executor, who will soon send you a copy of her last will, to acquaint her father (which I choose to do by your means,) that in it she earnestly desires to be laid in the family-vault, at the feet of her grandfather.

If her father will not admit of it, she has directed her body to be buried in the church-yard of the parish where she died.

I need not tell you, that a speedy answer to this is necessary.

Her beatification commenced yesterday afternoon, exactly at forty minutes after six.

I can write no more, than that I am

Your’s, &c. WM. MORDEN.

FRIDAY MORN. SEPT. 8.

By the time this was written, and by the Colonel’s leave transcribed, Harry was booted and spurred, his horse at the door; and I delivered him the letters to the family, with those to Mrs. Norton and Miss Howe, (eight in all,) together with the above of the Colonel to Mr. James Harlowe; and gave him orders to use the utmost dispatch with them.

The Colonel and I have bespoke mourning for our selves and servants.

LETTER XIII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SAT. TEN O'CLOCK.

Poor Mrs. Norton is come. She was set down at the door; and would have gone up stairs directly. But Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick being together and in tears, and the former hinting too suddenly to the truly-venerable woman the fatal news, she sunk down at her feet in fits; so that they were forced to breath a vein to bring her to herself, and to a capacity of exclamation; and then she ran on to Mrs. Lovick and me, who entered just as she recovered, in praise of the lady, in lamentations for her, and invectives against you; but yet so circumscribed were her invectives, that I could observe in them the woman well educated, and in her lamentations the passion christianized, as I may say.

She was impatient to see the corpse. The women went up with her. But they owned that they were too much affected themselves on this occasion to describe her extremely-affecting behaviour.

With trembling impatience she pushed aside the coffin-lid. She bathed the face with her tears, and kissed her cheeks and forehead, as if she were living. It was she indeed! she said; her sweet young lady! her very self! Nor had death, which changed all things, a power to alter her lovely features! She admired the serenity of her aspect. She no doubt was happy, she said, as she had written to her she should be; but how many miserable creatures had she left behind her! — The good woman lamenting that she herself had lived to be one of them.

It was with difficulty they prevailed upon her to quit the corpse; and when they went into the next apartment, I joined them, and acquainted her with the kind legacy her beloved young lady had left her; but this rather augmented than diminished her concern. She ought, she said, to have attended her in person. What was the world to her, wringing her hands, now the child of her bosom, and of her heart, was no more? Her principal consolation, however, was, that she should not long survive her. She hoped, she said, that she did not sin, in wishing she might not.

It was easy to observe, by the similitude of sentiments shown in this and other particulars, that the divine lady owed to this excellent woman many of her good notions.

I thought it would divert the poor gentlewoman, and not altogether unsuitably, if I were to put her upon furnishing mourning for herself; as it would rouse her, by a seasonable and necessary employment, from that dismal lethargy of grief, which generally succeeds to the violent anguish with which a gentle nature is accustomed to be torn upon the first communication of the unexpected loss of a

dear friend. I gave her therefore the thirty guineas bequeathed to her and to her son for mourning; the only mourning which the testatrix has mentioned; and desired her to lose no time in preparing her own, as I doubted not, that she would accompany the corpse, if it were permitted to be carried down.

The Colonel proposes to attend the hearse, if his kindred give him not fresh cause of displeasure; and will take with him a copy of the will. And being intent to give the family some favourable impressions of me, he desired me to permit him to take with him the copy of the posthumous letter to me; which I readily granted. He is so kind as to promise me a minute account of all that should pass on the melancholy occasion. And we have begun a friendship and settled a correspondence, which but one incident can possibly happen to interrupt to the end of our lives. And that I hope will not happen.

But what must be the grief, the remorse, that will seize upon the hearts of this hitherto-inexorable family, on the receiving of the posthumous letters, and that of the Colonel apprizing them of what has happened? I have given requisite orders to an undertaker, on the supposition that the body will be permitted to be carried down; and the women intend to fill the coffin with aromatic herbs.

The Colonel has obliged me to take the bills and draughts which he brought up with him, for the considerable sums which accrued since the grandfather's death from the lady's estate.

I could have shown to Mrs. Norton the copies of the two letters which she missed by coming up. But her grief wants not the heightenings which the reading of them would have given her.

* * *

I have been dipping into the copies of the posthumous letters to the family, which Harry has carried down. Well may I call this lady divine. They are all calculated to give comfort rather than reproach, though their cruelty to her merited nothing but reproach. But were I in any of their places, how much rather had I, that she had quitted scores with me by the most severe recrimination, than that she should thus nobly triumph over me by a generosity that has no example? I will enclose some of them, which I desire you to return as soon as you can.

LETTER XIV

TO THE EVER-HONOURED JAS. HARLOWE, SEN. ESQ.

MOST DEAR SIR,

With exulting confidence now does your emboldened daughter come into your awful presence by these lines, who dared not, but upon this occasion, to look up to you with hopes of favour and forgiveness; since, when this comes to your hands, it will be out of her power ever to offend you more.

And now let me bless you, my honoured Papa, and bless you, as I write, upon my knees, for all the benefits I have received from your indulgence: for your fond love to me in the days of my prattling innocence: for the virtuous education you gave me: and for, the crown of all, the happy end, which, through divine grace, by means of that virtuous education, I hope, by the time you will receive this, I shall have made. And let me beg of you, dear, venerable Sir, to blot out from your remembrance, if possible, the last unhappy eight months; and then I shall hope to be remembered with advantage for the pleasure you had the goodness to take in your Clarissa.

Still on her knees, let your poor penitent implore your forgiveness of all her faults and follies; more especially of that fatal error which threw her out of your protection.

When you know, Sir, that I have never been faulty in my will; that ever since my calamity became irretrievable, I have been in a state of preparation; that I have the strongest assurance that the Almighty has accepted my unfeigned repentance; and that by this time you will (as I humbly presume to hope,) have been the means of adding one to the number of the blessed; you will have reason for joy rather than sorrow. Since, had I escaped the snares by which I was entangled, I might have wanted those exercises which I look upon now as so many mercies dispensed to wean me betimes from a world that presented itself to me with prospects too alluring; and in that case (too easily satisfied with the worldly felicity) I might not have attained to that blessedness, in which now, on your reading of this, I humbly presume, (through the divine goodness,) I am rejoicing.

That the Almighty, in his own good time, will bring you, Sir, and my ever-honoured mother, after a series of earthly felicities, of which my unhappy fault be the only interruption, (and very grievous I know that must have been,) to rejoice in the same blessed state, is the repeated prayer of, Sir,

Your now happy daughter, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XV

TO THE EVER-HONOURED MRS. HARLOWE

HONOURED MADAM,

The last time I had the boldness to write to you, it was with all the consciousness of a self-convicted criminal, supplicating her offended judge for mercy and pardon. I now, by these lines, approach you with more assurance; but nevertheless with the highest degree of reverence, gratitude, and duty. The reason of my assurance, my letter to my papa will give; and as I humbly on my knees implored his pardon, so now, in the same dutiful manner, do I supplicate your's, for the grief and trouble I have given you.

Every vein of my heart has bled for an unhappy rashness; which, (although involuntary as to the act,) from the moment it was committed, carried with it its own punishment; and was accompanied with a true and sincere penitence.

God, who has been a witness of my distresses, knows that, great as they have been, the greatest of all was the distress that I knew I must have given to you, Madam, and to my father, by a step that had so very ugly an appearance in your eyes and his; and indeed in the eyes of all my family; a step so unworthy of your daughter, and of the education you had given her.

But HE, I presume to hope, has forgiven me; and, at the instant this will reach your hands, I humbly trust, I shall be rejoicing in the blessed fruits of his forgiveness. And be this your comfort, my ever-honoured Mamma, that the principal end of your pious care for me is attained, though not in the way so much hoped for.

May the grief which my fatal error has given to you both, be the only grief that shall ever annoy you in this world! — May you, Madam, long live to sweeten the cares, and heighten the comforts, of my papa! — May my sister's continued, and, if possible, augmented duty, happily make up to you the loss you have sustained in me! And whenever my brother and she change their single state, may it be with such satisfaction to you both as may make you forget my offence; and remember me only in those days in which you took pleasure in me! And, at last, may a happy meeting with your forgiven penitent, in the eternal mansions, augment the bliss of her, who, purified by sufferings already, when this salutes your hands, presumes she shall be

The happy and for ever happy CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XVI

TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ.

SIR,

There was but one time, but one occasion, after the rash step I was precipitated upon, that I would hope to be excused looking up to you in the character of a brother and friend. And NOW is that time, and THIS the occasion. NOW, at reading this, will you pity your late unhappy sister! NOW will you forgive her faults, both supposed and real! And NOW will you afford to her memory that kind concern which you refused to her before!

I write, my Brother, in the first place, to beg your pardon for the offence my unhappy step gave to you, and to the rest of a family so dear to me.

Virgin purity should not so behave as to be suspected, yet, when you come to know all my story, you will find farther room for pity, if not more than pity, for your late unhappy sister!

O that passion had not been deaf! That misconception would have given way to inquiry! That your rigorous heart, if it could not itself be softened (moderating the power you had obtained over every one) had permitted other hearts more indulgently to expand!

But I write not to give pain. I had rather you should think me faulty still, than take to yourself the consequence that will follow from acquitting me.

Abandoning therefore a subject which I had not intended to touch upon, (for I hope, at the writing of this, I am above the spirit of recrimination,) let me tell you, Sir, that my next motive for writing to you in this last and most solemn manner is, to beg of you to forego any active resentments (which may endanger a life so precious to all your friends) against the man to whose elaborate baseness I owe my worldly ruin.

For, ought an innocent man to run an equal risque with a guilty one? — A more than equal risque, as the guilty one has been long inured to acts of violence, and is skilled in the arts of offence?

You would not arrogate to yourself God’s province, who has said, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it. If you would, I tremble for the consequence: For will it not be suitable to the divine justice to punish the presumptuous innocent (as you would be in this case) in the very error, and that by the hand of the self-defending guilty — reserving him for a future day of vengeance for his accumulated crimes?

Leave then the poor wretch to the divine justice. Let your sister’s fault die with her. At least, let it not be revived in blood. Life is a short stage where longest. A

little time hence, the now-green head will be grey, if it lives this little time: and if Heaven will afford him time for repentance, why should not you?

Then think, my Brother, what will be the consequence to your dear parents, if the guilty wretch, who has occasioned to them the loss of a daughter, should likewise deprive them of their best hope, and only son, more worth in the family account than several daughters?

Would you add, my Brother, to those distresses which you hold your sister so inexcusable for having (although from involuntary and undersigned causes) given?

Seek not then, I beseech you, to extend the evil consequences of your sister's error. His conscience, when it shall please God to touch it, will be sharper than your sword.

I have still another motive for writing to you in this solemn manner: it is, to entreat you to watch over your passions. The principal fault I knew you to be guilty of is, the violence of your temper when you think yourself in the right; which you would oftener be, but for that very violence.

You have several times brought your life into danger by it.

Is not the man guilty of a high degree of injustice, who is more apt to give contradiction, than able to bear it? How often, with you, has impetuosity brought on abasement? A consequence too natural.

Let me then caution you, dear Sir, against a warmth of temper, an impetuosity when moved, and you so ready to be moved, that may hurry you into unforeseen difficulties; and which it is in some measure a sin not to endeavour to restrain. God enable you to do it for the sake of your own peace and safety, as well present as future! and for the sake of your family and friends, who all see your fault, but are tender of speaking to you of it!

As for me, my Brother, my punishment has been seasonable. God gave me grace to make a right use of my sufferings. I early repented. I never loved the man half so much as I hated his actions, when I saw what he was capable of. I gave up my whole heart to a better hope. God blessed my penitence and my reliance upon him. And now I presume to say, I AM HAPPY.

May Heave preserve you in safety, health, and honour, and long continue your life for a comfort and stay to your honoured parents! And may you, in that change of your single state, meet with a wife as agreeable to every one else as to yourself, and be happy in a hopeful race, and not have one Clarissa among them, to embitter your comforts when she should give you most comfort! But may my example be of use to warn the dear creatures whom once I hoped to live to see and to cherish, of the evils with which the deceitful world abounds! are the prayers of

Your affectionate sister, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII

TO MISS HARLOWE

Now may you, my dear Arabella, unrestrained by the severity of your virtue, let fall a pitying tear on the past faults and sufferings of your late unhappy sister; since, now, she can never offend you more. The Divine mercy, which first inspired her with repentance (an early repentance it was; since it preceded her sufferings) for an error which she offers not to extenuate, although perhaps it were capable of some extenuation, has now, as the instant that you are reading this, as I humbly hope, blessed her with the fruits of it.

Thus already, even while she writes, in imagination purified and exalted, she the more fearlessly writes to her sister; and now is assured of pardon for all those little occasions of displeasure which her forwarder youth might give you; and for the disgrace which her fall has fastened upon you, and upon her family.

May you, my Sister, continue to bless those dear and honoured relations, whose indulgence so well deserves your utmost gratitude, with those cheerful instances of duty and obedience which have hitherto been so acceptable to them, and praise-worthy in you! And may you, when a suitable proposal shall offer, fill up more worthily that chasm, which the loss they have sustained in me has made in the family!

Thus, my Arabella! my only sister! and for many happy years, my friend! most fervently prays that sister, whose affection for you, no acts, no unkindness, no misconstruction of her conduct, could cancel! And who NOW, made perfect (as she hopes) through sufferings, styles herself,

The happy CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XVIII

TO JOHN AND ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQRS.

HONOURED SIRS,

When these lines reach your hands, your late unhappy niece will have known the end of all her troubles; and, as she humbly hopes, will be rejoicing in the mercies of a gracious God, who has declared, that he will forgive the truly penitent of heart.

I write, therefore, my dear uncles, and to you both in one letter (since your fraternal love has made you both but as one person) to give you comfort, and not distress; for, however sharp my afflictions have been, they have been but of short duration; and I am betimes (happily as I hope) arrived at the end of a painful journey.

At the same time I write to thank you both for all your kind indulgence to me, and to beg your forgiveness of my last, my only great fault to you and to my family.

The ways of Providence are unsearchable. Various are the means made use of by it, to bring poor sinners to a sense of their duty. Some are drawn by love, others are driven by terrors, to their divine refuge. I had for eighteen years out of nineteen, rejoiced in the favour and affection of every one. No trouble came near to my heart, I seemed to be one of those designed to be drawn by the silken cords of love. — But, perhaps, I was too apt to value myself upon the love and favour of every one: the merit of the good I delighted to do, and of the inclinations which were given me, and which I could not help having, I was, perhaps, too ready to attribute to myself; and now, being led to account for the cause of my temporary calamities, find I had a secret pride to be punished for, which I had not fathomed: and it was necessary, perhaps, that some sore and terrible misfortunes should befall me, in order to mortify that my pride, and that my vanity.

Temptations were accordingly sent. I shrunk in the day of trial. My discretion, which had been so cried up, was found wanting when it came to be weighed in an equal balance. I was betrayed, fell, and became the by-word of my companions, and a disgrace to my family, which had prided itself in me perhaps too much. But as my fault was not that of a culpable will, when my pride was sufficiently mortified, I was not suffered (although surrounded by dangers, and entangled in snares) to be totally lost: but, purified by sufferings, I was fitted for the change I have NOW, at the time you will receive this, so newly, and, as I humbly hope, so happily experienced.

Rejoice with me, then, dear Sirs, that I have weathered so great a storm. Nor let it be matter of concern, that I am cut off in the bloom of youth. ‘There is no inquisition in the grave,’ says the wise man, ‘whether we lived ten or a hundred years; and the day of death is better than the day of our birth.’

Once more, dear Sirs, accept my grateful thanks for all your goodness to me, from my early childhood to the day, the unhappy day, of my error! Forgive that error! — And God give us a happy meeting in a blessed eternity; prays

Your most dutiful and obliged kinswoman, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Mr. Belford gives the Lady’s posthumous letters to Mrs. Hervey, Miss Howe, and Mrs. Norton, at length likewise: but, although every letter varies in style as well as matter from the others; yet, as they are written on the same subject, and are pretty long, it is thought proper to abstract them.

That to her aunt Hervey is written in the same pious and generous strain with those preceding, seeking to give comfort rather than distress. ‘The Almighty, I hope,’ says she, ‘has received and blessed my penitence, and I am happy. Could I have been more than so at the end of what is called a happy life of twenty, or thirty, or forty years to come? And what are twenty, or thirty, or forty years to look back upon? In half of any of these periods, what friends might not I have mourned for? what temptations from worldly prosperity might I not have encountered with? And in such a case, immersed in earthly pleasures, how little likelihood, that, in my last stage, I should have been blessed with such a preparation and resignation as I have now been blessed with?’

She proceeds as follows: ‘Thus much, Madam, of comfort to you and to myself from this dispensation. As to my dear parents, I hope they will console themselves that they have still many blessings left, which ought to balance the troubles my error has given them: that, unhappy as I have been to be the interrupter of their felicities, they never, till this my fault, know any heavy evil: that afflictions patiently borne may be turned into blessings: that uninterrupted happiness is not to be expected in this life: that, after all, they have not, as I humbly presume to hope, the probability of the everlasting perdition of their child to deplore: and that, in short, when my story comes to be fully known, they will have the comfort to find that my sufferings redound more to my honour than to my disgrace.

‘These considerations will, I hope, make their temporary loss of but one child out of three (unhappily circumstances too as she was) matter of greater consolation than affliction. And the rather, as we may hope for a happy meeting once more, never to be separated either by time or offences.’

She concludes this letter with an address to her cousin Dolly Hervey, whom she calls her amiable cousin; and thankfully remembers for the part she took in

her afflictions.— ‘O my dear Cousin, let your worthy heart be guarded against those delusions which have been fatal to my worldly happiness! — That pity, which you bestowed upon me, demonstrates a gentleness of nature, which may possibly subject you to misfortunes, if your eye be permitted to mislead your judgment. — But a strict observance of your filial duty, my dearest Cousin, and the precepts of so prudent a mother as you have the happiness to have (enforced by so sad an example in your own family as I have set) will, I make no doubt, with the Divine assistance, be your guard and security.’

The posthumous letter to Miss Howe is extremely tender and affectionate. She pathetically calls upon her ‘to rejoice that all her Clarissa’s troubles are now at an end; that the state of temptation and trial, of doubt and uncertainty, is now over with her; and that she has happily escaped the snares that were laid for her soul; the rather to rejoice, as that her misfortunes were of such a nature, that it was impossible she could be tolerably happy in this life.’

She ‘thankfully acknowledges the favours she had received from Mrs. Howe and Mr. Hickman; and expresses her concern for the trouble she has occasioned to the former, as well as to her; and prays that all the earthly blessings they used to wish to each other, may singly devolve upon her.’

She beseeches her, ‘that she will not suspend the day which shall supply to herself the friend she will have lost in her, and give to herself a still nearer and dearer relation.’

She tells her, ‘That her choice (a choice made with the approbation of all her friends) has fallen upon a sincere, an honest, a virtuous, and, what is more than all, a pious man; a man who, although he admires her person, is still more in love with the graces of her mind. And as those graces are improvable with every added year of life, which will impair the transitory ones of person, what a firm basis, infers she, has Mr. Hickman chosen to build his love upon!’

She prays, ‘That God will bless them together; and that the remembrance of her, and of what she has suffered, may not interrupt their mutual happiness; she desires them to think of nothing but what she now is; and that a time will come when they shall meet again, never to be divided.

‘To the Divine protection, mean time, she commits her; and charges her, by the love that has always subsisted between them, that she will not mourn too heavily for her; and again calls upon her, after a gentle tear, which she will allow her to let fall in memory of their uninterrupted friendship, to rejoice that she is so early released; and that she is purified by her sufferings, and is made, as she assuredly trusts, by God’s goodness, eternally happy.’

The posthumous letters to Mr. LOVELACE and Mr. MORDEN will be inserted

hereafter: as will also the substance of that written to Mrs. Norton.

LETTER XIX

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SAT. AFTERNOON, SEPT. 9.

I understand, that thou breathest nothing but revenge against me, for treating thee with so much freedom; and against the cursed woman and her infernal crew. I am not at all concerned for thy menaces against myself. It is my design to make thee feel. It gives me pleasure to find my intention answered. And I congratulate thee, that thou hast not lost that sense.

As to the cursed crew, well do they deserve the fire here, that thou threatenest them with, and the fire hereafter, that seems to await them. But I have this moment received news which will, in all likelihood, save thee the guilt of punishing the old wretch for her share of wickedness as thy agent. But if that happens to her which is likely to happen, wilt thou not tremble for what may befal the principal?

Not to keep thee longer in suspense; last night, it seems, the infamous woman got so heartily intoxicated with her beloved liquor, arrack punch, at the expense of Colonel Salter, that, mistaking her way, she fell down a pair of stairs, and broke her leg: and now, after a dreadful night, she lies foaming, raving, roaring, in a burning fever, that wants not any other fire to scorch her into a feeling more exquisite and durable than any thy vengeance could give her.

The wretch has requested me to come to her; and lest I should refuse a common messenger, sent her vile associate, Sally Martin; who not finding me at Soho, came hither; another part of her business being to procure the divine lady's pardon for the old creature's wickedness to her.

This devil incarnate, Sally, declares that she never was so shocked in her life, as when I told her the lady was dead.

She took out her salts to keep from fainting; and when a little recovered she accused herself for her part of the injuries the lady had sustained; as she said Polly Horton would do for her's; and shedding tears, declared, that the world never produced such another woman. She called her the ornament and glory of her sex; acknowledged, that her ruin was owing more to their instigations, than even (savage as thou art) to thy own vileness; since thou wert inclined to have done her justice more than once, had they not kept up thy profligate spirit to its height.

This wretch would fain have been admitted to a sight of the corpse; but I refused the request with execrations.

She could forgive herself, she said, for every thing but her insults upon the admirable lady at Rowland's, since all the rest was but in pursuit of a livelihood, to which she had been reduced, as she boasted, from better expectations, and which hundred follow as well as she. I did not ask her, by whom reduced?

At going away, she told me, that the old monster's bruises are of more dangerous consequence than the fracture; that a mortification is apprehended, and that the vile wretch has so much compunction of heart, on recollecting her treatment of Miss Harlowe, and is so much set upon procuring her forgiveness, that she is sure the news she is to carry her will hasten her end.

All these things I leave upon thy reflection.

LETTER XX

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SAT. NIGHT.

Your servant gives me a dreadful account of your raving unmanageableness. I wonder not at it. But as nothing violent is lasting, I dare say that your habitual gaiety of heart will quickly get the better of your phrensy; and the rather do I judge so, as your fits are of the raving kind, (suitable to your natural impetuosity,) and not of that melancholy species which seizes slower souls.

For this reason I will proceed in writing to you, that my narrative may not be broken by your discomposure; and that the contents of it may find you, and help you to reflection, when you shall be restored.

Harry is returned from carrying the posthumous letters to the family, and to Miss Howe; and that of the Colonel, which acquaints James Harlowe with his sister's death, and with her desire to be interred near her grandfather.

Harry was not admitted into the presence of any of the family. They were all assembled together, it seems, at Harlowe-place, on occasion of the Colonel's letter, which informed them of the lady's dangerous way;* and were comforting themselves, as Harry was told, with hopes that Mr. Morden had made the worst of her state, in order to quicken their resolutions.

* See the beginning of Letter II.

It is easy to judge what must be their grief and surprise on receiving the fatal news which the letters Harry sent in to them communicated.

He staid there long enough to find the whole house in confusion; the servants running different ways; lamenting and wringing their hands as they ran; the female servants particularly; as if somebody (poor Mrs. Harlowe, no doubt; and perhaps Mrs. Hervey too) were in fits.

Every one was in such disorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himself. The servants seemed more inclined to execrate than welcome him — O master! — O young man! cried three or four together, what dismal tidings have you brought? — They helped him, at the very first word, to his horse; which, with great civility, they had put up on his arrival; and he went to an inn, and pursued on foot his way to Mrs. Norton's; and finding her come to town, left the letter he carried don for her with her son, (a fine youth,) who, when he heard the fatal news, burst out into a flood of tears — first lamenting the lady's death, and then crying out, What — what would become of his poor mother! — How would she support herself, when she should find, on her arrival in town, that the dear lady, who was so deservedly the darling of her heart, was no more!

He proceeded to Miss Howe's with the letter for her. That lady, he was told, had just given orders for a young man, a tenant's son, to post to London, and bring her news of her dear friend's condition, and whether she should herself be encouraged, by an account of her being still alive, to make her a visit; every thing being ordered to be in readiness for her going up on his return with the news she wished and prayed for with the utmost impatience. And Harry was just in time to prevent the man's setting out.

He had the precaution to desire to speak with Miss Howe's woman or maid, and communicated to her the fatal tidings, that she might break them to her young lady. The maid herself was so affected, that her old lady (who, Harry said, seemed to be every where at once) came to see what ailed her! and was herself so struck with the communication, that she was forced to sit down in a chair. — O the sweet creature! said she, and is it come to this? — O my poor Nancy! — How shall I be able to break the matter to my Nancy?

Mr. Hickman was in the house. He hastened in to comfort the old lady — but he could not restrain his own tears. He feared, he said, when he was last in town, that this sad event would soon happen; but little thought it would be so very soon! — But she is happy, I am sure, said the good gentleman.

Mrs. Howe, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her daughter. She took the letter, and her salts in her hand. And they had occasion for the latter. For the housekeeper soon came hurrying down into the kitchen, her face overspread with tears — her young mistress had fainted away, she said — nor did she wonder at it — never did there live a lady more deserving of general admiration and lamentation, than Miss Clarissa Harlowe! and never was there a stronger friendship dissolved by death than between her young lady and her.

She hurried, with a lighted wax candle, and with feathers, to burn under the nose of her young mistress; which showed that she continued in fits.

Mr. Hickman, afterwards, with his usual humanity, directed that Harry should be taken care of all night; it being then the close of day. He asked him after my health. He expressed himself excessively afflicted, as well for the death of the most excellent of women, as for the just grief of the lady whom he so passionately loves. But he called the departed lady an Angel of Light. We dreaded, said he, (tell your master,) to read the letter sent — but we needed not— 'tis a blessed letter! written by a blessed hand! — But the consolation she aims to give, will for the present heighten the sense we all shall have of the loss of so excellent a creature! Tell Mr. Belford, that I thank God I am not the man who had the unmerited honour to call himself her brother.

I know how terribly this great catastrophe (as I may call it, since so many persons are interested in it) affects thee. I should have been glad to have had

particulars of the distress which the first communication of it must have given to the Harlowes. Yet who but must pity the unhappy mother?

The answer which James Harlowe returned to Colonel Morden's letter of notification of his sister's death, and to her request as to her interment, will give a faint idea of what their concern must be. Here follows a copy of it:

TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ. SATURDAY, SEPT. 9.

DEAR COUSIN,

I cannot find words to express what we all suffer on the most mournful news that ever was communicated to us.

My sister Arabella (but, alas! I have now no other sister) was preparing to follow Mrs. Norton up, and I had resolved to escort her, and to have looked in upon the dear creature.

God be merciful to us all! To what purpose did the doctor write, if she was so near her end? — Why, as every body says, did he not send sooner? — Or, Why at all?

The most admirable young creature that ever swerved! Not one friend to be with her! — Alas! Sir, I fear my mother will never get over this shock. — She has been in hourly fits ever since she received the fatal news. My poor father has the gout thrown into his stomach; and Heaven knows — O Cousin! — O Sir! — I meant nothing but the honour of the family; yet have I all the weight thrown upon me — [O this cursed Lovelace! — may I perish if he escape the deserved vengeance!]*

* The words thus enclosed (‘ ‘) were omitted in the transcript to Mr. Lovelace.

We had begun to please ourselves that we should soon see her here — Good Heaven! that her next entrance into this house, after she abandoned us so precipitately, should be in a coffin.

We can have nothing to do with her executor, (another strange step of the dear creature's!) — He cannot expect we will — nor, if he be a gentleman, will he think of acting. Do you, therefore, be pleased, Sir, to order an undertaker to convey the body down to us. My mother says she shall be for ever unhappy, if she may not in death see the dear creature whom she could not see in life. Be so kind, therefore, as to direct the lid to be only half-screwed down — that (if my poor mother cannot be prevailed upon to dispense with so shocking a spectacle) she may be obliged — she was the darling of her heart!

If we know her well in relation to the funeral, it shall be punctually complied with; as shall every thing in it that is fit or reasonable to be performed; and this without the intervention of strangers.

Will you not, dear Sir, favour us with your presence at this melancholy time? Pray do — and pity and excuse, with the generosity which is natural to the brave

and the wise, what passed at our last meeting. Every one's respects attend you. And I am, Sir,

Your inexpressibly afflicted cousin and servant, JA. HARLOWE, JUN.

Every thing that's fit or reasonable to be performed! [repeated I to the Colonel from the above letter on his reading it to me;] that is every thing which she has directed, that can be performed. I hope, Colonel, that I shall have no contention with them. I wish no more for their acquaintance than they do for mine. But you, Sir, must be the mediator between them and me; for I shall insist upon a literal performance in every article.

The Colonel was so kind as to declare that he would support me in my resolution.

LETTER XXI

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. SUNDAY MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK, SEPT. 10.

I staid at Smith's till I saw the last of all that is mortal of the divine lady.

As she has directed rings by her will to several persons, with her hair to be set in crystal, the afflicted Mrs. Norton cut off, before the coffin was closed four charming ringlets; one of which the Colonel took for a locket, which, he says, he will cause to be made, and wear next his heart in memory of his beloved cousin.

Between four and five in the morning, the corpse was put into the hearse; the coffin before being filled, as intended, with flowers and aromatic herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpse suffering (to the eye) from the jolting of the hearse.

Poor Mrs. Norton is extremely ill. I gave particular directions to Mrs. Smith's maid (whom I have ordered to attend the good woman in a mourning chariot) to take care of her. The Colonel, who rides with his servants within view of the hearse, says that he will see my orders in relation to her enforced.

When the hearse moved off, and was out of sight, I locked up the lady's chamber, into which all that had belonged to her was removed.

I expect to hear from the Colonel as soon as he is got down, by a servant of his own.

LETTER XXII

MR. MOWBRAY, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. UXBRIDGE, SUNDAY MORN. NINE O'CLOCK.

DEAR JACK,

I send you enclosed a letter from Mr. Lovelace; which, though written in the cursed Algebra, I know to be such a one as will show what a queer way he is in; for he read it to us with the air of a tragedian. You will see by it what the mad fellow had intended to do, if we had not all of us interposed. He was actually setting out with a surgeon of this place, to have the lady opened and embalmed. — Rot me if it be not my full persuasion that, if he had, her heart would have been found to be either iron or marble.

We have got Lord M. to him. His Lordship is also much afflicted at the lady's death. His sisters and nieces, he says, will be ready to break their hearts. What a rout's here about a woman! For after all she was no more.

We have taken a pailful of black bull's blood from him; and this has lowered him a little. But he threatens Col. Morden, he threatens you for your cursed reflections, [cursed reflections indeed, Jack!] and curses all the world and himself still.

Last night his mourning (which is full as deep as for a wife) was brought home, and his fellows' mourning too. And, though eight o'clock, he would put it on, and make them attend him in theirs.

Every body blames him on this lady's account. But I see not for why. She was a vixen in her virtue. What a pretty fellow she has ruined — Hey, Jack! — and her relations are ten times more to blame than he. I will prove this to the teeth of them all. If they could use her ill, why should they expect him to use her well? — You, or I, or Tourville, in his shoes, would have done as he has done. Are not all the girls forewarned?— 'Has he done by her as that caitiff Miles did to the farmer's daughter, whom he tricked up to town, (a pretty girl also, just such another as Bob.'s Rosebud,) under a notion of waiting on a lady? — Drilled her on, pretending the lady was abroad. Drank her light-hearted — then carried her to a play — then it was too late, you know, to see the pretended lady — then to a bagnio — ruined her, as they call it, and all this the same day. Kept her on (an ugly dog, too!) a fortnight or three weeks, then left her to the mercy of the people of the bagnio, (never paying for any thing,) who stript her of all her clothes, and because she would not take on, threw her into prison; where she died in want and despair!' — A true story, thou knowest, Jack. — This fellow deserved to be d

—— d. But has our Bob. been such a villain as this? — And would he not have married this flinty-hearted lady? — So he is justified very evidently.

Why, then, should such cursed qualms take him? — Who would have thought he had been such poor blood? Now [rot the puppy!] to see him sit silent in a corner, when he has tired himself with his mock majesty, and with his argumentation, (Who so fond of arguing as he?) and teaching his shadow to make mouths against the wainscot — The devil fetch me if I have patience with him!

But he has had no rest for these ten days — that's the thing! — You must write to him; and pr'ythee coax him, Jack, and send him what he writes for, and give him all his way — there will be no bearing him else. And get the lady buried as fast as you can; and don't let him know where.

This letter should have gone yesterday. We told him it did. But were in hopes he would have inquired after it again. But he raves as he has not any answer.

What he vouchsafed to read of other of your letters has given my Lord such a curiosity as makes him desire you to continue your accounts. Pray do; but not in your hellish Arabic; and we will let the poor fellow only into what we think fitting for his present way.

I live a cursed dull poking life here. What with I so lately saw of poor Belton, and what I now see of this charming fellow, I shall be as crazy as he soon, or as dull as thou, Jack; so must seek for better company in town than either of you. I have been forced to read sometimes to divert me; and you know I hate reading. It presently sets me into a fit of drowsiness; and then I yawn and stretch like a devil.

Yet in Dryden's Palemon and Arcite have I just now met with a passage, that has in it much of our Bob.'s case. These are some of the lines.

Mr. Mowbray then recites some lines from that poem, describing a distracted man, and runs the parallel; and then, priding himself in his performance, says:

Let me tell you, that had I begun to write as early as you and Lovelace, I might have cut as good a figure as either of you. Why not? But boy or man I ever hated a book. 'Tis folly to lie. I loved action, my boy. I hated droning; and have led in former days more boys from their book, than ever my master made to profit by it. Kicking and cuffing, and orchard-robbing, were my early glory.

But I am tired of writing. I never wrote such a long letter in my life. My wrist and my fingers and thumb ache d —— n —— y. The pen is an hundred weight at least. And my eyes are ready to drop out of my head upon the paper. — The cramp but this minute in my fingers. Rot the goose and the goose-quill! I will write no more long letters for a twelve-month to come. Yet one word; we think the mad fellow coming to. Adieu.

LETTER XXIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. UXBRIDGE, SAT. SEPT. 9.

JACK,

I think it absolutely right that my ever-dear and beloved lady should be opened and embalmed. It must be done out of hand this very afternoon. Your acquaintance, Tomkins, and old Anderson of this place, I will bring with me, shall be the surgeons. I have talked to the latter about it.

I will see every thing done with that decorum which the case, and the sacred person of my beloved require.

Every thing that can be done to preserve the charmer from decay shall also be done. And when she will descend to her original dust, or cannot be kept longer, I will then have her laid in my family-vault, between my own father and mother. Myself, as I am in my soul, so in person, chief mourner. But her heart, to which I have such unquestionable pretensions, in which once I had so large a share, and which I will prize above my own, I will have. I will keep it in spirits. It shall never be out of my sight. And all the charges of sepulture too shall be mine.

Surely nobody will dispute my right to her. Whose was she living? — Whose is she dead but mine? — Her cursed parents, whose barbarity to her, no doubt, was the true cause of her death, have long since renounced her. She left them for me. She chose me therefore; and I was her husband. What though I treated her like a villain? Do I not pay for it now? Would she not have been mine had I not? Nobody will dispute but she would. And has she not forgiven me? — I am then in statu quo prius with her, am I not? as if I had never offended? — Whose then can she be but mine?

I will free you from your executorship, and all your cares.

Take notice, Belford, that I do hereby actually discharge you, and every body, from all cares and troubles relating to her. And as to her last testament, I will execute it myself.

There were no articles between us, no settlements; and she is mine, as you see I have proved to a demonstration; nor could she dispose of herself but as I pleased. — D —— n —— n seize me then if I make not good my right against all opposers!

Her bowels, if her friends are very solicitous about them, and very humble and sorrowful, (and none have they of their own,) shall be sent down to them — to be laid with her ancestors — unless she has ordered otherwise. For, except that, she shall not be committed to the unworthy earth so long as she can be kept out of it, her will shall be performed in every thing.

I send in the mean time for a lock of her hair.

I charge you stir not in any part of her will but by my express direction. I will order every thing myself. For am I not her husband? and, being forgiven by her, am I not the chosen of her heart? What else signifies her forgiveness?

The two insufferable wretches you have sent me plague me to death, and would treat me like a babe in strings. — D — n the fellows, what end can they mean by it? Yet that crippled monkey Doleman joins with them. And, as I hear them whisper, they have sent for Lord M. — to controul me, I suppose.

What I write to you for is,

1. To forbid you intermeddling with any thing relating to her. To forbid Morden intermeddling also. If I remember right, he has threatened me, and cursed me, and used me ill — and let him be gone from her, if he would avoid my resentment.

2. To send me a lock of her hair instantly by the bearer.

3. To engage Tomkins to have every thing ready for the opening and embalming. I shall bring Anderson with me.

4. To get her will and every thing ready for my perusal and consideration.

I will have possession of her dear heart this very night; and let Tomkins provide a proper receptacle and spirits, till I can get a golden one made for it.

I will take her papers. And, as no one can do her memory justice equal to myself, and I will not spare myself, who can better show the world what she was, and what a villain he that could use her ill? And the world shall also see what implacable and unworthy parents she had.

All shall be set forth in words at length. No mincing of the matter. Names undisguised as well as facts. For, as I shall make the worst figure in it myself, and have a right to treat myself as nobody else shall, who shall controul me? who dare call me to account?

Let me know, if the d —— d mother be yet the subject of the devil's own vengeance — if the old wretch be dead or alive? Some exemplary mischief I must yet do. My revenge shall sweep away that devil, and all my opposers of the cruel Harlowe family, from the face of the earth. Whole hecatombs ought to be offered up to the manes of my Clarissa Lovelace.

Although her will may in some respects cross mine, yet I expect to be observed. I will be the interpreter of her's.

Next to mine, her's shall be observed: for she is my wife, and shall be to all eternity. — I will never have another.

Adieu, Jack, I am preparing to be with you. I charge you, as you value my life or your own, do not oppose me in any thing relating to my Clarissa Lovelace.

My temper is entirely altered. I know not what it is to laugh, or smile, or be pleasant. I am grown choleric and impatient, and will not be controuled.

I write this in characters as I used to do, that nobody but you should know what I write. For never was any man plagued with impertinents as I am.

R. LOVELACE. IN A SEPARATE PAPER ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.

Let me tell thee, in characters still, that I am in a dreadful way just now. My brain is all boiling like a cauldron over a fiery furnace. What a devil is the matter with me, I wonder! I never was so strange in my life.

In truth, Jack, I have been a most execrable villain. And when I consider all my actions to the angel of a woman, and in her the piety, the charity, the wit, the beauty, I have helped to destroy, and the good to the world I have thereby been a mean of frustrating, I can pronounce d —— n —— n upon myself. How then can I expect mercy any where else?

I believe I shall have no patience with you when I see you. Your d —— d stings and reflections have almost turned my brain.

But here Lord M. they tell me, is come! — D —— n him, and those who sent for him!

I know not what I have written. But her dear heart and a lock of her hair I will have, let who will be the gainsayers! For is she not mine? Whose else can she be? She has no father nor mother, no sister, no brother, no relations but me. And my beloved is mine, and I am her's — and that's enough. — But Oh! —

She's out. The damp of death has quench'd her quite!
Those spicy doors, her lips, are shut, close lock'd,
Which never gale of life shall open more!

And is it so? — Is it indeed so? — Good God! — Good God! — But they will not let me write on. I must go down to this officious Peer — Who the devil sent for him?

LETTER XXIV

MR. BELFORD, TO RICHARD MOWBRAY, ESQ. SUNDAY, SEPT. 10. FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

I have your's, with our unhappy friend's enclosed. I am glad my Lord is with him. As I presume that his phrensy will be but of short continuance, I most earnestly wish, that on his recovery he could be prevailed upon to go abroad. Mr. Morden, who is inconsolable, has seen by the will, (as indeed he suspected before he read it,) that the case was more than a common seduction; and has dropt hints already, that he looks on himself, on that account, as freed from his promises made to the dying lady, which were, that he would not seek to avenge her death.

You must make the recovery of his health the motive for urging him on this head; for, if you hint at his own safety, he will not stir, but rather seek the Colonel.

As to the lock of hair, you may easily pacify him, (as you once saw the angel,) with hair near the colour, if he be intent upon it.

At my Lord's desire I will write on, and in my common hand; that you may judge what is, and what is not, fit to be read to Mr. Lovelace at present. But as I shall not forbear reflections as I go along, in hopes to reach his heart on his recovery, I think it best to direct myself to him still, and that as if he were not disordered.

As I shall not have leisure to take copies, and yet am willing to have the whole subject before me, for my own future contemplation, I must insist upon a return of my letters some time hence. Mr. Lovelace knows that this is one of my conditions; and has hitherto complied with it.

Thy letter, Mowbray, is an inimitable performance. Thou art a strange impenetrable creature. But let me most earnestly conjure thee, and the idle flutterer, Tourville, from what you have seen of poor Belton's exit; from our friend Lovelace's phrensy, and the occasion of it; and from the terrible condition in which the wretched Sinclair lies; to set about an immediate change of life and manners. For my own part, I am determined, be your resolutions what they may, to take the advice I give.

As witness, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXV

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

O Lovelace! I have a scene to paint in relation to the wretched Sinclair, that, if I do it justice, will make thee seriously ponder and reflect, or nothing can. I will lead thee to it in order; and that in my usual hand, that thy compeers may be able to read it as well as thyself.

When I had written the preceding letter, not knowing what to do with myself, recollecting, and in vain wishing for that delightful and improving conversation, which I had now for ever lost; I thought I had as good begin the task, which I had for some time past resolved to begin; that is to say, to go to church; and see if I could not reap some benefit from what I should hear there. Accordingly I determined to go to hear the celebrated preacher at St. James's church. But, as if the devil (for so I was then ready to conclude) thought himself concerned to prevent my intention, a visit was made me, just as I was dressed, which took me off from my purpose.

From whom should this visit be, but from Sally Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Carter, the sister of the infamous Sinclair! the same, I suppose I need not tell you, who keeps the bagnio near Bloomsbury.

These told me that the surgeon, apothecary, and physician, had all given the wretched woman over; but that she said, she should not die, nor be at rest, till she saw me; and they besought me to accompany them in the coach they came in, if I had one spark of charity, of christian charity, as they called it, left.

I was very loth to be diverted from my purpose by a request so unwelcome, and from people so abhorred; but at last went, and we got thither by ten; where a scene so shocking presented itself to me, that the death of poor desponding Belton is not, I think, to be compared with it.

The old wretch had once put her leg out by her rage and violence, and had been crying, scolding, cursing, ever since the preceding evening, that the surgeon had told her it was impossible to save her; and that a mortification had begun to show itself; insomuch that, purely in compassion to their own ears, they had been forced to send for another surgeon, purposely to tell her, though against his judgment, and (being a friend of the other) to seem to convince him, that he mistook the case; and that if she would be patient, she might recover. But, nevertheless, her apprehensions of death, and her antipathy to the thoughts of dying, were so strong, that their imposture had not the intended effect, and she was raving, crying, cursing, and even howling, more like a wolf than a human

creature, when I came; so that as I went up stairs, I said, Surely this noise, this howling, cannot be from the unhappy woman! Sally said it was; and assured me, that it was noting to the noise she had made all night; and stepping into her room before me, dear Madam Sinclair, said she, forbear this noise! It is more like that of a bull than a woman! — Here comes Mr. Belford; and you'll fright him away if you bellow at this rate.

There were no less than eight of her cursed daughters surrounding her bed when I entered; one of her partners, Polly Horton, at their head; and now Sally, her other partner, and Madam Carter, as they called her, (for they are all Madams with one another,) made the number ten; all in shocking dishabille, and without stays, except Sally, Carter, and Polly; who, not daring to leave her, had not been in bed all night.

The other seven seemed to have been but just up, risen perhaps from their customers in the fore-house, and their nocturnal orgies, with faces, three or four of them, that had run, the paint lying in streaky seams not half blowzed off, discovering coarse wrinkled skins: the hair of some of them of divers colours, obliged to the black-lead comb where black was affected; the artificial jet, however, yielding apace to the natural brindle: that of others plastered with oil and powder; the oil predominating: but every one's hanging about her ears and neck in broken curls, or ragged ends; and each at my entrance taken with one motion, stroking their matted locks with both hands under their coifs, mobs, or pinners, every one of which was awry. They were all slip-shoed; stockingless some; only under-petticoated all; their gowns, made to cover straddling hoops, hanging trollopy, and tangling about their heels; but hastily wrapt round them, as soon as I came up stairs. And half of them (unpadded, shoulder-bent, pallid-lips, limber-jointed wretches) appearing, from a blooming nineteen or twenty perhaps over-night, haggard well-worn strumpets of thirty-eight or forty.

I am the more particular in describing to thee the appearance these creatures made in my eyes when I came into the room, because I believe thou never sawest any of them, much less a group of them, thus unprepared for being seen.* I, for my part, never did before; nor had I now, but upon this occasion, being thus favoured. If thou hadst, I believe thou wouldst hate a profligate woman, as one of Swift's yahoos, or Virgil's obscene harpies, squirting their ordure upon the Trojan trenches; since the persons of such in their retirements are as filthy as their minds. — Hate them as much as I do; and as much as I admire, and next to adore, a truly virtuous and elegant woman: for to me it is evident, that as a neat and clean woman must be an angel of a creature, so a sluttish one is the impurest animal in nature. But these were the veterans, the chosen band; for now-and-then flitted in to the number of half a dozen or more, by turns, subordinate sinners, under-

graduates, younger than some of the chosen phalanx, but not less obscene in their appearance, though indeed not so much beholden to the plastering focus; yet unpropt by stays, squalid, loose in attire, sluggish-haired, uner-petticoated only as the former, eyes half-opened, winking and pinking, mispatched, yawning, stretching, as if from the unworn-off effects of the midnight revel; all armed in succession with supplies of cordials (of which every one present was either taster or partaker) under the direction of the busier Dorcas, who frequently popt in, to see her slops duly given and taken.

* Whoever has seen Dean Swift's Lady's Dressing room, will think this description of Mr. Belford's not only more natural, but more decent painting, as well as better justified by the design, and by the use that may be made of it.

But when I approached the old wretch, what a spectacle presented itself to my eyes!

Her misfortune has not at all sunk, but rather, as I thought, increased her flesh; rage and violence perhaps swelling her muscular features. Behold her, then, spreading the whole troubled bed with her huge quaggy carcase: her mill-post arms held up; her broad hands clenched with violence; her big eyes, goggling and flaming ready as we may suppose those of a salamander; her matted griesly hair, made irreverend by her wickedness (her clouted head-dress being half off, spread about her fat ears and brawny neck;) her livid lips parched, and working violently; her broad chin in convulsive motion; her wide mouth, by reason of the contraction of her forehead (which seemed to be half-lost in its own frightful furrows) splitting her face, as it were, into two parts; and her huge tongue hideously rolling in it; heaving, puffing as if four breath; her bellows-shaped and various-coloured breasts ascending by turns to her chin, and descending out of sight, with the violence of her gaspings.

This was the spectacle, as recollection has enabled me to describe it, that this wretch made to my eye, by her suffragans and daughters, who surveyed her with scouling frighted attention, which one might easily see had more in it of horror and self-concern (and self-condemnation too) than of love or pity; as who should say, See! what we ourselves must one day be!

As soon as she saw me, her naturally-big voice, more hoarsened by her ravings, broke upon me: O Mr. Belford! O Sir! see what I am come to! — See what I am brought to! — To have such a cursed crew about me, and not one of them to take care of me! But to let me tumble down stairs so distant from the room I went from! so distant from the room I meant to go to! — Cursed, cursed be every careless devil! — May this or worse be their fate every one of them!

And then she cursed and swore most vehemently, and the more, as two or three of them were excusing themselves on the score of their being at that time as

unable to help themselves as she. As soon as she had cleared the passage of her throat by the oaths and curses which her wild impatience made her utter, she began in a more hollow and whining strain to bemoan herself. And here, said she — Heaven grant me patience! [clenching and unclenching her hands] am I to die thus miserably! — of a broken leg in my old age! — snatched away by means of my own intemperance! Self-do! Self-undone! — No time for my affairs! No time to repent! — And in a few hours (Oh! — Oh! — with another long howling O — h! — U — gh — o! a kind of screaming key terminating it) who knows, who can tell where I shall be? — Oh! that indeed I never, never, had had a being!

What could one say to such a wretch as this, whose whole life had been spent in the most diffusive wickedness, and who no doubt has numbers of souls to answer for? Yet I told her, she must be patient: that her violence made her worse: and that, if she would compose herself, she might get into a frame more proper for her present circumstances.

Who, I? interrupted she: I get into a better frame! I, who can neither cry, nor pray! Yet already feel the torments of the d —— d! What mercy can I expect? What hope is left for me? — Then, that sweet creature! that incomparable Miss Harlowe! she, it seems, is dead and gone! O that cursed man! Had it not been for him! I had never had this, the most crying of all my sins, to answer for!

And then she set up another howl.

And is she dead? — Indeed dead? proceeded she, when her howl was over — O what an angel have I been the means of destroying! For though it was that it was mine, and your's, and your's, and your's, devils as we all were [turning to Sally, to Polly, and to one or two more] that he did not do her justice! And that, that is my curse, and will one day be yours! And then again she howled.

I still advised patience. I said, that if her time were to be so short as she apprehended, the more ought she to endeavour to compose herself: and then she would at least die with more ease to herself — and satisfaction to her friends, I was going to say — But the word die put her into a violent raving, and thus she broke in upon me. Die, did you say, Sir? — Die! — I will not, I cannot die! — I know not how to die! — Die, Sir! — And must I then die? — Leave this world? — I cannot bear it! — And who brought you hither, Sir? — [her eyes striking fire at me] Who brought you hither to tell me I must die, Sir? — I cannot, I will not leave this world. Let others die, who wish for another! who expect a better! — I have had my plagues in this; but would compound for all future hopes, so as I may be nothing after this!

And then she howled and bellowed by turns.

By my faith, Lovelace, I trembled in every joint; and looking upon her who spoke this, and roared thus, and upon the company round me, I more than once

thought myself to be in one of the infernal mansions.

Yet will I proceed, and try, for thy good, if I can shock thee but half as much with my descriptions, as I was shocked with what I saw and heard.

Sally! — Polly! — Sister Carter! said she, did you not tell me I might recover? Did not the surgeon tell me I might?

And so you may, cried Sally; Monsieur Garon says you may, if you'll be patient. But, as I have often told you this blessed morning, you are reader to take despair from your own fears, than comfort from all the hope we can give you.

Yet, cried the wretch, interrupting, does not Mr. Belford (and to him you have told the truth, though you won't to me; does not he) tell me that I shall die? — I cannot bear it! I cannot bear the thoughts of dying!

And then, but that half a dozen at once endeavoured to keep down her violent hands, would she have beaten herself; as it seems she had often attempted to do from the time the surgeon popt out the word mortification to her.

Well, but to what purpose, said I (turning aside to her sister, and to Sally and Polly), are these hopes given her, if the gentlemen of the faculty give her over? You should let her know the worst, and then she must submit; for there is no running away from death. If she had any matters to settle, put her upon settling them; and do not, by telling her she will live, when there is no room to expect it, take from her the opportunity of doing needful things. Do the surgeons actually give her over?

They do, whispered they. Her gross habit, they say, gives no hopes. We have sent for both surgeons, whom we expect every minute.

Both the surgeons (who are French; for Mrs. Sinclair has heard Tourville launch out in the praise of French surgeons) came in while we were thus talking. I retired to the farther end of the room, and threw up a window for a little air, being half-poisoned by the effluvia arising from so many contaminated carcases; which gave me no imperfect idea of the stench of gaols, which, corrupting the ambient air, gives what is called the prison distemper.

I came back to the bed-side when the surgeons had inspected the fracture; and asked them, If there were any expectation of her life?

One of them whispered me, there was none: that she had a strong fever upon her, which alone, in such a habit, would probably do the business; and that the mortification had visibly gained upon her since they were there six hours ago.

Will amputation save her? Her affairs and her mind want settling. A few days added to her life may be of service to her in both respects.

They told me the fracture was high in her leg; that the knee was greatly bruised; that the mortification, in all probability, had spread half-way of the femur: and then, getting me between them, (three or four of the women joining

us, and listening with their mouths open, and all the signs of ignorant wonder in their faces, as there appeared of self-sufficiency in those of the artists,) did they by turns fill my ears with an anatomical description of the leg and thigh; running over with terms of art, of the tarsus, the metatarsus, the tibia, the fibula, the patella, the os tali, the os tibæ, the tibialis posticus and tibialis anticus, up to the os femoris, to the acetabulum of the os ischion, the great trochanter, glutæus, triceps, lividus, and little rotators; in short, of all the muscles, cartilages, and bones, that constitute the leg and thigh from the great toe to the hip; as if they would show me, that all their science had penetrated their heads no farther than their mouths; while Sally lifted up her hands with a Laud bless me! Are all surgeons so learned! — But at last both the gentlemen declared, that if she and her friends would consent to amputation, they would whip off her leg in a moment.

Mrs. Carter asked, To what purpose, if the operation would not save her?

Very true, they said; but it might be a satisfaction to the patient's friends, that all was done that could be done.

And so the poor wretch was to be lanced and quartered, as I may say, for an experiment only! And, without any hope of benefit from the operation, was to pay the surgeons for tormenting her!

I cannot but say I have a mean opinion of both these gentlemen, who, though they make a figure, it seems, in their way of living, and boast not only French extraction, but a Paris education, never will make any in their practice.

How unlike my honest English friend Tomkins, a plain serious, intelligent man, whose art lies deeper than in words; who always avoids parade and jargon; and endeavours to make every one as much a judge of what he is about as himself!

All the time that the surgeons ran on with their anatomical process, the wretched woman most frightfully roared and bellowed; which the gentlemen (who showed themselves to be of the class of those who are not affected with the evils they do not feel,) took no other notice of, than by raising their voices to be heard, as she raised her's — being evidently more solicitous to increase their acquaintance, and to propagate the notion of their skill, than to attend to the clamours of the poor wretch whom they were called in to relieve; though by this very means, like the dog and the shadow in the fable, they lost both aims with me; for I never was deceived in one rule, which I made early; to wit, that the stillest water is the deepest, while the bubbling stream only betrays shallowness; and that stones and pebbles lie there so near the surface, to point out the best place to ford a river dry shod.

As nobody cared to tell the unhappy wretch what every one apprehended must follow, and what the surgeons convinced me soon would, I undertook to be the denouncer of her doom. Accordingly, the operators being withdrawn, I sat down by the bed-side, and said, Come, Mrs. Sinclair, let me advise you to forbear these ravings at the carelessness of those, who, I find, at the time, could take no care of themselves; and since the accident has happened, and cannot be remedied, to resolve to make the best of the matter: for all this violence but enrages the malady, and you will probably fall into a delirium, if you give way to it, which will deprive you of that reason which you ought to make the best of for the time it may be lent you.

She turned her head towards me, and hearing me speak with a determined voice, and seeing me assume as determined an air, became more calm and attentive.

I went on, telling her, that I was glad, from the hints she had given, to find her concerned for her past misspent life, and particularly for the part she had had in the ruin of the most excellent woman on earth: that if she would compose herself, and patiently submit to the consequences of an evil she had brought upon herself, it might possibly be happy for her yet. Meantime, continued I, tell me, with temper and calmness, why was you so desirous to see me?

She seemed to be in great confusion of thought, and turned her head this way and that; and at last, after much hesitation, said, Alad for me! I hardly know what I wanted with you. When I awoke from my intemperate trance, and found what a cursed way I was in, my conscience smote me, and I was for catching like a drowning wretch, at every straw. I wanted to see every body and any body but those I did see; every body who I thought could give me comfort. Yet could I expect none from you neither; for you had declared yourself my enemy, although I had never done you harm; for what, Jackey, in her old tone, whining through her nose, was Miss Harlowe to you? — But she is happy! — But oh! what will become of me? — Yet tell me, (for the surgeons have told you the truth, no doubt,) tell me, shall I do well again? May I recover? If I may, I will begin a new course of life: as I hope to be saved, I will. I'll renounce you all — every one of you, [looking round her,] and scrape all I can together, and live a life of penitence; and when I die, leave it all to charitable uses — I will, by my soul — every doit of it to charity — but this once, lifting up her rolling eyes, and folded hands, (with a wry-mouthed earnestness, in which every muscle and feature of her face bore its part,) this one time — good God of Heaven and earth, but this once! this once! repeating those words five or six times, spare thy poor creature, and every hour of my life shall be passed in penitence and atonement: upon my soul it shall!

Less vehement! a little less vehement! said I — it is not for me, who have led so free a life, as you but too well know, to talk to you in a reproaching strain, and to set before you the iniquity you have lived in, and the many souls you have helped to destroy. But as you are in so penitent a way, if I might advise, you should send for a good clergyman, the purity of whose life and manners may make all these things come from him with a better grace than they can from me.

How, Sir! What, Sir! interrupting me: send for a parson! — Then you indeed think I shall die! Then you think there is no room for hope! —— A parson, Sir! —— Who sends for a parson, while there is any hope left? — The sight of a parson would be death immediate to me! — I cannot, cannot die! — Never tell me of it! — What! die! — What! cut off in the midst of my sins!

And then she began again to rave.

I cannot bear, said I, rising from my seat with a stern air, to see a reasonable creature behave so outrageously! — Will this vehemence, think you, mend the matter? Will it avail you any thing? Will it not rather shorten the life you are so desirous to have lengthened, and deprive you of the only opportunity you can ever have to settle your affairs for both worlds? — Death is but the common lot: and if it be your's soon, looking at her, it will be also your's, and your's, and your's, speaking with a raised voice, and turning to every trembling devil round her, [for they all shook at my forcible application,] and mine too. And you have reason to be thankful, turning again to her, that you did not perish in that act of intemperance which brought you to this: for it might have been your neck, as well as your leg; and then you had not had the opportunity you now have for repentance — and, the Lord have mercy upon you! into what a state might you have awoke!

Then did the poor wretch set up an inarticulate frightful howl, such a one as I never before heard of her; and seeing every one half-frighted, and me motioning to withdraw, O pity me, pity me, Mr. Belford, cried she, her words interrupted by groans — I find you think I shall die! — And what may I be, and where, in a very few hours — who can tell?

I told her it was vain to flatter her: it was my opinion she would not recover.

I was going to re-advise her to calm her spirits, and endeavour to resign herself, and to make the beset of the opportunity yet left her; but this declaration set her into a most outrageous raving. She would have torn her hair, and beaten her breast, had not some of the wretches held her hands by force, while others kept her as steady as they could, lest she should again put out her new-set leg; so that, seeing her thus incapable of advice, and in a perfect phrensy, I told Sally Martin, that there was no bearing the room; and that their best way was to send for a minister to pray by her, and to reason with her, as soon as she should be

capable of it. And so I left them; and never was so sensible of the benefit of fresh air, as I was the moment I entered the street.

Nor is it to be wondered at, when it is considered that, to the various ill smells that will always be found in a close sick bed-room, (for generally, when the physician comes, the air is shut out,) this of Mrs. Sinclair was the more particularly offensive, as, to the scent of plasters, salves, and ointments, were added the stenches of spirituous liquors, burnt and unburnt, of all denominations; for one or other of the creatures, under pretence of colics, gripes, or qualms, were continually calling for supplies of these, all the time I was there. And yet this is thought to be a genteel house of the sort; and all the prostitutes in it are prostitutes of price, and their visiters people of note.

O, Lovelace! what lives do most of us rakes and libertines lead! what company do we keep! And, for such company, what society renounce, or endeavour to make like these!

What woman, nice in her person, and of purity in her mind and manners, did she know what miry wallowers the generality of men of our class are in themselves, and constantly trough and sty with, but would detest the thoughts of associating with such filthy sensualists, whose favourite taste carries them to mingle with the dregs of stews, brothels, and common sewers?

Yet, to such a choice are many worthy women betrayed, by that false and inconsiderate notion, raised and propagated, no doubt, by the author of all delusion, that a reformed rake makes the best husband. We rakes, indeed, are bold enough to suppose, that women in general are as much rakes in their hearts, as the libertines some of them suffer themselves to be take with are in their practice. A supposition, therefore, which it behoves persons of true honour of that sex to discountenance, by rejecting the address of every man, whose character will not stand the test of that virtue which is the glory of a woman: and indeed, I may say, of a man too: why should it not?

How, indeed, can it be, if this point be duly weighed, that a man who thinks alike of all the sex, and knows it to be in the power of a wife to do him the greatest dishonour man can receive, and doubts not her will to do it, if opportunity offer, and importunity be not wanting: that such a one, from principle, should be a good husband to any woman? And, indeed, little do innocents think, what a total revolution of manners, what a change of fixed habits, nay, what a conquest of a bad nature, and what a portion of Divine GRACE, is required, to make a man a good husband, a worthy father, and true friend, from principle; especially when it is considered, that it is not in a man’s own power to reform when he will. This, (to say nothing of my own experience,) thou, Lovelace, hast found in the progress of

thy attempts upon the divine Miss Harlowe. For whose remorses could be deeper, or more frequent, yet more transient than thine!

Now, Lovelace, let me know if the word grace can be read from my pen without a sneer from thee and thy associates? I own that once it sounded oddly in my ears. But I shall never forget what a grave man once said on this very word — that with him it was a rake's sibboleth.* He had always hopes of one who could bear the mention of it without ridiculing it; and ever gave him up for an abandoned man, who made a jest of it, or of him who used it.

* See Judges xii. 6.

Don't be disgusted, that I mingle such grave reflections as these with my narratives. It becomes me, in my present way of thinking, to do so, when I see, in Miss Harlowe, how all human excellence, and in poor Belton, how all inhuman libertinism, and am near seeing in this abandoned woman, how all diabolical profligacy, end. And glad should I be for your own sake, for your splendid family's sake, and for the sake of all your intimates and acquaintance, that you were labouring under the same impressions, that so we who have been companions in (and promoters of one another's) wickedness, might join in a general atonement to the utmost of our power.

I came home reflecting upon all these things, more edifying to me than any sermon I could have heard preached: and I shall conclude this long letter with observing, that although I left the wretched howler in a high phrensy-fit, which was excessively shocking to the by-standers; yet her phrensy must be the happiest part of her dreadful condition: for when she is herself, as it is called, what must be her reflections upon her past profligate life, throughout which it has been her constant delight and business, devil-like, to make others as wicked as herself! What must her terrors be (a hell already begun in her mind!) on looking forward to the dreadful state she is now upon the verge of! — But I drop my trembling pen.

To have done with so shocking a subject at once, we shall take notice,

> that Mr. Belford, in a future letter, writes, that the miserable woman, to the surprise of the operators themselves, (through hourly increasing tortures of body and mind,) held out so long as till Thursday, Sept. 21; and then died in such agonies as terrified into a transitory penitence all the wretches about her.

LETTER XXVI

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 10.

DEAR SIR,

According to my promise, I send you an account of matters here. Poor Mrs. Norton was so very ill upon the road, that, slowly as the hearse moved, and the chariot followed, I was afraid we should not have got her to St. Albans. We put up there as I had intended. I was in hopes that she would have been better for the stop: but I was forced to leave her behind me. I ordered the maid-servant you were so considerately kind as to send down with her, to be very careful of her; and left the chariot to attend her. She deserves all the regard that can be paid her; not only upon my cousin's account, but on her own — she is an excellent woman.

When we were within five miles of Harlowe-place, I put on a hand-gallop. I ordered the hearse to proceed more slowly still, the cross-road we were in being rough; and having more time before us than I wanted; for I wished not the hearse to be in till near dusk. I got to Harlowe-place about four o'clock. You may believe I found a mournful house. You desire me to be very minute.

At my entrance into the court, they were all in motion. Every servant whom I saw had swelled eyes, and looked with so much concern, that at first I apprehended some new disaster had happened in the family. Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe and Mrs. Hervey were there. They all helped on one another's grief, as they had before done each other's hardness of heart.

My cousin James met me at the entrance of the hall. His countenance expressed a fixed concern; and he desired me to excuse his behaviour the last time I was there.

My cousin Arabella came to me full of tears and grief.

O Cousin! said she, hanging upon my arm, I dare not ask you any questions! — About the approach of the hearse, I suppose she meant.

I myself was full of grief; and, without going farther or speaking, sat down in the hall in the first chair.

The brother sat on one hand of me, the sister on the other. Both were silent. The latter in tears.

Mr. Antony Harlowe came to me soon after. His face was overspread with all the appearance of woe. He requested me to walk into the parlour; where, as he said, were all his fellow-mourners.

I attended him in. My cousins James and Arabella followed me.

A perfect concert of grief, as I may say, broke out the moment I entered the parlour.

My cousin Harlowe, the dear creature's father, as soon as he saw me, said, O Cousin, Cousin, of all our family, you are the only one who have nothing to reproach yourself with! — You are a happy man!

The poor mother, bowing her head to me in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes with one hand. The other hand was held by her sister Hervey, between both her's; Mrs. Hervey weeping upon it.

Near the window sat Mr. John Harlowe, his face and his body turned from the sorrowing company; his eyes red and swelled.

My cousin Antony, at his re-entering the parlour, went towards Mrs. Harlowe — Don't — dear Sister, said he! — Then towards my cousin Harlowe — Don't — dear Brother! — Don't thus give way — And, without being able to say another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and, wanting himself the comfort he would fain have given, sunk into a chair, and audibly sobbed.

Miss Arabella followed her uncle Antony, as he walked in before me, and seemed as if she would have spoken to the pierced mother some words of comfort. But she was unable to utter them, and got behind her mother's chair; and, inclining her face over it, on the unhappy lady's shoulder, seemed to claim the consolation that indulgent parent used, but then was unable, to afford her.

Young Mr. Harlowe, with all his vehemence of spirit, was now subdued. His self-reproaching conscience, no doubt, was the cause of it.

And what, Sir, must their thoughts be, which, at that moment, in a manner, deprived them of all motion, and turned their speech into sighs and groans! — How to be pitied, how greatly to be pitied! all of them! But how much to be cursed that abhorred Lovelace, who, as it seems, by arts uncommon, and a villany without example, has been the sole author of a woe so complicated and extensive! — God judge me, as — But I stop — the man (the man can I say?) is your friend! — He already suffers, you tell me, in his intellect. — Restore him, Heaven, to that — If I find the matter come out, as I apprehend it will — indeed her own hint of his usage of her, as in her will, is enough — nor think, my beloved cousin, thou darling of my heart! that thy gentle spirit, breathing charity and forgiveness to the vilest of men, shall avail him! — But once more I stop — forgive me, Sir! — Who could behold such a scene, who could recollect it in order to describe it, (as minutely as you wished me to relate how this unhappy family were affected on this sad occasion,) every one of the mourners nearly related to himself, and not to be exasperated against the author of all?

As I was the only person (grieved as I was myself) from whom any of them, at that instant, could derive comfort; Let us not, said I, my dear Cousin, approaching

the inconsolable mother, give way to a grief, which, however just, can now avail us nothing. We hurt ourselves, and cannot recall the dear creature for whom we mourn. Nor would you wish it, if you know with what assurance of eternal happiness she left the world — She is happy, Madam! — depend upon it, she is happy! And comfort yourselves with that assurance!

O Cousin, Cousin! cried the unhappy mother, withdrawing her hand from that of her sister Hervey, and pressing mine with it, you know not what a child I have lost! — Then in a low voice, and how lost! — That it is that makes the loss insupportable.

They all joined in a kind of melancholy chorus, and each accused him and herself, and some of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were cast upon my cousin James, as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorse: nor Miss Harlowe her's; she breaking out into words, How tauntingly did I write to her! How barbarously did I insult her! Yet how patiently did she take it! — Who would have thought that she had been so near her end! — O Brother, Brother! but for you! — But for you! — Double not upon me, said he, my own woes! I have every thing before me that has passed! I thought only to reclaim a dear creature that had erred! I intended not to break her tender heart! But it was the villanous Lovelace who did that — not any of us! — Yet, Cousin, did she not attribute all to me? — I fear she did! — Tell me only, did she name me, did she speak of me, in her last hours? I hope she, who could forgive the greatest villain on earth, and plead that he may be safe from our vengeance, I hope she could forgive me.

She died blessing you all; and justified rather than condemned your severity to her.

Then they set up another general lamentation. We see, said her father, enough we see, in her heart-piercing letters to us, what a happy frame she was in a few days before her death — But did it hold to the last? Had she no repinings? Had the dear child no heart burnings?

None at all! — I never saw, and never shall see, so blessed a departure: and no wonder; for I never heard of such a preparation. Every hour, for weeks together, were taken up in it. Let this be our comfort: we need only to wish for so happy an end for ourselves, and for those who are nearest to our hearts. We may any of us be grieved for acts of unkindness to her: but had all happened that once she wished for, she could not have made a happier, perhaps not so happy an end.

Dear soul! and Dear sweet soul! the father, uncles, sister, my cousin Hervey, cried out all at once, in accents of anguish inexpressibly affecting.

We must for every be disturbed for those acts of unkindness to so sweet a child, cried the unhappy mother! — Indeed! indeed! [softly to her sister Hervey,] I

have been too passive, much too passive in this case! — The temporary quiet I have been so studious all my life to preserve, has cost me everlasting disquiet! —— There she stopt.

Dear Sister! was all Mrs. Hervey could say.

I have done but half my duty to the dearest and most meritorious of children, resumed the sorrowing mother! — Nay, not half! — How have we hardened our hearts against her! —— Again her tears denied passage to her words.

My dearest, dearest Sister! — again was all Mrs. Hervey could say.

Would to Heaven, proceeded, exclaiming, the poor mother, I had but once seen her! Then, turning to my cousin James, and his sister — O my son! O my Arabella! if WE were to receive as little mercy — And there again she stopt, her tears interrupting her farther speech; every one, all the time, remaining silent; their countenances showing a grief in their hearts too big for expression.

Now you see, Mr. Belford, that my dearest cousin could be allowed all her merit! — What a dreadful thing is after-reflection upon a conduct so perverse and unnatural?

O this cursed friend of your's, Mr. Belford! This detested Lovelace! — To him, to him is owing —

Pardon me, Sir. I will lay down my pen till I have recovered my temper.

ONE IN THE MORNING.

In vain, Sir, have I endeavoured to compose myself to rest. You wished me to be very particular, and I cannot help it. This melancholy subject fills my whole mind. I will proceed, though it be midnight.

About six o'clock the hearse came to the outward gate — the parish church is at some distance; but the wind setting fair, the afflicted family were struck, just before it came, into a fresh fit of grief, on hearing the funeral bell tolled in a very solemn manner. A respect, as it proved, and as they all guessed, paid to the memory of the dear deceased, out of officious love, as the hearse passed near the church.

Judge, when their grief was so great in expectation of it, what it must be when it arrived.

A servant came in to acquaint us with what its lumbering heavy noise up the paved inner court-yard apprized us of before. He spoke not. He could not speak. He looked, bowed, and withdrew.

I stept out. No one else could then stir. Her brother, however, soon followed me. When I came to the door, I beheld a sight very affecting.

You have heard, Sir, how universally my dear cousin was beloved. By the poor and middling sort especially, no young lady was ever so much beloved. And with

reason: she was the common patroness of all the honest poor in her neighbourhood.

It is natural for us, in every deep and sincere grief, to interest all we know in what is so concerning to ourselves. The servants of the family, it seems, had told their friends, and those their's, that though, living, their dear young lady could not be received nor looked upon, her body was permitted to be brought home. The space of time was so confined, that those who knew when she died, must easily guess near the time the hearse was to come. A hearse, passing through country villages, and from London, however slenderly attended, (for the chariot, as I have said, waited upon poor Mrs. Norton,) takes every one's attention. Nor was it hard to guess whose this must be, though not adorned by escutcheons, when the cross-roads to Harlowe-place were taken, as soon as it came within six miles of it; so that the hearse, and the solemn tolling of the bell, had drawn together at least fifty, or the neighbouring men, women, and children, and some of good appearance. Not a soul of them, it seems, with a dry eye, and each lamenting the death of this admired lady, who, as I am told, never stirred out, but somebody was the better for her.

These, when the coffin was taken out of the hearse, crowding about it, hindered, for a few moments, its being carried in; the young people struggling who should bear it; and yet, with respectful whisperings, rather than clamorous contention. A mark of veneration I had never before seen paid, upon any occasion in all my travels, from the under-bred many, from whom noise is generally inseparable in all their emulations.

At last six maidens were permitted to carry it in by the six handles.

The corpse was thus borne, with the most solemn respect, into the hall, and placed for the present upon two stools there. The plates, and emblems, and inscription, set every one gazing upon it, and admiring it. The more, when they were told, that all was of her own ordering. They wished to be permitted a sight of the corpse; but rather mentioned this as their wish than as their hope. When they had all satisfied their curiosity, and remarked upon the emblems, they dispersed with blessings upon her memory, and with tears and lamentations; pronouncing her to be happy; and inferring, were she not so, what would become of them? While others ran over with repetitions of the good she delighted to do. Nor were there wanting those among them, who heaped curses upon the man who was the author of her fall.

The servants of the family then got about the coffin. They could not before: and that afforded a new scene of sorrow: but a silent one; for they spoke only by their eyes, and by sighs, looking upon the lid, and upon one another, by turns,

with hands lifted up. The presence of their young master possibly might awe them, and cause their grief to be expressed only in dumb show.

As for Mr. James Harlowe, (who accompanied me, but withdrew when he saw the crowd,) he stood looking upon the lid, when the people had left it, with a fixed attention: yet, I dare say, knew not a symbol or letter upon it at that moment, had the question been asked him. In a profound reverie he stood, his arms folded, his head on one side, and marks of stupefaction imprinted upon every feature.

But when the corpse was carried into the lesser parlour, adjoining to the hall, which she used to call her parlour, and put upon a table in the midst of the room, and the father and mother, the two uncles, her aunt Hervey, and her sister, came in, joining her brother and me, with trembling feet, and eager woe, the scene was still more affecting. Their sorrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving severity: and now seeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who so lately was driven thence by their indiscreet violence; never, never more to be restored to the! no wonder that their grief was more than common grief.

They would have withheld the mother, it seems, from coming in. But when they could not, though undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulse they could not resist. The poor lady but just cast her eye upon the coffin, and then snatched it away, retiring with passionate grief towards the window; yet, addressing herself, with clasped hands, as if to her beloved daughter: O my Child, my Child! cried she; thou pride of my hope! Why was I not permitted to speak pardon and peace to thee! — O forgive thy cruel mother!

Her son (his heart then softened, as his eyes showed,) besought her to withdraw: and her woman looking in at that moment, he called her to assist him in conducting her lady into the middle parlour: and then returning, met his father going out of the door, who also had but just cast his eye on the coffin, and yielded to my entreaties to withdraw. His grief was too deep for utterance, till he saw his son coming in; and then, fetching a heavy groan, Never, said he, was sorrow like my sorrow! — O Son! Son! — in a reproaching accent, his face turned from him.

I attended him through the middle parlour, endeavouring to console him. His lady was there in agonies. She took his eye. He made a motion towards her: O my dear, said he — But turning short, his eyes as full as his heart, he hastened through to the great parlour: and when there, he desired me to leave him to himself.

The uncles and sister looked and turned away, very often, upon the emblems, in silent sorrow. Mrs. Hervey would have read to them the inscription — These words she did read, Here the wicked cease from troubling — But could read no farther. Her tears fell in large drops upon the plate she was contemplating; and yet

she was desirous of gratifying a curiosity that mingled impatience with her grief because she could not gratify it, although she often wiped her eyes as they flowed.

Judge you, Mr. Belford, (for you have great humanity,) how I must be affected. Yet was I forced to try to comfort them all.

But here I will close this letter, in order to send it to you in the morning early. Nevertheless, I will begin another, upon supposition that my doleful prolixity will be disagreeable to you. Indeed I am altogether indisposed for rest, as I have mentioned before. So can do nothing but write. I have also more melancholy scenes to paint. My pen, if I may say so, is untired. These scenes are fresh upon my memory: and I myself, perhaps, may owe to you the favour of a review of them, with such other papers as you shall think proper to oblige me with, when heavy grief has given way to milder melancholy.

My servant, in his way to you with this letter, shall call at St. Alban's upon the good woman, that he may inform you how she does. Miss Arabella asked me after her, when I withdrew to my chamber; to which she complaisantly accompanied me. She was much concerned at the bad way we left her in; and said her mother would be more so.

No wonder that the dear departed, who foresaw the remorse that would fall to the lot of this unhappy family when they came to have the news of her death confirmed to them, was so grieved for their apprehended grief, and endeavoured to comfort them by her posthumous letters. But it was still a greater generosity in her to try to excuse them to me, as she did when we were alone together, a few hours before she died; and to aggravate more than (as far as I can find) she ought to have done, the only error she was ever guilty of. The more freely, however, perhaps, (exalted creature!) that I might think the better of her friends, although at her own expense. I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant, WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XXVII

COLONEL MORDEN [IN CONTINUATION.]

When the unhappy mourners were all retired, I directed the lid of the coffin to be unscrewed, and caused some fresh aromatics and flowers to be put into it.

The corpse was very little altered, notwithstanding the journey. The sweet smile remained.

The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of strewing them about it: they poured forth fresh lamentations over her; each wishing she had been so happy as to have been allowed to attend her in London. One of them particularly, who is, it seems, my cousin Arabella's personal servant, was more clamorous in her grief than any of the rest; and the moment she turned her back, all the others allowed she had reason for it. I inquired afterwards about her, and found, that this creature was set over my dear cousin, when she was confined to her chamber by indiscreet severity.

Good Heaven! that they should treat, and suffer thus to be treated, a young lady, who was qualified to give laws to all her family!

When my cousins were told that the lid was unscrewed, they pressed in again, all but the mournful father and mother, as if by consent. Mrs. Hervey kissed her pale lips. Flower of the world! was all she could say; and gave place to Miss Arabella; who kissing the forehead of her whom she had so cruelly treated, could only say, to my cousin James, (looking upon the corpse, and upon him,) O Brother! — While he, taking the fair, lifeless hand, kissed it, and retreated with precipitation.

Her two uncles were speechless. They seemed to wait each other's example, whether to look upon the corpse, or not. I ordered the lid to be replaced; and then they pressed forward, as the others again did, to take a last farewell of the casket which so lately contained so rich a jewel.

Then it was that the grief of each found fluent expression; and the fair corpse was addressed to, with all the tenderness that the sincerest love and warmest admiration could inspire; each according to their different degrees of relationship, as if none of them had before looked upon her. She was their very niece, both uncles said! The injured saint, her uncle Harlowe! The same smiling sister, Arabella! — The dear creature, all of them! — The same benignity of countenance! The same sweet composure! The same natural dignity! — She was questionless happy! That sweet smile betokened her being so! themselves most unhappy! — And then, once more, the brother took the lifeless hand, and vowed revenge upon it, on the cursed author of all this distress.

The unhappy parents proposed to take one last view and farewell of their once darling daughter. The father was got to the parlour-door, after the inconsolable mother: but neither of them were able to enter it. The mother said she must once more see the child of her heart, or she should never enjoy herself. But they both agreed to refer their melancholy curiosity till the next day; and had in hand retired inconsolable, speechless both, their faces overspread with woe, and turned from each other, as unable each to behold the distress of the other.

When all were withdrawn, I retired, and sent for my cousin James, and acquainted him with his sister's request in relation to the discourse to be pronounced at her interment; telling him how necessary it was that the minister, whoever he were, should have the earliest notice given him that the case would admit. He lamented the death of the reverend Dr. Lewen, who, as he said, was a great admirer of his sister, as she was of him, and would have been the fittest of all men for that office. He spoke with great asperity of Mr. Brand, upon whose light inquiry after his sister's character in town he was willing to lay some of the blame due to himself. Mr. Melvill, Dr. Lewen's assistant, must, he said, be the man; and he praised him for his abilities; his elocution, and unexceptionable manners; and promised to engage him early in the morning.

He called out his sister, and he was of his opinion. So I let this upon them.

They both, with no little warmth, hinted their disapprobation of you, Sir, for their sister's executor, on the score of your intimate friendship with the author of her ruin.

You must not resent any thing I shall communicate to you of what they say on this occasion: depending that you will not, I shall write with the greater freedom.

I told them how much my dear cousin was obliged to your friendship and humanity: the injunctions she had laid you under, and your own inclination to observe them. I said, That you were a man of honour: that you were desirous of consulting me, because you would not willingly give offence to any of them: and that I was very fond of cultivating your favour and correspondence.

They said there was no need of an executor out of their family; and they hoped that you would relinquish so unnecessary a trust, as they called it. My cousin James declared that he would write to you, as soon as the funeral was over, to desire that you would do so, upon proper assurances that all the will prescribed should be performed.

I said you were a man of resolution: that I thought he would hardly succeed; for that you made a point of honour of it.

I then showed them their sister's posthumous letter to you; in which she confesses her obligations to you, and regard for you, and for your future welfare.* You may believe, Sir, they were extremely affected with the perusal of it.

* See Letter XII. of this volume.

They were surprised that I had given up to you the produce of her grandfather's estate since his death. I told them plainly that they must thank themselves if any thing disagreeable to them occurred from their sister's devise; deserted, and thrown into the hands of strangers, as she had been.

They said they would report all I had said to their father and mother; adding, that great as their trouble was, they found they had still more to come. But if Mr. Belford were to be the executor of her will, contrary to their hopes, they besought me to take the trouble of transacting every thing with you; that a friend of the man to whom they owed all their calamity might not appear to them.

They were extremely moved at the text their sister had chosen for the subject of their funeral discourse.* I had extracted from the will that article, supposing it probable that I might not so soon have an opportunity to show them the will itself, as would otherwise have been necessary, on account of the interment, which cannot be delayed.

* See the Will, in pg. 112 of this volume.

MONDAY MORNING, BETWEEN EIGHT AND NINE.

The unhappy family are preparing for a mournful meeting at breakfast. Mr. James Harlowe, who has had as little rest as I, has written to Mr. Melvill, who has promised to draw up a brief eulogium on the deceased. Miss Howe is expected here by-and-by, to see, for the last time, her beloved friend.

Miss Howe, by her messenger, desires she may not be taken any notice of. She shall not tarry six minutes, was the word. Her desire will be easily granted her.

Her servant, who brought the request, if it were denied, was to return, and meet her; for she was ready to set out in her chariot, when he got on horseback.

If he met her not with the refusal, he was to say here till she came. I am, Sir,

Your faithful, humble servant, WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER XXVIII

COLONEL MORDEN [IN CONTINUATION.] MONDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 11.

SIR,

We are such bad company here to one another, that it is some relief to retire and write.

I was summoned to breakfast about half an hour after nine. Slowly did the mournful congress meet. Each, lifelessly and spiritless, took our places, with swoln eyes, inquiring, without expecting any tolerable account, how each had rested.

The sorrowing mother gave for answer, that she should never more know what rest was.

By the time we were well seated, the bell ringing, the outward gate opening, a chariot rattling over the pavement of the court-yard, put them into emotion.

I left them; and was just time enough to give Miss Howe my hand as she alighted: her maid in tears remaining in the chariot.

I think you told me, Sir, you never saw Miss Howe. She is a fine, graceful young lady. A fixed melancholy on her whole aspect, overclouded a vivacity and fire, which, nevertheless, darted now-and-then through the awful gloom. I shall ever respect her for her love to my dear cousin.

Never did I think, said she, as she gave me her hand, to enter more these doors: but, living or dead, Clarissa brings me after her any where!

She entered with me the little parlour; and seeing the coffin, withdrew her hand from mine, and with impatience pushed aside the lid. As impatiently she removed the face-cloth. In a wild air, she clasped her uplifted hands together; and now looked upon the corpse, now up to Heaven, as if appealing to that. Her bosom heaved and fluttered discernible through her handkerchief, and at last she broke silence: — O Sir! — See you not here! — the glory of her sex? — Thus by the most villanous of yours — thus — laid low!

O my blessed Friend! — said she — My sweet Companion! — My lovely Monitress! — kissing her lips at every tender appellation. And is this all! — Is it all of my CLARISSA'S story!

Then, after a short pause, and a profound sigh, she turned to me, and then to her breathless friend. But is she, can she be, really dead! — O no! — She only sleeps. — Awake, my beloved Friend! My sweet clay-cold Friend, awake: let thy Anna Howe revive thee; by her warm breath revive thee, my dear creature! And, kissing her again, Let my warm lips animate thy cold ones!

Then, sighing again, as from the bottom of her heart, and with an air, as if disappointed that she answered not, And can such perfection end thus! — And art thou really and indeed flown from thine Anna Howe! — O my unkind CLARISSA!

She was silent a few moments, and then, seeming to recover herself, she turned to me — Forgive, forgive, Mr. Morden, this wild phrensy! — I am myself! — I never shall be! — You knew not the excellence, no, not half the excellence, that is thus laid low! — Repeating, This cannot, surely, be all of my CLARISSA'S story!

Again pausing, One tear, my beloved friend, didst thou allow me! — But this dumb sorrow! — O for a tear to ease my full-swoln heart that is just bursting! —

But why, Sir, why, Mr. Morden, was she sent hither? Why not to me? — She has no father, no mother, no relation; no, not one! — They had all renounced her. I was her sympathizing friend — And had not I the best right to my dear creature's remains? — And must names, without nature, be preferred to such a love as mine?

Again she kissed her lips, each cheek, her forehead; — and sighed as if her heart would break —

But why, why, said she, was I withheld from seeing my dearest, dear friend, and too easily persuaded to delay, the friendly visit that my heart panted after; what pain will this reflection give me! — O my blessed Friend! Who knows, who knows, had I come in time, what my cordial comfortings might have done for thee! — But — looking round her, as if she apprehended seeing some of the family — One more kiss, my Angel, my Friend, my ever-to-be-regretted, lost Companion! And let me fly this hated house, which I never loved but for thy sake! — Adieu then, my dearest CLARISSA! — Thou art happy, I doubt not, as thou assuredst me in thy last letter! — O may we meet, and rejoice together, where no villanous Lovelaces, no hard-hearted relations, will ever shock our innocence, or ruffle our felicity!

Again she was silent, unable to go, though seeming to intend it: struggling, as it were, with her grief, and heaving with anguish. At last, happily, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes — Now! — Now! — said she, shall I — shall I — be easier. But for this kindly relief, my heart would have burst asunder — more, many more tears than these are due to my CLARISSA, whose counsel has done for me what mine could not do for her! — But why, looking earnestly upon her, her hands clasped and lifted up — But why do I thus lament the HAPPY? And that thou art so, is my comfort. It is, it is, my dear creature! kissing her again.

Excuse me, Sir, [turning to me, who was as much moved as herself,] I loved the dear creature, as never woman loved another. Excuse my frantic grief. How has the glory of her sex fallen a victim to villany and to hard-heartedness!

Madam, said I, they all have it! — Now indeed they have it —

And let them have it; — I should belie my love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them! — But how unhappy am I [looking upon her] that I saw her not before these eyes were shut, before these lips were for ever closed! — O Sir, you know not the wisdom that continually flowed from these lips when she spoke! — Nor what a friend I have lost!

Then surveying the lid, she seemed to take in at once the meaning of the emblems; and this gave her so much fresh grief, that though she several times wipes her eyes, she was unable to read the inscription and texts; turning, therefore, to me, Favour me, Sir, I pray you, by a line, with the description of these emblems, and with these texts; and if I might be allowed a lock of the dear creature's hair ——

I told her that her executor would order both; and would also send her a copy of her last will; in which she would find the most grateful remembrances of her love for her, whom she calls The sister of her heart.

Justly, said she, does she call me so; for we had but one heart, but one soul, between us; and now my better half is torn from me — What shall I do?

But looking round her, on a servant's stepping by the door, as if again she had apprehended it was some of the family — Once more, said she, a solemn, an everlasting adieu! — Alas for me! a solemn, an everlasting adieu!

Then again embracing her face with both her hands, and kissing it, and afterwards the hands of the dear deceased, first one, then the other, she gave me her hand, and quitting the room with precipitation, rushed into her chariot; and, when there, with profound sight, and a fresh burst of tears, unable to speak, she bowed her head to me, and was driven away.

The inconsolable company saw how much I had been moved on my return to them. Mr. James Harlowe had been telling them what had passed between him and me. And, finding myself unfit for company, and observing, that they broke off talk at my coming in, I thought it proper to leave them to their consultations.

And here I will put an end to this letter, for indeed, Sir, the very recollection of this affecting scene has left me nearly as unable to proceed, as I was, just after it, to converse with my cousins. I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your most obedient humble servant, WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER XXIX

COLONEL MORDEN [IN CONTINUATION.] TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 12.

The good Mrs. Norton is arrived, a little amended in her spirits; owing to the very posthumous letters, as I may call them, which you, Mr. Belford, as well as I, apprehended would have had fatal effects upon her.

I cannot but attribute this to the right turn of her mind. It seems she has been inured to afflictions; and has lived in a constant hope of a better life; and, having no acts of unkindness to the dear deceased to reproach herself with, is most considerately resolved to exert her utmost fortitude in order to comfort the sorrowing mother.

O Mr. Belford, how does the character of my dear departed cousin rise upon me from every mouth! — Had she been my own child, or my sister! — But do you think that the man who occasioned this great, this extended ruin — But I forbear.

The will is not to be looked into, till the funeral rites are performed. Preparations are making for the solemnity; and the servants, as well as principals of all the branches of the family, are put into close mourning.

I have seen Mr. Melvill. He is a serious and sensible man. I have given him particulars to go upon in the discourse he is to pronounce at the funeral; but had the less need to do this, as I find he is extremely well acquainted with the whole unhappy story; and was a personal admirer of my dear cousin, and a sincere lamenter of her misfortunes and death. The reverend Dr. Lewen, who is but very lately dead, was his particular friend, and had once intended to recommend him to her favour and notice.

* * *

I am just returned from attending the afflicted parents, in an effort they made to see the corpse of their beloved child. They had requested my company, and that of the good Mrs. Norton. A last leave, the mother said, she must take.

An effort, however, it was, and no more. The moment they came in sight of the coffin, before the lid could be put aside, O my dear, said the father, retreating, I cannot, I find I cannot bear it! — Had I — had I — had I never been hard-hearted! — Then, turning round to his lady, he had but just time to catch her in his arms, and prevent her sinking on the floor. — O, my dearest Life, said he, this is too much! — too much, indeed! — Let us — let us retire. Mrs. Norton, who

(attracted by the awful receptacle) had but just left the good lady, hastened to her — Dear, dear woman, cried the unhappy parent, flinging her arms about her neck, bear me, bear me hence! — O my child! my child! my own Clarissa Harlowe! thou pride of my life so lately! — never, never more must I behold thee!

I supported the unhappy father, Mrs. Norton the sinking mother, into the next parlour. She threw herself on a settee there; he into an elbow-chair by her — the good woman at her feet, her arms clasped round her waist. The two mothers, I as may call them, of my beloved cousin, thus tenderly engaged! What a variety of distress in these woeful scenes!

The unhappy father, in endeavouring to comfort his lady, loaded himself. Would to God, my dear, said he, would to God I had no more to charge myself with than you have! — You relented! — you would have prevailed upon me to relent!

The greater my fault, said she, when I knew that displeasure was carried too high, to acquiesce as I did! — What a barbarous parent was I, to let two angry children make me forget that I was mother to a third — to such a third!

Mrs. Norton used arguments and prayers to comfort her — O, my dear Norton, answered the unhappy lady, you was the dear creature's more natural mother! — Would to Heaven I had no more to answer for than you have!

Thus the unhappy pair unavailingly recriminated, till my cousin Hervey entered, and, with Mrs. Norton, conducted up to her own chamber the inconsolable mother. The two uncles, and Mr. Hervey, came in at the same time, and prevailed upon the afflicted father to retire with them to his — both giving up all thoughts of ever seeing more the child whose death was so deservedly regretted by them.

Time only, Mr. Belford, can combat with advantage such a heavy deprivation as this. Advice will not do, while the loss is recent. Nature will have way given to it, (and so it ought,) till sorrow has in a manner exhausted itself; and then reason and religion will come in seasonably with their powerful aids, to raise the drooping heart.

I see here no face that is the same I saw at my first arrival. Proud and haughty every countenance then, unyielding to entreaty; now, how greatly are they humbled! — The utmost distress is apparent in every protracted feature, and in every bursting muscle, of each disconsolate mourner. Their eyes, which so lately flashed anger and resentment, now are turned to every one that approaches them, as if imploring pity! — Could ever wilful hard-heartedness be more severely punished?

The following lines of Juvenal are, upon the whole applicable to this house and family; and I have revolved them many times since Sunday evening:

Humani generis mores tibi nôsse volenti
Sufficit una domus: paucos consumere dies, &
Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.

Let me add, that Mrs. Norton has communicated to the family the posthumous letter sent her. This letter affords a foundation for future consolation to them; but at present it has new pointed their grief, by making them reflect on their cruelty to so excellent a daughter, niece, and sister.* I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful, humble servant, WM. MORDEN.

* This letter contains in substance — her thanks to the good woman for her care of her in her infancy; for her good instructions, and the excellent example she had set her; with self-accusations of a vanity and presumption, which lay lurking in her heart unknown to herself, till her calamities (obliging her to look into herself) brought them to light.

She expatiates upon the benefit of afflictions to a mind modest, fearful, and diffident.

She comforts her on her early death; having finished, as she says, her probatory course, at so early a time of life, when many are not ripened by the sunshine of Divine Grace for a better, till they are fifty, sixty, or seventy years of age.

I hope, she says, that my father will grant the request I have made to him in my last will, to let you pass the remainder of your days at my Dairy-house, as it used to be called, where once I promised myself to be happy in you. Your discretion, prudence, and economy, my dear, good woman, proceeds she, will male your presiding over the concerns of that house as beneficial to them as it can be convenient to you. For your sake, my dear Mrs. Norton, I hope they will make you this offer. And if they do, I hope you will accept it for theirs.

She remembers herself to her foster-brother in a very kind manner; and charges her, for his sake, that she will not take too much to heart what has befallen her.

She concludes as follows:

Remember me, in the last place, to all my kind well-wishers of your acquaintance; and to those I used to call My Poor. They will be God’s poor, if they trust in Him. I have taken such care, that I hope they will not be losers by my death. Bid them, therefore, rejoice; and do you also, my reverend comforter and sustainer, (as well in my darker as in my fairer days,) likewise rejoice, that I am so soon delivered from the evils that were before me; and that I am NOW, when this comes to your hands, as I humbly trust, exulting in the mercies of a gracious God, who has conducted an end to all my temptations and distresses; and who, I most humbly trust, will, in his own good time, give us a joyful meeting in the regions of eternal blessedness.

LETTER XXX

COLONEL MORDEN [IN CONTINUATION.] THURSDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 14.

We are just returned from the solemnization of the last mournful rite. My cousin James and his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, and their daughter, a young lady whose affection for my departed cousin shall ever bind me to her, my cousins John and Antony Harlowe, myself, and some other more distant relations of the names of Fuller and Allinson, (who, to testify their respect to the memory of the dear deceased, had put themselves in mourning,) self-invited, attended it.

The father and mother would have joined in these last honours, had they been able; but they were both very much indisposed; and continue to be so.

The inconsolable mother told Mrs. Norton, that the two mothers of the sweetest child in the world ought not, on this occasion, to be separated. She therefore desired her to stay with her.

The whole solemnity was performed with great decency and order. The distance from Harlowe-place to the church is about half a mile. All the way the corpse was attended by great numbers of people of all conditions.

It was nine when it entered the church; every corner of which was crowded. Such a profound, such a silent respect did I never see paid at the funeral of princes. An attentive sadness overspread the face of all.

The eulogy pronounced by Mr. Melvill was a very pathetic one. He wiped his own eyes often, and made every body present still oftener wipe theirs.

The auditors were most particularly affected, when he told them, that the solemn text was her own choice.

He enumerated her fine qualities, naming with honour their late worthy pastor for his authority.

Every enumerated excellence was witnessed to in different parts of the church in respectful whispers by different persons, as of their own knowledge, as I have been since informed.

When he pointed to the pew where (doing credit to religion by her example) she used to sit or kneel, the whole auditory, as one person, turned to the pew with the most respectful solemnity, as if she had been herself there.

When the gentleman attributed condescension and mingled dignity to her, a buzzing approbation was given to the attribute throughout the church; and a poor, neat woman under my pew added, ‘That she was indeed all graciousness, and would speak to any body.’

Many eyes ran over when he mentioned her charities, her well-judged charities. And her reward was decreed from every mouth with sighs and sobs

from some, and these words from others, ‘The poor will dearly miss her.’

The cheerful giver whom God is said to love, was allowed to be her: and a young lady, I am told, said, It was Miss Clarissa Harlowe’s care to find out the unhappy, upon a sudden distress, before the sighing heart was overwhelmed by it.

She had a set of poor people, chosen for their remarkable honesty and ineffectual industry. These voluntarily paid their last attendance on their benefactress; and mingling in the church as they could crowd near the aisle where the corpse was on stands, it was the less wonder that her praises from the preacher met with such general and such grateful whispers of approbation.

Some, it seems there were, who, knowing her unhappy story, remarked upon the dejected looks of the brother, and the drowned eyes of the sister! ‘O what would they now give, they’d warrant, had they not been so hard-hearted!’ — Others pursued, as I may say, the severe father and unhappy mother into their chambers at home— ‘They answered for their relenting, now that it was too late! — What must be their grief! — No wonder they could not be present!’

Several expressed their astonishment, as people do every hour, ‘that a man could live whom such perfections could not engage to be just to her;’ — to be humane I may say. And who, her rank and fortune considered, could be so disregardful of his own interest, had he had no other motive to be just! —

The good divine, led by his text, just touched upon the unhappy step that was the cause of her untimely fate. He attributed it to the state of things below, in which there could not be absolute perfection. He very politely touched upon the noble disdain she showed (though earnestly solicited by a whole splendid family) to join interests with a man whom she found unworthy of her esteem and confidence: and who courted her with the utmost earnestness to accept of him.

What he most insisted upon was, the happy end she made; and thence drew consolation to her relations, and instruction to the auditory.

In a word, his performance was such as heightened the reputation which he had before in a very eminent degree obtained.

When the corpse was to be carried down into the vault, (a very spacious one, within the church,) there was great crowding to see the coffin-lid, and the devices upon it. Particularly two gentlemen, muffled up in clokes, pressed forward. These, it seems, were Mr. Mullins and Mr. Wyerley; both of them professed admirers of my dear cousin.

When they came near the coffin, and cast their eyes upon the lid, ‘In that little space,’ said Mr. Mullins, ‘is included all human excellence!’ — And then Mr. Wyerley, unable to contain himself, was forced to quit the church, and we hear is very ill.

It is said that Mr. Solmes was in a remote part of the church, wrapped round in a horseman's coat; and that he shed tears several times. But I saw him not.

Another gentleman was there incognito, in a pew near the entrance of the vault, who had not been taken notice of, but for his great emotion when he looked over his pew, at the time the coffin was carried down to its last place. This was Miss Howe's worthy Mr. Hickman.

My cousins John and Antony and their nephew James chose not to descend into the vault among their departed ancestors.

Miss Harlowe was extremely affected. Her conscience, as well as her love, was concerned on the occasion. She would go down with the corpse of her dear, her only sister, she said; but her brother would not permit it. And her overwhelmed eye pursued the coffin till she could see no more of it; and then she threw herself on the seat, and was near fainting away.

I accompanied it down, that I might not only satisfy myself, but you, Sir, her executor, that it was deposited, as she had directed, at the feet of her grandfather.

Mr. Melvill came down, contemplated the lid, and shed a few tears over it. I was so well satisfied with his discourse and behaviour, that I presented him on the solemn spot with a ring of some value; and thanked him for his performance.

And here I left the remains of my beloved cousin; having bespoken my own place by the side of her coffin.

On my return to Harlowe-place, I contented myself with sending my compliments to the sorrowing parents, and retired to my chamber. Nor am I ashamed to own, that I could not help giving way to a repeated fit of humanity, as soon as I entered it. I am, Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant, WM. MORDEN.

P.S. You will have a letter from my cousin James, who hopes to prevail upon you to relinquish the executorship. It has not my encouragement.

LETTER XXXI

MR. BELFORD, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ. SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

DEAR SIR,

I once had thoughts to go down privately, in order, disguised, to see the last solemnity performed. But there was no need to give myself this melancholy trouble, since your last letter so naturally describes all that passed, that I have every scene before my eyes.

You crowd me, Sir, methinks, into the silent slow procession — now with the sacred bier, do I enter the awful porch; now measure I, with solemn paces, the venerable aisle; now, ambitious of a relationship to her, placed in a pew near to the eye-attracting coffin, do I listen to the moving eulogy; now, through the buz of gaping, eye-swoln crowds, do I descend into the clammy vault, as a true executor, to see that part of her will performed with my own eyes. There, with a soul filled with musing, do I number the surrounding monuments of mortality, and contemplate the present stillness of so many once busy vanities, crowded all into one poor vaulted nook, as if the living grudged room for the corpse of those for which, when animated, the earth, the air, and the waters, could hardly find room. Then seeing her placed at the feet of him whose earthly delight she was; and who, as I find, ascribes to the pleasure she gave him the prolongation of his own life;* sighing, and with averted face, I quit the solemn mansion, the symbolic coffin, and, for ever, the glory of her sex; and ascend with those, who, in a few years, after a very short blaze of life, will fill up other spaces of the same vault, which now (while they mourn only for her, whom they jointly persecuted) they press with their feet.

* See Vol. I. Letter V.

Nor do your affecting descriptions permit me here to stop; but, ascended, I mingle my tears and my praises with those of the numerous spectators. I accompany the afflicted mourners back to their uncomfortable mansion; and make one in the general concert of unavailing woe; till retiring as I imagine, as they retire, like them, in reality, I give up to new scenes of solitary and sleepless grief; reflecting upon the perfections I have seen the end of; and having no relief but from an indignation, which makes me approve of the resentments of others against the unhappy man, and those equally unhappy relations of her’s, to whom the irreparable loss is owing.

Forgive me, Sir, these reflections, and permit me, with this, to send you what you declined receiving till the funeral was over.

[He gives him then an account of the money and effects, which he sends

him down by this opportunity, for the legatees at Harlowe-place, and in its neighbourhood; which he desires him to dispose of according to the will.

He also sends him an account of other steps he has taken in pursuance of the will; and desires to know if Mr. Harlowe expects the discharge of the funeral-expenses from the effects in his hands; and the re-imbursement of the sums advanced to the testatrix since her grandfather's death.]

These expeditious proceedings, says he, will convince Mr. James Harlowe that I am resolved to see the will completely executed; and yet, by my manner of doing it, that I desire not to give unnecessary mortification to the family, since every thing that relates to them shall pass through your hands.

LETTER XXXII

MR. JAMES HARLOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. HARLOWE-PLACE, FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 15.

SIR,

I hope, from the character my worthy cousin Morden gives you, that you will excuse the application I make to you, to oblige a whole family in an affair that much concerns their peace, and cannot equally concern any body else. You will immediately judge, Sir, that this is the executorship of which my sister has given you the trouble by her last will.

We shall all think ourselves extremely obliged to you, if you please to relinquish this trust to our own family; the reasons which follow pleading for our own expectation of this favour from you:

First, because she never would have had the thought of troubling you, Sir, if she had believed any of her near relations would have taken it upon themselves.

Secondly, I understand that she recommends to you in the will to trust to the honour of any of our family, for the performance of such of the articles as are of a domestic nature. We are, any of us, and all of us, if you request it, willing to stake our honours upon this occasion; and all you can desire, as a man of honour, is, that the trust be executed.

We are the more concerned, Sir, to wish you to decline this office, because of your short and accidental knowledge of the dear testatrix, and long and intimate acquaintance with the man to whom she owed her ruin, and we the greatest loss and disappointment (her manifold excellencies considered) that ever befell a family.

You will allow due weight, I dare say, to this plea, if you make our case your own; and so much the readier, when I assure you, that your interfering in this matter, so much against our inclinations, (excuse, Sir, my plain dealing,) will very probably occasion an opposition in some points, where otherwise there might be none.

What, therefore, I propose is, not that my father should assume this trust; he is too much afflicted to undertake it — nor yet myself — I might be thought too much concerned in interest; but that it might be allowed to devolve upon my two uncles; whose known honour, and whose affection to the dear deceased, nobody every doubted; and they will treat with you, Sir, through my cousin Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

The trouble you have already had will well entitle you to the legacy she bequeaths you, together with the re-imbursement of all the charges you have been

at, and allowance of the legacies you have discharged, although you should not have qualified yourself to act as an executor, as I presume you have not yet done, nor will now do.

Your compliance, Sir, will oblige a family, (who have already distress enough upon them,) in the circumstance that occasions this application to you, and more particularly, Sir,

Your most humble servant, JAMES HARLOWE, JUN.

I send this by one of my servants, who will attend your dispatch.

LETTER XXXIII

MR. BELFORD, TO MR. JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ. SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

SIR,

You will excuse my plain-dealing in turn: for I must observe, that if I had not the just opinion I have of the sacred nature of this office I have undertaken, some passages in the letter you have favoured me with would convince me that I ought not to excuse myself from acting in it.

I need only name one of them. You are pleased to say, that your uncles, if the trust be relinquished to them, will treat with me, through Colonel Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

Permit me, Sir, to say, that it is the duty of an executor to see every point performed, that can be performed. — Nor will I leave the performance of mine to any other persons, especially where a qualifying is so directly intimated, and where all the branches of your family have shown themselves, with respect to the incomparable lady, to have but one mind.

You are pleased to urge, that she recommends to me the leaving to the honour of any of your family such of the articles as are of a domestic nature. But, admitting this to be so, does it not imply that the other articles are still to obtain my care? — But even these, you will find by the will, she gives not up; and to that I refer you.

I am sorry for the hints you give of an opposition, where, as you say, there might be none, if I did not interfere. I see not, Sir, why your animosity against a man who cannot be defended, should be carried to such a height against one who never gave you offence; and this only, because he is acquainted with that man. I will not say all I might say on this occasion.

As to the legacy to myself, I assure you, Sir, that neither my circumstances nor my temper will put me upon being a gainer by the executorship. I shall take pleasure to tread in the steps of the admirable testatrix in all I may; and rather will increase than diminish her poor’s fund.

With regard to the trouble that may attend the execution of the trust, I shall not, in honour to her memory, value ten times more than this can give me. I have, indeed two other executorships on my hands; but they sit light upon me. And survivors cannot better or more charitably bestow their time.

I conceive that every article, but that relating to the poor’s fund, (such is the excellence of the disposition of the most excellent of women,) may be performed in two months’ time, at farthest.

Occasions of litigation or offence shall not proceed from me. You need only apply to Colonel Morden who shall command me in every thing that the will allows me to oblige your family in. I do assure you, that I am as unwilling to obtrude myself upon it, as any of it can wish.

I own that I have not yet proved the will; nor shall I do it till next week at soonest, that you may have time for amicable objections, if such you think fit to make through the Colonel's mediation. But let me observe to you, Sir, 'That an executor's power, in such instances as I have exercised it, is the same before the probate as after it. He can even, without taking that out, commence an action, although he cannot declare upon it: and these acts of administration make him liable to actions himself.' I am therefore very proper in the steps I shall have taken in part of the execution of this sacred trust; and want not allowance on the occasion.

Permit me to add, that when you have perused the will, and coolly considered every thing, it is my hope, that you will yourself be of opinion that there can be no room for dispute or opposition; and that if your family will join to expedite the execution, it will be the most natural and easy way of shutting up the whole affair, and to have done with a man so causelessly, as to his own particular, the object of your dislike, as is, Sir,

Your very humble servant, (notwithstanding,) JOHN BELFORD.

THE WILL

To which the following preamble, written on a separate paper, was Stitched in black silk.

TO MY EXECUTOR

'I hope I may be excused for expatiating, in divers parts of this solemn last act, upon subjects of importance. For I have heard of so many instances of confusion and disagreement in families, and so much doubt and difficulty, for want of absolute clearness in the testaments of departed persons, that I have often concluded, (were there to be no other reasons but those which respect the peace of surviving friends,) that this last act, as to its designation and operation, ought not to be the last in its composition or making; but should be the result of cool deliberation, and (as is more frequently than justly said) of a sound mind and memory; which too seldom are to be met with but in sound health. All pretences of insanity of mind are likewise prevented, when a testator gives reasons for what he wills; all cavils about words are obviated; the obliged are assured; and they enjoy the benefit for whom the benefit was intended. Hence have I, for some time past, employed myself in penning down heads of such a disposition; which, as reasons offered, I have altered and added to, so that I was never absolutely destitute of a will, had I been taken off ever so suddenly. These minutes and

imperfect sketches enabled me, as God has graciously given me time and sedateness, to digest them into the form in which they appear.'

I, CLARISSA HARLOWE, now, by strange melancholy accidents, lodging in the parish of St. Paul, Covent-garden, being of sound and perfect mind and memory, as I hope these presents, drawn up by myself, and written with my own hand, will testify, do, [this second day of September,*] in the year of our Lord —— ,* * make and publish this my last will and testament, in manner and form following:

* A blank, at the writing, was left for this date, and filled up on this day. See Vol. VIII. Letter LI. * * The date of the year is left blank for particular reasons.

In the first place, I desire that my body may lie unburied three days after my decease, or till the pleasure of my father be known concerning it. But the occasion of my death not admitting of doubt, I will not, on any account that it be opened; and it is my desire, that it shall not be touched but by those of my own sex.

I have always earnestly requested, that my body might be deposited in the family vault with those of my ancestors. If it might be granted, I could now wish, that it might be placed at the feet of my dear and honoured grandfather. But as I have, by one very unhappy step, been thought to disgrace my whole lineage, and therefore this last honour may be refused to my corpse; in this case my desire is, that it may be interred in the churchyard belonging to the parish in which I shall die; and that in the most private manner, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night; attended only by Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and their maid servant.

But it is my desire, that the same fees and dues may be paid which are usually paid for those who are laid in the best ground, as it is called, or even in the chancel. — And I bequeath five pounds to be given, at the discretion of the church-wardens, to twenty poor people, the Sunday after my interment; and this whether I shall be buried here or elsewhere.

I have already given verbal directions, that, after I am dead, (and laid out in the manner I have ordered,) I may be put into my coffin as soon as possible: it is my desire, that I may not be unnecessarily exposed to the view of any body; except any of my relations should vouchsafe, for the last time, to look upon me.

And I could wish, if it might be avoided without making ill will between Mr. Lovelace and my executor, that the former might not be permitted to see my corpse. But if, as he is a man very uncontroulable, and as I am nobody's, he insist upon viewing her dead, whom he ONCE before saw in a manner dead, let his gay curiosity be gratified. Let him behold, and triumph over the wretched remains of

one who has been made a victim to his barbarous perfidy: but let some good person, as by my desire, give him a paper, whist he is viewing the ghastly spectacle, containing these few words only,— 'Gay, cruel heart! behold here the remains of the once ruined, yet now happy, Clarissa Harlowe! — See what thou thyself must quickly be; — and REPENT!—'

Yet, to show that I die in perfect charity with all the world, I do most sincerely forgive Mr. Lovelace the wrongs he has done me.

If my father can pardon the errors of his unworthy child, so far as to suffer her corpse to be deposited at the feet of her grandfather, as above requested, I could wish (my misfortunes being so notorious) that a short discourse be pronounced over my remains, before they be interred. The subject of the discourse I shall determine before I conclude this writing.

So much written about what deserves not the least consideration, and about what will be nothing when this writing comes to be opened and read, will be excused, when my present unhappy circumstances and absence from all my natural friends are considered.

And now, with regard to the worldly matters which I shall die possessed of, as well as to those which of right appertain to me, either by the will of my said grandfather, or otherwise; thus do I dispose of them.

In the first place, I give and bequeath all the real estates in or to which I have any claim or title by the said will, to my ever-honoured father, James Harlowe, Esq. and that rather than to my brother and sister, to whom I had once thoughts of devising them, because, if they survive my father, those estates will assuredly vest in them, or one of them, by virtue of his favour and indulgence, as the circumstances of things with regard to marriage-settlements, or otherwise, may require; or, as they may respectively merit by the continuance of their duty.

The house, late my grandfather's, called The Grove, and by him, in honour of me, and of some of my voluntary employments, my Dairy-house, and the furniture thereof as it now stands (the pictures and large iron chest of old plate excepted,) I also bequeath to my said father; only begging it as a favour that he will be pleased to permit my dear Mrs. Norton to pass the remainder of her days in that house; and to have and enjoy the apartments in it known by the name of The Housekeeper's Apartments, with the furniture in them; and which, (plain and neat) was bought for me by my grandfather, who delighted to call me his house-keeper; and which, therefore, in his life-time, I used as such: the office to go with the apartments. And as I am the more earnest in this recommendation, as I had once thought to have been very happy there with the good woman; and because I think her prudent management will be as beneficial to my father, as his favour can be convenient to her.

But with regard to what has accrued from that estate, since my grandfather's death, and to the sum of nine hundred and seventy pounds, which proved to be the moiety of the money that my said grandfather had by him at his death, and which moiety he bequeathed to me for my sole and separate use, [as he did the other moiety in like manner to my sister;*] and which sum (that I might convince my brother and sister that I wished not for an independence upon my father's pleasure) I gave into my father's hands, together with the management and produce of the whole estate devised to me — these sums, however considerable when put together, I hope I may be allowed to dispose of absolutely, as my love and gratitude (not confined only to my own family, which is very wealthy in all its branches) may warrant: and which therefore I shall dispose of in the manner hereafter mentioned. But it is my will and express direction, that my father's account of the above-mentioned produce may be taken and established absolutely (and without contravention or question,) as he shall be pleased to give it to my cousin Morden, or to whom else he shall choose to give it; so as that the said account be not subject to litigation, or to the controul of my executor, or of any other person.

* See Vol. I. Letter XIII.

My father, of his love and bounty, was pleased to allow me the same quarterly sums that he allowed my sister for apparel and other requisites; and (pleased with me then) used to say, that those sums should not be deducted from the estate and effects bequeathed to me by my grandfather: but having mortally offended him (as I fear it may be said) by one unhappy step, it may be expected that he will reimburse himself those sums — it is therefore my will and direction, that he shall be allowed to pay and satisfy himself for all such quarterly or other sums, which he was so good as to advance me from the time of my grandfather's death; and that his account of such sums shall likewise be taken without questioning the money, however, which I left behind me in my escritoire, being to be taken in part of those disbursements.

My grandfather, who, in his goodness and favour to me, knew no bounds, was pleased to bequeath to me all the family pictures at his late house, some of which are very masterly performances; with command, that if I died unmarried, or if married and had no descendants, they should then go to that son of his (if more than one should be then living) whom I should think would set most value by them. Now, as I know that my honoured uncle, Mr. John Harlowe, Esq. was pleased to express some concern that they were not left to him, as eldest son; and as he has a gallery where they may be placed to advantage; and as I have reason to believe that he will bequeath them to my father, if he survive him, who, no doubt, will leave them to my brother, I therefore bequeath all the said family

pictures to my said uncle, John Harlowe. In these pictures, however, I include not one of my own, drawn when I was about fourteen years of age; which I shall hereafter in another article bequeath.

My said honoured grandfather having a great fondness for the old family plate, which he would never permit to be changed, having lived, as he used to day, to see a great deal of it come into request again in the revolution of fashions; and having left the same to me, with a command to keep it entire; and with power at my death to bequeath it to whomsoever I pleased that I thought would forward his desire; which was, as he expresses it, that it should be kept to the end of time; this family plate, which is deposited in a large iron chest, in the strong room at his late dwelling-house, I bequeath entire to my honoured uncle Antony Harlowe, Esq. with the same injunctions which were laid on me; not doubting but he will confirm and strengthen them by his own last will.

I bequeath to my ever-valued friend, Mrs. Judith Norton, to whose piety and care, seconding the piety and care of my ever-honoured and excellent mother, I owe, morally speaking, the qualifications which, for eighteen years of my life, made me beloved and respected, the full sum of six hundred pounds, to be paid her within three months after my death.

I bequeath also to the same good woman thirty guineas, for mourning for her and for her son, my foster-brother.

To Mrs. Dorothy Hervey, the only sister of my honoured mother, I bequeath the sum of fifty guineas for a ring; and I beg of her to accept of my thankful acknowledgements for all her goodness to me from my infancy; and particularly for her patience with me, in the several altercations that happened between my brother and sister and me, before my unhappy departure from Harlowe-place.

To my kind and much valued cousin, Miss Dolly Hervey, daughter of my aunt Hervey, I bequeath my watch and equipage, and my best Mechlin and Brussels head-dresses and ruffles; also my gown and petticoat of flowered silver of my own work; which having been made up but a few days before I was confined to my chamber, I never wore.

To the same young lady I bequeath likewise my harpsichord, my chamber-organ, and all my music-books.

As my sister has a very pretty library; and as my beloved Miss Howe has also her late father’s as well as her own; I bequeath all my books in general, with the cases they are in, to my said cousin Dolly Hervey. As they are not ill-chosen for a woman’s library, I know that she will take the greater pleasure in them, (when her friendly grief is mellowed by time into a remembrance more sweet than painful,) because they were mine; and because there are observations in many of them of

my own writing; and some very judicious ones, written by the truly reverend Dr. Lewen.

I also bequeath to the same young lady twenty-five guineas for a ring, to be worn in remembrance of her true friend.

If I live not to see my worthy cousin, William Morden, Esq. I desire my humble and grateful thanks may be given to him for his favours and goodness to me; and particularly for his endeavours to reconcile my other friends to me, at a time when I was doubtful whether he would forgive me himself. As he is in great circumstances, I will only beg of him to accept of two or three trifles, in remembrance of a kinswoman who always honoured him as much as he loved her. Particularly, of that piece of flowers which my uncle Robert, his father, was very earnest to obtain, in order to carry it abroad with him.

I desire him likewise to accept of the little miniature picture set in gold, which his worthy father made me sit for to the famous Italian master whom he brought over with him; and which he presented to me, that I might bestow it, as he was pleased to say, upon the man whom I should be one day most inclined to favour.

To the same gentleman I also bequeath my rose diamond ring, which was a present from his good father to me; and will be the more valuable to him on that account.

I humbly request Mrs. Annabella Howe, the mother of my dear Miss Howe, to accept of my respectful thanks for all her favours and goodness to me, when I was so frequently a visiter to her beloved daughter; and of a ring of twenty-five guineas price.

My picture at full length, which is in my late grandfather's closet, (excepted in an article above from the family pictures,) drawn when I was near fourteen years of age; about which time my dear Miss Howe and I began to know, to distinguish, and to love one another so dearly — I cannot express how dearly — I bequeath to that sister of my heart: of whose friendship, as well in adversity as prosperity, when I was deprived of all other comfort and comforters, I have had such instances, as that our love can only be exceeded in that state of perfection, in which I hope to rejoice with her hereafter, to all eternity.

I bequeath also to the same dear friend my best diamond ring, which, with other jewels, is in the private drawer of my escritoire: as also all my finished and framed pieces of needle-work; the flower-piece excepted, which I have already bequeathed to my cousin Morden.

These pieces have all been taken down, as I have heard;* and my relations will have no heart to put them up again: but if my good mother chooses to keep back any one piece, (the above capital piece, as it is called, excepted,) not knowing but

some time hence she may bear the sight of it; I except that also from this general bequest; and direct it to be presented to her.

* See Vol. III. Letter LV.

My whole-length picture in the Vandyke taste,* that used to hang in my own parlour, as I was permitted to call it, I bequeath to my aunt Hervey, except my mother should think fit to keep it herself.

* Ibid.

I bequeath to the worthy Charles Hickman, Esq. the locket, with the miniature picture of the lady he best loves, which I have constantly worn, and shall continue to wear next my heart till the approach of my last hour.* It must be the most acceptable present that can be made him, next to the hand of the dear original. ‘And, O my dear Miss Howe, let it not be long before you permit his claim to the latter — for indeed you know not the value of a virtuous mind in that sex; and how preferable such a mind is to one distinguished by the more dazzling flights of unruly wit; although the latter were to be joined by that specious outward appearance which too — too often attracts the hasty eye, and susceptible heart.’

* See Letter II. of this volume.

Permit me, my dear friends, this solemn apostrophe, in this last solemn act, to a young lady so deservedly dear to me!

I make it my earnest request to my dear Miss Howe, that she will not put herself into mourning for me. But I desire her acceptance of a ring with my hair; and that Mr. Hickman will also accept of the like; each of the value of twenty-five guineas.

I bequeath to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to her sister, Lady Sarah Sadleir, and to the right honourable Lord M. and to their worthy nieces, Miss Charlotte and Miss Martha Montague, each an enamelled ring, with a cipher Cl. H. with my hair in crystal, and round the inside of each, the day, month, and year of my death: each ring, with brilliants, to cost twenty guineas. And this as a small token of the grateful sense I have of the honour of their good opinions and kind wishes in my favour; and of their truly noble offer t me of a very considerable annual provision, when they apprehended me to be entirely destitute of any.

To the reverend and learned Dr. Arthur Lewen, by whose instructions I have been equally delighted and benefited, I bequeath twenty guineas for a ring. If it should please God to call him to Himself before he can receive this small bequest, it is my will that his worthy daughter may have the benefit of it.

In token of the grateful sense I have of the civilities paid me by Mrs. and Miss Howe’s domestics, from time to time, in my visits there, I bequeath thirty guineas, to be divided among them, as their dear young mistress shall think proper.

To each of my worthy companions and friends, Miss Biddy Lloyd, Miss Fanny Alston, Miss Rachel Biddulph, and Miss Cartright Campbell, I bequeath five guineas for a ring.

To my late maid servant, Hannah Burton, an honest, faithful creature, who loved me, reverenced my mother, and respected my sister, and never sought to do any thing unbecoming of her character, I bequeath the sum of fifty pounds, to be paid within one month after my decease, she labouring under ill health: and if that ill-health continue, I commend her for farther assistance to my good Mrs. Norton, to be put upon my poor's fund, hereafter to be mentioned.

To the coachman, groom, and two footmen, and five maids, at Harlowe-place, I bequeath ten pounds each; to the helper five pounds.

To my sister's maid, Betty Barnes, I bequeath ten pounds, to show that I resent no former disobligations; which I believe were owing more to the insolence of office, and to natural pertness, than to personal ill will.

All my wearing-apparel, of whatever sort, that I have not been obliged to part with, or which is not already bequeathed, (my linen excepted,) I desire Mrs. Norton to accept of.

The trunks and boxes in which my clothes are sealed up, I desire may not be opened, but in presence of Mrs. Norton (or of someone deputed by her) and of Mrs. Lovick.

To the worthy Mrs. Lovick, above-mentioned, from whom I have received great civilities, and even maternal kindnesses; and to Mrs. Smith (with whom I lodge) from whom also I have received great kindnesses; I bequeath all my linen, and all my unsold laces; to be divided equally between them, as they shall agree; or, in case of disagreement, the same to be sold, and the money arising to be equally shared by them.

And I bequeath to the same good gentlewomen, as a further token of my thankful acknowledgements of their kind love and compassionate concern for me, the sum of twenty guineas each.

To Mr. Smith, the husband of Mrs. Smith above-named, I bequeath the sum of ten guineas, in acknowledgement of his civilities to me.

To Katharine, the honest maid servant of Mrs. Smith, to whom (having no servant of my own) I have been troublesome, I bequeath five guineas; and ten guineas more, in lieu of a suit of my wearing-apparel, which once, with some linen, I thought of leaving to her. With this she may purchase what may be more suitable to her liking and degree.

To the honest and careful widow, Anne Shelburne, my nurse, over and above her wages, and the customary perquisites that may belong to her, I bequeath the sum of ten guineas. Here is a careful, and (to persons of such humanity and

tenderness) a melancholy employment, attended in the latter part of life with great watching and fatigue, which is hardly ever enough considered.

The few books I have at my present lodgings, I desire Mrs. Lovick to accept of; and that she be permitted, if she please, to take a copy of my book of meditations, as I used to call it; being extracts from the best of books; which she seemed to approve of, although suited particularly to my own case. As for the book itself, perhaps my good Mrs. Norton will be glad to have it, as it is written with my own hand.

In the middle drawer of my escritoire, at Harlowe-place, are many letters, and copies of letters, put up according to their dates, which I have written or received in a course of years (ever since I learned to write) from and to my grandfather, my father and mother, my uncles, my brother and sister, on occasional little absences; my late uncle Morden, my cousin Morden; Mrs. Norton, and Miss Howe, and other of my companions and friends, before my confinement at my father's: as also from the three reverent gentlemen, Dr. Blome, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Tomkins, now with God, and the very reverend Dr. Lewen, on serious subjects. As these letters exhibit a correspondence that no person of my sex need to be ashamed of, allowing for the time of life when mine were written; and as many excellent things are contained in those written to me; and as Miss Howe, to whom most of them have been communicated, wished formerly to have them, if she survived me: for these reasons, I bequeath them to my said dear friend, Miss Anna Howe; and the rather, as she had for some years past a very considerable share in the correspondence.

I do hereby make, constitute, and ordain John Belford, of Edgware, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. the sole executor of this my last will and testament; having previously obtained his leave so to do. I have given the reasons which induced me to ask this gentleman to take upon him this trouble to Miss Howe. I therefore refer to her on this subject.

But I do most earnestly beg of him the said Mr. Belford, that, in the execution of his trust, he will (as he has repeatedly promised) studiously endeavour to promote peace with, and suppress resentments in, every one; so that all farther mischiefs may be prevented, as well from, as to, his friend. And, in order to this, I beseech him to cultivate the friendship of my worthy cousin Morden; who, as I presume to hope, (when he understands it to be my dying request,) will give him his advice and assistance in every article where it may be necessary: and who will perhaps be so good as to interpose with my relations, if any difficulty should arise about carrying out some of the articles of this my last will into execution, and to soften them into the wished-for condescension: — for it is my earnest request to Mr. Belford, that he will not seek by law, or by any sort of violence, either by

word or deed, to extort the performance from them. If there be any articles of a merely domestic nature, that my relations shall think unfit to be carried into execution; such articles I leave entirely to my said cousin Morden and Mr. Belford to vary, or totally dispense with, as they shall agree upon the matter; or, if they two differ in opinion, they will be pleased to be determined by a third person, to be chosen by them both.

Having been pressed by Miss Howe and her mother to collect the particulars of my sad story, and given expectation that I would, in order to do my character justice with all my friends and companions; but not having time before me for the painful task; it has been a pleasure for me to find, by extracts kindly communicated to me by my said executor, that I may safely trust my fame to the justice done me by Mr. Lovelace, in his letters to him my said executor. And as Mr. Belford has engaged to contribute what is in his power towards a compliment to be made of all that relates to my story, and knows my whole mind in this respect; it is my desire, that he will cause two copies to be made of this collection; one to remain with Miss Howe, the other with himself; and that he will show or lend his copy, if required, to my aunt Hervey, for the satisfaction of any of my family; but under such restrictions as the said Mr. Belford shall think fit to impose; that neither any other person's safety may be endangered, nor his own honour suffer, by the communication.

I bequeath to my said executor the sum of one hundred guineas, as a grateful, though insufficient acknowledgment of the trouble he will be at in the execution of the trust he has so kindly undertaken. I desire him likewise to accept of twenty guineas for a ring: and that he will reimburse himself for all the charges and expenses which he shall be at in the execution of this trust.

In the worthy Dr. H. I have found a physician, a father, and a friend. I beg of him, as a testimony of my gratitude, to accept of twenty guineas for a ring.

I have the same obligations to the kind and skilful Mr. Goddard, who attended me as my apothecary. His very moderate bill I have discharged down to yesterday. I have always thought it incumbent upon testators to shorten all they can the trouble of their executors. I know I under-rate the value of Mr. Goddard's attendances, when over and above what may accrue from yesterday, to the hour that will finish all, I desire fifteen guineas for a ring may be presented to him.

To the Reverend Mr. —— , who frequently attended me, and prayed by me in my last stages, I also bequeath fifteen guineas for a ring.

There are a set of honest, indigent people, whom I used to call My Poor, and to whom Mrs. Norton conveys relief each month, (or at shorter periods,) in proportion to their necessities, from a sum I deposited in her hands, and from time to time recruited, as means accrued to me; but now nearly, if not wholly,

expended: now, that my fault may be as little aggravated as possible, by the sufferings of the worthy people whom Heaven gave me a heart to relieve; and as the produce of my grandfather's estate, (including the moiety of the sums he had by him, and was pleased to give me, at his death, as above mentioned,) together with what I shall further appropriate to the same use in the subsequent articles, will, as I hope, more than answer all my legacies and bequests; it is my will and desire, that the remainder, be it little or much, shall become a fund to be appropriated, and I hereby direct that it be appropriated, to the like purposes with the sums which I put into Mrs. Norton's hands, as aforesaid — and this under the direction and management of the said Mrs. Norton, who knows my whole mind in this particular. And in case of her death, or of her desire to be acquitted of the management thereof, it is my earnest request to my dear Miss Howe, that she will take it upon herself, and that at her own death she will transfer what shall remain undisposed of at the time, to such persons, and with such limitations, restrictions, and provisoes, as she shall think will best answer my intention. For, as to the management and distribution of all or any part of it, while in Mrs. Norton's hands, or her own, I will that it be entirely discretional, and without account, either to my executor or any other person.

Although Mrs. Norton, as I have hinted, knows my whole mind in this respect; yet it may be proper to mention, in this solemn last act, that my intention is, that this fund be entirely set apart and appropriated to relieve temporarily, from the interest thereof, (as I dare say it will be put out to the best advantage,) or even from the principal, if need be, the honest, industrious, labouring poor only; when sickness, lameness, unforeseen losses, or other accidents, disable them from following their lawful callings; or to assist such honest people of large families as shall have a child of good inclinations to put out to service, trade, or husbandry.

It has always been a rule with me, in my little donations, to endeavour to aid and set forward the sober and industrious poor. Small helps, if seasonably afforded, will do for such; and so the fund may be of more extensive benefit; an ocean of wealth will not be sufficient for the idle and dissolute: whom, therefore, since they will always be in want, it will be no charity to relieve, if worthier creatures would, by relieving the others, be deprived of such assistance as may set the wheels of their industry going, and put them in a sphere of useful action.

But it is my express will and direction, that let this fund come out to be ever so considerable, it shall be applied only in support of the temporary exigencies of the persons I have described; and that no one family or person receive from it, at one time, or in one year, more than the sum of twenty pounds.

It is my will and desire, that the set of jewels which was my grandmother's, and presented to me, soon after her death, be valued; and the worth of them paid

to my executor, if any of my family choose to have them; or otherwise, that they should be sold, and go to the augmentation of my poor's fund. — But if they may be deemed an equivalent for the sums my father was pleased to advance to me since the death of my grandfather, I desire that they may be given to him.

I presume, that the diamond necklace, solitaire, and buckles, which were properly my own, presented by my mother's uncle, Sir Josias, Brookland, will not be purchased by any one of my family, for a too obvious reason: in this case I desire that they may be sent to the best advantage, and apply the money to the uses of my will.

In the beginning of this tedious writing, I referred to the latter part of it, the naming of the subject of the discourse which I wished might be delivered at my funeral, if permitted to be interred with my ancestors. I think the following will be suitable to my case. I hope the alteration of the words her and she, for him and he, may be allowable.

> 'Let not her that is deceived trust in vanity; for vanity
> shall be her recompense. She shall be accomplished before
> her time; and her branch shall not be green. She shall
> shake off her unripe grape as the vine, and shall cut off her
> flower as the olive.'*

* Job xv. 31, 32, 33.

But if I am to be interred in town, let only the usual burial-service be read over my corpse.

If my body be permitted to be carried down, I bequeath ten pounds to be given to the poor of the parish, at the discretion of the church-wardens, within a fortnight after my interment.

If any necessary matter be omitted in this my will, or if any thing appear doubtful or contradictory, as possibly may be the case; since besides my inexperience in these matters, I am now, at this time, very weak and ill, having put off the finishing hand a little too long, in hopes of obtaining the last forgiveness of my honoured friend; in which case I should have acknowledged the favour with a suitable warmth of duty, and filled up some blanks which I left to the very last,* in a more agreeable manner to myself than now I have been enabled to do — in case of such omissions and imperfections, I desire that my cousin Morden will be so good as to join with Mr. Belford in considering them, and in comparing them with what I have more explicitly written; and if, after that, any doubt remain, that they will be pleased to apply to Miss Howe, who knows my whole heart: and I desire that the construction of these three may be established: and I hereby establish it, provided it be unanimous, and direct it to be put in force, as if I had so written and determined myself.

And now, O my blessed REDEEMER, do I, with a lively faith, humbly lay hold of thy meritorious death and sufferings; hoping to be washed clean in thy precious blood from all my sins: in the bare hope of the happy consequences of which, how light do those sufferings seem (grievous as they were at the time) which, I confidently trust, will be a mean, by the grace, to work out for me a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared, the day and year above-written, by the said Clarissa Harlowe, as her last will and testament; contained in seven sheets of paper, all written with her own hand, and every sheet signed and sealed by herself, in the presence of us,

John Williams, Arthur Bedall, Elizabeth Swanton.

LETTER XXXIV

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SAT. SEPT. 16.

I have been employed in a most melancholy task: in reading the will of the dear deceased.

The unhappy mother and Mrs. Norton chose to be absent on the affecting occasion. But Mrs. Harlowe made it her earnest request that every article of it should be fulfilled.

They were all extremely touched with the preamble.

The first words of the will— 'I, Clarissa Harlowe, now by strange melancholy accidents, lodging,' &c. drew tears from some, sighs from all.

The directions for her funeral, in case she were or were not permitted to be carried down; the mention of her orders having been given for the manner of her being laid out, and the presence of mind so visible throughout the whole, obtained their admiration, expressed by hands and eyes lifted up, and by falling tears.

When I read the direction, 'That her body was not to be viewed, except any of her relations should vouchsafe, for the last time, to look upon her;' they turned away, and turned to me, three or four times alternately. Mrs. Hervey and Miss Arabella sobbed; the uncles wiped their eyes; the brother looked down; the father wrung his hands.

I was obliged to stop at the words, 'That she was nobody's.'

But when I came to the address to be made to the accursed man, 'if he were not to be diverted from seeing her dead, whom ONCE before he had seen in a manner dead' —— execration, and either vows or wishes of revenge, filled every mouth.

These were still more fervently renewed, when they came to hear read her forgiveness of even this man.

You remember, Sir, on our first reading of the will in town, the observations I made on the foul play which it is evident the excellent creature met with from this abandoned man, and what I said upon the occasion. I am not used to repeat things of that nature.

The dear creature's noble contempt of the nothing, as she nobly calls it, about which she had been giving such particular directions, to wit, her body; and her apologizing for the particularity of those directions from the circumstances she was in — had the same, and as strong an effect upon me, as when I first read the animated paragraph; and, pointed by my eye, (by turns cast upon them all,) affected them all.

When the article was read which bequeathed to the father the grandfather's estate, and the reason assigned for it, (so generous and so dutiful,) the father could sit no longer; but withdrew, wiping his eyes, and lifting up his spread hands at Mr. James Harlowe; who rose to attend him to the door, as Arabella likewise did —— All he could say — O Son! Son! — O Girl! Girl! — as if he reproached them for the parts they had acted, and put him upon acting.

But yet, on some occasions, this brother and sister showed themselves to be true will disputants.

Let tongue and eyes express what they will, Mr. Belford, the first reading of a will, where a person dies worth anything considerable, generally affords a true test of the relations' love to the deceased.

The clothes, the thirty guineas for mourning to Mrs. Norton, with the recommendation of the good woman for housekeeper at The Grove, were thought sufficient, had the article of 600£. which was called monstrous, been omitted. Some other passages in the will were called flights, and such whimsies as distinguish people of imagination from those of judgment.

My cousin Dolly Hervey was grudged the library. Miss Harlowe said, That as she and her sister never bought the same books, she would take that to herself, and would make it up to her cousin Dolly one way or other.

I intend, Mr. Belford, to save you the trouble of interposing — the library shall be my cousin Dolly's.

Mrs. Hervey could hardly keep her seat. On this occasion, however, she only said, That her late dear and ever dear niece, was too glad to her and hers. But, at another time, she declared, with tears, that she could not forgive herself for a letter she wrote,* looking at Miss Arabella, whom, it seems, unknown to any body, she had consulted before she wrote it and which, she said, must have wounded a spirit, that now she saw had been too deeply wounded before.

* See Vol. III. Letter LII.

O my Aunt, said Arabella, no more of that! — Who would have thought that the dear creature had been such a penitent?

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe were so much affected with the articles in their favour, (bequeathed to them without a word or hint of reproach or recrimination,) that they broke out into self-accusations; and lamented that their sweet niece, as they called her, was not got above all grateful acknowledgement and returns. Indeed, the mutual upbraidings and grief of all present, upon those articles in which every one was remembered for good, so often interrupted me, that the reading took up above six hours. But curses upon the accursed man were a refuge to which they often resorted to exonerate themselves.

How wounding a thing, Mr. Belford, is a generous and well-distinguished forgiveness! What revenge can be more effectual, and more noble, were revenge intended, and were it wished to strike remorse into a guilty or ungrateful heart! But my dear cousin's motives were all duty and love. She seems indeed to have been, as much as a mortal could be, LOVE itself. Love sublimed by a purity, by a true delicacy, that hardly any woman before her could boast of. O Mr. Belford, what an example would she have given in every station of life, (as wife, mother, mistress, friend,) had her lot fallen upon a man blessed with a mind like her own!

The 600£. bequeathed to Mrs. Norton, the library to Miss Hervey, and the remembrances to Miss Howe, were not the only articles grudged. Yet to what purpose did they regret the pecuniary bequests, when the poor's fund, and not themselves, would have had the benefit, had not those legacies been bequeathed?

But enough passed to convince me that my cousin was absolutely right in her choice of an executor out of the family. Had she chosen one in it, I dare say that her will would have been no more regarded than if it had been the will of a dead king; than that of Louis XIV. in particular; so flagrantly broken through by his nephew the Duke of Orleans before he was cold. The only will of that monarch, perhaps, which was ever disputed.

But little does Mr. James Harlowe think that, while he is grasping at hundreds, he will, most probably, lose thousands, if he be my survivor. A man of a spirit so selfish and narrow shall not be my heir.

You will better conceive, Mr. Belford, than I can express, how much they were touched at the hint that the dear creature had been obliged to part with some of her clothes.

Silent reproach seized every one of them when I came to the passage where she mentions that she deferred filling up some blanks, in hopes of receiving their last blessing and forgiveness.

I will only add, that they could not bear to hear read the concluding part, so solemnly addressed to her Redeemer. They all arose from their seats, and crowded out of the apartment we were in; and then, as I afterwards found, separated, in order to seek that consolation in solitary retirement, which, though they could not hope for from their own reflections, yet, at the time, they had less reason to expect in each other's company. I am, Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant, WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER XXXV

MR. BELFORD, TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD M. LONDON, SEPT. 14.

MY LORD,

I am very apprehensive that the affair between Mr. Lovelace and the late excellent Miss Clarissa Harlowe will be attended with farther bad consequences, notwithstanding her dying injunctions to the contrary. I would, therefore, humbly propose that your Lordship, and his other relations, will forward the purpose your kinsman lately had to go abroad; where I hope he will stay till all is blown over. But as he will not stir, if he knew the true motives of your wishes, the avowed inducement, as I hinted once to Mr. Mowbray, may be such as respects his own health both of person and mind. To Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville all countries are alike; and they perhaps will accompany him.

I am glad to hear that he is in a way of recovery; but this the rather induces me to press the matter. I think no time should be lost.

Your Lordship had head that I have the honour to be the executor of this admirable lady's last will. I transcribe from it the following paragraph.

[He then transcribes the article which so gratefully mentions this nobleman, and the ladies of his family, in relation to the rings she bequeaths them, about which he desires their commands.]

LETTER XXXVI

MISS MONTAGUE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. M. HALL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 15.

SIR,

My Lord having the gout in his right hand, his Lordship, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, have commanded me to inform you, that, before your letter came, Mr. Lovelace was preparing for a foreign tour. We shall endeavour to hasten him away on the motives you suggest.

We are all extremely affected with the dear lady's death. Lady Betty and Lady Sarah have been indisposed ever since they heard of it. They had pleased themselves, as had my sister and self, with the hopes of cultivating her acquaintance and friendship after he was gone abroad, upon her own terms. Her kind remembrance of each of us has renewed, though it could not heighten, our regrets for so irreparable a loss. We shall order Mr. Finch, our goldsmith, to wait on you. He has our directions about the rings. They will be long, long worn in memory of the dear testatrix.

Every body is assured that you will do all in your power to prevent farther ill consequences from this melancholy affair. My Lord desires his compliments to you. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant, CH. MONTAGUE.

* *

This collection having run into a much greater length than was wished, it is proper to omit several letters that passed between Colonel Morden, Miss Howe, Mr. Belford, and Mr. Hickman, in relation to the execution of the lady's will, &c.

It is, however, necessary to observe, on this subject, that the unhappy mother, being supported by the two uncles, influenced the afflicted father to over-rule all his son's objections, and to direct a literal observation of the will; and at the same time to give up all the sums which he was empowered by it to reimburse himself; as also to take upon himself to defray the funeral expenses.

Mr. Belford so much obliges Miss Howe by his steadiness, equity, and dispatch, and by his readiness to contribute to the directed collection, that she voluntarily entered into a correspondence with him, as the representative of her beloved friend. In the course of which, he communicated to her (in confidence) the letters which passed between him and Mr. Lovelace, and, by Colonel Morden's consent, those which passed between that gentleman and himself.

He sent, with the first parcel of letters which he had transcribed out of short-hand for Miss Howe, a letter to Mr. Hickman, dated the 16th of September, in which he expresses himself as follows:

'But I ought, Sir, in this parcel to have kept out one letter. It is that which relates to the interview between yourself and Mr. Lovelace, at Mr. Dormer's,* in which Mr. Lovelace treats you with an air of levity, which neither your person, your character, nor your commission, deserved; but which was his usual way of treating every one whose business he was not pleased with. I hope, Sir, you have too much greatness of mind to be disturbed at the contents of this letter, should Miss Howe communicate them to you; and the rather, as it is impossible that you should suffer with her on that account.'

* See Vol. VII. Letter XXVIII.

Mr. Belford then excuses Mr. Lovelace as a good-natured man with all his faults; and gives instances of his still greater freedoms with himself.

To this Mr. Hickman answers, in his letter of the 18th:

'As to Mr. Lovelace's treatment of me in the letter you are pleased to mention, I shall not be concerned at it, whatever it be. I went to him prepared to expect odd behaviour from him; and was not disappointed. I argue to myself, in all such cases as this, as Miss Howe, from her ever-dear friend, argues, That if the reflections thrown upon me are just, I ought not only to forgive them, but endeavour to profit by them; if unjust, that I ought to despise them, and the reflector too, since it would be inexcusable to strengthen by anger an enemy whose malice might be disarmed by contempt. And, moreover, I should be almost sorry to find myself spoken well of by a man who could treat, as he treated, a lady who was an ornament to her sex and to human nature.

'I thank you, however, Sir, for your consideration for me in this particular, and for your whole letter, which gives me so desirable an instance of the friendship which you assured me of when I was last in town; and which I as cordially embrace as wish to cultivate.'

Miss Howe, in her's of the 20th, acknowledging the receipt of the letters, and papers, and legacies, sent with Mr. Belford's letter to Mr. Hickman, assures him, 'That no use shall be made of his communications, but what he shall approve of.'

He had mentioned, with compassion, the distresses of the Harlowe family—'Persons of a pitiful nature, says she, may pity them. I am not one of those. You, I think, pity the infernal man likewise; while I, from my heart, grudge him his phrensy, because it deprives him of that remorse, which, I hope, in his recovery, will never leave him. At times, Sir, let me tell you, that I hate your whole sex for his sake; even men of unblamable characters, whom, at those times, I cannot but look upon as persons I have not yet found out.

‘If my dear creature’s personal jewels be sent up to you for sale, I desire that I may be the purchaser of them, at the highest price — of the necklace and solitaire particularly.

‘Oh! what tears did the perusal of my beloved’s will cost me! — But I must not touch upon the heart-piercing subject. I can neither take it up, nor quit it, but with execration of the man whom all the world must execrate.’

Mr. Belford, in his answer, promises that she shall be the purchaser of the jewels, if they come into his hands.

He acquaints her that the family had given Colonel Morden the keys of all that belonged to the dear departed; that the unhappy mother had (as the will allows) ordered a piece of needlework to be set aside for her, and had desired Mrs. Norton to get the little book of meditations transcribed, and to let her have the original, as it was all of her dear daughter’s hand-writing; and as it might, when she could bear to look into it, administer consolation to herself. And that she had likewise reserved for herself her picture in the Vandyke taste.

Mr. Belford sends with this letter to Miss Howe the lady’s memorandum book, and promises to send her copies of the several posthumous letters. He tells her that Mr. Lovelace being upon the recovery, he had enclosed the posthumous letter directed for him to Lord M. that his Lordship might give it to him, or not, as he should find he could bear it. The following is a copy of that letter:

TO MR. LOVELACE THURSDAY, AUG. 24.

I told you, in the letter I wrote to you on Tuesday last,* that you should have another sent you when I had got into my father’s house.

* See her letter, enclosed in Mr. Lovelace’s, No. LIV. of Vol. VII.

The reader may observe, by the date of this letter, that it was written within two days of the allegorical one, to which it refers, and while the lady was labouring under the increased illness occasioned by the hurries and terrors into which Mr. Lovelace had thrown her, in order to avoid the visit he was so earnest to make her at Mr. Smith’s; so early written, perhaps, that she might not be surprised by death into a seeming breach of her word.

High as her christian spirit soars in this letter, the reader has seen, in Vol. VIII. Letter LXIV. and in other places, that that exalted spirit carried her to still more divine elevations, as she drew nearer to her end.

I presume to say, that I am now, at your receiving of this, arrived there; and I invite you to follow me, as soon as you are prepared for so great a journey.

Not to allegorize farther — my fate is now, at your perusal of this, accomplished. My doom is unalterably fixed; and I am either a miserable or happy being to all eternity. If happy, I owe it solely to the Divine mercy; if miserable, to your undeserved cruelty. — And consider not, for your own sake,

gay, cruel, fluttering, unhappy man! consider, whether the barbarous and perfidious treatment I have met with from you was worthy the hazard of your immortal soul; since your wicked views were not to be effected but by the wilful breach of the most solemn vows that ever were made by man; and those aided by a violence and baseness unworthy of a human creature.

In time then, once more, I wish you to consider your ways. Your golden dream cannot long last. Your present course can yield you pleasure no longer than you can keep off thought or reflection. A hardened insensibility is the only foundation on which your inward tranquillity is built. When once a dangerous sickness seizes you; when once effectual remorse breaks in upon you; how dreadful will be your condition! How poor a triumph will you then find it, to have been able, by a series of black perjuries, and studied baseness, under the name of gallantry or intrigue, to betray poor unexperienced young creatures, who perhaps knew nothing but their duty till they knew you! — Not one good action in the hour of languishing to recollect, not one worthy intention to revolve, it will be all reproach and horror; and you will wish to have it in your power to compound for annihilation.

Reflect, Sir, that I can have no other motive, in what I write, than your good, and the safety of other innocent creatures, who may be drawn in by your wicked arts and perjuries. You have not, in my wishes for future welfare, the wishes of a suppliant wife, endeavouring for her own sake, as well as for your's, to induce you to reform those ways. They are wholly as disinterested as undeserved. But I should mistrust my own penitence, were I capable of wishing to recompense evil for evil — if, black as your offences have been against me, I could not forgive, as I wish to be forgiven.

I repeat, therefore, that I do forgive you. And may the Almighty forgive you too! Nor have I, at the writing of this, any other essential regrets than what are occasioned by the grief I have given to parents, who, till I knew you, were the most indulgent of parents; by the scandal given to the other branches of my family; by the disreputation brought upon my sex; and by the offence given to virtue in my fall.

As to myself, you have only robbed me of what once were my favourite expectations in the transient life I shall have quitted when you receive this. You have only been the cause that I have been cut off in the bloom of youth, and of curtailing a life that might have been agreeable to myself, or otherwise, as had reason to be thankful for being taken away from the evil of supporting my part of a yoke with a man so unhappy; I will only say, that, in all probability, every hour I had lived with him might have brought with it some new trouble. And I am (indeed through sharp afflictions and distresses) indebted to you, secondarily, as I

humbly presume to hope, for so many years of glory, as might have proved years of danger, temptation, and anguish, had they been added to my mortal life.

So, Sir, though no thanks to your intention, you have done me real service; and, in return, I wish you happy. But such has been your life hitherto, that you can have no time to lose in setting about your repentance. Repentance to such as have lived only carelessly, and in the omission of their regular duties, and who never aimed to draw any poor creatures into evil, is not so easy a task, nor so much in our own power, as some imagine. How difficult a grace then to be obtained, where the guilt is premeditated, wilful, and complicated!

To say I once respected you with a preference, is what I ought to blush to own, since, at the very time, I was far from thinking you even a mortal man; though I little thought that you, or indeed any man breathing, could be — what you have proved yourself to be. But, indeed, Sir, I have long been greatly above you; for from my heart I have despised you, and all your ways, ever since I saw what manner of man you were.

Nor is it to be wondered that I should be able so to do, when that preference was not grounded on ignoble motives. For I was weak enough, and presumptuous enough, to hope to be a mean, in the hand of Providence, to reclaim a man whom I thought worthy of the attempt.

Nor have I yet, as you will see by the pains I take, on this solemn occasion, to awaken you out of your sensual dream, given over all hopes of this nature.

Hear me, therefore, O Lovelace! as one speaking from the dead. — Lose no time — set about your repentance instantly — be no longer the instrument of Satan, to draw poor souls into those subtile snares, which at last shall entangle your own feet. Seek not to multiply your offences till they become beyond the power, as I may say, of the Divine mercy to forgive; since justice, no less than mercy, is an attribute of the Almighty.

Tremble and reform, when you read what is the portion of the wicked man from God. Thus it is written:

‘The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. He is cast into a net by his own feet — he walketh upon a snare. Terrors shall make him afraid on every side, and shall drive him to his feet. His strength shall be hunger-bitten, and destruction shall be ready at his side. The first born of death shall devour his strength. His remembrance shall perish from the earth; and he shall have no name in the streets. He shall be chaced [sic] out of the world. He shall have neither son nor nephew among his people. They that have seen him shall say, Where is he? He shall fly away as a dream: He shall be chased away as a vision of the night. His meat is the gall of asps within him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through. A fire not blown

shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The worm shall feed sweetly on him. He shall be no more remembered. — This is the fate of him that knoweth not God.'

Whenever you shall be inclined to consult the sacred oracles from whence the above threatenings are extracted, you will find doctrines and texts which a truly penitent and contrite heart may lay hold of for its consolation.

May your's, Mr. Lovelace, become such! and may you be enabled to escape the fate denounced against the abandoned man, and be entitled to the mercies of a long suffering and gracious God, is the sincere prayer of

CLARISSA HARLOWE *

LETTER XXXVII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. M. HALL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 14.

Ever since the fatal seventh of this month, I have been lost to myself, and to all the joys of life. I might have gone farther back than that fatal seventh; which, for the future, I will never see anniversarily revolve but in sables; only till that cursed day I had some gleams of hope now-and-then darting in upon me.

They tell me of an odd letter I wrote to you.* I remember I did write. But very little of the contents of what I wrote do I remember.

* See his delirious Letter, No. XXIII.

I have been in a cursed way. Methinks something has been working strangely retributive. I never was such a fool as to disbelieve a Providence; yet am I not for resolving into judgments every thing that seems to wear an avenging face. Yet if we must be punished either here or hereafter for our misdeeds, better here, say I, than hereafter. Have I not then an interest to think my punishment already not only begun but completed since what I have suffered, and do suffer, passes all description?

To give but one instance of the retributive — here I, who was the barbarous cause of the loss of senses for a week together to the most inimitable of women, have been punished with the loss of my own — preparative to — who knows what? — When, Oh! when, shall I know a joyful hour?

I am kept excessively low; and excessively low I am. This sweet creature's posthumous letter sticks close to me. All her excellencies rise up hourly to my remembrance.

Yet dare I not indulge in these melancholy reflections. I find my head strangely working again — Pen, begone!

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15.

I resume, in a sprightly vein, I hope — Mowbray and Tourville have just now —

But what of Mowbray and Tourville? — What's the world? — What's any body in it? —

Yet they are highly exasperated against thee, for the last letter thou wrotest to them* — such an unfriendly, such a merciless —

* This Letter appears not.

But it won't do! — I must again lay down my pen. — O Belford! Belford! I am still, I am still most miserably absent from myself! — Shall never, never more be what I was!

* * *

Saturday — Sunday — Nothing done. Incapable of any thing.

MONDAY, SEPT. 18.

Heavy, d — n — y heavy and sick at soul, by Jupiter! I must come into their expedient. I must see what change of climate will do.

You tell these fellows, and you tell me, of repenting and reforming; but I can do neither. He who can, must not have the extinction of a Clarissa Harlowe to answer for. — Harlowe! — Curse upon the name! — and curse upon myself for not changing it, as I might have done! — Yet I have no need of urging a curse upon myself — I have it effectually.

'To say I once respected you with a preference!'* — In what stiff language does maidenly modesty on these nice occasion express itself! — To say I once loved you, is the English; and there is truth and ease in the expression.— 'To say I once loved you,' then let it be, 'is what I ought to blush to own.'

* See Letter XXXVI. of this volume.

And dost thou own it, excellent creature? — and dost thou then own it? — What music in these words from such an angel! — What would I give that my Clarissa were in being, and could and would own that she loved me?

'But, indeed, Sir, I have been long greatly above you.' Long, my blessed charmer! — Long, indeed, for you have been ever greatly above me, and above your sex, and above all the world.

'That preference was not grounded on ignoble motives.'

What a wretch was I, to be so distinguished by her, and yet to be so unworthy of her hope to reclaim me!

Then, how generous her motives! Not for her own sake merely, not altogether for mine, did she hope to reclaim me; but equally for the sake of innocents who might otherwise be ruined by me.

And now, why did she write this letter, and why direct it to be given me when an event the most deplorable had taken place, but for my good, and with a view to the safety of innocents she knew not? — And when was this letter written? Was it not at the time, at the very time, that I had been pursuing her, as I may say, from place to place; when her soul was bowed down by calamity and persecution; and herself was denied all forgiveness from relations the most implacable?

Exalted creature! — And couldst thou, at such a time, and so early, and in such circumstances, have so far subdued thy own just resentments, as to wish happiness to the principal author of all thy distresses? — Wish happiness to him who had robbed thee 'of all thy favourite expectations in this life?' To him who had been the cause that thou wert cut off in the bloom of youth?'

Heavenly aspirer! — What a frame must thou be in, to be able to use the word ONLY, in mentioning these important deprivations! — And as this was before thou puttest off immortality, may I not presume that thou now,

—— with pitying eye,
Not derogating from thy perfect bliss,
Survey'st all Heav'n around, and wishest for me?

'Consider my ways.' — Dear life of my life! Of what avail is consideration now, when I have lost the dear creature, for whose sake alone it was worth while to have consideration? — Lost her beyond retrieving — swallowed up by the greedy grave — for ever lost her — that, that's the thing — matchless woman, how does this reflection wound me!

'Your golden dream cannot long last.' — Divine prophetess! my golden dream is already over. 'Thought and reflection are no longer to be kept off.' — No longer continues that 'hardened insensibility' thou chargest upon me. 'Remorse has broken in upon me. Dreadful is my condition; — it is all reproach and horror with me!' — A thousand vultures in turn are preying upon my heart!

But no more of these fruitless reflections — since I am incapable of writing any thing else; since my pen will slide into this gloomy subject, whether I will or not; I will once more quit it; nor will I again resume it, till I can be more its master, and my own.

All I took pen to write for is however unwritten. It was, in few words, to wish you to proceed with your communications, as usual. And why should you not; — since, in her ever-to-be-lamented death, I know every thing shocking and grievous — acquaint me, then, with all thou knowest, which I do not know; how her relations, her cruel relations, take it; and whether now the barbed dart of after-reflection sticks not in their hearts, as in mine, up to the very feathers.

* * *

I will soon quit this kingdom. For now my Clarissa is no more, what is there in it (in the world indeed) worth living for? — But shall I not first, by some masterly mischief, avenge her and myself upon her cursed family?

The accursed woman, they tell me, has broken her leg. Why was it not her neck? — All, all, but what is owing to her relations, is the fault of that woman, and of her hell-born nymphs. The greater the virtue, the nobler the triumph, was a sentence for ever in their mouths. — I have had it several times in my head to set fire to the execrable house; and to watch at the doors and windows, that not a devil in it escape the consuming flames. Had the house stood by itself, I had certainly done it.

But, it seems, the old wretch is in the way to be rewarded, without my help. A shocking letter is received of somebody's in relation to her — your's, I suppose — too shocking for me, they say, to see at present.*

* See Letter XXV. of this volume.

They govern me as a child in strings; yet did I suffer so much in my fever, that I am willing to bear with them, till I can get tolerably well.

At present I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. Yet are my disorders nothing to what they were; for, Jack, my brain was on fire day and night; and had it not been of the asbestos kind, it had all been consumed.

I had no distinct ideas, but of dark and confused misery; it was all remorse and horror indeed! — Thoughts of hanging, drowning, shooting — then rage, violence, mischief, and despair, took their turns with me. My lucid intervals still worse, giving me to reflect upon what I was the hour before, and what I was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life — the sport of enemies! — the laughter of fools! — and the hanging-sleeved, go-carted property of hired slaves; who were, perhaps, to find their account in manacling, and (abhorred thought!) in personally abusing me by blows and stripes!

Who can bear such reflections as these? TO be made to fear only, to such a one as me, and to fear such wretches too? — What a thing was this, but remotely to apprehend! And yet for a man to be in such a state as to render it necessary for his dearest friends to suffer this to be done for his own sake, and in order to prevent further mischief! — There is no thinking of these things!

I will not think of them, therefore; but will either get a train of cheerful ideas, or hang myself by to-morrow morning.

——— To be a dog, and dead,
Were paradise, to such a life as mine.

LETTER XXXVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20.

I write to demand back again my last letter. I own it was my mind at the different times I wrote it; and, whatever ailed me, I could not help writing it. Such a gloomy impulse came upon me, and increased as I wrote, that, for my soul, I could not forbear running into the miserable.

'Tis strange, very strange, that a man's conscience should be able to force his fingers to write whether he will or not; and to run him into a subject he more than once, at the very time, resolved not to think of.

Nor is it less strange, that (no new reason occurring) he should, in a day or two more, so totally change his mind; have his mind, I should rather say, so wholly illuminated by gay hopes and rising prospects, as to be ashamed of what he had written.

For, on reperusal of a copy of my letter, which fell into my hands by accident, in the hand-writing of my cousin Charlotte, who, unknown to me, had transcribed it, I find it to be such a letter as an enemy would rejoice to see.

This I know, that were I to have continued but one week more in the way I was in when I wrote the latter part of it, I should have been confined, and in straw, the next; for I now recollect, that all my distemper was returning upon me with irresistible violence — and that in spite of water-gruel and soup-meagre.

I own I am still excessively grieved at the disappointment this admirable woman made it so much her whimsical choice to give me.

But, since it has thus fallen out; since she was determined to leave the world; and since she actually ceases to be; ought I, who have such a share of life and health in hand, to indulge gloomy reflections upon an event that is passed; and being passed, cannot be recalled? — Have I not had a specimen of what will be my case, if I do.

For, Belford, ('tis a folly to deny it,) I have been, to use an old word, quite bestraught.

Why, why did my mother bring me up to bear no controul? Why was I so enabled, as that to my very tutors it was a request that I should not know what contradiction or disappointment was? — Ought she not to have known what cruelty there was in her kindness?

What a punishment, to have my first very great disappointment touch my intellect! — And intellects, once touched — but that I cannot bear to think of — only thus far; the very repentance and amendment, wished me so heartily by my

kind and cross dear, have been invalidated and postponed, and who knows for how long? — the amendment at least; can a madman be capable of either?

Once touched, therefore, I must endeavour to banish those gloomy reflections, which might otherwise have brought on the right turn of mind: and this, to express myself in Lord M.'s style, that my wits may not be sent a wool-gathering.

For, let me moreover own to thee, that Dr. Hale, who was my good Astolfo, [you read Ariosto, Jack,] and has brought me back my wit-jar, had much ado, by starving, diet, by profuse phlebotomy, by flaying-blisters, eyelet-hole-cupping, a dark room, a midnight solitude in a midday sun, to effect my recovery. And now, for my comfort, he tells me, that I may still have returns upon full moons — horrible! most horrible! — and must be as careful of myself at both equinoctials, as Cæsar was warned to be of the Ides of March.

How my heart sickens at looking back upon what I was! Denied the sun, and all comfort: all my visiters low-born, tip-toe attendants: even those tip-toe slaves never approaching me but periodically, armed with gallipots, boluses, and cephalic draughts; delivering their orders to me in hated whispers; and answering other curtain-holding impertinents, inquiring how I was, and how I took their execrable potions, whisperingly too! What a cursed still life was this! — Nothing active in me, or about me, but the worm that never dies.

Again I hasten from the recollection of scenes, which will, at times, obtrude themselves upon me.

Adieu, Belford!

But return me my last letter — and build nothing upon its contents. I must, I will, I have already, overcome these fruitless gloominess. Every hour my constitution rises stronger and stronger to befriend me; and, except a tributary sigh now-and-then to the memory of my heart's beloved, it gives me hope that I shall quickly be what I was — life, spirit, gaiety, and once more the plague of a sex that has been my plague, and will be every man's plague at one time or other of his life. I repeat my desire, however, that you will write to me as usual. I hope you have good store of particulars by you to communicate, when I can better bear to hear of the dispositions that were made for all that was mortal of my beloved Clarissa.

But it will be the joy of my heart to be told that her implacable friends are plagued with remorse. Such things as those you may now send me: for company in misery is some relief; especially when a man can think those he hates as miserable as himself.

One more adieu, Jack!

LETTER XXXIX

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I am preparing to leave this kingdom. Mowbray and Tourville promise to give me their company in a month or two.

I'll give thee my route.

I shall first to Paris; and, for some amusement and diversion sake, try to renew some of my old friendships: thence to some of the German courts: thence, perhaps, to Vienna: thence descend through Bavaria and the Tyrol to Venice, where I shall keep the carnival: thence to Florence and Turin: thence again over Mount Cenis to France: and, when I return again to Paris, shall expect to see my friend Belford, who, by that time, I doubt not, will be all crusted and bearded over with penitence, self-denial, and mortification; a very anchoret, only an itinerant one, journeying over in hope to cover a multitude of his own sins, by proselyting his old companions.

But let me tell thee, Jack, if stock rises on, as it has done since I wrote my last letter, I am afraid thou wilt find a difficult task in succeeding, should such be thy purpose.

Nor, I verily think, can thy own penitence and reformation hold. Strong habits are not so easily rooted out. Old Satan has had too much benefit from thy faithful services, for a series of years, to let thee so easily get out of his clutches. He knows what will do with thee. A fine strapping Bona Roba, in the Charters-taste, but well-limbed, clear-complexioned, and Turkish-eyed; thou the first man with her, or made to believe so, which is the same thing; how will thy frosty face be illuminated by it! A composition will be made between thee and the grand tempter: thou wilt promise to do him suit and service till old age and inability come. And then will he, in all probability, be sure of thee for ever. For, wert thou to outlive thy present reigning appetites, he will trump up some other darling sin, or make a now secondary one darling, in order to keep thee firmly attached to his infernal interests. Thou wilt continue resolving to amend, but never amending, till, grown old before thou art aware, (a dozen years after thou art old with every body else,) thy for-time-built tenement having lasted its allotted period, he claps down upon thy grizzled head the universal trap-door: and then all will be over with thee in his own way.

Thou wilt think these hints uncharacteristic from me. But yet I cannot help warning thee of the danger thou art actually in; which is the greater, as thou seemst not to know it. A few words more, therefore, on this subject.

Thou hast made good resolutions. If thou keepest them not, thou wilt never be able to keep any. But, nevertheless, the devil and thy time of life are against thee: and six to one thou failest. Were it only that thou hast resolved, six to one thou failest. And if thou dost, thou wilt become the scoff of men, and the triumph of devils. — Then how will I laugh at thee! For this warning is not from principle. Perhaps I wish it were: but I never lied to man, and hardly ever said truth to woman. The firs is what all free-livers cannot say: the second what every one can.

I am mad again, by Jupiter! — But, thank my stars, not gloomily so! — Farewell, farewell, farewell, for the third or fourth time, concludes

Thy LOVELACE.

I believe Charlotte and you are in private league together. Letters, I find, have passed between her and you, and Lord M. I have been kept strangely in the dark of late; but will soon break upon you all, as the sun upon a midnight thief.

Remember that you never sent me the copy of my beloved's will.

LETTER XL

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. FRIDAY, SEPT. 22.

Just as I was sitting down to answer your's of the 14th to the 18th, in order to give you all the consolation in my power, came your revoking letter of Wednesday.

I am really concerned and disappointed that your first was so soon followed by one so contrary to it.

The shocking letter you mention, which your friends withhold from you, is indeed from me. They may now, I see, show you any thing. Ask them, then, for that letter, if you think it worth while to read aught about the true mother of your mind.

* * *

I will suppose that thou hast just read the letter thou callest shocking, and which I intended to be so. And let me ask what thou thinkest of it? Dost thou not tremble at the horrors the vilest of women labours with, on the apprehensions of death, and future judgment? — How sit the reflections that must have been raised by the perusal of this letter upon thy yet unclosed eyelet-holes? Will not some serious thoughts mingle with thy melilot, and tear off the callus of thy mind, as that may flay the leather from thy back, and as thy epispastics may strip the parchment from thy plotting head? If not, then indeed is thy conscience seared, and no hopes will lie for thee.

[Mr. Belford then gives an account of the wretched Sinclair's terrible exit, which he had just then received.]

If this move thee not, I have news to acquaint thee with, of another dismal catastrophe that is but within this hour come to my ear, of another of thy blessed agents. Thy TOMLINSON! — Dying, and, in all probability, before this can reach thee, dead, in Maidstone gaol. As thou sayest in thy first letter, something strangely retributive seems to be working.

This is his case. He was at the head of a gang of smugglers, endeavouring to carry off run goods, landed last Tuesday, when a party of dragoons came up with them in the evening. Some of his comrades fled. M'Donald, being surrounded, attempted to fight his way through, and wounded his man; but having received a shot in his neck, and being cut deeply in the head by a broad-sword, he fell from his horse, was taken, and carried to Maidstone gaol: and there my informant left him, just dying, and assured of hanging if he recover.

Absolutely destitute, he got a kinsman of his to apply to me, and, if in town, to the rest of the confraternity, for something, not to support him was the word, (for he expected not to live till the fellow returned,) but to bury him.

I never employed him but once, and then he ruined my project. I now thank Heaven that he did. But I sent him five guineas, and promised him more, as from you, and Mowbray, and Tourville, if he live a few days, or to take his trial. And I put it upon you to make further inquiry of him, and to give him what you think fit.

His messenger tells me that he is very penitent; that he weeps continually. He cries out, that he has been the vilest of men: yet palliates, that his necessities made him worse than he should otherwise have been; [an excuse which none of us can plead:] but that which touches him most of all, is a vile imposture he was put upon, to serve a certain gentleman of fortune to the ruin of the most excellent woman that ever lived; and who, he had heard, was dead of grief.

Let me consider, Lovelace — Whose turn can be next?

I wish it may not be thine. But since thou givest me one piece of advice, (which I should indeed have thought out of character, hadst thou not taken pains to convince me that it proceeds not from principle,) I will give thee another: and that is, prosecute, as fast as thou canst, thy intended tour. Change of scene, and of climate, may establish thy health: while this gross air and the approach of winter, may thicken thy blood; and with the help of a conscience that is upon the struggle with thee, and like a cunning wrestler watches its opportunity to give thee another fall, may make thee miserable for thy life.

I return your revoked letter. Don’t destroy it, however. The same dialect may one day come in fashion with you again.

As to the family at Harlowe-place, I have most affecting letters from Colonel Morden relating to their grief and compunction. But are you, to whom the occasion is owing, entitled to rejoice in their distress?

I should be sorry, if I could not say, that what you have warned me of in sport, makes me tremble in earnest. I hope, for this is a serious subject with me, (though nothing can be so with you,) that I never shall deserve, by my apostasy, to be the scoff of men, and the triumph of devils.

All that you say, of the difficulty of conquering rooted habits, is but too true. Those, and time of life, are indeed too much against me: but, when I reflect upon the ends (some untimely) of those of our companions whom we have formerly lost; upon Belton’s miserable exit; upon the howls and screams of Sinclair, which are still in my ears; and now upon your miserable Tomlinson, and compare their ends with the happy and desirable end of the inimitable Miss Harlowe, I hope I have reason to think my footing morally secure. Your caution, nevertheless, will be of use, however you might design it: and since I know my weak side, I will

endeavour to fortify myself in that quarter by marriage, as soon as I can make myself worthy of the confidence and esteem of some virtuous woman; and, by this means, become the subject of your envy, rather than of your scoffs.

I have already begun my retributory purposes, as I may call them. I have settled an annual sum for life upon poor John Loftus, whom I disabled while he was endeavouring to protect his young mistress from my lawless attempts. I rejoice that I succeeded not in that; as I do in recollecting many others of the like sort, in which I miscarried.

Poor Farley, who had become a bankrupt, I have set up again; but have declared, that the annual allowance I make her shall cease, if I hear she returns to her former courses: and I have made her accountable for her conduct to the good widow Lovick; whom I have taken, at a handsome salary, for my housekeeper at Edgware, (for I have let the house at Watford;) and she is to dispense the quarterly allotment to her, as she merits.

This good woman shall have other matters of the like nature under her care, as we grow better acquainted; and I make no doubt that she will answer my expectations, and that I shall be both confirmed and improved by her conversation: for she shall generally sit at my own table.

The undeserved sufferings of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, her exalted merit, her exemplary preparation, and her happy end, will be standing subjects with us.

She shall read to me, when I have no company; write for me, out of books, passages she shall recommend. Her years (turned of fifty,) and her good character, will secure me from scandal; and I have great pleasure in reflecting that I shall be better myself for making her happy.

Then, whenever I am in danger, I will read some of the admirable lady's papers: whenever I would abhor my former ways, I will read some of thine, and copies of my own.

The consequence of all this will be, that I shall be the delight of my own relations of both sexes, who were wont to look upon me as a lost man. I shall have good order in my own family, because I shall give a good example myself. I shall be visited and respected, not perhaps by Lovelace, by Mowbray, and by Tourville, because they cannot see me upon the old terms, and will not, perhaps, see me upon the new, but by the best and worthiest gentlemen, clergy as well as laity, all around me. I shall look upon my past follies with contempt: upon my old companions with pity. Oaths and curses shall be for ever banished my mouth: in their place shall succeed conversation becoming a rational being, and a gentleman. And instead of acts of offence, subjecting me perpetually to acts of defence, will I endeavour to atone for my past evils, by doing all the good in my power, and by becoming an universal benefactor to the extent of that power.

Now tell me, Lovelace, upon this faint sketch of what I hope to do, and to be, if this be not a scheme infinitely preferable to the wild, the pernicious, the dangerous ones, both to body and soul, which we have pursued?

I wish I could make my sketch as amiable to you as it appears to me. I wish it with all my soul: for I always loved you. It has been my misfortune that I did: for this led me into infinite riots and follies, of which, otherwise, I verily think I should not have been guilty.

You have a great deal more to answer for than I have, were it only in the temporal ruin of this admirable woman. Let me now, while you yet have youth, and health, and intellect, prevail upon you: for I am afraid, very much afraid, that such is the enormity of this single wickedness, in depriving the world of such a shining light, that if you do not quickly reform, it will be out of your power to reform at all; and that Providence, which has already given you the fates of your agents Sinclair and Tomlinson to take warning by, will not let the principal offender escape, if he slight the warning.

You will, perhaps, laugh at me for these serious reflections. Do, if you will. I had rather you should laugh at me, for continuing in this way of thinking and acting, than triumph over me, as you threaten, on my swerving from purposes I have determined upon with such good reason, and induced and warned by such examples.

And so much for this subject at present.

I should be glad to know when you intend to set out. I have too much concern for your welfare, not to wish you in a thinner air and more certain climate.

What have Tourville and Mowbray to do, that they cannot set out with you? They will not covet my company, I dare say; and I shall not be able to endure theirs, when you are gone: take them, therefore, with you.

I will not, however, forswear making you a visit at Paris, at your return from Germany and Italy: but hardly with the hope of reclaiming you, if due reflection upon what I have set before you, and upon what you have written in your two last, will not by that time have done it.

I suppose I shall see you before you go. Once more I wish you were gone. This heavy island-air cannot do for you what that of the Continent will.

I do not think I ought to communicate with you, as I used to do, on this side the Channel: let me, then, hear from you on the opposite shore, and you shall command the pen, as you please; and, honestly, the power of

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, SEPT. 26.

Fate, I believe, in my conscience, spins threads for tragedies, on purpose for thee to weave with. — Thy Watford uncle, poor Belton, the fair inimitable, [exalted creature! and is she to be found in such a list!] the accursed woman, and Tomlinson, seemed to have been all doomed to give thee a theme for the dismal and the horrible; — and, by my soul, that thou dost work it going, as Lord M. would phrase it.

That's the horrid thing, a man cannot begin to think, but causes for thought crowd in upon him; the gloomy takes place, and mirth and gaiety abandon his heard for ever!

Poor M'Donald! — I am really sorry for the fellow. — He was an useful, faithful, solemn varlet, who could act incomparably any part given him, and knew not what a blush was. — He really took honest pains for me in the last affair; which has cost him and me so dearly in reflection. Often gravelled, as we both were, yet was he never daunted. — Poor M'Donald! I must once more say: — for carrying on a solemn piece of roguery, he had no equal.

I was so solicitous to know if he were really as bad as thou hast a knack of painting every body whom thou singlest out to exercise thy murdering pen upon, that I dispatched a man and horse to Maidstone, as soon as I had thine; and had word brought me, that he died in two hours after he had received thy five guineas. And all thou wrotest of his concern, in relation to the ever-dear Miss Harlowe, it seems was true.

I can't help it, Belford! — I have only to add, that it is happy that the poor fellow lived not to be hanged; as it seems he would have been; for who knows, as he had got into such a penitential strain, what might have been in his dying speech?

When a man has not great good to comfort himself with, it is right to make the best of the little that may offer. There never was any discomfort happened to mortal man, but some little ray of consolation would dart in, if the wretch was not so much a wretch, as to draw, instead of undraw, the curtain, to keep it out.

And so much, at this time, and for ever, for poor Capt. Tomlinson, as I called him.

Your solicitude to get me out of this heavy changeable climate exactly tallies with every body's here. They all believe that travelling will establish me. Yet I think I am quite well. Only these plaguy news and fulls, and the equinoctals, fright me a little when I think of them; and that is always: for the whole family

are continually ringing these changes in my ears, and are more sedulously intent, than I can well account for, to get me out of the kingdom.

But wilt thou write often, when I am gone? Wilt thou then piece the thread where thou brokest it off? Wilt thou give me the particulars of their distress, who were my auxiliaries in bringing on the event that affects me? — Nay, principals rather: Since, say what thou wilt, what did I do worth a woman's breaking her heart for?

Faith and troth, Jack, I have had very hard usage, as I have often said: — to have such a plaguy ill name given me, screamed out upon, run away from, as a mad dog would be; all my own friends ready to renounce me! — Yet I think I deserve it all; for have I not been as ready to give up myself, as others are to condemn me?

What madness, what folly, this! — Who will take the part of a man that condemns himself? — Who can? — He that pleads guilty to an indictment, leaves no room for aught but the sentence. Out upon me, for an impolitical wretch! I have not the art of the least artful of any of our Christian princes; who every day are guilty of ten times worse breaches of faith; and yet, issuing out a manifesto, they wipe their mouths, and go on from infraction to infraction, from robbery to robbery; commit devastation upon devastation; and destroy — for their glory! And are rewarded with the names of conquerors, and are dubbed Le Grand; praised, and even deified, by orators and poets, for their butcheries and depredations.

While I, a poor, single, harmless prowler; at least comparatively harmless; in order to satisfy my hunger, steal but one poor lamb; and every mouth is opened, every hand is lifted up, against me.

Nay, as I have just now heard, I am to be manifestoed against, though no prince: for Miss Howe threatens to have the case published to the whole world.

I have a good mind not to oppose it; and to write an answer to it, as soon as it comes forth, and exculpate myself, by throwing all the fault upon the old ones. And this I have to plead, supposing all that my worst enemies can allege against me were true, — That I am not answerable for all the extravagant consequences that this affair has been attended with; and which could not possibly be foreseen.

And this I will prove demonstrably by a case, which, but a few hours ago, I put to Lord M. and the two Misses Montague. This it is:

Suppose A, a miser, had hid a parcel of gold in a secret place, in order to keep it there, till he could lend it out at extravagant interest.

Suppose B, in such a great want of this treasure, as to be unable to live without it.

And suppose A, the miser, has such an opinion of B, the wanter, that he would rather lend it to him, than to any mortal living; but yet, though he has no other use in the world for it, insists upon very unconscionable terms.

B would gladly pay common interest for it; but would be undone, (in his own opinion at least, and that is every thing to him,) if he complied with the miser's terms; since he would be sure to be soon thrown into gaol for the debt, and made a prisoner for life. Wherefore guessing (being an arch, penetrating fellow) where the sweet hoard lies, he searches for it, when the miser is in a profound sleep, finds it, and runs away with it.

[B, in this case, can only be a thief, that's plain, Jack.]

Here Miss Montague put in very smartly. — A thief, Sir, said she, that steals what is and ought to be dearer to me than my life, deserves less to be forgiven than he who murders me.

But what is this, cousin Charlotte, said I, that is dearer to you than your life? Your honour, you'll say — I will not talk to a lady (I never did) in a way she cannot answer me — But in the instance for which I put my case, (allowing all you attribute to the phantom) what honour is lost, where the will is not violated, and the person cannot help it? But, with respect to the case put, how knew we, till the theft was committed, that the miser did actually set so romantic a value upon the treasure?

Both my cousins were silent; and my Lord, because he could not answer me, cursed me; and I proceeded.

Well then, the result is, that B can only be a thief; that's plain. — To pursue, therefore, my case —

Suppose this same miserly A, on awaking and searching for, and finding his treasure gone, takes it so much to heart that he starves himself;

Who but himself is to blame for that? — Would either equity, law, or conscience, hang B for a murder?

And now to apply, said I ——

None of your applications, cried my cousins, both in a breath.

None of your applications, and be d —— d to you, the passionate Peer.

Well then, returned I, I am to conclude it to be a case so plain that it needs none; looking at the two girls, who tried for a blush a-piece. And I hold myself, of consequence, acquitted of the death.

Not so, cried my Lord, [Peers are judges, thou knowest, Jack, in the last resort:] for if, by committing an unlawful act, a capital crime is the consequence,

you are answerable for both.

Say you so, my good Lord? — But will you take upon you to say, supposing (as in the present case) a rape (saving your presence, cousin Charlotte, saving your presence, cousin Patty) — Is death the natural consequence of a rape? — Did you ever hear, my Lord, or did you, Ladies, that it was? — And if not the natural consequence, and a lady will destroy herself, whether by a lingering death, as of grief; or by the dagger, as Lucretia did; is there more than one fault the man's? — Is not the other her's? — Were it not so, let me tell you, my dears, chucking each of my blushing cousins under the chin, we either would have had no men so wicked as young Tarquin was, or no women so virtuous as Lucretia, in the space of — How many thousand years, my Lord? — And so Lucretia is recorded as a single wonder!

You may believe I was cried out upon. People who cannot answer, will rave: and this they all did. But I insisted upon it to them, and so I do to you, Jack, that I ought to be acquitted of every thing but a common theft, a private larceny, as the lawyers call it, in this point. And were my life to be a forfeit of the law, it would not be for murder.

Besides, as I told them, there was a circumstance strongly in my favour in this case: for I would have been glad, with all my soul, to have purchased my forgiveness by a compliance with the terms I first boggled at. And this, you all know, I offered; and my Lord, and Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, and my two cousins, and all my cousins' cousins, to the fourteenth generation, would have been bound for me — But it would not do: the sweet miser would break her heart, and die: And how could I help it?

Upon the whole, Jack, had not the lady died, would there have been half so much said of it, as there is? Was I the cause of her death? or could I help it? And have there not been, in a million of cases like this, nine hundred and ninty-nine thousand that have not ended as this has ended? — How hard, then, is my fate! — Upon my soul, I won't bear it as I have done; but, instead of taking guilt to myself, claim pity. And this (since yesterday cannot be recalled) is the only course I can pursue to make myself easy. Proceed anon.

LETTER XLII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

But what a pretty scheme of life hast thou drawn out for thyself and thy old widow! By my soul, Jack, I was mightily taken with it. There is but one thing wanting in it; and that will come of course: only to be in the commission, and one of the quorum. Thou art already provided with a clerk, as good as thou'lt want, in the widow Lovick; for thou understandest law, and she conscience: a good Lord Chancellor between ye! — I should take prodigious pleasure to hear thee decide in a bastard case, upon thy new notions and old remembrances.

But raillery apart. [All gloom at heart, by Jupiter! although the pen and the countenance assume airs of levity!] If, after all, thou canst so easily repent and reform, as thou thinkest thou canst: if thou canst thus shake off thy old sins, and thy old habits: and if thy old master will so readily dismiss so tried and so faithful a servant, and permit thee thus calmly to enjoy thy new system; no room for scandal; all temptation ceasing: and if at last (thy reformation warranted and approved by time) thou marriest, and livest honest: — why, Belford, I cannot but say, that if all these IF's come to pass, thou standest a good chance to be a happy man!

All I think, as I told thee in my last, is, that the devil knows his own interest too well, to let thee off so easily. Thou thyself tallest me, that we cannot repent when we will. And indeed I found it so: for, in my lucid intervals, I made good resolutions: but as health turned its blithe side to me, and opened my prospects of recovery, all my old inclinations and appetites returned; and this letter, perhaps, will be a thorough conviction to thee, that I am as wild a fellow as ever, or in the way to be so.

Thou askest me, very seriously, if, upon the faint sketch thou hast drawn, thy new scheme be not infinitely preferable to any of those which we have so long pursued? — Why, Jack — Let me reflect — Why, Belford — I can't say — I can't say — but it is. To speak out — It is really, as Biddy in the play says, a good comfortable scheme.

But when thou tallest me, that it was thy misfortune to love me, because thy value for me made thee a wickeder man than otherwise thou wouldst have been; I desire thee to revolve this assertion: and I am persuaded that thou wilt not find thyself in so right a train as thou imaginest.

No false colourings, no glosses, does a true penitent aim at. Debasement, diffidence, mortification, contrition, are all near of a kin, Jack, and inseparable

from a repentant spirit. If thou knowest not this, thou art not got three steps (out of threescore) towards repentance and amendment. And let me remind thee, before the grand accuser come to do it, that thou wert ever above being a passive follower in iniquity. Though thou hadst not so good an invention as he to whom thou writest, thou hadst as active an heart for mischief, as ever I met with in man.

Then for improving an hint, thou wert always a true Englishman. I never started a roguery, that did not come out of thy forge in a manner ready anvilled and hammered for execution, when I have sometimes been at a loss to make any thing of it myself.

What indeed made me appear to be more wicked than thou was, that I being a handsome fellow, and thou an ugly one, when we had started a game, and hunted it down, the poor frighted puss generally threw herself into my paws, rather than into thine: and then, disappointed, hast thou wiped thy blubber-lips, and marched off to start a new game, calling me a wicked fellow all the while.

In short, Belford, thou wert an excellent starter and setter. The old women were not afraid for their daughters, when they saw such a face as thine. But, when I came, whip was the key turned upon the girls. And yet all signified nothing; for love, upon occasion, will draw an elephant through a key-hole. But for thy HEART, Belford, who ever doubted the wickedness of that?

Nor even in this affair, that sticks most upon me, which my conscience makes such a handle of against me, art thou so innocent as thou fanciest thyself. Thou wilt stare at this: but it is true; and I will convince thee of it in an instant.

Thou sayest, thou wouldst have saved the lady from the ruin she met with. Thou art a pretty fellow for this: For how wouldst thou have saved her? What methods didst thou take to save her?

Thou knewest my designs all along. Hadst thou a mind to make thyself a good title to the merit to which thou now pretendest to lay claim, thou shouldest, like a true knight-errant, have sought to set the lady free from the enchanted castle. Thou shouldst have apprized her of her danger; have stolen in, when the giant was out of the way; or, hadst thou had the true spirit of chivalry upon thee, and nothing else would have done, have killed the giant; and then something wouldst thou have had to brag of.

‘Oh! but the giant was my friend: he reposed a confidence in me: and I should have betrayed my friend, and his confidence!’ This thou wouldst have pleaded, no doubt. But try this plea upon thy present principles, and thou wilt see what a caitiff thou wert to let it have weight with thee, upon an occasion where a breach of confidence is more excusable than to keep the secret. Did not the lady herself once putt his very point home upon me? And didst thou not, on that occasion, heavily blame thyself?*

* See Vol. VII. Letter XXI.

Thou canst not pretend, and I know thou wilt not, that thou wert afraid of thy life by taking such a measure: for a braver fellow lives not, nor a more fearless, than Jack Belford. I remember several instances, and thou canst not forget them, where thou hast ventured thy bones, thy neck, thy life, against numbers, in a cause of roguery; and hadst thou had a spark of that virtue, which now thou art willing to flatter thyself thou hast, thou wouldst surely have run a risk to save an innocence, and a virtue, that it became every man to protect and espouse. This is the truth of the case, greatly as it makes against myself. But I hate a hypocrite from my soul.

I believe I should have killed thee at the time, if I could, hadst thou betrayed me thus. But I am sure now, that I would have thanked thee for it, with all my heart; and thought thee more a father, and a friend, than my real father, and my best friend — and it was natural for thee to think, with so exalted a merit as this lady had, that this would have been the case, when consideration took place of passion; or, rather, when the d —— d fondness for intrigue ceased, which never was my pride so much, as it is now, upon reflection, my curse.

Set about defending myself, and I will probe thee still deeper, and convince thee still more effectually, that thou hast more guilt than merit even in this affair. And as to all the others, in which we were accustomed to hunt in couples, thou wert always the forwardest whelp, and more ready, by far, to run away with me, than I with thee. Yet canst thou now compose thy horse-muscles, and cry out, How much more hadst thou, Lovelace, to answer for than I have! — Saying nothing, neither, when thou sayest this, were it true: for thou wilt not be tried, when the time comes, by comparison. In short, thou mayest, at this rate, so miserably deceive thyself, that, notwithstanding all thy self-denial and mortification, when thou closest thy eyes, thou mayst perhaps open them in a place where thou thoughtest least to be.

However, consult thy old woman on this subject. I shall be thought to be out of character, if I go on in this strain. But really, as to a title to merit in this affair, I do assure thee, Jack, that thou less deservest praise than a horsepond; and I wish I had the sousing of thee.

* * *

I am actually now employed in taking leave of my friends in the country. I had once thought of taking Tomlinson, as I called him, with me: but his destiny has frustrated that intention.

Next Monday I think to see you in town; and then you, and I, and Mowbray, and Tourville, will laugh off that evening together. They will both accompany me (as I expect you will) to Dover, if not cross the water. I must leave you and them good friends. They take extremely amiss the treatment you have given them in your last letters. They say, you strike at their understandings. I laugh at them; and tell them, that those people who have least, are the most apt to be angry when it is called into question.

Make up all the papers and narratives you can spare me against the time. The will, particularly, I expect to take with me. Who knows but that those things, which will help to secure you in the way you are got into, may convert me?

Thou talkest of a wife, Jack: What thinkest you of our Charlotte? Her family and fortune, I doubt, according to thy scheme, are a little too high. Will those be an objection? Charlotte is a smart girl. For piety (thy present turn) I cannot say much: yet she is as serious as most of her sex at her time of life — Would flaunt it a little, I believe, too, like the rest of them, were her reputation under covert.

But it won't do neither, now I think of it: — Thou art so homely, and so awkward a creature! Hast such a boatswain-like air! — People would think she had picked thee up in Wapping, or Rotherhithe; or in going to see some new ship launched, or to view the docks at Chatham, or Portsmouth. So gaudy and so clumsy! Thy tawdriness won't do with Charlotte! — So sit thee down contented, Belford: although I think, in a whimsical way, as now, I mentioned Charlotte to thee once before.* Yet would I fain secure thy morals too, if matrimony will do it. — Let me see! — Now I have it. —— Has not the widow Lovick a daughter, or a niece? It is not every girl of fortune and family that will go to prayers with thee once or twice a day. But since thou art for taking a wife to mortify with, what if thou marriest the widow herself? — She will then have a double concern in thy conversation. You and she may, tête à tête, pass many a comfortable winter's evening together, comparing experiences, as the good folks call them.

* See the Postscript to Letter XL. of Vol. VIII.

I am serious, Jack, faith I am. And I would have thee take it into thy wise consideration.

R.L.

Mr. Belford returns a very serious answer to the preceding letter; which appears not.

In it, he most heartily wishes that he had withstood Mr. Lovelace, whatever had been the consequence, in designs so elaborately base and ungrateful, and so long and steadily pursued, against a lady whose merit and innocence entitled her to the protection of every man who had the least pretences to the title of a gentleman; and

who deserved to be even the public care.

He most severely censures himself for his false notions of honour to his friend, on this head; and recollects what the divine lady, as he calls her, said to him on this very subject, as related by himself in his letter to Lovelace No. XXI. Vol. VII., to which Lovelace also (both instigator and accuser) refers, and to his own regret and shame on the occasion. He distinguishes, however, between an irreparable injury intended to a CLARISSA, and one designed to such of the sex, as contribute by their weakness and indiscretion to their own fall, and thereby entitle themselves to a large share of the guilt which accompanies the crime.

He offers not, he says, to palliate or extenuate the crimes he himself has been guilty of: but laments, for Mr. Lovelace's own sake, that he gives him, with so ludicrous and unconcerned an air, such solemn and useful lessons and warnings. Nevertheless, he resolves to make it his whole endeavour, he tells him, to render them efficacious to himself: and should think himself but too happy, if he shall be enabled to set him such an example as may be a mean to bring about the reformation of a man so dear to him as he has always been, from the first of their acquaintance; and who is capable of thinking so rightly and deeply; though at present to such little purpose, as make his very knowledge add to his condemnation.

LETTER XLIII

MR. BELFORD, TO COLONEL MORDEN THURSDAY, SEPT. 21.

Give me leave, dear Sir, to address myself to you in a very serious and solemn manner, on a subject that I must not, cannot, dispense with; as I promised the divine lady that I would do every thing in my power to prevent that further mischief of which she was so very apprehensive.

I will not content myself with distant hints. It is with very great concern that I have just now heard of a declaration which you are said to have made to your relations at Harlowe-place, that you will not rest till you have avenged your cousin's wrongs upon Mr. Lovelace.

Far be it from me to offer to defend the unhappy man, or even unduly to extenuate his crime! But yet I must say, that the family, by their persecutions of the dear lady at first, and by their implacableness afterwards, ought, at least, to share the blame with him. There is even great reason to believe, that a lady of such a religious turn, her virtue neither to be surprised nor corrupted, her will inviolate, would have got over a mere personal injury; especially as he would have done all that was in his power to repair it; and as, from the application of all his family in his favour, and other circumstances attending his sincere and voluntary offer, the lady might have condescended, with greater glory to herself, than if he had never offended.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you next, I will acquaint you, Sir, with all the circumstances of this melancholy story; from which you will see that Mr. Lovelace was extremely ill treated at first, by the whole family, this admirable lady excepted. This exception, I know, heightens his crime: but as his principal intention was but to try her virtue; and that he became so earnest a suppliant to her for marriage; and as he has suffered so deplorably in the loss of his reason, for not having it in his power to repair her wrongs; I presume to hope that much is to be pleaded against such a resolution as you are said to have made. I will read to you, at the same time, some passages from letters of his; two of which (one but this moment received) will convince you that the unhappy man, who is but now recovering his intellects, needs no greater punishment than what he has from his own reflections.

I have just now read over the copies of the dear lady's posthumous letters. I send them all to you, except that directed for Mr. Lovelace; which I reserve till I have the pleasure of seeing you. Let me entreat you to read once more that written to yourself; and that to her brother;* which latter I now send you; as they are in point to the present subject.

* See Letter XVI. of this volume.

I think, Sir, they are unanswerable. Such, at least, is the effect they have upon me, that I hope I shall never be provoked to draw my sword again in a private quarrel.

To the weight these must needs have upon you, let me add, that the unhappy man has given no new occasion of offence, since your visit to him at Lord M.'s, when you were so well satisfied of his intention to atone for his crimes, that you yourself urged to your dear cousin her forgiveness of him.

Let me also (though I presume to hope there is no need, when you coolly consider every thing) remind you of your own promise to your departing cousin; relying upon which, her last moments were the easier.

Reflect, my dear Colonel Morden, that the highest injury was to her: her family all have a share in the cause: she forgives it: Why should we not endeavour to imitate what we admire?

You asked me, Sir, when in town, if a brave man could be a premeditatedly base one? — Generally speaking, I believe bravery and baseness are incompatible. But Mr. Lovelace's character, in the instance before us, affords a proof of the truth of the common observation, that there is no general rule but has its exceptions: for England, I believe, as gallant a nation as it is deemed to be, has not in it a braver spirit than his; nor a man who has a greater skill at his weapons; nor more calmness with his skill.

I mention not this with a thought that it can affect Col. Morden; who, if he be not withheld by SUPERIOR MOTIVES, as well as influenced by those I have reminded him of, will tell me, that this skill, and this bravery, will make him the more worthy of being called upon by him.

To these SUPERIOR MOTIVES then I refer myself: and with the greater confidence; as a pursuit ending in blood would not, at this time, have the plea lie for it with any body, which sudden passion might have with some: but would be construed by all to be a cool and deliberate act of revenge for an evil absolutely irretrievable: an act of which a brave and noble spirit (such as is the gentleman's to whom I now write) is not capable.

Excuse me, Sir, for the sake of my executorial duty and promise, keeping in eye the dear lady's personal injunctions, as well as written will, enforced by letters posthumous. Every article of which (solicitous as we both are to see it duly performed) she would have dispensed with, rather than farther mischief should happen on her account. I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and faithful friend, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLIV

[THIS IS THE POSTHUMOUS LETTER TO COL. MORDEN, REFERRED TO IN THE ABOVE.]

Superscribed,

TO MY BELOVED COUSIN WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ. TO BE DELIVERED AFTER MY DEATH.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

As it is uncertain, from my present weak state, whether, if living, I may be in a condition to receive as I ought the favour you intend me of a visit, when you come to London, I take this opportunity to return you, while able, the humble acknowledgments of a grateful heart, for all your goodness to me from childhood till now: and more particularly for your present kind interposition in my favour — God Almighty for ever bless you, dear Sir, for the kindness you endeavoured to procure for me!

One principal end of my writing to you, in this solemn manner, is, to beg of you, which I do with the utmost earnestness, that when you come to hear the particulars of my story, you will not suffer active resentment to take place in your generous breast on my account.

Remember, my dear Cousin, that vengeance is God's province, and he has undertaken to repay it; nor will you, I hope, invade that province: — especially as there is no necessity for you to attempt to vindicate my fame; since the offender himself (before he is called upon) has stood forth, and offered to do me all the justice that you could have extorted from him, had I lived: and when your own person may be endangered by running an equal risque with a guilty man.

Duelling, Sir, I need not tell you, who have adorned a public character, is not only an usurpation of the Divine prerogative; but it is an insult upon magistracy and good government. 'Tis an impious act. 'Tis an attempt to take away a life that ought not to depend upon a private sword; an act, the consequence of which is to hurry a soul (all its sins upon its had) into perdition; endangering that of the poor triumpher — since neither intend to give to the other that chance, as I may call it, for the Divine mercy, in an opportunity for repentance, which each presumes to hope for himself.

Seek not then, I beseech you, Sir, to aggravate my fault, by a pursuit of blood, which must necessarily be deemed a consequence of that fault. Give not the unhappy man the merit (were you assuredly to be the victor) of falling by your hand. At present he is the perfidious, the ungrateful deceiver; but will not the forfeiture of his life, and the probable loss of his soul, be a dreadful expiation for

having made me miserable for a few months only, and through that misery, by the Divine favour, happy to all eternity?

In such a case, my Cousin, where shall the evil stop? — And who shall avenge on you? — And who on your avenger?

Let the poor man's conscience, then, dear Sir, avenge me. He will one day find punishment more than enough from that. Leave him to the chance of repentance. If the Almighty will give him time for it, who should you deny it him? — Let him still be the guilty aggressor; and let no one say, Clarissa Harlowe is now amply revenged in his fall; or, in the case of your's, (which Heaven avert!) that her fault, instead of being buried in her grave, is perpetuated, and aggravated, by a loss far greater than that of herself.

Often, Sir, has the more guilty been the vanquisher of the less. An Earl of Shrewsbury, in the reign of Charles II. as I have read, endeavouring to revenge the greatest injury that man can do to man, met with his death at Barn-Elms, from the hand of the ignoble Duke who had vilely dishonoured him. Nor can it be thought an unequal dispensation, were it generally to happen that the usurper of the Divine prerogative should be punished for his presumption by the man whom he sought to destroy, and who, however previously criminal, is put, in this case, upon a necessary act of self-defence.

May Heaven protect you, Sir, in all your ways; and, once more, I pray, reward you for all your kindness to me! A kindness so worthy of your heart, and so exceedingly grateful to mine: that of seeking to make peace, and to reconcile parents to a once-beloved child; uncles to a niece late their favourite; and a brother and sister to a sister whom once they thought not unworthy of that tender relation. A kindness so greatly preferable to the vengeance of a murdering sword.

Be a comforter, dear Sir, to my honoured parents, as you have been to me; and may we, through the Divine goodness to us both, meet in that blessed eternity, into which, as I humbly trust, I shall have entered when you will read this.

So prays, and to her latest hour will pray, my dear Cousin Morden, my friend, my guardian, but not my avenger — [dear Sir! remember that! —]

Your ever-affectionate and obliged CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLV

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SATURDAY, SEPT. 23.

DEAR SIR,

I am very sorry that any thing you have heard I have said should give you uneasiness.

I am obliged to you for the letters you have communicated to me; and still further for your promise to favour me with others occasionally.

All that relates to my dear cousin I shall be glad to see, be it from whom it will.

I leave to your own discretion, what may or may not be proper for Miss Howe to see from a pen so free as mine.

I admire her spirit. Were she a man, do you think, Sir, she, at this time, would have your advice to take upon such a subject as that upon which you write?

Fear not, however, that your communications shall put me upon any measures that otherwise I should not have taken. The wickedness, Sir, is of such a nature, as admits not of aggravation.

Yet I do assure you, that I have not made any resolutions that will be a tie upon me.

I have indeed expressed myself with vehemence upon the occasion. Who could forbear to do so? But it is not my way to resolve in matters of moment, till opportunity brings the execution of my purposes within my reach. We shall see by what manner of spirit this young man will be actuated on his recovery. If he continue to brave and defy a family, which he has so irreparably injured — if — but resolutions depending upon future contingencies are best left to future determination, as I just now hinted.

Mean time, I will own that I think my cousin’s arguments unanswerable. No good man but must be influenced by them. — But, alas! Sir, who is good?

As to your arguments; I hope you will believe me, when I assure you, as I now do, that your opinion and your reasonings have, and will always have, great and deserved weight with me; and that I respect you still more than I did, if possible, for your expostulations in support of my cousin’s pious injunctions to me. They come from you, Sir, with the greatest propriety, as her executor and representative; and likewise as you are a man of humanity, and a well-wisher to both parties.

I am not exempt from violent passions, Sir, any more than your friend; but then I hope they are only capable of being raised by other people’s insolence, and not by my own arrogance. If ever I am stimulated by my imperfections and my

resentments to act against my judgment and my cousin's injunctions, some such reflections as these that follow will run away with my reason. Indeed they are always present with me.

In the first place; my own disappointment: who came over with the hope of passing the remainder of my days in the conversation of a kinswoman so beloved; and to whom I have a double relation as her cousin and trustee.

Then I reflect, too, too often perhaps for my engagements to her in her last hours, that the dear creature could only forgive for herself. She, no doubt, is happy: but who shall forgive for a whole family, in all its branches made miserable for their lives?

That the more faulty her friends were as to her, the more enormous his ingratitude, and the more inexcusable — What! Sir, was it not enough that she suffered what she did for him, but the barbarian must make her suffer for her sufferings for his sake? — Passion makes me express this weakly; passion refuses the aid of expression sometimes, where the propriety of a resentment prima facie declares expression to be needless. I leave it to you, Sir, to give this reflection its due force.

That the author of this diffusive mischief perpetuated it premeditatedly, wantonly, in the gaiety of his heart. To try my cousin, say you, Sir! To try the virtue of a Clarissa, Sir! — Has she then given him any cause to doubt her virtue? — It could not be. — If he avers that she did, I am indeed called upon — but I will have patience.

That he carried her, as now appears, to a vile brothel, purposely to put her out of all human resource; himself out of the reach of all human remorse: and that, finding her proof against all the common arts of delusion, base and unmanly arts were there used to effect his wicked purposes. Once dead, the injured saint, in her will, says, he has seen her.

That I could not know this, when I saw him at M. Hall: that, the object of his attempts considered, I could not suppose there was such a monster breathing as he: that it was natural for me to impute her refusal of him rather to transitory resentment, to consciousness of human frailty, and mingled doubts of the sincerity of his offers, than to villanies, which had given the irreversible blow, and had at that instant brought her down to the gates of death, which in a very few days enclosed her.

That he is a man of defiance: a man who thinks to awe every one by his

insolent darings, and by his pretensions to superior courage and skill.

That, disgrace as he is to his name, and to the character of a gentleman, the man would not want merit, who, in vindication of the dishonoured distincion, should expunge and blot him out of the worthy list.

That the injured family has a son, who, however unworthy of such a sister, is of a temper vehement, unbridled, fierce; unequal, therefore, (as he has once indeed been found,) to a contention with this man: the loss of which son, by a violent death on such an occasion, and by a hand so justly hated, would complete the misery of the whole family; and who, nevertheless, resolves to call him to account, if I do not; his very misbehaviour, perhaps, to such a sister, stimulating his perverse heart to do her memory the more signal justice; though the attempt might be fatal to himself.

Then, Sir, to be a witness, as I am every hour, to the calamity and distress of a family to which I am related; every one of whom, however averse to an alliance with him while it had not place, would no doubt have been soon reconciled to the admirable creature, had the man (to whom, for his family and fortunes, it was not a disgrace to be allied) done her but common justice!

To see them hang their pensive heads; mope about, shunning one another; though formerly never used to meet but to rejoice in each other; afflicting themselves with reflections, that the last time they respectively saw the dear creature, it was here or there, at such a place, in such an attitude; and could they have thought that it would have been the last? — Every one of them reviving instances of her excellencies that will for a long time make their very blessings a curse to them!

Her closet, her chamber, her cabinet, given up to me to disfurnish, in order to answer (now too late obliging!) the legacies bequeathed; unable themselves to enter them; and even making use of less convenient back stairs, that they may avoid passing by the doors of her apartment!

Her parlour locked up; the walks, the retirements, the summer-house in which she delighted, and in which she used to pursue her charming works; that in particular, from which she went to the fatal interview, shunned, or hurried by, or over!

Her perfections, nevertheless, called up to remembrance, and enumerated; incidents and graces, unheeded before, or passed over in the group of her numberless perfections, now brought back into notice, and dwelt upon!

The very servants allowed to expatiate upon these praiseful topics to their principals! Even eloquent in their praises! The distressed principals listening and weeping! Then to see them break in upon the zealous applauders, by their impatience and remorse, and throw abroad their helpless hands, and exclaim; then again to see them listen to hear more of her praises, and weep again — they even encouraging the servants to repeat how they used to be stopt by strangers to ask after her, and by those who knew her, to be told of some new instances to her honour — how aggravating all this!

In dreams they see her, and desire to see her; always an angle, and accompanied by angels; always clad in robes of light; always endeavouring to comfort them, who declare, that they shall never more know comfort!

What an example she set! How she indited! How she drew! How she wrought! How she talked! How she sung! How she played! Her voice music! Her accent harmony!

Her conversation how instructive! how sought after! The delight of persons of all ages, of both sexes, of all ranks! Yet how humble, how condescending! Never were dignity and humility so illustriously mingled!

At other times, how generous, how noble, how charitable, how judicious in her charities! In every action laudable! In every attitude attractive! In every appearance, whether full-dressed, or in the housewife's more humble garb, equally elegant, and equally lovely! Like, or resembling, Miss Clarissa Harlowe, they now remember to be a praise denoting the highest degree of excellence, with every one, whatever person, action, or rank, spoken of. — The desirable daughter; the obliging kinswoman; the affectionate sister, (all envy now subsided!) the faithful, the warm friend; the affable, the kind, the benevolent mistress! — Not one fault remembered! All their severities called cruelties: mutually accusing each other; each him and herself; and all to raise her character, and torment themselves.

Such, Sir, was the angel, of whom the vilest of men has deprived the world! You, Sir, who know more of the barbarous machinations and practices of this

strange man, can help me to still more inflaming reasons, were they needed, why a man, not perfect, may stand excused to the generality of the world, if he should pursue his vengeance; and the rather, as through an absence of six years, (high as just report, and the promises of her early youth from childhood, had raised her in his esteem,) he could not till now know one half of her excellencies — till now! that we have lost, for ever lost, the admirable creature! —

But I will force myself from the subject, after I have repeated that I have not yet made any resolutions that can bind me. Whenever I do, I shall be glad they may be such as may merit the honour of your approbation.

I send you back the copies of the posthumous letters. I see the humanity of your purpose, in the transmission of them to me; and I thank you most heartily for it. I presume, that it is owing to the same laudable consideration, that you kept back the copy of that to the wicked man himself.

I intend to wait upon Miss Howe in person with the diamond ring, and such other of the effects bequeathed to her as are here. I am, Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged servant, WM. MORDEN.

[Mr. Belford, in his answer to this letter, farther enforces the lady's dying injunctions; and rejoices that the Colonel has made no vindictive resolutions; and hopes every thing from his prudence and consideration, and from his promise given to the dying lady.

He refers to the seeing him in town on account of the dreadful ends of two of the greatest criminals in his cousin's affair. 'This, says he, together with Mr. Lovelace's disorder of mind, looks as if Providence had already taken the punishment of these unhappy wretches into its own hands.'

He desires the Colonel will give him a day's notice of his coming to town, lest otherwise he may be absent at the time — this he does, though he tells him not the reason, with a view to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Lovelace; who might be in town (as he apprehends,) about the same time, in his way to go abroad.]

LETTER XLVI

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TUESDAY, SEPT. 26.

DEAR SIR,

I cannot help congratulating myself as well as you that we have already got through with the family every article of the will where they have any concern.

You left me a discretional power in many instances; and, in pursuance of it, I have had my dear cousin's personal jewels, and will account to you for them, at the highest price, when I come to town, as well as for other matters that you were pleased to intrust to my management.

These jewels I have presented to my cousin Dolly Hervey, in acknowledgement of her love to the dear departed. I have told Miss Howe of this; and she is as well pleased with what I have done as if she had been the purchaser of them herself. As that young lady has jewels of her own, she could only have wished to purchase these because they were her beloved friend's. — The grandmother's jewels are also valued; and the money will be paid me for you, to be carried to the uses of the will.

Mrs. Norton is preparing, by general consent, to enter upon her office as housekeeper at The Grove. But it is my opinion that she will not be long on this side Heaven.

I waited upon Miss Howe myself, as I told you I would, with what was bequeathed to her and her mother. You will not be displeased, perhaps, if I make a few observations with regard to that young lady, so dear to my beloved cousin, as you have not a personal acquaintance with her.

There never was a firmer or nobler friendship in women, than between my dear cousin and Miss Howe, to which this wretched man had given a period.

Friendship, generally speaking, Mr. Belford, is too fervent a flame for female minds to manage: a light that but in few of their hands burns steady, and often hurries the sex into flight and absurdity. Like other extremes, it is hardly ever durable. Marriage, which is the highest state of friendship, generally absorbs the most vehement friendships of female to female; and that whether the wedlock be happy, or not.

What female mind is capable of two fervent female friendships at the same time? — This I mention as a general observation; but the friendship that subsisted between these two ladies affords a remarkable exception to it: which I account for from those qualities and attainments in both, which, were they more common, would furnish more exceptions still in favour of the sex.

Both had an enlarged, and even a liberal education: both had minds thirsting after virtuous knowledge; great readers both; great writers — [and early familiar writing I take to be one of the greatest openers and improvers of the mind that man or woman can be employed in.] Both generous. High in fortune, therefore above that dependence each on the other that frequently destroys that familiarity which is the cement of friendship. Both excelling in different ways, in which neither sought to envy the other. Both blessed with clear and distinguishing faculties; with solid sense; and, from their first intimacy, [I have many of my lights, Sir, from Mrs. Norton,] each seeing something in the other to fear, as well as to love; yet making it an indispensable condition of their friendship, each to tell the other of her failings; and to be thankful for the freedom taken. One by nature gentle; the other made so by her love and admiration of her exalted friend — impossible that there could be a friendship better calculated for duration.

I must, however, take the liberty to blame Miss Howe for her behaviour to Mr. Hickman. And I infer from it, that even women of sense are not to be trusted with power.

By the way, I am sure I need not desire you not to communicate to this fervent young lady the liberties I have taken with her character.

I dare say my cousin could not approve of Miss Howe's behaviour to this gentleman; a behaviour which is talked of by as many as know Mr. Hickman and her. Can a wise young lady be easy under such censure? She must know it.

Mr. Hickman is really a very worthy man. Every body speaks well of him. But he is gentle-dispositioned, and he adores Miss Howe; and love admits not of an air of even due dignity to the object of it. Yet will Mr. Hickman hardly ever get back the reins he has yielded up; unless she, by carrying too far the power of which she seems at present too sensible, should, when she has no favours to confer which he has not a right to demand, provoke him to throw off the too-heavy yoke. And should he do so, and then treat her with negligence, Miss Howe, of all the women I know, will be the least able to support herself under it. She will then be more unhappy than she ever made him; for a man who is uneasy at home, can divert himself abroad; which a woman cannot so easily do, without scandal. — Permit me to take farther notice, as to Miss Howe, that it is very obvious to me, that she has, by her haughty behaviour to this worthy man, involved herself in one difficulty, from which she knows not how to extricate herself with that grace which accompanies all her actions. She intends to have Mr. Hickman. I believe she does not dislike him. And it will cost her no small pains to descend from the elevation she has climbed to.

Another inconvenience she will suffer from her having taught every body (for she is above disguise) to think, by her treatment of Mr. Hickman, much more

meanly of him than he deserves to be thought of. And must she not suffer dishonour in his dishonour?

Mrs. Howe is much disturbed at her daughter's behaviour to the gentleman. He is very deservedly a favourite of her's. But [another failing in Miss Howe] her mother has not all the authority with her that a mother ought to have. Miss Howe is indeed a woman of fine sense; but it requires a high degree of good understanding, as well as a sweet and gentle disposition of mind, and great discretion, in a child, when grown up, to let it be seen, that she mingles reverence with her love, to a parent, who has talents visibly inferior to her own.

Miss Howe is open, generous, noble. The mother has not any of her fine qualities. Parents, in order to preserve their children's veneration for them, should take great care not to let them see any thing in their conduct, or behaviour, or principles, which they themselves would not approve of in others.

Mr. Hickman has, however, this consideration to comfort himself with, that the same vivacity by which he suffers, makes Miss Howe's own mother, at times, equally sensible. And as he sees enough of this beforehand, he will have more reason to blame himself than the lady, should she prove as lively a wife as she was a mistress, for having continued his addresses, and married her, against such threatening appearances.

There is also another circumstance which good-natured men, who engage with even lively women, may look forward to with pleasure; a circumstance which generally lowers the spirits of the ladies, and domesticates them, as I may call it; and which, as it will bring those of Mr. Hickman and Miss Howe nearer to a par, that worthy gentleman will have double reason, when it happens, to congratulate himself upon it.

But after all, I see that there is something so charmingly brilliant and frank in Miss Howe's disposition, although at present visibly overclouded by grief, that it is impossible not to love her, even for her failings. She may, and I hope she will, make Mr. Hickman an obliging wife. And if she does, she will have additional merit with me; since she cannot be apprehensive of check or controul; and may therefore, by her generosity and prudence, lay an obligation upon her husband, by the performance of what is no more than her duty.

Her mother both loves and fears her. Yet is Mrs. Howe also a woman of vivacity, and ready enough, I dare say, to cry out when she is pained. But, alas! she has, as I hinted above, weakened her authority by the narrowness of her mind.

Yet once she praised her daughter to me with so much warmth for the generosity of her spirit, that had I not known the old lady's character, I should have thought her generous herself. And yet I have always observed, that people of narrow tempers are ready to praise generous ones: — and thus have I accounted

for it — that such persons generally find it to their purpose, that all the world should be open-minded but themselves.

The old lady applied herself to me, to urge to the young one the contents of the will, in order to hasten her to fix a day for her marriage; but desired that I would not let Miss Howe know that she did.

I took the liberty upon it to tell Miss Howe that I hoped that her part of a will, so soon, and so punctually, in almost all its other articles, fulfilled, would not be the only one that would be slighted.

Her answer was, she would consider of it: and made me a courtesy with such an air, as showed me that she thought me more out of my sphere, than I could allow her to think me, had I been permitted to argue the point with her.

I found Miss Howe and her own servant-maid in deep mourning. This, it seems, had occasioned a great debate at first between her mother and her. Her mother had the words of the will on her side; and Mr. Hickman's interest in her view; her daughter having said that she would wear it for six months at least. But the young lady carried her point— 'Strange,' said she, 'if I, who shall mourn the heavy, the irreparable loss to the last hour of my life, should not show my concern to the world for a few months!'

Mr. Hickman, for his part, was so far from uttering an opposing word on this occasion, that, on the very day that Miss Howe put on her's, he waited on her in a new suit of mourning, as for a near relation. His servants and equipage made the same respectful appearance.

Whether the mother was consulted by him in it, I cannot say; but the daughter knew nothing of it, till she saw him in it; she looked at him with surprise, and asked him for whom he mourned?

The dear, and ever-dear Miss Harlowe, he said.

She was at a loss, it seems. At last — All the world ought to mourn for my Clarissa, said she; But whom, man, [that was her whimsical address to him,] thinkest thou to oblige by this appearance?

It is more than appearance, Madam. I love not my own sister, worthy as she is, better than I loved Miss Clarissa Harlowe. I oblige myself by it. And if I disoblige not you, that is all I wish.

She surveyed him, I am told, from head to foot. She knew not, at first, whether to be angry or pleased. — At length, 'I thought at first,' said she, 'that you might have a bolder and freer motive — but (as my Mamma says) you may be a well-meaning man, though generally a little wrong-headed — however, as the world is censorious, and may think us nearer of kin than I would have it supposed, I must take care that I am not seen abroad in your company.'

But let me add, Mr. Belford, that if this compliment of Mr. Hickman (or this more than compliment, as I may call it, since the worthy man speaks not of my dear cousin without emotion) does not produce a short day, I shall think Miss Howe has less generosity in her temper than I am willing to allow her.

You will excuse me, Mr. Belford, for the particularities which you invited and encouraged. Having now seen every thing that relates to the will of my dear cousin brought to a desirable issue, I will set about making my own. I shall follow the dear creature's example, and give my reasons for every article, that there may be no room for after-contention.

What but a fear of death, a fear unworthy of a creature who knows that he must one day as surely die as he was born, can hinder any one from making such a disposition?

I hope soon to pay my respects to you in town. Mean time, I am, with great respect, dear Sir,

Your faithful and affectionate humble servant, WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XLVII

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY, SEPT. 28.

MADAM,

I do myself the honour to send you by this, according to my promise,* copies of the posthumous letters written by your exalted friend.

* See Letter XXXVI. of this volume.

These will be accompanied with other letters, particularly a copy of one from Mr. Lovelace, begun to be written on the 14th, and continued down to the 18th.* You will see by it, Madam, the dreadful anguish that his spirits labour with, and his deep remorse.

* See Letter XXXVII. ibid.

Mr. Lovelace sent for this letter back. I complied; but I first took a copy of it. As I have not told him that I have done so, you will be pleased to forbear communicating of it to any body but Mr. Hickman. That gentleman's perusal of it will be the same as if nobody but yourself saw it.

One of the letters of Colonel Morden, which I enclose, you will observe, Madam, is only a copy.* The true reason for which, as I will ingenuously acknowledge, is, some free, but respectful animadversions which the Colonel has made upon your declining to carry into execution your part of your dear friend's last requests. I have therefore, in respect to that worthy gentleman, (having a caution from him on that head,) omitted those parts.

* The preceding Letter.

Will you allow me, Madam, however, to tell you, that I myself could not have believed that my inimitable testatrix's own Miss Howe would have been the most backward in performing such a part of her dear friend's last will, as is entirely in her own power to perform — especially, when that performance would make one of the most deserving men in England happy; and whom, I presume, she proposes to honour with her hand.

Excuse me, Madam, I have a most sincere veneration for you; and would not disoblige you for the world.

I will not presume to make remarks on the letters I send you; nor upon the informations I have to give you of the dreadful end of two unhappy wretches who were the greatest criminals in the affair of your adorable friend. These are the infamous Sinclair, and a person whom you have read of, no doubt, in the letters of the charming innocent, by the name of Captain Tomlinson.

The wretched woman died in the extremest tortures and despondency: the man from wounds got in defending himself in carrying on a contraband trade; both

accusing themselves, in their last hours, for the parts they had acted against the most excellent of women, as of the crime that gave them the deepest remorse.

Give me leave to say, Madam, that if your compassion be not excited for the poor man who suffers so greatly from his own anguish of mind, as you will observe by his letter he does; and for the unhappy family, whose remorse, you will see by Colonel Morden's, is so deep; your terror must. And yet I should not wonder, if the just sense of the irreparable loss you have sustained hardens a heart against pity, which, on a less extraordinary occasion, would want its principal grace, if it were not compassionate.

I am, Madam, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Your most obliged and faithful humble servant, J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLVIII

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. SATURDAY, SEPT. 30.

SIR,

I little thought I ever could have owed so much obligation to any man as you have laid me under. And yet what you have sent me has almost broken my heart, and ruined my eyes.

I am surprised, though agreeably, that you have so soon, and so well, got over that part of the trust you have engaged in, which relates to the family.

It may be presumed, from the exits you mention of two of the infernal man's accomplices, that the thunderbolt will not stop short of the principal. Indeed I have some pleasure to think it seems rolling along towards the devoted head that has plotted all the mischief. But let me, however, say, that although I think Mr. Morden not altogether in the wrong in his reasons for resentment, as he is the dear creature's kinsman and trustee, yet I think you very much in the right in endeavouring to dissuade him from it, as you are her executor, and act in pursuance of her earnest request.

But what a letter is that of the infernal man's! I cannot observe upon it. Neither can I, for very different reasons, upon my dear creature's posthumous letters; particularly on that to him. O Mr. Belford! what numberless perfections died, when my Clarissa drew her last breath!

If decency be observed in his letters, for I have not yet had patience to read above two or three of them, (besides this horrid one, which I return to you enclosed,) I may some time hence be curious to look, by their means, into the hearts of wretches, which, though they must be the abhorrence of virtuous minds, will, when they are laid open, (as I presume they are in them,) afford a proper warning to those who read them, and teach them to detest men of such profligate characters.

If your reformation be sincere, you will not be offended that I do not except you on this occasion. — And thus have I helped you to a criterion to try yourself by.

By this letter of the wicked man it is apparent that there are still wickeder women. But see what a guilty commerce with the devils of your sex will bring those to whose morals ye have ruined! — For these women were once innocent: it was man that made them otherwise. The first bad man, perhaps, threw them upon worse men; those upon still worse; till they commenced devils incarnate — the height of wickedness or of shame is not arrived at all at once, as I have somewhere heard observed.

But this man, this monster rather, for him to curse these women, and to curse the dear creature's family (implacable as the latter were,) in order to lighten a burden he voluntarily took up, and groans under, is meanness added to wickedness: and in vain will he one day find his low plea of sharing with her friends, and with those common wretches, a guilt which will be adjudged him as all his own; though they too may meet their punishment; as it is evidently begun; in the first, in their ineffectual reproaches of one another; in the second — as you have told me.

This letter of the abandoned wretch I have not shown to any body; not even to Mr. Hickman: for, Sir, I must tell you, I do not as yet think it the same thing as only seeing it myself.

Mr. Hickman, like the rest of his sex, would grow upon indulgence. One distinction from me would make him pay two to himself. Insolent creepers, or encroachers all of you! To show any of you a favour to-day, you would expect it as a right to-morrow.

I am, as you see, very open and sincere with you; and design in another letter to be still more so, in answer to your call, and Colonel Morden's call, upon me, in a point that concerns me to explain myself upon to my beloved creature's executor, and to the Colonel, as her only tender and only worthy relation.

I cannot but highly applaud Colonel Morden for his generosity to Miss Dolly Hervey.

O that he had arrived time enough to save my inimitable friend from the machinations of the vilest of men, and from the envy and malice of the most selfish and implacable of brothers and sisters!

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLIX

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MONDAY, OCT. 2.

When you question me, Sir, as you do, and on a subject so affecting to me, in the character of the representative of my best beloved friend, and have in every particular hitherto acted up to that character, you are entitled to my regard: especially as you are joined in your questioning of me by a gentleman whom I look upon as the dearest and nearest (because worthiest) relation of my dear friend: and who, it seems, has been so severe a censurer of my conduct, that your politeness will not permit you to send me his letter, with others of his; but a copy only, in which the passages reflecting upon me are omitted.

I presume, however, that what is meant by this alarming freedom of the Colonel is no more than what you both have already hinted to me. As if you thought I were not inclined to pay so much regard to my beloved creature's last will, in my own case, as I would have others pay to it. A charge that I ought not to be quite silent under.

You have observed, no doubt, that I have seemed to value myself upon the freedom I take in declaring my sentiments without reserve upon every subject that I pretend to touch upon: and I can hardly question that I have, or shall, in your opinion, by my unceremonious treatment of you upon so short an acquaintance, run into the error of those, who, wanting to be thought above hypocrisy and flattery, fall into rusticity, if not ill-manners; a common fault with such, who, not caring to correct constitutional failings, seek to gloss them over by some nominal virtue; when all the time, perhaps, these failings are entirely owing to native arrogance; or, at least, to a contracted rust, that they will not, because it would give them pain, submit to have filed off.

You see, Sir, that I can, however, be as free with myself as with you: and by what I am going to write, you will find me still more free; and yet I am aware that such of my sex as will not assume some little dignity, and exact respect from your's, will render themselves cheap; and, perhaps, for their modesty and diffidence, be repaid with scorn and insult.

But the scorn I will endeavour not to deserve; and the insult I will not bear.

In some of the dear creature's papers which you have had in your possession, and must again have, in order to get transcribed, you will find several friendly, but severe reprehensions of me, on account of a natural, or, at least, an habitual, warmth of temper, which she was pleased to impute to me.

I was thinking to give you her charge against me in her own words, from one of her letters delivered to me with her own hands, on taking leave of me on the

last visit she honoured me with. But I will supply that charge by confession of more than it imports; to wit, ‘That I am haughty, uncontroulable, and violent in my temper;’ this, I say; ‘Impatient of contradiction,’ was my beloved’s charge; [from any body but her dear self, she should have said;] ‘and aim not at that affability, that gentleness, next to meekness, which, in the letter I was going to communicate, she tells me are the peculiar and indispensable characteristics of a real fine lady; who, she is pleased to say, should appear to be gall-less as a dove; and never should know what warmth or high spirit is, but in the cause of religion or virtue; or in cases where her own honour, the honour of a friend, or that of an innocent person, is concerned.’

Now, Sir, as I needs must plead guilty to this indictment, do you think I ought not to resolve upon a single life? — I, who have such an opinion of your sex, that I think there is not one man in an hundred whom a woman of sense and spirit can either honour or obey, though you make us promise both, in that solemn form of words which unites or rather binds us to you in marriage?

When I look round upon all the married people of my acquaintance, and see how they live, and what they bear who live best, I am confirmed in my dislike to the state.

Well do your sex contrive to bring us up fools and idiots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our shoulders; and that we may not despise you from our hearts, (as we certainly should, if we were brought up as you are,) for your ignorance, as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your insolence.

These, Sir, are some of my notions. And, with these notions, let me repeat my question, Do you think I ought to marry at all?

If I marry either a sordid or an imperious wretch, can I, do you think, live with him? And ought a man of a contrary character, for the sake of either of our reputations, to be plagued with me?

Long did I stand out against all the offers made me, and against all the persuasions of my mother; and, to tell you the truth, the longer, and with the more obstinacy, as the person my choice would have first fallen upon was neither approved by my mother, nor by my dear friend. This riveted me to my pride, and to my opposition; for although I was convinced, after a while, that my choice would neither have been prudent nor happy; and that the specious wretch was not what he had made me believe he was; yet could I not easily think of any other man; and indeed, from the detection of him, took a settled aversion to the whole sex.

At last Mr. Hickman offered himself; a man worthy of a better choice. He had the good fortune [he thinks it so] to be agreeable (and to make his proposals agreeable) to my mother.

As to myself; I own, that were I to have chosen a brother, Mr. Hickman should have been the man; virtuous, sober, sincere, friendly, as he is. But I wish not to marry; nor knew I the man in the world whom I could think deserving of my beloved friend. But neither of our parents would let us live single.

The accursed Lovelace was proposed warmly to her at one time; and, while she was yet but indifferent to him, they, by ungenerous usage of him, (for then, Sir, he was not known to be Beelzebub himself,) and by endeavouring to force her inclinations in favour first of one worthless man, then of another, in antipathy to him, through her foolish brother's caprice, turned that indifference (from the natural generosity of her soul) into a regard which she never otherwise would have had for a man of his character.

Mr. Hickman was proposed to me. I refused him again and again. He persisted; my mother his advocate. I told him my dislike of all men — of him — of matrimony — still he persisted. I used him with tyranny — led, indeed, partly by my temper, partly by design; hoping thereby to get rid of him; till the poor man (his character unexceptionably uniform) still persisting, made himself a merit with me by his patience. This brought down my pride, [I never, Sir, was accounted very ungenerous, nor quite ungrateful,] and gave me, at one time, an inferiority in my own opinion to him; which lasted just long enough for my friends to prevail upon me to promise him encouragement, and to receive his addresses.

Having done so, when the weather-glass of my pride got up again, I found I had gone too far to recede. My mother and my friends both held me to it. Yet I tried him, I vexed him, an hundred ways; and not so much neither with design to vex him, as to make him hate me, and decline his suit.

He bore this, however; and got nothing but my pity; yet still my mother, and my friend, having obtained my promise, [made, however, not to him, but to them,] and being well assured that I valued no man more than Mr. Hickman, (who never once disobliged me in word, or deed, or look, except by his foolish perseverance,) insisted upon the performance.

While my dear friend was in her unhappy uncertainty, I could not think of marriage; and now, what encouragement have I? — She, my monitress, my guide, my counsel, gone, for ever gone! by whose advice and instructions I hoped to acquit myself tolerably in the state to which I could not avoid entering. For, Sir, my mother is so partially Mr. Hickman's friend, that I am sure, should any difference arise, she would always censure me, and acquit him; even were he ungenerous enough to remember me in his day.

This, Sir, being my situation, consider how difficult it is for me to think of marriage. Whenever we approve, we can find an hundred good reasons to justify

our approbation. Whenever we dislike, we can find a thousand to justify our dislike. Every thing in the latter case is an impediment; every shadow a bugbear. — Thus can I enumerate and swell, perhaps, only imaginary grievances; 'I must go whither he would have me to go; visit whom he would have me to visit: well as I love to write, (though now, alas! my grand inducement to write is over!) it must be to whom he pleases:' and Mrs. Hickman (who, as Miss Howe, cannot do wrong) would hardly ever be able to do right. Thus, the tables turned upon me, I am reminded of my vowed obedience; Madam'd up perhaps to matrimonial perfection, and all the wedded warfare practised comfortably over between us, (for I shall not be passive under insolent treatment,) till we become curses to each other, a bye-word to our neighbours, and the jest of our own servants.

But there must be bear and forbear, methinks some wise body will tell me: But why must I be teased into a state where that must be necessarily the case; when now I can do as I please, and wish only to be let alone to do as best pleases me? And what, in effect, does my mother say? 'Anna Howe, you now do every thing that pleases you; you now have nobody to controul you; you go and you come; you dress and you undress; you rise and you go to rest, just as you think best; but you must be happier still, child!' —

As how, Madam?

'Why, you must marry, my dear, and have none of these options; but, in every thing, do as your husband commands you.'

This is very hard, you will own, Sir, for such a one as me to think of. And yet, engaged to enter into that state, as I am, how can I help myself? My mother presses me; my friend, my beloved friend, writing as from the dead, presses me; and you and Mr. Morden, as executors of her will, remind me; the man is not afraid of me, [I am sure, were I the man, I should not have half his courage;] and I think I ought to conclude to punish him (the only effectual way I have to do it) for his perverse adherence and persecution, with the grant of his own wishes; a punishment which many others who enjoy their's very commonly experience.

Let me then assure you, Sir, that when I can find, in the words of my charming friend in her will, writing of her cousin Hervey, that my grief for her is mellowed by time into a remembrance more sweet than painful, that I may not be utterly unworthy of the passion a man of some merit has for me, I will answer the request of my dear friend, so often repeated, and so earnestly pressed; and Mr. Hickman shall find, if he continue to deserve my gratitude, that my endeavours shall not be wanting to make him amends for the patience he has had, and must still a little while longer have with me: and then will it be his own fault (I hope not mine) if our marriage answer not those happy prognostics, which filled her generous

presaging mind, upon this view, as she once, for my encouragement, and to induce me to encourage him, told me.

Thus, Sir, have I, in a very free manner, accounted to you, as to the executor of my beloved friend, for all that relates to you, as such, to know; and even for more than I needed to do, against myself; only that you will find as much against me in some of her letters; and so, losing nothing, I gain the character of ingenuousness with you.

And thus much for the double reprimand, on my delaying my part of the performance of my dear friend's will.

And now, while you are admonishing me on this subject, let me remind you of one great article relating to yourself: it is furnished me by my dear creature's posthumous letter to you — I hope you will not forget, that the most benevolent of her sex expresses herself as earnestly concerned for your thorough reformation, as she does for my marrying. You'll see to it, then, that her wishes are as completely answered in that particular, as you are desirous they should be in all others.

I have, I own, disobeyed her in one article; and that is, where she desires I would not put myself into mourning. I could not help it.

I send this and mine of Saturday last together; and will not add another word, after I have told you that I think myself

Your obliged servant, A. HOWE.

LETTER L

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS HOWE THURSDAY NIGHT, OCT. 5.

I return you, Madam, my most respectful thanks for your condescending hint, in relation to the pious wishes of your exalted friend for my thorough reformation.

I will only say, that it will be my earnest and unwearied endeavour to make those generous wishes effectual: and I hope for the Divine blessing upon such my endeavours, or else I know they will be in vain.

I cannot, Madam, express how much I think myself obliged to you for your farther condescension, in writing to me so frankly the state of your past and present mind, in relation to the single and matrimonial life. If the lady by whom, as the executor of her inimitable friend, I am thus honoured, has failings, never were failings so lovely in woman! — How much more lovely, indeed, than the virtues of many of her sex!

I might have ventured into the hands of such a lady the Colonel's original letter entire. The worthy gentleman exceedingly admires you; and this caution was the effect of his politeness only, and of his regard for you.

I send you, Madam, a letter from Lord M. to myself; and the copies of three others written in consequence of that. These will acquaint you with Mr. Lovelace's departure from England, and with other particulars, which you will be curious to know.

Be pleased to keep to yourself such of the contents as your own prudence will suggest to you ought not to be seen by any body else.

I am, Madam, with the profoundest and most grateful respect,

Your faithful and obliged humble servant, JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER LI

LORD M. TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. M. HALL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 29.

DEAR SIR,

My kinsman Lovelace is now setting out for London; proposing to see you, and then to go to Dover, and so embark. God send him well out of the kingdom!

On Monday he will be with you, I believe. Pray let me be favoured with an account of all your conversations; for Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville are to be there too; and whether you think he is grown quite his own man again.

What I mostly write for is, to wish you to keep Colonel Morden and him asunder; and so I give you notice of his going to town. I should be very loth there should be any mischief between them, as you gave me notice that the Colonel threatened my nephew. But my kinsman would not bear that; so nobody let him know that he did. But I hope there is no fear; for the Colonel does not, as I hear, threaten now. For his own sake, I am glad of that; for there is not such a man in the world as my kinsman is said to be, at all the weapons — as well he was not; he would not be so daring.

We shall all here miss the wild fellow. To be sure, there is no man better company when he pleases.

Pray, do you never travel thirty or forty miles? I should be glad to see you here at M. Hall. It will be charity when my kinsman is gone; for we suppose you will be his chief correspondent; although he has promised to write to my nieces often. But he is very apt to forget his promises; to us his relations particularly. God preserve us all; Amen! prays

Your very humble servant, M.

LETTER LII

MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M. LONDON, TUESDAY NIGHT, OCT. 3.

MY LORD,

I obey your Lordship's commands with great pleasure.

Yesterday in the afternoon Mr. Lovelace made me a visit at my lodgings. As I was in expectation of one from Colonel Morden about the same time, I thought proper to carry him to a tavern which neither of us frequented, (on pretence of a half-appointment;) ordering notice to be sent me thither, if the Colonel came; and Mr. Lovelace sent to Mowbray, and Tourville, and Mr. Doleman of Uxbridge, (who came to town to take leave of him,) to let them know where to find us.

Mr. Lovelace is too well recovered, I was going to say. I never saw him more gay, lively, and handsome. We had a good deal of bluster about some parts of the trust I had engaged in; and upon freedoms I had treated him with; in which, he would have it, that I had exceeded our agreed-upon limits; but on the arrival of our three old companions, and a nephew of Mr. Doleman's, (who had a good while been desirous to pass an hour with Mr. Lovelace,) it blew off for the present.

Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville had also taken some exceptions at the freedoms of my pen; and Mr. Lovelace, after his way, took upon him to reconcile us; and did it at the expense of all three; and with such an infinite run of humour and raillery, that we had nothing to do but to laugh at what he said, and at one another. I can deal tolerably with him at my pen; but in conversation he has no equal. In short, it was his day. He was glad, he said, to find himself alive; and his two friends, clapping and rubbing their hands twenty times in an hour, declared, that now, once more, he was all himself — the charming'st fellow in the world; and they would follow him to the farthest part of the globe.

I threw a bur upon his coat now-and-then; but none would stick.

Your Lordship knows, that there are many things which occasion a roar of applause in conversation, when the heart is open, and men are resolved to be merry, which will neither bear repeating, nor thinking of afterwards. Common things, in the mouth of a man we admire, and whose wit has passed upon us for sterling, become, in a gay hour, uncommon. We watch every turn of such a one's countenance, and are resolved to laugh when he smiles, even before he utters what we are expecting to flow from his lips.

Mr. Doleman and his nephew took leave of us by twelve, Mowbray and Tourville grew very noisy by one, and were carried off by two. Wine never moves

Mr. Lovelace, notwithstanding a vivacity which generally helps on over-gay spirits. As to myself, the little part I had taken in the gaiety kept me unconcerned.

The clock struck three before I could get him into any serious or attentive way — so natural to him is gaiety of heart; and such strong hold had the liveliness of the evening taken of him. His conversation, you know, my Lord, when his heart is free, runs off to the bottom without any dregs.

But after that hour, and when we thought of parting, he became a little more serious: and then he told me his designs, and gave me a plan of his intended tour; wishing heartily that I could have accompanied him.

We parted about four; he not a little dissatisfied with me; for we had some talk about subjects, which, he said, he loved not to think of; to whit, Miss Harlowe's will; my executorship; papers I had in confidence communicated to that admirable lady (with no unfriendly design, I assure your Lordship;) and he insisting upon, and I refusing, the return of the letters he had written to me, from the time that he had made his first addresses to her.

He would see me once again, he said; and it would be upon very ill terms if I complied not with his request. Which I bid him not expect. But, that I might not deny him every thing, I told him, that I would give him a copy of the will; though I was sure, I said, when he read it, he would wish he had never seen it.

I had a message from him about eleven this morning, desiring me to name a place at which to dine with him, and Mowbray, and Tourville, for the last time: and soon after another from Colonel Morden, inviting me to pass the evening with him at the Bedford-head in Covent-Garden. And, that I might keep them at distance from one another, I appointed Mr. Lovelace at the Eagle in Suffolk-street.

There I met him, and the two others. We began where we left off at our last parting; and were very high with each other. But, at last, all was made up, and he offered to forget and forgive every thing, on condition that I would correspond with him while abroad, and continue the series which had been broken through by his illness; and particularly give him, as I had offered, a copy of the lady's last will.

I promised him: and he then fell to rallying me on my gravity, and on my reformation-schemes, as he called them. As we walked about the room, expecting dinner to be brought in, he laid his hand upon my shoulder; then pushed me from him with a curse; walking round me, and surveying me from head to foot; then calling for the observations of the others, he turned round upon his heel, and with one of his peculiar wild airs, 'Ha, ha, ha, ha,' burst he out, 'that these sour-faced proselytes should take it into their heads that they cannot be pious, without forfeiting both their good-nature and good-manners! — Why, Jack,' turning me about, 'pr'ythee look up, man! — Dost thou not know, that religion, if it has taken

proper hold of the heart, is the most cheerful countenance-maker in the world? — I have heard my beloved Miss Harlowe say so: and she knew, or nobody did. And was not her aspect a benign proof of the observation? But thy these wamblings in thy cursed gizzard, and thy awkward grimaces, I see thou'rt but a novice in it yet! — Ah, Belford, Belford, thou hast a confounded parcel of briers and thorns to trample over barefoot, before religion will illuminate these gloomy features!'

I give your Lordship this account, in answer to your desire to know, if I think him the man he was.

In our conversation at dinner, he was balancing whether he should set out the next morning, or the morning after. But finding he had nothing to do, and Col. Morden being in town, (which, however, I told him not of,) I turned the scale; and he agreed upon setting out to-morrow morning; they to see him embark; and I promised to accompany them for a morning's ride (as they proposed their horses); but said, that I must return in the afternoon.

With much reluctance they let me go to my evening's appointment: they little thought with whom: for Mr. Lovelace had put it as a case of honour to all of us, whether, as he had been told that Mr. Morden and Mr. James Harlowe had thrown out menaces against him, he ought to leave the kingdom till he had thrown himself in their way.

Mowbray gave his opinion, that he ought to leave it like a man of honour as he was; and if he did not take those gentlemen to task for their opprobrious speeches, that at least he should be seen by them in public before he went away; else they might give themselves airs, as if he had left the kingdom in fear of them.

To this he himself so much inclined, that it was with difficulty I persuaded him, that, as they had neither of them proceeded to a direct and formal challenge; as they knew he had not made himself difficult of access; and as he had already done the family injury enough; and it was Miss Harlowe's earnest desire, that he would be content with that; he had no reason, from any point of honour, to delay his journey; especially as he had so just a motive for his going, as the establishing of his health; and as he might return the sooner, if he saw occasion for it.

I found the Colonel in a very solemn way. We had a good deal of discourse upon the subject of certain letters which had passed between us in relation to Miss Harlowe's will, and to her family. He has some accounts to settle with his banker; which, he says, will be adjusted to-morrow; and on Thursday he proposes to go down again, to take leave of his friends; and then intends to set out directly for Italy.

I wish Mr. Lovelace could have been prevailed upon to take any other tour, than that of France and Italy. I did propose Madrid to him; but he laughed at me,

and told me, that the proposal was in character from a mule; and from one who was become as grave as a Spaniard of the old cut, at ninety.

I expressed to the Colonel my apprehensions, that his cousin's dying injunctions would not have the force upon him that were to be wished.

'They have great force upon me, Mr. Belford,' said he; 'or one world would not have held Mr. Lovelace and me thus long. But my intention is to go to Florence; and not to lay my bones there, as upon my cousin's death I told you I thought to do; but to settle all my affairs in those parts, and then to come over, and reside upon a little paternal estate in Kent, which is strangely gone to ruin in my absence. Indeed, were I to meet Mr. Lovelace, either here or abroad, I might not be answerable for the consequence.'

He would have engaged me for to-morrow. But having promised to attend Mr. Lovelace on his journey, as I have mentioned, I said, I was obliged to go out of town, and was uncertain as to the time of my return in the evening. And so I am to see him on Thursday morning at my own lodgings.

I will do myself the honour to write again to your Lordship to-morrow night. Mean time, I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

LETTER LIII

MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M. WEDN. NIGHT, OCT. 4.

MY LORD,

I am just returned from attending Mr. Lovelace as far as Gad's-Hill, near Rochester. He was exceeding gay all the way. Mowbray and Tourville are gone on with him. They will see him embark, and under sail; and promise to follow him in a month or two; for they say, there is no living without him, now he is once more himself.

He and I parted with great and even solemn tokens of affection; but yet not without gay intermixtures, as I will acquaint your Lordship.

Taking me aside, and clasping his arms about me, 'Adieu, dear Belford!' said he: 'may you proceed in the course you have entered upon! — Whatever airs I give myself, this charming creature has fast hold of me here — [clapping his hand upon his heart]: and I must either appear what you see me, or be what I so lately was — O the divine creature!' lifting up his eyes ——

'But if I live to come to England, and you remain fixed in your present way, and can give me encouragement, I hope rather to follow your example, than to ridicule you for it. This will [for I had given him a copy of it] I will make the companion of my solitary hours. You have told me a part of its melancholy contents; and that, and her posthumous letter, shall be my study; and they will prepare me for being your disciple, if you hold on.

'You, Jack, may marry,' continued he; 'and I have a wife in my eye for you. — Only thou'rt such an awkward mortal:' [he saw me affected, and thought to make me smile:] 'but we don't make ourselves, except it be worse by our dress. Thou art in mourning now, as well as I: but if ever thy ridiculous turn lead thee again to be beau-brocade, I will bedizen thee, as the girls say, on my return, to my own fancy, and according to thy own natural appearance —— Thou shalt doctor my soul, and I will doctor thy body: thou shalt see what a clever fellow I will make of thee.

'As for me, I never will, I never can, marry — that I will not take a few liberties, and that I will not try to start some of my former game, I won't promise — habits are not so easily shaken off — but they shall be by way of wearing. So return and reform shall go together.

'And now, thou sorrowful monkey, what aileth thee?' I do love him, my Lord.

'Adieu! — And once more adieu!' — embracing me. 'And when thou thinkest thou hast made thyself an interest out yonder (looking up) then put in a word for thy Lovelace.'

Joining company, he recommended to me to write often; and promised to let me hear quickly from him; and that he would write to your Lordship, and to all his family round; for he said, that you had all been more kind to him than he had deserved.

And so we parted.

I hope, my Lord, for all your noble family's sake, that we shall see him soon return, and reform, as he promises.

I return your Lordship my humble thanks for the honour of your invitation to M. Hall. The first letter I receive from Mr. Lovelace shall give me the opportunity of embracing it. I am, my Lord,

Your most faithful and obedient servant, J. BELFORD.

LETTER LIV

MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M. THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 5.

It may be some satisfaction to your Lordship, to have a brief account of what has just now passed between Colonel Morden and me.

We had a good deal of discourse about the Harlowe family, and those parts of the lady's will which still remain unexecuted; after which the Colonel addressed himself to me in a manner which gave me some surprise.

He flattered himself, he said, from my present happy turn, and from my good constitution, that I should live a great many years. It was therefore his request, that I would consent to be his executor; since it was impossible for him to make a better choice, or pursue a better example, than his cousin had set.

His heart, he said was in it: there were some things in his cousin's will and his analogous: and he had named one person to me, with whom he was sure I would not refuse to be joined: and to whom he intended to apply for his consent, when he had obtained mine.* [Intimating, as far as I could gather, that it was Mr. Hickman, son of Sir Charles Hickman; to whom I know your Lordship is not a stranger: for he said, Every one who was dear to his beloved cousin, must be so to him: and he knew that the gentleman who he had thoughts of, would have, besides my advice and assistance, the advice of one of the most sensible ladies in England.]

* What is between crotchets, thus [ ], Mr. Belford omitted in the transcription of this Letter to Miss Howe.

He took my hand, seeing me under some surprise: you must not hesitate, much less deny me, Mr. Belford. Indeed you must not. Two things I will assure you of: that I have, as I hope, made every thing so clear that you cannot have any litigation: and that I have done so justly, and I hope it will be thought so generously, by all my relations, that a mind like your's will rather have pleasure than pain in the execution of this trust. And this is what I think every honest man, who hopes to find an honest man for his executor, should do.

I told him, that I was greatly obliged to him for his good opinion of me: that it was so much every man's duty to be an honest man, that it could not be interpreted as vanity to say, that I had no doubt to be found so. But if I accepted of this trust, it must be on condition —

I could name no condition, he said, interrupting me, which he would refuse to comply with.

This condition, I told him, was, that as there was as great a probability of his being my survivor, as I his, he would permit me to name him for mine; and, in

that case, a week should not pass before I made my will.

With all his heart, he said; and the readier, as he had no apprehensions of suddenly dying; for what he had done and requested was really the effect of the satisfaction he had taken in the part I had already acted as his cousin's executor; and in my ability, he was pleased to add: as well as in pursuance of his cousin's advice in the preamble of her will; to wit; 'That this was a work which should be set about in full health, both of body and mind.'

I told him, that I was pleased to hear him say that he was not in any apprehension of suddenly dying; as this gave me assurance that he had laid aside all thoughts of acting contrary to the dying request of his beloved cousin.

Does it argue, said he, smiling, that if I were to pursue a vengeance so justifiable in my own opinion, I must be in apprehension of falling by Mr. Lovelace's hand? — I will assure you, that I have no fears of that sort — but I know this is an ungrateful subject to you. Mr. Lovelace is your friend; and I will allow, that a good man may have a friendship for a bad one, so far as to wish him well, without countenancing him in his evil.

I will assure you, added he, that I have not yet made any resolutions either way. I have told you what force my cousin's repeated requests have with me. Hitherto they have with-held me — But let us quit this subject.

This, Sir [giving me a sealed-up parcel] is my will. It is witnessed. I made no doubt of prevailing upon you to do me the requested favour. I have a duplicate to leave with the other gentleman; and an attested copy, which I shall deposit at my banker's. At my return, which will be in six or eight months at farthest, I will allow you to make an exchange of your's, if you will have it so. I have only now to take leave of my relations in the country. And so God protect you, Mr. Belford! You will soon hear of me again.

He then very solemnly embraced me, as I did him: and we parted.

I heartily congratulate your Lordship on the narrow escape each gentleman has had from the other: for I apprehend that they could not have met without fatal consequences.

Time, I hope, which subdues all things, will subdue their resentments. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most faithful and obedient servant, J. BELFORD.

Several other letters passed between Miss Howe and Mr. Belford, relating to the disposition of the papers and letters; to the poor's fund; and to other articles of the Lady's will: wherein the method of proceeding in each case was adjusted. After which the papers were returned to Mr. Belford, that he might order the two directed copies of them to be taken.

In one of these letters Mr. Belford requests Miss Howe to give the character of the friend she so dearly loved: ‘A task, he imagines, that will be as agreeable to herself, as worthy of her pen.’

‘I am more especially curious to know,’ says he, ‘what was that particular disposition of her time, which I find mentioned in a letter which I have just dipt into, where her sister is enviously reproaching her on that score.* This information may enable me,’ says he, ‘to account for what has often surprised me: how, at so tender an age, this admirable lady became mistress of such extraordinary and such various qualifications.’

* See Vol. I. Letter XLII.

LETTER LV

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. THURSDAY, OCT. 12.

SIR,

I am incapable of doing justice to the character of my beloved friend; and that not only from want of talents, but from grief; which, I think, rather increases than diminishes by time; and which will not let me sit down to a task that requires so much thought, and a greater degree of accuracy than I ever believed myself mistress of. And yet I so well approve of your motion, that I will throw into your hands a few materials, that may serve by way of supplement, as I may say, to those you will be able to collect from the papers themselves; from Col. Morden's letters to you, particularly that of Sept. 23;* and from the letters of the detestable wretch himself, who, I find, has done her justice, although to his own condemnation: all these together will enable you, who seem to be so great an admirer of her virtues, to perform the task; and, I think, better than any person I know. But I make it my request, that if you do any thing in this way, you will let me see it. If I find it not to my mind, I will add or diminish, as justice shall require. She was a wonderful creature from her infancy: but I suppose you intend to give a character of her at those years when she was qualified to be an example to other young ladies, rather than a history of her life.

*See Letter XLV. of this volume.

Perhaps, nevertheless, you will choose to give a description of her person: and as you knew not the dear creature when her heart was easy, I will tell you what yet, in part, you can confirm:

That her shape was so fine, her proportion so exact, her features so regular, her complexion so lovely, and her whole person and manner so distinguishedly charming, that she could not move without being admired and followed by the eyes of every one, though strangers, who never saw her before. Col. Morden's letter, above referred to, will confirm this.

In her dress she was elegant beyond imitation; and generally led the fashion to all the ladies round her, without seeming to intend it, and without being proud of doing so.*

* See Vol. VII. Letter LXXXI.

She was rather tall than of a middling stature; and had a dignity in her aspect and air, that bespoke the mind that animated every feature.

This native dignity, as I may call it, induced some superficial persons, who knew not how to account for the reverence which involuntarily filled their hearts on her appearance, to impute pride to her. But these were such as knew that they

should have been proud of any one of her perfections: judging therefore by their own narrowness, they thought it impossible that the lady who possessed so many, should not think herself superior to them all. Indeed, I have heard her noble aspect found fault with, as indicating pride and superiority. But people awed and controuled, though but by their own consciousness of inferiority, will find fault, right or wrong, with those, whose rectitude of mind and manners their own culpable hearts give them to be afraid. But, in the bad sense of the word, Miss Clarissa Harlowe knew not what pride was.

You may, if you touch upon this subject, throw in these sentences of her's, spoken at different times, and on different occasions:

'Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud: but inborn worth must be always as much above conceit as arrogance.'

'Who can be better, or more worthy, than they should be? And, who shall be proud of talents they give not to themselves?'

'The darkest and most contemptible ignorance is that of not knowing one's self; and that all we have, and all we excel in, is the gift of God.'

'All human excellence is but comparative — there are persons who excel us, as much as we fancy we excel the meanest.'

'In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link of the great chain, as the highest.'

'The grace that makes every other grace amiable, is HUMILITY.'

'There is but one pride pardonable; that of being above doing a base or dishonourable action.'

Such were the sentiments by which this admirable young lady endeavoured to conduct herself, and to regulate her conduct to others.

And, in truth, never were affability and complacency (graciousness, some have called it) more eminent in any person, man or woman, than in her, to those who put it in her power to oblige them: insomuch that the benefitted has sometimes not known which to prefer — the grace bestowed, or the manner in which it was conferred.

It has been observed, that what was said of Henry IV. of France, might be said of her manner of refusing a request: That she generally sent from her presence the person refused nearly as well satisfied as if she had granted it.

Then she had such a sacred regard to truth. — You cannot, Sir, expatiate too much upon this topic. I dare say, that in all her letters, in all the letters of the wretch, her veracity will not once be found impeachable, although her calamities were so heavy, the horrid man's wiles so subtle, and her struggles to free herself from them so active.

Her charity was so great, that she always chose to defend or acquit where the fault was not so flagrant that it became a piece of justice to condemn it; and was always an advocate for an absent person, whose discretion was called in question, without having given manifest proofs of indiscretion.

Once I remember, in a large circle of ladies, every one of which [I among the rest] having censured a generally-reported indiscretion in a young lady — Come, my Miss Howe, said she, [for we had agreed to take each other to task when either thought the other gave occasion for it; and when by blaming each other we intended a general reprehension, which, as she used to say, it would appear arrogant or assuming to level more properly,] let me be Miss Fanny Darlington. Then removing out of the circle, and standing up, Here I stand, unworthy of a seat with the rest of the company, till I have cleared myself. And now, suppose me to be her, let me hear you charge, and do you hear what the poor culprit can say to it in her own defence. And then answering the conjectural and unproved circumstances, by circumstances as fairly to be supposed favourable, she brought off triumphantly the censured lady; and so much to every one's satisfaction, that she was led to her chair, and voted a double rank in the circle, as the reinstated Miss Fanny Darlington, and as Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

Very few persons, she used to say, would be condemned, or even accused, in the circles of ladies, were they present; it is generous, therefore, nay, it is but just, said she, to take the part of the absent, if not flagrantly culpable.

But though wisdom was her birthright, as I may say, yet she had not lived years enow to pretend to so much experience as to exempt her from the necessity of sometimes altering her opinion both of persons and things; but, when she found herself obliged to do this, she took care that the particular instance of mistaken worthiness in the person should not narrow or contract her almost universal charity into general doubt or jealousy. An instance of what I mean occurs to my memory.

Being upbraided, by a severe censure, with a person's proving base, whom she had frequently defended, and by whose baseness my beloved friend was a sufferer; 'You, Madam,' said she, 'had more penetration than such a young creature as I can pretend to have. But although human depravity may, I doubt, oftener justify those who judge harshly, than human rectitude can those who judge favourably, yet will I not part with my charity. Nevertheless, for the future, I will endeavour, in cases where the judgment of my elders is against me, to make mine consistent with caution and prudence.'

Indeed, when she was convinced of any error or mistake, (however seemingly derogatory to her judgment and sagacity,) no one was ever so acknowledging, so ingenuous, as she. 'It was a merit,' she used to say, 'next in degree to that of

having avoided error, frankly to own an error. And that the offering at an excuse in a blameable manner, was the undoubted mark of a disingenuous, if not of a perverse mind.'

But I ought to add, on this head, [of her great charity where character was concerned, and where there was room for charity,] that she was always deservedly severe in her reprehensions of a wilful and studied vileness. How could she then forgive the wretch by whose premeditated villany she was entangled?

You must every where insist upon it, that had it not been for the stupid persecutions of her relations, she never would have been in the power of that horrid Lovelace. And yet, on several occasions, she acknowledged frankly, that were person, and address, and alliance, to be allowedly the principal attractives in the choice of a lover, it would not have been difficult for her eye to mislead her heart.

When she was last with me, (three happy weeks together!) in every visit the wretch made her, he left her more dissatisfied with him than in the former. And yet his behaviour before her was too specious to have been very exceptionable to a woman who had a less share of that charming delicacy, and of that penetration, which so much distinguished her.

In obedience to the commands of her gloomy father, on his allowing her to be my guest, for that last time, [as it most unhappily proved!] she never would see him out of my company; and would often say, when he was gone, 'O my Nancy! this is not THE man!' — At other times, 'Gay, giddy creature! he has always something to be forgiven for!' — At others, 'This man will much sooner excite one's fears than attract one's love.' And then would she repeat, 'This is not THE man. All that the world says of him cannot be untrue. But what title have I to call him to account, who intend not to have him?'

In short had she been left to a judgment and discretion, which nobody ever questioned who had either, she would soon have discovered enough of him to cause her to discard him for ever.

She was an admirable mistress of all the graces of elocution. The hand she wrote, for the neat and free cut of her letters, (like her mind, solid, and above all flourish,) for its fairness, evenness, and swiftness, distinguished her as much as the correctness of her orthography, and even punctuation, from the generality of her own sex; and left her none, among the most accurate of the other, who excelled her.

And here you may, if you please, take occasion to throw in one hint for the benefit of such of our sex as are too careless in their orthography, [a consciousness of a defect which generally keeps them from writing.] — She was used to say, 'It was a proof that a woman understood the derivation as well as

sense of the words she used, and that she stopt not at sound, when she spelt accurately.'

On this head you may take notice, that it was always matter of surprise to her, that the sex are generally so averse as they are to writing; since the pen, next to the needle, of all employments, is the most proper, and best adapted to their geniuses; and this, as well for improvement as amusement: 'Who sees not,' would she say, 'that those women who take delight in writing excel the men in all the graces of the familiar style? The gentleness of their minds, the delicacy of their sentiments, (improved by the manner of their education, and the liveliness of their imaginations, qualify them to a high degree of preference for this employment;) while men of learning, as they are called, (that is to say, of mere learning,) aiming to get above that natural ease and freedom which distinguish this, (and indeed every other kind of writing,) when they think they have best succeeded, are got above, or rather beneath, all natural beauty.'

Then, stiffened and starched [let me add] into dry and indelectable affectation, one sort of these scholars assume a style as rough as frequently are their manners; they spangle over their productions with metaphors; they tumble into bombast: the sublime, with them, lying in words, and not in sentiment, they fancy themselves most exalted when least understood; and down they sit, fully satisfied with their own performances, and call them MASCULINE. While a second sort, aiming at wit, that wicked misleader, forfeit all title to judgment. And a third, sinking into the classical pits, there poke and scramble about, never seeking to show genius of their own; all their lives spent in common-place quotation; fit only to write notes and comments upon other people's texts; all their pride, that they know those beauties of two thousand years old in another tongue, which they can only admire, but not imitate, in their own.

And these, truly, must be learned men, and despisers of our insipid sex!

But I need not mention the exceptions which my beloved friend always made [and to which I subscribe] in favour of men of sound learning, true taste, and extensive abilities; nor, in particular, her respect even to reverence for gentlemen of the cloath; which, I dare say, will appear in every paragraph of her letters wherever any of the clergy are mentioned. Indeed the pious Dr. Lewen, the worthy Dr. Blome, the ingenious Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Tompkins, gentlemen whom she names, in one article of her will, as learned divines with whom she held an early correspondence, well deserved her respect; since to their conversation and correspondence she owed many of her valuable acquirements.

Nor were the little slights she would now-and-then (following, as I must own, my lead) put upon such mere scholars [and her stupid and pedantic brother was one of those who deserved those slights] as despised not only our sex, but all such

as had not had their opportunities of being acquainted with the parts of speech, [I cannot speak low enough of such,] and with the dead languages, owing to that contempt which some affect for what they have not been able to master; for she had an admirable facility for learning languages, and read with great ease both in Italian and French. She had begun to apply herself to Latin; and having such a critical knowledge of her own tongue, and such a foundation from the two others, would soon have made herself an adept in it.

But, notwithstanding all her acquirements, she was an excellent ECONOMIST and HOUSEWIFE. And those qualifications, you must take notice, she was particularly fond of inculcating upon all her reading and writing companions of the sex: for it was a maxim with her, 'That a woman who neglects the useful and the elegant, which distinguish her own sex, for the sake of obtaining the learning which is supposed more peculiar to the other, incurs more contempt by what she foregoes, than she gains credit by what she acquires.'

'All that a woman can learn,' she used to say, [expatiating on this maxim,] 'above the useful knowledge proper to her sex, let her learn. This will show that she is a good housewife of her time, and that she has not a narrow or confined genius. But then let her not give up for these those more necessary, and, therefore, not meaner, employments, which will qualify her to be a good mistress of a family, a good wife, and a good mother; for what can be more disgraceful to a woman than either, through negligence of dress, to be found a learned slattern; or, through ignorance of household-management, to be known to be a stranger to domestic economy?'

She would have it indeed, sometimes, from the frequent ill use learned women make of that respectable acquirement, that it was no great matter whether the sex aimed at any thing but excelling in the knowledge of the beauties and graces of their mother-tongue; and once she said, that this was field enough for a woman; and an ampler was but endangering her family usefulness. But I, who think our sex inferior in nothing to the other, but in want of opportunities, of which the narrow-minded mortals industriously seek to deprive us, lest we should surpass them as much in what they chiefly value themselves upon, as we do in all the graces of a fine imagination, could never agree with her in that. And yet I was entirely of her opinion, that those women, who were solicitous to obtain that knowledge of learning which they supposed would add to their significance in sensible company, and in their attainment of it imagined themselves above all domestic usefulness, deservedly incurred the contempt which they hardly ever failed to meet with.

Perhaps you will not think it amiss further to observe on this head, as it will now show that precept and example always went hand and hand with her, that her

dairy at her grandfather's was the delight of every one who saw it; and she of all who saw her in it.

Her grandfather, in honour of her dexterity and of her skill in all the parts of the dairy management, as well as of the elegance of the offices allotted for that use, would have his seat, before known by the name of The Grove, to be called The Dairy-house.* She had an easy, convenient, and graceful habit made on purpose, which she put on when she employed herself in these works; and it was noted of her, that in the same hour that she appeared to be a most elegant dairy-maid, she was, when called to a change of dress, the finest lady that ever graced a circle.

* See Vol. I. Letter II.

Her grandfather, father, mother, uncles, aunt, and even her brother and sister, made her frequent visits there, and were delighted with her silent ease and unaffected behaviour in her works; for she always, out of modesty, chose rather the operative than the directive part, that she might not discourage the servant whose proper business it was.

Each was fond of a regale from her hands in her Dairy-house. Her mother and aunt Hervey generally admired her in silence, that they might not give uneasiness to her sister; a spiteful, perverse, unimitating thing, who usually looked upon her all the time with speechless envy. Now-and-then, however, the pouting creature would suffer extorted and sparing praise to burst open her lips; though looking at the same time like Saul meditating the pointed javelin at the heart of David, the glory of his kingdom. And now, methinks, I see my angel-friend, (too superior to take notice of her gloom,) courting her acceptance of the milk-white curd, from hands more pure than that.

Her skill and dexterity in every branch of family management seem to be the only excellence of her innumerable ones which she owed to her family; whose narrowness, immensely rich, and immensely carking, put them upon indulging her in the turn she took to this part of knowledge; while her elder sister affected dress without being graceful in it; and the fine lady, which she could never be; and which her sister was without studying for it, or seeming to know she was so.

It was usual with the one sister, when company was expected, to be half the morning dressing; while the other would give directions for the whole business and entertainment of the day; and then go up to her dressing-room, and, before she could well be missed, [having all her things in admirable order,] come down fit to receive company, and with all that graceful ease and tranquillity as if she had nothing else to think of.

Long after her, [hours, perhaps, of previous preparation having passed,] down would come rustling and bustling the tawdry and awkward Bella, disordering

more her native disorderliness at the sight of her serene sister, by her sullen envy, to see herself so much surpassed with such little pains, and in a sixth part of the time.

Yet was this admirable creature mistress of all these domestic qualifications, without the least intermixture of narrowness. She knew how to distinguish between frugality, a necessary virtue, and niggardliness, an odious vice; and used to say, ‘That to define generosity, it must be called the happy medium betwixt parsimony and profusion.’

She was the most graceful reader I ever knew. She added, by her melodious voice, graces to those she found in the parts of books she read out to her friends; and gave grace and significance to others where they were not. She had no tone, no whine. Her accent was always admirably placed. The emphasis she always forcibly laid as the subject required. No buskin elevation, no tragedy pomp, could mislead her; and yet poetry was poetry indeed, when she read it.

But if her voice was melodious when she read, it was all harmony when she sung. And the delight she gave by that, and by her skill and great compass, was heightened by the ease and gracefulness of her air and manner, and by the alacrity with which she obliged.

Nevertheless she generally chose rather to hear others sing or play, than either to play or sing herself.

She delighted to give praise where deserved; yet she always bestowed it in such a manner as gave not the least suspicion that she laid out for a return of it to herself, though so universally allowed to be her due.

She had a talent of saying uncommon things in such an easy manner that every body thought they could have said the same; and which yet required both genius and observation to say them.

Even severe things appeared gentle, though they lost not their force, from the sweetness of her air and utterance, and the apparent benevolence of her purpose.

We form the truest judgment of persons by their behaviour on the most familiar occasions. I will give an instance or two of the correction she favoured me with on such a one.

When very young, I was guilty of the fault of those who want to be courted to sing. She cured me of it, at the first of our happy intimacy, by her own example; and by the following correctives, occasionally, yet privately enforced:

‘Well, my dear, shall we take you at your word? Shall we suppose, that you sing but indifferently? Is not, however, the act of obliging, (the company so worthy!) preferable to the talent of singing? And shall not young ladies endeavour to make up for their defects in one part of education, by their excellence in another?’

Again, ‘You must convince us, by attempting to sing, that you cannot sing; and then we will rid you, not only of present, but of future importunity.’ — An indulgence, however, let me add, that but tolerable singers do not always wish to meet with.

Again, ‘I know you will favour us by and by; and what do you by your excuses but raise our expectations, and enhance your own difficulties?’

At another time, ‘Has not this accomplishment been a part of your education, my Nancy? How, then, for your own honour, can we allow of your excuses?’

And I once pleading a cold, the usual pretence of those who love to be entreated— ‘Sing, however, my dear, as well as you can. The greater the difficulty to you, the higher the compliment to the company. Do you think you are among those who know not how to make allowances? you should sing, my love, lest there should be any body present who may think your excuses owing to affectation.’

At another time, when I had truly observed that a young lady present sung better than I; and that, therefore, I chose not to sing before that lady— ‘Fie, said she, (drawing me on one side,) is not this pride, my Nancy? Does it not look as if your principal motive to oblige was to obtain applause? A generous mind will not scruple to give advantage to a person of merit, though not always to her own advantage. And yet she will have a high merit in doing that. Supposing this excellent person absent, who, my dear, if your example spread, shall sing after you? You know every one else must be but as a foil to you. Indeed I must have you as much superior to other ladies in these smaller points, as you are in greater.’ So she was pleased to say to shame me. She was so much above reserve as disguise. So communicative that no young lady could be in her company half an hour, and not carry away instruction with her, whatever was the topic. Yet all sweetly insinuated; nothing given with the air of prescription; so that while she seemed to ask a question for information-sake, she dropt in the needful instruction, and left the instructed unable to decide whether the thought (which being started, she, the instructed, could improve) came primarily from herself, or from the sweet instructress.

She had a pretty hand at drawing, which she obtained with very little instruction. Her time was too much taken up to allow, though to so fine an art, the attention which was necessary to make her greatly excel in it: and she used to say, ‘That she was afraid of aiming at too many things, for fear she should not be tolerable at any thing.’

For her years, and her opportunities, she was an extraordinary judge of painting. In this, as in every thing else, nature was her art, her art was nature. She even prettily performed in it. Her grandfather, for this reason, bequeathed to her

all the family pictures. Charming was her fancy: alike sweet and easy was every touch of her pencil and her pen. Yet her judgment exceeded her performance. She did not practise enough to excel in the executive part. She could not in every thing excel. But, upon the whole, she knew what every subject required according to the nature of it; in other words, was an absolute mistress of the should-be.

To give a familiar instance for the sake of young ladies; she (untaught) observed when but a child, that the sun, moon, and stars, never appeared at once; and were therefore never to be in one piece; that bears, tigers, lions, were not natives of an English climate, and should not therefore have place in an English landscape; that these ravagers of the forest consorted not with lambs, kids, or fawns; nor kites, hawks, and vultures, with doves, partridges, or pheasants.

And, alas! she knew, before she was nineteen years of age, by fatal experience she knew! that all these beasts and birds of prey were outdone, in treacherous cruelty, by MAN! Vile, barbarous, plotting, destructive man! who, infinitely less excusable than those, destroys, through wantonness and sport, what those only destroy through hunger and necessity!

The mere pretenders to those branches of science which she aimed at acquiring she knew how to detect; and from all nature. Propriety, another word for nature, was (as I have hinted) her law, as it is the foundation of all true judgment. But, nevertheless, she was always uneasy, if what she said exposed those pretenders to knowledge, even in their absence, to the ridicule of lively spirits.

Let the modern ladies, who have not any one of her excellent qualities; whose whole time, in the short days they generally make, and in the inverted night and day, where they make them longer, is wholly spent in dress, visits, cards, plays, operas, and musical entertainments, wonder at what I have written, and shall further write; and let them look upon it as an incredible thing, that when, at a mature age, they cannot boast one of her perfections, there should have been a lady so young, who had so many.

These must be such as know not how she employed her time; and cannot form the least idea of what may be done in those hours in which they lie enveloped with the shades of death, as she used to call sleep.

But before I come to mention the distribution she usually made of her time, let me say a few words upon another subject, in which she excelled all the young ladies I ever knew.

This was her skill in almost all sorts of fine needleworks; of which, however, I shall say the less, since possibly you will find it mentioned in some of the letters.

That piece which she bequeaths to her cousin Morden is indeed a capital piece; a performance so admirable, that that gentleman’s father, who resided chiefly abroad, (was, as is mentioned in her will,) very desirous to obtain it, in order to

carry it to Italy with him, to show the curious of other countries, (as he used to say,) for the honour of his own, that the cloistered confinement was not necessary to make English women excel in any of those fine arts upon which nuns and recluses value themselves.

Her quickness at these sort of works was astonishing; and a great encouragement to herself to prosecute them.

Mr. Morden's father would have been continually making her presents, would she have permitted him to do so; and he used to call them, and so did her grandfather, tributes due to a merit so sovereign, and not presents.

As to her diversions, the accomplishments and acquirements she was mistress of will show what they must have been. She was far from being fond of cards, the fashionable foible of modern ladies; nor, as will be easily perceived from what I have said, and more from what I shall further say, had she much time for play. She never therefore promoted their being called for; and often insensibly diverted the company from them, by starting some entertaining subject, when she could do it without incurring the imputation of particularity.

Indeed very few of her intimates would propose cards, if they could engage her to read, to talk, to touch the keys, or to sing, when any new book, or new piece of music, came down. But when company was so numerous, that conversation could not take that agreeable turn which it oftenest does among four or five friends of like years and inclinations, and it became in a manner necessary to detach off some of it, to make the rest better company, she would not refuse to play, if, upon casting in, it fell to her lot. And then she showed that her disrelish to cards was the effect of choice only; and that she was an easy mistress of every genteel game played with them. But then she always declared against playing high. 'Except for trifles,' she used to say, 'she would not submit to chance what she was already sure of.'

At other times, 'she should make her friends a very ill compliment,' she said, 'if she supposed they would wish to be possessed of what of right belonged to her; and she should be very unworthy, if she desired to make herself a title to what was theirs.'

'High gaming, in short,' she used to say, 'was a sordid vice; an immorality; the child of avarice; and a direct breach of that commandment, which forbids us to covet what is our neighbour's.'

She was exceedingly charitable; the only one of her family that knew the meaning of the word; and this with regard both to the souls and the bodies of those who were the well-chosen objects of her benevolence. She kept a list of these, whom she used to call her Poor, entering one upon it as another was provided for, by death, or any other way; but always made a reserve, nevertheless,

for unforeseen cases, and for accidental distresses. And it must be owned, that in the prudent distribution of them, she had neither example nor equal.

The aged, the blind, the lame, the widow, the orphan, the unsuccessful industrious, were particularly the objects of it; and the contributing to the schooling of some, to the putting out to trades and husbandry the children of others of the labouring or needy poor, and setting them forward at the expiration of their servitude, were her great delights; as was the giving good books to others; and, when she had opportunity, the instructing the poorer sort of her honest neighbours, and father's tenants, in the use of them. 'That charity,' she used to say, 'which provides for the morals, as well as for the bodily wants of the poor, gives a double benefit to the public, as it adds to the number of the hopeful what it takes from that of the profligate. And can there be, in the eyes of that God, she was wont to say, who requires nothing so much from us as acts of beneficence to one another, a charity more worthy?'

Her uncle Antony, when he came to settle in England with his vast fortune obtained in the Indies, used to say, 'This girl by her charities will bring down a blessing upon us all.' And it must be owned they trusted pretty much to this presumption.

But I need not say more on this head: nor perhaps was it necessary to say so much; since the charitable bequests in her will sufficiently set forth her excellence in this branch of duty.

She was extremely moderate in her diet. 'Quantity in food,' she used to say, 'was more to be regarded than quality; that a full meal was the great enemy both to study and industry: that a well-built house required but little repairs.'

But this moderation in her diet, she enjoyed, with a delicate frame of body, a fine state of health; was always serene, lively; cheerful, of course. And I never knew but of one illness she had; and that was by a violent cold caught in an open chaise, by a sudden storm of hail and rain, in a place where was no shelter; and which threw her into a fever, attended with dangerous symptoms, that no doubt were lightened by her temperance; but which gave her friends, who then knew her value, infinite apprehensions for her.*

* In her common-place book she has the following note upon the recollection of this illness in the time of her distress:

'In a dangerous illness, with which I was visited a few years before I had the unhappiness to know this ungrateful man! [would to Heaven I had died in it!] my bed was surrounded by my dear relations — father, mother, brother, sister, my two uncles, weeping, kneeling, round me, then put up their vows to Heaven for my recovery; and I, fearing that I should drag down with me to my grave one or other of my sorrowing friends, wished and prayed to recover for their sakes. —

Alas! how shall parents in such cases know what to wish for! How happy for them, and for me, had I then been denied to their prayers! But now I am eased of that care. All those dear relations are living still — but not one of them (such as they think, has been the heinousness of my error!) but, far from being grieved, would rejoice to hear of my death.'

In all her readings, and her conversations upon them, she was fonder of finding beauties than blemishes, and chose to applaud but authors and books, where she could find the least room for it. Yet she used to lament that certain writers of the first class, who were capable of exalting virtue, and of putting vice out of countenance, too generally employed themselves in works of imagination only, upon subjects merely speculative, disinteresting and unedifying, from which no useful moral or example could be drawn.

But she was a severe censurer of pieces of a light or indecent turn, which had a tendency to corrupt the morals of youth, to convey polluted images, or to wound religion, whether in itself, or through the sides of its professors, and this, whoever were the authors, and how admirable soever the execution. She often pitied the celebrated Dr. Swift for so employing his admirable pen, that a pure eye was afraid of looking into his works, and a pure ear of hearing any thing quoted from them. 'Such authors,' she used to say, 'were not honest to their own talents, nor grateful to the God who gave them.' Nor would she, on these occasions, admit their beauties as a palliation; on the contrary, she held it as an aggravation of their crime, that they who are so capable of mending the heart, should in any places show a corrupt one in themselves; which must weaken the influences of their good works; and pull down with one hand what they build up with the other.

All she said and all she did was accompanied with a natural ease and dignity, which set her above affectation, or the suspicion of it; insomuch that that degrading fault, so generally imputed to a learned woman, was never laid to her charge. For, with all her excellencies, she was forwarder to hear than speak; and hence, no doubt, derived no small part of her improvement.

Although she was well read in the English, French, and Italian poets, and had read the best translations of the Latin classics; yet seldom did she quote or repeat from them, either in her letters or conversation, though exceedingly happy in a tenacious memory; principally through modesty, and to avoid the imputation of that affectation which I have just mentioned.

Mr. Wyerley once said of her, she had such a fund of knowledge of her own, and made naturally such fine observations upon persons and things, being capable, by the EGG, [that was his familiar expression,] of judging of the bird, that she had seldom either room or necessity for foreign assistances.

But it was plain, from her whole conduct and behaviour, that she had not so good an opinion of herself, however deserved; since, whenever she was urged to give her sentiments on any subject, although all she thought fit to say was clear an intelligible, yet she seemed in haste to have done speaking. Her reason for it, I know, was twofold; that she might not lose the benefit of other people's sentiments, by engrossing the conversation; and lest, as were her words, she should be praised into loquaciousness, and so forfeit the good opinion which a person always maintains with her friends, who knows when she has said enough. — It was, finally, a rule with her, 'to leave her hearers wishing her to say more, rather than to give them cause to show, by their inattention, an uneasiness that she had said so much.' —

You are curious to know the particular distribution of her time; which you suppose will help you to account for what you own yourself surprised at; to wit, how so young a lady could make herself mistress of so many accomplishments.

I will premise, that she was from infancy inured to rise early in a morning, by an excellent, and, as I may say, a learned woman, Mrs. Norton, to whose care, wisdom, and example, she was beholden for the ground-work of her taste and acquirements, which meeting with such assistances from the divines I have named, and with such a genius, made it the less wonder that she surpassed most of her age and sex.

Her sex, did I say? What honour to the other does this imply! When one might challenge the proudest pedant of them all, to say he has been disciplined into greater improvement, than she had made from the mere force of genius and application. But it is demonstrable to all who know how to make observations on their acquaintance of both sexes, arrogant as some are of their superficialities, that a lady at eighteen, take the world through, is more prudent and conversable than a man at twenty-five. I can prove this by nineteen instances out of twenty in my own knowledge. Yet how do these poor boasters value themselves upon the advantages their education gives them! Who has not seen some one of them, just come from the university, disdainfully smile at a mistaken or ill-pronounced word from a lady, when her sense has been clear, and her sentiments just; and when he could not himself utter a single sentence fit to be repeated, but what he had borrowed from the authors he had been obliged to study, as a painful exercise to slow and creeping parts? But how I digress:

This excellent young lady used to say, 'it was incredible to think what might be done by early rising, and by long days well filled up.'

It may be added, that she had calculated according to the practice of too many, she had actually lived more years at sixteen, than they had at twenty-six.

She was of opinion, ‘that no one could spend their time properly, who did not live by some rule: who did not appropriate the hours, as nearly as might be, to particular purposes and employments.’

In conformity to this self-set lesson, the usual distribution of the twenty-four hours, when left to her own choice, were as follows:

For REST she allotted SIX hours only.

She thought herself not so well, and so clear in her intellects, [so much alive, she used to say,] if she exceeded this proportion. If she slept not, she chose to rise sooner. And in winter had her fire laid, and a taper ready burning to light it; not loving to give trouble to the servants, ‘whose harder work, and later hours of going to bed,’ she used to say, ‘required consideration.’

I have blamed her for her greater regard to them than to herself. But this was her answer; ‘I have my choice, who can wish for more? Why should I oppress others, to gratify myself? You see what free-will enables one to do; while imposition would make a light burden heavy.’

Her first THREE morning hours

were generally passed in her study, and in her closet duties: and were occasionally augmented by those she saved from rest: and in these passed her epistolary amusements.

Two hours she generally allotted to domestic management.

These, at different times of the day, as occasions required; all the housekeeper’s bills, in ease of her mother, passing through her hands. For she was a perfect mistress of the four principal rules of arithmetic.

FIVE hours to her needle, drawings, music, &c.

In these she included the assistance and inspection she gave to her own servants, and to her sister’s servants, in the needle-works required for the family: for her sister, as I have above hinted, is a MODERN. In these she also included Dr. Lewen’s conversation-visits; with whom likewise she held a correspondence by letters. That reverend gentleman delighted himself and her twice or thrice a week, if his health permitted, with these visits: and she always preferred his company to any other engagement.

Two hours she allotted to her two first meals.

But if conversation, or the desire of friends, or the falling in of company or guests, required it to be otherwise, she never scrupled to oblige; and would on such occasions borrow, as she called it, from other distributions. And as she found it very hard not to exceed in this appropriation, she put down

ONE hour more to dinner-time conversation,

to be added or subtracted, as occasions offered, or the desire of her friends required: and yet found it difficult, as she often said, to keep this account even;

especially if Dr. Lewen obliged them with his company at their table; which, however he seldom did; for, being a valetudinarian, and in a regimen, he generally made his visits in the afternoon.

ONE hour to visits to the neighbouring poor;

to a select number of whom, and to their children, she used to give brief instructions, and good books; and as this happened not every day, and seldom above twice a-week, she had two or three hours at a time to bestow in this benevolent employment.

The remaining FOUR hours

were occasionally allotted to supper, to conversation, or to reading after supper to the family. This allotment she called her fund, upon which she used to draw, to satisfy her other debits; and in this she included visits received and returned, shows, spectacles, &c. which, in a country life, not occurring every day, she used to think a great allowance, no less than two days in six, for amusements only; and she was wont to say, that it was hard if she could not steal time out of this fund, for an excursion of even two or three days in a month.

If it be said, that her relations, or the young neighbouring ladies, had but little of her time, it will be considered, that besides these four hours in the twenty-four, great part of the time she was employed in her needle-works she used to converse as she worked; and it was a custom she had introduced among her acquaintance, that the young ladies in their visits used frequently, in a neighbourly way, (in the winter evenings especially,) to bring their work with them; and one of half a dozen of her select acquaintance used by turns to read to the rest as they were at work.

This was her usual method, when at her own command, for six days in the week.

THE SEVENTH DAY

she kept as it ought to be kept; and as some part of it was frequently employed in works of mercy, the hour she allotted to visiting the neighbouring poor was occasionally supplied from this day, and added to her fund.

But I must observe, that when in her grandfather’s lifetime she was three or four weeks at a time his housekeeper or guest, as also at either of her uncles, her usual distribution of time was varied; but still she had an eye to it as nearly as circumstances would admit.

When I had the happiness of having her for my guest, for a fortnight or so, she likewise dispensed with her rules in mere indulgence to my foibles, and idler habits; for I also, (though I had the benefit of an example I so much admired) am too much of a modern. Yet, as to morning risings, I had corrected myself by such a precedent, in the summer-time; and can witness to the benefit I found by it in

my health: as also to the many useful things I was enabled, by that means, with ease and pleasure, to perform. And in her account-book I have found this memorandum, since her ever-to-be-lamented death:— ‘From such a day, to such a day, all holidays, at my dear Miss Howe’s.’ — At her return— ‘Account resumed, such a day,’ naming it; and then she proceeded regularly, as before.

Once-a-week she used to reckon with herself; when, if within the 144 hours, contained in the six days, she had made her account even, she noted it accordingly; if otherwise, she carried the debit to the next week’s account; as thus: — Debtor to the article of the benevolent visits, so many hours. And so of the rest.

But it was always an especial part of her care that, whether visiting or visited, she showed in all companies an entire ease, satisfaction, and cheerfulness, as if she had kept no such particular account, and as if she did not make herself answerable to herself for her occasional exceedings.

This method, which to others will appear perplexing and unnecessary, her early hours, and custom, had made easy and pleasant to her.

And indeed, as I used to tell her, greatly as I admired her in all methods, I could not bring myself to this, might I have had the world for my reward.

I had indeed too much impatience in my temper, to observe such a regularity in accounting between me and myself. I satisfied myself in a lump-account, as I may call it, if I had nothing greatly wrong to reproach myself, when I looked back on a past week, as she had taught me to do.

For she used indulgently to say, ‘I do not think ALL I do necessary for another to do; nor even for myself; but when it is more pleasant for me to keep such an account, than to let it alone, why may I not proceed in my supererogatories? — There can be no harm in it. It keeps up my attention to accounts; which one day may be of use to me in more material instances. Those who will not keep a strict account, seldom long keep any. I neglect not more useful employments for it. And it teaches me to be covetous of time; the only thing of which we can be allowably covetous; since we live but once in this world; and, when gone, are gone from it for ever.’

She always reconciled the necessity under which these interventions, as she called them, laid her, of now-and-then breaking into some of her appropriations; saying, ‘That was good sense, and good manners too, in the common lesson, When at Rome, do as they do at Rome. And that to be easy of persuasion, in matters where one could oblige without endangering virtue, or worthy habits, was an apostolical excellency; since, if a person conformed with a view of making herself an interest in her friend’s affections, in order to be heeded in greater points, it was imitating His example, who became all things to all men, that He

might gain some.’ Nor is it to be doubted, had life been spared her, that the sweetness of her temper, and her cheerful piety, would have made virtue and religion appear so lovely, that her example would have had no small influence upon the minds and manners of those who would have had the honour of conversing with her.

O Mr. Belford! I can write no further on this subject. For, looking into the account-book for other particulars, I met with a most affecting memorandum; which being written on the extreme edge of the paper, with a fine pen, and in the dear creature’s smallest hand, I saw not before. — This it is; written, I suppose, at some calamitous period after the day named in it — help me to curse, to blast the monster who gave occasion for it! ——

APRIL 10. The account concluded!

And with it all my worldly hopes and prospects!

* * *

I take up my pen; but not to apologize for my execration. — Once more I pray to God to avenge me of him! — Me, I say — for mine is the loss — her’s the gain.

O Sir! you did not — you could not know her, as I knew her! Never was such an excellence! — So warm, yet so cool a friend! — So much what I wish to be, but never shall be! — For, alas! my stay, my adviser, my monitress, my directress, is gone! — for ever gone! — She honoured me with the title of The Sister of her Heart; but I was only so in the love I bore her, (a love beyond a sister’s — infinitely beyond her sister’s!) in the hatred I have to every mean and sordid action; and in my love of virtue; for, otherwise, I am of a high and haughty temper, as I have acknowledged heretofore, and very violent in my passions.

In short, she was the nearest perfection of any creature I ever knew. She never preached to me lessons which she practised not herself. She lived the life she taught. All humility, meekness, self-accusing, others acquitting, though the shadow of the fault was hardly hers, the substance their’s, whose only honour was their relation to her.

To lose such a friend — such a guide. — If ever my violence was justifiable, it is upon this recollection! For she lived only to make me sensible of my failings, but not long enough to enable me to conquer them; as I was resolved to endeavour to do.

Once more then let me execrate — but now violence and passion again predominate! — And how can it be otherwise?

But I force myself from the subject, having lost the purpose for which I resumed my pen.

A. HOWE.

LETTER LVI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. PARIS, OCT. 14.

—— —— Timor & minæ
Scandunt eodum quo dominus; neque
Decedit ærata triremi; &
Post equitem sedet atra cura.

In a language so expressive as the English, I hate the pedantry of tagging or prefacing what I write with Latin scraps; and ever was a censurer of the motto-mongers among our weekly and daily scribblers. But these verses of Horace are so applicable to my case, that, whether on ship-board, whether in my post-chaise, or in my inn at night, I am not able to put them out of my head. Dryden once I thought said very well in these bouncing lines:

Man makes his fate according to his mind.
The weak, low spirit, Fortune makes her slave:
But she's a drudge, when hector'd by the brave.
If Fate weave common thread, I'll change the doom,
And with new purple weave a nobler loom.

And in these:

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
Fate was not mine: nor am I Fate's ——
Souls know no conquerors. ——

But in the first quoted lines, considering them closely, there is nothing but blustering absurdity; in the other, the poet says not truth; for CONSCIENCE is the conqueror of souls; at least it is the conqueror of mine; and who ever thought it a narrow one? —— But this is occasioned partly by poring over the affecting will, and posthumous letter. What an army of texts has she drawn up in array against me in the letter! — But yet, Jack, do they not show me, that, two or three thousand years ago, there were as wicked fellows as myself? — They do — and that's some consolation.

But the generosity of her mind displayed in both, is what stings me most. And the more still, as it is now out of my power any way in the world to be even with her.

I ought to have written to you sooner; but I loitered two days at Calais, for an answer to a letter I wrote to engage my former travelling valet, De la Tour; an

ingenious, ready fellow, as you have heard me say. I have engaged him, and he is now with me.

I shall make no stay here; but intend for some of the Electoral Courts. That of Bavaria, I think, will engage me longest. Perhaps I may step out of my way (if I can be out of my way any where) to those of Dresden and Berlin; and it is not impossible that you may have one letter from me at Vienna. And then, perhaps, I may fall down into Italy by the Tyrol; and so, taking Turin in my way, return to Paris; where I hope to see Mowbray and Tourville; nor do I despair of you.

This a good deal differs from the plan I gave you. But you may expect to hear from me as I move; and whether I shall pursue this route or the other.

I have my former lodgings in the Rue St. Antoine, which I shall hold, notwithstanding my tour; so they will be ready to accommodate any two of you, if you come hither before my return; and for this I have conditioned.

I write to Charlotte; and that is writing to all my relations at once.

Do thou, Jack, inform me duly of every thing that passes. — Particularly, how thou proceededst in thy reformation-scheme; how Mowbray and Tourville go on in my absence; whether thou hast any chance for a wife; [I am the more solicitous on this head, because thou seemest to think that thy mortification will not be complete, nor thy reformation secure, till thou art shackled;] how the Harlowes proceed in their penitentials; if Miss Howe be married, or near being so; how honest Doleman goes on with his empiric, now he has dismissed his regulars, or they him; and if any likelihood of his perfect recovery. Be sure be very minute; for every trifling occurrence relating to those we value, becomes interesting, when we are at a distance from them. Finally, prepare thou to piece thy broken thread, if thou wouldst oblige

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER LVII

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. LONDON, OCT. 25.

I write to show you that I am incapable of slighting even the minutest requests of an absent and distant friend. Yet you may believe that there cannot be any great alterations in the little time that you have been out of England, with respect to the subjects of your inquiry. Nevertheless I will answer to each, for the reason above given; and for the reason you mention, that even trifles, and chit-chat, are agreeable from friend to friend, and of friends, and even of those to whom we give the importance of deeming them our foes, when we are abroad.

First, then, as to my reformation-scheme, as you call it, I hope I go on very well. I wish you had entered upon the like, and could say so too. You would then find infinitely more peace of mind, than you are likely ever otherwise to be acquainted with. When I look back upon the sweep that has been made among us in the two or three past years, and forward upon what may still happen, I hardly think myself secure; though of late I have been guided by other lights than those of sense and appetite, which have hurried so many of our confraternity into worldly ruin, if not into eternal perdition.

I am very earnest in my wishes to be admitted into the nuptial state. But I think I ought to pass some time as a probationary, till, by steadiness in my good resolutions, I can convince some woman, whom I could love and honour, and whose worthy example might confirm my morals, that there is one libertine who had the grace to reform, before age or disease put it out of his power to sin on.

The Harlowes continue inconsolable; and I dare say will to the end of their lives.

Miss Howe is not yet married; but I have reason to think will soon. I have the honour of corresponding with her; and the more I know of her, the more I admire the nobleness of her mind. She must be conscious, that she is superior to half our sex, and to most of her own; which may make her give way to a temper naturally hasty and impatient; but, if she meet with condescension in her man, [and who would not veil to a superiority so visible, if it be not exacted with arrogance?] I dare say she will make an excellent wife.

As to Doleman, the poor man goes on trying and hoping with his empiric. I cannot but say that as the latter is a sensible and judicious man, and not rash, opinionative, or over-sanguine, I have great hopes (little as I think of quacks and nostrum-mongers in general) that he will do him good, if his case will admit of it. My reasons are — That the man pays a regular and constant attendance upon him; watches, with his own eye, every change and new symptom of his patient's

malady; varies his applications as the indications vary; fetters not himself to rules laid down by the fathers of the art, who lived many hundred years ago, when diseases, and the causes of them, were different, as the modes of living were different from what they are now, as well as climates and accidents; that he is to have his reward, not in daily fees; but (after the first five guineas for medicines) in proportion as the patient himself shall find amendment.

As to Mowbray and Tourville; what novelties can be expected, in so short a time, from men, who have not sense enough to strike out or pursue new lights, either good or bad; now, especially, that you are gone, who were the soul of all enterprise, and in particular their soul. Besides, I see them but seldom. I suppose they'll be at Paris before you can return from Germany; for they cannot live without you; and you gave them such a specimen of your recovered volatility, in the last evening's conversation, as delighted them, and concerned me.

I wish, with all my heart, that thou wouldst bend thy course toward the Pyraneans. I should then (if thou writest to thy cousin Montague an account of what is most observable in thy tour) put in for a copy of thy letters. I wonder thou wilt not; since then thy subjects would be as new to thyself, as to

Thy BELFORD.

LETTER LVIII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. PARIS, OCT. 16 — 27.

I follow my last of the 14/25th, on occasion of a letter just now come to hand from Joseph Leman. The fellow is conscience ridden, Jack; and tells me, ‘That he cannot rest either day or night for the mischiefs which he fears he has been, or may still further be the means of doing.’ He wishes, ‘if it please God, and if it please me, that he had never seen my Honour’s face.’

And what is the cause of his present concern, as to his own particular? What, but ‘the slights and contempts which he receives from every one of the Harlowes; from those particularly, he says, whom he has endeavoured to serve as faithfully as his engagements to me would let him serve them? And I always made him believe, he tells me, (poor weak soul as he was from his cradle!) that serving me, was serving both, in the long run. — But this, and the death of his dear young lady, is a grief, he declares, that he shall never claw off, were he to love to the age of Matthew Salem; althoff, and howsomever, he is sure, that he shall not live a month to an end: being strangely pined, and his stomach nothing like what it was; and Mrs. Betty being also (now she has got his love) very cross and slighting. But, thank his God for punishing her! — She is in a poor way hersell.

‘But the chief occasion of troubling my Honour now, is not his own griefs only, althoff they are very great; but to prevent further mischiefs to me; for he can assure me, that Colonel Morden has set out from them all, with a full resolution to have his will of me; and he is well assured, that he said, and swore to it, as how he was resolved that he would either have my Honour’s heart’s-blood, or I should have his; or some such-like sad threatenings: and that all the family rejoice in it, and hope I shall come short home.

This is the substance of Joseph’s letter; and I have one from Mowbray, which has a hint to the same effect. And I recollect now that you were very importunate with me to go to Madrid, rather than to France and Italy, the last evening we passed together.

What I desire of you, is, by the first dispatch, to let me faithfully know all that you know on this head.

I can’t bear to be threatened, Jack. Nor shall any man, unquestioned, give himself airs in my absence, if I know it, that shall make me look mean in any body’s eyes; that shall give friends pain for me; that shall put them upon wishing me to change my intentions, or my plan, to avoid him. Upon such despicable terms as these, think you that I could bear to live?

But why, if such were his purpose, did he not let me know it before I left England? Was he unable to work himself up to a resolution, till he knew me to be out of the kingdom?

As soon as I can inform myself where to direct to him, I will write to know his purpose; for I cannot bear suspense in such a case as this; that solemn act, were it even to be marriage or hanging, which must be done to-morrow, I had rather should be done to-day. My mind tires and sickens with impatience on ruminating upon scenes that can afford neither variety nor certainty. To dwell twenty days in expectation of an even that may be decided in a quarter of an hour is grievous.

If he come to Paris, although I should be on my tour, he will very easily find out my lodgings. For I every day see some one or other of my countrymen, and divers of them have I entertained here. I go frequently to the opera and to the play, and appear at court, and at all public places. And, on my quitting this city, will leave a direction whither my letters from England, or elsewhere, shall from time to time be forwarded. Were I sure that his intention is what Joseph Leman tells me it is, I would stay here, or shorten his course to me, let him be where he would.

I cannot get off my regrets on account of this dear lady for the blood of me. If the Colonel and I are to meet, as he has done me no injury, and loves the memory of his cousin, we shall engage with the same sentiments, as to the object of our dispute; and that, you know, is no very common case.

In short, I am as much convinced that I have done wrong, as he can be; and regret it as much. But I will not bear to be threatened by any man in the world, however conscious I may be of having deserved blame.

Adieu, Belford! Be sincere with me. No palliation, as thou valuest

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER LIX

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. LONDON, OCT. 26.

I cannot think, my dear Lovelace, that Colonel Morden has either threatened you in those gross terms mentioned by the vile Joseph Leman, or intends to follow you. They are the words of people of that fellow's class, and not of a gentleman — not of Colonel Morden, I am sure. You'll observe that Joseph pretends not to say that he heard him speak them.

I have been very solicitous to sound the Colonel, for your sake, and for his own, and for the sake of the injunctions of the excellent lady to me, as well as to him, on that subject. He is (and you will not wonder that he should be) extremely affected; and owns that he has expressed himself in terms of resentment on the occasion. Once he said to me, that had his beloved cousin's case been that of a common seduction, her own credulity or weakness contributing to her fall, he could have forgiven you. But, in so many words, he assured me, that he had not taken any resolutions; nor had he declared himself to the family in such a way as should bind him to resent: on the contrary, he has owned, that his cousin's injunctions have hitherto had the force upon him which I could wish they should have.

He went abroad in a week after you. When he took his leave of me, he told me, that his design was to go to Florence; and that he would settle his affairs there; and then return to England, and here pass the remainder of his days.

I was indeed apprehensive that, if you and he were to meet, something unhappy might fall out; and as I knew that you proposed to take Italy, and very likely Florence, in your return to France, I was very solicitous to prevail upon you to take the court of Spain into your plan. I am still so. And if you are not to be prevailed upon to do that, let me entreat you to avoid Florence or Leghorn in your return, since you have visited both heretofore. At least, let not the proposal of a meeting come from you.

It would be matter of serious reflection to me, if the very fellow, this Joseph Leman, who gave you such an opportunity to turn all the artillery of his masters against themselves, and to play them upon one another to favour your plotting purposes, should be the instrument, in the devil's hand, (unwittingly too,) to avenge them all upon you; for should you even get the better of the Colonel, would the mischief end there? — It would but add remorse to your present remorse; since the interview must end in death; for he would not, I am confident, take his life at your hand. The Harlowes would, moreover, prosecute you in a

legal way. You hate them; and they would be gainers by his death; rejoicers in your's — And have you not done mischief enough already?

Let me, therefore, (and through me all your friends,) have the satisfaction to hear that you are resolved to avoid this gentleman. Time will subdue all things. Nobody doubts your bravery; nor will it be known that your plan is changed through persuasion.

Young Harlowe talks of calling you to account. This is a plain evidence, that Mr. Morden has not taken the quarrel upon himself for their family.

I am in no apprehension of any body but Colonel Morden. I know it will not be a mean to prevail upon you to oblige me, if I say that I am well assured that this gentleman is a skillful swordsman; and that he is as cool and sedate as skillful. But yet I will add, that, if I had a value for my life, he should be the last man, except yourself, with whom I would choose to have a contention.

I have, as you required, been very candid and sincere with you. I have not aimed at palliation. If you seek not Colonel Morden, it is my opinion he will not seek you: for he is a man of principle. But if you seek him, I believe he will not shun you.

Let me re-urge, [it is the effect of my love for you!] that you know your own guilt in this affair, and should not be again an aggressor. It would be pity that so brave a man as the Colonel should drop, were you and he to meet: and, on the other hand, it would be dreadful that you should be sent to your account unprepared for it, and pursuing a fresh violence. Moreover, seest thou not, in the deaths of two of thy principal agents, the hand-writing upon the wall against thee.

My zeal on this occasion may make me guilty of repetition. Indeed I know not how to quit the subject. But if what I have written, added to your own remorse and consciousness, cannot prevail, all that I might further urge would be ineffectual.

Adieu, therefore! Mayst thou repent of the past! and may no new violences add to thy heavy reflections, and overwhelm thy future hopes! are the wishes of

Thy true friend, JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER LX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. MUNICH, NOV. 11 — 22.

I received your's this moment, just as I was setting out for Vienna.

As to going to Madrid, or one single step out of the way to avoid Colonel Morden, let me perish if I do! — You cannot think me so mean a wretch.

And so you own that he has threatened me; but not in gross and ungentlemanly terms, you say. If he has threatened me like a gentleman, I will resent his threats like a gentleman. But he has not done as a man of honour, if he has threatened at all behind my back. I would scorn to threaten any man to whom I knew how to address myself either personally or by pen and ink.

As to what you mention of my guilt; of the hand-writing on the wall; of a legal prosecution, if he meet his fate from my hand; of his skill, coolness, courage, and such-like poltroon stuff; what can you mean by it? Surely you cannot believe that such insinuations as those will weaken either my hands or my heart. — No more of this sort of nonsense, I beseech you, in any of your future letters.

He had not taken any resolutions, you say, when you saw him. He must and will take resolutions, one way or other, very quickly; for I wrote to him yesterday, without waiting for this or your answer to my last. I could not avoid it. I could not (as I told you in that) live in suspense. I have directed my letter to Florence. Nor could I suffer my friends to live in suspense as to my safety. But I have couched it in such moderate terms, that he has fairly his option. He will be the challenger, if he take it in the sense in which he may so handsomely avoid taking it. And if he does, it will demonstrate that malice and revenge were the predominant passions with him; and that he was determined but to settle his affairs, and then take his resolutions, as you phrase it. — Yet, if we are to meet [for I know what my option would be, in his case, on such a letter, complaisant as it is] I wish he had a worse, I a better cause. It would be a sweet revenge to him, were I to fall by his hand. But what should I be the better for killing him?

I will enclose a copy of the letter I sent him.

* * *

On re-perusing your's in a cooler moment, I cannot but thank you for your friendly love, and good intentions. My value for you, from the first hour of our acquaintance till now, I have never found misplaced; regarding at least your intention: thou must, however, own a good deal of blunder of the over-do and under-do kind, with respect to the part thou actest between me and the beloved of

my heart. But thou art really an honest fellow, and a sincere and warm friend. I could almost wish I had not written to Florence till I had received thy letter now before me. But it is gone. Let it go. If he wish peace, and to avoid violence, he will have a fair opportunity to embrace the one, and shun the other. — If not — he must take his fate.

But be this as it may, you may contrive to let young Harlowe know [he is a menacer, too!] that I shall be in England in March next, at farthest.

This of Bavaria is a gallant and polite court. Nevertheless, being uncertain whether my letter may meet with the Colonel at Florence, I shall quit it, and set out, as I intended, for Vienna; taking care to have any letter or message from him conveyed to me there: which will soon bring me back hither, or to any other place to which I shall be invited.

As I write to Charlotte I have nothing more to add, after compliments to all friends, than that I am

Wholly your's, LOVELACE.

* * *

MR. LOVELACE, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ. [ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.] MUNICH, NOV. 10 — 21.

SIR,

I have heard, with a great deal of surprise, that you have thought fit to throw out some menacing expressions against me.

I should have been very glad that you had thought I had punishment enough in my own mind for the wrongs I have done to the most excellent of women; and that it had been possible for two persons, so ardently joining in one love, (especially as I was desirous to the utmost of my power, to repair those wrongs,) to have lived, if not on amicable terms, in such a way as not to put either to the pain of hearing of threatenings thrown out in absence, which either ought to be despised for, if he had not spirit to take notice of them.

Now, Sir, if what I have heard be owing only to warmth of temper, or to sudden passion, while the loss of all other losses the most deplorable to me was recent, I not only excuse, but commend you for it. But if you are really determined to meet me on any other account, [which, I own to you, is not however what I wish,] it would be very blamable, and very unworthy of the character I desire to maintain, as well with you as with every other gentleman, to give you a difficulty in doing it.

Being uncertain when this letter may meet you, I shall set out to-morrow for Vienna; where any letter directed to the post-house in the city, or to Baron

Windisgrat's (at the Favorita) to whom I have commendations, will come to hand.

Mean time, believing you to be a man too generous to make a wrong construction of what I am going to declare, and knowing the value which the dearest of all creatures had for you, and your relation to her, I will not scruple to assure you, that the most acceptable return will be, that Colonel Morden chooses to be upon an amicable, rather than upon any other footing, with

His sincere admirer, and humble servant, R. LOVELACE.

LETTER LXI

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

LINTZ, | NOV. 28.

| DEC. 9.

I am now on my way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden, in pursuance of his answer to my letter enclosed in my last. I had been at Presburgh, and had intended to visit some other cities of Hungary: but having obliged myself to return first to Vienna, I there met with his letter, which follows:

MUNICH, | NOV. 21.

| DEC. 2.

SIR,

Your letter was at Florence four days before I arrived there.

That I might not appear unworthy of your favour, I set out for this city the very next morning. I knew not but that the politeness of this court might have engaged, beyond his intention, a gentleman who has only his pleasure to pursue.

But being disappointed in my hope of finding you here, it becomes me to acquaint you, that I have such a desire to stand well in the opinion of a man of your spirit, that I cannot hesitate a moment upon the option, which I am sure Mr. Lovelace in my situation (thus called upon) would make.

I own, Sir, that I have on all occasions, spoken of your treatment of my ever-dear cousin as it deserved. It would have been very surprising if I had not And it behoves me (now you have given me so noble an opportunity of explaining myself) to convince you, that no words fell from my lips, of you, merely because you were absent. I acquaint you, therefore, that I will attend your appointment; and would, were it to the farthest part of the globe.

I shall stay some days at this court; and if you please to direct for me at M. Klienfurt's in this city, whether I remain here or not, your commands will come safely and speedily to the hands of, Sir,

Your most humble servant, WM. MORDEN.

* * *

So you see, Belford, that the Colonel by his ready, his even eagerly-expressed acceptance of the offered interview, was determined. And is it not much better to bring such a point as this to an issue, than to give pain to friends for my safety, or continue in suspense myself; as I must do, if I imagined that another had aught against me?

This was my reply:

VIENNA, | NOV. 25.
| DEC. 6.

SIR,

I have this moment the favour of your's. I will suspend a tour I was going to take into Hungary, and instantly set out for Munich; and, if I can find you not there, will proceed on to Trent. This city, being on the confines of Italy, will be most convenient, as I presume, to you, in your return to Tuscany; and I shall hope to meet you in it on the 3/14th of December.

I shall bring with me only a French valet and an English footman. Other particulars may be adjusted when I have the honour to see you. Till when, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant, R. LOVELACE.

* * *

Now, Jack, I have no manner of apprehension of the event of this meeting. And I think I must say he seeks me out; not I him. And so let him take the consequence.

What is infinitely nearer to my heart, is, my ingratitude to the most excellent of women — My premeditated ingratitude! — Yet all the while enabled to distinguish and to adore her excellencies, in spite of the mean opinion of the sex which I had imbibed from early manhood.

But this lady has asserted the worthiness of her sex, and most gloriously has she exalted it with me now. Yet, surely, as I have said and written an hundred times, there cannot be such another woman.

But as my loss in her departure is the greatest of any man's, and as she was dearer to me than to any other person in the world, and once she herself wished to be so, what an insolence in any man breathing to pretend to avenge her on me! — Happy! happy! thrice happy! had I known how to value, as I ought to have valued, the glory of such a preference!

I will not aggravate to myself this aggravation of the Colonel's pretending to call me to account for my treatment of a lady so much my own, lest, in the approaching interview, my heart should relent for one so nearly related to her, and who means honour and justice to her memory; and I should thereby give him advantages which otherwise he cannot have. For I know that I shall be inclined to trust to my skill, to save a man who was so much and so justly valued by her; and shall be loath to give way to my resentment, as a threatened man. And in this respect only I am sorry for his skill, and his courage, lest I should be obliged, in my own defence, to add a chalk to a score that is already too long.

* * *

Indeed, indeed, Belford, I am, and shall be, to my latest hour, the most miserable of beings. Such exalted generosity! — Why didst thou put into my craving hands the copy of her will? Why sentest thou to me the posthumous letter? — What thou I was earnest to see the will? thou knewest what they both were [I did not]; and that it would be cruel to oblige me.

The meeting of twenty Colonel Mordens, were there twenty to meet in turn, would be nothing to me, would not give me a moment's concern, as to my own safety: but my reflections upon my vile ingratitude to so superior an excellence will ever be my curse.

Had she been a Miss Howe to me, and treated me as if I were a Hickman, I had had a call for revenge; and policy (when I had intended to be an husband) might have justified my attempts to humble her. But a meek and gentle temper was her's, though a true heroine, whenever honour or virtue called for an exertion of spirit.

Nothing but my cursed devices stood in the way of my happiness. Remembrest thou not how repeatedly, from the first, I poured cold water upon her rising flame, by meanly and ungratefully turning upon her the injunctions, which virgin delicacy, and filial duty, induced her to lay me under before I got her into my power?*

* See Vol. III. Letter XV. See also Letters XVII. XLV. XLVI. of that volume, and many other places.

Did she not tell me, and did I not know it, if she had not told me, that she could not be guilty of affectation or tyranny to the man whom she intended to marry?* I knew, as she once upbraided me, that from the time I had got her from her father's house, I had a plain path before me.* * True did she say, and I triumphed in the discovery, that from that time I held her soul in suspense an hundred times.* * * My ipecacuanha trial alone was enough to convince an infidel that she had a mind in which love and tenderness would have presided, had I permitted the charming buds to put forth and blow.* * * *

* See Vol. V. Letter XXXIV. — It may be observed further, that all Clarissa's occasional lectures to Miss Howe, on that young lady's treatment of Mr. Hickman, prove that she was herself above affectation and tyranny. — See, more particularly, the advice she gives to that friend of her heart, Letter XXXII. of Vol. VIII.— 'O my dear,' says she, in that Letter, 'that it had been my lot (as I was not permitted to live single) to have met with a man by whom I could have acted

generously and unreservedly!’ &c. &c. * * See Vol. V. Letters XXVI. and XXXIV. * * * Ibid. Letter XXXIV. * * * * See Vol. V. Letters II. III.

She would have had no reserve, as once she told me, had I given her cause of doubt.* And did she not own to thee, that once she could have loved me; and, could she have made me good, would have made me happy?* * O, Belford! here was love; a love of the noblest kind! A love, as she hints in her posthumous letter,* * * that extended to the soul; and which she not only avowed in her dying hours, but contrived to let me know it after death, in that letter filled with warnings and exhortations, which had for their sole end my eternal welfare!

* Ibid. Letter XXXVI. * * See Vol. VIII. Letter LXIV. * * * See Letter XXXVI. of this volume.

The cursed women, indeed, endeavoured to excite my vengeance, and my pride, by preaching to me of me. And my pride was, at times, too much excited by their vile insinuations. But had it even been as they said; well might she, who had been used to be courted and admired by every desiring eye, and worshipped by every respectful heart — well might such a woman be allowed to draw back, when she found herself kept in suspense, as to the great question of all, by a designing and intriguing spirit; pretending awe and distance, as reasons for reining-in a fervour, which, if real, cannot be reined-in — Divine creature! Her very doubts, her reserves, (so justly doubting,) would have been my assurance, and my glory! — And what other trial needed her virtue! What other needed a purity so angelic, (blessed with such a command in her passions in the bloom of youth,) had I not been a villain — and a wanton, a conceited, a proud fool, as well as a villain?

These reflections sharpened, rather than their edge by time abated, accompany me in whatever I do, and wherever I go; and mingle with all my diversions and amusements. And yet I go into gay and splendid company. I have made new acquaintance in the different courts I have visited. I am both esteemed and sought after, by persons of rank and merit. I visit the colleges, the churches, the palaces. I frequent the theatre: am present at every public exhibition; and see all that is worth seeing, that I had not see before, in the cabinets of the curious: am sometimes admitted to the toilette of an eminent toast, and make one with distinction at the assemblies of others — yet can think of nothing, nor of any body, with delight, but of my CLARISSA. Nor have I seen one woman with advantage to herself, but as she resembles, in stature, air, complexion, voice, or in some feature, that charmer, that only charmer of my soul.

What greater punishment, than to have these astonishing perfections, which she was mistress of, strike my remembrance with such force, when I have nothing left me but the remorse of having deprived myself and the world of such a blessing? Now and then, indeed, am I capable of a gleam of comfort, arising (not ungenerously) from the moral certainty which I have of her everlasting happiness, in spite of all the machinations and devices which I set on foot to ensnare her virtue, and to bring down so pure a mind to my own level.

For can I be, at worst, [avert that worst,
O thou SUPREME, who only canst avert it!]
So much a wretch, so very far abandon'd,
But that I must, even in the horrid's gloom,
Reap intervenient joy, at least some respite,
From pain and anguish, in her bliss. —

* * *

If I find myself thus miserable abroad, I will soon return to England, and follow your example, I think — turn hermit, or some plaguy thing or other, and see what a constant course of penitence and mortification will do for me. There is no living at this rate — d — n me if there be!

If any mishap should befal me, you'll have the particulars of it from De la Tour. He indeed knows but little English; but every modern tongue is your's. He is a trusty and ingenious fellow; and, if any thing happen, will have some other papers, which I have already sealed up, for you to transmit to Lord M. And since thou art so expert and so ready at executorships, pr'ythee, Belford, accept of the office for me, as well as for my Clarissa — CLARISSA LOVELACE let me call her.

By all that's good, I am bewitched to her memory. Her very name, with mine joined to it, ravishes my soul, and is more delightful to me than the sweetest music.

Had I carried her [I must still recriminate] to any other place than that accursed woman's — for the potion was her invention and mixture; and all the persisted-in violence was at her instigation, and at that of her wretched daughters, who have now amply revenged upon me their own ruin, which they lay at my door —

But this looks so like the confession of a thief at the gallows, that possibly thou wilt be apt to think I am intimidated in prospect of the approaching interview. But far otherwise. On the contrary, most cheerfully do I go to meet the Colonel; and I would tear my heart out of my breast with my own hands, were it capable of fear or concern on that account.

Thus much only I know, that if I should kill him, [which I will not do, if I can help it,] I shall be far from being easy in my mind; that shall I never more be. But as the meeting is evidently of his own seeking, against an option fairly given to the contrary, and I cannot avoid it, I'll think of that hereafter. It is but repenting and mortifying for all at once; for I am sure of victory, as I am that I now live, let him be ever so skillful a swordsman; since, besides that I am no unfleshed novice, this is a sport that, when provoked to it, I love as well as my food. And, moreover, I shall be as calm and undisturbed as the bishop at his prayers; while he, as is evident by his letter, must be actuated by revenge and passion.

Doubt not, therefore, Jack, that I shall give a good account of this affair. Mean time, I remain,

Your's most affectionately, &c. LOVELACE.

LETTER LXII

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. TRENT, DEC. 3 — 14.

To-morrow is to be the day, that will, in all probability, send either one or two ghosts to attend the manes of my CLARISSA.

I arrived here yesterday; and inquiring for an English gentleman of the name of Morden, soon found out the Colonel's lodgings. He had been in town two days; and left his name at every probable place.

He was gone to ride out; and I left my name, and where to be found; and in the evening he made me a visit.

He was plaguy gloomy. That was not I. But yet he told me that I had acted like a man of true spirit in my first letter; and with honour, in giving him so readily this meeting. He wished I had in other respects; and then we might have seen each other upon better terms than now we did.

I said there was no recalling what was passed; and that I wished some things had not been done, as well as he.

To recriminate now, he said, would be as exasperating as unavailable. And as I had so cheerfully given him this opportunity, words should give place to business. — Your choice, Mr. Lovelace, of time, of place, of weapon, shall be my choice.

The two latter be your's, Mr. Morden. The time to-morrow, or next day, as you please.

Next day, then, Mr. Lovelace; and we'll ride out to-morrow, to fix the place.

Agreed, Sir.

Well: now, Mr. Lovelace, do you choose the weapon.

I said I believed we might be upon an equal footing with the single rapier; but, if he thought otherwise, I had no objection to a pistol.

I will only say, replied he, that the chances may be more equal by the sword, because we can neither of us be to seek in that; and you would stand, says he, a worse chance, as I apprehend, with a pistol; and yet I have brought two, that you may take your choice of either; for, added he, I have never missed a mark at pistol-distance, since I knew how to hold a pistol.

I told him, that he spoke like himself; that I was expert enough that way, to embrace it, if he chose it; though not so sure of my mark as he pretended to be. Yet the devil's in it, Colonel, if I, who have slit a bullet in two upon a knife's edge, hit not my man. So I have no objection to a pistol, if it be your choice. No man, I'll venture to say, has a steadier hand or eye than I have.

They may both be of use to you, Sir, at the sword, as well as at the pistol: the sword, therefore, be the thing, if you please.

With all my heart.

We parted with a solemn sort of ceremonious civility: and this day I called upon him; and we rode out together to fix upon the place: and both being of one mind, and hating to put off for the morrow what could be done to-day, would have decided it then: but De la Tour, and the Colonel's valet, who attended us, being unavoidably let into the secret, joined to beg we would have with us a surgeon from Brixen, whom La Tour had fallen in with there, and who had told him he was to ride next morning to bleed a person in a fever, at a lone cottage, which, by the surgeon's description, was not far from the place where we then were, if it were not that very cottage within sight of us.

They overtook so to manage it, that the surgeon should know nothing of the matter till his assistance was called in. And La Tour, being, as I assured the Colonel, a ready contriving fellow, [whom I ordered to obey him as myself, were the chance to be in his favour,] we both agreed to defer the decision till to-morrow, and to leave the whole about the surgeon to the management of our two valets; enjoining them absolute secrecy: and so rode back again by different ways.

We fixed upon a little lone valley for the spot — ten to-morrow morning the time — and single rapier the word. Yet I repeatedly told him, that I valued myself so much upon my skill in that weapon, that I would wish him to choose any other.

He said it was a gentleman's weapon; and he who understood it not, wanted a qualification that he ought to suffer for not having: but that, as to him, one weapon was as good as another, throughout all the instruments of offence.

So, Jack, you see I take no advantage of him: but my devil must deceive me, if he take not his life or his death at my hands before eleven to-morrow morning.

His valet and mine are to be present; but both strictly enjoined to be impartial and inactive: and, in return for my civility of the like nature, he commanded his to be assisting me, if he fell.

We are to ride thither, and to dismount when at the place; and his footman and mine are to wait at an appointed distance, with a chaise to carry off to the borders of the Venetian territories the survivor, if one drop; or to assist either or both, as occasion may demand.

And thus, Belford, is the matter settled.

A shower of rain has left me nothing else to do; and therefore I write this letter; though I might as well have deferred it till to-morrow twelve o'clock, when I doubt not to be able to write again, to assure you much I am

Yours, &c. LOVELACE.

LETTER LXIII

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM F.J. DE LA TOUR.

TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. NEAR SOHO-SQUARE, LONDON. TRENT, DEC. 18, N.S.

SIR,

I have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He showed me his letter to you before he sealed it; signifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready, within a little distance, a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of secrecy, I had revealed the matter, (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen;) so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animosity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monsieur Margate, (the Colonel's gentleman,) and myself. They had given orders over night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them: and that, if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the servant of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that I ever beheld in men, stript to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body; but, before my chevalier could recover himself, the Colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the shoulder; and the sword (raking his breast as it passed,) being followed by a great effusion of blood, the Colonel said, Sir, I believe you have enough.

My chevalier swore by G — d he was not hurt; 'twas a pin's point; and so made another pass at his antagonist; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear chevalier into the body; who immediately fell; saying, The luck is your's, Sir — O my beloved Clarissa! — Now art thou — inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropt

from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French — Ah, Monsieur! you are a dead man! —— Call to God for mercy!

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the surgeons; who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the Colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak, and struggle,) extremely outrageous. — Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The Colonel, against the surgeons' advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the footman; and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct, and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The surgeons told him that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the Colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace said, You have well revenged the dear creature.

I have, Sir, said Mr. Morden; and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey, or disobey, the dear angel.

There is a fate in it! replied my chevalier — a cursed fate! — or this could not have been! — But be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge that I fall by a man of honour.

Sir, said the Colonel, with the piety of a confessor, (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand,) snatch these few fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God.

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded slowly with my chevalier; yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage; and he gave orders to me to dispatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair: and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendship to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but suffered much, as well from his impatience and disappointment, as from his wounds; for he seemed very unwilling to die.

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours: and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre, Take her away! Take her away! but named nobody. And sometimes praised some lady, (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound,) calling her Sweet Excellence! Divine Creature! Fair Sufferer! — And once he said, Look down, Blessed Spirit, look down! — And there stopt; — his lips, however, moving.

At nine in the morning he was seized with convulsions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His few last words I must not omit, as they show an ultimate composure; which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends.

Blessed — said he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up — a strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more — but recovering, he again, with great fervour, (lifting up his eyes, and his spread hands,) pronounced the word blessed: Then, in a seeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly, so as not to be understood: at last, he distinctly pronounced these three words,

LET THIS EXPIATE!

And then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired, at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end so near: so had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refused, had he not been an Englishman of rank: a nation with reason respected in every Austrian government — for he had refused ghostly attendance, and the sacraments in the Catholic way. — May his soul be happy, I pray God!

I have had some trouble also, on account of the manner of his death, from the magistracy here: who have taken the requisite informations in the affair. And it has cost some money. Of which, and of the dear chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And so, waiting at this place your commands, I am, Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant, F.J. DE LA TOUR.

CONCLUSION

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY MR. BELFORD

What remains to be mentioned for the satisfaction of such of the readers as may be presumed to have interested themselves in the fortunes of those other principals in the story, who survived Mr. Lovelace, will be found summarily related as follows:

The news of Mr. LOVELACE's unhappy end was received with as much grief by his own relations, as it was with exultation by the Harlowe family, and by Miss Howe. His own family were most to be pitied, because, being sincere admirers of the inimitable lady, they were greatly grieved for the injustice done her; and now had the additional mortification of losing the only male of it, by a violent death.

That his fate was deserved, was still a heightening of their calamity, as they had, for that very reason, and his unpreparedness for it, but too much ground for apprehension with regard to his future happiness. While the other family, from their unforgiving spirit, and even the noble young lady above mentioned, from her lively resentments, found his death some little, some temporary, alleviation of the heavy loss they had sustained, principally through his means.

Temporary alleviation, we repeat, as to the Harlowe family; for THEY were far from being happy or easy in their reflections upon their own conduct. — And still the less, as the inconsolable mother rested not till she had procured, by means of Colonel Morden, large extracts from some of the letters that compose this history, which convinced them all that the very correspondence which Clarissa, while with them, renewed with Mr. Lovelace, was renewed for their sakes, more than for her own: that she had given him no encouragement contrary to her duty and to that prudence for which she was so early noted: that had they trusted to a discretion which they owned she had never brought into question, she would have extricated them and herself (as she once proposed* to her mother) from all difficulties as to Lovelace: that she, if any woman ever could, would have given a glorious instance of a passion conquered, or at least kept under by reason and by piety; the man being too immoral to be implicitly beloved.

* See Vol. I. Letter XVII.

The unhappy parents and uncles, from the perusal of these extracts, too evidently for their peace, saw that it was entirely owing to the avarice, the ambition, the envy, of her implacable brother and sister, and to the senseless confederacy entered into by the whole family, to compel her to give her hand to a man she must despise, or she had not been a CLARISSA, and to their consequent

persecution of her, that she ever thought of quitting her father's house: and that even when she first entertained such a thought, it was with intent, if possible, to procure for herself a private asylum with Mrs. Howe, or at some other place of safety, (but not with Mr. Lovelace, nor with any of the ladies of his family, though invited by the latter,) from whence she might propose terms which ought to have been complied with, and which were entirely consistent with her duty — that though she found herself disappointed of the hoped-for refuge and protection, she intended not, by meeting Mr. Lovelace, to put herself into his power; all that she aimed at by taking that step being to endeavour to pacify so fierce a spirit, lest he should (as he indeed was determined to do) pay a visit to her friends, which might have been attended with fatal consequences; but was spirited away by him in such a manner, as made her an object of pity rather than of blame.

These extracts further convinced them all that it was to her unaffected regret that she found that marriage was not in her power afterwards for a long time; and at last, but on one occasion, when their unnatural cruelty to her (on a new application she had made to her aunt Hervey, to procure mercy and pardon) rendered her incapable of receiving his proffered hand; and so obliged her to suspend the day: intending only to suspend it till recovered.

They saw with equal abhorrence of Lovelace, and of their own cruelty, and with the highest admiration of her, that the majesty of her virtue had awed the most daring spirit in the world, so that he durst not attempt to carry his base designs into execution, till, by wicked potions, he had made her senses the previous sacrifice.

But how did they in a manner adore her memory! How did they recriminate upon each other! when they found, that she had not only preserved herself from repeated outrage, by the most glorious and intrepid behaviour, in defiance, and to the utter confusion of all his libertine notions, but had the fortitude, constantly, and with a noble disdain, to reject him. — Whom? — Why, the man she once could have loved, kneeling for pardon, and begging to be permitted to make her the best reparation then in his power to make her; that is to say, by marriage. His fortunes high and unbroken. She his prisoner at the time in a vile house: rejected by all her friends; upon repeated application to them, for mercy and forgiveness, rejected — mercy and forgiveness, and a last blessing, afterwards imploring; and that as much to lighten their future remorses, as for the comfort of her own pious heart — yet, though savagely refused, on a supposition that she was not so near her end as she was represented departed, forgiving and blessing them all!

Then they recollected that her posthumous letters, instead of reproaches, were filled with comfortings: that she had in her last will, in their own way, laid obligations upon them all; obligations which they neither deserved nor expected;

as if she thought to repair the injustice which self-partiality made some of them conclude done to them by her grandfather in his will.

These intelligences and recollections were perpetual subjects of recrimination to them: heightened their anguish for the loss of a child who was the glory of their family; and not seldom made them shun each other, (at the times they were accustomed to meet together,) that they might avoid the mutual reproaches of eyes that spoke, when tongues were silent — their stings also sharpened by time! What an unhappy family was this! Well might Colonel Morden, in the words of Juvenal, challenge all other miserable families to produce such a growing distress as that of the Harlowes (a few months before so happy!) was able to produce.

Humani generis mores tibi nôsse volenti
Sufficit una domus: paucos consume dies, &
Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.

Mrs. HARLOWE lived about two years and an half after the lamented death of her CLARISSA.

Mr. HARLOWE had the additional affliction to survive his lady about half a year; her death, by new pointing his former anguish and remorse, hastening his own.

Both, in their last hours, however, comforted themselves, that they should be restored to their BLESSED daughter, as they always (from the time they were acquainted with the above particulars of her story, and with her happy exit) called her.

They both lived, however, to see their son James, and their daughter Arabella, married: but not to take joy in either of their nuptials.

Mr. JAMES HARLOWE married a woman of family, an orphan; and is obliged, at a very great expense, to support his claim to estates, which were his principal inducement to make his addresses to her; but which, to this day, he has not recovered; nor is likely to recover; having powerful adversaries to contend with, and a title to assert, which admits of litigation; and he not blessed with so much patience as is necessary to persons embarrassed in law.

What is further observable, with regard to him, is, that the match was entirely of his own head, against the advice of his father, mother, and uncles, who warned him of marrying in this lady a law-suit for life. His ungenerous behaviour to his wife, for what she cannot help, and for what is as much her misfortune as his, has occasioned such estrangements between them (she being a woman of spirit) as, were the law-suits determined, even more favourably than probably they will be, must make him unhappy to the end of his life. He attributes all his misfortunes, when he opens himself to the few friends he has, to his vile and cruel treatment of his angelic sister. He confesses these misfortunes to be just, without having

temper to acquiesce in the acknowledged justice. One month in every year he puts on mourning, and that month commences with him on the 7th of September, during which he shuts himself up from all company. Finally, he is looked upon, and often calls himself,

THE MOST MISERABLE OF BEINGS.

ARABELLA'S fortune became a temptation to a man of quality to make his addresses to her: his title an inducement with her to approve of him. Brothers and sisters, when they are not friends, are generally the sharpest enemies to each other. He thought too much was done for in the settlements. She thought not enough. And for some years past, they have so heartily hated each other, that if either know a joy, it is in being told of some new misfortune or displeasure that happens to the other. Indeed, before they came to an open rupture, they were continually loading each other, by way of exonerating themselves (to the additional disquiet of the whole family) with the principal guilt of their implacable behaviour and sordid cruelty to their admirable sister. — May the reports that are spread of this lady's farther unhappiness from her lord's free life; a fault she justly thought so odious in Mr. Lovelace (though that would not have been an insuperable objection with her to his addresses); and of his public slights and contempt of her, and even sometimes of his personal abuses, which are said to be owing to her impatient spirit, and violent passions; be utterly groundless — For, what a heart must that be, which would wish she might be as great a torment to herself, as she had aimed to be to her sister? Especially as she regrets to this hour, and declares that she shall to the last of her life, her cruel treatment of that sister; and (as well as her brother) is but too ready to attribute to that her own unhappiness.

Mr. ANTONY and Mr. JOHN HARLOWE are still (at the writing of this) living: but often declare, that, with their beloved niece, they lost all the joy of their lives: and lament, without reserve, in all companies, the unnatural part they were induced to take against her.

Mr. SOLMES is also still living, if a man of his cast may be said to live; for his general behaviour and sordid manners are such as justify the aversion the excellent lady had to him. He has moreover found his addresses rejected by several women of far inferior fortunes (great as his own are) to those of the lady to whom he was encouraged to aspire.

Mr. MOWBRAY and Mr. TOURVILLE having lost the man in whose conversation they so much delighted; shocked and awakened by the several unhappy catastrophes before their eyes; and having always rather ductile and dictating hearts; took their friend Belford's advice: converted the remainder of their fortunes into annuities for life; and retired, the one into Yorkshire, the other

into Nottinghamshire, of which counties they are natives: their friend Belford managing their concerns for them, and corresponding with them, and having more and more hopes, every time he sees them, (which is once or twice a year, when they come to town,) that they will become more and more worthy of their names and families.

As those sisters in iniquity, SALLY MARTIN and POLLY HORTON, had abilities and education superior to what creatures of their cast generally can boast of; and as their histories are no where given in the preceding papers, in which they are frequently mentioned; it cannot fail of gratifying the reader's curiosity, as well as answering the good ends designed by the publication of this work, to give a brief account of their parentage, and manner of training-up, preparative to the vile courses they fell into, and of what became of them, after the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair.

SALLY MARTIN was the daughter of a substantial mercer at the court-end of the town; to whom her mother, a grocer's daughter in the city, brought a handsome fortune; and both having a gay turn, and being fond of the fashions which it was their business to promote; and which the wives and daughters of the uppermost tradesmen (especially in that quarter of the town) generally affect to follow; it was no wonder that they brought up their daughter accordingly: nor that she, who was a very sprightly and ready-witted girl, and reckoned very pretty and very genteel, should every year improve upon such examples.

She early found herself mistress of herself. All she did was right: all she said was admired. Early, very early, did she dismiss blushes from her cheek. She could not blush, because she could not doubt: and silence, whatever was the subject, was as much a stranger to her as diffidence.

She never was left out of any party of pleasure after she had passed her ninth year; and, in honour of her prattling vein, was considered as a principal person in the frequent treats and entertainments which her parents, fond of luxurious living, gave with a view to increase their acquaintance for the sake of their business; not duly reflecting, that the part they suffered her to take in what made for their interest, would probably be a mean to quicken their appetites, and ruin the morals of their daughter, for whose sake, as an only child, they were solicitous to obtain wealth.

The CHILD so much a woman, what must the WOMAN be?

At fifteen or sixteen, she affected, both in dress and manners, to ape such of the quality as were most apish. The richest silks in her father's shop were not too rich for her. At all public diversions, she was the leader, instead of the led, of all her female kindred and acquaintances, though they were a third older than herself. She would bustle herself into a place, and make room for her more bashful

companions, through the frowns of the first possessors, at a crowded theatre, leaving every one near her amazed at her self-consequence, wondering she had no servant to keep place for her; whisperingly inquiring who she was; and then sitting down admiring her fortitude.

She officiously made herself of consequence to the most noted players; who, as one of their patronesses, applied to her for her interest on their benefit-nights. She knew the christian, as well as sur name of every pretty fellow who frequented public places; and affected to speak of them by the former.

Those who had not obeyed the call her eyes always made upon all of them for notice at her entrance, or before she took her seat, were spoken of with haughtiness, as, Jacks, or Toms; wile her favourites, with an affectedly-endearing familiarity, and a prettiness of accent, were Jackeys and Tommys; and if they stood very high in her graces, dear devils, and agreeable toads.

She sat in judgment, and an inexorable judge she was upon the actions and conduct of every man and woman of quality and fashion, as they became the subjects of conversation. She was deeply learned in the scandalous chronicle: she made every character, every praise, and every censure, serve to exalt herself. She should scorn to do so or so! — or, That was ever her way; and Just what she did, or liked to do; and judging herself by the vileness of the most vile of her sex, she wiped her mouth, and sat down satisfied with her own virtue.

She had her chair to attend her wherever she went, and found people among her betters, as her pride stooped to call some of the most insignificant people in the world, to encourage her visits.

She was practised in all the arts of the card-table: a true Spartan girl; and had even courage, occasionally, to wrangle off a detection. Late hours (turning night into day, and day into night) were the almost unavoidable consequences of her frequent play. Her parents pleased themselves that their Sally had a charming constitution: and, as long as she suffered not in her health, they were regardless of her morals.

The needle she hated: and made the constant subjects of her ridicule the fine works that used to employ, and keep out of idleness, luxury, and extravagance, and at home (were they to have been of no other service) the women of the last age, when there were no Vauxhalls, Ranelaghs, Marybones, and such-like places of diversion, to dress out for, and gad after.

And as to family-management, her parents had not required any knowledge of that sort from her; and she considered it as a qualification only necessary for hirelings, and the low-born, and as utterly unworthy of the attention of a modern fine lady.

Although her father had great business, yet, living in so high and expensive a way, he pretended not to give her a fortune answerable to it. Neither he nor his wife having set out with any notion of frugality could think of retrenching. Nor did their daughter desire that they should retrench. They thought glare or ostentation reputable. They called it living genteely. And as they lifted their heads above their neighbours, they supposed their credit concerned to go forward rather than backward in outward appearances. They flattered themselves, and they flattered their girl, and she was entirely of their opinion, that she had charms and wit enough to attract some man of rank; of fortune at least: and yet this daughter of a mercer-father and grocer-mother could not bear the thoughts of a creeping cit; encouraging herself with the few instances (common ones, of girls much inferior to herself in station, talents, education, and even fortune, who had succeeded — as she doubted not to succeed). Handsome settlements, and a chariot, that tempting gewgaw to the vanity of the middling class of females, were the least that she proposed to herself. But all this while, neither her parents nor herself considered that she had appetites indulged to struggle with, and a turn of education given her, as well as a warm constitution, unguarded by sound principles, and unbenefitted by example, which made her much better qualified for a mistress than a wife.

Her twentieth year, to her own equal wonder and regret, passed over her head, and she had not one offer that her pride would permit her to accept of. A girl from fifteen to eighteen, her beauty then beginning to blossom, will, as a new thing, attract the eyes of men: but if she make her face cheap at public places, she will find, that new faces will draw more attention than fine faces constantly seen. Policy, therefore, if nothing else were considered, would induce a young beauty, if she could tame her vanity, just to show herself, and to be talked of, and then withdrawing, as if from discretion, (and discreet it will be to do so,) expect to be sought after, rather than to be thought to seek for; only reviving now-and-then the memory of herself, at the public places in turn, if she find herself likely to be forgotten; and then she will be new again. But this observation ought young ladies always to have in their heads, that they can hardly ever expect to gratify their vanity, and at the same time gain the admiration of men worthy of making partners for life. They may, in short, have many admirers at public places, but not one lover.

Sally Martin knew nothing of this doctrine. Her beauty was in its bloom, and yet she found herself neglected. ‘Sally Martin, the mercer’s daughter: she never fails being here;’ was the answer, and the accompanying observation, made to every questioner, Who is that lady?

At last, her destiny approached. It was at a masquerade that she first saw the gay, the handsome Lovelace, who was just returned from his travels. She was immediately struck with his figure, and with the brilliant things that she heard fall from his lips as he happened to sit near her. He, who was not then looking out for a wife, was taken with Sally's smartness, and with an air that at the same time showed her to be equally genteel and self-significant; and signs of approbation mutually passing, he found no difficulty in acquainting himself where to visit her next day. And yet it was some mortification to a person of her self-consequence, and gay appearance, to submit to be known by so fine a young gentleman as no more than a mercer's daughter. So natural is it for a girl brought up as Sally was, to be occasionally ashamed of those whose folly had set her above herself.

But whatever it might be to Sally, it was no disappointment to Mr. Lovelace, to find his mistress of no higher degree; because he hoped to reduce her soon to the lowest condition that an unhappy woman can fall into.

But when Miss Martin had informed herself that her lover was the nephew and presumptive heir of Lord M. she thought him the very man for whom she had been so long and so impatiently looking out; and for whom it was worth her while to spread her toils. And here it may not be amiss to observe, that it is very probable that Mr. Lovelace had Sally Martin in his thoughts, and perhaps two or three more whose hopes of marriage from him had led them to their ruin, when he drew the following whimsical picture, in a letter to his friend Belford, not inserted in the preceding collection:

'Methinks,' says he, 'I see a young couple in courtship, having each a design upon the other: the girl plays off: she is very happy as she is: she cannot be happier: she will not change her single state: the man, I will suppose, is one who does not confess, that he desires not that she should: she holds ready a net under her apron; he another under his coat; each intending to throw it over the other's neck; she over his, when her pride is gratified, and she thinks she can be sure of him; he over her's, when the watched-for yielding moment has carried consent too far. And suppose he happens to be the more dexterous of the two, and whips his net over her, before she can cast her's over him; how, I would fain know, can she cast her's over him; how, I would fain know, can she be justly entitled to cry out upon cruelty, barbarity, deception, sacrifices, and all the rest of the exclamatory nonsense, with which the pretty fools, in such a case, are wont to din the ears of their conquerors? Is it not just, thinkest thou, when she makes her appeal to gods and men, that both gods and men should laugh at her, and hitting her in the teeth with her own felonious intentions, bid her sit down patiently under her deserved disappointment?'

In short, Sally's parents, as well as herself, encouraged Mr. Lovelace's visits. They thought they might trust to a discretion in he which she herself was too wise to doubt. Pride they knew she had; and that, in these cases, is often called discretion. — Lord help the sex, says Lovelace, if they had not pride! — Nor did they suspect danger from that specious air of sincerity, and gentleness of manners, which he could assume or lay aside whenever he pleased.

The second masquerade, which was no more than their third meeting abroad, completed her ruin, from so practised, though so young a deceiver; and that before she well knew she was in danger; for, having prevailed on her to go off with him about twelve o'clock to his aunt Forbes's, a lady of honour and fortune, to whom he had given reason to expect her future niece, [the only hint of marriage he ever gave her,] he carried her off to the house of the wicked woman, who bears the name of Sinclair in these papers; and there, by promises, which she understood in the favourable sense, (for where a woman loves she seldom doubts enough for her safety,) obtained an easy conquest over a virtue that was little more than nominal.

He found it not difficult to induce her to proceed in the guilty commerce, till the effects of it became to apparent to be hid. Her parents then (in the first fury of their disappointment, and vexation for being deprived of all hopes of such a son-in-law) turned her out of doors.

Her disgrace thus published, she became hardened; and, protected by her seducer, whose favourite mistress she then was, she was so incensed against her parents for an indignity so little suiting with her pride, and the head they had always given her, that she refused to return to them, when, repenting of their passionate treatment of her, they would have been reconciled to her: and, becoming the favourite daughter of her mother Sinclair, at the persuasions of that abandoned woman she practised to bring on an abortion, which she effected, though she was so far gone that it had like to have cost her her life.

Thus, unchastity her first crime, murder her next, her conscience became seared; and, young as she was, and fond of her deceiver, soon grew indelicate enough, having so thorough-paced a school-mistress, to do all she could to promote the pleasures of the man who had ruined her; scrupling not, with a spirit truly diabolical, to endeavour to draw in others to follow her example. And it is hardly to be believed what mischiefs of this sort she was the means of effecting; woman confiding in and daring woman; and she a creature of specious appearance, and great art.

A still viler wickedness, if possible, remains to be said of Sally Martin.

Her father dying, her mother, in hopes to reclaim her, as she called it, proposed her to quit the house of the infamous Sinclair, and to retire with her into the

country, where her disgrace, and her then wicked way of life, would not be known; and there so to live as to save appearances; the only virtue she had ever taught her; besides that of endeavouring rather to delude than be deluded.

To this Sally consented; but with no other intention, as she often owned, (and gloried in it,) than to cheat her mother of the greatest part of her substance, in revenge for consenting to her being turned out of doors long before, and by way of reprisal for having persuaded her father, as she would have it, to cut her off, in his last will, from any share in his fortune.

This unnatural wickedness, in half a year's time, she brought about; and then the serpent retired to her obscene den with her spoils, laughing at what she had done; even after it had broken her mother's heart, as it did in a few months' time: a severe, but just punishment for the unprincipled education she had given her.

It ought to be added, that this was an iniquity of which neither Mr. Lovelace, nor any of his friends, could bear to hear her boast; and always checked her for it whenever she did; condemning it with one voice. And it is certain that this, and other instances of her complicated wickedness, turned early Lovelace's heart against her; and, had she not been subservient to him in his other pursuits, he would not have endured her: for, speaking of her, he would say, Let not any one reproach us, Jack: there is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman.*

* Eccles. xxv. 19.

A bad education was the preparative, it must be confessed; and for this Sally Martin had reason to thank her parents; as they had reason to thank themselves for what followed: but, had she not met with a Lovelace, she had avoided a Sinclair; and might have gone on at the common rate of wives so educated, and been the mother of children turned out to take their chance in the world, as she was; so many lumps of soft wax, fit to take any impression that the first accidents gave them; neither happy, nor making happy; every thing but useful, and well off, if not extremely miserable.

POLLY HORTON was the daughter of a gentlewoman, well descended; whose husband, a man of family and of honour, was a Captain in the Guards.

He died when Polly was about nine years of age, leaving her to the care of her mother, a lively young lady of about twenty-six; with a genteel provision for both.

Her mother was extremely fond of her Polly; but had it not in herself to manifest the true, the genuine fondness of a parent, by a strict and guarded education; dressing out, and visiting, and being visited by the gay of her own sex, and casting her eye abroad, as one very ready to try her fortune again in the married state.

This induced those airs, and a love to those diversions, which make a young widow, of so lively a turn, the unfittest tutoress in the world, even to her own

daughter.

Mrs. Horton herself having had an early turn to music, and that sort of reading which is but an earlier debauchery for young minds, preparative to the grosser at riper years; to wit, romances and novels, songs and plays, and those without distinction, moral or immoral, she indulged her daughter in the same taste; and at those hours, when they could not take part in the more active and lively amusements and kill-times, as some call them, used to employ Miss to read to her, happy enough, in her own imagination, that while she was diverting her own ears, and sometimes, as the piece was, corrupting her own heart, and her child's too, she was teaching Miss to read, and improve her mind; for it was the boast of every tea-table half-hour, That Miss Horton, in propriety, accent, and emphasis, surpassed all the young ladies her age; and, at other times, complimenting the pleased mother — Bless me, Madam, with what a surprising grace Miss Horton reads! — she enters into the very spirit of her subject — this she could have from nobody but you! An intended praise; but, as the subjects were, would have been a severe satire in the mouth of an enemy! — While the fond, the inconsiderate mother, with a delighted air, would cry, Why, I cannot but say, Miss Horton does credit to her tutoress! And then a Come hither, my best Love! and, with a kiss of approbation, What a pleasure to your dear papa, had he lived to see your improvements, my Charmer! Concluding with a sigh of satisfaction, her eyes turning round upon the circle, to take in all the silent applauses of theirs! But little though the fond, the foolish mother, what the plant would be, which was springing up from these seeds! Little imagined she, that her own ruin, as well as her child's, was to be the consequence of this fine education; and that, in the same ill-fated hour, the honour of both mother and daughter was to become a sacrifice to the intriguing invader.

This, the laughing girl, when abandoned to her evil destiny, and in company with her sister Sally, and others, each recounting their settings-out, their progress, and their fall, frequently related to be her education and manner of training-up.

This, and to see a succession of humble servants buzzing about a mother, who took too much pride in addresses of that kind, what a beginning, what an example, to a constitution of tinder, so prepared to receive the spark struck, from the steely forehead and flinty heart of such a libertine as at last it was their fortune to be encountered by!

In short, as Miss grew up under the influences of such a directress, and of books so light and frothy, with the inflaming additions of music, concerts, operas, plays, assemblies, balls, and the rest of the rabble of amusements of modern life, it is no wonder that, like early fruit, she was soon ripened to the hand of the insidious gatherer.

At fifteen, she owned she was ready to fancy herself the heroine of every novel and of every comedy she read, so well did she enter into the spirit of her subject; she glowed to become the object of some hero's flame; and perfectly longed to begin an intrigue, and even to be run away with by some enterprising lover: yet had neither confinement nor check to apprehend from her indiscreet mother, which she thought absolutely necessary to constitute a Parthenissa!

Nevertheless, with all these fine modern qualities, did she complete her nineteenth year, before she met with any address of consequence; one half of her admirers being afraid, because of her gay turn, and but middling fortune, to make serious applications for her favour; while others were kept at a distance, by the superior airs she assumed; and a third sort, not sufficiently penetrating the foibles either of mother or daughter, were kept off by the supposed watchful care of the former.

But when the man of intrepidity and intrigue was found, never was heroine so soon subdued, never goddess so easily stript of her celestials! For, at the opera, a diversion at which neither she nor her mother ever missed to be present, she beheld the specious Lovelace — beheld him invested with all the airs of heroic insult, resenting a slight affront offered to his Sally Martin by two gentlemen who had known her in her more hopeful state, one of whom Mr. Lovelace obliged to sneak away with a broken head, given with the pummel of his sword, the other with a bloody nose; neither of them well supporting that readiness of offence, which, it seems, was a part of their known character to be guilty of.

The gallantry of this action drawing every by-stander on the side of the hero, O the brave man! cried Polly Horton, aloud, to her mother, in a kind of rapture, How needful the protection of the brave to the fair! with a softness in her voice, which she had taught herself, to suit her fancied high condition of life.

A speech so much in his favour, could not but take the notice of a man who was but too sensible of the advantages which his fine person, and noble air, gave him over the gentler hearts, who was always watching every female eye, and who had his ear continually turned to every affected voice; for that was one of his indications of a proper subject to be attempted — Affectation of every sort, he used to say, is a certain sign of a wrong turned head; of a faulty judgment; and upon such a basis I seldom build in vain.

He instantly resolved to be acquainted with a young creature, who seemed so strongly prejudiced in his favour. Never man had a readier invention for all sorts of mischief. He gave his Sally her cue. He called her sister in their hearing; and Sally, whisperingly, gave the young lady and her mother, in her own way, the particulars of the affront she had received; making herself an angel of light, to cast the brighter ray upon the character of her heroic brother. She particularly

praised his known and approved courage; and mingled with her praises of him such circumstances relating to his birth, his fortune, and endowments, as left him nothing to do but to fall in love with the enamoured Polly.

Mr. Lovelace presently saw what turn to give his professions. So brave a man, yet of manners so gentle! hit the young lady's taste: nor could she suspect the heart that such an aspect covered. This was the man! the very man! she whispered to her mother. And, when the opera was over, his servant procuring a coach, he undertook, with his specious sister, to set them down at their own lodgings, though situated a quite different way from his: and there were they prevailed upon to alight, and partake of a slight repast.

Sally pressed them to return the favour to her at her aunt Forbes's, and hoped it would be before her brother went to his own seat.

They promised her, and named their evening.

A splendid entertainment was provided. The guests came, having in the interim found all that was said of his name, and family, and fortune to be true. Persons of so little strictness in their own morals, took it not into their heads to be very inquisitive after his.

Music and dancing had their share in the entertainment. These opened their hearts, already half opened by love: The aunt Forbes, and the lover's sister, kept them open by their own example. The hero sung, vowed, promised. Their gratitude was moved, their delights were augmented, their hopes increased, their confidence was engaged, all their appetites up in arms; the rich wines co-operating, beat quite off their guard, and not thought enough remaining for so much as suspicion — Miss, detached from her mother by Sally, soon fell a sacrifice to the successful intriguer.

The widow herself, half intoxicated, and raised as she was with artful mixtures, and inflamed by love, unexpectedly tendered by one of the libertines, his constant companions, (to whom an opportunity was contrived to be given to be alone with her, and that closely followed by importunity), fell into her daughter's error. The consequences of which, in length of time, becoming apparent, grief, shame, remorse, seized her heart, (her own indiscretion not allowing her to arraign her daughter's,) and she survived not her delivery, leaving Polly with child likewise; who, when delivered, being too fond of the gay deluder to renounce his company, even when she found herself deluded, fell into a course of extravagance and dissoluteness; ran through her fortune in a very little time, and, as an high preferment, at last, with Sally, was admitted a quarter partner with the detestable Sinclair.

All that is necessary to add to the history of these unhappy women, will be comprised in a very little compass.

After the death of the profligate Sinclair, they kept on the infamous trade with too much success; till an accident happened in the house — a gentleman of family killed in it in a fray, contending with another for a new-vamped face. Sally was accused of holding the gentleman's arm, while his more-favoured adversary ran him through the heart, and then made off. And she being tried for her life narrowly escaped.

This accident obliged them to break up house-keeping; and not having been frugal enough of their ill-gotten gains, (lavishing upon one what they got by another,) they were compelled, for subsistence sake, to enter themselves as under-managers at such another house as their own had been. In which service, soon after, Sally died of a fever and surfeit got by a debauch; and the other, about a month after, by a violent cold, occasioned through carelessness in a salivation.

Happier scenes open for the remaining characters; for it might be descending too low to mention the untimely ends of Dorcas, and of William, Mr. Lovelace's wicked servant; and the pining and consumptive one's of Betty Barnes and Joseph Leman, unmarried both, and in less than a year after the happy death of their excellent young lady.

The good Mrs. NORTON passed the small remainder of her life, as happily as she wished, in her beloved foster-daughter's dairy-house, as it used to be called: as she wished, we repeat; for she had too strong aspirations after another life, to be greatly attached to this.

She laid out the greatest part of her time in doing good by her advice, and by the prudent management of the fund committed to her direction. Having lived an exemplary life from her youth upwards; and seen her son happily settled in the world; she departed with ease and calmness, without pang or agony, like a tired traveller, falling into a sweet slumber: her last words expressing her hope of being restored to the child of her bosom; and to her own excellent father and mother, to whose care and pains she owed that good education to which she was indebted for all her other blessings.

The poor's fund, which was committed to her care, she resigned a week before her death, into the hands of Mrs. Hickman, according the direction of the will, and all the accounts and disbursements with it; which she had kept with such an exactness, that the lady declares, that she will follow her method, and only wishes to discharge the trust as well.

Miss HOWE was not to be persuaded to quit her mourning for her dear friend, until six months were fully expired: and then she made Mr. HICKMAN one of the happiest men in the world. A woman of her fine sense and understanding, married to a man of virtue and good-nature, (who had no past capital errors to reflect upon, and to abate his joys, and whose behaviour to Mrs. Hickman is as

affectionate as it was respectful to Miss Howe,) could not do otherwise. They are already blessed with two fine children; a daughter, to whom, by joint consent, they have given the name of her beloved friend; an a son, who bears that of his father.

She has allotted to Mr. Hickman, who takes delight in doing good, (and that as much for its own sake, as to oblige her,) his part of the management of the poor's fund; to be accountable for it, as she pleasantly says, to her. She has appropriated every Thursday morning for her part of that management; and takes so much delight in the task, that she declares it to be one of the most agreeable of her amusements. And the more agreeable, as she teaches every one whom she benefits, to bless the memory of her departed friend; to whom she attributes the merit of all her own charities, as well as the honour of those which she dispenses in pursuance of her will.

She has declared, That this fund shall never fail while she lives. She has even engaged her mother to contribute annually to it. And Mr. Hickman has appropriated twenty pounds a year to the same. In consideration of which she allows him to recommend four objects yearly to partake of it. — Allows, is her style; for she assumes the whole prerogative of dispensing this charity; the only prerogative she does or has occasion to assume. In every other case, there is but one will between them; and that is generally his or her's, as either speaks first, upon any subject, be it what it will. MRS. HICKMAN, she sometimes as pleasantly as generously tells him, must not quite forget that she was once MISS HOWE, because if he had not loved her as such, and with all her foibles, she had never been MRS. HICKMAN. Nevertheless she seriously, on all occasions, and that to others as well as to himself, confesses that she owes him unreturnable obligations for his patience with her in HER day, and for his generous behaviour to her in HIS.

And still more the highly does she esteem and love him, as she reflects upon his past kindness to her beloved friend; and on that dear friend's good opinion of him. Nor is it less grateful to her, that the worthy man joins most sincerely with her in all those respectful and affectionate recollections, which make the memory of the departed precious to survivors.

Mr. BELFORD was not so destitute of humanity and affection, as to be unconcerned at the unhappy fate of his most intimate friend. But when he reflects upon the untimely ends of several of his companions, but just mentioned in the preceding history* — On the shocking despondency and death of his poor friend Belton — On the signal justice which overtook the wicked Tomlinson — On the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair — On the deep remorses of his more valued friend — And, on the other hand, on the example set him by the most excellent of

her sex — and on her blessed preparation, and happy departure — And when he considers, as he often does with awe and terror, that his wicked habits were so rooted in his depraved heart, that all these warnings, and this lovely example, seemed to be but necessary to enable him to subdue them, and to reform; and that such awakening-calls are hardly ever afforded to men of his cast, or (if they are) but seldom attended the full vigour of constitution: — When he reflects upon all these things, he adores the Mercy, which through these calls has snatched him as a brand out of the fire: and thinks himself obliged to make it his endeavours to find out, and to reform, any of those who may have been endangered by his means; as well as to repair, to the utmost of his power, any damage or mischiefs which he may have occasioned to others.

* See Letters XLI. and LVII. of this volume.

With regard to the trust with which he was honoured by the inimitable lady, he had the pleasure of acquitting himself of it in a very few months, to every body's satisfaction; even to that of the unhappy family; who sent him their thanks on the occasion. Nor was he, at delivering up his accounts, contented without resigning the legacy bequeathed to him, to the uses of the will. So that the poor's fund, as it is called, is become a very considerable sum: and will be a lasting bank for relief of objects who best deserve relief.

There was but one earthly blessing which remained for Mr. Belford to wish for, in order, morally speaking, to secure to him all his other blessings; and that was, the greatest of all worldly ones, a virtuous and prudent wife. So free a liver as he had been, he did not think that he could be worthy of such a one, till, upon an impartial examination of himself, he found the pleasure he had in his new resolutions so great, and his abhorrence of his former courses so sincere, that he was the less apprehensive of a deviation.

Upon this presumption, having also kept in his mind some encouraging hints from Mr. Lovelace; and having been so happy as to have it in his power to oblige Lord M. and that whole noble family, by some services grateful to them (the request for which from his unhappy friend was brought over, among other papers, with the dead body, by De la Tour); he besought that nobleman's leave to make his addresses to Miss CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, the eldest of his Lordship's two nieces: and making at the same time such proposals of settlements as were not objected to, his Lordship was pleased to use his powerful interest in his favour. And his worthy niece having no engagement, she had the goodness to honour Mr. Belford with her hand; and thereby made him as completely happy as a man can be, who has enormities to reflect upon, which are out of his power to atone for, by reason of the death of some of the injured parties, and the irreclaimableness of others.

‘Happy is the man who, in the time of health and strength, sees and reforms the error of his ways! — But how much more happy is he, who has no capital and wilful errors to repent of! — How unmixed and sincere must the joys of such a one come to him!’

Lord M. added bountifully in his life-time, as did also the two ladies his sisters, to the fortune of their worthy niece. And as Mr. Belford had been blessed with a son by her, his Lordship at his death [which happened just three years after the untimely one of his unhappy nephew] was pleased to devise to that son, and to his descendents for ever (and in case of his death unmarried, to any other children of his niece) his Hertfordshire estate, (designed for Mr. Lovelace,) which he made up to the value of a moiety of his real estates; bequeathing also a moiety of his personal to the same lady.

Miss PATTY MONTAGUE, a fine young lady [to whom her noble uncle, at his death, devised the other moiety of his real and personal estates, including his seat in Berkshire] lives at present with her excellent sister, Mrs. Belford; to whom she removed upon Lord M.’s death: but, in all probability, will soon be the lady of a worthy baronet, of ancient family, fine qualities, and ample fortunes, just returned from his travels, with a character superior to the very good one he set out with: a case that very seldom happens, although the end of travel is improvement.

Colonel MORDEN, who, with so many virtues and accomplishments, cannot be unhappy, in several letters tot eh executor, with whom he corresponds from Florence, [having, since his unhappy affair with Mr. Lovelace changed his purpose of coming so soon to reside in England as he had intended,] declares, That although he thought himself obliged either to accept of what he took to be a challenge, as such; or tamely to acknowledge, that he gave up all resentment of his cousin’s wrongs; and in a manner to beg pardon for having spoken freely of Mr. Lovelace behind his back; and although at the time he owns he was not sorry to be called upon, as he was, to take either the one course or the other; yet now, coolly reflecting upon his beloved cousin’s reasonings against duelling; and upon the price it had too probably cost the unhappy man; he wishes he had more fully considered those words in his cousin’s posthumous letter— ‘If God will allow him time for repentance, why should you deny it him?’*

* Several worthy persons have wished, that the heinous practice of duelling had been more forcibly discouraged, by way of note, at the conclusion of a work designed to recommend the highest and most important doctrines of christianity. It is humbly presumed, that these persons have not sufficiently attended to what is already done on that subject in Vol. II. Letter XII. and in this volume, Letter XVI. XLIII. XLIV. and XLV.

To conclude — The worthy widow Lovick continues to live with Mr. Belford; and, by her prudent behaviour, piety, and usefulness, has endeared herself to her lady, and to the whole family.

POSTSCRIPT REFERRED TO IN THE PREFACE

In which several objections that have been made, as well to the catastrophe, as to different parts of the preceding history, are briefly considered.

The foregoing work having been published at three different periods of time, the author, in the course of its publication, was favoured with many anonymous letters, in which the writers differently expressed their wishes with regard to the apprehended catastrophe.

Most of those directed to him by the gentler sex, turned in favour of what they called a fortunate ending. Some of the fair writers, enamoured, as they declared, with the character of the heroine, were warmly solicitous to have her made happy; and others, likewise of their mind, insisted that poetical justice required that it should be so. And when, says one ingenious lady, whose undoubted motive was good-nature and humanity, it must be concluded that it is in an author's power to make his piece end as he pleases, why should he not give pleasure rather than pain to the reader whom he has interested in favour of his principal characters?

Others, and some gentlemen, declared against tragedies in general, and in favour of comedies, almost in the words of Lovelace, who was supported in his taste by all the women at Mrs. Sinclair's and by Sinclair herself. 'I have too much feeling, said he.* There is enough in the world to make our hearts sad, without carrying grief into our diversions, and making the distresses of others our own.'

* See Vol. IV. Letter XL.

And how was this happy ending to be brought about? Why, by this very easy and trite expedient; to wit, by reforming Lovelace, and marrying him to Clarissa — not, however, abating her one of her trials, nor any of her sufferings, [for the sake of the sport her distresses would give to the tender-hearted reader, as she went along,] the last outrage excepted: that, indeed, partly in compliment to Lovelace himself, and partly for her delicacy-sake, they were willing to spare her.

But whatever were the fate of his work, the author was resolved to take a different method. He always thought that sudden conversions, such, especially, as were left to the candour of the reader to suppose and make out, has neither art, nor nature, nor even probability, in them; and that they were moreover of a very bad example. To have a Lovelace, for a series of years, glory in his wickedness, and think that he had nothing to do, but as an act of grace and favour to hold out his hand to receive that of the best of women, whenever he pleased, and to have it thought that marriage would be a sufficient amends for all his enormities to others

as well as to her — he could not bear that. Nor is reformation, as he has shown in another piece, to be secured by a fine face; by a passion that has sense for its object; nor by the goodness of a wife's heart, nor even example, if the heart of the husband be not graciously touched by the Divine finger.

It will be seen, by this time, that the author had a great end in view. He had lived to see the scepticism and infidelity openly avowed, and even endeavoured to be propagated from the press; the greatest doctrines of the Gospel brought into question; those of self-denial and mortification blotted out of the catalogue of christian virtues; and a taste even to wantonness for out-door pleasure and luxury, to the general exclusion of domestic as well as public virtue, industriously promoted among all ranks and degrees of people.

In this general depravity, when even the pulpit has lost great part of its weight, and the clergy are considered as a body of interested men, the author thought he should be able to answer it to his own heart, be the success what it would, if he threw in his mite towards introducing a reformation so much wanted: and he imagined, that if in an age given up to diversion and entertainment, if he could steal in, as may be said, and investigate the great doctrines of Christianity under the fashionable guise of an amusement; he should be most likely to serve his purpose, remembering that of the Poet: —

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

He was resolved, therefore, to attempt something that never yet had been done. He considered that the tragic poets have as seldom made their heroes true objects of pity, as the comics theirs laudable ones of imitation: and still more rarely have made them in their deaths look forward to a future hope. And thus, when they die, they seem totally to perish. Death, in such instances, must appear terrible. It must be considered as the greatest evil. But why is death set in such shocking lights, when it is the universal lot?

He has, indeed, thought fit to paint the death of the wicked, as terrible as he could paint it. But he has endeavoured to draw that of the good in such an amiable manner, that the very Balaams of the world should not forbear to wish that their latter end might be like that of the heroine.

And after all, what is the poetical justice so much contended for by some, as the generality of writers have managed it, but another sort of dispensation than that with which God, by revelation, teaches us, He has thought fit to exercise mankind; whom placing here only in a state of probation, he hath so intermingled good and evil, as to necessitate us to look forward for a more equal dispensation of both?

The Author of the History (or rather Dramatic Narrative) of Clarissa, is therefore well justified by the christian system, in deferring to extricate suffering virtue to the time in which it will meet with the completion of its reward.

But not absolutely to shelter the conduct observed in it under the sanction of Religion, [an authority, perhaps, not of the greatest weight with some of our modern critics,] it must be observed, that the Author is justified in its catastrophe by the greatest master of reason, and best judge of composition, that ever lived. The learned reader knows we must mean ARISTOTLE; whose sentiments in this matter we shall beg leave to deliver in the words of a very amiable writer of our own country:

'The English writers of Tragedy,' says Mr. Addison,* 'are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies.

* Spectator, Vol. I. No. XL.

'This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice.

'Who were the first that established this rule, I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in NATURE, in REASON, or in the PRACTICE OF THE ANTIENTS.

'We find that good and evil happen alike unto ALL MEN on this side the grave: and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful.

'Whatever crosses and disappoints a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know, that, in the last act, he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires.

'When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them, and that his grief, however great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness.

'For this reason, the antient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner.

'Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of those kinds; and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and

carried away the prize, in the public disputes of the state, from those that ended happily.

'Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind, and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful, than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction.

'Accordingly, we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them.

'The best plays of this kind are The Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello, &c.

'King Lear is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakespeare wrote it: but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of POETICAL JUSTICE, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty.

'At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn: The Mourning Bride, Tamerlane,* Ulysses, Phædra and Hippolitus, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakespeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not, therefore, dispute against this way of writing tragedies; but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.'

* Yet, in Tamerlane, two of the most amiable characters, Moneses and Arpasia, suffer death.

This subject is further considered in a letter to the Spectator.*

* See Spect. Vol. VII. No. 548.

'I find your opinion,' says the author of it, 'concerning the late-invented term called poetical justice, is controverted by some eminent critics. I have drawn up some additional arguments to strengthen the opinion which you have there delivered; having endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter. . . .

'The most perfect man has vices enough to draw down punishments upon his head, and to justify Providence in regard to any miseries that may befall him. For this reason I cannot but think that the instruction and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtuous in the main of his character falls into distress, and sinks under the blows of fortune, at the end of a tragedy, than when he is represented as happy and triumphant. Such an example corrects the insolence of human nature, softens the mind of the beholder with sentiments of pity and compassion,

comforts him under his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of men's virtues by their successes.* I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity so far raised above human infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and calamities. The poet may still find out some prevailing passion or indiscretion in his character, and show it in such a manner as will sufficiently acquit Providence of any injustice in his sufferings: for, as Horace observes, the best man is faulty, though not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious men.* *

* A caution that our Blessed Saviour himself gives in the case of the eighteen person killed by the fall of the tower of Siloam, Luke xiii. 4.

* * Vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille,

Qui minimis urgentur. ——

'If such a strict poetical justice (proceeds the letter-writer,) as some gentlemen insist upon, were to be observed in this art, there is no manner of reason why it should not be so little observed in Homer, that his Achilles is placed in the greatest point of glory and success, though his character is morally vicious, and only poetically good, if I may use the phrase of our modern critics. The Ænead is filled with innocent unhappy persons. Nisus and Euryalus, Lausus and Pallas, come all to unfortunate ends. The poet takes notice in particular, that in the sacking of Troy, Ripheus fell, who was the most just character among the Trojans:

' —— Cadit & Ripheus, justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, & servantissimus æqui.
Diis aliter visum est. —

'The gods thought fit. — So blameless Ripheus fell,
Who lov'd fair Justice, and observ'd it well.'

'And that Pantheus could neither be preserved by his transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of Apollo, whose priest he was:

' — Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentum pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit. Æn. II.

'Nor could thy piety thee, Pantheus, save,
Nor ev'n thy priesthood, from an early grave.'

'I might here mention the practice of antient tragic poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is touched upon in the paper above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in silence. I could produce passages out of Aristotle in favour of my

opinion; and if in one place he says, that an absolutely virtuous man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justify any one who should think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. Those who are acquainted with that author's way of writing, know very well, that to take the whole extent of his subject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of such cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice. . . .

'I shall conclude,' says this gentleman, 'with observing, that though the Spectator above-mentioned is so far against the rule of poetical justice, as to affirm, that good men may meet with an unhappy catastrophe in tragedy, it does not say, that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason for this distinction is very plain; namely, because the best of men [as is said above,] have faults enough to justify Providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befall them; but there are many men so criminal, that they can have no claim or pretence to happiness. The best of men may deserve punishment; but the worst of men cannot deserve happiness.'

Mr. Addison, as we have seen above, tells us, that Aristotle, in considering the tragedies that were written in either of the kinds, observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize, in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. And we shall take leave to add, that this preference was given at a time when the entertainments of the stage were committed to the care of the magistrates; when the prizes contended for were given by the state; when, of consequence, the emulation among writers was ardent; and when learning was at the highest pitch of glory in that renowned commonwealth.

It cannot be supposed, that the Athenians, in this their highest age of taste and politeness, were less humane, less tender-hearted, than we of the present. But they were not afraid of being moved, nor ashamed of showing themselves to be so, at the distresses they saw well painted and represented. In short, they were of the opinion, with the wisest of men, that it was better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of mirth; and had fortitude enough to trust themselves with their own generous grief, because they found their hearts mended by it.

Thus also Horace, and the politest Romans in the Augustan age, wished to be affected:

> Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
> Cum recte tractant alii, laudere maligne;
> Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
> Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet; falsis terroribus implet,
> Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo point Athenis.

Thus Englished by Mr. Pope:

Yet, lest thou think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach;
Let me, for once, presume t'instruct the times
To know the poet from the man of rhymes.
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains:
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage — compose — with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Our fair readers are also desired to attend to what a celebrated critic* of a neighbouring nation says on the nature and design of tragedy, from the rules laid down by the same great antient.

* Rapin, on Aristotle's Poetics.

'Tragedy,' says he, makes man modest, by representing the great masters of the earth humbled; and it makes him tender and merciful, by showing him the strange accidents of life, and the unforeseen disgraces, to which the most important persons are subject.

'But because man is naturally timorous and compassionate, he may fall into other extremes. Too much fear may shake his constancy of mind, and too much of tragedy to regulate these two weaknesses. It prepares and arms him against disgraces, by showing them so frequent in the most considerable persons; and he will cease to fear extraordinary accidents, when he sees them happen to the highest part of mankind. And still more efficacious, we may add, the example will be, when he sees them happen to the best.

'But as the end of tragedy is to teach men not to fear too weakly common misfortunes, it proposes also to teach them to spare their compassion for objects that deserve it. For there is an injustice in being moved at the afflictions of those who deserve to be miserable. We may see, without pity, Clytemnestra slain by her son Orestes in Æschylus, because she had murdered Agamemnon her husband; yet we cannot see Hippolytus die by the plot of his step-mother Phædra, in Euripides, without compassion, because he died not, but for being chaste and virtuous.

These are the great authorities so favourable to the stories that end unhappily. And we beg leave to reinforce this inference from them, that if the temporary sufferings of the virtuous and the good can be accounted for and justified on Pagan principles, many more and infinitely stronger reasons will occur to a Christian reader in behalf of what are called unhappy catastrophes, from the

consideration of the doctrine of future rewards; which is every where strongly enforced in the History of Clarissa.

Of this, (to give but one instance,) an ingenious modern, distinguished by his rank, but much more for his excellent defence of some of the most important doctrines of Christianity, appears convinced in the conclusion of a pathetic Monody, lately published; in which, after he had deplored, as a man without hope, (expressing ourselves in the Scripture phrase,) the loss of an excellent wife; he thus consoles himself:

Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,
Nor dare th' All-wise Disposer to arraign,
  Or against his supreme decree
    With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will: and be that will obey'd.
  Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
  And in these low abodes of sin and pain
      Her pure, exalted soul,
  Unjustly, for thy partial good detain?
  No — rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
    Up to that unclouded blaze,
  That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
  In which enthron'd she now with pity sees,
    How frail, how insecure, how slight,
      Is every mortal bliss.

But of infinitely greater weight than all that has been above produced on this subject, are the words of the Psalmist:

'As for me, says he,* my feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipt: for I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For their strength is firm: they are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men — their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than their heart could wish — verily I have cleansed mine heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence; for all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me. Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end — thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.'

* Psalm lxxiii.

This is the Psalmist's comfort and dependence. And shall man, presuming to alter the common course of nature, and, so far as he is able, to elude the tenure by

which frail mortality indispensably holds, imagine that he can make a better dispensation; and by calling it poetical justice, indirectly reflect on the Divine?

The more pains have been taken to obviate the objections arising from the notion of poetical justice, as the doctrine built upon it had obtained general credit among us; and as it must be confessed to have the appearance of humanity and good nature for its supports. And yet the writer of the History of Clarissa is humbly of opinion, that he might have been excused referring to them for the vindication of his catastrophe, even by those who are advocates for the contrary opinion; since the notion of poetical justice, founded on the modern rules, has hardly ever been more strictly observed in works of this nature than in the present performance.

For, is not Mr. Lovelace, who could persevere in his villanous views, against the strongest and most frequent convictions and remorses that ever were sent to awaken and reclaim a wicked man — is not this great, this wilful transgressor condignly punished; and his punishment brought on through the intelligence of the very Joseph Leman whom he had corrupted;* and by means of the very woman whom he had debauched* * — is not Mr. Belton, who had an uncle's hastened death to answer for* * * — are not the infamous Sinclair and her wretched partners — and even the wicked servants, who, with their eyes open, contributed their parts to the carrying on of the vile schemes of their respective principals — are they not all likewise exemplarily punished?

* See Letter LVIII. of this volume. * * Ibid. Letter LXI. * * * See Vol. VIII. Letter XVI.

On the other hand, is not Miss HOWE, for her noble friendship to the exalted lady in her calamities — is not Mr. HICKMAN, for his unexceptionable morals, and integrity of life — is not the repentant and not ungenerous BELFORD — is not the worthy NORTON — made signally happy?

And who that are in earnest in their professions of Christianity, but will rather envy than regret the triumphant death of CLARISSA; whose piety, from her early childhood; whose diffusive charity; whose steady virtue; whose Christian humility, whose forgiving spirit; whose meekness, and resignation, HEAVEN only could reward?*

* And here it may not be amiss to remind the reader, that so early in the work as Vol. II. Letter XXXVIII. the dispensations of Providence are justified by herself. And thus she ends her reflections— 'I shall not live always — may my closing scene be happy!' — She had her wish. It was happy.

We shall now, according to the expectation given in the Preface to this edition, proceed to take brief notice of such other objections as have come to our knowledge: for, as is there said, ‘This work being addressed to the public as a history of life and manners, those parts of it which are proposed to carry with them the force of example, ought to be as unobjectionable as is consistent with the design of the whole, and with human nature.’

Several persons have censured the heroine as too cold in her love, too haughty, and even sometimes provoking. But we may presume to say, that this objection has arisen from want of attention to the story, to the character of Clarissa, and to her particular situation.

It was not intended that she should be in love, but in liking only, if that expression may be admitted. It is meant to be every where inculcated in the story for example sake, that she never would have married Mr. Lovelace, because of his immoralities, had she been left to herself; and that of her ruin was principally owing to the persecutions of her friends.

What is too generally called love, ought (perhaps as generally) to be called by another name. Cupidity, or a Paphian stimulus, as some women, even of condition, have acted, are not words too harsh to be substituted on the occasion, however grating they may be to delicate ears. But take the word love in the gentlest and most honourable sense, it would have been thought by some highly improbable, that Clarissa should have been able to show such a command of her passions, as makes so distinguishing a part of her character, had she been as violently in love, as certain warm and fierce spirits would have had her to be. A few observations are thrown in by way of note in the present edition, at proper places to obviate this objection, or rather to bespeak the attention of hasty readers to what lies obviously before them. For thus the heroine anticipates this very objection, expostulating with Miss Howe on her contemptuous treatment of Mr. Hickman; which (far from being guilty of the same fault herself) she did, on all occasions, and declares she would do so, whenever Miss Howe forgot herself, although she had not a day to live:

‘O my dear,’ says she, ‘that it had been my lot (as I was not permitted to live single) to have met with a man, by whom I could have acted generously and unreservedly!

‘Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a pretence against me, taxed my behaviour to him with stiffness and distance. You, at one time, thought me guilty of some degree of prudery. Difficult situations should be allowed for: which often make seeming occasions for censure unavoidable. I deserved not blame from him, who made mine difficult. And you, my dear, had I any other man to deal with than Mr. Lovelace, or had he but half the merit which Mr. Hickman has, would have

found, that my doctrine on this subject, should have governed my whole practice.' See this whole Letter, No. XXXII. Vol. VIII. See also Mr. Lovelace's Letter, Vol. VIII. No. LIX. and Vol. IX. No. XLII. where, just before his death, he entirely acquits her conduct on this head.

It has been thought, by some worthy and ingenious persons, that if Lovelace had been drawn an infidel or scoffer, his character, according to the taste of the present worse than sceptical age, would have been more natural. It is, however, too well known, that there are very many persons, of his cast, whose actions discredit their belief. And are not the very devils, in Scripture, said to believe and tremble?

But the reader must have observed, that, great, and, it is hoped, good use, has been made throughout the work, by drawing Lovelace an infidel, only in practice; and this as well in the arguments of his friend Belford, as in his own frequent remorses, when touched with temporary compunction, and in his last scenes; which could not have been made, had either of them been painted as sentimental unbelievers. Not to say that Clarissa, whose great objection to Mr. Wyerley was, that he was a scoffer, must have been inexcusable had she known Lovelace to be so, and had given the least attention to his addresses. On the contrary, thus she comforts herself, when she thinks she must be his— 'This one consolation, however, remains; he is not an infidel, an unbeliever. Had he been an infidel, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; but (priding himself as he does in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a savage.'* And it must be observed, that scoffers are too witty, in their own opinion, (in other words, value themselves too much upon their profligacy,) to aim at concealing it.

* See Vol. IV. Letter XXXIX. and Vol. V. Letter VIII.

Besides, had Lovelace added ribbald jests upon religion, to his other liberties, the freedoms which would then have passed between him and his friend, must have been of a nature truly infernal.

And this father hint was meant to be given, by way of inference, that the man who allowed himself in those liberties either of speech or action, which Lovelace thought shameful, was so far a worse man than Lovelace. For this reason he is every where made to treat jests on sacred things and subjects, even down to the mythology of the Pagans, among Pagans, as undoubted marks of the ill-breeding of the jester; obscene images and talk, as liberties too shameful for even rakes to allow themselves in; and injustice to creditors, and in matters of Meum and Tuum, as what it was beneath him to be guilty of.

Some have objected to the meekness, to the tameness, as they will have it to be, of Mr. Hickman's character. And yet Lovelace owns, that he rose upon him with great spirit in the interview between them; once, when he thought a reflection was but implied on Miss Howe;* and another time, when he imagined himself treated contemptuously.* * Miss Howe, it must be owned, (though not to the credit of her own character,) treats him ludicrously on several occasions. But so she does her mother. And perhaps a lady of her lively turn would have treated as whimsically any man but a Lovelace. Mr. Belford speaks of him with honour and respect.* * * So does Colonel Morden.* * * * And so does Clarissa on every occasion. And all that Miss Howe herself says of him, tends more to his reputation than discredit,* * * * * as Clarissa indeed tells her.* * * * * *

* See Vol. VII. Letter XXVIII. * * Ibid. * * * Ibid. Letter XLVIII. * * * * See Letter XLVI. of this volume.

* * * * * * See Vol. II. Letter XI.

And as to Lovelace's treatment of him, the reader must have observed, that it was his way to treat every man with contempt, partly by way of self-exaltation, and partly to gratify the natural gaiety of his disposition. He says himself to Belford,* 'Thou knowest I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not, we cannot allow a merit to; perhaps not the merit they should be granted.' 'Modest and diffident men,' writes Belford, to Lovelace, in praise of Mr. Hickman, 'wear not soon off those little precisenesses, which the confident, if ever they had them, presently get over.'* *

* See Vol. VII. Letter XXVIII. * * Ibid. Letter XLVIII.

But, as Miss Howe treats her mother as freely as she does her lover; so does Mr. Lovelace take still greater liberties with Mr. Belford than he does with Mr. Hickman, with respect to his person, air, and address, as Mr. Belford himself hints to Mr. Hickman.* And yet is he not so readily believed to the discredit of Mr. Belford, by the ladies in general, as he is when he disparages Mr. Hickman. Whence can this particularity arise?

* See Letter XXXVI. of this volume.

Mr. Belford had been a rake: but was in a way of reformation.

Mr. Hickman had always been a good man.

And Lovelace confidently says, That the women love a man whose regard for them is founded in the knowledge of them.*

* See Vol. V. Letter XVIII.

Nevertheless, it must be owned, that it was not purposed to draw Mr. Hickman, as the man of whom the ladies in general were likely to be very fond. Had it been so, goodness of heart, and gentleness of manners, great assiduity, and inviolable and modest love, would not of themselves have been supposed sufficient recommendations. He would not have been allowed the least share of preciseness or formality, although those defects might have been imputed to his reverence for the object of his passion; but in his character it was designed to show, that the same man could not be every thing; and to intimate to ladies, that in choosing companions for life, they should rather prefer the honest heart of a Hickman, which would be all their own, than to risk the chance of sharing, perhaps with scores, (and some of those probably the most profligate of the sex,) the volatile mischievous one of a Lovelace: in short, that they should choose, if they wished for durable happiness, for rectitude of mind, and not for speciousness of person or address; nor make a jest of a good man in favour of a bad one, who would make a jest of them and of their whole sex.

Two letters, however, by way of accommodation, are inserted in this edition, which perhaps will give Mr. Hickman's character some heightening with such ladies as love spirit in a man; and had rather suffer by it, than not meet with it. —

Women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Says Waller — and Lovelace too!

Some have wished that the story had been told in the usual narrative way of telling stories designed to amuse and divert, and not in letters written by the respective persons whose history is given in them. The author thinks he ought not to prescribe to the taste of others; but imagined himself at liberty to follow his own. He perhaps mistrusted his talents for the narrative kind of writing. He had the good fortune to succeed in the epistolary way once before. A story in which so many persons were concerned either principally or collaterally, and of characters and dispositions so various, carried on with tolerable connection and perspicuity, in a series of letters from different persons, without the aid of digressions and episodes foreign to the principal end and design, he thought had novelty to be pleaded for it; and that, in the present age, he supposed would not be a slight recommendation.

Besides what has been said above, and in the Preface, on this head, the following opinion of an ingenious and candid foreigner, on this manner of writing, may not be improperly inserted here.

'The method which the author had pursued in the History of Clarissa, is the same as in the Life of Pamela: both are related in familiar letters by the parties

themselves, at the very time in which the events happened: and this method has given the author great advantages, which he could not have drawn from any other species of narration. The minute particulars of events, the sentiments and conversation of the parties, are, upon this plan, exhibited with all the warmth and spirit that the passion supposed to be predominant at the very time could produce, and with all the distinguishing characteristics which memory can supply in a history of recent transactions.

'Romances in general, and Marivaux's amongst others, are wholly improbable; because they suppose the History to be written after the series of events is closed by the catastrophe: a circumstance which implies a strength of memory beyond all example and probability in the persons concerned, enabling them, at the distance of several years, to relate all the particulars of a transient conversation: or rather, it implies a yet more improbable confidence and familiarity between all these persons and the author.

'There is, however, one difficulty attending the epistolary method; for it is necessary that all the characters should have an uncommon taste for this kind of conversation, and that they should suffer no event, not even a remarkable conversation to pass, without immediately committing it to writing. But for the preservation of the letters once written, the author has provided with great judgment, so as to render this circumstance highly probable.'*

* This quotation is translated from a CRITIQUE on the HISTORY OF CLARISSA, written in French, and published at Amsterdam. The whole Critique, rendered into English, was inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of June and August, 1749. The author has done great honour in it to the History of Clarissa; and as there are Remarks published with it, which answer several objections made to different passages in the story by that candid foreigner, the reader is referred to the aforesaid Magazine for both.

It is presumed that what this gentleman says of the difficulties attending a story thus given in the epistolary manner of writing, will not be found to reach the History before us. It is very well accounted for in it, how the two principal female characters came to take so great a delight in writing. Their subjects are not merely subjects of amusement; but greatly interesting to both: yet many ladies there are who now laudably correspond, when at distance from each other, on occasions that far less affect their mutual welfare and friendships, than those treated of by these ladies. The two principal gentlemen had motives of gaiety and vain-glory for their inducements. It will generally be found, that persons who have talents for familiar writing, as these correspondents are presumed to have, will not forbear amusing themselves with their pens on less arduous occasions than what offer to these. These FOUR, (whose stories have a connection with each other,) out of the

great number of characters who are introduced in this History, are only eminent in the epistolary way: the rest appear but as occasional writers, and as drawn in rather by necessity than choice, from the different relations in which they stand with the four principal persons.

The length of the piece has been objected to by some, who perhaps looked upon it as a mere novel or romance; and yet of these there are not wanting works of equal length.

They were of opinion, that the story moved too slowly, particularly in the first and second volumes, which are chiefly taken up with the altercations between Clarissa and the several persons of her family.

But is it not true, that those altercations are the foundation of the whole, and therefore a necessary part of the work? The letters and conversations, where the story makes the slowest progress, are presumed to be characteristic. They give occasion, likewise, to suggest many interesting personalities, in which a good deal of the instruction essential to a work of this nature is conveyed. And it will, moreover, be remembered, that the author, at his first setting out, apprized the reader, that the story (interesting as it is generally allowed to be) was to be principally looked upon as the vehicle to the instruction.

To all which we may add, that there was frequently a necessity to be very circumstantial and minute, in order to preserve and maintain that air of probability, which is necessary to be maintained in a story designed to represent real life; and which is rendered extremely busy and active by the plots and contrivances formed and carried on by one of the principal characters.

Some there are, and ladies too! who have supposed that the excellencies of the heroine are carried to an improbable, and even to an impracticable, height in this history. But the education of Clarissa, from early childhood, ought to be considered as one of her very great advantages; as, indeed, the foundation of all her excellencies: and, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the doctrine designed to be inculcated by it, that it will.

She had a pious, a well-read, a not meanly-descended woman for her nurse, who with her milk, as Mrs. Harlowe says,* gave her that nurture which no other nurse could give her. She was very early happy in the conversation-visits of her learned and worthy Dr. Lewen, and in her correspondencies, not with him only, but with other divines mentioned in her last will. Her mother was, upon the whole, a good woman, who did credit to her birth and fortune; and both delighted in her for those improvements and attainments which gave her, and them in her, a distinction that caused it to be said, that when she was out of the family it was considered but as a common family.* * She was, moreover, a country lady; and,

as we have seen in Miss Howe's character of her,* * * took great delight in rural and household employments; though qualified to adorn the brightest circle.

* See Vol. IV. Letter XXVIII. * * See her mother's praises of her to Mrs. Norton, Vol. I. Letter XXXIX. * * * See Letter LV. of this volume.

It must be confessed that we are not to look for Clarissa's name among the constant frequenters of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, nor among those who may be called Daughters of the card-table. If we do, the character of our heroine may then, indeed, only be justly thought not improbable, but unattainable. But we have neither room in this place, nor inclination, to pursue a subject so invidious. We quit it, therefore, after we have repeated that we know there are some, and we hope there are many, in the British dominions, (or they are hardly any where in the European world,) who, as far as occasion has called upon them to exert the like humble and modest, yet steady and useful, virtues, have reached the perfections of a Clarissa.

Having thus briefly taken notice of the most material objections that have been made to different parts of this history, it is hoped we may be allowed to add, that had we thought ourselves at liberty to give copies of some of the many letters that have been written on the other side of the question, that is to say, in approbation of the catastrophe, and of the general conduct and execution of the work, by some of the most eminent judges of composition in every branch of literature; most of what has been written in this Postscript might have been spared.

But as the principal objection with many has lain against the length of the piece, we shall add to what we have said above on that subject, in the words of one of those eminent writers: 'That if, in the history before us, it shall be found that the spirit is duly diffused throughout; that the characters are various and natural; well distinguished and uniformly supported and maintained; if there be a variety of incidents sufficient to excite attention, and those so conducted as to keep the reader always awake! the length then must add proportionably to the pleasure that every person of taste receives from a well-drawn picture of nature. But where the contrary of all these qualities shock the understanding, the extravagant performance will be judged tedious, though no longer than a fairy-tale.'

FINIS

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CONCLUSION

THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

First published in February 1753, Richardson's last epistolary novel was a response to Henry Fielding's *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, which in turn had parodied the morals presented in Richardson's previous novels. *The History of Sir Charles Grandison* tells the story of Harriet Byron, who is pursued by Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. After she rejects Pollexfen, he kidnaps her and she is only freed when Sir Charles Grandison comes to her rescue. After his appearance, the novel focuses on his history and life and he becomes its central figure. Unlike Richardson's previous novels, Charles Grandison, the leading male character, is a morally sound man, who lacks the villainous intent that is manifested by the Lovelace or Mr. B. Richardson was reportedly motivated to create such a male figure due to the prompting of his many female friends, who wanted a counterpart to the virtues exhibited by Richardson's female characters.

In 1749, a friend asked Richardson "to give the world his idea of a good man and fine gentleman combined". Richardson hesitated to begin the project and he did not work on it until he was prompted the next year by Mrs. Donnelland and Miss Sutton, who were "both very intimate with one Clarissa Harlowe: and both extremely earnest with him to give them a good man. Near the end of 1751, Richardson sent a draft of the novel to Mrs. Donnellan and the novel was being finalised in the middle of 1752.

When Thomas Killingbeck, a compositor, and Peter Bishop, a proof-reader, were working for Richardson in his print shop during 1753, Richardson discovered that printers in Dublin had copies of *The History of Sir Charles Grandison* and were already printing the novel before the English edition was to be published. Richardson suspected that Killingbeck and Bishop were involved with the pirating of the novel and immediately fired them. There were four Dublin presses used to try to pirate the novel, but none of them were able to add the ornaments that could effectively mimic Richardson's own. However, there were still worries about the pirated copies and Richardson relied on seven additional printers to speed up the production of the novel.

In November 1753, Richardson ran an advertisement in *The Gentleman's Magazine* to announce the "History of Sir Charles Grandison: in a Series of Letters published from the Originals, — By the Editor of Pamela and Clarissa, London: Printed for S. Richardson, and sold by Dodsley in Pall Mall and others." The first four volumes were published on 13 November 1753 and the next two

volumes appeared in December. The final volume was published in March to complete a seven volume series while a six volume set was simultaneously published. Richardson held the sole copyright to the novel and, after his death, twenty-fourth shares of *Grandison* were sold for £20 each.

As with his previous novels, Richardson prefaced the work by claiming to be merely the editor, saying, "How such remarkable collections of private letters fell into the editor's hand he hopes the reader will not think it very necessary to enquire". However, he did not keep his authorship secret and, on the prompting of his friend Samuel Johnson, he dropped the framing device from the second edition.

The novel opens with the character of Harriet Byron leaving the house of her uncle, George Selby, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, her cousins, in London. She is an orphan, who was educated by her grandparents, and, though she lacks parents, she is the heir to a fortune of £15,000, which attracts many suitors. One such suitor, Pollexfen, pursues Byron vigorously, causing her to criticise him over a lack of morals and decency of character. However, Pollexfen does not end his pursuits of Byron until she explains that she could never receive his visits again.

Pollexfen, unwilling to be without Byron, decides to kidnap her while she attends a masquerade at the Haymarket. She is then imprisoned at Lisson Grove with the support of a widow and two daughters. While he keeps her prisoner, Pollexfen makes it clear to her that she shall be his wife and that anyone that disagrees will die by his hand. Byron attempts to escape from the house, but this fails. To prevent her from trying to escape again, Pollexfen transports Byron to his home at Windsor. However, he is stopped at Hounslow Heath, where Charles Grandison hears Byron's pleas for help and immediately attacks Pollexfen. After this rescue, Grandison takes Byron to Colnebrook, the home of Grandison's brother-in-law, the "Earl of L."

Richardson uses the epistolary form in a different way for his final novel. In *Clarissa*, the letters emphasise the plot's drama, especially when Lovelace alters Clarissa's letters. However, the dramatic mood is replaced in *Grandison* with a celebration of Grandison's moral character. In addition to this lack of dramatic emphasis, the letters of *Grandison* do not serve to develop character, as the moral core of each character is already complete at the outset. In Richardson's previous novels, the letters operated as a way to express internal feelings and describe the private lives of characters; however, the letters of *Grandison* serve a public function. They are not limited to individuals, but forwarded to others to inform a larger community of the novel's action. In return, letters share the recipients' responses to the events detailed within the letters. This sharing of personal

feelings transforms the individual responders into a chorus that praises the actions of Grandison, Harriet and Clementina.

Samuel Johnson was one of the first to respond to the novel, focusing primarily on the *Preface*: “If you were to require my opinion which part should be changed, I should be inclined to the suppression of that part which seems to disclaim the composition. What is modesty, if it deserts from truth? Of what use is the disguise by which nothing is concealed? You must forgive this, because it is meant well.” Sarah Fielding in her introduction to *The Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia* claims that people have an “insatiable Curiosity for Novels or Romances” that tell of the “rural Innocence of a Joseph Andrews, or the inimitable Virtues of Sir Charles Grandison”. Sir Walter Scott, who favoured the bildungsroman and open plots, wrote in his “Prefatory Memoir to Richardson” to The Novels of Samuel Richardson (1824):

“In his two first novels, also, he shewed much attention to the plot; and though diffuse and prolix in narration, can never be said to be rambling or desultory. No characters are introduced, but for the purpose of advancing the plot; and there are but few of those digressive dialogues and dissertations with which Sir Charles Grandison abounds. The story keeps the direct road, though it moves slowly. But in his last work, the author is much more excursive. There is indeed little in the plot to require attention; the various events, which are successively narrated, being no otherwise connected together, than as they place the character of the hero in some new and peculiar point of view.”

Although Scott is antipathetic towards Richardson’s final novel, not everyone was of the same opinion; Jane Austen was a devotee of the novel, which inspired many of juvenilia works.

THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES *of* LETTERS

Publiſhed from the ORIGINALS,

By the Editor of PAMELA and CLARISSA.

In SIX VOLUMES.

To the Laſt of which is added,

An Hiſtorical and Characteriſtical INDEX.

AS ALSO,

A Brief HISTORY, authenticated by Original Letters, of the Treatment which the EDITOR has met with from certain Bookſellers and Printers in Dublin.

Including OBSERVATIONS on Mr. Faulkner's Defence of Himſelf, publiſhed in his Iriſh News-paper of Nov. 3. 1753.

VOL. I.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardſon;

And Sold by C. HITCH and L. HAWES, in *Pater-noſter Row*;
By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*;
By ANDREW MILLAR, in the *Strand*;
By R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*;
By J. LEAKE, at *Bath*; And
By R. MAIN, in *Dublin*.

M.DCC.LIV.

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Samuel Richardson by Joseph Highmore, c. 1758

Preface.

The Editor of the following Letters takes leave to observe, that he has now, in this publication, completed the plan, that was the object of his wishes, rather than of his hopes, to accomplish.

The first collection which he published, intituled PAMELA, exhibited the beauty and superiority of virtue in an innocent and unpolished mind, with the reward which often, even in this life, a protecting Providence bestows on goodness. A young woman of low degree, relating to her honest parents the severe trials she met with from a master who ought to have been the protector, not the assailer of her honour, shews the character of a libertine in its truly contemptible light. This libertine, how-ever, from the foundation of good principles laid in his early years by an excellent mother; by his passion for a virtuous young woman; and by her ami — able example, and unwearied patience, when she became his wife; is, after a length of time, perfectly reclaimed.

The second collection, published under the title of CLARISSA, displayed a more melancholy scene. A young lady of higher fortune, and born to happier hopes, is seen involved in such variety of deep distresses, as lead her to an untimely death; affording a warning to parents against forcing the inclinations of their children in the most important article of their lives; and to children against hoping too far from the fairest assurances of a man void of principle. The heroine, however, as a truly Christian heroine, proves superior to her trials; and her heart, always excellent, refined and exalted by every one of them, rejoices in the approach of a happy eternity. Her cruel destroyer appears wretched and disappointed, even in the boasted success of his vile machinations: but still (buoyed up with self-conceit and vain presumption) he goes on, after every short fit of imperfect, yet terrifying conviction, hardening himself more and more; till, unreclaimed by the most affecting warnings, and repeated admonitions, he perishes miserably in the bloom of life, and sinks into the grave oppressed with guilt, remorse, and horror. His letters, it is hoped, afford many useful lessons to the gay part of mankind against that misuse of wit and youth, of rank and fortune, and of every outward accomplishment, which turns them into a curse to the miserable possessor, as well as to all around him.

Here the editor apprehended he should be obliged to stop, by reason of his precarious state of health, and a variety of avocations which claimed his first attention: but it was insisted on by several of his friends, who were well assured he had the materials in his power, that he should produce into public view the character and actions of a man of true honour.

He has been enabled to obey these his friends, and to complete his first design: and now, therefore, presents to the public, in Sir Charles Grandison, the example of a man acting uniformly well through a variety of trying scenes, because all his actions are regulated by one steady principle: a man of religion and virtue; of liveliness and spirit; accomplished and agreeable; happy in himself, and a bless — ing to others.

From what has been premised, it may be supposed, that the present collection is not published ultimately, nor even principally, any more than the other two, for the sake of entertainment only. A much nobler end is in view. Yet it is hoped the variety of characters and conversations necessarily introduced into so large a correspondence as these volumes contain, will enliven as well as instruct: the rather, as the principal correspondents are young ladies of polite education, and of lively spirits.

The nature of familiar letters, written, as it were, to the moment, while the heart is agitated by hopes and fears, on events undecided, must plead an excuse for the bulk of a collection of this kind. Mere facts and characters might be comprised in a much smaller compass: but, would they be equally interesting? It happens fortunately, that an account of the juvenile years of the principal person is narratively given in some of the letters. As many, how — ever, as could be spared, have been omitted. There is not one episode in the whole; nor, after Sir Charles Grandison is introduced, one letter inserted but what tends to illustrate the principal design. Those which precede his introduction, will not, it is hoped, be judged unnecessary on the whole, as they tend to make the reader acquainted with persons, the history of most of whom is closely interwoven with that of Sir Charles.

Sonnet.

Sweet moralist, whose generous labours tend
With ceaseless diligence, to guide the mind,
In the wild maze of error wandering blind,
To virtue, truth, and honour, glorious end
Of glorious toils! Vainly would I commend,
In numbers worthy of your sense refin’d,
This last great work, which leaves all praise behind,
And justly styles you of mankind the friend:
Pleasure with profit artful while you blend,
And now the fancy, now the judgment feed
With grateful change, which every passion sways

Numbers, who ne’er to graver lore attend,
Caught by the charm, grow virtuous as they read;
And lives reform’ d shall give you genuine praise.
T. E

Volume I.

Names of the Principal Persons.

Men.

George Selby, Esq.
John Greville, Esq.
Richard Fenwick, Esq.
Robert Orme, Esq.
Archibald Reeves, Esq.
Sir Rowland Meredith, Knt.
James Fowler, Esq.
Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Bart.
The Earl of L. a Scottish nobleman.
Thomas Deane, Esq.
Sir Charles Grandison, Bart.
James Bagenhall, Esq.
Mr. Solomon Merceda.
John Jordan, Esq.
Sir Harry Beauchamp, Bart.
Edward Beauchamp, Esq. his son.
Everard Grandison, Esq.
The Rev. Dr. Bartlett.
Lord W. uncle to Sir Charles Grandison.
Lord G. son of the Earl of L.

Italians.

Marchese della Porretta, the father.
Marchese della Porretta, his eldest son.
The Bishop of Nocera, his second son.
Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, third son.
Coute della Porretta, their uncle.
Count of Belvedere.
Father Marescotti.

Women.

Miss Harriet Byron.
Mrs. Shirley, her grandmother, by the mother's side.
Mrs. Selby, sister to Miss Byron's father, and wife of Mr. Selby.
Mrs. Nana i Selby, niece to Mr Selby
Miss Orme, sister of Mr. Orme.
Mrs. Reeves wife of Mr. Reeves, cousin of Miss Byron,
Lady Betty Williams.
The Countess of L. wife of Lord L. eldest sister of Sir Charles Grandison.
Miss Grandison, younger sister of Sir Charles.
Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, aunt to Sir Charles.
Miss Emily Jervois, his ward.
Lady Mansfield.
Lady Beauchamp.
The Countess Dowager of D.
Mrs. Hortensia Beaumont.

Italians.

Marchese della Porretta.
Signora Clementina, her daughter.
Signora Juliana Sforza, sister to the Marchese della Porretta.
Signora Laurana, her daughter.
Signora Olivia.
Camilla, Lady Clementina's governess.
Laura, her maid.

LETTER I.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO MISS HARRIET BYRON.

Ashby-Canons, January 10.

YOUR resolution to accompany Mrs. Reeves to London, has greatly alarmed your three Lovers. And two of them, at least, will let you know that it has. Such a lovely girl as my Harriet, must expect to be more accountable for her steps than one less excellent and less attractive.

Mr. Greville, in his usual resolute way, threatens to follow you to London; and there, he says, he will watch the motions of every man who approaches you; and, if he find reason for it, will early let such man know his pretensions, and the danger he may run into, if he pretend to be his competitor. But let me not do him injustice; though he talks of a rival thus harshly, he speaks of you more highly than man ever spoke of woman. Angel and Goddess are phrases you have been used to from him; and tho' spoken in his humorous way, yet I am sure he most sincerely admires you.

Mr. Fenwick, in a less determined manner, declares, that he will follow you to town, if you stay there above one fortnight.

The gentle Orme sighs his apprehensions, and wishes you would change your purpose. Tho' hopeless, he says, it is some pleasure to him, that he can think himself in the same county with you; and much more, that he can tread in your footsteps to and from church every Sunday, and behold you there. He wonders how your grandmamma, your aunt, your uncle, can spare you. Your cousin Reeves's surely, he says, are very happy in their influences over us all.

Each of the gentlemen is afraid, that by increasing the number of your admirers, you will increase his difficulties: But what is that to them, I asked, when they already know, that you are not inclined to favour any of the three?

If you hold your resolution, and my cousin Reeves's their time of setting out, pray let me know, and I will attend you at my uncle Selby's, to wish you a good journey, much pleasure in town, and a return with a safe and sound heart. My sister, who, poor dear girl, continues extremely weak and low, will spare me for a purpose so indispensable. I will not have you come to us. I know it would grieve you to see her in the way she is in. You too much take to heart the infirmities of your friends which you cannot cure; and as your grandmamma lives upon your smiles, and you rejoice all your friends by your chearfulness, it would be cruel to make you sad.

MR. GREVILLE has just left us. He dropt in upon us as we were going to dinner. My grandmother Selby you know is always pleased with his rattling. She

prevailed on him to alight, and sit down with us. All his talk was of you. He repeated his former threatenings (as I called them to him) on your going to town. After dinner, he read us a Letter from Lady Frampton relating to you. He read us also some passages from the copy of his answer, with design, I believe, that I should ask him to leave it behind him. He is a vain creature, you know, and seemed fond of what he had written. I did ask him. He pretended to make a scruple of your seeing it; but it was a faint one. However he called for pen and ink; and when it was brought him, scratched over two passages, and that with so many little flourishes (as you will see) that he thought they could not be read. But the ink I furnished him with happening to be paler than his, you will find he was not cunning enough. I promised to return it.

Send me a line by the bearer, to tell me if your resolution holds as to the day.

Adieu, my dearest Harriet. May angels protect and guide you whithersoever you go!

LUCY SELBY.

LETTER II.

MR. GREVILLE, TO LADY FRAMPTON. INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.

Northampton, January 6.

YOUR Ladyship demands a description of the Person of the celebrated Miss Byron in our neighbourhood; and to know, whether, as report tells you, Love has listed me in the number of her particular admirers? — Particular admirers you well distinguish; since every one who beholds her admires her.

Your Ladyship confines your enquiries to her Person, you tell me; and you own, that women are much more solicitous about the beauties of that, than of the Mind. Perhaps it may be so; and that their envy is much sooner excited by the one than by the others But who, madam, can describe the person of Miss Harriet Byron, and her person only; animated as every feature is by a mind that bespeaks all human excellence, and dignifies her in every Air, in every Look, in every Motion?

No man living has a greater passion for beauty than I have. Till I knew Miss Byron, I was one of those who regarded nothing else in the Sex. Indeed, I considered all intellectual attainments as either useless or impertinent in women. Your Ladyship knows what were my free notions on this head, and has rebuked me for them. A wise and learned Lady, I considered as a very unnatural character. I wanted women to be all Love, and nothing else. A very little Prudence allow'd I to enter into their composition; just enough to distinguish the Man of Sense from the Fool; and that for my own sake: You know I have vanity, madam: But lovely as Miss Byron's person is, I defy the greatest Sensualist on earth not to admire her mind more than her person. What a triumph would the devil have, as I have often thought, when I have stood contemplating her perfections, especially at church, were he able to raise up a man that could lower this Angel into Woman? — Pardon me! — Your Ladyship knows my mad way of saying every thing that rises to my thoughts.

Sweetness of temper must make plain features glow: What an effect must it then have upon fine ones? Never was there a sweeter-temper'd woman. Indeed from Sixteen to Twenty, all the Sex (kept in humour by their hopes, and by their attractions) are said to be good-temper'd; but she is remarkably so. She is just turned of Twenty, but looks not more than Seventeen. Her beauty, hardly yet in its full blow, will last longer, I imagine, than in an earlier blossom. Yet the prudence visible in her whole aspect, gave her a distinction, even at Twelve, that promised, what she would be at a riper age.

Yet with all this reigning good-nature visible in her face and manner, there is such a native dignity in all she says, in all she does (tho' mingled with a frankness that shews her mind's superiority to the minds of almost all other women) that it damps and suppresses, in the most audacious, all imaginations of bold familiarity.

I know not, by my soul, how she does this neither: But so it is. She jests; she rallies: But I cannot rally her again. Love, it is said, dignifies the adored object. Perhaps it is that which awes me.

And now will your Ladyship doubt of an affirmative answer to your second question, Whether Love has listed me in the number of her particular admirers?

He has: And the devil take me if I can help myself: And yet I have no encouragement — Nor any body else; that's my consolation. Fenwick is deeper in, if possible, than I. We had at our first acquaintance, as you have heard, a tilting-bout on the occasion: But are sworn friends now; each having agreed to try his fortune by patience and perseverance; and being assured that the one has no more of her favour to boast of than the other. (The passages in this Letter thus mark'd ("), are those which in the preceding one, are said to be scratched out; and yet were legible by holding up the Letter to the light.)

"We have indeed blustered away between us half a score more of her admirers. Poor whining Orme, however, perseveres. But of him we make no account: He has a watry head, and tho' he finds a way, by his sister, who visits at Mr. Selby's, and is much esteemed there, to let Miss Byron know his passion for her, notwithstanding the negative he has received; yet doubt we not, that she is safe from a flame that he will quench with his tears, before it can rise to an head to disturb us.

"You Ladies love men should whine after you: But never yet did I find, that where a blustering fellow was a competitor, the Lady married the milksop."

But let me in this particular do Miss Byron justice: How she manages it, I can't tell; but she is courteous to all: nor could ever any man charge her either with pride or cruelty. All I fear, is, that she has such an equality in her temper, that she can hardly find room in her heart for a particular Love: Nor will, till she meets with one whose mind is near as faultless as her own; and the general tenor of whose life and actions calls upon her discretion to give her leave to love.

"This apprehension I owe to a conversation I had with her grandmother Shirley; a Lady that is an ornament to old age; and who hinted to me, that her grand-daughter had exceptions both to Fenwick and me, on the score of a few indulgences that perhaps have been too public; but which all men of fashion and spirit give themselves, and all women, but this, allow of, or hate not men the worse for. But then what is her objection to Orme? He is a sober dog."

She was but eight years old when her mother died. She also was an excellent woman. Her death was brought on by grief for that of her husband; which happened but six months before — A rare instance!

The grandmother and aunt, to whom the girl is dutiful to a proverb, will not interfere with her choice. If they are applied to for their interest, the answer is constantly this: The approbation of their Harriet must first be gained, and then their consent is ready.

There is a Mr. Deane, a man of an excellent character for a Lawyer; but indeed he left off practice on coming into possession of an handsome estate: He was the girl's godfather. He is allowed to have great influence over them all. Harriet calls him papa. To him I have applied: But his answer is the very same: His daughter Harriet must choose for herself: All motions of this kind must come first from her.

And ought I to despair of succeeding with the girl herself? I, her Greville! not contemptible in person; in air — free and easy, at least; having a good estate in possession; fine expectances besides; dressing well, singing well, dancing well, and blest with a moderate share of confidence; which makes other women think me a clever fellow: She a girl of twenty; her fortune between ten and fifteen thousand pounds only; for her father's considerable estate, on his demise, for want of male heirs, went with the name: Her grandmother's jointure not more than 500l. a year — And what though her uncle Selby has no children, and loves her, yet has he nephews and nieces of his own, whom he also loves; for this Harriet is his wife's niece.

I will not despair. If resolution, if perseverance, will do, and if she be a woman, she shall be mine — And so I have told her aunt Selby, and her uncle too; and so I have told Miss Lucy Selby, her cousin, as she calls her, who is highly and deservedly in her favour; and so indeed have I more than once told the girl herself.

But now to the description of her person — Let me die, if I know where to begin. She is all over loveliness. Does not every body else who has seen her, tell you so? Her Stature; shall I begin with her stature? She cannot be said to be tall; but yet is something above the middling. Her Shape — But what care I for her shape? I, who hope to love her still more, tho' possession may make me admire her less, when she has not that to boast of? We young fellows who have been abroad, are above regarding English shapes, and prefer to them the French negligence. By the way, I think the foreign Ladies in the right, that they aim not at what they cannot attain. Whether we are so much in the right to come into their taste, is another thing. But be this as it will, there is so much ease and dignity in the person, in the dress, and in every air and motion of Miss Harriet Byron, that

fine shapes will ever be in fashion where she is, be either native or foreigner the judge.

Her complexion is admirably fair and clear. I have sat admiring her complexion, till I have imagined I have seen the life-blood slowing with equal course thro' her translucent veins.

Her Forehead, so nobly free and open, shews dignity and modesty, and strikes into one a kind of awe, singly contemplated, that (from the delight which accompanies the awe) I know not how to describe. Every single feature, in short, will bear the nicest examination; and her whole Face, and her Neck, so admirably set on her finely-proportioned Shoulders — let me perish, if, taking all together, I do not hold her to be the most unexceptionable beauty I ever beheld. But what still is her particular Excellence, and distinguishes her from all other English women (for it must be acknowledged to be a characteristic of the French women of quality) is, the grace which that people call Physiognomy, and we may call Expression: Had not her features and her complexion been so fine as they are, that grace alone, that Soul shining out in her lovely aspect, joined with the ease and gracefulness of her Motion, would have made her as many admirers, as beholders.

After this, shall I descend to a more particular description? — I will.

Her Cheek — I never saw a cheek so beautifully turn'd; illustrated, as it is, by a charming Carmine flush, which denotes sound health. A most bewitching dimple takes place in each, when she smiles; and she has so much reason to be pleased with herself, and with all about her (for she is the idol of her relations) that I believe from infancy, she never frowned; nor can a frown, it is my opinion, sit upon her face for a minute. Would to heaven I were considerable enough with her to prove the contrary!

Her Mouth — There never was so lovely a mouth. But no wonder; since such rosy Lips, and such ivory and even Teeth, must give beauty to a mouth less charming than hers.

Her Nose adds dignity to her other features. Her Chin is sweetly turned, and almost imperceptibly dimpled.

Her Eyes! — Ay, madam, her Eyes! — Good Heaven! what a lustre; yet not a fierce, but a mild lustre! How have I despised the romancing Poets for their unnatural descriptions of the Eyes of their heroines! But I have thought those descriptions, tho' absurd enough in conscience, less absurd (allowing something for poetical licence) ever since I beheld those of Miss Harriet Byron.

Her Hair is a real and unlaboured ornament to her. All natural its curls: Art has no share in the lustre it gives to her other beauties.

I mentioned her Neck — Here I dare not trust myself — Inimitable creature! All-attracting loveliness!

Her Arm — Your Ladyship knows my passion for a delicate Arm. — By my Soul, madam, your own does not exceed it.

Her Hands are extremely fine. Such Fingers! And they accustomed to the Pen, to the Needle, to the Harpsichord; excelling in all — O madam! women have Souls. I am now convinced they have. I dare own to your Ladyship, that once I doubted it, on a supposition that they were given us for temporary purposes only. — And have I not seen her dance? Have I not heard her sing? — But indeed, mind and person, she is all harmony.

Then for Reading, for acquired knowledge, what Lady so young — But you know the character of her grandfather Shirley. He was a man of universal learning, and, from his public employments abroad, as polite as learned. This Girl, from Seven years of age, when he came to settle in England, to Fourteen, when she lost him, was his delight; and her education and instruction the amusement of his vacant hours. This is the Period, he used to say, in which the foundations of all female goodness are to be laid, since so soon after Fourteen they leap into women.

The dead languages he aimed not to teach her, lest he should overload her young mind: But in the Italian and French he made her an adept.

Nor were the advantages common ones which she received from his Lady, her grandmother, and from her aunt Selby, her father's sister, a woman of equal worthiness. Her grandmother particularly is one of the most pious, yet most chearful, of women. She will not permit her daughter Byron, she says, to live with her, for both their sakes — For the Girl's sake, because there is a greater resort of company at Mr. Selby's, than at Shirley-Manor; and she is afraid, as her grandchild has a serious turn, that her own contemplative life may make her more grave than she wishes so young a woman to be. Youth, she says, is the season for chearfulness — For her own sake, Because she looks upon her Harriet's company as a cordial too rich to be always at hand; and when she has a mind to regale, she will either send for her, fetch her, or visit her at Mrs. Selby's. One of her Letters to Mrs. Selby I once saw. It ran thus —

"You must spare me my Harriet. I am in pain. My spirits are not high. I would not have the undecay'd mind yield, for want of using the means, to the decaying body. One happy day with our child, the true child of the united minds of her late excellent parents, will, I hope, effect the cure: If it do not, you must spare her to me two."

Did I not tell you, madam, that it was very difficult to describe the Person only of this admirable young Lady? — But I stop here. An horrid apprehension comes across me! How do I know but I am praising another man's future wife, and not my own; Here is a cousin of hers, a Mrs. Reeves, a fine Lady from London, come

down, under the cursed influence of my evil stars, to carry this Harriet away with her into the gay world. Woman! Woman! — I beg your Ladyship's pardon; but what Angel of Twenty is proof against vanity? The first hour she appears, she will be a Toast; Stars and Titles will croud about her; and who knows how far a paltry coronet may dazle her, who deserves an imperial crown? But, woe to the man, whoever he be, whose pretensions dare to interfere (and have any assurance of success) with those of

Your Ladyship's Most obedient and faithful Servant, JOHN GREVILLE.

LETTER III.

MISS HARRITT BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Selby House, Jan. 16.

I Return you inclosed, my Lucy, Mr. Greville's strange Letter. As you asked him for it, he will have no doubt but you shewed it to me. It is better therefore, if he make enquiry whether you did or not, to own it. In this case he will be curious to know my sentiments upon it. He is sensible that my whole heart is open to you.

Tell him, if you think proper, in so many words, that I am far more displeased with him for his impetuosity, than gratified by his flattery.

Tell him, that I think it very hard, that, when my nearest relations leave me so generously to my liberty, a man, to whom I never gave cause to treat me with disrespect, should take upon himself to threaten and controul me.

Ask him, What are his pretences for following me to London, or elsewhere?

If I had not had reasons before to avoid a more than neighbourly civility to him, he has now furnished me with very strong ones. The threatening Lover must certainly make a tyrant Husband. Don't you think so, Lucy? — But make not supposals of Lover, or Husband to him: These bold men will turn shadows into substance, in their own favour.

A woman who is so much exalted above what she can deserve, has reason to be terrified, were she to marry the complimenter (even could she suppose him so blinded by his passion as not to be absolutely insincere) to think of the height she must fall from, in his opinion, when she has put it into his power to treat her but as what she is.

Indeed I both despise and fear a very high complimenter. — Despise him for his designing flattery, supposing him not to believe himself; or, if he mean what he says, for his injudiciousness. I fear him, lest he should (as in the former case he must hope) be able to raise a vanity in me, that would sink me beneath his meanness, and give him cause to triumph over my folly, at the very time that I am full of my own wisdom.

High-strain'd compliments, in short, always pull me down; always make me shrink into myself. Have I not some vanity to guard against? I have no doubt but Mr. Greville wished I should see this Letter: And this gives me some little indignation against myself; for does it not look as if, from some faults in my conduct, Mr. Greville had formed hopes of succeeding, by treating me like a fool?

I hope these gentlemen will not follow me to town, as they threaten. If they do, I will not see them, if I can any way avoid it. Yet, for me to appear to them

solicitous on this head, or to desire them not to go, will be in some measure to lay myself under an obligation to their acquiescence. It is not therefore for me to hope to influence them in this matter; since they expect too much in return for it from me; and since they will be ready to found a merit in their passion, even for disobliging me.

I cannot bear, however, to think of their dangling after me where-ever I go. These men, my dear, were we to give them importance with us, would be greater infringers of our natural freedom than the most severe Parents; and for their own sakes: Whereas Parents, if ever so despotic (if not unnatural ones indeed) mean solely our good, tho' headstrong girls do not always think so. Yet such, even such, can be teazed out of their wills, at least out of their duty, by the men who stile themselves Lovers, when they are invincible to all the entreaties and commands of their Parents.

O that the next eight or ten years of my life, if I find not in the interim a man, on whom my whole undivided heart can fix, were happily over! As happily as the last alike important four years! To be able to look down from the elevation of thirty years, my principles fix'd, and to have no capital folly to reproach myself with, what an happiness would that be!

My Cousin Reeves's time of setting out holds; the indulgence of my dearest Friends continues; and my resolution holds. But I will see my Nancy before I set out. What! shall I enter upon a party of pleasure, and leave in my heart room to reflect, in the midst of it, that there is a dear suffering friend who had reason to think I was afraid of giving myself pain, when I might, by the balm of true love and friendly soothings, administer comfort to her wounded heart? — No, my Lucy, believe me, if I have not generosity enough, I have selfishness enough, to make me avoid a sting so severe as this would be, to

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Grosvenor-Street, Tuesday, Jan. 24.

WE are just arrived. We had a very agreeable journey.

I need not tell you that Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick attended us to our first baiting; and had a genteel dinner ready provided for us: The gentlemen will tell you this, and all particulars.

They both renewed their menaces of following me to London, if I stay'd above one month. They were so good as to stretch their fortnight to a month.

Mr. Fenwick, in very pathetic terms, as he found an opportunity to engage me alone for a few minutes, besought me to love him. Mr. Greville was as earnest with me to declare, that I hated him. Such a declaration, he said, was all he at present wished for. It was strange, he told me, that he neither could prevail on me to encourage his Love, nor to declare my Hatred. He is a whimsical creature.

I rallied him with my usual freedom; and told him, that if there was one person in the world that I was capable of hating, I could make the less scruple to oblige him. He thank'd me for that.

The two gentlemen would fain have proceeded farther: But as they are never out of their way, I dare say, they would have gone to London; and there have dangled on till we should not have got rid of them, for my whole time of being in town.

I was very gravely earnest with them to leave us, when we stept into the coach in order to proceed. Fenwick, you dog, said Mr. Greville, we must return; Miss Byron looks grave. Gravity, and a rising colour in the finest face in the world, indicates as much as the frowns of other Beauties. And in the most respectful manner they both took leave of me; insisting, however, on my hand, and that I would wish them well.

I gave each my hand; I wish you very well, gentlemen, said I: And I am obliged to your civility in seeing me so far on my journey: Especially as you are so kind as to leave me here.

Why, dear Madam, did you not spare your Especially, said Mr. Greville? — Come, Fenwick, let us retire, and lay our two loggerheads together, and live over again the past hour, and then hang ourselves.

Poor Mr. Orme! The coach, at our first setting out, passed by his Park-gate, you know. There was he — on the very ridge of the highway. I saw him not till it was near him. He bowed to the very ground, with such an air of disconsolateness!

— Poor Mr. Orme! — I wish'd to have said one word to him, when we had passed him: But the coach flew — Why did the coach fly? — But I waved my hand, and leaned out of the coach as far as I could, and bowed to him.

O Miss Byron, said Mrs. Reeves (so said Mr. Reeves) Mr. Orme is the happy man. Did I think as you do, said I, I should not be so desirous to have spoken to him: But, methinks, I should have been glad to have once said, Adieu, Mr. Orme; for Mr. Orme is a good man.

But, Lucy, my heart was softened at parting with my dear relations and friends; and when the heart is softened, light impressions will go deep.

My cousins house is suitable to their fortune: Very handsome, and furnished in taste. Mrs. Reeves, knowing well what a scribbler I am, and am expected to be, has provided me with pen, ink, and paper, in abundance. She readily allowed me to take early possession of my apartment, that I might pay punctual obedience to the commands of all my friends on setting out. These, you know, were, to write in the first hour of my arrival: And it was allowed to be to you, my dear. But, writing thus early, what can have occurred?

My apartment is extremely elegant. A well-furnish'd book-case, is, however, to me the most attracting ornament in it — Pardon me, dear Pen and Ink! I must not prefer any thing to you, by whose means, I hope to spend some part of every day at Selby-House; and even at this distance, amuse with my prattle those friends that are always so partial to it.

And now, my dear, my revered grandmamma, I ask your blessing — Yours, my ever-indulgent aunt Selby — And yours, my honoured and equally beloved uncle Selby. Who knows but you will, now in absence, take less delight in teazing your ever-dutiful Harriet? But yet I unbespeak not my monitor.

Continue to love me, my Lucy, as I shall endeavour to deserve your Love: And let me know how our dear Nancy does.

My heart bleeds for her. I should have held myself utterly inexcusable, had I accepted of your kindly-intended dispensation, and come to town for three whole months, without repeating to her, by word of mouth, my Love, and my sympathising concern for her. What merit does her patience add to her other merits! How has her calamity endeared her to me! If ever I shall be heavily afflicted, God give me her amiable, her almost meritorious patience in sufferings!

To my cousin Holles's, and all my other Relations, Friends, Companions, make the affectionate compliments of

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER V.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Jan. 25.

YOU rejoice me, my dear, in the hopes which you tell me, Dr. Mitchell from London gives you in relation to our Nancy. May our incessant prayers for the restoration of her health be answered!

Three things my aunt Selby, and you, in the name of every one of my friends, enjoined me at parting. The first, To write often, very often, were your words. This injunction was not needful: My heart is with you; and the good news you give me of my grandmamma's health, and of our Nancy, enlarges that heart. The second, to give you a description of the persons and characters of the people, I am likely to be conversant with in this great town. And, thirdly, Besides the general account which you all expected from me of the visits I made and received, you enjoined me to accquaint you with the very beginnings of every address (and even of every silent and respectful distinction, were your words) that the girl whom you all so greatly favour, might receive on this excursion to town.

Don't you remember what my uncle Selby answer'd to this? — I do: And will repeat it, to shew, that his correcting cautions shall not be forgotten.

The vanity of the Sex, said he, will not suffer any thing of this sort to escape our Harriet. Women, continued he, make themselves so cheap at the public places, in and about town, that new faces are more enquired after than even fine faces constantly seen. Harriet has an honest artless bloom in her cheeks; she may attract notice as a novice: But wherefore do you fill her head with an expectation of conquests? Women, added he, offer themselves at every public place, in rows, as at a market. Because three or four silly fellows here in the country (like people at an auction, who raise the price upon each other above its value) have bid for her, you think she will not be able to set her foot out of doors, without increasing the number of her followers.

And then my uncle would have it, that my head would be unable to bear the consequence, which the partiality of my other friends gave me.

It is true, my Lucy, that we young women are too apt to be pleased with the admiration pretended for us by the other Sex. But I have always endeavour'd to keep down any foolish pride of this sort, by such considerations as these: That flattery is the vice of men: That they seek to raise us, in order to lower us, and in the end to exalt themselves on the ruins of the pride they either hope to find or inspire: That humility, as it shines brightest in an high condition, best becomes a

flattered woman of all women: That she who is puffed up by the praises of men, on the supposed advantages of person, answers their end upon her; and seems to own, that she thinks it a principal part of hers, to be admired by them: And what can give more importance to them, and less to herself, than this? For have not women souls as well as men, and souls as capable of the noblest attainments, as theirs? Shall they not, therefore, be most solicitous to cultivate the beauties of the mind, and to make those of person but of inferior consideration? The bloom of beauty holds but a very few years; and shall not a woman aim to make herself mistress of those perfections that will dignify her advanced age? And then may she be as wise, as venerable — as my grandmamma. She is an example for us, my dear: Who is so much respected, who is so much beloved, both by old and young, as my grandmamma Shirley?

In pursuance of the second injunction, I will now describe some young ladies and gentlemen who paid my cousins their compliments on their arrival in town.

Miss Allestree, daughter of Sir John Allestree, was one. She is very pretty, and very genteel, easy, and free. I believe I shall love her.

Miss Bramber was the second. Not so pretty as Miss Allestree; but agreeable in her person and air; a little too talkative, I think.

It was one of my grandfather's rules to me, Not impertinently to start subjects, as if I would make an ostentation of knowledge; or as if I were fond of indulging a talking humour: But frankness and complaisance required, he used to say, that we women should unlock our bosoms, when we were called upon, and were expected to give our sentiments upon any subject.

Miss Bramber was eager to talk. She seemed, even when silent, to look as if she was studying for something to say, altho' she had exhausted two or three subjects. This charge of volubility I am the rather inclined to fix upon her, as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Reeves took notice to me of it, as a thing extraordinary; which, probably, they would have done, if she had exceeded her usual way. And yet, perhaps, the joy of seeing her newly-arrived friends might have opened her lips. If so, your pardon, sweet Miss Bramber!

Miss Sally, her younger sister, is very amiable and very modest; a little kept down, as it seems, by the vivacity of her elder sister; between whose ages there are about six or seven years: So that Miss Bramber seems to regard her sister as one whom she is willing to remember as the girl she was two or three years ago; for Miss Sally is not above seventeen.

What confirmed me in this, was, that the younger Lady was a good deal more free when her sister was withdrawn, than when she was present; and again pursed-up her really pretty mouth when she returned: And her sister addressed her

always by the word Child, with an air of eldership; while the other called her sister, with a look of observance.

These were the Ladies.

The two gentlemen who came with them, were Mr. Barnet, a nephew of Lady Allestree, and Mr. Somner.

Mr. Somner is a young gentleman lately married; very affected, and very opinionated. I told Mrs. Reeves, after he was gone, that I believed he was a dear Lover of his person; and she owned he was. Yet had he no great reason for it. It is far from extraordinary; tho' he was very gaily dressed. His wife, it seems, was a young widow of great fortune; and till she gave him consequence by falling in love with him, he was thought to be a modest good sort of young man; one that had not discovered any more perfections in himself, than other people beheld in him; and this gave her an excuse for liking him. But now he is loquacious, forward, bold; thinks meanly of the Sex; and, what is worse, not the higher of the Lady, for the preference she has given him.

This gentleman took great notice of me; and yet in such a way, as to have me think, that the approbation of so excellent a judge as himself, did me no small honour.

Mr. Barnet is a young man, that I imagine will be always young. At first I thought him only a fop. He affected to say some things, that, tho' trite, were sententious, and carried with them the air of observation. There is some degree of merit in having such a memory, as will help a person to repeat and apply other mens wit with some tolerable propriety. But when he attempted to walk alone, he said things that it was impossible a man of common sense could say. I pronounce therefore boldly about him: Yet by his outward appearance he may pass for one of your pretty fellows; for he dresses very gaily. Indeed if he has any taste, it is in dress; and this he has found out; for he talked of little else, when he led the talk; and boasted of several parts of his. What finished him with me, was, that as often as the conversation seemed to take a serious turn, he arose from his seat, and hummed an Italian air; of which, however, he knew nothing: But the sound of his own voice seemed to please him.

This fine gentleman recollected some high-flown compliments, and, applying them to me, looked as if he expected I should value myself upon them.

No wonder that men in general think meanly of us women, if they believe we have ears to hear, and folly to be pleased with, the frothy things that pass under the name of compliments from such randomshooters as these.

Miss Stevens paid us a visit this afternoon. She is daughter of Colonel Stevens, a very worthy man. She appears sensible and unaffected; has read, my cousin says, a good deal; and yet takes no pride in shewing it.

Miss Darlington came with her. They are related.

This young Lady has, I find, a pretty taste in poetry. Mrs. Reeves prevailed on her to shew us three of her performances. And now, as it was with some reluctance that she shewed them, is it fair to say any thing about them? I say it only to you, my friend. — One was, on the parting of two Lovers; very sensible; and so tender, that it shewed the fair writer knew how to describe the pangs that may be innocently allowed to arise on such an occasion. — One on the Morning-dawn, and Sun-rise; a subject that gave credit to herself; for she is, it seems, a very early riser. I petitioned for a copy of this, for the sake of two or three of my dear cousins, as well as to confirm my own practice; but I was modestly refused. — The third was on the death of a favourite Linnet; a little too pathetic for the occasion; since were Miss Darlington to have lost her best and dearest friend, I imagine that she had in this piece, which is pretty long, exhausted the subject; and must borrow from it some of the images which she introduces to heighten her distress for the loss of the little songster. It is a very difficult matter, I believe, for young persons of genius to rein-in their imaginations. A great flow of spirits, and great store of images crouding in upon them, carry them too frequently above their subject; and they are apt rather to say all that may be said on their favourite topics, than what is proper to be said. But it is a pretty piece, however.

Thursday Morning.

Lady Betty Williams supped with us the same evening. She is an agreeable woman, the widow of a very worthy man, a near relation of Mr. Reeves. She has a great and just regard for my cousin, and consults him in all affairs of importance. She seems to be turned of Forty; has a son and a daughter; but they are both abroad for education.

It hurt me to hear her declare, that she cared not for the trouble of education; and that she had this pleasure, which girls brought up at home seldom give their mothers; that she and Miss Williams always saw each other, and always parted, as Lovers.

Surely there must be some fault either in the temper of the mother, or in the behaviour of the daughter; and if so, I doubt it will not be amended by seeing each other but seldom. Do not Lovers thus cheat and impose upon one another?

The young gentleman is about Seventeen; his sister about Fifteen: And, as I understand, she is a very lively, and, ’tis feared, a forward girl; shall we wonder, if in a few years time she should make such a choice for her husband as Lady Betty would least of all choose for a son-in-law? What influence can a mother expect to have over a daughter from whom she so voluntarily estranges herself? and from whose example the daughter can receive only hearsay benefits?

But after all, methinks I hear my correcting uncle ask, May not Lady Betty have better reasons for her conduct in this particular, than she gave you? — She may, my uncle, and I hope she has: But I wish she had condescended to give those better reasons, since she gave any; and then you had not been troubled with the impertinent remarks of your saucy kinswoman.

Lady Betty was so kind as to take great notice of me. She desired to be one in every party of pleasure that I am to be engaged in. Persons who were often at publick places, she observed, took as much delight in accompanying strangers to them, as if they were their own. The apt comparisons, she said; the new remarks; the pretty wonder; the agreeable passions excited in such, on the occasion, always gave her high entertainment. And she was sure from the observation of such a young Lady, civilly bowing to me, she should be equally delighted and improved. I bowed in silence. I love not to make disqualifying speeches; by such we seem to intimate, that we believe the complimenter to be in earnest, or perhaps, that we think the compliment our due, and want to hear it either repeated or confirmed; and yet, possibly, we have not that pretty confusion, and those transient blushes, ready, which Mr. Greville archly says are always to be at hand when we affect to disclaim the praises given us.

Lady Betty was so good as to stop there; tho' the muscles of her agreeable face shewed a polite promptitude, had I, by disclaiming her compliments, provoked them to perform their office.

Am I not a saucy creature?

I know I am. But I dislike not Lady Betty, for all that.

I am to be carried by her to a Masquerade, to a Ridotto; when the season comes, to Ranelagh and Vauxhall: In the mean time, to Balls, Routes, Drums, and so-forth; and to qualify me for these latter, I am to be taught all the fashionable games. Did my dear grandmamma, twenty or thirty years ago, think she should live to be told, That to the Dancing-master, the Singing or Music-master, the high mode would require the Gaming-master to be added for the completing of the female education?

Lady Betty will kindly take the lead in all these diversions.

And now, Lucy, will you not repeat your wishes, that I return to you with a sound heart? And are you not afraid that I shall become a modern fine Lady? As to the latter fear, I will tell you when you shall suspect me — If you find that I prefer the highest of these entertainments, or the Opera itself, well as I love music, to a good Play of our favourite Shakespeare, then, my Lucy, let your heart ake for your Harriet: Then, be apprehensive that she is laid hold on by levity; that she is captivated by the Eye and the Ear; that her heart is infected by the modern taste; and that she will carry down with her an appetite to pernicious gaming; and,

in order to support her extravagance, will think of punishing some honest man in marriage.

James has signified to Sally his wishes to be allowed to return to Selby-house. I have not therefore bought him the new liveries I designed for him on coming to town. I cannot bear an unchearful brow in a servant; and he owning to me, on my talking with him, his desire to return, I have promised that he shall, as soon as Mr. Reeves has provided me with another servant. — Silly fellow! But I hope my aunt will not dismiss him upon it. The servant I may hire may not care to go into the country perhaps, or may not so behave, as that I should choose to take him down with me. And James is honest, and his mother would break her heart, if he should be dismissed our service.

Several servants have already offered themselves; but, as I think people are answerable for the character of such as they choose for their domestics, I find no small difficulty in fixing. I am not of the mind of that great man, whose good-natur'd reason for sometimes preferring men no-ways deserving, was, that he loved to be a friend to those whom no other person would befriend. This was carrying his goodness very far (if he made it not an excuse for himself, for haveing promoted a man who proved bad afterwards, rather than as supposing him to be so at the time); since else, he seemed not to consider, that every bad man he promoted, ran away with the reward due to a better.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are so kind to me, and their servants are so ready to oblige me, that I shall not be very uneasy, If I cannot soon get one to my mind. Only if I could fix on such a one, and if my grandmamma's Oliver should leave her, as she supposes he will, now he has married Ellen, as soon as a good Inn offers, James may supply Oliver's place, and the new servant may continue mine instead of James.

And now that I have gone so low, don't you wish me to put an end to this Letter? — I believe you do.

Well then, with Duty and Love, ever remembred where so justly due, believe me to be, my dear Lucy,

Your truly affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

I will write separately to what you say of Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Miss Orme; yet hope to be time enough for the post.

LETTER VI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Sat. Jan. 28.

AS to what you say of Mr. Greville's concern on my absence (and, I think, with a little too much feeling for him) and of his declaring himself unable to live without seeing me; I have but one fear about it; which is, that he is forming a pretence from his Violent Love, to come up after me: And if he does, I will not see him, if I can help it.

And do you indeed believe him to be so much in Love? By your seriousness on the occasion, you seem to think he is. O my Lucy! What a good heart you have! And did he not weep when he told you so? Did he not turn his head away, and pull out his handkerchief? — O these dissemblers! The hyaena, my dear, was a male devourer. The men in malice, and to extenuate their own guilt, made the creature a female. And yet there may be male and female of this species of monsters. But as women have more to lose with regard to reputation than men, the male hyaena must be infinitely the more dangerous creature of the two; since he will come to us, even into our very houses, fawning, cringing, weeping, licking our hands; while the den of the female is by the highwayside, and wretched youths must enter into it, to put it in her power to devour them.

Let me tell you, my dear, that if there be an artful man in England, with regard to us women (artful equally in his free speaking, and in his sycophancies) Mr. Greville is the man. And he intends to be so too, and values himself upon his art. Does he not as boldly as constantly insinuate, That flattery is dearer to a woman than her food? Yet who so gross a flatterer as himself, when the humour is upon him? And yet at times he wants to build up a merit for sincerity or plain-dealing, by saying free things.

It is not difficult, my dear, to find out these men, were we earnest to detect them. Their chief strength lies in our weakness. But however weak we are, I think we should not add to the triumph of those who make our weakness the general subject of their satire. We should not prove the justice of their ridicule by our own indiscretions. But the traitor is within us. If we guard against ourselves, we may bid defiance to all the arts of man.

You know, that my great objection to Mr. Greville is for his immoralities. A man of free principles, shewn by practices as free, can hardly make a tender husband, were a woman able to get over considerations that she ought not to get over. Who shall trust for the performance of his second duties, the man who

avowedly despises his first? Mr. Greville had a good education: He must have taken pains to render vain the pious precepts of his worthy father; and still more, to make a jest of them.

Three of his women we have heard of, besides her whom he brought with him from Wales. You know he has only affected to appear decent, since he has cast his eyes upon me. The man, my dear, must be an abandoned man, and must have a very hard heart, who can pass from woman to woman, without any remorse for a former, whom, as may be supposed, he has by the most solemn vows seduced. And whose leavings is it, my dear, that a virtuous woman takes, who marries a profligate?

Is it not reported, that his Welshwoman, to whom, at parting, he gave not sufficient for a twelvemonth's scanty subsistence, is now upon the town? Vile man! He thinks it to his credit, I have heard, to own it a seduction, and that she was not a vicious creature till he made her so.

One only merit has Mr. Greville to plead in this black transaction: It is, That he has, by his whole conduct in it, added a warning to our Sex. And shall I, despising the warning, marry a man, who, specious as he is in his temper, and lively in his conversation, has shewn so bad a nature?

His fortune, as you say, is great. The more inexcusable therefore is he for his niggardliness to his Welshwoman. On his fortune he presumes: It will procure him a too easy forgiveness from others of our Sex: But fortune without merit will never do with me, were the man a prince.

You say that if a woman resolves not to marry till she finds herself addressed to by a man of strict virtue, she must be for ever single. If this be true, what wicked creatures are men! What a dreadful abuse of passions, given them for the noblest purposes, are they guilty of!

I have a very high notion of the marriage-state. I remember what my uncle once averred; That a woman out of wedlock is half useless to the end of her being. How indeed do the duties of a good Wife, of a good mother, and a worthy matron, well performed, dignify a woman! Let my aunt Selby's example, in her enlarged sphere, set against that of any single woman of like years moving in her narrow circle, testify the truth of the observation. My grandfather used to say, that families are little communities; that there are but few solid friendships out of them; and that they help to make up worthily, and to secure, the great community, of which they are so many miniatures.

But yet it is my opinion, and I hope, that I never by my practice shall discredit it, that a woman who, with her eyes open, marries a profligate man, had, generally, much better remain single all her life; since it is very likely, that by such a step she defeats, as to herself, all the good ends of society. What a

dreadful, what a presumptuous risque runs she, who marries a wicked man, even hoping to reclaim him, when she cannot be sure of keeping her own principles! — Be not deceived; evil communication corrupts good manners; is a caution truly apostolical.

The text you mention of the unbelieving husband being converted by the believing wife, respects, as I take it, the first ages of Christianity; and is an instruction to the converted wife to let her unconverted husband see in her behaviour to him, while he beheld her chaste conversation coupled with fear, the efficacy upon her own heart of the excellent doctrines she had embraced. It could not have in view the woman who, being single, chose a pagan husband in hopes of converting him. Nor can it give encourgement for a woman of virtue and religion to marry a profligate in hopes of reclaiming him. Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled?

As to Mr. Fenwick, I am far from having a better opinion of him than I have of Mr. Greville. You know what is whispered of him. He has more decency however: He avows not free principles, as the other does. But you must have observed how much he seems to enjoy the mad talk and free sentiments of the other: And that other always brightens up and rises in his freedoms and impiety, on Mr. Fenwick's sty applauses and encouraging countenance. In a word, Mr. Fenwick, not having the same lively things to say, nor so lively an air to carry them off, as Mr. Greville has, tho' he would be thought not to want sense, takes pains to shew that he has as corrupt an heart. If I thought anger would not give him consequence, I should hardly forbear to shew myself displeased, when he points by a leering eye, and by a broad smile, the free jest of the other, to the person present whom he thinks most apt to blush, as if for fear it should be lost; and still more, when on the mantling cheek's shewing the sensibility of the person so insulted, he breaks out into a loud laugh, that she may not be able to recover herself.

Surely these men must think us women egregious hypocrites: They must believe that we only affect modesty, and in our hearts approve of their freedom. For can it be supposed, that such as call themselves gentlemen, and who have had the education and opportunities that these two have had, would give themselves liberties of speech on purpose to affront us?

I hope I shall find the London gentlemen more polite than these our neighbours of the Fox-chace. And yet hitherto I have seen no great cause to prefer them to the others. But about the Court, and at the fashionable public places, I expect wonders. Pray Heaven, I may not be disappointed!

Thank Miss Orme, in my name, for the kind wishes she sends me. Tell her, that her doubts of my affection for her are not just; and that I do really and indeed love her. Nor should she want the most explicit declarations of my Love, were I not

more afraid of her in the character of a Sister to a truly respectable man, than doubtful of her in that of a friend to me: In which latter light, I even joy to consider her. But she is a little naughty, tell her, because she is always leading to one subject. And yet, how can I be angry with her for it, if her good opinion of me induces her to think it in my power to make the brother happy, whom she so dearly and deservedly loves? I cannot but esteem her for the part she takes. — And this it is that makes me afraid of the artlesly-artful Miss Orme.

It would look as if I thought my Duty, and Love, and Respects, were questionable, if in every Letter I repeated them to my equally honoured and beloved benefactors, friends, and favourers. Suppose them therefore always included in my subscription to you, my Lucy, when I tell you, that I am, and will be,

Your ever-affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

MR. SELBY, TO MISS BYRON.

Selby-house, Jan. 30.

WELL! and now there wants but a London Lover or two to enter upon the stage, and Vanity-Fair will be proclaimed, and directly opened. Greville every-where magnifying you, in order to justify his flame for you: Fenwick exalting you above all women: Orme adoring you, and by his humble silence saying more than any of them: Proposals besides from this man: Letters from that: What scenes of slattery and nonsense have I been witness to for these past three years and half, that young Mr. Elford began the dance? Single! Well may you have remained single till this your twentieth year, when you have such choice of admirers, that you don't know which to have. So in a Mercer's shop, the tradesman has a fine time with you women; when variety of his rich wares distract you; and fifty to one at last, but as well in men as silks, you choose the worst, especially if the best is offered at first, and refused: For women know better how to be sorry, than to amend.

"It is true, say you, that we young women are apt to be pleased with admiration __"

O-ho! Are you so? And so I have gained one point with you at last; have I?

"But I have always endeavoured" [And I, Harriet, wish you had succeeded in your endeavours] to keep down any foolish pride"

— Then you own that pride you have? — Another point gained! Conscience, honest conscience, will now-and-then make you women speak out. But now I think of it, here is vanity in the very humility. Well say you endeavoured, when female pride, like Love, tho' hid under a barrel, will flame out at the bung.

Well, said I, to your aunt Selby, to your grandmamma, and to your cousin Lucy, when we all met to sit in judgment upon your Letters, now I hope you'll never dispute with me more on this flagrant love of admiration, which I have so often observed swallows up the hearts and souls of you all; since your Harriet is not exempt from it; and since with all her speciousness, with all her prudence, with all her caution, she (taken with a qualm of conscience) owns it.

But, no, truly! All is right that you say: All is right that you do — Your very confessions are brought as so many demonstrations of your diffidence, of your ingenuousness, and I cannot tell what.

Why, I must own, that no father ever loved his daughter, as I love my niece: But yet, girl, your faults, your vanities, I do not love. It is my glory, that I think

myself able to judge of my friends as they deserve; not as being my friends. Why, the best beloved of my heart, your aunt herself — you know, I value her now more, now less, as she deserves. But with all those I have named, and with all your relations indeed, their Harriet cannot be in fault. And why? Because you are related to them; and because they attribute to themselves some merit from the relation they stand in to you. Supererogatorians all of them (I will make words whenever I please) with their attributions to you; and because you are of their Sex, forsooth; and because I accuse you in a point in which you are all concerned, and so make a common cause of it.

Here one exalts you for your good sense; because you have a knack, by help of an happy memory, of making every thing you read, and every thing that is told you, that you like, your own (your grandfather's precepts particularly); and because, I think, you pass upon us, as your own, what you have borrowed, if not stolen.

Another praises you for your good-nature — The duce is in it, if a girl who has crouds of admirers after her, and a new Lover where-ever she shews her bewitching face; who is blest with health and spirits; and has every-body for her friend, let her deserve it or not; can be ill-natur'd. Who can such a one have to quarrel with, trow?

Another extols you for your chearful wit, even when displayed, bold girl as you are, upon your uncle; in which indeed you are upheld by the wife of my bosom, whenever I take upon me to tell you what ye all, even the best of ye, are.

Yet sometimes they praise your modesty: And why your modesty? Because you have a skin in a manner transparent; and because you can blush — I was going to say, whenever you please.

At other times, they will find out, that you have features equally delicate and regular; when I think, and I have examined them jointly and separately, that all your takingness is owing to that open and chearful countenance, which gives them a gloss (or what shall I call it?) that we men are apt to be pleased with at first sight. A gloss that takes one, as it were, by surprize. But give me the beauty that grows upon us every time we see it; that leaves room for something to be found out to its advantage, as we are more and more acquainted with it.

"Your correcting uncle," you call me. And so I will be. But what hope have I of your amendment, when every living soul, man, woman, and child, that knows you, puffs you up? There goes Mr. Selby, I have heard strangers say — And who is Mr. Selby, another stranger has ask'd? Why, Mr. Selby is uncle to the celebrated Miss Byron. — Yet I, who have lived fifty years in this county, should think I might be known on my own account; and not as the uncle of a girl of twenty.

“Am I not a saucy creature?” in another place you ask. And you answer, “I know I am.” I am glad you do. Now may I call you so by your own authority, I hope. But with your aunt, it is only the effect of your agree-able vivacity. What abominable partiality! E’en do what you will, Harriet, you’ll never be in fault. I could almost wish — But I won’t tell you what I wish neither. But something must betide you, that you little think of; depend upon that. All your days cannot be halcyon ones. I would give a thousand pounds with all my soul, to see you heartily in love: Ay, up to the very ears, and unable to help yourself! You are not thirty yet, child. And, indeed, you seem to think the time of danger is not over. I am glad of your consciousness, my dear. Shall I tell Greville of your doubts, and of your difficulties, Harriet? As to the ten coming years, I mean? And shall I tell him of your prayer to pass them safely? — But is not this wish of yours, that ten years of bloom were over-past, and that you were arrived at the thirtieth year of your age, a very singular one? — A flight! A mere flight! Ask ninety-nine of your Sex out of an hundred, if they would adopt it.

In another Letter you ask Lucy,

“If Mr. Greville has not said, that flattery is dearer to a woman than her food.”

Well, niece, and what would you be at? Is it not so? — I do aver, that Mr. Greville is a sensible man; and makes good observations.

“Mens chief strength, you say, lies in the weakness of women.”

Why so it does. Where else should it lie? And this from their immeasurable love of admiration and flattery, as here you seem to acknowlege of your own accord, tho’ it has been so often perversly disputed with me. Give you women but rope enough, you’ll do your own business.

However, in many places you have pleased me. But no-where more than when you recollect my averrment (without contradicting it; which is a rarity!)

“that a woman out of wedlock is half useless to the end of her being.”

Good girl! That was an assertion of mine, and I will abide by it. Lucy simper’d when we came to this place, and look’d at me. She expected, I saw, my notice upon it; so did your aunt: But the confession was so frank, that I was generous, and only said, True as the gospel.

I have written a long Letter: Yet have not said one quarter of what I intended to say when I began. You will allow that you have given your correcting Uncle, ample subject. But you fare something the better for saying, “you unbespeak not your monitor.”

You own, that you have some vanity. Be more free in your acknowlegements of this nature (you may; for are you not a woman?) and you’ll fare something the better for your ingenuouiness; and the rather, as your acknowlegements will help

me up with your aunt and Lucy, and your grandmamma, in an argument I will not give up.

I have had fresh applications made to me — But I will not say from whom: Since we have agreed long ago, not to prescribe to so discreet a girl, as, in the main, we all think you, in the articles of Love and Marriage.

With all your faults I must love you. I am half ashamed to say how much I miss you already. We are all naturally chearful folks: Yet, I don't know how it is; your absence has made a strange chasm at our table. Let us hear from you every post: That will be something. Your doting aunt tells the hours on the day she expects a Letter. Your grandmother is at present with us, and in heart I am sure regrets your absence: But as your tenderness to her has kept you from going to London for so many years, she thinks she ought to be easy. Her example goes a great way with us all, you know, and particularly with

Your truly affectionate (tho' correcting) Uncle, GEO. SELBY.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Tuesday, Jan. 31.

I AM already, my dear Lucy, quite contrary to my own expectation, enabled to obey the third general injunction laid upon me, at parting, by you, and all my dear friends; since a gentleman, not inconsiderable in his family or fortune, has already beheld your Harriet with partiality.

Not to heighten your impatience by unnecessary parade, his name is Fowler. He is a young gentleman of an handsome independent fortune, and still larger expectations from a Welsh uncle now in town, Sir Rowland Meredith, knighted in his Sheriffalty, on occasion of an address which he brought up to the King from his County.

Sir Rowland, it seems, requires from his Nephew, on pain of forfeiting his favour for ever, that he marries not without his approbation: Which, he declares, he never will give, except the woman be of a good family; has a gentlewoman's fortune; has had the benefit of a religious education; which he considers as the best security that can be given for her good behaviour as a wife, and as a mother; so forward does the good knight look! Her character unsullied: Acquainted with the theory of the domestic duties, and not ashamed, occasionally, to enter into the direction of the practice. Her fortune, however, as his nephew will have a good one, he declares to be the least thing he stands upon; only that he would have her possessed of from six to ten thousand pounds, that it may not appear to be a match of mere Love, and as if his nephew were taken in, as he calls it, rather by the eyes, than by the understanding. Where a woman can have such a fortune given her by her family, tho' no greater, it will be an earnest, he says, that the family she is of, have worth, as he calls it, and want not to owe obligations to that of the man she marries.

Something particular, something that has the look of forecast and prudence, you'll say, in the old knight.

O but I had like to have forgot; his future niece must also be handsome. He values himself, it seems, upon the breed of his horses and dogs; and makes polite comparisons between the more noble, and the less noble animals.

Sir Rowland himself, as you will guess by his particularity, is an old bachelor, and one who wants to have a woman made on purpose for his nephew; and who positively insists upon qualities, before he knows her, not one of which, perhaps, his future niece will have.

Don’t you remember Mr. Tolson of Derbyshire? He was determined never to marry a widow. If he did, it should be one, who had a vast fortune, and who never had a child. And he had still a more particular exception; and that was to a woman who had red hair. He held these exceptions till he was forty; and then being looked upon as a determin’d bachelor, no family thought it worth their while to make proposals to him: No woman to throw out a net for him (to express myself in the stile of the gay Mr. Greville); and he at last fell in with, and married, the laughing Mrs. Turner: A widow, who had little or no fortune, had one child, a daughter, living, and that child an absolute idiot; and, to complete the perverseness of his fate, her hair not only red, but the most disagreeable of reds. The honest man was grown splenetic: disregarded by everybody, he was become disregardful of himself: He hoped for a cure of his gloominess, from her chearful vein; and seemed to think himself under obligation to one who had taken notice of him, when nobody else would. Bachelors wives! Maids children! These old saws always mean something.

Mr. Fowler saw me at my cousin Reeves’s the first time. I cannot say he is disagreeable in his person: But he seems to want the mind I would have a man bless’d with, to whom I am to vow love and honour. I purpose, whenever I marry, to make a very good and even a dutiful wife [Must I not vow obedience? And shall I break my marriage-vow?]: I would not, therefore, on any consideration, marry a man, whose want of knowledge might make me stagger in the performance of my duty to him; and who would perhaps command, from caprice or want of understanding, what I should think unreasonable to be complied with. There is a pleasure and a credit in yielding up even one’s judgment in things indifferent, to a man who is older and wiser than one’s self. But we are apt to doubt in one of a contrary character, what in the other we should have no doubt about: And doubt, you know, of a person’s merit, is the first step to disrespect: And what, but disobedience, which lets in every evil, is the next?

I saw instantly that Mr. Fowler beheld me with a distinguished regard. We women, you know [Let me for once be aforehand with my uncle] are very quick in making discoveries of this nature. But everybody at table saw it. He came again next day, and besought Mr. Reeves to give him his interest with me, without asking any questions about my fortune; tho’ he was even generously particular as to his own. He might, since he has an unexceptionable one. Who is it in these cases that forgets to set foremost the advantages by which he is distinguished? While fortune is the last thing talk’d of by him who has little or none: And then Love, Love, Love, is all his cry.

Mr. Reeves, who has a good opinion of Mr. Fowler, in answer to his enquiries, told him, that he believed I was disengaged in my affections: Mr. Fowler rejoiced

at that. That I had no questions to ask; but those of duty; which indeed, he said, was a stronger tie with me than interest. He praised my temper, and my frankness of heart; the latter at the expence of my Sex; for which I least thank'd him, when he told me what he had said. In short, he acquainted him with every-thing that was necessary, and more than was necessary, for him to know, of the favour of my family, and of my good Mr. Deane, in referring all proposals of this kind to myself; mingling the detail with commendations, which only could be excused by the goodness of his own heart, and accounted for by his partiality to his cousin.

Mr. Fowler expressed great apprehensions on my cousin's talking of these references of my grandmother, aunt, and Mr. Deane, to myself, on occasions of this nature; which, he said, he presumed had been too frequent for his hopes.

If you have any hope, Mr. Fowler, said Mr. Reeves, it must be in your good character; and that much preferably to your clear estate and great expectations. Altho' she takes no pride in the number of her admirers, yet is it natural to suppose, that it has made her more difficult; and her difficulties are enhanced, in proportion to the generous confidence which all her friends have in her discretion. And when I told him, proceeded Mr. Reeves, that your fortune exceeded greatly what Sir Rowland required in a wife for him; and that you had, as well from inclination, as education, a serious turn; Too much, too much, in one person, cried he out. As to fortune, he wish'd you had not a shilling; and if he could obtain your favour, he should be the happiest man in the world.

O my good Mr. Reeves, said I, how have you over-rated my merits! Surely, you have not given Mr. Fowler your interest? If you have, should you not, for his sake, have known something of my mind before you had set me out thus, had I even deserved your high opinion? or Mr. Fowler might have reason to repent the double well-meant kindness of his friend, if men in these days were used to break their hearts for Love.

It is the language I do and must talk of you in, to every-body, return'd Mr. Reeves: Is it not the language that those most talk who know you best?

Where the world is inclined to favour, replied I, it is apt to over-rate, as much as it will under-rate where it disfavours. In this case, you should not have proceeded so far as to engage a gentleman's hopes. What may be the end of all this, but to make a compassionate nature, as mine has been thought to be, if Mr. Fowler should be greatly in earnest, uneasy to itself, in being obliged to shew Pity, where she cannot return Love?

What I have said, I have said, replied Mr. Reeves. Pity is but one remove from Love. Mrs. Reeves (There she sits) was first brought to pity me; for never was man more madly in love than I; and then I thought myself sure of her. And so it proved. I can tell you I am no enemy to Mr. Fowler.

And so, my dear, Mr. Fowler seems to think he has met with a woman who would make a fit wife for him: But your Harriet, I doubt, has not in Mr. Fowler met with a man whom she can think a fit Husband for her.

The very next morning, Sir Rowland himself —

But now, my Lucy, if I proceed to tell you all the fine things that are said of me and to me, what will my uncle Selhy say? Will he not attribute all I shall repeat of this sort, to that pride, to that vanity, to that fondness of admiration, which he, as well as Mr. Greville, is continually charging upon all our Sex?

Yet he expects that I shall give a minute account of every thing that passes, and of every conversation in which I have any part. How shall I do to please him? And yet I know I shall best please him, if I give him room to find fault with me. But then should he for my faults blame the whole Sex? Is that just?

You will tell me, I know, that if I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly: That the humours and characters of persons cannot be known unless I repeat what they say, and their manner of saying: That I must leave it to the speakers and complimenters to answer for the likeness of the pictures they draw: That I know best my own heart, and whether I am puffed up by the praises given me: That if I am, I shall discover it by my superciliousness, and be enough punished on the discovery, by incurring, from those I love, deserved blame, if not contempt, instead of preserving their wished-for esteem. — Let me add to all this, that there is an author (I forget who) who says,

“It is lawful to repeat those things, tho’ spoken in our praise, that are necessary to be known, and cannot otherwise be come at.”

And now let me ask, Will this preamble do, once for all?

It will. And so says my aunt Selby. And so says every one but my uncle. Well then, I will proceed, and repeat all that shall be said, and that as well to my disadvantage as advantage; only resolving not to be exalted with the one, and to do my endeavour to amend by the other. And here, pray tell my uncle, that I do not desire he will spare me; since the faults he shall find in his Harriet shall always put her upon her guard — Not, however, to conceal them from his discerning eye; but to amend them.

And now, having, as I said, once for all, prepared you to guard against a surfeit of self-praise, tho’ delivered at second or third hand, I will go on with my narrative — But hold — my paper reminds me, that I have written a monstrous letter — I will therefore, with a new sheet, begin a new one. Only adding to this, that I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

P. S. Well, but what shall I do now? — I have just received my uncle’s Letter. And, after his charge upon me of Vanity and Pride, will my parade, as above,

stand me in any stead? — I must trust to it. Only one word to my dear and everhonoured uncle — Don’t you, Sir, impute to me a belief of the truth of those extravagant compliments made by men professing Love to me; and I will not wish you to think me one bit the wiser, the handsomer, the better for them, than I was before.

LETTER IX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, Feb. 2.

THE very next morning Sir Rowland himself paid his respects to Mr. Reeves.

The knight, before he would open himself very freely as to the business he came upon, desired that he might have an opportunity to see me. I knew nothing of him, nor of his business. We were just going to breakfast. Miss Allestree, Miss Bramber, and Miss Dolyns, a young Lady of merit, were with us.

Just as we had taken our seats, Mr. Reeves introduced Sir Rowland, but let him not know which was Miss Byron. He did nothing at first sitting down, but peer in our faces by turns; and fixing his eye upon Miss Allestree, he jogged Mr. Reeves with his elbow — Hay, Sir? — audibly whispered he.

Mr. Reeves was silent. Sir Rowland, who is shortsighted, then look'd under his bent brows, at Miss Bramber; then at Miss Dolyns; and then at me — Fay, Sir? whispered he again.

He sat out the first dish of tea with an impatience equal, as it seemed, to his uncertainty. And at last taking Mr. Reeves by one of his buttons, desired a word with him. They withdrew together; and the knight, not quitting hold of Mr. Reeves's button, Ads-my-life, Sir, said he, I hope I am right. I love my Nephew as I love myself. I live but for him. He ever was dutiful to me his uncle. If that be Miss Byron who sits on the right-hand of your Lady, with the countenance of an angel, her eyes sparkling with good humour, and blooming as a May-morning, the business is done. I give my consent. Altho' I heard not a word pass from her lips, I am sure she is all intelligence. My boy shall have her. The other young Ladies are agreeable: But if this be the Lady my kinsman is in Love with, he shall have her. How will she outshine all our Caermarthen Ladies; and yet we have charming girls in Caermarthen! — Am I, or am I not right, Mr. Reeves, as to my nephew's flame, as they call it?

The Lady you describe, Sir Rowland, is Miss Byron.

And then Mr. Reeves, in his usual partial manner, let his heart overflow at his lips in my favour.

Thank God, thank God! said the knight. Let us return. Let us go in again. I will say something to her to make her speak. But not a word to dash her. I expect her voice to be music, if it be as harmonious as the rest of her. By the softness or harshness of the voice, let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, I form a judgment of the

heart, and soul, and manners of a Lady. ’Tis a criterion, as they call it, of my own; and I am hardly ever mistaken. Let us go in again, I pray ye.

They returned, and took their seats; the knight making an awkward apology for taking my cousin out.

Sir Rowland, his forehead smoothed, and his face shining, sat swelling, as big with meaning, yet not knowing how to begin. Mrs. Reeves and Miss Allestree were talking at the re-entrance of the gentlemen. Sir Rowland thought he must say something, however distant from his main purpose. Breaking silence therefore; You, Ladies, seemed to be deep in discourse when we came in. Whatever were your subject, I beg you will resume it.

They had finished, they assured him, what they had to say.

Sir Rowland seemed still at a loss. He hemm’d three times; and look’d at me with particular kindness. Mr. Reeves then, in pity to his fulness, asked him how long he proposed to stay in town?

He had thought, he said, to have set out in a week; but something had happened, which he believed could not be completed under a fortnight. Yet I want to be down, said he; for I had just finished, as I came up, the new-built house I design to present to my nephew when he marries. I pretend, plain man as I am, to be a judge, both of taste and elegance. Sir Rowland was now set a going. All I wish for is to see him happily settled. Ah, Ladies! that I need not go further than this table for a wife for my boy?

We all smiled, and look’d upon each other.

You young Ladies, proceeded he, have great advantages in certain cases over us men; and this (which I little thought of till it came to be my own case) whether we speak for our kindred or for ourselves. But will you, madam, to Mrs. Reeves, will you, Sir, to Mr. Reeves, answer my questions — as to these Ladies? — I must have a niece among them. My nephew, tho’ I say it, is one whom any Lady may love. And as for fortune, let me alone to make him, in addition to his own, all clear as the sun, worthy of any woman’s acceptance, tho’ she were a Duchess.

We were all silent, and smiled upon one another.

What I would ask then, is, Which of the Ladies before me — Mercy! I believe by their smiling, and by their pretty looks, they are none of them engaged. I will begin with the young lady on your righthand. She looks so lovely, so good-natur’d, and so condescending! — Mercy! what an open forehead! — Hem! — Forgive me, madam; but I believe you would not disdain to answer my question yourself. — Are you, madam, are you absolutely and bona fide, disengaged? or are you not?

As this, Sir Rowland, answer’d I, is a question I can best resolve, I frankly own, that I am disengaged.

Charming! charming! — Mercy! Why now what a noble frankness in that answer! — No jesting matter! You may smile, Ladies. — I hope, madam, you say true. I hope I may rely upon it, that your affections are not engaged.

You may, Sir Rowland. I do not love, even in jest, to be guilty of an untruth.

Admirable! — But let me tell you, madam, that I hope you will not many days have this to say. Ad's-my-life! sweet soul! how I rejoice to see that charming flush in the finest cheek in the world! But heaven forbid that I should dash so sweet a creature! — Well, but now there is no going further. Excuse me, Ladies; I mean not a slight to any of you: But now, you know, there is no going further: — And will you, madam, permit me to introduce to you, as a Lover, as an humble Servant, a very proper and agreeable young man? Let me introduce him: He is my nephew. Your looks are all graciousness. Perhaps you have seen him: And if you are really disengaged, you can have no objection to him; of that I am confident. And I am told, that you have nobody that either can or will controul you.

The more controulable for that very reason, Sir Rowland.

Ad's-my-life, I like your answer. Why, madam, you must be full as good as you look to be. I wish I were a young man myself for your sake! But tell me, madam, will you permit a visit from my nephew this afternoon? — Come, come, dear young lady, be as gracious as you look to be. Fortune must do. Had you not a shilling, I should rejoice in such a niece: And that is more than I ever said in my life before. My nephew is a sober man, a modest man. He has a good estate of his own: A clear 2000 l. a year. I will add to it in my life-time as much more. Be all this good company witnesses for me. I am no flincher. It is well known that the word of Sir Rowland Meredith is as good as his bond at all times. I love these open doings. I love to be above-board. What signifies shilly-shally? What says the old proverb?

Happy's the wooing
That is not long a doing.

But, Sir Rowland, said I, there are proverbs that may be set against your proverb. You hint that I have seen the gentleman: Now I have never yet seen the man whose addresses I could encourage.

O, I like you the better for that. None but the giddy love at first sight. Ad's-my-life, you would have been snapt up before now, young as you are, could you easily have returned love for love. Why, madam, you cannot be above sixteen?

O, Sir Rowland, you are mistaken. Chearfulness, and a contented mind, make a difference to advantage of half a dozen years at any time. I am much nearer twenty-one than nineteen, I assure you.

Nearer to twenty-one than nineteen, and yet so freely tell your age without asking!

Miss Byron, Sir Rowland, said Mrs. Reeves, is young enough at twenty, surely, to own her age.

True, madam; but at twenty, if not before, time always stands still with women. A Lady's age once known, will be always remembred; and that more for Spite than Love. At twenty-eight or thirty, I believe most Ladies are willing to strike off half a dozen years at least — And yet, and yet (smiling, and looking arch) I have always said (pardon me, Ladies) that it is a sign, when women are so desirous to conceal their age, that they think they shall be good for-nothing when in years. Ah, Ladies! shaking his head, and laughing, women don't think of that. But how I admire you, madam, for your frankness! Would to the Lord you were twenty-four! — I would have no woman marry under twenty-four: And that, let me tell you, Ladies, for the following reasons — standing up, and putting the fore-finger of his right-hand, extended with a flourish, upon the thumb of his left.

O, Sir Rowland! I doubt not but you can give very good reasons. And I assure you, I intend not to marry on the wrong side, as I call it, of twenty-four.

Admirable, by Mercy! but that won't do neither. The man lives not, young Lady, who will stay your time, if he can have you at his. I love your noble frankness. Then such sweetness of countenance (sitting down, and audibly whispering, and jogging my cousin with his elbow) such dove-like eyes, daring to tell all that is in the honest heart! — I am a physiognomist, madam (raising his voice to me). Ad's-my-life, you are a perfect paragon! Say you will encourage my boy, or you'll be worse off; for (standing up again) I will come and court you myself. A good estate gives a man confidence; and, when I set about it — Hum! — (one hand stuck in his side; flourishing with the other) no woman yet, I do assure you, — ever won my heart as you have done.

O, Sir Rowland, I thought you were too wise to be swayed by first impressions: None but the giddy, you know, love at first sight.

Admirable! admirable indeed! I knew you had wit at will; and I am sure you have wisdom. Know you, Ladies, that wit and wisdom are two different things, and are very rarely seen together? Plain man, as I appear to be (looking on himself first on one side, then on the other, and unbuttoning his coat two buttons to let a gold braid appear upon his waistcoat) I can tell ye, I have not lived all this time for nothing. I am considered in Wales — Hem! — But I will not praise myself. — Ad's-my-life! how do this young Lady's perfections run me all into tongue! — But I see you all respect her as well as I; so I need not make apology to the rest of you young Ladies, for the distinction paid to her. I wish I had as

many nephews as there are Ladies of ye disengaged: By Mercy, we would be all of kin.

Thank you, Sir Rowland, said each of the young Ladies, smiling, and diverted at his oddity.

But as to my observation, continued the knight, that none but the giddy love at first sight: There is no general rule, without exception, you know: Every man must love you at first sight. Do I not love you myself? and yet never did I see you before, nor any body like you.

You know not what you do, Sir Rowland, to raise thus the vanity of a poor girl. How may you make conceit and pride run away with her, till she become contemptible for both in the eye of every person whose good opinion is worth cultivating?

Ad's-my-life, that's prettily said! But let me tell you, that the she who can give this caution in the midst of her praisings, can be in no danger of being run away with by her vanity. Why, madam! you extort praises from me! I never ran on so glibly in praise of mortal woman before. You must cease to look, to smile, to speak, I can toll you, if you would have me cease to praise you.

'Tis well you are not a young man, Sir Rowland, said Miss Allestree. You seem to have the art of engaging a woman's attention. You seem to know how to turn her own artillery against her; and as your sex generally do, exalt her in courtship, that you may have it in your power to abase her afterwards.

Why, madam, I must own, that we men live to sixty, before we know how to deal with you Ladies, or with the world either; and then we are not fit to engage with the one, and are ready to quit the other. An old head upon a young pair of shoulders would make rare work among ye. But to the main point (looking very kindly on me) I ask no questions about you, madam. Fortune is not to be mentioned. I want you not to have any. Not that the Lady is the worse for having a fortune: And a man may stand a chance for as good a wife among those who have fortunes, as among those who have none. I adore you for your frankness of heart. Be all of a piece now, I beseech you. You are disengaged, you say: Will you admit of a visit from my nephew? My boy may be bashful. True Love is always modest and diffident. You don't look as if you would dislike a man for being modest. And I will come along with him myself.

And then the old knight look'd important, as one who, if he lent his head to his nephew's shoulders, had no doubt of succeeding.

What, Sir Rowland! admit of a visit from your nephew, in order to engage him in a three years courtship? I have told you that I intend not to marry till I am twenty-four.

Twenty-four, I must own, is the age of marriage I should choose for a Lady; and for the reasons aforesaid. — But, now I think of it, I did not tell you my reasons — These be they — Down went his cup and sawcer; up went his left-hand ready spread, and his crooked finger of his right-hand, as ready to enumerate.

No doubt, Sir Rowland, you have very good reasons.

But, madam, you must hear them — And I shall prove —

I am convinced, Sir Rowland, that twenty-four is an age early enough.

But I shall prove, madam, that you at twenty, or at twenty-one —

Enough! enough! Sir Rowland: What need of proof when one is convinc'd?

But you know not, madam, what I was driving at —

Well but, Sir Rowland, said Miss Bramber, will not the reasons you could give for the proper age at twenty-four, make against your wishes in this case?

They will make against them, madam, in general cases. But in this particular case they will make for me. For the Lady before me is —

Not in my opinion, perhaps, Sir Rowland, will your reasons make for you: And then your exception in my favour will signify nothing. And besides, you must know, that I never can accept of any compliment that is made me at the expence of my Sex.

Well then, madam, I hope you forbid me in favour to my plea. You are loth to hear any thing for twenty-four against twenty-one, I hope?

That is another point, Sir Rowland.

Why, madam, you seem to be afraid of hearing my reasons. No man living knows better than I, how to behave in Ladies company. I believe I should not be so little of a gentleman, as to offend the nicest ear. No need indeed! no need indeed! looking archly; Ladies on certain subjects are very quick.

That is to say, Sir Rowland, interrupted Mrs. Reeves, that modesty is easily alarmed.

If any thing is said, or implied, upon certain subjects that you would not be thought to understand, Ladies know how to be ignorant. And then he laughed.

Undoubtedly, Sir Rowland, said I, such company as this, need not be apprehensive, that a gentleman, like you, should say any thing unsuitable to it. But do you really think affected ignorance can be ever graceful, or a proof of true delicacy? Let me rather say, That a woman of virtue would be wanting to her character, if she had not courage enough to express her resentment of any discourse, that is meant as an insult upon modesty.

Admirably said again! But men will sometimes forget, that there are Ladies in company.

Very favourably put for the men, Sir Rowland. But pardon me, if I own, that I should have a mean opinion of a man, who allowed himself to talk even to men what a woman might not hear. A pure heart, whether in man or woman, will be always, in every company, on every occasion, pure.

Ad's-my-life, you have excellent notions, madam! I wanted to hear you speak just now: And now you make me, and every one else, silent — Twenty-one! why what you say would shame Sixty-one. You must have kept excellent company all your life! — Mercy! if ever I heard the like from a Lady so young! — What a glory do you reflect back upon all who had any hand in your education! Why was I not born within the past thirty years? I might then have had some hopes of you myself. — And this brings me to my former subject, of my nephew — But, Mr. Reeves, one word with you, Mr. Reeves. I beg your pardon, Ladies. But the importance of the matter will excuse me: And I must get out of town as soon as I can. — One word with you, Mr. Reeves.

The gentlemen withdrew together: For breakfast by this time was over. And then the knight open'd all his heart to Mr. Reeves, and besought his interest. He would afterwards have obtained an audience, as he called it, of me: But the three young Ladies haveing taken leave of us, and Mrs. Reeves and I being retired to dress, I desired to be excused.

He then requested leave to attend me to-morrow evening: But Mr. Reeves pleading engagements till Monday evening, he besought him to indulge him with his interest in that long gap of time, as he called it, and for my being then in the way.

And thus, Lucy, have I given you an ample account of what has passed with regard to this new servant, as gentlemen call themselves, in order to become our masters.

'Tis now Friday morning. We are just setting out to dine with Lady Betty. If the day furnishes me with any amusing materials for my next pacquet, its agreeableness will be doubled to

Your ever-affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER X.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday Night.

SOME amusement, my Lucy, the day has afforded: Indeed more than I could have wished. A large pacquet, however, for Selby-House.

Lady Betty received us most politely. She had company with her, to whom she introduced us, and presented me in a very advantageous character.

Shall I tell you how their first appearance struck me, and what I have since heard and observed of them?

The first I shall mention was Miss Cantillon; very pretty; but visibly proud, affected, and conceited.

The second Miss Clements; plain; but of a fine understanding, improved by reading; and who haveing no personal advantages to be vain of, has, by the cultivation of her mind, obtained a preference in every one's opinion over the fair Cantillon.

The third was Miss Barnevelt, a Lady of masculine features, and whose mind belied not those features; for she has the character of being loud, bold, free, even fierce when opposed; and affects at all times such airs of contempt of her own Sex, that one almost wonders at her condescending to wear petticoats.

The gentlemens names were Walden and Singleton; the first, an Oxford scholar of family and fortune; but quaint and opinionated, despising every one who has not had the benefit of an University education.

Mr. Singleton is an harmless man; who is, it seems, the object of more ridicule, even down to his very name, among all his acquaintance, than I think he by any means ought, considering the apparent inoffensiveness of the man, who did not give himself his intellects; and his constant good humour, which might intitle him to better quarter; the rather too as he has one point of knowlege, which those who think themselves his superiors in understanding, do not always attain, the knowlege of himself; for he is humble, modest, ready to confess an inferiority to every one: And as laughing at a jest is by some taken for high applause, he is ever the first to bestow that commendation on what others say; tho' it must be owned, he now-and-then mistakes for a jest, what is none: Which, however, may be generally more the fault of the speakers than of Mr. Singleton; since he takes his cue from their smiles, especially when those are seconded by the laugh of one of whom he has a good opinion.

Mr. Singleton is in possession of a good estate which makes amends for many defects: He has a turn, it is said, to the well-managing of it; and nobody understands his own interest better than he; by which knowlege, he has opportunities to lay obligations upon many of those, who behind his back think themselves intitled, by their supposed superior sense, to deride him: And he is ready enough to oblige in this way: But it is always on such securities, that he has never given cause for spendthrifts to laugh at him on that account.

It is thought that the friends of the fair Cantillon would not be averse to an alliance with this gentleman: While I, were I his sister, should rather wish, that he had so much wisdom in his weakness, as to devote himself to the worthier Pulcheria Clements (Lady Betty's wish as well as mine) whose fortune, tho' not despicable, and whose humbler views, would make her think herself repaid the obligation she would lay him under, by her acceptance of him.

No-body, it seems, thinks of an husband for Miss Barnevelt. She is sneeringly spoken of rather as a young fellow, than as a woman; and who will one day look out for a wife for herself. One reason indeed, she every-where gives, for being satisfied with being a woman; which is, that she cannot be married to a WOMAN.

An odd creature, my dear. But see what women get by going out of character. Like the Bats in the fable, they are look'd upon as mortals of a doubtful species, hardly owned by either, and laugh'd at by both.

This was the company, and all the company, besides us, that Lady Betty expected. But mutual civilities had hardly passed, when Lady Betty, having been called out, return'd, introducing, as a gentleman, who would be acceptable to every one, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. He is, whisper'd she to me, as he saluted the rest of the company, in a very gallant manner, a young Baronet of a very large estate, the greatest part of which has lately come to him by the death of a grandmother, and two uncles, all very rich.

When he was presented to me, by name, and I to him, I think myself very happy, said he, in being admitted to the presence of a young Lady, so celebrated for her graces of person and mind. Then, addressing himself to Lady Betty, Much did I hear, when I was at the last Northampton races, of Miss Byron: But little did I expect to find report fall so short of what I see.

Miss Cantillon bridled, play'd with her fan, and look'd as if she thought herself slighted; a little scorn intermingled with the airs she gave herself.

Miss Clements smiled, and look'd pleased, as if she enjoyed, good-naturedly, a compliment made to one of the Sex which she adorns, by the goodness of her heart.

Miss Barnevelt said, she had, from the moment I first entered, beheld me with the eye of a Lover. And freely taking my hand, squeezed it. — Charming creature!

said she, as if addressing to a country innocent, and perhaps expecting me to be cover'd with blushes and confusion.

The Baronet, excusing himself to Lady Betty, assured her, that she must place this his bold intrusion to the account of Miss Byron; he having been told that she was to be there.

Whatever were his motive, Lady Betty said, he did her favour; and she was sure the whole company would think themselves doubly obliged to Miss Byron.

The Student look'd as if he thought himself eclipsed by Sir Hargrave, and as if, in revenge, he was putting his fine speeches into Latin, and trying them by the rules of grammar; a broken sentence from a classic author bursting from his lips; and at last, standing up, half on tip-toe (as if he wanted to look down upon the Baronet) he stuck one hand in his side, and passed by him, casting a contemptuous eye on his gaudy dress.

Mr. Singleton smiled, and look'd as if delighted with all he saw and heard. Once, indeed, he try'd to speak: His mouth actually open'd, to give passage to his words; as sometimes seems to be his way before the words are quite ready: But he sat down satisfied with the effort.

It is true, people who do not make themselves contemptible by affectation should not be despised. Poor and rich, wise and unwise, we are all links of the same great chain. And you must tell me, my dear, if I, in endeavouring to give true descriptions of the persons I see, incur the censure I bestow on others who despise any-one for defects they cannot help.

Will you forgive me, my dear, if I make this Letter as long as my last?

No, say.

Well then, I thank you for a freedom so consistent with our friendship: And I will conclude with assurances, that I am, and ever will be,

Most affectionately

Yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

IT was convenient to me, Lucy, to break off just where I did in my last; else I should not have been so very self-denying as to suppose you had no curiosity to hear, what undoubtedly I wanted to tell. Two girls talking over a new set of company, would my uncle Selby say, are not apt to break off very abruptly; not she especially of the two, who has found out a fair excuse to repeat every compliment made to herself; and when perhaps there may be a new admirer in the case.

May there so, my uncle? And which of the gentlemen do you think the man? The Baronet, I warrant, you guess. — And so he is.

Well then, let me give you, Lucy, a sketch of him. But consider; I form my accounts from what I have since been told, as well as from what I observed at the time.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is handsome and genteel; pretty tall; about twenty-eight or thirty. His complexion is a little of the fairest for a man, and a little of the palest. He has remarkably bold eyes; rather approaching to what we would call goggling; and he gives himself airs with them as if he wish'd to have them thought rakish: Perhaps as a recommendation, in his opinion, to the Ladies. Miss Cantillon, on his back being turned, Lady Betty praising his person, said, Sir Hargrave had the finest eyes she ever saw in a man. They were manly, meaning ones.

He is very voluble in speech; but seems to owe his volubility more to his want of doubt, than to the extraordinary merit of what he says. Yet he is thought to have sense; and if he could prevail upon himself to hear more, and speak less, he would better deserve the good opinion he thinks himself sure of. But as he can say anything without hesitation, and excites a laugh by laughing himself at all he is going to say, as well as at what he has just said, he is thought infinitely agreeable by the gay, and by those who wish to drown thought in merriment.

Sir Hargrave, it seems, has travelled: But he must have carried abroad with him a great number of follies, and a great deal of affectation, if he has left any of them behind him.

But, with all his foibles, he is said to be a man of enterprize and courage; and young Ladies, it seems, must take care how they laugh with him: For he makes ungenerous constructions to the disadvantage of a woman whom he can bring to

seem pleas'd with his jests. I will tell you hereafter, how I came to know this, and even worse, of him.

The taste of the present age seems to be dress: No wonder, therefore, that such a man as Sir Hargrave aims to excel in it. What can be misbestowed by a man on his person, who values it more than his mind? But he would, in my opinion, better become his dress, if the pains he undoubtedly takes before he ventures to come into public, were less apparent: This I judge from his solicitude to preserve all in exact order, when in company; for he forgets not to pay his respects to himself at every glass; yet does it with a seeming consciousness, as if he would hide a vanity too apparent to be concealed; breaking from it, if he finds himself observed, with an half-careless, yet seemingly dissatisfied air, pretending to have discovered something amiss in himself. This seldom fails to bring him a compliment: Of which he shews himself very sensible, by affectedly disclaiming the merit of it; perhaps with this speech, bowing, with his spread hand on his breast, waving his head to and fro — By my Soul, Madam (or Sir) you do me too much honour.

Such a man is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. He placed himself next to the country girl; and laid himself out in fine speeches to her, running on in such a manner, that I had not for some time an opportunity to convince him that I had been in company of gay people before. He would have it, that I was a perfect beauty, and he supposed me very young — Very silly of course: And gave himself such airs, as if he were sure of my admiration.

I viewed him steadily several times; and my eye once falling under his, as I was looking at him, I dare say, he at that moment pitied the poor fond heart, which he supposed was in tumults about him; when, at the very time, I was considering, whether, if I were obliged to have the one or the other, as a punishment for some great fault I had committed, my choice would fall on Mr. Singleton, or on him. I mean, supposing the former were not a remarkably obstinate man; since obstinacy in a weak man, I think, must be worse than tyranny in a man of sense — If indeed a man of sense can be a tyrant.

A summons to dinner relieved me from his more particular addresses, and placed him at a distance from me.

Sir Hargrave, the whole time of dinner, received advantage from the supercilious looks and behaviour of Mr. Walden; who seemed, on every-thing the Baronet said, (and he was seldom silent) half to despise him; for he made at times so many different mouths of contempt, that I thought it was impossible for the same features to express them. I have been making mouths in the glass for several minutes, to try to recover some of Mr. Walden's, in order to describe them to you, Lucy; but I cannot for my life so distort my face as to enable me to give you a notion of one of them.

He might perhaps have been better justified in some of his contempts, had it not been visible, that the consequence which he took from the Baronet, he gave to himself; and yet was as censurable one way, as Sir Hargrave was the other.

Mirth, however insipid, will occasion smiles; tho' sometimes to the disadvantage of the mirthful. But gloom, severity, moroseness, will always disgust, tho' in a Solomon. Mr. Walden had not been taught that: And indeed it might seem a little ungrateful [Don't you think so, Lucy?] if women failed to reward a man with their smiles, who scrupled not to make himself a — monkey (shall I say?) to please them.

Never before did I see the difference between the man of the Town, and the man of the College, displayed in a light so striking as in these two gentlemen in the conversation after dinner. The one seemed resolved not to be pleased; while the other laid himself out to please every-body; and that in a manner so much at his own expence, as frequently to bring into question his understanding. By a second silly thing he banish'd the remembrance of a first; by a third the second; and so on: And by continually laughing at his own absurdities, left us at liberty to suppose that his folly was his choice; and that, had it not been to divert the company, he could have made a better figure.

Mr. Walden, as was evident by his scornful brow, by the contemptuous motions of his lip, and by his whole face affectedly turn'd from the Baronet, grudged him the smile that sat upon everyone's countenance; and for which, without distinguishing whether it was a smile of approbation or not, he look'd as if he pity'd us all, and as if he thought himself cast into unequal company. Nay, twice or thrice he addressed himself, in preference to every one else, to honest simpering Mr. Singleton: Who, for his part, as was evident, much better relished the Baronet's flippances, than the dry significance of the Student. For, whenever Sir Hargrave spoke, Mr. Singleton's mouth was open: But it was quite otherwise with him, when Mr. Walden spoke, even at the time that he paid him the distinction of addressing himself to him, as if he were the principal person in the company.

But one word, by the bye, Lucy — Don't you think it is very happy for us foolish women, that the generality of the Lords of the creation are not much wiser than ourselves? Or, to express myself in other words, That over-wisdom is as foolish a thing to the full, as moderate folly? — But, hush! I have done — I know that at this place my Uncle will be ready to rise against me.

After dinner, Mr. Walden, not chusing to be any longer so egregiously eclipsed by the man of the Town, put forth the Scholar.

By the way, let me ask my uncle, if the word scholar means not the learner, rather than the learned? If it originally means no more, I would suppose that

formerly the most learned men were the most modest, contenting themselves with being thought but learners; a modesty well becoming a learned man; since, vast is the field of science, as my revered first instructor used to say, and the more a man knows, the more he will find he has to know.

Pray, Sir Hargrave, said Mr. Walden, may I ask you — You had a thought just now, speaking of Love and Beauty, which I know you must have from Tibullus [And then he repeated the line in an heroic accent; and, pausing, look'd round upon us women] Which University had the honour of finishing your studies, Sir Hargrave? I presume you were brought up at one of them.

Not I, said the Baronet: A man, surely, may read Tibullus, and Virgil too, without being indebted to either University for his learning.

No man, Sir Hargrave, in my humble opinion [With a decisive air he spoke the word humble] can be well-grounded in any branch of learning, who has not been at one of our famous Universities.

I never yet proposed, Mr. Walden, to qualify myself for a degree. My Chaplain is a very pretty fellow. He understands Tibullus, I believe [Immoderately laughing, and by his eyes cast in turn upon each person at table, bespeaking a general smile] — And of Oxford, as you are. And again he laughed: But his laugh was then such a one, as rather shewed ridicule than mirth; a provoking laugh, such a one as Mr. Greville often affects when he is in a disputatious humour, in order to dash an opponent out of countenance, by getting the laugh, instead of the argument, on his side.

My uncle, you know, will have it sometimes, that his girl has a satirical vein. I am afraid she has — A bold hussy! — But this I will say, I mean no ill-nature: I love every-body; but not their faults; as my uncle in his Letter tells me: And wish not to be spared for my own. Nor, very probably, am I, if those who see me, write of me to their chosen friends as I do to mine, of them. Shall I tell you what I imagine each person of the company I am writing about (writing in character) would say of me to their correspondents? — It would be digressing too much, or I would.

Mr. Walden in his heart, I dare say, was revenged on the Baronet. He gave him such a look, as would have grieved me the whole day, had it been given me by one whom I valued.

Sir Hargrave had too much business for his eyes with the Ladies, in order to obtain their countenance, to trouble himself about the looks of the men. And indeed he seemed to have as great a contempt for Mr. Walden, as Mr. Walden had for him.

But here I shall be too late for the post. Will this stuff go down with you at Selby-house, in want of better subjects?

Every thing from you, my Harriet —

Thank you! Thank you, all, my indulgent friends! So it ever was. Trifles from those we love, are acceptable. May I deserve your Love!

Adieu, my Lucy! — But tell my Nancy, that she has delighted me by her Letter.

H. B.

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WHAT is your opinion, my charming Miss Byron? said the Baronet: May not a man of fortune, who has not receiv'd his education and polish [He pronounced the word polish with an emphasis, and another laugh] at an University, make as good a figure in social life, and as ardent a Lover, as if he had?

I would have been silent: But, staring in my face, he repeated, What say you to this, Miss Byron?

The World, Sir Hargrave, I have heard called an University: But, in my humble opinion, neither a learned, nor what is called a fine education, has any other value than as each tends to improve the morals of men, and to make them wise and good.

The world an University! repeated Mr. Walden. Why, truly, looking up to Sir Hargrave's face, and then down to his feet, disdainfully, as if he would measure him with his eye, I cannot but say, twisting his head on one side, and with a drolling accent, that the world produces very pretty scholars — for the Ladies —

The Baronet took fire at being so contemptuously measured by the eye of the Scholar; and I thought it was not amiss, for fear of high words between them, to put myself forward.

And are not women, Mr. Walden, resumed I, one half in number, tho' not perhaps in value, of the human species? — Would it not be pity, Sir, if the knowlege that is to be obtained in the lesser University should make a man despise what is to be acquired in the greater, in which that knowlege was principally intended to make him useful?

This diverted the Baronet's anger: Well, Mr. Walden, said he, exultingly rubbing his hands, what say you to the young Lady's observation? By my Soul it is worth your notice. You may carry it down with you to your University; and the best scholars there will not be the worse for attending to it.

Mr. Walden seemed to collect himself, as if he were inclined to consider me with more attention than he had given me before; and waving his hand, as if he would put by the Baronet, as an adversary he had done with, I am to thank you, madam, said he, it seems, for your observation. And so the lesser University —

I have great veneration, Mr. Walden, interrupted I, for learning, and great honour for learned men — But this is a subject —

That you must not get off from, young Lady.

I am sorry to hear you say so, Sir — But indeed I must.

The company seemed pleased to see me so likely to be drawn in; and this encouraged Mr. Walden to push his weak adversary.

Know you, madam, said he, any-thing of the learned languages?

No, indeed, Sir — Nor do I know which, particularly, you call so.

The Greek, the Latin, madam.

Who, I, a woman, know any thing of Latin and Greek! I know but one Lady who is mistress of both; and she finds herself so much an owl among the birds, that she wants of all things to be thought to have unlearned them.

Why, Ladies, I cannot but say, that I should rather choose to marry a woman whom I could teach something, than one who would think herself qualified to teach me.

Is it a necessary consequence, Sir, said Miss Clements, that knowlege, which makes a man shine, should make a woman vain and pragmatical? May not two persons, having the same taste, improve each other? Was not this the case of Monsieur and Madame Dacier, think you?

Flint and steel to each other, added Lady Betty.

Turkish policy, I doubt, in you men, proceeded Miss Clements — No second brother near the throne. That empire some think the safest which is founded in ignorance.

We know, Miss Clements, replied Mr. Walden, that you are a well-read Lady. But I have nothing to say to observations that are in every-body's mouth — Pardon me, Madam.

Indeed, Sir, said Mr. Reeves, I think Miss Clements should not pardon you. There is, in my opinion, great force in what she hinted.

But I have a mind to talk with this fair Lady, your cousin, Mr. Reeves. She is the very Lady that I wish to hold an argument with, on the hints she threw out.

Pardon me, Sir. But I cannot return the compliment. I cannot argue.

And yet, madam, I will not let you go off so easily. You seem to be very happy in your elocution, and to have some pretty notions, for so young a Lady.

I cannot argue, Sir —

Dear Miss Byron, said the Baronet, hear what Mr. Walden has to say to you.

Every one made the same request. I was silent, look'd down, and play'd with my fan.

When Mr. Walden had liberty to say what he pleased, he seemed at a loss himself, for words.

At last, I asked you, madam, I asked you (hesitatingly began he) whether you knew any thing of the learned languages? It has been whispered to me, that you have had great advantages from a grandfather, of whose learning and politeness we have heard much. He was a scholar. He was of Christ's, in our University, if I

am not mistaken — To my question you answered, That you knew not particularly which were the languages that I called the learned ones: and you have been pleased to throw out hints in relation to the lesser and to the greater University; by all which you certainly mean something —

Pray, Mr. Walden, said I —

And pray, Miss Byron — I am afraid of all smatterers in learning. Those who know a little — and Ladies cannot know to the bottom — They have not the happiness of an University education —

Nor is every man at the University, I presume, Sir, a Mr. Walden.

He took it for a compliment — Why, as to that, madam — bowing — But this is a misfortune to Ladies, not a fault in them — But, as I was going to say, Those who know little, are very seldom sound, are very seldom orthodox, as we call it, whether respecting religion or learning: And as it seems you lost your Grandfather too early to be well-grounded in the latter (in the former Lady Betty, who is my informant, says, you are a very good young Lady) I should be glad to put you right if you happen to be a little out of the way.

I thank you, Sir, bowing, and (Simpleton!) still playing with my fan. But, tho' Mr. Reeves said nothing, he did not think me very politely treated. Yet he wanted, he told me afterwards, to have me drawn out. He should not have served me so, I told him; especially among strangers, and men.

Now, madam, will you be pleased to inform me, said Mr. Walden, Whether you had any particular meaning, when you answered, that you knew not which I called the learned languages? You must know, that the Latin and Greek are of those so called!

I beg, Mr. Walden, that I may not be thus singled out — Mr. Reeves — Sir — you have had University-education. Pray relieve your cousin.

Mr. Reeves smiled, bowed his head, but said nothing.

You were pleased, madam, proceeded Mr. Walden, to mention one learned Lady; and said that she looked upon herself as an owl among the birds —

And you, Sir, said, that you had rather (and I believe most men are of your mind) have a woman you could teach —

Than one who would suppose she could teach me. I did so.

Well, Sir, and would you have me be guilty of an ostentation that would bring me no credit, if I had had some pains taken with me in my education? But indeed, Sir, I know not any-thing of those you call the learned languages. Nor do I take all learning to consist in the knowlege of languages.

All learning! — Nor I, madam — But if you place not learning in language, be so good as to tell us what do you place it in?

He nodded his head with an air, as if he had said, This pretty Miss is got out of her depth. I believe I shall have her now.

I would rather, Sir, said I, be an hearer than a speaker; and the one would better become me than the other. I answered Sir Hargrave, because he thought proper to apply to me.

And I, madam, apply to you likewise.

Then, Sir, I have been taught to think, that a learned man and a linguist may very well be two persons: In other words, That science, or knowlege, and not language merely, is learning.

Very well. Be pleased to proceed, madam.

Languages, I own, Sir, are of use, to let us into the knowlege for which so many of the antients were famous — But —

Here I stopt. Every one's eyes were upon me. I was a little out of countenance.

In what a situation, Lucy, are we women? — If we have some little genius, and have taken pains to cultivate it, we must be thought guilty of affectation, whether we appear desirous to conceal it, or submit to have it called forth.

But, what, madam? Pray proceed, eagerly said Mr. Walden — But, what, madam?

But have not the moderns, Sir, if I must speak, if they have equal genius's, the same heavens, the same earth, the same works of God, or of nature, as it is called, to contemplate upon, and improve by? The first great genius's of all had not human example, had not human precepts —

Nor were the first genius's of all (with an emphasis, replied Mr. Walden) so perfect, as the observations of the genius's of after-times, which were built upon their foundations, made them; and they others. Learning, or knowlege, as you choose to call it, was a progressive thing: And it became necessary to understand the different languages in which the sages of antiquity wrote, in order to avail ourselves of their learning.

Very right, Sir, I believe. You consider skill in languages then as a vehicle to knowlege — Not, I presume, as science itself.

I was sorry the Baronet laughed; because his laughing made it more difficult for me to get off, as I wanted to do.

Pray, Sir Hargrave, said Mr. Walden, let not every thing that is said be laughed at. I am fond of talking to this young Lady: And a conversation upon this topic may tend as much to edification, perhaps, as most of the subjects with which we have been hitherto entertained.

Sir Hargrave took an empty glass, and with it humourously rapped his own knuckles, bowed, smiled, and was silent; by that act of yielding, which had

gracefulness in it, gaining more honour to himself, than Mr. Walden obtained by his rebuke of him, however just.

But this humourous acknowledgement hindered not Mr. Walden from shewing, by a nod, given with an assuming air, that he thought he had obtained a victory over the Baronet: And then he again applied himself to me.

Now, madam, if you please [and he put himself into a disputing attitude] a word or two with you, on your vehicle, and so-forth.

Pray spare me, Sir: I am willing to sit down quietly. I am unequal to this subject. I have done.

But, said the Baronet, you must not sit down quietly, madam: Mr. Walden has promised us edification; and we all attend the effect of his promise.

No, no, madam, said Mr. Walden, you must not come off so easily. You have thrown out some extraordinary things for a Lady, and especially for so young a Lady. From you we expect the opinions of your worthy grandfather, as well as your own notions. He no doubt told you, or you have read, that the competition set on foot between the learning of the antients and moderns, has been the subject of much debate among the learned in the latter end of the last century.

Indeed, Sir, I know nothing of the matter. I am not learned. My grandfather was chiefly intent to make me an English, and, I may say, a Bible scholar. I was very young when I had the misfortune to lose him. My whole endeavour has been since, that the pains he took with me, should not be cast away.

I have discovered you, madam, to be a Parthian Lady. You can fight flying, I see. You must not, I tell you, come off so easily for what you have thrown out. Let me ask you, Did you ever read The Tale of a Tub?

The Baronet laughed-out, tho' evidently in the wrong place.

How apt are laughing spirits, said Mr. Walden, looking solemnly, to laugh, when perhaps they ought — There he stopt — [to be laugh'd at, I suppose he had in his head]. But I will not, however, be laugh'd out of my question — Have you, madam, read Swift's Tale of a Tub? — There is such a book, Sir Hargrave; looking with a leer of contempt at the Baronet.

I know there is, Mr. Walden, replied the Baronet, and again laughed — Have you, madam; to me? Pray let us know, what Mr. Walden drives at.

I have, Sir.

Why then, madam, resumed Mr. Walden, you no doubt read, bound up with it, The Battle of the Books; a very fine piece, written in favour of the antients, and against the moderns; and thence must be acquainted with the famous dispute I mentioned. And this will shew you, that the moderns are but pygmies in science compared to the antients. And, pray, shall not the knowlege which enables us, to

understand and to digest the wisdom of these immortal antients, be accounted learning? — Pray, madam, nodding his head, answer me that.

O how these pedants, whispered Sir Hargrave to Mr. Reeves, strut in the livery and brass buttons of the antients, and call their servility, learning!

You are going beyond my learning, or capacity, Sir. I must agree, that the knowlege which enables us to comprehend the wisdom of the antients, and to be improved by it, deserves to be called learning. Yet the antients may be read, I suppose, and not understood? — But pray, Sir, let the Parthian fly the field. I promise you that she will not return to the charge. Escape, not victory, is all she contends for.

All in good time, madam — But who, pray, learns the language but with a view to understand the author?

No-body, I believe, Sir. But yet some who read the antients, may fail of understanding them, or at least, of improving by them; for every scholar, I presume, is not, necessarily, a man of sense.

The Baronet was wicked here, in pointing by a laugh, as particular satire, what I meant but as general observation.

But supposing the knowlege of these antients, continued I, as great as you please, is it not to be lamented; is it not, indeed, strange, that none of the modern learned, notwithstanding the advantage of their works (most of which they have taught to speak our language); notwithstanding the later important discoveries in many branches of science; notwithstanding a Revelation from Heaven, to which the religion of the Pagans was foolishness (and on which foolishness, however, I am told, most of the works of antiquity are founded); should have deserved a higher consideration in the comparison, than as pygmies to giants?

I was going to say something farther; but the Baronet, by his loud applauses, disconcerted me; and I was silent.

Proceed, madam. — No triumph, no cause of triumph, here, Sir Hargrave! — Pray, madam, proceed — You have not done, I perceive.

I should be very glad, Sir, to have done. Pray change either the subject, or choose another disputant.

Every one called upon me to proceed; and Mr. Walden urged me to say what I was going to say.

But will you not, my Lucy, be glad of a little relief from this argument. — Yes, say.

Here then I conclude this Letter, to begin another. But it must be after I return from the play this night, or early in the morning before I go to church.

LETTER XIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

URGED thus by every one, What I had further in my thoughts to say, resumed I, was from what I read in my Bible. The first man seems to have had an intuitive knowlege given him of almost all that concerned him to know: And his early descendants, while there was but one language, and long before the Greek and Roman sages existed, understood Husbandry and Music, were Artificers in Brass and Iron, built that surprising naval structure the Ark; attempted a yet greater piece of architecture, the Tower of Babel; and therefore must have had skill in many other parts of science which are not particularly mentioned.

And so, madam, you really seem to think, that the knowlege we gather from the great antients is hardly worth the pains we take in acquiring the languages in which they wrote?

Not so, Sir. I have great respect even for linguists: Do we not owe to them the translation of the sacred Books? — But methinks I could wish that such a distinction should be made between language and science, as should convince me, that That confusion of tongues, which was intended for a punishment of presumption in the early ages of the world, should not be thought to give us our greatest glory in these more enlightened times.

Well, madam, Ladies must be treated as Ladies. But I shall have great pleasure, on my return to Oxford, in being able to acquaint my learned friends, that they must all turn fine gentlemen and laughers [Mr. Reeves had smiled as well as the Baronet] and despise the great antients as men of straw, or very shortly they will stand no chance in the Ladies favour.

Good Mr. Walden! Good Mr. Walden! laughed the Baronet, shaking his embroider’d sides, let me, let me, beg your patience, while I tell you, that the young gentlemen at both Universities, are already in more danger of becoming fine gentlemen than fine scholars — And then again he laughed; and looking round him, bespoke, in his usual way, a laugh from the rest of the company.

Mr. Reeves, a little touch’d at the scholar’s reference to him, in the word laughers, said, It were to be wish’d, that in all nurseries of learning, the manners of youth were proposed as the principal end. It is too known a truth, said he, that the attention paid to languages, has too generally swallowed up all other and more important considerations; insomuch that sound morals and good breeding themselves, are obliged to give way to that which is of little moment, but as it promotes and inculcates those. And learned men, I am persuaded, if they dared to

speak out, would not lay so much stress upon languages as you, Mr. Walden, seem to do.

Learning here, reply'd Mr. Walden, a little peevishly, has not a fair tribunal to be try'd at. As it is said of the advantages of birth or degree, so it may be said of learning; No one despises it that has pretensions to it. But, proceed, Miss Byron, if you please.

Very true, I believe, Sir, said I: But, on the other hand, may not those who have either, or both, value themselves too much on that account? I knew once an excellent scholar, who thought, that too great a portion of life was bestowed in the learning of languages; and that the works of many of the antients were more to be admired for the stamp which antiquity has fixed upon them, and for the sake of their purity in languages that cannot alter (and whose works are therefore become the standard of those languages) than for the lights obtained from them by men of genius, in ages that we have reason to think more enlightened, as well by new discoveries as by revelation.

And then I was going to ask, whether the reputation of learning was not oftener acquir'd by skill in those branches of science which principally serve for amusement to inquisitive and curious minds, than by that in the more useful sort: But Mr. Walden broke in upon me with an air that had severity in it.

I could almost wish, said he (and but almost, as you are a Lady) that you knew the works of the great antients in their original languages.

Something, said Miss Clements, should be left for men to excel in. I cannot but approve of Mr. Walden's word almost.

She then whisper'd me; Pray, Miss Byron, proceed (for she saw me a little out of countenance at Mr. Walden's severe air) — Strange, added she, still whispering, that people who know least how to argue, should be most disputatious. Thank Heaven, all scholars are not like this.

A little encouraged, Pray, Sir, said I, let me ask one question — Whether you do not think, that our Milton, in his Paradise Lost, shews himself to be a very learned man: — And yet that work is written wholly in the language of his own country, as the works of Homer and Virgil were in the language of theirs: — And they, I presume, will be allowed to be learned men.

Milton, madam, let me tell you, is infinitely obliged to the great antients; and his very frequent allusions to them, and his knowlege of their mythology, shew that he is.

His knowlege of their mythology, Sir! — His own subject so greatly, so nobly, so divinely, above that mythology! — I have been taught to think, by a very learned man, that it was a condescension in Milton to the taste of persons of more reading than genius, in the age in which he wrote, to introduce, so often as he

does, his allusions to the pagan mythology: And that he neither raised his sublime subject, nor did credit to his vast genius, by it.

Mr. Addision, said Mr. Walden, is a writer admired by the Ladies. Mr. Addison, madam, as you will find in your Spectators [Sneeringly he spoke this] gives but the second place to Milton, on comparing some passage of his with some of Homer.

If Mr. Addison, Sir, has not the honour of being admired by the gentlemen, as well as the ladies; I dare say Mr. Walden will not allow, that his authority should decide the point in question: And yet, as I remember, he greatly extols Milton. — But I am going out of my depth — Only permit me to say one thing more — If Homer is to be preferred to Milton, he must be the sublimest of writers; and Mr. Pope, admirable as his translation of the Iliad is said to be, cannot have done him justice.

You seem, madam, to be a very deep English scholar. But say you this from your own observation, or from that of any other?

I readily own, that my lights are borrowed, replied I. I owe the observation to my godfather Mr. Deane. He is a scholar; but a greater admirer of Milton than of any of the antients. A gentleman, his particular friend, who was as great an admirer of Homer, undertook from Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad, to produce passages that in sublimity exceeded any in the Paradise Lost. The gentlemen met at Mr. Deane's house, where I then was. They allowed me to be present; and this was the issue: The gentleman went away convinced, that the English poet as much excelled the Grecian in the grandeur of his sentiments, as his subject, founded on the Christian system, surpasses the pagan.

The debate, I have the vanity to think, said Mr. Walden, had I been a party in it, would have taken another turn.

The baronet expressed himself highly delighted with me, and was running over with the praises he had heard given me at last Northampton races; when I endeavoured to stop him, by saying, Surely, Sir, it must be your too low opinion of the qualifications of our Sex, that can induce you to think such obvious remarks as I have been drawn in to make, at all considerable.

But this hindered not Sir Hargrave from being even noisy in his applauses. He would have it, that I must know a vast deal, because I happened to touch upon some things that had not taken his attention. He drowned the voice of Mr. Walden, who two or three times was earnest to speak; but not finding himself heard, drew up his mouth as if to a contemptuous whistle, shrugg'd his shoulders, and sat collected in his own conscious worthiness: His eyes, however, were often cast upon the pictures that hung round the room, as much better objects than the living ones before him.

But what extremely disconcerted me, was, a freedom of Miss Barnevelt's; taken upon what I last said, and upon Mr. Walden's hesitation, and Sir Hargrave's applauses: She professed that I was able to bring her own Sex into reputation with her. Wisdom, as I call it, said she, notwithstanding what you have modestly alleged to depreciate your own, proceeding thro' teeth of ivory, and lips of coral, give a grace to every word. And then clasping one of her mannish arms round me, she kissed my cheek.

I was surprised, and offended; and with the more reason, as Sir Hargrave, rising from his seat, declared, that since merit was to be approved in that manner, he thought himself obliged to follow so good an example.

I stood up, and said, Surely, Sir, my compliance with the request of the company, too much I fear at my own expence, calls rather for civility than freedom, from a gentleman. I beg, Sir Hargrave — There I stopt; and I am sure looked greatly in earnest.

He stood suspended till I had speaking; and then, bowing, sat down again; but, as Mr. Reeves told me afterwards, he whispered a great oath in his ear, and declared, that he beheld with transport his future wife; and cursed himself if he would ever have another; vowing, in the same whisper, that were a thousand men to stand in his way, he would not scruple any means to remove them.

Miss Barnevelt only laughed at the freedom she had taken with me. She is a loud and fearless laugher. She hardly knows how to smile: For as soon as anything catches her fancy, her voice immediately bursts her lips, and widens her mouth to its full extent — Forgive me, Lucy: I believe I am spiteful.

Lady Betty and Miss Clements, in low voices, praised me for my presence of mind, as they called it, in checking Sir Hargrave's forwardness.

Just here, Lucy, I laid down my pen, and stept to the glass, to see whether I could not please myself with a wise frown or two; at least with a solemnity of countenance, that, occasionally, I might dash with it my childishness of look; which certainly encouraged this freedom of Miss Barnevelt. But I could not please myself. My muscles have never been used to any-thing but smiling: So favoured, so beloved, by every one of my dear friends; an heart so grateful for all their favours — How can I learn now to frown; or even long to look grave?

All this time the scholar sat uneasily-careless. Can you connect together, my Lucy, ideas so very different as these two words joined will give you?

In the mean time Mr. Reeves, having sent for from his study, Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times, said he would, by way of moderatorship in the present debate, read them a passage, to which he believed all parties would subscribe: And then read what I will transcribe for you from the conclusion to that performance:

‘I have often thought it a great error to waste young gentlemens years so long in learning Latin, by so tedious a grammar. I know those who are bred to the profession in literature, must have the Latin correctly; and for that the rules of grammar are necessary: But these rules are not at all requisite to those, who need only so much Latin, as thoroughly to understand and delight in the Roman authors and poets. But suppose a youth had, either for want of memory, or of application, an incurable a version to Latin, his education is not for that to be despaired of: There is much noble knowlege to be had in the English and French languages: Geography, History, chiefly that of our own country, the knowlege of Nature, and the more practical parts of the Mathematics (if he has not a genius for the demonstrative) may make a gentleman very knowing, tho’ he has not a word of Latin’ [And why, I would fain know, said Mr. Reeves, not a gentlewoman?] ‘There is a fineness of thought, and a nobleness of expression, indeed, in the Latin authors’ [This makes for your argument, Mr. Walden] ‘that will make them the entertainment of a man’s whole life, if he once understands and reads them with delight’ [Very well, said Mr. Walden!]: ‘But if this cannot be attained to, I would not have it reckoned that the education of an ill Latin scholar is to be given over.’

Thus far the Bishop. We all know, proceeded Mr. Reeves, how well Mr. Locke has treated this subject. And he is so far from discouraging the fair Sex from learning languages, that he gives us a method in his Treatise of Education, by which a mother may not only learn Latin herself, but be able to teach it to her son. Be not therefore, Ladies, ashamed either of your talents or acquirements. Only take care, you give not up any knowlege that is more laudable in your Sex, and more useful, for learning; and then I am sure, you will, you must, be the more agreeable, the more suitable companions to men of sense. Nor let any man have so narrow a mind as to be apprehensive for his own prerogative, from a learned woman. A woman who does not behave the better the more she knows, will make her husband uneasy, and will think as well of herself, were she utterly illiterate; nor would any argument convince her of her duty. Do not men marry with their eyes open? And cannot they court whom they please? A conceited, a vain mind in a woman cannot be hid. Upon the whole, I think it may be fairly concluded, that the more a woman knows, as well as a man, the wiser she will generally be; and the more regard she will have for a man of sense and learning.

Here ended Mr. Reeves. Mr. Walden was silent; yet shrugged his shoulders, and seemed unsatisfied.

The conversation then took a more general turn, in which every one bore a part. Plays, Fashion, Dress, and the Public Entertainments, were the subjects.

Miss Cantillon, who had till now sat a little uneasy, seemed resolved to make up for her silence: But did not shine at all where she thought herself most intitled

to make a figure.

But Miss Clements really shone. Yet in the eye of some people, what advantages has folly in a pretty face, over even wisdom in a plain one? Sir Hargrave was much more struck with the pert things spoken, without fear or wit, by Miss Cantillon, than with the just observations that fell from the lips of Miss Clements.

Mr. Walden made no great figure on these fashionable subjects; no, not on that of Plays: For he would needs force into conversation, with a preference to our Shakespeare, his Sophocles, his Euripides, his Terence; of the merits of whose performances, except by translation, no one present but Mr. Reeves and himself, could judge.

Sir Hargrave spoke well on the subject of the reigning fashions, and on modern dress, so much the foible of the present age.

Lady Betty and Mrs. Reeves spoke very properly of the decency of dress, and propriety of fashions, as well as of public entertainments.

Miss Clements put in here also with advantage to herself.

Nor would Mr. Walden be excluded this topic. But, as the observations he made on it, went no deeper than what it was presumed he might have had at second-hand, he made a worse figure here, than he did on his more favourite subject. He was, however, heard, till he was for bringing in his Spartan jacket, I forget what he called it, descending only to the knees of the women, in place of hoops; and the Roman toga for the men.

My uncle will be pleased to remember, that Mr. Walden has given my letters the learned jaundice. Had not that gentleman been one of the company, not a word of all this jargon would my uncle have had from his Harriet. And yet all I have said is but from common reading. And, let me ask, why, because we know but little, we are to be supposed to know nothing?

Miss Barnevelt broke in upon the Scholar; but by way of approbation of what he said; and went on with subjects of heroism, without permitting him to rally and proceed, as he seemed inclined to do. After praising what he said of the Spartan and Roman dresses, she fell to enumerating her heroes, both antient and modern. Achilles, the savage Achilles, charmed her. Hector was a good clever man, however: Yet she could not bear to think of his being so mean as to beg for his life, tho' of her heroic Achilles. He deserved for it, she said, to have his corpse dragged round the Trojan walls at the wheels of the victor's chariot. Alexander the Great was her dear creature; and Julius Caesar was a very pretty fellow. These were Miss Barnevelt's antient heroes. Among the moderns, the great Scanderbeg, our Henry V. Henry IV. of France, Charles XII. of Sweden, and the great Czar Peter, who my grandfather used to say was worth them all, were her favourites.

All this while honest Mr. Singleton had a smile at the service of every speaker, and a loud laugh always ready at the baronet's.

Sir Hargrave seemed not a little pleased with the honest man's complaisance; and always directed himself to him, when he was disposed to be merry. Laughing, you know, my dear, is almost as catching as gaping, be the subject ever so silly: And more than once he shewed by his eyes, that he could have devoured Miss Cantillon, for generally adding her affected Te-he (twisting and bridling behind her fan) to his louder, Hah, hah, hah, hah.

What a length have I run! How does this narrative Letter-writing, if one is to enter into minute and characteristic descriptions and conversations, draw one on! I will leave off for the present. Yet have not quite dismissed the company (tho' I have done with the argument) that I thought to have parted with before I concluded this Letter.

But I know I shall please my uncle in the livelier parts of it, by the handle they will give him against me. My grandmother and aunt Selby will be pleased, and so will you, my Lucy, with all I write, for the writer's sake: Such is their and your partial Love to

Their ever-grateful HARRIET.

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

BY the time tea was ready, Lady Betty whisperingly congratulated me on having made so considerable a conquest, as she was sure I had, by Sir Hargrave's looks, in which was mingled reverence with admiration, as she expressed herself. She took notice also of a gallant expression of his, uttered, as she would have it, with an earnestness that gave it a meaning beyond a common compliment. My cousin Reeves had asked Miss Clements if she could commend to me an honest, modest man-servant? I, said Sir Hargrave can. I myself shall be proud to wear Miss Byron's livery; and that for life.

Miss Cantillon, who was within hearing of this, and had seemed to be highly taken with the baronet, could hardly let her eyes be civil to me; and yet her really pretty mouth, occasionally, worked itself into forced smiles, and an affectation of complaisance.

Sir Hargrave was extremely obsequious to me all the tea-time; and seemed in earnest a little uneasy in himself: And after tea he took my cousin Reeves into the next room; and there made your Harriet the subject of a serious conversation; and desired his interest with me.

He prefaced his declaration to Mr. Reeves, with assuring him, that he had sought for an opportunity more than once, to be admitted into my company, when he was last at Northampton; and that he had not intruded himself then into this company, had he not heard I was to be there. He made protestations of his honourable views; which look'd as if he thought they might be doubted, if he had not given such assurances. A tacit implication of an imagined superiority, as well in consequence as fortune.

Mr. Reeves told him, It was a rule which all my relations had set themselves, not to interfere with my choice, let it be placed on whom it would.

Sir Hargrave called himself an happy man upon this intelligence. He afterwards, on his return to company, found an opportunity, as Mrs. Reeves and I were talking at the furthest part of the room, in very vehement terms, to declare himself to me an admirer of perfections of his own creation; for he volubly enumerated many; and begg'd my permission to pay his respects to me at Mr. Reeves's.

Mr. Reeves, Sir Hargrave, said I, will receive what visits he pleases in his own house. I have no permission to give.

He bowed, and made me a very high compliment, taking what I said for a permission.

What can a woman do with these self-flatterers?

Mr. Walden took his leave: Sir Hargrave his: He wanted, I saw, to speak to me, at his departure; but I gave him no opportunity.

Mr. Singleton seemed also inclined to go, but knew not how; and having lost the benefit of their example by his irresolution, sat down.

Lady Betty then repeated her congratulations. How many Ladies, said she, and fine Ladies too, have sigh'd in secret for Sir Hargrave. You will have the glory, Miss Byron, of fixing the wavering heart of a man who has done, and is capable of doing, a great deal of mischief.

The Ladies, madam, said I, who can sigh in secret for such a man as Sir Hargrave, must either deserve a great deal of pity, or none at all.

Sir Hargrave, said Miss Cantillon, is a very fine gentleman; and so looked upon, I assure you: And he has a noble estate.

It is very happy, reply'd I, that we do not all of us like the same person. I mean not to disparage Sir Hargrave; but I have compassion for the Ladies who sigh for him in secret. One woman only can be his wife; and perhaps she will not be one of those who sigh for him; especially were he to know that she does.

Perhaps not, reply'd Miss Cantillon: But I do assure you, that I am not one of those who sigh for Sir Hargrave.

The Ladies smiled.

I am glad of it, madam, said I. Every woman should have her heart in her own keeping, till she can find a worthy man to bestow it upon.

Miss Barnevelt took a tilt in heroics. Well, Ladies, said she, you may talk of Love and Love as much as you please; but it is my glory, that I never knew what Love was. I, for my part, like a brave man, a gallant man: One in whose loud praise fame has crack'd half a dozen trumpets. But as to your milksops, your dough-baked Lovers, who stay at home and strut among the women, when glory is to be gain'd in the martial field; I despise them with all my heart. I have often wish'd that the foolish heads of such fellows as these, were all cut off in time of war, and sent over to the heroes to fill their cannon with, when they batter in breach, by way of saving ball.

I am afraid, said Lady Betty, humouring this romantic speech, that if the heads of such persons were as soft as we are apt sometimes to think them, they would be of as little service abroad as they are at home.

O, madam, replied Miss Barnevelt, there is a good deal of lead in the heads of these fellows. But were their brains, said the shocking creature, if any they have,

made to fly about the ears of an enemy, they would serve both to blind and terrify him.

Even Mr. Singleton was affected with this horrid speech; for he clapt both his hands to his head, as if he were afraid of his brains.

Lady Betty was very urgent with us to pass the evening with her; but we excused ourselves; and when we were in the coach, Mr. Reeves told me, that I should find the Baronet a very troublesome and resolute Lover, if I did not give him countenance.

And so, Sir, said I, you would have me do, as I have heard many a good woman has done, marry a man, in order to get rid of his importunity.

And a certain cure too, let me tell you, cousin, said he, smiling.

We sound at home, waiting for Mr. Reeves's return, Sir John Allestree: A worthy sensible man, of plain and unaffected manners, upwards of fifty.

Mr. Reeves mentioning to him our past entertainment and company, Sir John gave us such an account of Sir Hargrave, as helped me not only in the character I have given of him, but let me know that he is a very dangerous and enterprising man. He says, that laughing and light as he is in company, he is malicious, ill-natured, and designing; and sticks at nothing to carry a point on which he has once set his heart. He has ruined, Sir John says, three young creatures already under vows of marriage.

Sir John spoke of him as a managing man, as to his fortune: He said, That tho' he would at times be lavish in the pursuit of his pleasures; yet that he had some narrownesses which made him despised, and that most by those for whose regard a good man would principally wish; his neighbours and tenants.

Could you have thought, my Lucy, that this laughing, fine-dressing man, could have been a man of malice; of resentment; of enterprize; a cruel man? Yet Sir John told two very bad stories of him, besides what I have mentioned, which prove him to be all I have said.

But I had no need of these stories to determine me against receiving his addresses. What I saw of him was sufficient; though Sir John made no manner of doubt (on being told by Mr. Reeves, in confidence, of his application to him for leave to visit me) that he was quite in earnest; and, making me a compliment, added, that he knew Sir Hargrave was inclined to marry; and the more, as one half of his estate, on failure of issue male, would go at his death to a distant relation whom he hated; but for no other reason than for admonishing him, when a school-boy, on his low and mischievous pranks.

His estate, Sir John told my cousin, is full as considerable as reported. And Mr. Reeves, after Sir John went away, said, What a glory will it be to you, cousin

Byron, to reform such a man, and make his great fortune a blessing to multitudes; as I am sure would be your endeavour to do, were you Lady Pollexfen!

But, my Lucy, were Sir Hargrave king of one half of the globe, I would not go to the altar with him.

But if he be a very troublesome man, what shall I say to him? I can deal pretty well with those, who will be kept at arms length; but I own, I should be very much perplex'd with resolute wretches. The civility I think myself obliged to pay every one who professes a regard for me, might subject me to inconveniencies with violent spirits, which, protected as I have been by my uncle Selby, and my good Mr. Deane, I never yet have known. O my Lucy, to what evils, but for that protection, might I not, as a sole, an independent young woman, have been exposed? Since men, many men, are to be look'd upon as savages, as wild beasts of the desert; and a single and independent woman they hunt after as their proper prey.

To have done with Sir Hargrave for the present, and I wish I may be able to say, for ever; early in the morning, a billet was brought from him to Mr. Reeves, excusing himself from paying him a visit that morning (as he had intended) by reason of the sudden and desperate illness of a relation, whose seat was near Reading, with whom he had large concerns, and who was desirous to see him before he died. As it was impossible that he could return under three days, which, he said, would appear as three years to him, and he was obliged to set out that moment; he could not dispense with himself for putting in his claim, as he called it, to Miss Byron's favour, and confirming his declaration of yesterday. In very high strains, he professed himself her admirer; and begg'd Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's interest with her. One felicity, he said, he hoped for from his absence, which was, that as Miss Byron, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, would have time to consider of his offers; he presum'd to hope he should not be subjected to a repulse.

And now, my Lucy, you have before you as good an account as I can give you of my two new Lovers. How I shall manage with them, I know not: But I begin to think that those young women are happiest, whose friends take all the trouble of this sort upon them; only consulting their daughters inclinations as preliminaries are adjusting.

My friends indeed pay an high compliment to my discretion, when they so generously allow me to judge for myself: And we young women are fond of being our own mistresses: But I must say, that to me this compliment has been, and is a painful one; for two reasons; That I cannot but consider their goodness as a task upon me, which requires my utmost circumspection, as well as gratitude; and that they have shewn more generosity in dispensing with their authority, than I have done whenever I have acted so as to appear, tho' but to appear, to accept of the

dispensation: Let me add besides, that now, when I find myself likely to be addressed to by mere strangers, by men who grew not into my knowlege insensibly, as our neighbours Greville, Fenwick, and Orme, did, I cannot but think it has the appearance of confidence, to stand out to receive, as a creature uncontroulable, the first motions to an address of this awful nature. Awful indeed might it be called, were one's heart to incline towards a particular person.

Allow me then for the future, my revered grandmamma, and you, my beloved and equally honoured uncle and aunt Selby, allow me, to refer myself to you, if any person offers to whom I may happen to have no strong objections. As to Mr. Fowler, and the Baronet, I must now do as well as I can with them. It is much easier for a young woman to say No, than Yes. But for the time to come I will not have the assurance to act for myself. I know your partiality for your Harriet, too well, to doubt the merit of your recommendation.

As Mr. and Mrs. Reeves require me to shew them what I write, they are fond of indulging me in the employment. You will therefore be the less surpris'd that I write so much in so little a time. Miss Byron is in her Closet; Miss Byron is writing; is an excuse sufficient, they seem to think, to every-body, because they allow it to be one to them: But besides, I know they believe they oblige you all by the opportunity they so kindly give me of shewing my Duty and Love, where so justly due.

I am, however, surpris'd at casting my eye back. — Two sheets! and such a quantity before! Unconscionable, say; and let me, Echo-like, repeat, Unconscionable

HARRIET BYRON.

Sunday Night.

Letters from Northamptonshire! by Farmer Jenkins. I kiss the seals. What agreeable things, now, has my Lucy to say to her Harriet? Disagreeable ones she cannot write, if all my beloved friends are well.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, February 6.

AND so my uncle Selby, you tell me, is making observations in writing, on my Letters; and waits for nothing more to begin with me, than my conclusion of the conversations that offered at Lady Betty's.

And is it expected that I should go on furnishing weapons against myself? — It is.

Well; with all my heart. As long as I can contribute to his amusement; as long as I know that he rather sometimes delights to say what may be said, than what he really thinks; as long as I have my good aunt Selby for my advocate; as long as my grandmamma is pleased and diverted with what I write; as well as with his pleasantries on her girl; and as long as you, my Lucy, stand up for your Harriet; I will proceed; and when my measure is full, and runs over, in his opinion, then let him ascribe vanity and what he pleases to me. I am but a woman: And he knows that I must love him the better for his stripes. Only let him take care, that, when he lays at my door faults of which I think I can acquit myself, he increases not in me the vanity he is so ready to attribute to me.

Well, but will you not, my Harriet, methinks you ask, write with less openness, with more reserve, in apprehension of the rod which you know hangs over your head?

Indeed I will not. It is my glory, that I have not a thought in my heart which I would conceal from any one whom it imported to know it, and who would be gratified by the revealing of it. And yet I am a little chagrin'd at the wager which you tell me my uncle has actually laid with my grandmamma, that I shall not return from London with a sound heart.

And does he teaze you, my Lucy, on this subject, with reminding you of your young partiality for Captain Duncan, in order to make good his assertion of the susceptibility of us all!

Why so let him. And why should you deny, that you were susceptible of a natural passion? You must not be prudish, Lucy. If you are not, all his raillery will lose its force. What better assurance can I give to my uncle, and to all my friends, that if I were caught, I would own it, than by advising you not to be ashamed to confess a sensibility which is no disgrace, when duty and prudence are our guides, and the object worthy?

Your man indeed was not worthy, as it proved; but he was a very specious creature; and you knew not his bad character, when you suffered liking to grow into love. But when the Love-fever was at the height, did you make any-body uneasy with your passion? Did you run to woods and groves, to record it on the barks of trees? — No! — You sighed in silence indeed: But it was but for a little while. I got your secret from you; not, however, till it betray'd itself in your pined countenance; and then the man's discover'd unworthiness, and your own discretion, enabled you to conquer a passion to which you had given way, supposing it unconquerable, because you thought it would cost you pains to contend with it.

As to myself, you know I have hitherto been on my guard. I have been careful ever to shut the door of my heart against the blind deity, the moment I could imagine him setting his incroaching foot on the threshold, which I think liking may be called. Had he once gained entrance, perhaps I might have come off but simply.

But I hope I am in the less danger of falling in love with any man, as I can be civil and courteous to all. When a stream is sluiced off into several channels, there is the less fear that it will overflow its banks. I really think I never shall be in love with any-body, till duty directs inclination.

Excuse me, Lucy. I do now-and-then, you know, get into a boasting humour. But then my punishment, as in most other cases, follows my fault: My uncle pulls me down, and shews me, that I am not half so good as the rest of my friends think me.

You tell me, that Mr. Greville will be in London in a very few days. I can't help it. He pretends business, you say; and (since that calls him up) intends to give himself a month's pleasure in town, and to take his share of the public entertainments. Well, so let him. But I hope that I am not to be either his business or entertainment. After a civil neighbourly visit, or so, I hope, I shall not be tormented with him.

What happened once betwixt Mr. Fenwick and him, gave me pain enough; exposed me enough, surely! A young woman, tho' without her own fault, made the occasion of a rencounter between two men of fortune, must be talked of too much for her own liking, or she must be a strange creature. What numbers of people has the unhappy rashness of those two men brought to stare at me? And with what difficulty did my uncle and Mr. Deane bring them into so odd a compromise, as they at last came into, to torment me by joint consent, notwithstanding all I could say to them; which was the only probable way, shocking creatures! to prevent murder? — And may I not be apprehensive of what may happen, should Sir Hargrave persist in his present way of thinking? — Mr.

Greville is a rash creature; and Sir John Allestree says, Sir Hargrave wants no resolution.

I suppose Mr. Fenwick will come up, if the other does. But pray, my Lucy, let them know — Yet should you tell them that I am greatly averse to seeing them, and that I will not see them if I can help it; that will be giving them consequence in their own opinion; and as the one pleads business, it will be, in the interpretation of so bold a man as Mr. Greville, making myself a part of it; and denying his visit before it is offered. They must, in short, do as they will; if they are resolved to haunt me at the public places to which I am to go, I am not so fond of shew and glitter, but I can forbear going often to them.

But to have done with these men — What an odd thing is it in my uncle, to take hold of what I said in one of my Letters, that I had a good mind to give you a sketch of what I might suppose the company at Lady Betty's would say of your Harriet, were each to write her character, to their confidents or correspondents, as she has done theirs to you!

I am apprehensive that his command on this occasion is owing to his hope to find room from what I write, to charge me the heavier: But be this as it may, I will endeavour to obey him; and the more readily, as the task will be an exercise to my fancy. — Which of you, my dear friends, was it, that once called me a fanciful girl?

To begin — Lady Betty, who owns she thinks favourably of me, I will suppose would write to her Lucy, in such terms as these: But shall I suppose every one to be so happy, as to have her Lucy?

'Miss Byron, of whom you have heard Mr. Reeves talk so much, discredits not, in the main, the character he has given her. We must allow a little, you know, for the fondness of relationship.

'The girl has had a good education, and owes all her advantages to it. But it is a country and bookish one: And that won't do every thing for one of our Sex, if any thing. Poor thing! She never was in town before! — But she seems docile, and, for a country girl, is tolerably genteel: I think, therefore, I shall receive no discredit by introducing her into the Beau Monde.'

Miss Clements, perhaps, agreeable to the goodness of her kind heart, would have written thus:

'Miss Byron is an agreeable girl. She has invited me to visit her; and I hope I shall like her better and better. She has, one may see, kept worthy persons company; and I dare say, will preserve the improvement she has gained by it. She is lively and obliging: She is young; not more than twenty; yet looks rather younger, by reason of a country bloom, which, however, misbecomes her not; and gives a modesty to her first appearance, that possesses one in her favour. She is a

great observer; yet I think not censorious. What a castaway would Miss Byron be, if knowing so well, as she seems to know, what the duty of others is, she should forget her own!'

Miss Cantillon would perhaps thus write:

'There was Miss Harriet Byron of Northamptonshire; a young woman in whose favour report has been very lavish. I can't say that I think her so very extraordinary: Yet she is well enough for a country girl. But tho' I do not impute to her a very pert look, yet if she had not been set up for something beyond what she is, by all her friends, who, it seems, are excessively fond of her, she might have had a more humble opinion of herself than she seems to have, when she is set a talking. She may, indeed, make a figure in a country assembly; but in the London world she must be not a little awkward, having never been here before.

'I take her to have a great deal of art. But to do her justice, she has no bad complexion: That you know is a striking advantage: Nor are her features, taking them either in whole or part, much amiss. But to me she has a babyish look, especially when she smiles; yet I suppose she has been told that her smiles become her; for she is always smiling — So like a simpleton, I was going to say!

'Upon the whole, I see nothing so engaging in her as to have made her the idol she is with every-body — And what little beauty she has, it cannot last. For my part, were I a man, the clear Brunette — you will think I am praising myself.'

Miss Barnevelt would perhaps thus write to her Lucy — To her Lucy! — Upon my word I will not let her have a Lucy — She shall have a brother man to write to, not a woman, and he shall have a fierce name. We will suppose that she also had been describing the rest of the company.

'Well but, my dear Bombardino, I am now to give you a description of Miss Byron. 'Tis the softest, gentlest, smiling rogue of a girl — I protest, I could five or six times have kissed her, for what she said, and for the manner she spoke in — For she has been used to prate; a favour'd child in her own family, one may easily see that. Yet so prettily loth to speak till spoken to! — Such a blushing little rogue!— 'Tis a dear girl, and I wish'd twenty times as I sat by her, that I had been a man for her sake. Upon my honour, Bombardino, I believe if I had, I should have caught her up, popt her under one of my arms, and run away with her.'

Something like this, my Lucy, did Miss Barnevelt once say.

Having now dismissed the women, I come to Mr. Singleton, Mr. Walden, and Sir Hargrave.

Mr. Walden (himself a Pasquin) would thus perhaps have written to his Marforio:

‘The first Lady, whom, as the greatest stranger, I shall take upon me to describe, is Miss Harriet Byron of Northamptonshire. In her person she is not disagreeable; and most people think her pretty. But, what is prettiness? Why, nevertheless, in a woman, prettiness is — pretty: what other word can I so fitly use of a person who, tho’ a little sightly, cannot be called a beauty? I will allow, that we men are not wrong in admiring modest women for the graces of their persons: But let them be modest; let them return the compliment, and revere Us for our capaciousness of mind: And so they will, if they are brought up to know their own weakness, and that they are but domestic animals of a superior order. Even ignorance, let me tell you, my Marforio, is pretty in a woman. Humility is one of their principal graces. Women hardly ever set themselves to acquire the knowlege that is proper to men, but they neglect for it, what more indispensably belongs to women. To have them come to their husbands, to their brothers, and even to their lovers, when they have a mind to know any-thing out of their way, and beg to be instructed and informed, inspireth them with the becoming humility which I have touched upon, and giveth us importance with them.

‘Indeed, my Marforio, there are very few topics that arise in conversation among men, upon which women ought to open their lips. Silence becomes them. Let them therefore hear, wonder, and improve, in silence. They are naturally contentious, and lovers of contradiction’ [Something like this Mr. Walden once threw out: And you know who, my Lucy, has said as much] ‘and shall we qualify them to be disputants against ourselves?

‘These reflections, Marforio, are not foreign to my subject. This girl, this Harriet Byron, is applauded for a young woman of reading and observation. But there was another Lady present, Miss Clements, who (if there be any merit to a woman in it) appeareth to me to excel her in the compass of her reading; and that upon the strength of her own diligence and abilities; for this Miss Harriet hath had some pains taken with her by her late grandfather, a man of erudition, who had his education among us. This old gentleman, I am told, took it into his head, having no grandson, to give this girl a bookish turn; but he wisely stopt at her mother-tongue! only giving her a smattering in French and Italian.

‘As I saw that the eyes of every one were upon her, I was willing to hear what she had to say for herself. Poor girl! She will suffer, I doubt, for her speciousness. Yet I cannot say, all things considered, that she was very malapert: That quality is yet to come. She is young.

‘I therefore trifled a little with her. And went farther than I generally choose to go with the reading species of women, in order to divert an inundation of nonsense and foppery, breaking in from one of the company; Sir Hargrave Pollexfen: Of whom more anon. You know, Marforio, that a man, when he is

provok’d to fight with an overgrown boy, hath every-body against him: So hath a scholar who engageth on learned topics with a woman. The Sex must be flatter’d at the expence of truth. Many things are thought to be pretty from the mouth of a woman, which would be egregiously weak and silly proceeding from that of a man. His very eminence in learning, on such a contention, would tend only to exalt her, and depreciate himself. As the girl was every-body’s favourite, and as the Baronet seemed to eye her with particular regard, I spared her. A man would not, you know, spoil a girl’s fortune.

But how shall I be able to tell you what I imagine Sir Hargrave would have written? Can I do it, if I place him in the light of a Lover, and not either under-do his character as such, or incur the censure of vanity and conceit?

Well, but are you sure, Harriet, methinks my uncle asks, that the Baronet is really and truly so egregiously smitten with you, as he pretended he was?

Why, ay! That’s the thing, Sir!

You girls are so apt to take in earnest the compliments made you by men!

And so we are. But our credulity, my dear Sir, is a greater proof of our innocence, than mens professions are of their sincerity. So, let losers speak, and winners laugh.

But let him be in jest, if he will. In jest or in earnest, Sir Hargrave must be extravagant, I ween, in love-speeches. And that I may not be thought wholly to decline this part of my task, I will suppose him professing with Hudibras, after he has praised me beyond measure, for graces of his own creation;

The sun shall now no more dispense
His own, but Harriet’s influence.
Where-e’er she treads, her feet shall set
The primrose, and the violet:
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from her breath their odours:
Worlds shall depend upon her eye,
And when she frowns upon them, die.

And what if I make him address me, by way of apostrophe, shall I say? (writing to his friend) in the following strain?

My faith [my friend] is adamantine,
As chains of destiny, I’ll maintain;
True, as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak:

Then shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsnye;
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart.

Well, but what, my Harriet, would honest Mr. Singleton have written, methinks you ask, had he written about you?

Why thus, perhaps, my Lucy. And to his grandmother; for she is living:

'We had rare fun, at dinner, and after dinner my grandmother. There was one Miss Barnevelt, a fine tall portly young Lady. There was Miss Clements, not handsome, but very learned, and who, as was easy to perceive, could hold a good argument, on occasion. There was Miss Cantillon; as pretty a young Lady as one should wish to behold in a summer's day. And there was one Miss Byron, a Northamptonshire Lady, whom I never saw before in my born days. There was Mr. Walden, a famous scholar. I thought him very entertaining; for he talk'd of learning, and such-like things; which I know not so much of as I wish I did; because my want of knowing a little Latin and Greek has made my understanding look less than other mens. O my grandmother! what a wise man would the being able to talk Latin and Greek have made me! — And yet I thought that now-and-then Mr. Walden made too great a fuss about his. But there was a rich and noble Baronet; richer than me, as they say, a great deal; Sir Hargrove Pollexfun, if I spell his name right. A charming man; and charmingly dress'd. And so many fine things he said, and was so merry, and so facetious, that he did nothing but laugh, as a man may say. And I was as merry as him to the full. Why not? — O my grandmother! What with the talk of the young country Lady, that same Miss Byron; for they put her upon talking a great deal; what with the famous scholar; who, however, being a learned man, could not be so merry as us; what with Sir Hargrave (I could live and die with Sir Hargrave: You never knew, my grandmother, such a bright man as Sir Hargrave) and what with one thing, and what with another, we boxed it about, and had rare fun, as I told you — So that when I got home, and went to bed, I did nothing but dream of being in the same company, and three or four times waked myself with laughing.'

There, Lucy! — Will this do for Mr. Singleton? It is not much out of character, I assure you.

Monday Afternoon.

THIS knight, this Sir Rowland Meredith! — He is below, it seems; his nephew in his hand; Sir Rowland, my Sally tells me, in his gold button and button-hole coat, and full-buckled wig; Mr. Fowler as spruce as a bridegroom. What shall I do with Sir Rowland?

What, my Lucy, can there be in the addresses of these men, that even those who are indifferent to us, can put one's spirits in an hurry? But, my dear, it is painful to be obliged to deny the earnest suits of those who declare a Love for us.

Expect another Letter next post: And so you will if I did not bid you; for have I missed one yet?

Adieu, my Lucy.

H. B.

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Monday Night, Tuesday, Morn. Feb. 6 & 7.

SIR Rowland and his nephew, tea being not quite ready, sat down with my cousins; and the knight, leaving Mr. Fowler little to say, expatiated so handsomely on his nephew's good qualities, and great passion for me, and on what he himself proposed to do for him in addition to his own fortune, that my cousins, knowing I liked not the gentlemen in our own neighbourhood, and thought very indifferently of Sir-Hargrave, were more than half inclined to promote the addresses of Mr. Fowler, and gave them both room to think so.

This favourable disposition set the two gentlemen up. They were impatient for tea, that they might see me.

By the time I had sealed up my Letters, word was brought me, that tea was ready; and I went down.

The knight, it seems, as soon as they heard me coming, jogged Mr. Fowler — Nephew, said he, pointing to the door, see what you can say to the Primrose of your heart! — This is now the Primrose season with us in Caermarthen, Mr. Reeves.

Mr. Fowler, by a stretch of complaisance, came to meet and introduce me to the company, tho' at home. The knight nodded his head after him, smiling, as if he had said, Let my nephew alone to gallant the Lady to her seat.

I was a little surprised at Mr. Fowler's approaching me the moment I appeared, and with his taking my hand, and conducting me to my seat, with an air; not knowing how much he had been raised by the conversation that had passed before.

He bowed. I courtesied; and looked a little sillier than ordinary, I believe.

Your servant, young Lady, said the knight. Lovelier, and lovelier, by Mercy! How these blushes become that sweet face! — But, forgive me, madam, it is not my intent to dash you.

Writing, Miss Byron, all day! said Mrs. Reeves. We have greatly missed you.

My cousin seemed to say this, on purpose to give me time to recover myself.

I have blotted several sheets of paper, said I, and had just concluded.

I hope, madam, said the knight, leaning forward his whole body, and peering in my face under his bent brows, that we have not been the cause of hastening you down.

I stared. But as he seemed not to mean any-thing, I would not help him to a meaning by my own overquickness.

Mr. Fowler had done an extraordinary thing, and sat down, hemmed, and said nothing; looking, however, as if he was at a loss to know whether he or his uncle was expected to speak.

The cold weather was then the subject; and the two gentlemen rubbed their hands, and drew nearer the fire, as if they were the colder for talking of it. Many hems passed between them, now the uncle looking on the nephew, now the nephew on the uncle: At last they fell into talk of their new-built house at Caermarthen; and the furnishing of it.

They mentioned afterwards their very genteel neighbourhood, and gave the characters of half a dozen people, of whom none present but themselves ever heard; but all tending to shew how much they were valued by the best gentry in Caermarthenshire.

The knight then related a conversation that had once passed between himself and the late Lord Mansell, in which that nobleman had complimented him on an estate of a clear 3000 l. a year, besides a good deal of ready cash, and with supposing that he would set up his nephew when at age (for it was some years ago) as a representative for the county. And he repeated the prudent answer he gave his Lordship, disavowing such a design, as no better than a gaming propensity, as he called it, which had ruined many a fair estate.

This sort of talk, in which his nephew could bear a part (and indeed they had it all between them) held the tea-time; and then having given themselves the consequence they had seemed to intend, the knight, drawing his chair nearer me, and winking to his nephew, who withdrew, began to set forth the young gentleman's good qualities; to declare the passion he had for me; and to beg my encouragement of so worthy, so proper, and so well-favoured a young man; who was to be his sole heir; and for whom he would do such things, on my account, as, during his life, he would not do for any other woman breathing.

There was no answering a discourse so serious with the air of levity, which it was hardly possible to avoid assuming, on the first visit of the knight.

I was vexed that I found myself almost as bashful, as silly, and as silent, as if I had thoughts of encourageing Mr. Fowler's addresses. My cousins seemed pleased with my bashfulness. The knight, I once thought, by the tone of his voice and his hum, would have struck up a Welsh tune, and danced for joy.

Shall I call in my kinsman, madam, to confirm all I have said, and to pour out the whole soul at your feet? My boy is bashful: But a little favour from that sweet countenance will make a man of him. Let me, let me, call in my boy. I will go for him myself; and was going.

Let me say one word, Sir Rowland — before Mr. Fowler comes in — before you speak to him — You have explained yourself unexceptionably. I am obliged to you and Mr. Fowler for your good opinion: But this can never be.

How, madam! can never be! — I will allow that you shall take time for half a dozen visits, or so, that you may be able to judge of my nephew's qualities and understanding, and be convinced from his own mouth, and heart and soul, as I may say, of his Love for you. No need of time for him. He, poor man! is fixed; immoveably fixed: But say you will take a week's time, or so, to consider what you can do, what you will do — And that's all I at present crave, or indeed, madam, can allow you.

I cannot doubt now, Sir Rowland, of what my mind will be a week hence, as to this matter.

How, madam! — Why we are all in the suds then! — Why, Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves! — Whew! with an half-whistle — Why, madam, we shall, at this rate, be all untwisted! — But (after a pause) by Mercy I will not be thus answered! — Why, madam, would you have the conscience to break my poor boy's heart? — Come, be as gracious as you look to be — Give me your hand — [He snatched my hand. In respect to his years I withdrew it not] And give my boy your heart. — Sweet soul! Such sensible, such good-natured mantlings! — Why you can't be cruel, if you would! — Dear Lady! Say you will take a little time to consider of this matter. Don't repeat those cruel words, "It can never be." — What have you to object to my boy?

Mr. Fowler, both by character and appearance, Sir Rowland, is a worthy man. He is a modest man; and modesty —

Well, and so he is — Mercy! I was afraid that his modesty would be an objection —

It cannot, Sir Rowland, with a modest woman. I love, I revere, a modest man: But, indeed, I cannot give hope, where I mean not to encourage any.

Your objection, madam, to my nephew — You must have seen something in him you dislike.

I do not easily dislike, Sir; but then I do not easily like. And I never will marry any man, to whom I cannot be more than indifferent.

Why, madam, he adores you — He —

That, Sir, is an objection, unless I could return his Love. My gratitude would be endangered.

Excellent notions! — With these notions, madam, you could not be ungrateful.

That, Sir, is a risque I will never run. How many bad wives are there, who would have been good ones, had they not married either to their dislike, or with

indifference? Good beginnings, Sir Rowland, are necessary to good progresses, and to happy conclusions.

Why so they are. But beginnings that are not bad, with good people, will make no bad progresses, no bad conclusions.

No bad is not good, Sir Rowland; and in such a world as this, shall people lay themselves open to the danger of acting contrary to their duty? Shall they suffer themselves to be bribed, either by conveniencies, or superfluities, to give their hands, and leave their hearts doubtful or indifferent? It would not be honest to do so.

You told me, madam, the first time I had the honour to see you, that you were absolutely and bonâfide disengaged.

I told you truth, Sir.

Then, madam, we will not take your denial. We will persevere. We will not be discouraged. What a duce! Have I not heard it said, that faint heart never won fair Lady?

I never would give an absolute denial, Sir, were I to have the least doubt of my mind. If I could balance, I would consult my friends, and refer to them; and their opinion should have due weight with me. But for your nephew's sake, Sir Rowland, while his esteem for me is young and conquerable, urge not this matter farther. I would not give pain to a worthy heart.

As I hope for mercy, madam, so well do I like your notions, that if you will be my niece, and let me but converse with you once a day, I will be contented with an hundred pounds a year, and settle upon you all I have in the world.

His eyes glistened; his face glowed; an honest earnestness appeared in his countenance.

Generous man! good Sir Rowland! said I. I was affected. I was forced to withdraw.

I soon returned, and found Sir Rowland, his handkerchief in his hand, applying very earnestly to my cousins. And they were so much affected, too, that on his resuming the subject to me, they could not help putting in a word or two on his side of the question.

Sir Rowland then proposed to call in his nephew, that he might speak for himself. My boy may be over-awed by Love, madam: True Love is always fearful: Yet he is no milksop, I do assure you. To men he has courage. How he will behave to you, madam, I know not; for really, notwithstanding that sweetness of aspect, which I should have thought would have led one to say what one would to you (in modesty I mean) I have a kind of I cannot-tell-what for you myself. Reverence it is not, neither, I think. — I only reverence my Maker — And yet I believe it is. Why, madam, your face is one of God Almighty's wonders in a little

compass — Pardon me — You may blush — But be gracious now! — Don't shew us, that, with a face so encouragingly tender, you have an hard heart.

O Sir Rowland, you are an excellent advocate: But pray tell Mr. Fowler —

I will call him in — And was rising.

No, don't. But tell Mr. Fowler that I regard him, on a double account; for his own worth's sake, and for his uncle's: But subject me not, I once more entreat you, to the pain of repulsing a worthy man. I repeat, that I am under obligation to him for the value he has for me: I shall be under more, if he will accept of my thanks as all I have to return.

My dear Miss Byron, said Mr. Reeves, oblige Sir Rowland so far, as to take a little time to consider —

God bless you on earth and in heaven, Mr. Reeves, for this! You are a good man — Why, ay, take a little time to consider — God bless you, madam, take a little time. Say you will consider. You know not what a man of understanding my nephew is. Why, madam, modest as he is, and awed by his Love for you, he cannot shew half the good sense he is master of.

Modest men must have merit, Sir. But how can you, Mr. Reeves, make a difficult task more difficult? And yet all is from the goodness of your heart. You see Sir Rowland thinks me cruel: I have no cruelty in my nature. I love to oblige. I wish to match you in generosity, Sir Rowland — Ask me for any-thing but myself, and I will endeavour to oblige you.

Admirable, by mercy! Why, every-thing you say, instead of making me desist, induces me to persevere. There is no yielding up such a prize, if one can obtain it. Tell me, Mr. Reeves, where there is such another woman to be had, and we may give up Miss Byron: But I hope she will consider of it. — Pray, madam — But I will call in my nephew. And out he went in haste, as if he were afraid of being again forbidden.

Mean time my cousins put it to me — But before I could answer them, the knight, followed by his nephew, returned.

Mr. Fowler entered, bowing in the most respectful manner. He looked much more dejected than when he approached me at my first coming down. His uncle had given him an hint of what had passed between us.

Mr. Fowler and I had but just sat down, when the knight said to Mr. Revees (but took him not by the button, as in his first visit) One word with you, Sir — Mr. Reeves, one word with you, if you please.

They withdrew together; and presently after Mrs. Reeves went out at the other door; and I was left alone with Mr. Fowler.

We both sat silent for about three or four minutes. I thought I ought not to begin; Mr. Fowler knew not how. He drew his chair nearer to me; then sat a little

farther off; then drew it nearer again; stroked his ruffles, and hemmed two or three times; and, at last, You cannot, madam, but observe my confusion; my concern, my, my, my confusion! — It is all owing to my reverence, my respect, my reverence, for you — hem! — He gave two gentle hems, and was silent.

I could not enjoy the modest man's awkwardness. — Every feature of his face working, his hands and his knees trembling, and his tongue faltering, how barbarous had I been, if I could! — O Lucy, what a disqualifier is Love, if such agitations as these are natural effects of that passion!

Sir Rowland has been acquainting me, Sir, said I, with the good opinion you have of me. I am very much obliged to you for it. I have been telling Sir Rowland —

Ah, madam! Say not what you have been telling Sir Rowland: He has hinted it to me. I must indeed confess my unworthiness; yet I cannot forbear aspiring to your favour. Who that knows what will make him the happiest of men, however unworthy he may be, can forbear seeking his happiness? I can only say, I am the most miserable of men, if —

Good Mr. Fowler, interrupted I, indulge not an hope that cannot be answered. I will not pretend to say, that I should not merit your esteem, if I could return it; because, to whomsoever I should give my hand, I would make it a point of duty to deserve his affection: But, for that very reason, and that I may have not temptation to do otherwise, I must be convinced in my own mind, that there is not a man in the world whom I could value more than him I chose.

He sighed. I was assured, madam, said he, that your heart was absolutely disengaged: On that assurance I founded my presumptuous hope.

And so it is, Mr. Fowler. I have never yet seen a man whom I could wish to marry.

Then, madam, may I not hope, that time, that my assiduities, that my profound reverence, my unbounded Love —

O Mr. Fowler, think me not either insensible or ungrateful: But time, I am sure can make no alteration in this case. I can only esteem you, and that from a motive which I think has selfishness in it, because you have shewn a regard for me.

No selfishness in this motive; madam, it is amiable gratitude: And if all the services of my life, if all the adoration —

I have a very indifferent notion of sudden impressions, Mr. Fowler: But I will not question the sincerity of a man I think so worthy. Sir Rowland has been very urgent with me: He has wished me to take time to consider. I have told him I would, if I could doubt: But that I cannot. For your own sake, therefore, let me entreat you to place your affections elsewhere. And may you place them happily!

You have, madam, I am afraid, seen men whom you could prefer to me —

Our acquaintance, Mr. Fowler, is very short. It would be no wonder if I had. Yet I told you truly, that I never yet saw a man whom I could wish to marry.

He looked down, and sighed.

But, Mr. Fowler, to be still more frank and explicit with you, as I think you a very worthy man; I will own, that were any of the gentlemen I have hitherto known, to be my lot, it must be, I think, in compassion (in gratitude I had almost said) one (who nevertheless it cannot be) who has professed a love for me ever since I was a child. A man of honour, of virtue, of modesty; such a man as I believe Mr. Fowler is. His fortune indeed is not so considerable as Sir Rowland says yours will be: But, Sir, as there is no other reason on the comparison, why I should prefer Mr. Fowler to him, I should think the worse of myself as long as I lived, if I gave a preference over such a tried affection to fortune only. And now, Sir, I expect that you will make a generous use of my frankness, lest the gentleman, if you should know him, may hear of it. And this I request for his sake, as I think I can never be his; as for yours I have been thus explicit.

I can only say, that I am the most miserable of men! — But will you, madam, give me leave to visit Mr. Reeves now-and-then?

Not on my account Mr. Fowler. Understand it so; and if you see me, let it be with indifference, and without expectation from me; and I shall always behave myself to you, as to a man who has obliged me by his good opinion.

He bowed: Sat in silence: Pulled out his handkerchief. — I pitied him.

But let me ask all you, my friends, who Love Mr. Orme, Was I wrong? I think I never could Love Mr. Fowler, as a wife ought to love her husband. — May he meet with a worthy woman who can! And surely so good, so modest a man, and of such an ample fortune, easily may: While it may be my lot, if ever I marry, to be the wife of a man, with whom I may not be so happy, as either Mr. Orme or Mr. Fowler would probably make me; could I prevail upon myself to be the wife of either. O my uncle, often do I reflect on your mercer's shop.

Mr. Fowler arose, and walked disconsolately about the room, and often profoundly, and, I believe (not Greville-like) sincerely sighed. His motion soon brought in the knight and Mr. Reeves at one door, and Mrs. Reeves at the other.

Well! What news? What news? — Good, I hope, said the knight, with spread hands — Ah my poor boy! Thus alamort! Surely, madam —

There he stopt, and looked wistfully at me; then at my cousins — Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, speak a good word for my boy. The heart that belongs to that countenance cannot be adamant surely. — Dear young Lady, let your power be equalled by your mercy.

Mr. Fowler, Sir Rowland, has too much generosity to upbraid me, I dare say. Nor will you think me either perverse or ungenerous, when he tells you what has

passed between us.

Have you given him hope, then? God grant it, tho' but distant hope! Have you said you will consider — Dear blessed Lady! —

O Sir, interrupted I, how good you are to your nephew! How worthily is your Love placed on him! What a proof is it of his merit, and of the goodness of your heart! — I shall always have an esteem for you both! — Your excuse, Sir Rowland: Yours, Mr. Fowler. Be so good as to allow me to withdraw.

I retired to my own apartment, and throwing myself into a chair, reflected on what had passed; and after a while recollected myself to begin to write it down for you.

As soon as I had withdrawn, Mr. Fowler, with a sorrowful heart, as my cousins told me, related all that I had said to him.

Mr. Reeves was so good as to praise me for what he called my generosity to Mr. Orme, as well as for my frankness and civility to Mr. Fowler.

That was the duce of it, Sir Rowland said, that were they to have no remedy, they could not find any fault in me to comfort themselves with.

They put it over and over to my cousin, Whether time and assiduity might not prevail with me to change my mind? And whether an application to my friends in the country might not, on setting-every thing fairly before them, be of service? But Mr. Reeves told them, that now I had opened so freely my mind, and had spoken so unexpectedly, yet so gratefully, in favour of Mr. Orme, he feared there could be no hopes.

However, both gentlemen, at taking leave recommended themselves to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves for their interests; and the knight vowed that I should not come off so easily.

So much, and adieu, my Lucy, for the addresses of worthy Mr. Fowler. Pray, however, for your Harriet, that she may not draw a worse lot.

Tuesday Morning.

AT a private concert last night with my cousins and Miss Clements; and again to be at the play this night; I shall be a racketer, I doubt.

Mr. Fowler called here this morning. Mrs. Reeves and I were out on a visit. But Mr. Reeves was at home, and they had a good deal of discourse about me. The worthy man spoke so despairingly of his success with me, that I hope, for his own sake, I shall hear no more of his addresses; and with the more reason, as Sir Rowland will in a few days set out for Caermarthen.

Sir Rowland called afterwards: But Mr. Reeves was abroad; and Mrs. Reeves and I were gone to Ludgate-hill, to buy a gown, which is to be made up in all haste, that I may the more fashionably attend Lady Betty Williams to some of the public entertainments. I have been very extravagant: But it is partly my cousin's

fault. I send you inclosed a pattern of my silk. I thought we were high in the fashion in Northamptonshire; but all my cloaths are altering, that I may not look frightful, as the phrase is.

But shall I as easily get rid of the Baronet, think you, as I hope I have of Mr. Fowler? He is come to town, and by his own invention (in a card to Mr. Reeves) is to be here to-morrow afternoon. What signifies my getting out of the way? He will see me at another time; and I shall increase my own difficulties, and his consequence, if he thinks I am afraid of him.

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday Night.

SIR Hargrave came before six o'clock. He was richly dressed. He asked for Mr. Reeves. I was in my closet, writing. He was not likely to be the better received for the character Sir John Allestree gave of him.

He excused himself for coming so early, on the score of his impatience, and that he might have a little discourse with them, if I should be engaged before tea-time.

Was I within? — I was. — Thank heaven! — I was very good.

So he seemed to imagine that I was at home, in compliment to him.

Shall I give you, from my cousins, an account of the conversation before I went down? You know Mrs. Reeves is a nice observer.

He had had, he told my cousins, a most uneasy time of it, ever since he saw me. The devil fetch him, if he had had one hour's rest! He never saw a woman before, whom he could love as he loved me. By his soul, he had no view, but what was strictly honourable.

He sometimes sat down, sometimes walked about the room, strutting, and now-and-then adjusting something in his dress that nobody else saw wanted it. He gloried in the happy prospects before him: Not but he knew I had a little army of admirers: But as none of them had met with encouragement from me, he hoped there was room for him to flatter himself that he might be the happy man.

I told you, Mr. Reeves, said he, that I will give you carte blanche as to settlements. What I do for so prudent a woman, will be doing for myself. I am not used, Mr. Reeves, to boast of my fortune [Then, it seems, he went up to the glass, as if his person could not fail of being an additional recommendation] but I will lay before you, or before any of Miss Byron's friends (Mr. Deane, if she pleases —) my rent-rolls. There never was a better-conditioned estate. She shall live in town, or in the country, as she thinks fit; and in the latter, at which of my seats she pleases. I know I shall have no will but hers. I doubt not your friendship, Mr. Reeves. I hope for yours, madam. I shall have great pleasure in the alliance I have in view, with every individual of your family — As if he would satisfy them of his friendship, in the near relation, as the only matter that could bear a doubt.

Then he ran on upon the part I bore in the conversation at Lady Betty Williams's — By his soul, only the wisest, the wittiest, the most gracefully modest of women — that was all — Then Ha, ha, ha, hah, poor Walden! What a

silly fellow! He had caught a Tartar! — Ha, ha, ha, hah — Shaking his head and his gay sides: Devil take him if ever he saw a Prig so fairly taken in! — But I was a sly little rogue! — He saw that! — By all that's good, I must myself sing small in her company! — I will never meet at hard-edge with her — If I did — (and yet I have been thought to carry a good one) I should be confoundedly gapped, I can see that [alluding to two knives, I suppose, gapping each other; and winking with one eye; and, as Mrs. Reeves described him, looking as wise as if he would make a compliment to his penetration, at the expence of his understanding]: But, continued he, as a woman is more an husband's than a man is a wife's [Have all the men this prerogative-notion, Lucy? You know it is a better man's] I shall have a pride worth boasting of, if I can call such a jewel mine. Poor Walden! — Rot the fellow! — I warrant he would not have so knowing a wife for the world. — Ha, ha, ha, hah! He is right: It is certainly right for such narrow pedants to be afraid of learned women! — Methinks, I see the fellow, conjurer-like, circumscribed in a narrow circle, putting into Greek what was better expressed in English; and forbidding every one's approach within the distance of his wand! — Hah, hah, hah! — Let me die, if ever I saw a tragi-comical fellow better handled! — Then the faces he made — Saw you ever, Mr. Reeves, saw you ever in your life such a parcel of disastrous faces made by one man?

Thus did Sir Hargrave, laughingly, run on: Nor left he hardly any-thing for my cousins to say, or to do, but to laugh with him, and to smile at him.

On a message that tea was near ready, I went down. On my entering the room, he addressed me with an air of kindness and freedom: Charming Miss Byron! said he, I hope you are all benignity and compassion. You know not what I have suffered since I had the honour to see you last; bowing very low; then rearing himself up, holding back his head; and seemed the taller for having bowed.

Handsome fop! thought I to myself. I took my seat; and endeavoured to look easy and free, as usual; finding something to say to my cousins, and to him. He begged that tea might be postponed for half an hour; and that, before the servants were admitted, I would hear him relate the substance of the conversation that had passed between him and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves.

Had not Sir Hargrave intended me an honour, and had he not a very high opinion of the efficacy of eight thousand pounds a year in an address of this kind, I dare say, he would have supposed a little more prefacing necessary: But, after he had told me, in few words, how much he was attracted by my character before he saw me, he thought fit directly to refer himself to the declaration he had made at Lady Betty Williams's, both to Mr. Reeves and myself; and then talked of large settlements; boasted of his violent passion; and besought my favour with the utmost earnestness.

I would have played a little female trifling upon him, and affected to take his professions only for polite raillery, which men call making love to young women, who perhaps are frequently but too willing to take in earnest what the wretches mean but in jest; but the fervour with which he renewed (as he called it) his declaration, admitted not of fooling; and yet his volubility might have made questionable the sincerity of his declarations. As therefore I could not think of encouraging his addresses, I thought it best to answer him with openness and unreserve.

To seem to question the sincerity of such professions as you make, Sir Hargrave, might appear to you as if I wanted to be assured: But be pleased to know that you are directing your discourse to one of the plainest hearted women in England; and you may therefore expect from me nothing but the simplest truth. I thank you, Sir, for your good opinion of me; but I cannot encourage your addresses.

You cannot, madam, encourage my addresses! And express yourself so seriously! Good heaven! [He stood silent a minute or two, looking upon me, and upon himself; as if he had said, foolish girl! knows she whom she refuses?] I have been assured, madam, recovering a little from his surprize, that your affections are not engaged. But surely it must be a mistake; Some happy man —

Is it, interrupted I, a necessary consequence, that the woman who cannot receive the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexsen, must be engaged?

Why, madam — As to that — I know not what to say — But a man of my fortune, and I hope, not absolutely disagreeable either in person or temper; of some rank in life — He paused; then resuming — What, madam, if you are as much in earnest as you seem, can be your objection? Be so good as to name it, that I may know, whether I cannot be so happy as to get over it?

We do not, we cannot, all like the same person. Women, I have heard say are very capricious. Perhaps I am so. But there is a something (we cannot always say what) that attracts or disgusts us.

Disgusts! madam — Disgusts! Miss Byron.

I spoke in general, Sir; I dare say, nineteen women out of twenty would think themselves favoured in the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

But you, madam, are the twentieth that I must love: And be so good as to let me know —

Pray, Sir, ask me not a reason for a peculiarity. Do you not yourself shew a peculiarity in making me the twentieth?

Your merit, madam —

It would be vanity in me, Sir, interrupted I, to allow a force to that plea. You, Sir, may have more merit, than perhaps the man I may happen to approve of

better; but — shall I say? (Pardon me, Sir) You do not — You do not, hesitated I — hit my fancy — Pardon me, Sir.

If pardon depends upon my breath, let me die if I do! — Not hit your fancy, madam! [And then he look'd upon himself all round] Not hit your fancy, madam!

I told you, Sir, that you must not expect any-thing from me but the simplest truth. You do me an honour in your good opinion; and if my own heart were not, in this case, a very determined one, I would answer you with more politeness. But, Sir, on such an occasion as this, I think it would not be honourable, it would not be just, to keep a man in an hour's suspense, when I am in none myself.

And are you then (angrily) so determined, Miss Byron?

I am, Sir,

Confound me! — And yet I am enough confounded! — But I will not take an answer so contrary to my hopes. Tell me, madam, by the sincerity which you boast; are you not engaged in your affections? Is there not some one happy man, whom you prefer to all men?

I am a free person, Sir Hargrave. It is no impeachment of sincerity, if a free person answers not every question that may be put to her, by those to whom she is not accountable.

Very true, madam. But as it is no impeachment of your freedom to answer this question either negatively or affirmatively, and as you glory in your frankness, let me be beseech you to answer it; Are you, madam, or are you not, disengaged in your affections?

Excuse me, Sir Hargrave; I don't think you are intitled to an answer to this question. Nor, perhaps, would you be determined by the answer I should make to it, whether negative or affirmative.

Give me leave to say, madam, that I have some little knowledge of Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Greville, and of their addresses. They have both owned, that no hopes have you given them; yet declare that they will hope. Have you, madam, been as explicit to them, as you are to me?

I have, Sir.

Then they are not the men I have to fear — Mr. Orme, madam —

Is a good man, Sir.

Ah! madam! — But why then will you not say that you are engaged?

If I own I am; perhaps it will not avail me: It will much less, if I say I am not.

Avail you! dear Miss Byron! I have pride, madam. If I had not, I should not aspire to your favour: But give me leave to say [and he reddened with anger] that my fortune, my descent, and my ardent affection for you, considered, it may not dis-avail you. Your relations will at least think so, if I may have the honour of your consent for applying to them.

May your fortune, Sir Hargrave, be a blessing to you. It will, as you do good with it. But were it twice as much, that alone would have no charms for me. My duties would be increased with my power. My fortune is an humble one; but were it less, it would satisfy my ambition while I am single; and if I marry, I shall not desire to live beyond the estate of the man I choose.

Upon my soul, madam, you must be mine. Every word you speak, adds a rivet to my chains.

Then, Sir, let us say no more upon this subject.

He then laid a title to my gratitude from the passion he avowed for me.

That is a very poor plea, Sir, said I, as you yourself would think, I believe, were one of our sex, whom you could not like, to claim a return of love from you upon it.

You are too refined, surely, madam.

Refined! what meant the man by the word in this place?

I believe, Sir, we differ very widely in many of our sentiments.

We will not differ in one, madam, when I know yours; such is the opinion I have of your prudence, that I will adopt them, and make them my own.

This may be said, Sir; but there is hardly a man in the world that, saying it, would keep his word: Nor a woman, who ought to expect he should.

But you will allow of my visits to your cousins, madam?

Not on my account, Sir.

You will not withdraw if I come? You will not refuse seeing me?

As you will be no visitor of mine, I must be allowed to act accordingly. Had I the least thought of encouraging your addresses, I would deal with you as openly as is consistent with my notions of modesty and decorum.

Perhaps, madam, from my gay behaviour at Lady Betty Williams's, you think me too airy a man. You have doubts of my sincerity: You question my honour.

That, Sir, would be to injure myself.

Your objections, then, dear madam? Give me, I beseech you, some one material objection.

Why, Sir, should you urge me thus? — When I have no doubt, it is unnecessary to look into my own mind for the particular reasons that move me to disapprove of the addresses of a gentleman whose professions of regard for me, notwithstanding, intitle him to civility and acknowledgement.

By my soul, madam, this is very comical:

I do not like thee Dr. Fell;

The reason why, I cannot tell —

But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell.

Such, madam, seem to me to be your reasons.

You are very pleasant, Sir. But let me say, that if you are in earnest in your professions, you could not have quoted any-thing more against you than these humorous lines; since a dislike of such a nature as is implied by them, must be a dislike arising from something resembling a natural aversion; whether just or not, is little to the purpose.

I was not aware of that, replied he: But I hope yours to me is not such a one.

Excuse me, cousin, said I, turning to Mrs. Reeves: But I believe I have talked away the tea-time.

I think not of tea, said she.

Hang tea, said Mr. Reeves.

The devil fly away with the tea-kettle, said Sir Hargrave; let it not have entrance here, till I have said what I have further to say. And let me tell you, Miss Byron, that tho' you may not have a dying lover, you shall have a resolute one: For I will not cease pursuing you till you are mine, or till you are the wife of some other man.

He spoke this fiercely, and even rudely. I was disgusted as much at his manner, as with his words.

I cannot, replied I, but congratulate myself on one felicity, since I have been in your company, Sir; and that is, That in this whole conversation, (and I think it much too long) I have not one thing to reproach myself with, or be sorry for.

Your servant, madam, bowing: — But I am of the contrary opinion. By heaven, madam [with anger, and an air of insolence] I think you have pride, madam. —

Pride, Sir!

Cruelty. —

Cruelty, Sir! —

Ingratitude, madam.

I thought it was staying to be insulted. All that Sir John Allestree had said of him came into my head.

Hold, Sir, (for he seemed to be going on) Pride, Cruelty, Ingratitude, are crimes black enough. If you think I am guilty of them, excuse me that I retire for the benefit of recollection. — And, making a low courtesy. I withdrew in haste. He besought me to return; and followed me to the stairs foot.

He shewed his pride, and his ill-nature too, before my cousins, when I was gone. He bit his lip: He walked about the room; then sitting down, he lamented, defended, accused, and re-defended himself; and yet besought their interest with me.

He was greatly disturbed, he owned, that with such honourable intentions, with so much POWER to make me happy, and such a WILL to do so, he should be refused; and this without my assigning one reason for it.

And my cousins (to whom he again referred on that head) answering him, that they believed me disengaged in my affections — D — him, he said, if he could account then for my behaviour to him.

He, however, threatened Mr. Orme: Who (if any) he said, was the man I favoured. I had acknowledged, that neither Greville nor Fenwick were. My proud repulse had stung him, he owned. He begged, that they would send for me down in their names.

They liked not the humour he seemed to be in well enough to comply with his request; and he sent up in his own name.

But I returned my compliments: I was busy in writing [And so I was — to you, my Lucy]; I hoped Sir Hargrave, and my cousins, would excuse me. I put them in, to soften my refusal.

This still more displeased him. He besought their pardon but he would haunt me like a ghost. In spite of man and devil I should be his, he had the presumption to repeat: And went away with a flaming face.

Don't you think, my dear, that my cousin Reeves was a little too mild in his own house; as I am under his guardianship? But perhaps he was the more patient for that very reason; and he is one of the best natured men in England. And then 8000l. a year! — Yet why should a man of my cousin's independent fortune — But grandeur will have its charms!

Thus did Sir Hargrave confirm all that Sir John Allestree had said of his bad qualities: And I think I am more afraid of him than ever I was of any man before. I remember, that mischievous is one of the bad qualities Sir John attributed to him: And revengeful another. Should I ever see him again, on the same errand, I will be more explicit, as to my being absolutely disengaged in my affections, if I can be so without giving him hope, lest he should do private mischief to some one on my account. Upon my word, I would not, of all the men I have ever seen, be the wife of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

And so much for this first visit of his. I wish his pride may be enough piqued to make it the last.

But could you have thought he would have shewn himself so soon? — Yet he had paraded so much, before I went down, to my cousins, and so little expected a direct and determined repulse, that a man of his self-consequence might, perhaps, be allowed to be the more easily piqued by it.

Lady Betty has sent us notice, that on Thursday next, there will be a ball at the Opera-house in the Hay-market. My cousins are to choose what they will be; but she insists, that my dress shall be left to her. I am not to know what it is to be, till the day before, or the very day. If I like it not, she will not put me to any expence about it.

You will easily imagine, upon such an alternative, I shall approve of it, be it what it will. I have only requested, that I may not be so remarkably dressed, as to attract the eyes of the company: If I am, I shall not behave with any tolerable presence of mind.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday, Feb. 10.

ONE of Mr. Greville's servants has just been here, with his master's compliments. So the wretch is come to town. I believe I shall soon be able to oblige him: He wishes, you know, to provoke me to say I hate him.

Surely I draw inconveniencies upon myself by being so willing to pay civility for esteem. Yet it is in my nature to do so, and I can't help it without committing a kind of violence on my temper. There is no merit, therefore, in my behaviour, on such occasions. Very pretty self-deception! — I study my own ease, and (before I consider) am ready to call myself patient, and good-humoured, and civil, and to attribute to myself I know not how many kind and complaisant things, when I ought, in modesty, to distinguish between the virtue and the necessity.

I never was uncivil, as I call it, but to one young gentleman; a man of quality (you know who I mean); and that was, because he wanted me to keep secret his addresses to me, for family considerations. The young woman who engages to keep her lover's secrets in this particular, is often brought into a plot against herself, and oftener still against those to whom she owes unreserved honour and duty: And is not such a conduct also an indirect confession, that you know you are engaging in something wrong and unworthy?

Mr. Greville's arrival vexes me. I suppose it will not be long before Mr. Fenwick comes too. I have a good mind to try to like the modest Mr. Orme the better, in spite.

Sat. Morn. Feb. 11.

I SHALL have nothing to trouble you with, I think, but scenes of courtship. Sir Rowland, Sir Hargrave, and Mr. Greville, all met just now at our breakfast time.

Sir Rowland came first; a little before breakfast was ready. After enquiries of Mr. Reeves, whether I held in the same mind, or not; he desired to have the favour of one quarter of an hour's conversation with me alone.

Methinks I have a value for this honest knight. Honesty, my Lucy, is good sense, politeness, amiableness, all in one. An honest man must appear in every light with such advantages, as will make even singularity agreeable. I went down directly.

He met me; and taking my not-withdrawn hand, and peering in my face, Mercy, said he; the same kind aspect! The same sweet and obliging countenance! How can this be? But you must be gracious! You will. Say you will.

You must not urge me, Sir Rowland. You will give me pain if you lay me under a necessity to repeal —

Repeat what? Don't say a refusal. Dear madam, don't say a refusal! Will you not save a life? Why, madam, my poor boy is absolutely and bona fide broken-hearted. I would have had him come with me: But, no, he could not bear to teaze the beloved of his soul! Why there's an instance of love now! Not for all his hopes, not for his life's sake, could he bear to teaze you! None of your sluttering Jack-a dandy's, now, would have said this! And let not such succeed, where modest merit fails! — Mercy! You are struck with my plea! Don't, don't, God bless you now, don't harden your heart on my observation. I was resolved to set out in a day or two: But I will stay in town, were it a month, to see my boy made happy. And, let me tell you, I would not wish him to be happy unless he could make you so. — Come, come —

I was a little affected. I was silent.

Come, come, be gracious; be merciful. Dear lady, be as good as you look to be. One word of comfort for my poor boy. I could kneel to you for one word of comfort — Nay, I will kneel; taking hold of my other hand, as he still held one; and down on his knees dropt the honest knight.

I was surprised. I knew not what to say, what to do. I had not the courage to attempt to lift him up. Yet to see a man of his years, and who had given himself a claim to my esteem, kneel; and, with glistening eyes, looking up to me for mercy, as he called it, on his boy; how was I affected! — But, at last, Rise, dear Sir Rowland, rise, said I: You call out for mercy to me; yet have none upon me. O how you distress me!

I would have withdrawn my hands; but he held them fast. I stamped in tender passion [I am sure it was in tender passion] now with one foot, now with the other; Dear Sir Rowland, rise! I cannot bear this. I beseech you rise [And down I dropt involuntarily on one knee]. What can I say? Rise, dear Sir, on my knee I beg of you kneel not to me? Indeed, Sir, you greatly distress me! Pray let go my hands.

Tears ran down his cheeks — And do I distress you, madam! And do you vouchsafe to kneel to me? — I will not distress you: For the world I will not distress you.

He arose, and let go my hands, I arose too, abashed. He pulled out his handkerchief, and hastening from me to the window, wiped his eyes. Then turning to me, What a fool I am! What a mere child I make of myself! How can I blame my boy? O madam! have you not one word of comfort to send by me to my boy? Say, but, you will see him. Give him leave to wait on you: Yet, poor soul! (wiping

his eyes again) he would not be able to say a word in his own behalf. — Bid me bring him to you: Bid us come together.

And so I could, and so I would, Sir Rowland, if no other expectations were to be formed than those of civility. But I will go farther to shew my regard for you, Sir: Let me be happy in your friendship, and good opinion: Let me look upon you as my Father: Let me look upon Mr. Fowler as my Brother: I am not so happy, as to have either father or brother. And let Mr. Fowler own me as his Sister; and every visit you make me, you will both, in these characters, be dearer to me than before. — But, O my father! (already will I call you father!) Urge not your daughter to an impossibility

Mercy! Mercy! What will become of me! What will become of my boy, rather!

He turned from me, with his handkerchief at his eyes again, and even sobbed: Where are all my purposes Irresistible Lady! — But must I give up my hopes? Must my boy be told — And yet, do you call me father; and do you plead for my indulgence as if you were my daughter?

Indeed I do; indeed I must. I have told Mr. Fowler, with so much regard for him, as an honest, as a worthy man —

Why that's the weapon that wounds him, that cuts him to the heart! Your gentleness, your openness — And are you determined? Can there be no hope?

Mr. Fowler is my brother, Sir; and you are my father. — Accept me in those characters.

Accept you! Mercy! Accept you? — Forgive me, madam (catching my hand, and pressing it with his lips) you do me honour in the appellation: But if your mind should change on consideration, and from motives of pity —

Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, it cannot change.

Why then, I, as well as my nephew, must acquiesce with your pleasure. But, madam, you don't know what a worthy creature he is. I will not, however, teaze you? — But how, but how, shall I see Mr. Reeves? I am ashamed to see him with this baby in my face.

And I, Sir Rowland, must retire before I can appear. Excuse me, Sir (withdrawing); but I hope you will breakfast with us.

I will drink tea with you, madam, if I can make myself fit to be seen, were it but to claim you for my daughter: But yet had much rather you would be a farther remove in relation: Would to God you would let it be neice!

I courtisied, as a daughter might do, parting with her real father; and withdrew.

And now, my Lucy, will you not be convinced that one of the greatest pains (the loss of dear friends excepted) that a grateful mind can know, is to be too much beloved by a worthy heart, and not to be able to return his love?

My sheet is ended. With a new one I will begin another Letter. — Yet a few words in the margin — I tell you not, my dear, of the public entertainments to which lady Betty is continually contriving to draw me out. She intends by it to be very obliging, and is so: But my present reluctance to go so very often, must not be overcome, as it possibly would be too easily done, were I to give way to the temptation. If it be, your Harriet may turn gadfly, and never be easy but when she is forming parties, or giving way to them, that may make the home, that hitherto has been the chief scene of her pleasures, undelightful to her. Bad habits are sooner acquired than shaken off, as my grandmamma has often told us.

LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WHO would have thought that a man of Sir Rowland's time of life, and a woman so young as I, could have so much discomposed each other? I obey'd the summons to breakfast, and enter'd the room at one door, as he came in at the other. In vain had I made use of the short retirement to conceal my emotion from my cousins. They also saw Sir Rowland's by his eyes, and looked at him, at me, and at each other.

Mercy! said Sir Rowland, in an accent that seem'd between crying and laughing, You, you, you, madam, are a surprising lady! I, I, I, never was so affected in my life. And he drew the back of his hand cross first one eye, then the other.

O Sir Rowland, said I, you are a good man. How affecting are the visible emotions of a manly heart!

My cousins still looked as if surpriz'd; but said nothing.

O my cousins, said I, I have found a father in Sir Rowland; and I acknowledge a brother in Mr. Fowler.

Best of women! Most excellent of creatures! And do you own me? He snatched my hand, and kiss'd it. What pride do you give me in this open acknowledgement! If it must not be niece, why then I will endeavour to rejoice in my daughter, I think. But yet, my boy, my poor boy — But you are all goodness: And with him I say, I must not teaze you.

What you have been saying to each other alone, said Mrs. Reeves, I cannot tell: But I long to know.

Why, madam, I will tell you — if I know how — You must know, that I, that I, came as an ambassador-extraordinary from my sorrowful boy: Yet not desired; not sent; I came of my own accord, in hopes of getting one word of comfort, and to bring matters on before I set out for Caermarthen.

The servant coming in, and a loud rap, rap, rap, on the footman's musical instrument, the knocker of the door, put a stop to Sir Rowland's narrative. In apprehension of company, I breathed on my hand, and put it to either eye; and Sir Rowland hemmed twice or thrice, and rubbed his, the better to conceal their redness, tho' it made them redder than before. He got up, look'd at the glass: Would have sung. Toll, doll — Hem, said he; as if the muscles of his face were in the power of his voice. Mercy! All the infant still in my eye — Toll, doll — Hem! — I would sing it away if I could.

Sir Hargrave enter'd bowing, scraping to me, and with an air not ungraceful.

Servant, Sir, said the knight (to Sir Hargrave's silent salute to him) bowing, and looking at the baronet's genteel morning dress, and then at his own — Who the duce is he! whispering to Mr. Reeves; Who then presented each to the other by name.

The baronet approached me; I have, madam, a thousand pardons to ask —

Not one, Sir.

Indeed I have — And most heartily do I beg —

You are forgiven, Sir —

But I will not be so easily forgiven.

Mercy! whispered the knight to Mr. Reeves, I don't liken, Ah! my poor boy: No wonder at this rate! —

You have not much to fear, Sir Rowland, (rewhisper'd my cousin) on this gentleman's account.

Thank you, thank you — And yet 'tis a fine figure of a man! whisper'd again Sir Rowland: Nay, if she can withstand him — But a word to the wise, Mr. Reeves! — Hem! — I am a little easier than I was.

He turned from my cousin with such an air, as if from contrasted pleasure and pain, he would again have sung Toll, doll.

The servant came in with the breakfast: And we had no sooner sat down, as before, than we were alarmed by another modern rapping. Mr. Reeves was called out, and return'd, introducing Mr. Greville.

Who the duce is he? whisper'd to me Sir Rowland (as he sat next me) before Mr. Reeves could name him.

Mr. Greville profoundly bowed to me. I asked after the health of all our friends in Northamptonshire.

Have you seen Fenwick, madam? — No, Sir.

A dog! I thought he had played me a trick. I missed him for three days — But (in a low voice) if you have not seen him, I have stolen a march upon him! — Well, I had rather ask his pardon than he should ask mine. I rejoice to see you well, madam! (raising his voice) — But what! — looking at my eyes.

Colds are very rife in London, Sir —

I am glad it is no worse; for your grandmamma, and all friends in the country, are well.

I have found a papa, Mr. Greville (referring to Sir Rowland) since I came to town. This good gentleman gives me leave to call him father.

No son! — I hope, Sir Rowland, you have no son, said Mr. Greville; The relation comes not about that way, I hope. And laughed, as he used to do, at his own smartness.

The very question, I was going to put, by my soul, said the baronet.

No! — said the knight: But I have a nephew, gentlemen — A very pretty young fellow! And I have this to say before ye all (I am downright Dunstable) I had much rather call this Lady niece, than daughter. And then the knight forced a laugh, and looked round upon us all.

O Sir Rowland, replied I, I have uncles, more than one — I am a niece: But I have not had for many years till now the happiness of a father.

And do you own me, madam, before all this gay company? — The first time I beheld you, I remember I called you a perfect paragon. Why, madam, you are the most excellent of women!

We are so much convinced of this, Sir Rowland, said the Baronet, that I don't know, but Miss Byron's choosing you for a father, instead of an uncle, may have saved two or three throats. And then he laugh'd. His laugh was the more seasonable, as it soften'd the shockingness of his expression.

Mr. Greville and the Baronet had been in company twice before in Northamptonshire at the races: But now-and-then look'd upon each other with envious eyes; and once or twice were at cross-purposes: But my particular notice of the knight made all pass lightly over.

Sir Rowland went first away. He claimed one word with his daughter, in the character of a father.

I withdrew with him to the farther end of the room.

Not one word of comfort? not one word, madam? — to my boy? whisper'd he.

My compliments (speaking low) to my brother, Sir I wish him as well and as happy as I think he deserves to be.

Well but — Well but —

Only remember, Sir Rowland, that you act in character. I followed you hither, on the strength of your authority, as a father; I beg, Sir, that you will preserve to me that character.

Why God in heaven bless my daughter, if only daughter you can be. Too well do I understand you! I will see how my poor nephew will take it. If it can be no otherwise, I will prevail upon him, I think, to go down with me to Caermarthen for a few months. — But as to those two fine gentlemen, madam — It would grieve me ('tis a folly to deny it) to say I have seen the man that is to supplant my nephew.

I will act in character, Sir Rowland: As your daughter, you have a right to know my sentiments on this subject — You have not yet seen the man you seem to be afraid of.

You are all goodness, madam — my daughter — and I cannot bear it!

He spoke this loud enough to be heard; and Mr. Greville and the baronet both, with some emotion, rose, and turned about to us.

Once more, Sir Rowland, said I, my compliments to my brother — Adieu!

God in heaven bless you, madam, that's all — Gentlemen, your servant; Mrs. Reeves, your most obedient humble servant. Madam, to me, you will allow me, and my nephew too, one more visit, I hope before I set out for Caermarthen.

I courtesied, and joined my cousins. Away went the knight, brushing the ground with his hat, at his going out. Mr. Reeves waited on him to the outward door.

'Bye, 'bye, to you, Mr. Reeves — with some emotion (as my cousin told me afterwards) — A wonderful creature! By mercy, a wonderful creature! — I go away with my heart full; yet am pleased; I know not why, neither, that's the jest of it— 'Bye, Mrs. Reeves: I can stay no longer.

An odd mortal! said the man of the town — But he seems to know on which side his bread is buttered.

A whimsical old fellow! said the man of the country. But I rejoice that he has not a son; that's all.

A good many frothy things passed not worth relating. I wanted them both to be gone. They seemed each to think it time; but looked as if neither cared to leave the other behind him.

At last, Mr. Greville, who hinted to me, that he knew I loved not too long an intrusion, bowed, and, politely enough, took his leave. And then the Baronet began, with apoligizing for his behaviour at taking leave on his last visit.

Some gentlemen, I said, had one way, some another, of expressing themselves on particular occasions. He had thought fit to shew me what was his.

He seemed a little disconcerted. But quickly recovering himself, he could not indeed excuse himself, he said, for having then called me cruel — Cruel, he hoped he should not find me — Proud — I knew not what pride was. Ungrateful — I could not be guilty of ingratitude. He begged me to forgive his peremptoriness — He had hoped (as he had been assured, that my affections were absolutely disengaged) that the proposals he had to make, would have been acceptable; and so positive a refusal, without any one reason assigned, and on his first visit, had indeed hurt his pride (he owned, he said, that he had some pride) and made him forget that he was addressing himself to a woman who deserved, and met with, the veneration of every one who approached her. He next expressed himself with apprehensions on Mr. Greville's arrival in town. He spoke slightly of him. Mr. Greville, I doubt not, will speak as slightly of Sir Hargrave. And if I believe them both, I fansy I shall not injure either.

Mr. Greville's arrival, I said, ought not to concern me. He was to do as he thought fit. I was only desirous to be allowed the same free agency that I was ready to allow to others.

That could not be, he said. Every man who saw me must wish me to be his; and endeavour to obtain his wishes.

And then making vehement professions of Love, he offered me large settlements; and to put it in my power to do all the good that he knew it was in my heart to do — And that I should prescribe to him in every thing as to place of residence, excursions, even to the going abroad to France, to Italy, and whereever I pleased.

To all which I answered as before; and when he insisted upon my reasons for resusing him, I frankly told him, tho' I owned it was with some reluctance, that I had not the opinion of his morals that I must have of those of the man to whom I gave my hand in marriage.

Of my morals, madam! (starting; and his colour went and came) My morals, madam! — I thought he looked with malice: But I was not intimidated: And yet my cousins looked at me with some little surprize for my plain dealing, tho' not as blaming me.

Be not displeased, Sir, with my freedom. You call upon me to make objections. I mean not to upbraid you; that is not my business; but thus called upon, I must repeat — I stopt.

Proceed, madam; angrily.

Indeed, Sir Hargrave, you must pardon me on this occasion, if I repeat that I have not that opinion of your morals —

Very well, madam —

That I must have of those of the man on whose worthiness I must build my hopes of present happiness, and to whose guidance intrust my future. This, Sir, is a very material consideration with me, tho' I am not fond of talking upon it, except on proper occasions, and to proper persons: But, Sir, let me add, that I am determined to live longer single. I think it too early to engage in a life of care: And if I do not meet with a man to whom I can give my whole heart, I never will marry at all [O how maliciously looked the man!] — You are angry, Sir Hargrave, added I; but you have no right to be so. You address me as one who is her own mistress. And tho' I would not be thought rude, I value myself on my openness of heart.

He arose from his seat. He walked about the room muttering, "You have no opinion of my morals" — By heaven, madam! — But I will bear it all — Yet, "No opinion of my morals!" — I cannot bear that —

He then clenched his fist, and held it up to his head; and snatching up his hat, bowing to the ground to us all, his face crimsoned over (as the time before) he withdrew.

Mr. Reeves attended him to the door— “Not like my morals!” said he — I have enemies, Mr. Reeves— “Not like my morals!” — Miss Byron treats politely every body but me, Sir. Her scorn may be repaid — Would to God I could say with scorn, Mr. Reeves. — Adieu. Excuse my warmth. — Adieu.

And into his chariot he stept, pulling up the glasses with violence; and, as Mr. Reeves told us, rearing up his head to the top of it, as he sat swelling. And away it drove.

His menacing airs, and abrupt departure, terrified me. I did not recover myself in an hour.

A fine husband for your Harriet would this half madman make! — O Mr. Fowler, Sir Rowland, Mr. Orme, what good men are you to Sir Hargrave! Should I have known half so much as I do of his ill qualities, had I not refused him? Drawn in by his professions of Love, and by 8000 l. a year, I might have married him; and, when too late, found myself miserable, yoked with a tyrant and madman, for the remainder of a life begun with happy prospects, and glorying in every one’s Love!

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, February 13.

I Have received my uncle's long Letter: And I thank him for the pains he has taken with me. He is very good: But my grandmamma and my aunt are equally so, and, in the main, much kinder, in acquitting me of some charges which he is pleased to make upon his poor Harriet. But, either for caution, or reproof, I hope to be the better for his Letter.

James is set out for Northamptonshire: Pray receive him kindly. He is honest: And Sally has given me an hint, as if a sweet-heart is in his head: If so, his impatience to leave London may be accounted for. My grandmamma has observed, that young people of small or no fortunes should not be discouraged from marrying: Who that could be masters or mistresses would be servants? The honest poor, as she has often said, are a very valuable part of the creation.

Mr. Reeves has seen several footmen, but none that he gave me the trouble of speaking to, till just now; when a well-looking young man, about twentysix years of age, offered himself, and whom I believe I shall like. Mrs. Reeves seems mightily taken with him. He is well-behaved, has a very sensible look, and seems to merit a better service.

Mr. Reeves has written for a character of him to the last master he lived with; Mr. Bagenhall, a young gentleman in the neighbourhood of Reading: Of whom he speaks well in the main; but modestly objected to his hours, and free way of life. The young man came to town but yesterday, and is with a widow sister, who keeps an inn in Smithfield. I have a mind to like him, and this makes me more particular about him.

His name is William Wilson: He asks pretty high wages: But wages to a good servant are not to be stood upon. What signify forty or fifty shillings a year? An honest servant should be enabled to lay up something for age and infirmity. Hire him at once, Mrs. Reeves says. She will be answerable for his honesty, from his looks, and from his answers to the questions asked him.

Sir Hargrave has been here again. Mrs. Revees, Miss Dolyns, Miss Clements, and I, were in the back room together. We had drank tea; and I excused myself to his message, as engaged.

He talked a good deal to Mr. Reeves: Sometimes high, sometimes humble. He had not intended, he said, to have renewed his visits. My disdain had stung him to the heart: Yet he could not keep away. He called himself names. He was

determined I should be his; and swore to it. A man of his fortune to be refused, by a Lady who had not (and whom he wished not to have) an answerable fortune, and no preserable liking to any other man [There Sir Hargrave was mistaken; for I like almost every man I know, better than him]; his person not contemptible [And then, my cousin says, he surveyed himself from head to foot in the glass]; was very, very unaccountable.

He asked if Mr. Greville came up with any hopes?

Mr. Reeves told him that I was offended at his coming; and he was sure he would not be the better for his journey.

He was glad of that, he said. There were two or three free things, proceeded he, said to me in conversation by Mr. Greville; which I knew not well what to make of: But they shall pass, if he has no more to boast of than I. I know Mr. Greville's blustering character; but I wish the carrying of Miss Byron were to depend upon the sword's point between us. I would not come into so paltry a compromise with him as Fenwick has done. But still the imputing want of morals to me, sticks with me. Surely I am a better man in point of morals, than either Greville or Fenwick. What man on earth does not take liberties with the Sex? Hay, you know, Mr. Reeves! Women were made for us: And they like us not the worse for loving them. Want of morals! — And objected to me by a lady! — Very extraordinary, by my soul! — Is it not better to sow all one's wild oats before matrimony, than run riot afterwards? — What say you, Mr. Reeves?

Mr. Reeves was too patient with him. He is a mild man: Yet wants not spirit, my cousin says, on occasion. He gave Sir Hargrave the hearing; who went away, swearing, that I should be his, in spite of man or devil.

Monday Night.

MR. Greville came in the Evening. He begged to be allowed but ten words with me in the next room. I desired to be excused. You know, Sir, said I, that I never complied with a request of this nature, at Selby-house. He looked hard at my cousins; and first one, then the other, went out. He then was solicitous to know what were Sir Hargrave's expectations from me. He expressed himself uneasy upon his account. He hoped such a man as that would not be encouraged. Yet his ample fortune — Woman! woman! — But he was neither a wiser nor a better man than himself: And he hoped Miss Byron would not give a preference to fortune merely, against a man who had been her admirer for so long a time; and who wanted neither will nor power to make her happy.

It was very irksome to me, I answered, to be obliged so often to repeat the same things to him. I would not be thought affronting to any-body, especially to a neighbour with whom my friends were upon good terms: But I did not think

myself answerable to him, or to any one out of my own family, for my visitors; or for whom my cousin Reeves's thought fit to receive as theirs.

Would I give him an assurance, that Sir Hargrave should have no encouragement?

No, Sir, I will not. Would not that be to give you indirectly a kind of controul over me? Would not that be to encourage an hope, that I never will encourage?

I love not my own soul, madam, as I love you: I must, and will persevere. If I thought Sir Hargrave had the least hope, by the great God of heaven, I would pronounce his days numbered.

I am but too well acquainted with your rashness, Mr. Greville. What formerly passed between you and another gentleman, gave me pain enough. In such an enterprize your own days might be numbered as well as another's. But I enter not into this subject — Henceforth be so good as not to impute incivility to me, if I deny myself to your visits.

I would have withdrawn —

Dear Miss Byron (stepping between me and the door) leave me not in anger. If matters must stand as they were, I hope you can, I hope you will, assure me, that this Sir Fopling —

What right have you, Sir, to any assurance of this nature from me?

None, madam. — But from your goodness — Dear Miss Byron, condescend to say, that this Sir Hargrave shall not make any impression on your heart. For his sake say it, if not for mine. I know you care not what becomes of me; yet let not this milk-faced, and tyger-hearted fop, for that is his character, obtain favour from you. Let your choice, if it must fall on another man, and not on me, fall on one to whose superior merit, and to whose good fortune, I can subscribe. For your own fame's sake, let a man of unquestionable honour be the happy man; and vouchsafe as to a neighbour, and as to a well-wishing friend, only (I ask it not in the light of a Lover) to tell me that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen shall not be the man?

What, Mr. Greville, let me ask you, is your business in town?

My chief business, madam, you may guess at. I had an hint of this man's intentions given me; and that he has the vanity to think he shall succeed. But if I can be assured, that you will not be prevailed upon in favour of a man whose fortune is so ample —

You will then return to Northamptonshire?

Why, madam, I can't but say that now I am in town, and that I have bespoke a new equipage, and so-forth —

Nay, Sir, it is nothing to me, what you will or will not do: Only be pleased to remember, that as in Northamptonshire your visits were to my uncle Selby, not to me, they will be here in London, to my cousin Reeves's only.

Too well do I know that you can be cruel if you will: But is it your pleasure that I return to the country?

My pleasure, Sir! Mr. Greville is surely to do as he pleases. I only wish to be allowed the same liberty.

You are so very delicate, Miss Byron! So very much afraid of giving the least advantage —

And men are so ready to take advantage — But yet, Mr. Greville, not so delicate as just. I do assure you, that if I were not determined —

Determined! — Yes, yes! You can be steady, as Mr. Selby calls it! I never knew so determined a woman in my life. I own, it was a little inconvenient for me to come to town just now: And say, that you would wish me to leave London; and that neither this Sir Hargrave, nor that other man, your new father's nephew (What do you call him? Fore-gad, madam, I am afraid of these new relations) shall make any impression on your heart; and that you will not withdraw when I come here; and I will set out next week; and write this very night to let Fenwick know how matters stand, and that I am coming down but little the better for my journey: And this may save you seeing your other tormentor, as your cousin Lucy says you once called that poor devil, and the still poorer devil before you.

You are so rash a man, Mr. Greville (and other men may be as rash as you) that I cannot say but it would save me some pain —

O take care, take care, Miss Byron, that you express yourself so cautiously, as to give no advantage to a poor dog, who would be glad to take a journey to the farthest part of the globe to oblige you. But what say you about this Sir Hargrave, and about your new brother? — Let me tell you, madam, I am so much afraid of those whining, insinuating, creeping dogs, attacking you on the side of your compassion, and be d — n'd to them (Orme for that) that I must have a declaration. And now, madam, can't you give it with your usual caution? Can't you give it, as I put it, as to a neighbour, as to a well wisher, and so-forth, not as to a Lover!

Well then, Mr. Greville, as a neighbour, as a wellwisher; and since you own it was inconvenient to your affairs to come up — I advise you to go down again.

The devil! how you have hit it! Your delicacy ought to thank me for the loope-hole. The condition, madam, The condition; if I take your neighbourly advice?

Why, Mr. Greville, I do most sincerely declare to you, as to a neighbour and well-wisher, that I never, yet, have seen the man to whom I can think of giving my hand.

Yes, you have! By heaven you have (snatching my hand): You shall give it to me! — And the strange wretch pressed it so hard to his mouth, that he made prints upon it with his teeth.

Oh! cried I, withdrawing my hand, surprized, and my face, as I could feel, all in a glow.

And Oh! said he, mimicking (and snatching my other hand, as I would have run from him) and patting it, speaking thro' his closed teeth, You may be glad you have an hand lest. By my soul, I could eat you.

This was your disconsolate, fallen-spirited, Greville, Lucy!

I rushed into the company in the next room. He followed me with an air altogether unconcerned, and begged to look at my hand; whispering to Mrs. Reeves; By Jupiter, said he, I had like to have eaten up your lovely cousin. I was beginning with her hand.

I was more offended with this instance of his assurance and unconcern, than with the freedom itself; because that had the appearance of his usual gaiety with it. I thought it best, however, not to be too serious upon it. But the next time he gets me by himself, he shall eat up both my hands.

At taking leave, he hoped his mad flight had not discomposed me. See, Miss Byron, said he, what you get by making an honest fellow desperate! — But you insist upon my leaving the town? As a neighbour, as a well-wisher, you advise it, madam? Come, come, don't be afraid of speaking after me, when I endeavour to hit your cue.

I do advise you —

Conditions, remember! You know what you have declared — Angel of a woman! said he again thro' his shut teeth.

I left him, and went up stairs; glad I had got rid of him.

He has since seen Mr. Reeves, and told him, he will make me one visit more before he leaves London: And pray tell her, said he, that I have actually written to my brother-tormentor Fenwick, that I am returning to Northamptonshire.

I told you, that Miss Clements was with me when Sir Hargrave came last. I like her every time I see her, better than before. She has a sine understanding, and if languages, according to my grandfather's observation, need not be deemed an indispensable part of learning, she may be looked upon as learned.

She has engaged me to breakfast with her to-morrow morning; when she is to shew me her books, needleworks, and other curiosities. Shall I not fansy myself in my Lucy's closet? How continually, amid all this fluttering scene, do I think of my dear friends in Northamptonshire! Express for me love, duty, gratitude, every sentiment that fills the heart of

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday Morning, Feb. 14.

I Have passed an agreeable two hours with Miss Clements, and am just returned. She is extremely ingenious, and perfectly unaffected. I am told, that she writes finely; and is a madame de Sevigne to her correspondents. I hope to be one of them. But she has not, I find, suffered her pen to run away with her needle; nor her reading to interfere with that housewifry which the best judges hold so indispensable in the character of a good woman.

I revere her for this, as her example may be produced as one, in answer to such as object (I am afraid sometimes too justly, but I hope too generally) against learning in women. Methinks, however, I would not have learning the principal distinction of the woman I love. And yet, where talents are given, should we wish them to be either uncultivated or unacknowleged? Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce, that where no duty is neglected for the acquirement; where modesty, delicacy, and a teachable spirit, are preserved, as characteristics of the Sex, it need not be thought a disgrace to be supposed to know something.

Miss Clements is happy, as well as your Harriet, in an aunt, that loves her. She has a mother living, who is too great a self-lover, to regard any-body else as she ought. She lives as far off as York, and was so unnatural a parent to this good child, that her aunt was not easy till she got her from her. Mrs. Wimburn looks upon her as her daughter, and intends to leave her all she is worth.

The old Lady was not very well; but she obliged us with her agreeable company for half an hour.

We agreed to fall in occasionally upon each other without ceremony.

I should have told you, that the last master of the young man, William Wilson, having given him in writing a very good character, I have entertained him; and his first service was attending on me to Miss Clements.

Lady Betty called here in my absence. She is, it seems, very full of the dresses, and mine in particular: But I must know nothing about it, as yet. We are to go to her house to dress, and to proceed from thence in chairs. She is to take care of every-thing. You shall know, my Lucy, what figure I am to make, when I know it myself.

The baronet also called at my cousins while I was out. He saw only Mr. Reeves. He staid about a quarter of an hour. He was very moody and sullen, it seems. Quite another man, Mr. Reeves said, than he had ever seen him before.

Not one laugh; not one smile. All that sell from his lips was Yes or No; or by way of invective against the Sex. It was “The devil of a Sex.” It was a cursed thing, he said, that a man could be neither happy with them, nor without them. Devil’s baits was another of his compliments to us. He hardly mentioned my name.

Mr. Reeves at last began to rally him on his moodiness; and plainly saw, that to avoid shewing more of his petulance (when he had not a right to shew any) to a man of Mr. Reeves’s consideration, and in his own house, he went away the sooner. His footmen and coachman, he believed, had an ill time of it; for, without reason, he cursed them, swore at them, and threatened them.

What does the man haunt us for? — Why brings he such odious humours to Mr. Reeves’s?

But no more of such a man, nor of any thing else till my next. Only,

Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 15.

MR. Greville took leave of us yesterday evening, in order to set out this morning, on his return home. He would fain have engaged me for half an hour, alone. But I would not oblige him.

He left London, he said, with some regret, because of the fluttering Sir Hargrave, and the creeping Mr. Fowler: But depended upon my declaration, that I had not in either of them seen the man I could encourage. Either of them were the words he chose to use; for, in compliment to himself, he would not repeat my very words, that I had not yet seen any man to whom I could give my hand. Shall I give you a few particulars of what passed between me and this very whimsical man? I will.

He had been enquiring, he said, into the character and pretensions of my bother Fowler; and intended, if he could bring Orme and him together, to make a match between them, who would out-whine the other.

Heroes, I told him, ought not to make a jest of those, who, on comparison, gave them all their advantages.

He bowed, and called himself my servant — And, with an affected laugh, Yet, madam, yet, madam, I am not afraid of those piping men: Tho' you have compassion for such watry-headed fellows, yet you have only compassion.

Respectful Love, Mr. Greville, is not always the indication either of a weak head, or a faint heart; any more, than the contrary is of a true spirit.

Perhaps so, madam. But yet I am not afraid of these two men.

You have no reason to be afraid of any-body, on my account, Mr. Greville.

I hope not.

You will find, Sir, at last, that you had better take my meaning. It is obvious enough.

But I have no mind to hang, drown, or pistol myself.

Mr. Greville still! Yet it would be well if there were not many Mr. Greville's.

I take your meaning, madam. You have explained it heretofore. It is, That I am a libertine; that we have all one dialect; and that I can say nothing new, or that is worthy of your attention — There, madam! May I not be always sure of your meaning, when I construe it against myself?

I wish, Sir, that my neighbour would give me leave to behave to him as to my neighbour —

And could you, madam, supposing Love out of the question (which it cannot be) could you, in that case, regard me as your neighbour?

Why not, Sir?

Because I believe you hate me; and I only want you to tell me that you do.

I hope, Sir, I shall never have reason given me to hate any man.

But if you hate any one man more than another, is it not me? [I was silent] Strange, Mrs. Reeves, turning to her, that Miss Byron is not susceptible either of Love or Hatred.

She is too good to hate any-body; and as for Love, her time seems not to be yet come.

When it is come, it will come with a vengeance, I hope.

Uncharitable man! said I, smiling.

Don't smile: I can't bear to see you smile: Why don't you be angry at me? — Angel of a creature! with his teeth again closed, don't smile; I cannot bear your bewitching smiles!

The man is out of his right mind, Mrs. Reeves. I don't choose to stay in his company.

I would have withdrawn. He besought me to stay; and stood between me and the door. I was angry.

He whimsically stamped — Obliging creature! — I besought you to forbear smiling — You frown — Do, God for-ever bless you, my dear Miss Byron, let me be favoured with another frown.

Strange man! and bold as strange! — I would have pressed to the door; but he set his back against it.

These are the airs, you know, Lucy, for which I used to shun him.

Pish! said I, vexed to be hindred from withdrawing.

Another, another such frown, said the confident man, and I am happy! — The last has left no trace upon your features: It vanished before I could well behold it. Another frown, I beseech you; another pish —

I was really angry. — Bear witness [looking around him] Bear witness! Once did Miss Byron endeavour to frown: And, to oblige whom? Her Greville!

Mr. Greville, you had better — I stopt. I was vexed. I knew not what I was going to say.

How better, madam! Am I not desperate? — But had I better? Say, repeat that again — Had I better — Better what?

The man's mad. O my cousins, let me never again be called to this man.

Mad! — And so I am. Mad for you. I care not who knows it. Why don't you hate me? He snatched at my hand; but I started back. You own that you never yet loved the man who loved you. Such is your gratitude! Say, you hate me.

I was silent, and turned from him peevishly.

Why then (as if I had said I did not hate him) say you love me; and I will look down with contempt upon the greatest prince on earth.

We should have had more of this — But the rap of consequence gave notice of the visit of a person of consideration. It was the baronet.

The devil pick his bones, said the shocking Greville. I shall not be civil to him.

He is not your guest, Mr. Greville, said I — afraid that something affronting might pass between two spirits so unmanageable; the one in an humour so whimsical, the other very likely to be moody.

True, true; replied he. I will be all silence and observation. But I hope you will not now be for retiring.

It would be too particular, thought I, if I am: Yet I should have been glad to do so.

The baronet paid his respects to every one in a very set and formal manner; nor distinguished me.

Silly, as vain! thought I: Handsome fop! to imagine thy displeasure of consequence to me!

Mr. Greville, said Sir Hargrave, the town I understand is going to lose you.

The town, Sir Hargrave, cannot be said to have found me.

How can a man of your gallantry and fortune find himself employment in the country, in the winter, I wonder? —

Very easily, when he has used himself to it, Hargrave, and has seen abroad in greater perfection, than you can have them here, the kind of diversions you all run after with so keen an appetite.

In greater perfection! I question that, Mr. Greville: And I have been abroad; tho' too early, I own, to make critical observations.

You may question it, Sir Hargrave; but I don't.

Have we not from Italy the most famous singers, Mr. Greville, and from thence and from France, for our money, the most famous dancers in the world?

No, Sir. They set too great a value in Italy, let me tell you, upon their finest voices, and upon their finest composers too, to let them turn strollers.

Strollers do you call them? Ha, ha, ha, hah! — Princely strollers, as we reward them! — and as to composers, have we not Handel?

There you say something, Sir Hargrave. But you have but one Handel in England. They have several in Italy.

Is it possible? said every one.

Let me die, said the baronet, with a forced laugh, if I am not ready to think that Mr. Greville has run into the fault of people of less genius than himself. He has

got such a taste for foreign diversions, that he cannot think tolerably of those of his own country, be they ever so excellent.

Handel, Sir Hargrave, is not an Englishman. But I must say, that of every person present, I least expected from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen this observation.

[He then returned the baronet's laugh, and not without an air of mingled anger and contempt.]

Nor I this taste for foreign performances and compositions from Mr. Greville; for so long time as thou hast been a downright country gentleman.

[Indeed, thought I to myself, you seem both to have changed characters. But I know how it comes about: Let one advance what he will, in the present humour of both, the other will contradict it. Mr. Greville knows nothing of music: What he said was from hearsay: And Sir Hargrave is no better grounded in it.]

A downright country gentleman! repeated Mr. Greville, measuring Sir Hargrave with his eye, and putting up his lip.

Why, pr'ythee now, Greville, thou What-shall-I-call thee; thou art not offended, I hope, that we are not all of one mind; Ha, ha, ha, hah!

I am offended at nothing you say, Sir Hargrave.

Nor I at any-thing you look, my dear; Ha, ha, ha, hah!

Yet his looks shewed as much contempt for Mr. Greville, as Mr. Greville's did for him. How easily might these combustible spirits have blown each other up! Mr. Reeves was once a little apprehensive of consequences from the airs of both.

Mr. Greville turned from Sir Hargrave to me: Well, Miss Byron, said he; but as to what we were talking about.

This he seemed to say, on purpose, as I thought by his air, to alarm the baronet.

I beg pardon, said Sir Hargrave; turning with a stiff air to me; I beg pardon, Miss Byron, if I have intruded —

We were talking of indifferent things, Sir Hargrave, answered I — Mere matters of pleasantry.

I was more in earnest than in jest, Miss Byron, replied Mr. Greville.

We all, I believe, thought you very whimsical, Mr. Greville, returned I.

What was sport to you, madam, is death to me.

Poor Greville! Ha, ha, ha, hah (affectedly laughed the baronet). But I know you are a joker. You are a man of wit [This a little softened Mr. Greville, who had begun to look grave upon Sir Hargrave] Come, pr'ythee, man, give thyself up to me for this night; and I will carry thee to a private concert, where none but choice spirits are admitted; and let us see if music will not divert these gloomy airs, that sit so ill upon the face of one of the liveliest men in the kingdom.

Music! Ay, if Miss Byron will give us a song, and accompany it with the harpsichord, I will despise all other harmony.

Every one joined in his request: And I was not backward to oblige them, as I thought the conversation bore a little too rough a cast, and was not likely to take a smoother turn.

Mr. Greville, who always enjoys any jest that tends to reflect on our Sex, begged me to sing that whimsical song set by Galliard, which once my uncle made me sing at Selby-house, in Mr. Greville's hearing. You were not there, Lucy, that day; and perhaps may not have the book, as Galliard is not a favourite with you.

CHLOE, by all the pow'rs above,
To Damon vow'd eternal Love.
A rose adorn'd her sweeter breast:
She on a leaf the vow imprest:
But Zephyr, by her side at play,
Love, vow, and leaf, blew quite away.

The gentlemen were very lively on the occasion; and encored it: But I told them, That as they must be better pleased with the jest on our Sex contained in it, than they could be with the music, I would not, for the sake of their own politeness, oblige them.

You will favour us, however, with your Discreet Lover, Miss Byron, said Mr. Greville. That is a song written entirely on your own principles.

Well then I will give you, said I, set by the same hand,

THE DISCREET LOVER.
Ye fair, that would be blest in Love,
Take your pride a little lower;
Let the swain whom you approve,
Rather like you, than adore.
Love, that rises into passion,
Soon will end in hate or strife:
But from tender inclination,
Flow the lasting joys of life.

These two light pieces put the gentlemen into good humour, and a deal of silly stuff was said to me, by way of compliment, on the occasion, by Sir Hargrave and Mr. Greville; not one word of which I believed.

The baronet went away first, to go to his concert. He was very cold in his behaviour to me at taking leave, as he had been all the time.

Mr. Greville soon after left us, intending to set out this morning.

He snatched my hand at going. I was afraid of a second savage freedom, and would have withdrawn it. — Only one sigh over it, but one sigh. Oh — ! said he, an Oh, half a yard long — and pressed it with his lips — But remember, madam, you are watched: I have half a dozen spies upon you; and the moment you find the man you can favour, up comes your Greville, cuts a throat, and flies his country.

He stopt at the parlour-door — One Letter, Miss Byron — Receive but one Letter from me.

No, Mr. Greville: But I wish you well.

Wishes! that, like the Bishop's blessing, cost you nothing. I was going to say No, for you: But you were too quick. It had been some pleasure, to have denied myself, and prevented the mortification of a denial from you.

He went away; every one wishing him a good journey, and speaking favourably of the odd creature. Mrs. Reeves, in particular, thought fit to say, that he was the most entertaining of all my Lovers: But if so, what is it they call entertaining? And what are those others, whom they call my Lovers?

The man, said I, is an immoral man: And had he not got above blushes, and above being hurt by Love, he could not have been so gay, and so entertaining, as you call it.

Miss Byron says true, said Mr. Reeves. I never knew a man who could make a jesting matter of the passion, in the presence of the object, so very deeply in Love, as to be hurt by a disappointment. There sits my saucebox. Did I ever make a jest of my Love to you, madam?

No indeed, Sir: Had I not thought you most deplorably in earnest, you had not had any of my pity.

Why look you there, now! That's a declaration in point. Either Mr. Orme, or Mr. Fowler, must be the happy man, Miss Byron.

Indeed, neither.

But why? They have both good estates. They both adore you. Sir Hargrave I see you cannot have. Mr. Greville dies not for you, tho' he would be glad to live with you. Mr. Fenwick is a still less eligible man, I think. Where can you be better, than with one of the two I have named?

You speak seriously, cousin: I will not answer lightly: But neither of those gentlemen can be the man: Yet I esteem them both because they are good men.

Well, but don't you pity them?

I don't know what to say to that: You hold, that Pity is but one remove from Love: And to say I pity a man who professes to love me, because I cannot consent to be his, carries with it, I think, an air of arrogance, and looks as if I believed he

must be unhappy without me, when, possibly, there may be hundreds of women, with any one of whom he might be more truly happy.

Well, this is in character from you, Miss Byron: But may I ask you now, Which of the two gentlemen, Mr. Orme, or Mr. Fowler, were you obliged to have one of them, would you choose?

Mr. Orme, I frankly answer. Have I not told Mr. Fowler so?

Well, then, what are your objections, may I ask, to Mr. Orme? He is not a disagreeable man in his person. You own that you think him a good man. His sister loves you; and you love her. What is your objection to Mr. Orme?

I don't know what to say. I hope I should perform my duty to the man to whom I shall give my vows, be he who he will: But I am not in haste to marry. If a single woman knows her own happiness, she will find that the time from eighteen to twenty-four is the happiest part of her life. If she stay till she is twenty-four, she has time to look about her, and if she has more Lovers than one, is enabled to choose without having reason, on looking back, to reproach herself for hastiness. Her fluttering, her romantic age (we all know something of it, I doubt) is over by twenty-four, or it will hold too long; and she is then fit to take her resolutions, and to settle. I have more than once hinted, that I should be afraid to engage with one who thinks too highly of me beforehand. Nothing violent can be lasting, and I could not bear, when I had given a man my heart with my hand (and they never shall be separated) that he should behave to me with less affection than he shewed to me before I was his. As I wish not now to be made an idol of, I may the more reasonably expect the constancy due to friendship, and not to be affronted with his indifference after I have given him my whole self. In other words, I could not bear to have my Love slighted; or to be despised for it, instead of being encouraged to shew it. And how shall extravagant passion warrant hopes of this nature — if the man be not a man of gratitude, of principle, and a man whose Love is founded in reason, and whose object is mind, rather than person?

But Mr. Orme, replied Mr. Reeves, is all this. Such, I believe, in his Love.

Be it so. But if I cannot love him so well as to wish to be his (a man, I have heard my uncle as well as Sir Hargrave, say, is his own; a woman is a man's); if I cannot take delight in the thought of bearing my part of the yoke with him; in the belief, that, in case of a contrariety of sentiments, I cannot give up my judgment, in points indifferent, from the good opinion I have of his; what, but a fondness for the state, and an irksomeness in my present situation, could biass me in favour of any man? Indeed, my cousin, I must love the man to whom I could give my hand, well enough to be able, on cool deliberation, to wish to be his wife; and for his sake (with my whole heart) choose to quit the single state, in which I am very happy.

And you are sure that your indifference to Mr. Orme is not either directly or indirectly owing to his obsequious Love of you; and to the milkiness of his nature, as Shakespeare calls it?

Very, sure! All the leaning towards him that I have in preference, as I think, to every other man who has beheld me with partiality, is, on the contrary, owing to the grateful sense I have of his respect to me, and to the gentleness of his nature. Does not my behaviour to Mr. Greville, to Mr. Fenwick, to Sir Hargrave, compared with my treatment of Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler, confirm what I say?

Then you are, as indeed, I have always thought you, a nonsuch of a woman.

Not so; your own Lady, whom you first brought to pity you, as I have heard you say, is an instance that I am not.

Well, that's true: But is she not, at the same time, an example, that pity melts the soul to Love?

I have no doubt, said Mrs. Reeves, but Miss Byron may be brought to love the man she can pity.

But, madam, said I, did you not let pity grow into Love before you married Mr. Reeves?

I believe I did; smiling.

Well then I promise you, Mr. Reeves, when that comes to be the case with me, I will not give pain to a man I can like to marry.

Very well, replied Mr. Reeves: And I dare say, that at last Mr. Orme will be the man. And yet how you will get off with Sir Hargrave, I cannot tell. For Lady Betty Williams, this very day, told me, That he declared to her, he was resolved you should be his. And she has promised him all her interest with you, and with us; and is astonished that you can refuse a man of his fortune and address, and who has many, very many, admirers, among people of the first rank.

The baronet is at the door. I suppose he will expect to see me.

Wednesday Afternoon.

SIR Hargrave is just gone. He desired to talk with me alone. I thought I might very well decline obligeing him, as he had never scrupled to say to me all he had a mind to say before my cousins; and as he had thought himself of consequence enough to behave moodily; and even made this request rather with an air of expectation, than of respect; and I accordingly desired to be excused. He stalked about. My cousins, first one, then the other, withdrew. His behaviour had not been so agreeable, as to deserve this compliance: I was vexed they did.

He offered, as soon as they were gone, to take my hand.

I withdrew it.

Madam (said he, very impertinently angry) you would not do thus to Mr. Greville: You would not do thus to any man but me.

Indeed, Sir, I would, were I left alone with him.

You see, madam, that I cannot forbear visiting you. My heart and soul are devoted to you. I own I have pride. Forgive me; it is piqued. I did not believe I should have been rejected by any Lady, who had no dislike to a change of condition; and was disengaged. You declare that you are so; and I am willing, I am desirous, to believe you. — And yet that Greville —

There he stopt, as expecting me to speak.

To what purpose, Sir Hargrave, do you expect an answer to what you hint about Mr. Greville? It is not my way to behave with incivility to any man who professes a regard for me —

Except to me, madam —

Self-partiality, Sir, and nothing else, could cause you to make this exception.

Well, madam, but as to Mr. Greville —

Pray, Sir Hargrave —

And pray, Miss Byron —

I have never yet seen the man who is to be my husband.

By G — said the wretch, fiercely (almost in the language of Mr. Greville on the like occasion) but you have — And if you are not engaged in your affections, the man is before you.

If this, Sir Hargrave, is all you wanted to say to me, and would not be denied saying it, it might have been said before my cousins. I was for leaving him.

You shall not go. I beg, madam, putting himself between me and the door.

What further would Sir Hargrave say [Standing still, and angry] What further would Sir Hargrave say?

Have you, madam, a dislike to matrimony?

What right have you, Sir, to ask me this question?

Do you ever intend to enter into the state?

Perhaps I may, if I meet with a man to whom I can give my whole heart.

And cannot that man be I? — Let me implore you, madam. I will kneel to you [And down he dropt on his knees]. I cannot live without you. For God’s sake, madam! Your pity, your mercy, your gratitude, your Love! I could not do this before any-body, unless assured of favour. I implore your favour.

Foolish man! It was plain, that this kneeling supplication was premeditated.

O Sir, what undue humility! — Could I have received your address, none of this had been necessary.

Your pity, madam, once more, your gratitude, your mercy, your Love!

Pray, Sir, rise — He swore by his God, that he would not, till I had given him hope —

No hope can I give you, Sir. It would be cheating, it would be deluding you, it would not be honest, to give you hope.

You objected to my morals, madam: Have you any other objection?

Need there any other?

But I can clear myself.

To God, and to your conscience, then do it, Sir: I want you not to clear yourself to me.

But, madam, the clearing myself to you, would be clearing myself to God, and my conscience.

What language is this, Sir? But you can be nothing to me: Indeed you can be nothing to me — Rise, Sir, rise; or I leave you.

I made an effort to go. He caught my hand; and arose — Then kissed it, and held it between both his.

For God's sake, madam —

Pray, Sir Hargrave —

Your objections? I insist upon knowing your objections. My person, madam — Forgive me, I am not used to boast — My person, madam —

Pray, Sir Hargrave.

— Is not contemptible. My fortune —

God bless you, Sir, with your fortune.

— Is not inconsiderable. My morals —

Pray, Sir Hargrave! Why this enumeration to me?

— Are as unexceptionable as those of most young men of fashion in the present age.

[I am sorry if this be true, thought I to myself.]

You have reason I hope, Sir, to be glad of that.

My descent —

Is honourable, Sir, no doubt.

My temper is not bad. I am thought to be a man of vivacity, and of chearfulness. — I have courage, madam — And this should have been seen, had I found reason to dread a competitor in your favour.

I thought you were enumerating your good qualities, Sir Hargrave.

Courage, madam, magnanimity in a man madam —

Are great qualities, Sir. Courage in a right cause, I mean. Magnanimity, you know, Sir, is greatness of mind.

And so it is; and I hope —

And I, Sir Hargrave, hope you have great reason to be satisfied with your-self. But it would be very grievous to me, if I had not the liberty so to act, so to govern myself, in essential points, as should leave me as well satisfied with my-self.

This, I hope, may be the case, madam, if you encourage my passion: And let me assure you, that no man breathing ever loved a woman as I love you. My person, my fortune, my morals, my descent my temper (a man in such a case as this may be allowed to do himself justice) all unexceptionable; let me die if I can account for your — your — your refusal of me in so peremptory, in so unceremonious a manner, slap-dash, as I may say, and not one objection to make, or which you will condescend to make!

You say, Sir, that you love me above all women: Would you, can you be so little nice, as to wish to marry a woman who does not prefer you to all men? — If you are, let me tell you, Sir, that you have assigned a reason against yourself, which I think I ought to look upon as conclusive.

I make no doubt, madam, that my behaviour to you after marriage, will induce you in gratitude as well as justice, to prefer me to all men.

Your behaviour after marriage, Sir! — Never will I trust to that, where —

Where what, madam?

No need of entering into particulars, Sir. You see that we cannot be of the same mind. You, Sir Hargrave, have no doubt of your merit —

I know, madam, that I should make it the business as well as pleasure of my life, to deserve you.

You value yourself upon your fortune, Sir —

Only, as it gives me power to make you happy.

Riches never yet, of themselves, made any-body happy. I have already as great a fortune as I wish for. You think yourself polite —

Polite, madam! — And I hope —

The whole of what I mean, Sir Hargrave, is this: You have a very high opinion of yourself: You may have reason for it; since you must know yourself, and your own heart, better than I can pretend to do. But would you, let me ask you, make choice of a woman for a wife, who frankly owns, that she cannot think so highly, as you imagine she ought to think of you? — In justice to yourself, Sir —

By my Soul, madam, haughtily, you are the only woman who could thus —

Well, Sir, perhaps I am. But will not this singularity convince you, that I can never make you happy, nor you me? You tell me, that you think highly of me; but if I cannot think so highly of you, pray, Sir, let me be intitled to the same freedom in my refusal that governs you in your choice.

He walked about the room; and gave himself airs that shewed greater inward than even outward emotion.

I had a mind to leave him; yet was not willing to withdraw abruptly, intending, and hoping, to put an end to all his expectations for the future. I therefore in a manner asked for leave to withdraw.

I presume, Sir, that nothing remains to be said but what may be said before my cousins. And, courtesying, was going.

He told me, with a passionate air, that he was halfdistracted; and complained of the use I made of the power I had over him. And as I had near opened the door, he threw himself on his knees to me against it, and undesignedly hurt my finger with the lock.

He was grieved. I made light of it, tho' in pain, that he might not have an opportunity to flourish upon it, and to shew a tenderness which I doubt is not very natural to him.

How little was I affected with his kneeling, to what I was with the same posture in Sir Rowland! Sir Hargrave supplicated me as before. I was forced, in answer, to repeat some of the same things that I had said before.

I would fain have parted civilly. He would not permit me to do so. Though he was on his knees, he mingled passion, and even indirect menaces, with his supplications. I was forced to declare, that I never more would receive his visits.

This declaration he vowed would make him desperate, and he cared not what became of him.

I often begged him to rise; but to no purpose, till I declared that I would stay no longer with him: And then he arose, rapt out an oath or two; again called me proud and ungrateful; and followed me into the other room to my cousins. He could hardly be civil to them: he walked two or three turns about the room: At last, Forgive me, Mr. Reeves: Forgive me, Mrs. Reeves, said he, bowing to them; more stiffly to me — And you forbid my future visits, madam, said he, with a face of malice.

I do, Sir; and that for both our sakes. You have greatly discomposed me.

Next time, madam, I have the honour of attending you, it will be, I hope — [He stopt a moment, but still looking fiercely] to an happier purpose. And away he went.

Mr. Reeves was offended with him, and discouraged me not in my resolution to avoid receiving his future visits. You will now, therefore, hear very little farther in my Letters of this Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

And yet I wish I do not see him very soon. But it will be in company enough, if I do: At the Masquerade, I mean, to-morrow night; for he never misses going to such entertainments.

OUR dresses are ready. Mr. Reeves is to be an Hermit; Mrs. Reeves a Nun; Lady Betty a Lady Abbess: But I by no means like mine, because of its gaudiness: The very thing I was afraid of.

They call it the dress of an Arcadian Princess: But it falls not in with any of my notions of the Pastoral dress of Arcadia.

A white Paris net sort of cap, glittering with spangles, and incircled by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a little white feather perking from the left ear, is to be my head-dress.

My masque is Venetian.

My hair is to be complimented with an appearance, because of its natural ringlets, as they call my curls, and to shade my neck.

Tucker and ruffles blond lace.

My shape is also said to be consulted in this dress. A kind of waistcoat of blue satten trimmed with silver Point d'Espagne, the skirts edged with silver fringe, is made to sit close to my waist by double clasps, a small silver tassel at the ends of each clasp; all set off, with bugles and spangles, which make a mighty glitter.

But I am to be allowed a kind of scarf of white Persian silk; which gathered at the top, is to be fastened to my shoulders, and to fly loose behind me.

Bracelets on my arms.

They would have given me a crook; but I would not submit to that. It would give me, I said an air of confidence to aim to manage it with any tolerable freedom; and I was apprehensive, that I should not be thought to want that from the dress itself. A large Indian fan was not improper for the expected warmth of the place; and that contented me.

My petticoat is of blue satten, trimmed and fringed as my waistcoat. I am not to have an hoop that is perceivable. They wore not hoops in Arcadia.

What a sparkling figure shall I make! Had the Ball been what they call a Subscription Ball, at which people dress with more glare, than at a common one, this dress would have been more tolerable.

But they all say, that I shall be kept in countenance by masques as extravagant, and even more ridiculous.

Be that as it may, I wish the night were over. I dare say, it will be the last diversion of this kind I ever shall be at; for I never had any notion of masquerades.

Expect particulars of all in my next. I reckon you will be impatient for them. But pray, my Lucy, be fanciful, as I sometimes am, and let me know how you think every-thing will be beforehand; and how many Pretty-fellows you imagine, in this dress, will be slain by

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. REEVES, TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ

Friday, Feb. 17.

Dear Mr. Selby,

NO one, at present, but yourself, must see the contents of what I am going to write.

You must not be too much surprised.

But how shall I tell you the news; the dreadful news? — My wife has been since three this morning in violent hysterics upon it.

You must not — But how shall I say, You must not, be too much affected, when we are unable to support ourselves?

O my cousin Selby! — We know not what is become of our dearest Miss Byron!

I will be as particular as my grief and surprize will allow. There is a necessity for it, as you will find.

Mr. Greville, as I apprehend — But to particulars first.

We were last night at the Ball in the Hay-market.

The chairmen who carried the dear creature, and who as well as our chairmen, were engaged for the night, were inveigled away to drink somewhere. They promised Wilson, my cousin's servant, to return in half an hour.

It was then but little more than twelve.

Wilson waited near two hours, and they not returning, he hired a chair to supply their place.

Between two and three, we all agreed to go home. The dear creature was fatigued with the notice every-body took of her. Every-body admired her. She wanted to go before; but Lady Betty prevailed on her to stay a little longer.

I waited on her to her chair, and saw her in it before I attended Lady Betty and my wife to theirs.

I saw that neither the chair, nor the chairmen, were those who brought her. I ask'd the meaning; and receiv'd the above particulars after she was in the chair.

She hurried into it because of her dress, and being warm; and no less than four gentlemen following her to the very chair.

It was then near three.

I order'd Wilson to bid the chairmen stop when they had got out of the croud, till Lady Betty's chair, and mine, and my wife's, joined them.

I saw her chair move, and Wilson with his lighted slambeaux before it; and the four masques who follow'd her to the chair return into the house.

When our servants could not find that her chair had stopt, we supposed that in the hurry, the fellow heard not my orders; and directed our chairmen to proceed; not doubting but we should find her got home before us.

We had before agreed to be carried directly home; declining Lady Betty's invitation to resume our own dresses at her house, where we dressed for the Ball.

We were very much surprised at finding her not arrived: But concluding that, by mistake, she was carried to Lady Betty's, and was there expecting us, we sent thither immediately.

But, good God! what was our consternation, when the servants brought us word back, that Lady Betty had not either seen or heard of her!

Mr. Greville, as I apprehend —

But let me give you all the lights on which I ground my surmises.

Last night Lady Betty Williams had an hint given her, as she informed me at the Masquerade, that Mr. Greville, who took leave of my cousin on Tuesday evening in order to set out for Northamptonshire the next morning, was neither gone, nor intended to go; being, on the contrary, resolved to continue in town perdue, in order to watch my cousin's visitors.

He had indeed told her, that she would have half a dozen spies upon her; and threw out some hints of jealousy of two of her visitors.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in an Harlequin dress was at the Ball: He soon discover'd our lovely cousin, and, notwithstanding his former ill-nature on being rejected by her, addressed her with the politeness of a man accustomed to public places.

He found me out at the side-board a little before we went off; and ask'd me, if I had not seen Mr. Greville there? I said, No.

He ask'd me, If I had not observed a mask distinguished by a broad-brim'd half-slouched hat, with a high flat crown, a short black cloak, a dark lantern in his hand, holding it up to every one's masque; and who, he said, was saluted by every-body as Guido Vaux? That person he said was Mr. Greville.

I did indeed observe this person; but recollected not, that he had the air of Mr. Greville; but thought him a much more bulky man. But that, as he intended to have it supposed he had left the town, might be easily managed.

Mr. Greville, you know, is a man of enterprize.

He came to town, having professedly no other material business but to give obstruction to my cousin's visitors. He saw she had two new ones. He talk'd at first of staying in town, and partaking of its diversions, and even of bespeaking a new equipage.

But all of a sudden, tho' expecting Mr. Fenwick would come up, he pretended to leave the town, and to set out directly for Northamptonshire, without having obtained any concession from my cousin in his favour.

Laying all these circumstances together, I think it is hardly to be doubted, but Mr. Greville is at the bottom of this black affair.

You will therefore take such steps on these lights as your prudence will suggest to you. If Mr. Greville is not come down — If Mr. Fenwick — What would I say?

The less noise, however, the affair makes, till we can come at certainty, the better.

How I dread what that certainty may be! — Dear creature!

But I am sure you will think it adviseable to keep this dreadful affair from her poor grandmother. And I hope your good lady — Yet her prudent advice may be necessary.

I have six people out at different parts of the town, who are to make enquiries among chairmen, coachmen, &c.

Her new servant cannot be a villain — What can one say? — What can one think?

We have sent to his sister, who keeps an inn in Smithfield. She has heard nothing of him.

I have sent after the chairmen who carried her to this cursed Masquerade. Lady Betty's chairmen, who had provided the chairs, know them, and their number. They are traced with a fare from White's to Berkeley-square.

Something may be discovered by means of those fellows, if they were tamper'd with. They are afraid, I suppose, to come to demand their but half-earned money. Woe be to them if they come out to be rascals!

I had half a suspicion of Sir Hargrave, as well from the character given us of him by a friend of mine, as because of his unpolite behaviour to the dear creature on her rejecting him: And sent to his house in Cavendish-square, to know if he were at home; and if he were, at what time he returned from the Ball.

Answer was brought, that he was in bed, and they supposed would not be stirring till dinner-time; when he expected company: And that he returned not from the Ball till between four and five this morning.

We sent to Mr. Greville's lodgings. He has actually discharged them; and the people think (as he told them so) that he is set out for the country. But he is master of contrivances enough to manage this. There can be no thought that he would give out otherwise to them, than he did to us. Happy! had we sound him not gone.

Mr. Greville must be the man!

You will be so good, as to dispatch the bearer instantly with what information can be got about Mr. Greville.

Ever, ever Yours! ARCHIBALD REEVES.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. SELBY, TO ARCHIBALD REEVES, ESQ IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

Saturday, Feb. 28.

O Mr. Reeves! — Dear sweet child! — Flower of the world! —

But how could I keep such dreadful tidings within my own breast? —

How could I conceal my consternation! — My wife saw it. She would know the cause of it.

I could not tell her the fatal news — Fatal news indeed! It will be immediate death to her poor grandmother —

We must keep it from her as long as we can! — But keep it from her! — And is the dearest creature spirited away? — O Mr. Reeves! —

I gave my wife your letter. She fainted away, before she had read it thro'.

Masquerades, I have generally heard said, were more silly than wicked: But they are now, I am convinced, the most profligate of all diversions.

Almost distracted, cousin! — You may well be so: We shall all be quite distracted — Dear, dear creature! What may she not have suffered by this time?

Why parted we with such a Jewel out of your sight!

You would not be denied: You would have her to that cursed town.

Some damn'd villain, to be sure! — Greville it is not.

Greville was seen late last night, alighting at his own house from a post-chaise. He had no-body with him.

In half an hour, late as it was, he sent his compliments to us to let us know that he had left the dear child well, and (in his usual stile) happier than she would make him. He knows that our lives are bound up in hers.

Find out where she is: And find her safe and well: Or we will never forgive those who were the cause of her going to London.

Dear soul! She was over-persuaded! — She was not fond of going!

The sweetest, obliging creature! — What is now become of her! — What by this time may she not have suffered! —

Search every-where — But you will, no doubt! — Suspect every-body — This Lady Betty Williams — Such a plot must have a woman in it. Was she not Sir Hargrave's friend? — This Sir Hargrave! — Greville it could not be. Had we not the proof I mention'd, Greville, bad as he is, could not be such a villain.

The first moment you have any tidings, bad or good, spare no expence —

GREVILLE was this moment here.

We could not see him. We did not let him know the matter.

He is gone away, in great surprize, on the servants telling him that we had received some bad news, which made us unfit to see any-body. The servants could not tell him what: Yet they all guess by your livery, and by our grief, that something has befallen their beloved young lady. They are all in tears — And they look at us, when they attend us, with such inquisitive, yet silent grief — We are speechless before them; and tell them our wills by motions, and not by words.

Good God! — After so many happy years! — Happy in ourselves! to be at last in so short a time made the most miserable of wretches!

But this had not been, if — But no more — Good God of heaven, what will become of my poor aunt Shirley! — Lucy, Nancy, will go distracted — But no more — Hasten your next — And for give this distracted letter. I know not what I have written. But I am

Yours, GEORGE SELBY.

LETTER XXV.

MR. REEVES, TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ IN CONTINUATION OF LETTER XXIII.

LADY Betty's chairmen have found out the first chairmen.

The fellows were made almost dead drunk. They are sure something was put into their liquor. They have been hunting after the footmen, who enticed them, and drank them down. They describe their livery to be brown, trimmed and turned up with yellow; and are in the service of a merchant's relict, who lives either in Mark-lane, or Mincing-lane; they forgot which; but have not yet been able to find them out. Their lady, they said, was at the Masquerade. They were very officious to scrape acquaintance with them. We know not any-body who gives this livery: So no lights can be obtained by this part of the information. A cursed deep-laid villainy — The fellows are resolved, they say, to find out these footmen, if above-ground; and the chairmen who were hired on their failure.

Every hour we have one messenger or other returning with something to say; but hitherto with nothing to the purpose. This has kept me within. O Mr. Selby, I know not what to direct! I know not what to do! I send them out again as fast as they return: Yet rather shew my despair, than my hope.

Surely this villainy must be Mr. Greville's. Tho' I have but just dispatched away my servant to you, I am impatient for his return.

I will write every hour, as any-thing offers, that I may have a letter ready to send you by another man, the moment we hear any-thing. And yet I expect not to hear any thing material, but from you.

We begin to suspect the servant (that Wilson) whom my cousin so lately hired. Were he clear of the matter, either he or the chairmen he hired, must have been heard of. He would have returned. They could not all three be either murdered or secreted.

These cursed Masquerades! — Never will I —

O Mr. Selby! Her servant is, must be a villain! Sarah, my dear cousin's servant (My poor wife can think of nothing. She is extremely ill) Sarah took it into her head to have the specious rascal's trunk broke open. It felt light, and he had talk'd, but the night before, of his stock of cloaths and linen, to the other servants. There was nothing of value found in it; not of six-pence value. The most specious villain, if a villain. Every-body liked him. The dear creature herself was pleased with him. He knew every-thing and every-body. — Cursed be he for his adroitness and knowlege! We had made too many enquiries after a servant for her.

Eleven o'Clock.

I AM just returned from Smithfield. From the villain's sister. He comes out to be a villain — This Wilson I mean — A practised villain!

The woman shook her head at the enquiry which I made, half out of breath, after what was become of him. She was afraid, she said, that all was not right: But was sure her brother had not robbed.

He had been guilty, I said, of a villainy, that was a thousand times worse than robbery.

She was inquisitive about it; and I hinted to her what it was.

Her brother, she said, was a young man of parts and understanding, and would be glad, she was sure, of getting a livelihood by honest services. It was a sad thing that there should be such masters in the world, as would put servants upon bad practices.

I ask'd after the character of that Bagenhall, whose service her brother last lived in? and imprudently I threatened her brother.

Ah, Sir! was all the answer she made, shaking her head.

I repeated my question, Who was that Bagenhall? —

Excuse me, Sir, said she. I will give no other answer, till I hear whether my brother's life may be in danger or not. She abhorred, she said, all base practices as much as any-body could do; and she was sorry for the Lady, and for me.

I then offer'd to be the making of her brother, were it possible to engage him before any violence was done to the Lady. I ask'd, If she knew where to send to him?

Indeed she did not. She dared to say, she should not hear of him for one while. Whenever he had been drawn in to assist in any out-of-the-way pranks [See, Mr. Selby, a practised villain!] he kept away from her till all was blown over. Those who would take such steps, she feared, would by this time have done the mischief.

How I raved!

I offered her money, a handsome sum, if she would tell me what she knew of that Begenhall, or of any of her brother's employers: But she refused to say one word more, till she knew whether her brother's life were likely to be affected or not.

I left her, and hastened home, to enquire after what might have happened in my absence. But will soon see her again, in hopes she may be wrought upon to drop some hints, by which something may be discover'd — But all this time, What may be the fate of the dear sufferer! — I cannot bear my own thoughts!

Lady Betty is inexpressibly grieved —

I have dispatched a man and horse (God knows to what purpose) to a friend I have at Reading, to get him to enquire after the character of this Bagenhall. There is such a man, and he is a man of pleasure, as, Sir John Allestree informs me — Accursed villain, this Wilson! He could not bear with his master's constant bad hours, and profligate course of life, as he told our servants, and Mrs. Sarah! — Spacious impostor!

One o'Clock.

LADY Betty's chairmen have sound out, and they brought with them, one of the fellows whom that vile Wilson hired. The other was afraid to come. I have secured this fellow: Yet he seems to be ingenuous; and I have promised, that if he prove innocent, he shall be rewarded instead of punish'd; and the two chairmen, on this promise, are gone to try to prevail upon his partner to come, were it but to release the other, as both insisted upon their innocence.

And now will you be impatient to know what account this fellow gives.

O Mr. Selby! The dear, dear creature — But before I can proceed, I must recover my eyes.

Two o'Clock.

THIS fellow's name is Macpherson. His partner's Mc Dermot. This is Macpherson's account of the matter.

Wilson hired them to carry this young Lady to Paddington — To Paddington! A vile dog! —

They objected distance and danger; the latter, as Macpherson owns, to highten the value of the service.

As to the danger, Wilson told him, they would be met by three others of his fellow-servants, armed, at the first fields: And as to the distance, they would be richly rewarded; and he gave them a crown a piece earnest, and treated them besides with brandy.

To prevent their curiosity, and entirely to remove their difficulties, the villain told them, that his young Lady was an heiress, and had agreed to go off from the Masquerade with her lover: But that the gentleman would not appear to them till she came to the very house, to which she was to be conveyed.

She thinks, said the hellish villain, that she is to be carried to May-Fair Chapel, and to be married directly; and that the minister (unseasonable as the hour is) will be there in readiness. But the gentleman, who is a man of the utmost honour, intends first to try whether he cannot obtain her friend's consent. So when she finds her way lengthened, proceeded the vile wretch, she will perhaps be frightened, and will ask me questions. I would not for the world disoblige her; but here she must be cheated for her own sake; and when all is over, will value me the

more for the innocent imposture. But whatever orders she may give you, observe none but mine, and follow me. You shall be richly rewarded, repeated the miscreant. Should she even cry out, mind it not: She is full of fears, and hardly holds in one mind for an hour together.

He further cautioned them not to answer any questions which might possibly be ask'd of them, by the person who should conduct his young Lady to her chair; but refer to himself: And in case any other chairs were to go in company with hers, he bid them fall behind, and follow his flambeaux.

Macpherson says, that she drew the curtains close (because of her dress, no doubt) the moment I had lest her, after seeing her in the chair.

The fellows thus prepossessed and instructed, speeded away, without stopping for our chairs. Yet the dear creature must have heard me give that direction.

They had carried her a great way before she called out; and then she called three times before they would hear her: At the third time they stopt, and her servant asked her commands. Where am I, William, said she? Just at home, madam, answered he. Surely you have taken a strange round-about way. We are come about, said the rascal, on purpose to avoid the croud of chairs and coaches.

They proceeded onwards, and were joined by three men, as Wilson had told them they would; but they fansied one of them to be a gentleman; for he was muffled up in a cloak, and had a silver-hilted sword in his hand: But he spoke not: He gave no directions: And all three kept aloof, that they might not be seen by her.

At Maribone, she again called out; William, William, said she, with vehemence: The Lord have mercy upon me! Where are you going to carry me? Chairmen, stop! Stop, chairmen! Set me down! — William! — Call my servant, chairmen! —

Dear soul! Her servant! Her devil!

The chairmen called him. They lifted up the head. The side-curtains were still undrawn, and Mc.Dermot stood so close, that she could not see far before her. Did you not tell me, said the villain to them, that it was not far about? — See how you have frighted my Lady! — Madam, we are now almost at home.

They proceeded with her, saying, they had indeed mistaken their way; but they were just there; and hurried on.

She then undrew the side-curtains — Good God of heaven protect me! they heard her say — I am in the midst of fields — They were then at Lissom-Green.

They heard her pray; and Macpherson said, He began then to conclude, that the Lady was too much frighten'd, and too pious, to be in a love-plot.

But, nevertheless, backoned by their villainous guide, they hurried on: And then she screamed out, and happening to see one of the three men, she begg'd his

help for God's sake.

The fellow blustered at the chairmen, and bid them stop. She asked for Grosvenor-street. She was to be carried, she said, to Grosvenor-street.

She was just there, that fellow said — It can't be, Sir! It can't be! — Don't I see fields all about me? — I am in the midst of fields, Sir.

Grosvenor-Square, madam, reply'd that villain; the trees and garden of Grosvenor-Square.

What a strange way have you come about, cry'd her miscreant! And then trod out his flambeaux; while another fellow took the chairmens lantern from them; and they had only a little glimmering star-light to guide them.

She then, poor dear soul! screamed so dismally, that Macpherson said, it went to his heart to hear her. But they followed Wilson, who told them they were just landed, that was his word, he led them up a long garden-walk, by a back-way. One of the three men having got before, opened the garden-door, and held it in his hand; and by the time they got to the house to which the garden seemed to belong, the dear creature ceased screaming.

They too well saw the cause, when they stopt with her. She was in a fit.

Two women, by the assistance of the person in the cloak, helped her out, with great seeming tenderness. They said something in praise of her beauty, and expressed themselves concerned for her, as if they were afraid she was past recovery: Which apparently startled the man in the cloak.

Wilson entered the house with those who carried in the dear creature; but soon came out to the chairmen. They say the man in the cloak (who hung about the villain, and hugg'd him, as in joy) give the rascal money; who then put a guinea into each of their hands; and conveyed them thro' the garden again, to the door at which they entered; but refused them light even so much as that of their own candle and lantern. However he sent another man with them, who led them over rough and dirty by-ways into a path that pointed London-ward; but plainly so much about with design to make it difficult for them to find out the place again.

THE other fellow is brought hither: He tells exactly the same story

I ask'd of both, what sort of man he in the cloak was: But he so carefully muffled himself up, and so little appeared to them, either walking after them, or at the house, that I could gain no light from their description.

On their promise to be forth-coming, I have suffered them to go with Lady Betty's chairmen to try if they can trace out their own footsteps, and find the place.

How many hopeless things must a man do, in an exigence, who knows not what is right to be done!

I HAVE enquired of Lady Betty, Who it was that told her, Mr. Greville was not gone out of town; but intended to lie perdue; and she named her informant. I ask'd how the discourse came in? She own'd, a little awkwardly. I ask'd whether that Lady knew Mr. Greville? She could not say whether she did, or not.

I went to that Lady: Mrs. Preston, in New Bondstreet. She had her intelligence, she told me, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; who had hinted to her, that he should take such notice of Mr. Greville, as might be attended with consequences; and she was the readier to intimate this to Lady Betty, in order to prevent mischief.

Now, Mr. Selby, as the intimation that the dark lantern figure at the Masquerade was Mr. Greville, came from Sir Hargrave, and nobody else; and we saw nothing of him ourselves; how do we know — And yet Mr. Greville intended that we should believe him to be out of town — Yet even that intimation came from Sir Hargrave — And furthermore, was it not likely that he would take as much care to conceal himself from Sir Hargrave, as from us? — But I will go instantly to Sir Hargrave's house. He was to dine at home, and with company. If I cannot see him; If he should be absent — But no more till I return.

O MR. Selby! I believe I have wrong'd Mr. Greville. The dear soul, I am afraid, is fallen into even worse hands than his.

I went to Sir Hargrave's house. He was not at home. He was at home. He had company with him. He was not to be spoken with. These were the different answers given me by his porter, with as much confusion, as I had impatience; and yet it was evident to me, that he had his lesson given him. In short, I have reason to think, that Sir Hargrave came not home all night. The man in the cloak, I doubt, was he. Now does all that Sir John Allestree said of the malicious wickedness of this devilish man, and his arrogant behaviour to our dear Miss Byron, on her rejecting him, come fresh into my memory. And is she, can she be, fallen into the power of such a man? — Rather, much rather, may my first surmises prove true. Greville is surely (exceptionable as he is) a better man, at least, a better-natured man, than this; and he can have no thoughts less honourable than marriage: But this villain, if he be the villain — I cannot, I dare not pursue the thought.

THE four chairmen are just returned. They think they have found the place; but having gained some intelligence (intelligence which distracts me!) they hurried back for directions.

They had asked a neighbouring alehouse-keeper, if there were not a long garden (belonging to the house they suspected) and a back-door out of it to a dirty lane and fields. He answered in the affirmative. The front of this house faces the road.

They called for some hot liquors; and asked the landlord after the owners. He knew nothing of harm of them, he said. They had lived there near a twelvemonth

in reputation. The family consisted of a widow, whose name is Awberry, her son and two daughters. The son (a man of about thirty years of age) has a place in the Custom-house, and only came down on a Saturday, and went up on Monday. But an odd circumstance, he said, had alarmed him that very morning.

He was at first a little shy of telling what it was. He loved, he said, to mind his own business: What other people did was nothing to him: But, at last, he told them, that about six o'clock in the morning he was awaken'd by the trampling of horses; and looking out of his window, saw a chariot-and-six, and three or four men on horseback at the widow Awberry's door. He got up. The footmen and coachmen were very hush, not calling for a drop of liquor, tho' his doors were open: A rare instance, he said, where there were so many men-servants together, and a coachman one of them. This, he said, could not but give a greater edge to his curiosity.

About seven o'clock, one of the widow's daughters came to the door, with a lighted candle in her hand, and directed the chariot to drive up close to the house. The alehouse-keeper then slipt into an arbour-like porch, next door to the widow's; where he had not been three minutes before he saw two persons come to the door; the one a tall gentleman in laced cloaths, who had his arms about the other, a person of middling stature, wrapt up in a scarlet cloak; and resisting, as one in great distress, the other's violence, and begging not to be put into the chariot, in a voice and accent, that evidently shewed it was a woman.

The gentleman made vehement protestations of honour; but lifted the Lady into the chariot. She struggled, and seemed to be in agonies of grief; and on being lifted in, and the gentleman going in after her, she screamed out for help; and he observed in the struggling, that she had on, under her cloak, a silverlaced habit [The Masquerade habit, no doubt!] Her screaming grew fainter and fainter, and her voice sounded to him, as if her mouth were stopped. And the gentleman seemed to speak high, as if he threatened her.

Away drove the chariot. The servants rode after it.

In about half an hour, a coach and four came to the widow's door; the widow and her two daughters went into it, and it took the same road.

The alehouse-keeper had afterwards the curiosity to ask the maid-servant, an ignorant country wench, whither her mistresses went so early in the morning? She answered they were gone to Windsor, or that way, and would not return, she believed, in a week.

O this damn'd Sir Hargrave! He has a house upon the forest. I have no doubt but he is the villain. Who knows what injuries the dear creature might have sustained before she was forced into the chariot? — God give me patience! Dear

soul! Her prayers! Her struggling! Her crying out for help! Her mouth stopt! — O the villain!

I have ordered as many men and horses as two of my friends can furnish me with, to be added to two of my own (we shall be nine in all) to get ready with all speed. I will pursue the villain to the world's end, but I will find him.

Our first course shall be to his house at Windsor. If we find him not there, we will proceed to that Bagenhall's, near Reading.

It would be but lesing time, were I to go now to Paddington. And when the vile widow and her daughters are gone from home, and only an ignorant wench left, what can we learn of her more than is already told to us?

I have, however, accepted Lady Betty's offer of her steward's going with the two chairmen, to get what farther intelligence he can from Paddington, against my return.

I shall take what I have written with me, to form from it a letter less hurrying, less alarming, for your perusal, than this that I have written at such snatches of time, and under such dreadful uncertainties, would be to you, were I to send it; that is to say, if I have time, and if I am able to write with any certainty — O that dreaded certainty!

At four in the morning the six men I borrow, and myself, and two of my servants, well armed, are to rendezvous at Hyde-Park Corner. It is grievous that another night must pass. But so many people cannot be got together as two or three might.

My poor wife has made me promise to take the assistance of peace-officers, where-ever I find either the villain, or the suffering angel.

Where the road parts, we shall divide, and enquire at every turnpike; and shall agree upon our places of meeting.

I am harassed to death: But my mind is the greatest sufferer.

O MY dear Mr. Selby! We have tidings — God be praised, we have tidings — Not so happy indeed as were to be wished: Yet the dear creature is living, and in honourable hands — God be praised!

Read the inclosed Letter directed to me.

SIR,

MISS Byron is in safe and honourable hands.

The first moment she could give any account of herself, she besought me to quiet your heart, and your Lady's, with this information.

She has been cruelly treated.

Particulars, at present, she cannot give.

She was many hours speechless.

But don’t fright yourselves: Her fits, tho’ not less frequent, are weaker and weaker.

The bearer will acquaint you who my Brother is; to whom you owe the preservation and safety of the loveliest woman in England; and he will direct you to a house where you will be welcome with your Lady (for Miss Byron cannot be removed) to convince yourselves that all possible care is taken of her, by, Sir,

Your humble Servant, CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

Friday, Feb. 17.

In fits! — Has been cruelly treated! — Many hours speechless! — Cannot be removed! — Her solicitude, tho’ hardly herself, for our ease! — Dearest, dear creature! — But you will rejoice with me, my cousins, that she is in such honourable hands.

What I have written must now go. I have no time to transcribe.

I have sent to my two friends to let them know, that I shall not have occasion for their peoples assistance.

She is at a nobleman’s house, the Earl of L. near Colnebrooke.

My wife, harassed and fatigued in mind as she has been on this occasion, and poorly in health, wanted to go with me: But it is best first for me to see how the dear creature is.

I shall set out before day, on horseback. My servant shall carry with him a portmanteau of things, ordered by my wife. My cousin must have made a strange appearance in her Masquerade dress, to her deliverer.

The honest man who brought the Letter [He looks remarkably so; but had he a less agreeable countenance, he would have been received by us as an angel, for his happy tidings] was but just returned from Windsor, whither he had been sent early in the morning, to transact some business, when he was dispatched away to us with the welcome Letter. He could not therefore be so particular as we wished him. What he gathered was from the housekeeper; the men-servants, who were in the fray [A fray there was!] being gone to town with their master. But what we learnt from him, is, briefly, as follows:

His master is Sir Charles Grandison; a gentleman who has not been long in England. I have often heard mention of his father, Sir Thomas, who died not long ago. This honest man knew not when to stop in his master’s praise. He gives his young Lady also an excellent character.

Sir Charles was going to town in his chariot-and-six when he met (most happily met!) our distressed cousin.

Sir Hargrave is the villain.

I am heartily sorry for suspecting Mr. Greville.

Sir Charles had earnest business in town; and he proceeded thither, after he had rescued the dear creature, and committed her to the care of his sister. — God for ever bless him!

The vile Sir Hargrave, as the servant understood, was wounded. Sir Charles it seems was also hurt. Thank God it was so slightly, as not to hinder him from pursuing his journey to town after the glorious act.

I would have given the honest man a handsome gratuity: But he so earnestly besought me to excuse him, declaring that he was under an obligation to the most generous of masters to decline all gifts, that I was obliged to withdraw my hand.

I will speed this away by Richard Fennell. I will soon send you farther particulars by the post: Not unhappy ones, I hope.

Excuse, mean time, all that is amiss in a Letter the greatest part of which was written in such dreadful uncertainty, and believe, that I will be

Ever Yours, AECHIBALD REEVES.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. REEVES, TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ

Sat. Feb. 18.

Dear Sir,

I AM just returned from visiting my beloved cousin. You will be glad of every minute particular, as I can give it to you, relating to this shocking affair; and to her protector and his sister. There are not such another brother and sister in England.

I got to the hospitable mansion by nine this morning. I enquired after Miss Byron's health; and, on giving in my name, was shewn into a handsome parlour, elegantly furnished.

Immediately came down to me a very agreeable young Lady; Miss Grandison. I gave her a thousand thanks for the honour of her Letter, and the joyful information it had given me of the safety of one so deservedly dear to us.

She must be an excellent young Lady, answered she, I have just left her — You must not see her yet —

Ah, madam, said I, and looked surprised and grieved, I believe —

Don't affright yourself, Sir. Miss Byron will do very well. But she must be kept quiet. She has had a happy deliverance — She —

O madam, interrupted I, your generous, your noble brother —

Is the best of men, Mr. Reeves: His delight is in doing good. — And, as to this adventure, it has made him, I am sure, a very happy man.

But is my cousin, madam, so ill, that I cannot be allowed to see her for one moment?

She is but just come out of a fit. She fell into it in the relation she would have made of her story, on mentioning the villain's name by whom she has suffered. She could give only broken and imperfect accounts of herself all day yesterday, or you had heard from me sooner. When you see her, you must be very cautious of what you say to her. We have a skilful physician, by whose advice we proceed.

God for ever bless you, madam!

He has not long left her. He advises quiet. She has had a very bad night. Could she compose herself, could she get a little natural rest, the cure is performed. Have you breakfasted, Sir?

Breakfasted, madam! My impatience to see my cousin allowed me not to think of breakfast.

You must breakfast with me, Sir. And when that is over, if she is tolerable, we will acquaint her with your arrival, and go up together. I read your impatience, Sir: We will make but a very short breakfasting. I was just going to breakfast.

She rang. It was brought in.

I longed, I said, as we sat at tea, to be acquainted with the particulars of the happy deliverance.

We avoid asking any questions that may affect her. I know very little of the particulars myself. My brother was in haste to get to town. The servants that were with him at the time, hardly dismounted: He doubted not but the Lady (to whom he referred me for the gratifying my curiosity) would be able to tell me everything. But she fell into fits, and, as I told you, was so ill, on the recollection of what she had suffered —

Good God! said I, what must the dear creature have suffered!

— That we thought fit to restrain our curiosity, and so must you, till we see Sir Charles. I expect him before noon.

I am told, madam, that there was a skirmish. I hope Sir Charles —

I hope so too, Mr. Reeves, interrupted she. I long to see my brother as much as you can do to see your cousin — But on my apprehensions, he assured me upon his honour, that he was but very slightly hurt. Sir Charles is no qualifier, Sir, when he stakes his honour, be the occasion either light or serious.

I said, I doubted not but she was very much surprised at a Lady's being brought in by Sir Charles, and in a dress so fantastic.

I was, Sir. I had not left my chamber: But hastened down at the first word, to receive and welcome the stranger. My maid, out of breath, burst into my room — Sir Charles, madam, beseeches you this moment to come down. He has saved a Lady from robbers (that was her report) a very fine Lady! and is come back with her. He begs that you will come down this instant.

I was too much surprised at my brother's unexpected return, and too much affected with the Lady's visible grief and terror, to attend to her dress, when I first went down. She was sitting, dreadfully trembling, and Sir Charles next her, in a very tender manner, assuring her of his and of his sister's kindest protection. I saluted her, continued the Lady: Welcome, welcome, thrice welcome to this house, and to me —

She threw herself on one knee to me. Distress had too much humbled her. Sir Charles and I raised her to her seat. You see before you, madam, said she, a strange creature; and looked at her dress: But I hope you will believe I am an innocent one. This vile appearance was not my choice. Fie upon me! I must be thus dressed out for a Masquerade: Hated diversion! I never had a notion of it. Think not hardly, Sir, turning to Sir Charles, her hands clasped and held up, of her

whom you have so generously delivered. Think not hardly of me, madam, turning to me: I am not a bad creature. That vile, vile man! — She could say no more.

Charlotte, said my brother, you will make it your first care to raise the spirits of this injured beauty: Your next, to take her directions, and inform her friends of her safety. Such an admirable young Lady as this, cannot be missed an hour, without exciting the fears of all her friends for her. I repeat, madam, that you are in honourable hands. My sister will have pleasure in obliging you.

She wished to be conveyed to town; but looking at her dress, I offered her cloaths of mine; and my brother said, if she were very earnest, and thought herself able to go, he would take horse, and leave the chariot, and he was sure that I would attend her thither.

But before she could declare her acceptance of this offer, as she seemed joyfully ready to do, her spirits failed her, and she sunk down at my feet.

Sir Charles just staid to see her come to herself; and then — Sister, said he, the Lady cannot be removed. Let Dr. Holmes be sent for instantly. I know you will give her your best attendance. I will be with you before noon to-morrow. The Lady is too low, and too weak, to be troubled with questions now. Johnson will be back from Windsor. Let him take her commands to any of her friends. Adieu, dear madam — [Your cousin, Sir, seemed likely to faint again] Support yourself. Repeating, You are in safe and honourable hands; bowing to her, as she bowed in return: but spoke not — Adieu, Charlotte: And away went the best of brothers.

And God Almighty bless him, said I, where-ever he goes!

Miss Grandison then told me, that the house I was in belonged to the Earl of L. who had lately married her elder sister: About three months ago, they set out, she said, to pay a visit to my Lord's estate and relations in Scotland, for the first time, and to settle some affairs there: They were expected back in a week or fortnight: She came down but last Tuesday, and that in order to give directions for everything to be prepared for their reception. It was happy for your cousin, said she, that I obtained the favour of my brother's company; and that he was obliged to be in town this morning. He intended to come back to carry me to town this evening. We are a family of love, Mr. Reeves. We are true brothers and sisters — But why do I trouble you with these things now? We shall be better acquainted. I am charmed with Miss Byron.

She was so good as to hurry the breakfast; and when it was over, conducted me up stairs. She bid me stay at the door, and stept gently to the bed-side and opening the curtain, I heard the voice of our cousin.

Dear madam, what trouble do I give! were her words.

Still talk of trouble, Miss Byron! answered Miss Grandison, with an amiable familiarity; you will not forbear — Will you promise me not to be surprised at the

arrival of your cousin Reeves?

I do promise — I shall rejoice to see him.

Miss Grandison called to me. I approached, and catching my cousin's held-out hand, Thank God, thank God, best beloved of an hundred hearts! said I, that once more I behold you! that once more I see you in safe and honourable hands! — I will not tell you what we have all suffered.

No, don't, said she — You need not — But, O my cousin! I have fallen into the company of angels.

Forbear, gently patting her hand, forbear these high flights, said the kind Lady, or I shall beat my charming patient. I shall not think you in a way to be quite well, till you descend.

She whispered me, that the doctor had expressed fears for her head, if she were not kept quiet. Then raising her voice, Your cousin's gratitude, Mr. Revees, is excessive. You must allow me, smiling, to beat her. When she is well, she shall talk of angels, and of what she pleases.

But, my dear Mr. Selby, we who know how her heart overflows with sentiments of gratitude, on every common obligation, and even on but intentional ones, can easily account for the high sense she must have of those she lies under for such a deliverance from the brother, and of such kind treatment from the sister, both absolute strangers, till her distresses threw her into their protection.

I will only ask my dear Miss Byron one question, said I (forgetting the caution given me below by Miss Grandison) Whether this villain, by his violence — [meant marriage, I was going to say] But interrupting me, You shall not, Mr. Reeves, said Miss Grandison, smiling, ask half a question, that may revive disagreeable remembrances. Is she not alive, and here, and in a way to be well? Have patience till she is able to tell you all.

My cousin was going to speak: My dear, said the Lady, you shall not answer Mr. Reeves's question, if it be a question that will induce you to look backward. At present you must look only forward. And are you not in my care, and in Sir Charles Grandison's protection?

I have done, madam, said I, bowing — The desire of taking vengeance —

Hush, Mr. Revees! — Surely! — Smiling, and holding her finger to her lip.

It is a patient's duty, said my cousin to submit to the prescriptions of her kind physician: But were I ever to forgive the author of my distresses, it must be for his being the occasion of bringing me into the knowlege of such a Lady: And yet to lie under the weight of obligations that I never can return — Here she stopt.

I took this as a happy indication that the last violence was not offered: If it had, she would not have mentioned forgiving the author of her distress.

As to what you say of obligation, Miss Byron, returned Miss Grandison, let your heart answer for mine, had you and I changed situation. And if, on such a supposition, you can think, that your humanity would have been so extraordinary a matter, then shall you be at liberty, when you are recovered, to say a thousand fine things: Till when, pray be silent on this subject.

Then turning to me, See how much afraid your cousin Byron is of lying under obligation. I am afraid she has a proud heart: Has she not a very proud heart, Mr. Reeves?

She has a very grateful one, madam, replied I.

She turned to my cousin: Will you, Miss Byron, be easy under the obligations you talk of, or will you not?

I submit to your superiority, madam, in every-thing, replied my cousin; bowing her head.

She then asked me, if I had let her friends in the country know of this shocking affair?

I had suspected Mr. Greville, I said; and had written in confidence to her uncle Selby —

O my poor grandmamma — O my good aunt Selby, and my Lucy — I hope —

Miss Grandison interposed, humorously interrupting — I will have nothing said that begins with O. Indeed, Miss Byron, Mr. Reeves, I will not trust you together — Cannot you have patience —

We both asked her pardon. My cousin desired leave to rise — But these odious cloaths, said she —

If you are well enough, child, replied Miss Grandison, you shall rise, and have no need to see those odious cloaths, as you call them. I told them Mrs. Reeves had sent her some of her cloaths. The portmanteau was ordered to be brought up.

Then Miss Grandison, sitting down on the bed by my cousin, took her hand; and, feeling her pulse, Are you sure, my patient, that you shall not suffer if you are permitted to rise? Will you be calm, serene, easy? Will you banish curiosity? Will you endeavour to avoid recollection?

I will do my endeavour, answered my cousin.

Miss Grandison then rung, and a maid-servant coming up, Jenny, said she, pray give your best assistance to my lovely patient. But be sure don't let her hurry her spirits. I will lead Mr. Reeves into my dressing-room. And when you are dressed, my dear, we will either return to you here, or expect you to join us there, at your pleasure.

And then she obligingly conducted me into her dressing-room; and excused herself for refusing to let us talk of interesting subjects. I am rejoiced, said she, to find her more sedate and composed than hitherto she has been. Her head has been

greatly in danger. Her talk, for some hours, when she did talk, was so wild and incoherent, and she was so full of terror, on every one's coming in her sight, that I would not suffer any-body to attend her but myself.

I left her not, continued Miss Grandison, till eleven; and the housekeeper, and my maid, sat up in her room all the rest of the night.

I arose before my usual time to attend her. I slept not well myself. I did nothing but dream of robbers, rescues, and murders: Such an impression had the distress of this young Lady made on my mind.

They made me a poor report, proceeded she, of the night she had passed. And, as I told you, she fainted away this morning a little before you came, on her endeavouring to give me some account of her affecting story.

Let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, I am as curious as you can be, to know the whole of what has befallen her. But her heart is tender and delicate. Her spirits are low; and we must not pull down with one hand, what we build up with the other: My brother also will expect a good account of my charge.

I blessed her for her goodness. And finding her desirous of knowing all that I could tell her, of our cousin's character, family, and Lovers, I gave her a brief history, which extremely pleased her. Good God! said she, what a happiness is it, that such a Lady, in such a distress, should meet with a man as excellent, and as much admired, as herself! My brother, Mr. Reeves, can never marry but he must break half a score hearts. Forgive me, that I bring him in, whenever any good person, or thing, or action, is spoken of. Every-body, I believe, who is strongly possessed of a subject, makes every-thing seen, heard, or read of, that bears the least resemblance, turn into and illustrate that subject.

But here I will conclude this Letter, in order to send it by the post. Besides, I have been so much fatigued in body and mind, and my wife has also been so much disturbed in her mind, that I must give way to a call of rest.

I will pursue the subject, the now agreeable subject, in the morning; and perhaps shall dispatch what I shall farther write, as you must be impatient for it, by an especial messenger.

Sir Rowland was here twice yesterday, and once today. My wife caused him to be told, that Miss Byron, by a sudden call, has been obliged to go a little way out of town for two or three days.

He proposes to set out for Caermarthen the beginning of next week. He hoped he should not be denied taking his corporal leave of her.

If our cousin has a good day to-morrow, and no return of her fits, she proposes to be in town on Monday. I am to wait on her, and Sir Charles and his sister, at breakfast on Monday morning, and to attend her home; where there will be joy indeed, on her arrival.

Pray receive for yourself, and make for me to your Lady, and all friends, my compliments of congratulation.

I have not had either leisure or inclination to enquire after the villain, who has given us all this disturbance.

Ever, ever yours, ARCHIBALD REVEES.

Saturday Night.

LETTER XXVII.

FROM MR. REEVES, TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandison went to my cousin, to see how she bore rising, supposing her near dressed.

She soon returned to me. The most charming woman, I think, said she, I ever saw! But she trembles so, that I have persuaded her to lie down. I answered for you, that you would stay dinner.

I must beg excuse, madam. I have an excellent wife. She loves Miss Byron as her life: She will be impatient to know —

Well, well, well, say no more, Mr. Reeves: My brother has redeemed one prisoner, and his sister has taken another: And glad you may be, that it is no worse.

I bowed, and looked silly, I believe.

You may look, and beg, and pray, Mr. Reeves. When you know me better, you'll find me a very whimsical creature: But you must stay to see Sir Charles. Would you go home to your wife with half your errand? She won't thank you for that, I can tell you, let her be as good a woman as the best. But, to comfort you, we give not into every modern fashion, We dine earlier, than most people of our condition. My brother, tho' in the main above singularity, will, nevertheless, in things he thinks right, be govern'd by his own rules, which are the laws of reason and convenience. You are on horseback; and, were I you, such good news as I should have to carry, considering what might have happened, would give me wings, and make me fly thro' the air with it.

I was about to speak: Come, come, I will have no denial, interrupted she: I shall have a double pleasure, if you are present when Sir Charles comes, on hearing his account of what happened. You are a good man, and have a reasonable quantity of wonder and gratitude, to heighten a common case into the marvellous. So sit down, and be quiet.

I was equally delighted and surprised at her humorous raillery; but could not answer a single word. If it be midnight before you will suffer me to depart, thought I, I will not make another objection.

While this amiable Lady was thus entertaining me, we heard the trampling of horses — My brother! said she, I hope! — He comes! pardon the fondness of a sister, who speaks from sensible effects — A father and a brother in one!

Sir Charles entered the room. He addressed himself to me in a most polite manner. Mr. Reeves! said he, as I understand from below — Then turning to his

sister, Excuse me Charlotte. I heard this worthy gentleman was with you: And I was impatient to know how my fair guest —

Miss Byron is in a good way, I hope, interrupted she, but very weak and low-spirited. She arose and dressed; but I have prevailed on her to lie down again.

Then turning to me, with a noble air, he both welcomed and congratulated me.

Sir Charles Grandison is indeed a fine figure. He is in the bloom of youth. I don't know that I have ever seen an handsomer or genteeler man. Well might his sister say, that if he married, he would break half a score hearts. O this vile Pollexfen! thought I, at the moment; Could he draw upon, has he hurt, such a man as this?

After pouring out my acknowlegements, in the name of several families, as well as my own, I could not but enquire into the nature of the hurt he had received.

A very trifle! — My coat only was hurt, Mr. Reeves. The skin of my left shoulder raked a little, putting his hand upon it.

Thank God, said I: Thank God, said Miss Grandison — But so near! — O the villain! what might it have been! —

Sir Hargrave, pent up in a chariot, had great disadvantage. My reflexions on the event of yesterday, yield me the more pleasure, as I have, on enquiry, understood that he will do well again, if he will be ruled. I would not, on any account, have had his instant death to answer for. But no more of this just now. Give me the particulars of the young Lady's state of health. I left her in a very bad way. — You had advice?

Miss Grandison gave her brother an account of all that had been done; and of every-thing that had passed since he went away; as also of the character and excellencies of the Lady whom he had rescued.

I confirmed what she said in my cousin's favour; and he very gratefully thanked his sister for her care, as a man would do for one the nearest and dearest to him.

We then besought him to give an account of the glorious action, which had restored to all that knew her, the darling of our hearts.

I will relate all he said, in the first person, as nearly in his own words as possible; and will try to hit the coolness with which he told the agreeable story.

'You know, sister, said he, the call I had to town. It was happy, that I yielded to your importunity to attend you hither.

'About two miles on this side Hounslow, I saw a chariot-and-six driving at a great rate. I also had ordered Jerry to drive pretty fast.

'The coachman seemed inclined to dispute the way with mine. This occasioned a few moments stop to both. I ordered my coachman to break the way.

I don’t love to stand upon trisles. My horses were fresh: I had not come far.

‘The curtain of the chariot we met, was pulled down. I saw not who was in it. But on turning out of the way, I knew by the arms it was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen’s.

‘There was in it a gentleman, who immediately pulled up the canvas.

‘I saw, however, before he drew it up, another person, wrapt up in a man’s scarlet cloak.

‘For God’s sake! help, help! cried out the person: For God’s sake help!

‘I ordered my coachman to stop.

‘Drive on, said the gentleman; cursing his coachman: Drive on when I bid you.

‘Help! again cried she, but with a voice as if her mouth was half stopt.

‘I called to my servants on horseback to stop the position of the other chariot. And I bid Sir Hargrave’s coachman proceed at his peril.

‘Sir Hargrave called out on the contrary side of the chariot (his canvas being still up on that next me) with vehement execrations to drive on.

‘I alighted, and went round to the other side of the chariot.

‘Again the Lady endeavoured to cry out. I saw Sir Hargrave struggle to pull over her mouth an handkerchief, which was tied round her head. He swore outrageously.

‘The moment she beheld me, she spread out both her hands For God’s sake —

‘Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, said I, by the arms. — You are engaged, I doubt, in a very bad affair.

‘I am Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and am carrying a fugitive wife — Your own wife, Sir Hargrave! —

‘Yes, by G — , said be; and she was going to elope from me at a damn’d Masquerade — See! drawing aside the cloak, detected in the very dress!

‘O no, no, no! said the Lady —

‘Proceed, coachman, said he, and cursed and swore —

‘Let me ask the Lady a question, Sir Hargrave.

‘You are impertinent, Sir. Who the devil are you?

‘Are you, madam, Lady Pollexfen? said I.

‘O no! no! no! — was all she could say —

‘Two of my servants came about me; a third held the head of the horse on which the postilion sat.

‘Three of Sir Hargrave’s approached on their horses; but seemed as if afraid to come too near, and parley’d together.

‘Have an eye to those fellows, said I. Some base work is on foot. You’ll presently be aided by passengers. Sirrah, said I to the coachman (forhelash’d the horses on) proceed at your peril.

‘Sir Hargrave then, with violent curses and threatenings, ordered him to drive over every one that opposed him.

‘Coachman, proceed at your peril, said I. Madam, will you —

‘O Sir, Sir, Sir, relieve, help me for God’s sake! I am in a villain’s hands! Trick’d, vilely trick’d, into a villain’s hands. Help, help, for God’s sake!

‘Do you, said I, to Frederick, cut the traces, if you cannot otherwise stop this chariot. Bid Jerry cut the reins; and then seize as many of those fellows as you can. Leave Sir Hargrave to me.

‘The lady continued screaming and crying out for help.

‘Sir Hargrave drew his sword, which he had held between his knees in the scabbard; and then called upon his servants to fire at all that opposed his progress.

‘My servants, Sir, Hargrave, have fire-arms as well as yours. They will not dispute my orders. Don’t provoke me to give the word.

‘Then addressing the Lady, Will you, madam, put yourself into my protection?

‘O yes, yes, yes, with my whole heart — Dear good Sir, protect me!

‘I opened the chariot-door. Sir Hargrave made a pass at me. Take that, and be damn’d to you, for your insolence, scoundrel! said he.

‘I was aware of his thurst, and put it by; but his sword a little raked my shoulder.

‘My sword was in my hand; but undrawn.

‘The chariot-door remaining open (I was not so ceremonious, as to let down the foot-step to take the gentleman out) I seized him by the collar before he could recover himself from the pass he had made at me; and with a jerk, and a kind of twist, laid him under the hind-wheel of his chariot.

‘I wrench’d his sword from him, and snapp’d it, and flung the two pieces over my head.

‘His coachman cried out for his master. Mine threatened his if he stirred. The postilion was a boy. My servant had made him dismount, before he joined the other two, whom I had ordered aloud to endeavour to seize (but my view was only to terrify) wretches, who, knowing the badness of their cause, were before terrified.

‘Sir Hargrave’s mouth and face were very bloody. I believe I might hurt him with the pommel of my sword.

‘One of his legs, in his sprawling, had got between the spokes of his chariot-wheel. I thought that was a fortunate circumstance for preventing further mischief; and charged his coachman not to stir with the chariot for his master’s sake.

‘He cried out, cursed, and swore. I believe he was bruised with the fall. The jerk was violent, So little able to support an offence, Sir Hargrave, upon his own

principles, should not have been so ready to give it.

‘I had not drawn my sword: I hope I never shall be provoked to do it in a private quarrel. I should not however, have scrupled to draw it, on such an occasion as this, had there been an absolute necessity for it.

‘The Lady, though greatly terrified, had disengaged herself from the man’s cloak. I had not leisure to consider her dress; but I was struck with her figure, and more with her terror.

‘I offered my hand. I thought not now of the foot-step, any more than I did before: She not of any-thing, as it seemed, but her deliverance.

‘Have you not read, Mr. Reeves (Pliny, I think, gives the relation) of a frighted bird, that, pursued by an hawk, flew for protection into the bosom of a man passing by?

‘In like manner your lovely cousin, the moment I returned to the chariot-door, instead of accepting of my offered hand, threw herself into my arms. — O save me! save me! — She was ready to faint. She could not, I believe, have stood.

‘I carried the lovely creature round Sir Hargrave’s horses, and seated her in my chariot Be assured, madam, said I, that you are in honourable hands. I will convey you to my sister, who is a young Lady of honour and virtue.

‘She look’d out at one window, then at the other, in visible terror, as if fearing still Sir Hargrave. Fear nothing, said I: I will attend you in a moment. I shut the chariot-door.

‘I then went backward a few paces (keeping, however, the Lady in my eye) to see what had become of my servants.

‘It seems, that at their first coming up pretty near with Sir Hargrave’s horsemen, they presented their pistols.

‘What shall we do, Wilkins, or Wilson, or some such name, said one of Sir Hargrave’s men to another, all three of them on their defence? Fly for it, answered the fellow. We may swing for this. I see our master down. There may be murder.

‘Their consciences put them to slight.

‘My servants pursued them a little way; but were returning to support their master, just as I had put the lady into my chariot.

‘I saw Sir Hargrave at a distance, on his legs, supported by his coachman. He limped, leaned his whole weight upon his servant; and seemed to be in agonies.

‘I bid one of my servants tell him who I was.

‘He cursed me, and threatened vengeance. He cursed my servants; and still more outrageously his own scoundrels, as he called them.

‘I then stept back to my chariot.

‘Miss Byron had, thro’ terror, sunk down at the bottom of it; where she lay panting, and could only say, on my approach, Save me! Save me!

‘I re-assured her. I listed her on the seat; and brought her to my sister. And what followed, I suppose, Charlotte, bowing to her, you have told Mr. Reeves.’

We were both about to break out in grateful applauses; but Sir Charles, as if designing to hinder us, proceeded.

‘You see, Mr. Reeves, what an easy conquest this was. You see what a small degree of merit falls to my share. The violator’s conscience was against him. The consciences of his fellows were on my side. My own servants are honest worthy men. They love their master. In a good cause I would set any three of them against six who were engag’d in a bad one. Vice is the greatest coward in the world, when it knows it will be resolutely oppos’d. And what have good men, engaged in a right cause, to fear,?’

What an admirable man is Sir Charles Grandison! — Thus thinking! Thus acting!

I explained to Sir Charles who this Wilson was, whom the others consulted and were directed by: and what an implement in this black transaction.

To what other man’s protection in the world, Mr. Selby, could our kinswoman have been obliged, and so little mischief followed?

Sir Hargrave, it seems, returned back to town. What a recreant figure, my dear Mr. Selby, must he make, even to himself! — A villain!

Sir Charles says, that the turnpike-men at Smallbury Green told his servants, on their attending him to town after the happy rescue, a formidable story of a robbery committed a little beyond Hounslow by half a dozen villains on horseback, upon a gentleman in a chariot and six; which had passed thro’ that turnpike but half an hour before he was a tacked; and that the gentleman, about an hour and half before Sir Charles went thro’, returned to town, wounded, for advice; and they heard him groan as he passed through the turnpike.

I should add one circumstance, said Sir Charles: Do you know, Charlotte, that you have a rake for your brother? — A man on horseback, it seems, came to the turnpike-gate, whilst the turnpike-men were telling my servants this story. Nothing in the world, said he, but two young rakes in their chariots-and-six, one robbing the other of a lady. I, and two other passengers, added the man, stood aloof to see the issue of the affair. We expected mischief: And some there was. One of the by-standers was the better for the fray; for he took up a silver-hilted sword, broken in two pieces, and rode off with it.

Sir Hargrave, said Sir Charles, smiling, might well give out that he was robbed; to lose such a prize as Miss Byron, and his sword besides.

I asked Sir Charles, If it were not advisable to take measures with the villain?

He thought it best, he said, to take as little notice of the affair as possible, unless the aggressor stirr'd in it. Masquerades, added he, are not creditable places for young ladies to be known to be insulted at them. They are diversions that fall not in with the genius of the English commonalty. Scandal will have something to say from that circumstance, however causeless. But miss Byron's story, told by herself, will enable you to resolve upon your future measures.

So, Sir Charles seems not to be a friend to Masquerades.

I think, were I to live an hundred years, I never would go to another. Had it not been for Lady Betty — She has, indeed, too gay a turn for a woman of forty, and a mother of children. Miss Byron, I dare say, will be afraid of giving the lead to her for the future. But, excepting my wife and self, nobody in town has suffered more than Lady Betty on this occasion. Indeed she is, I must say, an obliging, wellmeaning woman: And she also declares (so much has she been affected with Miss Byron's danger, of which she takes herself to be the innocent cause) that she will never again go to a Masquerade.

I long to have Miss Byron's account of this horrid affair. — God grant, that it may not be such a one, as will lay us under a necessity — But as our cousin has a great notion of female delicacy — I know not what I would say — We must have patience a little while longer.

Miss Grandison's eyes shone with pleasure all the time her brother was giving his relation.

I can only say, my brother, said she, when he had done, that you have rescued an angel of a woman; and you have made me as happy by it, as yourself.

I have a generous sister, Mr. Reeves, said Sir Charles.

Till I knew my brother, Mr. Reeves, as I now know him, I was an inconsiderate, unreflecting girl. Good and evil which immediately affected not my self, were almost alike indifferent to me. But he has awakened in me a capacity to enjoy the true pleasure that arises from a benevolent action.

Depreciate not, my Charlotte, your own worth. Absence, Mr. Reeves, endears. I have been long abroad. Not much above a year returned: But when you know us better, you will find I have a partial sister.

Mr. Reeves will not then think me so. But I will go and see how my fair patient does.

She went accordingly to my cousin.

O Sir Charles, said I, what an admirable woman is Miss Grandison!

My sister Charlotte, Mr. Reeves, is indeed, an excellent woman. I think myself happy in her. But I tell her sometimes, that I have still a more excellent sister. And it is no small instance of Charlotte's greatness of mind, that she herself will allow me to say so.

Just then came in the ladies: The two charming creatures entered together, Miss Grandison supporting my trembling cousin: But she had first acquainted her, that she would find Sir Charles in her dressing room.

She look'd indeed lovely, tho' wan, at her first entrance: But a fine glow overspread her cheeks, at the sight of her deliverer.

Sir Charles approached her, with an air of calmness and serenity, for fear of giving her emotion. She cast her eyes upon him, with a look of the most respectful gratitude.

I will not oppress my fair guest with many words: But permit me to congratulate you, as I hope I may, on your recovered spirits — Allow me, madam —

And he took her almost motionless hand, and conducted her to an easy chair that had been set for her. She sat down, and would have said something; but only bowed to Sir Charles, to Miss Grandison, and me; and reclined her head against the check of the chair.

Miss Grandison held her salts to her.

She took them into her own hands, and smelling to them, raised her head a little: Forgive me, madam! Pardon me, Sir! — O my cousin, to me — How can I — So oppressed with obligations! — Such goodness! — No words! — My gratitude! — My full heart! —

And then she again reclined her head, as giving up hopelesly the effort she made to express her gratitude.

You must not, madam, said Sir Charles, sitting down by her, over-rate a common benefit. — Dear Miss Byron (Permit me to address myself to you, as of long acquaintance) by what Mr. Reeves has told my sister, and both have told me, I must think yesterday one of the happiest days of my life. I am sorry that our acquaintance has begun so much at your cost: But you must let us turn this evil appearance into real good. I have two sisters: The world produces not more worthy women. Let me henceforth boast that I have three: And shall I not then have reason to rejoice in the event that has made so lovely an addition to my family?

Then taking her passive hand with the tenderness of a truly affectionate brother, consoling a sister in calamity, and taking his sister's, and joining both; Shall I not, madam, present my Charlotte to a sister? And will you not permit me to claim as a brother under that relation? — Our Miss Byron's christian name, Mr. Reeves?

Harriet, Sir.

My sister Harriet, receive and acknowlege your Charlotte. My Charlotte —

Miss Grandison arose and saluted my cousin; who look'd at Sir Charles with reverence, as well as gratitude; at Miss Grandison with delight; and at me with eyes lifted up. And, after a little struggle for speech; How shall I bear this goodness! said she — This indeed is bringing good out of evil! — Did I not say, my cousin, that I was fallen into the company of angels?

I was afraid she would have fainted.

We must endeavour, Mr. Reeves, said Sir Charles to me, to lessen the sense our Miss Byron has of her past danger, in order to bring down to reasonable limits, the notion she has of her obligation for a common relief.

Miss Grandison ordered a few drops on Sugar — You must be orderly, my sister Harriet, said she. Am I not your elder sister? My elder sister makes me do what she pleases.

Oh! Madam! said my cousin —

Call me not Madam; call me your Charlotte. My brother has given me and himself a sister — Will you not own me?

How can an heart bowed down by obligation, and goodness never to be returned, rise to that lovely familiarity, by which the obligers so generously distinguish themselves? My lips and my heart, I will be so bold as to say, ever went together: But how — And yet so sweetly invited, My — My — My Charlotte (withdrawing her hand from Sir Charles, and clasping both her arms round Miss Grandison's neck, the two worthiest bosoms of the sex joining as one) take your Harriet, person and mind — May I be found worthy, on proof, of all this goodness!

LADY Betty has just left us. I read to her what I have written since my visit to Colnebrooke. She shall not, she says, recover her eyes for a week to come.

The women, Mr. Selby, are ever looking forward on certain occasions. Lady Betty and my wife extended their wishes so far, as that they might be able to call Miss Grandison and our Miss Byron sisters; but by a claim that should exclude Sir Charles as a brother to one of them.

Should Sir Charles — But no more on this subject — Yet one word more: When the ladies had mention'd it, I could not help thinking that this graceful and truly fine gentleman seems to be the only man, whom our cousin has yet seen, that would meet with no great difficulty from her on such an application.

But Sir Charles has a great estate, and still greater expectations from my Lord W. His sister says, he would break half a score hearts, were he to marry — So for that matter would our Miss Byron. But once more — Not another word however on this subject.

I stayed to dine with this amiable brother and sister. My cousin exerted herself, to go down, and sat at table for one half-hour: But changing countenance, once or

twice, as she sat, Miss Grandison would attend her up, and make her lie down. I took leave of her, at her quitting the table.

On Monday I hope to see her once more among us.

If our dear Miss Byron cannot write, you will perhaps have one letter more, my dear Mr. Selby, from

Your ever-affectionate ARCHIBALD REEVES.

My servant is this moment returned with your letter. Indeed, my dear Mr. Selby, there are two or three passages in it, that would have cut me to the heart , had not the dear creature been so happily restored to our hopes.

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. REEVES. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday Night, Feb. 20.

I WILL write one more letter, my dear cousin Selby, and then I will give up my pen to our beloved cousin.

I got to Colnebrooke by nine this morning. I had the pleasure to find our Miss Byron recovered beyond my hopes. She had a very good night on Saturday; and all Sunday, she said, was a cordial day to her from morning till night; and her night was quiet and happy.

Miss Grandison staid at home yesterday to keep my cousin company. Sir Charles passed the greatest part of the day in the library. The two ladies were hardly ever separated. My cousin expresses herself in raptures whenever she speaks of this brother and sister. Miss Grandison, she says (and indeed every one must see it) is one of the frankest and most communicative of women. Sir Charles appears to be one of the most unreserved of men, as well as one of the most polite. He makes not his guests uneasy with his civilities: But you see freedom and ease in his whole deportment; and the stranger cannot doubt but Sir Charles will be equally pleased with freedom and ease, in return. I had an encouraging proof of the justness of this observation this morning from him, as we sat at breakfast. I had expressed myself, occasionally, in such a manner, as shewed more respect than freedom: My dear Mr. Reeves, said he, kindred minds will be intimate at first sight. Receive me early into the list of your friends; I have already numbered you among mine. I should think amiss of myself, if so good a man as I am assured Mr. Reeves is, should by his distance shew a diffidence of me, that would not permit his mind to mingle with mine.

Miss Grandison, my cousin says, put her on relating to her, her whole history; and the histories of the several persons and families to whom she is related.

Miss Byron concluding as well as I, that Sir Charles would rather take his place in the coach, than go on horseback to town; and being so happily recovered, as not to give us apprehension about her bearing tolerably the little journey, I kept my horse in our return, and Sir Charles went in the coach. This motion coming from Miss Byron, I rallied her upon it when I got her home: But she won’t forgive me, if she knows that I told you, whose the motion was. And yet the dear creature’s eyes sparkled with pleasure when she had carried her point.

I was at home near half an hour before the coach arrived; and was a welcome guest.

My dear Mrs. Reeves told me she had expected our arrival before dinner, and hoped Sir Charles and his sister would dine with us. I hoped so too, I told, her.

I found there Lady Betty and Miss Clements, a favourite of us all, both impatiently waiting to see my cousin.

Don't be jealous, Mr. Reeves, said my wife, if after what I have heard of Sir Charles Grandison, and what he has done for us, I run to him with open arms.

I give you leave my dear to love him, replied I; and to express your love in what manner you please.

I have no doubt, said Lady Betty, that I shall break my heart, if Sir Charles takes not very particular notice of me.

He shall have my prayers as well as my praises, said Miss Clements.

She is acquainted with the whole shocking affair.

When the coach stopt, and the bell rung, the servants contended who should first run to the door. I welcomed them at the coach. Sir Charles handed out Miss Byron, I Miss Grandison: Sally, said my cousin, to her raptured maid, take care of Mrs. Jenny.

Sir Charles was received by Mrs. Reeves, as I expected. She was almost speechless with joy. He saluted her: But I think, as I tell her, the first motion was hers. He was then obliged to go round; and my cousin, I do assure you, looked as if she would not wish to have been neglected.

As soon as the ladies could speak, they poured out their blessings and thanks to him; and to Miss Grandison; whom, with a most engaging air, he presented to each lady; and she, as engagingly, saluted her sister Harriet by that tender relation, and congratulated them, and Miss Byron, and herself, upon it; kindly bespeaking a family relation for herself thro' her dear Miss Byron, were her words.

When we were seated, my wife and Lady Betty wanted to enter into the particulars of the happy deliverance, in praise of the deliverer; but Sir Charles interrupting them, My dear Mrs. Reeves, said he, you cannot be too careful of this jewel. Every-thing may be trusted to her own discretion; but how can we well blame the man who would turn thief for so rich a treasure? I do assure you, my sister Harriet (Do you know, Mrs. Reeves, that I have found my third sister? Was she not stolen from us in her cradle?) that if Sir Hargrave will repent, I will forgive him for the sake of the temptation.

Mrs. Reeves was pleased with this address, and has talked of it since.

I never can forgive him, Sir, said Miss Byron, were it but —

That he has laid you under such an obligation, said Miss Grandison, patting her hand with her fan, as she sat over-against her: But hush, child! You said that before! — And then turning to Mrs. Reeves, Has not our new-found sister a very proud heart, Mrs. Reeves?

And, dearest Miss Grandison, reply'd my smiling, delighted cousin, did you not ask that question before?

I did, child, I did; but not of Mrs. Reeves — A compromise however — Do you talk no more of obligation, and I'll talk no more of pride.

Charlotte justly chides her Harriet, said Sir Charles. What must the man have been that had declined his aid in a distress so alarming? Not one word more therefore upon this subject.

We were all disappointed, that this amiable brother and sister excused themselves from dining with us. All I mean of our own family; for Lady Betty and Miss Clements, not being able to stay, were glad they did not.

They took leave, amidst a thousand grateful blessings and acknowledgements; Miss Grandison promising to see her sister Harriet very soon again; and kindly renewing her wishes of intimacy.

When they went away, There goes your heart, Miss Byron, said Mrs. Reeves.

True, answered Miss Byron, if my heart have no place in it for any-thing but gratitude, as I believe it has not.

Miss Grandison, added she, is the most agreeable of women —

And Sir Charles, rejoined Mrs. Reeves, archly, is the most disagreeable of men.

Forbear, cousin, reply'd Miss Byron, and blush'd.

Well, well, said Lady Betty, you need not, my dear, be ashamed, if it be so.

Indeed you need not, joined in Miss Clements. I never saw a finer man in my life. Such a lover, if one might have him —

If, if — replied Miss Byron — But till if is out of the question, should there not be such a thing as discretion, Miss Clements?

No doubt of it, returned that young Lady; and if it be to be shewn by any woman on earth, where there is such a man as this in the question, and in such circumstances, it must be by Miss Byron.

Miss Byron was not so thoroughly recovered, but that her spirits began to stag. We made her retire, and at her request excused her coming down to dinner.

I told you I had accepted of the offer made by Lady Betty, when we were in dreadful uncertainty, that her steward should make further enquiries about the people at Paddington. Nothing worth mentioning has occurred from those enquiries; except confirming that the widow and her daughters are not people of bad characters. In all likelihood they thought they should intitle themselves to the thanks of all Miss Byron's friends, when the marriage was completed with a man of Sir Hargrave's fortune.

The messenger that I sent to enquire after that Bagenhall's character, has informed us, that it is a very profligate one; and that he is an intimate of Sir

Hargrave: But no more is necessary now, God be praised, to be said of him.

The vile wretch himself, I hear, keeps his room; and it is whispered that he is more than half-crazed; insomuch that his very attendants are afraid to go near him. We know not the nature of his hurt; but hurt he is, tho' in a fair way of recovery. He threatens, it seems, destruction to Sir Charles the moment he is able to go abroad. God preserve one of the worthiest and best of men!

Sir Hargrave has turned off all the servants, we are told, that attended him on his shocking but happily disappointed enterprize.

Miss Byron intends to write to her Lucy by tomorrow's post (if she continue mending,) an ample account of all that she suffered from the date of her last letter, to the hour of her happy deliverance. I am to give her minutes to the best of my recollection of what I have written to you, that so the account may be as complete as possible, and that she may write no more than is consistent with the series, which she is required to preserve. She begins this evening, she bids me tell you, that you may be as little a while in suppense about her as possible. But if she cannot finish by to-morrow night, she will have an opportunity to dispatch her letter on Wednesday by a servant of Mr. Greville's, whom he left in town with some commissions, and who promises to call for any-thing we may have to send to Selby-house.

Sir Rowland — But let my cousin write to you upon that and other matters. She knows what to say on that subject better than I do.

Mean time I heartily congratulate every one of the dear family upon the return and safety of the darling of so many hearts; and remain, dear Mr. Selby,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant, ARCHIBALD REEVES.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, Feb. 20.

IS it again given me to write to you, my Lucy! and in you, to all my revered friends! To write with chearfulness! To call upon you all to rejoice with me! — God be praised!

What dangers have I escaped! How have my head and my heart been affected! I dare not, as yet, think of the anguish you all endured for me.

With what wretched levity did I conclude my last Letter! Giddy creature, that I was, vain and foolish!

But let me begin my sad story. Your impatience all this while must be too painful. Only let me premise, that gaily as I boasted, when I wrote to you so conceitedly, as it might seem, of my dress, and of conquests, and I know not what nonsense, I took no pleasure at the place, in the shoals of fools that swam after me. I despised myself and them. Despised! I was shocked at both.

Two Lucisers were among them: But the worst, the very worst Lucifer of all, appeared in a Harlequin dress. He hopped and skipt, and played the fool about me; and at last told me, He knew Miss Byron; and that he was, as he called himself, the despised, the rejected, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

He behaved, however, with complaisance; and I had no apprehension of what I was to suffer from his villainy.

Mr. Reeves has told you, that he saw me into the chair provided for me by my vile new servant. O my Lucy! One branch of my vanity is intirely lopt off. I must pretend to some sort of skill in physiognomy! Never more will I, for this fellow's sake, presume to depend on my judgment of peoples hearts framed from their countenances.

Mr. Reeves has told you every-thing about the chair, and the chairmen. How can I describe the misgivings of my heart when I first began to suspect treachery! But when I undrew the curtains, and found myself further deluded by another false heart, whose help I implored, and in the midst of fields, and soon after the lights put out, I pierced the night air with my screams, till I could scream no more. I was taken out in fits: And when I came a little to my senses, I found myself on a bed, three women about me, one at my head, holding a bottle to my nose, my nostrils sore with hartshorn, and a strong smell of burnt feathers; but no man near me.

Where am I? Who are you, madam? And who are you? Where am I? Were the questions I first asked.

The women were a mother and two daughters. The mother answered, You are not in bad hands.

God grant you say truth! said I.

No harm is intended you; only to make you one of the happiest of women. We would not be concerned in a bad action.

I hope not: I hope not: Let me engage your pity, madam. You seem to be a mother. These young gentlewomen, I presume, are your daughters. Save me from ruin; I beseech you, madam: Save me from ruin, as you would your daughters.

These young women are my daughters. They are sober and modest women. No ruin is intended you. One of the richest and noblest men in England is your admirer. He dies for you. He assures me that he intends honourable marriage to you. You are not engaged, he says: And you must and you shall be his. You may save murder, madam, if you consent. He resolves to be the death of any Lover whom you encourage.

This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollexsen, immediately cried I out: Is it not? Is it not? Tell me; I beg of you to tell me.

I arose, and sat on the bed-side; and at that moment in came the vile, vile Sir Hargrave.

I screamed out. He threw himself at my feet. I reclined my head on the bosom of the elderly person, and by hartshorn and water they had much ado to keep me out of a fit. Had he not withdrawn; had he kept in my sight; I should certainly have fainted. But holding up my head, and seeing only the women, I revived: And began to pray, to beg, to offer rewards, if they would facilitate my escape; or procure my safety. But then came in again the hated man.

I beg of you, Miss Byron, said he, with an air of greater haughtiness than before, to make yourself easy, and hear what I have to say. It is in your own choice, in your own power, to be what you please, and to make me what you please. Do not therefore needlesly terrify yourself. You see I am a determined man. Ladies, you may withdraw —

Not and leave me here! — And as they went out, I pushed by the mother, and between the daughters, and followed the foremost into the parlour; and then sunk down on my knees, wrapping my arms about her: O save me! save me! said I.

The vile wretch entered. I left her, and kneeled to him. I knew not what I did. I remember, I said, wringing my hands, If you have mercy; If you have compassion; let me now, now, I beseech you, Sir, this moment, experience your mercy.

He gave them some motion, I suppose, to withdraw (for by that time the widow and the other daughter were in the parlour); and they all three retired.

I have besought you, madam, and on my knees too, to shew me mercy; but none would you shew me, inexorable Miss Byron! Kneel, if you will; in your turn kneel, supplicate, pray; you cannot be more in earnest, than I was. Now are the tables turned.

Barbarous man! said I, rising from my knees. My spirit was raised: But it as instantly subsided. I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, in a quite frantic way, wringing my hands, and coming near him, and then running to the window, and then to the door (without meaning to go out at either, had they been open; for whither could I go?) and then again to him; Be not, I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, cruel to me. I never was cruel to any-body. You know I was civil to you; I was very civil —

Yes, yes, and very determined. You called me no names. I call you none, Miss Byron. You were very civil. Hitherto I have not been uncivil. But remember, madam — But, sweet and ever-adorable creature, and he clasped his arms about me, your very terror is beautiful! I can enjoy your terror, madam — And the savage would have kissed me. My averted head frustrated his intention; and at his feet I besought him not to treat the poor creature whom he had so vilely betrayed, with indignity.

I don't hit your fancy, madam!

Can you be a malicious man, Sir Hargrave?

You don't like my morals, madam!

And is this the way, Sir Hargrave, are these the means you take, to convince me that I ought to like them?

Well, madam, you shall prove the mercy in me you would not shew. You shall see that I cannot be a malicious man; a revengeful man: And yet you have raised my pride. You shall find me a moral man.

Then, Sir Hargrave, will I bless you from the bottom of my heart!

But you know what will justify me in every eye for the steps I have taken. Be mine, madam. Be legally mine. I offer you my honest hand. Consent to be Lady Pollexfen — No punishment, I hope — Or, take the consequence.

What, Sir! justify by so poor, so very poor a compliance, steps that you have so basely taken! — Take my life, Sir: But my hand and my heart are my own: They never shall be separated.

I arose from my knees, trembling; and threw myself upon the window-seat, and wept bitterly.

He came to me. I looked on this side and on that, wishing to avoid him.

You cannot fly, madam. You are securely mine: And mine still more securely you shall be. Don't provoke me: Don't make me desperate. By all that's Good and

Holy —

He cast his eyes at my feet; then at my face; then threw himself at my feet, and embraced my knees with his odious arms.

I was terrified. I screamed. In ran one of the daughters — Good Sir! Pray, Sir! — Did you not say you would be honourable?

Her mother followed her in — Sir, Sir! In my house —

Thank God, thought I, the people here are better than I had reason to apprehend the were. But, O my Lucy, they seemed to believe, that marriage would make amends for every outrage.

Here let me conclude this Letter. I have a great deal more to say.

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON IN CONTINUATION.

WHAT a plague, said the wretch to the women, do you come in for? I thought you knew your own Sex better than to mind a woman's squalling. They are always ready, said the odious fellow, to put us in mind of the occasion we ought to give them for crying out. I have not offered the least rudeness —

I hope not, Sir. I hope my house — So sweet a creature —

Dear blessed, blessed women (frantic with terror, and mingled joy, to find myself in better hands than I expected — Standing up, and then sitting down, I believe at every sentence) Protect me! Save me! Be my advocate! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous treatment. Indeed I am a good sort of body (I scarce knew what I said): All my friends love me. They will break their hearts, if any mishap befall me: They are all good people: You would love them dearly if you knew them: Sir Hargrave may have better and richer wives than I: Pray prevail upon him to spare me to my friends, for their sake. I will forgive him for all he has done.

Nay, dear Lady, if Sir Hargrave will make you his lawful and true wife, there can be no harm done, surely.

I will, I will, Mrs. Awberry, said he. I have promised, and I will perform. But if she stand in her own light — She expects nothing from my morals — If she stand in her own light; and looked fiercely —

God protect me! said I; God protect me!

The gentleman is without, Sir, said the woman. O how my heart at that moment seemed to be at my throat! What gentleman! thought I: Some one come to save me! — O no! —

And instantly entered the most horrible-looking clergyman that I ever beheld.

This, as near as I can recollect, is his description — A vast tall, big-boned, splay-footed man. A shabby gown; as shabby a wig; an huge red pimply face; and a nose that hid half of it, when he looked on one side, and he seldom looked fore right when I saw him. He had a dog's-eared common-prayer book in his hand, which once had been gilt; opened, horrid sight! at the page of matrimony!

Yet I was so intent upon making a friend, when a man, a clergyman, appeared, that I heeded not, at his entrance, his frightful visage, as I did afterwards. I pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round with my vehemence, and made Mrs. Awberry totter; and throwing myself at the clergyman's feet, Man of God, said I, my hands clasped, and held up; Man of God! Gentleman! Worthy man! — A good

clergyman must be all this! — If ever you had children! save a poor creature! basely tricked away from all her friends! innocent! thinking no harm to any-body! I would not hurt a worm! I love every-body! — Save me from violence! Give not your aid to sanctify a base action.

The man snuffled his answer through his nose. When he opened his pouched mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He squinted upon me, and took my clasped hands which were buried in his huge hand, Rise, madam! Kneel not to me! No harm is intended you. One question, only: Who is that gentleman before me, in the silver-laced cloaths? What is his name? —

He is Sir Hargrave Pollexsen, Sir: A wicked, a very wicked man, for all he looks so!

The vile wretch stood smiling, and enjoying my distress.

O madam! A very honour-able man! bowing, like a sycophant, to Sir Hargrave.

And who pray, madam, are you? What is your name?

Harriet Byron, Sir: A poor innocent creature, (looking at my dress) though I make such a vile appearance — Good Sir, your pity! And I sunk down again at his feet.

Of Northamptonshire, madam? You are a single woman! Your uncle's name —

Is Selby, Sir. A very good man — I will reward you, Sir, as the most grateful heart —

All is fair: All is above-board: All is as it was represented. I am above bribes, madam. You will be the happiest of women before day break — Good people! — The three women advanced.

Then I saw what an ugly wretch he was!

Sir Hargrave advanced. The Two horrid creatures raised me between them. Sir Hargrave took my struggling hand: And then I saw another ill-looking man enter the room, who I suppose was to give me to the hated man.

Dearly beloved, began to read the snuffling monster —

O my Lucy! Does not your heart ake for your Harriet? Mine has seemed to turn over and over, round and round, I don't know how, at the recital — It was ready to choak me at the time.

I must break off for a few minutes.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I WAS again like one frantic. Read no more! said I; and in my phrensy, dashed the book out of the minister's hand, if a minister he was. I beg your pardon, Sir, said I; but you must read no further. I am basely betrayed hither. I cannot, I will not, be his.

Proceed, proceed, said Sir Hargrave, taking my hand by force; virago as she is, I will own her for my wife — Are you the gentle, the civil Miss Byron, madam? looking sneeringly in my face.

Alas! my Lucy, I was no virago: I was in a perfect phrensy: But it was not an unhappy phrensy; since in all probability it kept me from falling into fits; and fits, the villain had said, should not save me.

Dearly beloved, again snuffled the wretch. O my Lucy! I shall never love these words. How may odious circumstances invert the force of the kindest words! Sir Hargrave still detained my struggling hand.

I stamped, and threw myself to the length of my arm, as he held my hand. No dearly beloved's, said I. I was just beside myself. What to say, what to do, I knew not.

The cruel wretch laughed at me; No dearly beloved's! repeated he: Very comical, faith! and laughed again: But proceed, proceed, doctor.

We are gathered together here in the sight of God, read he on.

This affected me still more. I adjure you, Sir, to the minister, by that God in whose sight, you read, we are gathered together, that you proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous Name, that you stop further proceedings. My life take: With all my heart, take my life: But my hand never, never, will I join with yours.

Proceed, doctor: Doctor, pray proceed, said the vile Sir Hargrave. When the day dawns, she will be glad to own her marriage.

Proceed at your peril, Sir, said I. If you are really and truly a minister of that God whose presence what you have read supposes, do not proceed: Do not make me desperate. — Madam, turning to the widow, you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman; look upon me as if I were one of those daughters, whom I see before me: Could you see one of them thus treated? Dear young women, turning to each, can you unconcernedly look on, and see a poor creature, tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely, treated, and not make my case your own? Speak for me! Plead for me! Be my advocate! Each of you, if ye

are women, plead for me, as you would yourselves wish to be pleaded for, in my circumstances, and were thus barbarously used!

The young women wept. The mother was moved.

I wonder I kept my head. My brain was on fire.

Still, still, the unmoved Sir Hargrave cried out, Proceed, proceed, doctor: To-morrow before noon, all will be as it should be.

The man who stood aloof (the sliest, sodden-faced creature I ever saw) came nearer — To the question, doctor, and to my part, if you please! — Am not I her father? — To the question, doctor, if you please! — The gentlewomen will prepare her for what is to follow.

O thou man! Of heart the most obdurate and vile! And will ye, looking at every person, one hand held up (for still the vile man griped the other quite benumbed hand in his iron paw) and adjuring each, Will ye see this violence done to a poor young creature? — A soul, gentlewomen, you may have to answer for. I can die. Never, never, will I be his.

Let us women talk to the Lady by ourselves, Sir Hargrave. Pray your honour, let us talk to her by ourselves.

Ay, ay, ay, said the parson, by all means: Let the Ladies talk to one another, Sir. She may be brought to consider.

He let go my hand. The widow took it. And was leading me out of the room — Not up stairs, I hope, madam, said I.

You shan't then, said she. Come, Sally; come, Deb; let us women go out together.

They led me into a little room adjoining to the parlour: And then, my spirits subsiding, I thought I should have fainted away. I had more hartshorn and water poured down my throat.

When they had brought me a little to myself, they pleaded with me Sir Hargrave's great estate. — What are riches to me? Dirt, dirt, dirt I hate them. They cannot purchase peace of mind: I want not riches.

They pleaded his honourable Love — I my invincible Aversion.

He was a handsome man — The most odious in my eyes of the human species. Never, never, should my consent be had to sanctify such a baseness.

My danger! And that they should not be able to save me from worse treatment —

How! — Not able! — Ladies, madam, is not this your own house? Cannot you raise a neighbourhood? Have you no neighbours? A thousand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a present before the week is out; I pledge my honour for the payment if you will but save me from a violence, that no worthy

woman can see offered to a distressed young creature! — A thousand pounds! — Dear Ladies! Only to save me, and see me safe to my friends!

The wretches in the next room, no doubt, heard all that passed. In at that moment came Sir Hargrave: Mrs. Awberry, said he, with a visage swelled with malice, young Ladies, we keep you up; we disturb you. Pray retire to your own rest: Leave me to talk with this perverse woman. She is mine.

Pray, Sir Hargrave, said Mrs Awberry —

Leave her to me, I say: — Miss Byron, you shall be mine. Your Grevilles, madam, your Fenwicks, your Ormes, when they know the pains and the expence I have been at, to secure you, shall confess me their superior — Shall confess —

In wickedness, in cruelty, Sir, you are every man's superior.

You talk of cruelty, Miss Byron! triumphing over scores of prostrate Lovers, madam! You remember your treatment of me, madam! Kneeling, like an abject wretch, at your feet! Kneeling for pity! But no pity could touch your heart, madam! — Ungrateful, proud girl! — Yet am I not humbling you: Take notice of that: I am not humbling you: I am proprosing to exalt you, madam.

Vile, vile, debasement! said I.

To exalt Miss Byron into Lady Pollexfen. And yet if you hold not out your hand to me —

He would have snatched my hand. I put it behind me. He would have snatched the other: I put that behind me too: And the vile wretch would then have kissed my undefended neck: But, with both my hands, I pushed his audacious forehead from me. Charming creature! he called me, with passion in his look and accent: Then, cruel, proud, ungrateful: And swore by his Maker, that if I would not give my hand instantly, instead of exalting me, he would humble me. Ladies, pray withdraw, said he. Leave her to me: Either Lady Pollexfen, or what I please; rearing himself proudly up! She may be happy if she will. Leave her to me.

Pray, Sir, said the youngest of the two daughters; and wept for me.

Greatly hurt, indeed, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and consequence! But leave her to me, I say. — I will soon bring down her pride: What a devil, am I to creep, beg, pray, entreat, and only for a wife? But, madam, said the insolent wretch, you will be mine upon easier terms perhaps.

Madam, pray, madam, said the widow to me, consider what you are about, and whom you refuse. Can you have a handsomer man? Can you have a man of a greater fortune? Sir Hargrave means nothing but what is honourable. You are in his power —

In his power, madam! returned I: I am in yours. You are mistress of this house. I claim the protection of it. Have you not neighbours? Your protection I put myself under. Then clasping my arms about her, Lock me up from him till you

can have help to secure to you the privilege of your own house? and deliver me safe to my friends, and I will share my fortune with your two daughters.

The wicked man took the mother and youngest daughter each by her hand, after he had disengaged the former from my clasping arms, and led them to the door. The elder followed them of her own accord. They none of them struggled against going. I begged, prayed, besought them not to go; and, when they did, would have thrust myself out with them. But the wretch, in shutting them out, squeezed me dreadfully, as I was half in, half out; and my nose gushed out with blood.

I screamed: He seemed frighted: But instantly recovering myself — So, so, you have done your worst! — You have killed me, I hope. I was out of breath; my stomach was very much pressed, and one of my arms was bruised. I have the marks still; for he clapt to the door with violence, not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the door-way.

I was in dreadful pain. I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair — So, so, you have killed me, I hope — Well, now I hope, now I hope, you are satisfied. Now may you moan over the poor creature you have destroyed: For he expressed great tenderness and consternation; and I, for my part, felt such pains in my bosom, that having never felt such before, I really thought I was bruised to death: Repeating my foolish So, so. — But I forgive you, said I — Only, Sir, call to the gentlewomen, Sir — Retire, Sir. Let me have my own Sex only about me. My head swam; my eyes failed me; and I fainted quite away.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Understood afterwards that he was in the most dreadful consternation. He had fastened the door upon me and himself; and for a few moments was not enough present to himself to open it. Yet crying out upon his God to have mercy upon him, and running about the room, the women hastily rapped at the door. Then he ran to it, opened it, cursed himself, and besought them to recover me, if possible.

They said I had death in my face: They lamented over me: My nose had done bleeding: But, careful of his own safety in the midst of his terror, he took my bloody handkerchief; if I did not recover, he said, that should not appear against him; and he hasten'd into the next room, and thrust it into the fire; by which were sitting, it seems, the minister and his helper, over some burnt brandy.

O gentlemen! cried the wretch, nothing can be done to night. Take this; and gave them money. The Lady is in a sit. I wish you well home.

The younger daughter reported this to me afterwards, and what follows: They had desired the maid, it seems, to bring them more firing, and a jug of ale; and they would sit in the chimney-corner, they said, till peep of day: But the same young woman who was taken off from her errand, to assist me, finding me, as they all thought, not likely to recover, ran in to them, and declared, that the Lady was dead, certainly dead; and what, said she, will become of us all? This terrified the two men. They said, It was then time for them to be gone. Accordingly, taking each of them another dram, they snatched up their hats and sticks, and away they hurried; hoping, the doctor said, that as they were innocent, and only meant to serve the gentleman, their names, whatever happened, would not be called in question.

When I came a little to myself, I found the three women only with me. I was in a cold sweat, all over shivering. There was no fire in that room: They led me into the parlour, which the two men had quitted and set me down in an elbow chair; for I could hardly stand, or support myself; and chased my temples with Hungary-water.

Wretched creatures, men of this cast, my Lucy, thus to sport with the healths and happiness of poor creatures whom they pretend to love I am afraid I never shall be what I was. At times I am very sensible at my stomach of this violent squeeze.

The mother and elder sister left me soon after, and went to Sir Hargrave. I can only guess at the result of their deliberations by what followed.

The younger sister, with compassionate frankness, answered all my questions, and let me know all the above particulars. Yet she wonder'd that I could refuse so handsome and so rich a man as Sir Hargrave.

She boasted much of their reputation. Her mother would not do an ill thing, she said, for the world: And she had a brother who had a place in the Customhouse, and was as honest a man, tho' she said it, as any in it. She owned that she knew my new vile servant; and praised his fidelity to the masters he had served, in such high terms, as if she thought all duties were comprised in that one, of obeying his principal, right or wrong. Mr. William, she said, was a pretty man, a genteel man, and she believed he was worth money; and she was sure would make an excellent husband. I soon found that the simple girl was in love with this vile, this specious fellow. She could not bear to hear me hint any-thing in his disfavour, as, by way of warning to her, I would have done. But she was sure Mr. William was a downright honest man; and that if he were guilty of any bad thing, it was by command of those to whom he owed duty: And they are to be answerable for that, you know, madam.

We ere broken in upon, as I was intending to ask more questions (for I find this Wilson was the prime agent in all this mischief) when the elder sister called out the younger: And instantly came in Sir Hargrave.

He took a chair, and sat down by me, one leg thrown over the knee of the other; his elbow upon that knee, and his hand supporting his bow'd-down head; biting his lips; looking at me, then from me, then at me again, five or six times, as in malice.

Ill-natured, spiteful, moody wretch! thought I, (trembling at his strange silence, after such hurt as he had done me, and what I had endur'd, and still felt in my stomach and arm) what an odious creature thou art!

At last I broke silence. I thought I would be as mild as I could, and not provoke him to do me further mischief. Well have you done, Sir Hargrave, (have you not?) to commit such a violence upon a poor young creature that never did nor thought you evil!

I paused. He was silent.

What distraction have you given to my poor cousin Reeves's! How my heart bleeds for them!

I stopt. He was still silent.

I hope, Sir, your are sorry for the mischief you have done me; and for the pain you have given to my friends! — I hope, Sir —

Cursed! said he.

I stopt, thinking he would go on: But he said no more; only changing his posture; and then resumeing it.

These people, Sir, seem to be honest people. I hope you designed only to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worse company is an assurance to me that you meant better, than —

Devils all! interrupted he —

I thought he was going on; but he grinned, shook his head, and then again reclined it upon his hand.

I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me. — But my friends — As soon as day breaks (and I hope that is not far off) I will get the women to let my cousin Reeves —

Then up he started — Miss Byron, said he, you are a woman; a true woman — And held up his hand, clenched. I knew not what to think of his intention.

Miss Byron, proceeded he, after a pause, you are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life: And yet I thought that the best of you all could fall into fits and swoonings whenever you pleased.

I was now silent. I trembled.

Damned fool! ass! blockhead! woman's fool! — I ought to be d — n'd for my credulous folly! — I tell you, Miss Byron — Then he looked at me as if he were crazy; and walked too or three times about the room.

To be dying one half-hour, and the next to look to provoking —

I was still silent.

I could curse myself for sending away the parson. I thought I had known something of womens tricks — But yet your arts, your hypocrisy, shall not serve you, madam. What I failed in here, shall be done elsewhere. By the great God of Heaven, it shall.

I wept. I could not then speak.

Can't you go into fits again? Can't you? said the barbarian; with an air of a piece with his words; and using other words of the lowest reproach.

God deliver me, prayed I to myself, from the hands of this madman!

I arose, and as the candle stood near the glass I saw in it my vile figure, in this abominable habit, to which, till then, I had paid little attention. O how I scorned myself!

Pray, Sir Hargrave, said I, let me beg that you will not terrify me further. I will forgive you for all you have hitherto done, and place it to my own account, as a proper punishment for consenting to be thus marked for a vain and foolish creature. Your abuse, Sir, give me leave to say, is low and unmanly: But in the light of a punishment I will own it to be all deserved: And let here my punishment end, and I will thank you and forgive you with my whole heart.

Your fate is determined, Miss Byron.

Just then came in a servant-maid with a capuchin, who whispered something to him: To which he answered, That's well —

He took the capuchin; the maid withdrew; and approached me with it. I started, trembled, and was ready to saint. I caught hold of the back of the elbow chair.

Your fate is determined, madam, repeated the savage — Here, put this on — Now sall into fits again — Put this on!

Pray, Sir Hargrave —

And pray, Miss Byron: What has not been completed here, shall be completed in a safer place; and that in my own way — Put this on, I tell you. Your compliance may yet befriend you.

Where are the gentlewomen? — Where are —

Gene to rest, madam, — John, Frank, called he out.

In came two men-servants.

Pray, Sir Hargrave — Lord protect me — Pray, Sir Hargrave — Where are the gentlewomen? — Lord protect me.

Then running to the door, against which one of the men stood — Man, stand out of the way, said I. But he did not. He only bowed.

I cried out Mrs. — I forget your name: Miss — And t'other Miss — I forget your names — If you a e good creatures, as I hoped you were —

I called as loud as my fears would let me.

At last came in the elder sister — O madam! good young gentlewoman! I am glad you are come, said I.

And so am I, said the wicked man. — Pray, Miss Sally, put on this Lady's capuchin!

Lord bless me, for why? for what? I have no capuchin!

I would not permit her to put it on, as she would have done.

The savage then wrapt his arms about mine, and made me so very sensible by his force, of the pain I had had by the squeeze of the door, that I could not help crying out. The young woman put on the capuchin whether I would or not.

Now, Miss Byron, said he, make yourself easy or command a fit, it is all one: My end will be better served by the latter — Miss Sally, give orders.

She ran out with the candle. Frank, give me the cloak, said Sir Hargrave.

The fellow had a red cloak on his arm. His barbarous master took it from him. To your posts, said he.

The two men withdrew in haste. Now, my dearest life, said he, with an air of insult, as I thought, you command your fate, if you are easy.

He threw the cloak about me.

I begged, prayed, would have kneeled to him: But all was in vain: The tyger-hearted man, as Mr. Greville had truly called him, muffled me up in it, and by

force carried me thro' a long entry to the foredoor. There was ready a chariot-and-six; and that Sally was at the door with a lighted candle.

I called out to her. I called out for her mother; for the other sister. I besought him to let me say but six words to the widow.

But no widow was to appear; no younger sister: She was perhaps more tender-hearted than the elder: And in spite of all my struggles, prayers, resistance, he lifted me into the chariot.

Men on horseback were about it. I thought that Wilson was one of them; and so it proved. Sir Hargrave said to that fellow, You know what tale to tell, if you meet with impertinents. And in, he came himself.

I scream'd. Scream on, my dear, upbraidingly said he; and barbarously mocked me, imitating, low wretch! the bleating of a sheep [Could you not have killed him for this, my Lucy?] Then rearing himself up, Now am I Lord of Miss Byron! exulted he.

Still I screamed for help; and he put his hand before my mouth, tho' vowing honour, and such sort of stuff; and, with his unmanly roughness, made me bite my lip. And away lashed the coachman with your poor Harriet.

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS BYRON IN CONTINUATION.

AS the chariot drove by houses, I cried out for help once or twice, at setting out. But under pretence of preventing my taking cold, he tied an handkechief over my face, head, and mouth, having first muffled me up in the cloak; pressing against my arm with his whole weight, so that I had not my hands at liberty. And when he had done, he seized them, and held them both in his left hand, while his right-arm thrown round me, kept me fast on the seat. And except that now-and-then my struggling head gave me a little opening, I was blinded.

But at one place on the road, just after I had screamed, and made another effort to get my hands free, I heard voices, and immediately the chariot stopt. Then how my heart was filled with hope! But, alas! it was but momentary. I heard one of his men say (that Wilson I believe) The best of husband's, I assure you, Sir, and she is the worst of wives.

I screamed again. Ay, scream and be d — n'd, I heard said in a stranger's voice, if that be the case. Poor gentleman! I pity him with all my heart. And immediately the coachman drove on again.

The vile wretch laughed; That's you, my dear, and hugged me round. You are the d — n'd wife. And again he laughed: By my soul I am a charming contriver! Greville, Fenwick, Orme, where are you now? — By my soul, this will be a pretty story to tell when all your fears are over, my Byron!

I was ready to faint several times. I begged for air: And when we were in an open road, and I suppose there was nobody in sight, he vouchsafed to pull down the blinding handkerchief, but kept it over my mouth; so that except now-and-then, that I struggled it aside with my head (and my neck is still, my dear, very stiff with my efforts to free my face) I could only make a murmuring kind of noise.

The curtain of the fore-glass was pulled down, and generally the canvas on both sides drawn up. But I was sure to be made acquainted when we came near houses, by his care again to blind and stifle me up.

A little before we were met by my deliverer, I had, by getting one hand free, unmuffled myself so far as to see (as I had guessed once or twice before by the stone pavements) that we were going thro' a town; and then I again vehemently screamed. But he had the cruelty to thrust an handkerchief into my mouth, so that I was almost strangled; and my mouth was hurt, and is still sore, with that and his former violence of the like nature.

Indeed, he now-and-then made apologies for the cruelty, to which, he said he was compelled, by my invincible obstinacy, to have recourse. I was sorely hurt, he said, to be the wife of a man of his consideration! But I should be that, or worse. He was in for it (he said more than once) and must proceed. I might see that all my resistance was in vain. He had me in his net: And d — n him, if he were not revenged for all the trouble I had given him. You keep no terms with me, my Byron, said he once; and d — n me, if I keep any with you!

I doubted not his malice: His Love had no tenderness in it: But how could I think of being consenting, as I may say, to such barbarous usage, and by a man so truly odious to me? What a slave had I been in spirit, could I have qualified on such villainous treatment as I had met with! or had I been able to desert myself!

At one place the chariot drove out of the road, over rough ways, and little hillocks, as I thought by its rocking; and then, it stopping, he let go my hands, and endeavoured to sooth me. He begged I would be pacified, and offered, if I would forbear crying out for help, to leave my eyes unmuffled all the rest of the way. But I would not, I told him, give such a sanction to his barbarous violence.

On the chariot's stopping, one of his men came up, and put an handkerchief into his master's hands, in which were some cakes and sweet-meats; and gave him also a bottle of sack, with a glass. Sir Hargrave was very urgent with me to take some of the sweet-meats, and to drink a glass of the wine: But I had neither stomach nor will to touch either.

He eat himself very cordially God forgive me, I wished in my heart, there were pins and needles in every bit he put in his mouth.

He drank two glasses of the wine. Again he urged me. I said, I hoped I had cat and drank my last.

You have no dependence upon my honour, madam, said the villain; so cannot be disappointed mach, do what I will. Ungrateful, proud, vain, obstinate, he called me.

What signifies, says he, shewing politeness to a woman who has shewn none to me, tho' she was civil to every other man? Ha, ha, ha, hah! What, my sweet Byron, I don't hit your fancy! You don't like my morals! Laughing again. My lovely fly, said the insulting wretch, hugging me round in the cloak how prettily have I wrapped you about in my web! —

Such a provoking, low wretch! — I struggled to free myself; and unhooked the curtain of the fore-glass: But he wrapt me about the closer, and said he would give me his garter for my girdle, if I would not sit still, and be orderly. Ah. my charming Byron, said he, your opportunity is over — All your struggles will not avail you — Will not avail you. That's a word of your own you know. I will,

however, forgive you, if you promise to love me now. But if you stay till I get you to the allotted place; then, madam, take what follows.

I saw that I was upon a large, wild, heath-like place, between two roads, as it seemed. I asked nothing about my journey's end. All I had to hope for as to an escape (tho' then I began to despair of it) was upon the road, or in some town. My journey's end, I knew, must be the beginning of new dials; for I was resolved to suffer death, rather than to marry him. What I now was most apprehensive about, was, of failing into fits; and I answered to his barbarous insults as little as possible, that I might not be provoked beyond the little strength I had left me.

Three or four times he offered to kiss me; and cursed my pride for resisting him; making him clasp a cloud, was his speech (aiming at wit) instead of his Juno; calling the cloak a cloud.

And now, my dear Byron, said he, if you will not come to a compromise with me, I must dress you again for the journey. We will stop at a town a little further (beckoning to one of his men and on his approaching, whispering to him, his whole body out of the chariot) and there you shall alight; and a very worthy woman, to whom I shall introduce you, will persuade you, perhaps to take refreshment, though I cannot.

You are a very barbarous man, Sir Hargrave. I have the misfortune to be in your power. You may dearly repent the usage I have already received from you. You have made my life of no estimation with me. I will not contend.

And tears ran down my cheeks. Indeed, I thought my heart was broke.

He wrapt me up close, and tied the handkerchief about my mouth and head. I was quite passive.

The chariot had not many minutes got into the great road again, over the like rough and sometimes plashy ground, when it stopt on a dispute beween the coachman, and the coachman of another chariot-and-six, as it proved.

Sir Hargrave had but just drawn my handkerchief closer to my eyes, when this happened. Hinder not my tears from flowing, said I; struggling to keep my eyes free, the cloak enough muffling me, and the handkerchief being over my mouth; so that my voice could be but just heard by him, as I imagine.

He looked out of his chariot, to see the occasion of this stop; and then I found means to disengage one hand.

I heard a gentleman's voice directing his own coachman to give way.

I then pushed up the handkerchief with my disengaged hand, from my mouth, and pulled it down from over my eyes, and cried out for help: Help for God's sake.

A mans voice (it was my deliverer's, as it happily proved) bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril.

Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curses, ordered him to proceed, and to drive thro' all opposition.

The gentleman called Sir Hargrave by his name; and charged him with being upon a bad design.

The vile wretch said, he had only secured a runaway wife, eloped to, and intended to elope from, a masquerade, to her adulterer: [horrid!] He put aside the cloak, and appealed ‹dress.

I cried out, No, no, no, five or six times repeated; but could say no more at that, holding up then both my disengaged hands for protection.

The wicked man endeavoured to mussle me up again, and to force the handkerchief, which I had then got under my chin, over my mouth; and brutally cursed me.

The gentleman would not be satisfied with Sir Hargrave's story. He would speak to me. Sir Hargrave called him impertinent, and other names, and asked, Who the devil he was? with rage and contempt. — The gentleman, however, asked me, and with an air that promised deliverance, if I were Sir Hargrave's wife.

No, no, no, no, — I could only say.

For my own part, I could have no scruple, distressed as I was, and made desperate, to throw myself into the protection, and even into the arms, of my deliverer; tho' a very fine young gentleman. It would have been very hard, had I fallen from bad to bad; had the sacred name of protector been abused by another Sir Hargrave, who, would have had the additional crime of betraying a confidence to answer for. But, however this had proved, an escape from the present evil was all I had in my head at the time.

But you may better conceive, than I can express, the terror I was in, when Sir Hargrave drew his sword, and pushed at the gentleman with such words as denoted (for I could not look that way) he had done him mischief. But when I found my oppressor, my lowmeaning, and soon after low-laid oppressor, pulled out of the chariot, by the brave, the gallant man (which was done with such force, as made the chariot rock) and my protector safe; I was near fainting with joy, as before I had been with terror. I had shaken off the cloak, and united the handkerchief.

He carried me in his arms (I could not walk) to his own chariot.

I heard Sir Hargrave curse, swear, and threaten. I was glad however, he was not dead.

Mind him not, madam, fear him not, said Sir Charles Grandison [You know his noble name, my Lucy] coachman, drive not over your master: Take care of your

master; or some such words he said, as he lifted me into his own chariot. He came not in, but shut the chariot-door, as soon as he had seated me.

He just surveyed, as it were, the spot, and bid a servant let Sir Hargrave know who he was; and then came back to me.

Partly thro' terror, partly thro' weakness, I had sunk to the bottom of the chariot. He opened the door, entered, and, with all the tenderness of a brother, soothed me, and lifted me on the seat once more. He ordered his coachman to drive back to Colnebrooke. In accents of kindness, he told me, that he had there at present the most virtuous and prudent of sisters, to whose care he would commit me, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irresistably welcome to me was his supporting arm, thrown round me, as we flew back, compared to that of the vile Sir Hargrave!

Mr. Reeves has given you an account, from the angelic sister — O my Lucy, they are a pair of angels!

I have written a long, long Letter, or rather five Letters in one, of my distresses, of my deliverance: And, when my heart is stronger, I will say more of the persons, as well as minds, of this excellent brother and his sister.

But what shall I do with my gratitude? O my dear, I am overwhelmed with my gratitude: I can only express it in silence before them. Every look, if it be honest to my heart, however, tells it: Reverence mingles with my gratitude — Yet there is so much ease, so much sweetness, in the behaviour of both — O my Lucy! Did I not find that my veneration of both is equal; did I not, on examination, find, that the amiable sister is as dear to me, from her experienced tenderness, as her brother from his remembered bravery (which must needs mingle awe with my esteem); in short, that I love the sister, and revere the brother; I should be afraid of my gratitude.

I have over-written myself. I am tired. O my grandmamma, you have never yet, while I have been in London, sent me your over-valued blessing under your own hand: Yet, I am sure I had it; and your blessings, my dear uncle and aunt Selby; and your prayers my Lucy, my Nancy, and all my Loves; else my deliverance had not perhaps followed my presumptuous folly, in going dressed out like the fantastic wretch I appeared to be, at a vile, a foolish masquerade. — How often, throughout the several stages of my distress, and even in my deliverance, did I turn my eye to myself, and from myself, with the disgust that made a part, and that not a light one, of my punishment!

And so much, my Lucy, for masquerades, and masquerade-dresses, for ever!

Pray let not any-body unnecessarily be acquainted with this shocking affair; particularly neither Mr. Greville, nor Mr. Fenwick. It is very probable, that they (especially Mr. Greville) would be for challenging Sir Hargrave, were it only on a

supposition that it would give him an interest in me in the eye of the world. You know that Mr. Greville watches for all opportunities to give himself consequence with me.

Were any farther mischief to happen to any-body, I should be grieved beyond measure. Hitherto I have reason to think, that a transaction so shocking is not very unhappily concluded. May the vile man sit himself down satisfied, and I shall be willing to do so too; provided I never more behold his face.

MR. Reeves will send you with the above paccuet, a Letter from Sir Charles Grandison, inclosing one from that vile Wilson. I can write no more just now, and they will sufficiently explain themselves.

Adieu, my dearest Lucy. I need not say how much I am, and will ever be,

Your faithful and affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR CHA. GRANDISON TO ARCHIB. REEVES, ESQ

Canterbury, Feb. 22.

Dear Sir,

THE inclosed long Letter is just now brought to me. I pretend not to judge of the writer's penitence. Yet his confessions seem ingenuous; and he was not under any obligation to put them on paper.

As I presume that you will not think it adviseable to make the ineffectual attempt upon Miss Byron public by a prosecution, perhaps your condescending to let the man's sister know, that her brother, if in earnest, may securely pursue the honest purposes he mentions, may save the poor wretch from taking such courses as might be fatal, not only to himself, but to innocent persons, who otherwise may suffer by his being made desperate.

The man, as you will see by his Letter, if you had not a still stronger proof, has abilities to do mischief. He has been in bad hands, as he tells us, from his youth upwards, or he might have been an useful member of society. He is a young man; and if yet he could be made so, his reformation will take from the number of the profligate, and add to that of the hopeful; and who knows how wide the circle of his acquaintance is, and how many of them may be influenced by his example either way? If he marry the not-dishonest young woman, to whom he seems to be contracted, may not your lenity be a means of securing a whole future family on the side of moral honesty?

His crime, as the attempt was frustrated, is not capital: And, not to mention the service of such an evidence as this, should Sir Hargrave seek for a legal redress, as he sometimes weakly threatens, my hope makes me see a further good that may be brought about by this man's reformation: Wicked masters cannot execute their base views upon the persons of the innocent, without the assistance of wicked servants. What a nest of vipers may be crushed at once, or, at least, rendered unhurtful, by depriving the three monsters he names of the aid of such an agent? Men who want to save appearances, and have estates to forfeit, will sometimes be honest of necessity, rather than put themselves into the power of untried villains.

You will be so good as to make my compliments to your Lady, and to our lovely ward. You see, Sir, that I join myself with you in the honour of that agreeable relation.

I hope the dear Lady has perfectly recovered her health and spirits. I am, good Mr. Reeves,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant, CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

Saturday, Feb. 18.

IN what an odious light must that wretch appear before the worthiest of men, who cannot but abhor himself!

I am the unhappy man who was hired into the service of the best of young Ladies: Whom I was the means of betraying into the power of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, from the Ball in the Hay-market on Thursday night last.

Your honour has made yourself an interest in Miss Byron's fate, as I may say, by your powerful protection. Pardon me if I give you some account of myself, and of transactions which perhaps will otherwise never be known: And this in justice to all round.

My parentage was honest: My education was above my parentage. I set out with good principles: But I fell into a bad service. I was young, and of a good natural disposition; but had not virtue enough to resist a temptation: I could not say No, to an unlawful thing, when my principles commanded my assent.

I was, at first setting out, by favour of friends, taken as clerk to a merchant. In profess of time I transacted his business at the Custom-house. He taught me to make light of oaths of office; and this by degrees made me think light of all moral obligations, and laid the foundation of my ruin.

My master's name was Bagenhall. He died; and I was to seek. His brother succeeded to his fortune, which was very large: He was brought up to no business: He was a gentleman: His seat is near Reading. I was recommended by him to the service of a gentleman who was nominated to go abroad on a foreign embassy. I will name his name, lest your honour should imagine I have any design to evade the strictest truth; Sir Christopher Lucas. I was to be this gentleman's master of the horse abroad.

The first service my new master employed me in, was to try to get for him the pretty daughter of an honest farmer.

I had been out of place for a twelvemonth. Had I had twenty shillings aforehand in the world, I would, I think, have said No. Nevertheless I consulted, in confidence, my late master's brother upon it. The advice he gave me was, not to boggle at it: But if, he said, I could manage the matter so, as to cheat Sir Christopher, and get the girl for him, and keep the secret, he would give me 50 l. I abhorred the double treachery of young Mr. Bagenhall: But undertook to serve Sir Christopher; and carried on a treaty with the farmer for his daughter; as if she

were to be the wife of Sir Christopher; but not to be owned till he returned from abroad; no, not even if she should prove with child.

I found, in the course of my visits at the farmer's, so much honesty both in father and mother, and so much innocence in the daughter, that my heart relented; and I took an opportunity to reveal Sir Christopher's base design to them; for the girl was designed to be ruined the very first moment that Sir Christopher could be alone with her. Your honour may believe, that I injoined all three strict secrecy.

Nevertheless this contriving devil of a master found a way to get the young woman by other means; and, in amorous dalliance, she told him to whom he was obliged for not succeeding before.

In rage he turned me out of his service, in the most disgraceful manner; but without giving any other reasons, than that he knew me to be a villain; and that I knew myself to be one: Nor would he give me a character: So I was quite reduced; and but for the kindness of a sister, who keeps an inn in Smithfield, I should have starved, or been obliged to do worse.

I should have told your honour, that the poor farmer and his wife both died of grief in half a year. An honest young man, who dearly loved the young woman, was found drowned soon after: It is feared he was his own executioner. Sir Christopher went not on his embassy. His preparations for it, and his expensive way of life, before and after, reduced him: And he has been long a beggar, as I may say. The poor young woman is now, if living, on the town. I saw her about half a year ago in St. Martin's Round-house, taken up as a common prostitute, and charged with picking a pocket. She was a pretty creature, and had a very pious turn, when I knew her first. Her father had gone beyond himself in her education: And this was the fruit. What has such a man as Sir Christopher to answer for! — But it is come home to him. I rejoice that this wickedness was not added to my score.

But heavy scenes I had enough afterwards. Being utterly destitute, except what my sister did for me, and not enduring to be a burden to her, I threw myself on my master Bagenhall. He employed me in mean offices, till his pander died (he is a very profligate man, Sir!); and then he promoted me to a still meaner.

In this way, I grew a shameless contriver. He introduced me to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and to Mr. Merceda, a Portuguse Jew. In the service of these three masters, good heaven forgive me! what villainies was I not the means of perpetrating! Yet I never was so hardened, but I had temporary remorses. But these three gentlemen would never let me rest from wickedness: Yet they kept me poor and necessitous, as the only means to keep me what they called honest; for they had often reason to think, that had I had any other means of subsistence, I would have been really honest.

I was now Mr. Bagenhall's constant servant. Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda used to borrow me: But I must say Sir Hargrave is an innocent man to the other two. They caressed me, I speak it to my shame, as a man fit for their turn. I had contrivance; temper; I knew something of every-body. But my sister knows my frequent compunctions; and that I hated the vile course I was in. She used to lecture me enough. She is a good woman.

Will your honour have patience with me a little longer?

Sir Hargrave on the seventh of this month came to my master Bagenhall at Reading, with whom he had double business: One was to take a bond and judgment of him (Sir Hargrave is no better than an usurer): Mr. Bagenhall has lived a most extravagant life: The other was to borrow me. Mr. Merceda had a scheme on foot at the same time, which he was earnest to engage me in; but it was too shocking; and Mr. Bagenhall came into Sir Hargrave's.

Sir Hargrave told them, he designed nothing more than a violation, if he could get my assistance, of the most beautiful woman in the world. And, Sir, to see the villainy of the other two; they both, unknown to each other, made proposals to me, to trick Sir Hargrave, and to get the Lady, each for himself.

But to me, Sir Hargave swore, that he was fully resolved to leave this wicked course of life. Bagenhall and Merceda, he said, were devils; and he would marry, and have no more to say to them. All that was in his view was honest marriage. He said he had never been in the Lady's company but once, and that was the day before at Lady Betty Williams's. He said he went thither, knowing she was to be there; for having for some time had it in his head to marry, this was the Lady he had pitch'd upon in his mind, from the character he had of her from every mouth at the Northampton races.

Now, said he, I shall have some difficulty to obtain her, notwithstanding my fortune is so great; for every one who sees her is in love with her: And he named several gentlemen who laid close siege to her.

She brought a servant up with her, said he, who hones after the country, and is actually gone, or soon will. Her cousin enquires of every one after a proper servant for her. You, Wilson, said he, are handsome and genteel: He was pleased to say so. You have a modest humble look: You know all the duties of a servant: Get yourself entertain'd, and your fortune is made for life, if by your means I obtain the Lady. I have already tender'd myself, said he. Perhaps she will have me in a few days. I don't expect to be denied, if she be disengaged, as it is said she is. If you can get into her service, you will find out every thing. This is all that is to be done: But you must never mention my name, nor ever know any-thing of me, as I go and come.

Sir Hargrave declared, that his heart was burnt up with the Love of the Lady: And if he succeeded (as he had little doubt even without my help, had I been actually in Merceda's service) you will, said he, as my Lady's servant, be mine of course; you shall never wear a livery; and you shall be my gentleman, till I can get a place for you in the Customs. This, may it please your honour, he knew I had long aimed at, and it had been often promised by himself, and my other two masters; and was their first promise when they wanted to engage me in any of their schemes; tho' they never thought more of it when the service was over. If I got but myself engaged, I was, on the day I entered into my Lady's service, to have as an earnest ten guineas.

Encouraged by such promises, (and the project being an honester one than ever Sir Hargrave, or either of the other two, had sought to engage me in) I offered my service to my Lady; and, on Mr. Bagenhall's writing a good character of me, was accepted.

I could have been happy in the service of this Lady, all the days of my life. She is all goodness: All the servants, every-body, gentle and simple, adored her: But she, unexpectedly, refusing to have Sir Hargrave, and he being afraid that one of her three or four Lovers would cut him out, he resolved to take more violent measures than he had at first intended.

If any man was ever mad in Love, it was Sir Hargrave. But then he was as mad with anger to be refused. Sir Hargrave was ever thought to be one of the proudest men in England: And he complained that my lady used him worse than she did any-body else. But it was not her way to use any-body ill, I saw that.

Nevertheless he was resolved to strike a bold stroke for a wife, as were his words from the title of a play: And between us we settled the matter in one night: For I had found means to get out unknown to the family.

It will be trespassing too much upon your honour's patience, to be very particular in our contrivances. I will be as brief as possible.

My Lady was to go to a Masquerade. I got into the knowledge of every thing how and about it. The maids were as full of the matter as their master and mistresses.

It was agreed to make the chairmen fuddled. Two of Mr. Merceda's footmen were to undertake the task. Brandy was put into their liquor to hasten them.

They were soon overcome. The weather was cold: They drank briskly, and were laid up safe. I then hired two chance chairmen and gave them orders as had been contrived.

I had twenty guineas given me in hand for my encouragement; in which were included the promised ten.

I had, when I was my first master Bagenhall's clerk, made acquaintance with several clerks of the Custumhouse, particularly with one Awberry, a sober modest man; who has two sisters; to one of whom I am contracted, and always for two years past, intended to make my wife, as soon as I should be in any way to maintain her. The mother is a widow. All of them are very honest people.

Mr. Awberry the brother being assured by me (and I was well assured of it myself, and had no doubt about it) that marriage was intended; and knowing Sir Hargrave's great estate (and having indeed seen Sir Hargrave on the occasion, and received his protestations of honour) engaged his mother and sister in it; and the result, as to them and me, was, that I was to receive, as soon as the knot was tied, an hundred guineas besides the twenty; and moreover an absolute promise of a place; and twenty pounds a year till I got it; and then my marriage with young Mrs. Awberry was to follow.

The widow has an annuity of thirty pounds, which, with their son's salary, keeps them above want.

She lives at Paddington. There is a back-door and garden, as it happens, convenient to bring any-body in, or carry any-body out, secretly; and hither it was resolved, if possible, that the lady should be brought, and a Fleet parson and his clerk ready station'd, to perform the ceremony; and then all that the bridegroom wish'd was to follow of course.

Sir Hargrave doubted not (tho' he was fruitful in contrivances, and put many others in practice) but he should be detected if he carried the Lady to his own house. And as he was afraid that the chairmen (notwithstanding several other artful contrivances) would be able to find out the place they carried her to, he had ordered his chariot-and-six to be at the widow Awberry's by six in the morning, with three servants on horseback, armed, and a horse and pistols besides. After marriage and consummation, he was resolved to go to his house on the forest, but not to stay there; but to go to Mr. Merceda's house near Newberry, where he doubted not but he should be secret till he thought fit to produce the lady, as Lady Pollexfen: And often, very often, did he triumph on the victory he should obtain over her other Lovers, and over her own proud heart, as he would have it to be.

The parson, Sir, came: The clerk was there: But what with fits, prayers, tears, and one thing or other (at one time the Lady being thought irrecoverable having received some unintended hurt in her struggling to get out of a door, as I heard it was) Sir Hargrave in terror dismissed the parson; and resolved to carry the lady (who by that time was recovered) in the chariot to his seat at Windsor; and then, staying there only to marry, go to Newberry: And from thence break out by degrees, as the matter should be taken.

My lady screamed, resisted, and did all that woman could do, to get free: And more than once people who heard her cry out for help were put on a wrong scent: And had we not met with your honour (who would see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears) the affair had been all over in the way Sir Hargrave wished, and was at so much pains and expence to effect. For, Sir, the chariot generally drove so fast, that before passengers could have resolved whether to interfere or not, we should have been out of sight or reach.

Sir Hargrave is in the greatest rage with us all, because we stood not better by him. He refuses any favour to me, and threatens to pistol me the moment he sees me. That's to be my reward.

We were four at setting out from Paddington; but one of the servants was dispatch'd to prepossess an old servant of Sir Hargrave's mother, at Colnebrooke, who keeps there a kind of haberdashery shop; and where he proposed to get some refreshment for the lady, if he could make her take any. For my part I wonder how she kept out of fits on the road. She had enow of them at Paddington.

The two servants who staid about Sir Hargrave, are discharged with all the marks of indignation that a master incensed by such a disappointment could express; and, as I said before, he is resolved to pistol me the moment he sees me. Yet I too well served him for the peace of my conscience.

A coach-and-four was ordered to carry the widow and her two daughters to Reading, to the New-Inn there, where they were to reside for a week or so, till all was blown over; and that they might be out of the way of answering questions: And my brother Awberry, as I call him, and hope to make him (for he is a very honest man) was to go to them there.

And there, in all probability, had Sir Hargrave succeeded, and been as good as his word, should I have been the husband of as tender-hearted a young woman as any in the parish she lives in.

Here is a very long letter, may it please you, Sir. I have shortened it however as much as I could: But in hatred to myself, and the vile ways I have, by excess of good-nature, and by meeting with wicked masters, been drawn into — For the clearing of my sister's character, who lives in credit among her neighbours, and of every other person who might otherwise have been suspected — In justice to Mrs. Awberry's, and her two daughters, and her son's characters — And in justice so far to Sir Hargrave's, as that he intended marriage (and had he not, he would have found no friends in his designs at Paddington) and so far as to clear him of having not offered the least incivility to my lady — [Had he intended, or been provoked so to do, he was too well watch'd by the widow, and her daughters, to have been permitted; and that by my own request, which was, that they should be ready to run in whenever they heard her cry out, and that they would not leave Sir

Hargrave alone with my Lady for six minutes, till their hands were joined in wedlock] — In justice I say to all these persons, I thought proper thus to give you, Sir, all that I knew relating to this wicked transaction. And if, may it please your honour, I were to be taken up, I could say no more before a magistrate; except this, which I had like to have forgot; which is, that had it not been for me, some mischief might have been done, between Sir Hargrave's servants and yours, if not to your honour's person.

All that I most humbly beg, is, the pardon of so sweet a lady. I have chosen, ever-to-be-honoured Sir, to write to you, whose goodness is so generally talk'd of, and who have so nobly redeemed and protected her. Mr. Reeves, I know, has suffered too much in his mind to forgive me. He is a worthy gentleman. I am sorry for the disturbance I have given him. I have hopes given me, that I shall get employment on the Keys, or as a tide-waiter extraordinary.

Please the Lord, I will never, never more, be the tool of wicked masters. All I wish for is, to be able to do justice to the love of an honest young woman; and I am resolved, whether so enabled or not, to starve, rather than to go any more, no, not for a single hour, into the service of the iniquitous gentlemen I have so often named in this long Letter.

If I might be assured, that I may pursue unmolested, any honest calling, so as that I may not be tempted or driven into unhappy courses, my heart would be at rest.

There might have been murder in this affair: That shocks me to think of. O Sir, good, excellent, brave, and the most worthy of gentlemen, you have given to me as great a deliverance, as you have to the lady: Yea, greater; for mine may be a deliverance, if I make a proper use of it, of soul as well as body. Which God grant, as also your honour's health and prosperity, to the prayers of

Your Honour's ever-devoted Humble Servant, WILLIAM WILSON.

I thought I had something else to say: Something it is of high importance: Your life is threatened, Sir, God preserve your precious life. Amen!

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Friday, Feb. 24.

MY cousin Reeves has given assurance to the sister of that Wilson, that he may, unmolested by any of us, pursue the best means he can fall upon for the obtaining of an honest livelihood.

In every-thing it is determined to follow the advice of my deliverer.

What a letter is that fellow's! What men are there in the world!

Of such we have read: But I hoped, that I might have escaped suffering by any such.

We are extremely disturbed at the fellow's postscript; and the more, as we are told by several people, that Sir Hargrave will not sit down quietly; but threatens vengeance upon Sir Charles. I wish I had not come to London.

I hope my grandmamma's spirits are not affected by what she knows of the matter. It was very good of my aunt Selby to take the measures she did, in softening every circumstance, and not to let her know anything till the danger was over. But indeed it was but the natural effect of that prudence which regulates all the actions of my honour'd aunt.

My grandmamma has such strength of mind, that now she knows I am safe, and not unhappy, I dare say she will by degrees bear to hear my narrations read. She will be more uneasy if she thinks any-thing is kept from her.

Yet I know that her tenderness and her love for her Harriet will cost her some anguish, some sighs, some tears, as she reads, or hears read, the cruelty her girl has been treated with: Who, so tenderly brought up, so greatly indulg'd, never before knew what harshness was, and had only read of the words cruelty, barbarity, and such-like words. But then she will have more joy I hope, in my deliverance than she will have pain in my sufferings. And pray let her know, that I am every day less and less sensible of the pain in my stomach, of which I was so apprehensive, as really at the time to think it a mortal blow. My grandmamma has told us girls, you know, my Lucy, twenty and twenty frightful stories of the vile enterprizes of men, against innocent creatures; and will therefore call to mind stories which have concluded much worse than, blessed be God, mine has done.

JUST now I have received a congratulatory pacquet of Letters:

One from my aunt Selby, such a sweetly kind, such a truly maternal Letter!

One from my dearest grandmamma. I will put it next my heart, whenever I feel there any of that pain, of which she is so kindly apprehensive.

One from Nancy — Dear girl! — She is very, very generous to forget her own malady to condole and congratulate me. Your brother James, my Lucy, has written me a very kind Letter. He is a good young man: God keep him so! What a mischievous creature is a bad man!

I have a charming Letter, by the post, from my godfather Deane: He has heard nothing of what has happened; and I am sure is too sollicitous for my welfare, to take it well, if I do not let him know something about it: I will therefore soon write to him.

But your Letter, my Lucy! — What, I warrant, you thought I had forgot your Letter in the enumeration of the contents of the precious pacquet! If I had, your goodness, your love, might have made you forgive me: But I never would have forgiven myself.

But you and I, my dear, write for all to see what we write: And so I reserved yours to be last-mention'd. Only I slid in my godfather Deane's between; not because I love him better than I do my Lucy — No, that is impossible! — But because I had a mind to shew you, that I was hastening to be quite well, and so assumed my little saucy tricks, and surprizes, as if it were possible for me to be heedless, where my love to my Lucy was in the question.

And so you expect the particular character and description of the persons of this more than amiable brother and sister. Need you to have told me that you do? And could you think that after having wasted so many quires of paper in giving you the characters of people, many of whom deserved not to be drawn out from the common croud of mortals, I would forbear to give you those of persons who adorn the age in which they live, and even human nature?

You don't question, you say, if I begin in their praises, but my gratitude will make me write in a sublime stile; so you phraise it; and are ready, you promise me, to take with allowance, all the fine things from me, which Mr. Reeves has already taught you to expect.

You may be right, in your expectations, as far as I know; for my grandfather (so many years ago) used to say, that his little Byron was an enthusiast in her gratitude. But, however, when I say any-thing of the exalted minds, of the expanded hearts, of the amiaable manners, of this happy brother and sister, which seems to exceed, in my praises, the bounds you will all be willing to set me, then let the over flowings be carried to account of the grateful enthusiasm, and only to that.

Which shall I begin with? You will have a sharp look-out upon me, you say: Ah, my Lucy! I know what you mean. But I am safe from every-thing but my gratitude, I will assure you.

And so, if I begin with the character of the Brother, then will you join with my uncle, shake your head, and cry, Ah! my Harriet! If I begin with the sister, will you not say, that I save my choicest subject for the last? How difficult is it to avoid censure, when there is a resolution taken to be censorious!

Well, but keep a look-out, if you please, my Lucy: Not the least shadow of reserve shall it give to my heart: My pen shall be honest to that heart; and I shall be benefited, I am sure, by the faithful wounds of such affectionate, and equally-beloved as revered friends — And so, Pen, take thy course.

Miss Grandison — Yes, my volant, my self-conducted quill, begin with the sister, say my Lucy what she pleases —

Miss Grandison is about twenty-four: Of a fine stature: She has dignity in her aspect; and a very penetrating black eye, with which she does what she pleases: Her hair is black, very fine, and naturally curls: She is not fair, but her complexion is delicate and clear, and promises a long duration to her loveliness: Her features are generally regular: Her nose is a little aquiline; but that is so far from being a blemish, that it gives a kind of majesty to her other features: Her teeth are white and even: Her mouth is perfectly lovely; and a modest archness appears in her smiles, that makes one both love and fear her, when she begins to speak. She is finely shaped; and, in her air and whole appearance, perfectly genteel.

She herself says, That before her brother came to England, she was thought to be proud, pert, and lofty: But I hardly believe her; for the man lives not, it is my belief, who in fourteen months time (and Sir Charles has not been longer arrived) could so totally eradicate those qualities in a mind of which they had taken possession, as that they should not occasionally shew themselves.

She has charming spirits. I dare say, she sings well, from the air she now-and-then warbles in the gaiety of her heart, as she goes up and down stairs: She is very polite; yet has a vein of raillery, that were she not polite, would give one too much apprehension for one's ease: But I am sure she is frank, easy, and good-humoured: And, by turning over all the just and handsome things which are attributed to herself, to her brother's credit, she must be equally humble and generous.

She says, she has but lately taken a very great liking to reading: But I am ready to question what she says, when she speaks any-thing that some would construe to her disadvantage. She pretends, that she was too volatile, too gay, too airy, to be confined to sedentary amusements. Her father, however, according to the genteelest and most laudable modern education for women, had given her a master, who taught her History and Geography; in both which she acknowledges she made some progress. In Music, she owns she has skill: But I am told by her

maid who attended me by her young Lady's direction, and who delights to praise her mistress, that she reads and speaks French and Italian; that she writes finely, and is greatly admired for her wit, prudence, and obligingness. Nobody, said Jenny (who is a sensible young woman a clergyman's daughter, well educated, and very obligeing) can stand against her good-natured raillery: Her brother, she says, is not spared: But he takes delight in her vivacity, and gives way to it; when it is easy to see, that he could take her down, if he pleased. And then, added this good young woman, she is an excellent manager in a family, finely as she is educated [I rejoiced to hear that, for the honour of our reading Ladies, as in Miss Clements's case]: She knows every-thing, and how to direct what should be done, from the private family-dinner, to a sumptuous entertainment: And every day inspects, and approves, or alters, the bill of fare: By the way, my Lucy, she is an early riser — Do you mind that? And so can do every-thing with ease, pleasure, and without hurry and confusion: For all her servants are early risers of course. What servants can for shame be in bed, at a reasonable hour to be up, when they have a master or mistress's example for early rising?

Yet this fine Lady loves to go to the public places, and often goes, and makes a brilliant figure there. She has time for them, and earns her pleasures by her early rising?

Miss Grandison, Jenny tells me, has two humble servants [I wonder she has not two-and-twenty]: One is Sir Walter Watkyns, a man of a large estate in Somersetshire; the other is Lord G. son of the Earl of G.; but neither of them highly approved by her: Yet Jenny says, they are both of them handsome men, and admired by the Ladies: This makes me afraid, that they are modern men; and pay their court by the exterior appearance, rather than by interior worth. Who, my Lucy, that has heard what my late grandfather has said, and my grandmamma still says, of the men in their youthful days, will not say, that we have our lots cast in an age of Petits Maitres, and Insignificants.

Such an amiable woman is Miss Charlotte Grandison — May I be found, on further acquaintance, but half as lovely in her eyes, as she is in mine! — Don't be jealous, Lucy, I hope I have a large heart. I hope there is room in it for half a dozen sweet female friends! — Yes, altho' another Love were to intervene. I could not bear, that even the affection due to the man of my choice, were I to marry, should, like Aaron's rod, swallow up all the rest.

But now for her brother — My deliverer!

But pray now, Lucy, don't you come with your sharp look-out: I warrant you will expect on this occasion to read the tumults of the poor girl's heart in her character and description of a man, to whom she is so much obliged! — But what

if she disappoints you, and yet do justice to his manifold excellencies? What if she find some faults in him, that his sister has not?

Parading Harriet, methinks you say! Teazing girl! Go on, go on, leave it to us to find you out: And take care that the very faults you pretend to discover, do not pass for a colour only, and lead to your detection.

Thank you, Lucy, for your caution: But I will not be obliged to it. My pen shall follow the dictates of my heart; and if it be as honest to me, as I think it is to every-body else, I hope I have nothing to fear either from your look-out, or, which is still a sharper, my uncle Selby's.

Sir Charles Grandison, in his person, is really a very fine man. He is tall; rather slender than full: His face in shape is a fine oval: He seems to have florid health; health confirmed by exercise.

His complexion seems to have been naturally too fine for a man: But as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overspread with a manly sunniness [I want a word] that shews he has been in warmer climates than England: And so it seems he has; since the Tour of Europe has not contented him. He has visited some parts of Asia, and even of Afric, Egypt particularly.

I wonder what business a man has for such fine teeth, and so fine a mouth, as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain.

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shews him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye — Indeed, my Lucy, his eye shews, if possible, more of sparkling intelligence than that of his sister —

Now pray be quiet, my dear uncle Selby! What is beauty in a man to me? You all know that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man.

And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied companied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible. His sister says, he is always the first to break thro' the restraints, and to banish the diffidences, that will generally attend persons on a quite new acquaintance. He may, for he is sure of being acceptable in whatever he does or says.

Very true, Lucy: Shake your head if you please.

In a word, he has such an easy, yet manly politeness, as well in his dress, as in his address (no singularity appearing in either) that were he not a fine figure of a man, but were even plain and hard-featured, he would be thought (what is far more eligible in a man, than mere beauty) very agreeable.

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, has travelled we may say, to some purpose.

Well might his sister tell Mr. Reeves, that whenever he married, he would break half a score hearts.

Upon my word Lucy, he has too many personal advantages for a woman who loved him with peculiarity, to be easy with, whatever may be his virtue, from the foible our sex in general love to indulge for handsome men. For, O my dear, womens eyes are sad giddy things; and will run away with their sense, with their understandings, beyond the power of being overtaken either by stop theif, or hue-and-cry.

I know that here you will bid me take care not to increase the number of the giddy. And so I will, my Lucy.

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness: He is above quarreling with the world for trifles: But he is still more above making such compliances with it, as would impeach either his honour or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said, My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being an handsome man; not so much for his birth and fortune; nor for this or that single worthiness; as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a good man. And at another time she said, that he lived to himself, and to his own heart; and that tho' he had the happiness to please every-body, yet he made the judgement or approbation of the world matter but of second consideration. In a word, added she, Sir Charles Grandison, my Brother (and when she looks proud, it is when she says, my Brother) is not to be misled either by false glory, or false shame, which he calls, The great snares of virtue.

What a man is this, so to act! — What a woman is this, so to distinguish her brother's excellencies!

What a poor creature am I, compared to either of them! And yet I have had my admirers. So perhaps may still more faulty creatures among their inferiors. If, my Lucy, we have so much good sense as to make fair comparisons, what have we to do but to look forward rather than backward, in order to obtain the grace of humility?

But let me tell you, my dear, that Sir Charles does not look to be so great a self-denier, as his sister seems to think him, when she says, he lives to himself, and to his own heart, rather than to the opinion of the world.

He dresses to the fashion, rather richly, 'tis true, than gaudily; but still richly: So that he gives his fine person its full consideration. He has a great deal of vivacity in his whole aspect; as well as in his eye. Mrs. Jenny says, that he is a great admirer of handsome women. His equipage is perfectly in taste, tho' not so much to the glare of taste, as if he aimed either to inspire or shew emulation. He seldom travels without a set, and suitable attendants; and, what I think seems a little to favour of singularity, his horses are not docked: Their tails are only tied up when they are on the road. This I took notice of when we came to town. I

want, methinks, my dear, to find some fault in his outward appearance, were it but to make you think me impartial; my gratitude to him, and my veneration for him, notwithstanding.

But if he be of opinion that the tails of these noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer are so apt to annoy them (as Jenny just now told me was thought to be his reason for not depriving his cattle of a defence, which nature gave them) how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration! And how, in the more minute, as well as we may suppose in the greater instances, does he deserve the character of the man of mercy, who will be merciful to his beast!

I have met with persons, who call those men good, that yet allow themselves in liberties which no good man can take. But I dare say, that Miss Grandison means by good, when she calls her brother, with so much pride, a good man, what I, and what you, my Lucy, would understand by the word.

With so much spirit, life, and gallantry in the first appearance of Sir Charles Grandison, you may suppose, that had I not been so dreadfully terrified and illused, and so justly apprehensive of worse treatment; and had I been offered another protection; I should hardly have acted the frighted bird flying from the hawk, to which, as Mr. Reeves tells me, Sir Charles (tho' politely, and kindly enough, yet too sensibly for my recollection) compared me.

Do you wonder, Lucy, that I cannot hold up my head, when I recollect the figure I must make in that odious Masquerade-habit, hanging by my clasping arms about the neck of such a young gentleman? Can I be more effectually humbled than by such a recollection? And yet is not this an instance of that false shame in me, to which Sir Charles Grandison is so greatly superior?

Surely, surely, I have had my punishment for my compliances with this foolish world. False glory, and false shame, the poor Harriet has never been totally above. Why was I so much indulged? Why was I allowed to stop so many miles short of my journeys end, and then complimented, as if I had no farther to go? — but surely, I was past all shame, when I gave my consent to make such an appearance, as I made, among a thousand strangers, at a Masquerade!

But now, I think, something offers of blame in the character of this almost faultless man, as his sister, and her Jenny, represent him to be.

I cannot think, from a hint given by Miss Grandison, that he is quite so frank, and so unreserved, as his sister is. Nay, it was more than a hint: I will repeat her very words: She had been mentioning her own openness of heart, and yet confessing that she would have kept one or two things from him, that affected him not.

‘But as for my brother, said she, he winds one about, and about, yet seems not to have more curiosity than one would wish him to have. Led on by his smiling benignity, and fond of his attention to my prattle, I have caught myself in the midst of a tale of which I intended not to tell him one syllable.

‘O Sir Charles, where am I got? have I said; and suddenly stopt.

‘Proceed, my Charlotte! No reserves to your nearest friend.

‘Yet he has his, and I have winded and winded about him, as he had done about me; but all to no purpose.

‘Nevertheless, he has found means, insensibly, to set me on again with my own story, till I had told him all I knew of the matter; and all the time I was intending only that my frankness should be an example to him; when he, instead of answering my wishes, double-locked the door of his heart, and left not so much as the key-hole uncovered, by which I might have peeped into it; and this in one or two points, that I thought it imported me to know. And then have I been ready to scold.’

Now this reserve to such a sister, and in points that she thinks it imports her to know, is what I do not like in Sir Charles. A friend as well as sister! ought there to be a secret on on side, when there is none on the other? Very likely, he would be as reserved to a wife: And is not marriage the highest state of friendship that mortals can know? And can friendship and reserve be compatible? Surely, No.

His sister, who cannot think he has one fault, excuses him, and says, that her brother has no other view in drawing her on to reveal her own heart, but the better to know how to serve and oblige her.

But then, might not the same thing be said in behalf of the curiosity of so generous a sister? Or, is Sir Charles so conscious of his own superiority, as to think he can give advice to her, but wants not hers to him? Or, thinks he meanly of our Sex, and highly of his own? Yet there are but two years difference in their age: And from sixteen to twenty-four, I believe women are generally more than two years aforehand with the men in ripeness of understanding; tho’, after that time, the men may ripen into a superiority.

This observation is not my own; for I heard a very wise man once say, That the intellects of women usually ripen sooner than those of men; but that those of men, when ripened, like trees of slow growth, generally hold longer, are capable of higher perfection, and serve to nobler purposes.

Sir Charles has seen more of the world, it may be said, than his sister has: He has travelled. But is not human nature the same in every country, allowing only for different customs? — Do not Love, hatred, anger, malice, all the passions in short, good or bad, shew themselves by like effects in the faces, hearts, and actions of the people of every country? And let men make ever such strong

pretensions to knowledge, from their far-fetch'd and dear-bought experience, cannot a penetrating spirit learn as much from the passions of a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in England, as it could from a man of the same or the like ill qualities, in Spain, in France, or in Italy? And why is the Grecian Homer, to this day, so much admired, as he is in all these nations, and in every other nation where he has been read, and will be, to the world's end, but because he writes to nature? And is not the language of nature one language throughout the world, tho' there are different modes of speech to express it by?

But I shall go out of my depth. All I mean (and, from the frankness of my own heart, you will expect from me such a declaration) is, that I do not love that a man so nearly perfect, be his motives what they will, should have reserves to such a sister. Don't you think, Lucy, that this seems to be a kind of fault in Sir Charles Grandison? Don't you think, that it would mingle some fear in a sister's Love of him? And should one's Love of so amiable a brother be dashed or allayed with fear? He is said to be a good man: And a good man I dare say he is: What secrets can a good man have, that such a sister, living with him in the same house, and disdaining not, but, on the contrary, priding herself in, the title of her brother's housekeeper, should not be made acquainted with? Will a man so generous look upon her as he would upon a mere housekeeper? — Does not confidence engage confidence? — And are they not by nature, as well as inclination, friends?

But I fancy I am acting the world, in its malevolence, as well as impertinence: That world, which thinks itself affronted by great and superior merit; and takes delight to bring down exalted worth to its own level. But, at least, you will collect from what I have written, an instance of my impartiality; and see, that, tho' bound to Sir Charles by a tie of gratitude which never can be dissolved, I cannot excuse him, if he be guilty of a diffidence and reserve to his generous sister, which she is above shewing to him.

If I am allowed to be so happy, as to cultivate this desirable acquaintance [And I hope it is not their way to leave those whom they have relieved and raised, in order to shine upon, and bless only new objects of compassion] then will I closely watch every step of this excellent man; in hope, however, to find him as perfect as report declares him, that I may fearlesly make him my theme, as I shall delight to make his sister my example. And if I were to find any considerable faults in him, never fear, my dear, but my gratitude will enlarge my charity in his favour. But I shall, at the same time, arm my heart with those remembred failings, lest my gratitude should endanger it, and make me a hopeless fool.

Now, my uncle, do not be very hard on your niece. I am sure, very sure, that I am not in danger as yet: And indeed I will tell you, by my Lucy, whenever, I find

out that I am. Spare, therefore, my dear uncle Selby, all your conjectural constructions.

And indeed you should in pity spare me, my dear Sir, at present; for my spirits are still weak: I have not yet forgiven myself for the masquerade affair; especially since Mr. Reeves has hinted to me, that Sir Charles Grandison (as he judges from what he dropt about that foolish amusement) approves not of masquerades. And yet self-partiality has suggested several strong pleas in my favour; indeed by way of extenuation only. How my judge, CONSCIENCE, will determine upon those pleas, when counsel has been heard on both sides, I cannot say: Yet I think, that an acquittal from this brother and sister, would go a great way to make my conscience easy.

I have not said one half of what I intended to say of this extraordinary man. But having imagined, from the equal Love I have to his admirable sister, that I had found something to blame him for, my impartiality has carried me out of my path; and I know not how to recover it, without going a great way back. Let therefore what I have further to say, mingle in with my future narratives, as new occasions call it forth.

But yet I will not suffer any other subject to interfere with that which fills my heart with the praises, the due praises of this worthy brother and sister; to which I intended to consecrate this rambling and very imperfect Letter: And which here I will conclude, with assurances (however needless I hope they are) of duty, Love, and gratitude, where so much due from

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Feb. 24, & 25.

NOW have I near a week to go back, my Lucy, with my current narrative, having been thrown behind-hand by the long Letters I have been obliged to write, to give you an account of my distress, of my deliverance, of the characters of this noble brother and sister, and a multitude of coincidences and reflexions, which all my dear friends expect, as they fall in, from the pen of their Harriet. And this Letter shall therefore be a kind of diary of that week; only that I will not repeat what my cousin Revees has told me he has written.

On Monday I was conducted home in safety, by my kind protector, and his amiable sister.

Mrs. Reeves, Lady Betty, and Miss Clements, are in Love with them both.

My cousin has told you, how much they disappointed us, in declining to stay dinner. What shall we do, if they are not as fond of our company as we are of theirs? We are not used to be slighted, you know: And to be slighted by those we love, there can be no fearing of that. But I hope this will not be the case.

At tea, the name of Sir Rowland Meredith carried me instantly down.

Mr. Reeves had old the good Knight, on his calling on the Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and on this day, before we returned from Colnebrooke that I had been over-fatigued at the Masquerade on Thursday night [And so I was]; and was gone a little way out of town. Carried he should have said: I was carried with a witness!

Sir Rowland took notice, that I must have had a smart illness for the time, by my alter'd countenance. You are, and must be, ever lovely, Miss Byron: But I think you look not quite so serene, you don't look so composed as you used to do. But I was afraid you were denied to my longing sight. I was afraid you would let your papa go down to Caermarthen, without giving him an opportunity to bless his cross girl. It is in vain, I fear, to urge you — He stopt, and look'd full in my face — Pray, Sir Rowland, said I, how does my brother Fowler?

Why, ay, that's the duce of it! Your brother Fowler. But as the honest man says, so say I; I will not teaze you. But never, never, will you have — But no more of that — I come to take my leave of you. I should have set out this very morning, could I have seen you on Saturday or Yesterday. But I shall go to-morrow morning early. You are glad of that, madam, I am sure.

Indeed, Sir Rowland, I shall always respect and value you. And I hope I shall have your good wishes, Sir —

Yes, yes, madam, you need not doubt it. And I will humble all the proud women in Wales, by telling them of Miss Byron.

You tell me, my Lucy, that you were all moved at one of the conversations I gave you between the Knight, Mr. Fowler, and myself.

Were I to be as particular in my account of what passed on Sir Rowland's taking leave of me, as I was on that other occasion, and were you to judge by the effect his honest tenderness had on me, as I craved his blessing, and as he blessed me (the big tears, unheeded by himself, straying down his reverend cheeks) I think you would have been in like manner affected.

Mr. Fowler is to go down after him — If — if — if, said the Knight, looking fervently in my face —

I should be glad, I said, to see, and to wish my brother a good journey.

Tuesday morning early I had a kind enquiry after my rest, from Miss Grandison, in her brother's name, as well as in her own. And about eleven o'clock came the dear Lady herself. She would run up stairs to me, following Sally — In her dressing-room, say you? — She shall not come down.

She entered with the maid — Writing, my dear! said she. I one day hope, my Harriet, you will shew me all you write. — There, there (sitting down by me) no bustle. And how does my fair friend? — Well — I see very well — To a Lover — or of a Lover — that's the same thing. −

Thus, sweetly familiar, ran she on.

Mrs. Reeves entered: Excuse me, madam, said Miss Grandison: This is but one of my flying visits as I call them: My next shall be to you. But perhaps I may not make it in form neither: We are relations, you know. How does Mr. Reeves? He is a good man. At home? —

He is, madam, and will be rejoiced —

I know he will — Why, madam, this our Byron, our Harriet, I should say, looks charmingly! — You had best lock her up. There are many more Sir Hargrave's in the world, than there are Miss Byron's.

She told me, that Sir Charles had set out that morning early for Canterbury. He will be absent two or three days, said she. He charged me with his compliments. He did nothing but talk of his new-found sister, from the time he parted with you. I shall promote your interest with him, in order to strengthen my own. I want to find him out.

Some love-engagements, I suppose, madam? said Mrs. Reeves — It is impossible, but the Ladies —

The Ladies! Ay, that's the thing The duce is in them! They will not stay to be asked. These men, the best of them, love nothing but what is attended with difficulty. But all his Love-matters he keeps to himself; yet knows all mine —

Except one little entanglement — Mr. Reeves hears not what we say (looking about her): But you, my dear, shall reveal to me your sneaking passion, if you have one, and I will discover mine — But not to you, Mrs. Reeves. No married women shall I trust with what lies in the innermost fold of my heart. Your husbands are always the wiser for what you know; tho' they can keep their own counsel; and then, Harriet, Satan-like, the ungenerous wretches, becoming both tempters and accusers, laugh at us, and make it wonderful for a woman to keep a secret.

The Ladies will not stay to be asked, Lucy! — An odd hint! — These men, the best of them, love nothing but what comes to them with difficulty. — He keeps all his Love matters to himself. ALL, my Lucy! — But indeed she had said before, that if Sir Charles married, half a dozen hearts would be broken!

This is nothing to me indeed. But, once more, I wonder why a man of a turn so laudable, should have any secrets? The more a good man permits any one to know of his heart, the more good he might do, by way of example. — And has he, can he have, so many Love-secrets, and yet will he not let them transpire to such a sister? — Whom (and so she once hinted) it imported to know something of them. But, he knows best. I am very impertinent to be more concerned for his sister, than she is for herself. But I do love her. And one can no more bear to have those slighted whom we love, than one's self.

It is very difficult, Lucy, to know one's self. I am afraid I have a little spice of censoriousness in my temper, which I knew nothing of till now: But, no, it is not censoriousness neither: I cannot be so mean, as to be censorious: And yet I can now, methinks (for the first time) a little account for those dark spirits who may be too much obliged; and who, despairing to be able ever to return the obligation, are ready to quarrel with the obliger.

Spiteful men say, that we women know not ourselves; know not our own hearts. I believe there is something of truth in the aspersion: But as men and women are brothers and sisters, as I may say, are not the men equally censurable? And should not we women say so, were we to be as spiteful as they? Must it needs be, that a daughter of the same father and mother must be more silly, more unsteady, more absurd, more impertinent, than her brother? — I hope not.

Mrs. Reeves not knowing, as she said afterwards, but Miss Grandison might have something to say to me, withdrew.

I believe I told you last Sunday, said Miss Grandison, of a cousin that we have: A good-natured young fellow: He supped with us last night. Sir Charles was so full of your praises, yet not letting him into your history, that he is half-wild to see you.

God forbid, thought I, when she had gone only thus far, that this cousin should be proposed — What an easy thing is it, my Lucy, to alarm a woman on the side of her vanity!

He breakfasted with me this morning, continued she, after Sir Charles had set out; and knowing that I intended to make you a flying visit, he besought me to take him with me: But I would not, my dear, bring an inundation of new admirers upon you: He has a great acquaintance; and is very hold, tho' not indecent: He is thought to be a modern wit, you must know; and, to speak after an admirable writer, a minute philosopher; and thinks he has something to say for himself when his cousin is not present. Before Sir Charles arrived, and when we were in expectation of his coming, being appris'd that Sir Charles had a serious turn, he threatened to play upon him, and, as he phrased it, to bamboozle him; for these wits and witlings have a language peculiar to themselves. But on Sir Charles's arrival, in two conversations, he drew in his horns, as we say; and now reverences those good qualities which, however, he has not the grace to imitate. Now I will not answer, but you may have a visit from him, to see the loveliest woman in England. If he comes, see him, or not, as you please; and think not yourself under any civil obligation to my brother, or me, to go out of your own way: But I hope he will not be so impertinent. I don't wish you to see him out of my brother's company; because you will see him then to his own advantage. And yet he has such a notion that we women love to be admired, and to have handsome things said to us, that he imagines, the visit of a man, made for that purpose, will give him as free a welcome to the finest woman in the world, as painters give to those who come to see their pictures, and for the like reason. But no more of Mr. Grandison. Yet I thought proper to prepare you, if he should take so confident a liberty.

I thanked her.

Well but, my dear, you seem to have a long parcel of writing before you: One, two, three, four — Eight leaves — Upon my word! — But Mr. Reeves told me you are a writer; and that you gave an account of all that befel you, to our grandmother Shirley, to our uncle and aunt Selby, to our cousins Lucy and Nancy — You see I remember every name: And will you one day let me see what you write?

Most willingly, madam —

Madam! interrupted she. So formal! Charlotte say. With all my heart, my ever-amiable, my everkind, Charlotte.

So, so — Well may the men say, we love flattery, when rather than want it, we will flatter one another.

I was going to disclaim flattery: Hush, hush, hush, my dear, I doubt not your sincerity. You are a grateful and good girl: But dare you, will you, shew me all and every-thing about that Greville, that Orme, that Fowler, that Fenwick? — You see, I forget none of the names that your cousin Reeves told me of on Saturday last, and which I made you talk of last Sunday.

All and every-thing, Miss Grandison: But will you tell me of your gentleman?

Will I! No doubt of it: How can young women be together one quarter of an hour, and not lead one another into talk of their Lovers! Lord, my dear, those secrets, Sir Charles once said, are the cement of young womens friendships.

And could Sir Charles —

Could Sir Charles! — Yes, yes, yes. Do you think a man can be a judge of human nature, and leave women out of the question? Why, my dear, he finds us out in a minute. Take care of yourself, Harriet — If —

I shall be afraid of him —

What if you have a good conscience, my dear! — She then looked very archly. She made me blush. She look'd more archly. I blush'd, I believe, a deeper dye.

Did I not tell you, Lucy, that she could do what she pleased with her eyes? — But what did she mean by this?

In my conscience, my Harriet, little or much, I believe we women are all rogues in our hearts.

And does Miss Grandison say that from her own conscience?

I believe I do: But I must fly: I have ten more visits to pay before I go home to dress. You will tell me all about your fellows, you say?

And you will tell me about your entanglement, as you called it.

Why that's a difficulty upon me: But you must encourage me by your freedom, and we will take up our wretches and lay them down again, one by one, as we run them over, and bid them lie still and be quiet till we recal them to our memory.

But I have not one Lover, my Charlotte, to tell you of: I always gave them their dismission —

And I have but two, that at present I care to own; and they won't be dismissed: But then I have half a dozen, I believe, that have said extravagant things to me; and we must look upon them as Lovers elect, you know, who, only want to be coquetted with.

Miss Grandison, I hope, cannot think of coquetting?

Not much: only a little now-and-then, to pay the men in their own coin.

Charming vivacity! said I. I shall be undone, if you don't love me.

No fear, no fear of that! — I am a whimsical creature; but the sun is not more constant in his course than I am steady in my friendships. And these

communications on both sides will rivet us to each other, if you treat me not with reserve.

She arose to go in a hurry. Abate, my bear Charlotte, of half your other visits, and favour me with your company a little longer.

Give me some chocolate then; and let me see your cousin Reeves's: I like them. Of the ten visits, six of the ladies will be gone to sales, or to plague tradesmen, and buy nothing: Any-where rather than at home: The devil's at home, is a phrase: And our modern ladies live as if they thought so. Two of the other four called upon me, and hardly alighted: I shall do so by them. The other two I shall have paid my compliments to in one quarter of an hour.

I rang for chocolate; and to beg my cousins company.

They wanted but the word; In they came. My apartment (which the was pleased to admire) then became the subject of a few moments conversation: And then a much better took place: Sir Charles, I mean.

I asked, if her brother had any relations at Canterbury?

I protest I don't know, said she: But this I know, That I have none there. Did I not hint to you, that Sir Charles has his secrets? — But he sometimes loves to play with my curiosity: He knows, I have a reasonable quantity of that.

Were I his sister —

Then you must do as he would have you, Harriet. I know him to be steady in his purposes: But he is besides so good, that I give up any-thing to oblige him —

Your entanglement, Charlotte? asked I, smiling. Mr. Reeves knows nothing from that word.

Why, yes, my entanglement; and yet I hate to think of it: So no more of that. It is the only secret I have kept from him; and that is, because he has no suspicion of the matter: if he had, tho' my life were to be the forfeit, I believe he would have it.

She told us, that she expected us soon to dine with her in St. James's Square: But that she must fix Sir Charles. I hope, said she, you will often drop in upon me; as I will upon you. From this time, we will have nothing but conversation-visits between us; and we will leave the modern world to themselves; and be Queen Elizabeth's women. I am sorry to tell you — Let me whisper it. —

And she did; but loud enough for every one to hear: Altho' I follow the fashion, and make one fool the more for it, I despise above one half of the women I know.

Miss Grandison, affectedly whispered I again, should not do so; because her example is of weight enough to mend them.

I'll be hang'd if Miss Byron thinks so, re-whisper'd she. The age is too far gone. Nothing but a national calamity can do it. But let me tell you, that, at the same time, I despise more than one half of the men. But, speaking out, you and I

will try to think ourselves wiser than any-body else; and we shall have this comfort, we shall not easily find any of our sex, who by their superior wisdom will give us reason to think ourselves mistaken.

But adieu, adieu, and adieu, my agreeable friends! Let me see you, and you, and you, turning to each of the three, as often as is convenient, without ceremony: And remember we have been acquainted these hundred years.

Away she hurried, forbidding me to go out of my apartment. Mrs. Reeves could not overtake her. Mr. Reeves had much ado to be in time to make his compliments. She was in her chariot before he could offer his hand.

How pretty it was, my Lucy, in Miss Grandison, to remember the names of all my dear friends! She told me indeed, on Sunday, that she should.

If travelling into foreign countries gives ease and politeness, would not one think that Miss Grandison has visited every European court, as well as her brother? If she has not, was it necessary for Sir Charles to go abroad to acquire that freedom and ease which his sister has so happily attained without stirring out of the kingdom?

These men had not best despise us, Lucy. There is not, I hope, so much difference in the genius's of the two sexes as the proud ones among theirs are apt to imagine; especially when you draw comparisons from equal degrees in both.

O Mr. Walden, take care of yourself, if ever again you and I meet at Lady Betty's! — But this abominable Sir Hargrave! Not one word more of meeting at Lady Betty's! There saw I first the wretch that still, on recollection, strikes terror into my heart.

Wednesday, a visit from Miss Clements and Lady Betty took me off my writing about two hours; yet I over-writ myself, and was obliged to lie down for about two more. At night we had Sir John Allestree, and his nephew, and Miss Allestree, and Miss Clements, and Lady Betty, at supper, and cards. But, my stomach paining me, about eleven I was permitted to retire to bed.

On Thursday I finished my Letters, relating my distresses, and deliverance. It was a dreadful subject. I rejoiced when I had concluded it.

The same day Mr. Reeves received Sir Charles's Letter, inclosing that of the wretched Wilson. I have often heard my grandfather observe, that men of truly great and brave spirits are most tender and merciful; and that, on the contrary, men of base and low minds are cruel, tyrannical, insolent, where-ever they have power. What this short Letter, so full of lenity, of mercy, of generous and humane care for the future good of a criminal, and extended to unborn families, as well as to all his acquaintance and friends in being, enables one to judge of the truly heroic Sir Charles Grandison; and what I have experienced of the low, groveling,

unmanly insults of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen (I a poor defenceless silly girl, trick'd into his power); are flagrant proofs of the justice of the observation.

I wish, with all my heart, that the best woman in the world were queen of a great nation; and that it were in my power, for the sake of enlarging Sir Charles's ability to do good, to make him her consort: Then am I morally sure, that I should be the humble means of making a whole people happy!

But as we had all been informed from other hands, of Sir Hargrave's threatnings of Sir Charles's life, Wilson's postscript has fastened a weight on my heart, that will not be removed till the danger is overblown.

This day I had Miss Grandison's compliments, with tender enquiries, brought me; and a desire, that as she supposed my first visit would be one of thankful duty, meaning to Church (for so I had told her it should) my next might be to her.

Yesterday I received the welcome packet, from so many kind friends: And I prosecuted with the more vigour, for it, my writing-task. How easily do we glide into subjects that please us! — How swiftly flies the pen! — The characters of Sir Charles and of Miss Grandison were the subjects; and I was amazed to find how much I had written in so short a time.

Miss Grandison sent me in the evening of this day her compliments, joined with those of her brother, who was but just returned from Canterbury.

I wonder what Sir Charles could do at Canterbury so many days, and to have nobody there whom his sister knows.

She would have made me a visit, she sent me word; but that as she expected her brother in the morning, she had intended to have brought him with her. She added, that this morning (Saturday) they should both set out for Colnebrooke, in hopes of the Earl and Countess of L. arriving there as this night from Scotland.

Do you think, Lucy, it would not have been generous in Sir Charles to have made one visit, before he set out for so many days, to that Canterbury, to the creature on whom he had laid such an obligation? I can only mean as to the civility of the thing, you must think; since he was so good to join in, nay, to propose, the farther intimacy, as a brother, and friend, and so-forth — I wish that Sir Charles be as sincere in his professions as his sister. He may in his travels (possibly he may) have mistaken some gay weeds for fine flowers, and pick'd them up, and brought them with him to England: And yet, if he has done so, he will, even then, be superior to thousands, who travel, and bring home nothing, but the weeds of foreign climates.

He once said, as Miss Grandison told me, that the Countess of L. is still a more excellent woman than my Charlotte. Ah! Sir Charles! You can tell fibs, I believe. I will not forgive in you, those slighter deviations, which we are too apt to pass by in other, even tolerable, men.

I wish you may be in earnest, my good Sir, in proposing to cultivate an intimate friendship with me, as that of a brother to a sister [Shake your head, my Lucy, if you will, I mean no more] that I may be intitled to tell you your faults, as I see them. In your sister Harriet, you shall find, tho' a respectful, yet an openeyed monitor. Our Charlotte thinks you cannot be wrong in any-thing.

All I fear is, that Sir Charles's tenderness was designed to be excited, only while my spirits were weak. Yet he bespoke a brotherly relation to me, before Mr. Reeves, when he brought me home, and supposed me stolen from his family in my infancy. That was going farther than was necessary, if he thought to drop the fraternal character soon.

But might not my own behaviour alarm him? The kind, the considerate man, is perhaps compassionate in his intention. Not distinguishing aright my bashful gratitude, and down-cast eye, he might be afraid, lest I should add one to the half-score, that his sister says, will die if he marry.

If this be so, what, my dear, will your Harriet deserve, if his caution does not teach her some?

After all, I believe, these men in general, think our hearts are made of strange combustible materials. A spark struck, a match thrown in — But the best of men, this admirable man, will, I hope, find himself mistaken, if he think so of your Harriet.

What ails me, that I am grown such a boaster! Surely, this horrid attempt of Sir Hargrave has not affected my brain. Methinks I am not, some how or other, as I used to be in my head, or heart, I know not which.

Do you, Lucy, bring me back again, by your reminding Love, if you think there is any alteration in your Harriet, for the worse: And the rather, as it may prevent my uncle —

But what makes me so much more afraid of my uncle, than I used to be? — Yet men in their raillery, [Don't, however, read this paragraph to him] are so — I don't know how — so un-tender — But let me fall into the hands of my indulgent grandmamma, and aunt Selby, and into your gentle hands, and all will be as it should be.

But what was my subject, before this last seized, and ran away with, my pen? I did not use to wander thus, when I had a beaten path before me. O this vile, vile Sir Hargrave! if I have a fault in my head, that did not use to be there, it is entirely owing to him. I am sure my heart is not wrong.

But I can write nothing now but of Miss Grandison and her brother. What entirely new scenes are opened to me by my distress? — May I have cause, as Sir Charles wished, to reap good from the evil!

I will endeavour to bring Miss Clements into an acquaintance with these worthies; that is to say, if I have myself the interest to preserve my footing in their favour.

Lady Betty resolves to recommend herself. She will be acquainted with them, she says, whether they will or not. And yet I could not bear for Lady Betty that she should be slighted by those whom she dotes upon That, surely, is one of the heaviest of evils And yet self-love, where it is evidently inherent, will enable one to get over it, I believe, pretty soon; tho' nothing but that and pride can, in such. Of some use therefore, you'll be apt to say, are pride and self-love; Why, yes, and so they are, where they are a part of a person's habit. But, O my Lucy, will not a native humility render this pride, whose genuine offspring are resentment and ill-will, absolutely unnecessary, and procure for us, unmingled with mortification, the esteem we wish for in the hearts of the worthy?

As to the rest of my new acquaintance in town, who, till I knew this admirable sister and brother, took up so much of my paper, tho' some of them are doubtless very worthy; Adieu — That is to say, as chosen subjects, — Adieu! says

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Saturday Night.

LORD have mercy upon me, my dear! — What shall I do? — The vile Sir Hargrave has sent a challenge to Sir Charles! — What may be the event! — O that I had not come to London! — This is a copy of the letter, that communicates it. It is from that Bagenhall. But this is the copy of the Letter — I will endeavour to transcribe it — But, no, I cannot — My Sally shall write it over. Lord bless me! What shall I do?

To Miss BYRON.

Cavendish-Square, Feb. 25.

Madam,

YOU might easily believe, that the affair betwixt Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and Sir Charles Grandison could not, after so violent an insult as the former received from the latter, end without consequences.

By all that's sacred, Sir Hargrave knows not that I write.

There is but one way that I can think of to prevent bloodshed; and that, madam, seems to be in your own power.

Sir Hargrave insists upon it, that he meant you nothing but honour. You know the use or abuse of the power he had obtained over you. If he behaved with indecency, he tells me not the truth.

To make a young Lady, whatever were her merit, the wife of a man of near 10,000 l. a year, and who had declared himself absolutely disengaged in her affections, was not doing dishonour to her, so much as to himself, in the violent measures his Love obliged him to take to make her so.

Now, madam, as Sir Charles Grandison was utterly a stranger to you; as Sir Hargrave intended so honourably by you; and, as you are not engaged in your affections; if you will consent to be Lady Pollexfen; and if Sir Charles Grandison will ask pardon for his unprovoked knight-errantry; I will not be Sir Hargrave's second in the affair, if he refuse to accept of such satisfaction in full for the violence he sustained.

I solemnly repeat, that Sir Hargrave knows nothing of my writing to you. You may (but I insist upon it, as in confidence to every-body else) consult your cousin Reeves on the subject. Your honour given, that you will in a month's time be Sir Hargrave's, will make me exert all my power with him (and I have reason to think that is not small) to induce him to compromise on those terms.

I went to Sir Charles's house yesterday afternoon, with a Letter from Sir Hargrave. Sir Charles was just stepping into his chariot to his sister. He opened it; and, with a civility that became his character, told me he was just going with his sister to Colnebrooke, to meet dear friends on their return from Scotland: That he should return on Monday; that the pleasure he should have with his long-absent friends, would not permit him to think of the contents till then: But that the writer should not fail of such an answer as a gentleman ought to give.

Now, madam, I was so much charm'd with Sir Charles Grandison's sine person, and politeness, and his character is so extraordinary, that I thought this interval between this night and Monday morning an happy one. And I took it into my head to make the above proposal to you; and I hope you will think it behoves you, as much as it does me, to prevent the fatal mischief that may otherwise happen, to men of their consideration.

I have not the honour of being personally known to you, madam; but my character is too generally established for any one to impute to me any other motives for this my application to you, than those above given. A line left for me at Sir Hargrave's, in Cavendishsquare, will come to the hands of, madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant. JAMES BAGENHALL.

O MY dear! What a Letter! — Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, are grieved to the heart. Mr. Reeves says, that if Sir Hardgrave insists upon it, Sir Charles is obliged, in honour, to meet him — Murderous, vile word honour! What, at this rate, is honour! The very opposite to duty, goodness, piety, religion; and to every thing that is or ought to be sacred among men.

How shall I look Miss Grandison in the face? Miss Grandison will hate me! To be again the occasion of endangering the life of such a brother!

But, what do you think? — Lady Betty is of opinion — Mr. Reeves has consulted Lady Betty Williams, in confidence — Lady Betty says, that if the matter can be prevented — Lord bless me! she says, I ought to prevent it! — What! by becoming the wife of such a man as Sir Hargrave! so unmanly, so malicious, so low a wretch! — What does Lady Betty mean? — Yet were it in my power to save the life of Sir Charles Grandison, and I refused to do it; for selfish reasons refused, for the sake of my worldly happiness; when there are thousands of good wives, who are miserable with bad husbands — But will not the sacrifice of my life be accepted by this sanguinary man! That, with all my heart, would I make no scruple to lay down. If the wretch will plunge a dagger in my bosom, and take that for satisfaction, I will not hesitate one moment.

But my cousin said, that he was of opinion, that Sir Charles would hardly be brought to ask pardon. How can I doubt, said I, that the vile man, if he may be induced by this Bagenhall to compromise on my being his wife, will dispense

with that punctilio, and wreak on me, were I to be his unhappy property, his whole unmanly vengeance? Is he not spiteful, mean, malicious? — But, abhorred be the thought of my yeilding to be the wife of such a man! — Yet, what is the alternative? Were I to die, that wretched alternative would still take place: His malice to the best of men would rather be whetted than blunted, by my irrevocable destiny! O my Lucy! violent as my grief was, dreadful as my apprehensions were, and unmanly as the treatment I met with from the base man, I never was distress'd till now!

But should Miss Grandison advise, should she insist upon my compliance with the abhorred condition (and has she not a right to insist upon it, for the sake of the safety of her innocent brother?) can I then refuse my compliance with it? — Are we not taught, that this world is a state of trial, and of mortification? And is not calamity necessary to wean our vain hearts from it? And if my motive be a motive of justice and gratitude, and to save a life much more valuable to the world than my own; and which, but for me, had not been in danger — Ought I — And yet — Ah! my Lucy, what can I say? — How unhappy! that I cannot consult this dear lady, who has such an interest in a life so precious, as I might have done, had she been in town?

O Lucy! What an answer, as this unwelcome, this wicked mediator gives it, was that which the excellent man returned to the delivered challenge —

"I am going to meet dear friends on their return from Scotland!"

What a meeting of joy will be here saddened over, if they know of this shocking challenge! And how can his noble heart overflow with pleasure on the joyful occasion, as it would otherwise have done with such an important event in suspense, that may make it the last meeting which this affectionate and most worthy of families will ever know! How near may be the life of this dear brother to a period, when he congratulates the safe arrival of his brother and sister! And who can bear to think of seeing, ere one week is over-past, the now rejoicing and harmonious family, clad in mourning for the first of brothers, and first of men? And I, my Lucy, I, the wretched Harriet Byron, to be the cause of all!

And could the true hero say,

"That the pleasure he should have on meeting his long absent friends would not permit him to think of the contents of such a Letter, till Monday; but that then the writer should not fail of such an answer — as a gentleman ought to give?"

– O my dear Sir Charles! [on this occasion, he is, and ought to be, very dear to me] How I dread the answer which vile custom, and false honour, will oblige you, as a gentleman, to give! And is there no way with honour to avoid giving such an answer, as distracts me to be told (as Mr. Reeves tells me) must be given, if I, your Harriet, interpose not, to the sacrifice of all my happiness in this life?

But Mr. Reeves asks, May not this Bagenhall, tho' he says Sir Hargrave knows nothing of his writing, have written in concert with him? — What if he has, does not the condition remain? And will not the resentment, on the refusal, take place? — And is not the challenge delivered into Sir Charles's hands? And has he not declared, that he will send an answer to it on Monday? This is carrying the matter beyond contrivance, or stratagem. Sir Charles, so challenged, will not let the challenger come off so easily. He cannot, in real honour, now, make proposals for qualifying; or accepting of them, if made to him. And is not Monday the next day but one? — Only that day between, for which I had been preparing my grateful heart to return my silent praises to the Almighty, in the place dedicated to his honour, for so signal a deliverance! And now is my safety to be owing, as it may happen, to a much better person's destruction!

I was obliged to lay down my pen. — See how the blister'd paper — It is too late to send away this Letter: If it were not, it would be barbarous to torment you with it, while the dreadful suspense holds.

Sunday Morning.

I AM unable to write on in the manner I used to do. Not a moment all the past night did I close my eyes: How they are swelled with weeping! I am preparing, however, to go to church: There will I renew my fervent prayers, that my grateful thanksgiving for the past deliverance may be blessed to me in the future event!

Mr. Reeves thinks, that no step ought to be, or can be, taken in this shocking affair, till Sir Charles returns, or Miss Grandison can be consulted. He has taken measures to know every motion of the vile Sir Hargrave.

Lord bless me, my dear, the man has lost three of his fore-teeth! A man so vain of his person! O how must he be exasperated!

Mr. Reeves also will be informed of Sir Charles's arrival the moment he comes to town. He has private information, that the furious Sir Hargrave has with him a man skilled in the science of offence, with whom he is practising — O my dear, how this distracts me!

For Mr. Reeves or me to answer this Bagenhall, Mr. Reeves says, is not to be thought of, as he is a wicked man, and was not likely to have written the alarming letter from good principles. I once indeed proposed to write — I know not what to do, what to propose — Can you write, said Mr. Reeves, and promise or give hope to Sir Hargrave?

O no, no! answered I.

If you could, it is my opinion, that Sir Charles and his sister would both despise you, however self-denying and laudable your motive might be.

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday Morning, Feb. 27.

WHAT a dreadful day was yesterday to me; and what a still worse night had I, if possible, than the former! My prayers, I doubt, cannot be heard, since they have not that affiance with them that they used to be attended with. How happy was I before I came to London! I cannot write: I cannot do anything. Mr. Reeves is just informed, that Sir Charles, and Lord L. and the two sisters, arrived in town late last night. O my Lucy, to return such an answer, I doubt, as Sir Charles thinks a gentleman ought to send. Good heaven! how will this day end?

Eight o'Clock.

I HAVE received this moment the following billet.

My dear Harriet,

PREPARE yourself for a new admirer: My sister L. and I, are resolved to breakfast with you, unless you forbid us by the bearer. If we find you to have made an attempt to alter your usual morning appearance, we shall suspect you of a desire to triumph over us in the consciousness of your superior graces. It is a sudden resolution. You should have had otherwise notice last night; and yet it was late fore we came to town. — Have you been good? Are you quite recovered? But in half an hour I hope to ask you an hundred thousand questions.

Compliments to our cousins.

CH. GR.

HERE is a sweet sprightly billet. Miss Grandison cannot know, the Countess cannot know, any-thing of the dreadful affair, that has given to my countenance, and I am sure will continue on it, an appearance, that, did I not always dress when I arose for the morning, would make me regardless of that Miss Grandison hints at.

What joy, at another time, would the honour of this visit have given us! But even now, we have a melancholy pleasure in it: Just such a one, as the sorrowing friends of the desperate-sick, experience, on the coming-in of a long-expected physician, altho' they are in a manner hopeless of his success. But a coach stops. —

I ran to the dining-room window. O my dear! It is a coach; but only the two Ladies! Good God! — Sir Charles at this moment, at this moment, my boding heart tells me —

Twelve o'Clock.

My heart is a little lighter: Yet not unapprehensive — Take my narrative in course, as I shall endeavour to give you the particulars of every-thing that passed in the last more than agreeable three hours.

I had just got down into the great parlour, before the Ladies entered. Mr. Reeves waited on them at their coach. He handed in the Countess. Miss Grandison, in a charming humour, entered with them. There, Lady L. first know our cousin Reeves, said she —

The Countess, after saluting Mrs. Reeves, turned to me — There, Lady L. said Miss Grandison, That's the girl! That's our Harriet! — Her ladyship saluted me — But how now! said Miss Grandison looking earnestly in my face. How now, Harriet! — Excuse me, Lady L. (taking my hand) I must reckon with this girl; leading me to the window — How now, Harriet! — Those eyes! — Mr. Reeves, cousin, Mrs. Reeves! What's to do here! —

Lively and ever-amiable Miss Grandison, thought I, how will, by-and-by, all this sweet sun-shine in your countenance be shut in!

Come, come, I will know, proceeded she, making me sit down, and taking my hand as she sat by me, her fan in the other hand; I will know the whole of this matter. — That's my dear, for I try'd to smile — An April eye — Would to heaven the month was come which my Harriet's eye anticipates.

I sighed. Well, but why that heavy sigh, said she? — Our grandmother Shirley —

I hope, madam, is very well.

Our aunt Selby? Our uncle Selby? Our Lucy?

All well I hope.

What a duce ails the girl then? Take care I don't have cause to beat you? — Have any of your fellows hanged themselves? — And are you concerned they did not sooner find the rope — But come, we will know all by-and-by.

Charlotte, said the Countess, approaching me [I stood up] you oppress our new sister: I wish, my dear, you would borrow a few of our younger sister's blushes. Let me take you out of this lively girl's hands; I have much ado to keep her down, tho' I am her elder sister. Nobody but my brother can manage her.

Miss Grandison, madam, is all goodness.

We have been all disturbed, said Mrs. Reeves [I was glad to be help'd out] in the fear that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen —

O madam! He dare not; he will not; — He'll be glad to be quiet, if you'll let him, said the Countess.

It was plain they knew nothing of the challenge.

You have not heard any-thing particular, asked Miss Grandison, of Sir Hargrave?

I hope your brother, madam, has not, answered I.

Not a word, I dare say.

You must believe, ladies, said I, that I must be greatly affected, were any-thing likely to happen to my deliverer; as all must have been laid at my door. Such a family harmony to be interrupted —

Come, said Miss Grandison, this is very good of you: This is like a sister: But I hope my Brother will be here by-and-by.

And Lord L. added the obliging Countess, wants to see you, my dear. Come, my love, if Charlotte is naught, we will make a party against her; and she shall be but my second-best sister. I hope my Lord and Sir Charles will come together, if they can but shake off wicked Everard, as we call a kinsman, whom Sir Charles has no mind to introduce to you, without your leave.

But we'll not stay breakfast for them, said Miss Grandison: They were not certain; and desired we would not. — Come, come, get us some breakfast; Lady L. has been up before her hour; and I have told you, Harriet, that I am an early riser. I don't choose to eat my gloves. — But I must do something to divert my hunger: And stepping to the harpsichord, she touch'd the keys in such a manner, as shew'd she could make them speak what language she pleased.

I attended to her charming finger: So did every one. But breakfast coming in — No but I won't, said she, anticipating our requests; and continuing the air by her voice, ran to the table: Hang ceremony, said she, sitting down first; let slower souls compliment: And taking some muffing, I'll have breakfasted before these Pray madams, and Pray my dears, are seated.

Mad girl! Lady L. called her. These, Mrs. Reeves, are always her airs with us: But I thought she would have been restrained by the example of her sister Harriet. We have utterly spoiled the girl by our fond indulgence. But, Charlotte, is a good heart to be every-where pleaded for a whimsical head?

Who sees not the elder sister in that speech, reply'd Miss Grandison? But I am the most generous creature breathing; yet nobody sinds it out. For why do I assume these silly airs, but to make you, Lady L. shine at my expence?

Still, Lucy, the contents of that Bagenhall's letter hung heavy at my heart. But, as I could not be sure but Sir Charles had his reasons for concealing the matter from his sisters, I knew not how to enter directly into the subject: But, thought I, cannot I fish something out for the quiet of my own heart; and leave to Sir Charles's discretion, the manner of his revealing the matter to his sisters, or otherwise?

Did your Ladyship, said I to Lady L. arrive on Saturday [I knew not how to begin] at the hospitable house at Colnebrooke, my asylum?

I did: And shall have a greater value for that house than ever I had before, for its having afforded a shelter to so valued a lady.

You have been told, Ladies, I suppose, of that Wilson's letter to Sir Charles?

We have: And rejoice to find, that so deep a plot was so happily frustrated.

His postscript gives me concern.

What were the contents of it?

That Sir Hargrave breathed nothing but revenge.

Sir Charles told us nothing of that: But it is not unlikely that a man so greatly disappointed should rave and threaten. I am told that he is still, either by shame or illness, confined to his chamber.

At that moment, a chariot stopt at the door: And instantly, It is Lord L. and Sir Charles with him, said Miss Grandison.

I dared not to trust myself with my joy. I hurried out at one of the doors, as if I had forgot something, as they entered at the other. I rush'd into the back parlour — Thank God! Thank God! said I. — My gratitude was too strong for my heart: I thought I should have fainted.

Do you wonder, Lucy, at my being so much affected, when I had been in such a dreadful suspense, and had formed such terrible ideas of the danger of one of the best of men, all owing to his serving and saving me?

Surprizes from joy, I fancy, and where gratitude is the principal spring, are sooner recovered from, than surprizes which raise the more stormy passions. Mrs. Reeves came in to me: My dear! Your withdrawing will be noticed. I was just coming in, said I: And so I was. I went in.

Sir Charles bowed low to me: So did my Lord. Permit me, madam, said Sir Charles, to present Lord L. to you: He is our brother — Our late-found sister Harriet, my Lord.

Yes, but, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, Miss Byron, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, have been tormenting themselves about a postscript to that footman's letter. You told not us of that postscript.

Who minds postscripts, Charlotte? Except indeed to a Lady's Letter. One word with you, good Miss Byron; taking my hand, and leading me to the window.

How the fool colour'd! I could feel my face glow.

O Lucy! What a consciousness of inferiority fills a mind not ungenerous, when it labours under the sense of obligations it cannot return!

My sister Charlotte, madam, was impatient to present to you her beloved sister. Lady L. was as impatient to attend you. My Lord L. was equally desirous to claim the honour of your acquaintance. They insisted upon my introducing my Lord. I thought it was too precipitant a visit, and might hurt your delicacy, and make Charlotte and me appear, as if we had been ostentatiously boasting of the

opportunities that had been thrown into our hands, to do a very common service. I think I see that you are hurt. Forgive me, madam, I will follow my own judgment another time. Only be assured of this, that your merits, and not the service, have drawn this visit upon you.

I could not be displeased at this polite address, as it helped me to an excuse for behaving so like a fool, as he might think, since he knew not the cause.

You are very obliging, Sir. My Lord and Lady L. do me great honour. Miss Grandison cannot do anything but what is agreeable to me. In such company, I am but a common person: But my gratitude will never let me look upon your seasonable protection as a common service. I am only anxious for the consequences to yourself. I should have no pretence to the gratitude I speak of, if I did not own, that the reported threatnings, and what Wilson writes by way of postscript, have given me disturbance, lest your safety should, on my account, be brought into hazard.

Miss Byron speaks like herself: But whatever were to be the consequences, can you think, madam, that a man of any spirit could have acted otherwise than I did? Would I not have been glad, that any man would have done just the same thing, in favour of my sister Charlotte? Could I behave with greater moderation? I am pleased with myself on looking back; and that I am not always: There shall no consequences follow, that I am not forced upon in my own necessary defence.

We spoke loud enough to be heard: And Miss Grandison, joining us, said, But pray, brother, tell us, if there be grounds to apprehend any-thing from what the footman writes?

You cannot imagine but Sir Hargrave would bluster and threaten: To lose such a prize, so near as he thought himself to carrying his point, must affect a man of his cast: But are Ladies to be troubled with words? Men of true courage do not threaten.

Shall I beg one word with you, Sir Charles? said my cousin Reeves.

They withdrew to the back parlour; and there Mr. Reeves, who had the Letter of that Bagenhall, shewed it to him.

He read it — A very extraordinary Letter! said he; and gave it back to him — But pray, what says Miss Byron to it? — Is she willing to take this step in consideration of my safety?

You may believe, Sir Charles, she is greatly distressed.

As a tender-hearted woman, and as one who thinks already much too highly of what was done, she may be distressed: But does she hesitate a moment upon the part she ought to take? Does she not despise the writer and the writing? — I thought Miss Byron —

He stopt, it seems, and spoke and looked warm; the first time, said Mr. Reeves, that I thought Sir Charles, on occasion, passionate.

I wish, Lucy, that he had not stopt. I wish he had said what he thought Miss Byron. I own to you; that it would go to my heart, if I knew that Sir Charles Grandison thought me a mean creature.

You must think, Sir Charles, that Miss Byron —

Pray, Mr. Reeves, forgive me for interrupting you, what steps have been taken upon this Letter.

None, Sir.

It has not been honoured with notice; not with the least notice.

It has not.

And could it be supposed by these mean men (All men are mean, Mr. Reeves, who can be premeditatedly guilty of a baseness) that I would be brought to ask pardon for my part in this affair? No man, Mr. Reeves, would be more ready than myself to ask pardon, even of my inferior, had I done a wrong thing: But never should a prince make me stoop to disavow a right one.

But, Sir Charles, let me ask you; Has Sir Hargrave challenged you? Did this Bagenhall bring you a Letter?

Sir Hargrave has: Bagenhall did: But what of that Mr. Reeves? I promised an answer on Monday. I would not so much as think of setting pen to paper on such an account, to interrupt for a moment the happiness I had hoped to receive in the meeting of a Sister and her Lord, so dear to me! An answer I have accordingly sent him this day.

You have sent him an answer, Sir! — I am in great apprehensions —

You have no reason, Mr. Reeves, I do assure you. But let not my sisters nor Lord L. know of this matter. Why should I, who cannot have a moment's uneasiness upon it, for my own sake, have the needless fears and apprehensions of persons to whom I wish to give nothing but pleasure, to contend with? An imaginary distress, to those who think it more than imaginary, is a real one: And I cannot bear to see my friends unhappy.

Have you accepted, Sir — Have you —

I have been two much engaged, Mr. Reeves, in such causes as this: I never drew my sword but in my own defence, and when no other means could defend me. I never could bear a designed insult. I am naturally passionate. You know not the pains it has cost me, to keep my passion under: But I have suffered too much in my after-regret, when I have been hurried away by it, not to endeavour to restrain its first sallies.

I hope, Sir, you will not meet —

I will not meet any man, Mr. Reeves, as a duellist. I am not so much a coward, as to be afraid of being branded for one. I hope my spirit is in general too well known for any one to insult me on such an imputation. Forgive the seeming vanity, Mr. Reeves; but I live not to the world: I live to myself; to the monitor within me.

Mr. Reeves applauded him with his hands and eyes; but could not in words. The heart spoke these last words, said my good cousin. How did his face seem to shine in my eyes!

There are many bad customs, Mr. Reeves, that I grieve for: But for none so much as this of premeditated duelling. Where is the magnanimity of the man that cannot get above the vulgar breath? How many fatherless, brotherless, sonless families have mourned all their lives the unhappy resort to this dreadful practice! A man who defies his fellow-creature into the field, in a private quarrel, must first defy his God; and what are his hopes, but to be a murderer to do an irreparable injury to the innocent family and dependents of the murdered? — But since you have been let into the matter so far by the unaccountable Letter you let me see, I will shew you Sir Hargrave's to me. — This is it, pulling it out of his pocket-book.

YOU did well, Sir Charles Grandison, to leave your name. My scoundrels were too far off their master to inform themselves by the common symbols, who the person was that insulted an innocent man (as to him innocent, however) on the highway. You expected to hear from me, it is evident; and you should have heard before now, had I been able from the effects of the unmanly surprize you took advantage of to leave my chamber. I demand from you the satisfaction due to a gentleman. The Time your own; provided it exceed not next Wednesday; which will give you opportunity, I suppose, to settle your affairs; but the sooner the better. The Place, if you have no objection, Kensington Gravel-pits. I will bring pistols for your choice; or you may for mine, which you will. The rest may be left to my worthy friend Mr. Bagenhall, who is so kind as to carry you this, on my part; and to some one whom you shall pitch upon, on yours. Till when, I am

Your humble Servant, HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN.

Saturday.

I have a copy of my answer somewhere — Here it is. You will wonder, perhaps, Mr. Reeves, on such a subject as this, to find it a long one. Had Sir Hargrave known me better than he does, six lines might have been sufficient.

SIR,

MR. Bagenhall gave me yours on Saturday last, just as I was stepping into my chariot to go out of town. Neither the general contents, nor the time mentioned in it, made it necessary for me to alter my measures. My sister was already in the

chariot. I had not done well to make a woman uneasy. I have many friends; and I have great pleasure in promoting theirs. I promised an answer on Monday.

My answer is this — I have ever refused (and the occasion has happened too often) to draw my sword upon a set and formal challenge. Yet I have reason to think, from the skill I pretend to have in the weapons, that in declining to do so, I consult my conscience rather than my safety.

Have you any friends, Sir Hargrave? Do they love you? Do you love them? Are you desirous of life for their sakes? for your own? — Have you enemies to whom your untimely end would give pleasure? — Let these considerations weigh with you: They do, and always did, with me. I am cool: You cannot be so. The cool person, on such an occasion as this, should put the warm one on thinking: This however as you please.

But one more question let me ask you — If you think I have injured you, is it prudent to give me a chance, were it but a chance, to do you a still greater injury?

You were engaged in an unlawful enterprize. If you would not have done by me in the same situation what I did by you, you are not, let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, the man of honour, that a man of honour should be solicitous to put upon a foot with himself.

I took not an unmanly advantage of you, Sir Hargrave: You drew upon me: I drew not in return. You had a disadvantage in not quitting your chariot; after the lunge you made at me, you may be thankful that I made no use of it.

I should not have been sorry, had I been able to give the Lady the protection she claimed, with less hurt to yourself: For I could have no malice in what I did: Altho' I had, and have still, a just abhorrence of the violence you were guilty of to an helpless woman; and who I have found since merited better treatment from you; and indeed merits the best from all the world; and whose life was endangered by the violence.

I write a long Letter, because I propose only to write. Pardon me for repeating, that the men who have acted as you and I have acted, as well with regard to the Lady, as to each other, cannot, were their principles such as would permit them to meet, meet upon a foot.

Let any man insult me upon my refusal, and put me upon my defence, and he shall find that numbers to my single arm shall not intimidate me. Yet, even in that case, I would much rather choose to clear myself of them as a man of honour should wish to do, than either to kill or maim any man. My life is not my own: Much less is another man's mine. Him who thinks differently from me, I can despise as heartily as he can despise me. And if such a one imagines, that he has a title to my life, let him take it: But it must be in my own way, not in his.

In a word, If any man has aught against me, and will not be concluded by the Laws of his country, my goings out, and comings in, are always known; and I am any hour of the day to be found, or met with, where-ever I have a natural call. My sword is a sword of defence, not of offence. A pistol I only carry on the road, to terrify robbers: And I have found a less dangerous weapon sometimes sufficient to repel a sudden insult. And now, if Sir Hargrave Pollexfen be wise, he will think himself obliged for this not unfriendly expostulation, or whatever he pleases to call it, to

His most humble Servant, CHARLES GRANDISON.

Monday.

Mr. Reeves besought Sir Charles to let him shew me these Letters.

You may, Mr. Reeves, said he; since I intend not to meet Sir Charles in the way he prescribes.

As I asked not leave, Lucy, to take copies of them, I beg they may not be seen out of the venerable circle.

I know I need not say how much I am pleased with the contents of the latter: I doubt not but you all will be equally so: Yet, as Sir Charles himself expects not that Sir Hargrave will rest the matter here; and indeed says he cannot, consistently with the vulgar notions of honour; do you think I can be easy, as all this is to be placed to my account?

But it is evident, that Sir Charles is. He is governed by another set of principles, than those of false honour; and shews what his sister says to be true, that he regards first his duty, and then what is called honour. How does the knowledge of these his excellencies raise him in my mind! Indeed, Lucy, I seem sometimes to feel, as if my gratitude had raised a throne or him in my heart; but yet as for a dear friend, as a beloved brother only. My reverence for him is too great — Assure yourself, my dear, that this reverence will always keep me right.

Sir Charles and Mr. Reeves returning into company, the conversation took a general turn. But, oppressed with obligations as I am, I could not be lively. My heart, as Miss Grandison says, is, I believe, a proud one. And when I thought of what might still happen (who knows, but from assassination, in resentment of some very spirited strokes in Sir Charles's Letter, as well as from the disgrace the wretch must carry in his face to the grave?) I could not but look upon this fine man, who seemed to possess his own soul in peace, sometimes with concern, and even with tender grief, on supposing, that now, lively and happy, as he seemed to be, and the joy of all his friends, he might possibly, and perhaps in a few hours — How can I put down my horrid thoughts!

At other times, indeed, I cast an eye of some pleasure on him (when he looked another way) on thinking him the only man on earth, to whom, in such distress, I

could have wished to owe the obligations I am under to him. His modest merit, thought I, will not make one uneasy: He thinks the protection afforded but a common protection. He is accustomed to do great and generous things. I might have been obliged to a man whose fortune might have made it convenient for him to hope such advantages from the risque he run for me, as prudence would have made objections to comply with, not a little embarrassing to my gratitude.

But here my heart is left free. And O, thought I, now-and-then, as I looked upon him, Sir Charles Grandison is a man with whom I would not wish to be in Love. I, to have so many rivals! He to be so much admired! Women not to stay till they are asked, as Miss Grandison once said; his heart must be proof against those tender sensations, which grow into ardour, and glow, in the bosom of a man pursuing a first and only Love.

I warrant, my Lucy, if the truth were known, altho' Sir Charles has at Canterbury, or at one place or other, his half-score Ladies, who would break their hearts if he were to marry, yet he knows not any one of them whom he loves better than another. And all but right! All but justice, if they will not stay till they are asked!

Miss Grandison invited Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and me, to dinner, on Wednesday, and for the rest of the day and evening. It was a welcome invitation.

The Countess expressed herself pleased with me. Poor and spiritless as was the figure which I made in this whole visit, her prepossession in my favour from Miss Grandison must have been very great and generous.

And will you not, before now, have expected, that I should have brought you acquainted with the persons of Lord and Lady L. as I am accustomed to give you descriptions of every one to whom I am introduced?

To be sure we have, say you.

Well, but my mind has not always been in tune to gratify you. And, upon my word, I am so much humbled with one thing and another, that I have lost all that pertness, I think, which used to give such a liveliness to my heart, and alertness to my pen, as made the writing task pleasant to me, because I knew that you all condescended to like the flippant airs of your Harriet.

Lady L. is a year older than Sir Charles: But has that true female softness and delicacy in her features, which make her perfectly lovely; and she looks to be two or three years younger than she is. She is tall and slender; and enjoys the blessing of health and spirits in an high degree. There is something of more dignity and sprightliness in the air and features of Miss Grandison, than in those of Lady L: But there is in those of the latter, so much sweetness and complacency, that you are not so much afraid of her as you are of her sister. The one you are sure to love at first sight: The other you will be ready to ask leave to let you love her; and to

be ready to promise that you will, if she will spare you: And yet, whether she will or not, you cannot help it.

Lady L. is such a wife, I imagine, as a good woman should wish to be thought. The behaviour of my Lord to her, and of her to my Lord, is free, yet respectful; affectionate, but not apishly fond. One sees their Love for each other in their eyes. All Lovematches are not happy: This was a match of Love; and does honour to it. Every-body speaks of Lady L. with equal affection and respect, as a discreet and prudent woman. Miss Grandison, by her livelier manner, is not so well understood in those lights as she ought to be; and, satisfied with the worthiness of her own heart, is above giving herself concern about what the world thinks of it.

Lord L. is not handsome; but he is very agreeable. He has the look of an honest good man; and of a man of understanding. And he is what he looks to be. He is genteel, and has the air of a true British nobleman; one of those, I imagine, that would have been respected by his appearance and manners, in the purest times, an hundred or two years (or how long?) ago.

I am to have the family-history of this Lord and Lady, on both sides, and of their Loves, their difficulties, and of the obligations they talk of being under to their brother, to whom both my Lord and Lady behave with Love that carries the heart in every word, in every look.

What, my dear, shall we say to this brother? Does he lay every-body that knows him under obligation? And is there no way to be even with him in any one thing? I long to have some intimate conversation with Miss Grandison, by which I shall perhaps find out the art he has of making every-body proud of acknowledging an inferiority to him.

I almost wish I could, while I stay in town, devote half my time to this amiable family, without breaking in upon them, so much as to be thought impertinent. The other half ought to be with my kind cousin Reeves's. I never shall make them amends for the trouble I have given them.

How I long for Wednesday, to see all the family of the Grandison's — They are all to be there — On several accounts I long for that day: Yet this Sir Hargrave —

I have written, my dear, as usual, very unreservedly. I know that I lie more open than ever to my uncle's observations. But if he will not allow for weakness of heart, of head, and for having been frighted out of my wits, and cruelly used; and for further apprehensions; and for the sense I have of obligations that never can be returned; why then I must lie wholly at his mercy — But if he should find me to be ever so silly a creature, I hope he will not make his particular conclusions general in disfavour of the Sex.

Adieu, my dear Lucy! — And in you, adieu all the dear and revered friends, benefactors, lovers, of

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XL.

MRS. SELBY, TO MISS HARRIET BYRON.

Selby-house, Feb. 25.

My dearest Harriet,

ALTHO' we have long ago taken a resolution, never to dictate to your choice; yet we could not excuse ourselves, if we did not acquaint you with any proposal that is made to us, on your account, that you might encourage it, or otherwise, as you thought fit.

The dowager Lady D. wrote me a Letter some time ago (as you will see by the date): But insisted, that I should keep the contents a secret in my own bosom, till she gave me leave to reveal it. She has now given me that leave, and requested that I will propose the matter to you. I have since shewn what has passed between her Ladyship and me, to your grandmamma, Mr. Selby, and Lucy. They are all silent upon it; for the same reasons, that I give you not my opinion; that is to say, till you ask it.

But do we not see, my dearest child, that something has happened, within a very few days past, that must distance the hope of every one of your admirers, as they come to be acquainted with the circumstances and situation you are now in? My dear love, you will never be able to resist the impulses of that gratitude which always opened and expanded your worthy heart.

Your uncle's tenderness for you, on such a prospect, has made him suppress his inclination to rally you. He professes to pity you, my dear. While, says he, the sweet girl was vaunting herself, and refusing this man, and dismissing that; and imagining herself out of the reach of the deity, to which sooner or later, all women bow, I spared her not: But now, that I see she is likely to be over head and ears in the passion, and has so much to be said for her excuse if she is caught: and as our side must perhaps be the hoping side, the gentleman's the triumphant; I pity her too much for what may be the ease, to teaze her with my animadversions; especially after what she has suffered from the vile Sir Hargrave.

By several hints in your Letters, it is impossible, my dear, that we can be beforehand with your inclinations. Young women in a beginning Love are always willing to conceal themselves from themselves; they are desirous to smother the fire, before they will call out for help, till it blazes, and frequently becomes too powerful to be extinguished by any help. They will call the passion by another name; as, gratitude, suppose: But, my Harriet, gratitude so properly sounded as yours is, can be but another name for Love. The object so worthy, your own heart

so worthy, consent of minds must bring it to Love on one side; perhaps on both, if the half score of Ladies you have heard of, are all of them but mere moderns. But that, my dear, is not to be supposed; since worthy hearts find out, and assimilate with, each other. Indeed, those Ladies may be such as are captivated with outward figure. An handsome man need not to have the great qualities of a Sir Charles Grandison, to engage the hearts of the generality of our Sex. But a good man, and an handsome man, if he has the vivacity that distinguishes Sir Charles, may marry whom he pleases. If we women love an handsome man, for the sake of our eye, we must be poor creatures indeed, if we love not good men, for the sake of our hearts.

What makes us apprehensive for you, my Harriet is this: That we every one of us, are in Love ourselves with this fine young gentleman. Your uncle has fallen in with Mr. Dawson, an attorney of Nottingham, who acts for Sir Charles in some of his affairs; and gives him such a character, respecting his goodness to his tenants and dependents only, as will render credible all that even the fondest Love, and warmest gratitude, can say in his praise.

We can hardly sometimes tell how to regret (tho' your accounts of your sufferings and danger cut us to the heart as we read them) the base attempt of Sir Hargrave: Were all to end as we wish, we should not regret it: But that, my Harriet, is our fear. What will become of me, said your grandmamma, if, at last, the darling of my heart should be entangled in an hopeless passion?

If this is likely to be the case, while the fire I spoke of is but smothering, and while but here and there a spark escapes your struggling efforts to keep it down, resolve, my dear, to throw cold water on it, and quench it quite. And how is this to be done, but by changing your personal friendship with the amiable family, into a correspondence by pen and ink, and returning to our longing arms, before the flame gets a head?

When you are with us, you may either give hope to the worthy Orme, or encourage the proposal I inclose, as you please.

As you are not capable of the mean pride of seeing a number of men in your train, and have always been uneasy at the perseverance of Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Greville — As you have suffered so much from the natural goodness of your heart, on the urgency of that honest man Sir Rowland Meredith in his nephew's favour; and still more from the baseness of that wicked Sir Hargrave — As your good character, and lovely person, engage you more and more admirers — And, lastly, As it would be the highest comfort that your grandmamma and your uncle, and I, and all your friends and well-wishers, could know, to see you happily married — We cannot but wish for this pleasure and satisfaction: The sooner you give it to us, the better.

But could there be any hope — You know what I mean — A royal diadem, my dear, would be a despicable thing in the comparison.

Adieu, my best Love. You are called upon, in my opinion, to a greater trial than ever yet you knew, of that prudence for which you have hitherto been so much applauded by every one, and particularly by

Your truly maternal MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER XLI.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF D. TO MRS. SELBY. INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.

Jan. 23.

GIVE me leave, madam, to address myself to you, tho' personally unknown, on a very particular occasion; and, at the same time, to beg of you to keep secret, even from Mr. Selby, and the party to be named as still more immediately concerned in the subject, till I give my consent; as no one creature of my family, not even the Earl of D. my son, does, or shall from me, till you approve of it.

My Lord has just entered into his twenty-fifth year. There are not many better young men among the nobility. His minority gave an opportunity to me, and his other Trustees, to put him in possession, when he came of age, of a very noble and clear estate; which he has not impaired. His person is not to be found fault with. He has learning, and is allowed to have good sense, which every learned man has not. His conduct, his discretion, in his travels, procured him respect and reputation abroad. You may make enquiry privately of all these matters.

We are, you must believe, very sollicitous to have him happily married. He is far from being an undutiful son. Indeed he was always dutiful. A dutiful son gives very promising hopes of making a good husband. He assures me that his affections are disengaged, and that he will pay the most particular regard to my recommendation.

I have cast about for a suitable wife for him. I look farther than to the person of a woman; tho' my Lord will by no means have Beauty left out in the qualifications of a wife. I look to the family to whom a Lady owes her education and training-up. Quality, however, I stand not upon. A man of quality, you know, confers quality on his wife. An antient and good gentleman's family is all I am sollicitous about in this respect. In this light, yours, madam, on all sides, and for many descents, is unexceptionable. I have a desire, if all things shall be found to be mutually agreeable, to be related to it: And your character, as the young Lady has been brought up under your eye, is a great inducement with me.

Your niece Byron's beauty, and merits, as well as sweetness of temper, are talked of by every-body. Not a Day passes, but we hear of her to her great advantage. Now, madam, will you be pleased to answer me one question, with that explicitness which the importance of the case, and my own intended explicitness to you, may require from woman to woman? Especially, as I ask it of you in confidence.

Are then Miss Byron’s affections absolutely disengaged? We are very nice, and must not doubt in this matter.

This is the only question I will ask at present. If this can be answered as I wish, others, in a treaty of this important nature, will come into consideration on both sides.

The favour of a line, as soon as it will suit your convenience, will oblige, madam,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant, M. D.

LETTER XLII.

MRS. SELBY, TO THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF D.

Jan. 27.

Madam,

I AM greatly obliged to your Ladyship for your good opinion of me, and for the honour you do me, and all our family, in the proposed alliance.

I will answer your Ladyship's question with the requisite explicitness.

Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fenwick, all of this county, have respectively made application to us for our interest, and to Miss Byron for her favour: But hitherto without effect; tho' the terms each proposes might entitle him to consideration.

Miss Byron professes to honour the married state, and one day proposes to make some man happy in it, if it be not his own fault: But declares, that she has not yet seen the man to whom with her hand she can give her heart.

In truth, madam, we are all neutrals on this occasion. We have the highest opinion of her discretion. She has read, she has conversed; and yet there is not in the county a better housewife, or one who would make a more prudent manager in a family. We are all fond of her, even to doting. Were she not our child, we should love her for her good qualities, and sweetness of manners, and a frankness that has few examples among young women.

Permit me, madam, to add one thing; about which Miss Byron, in her turn, will be very nice. Your Ladyship is pleased to say, that my Lord's affections are disengaged. Were his Lordship a prince, and hoped to succeed with her, they must not be so, after he had seen and conversed with her. Yet the future happiness, and not pride, would be the consideration with her; for she has that diffidence in her own merits, from which the worthy of both Sexes cannot be totally free. This diffidence would increase too much for her happiness, were she to be thought of with indifference by any man on earth, who hoped to be more than indifferent to her.

As to other questions, which, as this is answered, your Ladyship thinks may come to be asked, I choose un-asked (having no reserves) to acquaint your Ladyship that Miss Byron has not, in her own power, quite 15,000l. She has, 'tis true, reversionary expectations: But we none of us wish that they should for many years take place; since that must be by the death of Mrs. Shirley, her grandmother, who is equally revered and beloved by all that know her; and whose life is bound up in the happiness of her grand-daughter.

I will strictly obey your Ladyship in the secrecy enjoined; and am, madam,
Your Ladyship’s obliged and faithful humble Servant, MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER XLIII.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF D. TO MRS. SELBY.

Feb. 23.

I SHOULD sooner have answered yours, had I not waited for the return of my son, who had taken a little journey into Wales, to look into the condition of a small estate he has there; which he finds capable of great improvement; and about which he has given proper orders.

I took the first opportunity to question him in relation to his inclinations to marriage, and whether he had a regard to any particular woman: And having received an answer to my wishes, I mentioned Miss Byron to him, as a young Lady that I should think, from the general good character she bore, would make him an excellent wife.

He said, he had heard her much talked of, and always to her advantage. I then shewed him, as in confidence, my Letter, and your Answer. There can be, said I (on purpose to try him) but one objection on your part; and that is fortune: 15000l. to a nobleman, who is possessed of 12000l. a year, and has been offered four times the portion, may be thought very inadequate. The less to be stood upon, replied he, where the fortune on my side is so considerable. The very answer, my dear Mrs. Selby, that I wished him to make.

I asked him, if I should begin a formal treaty with you, upon what he said. He answered, that he had heard from every mouth, so much said in praise of Miss Byron's mind, as well as person, that he desired I would; and that I would directly endeavour to obtain leave for him to visit the young Lady.

I propose it accordingly. I understand, that she is at present in London. I leave it to your choice, madam, and Mrs. Shirley's, and Mr. Selby's (to whom now, as also to Miss Byron, you will be so good as to communicate the affair) whether you will send for her down to receive my Lord's visit and mine; or whether we shall wait on her in town.

I propose very high satisfaction to myself, if the young people approve of each other, in an alliance so much to my wishes in every respect. I shall love the Countess of D. as well as any of you can do Miss Byron. And as she has not at present a mother, I shall with pleasure supply that tender relation to her, for the sake of so many engaging qualities, as common fame, as well as good Mrs. Selby, says she is mistress of.

You will dispatch an answer as to the interview. I am impatient for it. I depend much upon the frankness of the young Lady, which you make a part of her

agreeable character. And am, madam,

Your affectionate and faithful humble Servant, M. D.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS BYRON, TO MRS. SELBY.

London, Feb. 28.

INDEED, my dear and ever-indulgent aunt Selby, you have given me pain; and yet I am very ungrateful, I believe, to say so: But if I feel the pain (tho' perhaps I ought not) should I not own it?

What circumstances, what situation, am I in, madam, that I cannot be mistress of myself? That shall turn my uncle's half-feared, tho' always agreeable, raillery into pity for me?

"Over head and ears in the passion"— "I to be on the hoping side; the gentleman on the triumphant"— "It is impossible for you my friends to be aforehand with my inclinations"— "A beginning Love to be mentioned, in which one is willing to conceal one's self from one's self!" Fires, Flames, Blazes to follow: — Gratitude and Love to be spoken of as synonymous terms — Ah! my dear aunt, how could you let my uncle write such a Letter, and then copy it, and send it to me as yours?

And yet some very tender strokes are in it, that no man, that hardly any-body but you among women, could write.

But what do you do, madam, when you tell your Harriet of your own prepossessions in favour of a man, who, as you thought, had before in my eye too many advantages? Indeed you should have taken care not to let me know, that his great qualities had impressed you all so deeply: And my grandmamma to be so very apprehensive too for the entangled girl.

Hopeless passion, said she? Entangled in an hopeless passion! O let me die before this shall be deserved to be said of your Harriet!

Then again rises to your pen, smothering and escaped sparks; and I am desired to hurry myself to get cold water to quench the flame — Dear, dear madam, what images are here? And applied — To whom? — And by whom? — Have I written any thing so very blazing! — Surely I have not. But you should not say you will all forgive me, if this be my sad situation. You should not say, How much you are yourselves, all of you, in love with this excellent man; and talk of Mr. Dawson, and of what he says of him: But you should have told me, that if I suffer my gratitude to grow into Love, you will never forgive me; then should I have had a call of duty to check or controul a passion, that you were afraid could not be gratified.

Well, and there is no way left me, it seems, but to fly for it! To hurry away to Northamptonshire, and either to begin a new treaty with Lord D. or to give hope to an old Lover. Poor Harriet Byron! And is it indeed so bad with thee? And does thy aunt Selby think it is!

But is there no hope, that the man will take pity of thee? When he sees thee so sadly entangled, will he not vouchsafe to lend an extricating hand?

Oh, no! — Too much obliged, as thou already art, how canst thou expect to be further obliged? Obliged in the highest degree?

But let me try if I cannot play round this bright, this beamy taper, without singeing my wings! I fancy it is not yet quite so bad with me! At least, let me stand this one visit of to-morrow: And then if I find reason to think I cannot stand it, I may take the kind advice, and fly for it; rather than add another hopeless girl to the half-score that perhaps have been long sighing for this best of men.

But even then, my aunt, that is to say, were I to fly and take shelter under your protecting wings, I shall not, I hope, think it absolutely necessary, to light up one flame, in order to extinguish another. I shall always value Mr. Orme as a friend; but indeed I am less than ever inclined to think of him in a nearer light.

As to Lady D's proposal, it admits not with me of half a thought. You know, my dearest aunt, that I am not yet rejected by one with whom you are all in love — But this seriously I will own (and yet I hope nothing but my gratitude is engaged, and that indeed is a very powerful tie) that since I have seen and known Sir Charles Grandison, I have not only (as before) an indifference, but a dislike, to all other men. And I think, if I know my own heart, I had rather converse but an hour in a week with him, and with Miss Grandison, than be the wife of any man I have ever seen or known.

If this should end at last in Love, and if I should be entangled in an hopeless passion, the object of it would be Sir Charles Grandison: He could not insult me; and, mean as the word pity in some cases founds, I had rather have his pity, than the love of any other man.

You will, upon the strength of what I have said, be so good, dear madam, as to let the Countess of D. know, that I think myself highly obliged to her, for her favourable opinion of me: That she has by it interested all my good wishes in her son's happiness; and that I was always of opinion, that equality of fortune and degree, tho' not absolutely necessary to matrimonial felicity, was however a circumstance not to be slighted: But you, madam, can put my meaning in better, in fitter words, when you are assured, that it is my meaning, to give an absolute, tho' grateful, negative to this proposal. And I do assure you, that such is my meaning; and that I should despise myself, were I capable of keeping one man in

suspense, even had I hope of your hope, while I was balancing in favour of another.

I believe, madam, I have been a little petulant, and very saucy, in what I have written: But my heart is not at ease: And I am vexed with these men, one after another, when Sir Hargrave has given me a surfeit of them; and only that the bad has brought me into the knowledge of the best, or I could resolve never more to hear a man talk to me, no not for one moment, upon a subject, that is become so justly painful to one who never took pleasure in their any adulation.

I know you will, with your usual goodness, and so will my grandmamma, and so will my uncle Selby, pardon all the imperfections of, dearest madam,

Your and Their ever dutiful HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Tuesday Evening, Feb. 28.

MR. Reeves, my dear, is just returned from a visit he made to St. James's-Square. I transcribe a paper giving an account of what passed between Mr. Bagenhall and Sir Charles, in relation to the shocking affair which has filled me with so much apprehension; and which Sir Charles, at my cousin's request, allowed him to put in his pocket.

Mr. Bagenhall came to Sir Charles yesterday evening with a message from Sir Hargrave, demanding a meeting with him, the next morning, at a particular hour, at Kensington Gravel-pits. Sir Charles took Mr. Bagenhall with him into his Study, and asking him to sit down, Mr. Bagenhall said, That he was once concerned in an affair of this nature, which had been very much misrepresented afterwards; and that he had been advised to take a step which Sir Charles might think extraordinary; which was, that he had brought with him a young gentleman, whom he hoped, for Sir Hargrave's satisfaction, as well as to do justice to what should pass between them, Sir Charles would permit to take minutes of their conversation: And that he was in the Hall.

Let not a gentleman be left in the Hall, said Sir Charles; and, ringing, directed him to be shewn into the Study to them. Yet, Mr. Bagenhall, said he, I see no occasion for this. Our conversation on the subject you come to talk of, can be but short.

Were it to hold but two minutes, Sir Charles.

What you please, Mr. Bagenhall.

The young gentleman entered; and pen and ink were set before him. He wrote in short-hand: And read it to the gentlemen; and Sir Charles, as it was to be transcribed for Sir Hargrave, desiring a copy of it, it was sent him the same night.

A Conference between Sir Charles Grandison, Bart. and James Bagenhall, Esq

Sir Ch.

You have told me, Mr. Bagenhall, Sir Hargrave's demand, Have you seen, Sir, the Answer I returned to his Letter?

Mr. Bagenhall.

I have, Sir.

Sir Ch.

And do you think, there needs any other, or further?

Mr. B.

It is not, Sir Charles, such an answer as a gentleman can sit down with.

Sir Ch.

Do you give that as your own opinion, Mr. Bagenhall? Or, as Sir Ha grave's?

Mr. B.

As Sir Hargrave's, Sir. And I believe it would be the opinion of every man of honour.

Sir Ch.

Man of honour! Mr. Bagenhall. A man of honour would not have given the occasion which has brought you and me, Sir into a personal knowledge of each other. I asked the question, supposing there could be but one principal in this debate.

Mr. B.

I beg pardon: I meant not that there should be two.

Sir Ch.

Pray, Sir, let me ask you; Do you know the particulars of Sir Hargrave's attempt, and of his violence to the Lady?

Mr. B.

Sir Hargrave, I believe, has given me a very exact account of every-thing. He meant not dishonour to the Lady.

Sir Ch.

He must have a very high opinion of himself, if he thought the best he could do for her, would be to do her honour. — Sir, pray put that down. — Repeating what he said to the writer, that he might not mistake.

Sir Ch.

But do you, Mr. Bagenhall, think Sir Hargrave was justifiable, was a man of honour, in what he did?

Mr. B.

I mean not, as I told you, Sir Charles, to make myself a principal in this affair. I pretend not to justify what Sir Hargrave did to the Lady.

Sir Ch.

I hope then you will allow me to refer to my Answer to Sir Hargrave's Letter. I shall send him no other. I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagenhall, I mean not a disrespect to you.

Mr. B.

No other, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch.

Since he is to see what this gentleman writes, pray put down, Sir, that I say, The answer I have written, is such a one as he ought to be satisfied with: Such a

one as becomes a man of honour to send, if he thought fit to send any: And such a one as a man, who has acted as Sir Hargrave acted by a woman of virtue and honour, ought to be thankful for. — Have you written that, Sir?

Writer.

I have, Sir.

Sir Ch.

Write further, if you please; That I say, Sir Hargrave may be very glad, if he hear no more of this affair from the Lady's natural friends: That, however, I shall rid him of all apprehensions of that nature; for that I still consider the Lady as under my protection, with regard to any consequences that may naturally follow what happened on Hounslow-heath: That I say, I shall neglect no proper call to protect her further; but that his call upon me to meet him, must be such a one as my own heart can justify; and that it is not my way to obey the insolent summons of any man breathing. — And yet what is this, Mr. Bagenhall, but repeating what I wrote?

Mr. B.

You are warm, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch.

Indeed I am not: I am only earnest. As Sir Hargrave is to be shewn what passes, I say more than otherwise I should chuse to say.

Mr. B.

Will you name your own Time and Place, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch.

To do what?

Mr. B.

To meet Sir Hargrave?

Sir Ch.

To do him good — To do good to my bitterest enemy, I would meet him. Let him know, that I wrote a very long Letter, because I would discharge my mind of all that I thought necessary to say on the occasion.

Mr. B.

And you have no other answer to return?

Sir Ch.

Only this. Let Sir Hargrave engage himself in a like unworthy enterprize; and let the Lady, as this did, claim my protection; and I will endeavour to give it to her, altho' Sir Hargrave were surrounded by as many men armed, as he has in his service; that is to say, if a legal redress were not at hand: If it were, I hold it not to be a point of bravery to insult magistracy, and to take upon myself to be my own judge; and, as it might happen, another man's executioner.

Mr. B.

This is nobly said, Sir Charles: But still Sir Hargrave had not injured you, he says. And as I had heard you were a man of an excellent character, and as I know that Sir Hargrave is a man of courage, I took it into my head, for the prevention of mischief, to make a proposal in writing to the Lady, whom Sir Hargrave loves as his own soul; and if she had come into it —

Sir Ch.

A strange proposal, Mr. Bagenhall. Could you expect any-thing from it?

Mr. B.

Why not, Sir Charles? She is disengaged, it seems. I presume, Sir, you do not intend to make court to her yourself?

Sir Ch.

We are insensibly got into a parley, upon a subject that will not bear it, Mr. Bagenhall. Tell Sir Hargrave — or, write it down from my lips, Sir, (speaking to the writer) That I wish him to take time to enquire after my character, and after my motives in refusing to meet him, on the terms he expects me to see him. Tell him, That I have, before now, shewn an insolent man, that I may be provoked: But that, when I have been so, I have had the happiness to chastise such a one without murdering him, and without giving any advantage over my own life, to his single arm.

Mr. B.

This is great talking, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch.

It is, Mr. Bagenhall. And I should be sorry to have been put upon it, were I not in hope, that it may lead Sir Hargrave to such enquiries as may be for his service, as much as for mine.

Mr. B.

I wish, that two such spirits were better acquainted with each other, or that Sir Hargrave had not suffered so much as he has done, both in person and mind.

Sir Ch.

What does all this tend to, Mr. Bagenhall? I look upon you as a gentleman; and the more, for having said, You were sollicitous to prevent further mischief, or I should not have said so much to so little purpose. And once more, I must refer to my Letter.

Mr. B.

I own I admire you for your spirit, Sir. But it is amazing to me, that a man of your spirit can refuse to a gentleman the satisfaction which is demanded of him.

Sir Ch.

It is owing to my having some spirit, that I can, fearless of consequences, refuse what you call satisfaction to Sir Hargrave, and yet be fearless of insult upon my refusal. I consider myself, as a mortal man: I can die but once: Once I must die: And if the cause be such as will justify me to my own heart, I, for my own sake, care not, whether my life be demanded of me to-morrow, or forty years hence: But, Sir (speaking to the writer) Let not this that I have now said, be transcribed from your notes: It may to Sir Hargrave found ostentatiously. I want not, that anything should be read or shewn to him, that would appear like giving consequence to myself, except for Sir Hargrave's own sake.

Mr. B.

I beg, that it may not be spared. If you are capable of acting as you speak; by what I have heard of you in the affair on Hounslow-Heath; and by what I have heard from you in this conversation; and see of you; I think you a wonder of a man; and should be glad it were in my power to reconcile you to each other.

Sir Cha.

I could not hold friendship, Mr. Bagenhall, with a man that has been capable of acting as Sir Hargrave has acted, by an innocent and helpless young Lady. But I will name the terms on which I can take by the hand, where-ever I meet him, a man to whom I can have no malice: These are they, That he lay at the door of mad and violent passion the illegal attempt he made on the best of women: That he express his sorrow for it; and, on his knees, if he pleases, (it is no disgrace for the bravest man to kneel to an injured lady) beg her pardon; and confess her clemency to be greater than he deserves, if she give it.

Mr. B.

Good God! Shall that be transcribed, Sir Charles?

Sir. Ch.

By all means: And if Sir Hargrave is a man that has in his heart the least spark of magnanimity, he will gladly embrace the opportunity of acting accordingly: And put down, Sir, That sorrow, that contrition, is all the atonement that can be made for a perpetrated evil.

A faithful Narrative.

Henry Cotes.

February 27.

DOES not your heart glow, my Lucy, now you have read (as I suppose you have) this paper? And do not the countenances of every one of my revered friends round you [Pray look!] shine with admiration of this excellent man? And yet you all loved him before: And so you all think I did. Well, I can't help your thoughts! — But I hope I shall not be undone by a good man!

You will imagine, that my heart was a little agitated, when I came to read Mr. Bagenhall's question, Whether Sir Charles intended to make court to me himself? I am sorry to tell you, Lucy, that I was a little more affected than I wished to be. Indeed, I shall keep a look-out, as you call it, upon myself. To say truth, I laid down the paper at that place, and was afraid to read the answer made to it. When I took it up, and read what followed, I might have spared, I saw, my foolish little tremors. See how frank I continue to be: But if you come not to this paragraph before you are aware, you need not read it to my uncle.

Mr. Bagenhall went away so much pleased with Sir Charles (as he owned) that Mr. Reeves encourages me to hope, some way may be found to prevent further mischief. Yet the condition, which Sir Charles has proposed for my forgiving the wretch — Upon my word, my dear, I desire not to see Sir Hargrave either upon his knees, or upon his feet: I am sure I could not see him without very violent emotions. His barbarity, his malice, his cruelty, have impressed me strongly: Nor can I be glad to see the wretch with his disfigured mouth and lip. His lip, it seems, has been sewed up, and he wears a great black-silk patch, or plaister, upon the place.

I can't find that Sir Charles has heard from the exasperated man, since Mr. Bagenhall left him yesterday.

I hope nothing will happen to over-cloud to-morrow. I propose to myself as happy a day, as, in the present situation of things, can be given to

Your HARRIET BYRON.

Volume II

LETTER I.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Wedn. Night, March 1.

MR. Fowler set out yesterday for Gloucestershire, where he has an estate. He proposes to go from thence to Caermarthen, to the worthy Sir Rowland. He paid a visit to Mr. Reeves, and desir'd him to present to me his best wishes and respects. He declar'd, that he could not possibly take leave of me, though he doubted not but I would receive him with goodness, as he called it. But it was that which cut him to the heart: So kind, and so cruel, he said, he could not bear it.

I hope, poor Mr. Fowler will be more happy than I could make him. Methinks, I could have been half-glad to have seen him before he went: and yet but half-glad; for had he shewn much concern, I should have been pained.

Take now, my dear, an account of what passed this day at St. James's Square.

There were at Sir Charles Grandison's, besides Lord and Lady L. the young Lord G. one of Miss Grandison's humble Servants; Mr. Everard Grandison; Miss Emily Jervois, a young Lady of about fourteen, a ward of Sir Charles; and Dr. Bartlett, a Divine; of whom more by-and-by.

Sir Charles conducted us into the drawing-room, adjoining to the dining-room; where only were his two sisters. They received my cousins and me with looks of Love.

I will tell you, said Sir Charles, your company, before I present them to you. Lord L. is a good man. I honour him as such; and love him as my sister's Husband.

Lady L. bowed, and looked round her, as if she took pride in her brother's approbation of her Lord.

Mr. Everard Grandison, proceeded he, is a sprightly man. He is prepared to admire you, Miss Byron. You will not believe, perhaps, half the handsome things he will say to you; but yet, will be the only person who hears them, that will not.

Lord G. is a modest young man: He is genteel, well-bred; but is so much in Love with a certain young Lady, that he does not appear with that dignity in her eye [Why blushes my Charlotte?] that otherwise perhaps he might.

Are not you, Sir Charles, a modest man?

No comparisons, Charlotte. Where there is a double prepossession; no comparisons! — But Lord G. Miss Byron, is a good kind of young man. You'll not dislike him, though my sister is pleased to think —

No comparisons, Sir Charles.

That's fair, Charlotte. I will leave Lord G. to the judgment of Miss Byron. Ladies can better account for the approbation and dislikes of Ladies, than we Men can.

Dr. Bartlett you'll also see. He is learned, prudent, humble. You'll read his heart in his countenance, the moment he smiles upon you. Your grandpapa, madam, had fine curling silver hair, had he not? The moment I heard that you owed obligation to your grandfather's care and delight in you, I figured to myself, that he was just such a man, habit excepted: Your grandfather was not a Clergyman, I think. When I have friends whom I have a strong desire to please, I always endeavour to treat them with Dr. Bartlett's company. He has but one fault; he speaks too little: But were he to speak much, every one else would wish to be silent.

My ward Emily Jervois is an amiable girl. Her father was a good man; but not happy in his nuptials. He bequeathed to my care, on his death-bed, at Florence, this his only child. My sister loves her. I love her for her own sake, as well as for her father's. She has a great fortune: And I have had the happiness to recover large sums, which her father gave over for lost. He was an Italian merchant; and driven out of England by the unhappy temper of his wife. I have had some trouble with her; and, if she be living, expect more.

Unhappy temper of his wife, Sir Charles! You are very mild in your account of one of the most abandoned of women.

Well, but, Charlotte, I am only giving brief hints of Emily's story, to procure for her an interest in Miss Byron's favour, and to make their first acquaintance easy to each other. Emily wants no prepossession in Miss Byron's favour. She will be very ready herself to tell her whole story to Miss Byron. Meantime, let us not say all that is just to say of the Mother, when we are speaking of the Daughter.

I stand corrected, Sir Charles.

Emily, madam (turning to me) is not constantly resident with us in town. She is fond of being every-where with my Charlotte.

And where you are, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Reeves whispered a question to Sir Charles, which was seconded by my eyes; for I guessed what it was: Whether he had heard any thing further of Sir Hargrave?

Don't be anxious, said Sir Charles. All must be well. People, long used to error, don't, without reluctance, submit to new methods of proceeding. All must be well.

Sir Charles stepping out, brought in with him Miss Jervois. The Gentlemen seem engaged in conversation, said he. But I know the impatience of this young Lady to pay her respects to Miss Byron.

He presented her to us: This dear girl is my Emily. Allow me, madam, whenever Miss Grandison shall be absent, to claim for her the benefit of your instruction, and your general countenance, as she shall appear worthy of it.

There are not many men, my Lucy, who can make a compliment to one Lady, without robbing, or, at least, depreciating another. How often have you and I observed, that a polite brother is a black swan.

I saluted the young Lady, and told her, I should be fond of embracing every opportunity that should offer, to commend myself to her favour.

Miss Emily Jervois is a lovely girl. She is tall, genteel, and has a fine complexion; and, tho' pitted with the small-pox, is pretty. The sweetness of her manners, as expressed in her aspect, gives her great advantage. I was sure, the moment I saw her, that her greatest delight is to please.

She made me two or three pretty compliments; and, had not Sir Charles commended her to me, I should have been highly taken with her.

Mr. Grandison entered: Upon my honour, Sir Charles, I can stay no longer, said he: To know that the finest woman in England is under the same roof with me; yet to be so long detained from paying my respects to her — I can't bear it. And in a very gallant manner, as he seemed to intend, he paid his compliments, first to me, and then to my two cousins: — And whispering, yet loud enough to be heard, to Miss Grandison, swore by his soul, that report fell short of my perfections — and I can't tell what.

Did I not tell you, that you would say so, Sir? said Miss Grandison.

I did not like the gentleman the better for what I had heard of him: But, perhaps, should have been less indifferent to his compliment, had I not before been acquainted with Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. The men of this cast, I think, seem all alike. Poor creatures! how from my heart — But, indeed, now that I have the honour to know these two sisters, I despise myself.

Sir Charles addressing himself to my cousins and me, Now, said he, that my cousin Grandison has found an opportunity to introduce himself; and that I have presented my ward to you; we will, if you please, see how Lord L. Lord G. and Dr. Bartlett, are engaged.

He led my cousin Reeves into the dining-room.

Lord L. addressed us with great politeness.

After Sir Charles had presented the Doctor to my cousins, he respectfully took my hand: Were there fifty Ladies here, my good Dr. Bartlett, whom you had never seen before, you would, I am sure, from the character you have had of Miss Byron, be under no difficulty of reading that character in this young Lady's Face. Miss Byron, behold in Dr. Bartlett, another grandfather.

I reverence, said I, good Dr. Bartlett. I borrow Sir Charles's thought: The character he has given you, Sir, is stamped in your countenance. I should have venerated you where-ever I had seen you.

The gentleman has such a truly venerable aspect, my Lucy, I could not help saying this.

Sir Charles's goodness, madam, said he, as it ever did, prevents my wishes. I rejoice to see, and to congratulate, a new sister, restored, as I will call it in the language of Miss Grandison, to the best of families.

Just then came in a servant, and whispered to Sir Charles: Shew the gentleman, said Sir Charles, into the drawing-room, next the study.

Mr. Grandison came up to me, and said many silly things. I thought them so at that time.

Mr. Reeves soon after was sent for out by Sir Charles. I did not like his looks on his return.

Dinner being ready to be served, and Sir Charles, who was still with the gentleman, summoned to it, he desir'd we would walk down, and he would wait upon us by the time we were seated.

Some new trouble, thought I, of which I am the cause, I doubt.

Presently came in Sir Charles, unaffectedly smiling and serene. — God bless you, Sir, thought I! — His looks pleased me better than my cousin's.

But, my dear, there is something going forward, that I cannot get out of my cousin. I hoped I should, when I got home. The Gentleman to whom Sir Charles was called out, was certainly that Bagenhall. Mr. Reeves cannot deny that. I guessed it was, by Sir Charles's sending in for Mr. Reeves. It must be about me.

We had several charming conversations. Sir Charles was extremely entertaining. So unassuming, so lively, so modest, it was delightful to see the attention paid to him by the servants as they waited at table. They watched every look of his. I never saw love and reverence so agreeably mingled in servants faces in my life. And his commands were delivered to them with so much gentleness of voice and aspect, that one could not but conclude in favour of both, that they were the best of Servants to the best of Masters.

Mr. Grandison was very gallant in his speeches to me; but very uncivil with his eyes.

Lord L. said but little; but what he did say, deservedly gained attention.

Every-body reverenced Dr. Bartlett, and was attentive when he spoke; and would, I dare say, on his own account, had not the Master of the house, by the regard he paid him, engaged every one's veneration for him. Many of the questions which Sir Charles put to him, as if to inform himself, it was evident he could himself have answered: Yet he put them with an air of teachableness, if I

may so express myself; and received the Doctor's answers to them with as much satisfaction, as if he were then newly enlightened by them. — Ah, my Lucy! you imagine, I dare say, that this admirable man lost nothing in my eyes, by this his polite condescension. Reserve, and a politeness that had dignity in it, shewed that the fine Gentleman and the Clergyman were not separated in Dr. Bartlett. — Pity they should be in any of the function.

Sir Charles gave Lord G. an opportunity to shine, by leading the discourse into circumstances and details, which Lord G. could best recount. My Lord has been a traveller. He is a connoisseur in Antiquities, and in those parts of nice Knowlege, as I, a woman, call it, with which the Royal Society here, and the learned and polite of other nations, entertain themselves.

Lord G. appeared to advantage, as Sir Charles managed it, under the awful eye of Miss Grandison. Upon my word, Lucy, she makes very free with him. I whisper'd her, that she did — A very Miss How, said I.

To a very Mr. Hickman, re-whispered she. — But here's the difference: I am not determined to have Lord G. Miss How yielded to her mother's recommendation, and intended to marry Mr Hickman, even when she used him worst. One time or other (archly continued she the whisper, holding up her spread Hand, and with a countenance of admiration) my Lord G. is to shew us his collection of Butterflies, and other gaudy insects: Will you make one? —

Of the gaudy insects! whispered I. —

Fie, Harriet! — One of the party, you know, I must mean. Let me tell you, I never saw a collection of these various insects, that I did not the more admire the Maker of them, and of all us insects, whatever I thought of the collectors of the minute ones. — Another word with you, Harriet — These little playful studies may do well enough with persons who do not want to be more than indifferent to us: But do you think a Lover ought to take high delight in the painted wings of a Butterfly, when a fine Lady has made herself all over Butterfly to attract him? — Eyes off, Sir Charles! — for he looked, tho' smilingly, yet earnestly, at us, as we whisper'd behind the Countess's chair; who heard what was said, and was pleased with it.

LETTER II.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday Morning, Mar. 2.

I Should have told you, that Miss Grandison did the honours of the table; and I will go round it; for I know you expect I should. But I have not yet done with Lord G. — Poor man! he is excessively in Love, I see that. Well he may. What man would not with Miss Grandison? Yet is she too superior, I think.

What can a woman do, who is addressed by a man of talents inferior to her own? Must she throw away her talents? Must she hide her light under a bushel, purely to do credit to the man? She cannot pick and choose, as men can. She has only her negative; and, if she is desirous to oblige her friends, not always that. Yet it is said, Women must not encourage Fops and Fools. They must encourage Men of Sense only. And it is well said. But what will they do, if their lot be cast only among Foplings? If the Men of Sense do not offer themselves? And pray, may I not ask, if the taste of the age, among the men, is not Dress, Equipage, and Foppery? Is the cultivation of the mind any part of their study? The men, in short, are sunk, my dear; and the women but barely swim.

Lord G. seems a little too finical in his dress. And yet I am told, that Sir Walter Watkyns outdoes him in Foppery. What can they mean by it, when Sir Charles Grandison is before them? He scruples not to modernize a little; but then you see, that it is in compliance with the fashion, and to avoid singularity; a fault to which great minds are perhaps too often subject, tho' he is so much above it.

I want to know, methinks, whether Sir Charles is very much in earnest in his favour to Lord G. with regard to Miss Grandison. I doubt not, if he be, but he has good reasons for it.

Were this vile Sir Hargrave out of my head, I could satisfy myself about twenty and twenty things, that now-and-then I want to know.

Miss Jervois behaved very discreetly. With what pleasure did she hang on every word that fell from the lips of her guardian! I thought more than once of Swift's Cadenus and Vanessa. Poor girl! how I should pity her, were she insensibly to suffer her gratitude to lead her to be in Love with her benefactor! Indeed, I pity every-body who is hopelessly in Love.

Now don't you shake your head, my uncle! Did I not always pity Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler? — You know I did, Lucy.

Miss Jervois had a smile ready for every one; but it was not an implicit, a childish smile. It had distinction in it; and shewed intelligence. Upon the whole,

she said little, and heard all that was said with attention: And hence I pronounce her a very discreet young Lady.

But I thought to have done with the Men first; and here is Mr. Grandison, hardly mentioned; who, yet, in his own opinion, was not the last of the men at table.

Mr. Grandison is a man of middling stature; not handsome in my eyes; but so near being handsome, that he may be excused, when one knows him, for thinking himself so; because he is liable to make greater mistakes than that.

He dresses very gaily too. He is at the head of the fashion, as, it seems, he thinks; but, however, is one of the first in it, be it what it will. He is a great frequenter of the drawing-room; of all manner of publick spectacles; a leader of the taste at a new Play, or Opera. He dances, he sings, he laughs; and values himself on all three qualifications: And yet certainly has sense; but is not likely to improve it much; since he seems to be so much afraid of suffering in the consequence he thinks himself of, that whenever Sir Charles applies himself to him, upon any of his levities, tho' but by the eye, his consciousness, however mild the look, makes him shew an uneasiness at the instant. He reddens, sits in pain; calls for favour by his eyes, and his quivering lips; and has, notwithstanding, a smile ready to turn into a laugh, in order to lessen his own sensibility, should he be likely to suffer in the opinion of the company: But every motion shews his consciousness of inferiority to the man, of whose smiles or animadversions he is so very apprehensive.

What a captious, what a supercilious husband, to a woman who should happen to have a stronger mind than his, would Mr. Grandison make! But he values himself upon his having preserved his liberty.

I believe there are more bachelors now in England, by many thousands, than were a few years ago: And, probably, the numbers of them (and of single women, of course) will every year increase. The luxury of the age will account a good deal for this; and the turn our Sex take in un-domesticating themselves, for a good deal more. But let not these worthy young women, who may think themselves destined to a single life, repine over-much at their lot; since, possibly, if they have had no Lovers, or having had one, two, or three, have not found an husband, they have had rather a miss than a loss, as men go. And let me here add, that I think, as matters stand in this age, or indeed ever did stand, that those women who have joined with the men in their insolent ridicule of Old Maids ought never to be forgiven: No, tho' Miss Grandison should be one of the ridiculers. An Old Maid may be an odious character, if they will tell us, that the bad qualities of the persons, not the maiden State, are what they mean to expose. But then they must allow, that there are Old Maids of Twenty; and even that there are Widows and

Wives of all ages and complexions, who, in the abusive sense of the words, are as much Old Maids, as the most particular of that class of females.

But a word or two more concerning Mr. Grandison.

He is about Thirty-two. He has had the glory of ruining two or three women. Sir Charles has restored him to a sense of shame [All men, I hope, are born with it] which, a sew months ago, he had got above. And he does not now entertain ladies with instances of the frailty of individuals of their Sex; which many are too apt, encouragingly, to smile at; when I am very much mistaken, if every woman would not find her account, if she wishes herself to be thought well of, in discouraging every reflection that may have a tendency to debase or expose the Sex in general. How can a man be suffered to boast of his vileness to one woman, in the presence of another, without a rebuke, that should put it to the proof, whether the boaster was, or was not, past blushing.

Mr. Grandison is thought to have hurt his fortune, which was very considerable, by his free living, and an itch of gaming; to cure him of which, Sir Charles encourages him to give him his company at all opportunities. He certainly has understanding enough to know how to value the favour; for he owns to Miss Grandison, that he both loves and fears him; and now-and-then tells her, that he would give the world, if he had it, to be able to be just what Sir Charles is! Good God! at other times he has broke out, What an odious creature is a Rake! How I hate myself, when I contemplate the excellencies of this divine Brother of yours!

I shall say nothing of Sir Charles in this place, You, I know, my Lucy, will admire me for my forbearance.

Lady L. and Miss Grandison were the Graces of the Table. So lively, so sensible, so frank, so polite, so good-humour'd, what honour do they and their Brother reflect back on the memory of their mother! Lady Grandison, it seems, was an excellent woman. Sir Thomas was not, I have heard, quite unexceptionable. How useful, if so, are the women in the greater, as well as in the lesser parts of domestic duty, where they perform their duty! And what have those, who do not, to answer for, to GOD, to their Children, and even to their whole Sex, for the contempts they bring upon it by their uselesness, and perhaps extravagance; since, if the human mind is not actively good, it will generally be actively evil!

Dr. Bartlett I have already spoken of. How did he enliven the conversation, whenever he bore a part in it! So happy an elocution, so clear, so just, so solid his reasoning. I wish I could remember every word he said.

Sir Charles observed to us, before we saw him, that he was not forward to speak. But, as I hinted, he threw the occasions in his way, on purpose to draw him out: And at such times, what he said was easy, free, and unaffected: And

whenever a subject was concluded, he had done with it. His modesty, in short, made him always follow rather than lead a subject, as he very well might do, be it what it would.

I was charmed with the Brachman's prayer, which he, occasionally, gave us on the antient Persians being talked of.

Looking up to the rising Sun, which it was supposed they worshipped, these were the words of the Brachman:

"O THOU (meaning the ALMIGHTY) by whom Thou (meaning the Sun) art enlightened, illuminate my mind, that my actions may be agreeable to THY Will."

And this I will think of, my Lucy, as often as my early hour, for the future, shall be irradiated by that glorious orb.

Every-body was pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. Their modesty, good sense, and amiable tempers, and the kind, yet not ostentatious regard which they express to each other (a regard so creditable to the married state) cause them to be always treated and spoken of with distinction.

But I believe, as I am in a scribling vein, I must give you the particulars of one conversation; in which farther honour was done to Dr. Bartlett.

After dinner, the Countess, drawing me on one side, by both my hands, said; well, our other sister, our new-found sister, let me know how you like us? I am in pain lest you should not love us as well as you do our Northamptonshire relations.

You overcome me, madam, with your goodness.

Miss Grandison then coming towards us, Dear Miss Grandison, said I, help me to words —

No, indeed, I'll help you to nothing. I am jealous. Lady L. don't think to rob me of my Harriet's preferable Love, as you have of Sir Charles's. I will be best sister here. But what was your subject? — Yet I will answer my own question. Some pretty compliment, I suppose; Women to women. Women hunger and thirst aster compliments. Rather than be without them, if no men are at hand to flatter us, we love to say handsome things to one another; and so teach the men to find us out.

You need not be jealous, Charlotte, said the Countess: You may be sure. This saucy girl, Miss Byron, is ever frustrating her own pretensions. Can flattery, Charlotte, say what we will, have place here? — But tell me, Miss Byron, how you like Dr. Bartlett?

Ay, tell us, Harriet, said Miss Grandison, how you like Dr. Bartlett? Pray, Lady L. don't anticipate me: I propose to give our new sister the history of us all. And is not Dr. Bartlett one of us? She has already given me the history of all her friends, and of herself: And I have communicated to you, like a good sister, all she has told me.

I considered Dr. Bartlett, I said, as a Saint; and at the same time, as a man of true politeness.

He is indeed, said the Countess, all that is worthy and amiable in man. Don't you see how Sir Charles admires him?

Pray Lady L. keep clear of my province. Here is Sir Charles. He will not let us break into parties.

Sir Charles heard this last sentence — Yet I wonder not, said he, joining us, that three such women get together: Goodness to goodness is a natural attraction. We men, however, will not be excluded. — Dr. Bartlett, if you please. —

The Doctor approached in a most graceful manner — Let me again, Miss Byron, present Dr. Bartlett to you, as a man that is an honour to his cloth; and that is the same thing, as if I said, to human nature [The good man bowed in silence]; and Miss Byron, to you, my good Doctor, taking my hand, as a Lady most worthy your distinguished regard.

You do me too much honour, Sir, said I. I shall hope, good Doctor Bartlett, by your instructions, to be enabled to deserve such a recommendation.

My dear Harriet, said the Countess, snatching my other hand, you are a good girl; and that is more to your honour than Beauty.

Be quiet, Lady L. said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Grandison came up — What! Is there not another hand for me?

I was vexed at his interruption. It prevented Dr. Bartlett from saying something that his lips were opening to speak with a smile of benignity.

How the World, said Sir Charles, smiling, will push itself in! Heart, not Hand, my dear Mr. Grandison was the subject.

Whenever You, Sir Charles, and the Doctor, and these Ladies, are got together, I know I must be unseasonable: But if you exclude me such company, how shall I ever be what you and the Doctor would have me to be.

Lord L. and Lord G. were coming up to us: See your attraction, Miss Byron! said the Countess.

But, joined in Miss Grandison, we will not leave our little Jervois by herself, expecting and longing! — Our Cousins Reeves — only that when they are together, they cannot want company — should not be thus left. Is there more than one heart among us — This Man's excepted, humourously pushing Mr. Grandison, as if from the company — Let us be orderly, and take our seats.

How cruel is this! said Mr Grandison, appealing to Sir Charles.

Indeed I think it is a little cruel, Charlotte.

Not so: Let him be good then. — Till when, may all our Sex say, to such men as my cousin has been —

“Thus let it be done by the man, whom, if he were good, good persons would delight to honour.”

Shame, if not principle, said Lord L. smiling, would effect the cure, if all Ladies were to act thus. Don’t you think so, cousin Everard?

Well, well, said Mr. Grandison, I will be good, as fast as I can: But, Doctor, what say you? — Rome was not built in a day.

I have great hopes of Mr. Grandison, said the Doctor. But, Ladies, you must not, as Mr. Grandison observed, exclude from the benefit of your conversation, the man whom you wish to be good.

What! not till he is good? said Miss Grandison. Did I not say, We should delight to honour him when he was?

But, what, Sir Charles? (come, I had rather take my cue from you, than anybody:) what are the signs which I am to give to be allowed —

Only these, my cousin — When you can be serious on serious subjects; yet so chearful in your seriousness, as if it sat easy upon you; when you can, at times, prefer the company and conversation of Dr. Bartlett, who is not a solemn or severe man, to any other; and, in general, had rather stand well in his opinion, than in that of the gayest man or woman in the world.

Provided yours, Sir Charles, may be added to the Doctor’s —

Command me, Mr. Grandison, whenever you two are together. We will not oppress you with our subjects. Our conversation shall be that of Men, of chearful Men. You shall lead them and change them at pleasure The first moment (and I will watch for it) that I shall imagine you to be tired or uneasy, I will break off the conversation; and you shall leave us and pursue your own diversions, without a question.

You were always indulgent to me, Sir Charles, said Mr. Grandison; and I have retired, and blushed to myself, sometimes, for wanting your indulgence.

Tea was preparing. Sir Charles took his own seat next Lord L. whom he set in to talk of Scotland. He enjoyed the account my Lord gave of the pleasure which the Countess, on that her first journey into those parts, gave to all his family and friends; as Lady L. on her part, acknowleged she had a grateful sense of their goodness to her.

I rejoice, said Sir Charles, that the sea divides us not from such worthy people, as you, my Lord, have given us a relation to. Next visit you make (Charlotte, I hope, will accompany me) I intend to make one in your train, as I have told your Lordship before.

You will add to our pleasure, Sir Charles. All my relations are prepared to do you honour.

But, my Lord, did not the Ladies think a little hardly of your Lordship's engagement? that a man of your merit should go from Scotland for a wife? I do assure you, my Lord, that, in all the countries I have been in, I never saw finer women than I have seen in Scotland; and in very few nations, tho' six times as large, greater numbers of them.

I was to be the happiest of men, Sir Charles, in a Grandison — I thank you, bowing.

It is one of my felicities, my Lord, that my sister calls herself yours.

Lady L. whispering me, as I sat between her and Miss Grand son, The two worthiest hearts in the world, Miss Byron! my Lord L's, and my brother's!

With joy I congratulate your Ladyship on both, re-whispered I. May God long continue to you two such blessings!

I thought of the vile Sir Hargrave at the time.

I can tell you how, said Mr. Grandison, to repay that nation — You, Sir Charles, shall go down, and bring up with a you Scotish Lady.

I was vexed with myself for starting. I could not help it.

Don't you think, Lucy, that Sir Charles made a very fine compliment to the Scotish Ladies? — I own, that I have heard the women of our Northern counties praised also. But are there not, think you, as pretty women in England?

My Sister Harriet, applied Sir Charles to me, you need not, I hope, be told that I am a great admirer of fine women.

I had like to have bowed — I should not have been able to recover myself, had I so seemed to apply his compliment.

I the less wonder that you are, Sir Charles, because, in the word fine, you include mind as well as person.

That's my good girl! said Miss Grandison, as she poured out the tea: and so he does.

My dear Charlotte, whisper'd I — pray, say something encouraging to Lord G. He is pleased with every-body; but no-body says any-thing to him; and he, I see, both loves and fears you.

Hush, child! whispered she again. The man's best when he is silent. If it be his day to love, it is his day to fear. What a duce! shall a woman's time be Never?

That's good news for my Lord: Shall I hint to him, that his time will come?

Do, if you dare. I want you to provoke me. She spoke aloud.

I have done, said I.

My Lord, what do you think Miss Byron says?

For Heaven's sake, dear Miss Grandison!

Nay, I will speak it,

Pray, madam, let me know, said my Lord.

You will know Miss Grandison in time, said Sir Charles. I trust her not with any of my secrets, Miss Byron.

The more ungenerous you, Sir Charles; for you get out of me all mine. I complained of you, Sir, to Miss Byron, for your reserves at Colnbrooke.

Be so good, madam, said my Lord —

Nay, nothing but the Mountain and the Mouse. Miss Byron only wanted to see your collection of insects.

Miss Byron will do me great honour —

If Charlotte won't attend you, madam, said the Countess, to my Lord G's, I will.

Have I not brought you off, Harriet? whispered Miss Grandison — Trust me another time. — She will let you know the day before, my Lord.

Miss Grandison, my Lord, said I, loves to alarm. But I will with pleasure wait on her, and on the Countess, whenever they please.

You will see many things worth your notice, madam, in Lord G's collection, said Sir Charles to me. But Charlotte thinks nothing less than men and women worthy of her notice; her parrot and squirrel, the one for its prattle, the other for its vivacity, excepted.

Thank you, Sir Charles — But pray do you be quiet! I fear nobody else.

Miss Byron, said the Countess, pray spare her not: I see you can make Charlotte afraid of two.

Then it must be of three, Lady L. — You know my reverence for my elder sister.

No, no, but I don't. I know only, that nobody can better tell, what she should do, than my Charlotte: But I have always taken too much delight in your vivacity, either to wish or expect you to rein it in.

You acted by me like an indolent parent, Lady L. who miscalls herself indulgent. You gave me my head for your own pleasure; and when I had got it, tho' you found the inconvenience, you chose rather to bear it, than to take the pains to restrain me — But Sir Charles, whatever faults he might have had when he was from us, came over to us finished. He grew not up with us from year to year: His blaze dazled me; and I have tried over and over, but cannot yet get the better of my reverence for him.

If I have not my sister's love, rather than what she pleasantly calls her reverence, I shall have a much worse opinion of my own outward behaviour, than of her merit.

Your outward behaviour, Sir Charles, cannot be in fault, said Lord L. But I join with my sister Charlotte, in her opinion of what is.

And I too, said the Countess — for I am a party — This is it, Sir Charles — Who that lies under obligations, which they cannot return, can view the obliger but with the most delicate sensibilities?

Give me leave, said Miss Emily, her face crimsoned over with modest gratitude, to say, that I am one, that shall ever have a reverence, superior to my love, for the best of guardians.

Blushes overspread my face, and gave a tacit acknowledgment, on my part, of the same sensibility, from the same motives.

Who is it, joined in Dr. Bartlett, that knows my patron, but must acknowlege —

My dear Dr. Bartlett, interrupted Sir Charles, from you, and from my good Lord L. these fine things are not to be borne. From my three sisters, looking at me for one, and from my dear ward, I cannot be so uneasy, when they will not be restrained from acknowledging, that I have succeeded in my endeavours to perform my duty to them.

I long to know, as I said once before, the particulars of what Sir Charles has done, to oblige everybody in so high a manner. Don't you, Lucy? Bless me! what a deal of time have I wasted since I came to town? I feel as if I had wings, and had soared to so great an height, that every thing and person that I before behold without dissatisfaction, in this great town, looks diminutive and little under my aking eye. Thus, my dear, it must be in a better world, if we are permitted to look back upon the highest of our satisfactions in this.

I was asked to give them a lesson on the harpsichord after tea. Miss Grandison said, Come, come, to prevent all excuses, I will shew you the way.

Let it then be, said Mr. Grandison, Shakespear's Cuckow. You have made me enter with so much comparative shame into myself, that I must have something lively to raise my spirits.

Well, so it shall, replied Miss Grandison. Our poor cousin does not know what to do with himself when you are got a little out of his reach.

That is not fair, Charlotte, said Sir Charles. It is not that graceful manner of obliging, in which you generally excel. Compliance and Reflection are not to be coupled.

Well, well, but I will give the good man his Cuckow, to make him amends.

Accordingly she sung that ballad from Shakespear; and with so much spirit and humour, as delighted every-body.

Sir Charles being a judge of musick, I looked a little sillier than common, when I was again called upon.

Come, my dear, said the kind Countess, I will prepare you a little further. When you see your two elder sisters go before you, you will have more courage.

She sat down, and play'd one of Scarlatti's lessons; which, you know, are made to shew a fine hand. And surely, for the swiftness of her fingers, and the elegance of her manner, she could not be equalled.

It is referred to you, my third Sister, said Sir Charles (who had been taken aside by Mr. Reeves; some whispering talk having passed between them) to favour us with some of Handel's musick: Mrs. Reeves says, she has heard you sing several songs out of the Pastoral, and out of some of his finest Oratorios.

Come hither, come hither, my sweet Harriet — Here's his Alexander's Feast: My brother admires that, I know; and says it is the noblest composition that ever was produced by man; and is as finely set, as written.

She made me sit down to the instrument.

As you know, said I, that great part of the beauty of this performance arises from the proper transitions from one different strain to another, any one song must lose greatly, by being taken out of its place; and I fear —

Fear nothing, Miss Byron, said Sir Charles: Your obligingness, as well as your observation, intitle you to all allowances.

I then turned to that fine piece of accompanied recitative:

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

Which not being set so full with accompanying symphonies, as most of Mr. Handel's are, I performed with the more ease to myself, tho' I had never but once before play'd it over.

They all, with more compliments than I dare repeat, requested me to play and sing it once more.

Dare repeat! methinks I hear my uncle Selby say. The girl that does nothing else but repeat her own praises, comes with her, If I dare repeat.

Yes, Sir, I answer; for compliments that do not elevate, that do not touch me, run glibly off my pen: But such as indeed raise one's vanity; how can one avow that vanity by writing them down? — But they were resolved to be pleased before I began.

One compliment, however, from Sir Charles, I cannot, I find, pass over in silence. He whispered Miss Grandison, as he leaned upon my chair. How could Sir Hargrave Pollexfen have the heart to endeavour to stop such a mouth as that!

AND now, having last night, and this morning, written so many sides, it is time to break off. Yet I could give you many more particulars of agreeable conversation that passed, were I sure you would not think me insufferably tedious; and did not the unkind reserve of my cousin Reeves, as to the business of that Bagenhall, rush upon my memory with fresh force, and help to tire my fingers. I am the more concerned, as my cousin himself seems not easy; but is in

expectation of hearing something, that will either give him relief, or add to his pain.

Why, Lucy, should our friends take upon themselves to keep us in the dark, as to those matters which it concerns us more to know, than perhaps any-body else? There is a tenderness sometimes shewn on arduous occasions in this respect, that gives as much pain, as we could receive from the most explicit communication. And then, all the while, there is so much strength of mind, and discretion, supposed in the person that knows an event, and such weakness in her that is to be kept in ignorance, that — But I grow as saucy as impatient. Let me conclude, before I expose my self to reproof for a petulance, that I hope is not natural to

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER III.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Thursday Night, Mar. 2.

AND what do you think was the reason of Mr. Reeves's reserves? A most alarming one. I am obliged to him, that he kept it from me, tho' the uncertainty did not a little affect me. Take the account of it, as it comes out.

I told you in my former, that the person to whom Sir Charles was sent for out, was Mr. Bagenhall; and that Sir Charles had sent in for Mr. Reeves, who returned to the company with a countenance that I did not like so well as I did Sir Charles's. I now proceed to give you, from Minutes of Mr. Reeves, what passed on the occasion.

Sir Charles took Mr. Reeves aside — This unhappy man (Sir Hargrave, I mean, said he) seems to me to want an excuse to himself, for putting up with a treatment which he thinks disgraceful. When we have to deal with children, humours must be a little allowed for. But you'll hear what the proposal is now. Let not the Ladies, however, nor the Gentlemen, within, know any thing of the matter till all is over. This is a day devoted to pleasure. But you, Mr. Reeves, know something of the matter; and can answer for your fair cousin.

He then led Mr. Reeves in to Mr. Bagenhall.

This, Sir, is Mr. Reeves. — Sir Hargrave, in short, Mr. Reeves, among other demands that I cannot comply with (but which relate only to myself, and therefore need not be mentioned) insists upon an introduction to Miss Byron. He says, she is absolutely disengaged — Is she, Sir?

I dare say she is, answered my cousin.

This gentleman has been naming to me Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and others.

No one of them has ever met with the shadow of encouragement from my cousin. She is above keeping any man in suspense, when she is not in any herself. Nothing has given her more uneasiness than the number of her Admirers.

Miss Byron, said Sir Charles, must be admired by every one that beholds her; but still more by those who are admitted to the honour of conversing with her. But Sir Hargrave is willing to build upon her disengagement something in his own favour. Is there any room for Sir Hargrave, who pleads his sufferings for her; who vows his honourable intentions even at the time that he was hoping to gain her by so unmanly a violence; and appeals to her for the purity, as he calls it, of his behaviour to her, all the time she was in his hands — who makes very large offers of settlements — is there any room to hope, that Miss Byron —

No, none at all, Sir Charles —

What! not to save a life, Mr. Reeves? — said Mr. Bagenhall.

If you mean mine, Mr. Bagenhall, replied Sir Charles, I beg that that may not be considered. If Sir Hargrave means his own, I will pronounce that safe from any premeditated resentment of mine. Do you think Miss Byron will bear to see Sir Hargrave, Mr Reeves? I presume he intends to beg pardon of her. Will she consent to receive a visit from him? — But is not this wretched trisling, Mr. Bagenhall?

You will remember, Sir Charles, this is a proposal of mine: what I hoped might be agreed to by Sir Hargrave; but that I was willing to consult you before I mentioned it to him.

I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagenhall: I now remember it.

If ever man doated upon a woman, said Mr. Bagenhall, it is Sir Hargrave on Miss Byron. The very methods he took to obtain her for a wife, shew that most convincingly. — You will promise not to stand in his way Sir.

I repeat, Mr. Bagenhall, what I have heretofore told you; That Miss Byron (You'll excuse me, Mr. Reeves) is still under my protection. If Sir Hargrave, as he ought, is inclin'd to ask her pardon; and if he can obtain it, and even upon his own terms; I shall think Miss Byron and he may be happier together than at present I can imagine it possible. I am not desirous to be any-way considered, but as her protector from violence and insult; and that I will be, if she claim it, in defiance of an hundred such men as Sir Hargrave. But then, Sir, the occasion must be sudden. No legal relief must be at hand. I will not, either for an adversary's sake, or my own, be defied into a cool and premeditated vengeance.

But, Sir Charles, Sir Hargrave has some hardships in this case. You will not give him the satisfaction of a Gentleman: And, according to the Laws of Honour, a man is not intitled to be treated as a Gentleman, who denies to one —

Of whose making, Mr. Bagenhall, are the Laws of Honour you mention? I own no Laws, but the Laws of GOD and my Country. But, to cut this matter short, tell Sir Hargrave, that, little as is the dependence a Man of Honour can have upon that of a man, who has acted by an helpless woman, as he has acted by Miss Byron, I will breakfast with him in his own house to-morrow morning, if he contradicts it not. I will attribute to the violence of his passion for the Lady, the unmanly outrage he was guilty of. I will suppose him mistaken enough to imagine, that he should make her amends by marriage, if he could compel her hand; and will trust my person to his honour, one servant only to walk before his door, not to enter the house, to attend my commands, after our conversation is over. My sword, and my sword only, shall be my companion: But this rather, that I would not be thought to owe my safety to the want of it, than in expectation, after such confidence placed

in him, to have occasion to draw it in my own defence. And pray, Mr. Bagenhall, do you, his friend, be present; and any other friends, and to what number, he pleases.

When I came to this place in my cousin's Minutes, I was astonished; I was out of breath upon it.

Mr. Bagenhall was surprised; and asked Sir Charles, if he were in earnest?

I would not be thought a rash man, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave threatens me: I never avoid a threatener. You seem to hint, Sir, that I am not intitled to fair play, if I consent not to meet him with a murderous intention. With such an intention I never will meet any man; though I have as much reason to rely on the skill of my arm, as on the justice of my cause. If foul play is hinted at, I am no more safe from an assassin in my bedchamber, than in Sir Hargrave's house. Something must be done by a man who refuses a challenge, to let a challenger see (such is the world, such is the custom) that he has better motives than fear, for his refusal. I will put Sir Hargrave's Honour to the fullest test: Tell him, Sir, that I will bear a great deal; but that I will not be insulted, were he a Prince.

And you really would have me —

I would, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave, I see, will not be satisfied, unless something extraordinary be done: And if I hear not from you, or from him, I will attend him by ten to-morrow morning, in an amicable manner, to breakfast at his own house in Cavendish Square.

I am in terror, Lucy, even in transcribing only.

Mr. Reeves, said Sir Charles, you undo me, if one word of this matter escape you, even to your wife.

Mr. Reeves begged, that he might attend him to Sir Hargrave's.

By no means, Mr. Reeves.

Then, Sir Charles, you apprehend danger.

I do not. Something, as I said, must be done. This is the shortest and best method to make all parties easy. Sir Hargrave thinks himself slighted. He may infer, if he pleases, in his own favour, that I do not despise a man, in whom I can place such a confidence. Do you, Mr. Reeves, return to company; and let no one know the occasion of your absence, or of mine, from it.

I have told you, my dear, what a difference there was in the countenances of both, when each separately entered the dining-room. And could this great man (surely I may call him great) could he, in such circumstances, on his return, give joy, pleasure, entertainment, to all the company, without the least cause of suspicion of what had passed?

Mr. Reeves, as I told you, singled out Sir Charles in the evening to know what had passed after he left him and Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Charles acquainted him, that

Mr. Bagenhall had proposed to let him know that night, or in the morning, how Sir Hargrave approved of his intended visit. He has, accordingly, signified to me already, said Sir Charles, that Sir Hargrave expects me.

And will you go, Sir?

Don't give yourself concern about the matter, Mr. Reeves. All must end well. My intention is, not to run into mischief, but to prevent it. My principles are better known abroad, than they are in England. I have been challenged more than once by men, who knew them, and thought to find their safety from them. I have been obliged to take some extraordinary steps to save myself from insult; and those steps have answered my end, in more licentious countries than this. I hope this step will preserve me from calls of this nature in my own country.

For God's sake, Sir Charles —

Be not uneasy on my account, Mr. Reeves. Does not Sir Hargrave value himself upon his fortune? He would be loth to forfeit it. His fortune is my security. And am I not a man of some consequence myself? Is not the affair between us known? will not therefore the cause justify me, and condemn him? The man is turbulent; he is uneasy with himself; he knows himself to be in the wrong. And shall a man, who resolves to pay a sacred regard to laws divine and human, fear this Goth? 'Tis time enough to fear, when I can be unjust. If you value my friendship, as I do yours, my good Mr. Reeves, proceeded he, I shall be sure of your absolute silence. I will attend Sir Hargrave by ten to-morrow morning. You will hear from me, or see me at your own house, by twelve.

And then it was, as Mr. Reeves tells me, that Sir Charles turned from him, to encourage me to give the company a lesson from Dryden's Alexander's Feast, as set by Handel; which I chose to be in the lines, Softly sweet, &c.

Mr. Reeves went out in the morning. My cousin says, he had been excessively uneasy all night. He now owns, he called at St. James's Square, and there breakfasted with Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, Miss Emily, and Dr. Bartlett. Sir Charles went out at nine, in a chair, one servant only attending him: The family knew not whither. And his two sisters were fomenting a rebellion against him, as they humourously called it, for his keeping from them (who kept nothing from him) his motions, when they and my Lord were together, and at his house: But my Lord and Miss Emily pleasantly refused to join in it. Mr. Reeves told us, on his return, that his heart was so sunk, that they took great notice of his dejection.

About three o'clock, just as Mr. Reeves was determined to go to St James's Square again, and, if Sir Charles had not been heard of, to Cavendish-Square (tho' irresolute what to do when there) the following billet was brought him from Sir Charles. After what I have written, does not your heart leap for joy, my Lucy?

Half an hour after two.

Dear Sir,

I Will do myself the honour of visiting Mr. Reeves, Miss Byron, and you, at your usual tea-time, if you are not engaged. I tell the Ladies here, that those who have least to do, are generally the most busy people in the world. I can therefore be only answerable, on this visit, for, Sir,

Your most humble Servant, CHARLES GRANDISON.

Then it was, that, vehemently urged both by my cousin and me, Mr. Reeves gave us briefly the cause of his uneasiness.

About six o' clock, Sir Charles came in a chair. He was charmingly dressed. I thought him, the moment he enter'd, the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. What a transporting thing must it be, my Lucy, to an affectionate wife, without restraint, without check, and performing nothing but her duty, to run with open arms to receive a worthy husband, returning to her after a long absence, or from an escaped danger! How cold, how joyless! — But no! I was neither cold, nor joyless; for my face, as I felt it, was in a glow; and my heart was ready to burst with congratulatory meaning, at the visible safety, and unhurt person, of the man who had laid me before under such obligations to him, as were too much for my gratitude. O do not, do not tell me, my dear friends, that you love him, that you wish me to be his. I shall be ready, if you do, to wish — I don't know what I would say: But your wishes were always the leaders of mine.

Mrs. Reeves, having the same cause for apprehension, could hardly restrain herself when he entered the room. She met him at the door, her hand held out, and with so much emotion, that Sir Charles said, How well, Mr. Reeves, you have kept my secret! — Mr. Reeves told him, what an uneasiness he had laboured under from the preceding evening; and how silent he had been, till his welcome billet came.

Then it was that both my cousins, with equal freedom, congratulated him.

And I'll tell you how the Fool, the maiden Fool, looked and acted. Her feet insensibly moved to meet him, while he was receiving the freer compliments of my cousins. I courtesied bashfully; it was hardly noticeable; and, because unnoticed, I paid my compliments in a deeper courtesy. And then, finding my hand in his, when I knew not whether I had an hand or not — I am grieved, Sir, sad I, to be the occasion, to be the cause — And I sighed for one reason (perhaps you can guess what that was) and blushed for two; because I knew not what to say, nor how to look; and because I was under obligations which I could not return.

He kindly saved my further confusion, by making light of what had passed: And, leading me to a seat, took his place by me.

May I ask, Sir Charles? — said my cousin Reeves, and stopt.

The conversation was too tedious, and too various, to be minutely related, Mr. Reeves. But Sir Hargrave had, by Mr. Bagenhall's desire, got his shorthand writer in a closet; and that unknown to me, till all was over. I am to have a copy of what passed. You shall see it, if you please, when it is sent me. Mean time, what think you of a compromise at your expence, Miss Byron.

I dare abide by every thing that Sir Charles Grandison has stipulated for me.

It would be cruelty to keep a Lady in suspence, where doubt will give her pain, and cannot end in pleasure. Sir Hargrave is resolv'd to wait upon you: Are you willing to see him?

If, Sir, you would advise me to see him.

I advise nothing, Madam. Pursue your inclinations. Mr. Reeves is at liberty to admit whom he pleases into his House: Miss Byron to see in it, or wheresoever she is, whom she pleases. I told him my mind very freely. But I left him determined to wait on you. I have reason to believe he will behave very well. I should be surprised, if he does not in the humblest manner ask your pardon; and yours, Mr. Reeves, and your Lady's. But if you have any apprehensions, Madam (to me) I will be ready to attend you at five minutes notice, before he shall be admitted to your presence.

It is very good, Sir, said Mr. Reeves, to be ready to favour Miss Byron with your countenance on such an occasion. But I hope we need not give you that trouble in this house.

Sir Charles went away soon after; and Mr. Reeves has been accusing himself ever since, with answering him too abruptly, tho' he meant nothing but the truest respect. And yet as I have written it, on re-perusal, I don't above half like Mr. Reeves's answer. But where high respect is entertained, grateful hearts will always, I believe, be accusing themselves of imperfections, which none other see, or can charge them with.

As Sir Charles is safe, and I have now nothing to apprehend but Sir Hargrave's visit, I will dispatch this Letter, with assurances that I am, my dear Lucy,

Your ever-affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Friday, One o'Clock, Mar. 3.

SIR Charles had just sent the impatiently expected Paper, transcribed by the short-hand writer from his minutes of the conversation that passed on Sir Charles's intrepid visit at Sir Hargrave's. Intrepid, I call it: But had I known of it, as Mr. Reeves did, before the event, in some measure, justified the rashness, I should have called it rash, and been for proposing to send Peace-officers to Cavendish-Square, or taking some method to know whether he were safe in his person; especially when three o'clock approached; and his dinner-time is earlier than that of most other people of fashion.

Mr. Reeves has been so good as to undertake to transcribe this long paper for me, that I may have time to give you an account of three particular visits which I have received. I asked Mr. Reeves, If it were not a strange way of proceeding in this Bagenhall to have his short-hand writer, and now turned listener, always with him? He answered, It was not a usual way; but, in cases of this nature, where murder, and a tryal, were expected to follow the rashness, in a court of justice, he thought it carried with it, tho' a face of premeditation, yet a look of fairness; and there was no doubt but the man had been in bad scrapes before now, and was willing to use every precaution for the future.

THE PAPER.

On Thursday morning, March the 2d, 17.. I Henry Cotes, according to notice given me the preceding evening, went to the house of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Baronet, in Cavendish Square, about half an hour after eight in the morning, in order to take minutes, in short-hand, of a conversation that was expected to be held between the said Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Sir Charles Grandison, Baronet, upon a debate between the said Gentlemen; on which I had once before attended James Bagenhall, Esquire, at the House of the said Sir Charles Grandison in St. James Square; and from which consequences were apprehended, that might make an exact account of what passed, of great importance.

I was admitted, about nine o'clock, into the withdrawing-room; where were present the said Sir Hargrave, the said James Bagenhall, Solomon Merceda, Esquire, and John Jordan, Esquire. And they were in full conversation about the

reception that was to be given to the said Sir Charles Grandison; which not being a part of my orders or business, I had no command to take down; but the contrary.

And that I might, with the less interruption, take minutes of the expected conversation, I was ordered to place myself in a large closet adjoining to the said withdrawing-room, from which it was separated by a thin wainscot-partition: But, lest the said Sir Charles should object to the taking of the said minutes, I was directed to conceal myself there till called forth; but to take the said minutes fairly and truly, as, upon occasion, I would make oath to the truth thereof.

About half an hour after nine o'clock, I heard Mr. Bagenhall, with an oath, that denoted, by the voice, eagerness and surprize, say, Sir Charles was come. And immediately a footman enter'd, and said,

"Sir Charles Grandison!"

Then three or four of the Gentlemen spoke together pretty loud and high: But what they said I thought not in my orders to note down. But this is not improper to note: Sir Hargrave said, Give me that pair of pistols, and let him follow me into the garden. By G — he shall take one.

No, no! I heard Mr. Merceda say; who being a foreigner, I knew his voice from the rest — No, no! That must not be.

And another voice, I believe by the lisp, it was Mr. Jordan's, say, Let us, Sir Hargrave, hear what a man so gallant has to say for himself. Occasions may arise afterwards.

Mr. Bagenhall, whose voice I well knew, said, D — n his blood, if an hair of Sir Charles Grandison's head should be hurt on this visit.

Do I, d — n ye all, said Sir Hargrave, offer any thing unfair, when I would give him the choice of the pistols?

What! in your own garden! A pretty story, whichsoever drops! said Mr. Merceda. The devil's in it, if he may not be forced now to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman elsewhere.

Desire Sir Charles (D — n his blood, said Sir Hargrave) to come in. And then [as I saw through a knothole, that I just then, hunting for a crack in the wainscot-partition, discovered] Sir Charles entered; and I saw that he looked very sedate and chearful; and he had his sword by his side, though in a morning dress. And then the conversation began, as follows:

Sir Charles. YOUR Servant, Sir Hargrave. Mr. Bagenhall, yours. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Mr. Bagenhall. Yours, Sir Charles. You are a man of your word. This gentleman is Mr. Jordan, Sir Charles. This gentleman is Mr. Merceda.

Sir Ch. Mr. Merceda! — I have heard of Mr. Merceda. — I have been very free, Sir Hargrave, to invite myself to breakfast with you.

Sir Hargrave. Yes, by G — . And so you have before now. Have you any-body with you Sir? — If you have, let them walk in.

Sir Ch. Nobody, Sir.

Sir Har. These are gentlemen, Sir. They are men of honour. They are my friends.

Sir Ch. They look like gentlemen. I suppose every man a man of honour, till I find him otherwise.

Sir Har. But don't think I have them here to intimidate —

Sir Ch. Intimidate, Sir Hargrave! I know not what it is to be intimidated. You say, the gentlemen are your friends. I come with a view to increase, and not diminish, the number of your friends.

Sir Har. "Increase the number of my friends!" — What! with one who robbed me of the only woman on earth that is worth having! And who, but for the unmanly advantage taken of me, had been my wife before the day was over, Sir! And yet to resuse me the satisfaction of a gentleman, Sir! — But I hope you are now come —

Sir Ch. To breakfast with you, Sir Hargrave — Don't be warm. I am determined, if possible, not to be provoked — But I must not be ill-treated.

Sir Har. Why, then, Sir, take one of those two pistols. My chariot shall carry us —

Sir Ch. No-where, Sir Hargrave. What has hitherto passed between us, was owing to accident. It is not my way to recriminate. To your own heart, however, I appeal: That must convince you, that the method you took to gain the Lady, rendered you unworthy of her. I took no unmanly advantage of you. That I refused to meet you in the way you have demanded, gives me a title to call myself your best friend —

Sir Har. "My best friend," Sir! —

Sir Ch. Yes, Sir. If either the preservation of your own life, or the saving you a long regret for takeing that of another, as the chance might have been, deserves your consideration. In short, it depends upon yourself, Sir Hargrave, to let me know whether you were guilty of a bad action from mad and violent passion, or from design, and a natural byass, if I may so call it, to violence; which alone can lead you to think of justifying one bad action by another.

Sir Har. Then, Sir, account me a man of natural violence, if you please. Who shall value the opinion of a man that has disgracefully — G — d'd — you, Sir — Do you see — what marks I shall carry to my grave —

Sir Ch. Were I as violent as you, Sir Hargrave, you might carry those marks to your grave, and not wear them long. — Let us breakfast, Sir. That will give you time to cool. Were I even to do, as you would have me, you will best find your

account in being cool. You cannot think I would take such an advantage of you, as your passion would give me.

Mr. Bag. Nobly said, by Heaven! — Let us breakfast, Sir Hargrave. Then you will be cooler. Then will you be fitter to discuss this point, or any other.

Mr. Merceda. Very right. You have a noble enemy, Sir Hargrave.

Sir Ch. I am no man's enemy, Mr. Merceda. Sir Hargrave should consider, that, in the occasion for all this, he was to blame; and that all my part in the affair was owing to accident, not malice.

Mr. Jordan. I doubt not, Sir Charles, but you are ready to ask pardon of Sir Hargrave, for your part —

Sir Ch. Ask pardon, Sir! — No! — I think I ought to have done just as I did. Were it to do again, I should do it, whoever were the man.

Sir Har. See there! See there! — Mr. Bagenhall, Mr. Merceda, Mr. Jordan! See there! Hear that! — Who can have patience!

Sir Ch. I can tell you who ought to have patience, Sir Hargrave. I should have a very mean opinion of any man here, called upon as I was, if he had not done just as I did: And a still meaner than I have of you, Sir Hargrave, had you, in the like case, refused the same assistance to a woman in distress. But I will not repeat what I have written.

Sir Har. If you are a man, Sir Charles Grandison, take your choice of one of those pistols, G — d — n you. I insist upon it.

And I saw thro' the knot-hole, that Sir Hargrave arose in passion.

Sir Ch. As I AM a man, Sir Hargrave, I will not. It might look to an angry man like an insult, which I am above intending, were I to say, that I have given, on our first interview, proofs that I want not courage. I give you now, as I think, the highest I can give, in refusing your challenge. A personal insult I know how to repel. I know how to defend myself — But, as I said, I will not repeat any thing I have written.

Mr. Mer. But, Sir Charles, you have threatened a man of honour in what you have written, if we take you right, with a weapon that ought to be used only to a scoundrel; yet refuse —

Sir Ch. The man, Sir, that shall take it into his head to insult me, may do it with the greater safety, tho' perhaps not with impunity, as he may be assured I will not kill him for it, if I can help it. I can play with my weapons, Sir (it may look like boasting); but will not play with any man's life, nor consent to make a sport of my own.

Sir Har. D — n your coolness, Sir! — I cannot bear —

Sir Ch. Curse not your safety, Sir Hargrave.

Mr. Jor. Indeed, Sir Charles, I could not bear such an air of superiority —

Sir Ch. It is more than an air, Mr. Jordan. The man who can think of justifying one violent action by another, must give a real superiority against himself. Let Sir Hargrave confess his fault — I have put him in the way of doing it, with all the credit to himself that a man can have who has committed a fault — and I offer him my hand.

Sir Har. Damnable insult! — What! own a fault to a man who, without any provocation, has dashed my teeth down my throat; and, as you see — Gentlemen — say, Can I, ought I, now, to have patience?

Sir Ch. I intended not to do you any of this mischief, Sir Hargrave. I drew not my sword, to return a pass made by yours — Actually received a raking on my shoulder from a sword that was aimed at my heart. I sought nothing but to hinder you from doing that mischief to me, which I was resolved not to do to you. This, Sir Hargrave, This, gentlemen, was the state of the case; and the cause such, as no man of honour could refuse engaging in. — And now, Sir, I meet you, upon my own invitation, in your own house, unattended, and alone, to shew you, that I have the same disposition as I had from the first, to avoid doing you injury: And this it is, gentlemen, that gives me a superiority to Sir Hargrave, which he may lessen, by behaving as I, in his case, would behave to him.

Mr. Bag. By G — this is nobly said.

Mr. Jor. I own, Sir Hargrave, that I would sooner veil to such a Man as this than to a King on his throne.

Sir Har. D — n me, if I forgive him, with these marks about me. — I insist upon your taking one of these pistols, Sir. — Gentlemen, my friends, he boasts of his advantages: He may have some from his cursed coolness: He can have none any other way. Bear witness, I forgive him, if he lodges a brace of bullets in my heart — Take one of those pistols, Sir. They are equally loaded — Bear witness, if I die, that I have provoked my fate. But I will die like a man of honour.

Sir Ch. To die like a man of honour, Sir Hargrave, you must have lived like one. You should be sure of your cause. But these pistols are too ready a mischief. Were I to meet you in your own way, Sir Hargrave, I should not expect, that a man so enraged would fire his over my head, as I should be willing to do mine over his. Life I would not put upon the perhaps involuntary twitch of a finger.

Sir Har. Well then, The sword. You came, tho' undressed, with your sword on.

Sir Ch. I did; and for the reason I gave to Mr. Bagenhall. I draw it not, however, but in my own defence.

Sir Har. (rising from his seat) Will you favour me with your company into my own garden? Only you and I, Sir Charles. Let the gentlemen my friends stay here. They shall only look out of the windows, if they please — Only to that grass-plot, Sir (pointing as I saw) — If you fall, I shall have the worst of it, from the looks of

the matter, killing a man in my own garden: If I fall, you will have the evidence of my friends to bring you off.

Sir Ch. I need not look at the place, Sir Hargrave. And since, gentlemen, it is allowed, that the pistols may be dismissed; and since, by their being loaded on the table, they seem but to stimulate to mischief; you will all excuse me, and you, Sir Hargrave, will forgive me —

And so saying, he arose, with great tranquillity, as I saw; and taking the pistols, listed up the sash that was next to that at which Sir Hargrave stood, and discharged them both out of the window.

By the report, the writer is sure they were well loaded.

In ran a croud of servants, men and women, in dismay. The writer sat still in the closet, knowing the matter to be no worse. One of the men cried out, This is the murderer! And they all (not seeing their master, as I suppose, at the window beyond Sir Charles, and who afterwards owned himself too much surprised to stir or speak) were for making up to Sir Charles.

Sir Charles then retiring, put his hand upon his sword: But mildly said, My friends, your master is safe. Take care I hurt not any of you.

Sir Har. I am safe — Begone, scoundrels!

Mr. Bag. Begone! Quit the room. Sir Hargrave is safe.

Mr. Mer. Begone! Begone!

Mr. Jor. Begone! Begone!

The servants, as I saw, crouded out as fast as they came in.

Sir Charles, then stepping towards Sir Hargrave, said, You will, some time hence, Sir, think the discharge of those pistols much happier than if they had been put to the use designed when they were loaded. I offer you my hand: It is an offer that is not to be twice refused. If you have malice to me, I have none to you. I invited myself to breakfast with you. You and your friends shall be welcome to dine with me. My time is near expired (looking at his watch) — for Sir Hargrave seemed too irresolute either to accept or refuse his hand.

Mr. Jor. I am astonished! — Why, Sir Charles, what a tranquility must you have within you! The devil take me, Sir Hargrave, if you shall not make up matters with such a noble adversary.

Mr. Mer. He has won me to his side. By the great God of Heaven, I had rather have Sir Charles Grandison for my friend than the greatest Prince on earth!

Mr. Bag. Did I not tell you, gentlemen? — D — n me, if I have not hitherto lived to nothing but to my shame! I had rather be Sir Charles Grandison in this one past hour, than the Great Mogul all my life.

Sir Hargrave even sobbed, as I could hear by his voice, like a child. — D — n my heart, said he, in broken sentences — And must I thus put up — And must I

be thus overcome? By G — , By G — , Grandison, you must, you must, walk down with me into the garden. I have something to propose to you, and it will be in your own choice either to compromise, or to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman: But you must retire with me into the garden.

Sir Ch. With all my heart, Sir Hargrave.

And taking oft his Sword, he laid it on the table.

Sir Har. And must I do so too? — D — n me, if I do! — Take up your sword, Sir.

Sir Ch. I will, to oblige you, Sir Hargrave. It will be always in my choice to draw it or not.

Sir Har. D — n me, if I can live to be thus treated! — Where the devil have you been till now? — But you must go down with me into the garden.

Sir Ch. Shew me the way, Sir Hargrave.

They all interposed: But Sir Charles said, Pray, gentlemen, let Sir Hargrave have his way. We will attend you presently.

The writer then came out, by the gentlemens' leave, who staid behind, at the windows. They expressed their admiration of Sir Charles. And Mr. Merceda and Mr. Bagenhall (the writer mentions it to their honour) reproached each other, as if they had no notion of what was great and noble in man till now.

Sir Charles and Sir Hargrave soon appeared in sight; walking, and as conversing earnestly. The subject, it seems, was, some proposals made by Sir Hargrave about the Lady, which Sir Charles would not comply with. And when they came to the grassplot, Sir Hargrave threw open his coat and waistcoat, and drew; and seemed, by his motions, to insist upon Sir Charles's drawing likewise. Sir Charles had his sword in one hand; but it was undrawn: the other was stuck in his side: his frock was open. Sir Hargrave seemed still to insist upon his drawing, and put himself into a fencing attitude. Sir Charles then calmly stepping towards him, put down Sir Hargrave's sword with his hand, and put his left-arm under Sir Hargrave's sword-arm. Sir Hargrave lifted up the other arm passionately: But Sir Charles, who was on his guard, immediately laid hold of the other arm, and seemed to say something mildly to him; and letting go his left-hand, led him towards the house; his drawn sword still in his hand. Sir Hargrave seemed to expostulate, and to resist being led, tho' but faintly, and as a man overcome with Sir Charles's behaviour; and they both came up together, Sir Charles's arm still within his sword-arm — [The writer retired to his first place]. D — n me, said Sir Hargrave, as he enter'd the room, this man, this Sir Charles, is the devil — He has made a mere infant of me. Yet, he tells me, he will not be my friend neither, in the point my heart is set upon. He threw his sword upon the floor. This only I will

say, as I said below, Be my friend in that one point, and I will forgive you with all my soul.

Sir Ch. The Lady is, must be, her own mistress, Sir Hargrave. I have acquired no title to any influence over her. She is an excellent woman. She would be a jewel in the crown of a prince. But you must allow me to say, She must not be terrified. I do assure you, that her life has been once in danger already: all the care and kindness of my sister and a physician could hardly restore her.

Sir Har. The most inflexible man, devil, I should say, I ever saw in my life! But you have no objection to my seeing her. She shall see (yet how can I forgive you that?) what I have suffered in my person for her sake. If she will not be mine, these marks shall be hers, not yours. And tho' I will not terrify her, I will see if she has no pardon, no pity for me. She knows, she very well knows, that I was the most honourable of men to her, when she was in my power. By all that's sacred, I intended only to make her Lady Pollexfen. I saw she had as many Lovers as visitors, and I could not bear it. — You, Sir Charles, will stand my friend, and if money and love will purchase her, she shall yet be mine.

Sir Ch. I promise you no friendship in this case, Sir Hargrave. All her relations leave her, it seems, to her own discretion; and who shall offer to lead her choice? What I said below, when you would have made that a condition, I repeat — I think she ought not to be yours; nor ought you, either for your own sake or hers, to desire it. Come, come, Sir Hargrave, consider the matter better. Think of some other woman, if you are disposed to marry. Your figure —

Sir Har. Yes, by G — I make a pretty figure now, don't I?

Sir Ch. Your fortune, will make you happier in marriage with any other woman, after what has happen'd, than this can make you. For my own part, let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, I would not marry the greatest princess on earth, if I thought she did not love me above all other men, whether I deserved her love or not.

Sir Har. And you have no view to yourself in the advice you give? — Tell me that — I insist upon your telling me that.

Sir Ch. Whenever I pretend to give advice, I should abhor my self, if I did not wholly consider the good of the person who consulted me; and if I had any retrospection to myself, which might in the least affect that person.

The breakfast was then brought in. This that follows was the conversation that passed at and after breakfast.

Mr. Bag. See what a Christian can do, Merceda. After this, will you remain a Jew?

Mr. Mer. Let me see such another Christian, and I will give you an answer. You, Bagenhall, I hope, will not think yourself intitled to boast of your

Christianity?

Mr Bag. Too true! We have been both of us sad dogs.

Sir Har. And I have been the most innocent man of the three; and yet, that's the devil of it, am the greatest sufferer. Curse me, if I can bear to look at myself in the glass!

Mr. Jor. You shall be above all that, Sir Hargrave. And let me tell you, you need not be ashamed to be overcome, as you are overcome. You really appear to me a greater, and not a less, man, than you did before, by your compromising with such a noble adversary.

Sir Har. That's some comfort, Jordan. But, d — n me, Sir Charles, I will see the lady: And you shall introduce me to her, too.

Sir Ch. That cannot be — What! Shall I introduce a gentleman to a lady, whom I think he ought no more to see, than she should see him? If I thought you would go, I might if she requested it, be there, lest, from what she has suffer'd already, she should be too much terrified.

Sir Har. What, Sir! You would not turn Quixote again?

Sir Ch. No need, Sir Hargrave. You would not again be the giant who should run away with the lady.

The gentlemen laughed.

Sir Har. By G — , Sir you have carried your matters very triumphantly.

Sir Ch. I mean not triumph, Sir Hargrave. But where either truth or justice is concerned, I hope I shall never palliate.

Mr. Bag. Curse me, if I believe there is such another man in the world!

Sir Ch. I am sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Bagenhall. Occasion calls not out every man equally.

Sir Har. Why did I not strike him? D — n me, that must have provoked you to fight.

Sir Ch. Provok'd, in that case, I should have been, Sir Hargrave. I told you, that I would not bear to be insulted. But, so warranted to take other methods, I should not have used my sword. The case has happened to me before now: But I would be upon friendly terms with you, Sir Hargrave.

Sir Har. Curse me, if I can bear my own littleness!

Sir Ch. When you give this matter your cool attention, you will find reason to rejoice, that an enterprize begun in violence, and carried on so far as you carried it, concluded not worse. Every opportunity you will have for exerting your good qualities, or for repenting of your bad, will contribute to your satisfaction to the end of your natural life. You could not have been happy, had you prevailed over me. Think you, that a murderer ever was an happy man? I am the more serious,

because I would have you think of this affair. It might have been a very serious one.

Sir Har. You know, Sir Charles, that I would have compromised with you below. But not one point —

Sir Ch. Compromise, Sir Hargrave! — As I told you, I had no quarrel with you: You proposed conditions, which I thought should not be complied with. I aimed not to carry any point. Self-defence, I told you was the whole of my system.

Mr. Bag. You have given some hints, Sir Charles, that you have not been unused to affairs of this kind.

Sir Ch. I have before now met a challenger; but it was when I could not avoid it; and with the resolution of standing only on my own defence, and in the hope of making an enemy a friend. Had I —

Mr. Bag. What poor toads, Merceda, are we!

Mr. Mer. Be silent, Bagenhall; Sir Charles had not done speaking Pray, Sir Charles —

Sir Ch. I was going to say, that had I ever premeditatedly way to a challenge, that I could have should have considered the acceptance of it as the greatest blot of my life. I am naturally choleric yet, in this article, I hope I have pretty much subdued myself. In the affair between Sir Hargrave and me, I have the pleasure to reflect, that passion, which I hold to be my most dangerous enemy, has not had, in any one moment, an ascendancy over me.

Sir Har. No, by my soul! And how should it? You came off too triumphantly: You were not hurt: You have no mark to shew. May I be cursed, if, in forgiving you, which yet I know not how to do, I do not think my self the greater hero!

Sir Ch. I will not contest that point with you, Sir Hargrave. There is no doubt but the man, who can subdue his passion, and forgive a real injury, is an hero. Only remember, Sir, that it was not owing to your virtue that I was not hurt; and that it was not my intention to hurt you.

Mr. Jor. I am charmed with your sentiments, Sir Charles. You must allow me the honour of your acquaintance. We all acknowledge duelling to be criminal: But no one has the courage to break through a bad custom.

Sir Ch. The empty, the false glory, that men have to be thought brave, and the apprehension of being deemed cowards among men, and among women too, very few men aim to get above.

Mr. Jor. But you, Sir Charles, have shewn that reputation and conscience are entirely reconcileable.

Mr. Bag. You have, by Heaven! And I beg of you, Sir, to allow me to claim your further acquaintance. You may save a soul by it. — Merceda, what say you?

Mr. Mer. Say! What a devil can I say? But the doctrine would have been nothing without the example.

Sir Har. And all this at my expence! — But, Sir Charles, I must, I will have Miss Byron.

Mr. Jor. I think every thing impertinent, that hinders me from asking questions for my information and instruction, of a man so capable of giving both, on a subject of this importance. Allow me, Sir Charles, to ask a few questions, in order to confirm me quite your proselyte.

Sir Ch. [taking out his watch, as I saw] Time wears. Let my servant be called in. The weather is cold. I directed him to attend before the door.

It was immediately order'd, with apologies.

Sir Ch. Ask me, Mr. Jordan, what questions you please.

Mr. Jor. You have been challenged more than once, I presume.

Sir Ch. I am not a quarrelsome man: But as it was early known that I made it a principle not to engage in a duel, I was the more subjected, I have reason to think, for that, to inconveniencies of this nature.

Mr. Jor. Had you always, Sir Charles, that magnanimity, that intrepidity, that steadiness, I know not what to call it, which we have seen and admire in you?

Sir Ch. I have always considered Spirit as the distinction of a man. My father was a man of spirit. I never fear'd man, since I could write man. As I never sought danger, or went out of my way to meet it, I looked upon it when it came, as an unavoidable evil, and as a call upon me for fortitude. And hence I hardly ever wanted that presence of mind in it, which a man ought to shew; and which sometimes, indeed, was the means of extricating me from it.

Sir Har. An instance of which this morning, I suppose you think, has produced.

Sir Ch. I had not that in my head. In Italy, indeed, I should hardly have acted as in the instance you hint at. But in England, and, Sir Hargrave, I was willing to think, in Cavendish Square, I could not but conclude myself safe. I know my own heart. I wish'd you no Evil, Sir. I was calm. I expected to meet you full of fire, full of resentment: But it is hard, thought I (as some extraordinary step seems necessary to be taken) if I cannot content myself with that superiority (excuse me, Sir Hargrave) which my calmness, and Sir Hargrave's passion, must give me over him, or any man. My sword was in my power. Had I even apprehended assassination, the house of an English gentleman could not have been the place for it: And where a confidence was reposed. But one particular instance, I own, I had in my thought, when I said what I did.

All the gentlemen besought him to give it.

Sir Charles. In the raging of the war, now, so seasonably for all the powers at variance, concluded, I was passing through a wood in Germany, in my way to

Manheim. My servant, at some distance before me, was endeavouring to find out the right road, there being more than one. He rode back affrighted, and told me he had heard a loud cry of murder, succeeded by groans, which grew fainter and fainter, as those of a dying person; and besought me to make the best of my way back. As I was thinking to do so (tho' my way lay through the wood, and I had got more than half-way in it) I beheld six Pandours issue from that inner part of the wood, into which, in all probability, they had dragged some unhappy passenger; for I saw an horse bridled and saddled, without a rider, grazing by the road-side. They were well armed. I saw no way to escape. They probably knew every avenue in and out of the wood: I did not. They stopped when they came within two musquetshots of me, as if they had waited to see which way I took. Two of them had dead poultry slung across their shoulders, which shewed them to be common plunderers, I took a resolution to ride up to them. I bid my servant, if he saw me attacked, make the best of his way for his own security, while they were employed either in rifling or murdering me; but, if they suffered me to pass, to follow me. He had no portmanteau to tempt them. That, and my other baggage, I had caused to be sent by water to Manheim — I am an Englishman, gentlemen, said I (judging, if Austrians, as I supposed they were, that plea would not disavail me): I am doubtful of my way. Here is a purse; holding it out. As soldiers, you must be gentlemen: It is at your service, if one or two of you will be so kind as to escort and guide me through this wood, They looked upon one another: I was loth they should have time to deliberate — I am upon business of great consequence. Pray direct me the nearest way to Manheim. Take these florins.

At last one that seemed of authority among them, held out his hand; and taking the purse, said something in Sclavonian; and two of them, with their pieces slung on their shoulders, and their sabres drawn, led me out of the wood in safety; but hoped, at parting, my farther generosity. I found a few more florins for them; and they rode back into the wood; I suppose to their fellows; and glad I was to come off so well. Had I either seemed afraid of them, or endeavoured to escape, probably I had been lost. Two persons were afterwards found murdered in the wood; one of them, perhaps, the unhappy man whom my servant had heard cry out, and groan.

Mr. Jor. I feel now very sensibly, Sir Charles, your danger and escape. Your fortitude indeed was then of service to you.

Sir Har. But, Sir Charles, methinks I shall be easier in myself, if you give me one instance of your making, before now, an enemy a friend. Have you one in point?

Sir Ch. Stories of this nature come very ill from a man's own mouth.

Sir Har. I must have it, Sir Charles. A brother sufferer will better reconcile me to myself.

Sir Char. If you will not excuse me then, I will tell you the story.

Mr. Jor. Pray, Sir —

Sir Ch. I had a misunderstanding at Venice with a young gentleman of the place. He was about twenty-two. I was a year younger —

Mr. Bag. At the Carnival, I suppose! — About a Lady, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. He was the only son of a noble Venetian family, who had great expectations from him. He was a youth of genius. Another noble family at Urbino, to which he was to be allied in marriage, had also an interest in his welfare. We had made a friendship together at Padua. I was at Venice by his Invitation, and stood well with all his family. He took offence against me, at the instigation of a designing relation of his; to own the truth, a Lady, as you suppose, Mr. Bagenhall, his Sister. He would not allow me to defend my innocence to the face of the accuser; nor yet to appeal to his father, who was a person of temper as well as sense. On the contrary, he upbraided me in a manner that I could hardly bear. I was resolved to quit Venice; and took leave of his whole family, the Lady excepted, who would not be seen by me. The father and mother parted with me with regret. The young gentleman had so managed, that I could not with honour appeal to them; and, at taking leave of him in their presence, under pretence of a recommendatory Letter, he gave into my hand a written challenge. The answer I returned, after protesting my innocence, was to this effect:

“I am setting out for Verona in a few hours. You know my principles; and I hope will better consider of the matter. I never, while I am master of my temper, will give myself so much cause of repentance to the last hour of my life, as I should have, were I to draw my Sword, to the irreparable injury of any man’s family; or to run the same risque of injuring my own, and of incurring the final perdition of us both!”

Mr. Mer. This answer rather provoked than satisfied, I suppose.

Sir Ch. Provocation was not my intention. I designed only to remind him of the obligations we were both under to our respective families, and to throw in an hint of a still superior consideration. It was likely to have more force in that Roman Catholic country than, I am sorry to say it, it would in this Protestant one.

Sir Har. How, how, Sir Charles did it end?

Sir Ch. I went to Verona. He followed me thither; and endeavoured to provoke me to draw. Why should I draw? said I. Will the decision by the sword be certainly that of Justice? You are in a passion. You have no reason to doubt either my skill, or my courage [On such an occasion, Gentlemen, and with such a view, a man may perhaps be allowed to give himself a little consequence]: And

solemnly once more do I avow my innocence; and desire to be brought face to face with my accusers.

He raved the more for my calmness. I turned from him, with intent to leave him. He thought fit to offer me a personal insult — I now, methinks, blush to tell it — He gave me a box on the ear, to provoke me to draw —

Mr. Mer. And did you draw, Sir?

Mr. Bag. To be sure you then drew?

Mr. Jord. Pray, Sir Charles, let us know. You could not then help drawing? This was a provocation that would justify a Saint.

Sir Ch. He had forgot, in that passionate moment that he was a gentleman. I did not remember that I was one, but I had no occasion to draw.

Sir Har. What a plague — You did not cane him?

Sir Ch. He got well after a fortnight's lying-by.

Sir Har. Damnation!

Sir Ch. I put him into possession of the lodgings I had taken for myself, and into proper and safe hands. He was indeed unable for a day or two to direct for himself. I sent for his friends. His servant did me justice as to the provocation. Then it was, that I was obliged, in a Letter, to acquaint the father of a discovery I had made, which the son had refused to hear; which, with the Lady's confession, convinced them all of my innocence. His father acknowleged my moderation; as the young gentleman himself, did, desiring a renewal of friendship: But as I thought the affair had gone too far for a cordial reconciliation, and knew that he would not want instigators to urge him to resent an indignity, which he had, however, brought upon himself, by a greater offered to me, I took leave of him and his friends, and revisited some of the German courts; that of Vienna in particular, where I resided some time.

In the mean while the young Gentleman married. His Lady, of the Altieri family, is an excellent woman. He had a great fortune with her. Soon after his nuptials, he let me know, that as he doubted not, if I had drawn my sword, I should, from his violence at the time, have had his life in my power, he could not but acknowlege that he owed all his acquisitions, and the best of wives, as well as the happiness of both families, with that life, to me.

I apply not this instance: But, Sir Hargrave, as I hope to see you married, and happy, though it can never be, I think, to Miss Byron, such generous acknowlegements as misbecome not an Italian, I shall then hope from an Englishman.

Sir Har. And had your Italian any marks left him, Sir? — Depend upon it, I shall never look into a glass, but I shall curse you to the very pit!

Sir Ch. Well, Sir Hargrave: This only I will add; That be as sensible as you will, and as I am, of the happy issue of this untoward affair, I will never expect a compliment from you, that shall tend to your abasement.

Mr. Jord. Your hand, Sir Hardgrave, to Sir Charles.

Sir Har. What! without terms? — Curse me, if I do! — But let him bring Miss Byron in his hand to me (that is the least he can do): Then may I thank him for my wife.

Sir Charles made some smiling answer: But the writer heard it not.

Sir Charles would then have taken leave: But all the Gentlemen, Sir Hargrave among the rest, were earnest with him to stay a little longer.

Mr. Jor. My conversion must be perfected, Sir Charles. This is a subject that concerns us all. We shall remember every tittle of the conversation: and think of it when we do not see you. — Let me beg of you to acquaint me, how you came to differ from all other men of honour in your practice, as well as in your notions, upon this subject?

Sir Ch. I will answer your question, Mr. Jordan, as briefly as I can.

My Father, Sir, was a man of spirit. He had high notions of honour, and he inspired me early with the same. I had not passed my twelfth year, when he gave me a master to teach me, what is called the science of defence. I was fond of the practice, and soon obtained such a skill in the weapons, as pleased both my Father and Master. I had strength of body beyond my years: The exercise added to it. I had agility, it added to my agility: And the praises given me by my Father and Master, so heighten'd my courage, that I was almost inclined to wish for a subject to exercise it upon. My Mother was an excellent woman: She had instilled into my earliest youth, almost from infancy, notions of moral rectitude, and the first principles of Christianity; now rather ridiculed than inculcated in our youth of condition. She was ready sometimes to tremble at the consequences, which she thought might follow from the attention which I paid (thus encouraged and applauded) to this practice; and was continually reading lectures to me upon true magnanimity, and upon the law of kindness, benevolence, and forgiveness of injuries. Had I not lost her so soon as I did, I should have been a more perfect scholar than I am in these noble doctrines. As she knew me to be naturally hasty, and very sensible of affronts; and as she had observed, as she told me, that, even in the delight she had brought me to take in doing good, I shewed an over readiness, even to rashness, which she thought might lead me into errors, that would more than overbalance the good I aimed to do, she redoubled her efforts to keep me right: And on this particular acquirement of a skill in the management of the weapons, she frequently enforced upon me an observation of Mr. Lock's;

“That young men, in their warm blood, are often forward to think they have in vain learned to fence, if they never shew their skill in a duel.”

This observation, insisted upon, and inculcated, as she knew how, was very seasonable at that time of danger. And she never forgot to urge upon me, that the science I was learning, was a science properly called of defence and not of offence; at the same time endeavouring to caution me against the low company into which a dexterity at my weapons might lead me, as well as against the diversions themselves exhibited at the infamous places where those brutal people resorted: Infamous even by name as well as in the nature of them.

From her instructions, I had an early notion, that it was much more noble to forgive an injury than to resent it: and to give a life than to take it. My Father (I honour his memory! was a man of gaiety, of munificence. He had great qualities. But my Mother was my oracle. And he was always so just to her merit, as to command me to consider her as such; and the rather, he used to say, as she distinguished well between the false glory and the true; and would not have her boy a coward.

Mr. Mer. A good beginning, by my life!

Mr. Jord. Pray proceed, Sir Charles. I am all attention.

Sir Har. Ay, ay, we all listen.

Mr. Bag. Curse him that speaks next, to interrupt you.

Sir Ch. But what indelibly impressed upon my heart my Mother’s lessons, was an occurrence, which, and the consequences of it, I shall ever deplore. My Father, having taken leave of my Mother, on a proposed absence of a few days, was, in an hour after, brought home, as it was thought mortally wounded in a duel. My Mother’s surprise on this occasion threw her into fits, from which she never after was wholly free. And these, and the dangerous way he continued in for some time, brought her into an ill state of health; broke, in short, her constitution; so that, in less than a twelvemonth, my Father, to his inexpressible anguish of mind (continually reproaching himself on the occasion) lost the best of Wives, and my Sisters and I the best of Mothers and Instructors.

My concern for my Father, on whom I was an hourly attendant throughout the whole time of his confinement; and my being by that means a witness of what both he and my mother suffered; completed my abhorrence of the vile practice of duelling. I went on, however, in endeavouring to make myself a master of the science, as it is called; and, among the other weapons, of the staff; the better to enable me to avoid drawing my sword, and to impower me, if called to the occasion, to give, and not take, a life; and the rather, as the custom was so general, that a young man of spirit and fortune, at one time or other, could hardly expect to escape a provocation of this sort.

My Father once had a view, at the persuasion of my Mother's Brother, who was a general of note and interest in the Imperial service, and who was very fond of a military life, and of me, to make a soldier of me, tho' an only son; and I wanted not when a boy, a turn that way: But the disgust I had conceived on the above occasion, against duelling, and the consideration of the absurd alternative which the gentlemen of our army are under, either to accept a challenge, contrary to laws divine and human, or to be broke, if they do not (though a soldier is the least master of himself, or of his own life, of any man in the community) made me think the English service, tho' that of my country, the least eligible of all services. And for a man, who was born to so considerable a stake in it, to devote himself to another, as my Uncle had done, from principles which I approved not, I could not but hesitate on the proposal, young as I was. As it soon became a maxim with me, not to engage, even in a national cause, without examining the justice of it, it will be the less wonder'd at, that I could not think of any foreign service.

Mr. Bag. Then you have never seen service, Sir Charles?

Sir Ch. Yes, I made one campaign as a volunteer, notwithstanding what I have said. I was then in the midst of marching armies, and could not tell how to abate the ardor those martial movements had raised in my breast. But, unless my country were to be unjustly invaded by a foreign enemy, I think I would not, on any consideration, be drawn into the field again.

Mr. Jord. But you lead from the point, Mr. Bagenhall: Sir Charles was going to say somewhat more on the subject of duelling.

Sir Ch. When I was thus unhappily deprived of my Mother, my Father, in order to abate my grief [I was very much grieved] was pleased to consent to my going abroad, in order to make the Grand Tour, as it is called; having first visited all the British dominions in Europe, Gibraltar and Minorca excepted. I then supposing I might fall into circumstances that might affect the principles my mother had been so careful to instil into me, and to which my father's danger, and her death, had added force, it was natural for me to look into history, for the rise and progress of a custom so much and so justly my aversion; and which was so contrary to all laws divine and human, and particularly to that true heroism which Christianity enjoins, when it recommends meekness, moderation, and humility, as the glory of the human nature. But I am running into length.

Again Sir Charles took out his watch. They were clamorous for him to proceed.

When I found, continued he, that this unchristian custom owed its rise to the barbarous northern nations, who had, however, some plea to make in excuse, which we have not, as they were governed by particular lords, and were not

united under one head or government, to which, as to a last resort, persons supposing themselves aggrieved, might appeal for legal redress; and that these barbarous nations were truly barbarous, and enemies to all politeness; my reasoning on this occasion added new force to prejudices so well founded.

The gentlemen seemed afraid, that Sir Charles had done speaking. They begged he would go on.

I then had recourse, proceeded he, to the histories of nations famous for their courage. That of the Romans, who by that quality obtained the empire of the world, was my first subject. I found not any traces in their history, which could countenance the sa age custom. When a dispute happen'd, the challenge from both parties generally was,

"That each should appear at the head of the army the next engagement, and give proofs of his intrepidity against the common foe."

The instance of the Horatii and Curiatii, which was a publick, a national combat, as I may call it, affords not an exception to my observation. And yet even that, in the early ages of Rome, stands condemned by a better example. For we read, that Tullus challenged Albanus, general of the Albans, to put the cause of the two nations upon the valour of each captain's arm, for the sake of sparing a greater essusion of blood. But what was the answer of Albanus, tho' the inducement to the challenge was so plausible?

"That the cause was a publick, not a private one; and the decision lay upon the two cities of Alba and Rome."

Many ages afterwards, Augustus received a challenge from Mark Antony. Who, gentlemen, thought of branding as a coward that prince, on his answering,

"That if Antony were weary of his life, he night find many other ways to end it than by his sword?"

Metellus, before that, challenged by Sertorius, answer'd with his pen, not his sword,

"That it was not for a captain to die the death of a common soldier."

The very Turks know nothing of this savage custom: And they are a nation that raised themselves by their bravery from the most obscure beginnings into one of the greatest empires on the globe, at this day. They take occasion to exalt themselves above Christians, in this very instance; and think it a scandal upon Mussulmans to quarrel, and endeavour to wreak their private vengeance on one another.

All the Christian doctrines, as I have hinted, are in point against it. But it is dreadful to reflect, that the man who would endeavour to support his arguments against this infamous practice of duelling, by the Laws of Christianity, tho' the most excellent of all Laws [Excuse me, Mr. Merceda, your own are included in

them] would subject himself to the ridicule of persons who call themselves Christians. I have mentioned therefore Heathens and Mahometans; tho' in this company, perhaps — But I hope I need not, however, remind any-body here, That that one doctrine of returning good for evil, is a nobler and more heroic doctrine than either of those people, or your own, Mr. Merceda, ever knew.

Mr. Jord. You have shewn it, Sir Charles, by example, by practice, to be so. I never saw an hero till now.

Sir Ch. One modern instance, however, of a challenge refused, I recollect, and which may be given, by way of inference, at least, to the advantage of my argument. The army of the famous Mareschal Turenne, in revenge for injuries more than hostile, as was pretended, had committed terrible depredations in the Palatinate. The Elector, incensed at the unsoldierly destruction, challenged the Mareschal to a single combat. The Mareschal's answer was to this effect:

"That if the trust which the King his master had reposed in him, would permit him to accept of his challenge, he would not refuse it; but on the contrary, would deem it an honour to measure his arms with those of so illustrious a Prince: But that, for the sake of his master's service, he must be excused."

Now, tho' I think the Mareschal might have returned a still better answer (tho' this was not a bad one for a military man); yet where we can, as Christians and as Men, plead the Divine Laws, and have not, when we meet, as private subjects, the Mareschal's, nor even the Goths excuse, I think the example worthy consideration.

And if, gentlemen, I have argued before now, or should I hereafter argue, as follows, to a challenger, shall I deserve either to branded or insulted?

"Of what use are the Laws of society, if magistracy may be thus defied? Were I to accept of your challenge, and were you to prevail against me, who is to challenge you; and if you fall, who him, by whose sword you perish? Where, in short, is the evil to stop? But I will not meet you: My system is self-defence and self-defence only. Put me upon that, and I question not but you will have cause to repent it. A premeditated revenge is that which I will not meet you to gratify. I will not dare to risque the rushing into my Maker's presence from the consequences of an act, which cannot, in the man that falls, admit of repentance, and leaves for the survivor's portion nothing but bitter remorse. I fear not any more the reproaches of men, than your insults on this occasion. Be the latter offered to me at your peril. It is perhaps as happy for you as for myself, that I have a fear of an higher nature. Be the event what it will, the test you would provoke me to, can decide nothing as to the justice of the cause on either side. Already you will find me disposed to do you the justice you pretend to seek. For your own sake, therefore, consider better of the matter; since it is not impossible,

but, were we to meet, and both survive, you may exchange, what you will think, a real disgrace for an imaginary one."

And thus, gentlemen, have I almost syllogistically argued with myself on this subject:

Courage is a virtue;

Passion is a vice:

Passion, therefore, cannot be Courage.

Does it not then behove every man of true honour to shew, that reason has a greater share than resentment in the boldness of his resolves?

And what, by any degree, is so reasonable as a regard to our duty?

You called upon me, gentlemen, to communicate my notions on this important subject. I have the more willingly obeyed you, as I hope Sir Hargrave, on the occasion that brought us to this not unhappy breakfasting, will be the better satisfied that it has so ended; and as, if you are so good as to adopt them, they may be of service to others of your friends, in case of debates among them. Indeed, for my own sake, I have always been ready to communicate my notions on this head, in hopes sometimes to be spared provocation; for, as I have owned, I am passionate: I have pride: And am often afraid of myself; and the more, because I am not naturally, I will presume to say, a timid man.

Mr. Bag. 'Fore God, Sir Hargrave, somebody has escaped a scouring, as the saying is.

Mr. Mer. Aye, by my life, Sir Hargrave, you had like to have caught a Tartar.

Sir Ch. The race is not always to the swift, gentlemen. Sir Hargrave's passion would, doubtless, have laid him under disadvantage. Defence is guarded: Offence exposes itself.

Mr. Bag. But, Sir Charles, you despise no man, I am sure, for differing from you in opinion. I am a Catholic —

Sir Ch. A Roman Catholic — No religion teaches a man evil. I honour every man who lives up to what he professes.

Mr. Bag. But that is not the case with me, I doubt.

Mr. Mer. That is out of doubt, Bagenhall.

Mr. Jord. The truth is, Mr. Bagenhall has found his conveniencies in changing. He was brought up a Protestant. These dispensations, Mr. Bagenhall! —

Mr. Mer. Ay, and they were often an argument in Bagenhall's mouth, for making me his proselyte.

Sir Ch. Mr. Bagenhall, I perceive, is rather of the religion of the ourt, than of that of the Church of Rome.

Mr. Bag. But what I mean by telling you I am a Catholic, is this: I have read the opinion of some of our famous Casuists, that, in some cases, a private man

may become his own avenger, and challenge an enemy into the field.

Sir Ch. Bannes and Cajetan, you mean; one a Spaniard, the other an Italian. But the highest authority of your Church is full against them in this point. The Council of Trent treats the combatants who fall, as self-murderers, and denies them Christian burial. It brands them, and all those who by their presence countenance and abet this shocking and unchristian practice, with perpetual infamy; and condemns them to the loss of goods and estates. And furthermore, it deprives, ipso jure, all those sovereign princes, who suffer such acts of violence to be perpetrated with impunity in the lands and cities which they hold of the Church, of all the territories so held. I need not add to this, that Lewis the XIVth's edict against duelling was the greatest glory of his reign. And permit me to conclude with observing, that the base arts of poisoning, by the means of treacherous agents, and the cowardly practice of assassination by bravoes hired on purpose to wreak a private revenge, so frequent in Italy, are natural branches of this old Gothic tree. And yet (as I have before hinted) the barbarous northern nations had pleas to make in behalf of duelling, from their polity, which we have not from ours; Christianity out of the question.

The gentlemen said, they would very seriously reflect upon all that had passed in this uncommon conversation.

Sir Har. Well, but, Sir Charles, I must recur to my old note — Miss Byron — She must be mine. And I hope you will not stand in my way.

Sir Ch. The Lady is her own mistress. I shall be glad to see any and all of you, gentlemen, at St. James's Square.

Mr. Bag. One thing I believe it is proper to mention to Sir Charles Grandison. You know, Sir, that I brought a young man to your house, to take minutes of the conversation that passed between you and me there, in apprehension of consequences. In like apprehensions, I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave —

Sir Har. And now, Bagenhall, I could curse you for it. The affair — confound it! — that I meant to be recorded for my own justification, has turned out to his honour. Now am I down in black and white, for a tame — fool. — Is it not so?

Mr. Jord. By no means. If you think so, Sir Hargrave, you have but ill profited by Sir Charles's noble sentiments.

Sir Cha. How is this, Mr. Bagenhall?

Mr. Bag. I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave to have the same young man, who is honest, discreet, and one of the swiftest short-hand writers of the age, to take a faithful account of ever-thing that has passed; and he is in that closet.

Sir Ch. I must say, this is very extraordinary — But as I always speak what I think, if I am not afraid of my own recollection, I need not of any man's minutes.

Mr. Bag. You need not in this case, Sir Charles. Nothing has passed, as Sir Hargrave observes, but what makes for your honour. We that set him to work, have more need to be afraid than you. We bid him be honest, and not spare any of us. We little thought matters would have ended so amicably.

Mr. Jord. Thank God they have!

Mr. Mer. A very happy ending, I think!

Sir Har. Not except Miss Byron consents to wipe out these marks.

Mr. Bag. Mr. Cotes, your task is over. Pray step in with what you have done.

The writer obeyed. Mr. Bagenhall asked, If the minutes should be read? Sir Hargrave swore No; except, as he said, he had made a better figure in the debate. Sir Charles told them, he could not stay to hear them: But that, as they were written, and as he had been allowed before a copy of what passed between him and Mr. Bagenhall, he should be glad to have one now; and the rather, as Sir Hargrave should have an instance, after he had perused it, of his readiness to condemn himself, if he found he had been wanting either to his own character, or to that of any man present.

They consented, that I should send Sir Charles the first fair copy. Sir Charles then took his leave.

The gentlemen all stood silent for several minutes, when they returned from attending him to the door, looking upon ane another as if each expected the other to speak: But when they spoke, it was all in praise of Sir Charles, as the most modest, the most polite, the bravest, and noblest of men. Yet his maxims, they said, were confoundedly strange; impracticable for such sorry dogs as them (that was their phrase) to practise.

But Sir Hargrave seemed greatly disturbed and dejected. He could not, he said, support himself under the consciousness of his own inferiority. But what could I do? said he. The devil could not have made him fight. Plague take him! he beat me out of my play.

And yet, said Mr. Merceda, a tilting-bout seems no more to him than a game at pushpin.

You would have thought so, said Sir Hargrave, had you observed with what a sleight, and with what unconcernedness, he pushed down my drawn sword with his hand (tho' he would grant me nothing) and took me under the arm, and led me in to you, as tho' he had taken me prisoner. The devil has long, continued he, owed me a shame: But who would have thought he had so much power over Sir Charles Grandison, as to get him to pay it me? But, however, I never will be easy till Miss Byron is Lady Pollexfen.

I take leave, honoured Sir, to observe, that a few things are noted in this copy, which, to avoid giving offence, will not be in that I shall write for the gentlemen. I

was ordered to shew it to Mr. Bagenhall, before you had it; but, for this reason, I shall excuse myself, as having not remembered that command.

This, therefore, is a true copy of all that passed, taken to the best of the ability of, Sir, give me leave to subscribe,

Your very great admirer, and most humble servant, HENRY COTES.

CONTINUATION OF MISS BYRON'S LETTER.

WHAT a pacquet, including the short-hand writer's paper, transcribed by my cousin Reeves, shall I send you this time! I will not swell it by reflections on that paper; that would be endless; but hasten to give you some account of the visits I mentioned.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came, without any notice, about nine o' clock.

My heart sunk, whan his chair stopt at the door, and I was told who was in it.

He was shewn into the great parlour. My cousin Reeves's soon attended him. He made great apologies to them (and so Mr. Reeves said he ought) for the disturbance he had given them.

He laid all to Love — Prostituted name! made to cover all acts of violence, indiscretion, folly, in both sexes!

I was in my own apartment. Mrs. Reeves came up to me. She found me in terror; and went down and told him so; and begged, that he would not insist upon seeing me.

The whole intent of this visit, he said, was to beg me to forgive him. It was probable, that I should have the same emotion upon his first visit at any other time; and he entreated the favour of seeing me. He had a right, he said, to see me; He was a sufferer for my sake. They saw, he told them, that he was not the man he had been; and as he had been denied, and been brought to deny himself, the satisfaction due to a gentleman, from a man whom he had never offended, he insisted on having the opportunity given him of seeing me, and receiving my forgiveness, as what would consolidate his reconciliation with Sir Charles Grandison.

There was no resisting this plea.

And down I trembled; I can hardly say walked.

Notwithstanding all my little reasoning with myself, to behave with the dignity of an injured person; yet the moment I saw him approach me, at my entrance into the parlour, I ran to Mr. Reeves, and caught hold of his arm, with looks, I doubt not, of terror. Had Sir Charles Grandison been there, I suppose I should have run to him in the same manner.

Ever-dear and adorable goodness! (were his words, coming to me) how sweet is this terror, and how just! I have forgiven worse injuries, pointing to his mouth, I meant nothing but honour to you.

Honour, Sir! Cruelty, Sir! Barbarity, Sir! How can you wish to see the creature whom you so wickedly treated?

I appeal to yourself, Madam, if I offered the least indecency! — For all I have suffered by my mad enterprize, what but disgrace —

Disgrace, Sir, was your portion, Sir (half out of breath) — What would you, Sir? — Why this visit? What am I to do?

I hardly knew what I said; and still I held Mr. Reeves's arm.

Forgive me, Madam: That is what you are to do: Pardon me: On my knee I beg your pardon. And he dropt down on one knee.

Kneel not to me, Sir — Pray do not kneel — You bruised, you hurt, you terrified me, Sir — And, Lord bless me! I was in danger of being your wife, Sir!

Was not this last part of my answer a very odd one: But the memory of what I suffered at the time, and of the narrow escape I had, left me not the least presence of mind, on his address to me, kneeling.

He arose. In danger of being my wife, Madam! Only that the method I took was wrong, Madam!

Miss Byron, you see, is in terror, Sir Hargrave. — Sit down, my love (taking my hand, and leading me to the fire-side) How you tremble, my dear! — You see, Sir Hargrave, the terror my cousin is in — You see —

I do — I do; and am sorry for the occasion. — We will all sit down. Compose yourself, dear Miss Byron — And (holding up his clasped hands to me) I beseech you, forgive me.

Well, Sir, I forgive you — I forgive you, Sir.

Were you not in so much disorder, Madam — Were it to be seasonable now — I would tell you what I have further to beg. I would —

Speak, Sir, now; and never let me —

Suffer an interruption, Madam — I am too apprehensive of that word never. You must allow of my address. I ask you not any favour, but as I shall behave myself in future.

Yes, yes, Sir, your behaviour — But, Sir, were you to become the best man in the world, this, this, is the last time that I ever —

Dear Miss Byron! And then he pleaded his passion; his fortune; his sufferings. — A wretch! [Yet I had now-and-then a little pity for his disfigured mouth and lip] — His resolutions to be governed by me in every act of his life — The settlement of one half of his estate upon me. — The odious wretch mentioned

children, my dear — younger children. He ran on in such a manner as if he had been drawing up marriage-articles all the way hither.

Upon my absolutely renouncing him, he asked me, If Sir Charles Grandison had not made an impression on my heart?

What, Lucy, could make me inwardly fret at this question? I could hardly have patience to reply. I now see, my dear, that I have indeed a great deal of pride.

Surely, Sir Hargrave, I am not accountable to you —

You are not, Madam: But I must insist upon an answer to this question. If Sir Charles Grandison has made an application to you for favour, I can have no hope.

Sir Charles Grandison, Sir, is absolutely disinterested. Sir Charles Grandison has made — There I stopt; I could not help it.

No application to my cousin, I assure you, Sir Hargrave, said Mr. Reeves. He is the noblest of men. Had he any such thoughts, I dare say, he would be under difficulties to break his mind, lest such a declaration should be thought to lessen the merit of his protection.

A good thought of Mr. Reeves. And who knows, my Lucy, but there may be some foundation for it?

Protection! D — n it! — But I am the easier upon this assurance. Let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, that, had I not sound him to be a wonder of a man, matters should not have ended as they seem at present to have done.

But, Sir Hargrave, said Mrs. Reeves, permit me to say, as I know Miss Byron's mind, that there cannot be the least room to imagine that Miss Byron —

Dear Mrs. Reeves, forgive me. But I cannot receive a denial from any other mouth than hers. Is there no room for a sincere penitent to hope for mercy from a sweetness so angelic, and who is absolutely disengaged?

You have had mine already, Sir Hargrave, said I. I am amaz'd, that, knowing my mind before your wicked insult upon me, you should have any expectation of this kind after it.

He again vowed his passion and such stuff.

I think, Lucy, I never shall be able, for the future, to hear with patience any man talk of love, of passion, and such nonsense.

Let me summarily add, for I am tired of the subject, that he said an hundred impertinent things, sillier than any of those said by Mr. Grandison, in my praise [indeed every-thing of this nature now appears silly to me] — He insisted upon a preference to Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme. — He resolved not to despair, as his sufferings for my sake had given him (as he said he presumed to hope) some merit in his own opinion, if not in mine; and as his forgiveness of the man who had injured him, ought, he thought, to have some weight in his favour.

He took leave of my cousins and me in a very respectful manner. I wish him no harm. But I hope I shall never see him again.

And, now, Lucy, with the end of this very disagreeable visit, I will conclude my letter; and shall have another long one ready for the next post.

LETTER V.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

March 3.

I Had not recovered myself after Sir Hargrave's visit, when Lady L. and Miss Grandison called, as they said for a moment; however this agreeable moment lasted two hours. Miss Grandison, the instant she saw me, challenged me — Hey day! What's the matter with our Harriet, Mrs. Reeves? And, patting my neck, Why these flutters, child? — Perturbations delightful, or undelightful, Harriet, whether?

I told her who had been here, and but just left me; and, by the help of my cousins, gave them the particulars of what had passed.

They were greatly pleased; and the more, they said, as their brother, on seeing them uneasy, had acquainted them, that all matters between him and Sir Hargrave were accommodated; but had not had opportunity to tell them more.

Let me reckon with you, Harriet, said Miss Grandison (taking my hand with a schooling air): I am half-jealous of you: Lady L. has got the start of me in my brother's affections: But she is my elder sister; first come, first served. I can bear that; but I will not be cut out by a younger sister.

What is now to follow? thought I; and flutter'd like a fool! the more for her arch look, as if she would read my heart in my eyes.

Increased palpitation (O the fool!) made it look as if I took her jest for earnest. What a situation am I in!

Dear Charlotte, said Lady L. smiling, you shall not thus perplex our sweet sister. — My dear, don't mind her. You'll know her better in time.

Be quiet, Lady L. I shall have it all out.

All what out? said I. O Miss Grandison, how you love to alarm!

Well, well, I'll examine farther into these perturbations another time. I have beat the bush before now for one hare, and out have popt two But all I mean is; a paper, a letter (my brother called it a paper) was brought to him sealed up. He rewarded the bringer; but sent it directly away, unopened (that we found out) to you Harriet. Now, child, if I allow of his reserves, I will not allow of yours. Pray answer me fairly and truly; What are the contents of that paper?

They give the particulars of the conversation that passed in the alarming interview between Sir Charles —

And Sir Hargrave. That's my good girl. You see, Lady L. how this young thief will steal away the affections of our brother from us both. He has shewed us

nothing of this. But if you would not have me jealous, Harriet, be sure keep no one secret of your heart from me —

That relates merely to myself, I think I will not.

Then you'll be a good girl: And I'll give my love for you the reins, without a pull back.

Just then a servant came in with a card.

"Lady D's compliments to Mrs. Reeves and Miss Byron; and if it would be agreeable, she will wait on them presently, for one quarter of an hour. She is obliged to go out of town early in the morning."

What shall I do now? said I. I was in a flutter; not being fully recovered from that into which Sir Hargrave's visit had thrown me.

What now? — What now? said Miss Grandison. Ah! Harriet, we shall find you out by degrees.

By the way, Lucy, you are fond of plays; and it is come into my head, that, to avoid all says-I's and says-she's, I will henceforth, in all Dialogues, write names in the margin: So fansy, my dear, that you are reading in one of your favourite volumes.

Harriet. Do you know Lady D.?

Miss Gr. Very well: But I did not know that you did, Harriet.

Lady L. And I know she has a son: and I know she wants him to marry.

Harriet. That I may keep no secrets from my two sisters, my aunt Selby has written to me —

Miss Gr. Lately?

Harriet. Very lately.

Miss Gr. O! because you had not told me of that.

Mrs. Reeves. And pray, Ladies, what is Lady D.'s character?

Lady L. She is a very good woman. She is a sensible and prudent woman.

Miss Gr. I am not very intimate with her: But have seen her in two or three of my visits. I have always thought her so. — And pray, Harriet, don't you want to know what character my Lord bears.

Harriet. My Lord is nothing to me. I have answered. I have given my negative.

Miss Gr. The duce you have! — Why, the man has a good 12,000 l. a year.

Harriet. I don't care.

Miss Gr. What a duce ails the girl!

Then humourously telling on her fingers — ORME, one; FENWICK, two; GREVILLE, three; FOWLER, four — I want another finger; but I'll take in my thumb — SIR HARGRAVE, five — And now (putting the forefinger of one hand on the thumb of the other) LORD D. six! — And none of them the man! — Depend upon it, girl, pride will have a fall.

What could she mean by that? — Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, I hope, will not — But I believe she meant nothing.

Have I pride, Miss Grandison? coldly and gravely, as my cousin observed to me afterwards, asked I.

Miss Gr. Have you pride? — Yes that you have; or you have worse.

What could this mad Lady mean by this? — And what could I mean? For I had tears in my eyes. I was very low-spirited at that moment.

Lady L. Well, but, Miss Byron, shall we be impertinent, if we stay to see the Lady? — I have a great value for her. She has been an admirable executrix and trustee for her son; and was as good a wife. I was just going: but will stay to pay my compliments to her, as she goes out of town to-morrow. We can withdraw till you have had your talk.

Miss Gr. Does she come to persuade you, Harriet, to retract your refusal?

Harriet. I know not her business. I wrote my mind to my aunt Selby. But I believe my aunt could not have written, and the countess received what she wrote, by this time. But do not go: We can have no private talk.

Miss Gr. Well, but now I will tell you, without punishing your curiosity farther, what Lord D.'s character is. He is as sober a man as most of the young nbility. His fortune is great. In sense he neither abounds, nor is wanting; and that class of men, take my ord 〈◊〉 are the best qualified of all others to make good husbands 〈◊〉 women of superior talents. They know jst enough to induce thm to admire in her, what they have not in thmseves. If a woman has prunce enough to give onsequece to such a one ore 〈◊〉 and will beha thought him her superior in understanding, she will be able to make her own will a law to him; by the way of I will, Shall I? — Or, If you please, my dear, I will do — what I think fit. But a fool and a wit are the extreme points, and equally unmanageable. And now tell me, Harriet, what can be your motive for refusing such a man as this?

Harriet. I wish, my dear, you would not talk to me of these men. I am sick of them all — Sir Hargrave has cured me —

Miss Gr. You fib, my dear — But did you ever see Lord D.?

Harriet. No, indeed!

Miss Gr. "No, indeed!" — Why then you are a simpleton, child. What, refuse a man, an Earl too! in the bloom of his years, 12,000 good pounds a year! yet never have seen him — Your motives, child! Your motives! — I wish you are not already — There she stopt.

Harriet. And I wish, Miss Grandison, with all my heart, if that would tame you, that you were in love over head and ears, and could not help it!

Miss Gr. And wish you me that for spite, or to please me? — I am in love, my dear; and nothing keeps me in countenance, but having company among the grave

ones. Dearly do I love to find girls out. Why, I found out Lady L. before she would own a tittle of the matter. So prim! —

"And how can you think so, Charlotte? Who, I, in love! No indeed! No man has a place in my heart!—"

Then I was resolv'd to have her secret out. I began with my roundabouts, and my suppose's — A leer — as thus — [I was both vex'd and pleased with her archness] And then a suppose — Then came a blush —

"Why, Charlotte, I cannot but say, that if I were obliged to have the one man or the other—"

Then came a sigh, endeavoured in haste to be returned to the heart whence it came; and when it could not find its way back, to be cut into three-halves, as the Irishman said; that is, into two half-sighs, and a hem; and a "Get you gone, for an impertinent." — As much as to say, "You have it!" — And when I found I had, and she own'd it; why then I put my mad head to her grave one; and we had but one heart betwixt us.

Lady L. (laughing) — Out of breath, Charlotte, I hope.

Miss Gr. Not yet. — How often have I kept watch and ward for her! sometimes have I lent her my dressing-room for their love-meetings: Yet, for the world, she would not marry without her papa's consent: No, but like the rest of us, she would suffer her affections to be engaged, without letting him know a syllable of the matter. — Very true, Lady L. what signifies looking serious?

Lady L. Strange creature!

Miss Gr. Once or twice did I change dresses with her. In short, I was a perfect Abigail to her in the affair: And, let me tell you, two sisters, agreed to manage a love-affair, have advantages over even a Lady and her woman.

Lady L. Mad creature!

Miss Gr. All this I did for her without fee or reward; only from the dear delight of promoting the good work, and upon the christian principle of Do as you would be done by. — Is not all this true, Lady L.? Deny it if you can.

Lady L. And have you done, Charlotte? Ah! my dear Miss Byron, you'll never do any thing with this girl, except you hear all she has to say. And if you have a secret, 'tis better to let her know it at first. Charlotte is a generous girl, after all: But sometimes, as now, a very impertinent one —

What could these ladies mean by this, I wonder? If they suspect me to love somebody, surely this is not the way, that two such Ladies, in generosity, should take; when they think I have no engagement; and know that the doubt must lie on their brother's side, whom, with all their roundabouts, as they call them, they cannot fathom.

I would give any-thing, methinks, to know if Sir Charles was ever in love.

Just then a rapping at the door made us suppose it was the Countess. It was. After compliments to Mrs. Reeves and me, she embraced Lady L. very affectionately, and Miss Grandison kindly; asking the first after Lord L.'s health, and the other after her Brother: He is the man of all men, Miss Grandison, said she, that I want to see. We shall be in town soon, for a month or two; and then you must make me known to one, whom every body calls the best of men: As here, said she, coming up again to me, I have longed to be acquainted with one of the best of women.

Lady L. Miss Byron is, indeed, an excellent young woman. We do ourselves the honour of calling her sister.

Lady D. What an encouragement is that to be good? Even in this age, bad as it is, true merit will never want admirers. And let me say, that where beauty and goodness meet, as here, they adorn each other.

Agreeable Lady D.! thought I: My heart will not suggest a thought in favour of your son; but I shall easily be in love with you. The heart hardly deserves praise, my Lucy, that is not fond of it from the worthy.

Her Ladyship took Lady L. aside; and said something to her. Lady L. answered with a No, as I suppose: To which Lady D. replied, I am glad of that; adding, I am not afraid of saying any-thing to a person of Lady L.'s known prudence.

Ah! my Lucy! She asked Lady L. I dare say, whether the acknowleged sisterhood extended to the brother, as a brother, or as — something else — And, by her chearful and condescending court to me afterwards, and to Mrs. Reeves, was satisfied by Lady L.'s answer, I make no doubt, that there is room for Lord D.'s address, for any thing on Sir Charles's part.

I will not be mean, Lucy! Greatly as I admire somebody, these excellent sisters shall not find me entangled in an hopeless passion.

Her Ladyship took my hand, and led me to the window. I was brought to town, said she, on an extraordinary occasion, two days ago; and must set out on my return in the morning. I thought I would not miss the opportunity of paying my compliments to a young Lady, of whom I had heard every-body speak with great commendation. I make no doubt but your good aunt Selby has — There she stopt.

My aunt has sent me up two of your Ladyship's letters, and copies of her answers.

I am pleased with your frankness, my dear. It was that part of your character that engaged me. Young women, in these cases, are generally either so affected, so starched (as if they thought there were something shameful in a treaty of this kind) or they are so aukward, that I have not patience with them. You have all the modesty — Indeed, my dear, your goodness of heart shines out in every feature of your face.

Your Ladyship does me high honour.

I am pleased even with that acknowlegement. The discretion of a person is often most seen in minutenesses. Another would have made disqualifying speeches — But compliments made to the heart by one who is not accustomed to flatter; such compliments, I mean, as it would be culpable for a person not to be able to verify; should not be disclaimed. To say truth, my dear, I did not intend to mention one word of the matter to you, on this first visit. I only wanted to see you, and to converse with you a little, that I might make report accordingly to my son; who, however, knows not that I should pay my compliments to you: But the moment I saw you, your aspect confirmed all that I had heard said in your favour; and seeing you also so much caressed by two ladies of characters so establish'd; and no less pleased with what I observed of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves [You are a family of good people]; I was resolved to be as frank as you are, and as your aunt Selby has been — She is a good woman —

Indeed, madam, she is —

Accordingly, I have singled you out, in the face of every-body present — You will have the discretion to caution them on this subject, till you have seen my son (I am sure there can be no doubt on his side) — and till you know whether you shall approve of our proposals, or not: And, without hesitation, I bespeak your good opinion of me till then. I am sure, my dear, we shall be very happy in each other. If you and my Lord are happy, you and I must be so — But, when the knot is tied, I will be only your visitor, and that at your own invitation, I am thought to be a managing woman: Managing women are not generally the best to live with. You, I understand, are an excellent oeconomist (A glorious character in this age for a young woman! — Persons of the highest quality ought not to think themselves above it). One person's methods may differ from another's; yet both may be equally good, and reach the same end. My son has found the benefit of my oeconomy: Nevertheless, his wife shall not have cause to think, that, where she means well, I will prefer my methods to hers. If ever I give advice, it shall be only when you ask it: And then, if you do not take it, I will not be angry; but allow, that, having weighed the matter well, you prefer your own judgment, on the best convictions. People who are to act for themselves, should be always left to judge for themselves; because they only are answerable for their own actions. You blush, my dear; I hope I don't oppress you. I would not oppress a modesty so happily blended with frankness.

I was affected with her goodness. What an amiable frankness! O that all husbands mothers were like your Ladyship! said I — What numbers of happy daughters-in-law would there then be, that now are not so.

Charming creature! said she. Proceed. I am glad I don't oppress you with my prate.

Oppress me, madam! — You delight me! Talk of a bad world! — I ought, I am sure, to think it a good one! — In every matronly Lady I have met with a mother: In many young Ladies, as those before us, sisters: In their brother, a protector: If your Ladyship has not heard on what occasion, I shall be ready to acquaint you with it.

Sweet child! Charming frankness! I have seen, I have heard enough of you for my present purpose — We will return to company — Such company as I find you in, is not to be had at all times. I will restore you to them.

But, madam, declining her leading hand —

But, what, my dear!

Have you not, madam? — But your Ladyship could not have received any letter from my aunt Selby — I wrote —

I have not, my dear. I could not, as you say. But I shall find a letter from her, perhaps, on my return. You approve, I hope, of the proposal, if you shall have no objection to my son?

My aunt, madam, will let you know —

I will not have it otherwise than I wish it to be — Remember that I value you for the frankness you are praised for — A little female trifling to my son, if you will, in order to be assured of his value for you (and men love not all halcyon courtships) but none to me, my love. I'll assist you, and keep your counsel, in the first case, if it be necessary. He shall love you above all the women on earth, and convince you that he does, or he shall not call you his — But no female trifling to his mother, child! We women should always understand one another.

Because I would not be thought to be an insincere creature, a trifler, I think I ought to mention to your Ladyship, that it would be a great, a very great part of my happiness, to be deemed worthy of your friendship — without —

Without what? — You do well perhaps to blush! Without what?

Without the relation — if you please.

I was confounded with her goodness, Lucy. Here, my dear, is another superior character — I fancy her maiden-name was Grandison.

But I don't please. So no more of this. Let us join company. And, taking my hand, with the goodness of a real mother; yet her brow a little overclouded; she made apologies to them for taking me aside; and said, she could trust to their prudence, she was sure, as they must needs guess at her view; and therefore she offered not to put a limit to their conjectures; since denial or evasion would but, in this case, as it generally did, defeat its own end, and strengthen what it aimed to weaken.

Is there no obtaining such a mother, thought I, without marrying Lord D.? — And should I refuse to see him, if an interview is desired, especially when Lady L. has seemed to encourage the countess to think, that somebody has no thoughts — Indeed I don't desire that that somebody should — If — I don't know what I was going to add to that if: But pray tell my grandmamma, that I hope her Harriet will never give her cause to lament her being entangled in an hopeless passion. No, indeed.

But, my Lucy, one silly question to you, who have been a little entangled, and more happily disentangled — I catch my self of late in saying him and he, and writing to you somebody, and such-like words, instead of saying and writing boldly, as I used to do, Sir Charles, and Sir Charles Grandison; which would sound more respectfully, and yet am sure I want not respect. What is the meaning of this? — Is it a sign — Ah! my Lucy! you said you would keep a sharp look-out; and did I not say I would upon myself? Surely I said truth: Surely you will think so, when you see such little silly things as these do not escape me. But when you think me too trifling, my dear, don't expose me. Don't read it out in the venerable circle. That to some may appear very weak and silly, which by others will be thought excusable, because natural. It would be wrong (as I yet never did it) to write separately to you. And what have I in my heart, were it to be laid open to all the world, that I should be — afraid — I was going to write, that I should be ashamed of? But I think I am a little ashamed, at times, for all that — Ah, Lucy! don't add, and so I ought.

Lady D. repeated her desire of being acquainted with Sir Charles. She has no daughter: So it was purely for the sake of his great character. She heard, she said, that he was the politest of brothers. That was always a good sign with her. He gives you, Miss Grandison, I am told, a great deal of his company.

Miss Grandison said, that their brother, she believed, was one of the busiest men in the kingdom, who was not engaged in public affairs; and yet the most of a family-man. I endeavour, said she, to make home delightful to him. I never break in upon him when he is in his study, without leave: Indeed I seldom ask it; for when he is inclin'd to give me his company, he sends his compliments to me, and requests, as a favour from me, what I am always ready to consider as one done to me. And I see he loves me: He is not uneasy in my company: He comes for half an hour, and stays an hour — But don't set me into talking of him; for my heart always dilates, when I enter into the agreeable subject, and I know not where to stop.

Lady L. Charlotte is a happy girl.

Miss Gr. And Lady L. is a happy woman; for he loves her as well as he loves me. Indeed he is so good as to say (but I know it is to keep us from pulling caps)

that he knows not which he loves best: We have different qualities, he says; and he admires in each what the other has not.

Lady D. But what are his employments? What can he be so much busied in?

M ss Gr. A continual round of good offices. He has a ward. She has a large fortune. The attention he pays to her affairs takes up a good deal of his time. He is his own steward; and then he has a variety of other engagements, of which we ask him not one word; yet long to know something about them. — But this we are sure of, that, if he thinks any-thing will give us pleasure, we shall hear of it: if the contrary, he is as secret as the night.

Will nobody say one bad or one indifferent thing of this man, Lucy? There is no bearing these things! O my dear, what a Nobody is your poor Harriet?

Lady D. He is one of the handsomest men in England, they tell me.

Miss Gr. Sisters are not judges. They may be partial. His benignity of heart makes his face shine. Had I a lover but half as handsome as I think my brother, I should make no objection to him on the account of person.

Lady L. But he is the genteelest of men! — What think you, sister Harriet?

Harriet. Sisters are not judges. They may be partial.

What meant Lady L. to apply to me? But I had been some time silent. She could not mean any-thing: And both sisters complimented me on recognizing the relation.

Lady D. asked me how long I should stay in town?

I said, I believed not long. I had leave for three months. Those would be soon elapsed; and as my friends were so good as to be pleased with my company, I should rather choose to walk within than step out of my limits.

The Countess, with a nod of approbation, said, With good young people it will be always so: And this is more praise-worthy in Miss Byron, as she may do what she pleases.

Then, taking me a little aside — I hope, my dear, you meant nothing contrary to my wishes, when you referred, in so doubtful a manner, to what you had written to your aunt. You don't answer me! This is a call upon your frankness. Women, when anything is depending, on which they have set their hearts, are impatient — Don't you know that? — They love not suspense.

It is painful to me, Madam, to decline a proposal that would give me a relation to so excellent a woman — But —

But what, my dear? — Let not maidenly affectation step in with its cold water. You are above it. Woman to woman, daughter to mother — You are above it.

Then, turning to the Ladies, and to my cousins — You don't know, any of you (We are by ourselves) that Miss Byron's heart is engaged? Miss Grandison, let me apply to you: Maiden Ladies open their hearts to one another. Know you whether

Miss Byron has yet seen the man to whom she wishes to give her hand? Her aunt Selby writes to me, that she has not.

Miss Gr. We young women, madam, often know least of our own hearts. We are almost as unwilling to find out ourselves in certain cases, as to be found out by others. Speak, sister Harriet: answer for yourself.

Was not this grievous, Lucy? And yet what ailed me, that I could not speak without hesitation! But this Lady's condescending goodness — Yet this wicked Sir Hargrave! His attempt, his cruel treatment of me has made me quite another creature than I was.

My aunt Selby, madam, wrote the truth. To say I wish not to marry for some time to come, may sound like an affectation, because I have ever honoured the state — But something has happen'd that has put me out of conceit with myself, and with men too.

Lady D. With all men, child? — I will allow for a great many things in a weak mind, that I will not in yours. I have had an hint or two about an insult, or I know not what, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, since I came to town; for I have ask'd after you, my dear: But what is that but a confirmation of your merits? What a disagreeable woman must she be, whom but one man in the world could like?

But excuse me, Miss Byron. I have said abundance of impertinent things: I have gone further on this first visit than I intended. You must thank for this that ingenuous and open countenance, which confirms, at first sight, the character I had heard given by everybody who spoke of you. I shall see, perhaps, what your aunt Selby, to whom you refer, writes, when I get down. I shall soon be in town, as I said, for the rest of the winter; and then I will make myself mistress of your whole history from these ladies, and from yourself: And there shall end all my enquiries, and, I hope, all my solicitudes, on an article that is next my heart. — Mean time, adieu, my dear — Adieu.

She then, courtesying to all round, gave her hand to Mr. Reeves, who led her to her chair; leaving us all full of her praises.

Miss. Gr. (looking archly) I say nothing as to her particular errand, because I would not be too curious; and because you ask me no questions, Harriet.

Lady L. This must do, Miss Byron: Who would not wish for such a mother?

Harriet. Is the mother to be the principal inducement in such an article as this?

Miss Gr. Why, my dear, do you pretend, in such an age of petits-maitres as this, to live single, till you meet with a man who deserves you? — But, Harriet, you must voluntarily open your heart to me. I have a good deal of curiosity; and, whenever you are disposed to gratify it, will not withdraw my attention.

Harriet. I will read to you this moment, if you please, Ladies, as to my sisters, what Lady D. wrote to my aunt Selby, and what my aunt answered on the

occasion.

Miss Gr. That's my best Harriet! I love to hear how and every thing about these sort of matters.

Lady L. These girls, Mrs. Reeves, delight in lovesubjects: There is a kind of enthusiasm in these matters that runs away with them.

Miss Gr. Say you so, Lady L.? And pray had you ever any of this enthusiasm? And if you had, did matrimony cure you of it? — See, Harriet! my sister has not been married many months; yet how quietly she now talks of the enthusiasm of love to us maidens! — Ah! my dear Lady L.! women, I see, have their free-masonry, as well as men! Don't you think so, Mrs. Reeves? A poor secret, after all, I believe, on both sides, whisper'd the lively Lady, but loud enough for every-one to hear what she said.

Lady L. called her a mad girl. But let us be favour'd, said she to me, with your communications.

I pulled out the letters. I read the two first paragraphs in my aunt's letter to me, entire; for they propose the matter, and nothing else.

What follows, said I, is full of love and care, and so forth: But here is one paragraph more I can read to you.

Miss Gr. As much reserve as you please, sister Harriet. I am learning how to deal with you.

Lady L. Why that, Charlotte? No fear that you will tell us more than you have a mind we should know. Regard not, therefore, this threatening, Miss Byron.

Harriet. To own the truth, I cannot read everything my aunt writes: But the Countess of D.'s proposals, and what relates to that, I will read, if you please.

Miss Gr. What you will — Read what you will. I find we are not at present so well acquainted, as we shall be hereafter.

What could Miss Grandison mean by that?

I read the last paragraph but one, in which my aunt proposes my coming down; and that I will either encourage the countess's proposal, or accept of Mr. Orme; ending with the earnest desire of my friends to have me married.

I then gave into Miss Grandison's hand the countess's first Letter; and she read it out.

She gave it me back, and thanked me. Were all women, said she, capable of acting thus frankly, the sex would leave affectation to the men-monkeys. Remember, Harriet, that your openness of heart is one of the graces for which I principally admire you.

Lady L. O the rogue! take care of her, Miss Byron! She tells you this, to get out of you all your secrets.

Miss Grandison may easily obtain her end, madam, She need only tell me, what she best likes I should be; and I must try to be that.

Miss Gr. Good girl! And take this along with you; that when you convince me, that you will not hide, I will convince you, that I will not seek. But what is next?

I then gave into her hand the copy of my aunt Selby's answer.

Miss Gr. May I read it all?

Harriet. If you please: The fondness of my aunt, and the partiality of —

Miss Gr. Away! away! — No affectation, child?

She read it out. Both sisters praised the heart of the dear and thrice-indulgent writer! and called her their aunt Selby.

I then gave Miss Grandison the Countess's second letter. They were no less pleased with that than with the first.

Miss Gr. But now your opinion of the proposal, child? Will you trust us with that? Have you a copy of what you wrote?

Harriet. I kept a copy only of what immediately respected the proposal; and that, because it was possible I might want to have recourse to it, as my aunt might, or might not, write farther about it.

I took it out of my pocket-book, and gave it to her to read.

Thank you, child, said she: I should have no curiosity, if I did not love you.

She read it out: It was the paragraph that begins with

"You will, upon the strength of what I have said," &c. ending with "Such is my meaning."

– Luckily, I had not transcribed the concluding sentence of that paragraph; having been ashamed of the odd words, Hope of your hope.

Lady L. But why should that be your meaning, my dear?

Harriet. I added, I remember, that I was pained by the teazings of these men, one after another; that I never took delight in their airy adulation, and was now the more pained, because of the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, which had given me a surfeit of the sex.

Miss Gr. A temporary surfeit! It is over, I hope, by this time. But, my dear — And yet as I owe to your generosity the communication, I would not take occasion from it to teaze you —

Harriet. Miss Grandison will oblige me, say what she pleases.

Miss Gr. As you intend to marry — As your friends are very desirous that you should — As Lady D. is an excellent woman — As her son is, as men go, a tolerable man — As he is a peer of the realm; which is something in the scale, tho' it is not of weight, singly consider'd — As his estate is very considerable — As you may have your own terms — As you like not any one of your numerous admirers: — All these As's considered, why, why, in the name of goodness,

should you give so flat a denial? Yet have not seen the gentleman, and therefore can have no dislikes either to his sense or person? I wish, my dear, you would give such a reason for your denial, a denial so strongly expressed, as one would imagine such a woman as the countess of D. would be satisfied with, from such a one as Miss Byron.

Lady L. Perhaps, now that Miss Byron has seen what a lady the countess of D. is —

Miss Gr. And now that she has overcome the temporary surfeit.

Lady L. She will change her mind.

Are you not, my dear aunt Selby, are you not, my Lucy, distressed for me at this place? I was at the time greatly so for myself.

Harriet. My mind has been greatly disturbed by Sir Hargrave's violence; and by apprehensions of fatal mischiefs that might too probably have followed the generous protection given me. I was teazed before by good men — Mr. Orme, and Sir Rowland Meredith in behalf of his nephew; and by men not so good, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Fenwick. And when I had hoped to have a little respite, a little leisure to look about me, and to collect my almost dissipated spirits, to have this new proposal made to my friends, and to me; and by a lady so worthy; wonder not, Ladies, if I am unable, on a sudden, to give such reasons for having refused to listen to it, as you require; altho', at the same time, I find not in my heart the least inclination to encourage it.

Miss Gr. You have had your difficulties of late, my Harriet, to contend with: And those you must look upon as a tax to be paid by a merit so conspicuous. Even in this slighter case, as you love to oblige, I can pity you for the situation you are likely to be in, betwixt the refused son and the deserving mother. But when you consider, that the plagues of the discreet proceed from other people, those of the indiscreet from themselves, you will sit down with a just compliment to yourself, and be content. You see I can be grave now and then, child.

Harriet. May I deserve to be called prudent and discreet! On that condition, I am willing to incur the penalty.

Lady L. Come, come; that is out of the question, my dear: So you are contented of course, or in the way to be so.

The Ladies took their leave, and seemed pleased with their visit.

It is now, my dear friends, some-how or other, become necessary, I think, to let you minutely into my situation, that you may advise, caution, instruct me — For, I protest, I am in a sort of wilderness. — Pray, my Lucy, tell me — But it cannot be from Love: So I don't care — Yet to lie under such a weight of obligation; and to find myself so much surpassed by these ladies — Yet it is not from Envy, surely: That is a very bad passion. I hope my bosom has not a place in it for such a mean

self-tormentor. Can it be from Pride? Pride is a vice that always produces mortification: And proud you all made me of your favour — Yet I thought it was grateful to be proud of it.

I wish I were with you, Lucy, I should ask you abundance of questions; and repose my anxious heart on your faithful bosom; and, at the same time, from your answers, arm it against too great a sensibility, before it was too late. But pray, don't I remember, that you said, you found sighing a relief to you, on a certain occasion? I am serious, my dear. That there was a sort of you-know-not-what of pleasure in sighing? Yet that it was involuntary? — Did you not say, that you were ready to quarrel with yourself, you knew not why? — And, pray, had you not a fretting gnawing pain in your stomach, that made you I can't tell how to describe it; yet were humble, meek, as if looking out for pity from every body, and ready to pity every-body? — Were you not attentive to stories of people, young women especially, labouring under doubts and difficulties? — Was not your humanity raised? your self-consequence lower'd? But did you not think suspense the greatest of all torments? — I think, my dear, you lived without eating or drinking; yet look'd not pining, but fresh. — Pure Love is, perhaps, to lovers as the manna of heaven was to the Israelites: But yet, Israelite-like, we may be uneasy and murmur at the too-much of it. — Your rest — I remember it was broken. In your sleep you seemed to be disturbed. You were continually rolling-down mountains, or tumbling from precipices — or were borne down by tempests, carried away with sudden inundations; or sinking in deep waters; or flying from fires, thieves, robbers —

How apt are we to recollect, or to try to recollect, when we are apprehensive, that a case may possibly be our own, all those circumstances, of which, while another's (however dear that other might be to us) we had not any clear or adequate ideas! — But I know, that such of these as I recollect not from you, must be owing to the danger, to the terror, I was in from the violence of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Often and often do I dream over again what I suffered from him. I am now imploring mercy from him; and meet with nothing but upbraidings and menaces. He is now stopping my mouth with his handkerchief: His horrible clergyman, if a clergyman he was, is reading the service quite through: And I am contending against the legality of the asserted marriage. At other times, I have escaped; and he is pursuing me: He gains upon my flying feet; and I wake myself with endeavouring in vain to cry out for help.

But when fancy is more propitious to me, then comes my rescuer, my deliverer: And he is sometimes a mighty prince (dreams then make me a perfect romancer) and I am a damsel in distress. The milk-white palfrey once came in. All

the Marvellous takes place; and lyons and tygers are slain, and armies routed, by the puissance of his single arm.

Now, do not these resveries convince you, that I owe all my uneasiness to what I suffered from Sir Hargrave's barbarity? I think I must take my aunt's advice; leave London; and then I shall better find out, whether, as all my friends suspect, and as, to be ingenuous, I myself now begin sometimes to fear, a passion stronger than gratitude has not taken hold of my heart. Of this I am sure: My reasoning faculties are weaken'd. Miss Grandison says, that, in my illness at Colnebrooke, I was dilirious; and that the doctor they called in was afraid of my head: And should I suffer myself to be entangled in an hopeless passion, there will want no further proof, that my intellects have suffer'd.

Adieu, my Lucy! What a letter have I written! The conclusion of it, I doubt, will of itself, be a sufficient evidence of the weakness I have mentioned, both of head and heart, of

Your HARRIET.

LETTER VI.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Sat. Mar. 4.

THIS morning Sir Hargrave Pollexfen made Mr. Reeves a visit. He said it was to him; but I was unluckily below; and forced to hear all he had to say, or to appear unpolite.

He proposed visiting my grandmamma and aunt Selby, in order to implore their forgiveness. But Mr. Reeves diverted him from thinking of that.

He had not sought me, he said, at Lady Betty Williams's, but from his desire (on the character he had heard of me) to pay his addresses to me, in preference to every other woman. He had laid out for several opportunities to get into my company, before he heard I was to dine there. Particularly, he once had resolved to pay a visit in form to my uncle Selby, in Northamptonshire, and had got all his equipage in readiness to set out; but heard that I was come to town with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He actually then set out, he said, for Peterborough, with intent to propose the affair to my godfather Deane: But found that he was gone to Cambridge: And then, being resolved to try his fate with me, he came to town; and hardly questioned succeeding, when he understood that my friends left me to my own choice; and knowing that he could offer such proposals, as none of the gentlemen who had made pretensions to be, were able to make. His intentions therefore were not sudden, and such as arose upon what he saw of me at Lady Betty Williams's; tho' the part I supported in the conversation there, precipitated his declaration.

He was very unhappy, he said, to have so mortally disobliged me; and repeated all his former pleas; his love [Rough love, I am sure] compassion, sufferings, and I cannot tell what; insisting, that he had forgiven much greater injuries, as was but too apparent.

I told him, that I had suffer'd more than he could have done, tho' his hurt was more visible than mine: That nevertheless I forgave him; as no bad consequences had followed between him and my protector — [Protector! mutter'd he] — But that he knew my mind, before he made that barbarous attempt: And I besought him never more to think of me; and he must excuse me to say, that this must be the very last time I ever would see him.

A great deal was said on both sides; my cousins remaining attentively silent all the time: And at last he insisted, that I would declare that I never would be the wife either of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick: Assuring me, that the rash step he had

taken to make me his, was owing principally to his apprehension, that Mr. Greville was more likely to succeed with me than any other man.

I owed him, I told him, no such declaration. But Mr. Reeves, to get rid of his importunity, gave it as his opinion, that there was no ground for his apprehensions that I would give my hand to either; and I did not contradict him.

Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Jordan, before I could get away from this importunate man, came to enquire for him. He then owned, that they came in hope of seeing me; and besought me to favour him and them for one quarter of an hour only. I was resolved to withdraw: But, at Sir Hargrave's command, as impertinently given as officiously obeyed, Mr. Reeves's servant led them (his master indeed not contradicting) into the parlour where we were.

The two strangers behaved with great respect. They came with a resolution to be pleased with me, and would not suffer themselves to be disappointed. But never did men run praises higher, than both these gentlemen gave to Sir Charles Grandison. And indeed the subject made me easier in their company than I should otherwise have been.

It is not possible, I believe for the vainest mind to hear itself prosusely praised, without some pain: But it is surely one of the sweetest pleasures in the world, to hear a whole company join in applauding the absent person who stands high in our opinion; and especially if he be one to whose unexceptionable goodness we owe, and are not ashamed to own, obligation.

What further pleased me, was to hear Mr. Bagenhall declare, which he did in a very serious manner, that Sir Charles Grandison's great behaviour, as he justly called it, had made such impressions not only upon him, but upon Mr. Merceda, that they were both determined to turn over a new leaf, was his phrase; and to live very different lives from what they had lived; tho' they were far, they blessed God, from being before the worst of men.

These gentlemen, with Mr. Merceda and Sir Hargrave, are to dine with Sir Charles to day. They both mentioned it with great pleasure: But Sir Hargrave did not seem so well pleased, and doubted of his being able to persuade himself to go. The invitation was given at Mr. Jordan's motion, who took hold of an indirect invitation of Sir Charles's; Mr. Jordan declaring, that he was resolved not to let slip any opportunity of improving an acquaintance with so extraordinary a man.

The gentlemen took a very respectful leave. Sir Hargrave shewed so much dejection, and is so really mortified with the damage done to a face, that he used to take pleasure to see reflected in the glass (never once looking into either of thse in the parlour he was in, all the time he staid) that I could once or twice have been concerned for him, had I not struggled to withheld my pity.

He talk'd of soon leaving town, and retiring to one of his country-seats; or of going abroad for a year or two, if he must have no hopes — Hopes! a wretch!

When I seriously reflect, I don't know whether his mortification is not the happiest thing that could have befallen him. It wants only to be attended with patience. — He is not now an ugly man in his person. His estate will always give him consequence. He will now think the better of others; and the worse of himself: He may, much worse; and not want as much vanity as comes to his share.

But say you, my uncle (as I fansy you do) that I also may spare some of my vanity, and not be the worse girl? — Ah! no! — I am now very sensible of my own defects. I am poor, low, silly, weak — Was I ever insolent? Was I ever saucy? Was I ever — O my uncle, hide my faults. I am mortified. Let me not reproach myself with having deserved mortification. If I did, I knew it not. I intended not to be saucy, vain, insolent — And if I was so, lay it to a flow of health, and good spirits; to time of life; young, gay, and priding myself in every-one's love; yet most in the love, in the fond indulgence, of all you my good friends: And then you will have some of my faults to lay at your own doors; nor will you, even you, my uncle, be clear of reproach, because your correction was always mingled with so much praise, that I thought you were but at play with your niece, and that you levelled your blame more at the Sex than at your Harriet.

BUT what have I written against myself? I believe I am not such a low, silly, weak creature, as I had thought myself. For just as I had laid down my pen with a pensive air, and to look into the state of my own heart, in order either to lighten, or to confirm, the self-blame I had so glibly written down, Lady L. in her chair, made us a visit. She came up directly to me: I am come to dine with your cousins and you, Miss Byron, said she. Shall I be welcome? But don't answer me: I know I shall.

Mrs. Reeves enter'd; and acknowledged the favour.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and some of his brethren, are to dine with my brother, said my Lady; and I, not being obliged to do the honours of the table, with my Lord's consent, made my escape. I cannot endure the wretch who could make such a vile attempt upon you, and who might have murder'd my brother. — Come, will you let me see what you are writeing? You can forgive Charlotte's freedom: Will you excuse her sister's?

I cannot shew your Ladyship all I have written; but I will read you some passages of the long letter before me.

I told her my subject, and read to her such as I thought I could read. She raved at Sir Hargrave: Wonder'd he had the confidence to approach me, especially with hope. She prais'd me: Yet said to my cousin Reeves, that he ought to have been denied the house; and the rather, as I was myself very unwilling to see him.

I own, I thought so too. Both my cousins are too good-natur'd.

We had a great deal of talk about the duel that was to happily prevented. Lady L. gave us an account of the unhappy one which her father fought; and to the issue of which they owed the loss of the best of mothers: And at and after dinner she piously expatiated on the excellencies of that mother; and demonstrated, what I have often thought of great consequence (my grandmamma's and aunt Selby's examples before me affording the noblest proofs) that the conduct of women in their families is of high importance; and that they need not to look out of them so often as they do, to employ themselves; and that not only in the most useful, but in the most delightful manner.

My Lord L. having broke from the company at Sir Charles's, did us the honour to drink tea with us. Every-thing, he said, passed very agreeably among the gentlemen he had left; and it was his opinion, that his brother's noble behaviour, and the conversation that passed at table, and in which he left him and them engaged, would make more than one convert among them.

He told Lady L. that Sir Charles was to set out on Monday for Canterbury [For Canterbury, Lucy!]; and that he should take it for a favour, if she would give him her company for a few days to Colnebrooke. Their house in Brook-street, he said, would be ready to receive them in a week's time: It wanted nothing but a thorough airing. And if, said he, you could prevail upon Miss Grandison to be with us till her brother returns, and both sisters could induce Miss Byron to make a fourth, we shall be, said he, the happiest party in the world; and perhaps may get Sir Charles among us, on his return, for a day or two. I bowed.

I must tell you, my Lord, that Charlotte and I thought to offer our attendance on Miss Byron to some of the public entertainments: But your Lordship's pleasure shall determine me; and if we could be so happy as to have Miss Byron for our guest, I am sure of my sister; and it would be my preferable wish. Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, will you spare Miss Byron to me?

I looked, as if for their leave. They gave a smiling assent.

My Lord and Lady both expressed themselves overjoy'd.

This Canterbury ran in my head. It was brought in naturally enough; and Mrs. Reeves wonder'd, that Sir Charles kept secret the motive of his journeying thither backward and forward. The godlike man, said Mr. Reeves, in the words of a great poet, has nothing to conceal. For my part, replied my Lord, I conclude the motive is rather a painful than a pleasurable one. Charlotte accuses her brother of reserves. I never found him reserved: But he loves to play with her curiosity, and amuse her: For she is very curious, yet has her secret. — Has she not, Lady L.?

Indeed she has, replied my Lady — Perhaps you, my dear, will be intrusted with it, when you are at Colnebrooke together.

Pray, madam, said I to Lady L. may I ask? — Does Sir Charles give Lord G. his interest in his addresses to Miss Grandison?

Lady L. My brother wishes Charlotte married. He is a great friend to the married state; especially with regard to our sex.

Mr. Reeves could not miss this opportunity. It is a wonder, said he, that Sir Charles himself does not think of marriage?

Lady L. That is a string that we but just touch sometimes, and away. There is a Lady —

There she stopt. Had she looked with earnestness at me, I had been undone, I believe.

[☞ Let me ask you, Lucy: You have passed the fiery ordeal — Did you ever find in yourself a kind of impatience, next to petulance; and in your heart (only for fear of exposing yourself) that you were ready to quarrel, or to be short with any-body that came upon you of a sudden; yet have no business of consequence to engage either your fingers or your thoughts? — Of late, my dear, I have been very often troubled with this odd sensation. But my whole temper is altering, I believe. I shall grow peevish, perverse, and gloomy, I doubt. O this wicked Sir Hargrave!☜]

Pray, my dear, attend for the future to those indexes or hands; and forbear to read out the passages inclosed by them, if you can — But if you come upon them before you are aware, why then read on — with all my heart.

But to return to Lady L.'s alarming hint —

"There is a Lady"

—

Mrs. Reeves. That Sir Charles loves, I suppose?

Lady L. That loves Sir Charles; and she has — But for the Lady's sake — Yet if it be allowable for any woman to be in love with any man, upon an uncertainty of return, it is for one that is in love with my brother.

Harriet. And cannot Sir Charles make a return? — Poor Lady!

My cousin afterwards told me, that my upper-lip then quiver'd like an aspen leaf. I did not know that it did. I felt not a trembling at my heart; and when the lip trembles, the heart, I think, should be affected. There used to be a close connexion between mine.

Mr. Reeves. Miss Grandison told me, that, if her brother married, half a score women would break their hearts.

Lady L. The words half a score run as glibly off the tongue as half a dozen: But I believe, let the envious, the censorious, malign our sex, and charge us with the love of rakes and libertines, as they will, if all men were like my brother, there

would not be a single woman, and hardly a bad one, in the kingdom. What say you, my Lord?

Lord L. My dear life, you know I am all attention, whenever you, or my sister Charlotte, make our brother the subject of your panegyric. If Miss Byron, you do not choose to hear so much said of this best of men, you will, I doubt, have an ill time of it in the favour you will do us at Colnebrooke.

Harriet. My Lord, I should be very ungrateful, if I did not hear with pleasure every-thing that shall be said in praise of Sir Charles Grandison.

Lord L. When I am out of conceit with men, as too often they give me cause to be, I think of my brother, and forgive them.

I wonder, Lucy, what every-body means by praising Sir Charles Grandison so much in my hearing — Shall I fly from town, to avoid hearing his praises? — Yes, say you? — But whither? It must not be to Selbyhouse. Well then, I may as well go to Colnebrooke. I shall there be informed of the reasons for all those general applauses; for hitherto I know nothing of his history, to what they tell me I am to know.

These general praises carried us away from a subject that I thought we should once have made more of — That one Lady — And I wanted to know, but had no opportunity to inform myself, whether that Lady's relations, or herself, live at Canterbury. On Monday, it seems, Sir Charles sets out for that Canterbury!

Our noble guests would not stay supper. They had not been gone two hours before I had an humourous letter from Miss Grandison. I inclose it.

Sat. night, 10 o'clock.

LORD and Lady L. rejoice me, by telling me, you will accompany them to Colnebrooke on Monday. — That's my good girl! — I will go with them for the sake of your company. Yet I had half-denied them: And why? Because, if you must know — But hush — and catch a mouse — Because a certain Impertinent proposes a visit there; and I had thoughts to take the opportunity of being alone in town to rid my hands for ever, if possible, of another silly fellow, of whom, for one month, a great while ago, I thought tolerably.

You and I Harriet, will open to each other all our hearts. There is one chamber that has two beds in it. We will have that. Our dressing-room shall be common to both. Lady L. is a morning-killer: She always loved her bed: So we shall have charming opportunities for tête à tête conversation.

I will drink tea with you to-morrow — No, but I won't: You and your cousins shall drink tea with us — Do you hear? I won't be denied. And then we'll settle how it shall be. I'll tell you what, my dear — If, on my brother's return from Canterbury, he comes to us at Colnebrooke, we will call him to account for all his reserves. Here is this affair of Pollexfen's: How might it have ended! I tremble to

think of it — You'll stand by me: Won't you? I cannot make Lord and Lady L. of my party, or I would have rebelled before now — But you and I, my dear, I warrant you — Yet you are so grave. Were you always such a grave, such a wise, such a very wise girl, Harriet? Was your grandfather a very sententious man? Was his name Solomon Shirley?

I love wisdom as well as any-body: But wisdom, out of its place, is a prude, my dear. How I ramble! — You'll come to-morrow — I designed but two lines. Adieu. Believe me

Ever Yours, C. G.

I hope, Lucy, I was not wrong in so readily consenting to go to Colnebrooke. My own inclination, indeed, was in my compliance; and I begin to mistrust myself, where-ever that strongly leads. Yet why should I undervalue myself? I know my heart to be good. In that I will not yield to any-body. I have no littleness in my mind: Naturally I have not. Guard me, O my friends! by your prayers, that no littleness, that is not natural to my heart, may depreciate it, and make me unworthy of the love you have ever shewn to

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Sunday, Mar. 5.

MY cousins will have it, that I am far gone in a certain passion [They speak quite out]; and with a man that has given no encouragement — Encouragement! how meanly sounds that word! But I hope they are mistaken. I cannot say, but one may prefer, if one were to have one's choice — one man to another — But that is a different thing from being run away with by so vehement a folly as they are ready to ascribe to me.

Well, but, under this notion, they are solicitous that I should not neglect any opportunity [What a poor creature do they think me!] of ingratiating myself with the sisters: And therefore I must, by all means, accept of Miss Grandison's invitation to tea.

I insisted, however, that they should accompany me, as they likewise were invited: And they obliged me — I may say themselves too; for they admire the brother and sisters as much as I do.

We found together Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, Miss Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, and Mr. Grandison. Sir Charles was in his drawing-room, adjoining to the study; a lady with him, they said. What business had I to wish to know whether it was an elderly or a young lady? But I must tell you all my follies. When we alighted, a very genteel chair made way for our coach.

Mr. Grandison made up to me; and, as heretofore, said very silly things, but with an air, as if he were accustomed to say such, and to have them received as gallant things, by those to whom he addressed them. How painful is it to a mind not quite at ease, to be obliged to be civil, when the ear is invaded by contemptible speeches, from a man who must think as highly of himself for uttering them, as meanly of the understanding of the person he is speaking to!

Miss Grandison saw me a little uneasy, and came up to us. Mr. Grandison, said she, I thought you had known Miss Byron's character by this time. She is something more than a pretty woman. She has a soul, Sir: The man who makes a compliment to her on her beauty, depreciates her understanding.

She then led me to her seat, and sat down next me.

Mr. Grandison was in the midst of a fine speech, and was not well pleased. He sat down, threw one leg over the knee of the other, hemm'd three or four times, took out his snuff-box, tapped it, let the snuff drop thro' his singers, then broke

the lumps, then shut it, and twirled it round with the fore-finger of his right-hand, as he held it between the thumb and forefinger of the other; and was quite like a sullen boy: Yet, after a while, tried to recover himself, by forcing a laugh at a slight thing or two said in company, that was not intended to raise one.

I think, my dear, I could have allowed a little more for him, had not his name been Grandison.

We soon adjusted every-thing for the little journey. Mr. Grandison told Miss Grandison, that if she would make him amends for her treatment of him just now, she should put Lord L. upon inviting him. Lord and Lady L. joined to do so. But Miss Grandison would not admit of his going; and I was glad of it.

But, not to affront you, cousin, said she, Miss Byron and I want to have a good deal of particular conversation: So shall not be able to spare you an hour of our company at Colnebrooke. But one thing, Sir: My brother sets out for Canterbury to-morrow: Tell him, that we won't be troubled with your company: Ask him, if he will?

Not in those words neither, cousin Charlotte: But I will offer my attendance; and if he accepts of it, I shall be half as happy as if I went to Colnebrooke; and only half, bowing to me.

Why, now, you are a good docible kind of man! I want to hear what will be my brother's answer: For we know not one syllable, nor can guess at his business at Canterbury.

The tea-equipage being brought in, we heard Sir Charles's voice, complimenting a lady to her chair; and who pleaded engagement for declining to drink tea with his sister. And then he enter'd the parlour to us. He addressed my cousins, who were next him, with his usual politeness. He then came to me: How does my good Miss Byron? Not discomposed, I hope by your yesterday's visitors. They are all of them in love with you. But you must have been pained — I was pained for you, when I heard they had visited you. But extraordinary merit has some forfeitures to pay.

I am sure then, thought I, you must have a great many. Every-time I see him, I think he rises upon me in the gracefulness of his behaviour.

I have one agreeable piece of news to tell you, madam. Sir Hargrave will go abroad for a twelvemonth. He says, he cannot be in the same kingdom with you, and not see you. He hopes therefore to lessen the torment, by flying from the temptation. Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Merceda will go with him.

Then whispering me, he said, from an hint in the letter of the penitent Wilson, that Mr. Bagenhall's circumstances are not happy, and that he is too much in the power of Sir Hargrave; I have prevailed on the latter, in consideration of the other's accompanying him abroad, to make him easy. And, would you believe it?

and can you forgive me? — I have brought Sir Hargrave to give Wilson the promised 100 l. To induce him to do this, Merceda (influenced by the arguments I urged, founded on the unhappy fellow's confessions in that letter) offer'd 50 l. more for his past services to himself: And both, as a proof of the sincerity of their promised reformation. Wilson shall not have the money, but upon his marrying the girl to whom he is contracted: And on my return from a little excursion I am making to Canterbury, I shall put all in a train. And now, let me ask you, once more, can you forgive me for rewarding, as you may think it, a base servant?

O Sir! how can I answer you? — You told me at Colnebrooke, that we were to endeavour to bring good out of the evil from which you had deliver'd me. This indeed is making your words true in a very extensive sense: To make your enemies your friends; to put wicked men into a way of reformation; and to make it a bad man's interest to be good — Forgive you, Sir! — From what I remember of that poor wretch's letter, I was obliged to him myself: Tho' vile, he was less vile than he might have been. The young woman behaved with tenderness to me at Paddington: Let me therefore add 50 l, to Mr. Merceda's 50 l. as an earnest that I can follow a noble example.

You charm me, madam, said he. I am not disappointed in my opinion of you — The fellow, if he give hope of real penitence, shall not want the fourth 50 l. — It would be too good in you, so great a sufferer as you were by his wickedness, to give it: But it will become a man to do it, who has not been injured by him, and who was the occasion of his losing the favour of his employer; and the rather, as he was an adviser to his fellow-agents to fly, and not to fire at my servants, who might have suffer'd from a sturdier villain. He has promised repentance and reformation: This small sum will give me a kind of right to enforce the performance. — But no more of this just now.

Miss Jervois just then looking as if she would be glad to speak with her guardian, he arose, and taking her hand, led her to the window. She was in a supplicating attitude, as if asking a favour. He seemed to be all kindness and affection to her. — Happy girl! — Miss Grandison, who had heard enough of what he said of Wilson, to be affected, whisper'd me, Did I not tell you, Harriet, that my brother was continually employed in doing good? He has invention, forecast, and contrivance: But you see how those qualities are all employed.

O Miss Grandison! said I, I am such a nothing! — I cannot, as Sir Hargrave says, bear my own littleness.

Be quiet, said she — You are an exceeding good girl! But you have a monstrous deal of pride. Early I saw that. You are not half so good as the famous Greek, who losing an election for which he stood, to be one of 300 only, thank'd the gods, that there were in Athens (I think it was) 300 better men than himself.

Will you not have honour enough, if it can be said, that next to Sir Charles Grandison, you are the best creature in the world?

Sir Charles led his ward to a seat, and sat down by us.

Cousin Charlotte, said Mr. Grandison, you remember your treatment of me, for addressing Miss Byron in an open, and I thought, a very polite manner: Pray where's your impartiality? Sir Charles has been shut up in his study with a Lady who would not be seen by any-body else — But Sir Charles may do anything.

I am afraid it is too late, cousin, said Miss Grandison: Else it would be worth your while to try for a reputation.

Has Charlotte, Mr. Grandison, said Sir Charles, used you ill? Ladies will do as they please with you gallant men. They look upon you as their own; and you wish them to do so. You must bear the inconvenience for the sake of the convenience.

Well, but, Sir Charles, I am refused to be of the Colnebrooke party — Absolutely refused. Will you accept of my company? Shall I attend you to Canterbury?

Are you in earnest, cousin Grandison? Will you oblige me with your company?

With all my heart and soul, Sir Charles.

With all mine, I accept your kind offer.

This agreeably surprised his sisters as well as me: But why then so secret, so reserved, to them?

Mr. Grandison immediately went out to give orders to his servant for the journey.

A good-natur'd man! said Sir Charles. — Charlotte, you are sometimes too quick upon him — Are you not?

Too quick upon him! — No, no! I have hopes of him; for he can be asham'd: That was not always the case with him. Between your gentleness and my quickness, we shall make something of him in time.

Mr. Grandison immediately return'd; and we lost something that Sir Charles was going to reply. But, by some words he dropt, the purport was to blame his sister for not sparing Mr. Grandison before company.

I imagine, Sir Charles, that if you take Mr. Grandison with you, one may venture to ask a question, Whether you go to any family at Canterbury, that we have heard of? — It is to do good, I am sure.

Your eyes have ask'd me that question several times, Charlotte. I aim not at making secrets of any thing I do. I need not on this occasion. Yet you, Charlotte, have your secrets.

He look'd grave.

Have I my secrets, Sir Charles? — Pray what do you mean?

She colour'd, and seem'd sensibly touch'd.

Too much emotion, Charlotte, is a kind of confession. Take care. Then turning it off with a smile — See, Mr. Grandison, I am revenging your cause. Alarming spirits love not to be alarmed.

So, Harriet! whispering to me, I am silenced. Had I told you all my heart, I should half have suspected you. How he has flutter'd me! — Lady L. this is owing to you, whispering her behind my chair.

I know nothing, therefore could tell nothing. Conscience, conscience! Charlotte, re-whisper'd Lady L.

She sat still, and was silent for a little while; Lord and Lady L. smiling, and seeming to enjoy her agreeable confusion. At last — But, Sir Charles, you always had secrets. You got out of me two or three of mine without exchange. — You —

Don't be uneasy, my Charlotte. I expected a prompt, not a deliberate reply. My life is a various life. Some things I had better not have known myself. See, Charlotte, if you are serious, you will make me so. I have not any motives of action, I hope, that are either capricious or conceited [Surely, Lucy, he cannot have seen what I wrote to you about his reserves! I thought he look'd at me] — Only this one hint my sister: Whenever you condescend to consult me, let me have every-thing before me, that shall be necessary to enable me to form a judgment — But why so grave, Charlotte? Impute all I have said, as a revenge of Mr. Grandison's cause, in gratitude for his obliging offer of accompanying me to Canterbury.

Cannot you reward him, Sir Charles but by punishing me?

A good question, Charlotte. But do you take what I have said in that light?

I have done for the present, Sir: But I hope, when you return, we shall come to an eclaircissement.

Needs it one? — Will not better and more interesting subjects have taken place by that time? — And he look'd at her with an eye of particular meaning.

Now is he beginning to wind about me, whisper'd she to me, as I told you at Colnebrooke. Were he and I alone, he'd have me before I knew where I was. Had he been a wicked man, he would have been a very wicked one.

She was visibly uneasy; but was afraid to say any more on the subject.

Lady L. whisper'd — Ah! Charlotte, you are taken in your own toils. You had better let me into your secret. I would bring you off, if I could.

Be quiet, Lady L.

We then talk'd of the time in the morning of our setting out for Colnebrooke. I thought I read Miss Emily's mind in her eyes — Shall we not have the pleasure of Miss Jervois's company? said I.

She bowed to me, and smiled.

The very thing that Emily was petitioning to me for, said Sir Charles: And I wish'd, ladies, to have the motion come from one of you.

Emily shall go with us, I think, said Miss Grandison.

Thank you, madam, said she: I will take care not to break in upon you impertinently.

What! dost thou too think we have secrets, child?

Consent with your usual grace, Charlotte: Are you not too easily affected? Sir Charles spoke this smiling. Every thing you say, Sir Charles, affects me.

I ought then to be very careful of what I say. If I have given my sister pain, I beg her to forgive me.

I am afraid to go on, whisper'd she to me. Were he and I only together, my heart would be in his hand in a moment.

I have only this to observe, Miss Grandison, whisper'd I — When you are too hard upon me, I know to whom to apply for revenge.

Such another word, Harriet, and I'll blow you up!

What could she mean by that? — Blow me up! I have lock'd up my aunts last lettets, where so much is said about entangling, and Inclination, and so-forth. When any-thing occurs, that we care not to own, I see by Miss Grandison, that it is easy for the slightest hint to alarm us.

But Sir Charles to say so seriously as he did,

"That his life was a various life;" and that "he had better not have known some things himself;"

affects me not a litte. What can a man of his prudence have had to disturb him? But my favourite author says,

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene,
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day;
But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth —
[Night-thoughts.

But so young a man! so prudent! as I said; and so generally beloved! But that he is so, may be the occasion. — Some lady, I doubt! — What sad people are we women at this rate! Yet some women may have the worst of it. What are your thoughts on all these appearances, Lucy?

Miss Grandison, as I said, is uneasy. These are the words that disturb her:

"Only this one hint, my sister: Whenever you condescend to consult me, let me have every-thing before me, that shall be necessary to enable me to form a

judgment.”

– And so they would me in her case.

But it seems plain from Sir Charles’s hint, that he keeps to himself (as Miss Grandison once indeed said in his favour) those intelligences which would disturb her, and his other friends, to know. The secret which he would have made of the wicked challenge; his self-invited breakfasting with Sir Hargrave; are proofs among others, of this: And if this be his considerate motive, what a forward, what a censorious creature have I been, on so many occasions, to blame him for his reserves, and particularly for his Canterbury excursions! I think I will be cautious for the future, how I take upon me to censure those actions, which in such a man I cannot account for.

Miss Grandison, on her brother’s withdrawing with Dr. Bartlett, said, Well, now that my cousin Grandison will accompany my brother to Canterbury, we shall have that secret out in course.

Lady L. It seems to be your fault, Charlotte, that we have not had it before.

Miss Gr. Be quiet, Lady L.

Mr. Gr. Perhaps not. You’ll find I can keep a secret, cousin; especially if I am desired to do so.

Miss Gr. I shall wonder at that.

Mr. Gr. Why so?

Miss Gr. Shall I give it you in plain english?

Mr. Gr. You don’t use to mince it.

Miss Gr. It would be strange, cousin, if a man should make a secret of an innocent piece of intelligence, who has told stories of himself and gloried in them, that he ought, if true, to have been hanged for. — You would have it.

Mr. Gr. I knew I must have the plain english, whether I ask’d for it or not. But give me leave to say, cousin Charlotte, that you made not so superior a figure just now.

Miss Gr. True, Mr. Grandison. There is but one man in the world, of whom I stand in awe.

Mr. Gr. I believe it; and hope you never design to marry, for that reason.

Miss Gr. What a wretch is my cousin! Must a woman stand in awe of her husband? Whether, Sir, is marriage a state of servitude or of freedom to a woman?

Mr. Gr. Of freedom, as women generally make it — Of servitude, if they know their duty. — Pardon me, Ladies.

Miss Gr. Don’t pardon him. I suppose, Sir, it is owing to your consciousness, that you have only the will, and not the spirit, to awe a woman of sense, that you are a single man at this day.

Lady L. Pray, my Lord, what have I done, that you treat me with so much contempt?

Lord L. Contempt! my best life! — How is that?

Lady L. You seem not to think it worth your while to over-awe me.

Miss Gr. Lord, my dear! how you are mistaken in applying thus to Lord L.! Lord L. is a good man, a virtuous man: None but rakes hold these over-awing doctrines. They know what they deserve; and live in continal fear of meeting with their deserts; and so, if they marry, having the hearts of slaves, they become tyrants. Miss Byron —

Mr. Gr. The devil's in it if you two Ladies want help. I fly the pit.

Lord L. And I think, Mr. Grandison, you have fought a hard battle.

Mr. Gr. By my soul, I think so too. I have held it out better than I used to do.

Miss Gr. I protest I think you have. We shall brighten you up among us. I am mistaken if there were not two or three smart things said by my cousin. Pray, did any-body mind them? I should be glad to hear them again. Do you recollect them yourself, cousin?

Mr. Gr. You want to draw me on again, cousin Charlotte. But the d — l fetch me, if you do. I'll leave off while I am well.

Miss Gr. Would you have thought it, Lady L.! My cousin has discretion as well as smartness. I congratulate you, Sir: A new discovery! — But hush! 'Tis time for both to have done.

Sir Charles enter'd. Mr. Grandison a sufferer again? said he.

Mr. Gr. No, no! Pretty well off this bout! — Miss Byron, I have had the better end of the staff, I believe.

Harriet. I can't say that, Sir. But you got off, I believe, in very good time.

Mr. Gr. And that's a victory, to what it used to be, I can assure you. Nobody ever could awe Miss Grandison.

Miss Gr. Coward! — You would now begin again, would you? — Sir Charles loves to take me down.

Mr. Gr. Never, madam, but when you are up: And laugh'd heartily.

Miss Gr. Witty too! — A man of repartee! A verbal wit! And that's half as good as a punster, at any time.

Sir Ch. Fight it out, cousin Grandison. You can laugh on, tho' the laugh of every other person should be against you.

Mr. Gr. And thou, Brutus? — It is time to have done.

As I think these conversations characteristic, I hope the recital of them will be excused. Yet I am sensible, those things that go off well in conversation, do not always read to equal advantage.

They would fain have engaged us to stay to supper: But we excused ourselves. I promised to breakfast with them.

I chose not to take my maid with me. Jenny is to be made over to me occasionally, for the time of my stay. Dr. Bartlett had desired to be excused. So our party is only the two Sisters, Lord L. Miss Jervois, and I.

Sir Charles and Mr. Grandison are to set out for their journey early in the morning.

Adieu, my Lucy. It is late: And sleepiness promises to befriend

Your HARRIET.

LETTER VIII.

MRS. SELBY, TO MISS BYRON.

Selby-house,Sunday Mar. 5.

My dearest Child,

WE are all extremely affected with your present situation. Such apparent struggles betwixt your natural openness of heart, and the confessions of a young, of a new passion, and that so laudably founded, and so visibly increasing — O my Love, you must not affect reserves. They will sit very aukwardly upon a young woman, who never knew what affectation and concealment were.

You have laid me under a difficulty with respect to Lady D. She is to be with me on Saturday next. I I have not written to her, tho' you desired I would; since, in truth, we all think, that her proposals deserve consideration; and because we are afraid, that a greater happiness will never be yours and ours. It is impossible, my dear, to imagine, that such a man as Sir Charles Grandison should not have seen the woman whom he could love, before he saw you; or whom he had not been engaged to love by his gratitude, as I may call it, for her Love. Has not his sister talk'd of half a score Ladies, who would break their hearts for him, were he to marry? — And may not this be the reason why he does not?

You see what an amiable openness of heart there is in the countess of D. You see, that your own frankness is a particular recommendation of you to her. I had told her, that you were disengaged in your affections: By your own disclaiming to her the proposed relation, you have given reason to so wise a Lady to think it otherwise; or that you are not so much above affectation, as she had hoped you were. And tho' we were grieved to read how much you were pushed by Miss Grandison , yet Lady D. will undoubtedly make the same observations and inferences, that Miss Grandison did. And what would you have me do? since you cannot give a stronger instance of your affections being engaged, than by declining such a proposal as Lady D. made, before you have conversed with, or even seen Lord D. And it becomes not your character nor mine, either to equivocate, or to say the thing that is not.

Lady L. you think (and indeed so it appears) hinted to Lady D. that Sir Charles stands not in the way of Lord D.'s application. I see not therefore, that there can be any room to hope from that quarter. Nor will your fortune, I doubt, be thought considerable enough. And as Sir Charles is not engaged by affection, and is generous and munificent, there is hardly room to imagine, but that, in prudence,

fortune will have some weight with him. At least, on our side, that ought to be supposed, and to make a part of our first proposals, were a treaty to be begun.

Your grandmamma will write to you with her own hand. I refer myself wholly to her. Her wisdom, and her tenderness for you, we all know. She and I have talked of every-thing. Your uncle will not railly you, as he has done. We still continue resolved not to prescribe to your inclinations. We are afraid therefore of advising you as to this new proposal. But your grandmamma is very much pleased that I have not written as you would have had me, a letter of absolute refusal to the countess.

Your uncle has been enquiring into the state of Sir Charles Grandison's affairs. We have heard so many good things of him, that I have desired Mr. Selby to make no further enquiries, unless we could have some hopes of calling him ours. But do you, my dear, nevertheless, omit nothing that comes to your knowledge, that may let us know in him what a good man is, and should be.

His magnanimity in refusing to engage in a duel, yet acquitting himself so honourably, as to leave no doubt about his courage, is an example, of itself, of a more than human rectitude of thinking and acting. How would your grandfather have cherished such a young man! We every one of us admire and revere him at the same time; and congratulate you, my dear, and his sisters, on the happy issue of the affair between him and that vile Sir Hargrave.

You will let me know your mind as to the affair of Lord D.; and that by the next post: Be not rash. Be not hasty I am afraid I push'd your delicacy too much in my former. Your uncle says, that you are at times not so frank in directly owning your passion, as from your natural openess of heart he expected you would be, when a worthy object had attracted you: And he triumphs over us, in the imagination, that he has at last detected you of affectation in some little degree. We all see, and own, your struggle between virgin-modesty and openess of heart, as apparent in many passages of your letters; and we lay part of your reserve to the apprehensions you must have of his raillery: But after you have declared,

"That you had rather converse but one hour in a week with Sir Charles Grandison"

(and his sister you put in: And sisters are good convenient people sometimes to a bashful or beginning lover, of our sex)

"than be the wife of any man you have ever seen or known; and that, mean as the word pity sounds, you would rather have his pity than the love of any other man;"

– Upon my word, my dear, you need not be backward to speak quite out. Excuse me, my child.

I have just now read the inclosed. Had I known your grandmamma could have written so long a letter, I might have spared much of mine. Hers is worthy of her. We all subscribe to it; but yet will be determined by your next, as to the steps to be taken in relation to the proposal of Lady D. But if you love, be not ashamed to own it to us. The man is Sir Charles Grandison.

With all our blessings and prayers for you, I bid you, my dear Love, Adieu.

MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER IX.

MRS. SHIRLEY, TO MISS BYRON.

Sunday, March 5.

DON'T be afraid, don't be ashamed, my dearest Life, to open your whole heart to your aunt Selby and me. You know how we all dote upon you. It is no disgrace for a young woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion. You have shewn, I am sure, if ever young creature did shew, that you are no giddy, no indiscreet person. Not Greville, with all his gaiety; not Fenwick, with all his adulation; not the more respectable Orme, with all his obsequiousness; nor yet the imploring Fowler; nor the terrifying, the shocking Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; have seen the least shadow of vanity or weakness in you. How happily have you steer'd thro' difficulties, in which the love of being admired often involves meaner minds! And how have you, with mingled dignity and courteousness, entitled yourself to the esteem, and even veneration, of those whom you refused! And why refused! Not from pride, but principle; and because you could not love any one of them, as you thought you ought to love the man to whom you gave your hand.

And at last, when the man appeared to you, who was worthy of your love; who had so powerfully protected you from the lawless attempt of a fierce and cruel pretender; a man who proved to be the best of brothers, friends, landlords, masters, and the bravest and best of men; is it to be wonder'd at, that an heart, which never before was won, should discover sensibility, and acknowledge its fellow-heart? — What reason then can you have for shame? And why seeks my Harriet to draw a curtain between herself and her sympathizing friends? You see, my dear, that we are above speaking slightly, because of our uncertainty, of a man that all the world praises. Nor are you, child, so weak as to be treated with such poor policy.

You were not educated, my dear, in artifice. Disguises never sat so ill upon any woman, as they do, in most of your late letters, upon you. Every child in love-matters would find you out. But be it your glory, whether our wishes are, or are not answered, that your affection is laudable; that the object of it is not a man mean in understanding, profligate in morals, nor sordid in degree; but such an one as all we your friends are as much in love with as you can be. Only, my dear Love, my Harriet, the support of my life, and comfort of my evil days, endeavour, for my sake, and for the sake of us all, to restrain so far your laudable inclination, as that, if it be not your happy lot to give us, as well as yourself, so desirable a

blessing, you may not suffer in your health (an health so precious to me) and put yourself on a soot with vulgar girls run away with by their headstrong passions. The more desirable the object, the nobler the conquest of your passion, if it is to be overcome. Nevertheless, speak out, my dear, your whole heart to us, in order to intitle yourself to our best advice: And as to your uncle Selby, don't let his raillery pain you: He diverts us as well as himself by it: He gains nothing over us in the arguments he affects to hold with us: And you must know, that his whole honest heart is wrapt up in his and our Harriet. Worthy man! He would not, any more than I, be able to support his spirits, were any misfortune to befal his niece.

Your aunt Selby has just now shewn me her letter to you. She repeats in it, as a very strong expression in yours,

"That you had rather converse wish this excellent man but one hour in a week, than be the wife of any man you have ever seen or known."

It is a strong expression; but, to me, is an expression greatly to your honour; since it shews, that the mind, and not the person, is the principal object of your love.

I knew that, if ever you did love, it would be a love of the purest kind. As therefore it has not so much person in it, as most loves; suffer it not to triumph over your reason; nor, because you cannot have the man you could prefer, resolve against having any other. Have I not taught you, that marriage is a duty, whenever it can be enter'd into with prudence? What a mean, what a selfish mind must that person have, whether man or woman, who can resolve against entering into the state, because it has its cares, its fatigues, its inconveniencies! Try Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, by this rule. If he forbears to marry on such narrow motives, this must be one of his great imperfections. Nor be afraid to try. No man is absolutely perfect.

But Sir Charles may have engagements, from which he cannot free himself. My Harriet, I hope, will not give way to a passion, which is not likely to be returned, if she find that to be the case. You hope, you prettily said in one of your letters,

"that you shall not be undone by a good man."

After such an escape as you had from Sir Hargrave, I have no fear from a bad one: But, my child, if you are undone by a good one, it must be by your own fault, while neither he nor his sisters give you encouragement.

I know, my dear, how these suppositions will hurt your delicacy: But then you must doubly guard yourself; for the reality will be worse wounding to that delicacy, than the supposition ought to be. If there be but one man in the world that can undo you, will you not guard against him?

I long to fold my dearest Harriet to my fond heart: But yet, this that follows, is the advice I give, as to the situation you are now in: Lose no opportunity of cultivating the friendship of his amiable sisters [By the way, if Miss Grandison guesses at your mind, she is not so generous in her raillery as is consistent with the rest of her amiable character]. Never deny them your company, when they request it. Miss Grandison has promised you the history of their family. Exact the performance of that promise from her. You will thus come at further lights, by which you may be guided in your future steps. — In particular, you will find out, whether the sisters espouse the interest of any other woman: tho' Sir Charles's reservedness, even to them, may not let them know the secrets of his heart in this particular. And if they do not espouse any other person's interest, why may they not be made your friends, my dear? — As to fortune, could we have any hint what would be expected, we would do every thing in our power to make that matter easy; and must be content with moderate settlements in your favour.

But as I approve of your aunt's having forborn to write, as you would have had her, to Lady D. What shall we do in that affair? It will be ask'd.

What? Why thus: Lady D. has made it a point, that you are disengaged in your affections: Your aunt has signified to her that your are: You have given that Lady an hint, which, you say, overclouded her brow. She will be here on Saturday next. Then will she, no doubt, expect the openest dealing. — And she ought to have it. Her own frankness demands it; and the character we have hitherto supported, and I hope always shall support, requires it. I would therefore let Lady D. know the whole of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's attempt [You, my dear, was so laudably frank as to hint it to her] and of the generous protection given you by Sir Charles Grandison. Truth never leaves room for self-reproach. Let your aunt Selby then own, that you had written to her; declining, with the most respectful gratitude, the honour intended you: Which she could no otherwise account for, than by supposing, and indeed believing, that you would prefer Sir Charles Grandison, from motives of gratitude, to any other man: But that you knew nothing of his engagements; nor had reason to look upon any part of his behaviour to you, but as the effect of his general politeness; nor that his sisters meant more by calling you sister, than their brother's sister, as well as theirs.

All this shall be mentioned to Lady D. in strict confidence. Then will Lady D. know the whole truth. She will be enabled, as she ought, to judge for herself. You will not appear in her eye as guilty of affectation. We shall all act in character. If Lady L. and Miss Grandison did (as you suppose) acquaint Lady D. that you were not addressed by their brother, they will be found to have said the truth; and you know, my dear, that we should be as ready to do justice to others veracity, as to our own. She will see, that your regard for Sir Charles (if a regard you have, that

may be an obstacle to her views) is owing to a laudable gratitude for his protection given to a young woman, whose heart was before absolutely disengaged.

And what will be the consequence? — Why, either that her Ladyship will think no more of the matter; and then you will be just where you were; or, that she will interest herself in finding out Sir Charles's engagements: And as you have communicated to Lady L. and Miss Grandison the letters that have passed between Lady D. and your aunt, together with the contents of yours, so far as relates to the proposal; and as Lady D. is acquainted with those two ladies; she will probably inform herself of their sentiments in relation to the one affair and the other; and the matter on every side, by this means, will sooner come to a decision, than probably it can any other way.

I don't know whether I express myself clearly. I am not what I was: But, blessed be God, that I am what I am! I did not think, that, in so little a time, I could have written so much as I have. But my dear Harriet is my subject; and her happiness is, and has ever been, my only care, since I lost the husband of my youth, the dear man who divided with me that, and all my cares; who had a love for you equal to my own; and who, I think, would have given just such advice. What would Mr. Shirley have thought? How would he, in the like case, have acted? are the questions I always ask myself, before I give my opinion in any material cases, especially in those which relate to you.

And here let me commend a sentiment of yours, that is worthy of your dear grandfather's pupil:

"I should despise myself," say you, "were I capable of keeping one man in suspense, while I was balancing in favour of another."

Good young creature, hold fast your principles, whatever befalls you. Look upon this world as you have been taught to look upon it. I have lived to a great age: Yet to look backward to the time of my youth, when I was not a stranger to the hopes and fears that now agitate you, what a short space does it seem to be! Nothing with-holds my wishes to be released, but my desire of seeing the darling of my heart, my sweet orphan-girl, happy in a worthy man's protection. O that it could be in — But shall we, my dear, prescribe to Providence? How know we what that has designed for Sir Charles Grandison? His welfare is the concern of hundreds, perhaps. He, compared to us, is as the public to the private. I hope we are good people: Comparatively, I am sure, we are good. That, however, is not the way by which we shall be judged hereafter. But yet, to him, we are but as that private.

Don't think, however, my best Love, that I have lived too long to be sensible of what most affects you. Of your pleasures, your pains, I can and do partake.

Your late harassings, so tender, so lovely a blossom, cost me many a pang; and still my eyes bear witness to my sensibility, as the cruel scenes are at times read to me again, or as I recall them to memory. But all I mean is, to arm you against feeling too sensibly, when it is known, the event which is now hidden in the bosom of Providence, should it, as is but too likely, prove unfavourable.

You have a great deal of writing upon your hands. We cannot dispense with any of that. But if you write to your aunt Selby (as the time till next Saturday is short) that will be writing to us both.

God preserve, direct, and bless, my sweet orphanchild! — This is the hourly prayer of

Your ever-affectionate Grandmother, HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

LETTER X.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MRS. SELBY.

Colnebrooke,Tuesday, March 7.

I HAVE the favour of yours, and of my dear grandmamma's, just brought me. The contents are so affecting, that, tho' in full assembly, as I may say, in this delightful family, I begged to be permitted to withdraw, to write to them. Miss Grandison saw my confusion, my puzzle, what shall I call it? To be charged so home, my dear aunt! — Such apparent struggles — And were they, madam, so very apparent? — A young, a new passion! — And so visibly increasing! — Pray, madam, if it be so, it is not at its height — And is it not, while but in its progress, conquerable? — But have I been guilty of affectation? of reserves? — If I have, my uncle has been very merciful to the aukward girl.

And you think it impossible, madam, but he has seen women whom he could love, before he saw me? Very likely! But was it kind to turn the word gratitude upon me in such a manner?

I do see what an amiable openness of heart there is in Lady D. I admire her for it, and for her other matronly qualities. What can you do, madam? What can I do? That is the question, called upon as I am, by my grandmamma, as well as by you, to speak still plainer, plain as in your opinion I had spoken, and indeed in my own, now I read the free sentence, drawn out and separated from the rest of the letter. My grandmamma forgives, and even praises me, for this sentence. She encourages me to speak still plainer. It is no disgrace, she says, for a woman of virtue to be in Love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion, she tells me: Yet cautions me against suffering it to triumph over my reason; in short, not to love till there shall be a certainty of return. — And so I can love as I will, when I will, nay, whom I will; for if he won't have me, I am desired not to resolve against marrying some other; Lord D. for example, if he will be so good as to have me!

Well, but upon a full examination of my heart, how do I find it, now I am called upon by my two most venerable friends, to undraw the curtain, and to put off the disguises, through which every child in lovematters finds me out? Shall I speak my whole heart? — To such sympathizing friends surely I ought. Well, then, I own to you, my honour'd grandmamma and aunt, that I cannot think of encouraging any other address. Yet have I no hope. I look upon myself as presumptuous: Upon him as too excellent, and too considerable; for he has a great estate, and still greater expectations: And as to personal and intellectual merit,

what woman can deserve him? — Even in the article of fortune only, you think that, in prudence, a man so munificent should look higher.

Be pleased therefore, madam, in conformity to my grandmamma's advice, to tell Lady D. from me,

'That I think her laudable openness deserves like openness: That your Harriet was disengaged in her affections, absolutely disengaged, when you told her that she was: Tell her what afterwards happened: Tell her how my gratitude engaged me: That, at first, it was no more; but that now being called upon, on this occasion, I have owned my gratitude exalted'

(It may not, I hope, be said, debased, the object so worthy) 'into — Love' — Yes, say Love — since I act too aukwardly in the disguises I have assumed,

'That, therefore, I can no more in justice, than by inclination, think of any other man: And own to her, that her Ladyship has, however, engaged my respectful Love, even to reverence, by her goodness to me in the visit she honour'd me with; and that, for her sake, I could have given ear to this proposal, preferably to any other that had yet been made me, had I seen nothing objectable in Lord D. upon an interview, and further acquaintance.'

And yet I own to you, my venerable friends, that I always think of Mr. Orme with grateful pity, for his humble, for his modest perseverance. What would I give to see Mr. Orme married to some very worthy woman, in whom he could be happy!

Finally, bespeak for me her Ladyship's favour and friendship; but not to be renewed till my Lord is married — And may his nuptials be as happy as wished to be by a mother so worthy! But tell her at the same time, that I would not, for twelve times my Lord's 12,000 l. a year, give my hand to him, or to any man, while another had a place in my heart; however unlikely it is, that I may be called by the name of the man I prefer.

But tell Lady D. all this in confidence, in the strictest confidence; among more general reasons regarding the delicacy of our sex, for fear the family I am with, who now love, should hate, and, what would be still worse, despise, your Harriet, for her presumption! — I think I could not bear that! — Don't mind this great blot — Forgive it — It would fall — My pen found it, before I saw it.

As to myself; whatever be my lot, I will endeavour to reap consolation from these and other passages in the two precious letters before me:

"If you love, be not ashamed to own it to us — The man is Sir Charles Grandison."

"Love is a natural passion."

"Mine is laudable: The object of it is a man not mean in understanding; nor profligate in morals; nor sordid in degree. All my friends are in Love with him as

well as I."

"My Love is a Love of the purest kind."

"And I ought to acquiesce, because our Love of him is but as as the Love of private, compared to the Love of public."

Noble instructions! my dearest two mamma's! to which I will endeavour to give their full weight.

And now let me take it a little unkindly, that you call me your orphan-girl! You two, and my honoured uncle, have supplied all wanting relations to me: My father then, my grandmamma, and my other mamma, continue to pray for, and to bless, not your orphan, but your real, daughter in all love and reverence,

HARRIET BYRON-SHIRLEY-SELBY.

LETTER XI.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Colnebrooke,Tuesday, March 7.

HERE I am, my dear Lucy, returned to this happy asylum: But with what different emotions from the first time I enter'd it! How did my heart flutter, when one of Sir Charles's servants, who attended us on horseback, pointed out to us, at the command of the Ladies, the very spot where the two chariots met, and the contest began. The recollection pained me: Yet do I not owe to that terrifying incident the friendship I am admitted into with so amiable a family?

Miss Grandison, ever obliging, has indulged me in my choice of having a room to myself. I shall have the more leisure for writing to you, my dear friends.

Both she and Lady L. are very urgent with me to shew them some of the letters in our correspondence; and Miss Grandison says, if that will encourage me to oblige them, they will shew me some of their brother's. — Who would not be tempted by such an exchange? I am more than half-afraid — But surely, in such an heap of stuff as I have written, there is something that I can read to them. Shall I be permitted, do you think, to have my letters returned me for this purpose? The remarks of these Ladies on what I shall think fit to shew them, will be of great use in helping to settle my judgment. I know I have thrown out many things at random; and, being a young creature, and not passed the age of fancy, have, in all those sentiments which are not borrowed, been very superficial. How can it be otherwise?

The conversation in the coach turned upon their own family (for I put in my claim to Miss Grandison's former promise on that head); from which I gather'd the following particulars.

Sir Thomas Grandison was one of the handsomest men of his time: He had a great notion of magnificence in living; and went deep into all the fashionable diversions, except gaming with cards and dice; tho' he ran into one as expensive, but which he called a nobler vice; valuing himself upon his breed of race-horses and hunters, and upon his kennel; in both which articles he was extravagant to profusion.

His father, Sir Charles, was as frugal as Sir Thomas was profuse. He was a purchaser all his life; and left his son, besides an estate of 6,000 l. a year in England, and near 2,000 l. a year in Ireland, rich in money.

His Lady was of a noble family; sister to Lord W. She was, as you have already been told, the most excellent of women. I was delighted to see her two

daughters bear testimony to her goodness, and to their own worth, by their tears. It was impossible, in the character of so good a woman, not to think of my own mamma; and I could not help, on the remembrance, joining my tears with theirs.

Miss Jervois also wept, not only from tenderness of nature, and sympathy, but, as she owned, from regret, that she had not the same reason to rejoice in a living mother, as we had to remember affectionately the departed.

What I have written, and shall farther write, to the disadvantage of Sir Thomas Grandison, I gather'd from what was dropt by one Lady, and by the other, at different times; for it was beautiful to observe with what hesitation and reluctancy they mentioned any of his failings, with what pleasure his good qualities; heightening the one, and extenuating the other. O my Lucy, how would their hearts have overflowed in his praises, had they had such a faultless father, and excellent man, as was my father! Sweet is the remembrance of good parents to good children!

Lady Grandison brought a great fortune to Sir Thomas. He had a fine poetical vein, which he was fond of cultivating. Tho' his fortune was so ample, it was his person, and his verses, that won the Lady from several competitors. He had not, however, her judgment. He was a poet; and I have heard my grandfather say, that to be a poet, requires an heated imagination, which often runs away with the judgment.

This Lady took the consent of all her friends in her choice; but here seemed an hint to drop from Lady L. that they consented, because it was her choice; for Sir Thomas, from the day he enter'd upon his estate, set out in a way that every-body concluded would diminish it.

He made, however, a kind husband, as it is called, His good-sense and his politeness, and the pride he took to be thought one of the best-bred men in England, secured her complaisant treatment. But Lady Grandison had qualities that deserved one of the best and tenderest of men. Her eye and her ear had certainly misled her. I believe a woman, who chooses a man whom every-body admires, if the man be not good, must expect that he will have calls and inclinations, that will make him think the character of a domestic man beneath him.

She endeavoured, at setting out, to engage his companionableness — shall I call it? She was fond of her husband. He had reason to be, and was, proud of his wife: But when he had shew'd her every-where, and she began to find herself in circumstances which ought to domesticate a wife of a much gayer turn than Lady Grandison pretended to have, he gave way to his predominant byass; and after a while, leaving the whole family-care to her, for her excellence in every branch of which he was continually praising her (He did her that justice) he was but little at

home in the summer; and, in the winter, was generally engaged four months in the diversions of this great town; and was the common patron of all the performers whether at plays, operas, or concerts.

At first setting out in this way, he was solicitous to carry his Lady with him to town. She always chearfully accepted of his invitation, when she saw he was urgent with her to go. She would not give a pretence for so gay a man to throw off that regard to appearances, which pride made him willing to keep up. But afterwards, his invitations growing fainter and fainter, and she finding that her presence lengthened the time of his stay in town, and added greatly to his expences (for he never would abate, when they were together, of that magnificence in which he delighted to live in the country) she declined going up: And having by this time her three children, she found it was as agreeable to Sir Thomas, as to herself, that she should turn her thoughts wholly to the domestic duties. Lady Grandison, when she found that she could not bring Sir Thomas to lessen his great expences supposed it to be wisdom to endeavour, to the utmost of her power, to enable him to support them without discredit to himself, or visible hurt to his family. The children were young, and were not likely to make demands upon him for many years to come.

Here was a mother, my dear! Who will say, that mothers may not be the most useful persons in the family, when they do their duty, and their husbands are defective in theirs? Sir Thomas Grandison's delights centred in himself, Lady Grandison's in her husband and children. What a superiority, what an inferiority!

Yet had this Lady, with the best oeconomy, no narrowness in her heart. She was beloved for her generosity and benevolence. Her poor neighbours adored her. Her table was plenteous. She was hospitable, as well from the largeness of her own heart, as to give credit to her busband; and so far to accommodate herself to his taste, as that too great a difference might not be seen between his absence and presence. As occasions offer'd, she would confer benefits in the name of an husband, whom, perhaps, she had not seen of months, and knew not whether she might see for months to come. She was satisfied, tho' hers was the first merit, with the second merit reflected from that she gave him:

"I am but Sir Thomas's almoner: I know I shall please Sir Thomas by doing this: Sir Thomas would have done thus: Perhaps he would have been more bountiful had he been present."

He had been once absent from this admirable wife six whole months, when he left her but for one: He designed only an excursion to Paris when he set out; but, when in company as gay as himself, while he was there, he extended his tour; and, what was still more inexcusable, he let his Lady hear from him by secondhand only. He never wrote one line to her with his own; yet, on his return,

affected to surprise her by a sudden appearance, when she knew not that he was in England.

Was not this intollerably vain in him? The moment he appeared, so secure was he of his Lady's unmerited Love, that he supposed the joy she would break out into, would banish from her thoughts all memory of his past unkindness.

He ask'd her, however, after the first emotions (for she received him with real joy) If she could easily forgive him? — Forgive you, Sir? — Yes, if you can forgive yourself.

This he called severe. Well he might; for it was just. Lady Grandison's goodness was founded in principle; not in tameness or servility.

Be not serious, Sir Thomas, said my Lady; and flung her arms about him. You know, by your question, you were unkind. Not one line from your own hand neither — But the seeing you now safe and well, compensates me for all the anxieties you have given me in the past six tedious months — Can I say they were not anxious ones? But I pity you, Sir, for the pleasure you have lost by so long an absence: Let me lead you to the nursery; or let the dear prattlers come down to receive their father's blessing. How delightful is their dawning reason! Their improvements exceed my hopes: Of what pleasure do you deprive yourself by these long absences!

My dear Miss Grandison, let me write on. I am upon a sweet subject. Why will you tear me from it? Who, Lucy, would not almost wish to be the wife, the half-slighted wife, of a gay Sir Thomas, to be a Lady Grandison?

One reflexion, my dear Miss Grandison, let me make, before I attend you; left I should lose it: What man who now, at one view, takes in the whole gay, fluttering life of Sir Thomas Grandison, tho' young, gay, and flutterring, himself, can propose to be more happy than Sir Thomas thought himself? What woman, who, in like manner, can take in the whole, useful, prudent, serene, benevolent, life of Lady Grandison, whatever turn to pleasure, less solid, and more airy, she may have, sees not, from this imperfect sketch, all that they should wish to be; and the transitory vanity of the one, and the solid happiness that must attend the other, as well here as hereafter?

Dear Lady! — had you not hurried me so, how much better should I have expressed myself!

I come. I come.

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandison has been making me read aloud some part of the letter I had just writ to you, Lucy. We know, said she, it is about us; but we shall think what you have written, greatly to our disadvantage, if we cannot hear some of it. Then she insisted (she is an arbitrary dear creature) on my giving the company [It was at tea, and Lord L. present] such histories as she should call for of my own family. On this condition only, said she, will we consent to be made fully known, as I find we shall, if I do not steal away your pen and ink, to our grandmother Shirley, our aunt Selby, and even to our Lucy.

Do not you think, Lucy, I ran on with pleasure in describing the persons and tempers of my father and mother, and relating their fortunes, loves, difficulties; as my grandmamma and aunt had enabled me to do, from what they used to recount in many a long summer-day, and in many a winter-evening, as we girls sat at work — Happy memorials! — Ay, but do you believe she did not question me about later events? She did, indeed, call upon me for two other histories.

And of whom? methinks you ask.

I won't tell you, Lucy: But if my aunt should be solicitous to know, and should guess that my uncle's and hers (so entertaining and instructive) was one of them; and if you, Lucy, should guess that the history of a young lady, whose discretion got the better of her Love, and who cannot be dearer to herself than she is to me, is the other — Why, perhaps neither my aunt nor you, my dear, may be much mistaken.

Methinks I would fain rise now-and-then to my former serene-pertness [Allow you of the words so connected?]: But my heart is heavy.

They were delighted with a certain gentleman's humourous character and courtship; with his lady's prudence and goodness, in the one story; and in the other, with the young Lady's victorious discretion. They wish to be personally acquainted with each, and with my grandmamma. All the worthies in the world, my dear, are not in the Grandison-family!

BEFORE I resume the continuation of the Ladies family-history, let me ask; Don't you think, my dear, that God has blessed these happy children, for the sake of their excellent mother? And who knows, but for their duty to their less-deserving father? It is my notion, that one person's remissness in duty, where there is a reciprocal one, does not absolve the other party from the performance of his. It is difficult, indeed, to love so well a faulty or remiss parent, as a kind and

good one. But our duty is indispensable; and where it is paid, a blessing may the rather be expected, as the parent has not done his. If, when you do well and suffer for it, says the Apostle, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. — Not to mention one consideration, which, however, ought not to be left out of the account; that a good child will be no less benefitted by the warning, as Sir Charles no doubt is, from his father's unhappy turn; than by the example; as he is from that of his excellent mother.

Lady L. referred to the paper given in by the shorthand writer, for the occasion (as mentioned by Sir Charles) to which these three worthy Children owed the loss of such a mother : And this drew her into a melancholy relation of some very affecting particulars. Among other things, she said, her mother regretted, in her last hours, that she had no opportunity that she could think just and honourable, to lay by any thing considerable for her daughters. Her jewels, and some valuable trinkets, she hoped, would be theirs: But that would be at their father's pleasure. I wish, said she, that my dear girls were to have between them the tenth part of what I have saved — But I have done but my duty.

I have told you, Charlotte, said the Countess, what my mother said to me, a few hours before she died; and I will repeat it to Miss Byron. After having upon general principles, recommended filial duty, and brotherly and sisterly love to us all; and after my brother and sister had withdrawn; My dear Careline, said she, let me add to the general arguments of the duty I have been enforcing upon you all, one respecting your interest, and let your sister know it. I am afraid there will be but a slender provision made for my dear girls. Your papa has the notion rivesed in him, which is common to men of antient families, that daughters are but incumbrances, and that the son is to be everything. He loves his girls: He loves you dearly: But he has often declared, that, were he to have entire all the fortune that descended to him from his father, be would not give to his daughters, marry whom they would, more than 5,000 l. apiece. Your brother loves you: He loves me. It will be in his power, should he survive your father, to be a good friend to you. — Love your brother.

To my brother afterwards she said something: I believe, recommending his sisters to him; for we coming in, boy as he was in years, but man in behaviour and understanding, he took each of our hands — You remember it, Charlotte [Both sisters wept] and kneeling down, and putting them in my mother's held-out dying hands, and bowing his face upon all three — All, madam — All, my dearest best of mamma's, that you have enjoin'd —

He could say no more; and our arms were wet with with his tears. — Enough, enough, my son; I distress you! — And she kissed her own arm — These are precious tears — . You embalm me, my son, with your tears — O how precious

the balm! — And she lifted up her head to kiss his cheek, and to repeat her blessings to the darling of her heart.

Who could refrain tears, my Lucy, on the representation of such a scene? — Miss Jervois and I wept, as if we had been present on the solemn occasion.

But, my Charlotte, give Miss Byron some brief account of the parting scene between my father and mother. She is affected as a sister should be — Tears, when time has matured a pungent grief into a sweet melancholy, are not hurtful: They are as the dew of the morning to the green herbage.

I cannot, said Miss Grandison — Do you, Lady L.

Lady L. proceeded — My father had long kept his chamber, from the unhappy adventure, which cost him and us all so dear. My mother, till she was forced to take to her bed, was constantly his attendant: And then was grieved she could not attend him still.

At last, the moment, happy to her, long dreaded by us, the releasing moment, approached. One last long farewel she wish'd to take of the man, who had been ever dear to her; and who had cost her so dear. He was told of her desire to be lifted to his bed-side in her bed; for one of his wounds (too soon skinned over) was broken out, and he was confined to his bed. — He ordered himself to be carried, in a great chair, to hers. But then followed such a scene —

All we three children were in the room, kneeling by the bed-side — praying — weeping — O how ineffectually — Not even hope remaining — Best beloved of my soul! in faltering accents, said my mother, her head raised by pillows, so as that she sat upright — Forgive the desire of my heart once more to see you! — They would not bring me to you! — O how I distress you! — For my father sobbed; every feature of his face seem'd swelled almost to bursting, and working as if in mortal agonies — Charlotte, relieve me! —

The sweet Lady's eyes were drowned in tears —

I cannot, said Miss Grandison; her handkerchief spread over her face.

Miss Emily sobbed. She held her hand before her eyes; Her tears trickled through her fingers.

I was affected beyond measure — Yet besought her Ladyship to proceed. — She went on.

I have endeavour'd, said my mother, in broken sentences — It was my wish — It was my pride: Indeed, my chiefest pride, to be a good wise! —

O my dear! — You have been — My father could not say what.

Forgive my imperfections, Sir! —

O my dearest life! You had no imperfections: I, I, was all imper — He could not speak out the word for his tears.

Bless your children in my sight: God hitherto has blessed them! God will continue to bless them, if they continue to deserve their father's blessing. Dear Sir Thomas, as you love them, bless them in my sight. I doubt not your goodness to them — But the blessing of a dying mother, joined with that of a surviving father — must have efficary!

My father looked earnestly to us all — He could not speak.

By brother following my mother's dying eye, which was cast upon my father, arose from his knees, and approaching my father's chair, cast himself at his feet. My father threw his arms about his neck — God bless — God bless my son, said he — and make him a better man than his father. My mother demanding the cheek of her beloved son, said, God bless my dearest child, and make you an honour to your father's family, and to your mother's memory!

We girls followed my brother's example.

God bless my daughters! — God bless you, sweet Loves, said my father; first kissing one, then the other, as we kneeled. — God make you as good women as your mother: Then, then will you deserve to be happy.

God bless you, my dear girls, God bless you both, said my mother, kissing each, as you are dutiful to your father, and as you love one another — I hope I have given you no bad example.

My father began to accuse himself. My brother, with the piety of the patriarch's two best sons, retired, that he might not hear his father's confession. We followed him to the farther end of the room. The manly youth sat down between us, and held an hand of each between his: His noble heart was soften'd: He two or three times listed the hand of each to his lips. But he could only once speak, his heart seeming ready to burst; and that was, as I remember, O my sisters! — Comfort yourselves! — But who can say comfort — These tears are equally our duty and our relief.

My mother retained to the last that generosity of mind which had ever distinguished her. She would not permit my father to proceed with his selfaccusation: Let us look forward, my dearest, my only Love, said she. I have a blessed hope before me: I pity as well as pray for survivors: You are a man of sense, Sir, and of enlarged sentiments: God direct you according to them, and comfort you! All my fear was (and that more particularly for some of the last past months) that I should have been the mournful survivor. In a very few moments all my sufferings will be over; and God give you, when you come to this unavoidable period of all human vanity, the same happy prospects that are now opening to me! O Sir, believe me, all worldly joys are now nothing; less than nothing: Even my love of you and of the dear piedges of our mutual Love with-holds not now my wishes after an happier state. There may we meet, and never be separated! —

Forgive me only, my beloved husband, if I have ever made you for one hour unhappy or uneasy — Forgive the petulancies of my Love!

Who can bear this goodness? said my father: I have not deserved —

Dear Sir, no more — Were you not the husband of my choice? — And now your grief affects me — Leave me, Sir. You bring me back again to earth — God preserve you, watch over you, heal you, support you. Your hand, Sir Thomas Grandison, the name that was ever so pleasant in my ears! Your hand, Sir! Your heart was my treasure: I have now, and only now, a better treasure, a diviner Love, in view Adieu, and in this world for ever adieu, my husband, my friend, my Grandison!

She turned her head from him, sunk upon her pillows, and fainted, and so saw not, had not the grief to see, the stronger heart of my father overcome; for he fainted away, and was carried out in his chair by the servants who brought him in. He was in a strong convulsion-fit, between his not half-cured wounds and his grief; and recover'd not till all was over with my blessed mother.

After my father was carried out, she came to herself. Her chaplain was once more admitted. The fatal moment approached. She was asked, if she would see her children again? No, she said; but bid her last blessing be repeated to them, and her charge, of loving one another, in the words of our Saviour, as she had loved us: And when the chaplain came to read a text, which she had imperfectly pointed to, but so as to be understood, she repeated, in faltering accents, but with more strength of voice than she had had for an hour before, I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith — There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness: And then her voice failing, she gave signs of satisfaction, in the hope of being entitled to that crown; and expired in an ejaculation that her ebbing life could not support.

O my Lucy! may my latter end, and the latter end of all I love, be like hers! The two Ladies were in speechless tears, so was Miss Jervois, so was I, for some minutes. And for an hour or two, all the joys of life were as nothing to me. Even the regard I had entertained for the excellent son of a Lady so excellent, my protector, my deliverer, had, for some hours, subsided, and was as nothing to me. Even now that I have concluded this moving recapitulation, it seems as nothing; and the whole world, my dear is as a bit of dirt under my feet.

LETTER XIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE son was inconsolable upon his mother's death. He loved his father, but next to adored his mother. His father, tho' he had given so little attention to his education, was excessively fond of him: And, no doubt, but he the more easily satisfied himself on this head, as he knew his remissness was so well supplied by his lady's care, which mingled with the cares of the masters of the several sciences, who came home to him, at her desire.

A deep melancholy having seized the young gentleman on a loss so irreparable, his father, who himself was greatly grieved, and the more, as he could not but reproach himself as having at least hasten'd that loss, was alarmed for his son; and yielded to the entreaties of General W. brother of Lord W. to permit him to travel. The General recommended for a governor to the young gentleman, an officer under him, who had been wounded, and obliged to quit the military service. Sir Thomas allowed his son 800 l. a year, from the day of his setting out on his travels, which he augmented afterwards to 1,000 l. Sir Charles was about seventeen when his mother died.

The two daughters were taken by Lady W. But she dying in about twelve-months after Lady Grandison, they returned to their father; who, by that time, had pretty well got over his grief for the loss of his Lady, and was quite recovered of the wounds which he received in the duel that cost her her life.

He plac'd over his daughters, as governess (though they both took exceptions at that title, supposing themselves of age to manage for themselves) the widow of one of his gay friends, Oldham by name, whose fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. Men of strong health, I have heard my grandfather say, and of a riotous turn, should not, in mere compassion, keep company with men of feebler constitutions, and make them the companions of their riots. So may one say, I believe, that extravagant men, of great and small fortunes, are equally ill-suited; since the expences which will but shake the one, will quite demolish the other.

Mrs. Oldham had fine qualities, and was an oeconomist. She deserved a better husband, than had fallen to her lot; and the young Ladies having had a foundation laid by a still more excellent manager, received no small advantage from her skill in family affairs. But it was related to me with reluctance, and as what I must know on a further acquaintance with their family, if they did not tell it to me, that Sir Thomas was grateful to this Lady in a way that cost her her reputation. She

was obliged, in short, in little more than a twelvemonth, to quit the country, and to come up to town. She had an indisposition, which kept her from going abroad for a month or two.

Lady L. being then about nineteen, and Miss Grandison about sixteen, they had spirit enough to oppose the return of this Lady to her charge. They undertook themselves to manage every-thing at the capital seat in Hampshire.

Sir Thomas had another seat in Essey. Thither, on the reluctance of the young Ladies to receive again Mrs. Oldham, he carried her; and they, as well as every-body else, for some time, apprehended they were actually married. She was handsome; well descended; and tho' she became so unhappily sensible of the favours and presents by which Sir Thomas made way to her heart, she had an untainted character when he took her as a governess to the young Ladies.

Was not Sir Thomas very, very faulty, with regard to this poor woman? — She had already suffered enough from a bad husband, to whom she remarkably well perform'd her duty. — Poor woman! — The example to his own daughters was an abominable one. She was the relict of his friend: She was under his protection: Thrown into it by her unhappy circumstances. — Were not these great aggravations to his crime? Happy for those parents who live not to see such catastrophes as attended this child! This darling, it seems: Not undeservedly so; and whom they thought they had not unhappily married to Mr. Oldham — And he, poor man! thought himself not unhappy in Sir Thomas Grandison's acquaintance; tho' it ended in his emulating him in his expences, with a much less estate; in the ruin of his fortune, which indeed was his own fault; and in the ruin of his wife's virtue, which was more Sir Thomas's than hers. — May I say so? — If I may not (since women, whose glory is their chastity, must not yield to temptation) had not the husband, however, something to answer for, who, with his eyes open, lived at such a rate, against his wife's dutiful remonstrances, and better example, as reduced her (after his death) to the necessity of dependence on another's favour, and such another!

Sir Thomas was greatly displeased with his daughters, for resisting him in the return of their governess. He had thought the reason of her withdrawing a secret, because he wish'd it to be one: And yet her disgrace was, at the time, every-where talked of, but in his presence.

This woman is still living. She has two children by Sir Thomas, who are also living; and one by Mr. Oldham. I shall be told more of her history, when the Ladies come to give me some account of their brother's

Sir Thomas went on in the same gay fluttering way that he had done all his life. The Love of pleasure, as it is called, was wrought into his habit. He was a slve to it, and to what he called freedom. He was deemed one of the best

companions among men, and one of the gallantest men among women. His advantages of person and mind were snares to him. Mrs. Oldham was not the only one of her sex with whom he was intimate: He had another mistress in town, who had a taste for all its gaieties, and who even assumed his name.

He would row-and then, by way of excursion, and to surprise the young Ladies, visit Grandison-hall; but tho' it was once the seat he most delighted in, neither gave, nor seamed to receive, much pleasure there; hurrying away on a sudden, as if he had escaped from it; tho' never father had more reason to be pleased with the conduct and duty of daughters: And this he often declared, boasting of them in their absence; but snubbing, chiding, and studying to find fault with them, when present.

But what equally surprised and affected them, was, that his son had not been a year abroad, when he prohibited them to write to, or correspond with him; and, by their brother's discontinuing to write to them, from about the same time, they supposed that he was under the same prohibition: And so, it seems, he was.

They presumed, their father's reason for this unkind prohibition was, his fear that his gaieties would have been one of the subjects of the correspondence; and the rather, as those gaieties were so likely to affect all three in their fortunes.

The young Ladies, however, for some time, continued writing to their brother. Miss Grandison, in mentioning this, said, in her ususal sprightly manner, that she never had any notion of obeying unreasonable commands; commands so evidently unreasonable as to be unnatural: And she called upon me to justify her in her notion. The Countess also desired me to speak my mind on this subject.

I am apprehensive, said I, of children's partiality in this respect: If they make themselves their own judges in the performance or non-performance of a duty, inclination, I am afraid, will too often be their guide, rather than right reason. They will be too apt, perhaps, to call those commands unnatural, which are not so unnatural as this seems to be.

But, Harriet, asked Miss Grandison, would not you have written on, in the like circumstances?

I believe not, replied I; and partly for this reason; because I should have had no doubt but my brother would have the same prohibition; and I should only have shewn my brother, as well as my father (were my father to know it) an instance of my refractorines, without obtaining the desired end; or, if my brer had written, I should have made him a parter in my fault.

Your ower regards the policy of the thing, Harriet, said Miss Grandison: But ought an unnatural command —

There she stopt: Yet by her looks expected me to speak.

I should have thought it hard; but that it was more meritorious to submit, than the contrary. I believe I should have supposed, that my father might have reasons which might not appear to me. But pray, Ladies, how did your brother —

O, he was implicit —

Will you forgive me, ladies? — I should have been concerned, I think, that my brother, in a point of duty, tho' it were one that might be disputable, should be more nice, more delicate, than I his sister.

Miss Emily looked as if she were pleased with me.

Well, you are a good girl, a very good girl, said Miss Grandison: That, whether your doctrine be just or not, is out of dispute.

This prohibition gave the sisters the more sensible concern, as they were afraid it would lay a foundation for distance and indifference in their brother to them; on whom as their mother had presaged, they were likely, if he survived their father, to have a too great dependence; but more particularly at that time, as their brother had promised, at his taking leave of them, to write a regular account of all that befel him, and of all that was curious, and worthy notice, in the courts and places he visited: and had actually begun to do so; and as he had asked their advice in relation to his governor, who proved not so proper a person for that employment, as was expected; and to which they had answered, without knowing, for some time, what was the resolution he took.

They asked their father, from time to time, after the welfare of their brother. He would answer them with pleasure, and sometimes with tears in his eyes, He is all that is dutiful, brave, pious, worthy: And would sometimes add, God reward him! I cannot. But when he mentioned the word dutiful, he would look at them, as if he had in his thoughts their resisting him in his intention of reinstating their governess; the only time, they could recollect, that they had given him the shadow of displeasure.

The Ladies went on, and said, that Sir Thomas, in all companies, gloried in his son. And once Lord W. who himself, on his Lady's death, openly indulged himself in liberties which before he was only suspected to take [O my Lucy! how rare a character, in this age, is that of a virtuous man!] told some gentlemen, who wonder'd that Sir Thomas Grandison could permit a son so beloved to be absent from him so many years, that the reason Sir Thomas gave was, that his son's morals and his own were so different, that he should not be able to bear his own consciousness, if he consented to his return to England. The unhappy man was so habituated to vice, that he could talk familiarly of his gaieties to his intimates, seeming to think them too well known for him to endeavour to conceal them; but, however, would add sometimes, I intend to set about altering my course of life;

and then will I send for my son. But, alas! Sir Thomas went on from year to year, only intending: He lived not to begin the promised alteration, nor to see his son.

Yet one awakener he had, that made him talk of beginning the alteration of his way of living out of hand, and of sending for his son; which last act was to be the fore-runner of his reformation.

It happen'd, that Mrs. Farnborough the woman he lived with when in town, was struck with the smallpox, in the height of her gaiety and pleasure; for she was taken ill at the opera, on seeing a Lady of her acquaintance there, whose face bore too strongly the marks of the distemper, and who, it seems, had made her first visit to that place, rather than to a better. The malady, aided by her terror, proved mortal; and Sir Thomas was so much affected with the warning, that he left town, and, in pursuance of his temporary good resolutions, went down to his daughters; talked of sending for his son; and, for some few months, lived like the man of sense and understanding he was known to be.

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. returned from his travels about the time that Mrs. Farnborough was taken ill. He had brought some presents to Sir Thomas from his son, who took all opportunities to send him over curiosities, some of considerable value; which served at the same time to shew his oeconomy, and his duty. He forgot not, in this way, his sisters, tho' his accompanying letters were short, and merely polite, and such as required no other answer than thanks: Only they could discover by them, that he had warm wishes to be allowed to return to England, but such a submission to his father's pleasure, as entirely to give up his own.

Sir Thomas seemed fond of Lord L. And, setting out, on Mrs. Farnborough's death, for Grandisonhall gave him an invitation to visit him there; for he would listen with pleasure, an hour together, to him, or to any one, who would talk, and give him some account of his son. How predominant must those passions, those habits, be in his heart, which could take place of a Love so laudably paternal!

In pursuance of this invitation, Lord L. attended him at the Hall; and there fell in Love with the eldest of the young Ladies. He revealed his passion to her. She referred herself wholly to her father. Sir Thomas could not be blind to their mutual affection. Every-body saw it. Lord L's passion was of the ardent kind; and he was too honest to wish to conceal it. But yet Sir Thomas would not see it. He behaved, however, with great freedom and civility to my Lord; so that the heart of the young Lady was insensibly engaged; but he avoided several opportunities which the Lover had lain in wait for, to open his mind, and make proposals.

At last, my Lord desired an audience of Sir Thomas, as upon a subject of the last importance. The Baronet, after some little delays, and not without some inauspicious reluctance, granted it: And then my Lord revealed his passion to him.

Sir Thomas asked him, if he had made it known to his daughter? And yet must have seen, on an hundred occasions, at breakfast, at dinner, at tea, at supper, how matters stood with both the Lovers, if Miss Grandison's pleasant account of the matter may be depended upon.

Lord L. owned he had; and that he had asked her leave to make proposals to her father, to whom she wholly referred herself.

Sir Thomas seemed uneasy; and oddly answer'd, he was sorry for it: He wish'd his Lordship had not put such notions in the girl's head. Both his daughters would now be set a romancing, he supposed. They were, till now, modest young creatures, he said. Young women should not too soon be set to look

out of themselves for happiness — He had known many quiet and orderly girls set a madding by the notice of men. He did not know what business young fellows had to find out qualifications in other mens daughters, that the parents of those daughters had not given themselves leisure to discover. A daughter of his, he hoped, had not encouraged such discoveries. It was to him but as yesterday, when they were crowing in the arms of their nurses; and now, he supposed, they would be set a crowing after wedlock.

What an odd father was Sir Thomas, my Lucy! — His own life, it is evident, had passed away very pleasantly.

Indeed he could hardly bear to think, he added, of either of his daughters as marriagaeble yet. They have not been nursed in the town hot-beds, my Lord. They are sober country-girls, and good housewives. I love not that girls should marry before they have done growing. A young wife makes a vapourish mother. I forget their age — But twenty-six or twenty-eight is time enough for a woman, either for the sake of modesty or discretion, to marry.

We may like gay men for husbands, my dear: Some of us do: But, at this rate, those daughters must be very good girls, who can make their best courtesies to their mothers, and thank them for their fancies; or the fathers must be more attentive to their growth than Sir Thomas was to that of his daughters. — What have I said? — I am here afraid of my uncle.

My Lord was surprised; and well he might. Sir Thomas had forgot, as Lady L. observed, that he himself thought Miss W. was not too young at seventeen, to be Lady Grandison.

My Lord was a modest Man: He was begging (as it may be called) the young woman, whom of all the women in the world he loved best, of her father, who was a man that knew the world, and had long made a considerable figure in it, and who, for reasons which would have held with him, had he lived to see her forty, had no mind to part with her. Yet my Lord pleaded his passion, her great and good qualities, as acknowledged by himself; and modestly hinted at the unexceptionableness of his own character, and the favour he stood in with his son; not saying the least word of his birth and alliances, which some Lovers of his rank, would not have forgot: And, it seems, he was right in forbearing to make these accidents a plea; for Sir Thomas valued himself upon his ancestry; and used to say, that his progenitor, in James the First's time, disgraced it by accepting the title of Baronet.

Sir Thomas allowed something to the plea of his standing well with his son: Let me tell you, my Lord, said he, that I shall take no step in a familyaffair of this consequence, without consulting with my son; and the rather, as he is far from expecting so much of my consideration for him. He is the pride of my life.

My Lord desired, that his suit might be put upon the issue of his son's approbation.

But pray, my Lord, what fortune do you expect with my girl? Well as you love her, I suppose the return of her Love for yours, which you seem not to doubt, will not be enough. Can the poor girl be a Countess without a confounded parcel of dross fasten'd to her petticoat, to make her weight in the other scale?

My circumstances, said my honest Lord L. permit me not, in discretion, to make that compliment to my Love, which my heart would with transport make, were they better: But I will lay them faithfully before you, and be determined by your generosity.

I could not but expect, from a young man of your Lordship's good-sense, such an answer as this: And yet I must tell you, that we fathers, who know the world, expect to make some advantage of a knowledge that has cost us so much. I should not dislike a little more romancing in Love, from a man that asks for my daughter, tho' I care not how little of it is shewn by my son to another man's. Every father thinks thus, my Lord; but is not so honest as to own it.

I am sure Sir Thomas, that you would not think a man worthy of your daughter, who had no regard to any-thing, but the gratification of his own wishes; who could think, for the sake of that, of involving a young Lady in difficulties, which she never knew in her father's house.

Why, this, my Lord, is well said. You and I may afford to make handsome compliments to one another, while compliments only are expected. I have a good share of health: I have not quitted the world so entirely, nor think I ought, as to look upon myself as the necessary tool of my children, to promote their happiness at the expence of my own. My Lord, I have still a strong relish for the pleasures of this world. My daughters may be women grown: Your Lordship seems to have found out, that they are; and has persuaded one of them, that she is; and the other will be ready to think she is not three years behind her. This is an inconvenience which you have brought upon me. And as I would be glad to live a little longer for myself, I wish you to withdraw your suit; and leave me to do as well as I can with my daughters. I propose to carry them to town next winter. They shall there look about them, and see whom they could like, and who could like them, that they may not be liable to after-repentance, for having taken the first man that offer'd.

My Lord told Sir Thomas, that he hoped there could not be reason to imagine, that any-thing could possibly arise from his address, that should be incompatible with the happiness of a father — And was going on in the same reasonable strain; but Sir Thomas interrupted him —

You must not, my Lord, suppose I can be a stranger to whatever may be urged by a young man on this subject. You say you are in Love: Caroline is a girl that

any-body may love: But I have not a mind she should marry so soon. I know the inconvenience of early marriages. A man's children treading upon his heels, and shouldering him with their shoulders: In short, my Lord, I have an aversion to be called a grandfather, before I am a grey father [Sir Thomas was not put to it to try to overcome this aversion]. Girls will start up, and look up, and parents cannot help it: But what father, in the vigour of his days, would not wish to help it? I am not fond of their partnership in my substance. Why should I divide my fortune with novices, when, making the handsome allowances to them, that I do make, it is not too much for myself? My son should be their example. He is within a year as old as my eldest girl. On his future alliances I build, and hope to add by them to the consequence of all my family [Ah! Lucy!]. Girls are said to be women sooner than boys are men. Let us see that they are so by their discretion, as well as by stature. — Let them stay —

And here Sir Thomas abruptly broke off the conversation for that time; to the great distress of Lord L. who had reason to regret, that he had a man of wit, rather than a man of reason, to contend with.

Sir Thomas went directly into his closet, and sent for his two daughters; and, tho' not ill-naturedly, rallied t em both so much on their own discoveries, as he wickedly phrased it, and, on admitting Lord L. into the secret, that neither of them could hold up their heads, for two or three days, in his presence: But, out of it, Miss Caroline Grandison found that she was in Love; and the more for Lord L.'s generous attachment, and Sir Thomas's not so generous discouragement.

My Lord wrote over to young Mr. Grandison, to favour his address. Lady L. permitted me to copy the following answer to his Application.

My Lord,

I HAVE the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 17th. Never brother loved his sisters better than I do mine. As the natural effects of that Love. I receive with pleasure the notification of your great regard for my elder sister. As to myself, I cannot have one objection: But what am I in this case? She is wholly my father's. I also am his. The consideration he gives me in this instance, confounds me: It binds me to him in double duty. It would look like taking advantage of it, were I so much as to offer my humble opinion, unless he were pleased to command it from me. If he does, assure yourself, my Lord, that (my sister's inclination in your Lordship's favour presupposed) my voice shall be warmly given, as you wish. I am, my Lord, with equal affection and esteem,

Your Lordship's faithful and obedient Servant.

Both sisters rejoiced at the perusal of this affectionate letter; for they were afraid, that the unnatural prohibition of correspondence between them and their brother had estranged his affections from them.

The particulars of one more conversation I will give you between my Lord and Sir Thomas, on this important subject; for you must believe, Lord L. could not permit a matter of such consequence to his own happiness to go easily off; especially as neither of the two daughters were able to stand their father's continual raillery, which had banished from the cautious eyes, and apprehensive countenances, of both Ladies, all indications of Love, tho' it reigned with the more absolute power in the heart of Miss Caroline, for that concealment.

In this conversation, my Lord began with a little more spirit than he finished the former. The Countess lent me my Lord's minutes of it; which he took for her to see, and to judge of all that passed at the time.

On my Lord's lively, but respectful address to Sir Thomas on the occasion, the Baronet went directly into the circumstances of my Lord, and his expectations.

Lord L. told him frankly, that he paid interest for 15000 l. for sisters fortunes; three of whom were living and single: That he believed two of them would soon be advantageously married; and he should wish to pay them their portions on the day; and was contriving to do so, by increasing the incumbrance that his father had left upon the finest part of his estate, to the amount of 5,000 l; which, and his sisters fortunes, were all that lay upon a clear estate of 5,000 l. a year. After he had thus opened himself, he referred the whole to Sir Thomas's consideration.

My advice, my Lord, is this, said the Baronet; That you should by no means think of marriage till you are clear of the world. You will have 10,000 l. to pay directly: You will have the interest of 10,000 l. more to pay: And you men of title, on your marriages, whather you like ostentation or not, must be ostentatious. Your equipages, your houses, your furniture — A certain increase of expence — By no means, my Lord L. think of marriage till you are quite clear of the world, unless you could meet with some rich widow or heiress, who could do the business at once.

Lord L. could only, at first, urge his passion, [He durst not his daughter's affection and the happiness of both, which were at stake]. Sir Thomas opposed discretion to that plea. Poor passion, Lucy, would be ashamed to see the sun, if discretion were always to be attended to, in treaties of this kind.

Afterwards he told Sir Thomas, that he would accept the Lady upon his own terms. He besought his consent to their nuptials. He would wait his own time and pleasure. He would be content, if he gave not Miss Caroline a single shilling.

Sir Thomas was fretful — And so, Lover-like, you would involve the girl you profess to love, in difficulties. I will ask her, if she wants for any-thing with me, that a modest girl can wish for? But, to be serious, it is a plaguy thing for a man to be obliged, by the officious Love, as it is called, of a pretender to his daughters, to open his affairs, and expose his circumstances to strangers. I wish, my Lord, that

you had let my girls alone. I wish you had not found them out in their country-retirement. I should have carried them to town, as I told you, in a few months. Women so brought up, so qualified, and handsome girls, are such rarities in this age, and men worth having are so affrighted at the luxury and expensiveness of the modern women, that I doubted not but the characters of my girls would have made their fortunes, with very little of my help. They have family, my Lord, to value themselves upon, tho' but spinsters. And let me tell you, since I shall be thought a more unnatural man than I am, if I do not obey the present demand upon me to open my circumstances, I owe my son a great deal more than 30,000 l.

I don't understand you, Sir Thomas.

Why, thus, my Lord, I explain myself: My father left me what is called rich. I lessen'd the ready money, which he had got together for a purchase he lived not to complete, a great deal. That I looked upon as a deodand: So was not answerable for it: And as I was not married, my son had no right in it. When I was married, and he was given me —

Forgive me, Sir Thomas: Your son a right — And had not your other children —

No, my Lord: They were girls — And as to them, had I increased my fortune by penuriousness, instead of living like a man, I was determined as to their fortunes —

But, as I was saying, when Lady Grandison died, I think (tho' every father does not; nor should I, were he not the best of sons, and did he expect it) the produce of her jointure, which is very considerable, should have been my son's. As to what I annually allowed him, that it was my duty to allow him, as my son, and for my own credit, had his mother not brought me a shilling. — Then, my Lord, I have been obliged to take up money upon my Irish estate; which being a familyestate, my son ought to have had come clear to him. You see, my Lord, how I expose myself.

You have a generous way of thinking, Sir Thomas, as to your son. But a man of your spirit would despise me, if I did not say, that —

I have not so generous a way of thinking for my daughters — I will save your Lordship the trouble of speaking out, because it is more agreeable from myself than it would be for any other man to do it. But to this I answer, that the late Earl of L. your Lordship's father, had one son and three daughters — I have one son, and two. He was an Earl — I am but a simple Baronet — If 5,000 l. apiece is enough for an Earl's daughters, half the sum ought to do for a Baronet's.

Your fortune, Sir Thomas — And in England, where estates —

And where living, my Lord, will be five times more expensive to you than it need to be, if you can content yourself to live where your estate lies. — As for me, I have lived nobly. But had I been as rich as my father left me, 5,000 l. should have done with a daughter, I assure you. You, my Lord, have your notions: I have mine. Money and a girl you expect from me: I ask nothing of you. As matters stand, if my girls will keep (and I hope they will) I intend to make as good a bargain for them, and with them, as I can. Not near 5,000l. apiece must they expect from me. I will not rob my son more than I have done. — See, here is a Letter from him. It is in answer to one I had written, on the refusal of a wretch to lend me, upon my Irish estate, a sum that I wanted to answer a debt of honour, which I had contracted at Newmarket, unless my son (tho' it is an estate in see) would join in the security. Does not such a son as this deserve every-thing?

I obtained a sight of this letter; and here is a copy.

Honoured Sir,

I COULD almost say I am sorry that so superior a spirit as yours should vouchsafe to comply with Mr. O's disagreeable and unnecessary demand. But, at least, let me ask, Why, Sir, did you condescend to write to me on the occasion, as if for my consent? Why did you not send me the deeds, ready to sign? Let me beg of you, ever-dear and ever-honour'd Sir, that you will not suffer any difficulties, that I can join to remove, to oppress your heart with doubts for one moment. Are you not my father? — And did you not give me a mother, whose memory is my glory? That I am, under God, is owing to you. That I am what I am, to your indulgence. Leave me not any-thing! You have given me an education, and I derive from you a spirit, that, by God's blessing on my duty to you, will enable me to make my own fortune: And, in that case, the foundation of it will be yours! and you will be entitled, for that foundation, to my warmest gratitude. Permit me, Sir, to add, that, be my income ever so small, I am resolved to live within it. And let me beseech you to remit me but one half of your present bounty. My reputation is established; and I will engage not to discredit my father. All I have ever aimed at, is, to be in condition rather to lay, than to receive an obligation. That your goodness has always enabled me to do: And I am rich, thro' your munificence; richer, in your favour.

Have you any thought, Sir, of commanding me to attend you at Paris, or at the Hague; according to the hopes you gave me in your last? — I will not, if you do me this honour, press for a return with you to my native country: But I long to throw myself at your feet; and, where-ever the opportunity of that happiness shall be given me, to assure you personally of the inviolable duty of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

Must not such a letter as this, Lucy, have stung to the heart a man of Sir Thomas Grandison's pride? If not, what was his pride? — Sir Thomas had as good an education as his son: Yet could not live within the compass of an income of upwards of 7,000 l. a year. His son called himself rich with 800 l. or 1,000 l. a year; and tho' abroad in foreign countries, desired but half that allowance, that he might contribute, by the other half, to lessen the difficulties in which his father had involved himself by his extravagance.

His father, Lady L. says, was affected with it. He wept: He blessed his son; and resolved for his sake, to be more cautious in his wagerings than he had hitherto been. Policy, therefore, would have justified the young gentleman's chearful compliance, had he not been guided by superior motives. O my dear! the Christian Religion is a blessed religion! How does honest policy, as well as true greatness of mind, recommend that noble doctrine of returning good for evil!

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MY Lord repeated his request, that he might have Sir Thomas's consent to his nuptials, upon his own terms; and promised never to expect a single shilling in dowry, but to leave the whole of that to time, and to his own convenience and pleasure.

We know, said Sir Thomas, what all this means. You talk, my Lord, like a young man. You ought not to think (You once said it yourself) of involving a young woman you love, as well as yourself, in difficulties. I know the world, and what is best to be done, if you will think no more of my daughter. I hope she has discretion. First Love is generally first Folly. It is seldom fit to be encouraged. Your quality, my Lord, to say nothing of your merit, will procure you a rich wife from the city. And the city now is as genteel, as polite, as the court was formerly. The wives and daughters of citizens, poor fellows! are apes of us gentry; and succeed pretty well, as to outward appearance, in the mimickry. You will, by this means, shake off all your father's sins. I speak in the language of young fellows, who expect a father to live solely for them, and not for himself. Some sober young men of quality and fortune, affrighted at the gaiety and extravagance of the modern women, will find out my girls: Who, I hope, will have patience. If they have not, let them pursue their inclinations: Let them take their fill of Love, as Solomon says; and if they run their heads into an hedge, let them stick there by the horns, with all heart!

See, my dear, what a man a rakish father is! — O my good Lady Grandison, how might your choice have punished your children!

I pray to God, Sir Thomas, said my Lord, bowing, but angry; I pray to God, to continue me in a different way of thinking from yours, if this be yours. Give me leave to say, you are too young a gentleman to be a father of grown-up children. But I must love Miss Grandison; and still if possible, poor young Lady! more than ever, for what has passed in this conversation. And saying this he withdrew.

Sir Thomas was very angry at this spirited speech. He sent for his daughter and forbad her to receive my Lord's addresses. He order'd her never to think of him: And directing Miss Charlotte to be call'd in, repeated his commands before her; and threatened to turn them both out of his house, if they presumed to encourage any address, but with his knowledge. And don't think, said he, of going on to engage your affections, as a sensual forwardness is called, and then hope to take advantage of my weakness, to countenance your own. I know the world: I know

your sex. — Your sister, I see Charlotte, is a whining fool: See how she whimpers! Begone from my presence, Caroline! And remember Charlotte (for I suppose this impertinent Lord's address to your sister will go near to set you agog) that I expect, whether absent or present, to know of any application that may be made to you, before your liking has taken root in Love, as it is called, and while my advice may have the weight that the permission or dissent of a father ought to have.

They both wept, courtesied, and withdrew.

At dinner, Miss Caroline begged to be excused attending her gay and arbitrary father, being excessively grieved, and unfit, as she desired her sister to say, to be seen. But he commanded her attendance.

Miss Charlotte Grandison told me what this wicked man [Shall I call Sir Charles Grandison's father so?] said on the occasion:

"Womens tears are but, as the Poet says, the sweat of eyes. Caroline's eyes will not misbecome them. The more she is ashamed of herself, the less reason will she give me to be ashamed of her. — Let me see how the fool looks, now she is conscious of her folly. Her bashful behaviour will be an half-confession; and this is the first step to amendment. Tell her, that a woman's grief for not having been able to carry her point, has always been a pleasure to me. I will not be robbed of my pleasure. She owes it me for the pain she has given me."

Lord L. and she had parted. He had, on his knees, implored her hand. He would not, he said, either ask or expect a shilling of her father: His estate would and should work itself clear, without injury to his sisters, or postponing their marriage. Her prudence and generosity he built upon: They would enable him to be just to every one, and to preserve his own credit. He would not, he generously said, for the beloved daughter's sake, utter one reflecting word upon her father, after he had laid naked facts before her. Those, however, would too well justify him, if he did. And he again urged for her hand and for a private marriage. Can I bear to think with patience, my dearest Miss Grandison, added he, that you and your sister, according to Sir Thomas's scheme, shall be carried to town, with minds nobler than the minds of any women in it, as adventurers, or female fortune-hunters, to take the chance of attracting the eyes and hearts of men, whether worthy or unworthy, purely to save your father's pocket? No, madam: Believe me, I love you not for my own sake merely, tho' heaven knows you are dearer to me than my life, but for yours as well: And my whole future conduct shall convince you, that I do. My Love madam, has friendship for its basis; and your worthy brother, once, in an argument convinced me, that Love might be selfish? that friendship could not; and that in a pure flame they could not be disunited; and when they were, that Love was a cover only to a baseness of heart,

which taught the pretender to it to seek to gratify his own passion, at the expence of the happiness or duty of the object pretended to be beloved.

See, my Lucy! — Did we Girls ever think of this nice, but just, distinction before? And is not friendship a nobler band than Love? — But is not Lord L. a good man? Don't you love him, Lucy? — Why have I not met with these notions before in the men I have known?

But Miss Caroline was not less generous than my Lord L. No scheme of my father's shall make me forget, said she the merits of Lord L. Your Lordship's affairs will be made easier by time. I will not embarrass you. Think not yourself under any obligation to me. Whenever any opportunity offers to make you easy all at once (for a mind so generous ought not to be laid under difficulties) embrace it: Only let me look upon you as my friend, till envy to an happier woman, or other unworthiness in Caroline Grandison, make me forfeit your good opinion.

Generous creature! said my Lord. Never will I think of any other wife while you are single. Yet will I not fetter her, who would leave me free — May I, madam, hope, if you will not bless me with your hand now, that my letters will be received? — Your father in forbidding my address to you, has forbidden me his house. He is, and ought to be, master in it. — May I hope, madam, a correspondence —

I am unhappy, said she, that, having such a brother as sister never had, I cannot consult him. The dear Charlotte is too partial to me, and too apt to think of what may be her own case. But my Lord, I depend upon your honour, which you have never given me reason to doubt, that you will not put me upon doing a wrong thing, either with regard to my duty to my father, or to my own character. Try me not with a view to see the power you have over me. That would be ungenerous. I own you have some: Indeed a great deal.

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday Night.

YOU may guess what were my Lord's assurances on this generous confidence in him. They agreed upon a private correspondence by letters. — Ah! Lady L. was this quite right, tho' it came out happily in the event? Does not concealment always imply somewhat wrong? Ought you not to have done your duty, whether your father did his or not? Were you not called upon, as I may say, to a tryal of yours? And is not virtue to be proved by tryal? Remember you not who says,

"For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."

– But you, Lady L. had lost your excellent mother very early.

The worthy young Lady would not, however, be prevailed upon to consent to a private marriage; and my Lord took leave of her. Their parting was extremely tender; and the amiable Caroline, in the softness of her heart, overcome by my Lord's protestations of everlasting Love to her, in preference to all the women on earth, voluntarily assured him, that she never would receive any other proposal, while he was living, and single.

Sir Thomas shew'd himself so much displeased with Lord L. for the freedom of his last speech, that my Lord chose not to desire another audience of him; and yet, being unwilling to widen the difference, he took polite leave of the angry Baronet in a letter, which was put into his hands just before he had commanded Miss Caroline to attend him at dinner, which she had begged to be excused doing.

Don't you pity the young Lady, Lucy, in this situation? Lord L. having but a little before taken leave of her, and set out for London.

Miss Charlotte told her sister, that, were it she, she should hardly have suffer'd Lord L. to go away by himself — Were it but to avoid an interview with a father who seem'd to have been too much used to womens tears to be moved by them; and who had such a satyrical vein, and such odd notions of Love.

I was very earnest to know what passed at this dinner-time.

Miss Grandison said, It is best for me to answer Miss Byron's curiosity, I believe; as I was a stander-by, and only my father and sister were the players.

Players! repeated Lady L. — It was a cruel scene. And I believe, Miss Byron, it will make you not wonder, that I liked Lord L. much the better for being rather a man of understanding than a man of wit.

Miss Grandison began as follows:

I went up with my father's peremptory, as I may call it, to my sister.

O my dear mamma! said Caroline, when she found she must go down, on what a new occasion do I want your sweet mediation! But, Charlotte, I can neither walk nor stand —

You must then lean upon me, my dear, and creep: Love will creep, they say, where it cannot go.

Wicked girl! interrupted Lady L. I remember that was what she said.

I said it to make you smile, if I could, and take courage: But you know I was in tears for you, notwithstanding,

You thought of what might befal yourself, Charlotte.

So I did. We never, I believe, properly feel for others, what does not touch ourselves.

A compassionate heart, said I, is a blessing, though a painful one: And yet there would be no supporting life, if we felt quite as poignantly for others as we do for ourselves. How happy was it for my Charlotte, that she could smile, when the father's apprehended lecture was intended for the use of both!

I thank you for this, Harriet. You will not be long my creditor — But I will proceed.

Caroline took my advice. She leaned upon me; and creep, creep, creep, down she crept. A fresh stream of tears fell from her eyes, when she came to the dining-room door. Her tremblings were increased: And down she dropt upon a window-seat in the passage: I can go no further, said she.

Instantly a voice, that we knew must be observed, alarmed our ears — Where are you, Caroline! Charlotte? Girls! where are you? The housekeeper was in hearing, and ran to us: Ladies! Ladies! Your papa calls! — And we, in spite of the weakness of the one, and the unwillingness of the other, recovered our feet; and, after half a dozen creeping motions more, found ourselves within the door, and in our father's sight, my sister leaning upon my arm.

What devil's in the wind now! What tragedy-movements are here! — What measured steps! — In some cases, all women are natural actresses. But come, Caroline, the play is over, and you mistake your cue.

Good Sir! — Her hands held up — I wept for her; and for my own remoter case, if you will, Miss Byron.

The prologue is yours, Caroline, Charlotte, I doubt not, is ready with her epilogue. But come, come, it is time to close this farce — Take your places, girls; and don't be fools. — A pretty caution, thought I, said Miss Charlotte, when you make us both such!

However, the servants entering with dinner, we hemm'd, handkerchief'd, twinkled, took up our knives and forks, laid them down, and took them up again, when our father's eye was upon us; piddled, sipped; but were more busy with our elbows than with our teeth. As for poor sister Caroline, love stuck in her throat. She tried to swallow, as one in a quinsey; a wry face, and a strain'd neck, denoting her difficulty to get down but a lark's morsel — And what made her more aukward (I am sure it did me) was a pair of the sharpest eyes that ever were seen in a man's head, and the man a father (the poor things having no mother, no aunt, to support their spirits) cast first on the one, then on the other; and now-and-then an overclouded brow, adding to our aukwardness: Yet still more apprehensive of dinner-time being over, and the withdrawing of the servants.

The servants loved their young Ladies. They attended with very serious faces; and seemed glad when they were dismissed.

Then it was that Caroline arose from her seat, made her courtesy, aukwardly enough; with the air of a boarding-school Miss, her hands before her.

My father let her make her honours, and go to the door, I rising to attend her; but then called her back; I dare say, on purpose to enjoy her aukwardness, and to punish her.

Who bid you go? Whither are you going. Caroline? Come back, Charlotte. — But it will be always thus: A father's company is despised, when a girl gets a Lover into her head. Fine encouragement for a father to countenance a passion that shall give himself but a second or third place, who once had a first, in his childrens affections! But I shall have reason to think myself fortunate, perhaps, if my children do not look upon me as their enemy. — Come back when I bid you.

We crept back more aukwardly than we went from table.

Sit down — We cross'd our hands, and stood like a couple of fools.

Sit down when I bid you. You are confoundedly humble. I want to talk with you.

Down sat the two simpletons, their faces and necks all awry, and on the edge of their chairs.

Miss Grandison then gave the following dialogue. She humourously, by her voice (an humble one for her sister, a less meek one for herself, an imperious one for Sir Thomas) marked the speakers. I will prefix their names.

Sir Thomas. What sort of leave has Lord L. taken of you, Caroline? He has sent me a Letter. Has he sent you one? I hope he did not think a personal leave due to the daughter, and not to the father.

Charlotte. He thought you were angry with him, Sir, said I [Poor Caroline's answer was not ready].

Sir Tho. And supposed that your sister was not. Very well! What leave did he take of you, girl? woman? What do you call yourself?

Charlotte. Sir, my Lord L. I dare say, intended no disrespect to —

I might as well have been silent, Harriet.

Sir Tho. I like not your preface, girl, interrupted he — Tell me not what you dare say. I spoke to your sister. — Come, sit upright. None of your averted faces, and wry necks. A little more innocence in your hearts, and you'll have less shame in your countenances. I see what a league there is between you. A promising prospect before me, with you both! But tell me, Caroline, do you love Lord L.? Have you given him hope that you will be his, when you can get the cross father to change his mind; or, what is still better, out of your way for ever? All fathers are plaguy ill-natur'd, when they do not think of their girls fellows, as their foolish girls think of them! Answer me, Caroline?

Caroline (weeping, at his severe speech). Whan can I say, Sir, and not displease you?

Sir Tho. What! — Why, that you are all obedience to your father. Cannot you say that? Sure you can say that.

Car. I hope, Sir —

ir Tho. And I hope too. But it becomes you to be certain. Can't you answer for your own heart?

Car. I believe you think, Sir, that Lord L. is not an unworthy man.

Sir Tho. A man is not more worthy, for making my daughter forget herself, and behave like a fool to her father.

Car. I may behave like a fool, Sir, but not undutifully. You frighten me, Sir. I am unable to hold up my head before you, when you are angry with me.

Sir Tho. Tell me that you have broken with Lord L. as I have commanded you. Tell me, that you will never see him more, if you can avoid it. Tell me, that you will not write to him —

Car. Pardon me, Sir, for saying, that Lord L.'s behaviour to me has been ever uniformly respectful: He reveres my papa too: How can I treat him with disrespect? —

Sir Tho. So! I shall have it all out, presently, — Go on, girl — And do you, Charlotte, attend to the lesson set you by your elder sister.

Char. Indeed, Sir, I can answer for the goodness of my sister's heart, and for her duty to you.

Sir Tho. Well said! Now, Caroline, do you speak up for Charlotte's Heart: One good turn deserves another. But say what you will for each other, I will be my own judge of both your hearts; and facts shall be the test. Do you know, Caroline, whether Charlotte has any Lover that is to keep you in countenance with yours?

Car. I dare say, Sir, that my sister Charlotte will not disoblige you.

Sir Tho. I hope, Caroline, you can say as much for Charlotte's sister.

Car. I hope I can, Sir.

Sir Tho. Then you know my will.

Car. I presume, Sir, it is your pleasure, that I should always remain single.

Sir Tho. Hey-day! — But why, pray, does your ladyship suppose so? — Speak out.

Car. Because I think, forgive me to say it, that my Lord L.'s character and his quality are such, that a more creditable proposal cannot be expected. — Pray, Sir, forgive me. And she held up her hands, prayfashion, thus —

Well said, Caroline! thought I — Pull up a courage, my dear! — What a duce —

Sir Tho. His quality! — Gewgaw! — What is a Scotish peerage? — And does your silly heart beat after a coronet? — You want to be a Countess, do you? — But let me tell you, that if you have a true value for Lord L. you will not, incumbred as he is with sisters fortunes, wish him to marry you.

Car. As to title, Sir, that is of very little account with me, without the good character. — As to prudence; my Lord L. cannot see any-thing in me to forfeit his prudence for.

Well answered, Caroline! thought I. In such a laudable choice, all should not be left upon the poor Lov-yer!

Sir Tho. So the difficulty lies not with you, I find. You have no objection to Lord L. if he has none to you. You are an humbled and mortified girl, then. The woman must be indeed in Love, who once thinking well of herself, can give a preference against herself to her Lover.

What business had Sir Thomas to say this, my Lucy?

Sir Tho. Let me know, Caroline, what hopes you have given to Lord L. — Or rather, perhaps, what hopes he has given you? — Why are you silent? Answer me, girl.

Car. I hope, Sir, I shall not disgrace my father, in thinking well of Lord L.

Sir Tho. Nor will he disgrace himself, proud as are the Scotish beggars of their ancestry, in thinking well of a daughter of mine.

Car. Lord L. tho' not a beggar, Sir, would think it an honour, Sir —

Sir Tho. Well said! Go on: Go on. Why stops the girl? — And so he ought. But if Lord L. is not a beggar for my daughter, let not my daughter be a beggar for Lord L. But Lord L. would think it an honour, you say — To be what? — Your husband, I suppose. Answer my question; How stand matters between you and Lord L.?

Car. I cannot, such is my unhappiness! say anything that will please my father.

Sir Tho. How the girl evades my question! — Don't let me repeat it.

Car. It is not disgraceful, I hope, to own, that I had rather be —

There she stopt, and half-hid her face in her bosom And I thought, said Miss Grandison, that she never look'd prettier in her life.

Sir Tho. Rather be Lord L.'s wife than my daughter — Well, Charlotte, tell me, when are you to begin to estrange me from your affections? When are you to begin to think your father stands in the way of your happiness? When do you cast your purveying eyes upon a mere stranger, and prefer him to your father? — I have done my part, I suppose: I have nothing to do but to allot you the fortunes that your Lovers, as they are called, will tell you are necessary to their affairs, and then to lie me down and die. Your fellows then, with you, will dance over my grave; and I shall be no more remembred, than if I had never been — except by your brother.

I could not help speaking here, said Miss Grandison. O Sir! how you wound me! — Do all fathers — Forgive me, Sir —

I saw his brow begin to lour.

Sir Tho. I bear not impertinence. I bear not — There he stopt in wrath. — But why, Caroline, do you evade my question? You know it. Answer it.

Car. I should be unworthy of the affection of such a man as Lord L. is, if I disowned my esteem for him. Indeed, Sir, I have an esteem for Lord L. above any man I ever saw. You, Sir, did not always disesteem him — My brother —

Sir Tho. So! Now all is out! — You have the forwardness — What shall I call it? — But I did, and I do, esteem Lord L. — But as what? — Not as a son-in-law. He came to me as my son's friend. I invited him down in that character: He, at that time, knew nothing of you. But no sooner came a single man into a single woman's company, but you both wanted to make a match of it. You were dutiful: And he was prudent: Prudent for himself. I think you talk'd of his prudence a while ago. He made his application to you, or you to him, I know not which — [Then how poor Caroline wept! And I, said Miss Charlotte, could hardly forbear saying Barbarous!] And when he found himself sure of you, then was the fool the father to be consulted: And for what? Only to know what he would do for two people, who had left him no option in the case. And this is the trick of you all: And the poor father is to be passive, or else to be accounted a tyrant.

Car. Sir, I admitted not Lord L.'s address, but conditionally, as you should approve of it. Lord L. desired not my approbation upon other terms.

Sir Tho. What nonsense is this? — Have you left me any way to help myself? — Come, Caroline, let me try you. I intend to carry you up to town: A young man of quality has made overtures to me. I believe I shall approve of his proposals. I am sure you will, if you are not prepossessed. Tell me, are you, have you left

yourself at liberty to give way to my recommendation? — Why don't you answer me? — You know, that you received Lord L.'s addresses but conditionally, as I should approve of them. And your spark desired not your approbation upon other terms. Come, what say you to this? — What! are you confounded? — Well you may, if you cannot answer me as I wish! If you can, why don't you? — You see, I put you but to your own test.

Car. Sir, it is not for me to argue with my father. Surely, I have not intended to be undutiful. Surely I have not disgraced my family, by admitting Lord L.'s conditional —

Sir Tho. Conditional! — Fool! — How conditional! — Is it not absolute, as to the exclusion of me, or of my option? But I have ever found, that the man who condescends to argue with a woman, especially on certain points, in which nature, and not reason, is concerned, must follow her through a thousand windings, and find himself farthest off when he imagines himself nearest; and at last must content himself, panting for breath, to sit down where he set out; while she gambols about, and is ready to lead him a new course.

Car. I hope —

Sir Tho. None of your hopes — I will have certainty. May I — Come, I'll bring you to a point, if I can, woman as you are — May I receive proposals for you from any other man? Answer me, Yes or No. Don't deal with me, as girls do with common fathers — Don't be disobedient, and then depend upon my weakness to forgive you. I am no common father. I know the world. I know your Sex. I have found more fools in it than I have made. — Indeed, no man makes, or needs to make, you fools. You have folly deeprooted within you. That weed is a native of the soil. A very little watering will make it sprout, and choak the noble flowers that education has planted. I never knew a woman in my life, that was wise by the experience of other people. But answer me: Say — Can you receive a new proposal? or can you not?

Caroline answer'd only by her tears.

Sir Tho. Damnably constant, I suppose! — So you give up real virtue, give up duty to a father, for fidelity, for constancy, for a fictitious virtue, to a Lover! Come hither to me, girl! — Why don't you come to me when I bid you? —

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Caroline arose: Four creeping steps, her handkerchief at her eyes, brought her within her father's reach. He snatched her hand, quicken'd her pace, and brought her close to his knees. Poor sister Caroline! thought I: O the ty — And I had like at the time, to have added the syllable rant to myself. — He pulled the other hand from her eye. The handkerchief dropt: He might see that it was wet and heavy with her tears. Fain would she have turn'd her blubber'd eye from him. He held both her hands, and burst out into a laugh —

And what cries the girl for? Why, Caroline, you shall have a husband, I tell you. I will hasten with you to the London market. Will you be offer'd at Ranelagh market first? the concert or breakfasting? — Or shall I shew you at the opera, or at the play? Ha, ha, hah! — Hold up your head, my amorous girl! You shall stick some of your mother's jewels in your hair, and in your bosom, to draw the eyes of fellows. You must strike at once, while your face is new; or you will be mingled with the herd of women, who prostitute their faces at every polite place. Sweet impatient soul! — Look at me, Caroline. Then he laughed again.

Car. Indeed, Sir, if you were not my father —

Well said, Caroline! thought I; and trod on her toe.

Sir Tho. Hey-day! But what then?

Car. I would say you are very cruel.

Sir Tho. And is that all you would say, poor soft thing! in such circumstances, to any other man? Well, but, all this time, you don't tell me (still holding her hands) whether any other man will not do as well as your Scots-man?

Car. I am not kindly used. Indeed, Sir, you don't use me kindly. I hope I am not an amorous creature, as you call me. I am not in haste to be married. I am willing to wait your time, your pleasure: But, as I presume, that there can be no objection to Lord L. I wish not to be carried to any London market.

Sir Tho. (gravely). If I am disposed to railly you, Caroline; if I am willing to pass off, in a pleasant manner, a forwardness that I did not expect in my daughter; and for which, in my heart, I have despised the daughters of other men, tho' I have not told the wenches so; I will not be answered pertly. I will not have you forget yourself.

Car. (courtesying). Good Sir, permit me to withdraw. I will recollect myself, and be sorry —

Sir Tho. And is it necessary for you to withdraw, to recollect your duty? — But you shall answer my question — How stand you and Lord L.? Are you resolved to have him, and none other? — Will you wait for him, will he wait for you, till death has numbered me with my ancestors?

Car. O Sir! And she look'd down after her dropt handkerchief. She wanted it; and would have withdrawn one of her hands to reach it; and when she could not, the big tears running down her cheeks [Yet she look'd pretty] down she dropt on her knees — Forgive me, Sir — I dread your displeasure — But must say, that I am not an amorous girl: And, to convince you that I am not, I will never marry any man living, if it be not Lord L.

I all this time was in agitations for my poor sister. I tired three chairs; and now look'd at her; now from her; then at my fingers ends, wishing them claws, and the man an husband, instead of a father. Indeed, Miss Byron, I could not but make Caroline's treatment my own; and, in fancy, not so very remote, as you imagin'd, Lady L. Once I said to myself, If some Lord L. tenders himself to me, and I like him, I will not stand all this. The first moon-light night, if he urge me heartily, and I am sure the parson is ready, I will be under another protection, despicably as I have always thought of runaway daughters! — Should I have done right, Miss Byron?

The example, Miss Grandison! replied I — Such a mamma as you were blessed with! The world that would have sat in judgment upon the flight of the daughter, would not have known the cruel treatment of the father. I believe, my dear, you are glad you had not the trial: And you see how Lady L. is rewarded for her patient duty.

That's my good Harriet! said Lady L. I love you for your answer. But, Sister, you leave me in too much distress. You must release me from my knees, and send me up to my chamber, as fast as you can.

A little patience, Lady L. — But what say my minutes? — Miss Byron seems all attention. This is a new subject to her. She never had any-body to controul her.

I think I could have borne any-thing from a father or mother, said I, had it pleased God to continue to me so dear a blessing.

Fine talking, Harriet! said Miss Grandison. But let me say, that a witty father is not a desirable character — By the way, ours was as cruel (Shall I say it, Lady L.? You are upon your knees, you know) to two very worthy sisters of his own: One of them ran away from him to a relation in Yorkshire, where she lives still, and as worthy an old maid she is as any in the county: The other died before she could get her fortune paid, or she would have been married to a man she loved, and who loved her: But she left every shilling of her fortune to her maiden sister, and nothing to my father.

It is well my brother is not in hearing, said Lady L. He would not have borne the hundredth part of what we have said. But sufferers will complain. Remember, however, Charlotte, that I am still upon my knees.

See, my Lucy! Rakish men make not either good husbands, or good fathers; nor yet good brothers. — But, no wonder! The narrow-hearted creatures centre all their delight in themselves. — Finely do women choose, who, taken in by their specious airs, vows, protestations, become the abject properties of such wretches! Yet, a reformed rake, they say, makes the best husband — Against general experience this is said — But by whom? By the vulgar and the inconsiderate only, surely!

Miss Grandison proceeded.

Sir Tho. You will never marry any other man living! — And this is declared, in order to convince me that you are not amorous! — Quibbling nonsense! — Had you not been amorous, you had not put yourself into a situation, that should give you courage to say this to me. Bold fool! Begone!

She arose.

Yet you shall not go, holding both her hands. And dare you thus declare yourself? — What option, I again ask you, is left me? — And yet Lord L. and you, as you pretended just now, were determined only on a conditional courtship as I should, or should not, approve of it! Consound your Sex! This ever was, and ever will be, the case. The blind god sets you out, where you mean the best, on a pacing beast; you amble, prance, parade, till your giddy heads turn round; and then you gallop over hedge and ditch; leap fences; and duty, decency, and discretion, are trodden under foot!

Poor Miss Caroline! said I, Lucy, to them both — I expected this cruel retort.

I foresaw it, replied Lady L. And this kept me off so long from declaring my preference of Lord L. to all the men in the world; as in justice to his merit, my heart several times bid me do without scruple.

Begone from my presence, said Sir Thomas, proceeded Miss Grandison — Yet he still held her hands — That little witch! I have been watching her eyes, and every working muscle of her saucy face [meaning poor me, said Miss Grandison]: She takes part with you in all your distresses — You are forely distressed, are you not? — Am I not a tyrant with you both? — You want to be gone, both of you: Then shall I be the subject of your free discourses. All the resentment, that now you endeavour to confine, will then burst out: I shall be intitled to no more of your duty than is consistent with your narrow interest: Lord L. will be consulted in preference to me, and have the whole confidence of my daughters against me. I am now, from this hour, to be looked upon as your enemy, and not your father. But I will renounce you both; and permit your brother, the joy of my life, and the

hope of my better days, to come over: And he shall renounce you, as I do, or I will renounce him: And, in that case, I shall be a father without a child; yet three living by the best of women. How would she —

I broke out here, said Miss Grandison, with an emotion that I could not suppress. O my dear mamma! How much do we miss you! — Were you to have become angel when we were infants, should we have missed you as we do now? — O my dear mamma! This, this, is the time that girls most want a mother! —

I was about to sly for it. I trembled at the sternness of my father's looks, on this apostrophe to my mother. He arose. Caroline, don't stir, said he; I have something more to say to you. Come-hither, Charlotte! and held out both his hands — You have burst out at last. I saw your assurance swelling to your throat —

I threw myself at his feet, and besought him to forgive me.

But taking both my hands in one of his, as I held them up folded — Curse me if I do! said he. I was willing you should be present, in hopes to make you take warning by your sister's folly and inconsistency. Lord L. has been a thief in my house. He has stolen my elder daughter's affections from me: Yet has drawn her in, as pretending that he desired not her favour, but as I approved of his addresses. I do not approve of them. I hope I may be allowed to be my own judge in this case. She however declares, she will have nobody else. And have I brought up my children till the years that they should be of use and comfort to me; and continued a widower myself for their sakes [So my father was pleased to say, said Miss Grandison]; and all for a man I approve not? — And do you, Charlotte, call your blessed mother from her peaceful tomb, to relieve you and your sister against a tyrant-father? — What comfort have I in prospect before me, from such daughters? — But leave me. Leave my house. Seek your fortunes where you will. Take your cloaths: Take all that belongs to you: But nothing that was your mother's. I will give you each a draught on my banker for 500 l. When that is gone, according to what I shall hear of your behaviour, you shall, or shall not, have more.

Dear Sir! said Caroline, flinging herself on her knees by me, forgive my sister! — Dear, good Sir! whatever becomes of me, forgive your Charlotte!

Sir Tho. You are fearless of your destiny, Caroline. You will throw yourself into the arms of Lord L. I doubt not. — I will send for your brother. But you shall both leave this house. I will shut it up the moment you are gone. It shall never again be open'd while I live. When my ashes are mingled with those of your mother, then may you keep open house in it, and trample under foot the ashes of both.

I sobbed out, Dear Sir, forgive me! I meant not to reflect upon my father, when I wish'd for my mother. I wish'd for her for your sake, Sir, as well as for ours. She would have mediated. — She would have soften'd —

Sir Tho. My hard heart — I know what you mean, Charlotte!

And flung from us a few paces, walking about in wrath, leaving us kneeling at his vacant chair.

He then, ringing the bell, the door in his hand, ordered in the housekeeper. She enter'd. A very good woman she was. She trembled for her kneeling Ladies.

Sir Th. Beckford, do you assist these girls in getting up every thing that belongs to them. Give me an inventory of what they take. Their father's authority is grievous to them. They want to shake it off. They find themselves women-grown. They want husbands —

Indeed, indeed, Beckford, we don't, said Caroline; interrupted by my father —

Do you give me the lye, bold-face? —

Pray your honour — Good your honour — intreated honest Beckford: never were modester young Ladies. They are noted all over the county for their modesty and goodness —

Woman, woman, argue not with me. Modesty never forgets duty. Caroline loves not her father. Lord L. has stolen away her affections from me. Charlotte is of her party: And so are you, I find. But take my commands in silence — A week longer they stay not in this house —

Beckford, throwing herself on her knees, repeated — Good your honour —

We both arose, and threw ourselves at his feet —

Forgive us! I beseech you, forgive us! — For my mamma's sake, forgive us! — said Caroline —

For my mamma's sake, for my brother's sake, dear Sir, forgive your daughters! cried I, in as rueful an accent.

And we each of us took hold of his open'd coat, both in tears; and Beckford keeping us company.

Unmoved he went on — I intend you a pleasure, girls. I know you want to be freed from my authority. You are women-grown. The man who has daughters knows not discomfort with them, till busy fellows bid them look out of their father's house for that happiness, which they hardly ever find but in it.

We are yours, my papa, said I — We are nobody's else — Do not, do not, expose your children to the censures of the world. Hitherto our reputations are unsullied —

Dear Sir, cried Caroline, throw us not upon the world, the wide world! Dear Sir, continue us in your protection. We want not to be in any other.

You shall try the experiment girls — I am not fit to be your counsellor. Lord L. has distanced me with the one: The other calls upon her departed mother to appear, to shield her from the cruelty of an unnatural father. And Lord L. has the insolence to tell me to my face, that I am too young a father to take upon me the management of women-grown daughters. And so I find it. Blubber not, Beckford; assist your young Ladies for their departure. A week is the longest time they have to stay in this house. I want to shut it up: Never more to enter its gates.

We continued our pleadings.

O Sir, said Caroline, turn not your children out of doors. We are daughters. We never more wanted a father's protection than now.

What have we done, Sir, cried I, to deserve being turned out of your doors? — For every offensive word we beg your pardon. You shall always have dutiful children of us. Permit me to write to my brother —

So, so! You mend the matter. You want to interest your brother in your favour — You want to appeal to him, do you? and to make a son sit in judgment upon his father! — Prate not, girls! Intreat not! — Get ready to be gone. I will shut up this house —

Where-ever you are, Sir, intreated I, there let us be — Renounce not your children, your penitent children.

He proceeded. I suppose Lord L. will as soon find out your person, Caroline, as he has your inclinations; so contrary to my liking. As to you, Charlotte, you may go down to your old aunt Prue in Yorkshire: [He calls their aunt Eleanor so, from the word Prude — Yet we have seen, Lucy, it was owing to him that this Lady did not marry]: She will be able to instruct you, that patience is a virtue; and that you ought not to be in haste to take a first offer, for fear you should not have a second.

Poor sister Caroline! He look'd disdainfully at her.

You are my father, Sir, said she. All is welcome from you: But you shall have no cause to reproach me. I will not be in haste. And here on my knees, I promise, that I will never be Lord L.'s, without your consent. I only beg of you, Sir, not to propose to me any other man.

My father, partly relented [partly, Harriet]: I take you at your word: And I insist that you shall not correspond with him, nor see him. — You answer not to that. But you know my will. And once more, answer or not, I require your obedience. Beckford, you may go. Rise, Caroline

And am I forgiven, Sir? said I — Dear Sir, forgive your Charlotte — [Yet, Miss Byron, what was my crime?]

Make the best use of the example before you, Charlotte: Not to imitate Caroline, in engaging your affections unknown to me — Remember that. She has

her plagues in giving me plague. It is fit she should. Where you cannot in duty follow the example, take the warning.

Beckford was withdrawn. He graciously saluted each girl: And thus triumphantly made them express sorrow for — Do you know for what Harriet?

I wish thought I to myself, Lucy, that these boisterous spirits, either fathers or husbands, were not generally most observed.

But was Miss Grandison's spirit so easily subdued? thought I.

You smile, Harriet. What do you smile at?

Will you forgive me, if I tell you?

I don't know.

I depend on your good-nature. I smiled to think, Lady L. how finely Miss Grandison has got up since that time.

Miss Gr. O the sly girl! — Remember you not, that I was before your debtor?

A good hit, I protest! said Lady L. Yet Charlotte was always a pert girl out of her father's presence. But I will add a word or two to my sister's narrative.

My father kept us with him till he read Lord L.'s Letter, which he open'd not till then, and plainly, as I saw, to find some new fault with him and me on the occasion. But I came off better than I apprehended I should at the time; for I had not seen it. Here is a copy of it.

Lady L. allow'd me, Lucy, to take it up with me, when we parted for the night.

PERMIT me, Sir, by pen and ink, rather than in person, as I think it will be most acceptable to you, to thank you, as I most cordially do, for the kind and generous treatment I have received at your hands, during a whole month's residence at Grandison-hall, whither I came with intent to stay but three days.

I am afraid I suffer'd myself to be surprised into an undue warmth of expression, when I last went from your presence. I ask your pardon, if so. You have a right in your own child. God forbid that I should ever attempt to invade it! But what a happy man should I be, if my Love for Miss Grandison, and that right, could be made to coincide! I may have appeared to have acted wrong in your apprehension, in applying myself first to Miss Grandison: I beg, Sir, your pardon for that also.

But perhaps I have a still greater fault to atone for. I need not indeed acquaint you with it; but had rather intitle myself by my ingenuousness to your forgivness, than wish to conceal any thing from you in any article of this high importance, whether you grant it me or not. I own then, that when I last departed from your angry presence, I directly went to Miss Grandison, and on my knees implored her hand. I presumed that an alliance with me was not a disgraceful one; and assured her, that my estate should work itself clear without any expectation from you; as it will, I hope, in a few years, by good management, to which I was sure she would

contribute. But she refused me, and resolved to await the good pleasure of her father; yet giving me, I must honestly add, condescending hopes of her favour, could your consent be obtained.

Thus is the important affair circumstanced.

I never will marry any other woman, while there is the least shadow of hope, that she can be mine. The conversation of the best of young men, your son, for two months, in Italy, and one before that in some of the German courts, has made me ambitious of following such an example in every duty of life: And if I might obtain, by your favour, so dear a wife, and so worthy a brother, as well as so amiable a sister as Miss Charlotte, the happiest man in the world would then be,

Sir, Your obliged and faithful servant, L.

Yet my father, said Lady L. called it an artful Letter; and observed, that Lord L. was very sure of me, or he had not offer'd to make a proposal to me, that deserved not to be excused. You were aiming at prudence, girl, in your refusal, I see that, said my father. You had no reason to doubt but Lord L. would hereafter like you the better for declining marriage in that clandestine manner, because the refusal would give him an opportunity to make things more convenient to himself. One half of a woman's virtue is pride, continued he [I hope not, truly, said Lady L.]; the other half, policy. If they were sure the man would not think the worse of them for it, they would not wait a second question. Had you had an independent fortune, Caroline, what wou'd you have done? — But go; you are a weak, and yet a cunning girl. Cunning is the wisdom of women. Womens weakness is man's strength. I am sorry that my daughters are not compounded of less brittle materials. I wonder that any man who knows the sex, marries.

Thus spoke the rakish, the keeping father, Lucy, endeavouring to justify his private vices by general reflexions on the sex. And thus are wickedness and libertinism called a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of human nature. Swift, for often painting a dunghil, and for his abominable Yahoe story, was complimented with this knowledge: But I hope, that the character of human nature, the character of creatures made in the image of the deity, is not to be taken from the overflowings of such dirty imaginations.

What company, my dear, must those men be supposed to have generally kept? How are we authorised to wish (only that good is often produced out of evil, as is instanced in two such daughters, and such a son) that a man of this cast had never had the honour to call a Lady Grandison by his name! And yet Sir Thomas's vices called forth, if they did not establish, her virtues. What shall we say?

Whatever is, is in its causes just;

– But purblind man

Sees but a part o'th' chain, the nearest link;

His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,
That poises all above.
DRYD.

I thought, my Lucy, that the conversation I have attempted to give, would not, tho' long, appear tedious to you; being upon a new subject, the behaviour of a free-liver of a father to his grown-up daughters, when they came to have expectations upon him, which he was not disposed to answer; and the rather, as it might serve to strengthen us, who have had in our family none but good men (tho' we have neighbours of a different character, who have wanted to be acquainted with us) in our resolution to reject the suits of libertine men by a stronger motive even than for our own sakes: And I therefore was glad of the opportunity of procuring it for you, and for our Nancy, now her recover'd health will allow her to look abroad more than she had of late been used to do. I am sure my grandmamma, and my aunt Selby, will be pleased with it; because it will be a good supplement to the lessons they have constantly inculcated upon us, against that narrow-hearted race of men, who live only for the gratification of their own lawless appetites, and consider all the rest of the world as made for themselves, the worst and most noxious reptiles in it.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THUS far had the Ladies proceeded in their interesting story, when the Letters of my grandmamma and aunt were brought me by a man and horse from London. By my answer you will see how much I was affected by the contents. The Ladies saw my uneasiness, and were curious to know the cause. I told them from whence the Letters came, and what the subject was; and that my aunt was to give for me, next Saturday, an answer to Lady D. in person.

I then retired to write. When I had dispatched the messenger, the Ladies wished to know the resolution I had come to. I told them I had confirmed my negative.

Miss Grandison, with archness, held up her hands and eyes. I was vexed she did. Then, Charlotte, said I, spitefully, you would not have declined accepting this proposal.

She looked earnestly at me, and shook her head. Ah, Harriet, said she, you are an unaccountable girl! You will tell the truth; but not the whole truth.

I blushed, as I felt; and believe looked silly.

Ah, Harriet, repeated she; looking as if she would look me through.

Dear Miss Grandison! said I.

There is some Northamptonshire gentleman, of whom we have not yet heard.

I was a little easier then. But can this Lady mean any-thing particular? She cannot be so ungenerous, surely, as to play upon a poor girl, if she thought her entangled. All I am afraid of, is, that my temper will be utterly ruined. I am not so happy in myself, as I used to be. Don’t you think, Lucy, that taking one thing with another, I am in a situation that is very teazing? — But let me find a better subject.

THE Ladies, at my request, pursued their FAMILY-HISTORY.

Lord L. and Miss Caroline went on, hoping for a change in Sir Thomas’s mind. He would, no doubt, they said have been overcome by the young Lady’s duty, and my Lord L.’s generosity, had he not made it inconvenient to himself, to part with money.

He went to town, and carried his daughters with him; and, it is thought, would not have been sorry, had the Lovers married without his consent; for he prohibited anew, on their coming to town, my Lord’s visits; so that they were obliged to their sister, as she pleasantly had told Lady L. for contriving to forward their interviews.

Mean time, my Lord's affairs growing urgent, by reason of his two sister's marrying, he gave way to the offers of a common friend of his and Lord W's, to engage that nobleman, who approved of the match, to talk to Sir Thomas on the subject.

Lord W. and the Baronet met. My Lord was earnest in the cause of the lovers. Sir Thomas was not pleased with his interfering in his family affairs. And indeed a more improper man could hardly have been applied to on the occasion: For Lord W. who is immensely rich, was always despised by Sir Thomas for his avarice; and he as much disliked Sir Thomas for what he called his profusion.

High words passed between them. They parted in passion; and Sir Thomas resenting Lord L's appeal to Lord W. the sisters were in a worse situation than before; for now, besides having incurred the indignation of their father, their uncle, who was always afraid that Sir Thomas's extravagance would reduce the children to the necessity of hoping for his assistance, made a pretence of their father's ill treatment of him, to disclaim all acts of kindness and relation to them.

What concern'd the sisters still more, was, my Lord's declared antipathy to their brother; and that for no other reason, but because his father (who, he was sure, he said, could neither love nor hate in a right place) doated on him.

In this sad situation were these Lovers, when overtures were made to Sir Thomas for his younger daughter: But tho' Miss Charlotte gave him no pretence to accuse her of beginning a Love-affair unknown to him; yet those overtures never came to her knowledge from him, tho' they did from others: And would you have wondered, Harriet, said she, with such treatment before my eyes as Caroline met with, if I had been provoked to take some rash step?

No provocation, reply'd I, from a father, can justify a rash step in a child. I am glad, and so, I dare say, are you, that your prudence was your safeguard, when you were deprived of that which so good a child might have expected from a father's indulgence, especially when a mother was not in being.

Miss Grandison coloured, and bit her lip. Why did she colour?

At last Sir Thomas took a resolution to look into and regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give to his beloved son to come over. From his duty, discretion, and good management, he was sure, he said, he should be the happiest of men. But he was at a loss what to do with Mrs. Oldham and her two children. He doubted not, but his son had heard of his guilty commerce with her: Yet he cared not, that the young gentleman should find her living in a kind of wife-like state in one of the familyseats: And yet she had made too great a sacrifice to him, to be unhandsomely used; and he thought he ought to provide for his children by her.

While he was meditating this change of measures, that he might stand well with a son, whose character for virtue and prudence made his father half afraid of him, a proposal of marriage was made to him for his son by one of the first men in the kingdom, whose daughter, accompanying her brother and his wife, in a tour to France and Italy, saw and fell in Love with the young Gentleman at Florence: And her brother gave way to his sister's regard for him, for the sake of the character he bore among the people of prime consideration in Italy.

Sir Thomas had several meetings on this subject, both with the brother, and the Earl his father; and was so fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reserving to himself an annuity, and making over the whole of his estate to his son, in favour of this match: And once he said, He should by this means do as Victor Amadeus of Savoy did, rid himself of many incumbrances; and being not a king, was sure of his son's duty to him.

The Ladies found a Letter of their brother's among Sir Thomas's loose papers, which shewed that this offer had been actually made him. This is a copy of it.

Dear and ever-honoured Sir,

I AM astonished at the contents of your last favour. If the proposal made in it, arose from the natural greatness of your mind, and an indulgence which I have so often experienced, what shall I say to it? I cannot bear it. If it proceed from proposals made to you, God forbid that I should give your name to a woman, how illustrious soever in her descent, and how high soever the circumstances of her family, whose friends could propose such conditions to my father.

I receive with inexpressible joy so near an hope of the long wished-for leave to throw myself at your feet in my native country. When I have this happiness granted me, I will unbosom my whole heart to my father. The credit of your name, and the knowledge every one has of your goodness to me, will be my recommendation whenever you shall wish me to enlarge the family connexions.

Till I have this honour, I beseech you, Sir, to discontinue the treaty already begun.

You are pleased to ask my opinion of the Lady, and whether I have any objection to her person. I remember, I thought her a very agreeable woman.

You mention, Sir, the high sense the Lady, as well as Lord and Lady N. have of the civilities they received from me. My long residence abroad gave me the power of doing little offices for those of my country, who visited France and Italy. Those services are too gratefully remember'd by my Lord and the Ladies.

I am extremely concern'd that you have reason to be displeased with any part of the conduct of my sisters. Can the daughters of such a mother as you had the happiness to give them, forget themselves? Their want of consideration shall receive no countenance from me. I shall let them know, that my Love, my esteem,

if it be of consequence with them, is not founded on relation, but merit: And that, where duty to a parent is wanting, all other good qualities are to be suspected.

You ask my opinion of my Lord L. and whether he has sought to engage me to favour his address to your Caroline. He wrote to me on that subject: I inclose his Letter, and a copy of my answer. As to my opinion of him, I must say, that I have not met with any British man abroad, of whose discretion, sobriety, and good-nature, I think more highly than I do of Lord L.'s. Justice requires of me this testimony. But as to the affair between him and my sister, I shall be extremely sorry, if Lord L.'s first impropriety of behaviour were to you; and if my sister has suffer'd her heart to be engaged against her duty.

You have the goodness to say, that my return will be a strengthening of your hands: May my own be weaken'd; May I ever want the power to do good to myself, or to those I love, when I forget, or depart from, the duty owing to the most indulgent of fathers, by

His CHARLES GRANDISON.

WHAT an excellent young man is this! — But observe, Lucy; he says he will on his return to England unbosom his whole heart to his father; and till then, he desires him to discontinue the begun treaty with Lord N. — Ah, my dear! — What has any new acquaintance to expect, were she to be intangled in a hopelesspassion? But let us consider — Had Sir Charles been actually married, would his being so, have enabled a woman's reason to triumph over her passion? — If so, passion is surely conquerable: And did I know any-body that wou'd allow it to be so in the one case, and not in the other, I would bid her take shame to herself, and, with deep humiliation, mourn her ungovernable folly.

The above Letter came not to the hands of the young Ladies till after their father's death, which happen'd within a month of his receiving it, and before he had actually given permission for the young gentleman's return. You may suppose they were excessively affected with the bad impressions their father had sought to make in their brother's heart, of their conduct; and when he died, were the more apprehensive of their force.

He had suspended the treaty of marriage for his son till the young gentleman should arrive. He had perplexed himself about his private affairs, which, by long neglect, became very intricate, and of consequence must be very irksome for such a man to look into. He was resolved therefore to leave it to each steward (having persuaded himself, against appearances, to have a good opinion of both) to examine the accounts of the other; not only as this would give the least trouble to himself, but as they had several items to charge, which he had no mind should be explained to his son. Nor were those gentlemen less solicitous to obtain discharges from him; for being apprised of his reason for looking into his affairs,

they were afraid of the inspection of so good a manager as their young master was known to be.

Mr. Filmer, the steward for the Irish estate, came over, on this occasion, with his accounts: The two stewards acted in concert; and on the report of each, Sir Thomas examined totals only, and order'd releases to be drawn for his signing.

What a degrader even of high spirits, is vice! What meanness was there in Sir Thomas's pride! To be afraid of the eye of a son, of whose duty he was always boasting!

But who shall answer for the resormation of an habitual libertine, when a temptation offers? Observe what followed:

Mr. Filmer, knowing Sir Thomas's frailty, had brought over with him, and with a view to ensnare the unhappy man, a fine young creature, not more than sixteen, on pretence of visiting her aunt who lived in Pallmall, and who was a relation of his wife. She was innocent of actual crime: But her parents had no virtue, and had not made it a part of the young woman's education; but had, on the contrar, brought her up with a notion that her beauty would make her fortune; and she knew it was all the fortune they had to give her.

Mr. Filmer, in his attendances on Sir Thomas, was always praising the beauty of Miss Obrian; her genteel descent, as well as figure, her innocence [Innocence! the Attractive equally to the attempts of Rakes and Devils!] But the Baronet, intent upon pursuing his better schemes, for some time, only gave the artful man the hearing. At last, however (for curiositysake) he was prevailed upon to make the aunt a visit. The niece was not absent. She more than answered all that Filmer had said in her praise, as to the beauty of her person. Sir Thomas repeated his visits. The girl was well tutored; behaved with prudence, with reserve rather; and, in short, made such an impression on his heart, that he declared to Filmer that he could not live without her.

Advantage was endeavoured to be taken of his insatuation. He offered high terms: But for some time the aunt insisted upon his marrying her niece.

Sir Thomas had been too long a leader in the free world, to be so taken-in, as it is called. But at last, a proposal was made him, from no part of which, the aunt declared she would recede, tho' the poor girl, (who, it was pretended, loved him above all the men she had ever seen) were to break her heart for him. A fine piece of flattery, Lucy, to a man who numbered near three times her years; and who was still fond of making conquests.

The terms were: That he should settle upon the young woman 500 l. a year for her life; and on her father and mother, if they could be brought to consent to the (infamous) bargain, 200 l. a year for their joint and separate lives: That Miss Obrien should live at one of Sir Thomas's seats in England; be allowed genteel

equipages, his livery; and even for her credit-sake, in the eye of her own relations, who were of figure, to be connived at in taking his name. The aunt left it to his generosity to reward her for the part she had taken, and was to take, to bring all this about with the parents and girl.

Sir Thomas thought these demands much too high: He stood out for some time; but artifice being used on all sides to draw him on, Love, as it is called (prostituted word!) obliged him to comply.

His whole concern was now, how to provide for this new expence, without robbing, as he called it, his son (daughters were but daughters, and no part of the question with him); and to find excuses for continuing the young gentleman abroad,

Mrs. Oldham had, for some time past, been uneasy herself, and made him so, by her compunction on their guilty commerce; and now lately, on Sir Thomas's communicating his intention to recal his son, had hinted her wishes to be allowed to quit the house in Essex, and to retire both from that and him; for fear of making the young gentleman as much her enemy, as the two sisters avowedly were.

Mrs. Oldham's proposal, now that he was acquainted with Miss Obrian, was better relished by Sir Thomas, than when it was first made. And before he actually signed and sealed with the aunt, for her niece, he thought it was best to sound that unhappy woman, whether she in earnest desired to retire; and if so, what were her expectations from him: Resolving, in order to provide for both expences, to cut down timber, that, he said, groaned for the ax; but which hitherto he had let stand as a resource for his son, and to enable him to clear incumbrances that he had himself laid upon a part of his estate.

Accordingly, he set out for his seat in Essex.

THERE, while he was planning future schemes of living, and reckoning upon his savings in several articles, in order the better to support an expence so guiltily to be incurred; and had actually begun to treat with Mrs. Oldham; who agreed, at the first word, to retire; not knowing but his motive, (poor man!) as well as hers, was reformation. There was he attacked by a violent fever; which in three days deprived him of the use of that reason which he had so much abused.

Mr. Bever, his English steward, posted down, on the first news he had of his being taken ill, hoping to get him to sign the ready-drawn up releases. But the eagerness he shewed to have this done, giving cause of suspicion to Mrs. Oldham, she would not let him see his master, tho' he arrived on the second day of Sir Thomas's illness, which was before the fever had seized his brain.

Mr. Filmer had been to meet, and conduct to London, Mrs. Obrian the mother of the girl, who came over to see the sale of the poor victim's honour completed [Could you have thought, Lucy, there was such a mother in the world?]; and it

was not till the fifth day of the unhappy man's illness that he got to him, with his releases also ready drawn up, as well as the articles between him and the Obrians, in hopes to find him well enough to sign both. He was in a visible consternation when he found his master so ill. He would have staid in the house to watch the event; but Mrs. Oldham not permitting him to do so, he put up at the next village, in hopes of a favourable turn of the distemper.

On the sixth day, the physicians giving no hopes of Sir Thomas's recovery, Mrs. Oldham sent to acquaint the two young Ladies with his danger; and they instantly set out to attend their father.

They could not be supposed to love Mrs. Oldham; and, taking Mr. Grandison's advice, who accompanied them, they let the unhappy gentlewoman know, that there was no farther occasion for her attendance on their father. She had prudently, before, that she might give the less offence to the two Ladies, removed her son by her former husband, and her two children by Sir Thomas; but insisted on continuing about him, and in the house, as well from motives of tenderness, as for her own security, lest she should be charged with embezlements; for she expected not mercy from the family, if Sir Thomas died.

Poor woman! what a tenure was that by which she held!

Miss Caroline consented, and brought her sister to consent, that she should stay; absolutely against Mr. Grandison's advice; who, libertine as he was himself, was very zealous to punish a poor Magdalen, who, tho' faulty, was not so faulty as himself. Wicked people, I believe, my dear, are the severest punishers of those wicked people, who administer not to their own particular gratifications. Can mercy be expected from such? Mercy is a virtue.

It was shocking to the last degree to the worthy daughters to hear their raving father call upon nobody so often, as upon Miss Obrian; tho' they then knew nothing of the girl, nor of the treaty on foot for her; nor could Mrs. Oldham inform them, who or what she was. Sometimes, when the unhappy man was quietest, he would call upon his son, in words generally of kindness and Love. Once in particular, crying out — O save me! save me! my Grandison, by thy presence! I shall be consumed by the fire that is already lighted up in my boiling blood.

On the ninth day, no hope being left, and the physicians declaring him to be a dying man, they dispatched a Letter by a messenger to hasten over their brother, who (having left his ward, Miss Emily Jervois, at Florence in the protection of the worthy Dr. Bartlett) was come to Paris, as he had written, in expectation of receiving there his father's permission to return to England.

On the eleventh day of his illness, Sir Thomas came a little to himself. He knew his daughters. He wept over them. He wish'd he had been kinder to them.

He was sensible of his danger. Several times he lifted up his feeble hands, and dying eyes, repeating, God is just. I am, I have been, very wicked! Repentance! Repentance! how hard a task! said he once to the minister who attended him, and whose prayers he desired. — And Mrs. Oldham once coming in his sight — O Mrs. Oldham! said he, what is this world now? What wou'd I give — But repent, repent — Put your good resolutions in practice, lest I have more souls than my own to answer for.

Soon after this his delirium return'd; and he expired about eleven at night, in dreadful agonies. Unhappy man! — Join a tear with mine, my Lucy, on the awful exit of Sir Thomas Grandison, tho' we knew him not.

Poor man! in the pursuit — Poor man! — He lived not to see his beloved son! —

The two daughters, and Mr. Grandison, and Mrs. Oldham (for her own security) put their respective seals on every place, at that house, where papers, or any-thing of value were supposed to be reposited: And Mr. Grandison, assuming that part of the management; dismissed Mrs. Oldham from the house; and would not permit her to take with her more than one suit of cloaths, besides those she had on. She wept bitterly, and complained of harsh treatment: But was not pitied; and was referred by Mr. Grandison to his absent cousin for still more rigorous justice.

She appealed to the ladies; but they reproach'd her with having lived a life of shame, against better knowledge; and said, That now she must take the consequence. Her punishment was but beginning. Their brother would do her strict justice, they doubted not: But a man of his virtue, they were sure, would abhor her. She had mis-led their father, they said. It was not in his temper to be cruel to his children. She had lived upon their fortunes; and now they had nothing but their brother's favour to depend upon.

Daughters so dutiful, my Lucy, did right to excuse their father all they could: But Mrs. Oldham suffer'd for all.

I AM so much interested in this important history that I have not the heart to break into it, to tell you how very agreeably I pass my time with these ladies, and Lord L. in those parts of the day, when we are all assembled. Miss Emily has a fine mind; gentle, delicate, innocently childish beyond her stature and womanly appearance; but not her years. The two Ladies are very good to her. Lord L. is an excellent man.

This is Friday morning: And no Sir Charles! Canterbury is surely a charming place. Was you ever at Canterbury, Lucy?

To-morrow, Lady D. is to visit my aunt. My letter to my aunt will be in time, I hope. I long to know — Yet why should I? — But Lady D. is so good a woman! I

hope she will take kindly my denial, and look upon it as an absolute one.

I have a great deal more of the family-history to give you: I wish I could write as fast as we can talk. But, Lucy, concerning the Lady, with whose father Sir Thomas was in treaty for his son? Don’t you want to know something more about her? — But, ah, my dear, be this as it may, there is a Lady, in whose favour both sisters interest themselves. I have found that out. Nor will it be long, I suppose, before I shall be informed who she is; and whether or not Sir Charles encourages the proposal.

Adieu, my Lucy! You will soon have another Letter from

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

YOU see, my dear, how many important matters depended on the conduct and determination of the young Baronet

Lord I was at this time in Scotland, where he had seen married two of his three sisters; and was busying himself in putting his affairs in such a way, as should enable him to depend the less, either on the justice or generosity of Sir Thomas Grandison, whose beloved daughter he was impatient to call his.

Miss Charlotte was absolutely dependent upon her brother's generosity; and both sisters had reason to be the more uneasy, as it was now, in the worldlywise way of thinking, become his interest to keep up the distance which their unhappy father had been sollicitous to create between them, from a policy low, and entirely unworthy of him.

The unhappy Mrs. Oldham had already received a severe instance of the change of her fortune; and had no reason to doubt, but that the sisters, who had always, from the time she was set over them as their governess, look'd upon her with an evil eye; and afterwards had but too just a pretence for their aversion; would incense against her a brother, whose fortune had been lessen'd by his father's profusion. The few relations she had living, were people of honour, who renounced all correspondence with her, from the time she had thrown herself so absolutely into the power of Sir Thomas Grandison: And she had three sons to take care of.

Bever and Filmer, the English and Irish stewards, were attending Sir Charles's arrival with great impatience, in hopes he would sign those accounts of theirs; to which they had no reason to question but his father would have set his hand, had he not been taken so suddenly ill, and remained delirious almost to the end of his life.

Miss Obrian, her mother and aunt, I shall mention in another place.

Lord W. had a great dislike to his nephew, for no other reason, as I have said, than because he was his father's favourite. Yet were not his nieces likely to find their uncle more their friend for that. He was indeed almost entirely under the management of a woman, who had not either the birth, the education, the sense, or moderation of Mrs. Oldham, to put in the contrary scale against her lost virtue; but abounded, it seems, in a low selfish cunning, by which she never failed to carry every point she set her heart upon: For, as is usual, they say, with these keeping men, Lord W. would yield up, to avoid her teazing, what he would not

have done to a wife of fortune and family, who might have been a credit to his own: But the real slave, imagined himself master of his liberty; and sat down satisfied with the sound of word.

The suspended treaty of marriage with Lord N.'s sister was also to be taken into consideration, either to be proceeded with, or broken off, as should be concluded by both parties.

This was the situation of affairs in the family, when Sir Charles arrived.

He return'd not an answer to his sister's notification of his father's danger; but immediately set out for Calais, and the same day arrived at the house of his late father in St. James's Square. His sisters concluded, that he would be in town nearly as soon as a Letter could come. They therefore every hour, for two days together, expected him.

Judge, my dear, from the foregoing circumstances (sisterly Love out of the question, which yet it could not be) how awful must be to them, after eight or nine years absence, the first appearance of a brother, on whom the whole of their fortunes depended; and to whom they had been accused by a father, now so lately departed, of want of duty; their brother's duty unquestionable!

In the same moment he alighted from his postchaise, the door was open'd; he enter'd; and his two sisters met him, in the hall.

The graceful youth of seventeen, with fine curling auburn locks waving upon his shoulders; delicate in complexion; intelligence sparkling in his fine free eyes; and good humour sweetening his lively features; they remembred: And, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripen'd in the same space of time, they seemed not to expect that manly stature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, which every one who sees this brother, admires in his noble aspect: An aspect then appearing more solemn than usual; an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

O my brother! said Caroline, with open arms: But, shrinking from his embrace; May I say, my brother? — and was just fainting. He clasped her in his arms, to support her —

Charlotte, surprised at her sister's emotion, and affected with his presence, ran back into the room they had both quitted, and threw herself upon a settee.

Her brother followed her into the room, his arm round Miss Caroline's waist, soothing her; and, with eyes of expectation, my Charlotte! said he, his inviting hand held out, and hastening towards the settee. She then found her feet; and, throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both sisters to his bosom: Receive, my dearest sisters, receive your brother, your friend; assure yourselves of my unabated Love.

That assurance, they said, was balm to their hearts; and when each was seated, he, sitting over against them, look'd first on one, then on the other; and taking each by the hand; Charming women! said he: How I admire my sisters! You must have minds answerable to your persons. What pleasure, what pride, shall I take in my sisters!

My dear Charlotte! said Miss Caroline, taking her sister's other hand, has not our brother, now we see him near, all the brother in his aspect? His goodness only looks stronger, and more perfect: What was I afraid of?

My heart also sunk, said Charlotte; I know not why. But we feared — Indeed, Sir, we both feared — O my brother! — Tears trickling down the cheeks of each — we meant not to be undutiful —

Love your brother, my sisters, as he will endeavour to deserve your Love. My mother's daughters could not be undutiful! Mistake only! Unhappy misapprehension! We have all something — Shades as well as lights there must be! — A kind, a dutiful veil —

He pressed the hand of each with his lips, arose, went to the window, and drew out his handkerchief.

What must he have in his thoughts! No doubt, but his father's unhappy turn, and recent departure! No wonder, that such a son could not, without pious emotion, bear the reflexions that must croud into his mind, at that instant!

Then, turning towards them, permit me, my dear sisters, said he, to retire for a few moments. He turn'd his face from them. My father, said he, demands this tribute. I will not ask your excuse, my sisters.

They joined in the payment of it; and waited on him to his apartment, with silent respect. No ceremony, I hope, my Caroline, my Charlotte. We were true sisters and brother a few years ago. See your Charles as you saw him then. Let not absence which has increased my Love, lessen yours.

Each sister took a hand, and would have kissed it. He clasped his arms about them both, and saluted them.

He cast his eye on his father's and mother's pictures with some emotion, then on them; and again saluted each.

They withdrew. He waited on them to the stairhead. Sweet obligingness! Amiable sisters! In a quarter of an hour I seek your presence.

Tears of joy trickled down their cheeks. In half an hour he joined them in another dress, and re-saluted his sisters, with an air of tenderness, that banished fear, and left room for nothing but sisterly love.

Mr. Grandison came in soon after. That gentleman: who (as I believe I once before mentioned), had affected, in support of his own free way of life, to talk how he would laugh at his cousin Charles, when he came to England, on his pious

turn, as he called it; and even to boast, that he would enter him into the town-diversions, and make a man of him; was struck with the dignity of his person, and yet charmed with the freedom of his behaviour. Good God! said he to the Ladies afterwards, what a fine young man is your brother! — What a self-denier was your father! —

The Ladies retiring, Mr. Grandison enter'd upon the circumstances of Sir Thomas's illness and death; which, he told the sisters, he touch'd tenderly: As tenderly, I suppose, as a man of his unfeeling heart could touch such a subject. He inveighed against Mrs. Oldham; and with some exultation over her, told his cousin what they had done as to her; and exclaim'd against her for the state she had lived in; and the difficulty she made to resign Sir Thomas to his daughters care in his illness; and particularly for presuming to insist upon putting her seal with theirs to the cabinets and closets, where they supposed were any valuables.

Sir Charles heard all this without saying one word, either of approbation or otherwise.

Are you not pleased with what we have done, as to this vile woman, Sir Charles?

I have no doubt, cousin, replied Sir Charles, that every thing was design'd for the best.

And then Mr. Grandison, as he told the sisters, ridiculed the unhappy woman on her grief, and mortified behaviour, when she was obliged to quit the house, where, he said, she had reigned so long Lady Paramount.

Sir Charles ask'd, If they had search'd for or found a will?

Mr. Grandison said. They had look'd in every probable place; but found none.

What I think to do, cousin, said Sir Charles, is, to interr the venerable remains (I must always speak in this dialect, Sir) with those of my mother. This I know, was his desire. I will have an elegant, but not sumptuous monument erected to the memory of both, with a modest inscription, that shall rather be matter of instruction to the living, than a panegyric on the departed. The funeral shall be decent, but not ostentatious. The difference in the expence shall be privately applied to relieve or assist distressed housekeepers, or some of my fathers poor tenants, who have large families, and have not been wanting in their honest endeavours to maintain them. My sisters, I hope, will not think themselves neglected, if I spare them the pain of conferring with them on a subject that must afflict them.

These sentiments were new to Mr. Grandison. He told the sisters what Sir Charles had said. I did not contradict him, said he: But as Sir Thomas had so magnificent a mind, and always lived up to it, I should have thought he ought to

have been honoured with a magnificent funeral. But I cannot but own, however, that what your brother said, had something great and noble in it.

The two Ladies, on their brother's hinting his intentions to them, acquiesced with all he proposed; and all was performed according to directions which he himself wrote down. He allowed of his sisters compliance with the fashion: But he in person saw performed, with equal piety and decorum, the last offices.

Sir Charles is noted for his great dexterity in business. Were I to express myself in the language of Miss Grandison, I should say, that a sun-beam is not more penetrating. He goes to the bottom of an affair at once, and wants but to hear both sides of a question to determine; and when he determines, his execution can only be staid by perverse accidents, that lie out of the reach of human foresight: And when he finds that to be the case, yet the thing right to be done, he changes his methods of proceeding; as a man would do, who finding himself unable to pursue his journey by one road, because of a sudden inundation, takes another, which, tho'a little about, carries him home in safety.

As soon as the solemnity was over, Sir Charles, leaving every thing at Grandisor-hall as he found it, and the seals unbroken, came to town, and, in the presence of his sisters, broke the seals that had been affixed to the cabinets and escrutoires in the house there.

The Ladies told him, that their bills were ready for his inspection; and that they had a balance in their hands. His answer was, I hope my dear sisters, we shall have but one interest. It is for you to make the demands upon me, and for me to answer them as I shall be able.

He made memorandums of the contents of many papers, with surprising expedition; and then locked them up. He found a bank note of 350l. in the private drawer of one of the bureaus in the apartment that was his father's. Be pleased, my sisters, said he, presenting it to Miss Caroline, to add that to the money in your hands, to answer family calls.

He then went with his sisters to the house in Essex. When there, he told them, it was necessary for Mrs. Oldham (who had lodgings at a neighbouring farmhouse) to be present at the breaking of the seals, as she had hers affixed; and accordingly sent for her.

They desired to be excused seeing her.

It will be a concern to me, said he, to see her: But what ought to be done, must be done.

The poor woman came with fear and trembling.

You will not Lucy, be displeased with an account of what passed on the occasion. I was very attentive to it, as given by Miss Grandison, whose memory was aided by the recollection of her sister. And, as I am used to aim at giving

affecting scenes in the very words of the persons, as near as I can, to make them appear lively and natural, you will expect, that I should attempt to do so in this case.

Sir Charles, not expecting Mrs Oldham would be there so soon, was in his stud with his groom and coachman, looking upon his horses: For there were most of the hunters and racers, some of the finest beasts in the kingdom,

By mistake of Miss Caroline's maid, the poor woman was shewn into the room where the two Ladies were. She was in great confusion; courtesied; wept; and stood, as well as she could stand; but leaned against the tapestry-hung wall.

How came this? said Miss Caroline to her maid. She was not to be shewn in to us.

I beg pardon; courtesying, and was for withdrawing; but stopt on Charlotte's speech to her — My brother sent for you madam — Not we, I assure you — He says it is necessary, as you thought fit to put your seal with ours to the locked-up places, that you should be present at the breaking them. Yet he will see you with as much pain as you give us. Prepare yourself to see him. You seem mighty unfit — No wonder!

You have heard Lucy, that Charlotte attributes a great deal of alteration for the better in her temper, and even in her heart, to the example of her brother.

Indeed, I am unfit, very unfit, said the poor woman. Let me, Ladies, bespeak your generosity: A little of your pity: A little of your countenance. I am, indeed, an unhappy woman!

And so you deserve to be.

I am sure we are the sufferers, said Caroline.

Lord L. as she owned, was then in her head, as well as heart.

If I may withdraw without seeing Sir Charles I should take it for a favour. I find I cannot bear to see him. I insist not upon being present at the breaking the seals. I throw myself upon your mercy, Ladies, and upon his.

Cruel girls! shall I call them, Lucy? I think I will — Cruel girls! They ask'd her not to sit down, tho' they saw the terror she was in: And that she had the modesty to forbear sitting in their presence.

What an humbling thing is the consciousness of having lived faultily, when calamity seizes upon the heart! — But shall not virtue be appeased, when the hand of God is acknowledged in the words, countenance, and behaviour, of the offender? Yet, perhaps, it is hard for sufferers — Let me consider — Have I, from my heart, forgiven Sir Hargrave Polvexfen? I will examine into that another time.

And so you have put yourself into mourning, madam?

Shall I say, that Caroline said this, and what follows? Yet I am glad it was not Charlotte, methinks; for Caroline thought herself a sufferer by her, in an especial

manner — However, I am sorry it was either.

Pretty deep too! Your weeds, I suppose, are at your lodgings —

You have been told, Lucy, that Mrs. Oldham by many was called Lady Grandison and that her birth, her education, good sense, tho' all was not sufficient to support her virtue against necessity and temptation (poor woman!) might have given her a claim to the title.

Indeed, Ladies, I am a real mourner But I never myself assumed a character, to which it was never in my thought to solicit a right.

Then, madam, the world does you injustice, madam, said Charlotte.

Here, Ladies are the keys of the stores; of the confectionary; of the wine-vaults: You demanded them not, when you dismissed me from this house. I thought to send them But by the time I could provide myself with a lodging, you were gone; and left only two common servants, besides the groom and helpers: And I thought it was best to keep the keys, till I could deliver them to your order, or Sir Charles's. I have not been a bad manager, Ladies, consider'd as an housekeeper. All I have in the world is under the seals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy.

The sisters order'd their woman to take the keys, and bring them to the foot of their thrones. Dear Ladies, forgive me, if you should, by surprize, see this. I know that you think and act in a different manner now.

Here comes my brother! said Caroline.

You'll soon know, Madam, what you have to ⟨◊⟩ to from him, said Charlotte.

The poor woman trembled, and turned pale. O how her heart must throb, I warrant!

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SIR Charles enter'd. She was near the door. His sisters were at the other end of the room.

He bowed to her — Mrs. Oldham, I presume, said he — Pray, Madam, be seated. I sent to you, that you might see the seals — Pray, Madam, sit down.

He took her hand, and led her to a chair not far distant from them; and sat down in one between them and her.

His sisters owned, they were startled at his complaisance to her. Dear Ladies! they forgot, at that moment, that mercy and justice are sister-graces, and cannot be separated in a virtuous bosom.

Pray, madam, compose your self; looking upon her with eyes of anguish and pity mingled, as the Ladies said, they afterwards recollected with more approbation than at the time. What, my Lucy, must be the reflexions of this humane man, respecting his father, and her, at that moment!

He turn'd to his sisters, as if to give Mrs. Oldham time to recover herself. A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to suppress her audible sobs, and, most considerately, he would not hear them. Her emotions attracting the eyes of the Ladies, he took them off, by asking them something about a picture that hung on the other side of the room.

He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand — I am not a stranger to your melancholy story, Mrs. Oldham — Be not discomposed —

He stopt to give her a few moments time to recover herself — Resuming; See in me a friend, ready to thank you for all your past good offices, and to forget all mistaken ones.

She could not bear this. She threw herself at his feet. He raised her to her chair.

Poor Mr. Oldham, said he, was unhappily careless! Yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his Love — Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this house — By written evidences I can justify you; evidences that no one here will, I am sure, dispute.

It was plain, that his father had written in her praise, as an oeconomist; the only light in which this pious son was then willing to consider her.

Indeed, I have — And I would still have been —

No more of that, madam. Mr. Grandison, who is a good-natured man, but a little hasty, has told me that he treated you with unkindness. He owns you were patient under it. Patience never yet was a solitary virtue. He thought you wrong for insisting to put your seal: But he was mistaken. You did right, as to the thing; and I dare say, a woman of your prudence did not wrong in the manner. No one can judge of another, that cannot be that very other in imagination, when he takes the judgment-seat.

O my brother! O my brother! — said both Ladies at one time — half in admiration, tho' half-concern'd, at a goodness so eclipsing.

Bear with me my sisters. We have all something to be forgiven for.

They knew not how far they were concern'd, in his opinion, in the admonition, from what their father had written of them. They owned, that they were mortified: Yet knew not how to be angry with a brother, who, tho' more than an equal sufferer with them, could preserve his charity.

He then made a motion, dinner-time, as he said, not being near, for chocolate; and referred to Mrs. Oldham to direct it, as knowing best where everything was. She referred to the deliver'd-up keys. Caroline called in her servant, and gave them to her. Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham to be so good as to direct the maid.

The Ladies easily saw, that he intended by this, to relieve the poor woman by some little employment; and to take the opportunity of her absence, to endeavour to reconcile them to his intentions, as well as manner of behaving to her.

The moment she was gone out of the room, he thus addressed himself to the Ladies:

My dear sisters, let me beg of you to think favourably of me on this occasion. I would not disoblige you for the world. I consider not the case of this poor woman, on the foot of her own merits, with regard to us. Our father's memory, is concern'd. Was he accountable to us, was she, for what each did? — Neither of them was. She is intitled to justice, for its own sake: To generosity for ours: To kindness, for my father's. Mr. Grandison accused her of living in too much state, as he called it. Can that be said to be her fault? With regard to us, was it any-body's? My father's magnificent spirit is well known. He was often at this house. Where-ever he was, he lived in the same taste. He praises to me Mrs. Oldham's oeconomy in several of his Letters. He had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not ours till now. Whatever he has left us, he might have still lessen'd it. That oeconomy is all that concerns us in interest; and that is in her favour. If any act of kindness to my sisters was wanting from the parent, they will rejoice, that they deserved what they hoped to meet with from him: And where the parent had an option, they will be glad, that they acquiesced under it. He could have given Mrs. Oldham a title to a name that would have commanded our

respect, if not our reverence. My sisters have enlarged minds: They are daughters of the most charitable, the most forgiving, of women. Mr. Grandison (it could not be you) has carried too severe an hand towards her. Yet he meant service to us all. I was willing, before I commended this poor woman to your mercy (since it was necessary to see her) to judge of her behaviour. Is she not humbled enough? From my soul I pity her. She loved my father; and I have no doubt but mourns for him in secret; yet dares not own, dares not plead, her love. I am willing to consider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this house: It becomes us so to behave to her, as that the world should think, we consider her in that light only. As to the living proofs (unhappy innocents!) I am concern'd, that what are the delight of other parents, are the disgrace of this. But let us not, by resentments, publish faults that could not be hers only — Need I say more? — It would pain me to be obliged to it. With pain have I said thus much — The circumstances of the cafe are such, that I cannot give it its full force. I ask it of you as a favour, not as a right (I should hate myself, were I capable of exerting to the utmost any power that may be devolved upon me) that you will be so good as to leave the conduct of this affair to me. You will greatly oblige me, if you can give me your chearful acquiescence.

They answer'd by tears. They could not speak.

By this time Mrs. Oldham returned; and, in an humble manner, offer'd chocolate to each young lady. They bent their necks, not their bodies, with cold civility, as they owned; each extending her stately hand, as if she knew not whether she should put it out or not.

Methinks I see them. How could such gracious girls be so ungracious, after what Sir Charles had said?

Their brother, they saw, seemed displeased. He took the salver from Mrs. Oldham. Pray, madam, sit down, said he, offering her a dish, which she declined, and held the toasted bread to his sisters; who then were ready enough to take each some — And when they had drank their chocolate; Now, Mrs. Oldham, said he, I will attend you — Sisters, you will give me your company.

They arose to follow him. The poor woman courtesied, I warrant, and stood by while they passed: And methinks I see the dear girls bridle, and walk as stately and as upright, as dutchesses may be supposed to do in a coronation-procession.

Miss Grandison acknowledged, that she grudged her brother's extraordinary complaisance to Mrs. Oldham; and said to her sister, as arm in arm they went out, Politeness is a charming thing, Caroline!

I don't quite understand it, replied the other.

They did not intend their brother should hear what they said: But he did; and turned back to them (Mrs. Oldham being at a distance, and on his speaking low,

dropping still further behind them): Don't you, my sisters, do too little, and I will not do too much. She is a gentlewoman. She is unhappy from within. Thank God, you are not. And she is not now, nor ever was, your servant.

They reddened, and looked upon each other in some confusion.

He pressed each of their hands, as in Love. Don't let me give you concern, said he; only permit me to remind you, while it is yet in time, that you have an opportunity given you to shew yourselves Grandisons.

When they came to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his usual apartment, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and begged to be excused attending them in it. She wept. You will find everything there, Sir, said she, to be as it ought. I am ready to answer all questions. Permit me to wait in the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles allow'd her request.

Poor woman! said he: How unhappily circumstanced is she, that she dares not, in this company, shew the tenderness, which is the glory, not only of the female, but of the human nature!

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little casket, and a paper wafer'd upon the back of it; with these words written in Sir Thomas's hand, My wife's jewels, &c.

The key was tied to one of the silver handles.

Had you not my mother's jewels divided between you? ask'd he.

My father once shew'd us this casket at Grandisonhall, answer'd Caroline. We thought it was still there.

My dear sisters, let me ask you: Did my father forbear presenting these to you, from any declared misapprehension of your want of duty to him?

No, replied Miss Caroline. But he told us, they should be ours when we married. You have heard, I dare say, that he was not fond of seeing us dressed.

It must have been misapprehension only, had it been so. You could not be undutiful to a father.

He would not permit it to be open'd before him: But, presenting it to them, Receive your right, my sisters. It is heavy. I hope there is more than jewels in it. I know that my mother used to deposit in it her little hoard. I am sure there can be no dispute between such affectionate sisters, on the partition of the contents of this casket.

While their brother was taking minutes of papers, &c. the ladies retired to open the casket.

They found three purses in it; in one of which was an India bond of 500 l. inclosed in a paper, thus inscribed by Lady Grandison — From my maiden

money. 120 Caroluses were also in this purse in two papers; the one inscribed, From my aunt Molly; the other, From my aunt Kitty.

In the second purse were 115 Jacobuses in a paper, thus inscribed by the same Lady, Presents made at different times by my honoured mamma, Lady W. three bank notes and an India bond, to the amount of 300 l.

The third purse was thus labelled, as Lady L. shewed me by a copy she had of it in her memorandum book.

“For my beloved son: In acknowledgement of his duty to his father and me from infancy to this hour Jan. 1. 17 — Of his love to his sisters — Of the generosity of his temper; never once having taken advantage of the indulgence shewn him by parents so fond of him, that, as the only son of an antient family, he might have done what he pleased with them — Of his love of truth: And of his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making A GOOD MAN. — GOD grant it. Amen!”

The Ladies immediately carried this purse, thus labelled, to their brother. He took it; read the label, turning his face from his sisters, as he read; — Excellent woman! said he, when he had read it, Being dead, she speaks. May her pious prayer be answer’d! looking up. Then opening the purse, he found five coronation-medals of different princes in it, and several others of value; a gold snuff-box, in which, wrapt in cotton, were three diamond rings; one fignified to be his grandfather’s; the two others, an uncle’s and brother’s of Lady Grandison: But what was more valuable to him than all the rest, the Ladies said, was a miniature picture of his mother, set in gold; an admirable likeness, they told me; and they would get their brother to let me see it.

Neglecting all the rest, he eagerly took it out of the shagreen case; gazed at it in silence; kissed it; a tear falling from his eye. He then put it to his heart: Withdrew for a few moments; and return’d with a chearful aspect.

The Ladies told him what was in the other two purses. They said they made no scruple of accepting the jewels; but the bonds, the notes, and the money they offer’d to him.

He ask’d, If there were no particular direction upon either? They answer’d, No.

He took them; and emptying them upon the table, mingled the contents of both together: There may be a difference in the value of each: Thus mingled, you, my sisters, will equally divide them between you. This picture (putting his hand on his bosom, where it yet was,) is of infinite more value than all the three purses contained besides.

You will excuse these particularities, my dear friends. But if you do not, I can’t help it. We are all apt, I believe, to pursue the subjects that most delight us. Don’t

grudge me my pleasure: Perhaps I shall pay for it. I admire this man more than I can express.

Saturday Night — And no Sir Charles Grandison. With all my heart!

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON.N CONTINUATION.

WHEN Sir Charles and his sisters had look'd over every other place in his father's apartment, they followed Mrs. Oldham to hers.

A very handsome apartment upon my word!

How could Miss Grandison — She knew the situation the unhappy woman had been in: Mistress of that house.

Her brother look'd at her.

Mrs. Oldham shewed them which of the furniture and pictures (some of the latter valuable ones) she had brought into the house, saved, as she said, from the wreck of her husband's fortune — But, said she, with the consent of creditors. I, for my part, did not wrong any-body.

In that closet, Sir, continued she, pointing to it, is all that I account myself worth in the world. Mr. Grandison was pleased to put his seal upon the door. I besought him to let me take 50l. out of it; having but very little money about me: But he would not: His refusal, besides the disgrace, has put me to some shifts. But, weeping, I throw myself upon your mercy, Sir.

The sisters frankly owned, that they harden'd each other by fault-finding. They whisper'd, that she expected no mercy from them, it was plain. O what a glory belongs to goodness, as well in its influences, as in itself! Not even these two amiable sisters, as Miss Charlotte once acknowleged, were so noble in themselves before their brother's arrival, as they are now.

Assure yourself of justice, madam, said Sir Charles. Mr. Grandison is hasty: But he would have done you justice, I dare say. He thought he was acting for a trust. — You may have letters, you may have things, here in this closet, that we have no business with — Then, breaking the seal; I leave it to you, to shew us any-thing proper for us to take account of. The rest I wish not to see.

My Ladies, Sir — They will be pleased to —

YES, Mrs. Oldham, said Caroline: And was putting herself before her brother, and so was her sister, while Sir Charles was withdrawing from the closet: But he took each by her hand, interrupting Caroline —

No, Mrs. Oldham — Do you lay out things as you please: We will step into the next apartment.

He accordingly led them both out.

You are very generous, Sir, said Miss Grandison.

I would be so, Charlotte. Ought not the private drawers of women to be sacred?

But such a creature, Sir — said Miss Caroline —

Every creature is intitled to justice — Can Ladies forget decorum? You see she was surprised by Mr. Grandison. She has suffer'd disgrace: Has been put to shifts.

Well, Sir, if she will do justice —

Remember (with looks of meaning) whose housekeeper she was.

They owned they were daunted [And so, dear Ladies, you ought to have been] but not convinced at that instant. It is generous to own this; because the acknowledgment makes not for your glory, Ladies.

Mrs. Oldham, with tears in her eyes, came courtesying to the Ladies and their brother, offering to conduct them into her closet. They found, that she had spread on her table in it, and in the two windows, and in the chairs, letters, papers, laces, fine linen, &c.

These papers, Sir, said she, belong to you. I was bid to keep them safe [Poor woman! she knew not how to say, by whom bid.] You will see, Sir, the seals are whole.

Perhaps a will; said he.

No, Sir, I believe not. I was told they belonged to the Irish estate. Alas! and she wiped her eyes, I have reason to think, there was not time for a will —

I suppose, Mrs. Oldham, you urged for a will — said Miss Charlotte.

Indeed, Ladies, I often did; I own it.

I don't doubt it, said Miss Caroline.

And very prudently, said Sir Charles. I myself have always had a will by me. I should think it a kind of presumption to be a week without one.

In this drawer, Sir, are the money and notes, and securities, that I have been getting together. I do assure you, Sir, very honestly — pulling out a drawer in the cabinet.

To what amount, Mrs. Oldham, if I may be so bold? ask'd Caroline.

No matter, sister Caroline, to what amount, said Sir Charles. You hear Mrs. Oldham say, they are honestly got together. I dare say, that my father's bounty enabled even his meanest servants to save money. I would not keep one, that I thought did not. I make no comparisons, Mrs. Oldham: You are a gentlewoman.

The two Ladies only whisper'd to each other, as they owned, So we think! — Were there ever such perverse girls? I am afraid my uncle will think himself justified by them on this occasion, when he asserts, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to put a woman right, when she sets out wrong. If it be generally so with us, I am sure we ought to be very careful of prepossession. — And has he not said, Lucy, that the best women, when wrong, are most

tenacious? It may be so: But then I hope, he will allow, that at the time they think themselves right.

I believe there is near 1200 l. said Mrs. Oldham, and look'd, the Ladies observed, as if she was afraid of their censures.

Near 1200 l. Mrs. Oldham! said Miss Charlotte. — Lord, sister, how glad would we have been sometimes of as many shillings between us!

And what, Caroline, what Charlotte, young Ladies as you were, but growing up into women, and in your father's house, would you have done with more than current money? Now you have a claim to independency, I hope that 1200 l. will not be the sum of either of your stores.

They courtesied, they said; but yet thought 1200 l. a great saving — Dear Ladies! how could you forget, and what a pain would it have been for your brother to have reminded you, that Mrs. Oldham had two children; to say nothing of a third!

Trembling, as they owned, Here, said she, in this private drawer, are some presents — I disclaim them. If you believe me, Ladies, I never wish'd for them. I never was seen in them but once. I never shall wear them — offering to pull out the drawer.

Forbear, Mrs. Oldham. Presents are yours. The money in that drawer is yours. Never will I either disparage or diminish my father's bounty. He had a right to do as he pleased. Have not we to do as we please? Had he made a will, would they not have been yours? — If you, Mrs. Oldham, if you, my sisters, can tell me of any-thing he but intended or inclined to do by any one of his people, that intention will I execute with as much exactness, as if he had made a will, and it was part of it. Shall we do nothing but legal justice? — The law was not made for a man of conscience.

Lord bless me, my Lucy! what shall I do about this man?

HERE (would you believe it?) I laid down my pen; ponder'd, and wept, for joy; I think, it was joy, that there is such a young man in the world; for what else could it be? — And now, with a wa'try eye, twinkle, twinkle, do I resume it.

His sisters owned, they were confounded; but that still the time was to come when they were to approve, from their hearts, of what he said and did.

Mrs. Oldham wept at his goodness. She wept, I make no doubt also, as a penitent. — If my Ladies, said she, will be pleased to — And seemed to be about making an offer to them — of the jewels, as I suppose.

My sisters, Mrs. Oldham, said Sir Charles, interrupting her are Grandisons. Pray, madam — holding in her hand, which was extended to the drawer —

She took out of another drawer 40 l. and some silver. This, Sir, is money that belongs to you. I received it in Sir Thomas's illness. I have some other moneys;

and my accounts wanted but a few hours of being perfected, when I was dismissed. They shall be completed, and laid before you.

Let this money, Mrs. Oldham, be a part of those accounts; declining, then, to take it.

There are Letters, Sir, said she. I would withhold nothing from you. I know not, if, among some things, that I wish not any-body to see, there are not concerns, that you ought to be made acquainted with relating to persons and things, particularly to Mr. Bever and Mr. Filmer, and their accounts. I hope they are good men. — You must see these Letters, I believe.

Let me desire you, Mrs. Oldham, to make such extracts from those Letters, or any others, as you think will concern me; and as soon as you can: For those gentlemen have written to me to sign their accounts, which, they hint, had my father's approbation.

She then told Sir Charles (as I have already related) how earnest Mr. Bever was to get to the speech of Sir Thomas; and how mortified Mr. Filmer was to find him incapable of writing his name; which both said was all that was wanted.

An honest man, said Sir Charles, fears not inspection. They shall want no favour from me. I hope nothing but justice from them.

She then shewed him some other papers; and while he was turning them over, the Ladies and she withdrew to another apartment, in which, in two mahogany chests, was her wardrobe. They owned they were curious to inspect it, as she had always made a great figure. She was intending to oblige them; and had actually open'd one of the chests, and, tho' reluctantly, taken out a gown, when Sir Charles enter'd.

He seemed displeased; and, taking his sisters aside, Tell me, said he, can what this poor woman seems to be about, proceed from her own motion? I beg of you to say, you put her upon it. I would not have reason to imagine, that any woman, in such circumstances, could make a display of her apparel.

Why, the motion is partly mine, I must needs say, answer'd Charlotte.

Wholly, I hope; and the compliance owing to the poor woman's mortified situation. You are young women. You may not have consider'd this matter. Do you imagine, that your curiosity will yield you pleasure? Don't you know what to expect from the magnificent and bountiful spirit of him, to whose memory you owe duty?

They recollected themselves, blushed, and desired Mrs. Oldham to lock up the chest. She did; and seemed pleased to be excused from the mortifying task.

Ah, my Lucy, one thing I am afraid of; and that is, that Sir Charles Grandison, politely as he behaves to us all, thinks us women in general very pitiable creatures. I wish I knew that he did; and that for two reasons: That I might have

something to think him blameable for: And to have the pride of assuring myself, that he would be convinced of that fault, were he to be acquainted with my grandmamma, and aunt.

But, do you wonder, that the sisters, whose minds were thus open'd and enlarged by the example of such a brother, blazing upon them all at once, as I may say, in manly goodness, on his return from abroad, whither he set out a stripling, should, on all occasions, break out into raptures, whenever they mention THEIR brother? — Well may Miss Grandison despise her Lovers, when she thinks of him and of them at the same time.

Sunday. Sir Charles is in town we hear: Came thither but last night — Nay for that matter, his sisters are more vexed at him than I am. — But what pretence have I to be disturbed? But I say of him, as I do of Lady D.: He is so good, that one would be willing to stand well with him. — Then he is my Brother, you know.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

AFTER Sir Charles had inspected into everything in this house, and taken minutes of papers, letters, writings, &c. and lock'd up the plate, and other valuables, in one room, he order'd his servants to carry into Mrs. Oldham's apartment all that belonged to her; and gave her the key of that; and directed the house-keeper to be assisting to her in the removal of them, at her own time and pleasure, and to suffer her to come and go, at all times, with freedom and civility, as if she had never left the house, were his words.

How the poor woman courtesied and wept, I warrant! The dear girls, I am afraid, then envied her — and perhaps expressed a grudging spirit; for they said, This was their brother's address to them at that time:

You may look upon the justice I aim at doing to persons who can claim only justice from me, as an earnest, that I will do more than justice to my beloved sisters: And you should have been the first to have found the fruits of the love I bear you, had I not been afraid, that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. The moment I know what I can do, I will do it; and I request you to hope, largely: If I have ability, I will exceed your hopes.

My dear sisters, continued he, and took one hand of each, I am sorry, for your spirits sake, that you are left in my power. The best of women was always afraid it would be so. But the moment I can, I will give you an absolute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your own.

Surely, Sir, said Caroline (and they both wept) we must think it the highest felicity, that we are in the power of such a brother. As to our spirits, Sir —

She would have said more; but could not; and Charlotte took it up where her sister left off: Best of brothers, said she — Our spirits shall, as much as possible (I can answer for both) be guided hereafter by yours. Forgive what you have seen amiss in us — But we desire to depend upon our good behaviour. We cannot, we will not, be independent of you.

We will talk of these matters, replied he, when we can do more than talk. I will ask you, Caroline, after your inclinations; and you, Charlotte, after yours, in the same hour that I know what I can do for you both, in the way of promoting them. Enter, mean time, upon your measures: Reckon upon my best assistance: Banish suspense. One of my first pleasures will be, to see you both happily married.

They did not say, when they related this to me, that they threw themselves at his feet, as to their better father, as well as brother: But I fancy they did.

He afterwards, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, said, I would be glad to know, madam, how you dispose of yourself: Every unhappy person has a right to the good offices of those who are less embarrass'd. When you are settled, pray let me know the manner: And if you acquaint me with the state of your affairs, and what you propose to do for and with those who are intitled to your first care, your confidence in me will not be misplaced.

And pray, and pray, ask'd I of the Ladies, what said Mrs. Oldham? How did she behave upon this? —

Our Harriet is strangely taken with Mrs. Oldham's story, said Miss Grandison — Why, she wept plentifully, you may be sure. She clasped her hands, and kneeled to pray to God to bless him, and all that — She could not do otherwise.

See, Lucy! — But am I, my grandmamma; am I, my aunt, to blame? Is it inconsistent with the strictest virtue to be charmed with such a story? — May not virtue itself pity the lapsed? — O yes, it may! I am sure, you, and Sir Charles Grandison, will say it may. A while ago, I thought my self a poor creature, compared to these two Ladies: But now I believe I am as good as they in some things. — But they had not such a grandmamma and aunt as I am bless'd with: They lost their excellent mother, while they were young; and their brother is but lately come over: And his superior excellence, like sunshine, breaking out on a sudden, finds out, and brings to sight, those spots and freckles, that were hardly before discoverable.

Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham would give in writing what she proposed to do for herself, and for those who were under her care. She did, at her first opportunity. It was, That she purposed going to London, for the sake of the young people's education: Of turning into money what jewels, cloaths, and plate, she should think above her then situation in life: Of living retired in a little genteel house: And she gave in an estimate of her worth: To what amount the Ladies know not: but this they know, that their brother allows her an annuity, for the sake of her sons by his father: And they doubt not but he will be still kinder to them, when they are old enough to be put into the world.

This the Ladies think an encouragement to a guilty life. I will not dare to pronounce upon it, because I may be thought partial to the generous man: But should be glad of my uncle's opinion. This, however, may be said, That Sir Charles Grandison has no vices of his own to cover by the extensiveness of his charity and beneficence, and if it be not goodness in him to do thus, it is greatness; and this, if it be not praise-worthy, is the first instance that I have known goodness and greatness of soul separable.

The brother and sisters went down, after this, to Grandison-hall; and Sir Charles had reason to be pleased with the good order in which he found every-

thing there.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE next thing the Ladies mentioned, was, Sir Charles's management with the two stewards.

I will not aim at being very particular in this part of the family-history.

When Sir Charles found that his father had left the inspection of each steward's account to the other, he enter'd into the examination of the whole himself, and tho' he allowed them several disputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowledge a much greater ballance in his favour, than they had made themselves debtors for. This was the use he made of detecting them, to his sisters — You see, sisters, that my father was not so profuse as some people thought him. He had partners in his estate; and I have reason to think that he often paid interest for his own money.

On his settling with Filmer, the treaty with Miss Obrien came out. Mr. Filmer had, by surprize, brought that beautiful girl into Sir Charles's presence; and he owned to his sisters, that she was a very lovely creature.

But when the mother and aunt found, that he only admired her as a man would a fine picture, they insisted that Sir Thomas had promised to marry Miss Obrien privately; and produced two of his Letters to her, that seemed to give ground for such an expectation. Sir Charles was grieved for the sake of his father's memory, at this transaction; and much more on finding that the unhappy man went down to his seat in Essex, his head and heart full of this scheme, when he was struck with his last fatal illness.

A meeting was proposed by Filmer, between Sir Charles, the mother, the aunt, and himself, at the aunt's house in Pallmall. Sir Charles was very desirous to conceal his father's frailty from the world. He met them: But before he enter'd into discourse, made it his request to be allowed half an hour's conversation with Miss Obrien by herself; at the same time, praising, as it deserved, her beauty.

They were in hopes, that she would be able to make an impression on the heart of so young and so lively a man; and complied. Under pretence of preparing her for so unexpected a visit, her aunt gave her cue; But, instead of her captivating him, he brought her to such confessions, as sufficiently let him into the baseness of their views.

He returned to company, the young woman in his hand. He represented to the mother the wickedness of the part she had come over to act, in such strong terms,

that she fell into a fit. The aunt was terrified. The young creature wept; and vowed that she would be honest.

Sir Charles told them, That if they would give him up his father's two Letters, and make a solemn promise never to open their lips on the affair, and would procure for her an honest husband, he would give her 1000l. on the day of marriage; and, if the made a good wise, would be further kind to her.

Filmer was very desirous to clear himself of having any hand in the blacker part of this plot. Sir Charles did not seem solicitous to detect and expose him: But left the whole upon his conscience. And having made before several objections to his account, which could not be so well obviated in England, he went over to Ireland with Filmer; and there very speedily settled every thing to his own satisfaction; and, dismissing him more genteelly than he deserved, took upon himself the management of that estate, directing several obvious improvements to be made, which are likely to turn to great account.

On his return, he heard that Miss Obrien was ill of the small-pox. He was not, for her own sake sorry for it. She suffer'd in her face, but still was pretty and genteel: And she is now the honest and happy wife of a tradesman near Golden-square who is very fond of her. Sir Charles gave with her the promised sum, and another 100 l. for wedding-cloaths.

One part of her happiness and her husband's is, that her aunt, supposing she had disgraced herself by this match, never comes near her: And her mother is return'd to Ireland to her husband, greatly dissatisfied with her daughter on the same account.

While these matters were agitating, Sir Charles forgot not to enquire what steps had been taken with regard to the alliance proposed between himself and Lady Frances N.

He paid his first visit to the father and brother of that Lady.

All that the sisters know of this matter, is, that the treaty was, on this first visit, entirely broken off. Their brother, however, speaks of the Lady, and of the whole family, with great respect. The Lady is known to esteem him highly. Her father, her brother, speak of him every-where with great regard: Lord N. calls him the finest young gentleman in England. And so, Lucy, I believe he is. Sir Charles Grandison, Lord N. once said, knows better by non-compliance, how to create friendships, than most men do by compliance.

Lady L. and Miss Grandison, who, as I have before intimated, have another Lady whom they favour, once said to him, that the Earl and his son Lord N. were so constantly speaking in his praise, that they could not but think that it would at last be a match between him and Lady Frances. His answer was, The Lady is infinitely deserving: But it cannot be.

I am ready to wish, he would say, what can be, that we need not — Ah, Lucy! — I know not what I would say: But so it will always be with silly girls, that distinguish not between the would and the should. One of which, is

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I WILL proceed with the family-history.

Sir Charles forgot not, on his arrival in England, to pay an early visit to Lord W. his mother's brother, who was then at his house near Windsor.

I have told you, that my Lord had conceived a dislike to him; and that for no other reason, but because his father loved him. Lord W. was laid up with the gout when he came: But he was instantly admitted to his stately presence. The first salutations, on one side, were respectful; on the other coldly civil. My Lord often survey'd his kinsman from head to foot, as he sat; as if he were loth to like him, I suppose; yet knew not how to help it. He found fault with Sir Thomas. Sir Charles told him, That it was a very ingrateful thing to him to hear his father spoken slightly of. He desired his Lordship to forbear reflections of that sort. My father, said he, is no more. I desire not to be made a party in any disputes that may have happen'd between him and your Lordship. I come to attend you as a duty which I owe to my mother's memory, and I hope this may be done without wounding that of my father.

You say well, said my Lord; but I am afraid, kinsman, by your air and manner, and speech too, that you want not your father's proud spirit.

I revere my father for his spirit, my Lord. It might not always be exerted as your Lordship, and his other relations, might wish: But he had a manly one. As to myself, I will help your Lordship to my character at once. I am, indeed, a very proud man. I cannot stoop to slatter, and, least of all men, the great and rich: Finding it difficult to restrain this fault, it is my whole study to direct it to laudable ends; and I hope, that I am too proud to do anything unworthy of my father's name, or of my mother's virtue.

Why, Sir, (and look'd at him again from head to foot) your father never in his whole life said so good a thing.

Your Lordship knew not my father as he deserved to be known. Where there are misunderstandings between two persons, tho' relations, the character of either is not to be taken from the other. But, my Lord, this is, as I said before, a visit of duty: I have nothing to ask of your Lordship, but your good opinion; and that no longer than I deserve it,

My Lord was displeased.

"You have nothing to ask of me!"

– repeated he. Let me tell you, independent Sir, that I like not your speech. You may leave me, if you please. And when I want to see you again, I will send for you.

Your servant, my Lord, and let me say, that I will not again attend you, till you do. But when you do, the summons of my mother's brother shall be chearfully obeyed, when perhaps this unkind treatment of Lord W. might be remembred.

The very next day, my Lord hearing he was still at Windsor, viewing the curiosities of the place, sent to him: He directly went. My Lord expressed himself highly pleased with his readiness to come, and apologized to him for his behaviour of the day before. He called him nephew, and swore, that he was just such a young man as he had wish'd to see. Your mother used to say, proceeded he, that you could do what you would with her, should you even be unreasonable! And I beg of you to ask me no favour, but what is fit for me to grant, for fear I should grudge it after I had granted it; and call in question, what no man is willing to do, my own discretion.

He then ask'd him about the methods he intended to take with regard to his way of life. Sir Charles answered, That he was resolved to dispose of his racers, hunters, and dogs, as soon as he could: That he would take a survey of the timber upon his estate, and fell that which would be the worse for standing; and doubted not but that a part of it in Hampshire would turn to good account: But that he would plant an oakling for every oak he cut down, for the sake of posterity: He was determined, he said, to let the house in Essex; and even to sell the estate there, if it were necessary, to clear incumbrances; and to pay off the mortgage upon the Irish estate; which he had a notion was very improvable.

What did he propose to do for his sisters; who were left, he found, absolutely in his power?

Marry them, my Lord, as soon as I can. I have a good opinion of Lord L. My elder sister loves him. I will enquire what will make him easy: And easy I will make him, on his marriage with her, if it be in my power. I will endeavour to make the younger happy too. And when these two points are settled, but not before, because I will not deceive the family with which I may engage, I will think of myself.

Bravo! bravo! said my Lord; and his eyes, that were brimful some moments before, then ran over. As I hope to be saved, I had a good mind to — to — to — And there he stopt.

I ask only for your approbation, my Lord, or correction if wrong. My father has been very regardful of my interests. He knew my heart, or he would perhaps have been more solicitous for his daughters. I don't find that my circumstances will be very narrow: And if they are, I will live within compass, and even lay up. I

endeavour to make a virtue of my pride, in this respect: I cannot live under obligation. I will endeavour to be just; and then, if I can, I will be generous. That is another species of my pride. I told your Lordship, that if I could not conquer it, I would endeavour to make it innocent at least.

Bravo! bravo! again cried my Lord — And threw his arms about his neck, and kissed his cheek, tho' he screamed out at the same time, having hurt his gouty knee with the effort.

And then, and then — said my Lord, you will marry yourself. And if you marry with discretion, good Lord, what a great man you will be! — And how I shall love you! — Have you any thoughts of marriage, kinsman? — Let me be consulted in your match, — and — and — and — you will vastly oblige me. Now I believe, I shall begin to think the name of Grandison has a very agreeable sound with it. What a fine thing it is, for a young man to be able to clear up his mother's prudence so many years after she is gone, and lessen his father's follies! Your father did not use me well; and I must be allowed sometimes to speak my mind of him.

That, my Lord, is the only point on which your Lordship and I can differ.

Well, well, we won't differ — Only one thing, my dear kinsman: If you sell, give me the preference. Your father told me, that he would mortgage to any man upon God's earth sooner than to me. I took that very heinously.

There was a misunderstanding between you, my Lord. My father had a noble spirit. He might think, that there would be a selfishness in the appearance, had he ask'd of your Lordship a favour. Little spirited men sometimes choose to be obliged to relations, in hopes that payment will be less rigorously exacted, than by a stranger. —

Ah kinsman! kinsman! — That's the white side of the business.

Indeed, my Lord, that would be a motive with me to avoid troubling your Lordship in an exigence, were it to happen. For mistrusts will arise from possibilities of being ungrateful, when perhaps there is no room, were the heart to be known, for the suspicion.

Well said, however. You are a young man that one need not be afraid to be acquainted with. But what would you do as a lender? Would you think hardly of a man that wanted to be obliged to you?

O no! — But in this case I would be determined by prudence. If my friend regarded himself as the first person in the friendship; me but as the second, in cases that might hurt my fortune, and disable me from acting up to my spirit, to other friends; I would then let him know, that he thought as meanly of my understanding as of my justice.

Lord W. was delighted with his nephew's notions. He over and over prophesied, That he would be a great man.

Sir Charles, with wonderful dispatch, executed those designs, which he had told Lord W. he would carry into effect. And the sale of the timber he cut down in Hampshire, and which lay convenient for water-carriage, for the use of the government, furnished him with a very considerable sum.

I have mentioned, that Sir Charles, on his setting out from Florence to Paris, to attend his father's leave for his coming to England, had left his ward Miss Jervois, at the former place, in the protection of good Dr. Bartlet. He soon sent for them both over, and placed the young Lady with a discreet widow-gentlewoman, who had three prudent daughters; sometimes indulging her with leave to visit his sisters, who are very fond of her, as you have heard. And now let me add, That she is an humble petitioner to me, to procure her the felicity, as she calls it, to be constantly resident with Miss Grandison. She will be she says, the best girl in the world, if she may be allowed this favour: And not one word of advice, either of her guardian, or of Miss Grandison, or of Lady L. shall be lost upon her — And besides, as good women, said she, as Mrs. Lane and her daughters are, what protection can women give me, were my unhappy mother to be troublesome, and resolve to have me, as she is continually threatening?

What a new world opens to me, my Lucy, from the acquaintance I am permitted to hold with this family! God grant that your poor Harriet pay not too dearly for her knowledge! — She would, I believe you think, were she to be entangled in an hopeless Love,

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. came to town from Scotland within two or three months of Sir Charles's arrival in England. His first visit was to the young Baronet; who, on my Lord's avowing his passion for his sister, and her acknowledging her esteem for him, introduced him to her, and put their hands together, holding them between both his: With pleasure, said he, I join hands where hearts so worthy are united. Do me, my Lord, the honour, from this moment, to look upon me as your brother. My father, I find, was a little embarrassed in his affairs. He loved his daughters, and perhaps was loth that they should too early claim another protection: But had he lived to make himself easy, I have no doubt, but he would have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me — And I will perform it.

His sister was unable to speak for joy. My Lord's tears were ready to start.

My father, proceeded Sir Charles, in one of his Letters to me, acquainted me with the state of your Lordship's affairs. Reckon upon my best services: Promise, engage, undertake. The brother, my Lord, hopes to make you easy: The sister, will make you happy.

Miss Charlotte was affected with this seene; and she pray'd, with her hands and eyes lifted up, that God would make his power as large as his heart: The whole world would then, she said, be benefited either by his bounty, or his example.

Do you wonder now, my dear Mr. Reeves, that Miss Grandison, Lady L. and Lord L. know not how to contain their gratitude, when this beneficent-minded brother is spoken of?

And has not my Charlotte, said he, turning towards her, and looking at Miss Caroline, some happy man, that she can distinguish by her Love? You are equally dear to me, my sisters. Make me your confident, Charlotte. Your inclinations shall be my choice.

Dear Miss Grandison, why did you mislead me by your boasts of unreservedness? What room was there for reserve to such a brother? — And yet it is plain, you have not let him know all your heart; and he seems to think so too. And now you are uneasy at an hint he has thrown out of that nature.

Two months before the marriage, Sir Charles put into his sister's hands a paper sealed up. Receive these, my Caroline, said he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother would have wish'd, had we been bless'd with her life. When you oblige Lord L. with one hand, make him, with the other, this

present: And intitle yourself to all the gratitude, with which I know his worthy heart will overflow, on both occasions. I have done but my duty. I have performed only an article of the will, which I have made in my mind for my father, as time was not lent him to make one for himself.

He saluted her, and withdrew, before she broke the seal: And when she did, she found in it bank notes for 10,000 l.

She threw herself into a chair, and was unable for some time to stir; but recovering herself, hurried out to find her brother. She was told, he was in her sister's apartment. She found him not there, but Charlotte in tears. Sir Charles had just left her. What ails my Charlotte?

O this brother, my Caroline! — There is no bearing his generous goodness. See that deed. See that paper that lies upon it. She took it up; and these were the contents of the paper:

"I have just now paid my sister Caroline the sum that I think she would have been intitled to expect from my father's bounty, and the family circumstances, had life been lent him to settle his affairs, and make a will. I have an entire confidence in the discretion of my Charlotte: And have, by the inclosed deed, establish'd for her, beyond the power of revocation, that independency as to fortune, to which, from my father's death, I think her intitled. And for this, having acted but as an executor, I claim no merit, but that of having fulfilled the supposed will of either of our parents, as either had survived the other. Cherish, therefore, in your grateful heart, their memory. Remember, that when you marry, you change the name of Grandison. Yet, with all my pride, what is name? — Let the man be worthy of you: And be he who he will that you intitle to your vows, I will embrace him, as the brother of"

"Your affectionate "CHARLES GRANDISON."

The deed was for the same sum, as he had given her sister, and to carry interest.

The two sisters congratulated, and wept over, each other, as if distressed. — To be sure they were distressed.

Caroline found out her brother: But when she approached him, could not utter one word of what she had meditated to say: But, dropping down on one knee, blessed him, as she owned, in her heart, both for Lord L. and herself; but could only express her gratitude by her lifted up hands and eyes.

Just as he had raised and seated her, enter'd to them the equally grateful Charlotte. He placed her next her sister, and drawing a chair for himself, taking an hand of each, he thus addressed himself to them:

My dear sisters, you are too sensible of these but due instances of my brotherly love. It has pleased God to take from us our father and mother. We are more than brothers and sisters; and must supply to each other the wanting relations. Look upon me only as an executor of a will, that ought to have been made, and perhaps would, had time been given, My circumstances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare say, than my father thought they would be. Less than I have done, could not be done, by a brother who had power to do this. You don't know how much you will oblige me, if you never say one word more on this subject. You will act with less dignity, than becomes my sisters, if you look upon what I have done in any other light than as your due.

O my aunt! Be so good, as to let the servants prepare my apartment at Selby-house. There is no living within the blazing glory of this man! But, for one's comfort, he seems to have one fault; and he owns it — And yet does not acknowledgment annihilate that fault? — O no! for he thinks not of correcting it. This fault is pride. Do you mind what a stress he lays now-and-then on the Family-name? and, as above, Dignity, says he, that becomes my sisters! — Proud mortal! — O my Lucy! he is proud, too proud, I doubt, as well as too considerable in his fortunes — What would I say? — Yet, I know who would study to make him the happiest of men — Spare me, spare me here, my uncle; or rather skip over this passage, Lucy.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave Caroline, with his own hand, to Lord L.

Charlotte had two humble servants, Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, as you have seen in my former Letters; but likes not either of them.

Lord L. carried his Lady down to Scotland, where she was greatly admired and caressed by all his relations. How happy for your Harriet was their critically-proposed return, which carried down Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte to prepare every-thing at Colnebrooke for their reception!

Sir Charles accompanied my Lord and Lady L. as far on their way to Scotland as York; where he made a visit to Mrs Eleanor Grandison, his father's maidensister, who resides there. She, having heard of his goodness to his sisters, and to every-body else with whom he had concerns, longed to see him; and on this occasion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bless, and applaud, her nephew.

What multitudes of things have I farther to tell you, relating to this strange man! Let me call him names.

I enquired after the history of the good Dr. Bartlett: But the Ladies said, As they knew not the whole of it, they would refer me to the Doctor himself. They knew however enough, they said, to reverence him as one of the most worthy and

most pious of men. They believed, that he knew all the secrets of their brother's heart.

Strange, methinks, that these secrets lie so deep!

Yet there does not seem any thing so very forbidding, either in Sir Charles or the Doctor, but that one might ask them a few innocent questions. And yet I did not use to be so very curious neither. Why should I be more so than his sisters? — Yet persons coming strangers into a family of extraordinary merit, are apt, I believe, to be more inquisitive about the affairs and particularities of that family, than those who make a part of it: And when they have no other motive for their curiosity, than a desire to applaud and imitate, I see not any great harm in it.

I was also very anxious to know, what, at so early an age (for Sir Charles was not then eighteen) were the faults he found with the governor appointed for him. It seems, the man was not only profligate himself, but, in order to keep himself in countenance, laid snares for the young gentleman's virtue; which, however, he had the happiness to escape; tho' at an age in which youth is generally unguarded. This man was also contentious, quarrelsome, and a drinker; and yet (as Sir Charles at the time acknowledged to his sisters) it had so very indifferent an appearance, for a young man to find fault with his governor, that, as well for the appearance-sake, as for the man's, he was very loth to complain, till he became insupportable. It was mentioned, as it ought, greatly to the honour of the young gentleman's frankness and magnanimity, that when, at last, he found himself obliged to complain of this wicked man to his father, he gave him a copy of the letter he wrote, as soon as he sent it away. You may make, Sir, said he, what use you please of the slep I have taken. You see my charge. I have not aggravated it. Only, let me caution you, that, as I have not given you by my own misconduct any advantage over me, you do not make a still worse figure in my reply, if you give me occasion to justify my charge. My father loves his son. I must be his son. An altercation cannot end in your favour.

But, on enquiry into the behaviour of this bad man (who might have tainted the morals of one of the finest youths on earth), which the son besought the father to make before he paid any regard to his complaints, Sir Thomas dismissed him, and made a compliment to his son, that he should have no other governor, for the future, than his own discretion.

Miss Jervois's history is briefly this:

She had one of the best of fathers: Her mother is one of the worst of women. A termagant, a swearer, a drinker, unchaste — Poor Mr. Jervois! — I have told you, that he (a meek man) was obliged to abandon his country, to avoid her. Yet she wants to have her daughter under her own tuition — Terrible! — Sir Charles has had trouble with her. He expects to have more — Poor Miss Jervois!

Miss Emily's fortune is very great. The Ladies say, Not less than 50,000 l. Her father was an Italian and Turky merchant; and Sir Charles, by his management, has augmented it to that sum, by the recovery of some thousands of pounds, which Mr. Jervois had thought desperate.

AND thus have I brought down, as briefly as I was able, tho' writing almost night and day (and greatly indulged in the latter by the Ladies, who saw my heart was in the task,) the history of this family, to the time when I had the happiness (by means, however, most shockingly undesirable) to be first acquainted with it.

And now a word or two to present situations.

Sir Charles is not yet come down, Lucy. And this is Monday! — Very well! — He has made excuses by his cousin Grandison, who came down with my cousin Reeves on Sunday morning; and both went up together yesterday — Vastly busy, no doubt! — He will be here to-morrow, I think, he says. His excuses were to his sisters and Lord L. I am glad he did not give himself the importance with your Harriet, to make any to her on his absence.

Miss Grandison complains, that I open not my heart to her. She wants, she says, to open hers to me; but as she has intricacies that I cannot have, I must begin. She knows not how, she pretends. What her secrets may be, I presume not to guess: But surely I cannot tell a sister, who, with her sister, favours another woman, that I have a regard for her brother; and that before I can be sure he has any for me.

She will play me a trick, she just now told me, if I will not let her know who the happy man in Northamptonshire is, whom I prefer to all others. That there is such a one somewhere, she says, she has no doubt: And if she find it out, before I tell her, she will give me no quarter, speaking in the military phrase; which sometimes she is apt to do. Lady L. smiles, and eyes me with great attention, when her sister is raillying me, as if she, also, wanted to find out some reason for my refusing Lord D. I told them an hour ago, that I am beset with their eyes, and Lord L.'s; for Lady L. keeps no one secret of her heart, nor, I believe, any body's else that she is mistress of, from her Lord. Him, I think, of all the men I know (my uncle not excepted) I could soonest intrust with a secret. But, have I, Lucy, any to reveal? It is, I hope, a secret to myself, that never will be unfolded, even to myself, that I love a man, who has not made professions of Love to me. As to Sir Charles Grandison — But have done, Harriet! Thou hast named a name, that will lead thee — Whither will it lead me? — More than I am at present my own, I am, and will be ever, my dear Lucy.

Your affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, Mar. 13.

I WILL now tell you, who the Lady is, to whom the two sisters have given their interest.

It is Lady Anne S. the only daughter of the Earl of S. A vast fortune, it seems, independent of her father; and yet certain of a very great one from him. She is to be here this very afternoon, on a visit to the two Ladies. With all my heart. I hope she is a very agreeable Lady. I hope she has a capacious mind. I hope — I don't know what to hope — And why? Because I find myself out to be a selfish wretch, and don't wish her to be so fine and so good a woman, as I say I do. Is Love, if I must own Love, a narrower of the Heart? — I don't know whether, while it is in suspense, and is only on one side, it be not the parent of jealousy, envy, dissimulation; making the person pretend generosity, disinterestedness, and I cannot tell what; but secretly wishing, that her rival may not be so worthy, so lovely, as she pretends to wish her to be. — Ah! Lucy, were one sure, one could afford to be generous: One might then look down with pity upon a rival, instead of being mortified with apprehensions of being looked down upon.

But I will be just to the education given me, and the examples set me. Whatever I shall be able to do, or to wish, while I am in suspense; when any happy woman becomes the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, I will revere her; and wish her, for his sake as well as her own, all the felicities that this world can afford; and if I cannot do this from my heart, I will disown that heart.

The two Ladies set upon Mr. Grandison on Sunday, to get out of him the business that carried Sir Charles so often of late to Canterbury. But tho' he owned, that he was not injoined secrecy, he affected to amuse them, and strangely to romance; hinting to them a story of a fine woman in love with him, and he with her; yet neither of them thinking of marriage: Mr. Grandison valued not truth, nor scrupled solemn words, tho' ludicrously uttered, to make the most improbable stuff perplexing and teazing; and then the wretch laughed immoderately at the suspense he supposed he had caused.

What witless creatures, what mere nothings, are these beaux, fine fellows, and laughers, of men! — how silly must they think us women! — And how silly indeed are such of us, as can keep in countenance, at our own expence, their folly!

He was left alone with me for half an hour last night; and, in a very serious manner, besought me to receive his addresses. I was greatly displeased with the

two sisters; for I thought they intended to give him this opportunity, by their manner of withdrawing. Surely, thought I, I am not sunk so low in the eyes of the Ladies of such a family as this, as to be thought by them a fit wise to the only worthless person in it, because I have not the fortune of Lady Anne S. I will hear, thought I, what Miss Grandison says to this; and, altho' I had made excuses to my cousin Reeves's, at their request, for staying here longer than I had intended, I will get away to town as fast as I can. Proud as they are of the name of Grandison, thought I, the name only won't do with Harriet Byron. I am as proud as they.

I said nothing of my resentment: But told both Ladies, the moment I saw them, of Mr. Grandison's declaration. They expressed themselves highly displeased with him for it; and said, they would talk to him. Miss Grandison said, She wondered at his presumption. His fortune was indeed very considerable, she said, notwithstanding the extravagance of his youth: But it was an high degree of confidence, in a man of such free principles, to think himself intitled to countenance from — in short, from such a Lady, as your Harriet, Lucy; whatever you may think of her in these days of her humiliation.

She added the goodness of my heart to her compliment. I hope it is not a bad one. Then it was that I told them of my thoughts of going to town on the occasion: And the two Ladies instantly went to their cousin, and talked to him in such a manner, that he promised, if no more notice were taken of the matter, never again to give occasion for them to reprimand him on this subject. He had indeed, he owned, no very strong aspirations after matrimony; and had balanced about it a good while, before he could allow himself to declare his passion so seriously: But only, as it was probable, that he might at one time or other enter the pale, he thought he never in his life saw a woman with whom he could be so happy, as with me.

But you see, Lucy, by this address of Mr. Grandison, that nothing is thought of in the family of another nature. What makes me a little more affected than otherwise I believe I should be, is, That all you, my dear friends, are so much in love with this really great, because good, man. It is a very happy circumstance for a young woman, to look forward to a change of condition with a man, of whom every one of her relations highly approves. But what can't be, can't. I shall see what merit Lady Anne has by-and-by. But if fortune — Indeed, my dear, were I the first princess on earth, I would have no other man, if I might have him. And so I say that am but poor Harriet Byron. By this time Lady D. will have taken such measures, I hope, as will not disturb me in my resolution. It is fixed, my dear. I cannot help it. I must not, I ought not, I therefore will not, give my hand, whatever has passed between that Lady and my aunt, to any man living, and leave

a preserence in my heart against that man. Gratitude, Justice, Virtue, Decency, all forbid it.

And yet, as I see no hope, nor trace for hope, I have begun to attempt the conquest of my hopeless — What shall I call it? — Passion? — Well, if I must call it so, I must. A child in love-matters, if I did not, would find me out, you know. Nor will I, however hopeless, be ashamed of owning it, if I can help it. Is not reason, is not purity, is not delicacy, with me? Is it person that I am in love with, if I am in love? No: It is virtue, it is goodness, it is generosity, it is true politeness, that I am captivated by; all centred in this one good man. What then have I to be ashamed of? — And yet I am a little ashamed now-and-then, for all that.

After all, that Love, which is founded on fancy, or exterior advantages, is a Love, I should think, that may, and oftentimes ought to be overcome: But that which is founded on interior worth; that blazes out when charity, beneficence, piety, fortitude, are signally exerted by the object beloved; how can such a Love as that be restrained, damped, suppress'd? How can it, without damping every spark of generous goodness, in what my partial grandmamma calls a fellow-heart, admiring and longing to promote and share in such glorious philantropy?

Philantropy! — Yes, my uncle: Why should women, in compliance with the petulance of narrowminded men, forbear to use words that some seem to think above them, when no other single word will equally express their sense? It will be said, They need not write. Well then, don't let them read: And carry it a little farther, and they may be forbidden to speak. And every lordly man will then be a Grand Signor, and have his mute attendant.

But won't you think my heart a little at ease, that I can thus trifle? I would sain have it be at ease; and that makes me give way to any chearful idea that rises to my mind.

The Ladies here have made me read to them several passages out of my Letters to you before I send them. They are more generous than I think I wish them to be, in allowing me to skip and pass over sentences and paragraphs as I please: For is not this allowing that I have something to write, or have written something, that they think I ought to keep from their knowledge; and which they do not desire to know? With all my heart. I will not be mean, Lucy.

WELL, Lucy, Lady Anne has been here, and is gone. She is an agreeable woman. I can't say but she is very agreeable. And were she actually Lady Grandison, I think I could respect her. I think I could — But O, my dear friends, what an happy creature was I, before I came to London!

There was a good deal of discourse about Sir Charles. She owned, that she thought him the handsomest man she ever saw in her life. She was in love with

his great character, she said. She could go no-where, but he was the subject. She had heard of the affair between him and Sir Hargrave; and made me an hundred compliments on the occasion; and said, That her having heard, that I was at Clonebrooke, was one inducement to her, to make this visit.

It seems, she told Miss Grandison, That she thought me the prettiest creature she ever beheld. — Creature was her word — We are all creatures, 'tis true: But I think I never was more displeased with the sound of the word Creature, than I was from Lady Anne.

MY aunt's Letter relating to what passed between her and Lady D. is just brought me.

And so Lady D. was greatly chagrined! — I am sorry for it. But, my dear aunt, you say, that she is not displeased with me in the main, and commends my sincerity. That, I hope, is but doing me justice. I am very glad to find, that she knew not how to get over my prepossession in favour of another man. It was worthy of herself, and of my Lord D.'s character. I shall always respect her. I hope this affair is quite over.

My grandmamma regrets the uncertainty I am in: But did she not say herself, that Sir Charles Grandison was too considerable in his fortune; in his merit? That we were but as the private, he the public, in this particular? What room is there then for regret? Why is the word uncertainty used? We may be certain — And there's an end of it. His sisters can railly me;

"Some happy man in Northamptonshire!" — As much as to say, "You must not think of our brother." "Lady Anne S. has a vast fortune."

Is not that saying,

"What hope can you have, Harriet Byron?"

– Well, I don't care: This life is but a passage, a short passage, to a better: And let one jostle, and another elbow; another push me, because they know the weakest must give way; yet I will endeavour steadily to pursue my course, till I get thro' it, and into broad and open day.

One word only more on this subject — There is but one man in the world, whom I can honestly marry, my mind continuing what it is. His I cannot expect to be: I must then of necessity be a single woman as long as I live. Well! And where is the great evil of that? Shall I not have less cares, less anxieties? — I shall. And let me beg of my dear friends, that none of you will ever again mention marriage to

Your HARRIET BYRON;

LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday, March 14.

SIR Charles is come at last! He came time enough to breakfast, and with him the good Dr. Bartlett. My philosophy, I doubt, is gone again, quite gone; for one while at least. I must take sanctuary, and that very soon, at Selby-house.

Every word that passes now, seems to me worth repeating. There is no describing how the presence of this man animates every one in company. But take only part of what passed.

We were in hopes, Sir Charles, said Lord L. that we should have had the pleasure of seeing you before now.

My heart was with you, my Lord: And (taking my hand; for he sat next me, and bowing) the more ardently, I must own, for the pleasure I should have shared with you all, in the company of this your lovely guest.

[What business had he to take my hand? But indeed, the character of brother might warrant the freedom.]

I was engaged most part of last week in a very melancholy attendance, as Mr. Grandison could have informed you.

But not a word of the matter, said Mr. Grandison, did I tell the Ladies; looking at his two cousins. I amused them, as they love to do all mankind, when they have power.

The Ladies, I hope, cousin, will punish you for this reflexion.

I came not to town till Saturday, proceeded Sir Charles; and found a billet from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, inviting himself, Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and Mr. Jordan, to pass the Sunday evening with me at St. James's-square. The company was not suitable to the day, nor the day to the purposed meeting. I made my excuses, and desired them to favour me at breakfast on monday morning. They came. And when we were all in good humour with one another, I proposed, and was seconded by Mr. Jordan, that we would make a visit — You will hardly guess to whom, Miss Byron — It was to the widow Awberry at Paddington.

I started, and even trembled. What I suffered there, was all in my mind.

He proceeded then to tell me, that he had, tho' not without some difficulty on Sir Hargrave's part, engaged him to draw upon his banker for the 100l. he had promised Wilson; on Mr. Merceda on his banker for 50 l. and he himself generously added 50 l. more; and, giving, as he said, the air of a frolick to the performance of a promise, they all of them went to Paddington. There satisfying

themselves of the girl's love for Wilson, and of the widow's opinion of Wilson's good intentions by the girl; they let them know, that the sum of 200 l. was deposited in Sir Charles's hands to be paid on the day of marriage, as a portion for the young woman; and bid them demand it as soon as they thought fit. Neither Wilson nor the widow's son was there. The widow and her daughters were overjoy'd at this unexpected good news.

They afterwards shew'd Sir Charles, it seems, every scene of my distress; and told him, and the gentlemen, all but Sir Hargrave (who had not patience to hear it, and went into another room) my whole sad story. Sir Charles was pleased to say, That he was so much affected with it, that he had some little difficulty, on joining Sir Hargrave, to be as civil to him as he was before he heard the relation.

To one condition, it seems, the gentlemen insisted Sir Charles should consent, as an inducement for them to comply with his proposal. It was, that Sir Charles should dine with Sir Hargrave and the company at his house on the forest, some one day in the next week, of which they would give him notice. They all insisted upon it; and Sir Charles said, he came the more readily into the proposal, as they declared, it would be the last time they should see him, for at least a twelvemonth to come; they being determined to prosecute their intended tour.

Wilson and young Awberry waited on Sir Charles the same evening. The marriage is to be celebrated in a few days. Wilson says, that his widow-sister in Smithfield will, he is sure, admit him into a partnership with her, now that he shall have something to carry into the stock; for she loves his wise-elect; and the saving both of body and soul, will be owing, he declared (with transport that left him speechless) to Sir Charles Grandison.

Every-body was delighted with the relation he gave. Dear Sir Charles, said Mr. Grandison, let me be allowed to believe the Roman Catholic doctrine of Supererogation; and let me express my hope, that I your kinsman may be the better for your good works. If all you do, is but necessary, the Lord have mercy upon me!

Miss Grandison said, if I had written to my friends the account of what I suffered from the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, as she doubted not but I had, Lady L. as well as herself, would take it for a particular mark of my confidence, if they might be allowed to peruse it,

When I am favoured, reply'd I, with the return of my Letters, I will very chearfully communicate to you, my dear Ladies, my relation of this shocking affair.

They all expressed a pleasure in my frankness. Sir Charles said, he admired me beyond expression, for that noble criterion of Innocence and goodness.

There, Lucy!

I think there is nothing in that part, but what they may see.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE two sisters and Lord L. were then solicitous to know what was the occasion, which he called melancholy, that had engaged his attendance so many days at Canterbury.

It is really a melancholy occasion, reply'd he. You must not be surprised, my Lord; nor you, my sisters, if you see me in mourning in a few days. His sisters started. And so, truly, must I. But I am his third sister, you know. He seemed in haste to explain himself, left he should keep us in painful suspense. My journeyings to Canterbury have been occasioned by the melancholy necessity of visiting a sick friend, who is now no more.

You had all such an opinion, said Mr. Grandison, that I could keep no secret, that —

You were resolved, interrupted Miss Grandison, to say any-thing but the truth. Indeed, cousin, you had better have been silent at this time — Is there a necessity, brother, for us to go into mourning?

There is not. I had a true value for the departed. But custom will oblige me to mourn outwardly, as an executor only. And I have given orders about that, and other necessary matters.

Did we know the deceased gentleman, brother? said Lady L.

No. His name was Danby. He was an eminent merchant; an Englishman; but, from his youth, settled in France. He had for months been in a languishing state of health; and at last, finding his recovery desperate, was desirous to die in his native country. He landed at Dover about two months ago: But his malady so greatly increased, that he was obliged to stop at Canterbury in his way to town; and there at last he yielded to the common destiny. The body was to be brought to town as this night. I have order'd it to an undertaker's. I must lock myself up for a day or two, when I go to town. His concerns are large; but he told me, not intricate. He desired, that his will might not be opened 'till after his interrment; and that that might be private. He has two nephews, and a niece. I would have had him join them in the trust with me: But he refused to do so. An attempt once had been made upon his life, by villains set at work by a wicked brother, father of those nephews, and that niece, of which they were innocent: They are worthy young people. I had the happiness to save his life: But had no merit in it; for my own safety was involved in his. I am afraid he has been too grateful.

But, my good brother, said Miss Grandison, were you not a little reserved on this occasion? You went and returned, and went and returned, to Canterbury, and never said one word to us of the call you had to go thither. For my part, I thought there was a Lady in the case, I do assure you.

My reserve, as you call it, Charlotte, was rather accidental, than designed; and yet I do now-and-then treat your agreeable curiosity as mariners are said to do a whale; I throw out a tub. But this was too melancholy an occasion to be sported with. I was affected by it. Had the gentleman lived to come to town, you would all have been acquainted with him. I love to communicate pleasure, but not pain; when, especially, no good end can be answered by the communication. I go to different places, and return, and hardly think it worth troubling my sisters with every movement. Had I thought you had any curiosity about my little journeyings to Canterbury, you should have had it answered. And yet I know my sister Charlotte loves to puzzle, and find out secrets where none are intended.

She blush'd; and so did I. Your servant, Sir, was all she said.

But, Charlotte, proceeded he, you thought it was a Lady that I visited: You know not your brother. I never will keep a secret of that nature from you, my good Lord, nor from you, my sisters, when I find myself either encouraged or inclined to make a second visit. It is for your Sex, Charlotte to be very chary of such secrets; and reason good, if you have any doubt, either of the man's worthiness, or of your own consequence with him.

He looked very earnestly at her, but smiled.

So, my brother! I thank you, humourously rubbing one side of her face (tho' she needed not to do so, to make both cheeks glow) this is another box on the same car. I have been uneasy, I can tell you, Sir, at an hint you threw out before you last went to Canterbury, as if I kept you from something that it behoved you to know. Now, pray, Sir, will you be pleased to explain yourself?

And, since you put it so strongly to me, Charlotte, let me ask you, Have you not?

And let me ask you, Sir — Do you think I have?

Perhaps, Charlotte, your solicitude on this subject, now, and the alarm you took at the time, on a very slight hint, might warrant —

No warrants, brother! — Pray be so good as to speak all that lies on your mind.

Ah, Charlotte! and looked, tho' smilingly, with meaning.

I will not bear this Ah, Charlotte! and that meaning look.

And are you willing, my dear, to try this cause?

I demand my tryal.

Charming innocence! thought I, at the time — Now shall I find some fault, I hope, in this almost perfect brother. I triumphed in my mind, for my Charlotte.

Who shall be your judge?

Yourself, Sir.

God grant you may be found guilty, cousin, said Mr. Grandison, for your plaguing of me.

Has that wretch, looking at Mr. Grandison, insinuated any-thing? — She stopt.

Are you afraid, my sister?

I would not give that creature any advantage over me.

Sir Ch. I think I would, if there were fair room — You have too often all the game in your own hands. You should allow Mr. Grandison his chance.

Miss Gr. Not to arise from such an observing bystander, as my brother.

Sir Ch. Conscious, Charlotte!

Miss Gr. May be not —

Sir Ch. May be, is doubtful: May be No, implies May be Yes.

Lady L. You have made Charlotte uneasy. Indeed, brother, you have. The poor girl has been harping upon this string, ever since you have been gone.

Sir. Ch. I am sorry what I said pressed so hard — Do you, Lady L. if this delinquency comes to tryal, offer yourself as an advocate for Charlotte?

Lady L. I know not an act of delinquency she has committed.

Sir Ch. The act of delinquency is this — Shall I, Charlotte, explain myself? —

Miss Gr. Teazing man! How can you —

Mr. Grandison rubbed his hands, and rejoiced. Miss Grandison was nettled. She gave Mr. Grandison such a look — I never saw such a contemptuous one — Pray, Sir, do you withdraw, if you please.

Mr. Gr. Not I, by the Mass! Are you afraid of a tryal in open Court? O-ho, cousin Charlotte! —

Miss Gr. Have I not a cruel brother, Miss Byron?

Lord L. Our sister Charlotte really suffers, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. I am sorry for it. The innocent should not suffer. We will drop the cause.

Lady L. Worse and worse, brother.

Sir Ch. How so, Lady L.? Is not Charlotte, innocent?

Dr. Bartlett. If an advocate be required, and you, Sir Charles, are judge, and not a pleader in this cause, I offer myself to Miss Grandison.

Sir Ch. A very powerful one she will then have, You think her cause a just one, Doctor, by your offer,

Will you, Charlotte, give Dr. Bartlett a brief? Or have you given him one

Dr. Bart. I have no doubt of the justice of the cause

Sir Ch. Nor of the justice of the accuser, I hope. I cannot be a judge in it.

Lady L. Nay, then — Poor Charlotte!

Miss Gr. I wish, cousin Grandison, you would withdraw.

Mr. Gr. I wish, cousin Charlotte, you would not wish it.

Miss Gr. But are you serious, brother?

Sir Ch. Let us call another cause, sister, if you please. Pray, my Lord, what visitors have you had since I had the honour to attend you?

Miss Gr. Nay, brother — Don't think —

Sir Ch. BE QUIET, Charlotte.

Lady L. Your own words, sister! — But we had a visit from Lady Anne S. yesterday.

I was glad to hear Lady L. say this. But nothing came of it.

Sir Ch. You have seen Lady Anne more than once, my Emily: How do you like Lady Anne?

Miss Emily. Very well, Sir. She is a very agreeable Lady. Don't you think so, Sir?

Sir Ch. I do — But, Charlotte (and looked tenderly upon her) I must not have you uneasy.

She sat vexed — her complexion raised, and playing with a lump of sugar; and sometimes twirling round and round a tea-cup; for the tea-things, thro' earnestness of talking, were not taken away, tho' the servants were withdrawn.

Mr. Gr. Well, I will leave you together, I think. Poor cousin Charlotte! — [Rising, he tapped her shoulder.] Poor cousin Charlotte! Ha, ha, ha, hah!

Miss Gr. Impertinence! with a look, the fellow to that she gave him before.

Miss Emily. I will withdraw, if you please, madam; rising, and courtesying.

Miss Grandison nodded her assent. And Emily withdrew likewise.

Dr. Bartlett offer'd to do so. Miss Grandison seem'd not to disapprove of his motion: But Sir Charles said The Doctor is retained on your part, Charlotte: He must hear the charge. Shall Miss Byron be judge?

I begged to be excused. The matter began to look like earnest.

Miss Gr. (whispering me) I wish, Harriet, I had opened my whole heart to you. Your nasty scribbling! Eternally at your pen, or I had.

Then I began to be afraid for her. Dear Miss Grandison! re-whisper'd I, it was not for me to obtrude — Dear Miss Grandison, my pen should never have interfered, if —

Miss Gr. (still whispering) One should be courted out of some sort of secrets. One is not very forward to begin some sort of discourses — Yet the subjects most in our hearts, perhaps. But don't despise me. You see what an accuser I have. And so generous a one too, that one must half condemn one's self at setting out.

Harriet. (whispering) Fear nothing, my Charlotte. You are in brother's hands.

Miss Gr. Well, Sir Charles; and now, if you please, for the charge. But you say, you cannot be judge and accuser: Who shall be judge?

Sir Ch. Your own heart, Charlotte. I desire all present to be your advocates, if their judgment be with you: And if it be not, that they will pity you in silence.

He looked smilingly serious. Good Heaven! thought I.

Miss. Gr. Pity me! — Nay, then — But, pray, Sir, your charge.

Sir Ch. The matter is too serious to be spoken of in metaphor.

Miss Gr. Good God! — Hem! — and twice more she hemm'd — Pray, Sir, begin. Begin while I have breath.

Lord and Lady L. and Dr. Bartlett, and I look'd very grave; and Miss Grandison look'd, in general, fretfully humble, if I may so express myself: And every-thing being removed, but the table, she play'd with her diamond ring; sometimes pulling it off, and putting it on; sometimes putting the tip of her finger in it, as it lay upon the table, and turning it round and round, swister or slower, and stopping thro' downcast vexation, or earnest attention, as she found herself more or less affected — What a sweet confusion!

Sir Ch. You know, my dear Charlotte, that I very early after my arrival, enquired after the state of your heart. You told me it was absolutely free.

Miss Gr. Well Sir.

Sir Ch. Not satisfied with your own acknowledgement; as I knew that young Ladies [I know not why, when proper persons make enquiries, and for motives not ungenerous] are too apt to make secrets of a passion that is not in itself illaudable; I asked your elder sister, who scrupled not to own hers, whether there was any one man, whom you preferred to another? — She assured me, that she knew not of any one.

Lady L. My sister knows that I said truth.

Miss Gr. Well, well, Lady L. nobody doubts your veracity.

Sir Ch. Dear Charlotte, keep your temper.

Miss Gr. Pray, Sir, proceed — And the ring turn'd round very fast.

Sir Ch. On several occasions I put the same question, and had the same assurances. My reason for repeating my question, was owing to an early intelligence — Of which more by-and-by.

Miss Gr. Sir!

Sir Ch. And that I might either provide the money that I thought due to her as my sister, or take time to pay it, according to the circumstances of her engagement; and take from her all apprehensions of controul, in a case that might affect the happiness of her life — These, and brotherly Love, were the motives of my enquiry.

Miss Gr. Your generosity, Sir, was without example.

Sir Ch. Not so, I hope, My sisters had an equitable, if not a legal right to what has been done. I found, on looking into my affairs, that, by a moderate calculation of the family-circumstances, no man should think of addressing a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison, without supposing himself intitled, either by his merits or fortune, to expect 10,000 l. with her — And this, even allowing to the Son the customary preferences given to men as men; tho' given for the sake of pride, perhaps, rather than natural justice. For does not tyrant custom make a daughter change her name in marriage, and give to a son, for the sake of name only, the estate of the common ancestor of both?

This generous hint, affected me. It was nearly my own case, you know. I might otherwise have been a rich heiress, and might have had as strong pretensions to be distinguished by the Grandisons for my fortune, as any Lady S. in the kingdom. But worthless as those are, to whom, for the sake of the name, my father's estate is passed, I never grudged it to them till I came acquainted with these Grandisons.

Lord L. But who, Sir Charles, but you —

Sir Ch. Pray, my Lord, let not your generosity mislead you to think that a favour, which is but a due. We shall not be judged by comparison. The Laws of Truth and Justice are always the same. What others would not have done in the like situation, that let them look to: But what is the mortal man, who should make an unjust advantage of mortality?

Miss Grandison pulled out her handkerchief, put it to her eyes, and then in her lap; and putting half on, and half off, by turns, her ring, looked now-and-then at me, as if she wished me to pity her.

Indeed, Lucy, I did pity her: Every one did; and so did her judge, I dare say, in his heart. But justice, my Lucy, is a severe thing. Who can bear a tryal, if the integrity and greatness of this man's heart is to be the rule, by which their actions are to be examined? Yet you shall hear how generous he was.

Sir Ch. Allow me, for Miss Byron's sake, who has been but lately restored to our family, to be a little more particular, than otherwise I need to be. I had not been long in England, before Sir Walter Watkyns desired my interest with my sister. I told him, That she was entirely her own mistress; and that I should not offer to lead her choice. Lord G. made his court to her likewise; and applying to me, received the same answer.

I enter'd, however, into serious talk with my sister upon this subject. She ask'd me what I thought of each gentleman. I told her frankly.

Miss Gr. And pray, brother be so good as to repeat what you said of them. Let Miss Byron be judge whether either of the portraits was very inviting.

Sir Ch. I told her, Miss Byron, that Sir Walter would, I presumed, be thought the handsomer man of the two. He was gay, lively, genteel; and had that courage

in his air and manner, that Ladies were seldom displeased with. I had not, however, discovered any great depth in him. My sister, I imagined, if she married him, would have the superiority in good sense: But I question'd whether Sir Walter would easily find that out; or allow it, if he did. He was a brisk man for an hour, and might have wit and sense too; but indeed I hardly ever saw him out of Ladies company; and he seemed to be of opinion, that flash rather than fire, was what would recommend him to them. Sometimes I have thought, I told her, that women of sense should punish such men with their contempt, and not reward them with their approbation, for thus indirectly affronting their understandings: But that I had known women of sense approve a man of that character; and each woman must determine for herself, what appeared most agreeable to her.

Miss Gr. (whispering) Well, Harriet —

Har. (whispering) Don t interrupt him.

Sir Ch. You remember, my dear Charlotte, that it was in this kind of way I spoke about Sir Walter Watkyns; and added, That he was independent; in possession of the family-estate, which I believed was a good one; and that he talked handsomely to me of settlements.

I do remember this, said Miss Grandison; and whispering me, I am afraid, said she, he knows too much; but the person he cannot know. — Well, Sir, and pray be pleased to repeat what you said of Lord G.

Sir Ch. Lord G. told you, was a gay-dressing man, but of a graver cast than the other. The fashion, rather than his inclination, seemed to govern his outward appearance. He was a modest man, and I feared had too much doubt of himself to appear with that dignity in the eye of a lively woman, which should give him a first consequence with her.

Miss Gr. Your servant, Sir.

Sir Ch. I believed he would make a good husband: So perhaps might Sir Walter: But the one would bear, and the other perhaps must be borne with. Ladies, as well as men, I presumed, had some soibles, that they would not care to part with. As to fortune, I added, that Lord G. was dependent on his father's pleasure. He had, indeed, his father's entire approbation, I found, in his address: And I hoped that a sister of mine would not wish for any man's death, for the sake of either title or fortune. You have seen Lord G. Miss Byron?

Har. What, Sir Charles, was Miss Grandison's answer?

I did not care to give any opinion, that might either hurt or humour my Charlotte.

Sir Ch. Charlotte told me, in so many words, That she did not approve of either. Each gentleman, said I, has besought me to be his advocate: A task that I have not undertaken. I only told them, That I would talk to my sister upon the

subject: But did not think a brother ought to expect an influence over a sister, where the gentlemen suspected their own. You will remember, said I to my sister, that women cannot choose where they will; and that the same man cannot be every-thing — She desired me to tell her, which of the two I would prefer? — First, said I let me repeat the question I have more than once put to you — Have you any the least shadow of a preference in your heart, to any third person? — What was my sister's answer? She said, She had not. And yet, had I not had the private intelligence I hinted at, I should have been apt to imagine, that I had some reason to repeat the question, from the warmth, both of manner and accent, with which she declared, that she approved of neither. Women, I believe, do not, with earnestness, reject a man who is not quite disagreeable, and to whose quality and fortune there can be no objection, if they are absolutely unprejudiced in another's favour.

We women look'd upon one another. I have no doubt, thought I, but Sir Charles came honestly by his knowlege of us. The dear Charlotte sat uneasy. He proceeded.

However, I now made no question but my sister's affections were absolutely disengaged. My dear Charlotte, said I, I would rather be excused telling you, which gentleman's suit I should incline to favour, lest my opinion should not have your inclination with it; and your mind, by that means, should suffer any embarrasment. She desired to know it.

Miss Gr. You were very generous, Sir; I owned you were, in this point, as well as in all others.

Sir Ch. I then declared in savour of Lord G. as the man who would be most likely to make her happy; who would think himself most obliged to her for her favour: And I took the liberty to hint, that tho' I admired her for her vivacity, and even, when her wit carried its keenest edge, loved to be awakened by it, and wished it never to lose that edge; yet I imagined that it would hurt such a man as Sir Walter. Lord G. it would enliven: And I hoped, if she took pleasure in her innocent fallies, that she would think it something, so to choose, as that she should not be under a necessity of repressing those sprightly powers, that very seldom were to be wished to be reined in.

Miss Gr. True, Sir. You said, very seldom. I remember.

Sir Ch. I never will flatter either a prince, or a Lady; yet should be sorry to treat either of them rudely. She then asked me after my own inclinations. I took this for a desire to avoid the subject we were upon; and would have withdrawn; but not in illhumour. There was no reason for it. My sister was not obliged to follow me in a subject that was not agreeable to her: But I took care to let her know that her question was not a disagreeable one to me: But would be more

properly answered on some other occasion. She would have had me to stay. — For the sake of the former subject, do you ask me to stay, Charlotte? No, said she.

Well then, my dear, take time to consider of it; and at some other opportunity we will resume it. Thus tender did I intend to be, with regard to my sister's inclinations.

Miss Grandison wiped her eyes — And said, but with an accent that had a little peevishness in it, You wanted not, Sir, all this preparation. Nobody has the shadow of belief, that you could be wrong.

Sir Ch. If this, Charlotte, be well said; if, in that accent, it be generously said; I have done — And from my heart acquit you, and as cordially condemn myself, if I have appeared in your eye to intend to raise my own character, at the expence of yours. Believe me, Charlotte, I had much rather, in a point of delicacy, that the brother should be found faulty than the sister: And let it pass, that I am so. — And only tell me, in what way you would with me to serve you.

Miss Gr. Pardon me, brother. You can add forgiveness to the other obligations under which I labour. I was petulent.

Sir Ch. I do; most cordially I do.

Miss Gr. (wiping her eyes) But won't you proceed, Sir?

Sir Ch. At another opportunity, madam.

Miss Gr. MADAM — Nay, now you are indeed angry with me. Pray, proceed.

Cir. Ch. I am not: But you shall allow me an hour's conversation with you in your dressing-room, when you please.

Miss Gr. No! — Pray, proceed. Every one here is dear to me. Every one present must hear either my acquittal or condemnation. Pray, Sir, proceed — Miss Byron, pray sit still — Pray (for we were all rising to go out) keep your seats. I believe I have been wrong. My brother said, you must pity me in silence, if you found me faulty. Perhaps I shall be obliged to you for your pity. — Pray, Sir, be pleased to acquaint me with what you know of my faults.

Sir Ch. My dear Charlotte, I have said enough to point your fault to your own heart. If you know it, that, I hope, is sufficient. — Do not imagine, my dear, that I want to controul you — But — He stopt.

Miss Gr. BUT what, Sir? — Pray, Sir — And she trembled with eagerness.

Sir Ch. But it was not right to — And yet, O that I were mistaken in this point, and my sister not wrong!

Miss Gr. Well, Sir, you have reason, I suppose, to think — there she stopt —

Sir Ch. That there is a man whom you can approve of — notwithstanding —

Miss Gr. All I have said to the contrary. Well, Sir, if there be, it is a great fault to have denied it.

Sir Ch. That is all I mean — It is no fault in you to prefer one man to another. It is no fault in you to give this preference to any man, without consulting your brother. I proposed that you should be entirely mistress of your own conduct and actions. It would have been ungenerous in me, to have supposed you accountable to me, who had done no more than my duty by you. Dear Charlotte, do not imagine ⟨◊⟩ capable of laying such a load on your free will: But I should not have been made to pronounce to Lord G. and even to the Earl his father (on their enquirie, whether your affections were or were not engaged in such a manner as gave them hopes of succeeding.

Miss Gr. Are you sure, Sir?

Sir Ch. O my sister, how hard fought (now must I say?) is this battle! — I can urge it no farther. For your sake, I can urge it no farther.

Miss Gr. Name your man, Sir! —

Sir Ch. Not my man, Charlotte — Captain Anderson is not my man.

He arose; and, taking her motionless hand, pressed it with his lips: — Be not too much disturbed, said he I am distress'd, my sister, for your distress — I think, more than I am for the error: And, saying this, bowing to her, he withdrew.

He saw and pitied her confusion. She was quite confounded. It was very good of him to withdraw, to give her time to recover herself. Lady L. gave her her salts. Miss Grandison hardly ever wanted salts before.

O what a poor creature am I, said she, even in my own eyes! Don't despise me, Harriet — Dr. Bartlett, can you excuse me for so sturdy a perseverance? — My Lord, forgive me; — Lady L. be indulgent to a sister's fault. But my brother will always see me in this depreciating light! "A battle hard fought," indeed! How one error, persisted in, produces another!

When Sir Charles heard her voice, as talking, every one soothing, and pitying her, he returned. She would have risen, with a disposition seemingly, as if she would have humbled herself at his feet: But he took her folded hands in one of his, and with the other drew a chair close to her, and sat down: With what sweet majesty, and mingled compassion in his countenance! Miss Grandison's consciousness made it terrible only to her — Forgive me, Sir! were her words.

Dear Charlotte, I do. We have all something to be forgiven for. We pity others then most cordially, when we want pity ourselves. Remember only, in the cases of other persons, to soften the severity of your virtue.

He had Mrs. Oldham in his thoughts, as we all afterwards concluded.

We know not, said he, to what inconveniencies a small departure from principle will lead: And now let us look forward. But first, Had you rather shew me into your dressing-room?

Miss Gr. I have now no wish to conceal anything from the persons present. I will only withdraw for a few moments.

She went out. I followed her. And then, wanting some-body to divide her fault with the dear Charlotte blamed my nasty scribbling again: But for that, said she, I should have told you all.

And what, my dear, would that have done, returned I? — That would not have prevented —

No: But yet you might have given me your advice: I should have had the benefit of that; and my confessions would have been, then, perhaps, aforehand with hi accusations. — But, forgive me, Harriet —

O my Charlotte, thought I to myself, could you but rein-in your charming spirit, a little, a very little, you would not have had two forgivenesses to ask instead of one.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandison desired me to return to the company. I did. She soon followed me; took her seat; and, with an air of mingled dignity and concern, deliver'd herself after this manner.

If it be not too late, after a perseverance in error so obstinate, to reinstate myself in my brother's good opinion, dearer to me than that of the whole world besides, my ingenuousness shall make atonement for that error.

Sir. Ch. I would spare my sister the —

Miss. Gr. I will not be spared, Sir — Pray hear me — I would not, in order to extenuate my own faults (I hope I have not many) seek to throw blame upon the absent; much less upon the everlastingly absent: And yet my brother's piety must not be offended, if I am obliged to say something that may seem to cast a shade on a memory — Be not hurt, Sir — I will be favourable to that memory, and just to my own fault. You, Harriet, would no more excuse me, than my brother, if I failed in either.

I bowed, and blushed. Sir Charles look'd at me with a benign aspect.

My father, proceeded she, thought fit to be, or to seem to be, displeased with something that passed between him and Lord L. on the application made by my Lord to him for my sister.

Sir Ch. He was not willing, perhaps that a treaty of marriage should be begun but at his own first motion, however unexceptionable the man, or the proposal.

Miss Gr. Every one knows that my father had great abilities; and they were adorned with vivacity and spirit, that, where-ever pointed, there was no resisting. He took his two daughters to task upon this occasion; and, being desirous to discourage in them, at that time, any thoughts of marriage, he exerted, besides his authority, on this occasion (which I can truly say, had due weight with us both) that vein of humour and raillery for which he was noted; insomuch that his poor girls were confounded, and unable to hold up their heads. My sister, in particular, was made to be ashamed of a passion, that surely no young woman, the object so worthy, ought to be ashamed of. My father also thought sit (perhaps for wise reason) to acquaint us, that he designed for us but small fortunes: And this depreciated me with myself. My sister had a stronger mind, and had better prospects. I could not but apprehend from what my sister suffer'd, what must be my sufferings in turn; and I thought I could be induced to take any step, however rash, where virtue was not to be wounded, rather than undergo what she

underwent from the raillery of a man so lively, and so humorous, and who stood in so venerable a degree of relation to me. While these impressions were strong in my mind, Captain Anderson, who was quarter'd near us, had an opportunity to fall into my company at an assembly. He is a sprightly man, and was well received by every-body; and particularly a favourite of three young ladies, who could hardly be civil to each other, on his account: And this, I own, when he made assiduous court to me, in preference to them, and to every other woman, gave him some consequence with me: And then being the principal officer in that part of the country, he was caressed, as if he were a general. A daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison was deemed a prize worthy of his ambition, by every-body, as well as by himself: While this poor daughter, dreading the difficulties that her sister had met with, and being led to think, by what her father declared to both sisters, that two or three thousand pounds would be the height of her fortune, had only to apprehend, that a captain either of horse or foot, who had been perhaps for years a frequenter of public places, both in town and country, in hopes of raising his fortune, would think himself but poorly paid for his pains (were she even to obtain her father's pardon) should she engage without waiting for his consent; as she was urged to do, by letter, which he found ways unsuspectedly to send her. — I hope, Sir, I hope, my Lord, and you, my two sisters, that you will now, from what I have said, acquit me of insincerity, tho' you cannot of past indiscretion.

Nevertheless, my pride at times was piqued: Sometimes I declared off; at other times was prevailed upon by arts which men are masters of, to go on again; till I found myself entangled, and at a loss to know how to go either backward or forward. The gentleman was indeed of a genteel family: But the object of my sister's regard had so much to be said for him; stood so well with my brother; and even with my father; was so much the man of quality, in every respect, that a rash step in me would be look'd upon as the more disgraceful, on that account: And I could not but apprehend, that if I married Captain Anderson, I must be pitied, rejected, scorned, for one while, if not for ever.

And what title, often thought I, when I permitted myself seriously to think, have I to give my father a son, my brother, my sister, my Lord L. (should he and my sister marry) a brother, whom they would not have chosen, nor will probably own? — Have they not a right to reject him, as their relation? And shall Charlotte Grandison, the daughter of the most prudent of mothers, take a step that shall make her be looked upon as the disgrace of her family? Shall she be obliged to follow a soldier's fortune into different quarters, and perhaps to distant regions?

Such as these were, at times, my reasonings; and perhaps they wouldhave had the less force with me, had I, in giving myself an husband, had none of these relations living, on whom to obtrude a new one, to their dislike, by my marriage.

Hence I could not bear to reveal the matter to my sister, who, in her choice, had so much advantage over me. I thought within these few weeks past, I could reveal it to my new-found sister: and it was one of my motives to come hither, at your invitation, Lord and Lady L. when you told me she was so obliging as to accompany you down: But she was everlastingly writing; and I was shy of forcing an opportunity, as none agreeably offer'd.

Sir Ch. I would not interrupt you, Charlotte. — But may I ask, if this whole affair was carried on by letter? Did you not sometimes see each other?

Miss Gr. We did. But our meetings were not frequent, because he was at one time quarter'd in Scotland; at another, was sent to Ireland; where he staid six or seven months; at others, in distant parts of the kingdom.

Sir Ch. In what part of the king's dominions is the Captain now?

Miss Gr. Dear Sir, could not the person who acquainted you with the affair, inform you of that?

Sir Ch. (smiling) The person could, madam; and did. He is in London.

Miss Gr. I hope, my brother, after the freedom of my confession, and an ingenuousness that is not often found in such cases as this, will not be so unkind as to imagine, that I ought to have traps laid for me, as if I were not now at last frank and unreserved.

Sir Ch. Exceedingly just, Charlotte! exceedingly just! — I beg your pardon. I said, we had all something to be forgiven for. I am not however questioning you, with intent to cast a stone; but to lend you a hand.

Miss Gr. O that we had had liberty granted to us, having such a brother, to correspond with him! — Happy shall I be, if I can atone —

There she stopt.

Sir Ch. Proceed with your story, my dear Charlotte. — Greatly does the atonement overbalance the fault!

Miss Gr. (bowing to her brother) Captain Anderson is in town. I have seen him twice. I was to have seen him at the play, had I not come down to Colnebrooke. Not a tittle of the truth will I hide from you. Now I have recover'd the right path, not one wry step will I again willingly take. I have suffer'd enough by those I had taken, tho' I endeavour'd to carry it off as well as I could (even sometimes by a spirit of bravery) when it lay heavy here — putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles rose from his seat; and taking one of his sister's hands between both his, Worthy sister! Amiable Charlotte! After this noble frankness, I must not permit you to accuse yourself. An error gracefully acknowledged, is a victory won. If you think Captain Anderson worthy of your heart, he shall have a place in mine; and I will use my interest with Lord and Lady L. to allow of his relation to them. Miss Byron and Dr. Bartlett will look upon him as their friend.

He sat down again; his countenance shining with brotherly love.

Miss Gr. O Sir, what shall I say? You add to my difficulties by your goodness. I have told you how I had entangled myself. Captain Anderson's address began with hopes of a great fortune which he imagined a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison could not sail, first or last, to have. That this was his principal motive, has been, on many occasions (on too many for his advantage) visible to me. My allowance of his address, as I have hinted, was owing to my apprehensions, that I should not be a fortune worthy of a more generous man. At that time, our life was a confined one; and I girlishly wished for Liberty — MATRIMONY and LIBERTY — Girlish connexion! as I have since thought.

We could none of us help smiling at this lively fally: But she went on more seriously.

I thought at first, that I could break with him when I would: But he holds me to it; and the more, since he has heard of your goodness to me; and builds great hopes of future preferment on the alliance.

Sir Ch. But do you not love Captain Anderson, my sister?

Miss Gr. I believe I love him as well as he loves me. His principal view, as I have said, has come out, avowedly, to be my fortune. If I regulate my esteem for him by his for me, I ought not, for the very reason that he likes me, to approve of him.

Sir Ch. I do not wonder that the Captain is serious to hold you to it, to use your words: But, my dear Charlotte, answer me, Have you had less liking to Captain Anderson since your fortune is ascertained, and absolutely in your own power, than you had before?

Miss. Gr. Not on that account, if I know my heart: But he has been a much more earnest suiter since your goodness to me was generally known, than before When public report had made me absolutely dependent on my brother; and diminished (beyond the truth, as it has proved) the circumstances of the family; and when my sister and I were unhappy between our fears and our hopes; I then heard but little from Captain Anderson; and that little was so prudent, and so cold — But I had found out the man before.

Lord and Lady L. with warmth of voice, called him unworthy man. I thought him so; and so, by his looks, did Dr. Bartlett.

Sir. Ch. Poor man! — He seems to have been too prudent, to trust even to providence. But what, my sister, are now your difficulties?

Miss Gr. They proceed from my folly. Captain Anderson appeared to me at first, a man of sense, as well as an agreeable man in his person and air. He had a lively and easy elocution. He spoke without doubt; and I had therefore the less doubt of his understanding. The man who knows how to say agreeable things to a

woman, in an agreeable manner, has her vanity on his side; since, to doubt his veracity, would be to question her own merit. When he came to write, my judgment was even still more engaged in his favour than before. But when he thought himself on a safe footing with me, he then lost his handwriting, and his stile, and even his orthography. I blush to say it; and I then blushed to see it.

Sir Ch. Men will be men. It is natural for us, when we find out our imperfections, to endeavour to supply them, or to gloss them over to those, whose good opinion of us we wish to engage. I have known men who are not so ready as the Captain seems to have been, to find out their own defects. Captain Anderson, perhaps, lost his letter-writer, by the shifting of quarters. But it is strange that a man of family, as the Captain is, should be so very illiterate.

Miss Gr. His early wildnesses, as I afterwards heard, made him run from school, before he had acquired common school-learning. His friends bought him a pair of colours. That was all they would ever do for him: And his father marrying a second wife, by whom he had children, considered not him as one. This came out to be his story. But he displayed himself to me in very different lights. He pretended to have a pretty estate, which, tho' not large, was wellconditioned, and capable of improvement; besides very considerable expectations. A mind that would not impose on another, must least bear to be imposed upon himself: But I could not help despising him, when I found myself so grosly imposed upon, by the letters he had procured to be written for him; and that he was not either the man of sense, or learning, that he would have had me think him.

Sir Ch. But what was the safe footing, my sister, that he thought he was upon with you?

Miss Gr. O Sir! while all these good appearances held in his favour, he had teazed me into a promise. And when he had gained that point then it was, or soon after, that he wrote to me with his own hand. And yet, tho' he convinced me by doing so, that he had before employed another, it was a point agreed upon, that our intercourse was to be an absolute secret; and I trembled to find myself exposed to his scribe, a man I knew not; and who must certainly despise the lover whom he helped to all his agreeable flourishes, and, in despising him, must probably despise me. Yet I will say, that my letter were such as I can submit to the severest eye. It was indeed giving him encouragement enough, that I answered him by pen and ink; and he presumed enough upon it, or he had never dared to teaze me, for a promise, as he did for months before I made him one.

Sir Ch. Women should never be drawn-in to fetter themselves by promises. On the contrary, they ought always to despise, and directly to break with the man, who offers to exact a promise from them. To what end is a promise of this kind endeavoured to be obtained, if the urger suspects not the fitness of his addresses

in the eyes of those who have a right to be consulted; and if he did not doubt either his own merit, or the lady's honour and discretion? — Therefore wanted to put it out of her own power to be dutiful; or (if she had begun to swerve, by listening to a clandestine address) to recover herself? Your father, my dear (but you might not know that) could have absolved you from this promise . You have not now, however, any-body to controul you: You are absolutely your own mistress: And I see not but a promise — But, pray, of what nature was this promise?

Miss Gr. O my folly! — I declared, that I never would marry any other man without his consent, while he was single. By this means (to my confusion) I own, that I made him my father, my guardian, my brother; at least, I made the influences over me, of such of them as had been living, of no avail, in the most material article of my life; teazed, as I told you, into it; and against my judgment.

Soon after, he let me know, as I said, in his own hand-writing, what an illiterate, what a mere supersicial man I had entered into treaty with. And ever since I have been endeavouring by pen, as well as in person, to get him to absolve me from my rash promise: And this was my view and endeavour before I had a title to the independence, in which, Sir, you was so good as to establish me.

I once thought, proceeded she, that he would easily have complied, and have look'd out elsewhere for a wife; for I sought not to fetter him, as you justly call it: He was not of so much consequence with me; and this renders me, perhaps, the less excuseable: — But you held me not long enough in suspense, as to the great things you intended to do for me, to enable me to obtain that release from Captain Anderson, which I was meditating to procure, before he knew what those were.

All this time I kept my own secret. I had not confidence enough in the steps I had so rashly taken (indeed had not humility enough) to make any living creature acquainted with my situation: And this was the reason, I suppose, that I never was guessed at, or found out. The proverb says Two can keep a secret, when one is away: But my Harriet knows [I bowed] that I very early, in my knowledge of her, dropt hints of an entanglement, as I ludicrously called it; for I could not, with justice, say Love.

Sir. Ch. Charming frankness! How do your virtues shine thro' your very mistakes! — But there are many women who have suffer'd themselves to be worse entangled, even beyond recovery, when they have not had to plead the apprehensions which you had at entering into this affair.

Miss Gr. You are Sir Charles Grandison, Sir: I need no say more. We often dread, in rash encounter to make those communications, which only can be means to ricate us from the difficulties into which we have plunged ourselves. Had I, for the last six or seven years of my life, known my brother as I now know him; had I

been indulged in a correspondence with him in his absence; not a step would I have taken, but with his approbation.

Sir Ch. Perhaps I was too implicit on this occasion: But I always thought it more safe in a disputable case, to check than to give way, to an inclination. My father knew the world. He was not an ill-natured man. He loved his daughters. I had not the vanity to imagine, that my sisters, the youngest near as old as myself, would want my advice, in material articles: And to break thro' a father's commands, for the sake merely of gratifying myself — I don't know how — But I could not do it: And as a considerate person, when he has lost a dear friend, and more particularly a parent, is apt to recollect with pleasure those instances in which he has given joy to the departed, and with pain the contrary; methinks I am the more satisfied with myself, for having obeyed a command, that however, at the time, I knew not how to account for.

Miss Gr. You are happy, brother, in this recollection. I should be more unhappy than I am (on your principles) had I vexed my father in this affair. Thank God, he knew nothing of it. But now, Sir, I have told you the whole truth. I have not aggravated the failings of Captain Anderson; nor wish to do so; for the man that once I had but the shadow of a thought to make one day my nearest relation, is intitled, I think, to my good wishes, tho' he prove not quite so worthy, as I once believed him.

Permit me, however, to add, that Captain Anderson is passionate, overbearing: I have never of late met him, but with great reluctance: Had I not come to Colnebrooke, I should have seen him, as I confessed; but it was with the resolution that I had for a considerable time past avowed to him, Never to be his; and to be a single woman all my life, if he would not disengage me of my rash, my foolish promise. And now be pleased (looking round her to every one present) to advise me what to do.

Lord. L. I think the man utterly unworthy of you, sister Charlotte. I think you are right to resolve never to have him.

Lady L. Without waiting for my brother's opinion, I must say, That he acts most ungenerously and unworthily, to hold you to an unequal promise: A promise, the like of which you offered not to bind him by. I cannot, Charlotte, think you bound by such a promise: And the poor trick of getting another person to write his letters for him, and exposing my sister to a stranger, and against stipulation — How I should hate him! — What say you, sister Harriet?

Harriet. I should be unworthy of this kind confidence, if, thus called upon, I did not say something, tho' it came out to be next to nothing — There seems not to have been any strong affection, any sympathy of soul, if I may so express myself, at any time, Miss Grandison, between you and Captain Anderson, I think?

Sir Ch. A very proper question.

Miss Gr. There was not, on either side, I believe. I have hinted at my motives, and at his. In every letter of his he gave me cause to confirm what I have said of his self-interestedness: And now his principal plea to hold me to my promise, is, his interest. I would not to him, I never did, plead mine; tho' his example would excuse me, if I did.

Lord L. Was the promise given in writing, sister?

Miss Gr. Indeed it was. She looked down.

Harriet. May I be pardon'd, madam? — The substance of your promise was, That you would never marry any other man without his consent, while he remained unmarried — Did you promise, that if ever you did marry at all, it should be to him?

Miss Gr. No. He wanted me to promise that; but I refused. And now, my Harriet, what is your advice?

Harriet. I beg to hear Dr. Bartlett's opinion; and yours, Sir (to Sir Charles) before I presume to give mine.

Sir Charles looked at the Doctor. The Doctor referred himself to him.

Sir Ch. Then, Doctor, you must set me right, if I am wrong. You are a Casuist.

As to what Lord L. has said, I think with his Lordship, that Captain Anderson appears not, in any of his conduct, to be worthy of Miss Grandison: And in truth, I don't know many who are. If I am partial excuse the brother.

She bowed. Every one was pleased, that Miss Grandison was enabled to hold up her head, as she did, on this compliment from her brother.

Sir Ch. I think also, if my sister esteems him not, she is in the right to resolve never to be his. But what shall we say, as to her promise, Never to be the wife of any other man without his consent while he remains unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, while her father was living; who might, I believe, Doctor, you will allow, have absolved her from it: But then, her very treating with him since to dispense with it, shews, that in her own conscience she thinks herself bound by it.

Every one being silent, he proceeded.

Lady L. is of opinion, that he acts ungenerously and unworthily, to endeavour to hold her to an unequal promise. But what man, except a very generous one indeed, having obtained an advantage over such a woman as Charlotte [She redden'd] would not try to hold it? Must he not, by giving up this advantage, vote against himself? Women should be sure of the men in whom they place a confidence that concerns them highly. Can you think, that the man who engages a woman to make a promise, does not intend to hold her to it? When he teazes her to make it, he as good as tells her he does, let what will happen to make her wish she had not.

Miss Gr. O my brother! The repetition of that word teazes! — Are you not raillying me? — Indeed I deserve it.

Sir Ch. Men gain all their advantages by teazing, by promises, by importunities — Be not concerned, my Charlotte, that I use your word.

Miss Gr. O my brother, what shall I do, if you railly me on my folly?

Sir Ch. I mean not to railly you. But I know something of my own sex; and must have been very negligent of my opportunities, if I know not something of the world [I thought, Lucy, he would here have used the word other instead of the word world]. We have heard her reason for not binding the Captain by a like promise; which was, That she did not value him enough to exact it: And was not that his misfortune?

She is apprehensive of blame on this head: But her situation will be consider'd: I must not repeat the circumstances. I was grieved to hear that my sisters had been in such circumstances! What pity, that those who believe they best know the Sex, think themselves intitled to treat it with least respect! (How we women looked upon one another!] I should hope in charity. [In charity, Lucy!] and for the true value I bear it, as I think a good woman one of the greatest glories of the creation, that the fault is not generally in the Sex.

As to the Captain's artifice to obtain a footing by letters of another man's writing; that was enough indeed to make a woman, who herself writes finely, despise him when she knew it. But to what will not persons stoop to gain a point, on which their hearts are fixed? — This is no new method. One signal instance I will mention. Madam Maintenon, it is reported, was employed in this way, by a favourite mistress of Louis XIV. And this was said to be the means of introducing her to the monarch's favour, on the ruins of her employer. Let me repeat, that women should be sure of their men, before they embark with them in the voyage of Love. Hate the man, says Lady L. for exposing her to the letter writer! — Exposing! — Let me say, That women, who would not be exposed, should not put themselves out of their own power. O Miss Byron! (turning, to my confusion, to me, who was too ready to apply the first part of the caution) be so good as to tell my Emily, that she never love a man, of whose Love she is not well assured: That she never permit a man to know his consequence with her, 'till she is sure he is grateful, just, and generous: And that she despise him as a mean and interested man, the first moment he seeks to engage her in a promise. Forgive me Charlotte: You so generously blame yourself, that you-will not scruple to have your experience pleaded for an example to a young creature, who may not be able, if entangled to behave with your magnanimity.

Seasonably did he say this last part, so immediatley after his reference to me; for I made Miss Grandison's confusion a half-cover for my own; and I fear but a

half-cover.

I find I must not allow myself to be long from you, my dear friends; at least, in this company. Miss Cantillon, Miss Barnevelt, and half a dozen more Misses and Masters, with whose characters and descriptions I first paraded; Where are you? Where can I find you? My heart, when I saw you at Lady Betty Williams's, was easy and unapprehensive: I could then throw my little squibs about me at pleasure; and not fear, by their return upon me, the singeing of my own cloaths!

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

BUT now what remains to be done for our sister? ask'd Lady L. Charlotte looked round her, as seconding the question. Every one referr'd to Sir Charles.

In the first place, let me assure you, my dear Charlotte, resumed he, that if you have but the shadow of a preference for Captain Anderson; and if you believe, from what has passed between you, and from the suspense you have kept him in (which may have been a hindrance to his fortune or preferment) that you ought to be his, whether in justice, or by inclination; I will amicably meet him, in order to make and to receive proposals. If we do not find him grateful or generous, we will make him so, by our example; and I will begin to set it.

Every one was affected: Dr. Bartlett as much as any-body. Miss Grandison could hardly sit still. Her chair was uneasy to her. While her brother looked like one who was too much accustomed to acts of beneficence, to suppose he had said any-thing extraordinary.

Miss Grandison, after some hesitation, replied, Indeed, Sir, Captain Anderson is not worthy of being called your brother. I will not enter into the particulars of his unworthiness; because I am determined not to have him. He knows I am: Nor does my promise engage me to be his. Had he virtue, had he generosity — But indeed he has not either, in the degree that would make me respect him, as a woman should respect her husband.

Sir Ch. Well then, Charlotte, I would have you excuse yourself, if you have given him hope of meeting him; let him know, that you have acquainted me with all that has passed between you; and that you refer yourself wholly to me; but with a resolution (if such be your resolution) never to be his.

Miss. Gr. I shall dread his violent temper.

Sir Ch. Dread nothing! Men who are violent to a woman, when they have a point to carry by being so, are not always violent to men. But I shall treat him civilly. If the man ever hoped to call you his, he will be unhappy enough in losing such a prize. You may tell him, that I will give him a meeting whereever he pleases. Mean time, it may not be amiss, if you have no objection, to shew me some of the letters that have passed between you; of those particularly, in which you have declared your resolution not to be his; the farther backward, the better, if from the date of such you have always been of the same mind.

Miss Gr. You shall see the copies of all my letters; and all his, if you please. And you will gather from both, Sir, that it was owing to the unhappy situation I

thought myself in, from the unkind treatment my sister met with, and to the being forbidden to expect a fortune that would intitle me to look up to a man of figure in the world, that I was ever approachable by Captain Anderson.

Sir. Ch. Unhappy! But let us look forward. I will meet Captain Anderson. If there are any letters, in which he has treated my sister undhandsomely, you must not let me see them. My motive for looking into any of them, is service to you, Charlotte, and not curiosity. But let me, nevertheless, see all that is necessary to the question, that I may not, when I meet him, hear any-thing from him, that I have not heard from you; and which may make for him, and against you. I do assure you, that I will allow in his favour, all that shall appear favourable to him, tho' against my sister. I may meet him prejudiced, but not determined: And I hope you see by my behaviour to you, Charlotte, that were you and he to have been fond Lovers in your letters, you need not be afraid of my eye. I never am severe on Lovers foibles. Our passions may be made subservient to excellent purposes. Don't think you have a supercilious brother. A susceptibility of the passion called Love, I condemn not as a fault; but the contrary. Your brother, Ladies (looking upon all three) is no Stoic.

And have you been in love, Sir Charles Grandison? thought I to myself — Shall I, Lucy, be sorry, or shall I be glad, if he has? — But after all, is it not strange, that in all this time one knows so little of his history while he was abroad? — And yet, he said, That he was not angry at his sister for questioning him on the subject. Had I been his sister, questions of that sort would not have been to be now asked.

But here is a new task for her brother. I shall long to know how this affair will end.

The tryal of Miss Grandison, as she called it, being thus happily over, and Miss Emily and Mr. Grandison desired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with some severity on our sex, on the general liking, which he said women have for military men. He did not know he said, whether the army were not beholden to this approbation, and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial spirit, for many a gallant man.

What say you, Emily? said he? Do not a cockade and a scarlet coat, become a fine gentleman, and help to make him so, in your eyes?

Be pleased, Sir, to tell me how such a one should look in my eyes, and I will endeavour to make them conform to your lessons.

He bowed to the happy girl: For my part, said he, I cannot but say, that I dislike the life of a soldier in general; whose trade is in blood; who must be as much a slave to the will of his superiors in command, as he is almost obliged to be a tyrant to those under him.

But as to the Sex, if it were not, that Ladies, where Love and their own happiness interfere, are the most incompetent judges of all others for themselves — Pardon me —

Your servant, Sir, said Lady L. — And we all bowed to him.

How can a woman, proceeded he, who really loves her husband, subject herself of choice, to the necessary absences, to the continual apprehensions, which she must be under for his safety, when he is in the height of what is emphatically called his DUTY? He stopt. No answer being made, Perhaps, resumed he, i may be thus accounted for: Women are the most delicate part of the creation. Conscious of the weakness of their sex, and that they stand in need of protection (for apprehensiveness the child of prudence is as characteristic in them, as courage in a man) they naturally love brave men — And are not all military men supposed to be brave?

But how are they mistaken in their main end, supposing this to be it!

I honour a good, a generous, a brave, and humane soldier: But were such an one to be the bravest of men, how can his wife expect constant protection from the husband who is less his own, and consequently less hers, than almost any other man can be (a sailor excepted); and who must therefore, oftener, than any other man, leave her exposed to those insults, from which she seems to think he can best defend her?

Lady L. (smiling) But may it not be said, Sir, that those women who make soldiers their choice, deserve in some degree, a rank with heroes; when they can part with their husbands for the sake of their country's glory?

Sir Ch. Change your word glory for safety, Lady L. and your question will be strengthen'd. The word and thing called Glory, what mischief has it not occasioned! — As to the question itself, were you serious, let every one, I answer, who can plead the motive, be intitled to the praise that is due to it.

Miss Gr. There is so much weight in what my brother has said, that I thank Heaven, I am not in danger of being the wife of a soldier.

We, who knew what she alluded to, smiled at it; and Mr. Grandison looked about him, as if he wanted to find more in the words, than they could import to him: And then was very earnest to know how his cousin had come off.

Sir Ch. Triumphantly, cousin. Charlotte's supposed fault hs brought to light additional excellencies.

Mr. Gr. I am sorry for that with all my soul — There was no bearing her before — And now what will become of me?

Miss Gr. You have nothing new to fear, Mr. Grandison, I assure you. I have been detected in real faults. I have been generously treated; and repent of my

fault. Let me have an instance of like ingenuousness in you; and I will say, there are hopes of us both.

Mr. Gr. Your servant, cousin. Either way I must have it. But were you to follow the example by which you own yourself amended, I might have the better chance, perhaps, of coming up to you in ingenuousness.

Lord L. Upon my word, sister Charlotte, Mr. Grandison has said a good thing.

Miss Gr. I think so too, my Lord. I will put it down. And if you are wise, Sir (to him) ask me to sew up your lips ‘till to-morrow dinner-time.

Mr. Grandison looked offended.

Sir. Ch. Fie, Charlotte!

I am glad, thought I, my good Miss Grandison, that you have not lost much spirit by your tryal!

MISS Grandison has shewed me some of the letters that passed between Captain Anderson and her. How must she have despised him, had she been drawn in to give him her hand! And the more for the poor figure he would have made as a brother to her brother! How must she have blushed at every civility paid him in such a family! Yet from passages in his letters, I dare say, he would have had the higher opinion of himself; first for his success with her, and for every civility paid him afterwards by her relations.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandison, with all his pride, like to have thrown his daughter, a woman of high character, fine understanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man, who had neither fortune, nor education, nor yet good sense, nor generosity of heart, to countenance his pretensions to such a Lady, or her for marrying beneath herself.

This is a copy of what Miss Grandison has written to send to Captain Anderson.

Sir,

HAD I had a generous man to deal with, I needed not to have exposed myself to the apprehended censures of a brother, whose virtues made a sister, less perfect than himself, afraid that he would think her unworthy of that tender relation to him, from the occasion. But he is the noblest of brothers. He pities me; and undertakes to talk with you, in the most friendly manner, at your own appointment, upon a subject that has long greatly distressed me, as well you know. I will not recriminate, as I might: But this assurance I must, for the hundredth time, repeat, That I never can, never will be to you, any other than

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

She is dissatisfied with what she has written: But I tell her, I think it will do very well.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, Mar. 16.

SIR Charles has already left us. He went to town this morning on the affairs of his executorship. He breakfasted with us first.

Dr. Bartlett, with whom already I have made myself very intimate, and who, I find, knows his whole heart, tells me he is always fully employed. That we knew before — No wonder then, that he is not in love. He has not had leisure, I suppose to attend to the calls of such an idle passion.

You will do me the justice to own, that in the round of employments I was engaged in at Selbyhouse, I never knew any-thing of the matter: But indeed there was no Sir Charles Grandison; first to engage my gratitude; and then, my heart. So it is: I must not, it seems, deny it. If I did,

"a child in Love-matters would detect me,"

O MY Lucy! I have been hard set by these sisters. They have found me out; or rather, let me know, that they long ago found me out. I will tell you all as it passed.

I had been so busy with my pen, that tho' accustomed to be first dressed, where-ver I was, I was now the last. They entered my dressing-room arm in arm; and I have since recollected, that they looked as if they had mischief in their hearts; Miss Grandison especially. She had said, She would play me a trick.

I was in some little hurry, to be so much behindhand, when I saw them dressed.

Miss Grandison would do me the honour of assisting me, and dismissed Jenny, who had but just come in to offer her service.

She called me charming creature twice, as she was obligingly busy about me; and the second time said, Well may my brother, Lady L. say what he did of this girl!

With too great eagerness, What, what, said I — I was going to add — did he say? — But catching myself up, in a tone of less surprize — designing to turn it off — WHAT honour you do me, madam, in this your kind assistance!

Miss Grandison leered archly at me; then turning to Lady L. This Harriet of ours, said she, is more than half a rogue.

Punish her then, Charlotte, said Lady L. You have, tho' with much ado, been brought to speak out yourself; and so have acquired a kind of right to punish those who affect disguises to their best friends.

Lord bless me, Ladies! And down I sat — What, what — I was going to say, do you mean? But stopt, and I felt my face glow.

What, what! repeated Miss Grandison — My sweet girl can say nothing but What, what! — One of my fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in her head, I suppose — Did you ever see Wat — Watkyns, Harriett?

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. O how the fool throbbed, and trembled!

Miss Gr. Confirmation, Lady L.! Confirmation!

Lady L. I think so, truly — But it wanted none to me.

Har. I am surprised! Pray, Ladies, what can you mean by this sudden attack?

Miss. Gr. And what, Harriet, can you mean by these What, what's, and this sudden emotion? — Give me your handkerchief! — What doings are here!

She snatch'd it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck — Why this sudden palpitation? — Ah! Harriet! Why won't you make confidents of your two sisters? Do you think we have not found you out before this?

Har. Found me out! How found me out! — Dear Miss Grandison, you are the most alarming Lady that ever lived! —

I stood up, trembling.

Miss Gr. Am I so? But, to cut the matter short — [Sit down, Harriet. You can hardly stand.] Is it such a disgraceful thing for a fine girl to be in Love?

Har. Who I, I, in Love?

Miss Gr. (laughing) So, Lady L. you see that Harriet has found herself out to be a fine girl! — Disqualify now; can't you, my dear? Tell fibs Be affected. Say you are not a sine girl, and-so-forth.

Har. Dear Miss Grandison — It was your turn the day before yesterday. How can you forget —

Miss Gr. Spiteful too! My life to a farthing, you pay for this, Harriet! — But, child, I was not in Love — Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in Northhamptonshire — Did you think we should not find you out?

This hearten'd me a little.

Har. O Madam, do you think to come at anything by such methods as this? I ought to have been aware of Miss Grandison's alarming ways.

Miss Gr. You pay for this, also, Harriet. Did you not say, that I should take the reins, Lady L.! I will have no mercy on our younger sister for this abominable affectation and reserve.

Har. And so, Ladies, you think, I warrant, that Mr. Orme —

Lord L. Take the reins, Charlotte; making a motion, with a sweet pretty air, with her handkerchief, as if she tossed her something — I myself, Harriet, am against you now. I wanted a trial of that frankness of heart, for which I have heard

you so much commended: And, surely, you might have shewed it, if to any persons living, to your two sisters.

Miss Gr. No more no more, Lady L. Have you not left her to me? I will punish her. You will have too much lenity. — And now tell me, Harriet — Don't you love Mr. Orme better than any Man you ever yet saw?

Har. Indeed I do not.

Miss Gr. Whom do you love better, Harriet?

Har. Pray, Miss Grandison!

Miss Gr. And pray, Miss Byron

Har. Resume the reins, Lady L. — Pray do! — Miss Grandison has no mercy! Yet met with a great deal the day before yester —

Miss Gr. The day before yesterday? — Very well! — But then I was ingenuous —

Har. And am not I? — Pray, Lady L.

Lady L. I think, not. —

And she seemed a little too cruelly to enjoy the flutter I was in.

Miss Gr. And you say that there is no one gentleman in Northamptonshire —

Har. What is the meaning of this, Ladies? But I do assure you, there is not —

Miss Gr. See, Lady L. there are some questions that the girl can answer readily enough.

I believe I looked serious. I was silent. Indeed my very soul was vexed.

Miss Gr. Ay, Harriet, be sullen: Don't answer any questions at all. That's your only way, now — And then we go no further, you know. But tell me — Don't you repent, that you have given a denial to Lady D.?

Har. I won't be sullen, Ladies. Yet I am not pleased to be thus —

Miss Gr. Then own yourself a woman, Harriet; and that, in some certain instances, you have both affectation, and reserve. There are some cases, my dear, in which it is impossible but a woman must be guilty of affectation.

Har. Well then, suppose I am. I never pretended to be clear of the foibles which you impute to the Sex. I am a weak, a very weak creature: You see I am —

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

Miss Gr. Ay, weep, love. My sister has heard me say, that I never in my life saw a girl so lovely in tears.

Har. What have I done to deserve —

Miss Gr. Such a compliment! — Hay? — But you sha'n't weep neither. — Why, why, is this subject so ffecting, Harriet?

Har. You surprise me! — Parted with you but an hour or two ago — And nothing of these reproaches, And now, all at once, both Ladies —

Miss Gr. Reproaches, Harriet! —

Har. I believe so. I don’t know what else to call them.

Miss Gr. What! Is it a reproach to be taxed with Love —

Har. But the manner, madam —

Miss Gr. The manner you are taxed with it, is the thing then — Well, putting on a grave look, and assuming a softer accent — You are in Love, however: But with whom? is the question — Are we, your sisters, intitled to know with whom?

Surely, Ladies, thought I, you have something to say, that will make me amends for all this intolerable teazing: And yet my proud heart, whatever it were to be, swelled a little, that they should think that would be such high amends, which, however, I by myself, communing only with my own heart, would have thought so.

Lady L. (coming to me, and taking my hand) Let me tell you, our dearest Harriet, that you are the most insensible girl in the world, if you are not in Love — And now what say you?

Har. Perhaps I do know, Ladies, enough of the Passion, to wish to be less alarmingly treated.

They then sitting down, one on either side of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

I think I will resume the reins, Charlotte, said the Countess. We are both cruel. But tell us, my lovely sister, in one word tell your Caroline, tell your Charlotte, if you have any confidence in our love (and indeed we love you, or we would not have teazed you as we have done) if there be not one man in the world, whom you love above all men in it?

I was silent. I looked down. I had, in the same moment, an ague, in its cold, and in its hot fit. They vouchsafed, each, to press with her lips the passive hand each held.

Be not afraid to speak out, my dear, said Miss Grandison. Assure yourself of my love; my true sisterly love. I once intended to lay the way to the opening of your heart by the discovery of my own, before my brother, as I hoped, could have found me out — But nothing can be hid —

Madam! Ladies! said I, and stood up in a hurry, and, in as great a discomposure, sat down again — Your brother has not, could not — I would die before —

Miss. Gr. Amiable delicacy! — He has not — But say you, Harriet, he could not? — If you would not be teazed, don’t aim at reserves — But think you, that we could not see, on an hundred occasions, your heart at your eyes? — That we could not affix a proper meaning to those sudden throbs just here, patting my neck; those half-suppressed, but always involuntary sighs — [I sighed] — Ay, just such as that — [I was confounded] — But, to be serious, we do assure you,

Harriet, that had we not thought ourselves under some little obligation to Lady Anne S. we should have talked to you before on this subject. The friends of that Lady have heen very solicitous with us — And Lady Anne is not averse —

Har. Dear Ladies! withdrawing the hand that Miss Grandison held, and taking out my handkerchief; you say, you love me! — Won't you despise whom you love? — I do own —

There I stopt; and dried my eyes.

Lady L. What does my Harriet own? —

Har. O madam, had I a greater opinion of my own merit, than I have reason to have (and I never had so little an one, as since I have known you two) I could open to you, without reserve, my whole heart — But one request I have to make you — You must grant it.

They both in a breath asked what that was.

Har. It is, That you will permit your chariot to carry me to town this very afternoon — And long shall not that town hold your Harriet — Indeed, indeed, Ladies, I cannot now ever look your brother in the face — And you will also both despise me! I know you will!

Sweet, and as seasonable as sweet (for I was very much affected) were the assurances they gave m of their continued love.

Miss Gr. We have talked with our brother this morning —

Har. About me! I hope he has not a notion, that — There I stopt.

Lady L. You were mentioned: But we intend not to alarm you farther. We will tell you what passed. Lady Anne was our subject.

I was all attention.

Miss Gr. We asked him if he had any thoughts of marriage? The question came in properly enough, from the subject that preceded it. He was silent: But sighed, and looked grave [Why did Sir Charles Grandison sigh, Lucy?] We repeated the question. You told us, brother, said I, that you do not intend to resume the treaty begun by my father for Lady Frances N. What think you of Lady Anne S.? We need not mention to you how considerable her fortune is; what an enlargement it would give to your power of doing good; nor what her disposition and qualities are: Her person is far from being disagreeable: And she has a great esteem for you.

I think Lady Anne a very agreeable woman, replied he: But if she honours me with a preferable esteem, she gives me regret: because it is not in my power to return it.

Not in your power, brother?

It is not in my power to return it.

O Lucy! how my heart slutter'd! The ague-sir came on again; and I was hot and cold as before, almost in the same Moment.

They told me, they would not teaze me further. But there are subjects, that cannot be touch'd upon without raising emotion in the bosom of a person who hopes, and is uncertain. O the cruelty of suspense! How every new instance of it tears in pieces my before almost bursting heart!

Miss Gr. My brother went on — You have often hinted to me at a distance this subject. I will not, as I might, answer your question, now so directly put, by saying, that it is my wish to see you, Charlotte, happily married, before I engage myself. But, perhaps, I shall be better enabled some time hence, than I am at present, to return such an answer as you may expect from a brother.

Now, my Harriet, we are afraid, by the words, Not in his power; and by the hint that he cannot at present answer our question as he may be enabled to do some time hence; we are afraid, that some foreign Lady —

They had raised my hopes; and now, exciting my fears by so well-grounded an apprehension, they were obliged for their pains to hold Lady L's salts to my nose. I could not help exposing myself, my heart having been weaken'd too by their teazings before. My head dropt on the shoulder of Miss Grandison. Tears relieved me.

I desired their pity. They assured me of their love; and called upon me, as I valued their friendship, to open my whole heart to them.

I paused. I hesitated. For words did not immediately offer themselves. But at last, I said, Could I have thought myself intitled to your excuse, Ladies, your Harriet, honoured, as she was, from the first, with the appellation of sister, would have had no reserve to her sisters: But a just consciousness of my wn unworthiness, overcame a temper that I will say, is naturally frank and unreserved. Now, however —

There I stopt and held down my head.

Lady L. Speak out, my dear, — What Now —

Miss Gr. What Now, however —

Harriet. Thus called upon; thus encouraged — And I lifted up my head as boldly as I could (but it was not, I believe, very boldly) I will own, that the man, who by so signal an instance of his bravery and goodness engaged my gratitude, has possession of my whole heart.

And then, almost unknowing what I did, I threw one of my arms, as I sat between them, round Lady L's neck, the other round Miss Grandison's; my glowing face seeking to hide itself in Lady L.'s bosom.

They both embraced me, and assured me of their united interest. They said, They knew I had also Dr. Bartlett's high regard: But that they had in vain sought

to procure new lights from him; he constantly, in every-thing that related to their brother, referring himself to him: And they assured me, that I had likewise the best wishes and Interest of Lord L. to the fullest extent.

This, Lucy, is some — consolation — must I say? — some ease to my pride, as to what the family think of me: But yet, how is that pride mortified, to be thus obliged to rejoice at this strengthening of hope to obtain an interest in the heart of a man, of whose engagements none of us know any-thing! But if, at last, it shall prove, that that worthiest of hearts is disengaged; and if I can obtain an interest in it, be pride out of the question! The man, as my aunt wrote, is Sir Charles Grandison.

I was very earnest to know, since my eyes had been such tell-tales, if their brother had any suspicion of my regard for him.

They could not, they said, either from his words or behaviour, gather that he had. He had not been so much with me, as they had been. Nor would they wish that he should suspect me. The best of men, they said, loved to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a man.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of what he said at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, as recited by the shorthand writer — That he would not marry the greatest princess on earth, if he were not assured, that she loved him above all the men in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, suffer a great deal in the apprehension, at one time, of disgusting the object of our passion, by too forward a Love; and, at another, of disobliging him by too great a reserve. Don't you think so?

The Ladies said, They were extremely solicitous to see their brother married. They wished it were to me, rather than to any other woman; and kindly added, That I had their hearts, even at the time when Lady Anne, by a kind of previous engagement had their voices.

And then they told me what their brother said of me, with the hint of which they began this alarming conversation.

When my brother had let us know, said Miss Grandison, that it was not in his power to return a preferable esteem for a like esteem, if Lady Anne honoured him with it; I said — Had Lady Anne as many advantages to boast of, as Miss Byron has, could you then, brother, like Lady Anne?

Miss Byron, replied he, is a charming woman.

Lady L. (slily enough, continued Miss Grandison) said, Miss Byron is one of the prettiest women I ever beheld. I never saw in any face, youth, and dignity, and sweetness of aspect, so happily blended:

On this occasion, Lucy, my vanity may, I hope, revive, so long as I repeat only, and repeat justly.

“Forgive me, Lady L. replied my brother — But as Alexander would be drawn only by Apelles; so would I say to all those who leave mind out of the description of Miss Byron, That they are not to “describe her. This young Lady” [You may look proud, Harriet!] “has united in her face, feature, complexion, grace, and expression, which very few women, even of those who are most celebrated for beauty, have singly in equal degree: But, what is infinitely more valuable, she has an heart that is equally pure and open. She has a fine mind: And it is legible in her face. Have you not observed, Charlotte, added he, what intelligence her very silence promises? And yet, when she speaks, she never disappoints the most raised expectations.”

I was speechless, Lucy.

Well, brother, continued Miss Grandison — If there is not every-thing you say in Miss Byron’s face and mind, there seems to me little less than the warmth of Love in the description — You are another Apelles, Sir, if his colours were the most glowing of those of all painters.

My eyes had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison, What answer he returned to this? She saw they had.

Ah! Harriet! smilling — That’s a meaning look, with all its bashfulness. This was my brother’s answer —

“Every-body must love Miss Byron — You know, Charlotte, that I presented her to you, and you to her, as a third sister: And what man better loves his sisters, than your brother?”

We both looked down, Harriet; but not quite so silly, and so dissappointed a you now look —

Dear Miss Grandison! —

Well, then another time don’t let your eyes ask questions, instead of your lips.

Third sister! my Lucy! Indeed I believe I looked silly enough. To say the truth, I was dissappointed.

Har. And this was all that passed? You hear by my question, Ladies, that my lips will keep my eyes in countenance.

Miss Gr. It was; for he retired as soon as he had said this.

Har. How retired, madam? — Any discompo — You laugh at my folly; at my presumption perhaps —

They both smiled. No, I can’t say that there seemed to be either in his word or manner, any distinguishing emotion; any great discompo — He was about to retire before.

Well, Ladies, I will only say, That the best thing I can do, is, to borrow a chariot-and-six, and drive away to Northamptonshire.

But wh yo, Harriet?

Because it is impossible but I must suffer in your brother's opinion, every time he sees me, and that whether I am silent or speaking.

They made me fine compliments: But they would indeed have been fine ones, could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think, that had Sir Charles Grandison meant anything, he would have expressed himself to his sisters in such high terms, before he had said one very distinguishing thing to me? Let me judge by myself — Men and women, I believe, are so much alike, that, put custom, tyrant-custom, out of the question, the meaning of the one may be generally guessed at by that of the other, in cases where the heart is concerned. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myself to say to and of Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler! How could I praise the honesty and goodness of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Because I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not afraid to let go, as their merits pulled. — And now, methinks, I can better guess, than I could till now, at what Mr. Greville meant, when he wished me to declare, that I hated him. Sly wretch! — since the woman who uses a man insolently in courtship, certainly makes that man of more importance to her, than she would wish him to think himself. —

But why am I studious to torment myself? What will be, must.

"Who knows what Providence has designed for Sir Charles Grandison?"

– May he be happy! But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwise, at this time.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, March 15.

I WILL not let you lose the substance of a very agreeable conversation, which we had last night after supper. You may be sure I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a considerable part in it. It would be impossible to give you more than passages, because the subjects were various, and the transitions so quick, by one person asking this question, another that, that I could not, were I to try, connect them as I endeavour generally to do.

Of one subject, Lucy, I particularly owe you some account. Miss Grandison, in her lively way (and lively she was, notwithstanding her trial so lately over) led me into talking of the detested masquerade. She put me upon recollecting the giddy scene, which those dreadfully interesting ones that followed it, had made me wish to blot out of my memory.

I spared you at the time, Harriet, said she. I asked you no questions about the masquerade, when you flew to us first, poor frighted bird! with all your gay plumage about you.

I coloured a deep crimson, I believe. What were Sir Charles's first thoughts of me, Lucy, in that fantastic, that hated dress? The simile of the bird too, was his, you know; and Charlotte looked very archly.

My dear Miss Grandison, spare me still. Let me forget, that ever I presumptuously ventured into such a scene of folly.

Do not call it by harsh names, Miss Byron, said Sir Charles. We are too much obliged to it.

Can I, Sir Charles, call it by too harsh a name, when I think, how fatal, in numberless ways, the event might have proved? But I do not speak only with reference to that. Don't think, my dear Miss Grandison, that my dislike to myself, and to this foolish diversion, springs altogether from what befel me: The same shocking villainy might have been attempted by the same vile man from a more laudable and reasonable diversion. I had on the spot the same contempts, the same disdain of myself, the dislike of all those who seemed capable of joy on the light, the foolish occasion.

My good Charlotte, said Sir Charles smiling, is less timorous than her younger sister. She might be persuaded, I fancy, to venture —

Under your conduct, Sir Charles. You know, Lady L. and I, who have not yet had an opportunity of this sort, were trying to engage you against the next

subscription-ball.

Indeed, said Lady L. our Harriet's distress has led me into reflexions I never made before on this kind of diversion; and I fancy her account of it, will perfectly satisfy my curiosity.

Sir Ch. Proceed, good Miss Byron. I am as curious as your sisters, to hear what you say of it. The scene was quite new to you. You probably expected entertainment from it. Forget for a while the accidental consequences, and tell us how you were at the time amused.

Amused! Sir Charles! — Indeed I had no opinion of the diversion, even before I went. I knew I should despise it. I knew I should often wish myself at home before the evening were over. And so indeed I did. I whispered my cousin Reeves more than once, O madam! this is sad! This is intolerable stuff! This place is one great bedlam! Good Heaven Could there be in this one town so many creatures devoid of reason, as are here got together? I hope we are all here.

Yet you see, said Miss Grandison, however Lady L. is, or seems to be, instantaneously informed, there were two, who would gladly have been there: The more, you may be sure, for its having been a diversion prohibited to us, at our first coming to town. Sir Charles lived long in the land of masquerades — Oh, my dear! we used to please ourselves with hopes, that when he was permitted to come over to England, we should see golden days under his auspices.

Sir Ch. (smiling) Will you accompany us to the next subscription-ball, Miss Byron?

I, Sir Charles, should be inexcusable, if I thought —

Miss Gr. (interrupting, and looking archly) Not under our brother's conduct, Harriet?

Indeed, my dear Miss Grandison, had the diversion not been prohibited, had you once seen the wild, the senseless confusion, you would think just as I do: And you would have one stronger reason against countenancing it by your presence; for who, at this rate, shall make the stand of virtue and decorum, if such Ladies as Miss Grandison and Lady L. do not? — But I speak of the common masquerades, which I believe are more disorderly. I was disgusted at the freedoms taken with me, tho' but the common freedoms of the place, by persons who singled me from the throng, hurried me round the rooms, and engaged me in fifty idle conversations; and to whom, by the privilege of the place, I was obliged to be bold, pert, saucy, and to aim at repartee and smartness; the current wit of that witless place. They once got me into a country-dance. No prude could come, or if she came, could be a prude, there.

Sir Ch. Were you not pleased, Miss Byron, with the first coup d'oeil of that gay apartment?

A momentary pleasure: but when I came to reflect, the bright light, striking on my tinsel dress, made me seem to myself the more conspicuous fool. Let me be kept in countenance as I might, by scores of still more ridiculous figures, what, thought I, are other people's follies to me? Am I to make an appearance that shall want the countenance of the vainest, if not the silliest part of the creation? What would my good grandfather have thought, could he have seen his Harriet, the girl whose mind he took pains to form and enlarge, mingling in a habit so preposterously rich and gaudy, with a croud of Satyrs, Harlequins, Scaramouches, Fauns, and Dryads; nay, of Witches and Devils; the graver habits striving which should most disgrace the characters they assumed, and every one endeavouring to be thought the direct contrary of what they appeared to be.

Miss Gr. Well, then, the Devils, at least, must have been charming creatures!

Lady L. But, Sir Charles, might not a masquerade, if decorum were observed, and every one would support with wit and spirit the assumed character —

Mr. Gr. Devils and all, Lady L.?

Lady L. It is contrary to decorum for such shocking characters to be assumed at all: But might it not, Sir Charles, so regulated, be a rational and an almost instructive entertainment?

Sir Ch. You would scarcely be able, my dear sister, to collect eight or nine hundred people, all wits, and all observant of decorum. And if you could, does not the example reach down to those who are capable of taking only the bad and dangerous part of a diversion; which you may see by every common news-paper is become dreadfully general?

Mr. Gr. Well, Sir Charles, and why should not the poor devils in low life divert themselves as well as their betters? For my part, I rejoice when I see advertised an eighteen-penny masquerade, for all the pretty 'prentice souls, who will that evening be Arcadian Shepherdesses, Goddesses, and Queens.

I blushed at the word Arcadian; yet Mr. Grandison did not seem to have my masquerade dress in his thoughts.

Miss Gr. What low profligate scenes couldst thou expatiate upon, good man! if thou wert in proper company! I warrant those Goddesses have not wanted an adorer in our cousin Everard.

Mr. Gr. Dear Miss Charlotte, take care! I protest, you begin to talk with the spite of an old maid.

Miss Gr. There, brother! Do you hear the wretch? Will not you, knight-errand like, defend the cause of a whole class of distressed damsels, with our good Yorkshire aunt at the head of them?

Sir Ch. Those general prejudices and aspersions, Charlotte, are indeed unjust and cruel. Yet I am for having every-body marry. Bachelors, cousin Everard, and

maids, when long single, are looked upon as houses long empty, which no-body cares to take. As the houses in time, by long disuse, will be thought by the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, so will the other, by the many, be thought possessed by no good ones.

The transition was some-how made from hence to the equitableness that ought to be in our judgements of one another. We must in these cases, said Sir Charles, throw merit in one scale, demerit in the other; and if the former weigh down the latter, we must in charity pronounce to the person's advantage. So it is humbly hoped we shall finally be judged ourselves: For who is faultless?

Yet, said he, for my own part, that I may not be wanting to prudence, I have sometimes where the merit is not very striking, allowed persons, at first acquaintance, a short lease only in my good opinion; some for three, some for six, some for nine, others for twelve months, renewable or not, as they answer expectation. And by this meane I leave it to every one to make his own character with me; I preserve my charity, and my complacency; and enter directly, with frankness, into conversation with him; and generally continue that freedom to the end of the respective person's lease.

Miss Gr. I wonder how many of your leases, brother, have been granted to Ladies?

Sir Ch. Many, Charlotte, of the friendly sort: But the kind you archly mean, are out of the question at present. We were talking of esteem.

They insensibly led the conversation to Love and Courtship; and he said [What do you think he said, Lucy?] That he should not, perhaps, were he in Love, be over-forward to declare his passion by words; but rather shew it by his assiduities and veneration, unless he saw, that the suspense was painful to the object; and in this case it would be equally mean and insolent not to break silence, and put himself in the power of her, whose honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.

What say you to this, Lucy?

Some think, proceeded he, that the days of courtship are the happiest days of life. But the man, who, as a Lover, thinks so, is not to be forgiven. Yet it must be confessed, that hope gives an ardour which subsides in certainty.

Being called upon by Lord L. to be more explicit:

I am not endeavouring, said he, to set up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own sake, I would not, by a too early declaration, drive a Lady into reserves; since that would be to rob myself of those innocent freedoms, and of that complacency, to which an honourable Lover might think himself entitled; and which might help him (Don't be affrighted, Ladies!) to develop the plaits and folds of the female heart.

This developement stuck with us women a little. We talked of it afterwards. And Miss Grandison then said, It was well her cousin Everard said not that. And he answered, Sir Charles may with more safety steal an horse, than I look over the hedge.

Miss Gr. Ay, cousin Grandison, that is because you are a Rake. A name, believe me, of at least as much reproach, as that of an Old Maid.

Mr. Gr. Aspersing a whole class at once, Miss Charlotte! 'Tis contrary to your own maxim; And a class too (this of the Rakes) that many a generousspirited girl chooses out of, when she would dispose of herself and her fortune.

Miss Gr. How malapert this Everard!

What Sir Charles next said, made him own the character more decently by his blushes.

The woman who chooses a Rake, said he, does not consider, that all the sprightly airs for which she preferred him to a better man, either vanish in matrimony, or are shewn to others, to her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad: The disagreeable will be brought home. If he reform (and yet bad habits are very difficult to shake off) he will probably, from the reflexions on his past guilty life, be an unsociable companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him: If not, what has she chosen? He married not from honest principles: A Rake despises matrimony: If still a Rake, what hold will she have of him? A Rake in Passion is not a Rake in Love. Such a one can seldom be in Love: From a laudable passion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His Love deserves a vile name: And if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes a common woman excel not his modest wife,

What he said, was openly approved by the Gentlemen: tacitly by the Ladies.

The subject changing to marriages of persons of unequal years; I knew, said Lord L. a woman of character, and not reckoned to , who married at twenty a man of more than fify in hopes of burying him; but who lived with her eward of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young Rake of twenty-two. She is rich! and, poor woman! hopes to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, she could not see the picture you have been drang.

Retribution, said Sir Charles, will frequently take its course. The Lady, keeping in view one steady purpose; which was, That she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one, forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for the last twenty years; and will now very probably be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take, and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the

social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes. Don't you think, my Lord, that it is suitable to the divine benignity, as well as justice, to lend its sanctions and punishments in aid of those duties which bind man to man?

Lord L. said some very good things. Your Harriet was not a mute: But you know, that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison: And whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy — I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr. Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects: Yet Mr. Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily, were almost equally, and attentively, silent, till the last scene: And then the Doctor said, I must shew you a little translation of Miss Emily's from the Italian. She blushed, and looked as if she knew not whether she should stay or go. I shall be glad to see any-thing of my Emily's, said Sir Charles. I know she is a mistress of that language, and elegant in her own. Pray, my dear, (to her) let us be obliged, if it will not pain you.

She blushed, and bowed.

I must first tell you, said the Doctor, that I was the occasion of her choosing so grave a subject, as you will find that of the sonnet from which hers is taken.

A sonnet! said Miss Grandison. My dear little POETESS, you must set it, and sing it to us.

No indeed, madam, said Miss Jervois, blushing still more, Dr. Bartlett would by no means have me a Poetess, I am sure: And did you not, dear madam, speak that word, as if you meant to call me a name?

I think she did, my dear, said Sir Charles: Nor would I have had my Emily distinguished by any name, but that of a discreet, an ingenious, and an amiable young woman. The title of Wit and Poetess, has been disgraced too often by Sappho's and Corrinna's ancient and modern. Was not this in your head, sister? But do not be disturbed, my Emily [the poor girl's eyes glistened]. I mean no check to liveliness and modest ingenuity. The easy productions of a fine fancy, not made the business of life, or its boast, confer no denomination that is disgraceful, but very much the contrary.

I am very glad, for all that, said Miss Jervois, that my little translation is in plain prose: Had it not, I should have been very much afraid to have it seen.

Even in that case, you need not to have been afraid, my dear Miss Jervois, said the good Dr. Bartlett: Sir Charles is an admirer of good poetry: And Miss Grandison would have recollected the Philomelas, the Orinadas, and other excellent names among her own sex, whose fine genius does it honour.

Your diffidence and sweet humility, my dear Emily, said Lady L. would, in you, make the most envied accomplishments amiable.

I am sure, said the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to start, I have reason to be affected with the subject — The indulgent mother is described with so much sweet tenderness — O what pleasures do mothers lose, who want tenderness.

We all, either by eyes or voices, called for the Sonnet, and her translation. Dr. Bartlett shewed them to us; and I sent copies of both.

SONNET of Nicanvo da Filicaja.

Qua madreì figlli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante;
E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,
Uno tien su i ginnocchi, un sulle piante,
E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all' aspetto
Lor voglie intende si diverse, e tante,
A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,
E se ride, o s'adira è sempre amante:
Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita
Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provvede,
E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti aita.
E se niega talor grazia, a mercede,
O niega fol, perchè a pregar ne invita;
O negar singe, e nel negar concede.

"See a fond mother incircled by her children: With pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal Love. One she kisses on the forehead; and clasps another to her bosom. One she sets upon her knees; and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look; a word to those; and whether she smiles or frowns, 'tis all in tender Love.

"Such to us, tho' infinitely high and awful, is PROVIDENCE: So it watches over us; comforting these; providing for those; listening to all; assisting every one: And if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earnest prayers; or, seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in that refusal."

When the translation was read aloud, the tears that before were starting, trickled down the sweet girl's cheeks. But the commendations every one joined in, and especially the praises given her by her guardian, drove away every cloud from her face.

LETTER XXXII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS GRANDISON.

Friday March 17.

My dear Charlotte,

I HAVE already seen Captain Anderson. Richard Saunder, whom I sent with your Letter as soon as I came to town, found him at his lodgings near Whitehall. He expressed himself, on reding it before the servant, with indiferent warmth. I would not make minute enquiries after his words, because I intended an amicable meeting with him.

We met at four yesterday afternoon, at the Cocoa-tree in Pall-mall: Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and Major Dillon, two of his frienda, with whom I had no acquaintance, were with him. Ths Captain and I withdrew to a private room. The two gentlemen enter'd it with us.

You will on this occasion, I know, expect me to be particular: Yet must allow, that I had no good cause to manage; since those points that had most weight (and which were the ground of your objections to him, when you saw him in a near light) could not be pleaded without affronting him; and if they were, would hardly meet with his allowance; and could therefore have no force in the argument.

On the two gentlemen entering the room with us, without apology or objection, I ask'd the Captain, If they were acquainted with the affair we met upon? He said, They were his dear and inseparable friends, and knew every secret of his heart. Perhaps in this case, Captain Anderson, returned I, it were as well they did not.

We are men of honour, Sir Charles Grandison, said the Major briskly.

I don't doubt it, Sir. But where the delicacy of a Lady is concern'd, the hearts of the principals should be the whole world to each other. But what is done, is done. I am ready to enter upon the affair before these gentlemen, if you choose it, Captain.

You will find us to be gentlemen, Sir Charles, said the Colonel.

The Captain then began, with warmth, his own story: Indeed he told it very well. I was pleased, for my sister's sake (pardon me, Charlotte) that he did. He is not contemptible, either in person or understanding. He may be said, perhaps, to be an illiterate, but he is not an ignorant man; tho' not the person whom the friends of Charlotte Grandison would think worthy of the first place in her heart.

After he had told his story (which I need not repeat to you) he insisted upon your promise. And his two friends declared in his favour, with airs, each man, a little too peremptory. I told them so; and that they must do me the justice to

consider me as a man of some spirit, as well as themselves. I came hither with a friendly intention, gentlemen said I. I do not love to follow the lead of hasty spirits. But if you expect to carry any point with me, it must not be either by raised voices, or heightened complexions.

Their features were all at once changed. And they said, they meant not to be warm.

I told the Captain, That I would not enter into a minute defence of the Lady, tho' my sister; I owned, that there had appeared a precipitation in her conduct. Her treatment at home, as she aprehended, was not answerable to her merits. She was young, and knew nothing of the world. Young Ladies were often struck by appearances. You, Captain Anderson, said I, have advantages in person and manner, that might obtain for you a young Lady's attention. And as she believed herself circumstanced in her family, I wonder not that she lent an air to the address of a gallant man; whose command in that neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, whose behaviour in that command, added to his consequence. But I take it for granted, Sir, that you met with difficulties from her, when she came to reflect upon the disreputation of a young woman's carrying on clandestinely a correspondence with a man, of whose address her father, then living, was not likely to approve. There was none of that violent passion on either side, that precludes reason, discretion, duty. It is no wonder then, that a woman of Charlotte Grandison's known good sense, should reflect, should consider: And perhaps the less, that you should therefore seek to engage her by promise. But what was the promise? It was not the promise that, it seems, you sought to engage her to make; To be absolutely yours, and no other man's: But it was, That she would not marry any other man without your consent, while you remained single. An unreasonable promise, however, I will presume to say, either to be proposed, or submitted to.

Sir! said the Captain; and looked the Soldier.

I repeated what I last said.

Sir! again said the Captain; and looked upon his friends, who pointed each his head at the other, and at him, by turns — as if they had said, Very free language!

For, Sir, proceeded I, did it not give room to think, that you had either some doubts of your own merit with the Lady, or of her affection and steadiness And in either case, ought it to have been proposed? ought it to have been made? For my part, I should disdain to think of any woman for a wife who gave me reason to imagine, that she was likely to balance a moment, as to her choice of me, or any other man.

Something in that! said the Colonel.

As you explain yourself, Sir Charles, said the Major —

The Captain, however, sat swelling. He was not so easily satisfied.

Your motive, we are not to question, Captain, was Love. Miss Grandison is a young woman whom any man may love. By the way, where a man is assured of a return in Love, there is no occasion for a promise. But a promise was made. My sister is a woman of honour. She thinks herself bound by it; and she is content to lead a single life to the end of it, if you will not acquit her of this promise. Yet she leaves, and at the time did leave, you free. You will have the justice, Sir, to allow, that there is generosity in her conduct to you, which remains for you to shew to her, since a promise should not be made but on equal terms. Would you hold her to it, and be not held yourself? She desires not to hold you. Let me tell you, Captain, that if I had been in your situation, and had been able to prevail upon myself to endeavour to bring a Lady to make me such a promise, I should have doubted her love of me, had she not sought to bind me to her by an equal tie. What! should I have said to myself, Is this Lady dearer to me than all the women upon earth? Do I seek to bind her to me by a solemn promise, which shall give me a power over her? And has she so little regard for me, as not to value, whether I marry any other woman?

The Gentlemen looked upon one another; but were silent. I proceeded.

Le us set this matter in its true light. Here is a young woman, who had suffered herself to be embarrassed in a treaty, that her whole heart, she assures me, was never in, This was her fault. But know we not how inextricable are the entanglements of Love, as it is called, when young women are brought to enter into correspondence with men? Our Sex have opportunities of knowing the world, which the other have not. Experience, gentlemen, engaging with inexperience, and perhaps to the difference of twice the number of years [Sir! said the Captain!] the combat must be too unequal. How artfully do men endeavour to draw in the women whom they think it worth their while to pursue! — But would any man here wish to marry a woman, who declares that she was insensibly drawn in beyond her purpose? Who shewed, when she refused to promise that she would be his, in preference to all other men, that she did not love him above all other men? Who, when she was prevailed on to fetter herself, made him not of consequence enough to herself to bind him? And, in a word, who has long ago declared to him, and steadily persists in the declaration, That she never will be his? — You seem, gentlemen, to be men of spirit. Would you wish to marry the first woman on earth on these terms, if you could obtain her? — which, however, is not the case; since Miss Grandison's promise extends not so far as to oblige her to marry Captain Anderson.

The Captain did not, he told me, like some part of what I had said, and still less some of the words I had used; — And seemed to be disposing his features to take a livelier turn than became the occasion. I interrupted him therefore: I meet you

not, Captain, said I, either to hear, or to obviate, cavils upon words. When I have told you, that I came with an amicable intention, I expect to be believed. I intend not offence. But let us be men. I am perhaps a younger man by ten years, than any one present; but I have seen the world, as much as any man of my age; and know what is due to the character of a Gentleman, whether it be captain Anderson's, or my own: And expect not wilful misconstructions.

All I mean is, Sir, said the Captain, that I will not be treated contemptuously, no, not even by the brother of Miss Grandison.

The brother of Miss Grandison, Sir, is not accustomed to treat any man contemptuously. Don't treat yourself so, and you are safe from unworthy treatment from me. Let me add, Sir, that I permit every man to six his character with me, as he pleases. I will venture to say, I have a large charity; but I extend it not to tameness: But yet will always allow a third person to decide upon the justice of my intentions and actions.

The Captain said, That he ascribed a great deal of my sister's positiveness in her denial of him (those were his words) to the time of my arrival in England; and he doubted not, that I had encouraged the proposals, either of Sir Walter Watkyns, or of Lord G. because of their quality and fortunes: And hence his difficulties were encreased.

And then up he rose, slapt one hand upon the table, put the other on his sword, and was going to say some very fierce things, prefacing them with damning his blood, when I stood up: Hold, Captain; be calm, if possible — Hear from me the naked truth; I willmake you a fair representation; and, when I have done, do you resume, if you think it necessary, that angry air you got up with, and see what you'll make of it.

His friends interposed. He sat down, half out of breath with anger. His swelled features went down by degrees.

The truth of the matter is strictly and briefly this.

All my sister's difficulties (which, perhaps, were greater in apprehension than in fact) ended with my father's life. I made it my business, on my arrival, as soon as possible, to ascertain my sister's fortunes. Lord. L. married the elder. The two gentlemen you have mentioned, made their addresses to the younger. I knew nothing of you, Captain Anderson. My sister had wholly kept the affair between you and her, in her own breast. She had not revealed it, even to her sister. The reason she gives, and to which you, Sir, could be no stranger, was, That she was determined never to be yours. The subject requires explicitness, Captain Anderson: And I am not accustomed to palliate, whenever it does. She hoped to prevail upon you to leave her as generously free, as she had left you. I do assure you, upon my honour, that she favours not either of the gentlemen. I know not the

man she does favour. It is I, her brother, not herself, that am solicitous for her marrying. And, upon the indifference she expressed to change her condition, on terms to which no objection could be made, I supposed she must have a secret preference to some other man. I was afterwards informed, that letters had passed between her and you, by a Lady, who had it from a Gentleman of your acquaintance. You have shewn me, Sir, by the presence of these Gentlemen, that you were not so careful of the secret, as my sister had been.

I charged my sister, upon this discovery, with reserve to me: But offered her my service in her own way; assuring her, that if her heart were engaged, the want of quality, title, and fortune, should not be of weight with me; and that whomsoever she accepted for her husband, him would I receive for my brother.

The colonel and the Major extravagantly applauded a behaviour on this occasion, which deserved no more than a common approbation

She solemnly assured me, proceeded I, that altho' she held herself bound by the promise which youth, inexperience, and solicitation, had drawn her in to make, she resolved to perform it by a perpetual single life, if it were insisted upon. And thus, Sir, you see, that it depends upon you to keep Charlotte Grandison a single woman, till you marry some other Lady (A power let me tell you, that no man ought to seek to obtain over any young woman) or, generously to acquit her of it, and leave her as free as she has left you. — And now, gentlemen (to the Major and Colonel) if you come hither not so much parties as judges, I leave this matter upon your consideration; and will withdraw for a few moments.

I left every mouth ready to burst into words; and walked into the public room. There I met with Colonel Martin, whom I had seen abroad: and who had just asked after Major Dillon. He, to my great surprize, took notice to me of the business that brought me thither.

You see, my sister, the consequences you were of to Captain Anderson. He had not been able to forbear boasting of the honour which a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison had done him, and of his enlarged prospects, by her interest. Dear Charlotte — How unhappy was the man, that your pride should make you think yourself concern'd to keep secret an affair that he thought a glory to him to make known to many! For we see (shall I not say, to the advantage of this gentleman's character) that he has many dear and inseparable friends, from whom he concealed not any secret of his heart.

Colonel Mackenzie came out soon after, and we withdrew to the corner of the room. He talked a great deal of the strength of the captain's passion; of the hopes he had conceived of making his fortune, thro' the interest of a family to which he imputed consideration: He made me a great many compliments. He talk'd of the

great detriment this longsuspended affair had been to his friend; and told me, with a grave countenance, that the Captain was grown as many years older, as it had been in hand; and was ready to rate very highly so much time lost in the prime of life. In short, he ascribed to the Captain the views and the disappointments of a military fortune-hunter too plainly for his honour in my eye; had I been disposed to take proper notice of the meaning of what he said.

After having heard him out, I desired the Colonel to let me know what all this meant, and what were the Captain's expectations.

He paraded on again, a long time; and asked me, at last, If there were no hopes that the Lady —

None at all, interrupted I. She ha steadily declared as much. Charlotte Grandison is a woman of fine sense. She had great qualities. She has insuperable objections to the Captain, which are founded on a more perfect knowledge of the man, and of her own heart, than she could have at first. It is not my intention to depreciate him with his friend: I shall not, therefore, enter into particulars. Let me know, Colonel, what the gentleman pretends to. He is passionate, I see: I am not a tame man. But God forbid, that Captain Anderson, who hoped to be benefited by an alliance with the daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison, should receive hurt, or hard treatment, from her brother!

Here Colonel Martin, who had heard something of what was said, desired to speak with Colonel Mackenzie. They were not so distant, but my ear unavoidably caught part of their subject. Colonel Martin expatiated, in a very high manner, on my character, when I was abroad. He imputed bravery to me (a great article among military men, and with you Ladies) and I know not how many good qualities — And Colonel Mackenzie took him in with him to the other two gentlemen: Where, I suppose, everything that had passed was repeated.

After a while, I was desired by Colonel Martin. in the name of the gentlemen, to walk in; he himself sitting down in the public room.

They received me with respect. I was obliged to hear and say a great many things, that I had said and heard before: But at last two proposals were made me; either of which, they said, if complied with, would be taken as laying the Captain under very high obligation.

Poor man! I had compassion for him, and closed with one of them; declining the other for a reason which I did not give to them. To say truth, Charlotte, I did not choose to promise my interest in behalf of a man, of whose merit I was not assured, had I been able to challenge any, as perhaps I might by Lord W.'s means; who stands well with proper persons. A man ought to think himself, in some measure, accountable for warm recommendations; especially where the public is concerned: And could I give my promise, and be cool as to the performance? And

I should think myself also answerable to a worthy man, and to every one connected with him, if I were a means of lifting one less worthy over his head. I chose therefore to do that service to him, for which I am responsible only to myself. After I have said this, my sister must ask me no questions,

I gave a rough draught, at the Captain's request, of the manner in which I would have releases drawn. Colonel Martin was desired to walk in. And all the gentlemen promised to bury in silence and all that had ever come to their knowlege, of what had passed between Charlotte Grandison, and Captain Anderson.

Let not the mentioning to you these measures, hurt you, my sister. Many young Ladies of sense and family have been drawn into still greater inconveniencies than you have suffered. Persons of eminent abilities (I have a very high opinion of my Charlotte's) seldom err in small points. Most young women who begin a correspondence with our designing Sex, think they can stop when they will. But it is not so. We, and the dark spirit that sets us at work, which we sometimes mis-call Love, will not permit you to do so. Men and Women are Devils to one another. They need no other tempter.

All will be completed to morrow; and your written promise, of consequence, given up. I congratulate my sister on the happy conclusion of this affair. You are now your own mistress, and free to choose for yourself. I should never forgive myself, were I, who have been the means of freeing you from one controul, to endeavour to lay you under another. Think not either of Sir Walter or of Lord G. if your heart declare not in favour of either. You have sometimes thought me carnest in behalf of Lord G. But I have never spoken in his favour, but when you have put me upon answering objections to him, which I have thought insufficient: And indeed, Charlotte, some of your objections have been so slight, that I was ready to believe, you put them for the pleasure of having them answered.

My Charlotte need not doubt of admirers, where — ever she sets her foot, And I repeat, that whoever be the man she inclines to favour, she may depend upon the approbation and good offices of

Her ever-affectionate brother, CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Friday, Mar. 17.

I SEND you inclosed (to be returned by the first opportunity) Sir Charles's Letter to his sister, acquainting her with the happy conclusion of the affair between Captain Anderson and her. Her brother, as you will see acquits her not of precipitation. If he did, it would have been an impeachment of this justice, O the dear Charlotte! how her pride is piqued at the meanness of the man! But no more of this subject, as the Letter is before you.

And now, my dear and honoured friends, let me return you a thousand thanks for the great pacquet of my Letters, just sent me, with a most indulgent one from my aunt, and another from my uncle.

I have already put into the two Ladies, and my Lord's, without reserve, all the Letters that reach to the masquerade affair, from the time of my setting out for London, and when they have heard those, I have promised them more. This confidence has greatly obliged them; and they are employed, with no small earnestness, in perusing them.

This gives me an opportunity of pursuing my own devices — And what, besides scribling, do you think one of them is — A kind of persecution of Dr. Bartlett; by which, however, I suspect, that I myself am the greatest sufferer. He is an excellent man; and I make no difficulty of going to him in his closet; encouraged by his assurances of welcome.

Let me stop to say, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement, surrounded by his books, his table generally covered with those on pious subjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the saint, and inheritor of future glory; and in that great view am the more desirous to cultivate his friendship.

And what do you think is our subject? Sir Charles, I suppose, you guess — And so it is, either in the middle or latter end of the few conversations we have yet had time to hold: But, I do assure you, we begin with the sublimest; tho' I must say, to my shame, that it has not so much of my heart, at present, as once it had, and I hope again it will one day have — The great and glorious truths of Christianity, are this subject; which yet, from this good Dr. Bartlett, warms my heart, as often as he enters into it. But this very subject, sublime as it is, brings on the other, as of consequence: For Sir Charles Grandison, without making an ostentatious pretension to religion, is the very Christian in practice, that these doctrines teach a man to be. Must not then the doctrines introduce the mention of

a man who endeavours humbly to imitate the Divine example? It was upon good grounds he once said, That as he must one day die, it was matter of no moment to him, whether it were to-morrow, or forty years hence.

The Ladies had referred me to the Doctor himself for a more satisfactory account than they had given me, how Sir Charles and he first came acquainted. I told him so, and asked his indulgence to me in this enquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he said, the history of it written down. His nephew, whom he often employs as his amanuensis, should make me out, from that little history an account of it, which I might shew, he was pleased to say, to such of my select friends, as I entrusted with the knowlege of my own heart.

I shall impatiently expect the abstract of this little history; and the more, as the Doctor tells me, there will be included some particulars of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad in his younger life, and of Mr. Beauchamp, whom the Doctor speaks of with love, as his patron's dearest friend, and whom he calls a second Sir Charles Grandison.

SEE, my Lucy, the reward of frankness of heart. My communicativeness has been already encouraged with the perusal of two Letters from the same excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to whom, from early days (as I shall be soon more particularly informed) he has given an account of all his conduct and movements.

The Doctor drew himself in, however, by reading to Lord L. and the Ladies, and me, a paragraph or two out of one of them: And he has even allowed me to give my grandmamma and aunt a sight of them. Return them, Lucy, with the other Letter, by the very next post. He says, he can deny me nothing. I wish I may not be too bold with him — As for Miss Grandison, she vows, that she will not let the good man rest till she gets him to communicate what he shall not absolutely declare to be a secret, to as three sisters, and my Lord L. If the first man, she says, could not resist one woman, how will the Doctor deal with three, not one of them behind-hand with the first in curiosity? And all loving him, and whom he prosesses to esteem? You see, Lucy, that Miss Grandison has pretty well got up her spirits again.

JUST now Miss Grandison has related to me a conversation that passed between my Lord and Lady L. herself, and Doctor Bartlett: In which the subject was their brother and me. The Ladies and my Lord are entirely in my interests, and regardful of my punctilio. They roundly told the Doctor, That, being extremely earnest to have their brother marry, they knew not the person living, whom they wished to call his wife preferably to Miss Byron; could they be sure, that I was absolutely disengaged. Now, Doctor, said Miss Grandison, tell us frankly, What is your opinion of our choice for a more than nominal sister?

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this conversation.

Lord L. Ay, my good Doctor Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.

Dr. B. Miss Byron (I pronounce upon knowledge, for she has more than once since I have been down, done me the honour of entering into very free and serious conversations with me) is one of the most excellent of women.

And then he went on, praising me for ingenuousness, seriousness, chearfulness, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: And added, Would to heaven that she were neither more nor less than Lady Grandison!

God bless him! thought I — Don't you join, my Lucy, to say, at this place, you who love me so dearly, God bless you, Doctor Bartlett?

Lady L. Well, but, Doctor, you say that Miss Byron talks freely with you; cannot you gather from her, whether she is inclined to marriage? Whether she is absolutely disengaged? Lady D. made a proposal to her for Lord D.; and insisted on an answer to this very question: That matter is gone off. As our guest, we would not have Miss Byron think us impertinent. She is very delicate. And as she is so amiably frank-hearted, those things she chooses not to mention of her own accord, one would not, you know, officiously put to her.

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think so, Lucy? The Doctor, it is evident by his answer, did.

Dr. B. It is not likely that such a subject can arise between Miss Byron and me: And it is strange, methinks that Ladies calling each other sisters, should not be absolutely mistresses of this question.

Lord L Very right, Doctor Bartlett. But Ladies will, in these points, take a compass before they explain themselves. A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and uprightness, Ladies, should not be treated with distance. We are of opinion, Doctor, that Miss Byron, supposing that she is absolutely disengaged, could make no difficulty to prefer my brother to all the men in the world. What think you?

Dr. B. I have no doubt of it: She thinks herself under obligations to him. She is goodness itself. She must love goodness. Sir Charles's person, his vivacity, his address, his understanding — What woman would not prefer him to all the men she ever saw? He has met with admirers among the Sex in every nation in which he has set his foot [Ah! Lucy!]. You, Ladies, must have seen, forgive me (bowing to each) that Miss Byron has a more than grateful respect for your brother.

Miss Gr. We think so, Doctor; and wanted to know if you did: And so, as my Lord says, fetched a little compass about; which we should not have done to you. But you say, That my brother has had numbers of admirers — Pray, Doctor, is

there any one Lady (We imagine there is) that he has preferred to another, in the different nations he has travelled through?

Lord L. Ay, Doctor, we want to know this; and if you thought there were not, we should make no scruple to explain ourselves, as well to Miss Byron, as to my brother.

Don't you long to know what answer the Doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with impatience, when Miss Grandison repeated it to me.

The Doctor hesitated — And at last said; I wish with all my heart, Miss Byron could be Lady Grandison.

Miss Gr. COUD be? — Could be, said each.

And COULD be? said the fool to Miss Grandison, when she repeated it, her heart quite sunk.

Dr. B. (smiling) You hinted, Ladies, that you are not sure that Miss Byron is absolutely disengaged. But, to be open and above-board, I have reason to believe, that your brother would be concerned, if he knew it, that you should think of putting such a question as this to any-body but himself. Why don't you? He once complained to me, that he was afraid his sisters looked upon him as a reserved man; and condescended to call upon me to put him right, if I thought his appearance such as would give you grounds for the surmise. There are two or three affairs of intricacy that he engaged in, and particularly one, that hangs in suspence; and he would not be fond, I believe, of mentioning it, till he can do it with certainty: But else, Ladies, there is not a more frank-hearted man in the world, than your brother.

See, Lucy, how cautious we ought to be in passing judgment on the actions of others, especially on those of good men, when we want to fasten blame upon them; perhaps with a low view (envying their superior worth) to bring them down to our own level! — For are we not all apt to measure the merits of others by our own standard, to give praise or dispraise to actions or sentiments, as they square with their own?

Lord L. Perhaps, Doctor Bartlett, you don't think yourself at liberty to answer, whether these particular affairs are of such a nature, as will interfere with the hopes we have of bringing to effect a marriage between my brother and Miss Byron?

Dr. B. I had rather refer to Sir Charles himself on this subject. If any man in the world deserves from prudence and integrity of heart to be happy in this life, that man is Sir Charles Grandison. But he is not quite happy.

Ah, Lucy! — The Doctor proceeded. Your brother, Ladies, has often said to me, That there was hardly a man living who had a more sincere value for the Sex

than he had; who had been more distinguished by the favour of worthy women; yet who had paid dearer for that distinction than he had done.

Lady L. Paid dearer! Good Heaven!

Miss Gr. How could that be?

Lord L. I always abroad heard the Ladies reckon upon Sir Charles, as their own man. His vivacity, his personal accomplishments, his politeness, his generosity, his bravery! — Every woman who spoke of him, put him down for a man of gallantry. And is he not a truly gallant man? — I never mentioned it before — But a Lady Olivia, of Florence was much talked of, when I was in that city, as being in love with the handsome Englishman, as our brother was commonly called there —

Lady Olivia! Lady Olivia! repeated each sister; and why did not your Lordship? —

Why? Because, tho' she was in love with him, he had no thoughts of her. And, as the Doctor says, she is but one of those who admired him where-ever he set his foot.

Bless me, thought I, what a black swan is a good man! — Why (as I have often thought, to the credit of our Sex) will not all the men be good?

Lady L. My Lord, you must tell us more of this Lady Olivia.

Lord L. I know very little more of her. She was reputed to be a woman of high quality and fortune, and great spirit. I once saw her. She is a fine figure of a woman. Dr. Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an account of her.

Miss Gr. Ah, Doctor! What an history could you give us of our brother, if you pleased! — But as there is no likelihood that this Lady will be anything to my brother, let us return to our first subject.

Lady L. By all means. Pray Dr. Bartlett, do you know what my brother's opinion is of Miss Byron?

Dr. B. The highest that man can have of woman.

Lady L. As we are so very desirous to see my brother happily married, and think he never could have a woman so likely to make him happy, would you advise us to propose the alliance to him? We would not to her, unless we thought there were room to hope for his approbation, and that in a very high degree.

Dr. B. I am under some concern, my dear Ladies, to be thought to know more of your brother's heart, than sisters do whom he loves so dearly, and who equally love him. I beseech you, give me not so much more consequence with him than you imagine you have yourselves. I shall be afraid, if you do, that the favour I wish to stand in with you, is owing more to your brother's distinction of me, than to your own hearts.

Lord L. I see not why we may not talk to my brother directly on this head. Whence is it that we are all three insensibly drawn in, by each other's example, to this distance between him and us? — It is not his fault. Did we ever ask him a question, that he did not directly answer, and that without shewing the least affectation or reserve?

Miss Gr. He came over to us all at once so perfect, after an eight or nine years absence, with so much power, and such a will, to do us good, that we were awed into a kind of reverence for him.

Lady L. Too great obligations from one side, will indeed create distance on the other. Grateful hearts will always retain a sense of favours heaped upon them.

Dr. B. You would give pain to his noble heart, did he think, that you put such a value upon what he has done. I do assure you that he thinks he has hardly performed his duty, by his sisters. And, as occasions may still offer, you will find he thinks so. But let me beg of you to treat him without reserve or diffidence; and that you would put to him all those questions which you would wish to be answered. You will find him, I dare say, very candid, and very explicit.

Miss Gr. That shall be my task, when I next see him. But, dear Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, communicate to us all that is proper for us to see, of the correspondence that passes between him and you.

The Doctor, it seems, bowed; but answered not.

So you see, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great reason to build so much, as my uncle, in his last Letter, imagines I do, on the interest of these Ladies and my Lord L. with their brother. Two or threeintricate affairs on his hands: One of them still in suspense; of which for that reason he makes a secret: He is not quite happy: Greatly distinguished by the favour of worthy women: Who would wonder at that? — But has paid dear for the distinction! — What can one say? What can one think? He once said himself, That his life was a various life; and that some unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of such a man could not shield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it? — And from worthy women too! — That's the wonder! — But is this Olivia one of the worthy women! — I fancy he must despise us all. I fancy he will never think of incumbering himself with one of a Sex, that has made him pay so dear for the general distinction he has met with from it. As to his politeness to us; a man may afford to shew politeness to those he has resolved to keep at distance.

But, ah, Lucy, — There must be one happy woman, whom he wishes not to keep at distance. This is the affair, that hangs in suspence; and of which, therefore, he chooses to say nothing.

I HAVE had the pleasure of a visit from my godfather Deane. He dined with us this day in his way to town. The Ladies, Doctor Bartlett, and my Lord L. are

charmed with him. Yet I had pain mingled with my pleasure. He took me aside, and charged me so home — He was too inquisitive. I never knew him to be so very urgent to know my heart. But I was frank: Very frank: I should hardly have been excuseable, if I had not, to so good a man, and so dear a friend. Yet he scarce knew how to be satisfied with my frankness.

He will have it, that I look thinner and paler than I used to do. That may very well be. My very soul, at times — I know not how I am — Sir Charles is in suspense too, from somebody abroad. From my heart I pity him. Had he but some faults; some great blemishes; I fancy I should be easier about him. But to hear nothing of him, but what is so greatly praiseworthy, and my heart so delighted with acts of beneficence — And now, my godfather Deane, at this visit, running on in his praises, and commending, instead of blaming me, for my presumptuous thoughts; nay, exalting me, and telling me, That I deserve him — that I deserve Sir Charles Grandison! — Why did he not chide me? Why did he not dissuade me? — Neither fortune nor merit answerable! — A man who knows so well what to do with fortune! — The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make! Power could not corrupt such a mind as his. Caesar, said Dr. Bartlett, speaking of him before Mr. Deane and all of us, was not quicker to destroy, than Sir Charles Grandison is to relieve. Emily's eye, at the time, ran over with joy at the expression; and, drying them, she looked proudly round on us all, as if she had said, This is my guardian!

But what do you think, Lucy? My godfather will have it, that he sees a young passion in Miss Jervois for her guardian! — God forbid! — A young Love may be conquered, I believe; but who shall caution the innocent girl? She must have a sweet pleasure in it, creeping, stealing, upon her. How can so unexperienced an heart, the object so meritorious, resist or reject the indulgence? But, O my Emily! sweet girl! do not let your Love get the better of your gratitude, lest it make you unhappy! and, what would be still more affecting to a worthy heart, make the generous object of a passion that cannot be gratified, unhappy; and for that very reason; because he cannot reward it! See you not already, that, with all his goodness, he is not quite happy? He is a sufferer from worthy women! — O my Emily, do not you add to the infelicity of a man, who can make but one woman happy; yet wishes to befriend all the world — But, hush! selfish adviser! Should not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time? — Yet she knew not, that he had any preivous engagements: And may death lay his cold hand upon her heart, before she become an additional disturbance to his! He knows not, I hope he guesses not, tho' Dr. Bartlett has found me out as well as the sisters, that I am captivated, heart and soul, by his merits. May he never know it, if the knowledge of it would give him the shadow of uneasiness!

I owned to Mr. Deane, that my Lord L. and the Ladies were warmly interested in my favour. Thank God for that! he said. All must happen to his wish. Nay, he would have it, that Sir Charles's goodness would be rewarded in having such a wife: But what wife can do more than her duty to any husband who is not absolutely a savage? How then can all I could do, reward such a man as this?

But, Lucy, don't you blush for me, on reading this last page of my writing? You may, since I blush myself on re-perusing it. For shame, Harriet Byron, put a period to this Letter! — I will; nor subscribe to it so much as the initials of my name.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT. [INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

Friday, Mar. 17.

LAST night I saw interred the remains of my worthy friend Dr. Danby. I had caused his two nephews and his niece to be invited: But they did not attend.

As the will was not to be opened till the funeral was over, about which the good man had given me verbal directions; apprehending, I believe, expostulations from me, had I known the contents; I sent to them this morning to be present at the opening.

Their Attorney, Mr. Sylvester, a man of character, and good behaviour, brought me a Letter, signed by all three, excusing themselves on very slight pretences, and desiring that he might be present for them. I took notice to him, that the behaviour of his principals over-night and now, was neither respectful to the memory of their uncle, nor civil, with regard to me. He honestly owned, that Mr. Danby having acquainted his two nephews, a little before he died, that he had made his will, and that they had very little to expect from him, they, who had been educated by his direction, and made merchants, at his expence, with hopes given them, that he would, at his death, do very handsomely for them, and had never disobliged him, could not be present at the opening of a will, the contents of which they expected to be so mortifying to them.

I opened it in presence of this gentleman. The preamble was an angry one; giving reasons for his resentment against the father of these young persons, who (tho' his brother) had once, as I hinted to you at Colnebrooke, made a very shocking attempt upon his life. I was hurt, however, to find a resentment carried so far as against the innocent children of the offender, and into the last will of so good a man; that will so lately made, as within three weeks of his death; and he given over for three months before.

Will the tenderness due to the memory of a friend permit me to ask, where would that resentment have stopt, had the private man been a monarch, which he could carry into his last will?

But see we not, on the other hand, that these children, had they power, would have punished their uncle, for disposing, as he thought fit, of his own fortune; no part of which came to him by inheritance?

They had been educated, as I have said, at his expence; and, in the phrase of business, well put out. Expences their careless father would not have been at: He

is, in every light, a bad man. How much better had these children's title been to a more considerable part of their uncle's estate than he has bequeathed to them, had they been thankful for the benefits they had actually received! Benefits, which are of such a nature, that they cannot be taken from them.

Mr. Danby has bequeathed to each of the three, one thousand pounds; but on express condition, that they signify to his executor, within two months after his demise, their acceptance of it, in full of all demands upon his estate. If they do not (tender being duly made) the three thousand pounds are to be carried to the uses of the will.

He then appoints his executor; and makes him residuary legatee; giving for reason, that he had been the principal instrument in the hand of Providence, of saving his life.

He bequeaths some generous remembrances to three of his friends in France; and requests his executor to dispose of three thousand pounds to charitable uses, either in France or England, as he thinks fit, and to what particular objects he pleases.

And, by an inventory annexed to the will, his effects in money, bills, actions, and jewels, are made to amount to upwards of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Mr. Sylvester complimented me on this great windfall, as he called it; and assured me, that it should be his advice to his clients, that each take his and her legacy, and sit down contented with it: And he believed, that they the rather would, as, from what their uncle had hinted, they apprehended, that the sum of an hundred pounds each, was all they had to hope for.

I enquired into the inclinations and views of the three; and received a very good general account of them; with an hint, that the girl was engaged in a Love-affair.

Their father, after his vile attempt upon his brother's life, was detested by all his friends and relations, and went abroad; and the last news they heard of him, was, that he was in a very ill state of health, and in unhappy circumstances, in Barbadoes: And very probably by this time is no more.

I desired Mr. Sylvester to advise the young people to recollect themselves; and said, That I had a disposition to be kind to them: And as he could give me only general accounts of their views, prospects, and engagements, I wish'd they would, with marks of confidence in me, give me particular ones: But that, whether they complimented me as I wished, or not, I was determined, for the sake of their uncle's memory, to do all reasonable services to them. Tell them, in a word, Mr. Sylvester, and do you forgive the seeming vanity, That I am not accustomed to suffer the narrowness of other people's hearts to contract mine.

The man went away, very much pleased with what I had said; and in about two hours, sent me a note, in the names of all his clients, expressing gratitude and obligation; and requesting me to allow him to introduce them all three to me this afternoon.

I have some necessary things to do, and persons to see, in relation to my deceased friend, which will be dispatched over a dish of tea. And therefore I have invited the honest attorney, and his three clients, to sup with me.

I will not send this to Colnebrooke, where I hope you are all happy (All must; for are they not all good? And are not you with them?) till I accompany it with the result of this evening's conversation. Yet I am too fond of every occasion that offers to tell you, what; however, you cannot doubt, how much I am yours, not to sign to that truth the name of

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday night, March 17.

MR. Sylvester, an honest pleasure shining in his countenance, presented to me, first, Miss Danby; then, each of her brothers; who all received my welcome with a little consciousness, as if they had something to reproach themselves with, and were generously ashamed to be overcome. The sister had the least of it: And I saw by that, that she was the least blameable, not the least modest; since I dare say she had but followed her brothers lead; while they looked down and bashful, as having all that was done amiss to answer for.

Miss Danby is a very pretty, and very genteel young woman. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Edward Danby, are agreeable in their persons and manners, and want not sense.

In the first moment I dissipated all their uneasiness; and we sat down together with confidence in each other. The honest attorney had prepared them to be easy after the first introduction.

I offer not to read to you, said I, the will of your uncle. It is sufficient to repeat what Mr. Sylvester has no doubt, told you; That you are each of you entitled by it to a thousand pounds.

They all bowed; and the elder brother signified their united consent to accept it upon the terms of the will.

Three thousand pounds more are to be disposed of to charitable uses, at the discretion of the executor: Three other legacies are left to three different gentlemen in France: And the large remainder, which will not be less than four-and-twenty thousand pounds, falls to the executor, as residuary legatee, equally unexpected and undesired.

The elder brother said, God bless you with it, Sir. The second said, It could not have fallen to a worthier man. The young Lady’s lips moved: But words proceeded not from them. Yet her eyes shewed that her lips made me a compliment:

It is ungenerous, Dr. Bartlett, to keep expecting minds in suspence, tho’ with a view of obliging in the end. The surprize intended to be raised on such an occasion, carries in its appearance an air of insult. I have, said I, a great desire to do you service. Now let me know, gentlemen (I will talk to the young Lady singly, perhaps) what your expectations were upon your uncle; what will do for each of you, to enable you to enter the world with advantage, in the way you have

been brought up; and, as I told your worthy friend, Mr, Sylvester, I will be ready to do you all reasonable service. — But, hold, Sir; for Mr. Thomas Danby was going to speak; you shall consider before you answer me. The matter is of importance. Be explicit. I love openness and sincerity. I will withdraw, till you have consulted together. Command me in when you have determined.

I withdrew to my study: And, in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know, that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. Come, gentlemen don't fear to speak: Consider me, for your uncle's sake, as your brother.

The elder brother was going to speak; but, hesitating, Come, said I, let me lead you into the matter — Pray, Sir, what is your present situation? What are your present circumstances?

My father, Sir, was unhappy — My father —

Well, Sir, no more of your father — He could do nothing for you. Your whole dependence, I presume, was upon your uncle.

My uncle, Sir, gave us all our education — My uncle gave each brother a thousand guineas for putting out each to a merchant; five hundred only of which sums were so employed; and the other five hundred guineas, are in safe hands.

Your uncle, Sir, all reverence to his memory, was an excellent man.

Indeed, Sir, he was,

And what, Sir, is the business you were brought up to?

My master is a West-India merchant.

And what, Mr. Danby, are your prospects in that way?

Exceeding hopeful, Sir, they would have been — My master intended to propose to my uncle, had he lived to come to town, to take me in a quarter-partner with him directly; and, in a twelvemonth's time, an half-partner.

A very good sign in your favour, Sir. You must have behaved yourself well. And will he now do it?

Ah! Sir — And was silent.

Upon what terms, Mr. Danby, would he have proposed to your uncle to take you in a quarter-partner?

Sir — he talked of —

Of what?

Four thousand pounds, Sir. But my uncle never gave us hopes of more than three thousand guineas each, besides the thousand he had given: And when he had so much reason to resent the unhappy steps of my father, he let us know, that he would not do my-thing for us: And, to say truth, the thousand pounds left us in the will, is more than we expected.

Very ingenuous. I love you for your sincerity. But, pray, tell me, Will four thousand pounds be well laid out in a quarter-partnership?

To say truth, Sir, my master had a view, at the year's end, if nothing unexpected happened to prevent it, to give me his niece in marriage; and then to admit me into a half of the business, which would be equivalent to a fortune of as much more.

And do you love the young woman?

Indeed I do.

And does she countenance your address?

If her uncle — I don't doubt if her uncle could have prevailed upon my uncle —

Well, Sir, I am your uncle's executor. Now, Sir, (to Mr. Edward Danby) let me know your Situation; your prospects.

Sir, I was put to a French wine-merchant. My master is in years. I am the sole manager of his business; and he would leave off to me, I believe, and to his nephew, who knows not so much of it as I do, nor has the acquaintance, either in France or England, that I have; could I raise money to purchase half the stock.

And what, Sir, is necessary for that purpose?

O Sir! at least six thousand pounds. But had my uncle left me the three thousand we once hoped for, I could have got the other half at an easy interest; for I am well beloved, and have always borne a good character.

What did you suppose your uncle would do with the bulk of his fortune (you judged it, I suppose, to be large) if you expected no more than three thousand guineas each at the most, besides what he had given you?

We all thought, Sir, said Mr. Edward Danby, it would be yours, from the time that he owed his life to your courage and conduct. We never entertained hopes of being his heirs general: And he several times told me, when I was in France, that you should be his heir.

He never hinted that to me. What I did was as necessary to be done for my own Safety, as for his. He much over-rated my services. But what are your prospects, Mr. Edward Danby, in the French winetrade?

O Sir, very great!

And will your master leave off to you and his nephew, think you?

I dare say he would, and be glad of retiring to Enfield, where he has a house he is so fond of, that he would be continually there, by his good-will.

And have you, Sir, any prospect of adding to your circumstances by marriage?

Women are a drug, Sir. I have no doubt of offers, if once I were my own master.

I started. His sister looked angry. His brother was not pleased: Mr. Sylvester, who, it seems, is an old bachelor, laughed —

A true merchant this already! thought I.

Well, now, shall I have your consents, gentlemen, to take your sister aside? — Will you trust yourself with me, Miss Danby? Or had you rather answer my question in company?

Sir, your character, your goodness, is so well known, I scruple not to attend you.

I took her hand, and led her to my study, leaving the door open, to the drawing-room in which they were. I seated her. Then sat down, but still held her hand.

Now, my dear Miss Danby, you are to suppose me, as the executor of your uncle, his representative. If you had that good uncle before you, and he was urging you to tell him what would make you happy, with an assurance, that he would do all in his power towards it; and if you would open your mind freely to him; with equal freedom open it to me. There was only this difference between us: He had resentments against your father, which he carried too far, when he extended them to his innocent children [But it was an atrocious attempt, that embitter'd his otherwise benevolent spirit]: I have no resentment; and am armed with his power, and have all the will he ever could have, to serve you. Aud now, let me know, what will effectually do it?

The worthy girl wept. She looked down. She seemed as if she were pulling threads out of her handkerchief. But was unable to return any other answer, than what her eyes, once cast up, as if to Heaven, made for her.

Give me, my good Miss Danby (I would not distress you) give me, as your brothers did of their Situation, some account of yours. Do you live with either of your brothers?

No, Sir. I live with an aunt: My mother's sister.

Is she good to you?

Yes, Sir, very good. But she has children; and cannot be so good as she would be to me. Yet she has always been kind; and has made the best of my uncle's allowance for my education: And my fortune, which is unbroken, is the same sum that he gave my brothers: And it is in good hands: And the interest of it, with my aunt's additional goodness and management, enables me to make a genteel figure: And, with my own housewifry, I never have wanted some little matters for my pocket.

Good girl, thought I! — Mercantile carle! thy brother Edward, pretty one! How dared he to say, that women are drugs? — Who, in their oeconomy, short as their power is, are generally superior to men!

Your uncle was very good to put you upon a foot with your brothers, in his bounty to them; as now he has also done in his will: And assure yourself, that his representative, will be equally kind to you as to your brothers. But shall I ask you, as your uncle would have done — Is there any one man in the world, whom you prefer to another?

She was silent; looked down; and again picked her handkerchief.

I called in her elder brother (not the drug-merchant) and asked him, What he knew of his sister's affections?

Why, my good Dr. Bartlett, are these women ashamed of owning a laudable passion? Surely there is nothing shameful in discreet Love.

Her brother acquainted me with the story of her Love; the good girl blushing, and looking down all the while, with the consciousness of a sweet thief, who had stolen a heart, and being required to restore it, had been guilty of a new cheat, and given her own instead of it.

The son of Mr. Galliard, an eminent Turkey merchant, is the man with whom she has made this exchange. His father, who lives in the neighbourhood of her aunt, had sent him abroad, in the way of his traffick; partly with a view to prevent his marrying Miss Danby, till it should be seen whether her uncle would do anything considerable for her: And he was but just returned; and, in order to be allowed to stay at home, had promised his father never to marry without his consent: But nevertheless loved his sister, Mr. Danby said, above all women; and declared that he never would be the husband of any other.

I asked, whether the father had any objections, but those of fortune, to his son's choice; and was answered, No. He could have no other, the young man, like a brother, said: There was not a more virtuous and discreet young woman in the kingdom than his sister, tho' he said it, that should not say it.

Tho' you say it, that should say it. Is not our relation intitled to the same justice that we would do to another?

We must not blame indiscriminately, continued I, all fathers who expect a fortune to be brought into their family, in some measure equivalent to the benefit the new-comer hopes to receive from it; especially in mercantile families, if the young man is to be admitted into a share with his father; who, by the way, may have other children —

He has —

Something by way of equivalent for the part he gives up, should be done. Love is a selfish Deity. He puts two persons upon preferring their own interests, nay, a gratification of their passion often against their interests, to those of every-body else; and reason, discretion, duty, are frequently given up in a competition with it.

But Love, nevertheless, will not do every-thing for the ardent pair. Parents know this: And ought not to pay for the rashness they wish to prevent, but cannot.

They were attentive. I proceeded, addressing myself to both in the mercantile style.

Is a father, who by his prudence, has weathered many a storm, and got safe into port, obliged to reembark in the voyage of Life, with the young folks, who perhaps in a little while, will consider him as an incumbrance, and grudge him his cabin? Parents (tho' a young man, I have always thought in this manner) should be indulgent; but children, when they put themselves into one scale, should allow the parent his due weight in the other. You are angry at this father, are you not, my dear Miss Danby?

I said this, to hear what answer she would return.

Indeed I am not. Mr. Galliard knows best his own affairs, and what they require. I have said so twenty and twenty times: And young Mr. Galliard is convinced, that his father is not to be blamed, having other children. And, to own the truth (looking on the floor, we both sit down, and wish together, now-and-then: But what signifies wishing?

My sister will now have two thousand pounds: Perhaps when old Mr. Galliard sees, that his son's affections —

Old Mr. Galliard, interrupted I, shall be asked to do nothing inconvenient to himself, or that is not strictly right by his other children: Nor shall the niece of my late worthy friend enter into his family, with discredit to herself.

Notice being given, that supper was ready, I took the brother and sister each by the hand; and, entering the drawing-room with them, Enjoy, said I, the little repast that will be set before you. If it be in my power to make you all three happy, happy you shall be.

It must give great pleasure, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will believe, to a man of my lively sensations, to see three very different faces in the same persons, from those they had entered with. I imagined more than once, as the grateful eyes of the sister, and tongues of the brothers, expressed their joy, that I saw my late worthy friend looking down upon us, delighted, and not with disapprobation, upon his choice of an executor, who was determined to supply the defects, which the frailty of human nature, by an ever-strong resentment on one hand, and an overflowing gratitude on the other, had occasioned.

I told Mr. Thomas Danby, that besides his legacy, he might reckon upon five thousand pounds, and enter accordingly into treaty for and with his master's niece.

Mr. Edward Danby, I commissioned, on the strength of the like additional sum, to treat with the gentleman he had served.

And you, my good Miss Danby, said I, shall acquaint your favoured Mr. Galliard, That, besides the two thousand pounds already yours, you will have five thousand pounds more at his service. And if these sums answer not your full purposes, I expect you will let me know; since, whether they do or not, my respect to the memory of your worthy uncle shall be shewn to the value of more than these three sums to his relations. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be: And you must inform me, what other relations you have, and of their different situations in life, that I may be enabled to amend a will, made in a long and painful sickness, which might four a disposition that was naturally all benevolence.

They wept; looked at one another; dried their eyes; and wept again. Mr. Sylvester also wept for joy. I thought my presence painful to them; and withdrew to my Study; and shut the door, that I might not add to their pain.

At my return — Do you — Do you, referred each brother to the other: And Mr. Thomas Danby getting up to speak, I see, my friends, said I, your grateful hearts in your countenances. Do you think my pleasure is not, at least, equal to yours? I am more than rewarded in the consciousness of having endeavoured to make a right use of the power entrusted to me. You will each of you, I hope (thus set forward) be eminent in his particular business. The merchants of Great Britain are the most useful members of the community. If I have obliged you, let me recommend to you, each in his several way, according to his ability, and as opportunity may offer, to raise those worthy hearts, that inevitable calamities shall make spiritless. Look upon what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourselves, but as your debt to that Providence, which makes it a principal part of your religion, To do good to your fellow-creatures. In a word, let me enjoin you, in all your transactions, to remember mercy, as well as justice.

The brothers with folded hands, declared, that their hearts were opened by the example set them; and, they hoped, would never be shut. The sister looked the same declaration.

Mr. Sylvester, raised with this scene of gratitude, tears in his honest eyes, said, That he should be impatient till he had looked into his affairs, and thro' his acquaintance, in order to qualify himself to do some little good, after such a self-rewarding example.

If a private man, my dear Dr. Bartlett, could be a means of expanding thus the hearts of four persons, none of them unworthy, what good might not princes, and those who have princely fortunes, do? — Yet, you see, I have done nothing but mere justice. I have not given up any-thing that was my own, before this Will gave me a power, that perhaps was put into my hands, as a new trial of the integrity of my heart.

But what poor creatures are we, my dear friend, that the very avoiding the occasion of a wrong action, should gladden our hearts, as with the consciousness of something meritorious?

At parting, I told the nephews, That I expected to hear from them the moment any-thing should be brought to effect; and let their masters and them agree, or not, I would take the speediest methods that could be fallen upon, to transfer to them, and to their sister, such actions and stocks, as would put them in full possession of what they were intitled to, as well by my promise, as by their uncle's will.

I was obliged to injoin them silence.

Their sister wept; and when I pressed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the pressure; but in a manner so modest (recollecting herself into some little confusion) that shewed gratitude had possession of her whole heart, and set her above the forms of her sex.

The good attorney, as much raised, as if he were one of the persons benefited, joined with the two brothers in invoking blessings upon me.

So much, my dear Dr. Bartlett, for this night. The past day is a day that I am not displeased with.

LETTER XXXVI.

DR. BARTLETT, TO MISS BYRON.

March 18.

I Present to you, madam, the account you desired to see, as extracted by my kinsman from my papers. You seemed to wish it to be hastened for you: It is not what it might have been; but more facts, I presume, will answer your intention. Be pleased, therefore, to accept it with your usual goodness.

“DR. Bartlett went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; Mr. Lorimer, I am to call him, to conceal his real name. He was the very reverse of young Mr. Grandison. He was not only rude and ungovernable; but proud, ill-natured, malicious, even base.

“The Doctor was exceedingly averse to take upon him the charge of the wicked youth abroad; having had too many instances of the badness of his nature while in England: But he was prevailed upon by the solicitations of his father (who represented it as an act of the greatest charity to him and his family) as well as by the solemn promises of good behaviour from the young man; for he was known to regard the advice of Dr. Bartlett more than that of any other person.

“The Doctor and Mr. Lorimer were at Turin, when young Mr. Grandison (who had been some months in France) for the first time arrived in that city; then in the eighteenth year of his age.

“Dr. Bartlett had not a more profligate pupil, than Mr. Grandison had a governor; tho’ recommended by General W. his uncle by the mother’s side. It used to be observed in places where they made but a few days residence, that the young gentleman ought to have been the governor, Monsieur Creutzer the governed. Mr. Grandison had, in short, the happiness, by his prudence, to escape several snares laid for his virtue, by a wretch, who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to silence the remonstrances of the young man, upon his evil conduct; and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

“Mr. Grandison became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett at Turin: Monsieur Creutzer, at the same time, commenced an intimacy with Mr. Lorimer; and the two former were not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from bad.

“Several riotous things were done by Creutzer and Lorimer, who, whatever the Doctor could do to separate them, were hardly ever asunder. One of their enormities fell under the cognizance of the civil magistrate; and was not made

easy to Lorimer without great interest and expence: While Creutzer fled to Rome, to avoid condign punishment; and wrote to Mr. Grandison to join him there.

“Then it was, that Mr. Grandison wrote (as he had often ineffectually threatened to do) to represent to his father the profligacy of the man; and to request him to appoint him another governor; or to permit him to return to England till he had made choice of one for him; begging of Dr. Bartlett, that he would allow him, ‘till he had an answer from his father, to apply to him for advice and instruction.

“The answer of his father was, That he heard of his prudence from every mouth: That he was at liberty to chuse what companion he pleased: But that he gave him no governor but his own discretion.

“Mr. Grandison then, more earnestly than before, and with an humility and diffidence, suited to his natural generosity of temper, that never grew upon indulgence, besought the Doctor’s direction: And when they were obliged to separate, they established a correspondence which never will end but with the life of one of them.

“Mr. Grandison laid before the Doctor all his plans; submitting his conduct to him, as well with regard to the prosecution of his studies, as to his travels: But they had not long corresponded in this manner, when the Doctor let him know, that it was needless to consult him aforehand; and the more so, as it often occasioned a suspension of excellent resolutions: But he besought him to continue to him, an account of all he undertook, of all he performed, and of every material incident of his life; not only as his narrations would be matter of the highest entertainment to him; but as they would furnish him with lessons from example, that might be of greater force upon the unhappy Lorimer, than his own precepts.

“While the Doctor was passing thro’ but a few of the cities in Lombardy, Mr. Grandison made almost the tour of Europe; and yet gave himself time to make such remarks upon persons, places, and things, as could hardly be believed to be the observations of so young a man. Lorimer, mean time, was engaged in shews, fpectacles, and in the diversions of the places in which he lived, as it might be said, rather, than thro’ which he passed.

“The Doctor, at one time, was the more patient with these delays, as he was willing that the carnival at Venice should be over, before he suffered his pupil to go to that city. But Lorimer, suspecting his intention, slipt thither unknown to his governor, at the very beginning of it; and the Doctor was forced to follow him. And when there, had the mortification of hearing of him (for the young man avoided his governor as much as possible) as one of the most riotous persons there.

“In vain did the Doctor, when he saw his pupil, set before him the example of Mr. Grandison; a younger man. All the effect the Letters he used to read to him had upon him, was, to make him hate the more both his Governor and Mr. Grandison. By one Letter only did he do himself temporary credit. It was written some months before it was shewn him, in which Mr. Grandison described some places of note, thro’ which he had passed, and thro’ which the Doctor and his charge had also more lately passed. The mean creature contrived to steal it; and his father having often urged for a specimen of his son’s observations on his travels, he copied it almost verbatim, and transmitted it as his own to his father; only letting the Doctor know, after he had sent it away; that he had written.

“The Doctor doubted not, but Lorimer had exposed himself; but was very much surprised, when he received a congratulatory Letter from the father on his son’s improvements, mingled with some little asperity on the Doctor, for having set out his son to his disadvantage: “I could not doubt,” said the fond father, “that a son of mine had genius: He wanted nothing but to apply,” — And then he gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance.

“The Doctor took the young gentleman to task about it. He owned what he had done, and gloried in his contrivance. But his governor thought it incumbent upon him to undeceive the father, and to save him the extraordinary part of his remittance.

“The young man was enraged at the Doctor, for exposing him, as he called it, to his father, and for the check he was continually giving to his lawless appetites; and falling into acquaintance with a courtezan, who was infamous for ruining many young travellers by her subtle and dangerous contrivances, they joined in a resolution to revenge themselves on the Doctor, whom they considered as their greatest enemy.

“Several projects they fell upon; One, in particular, was, to accuse him, by a third hand, as concerning himself with affairs of state in Venice; A crime, which in that jealous republic, is never overlooked, and generally ends fatally for the accused; who, if seized, is hardly ever heard of afterwards. From this danger he narrowly escaped, by means of his general good character, and remarkable inoffensiveness, and the profligateness of his accusers: Nor knew he his danger till many months afterwards. The Doctor believes, that he fared the better for being an Englishman, and a governor to the son of a British nobleman, who made so considerable a figure in England; because the Italians in general reap so much advantage from the travellers of this nation, that they are ready to favour and encourage them above those of any other.

“The Doctor had been very solicitous to be acquitted of his ungracious charge. In every Letter he wrote to England, this was one of his prayers: But still the

father, who knew not what to do with his son at home, had besought his patience; and wrote to his son in the strongest terms, after reproaching him for his ungraciousness, to pay an implicit obedience to the Doctor.

"The father was a learned man. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer, to make him know something of the antient Greek and Roman histories. The father was very desirous, that his son should see the famous places of old Greece, of which he himself had read so much: And with great difficulty, the Doctor got the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diversions of the place, had taken scandalous hold of him.

"Athens was the city, at which the father had desired they would make some stay; and from thence visit other parts of the Morea. And there the young man found his woman got before him, according to private agreement between them.

"It was some time before the Doctor found out that the very woman who had acted so abandoned a part with Lorimer at Venice, was his mistress at Athens: And when he did, he applied, on some fresh enormities committed by Lorimer, to the tribunal which the Christians have there, consisting of eight venerable men chosen out of the eight quarters of the city, to determine causes among Christians; and they taking cognizance of the facts, the wicked woman suborned wretches to accuse the Doctor to the Cadi, who is the Turkish judge of the place, as a dangerous and disaffected person; and the Cadi being, as it was supposed, corrupted by presents, got the Vayvode, or Governor, to interfere; and the Doctor was seized, and thrown into prison: His Christian friends in the place were forbidden to interpose in his favour; and pen and ink, and all access to him were prohibited.

"The vile woman, having concerted measures with the persons she had suborned, for continuing the Doctor in his severe confinement, set out with her paramour for Venice; and there they rioted as before.

"Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, happened to make an acquaintance with Mr. Grandison in the island of Candia, where they met as countrymen, which, from a sympathy of minds, grew immediately into an intimacy that will hardly ever end. This young gentleman, in the course of his travels, visiting Athens, about this time, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, by one of the eight Christians, who constituted the tribunal above-mentioned, and who was an affectionate friend of the Doctor, tho' forbidden to busy himself in his cause: And Mr. Beauchamp (who had heard Mr. Grandison speak of the Doctor with an uncommon affection) knowing that Mr. Grandison was then at Constantinople, dispatched a man on purpose, to acquaint him with the affair, and

with all the particulars he could get of the case, authenticated as much as the nature of the thing would admit.

“Mr. Grandison was equally grieved and astonished at the information. He instantly applied to the English embassador at the Porte, as also to the French minister there, with whom he had made an acquaintance: They to the Grand Vizir: And an order was issued for setting the Doctor at liberty. Mr. Grandison, in order to urge the dispatch of the Chiaux, who carried it, accompanied him, and arrived at Athens, just as the Vayvode had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner (the Doctor’s finances being exhausted) by the bowstring. The danger endeared the Doctor to Mr. Grandison; a relief so seasonable endeared Mr. Grandison to the Doctor; to them both Mr. Beauchamp, who would not stir from Athens, till he had seen him delivered; having busied himself in the interim, in the best manner he could (tho’ he was obliged to use caution and secrecy) to do him service, and to suspend the fatal blow.

“Here was a cement to a friendship (that had been begun between the young gentlemen from likeness of manners) between them and the Doctor, whom they have had the goodness ever since to regard, as their father: And to this day it is one of the Doctor’s delights to write to his worthy son Beauchamp all that he can come at, relating to the life and actions of a man, whom the one regards as an example; the other as an honour to the human race.

“It was some time before the Doctor knew for certain, that the ungracious Lorimer had been consenting to the shocking treatment he had met with; for the wretches whom the vile woman had suborned, had made their escape from Athens before the arrival of Mr. Grandison and the Chiaux; the flagitious youth had written to his father, in terms of the deepest sorrow, an account of what had befallen his governor; and his father had taken the best measures that could be fallen upon at so great a distance, for the Doctor’s succour and liberty: But in all probability, he would have been lost before those measures could have taken effect.

“Lorimer’s father, little thinking that his son had connived at the plot formed against his governor, besought him, when he had obtained his liberty, not to leave his son to his own devices. The Doctor, as little thinking then, that Lorimer had been capable of a baseness so very villainous, in compassion both to father and son, went to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile women; and then to Rome: But there, the unhappy wretch continuing his profligate courses, became at last a sacrifice to his dissoluteness; and his death was a deliverance to his Family, to the Doctor, and to the Earth.

“On his death-bed he confessed the plot, which the infamous courtezan had meditated against the Doctor at Venice, as well as his connivance at that which she had carried into execution at Athens. He died in horror not to be described; begging for longer life, and promising reformation on that condition. The manner of his death, and the crimes he confessed himself guilty of, by the instigation of the most abandoned of women, beside those committed against his governor, so shocked and grieved the Doctor, that he fell ill, and his Recovery was long doubted of.

“Mean time Mr. Grandison visited some parts of Asia and Afric, Egypt particularly; corresponding all the time with Dr. Bartlett, and allowing the correspondence to pass into the hands of Mr. Beauchamp; as he did that which he held with Mr. Beauchamp, to be communicated to the Doctor.

“When Mr. Grandison returned to Italy, finding there his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr. Beauchamp in that part of his tour into some of the Eastern regions, which he himself had been particularly pleased with, and, as he said, wanted to be more particularly informed of: And therefore insisted, that it should be taken at his own expence. He knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a stepmother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two-thirds of the allowance he made him on his travels.

“Mr. Beauchamp very reluctantly complied with the condition so generously imposed on him by his beloved friend; another of whose arguments was, That such a tour would be the most likely means to establish the health of a Man equally dear to both.

“Mr. Grandison never was at a loss for arguments to keep in countenance the persons whom he benefited; and to make their acceptance of his favours appear not only to be their duty, but an obligation laid on himself.

“Mr. Grandison himself, when the two gentlemen set out on their tour, was engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, which gave him great embarrasment.

“Dr. Barlett and Mr. Beauchamp, visited the principal islands of the Archipelago: After which, the Doctor left the young gentleman pursuing his course to Constantinople, with intention to visit some parts of Asia, and took the opportunity of a vessel that was bound for Leghorn, to return thither.

“His health was happily established: And, knowing that Mr. Grandison expected the long-desired call from his father to return to England, and that it was likely that he could be of use to his ward Miss Jervois, and her affairs, in her guardian’s absence, he was the more desirous to return to Italy.

“Mr. Grandison rejoiced at his arrival: And soon after set out for Paris, in order to attend there the expected call; leaving Emily, in the interim, to his care.

“Lorimer’s father did not long survive his son. He expressed himself in his last hours highly sensible of the Doctor’s care of his unhappy boy; and earnestly desired his Lady to see him handsomely rewarded for his trouble. But not making a will: and the Lady having, by her early over-indulgence, ruined the morals of her child (never suffering him to be either corrected or chidden, were his enormities ever so flagrant) she bore a sacred grudge to the Doctor for his honest representations to her Lord of the young man’s immoralities: And not even the interposition of a Sir Charles Grandison has hitherto been able to procure the least acknowledgment to the Doctor; though the loss as well, of his reputation, as life, might have been the consequence of the faithful services he had endeavoured to render to the profligate youth, and in him to the whole family.”

LETTER XXXVII.

DR. BARTLETT. IN CONTINUATION. [INCLOSING THE PRECEDING.]

THUS far, dear Miss Byron (delight of every one who is so happy as to know you!) reach my kinsman's extracts from my papers. I will add some particulars in answer to your enquiries about Mr. Beauchamp, if writing of a man I so greatly love, I can write but a few.

Mr. Beauchamp is a fine young man in his person: When I call him a second Sir Charles Grandison, you and the Ladies, and my Lord L. will conceive a very high idea of his understanding, politeness, and other amiable qualities. He is of an ancient family. His father, Sir Harry Beauchamp, tenderly loves him, and keeps him abroad equally against both their wills; especially against Mr. Beauchamp's, now his beloved friend is in England. This is done to humour an imperious, vindictive woman, who, when a widow, had cast her eyes upon the young gentleman for a husband; imagining, that her great wealth (her person not disagreeable) would have been a temptation to him. This, however, was unknown to the father; who made his addresses to her much about the time that Mr, Beauchamp had given an absolute denial (perhaps with too little ceremony) to an overture made to him by a friend of hers. This enraged her. She was resolved to be revenged on him; and knowing him to be absolutely in his father's power, as to fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's addresses; and on her obtaining such terms as, in a great measure, put both father and son in her power, she married Sir Harry.

She soon gained an absolute ascendant over her husband. The son, when his father first made his addresses to her, was allowed to set out on his travels with an appointment of 600 l. a year. She never rested till she had got 400 l, a year to be struck off; and the remaining 200 were so ill remitted, that the young gentleman would have been put to the greatest difficulties, had it not been for the truly friendly assistance of Mr. Grandison.

Yet it is said, that this Lady is not destitute of some good qualities, and in cases where the son is not the subject, behaves very commendably to Sir Harry: But being a managing woman, and Sir Harry loving his ease, she has made herself his receiver and treasurer; and by that means has put it out of his power, to act as paternally by his son as he is inclined to do, without her knowing it.

The Lady and Sir Harry both, however, profess to admire the character of Sir Charles Grandison, from the Letters Mr. Beauchamp has written from time to time to his father; and from the general report in his favour: And on ths, as well I, as Mr. Beauchamp, found our hope, that if Sir Charles, by some unsuspected way,

can make himself personally acquainted with the Lady, he will be able to induce her to consent to her son-in-law's recall; and to be reconciled to him; the rather, as there is no issue by this marriage; whose interests might strengthen the Lady's animosity.

Mr. Beauchamp, in this hope, writes to Sir Charles, that he can, and will, pay all the due respect to his father's wife, and, as such, treat her as his mother, if she will consent to his return to his native country: But declares, that he would stay abroad all his life, rather than his father should be made unhappy, by allowing of his coming over against the consent of so high-spirited a woman. In the mean time he proposes to set out from Vienna, where he now is, for Paris, to be near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks can manage any point he undertakes (and who in this, will be seconded by his father's love) can prevail with his mother-in-law.

I long, Ladies, to have you all acquainted with this other excellent young man. You, Miss Byron, I am sure, in particular, will admire Sir Charles Grandison's, and my Beauchamp: Of spirit so manly, yet of manners so delicate — I end as I began; He is a second Sir Charles Grandison.

I shall think myself, Ladies, very happy, if I can find it in my power to oblige you, by any communications you would wish to be made you. But let me once more recommend it to you, Lady L. Lord L. and Miss Grandison, to throw off all reserves to the most affectionate of brothers. He will have none to you, in cases which he knows will give you pleasure. And if he forbears of his own accord to acquaint you withs ome certain affairs, it is, because the issue of them is yet hidden from himself.

As to Lady Olivia, mentioned to you by good Lord L. she never can be more to my patron than she now is.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, with a true paternal affection,

Your admirer and humble servant, AMBROSE BARTLETT.

SUBJOINED IN A SEPARATE PAPER, BY MISS BYRON TO HER LUCY.

HOW is this Lucy? Let me collect some of the contents of these Letters. "If Sir Charles forbear, of his own accord, to acquaint his sisters with some certain affairs— "Issue hidden from himself." "Engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, that embarrass him" — [Is, or was so engaged, means the Doctor?] "Sir Charles not reserved; yet reserved." — How is all this, Lucy?

But does the Doctor say, "That I shall particularly admire Mr. Beauchamp?" — What means the Doctor by that? — But he cannot affront me so much as to mean any-thing but to shew his own love to the worthy young man. The Doctor longs for us to see him: If I do see him, he must come quickly: For shall I not soon

return to my last, my best refuge, the arms of my indulgent grandmamma and aunt? — I shall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any spite in you? Are you capable of malice — deadly malice? — If you are, sit down, and wish the person you hate, to be in Love with a man (I must, it seems, speak out) whom she think, and every-body knows, to be superior to herself, in every quality, in every endowment, both of mind and fortune; and be doubtful (far, far worse is doubtful than sure!) among some faint glimmerings of hope, whether his affections are engaged; and if they are not, whether he can return — Ah, Lucy! you know what I mean — Don't let me speak out.

But one word more — Don't you think the Doctor's compliment at the beginning of his Letter, a little particular?

"〈◊〉light of EVERY-ONE 〈◊〉 is so happy you."

Charming words! — But are they, or re they ot officiously inserted? the deligh 〈◊〉 Sir Charles Grandison's heart? Does he not 〈◊〉 me? — Weak, silly, vain, humble, low, yet proud Harriet Byron! — Begone, paper — mean confession of my conjecturing folly — Ah, Lucy, I tore the paper half thro', as you'll see, in anger at myself; but I will stitch it to the Doctor's Letter, to be taken off by you, and to be seen by no body else.

Volume III

LETTER I.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Saturday, March 18.

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a sanctifier, if one would give way to its partialities, of actions, which, in others, we should have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a misleader; an idol at whose shrine we sometimes offer up oar Sincerity; but, in that case, it should be called Indelicacy.

Nothing, surely, can be delicate, that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: Yet how was I pleased with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Crandison, for endeavouring to pass me off to good Dr. Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in! — As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known; and would so remain, till the gentleman had discovered his.

And are there some situations, in which a woman must conceal her true sentiments? In which it would be thought immodesty to speak out? — Why was I born with an heart so open and sincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has said in his Letter relating to the Danby's, should women be blamed, for owning modestly a passion for a worthy and suitable object? Is it, that they will not speak out, lest, if their wishes should not be crowned with success by one man, they should deprive themselves of a chance to succeed with another? Do they not propose to make the man they love, happy? — And is it a crime to acknowlege, that they are so well disposed to a worthy object? A worthy object, I repeat; for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleness is there in the custom that compels us to be insincere? And suppose we do not succeed with a first object, shall we cheat a future Lover with the notion that he was the first?

Hitherto I had acted with some self-approbation: I told Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme, Mr. Fowler, that I had not seen the man to whom I could wish to give my hand at the altar: But when I found my heart engaged, I was desirous Lady D. should know that it was. But yet, misled by this same notion of delicacy, I could think myself obliged to the two sisters, and my Lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr. Bartlett: When the right measure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he was not commissioned to give; or, if we had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not have put on disguises to him; but to have lest him wholly a judge of the fit, and the unfit.

And this is LOVE, is it? that puts an honest girl upon approving of such tricks? — Begone, Love! I banish thee if thou wouldst corrupt the simplicity of that

heart, which was taught to glory in truth.

And yet, I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault: For, What do you think? — Miss Grandison had (by some means or other; she would not tell me how) in Dr. Bartlett's absence on a visit to one of the Canons of Windsor, got at a letter brought early this morning from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his desk.

Here, Harriet, said she, is the letter so lately brought, not perhaps quite honestly come at, from my brother to Dr. Bartlett (holding it out to me). You are warmly mentioned in it. Shall I put it where I had it? Or will you so far partake of my fault as to read it first?

O Miss Grandison! said I: And am I warmly mentioned in it? Pray oblige me with the perusal of it. And I held out my more than half guilty hand, and took it: But (immediately recollecting myself) did you not hint that you came at it by means not honest? — Take it again; I will not partake of your fault. — But, cruel Charlotte! how could you tempt me so? And I laid it on a chair.

Read the first paragraph, Harriet. She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the first paragraph.

Tempter! said I, how can you wish me to imitate our first pattern! And down I sat, and put both my hands before my eyes. Take it away, take it away, while yet I am innocent! Dear Miss Grandison, don't give me cause for self-reproach. I will not partake of your acknowledged fault.

She read a line or two; and then said, Shall I read farther, Harriet? The very next word is your name. I will —

No, no, no, said I, putting my fingers in my ears. — Yet, had you come honestly by it, I should have longed to read it — By what means —

Why, if people will leave their closet-doors open, let them take the consequence.

If people will do so — But was it so? — And yet, if it was, would you be willing to have your letters looked into?

Well then, I will carry it back — Shall I? (holding it out to me) Shall I, Harriet? — I will put it where I had it — Shall I? And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me with a provoking archness in her looks.

Only tell me, Miss Grandison, is there any-thing in it that you think your brother would not have us see? — But I am sure there is, or the obliging Dr. Bartlett, who has shewn us others, would have favoured us with communicating the contents of this.

I would not but have seen this letter for half I am worth! O Harriet! there are such things in it. — Bologna! Paris! Grandison-hall!

Be gone, Siren: Letters are sacred things. Replace it — Don't you own, that you came not honestly by it? — And yet —

Ah! Lucy, I was ready to yield to the curiosity she had raised: But, recollecting myself, Be gone, said I: Carry back the letter: I am afraid of myself.

Why, Harriet, here is one passage, the contents of which you must be acquainted with in a very little while —

I will not be tempted, Miss Grandison. I will stay till it is communicated to me, be it what it will.

But you may be surprised, Harriet, at the time, and know not what answer to give to it. — You had as good read it — Here, take it — Was there ever such a scrupulous creature? — It is about you and Emily —

About me and Emily! O Miss Grandison, What can there be about me and Emily?

And where's the difference, Harriet, between asking me a out the contents, and reading them? — But I ll tell you —

No, you shall not: I will not hear the contents. I never will ask you. Can nobody act greatly but your brother? Let you and I, Charlotte, be the better for his example. You shall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be so used myself.

Such praises did I never hear of woman! — Oh, Harriet! — Such praises —

Praises, Charlotte! — From your brother? — O this curiosity! the first fault of our first parent! But I will not be tempted. If you provoke me to ask questions, laugh at me, and welcome: But I beseech you, answer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the letter; and do not seek to make me mean in my own eyes.

How you reflect upon me, Harriet! — But let me ask you, Are you willing, as a third sister, to take Emily into your guardianship, and carry her down with you into Northamptonshire? — Answer me that.

Ah! Miss Grandison! And is there such a proposal as that mentioned? — But answer me not, I beseech you. Whatever proposal is intended to be made me, let it be made: It will be too soon, whenever that is, if it be a disagreeable one.

But let me say, madam (and tears were in my eyes) that I will not be treated with indignity by the best man on earth. And while I can refuse to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myself (you are a sister, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear) I have a title to act with spirit, when occasions call for it.

My dear, you are serious — Twice madam, in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to hear that passage read, which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourself.

And she was looking for it; I suppose intending to read it to me.

No, Miss Grandison, said I, laying my spread hand upon the letter; I will neither read it, nor hear it read. I begin to apprehend, that there will be occasion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or wrong thing, I will not deprive myself of the consciousness of having merited well, whatever may be my lot — Excuse me, madam.

I went to the door and was opening it — when she ran to me — Dear creature! you are angry with me: But how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the best man in it! Only say, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.

Forgive you, my Charlotte I — I do. But can you say, that you came not honestly by that letter, and yet forgive yourself? But, my dear Miss Grandison, instantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if in a future hour of weakness you should find me desirous to know any of the contents of a paper so naughtily come at. I own that I had like to have been overcome: And if I had, all the information it would have given me, could never have recompensed me for what I should have suffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

Superior creature! how you shame me! I will replace the letter. And I promise you, that if I cannot forget the contents of it myself (and yet they are glorious to my brother) I will never mention any of them to you; unless the letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the sisterly embrace. We separated; she retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the letter; I at the other, to re-consider all that had passed on the occasion. And I hope I shall love her the better for taking so kindly a behaviour so contrary to what her own had been.

Well, but, don’t you congratulate me, my dear, on my escape from my curiosity? I am sure my grandmamma, and my aunt, will be pleased with their girl. Yet it was an hard struggle, I own: In the suspense I am in; a very hard struggle. But tho’ wishes will play about my heart, that I knew such of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleased that I yielded not to the temptation, than I should have been, if I had. And then, methinks, my pride is gratified in the superiority this lady ascribes to me over herself, whom so lately I thought greatly my superior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since if I had considered only rules of policy, I should have been utterly wrong, had I yielded to the temptation: For what use could I have made of any knowlege I might have obtained by this means? If any proposal is to be made me, of what nature soever, it must, in that case, have

appeared to be quite new to me: And what an affectation must that have occasioned, what dissimulation, in your Harriet? — And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under such trials as might have arisen from a knowledge so faultily obtained?

And had I been discovered; had I given cause of suspicion, either to Dr. Bartlett, or Sir Charles; I should have appeared as the principal in the fact: It would have been mean to accuse Miss Grandison, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And should I not have cast a slur upon that curiosity which Dr. Barlett before had not refused to gratify, as well as shut myself out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very possible, besides, that, unused as I have been to artifice and disguise, I should have betrayed myself; especially had I found any of the contents of the letter very affecting.

Thus you see, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, justify me: And in this particular I am an happy girl.

Miss Grandison has just now told her sister what passed between us. Lady L. says, she would not have been Miss Grandison, in taking the letter, by what means soever come at; for how, said she, did I know what secrets there might be in it, before I read it? But I think verily, when it had been got at, and offered me, I could not have been Miss Byron.

And she threw her arms about me, and hugged me to her. Dear creature, said she, you must be Lady Grandison — Must! said Miss Grandison: She shall.

Who, Lucy, whether that may ever come to pass, or not, would not, on reflection (thus approved by both sisters) rejoice that she conquered her curiosity, and acted as she did?

Miss Grandison talked to Lady L. of its being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: Of a visit he is soon to make to Grandison-hall; and she to go with him: Of his going to Paris, in order to settle some matters relating to the Will of his late friend Mr. Danby —

Well, Lucy, my time in town is hastening to its period. Why am I not reminded, that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who perhaps will not be able to carry down with her the heart she brought up? And yet, to go down to such dear friends without it, what an ungrateful sound has that!

Miss Grandison began to talk of other subjects relating to her brother, and those greatly to his praise. I could have heard all she had to say with infinite pleasure. I do love to hear him praised. But, as I doubted not but these subjects arose from the letter so surreptitiously obtained, I restrained myself, and withdrew.

OF what an happy temper is Miss Grandison! She was much affected with the scene that passed between us, but all is over with her already. One lesson upon her harpsichord sets every-thing right with her. She has been raillying Lord L. with as much life and spirit, as if she had done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the letter which she got at dishonestly, as she owned, what a poor figure should I have made in my own eyes, for a month to come!

But did she not as soon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of captain Anderson's affair? How unmercifully did she railly me, within a few hours after! — Yet, she has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I do love her. But is it not a weakness to look without abatement of affection on those faults in one person, which we should hold utterly inexcusable in another? In Miss Grandison's case, however, don't say it is, Lucy. O what a partiality! Yet she has within these few minutes owned, that she thought the step she had taken a faulty one, before she came to me with the letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what she had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occasion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curiosity was more for my sake than her own? No motive of friendship, you will say, can justify a wrong action — Why no, Lucy; that is very true; but if you knew Miss Grandison, you would love her dearly.

LETTER II.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

[The Letter which Miss Byron refused to read, or hear read.]

Friday Night, Mar. 17.

I HOPE my Lord L. and my sisters will be able to make Colnebrooke so agreeable to Miss Byron that I may have the pleasure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My lord W. is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; and must not be denied, was a part of his message, brought me by Halden his steward, who says, That his lordship has something of consequence to consult me upon.

When, my dear friend, shall I find time for myself? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L. and to my three sisters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happiness of being in their company, then it is that I think I give time to myself.

I have a letter from Bologna: From the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more visit there. She tells me, that the Bishop said in her hearing, it would be kind if I would. Were such a visit to be requested generally; and it were likely to be of service; you may believe that I would chearfully make it.

I should go, for a fortnight at least, to Grandisonhall. Burgess has let me know, that the workmen have gone almost as far as they can go without my further orders. And the churchwardens have signified to me, that the church is completely beautified, according to my directions; so that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after next, at farthest; and intreat my presence, both as patron, and benefactor. I will now hasten my designed alterations at the Hall.

I had rather not be present at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the intreaties of the churchwardens; who in their letter signify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr. Barnham, of seeing me, and my sister Charlotte. You will be pleased to mention this to her.

I wish, without putting a slight upon good Mr. Dobson, that you, my dear friend, could oblige us with the first sermon. All then would be decent, and worthy of the occasion; and the praise would be given properly, and not to the agent. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr. Dobson (of whose praise only I am apprehensive) so much as to hint such a wish, I will write to him, that he will

oblige me if he say not one word, that shall carry the eyes of the audience to my seat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews should be equally distinguished and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation; does it, my good Dr. Bartlett? especially as so many considerable families have seats there? I would not seem guilty of a false modesty, which, breaking out into singularity, would give the suspicion of a wrong direction, in cases where it may be of use to suppose a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? She is of the stature of woman. She ought, according to the present taste, to be introduced into public life. I am not fond of that life. And what knowlege she will gain by the introduction, she had better be without. Yet I think we should conform something to the tas e of the times in which we live. Women's minds have generally a lighter turn than those of men. They should be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was, that last winter I attended her, and my sisters, very often to the places of public entertainment; that she, having seen every-thing that was the general subject of polite conversation, might judge of such entertainments as they deserve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is seldom answered) to the ideal seenes. This indulgence answered as I wish. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other public diversions, with tranquillity; and be satisfied, as she reads, with representing over again to herself the parts in which the particular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is set to her imagination; and that by her own choice; for she thinks lightly of them, when she can be obliged by the company of my two sisters and Lord L.

But new scenes will arise, in an age so studious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From these a young woman of fortune must not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is so well grown for her years, I think I cannot so properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: But as I cannot intend anything with regard to my Emily, I must, for her sake, be more observant of the world's opinion, than I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to despise the world's opinion, tho' we should regard it only in the second place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have an high opinion of her discretion. But she is but a girl. Womens eyes are wanderers: And too often bring home guests that are very troublesome to them, and whom once introduced, they cannot get out of the house.

I wish she had only ten thousand pounds. She would then stand a better chance for happiness, than she can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five persons, to one that she has now, to choose out of: For how few are there who can make proposals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50, 000 l.?

Indeed there are not wanting in our sex forward spirits, who will think that sum not too much for their merits, tho' they may not deserve 5000 l. nor even one. And hence arises the danger of a woman of great fortune from those who will not dare to make proposals to a guardian. After an introduction (and how easy is that now made, at public places!) a woman of the greatest fortune is but a woman, and is to be attacked, and prevailed upon, by the same methods which succeed with a person of the slenderest; and perhaps is won with equal, if not with greater ease; since, if the lady has a little romance in her head, and her Lover a great deal of art and flattery, she will call that romantic turn generosity, and, thinking she can lay the man who has obtained her attention, under obligation, she will meet him her full halfway.

Emily is desirous to be constantly with us. My sister is very obliging. I know she will comply with whatever I shall request of her, in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a lady is concerned, a man should not depend too much upon his own character, especially a young man, be it ever so unexceptionable. Her mother has already given out foolish hints. She demands her daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own character lost, and so deservedly, will she have any tenderness for that of Emily? Who will scruple to believe, what a mother, tho' ever so wicked, will report of her daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live constantly together? Her guardian, at the same time, carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl; though with as much innocence as if she were his sister. Once I had thoughts of craving the assistance of the Court of Chancery for the protection of her person and fortune: But an hint of this nature distressed her for many days, unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that she took it so heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked out among the quality for a future husband for her: But, where can I find one with whom I think she will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I said, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's address to her suspected; and to make a guardian apprehensive, that her person, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to avantage every hour of her life, would be but the second, if the second, view of a man professing to love her. And were she to marry, what a damp would the slights of an husband give to the genius of a young lady, whose native modesty would always make her want encouragement!

I have also cast an eye over the gentry within my knowledge: But have not met with one whom I could wish to be the husband of my Emily. So tender, so gentle, so ductile, as she is, a fierce, a rash, an indelicate, even a careless or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or shorten her life: And as the latter would be much more easy to be effected than the former, what must she suffer before she could return indifference for disrespect; and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Warkyns is! My sister only could deal with such an one. A superiority in her so visible, he must fear her: Yet a generosity so great, and a dignity so conspicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance, he must love her: Every-body's respect to her, would oblige love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would she do with such a man?

What would she do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with such a man, as Mr. Greville, as Sir Hargrave describes him? I mention these men; for are not there many such?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations against the times: And yet, by what I have seen abroad, and now lately since my arrival, at home, and have heard from men of greater observation, and who have lived longer in the world, than I have, I cannot but think, that Englishmen are not what they were. A wretched effeminacy seems to prevail among them. Marriage itself is every day more and more out of fashion; and even virtuous women give not the institution so much of their countenance, as to discourage by their contempt the free-livers. A good woman, as such, has therefore but few chances for happiness in marriage. Yet shall I not endeavour, the more endeavour, to save and serve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, since my happy acquaintance with Miss Byron, to think that the age is not entirely lost to a sense of virtue and goodness. See we not how every-body reveres her? Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick, men of free lives, adore her. And at the same time she meets with the love of all good men, and the respect of women, whether gay or serious. But I am afraid, that the first attraction with men, is her beauty. I am afraid, that few see in that admirable young lady what I see in her: A mind great and noble: A sincerity beyond that of women: A goodness unaffected, and which shews itself in action, and not merely in words, and outward appearance: A wit lively and inossensive: And an understanding solid and useful: All which render her a fit companion, either in the social or contemplative hour: And yet she thinks herself not above the knowlege of those duties, the performance of which makes an essential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miss Byron to you, my good Dr. Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impossible for me to procure for my Emily such a guardian and companion as Miss Byron, on her return to Northamptonshire, would make her? — Such worthy relations as she would introduce her to, would be a further happiness to my ward.

I am far from undervaluing my sister's good qualities: But if Emily lives with her, she must live also with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people (if I may call those who have a claim upon me for every instance of my friendship, other people) will occasion me to be often absent. But still, while Grandison-hall, and St. James's Square, are the visible places of residence equally of the guardian and ward, Emily's mother will tell the world, that we live together.

Miss Jervois does not choose to return to Mrs. Lane; and indeed I don't think, she would be safe there in a family of women, tho' very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the sex, who, having brought her into the world, calls herself her mother; and especially now that the unhappy woman has begun to be troublesome there. I beg of you, therefore, my dear Dr. Bartlett, who know more of my heart and situation than any one living (my dear Beauchamp excepted) to consider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it, which relates to Miss Byron and Emily.

I was insensibly drawing myself in to enumerate the engagements, which at present press most upon me. Let me add to the subject — I must soon go to Paris, in order finally to settle such of the affairs of my late worthy friend, as cannot be so well done by any other hand. The three thousand pounds, which he has directed to be disposed of to charitable uses, in France as well as in England, at the discretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited sum from what will remain in my hands after the establishment of the nephews and niece. As they are young, and brought up with a hope that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole estate, divided among them, would not be sufficient to answer that purpose happily, tho' it might be enough to abate the edge of their industry.

The charity that I am most intent upon promoting in France, and in England too, is, that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honest men of their own degree, who might, from such an outsetting, begin the world, as it is called, with some hope of success.

By this time, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will guess that I have a design upon you. It is, that you will assist me in executing the Will of my late friend. Make enquiries after, and reccommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You was very desirous, some time ago, to retire to the Hall: But I knew not how to spare you;

and I hoped to attend you thither. You shall now set out for that place as soon as you please. And that neither may be (or as little as possible) losers by the separation, every-thing that we would say to each other, were we together, that, as we used to do, we will say by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the first place, for this sum of 3000 l.

Make enquiries then, as soon as you get down, for worthy objects — The industrious poor, of all persuasions, reduced either by age, infirmity, or accident; Those who labour under incurable maladies; Youth, of either sex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but destitute of the means; These, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of assistance. You shall take 500 l. down with you, for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can say, Dr. Bartlett and Charles Grandison, on all benevolent occasions, are actuated by one soul. My dear friend, adieu.

LETTER III.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Sat. Night, March 18.

I HAVE furnished the Ladies, and my Lord, with more letters. And so they have all my heart before them! — I don't care. The man is Sir Charles Grandison; and they railly me not so much as before, while they thought I affected reserves to them. Indeed it would be cruel, if they did; and I should have run away from them.

I am glad you all think, that the two sisters used me severely. They really did. But I have this gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me — I would not have done so by them, had situations been exchanged. And I think myself nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myself before. — But they are good ladies, and my sincere friends and well-wishers; and I forgive them: And so must my dear grandmamma.

I am sorry, mthinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occasion. And did she weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte? — O the dear, the indulgent, parent! How tender was it of my aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, so hard put to it as she was! It did indeed (as she distinguishes in her usual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendship to me, with regard to my interest in their brother's heart: As if the favour done to the humbled girl, if they could jointly procure for her their brother's countenance, might well allow of their raillery. — Don't, pray don't, my dear grandmamma, call it by a severer name. They did not, I am sure they did not, mean to hurt me so much, as I really was hurt. So let it pass. Humour and raillery are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horse; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his skill in managing them, than he has reason to do.

My uncle was charmed with the scene; and thinks the two ladies did just as he would have done. He means it a compliment to their delicacy, I presume. But I am of my aunt Selby's opinion, that their generous brother would not have given them thanks for their raillery to the poor frighted Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankness on the occasion are not disapproved at Selby-house, and Shirley-manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter rest.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I blush ten times a day, when alone, to find myself waiting and waiting as if for the

gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never will, never can, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an absence, that your goodness makes painful to you, in the same hope. It looks — Don't it, Lucy? — so like a design upon — I don't know how it looks! — But at times, I can't endure myself. And yet while the love of virtue (a little too personal, perhaps) is the foundation of these designs, these waitings, these emotions, I think, I am not wholly inexcusable.

I am sure I should not esteem him, were he not the good man he is. — Pray, let me ask you — Do you think he could not be put upon saying something affronting to me; upon doing something unworthy of his character? — O then I am sure I should hate him: All the other instances of his goodness would then be as nothing. I will be captious, I think: and study to be affronted, whether he intends to affront me, or not. — But what a multitude of foolish notions comes into the head of a silly girl, who, little as she knows, knows more of any-thing, or of any-body, than she knows of herself!

I WISH my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cherishing (perhaps unknown to herself) a flame that will devour her peace. For to be sure this young creature can have no hope that — Yet 50,000l. is a vast fortune. But it can never buy her guardian. Do you think such a man as Sir Charles Grandison has a price? — I am sure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is spoken of. And with pity I see, that he cannot be named, but her eyes sparkle. Her eye is taken off her work or book, as she happens to be engaged in either, and she seems as if she would look the person through who is praising her guardian. For the life of her, she cannot work and hear. And then she sighs — Upon my word, Lucy, there is no such thing as proceeding with his praises before her — the girl so sighs — So young a creature! — Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more observant of her, than I should otherwise perhaps have been (additional to my godfather's observation) is an hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps she has from Miss Grandison, and she not unlikely from the stolen letter: For Miss Grandison hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curiosity [When one is not in good humour, how one's very stile is encumbred!]: The hint is this, That it is more than probable, it will be actually proposed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonshire this young lady — I, who want a governess myself, to be — But let it be proposed.

In a conversation that passed just now, between us women, on the subject of Love (a favourite topic with all girls), this poor thing gave her opinion unasked; and, for a young girl, was quite alert, I thought. She used to be more attentive than talkative.

I whispered Miss Grandison once, Don't you think Miss Jervois talks more than she used to do, madam?

I think she does, madam, re-whispered the arch lady.

I beg your pardon — Charlotte, then.

You have it, Harriet, then. — But let her prate. She is not often in the humour.

Nay, with all my heart; I love Miss Jervois: But I can't but watch when habits begin to change. And I am always afraid of young creatures exposing themselves when they are between girls and women.

I don't love whispering, said Miss Jervois, more pertly than ever: But my guardian loves me; and you, ladies, love me; and so my heart is easy.

Her heart easy! — Who thought of her heart? Her guardian loves her! — Emily sha'n't go down with me, Lucy.

Sunday Monday, March 10.

O BUT, Lucy, we are alarmed here on Miss Jervois's account, by a letter which Dr. Bartlett received a little late last night from Sir Charles; so shewed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfast. The unhappy woman, her mother, has made him a visit. Poor Emily! Dear child! what a mother she has!

I have so much obliged the doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have just perused (and, let me say, with high approbation) that he made no scruple of allowing me to send this letter to you. I asked the favour, as I know you will all now be very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return every-thing the doctor shall intrust me with by the first opportunity.

By the latter part of this letter you will find, that the doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his sister's wishes of a correspondence with him by letter. He consents to it, you will all see; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his three sisters; for he puts me in. Three sisters! His third sister! — The repetition has such an officiousness in it. He is a good man; but he can be severe upon our sex — It is not in woman to be unreserved. — You'll find that one of the reflections upon us: He adds; And to be impartial, perhaps thy should not. Why so? — But is not this a piece of advice given to myself, to make me more reserved than I am? But he gives not himself opportunity to see whether I am or am not reserved. I won't be mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't deserve to be despised by him — No! tho' he were the sovereign of the greatest empire on earth. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

[Inclosed in the preceding.]

March 18.

I HAVE had a visit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one also at Colnebrooke, before I can be so happy as to get thither. I dispatch this therefore, to apprise you and Lord L. of such a probability; which is the greater, as she knows Emily to be there, thro' the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds me to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what passed between us, for your better information, if she goes to Colnebrooke.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when she sent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the assurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would salute her; but I took, or rather received, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fire-side. You have never seen her. She thinks herself still handsome; and, did not her vices make her odious, and her whole aspect shew her heart, she would not be much mistaken.

How does Emily, Sir? gallanting her fan: Is the girl here? Bid her come to me. I will see her.

She is not here, madam.

Where is she then? She has not been at Mrs. Lane's for some time.

She is in the best protection: She is with my two sisters.

And pray, Sir Charles Grandison, What do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly.

She laughed; and her heart spoke out at her eyes.

Tell me what you propose to do with her? You know, added she, affecting a serious air, that she is my child.

If, madam, you deserve to be thought her mother, you will be satisfied with the hands she is in.

Pish! — I never loved you good men: Where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know —

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

I am not to talk seriously with you, Mrs. Jervois: But what have you to say to my ward?

Say! — Why, you know, Sir, I am her mother: And I have a mind to have the care of her person myself. You must (so her father directed) have the care of her fortune. But I have a mind, for her reputationsake, to take the girl out of the hands of so young a guardian. I hope you will not oppose me.

If this be all your business, madam, I must be excused. I am preparing, as you see, to dress.

Where is Emily? I will see the girl.

If your motive be motherly love, little, madam, as you have acted the mother by her, you shall see her when she is in town. But her person, and reputation, as well as fortune, must be my care.

I am married, Sir: And my husband is a man of honour.

Your marriage, madam, gives a new reason why Emily must not be in your care.

Let me tell you, Sir, that my husband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourself; and he will see me righted.

Be he who he will, he can have no business with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, mama?

I did, Sir, Don't you wish me joy? —

Joy, madam! I wish you to deserve joy, and you will then perhaps have it. You'll excuse me — I shall make my friends wait.

I could not restrain my indignation. This woman marries, as she calls it, twice or thrice a year.

Well, Sir, then you will find time, perhaps, to talk with Major O Hara. He is of one of the best families in Ireland. And he will not let me be robbed of my daughter.

Major O-Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the daughter of my late unhappy friend. Nor have I any-thing to say to him. Emily is in my protection; and I am sorry to say, that she never had been so, were not the woman who calls herself her mother, the person least fit to be intrusted with her daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair.

She then broke out into the language in which she always concludes these visits. She threatened me with the resentments of Major O-Hara; and told me, He had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refused it not. I led her to her chair.

I will call again to-morrow afternoon, said she (threatning with her head), perhaps with the major, Sir. And I expect you will produce the little harlotry —

I withdrew in silent contempt. Vile woman!

But let nothing of this escape you to my Emily. I think she should not see her but in my presence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as she was the last

time she saw her, if she comes, and I am not there. But possibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own discretion, the man she has married, who could have no inducement, but the annuity, if he has married her, will not suffer her to incur such a reduction of it; for, you know, I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a year. Her threatening to see me to-morrow may be to amuss me while she goes. The woman is a foolish woman; but, being accustomed to intrigue, she aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now hastening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as the generally is, let who will be present; yet, it seems, knows not how to be silent, whatever be the subject. I have never chosen either to dine or sup with my Lord, that I might not be under a necessity of objecting to her company: And were I not to object to it, as I am a near kinsman to my Lord, and know the situation she is in with him, my complaisance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of spirit.

Yours of this morning was brought me, just as I was concluding. There is one paragraph in it, that greatly interests me.

You hint to me, that my sisters, tho' my absences are short, would be glad to receive now-and-then a letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of habit, which makes me write to you with ease and pleasure. — To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write any-thing. Use, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my sisters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world, that better loves his sisters than I do mine: And now, you know, I have three. But why have they not signified as much to me? Could I give pleasure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myself, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could easily carry on a correspondence with my sisters, were they to be very earnest about it: But then it must be a correspondence: The writing mut not be all of one side. Do they think I should not be equally pleased to hear what they are about, from time to time; and what, occasionally, their sentiments are, upon persons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wish (for young Ladies often wish, and think no more of the matter); then propose the condition. — But caution them, that the moment I discover, that they are less frank, and more reserved, than I am, there will be an end of the correspondence. My three sisters are most amiably frank, for women — But, thus challenged, dare they enter the lists, upon honour, with a man, a brother, upon equal terms? — O no! They dare not. It is not in woman to be unreserved in some points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they should not: Yet, surely, there is now-and-then a man, a

brother, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence reposed in him.

Were this proposal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few secrets. I only wish to keep from relations so dear to me, things that could not possibly yield them pleasure. I am sure I could trust to your judgment, the passages that might be read to them from my letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myself with Charlotte's humorous curiosity; for she seems, as I told her lately, to love to suppose secrets, where there are none, for a compliment to her own sagacity, when she thinks she has found them out; and I love at such times to see her puzzled, and at a fault, as a punishment for her declining to speak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuse for the distance, which my two elder sisters observe to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why should there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is spontaneous, and invincible, in them, there must be some fault in my behaviour, some seeming want of freedom in my manner, with which you will not acquaint me: It is otherwise impossible, that between brothers and sisters, where the love is not doubted on either side, such a distance should subsist. You must consult them upon it, and get them to explain themselves on this subject to you; and when they have done so, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myself more agreeable (more familiar, shall I say?) to them. But I will not by any means excuse them, if they give me cause to think, that the distance is owing to the will and the power I have been blessed with to do my duty by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not justice from their brother? But no more of this subject at present. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrooke; you cannot think how impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr. Bartlett. So, in some cases, is it found to be, by

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Colnebrooke, Sunday Evening.

POOR Emily! her heart is almost broken. This ignoble passion, what a mean-spirited creature had it like to have made me! — Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy! — I will call it ignoble. Did you ever know me before so little? — And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherless girl, just starting into woman, and therefore into more danger than she ever was in before; wanting to be protected — from whom? From a mother. — Dreadful circumstance! — Yet I am ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle! — But let me be despised by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-discovered envy, jealousy, littleness, at least with regard to this unhappy girl, whose calamity endears her to me.

Dear child! sweet Emily! You shall go down with me, if it be proposed. My grandmamma, and uncle, and aunt, will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous: They have no little passion to mislead their beneficence: They are what I hope to be, now I have found myself out — And what if her gratitude shall make her heart overflow into Love, has she not excuse for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occasion of the poor Emily's distress. — About twelve this day, soon after Lord L. and the two sisters and I, came from church (for Emily happened not to go), a coach and four stopped at the gate, and a servant in a sorry livery, alighting from behind it, enquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dress and appearance were military men, and one Lady, were in it.

My Lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his usual politeness.

Don't let me call this unhappy woman Emily's mother; O Hara is the name she owns.

She addressed herself to my Lord: I am the mother of Emily Jervois, my Lord: This gentleman, Major O Hara is my husband.

The Major bowed, strutted, and acknowleged her for his wife: And this gentleman, my Lord, said he, is Captain Salmeret; a very brave man: He is in foreign service. His Lady is my own sister.

My Lord took notice of each.

I understand, my Lord, that my daughter is here. I desire to see her.

One of my Lord's servants, at that time, passing by the door, which was open, Pray Sir, said she to him, let Miss Jervois know, that her mamma is come to see

her. Desire her to come to me.

Major. I long to see my new daughter: I hear she is a charming young Lady. She may depend upon the nd es of a fher from me.

Capt. De man of honour and good nature be my broder's general cha-ract -er, I do assure your Lordship.

He spoke English as a Frenchman, my Lord says; but pronounced the word character as an Irishman.

Major (bowing). No need of this, my dear friend. My Lord has the cha-ract -er of a fine gentleman himself, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due respect.

Lord L. I hope I do. But, madam, you know whose protection the Lady is in.

Mrs. O-Hara. I do, my Lord. Sir Charles Grandison is a very fine gentleman.

Capt. De vinest cha-ract -er in de vorld. By my salvation, every-body say so.

Mrs. O-Hara. But Sir Charles, my Lord, is a very young gentleman to be guardian to so young a creature; especially now that she is growing into woman. I have had some few faults, I own. Who lives, that has not? But I have been basely scandalized. My first husband had his; and much greater than I had. He was set against me by some of his own relations: Vile creatures! — He left me, and went abroad; but he has answered for all by this time; and for the scanty allowance he made me, his great fortune considered: But as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive. — Emily, my dear! —

She stepped to the door on hearing the rustling of silks, supposing her at hand; but it was Miss Grandison, followed by a servant with chocolate, to afford her pretence to see the visitors; and at the same time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to expect to be asked to stay to dinner.

It is to Miss Grandison that I owe the description of each, the account of what passed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs. O-Hara has been an handsome woman; but well might Sir Charles be disgusted with her aspect. She has a leering, fly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel; yet her very dress denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion, sallowish, streaked with red, makes her face (which is not so plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly

Miss Grandison has a way of saying ill-natured things in such a good-natured manner, that one cannot forbear smiling, tho' one should not altogether approve of them; and yet sometimes one would be ready to wonder how she came by her images.

The Major is pert, bold, vain, and seemed particularly sond of his new scarlet coat and laced waistcoat. He is certainly, Miss Grandison says, a low man, tho' a soldier. Anderson, added she, is worth fifty of him. His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is set off to advantage by an enormous solitaire. His bad and straggling teeth are shewn continually by an affected laugh, and his empty discourse is interlarded with eaths; which, with my uncle's leave, I shall omit.

Captain Salmonet, she says, appeared to her in a middle way between a beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a person and shape uncommonly clumsy.

They both assumed military airs, which not sitting naturally, gave them what Miss Grandison called, The swagger of soldierly importance.

Emily was in her own apartment, almost fainting with terror: For the servant, to whom Mrs. O-Hara had spoken, to bid her daughter come to her, had officiously carried up the message.

To what Mrs. O-Hara had said in defence of her own character, my Lord answered, Mr. Jervois had, a right, madam, to do what he pleased with a fortune acquired by his own industry. A disagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this case, as in a duel, the survivor is hardly ever in fault. I have nothing to do in this matter. Miss Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandison's protection. She thinks so; and so does every-body that knows her. It is your misfortune if you do not.

Mrs. O Hara. My Lord, I make no dispute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune; but no father can give away the authority a mother has, as well as himself, over her child.

Major. That child a daughter too, my Lord.

Lord L. To all this I have nothing to say. You will not be able, I believe, to persuade my brother Grandison to give up his ward's person to you, madam.

Mrs. O-Hara. Chancery may, my Lord —

Lord L. I have nothing to say to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done, in this case, than Sir Charles Grandison; and no man will be readier to do what is just and fitting, without law: But I enter not into the case; you must not talk to me on this subject.

Miss Gr. Do you think, madam, that your marriage intitles you the rather to have the care of Miss Jervois?

Major (with great quickness). I hope, madam, that my honour and my cha-ract -er —

Miss Gr. Be they ever so unquestionable, will not intitle you, Sir, to the guardianship of Miss Jervois's person.

Major. I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no father's will, no guardian's power, is to set aside the natural authority which a mother has over her child.

Lord L. This is not my affair. I am not inclined to enter into a dispute with you, madam, on this subject.

Mrs. O-Hara. Let Emily be called down to her mother. I hope I may see my child. She is in this house, my Lord. I hope, I may see my child.

Major. Your Lordship, and you, madam, will allow, that it would be the greatest hardship in the world, to deny to a mother the sight of her child.

Capt. De very greatest hardship of all hardships. Your Lordship will not refuse to let de daughter come to her moder.

Lord L. Her guardian perhaps will not deny it. You must apply to him. He is in town. Miss Jervois is here but as a guest. She will be soon in town. I must not have her alarmed. She has very weak spirits.

Mrs. O-Hara. Weak spirits, my Lord! — A child to have spirits too weak to see her mother! — And she felt for her handkerchief.

Miss Gr. It sounds a little harshly, I own, to deny to a mother the sight of her daughter: But unless my brother were present, I think, my Lord, it cannot be allowed.

Major. Not allowed, madam!

Capt. A moder to be denied to see her daughter! Jesu! And he crossed himself.

Mrs. O-Hara. (putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it seems she wept not). I am a very unhappy mother indeed —

Major (embracing her). My dearest life! My best love! I must not bear these tears — Would to God Sir Charles were here, and thought fit — But I came not here to threaten — You, my Lord, are a man of the greatest honour; so is Sir Charles. — But whatever were the misunderstandings between husband and wife, they should not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife at present desires only to see her child: That's all, my Lord. Were your brother present, madam, he would not deny her this. Then again embracing his wife, my dear soul, be comforted. You will be allowed to see your daughter; no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear soul, be comforted.

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says; and the goodnatured Lord L. was moved — Let Miss Jervois be asked, said he, If she chooses to come down.

I will go to her myself, said Miss Grandison.

She came down presently again —

Miss Byron and Miss Jervois, said she, are gone out together in the chariot.

Major. Nay, madam —

Capt. Upon my salvation this must not pass — And he swaggered about the room.

Mrs. O-Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however: For the poor girl being ready to saint, I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a visit in the chariot; and it had just brought her back. O save me, save me, dear madam, said Miss Emily, to me, wringing her hands. I cannot, I cannot see my mother out of my guardian's, presence: And the will make me own her new husband. I beseech you, save me; hide me!

I saw the chariot from the window, and, without asking any questions, I hurried Miss Emily down stairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and whipping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive any-where, except towards London: And then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, smothering me with her kisses, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could suggest to her.

Miss Grandison told the circumstances pretty near as above; adding, I think, my Lord, that Miss Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occasion. That Lady, in her own heart, knows that the poor girl has reason for it.

Madam, said the Major, my wife is cruelly used. Your brother — But I shall talk to him upon the subect. He is said to be a man of conscience and honour: I hope I shall find him so. I know how to protect and right my wife.

And I will stand by my broder and his lady, said the Captain, to de very last drop of my blood. — He looked fierce, and put his hand on his sword.

Lord L. You don't by these airs mean to insult me, gentlemen — If you do —

Major. No, no, my Lord. But we must seek our remedy elsewhere. Surprising! that a mother is denied the sight of her daughter! Very surprising!

Capt. Very surprising, indeed! — Ver dis to be done in my country — In France — English liberty! Begar ver pretty liberty! — A daughter to be supported against her moder — Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my salvation! —

Mrs. O Hara. And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid seeing her mother? — Strange! Does she always intend to do thus? — She must see me — And dearly shall she repent it!

And she looked fierce, and particularly spiteful; and then declared, that she would stay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

Lord L. You will have my leave for that, madam?

Major. Had we not best go into our coach, and let that drive in quest of her? — She cannot be far off. It will be easy to trace a chariot.

Lord L. Since this matter is carried so far, let me tell you, that, in the absence of her guardian, I will protect her. Since Miss Jervois is thus averse, she shall be

indulged in it. If you see her, madam, it must be by the consent, and in the presence, of her guardian.

Major. Well, my dear, since the matter stands thus; since your child is taught to shun you thus: let us see what Sir Charles Grandison will say to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not privileged. If he thinks fit — And there he stopped, and blustered; and offered his hand to his bride. — I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I will. But you have a letter for the girl, written on a supposition that she was not here. — Little did you think, or I think, that she was in the house when we came; and that she should be spirited away to avoid paying her duty to her mother.

Very true. Very true. And, Very true, said each; and Mrs. O-Hara pulled out the letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and desired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away, very much dissatisfied; the two men muttering and threatning, and resolving, as they said, to make a visit to Sir Charles.

I hope we shall see him here very soon. I hope these wretches will not insult him, or endanger a life so precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occasion, as I was, in dread of the resentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you some account of what passed between Emily and me: You will be charmed with her beautiful simplicity.

When we were in the chariot, she told me, that the last time she saw her mother, it was at Mrs. Lane's: The bad woman made a pretence of private business with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then insisted that she should go off with her, unknown to any-body. And because I desired to be excused, said she, my mother laid her hands upon me, and said she would trample me under her foot. It is true, (unhappy woman!) she was — [Then the dear girl whispered me, tho' no-body was near us — sweet modest creature, loth to reveal this part of her mother's shame even to me aloud, and blushed as she spoke —] she was in her cups. — My mamma is as naughty as some men in that respect: And I believe she would have been as good as her word; but on my screaming (for I was very much frighted) Mrs. Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two servants, and one of her daughters, and rescued me. She had torn my cap — Yet it was a sad thing, you know, madam, to see one's mother put out of the house against her will. And then she raised the neighbourhood. Lord bless me, I thought I should have ded. I did fall into fits. Then was Mrs. Lane forced to tell every one what a sad woman my mother was! It was such a disgrace to me! — It was a month before I eould go to church, or look any-body in the face. But Mrs. Lane's character was of her side; and my guardian's goodness was a help — Shall I say a help against my mother? — Poor woman! we heard afterwards, she was

dead; but my guardian would not believe it. If it would please God to take me, I should rejoice. Many a tear does my poor mother, and the trouble I give to the best of men, cost me, when nobody sees me; and many a time do I cry myself to sleep, when I think it impossible I should get such a kind relief.

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I clasped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle bosom. Her calamity, which was the greatest that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my sister.

And so I will: Dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myself for some passages in my last letter. O how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it possible that mine could have been so narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my assurances, and promsed grateful love to the latest hour of her life.

Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart, said she, for all I am so unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of those sort of faults that give me a resemblance in any way to my poor mother. But how shall I make out what I say? You will mistrust me, I fear: You will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promise to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you please? — Indeed it is an honest one. I wish you aw it thro' and thro'. — If ever I do a wrong thing, mistrust my head, if you please, but not my heart. But in every-thing I will be directed by you; and then my head will be as right as my heart.

I told her, that good often resulted from evil. It was an happy thing perhaps for both, that her mother's visit had been made. Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend: We will have but one heart between us.

Let me add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this sweet girl into consessions of her insant love, and of making ungenerous advantage of them, tho' the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not; I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to despise and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She besought me to let her write to me; to let her come to me for advice, as often as she wanted it, whether here, in my dressing-room or chamber, or at Mr. Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrooke.

I consented very chearfully, and at her request (for indeed, said she, I would not be an intruder for the world) promised by a nod at her entrance, to let her know, if she came when I was busy, that she must retire, and come another time.

You are too young a Lady, added she, to be called my mamma — Alas! I have never a mamma, you know: But I will love you, and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were she as good as you.

Does not the beautiful simplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes swimming in tears, her earnest looks, her throbbing bosom, her hands

now clasped about me, now in one another, added such graces to what she said, that it is impossible to do justice to it: And yet I am affected as I write; but not so much, you may believe, as at the time she told her tender tale.

Indeed her calamity has given her an absolute possession of my heart. I, who had such good parents, and have had my loss of them so happily alleviated, and even supplied, by a grandmamma and an aunt so truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happiness to be related; how unworthy of such blessings should I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who must reckon a living mother as her heaviest misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the disturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs. Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatned to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw; but gave orders that she should never again be allowed to see his ward but in his presence: And she has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now she seems, on this her marriage with Major O-Hara, to have meditated new schemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the persons to whom, in her cups, she once boasted of it: Which was, that as soon as Miss Emily was marriageable, she would endeavour, either by fair means, or foul, to get her into her hands: And if she did, but for one week, she should the next come out the wife of a man she had in view, who would think half the fortune more than sufficient for himself, and make over the other half to her; and then she should come into her right, which she deems to be half of the fortune of which her husband died possessed.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother; which, tho' not well spelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardships to complain of which might have intitled her to pity:

My dear Emily,

IF you have any love, any duty, left, for an unhappy mother whose faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the ill usage of a husband who was not faultless; I conjure you to insist upon making me a visit, either at my new lodgings in Dean-street Soho; or that you will send me word where I can see you, supposing I am not permitted to see you as this day, or that you should not be at Colnebrooke, where, it seems, you have been some days. I cannot believe that your guardian, for his own reputation-sake, as well as for justice-sake, as he is supposed to be a good man, will deny you, if you insist upon it; as you ought to do, if you have half the love for me, that I have for you.

Can I doubt that you will insist upon it; I cannot. I long to see you: I long to lay you in my bosom. And I have given hopes to Major O-Hara, a man of one of the best families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife, if he is put to it, but who wishes to proceed amicably, that you will not scruple, as my husband, to call him father.

I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily; and I am told, that you are grown very tall, and pretty. O my Emily! — What a grievous thing is it to say, that I am told these things; and not to have been allowed to see you; and to behold your growth, and those improvements, which must rejoice my heart, and do, tho' I am so basely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, despise her that bore you. It is a dreadful thing, with such fortunes as your father left, that I must be made poor and dependent; and then be despised for being so.

But if you, my child, are taught to be, and will be, one of those; what, tho' I have such happy prospects in my present marriage, will be my fate but a 〈1 page duplicate〉〈1 page duplicate〉 bitter death, which your want of duty will hasten? For what mother can bear the contempts of her child? And in that case your great fortune will not set you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of my Emily, by her

Indulgent, tho' heretofore unhappy Mother, HELEN O-HARA.

Saturday, March 18.

My Lord thought fit to open this letter: He is sorry that he did; because the poor girl is so low-spirited, that he does not choose to let her see it; but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleases.

Miss Grandison lifted up her hands and eyes as she read it. Such a wretch as this, said she, to remind Emily of God's judgments; and that line written as even as the rest! How was it possible, if her wicked heart could suggest such words, that her fingers could steadily write them? But indeed she verifies the words of the wise man; There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman.

We all long to see Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favoured person, tho' rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be complete were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneasy, not content with itself, and always looking out for the person wanted.

Emily was told, that her mother left a letter for her; but is advised not to be solicitous to see it till her guardian comes. My Lord owned to her, that he had opened it; and pleased tenderness, as he justly might, in excuse of having taken that liberty. She thanked his Lordship, and said, It was for such girls as she to be directed by such good and kind friends.

She has just now left me. I was writing, and wanted to close. I gave her a nod, with a smile, as agreed upon a little before. Thank you, thank you, dear madam, said she, for this freedom. She stopped at the door, and, with it in her hand, in a whispering accent, bending forwards, Only tell me, that you love me as well as you did in the chariot.

Indeed, my dear, I do; and better, I think, if possible: Because I have been putting part of our conversation upon paper, and so have fastened your merits on my memory.

God bless you, madam, I am gone. And away she tript.

But I will make her amends, before I go to rest; and confirm all that I said to her in the chariot; for most cordially I can.

I am, my dear Lucy, and will be,

Ever Yours, HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VI.

MR. DEANE, TO MRS. SELBY.

London, Friday Night, Mar. 17.

YOU wished me, my dear Mrs. Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrooke, and to give you my observations on the state of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all so desirous should be brought about; and particularly, if an opportunity offered, that I would at distance sound Sir Charles himself on the subject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that she herself should not have reason to mistrust me on this nice subject.

It seems his great engagements in town, and some he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L. and his sisters much of his company, tho' our Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebroke. Lord L. is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L. and Miss Grandison are charming women. Miss Jervois is a pretty young Lady. — But more of her by-and-by. — The cousin Grandison you spoke of, is gone down to Grandisonhall: whither Sir Charles himself thinks shortly of going — But this and other distant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My visit to Sir Charles is most in my head, and I will mention that, and give place to other observations afterwards.

After dinner I pursued my journey to London. As my own business was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to stay in town, I alighted at his house in St. James's Square; and was immediately, on sending in my name, introduced to him.

Let me stop to say, He is indeed a very fine gentleman. Majesty and sweetness are mingled in every feature of his face; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped, on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuse the intrusion of a man who was personally a stranger to him; but who had long wished for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young lady in whom I claimed an interest that was truly paternal. At the same time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himself, to the confusion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be ashamed, that they were savages.

He received my compliments as a man might be supposed to do, to whom praise is not a new thing; and made me very handsome ones, declaring himself

acquainted with my character, with my connections with your family, and with one of the most excellent of young Ladies. This naturally introduced the praises of our Harriet; in which he joined in so high and so just a strain, that I saw his heart was touched. I am sure it is: So set yours at rest. It must do. Everything is moving, and that not slowly, to the event so desireable. I led to the graces of her person; he to those of her mind He allowed her to be, for both, one of the most perfect beauties he had ever seen. In short, Mrs. Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itself. His sisters, Lord L. Dr. Bartlett, all avowedly in our lovely girl's favour, and her merit so extraordinary; it must do. Don't you remember what the old song says?

When Phoebus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely, that 'tis day,
Is, to suppose them blind.

All I want, methinks, is, to have them oftener together. Idleness, I believe, is a great friend to Love. I wish his affairs would let him be a little idle. They must be dispatched soon, be they what they will; for Lord L. said, that when he is master of a subject, his execution is as swift as thought, Sir Charles hinted, that he should soon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr. Bartlett said, that he considers all nations as joined on the same continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Constantinople or Pekin, with as little difficulty as some others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's-end. Indeed he appears to be just that kind of man. Yet he seems not to have any of that sort of fire in his constitution, that goes off with a bounce, and leaves nothing but vapour aod smoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a despicable one. He may, no question, have a woman with a much greater; and so may she a man. — What say you to Lady D's proposal, rejected for his sake; at hap-hazard too, as the saying is? But let it once come to that question, and leave it to me to answer it.

You bid me remark how Harriet looks. She is as lovely as ever; but I think, not quite so lively, and somewhat paler; but it is a clear and healthy, not a sickly paleness: And there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never saw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but she has more meekness and humility in her countenance, than, methinks, I would wish her to have; because it gives to Miss Grandison, who has fine spirits, some advantages, in conversation, over Harriet, that, if she had, methinks she should not take. But they perfectly understand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miss Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miss Byron, of the greediness, with which she eats and drinks the praises given her guardian; of the glow that overspreads her cheeks, and of a sigh that

now-and-then seems to escape even her own observation, when he is spoken of; so like a neice of mine, that drew herself in, and was afterwards unhappy; and by these symptoms I conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to Love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and womanly. I thought her sixteen or seventeen; but, it seems, she is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls, as in fruits, as to their maturing, as I may say. My mother, I remember, once said of an early bloom in a neice of her's, that such were born to woe. I hope it won't be so with this; for she certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world or herself. Brought up in a confined manner in her father's house at Leghorn, till twelve or thirteen; whatopportunities could she have? No mother's wings to be sheltered under; Her mother's wickedness giving occasion the more to streighten her education, and at a time of life so young, and in so restraining a country as Italy, for girls and young maidens; and, since brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman — What can she know, poor thing? She has been but a little while with Miss Grandison, and that but as a guest: So that the world before her is all new to her: And, indeed, there seems to be in her pretty wonder, and honest declarations of her whole heart, a simplicity that sometimes borders upon childishness, tho' at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our Harriet's account; and yet Harriet (Lover-like, perhaps!) was alarmed at my hinting it to her: But I am on her own. I wish, as I said before, Sir Charles were more among them: He would soon discover whose Love is fit to be discountenanced, and whose to be encouraged; and, by that means, give ease to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that such a man as this would be guilty (I will call it) of reserve to such a young Lady as ours, were he but to have the shadow of a thought that he has an interest in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: But on my return to Peterborough I will call at Shirley-house and Selby-manor — and then (as I hope to see Sir Charles again, either in London, or at Colnebrooke) I will talk to you of all these matters. Mean time, believe me to be

Your affectionate and faithful humble Servant, THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, March 20.

AFTER we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapt at Fmily's chamber-door; which being immediately opened by her maid, Is it you, my dear Miss Byron? said she, running to me. How good this is!

I am come, my dear, late as it is, to pass an agreeable half-hour with you, if it will not be unseasonable.

That it can never be.

You must then let your Anne go to bed, said I: Else as her time is not her own, I shall shorten my visit. I will assit you in any little services myself. I have dismissed Jenny.

God bless you, madam, said she. You consider every-body. Anne tells me, that the servants, throughout the house, adore you: And I am sure their principals do. — Anne, you may go to your rest.

Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miss Jervois loves to sit up late, either reading, or being read to, by Anne; who, tho' she reads well, is not fond of the task.

Servants, said I, are as sensible as their masters and mistresses. They speak to their feelings. I question not but they love Miss Jervois as well as they do me. I should as soon choose to take my measures of the goodness of principals by their servants love of them, as by any other rule. Don't you see, by the silent veneration and assiduities of the servants of Sir Charles Grandison, how much they adore their master?

I am very fond of being esteemed by servants, said she, from that very observation of my guardian's goodness, and his servants worthiness, as well as from what my maid tells me, all of them say of you. But you and my guardian are so much alike in every thing, that you seem to be born for one another.

And then she sighed, involuntarily; yet seemed not to endeavour to restrain or recal her sigh.

Why sighs my dear young friend? Why sighs my Emily?

That's good of you, to call me you Emily. My guardian calls me his Emily. I am always proud when he calls me so — I don't know why I sigh: But I have lately got a trick of sighing, I think. Will it do me harm? Anne tells me, it will; and says, I must break myself of it. She says, is is not pretty in a young Lady to sigh: But where is the un-prettiness of it?

Sighing is said to be a sign of being in Love; and young Ladies —

Ah! madam! And yet you sigh, very often —

I felt myself blush.

I often catch myself sighing, my dear, said I. It is a trick, as you call it, which I would not have you learn.

But I have reason for sighing, madam; which you have not — Such a mother! A mother that I wanted to be good, not so much to me, as to herself: A mother so unhappy, that one must be glad to run away from her. My poor papa! so good as he was to every body, and even to her, yet had his heart broken — O madam! — (flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my bosom) Have I not cause to sigh?

I wept on her neck; I could not help it: So dutifully sensible of her calamity! and for such a calamity, who could forbear?

Such a disgrace too! said she, raising her head. Poor woman! — Yet she has the worst of it. Do you think that that is not enough to make one sigh?

Amiable goodness! (kissing her cheek) I shall love you too well.

You are too good to me: You must not be so good to me: That, even that, will make me sigh. My guardian's goodness to me gives me pain; and I think verily, I sigh more since last I left Mrs. Lane, and have seen more of his goodness, and how every-body admires, and owns obligation to him, than I did before. — To have a stranger, as one may say, and so very fine a gentleman, to be so good to one, and to have such an unhappy mother — who gives him so much trouble — how can one help sighing for both reasons?

Dear girl! said I, my heart overflowing with compassion for her, you and I are bound equally, by the tie of gratitude, to esteem him.

Ah, madam! you will one day be the happiest of all women — And so you deserve to be.

What means my Emily?

Don't I see, don't I hear, what is designed to be brought about by Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison? And don't I hear from my Anne, what every body expects and wishes for?

And does every-body expect and wish, my Emily —

I stopped. She went on. — And don't I see that my guardian himself loves you?

Do you think so, Emily?

O how he dwells upon your words, when you speak!

You fansy so, my dear.

You have not observed his eyes so much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched your eyes, too; but have not seen that you mind him

quite so much as he does you. — Indeed he loves you dearly. — And then she sighed again.

But why that sigh, my Emily? — Were I so happy as you think, in the esteem of this good man, would you envy me, my dear?

Envy you! — I, such a simple girl as I, envy you! No, indeed. Why should I envy you? — But tell me now; dear madam, tell me; Don't you love my guardian?

Every body does. You, my Emily, love him.

And so I do: But you love him, madam, with a hope that no one else will have reason to entertain — Dear now, place a little confidence in your Emily: My guardian shall never know it from me, by the least hint. I beg you will own it. You can't think how you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will give me importance with myself.

Will you, Emily, be as frank-hearted with me, as you would have me be with you?

Indeed I will.

I do, my dear, greatly esteem your guardian.

Esteem! Is that the word? Is that the Ladies word for Love? And is not the word Love, a pretty word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am sure.

And I am sure you cannot mean harm: I will be sincere with my Emily. But you must not let any one living know what I say to you of this nature. I would prefer your guardian, my dear, to a king, in all his glory.

And so, madam, would I, if I were you. I should be glad to be thought like you in every-thing.

Amiable innocence! But tell me, Miss Jervois, Would you not have me esteem your guardian? You know he was my guardian too, and that at an exigence when I most wanted one.

Indeed I would. Would you have me wish such a good young Lady, as Miss Byron, to be ungrateful? No, indeed. — And again she sighed.

Why then sighed my Emily? You said you would be frank-hearted.

So I will, madam. But I really can't tell why I sighed then. I wish my guardian to be the happiest man in the world: I wish you, madam, to be the happiest woman: And how can either be so, but in one another? — But I am grieved, I believe, that there seems to be something in the way of your mutual happiness — I don't know whether that is all, neither — I don't know what it is — If I did, I would tell you — But I have such throbs sometimes at my heart, as make me fetch my breath hard — I don't know what it is — Such a weight here, as makes me sigh; and I have a pleasure, I think, because I have an ease in sighing — What can it be? —

Go on, my dear: You are a pretty describer.

Why now, if any-body, as Anne did last time my guardian came hither, was to run up stairs, in an hurry; and to say, Miss, Miss, Miss, your guardian is come! I should be in such a flutter! my heart would seem to be too big for my bosom! I should sit down as much out of breath, as if I had ran down an high hill. — And, for half an hour, may be, so tremble, that I should not be able to see the dear guardian that perhaps I had wanted to see. And to hear him with a voice of gentleness, as if he pitied me for having so unhappy a mother, call me his Emily. — Don't you think he has a sweet voice? — And your voice, too, madam, is also so sweet — Every-body says, that even in your common speech your voice is melody. — Now Anne says —

O my agreeable little flatterer!

I don't flatter, madam. Don't call me a flatterer. I am a very sincere girl: Indeed I am.

I dare say you are: But you raise my vanity, my dear. It is not your fault to tell me what people say of me; but it is mine to be proud of their commendations — But you were going to tell me what Anne says, on your being so much affected, when she tolls you in an hurry that your guardian is come?

Why Anne says, That all those are signs of Love. Foolish creature! — And yet so they may: But not of such Love as she means. — Such a Love as she as good as owns she had in her days of slutteration, as she whimsically calls them; which, as she explains it, were when she was two or three years older than I am. In the first place, I am very young, you know, madam; a mere girl: And such a simple thing! — I never had a mother, nor sister neither; nor a companion of my own sex. — Mrs. Lane's daughters, what were they? — They looked upon me as a child as I was. In the next place, I do love my guardian, that's true: but with as much reverence, as if he were my father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my father.

But you had not, my dear, any of those flutters, those throbs, that you spoke of, on any returns of your father, after little absences?

Why, no; I can't say I had. Nor, tho' I always rejoiced when my guardian came to see me at Mrs. Lane's, had I, as I remember, any such violent emotions, as I have had now of late. I don't know how it is — Can you tell me?

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this sweet girl?

My dear Emily! — These are symptoms, I doubt —

Symptoms of what, madam? — Pray tell me sincerely. I will not hide a thought of my heart from you.

If encouraged, my dear —

What then, madam? —

It would be Love, I doubt. — That sort of Love that would make you uneasy —

No; that cannot be surely. Why, madam, at that rate, I should never dare to stand in your presence. Upon my word, I wish no one in the world, but you, to be lady Grandison. I have but one fear —

And what is that?

That my guardian won't love me so well, when he marries, as he does now.

Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow so large an heart as his?

No; not if that woman were you. — But, forgive my folly! (and she looked down) he would not take my hand so kindly as now he does: He would not look in my face with pleasure, and with pity on my mother's account, as he does now: He would not call me his Emily: He would not bespeak ever one's regard for his ward.

My dear, you are now almost a woman. He will, if he remain a single man, soon draw back into his heart that kindness and love for you, which, while you are a girl, he suffers to dwell upon his lips. You must expect this change of behaviour soon, from his prudence. You yourself, my love, will set him the example: You will grow more reserved in your outward behaviour, than hitherto there was reason to be —

O, madam! never tell me that! I should break my heart, were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderness that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an incroacher; if he find me forward, and indiscreet, and troublesome; then let him call me any -body's Emily, rather than his.

You will have different notions, my dear, before that time —

Then, I think, I sha'n't desire to live to see the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to set against my unhappiness from my mother, is, that so good, so virtuous, and so prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandison, calls me his Emily, and loves me as his child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandison (now, tell me, would you) grudge me these instances of his favour and affection?

Indeed, my dear, I would not: If I know my own heart, I would not.

And would you permit me to live with you? — Now it is out — Will you permit me to live with my guardian and you? — This is a question I wanted to put to you; but was both ashamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.

Indeed I would, if your guardian had no objection.

That don't satisfy me, madam. Would you be my earnest, my sincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you any-thing. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it — Would you) say,

‘Look you here, Sir Charles Grandison; This girl, this Emily, is a good sort of girl: She has a great fortune. Snares may be laid for her: She has no papa but you: She has, poor thing! (I hope you would call me by names of pity to move him) no mamma; or is more unhappy than if she had none. Where can you dispose of her so properly as to let her be with us? I will be her protectress, her friend, her mamma’

[Yes, do, madam, let me choose a mamma! Don’t let the poor girl be without a mamma, if you can give her one. I am sure I will study to give you pleasure, and not pain] —

‘I insist upon it, Sir Charles. It will make the poor girl’s heart easy. She is told of the arts and tricks of men where girls have great fortunes: and she is always in dread about them, and about her unhappy mother. Who will form plots against her, if she is with us?’

– Dear, dear madam! you are moved in my favour — Who could have forborn being affected by her tender prattle? and she threw her arms about me; I see you are moved in my favour! — And I will be your attendant: I will be your waiting-maid: I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my guardian.

I could not bear this.

No more, no more, my lovely girl, my innocent, my generous, my irresistible girl — Were it come to that [It became me to be unreserved, for more reasons than one, to this sweet child] — Not one request should my Emily make, that heart and mind I would not comply with: Not one wish that I would not endeavour to promote and accomplish for her.

I folded her to my heart, as she hung about my neck.

I grieve you — I would not, for the world, grieve my young mamma, said she — Henceforth let me call you my mamma. — Mamma, as I have heard the word explained, is a more tender name even than mother — The unhappy Mrs. Jervois shall be Mrs. O-Hara, if she pleases; and only mother: A child must not renounce her mother, tho’ the mother should renounce, or worse than renounce, her child.

I must leave you, Emily.

Say then my Emily.

I must leave you my, and more than my Emily. — You have cured me of sleepiness for this night!

O then I am sorry —

No; don’t be sorry. You have given me pain, ’tis true; but I think it is the sweetest pain that ever entered into an human heart. Such goodness! such innocence! such generosity! — I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowledge so worthy a young heart as yours.

Now, how good this is! (and again she wrapped her arms about me) And will you go?

I must, I must, my dear! — I can stay no longer. — But take this assurance, that my Emily shall have a first place in my heart for ever. I will study to promote your happiness; and your wishes shall be the leaders of mine.

Then I am sure I shall live with my guardian and you for ever, as I may say: And God grant, and down on her knees she dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine, that you may be the happiest of women, and that scon, for my sake, as well as your own, in marriage with the best of men — my guardian! (exultingly, said she): And say, Amen — Do, God bless you, madam, say Amen to my prayer.

I struggled from her. — O my sweet girl! I cannot bear you! — I hastened out at the door, to go to my chamber.

You are not angry, madam? following me, and taking my hand, and kissing it with eagerness. Say you are not displeased with me. I will not leave you till you do.

Angry! my love! Who can be angry? How you have distressed me, by your sweet goodness of heart?

Thank God, I have not offended you. And now say, once more, my Emily — Say, Good rest to you, my Emily — my love — and all those tender names — and say, God bless you, my child, as if you were my mamma; and I will leave you, and I shall in fancy go to sleep with Angels.

Angels, only, are fit company for my Emily — God bless my Emily! Good night! Be your slumbers happy!

And I kissed her once, twice, thrice, with fervor; and away she tript; but stopt at the door, courtesying low, as I, delighted, yet painfully delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had said, and on what might be my fate; so many different thoughts came into my head, that I could not close my eyes: I therefore arose before day; and, while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting subject, had recourse to my pen.

Do, my Lucy, and do you, my grandmamma, my aunt, my uncle, more than give me leave, bid me, command me, if it shall be proposed, to bring down with me my Emily: And yet she shall not come, if you don’t all promise to love her as well as you do

Your for ever obliged HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, Mar. 20.

THE active, the restless goodness, of this Sir Charles Grandison, absolutely dazles me, Lucy!

The good Dr. Bartlett has obliged us all with the sight of two letters, which give an account of what he has done for Lord W. his uncle. He has been more than a father to his uncle: Does not that sound strange? But he is to be the obliger of every-body.

The Doctor said, that since Miss Grandison had claimed the benefit of her brother's permission for him to use his own discretion in communicating to us such of the letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L. and the sisters, than by reading to them those two letters, as they were a kind of family subject.

After the Doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his closet. I stole up after him, and obtained his leave to transmit them to you.

Lucy, be chary of them, and return them when perused.

There is no such thing as pointing out particular passages of generosity, justice, prudence, disinterestedness, beneficence, that strike one in those letters, without transcribing every paragraph in them. And, ah Lucy! there are other observations to be made; mortifying ones, I fear.

Only let me say, That I think, if Sir Charles Grandison could and would tender himself to my acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think, if I were his, I should not live in continual dread of a separation from him, even by that inevitable stroke which, alone, could be the means of completing his existence?

This is the man, ye modest, ye tender-hearted fair ones, whom ye should seek to entitle to your vows: Not the lewd, the obscene libertine, soul Harpy, son of Riot, and of Erebus; glorying in his wickedness, triumphing in your weakness, and seeking by storm to win an heart that ought to shrink at his approach. Shall not Like cleave to Like? — Henceforth may it be so, wishes

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Sat. Night, Mar. 18.

AS soon as I had seen Mrs. Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W.

He received me with great expressions of esteem and affection.

He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character rose upon him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he said, I was my mother's son.

He commended me for my oeconomy, and complimented into generosity the justice I had done to some of my friends.

I frankly own, said he, that at your first arrival, and even till now (that I am determined to be the man you, cousin, would wish me to be) I had thought it but prudent to hold back. For I imagined, that your father had lived at such a rate, that you would have applied to me, to extricate you from difficulties; and particularly, for money to marry your elder sister, at least. I took notice, young man, proceeded he, and I heard others observe, that you had not eyes to see any of your father's faults; either when he was living, or departed; and this gave me reason to apprehend, that you had your father's extravagant turn: And I was resolved, if I were applied to, to wrap myself close about in a general denial. Else, all I had been gathering together for so many years past, might soon have been dissipated; and I should only have taken a thorn out of the foot of another, and put it into my own.

And then he threw out some disagreeable reflexions on my father's spirit.

To those I answered, That every man had a right to judge for himself, in those articles for which he himself only is accountable. My father, and your Lordship, continued I, had very different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taste: Prudence (so your Lordship must account it) is yours. There are people in the world, who would give different names to both tastes: But would not your Lordship think it very presumptuous in any man to arraign you at the bar of his judgment, as mistaken in the measures of your prudence?

Look you, ne hew, I don't well know what to make of your speech; but I judge, that you mean not to affront me.

I do not, my Lord. While you was apprehensive that you might be a sufferer by me, you acted with your usual prudence to discourage an application. My father had, in your Lordship's judgment, but one fault; and he was the principal sufferer by it himself: Had he looked into his affairs, he would have avoided the necessity

of doing several things that were disagreeable to him, and must ever be, to a man of spirit. His very timber, that required, as I may say, the ax, would have furnished him with all he wanted: And he paid interest for a less sum of money than actually was in the hands of his stewards, unaccounted for.

But what a glory to you, cousin —

No compliment to me, my Lord, I pray you, to the discredit of my father's memory. He had a right to do what he did. Your Lordship does what you think fit. I too, now I am my own master, do as I please. My taste is different from both. I pursue mine, as he did his. If I should happen to be more right than my father in some things, he might have the advantage of me in others; and in those I happen to do, that are generally thought laudable, what merit have I? Since all this time (directed by a natural bias) I am pursuing my own predominant passion; and that, perhaps, with as much ardour, and as little power to resist it as my father had to restrain his.

Bravo! bravo! said my Lord — Let me ask you, nephew — May all young men, if they will, improve by travelling, as you have done? — If they may, by my troth nine parts in ten of those who go abroad, ought to be hanged up at their fathers doors on their return.

Very severe, my Lord. But thinking minds will be thoughtful, whether abroad or at home: Unthinking ones call for our pity.

Well, Sir, I do assure you, that I am proud of my nephew, whatever you are of your uncle. And there are two or three things that I want to talk to you about; and one or two that I would consult you upon.

He rang, and asked, What time dinner would be ready?

In half an hour, was the answer.

Mrs. Gissard came in. Her face glowed with passion. My Lord seemed affected at her entrance. It was easy to see, that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my Lord was more afraid of her, than she was of him.

She endeavoured to assume a complaisant air to me; but it was so visibly struggled for, that it sat very aukwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when she broke silence, to ask officiously, as she did, after the health of my sister Charlotte.

I would be alone with my nephew, said my Lord, in a passionate tone.

You shall be alone, my Lord, impertinently replied she, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled more then once before, and that she had made it up on her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeness that he only could take, and deserve, who was conscious of having degraded himself.

Foolish woman; Why came she in when I was there, except to shew her supposed consequence, at the expence of his honour? She knew what my opinion

was of her. She would, by a third hand, once, have made overtures to me of her interest with my Lord; but I should have thought meanly of myself, had I not, with disdain, rejected the tender of her services.

A damned woman! said my lord; but looked; fist, as if he would be sure she was out of hearing.

This woman, nephew, and her behaviour, is one of the subjects I wanted to consult you upon.

Defer this subject, my Lord, till you have recovered your temper. You did not design to begin with it. You are discomposed.

And so I am: And he puffed, and panted, as if out of breath.

I asked him some indifferent questions. To have followed him upon the subject at that time, whatever resolutions he had taken; they would probably have gone off, when the passion, to which they would have owed their vigour, had subsided.

When he had answered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praises again, and, particularly, for my behaviour to Mrs. Oldham; who, he said, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily; and never opened her lips, when she was led to mention me, but with blessings heaped upon me.

That woman, my Lord, said I was once good. A recovery, where a person is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for, than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wished for, in the latter, is that she may be made unhurtful: Her highest good was never more then harmlessness. She that was once good, cannot be easy, when she is in a true state of penitence, till she is restored to that from which she was induced to depart.

You understand these matters, cousin: I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I shall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I must talk about this woman, nephew. I am calm now. I must talk of this woman now — I am resolved to part with her: I can bear her no longer. Did you n mind how she pulled the door after her, tho' you were present?

I did, my Lord. But it was plain, that something disagreeable had passed before; or she could not so intirely have forgot herself. But, my Lord, we will postpone this subject, if you please. If you yourself lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it, with all my heart.

Well, then, be it so. But now tell me, Have you, nephew, any thoughts of marriage?

I have great honour for the state; an hope to be one day happy in it.

Well said — And are you at liberty, kinsman, to receive a proposal of that nature?

And then, without waiting for my answer, he proposed Lady Frances N. and said, he had been spoken to on that subject.

I answered, that the Lady was very deserving; but that I should think myself under too great obligations to a wife, for my own ease, if there were a woman in the world whom I could prefer to her.

Well, what think you of Lady Anne S.? I am told, that she is likely to be the Lady. She has a noble fortune. Your sisters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.

My sisters wish me happily married. I have such an opinion of both those Ladies, that it would give me some little pain, to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuse me, were I offered to her, as I cannot, myself, make the offer. I cannot bear, my Lord, to think of returning slight for respect, to my own sex: But as to Ladies; how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity?

Charming notions! If you had them not abroad, you had them from your mother: She was all that was excellent in woman.

Indeed she was. Excellent woman! She was always before my eyes.

And excellent kinsman too! Now I know your reverence for your mother, I will allow of all you say of your father; because I see it is all from principle. I have known some men who have spoken with reverence of their mothers, to give themselves dignity: That is to say, for bringing creatures so important as themselves into the world, and who have exacted respect to the good old women who were merely good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incense, offered the parent, into their own nostrils. This was duty in parade.

The observation my good Dr. Barlett, I thought above my Lord W. I think I have heard one like it, made by my father, who saw very far into men; but was sometimes led, by his wit, into saying a severe thing: And yet, whenever I hear a man praised highly for the performance of common duties, as for being a good husband, a good son, or a kind father; tho' each is comparatively praise-worthy, I conclude, that there is nothing extraordinary to be said of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed comprizing all the duties in one word. For friendship is the balm, as well as seasoning, of life: And a man cannot be defective in any of the social duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly understood.

Well, cousin, since you cannot think of either of those Ladies, how should you like the rich and beautiful Countess of R.? You know what an excellent character she bears.

I do. But, my Lord, I should not choose to marry a widow: And yet, generally, I do not disrespect widows, nor imagine those men to blame who marry them. But as my circumstances are not unhappy, and as riches will never be my principal inducement in the choice of a wife, I may be allowed to indulge my peculiarities;

especially as I shall hope (and I should not deserve a good wife if I did not) that, when once married, I shall be married for my whole life.

The Countess once declared, said my Lord, before half a score in company, two of them her particular admirers, That she never would marry any man in the world, except he were just such another, in mind and manners, as Sir Charles Grandison.

Ladies, my Lord, who in absence speak favourably of a man that forms not pretensions upon them, nor is likely to be troublesome to them, would soon convince that man of his mistake, were his presumption to rise upon their declared good opinions.

I wonder, proceeded my Lord, that every young man is not good. I have heard you, cousin, praised in all the circles where you have been mentioned. It was certainly an advantage to you to come back to us a stranger, as I may say. Many youthful follies may perhaps be over-passed, that we shall never know any-thing of: But, be that as it will, I can tell you, Sir, that I have heard such praises of you, as have made my eyes glisten, because of my relation to you. I was told, within this month past, that no fewer than Five Ladies, out of one circle, declared, that they would stand out by consent, and let you pick and choose a wife from among them.

What your Lordship has heard of this nature, let me say, without affecting to disclaim a compliment apparently too high for my merits, is much more to the honour of the one sex, than of the other. I should be glad, that policy, if not principle (principle might take root, and grow from it), would mend us men.

So should I, nephew: But I [Poor man! he hung down his head!] have not been a better man than I ought to be. Do you not despise me, in your heart, cousin? — You must have heard — That cursed woman — But I begin to repent! And the truly good, I believe, cannot be either censorious, or uncharitable. Tell me, however, Do you not despise me?

Despise my mother's brother! No, my Lord. Yet were a sovereign to warrant my freedom, and there was a likelihood that he would be the better for it; I would, with decency, tell him my whole mind. I am sorry to say it; but your Lordship, if you have not had virtue to make you worthy of being imitated, has too many examples among the great, as well as among the middling, to cause you to be censured for singularity. But your Lordship adds, to a confession that is not an ungenerous one, that you begin to repent.

Indeed I do. And your character, cousin, has made me half-ashamed of myself.

I am not accustomed, my Lord, to harangue on these subjects to men who know their duty: But let me say, That your Lordship's good resolutions, to be efficacious, must be built upon a better foundation than occasional disgust or

disobligation. But here, again, we are verging to a subject that we are both agreed to defer till after dinner.

I am charmed with your treatment of me, cousin. I shall, for my own sake, adore my sister's son. Had I consulted my chaplain, who is a good man too, he would have too roughly treated me.

Divines, my Lord, must do their duty.

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed, than I could have imagined: And after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refusal of a duel, he, by a transition that was very natural, mentioned the rescued Lady, as he called her. I have heard, cousin, said he, that she is the most beautiful woman in England.

I think her so, my Lord, replied I: And she has one excellence, that I never before met with in a Beauty: She is not proud of it.

I then gave my opinion of Miss Byron in such terms, as made my Lord challenge me, as my sisters once did, on the warmth of my description and praises of her.

And does your Lordship think, that I cannot do justice to the merits of such a Lady as Miss Byron, but with an interested view? I do assure you, that what I have said, is short of what I think of her. But I can praise a Lady, without meaning a compliment to myself. I look upon it, however, as one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, that I have been able to serve her, and save her from a forced marriage with a man whom she disliked, and who could not deserve her. There is hardly any-thing gives me more pain, than when I see a worthy woman very unequally yoked, if her own choice has not been at first consulted; and who yet, tho' deeply sensible of her misfortune, irreproachably supports her part of the yoke.

You are a great friend to the sex, kinsman.

I am. I think the man who is not, must have fallen into bad company; and deserves not to have been favoured with better. Yet to unwomanly faults, to want of morals, and even to want of delicacy, no man is more quicksighted.

I don't know how it is; but I have not, at this rate, fallen into the best company: But perhaps it is for want of that delicacy, in my own mind, which you are speaking of.

Were we men, my Lord, to value women (and to let it be known that we do) for those qualities which are principally valuable in the sex; the less estimable, if they would not be reformed, would shrink out of our company, into company more suitable to their taste; and we should never want objects worthy of our knowledge, and even of our admiration, to associate with. There is a kind of magnetism in goodness. Bad people will indeed find out bad people, and

confederate with them, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of sand; while trust, confidence, love, sympathy, and a reciprocation of beneficent actions, twist a cord which ties good men to good men, and cannot be easily broken.

I have never had these notions, cousin; and yet they are good ones. I took people as I found them; and to own the truth, meaning to serve myself, rather than any-body else, I never took pains to look out for worthy attachments. The people I had to do with, had the same views upon me, as I had upon them; and thus I went on in a state of hostility with all men; mistrusting and guarding, as well as I could, and not doubting that every man I had to do with would impose upon me, if I placed a confidence in him: But as to this Miss Byron, nephew, I shall never rest till I see her — Pray what is her fortune? They tell me, it is not above 15000l. — What is that, to the offers you have had made you?

Just then we were told, dinner was on the table.

I am wishing for an inclination to rest; but it flies me. The last Letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as those from the Bishop, afflict me. Why have I such a feeling heart? Were the unhappy situation of affairs there owing to my own enterprizing spirit, I should deserve the pain it gives me. But I should be too happy, had I not these withoutdoor perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me. Thank God that they arise not from within, tho' they make themselves too easy a passage to my heart!

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowsy moment, I shall welcome its approach: If not, I will rise, and continue my subject.

LETTER X.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Sunday Mar. 19.

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulness. I could not, tho' I tried for it, prevail for more: And I will continue my subject.

After dinner, every attendant being dismissed, my Lord, making me first see that nobody was listening n the passages, began as follows:

I am determined, nephew, to part with this Giffard. She is the plague of my life. I would have done it half a year ago, on an occasion that I will not mention to you, because you would despise me, if I did, for my weakness: And now she wants to bring in upon me, a sister of hers, and her husband, and to part with two other worthy folks, that I know love me; but of whom, for that reason, she is jealous; and then they would divide me among them: For this man and his wife have six children; all of whom, of late, make an appearance that cannot be honestly supported.

And have you any difficulty, my Lord, in parting with her, but what arises from your own want of resolution?

The most insolent devil that ever was about a man at one time, and the most whining at another. Don't despise me, nephew; you know I have taken her as — You know what I mean —

I understand you, my Lord.

But say, you don't despise me, Sir Charles Grandison. As I hope to live, I am half afraid of you.

My pity, my Lord, where I see compunction, is stronger than my censure.

That is well said. — Now I agreed with this woman, in a weak moment, and she has held me to it, to give her an annuity of 150l. for life; which was to be made up 250l. if I parted with her, without her consent; and here we have been, for several months, plaguing one another, whether I shall turn her out of the house, or she will leave me: For she has told me, that she will not stay, unless I take in her sister and brother; yet will not go, because she will then have no more than the 150l. a year. And that is too much for her deserts for these two years past.

Your Lordship sees the inconveniencies of this way of life; and I need not mention to you, how much happier that state is, which binds a man and woman together by interest, as well as by affection, if discretion be not forgotten in the choice. But let me express my surprize, that your Lordship, who has so ample an

estate, and no child should seem to value your peace of mind at so low a rate as 100l. a year.

I will not let her go away with such a triumph. She has not deserved from me —

Pray, my Lord, was she of reputation when you took her?

She was a widow —

But was her character tolerable in the eye of the world? She might be a greater object of pity for being a widow.

My gouty disorders made me want a woman about me. I hated men-fellows —

Well, my Lord, this regards your motive. But have you any previous or later incontinence to charge her with?

I can't say I have. Her cursed temper would frighten, rather than invite, Lovers. I heard, it was no good one; but it broke not out to me till within these two years.

Your Lordship, surely, must not dispute the matter with her. If you are determined to part with her, give her the 250l. a year, and let her go.

To reward a cursed woman for misbehaviour! — I cannot do it.

Give me leave to say, that your Lordship has deserved some punishment: Give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a punishment to yourself.

You hurt my sore place, nephew.

Consider, my Lord, that 250l. a year for life, or even for ever, is a poor price, for the reputation of a woman with whom a man of your quality and fortune condescended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment must strike her to the heart, if she live to have compunction seize her, when she thinks that she is receiving, for subsistence, the wages of her shame. Be that her punishment. You intimate, that she has so behaved herself, that she has but few friends: Part with her, without giving her cause of complaint, that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expence. A woman who has lost her reputation, will not be regardful of yours. Suppose she sue you for non-performance of covenants: Would your Lordship appear to such a prosecution? You cannot be capable of pleading your privilege on such a prosecution as would otherwise go against you. You cannot be in earnest to part with this woman, she cannot have offended you beyond forgiveness, if you scruple 100l. a year to get rid of her.

He servently swore, that he was in earnest; and added, I am resolved, nephew, to marry, and live honest.

He looked at me, as if he expected that I should be surprised.

I believe I could not change countenance, on such an hint as this. You have come to a good resolution, my Lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your Lordship will find the difference in your own reflexions, as well as in your

reputation and interest. And shall the difference of 100l. a year — Don't let me say, that I am ashamed for my Lord W.

I knew that you would despise me, Sir Charles.

I know, my Lord, that I should despise myself, were I not to deal freely with you in this respect. Indeed, my Lord, you have not had so good reason (forgive me!) to think hardly of my father's spirit, as you had to correct your own.

I cannot bear this, nephew. He looked displeased.

You must not be angry, my Lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, consulting me, shall be displeased with me for speaking my mind with freedom and sincerity.

What a man am I talking to! — Well, rid me of this torment [You have spirit, nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles] and I will for ever love you. But talk to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and sobs, and threatens, by turns, and I cannot bear it. — Once she was going to tie herself up — Would to God I had not prevented her — And then (O my folly!) we went on again.

My good Dr. Bartlett, I was ashamed of my uncle. But you see what an artful, as well as insolent woman, this is. What solly is there in wickedness! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it succeed so often as it does? — Yet my mother's brother to wish he had suffered a creature, with whom he had been familiar, to destroy herself! — I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be serving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance; or I should not have kept my seat — But we see in my mother, and in her brother, how habitual wickedness debases, and how habitual goodness exalts, the human mind. In their youth they were supposed nearer an equality in their understandings and attainments, than in their maturity, when occasion called out into action their respective talents. But perhaps the brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted prosperity that attended him, and for having never met with check or controul; whereas the most happily married woman in the world must have a will to which she must sometimes resign her own. What a glory to a good woman must it be, who can not only resign her will, but make so happy an use of her resignation, as my mother did!

My Lord repeated his request, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and sent for her, accordingly.

She came to me, out of breath with passion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehension for what her own behaviour might be before me.

I see, Mrs. Giffard, said I, that you are in great emotion. I am desired to talk with you; a task I am not very fond of: But you will find nothing but civility, such

as is due to you, for your sex's sake, from me. Calm, therefore, your mind: I will see you again, in a few moments.

I took a turn, and soon came back. Her face looked not quite so bloated; and she burst into tears. She began to make a merit of her services; her care; her honesty; and then inveighed against my Lord for the narrowness of his spirit. She paid some compliments to me, and talked of being ashamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what she was prepared to say of her sacrifices, the loss of her good name, and the like; on which, with respect to my Lord, and his ingratitude to her, as she called it, she laid great stress.

I am never displeased, my dear friend, with the testimony which the most profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to set a value upon their departure from it.

You have it not to say, Mrs. Giffard, that my Lord betrayed, seduced, or deceived you. I say not this so much for reproach, as for justice-sake; and not to suffer you to deceive yourself, and to load him with greater faults than he has been guilty of. You were your own mistress: You had no father, mother, husband, to question you, or to be offended with you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a sole and independent person. One hundred and fifty pounds a year, Mrs. Giffard, tho' a small price for the virtue of a good woman, which is indeed above all price, is, nevertheless, greatly above the price of common service. I never seek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature: tho' it is not my meaning to assront, a woman especially, and one who supposes herself in distress. You must know, madam, the frail tenure by which you are likely to hold: You stipulated, therefore, for a provision, accordingly. The woman who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardships to take the stipulation, and once more give herself the opportunity to recover her lost fame. This independence my Lord is desirous to give you —

What independence, Sir?

One hundred and fifty —

Two hundred and fifty, Sir, if you please — If my Lord thinks fit to dismiss me.

My Lord has told me, that that was indeed the stipulation; but he pleads misbehaviour.

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100 l. a year, tho' I thought my Lord ought not — And as to misbehaviour, Dr. Bartlett, I hardly know how to punish a woman for that, to her keeper. Does she not first misbehave to herself, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her first duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere discretionary obligation? I would have all these moralists, as they affect to call themselves, suffer by such

libertine principles as cannot be pursued, but in violation of the very first laws of morality.

Misbehaviour! Sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baseness of heart. I never misbehaved, as he calls it, till I saw —

Well, madam, this may lead to a debate that can answer no end. I presume, you are as willing to leave my Lord, as he is to part with you. It must be a wretchedness beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt (I must not palliate in this case) and yet of hatred and animosity, with the person who is a partaker in that guilt.

I am put upon a very unequal task, Sir, to talk with you on this subject. My Lord will not refuse to see me, I hope. I know what to say to him.

He has requested me to talk with you, madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the task. We have all our faults. God knows what he will pardon, and what he will punish. His pardon, however, in a great measure depends upon yourself. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you: Your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: But you have now a prospect opened of future happiness, thro' your mutual misunderstandings, that you never otherwise might have had. And let me make an observation to you; That where hate or dislike have once taken place of liking, the first separation, in such a case as this, is always the best. Affection or esteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth — Don't you as heartily dislike my Lord, as he does you?

I do, Sir — He is —

I will not hear what he is, from the mouth of declared prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is, that which you have been joint partakers in — But if you might, would you choose to live together to be torments to each other?

I can torment him more than he can me —

Diabolical temper! — Woman! (and I stood up, and looked sternly) Can you forget to whom you say this — and of whom? — Is not Lord W. my uncle?

This (as I intended it should) startled her.She asked my pardon.

What a fine hand, proceeded I, has a Peer of the realm made of it! to have this said of him, and perhaps, had you been in his presence, to him, by a woman whose courage is founded in his weakness? — Let me tell you, madam —

She held up her clasped hands — For God's sake, forgive me, Sir! and stand my friend.

An hundred and fifty pounds a year, madam, is rich payment for any consideration that a woman could give, who has more spirit than virtue. Had you kept that, madam, you would, tho' the daughter of cottagers, have been superior to the greatestman on earth, who wanted to corrupt you. — But thus far, and as a

punishment to my Lord for his wilful weakness, I will be your friend — Retire from my Lord: You shall have 250l. a year: And as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, bestow the hundred a year, that was in debate, upon young creatures of your sex, as an encouragement to them to preserve that chastity, which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and, with the rest, live a life suitable to that disposition; and then, as my fellow-creature, I will wish you happy.

She begged leave to withdraw: She could not, she said, stand in my presence. I had, indeed, spoken with warmth. She withdrew, trembling, courtesying, mortified; and I returned to my Lord.

He was very earnest to hear my report. I again put it to him, Whether he adhered to his resolution of parting with his woman? He declared in the affirmative, with greater earnestness than before; and begged to know, if I could manage it that she should go, and that without seeing him? I cannot bear to see her, said he.

Bravoes of the Law, cowards and cullies to their paramours, are these keepers, generally. I have ever suspected the courage (to magnanimity they must be strangers) of men who can desy the laws of society. I pitied him: And believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak Lord afraid of her; I said, Have you a mind, my Lord, that she shall quit the house this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake, that she shall.

And can you do this for me? If you can, you shall be my great Apollo. That will, indeed, make me happy: For the moment you are gone, she will force herself into my presence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my stomach. She reproaches me, as if she had been an innocent woman, and I the most ungrateful of men. For God’s sake, nephew, release me from her, and I shall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country, proceeded he, but she would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: She stands in awe of nobody else. You will be my guardian Angel, if you will rid me of this plague.

Well, then, my Lord, you will leave it to me to do the best I can with her: But it cannot be the best on your side, for your honour’s sake, if we do her not that justice that the law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my Lord, you must forgive me for saying, that you shall not resume that dignity to distress this woman, which you laid aside when you entered into treaty with her.

Well, well, I refer myself to your management: Only this 100l. a year — Once again, I say, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing me: And 150l. a year is two-thirds more than ever she, or any of her family, were intitled to.

The worst and meanest are intitled to justice, my Lord; and I hope your Lordship will not refuse to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: You must not, if I take any concern in this affair.

Just then the woman sent in, to beg the favour of an audience, as she called it, of me.

She addressed me in terms above her education. There is something, said she, in your countenance, Sir, so terrible, and yet so sweet, that one must fear your anger, and yet hope for your forgiveness, when one has offended. I was too free in speaking of my Lord to his nephew — And then she made a compliment to my character, and told me, She would be determined by my pleasure, be it what it would.

How seldom are violent spirits true spirits! When over-awed, how tame are they, generally, in their submission! Yet this woman was not without art in hers. She saw, that, displeased as she apprehended I was with her, I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a year penalty; and this made her so acquiescent.

I was indeed displeased with you, Mrs. Giffard; and could not, from what you said, but conclude in your disfavour, in justification of my Lord's complaints against you.

Will you give me leave, Sir, to lay before you the true state of every-thing between my Lord and me? Indeed, Sir, you don't know —

When two persons, who have lived in familiarity, differ, the fault is seldom wholly on one side: But thus far I judge between you, and desire not to hear particulars: The man who dispenses with a known duty, in such a case as this before us, must render himself despicable in the eyes of the very person whom he raises into consequence by sinking his own. Chastity is the crown and glory of a woman. The most profligate of men love modesty in the sex, at the very time they are forming plots to destroy it in a particular object. When a woman has submitted to put a price upon her honour, she must appear, at times, despicable in the eyes even of her seducer; and when these two break out into animosity, ought either to wish to live with the other?

Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am struck with remorse: I see my error. And she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to weep.

I proceeded; You, Mrs. Giffard, doubted the continuance of my Lord's passion: You made your terms, therefore, and proposed a penalty besides. My Lord submitted to the terms, and by that means secured his right of dismissing you, at his pleasure; the only conveniency, that a man dishonouring himself by despising marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be said (tho' you are both answerable at a tribunal higher than your own) but that you should

have separated long ago? Yet you would not consent to it: You would not leave him at liberty to assert the right he had reserved to himself. Strange weakness in him, that he would suffer that to depend upon you! But one weakness is the parent of another,

She then visibly wept.

You found it out, that you could torment your Lord in an higher degree, than he could torment you; and how, acting upon such principles, you have lived together for some time past, you have let every one see.

She, on her knees, besought my pardon for the freedom of that expression; not from motives of contrition, as I apprehend; but from those of policy.

She was strong enough to raise herself, without my assistance. She did, unbidden, on seeing me step backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do so; and looked very silly; and the more, for having missed my assisting hand: By which I supposed, that she had usually better success with my Lord, whenever she had prevailed on herself to kneel to him.

It is easy, my good Dr. Bartlett, from small crevices, to discover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an observer, who himself disdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her study. In such a departure from honest nature, there will be such curvings, that the eyes, the countenance, must ever betray the heart; while the lips, either breaking out into apologies, or aiming at reserve, confirm the suspicion, that all is not right in the mind.

I excuse you, Mrs. Giffard, said I; my Lord has deservedly brought much of what has distressed him, upon himself: But now it is best for you to part. My Lord chooses not to see you. I would advise you to remove this very afternoon.

What, Sir, and not have my 250l. a year!

Will you leave the house this night, if I give you my word —

For the whole sum, Sir? — Two hundred and fifty pounds a year, Sir?

Yes, for the whole sum.

I will, Sir, with all my heart and soul. Most of my things are in the conntry. My Lord came up in a passion, to talk with you, Sir. Two or three bandboxes are all I have here. Mr. Halden (he is my Lord's favourite) shall go down, and see I take nothing but my own — I will trust to your word of honour, Sir — and leave, for ever, the most ungrateful —

Hush, Mrs. Giffard, these tears are tears of passion. There is not a female feature, at this instant, in your face — [What a command of countenance! It cleared up in a moment. I expected it from her] A penitent spirit is an humble, a broken spirit: You shew, at present, no sign of it.

She dropt me a courtesy, with such an air (tho' not designed, I believe,) as shewed that the benefit she was to reap from the advice, would not be sudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her question, If she had my honour for the payment of the entire sum — And you don't insist, Sir, (I have poor relations) that I shall pay out the hundred a year, as you mentioned?

You are to do with the whole annuity as you please. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their necessities. But remember, Mrs. Giffard, that every quarter brings you the wages of iniquity, and endeavour at some atonement.

The woman could too well bear this severity.

Had a finger been sufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She assured me, that she would leave the house in two hours time; and I returned to my Lord, and told him so.

He got up, and embraced me, and called me his good Angel. I advised him to give his orders to Halden, or to whom he thought sit, to do her and himself justice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

But the terms! the terms! cried my Lord. If you have brought me off for 150 l. I will adore you.

These are the terms (You promised to leave them to me): You pay no more than 150 l. a year for her life, till you assure me, upon your honour, that you chearfully, and on mature consideration, make it up 250 l.

How is that! How is that, nephew? — Then I never shall pay more, depend upon it.

Nor will I ever ask you.

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembered by the pain, and cried, Oh! —

But how did you manage it, kinsman? — I never should have brought her to any-thing. How did you manage it?

Your Lordship does not repent her going?

He swore, that it was the happiest event that could have befallen him. I hope, said, he, she will go without wishing to see me. Whether she would whine, or curse, it would be impossible for me to see her, and be myself.

I believe she will go without desiring to see you; perhaps while I am here.

Thank God! a fair riddance! Thank God!

But is it possible, kinsman, that you could bring me off for 150 l. a year? Tell me, truly.

It is: And I tell your Lordship, that it shall cost you no more, till you shall know how to value the comfort and happiness of your future life at more than 100

l. a year: Till then, the respect I pay to my mother's brother, and the regard I have for his honour, will make me chearfully pay the 100 l. a year in dispute, out of my own pocket.

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and, at last, bursting out into tears and speech together — And is it thus, Is it thus, you subdue me? Is it thus you convince me of my shameful littleness? I cannot bear it: All that this woman has done to me, is nothing to this. I can neither leave you, nor stay in your presence. Leave me, leave me, for six minutes only — Jesus? how shall I bear my own littleness?

I arose. One word, only, my Lord. When I reenter, say not a syllable more on this subject: Let it pass as I put it. I would part with a greater sum than an hundred a year, for the satisfaction of giving to my uncle the tranquillity he has so long wanted in his own house, rather than that a person, who has had a dependence upon him, should think herself intitled to complain of injustice from him.

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it hastily, and retired; leaving him to recollect himself.

When I returned, he thrust into my hand a paper, and held it there, and swore that I should take it. If the wretch live ten years, nephew, said she, that will reimburse you; if she die sooner, the difference is yours: And, for God's sake, for the sake of your mother's memory, don't despise me; that is all the favour I ask you: No man on earth was ever so nobly overcome. By all that's good, you shall chalk me out my path. Blessed be my sister's memory, for giving me such a kinsman! The name of Grandison, that I ever disliked till now, is the first of names: And may it be perpetuated to the end of time!

He held the paper in my hand till he had done speaking. I then opened it, and found it to be a bank note of 1000 l. I was earnest to return it; but he swore so vehemently, that he would have it so, that I, at last, acquiesced; but declared, that I would pay the whole annuity, as far as the sum went; and this, as well in justice to him, as to save him the pain of attending to an affair that must be grievous to him: And I insisted upon giving him an acknowlegement under my hand, for that sum; and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would in the like case.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My Lord started up, at her voice: His complexion varied: He whipt as nimbly behind the door, as if he had no gout in his foot. I will not see her, said he.

I stepped out. She complimented, thanked me, and wept; but, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things against my Lord: But I stopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaster, quarterly, of the 250 l. a

year. She turned her execrations, against her Lord, into blessings on me: But, after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderness, was visibly the occasion. Could she have secured her whole annuity, she would have gratified that pride, by leaving her Lord in triumph while she thought her departure would have given him regret: But to be dismissed, was a disgrace that affected her, and gave bitterness to her insolent spirit.

LETTER XI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT. IN CONTINUATION.

MY Lord, tho' he had acquitted himself on the occasion, in such a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved mother's spirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleness, when he was assured Giffard was out of the house. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, arising, as it came out, from the same occasion, and ordered him to make all his domestics happy for (what he meanly called) his deliverance: Asking, If there were any-body in the house who loved her? Not a single soul, said Halden; and I am sure, that I may venture to congratulate your Lordship, in the names of all your servants: For she was proud, imperious, and indeed a tyranness to all beneath her.

I then, for the first time, pitied the woman; and should have pitied her still more (true as this might, in some measure, be) had she not gone away so amply rewarded: For in this little family I looked forward to the family of the State; the Sovereign and his ministers. How often has a minister, who has made a tyrannical use of his power (and even some who have not) experienced, on his dismission, the like treatment, from those who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad use of it; who, in its plenitude, were sawning, creeping slaves, as these servants might be to this mistress of their Lord! We read but of one grateful Cromwell, in all the superb train of Wolsey, when he had fallen into disgrace; and yet he had in it hundreds, some not ignobly born, and all of them less meanly descended than their magnificent master.

Halden addressed himself to me, as having been the means of making his Lord, and his whole houshold, happy. Let the joy be moderate, Halden, said I: The poor woman might, possibly, have numbered among her well-wishers (she could not have disobliged every -body) some of those, who now will be most forward to load her with obloquy. You must not make her too considerable: It is best for my Lord, as well as for those who loved her not, to forget there ever was such a woman; except to avoid her faults, and to imitate her in what was commendable. She boasts of her honesty and management: My Lord charges her not with infidelity, of any kind.

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My Lord swore, by his soul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Blessed, said he, be the name of the Grandisons! This last plaudit gratified my pride (I

need not tell my Dr. Bartlett, that I have pride); the more gratified it, as Lord W.'s animosity to my father made him out of love with his name.

I did not think, when my Lord began his story to me, that I should so soon have brought about a separation of guilt from guilt: But their matual disgusts had prepared the way; resentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one side, and self-interestedness, founded (reasonably) on a stipulation made, and not complied with, on the other; were all that hindred it from taking place as from themselves. A mediator had nothing then to do, but to advise an act of justice, and so to gild it by a precedent of disinterestedness in himself, as should inspire an emulation in a proud spirit, that, if not then, must, when passion had subsided, have arisen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my Lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. Well, my Lord, and now as to your hints of marriage —

Blessed God! — Why, nephew, you overturn me with your generosity. Are you not my next of kin? And can you give your consent, were I to ask it, that I should marry?

I give you not only my consent, as you condescendingly phrase it, but my advice, to marry.

Good God! I could not, in the like case, do thus. But, nephew, I am not a young man.

The more need of a prudent, a discreet, a tender assistant. Your Lordship hinted, that you liked not men-servants about your person, in your illness. You are often indisposed with the gout: Servants will not always be servants when they find themselves of use. Infirmity requires indulgence: In the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exist with servility; between man and wife it may: The same interest unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at least, that results from mutual confidence? A man gives his own consequence to the woman he marries; and he sees himself respected in the respect paid her: She extends his dignity, and confirms it. There is such a tenderness, such an helpfulness, such a sympathy in suffering, in a good woman, that I am always for excusing men in years, who marry prudently; while I censure, for the same reason, women in years. Male nurses are unnatural creatures! [There is not such a character that can be respectable] Womens sphere is the house, and their shining-place the sick chamber, in which they can exert all their amiable, and, shall I say, lenient qualities? Marry, my-Lord, by all means. You are hardly Fifty; but were you Seventy, and so often indisposed; so wealthy; no children to repine at a mother-in-law, and to render your life or hers uncomfortable by their little jealousies; I would advise you to marry. The man or woman deserves not to be benefited in the disposition of your affairs, that would

wish you to continue in the hands of mean people, and to rob you of the joys of confidence, and the comfort of tender help, rom an equal, or from one who deserves to be made your equal, in degree. Only, my Lord, marry so, as not to defeat your own end: Marry not a gay creature, who will be sluttering about in public, while you are groaning in your chamber, and wishing for her presence.

Blessings on your heart, my nephew! Best of men! I can bold no longer. There was no bearing, before, your generosity: What can I say now? — But you must be in earnest.

Have you, my Lord, asked I, any Lady in your eye?

No, said he; indeed I have not.

I was the better pleased with him, that he had not; because I was afraid, that, like our VIIIth Henry, he had some other woman in view, which might have made him more uneasy than he would otherwise have been with Giffard: For tho' it was better that he should marry, than live in scandal; and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world see that she could take a price for her honour; yet I thought him better justified in his complaints of that woman's misbehaviour, than in the other case he would have been: And that it was an happiness to both (if a right use were made of the event) that they had been unable to live on, as they had set out.

He told me, that he should think himself the happiest of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him, a woman, that I thought worthy of his addresses; and even would court her for him.

Your Lordship ought not to expect fortune.

I do not.

She should be a gentlewoman by birth and education; a woman of a serious turn: Such an one is not likely in affluence to run into those scenes of life, from which, perhaps, only want of fortune has restrained the gayer creature. I would not have your Lordship fix an age, tho' I think you should not marry a girl. Some women, at Thirty, are more discreet than others at Forty: And if your Lordship should be blessed with a child or two to inherit your great estate, that happy event would domesticate the Lady, and make your latter years more happy than your former.

My Lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears seemed to make themselves surrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he said on this occasion, and with anger, till he explained himself.

By my soul, said he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, I have your father: I never heartily loved him; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.

My Lord! —

Don’t be surprised. I hate him for keeping so long abroad a son, who would have converted us both. Lessons of morality, given in so noble a manner by regular practice, rather than by preaching theory (those were his words) not only where there is no interest proposed to be served, but against interest, must have subdued us both; and that by our own consents. O my sister! and he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object of his brotherly address before him; how have you blessed me, in your son! —

This apostrophe to my mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W.! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own master! — His father died before he was of age.

He declared, that I had described the very wife he wished to have. Find out such an one for me, my dear kinsman, said he; and I give you charte blanche: But let her not be younger than Fifty. Make the settlements for me: I am very rich: I will sign them blindsold. If the Lady be such an one as you say I ought to love, I will love her: Only let her say, she can be grateful for my love, and for the provision you shall direct me to make for her; and my first interview with her shall be at the altar.

I think, my friend, I have in my eye such a woman as my Lord ought to do very handsome things for, if she condescend to have him. I will not tell you, not even you, whom I mean, till I know she will encourage such a proposal; and, for her own fortune’s sake, I think she should: But I had her not in my thoughts when I proposed to my Lord the character of the woman he should wish for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Tuesday, Mar. 21.

DR. Bartlett went to town yesterday. He returned early enough to breakfast with us. He found at dinner with his patron, the whole Danby family and Mr. Sylvester; as also, the two masters of the young gentlemen, with Mr. Galliard, whose son is in love with Miss Danby, and she with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodness of Sir Charless, of which he had assured Mr. Sylvester and the two brothers and sister before.

I am sorry, methinks, the doctor went to town: We should otherwise, perhaps, have had the particulars of all, from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, such admiration, such gratitude, the doctor says, were expressed from every mouth, that his own eyes, as well as Mr. Sylvester's, and most of those present, more than once, were ready to overflow.

Every thing was there settled, and even a match proposed by Sir Charles, and the proposal received with approbation on both sides, between the elder Miss Galliard, and that audacious young man the drug-merchant; who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and every-body.

The doctor says, that Mr. Hervey and Mr. Poussin, the two masters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; so is Mr. Galliard: And they behaved so handsomely on the occasion, that Sir Charles expressed himself highly pleased with them all. For Mr. Hervey and Mr. Galliard offered to accept of less money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with Miss Danby; the other for admitting the elder Danby into a partnership with him, on his marriage with his niece: But Sir Charles had no notion, he said, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: The greatest expences, he observed, were then incurred. In slight or scanty beginnings, scanty plans must be laid, and pursued. Mr. Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby should have the handsomer fortune with his daughter, if she approved of him, for the very handsome one Miss Danby would carry to his son.

Sir Charles's example, in short, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happiest prospects, are likely very soon to follow these noble instances of generosity. Mr. Sylvester proposed the celebration on one day: In that case, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would honour them with his

presence. He assentingly bowed. How many families are here, at once made happy!

Dr. Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, said, on our joining in one general blessing of his patron, You know not, Ladies, you know not, my Lord, what a general Philanthropist your brother is: His whole delight is in doing good. It has always been so: And to mend the hearts, as well as fortunes, of men, is his glory.

We could not but congratulate the doctor on his having so considerable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L. said, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at so critical a time of life, as that was, in which they became acquainted.

The doctor very modesty received the compliment, and, to wave our praises, gave us another instance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits, as follows:

He once, said the doctor, when his fortune was not what it now is, lent a very honest man, a merchant of Leghorn, when he resided there (as he did sometimes for a month or two together, for the conveniency of the English chapel) a considerable sum; and took his bond for it: After a while, things not answering to the poor man's expectation, Mr. Grandison took notice to me, said the doctor, that he appeared greatly depressed and dejected, and occasionally came into his company with such a sense of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it: And why, said he, should I keep it in my power to distress a man, whose modesty and diffidence shew, that he deserves to be made easy? — I may die suddenly: My executors may think it but justice to exact payment: And that exaction may involve him in as great difficulties as those were, from which the loan delivered him. — I will make his heart light. Instead of suffering him to sigh over his uncertain prospects at his board, or in his bed, I will make both his board and his bed easy to him. His wife and his five children shall rejoice with him; they shall see the good man's countenance, as it used to do, shine upon them; and occasionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

He then cancelled the bond: And, at the same time, fearing the man's distress might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a further sum. But, by his behaviour upon it, I found, said Mr. Grandison, that the sum he owed, and the doubt he had of being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honest man's grievance. He declined, with gratitude, the additional offer, and walked, ever after, erect.

He is now living, and happy, proceeded the doctor; and, just before Mr. Grandison left Italy, would have made him some part of payment, from the happier turn in his affairs; which, probably, was owing to his revived spirits. But

Mr. Grandison asked, What he thought he meant, when he cancelled the obligation? — Yet he told him, that it was not wrong in him to make the tender: For free minds, he said, loved not to be ungenerously dealt with.

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriously employed, with my Lord W. and the Danby's, said Lord L. and perhaps in other acts of goodness that we know nothing of, besides the duties of his executorship, that we are deprived of his company! But some of these, as he has so good a friend as Dr. Bartlett, he might transfer to him — and oblige us more with his presence; and the rather, as he declares it would be obliging himself.

Ah, my Lord! said the doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longest on me — You don't know — He stopped. We all were silent. He proceeded — Sir Charles Grandison does nothing without reason: A good man must have difficulties to encounter with, that a meer man of the world would not be embarrassed by. — But how I engage your attention, Ladies! —

The doctor arose; for breakfast was over — Dear doctor, said Miss Grandison, don't leave us — As to that Bologna, that Camilla, that Bishop — Tell us more of them, dear doctor.

Excuse me, Ladies; excuse me, my Lord. He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, blushed! How her heart throbbed! — At what? —

But, Lucy, give me your opinion — Dr. Bartlett guesses, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandison: He must be assured, that my own heart must be absolutely void of benevolence, if I did not more and more esteem Sir Charles, for his: And would Dr. Bartlett be so cruel, as to contribute to a flame, that, perhaps, is with difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new instances of his generous goodness, if he knew that Sir Charles Grandison was so engaged, as to render it impossible — What shall I say? — O this cruel, cruel suspense — What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures! — But all will too soon perhaps — Here he is come — Sir Charles Grandison is come —

O no! — A false alarm! — He is not come: It is only my Lord L. returned from an airing.

I could beat this girl! this Emily! — It was owing to her! — A chit! — How we have fluttered each other! — But send for me down to Northamptonshire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

PRAY — Do you know, Lucy, What is the business that calls Mr. Deane to town, at this season of the year? He has made a visit to Sir Charles Grandison: For Dr. Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleased with him; yet Mr. Deane did not tell me, that he designed it. I beseech

you, my dear friends — Do not — But you would not; you could not! — I would be torn in pieces: I would not accept of — I don't know what I would say. Only add not disgrace to distress. — But I am safe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my grandmamma and aunt Selby. They would not permit Mr. Deane, or any-body, to make improper visits. — But don't you think, that it must look particular to Sir Charles, to have a visit paid him by a man expressing for me so much undeserved tenderness and affection, so long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it? — I dread, as much for Mr. Dean's sake as my own, every-thing that may be construed into officiousness or particularity, by so nice a discerner. Does he not say, that no man is more quick-sighted than himself, to those saults in women which are owing to want of delicacy?

I have been very earnest with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, that they do not suffer their friendship for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promised to consult my punctilio, as well as my inclination. Miss Grandison was more kindly in earnest, in her assurances of this nature, than I was afraid she would be: And my Lord said, It was fit that I should find even niceness gratified, in this particular.

[I absolutely confide in you, Lucy, to place hooks where I forget to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I ought to put them; that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my uncle) to omit those passages which very few men have delicacy or seriousness enough to be trusted with. Yet, a mighty piece of sagacity, to find out a girl of little more than Twenty, in Love, as it is called! and to make a jest of her for it!] — [But I am peevish, as well as saucy. — This also goes between hooks.]

Adieu, my Dear.

LETTER XIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Monday Night, Mar. 20.

I AM very much dissatisfied with myself, my dear Dr. Bartlett. What pains have I taken, to conquer those sudden gusts of passion, to which, from my early youth, I have been subject, as you have often heard me confess! yet to find, at times, that I am unequal — to myself, shall I say? — To myself, I will say; since I have been so much amended by your precepts, and example. But I will give you the occasion.

My guests, and you, had but just left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O Hara, and another bullying man, desired to speak with me.

I bid the servant shew the woman into the drawingroom next my study, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing room. I went to her, and, after a little stiff civility (I could not help it) asked, If these gentlemen had business with me?

That gentleman is Major O-Hara, Sir: He is my husband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet: He is the Major's brother-in-law. He is an officer, of equal worth and bravery.

They gave themselves airs of importance and familiarity; and the Major motioned, as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?

I led the way to my study. The woman arose, and would have come with them.

If you please to stay where you are, madam, I will attend you presently.

They entered; and, as if they would have me think them connoisseurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures, and busts.

I took off that sort of attention — Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?

I am called Major O-Hara, Sir: I am the husband of the Lady in the next room, as she told you.

And what, pray, Sir, have I to do, either with you, or your marriage? I pay that Lady, as the widow of Mr. Jervois, 200l. a year: I am not obliged to pay her more then one. She has no demands upon me; much less has her husband.

The men had so much the air of bullies, and the woman is so very wicked, that my departed friend, and the name by which she so lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

Look ye, Sir Charles Grandison, I would have you to know —

And he put his left hand upon his sword-handle, pressing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely insolent.

What am I to understand by that motion, Sir?

Nothing at all, Sir Charles — D-n me, if I mean any thing by it —

You are called Major, you say, Sir — Do you bear the king's commission, Sir?

I have borne it, Sir, if I do not now.

That, and the house you are in, give you a title to civility. But, Sir, I cannot allow, that your marriage with the Lady in the next room gives you pretence to business with me. If you have, on any other account, pray let me know what it is?

The man seemed at a loss what to say; but not from bashfulness. He looked about him, as if for his woman; set his teeth; bit his lip; and took snuff, with an air so like defiance, that, for fear I should not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: Pray, Captain Salmonet, said I, what are your commands with me?

He spoke in broken English; and said, He had the honour to be Major O-Hara's brother: He had married the Major's sister.

And why, Sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations? — Have you any business with me, Sir, on your own account?

I come, I come, said he, to see my brother righted, Sir —

Who has wronged him? — Take care, gentlemen, how — But Mr. O-Hara, what are your pretensions?

Why look-ye, Sir Charles Grandison (throwing open his coat, and sticking one hand in his side, the other thrown out with a flourish) Look-ye, Sir, repeated he —

I found my choler rising. I was afraid of my self.

When I treat you familiarly, Sir, then treat me so: Till when, please to withdraw —

I rang: Frederick came in.

Shew these gentleman into the little parlour — You will excuse me, Sirs; I attend the Lady.

They muttered, and gave themselves brisk and angry airs; nodding their heads at each other; but followed the servant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs. O-Hara, as she calls herself.

Well, madam, what is your business with me, now?

Where are the gentlemen, Sir? Where is my husband?

They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that shall pass between you and me.

And do you hold them unworthy of your presence, Sir?

Not, madam, while you are before me, and if they had any business with me, or I with them.

Has not an husband business where his wife is?

Neither wife nor husband has business with me.

Yes, Sir, I am come to demand my daughter. I come to demand a mother's right.

I answer not to such a demand: You know you have no right to make it.

I have been at Colnebrooke: She was kept from me: My child was carried out of the house, that I might not see her.

And have you then terrified the poor girl?

I have left a Letter for her; and I expect to see her upon it. — Her new father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourself, Sir, longs to see her —

Her new father! madam — You expect to see her! madam — What was your behaviour to her? unnatural woman! the last time you saw her? But if you do see her, it must be in my presence, and without your man, if he form pretensions, on your account, that may give either her or me disturbance.

You are only, Sir, to take care of her fortune; so I am advised: I, as her mother, have the natural right over her person. The Chancery will give it to me.

Then seek your remedy in Chancery: Let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that cour.

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They are not officers, I dare say: Common men of the town, I doubt not, new-dressed for the occasion. O-Hara, as she calls him, is, probably, one of her temporary husbands, only.

Pray walk in, gentlemen, said I. This Lady intimates to me, that she will apply to Chancery against me. The Chancery, if she have any grievance, will be a proper recourse. She can have no business with me, after such a declaration — Much less can either of you.

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, Frederick, said I, attend the lady and the gentlemen to their coach.

And I turned from them, to go into my study.

The Major, as he was called, asked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his sword, If this were treatment due to gentlemen?

This house, in which, however, you are an intruder, Sir, is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean any-thing by either, would cost you dear.

I am, Sir, the protector of my wife: You have insulted her, Sir —

Have I insulted your wife, Sir? — And I stepped up to him; but just in time recovered myself, remembering where I was — Take care, Sir — But you are safe, here. — Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door —

Frederick was not in hearing: The well-meaning man, apprehending consequences, went, it seems, into the offices, to get together some of his fellow-

sersants.

Salmonet, putting himself into violent motion swore, that he would stand by his friend, his brother to the last drop of his blood; and, in a posture of offence, drew his sword half way.

I wish, friend, said I, (but could hardly contain myself) that I were in your house, instead of your being in mine. — But if you would have your sword broken over your head, draw it quite.

He did, with a vapour. D — n him, he said, if he bore that! My own house, on such an insult as this, should not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himself into a posture of defence.

Now, Major! Now, Major! said the wiked woman.

Her Major also drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dressed. I knew not but the men were assassins. I drew, put by Salmonet's sword, closed with him, disarmed him, and, by the same effort, laid him on the floor.

O-Hara, skipping about, as if he watched for an opportunity to make a push with safety to himself, lost his sword, by the usual trick whereby a man, anything skilled in his weapons, knows how sometimes to disarm a less skilful adversary.

The woman screamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, first one, then the other, out of the room, with a contempt that they deserved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who, by that time, were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the Square.

They limped into the coach they came in: The woman, in terror, was already in it. When they were also in it, they cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended Captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid my servants tell me, That I was — That I was — And avoiding a worse name, as it seemed No Gentleman; and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a Lady.

The Major, in eagerness to say something, by way of resentment and menace likewise — (beginning with damning his blood) — had his intended threatening cut short, by meeting the Captain's head with his, as he other, in a rage, withdrew it, after his spech to the servant: And each cursing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to ask for their swords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how much this idle affair has disturbed me: I cannot forgive myself — To suffer myself to be provoked by two such men, to violate the sanction of my own house! Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation for a demand, that they knew, if personally made, must do it.

My only excuse to myself is, That there were two of them; and that, tho' I drew, yet I had the command of myself so far as only to defend myself, when I might have done any thing with them. I have generally found, that those who are the readiest to give offence, are the unfittest, when brought to the test, to support their own insolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How must she be terrified! — I will be with you very soon. Let not her know any-thing of this idle affair; nor any-body but Lord L.

Tuesday Morning.

I HAVE just parted with one Blagrave, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed against me: But, out of regand to my character, and having, as he owned no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in person, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himself, from me, of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility intitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, That if I pleased to restore the swords and the hat, by him and would promise not to stop the future quarterly payments of the 200 l. a year, about which they were very apprehensive; he dared to say, that, after such an exertion of spirit, as he called a choleric excess, I should not hear any more of them for one while; since, he believed, they had only been trying an experiment; which had been carried farther, he dared to say, than they had designed it should.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commissions in any service.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, since it is very probable, that she has not a real title to that of O-Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hysterics, as O-Hara told him; who, in consulting Mr. Blagrave, may be supposed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accused the men of cowardice, before Mr. Blagrave; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excused themselves, as being loth to hurt me; which, they said, they easily could have done; especially before I drew.

They both pretended, to Mr. Blagrave, personal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) most hurt; for I am not at all pleased with myself. They, possibly, tho' they have no cause to be satisfied with their parts in the sray, have been more accustomed to such scufles, than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr. Blagrave took the swords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromise, and encouraged their insolence, I co ld freely have sent them more than what belonged to hem. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to such men.

As to the annuity; I bid Mr. Blagrave tell the woman, that the payment of that, depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not ure, that she was intitled to it, but as the widow of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, That no provocation should hinder me from doing strict justice, tho' I were sure that they would go to law with the money I should cause to be paid to them quarterly. You will therefore know, Sir, added I, that the fund which they have to depend upon, to support a law-suit, should they commence one, and think fit to employ in it so honest a man as you seem to be, is 100 l. a year. It would be madness, if not injustice, to pay the other 100 l. for such a purpose, when it was left to my discretion to pay it, or not, with a view to discourage that litigious spirit which is one, of an hundred, of this poor woman's bad qualities.

And thus, for the present, stands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over, till some new scheme arises, either among these people, or from others whom she may consult or employ. You and I, when I have the happiness to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the subject.

I am, &c. CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Colnebrooke, Wedn. Mar. 22.

SIR Charles arrived this morning, just as we had assembled to breakfast; for Lady L. is not an early riser. The moment he entered, sunshine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologized to all, but me, for his long absence, especially when they had such a guest, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he sighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not ask Miss Grandison whether she saw any thing particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeness, I presume, that he did not include me in his apologies; because that would have been to suppose, that I had expected him. Indeed I was not displeased, in the main, that he did not compliment me as a third sister. See, Lucy, what little circumstances a doubtful mind will sometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleased that he had been so long absent, and had my thoughts to myself upon it; inclining once to have gone back to London; and perhaps should, could I have sansied myself of importance enough to make him uneasy by it [The sex! the sex! Lucy, will my uncle say; but I pretend not to be above its little foibles]: But the moment I saw him, all my disgusts were over. After the Anderson, the Danby, the Lord W. affairs, he appeared to me in a much more shining light than an hero would have done, returning in a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at its wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of The Friend of Mankind, than that of The Conqueror of Nations!

He told me, that he paid his compliments yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He mentioned Mr. Deane's visit to him; and said very kind, but just things in his praise. I read not any thing in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneasiness on the visit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily sat generously uneasy, I saw, for the trouble she had been the cause of giving to her best friend, tho' she knew not of a visit, that her mother, and O-Hara, and Salmonet, made her guardian on Monday, as the doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodness, as he called it, in getting the good girl so happily out of her mother's way, as his Emily would have been too much

terrified to see her: And he thanked Lord L. for his tenderness to his ward on that occasion.

My Lord gave him the Letter which Mrs. Jervois had left for her daughter. Sir Charles presented it to the young Lady, without looking into it: She instantly returned it to him, in a very graceful manner. We will read it together by-and-by, my Emily, said he. Dr. Bartlett tells me, there is tenderness in it.

The doctor made apologies to him, for having communicated to us some of his Letters — Whatever Dr. Bartlett does, said Sir Charles, must be right But what say my sisters to my proposal of correspondence with them?

We should be glad, replied Lady L. to see all you write to Dr. Bartlett; but could not undertake to write you Letter for Letter.

Why so?

Miss Byron, said Miss Grandison, has put us quite out of heart as to the talent of narrative Letterwriting.

I should be greatly honoured with a sight of such Letters of Miss Byron as you, my Lord, have seen. Will Miss Byron, applying to me, favour one brother, and exclude another?

Brother! Lucy; I thought he was not at that time, quite so handsome a man as when he first entered the room.

I was silent, and blushed. I knew not what answer to make; yet thought I should say something.

May we, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, hope for a perual of your Letters to Dr. Bartlett for the same number of weeks past, Letter for Letter, if we could prevail on Miss Byron to consent to the proposal?

Would Miss Byron consent, upon that condition?

What say you, Miss Byron, said my Lord?

I answered, that I could not presume to think, that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to please my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandison.

They all answered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the most respectful manner, insisting upon not being denied to see what Lord L. had perused; and Miss Grandison having said that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my Letters from the country; I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity, if I refused to oblige him, in the light (tho' not a very agreeable one, I own to you, Lucy) of another brother: I told him, that I would shew him very willingly, and without condition, all the Letters I had written, of the narrative kind, from my first coming to London, down to the dreadful masquerade affair, and even Sir Hargrave's barbarous treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had so generously given me.

How did he extol me, for what he called my noble frankness of heart! In that grace, he said, I excelled all the women he had ever conversed with. He assured me, that he would not wish to see a line that I was not willing he should see; and that if he came to a word or passage that he could suppose would be of that nature, it should have no place in his memory.

Miss Grandison called out — But the condition, Sir Charles —

Is only this, replied I (I am sure of your candor, Sir); that you will correct me, where I am wrong, in any of my notions or sentiments. I have been very pert and forward in some of my Letters; particularly, in a dispute that was carried on in relation to Learning and Languages. If I could not, for improvement -sake, more heartily bespeak your correction than your approbation, I should be afraid of your eye there.

Excellent Miss Byron! Beauty shall not bribe me on your side, if I think you wrong in any point that you submit to my judgment: And if I am Beauty-proof, I am sure nothing on earth can biass me.

Miss Grandison said, she would number the Letters according to their dates, and then would give them to me, that I might make such conditions with her brother on the loan, as every one might be the btter for.

BREAKFAST being over, Miss Grandison renewed the talk of the visit made here by Mrs. O-Hara on Sunday last. Miss Jervois very prettily expressed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy mother. He drew her to him, as he fat, with looks of tenderness; and called her his dear Emily; and told her, she was the Child of his compassion. You are called upon, my dear, said he, young as you are, to a glorious trial; and hitherto you have shone in it: I wish the poor woman would be but half as much the mother, as you would be the child! But let us read her Letter.

His goodness overwhelmed her. He took her mother’s Letter out of his pocket: She stood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to suppress her emotion: And when he had unfolded the Letter, he put his arm round her waist. Surely, Lucy, he is the tenderest, as well as bravest of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which shone out in his looks, as he cast his eyes, now on the Letter, and now up to his Emily! — Poor woman! said he, two or three times, as he read: And, when he had done, You must read it, my dear, said he; there is the mother in it: We will acknowlege the mother, where-ever we can find her.

Why did not the dear girl throw her arms about his neck, just then? — She was ready to do so. O my best of guardians! said she; and, it was plain, was but just restrained, by virgin modesty, from doing so; her hands caught back, as it were,

and resting for a moment on his shoulder: And she looked as much abashed, as if she had not checked herself.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion, than any-body else. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

And must I, Sir, would you have me, read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He arose, took her hand, and, coming with her to me, put it into mine: Be so good, madam, to fortify this worthy child's heart, by your prudence and judgment, while she reads the mother, in the only instance that I have ever known it visible in this unhappy woman.

He bowed, and gave me the Letter. I was proud of his compliment, and Emily and I withdrew into the next room; and there the good girl read the Letter, but it was long in reading; her tears often interrupting her: And more than once, as wanting a refuge, she threw her arms about my neck, in silent grief.

I called her twenty tender names; but I could not say much: What could I? The Letter in some places affected me. It was the Letter of a mother who seemed extremely sensible of hardships. Her guardian had promised observations upon it: I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedness: I knew not but the husband might be in some fault. — What could I say? I could not think of giving comfort to a daughter at the expence of even a bad mother.

Miss Grandison came to us: She kissed the sobbing girl, and with tenderness, calling us her two loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it seems, had owned, in our absence, that Mr. and Mrs. O-Hara, and Captain Salmonet, had made him a visit in town, on their return from Colnebrooke, and expressed himself to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miss Jervois gave the Letter to her guardian, and went behind his chair, on the back of which she leaned, while he looked into the Letter, and made observations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can remember.

An unhappy mother, whose fau ts have been barbarouslyaggravated — My Emily's father was an indulgent husband! He forgave this unhappy woman crimes, which very few men would have forgiven: She was the wife of his choice: He doted on her: His first forgiveness of an atrocious crime hardened her.

When he could not live with her, he removed from place to place, to avoid her: At last, afraid of her private machinations, which were of the blackest nature, he went abroad, in order to pursue that traffick in person, which he managed to great advantage by his agents and factors; having first, however, made an handsome provision for his wife.

Thither, after some time passed in riot and extravagance, she followed him.

I became acquainted with him at Florence. I found him to be a sensible and honest man; and every one whom he could serve, or assist, experienced his benevolence. Not a single soul who knew him, but loved him, this wife excepted.

She at that time insisted upon his giving up to her management, his beloved Emily; and solemnly promised reformation, on his compliance. She knew that the child would be a great fortune.

I was with Mr. Jervois, on her first visit to him at Leghorn; and, tho' I had heard her character to be very bad, was inclined to befriend her. She was specious. I hoped that a mother, whatever wife she made, could not out be a mother; and poor Mr. Jervois had not been forward to say the worst of her: But she did not long save appearances. The whole English factory at Leghorn were witnesses to her flagrant enormities. She was addicted to an excess that left her no guard, and made her a stranger to that grace which is the glory of a woman.

I am told, that she is less frequently intoxicated than heretofore. I should be glad of the least shadow of reformation in her. That odias vice led her int every other, and hardened her to a sense of shame. Other vices, perhaps, at first, wanted that to introduce them; but the most flagitious have been long habitual to her.

Nothing but the justice due to the character of my departed friend, could have induced me to say what I have said of this unhappy woman: Forgive me, my Emily. But shall I not defend your father? — I have not said the worst I could say of his wise.

Yet she writes, That her faults have been barbarously aggravated, in order to justify the ill usage of an husband, who, she says, was not saultless. Ill usage of an husband! Wretched woman! She knew I must see this Letter: How could she write thus? She knows that I have authentic proofs in my custody, of his unexceptionable goodness to her; and confessions, under her own hand, of her guilt, and ingratitude to him.

But, my Emily — and he arose, and took her hand, her face over whelmed with tears, You may rejoice in your father's character: He was a good man, in every sense of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault; and that was, his indulgence. — Shall I say, That after repeated elopements, after other men had cast her off, he took her back? When she had forfeited his love, his pity operated in her favour; and she was hardened enough to despise the man who could much more easily forgive than punish her. I am grieved to be obliged to say this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend must not be unjustly loaded. Would to heaven that I could suggest the shadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileness, either respecting him or herself; let whose-soever character suffer by it, I would suggest it. How often has this worthy husband wept to me, for those faults of his wife, for which she could not be sorry!

I discourage not these tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me say; but let me now dry them up.

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: It is unnecessary, proceeded he, to say any-thing farther, at this time, in defence of your father's character; we come now to other parts of the Letter, that will not, I hope, be so affecting to the heart of a good child.

She insists upon your making her a visit, or receiving one from her: She longs, she says, to see you; to lay you in her bosom. She congratulates you, on your improvements: She very pathetically calls upon you, not to despise her —

My dear girl! You shall receive her visit: She shall name her place for it, provided I am present. I shall think it a sign of her amendment, if she is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you must distinguish between the crime and the mother: The one is intitled to your pity; the other calls for your abhorrence — Do you choose, my dear, to see your mother? — I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cause to complain of unkindness from us. There are faults that must be left to heaven to punish; and against the consequences of which, it behoves us only to guard, for our own sakes. I hope you are in a safe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: You are guarded, therefore. Can my Emily forget the terrors of the last interview, and calmly, in my presence, kneel to her mother?

Whatever you command me to do, I will do.

I would have you answer this Letter. Invite her to the house of your guardian — I think you should not go to her lodgings: Yet, if you incline to see her there, and she insists upon it, I will attend you.

But, Sir, must I own her husband for my father?

Leave that to me, my dear: Little things, punctilios, are not to be stood upon: Pride shall have no concern with us. But I must first be satisfied, that the man and she are actually married. Who knows, if they are, but his dependence on her annuity, and the protection she may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both, to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto she has aimed to do? If she save but appearances, for the future, it will be a point gained.

I will in every-thing, Sir, do as you would have me.

One thing, my dear, I think I will advise: If they are really married; if there be any prospect of their living tolerably together; you shall, if you please (your fortune is very large), make them an handsome present; and give hope, that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your mother. She complains, that she is made poor, and dependent. Poor if she be, it is her own fault: She brought not 200l. to your father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I hinted, for Love. With 200l. a year, well paid, she ought not to be poor; but dependent,

she must be. Your father would have given her a larger annuity, had he not known, by experience, that it was but strengthening her hands to do mischief; and to enable her to be more riotous. I found a declaration of this kind among his papers, after his death. This his intention, if there could have been any hope of a good use to be made of it, justifies my advice to you, to inlarge her stipend: I will put it in such a way, that you, my dear, shall have the credit of it; and I will take upon myself the advice of restraining it to good behaviour, for their own sakes, and for yours.

O Sir! how good you are! You now give me courage to wish to see my poor mother, in hopes that it will be in my power to do her good: Continue to your Emily the blessing of your direction, and I shall be an happy girl indeed. O that my mother may be married! that so she may be entitled to the best you shall advise me to do for her.

I doubt, her man is a man of the town, added he; but he may have lived long enough to see his follies. She may be tired of the life she has led. I have made several efforts to do her service; but had no hope to reclaim her; I wish she may now be a wife in earnest. But this, I think, shall be my last effort — Write, my dear; but nothing of your intention. If she is not married, things must remain as they are.

She hastened up-stairs, and very soon returned, with the following lines.

Madam,

I Beseech you to believe, that I am not wanting in duty to my mother. You rejoice my heart, when you tell me, that you love me. My guardian was so good, before I could have time to ask him, as to bid me write to you, and to let you know, that he will himself present me to you, whenever you please to favour me with an opportunity to pay my duty to you, at his house in St. James's Square.

Let me hope, my dear mamma, that you will not be so angry with your poor girl, as you was last time I saw you at Mrs. Lane's; and then I will see you with all the duty that a child owes to her mother. For I am, and will ever be,

Your dutiful Daughter, EMILIA JERVOIS.

Sir Charles generously scrupled the last paragraph. We will not, I think, Emily, said he, remind a mother, who has written such a Letter as that before us, of a behaviour that she should be glad to forget.

Miss Grandison desired it might stand. Who knows, says she, but it may make her ashamed of her outrageous behaviour at that time?

She deserves not generous usage, said Lady L.; she cannot feel it.

Perhaps not, replied Sir Charles; but we should do proper things, for our own sakes, whether the persons are capable of feeling them as they ought, or not. What say you, Miss Byron, to this last paragraph?

I was entirely in his way of thinking, and for the reason he gave; but the two Ladies having given their opinion in a pretty earnest manner, and my Lord saying he thought it might pass, I was afraid it would look like bespeaking his favour at their expence, if I adopted his sentiments: I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who sat suspended in her judgment, as one who feared she had done a wrong thing; I said, it was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miss Jervois's pen, as it was written, I dared to say, rather in apprehension of hard treatment, from what she remembered of the last, than in a spirit of recrimination or resentment.

The good girl declared, it was. Both Ladies, and my Lord, said, I had distinguished well: But Sir Charles, tho' he said no more upon the subject, looked upon each sister with meaning; which I wondered they did not observe. Dr. Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honesty to speak out, which I had not: But the point was a point of delicacy and generosity; and I thought I should not seem to imagine that I understood it better than they: Nor did I think that Sir Charles would have acquiesced with their opinion.

Miss Jervois retired, to transcribe her letter. We all separated, to dress; and I, having soon made an alteration in mine, dropt in upon Dr. Bartlett in his closet.

I am stealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography: I am delighted with my tutor, and he professes to be pleased with his scholar; but sometimes more interesting articles slide in: But now he had just began to talk of Miss Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the proposal hinted at by Miss Grandison, from the letter she had so clandestinely seen, of my taking her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn, when he saw me; but the doctor, rising from his chair, besought him to oblige us with his company.

I was silly: I did not expect to be caught there. But why was I silly on being found with Dr. Bartlett — But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himself, at first, addressing me, seemed a little unprepared. You invited me in, doctor: Here I am. But if you were upon a subject that you do not pursue, I shall look upon myself as an intruder, and will withdraw.

We had just concluded one subject, and were beginning another — I had just mentioned Miss Jervois.

Is not Emily a good child, Miss Byron? said Sir Charles.

Indeed, Sir, she is.

We then had some general talk of the unhappy situation she is in from such a mother; and I thought some hints would have been given of his desire that she should accompany me down to Northamptonshire; and my heart throbbed, to think how it would be brought in, and how I should behave upon it: And the more,

as I was not to be supposed to have so much as heard of such a designed proposal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to read the letter? But not one word passed, leading to that subject.

I now begin to fear, that he has changed his mind, if that was his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was possible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it?

But I see not, that there is the least likelihood that any-thing, on which you had all set your hearts, can happen — I can't help it.

Emily, flattering girl! told me, she saw great signs of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I see no grounds for such a surmise: His affections are certainly engaged. God bless him, whatever his engagements are! — When he was absent, encouraged by his sisters and Lord L. I thought pretty well of myself; but, now he is present, I see so many excellencies shining out in his mind, in his air and address, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I say? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the passion we are so foolishly apt to call noble, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debase, one's self — You see how Lord W. depreciates me on the score of fortune. I was loth to take notice of that before, because I knew, that were slenderness of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet would put them upon making efforts that I would sooner die than suffer to be made.

I forgot the manner in which Lord W.'s objection was permitted to go off — But I remember, Sir Charles made no attempt to answer it: And yet he tells my Lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him; and that he has an ample estate of his own. No question but a man's duties will rise with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good with a less estate, as with a larger: And is not goodness the essential part of happiness? Be our station what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquiesce in it, and fulfil our duties?

But who, for selfish considerations, can wish to circumscribe the power of this good man? The greater opportunities he has of doing good, the higher must be his enjoyment. — No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourselves.

Sir Charles rejoices, on Sir Hargrave's having just now, by letter, suspended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his house on the forest.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Left Sir Charles with Dr. Bartlett. They would both have engaged me to stay longer; but I thought the Ladies would miss me, and think it particular to find me with him in the doctor's closet.

My Lord, and the two sisters, were together in the drawing-room adjoining to the library: On my entrance, Well, Harriet, said Miss Grandison, we will now endeavour to find out my brother: You must be present to yourself, and put in a word now-and-then. We shall see if Dr. Bartlett is right, when he says, that my brother is the most unreserved of men.

Just then came in Dr. Bartlett — I think, doctor, said Lady L. we will take your advice, and ask my brother all the questions in relation to his engagements abroad, that come into our heads.

She had not done speaking, when Sir Charles entered, and drew his chair next me; and just then I thought myself he looked upon me with equal benignity and respect.

Miss Grandison began with taking notice of the letter from which Dr. Bartlett, she said, had read some passages, of the happiness he had procured to Lord W. in ridding him of his woman. She wished, she told him, that she knew who was the Lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my Lord for a wife.

I will have a little talk with her before I name her, even to you, my Lord, and my sisters. I am sure my sisters will approve of their aunt, if she accept of my Lord for a husband: I shall pay my compliments to her, in my return from Grandison-hall. — Do you, Charlotte, choose to accompany me thither? I must, I think, be present at the opening of the church. I don't ask you, my Lord, nor you, Lady L. so short as my stay will be there. I purpose to go down on Friday next, and return the Tuesday following.

Miss Gr. I think, brother, I should wish to be excused. If, indeed, you would stay there a week or fortnight, I could like to attend you; and so, I dare say, would Lord and Lady L.

Sir Cha. I must be in town on Wednesday, next week; but you must stay the time you mention: You cannot pass it disagreeably in the neighbourhood of the Hall; and there you will find your cousin Grandison: He will gallant you from one neighbour to another: And, if I judge by your freedoms with him, you have a greater regard for him, than perhaps you know you have.

Miss Gr. Your servant, Sir, bowing — But I will take my revenge — Pray, Sir Charles, may I ask (we are all brothers and sisters) —

Sir Ch. Stop, Charlotte, (pleasantly). If you are going to ask any questions by way of revenge, I answer them not.

Miss Gr. Revenge! — Not revenge, neither — But when the Lord W. as by the passages Dr. Bartlett was so good as to read to us, proposed to you this Lady for a wife, and that Lady; your answers gave us apprehension that you are not inclined to marry —

Lady L. You are very unceremonious, Charlotte —

Indeed, Lucy, she made me tremble. Sure he can have no notion that I have seen the whole Letter — seen myself named in it.

Miss Gr. What signifies ceremony, among relations?

Sir Ch. Let Charlotte have her way.

Miss Gr. Why then, Sir, I would ask — Don't you intend one day to marry?

Sir. Ch. I do, Charlotte. I shall not think myself happy till I can obtain the hand of a worthy woman.

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, visibly affected: I knew not how to stay; yet it would have looked worse to go.

Miss Gr. Very well, Sir — And pray, Have you not, either abroad or at home, seen the woman you could wish to call yours? — Don't think me impertinent, brother.

Sir Ch. You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know any-thing of me, it please me best, when you come directly to the point.

Miss Gr. Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are best pleased when you are most freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray why did you decline the prposals mentioned by Lord W. in behalf of Lady Francis N. of Lady Anne S. and I cannot tell how many more?

Sir Ch. The friends of the first-named Lady proceeded not generously with my father, in that affair. The whole family builds too much on the interest and title of her father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I chose, as much as possible, to fix my happiness within my own little circle. I have strong passions. I am not without ambition. Had I loosened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquillity would have been pinned to the feather in another man's cap. Does this satisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?

Miss Gr. Why yes: And the easier, because there is a Lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.

I should not, thought I, have been present at this conversation. Lord L. looked at me. Lord L. should not have looked at me: The Ladies did not.

Sir Ch. Who is she?

Miss Gr. Lady Anne S. you know, Sir — Pray, may I ask, why that could not be?

Sir Ch. Lady Anne is, I believe, a deserving woman; but her fortune must have been my principal inducement, had I made my addresses to her. I never yet went so low as to that alone, for an inducement to see a Lady three times.

Miss Gr. Then, Sir, you have made your addresses to Ladies — Abroad, I suppose?

Sir Ch. I thought, Charlotte, your curiosity extended only to the Ladies in England.

Miss Gr. Yes, Sir, it extends to Ladies in England and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a single man, when such offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable: But you hint, then, Sir, that there are Ladies abroad —

Sir Ch. Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a respondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a questioner.

Miss Gr. By your answers to my questions, Sir, teach me how I am to answer yours, if you have any to make.

Sir Ch. Very well, Charlotte. Have I not answered satisfactorily your questions about the Ladies you named?

Miss Gr. Pretty well. But, Sir, have you not seen Ladies abroad whom you like better than either of those I have named? — Answer me to that.

Sir Ch. I have, Charlotte, and at home too.

Miss Gr. I don't know what to say to you — But, pray, Sir, Have you not seen Ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever saw at home?

Sir Ch. No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?

Miss Gr. Only, brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this proposal and that, is owing to some previous attachment — And now all is out.

Lord L. And now, my dear brother, all is out —

Lady L. If our brother will gratify our curiosity —

Had I ever before, Lucy, so great a call upon me as now, for presence of mind?

Sir Charles sighed: He paused: And at last said — You are very generous, very kind, in your wishes to see me married. I have seen the Lady with whom, of all the women in the world, I think I could be happy.

A fine blush overspread his face, and he looked down. Why, Sir Charles, did you blush? Why did you look down? The happy, thrice happy woman, was not present, was she? — Ah, No! no! no! —

Sir Ch. And now, Charlotte, what other questions have you to ask, before it comes to your turn to answer some that I have to put to you?

Miss Gr. Only one. — Is the Lady a foreign Lady?

How every-body but I looked at him, expecting his answer! — He really hesitated. At last, I think, Charlotte, you will excuse me, if I say, that this question gives me some pain — Because it leads to another, that, if made, I cannot at present myself answer [But why so, Sir, thought I?]: And if not made, it cannot be of any signification to speak to this.

Lord L. We would not give you pain, Sir Charles; And yet —

Sir Ch. What yet, my dear Lord L.?

Lord L. When I was at Florence, there was much talk —

Sir Ch. Of a Lady of that city. — Olivia, my Lord! — There was. — She has fine qualities, but unhappily blended with others less approveable. — But I have nothing to wish for from Olivia: She has done me too much honour. I should not so readily have named her now, had she been more sollicitous to conceal the distinction she honoured me with. But your Lordship, I dare hope, never heard even ill-will open its mouth to her disreputation, only that she descended too much in her regard for one object.

Lord L. Your character, Sir Charles, was as much to her reputation, as —

Sir Ch. (interrupting). O my Lord, how brotherly partial! But, this Lady out of the question, my peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in my constitution — And yet I would not be without it.

The sweet Emily arose, and, in tears, went to the window. A sob, endeavoured to be suppressed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went, and took her hand; Why weeps my Emily?

Because you, who so well deserve to be happy, seem not to be so.

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to restrain my tears.

He kindly consoled her. My unhappiness, my dear, said he, arises chiefly from that of other people. I should but for that be happy in myself, because I endeavour to accommodate my mind to bear inevitable evils, and to make, if possible, a virtue of necessity: But, Charlotte, see how grave you have made us all! and yet I must enter with you upon a subject that possibly may be thought as serious by you, as that which, at present, I wish to quit.

“Wish to quit!” “The question gave him some pain, because it led to another, which he cannot himself at present, answer!—”

What, Lucy, let me ask you, before I follow him to his next subject, can you gather from what passed in that already recited? If he is himself at an uncertainty, he may deserve to be pitied, and not blamed: But don’t you think he might have answered, whether the Lady is a foreigner, or not? — How could he know what the next question would have been?

I had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison afterwards, aside, Whether anything could be made out, or guessed at, by his eyes, when he spoke of having seen the woman he could prefer to all others? For he sat next me; she over-against him.

I know not what to make of him, said she: But be the Lady native or foreigner, it is my humble opinion, that my brother is in love. He has all the symptoms of it, that I can guess by.

I am of Charlotte's opinion, Lucy. Such tender sentiments; such sweetness of manners; such gentleness of voice! — Love has certainly done all this for him: And the Lady, to be sure, is a foreigner. It would be strange if such a man should not have engaged his heart in the seven or eight years past; and those from Eighteen to Twenty-six or seven, the most susceptible of a man's life.

But what means he by saying,

"His peace has been broken to pieces by a tender fault in his constitution?"

– Compassion, I suppose, for some unhappy object. — I will soon return to town, and there prepare to throw myself into the arms of my dearest relations in Northamptonshire: I shall otherwise, perhaps, add to the number of those who have broken his peace.

But it is strange, methinks, that he could not have answered, Whether the Lady is a foreigner, or not.

Dr. Bartlett, you are mistaken: Sir Charles Grandison is not so very un - reserved a man as you said he was.

But Oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and saw them always kindly bent on me — Yes, perhaps, when you thought so, he was drawing comparisons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my less agreeable features! —

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know something more of her.

"Nothing," he says, to wish for from Olivia."

Poor Lady! Methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well, but I will proceed now to his next subject. I wish I could find some faults in him. It is a cruel thing to be under a kind of necessity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: And yet, in the next conversation, you will see him angry. Don't you long Lucy, to see how Sir Charles Grandison will behave when he is angry?

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

NOW, Charlotte, said he (as if he had fully answered the questions put to him — O these men!) let me ask you a question or two — I had a visit made me yesterday, by Lord G.. What, my dear, do you intend to do, with regard to him? — But perhaps, you would choose to withdraw with me, on this question.

Miss Gr. I wish I had made to you the same overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the questions I put to you; I should have had more satisfaction given me, I fansy, than I can boast of, if I had.

Sir Ch. I will withdraw with you, if you please, and hear any other questions you have to put to me.

Miss Gr. You can put no questions to me, Sir, that I shall have any objection to answer before this company.

Sir Ch. You know my question, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. What would you advise me to do in that affair, brother?

Sir Ch. I have only one piece of advice to give you: — It is, That you will either encourage or discourage his address, if you know your own mind.

Miss Gr. I believe, brother, you want to get rid of me.

Sir Ch. Then you intend to encourage Lord G?

Miss Gr. Does that follow, Sir?

Sir Ch. Or you could not have suppsed, that I wanted to part with you. But, come, Charlotte, let us retire. It is very difficult to get a direct answer to such questions as these, from Ladies, before company, tho' the company be ever so nearly related to them.

Miss Gr. I can answer, before this company, any questions that relate to Lord G.

Sir Ch. Then you don't intend to encourage him?

Miss Gr. I don't see how that follows, neither, from what I said.

Sir Ch. It does, very clearly. I am not an absolute stranger to the language of women, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. I thought my brother too polite to reflect upon the sex.

Sir Ch. Is it to reflect upon the sex, to say, that I am not an absolute stranger to their language?

Miss Gr. I protest, I think so, in the way you spoke it.

Sir Ch. Well, then, try if you cannot find a language to speak in, that may not be capable of such an interpretation.

Miss Gr. I am afraid you are displeased with me, brother. I will answer more directly.

Sir Ch. Do, my Charlotte: I have promised Lord G. to procure him an answer —

Miss Gr. Is the question he puts, Sir, a brief one — On, or off?

Sir Ch. Trust me, Charlotte: You may, even with your punctilio.

Miss Gr. Will you not advise me, Sir?

Sir Ch. I will — To pursue your inclination.

Miss Gr. Suppose, if I knew yours, that that would turn the scale?

Sir Ch. Is the balance even?

Miss Gr. I can't say that, neither.

Sir Ch. Then dismiss my Lord G.

Miss Gr. Indeed, brother, you are angry with me.

Sir Ch. (addressing himself to me) I am sure, Miss Byron, that I shall find, in such points as this, a very different sister in you, when I come to be favoured with the perusal of your Letters. Your cousin Reeves once said, That when you knew your own mind, you never kept any one in suspense.

Miss Gr. But I can't say that I know my mind, absolutely.

Sir Ch. That is another thing. I am silent. Only when you do, I shall take it for a favour, if you will communicate it to me for your service.

Miss Gr. I am among my best friends — Lord L. what is your advice? Sir Charles does not incline to give me his.

Sir Ch. It is owing to my regard to your own inclinations, and not to displeasure or petulance, that I do not.

Lord L. I have a very good opinion of Lord G. What is yours, my dear? to Lady L.

Lady L. I really think very well of my Lord G. What is yours, Miss Byron?

Harriet. I believe Miss Grandson must be the sole determiner, on this occasion. If she has no objection, I presume to think, that no one else can have any.

Miss Gr. Explain, explain, Harriet —

Sir Ch. Miss Byron answers as she always does: Penetration and prudence, with her, never quit company. If I have the honour to explain her sentiments in giving mine, take both as follow: My Lord G. is a good natured, mild man: He will make a woman happy, who has some share of prudence, tho' she has a still greater share of will. Charlotte is very lively: She loves her jest almost as well as she loves her friend —

Miss Gr. How, brother!

Sir Ch. And Lord G. will not stand in competition with her, in that respect: There should not be a rivalry in particular qualities, in marriage. I have known a poet commence an hatred to his wife, on her being complimented with making better verses than he. Let Charlotte agree upon those qualities in which she will a low her husband to excel; and he allow, in her, those she has a desire to monopolize; and all may do well.

Miss Gr. Then Lord G. must not be disputed with, I presume, were I to be his wife, on the subject of moths and butterflies.

Sir Ch. Yet Lord G. may give them up, when he has a more considerable trifle to amuse himself with. Pardon me, Charlotte — Are you not, as far as we have gone in this conversation, a pretty trifler?

Miss Gr. (bowing) Thank you, brother. The epithets pretty, and young, and little, are great qualifiers of harsh words.

Sir Ch. But do you like Sir Walter Watkyns better than Lord G.?

Miss Gr. I think not. He is not, I believe, so good-natured a man as the other.

Sir Ch. I am glad you make that distinction, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. You think it a necessary one in my case, I suppose, Sir?

Sir Ch. I have a Letter of his to answer. He is very urgent with me for my interest with you. I am to answer it. Will you tell me, my sister (giving her the Letter), what shall I say?

Miss Gr. (after perusing it) Why, ay, poor man! he is very much in love: But I should have some trouble to teach him to spell. And yet, they say, he has both French and Italian at his singers ends.

She then began to pull in pieces the Letter.

Sir Ch. I will not permit that, Charlotte. Pray return me the Letter. No woman is intitled to ridicule a Lover whom she does not intend to encourage. If she has a good opinion of herself, she will pity him. Whether she has or not, if she wounds, she should heal. Sir Walter may address himself to an hundred women, who, for the sake of his gay appearance and good estate, will forgive him his indifferent spelling.

Miss Gr. The sluttering season is approaching. One wants now andthen a dangling fellow or two after one in public: Perhaps I have not seen enough of either of these to determine which to choose. Will you not allow one, since neither of them have very striking merits, to behold them in different lights, in order to enable one's self to judge which is the most tolerable of the two? Or, whether a still more tolerable wretch may not offer?

She spoke this in her very archest manner, serious as the subject was; and seriously as her brother wished to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L. and gravely said, I wonder how our cousin Everard is amusing himself, at this instant, at the Hall.

She was sensible of the intended rebuke, and asked him to forgive her.

Wit, my Lord, continued he, inattentive to the pardon she asked, is a dangerous weapon: But that species of it which cannot shine without a foil, is not a wit to be proud of. The Lady before me (what is her name?) and I, have been both under a mistake: I took her for my sister Charlotte: She took me for our cousin Everard.

Every one felt the severity. It seemed to pierce me, as if directed to me. So unusually severe from Sir Charles Grandison; and delivered with such serious unconcern in the manner; I would not, at that moment, have been Miss Grandison for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L. (amiable woman!) felt it for her sister: Tears were in the eyes of both.

At last Miss Grandison arose. I will take away the impostor, Sir; and when I can rectify my mistake, and bring you back your sister, I hope you will receive her with your usual goodness.

My Charlotte! my Sister! (taking her hand) you must not be very angry with me. I love to feel the finer edge of your wit: But when I was bespeaking your attention upon a very serious subject; a subject that concerned the happiness of your future life, and, if yours, mine; and you could be able to say something that became only the mouth of an unprincipled woman to say; how could I forbear to wish that some other woman, and not my sister, had said it? — Times and occasions, my dear Charlotte!

No more, I beseech you, Sir: I am sensible of my folly. Let me retire.

I, Charlotte, will retire; don't you; but take the comfort your friends are disposed to give you. Emily, one word with you, my dear. She flew to him, and they went out together.

There, said Miss Grandison, has he taken the girl with him, to warn her against falling into my folly.

Dr. Bartlett retired in silence.

Lady L. expressed her concern for her sister; but said, Indeed, Charlotte, I was afraid you would carry the matter too far.

Lord L. blamed her. Indeed, sister, he bore with you a great while; and the affair was a serious one. He had engaged very seriously, and even from principle, in it. O Miss Byron! he will be delighted with you, when he comes to read your papers, and fees your treatment of the humble servants you resolved not to encourage.

Yes, yes, Harriet will shine, at my expence; but may she! — Since I have lost my brother's favour, I pray to heaven, that she may gain it: But he shall neer again

have reason to say, I take him for my cousin Everard. But was I very wicked, Harriet! — Deal fairly with me: Was I very wicked?

I thought you wrong all the way: I was afraid for you. But for what you last said, about encouraging men to dangle after you, and seeming to aim at makeing new conquests, I could have chidden you, had you not had your brother to hear it. Will you forgive me? (whispering her) They were the words of a very coquet, and the air was so arch! — Indeed, my Charlotte, you were very much out of the way.

So! Every-body against me! — I must have been wrong, indeed —

The time, the occasion, was wrong, sister Charlotte, said Lord L. Had the subject been of less weight, your brother would have passed it off as pleasantly as he has always before done your vivacities.

Very happy, replied she, to have such a character, that every-body must be in fault who differs from him, or offends him.

In the midst of his displeasure, Charlotte, said Lady L. he forgot not the brother. The subject, he told you concerned the happiness of your future life; and, if yours, his.

One remark, resumed Lord L. I must make, to Sir Charles's honour (take it not amiss, sister Charlotte): Not the least hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he must think of it, so lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim, evidently, is, to amend, not to wound.

I think, my Lord, retorted Miss Grandison, with a glow in her cheeks, you might have spared your remark. If the one brother did not recriminate, the other needed not to remind. My Lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.

This affected good Lady L. Pray, sister, blame not my Lord: You will lose my pity, if you do. Are not we four united in one cause? Surely, Charlotte, we are to speak our whole hearts to each other!

So! I have brought man and wife upon me now. Please the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have somebody on my side. But, Harriet, say, Am I wrong again?

I hope, my dear Miss Grandison, replied I, that what you said to my Lord, was in pleasantry: And, if so, the fault was, that you spoke it with too grave an air.

Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this new difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day. I am sorry I spoke not my pleasantry with a pleasant air — Yet were not you likewise guilty of the same fault, Lady L.? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?

I am very willing, returned Lady L. it should pass so: But, my dear, you must not, by your petulance, rob yourself of the sincerity of one of the best hearts in the world; looking with complacency at her Lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air. — Happy couple!

As I hope to live, said Miss Grandison, I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid so heavy an hand upon me: And so he seemed to think, by what he said at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!

I do assure you, said my Lord, I did pity you: But had I not thought my sister in fault, I should not.

Your servant, my Lord. You are a nice distinguisher.

And a just one, Charlotte, rejoined Lady L.

No doubt of it, Lady L. and that was your motive too. I beseech you, let me not be deprived of your pity. I have yours also, Harriet, upon the same kind consideration.

Why now this archness becomes you, Charlotte, said I [I was willing it should pass so, Lucy]: This is pretty pleasantry.

It is a pretty specimen of Charlotte's penitence, said Lady L.

I was glad Lady L. spoke this with an air of good humour; but Miss Grandison withdrew upon it, not well pleased.

We heard her at her harpsichord, and we all joined her. Emily also was drawn to us, by the music. Tell me, my dear, said Miss Grandison to her (stopping), Have you not had all my faults laid before you, for your caution?

Indeed, madam, my guardian said but one word about you; and this was it: I love my sister: She has amiable qualities: We are none of us right at all times. You see, Emily, that I, in chiding her, spoke with a little too much petulance.

God for ever bless my brother! said Miss Grandison in a kind of rapture: But now his goodness makes my flippancy odious to myself — Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of serenity, as if nothing had passed to disturb him.

When Emily had done playing, and singing, Miss Grandison began to make apologies: But he said, Let us forget each other's failings, Charlotte.

Notice being given of dinner, Lord L. took my hand, and Sir Charles complaisantly led his sister Charlotte to her seat at the table; Lady L. being gone into the dining parlour before.

A most intolerable superiority! — I wish he would do something wrong; something cruel: If he would but bear malice, would but stiffen his air by resentment, it would be something. As a MAN, cannot he be lordly, and assuming, and where he is so much regarded, I may say feared, nod his imperial significance to his vassals about him? — Cannot he be imperious to servants, to shew his displeasure with principals? — No! it is natural to him to be good and just. His whole aim, as my Lord observed, is,

"to convince and amend; and not to wound or hurt."

After dinner, Miss Grandison put into my hands the parcel of my Letters which I had consented Sir Charles should see. Miss Byron, Sir, said she, will oblige you with the perusal of some of her Letters. You will in them see another sort of woman than your Charlotte. May I amend, and be but half as good! — When you have read them, you will say, Amen; and, if your prayer take place, will be satisfied with your sister.

He received them from me, standing up, bowing, and kissed the papers, with an air of gallantry that I thought greatly became him. [O the vanity of the girl! methinks my uncle says, at this place.] He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? said Miss Grandison. Except those of candour, yet correction, answered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to say to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleased to hear me praised; and the Ladies and my Lord miss no opportunity to say kind things of me. But could he not have answered Miss Grandison's question, Whether his favourite was a foreigner, or not? — Had any other question arisen afterwards, that he had not cared to answer, he could but have declined answering it, as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's conversation make, when there are three or four speakers in company; and one attempts to write what each says in the first person! I am amazed at the quantity, on looking back. But it will be so in narrative Letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long Letters, when you went with your brother to Paris? — I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was sorry when I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwise with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D. is angry with me: Yet, methinks, she shews, by her anger, that she had a value for me. As to what you tell me, of Lord D.'s setting his heart on the proposed alliance; I am not so much concerned at that, because he never saw me: And had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very solicitous about his success. Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardor, when repulsed, which they would never have known, had they succeded.

Lady Betty, and Miss Clements, were so good as to make me a visit, this afternoon, in their way to Windsor, where they are to pass two or three days. They lamented my long absence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me, the many fine entertainments I had lost, both public and private, by my country excursion at this unpropitious season of the year, as she called it, shrugging her shoulders, as it in compassion for my rustic taste.

Good Lady! she knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themselves. They have no time to kill, or to delude: On the contrary, our

constant complaint is, that time flies too fast: And I am sure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; since, between conversation and writing, I have not a moment to spare: And I never in my life devoted so sew hours to rest.

I have often wished for Miss Clements to be with us; and so I told her: Sir Charles spoke very handsomely of her, on occasion of Miss Grandison's saying, she was a plain, but good young woman. She is not a beauty, said he; but she has qualities that are more admired than mere beauty.

Would she not, asked Lady L. make a good wife for Lord W.? There is, said Sir Charles, too great a disparity in years. She has, and must have, too many hopes. My Lord W.'s wife will, probably, be confined six months, out of twelve, to a gouty man's chamber. She must therefore be one who has outlived half her hopes: She must have been acquainted with affliction, and known disappointment. She must consider her marriage with him, tho' as an act of condescension, yet partly as a preferment. Her tenderness will, by this means, be engaged; yet her dignity supported: and if she is not too much in years to bring my Lord an heir, he will then be the most grateful of men to her.

My dear Brother, said Miss Grandison, forgive me all my faults: Your actions, your sentiments, shall be the rule of mine! — But who can come up to you? The Danby's — Lord W. —

Any-body may, Charlotte, interrupted Sir Charles, who will be guided by the well-known rule of Doing to others, as you would they should do unto you. Were you in the situation of the Danby's, of Lord W. would you not wish to be done by, as I have done, and intend to do, by them? What must be those who, with hungry eyes, wait and wish for the death of a relation? May they not be compared to savages on the sea-shore, who look out impatiently for a wreck, in order to plunder and prey upon the spoils of the miserable? Lord W. has been long an unhappy man from want of principles: I shall rojoice, if I can be a means of convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong course, and of making his latter days happy. Would I not, in my decline, wish for a nephew that had the same notions? And can I expect such an one, if I set not the example?

Pretty soon after supper, Sir Charles left us; and Miss Grandison, seeing me in a resverie, said, I will lay my life, Harriet, you fansy my brother is gone up to read your Letters — Nay, you are in the right; for he whispered as much to me, before he withdrew. But do not be apprehensive, Harriet (for she saw me concerned); you have nothing to fear, I am sure.

Lady L. said, That her brother's notions and mine were exactly alike, on every subject: But yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cause to be under actual examination, one cannot but have some heart-akes. — Yet why? — If his

favourite woman is a foreigner, what signifies his opinion of my Letters — And yet it does: One would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, Mar. 23.

WE sat down early to breakfast this morning: Miss Grandison dismissed the attendants, as soon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addressed himself to me, the moment he saw me: Admirable Miss Byron, said he, what an entertainment have your Letters given me, down to a certain period! — How, at, and after that, have they distressed me, for your sufferings from a Savage! — It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I saw not sooner this latter part of your affecting story: I have read thro' the whole parcel.

He took it from his bosom, and, with a respectful air, presented it to me — Ten thousand thanks for the favour — I dare not hope for farther indulgence — Yet not to say, how desirous I am — But, forgive me — Think me not too great an incroacher —

I took them.

Surely, brother, said Miss Grandison, you cannot already have read the whole!

I have — I could not leave them — I sat up late —

And so, thought I, did your sister Harriet, Sir.

Well, brother, said Miss Grandison, and what are the faults?

Faults! Charlotte. — Such a noble heart! such an amiable frankness! No prudery! No coquetry! Yet so much, and so justly admired by as many as have had the happiness to approach her! — Then, turning to me, I adore, madam, the goodness, the greatness of your heart. Woman is the glory of all created existence: — But you, madam, are more than woman!

How I blushed! how I trembled! How, tho' so greatly flattered, was I delighted!

Is Miss Byron, in those Letters, all perfect, all faultless, all excellence, Sir Charles? asked Miss Grandison: Is there no — But I am sensible, tho' you have raised my envy, I assure you, that Miss Byron's si another sort of heart than your poor Charlotte's.

But I hope, Sir, said I, that you will correct —

You called upon me yesterday, interrupted he, to attend to the debate between you and Mr. Walden: I think I have something to observe upon that subject. I told you, that beauty should not bribe me. I have very few observations to make upon it.

Lady L. Will you give us, brother, your opinion, in writing, of what you have read?

Sir Ch. That would fill a volume: And it would be almost all panegyric.

How flattering — But this foreign Lady, Lucy! —

Lady L. began another subject. —

Pray, brother, said she, let me revive one of the topics of yesterday — Concerning Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns — And I hope you, Charlotte, will excuse me.

Miss Gr. If it can be revived, without reviving the memory of my flippant folly — Not else will I excuse you, Lady L. And, casting her eye bashfully round her, Dr. Bartlett withdrew; but as if he had business to do.

Lady L. Then let me manage this article for my sister. You said, brother, that you have engaged to give Lord G. either hope, or otherwise —

Sir Ch. Lord G. was very earnest with me for my interest with my sister. I, supposing that she is now absolutely disengaged, did undertake to let him know what room he had for hope, or if any; but told him, That I would not, by any means, endeavour to influence her.

Lady L. Charlotte is afraid, that you would not, of yourself, from displeasure, have revived the subject — Not that she values —

There she stopt.

Sir Ch. I might, at the time, be a little petulant: But I should have revived the subject, because I had engaged myself to procure an answer for an absent person, to a question that was of the highest importance to him: But, perhaps, I should have entered into the subject with Charlotte when we were alone.

Lady L. She can have no objection, I believe, to let all of us, who are present, know her mind, on this occasion.

Miss Gr. To be sure I have not.

Lady L. What signifies mincing the matter? I undertook, at her desire, to recal the subject, because you had seemed to interest yourself in it.

Sir Ch. I think I know as much of Charlotte's mind already, from what you have hinted, Lady L. as I ought to be inquisitive about.

Lady L. How so, brother? What have I said?

Sir Ch. What meant the words you stopt at — Not that she values? — Now, tho' I will not endeavour to lead her choice in behalf of a prince; yet would I be earnest to oppose her marriage with a man for whom she declaredly has no value.

Lady L. You are a little sudden upon me, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. You must not think the words you stopt at, Lady L. slight words: Principle, and Charlotte's future happiness, and that of a worthy man, are concerned here. But perhaps you mean no more, than to give a little specimen of

Lady-like pride in those words. It is a very hard matter for women, on such occasions as these, to be absolutely right. — Dear Miss Byron, bowing to me, excuse me — There is one Lady in the world that ought not, from what I have had the honour to see, on her own account, to take amiss my freedom with her sex, tho' she perhaps will on that of those she loves. But have I not some reason for what I say, when even Lady L. speaking for her sister on this concerning subject, cannot help throwing in a salvo for the pride of her sex?

Harriet. I doubt not, Sir, but Lady L. and Miss Grandison will explain themselves to your satisfaction.

Lady L. then called upon her sister.

Miss Gr. Why, as to value — and all that — To be sure — Lord G. — is not a man, that — (and she looked round her on each person) — that a woman — Hem! — that a woman — But, brother, I think you are a little too ready — to — to — A word and a blow, as the saying is, are two things. — Not that — And there she stopt.

Sir Ch. (smiling) O my dear Lord L.! What shall we say to these Not that's? Were I my cousin Everard, I am not sure but I should suppose, when Ladies were suspending unnecessarily, or with affectation, the happiness of the man they resolve to marry, that they were reflecting on themselves by an indirect acknowlegement of self-denial. —

Miss Gr. Good God! brother.

I was angry at him, in my mind. How came this good man, thought I, by such thoughts as these, of our sex? What, Lucy, could a woman do with such a man, were he to apply to her in courtship, whether she denied or accepted of him?

Sir Ch. You will consider, Lady L. that you and Charlotte have brought this upon yourselves. That I call female pride, which distinguishes not either time, company, or occasion. You will remember, that Lord G. is not here; we are all brothers and sisters: And why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering upon the subject in this company; yet come with your exceptions, as if Lord G. had his father present, or pleading for him? These Not that she values, and so-forth, are so like the dealings between petty chapmen and common buyers and sellers, that I love properly (observe that I say properly) to discourage them among persons of sense and honour. But come, Charlotte, enter into your own cause: You are an excellent pleader, on occasion. You know, or at least you ought t know, your own mind. I never am for encouraging agency (Lady L. excuse me — Will you give up yours?) where principals can be present.

Lady L. With all my heart. I stumbled at the very threshold. E'en, Charlotte, be your own advocate. The cause is on.

Miss Gr. Why, I don't know what to say. — My brother will be so peremptory, perhaps —

Sir Ch. A good sign for somebody — Don't you think so, madam? to me. — But the snail will draw in its horns, if the finger hastily touch it — Come, no good sign, perhaps, Charlotte. — I will not be peremptory. You shall be indulged, if you have not already been indulged enough, in all the pretty circummabages customary on these occasions.

Miss Gr. This is charming! — But pray, Sir, What is your advice, on this subject?

Sir Ch. In our former conversation upon it, I told you what I thought of my Lord's good-humour; what of your vivacity — Can you, Charlotte, were you the wife of Lord G. content yourself now-and-then to make him start, by the lancet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the skin? Without exposing him (and yourself for doing so) to the ridicule of others? Can you bear with his soibles, if he can bear with yours? And if the forbearance is greater on his side, than on yours, can you value him for it, and for his good-humour?

Miss Gr. Finely run off, upon my word!

Sir Ch. I am afraid only, that you will be able, Charlotte, to do what you will with him. I am sorry to have cause to say, that I have seen very good women who have not known how to bear indulgence! — Waller was not absolutely wrong, as to such, when he said, "that women were born to be controuled." If controul is likely to be necessary, it will be with women of such charming spirits as you know whose, Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their otherwise agreeable vivacities.

Miss Gr. Well, but, Sir, if it should chance to be so, and I were Lord G.'s upper servant; for controul implies dominion; what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, who could direct him so well (tho' he might still, perhaps, be a bechelor) how to manage a wife so flippant!

Sir Ch. Bachelors, Charlotte, are close observers. It is not every married couple, if they were sollicitous to have a bachelor marry, that should admit him into a very close intimacy with themselves.

Miss Gr. (archly) Pray, Lord L. Did we not once hear our cousin Everard make an observation of this nature?

Sir Ch. Fairly retorted, Charlotte! — But how came your cousin Everard to make this observation? I once heard you say, that he was but a common observer. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L.

Miss Gr. Well, well, I believe married people must do as well as they can. But may I ask you, brother, Is it owing to such observations as those you have been making, that you are now a single man?

Sir Ch. A fair question from you, Charlotte. I answer, It is not.

Miss Gr. I should be glad, with all my heart, to know what is.

Sir Ch. When the subject comes fairly on the carpet, your curiosity may perhaps be gratified. But tell me, Do you intend that the subject you had engaged Lady L. to introduce, in relation to Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, should be dismissed, at present? I mean not to be peremptory, Charlotte: Be not afraid to answer.

Miss Gr. Why that's kind. No, I can't say, that I do: And yet I frankly consess, that I had much rather ask, than answer questions. You know, Sir, that I have a wicked curiosity.

Sir Ch. Well, Charlotte, you will find me, wicked as you call it, very ready, at a proper time, to gratify it. To some things that you may want to know, in relation to my situation, you needed not now to have been a stranger, had I had the pleasure of being more with you, and had you yourself been as explicit as I would have wished you to be. But the crisis is at hand. When I am certain myself, you shall not be in doubt. I would not suppose, that my happiness is a matter of indifference to my sisters; and if it be not, I should be ungrateful, not to let them know everything I know, that is likely to affect it.

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this speech has a noble sound with it: Don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandison. But by what clouds does this sun seem to be obscured? He says, however, that the crisis is at hand — Solemn words, as they strike me. Ah Lucy! — But this is my prayer — May the crisis produce happiness to him, let who will be unhappy!

Miss Gr. You are always good, noble, uniform — Curiosity, get thee behind me, and lie still! — And yet, brother, like a favoured squirrel repulsed, I am afraid it will be soon upon my shoulder, if the crisis be suspended.

"Crisis is at hand,"

Lucy! — I cannot get over these words; and yet they make my heart ake.

Sir Ch. But now, Charlotte, as to your two admirers —

Miss Gr. Why, Sir, methinks I would not be a petty-〈◊〉 if I could help it: And yet, What can I say? — I don't think highly of either of the men — But, pray now, what — Lady L. (affecting an audible whper) Will you ask a question for me? —

Lady L. What is it, Charlotte?

Miss Gr. whispering (but still loud enough for every one to hear). What sort of a man is Beauchamp?

Lady L. Mad girl! — You heard the question, brother.

Miss Gr. No! — You did not hear it, Sir, if it will displease you. The whispers in conversation are no more to be heard, than the asides in a play.

Sir Ch. Both the one and the other are wrong, Charlotte. Whisperings in conversation are censurable, to a proverb: The asides, as you call them, and the soliloquies, in a play, however frequent, are very poor (because unnatural) shifts of bungling authors, to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But am I to have heard your whisper, Charlotte, or not?

Miss Gr. I think the man my brother so much esteems, must be worth an hundred of such as those we have just now heard named.

Sir Ch. Well, then, I am supposed to be answered, I presume, as to the two gentlemen. I will shew you the Letter, when written, that I shall send to Sir Walter Watkyns. I shall see Lord G. I suppose, the moment he knows I am in town —

Miss Gr. The Lord bless me, brother! — Did you not say, you would not be peremptory?

Lord L. Very right. Pray, Sir Charles, don't let my sister part with the two, without being sure of a third.

Miss Gr. Pray, Lord L. do you be quiet: Your sister is in no hurry, I do assure you.

Sir Ch. The female drawback again, Lady L. — Not that she values.

Harriet. Well, but, Sir Charles, may I, without offence, repeat Miss Grandison's question in relation to Mr. Beauchamp?

Miss Gr. That's my dear creature!

Sir Ch. It is impossible that Miss Byron can give offence. — Mr. Beauchamp is an excellent young man; about Five-and-twenty, not more: He is brave, learned, sincere, chearful; gentle in his manners, agreeable in his person. Has my good Miss Byron any farther questions to ask? Your frankness of heart, madam, intitles you to equal frankness. Not a question you can ask, but the answer shall be ready upon my lips.

Is the Lady, Sir, whom you could prefer to all others, a foreign or an English Lady? — Ah, Lucy! And do you think I asked him this question? — O no! but I had a mind to startle you. I could have asked it, I can tell you: And if it had been proper, it would have been the first of questions with me. Yet had not the answer been such as I had liked, perhaps I should not have been able to stay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe blushed with complacency, at the kind manner in which he spoke to me: Every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleasure.

Lady L. Well, brother, and what think you of the purport of Charlotte's question? Charlotte says, That she does not think highly of either of the other men.

Sir Ch. That at present, is all that concerns me to know. I will write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord G. know, that there is a man in the clouds that Charlotte waits for: That Ladies must not be easily won. Milton justifies you, in his account of the behaviour of your common grandmother, on the first interview between her and the man for whom she was created. Charming copiers! You, Miss Byron, are an exception. You know nothing of affectation. You —

Miss Gr. (unseasonably interrupting him) Pray, Sir, be pleased, since we are such fine copiers of the old lady you mentioned, to repeat the lines: I have no remembrance of them.

Sir Ch.

She heard me thus; and, tho' divinely brought,
He virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That wou'd he woo'd and not unsought be won,
Wrough in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd.
I flow'd her. She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason —

I have looked for the passage, since, Lucy. He missed several lines.

Now, Charlotte, said Sir Charles, tho' these lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of daughters of the old lady, as you call her, and perhaps intended for an instruction to them, since it could not be a natural behaviour in Eve, who was divinely brought to be the wife of Adam, and it being in the state of innocence, could not be conscious of dishonour in receiving his address; yet, if you know what is meant by obsequious majesty, you had as good try for it: And as you are followed, and should not follow, approve of the pleaded reason of one or other of your admirers.

Miss Gr. After hearing the pleaded reason of both, should you not say? I have the choice of two; that had not Eve. But, hold! I had like to have been drawn in to be flippant, again; and then you would have enquired after my cousin Everard, and-so-forth, and been angry.

Sir Ch. Not now, Charlotte: We are now at play together. I see there is constitution in your fault. The subjects we are upon, courtship and marriage, cannot, I find, be talked seriously of by a Lady, before company. Shall I retire with you to solitude? Make a Lover's Camera Obscura for you? Or, could I place you upon the mosly bank of a purling stream, gliding thro' an enamelled mead; in such a scene, a now despised Lord G. or a Sir Walter, might find his account, sighing at your feet. No witnesses but the grazing herd, lowing love around you; the feathered songsters from an adjacent grove, contributing to harmonize and fan the lambent flame —

Miss Gr. (interrupting) Upon my word, brother, I knew you had travelled thro' Greece, but dreamt not that you had dwelt long in the fields of Ar-ca-dy! — But, one question let me ask you, concerning your friend Beauchamp — We women don't love to be slighted — Whether do you think him too good, or not good enough, for your sister?

Sir Ch. The friendship, Charlotte, that has for some years subsisted, and I hope will for ever subsist, between Mr. Beauchamp and me, wants not the tie of relation to strengthen it.

Lord L. Happy Beauchamp?

Sir Ch. Lord L himself is not dearer to me, brother, as I have the honour to call him, than my Beauchamp. It is one of my pleasures, my Lord, that I am assured you will love him, and he you.

Lord L. bowed, delighted; and if he did, his good Lady, you may be sure, partook of her Lord's delight. They are an happy pair! They want not sense; they have both fine understandings! But O! my Lucy, they are not the striking, dazling qualities in men and women, that make happy, Good sense, and solid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a desire of obliging, and an easiness to be obliged, procure the silent, the serene happiness, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous, fervors of passion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be lasting.

Miss Gr. Not that I value. — There, brother — You see, I am a borrower of Lady L. —

Lady L. Upon m honour, Charlotte, I believe you led me into those words; so don't say you borrowed them.

Sir Ch. Far be it from me to endeavour to cure women of affectation on such subjects as that which lately was before us — I don't know what is become of it (looking humourously round, as if he had lost something which he wanted to recover); but that, permit me, Ladies to say, may be an affectation in one company, that is but a necessary reserve in another — Charlotte has genius enough, I am sure, to vary her humour to the occasion; and, i she would give herself time for reflexion, to know when to be grave, when to be airy.

Miss Gr. I don't know that, brother: But let me say for Charlotte, that I believe you sometimes think better of her (as in the present case), sometimes worse, than she deserves. Charlotte has not much reflexion; she is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without considering much about the fit or the unfit. It is constitution, you know, brother; and she cannot easily cure it: But she will try. — Only, Sir, be so good as to let me have an answer to my last question, Whether you think your friend too good or not good enough? Because the answer will let

me know what my brother thinks of me; and that, let me tell you, is of very high importance with me.

Sir Ch. You have no reason, Charlotte, to endeavour to come at this your end, by indirect or comparative means. Your brother loves you —

Miss Gr. With all my faults, Sir? —

Sir Ch. With all your faults, my dear; and I had almost said, for some of them. I love you for the pretty playfulness, on serious subjects, with which you puzzle yourself, and bewilder me: You see I follow your lead. As to the other part of your question (for I would always answer directly, when I can), my friend Beauchamp deserves the best of women. You are excellent in my eyes; but I have known two very worthy persons, who, taken separately, have been admired by every one who knew them, and who admired each other before marriage, yet not happy in it.

Miss Gr. Is it possible? To what could their unhappiness be owing? — Both, I suppose, continuing good?

Sir Ch. To an hundred almost nameless reasons — Too little consideration on one side; too much on the other: Diversions different: Too much abroad the man — Too much at home will sometimes have the same effect: Acquaintance approved by the one — Disapproved by the other: One liking the town; the other the country: Or either preferring town or country in different humours, or at different times of the year. Human nature, Charlotte —

Miss Gr. No more, no more, I beseech you, brother — Why this human nature, I believe, is a very vile thing! I think, Lady L. I won't marry at all.

Sir Ch. Some such trifles, as these I have enumerated, will be likely to make you, Charlotte, with all your excellencies, not so happy as I wish you to be. If you cannot have a man of whose understanding you have an higher opinion than of your own, you should think of one who is likely to allow to yours a superiority. If —

Miss Grandison interrupted him again: I wished she would not so often interrupt him: I wanted to find out his notions of our sex. I am afraid, with all his politeness, he thinks us poor creatures. But why should not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

Miss Gr. Well, but, Sir; I suppose the gentleman abroad has more understanding than I have.

Sir Ch. A good deal will depend upon what you'll think of that: Not what I, or the world, will judge.

Miss Gr. But the judgment of us women generally goes with the world.

Sir Ch. Not generally, in matrimonial instances. A wife, in general, may allow of a husband's superior judgment; but in particular cases, and as they fall out one by one, the man may find it difficult, to have at allowed in any one instance:

Miss Gr. I think you said, Sir, that batchelors were close observers.

Sir Ch. We may in the sister, sometimes, see the wife. I admire you, myself, for your vivacity; but I am not sure that a husband would not think himself hurt by it, especially if it be true, as you say,

"that Charlotte has not much reflexion, and is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without troubling herself about the fit or the unfit."

Miss Gr. O, Sir, what a memory you have! I hope that the man who is to call me his (that's the dialect, i'n't it?) will not have half your memory.

Sir Ch. For his sake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

Miss Gr. Let me see — Why for both our sakes, I believe.

Sir Ch. You'll tell the man, in courtship, I hope, that all this liveliness is

"constitution;"

and

"that you know not how to cure it."

Miss Gr. No, by no means, Sir: Let him in the mistress, as somebody else in the sister, guess at the wife, and take warning.

Sir Ch. Very well answered, Charlotte, in the play we are at; but I am willing to think highly of my sister's prudence, and that she will be happy, and make the man so, to whom she may think fit to give her hand at the altar. And now the question recurs, What shall I say to Lord G.? What to Sir Walter?

Miss Gr. Why I think you must make my compliments to Sir Walter, if you will be so good; and, after the example of my sister Harriet to the men she sends a grazing, very civilly tell him, he may break his heart as soon as he pleases; for that I cannot be his.

Sir Ch. Strange girl! But I wish not to lower this lively spirit — You will put your determination into English.

Miss Gr. In plain English, then, I can by no means think of encouraging the address of Sir Walter Watkyns.

Sir Ch. Well, And what shall I say to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Why that's the thing! — I was afraid it would come to this — Why, Sir, you must tell him, I think — I profess I can't tell what — But, Sir, will you let me know what you would have me tell him?

Sir Ch. I will follow your lead as far as I can — Can you, do you think, love Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Love him! love Lord G.? What a question is that! — Why no! I verily believe, that I can't say that.

Sir. Ch. Can you esteem him?

Miss Gr. Esteem! — Why that's a quaint word, tho' a female one. I believe, if I were to marry the honest man, I could be civil to him, if he would be very

complaisant, very observant, and all that — Pray, brother, don't, however, be angry with me.

Sir Ch. I will not, Charlotte, smiling. It is constitution, you say. — But if yu cannot be more than civil; and if he is to be very observant; you'll make it your agreement with him, before you meet him at the altar, that he shall subscribe to the woman's part of the vow; and that you shall answer to the man's.

Miss Gr. A good thought, I believe! I'll consider of it. If I find, in courtship, the man will bear it, I may make the proposal. — Yet I don't know, but it will be as well to suppose the vow changed, without conditioning for it, as other good women do; and act accordingly. One would not begin with a singularity, for fear of putting the parson out. I heard an excellent Lady once advise a good wise, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do any thing that he would wish to be done, except she chose to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.

Harriet. Nay now, Miss Grandison, you are much more severe upon your sex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. Have I been severe upon either, my dear Miss Byron?

Harriet. Indeed I think so.

Sir Ch. I am sorry for it: I only intended to be just. See, Charlotte, what a censure, from goodness itself, you draw upon me! — But I am to give encouragement (am I?) to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. Do as you please, Sir.

Sir Ch. That is saying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G.?

Miss Gr. In the world, Sir! — A very wide place, I profess.

Sir Ch. You know what I mean by it.

Miss Gr. Why no — Yes — No — What can I say to such a question?

Sir Ch. Help me, Lady L. You know, better than I, Charlotte's language: Help me to understand it.

Lady L. I believe, brother, you may let Lord G. know, that he will not be denied an audience, if he come —

Sir Ch. "Will not be denied an audience, if he come!" And this to Charlotte's brother! Women! Women! Women! — You, Miss Byron, I repeat with pleasure, are an exception — In your Letters and behaviour we see what a woman is, and what she ought to be — But I know, as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith, that you have too much greatness of mind, to accept of a compliment made you at the expence of your sex. — But my heart does you justice.

Lord L. See, however, brother Grandison, this excellence in the two sisters! You say, indeed, but just things in praise of Miss Byron; but they are more than

women: For they enjoy that praise, and the acknowleged superiority of the only woman in Britain to whom they can be inferior.

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments so high? I did.

You DID, Harriet?

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to surprise you again. I did thank them; but it was in downcast silence, and by a glow in my cheeks, that was even painful to me to feel.

The sisters have since observed to me (flattering Ladies!) that their brother's eyes — But is it not strange, Lucy, that they did not ask him, in this long conversation, Whether his favourite of our sex is a foreigner, or not? If she be, what signifies the eye of pleasure cast upon your Harriet?

But be this as it may, you see, Lucy, that the communicating of my Letters to Lord L. and the two Ladies, and of some of them to their brother, has rivetted the three first in my favour, and done me honour with Sir Charles Grandison.

But what do you think was Miss Grandison's address to me, on this agreeable occasion? You, my grandmamma, will love her again, I am sure, tho' she so lately incurred your displeasure.

Sweet and ever-amiable Harriet! said she; Sister! Friend! enjoy the just praises of two of the best of men! — You can enjoy them with equal modesty and dignity; and we can (What say you, Lady L.?) find our praise in the honour you do our sex, and in being allowed to be seconds to you.

And what do you think was the answer of Lady L. (generous woman!) to this call of her sister?

I can chearfully, said she, subscribe to the visible superiority of my Harriet, as shewn in all her Letters, as well as in her whole conduct: But then you, my Lord, and you, my brother, who in my eye are the first of men, must not let me have cause to dread, that your Caroline is sunk in yours.

I had hardly power to sit, yet had less to retire; as I had, for a moment, a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: My return to company must have been aukward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my Letters, to deserve all these fine speeches? — But my Lord and his sisters are my true friends, and zealous well-wishers: No fear that I shall be too proud, on this occasion. It is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than necessary to establish me with somebody; and yet, after all, if there be a foreign Lady — What signify all these fine things?

But how (you will ask) did the brother acknowlege these generous speeches of his sisters and Lord L? — How? Why as he ought to do. He gave them for their generous goodness to their Harriet, in preference to themselves, such due praises,

as more than restored them, in my eye, to the superiority they had so nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addressed himself to me jointly with his sisters: I see, with great pleasure, said he, the happy understanding that there is between you three Ladies: It is a demonstration, to me, of surpassing goodness in you all. To express myself in the words of an ingenious man, to whose works your sex, and if yours, ours, are more obliged, than to those of any single man in the British world,

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

The two sisters and your Harriet bowed as they sat.

Encouraged by this happy understanding among you, let me hope, proceeded he, that you, Miss Byron, will be so good as to inform your-self, and let me know, what I may certainly depend upon to be our Charlotte's inclinations with respect to the two gentlemen who court her favour; and whether there is any man that the can or does prefer to the most favoured of either of them. From you I shall not meet with the "Not that she values." — The depreciating indifferences, the affected slights, the female circumambages, if I may be allowed the words; the coldlyexpressed consent to visits not deserving to be discouraged, and perhaps not intended to be so, that I have had to encounter with in the past conversation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my sister's vivacity: But as the affair is of a very serious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interposition, having really no choice but hers; and wanting only to know on whom that choice will fall, or whether on any man, at present; on your noble frankness I can rely; and Charlotte will open her mind to you: If not, she has very little profited by the example you have set her in the Letters you have permitted her to read.

He arose, bowed, and withdrew; Miss Grandison called after him, Brother, brother, brother — One word — Don't leave us — But he only kissed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a smiling air, left us looking at each other in a silence that held a few moments.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LOrd L. broke the silence. You are a delightful girl, Charlotte; but your brother has had a great deal of patience with you.

O my Lord, said she, if we women play our cards right, we shall be able to manage the best and wisest of you all, as we please. It is but persevering; and you men, if not out-argued, may be out-teazed. — But, Harriet — upon my word — The game seems to be all in your own hands.

We want but my brother to be among us, said Lady L. Beauty would soon find its power: And such a mind — And then they complimented me, that their brother and I were born for each other.

Miss Grandison told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G. She said, she was glad that her brother had proposed to know her mind from me. Something, Harriet, said she, may arise in the tête-à-tête conversation, that may let us into a little of his own.

But shall I trust myself with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of my self, rather. My own concerns so much in my head, I wish I don't confound them with Miss Grandison's. A fine piece of work shall I make of it, if I do. If I get it so happily over, as not to be dissatisfied with my self, for my part in it, I shall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all these distinctions paid me in this conversation, and all this confidence placed in me, produce nothing — If — Why, what if? In one word, Should this if be more than if — Why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if she had not been so much distinguished.

At afternoon-tea, the Danby's being mentioned, Lord L. asked Sir Charles, What was the danger from which he relieved their uncle? And we all joining in requesting particulars he gave the following, which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as possible, in his own words. My heart interested itself in the relation.

'Mr. Danby, said he, was a merchant of equal eminence and integrity: He was settled at Cambray: He had great dealings in the manufactures of cambricks and lace. His brother John, a very profligate man, had demanded of him, and took it ill that he denied him, a thousand guineas; for no better reason, but because he had generously given that sum to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he pleaded, he was as nearly related to his brother as were those his children. No plea is too weak for folly and self-interest to insist upon. Yet my Mr. Danby had often

given this brother large sums, which he squandered away almost as soon as he received them.

‘My father used to make remittances to Mr. Danby, for my use: for his dealings in other branches of commerce extended to the south of France and Italy: This brought me acquainted with him.

‘He took a great liking to me. I saw him first at Lyons; and he engaged me to visit him at Cambray, whenever I should go to Paris or Flanders.

‘Accompanying a friend, soon after, to Paris, I performed my promise.

‘He had a villa in the Cambresis, at a small distance from the city, which he sometimes called his cottage, at others his dormitory. It was a little lone house: He valued it for its elegance. Thither, after I had passed two days with him at his house in the city, he carried me.

‘His brother, enraged at being refused the sum he had so unreasonably demanded, formed a plot to get possession of his whole fortune. My Mr. Danby was a bachelor, and, it was known, had, to that time, an aversion to the thought of making his will.

‘The wretch, in short, hired three ruffians to murder him. The attempt was to be made in this little house, that the fact might have the appearance of being perpetrated by robbers; and the cabinets in the bed-chamber, if there were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broken open, and rifled, in order to give credit to that appearance. The villains were each to be rewarded with a thousand crowns, payable on the wicked man’s getting possession of his brother’s fortune; and they had fifty crowns apiece paid them in hand. Their unnatural employer waited the event at Calais, tho’ he told them he should be at Dunkirk.

‘I had one servant with me, who lay with a manservant of Mr. Danby in a little room over the stable, about an hundred yards from the house. There were only conveniences in the house for Mr. Danby and a friend, besides two women servants in the upper part of it.

‘About midnight I was alarmed by a noise, as of violence used at the window of Mr. Danby’s room. Mine communicated with his. The fastening of the door was a spring-lock, the key of which was on my side.

‘I slipt on my cloaths in an instant, and, drawing my sword, rushed into the next room, just as one villain, with a large knife in his hand, had seized the throat of Mr. Danby, who, till then, was in a sound sleep. The skin of his neck, and one hand listed up to defend himself, were slightly wounded before I ran the ruffian into the shoulder, as I did with my sword, and in the same moment disarmed him, and threw him, with violence from the bed, against the door. He roared out, that he was a dead man.

‘A second fellow had got up to the window, and was half in: He called out, to a third below, to hasten up after him on a ladder, which was generally left in an outhouse near the little garden.

‘I hastened to this second fellow, who then fired a pistol, but happily missed me; and who, feeling my sword’s point in his arm, threw himself, with a little of my help, out of the window, upon the third fellow, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off: And then both made their escape by the way they came.

‘The fellow within had fainted, and lay weltering in his blood.

‘By this time, the two women-servants had let in our men, who had been alarmed by the report of the pistol, and by the report of the pistol, and by the screams of the women from their window; for they ventured not out of their chamber till they were called upon for entrance, by their fellow-servant from below.

‘The two footmen, by my direction, bound up the ruffian’s shoulder: They dragged him down into the hall: He soon came to himself, and offered to make an ample confession.

‘Poor Mr. Danby had crept into my room, and in a corner of it had fainted away. We recovered him with difficulty.

‘The fellow confessed, before a magistrate, the whole villainy, and who set him at work: The other two, being disabled by their bruises from flying far, were apprehended next day. The vile brother was sent after to Dunkirk, according to the intelligence given of him by the fellows; but he having informed himself of what had happened, got over from Calais to Dover.

‘The wounded man, having lost much blood, recovered not. They were all three ordered to be executed; but, being interceded for, the surviving villains were sent to the gallies.

‘It seems they knew nothing of Mr. Danby’s having a guest with him: If they had, they owned they would have made their attempt another night.’

We were about to deliver our sentiments on this extraordinary event, when Sir Charles, turning to Lady L. Let me ask you, said he, the servant being withdrawn, Has Charlotte found out her own mind?

Yes, yes, Sir; I believe she has opened all her heart to Miss Byron.

Then I shall know more of it in ten minutes, than Charlotte would let me know in as many hours.

Stand by, every-body, said the humorous Lady — Let me get up, and make my brother one of my best courtesies.

Sir Charles was just then called out to a messenger, who brought him Letters from town. He returned to us, his complexion heightened, and a little discomposed.

I intended, madam, said he, to me, to have craved the honour of your company for half an hour in my Lord's library, on the subject we were talking of: But these Letters require my immediate attention. The messenger must return with my answer to two of them, early in the morning. You will have the goodness, looking round him, to dispense with my attendance on you at supper. But perhaps, madam, to me, you will be so good, as, in one word, to say, No, or Yes, for Charlotte.

Miss Gr. What, Sir to be given up without a preface! — I beg your pardon. Less than ten words shall not do, I assure you, tho' from my sister Harriet.

Sir Ch. Who given up, Charlotte? yourself? If so, I have my answer.

Miss Gr. Or Lord G. — I have not said which. Would you have my poor Lord rejected by a slighting monosyllable only?

Lady L. Mad girl!

Miss Gr. Why, Lady L. don't you see that Sir Charles wants to take me by implication? But my Lord G. is neither so soon lost, nor Charlotte so easily won. Harriet, if you would give up yourself at a first question, then I will excuse you if you give up me as easily, but not else.

Harriet. If Sir Charles thinks a conference upon the subject unnecessary — Pray don't let us give him the trouble of holding one. His time, you see, is very precious.

Can you guess, Lucy, at the humour I was in when I said this? — If you think it was a very good one, you are mistaken; yet I was sorry for it afterwards. Foolish self-betrayer! Why should I seem to wish for a conference with him? But that was not all — To be petulant with such a one, when his heart was distressed; for so it proved: But he was too polite, too great, shall I say? to take notice of my petulance. How little does it make me in my own eyes!

Had I, said he, ever so easily obtained a knowlege of my sister's mind, I should not have known how to depend upon it, were it not strengthened, madam, from your lips. The conference, therefore, which you gave me hopes you would favour me with, would have been absolutely necessary. I hope Miss Byron will allow me to invite her to it to-morrow morning. The intended subject of it is a very serious one with me. My sister's happiness, and that of a man not unworthy, are concerned in it, lightly as Charlotte has hitherto treated it. He bowed and was going.

Miss Gr. Nay, pray, brother — You must not leave me in anger.

Sir Ch. I do not, Charlotte. I had rather bear with you, than you should with me. I see you cannot help it. A lively heart is a great blessing. Indulge it. Now is your time.

Dear doctor, said Miss Grandison, when Sir Charles was gone out, What can be the meaning of my brother's gravity? It alarms me.

Dr. B. If goodness, madam, would make an heart lively, Sir Charles's would be as lively as your own; but you might have perceived by his air, when he entered, that the letters brought him affected him too much to permit him to laugh off a light answer to a serious question.

Miss Gr. Dear doctor! — But I do now recollect, that he entered with some little discomposure on his countenance. How could I be so inattentive?

Harriet. And I, too, I doubt, was a little captious.

Dr. B. A very little. Pardon me, madam.

Just then came in the excellent man.

Dr. Bartlett, I could wish to ask you one question, said he.

Miss Gr. You are angry with me brother.

Sir Ch. No, my dear! — But I am afraid I withdrew with too grave an air. I have been a thousand times pleased with you, Charlotte, to one time displeased; and when I have been the latter, you have always known it: I had something in my hand that ruffled me a little. But how could patience be patience, if it were not tried? I wanted to say a few words to my good Dr. Bartlett: And, to say truth, being conscious that I had departed a little abruptly, I could not be easy till I apologized in person for it; therefore came to ask the favour of the doctor's advice, rather than request it by message.

The doctor and he withdrew together.

In these small instances, said my Lord, are the characters of the heart displayed, far more than in greater. What excellence shines out in full lustre, on this unaffected and seemingly little occasion! Fear of offending; of giving uneasiness; sollicitude to remove doubts; patience recommended in one short sentence, more forcibly than some would have done it in a long discourse, as well as by example; censuring himself, not from a consciousness of being wrong, but of being taken wrong. Ah! my dear sister Charlotte, we should all edify by such an example — But I say no more.

Miss Gr. And have you nothing to say, Harriet?

Harriet. Very little, since I have been much to blame myself: Yet let me remind my Charlotte, that her brother was displeased with her yesterday, for treating too lightly a subject he had engaged in seriously; and that he has been forced to refer to her friend, rather than to herself, to help him to the knowlege of her mind. O Charlotte! regret you not the occasion given for the expedient? And do you not [Yes, I see you do] blush for giving it? Yet to see him come voluntarily back, when he had left us in a grave humour, for fear the babies should think him angry with them; O how great is he! and how little are we!

Miss Gr. Your servant, sister Harriet! — You have made a dainty speech, I think: But, great and good as my brother is, we know how it comes to pass, that your pretty imagination is always at work to aggrandize the man, and to lower the babies!

Harriet. I will not say another word on the subject. You are not generous, Charlotte.

She took my hand: Forgive me, my dear — I touch'd too tender a string. Then turning to Miss Jervois, and with the other hand taking hers, Why twinkles thus my girl? — I charge you, Emily, tell me all you think.

I am thinking, said she, that my guardian is not happy. To see him bear with every-body; to have him keep all his troubles to himself, because he would not afflict any-body, and yet study to lighten and remove the troubles of every-body else — Did he not say, that he should be happy, but for the unhappiness of other people?

Excellent young creature! said Miss Grandison: I love you every day better and better. For the future, my dear, do not retire, whatever subjects we talk of. I see, that we may confide in your discretion. But well as you love your guardian, say nothing to him of what women talk to women. My Lord L. is an exception, in this case: He is one of us.

Harriet. O Miss Grandison! what a mix'd character is yours! How good you can be, when you please! and how naughty!

Miss Gr. Well, and you like me, just now? — That's the beauty of it; to offend and make up, at pleasure. Old Terence was a shrewd man: The falling out of Lovers, says he (as Lord L. once quoted him), is the renewal of Love. Are we not now better friends, than if we had never differed? And do you think that I will not, if I marry, exercise my husband's patience now-and-then for this very purpose? — Let me alone, Harriet: Now a quarrel; now a reconciliation; I warrant I shall be happier than any of the yawning see-saws in the kingdom. Everlasting summers would be a grievance.

Harriet. You may be right, if you are exceeding discreet in your perversenesses, Charlotte; and yet if you are, you will not lay out for a quarrel, I fansy. The world, or you will have better luck than your brother seems to have had, will find you opportunities enow, for exercising the tempers of both, without your needing to study for occasions.

Miss Gr. Study for them, Harriet! I sha'n't study for them, neither: They will come of course.

Harriet. I was about to ask a question — But 'tis better let alone.

Miss Gr. I will have it. What was your question? Don't you see what a good-natured fool I am? You may say any-thing to me: I won't be angry.

Harriet. I was going to ask you, If you were ever concernd two hours together, for any fault you ever committed in your life?

Miss Gr. Yes, yes, yes; and for two-and-twenty hours: For sometimes the inconveniencies that followed my errors, were not presently over, as in a certain case, which I'll be hang'd if you have not in your head, with that fly leer that shews the rogue in your heart: But when I got rid of consequences, no bird in spring was ever more blyth. I carolled away every care at my harpsichord. — But Emily will think me mad — Remember, child, that Miss Byron is the woman by whose mind you are to form yours: Never regard me, when she is in company. — But now (and she whimsically arose, and opened the door, and saying Begone, shut it, and coming to her place) I have turned my folly out of door.

Friday morn. seven o'clock.

I HAVE written for these two days passed at every opportunity, and, for the two nights, hardly knowing what sleepiness was; two hours, each night, have contetned me. I wonder whether I shall be summoned by-and-by to the proposed conference; but I am equally sorry and apprehensive, on occasion of the Letters which have given Sir Charles Grandison so much anxiety: Foreign Letters, I doubt not! — I wish this ugly word foreign were blotted out of my vocabulary; out of my memory, rather. I never, till of late, was so narrow-hearted — But that I have said before, twenty times.

I have written — How many sheets of paper — A monstrous Letter — Pacquet, rather. I will begin a new one, with what shall offer this day. Adieu, till by and by, my Lucy.

LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday, March 24.

THE conference, the impatiently expected conference, my Lucy, is over: And what is the result? — Take the account of it, as it was brought on, proceeded with, and concluded. Miss Grandison and her Lovers were not our only subjects. I will soon be with you, my dear. — But I'll try to be as minute as I used to be, notwithstanding.

Notwithstanding what? —

You shall hear, Lucy.

Sir Charles gave us his company at breakfast. He entered with a kind of benign solemnity in his countenance, but the benignity increased, and the solemnity went off, after a little while.

My Lord said, he was very sorry that he had met with any-thing to disturb him, in the Letters that were brought him yesterday. Emily joined by her eyes; tho' not in speech, her concern with his Lordship's: Miss Grandison was sedately serious: Lady L. had expectation in her fine face; and Dr. Bartlett sat like a man that was determined to be silent. I had apprehension, and hope, I suppose, struggling in mine, as I knew not whether to wish for the expected conference, or not; my cheeks, as I felt, in a glow.

Let us think of nothing, my Lord, in this company, said he, but what is agreeable.

He enquired kindly of my health and last night's rest, because of a slight cold that had affected my voice: Of Emily, Why she was so sad? Of Lady L. and my Lord, When they went to town? Of Miss Grandison, Why she looked so meditatingly? that was his word — Don't you see, Miss Byron, said he, that Charlotte looks as if she had not quite settled the humour she intends to be in for the next half-hour?

Charlotte looks, I believe, Sir, replied she, as if she were determined to take her humour for the next half-hour from yours, whether grave, or airy.

Then, returned he, I will not be grave, because I will not have you so. — May I hope, madam, by-and-by, addressing himself to me, for the honour of your hand, to my Lord's library?

Sir, I will — I will — attend you — hesitated the simpleton, but she can't tell how she looked.

Thus, Lucy, was the matter brought on.

He conducted me to my Lord's library. — How did I struggle with myself for presence of mind! What a mixture was there of tenderness and respect, in his countenance and air!

He seated me; then took his place over-against me I believe I looked down, and conscious, and silly; but there was such a respectful modesty in his looks, that one could not be uneasy at being now and then with an air of languor, as I thought, contemplated by him: Especially as, whenever I reared my eye-lids to cast a momentary look at him as he spoke, I was always sure to see his eye withdrawn: This gave more freedom to mine, than it possibly otherwise could have had. What a bold creature, Lucy, ought she to be, who prefers a bold man! If she be not bold, how silly must she look under his staring confident eye! How must her want of courage add to his! and, of course, to his self-consequence!

Thus he began the subject we were to talk of.

I will make no apology for requesting the favour of this conference with one of the most frank and open-hearted young Ladies in the world: I shall have the honour, perhaps, of detaining your ear on more than one subject [How my heart throbbed!] But that which I shall begin with, relates to my Lord G. and our sister Charlotte. I observe, from hints thrown out by herself, as well as from what Lady L. said, that she intends to encourage his addresses; but it is easy to see, that she thinks but slightly of him. I am indeed apprehensive, that she is rather induced to favour my Lord, from an opinion that he has my interest and good wishes, than from her own inclination. I have told her, more than once, that her's are, and shall be, mine: But such is her vivacity, that it is very difficult for me to know her real mind. I take it for granted, that she prefers my Lord to Sir Walter.

I believe, Sir — But why should I say believe, when Miss Grandison has commissioned me to own, that Lord G. is a man whom she greatly prefers to Sir Walter Watkyns.

Does she, can she, do you think, madam, prefer Lord G. not only to Sir Walter, but to all the men whom she at present knows? In other words, Is there any man that you think she would prefer to Lord G.? I am extremely sollicitous for my sister's happiness; and the more, because of her vivacity, which, I am afraid, will be thought less to become the wife, than the single woman.

I dare say, Sir, that if Miss Grandison thought of any other man in preference to Lord G. she would not encourage his addresses, upon any account.

I don't expect, madam, that a woman of Charlotte's spirit and vivacity, who has been disappointed by a sailure of supposed merit in her first Love (if we may so call it), should be deeply in love with a man that has not very striking qualities. She can play with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G. is a worthy,

tho’ not a very brilliant man. Ladies have eyes; and the eye expects to be gratified. Hence men of appearance succeed often, where men of intrinsic merit fail. Were Charlotte to consult her happiness, possibly she would have no objection to Lord G. She cannot, in the same man, have every-thing. But if Lord G. consulted his, I don’t know whether he would wish for Charlotte. Excuse me, madam; you have heard, as well as she, my opinion of both men. Sir Walter, you say, has no part in the question; Lord G. wants not understanding: He is a man of probity; he is a virtuous man; a quality not to be despised in a young nobleman: He is also a mild man: He will bear a great deal. But contempt, or such a behaviour as should look like contempt, in a wife, what husband can bear? I should much more dread, for her sake, the exasperated spirit of a meek man, than the sudden gusts of anger of a passionate one.

Miss Grandison, Sir, has authorized me to say, That if you approve of Lord G.’s addresses, and will be so good as to take upon yourself the direction of every-thing relating to settlements, she will be entirely govern’d by you. Miss Grandison, Sir, has known Lord G. some time: His good character is well known: And I dare answer, that she will acquit herself with honour and prudence, in every engagement, but more especially in that which is the highest of all worldly ones.

Pray, madam, may I ask, If you know what she could mean by the questions she put in relation to Mr. Beauchamp? I think she has never seen him. Does she suppose, from his character, that she could prefer him to Lord G.?

I believe, Sir, what she said in relation to that gentleman, was purely the effect of her vivacity, and which she never thought of before, and probably, never will again. Had she meant any-thing by it, I dare say, she would not have put the questions about him in the manner she did.

I believe so. I love my sister, and I love my friend. Mr. Beauchamp has delicacy. I could not bear, for her sake, that, were she to behold him in the light hinted at, he should imagine he had reason to think slightly of my sister, for the correspondence she carried on, in so private a manner, with a man absolutely unworthy of her. But I hope she meant nothing, but to give way to that vein of raillery, which, when opened, she knows not always how to stop.

My spirits were not high: I was forced to take out my handkerchief — O my dear Miss Grandison! said I, I was afraid she had forfeited, partly, at least, what she holds most dear, the good opinion of her brother!

Forgive me, madam; ’tis a generous pain that I have made you suffer: I adore you for it. But I think I can reveal all the secrets of my heart to you. Your noble frankness calls for equal frankness: You would inspire it, where it is not. My sister, as I told her more than once in your hearing, has not lost any of my love. I love her, with all her faults; but must not be blind to them. Shall not praise and

dispraise be justly given? I have faults, great faults, myself: What should I think of the man who called them virtues? How dangerous would it be to me, in that case, were my opinion of his judgment, joined to selfpartiality, to lead me to believe him, and acquit my self?

This, Sir, is a manner of thinking worthy of Sir Charles Grandison.

It is worthy of every man, my good Miss Byron.

But, Sir, it would be very hard, that an indiscretion (I must own it to be such) should fasten reproach upon a woman who recovered herself so soon, and whose virtue was never sullied, or in danger.

Indeed it would: And therefore it was in tenderness to her that I intimated, that I never could think of promoting an alliance with a man of his nice notions, were both to incline to it.

I hope, Sir, that my dear Miss Grandison will run no risque of being slighted, by any other man from a step which has cost her so dear in her peace of mind — I hesitated, and looked down.

I know, madam, what you mean. Altho' I love my friend Beauchamp above all men, yet would I do Lord G. or any other man, as much justice, as I would do him. I was so apprehensive of my sister's indifference to Lord G. and of the difference in their tempers, tho' both good, that I did my utmost to dissuade him from thinking of her: And when I found that his love was fixed beyond the power of dissuasion, I told him of the affair between her and Captain Anderson; and how lately I had put an end to it. He flattered himself, that the indifference, with which she had hitherto received his addresses, was principally owing to the difficulty of her situation; which being now so happily removed, he had hopes of meeting with encouragement; and doubted not, if he did, of making a merit with her, by his affection and gratitude. And now, madam, give me your opinion — Do you think Charlotte can be won (I hope she can) by indulgence, by Love? Let me caution her by you, madam, that it is fit she should still more restrain herself, if she marry a man to whom she thinks she has superior talents, than she need do if the difference were in his favour.

Permit me to add, That if she should shew herself capable of returning slight for tenderness; of taking such liberties with a man who loves her, after she had given him her vows, as should depreciate him, and, of consequence, herself, in the eye of the world; I should be apt to forget that I had more than one sister: For, in cases of right and wrong, we ought not to know either relation or friend.

Does not this man, Lucy, shew us, that goodness and greatness are synonymous words?

I think, Sir, replied I, that if Lord G. prove the good-natured man he seems to be; if he dislike not that brilliancy of temper in his Lady, which he seems not to

value himself upon, tho' he may have qualities, at least, equally valuable; I have no doubt but Miss Grandison will make him very happy: For has she not great and good qualities? Is she not generous, and perfectly good natured? You know, Sir, that she is. And can it be supposed, that her charming vivacity will ever carry her so far beyond the bounds of prudence and discretion, as to make her forget what the nature of the obligation she will have entered into, requires of her?

Well, madam, then I may rejoice the heart of Lord G. by telling him, that he is at liberty to visit my sister, at her coming to town: or, if she come not soon (for he will be impatient to wait on her) at Colnebrooke?

I dare say you may, Sir.

As to articles and settlements, I will undertake for all those things: But be pleased to tell her, that she is absolutely at her own liberty, for me. If she shall think, when she sees farther of Lord G.'s temper and behaviour, that she cannot esteem him as a wife ought to esteem her husband; I shall not be concerned, if she dismiss him; provided that she keeps him not on in suspence, after she knows her own mind; but behaves to him according to the example set her by the best of women.

I could not but know to whom he designed this compliment; and had like to have bowed, but was glad I did not.

Well, madam, and now I think this subject is concluded. I have already written a Letter to Sir Walter, as at the request of my sister, to put an end, in the civillest terms, to his hopes. My Lord G. will be impatient for my return to town. I shall go with the more pleasure, because of the joy I shall be able to give him.

You must be very happy, Sir, since, besides the pleasure you take in doing good for its own sake, you are intitled to partake, in a very high manner, of the pleasures of every one you know.

He was so nobly modest, Lucy, that I could talk to him with more confidence than, I believed, at my entrance into my Lord's study, would fall to my share: And I had, besides, been led into a presence of mind, by being made a person of some consequence in the Love-case of another: But I was soon to have my whole attention engaged in a subject still nearer to my heart; as you shall hear.

Indeed, madam, said he, I am not very happy in myself. Is it not right then, to endeavour, by promoting the happiness of others, to intitle myself to a share of theirs?

If you are not happy, Sir — and I stopt. I believe sighed; I looked down: I took out my handkerchief, for fear I should want it.

There seems, said he, to be a mixture of generous concern, and kind curiosity, in one of the loveliest and most intelligent faces in the world. My sisters have, in your presence, expressed a great deal of the latter. Had I not been myself in a

manner uncertain, as to the event that must, in some measure, govern my future destiny, I would have gratified it, especially as my Lord L. has, of late, joined in it. The crisis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand.

I do remember you said so, Sir. And indeed, Lucy, it was more than perhaps. I had not thought of any words half so often, since he spoke them.

The crisis, madam, is at hand: And I had not intended to open my lips upon the subject till it was over, except to Dr. Bartlett, who knows the whole affair, and indeed every affair of my life: But, as I hinted before, my heart is opened by the frankness of yours. If you will be sogood as to indulge me, I will briefly lay before you a few of the difficulties of my situation; and leave it to you to communicate or not, at your pleasure, what I shall relate to my two sisters and Lord L. You four seem to be animated by one soul.

I am extremely concerned, Sir — I am very much concerned — repeated the trembling simplton [one cheek feeling to myself very cold, the other glowingly warm, by turns; and now pale, now crimson perhaps to the eye] that any-thing should make you unhappy. But, Sir, I shall think myself favoured by your confidence.

I am interrupted in my recital of his affecting narration. Don’t be impatient, Lucy: I almost wih I had not myself heard it.

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I DO not intend, madam, to trouble you with an history of all that part of my life which I was obliged to pass abroad from about the Seventeenth to near the Twenty-fifth year of my age; tho' perhaps it has been as busy a period as could well be, in the life of a man so young, and who never sought to trea in oblique or crooked paths. After this enrance into it, Dr. Bartlett shall be at liberty to satisfy your curiosity in a more particular manner; for he and I have corresponded for years with an intim cy that has few examples between a youth and a man in advanced life. And here let me own the advantage I have received from his condescension; for I found the following questions often occur to me, and to be of the highest service in the conduct of my life —

'What account shall I give of this to Dr. Bartlett?'

'How, were I to give way to this temptation, shall I report it to Dr. Bartlett?' — Or, 'Shall I be an hypocrite, and only inform him of the best, and meanly conceal from him the worst?'

Thus, madam, was Dr. Bartlett in the place of a second conscience to me: And many a good thing did I do, many a bad one avoid, for having set up such a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more necessary that I should, as I am naturally passionate, proud, ambitious: and as I had the honour of being early distinguished (Pardon, madam, the seeming vanity) by a sex, of which no man was ever a greater admirer; and, possibly, the more distinguished, as, for my safety-sake, I was as studious to decline intimacy with the gay ones of it, however dignified by rank, or celebrated for beauty, as most young men are to cultivate their favour.

Nor is it so much to be wondered at, that I had advantages which every-one who travels, has not. Residing for some time at the principal courts, and often visiting the same places, in the length of time I was abroad, I was considered, in a manner, as a native, at the same time, that I was treated with the respect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France, as Italy. I was very genteelly supported: I stood in high credit with my countrymen, to whom I had many ways of being serviceable. They made known to every-body my father's affection for me; his magnificent spirit; the antient families, on both sides, from which I was descended. I kept the best company; avoided intrigues; made not myself obnoxious to serious or pious people, tho' I scrupled not to avow, when

called upon, my own principles. From all these advantages, I was respected beyond my degree.

I should not, madam, have been thus lavish in my own praise, but to account to you for the favour I stood in with several families of the first rank; and to suggest an excuse for more than one of them, which thought it no disgrace to wish me to be allied with them.

Lord L. mentioned to you, madam, and my sisters, a Florentine Lady, by the name of OLIVIA. She is, indeed, a woman of high qualities, nobly born, gonerous, amiable in her features, genteel in her person, and mistress of a great fortune in possession, which is entirely at her own disposal; having not father, mother, brother, or other near relations. The first time I saw her was at the opera. An opportunity offered in her sight, where a Lady, insulted by a Lover made desperate by her just refusal of him, claimed and received my protection. What I did, on the occasion, was generally applauded: Olivia, in particular, spoke highly of it. Twice, afterwards, I saw her in company where I was a visiter: I had not the presumption to look up to her with hope; but my countryman Mr. Jervois gave me to understand, that I might be master of my own fortune with Lady Olivia. I pleaded difference of religion: He believed, he said, that matter might be made easy — But could I be pleased with the change, would she have made it, when passion, not conviction, was likely to be the motive? — There could be no objection to her person: Nobody questioned her virtue; but she was violent and imperious in her temper. I had never left MIND out of my notions of love: I could not have been happy with her, had she been queen of the globe. I had the mortification of being obliged to declare myself to the Lady's face: It was a mortification to me, as much for her sake as my own. I was obliged to leave Florence upon it, for some time; having been apprized, that the spirit of revenge had taken place of a gentler passion, and that I was in danger fromit.

How often did I lament the want of that refuge in a father's arms, and in my native country, which subjected me to evils that were more than a match for my tender years. and to all the inconveniencies that can attend a banished man! Indeed I often considered myself in this light; and, as the inconveniencies happened, was ready to repine; and the more ready, as I could not afflict myself with the thought of having forfeited my father's love; on the contrary, as the constant instances which I received of his paternal goodness, made me still more earnest to acknowlege it at his feet.

Ought I to have forborn, Lucy, shewing a sensibility at my eyes on this affecting instance of filial gratitude? If I ought, I wish I had had more command of myself: But consider, my dear, the affecting subject we were upon. I was going to apologize for the trickling tear, and to have said, as I truly might, Your filial

goodness, Sir, affects me: But, with the consciousness that must have accompanied the words, would not that, to so nice a discerner, have been to own, that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology? These little tricks of ours, Lucy, may satisfy our own punctilio, and serve to keep us in countenance with ourselves (and that, indeed, is doing something); but, to a penetrating eye, they tend only to shew, that we imagined a cover, a veil, wanting; and what is that veil, but a veil of gauze?

What makes me so much afraid of this man's discernment? Am I not an honest girl, Lucy?

He proceeded.

From this violent Lady I had great trouble; and to this day — But this part of my story I leave to Dr. Bartlett to acquaint you with. I mention it as a matter that yet gives me concern, for her sake, and as what I find has given some amusement to my sister Charlotte's curiosity.

Bu I hasten to the affair which, of all others, has most embarrassed me; and which, engaging my compassion, tho' my honour is free, gives torture to my very soul.

I found myself not well — I thought I should have fainted — The apprehension of his taking it as I wished him not to take it (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was that) made me worse. Had I been myself, this faintishness might have come over my heart. I am sure it was not that: But it seized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll say.

With a countenance full of tender concern, he caught my hand, and rang. In ran his Emily. My dear Miss Jervois, said I, leaning upon her — Excuse me, Sir — And I withdrew to the door: And, when there, finding my faintishness going off, I turned to him, who attended me thither: I am better, Sir, already; I will return, instantly. I must beg of you to proceed with your interesting story.

I was well the moment I was out of the Study. It was kept too warm, I believe; and I sat too near the fire: That was it, to be sure; and I said so, on my return; which was the moment I had drank a glass of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me! He did not abash me by causlesly laying my disorder on his story, and by offering to discontinue or postpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to that; I should easily have distinguished it, if it had: On the contrary, as I am not generally so much affected at the moment when any-thing unhappy befals me, as I am upon reflexion, when I extend, compare, and weigh consequences, I was quite brave in my heart. Any-thing, thought I, is better than suspense. Now will my fortitude have a call to exert itself; and I warrant I bear, as well as he, an evil that is inevitable. At this instant, this trying instant,

however, I found myself thus brave: So, my dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to assume all my courage; and desired him to proceed; but held by the arm of my chair, to steady me, lest my little tremblings should increase. The faintness had left some little tremblings upon me, Lucy; and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by any-thing in his story. He proceeded.

AT Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquises and counts of Porretta, which boasts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

The Marchese della Poretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit: His Lady is illustrious by descent, and still more so for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, and prudence. They have three sons, and a daughter —

[Ah, that daughter! thought I.]

The eldest of the sons is a general officers, in the service of the king of the two Sicilies; a man of equal honour and bravery, but passionate and haughty, valuing himself on his descent. The second is devoted to the church, and is already a Bishop. The interest of his family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day if he lives, give him a place in the sacred college. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or, as he is sometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the service of the king of Sardinia. The sister is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and has high, but just, notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her interests to their own. Her father used to call her, The pride of his life; her mother, Her other self; her own Clementina.

[CLEMENTINA! — Ah! Lucy, what a pretty name is Clementina!]

I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome, near two years before I had the honour to be known to the rest of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was master of many fine qualities; but had contracted friendship with a set of dissolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earnest to make me acquainted. I allowed myself to be often in their company; but, as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them: But a love of pleasure had got fast hold of him; and his other companions prevailed over his good-nature. He had courage, but not enough to resist their libertine attacks upon his morals.

Such a friendship could not hold, while each stood his ground; and neither would advance to meet the other. In short, we parted, nor held a correspondence

in absence: But afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniencies, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendship was renewed.

It however held not many months: A Lady, less celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him, against warning, against promise.

On being expostulated with, and his promise claimed, he resented the friendly freedom. He was passionate; and, on this occasion, less polite than it was natural for him to be: He even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo how generously has he acknowleged since, the part his friend, at that time, acted! But the result was, they parted, resolving never more to see each other.

Jeronymo pursued the adventure which had occasioned the difference; and one of the Lady's admirers, envying him his supposed success, hired Brescian bravoes to assassinate him.

The attempt was made in the Cremonese. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at some distance from the road. I, attended by two servants, happened to be passing, when a frighted horse ran across the way, his bridle broken, and his saddle bloody: This making me apprehend some mischief to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffans; one of whom was just stopping his mouth, the other stabbing him. I leapt out of the post-chaise, and drew my sword, running towards them as fast as I could; and, calling to my servants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this, they fled; and I heard them say, Let us make off; we have done his business. Incensed at the villainy, I pursued and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his trombone, a kind of blunderbuss, just as he presented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but seeing the other russian turning back to help his fellow, and, on a sudden, two others appearing with their horses, I thought it best to retreat, tho' I would sain have secured one of them. My servants then seeing my danger, hastened, shouting, towards me. The bravoes (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) seemed as glad to get off with their rescued companion, as I was to retire. I hastened then to the unhappy man: But how much was I surprised, whe I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in disguise, had been actually pursuing his amour!

He gave signs of life. I instantly dispatched one of my servants to Cremona, for a surgeon: I bound up, mean time, as well as I could, two of his wounds, one in his shoulder, the other in his breast. He had one in his hip-joint, that disabled him from helping himself, and which I found beyond my skill to do anything with; only endeavouring, with my handkerchief, to stop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaise, stept in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told

me, they had, in another part of the thicket, found his servant bound and wounded his horse lying dead by his side. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaise, he being stiff with his hurts, and unable to stand.

I walked by the side of it, and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon.

My servant soon returned with one. Jeronymo had sainted away. The surgeon dressed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that, opening his eyes, he beheld, and knew me; and being told, by the sugeon, that he owed his preservation to me, O Grandison! said he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promise with you! — How did I insult you! — Can my deliverer forgive me? You shall be the director of my future life, if it please God to restore me.

His wounds proved not mortal; but he never will be the man he was: Partly from his having been unskilfully treated by this his first surgeon; and partly from his own impatience, and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip-joint. Excuse this particularity, madam. The subject requires it; and Signor Jeronymo now deserves it, and all your pity.

I attended him at Cremona, till he was fit to remove. He was visited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate to one another: The suffering of one, is the suffering of every one. The Barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, sister, for the sweetness of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit so delightfully gay and lively, that his company was sought by every-body.

You will easily believe, madam, from what I have said, how acceptable to the whole family the service was which I had been so happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bless me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the person whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his Letters to his sister, and to both brothers; and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occasion of the coldness that had passed between us, with circumstances as honourable for me, as the contrary for himself: Such were his penitential confessions, in the desperate condition to which he found himself reduced.

He now, as I attended by his bed or his couchside, frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had, till now, derided. He besought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity, and me with disrespect, next, as he said, to insult: And he begged his family to consider me not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his morals. This gave the whole family the highest opinion of mine; and still more to strengthen it, the generous youth produced to them, tho', as I may say, at his own expence (for his reformation was

sincere), a Letter which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes to enforce his temporary convictions; for he had a noble nature, and a lively sense of what was due to his character, and to the love and piety of his parents, the Bishop, and his sister; tho' he was loth to think he could be wrong in those pursuits in which he was willing to indulge himself.

Never was there a more grateful family. The noble father was uneasy, because he know not how to acknowlege, according to the largeness of his heart to a man in genteel circumstances, the obligation laid upon them all. The mother, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian Ladies are accustomed to express, bid her Clementina regard as her fourth brother, the preserver of the third. The Barone declared, that he should never rest, nor recover, till he had got me rewarded in such manner as all the world should think I had honour done me in it.

When the Barone was removed to Bologna, the whole family were studious to make occasions to get me among them. The General made me promise, when my relations, as he was pleased to express himself, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The Bishop, who passed all the time he had to spare from his diocese, at Bologna, and who is a learned man, in compliment to his fourth brother, would have me initiate him into the knowlege of the English tongue.

Our Milton has deservedly a name among them. The friendship that there was between him and a learned nobleman of their country, endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were usually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him: He also became my scholar. The father and mother were often present; and at such times their Clementina was seldom absent. She also called me her tutor; and, tho' she was not half so often present at the lectures as they were, made a greater proficiency than either of her brothers.

[Do you doubt it, Lucy?]

The father, as well as the Bishop, is learned; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of a French education; being brought up by her uncle, who resided many years at Paris in a public character: And her daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or sought after by the Italian Ladies. In such company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad against my wishes, passed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioness, who opened her heart to me, and consulted me on every material occurrence. Her Lord, who is one of the politest of men, was never better pleased than when he found us together; and not seldom, tho' we were not engaged in lectures, the fair Clementina claimed a right to be where her mother was.

About this time, the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to settle in his native country. His father was a favourite in the court of the princess of Parma, and attended that Lady to Madrid, on her marriage with the late king of Spain, where he held a very considerable post, and lately died there immensely rich. On a visit to this noble family, the young Lord saw, and loved Clementina.

The Count of Belvedere is a handsome, a gallant, a sensible man; his fortune is very great: Such an alliance was not to be slighted. The Marquis gave his countenance to it: The Marchioness favoured me with several conversations upon the subject. She was of opinion, perhaps, that it was necessary to know my thoughts, on this occasion; for the younger brother, unknown to me, declared, that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family, but by giving me a relation to it. Dr. Bartlett, madam, can shew you, from my Letters to him, some conversations, which will convince you, that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are persons of honour, of goodness, of generosity; and who are above reserve, vindictiveness, jealousy, and those other bad passions by which some persons mark indiscriminately a whole nation.

For my own part, it was impossible (distinguished as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it, mistress of a thousand good qualities, and myself absolutely disengaged in my affections) that my vanity should not sometimes be awakened, and a wish arise, that there might be a possibility of obtaining such a prize: But I checked the vanity, the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recommend myself to the young Lady's favour, tho' but by looks, by assiduities, I should have thought an infamous breach of the trust and confidence they all reposed in me.

The pride of a family so illustrious in its descent; their fortunes unusually high for the country which, by the goodness of their hearts, they adorned; the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and interest; the Lady's exalted merits, which made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his passion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart; but, above all, the difference in religion; the young Lady so remarkably stedfast in hers, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could restrain her from assuming the veil; and who once declared, in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that she grudged to an heretic the glory of having saved the Barone della Poretta; all these considerations outweighed any hopes that might otherwise have arisen in a bosom so sensible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

About the same time, the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland: Hardly any thing else was talked of, in Italy, but the progress, and supposed certainty of success, of the young invader. I was often obliged to stand the triumphs and exultations of persons of rank and figure; being known to be warm in the interest of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of spirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding: But it was impossible. Every new advice from England revived the disagreeable subject; for the success of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the restoration of what they called the Catholic religion: And Clementina particularly pleased herself, that then her heretic tutor would take refuge in the bosom of his holy mother, the church: And she delighted to say things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, she spoke very intelligibly.

I took a resolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to some one of the German courts that was less interested than they were in Italy, in the success of the Chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more desirous to do so, as the displeasure of Olivia against me began to grow serious, and to be talked of, even by herself, with less discretion than was consistent with her high spirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

I communicated my intention to the Marchioness first: The noble Lady expressed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for some weeks; but, at the same time, hinted to me, with an explicitness that is peculiar to her, her apprehensions, and her Lord's, that I was in Love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour, in this particular; and she so well satisfied the Marquis, in this respect, that, on their daughter's absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that gentleman. The young Lady and I had a conference upon the subject; Dr. Bartlett can give you the particulars. The father and mother, unknown to us both, had placed themselves in a closet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that: They had no reason to be dissatisfied with what they heard me say to their daughter.

The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young Lady repeatedly refusing the Count of Belvidere, the younger brother (still unknown to me, for he doubted not but I should rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in my favour. They objected the more obvious difficulties in relation to religion, and my country: He desired to be commissioned to talk to me on those subjects, and to his sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere; but they would not hear of his speaking to me on this subject; the Marchioness giving generous reasons, on my behalf, for her joining in

the refusal; and undertaking herself to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her, her reasons for rejecting every proposal that had been made her.

She accordingly closetted her Clementina. She could get nothing from her, but tears: A silence, without the least appearance of sullenness, had for some days before shewn, that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart: She was, however, offended when Love was attributed to her; yet her mother told me, that she could not but suspect, that she was under the dominion of that passion without knowing it; and the rather, as she was never chearful but when she was taking lessons for learning a tongue, that never, as the Marchioness said, was likely to be of use to her.

[‘As the Marchioness said’ — Ah my Lucy!]

The melancholy increased. Her tutor, as he was called, was desired to talk to her. He did. It was a task put upon him, that had its difficulties. It was observed, that she generally assumed a chearful air while she was with him, but said little: yet seemed pleased with every-thing he said to her; and the little she did answer, tho’ he spoke in Italian or French, was in her newly-acquired language: But the moment he was gone, her countenance fell, and she was studious to find opportunities to get from company.

[What think you of my sortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl? But my curiosity kept up my spirits. When I come to reflect, thought I, I shall have it all upon my pillow.]

Her parents were in the deepest affliction. They consulted physicians, who all pronounced her malady to be Love. She was taxed with it; and all the indulgence promised her that her heart could wish, as to the object; but still she could not, with patience, bear the imputation. Once she asked her woman, who told her that she was certainly in Love, Would you have me hate myself? — Her mother talked to her of the passion in favourable terms, and as laudable: She heard her with attention, but made no answer.

The evening before the day I was to set out for Germany, the family made a sumptuous entertainment, in honour of a guest on whom they had conferred so many favours. They had brought themselves to approve of his departure the more readily, as they were willing to see, whether his absence would affect their Clementina; and, if it did, in what manner.

They left it to her choice. Whether she would appear at table, or not. She chose to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered spirits. She was exceeding chearful: She supported her part of the conversation, during the whole evening, with her usual vivacity and good sense, insomuch that I wished to myself, I had departed sooner. Yet it is surprising, thought I that this young Lady, who seemed always to be pleased, and even since these resveries have had power over her, to be most

chearful in my company, should rejoice in my departure; should seem to owe her recovery to it; a departure which every one else kindly regrets: And yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the least affected. When acknowlegements were made to me of the pleasure I had given to the whole family, she joined in them: When my health and happiness were wished, she added her wishes by chearful bows, as she sat: When they wished to see me again, before I went to England, she did the same. So that my heart was dilated: I was overjoyed to see such an happy alteration. When I took leave of them, she stood forward to receive my compliments, with a polite French freedom. I offered to pres her hand with my lips: My brother's deliverer, said she, must not affect this distance, and, in manner, offered her cheek; adding, God preserve my tutor where-ever he set his foot (and in English, God convert you too, Chevalier!) May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us!

Signor Jeronymo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him: O my Grandison! said he, and flung his arms about my neck, and will you go? — Blessings attend you! — But what will become of a brother and sister, when they have lost you?

You will rejoice me, replied I, if you will favour me with a few lines, by a servant whom I shall leave behind me for a few days, and who will find me at Inspruck, to let me know how you all do; and whether your sister's health continues.

She must, she shall be yours, said he, if I can manage it. Why, why, will you leave us?

I was surprised to hear him say this: He had never before been so particular.

That cannot, cannot be, said I. There are a thousand obstacles —

All of which, rejoined he, that depend upon us, I doubt not to overcome. Your heart is not with Olivia?

They all knew, from that Lady's indiscretion, of the proposals that had been made me, relating to her; and of my declining them. I assured him, that my heart was free.

We agreed upon a correspondence, and I took leave of one of the most grateful of men.

But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inspruck the expected Letter, which acquainted me, that this sunshine lasted no longer than the next day! The young Lady's malady returned, with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her brother wrote, it operated upon her?

She shut herself up in her chamber, not seeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; nor did she answer to two or three questions that her woman asked her; but, setting her chair with its back towards her, over-against a closet in

the room, after a profound silence, she bent forwards, and, in a low voice, seemed to be communing with a person in the closet. —

‘And you say he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever!’

Who gone, madam? said her woman. To whom do you direct your discourse?

‘We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So bravely to rescue my brother, and to pursue the bravoes; and, as my brother says, to put him in his own chaise, and walk on foot by the side of it — Why, as you say, assassins might have murdered him: The horses might have trampled him under their feet.’

Still looking as if she was speaking to somebody in the closet.

Her woman stept to the closet, and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the course of her ideas; but still she bent forwards towards, and talked calmly, as if to somebody in it: Then breaking into a faint laugh,

‘In Love! — that is such a silly notion: And yet I love every-body better than I love myself.’

Her mother came into the room just then. The young Lady arose in haste, and shut the closet-door, as if she had somebody hid there, and, throwing herself at her mother’s feet, My dear, my ever-honoured mama, said she, forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you — But I will, I must, you can’t deny me; I will be God’s child, as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.

It came out afterwards, that her confessor, taking advantage of confessions extorted from her of regard for her tutor, tho’ only such as a sister might bear to a brother, but which he had suspected might come to be of consequence, had filled her tender mind with terrors, that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young Lady of exemplary piety.

I will not dwell on a scene so melancholy. How I afflict your tender heart, my good Miss Byron!

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep? — Indeed I did — Poor young Lady! — But my mind was fitted for the indulging of scenes so melancholy. Pray, Sir, proceed, said I: What a heart must that be, which bleeds not for such a distress! Pray, Sir, proceed.]

Be it Dr. Bartlett’s task to give you further particulars. I will be briefer — I will not indulge my own grief.

All that medicine could do, was tried: But her confessor, who, however, is an honest, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He saw the favour her tutor was in with the whole family: He knew that the younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner: He had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his principles; and, betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raised such a conflict as her tender nature could not bear.

At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the Ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart, and her genius; and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life, by an uncle to whose care she was committed by her dying father, was received both as a companion and a blessing, by the Ladies of the family she has now for many years lived with. She is an English woman, and a Protestant; but so very discreet, that her being so, tho' at first they hoped to proselyte her, gives them not a less value for her; and yet they are all zealous Roman Catholics. These two Ladies, and this their companion, were visiting one day at the Marchese della Porretta's; and there the distressed mother told them the mournful tale: The Ladies, who think nothing that is within the compass of human prudence impossible to their dear Mrs. BEAUMONT, wished that the young Lady might be entrusted for a week to her care, at their own house at Florence.

It was consented to, as soon as proposed; and Lady Clementina was as willing to go; there having always been an intimacy between the families; and she (as every-body else) having an high opinion of Mrs. Beaumont. They took her with them on the day they set out for Florence.

Here, again, for shortening my story, I will refer to Dr. Bartlett. Mrs. Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady: She gave her advice to the family upon it. They were resolved (Signor Jeronymo supporting her advice) to be governed by it. The young Lady was told, that she should be indulged in all her wishes. She then acknowleged what those were; and was the easier for the acknowlegement, and for the advice of such a prudent friend; and returned to Bologna (Mrs. Beaumont accompanying her) much more composed than when she left it. The tutor was sent for, by common consent; for there had been a convention of the whole family; the Urbino branch, as well as the General, being present. There the terms to be proposed to the supposed happy man were settled; but they were not to be mentioned to him, till after he had seen the Lady: A wrong policy, surely.

He was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronymo, in his Letter, congratulated him in high terms; as a man, whom he had it now, at last, in his power to reward: And he hinted, in general, that the conditions would be such, as it was impossible but he must find his very great advantage in them: As to fortune, to be sure, he meant.

The friend so highly valued could not but be affected with the news: Yet, knowing the Lady, and the family, he was afraid that the articles of Residence and Religion would not be easily compromised between them. He therefore summoned up all his prudence to keep his fears alive, and his hope in suspense.

He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina in her mother's presence. How agreeable, how nobly frank, was the reception from both mother and daughter! How high ran the congratulations of

Jeronymo! He called the supposed happy man brother. The Marquis was ready to recognize the fourth son in him. A great fortune, additional to an estate bequeathed her by her twograndfathers, was proposed. My father was to be invited over, to grace the nuptials by his presence.

But let me cut short the rest. The terms could not be complied with: For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to settle in Italy; only once, in two or three years, was allowed, if I pleased, for two or three months, to go to England; and, as a visit of curiosity, once in her life, if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

What must be my grief, to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress: So little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition! But when the friendly brothe implored my compliance; when the excellent mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on her heart, and on her child's head; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting herself out of the question, urged me, for my soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother the church — What, madam — But how I grieve you!

[He stopt His handkerchief was of use to him, as mine was to me — What a distress was here!]

And what, and what, Sir, sobbing, was the result? Could you, could you resist?

Satisfied in my own faith; Entirely satisfied! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace! — A lover of my native country too — Were not my God and my Country to be the sacrifice, if I complied! But I laboured, I studied, for a compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina's merit, and to my own Character, had she not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her then, that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against; her Rank next to princely; her Fortune high as her rank; Religion; Country; all so many obstacles that had appeared to me insuperable, removed by themselves; and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had, ti l now, made me struggle to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference. — I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there; if not, I would content myself with passing only three months, in every year, in my native country. I proposed to leave her entirely at her liberty, in the article of religion; and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by her, the sons by me; a condition to which his Holiness himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great sacrifice to Compassion, to Love. — What could I more!

And would not, Sir, would not Clementina consent to this compromise?

Ah the unhappy Lady! It is this reflexion that strengthens my grief. She would have consented: She was earnest to procure the consent of her friends upon these terms. This her earnestness in my favour, devoted as she was to her religion, excites my compassion, and calls for my gratitude.

What scenes, what distressful scenes, followed! — The noble father forgot his promised indulgence; the mother indeed seemed, in a manner, neutral; the youngest brother was still, however, firm in my cause; but the Marquis, the General, the Bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family, were not to be moved; and the less, as they considered the alliance as highly honourable to me (a private, an obscure man, as now they began to call me) as derogatory to their own honour. In short, I was allowed, I was desired, to depart from Bologna; and not suffered to take my leave of the unhappy Clementina, tho' on her knees she begged to be allowed a parting interview — And what was the consequence? — Dr. Bartlett must tell the rest. — Unhappy Clementina! — Now they wish me to make them one more visit at Bologna! — Unhappy Clementina! — To what purpose?

I saw his noble heart was too much affected, to answer questions, had I had voice to ask any.

But, O my friends! you see how it is! Can I be so unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr. Bartlett say, that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himself say, that he has suffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of sleepless nights. Unhappy Clementina! let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandison! — and who, my dear is happy? Not, I am sure,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I WAS forced to lay down my pen. I will begin a new Letter. I did not think of concluding my former where I did.

Sir Charles saw me in grief, and forgot his own, to applaud my humanity, as he called it, and sooth me I have often, said he, referred you, in my narrative, to Dr. Bartlett. I will beg of him to let you see anything you shall wish to see, in the free and unreserved correspondence we have held. You that love to entertain your friends with your narrations, will find something, perhaps, in a story like this, to engage their curiosity. On their honour and candor, I am sure, I may depend. Are they not your frien Would to heaven it were in my power to contribu to their pleasure and yours!

I only bowed. I could only bow.

I told you, madam, that my Compassion was engaged; but that any Honour was free: I think it ⟨◊⟩ But when you have seen all that Dr. Bartlett will shew you, you will be the better able to judge of me, and for me. I had rather be thought favourably of by Miss Byron, than by any woman in the world.

Who, Sir, said I, knowing only so far as I know of the unhappy Clementina, but must wish her to be —

Ah Lucy! there I stopt — I had like to have been a false girl! — And yet ought I not, from my heart, to have been able to say what I was going to say? — I do aver, Lucy, upon repeated experience, that Love is a narrower of the heart. Did I not use to be thought generous and benevolent, and to be above all selfishness? But am I so now?

And now, madam, said he [and he was going to take my hand, but with an air, as if he thought the freedmo would be too great — A tenderness so speaking in his eyes; a respectfulness so solemn in his countenance; he just touched it, and withdrew his hand] What shall I say? — I cannot tell what I should say — But you, I see, can pity me! — You can pity the noble Clementina — Honour forbids me! — Yet honour bids me — Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous — selfish! —

He arose from his seat — Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favour of your ear — Pardon me for the trouble I see I have given to an heart that is capable of a sympathy so tender —

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me see his emotion. He left me looking here, looking there, as if for my heart; and then,

as giving it up for irrecoverable, I became for a few moments motionless, and a statue.

A violent burst of tears recovered me to sense and motion; and just then Miss Grandison (who having heard her brother withdraw, forbore for a few minutes to enter, supposing he would return, hearing me sob, rushed in. — O my Harriet! said she, clasping her arms about me, What is done! — Do I, or do I not, embrace my sister, my real sister, my sister Grandison?

Ah my Charlotte! No slattering hope is now left me — No sister! It must not, it cannot be! The Lady is — But lead me, lead me out of this room! — I don't love it! spreading one hand before my eyes, my tears trickling between my fingers — Tears that flowed not only for myself, but for Sir Charles Grandison and the unhappy Clementina: For, gather you not from what he said, that something disastrous has befallen the poor Lady? And then, supporting myself with her arm, I hurried out of Lord L.'s Study, and up stairs into my own chamber; she following me — Leave me, leave me here, dear creature, said I, for six minutes: I will attend you then, in your own dressing-room.

She kindly retired; I threw myself into a chair, indulged my tears for a few moments, and was the fitter to receive the two sisters, who, hand-in-hand, came into my room to comfort me.

But I could not relate what had passed immediately with any connexion: I told them only, that all was over; that their brother was to be pitied, not blamed: And that if they would allow me to recollect some things that were most affecting, I would attend them; and they should have my narrative the more exact, for the indulgence.

They stayed no longer with me than to see me a little composed.

Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett went out together in his chariot: He enquired more than once of my health; saying to his sister Charlotte, That he was afraid he had affected me too much, by the melancholy tale he had been telling me.

He excused himself from dining with us. Poor man! What must be his distress! — Not able to see, to sit with us!

I would have excused myself also, being not very fit to appear; but was not permitted.

I sat, however, but a very little while at table after dinner; and how tedious did the dinner-time appear! The servants eyes were irksome to me; so were Emily's (dear girl!) glistening as they did, tho' she knew not for what, but sympathetically, as I may say; she supposing, that all was not as she would have it.

She came up soon after to me — One word, my dearest madam (the door in her hand, and her head only within it): Tell me only that there is no misunderstanding between my guardian and you! — Tell me only that —

None, my dear! — None, none at all, my Emily!

Thank God! clasping her hands together; thank God! — If there were, I should not have known whose part to take! — But I won't disturb you — And was going.

Stay, stay, my precious young friend! Stay, my Emily. — I arose; took her hand: My sweet girl! say, Will you live with me?

God for ever bless you, dearest madam! — Will I? It is the wish next my heart.

Will you go down with me to Northamptonshire, my love?

To the world's end I will attend you, madam: I will be your handmaid; and I will love you better than I love my guardian, if possible.

Ah my dear! but how will you live without seeing your guardian now-and-then?

Why he will live with us, won't he?

No, no, my dear! — And you would choose, then, to live with him, not with me, would you not? —

Indeed but I won't — Indeed I will live and die with you, if you will let me; and I warrant his kind heart will often lead him to us. But tell me, Why these tears, madam? Why this grief? — Why do you speak so quick and short? and why do you seem to be in such a hurry?

Do I speak quick and short? Do I seem to be in a hurry? — Thank you, my love, for your observation. And now leave me: I will profit by it.

The amiable girl withdrew on tiptoe; and I sat about composing myself.

I was obliged to her for her observation: It was really of use to me. But you must think, Lucy, that I must be fluttered — His manner of leaving me — Was it not particular? — To break from me so abruptly, as I may say — And what he said with looks so earnest! Looks that seemed to carry more meaning than his words: And withdrawing without conducting me out, as he had led me in — and as if — I don't know how as if — But you will give me your opinion of all these things. I can't say but I think my suspense is over; and in a way not very desireable — Yet — But why should I puzzle myself? What must be, must.

At afternoon-tea, the gentlemen not being returned, and Emily undertaking the walter's office, I gave my Lord and the two Ladies, tho' she was present, some account of what had passed, but briefly; and I had just finished, and was quitting the room, as the two gentlemen entered the door.

Sir Charles Instantly addressed me with apologies for the concern he had given me. His emotion was visible as he spoke to me. He hesitated: He trembled. Why did he hesitate? Why did he tremble?

I told him, I was not ashamed to own, that I was very much affected by the melancholy story. The poor Lady, said I, is greatly to be pitied — But remember, Sir, what you promised Dr. Bartlett should do for me.

I have been requesting the doctor to fulfil my engagements.

And I am ready to obey, said the good man. My agreeable task shall soon be performed.

As I was at the door, going up stairs to my closet, I courtesied, and pursed my intention.

He bowed, said nothing, and looked, I thought, as if he were disappointed, that I did not return to company. — No, indeed!

Yet I pity him, at my heart! How odd is it, then, to be angry with him! — So much goodness, so much sensibility, so much compassion (whence all his woes, I believe), never met together, in a heart so manly.

Tell me, tell me, my dear Lucy — Yet tell me nothing till I am favoured with, and you have read, the account that will be given me by Dr. Bartlett: Then, I hope, we shall have every-thing before us.

Saturday, March 25.

HE [Yet why that disrespectful word? — Fie upon me, for my narrowness of heart!] Sir Charles is setting out for town. He cannot be happy, himself: He is therefore giving himself the pleasure of endeavouring to make his friend happy. He can enjoy the happiness of his friends! O the blessing of a benevolent heart! Let the world frown as it will upon such a one, it cannot possibly bereave it of all happiness. — Fortune do thy worst! If Sir Charles Grandison canot be happy with his Clementina, he will make himself a partaker of Lord G.'s happiness; and as that will secure, if not her own fault, the happiness of his sister, he will not be destitute of selicity. And let me, after his example — Ah, Lucy! that I could! — But in time, I hope, I shall deserve, as well as be esteemed, to be the girl of my grandmamma and aunt; and then, of course, be worthy to be called, my dear Lucy,

YOUR HARRIET BYRON.

Saturday Noon.

SIR CHARLES is gone; and I have talked over the matter again with the Ladies and Lord L.

What do you think? — They all will have it — and it is a faithful account, to the very best of my recollection — They all will have it, That Sir Charles's great struggle, his great grief, is owing — His great struggle (I don't know what I write, I think — But let it go) is between his Compassion for the unhappy Clementina, and his Love — for — Somebody else.

But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half an heart? Compassion, Lucy! — The compassion of such an heart — It must be Love — And ought it not to be so to such a woman? — Tell me — Don't you, Lucy, with all yours, pity the unhappy Clementina? who loves, against the principles of her religion; and in that respect, against her inclination, a man who cannot be her's,

but by a violation of his honour and conscience? What a fatality in a Love so circumstanced! — To love against inclination! What a sound has that! But what an absurdity is this passion called Love? Or, rather, of what absurd things does it make its votaries guilty? Let mine be evermore circumscribed by the laws of reason, of duty; and then my recollections, my reflexions, will never give me lasting disturbance!

Dr. Bartlett has desired me to let him know what the particular passages are, of which I more immediately wish to be informed, for our better understanding the unhappy Clementina's story, and has promised to transcribe them. I have given him a list in writing. I have been half guilty of affectation. I have asked for some particulars that Sir Charles referred to, which are not so immediately interesting. The history of Olivia, of Mr. Beaumont; the debates Sir Charles mentioned, between himself and Signor Jeronymo: But, Lucy, the particulars I am most impatient for, are these:

His first conference with Lady Clementina on the subject of the Count of Belvedere; which her father and mother over-heard.

The conference he was desired to hold with her, on her being seized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly chearful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is any where accounted for.

By what means Mrs. Beaumont prevailed on her to acknowlege a passion so studiously concealed from the tenderest of parents.

Sir Charles's reception, on his return from Vienra.

What reception his proposals of compromise, as to reli and residence, met with, as well from the family, as from Clementina.

The most important of all, Lucy — The last distres〈◊〉: What made it necessary; what happened at Bologna afterwards; and what the poor Clementina's situation now is.

If the doctor is explicit, with regard to this article, we shall be able to account for their desiring him to revisit them at Bologna, after so long an absence, and for his seeming to think it will be to no purpose to oblige them. O Lucy! what a great deal depends upon the answer to this article, as it may happen! — But no more suspense, I beseech you, Sir Charles Grandison! No more suspense, I pray you, Dr. Bartlett! My heart sickens at the thought of farther suspense. I cannot bear it!

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my Letter would be only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my subject) on weaknesses and follies that have already given you too much pain for

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Colnebrooke, Monday, Mar. 27.

DR. Bartlett, seeing our impatience, asked leave to take the assistance of his nephew in transcribing from Sir Charles's Letters the passages that will enable him to perform the task he had so kindly undertaken. By this means, he has already presented us with the following transcripts. We have eagerly perused them. When you have done so, be pleased to hasten them up, that my cousin Reeves's may have the same opportunity. They are so good as to give chearfully the preference to the venerable circle, as my cousin, who dined with us yesterday, bid me tell you. O my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandison! But he had the happiness of a Dr. Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was so nobly laid, by the best and wisest of mothers.

DR. BARTLETT'S FIRST LETTER.

MY task, my good Miss Byron, will be easy, by the assistance you have allowed me: For what is it, but to transcribe parts of Sir Charles's Letters, adding a few lines here and there, by way of connexion? And I am delighted with it, as it will make known the heart of my beloved patron in all the lights which the most interesting circumstances can throw upon it, to so many worthy persons as are permitted a share in this confidence.

The first of your commands runs thus —

I should imagine, say you, that the debates Sir Charles mentions, between himself and Signor Jeronymo, and his companions, at their first acquaintance, must be not only curious, but edifying.

They are, my good Miss Byron: But as I presume that you Ladies are more intent upon being obeyed in the other articles [See, Lucy, I had better not have dissembled!] I will only at present transcribe for you, with some short connexions, two Letters; by which you will see how generously Mr. Grandison sought to recover his friend to the paths of virtue and honour, when he had formed schemes, in conjunction with, and by the instigation of, other gay young men of rank, to draw him in to be a partaker in their guilt, and an abettor of their enterprizes.

You will judge from these Letters, madam (without shocking you by the recital) what were the common-place pleas of those libertines, despisers of marriage, of the laws of society, and of WOMEN; but as they were subservient to their pleasures.

TO THE BARONE DELLA PORRETTA.

WILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandison, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendship he professes for him be such a one, as a great mind can, on reflexion, glory in, he will. And what is this liberty, but such as constitutes the essence of true friendship? Allow me, on this occasion, to say, that your Grandison has seen more of the world than most men, who have lived no longer in it, have had an opportunity to see. I was sent abroad for improvement, under the care of a man who proved to be the most intriguing and profligate of those to whom a youth was ever entrusted. I saw in him, the inconvenience, the odiousness, of libertinism; and, by the assistance of an excellent monitor, with whom I happily became acquainted, and (would it not be false shame, and cowardice, if I did not say) by the Divine assistance, I escaped snares that were laid to corrupt my morals: Hence my dearest friend will the more readily allow me to impart to him some of the lessons that were of so much use to myself.

I am the rather encouraged to take this liberty, as I have often flattered myself, that I have seen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the course of the conversations that have been held in our select meetings at Padua, and at Rome; in which the cause of virtue and true honour has been discussed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your request, I have of late so often met: But of you I still have hopes, because you continue to declare, that you prefer my friendship to theirs. You think that I was disgusted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not answer: But, as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unsuccessfully; but still they renewed the charge, and we had the same arguments one day to refute, that the preceding were given up. They could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore (yet not without regret) the society I cannot meet with pleasure: But let not my Jeronymo renounce me. In his opinion I had the honour to stand high, before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to them; we cultivated, with mutual pleasure, each other’s acquaintance, independent of this association. Let us be to each other, what we were for the first month of our intimacy. You have

noble qualities; but are diffident, and too often suffer yourself to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at, has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wished to have a more than temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper, of some of them, and urge to you others: The end I have in view is your good, in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy they may have on you, my own principles: Nor think me too serious. The occasion, the call that true friendship makes upon you, is weighty.

You have shewed me Letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle, and still, if possible, more admirable ones, from your sister — All filled with concern for your present and future welfare! How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family! and by such a family! And how tenderly does he love them all — What ought to be the result? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to enforce their arguments upon him.

By the endeavours of my friend to find excuses for some of the liberties in which he allows himself, I infer, that if he thought them criminal, he has too much honour to be guilty of them. He cannot say, with the mad Medea,

– Video meliora proboque,

Deteriora sequor. —

No! His judgment must be misled, before he can allow himself in a deviation. But let him beware; for has not every saulty inclination something to plead in its own behalf? — Excuses, my dear friend, are more than tacit confessions: And the health of the mind, as of the body, is impaired by almost imperceptible degrees.

My Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of, a disposition to benevolence, charity, generosity — What pity, that he cannot be still more perfect! — that he resolves not against meditated injuries to others of his fellow-creatures! But remember my Lord, that true goodness is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man’s conduct; and that true generosity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Besides, who, tho’ in the least guilty instance, and where some false virtue may offer colours to palliate an excess, can promise himself to stop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of lawless appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He suffers himself to be a led man! — O that he would choose his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue, then, that warms his heart, would have a sister-virtue to encourage the noble flame, instead of a vice to damp it.

Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent; of the excellence of every branch of your family. Bear with my question, my Lord; Are you determined to sit down satisfied with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reason to applaud their worthiness: Will you not give them cause to boast of yours?

In answer to the earnest entreaties of all your friends, that you will marry, you have said, that, were women angels, you would with joy enter into the state — But what ought the men to be, who form upon women such expectations?

Can you, my dear Lord, despise matrimony, yet hold it to be a sacrament? Can you, defying the maxims of your family, and wishing to have the Sister I have heard you mention with such high delight and admiration, strengthen your family-interest in the female line, determine against adding to its strength in the male?

You have suffered yourself to speak with contempt of the generality of the Italian women, for their illiterateness: Let not their misfortune be imputed to them, my noble friend, as their fault. They have the same natural genius's that used to distinguish the men and women of your happy climate. Let not the want of cultivation induce you, a learned man, to hold them cheap. The cause of virtue, and of the sex, can hardly be separated.

But, O my friend, my Jeronymo, have I not too much reason to fear, that guilty attachments have been the cause of your slighting a legal one? That you are studying pretences to justify the way of life into which you have fallen?

Let us consider the objects of your pursuit — Alas! there have been more than one: Are they women seduced from the path of virtue by yourself? — Who otherwise perhaps would have married, and made useful members of society? — Consider, my friend, what a capital crime is a seduction of this kind! — Can you glory in the virtue of a sister of your own, and allow yourself in attempts upon the daughter, the sister, of another? And, let me ask, How can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

A good heart, a delicate mind, cannot associate with a corrupt one. What tie can bind a woman, who has parted with her honour? What, in such a guilty attachment, must be a man's alternative, but either to be the tyrant of a wretch who has given him reason to despise her, or the dupe of one who despises him?

It is the important lesson of life (allow me to be serious on a subject so serious) in this union of soul and body, to restrain the unruly appetites of the latter, and to improve the faculties of the former — Can this end be attained by licentious indulgences, and profligate associations?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose, that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given, of such superiority, is, in the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker. What can

that man say for himself, or for his proud pretension, who employs all his arts to seduce, betray, and ruin the creature whom he should guide and protect — Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every soe, but the devil and himself!

It is unworthy of a man of spirit to be sollicitous to keep himself within the boundaries of human laws, on no other motive than to avoid the temporal inconveniencies attending the breach of them. The laws were not made so much for the direction of good men, as to circumscribe the bad. Would a man of honour wish to be considered as one of the latter, rather than as one of those who would have distinguished the fit from the unfit, had they not been discriminated by human sanctions? Men are to approve themselves at an higher tribunal than at that of men.

Shall not public spirit, virtue, and a sense of duty, have as much influence on a manly heart, as a new face? How contemptibly low is that commerce in which mind has no share!

Virtuous love, my dear Jeronymo, looks beyond this temporary scene; while guilty attachments usually find a much earlier period than that of human life. Inconstancy, on one side or the other, seldom fails to put a disgraceful end to them. But were they to endure for life, what can the reflexions upon them do towards softening the agonies of the inevitable hour?

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a MAN, a rational and immortal agent; and act up to the dignity of your nature. Can sensual pleasure be the great end of an immortal spirit in this life?

That pleasure cannot be lasting, and it must be followed by remorse, which is obtained either by doing injustice to, or degrading, a fellow-creature. And does not a woman, when she forfeits her honour, degrade herself, not only in the sight of the world, but in the secret thoughts of even a profligate lover, destroying her own consequence with him?

Build not, my noble friend, upon penances and absolutions: I enter not into those subjects on which we differ as Catholics and Protestants: But if we would be thought men of true greatness of mind, let us endeavour so to act, as not, in essential articles, and with our eyes open, either to want absolution, or incur penances. Surely, my Lord, it is nobler not to offend, than to be obliged to atone.

Are there not, let me ask, innocent delights enow to fill with joy every vacant hour? Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me seek for such, and make them the cement of our friendship.

Religion out of the question, consider, what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What, were the examples set by you and your acquaintance, to be generally followed, would become of public order and decorum? What of national honours? How will a regular succession in

families be kept up? You, my Lord, boast of your descent, both by father's and mother's side; Why will you deprive your children of a distinction in which you glory?

Good children, what a blessing to their parents! But what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to support, no fair example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when bitter experience! as convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which he has trod?

How delightful the domestic connexion! To bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received there with tender love; to strengthen your own interest in the world by alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes — This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy objects of a vagrant affection? Must not my Jeronymo even estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out by all the laws of honour from their society? The persons, so shut out, must hate the family to whose interests theirs are so contrary. What sincere union then, what sameness of affection, between Jeronymo and the objects of his passion?

But the present hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows,

'that the welfare and order of society ought to be maintained by submission to Divine and human laws; but his single exception for himself can be of no importance.'

Of what, then, is general practice made up? If every one excepts himself, and offends in the instance that best suits his inclination, what a scene of horror will this world become: Affluence and a gay disposition tempt to licencious pleasures; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge, and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But, even in this universal depravity, would not his crime be much worse, who robbed me of my child from riot and licentiousness, and under a guise of love and trust, than his who despoiled me of my substance, and had necessity to plead in extenuation of his guilt?

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at last kindly, these expostulations, tho' some of them are upon subjects on which our conversations have been hitherto ineffectual. I submit them to your consideration. I can have no

interest in making them, nor motive, but what proceeds from that true friendship with which I desire to be thought

Most affectionately Yours.

You have heard, my good Miss Byron, that the friendship between Mr. Grandison and Signor Jeronymo was twice broken off: Once it was, by the unkindly-taken freedom of the expostulatory Letter. Jeronymo, at that time of his life, ill brooked opposition in any pursuit his heart was engaged in. When pushed, he was vehement; and Mr. Grandison could not be over-solicitous to keep up a friendship with a young man who was under the dominion of his dissolute companions; and who would not allow of remonstrances, in cases that concerned his morals.

Jeronymo, having afterwards been drawn into great inconveniencies by his libertine friends, broke with them; and Mr. Grandison and he meeting by accident at Padua, their friendship, at the pressing instances of Jeronymo, was again renewed.

Jeronymo thought himself reformed; Mr. Grandison hoped he was: But, soon after, a temptation fell in his way, which he could not resist. It was from a Lady who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had spread her snares for Mr. Grandison before Jeronymo became acquainted with her; and revenge for her slighted advances taking possession of her heart, she hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him.

The occasion was given by the following Letter, which Mr. Grandison thought himself obliged, in honour, to write to his friend, on his attachment; the one being then at Padua, the other at Cremona:

I AM extremely concerned, my dear Jeronymo, at your new engagement with a Lady, who, tho' of family and fortune, has shewn but little regard to her character. How frail are the resolutions of men! How much in the power of women! But I will not recriminate — Yet I cannot but regret, that I must lose your company in our projected visits to the German courts: This, however, more for your sake than my own; since to the principal of them I am no stranger. You have excused yourself to me; I wish you had a better motive: But I write rather to warn than to upbraid you. This Lady is mistress of all the arts of woman. She may glory in her conquest; you ought not to be proud of yours. You will not, when you know her better. I have had a singular opportunity of being acquainted with her character. I never judged of characters, of womens especially, by report. Had the Barone dellaPorretta been the first for whom this Lady spread her blandishments, a man so amiable as he is, might the more assuredly have depended on the love she professes for him. She has two admirers, men of violence, who, unknown to each other, have equal reason to look upon her as their own. You propose not to marry

her. I am silent on this subject. Would to heaven you were married to a woman of virtue! Why will you not oblige all your friends? Thus liable as you are — But neither do I expostulate. Well do I know the vehemence with which you are wont to pursue a new adventure. Yet I had hoped — But again I restrain myself. Only let me add, that the man who shall boast of his success with this Lady, may have more to apprehend from the competition in which he will find himself engaged, than he can be aware of. Be prudent, my Jeronymo, in this pursuit, for your own sake. The heart that dictates this advice is wholly yours: But alas! it boasts no further interest in that of its Jeronymo. With infinite regret I subscribe to the latter part of the sentence the once better-regarded name of

GRANDISON.

And what was the consequence? The unhappy youth, by the instigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend, in her behalf. Mr. Grandison, with a noble disdain, appealed to Jeronymo's cooler deliberation; and told him, that he never would meet, as a foe, the man he had ever been desirous to consider as his friend. You know, my Lord, said he, that I am under a disadvantage in having once been obliged to assert myself, in a country where I have no natural connexions; and where you, Jeronymo, have many. If we meet again, I do assure you, it must be by accidnt — and if that happens, we shall then find it time eough to discuss the occasion of our present misunderstanding.

Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremonese; when Mr. Grandison saved his life.

AND now, madam, let me give you, in obedience to your second command,

The particulars of the conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with Clementina, in savour of the Count of Belvedere; and which her father and mother, unknown to either of them, over-heard.

You must suppose them seated; a Milton's Paradise Lost before them: And that, at this time, Mr. Grandison did not presume that the young Lady had any particular regard for him.

Clementina. You have taught the prelate, and you have taught the soldier, to be in love with your Milton, Sir: But I shall never admire him, I doubt. Don't you reckon the language hard and crabbed?

Grandison. I did not propose him to you, madam: Your brother chose him. We should not have made the proficiency we have, had I not begun with you by easier authors. But you have often heard me call him a sublime poet, and your ambition (it is a laudable one) leads you to make him your own too soon. Has not your tutor taken the liberty to chide you for your impatience; for your desire of being every-thing at once?

Clem. You have; and I own my fault. — But to have done, for the present, with Milton; What shall I do to acquit myself of the addresses of this Count of Belvedere?

Gr. Why would you acquit yourself of the Count's addresses?

Clem. He is not the man I can like: I have told my papa as much, and he is angry with me.

Gr. I think, madam, your papa may be a little displeased with you; tho' he loves you too tenderly to be angry with you. You reject the Count, without assigning a reason.

Clem. Is it not reason enough, that I don't like him?

Gr. Give me leave to say, that the Count is an handsome man. He is young; gallant; sensible; of a family antient and noble; a grace to it. He is learned, good-natured: He adores you —

Clem. And so let him, if he will, I never can like him.

Gr. Dear Lady! You must not be capricious. You will give the most indulgent parents in the world apprehension that you have cast your thoughts on some other object. Young Ladies, except in a case of prepossession, do not often reject a person who has so many great and good qualities as thine in this gentleman; and where equality of degree, and a father's and mother's high approbation, add to his merit.

Clem. I suppose you have been spoken to, to talk with me on this subject — It is a subject I don't like.

Gr. You began it, Madam.

Clem. I did so; because it is uppermost with me. I am grieved at my heart, that I cannot see the Count with my father's eyes: My father deserves from me every instance of duty, and love, and veneration; but I cannot think of the Count of Belvedere for an husband.

Gr. One reason, madam? One objection?

Clem. He is a man that is not to my mind: A fawning, cringing man, I think. — And a spirit that can fawn and cringe, and kneel, will be a tyrant in power.

Gr. Dear madam, To whom is he this obsequious man, but to you? — Is there a man in the world that behaves with a more proper dignity to every one else? Nay, to you, the Lover shines out in him, but the Man is not forgot. Is the tenderness of well-placed Love, the veneration paid to a deservedly beloved object, any derogation to the manly character? Far from it; and shall you think the less of your Lover, for being the most ardent, and, I have no knowlege in man, if he is not the most sincere, of men?

Clem. An excellent advocate! — I am sure you have been spoken to — Have you not? Tell me truly? Perhaps by the Count of Belvedere?

Gr. I should not think, and, of consequence, not speak, so highly as I do, of the Count, if he were capable of asking any man, your father and brothers excepted, to plead his cause with you.

Clem. I can't bear to be chidden, Chevalier. Now you are going to be angry with me too. But has not my mamma spoken to you? Tell me?

Gr. Dear Lady, consider, if she had, what you owe to a mamma, who deserving, for her tenderness to her child, the utmost observance and duty, would condescend to put her authority into a mediation. And yet, let me declare, that no person breathing should make me say what I do not think, whether in favour or disfavour of any man.

Clem. That is no answer. I owe implicit, yes, I will say implicit, duty to my mamma, for her indulgence to me: But what you have said is no direct answer.

Gr. For the honour of that indulgence, madam, I own to you, that your mamma, and my Lord too, have wished that their Clementina could or would give one substantial reason why she cannot like the Count of Belvedere; that they might prepare themselves to acquiesce with it, and the Count be induced to submit to his evil destiny.

Clem. And they have wished this to you, Sir? And you have taken upon you to answer their wishes — I protest, you are a man of prodigious consequence, with us all; and by your readiness to take up the cause of a man you have so lately known, you seem to know it, too well.

Gr. I am sorry I have incurred your displeasure, madam.

Clem. You have. I never was more angry with you, than I now am.

Gr. I hope you never was angry with me before. I never gave you reason, And if I have now, I beg your pardon.

I arose to go.

Clem. Very humble, Sir! — And are for going before you have it. Now call me capricious, again!

Gr. I did not know that you could be so easily displeased, madam.

She wept.

Clem. I am a very weak creature: I believe I am wrong: But I never knew what it was to give offence to any-body till within these few months. I love my father, I love my mother, beyond my own life; and to think that now, when I wish most for the continuance of their goodness to me, I am in danger of forfeiting it! — I can't bear it! — Do you forgive me, however. I believe I have been too petulant to you. Your behaviour is noble, frank, disinterested. It has been a happiness that we have known you. You are every-body's friend. But yet I think it is a little officious in you to plead so very warmly for a man of whom you know so little; and when I told you, more than once, I could not like him.

Gr. Honoured as I am, by your whole family, with the appellation of a fourth son, a fourth brother; dear madam, was I to blame to act up to the character? I know my own heart; and if I have consequence given me, I will act so, as to deserve it; at least, my own heart shall give it to me.

Clem. Well, Sir, you may be right: I am sure you mean to be right. But as it would be a diminution of the Count's dignity, to apply to you for a supposed interest in you, which he cannot have, it would be much more so, to have you interfere where a father, mother, and other brothers [You see, Sir, I allow your claim of fourth brotherhood] are supposed to have less weight: So no more of the Count of Belvedere, I beseech you, from your mouth.

Gr. One word more, only — Don't let the goodness of your father and mother be construed to the disadvantage of the parental character in them. They have not been positive: They have given their wishes, rather then their commands. Their tenderness for you, in a point so very tender, has made them unable to tell their own wishes to you, for fear they should not meet with yours; yet would be, perhaps, glad to hear one solid objection to their proposal — And why; That they might admit of it — impute, therefore, to my officiousness, what you please; and yet I would not wish to disoblige or offend you; but let their indulgence, they never will use their authority, have its full merit with you.

Clem. Your servant, Sir. I never yet had a slight notion of their indulgence; and I hope I never shall. If you will go, go: But, Sir, next time I am favoured with your lectures, it shall be upon Languages, if you please; and not upon Lovers.

I withdrew, profoundly bowing. But suely, thought I, the lovely Clementina is capricious.

Thus far my patron.

Let me add, That the Marchioness having acquainted Mr. Grandison, that her Lord and she had heard every word that had passed, expressed her displeasure at her daughter's petulance; and, thanking him in her Lord's name, as well as for herself, for the generous part he had taken, told him, that Clementina should ask his pard on.

He begged that, for the sake of their own weight with her on the same subject, she might not know that they had heard what had passed.

I believe that's best, Chevalier, answered the Marchioness; and I am apt to think, that the poor girl will be more ready than perhaps one would wish, to make up with you, were she to find you offended with her in earnest; as you have reason to be, as a disinterested man.

You see, Chevalier, I know to whom I am speaking; but both my Lord, and self, hope to see her of another mind; and that she will soon be Countess of Belvedere. My Lord's heart is in this alliance; so is that of my son Giacomo.

I come now, madam, to your third command; which is, To give you,

The conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with the unhappy Clementina, on her being seized with melancholy.

[Mr. Grandison still not presuming on any particular favour from Clementina.]

The young Lady was walking in one alley of the garden; Mr. Grandison, and the Marquis and Marchioness, in another. She was attended by her woman, who walked behind her; and with whom she was displeased for endeavouring to divert her; but who, however, seemed to be talking on, tho' without being answered.

The dear creature! said the Marquis, tears in his eyes, — See her there, now walking slow, now with quicker steps, as if she would shake off her Camilla. She hates the poor woman for her love to her: But who is it that she sees with pleasure? Did I think that I should ever behold the pride of my heart, with the pain that I now feel for her? Yet she is lovely in my eye, in all she does, in all she says — But, O my dear Grandison, we cannot now make her speak, more than Yes, or No. We cannot engage her in a conversation, no not on the subject of her newly-acquired language. See if you can on any subject.

Ay, Chevalier, said the Marchioness, do you try to engage her. We have told her, that we will not talk of marriage to her at all, till she is herself inclined to receive proposals. Her weeping eyes thank us for our indulgence: She prays for us with lifted-up hand: She courtesies her thanks, if she stands before us: She bows, in acknowleged gratitude for our goodness to her, if she sits; but she cares not to speak. She is not easy while we are talking to her. See! she is stepping into the Greek temple; her poor woman, unanswered, talking to her. She has not seen us. By that winding walk we can, unseen, place ourselves in the myrtil-grove, and hear what passes.

The Marchioness, as we walked, hinted, that in their last visit to the General at Naples, there was a Count Marulli, a young nobleman of merit, but a soldier of fortune, who would have clandestinely obtained the attention of their Clementina. They knew nothing of it till last night, she said; when herself and Camilla, puzzling to what to attribute the sudden melancholy turn of her daughter, and Camilla mentioning what was unlikely, as well as likely; told her, that the Count would have bribed her to deliver a Letter to the young Lady; but that she repulsed him with indignation: He besought her then to take no notice of his offer, to the General, on whom all his fortunes depended. She did not, for that reason, to any-body; but, a few days since, she heard her young Lady (talking of the gentleman she had seen at Naples) mention the young Count favourably — Now it is impossible there can be any-thing in it, said the Marchioness: But do you, however, Chevalier, lead to the subject of Love, but at distance; nor name Marulli, because she will think you have been talking with Camilla. The dear girl

has pride: She would not endure you, if she thought you imagined her to be in Love, especially with a man of inferior degree, or dependent fortunes. But on your prudence we wholly rely; mention it, or not, as matters fall in.

There can be no room for this surmise, my dear, said the Marquis; and yet Marulli was lately in Bologna: But Clementina's spirit will not permit her to encourage a clandestine address.

By this time we had got to the myrtle-grove, behind the temple, and over-heard them talk, as follows:

Camilla. And why, why must I leave you, madam? — From infancy you know how I have loved you. You used to love to hold converse with your Camilla. How have I offended you? I will not enter this temple till you give leave; but indeed, indeed, I must not, I cannot leave you.

Clem. Officious Love! — Can there be a greater torment than an officious prating Love! — If you loved me, you would wish to oblige me.

Cam. I will oblige you, my dear young Lady, in every thing I can —

Clem. Then leave me, Camilla. I am best when I am alone: I am chearfullest when I am alone. You haunt me, Camilla; like a ghost you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed you are but the ghost of my once obliging Camilla.

Cam. My dearest young Lady, let me beseech you —

Clem. Ay, now you come with your beseeches again: But if you love me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not to be trusted with myself? Were I a vile young creature, that was suspected to be running away with some base-born man, you could not be more watchful of my steps.

Camilla would have entered into farther talk with her; but she absolutely forbad her.

Talk till dcoms-day, I will not say one word more to you, Camilla. I will be silent. I will stop my ears.

They were both silent. Camilla seemed to weep.

Now, my dear Chevalier, whispered the Marquis, put yourself in her sight; engage her into talk about England, or any-thing: You will have an hour good before dinner. I hope she will be chearful at table: She must be present; our guests will enquire after her. Reports have gone out, as if her head is hurt.

I am afraid, my Lord, that this is an unseasonable moment. She seems to be out of humour; and, pardon me if I say, that Camilla, good woman as she is, and well-meaning, had better give way to her young Lady's humour, at such times.

Then, said the Marchioness, will her malady get head; then will it become habit. But my Lord and I will remain where we are, for a few minutes, and do you try to engage her in conversation. I would have her be chearful before the

Patriarch, however; he will expect to see her. She is as much his delight, as she is ours.

I took a little turn; and entering the walk, which led to the temple, appeared in her sight; but bowed, on seeing her sitting in it. Her woman stood silent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. I quickned my steps, as if I would not break into her retirement, and passed by; but, by means of the winding walk, could hear what she said.

She arose; and stepping forward, looking after me, He iS gone, said she. Learn, Camilla, of the Chevalier Grandison —

Shall I call him back, madam?

No. Yes. No. Let him go. I will walk. You may now leave me, Camilla: There is somebody in the garden who will watch me: Or you may stay, Camilla; I don't care which: Only don't talk to me when I wish you to be silent.

She went into an alley that crossed the alley in which I was, but took the walk that led from me. When we came to the center of both, and were very near each other, I bowed; she courtesied; but not seeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made a motion, as if I would take another walk. She stopt. Learn of the Chevalier Grandison, Camilla, repeated she.

May I presume, madam? Do I not invade —

Camilla is a little officious to-day: Camilla has teazed me. Are the poets of your country as severe upon womens tongues, as the poets of ours?

Poets, madam, of all countries, boast the same inspiration: Poets write, as other men speak, to their feeling.

So, Sir! — You make a pretty compliment to us poor women.

Poets have finer imaginations, madam, than other men; they therefore seel quicker: But as they are not often intitled to boast of Judgment (for imagination and judgment seldom go together) they may, perhaps, give the cause, and then break out into satire upon the effects.

Don't I see before me, in the Orange-grove, my father and mother? I do. I have not kneeled to them to-day. Don't go, Chevalier.

She hastened towards them. They stopt. She bent her knee to each, and received their tender blessings. They led her towards me. You seemed engaged in talk with the Chevalier, my dear, said the Marquis. Your mamma and I were walking in. We leave you — They did.

The best of parents! said she. O that I were a more worthy child! — Have you not seen them, Sir, before to day?

I have, madam. They think you the worthiest of daughters; but they lament your thoughtful turn.

They are very good. I am grieved to give them trouble. Have they expressed their concern to you, Sir? — I will not be so petulant as I was once before, provided you keep clear of the same subject. You are the confident of us all; and your noble and disinterested behaviour deservedly endears you to everybody.

They have been this very morning, lamenting the melancholy turn you seem to have taken. With tears they have been lamenting it.

Camilla, you may draw near: You will hear your own cause supported. The rather draw near, and hear all the Chevalier seems to be going to say; because it may save you and me too a great deal of trouble.

Madam, I have done, said I.

But you must not have done. If you are commissioned, Sir, by my father and mother, I am, I ought to be, prepared to hear all you have to say.

Camilla came up.

My dearest young Lady, said I, What can I say? My wishes for your happiness may make me appear importunate: But what hope have I of obtaining your confidence, when your mother fails?

What, Sir, is aimed at? What is sought to be obtained? I am not very well: I used to be a very sprightly creature: I used to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; to visit, to receive visits: And I don't like to do any of these things now. I love to be alone: I am contented with my own company. Other company is, at times, irksome to me; and I can't help it.

But whence this sudden turn, madam, in a Lady so young, so blooming? Your father, mother, brothers, cannot account for it; and this disturbs them.

I see it does, and am sorry for it.

No other favourite diversion takes place in your mind. You are a young Lady of exemplary piety: You cannot pay a greater observance than you always paid, to the duties of religion.

You, Sir, an Englishman, an heretic, give me leave to call you; for are you not so? — Do you talk of piety, of religion?

We will not enter into this subject, madam: What I meant —

Yes, Sir, I know what you meant — And I will own, that I am, at times, a very melancholy strange creature. I know not whence the alteration; but to it is; and I am a greater trouble to myself than I can be to any-body else.

But, madam, there must be some cause — And for you to answer the best and most indulgent of mothers with sighs and tears only; yet no obstinacy, no fullenness, no petulance, appearing: All the same sweetness, gentleness, observance, that she ever rejoiced to find in her Clementina, still shining out in her mind. She cannot urge her silent daughter; her tenderness will not permit her to urge her: And how can you, my Sister (Allow of my claim, madam) How can

you still silently withdraw from such a mother? How can you, at other times, suffer her to withdraw, her heart full, her eyes running over, unable to stay, yet hardly knowing how to go, because of the ineffectual report she must make to your sorrowing father; yet the cause of this very great alteration (which they dread is growing into an habit, at a time of life when you were to crown all their hopes) a Secret fast locked up in your own heart?

She wept, and turned from me, and leaned upon the arm of her Camilla; and then quitting her arm, and joining me, How you paint my obstinacy, and my mamma's goodness! I only wish — With all my soul, I wish — that I was added to the dust of my ancestors. I who was their comfort, I see, now, must be their torment.

Fie, fie, my sister!

Blame me not: I am by no means satisfied with myself. What a miserable thing must she be, who is at variance with herself?

I do not hope, madam, that you should place so much confidence in your fourth brother as to open your mind to him: All I beg is, that you will relieve the anxious, the apprehensive heart of the best of mothers; and, by so doing, enable her to relieve the equally-anxious heart of the best of fathers.

She paused, stood still, turned away her face, and wept; as if half overcome.

Let your faithful Camilla, madam, be commissioned to acquaint your mamma —

But hold, Sir! (seeming to recollect herself) not so fast — Open my mind — What! whether I have anything to reveal, or not? — Insinuating man! You had almost persuaded me to think I had a secret that lay heavy at my heart: And when I began to look for it, to oblige you, I could not find it. Pray, Sir — She stopt.

And pray, madam (taking her hand) Do not think of receding thus —

You are too free, Sir. Yet she withdrew not her hand.

For a brother, madam? Too free for a brother? And I quitted it.

Well, and what farther would my brother?

Only to implore, to beseech you, to reveal to your mamma, to your excellent, your indulgent —

Stop, Sir, I beseech you — What! Whether I have any-thing to reveal, or not? — Pray, Sir, tell me, invent for me, a Secret that is fit for me to own; and then, perhaps, if it will save the trouble of enquiries, I may make, at least, my four brothers easy.

I am pleased, however, madam, with your agreeable raillery. Continue but in this temper, and the Secret is revealed: Enquiry will be at an end.

Camilla, here, is continually teazing me with her persuasions to be in Love, as she calls it: That is the silly thing, in our sex, which gives importance to yours. A

young creature cannot be grave, cannot indulge a contemplative humour, but she must be in Love. I should hate myself, were I to put it in the power of any man breathing to give me uneasiness. I hope, Sir, I hope, that you, my brother, have not so poor, so low, so mean a thought of me.

It is neither poor, nor low; it is not mean, to be in Love, madam.

What! not with an improper object?

Madam!

What have I said? You want to — But what I have now said, was to introduce what I am going to tell you; that I saw your insinuation, and what it tended to, when you read to me those lines of your Shakespeare; which in your heart, I suppose, you had the goodness, or what shall I call it? to apply to me. Let me see if I can repeat them to you in their original English.

With the accent of her country, she very prettily repeated those lines:

– She never told her love;

But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat, like Patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. —

Now, Chevalier, if you had any design in your pointing to these very pretty lines, I will only say, you are mistaken; and so are all those who affront and afflict me, with attributing my malady to so great a weakness.

I meant not at the time, madam —

Nor now, I hope, Sir —

Any such application of the lines. How could I? Your refusal of many Lovers; your declining the proposals of a man of the Count of Belvedere's consequence and merit; tho' approved of by every one of your friends; are convictions —

See, Camilla! interrupting me with quickness, the Chevalier is convinced! — Pray let me have no more of your affronting questions and conjectures on this subject. I tell you, Camilla, I would not be in Love for the world, and all its glory.

But, madam, if you will be pleased to assign one cause, to your mamma, for the melancholy turn your lively temper has taken, you will free yourself from a suspicion that gives you pain, as well as displeasure. Perhaps you are grieved, that you cannot comply with your father's views — Perhaps —

Assign one cause, again interrupted she — Assign one cause! — Why, Sir — I am not well — I am not pleased with myself — as I told you.

If it were any-thing that lay upon your mind, your conscience, madam, your confessor —

Would not make me easy. He is a good, but (turning aside and speaking low) a severe man. Camilla hears not what I say [Camilla dropt behind]. He is more afraid of me, in some cases, than he need to be. And why? Because you have almost persuaded me to think charitably of people of different persuasions, by your noble charity of all mankind: Which I think, heretic as you are, forgive me, Sir, carries an appearance of true Christian goodness in it: Tho' Protestants, it seems, will persecute one another; but you would not be one of those, except you are one man in Italy, another in England.

Your mother, madam, will ask, If you have honoured me with any part of your confidence? Her communicative goodness makes her think every-body should be as unreserved as herself. Your father is so good as to allow you to explain yourself to me, when he wishes that I could prevail upon you to open your mind to me in the character of a fourth brother My Lord the Bishop —

Yes, yes, Sir, interrupted she, all our family worships you almost. I have myself a very great regard for you, as the fourth brother who has been the deliverer and preserver of my third. But, Sir, who can prevail upon you, in any thing you are determined upon? — Had I any thing upon my heart, I would not tell it to one, who, brought up in error, shuts his eyes against conviction, in an article in which his everlasting good is concerned. Let me call you a Catholic, Sir, and I will not keep a thought of my heart from you. You shall indeed be my brother; and I shall free one of the holiest of men from his apprehensions on my conversing with so determined an heretic as he thinks you. Then shall you, as my brother, command those Secrets, if any I have, from that heart in which you think them locked up.

Why then, madam, will you not declare them to your mamma, to your confessor, to my Lord Bishop?

Did I not say, If any I have?

And is your reverend confessor uneasy at the favour of the family to me? — How causeless! — Have I ever, madam, talked with you on the subject of religion?

Well but, Sir, are you so obstinately determined in your errors, that there is no hope of convincing you? I really look upon you, as my papa and mamma first bid me do, as my fourth brother: I should be glad that all my brothers were of one religion. Will you allow Father Marescotti and Father Geraldino to enter into a conference with you on this subject? And if they answer all your objections, will you act according to your convictions?

I will not, by any means, madam, enter upon this subject.

I have long intended, Sir, to propose this matter to you.

You have often intimated as much, madam, tho' not so directly as now; but the religion of my country is the religion of my choice. I have a great deal to say for it. It will not be heard with patience by such strict professors as either of those you have named. Were I to be questioned on this subject before the Pope, and the whole Sacred College, I would not prevaricate: But good manners will make me shew respect to the religion of the country I happen to be in, were it the Mahometan, or even the Pagan; and to venerate the good men of it: But I never will enter into debate upon the subject as a traveller, a sojourner; that is a rule with me.

Well, Sir, you are an obstinate man, that's all I will say. I pity you; with all my soul I pity you: You have great and good qualities. As I have sat at table with you, and heard you converse on subjects that every one has in silence admired you for, I have often thought to myself, Surely this man was not designed for perdition! — But begone, Chevalier; leave me. You are an obstinate man. Yours is the worst of obstinacy; for you will not give yourself a chance for conviction.

We have so far departed from the subject we began upon, that it is proper to obey you, madam. I only beg that my Sister —

Not so far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine, interrupted she; and turned a blushing cheek from me — But what do you beg of your Sister?

That she will rejoice the most indulgent of parents, and the most affectionate of brothers, with a chearful aspect at table, especially before the Patriarch. Do not, madam, in silence —

You find, Sir, I have been talkative enough with you. — Shall we go thro' your Shakespeare's Hamlet, to-night? — Farewel, Chevalier. I will try to be chearful at table: But let not your eye, if I am not, reproach me. — She took another walk.

I was loth, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to impute to myself the consequence with this amiable Lady, that might but naturally be inferred from the turn which the conversation took; but I thought it no more than justice to the whole family, to hasten my departure: And when I hinted to Clementina, that I should soon take leave of them, I was rejoiced to find her unconcerned.

This, my good Miss Byron, is what I find in my patron's Letters relating to this conference. He takes notice, that the young Lady behaved herself at table as she was wished to do.

Mr. Grandison was prevailed upon, by the intreaties of the whole family, to suspend his departure for a few days.

The young Lady's melancholy, to the inexpressible affliction of her friends, increased; yet she behaved with so much greatness of mind, that neither her mother nor her Camilla could persuade themselves that Love was the cause. They sometimes imagined, that the earnestness with which they solicited the interest of

the Count of Belvedere with her, had hurried and affected her delicate spirits; and therefore they were resolved to say little more on that subject till they should see her disposed to lend a more favourable ear to it: And the Count retired to his own palace in Parma, expecting and hoping for such a turn in his favour: For he declared, That it was impossible for him to think of any other woman for a wife.

But Signor Jeronymo doubted not, all this time, of the cause; and, without letting any-body into his opinion, not even Mr. Grandison, for fear a disappointment would affect him, resolved to make use of every opportunity that should offer, in favour of the man he loved, from a principle of gratitude, that reigned with exemplary force in the breast of every one of this noble family; a principle which took the firmer root in their hearts, as the prudence, generosity, magnanimity, and other great and equally-amiable qualities of Mr. Grandison, appeared every day more and more conspicuous to them all.

I will soon, madam, present you with farther extracts from the Letters in my possession, in pursuance of the articles you have given me in writing. I am not a little proud of my task.

CONTINUATION OF MISS BYRON'S LETTER.

Begun .

CAN you not, Lucy, gather from the setting-out of this story, and the short account of it given by Sir Charles in the Library-conference, that I shall soon pay my duty to you all in Northamptonshire? I shall, indeed.

Is it not strange, my dear, that a father and mother, and brothers, so jealous as Italians, in general, are said to be, of their women; and so proud as this Bologna family is represented to be of their rank; should all agree to give so fine a man, as this is, in mind, person and address, such free access to their daughter, a young Lady of Eighteen?

Teach her English! — Very discreet in the father and mother, surely! And to commission him to talk with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wished her to marry! — Indeed you will say, perhaps, that by the honourable expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of listening to all that was to pass in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were justified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: If you will excuse these parents, you may. But I say, that any body, tho' not of Italy, might have thought such a tutor as this was dangerous to a young Lady; and the more, for being a man of honour and family. In every case, the teacher is the obliger. He is called master, you know: And where there is a master, a servant is implied. Who is it that seeks not out for a

married man, among the common tribe of tutors, whether professing music, dancing, languages, science of any kind? But a tutor such a one as this —

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their indiscretion.

I AM this moment come from the doctor. I insinuated to him, as artfully as I could, some of the above observations. He reminded me, that the Marchioness herself had her education at Paris; and says, that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years; and that the French freedom begins to take place among the people of condition, in a very visible manner, of the Italian reserve. The women of the family of Porretta, particularly, he says, because of their learning, freedom, and conversableness, have been called, by their enemies, Frenchwomen.

But you will see, that honour, and the laws of hospitality, were Mr. Grandison's guard: And I believe a young flame may be easily kept under. But it is a grateful thing, Lucy, to all women, to have a man in Love, whether with ourselves, or not; and the more grateful, perhaps, the less prudent. Yet, ought it to be so? Sir Charles Grandison is used to do only what he ought. Dr. Bartlett once said, that the life of a good man was a continual warfare with his passions.

You will see, in the second conference between Mr. Grandison and the Lady, upon the melancholy way she was in, how artfully, yet, I must own, honourably, he reminds her of the brotherly character which he passes under to her! How officiously he sisters her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his sister too, you know! He has been used to this dialect, and to check the passions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confessing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almost gloried in it to them. Have not also his sisters detected me? While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable passage cited by her,

– Never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,

Feed on her damask cheek. —

How do I admire her for her silence! But yet, had she been circumstanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been so very reserved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two cases?

Clementina's relations were all solicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character, of family, of fortune; and who is said to be a gallant and an handsome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.Harriet's relations were all solicitous, from the first, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's

address; nor had she: And all his nearest and dearest friends were partial to her, and soon grew ardent in her favour.

What difficulties had Clementina to contend with! It was great in her to endeavour to conquer a Love, that she could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conscience, acknowlege.Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reason to endeavour to conquer a passion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conscience, approved.

No wonder, then, that so excellent a young Lady suffered Concealment, like a worm in the bud, to feed on her damask cheek.Suspense therefore, only, and not concealment (since every one called upon Harriet to acknowlege her Love) could feed on her cheek.

And is not suspense enough to make it pale, tho' it has not yet given it a green and yellow cast? O what tortures has suspense given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, so much in earnest in her own persuasion, take, in this second conference, could she have succeeded, in her solicitude for his change of religion! — Could that have been effected, I dare say she would have been less reserved, as to the cause of her melancholy; especially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy: If I write more, it will be all a recapitulation of the doctor's Letter. I can think of nothing else.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday, Mar. 28.

LET me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles so much rejoiced the heart of Lord G. who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miss Grandison, till she left Colnebrooke; and got hither by our breakfast-time, this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L. and a civil one from Miss Grandison; but she is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O Lucy, where is the sense of parading it with a worthy man, of whose affection we have no reason to doubt, and whose visits we allow?

Silly men in Love, or pretending to be in Love, generally say hyperbolical things, all, in short, that could be said to a creature of superior order (to an angel), because they know not how to say polite, proper, or sensible things. In like manner, from the same defects in understanding, some of us women act as if we thought coyness and modesty the same thing; and others, as if they were sensible, that if they were not insolent, they must drop into the arms of a Lover upon his first question.

But Miss Grandison, in her behaviour to Lord G. is governed by motives of archness, and, I may say, downright roguery of temper. Courtship is play to her. She has a talent for raillery, and in no instance is so successful, yet so improper, as on that subject. She could not spare her brother upon it, tho' she suffered by it.

Yet had she a respect for Lord G. she could not treat him ludicrously. Cannot a witty woman find her own consequence, but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend? — Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to set it off.

She is indeed good-natured; and this is all Lord G. has to depend upon — Saving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her brother has over her. I told her, just now, that were I Lord G. I would not wish to have her mine, on any consideration. She called me silly creature, and asked me, If it were not one of the truest signs of Love, when men were most fond of the women who were least fit for them, and used them worst? These men, my dear, said she, are very sorry creatures, and know no medium. They will either, spaniel-like, fawn at your feet, or be ready to leap into your lap.

She has charming spirits: I wish I could borrow some of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a single drachm of those over-lively ones which I see she will play off upon Lord G. Yet he will be pleased, at present, with any treatment

from her; tho' he wants not feeling, as I can see already — Don't, Charlotte, said I to her, within this half-hour, let him find his own weight in your levity. He admires your wit; but don't let it wound him.

But perhaps she is the sprightlier, in order to give me, and Lord and Lady L. spirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehensive of the story, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: So is Miss Grandison: And my sweet Emily, as often as she may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my shoulder, and watches, with looks of Love, every turn of my eyes.

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this history of Clementina affords an excellent lesson for the good girl. She blesses me for the lectures I read her on this subject, and says, that she sees Love is a very subtile thing, and, like water, will work its way into the banks that are set up to confine it, if it be not watched, and damned out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily asked my leave to do so. I think, said she, my heart loves her; but not so well as it does you. I long to know what my guardian will do about her. How good is it in her father and mother to love her so dearly! Her two elder brothers one cannot dislike; but Jeronymo is my favourite. He is a man worth saving; i'n't he, madam? But I pity her father and mother, as well as Clementina.

Charming young creature! What an excellent heart she has!

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his friends to-morrow, on the forest, in his way to Grandison-hall. The doctor says, he expects to hear from him, when there. What! will he go by this house, and not call in? — With all my heart — We are only sisters! Miss Grandison says, she'll be hanged (that is her word) if he is not afraid of me. Afraid of me! A sign, if he is, he knows not what a poor forward creature I am. But as he seems to be pre-engagged — Well, but I shall soon know every thing, as to that. But sure he might call in, as he went by.

The doctor says, he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the Hall. It is a wonder, methinks, that he takes not Dr. Bartlett with him: Upon my word, I think he is a little unaccountable, such sisters as he has. Should you like it, Lucy, were he your brother? I really think his sisters are too acquiescent.

He has a great taste, the doctor tells us, yet not an expensive one; for he studies situation and convenience; and pretends not to level hills, or to force and distort nature; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be seen in his works, where he can possibly avoid it. For he says, He would rather let a stranger be pleased with what he sees, as if it were always so; than to obtain comparative praise by informing him what it was in its former situation.

As he is to be a suitor for Lord W. before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I am here. He may court for others: He has had very little trouble of that sort for himself, I find.

A very disturbing thought is just come into my head: Sir Charles being himself in suspense, as to the catastrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over — As sure as you are alive, Lucy, he had seen my regard for him thro' the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehensive (generously apprehensive) for the heart of the poor fool; and so has suffered Dr. Bartlett to transcribe the particulars of the story, that they may serve for a check to the over-forward passion of your Harriet.

This thought excites my pride; and that my contempt of myself: Near borderers, Lucy! What a little creature does it make me, in my own eyes! — O Dr. Bartlett, your kindly-intended transcripts shall cure me: Indeed they shall.

But now this subject is got uppermost again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miss Grandison says, that I shall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, she says, when her brother is absent — Nor when he is present, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear; I must be so very careful of my ponctilio! — No, thought I, in the true spirit of prudery, I will not go to Sir Charles's house for the world: And why? Because he is a single man; and because I think of something — that he perhaps has no notion of. But now I may go and visit his sister without scruple, may I not? For he perhaps thinks only of his Clementina — And is not this a charming difficulty got over, Lucy? — But, as I said, I will soon be with you.

I told Miss Grandison that I would, just now — Lovers, said she, are the weakest people in the world; and people of punctilio the most un -punctilious — You have not talked till now of going in such an hurry. Would you have it thought that you stayed in town for a particular reason? and, when that ceased, valued nobody else? She held up her finger — Consider! said she!

There is something in this, Lucy. Yet what can I do?

But Dr. Bartlett says, he shall soon give me another Letter.

Farewel, my Dear.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, Mar. 29.

SIR Charles came hither this morning, time enough to breakfast with us.

Lady L. is not an early riser. I am sure this brother of hers is: So is Miss Grandison. If I say I am, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boasting, because you will, by so calling it, acknowlege Early rising to be a virtue; and if you thought it such, I am sure you would distinguish it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: This is the only point in which you and I have differed — And why have I in the main so patiently suffered this difference, and not tried to teaze you out of it? Because my Lucy always so well employs her time when she is alive. But would not one the more wish that well-employed life to be made as long as possible?

I endeavoured to be very chearful at breakfast; but I believe my behaviour was aukward, and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the question to the two sisters, Whether it was not so? they acquitted me — Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a sense of constraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpose to quarrel with him in my mind; for I could not get out of my head that degrading surmise, that he had permitted Dr. Bartlett to hasten to me the history of Clementina, in order generously to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too strongly taken hold of my foolish heart.

But nothing of this was discoverable. Respect, tender respect, appeared, as the Ladies afterwards took notice, in every word, when he addressed himself to me; in every look that he cast upon me.

He studiously avoided speaking of the Bologna family. We were not indeed any of us fond of leading to the subject.

I am sure, I pitied him.

Pity, my dear, is a softer passion, I dare say, in the bosom of a woman, than in that of a man. There is, there must be, I should fancy, more generosity, more tenderness, in the pity of the one, than in that of the other. In a man's pity (I write in the first case from my own sensibilities, in the other from my apprehensions) there is, too probably, a mixture of insult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, must the woman be, who has drawn upon her the helpless pity of the man she loves!

The Ladies and Lord L. will have it, that Sir Charles's Love, however, is not so much engaged for Clementina as his Compassion. They are my sincere friends:

They see that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a first Love; and they generously endeavour to inculcate this distinction upon me: But to what purpose, when we evidently see, from what we already know of this story, that his engagements, be the motive what it will, are of such a nature, that they cannot be dispensed with while this Lady's destiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: And tenderness, I am sure, is the sole motive of my compassion for this fair Unfortunate.

Sir Charles set out, immediately after breakfast, for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to pass the evening with Lord W. We shall all go to town to-morrow.

WITH this I send the doctor's second pacquet. O my dear! What a noble young Lady is Clementina! What a purity is there in her passion! A Letter of Mrs. Beaumout (Mrs. Beaumont herself an excellent woman) will shew you, that Clementina deserves every good wish. Such a noble struggle did I never hear of, between Religion and Love. O Lucy! you will be delighted with Clementina: You will even, for a while, forget your Harriet; or, if you are just, will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young Lady do more honour to her sex, than is done it by Clementina! A flame, the most vehement, suppressed from motives of piety, till, poor Lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the Letter, and be lost, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in silent admiration of her fortitude! O my dear! she must be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandison! My reason, my justice, compels from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L. and the two Ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender concern. They say little. What can they say? — But they kindly applaud me for unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young Lady. But where is my merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

DR. BARTLETT'S SECOND LETTER.

YOUR forth enquiry, madam, is,

Whether the particularly chearful behaviour of the young Lady, on the departure of Mr. Grandison from Bologna, after a course of melancholy, is anywhere accounted for?

And your fifth is, What were the particulars of Mrs. Beaumont's management of the Lady, at Florence, by which she brought her to own her Love, after she had so long kept it a secret from her mother, and all her family?

What I shall transcribe, in order to satisfy you, madam, with regard to the fifth article, will include all that you can wish to be informed of, respecting the fourth.

But let me premise, That Mrs. Beaumont, at the request of the Marchioness, undertook to give an account of the health of the young Lady, and what effect the change of air, of place, and her advice, had upon her mind, after she had been at Florence for two or three days. She, on the fourth day of their being together, wrote to that Lady the desired particulars. The following is a translation of her Letter:

YOUR Ladyship will excuse me for not writing till now, when you are acquainted that it was not before last night that I could give you any tolerable satisfaction on the subject upon which I had engaged to do myself that honour.

I have made myself mistress of the dear young Lady's Secret. Your Ladyship guessed it, perhaps, too well. Love, but a pure and laudable Love, is the malady that has robbed her of her tranquillity for so long a space, and your splendid family of all comfort: But such a magnanimity, shewn or endeavoured at, that she deserves to be equally pitied and admired. What is it that the dear young Lady has not suffered in a conflict between her duty, her Religion, and her Love?

The discovery, I am afraid, will not give pleasure to your family; yet certainty, in what must be, is better than suspense. You will think me a managing person, perhaps, from the relation I have to give you: But it was the task prescribed me; and you commanded me to be very minute in the account of all my dealings with her, that you might know how to conduct yourselves to her for the cure of the unhappy malady. I obey.

The first and second days, after our return to Florence, were passed in endeavouring to divert her, as our guest, in all the ways we could think of: But finding, that company was irksome to her, and that she only bore with it for politeness sake; I told the Ladies, that I would take her entirely into my own care, and devote my whole time to her service. They acquiesced. And when I told Lady Clementina of my intention, she rejoiced at it, and did me the honour to assure me, that my conversation would be balm to her heart, if she could enjoy it without mixt company.

Your Ladyship will see, however, from what I have mentioned of her regard for me, that I had made use of my time in the two pasts days to ingratiate myself into the favour of your Clementina. She will have me call her nothing but Clementina: Excuse therefore, madam, the freedom of my stile.

She engaged me last night to give her a lesson, as she called it, in an English author. I was surprised at her proficiency in my native tongue. Ah my dear! said I, what an admirable manner of teaching must your tutor have had, if I am to judge by the great progress you have made in so short a time, in the acquiring of a tongue that has not the sweetness of your own, tho' it has a force and expressiveness that is more than equal, I think, to any of the modern languages!

She blushed — Do you think so? said she — And I saw, by the turn of her eye, and her consciousness, that I had no need to hint to her Count Marulli, nor any other man.

I took upon me, without pushing her, just then, upon the supposed light dropt in from this little incident, to mention the Count of Belvedere with distinction, as the Marquis had desired I would.

She said, She could not by any means think of him.

I told her, that as all her family approved highly of the Count, I thought they were intitled to know her objections; and to judge of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of them. Indeed, my dear, said I, you do not, in this point, treat your father and mother with the dutifulness that their indulgence deserves.

She started. That is severely said, is it not, madam?

Consider of it, my dear, and if you pronounce it so, after an hour's reflection, I will call it so, and ask your pardon.

I am afraid, said she, I am in fault. I have the best and most indulgent of parents. There are some things, some secrets, that one cannot be forward to divulge. One should perhaps be commanded out of them with a high hand.

Your acknowlegement, my dear, said I, is more generous than the occasion given for it: But if you will not think me impertinent —

Don't, don't, ask me too close questions, madam, interrupted she; I am afraid I can deny nothing.

I am persuaded, my dear Clementina, that the mutual unbosoming of secrets is the cement of faithful Friendship, and true Love. Whenever any new turn in one's affairs happens, whenever any new lights open, the friendly heart rests not, till it has communicated to its fellow-heart the new lights, the interesting events; and this communicativeness knits the true Lover's knot still closer. But what a solitariness, what a gloom, what a darkness, must possess that mind that can trust no friend with its inmost thoughts! The big secret, when it is of an interesting nature, will swell the heart till it is ready to burst, Deep melancholy must follow — I would not for the world have it so much as thought, that I had not a soul large enough for friendship. And is not the essence of friendship communication, mingling of hearts, and emptying our very soul into that of a true friend?

Why that's true. But, madam, a young creature may be so circumstanced, as not to have a true friend; or, if she has near her a person to whom she might communicate her whole mind without doubt of her fidelity; yet there may be a forbiddingness in the person; a difference in years, in degree; as in my Camilla, who is, however, a very good woman — We people of condition, madam, have more courtiers about us than friends: But Camilla's fault is teazing, and always harping upon one string, and that by my friends commands: It would be therefore

more laudable to open my mind to my mother, than to her; as it would be the same thing.

Very true, my dear: And as you have a mother, who is less of the mother than she would be of the sister, the friend; it is amazing to me, that you have kept such a mother in the dark so long.

What can I say? — Ah, madam! — There she stopt. At last said, But my mother is in the interest of the man I cannot love.

The question recurs — Are not your parents intitled to know your objections to the man whose interest they so warmly espouse?

I have no particular objections. The Count of Belvedere deserves a better wife than I can make him. I should respect him very much, had I a sister, and he made his addresses to her.

Well then, my dear Clementina, if I guess the reason why you cannot approve of the Count of Belvedere, will you tell me, with that candor, with that friendship, of the requisites of which we have been speaking, whether I am right or not?

She hesitated. I was silent in expectation.

She then spoke, I am afraid of you, madam.

You have reason to be so, if you think me unworthy of your friendship.

What is your guess?

That you are prejudiced in favour of some other man; or you could not, if you had a sister, wish her an husband that you thought unworthy of yourself.

I don’t think the Count of Belvedere unworthy neither, madam.

Then my conjecture has received additional strength.

O Mrs. Beaumont! How you press upon me!

If impertinently, say so; and I have done.

No, no, not impertinently, neither; yet you distress me.

That could not be, if I were not right; and if the person were not too unworthy of you, to be acknowleged.

O Mrs. Beaumont! how closely you urge me! What can I say?

If you have any confidence in me — If you think me capable of advising you —

I have confidence: Your known prudence — And then she made me compliments, that I could not deserve.

Come, my dear Clementina, I will guess again — Shall I?

What would you guess?

That there is a man of low degree — Of low fortunes — Of inferior sense —

Hold, hold, hold — And do you think that the Clementina before you is sunk so low? — If you do, Why don’t you cast the abject creature from you?

Well, then, I will guess again — That there is a man of a royal house; of superior understanding; of whom you can have no hope.

O Mrs. Beaumont! And cannot you guess that this prince is a Mahometan, when your hand is in?

Then, madam, and from the hints your Ladyship had given, I had little doubt that Clementina was in Love; and that religion was the apprehended difficulty. Zealous Catholics think not better of Protestants, than of Mahometans: Nor, indeed, are zealous Protestants without their prejudices. Zeal will be zeal, in persons of whatever denomination.

I would not however, madam, like a sudden frost, nip the opening bud.

There is, said I, a young soldier of fortune, who has breathed forth passionate wishes for Clementina.

A soldier of fortune, madam! with an air of disdain. There cannot be such a man living, that can have his wishes answered.

Well, then, to say nothing of him; there is a Roman nobleman — a younger brother — of the Borghese house — Permit me to suppose him the man.

With all my heart, madam.

She was easy, while I was at a distance.

But if the Chevalier Grandison [She coloured at his name] has done him ill offices —

The Chevalier Grandison, madam, is incapable of doing any man ill offices.

Are you sure, madam, that the Chevalier has not art? — He has great abilities. Men of great abilities are not always to be trusted. They don't strike till they are sure.

He has no art, madam. He is above art. He wants it not. He is beloved where-ever he goes. He is equally noted for his prudence and freedom of heart. He is above art, repeated she, with warmth.

I own, that he deserves every-thing from your family. I don't wonder that he is caressed by you all: But it is amazing to me, that, in contradiction to all the prudent maxims and cautions of your country, such a young gentleman should have been admitted — I slopt.

Why, now, you don't imagine, that I — that I — She stopt, and hesitated.

A prudent woman would not put it in any man's power to give her a prejudice to persons of unexceptionable honour; and to manage —

Nay, madam, now has somebody prejudiced you against your countryman — He is the most disinterested of men.

I have heard young Ladies, when he was here, speak of him as an handsome man.

An handsome man! And is not Mr. Grandison an handsome man? Where will you see a man so handsome?

And do you think he is so very extraordinary a man, as to sense, as I have heard him reported to be? I was twice in his company — I thought, indeed, he looked upon himself as a man of consequence.

Nay, madam, don't say he is not a modest man. It is true, he knows when to speak, and when to be silent: But he is not a confident man; nor is he, in the least, conceited.

Was there so much bravery in his relieving your brother, as some people attribute to him in that happy event? Two servants and himself, well armed; the chance of passengers on the same road: The assassins that appeared but two; their own guilt to encounter with —

Dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont, with what prejudiced people have you conversed? The Scripture says, A prophet has no honour in his own country; but Mr. Grandison has not much from his own countrywoman.

Well, but did Mr. Grandison ever speak to you of any one man as a man worthy of your favour?

Did he! — Yes, of the Count of Belvedere. He was more earnest in his favour —

Really?

Yes, really — than I thought he ought to be.

Why so?

Why so! — Why, because — because — Why what was it to him — you know?

I suppose he was put upon it —

I believe so.

Or he would not —

I believe, if the truth were known, you, Mrs. Beaumont, hate Mr. Grandison. You are the only person that I ever in my life heard speak of him, even with indifference.

Tell me, my dear Clementina, What are you sincere thoughts of Mr. Grandison, person and mind?

You may gather them from what I have said.

That he is an handsome man; a generous, a prudent, a brave, a polite man.

Indeed I think him to be all you have said: And I am not singular.

But he is a Mahometan —

A Mahometan! madam — Ah, Mrs. Beaumont!

And ah, my dear Clementina! — And do you think I have not found you out? — Had you never known Mr. Grandison, you would not have scrupled to have

been Countess of Belvedere.

And can you think, madam —

Yes, yes, my dear young Lady, I can.

My good Mrs. Beaumont, you don't know what I was going to say.

Be sincere, my dear young Lady. Cannot a Lover, talking to a second person, be sincere?

What! madam, a man of another religion! A man obstinate in his errors! a man who has never professed Love to me! a man of inferior degree! A man who owns himself absolutely dependent upon his father's bounty! His father living to the height of his estate! — Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, duty, religion —

Well then, I may safely take up the praises of Mr. Grandison: You have imputed to me, slight, injustice, prejudice against him: Let me now shew you, that the Prophet HAS honour with his countrywoman. Let me collect his character from the mouth of every man who has spoken of him in my hearing or knowlege — His country has not in this age sent abroad a private man who has done it more credit. He is a man of honour in every sense of the word: If moral rectitude, if practical religion (your brother the Barone testifies this on his own experience) were lost in the rest of the world, it would, without glare or osentation, be found in him. He is courted by the best, the wisest, the most eminent men, whereever he goes; and he does good without distinction of religion, sects, or nation: His own countrymen boast of him, and apply to him for credentials to the best and most considerable men, in their travels thro' more countries than one: In France, particularly, he is as much respected as in Italy. He is descended from the best families in England, both by father and mother; and can be a Senator of it, whenever he pleases. He is heir to a very considerable estate, and is, as I am informed, courted to ally with some of the greatest families in it. Were he not born to a fortune, he would make one. You own him to be generous, brave, handsome —

O my dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont! All this is too much, too much! — Yet all this I think him to be! I can no longer resist you. I own, I own, that I have no heart but for Mr. Grandison. And now, as I don't doubt but my friends set you to find out the love-sick girl, how shall I, who cannot disown a secret you have so fairly, and without condition, come at, ever look them in the face? Yet let them know, (I will enable you to tell them) how all this came about, and how much I have struggled against a passion so evidently improper to be encouraged by a daughter of their house.

He was, in the first place, as well you know, the preserver of a beloved brother's life; and that brother afterwards owned, that had he followed his friendly advice, he never would have fallen into the danger from which he rescued him.

My father and mother presented him to me, and bid me regard him as a fourth brother; and it was not immediately that I found out that I could have but three brothers.

My brother's deliverer proved to be the most amiable and humane, and yet bravest of men.

All my friends caressed him. Neither family forms, nor national forms, were stood upon. He had free access to us all, as one of us.

My younger brother was continually hinting to me his wishes that I were his. Mr. Grandison was above all other reward; and my brother considered me in a kind light, as able to reward him.

My confessor, by his fears and invectives, rather confirmed than lessened my esteem for a man whom I thought injured by them.

His own respectful and disinterested behaviour to me contributed to my attachment. He always addressed me as his sister, when he put on the familiar friend, in the guise of a tutor: I could not therefore arm against a man I had no reason to suspect.

But still I knew not the strength of my passion for him, till the Count of Belvedere was proposed to me with an earnestness that alarmed me: Then I considered the Count as the interrupter of my hopes; and yet I could not give the reason why I rejected him. How could I, when I had none to give but my prepossession in favour of another man? A prepossession entirely hidden in my own heart.

But still I thought I would sooner die, than be the wife of a man of a religion contrary to my own. I am a zealous Catholic myself: All my relations are zealous Catholics. How angry have I been at this obstinate Heretic, as I have often called him; the first heretic, my dear Mrs. Beaumont (for once I did not love you) that my soul detested not! For he is as tenacious a Protestant as ever came out of England. What had he to do in Italy? Why did he not stay at home? Or why, if he must come abroad, did he stay so long among us; yet hold his obstinacy, as if in defiance of the people he was so well received by?

These were the reproaches that my heart in silence often cast upon him.

I was at first concerned only for his soul's sake: But afterwards, finding him essential to my earthly happiness, and yet resolving never to think of him if he became not a Catholic, I was earnest for his conversion for my own sake; hoping that my friends indulgence to me would make my wishes practicable; for on his part, I doubted not, if that point were got over, he would think an alliance with our family an honour to him.

But when I found him invincible on this article, I was resolved either to conquer my passion, or die. What did I not undergo in my endeavours to gain this

victory over myself! My confessor hurt me, by terrors; my woman teazed me; my parents, and two elder brothers, and all my more distant relations, urged me to determine in favour of the Count of Belvedere. The Count was importunate: The Chevalier was importunate in the Count's behalf — Good heaven! What could I do? — I was hurried, as I may say: I had not time given me to weigh, ponder, recollect. How could I make my mother, how could I make any-body my confident? My judgment was at war with my passion; and I hoped it would overcome. I struggled; yet every day the object appearing more worthy, the struggle was too hard for me. O that I had had a Mrs. Beaumont to consult — Well might melancholy seize me — Silent melancholy!

At last the Chevalier was resolved to leave us. What pain, yet what pleasure, did this his resolution give me! Most sincerely I hoped, that his absence would restore my tranquillity.

What a secret triumph did I gave myself, on my behaviour to him, before all my friends, on the parting evening! — My whole deportment was uniform. I was chearful, serene, happy in myself, and I made all my friends so. I wished him happy where-ever he set his foot, and whatsoever he engaged in. I thanked him, with the rest of my friends, for the benefits we had received from him and the pleasure he had given us, in the time he had bestowed upon us; and I wished that he might never want a friend so agree-and entertaining as he had been to us all.

I was the more pleased with myself, as I was not under a necessity of putting on stiffness or reserve to hide a heart too much affected. I thought myself secure, and stood out forwarder than he seemed to hope for, and with more than my offered hand, at the moment of his departure. I thought I read in his eyes a concern, for the first time, that called for a pity which I imagined I myself wanted not. Yet I had a pang at parting — When the door shut out the agreeable man, never again, thought I, to be opened to give him entrance! I sighed at the reflexion: But who perceived it? — I never could be insensible in a parting scene, with less agreeable friends: It was the easier for me to attribute to the gentleness of my heart, the instant sensibility. My father clasped me to his bosom: My mother embraced me, without mortifying me by saying for what. My brother, the bishop, called me twenty fond names; all my friends complimented me, but only on my chearfulness, and said, I was once more their own Clementina. I went to rest, pleased that I had so happily acquitted myself, and that possibly I contributed to the repose of dear friends, whose repose I had been the cause of disturbing.

But, alas! this conduct was too great for the poor Clementina to maintain: My soul was too high set. — You know the rest; and I am lost to the joys of this life: For I never, never, will be the wife of a man, if I might, who by his religion is an enemy to the faith I never wavered in; nor would ever change, were an earthly

crown on the head of the man I love to be the reward; and a painful death, in the prime of my life, the contrary.

A flood of tears prevented farther speech. She hid her face in my bosom. She sighed — Dear Lady! How she sighed!

This, madam, is the account I have to give of what has passed between your beloved Clementina and me. Never was there a more noble struggle between duty and affection; tho' her heart was too tender, and, in short, the man's merits too dazling, to allow it to be effectual. She is unwilling that I should send you the particulars: She shall be ashamed, she says, to look her father, her mother, in the face; and she dreads still more, if possible, her confessor's being made acquainted with the state of her heart, and the cause of her disorder. But I tell her, it is absolutely necessary for her mother to know everything that I know, in order to attempt a cure.

This cure, madam, I am afraid will never be effected, but by giving her in marriage to the happy man. I must think him so, who will be intitled, by general consent, to so great a blessing.

You, madam, will act in this affair as you judge proper: But if you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and Naples, get over your family objections, you will perhaps find yourselves obliged, such are the young Lady's own scruples, on the score of religion, to take pains to persuade her to pursue her inclination, and accept Mr. Grandison for an husband.

Be this as it may, I would humbly recommend a gentle and soothing treatment of her. She never knew yet what the contrary was; and were she to experience that contrary now upon an occasion so very delicate, and in which her Judgment and her Love are, as she hints, at variance; I verily think, she would not be able to bear it — That God direct you for the best, whom you and yours have always served with signal devotion!

I will only add, That since the secret which had so long preyed upon her fine spirits, is revealed, she appears to be much more easy than before; but yet she dreads the reception she shall meet with on her return to Bologna. She begs of me, when that return shall be ordered, to accompany her, in order to enable her, as she says, to support her spirits. She is very desirous to enter into a nunnery. She says, She never can be the wife of any other man; and she thinks she ought not to be his, on whom her heart is fixed.

A word of comfort on paper, from your honoured hand, I know, madam, would do a great deal towards healing her wounded heart.

I am, madam, with the greatest veneration and respect,

Your Ladyship's Most faithful humble servant, HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

LET me add, my good Miss Byron, that the Marchioness sent an answer to this Letter expressing the highest obligation and gratitude to Mrs. Beaumont; and inclosed a Letter to her daughter, filled with tender and truly-motherly consolation; inviting her back to Bologna out of hand, and her amiable friend with her: Promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome; and assuring her, that every-thing should be done that could be done, to make her happy in her own way.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Wedn. Night, Mar. 29.

I Inclose, my Lucy, the doctor's third pacquet. From its contents you will pity Sir Charles, as well as Clementina; and if you enter impartially into the situation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a religion they are satisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's steadiness in his; you will also pity them. They are all good; they are all considerate. A great deal is to be said for them; tho' much more for Sir Charles, who insisted not upon that change of religion in the Lady, which they demanded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confessor, tho' not a martyr, one may call him, for his religion and country — How deep was his distress! A mind so delicate as his, and wishing for the sake of the Sex, and the Lady and Family, as he did, rather to be repulsed by them, than to be obliged himself to decline their intended favour.

You will admire the Lady in her sweetly-modest behaviour, on his first visit before her mother; but more, for the noble spirit she endeavoured to resume in her conversation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my grandmother, and aunt Selby, for that noble apostrophe! —

'But, O my Religion and my Country! I cannot, cannot, renounce you! What can this short life promise, what can it give, to warrant such a sacrifice!'

Yet her conduct, you will find, is not inferior to his; firmly persuaded, as she is, of the truth of her religion; and loving him with an ardor that he had from the first restrained in himself from hopelessness?

But to admire her as she deserves, I should transcribe all she says, and his account of her whole behaviour.

O my dear! Who could have acted as Clementina acted! — Not, I fear,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

DR. BARTLETT'S THIRD LETTER.

YOUR sixth command, madam, is,

To give you the particulars of Mr. Grandison's reception from the Marchioness and her Clementina, on his return to Bologna from Vienna, at the invitation of Signor Jeronymo.

Mr. Grandison was received at his arrival with great tokens of esteem and friendship, by the Marquis himself, and by the Bishop.

Signor Jeronymo, who still kept his chamber, the introducer being withdrawn, embraced him: And now, said he, is the affair, that I have had so long in view, determined upon. O Chevalier! you will be a happy man. Clementina will be yours: You will be Clementina's: And now indeed do I embrace my brother — But I detain you not: Go to the happy girl: She is with her mother, and both are ready to receive and welcome you. Allow for the gentle spirit: She will not be able to say half she thinks.

Camilla then appeared, to conduct me, says Mr. Grandison, to her Ladies, in the Marchioness's drawing-room. She whispered me in the passage: Welcome, thrice welcome, best of men! Now will you be rewarded for all your goodness!

I found the Marchioness sitting at her toilette, richly dressed, as in ceremony; but without attendants; even Camilla retired, as soon as she had opened the door for me.

The lovely Clementina stood at the back of her mother's chair. She was elegantly dressed: But her natural modesty, heightened by a glowing consciousness, that seemed to arise from the occasion, gave her advantages that her richest jewels could not have given her.

The Marchioness stood up. I kissed her hand — You are welcome, Chevalier, said she. The only man on earth that I could thus welcome, or is fit to be so welcomed! — Clementina, my dear! — turning round, and taking her hand.

The young Lady had shrunk back, her complexion varying; now glowing, now pale — Excuse her voice, said the condescending mother; her heart bids you welcome.

Judge for me, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how I must be affected at this gracious reception: I, who knew not the terms that were to be prescribed to me.

'Spare me, dear Lady, thought I, spare me my Conscience, and take all the world's wealth and glory to yourselves: I shall be rich enough with Clementina.'

The Marchioness seated her in her own chair. I approached her: But how could I with that grateful ardor, that, but for my doubts, would have sprung to my lips? Modest Love, however, was attributed to me; and I had the praise wholly for that which was but partly due to it.

I drew a chair for the Marchioness, and, at her command, another for myself. The mother took one hand of her bashful daughter: I presumed to take the other: The amiable Lady held down her blushing face, and reproved me not, as she did once before, on the like freedom, for being too free. Her mother asked me questions of an indifferent nature; as of my journey; of the courts I had visited since I left them; when I heard from England; after my father; my sisters: The

latter questions in a kind way, as if she were asking after relations that were to be her own.

What a mixture of pain had I with the favour shewn me, and for the favour shewn me! For I questioned not but a change of religion would be proposed, and insisted on; and I had no doubt in my mind about my own.

After a short conversation the amiable daughter arose, courtesied low to her mother, with dignity to me; and withdrew.

Ah, Chevalier! said the Marchioness, as soon as she was gone, little did I think, when you let us, that we should so soon see you again; and on the account we see you: But you know how to receive your good fortune with gratitude. Your modesty keeps in countenance our forwardness.

I bowed — What could I say?

I shall leave, so will my Lord, particular subjects to be talked of, between the Bishop and you. You will, if it be not your own fault, have a treasure in Clementina; and a treasure with her. We shall do the same things for her, as if she had married the man we wished her to have when we thought her affections disengaged. You may believe we love our daughter — Else —

I applauded their indulgent goodness.

I can have no doubt, Mr. Grandison, that you love Clementina above all women.

[I had never seen the woman, Dr. Bartlett, that I could have loved so well, had I not restrained myself, at first, from the high notion I knew they had of their quality and rank; from considerations of the difference in religion; of the trust and confidence the family placed in me; and by the resolution I had made, as a guard to myself from the time of my entering upon my travels, of never aiming to marry a foreigner.]

I assured the Marchioness, that I was absolutely disengaged in my affections: That not having presumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that seemed to await me, I could hardly yet flatter myself that so great an happiness was reserved for me.

She answered, That I deserved it all: That I knew the value they had for me: That Clementina's regard was founded in virtue: That my character was my happiness: That, however, what the world would say, had been no small point with them; but that was as good as got over; and she doubted not but all that depended upon me, would, as well from generosity as gratitude, be complied with.

[Here, thought I, is couched the expectation: And if so, would to heaven I had never seen Italy!]

The Marquis joined his Lady and me soon after. His features had a melancholy cast. This dear girl, said he, has fastened upon me part of her malady. Parents, Chevalier, who are blessed with even hopeful children, are not always happy. This girl — But no more: She is a good child. In the general oeconomy of Providence, none of the sons of men are unhappy, but some others are the happier for it. Our son the Bishop will talk to you upon terms.

I have hinted to the Chevalier, my Lord, said the Marchioness, the happiness that waits him.

How does the poor girl? — Bashful enough, I suppose!

Indeed, my Lord, she cannot look up, answered the Lady.

Poor thing! I supposed it would be so.

Why, why, thought I, was I suffered to see this mother, this daughter, before their conditions were proposed to me!

But what indulgent parents are these, Dr. Bartlett? What an excellent daughter? Yet not to be happy! But how much more unhappily circumstanced did I think myself! — I, who had rather have been rejected with disdain by twenty women in turn, than to be obliged to decline the honour intended me by a family I reverenced!

Thus far Mr. Grandison. This, madam, will answer your question, as to the VIth article; but I believe a few more particulars will be acceptable.

The Marquis led me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, into the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. Your good fortune, Chevalier, said he, as we entered it, is owing to Jeronymo, who owes his life to you. I bless God, we are a family that know not what ingratitude means.

I made my acknowlegements both to father and son.

The Marquis then went into public affairs; and soon after left us together.

I was considering, whether I had best tell that sincere friend my apprehensions in relation to the articles of religion and residence; for he had with an air of humour congratulated me on the philosophical manner in which I bore my good fortune; when Camilla entered, and whispered me, of her own head, as she said, That her young Lady was just gone into the garden.

I dare say, it was of her own head: For Camilla has a great deal of good-nature, and is constantly desirous of obliging, where she thinks she shall not offend anybody.

Follow her then, said Jeronymo, who heard what Camilla said: Clementina perhaps expects you.

Camilla waited for me at the entrance into the garden. One word, Sir, if you please. I am afraid of the return of my young Lady's thoughtfulness. She says, she is ashamed of the poor figure she made before her mother: She is sure she must

look mean in your eyes. A man to be sent for, Camilla, said she, in compliment to my weakness! Why did not my too indulgent father bid me conquer my folly, or die? O that I had not owned my attachment!

‘Naughty Mrs. Beaumont! said she, Had it not been for you, my own bosom had contained the secret; till shame, and indignation against myself, had burst my heart!’

She is resolved, she says, to resume a spirit becoming her birth and quality; and I am afraid of her elevations. Her great apprehensions are, that, with all this condescension of her parents, obstacles will arise on your part. If so, she says she shall not be able to beat her own reflexions, nor look her friends in the face.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, how have I, who have hitherto so happily escaped the snares by which the feet of unreflectiong youth are often entangled by women of light same, been embarrassed by perverse accidents that have arisen from my friendships with the worthy of the Sex! Was there ever a more excellent family than this? — Every individual of it is excellent. And is not then worthiness, and even their piety, the cause to which our mutual difficulties are owing?

But, O my Religion and my Country! I cannot, canno renounce you! What can this short life give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice!

I said nothing to Camilla, you may believe, of what I could or could not do; yet she saw my distress: She took notice of it Being firmly persuaded of the excellency of her own religion, she wondered that a man of reflexion and reading could be of a contrary one. Her heart, she said, as well as the heart of her young Lady, boded an unhappy issue to ou Loves: Heaven avert it! said the honest woman: But what m y we not fear by way of judgment, where a young Lady — Forgive me, Sir — presers a man she thinks she ought not to prefer; and where a gentleman will not be convinced of errors which the Church condemns?

She again begged I would forgive her. I praised her good intention, and sincere dealing; and leaving her went into the garden.

I sound the young Lady in the Orange-grove. You have been in that ga den, Dr. Bartlett.

She turned her face towards me, as I drew near her, and seeing who it was, stopt.

Clementina, armed with conscious worthiness, as if she had resumed the same spirit which had animated her on the eve of my departure from Bologna, condescended to advance two or three paces towards me.

Lovely woman, thought I, encourage the true dignity that shines in that noble aspect! — Who knows what may be our destiny?

I bowed. Veneration, esteem, and concern, from the thought of what that might be, all joined to make my obeisance profound.

I was going to speak. She prevented me. Her air and manner were great.

You are welcome, Sir, said she. My mamma bid me say welcome. I could not then speak: And she was so good to you, as to answer for my heart. My voice is now found: But tell me — Do I see the same generous, the same noble Grandison, that I have heretofore seen? — Or, do I see a man inclined to slight the creature whom her indulgent parents are determined to oblige, even to the sacrifice of all their views?

You see, madam, the same Grandison, his heart only oppressed with the honour done him; and with the fear that the happiness designed for him may yet be frustrated. If it should, how shall I be able to support myself?

[What a difficult situation, my dear Dr. Bartlett, was mine! — Equally afraid to urge my suit with ardor, or to be imagined capable of being indifferent to her favour!]

What do you fear, Sir? — You have grounds in your own heart, perhaps, for your fear. If you have, let me know them. I am not afraid to know them. Let me tell you, that I opposed the step taken. I doclared, that I would sooner die, than it should be taken. It was to YOU, they said; and you would know how to receive as you ought the distinction paid you. I have a soul, Sir, not unworthy of the spirit of my ancestors: Tell me what you fear? — I only fear one thing; and that is, that I should be thought to be more in your power than in my own.

Noble Lady! And think you, that while my happiness is not yet absolutely resolved upon, I have not reason to fear? — You will always, madam, be in your own power: You will be most so when in mine. My gratitude will ever prompt me to acknowlege your goodness to me as a condescension.

But say; tell me, Sir; Did you not, at first receiving the invitation, despise, in absence, the Clementina, that now perhaps, in presence, you have the goodness to pity?

O that the high-soul'd Clementina would not think so contemptibly of the man before her, as she must think, when she puts a question that would intitle him to infamy, could he presume to think an answer to it necessary!

Well, Sir; I shall see how far the advances made an the wrong side will be justified, or rather countenanced, by the advances, or, shall I say (I will if you please) condescensions to be made on yours.

[What a petulance, thought I! But can the generous, the noble Clementina, knowing that terms will be proposed, with which in honour and conscience I cannot comply, put my regard for her on such a test as this? — I will not suppose that she is capable of mingling art with her magnanimity.]

Is this, madam, said I, a generous anticipation? Forgive me: But when your friends are so good as to think me incapable of returning ingratitude for

obligation, I hope I shall not be classed, by their beloved daughter, among the lowest of mankind.

Excuse me, Sir; the woman who has been once wrong, has reason to be always afraid of herself. if you do not think meanly of me, I will endeavour to think well of myself; and then, Sir, I shall think better of you, if better I can think: For, after all, did I not more mistrust myself than I do you, I should not perhaps be so capricious as, I am afraid, I sometimes am.

The Marquis has hinted to me, madam, That your brother the Bishop is to discourse with me on the subject now the nearest to my heart of all others: May I presume to address myself to their beloved daughter upon it, without being thought capable of endeavouring to prepossess her in my favour before my Lord and I meet?

I will answer you frankly, Sir: There are preliminaries to be settled; and, till they are, I that know there are, do not think myself at liberty to hear you upon any subject that may tend to prepossession.

I acquiesce, madam: I would not for the world be thought to wish for the honour of your attention, while it is improper for you to favour me with it.

[I did not know, Dr. Bartlett, but upon a supposition of a mutual interest between us, as I had hoped she would allow, Clementina might wish that I would lead to some particular discourse. Tho' modesty becomes ours as well as the other sex, yet it would be an indelicacy not to prevent a Lady, in some certain cases. But thus discouraged,] Perhaps, madam, said I, the attendance I do myself the honour to pay you here, may not be agreeable to the Marquis.

Then, Sir, you will choose, perhaps, to withdraw. But don't — Yes, do.

I respectfully withdrew; but she taking a winding alley, which led into that in which I slowly walked, we met again. I am afraid, said she, I have been a little petulant: Indeed, Sir, I am not satisfied with myself. I wish — And there she stopt.

What, madam, do you wish? Favour me with your wishes. If it be in my power —

It is not, interrupted she. I wish I had not been at Florence. The Lady I was with, is a good woman; but she was too hard for me. Perhaps (and she sighed) had I not been with her, I had been at rest, and happy, before now; but if I had not, there is a pleasure, as well as pain, in melancholy. But now I am so fretful! — If I hated the bitterest enemy I have, as much as at times I hate myself, I should be a very bad creature.

This was spoken with an air so melancholy, as greatly disturbed me. God grant, thought I, that the articles of Religion and residence may be agreed upon between the Bishop and me!

Here, my good Miss Byron, I close this Letter. Sir Charles has told you, briefly, the event of the conference between the Bishop and him; and I hasten to obey you in your next article.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Thursday Morn. Mar. 30.

I Send you now inclosed the doctor's fourth Letter. I believe I must desire my grandmamma and my aunt Selby to send for me down.

We shall all be in London this evening.

Would to heaven I had never come to it! — What of pleasure have I had in it? — This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen! — But for him, I had been easy and happy; since but for him, I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandison; never had known him. Fame might perhaps have brought to my ears, in general conversation, as other persons of distinction are talked of, some of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without costing me one sigh. And yet, had it been so, I should then have known none of those lively sensibilities that have mingled pleasure with my pain, on the pride I have had in being distinguished as a sister to the sisters of so extraordinary a man. O that I had kept my foolish heart free! I should then have had enough to boast of for my whole life, enough to talk of to every one. And when I had been asked by my companions and intimates, What diversions, what entertainments, I had been at? I should have said,

'I have been in company and conversed with SIR CHARLES GRANDISON; and been favoured and distinguished by all his family.'

And I should have passed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work and read with me at Selby-house, in answering their questions about all these; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of The fine Gentleman; and my young friends would have come about me, and asked me to tell them something more of The Excellent man.

But now my ambition has overthrown me: Aiming, wishing to be every-thing, I am nothing. If I am asked about him, or his sisters, I shall seek to evade the subject; and yet, what other subject can I talk of? For what have I seen; what have I known, since I left Northamptonshire, but Him and Them; and what must lead to Him and Them? And what indeed but Him and Them, since I have known this family, have I wished to see, and to know?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I see, suffered my childish fancies to delude me into a short forgetfulness of his, of every -body's distresses! — But, O my Lucy, my heart is torn in pieces; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's sake, than for my own! How severely do I pay for my curiosity! Yet

it was necessary that I should know the worst. So Sir Charles seems to have thought, by the permission he has given to Dr. Bartlett, to oblige me, and through me, his sisters, and all you my own friends.

Your pity will be more raised on reading the Letter I inclose, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family; none of whom, tho' all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronymo, and be pleased with the young Lady's faithful Camilla: But, my dear, there is so much tenderness in Sir Charles's woe — It must be Love — But he ought to love Clementina: She is a glorious, tho'unhappy, young creature. I must not have one spark of generosity left in my heart, I must be lost wholly in Self, if I did not equally admire and love her.

DR. BARTLETT'S FOURTH LETTER.

AS I remember, madam, Sir Charles mentions to you, in a very pathetic manner, the distress he was in when the terms and conditions, on which he was to be allowed to call the noble Clementina his, were proposed to him; as they were by the Bishop. He has briefly told you the terms, and his grief to be obliged to disappoint the expectation of persons so deservedly dear to him. But you will not, I believe, be displeased, if I dwell a little more on these particulars, tho' they are not commanded from me.

The Bishop, when he had acquainted Mr. Grandison with the terms, said, You are silent, my dear Grandison: You hesitate. What, Sir! Is a proposal of a daughter of one of the noblest families in Ialy; that daughter a Clementina; to be slighted by a an of a private family; a foreigner; of dependent fortunes; her dowry not unworthy of a Prince's acceptance? Do you hesitate upon such a proposal as this, Sir?

My Lord, I am grieved, rather than surprised, at the proposal: I was apprehensive it would be made. My joy at receiving the condescending invitation, and at the honours done me, on my arrival, otherwise would have been immoderate.

A debate then followed, upon some articles in which the Church of Rome and the Protestant Churches differ. Mr. Grandison would fain have avoided it; but the Bishop, supposing he should have some advantages in the argument, which he met not with, would not permit him. He was very warm with Mr. Grandison more than once, which did not help his cause.

The particulars of this debate I will not at this time give you: They would carry me into great length; and I have much to transcribe, that I believe, from what Sir Charles has let me see of your manner of writing to your friends, you would

prefer. To that I will proceed; after a passage or two, which will shew you how that debate, about the difference in Religion, went off.

You will call to mind, Chevalier, said the Bishop, that your church allows of a possibility of salvation out of its pale — Ours does not.

My Lord, our church allows not of its members indulging themselves in capital errors, against conviction: But I hope that no more need to be said on this subject.

I think, replied the Bishop, we will quit it. I did not expect that you were so firmly rooted in error, as I find you: But to the point on which we began: I should think it an extraordinary misfortune, were we to find ourselves reduced to the necessity of reasoning a private man into the acceptance of our sister Clementina. Let me tell you, Sir, that were she to know that you but hesitate — He spoke with earnestness, and reddened.

Pardon an interruption, my Lord: You are disposed to be warm. I will not so much as offer to defend myself from any imputations that may, in displeasure, be cast upon me, as if I were capable of slighting the honour intended me of a Lady who is worthy of a Prince. I am persuaded that your Lordship cannot think such a desence necessary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconsiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of ancestors, whom hitherto I have not disgraced, will give me consideration. But what, my Lord, is ancestry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condescending invitation. Your Lordship would not persuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and since, as you have heard, I have something to offer, when called upon, in support of them.

You will consider this matter, my dear Chevalier. It is you, I think, that are disposed to be warm; but you are a valuable man. We, as well as our sister, wish to have you among us: Our church would wish it. Such a proselyte will justify us to every other consideration, and to all our friends. Consider of it, Grandison; but let it not be known to the principals of our family, that you think consideration necessary: The dear Clementina, particularly, must not know it. Your person, Chevalier, is not so dear to the excellent creature, as your soul. Hence it is, that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame so pure, and so bright.

My distress, my Lord, is beyond the power of words to describe. I revere, I honour, and will to my last, hour, the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur or nobility. Their sons — You know not, my Lord, the pride I have always had to be distinguished even by a nominal relation to them: And give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you prescribe, and I shall be happy beyond my highest wish. I desire not dowry with her. I have a father on whose generosity and affection I can rely. But I must repeat, my Lord, that my principles are so well known, that I hoped a compromise

would be accepted — I would not for the world compel your sister. The same liberty that I crave, I would allow.

And will you not take time, Sir, to consider? Are you absolutely determined?

If your Lordship know the pain it gives me to say that I am, you would pity me.

Well, Sir, I am sorry for it. Let us go in to Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever since he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, Chevalier, have no affections.

I thank God, said I, that your Lordship does not do me justice.

He led me into his brother's apartment.

There, what did I not suffer, from the Friendship, from the Love of that brother and from the urgency of the Bishop! But what was the result?

The Bishop asked me, If he were to conduct me to his father, to his mother, to his sister? Or to allow me to depart without seeing them? — This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to be thus indicated. I respectfully bowed. I recommended myself to the favour of the two brothers, and thro' them to that of the three truly-respectable persons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart sorely distressed.

I was unable to stir out for the remainder of the day. The same chair into which I threw myself, upon my first coming in, held me for hours.

In the evening Camilla, in disguise, made me a visit. On my servant's withdrawing, revealing herself, O Sir, said she, what a distracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiousness: I cannot stay. But let me just tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generosity will suggest to you, what is best to be done.

As soon as you were gone, my Lord Bishop acquainted my Lady Marchioness with what had passed between you. O Sir! you have an affectionate friend in Signor Jeronymo. He endeavoured to soften every thing. My Lady Marchioness acquainted my Lord with the Bishop's report. I never saw that good nobleman in such a passion. It is not necessary to tell you what he said —

In a passion with me, Camilla!

Yes. He thought the whole family dishonoured, Sir.

The Marquis della Porretta is the worthiest of men, Camilla, said I. I honour him. — But proceed.

The Marchioness, in the tenderest manner, broke the matter to my young Lady: I was present. She apprehended, that there might be occasion for my attendance, and commanded me to stay.

Before she could speak all she had to say, my young Lady threw herself on her knees to her mamma, and blessing her for her goodness to her, begged her to

spare the rest. I see, said she, that I, a daughter of the Porretta family, your daughter, madam, am refused. Palliate not, I beseech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough, that I am refused. Surely, madam, your Clementina is not so base in spirit, as to need your maternal consolation on such a contempt as this. I feel for my papa, for you, madam, and for my brothers, I feel the indignity. Blessings follow the man where-ever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own master! and now he has made me my own mistress. Never fear, madam, but this affair now will sit as light upon me, as it ought. His humility will allow him to be satisfied with a meaner wife. You, madam, my papa, my brothers, shall not find me mean.

The Marchioness embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved daughter. She brought my Lord to her, and reported what her daughter had said: He also tenderly embraced the dear young Lady, and rejoyced in her assurances, that now the cure was effected.

But, unseasonably, as the event shewed, Father Marescotti, being talked with, was earnest to be allowed to visit her: Then, he said, was the proper time, the very crisis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

I was bid to tell her, that his Reverence desired to attend her.

O let me go, said she, to Florence; to my dear Mrs. Beaumont! — To-morrow morning let me go; and not see Father Marescotti, till I can see him as I wish to see him!

But the good Father prevailed: He meant the best.

He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When her mamma went to her, she sound her spiritless, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was silent to two or three of her mother's questions; and when she did speak, it was with wildness; but declaring, without being solicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, against marrying him, or any man in the world.

Her mother told her, she should go to Florence, as soon as she pleased: But then the humour was off. Would to Heaven she had gone before she saw his Reverence! So they all now wish.

Camilla, said she to me, when we were alone, Was it necessary to load the Chevalier Grandison? Was it necessary to inveigh against him? It was ungenerous to do so. Was the man obliged to have the creature whose forwardness had rendered her contemptible in his eyes? I could not bear to hear him inveighed against. But never, never, let me hear his named mentioned. But, Camilla, I cannot bear being despised, neither.

She arose from her seat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks: She raves: She starts: She neither sits nor stands with quietness — She walks up and down her room, at other times, with passion and

hurry; yet weeps not, tho' she makes every-body else weep. She speaks to herself, and answers herself; and, as I guess, repeats part of the talk that passed between Father Marescotti and her: But still, To be despised! are the words she oftenest repeats — Jesu! once, said she — To be despised! — And by an English Protestant! Who can bear that?

In this way, Sir, is Lady Clementina. The sweetest creature! I see, I see, you have compassion, Sir! You never wanted humanity! Generosity is a part of your nature! I am sure you love her — I see you love her — I pain your noble heart! Indeed, indeed, Sir, Lady Clementina's Love extended beyond the limits of this world: She hoped to be yours to all eternity.

Well might Camilla, the sensible, the faithful, the affectionate Camilla, the attendant from insant years of her beloved Clementina, thus run on, without interruption. I could not speak. And had I been able, to what purpose should I have pleaded to Camilla the superior attachement which occasioned an anguish that words cannot describe?

What can I say, but thank you, my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eased your own heart; but you have loaded mine — Nevertheless, I thank you. Would to Heaven that your Lady's own wishes had been complied with; that she had been encouraged to go to the excellent Mrs. Beaumont! The first natural impulses of the distressed heart often point out the best alleviation. Would to Heaven they had been pursued! I have great dependence on the generous friendship of Signor Jeronymo. All that is in my power to do, I will do, I honour, I venerate, every one of the truly-noble family: I never can deserve their favour. On all occasions, Camilla, let them know my devotion to them.

I beg of God, said me, to put it into your hearo restore the tranquillity of a family that was, till lately, the happiest in Bologna. It may not be yet too late. I beg you to excuse my officiousness. Pray take no notice that I have waited on you. I shall be wanted.

She was hastening away. Good Camilia, said I, taking a ring of some value from my finger, and forcing it upon hers (she is above accepting of pecuniary presents, and struggled against this), Accept this as a remembrance, not acknowlegement. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta, and so have no opportunity again to see the equally faithful and obliging Camilla.

What other conditions could have been prescribed, Dr. Bartlett, that I should have refused to comply with? How was I anew distressed, at the account Camilla gave me! But my great consolation in the whole transaction is that my own heart, on the maturest deliberation, acquits me: And the rather, as it is impossible for me to practise a greater piece of self-denial: For can there be on earth a nobler Lady than Clementina?

The next morning, early, Mr. Grandison received the following Letter from his friend Signor Jeronymo. I translated it, my good Miss Byron, at the time I received it. I will send you the translation, only.

My dear Chevalier!

SHALL I blame you? — I cannot. Shall I blame my father, my mother? — They blame themselves, for the free access you were allowed to have to their Clementina; yet they own, that you acted nobly. But they had forgot that Clementina had eyes. Yet who knew not her discernment? Who knew not her regard for merit where-ever she found it? Can I therefore blame my sister? — Indeed, no. Has she a brother whom I can blame? — No. But ought I not to blame myself? The dear creature owned, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, that my declaration in your favour, which was made long before you knew it, was one of her influences. Must I therefore accuse myself? — If I regard my intention, gratitude, for a life preserved by you, and for a sense of my social duties (soul as well as body indebted to you, tho' a Protestant yourself) will not suffer it. Is there then nobody whom we can blame for the calamity befallen us? — How strangely is that calamity circumstanced!

But is there so irreconcileable a difference between the two religious? — There is: The Bishop says there is: Clementina thinks there is: My father, my mother, think there is.

But does your father think so? Will you put the whole matter on that issue, Chevalier?

O no, you will not. You are as determined as we are: Yet, surely, with less reason.

But I debate not the matter with you. I know you are a master of the question.

But what is to be done? Shall Clementina perish? Will not the gallant youth, who ventured his life so successfully to save a brother, exert himself to preserve a sister?

Come, and see the way she is in — Yet they will not admit you into her presence while she is in that way.

The sense she has of her dignity debased, and the perpetual expostulations and apprehensions of her zealous confessor — Can the good man think it his duty to wound and tear in pieces a mind tenacious of its honour, and of that of the Sex? At last, you see, I have found somebody to accuse. — But I come to my motive of giving you this trouble.

It is to request you to make me a visit. Breakfast with me, my dear Chevalier, this morning. You will perhaps see nobody else.

Camilla has told me, and only me, that she attended you last night: She tells me how greatly you are grieved. I should renounce your friendship, were you not.

At my soul, I pity you, because I knew, long since, your firm attachment to your religion; and because you love Clementina.

I wish I were able to attend you; I would save you the pain of this visit; for I know it must pain you: But come, nevertheless.

You hinted to my brother, that you thought, as your principles were so well known, a compromise would be accepted — Explain yourself to me upon this compromise. If I can smooth the way between you — Yet I despair that any-thing will do but your conversion. They love your soul; they think they love it better than you do yourself. Is there not a merit in them, which you cannot boast in return?

The General, I hear, came to town last night: We have not seen him yet. He had business with the Gonfalionere. I think you must not meet. He is warm. He adores Clementina. He knew not, till last night, that the Bishop broke it to him at that magistrate's, our unhappy situation. What a disappointment! One of the principal views he had in coming was, to do you honour, and, and to give his sister pleasure. Ah, Sir! he came to be present at two solemn acts: The one your Nuptials, in consequence of the other. — You must not meet. It would go to my heart, to have offence given you by any of my family, especially in our own hou e.

Come, however; I long to see you, and to comfort you, whether your hard heart (I did not use to think it a hard one) will allow you, or not, to give comfort to

Your ever-affectionate and faithful friend, JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

I accepted of the invitation. My heart was in this family: I longed, before this Letter came, to see and to hear from it. The face of the meanest servant belonging to it would have been more than welcome to me. What, however, were my hopes? Yet, do you think, Dr. Bartlett, that I had not pain in going; a pain that took more than its turn, with the desire I had once more to enter doors that used to be opened to me with so much pleasure on both sides?

DR. BARTLETT'S FIFTH LETTER.

MR. Grandison thus proceeds: I was introduced to Signor Jeronymo. He sat expecting me. He bowed more stiffly than usual, in return to my freer compliment.

I see, said I, that I have lost my friend.

Impossible, said he. It cannot be.

Then speaking of his sister, Dear creature! said he. A very bad night. My poor mother has been up with her ever since Three o'clock: Nobody else has any influence with her. These talking fits are worse than her silent ones.

What could I say? My soul was vexed. My friend saw it, and was grieved for me. He talked of indifferent things. I could not follow him in them.

He then entered upon the subject that would not long allow of any other. I expect the General, said he. I will not, I think, have you see each other. I have ordered notice to be given me before any one of the family is admitted, while you are with me. If you choose not to see the General, or my father or mother, should they step in to make their morning compliments, you can walk down the back-stairs into the garden, or into the next chamber.

I am not the least sufferer in this distress, replied I. You have invited me. If on your own account you would have me withdraw, I will; but else I cannot conceal myself.

This is like you. It is you yourself. O Grandison! that we could be real brothers! — In soul we are so. But what is the compromise you hinted at?

I then told him, That I would reside one year in Italy, another in England, by turns, if the dear Clementina would accompany me; if not, but three months in England, in every year. As to religion, she should keep her own; her confessor only to be a man of known discretion.

He shook his head. I'll propose it as from yourself, if you would have me do so, Chevalier. It would do with me; but will not with any-body else. I have undertaken for more than that already; but it will not be heard of. Would to God, Chevalier, that you, for my sake, for all our sakes. — But I know you have a great deal to say on this subject, as you told my brother. New converts, added he, may be zealous; but you old Protestants, Protestants by descent, as I may say, 'tis strange you should be so very stedfast. You have not many young gentlemen, I believe, who would be so very tenacious; such offers, such advantages — And surely you must love my sister! All our family, you surely love. I will presume to say, they deserve your love; and they give the strongest proofs that can be given of their regard for you.

Signor Jeronymo expected not an argumentative answer to what he said. My stedfastness was best expressed; and surely it was sufficiently expressed (the circumstances of the case so interesting) by silence.

Just then came in Camilla. The Marchioness, Sir, knows you are here. She desires you will not go till she sees you. She will attend you here, I believe.

She is persuading Lady Clementina to be blooded. She has an aversion to that operation. She begs it may not be done. She has been hitherto, on that account, bled by leaches. The Marquis and the Bishop are both gone out. They could not bear her solicitations to them to save her, as she called it.

The Marchioness soon after entered Care, melancholy, yet trenderness, was in her aspect: Grief for her daughter's malady seemed fixed in the lines of her fine

face. Keep your seat, Chevalier. She sat down, sighed, wept; but would not have had her tears seen.

Had I not been so deeply concerned in the cause of her grief, I could have endeavoured to comfort her. But what could I say? I turned my head aside. I would also have concealed my emotion, but Signor Jeronymo took notice of it.

The poor Chevalier, kindly said he, with an accent of compassion —

I don't doubt it, answered she, as kindly, tho' he spoke not out what he had to say. He may be obdurate; but not ungrateful.

Excellent woman! How was I affected by her generosity! This was taking the direct road to my heart. You know that heart, Dr. Bartlett, and what a task it had.

Jeronymo enquired after his sister's health; I was afraid to enquire.

Not worse, I hope; but so talkative! poor thing! She burst into tears.

I presumed to take her hand — O Madam! Will no compromise! Will no —

It ought not, Chevalier. I cannot urge it. We know your power, too well we know your power over the dear creature. She will not be long a Catholic, if she be yours; and you know what we then should think of her precious soul! — Better to part with her for ever — Yet, how can a mother — Her tears spoke what her lips could not utter.

Recovering her voice, I have left her, said she, contending with the doctors against being let blood. She was so earnest with me to prevent it, that I could no stay. It is over by this time — She rang.

At that moment, to the astonishment of all three, in ran the dear Clementina herself. — A happy escape! Thank God! said she — Her arm bound up.

She had felt the lancet; but did not bleed more than two or three drops.

O my mamma! And you would have run away from me too, would you! — You don't use to be cruel; and to leave me with these doctors — See! see! and she held out her lovely arm a little boody, regarding nobody but her mother; who, as well as w, was speechless with surprize — They did attempt to wound; but they could not obtain their cruel ends — And I ran for shelter to my mamma's arms (throwing hers about her neck) Dearest, dearest madam, don't let me be sacrificed. What has your poor child done, to be thus treated? —

O my Clementina!

And O my mamma, too! Have I not suffered enough! —

The door opened. She cast her fearful eye to it, clinging faster to her mother. — They are come to take me! Begone, Camilla (It was she) begone, when I bid you! They sha'n't take me — My mamma will save me from them — Won't you, my mamma? clasping more servently her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom. Then lifting up her face, Begone, I tell you, Camilla. They sha'n't have me.Camilla withdrew.

Brother! my dear brother! you will protect me: won't you?

I arose. I was unable to bear this affecting scene — She saw me.

Good God! said she. — Then in English breaking out into that line of Hamlet, which she had taken great notice of, when we read that play together —

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!

She left her mother, and stept gently towards me, looking earnestly with her face held out, as if she were doubtful whether it were I, or not.

I snatched her hand, and pressed it with my lips — O madam! — Dearest Lady! — I could say no more.

It is he! It is he, indeed, madam! turning her head to her mother, one hand held up, as in surprize, as I detained the other.

The son's arms supported the almost fainting mother; his tears mingling with hers.

For God's sake! for my sake, dear Grandison! said he, and stopt.

I quitted Clementina's hand; Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had weakened him, and I hastened to support the Marchioness.

O Chevalier! spare your concern for me, said she. My child's head is of more consequence to me, than my own heart.

What was it of distress that I did not at that moment feel!

The young Lady turning to us — Well, Sir, said she, Here is sad work! Sad work, to be sure! Somebody is wrong: I won't say who. — But you will not let these doctors use me ill — Will you? — See here! shewing her bound up arm to me — what they would have done! — See! They did get a drop or two; but no more. And I sprung from them, and ran for it.

Her mother then taking her attention, My dearest mamma! How do you! —

O my child! and she clasped her arms about her Clementina.

Camilla came in. She added by her grief to the distressful scene. She threw her arms, kneeling, about the Marchioness: O my dearest Lady! said she. — The Marchioness feeling for her salts, and taking them out of her pocket, and smelling to them; Unclasp me, Camilla, said she: I am better. Are the doctors gone?

No, madam, whispered Camilla: But they say, It is highly proper; and they talk of blistering! —

Not her head, I hope! — The dear creature, when she used to value herself upon any-thing, took pride, as well she might, in her hair.

Now you are whispering, my mamma — And this impertinent Camilla is come — Camilla, they shall not have me, I tell you! — See, barbarous wretches! what they have done to me already! — again holding up her arm, and then with indignation tearing off the fillet.

Her brother begged of her to submit to the operation. Her mother joined her gentle command — Well, I won't love you, brother, said she: You are in the plot against me — But here is one who will protect me; laying her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly in my face, with such a mixture of woe and tenderness in her eye, as pierced my very soul.

Persuade her, Chevalier, said the Marchioness.

My good young Lady, Will you not obey your mamma? You are not well. Will you not be well? See how you distress your noble brother!

She stroked her brother's cheek (It was wet with his tears) with a motion inimitably tender, her voice as inimitably soothing — Poor Jeronymo! My dearest brother! And have you not suffered enough from vile assassins? Poor dear brother! — and again stroked his cheek — How was I affected!

A fresh gush of tears broke from his eyes — Ah, Grandison! said he!

O why, why, said I, did I accept of your kind invitation? This distress could not have been so deep, had not I been present.

See! see! Chevalier, holding out her spread hand to me, Jeronymo weeps — He weeps for his sister, I believe — These — Look, my hand is wet with them! are the tears of my dear Jeronymo! My hand — See! is wet with a brother's tears! — And you, madam, are affected too! turning to her mother. It is a grievous thing to see men weep! What ail they? — Yet I cannot weep — Have they softer hearts than mine? — Don't weep, Chevalier — See, Jeronymo has done! — I would stroke your cheek too, if it would stop your tears — But what is all this for? — It is because of these doctors, I believe — But, Camilla, bid them begone: They sha'n't have me.

Dearest madam, said I, submit to your mamma's advice. Your mamma wishes you to suffer them to breathe a veinIt is no more — Your Jeronymo also beseeches you to permit them.

And do you wish it too, Chevalier? — Do you wish to see me wounded? — To see my heart bleeding at my arm, I warrant. Say, can you be so hard-hearted?

Let me join with your mamma, with your brother, to entreat it: For your father's sake! For —

For your sake, Chevalier? — Well, will it do you good to see me bleed?

I withdrew to the window. I could not stand this question; put with an air of tenderness for me, and in an accent equally tender.

The irresistable Lady (O what eloquence in her disorder!) followed me; and laying her hand on my arm, looking earnestly after my averted face, as if she would not suffer me to hide it from her — Will it, will it, comfort you to see me bleed? — Come then, be comforted; I will bleed: But you shall not leave me. You shall see that these doctors shall not kill me quite.

O Dr. Bartlett! How did this address to me torture my very soul!

Camilla, proceeded she, I will bleed. Madam, to her mother, Will it please you to have me bleed? Will it please you, my Jeronymo? turning to him — And, Sir, Sir, stepping to me with quickness, Will it please you? — Why then, Camilla, bid the doctors come in — What would I not do to please such kind friends? You grudge not your tears: And as I cannot give you tears for tears, from my eyes, Shall not my arm weep! — But do you stand by me, Chevalier, while it is done. You will? Won't you? — seeking again with her eye my averted face.

O that my life, thought I, would be an effectual offering for the restoring the peace of mind of this dear Lady, and her family! and that it might be taken by any hand but my own! — But my Conscience! — Prepossessed as I am in favour of my own religion, and in disfavour of that I am wished to embrace; How, thought I, can I make a sacrifice of my Conscience!

The dear Lady was then as earnest for the operation, as before she had been averse to it: But she did and said every-thing in an hurry.

The Marchioness and my friend were comforted, in hopes that some relief would follow it. The doctors were invited in.

Do you stand by me, Sir, said she to me — Come, make haste. But it sha'n't be the same arm — Camilla, see, I can bare my own arm — It will bleed at this arm, I warrant — I will bid it flow — Come, make haste — Are you always so tedious? — The preparation in all these things, I believe, is worse than the act — Pray, pray, make haste.

They did; tho' she thought they did not.

Turn your face another way, madam, said the doctor.

Now methinks I am Iphigenia, Chevalier, going to be offered — looking at me, and from the doctors.

And is this all? — The puncture being made, and she bleeding freely.

The doctors were not satisfied with a small quantity. She fainted, however, before they had taken quite so much as they intended; and her women carried her out of her brother's apartment into her own, in the chair she sat in.

Dear Clementina! — My compassion and my best wishes followed her.

You see your power over the dear girl, Grandison, said her brother.

The Marchioness sighed; and looking at me with kind and earnest meaning, withdrew to attend her daughter's recovery.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

REceive, my Lucy, the doctor's sixth Letter. The fifth has almost broken the hearts of us all.

DR. BARTLETT'S SIXTH LETTER.

A Scene of another nature took place of this, proceeds Mr. Grandison.

Camilla stept in, and said, The General was come; and was at that moment lamenting with the Marchioness the disordered state of mind of his beloved sister; who had again fainted away; but was quiet when Camilla came in.

The General will be here presently, said Jeronymo. Do you choose to see him?

As, perhaps, he has been told I am here, it would look too particular to depart instantly. If he comes not in soon, I will take my leave of you.

I had hardly done speaking, when the General entered, drying his eyes.

Your servant, Mr. Grandison, said he. Brother, How do you? Not the better, I dare say, for the present affliction. Who the devil would have thought the girl had been so deeply affected? — Well, Sir, you have a glorious triumph! — Clementina's heart is not a vulgar one. Her family —

My Lord, I hope I do not deserve this address! — Triumph, my Lord! — Not a heart in this family can be more distressed than mine.

And is religion, is conscience, really of such force, Chevalier?

Let me ask that question, my Lord, of your own heart: Let me ask it of your brother the Bishop; of the other principles of your noble family: And the answer given will be an answer for me.

He seemed displeased. Explain yourself, Chevalier.

If, my Lord, said I, you think there is so great, so essential, a difference in the two religions, that you cannot consent that I should keep my own; What must I be, who think as highly of my own as you can of yours, to give it up, tho' on the highest temporal consideration? Make the case your own, my Lord.

I can. And were I in your situation, such a woman as my sister; such a family as ours; such a splendid fortune as she will have; I believe, I should not make the scruples you do. My brother the Bishop indeed might not have given the same answer: He might be more tenacious.

The Bishop cannot be better satisfied with his religion than I am with mine. But I hope, my Lord, from what you have said, that I may claim the honour of

your friendship in this great article. It is proposed to me, that I renounce my religion: I make no such proposal to your family: On the contrary, I consent that Lady Clementina should keep hers; and I am ready to allow a very handsome provision for a discreet man, her confessor, to attend her, in order to secure her in it. As to residence; I will consent to reside one year in Italy, one in England; and even, if she choose not to go to England at all, I will acquiesce; and visit England myself but for three months in every year.

As to the children, Mr. Grandison? said Signor Jeronymo; desirous of promoting the compromise.

I will consent that daughters shall be the mother's care; the education of sons must be left to me.

What will the poor daughters have done, Chevalier, sneeringly spoke the General, that they should be left to perdition?

Your Lordship, without my entering into the opinion of the professors of both religions on this subject, will consider my proposal as a compromise. I would not have began an address upon these terms with a princess. I do assure you, that mere fortune has no bias with me. Prescribe not to me in the article of religion, and I will, with all my soul, give up every ducat of your sister's fortune.

Then what will you have to support —

My Lord, leave that to your sister and me. I will deal honourably with her. If she renounce me on that article, you will have reason to congratulate yourselves.

Your fortune, Sir, by marriage, will be much more considerable than it can be by patrimony, if Clementina be yours: Why then should you not look forward to your posterity as Italians? And in that case —

He stopt there — It was easy to guess at his inference.

I would no more renounce my Country than my Religion: I would leave posterity free; but would not deprive them of an attachment that I value myself upon: Nor yet my country, of a family that never gave it cause to be ashamed of it.

The General took snuff, and looked on me, and off me, with an air too supercilious. I could not but be sensible of it.

I have no small difficulty, my Lord, said I, to bear the hardships of my situation, added to the distress which that situation gives me, to be looked upon in this family as a delinquent, without having done anything to reproach myself with, either in thought, word, or deed — My Lord, it is extremely hard.

It is, my Lord, said Signor Jeronymo. The great misfortune in the case before us, is, that the Chevalier Grandison has merit superior to that of most men; and that our sister, who was not to be attached by common merit, could not be insensible to his.

Whatever were my sister's attachments, Signor Jeronymo, we know yours; and generous ones they are: But we all know how handsome men may attach young Ladies, without needing to say a single word. The poison once taken in at the eye, it will soon diffuse itself through the whole mass.

My honour, yet, my Lord, was never called in question, either by man or woman.

Your character is well known, Chevalier — Had it not been unexceptionable, we should not have entered into treaty with you on this subject, I do assure you; and it piques us not a little to have a daughter of our house refused. You don't know the consequence, I can tell you, of such an indignity offered in this country.

Refused! my Lord! — To endeavour to obviate this charge, would be to put an affront upon your Lordship's justice, as well as an indignity offered to your truly noble house.

He arose in anger, and swore that he would not be treated with contempt.

I stood up too; And if I am, my Lord, with indiguity, it is not what I have been used to bear.

Signor Jeronymo was disturbed. He said, He was against our seeing each other. He knew his brother's warmth; and I, he said, from the scenes that had before passed, ought perhaps to have shewn more pity than resentment.

It was owing to my regard for the delicacy of you sister, Signor Jeronymo, said I (for whom I have the tenderest sentiments), as well as to do Justice to my own conduct towards her, that I could not help showing myself affected by the word refused.

Affected by the word refused! Sir, said the General — Yes, you have soft words for hard meanings. But I, who have not your choice of words, make use of those that are explained by actions.

I was in hopes, my Lord, that I might rather have been favoured with your weight in the proposed compromise, than to have met with your displeasure.

Consider, Chevalier, coolly consider this matter: How shall we answer it to our country? (We are public people, Sir); to the church, to which we stand related; to our own character: to marry a daughter of our house to a Protestant? You say you are concerned for her honour: What must we, what can we say in her behalf, when she is reflected upon as a Lovesick girl, who, tho' stedfast in her religion, could refuse men of the first consideration, all of her own religion and country, and let a foreigner, an Englishman, carry her off? —

Preserving nevertheless by stipulation, you will remember, my Lord, her religion. — If you shall have so much to answer for to the world with such a stipulation in the Lady's favour, What shall I be thought of, who, tho' I am not, nor wish to be, a public man, am not of a low or inconsiderable family, if I,

against my conscience, renounce my religion and my country, for a consideration, that, tho' the highest in private life, is a partial and selfish consideration?

No more, no more, Sir — If you can despise worldly grandeur; if you can set light by Riches, Honours, Love; my sister has this to be said in her praise, that she is the first woman, that ever I heard of, who fll in love with a philosopher: And she must, I think, take the consequence of such a peculiarity. Her example will not have many followers.

Yes, my Lord, it will, said Jeronymo, if Mr. Grandison be the philosopher. If women were to be regimented, he would carry an army into the field without beat of drum.

I was vexed to find an affair that had penetrated my heart, go off so lightly; but the levity shewn by the General was followed by Jeronymo, in order to make the past warmth between us forgotten.

I left the brothers together. As I passed through the salon, I had the pleasure of hearing, by a whisper from Camilla, that her young Lady was somewhat more composed for the operation she had yielded to.

In the afternoon, the General made me a visit at my lodgings. He told me, he had taken amiss some things that had fallen from my mouth.

I owned that I was at one time warm; but excused myself by his example.

I urged him to promote my interest as to the proposed compromise. He gave me no encouragement; but took down my proposals in writing.

He asked me, If my father were as tenacious in the article of religion as I was?

I told him, That I had forborn to write any-thing of the affair to my father.

That, he said, was surprising. He had always apprehended, that a man who pretended to be strict in religion, be it what religion it would, should be uniform. He who could dispense with one duty, might with another.

I answered, That having no view to address Lady Clementina, I had only given my father general accounts of the favour I had met with from a family so considerable: That it was but very lately that I had entertained any hopes at all, as he must know: That those hopes were allayed by my fears that the articles of religion and residence would be an insuperable obstacle: But that it was my resolution, in the same hour that I could have any prospect of succeeding, to lay all before him; and I was sure of his approbation and consent to an alliance so answerable to the magnisicence of his own spirit.

The General, at parting, with an haughty air, said, I take my leave, Chevalier: I suppose you will not be in haste to leave Bologna. I am extremely sensible of the indignity you have cast upon us all. I am, and swore — We shall not disgrace our sister and ourselves, by courting your acceptance of her. I understand, that Olivia is in Love with you too. These contentions for you may give you consequence

with yourself. But Olivia is not a Clementina. You are in a country jealous of family-honour. Ours is a first family in it. You know not what you have done, Sir.

What you have said, my Lord, I have not deserved of you. It can-not be answered, at least by me. I shall not leave Bologna till I apprize you of it, and till I have the misfortune to be assured, that I cannot have any hope of the honour once designed me. I will only add, That my principles were well known before I was written to at Vienna.

And do you reproach us with that step? It was a base one: It had not my concurrence. He went from me in a passion.

I had enough at my heart, Dr. Bartlett, had I been spared this insult from a brother of Clementina. It went very hard with me to be threatened. But I thank God, I do not deserve the treatment.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

London, Friday Morning, Mar 31.

HERE, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yesterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miss Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My cousin says, they are inseparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Betty's sake.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think, that he and his kinsman give up all their time in transcribing for us. I send you now his seventh, eight, and ninth Letters. In reading the two latter, we were struck (for the two sisters and my Lord were with us) with the nobleness of Clementina. Her motive, thro' her whole dilirium, is so apparently owing to her concern for the Soul of the man she loved (entirely regardless of any interest of her own) that we all forgot what had been so long our wishes, and joined in giving a preference to her.

DR. BARTLETT'S SEVENTH LETTER.

I Had another visit paid me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, two hours after the general left me, by the kind-hearted Camilla, disguised as before.

I come now, Chevalier, said she, with the Marchioness's connivance, and I may say, by her command; and at the same time, by the command of Signor Jeronymo, who knows of my last attendance upon you, tho' no one else does, not even the Marchioness. He gave me this Letter for you.

But how does the noblest young Lady in Italy, Camilla? How does Lady Clementina?

More composed than we could have hoped for from the height of her dilirum. It was high; for she has but a very faint idea of having seen you this morning.

The Marchioness had bid her say, that altho I had now given her despair instead of hope, yet that she owed it to my merit, and to the sense she had of the benefits they had actually received at my hands, to let me know, that it was but too likely that resentments might be carried to an unhappy length; and that therefore she wished I would leave Bologna for the present. If happier prospects presented, she would be the first to congratulate me upon them.

I opened the Letter of my kind Jeronymo. These were the contents:

I Am infinitely concerned, my dear Grandison, to find a man equally generous and brave as my brothor is, hurried away by passion. You may have acted with

your usual magnaminity in preferring your Religion to your Love, and to your Glory. I, for my part, think you to be a distressed man. If you are not, you must be very insensible to the merits of an excellent woman, and very ungrateful to the distinction she honours you with. I must write in this stile, and think she does honour by it even to my Grandison. But should the consequences of this affair be unhappy for either of you; if, in particular, for my brother; What cause of regret would our family have, that a younger brother was saved by the hand which deprived them of a more worthy elder? If for you, how deplorable would be the reflexion, that you saved one brother, and perished by the hand of another! Would to God that his passion, and your spirit, were more moderate! But let me request this favour of you; That you retire to Florence, for a few days, at least.

How unhappy am I, that I am disabled from taking part in a more active mediation! — Yet the General admires you. But how can we blame in him a zeal for the honour of this family, in which he would be glad at his soul to include a zeal for yours?

For God's sake quit Bologna for a few days only. Clementina is more sedate. I have carried it, that her confessor shall not at present visit her; yet he is an honest and a pious man.

What a fatality! Every one to mean well, yet every one to be miserable! and can Religion be the cause of so much unhappiness? I cannot act. I can only reflect. My dear friend, let me know by a line, that you will depart from Bologna tomorrow; and you will then a little lighten the heart of your

JERONYMO.

I sent my grateful compliments to the Marchioness by Camilla. I besought her to believe, that my conduct on this occasion should be such as should merit her approbation. I expressed my grief for the apprehended resentments. I was sure that a man so noble, so generous, so brave, as was the man from whom the resentments might be supposed to arise, would better consider of every thing: But it was impossible for me, I bid Camilla say, to be far distant from Bologna; because I still presumed to hope for a happy turn in my favour.

I wrote to Signor Jeronymo to the same effect. I assured him of my high regard for his gallant brother: I deplored the occasion which had subjected me to the General's displeasure; bid him depend upon my moderation. I referred to my known resolution of long standing, to avoid a meditated rencounter with any man; urging, that he might, for that reason, the more securely rely upon my care to shun any acts of offence either to or from a son of the Marquis della Porretta; a brother of my dear friend Jeronymo, and of the most excellent and beloved of sisters!

Neither the Marchioness nor Jeronymo were satisfied with the answers I returned: But what could I do? I had promised the General that I would not leave

Bologna till I had apprized him of my intention to do so; and I still was willing, as I bid Camilla tell the Marchioness, to indulge my hopes of some happy turn.

The Marquis, the Bishop, and General, went to Urbino; and there, as I learnt from my Jeronymo, it was determined, in full assembly, that Grandison, as well from difference in Religion, as from inferiority in degree and fortune, was unworthy of their alliance: And it was hinted to the General, that he was equally unworthy of his resentment.

While the father and two brothers were at Urbino, Lady Clementina gave hopes of a sedate mind. She desired her mother to allow her to see me: But the Marchioness believing there were no hopes of my complying with their terms, and being afraid of the consequences, and of incurring blame from the rest of her family, now especially, that they were absent, and consulting together on what was proper to be done; desired she would not think of it.

This refusal made Clementina the more earnest for an interview. Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in favour of it. The misfortune he had met with, had added to his weight with the family. It is a family of harmony and love. They were hardly more particularly fond of Clementina than they were of one another, throughout the several branches of it: This harmony among them added greatly to the family-consequence, as well in public as private. Till the attempt that was made upon their Jeronymo, they had not known calamity.

But the confessor strengthening the Marchioness's apprehensions of what the consequence of indulging the young Lady might be, all Jeronymo's weight would have failed to carry this point, had it not been for an enterprize of Clementina, which extremely alarmed them, and made them give into her wishes.

Camilla has enabled me to give the following melancholy account of it, to the only man on earth to whom I could communicate particulars, the very recollection of which, tears my heart in pieces.

The young Lady's malady, after some favourable symptoms which went off, returned in another shape; her talkativeness continued; but the hurry with which she spoke and acted, gave place to a sedateness that she seemed very fond of. They did not suffer her to go out of her chamber; which she took not well: But Camilla being absent about an hour; on her return missed her, and alarmed the whole house upon it. Every part of it, and of the garden, was searched. From an apprehension that they dared not so much as whisper to one another, they dreaded to find her whom they so carefully sought after.

At last, Camilla seeing, as she supposed, one of the maid-servants coming down-stairs with remarkable tranquillity, as she thought, in her air and manner; Wretch! said she, how composed do you seem to be in a storm that agitates every-body else!

Don’t be angry with me, Camilla, returned the supposed servant.

O my Lady! my very Lady Clementina, in Laura’s cloaths! Whither are you going, madam? — But let the Marchioness know, said she, to one of the women-servants who then appeared in sight, that we have found my young Lady — What, dear madam, is the meaning of this? — Go, Martina, to another womanservant, go this instant to my Lady! — Dear Lady Clementina, what concern have you given us!

And thus she went on, asking questions of her young Lady, and giving orders, almost in the same breath, till the Marchioness came to them in a joyful hurry, from one of the pavilions in the garden, into which she had thrown herself; tortured by her fears, and dreading the approach of every servant, with fatal tidings.

The young Lady stood still, but with great composure. I will go, Camilla, said she; indeed I will. You disturb me by your frantic ways, Camilla. I wish you would be as sedate and calm as I am: What’s the matter with the woman?

Her mother folding her arms about her — O my sweet girl! said she, How could you terrify us thus; What’s the meaning of this disguise? Whither were you going?

Why, madam, I was going on God’s errand; not on my own. — What is come to Camilla? The poor creature is beside herself!

O my dear! said her mother, taking her hand, and leading her into her own apartment, (Camilla following, weeping with joy for having found her) Tell me, said she, tell me, has Laura furnished you with this dress?

Why no, madam: I’ll tell you the whole truth. I went and hid myself in Laura’s room, while she changed her cloaths: I saw where she put those she took off; and when she had left her room, I put them on.

And for what? For what, my dear? Tell me what you designed?

I am neither afraid nor ashamed to tell. It was God’s errand I was going upon.

What was the errand?

Don’t weep them, my dear mamma, and I’ll tell you. Do, let me kiss away these tears. — And she tenderly embraced her mother.

Why, I have a great mind to talk to the Chevalier Grandison. I had many fine thoughts upon my pillow; and I believed I could say a great deal to the purpose to him; and you told me I must not see him: So I thought I would not. But then I had other notions came into my head; and I believed, if I could talk freely to him, I should convince him of his errors. Now, thought I, I know he will mind what I say to him, more than perhaps he will my brother the Bishop, or Father Marescotti. I am a simple girl, and can have no interest in his conversion; for he has refused me, you know: So there is an end of all matters between him and me. I never was

refused before: Was I, my mamma? I never will be twice refused. Yet I owe him no ill-will. And if one can save a soul, you know, madam, there is no harm in that. So it is God's errand I go upon, and not my own. And shall I not go? Yes, I shall. I know you will give me leave. — She courtesied. Silence is permission! Thank you, madam. — And seemed to be going.

Well might her mother be silent. She could not speak; but rising, went after her to the door, and taking her hand, sobbed over it her denial (as Camilla described it), and brought her back, and motioned to her to sit down —

She whispered Camilla, What ails my mamma? Can you tell? — But see how calm, how composed I am! This world, Camilla! what a vain thing is this world! and she looked up. And so I shall tell the Chevalier. I shall tell him not to refuse heaven, tho' he has refused a simple girl, that was no enemy to him, and might have been a faithful guide to him thither, for what he knew. Now all these things I wanted to say to him, and a vast deal more; and when I have told him my mind, I shall be easy.

Will my precious girl be easy, broke out into speech her weeping mother, when you have told the Chevalier your mind? You shall tell him your mind, my dear; and God restore my child to peace, and to me!

Well now, my mamma, this is a good sign — For if I have moved you to oblige me, Why may I not move him to oblige himself? — That's all I have in view. He has been my tutor, and I want, methinks, to return the favour, and be his tutress; and so you will let me go — Won't you?

No, my dear, we will send for him.

Well, that may do as well, provided you will let us be alone together: For these proud men may be ashamed before company, to own themselves convinced by a simple girl.

But, my dearest Love, Whither would you have gone? Do you know where the Chevalier's lodgings are?

She paused. — She does not surely, Camilla!

Camilla repeated the question, that the young Lady might herself answer it.

She looked as if considering — Then, Why no, truly, said she; I did not think of that: But everybody in Bologna knows where the Chevalier Grandison lives — Don't you think so? — But when shall he come? That will be better; much better.

You shall go, Camilla, disguised as before. Probably he has not quitted Bologna yet. And let him know to a tittle, all that has passed, on this attempt of the dear soul — If he can bring his mind to comply with our terms, it may not yet be too late: Tho' it will be so after my Lord and my two sons return from Urbino. But small are my hopes from him. If the interview makes my poor child easy, that will be a blessed event: We shall all rejoice in that. Mean time, come with me, my

dear — But first resume your own dress — And then we will tell Jeronymo what we have determined upon. He will be pleased with it, I know.

You tell me, my good Miss Byron, that I cannot be two particular; yet the melancholy tale, I see, affects you too sersibly: As it also does my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison. No wonder! when the transcribing of them has the same effect upon me, as thereading had at my first being favoured with the Letters that give the moving particulars.

DR. BARTLETT'S EIGHTH LETTER.

I Proceed now to give an account of Mr. Grandison's interview with Lady Clementina.

He had no sooner heard the preceding particulars, than he hastened to her, tho' with a tortured heart.

He was introduced to the Marchioness and Signor Jeronymo, in the apartment of the latter.

I suppose, said the Marchioness, after first civilities, Camilla has told you the way we are now in. The dear creature has a great desire to talk with you. Who knows, but she may he easier after she has been humoured? — She is more composed than she was, since she knows she may expect to see you. Poor thing! she has hopes of converting you.

Would to heaven, said Jeronymo, that compassion for her disordered mind, may have that effect upon my Grandison, which argument has not had! — Poor Grandison! I can pity you at my heart. These are hard trials to your humanity! Your destress is written in your countenance!

It is deeper written in my heart, said I.

Indeed, Dr. Bartlett, it was.

The Marchioness rang. Camilla came in. See, said she, if Clementina is disposed now to admit of the Chevalier's visit; and ask her, If she will have her mamma introduce him to her.

By all means, was the answer returned.

Clementina at our entrance was sitting at the window, a book in her hand. She stood up. A great, but solemn composure appeared in her air and aspect.

The Marchioness went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound respect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to speak first — She could speak. She did, without hesitation —

You are nothing to me now, Chevalier: You have refused me, you know; and I thank you: You are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you saw what trouble I gave to the best of parents, and friends. You are certainly in the

right. She that can give so much concern to them, must make any man afraid of her. But Religion, it seems, is your pretence. Now I am sorry that you are an obstinate mn. You know better, Chevalier. I think you should know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?

I shall attend to every instruction that you will honour me with.

But let me, Sir, comfort my mamma.

She went to her, and kneeled: Why weeps my mamma? taking a hand in each of hers, and kissing first one, then the other. Be comforted, my mamma. You see, I am quite well. You see I am sedate. — Bless your Clementina!

God bless my child!

She arose from her knees; and stepping towards me — You are very silent, Sir; and very sad — But I don't want you to be sad. — Silent I will allow you to be; because the tutored should be all ear. So I used to be to you.

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead — I had a great deal to say to you; but I have forgot it all — Why do you look so melancholy, Chevalier? You know your own mind; and you did what you thought just and fit — Did you not? Tell me, Sir.

Then turning to her weeping mother — The poor Chevalier cannot speak, madam — Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that — He is sorry, to be sure! — Well, but, Sir, turning to me, Don't be sorry. — And yet the man who once refused me — Ah, Chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: But I soon got over it. You see how sedate I am now. Cannot you be as sedate as I am?

What could I say? I could not sooth her; she boasted of her sedateness. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromise have been allowed of, I could have been unreserved in my declarations. Was ever man so unhappily circumstanced? — Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendship with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the sweet ties of kindness and esteem; engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

But let me ask you, Chevalier, How could you be so unreasonable as to expect, that I should change my religion, when you were so very tenacious of yours? Were you not very unreasonable to expect this? — Upon my word, I believe, you men think, it is no matter for us women to have any consciences, so as we do but study your wills, and do our duty by you. Men look upon themselves as gods of the earth, and on us women but as their ministring servants! — But I did not expect that you would be so unreasonable. You used to speak highly of our Sex. Good women, You used to say, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I was a woman. How could you, Chevalier, be so unreasonable?

May I, madam, to her mother, acquaint her with the proposals I made? — She seems to think, that I insisted upon her change of religion.

It was not designed she should think so: But I remember now, that she would not let me tell all I had to say, when I was making my report to her of what had passed between the Bishop and you. It was enough, she said, that she had been refused; she besought me to spare the rest: And since that, she has not been in such a way that we could talk to her on that part of the subject. We took it for granted, that she knew it all, because we did. Could we have yielded to your proposals, we should have enforced them upon her. — If you acquaint her with what you had proposed, it may make her think she has not been dispised, as she calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively.

No need of speaking low to each other, said the young Lady. After your slight, Sir, you may let me hear any-thing. — Madam! you see how sedate I am. I have quite overcome myself. Don't be afraid of saying any-thing before me.

Slight, my dearest Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witness, your honoured mamma is my witness, that I have not slighted you! — The conditions I had proposed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happiest of men!

Yes, and me the unhappiest of women. Why you refused me, did you not? And putting both her hands spread before her face; Don't let it be told abroad, that a daughter of that best of mothers was refused by any man less than a Prince! — Fie upon that daughter! To be able to stand before the proud refuser! [She walked from me.] I am ashamed of myself! — O Mrs. Beaumont! But for you! — My secret had been buried here, putting one hand on her bosom, holding still the other before her face. — But Sir, Sir, coming towards me, don't speak! Let me have all my talk out — And then — everlasting silence be my portion!

How her mother wept! How was I affected!

I had a great deal to say to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted no favour of you, Sir: Mine was a pure, disinterested esteem. A voice from heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was setting out to convert you: I should have been enabled to do it, I doubt not; Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings; Do you remember that text, Sir? — Could I have gone, when I would have gone — I had it all in my head then — But now I have lost it — O that impertinent Camilla! — She must question me — The woman addressed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to see me so sedate.

I was going to speak — Hush, hush, when I bid you! and she put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment, and kissed it.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, not withdrawing it, I believe you are a flattering man! How can you, to a poor despised girl —

Let me now speak, madam — Use not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the proposals I made —

I mentioned them; and added, Heaven only knows the anguish of my soul — Hush, said she, interrupting, and turning to her mother — I know nothing of these men, madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him? — He looks as if one might! — Do you think I may believe him?

Her mother was silent, through grief.

Ah, Sir! My mamma, tho' she is not your enemy cannot vouch for you! — But I will have you bound by your own hand. She stept to her closet in a hurry, and brought out pen, ink, and paper. — Come, Sir, you must not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand, what you have now said — But I will write it, and you shall sign it.

She wrote, in an instant, as follows:

The Chevalier Grandison solemnly declares, That he did, in the most earnest manner, of his own accord, propose, that he would allow a certain young creature, if she might be allowed to be his wife, the free use of her religion; and to have a discreet man, at her choice, for her confessor: And that he would never oblige her to go to England with him: And that he would live in Italy with her every other year.

Will you sign this, Sir? — Most willingly. — Do then. — I did.

And you did propose this? — Did he, madam?

My dear, he did. And I would have told you so; but that you were affected at his supposed refusal.

Why, to be sure, madam, interrupted she, it was a shocking thing to be refused.

Would you have wished us, my dear, to comply with these terms? Would you have chosen to marry a Protestant? A daughter of the house of Porretta, and of the house I sprung from, to marry an English Protestant?

Clementina took her mother aside, but spoke loud enough to be heard.

To be sure, madam, that would have been wrong: But I am glad I was not refused with contempt: That my tutor, and the preserver of my Jeronymo, did not despise me. To say truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia; and so made a pretence.

Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own saith, had you complied with the Chevalier's proposals?

Why no, surely, madam! — Might I not have had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my Religion, madam.

So does he, my love, in his.

That is his fault, madam. Chevalier, stepping towards me, I think you a very obstinate man. I hope you have not heard our discourse.

Yes, my dear, he has: And I desire not but he should.

Would to God, madam, said I to the Marchioness, that I had yours and my Lord's interest! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might presume —

But, Sir, you are mistaken, perhaps, said the young Lady. Tho' I answer for answering's sake, and to shew that I have no doubt of my stedfastness in an article in which my soul is concerned; yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obstinate — I know what! — Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aside: For God's sake, madam, encourage my presumptuous hopes. Do you not observe already, an alteration in the dear Lady's mind? Is she not more unaffectedly sedate than she was before? Is not her mind quieter, now she knows that every thing was yielded up that honour and conscience would permit to be yielded up? See that sweet serenity almost restored to those eyes, that within these few moments had a wilder turn!

Ah, Chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it did, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man so bigotted to his errors. Excuse me, Sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I should have more hopes of you, and less objection.

If, madam, I could be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be resisted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with such a family. —

Ah Chevalier! I can give you no hope.

Look at the sweet Lady, madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favour! Think of what she was, the joy of every heart; and what she may be! Which, whatever becomes of me, Heaven avert! — And shall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witness, that your Clementina's happiness is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's sake (What, alas! is my sake to that) on my knee, let me request your interest: That, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear Lady recede not, if she blast not these budding hopes, will, I doubt not, succeed.

The young Lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, Rise, Chevalier: Shall I raise the Chevalier, madam? — I don't love to see him kneel. Poor Chevalier! — See his tears! — What is the matter with every-body? Why do you weep? — My mamma weeps too! — What ails every-body?

Rise, Chevalier, said the Marchioness. O this sweet prattler! She will burst my heart asunder! — You cannot, Sir, prevail (I cannot wish that you should) but

upon our own terms. And will not this sweet soul move you? — Hard-hearted Grandison!

What a fate is mine! rising: With a soul penetrated by the disorder of this most excellent of women, and by the distress given by it to a family, every single person of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I desire but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conscience is satisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it one, that tho' I can love and honour every worthy member of it, I have scruples, more than scruples, about, that my heart can justify, and my reason defend! You have not, madam, yourself, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine.

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earnestness, now on me, now on her weeping mother — And at last, breaking silence [Her mother could not speak], and taking her hand, and kissing it, I don't, said she, comprehend the reason of all this. This house is not the house it was: Who, but I, is the same person in it? My father is not the sme: My brothers neither: My mamma never has a dry eye, I think: But I don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I will. — Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings! — O my mamma! What would you say to your girl, if she refused comfort? Then kneeling down, and kissing her hand with eagerness, I beseech you, my dear mamma, I beseech you, be comforted; or lend me some of your tears — What ails me that I cannot weep for you! — But, turning to me, See, the Chevalier weeps too! — Then rising, and coming to me, her hand pressing my arm — Don't weep, Chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preserver! What ails you? — Be comforted! — Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, still pressing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and looking upon it — No! — I thought I could have wept for you! — But why is all this! — You see what an example I, a silly girl, can set you — Affecting a still sedater countenance.

O Chevalier! said the weeping mother, and do you say your heart is penetrated? — Sweet creature! wrapping her arms about her; my own mentina! would to Heaven it were given me to restore my child! — O Chevalier! if complying with your terms would do it — But you are immoveable!

How can that be said, madam, when I have made concessions, that a princely family should not, on a beginning address, have brought me to make? May I repeat, before Lady Clementina —

What would he repeat to me? interrupted she. Do, madam, let him say all he has a mind to say. If it will make his poor heart easy, why let him say all he would say — Chevalier; speak. Can I be any comfort to you? I would make you all happy, if I could.

This, madam, said I to her mother, is too much! Excellent young Lady! — Who can bear such transendent goodness of heart, shining through intellects so disturbed! And think you, madam, that on earth there can be a man more unhappily circumstanced than I am?

O my Clementian! said her mother, dear child of my heart! And could you consent to be the wife of a man of a contrary religion to your own? A man of another country? You see, Chevalier, I will put your questions to her. A man that is an enemy to the faith of his own ancestors, as well as to your faith?

Why, no, madam! — I hope he does not expect that I would.

May I presume, madam, to put the question in my own way? — But yet I think it may distress the dear Lady, and not answer the desirable end, if I may not have hope of your interest in my favour; and of the acquiescence of the Marquis and your sons with my proposals.

They will never comply.

Let me then be made to appear insolent, unreasonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made the easier by such a representation. If I have no hopes of your favour, madam, I must indeed despair.

Had I any hope of carrying your cause, I know not what might be done: But I must not separate myself from my family, in this great article. — My dear! to Clementina, you said you should be easier in your mind, if you were to talk to the Chevalier alone. This is the only time you can have for it. Your father and brothers will be here to-morrow — And then, Chevalier, all will be over.

Why, madam, I did think I had a great deal to say to him. And, as I thought I had no interest in what I had to say —

Would you wish, my dear, to be left alone with the Chevalier? Can you recollect any thing that you had intended to say to him, had you made him the visit you had designed to make him?

I don’t know.

Then I will withdraw. Shall I, my dear?

Ought I, Sir (You have been my tutor, and many excellent lessons have you taught me — tho’ I don’t know what is become of them! — Ought I) to wish my mamma to withdraw? Ought I to have any-thing to say to you, that I could not say before her? — I think not.

The Marchioness was retiring. I beg of you, madam, said I, to slip unobserved into that closet. You must hear all that passes. The occasion may be critical. Let me have the opportunity of being either approved or censured, as I shall appear to deserve, in the conversation that may pass between the dear Lady and me, if you do withdraw.

O Chevalier! you are equally prudent and generous! Why won't you be one of us? Why won't you be a Catholic?

She went out at the door. Clementina courtesied to her. I led her eye from the door, and the Marchioness re-entered, and slipt into the closet.

I conducted the young Lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the closet-door, that her mother might hear all that passed. — She sat down, and bid me sit by her.

I was wiling she should lead the subject, that the Marchioness might observe I intended not to prepossess her.

We were silent for a few moments. She seemed perplexed; looked up, looked down; then on one side, then on the other — At last, O Chevalier! said she, they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me English!

They were indeed happy times, madam.

Mrs. Beaumont was too hard for me, Chevalier! — Do you know Mrs. Beaumont?

I do. She is one of the best of women.

Why so I think. But she turned and winded me about most strangely. I think I was in a great fault.

How so, madam? — How so! Why to let her get out of me a secret that I had kept from my mother. And yet there never was a more indulgent mother. — Now you look, Chevalier: But I sha'n't tell you what the secret was.

I do not ask you, madam.

If you did, I would not tell you. — Well but I had a great deal to say to you, I thought. I wish that frantic Camilla had not stopt me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to say to you.

Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?

Let me consider — Why, in the first place, I thought you despised me, I was not sorry for that, I do assure you: That did me good. At first it vexed me — You can't think how much. I have a great deal of pride, Sir — But, well, I got over that; and I grew sedate — You see how sedate I am. Yet this poor man, thought I, whether he thinks so or not (I will tell you all my thoughts, Sir) But don't be grieved. — You see how sedate I am. Yet I am a silly girl; you are thought to be a wise man: Don't disgrace your wisdom. Fie! a wise man to be weaker than a simple girl! — Don't let it be said — What was I saying?

Yet this poor man, whether he thinks so, or not, you said, madam.

True! — has a Soul to be saved. He has taken great pains with me, to teach me the language of England: Shall I not take some with him, to teach him the language of Heaven! — No heretic can learn that, Sir! — And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the

Fathers; and they were all in my head — But that impertinent Camilla — And so they are all gone — But this one thing I have to say — I designed to say something like it, at the conclusion of my discourse with you — So it is premeditated, you will say; and so it is. But let me whisper it — No I won't neither — But trn your face another way — I find my blushes come already — But (and she put her spread hand before her face, as if to hide her blushes) Don't look at me, I tell you — Look at the window [I did]. Why, Chevalier, I did intend to say — But stay — I have wrote it down somewhere [She pulled out her pocket-book] Here it is. Look another way, when I bid you — She read —

'Let me beseech you, Sir (I was very earnest, you see) to hate, to despise, to detest (Now don't look this way) the unhappy Clementina, with all my heart; but, for the sake of your immortal Soul, let me conjure you to be reconciled to our Holy Mother Church!—'

Will you, Sir? — following my indeed averted face with her sweet face; for I could not look towards her. Say you will. I heard you once called an Angel of a man; And is it not better to be an Angel in Heaven? — Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had sensibility — Say you will — Not for my sake — I told you, that I would content myself to be still despised. It shall not be said, that you did this for a wife! — No, Sir, your conscience shall have all the merit of it! — And I'll tell you what; I will lay me down in peace — She stood up with a dignity that was augmented by her piety; And I will say,

'Now do. thou, O beckoning Angel (for an Angel will be on the other side of the river — The river shall be death, Sir! — Now do thou) reach out thy Divine hand, O Minister of Peace! I will wade through these separating waters; and I will bespeak a place for the man, who, many, many years hence, may fill it! — And I will sit next you for ever and ever!'

– And this, Sir, shall satisfy the poor Clementina; who will then be richer than the richest! So you see, Sir, as I told my mother, I was setting out on God's errand; not on my own!

For hours might the dear Lady have talked on, without interruption from me! — My dear Dr. Bartlett! What did I not suffer?

The Marchioness was too near for herself: She could not bear this speech of her pious, generous, noble daughter. She sobbed; she groaned.

Clementina started — She looked at me. She looked round her. Whence came these groans? Did you groan, Sir? — You are not a hard-hearted man, tho' they say you are. But will you be a Catholic, Sir? Say you will. I won't be denied. And I will tell you what — If I don't resign to my destiny in a few, a very few weeks, why then I will go into a nunnery; and then I shall be God's child, you know, even in this life.

What could I say to the dear Lady? Her mind was raised above an earthly Love, Circumstanced as we were, how could I express the tenderness for her which overflowed my heart? Compassion is a motive that a woman of spirit will reject: And how could Love be here pleaded, when the parties believed it to be in my own power to exert it? Could I endeavour to replace myself in her affection, when I refused to comply with their terms, and they with mine? To have argued against her religion, and in defence of my own, her mind so disturbed, could not be done: And ought I, in generosity, in justice to her family, to have attempted to unsettle her in a faith in which she, and all her family, were so well satisfied?

I could only, when I could speak, applaud her piety, and pronounce her an Angel of a woman, an ornament of her sex, and an honour to her religion; and endeavour to wave the subject.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, after a silence of some minutes! — You are an obstinate man! Indeed you are — Yet, I think, you do not despise me. — But what says your paper?

She took it out of her bosom, and read it. She seemed affected by it, as if she had not before considered it: And you really proposed these terms, Sir? And would you have allowed me the full exercise of my religion; And should I have had my confessor? And would you have allowed me to convert you, if I could? And would you have treated my confessor kindly? And would you have been dutiful to my papa and mamma? And would you have loved my two other brothers as well as you do Jeronymo? — And would you have let me live at Bologna? You don't say, Yes. — But do you say, No?

To these terms, madam, most willingly would I have subscribed: And if, my dearest Lady, they could have had the wished-for effect, how happy had I been!

Well! — She then paused; and resuming, What shall we say to all these things?

I thought her mother would take it well, to have an opportunity given her to quit the closet, now her Clementina had changed her subject to one so concerning to the whole family. I favoured her doing so. She slipt out, her face bathed in tears, and soon after came in at the drawing-room door.

Ah, madam; said Clementina, paying obeisance to her, I have been arguing and pleading with the Chevalier.

Then, speaking low, I believe he may, in time, be convinced: He has a tender heart. But hush, putting her finger to her mouth, and then speaking louder. I have been reading this paper again —

She was going on too favourably for me, as it was evident the Marchioness apprehended (the first time that I had reason to think she was disinclined to the alliance): For she stopt her: My Love, said she, you and I will talk of this matter by ourselves.

She rang. Camilla came in. She made a motion for Camilla to attend her daughter, and withdrew, inviting me out with her.

When we were in another room, Ah, Chevalier said she, How was it possible that you could withstand such an heavenly pleader? You cannot love her as she deserves to be loved: You cannot but act nobly, generously; but indeed you are an invincible man.

Not love her, madam! Your Ladyship adds distress to my very great distress! — Am I, in your opinion, an ungrateful man! — But must I lose your fayour, your interest? On that, and on my dear Jeronymo's, did I build, my hopes, and all my hopes.

I know your terms can never be accepted, Chevalier: And I have now no hopes of you. After this last conversation between you and the dear girl, I can have no hopes of you. Poor soul! She began to waver. O how she loves you! I see you are not to be united: It is impossiple. And I did not care to permit a daughter of mine arther to expose herself, as it must have been to no manner of purpose. — You are concerned. — I should pity you, Sir, if you had it not in your power to make yourself happy, and us, and ours too.

Little did I expect such a turn, in my disfavour, from the Marchioness!

May I, mada, be permitted to take leave of the dear Lady, o whose piety and admirable heart I am so much indebted?

I believe it may as well be deferred, Chevalier.

Deferred, madam! — The Marquis and the General come; and my heart tells me, that I may never be allowed to see her again.

At this time it had better be deferred, Sir.

If it must, I submit — God for ever bless you, madam, for all your goodness! God restore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy! — Time may do much for me! Time, and my own not disapproving conscience, may — But a more unhappy man never passed your gates!

I took the liberty to kiss her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

Camilla hastened after me. Chevalier, says she, my Lady asks, If you will not visit Signor Jeronymo?

Blessings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot see him. I shall complain to him. My heart will burst before him. Commend me to that true friend. Blessings attend every one of this excellent family. Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!

O Dr. Bartlett! — But the mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the absence of her Lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of shewing more favour to me, than, as things were circumstanced, it was proper she should shew me: Yet they hand

found out that Clementina, in the way she was in, was not easily diverted from any thing she took strongly into her head; and they never had accustomed her to contradiction.

Well, Lucy, now you have read this Letter, do you not own, that this man, and this woman, can only deserve each other? — Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the same opinion, I am sure: And this Letter will convince you, that more than his Compassion, that his Love for Clementina, was engaged. And so it ought. And what is the inference but this — That your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope but for half a heart? There cannot be that fervor, my dear, in a second Love, that was in a first. Do you think there can?

DR. BARTLETT'S NINTH LETTER.

THE young Lady, proceeds Mr. Grandison, after I had left her, went to her brother Jeronymo. There I should have found her, and I, as her mother motioned by Camilla, visited my friend: But when I found he was likely to stand alone in his favour to me; when the Marchioness had so unexpectedly declared herself against the compromise; I was afraid of disturbing his worthy heart, by the grief which at the instant overwhelmed mine.

The following particulars Jeronymo sent me, within three hours after I left their palace.

His sister, making Camilla retire, shewed him the paper which she had written, and made me sign, and asked him what he knew of the contents.

He knew not what had passed between his mother and me; nor did Clementina.

He told her, that I had actually made those proposals. He assured her, that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my mistress.

She pitied me. She thought, she said, that I had not made any overtures, any concessions; that I despised her; and sensibly asked, Why the Chevalier was sent for from Vienna? We all knew his mind, as to religion, said she.

Then, after a pause, He never could have perverted me, proceeded she: He would have allowed me a confestor, would he not?

He would, answered Jeronymo — And he would have left me among my friends in Italy? — He would, replied he. — Well, brother, and I should have been glad perhaps to have seen England once; and he would perhaps have brought over his sisters and his father to visit us: And he praises them highly, you know. And if I were their sister, I could have gone over with them, you know. Do you think, if I had loved them, they would not have loved me? I am not an ill-natured creature, you know; and they must be courteous: Are they not his sisters? And

don’t you think his father would love me? I should have brought no dishonour into his family, you know. — Well, but I’ll tell you what, Jeronymo: He is really a tender-hearted man. I talked to him of his Soul; and, upon my honour, I believe I could have prevailed, in time. Father Marescotti is a severe man, you know; and he has been always so much consulted, and don’t love the Chevalier, I believe: So that I fancy, if I were to have a venerable sweet-tempered man for my confessor, between my Love, and my confessor’s Prudence, we should gain a Soul. — Don’t you think so, Jeronymo? — And that should cover a great many sins. And all his family might be converted too, you know!

He encouraged her in this way of thinking. She believed, she said, that I was not yet gone. He is so tender-hearted, brother! that is my dependence: And you say, he loves me. Are you sure of that? — But I have reason to think he does. He shed tears, as I talked to him, more than once; while my eyes were as dry as they are now. I did not shed one tear. Well, I’ll go to him, and talk with him.

She went to the door; but came back on tiptoe; and in a whispering accent — My mamma is coming; Hush, Jeronymo! let Hush be the word! —

The door opened — Here, madam, is your girl! — But it is not my mamma: The impertinent Camilla. She follows me as my shadow!

My Lady desires to see you, Lady Clementina, in her dressing-room.

I obey. But where is the Chevalier?

Gone, madam. Gone some time.

Ah, brother! said she, and her countenance fell.

What, gone! said Jeronymo, without seeing me! Unkind Grandison! He did not use to be so unkind.

This was the substance of the advices sent me by my friend Jeronymo.

I acquainted him in return, by pen and ink, with all that had passed between the Marchioness and me, that he might not, by his friendship for me, involve himself in difficulties.

In the morning I had a visit from Camilla, by her Lady’s command; with excuses for refusing to allow me to take leave of Clementina. She hoped I was not displeased with her on that account. It was the effect of prudence, and not disrespect. She should ever regard me, even in a tender manner, as if the desired relation could have taken place. Her Lord, and his brother the Conte della Porretta (as he is called) with the General and the Bishop, arrived the night before, accompanied by the Count’s eldest son, Signor Sebastiano. She had been much blamed for permitting the interview; but regretted it the less, as her beloved daughter was more composed than before, and gave sedate answers to all the questions put to her. But, nevertheless, she wished that I would retire from Bologna, for Clementina’s sake, as well as for my own.

Camilla added from Signor Jeronymo, that he wished to hear from me from the Trentine, or Venice: And as from herself, and in confidence, that her young Lady was greatly concerned, that I did not wait on her again before I went away: That she fell into a silent fit upon it; and that her mamma, on her not answering to her questions, for the first time, chid her: That this gave her great distress, but produced what they had so much wished for, a flood of tears; and that now she frequently wept, and lamented to her, What should she do? Her mamma did not love her; and her mamma talked against the Chevalier. She wished to be allowed to see him. Nobody now would love her but the Chevalier and Jeronymo! It would be better for her to be in England, or any-where, that to be in the sweetest country in the world, and hated.

Camilla told me, that the Marquis, the Count his brother, and the General, had indeed blamed the Marchioness for permitting the interview; but were pleased that I was refused taking leave of the young Lady, when she seemed disposed to dwell on the contents of the note she had made me sign: They seemed now all of a mind, she said; That were I to comply with their terms, the alliance would not, by any means, be a proper one. Their rank, their degree, their alliances, were dwelt upon: I found that their advantages, in all these respects, were heightened, my degree, my consequence, lowered, in order to make the difference greater, and the difficulties insuperable.

Clementina's uncle, and his eldest son, both men of sense and honour, who used to be high in her esteem, had talked to her, but could get nothing from her but No, and Yes. Her father had talked to her alone; but they melted each other, and nothing resulted of comfort to either. Her mother joined him, but she threw herself at her mother's feet, besought her to forgive her, and not to chide her again. They had intended to discourage her from thinking of me upon any terms. The General and the Bishop were to talk to her that morning. They had expressed displeasure at Signor Jeronymo, for his continued warmth in my favour. Father Marescotti was now consulted as an oracle: And I found, that, by an indelicacy of thinking, he imagined, that the husband would set all right; and was for encouraging the Count of Belvedere, and getting me at distance.

Camilla obligingly offered to acquaint me, from time to time, with what occurred; but I thought it was not right to accept of a servant's intelligence out of the family she belonged to, unless some one of it authorized her to give it me. Yet, you must believe, I wanted not anxious curiosity on a subject so interesting. I thanked her; but said, that it might, if discovered, lay her under inconveniencies which would grieve me for her sake. She had the good sense to approve of my declining her offer.

In the morning of the same day, I had a visit made me which I little expected: It was from Father Marescotti. It is a common thing to load an enemy, especially if he be in Holy Orders, and comes to us in the guise of friendship, with the charge of hypocrisy: But partiality may be at the bottom of the accusation. Father Marescotti is a zealous Roman Catholic: I could not hope either for his interest, or affection: He could not but wish to frustrate my hopes. As a man in earnest in his own principles, and who knew how stedfast I was in mine, it was his duty to oppose this alliance. He is, perhaps, the honest man for knowing but little of human nature, and of the tender passions. As to that of Love, he seemed to have drawn his conclusions from general observations: He knew not how to allow for particular constitutions, nor to account for the delicacy of such a heart as Clementina's. He thought that Love was always a poor blind boy, led in a string, either by Folly, or Fancy; and that once the impetus got over, and the Lady settled into the common offices of life, she would domesticate herself, and be as happy with a Count of Belvedere, especially as he is a very worthy man, as if she had married the man once most favoured. On this presumption, it was a condescension, in such a man, to come to me, and to declare himself my friend; and advise me what to do for promoting the peace of a family which I professed to venerate: and hear that his condescension was owing to a real greatness of mind.

I was, from the moment of his entrance, very open, very frank; more so than he expected, as he owned. He told me, that he was afraid I had conceived prejudices against him. The kinder then in him, I said, that he condescended to make me so friendly a visit. I assured him, that I regarded him as a good man. I had indeed sometimes thought him severe; but that convinced me that he was very much in earnest in his religion. I was sensible, I said, that we ought always to look to the intention: To put ourselves in the situation of the persons of whose actions we presumed to judge; and even to think well of austerities, which had their foundation in virtue, in whatever manner they affected us.

He applauded me; and said, That I wanted so little to be a Catholic, that it was a thousand pities I was not one: And he was persuaded, that I should one day be a proselyte.

This Father's business was, to convince me of the unfitness of an alliance between families so very opposite in their religious sentiments. He went into history upon it. You may believe, that the unhappy consequences which follow the marriage between our Charles I. and the Princess Henrietta of France, were not forgotten. He expatiated upon them; but I observed to him, That the Monarch was the sufferer, by the zeal of the Queen for her religion, and not the Queen, any otherwise than as she was involved in the consequences of those sufferings which

she had brought upon him. In short, Father, said I, We Protestants, some of us, have zeal; but let us alone, and it is not a persecuting one. Your doctrine of merits makes the zeal of your devotees altogether active, and perhaps the more flaming, in proportion as the person is more honest and worthy.

I lamented, that I was sent for from Vienna, upon hopes, tho' my principles were well known, that otherwise I had never presumed to entertain.

He owned that that was a wrong step, and valued himself that he had not been consulted upon it: And that when he knew it had been taken, he inveighed against it.

And I am afraid, Father, said I —

He interrupted me — Why, I believe so! — You have made such generous distinctions in favour of the duty of a man acting in my function, that, I must own, I have not been an idle observer on this occasion.

He advised me to quit Bologna. He was profuse in his offers of service in any other affair; and, I dare say, was in earnest.

I told him, That I chose not to leave it precipitately, and as if I had done something blame-worthy. I had some hopes of being recalled to my father's arms. I should set out, when I left Bologna, directly for Paris, to be in the way of such a long-wished for call; and then, said I, Adieu to travelling! Adieu to Italy, for ever! I should have been happy, had I never seen it, but in the way for which I have been accustomed to censure the generality of my countrymen.

His behaviour at parting was such, as will make me for ever revere him; and will enlarge a charity for all good men of his religion; which yet, before, was not a narrow one. For, begging my excuse, he kneeled down at the door of my antechamber, and offered up, in a very servent manner, a prayer for my conversion. He could not have given me, any other way, so high an opinion of him: No, not, had he offered me his interest with Clementina, and her family. I embraced him, as he did me: Tears were in his eyes. I thanked him for the favour of this visit; and, recommending myself to his frequent prayers, told him, That he might be assured of all the respectful services he should put it in my power to render him. I longed, Dr. Bartlett, to make him a present worthy of his acceptance, had I known what would have been acceptable, and had I not been afraid of affronting him. I accompanied him to the outward door. I never, said he, saw a Protestant that I loved, before. Your mind is still more amiable than your person. Lady Clementina, I see, might have been happy with you: But it was not fit, on our side. He snatched my hand, before I was aware, and honoured it with his lips, and hastened from me, leaving me at a loss, and looking after him, and for him, when he was out of sight; my mind labouring as under a high sense of obligation to his goodness.

Religion and Love, Dr. Bartlett, which heighten our relish for the things of both worlds, What pity is it, that they should ever run the human heart either into enthusiasm, or superstition; and thereby debase the minds they are both so well fitted to exalt!

I am equally surprised and affected by the contents of the following Letter, directed to me. It was put within the door; nobody saw by whom. The daughter of the Lady at whose house I lodge, found it, and gave it to one of my servants for me.

DON'T be surprised, Chevalier: don't think amiss of me for my forwardness. I heard some words drop (so did Camilla, but she can't go out to tell you of them) as if somebody's life was in danger. This distracts me. I am not treated as I was accustomed to be treated. They don't love me now — They don't love their poor Clementina! Very true, Chevalier! You, who were always telling me how dearly they all loved me, will hardly believe it, I suppose. Nothing now is said, but You shall, Clementina — from those who used to call me Sister, and dear Sister, at every word.

They said, I was well, and quite well, and ought to be treated with a high hand — I know from whom they have that. From myself. I said so to Mrs. Beaumont; but she need not to have told them. I won't go to her again, for that. They say I shall. God help me, I don't know where to go for a quiet mind. A high hand won't do, Chevalier: I wish I knew what would; I would tell it to them. I once thought it would; else I had not said it to Mrs. Beaumont: But let them go on with their high hand, with all my heart: That heart will not hold always. It had been gone before now, had not Mrs. Beaumont got out of me — Something — I won't tell you what — And then they sent for Somebody — And Somebody came — And what then? — They need not threaten me so — Somebody is not so much to blame as they will have it he is: And that Somebody did make proposals — Did you not, Chevalier? — I had like to have betrayed myself — I stopt just in time.

But, Chevalier, I'll tell you a secret — Don't speak of it to any-body — May I depend upon you? — I know I may. Why, Camilla tells me, that the Count of Belvedere is to come again — Are you not sorry for your poor pupil? But I'll tell you another secret — And that is, what I intend to say to him —

'Look you here, my Lord, you are a very good sort of a man; and you have great estates: You are very rich: You are, in short, a very good sort of man; but there is, however, a man in the world with whom I had rather live in the poorest hermitage in a wilderness, than with you in the richest palace in the world.'

After this, if he be not the creeping mean man you said he was not, he will be answered — Every-thing you said to me in former happy times, I rememher. You always said things to me, that were sit to be remembered. Yet I don't tell you who

my hermit is, that I had rather live with. Perhaps there is no such man. But this, you know, will be a sufficient answer to the Count of Belvedere. Don't you think so?

Here I have been tormented again! — Would you think it? I have been pleading for somebody, boldly, confidently. I said I could depend upon his honour! Ah, Chevalier! Don't you think I might? — I am to be locked up, and I can't tell what! — They won't let me see somebody — They won't let me see my poor Jeronymo! — You and I, and Jeronymo, are all put together! — I don't care, as I tell Camilla: I don't care. They will quite harden me.

But just now my mamma, O she is the best of mothers! — My mamma tells me, She will not persuade me, if I will be patient, if I will be good. My dear mamma, as I told her, I will be patient, and good: But don't let them inveigh against the Chevalier, then. What harm has he done? — Was he not — Ah! Sir, now I blush! — Was he not sent for? — And did he not weep over me — Yet none of your bold men, who look as proudly as if they were sure of your approbation! — Well, but what do you think my mamma said — Ah, Clementina! said she, would to God the Chevalier for his own sake (yes, she said for his own sake; and that made a great impression upon me; it was so good, you know, of my mamma) that the Chevalier was in England, or a thousand miles off. So, Sir, this is my advice — Pray take it; for I and Camilla heard some words, and Camilla, as, well as I, is much troubled about them — Get away to England as soon as you can — Be sure do! — And some months hence, bring your two sisters over with you; and by that time all our feuds will be over, you know: And you shall take a house, and then I can go and visit your sisters, you know, and your sisters will visit us. You will come sometimes with them; Won't you? Well, and I'll tell you how we will pass part of our time: They shall perfect me in my English: I will perfect them in Italian. They know as much of that, I suppose, at least, as I do of English: And we will visit every court, and every city. So, God bless you, Sir, and get away, as soon as you can. I put no name; for fear this should miscarry, and I should be found out — Ah, Sir! they are very severe with me! Pity me: But I know you will; for you have a tender heart. It is all for you!

These last five words were intended to be scratched out; and are but just legible.

How the contents of this Letter afflict me! Words cannot express what I feel! I see, evidently, that they are taking wrong measures with the tenderest heart in the world; a heart that never once has swerved from its duty; and which is filled with reverence and love for all that boast a relation to it. Harsh treatment, and which is besides new to it, is not the method to be taken with such a heart. Shall I, thought I, when I had perused it, ask for an audience of a mother so indulgent, and give

her my disinterested advice upon it? Once I could have done so; and even, in confidence, have shewn her this very Letter: But now she is one with the angry part of her family, and I dare not do it for Clementina's sake. Talk of locking her up! Talk of bringing a Lover to her! — Threatening her with going to Mrs. Beaumont, when they should court her to go thither! Not suffer her to see her beloved Jeronymo! — He in disgrace too — How hard, how wrong, is all this conduct! I could have written to Jeronymo, thought I, and advised gentle measures, were he not out of their con ultations — As to the threatened resentments, they are as nothing to me. Clementina's sufferings are everything! My soul disdains the thought of fastening myself upon a proud family, that now looks upon me in a mean light. A proud heart undervalued, will swell. It will be put upon over -valuing itself. You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a very proud heart: But when I am trampled upon, or despised, then is it most proud. I would call myself a Man, to a Prince, who should unjustly hold me in contempt; and let him know that I looked upon him to be no more. My pride is raised: Yet against whom? Not Clementina! She has all my pity! She has seen, and I have found, that her unhappy delirium, tho' not caused by me (I bless God for that!) has made me tender as a chidden infant. And can I think of quitting Bologna, and not see if it be possible for me to gratify myself, and serve them in her restoration? Setting quite out of the question the General's causeless resentments, and the engagement I have laid myself under not to leave it, without apprizing him of my intention.

Upon the whole, I resolved to wait the issue of the new measures they have fallen upon. The dear Lady has declared herself in my favour. Such a frank declaration must soon be followed by important consequences.

THE third day after the arrival of her father and brothers from Urbino, I received the following Billet from the Marquis himself:

Chevalier Grandison,

WE are in the utmost distress. We cannot take upon us to forbid your stay at Bologna; but shall be obliged to you, if you will enable us to acquaint our daughter, that you are gone to England, or some far distant part. Wishing you happy, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

To this I wrote as follows:

My Lord,

I Am excessively grieved for your distress. I make no hesitation to obey you. But as I am not conscious of having, in word or deed, offended you, or any one of a family to whom I owe infinite obligations; let me hope, that I may be allowed a farewel visit to your Lordship, to your Lady, and to your three sons; that my departure may not appear like that of a criminal, instead of the parting that, from

the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as of your experienced goodness, may be claimed by your Lordship's

Ever obliged, and affectionate humble Servant, GRANDISON.

This request, I understood, occasioned warm debates. It was said to be a very bold one: But my dear Jeronymo insisted, that it was worthy of his Friend, his Deliverer, as he called me; and of an innocent man.

The result was, that I should be invited in form, to visit and take leave of the family: And two days were taken, that some others of the Urbino family might be present, to see a man, for the last time (and some of them for the first), who was thought, by his request, to have shewn a very extraordinary degree of intrepidity; and who, tho' a Protestant, was honoured with so great an interest in the heart of their Clementina.

The day before I was to make this formal visit (for such it was to be) I received the following Letter from my friend Jeronymo:

My dearest Grandison,

TAKE the particulars of the situation we are in here, that you may know what to expect and how to act and comport yourself, to-morrow evening.

Your reception will be, I am afraid, cold; but civil.

You will be looked upon by the Urbino family, who have heard more of you than they have seen, as a curiosity; but with more wonder than affection.

Of them will be present, the Count my father's brother, and his sons Sebastiano and Juliano, my aunt Signora Juliana de Storza, a widow Lady, as you know, and her daughter Signora Laurana, a young woman of my sister's age, between whom and my sister used to be, as you have heard, the strictest friendship and correspondence; and who insisted on being present on this occasion. They are all good-natured people; but love not either your country or religion.

Father Marescotti will be present. He is become your very great admirer.

My father thinks to make you his compliments; but if he withdraws the moment he has made them, you must not be surprised.

My mother says, that as it is the last time that she may ever see you, and as she really greatly respects you, she shall not be able to leave you while you stay.

The General, I hope, will behave with politeness.

The Bishop loves you; but will not however, perhaps, be in high good humour with you.

Your Jeronymo will be wheeled into the same room. If he be more silent than usual on the solemn occasion, you will not do him injustice, perhaps, if you attribute it to his prudence; but much more to his grief.

And now let me tell you, as briefly as I can, the situation of the dear creature who must not appear, but who is more interested in the occasion of the congress

than any person who will be present at it.

What passed between you and her at the last interview, has greatly impressed her in your favour. The Bishop, the General, and my Father, soon after their return from Urbino, made her a visit in her dressingroom. They talked to her of the excellency of her own Religion, and of the errors of the pretended Reformed, which they called, and I suppose are, damnable. They found her steady in her abhorrence of the one, and adherence to the other. They were delighted with her rational answers, and composed behaviour: They all three retired in raptures, to congratulate each other upon it; and returned with pleasure, to enter into farther talk with her: But when they mentioned you to her, she, led by their affectionate behaviour to her on their return, said, It had given her great pleasure, and ease of mind, to find that she was not despised by a man whom every one of the family regarded for his merit and great qualities. The General had hardly patience; he walked to the farther end of the room: My Father was in tears: The Bishop soothed her, in order to induce her to speak her whole mind.

He praised you. She seemed pleased. He led her to believe, that the whole family were willing to oblige her, if she would declare herself; and asked her questions, the answers to which must either be an avowal or a denial of her Love; and then she owned, That she preferred the Chevalier Grandison to all the men in the world; she would not, against the opinion of her friends, wish to be his; but never would be the wife of any other man.

What, said the General, tho' he continue an Heretic?

He might be converted, she said. And he was a sweet-tempered and compassionate man: And a man of sense, as he was must see his errors.

Would she run the risque of her own salvation?

She was sure she should never give up her faith.

It was tempting God to abandon her to her own perverseness.

Her reliance on his goodness to enable her to be stedfast, was humble, and not presumptuous, and with a pious view to gain a proselyte; and God would not forsake a person so well intending. Was she not to be allowed her confessor? Her confessor should be appointed by themselves, She did not doubt but the Chevalier would consent to that.

The Bishop, you know, can he cool when he pleases. He bore to talk farther with her.

My father was still in tears.

The General had no farther patience. He withdrew, and came to me, and vented on me his displeasure. It is true Grandison, when it was proposed to send for you from Vienna, I, sanguine in my hopes, had expressed myself as void of all doubt but you would become a Catholic — Your love, your compassion, your honour as

I thought, engaged by such a step taken on our side — I had no notion that on such a surprize, with such motives to urge your compliance, a young man like myself, and with a heart so sensible, could have been so firm: But these thoughts are all over — This, however, exposes me to the more reproaches.

We were high; and my mother and uncle came in to mediate between us.

I would not, I could not, renounce my friend; the friend of my soul, as in our first acquaintance; and the preserver of my life. — Miserable as that has been, the preserver of it, at a time when I was engaged in an unlawful pursuit, in which I had perished, what might I have now been, and where?

I ventured to give my opinion in favour of my sister's marriage with you, as the only method that could be taken to restore her; who, I said, loved you because you were a virtuous man; and that her Love was not only founded in virtue, but was Virtue itself.

My brother told me, that I was as much beside myself with my notions of gratitude, as my sister was with a passion less excusable.

I bid him forbear wounding a wounded man.

Thus high, ran words between u.

The Bishop, mean time, went on with a true Church subtlety, to get out of the innocent girl her whole mind.

He boasted afterwards of his art. But what was there in it to boast of? A mind so pure and so simple as Clementina's ever was, and which only the pride of her Sex, and motives of Religion, had perhaps hindered her from declaring to all the world.

He asked her, If she was willing to leave her father, mother, brothers, and country, to go to a strange land; to live among a hated People?

No, she said; you would not wish her to go out of Italy. You would live nine months out of twelve in Italy.

He told her, That she must, when married, do as her husband would have her.

She could trust to your honour.

Would she consent that her children should be trained up Heretics?

She was silent to this question. He repeated it.

Well, my Lord, if I must not be allowed to choose for myself; only let me not hear the Chevalier spoken of disrespectfully: He does not deserve it. He has acted by me with as much honour, as he did by my brother. He is an uniformly good man, and as generous as good — And don't let me have other proposals made me; and I will be contented. I had never so much distinguished him, if every-body had not as well as I.

He was pleased to find her answers so rational: He pronounced her quite well; and gave it as his opinion that you should be desired to quit Bologna: And your

absence, and a little time, he was sure, would secure her health of mind.

But when her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana talked with her next morning, they found her, on putting questions about you, absolutely determined in your favour.

She answered the objections they made against you, with equal warmth and clearness. She seemed sensible of the unhappy way she had been in, and would have it, that the last interview she had with you, had helped to calm and restore her: And she hoped that she should be better every day. She praised your behaviour to her: She expatiated upon, and pitied, your distress of mind.

They let her run on till they too had obtained from her a confirmation of all that the Bishop had reported; and, upon repeating the conversation, would have it, upon experience, that soothing such a passion was not the way to be taken; but that a high hand was to be used, and that she was to be shamed out of a Love so improper, so irreligious, so scandalous, to be encouraged in a daughter of their house with an Heretic; and who had shewn himself to be a determined one.

They accordingly entered upon their new measures. They forbad her to think of you: They told her, That she should not upon any terms be yours; not now, even if you would change your religion for her. They depreciated your family, your fortune, and even your understanding; and brought to prove what they said against the latter your obstinate adherence to your mushroom religion, so they called it; a religion that was founded in the wickedness of your VIIIth Henry; in the superstition of a child his successor; and in the arts of a vile woman who had martyred a Sister Queen, a better woman than herself. They insisted upon her encouraging the Count of Belvedere's addresses, as a mark of her obedience,

They condemned, in terms wounding to her modesty; her passion for a foreigner, an enemy to her saith; and on her earnest request to see her father, he was prevailed upon to refuse her that favour.

Lady Juliana Sforza and her daughter Laurana, the companion of her better hours, never see her, but they inveigh against you as an artful, an interested man.

Her uncle treats her with authority; Signor Sebastiano with a pity bordering on contempt.

My mother shuns her; and indeed avoids me; But as she has been blamed for permitting the interview, which they suppose the wrongest step that could have been taken; she declares herself neutral, and resigns to whatever will be done by her Lord, by his brother, her two sons, and Ludy Juliana de Sforza: But I am sure, in her heart, that she approves not of the new measures; and which also, as I have reminded the Bishop, so contrary to the advice of the worthy Mrs. Beaumont; to whom they began to think of once more sending my sister, or of prevailing on her

to come hither: But Clementina seems not to be desirous of going again to her; we know not why; since she used to speak of her with the highest respect.

The dear soul rusned in to me yesterday. Ah, my Jeronymo! said she, they will drive me into despair. They hate me, Jeronymo: But I have written to Somebody! — Hush! for your life, hush.

She was immediately followed in by her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana, and the General; who, however, heard not what she said, but insisted on her returning to her own apartment.

What! said she, Must I not speak to Jeronymo? Ah, Jeronymo! — I had a great deal to say to you!

I raved; but they hurried her out, and have forbid her to visit me: They, however, have had the civility to desire my excuse. They are sure, they say, they are in the right way: And if I will have patience with them for a week, they will change their measures, if they find their new ones ineffectual. But my sister will be lost, irrecoverably lost; I foresee that.

Ah Grandison! And can you still — But now they will not accept of your change of religion. Poor Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo! Unhappy Grandison! I will say. If you are not so, you cannot deserve the affection of a Clementina!

But are you the Somebody to whom she has written? Has she written to you? Perhaps you will find some opportunity to morrow to let me know whether she has, or not. Camilla is forbidden to stir out of the house, or to write.

The General told me, just now, that my gratitude to you. shewed neither more or less, then the high value I put upon my own life.

I answered; That his observation convinced me, that he put a much less upon mine, than I, in the same case should have upon his.

He reconciled himself to me by an endearment. He embraced me. Don’t say convinced, Jeronymo. I love not myself better than I love my Jeronymo.

What can one do with such a man? He does love me.

My mother, as I said, is resolved to be neutral: But, it seems, she is always in tears.

MY mother stept in just now — To my question after my sister’s health; Ah, Jeronymo! said she, All is wrong! The dear creature has been bad ever since yesterday. They are all wrong! — But patience and silence, child! You and I have nothing to answer for — Yet my Clementina, said she — Oh! and left me.

I have not heart to write on. You will see, from the above, the way we are in. O my Grandison! What will you do among us? — I wish you would not come. Yet what hope, if you do not, shall I ever have of seeing again my beloved friend, who has behaved so unexceptionably in a case so critical?

You must not think of the dear creature: Her head is ruined. For your own sake, you must not. We are all unworthy of you. Yet, not all. All, however, but Clementina, and (if true friendship will justify my claim to another exception)

Your afflicted JERONYMO.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON., TO MISS SELBY.

O My Lucy! What think you — But it is easy to guess what you must think. I will, without saying one word more, inclose

DR. BARTLETT'S TENTH LETTER.

THE next day, (proceeds my patron) I went to make my visit to the family. I had nothing to reproach myself with, and therefore had no other concern upon me but what arose from the unhappiness of the noble Clementina: That indeed was enough. I thought I should have some difficulty to manage my own spirit, if I were to find myself insulted, especially by the General. Soldiers are so apt to value themselves on their knowlege of what, after all, one may call but their trade, that a private gentleman is often thought too slightly of by them. Insolence in a great man, a rich man, or a soldier, is a call upon a man of spirit to exert himself. But I hope, thought I, I shall not have this call from any one of a family I so greatly respect.

I was received by the Bishop; who politely, after I had paid my compliments to the Marquis and his Lady, presented me to those of the Urbino family to whom I was a stranger. Every one of those named by Signor Jeronymo, in his last Letter, was present.

The Marquis, after he had returned my compliment, looked another way, to hide his emetion: The Marchioness put her handkerchief to her eyes, and looked upon me with tenderness; and I read in them her concern for her Clementina.

I paid my respects to the General with an air of freedom, yet of regard; to my Jeronymo, with the tenderness due to our friendship, and congratulated him on seeing him out of his chamber. His kind eyes glistened with pleasure; yet it was easy to read a mixture of pain in them; which grew stronger as the first emotions at seeing me enter, gave way to reflection.

The Conte della Porretta seemed to measure me with his eye.

I addressed myself to Father Marescotti, and made my particular acknowlegements to him for the favour of his visit, and what had passed in it. He looked upon me with pleasure; probably with the more, as this was a farewel visit.

The two Ladies whispered, and looked upon me, and seemed to bespeak each other's attention to what passed.

Signor Sebastiano placed himself next to Jeronymo, and often whispered him, and as often cast his eye upon me. He was partial to me, I believe, because my generous friend seemed pleased with what he said.

His brother, Signor Juliano, sat on the other hand of me. They are agreeable and polite young gentlemen.

A profound silence succeeded the general compliments.

I addressed myself to the Marquis: Your Lordship, and you, madam, turning to the Marchioness, I hope will excuse me for having requested of you the honour of being once more admitted to your presence, and to that of three brothers, for whom I shall ever retain the highest veneration and respect. I could not think of leaving a city, where one of the first families in it has done me the highest honour, without taking such a leave as might shew my gratitude. — Accept, my Lords, bowing to each; Accept, madam, more profoundly bowing to the Marchioness, my respectful thanks for all your goodness to me. I shall, to the end of my life, number most of the days that I have passed at Bologna among its happiest, even were the remainder to be as happy as man ever knew.

The Marquis said, We wish you, Chevalier, very happy; happier than — He sighed, and was silent.

His Lady only bowed. Her face spoke distress. Her voice was lost in sighs, tho' she struggled to suppress them.

Chevalier, said the Bishop, with an air of solemnity, you have given us many happy hours: For them we thank you. Jeronymo, for himself, will say more: He is the most grateful of men. We thank you also for what you have done for him.

I cannot, said Jeronymo, express suitably my gratitude: My prayers my vows, shall follow you whithersoever you go, best of friends, and best of men!

The general, with an air and a smile that might have been dispensed with, oddly said, High pleasure and high pain are very near neighbours: They are often guilty of excesses, and then are apt to mistake each other's house. I am one of those who think our whole house obliged to the Chevalier for the seasonable assistance he gave to our Jeronymo But —

Dear General, said Juliana, bear with an interruption: The intent of this meeting is amicable. The Chevalier is a man of honour. Things may have fallen out unhappily; yet nobody to blame.

As to blame, or otherwise, said the Conte della Porretta, that is not now to be talked of; else, I know where it lies: In short, among ourselves. The Chevalier acted greatly by Signor Jeronymo: We were all obliged to him: But to let such a man as this have free admission to our daughter — She ought to have had no eyes.

Pray, my Lord, Pray, brother, said the Marquis, Are we not enough sufferers?

The Chevalier, said the General, cannot but be gratified by so high a compliment; and smiled indignantly.

My Lord, replied I to the General, you know very little of the man before you, if you don't believe him to be the most afflicted man present.

Impossible! said the Marquis, with a sigh.

The Marchioness arose from her seat, motioning to go; and turning round to the two Ladies, and the Count, I have resigned my will to the will of you all, my dearest friends, and shall be permitted to withdraw. This testimony, however, before I go, I cannot but bear: Where-ever the fault lay, it lay not with the Chevalier. He has, from the first to the last, acted with the nicest honour. He is intitled to our respect. The unhappiness lies no-where but in the difference of religion.

Well, and that now is absolutely out of the question, said the General: It is indeed, Chevalier.

I hope, my Lord, from a descendant of a family so illustrious, to find an equal exemption from wounding words, and wounding looks; and that, Sir, as well from your generosity, as from your justice.

My looks give you offence, Chevalier! — Do they?

I attended to the Marchioness. She came towards me. I arose, and respectfully took her hand. — Chevalier, said she, I could not withdraw without bearing the testimony I have borne to your merits. I wish you happy — God protect you, whithersoever you go. Adieu.

She wept. I bowed on her hand with profound respect. She retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty that I suppressed the rising tear. I took my seat.

I made no answer to the General's last question, tho' it was spoken in such a way (I saw by their eyes) as took every other person's notice.

Lady Sforza, when her sister was retired, hinted, that the last interview between the young Lady and me was an unadvised permission, tho' intended for the best.

I then took upon me to defend that step. Lady Clementina, said I, had declared, That if she were allowed to speak her whole mind to me, she should be easy. I had for some time given myself up to absolute despair. The Marchioness intended not favour to me in allowing of the interview: It was the most affecting one to me I had ever known. But let me say, That, far from having bad effects on the young Lady's mind, it had good ones. I hardly knew how to talk upon a subject so very interesting to every one present, but not more so to any one than to myself. I thought of avoiding it; and have been led into it, but did not lead. And since it is before us, let me recommend, as the most effectual way to restore every one to

peace and happiness, gentle treatment. The most generous of human minds, the most meek, the most dutiful, requires not harsh methods. —

How do you know, Sir, said the General, and looked at Jeronymo, the methods now taken —

And are they then harsh, my Lord? said I.

He was offended.

I had heard, proceeded I, that a change of measures was resolved on. I knew thatthe treatment before had been all gentle, condescending, indulgent. I received but yesterday Letters from my father, signifying his intention of speedily recalling me to my native country. I shall set out very soon for Paris, where I hope to meet with his more direct commands for this long-desired end. What may be my destiny, I know not; but I shall carry with me a heart burdened with the woes of this family; and distressed for the beloved daughter of it. But let me bespeak you all, for your own sakes (Mine is out of the question: I presume not upon any hope on my own account) that you will treat this Angelic-minded Lady with tenderness. I pretend to say, that I know that harsh or severe methods will not do.

The General arose from his seat, and, with a countenance of fervor, next to fierceness — Let me tell you, Grandison, said he —

I arose from mine, and going to Lady Sforza who sat next him, he stopt, supposing me going to him, and seemed surprised, and attentive to my motions: But, disregarding him, I addressed myself to that Lady. You, madam, are the aunt of Lady Clementina: The tender, the indulgent mother is absent, and has declared, that she resigns her will to the will of her friends present — Allow me to supplicate, that former measures may not be changed with her. Great dawnings of returning reason did I discover in our last interview. Her delicacy (Never was there a more delicate mind) wanted but to be satisfied. It was satisfied, and she began to be easy. Were her mind but once composed, the sense she has of her duty, and what she owes to her religion, would restore her to your wishes: But if she should be treated harshly (tho' I am sure, if she should, it would be with the best intention) Clementina will be lost.

The General sat down. They all looked upon one another. The two Ladies dried their eyes. The starting tear would accompany my fervor. And then stepping to Jeronymo, who was extremely affected; My dear Jeronymo, said I, my friend, my beloved friend, cherish in your noble heart the memory of your Grandison: Would to God I could attend you to England! We have baths there of sovereign efficacy. The balm of a friendly and grateful heart would promote the cure. I have urged it before. Consider of it.

My Grandison, my dear Grandison, my friend, my preserver! You are not going! —

I am, my Jeronymo, and embraced him. Love me in absence, as I shall you.

Chevalier, said the Bishop you don't go? We hope for your company at a small collation — We must not part with you yet.

I cannot, my Lord, accept the favour. Altho' I had given myself up to despair of obtaining the happiness to which I once aspired; yet I was not willing to quit a city that this family had made dear to me, with the precipitation of a man conscious of misbehaviour. I thank you for the permission I had to attend you all in full assembly. May God prosper you, my Lord; and may you be invested with the first honours of that church which must be adorned by so worthy a heart; It will be my glory, when I am in my native place, or where-ever I am, to remember that I was once thought not unworthy of a rank in a family so respectable. Let me, my Lord, be intitled to your kind remembrance.

He pulled out his handkerchief. My Lord, said he, to his father; My Lord, to the General; Grandison must not go! — and sat down with emotion.

Lady Sforza wept: Laurana seemed moved: The two young Lords Sebastino and Juliano, were greatly affected.

I then addressed myself to the Marquis, who sat undetermined, as to speech: My venerable Lord, forgive me, that my address was not first paid here. My heart overflows with gratitude for your goodness in permitting me to throw myself at your feet, before I took a last farewel of a city favoured with your residence. Best of fathers, of friends, of men, let me entreat the continuance of your paternal indulgence to the child nearest, and deserving to be nearest to your heart. She is all you and her mother. Restore her to yourself, and to her, by your indulgence: That alone, and a blessing on your prayers, can restore her. Adieu, my good Lord: Repeated thanks for all your hospitable goodness to a man that will ever retain a grateful sense of your favour.

You will not yet go, was all he said — He seemed in agitation. He could not say more.

I then, turning to the Count his brother, who sat next him, said, I have had not the honour to be fully known to your Lordship: Some prejudices from differences in opinion may have been conceived: But if you ever hear any-thing of the man befoore you unworthy of his name, and of the favour once designed him: then, my Lord, blame as well as wonder at, the condescension of your noble brother and sister in my favour.

Who, I! Who I! said that Lord, in some hurry. — I think very well of you. I never saw a man, in my life, that I liked so well!

Your Lordship does me honour. I say this the rather, as I may, on this solemn occasion, taking leave of such honourable friends, charge my future life with resolutions to behave worthy of the favour I have met with in this family.

I passed from him to the General — Forgive, my Lord, said I, the seeming formality of my behaviour in this parting scene: It is a very solemn one to me. You have expressed yourself of me, and to me, my Lord, with more passion (Forgive me, I mean not to offend you) than perhaps you will approve in yourself when I am far removed from Italy. For have you not a noble mind? And are you not a son of the Marquis della Porretta? Permit me to observe, that passion will make a man exalt himself, and degrade another; and the just medium will be then forgot. I am afraid I have been thought more lightly of, than I ought to be, either in justice, or for the honour of a person who is dear to every one present. My country was once mentioned with disdain: Think not my vanity so much concerned in what I am going to say, as my honour: I am proud to be thought an Englishman: Yet I think as highly of every worthy man of every nation under the sun, as I do of the worthy men of my own. I am not of a contemptible race in my own country. My father lives in it with the magnificence of a prince. He loves his son; yet I presume to add, that that son deems his good name his riches; his integrity his grandeur. Princes, tho' they are intitled by their rank to respect, are princes to him only as they act.

A few words more, my Lord.

I have been of the hearing, not of the speaking side of the question, in the two last conferences I had the honour to hold with your Lordship. Once you unkindly mentioned the word triumph. The word at the time went to my heart. When I can subdue the natural warmth of my temper, then, and then only, I have a triumph. I should not have remembered this, had I not now, my Lord, on this solemn occasion, been received by you with an indignant eye. I respect your Lordship too mh not to take notice of this angry reception silence upon it, perhaps, would look like subribing before this illustrious company to the justice of your contempt: Yet I mean no other notic than this; and this to demonstrate that I was not in my own opinion at least absolutely unworth of the favour I met with from the father, the mother, the bthers, you so justly honour, and which I wished to stand in with you.

And now, my Lord, allow me the honour of your hand; and as I have given no cause for displeasure, say, that you will remember me with kindness, as I shall honour you and your whole family to the last day of my life.

The General heard me out; but it was with great emotion. He accepted not my hand; he returned not any answer: The Bishop arose, and taking him aside, endeavoured to calm him.

I addressed myself to the two young Lords, and said, That if ever their curiosity led them to visit England, where I hoped to be in a few months, I should be extremely glad of cultivating their esteem and favour, by the best offices I could do them.

They received my civility with politeness.

I addressed myself next to Lady Laurana — May you madam, the friend, the intimate, the chosen companion of Lady Clementina, never know the hundredth part of the woe that fills the breast of the man before you, for the calamity that has befallen your admirable cousin, and, because of that, a whole excellent family. Let me recommend to you, that tender and soothing treatment to her, which her tender heart would shew to you, in any calamity that should befal you. I am not a bad man, madam, tho' of a different communion from yours. Think but half so charitably of me, as I do of every one of your religion who lives up to his professions, and I shall be happy in your favourable thoughts when you hear me spoken of.

It is easy to imagine, Dr. Bartlett, that I addressed myself in this manner to this Lady whom I had never before seen, that she might not think the harder of her cousin's prepossessions in favour of a Protestant.

I recommended myself to the favour of Father Marescotti. He assured me of his esteem, in very warm terms.

And just as I was again applying to my Jeronymo, the General came to me: You cannot think Sir, said he, nor did you design it, I suppose, that I should be pleased with your address to me. I have only this question to ask, When do you quit Bologna?

Let me ask your Lordship said I, When do you return to Naples?

Why that question, Sir? haughtily.

I will answer you frankly. Your Lordship, at the first of my acquaintance with you, invited me to Napes, I promised to pay my respects to you there. If you think of being there in a week, I will attend you at your own palace in that city; and there, my Lord, I hope, no cause to the contrary having arisen from me, to be received by you with the same kindness and favour that you shewed when you gave me the invitation. I think to leave Bologna to-morrow.

O brother! said the Bishop, Are you not now overcome?

And are you in earnest? said the General.

I am, my Lord. I have many valuable friends at different courts and cities in Italy, to take leave of. I never intend to see it again. I would look upon your Lordship as one of those friends: But you seem still displeased with me. You accepted not my offered hand before: Once more I tender it. A man of spirit cannot be offended at a man of spirit, without lessening himself. I call upon your dignity, my Lord.

He held out his hand, just as I was withdrawing mine. I have pride, you know, Dr. Bartlett; and I was conscious of a superiority in this instance: I took his hand,

however, at his offer; yet pitied him, that his motion was made at all, as it wanted that grace which generally accompanies all he does, and says.

The Bishop embraced me. — Your moderation, thus exerted, said he, must ever make you triumph. O Grandison! you are a Prince of the Almighty's creation.

The noble Jeronymo dried his eyes, and held out his arms to embrace me.

The General said, I shall certainly be at Naples in a week. I am too much affected by the woes of my family, to behave as perhaps I ought on this occasion. Indeed, Grandison, it is difficult for sufferers to act with spirit and temper at the same time.

It is, my Lord; I have found it so. My hopes raised, as once they were, now sunk, and absolute despair having taken place of them — Would to God I had never returned to Italy! — But I reproach not any-body.

Yet, said Jeronymo, you have some reason — To be sent for as you were — He was going on — Pray, brother, said the General — And turning to me, I may expect you, Sir, at Naples?

You may, my Lord. But one favour I have to beg of you mean time. It is, That you will not treat harshly your dear Clementina. Would to Heaven I might have had the honour to say, my Clementina! And permit me to make one other request on my own account: And that is, That you will tell her, that I took my leave of your whole family, by their kind permission; and that, at my departure, I wished her, from my soul, all the happiness that the best and tenderest of her friends can wish her! I make this request to you, my Lord, rather than to Signor Jeronymo, because the tenderness which he has for me might induce him to mention me to her in a manner which might, at this time, affect her too sensibly for her peace.

Be pleased, my dear Signor Jeronymo, to make my devotion known to the Marchioness. Wou to Heaven — But Adieu, and once more Adieu, my Jeronymo. I shall hear from you when I get to Naples, if not before — God restore your sister, and heal you!

I bowed to the Marquis, to the Ladies, to the General, to the Bishop, particularly; to the rest in general; and was obliged, in order to conceal my emotion, to hurry out of the door. The servants had planted themselves in a row; not for selfish motives, as in England: They bowed to the ground, and blessed me, as I went through them. I had ready a purse of ducats. One hand and another declined it: I dropt it in their sight. God be with you, my honest friends! said I; and departed — O, Dr. Bartlett, with a heart how much distressed!

And now, my good Miss Byron, Have I not reason, from the deep concern which you take in the woes of Lady Clementina, to regret the task you have put me upon? And do you, my good Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, now

wonder that your brother has not been forward to give you the particulars of this melancholy tale? Yet you all say, I must proceed.

See, Lucy, the greatness of this man's behaviour! What a presumption was it in your Harriet, ever to aspire to call such a one hers!

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

THIS Lady Olivia, Lucy, what can she pretend to — But I will not puzzle myself about her. Yet she pretend to give disturbance to such a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr. Bartlett's next Letter; or she would not have been named by me.

DR. BARTLETT'S ELEVENTH LETTER.

MR. Grandison, on hi return to his lodgings, found there in disguise, Lady Olivia. He wanted not any new disturbance. But I will not mix the stories.

The next morning he received a Letter from Signor Jeronymo. The following is a translation of it:

My dearest Grandison,

HOW do you? — Ever-amiable friend What triumphs did your behaviour of last night obtain for you! Not a soul here bu admires you!

Even Laurana declared, That were you a Catholic, it would be a merit to love you. Yet she reluctantly praised you, and once said What, but splendid sins, are the virtues of an Hereic?

Our two cousins, with the good-nature of youth, lamented that you cud not be ours in the way you wisn. My father wept like a child, when you were gone; and seemed to enjoy the praises given you by every one. The Count said, He never saw a nobler behaviour in man. Your free, your manly, your polite air and address, and your calmness and intrepidity, were applauded by every one.

What joy did this give to your Jeronymo! I thought I wanted neither crutches, helps, nor wheeled chair; and several times forgot that I ailed anything.

I begin to love Father Marescotti. He was with the foremost in praising you.

The General owned, that he was resolved once to quarrel with you. But will he, do you think, Jeronymo, said he, make me a visit at Naples? — You may depend upon it, he will, answered I. — I will be be there to receive him, replied he.

They admired you particularly for your address to my sister, by the General, rather than by me: And Lady Sforza said, It was a thousand pities that you and Clementina could not be one. They applauded, all of them, what they had not, any of them, the power to imitate, that largeness of heart which makes you think so well, and speak so tenderly, of those of communions different from your own. So much steadiness in your own Religion, yet so much prudence, in a man so young,

they said, was astonishing! No wonder that your character ran so high, in every court you had visited.

My mother came in soon after you had left us. She was equally surprised and grieved to find you gone. She thought she was sure of your staying supper; and, not satisfied with the slight leave she had taken, she had been strengthening her mind to pass an hour in your company, in order to take a more solemn one.

My father asked her after her daughter.

Poor soul! said she, she has heard that the Chevalier was to be here, to take leave of us.

By whom? By whom? said my father.

I cannot tell: But the poor creature is half-raving to be admitted among us. She has dressed herself in one of her best suits; and I found her sitting in a kind of form, expecting to be called down. Indeed, Lady Sforza, the method we are in, does not do.

So the Chevalier said, replied that Lady. Well let us change it, with all my heart. It is no pleasure to treat the dear Girl harshly — O sister! this is a most extraordinary man!

That moment in bolted Camilla — Lady Clementina is just at the door. I could not prevail upon her —

We all looked upon one another.

Three soft taps at the door, and a hem, let us know she was there.

Let her come in, dear girl, let her come in, said the Count: The Chevalier is not here.

Laurana arose, and ran to the door, and led her in by the hand.

Dear creature, How wild she looked! — Tears ran down my cheeks: I had not seen her for two days before. O how earnestly did she look round her! withdrawing her hand from her cousin, who would have led her to a chair, and standing quite still.

Come and sit by me, my sweet love, said her weeping mother. — She stept towards her.

Sit down, my dear girl.

No: You beat me, remember.

Who beat you, my dear? — Sure nobody would beat my child! — Who beat you, Clementina?

I don’t know — Still looking round her, as wanting somebody.

Again her mother courted her to sit down.

No, madam, you don’t love me.

Indeed, my dear, I do.

So you say.

Her father held out his open arms to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could not speak. — Ah, my father! said she, stepping towards him.

He caught her in his arms — Don't, don't, Sir, faintly struggling, with averted face — You love me not — You refused to see your child, when she wanted to claim your protection! — I was used cruelly.

By whom, my dear? by whom?

By every-body. I complained to one, and to another; but all were in a tone: And so I thought I would be contented. My mamma, too! — But it is no matter. I saw it was to be so; and I did not care.

By my soul, said I, this is not the way with her, Lady Sforza. The Chevalier is in the right. You see how sensible she is of harsh treatment.

Well, well, said the General, let us change our measures.

Still the dear girl looked out earnestly, as for Somebody.

She loosed herself from the arms of her sorrowing father.

Let us in silence, said the Count, observe her motions.

She went to him on tip-toe, and looking in his face over his shoulder, as he sat with his back towards her, passed him; then to the General; then to Signor Sebastiano; and to every one round, till she came to me; looking at each over his shoulder in the same manner: Then folding her fingers, her hands open, and her arm hanging down to their full extent, she held up her face meditating, with such a significant woe, that I thought my heart would have burst. — Not a soul in the company had a dry eye.

Lady Sforza arose, took her two bands, the fingers still clasped, and would have spoken to her, but could not; and hastily retired to her seat.

Tears, at last, began to trickle down her cheeks, as she stood fixedly looking up. She started, looked about her, and hastening to her mother, threw her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom, broke out into a stood of tears, mingled with sobs that penetrated every heart.

The first words she said, were, Love me, my mamma! Love your child! your poor child! your Clementina! Then raising her head, and again laying it in her mother's bosom — If ever you loved me, love me now, my mamma! — I have need of your love!

My father was forced to withdraw. He was led out by his two sons.

Your poor Jeronymo was unable to help himself. He wanted as much comfort as his father. What were the wounds of his body, at that time, to those of his mind?

My two brothers returned. This dear girl, said the Bishop, will break all our hearts.

Her tears had seemed to relieve her. She held up her head. My mother's bosom seemed wet with her child's tears and her own. Still she looked round her.

Suppose, said I, somebody were to name the man she seems to look for? It may divert this wildness.

Did she come down, said Laurana to Camilla, with the expectation of seeing him?

She did.

Let me, said the Bishop, speak to her. He arose, and, taking her hand, walked with her about the room. You look pretty, my Clementina! Your ornaments are charmingly fansied. What made you dress yourself so prettily?

She looked earnestly at him, in silence. He repeated his question — I speak, said she, all my heart; and then I suffer for it. Every-body is against me.

You shall not suffer for it: Every-body is for you.

I confessed to Mrs. Beaumont; I confessed to you, brother: But what did I get by it? — Let go my hand. I don't love you, I believe.

I am sorry for it. I love you, Clementina, as I love my own soul!

Yet you never chide your own soul!

He turned his sace from her to us. She must not be treated harshly, said he. He soothed her in a truly brotherly manner.

Tell me added he to his foothings, Did you expect any-body here, that you find not?

Did I? Yes, I did. — Camilla, come hither. — Let go my hand, brother.

He did. She took Camilla under the arm — Don't you know, Camilla, said she, what you heard said of Somebody's threatening Somebody? — Don't let anybody hear us; drawing her to one end of the room. — I want to take a walk with you into the garden, Camilla.

It is dark night, madam.

No matter. If you are afraid, I will go by myself.

Seem to humour her in talk, Camilla, said the Count; but don't go out of the room with her.

Be pleased to tell me, madam, what we are to walk in the garden for?

Why, Camilla, I had a horrid dream last night; and I cannot be easy till I go into the garden.

What, madam, was your dream?

In the Orange-grove, I thought I stumbled over the body of a dead-man!

And who was it, madam?

Don't you know who was threatned? And was not Somebody here to night? And was not Somebody to sup here? And is he here?

The General then went to her. My dearest Clementina; my beloved sister; set your heart at rest. Somebody is safe: Shall be safe.

She took first one of his hands, then the other; and looking in the palms of them, They are not bloody, said she. — What have you done with him, then? Where is he?

Where is who? —

You know whom I ask after; but you want something against me.

Then stepping quick up to me: My Jeronymo! — Did I see you before? and stroaked my cheek — Now tell me, Jeronymo — Don't come near me, Camilla. Pray, Sir, to the General, do you sit down. She leaned her arm upon my shoulder: I don't hurt you, Jeronymo: Do I?

No, my dearest Clementina.

That's my best brother. — Cruel assassins! — But the brave man came just in time to save you. — But do you know what is become of him?

He is safe, my dear. He could not stay.

Did any-body affront him?

No, my love.

Are you sure nobody did? — Very sure? Father Marescotti, said she, turning to him (who wept from the time she entered) You don't love him: But you are a good man, and will tell me truth. Where is he? Did nobody affront him?

No, madam.

Because, said she, he never did any thing but good to any one.

Father Marescotti, said I, admires him as much as any-body.

Admire him! Father Marescotti admire him! — But he does not love him. And I never heard him say one word against Father Marescotti in my life. — Well, but, Jeronymo, What made him go away, then? Was he not to stay supper?

He was desired to stay; but would not.

Jeronymo, let me whisper you — Did he toll you that I wrote him a Letter?

I guessed you did, whispered I.

You are a strange guesser: But you can't guess how I sent it to him — But hush, Jeronymo — Well, but, Jeronymo, Did he say nothing of me, when he went away?

He left his compliments for you with the General.

With the General! The General won't tell me!

Yes, he will. — Brother, pray tell my sister what the Chevalier said to you, at parting.

He repeated, exactly, what you had desired him to say to her.

Why would they not let me see him? said she. Am I never to see him more?

I hope you will, replied the Bishop.

If, resumed she, we could have done any-thing that might have looked like a return to his goodness to us (and to you, my Jeronymo, in particular) I believe I should have been easy. — And so you say he is gone? — And gone for ever! lifting up her hand from her wrist, as it lay over my shoulder: Poor Chevalier! — But hush, hush, pray hush, Jeronymo.

She went from me to her aunt, and cousin Laurana. Love me again, madam, said she, to the former. You loved me once.

I never loved you better than now, my dear.

Did you, Laurana, see the Chevalier Grandison?

I did.

And did he go away safe, and unhurt?

Indeed he did.

A man who had preserved the life of our dear Jeronymo, said she, to have been hurt by us, would have been dreadful, you know. I wanted to say a few words to him. I was astonished to find him not here: And then my dream came into my head. It was a sad dream, indeed! But, cousin, be good to me: Pray do. You did not use to be cruel. You used to say, you loved me. I am in calamity, my dear. I know I am miserable. At times I know I am; and then I am grieved at my heart, and think how happy every one is, but me: But then, again, I ail nothing, and am well. But do, love me, Laurana: I am in calamity, my dear. I would love you, if you were in calamity: Indeed I would. — Ah, Laurana! What is become of all your fine promises? But then every-body loved me, and I was happy! — Yet you tell me, It is all for my good. Naughty Laurana — To wound my heart by your crossness, and then say, It is for my good! — Do you think I should have served you so?

Laurana blushed, and wept. Her aunt promised her, that every-body would love her, and comfort her, and not be angry with her, if she would make her heart easy.

I am very particular, my dear Grandison. I know you love I should be so. From this minuteness, you will judge of the workings of her mind. They are resolved to take your advice (It was very seasonable), and treat her with indulgence. The Count is earnest to have it so.

CAMILLA has just left me. She says, That her young Lady had a tolerable night. She thinks it owing, in a great measure, to her being indulged in asking the servants, who saw you depart, how you looked; and being satisfied that you went away unhurt, and un-affronted.

Adieu, my dearest, my best friend. Let me hear from you, as often as you can.

I JUST now understand from Camilla, that the dear girl has made an earnest request to my father, mother, and aunt; and been refused. She came back from them deeply afflicted, and, as Camilla fears, is going into one of her gloomy fits

again. I hope to write again, if you depart not from Bologna before to-morrow: But I must, for my own sake, write shorter Letters. Yet how can I? Since, however melancholy the subject, when I am writing to you, I am conversing with you. My dear Grandison, once more

Adieu.

O Lucy, my dear! Whence come all the tears this melancholy story has cost me? I cannot dwell upon the scenes! — Begone, all those wishes that would interfere with the interest of that sweet distressed Saint at Bologna!

How impolitic, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to see him! She would, most probably, have been quieted in her mind, if she had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear, what a generosity, is there in her Love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L.'s Study, said to me, that his compassion was engaged, but his honour was free: And so it seems to be: But a generosity in return for her generosity, must bind such a mind as his.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

IN the doctor's next Letter, inclosed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's Literary Journal: I fancy, my dear, it must be a charming thing. I wish we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the presumptuous Harriet had hopes, that she might have been intitled — But no more of these hopes — It can't be helped, Lucy.

DR. BARTLETT'S TWELFTH LETTER.

MR. Grandison proceeds thus:

The next morning I employed myself in visiting and taking leave of several worthy members of the University, with whom I had passed many very agreeable and improving hours, during my residence in this noble city. In my Literary Journal you have an account of those worthy persons, and of some of our conversations. I paid my duty to the Cardinal Legate, and the Gonfaloniere, and to three of his counsellors, by whom, you know, I had been likewise greatly honoured. My mind was not free enough to enjoy their conversation: Such a weight upon my heart, how could it? But the debt of gratitude and civility was not to be left unpaid.

On my return to my lodgings, which was not till the evening, I found, the General had been there to enquire after me.

I sent one of my servants to the palace of Porretta, with my compliments to the General, to the Bishop, and Jeronymo; and with particular enquiries after the health of the Ladies, and the Marquis; but had only a general answer, That they were much as I left them.

The two young Lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, made me a visit of ceremony. They talked of visiting England in a year or two. I assured them of my best services, and urged them to go thither. I asked them after the healths of the Marquis, the Marchioness, and their beloved cousin Clementina. Signor Sebastiano shook his head: Very, very indifferent, were his words. We parted with great civilities.

I will now turn my thoughts to Florence, and to the affairs there that have lain upon me, from the death of my good friend Mr. Jervois, and from my wardship. I told you in their course, the steps I took in those affairs; and how happy I had been in some parts of management. There I hope soon to see you, my dear Dr.

Bartlett, from the Levant, to whose care I can so safely consign my precious trust, while I go to Paris, and attend the wished-for call of my father to my native country, from which I have been for so many years an exile.

There also I hope to have some opportunities of conversing with my good Mrs. Beaumont; resolving to make another effort to get so valuable a person to restore herself to her beloved England.

Thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do I endeavour to console myself, in order to lighten that load of grief which I labour under on the distresses of the dear Clementina. If I can leave her happy, I shall be sooner so, than I could have been in the same circumstances, had I, from the first of my acquaintance with the family (to the breach of all the laws of hospitality) indulged a passion for her.

Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp upon my endeavours after consolation. When she made her unseasonable visit to me at Bologna, she refused to return to Florence without me, till I assured her, that as my affairs would soon call me thither, I would visit her at her own palace, as often as those affairs would permit. Her pretence for coming to Bologna was, to induce me to place Emily with her, till I had settled every-thing for my carrying the child to England; she had wrought so with Emily, as to induce her to be an earnest petitioner to me, to permit her to live with Lady Olivia, whose equipages, and the glare in which she lives, had dazled the eyes of the young Lady.

I was impatient to hear again from Jeronymo; and just as I was setting out for Florence, in despair of that savour, it being the second day after my farewel visit, I had the following Letter from him:

I Have not been well, my dear Grandison. I am afraid the wound in my shoulder must be laid open again. God give me patience! But my life is a burden to me.

We are driving here at a strange rate. They promised to keep measures with the dear creature; but she has heard that you are leaving Bologna, and raves to see you.

Poor soul! She endeavoured to prevail upon her father, mother, aunt, to permit her to see you, but for five minutes: That was the petition which was denied her, as I mentioned in my last.

Camilla was afraid that she would go into a gloomy fit upon it, as I told you — She did; but it lasted not long: For she made an effort, soon after, to go out of the house by way of the garden. The gardener refused his key, and brought Camilla to her, whom she had, by an innocent piece of art, but just before, sent to bring her something from her toilette.

The General went with Camilla to her. They found her just setting a ladder against the wall. She heard them, and screamed, and, leaving the ladder, ran, to

avoid them, till she came in sight of the great cascade; into which, had she not by a cross alley been intercepted by the General, it is feared she would have thrown herself.

This has terrified us all: She begs but for one interview; one parting interview; and she promises to make herself easy: But it is not thought adviseable. Yet Father Marescotti himself thought it best to indulge her. Had my mother been earnest, I believe it had been granted: But she is so much concerned at the blame she met with on permitting the last interview, that she will not contend, tho' she has let them know, that she did not oppose the request.

The unhappy girl ran into my chamber this morning — Jeronymo! He will be gone, said she; I know he will. All I want is, but to see him! To wish him happy! And to know, If he will remember me when he is gone, as I shall him! — Have you no interest, Jeronymo? Cannot I once see him? Not once?

The Bishop, before I could answer, came in quest of her, followed by Laurana, from whom she had forcibly disengaged herself, to come to me.

Let me have but one parting interview, my Lord, said she, looking to him, and clinging about my neck. He will be gone: Gone for ever. Is there so in being allowed to say, Farewel, and be happy, Grandison! and excuse all the trouble I have given you? — What has my brother's preserver done, what have I done, that I must not see him, nor he me, for one quarter of an hour only?

Indeed, my Lord, said I, she should be complied with. Indeed she should.

My Father thinks otherwise, said the Bishop: The Count thinks otherwise: I think otherwise. Were the Chevalier a common man, she might. But she dwells upon what passed in the last interview, and his behaviour to her. That, it is plain, did her harm.

The next may drive the thoughts of that out of her head, returned I.

Dear Jeronymo, replied he, a little peevishly, you will always think differently from every-body else! Mrs. Beaumont comes to-morrow.

What do I care for Mrs. Beaumont? said she. — I don't love her: She tells every-thing I say.

Come, my dear love, said Laurana, you afflict your brother Jeronymo. Let us go up to your own chamber.

I afflict every-body, and every-body afflicts me; and you are all cruel. Why, he will be gone, I tell you! That makes me so impatient: and I have something to say to him. My father won't see me: My mother renounces me. I have been looking for her, and she hides herself from me! — And I am a prisoner, and watched, and used ill!

Here comes my mother! said Laurana. You now must go up to your chamber, cousin Clementina.

So she does, said she: Now I must go, indeed! — Ah, Jeronymo! Now there is no saying nay! — But it is hard! Very hard! — And she burst into tears. I won't speak tho', said she, to my aunt. Remember, I will be silent, madam! — Then whispering me, My aunt, brother, is not the aunt she used to be to me! — But hush, I don't complain, you know!

By this I saw that Lady Sforza was severe with her.

She addressed herself to her aunt: You are not my mamma, are you, madam?

No, child.

No, child, indeed! I know that too well. But my brother Giacomo is as cruel to me as any-body. But hush, Jeronymo! — Don't you betray me! — Now my aunt is come, I must go! — I wish I could run away from you all!

She was yesterday detected writing a Letter to you. My mother was shewn what she had written, and wept over it. My aunt took it out of my sister's bosom, where she had trust it, on her coming in. This she resented highly.

When she was led into her own chamber, she refused to speak; but in great hurry went to her closet, and taking down her bible, turned over one leaf and another very quick. Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, and sat over-against the closet-door to observe her motions. She came to a place — Pretty! said she.

The Bishop had formerly given her a smattering of Latin — She took pen and ink, and wrote. You'll see, Chevalier, the very great purity of her thoughts, by what she omitted, and what she chose, from the Canticles. Velut unguentum diffunditur nomen tuum, &c.

[In the English translation, thus:

Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me; we will run after thee: The upright love thee.

Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me: They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth! where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

She laid down her pen, and was thoughtful; her elbow resting on the escritoire she wrote upon, her hand supporting her head.

May I look over you, my dear? said her aunt, stepping to her; and, taking up the paper, read it, and took it out of the closet with her, unopposed; her gentle bosom only heaving with sighs.

I will write no more, so minutely, on this affecting subject, my Grandison.

They are all of opinion that she will be easy, when she knows that you have actually left Bologna; and they strengthen their opinion by these words of hers, above recited:

‘Why he will be gone, I tell you; and this makes me so impatient.’

– At least, they are resolved to try the experiment. And so, my dear Grandison, you must be permitted to leave us!

God be your director and comforter, as well as ours! prays

Your ever affectionate JERONYMO.

Mr. Grandison, having no hopes of being allowed to see the unhappy Lady, set out with a heavy heart for Florence. He gave orders there, and at Leghorn, that the clerks and agents of his late friend Mr. Jervois should prepare every thing for his inspection against his return from Naples; and then he set out for that city, to attend the General.

He had other friends to whom he had endeared himself at Sienna, Ancona, and particularly at Rome, as he had also some at Naples; of whom he intended to take leave, before he set out for Paris: And therefore went to attend the General with the greater pleasure.

Within the appointed time he arrived at Naples.

The General received me, says Mr. Grandison, with greater tokens of politeness than affection. You are the happiest man in the world, Chevalier, said he, after the first compliments, in escaping dangers by braving them. I do assure you, that I had great difficulties to deny myself the favour of paying you a visit in my own way at Bologna. I had indeed resolved to do it, till you proposed this visit to me here.

I should have been very sorry, replied I, to have seen a brother of Lady Clementina in any way that should not have made me consider him as her brother. But, before I say another word, let me ask after her health. How does the most excellent of women?

You have not heard, then?

I have not, my Lord: But it is not for want of solicitude. I have sent three several messengers, but can hear nothing to my satisfaction.

Nor can you hear any thing from me that will give you any.

I am grieved at my soul, that I cannot. How, my Lord, do the Marquis and Marchioness?

Don’t ask. They are extremely unhappy.

I hear that my dear friend Signor Jeronymo, has undergone —

A dreadful operation, innterrupted the General. — He has. Poor Jeronymo! He could not write to you. God preserve my brother! But, Chevalier, you did not save half a life, tho’ we thank you for that, when you restored him to our arms.

I had no reason to boast, my Lord, of the accident. I never made a merit of it. It was a mere accident, and cost me nothing. The service was greatly over-rated.

Would to God, Chevalier, it had been rendered by any other man in the world!

As it has proved, I am sure, my Lord, I have reason to join in the wish.

He shewed me his pictures, statues, and cabinet of curiosities, while dinner was preparing; but rather for the ostentation of his magnificence and taste, than to do me pleasure. I even observed an increasing coldness in his behaviour; and his eye was too often cast upon me with a fierceness that shewed resentment; and not with the hospitable frankness that became him to a visiter and guest who had undertaken a journey of above two hundred miles, principally to attend him, and to shew him the confidence he had in his honour. This, as it was more to his dishonour than mine, I pitied him for. But what most of all disturbed me, was, that I could not obtain from him any particular intelligence relating to the health of one person, whose distresses lay heavy upon my heart.

There were several persons of distinction at dinner; the discourse could therefore be only general. He paid me great respect at his table, but it was a solemn one. I was the more uneasy at it, as I apprehended, that the situation of the Bologna family was more unhappy than when I left that city.

He retired with me into his garden. You stay with me at least the week out, Chevalier?

No, my Lord: I have affairs of a deceased friend at Florence and at Leghorn to settle. To-morrow, as early as I can, I shall set out for Rome, in my way to Tuscany.

I am surprised, Chevalier. You take something amiss in my behaviour.

I cannot say that your Lordship's countenance (I am a very free speaker) has that benignity in it, that complacency, which I have had the pleasure to see in it.

By G. Chevalier, I could have loved you better than any man in the world, next to the men of my own family; but I own I see you not here with so much love as admiration.

The word admiration, my Lord, may require explanation. You may admire at my confidence: But I thank you for the manly freedom of your acknowlegement in general.

By admiration I mean, all that may do you honour. Your bravery in coming hither, particularly; and your greatness of mind on your taking leave of us all. But did you not then mean to insult me?

I meant to observe to you then, as I now do in your own palace, that you had not treated me as my heart told me I deserved to be treated: But when I thought your warmth was rising to the uneasiness of your assembled friends, instead of answering your question about my stay at Bologna, as you seemed to mean it, I

invited myself to an attendance upon you here, at Naples, in such a manner as surely could not be construed an insult.

I own, Grandison, you disconcerted me. I had intended to save you that journey.

Was that your Lordship's meaning, when, in my absence, you called at my lodgings, the day after the farewel-visit?

Not absolutely: I was uneasy with myself. I intended to talk to you. What that talk might have produced, I know not: But had I invited you out, if I had found you at home, would you have answered my demands?

According as you had put them.

Will you answer them now, if I attend you as far as Rome, on your return to Florence?

If they are demands fit to be answered.

Do you expect I will make any that are not fit to be answered?

My Lord, I will explain myself. You had conceived causeless prejudices against me: You seemed inclined to impute to me a misfortune that was not, could not be, greater to you than it was to me. I knew my own innocence: I knew that I was rather an injured man, in having hopes given me, in which I was disappointed, not by my own fault: Whom shall an innocent and an injured man fear? — Had I feared, my fear might have been my destruction. For was I not in the midst of your friends? A foreigner? If I would have avoided you, could I, had you been determined to seek me? — I would choose to meet even an enemy as a man of honour, rather than to avoid him as a malefactor. In my country, the law supposes flight a confession of guilt. Had you made demands upon me that I had not chosen to answer, I would have expostulated with you. I could Perhaps have done so as calmly as I now speak. If you would not have been expostulated with, I would have stood upon my defence: But for the world I would not have hurt a brother of Clementina and Jeronymo, a son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, could I have avoided it. Had your passion given me any advantage over you, and I had obtained your sword (a pistol, had the choice been left to me, I had refused for both our sakes), I would have presented both swords to you, and bared my breast: It was before penetrated by the distresses of the dear Clementina, and of all your family — Perhaps I should only have said,

'If your Lordship thinks I have injured you, take your revenge.'

And now, that I am at Naples, let me say, that if you are determined, contrary to all my hopes, to accompany me to Rome, or elsewhere, on my return, with an unfriendly purpose; such, and no other, shall be my behaviour to you, if the power be given me to shew it. I will rely on my own innocence, and hope by generosity

to overcome a generous man. Let the guilty secure themselves by violence and murder.

Superlative pride! angrily said he, and stood still, measuring me with his eye: And could you hope for such an advantage.

While I, my Lord, was calm, and determined only upon self-defence; while you were passionate, and perhaps rash, as aggressors generally are; I did not doubt it: But could I have avoided drawing, and preserved your good opinion, I would not have drawn. Your Lordship cannot but know my principles.

Grandison, I do know them; and also the general report in your favour for skill and courage. Do you think I would have heard with patience of the once proposed alliance, had not your character — And then he was pleased to say many things in my favour, from the report of persons who had weight with him; some of whom he named.

But still, Grandison, said he, this poor girl — She could not have been so deeply affected, had not some Lover-like arts —

Let me, my Lord, interrupt you — I cannot bear an imputation of this kind. Had such arts been used, the Lady could not have been so much affected. Cannot you think of your noble sister, as a daughter of the two houses from which you sprang Cannot you see her, as by Mrs. Beaumont's means we now so lately have been able to see her, struggling nobly with her own heart [Why am I put upon this tender subject?] because of her duty and her religion; and resolved to die rather than encourage a wish that was not warranted by both? — I cannot, my Lord, urge this subject: But there never was a passion so nobly contended with. There never was a man more disinterested, and so circumstanced. Remember only, my voluntary departure from Bologna, against persuasion; and the great behaviour of your sister on that occasion, great, as it came out to be, when Mrs. Beaumont brought her to acknowlege what would have been my glory to have kown, could it have been encouraged; but is now made my heaviest concern.

Indeed, Grandison, she ever was a noble girl! We are too apt perhaps to govern ourselves by events, without looking into causes: But the access you had to her; such a man! and who became known to us from circumstances so much in his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery —

This, my Lord, interrupted I, is still judging from events. You have seen Mrs. Beaumont's Letter. Surely you cannot have a nobler monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer, for a proof of my own integrity.

I have that Letter: Jeronymo gave it me, at my taking leave of him; and with these words:

'Grandison will certainly visit you at Naples. I am afraid of your warmth. His spirit is well known. All my dependance is upon his principles. He will not draw

but in his own defence. Cherish the noble visiter. Surely, brother, I may depend upon your hospitable temper. Read over again this Letter, before you see him.'

– I have not yet read it, proceeded the General; but I will, and that, if you will allow me, now.

He took it out of his pocket, walked from me, and read it; and then came to me, and took my hand — I am half ashamed of myself, my dear Grandison: I own I wanted magnanimity. All the distresses of our family, on this unhappy grirl's account, were before my eyes, and I received you, I behaved to you, as the author of them. I was contriving to be dissatisfied with you: Forgive me, and command my best services. I will let our Jeronymo know how greatly you subdued me before I had recourse to the Letter; but that I have since read that part of it which accounts for my sister's passion, and wish I had read it with equal attention before. I acquit you: I am proud of my sister. Yet I observe from this very Letter, that Jeronymo's gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But — Let us not say one word more of the unhappy girl: It is painful to me to talk of her.

Not ask a question, my Lord? —

Don't, Grandison, don't! — Jeronymo and Clementina are my soul's woe — But they are not worse than might be apprehended. You go to court with me to-morrow: I will present you to the king.

I have had that honour formerly. I must depart to-morrow morning early. I have already taken leave of several of my friends here: I have some to make my compliments to at Rome, which I reserved for my return.

You stay with me to-night?

I intend it, my Lord.

Well, we will return to company. Imust make my excuses to my friends. Your departure to-morrow must be one. They all admire you. They are acquainted with your character. They will join with me to engage you, if possible, to stay longer.

We returned to the company.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY

REceive now, my dear, the doctor's thirteenth Letter, and the last he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the histories of Mrs. Beaumont, and Lady Olivia.

DR. BARTLETT'S THIRTEENTH LETTER.

MR. Grandison set out next morning. The General's behaviour to him at his departure, was much more open and free than it was at receiving him.

Mr. Grandison, on his return to Florence, entered into the affairs of his late friend Mr. Jervois, with the spirit, and yet with the temper, for which he is noted, when he engages in any business. He put every thing in a happy train in fewer days than it would have cost some other persons months; for he was present himself on every occasion, and in every business, where his presence would accelerate it: Yet he had embarrassments from Olivia.

He found, before he set out for Naples, that Mrs. Beaumont, at the earnest request of the Marchioness, was gone to Bologna. At his return, not hearing anything from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs. Beaumont, requesting her to inform him of the state of things in that family, as far as she thought proper; and, particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whose silence to three Letters he had written, he had the most melancholy apprehensions. He let that Lady know, that he should set out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of service to the family she favoured with her company.

To this Letter Mrs. Beaumont returned the following answer:

SIR,

I Have the favour of yours. We are very miserable here. The servants are forbidden to answer any enquiries, but generally; and that not truly.

Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, has gone through a severe operation. He has been given over; but hopes are now entertained, not of his absolute recovery, but that he will be no worse than he was before the necessity for the operation arose. Poor man! He forgot not, however, his sister and you, when he was out of the power of the opiates that were adminstred to him.

On my coming hither, I found Lady Clementina in a deplorable way: Sometimes raving, sometimes gloomy; and in bonds — Twice had she given them apprehensions of fatal attempts: They therefore confined her hands.

They have been excessively wrong in their management of her: Now soothing, now severe; observing no method.

She was extremely earnest to see you before you lest Bologna. On her knees repeatedly she besought this favour, and promised to be easy if they would comply; but they imagined that their compliance would aggravate the symptoms.

I very freely blamed them for not complying, at the time when she was so desirous of seeing you. I told them, that soothing her would probably then have done good.

When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told her so. Camilla shocked me with the description of her rage and despair, on the communication. This was followed by fits of silence, and the deepest melancholy.

They had hopes, on my arrival, that my company would have been of service to her: But for two days together she regarded me not, nor any-thing I could say to her. On the third of my arrival, finding her confinement extremely uneasy to her, I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her restored to the use of her hands; and to be allowed to walk with me in the garden. They had hinted to me their apprehensions about a piece of water.

Her woman being near us, if there had been occasion for assistance, I insensibly led that way. She sat down on a seat over-against the great cascade; but she made no motion that gave me apprehensions. From this time she has been fonder of me than before. The day I obtained this liberty for her, she often clasped her arms about me, and laid her face in my bosom; and I could plainly see, it was in gratitude for restoring to her the use of her arms: But she cared not to speak.

Indeed she generally affects deep silence: Yet, at times, I see her very soul is fretted. She moves to one place, is tired of that, shifts to another, and another, all round the room.

I am grieved at my heart for her: I never knew a more excellent young creature.

She is very attentive at her devotions, and as constant in them as she used to be: Every good habit she preserves; yet, at other times, rambles much.

She is often for writing Letters to you; but when what she writes is privately taken from her, she makes no enquiry about it, but takes a new sheet, and begins again.

Sometimes she draws: But her subjects are generally, Angels and Saints. She often meditates in a map of the British dominions, and now-and-then wishes she were in England.

Lady Juliana de Sforza is earnest to have her with her at Urbino, or at Milan, where she has also a noble palace; but I hope it will not be granted. That Lady

professes to love her; but she cannot be persuaded out of her notion of harch methods which will never do with Clementina.

I shall not be able to stay long with her. The discomposure of so excellent a young creature affects me deeply. Could I do her either good her pleasure, I should be willing to deny myself the society of my dear friends at Florence: But I am persuaded, and have hinted as much, that one interview with you would do more to settle her mind, than all the methods they have taken.

I hope, Sir, to see you before you leave Italy. It must be at Florence, not at Bologna, I believe. It is generous of you to propose the latter.

I have now been here a week, without hope. The doctors they have consulted are all for severe methods, and low diet. The first, I think, is in compliment to some of the family: She is so loth to take nourishment, and when she does, is so very abstemious, that the regimen is hardly necessary. She never, or but very seldom, used to drink any-thing but water.

She took it into her poor head several times this day, and perhaps it will hold, to sit in particular places, to put on attentive looks, as if she were listening to somebody. She sometimes smiled, and seemed pleased; looked up, as if to somebody, and spoke English. I have no doubt, though I was not present when she assumed these airs, and talked English, but her disordered imagination brought before her her tutor instructing her in that tongue.

You desired me, Sir, to be very particular. I have been so; but at the expence of my eyes: And I shall not wonder if your humane heart should be affected by my sad tale.

God preserve you, and prosper you in whatsoever you undertake!

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Mrs. Beaumont staid at Bologna twelve days, and then left the unhappy young Lady.

At taking leave, she asked her, What commands she had for her? — Love me, said she, and pitty me; that is one. Another is (whispering her), you will see the Chevalier, perhaps, tho' I must not. — Tell him, that his poor friend Clementina is sometimes very unhappy! — Tell him, that she shall rejoice to sit next him in Heaven! — Tell him, that I say he cannot go thither, good man as he is, while he shuts his eyes to the truth. — Tell him, that I shall take it very kindly of him, if he will not think of marrying till he acquaints me with it; and can give me assurance, that the Lady will love him as well as Somebody else would have done. — O Mrs. Beaumont! should the Chevalier Grandison marry a woman unworthy of him, what a disgrace would that be to me!

Mr. Grandison by this time had prepared everything for his journey to Paris. The friend he honoured with his Love, was arrived from the Levant, and the

Archipelago. Thither, at his patron's request, he had accompanied Mr. Beauchamp, the amiable friend of both; and at parting, engaged to continue by Letter what had been the subject of their daily conversations, and transmit to him as many particulars as he could obtain of Mr. Grandison's sentiments and behaviour, on every occasion; Mr. Beauchamp proposing him as a pattern to himself, that he might be worthy of the Credential Letters he had furnished him with to every one whom he had thought deserving of his own acquaintance, when he was in the parts which Mr. Beauchamp intended to visit.

To the care of the person so much honoured by his confidence, Mr. Grandison left his agreeable ward, Miss Jervois; requesting the assistance of Mrs. Beaumont, who kindly promised her inspection; and with the goodness for which she is so eminently noted, performed her promise in his absence.

He then made an offer to the Bishop to visit Bologna once more; but that not being accepted, he set out for Paris.

It was not long before his father's death called him to England; and when he had been there a few weeks, he sent for his ward and his friend.

But, my good Miss Byron, you will say, That I have not yet fully answered your last enquiry, relating to the present situation of the unhappy Clementina.

I will briefly inform you of it.

When it was known, for certain, that Mr. Grandison had actually left Italy, the family at Bologna began to wish that they had permitted the interview so much desired by the poor Lady: And when they afterwards understood that he was sent for to England, to take possession of his paternal estate, that farther distance (the notion likewise of the seas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

The poor Lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: For still an interview with Mr. Grandison having never been granted, it was her first wish.

They carried her to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

Whether they made her hope that it was to meet with Mr. Grandison, I know not; but it is certain, she herself expected to see him at the end of every journey; and, while she was moving, was easier, and more composed; perhaps in that hope.

The Marchioness was sometimes of the party. The air and exercise were thought proper for her health, as well as for that of her daughter. Her cousin Laurana was always with her in these excursions, and sometimes Lady Sforza; and their escorte was, generally, Signors Sebastiano and Juliano.

But, within these four months past, these journeyings have been discontinued. The young Lady accuses them of deluding her with vain hopes. She is impatient, and has made two attempts to escape from them.

She is, for this reason, closely confined, and watched.

They put her once into a nunnery, at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for a trial only. She was not uneasy in it: But this being done unknown to the General, when he was apprised of it, he, for reasons I cannot comprehend, was displeased, and had her taken out, directly.

Her head runs more than ever upon seeing her tutor, her friend, her Chevalier, once more. They have certainly been to blame, if they have let her travel with such hopes; because they have thereby kept up her ardor for an interview. Could she but once more see him, she says, and let him know the cruelty she has been treated with, she should be satisfied. He would pity her, she is sure, tho' nobody else will.

The Bishop has written to beg, that Sir Charles would pay them one more visit at Bologna.

I will refer to my patron himself the communicating to you, Ladies, his resolution on this subject. I had but a moment's sight of the Letters which so greatly affected him.

It is but within these few days past that this new request has been made to him in a direct manner. The question was before put, If such a request should be made, would he comply? And once Camilla wrote, as having heard Sir Charles's presence wished for.

Mean-time the poor Lady is hastening, they are afraid, into a consumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, still adores her. The disorder in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, and some of her particular flights not being generally known, he, who is a pious man himself, pities her; and declares, that he would run all risques of her recovery, would the family give her to him: And yet he knows, that she would choose to be the wife of the Chevalier Grandison rather than that of any other man, were the article of religion to be got over; and generously applauds her for preferring her Faith to her Love.

Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad way. Sir Charles often writes to him, and with an affection worthy of the merits of that dear friend. He was to undergo another severe operation on the next day after the Letters came from Bologna; the success of which was very doubtful.

How nobly does Sir Charles appear to support himself under such heavy distresses! For those of his friends were ever his. But his heart bleeds in secret for them. A feeling heart is a blessing that no one, who has it, would be without; and it is a moral security of innocence; since the heart that is able to partake of the distress of another, cannot wilfully give it.

I think, my good Miss Byron, that I have now, as far as I am present able, obeyed all your commands that concern the unhappy Clementina, and her family.

I will defer, if you please those which relate to Olivia and Mrs. Beaumont, Ladies of very different characters from each other, having several Letters to write.

Permit me, my good Ladies, and my Lord, after contributing so much to afflict your worthy hearts, to refer you, for relief under all the destresses of life, whether they affect ourselves or others, to those motives that can alone give true support to a rational mind. This mortal scene, however perplexing, is a very short one; and the hour is hastening when all the intricacies of human affairs shall be cleared up; and all the sorrows that have had their foundation in virtue be changed into the highest joy: When all worthy minds shall be united in the same interests, the same happiness.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant, AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Excellent Dr. Bartlett! How worthy of himself is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Harriet? A generous one, meaning consolation and instruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I may be enabled to succeed in my humble endeavours.

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not solicitous to make known a situation so embarrassing to himself, and so much involved in clouds and uncertainty: But whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly over know me by any other name than that of

HARRIET BYRON.

Volume IV

LETTER I.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

Friday, March 31.

YOU now, my dear friends, have before you this affecting story, as far as Dr. Bartlett can give it. My cousins express a good deal of concern for your Harriet: So does Miss Grandison: So do my Lord and Lady L: And the more, as I seem to carry off the matter with assumed bravery. This their kind concern for me looks, however, as if they thought me an hypocrite; and I suppose, therefore, that I act my part very aukwardly.

But, my dear, as this case is one of those few in which a woman can shew a bravery of spirit, I think an endeavour after it is laudable; and the rather, as in my conduct I aim at giving a tacit example to Miss Jervois.

The doctor has whisper'd to me, that Lady Olivia is actually on her way to England; and that the intelligence Sir Charles received of her intention, was one of the things that disturbed him, as the news of his beloved Signor Jeronymo's dangerous condition was another.

Lady Anne S. it seems, has not yet given up her hopes of Sir Charles. The two sisters, who once favoured her above all the women they knew, have not been able to bring themselves to acquaint a Lady of her rank, merit, and fortune, that there can be no hopes; and they are still more loth to say, that their brother thinks themselves under some obligation to a foreign lady. Yet you know that this was always what we were afraid of: But, who, now, will say afraid, that knows the merit of Clementina?

I wish, methinks, that this man were proud, vain, arrogant, and a boaster. How easily then might one throw off one's shackles!

Lord G. is very diligent in his court to Miss Grandison. His father and aunt are to visit her this afternoon. She behaves whimsically to my Lord: Yet I cannot think that she greatly dislikes him.

The Earl of D. and the Countess Dowager are both in town. The Countess made a visit to my cousin Reeves last Tuesday: She spoke of me very kindly: She says that my Lord has heard so much of me, that he is very desirous of seeing me: But she was pleased to say, that since my heart was not disengaged, she should be afraid of the consequences of his visit to himself.

My grandmamma, tho' she was so kindly fond of me, would not suffer me to live with her; because she thought, that her contemplative temper might influence mine, and make me grave, at a time of life, when she is always saying, that

chearfulness is most becoming: She would therefore turn over her girl to the best of aunts. But now I fancy, she will allow me to be more than two days in a week her attendant. My uncle Selby will be glad to spare me. I shall not be able to bear a jest: And then, what shall I be good for?

I have made a fine hand of coming to town, he says: And so I have: But if my heart is not quite so easy as it was, it is I hope a better, at least, not a worse heart than I brought up with me. Could I only have admired this man, my excursion would not have been unhappy. But this gratitude, this entangling, with all its painful consequences — But let me say with my grandmamma, the man is Sir Charles Grandison! The very man by whose virtues a Clementina was attracted. Upon my word, my dear, unhappy as she is, I rank her with the first of women.

I have not had a great deal of Sir Charles Grandison's company; but yet more, I am afraid, than I shall ever have again. Very true — O heart! the most way ward of hearts, sigh if thou wilt!

You have seen how little he was with us, when we were absolutely in his reach, and when he, as we thought, was in ours. But such a man cannot, ought not to be engrossed by one family. Bless me, Lucy, when he comes into public life (for has not his Country a superior claim to him beyond every private one?) what moment can he have at liberty? Let me enumerate some of his present engagements that we know of.

The Danby family must have some farther portion of his time.

The executorship in the disposal of the 3000l. in charity in France as well as in England, will take up a good deal more.

My Lord W. may be said to be under his tutelage, as to the future happiness of his life.

Miss Jervois's affairs, and the care he has for her person, engage much of his attention.

He is his own steward.

He is making alterations at Grandison-hall; and has a large genteel neighbourhood there, who long to have him reside among them; and he himself is fond of that seat.

His estate in Ireland is in a prosperous way, from the works he set on foot there, when he was on the spot; and he talks, as Dr. Bartlett has hinted to us, of making another visit to it.

His sister's match with Lord G. is one of his cares.

He has services to perform for his friend Beauchamp, with his father and mother-in-law, for the facilitating his coming over.

The apprehended visit of Olivia gives him disturbance:

And the Bologna family in its various branches, and more especially Signor Jeronymo's dangerous state of health, and Signora Clementina's disorder'd mind — O Lucy! — What leisure has this man to be in love? — Yet how can I say so, when he is in love already? And with Clementina — And don't you think, that when he goes to France on the executorship account, he will make a visit to Bologna? — Ah, my dear, to be sure he will!

After he has left England therefore, which I suppose he will quickly do, and when I am in Northamptonshire, what opportunities will your Harriet have to see him, except she can obtain, as a favour, the power of obliging his Emily, in her request to be with her? Then, Lucy, he may, on his return to England, once a year or so, on his visiting his ward, see, and thank for her care and love of his Emily, his half-estranged Harriet! — Perhaps Lady Clementina Grandison will be with him! God restore her! Surely I shall be capable, if she be Lady Grandison, of rejoicing in her recovery! —

Fie upon it — Why this involuntary tear? You will see it by the large blot it has made, if I did not mention it.

Excellent man! Dr. Bartlett has just been telling me of a morning visit he received, before he went out of town, from the two sons of Mrs. Oldham.

One of them is about seven years old; the other about five; very fine children. He embraced them, the doctor says, with as much tenderness as if they were children of his own mother. He enquired into their inclinations, behaviour, diversions; and engaged equally their love and reverence.

He told them, that, if they were good, he would love them; and said, he had a dear friend, whom he reverenced as his father, a man with white curling locks, he told the children, that they might know him at first sight, who would now-and-then, as he happened to be in town, make enquiries after their good behaviour, and reward them, as they gave him cause. Accordingly he had desired Dr. Bartlett to give them occasionally his countenance; as also to let their mother know, that she should be glad of a visit from her, and her three children, on his return to town.

The doctor had been to see her when he came to me. He found all three with her. The two younger, impressed by the venerable description Sir Charles had given of him, voluntarily, the younger by the elder's example, fell down on their knees before him, and begged his blessing.

Mr. Oldham is about eighteen years of age; a wellinclined, well educated youth. He was full of acknowlegements of the favour done him in his invitatation.

The grateful mother could not contain herself. Blessings without number, she invoked on her benefactor for his goodness in taking such kind notice of her two sons, as he had done; and said, he had been, ever since his gracious behaviour to

her in Essex, the first and last in her prayers to heaven. But the invitation to herself, she declared, was too great an honour for her to accept of: She should not be able to stand in his presence. Alas! Sir, said she, can the severest, truest penitence recall the guilty past?

The doctor said, That Sir Charles Grandison ever made it a rule with him, to raise the dejected and humbled spirit. Your birth and education, madam, intitle you to a place in the first company: And where there are two lights in which the behaviour of any person may be set, tho' there has been unhappiness, he always remembers the most favourable, and forgets the other. I would advise you, madam (as he has invited you) by all means to come. He speaks with pleasure of your humility and good sense.

The doctor told me, that Sir Charles had made enquiries after the marriage of Major O-Hara with Mrs. Jervois, and had satisfied himself that they were actually man and wife. Methinks I am glad for Miss Jervois's sake, that her mother has changed her name. They lived not happily together since their last enterprize: For the man, who had long been a sufferer from poverty, was in fear of losing one half at least of his wife's annuity, by what passed on that occasion; and accused her of putting them upon the misbehaviour he was guilty of; which had brought upon him, he said, the resentments of a man admired by all the world.

The attorney, who visited Sir Charles from these people, at their request, waited on him again, in their names, with hopes that they should not suffer in their annuity, and expressing their concern for having offended him.

Mrs. O-Hara also requested it as a favour to see her daughter.

Sir Charles commissioned the attorney, who is a man of repute, to tell them, that if Mrs. O-Hara would come to St. James's Square next Wednesday about five o'clock, Miss Jervois should be introduced to her; and she should be welcome to bring with her her husband, and Captain Salmonet, that they might be convinced he bore no ill-will to either of them.

Adieu, till by-and-by. Miss Grandison is come, in one of her usual hurries, to oblige me to be present at the visit to be made her this afternoon, by the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, his sister, a maiden lady advanced in years, who is exceedingly fond of her nephew, and intends to make him heir of her large fortune.

Friday Night.

THE Earl is an agreeable man: Lady Gertrude is a very agreeable woman. They saw Miss Grandison with the young Lord's eyes; and were better pleased with her, as I told her afterwards, than I should have been, or then they would, had they known her as well as I do. She doubted not, she answered me, but I should find fault with her; and yet she was as good as for her life she could be.

Such an archness in every motion! Such a turn of the eye to me on my Lord G's assiduities! Such a fear in him of her correcting glance! Such an half-timid, half-free parade when he had done any-thing that he intended to be obliging, and now-and-then an aiming at raillery, as if he was not very much afraid of her, and dared to speak his mind even to her! On her part, on those occasions, such an air, as if she had a learner before her; and was ready to rap his knuckles, had nobody been present to mediate for him; that tho' I could not but love her for her very archness, yet in my mind, I could, for their sakes, but more for her own, have severely chidden her.

She is a charming woman; and every-thing she says and does becomes her. But I am so much afraid of what may be the case, when the lover is changed into the husband, that I wish to myself now-and-then, when I see her so lively, that she would remember that there was once such a man as Captain Anderson. But she makes it a rule, she says, to remember nothing that will vex her.

Is not my memory (said she once) given me for my benefit, and shall I make it my torment? No, Harriet, I will leave that to be done by you wise ones, and see what you will get by it.

Why this, Charlotte, replied I, the wife ones may have a chance to get by it — They will very probably, by remembring past mistakes, avoid many inconveniencies into which forgetfulness will run you lively ones.

Well, well, returned she, we are not all of us born to equal honour. Some of us are to be set up for warnings, some for examples: And the first are generally of greater use to the world than the other.

Now, Charlotte, said I, do you destroy the force of your own argument. Can the person who is singled out for the warning, be near so happy, as she that is set up for the example?

You are right as far as I know, Harriet: But I obey the present impulse, and try to find an excuse afterwards for what that puts me upon: And all the difference in this, as to the reward, I have a joy: You a comfort: But comfort is a poor word; and I can't bear it.

So Biddy in the Tender Husband would have said, Charlotte. But poor as the word is with you and her, give me comfort rather than joy, if they must be separated. But I see not but that a woman of my Charlotte's happy turn may have both.

She tapped my cheek — Take that, Harriet, for making a Biddy of me. I believe, if you have not joy, you have comfort, in your severity.

My heart as well as my cheek glowed at the praises the Earl and the Lady both joined in (with a fervor that was creditable to their own hearts) of Sir Charles Grandison, while they told us what this man, and hat woman of quality or

consideration said of him. Who would not be good? What is life without reputation? Do we not wish to be remembered with honour after death? And what a share of it has this excellent man in his life! — May nothing for the honour-sake of human nature, to which he is so great an ornament, ever happen to tarnish it!

They made me an hundred fine compliments. I could not but be pleased at standing well in their opinion: But, believe me, my dear, I did not enjoy their praises of me, as I did those they gave him. Indeed I had the presumption, from the approbation given to what they said of him by my own heart, to imagine myself a sharer in them, tho' not in his merits. Oh, Lucy! ought there not to have been a relation between us, since what I have said, from what I found in myself on hearing him praised, is a demonstration of a regard for him superior to the love of self?

Adieu, my Lucy. I know I have all your prayers.

Adieu, my Dear!

LETTER II.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sat. April 1.

DR. Bartlett is one of the kindest as well as best of men. I believe he loves me as if I were his own child: But good men must be affectionate men. He received but this morning a letter from Sir Charles, and hastened to communicate some of its contents to me, tho' I could pretend to no other motive but curiosity for wishing to be acquainted with the proceedings of his patron.

Sir Charles dined, as he had intended, with Sir Hargrave and his friends. He complains in his letter of a riotous day:

"Yet I think, adds he, it has led me into some useful reflexions. It is not indeed agreeable to be the spectator of riot; but how easy to un being a partaker in it! How easy to avoid the too freely circling glass, if a man is known to have established a rule to himself, from which he will not depart; and if it be not refused sullenly; but mirth and good humour the more studiously kept up, by the person; who would else indeed be looked upon as a spy on unguarded folly! I heartily pitied a young man, who, I dare say, has a good heart, but from false shame durst not assert the freedom that every Englishman would claim a right to, in almost every other instance! He had once put by the glass, and excused himself on account of his health; but on being laughed at for a sober dog, as they phrased it, and asked, if his spouse had not lectured him before he came out, he gave way to the wretched raillery: Nor could I interfere at such a noisy moment with effect: They had laughed him out of his caution before I could be heard; and I left him there at nine o'clock trying with Bagenhall which should drink the deepest.

I wish, my good Dr. Bartlett, you would throw together some serious considerations on this subject. You could touch it delicately, and such a discourse would not be unuseful to some few of our neighbours even at Grandison-hall. What is it, that, in this single article, men sacrifice to false shame and false glory! Reason, health, fortune, personal elegance, the peace and order of their families; and all the comfort and honour of their after-years. How peevish, how wretched, is the decline of a man worn out with intemperance! In a cool hour, resolutions might be formed, that should stand the attack of a boisterous jest."

I obtained leave from Dr. Bartlett, to transcribe this part of the letter. I thought my uncle would be pleased with it.

It was near ten at night, before Sir Charles got to Lord W's, tho' but three miles from Sir Hargrave's. My Lord rejoiced to see him; and, after first compliments,

asked him, if he had thought of what he had undertaken for him. Sir Charles told him, that he was the more desirous of seeing him in his way to the Hall, because he wanted to know if his Lordship held his mind as to marriage. He assured him he did, and would sign and seal to whatever he should stipulate for him.

I wished for a copy of this part of Sir Charles's letter, for the sake of my aunt, whose delicacy would, I thought, be charmed with it. He has been so good as to say, he would transcribe it for me. I will inlose it, Lucy; and you will read it here:

"I cannot, my Lord, said Sir Charles, engage, that the Lady will comply with the proposal I shall take the liberty to make to her mother and her. She is not more than three or four and thirty: She is handsome: She has a fine understanding: She is brought up an oeconomist: She is a woman of good family: She has not, however, tho' born to happier prospects, a fortune worthy of your Lordship's acceptance. Whatever that is, your Lordship will perhaps choose to give it to her family.

With all my heart and soul, nephew: But do you say, she is handsome? Do you say, she is of family? And has she so many good qualities? — Ah, nephew? She won't have me, I doubt. — And is she not too young, Sir Charles, to think of such a poor decrepit soul as I am?

All I can say to this, my Lord, is, that the proposals on your part must be the more generous —

I will leave all those matters to you, kinsman —

This, my Lord, I will take upon me to answer for, That she is a woman of principle: She will not give your Lordship her hand, if she thinks she cannot make you a wife worthy of your utmost kindness: And now, my Lord, I will tell you who she is, that you may make what other enquiries you think proper.

And then I named her to him, and gave him pretty near the account of the family, and the circumstances and affairs of it, that I shall by-and-by give you; tho' you are not quite a stranger to the unhappy case.

My Lord was in raptures: He knew something, be said, of the Lady's father, and enough of the family, by hearsay, to confirm all I had said of them; and besought me to do my utmost to bring the affair to a speedy conclusion.

Sir Thomas Mansfield was a very good man; and much respected in his neighbourhood. He was once possessed of a large estate; but his father left him involved in a law-suit to support his title to more than one half of it.

After it had been depending several years, it was at last, to the deep regret of all who knew him, by the ehicanery of the lawyers of the opposite side, and the remissness of his own, carried against him; and his expences having been very great in supporting for years his possession, he found himself reduced from an estate of near three thousand pounds a year, to little more than five hundred. He

had six children: Four sons, and two daughters. His eldest son died of grief in two months after the loss of the cause. The second, now the eldest, is a melancholy man. The third is a cornet of horse. The fourth is unprovided for; but all three are men of worthy minds, and deserve better fortune.

The daughters are remarkable for their piety, patience, good oeconomy, and prudence. They are the most dutiful of children, and most affectionate of sisters. They were for three years the support of their father's spirits, and have always been the consolation of their mother. They lost their father about four years ago: And it is even edifying to observe how elegantly they support the family reputation in their fine old mansion house by the prudent management of their little income; for the matter leaves every houshold care to them; and they make it a rule to conclude the year with discharging every demand that can be made upon them, and to commence the new year absolutely clear of the world, and with some cash in hand; yet were brought up in affluence, and to the expectation of handsome fortunes; for, besides that they could have no thought of losing their cause, they had very great and reasonable prospects from Mr Calvert, an uncle by their mother's side; who was rich in money, and had besides an estate in land of 1500 l. a year. He always declared, that for the sake of his sister's children he would continue a single man; and kept his word till he was upwards of seventy; when, being very infirm in health, and defective even to dotage in his understanding, Bolton his steward, who had always stood in the way of his inclination to have his eldest niece for his companion and manager, at lest contrived to get him married to a young creature under twenty, one of the servants in the house; who brought him a child in seven months; and was with child again at the old man's death, which happened in eighteen months after his marriage: And then a will was provided, in which he gave all he had to his wife and her children born, and to be born, within a year after his demise. This steward and woman now live together as man and wife

A worthy clergyman, who hoped it might be in my power to procure them redress, either in the one case or in the other, gave me the above particulars; and upon enquiry, finding every-thing to be as represented, I made myself acquainted with the widow Lady and her sons: And it was impossible to see them at their own house, and not respect the daughters for their amiable qualities.

I desired them, when I was last down, to put into my hands their titles, deeds, and papers; which they have done; and they have been laid before counsel, who gie a very hopeful account of them.

Being fully authoriz'd by my Lord, I took leave of him over-night, and set out early in the morning, directly for Mansfield-house. I arrived there soon after their

breakfast was over, and was received by Lady Mansfield, her sons (who happened to be all at home) and her two daughters, with politeness.

After some general conversation, I took Lady Mansfield aside; and, making an apology for my freedom, asked her, If Miss Mansfield were, to her knowlege, engaged in her affections?

She answered, she was sure she was not: Ah, Sir, said she, a man of your observation must know, that the daughters of a decayed family of some note in the world, do not easily get husbands. Men of great fortunes look higher: Men of small must look out for wives to enlarge them; and men of genteel businesses are afraid of young women better born than portioned. Every-body knows not that my girls can bend to their condition; and they must be contented to live single all their lives; and so they will choose to do, rather than not marry creditably, and with some prospect.

I then opened my mind fully to her. She was agreeably surprised: But who, Sir, said she, would expect such a proposal from the next heir to Lord W.?

I made known to her how much in earnest I was in this proposal, as well for my Lord's sake, as for the young Lady's. I will take care, madam, said I, that Miss Mansfield, if she will consent to make Lord W. happy, shall have very handsome settlements, and such an allowance for pin-money, as shall enable her to gratify every moderate, every reasonable, wish of her heart.

Was it possible, she asked, for such an affair to be brought about? Would my Lord — There she stopt.

I said, I would be answerable for him: And desired her to break the matter to her daughter directly.

I left Lady Mansfield, and joined the brothers, who were with their two sisters; and soon after Miss Mansfield was sent for by her mother.

After they had been a little while together, my Lady Mansfield sent to speak with me. They were both silent when I came in. The mother was at a loss what to say: The daughter was in still greater confusion.

I addressed myself to the mother. You have, I perceive, madam, acquainted Miss Mansfield with the proposal I made to you. I am fully authorized to make it. Propitious be your silence! There never was, proceeded I, a treaty of marriage set on foot, that had not its conveniencies and inconveniencies. My Lord is greatly afflicted with the gout: There is too great a disparity in years These are the inconveniencies which are to be considered of for the lady.

On the other hand, if Miss Mansfield can give into the proposal, she will be received by my Lord as a blessing; as one whose acceptance of him will lay him under an obligation to her. If this proposal could not have been made with dignity and honour to the lady, it had not come from me.

The conveniencies to yourselves will more properly fall under the consideration of yourselves and family. One thing only I will suggest, that an alliance with so rich a man as Lord W. will make perhaps some people tremble, who now think themselves secure.

But, madam, to the still silent daughter, let not a regard for me byass you: Your family may be sure of my best services, whether my proposal be received or rejected.

My Lord (I must deal sincerely with you) has lived a life of error. He thinks so himself. I am earnest to have him see the difference, and to have an opportunity to rejoice with him upon it.

I stopt: But both being still silent, the mother looking on the daughter, the dau hter glancing now-and-then her conscious eye on the mother, If, madam, said I, you can give your hand to Lord W. I will take care, that settlements shall exceed your expectation. What I have observed as well as heard of Miss Mansfield's temper and goodness, is the principal motive of my application to her, in preference to all the women I know.

But permit me to say, that were your affections engaged to the lowest honest man on earth, I would not wish for your favour to my Lord W. And farther, if, madam, you think you should have but the shadow of a hope, to induce your compliance, that my Lord's death would be more agreeable to you than his life, then would I not, for your morality's sake, wish you to engage. In a word, I address myself to you, Miss Mansfield, as to a woman of honour and conscience: If your conscience bids you doubt, reject the proposal; and this not only for my Lord's sake, but for your own.

Consider, if, without too great a force upon your inclinations, you can behave with that condescension and indulgence to a man who has hastened advanc'd age upon himself, which I have thought from your temper I might hope.

I have said a great deal, because you, ladies, were silent; and because explicitness in every case becomes the proposer. Give me leave to withdraw for a few moments.

I withdrew, accordingly, to the brothers and sister. I did not think I ought to mention to them the proposal I had made: It might perhaps have engaged them all in its favour, as it was of such evident advantage to the whole family; and that might have imposed a difficulty on the Lady, that neither for her own sake, nor my Lord's, it would have been just to lay upon her.

Lady Mansfield came out to me, and said, I presume, Sir, as we are a family which misfortune, as well as love, has closely bound together, you will allow it to be mentioned —

To the whole family, madam? — By all means. I wanted only first to know, whether Miss Mansfield's affections were disengaged: And now you shall give me leave to attend Miss Mansfield. I am a party for my Lord W.: Miss Mansfield is a party: Your debates will be the more free in our absence. If I find her averse, believe me, madam, I will not endeavour to persuade her. On the contrary, if she declare against accepting the proposal, I will be her advocate, tho' every one else would vote in its favour.

The brothers and sister looked upon one another: I left the mother to propose it to them; and stept into the inner parlour to Miss Mansfield.

She was sitting with her back to the door, in a meditating posture. She started at my entrance.

I talked of indifferent subjects, in order to divert her from the important one, that had taken up her whole attention.

It would have been a degree of oppression to her to have entered with her upon a subject of so much consequence to her while we were alone; and when her not having given a negative, was to be taken as a modest affirmative.

Lady Mansfield soon joined us — My dear daughter, said she, we are all unanimous. We have agreed to leave every thing to Sir Charles Grandison: And we hope you will.

She was silent. I will only ask you, madam, said I, to her, If you have any wish to take time to consider of the matter? Do you think you sh ll be easier in your mind, if you take time? — She was silent.

I will not at this time, my good Miss Mansfield, urge you farther. I will make my report to Lord W. and you shall be sure of his joyful approbation of the steps I have taken, before your final consent shall be asked for. But that I may not be employed in a doubtful cause, let me be commissioned to tell my Lord, that you are disengaged; and that you wholly resign yourself to your mother's advice.

She bowed her head.

And that you, madam, to Lady Mansfield, are not averse to enter into treaty upon this important subject.

Averse, Sir! said the mother, bowing, and gratefully smiling.

I will write the particulars of our conversation to Lord W. and my opinion of settlements, and advise him (if I am not forbid) to make a visit at Mansfieldhouse [I stopt: they were both silent]. If possible, I will attend my Lord in his first visit. I hope, madam, to Miss Mansfield, you will not dislike him: I am sure he will be charmed with you: He is far from being disagreeable in his person: His temper is not bad. Your goodness will make him good. I dare say that he will engage your gratitude; and I defy a good mind to separate love from gratitude.

We returned to company. I had all their blessings pronounced at once, as from one mouth. The melancholy brother was enlivened: Who knows but the consequence of this alliance may illuminate his mind? I could see by the pleasure they all had, in beholding him capable of joy on the occasion, that they hoped it would. The unhappy situation of the family affairs, as it broke the heart of the eldest brother, fixed a gloom on the temper of this gentleman.

I was prevailed upon to dine with them. In the conversation we had at and after dinner, their minds opened, and their characters rose upon me. Lord W. will be charmed with Miss Mansfield. I am delighted to think, that my mother's brother will be happy, in the latter part of his life, with a wife of so much prudence and goodness, as I am sure this Lady will make him. On one instance of her very obliging behaviour to me, I whispered her sister, Pray, Miss Fanny, tell Miss Mansfield, but not till I am gone, that she knows not the inconveniencies she is bringing upon herself: I may, perhaps, hereafter, have the boldness, to look for the same favour from my aunt, that I meet with from Miss Mansfield.

If my sister, returned she, should ever misbehave to her benefactor, I will deny my relation to her.

I promised to write to Lady Mansfield as soon as I heard from my Lord; and parted with them, followed by the blessings of them all.

You will soon have another letter from me, with an account of the success of my visit to Sir Harry Beauchamp and his Lady. We must have our Beauchamp among us, my dear friend; I should rather say, you must among you; for I shall not be long in England. He will supply to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, the absence (it will not, I hope be a long one) of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON."

SIR Charles, I remember, as the Doctor read, mentions getting leave for his Beauchamp to come over, who, he says, will supply his absence to him — But, ah! Lucy! Who, let me have the boldness to ask, shall supply it to your Harriet? Time, my dear, will do nothing for me, except I could hear something very much amiss of this man.

I have a great suspicion, that the first part of the letter inclosed was about me. The doctor looked so earnestly at me, when he skipt two sides of it; and, as I thought, with so much compassion! — To be sure, it was about me. What would I give to know as much of his mind as Dr. Bartlett knows! If I thought he pitied the poor Harriet — I should scorn myself. I am, I will be, above his pity, Lucy. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER III.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sunday Night, April 2.

DR. Bartlett has received from Sir Charles an account of what passed last Friday between him, and Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp: By the doctor's allowance. I inclose it to you.

In this Letter, Lucy, you will see him in a new light; and as a man whom there is no resisting, when he resolves to carry a point But it absolutely convinces me, of what indeed I before suspected, that he has not an high opinion of our Sex in general: And this I will put down as a blot in his character. He treats us, in Lady Beauchamp, as perverse humoursome babies, loving power, yet not knowing how to use it. See him so delicate in his behaviour and address to Miss Mansfield, and carry in your thoughts his gaiety and adroit management to Lady Beauchamp, as in this letter, and you will hardly think him the same man. Could he be any-thing to me, I should be more than half afraid of him: Yet this may be said in his behalf; — He but accommodates himself to the persons he has to deal with: — He can be a man of gay wit, when he pleases to descend, as indeed his sister Charlotte has as often found, as she has given occasion for the exercise of that talent in him; — and, that virtue, for its own sake, is his choice: since had he been a free-liver, he would have been a dangerous man. But I will not anticipate too much; Read it here, if you please.

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

[Inclosed in the preceding.]

Grandison-Hall, Friday Night, March 31.

I Arrived at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his Lady expected me, from the letter which I wrote and shewed you before I left the town; in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry with his son's earnest desire to throw himself at his feet, and to pay his duty to his mother, in England; and engaged to call myself, either this day or to-morrow, for an answer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility, and even affection. Lady Beauchamp, said he, will be with us in a moment. I am afraid you will not meet with all the civility from her on the errand you are come upon, that a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character deserves to meet with from all the world. We have been unhappy together, ever since we had your Letter. I long to see my son: Your friendship for him establishes him in my heart. But — And then he cursed the apron-string tenure, by which, he said, he held his peace.

You will allow me, Sir Harry, said I, to address myself in my own way to my lady. You give me pleasure, in letting me know, that the difficulty is not with you. You have indeed, Sir, one of the most prudent young men in the world for your son. His heart is in your hand: you may form it as you please.

She is coming! She is coming! interrupted he. We are all in pieces: We were in the midst of a feud, when you arrived. If she is not civil to ⟨◊⟩ —

In swam the lady; her complexion raised; displeasure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry; as if they had not had their contention out, and she was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could assume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great stiffness: swelling at Sir Harry: Who sidled to the door, in a moody and sullen manner, and then slipt out.

You are Sir Charles Grandison, I suppose, Sir, said she: I never saw you before: I have heard much talk of you — But, pray, Sir, are good men always officious men? Cannot they perform the obligations of friendship, without discomposing families?

You see me now, madam, in an evil moment, if you are displeased with me: But I am not used to the displeasure of ladies: I do my utmost not to deserve it; and, let me tell you, madam, that I will not suffer you to be displeased with me.

I took her half-reluctant hand, and led her to a chair, and seated myself in another near her.

I see, Sir, you have your arts.

She took the fire-screen, that hung by the side of the chimney, and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as resolved to be displeased.

You come upon a hateful errand, Sir: I have been unhappy ever since your officious Letter came.

I am sorry for it, madam. While you are warm with the remembrance of a past misunderstanding, I will not offer to reason with you: But let me, madam, see less discomposure in your looks. I want to take my impressions of you from more placid features: I am a painter, madam; I love to draw lady's pictures. Will you have this pass for a first sitting?

She knew not what to do with her anger; She was loth to part with it.

You are impertinent, Sir Charles — Excuse me — You are impertinent —

I do excuse you, Lady Beauchamp: And the rather, as I am sure you do not think me so. Your freedom is a mark of your favour; and I thank you for it.

You treat me as a child, Sir —

I treat all angry people as children: I love to humour them. Indeed, Lady Beauchamp, you must not be angry with me. Can I be mistaken? Don't I see in your aspect the woman of sense and reason? — I never blame a lady for her humoursomeness so much, as in my mind, I blame her mother.

Sir! said she. I smiled. She bit her lip, to avoid returning a smile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that of an ill-temper'd woman, tho' haughty, and a lover of power.

I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandison: But I am quite mistaken in you: I expected to see a grave formal young man, his prim mouth set in plaits: But you are a joker; and a free man; a very free man, I do assure you.

I would be thought decently free, madam; but not impertinent. I see with pleasure a returning smile. O that ladies knew how much smiles become their features! — Very few causes can justify a woman's anger — Your sex, madam, was given to delight, not to torment us.

Torment you, Sir! Pray, has Sir Harry —

Sir Harry cannot look pleased, when his Lady is dis-pleased: I saw that you were, madam, the moment I beheld you. I hope I am not an un welcome visitor to Sir Harry for one hour (I intend to stay no longer) that he received me with so disturbed a countenance, and has now withdrawn himself, as if to avoid me.

To tell you the truth, Sir Harry and I have had a dispute: But he always speaks of Sir Charles Grandison with pleasure.

Is he not offended with me, madam, for the contents of the Letter —

No, Sir, and I suppose you hardly think he is — But I am —

Dear madam, let me beg your interest in favour of the contents of it.

She took fire — rose up —

I besought her patience — Why should you wish to keep abroad a young man, who is a credit to his family, and who ought to be, if he is not, the joy of his father? Let him owe to your generosity, madam, that recall, which he sollicits: It will become your character: He cannot be always kept abroad: Be it your own generous work —

What, Sir — Pray, Sir — With an angry brow —

You must not be angry with me, madam — (I took her hand) — You can't be angry in earnest —

Sir Charles Grandison — You are — She withdrew her hand; you are, repeated she — and seemed ready to call names —

I am the Grandison you call me; and I honour the maternal character. You must permit me to honour you, madam.

I wonder, Sir —

I will not be denied. The world reports misunderstandings between you and Mr. Beauchamp. That busy world that will be meddling, knows your power, and his dependence. You must not let it charge you with an ill use of that power: If you do, you will have its blame, when you might have its praise: He will have its pity.

What, Sir, do you think your fine Letters, and smooth words, will avail in favour of a young fellow who has treated me with disrespect?

You are misinformed, madam — I am willing to have a greater dependence upon your Justice, upon your good nature, than upon any-thing I can urge either by letter or speech. Don't let it be said, that you are not to be prevailed on — A woman not to be prevailed on to join in an act of justice, of kindness; for the honour of the sex, let it not be said.

Honour of the sex, Sir! — Fine talking! — Don't I know, that were I to consent to hs comi g over, the first thing would be to have his annuity augmented out of my fortune? He and his father would be in a party against me. Am I not already a sufferer thro' him in his father's love? — You don't know, Sir, what has passed between Sir Harry and me within this halfhour — But don't talk to me: I won't hear of it: The young man hates me: I hate him: And ever will.

She made a motion to go.

With a respectful air, I told her, she must not leave me. My motive deserv'd not, I said, that both she and Sir Harry should leave me in displeasure.

You know but too well, resumed she, how acceptable your officiousness (I must call it so) is to Sir Harry.

And does Sir Harry, madam, favour his son's suit? You rejoice me: Let not Mr. Beauchamp know that he does: And do you, my dear Lady Beauchamp, take the whole merit of it to yourself. How will he revere you for your Goodness to him! And what an obligation, if, as you say, Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, will you, by your generous first motion, lay upon Sir Harry?

Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, Sir Charles Grandison, I have laid too many obligations already upon him, for his gratitude.

Lay this one more. You own you have had a misunderstanding this morning: Sir Harry is withdrawn, I suppose, with his heart full: Let me, I beseech you, make up the misunderstanding. I have been happy in this way — Thus we will order it — We will desire him to walk in. I will beg your interest with him in favour of the contents of the letter I sent. His compliance will follow as an act of obligingness to you. The grace of the action will be yours. I will be answerable for Mr. Beauchamp's gratitude. — Dear madam, hesitate not. The young gentleman must come over one day: Let the favour of its being an early one, be owing entirely to you.

You are a strange man, Sir: I don't like you at all: You would persuade me out of my reason.

Let us, madam, as Mr. Beauchamp and I are already the dearest of friends, begin a family understanding. Let St. James's Square, and Berkley Square, when you come to town, be a next-door neighbourhood. Give me the consideration of being the bondsman for the duty of Mr. Beauchamp to you, as well as to his father.

She was silent: But looked vexed and irresolute.

My sisters, madam, are amiable women. You will be pleased with them. Lord L. is a man worthy of Sir Harry's acquaintance. We shall want nothing, if you would think so, but Mr. Beauchamp's presence among us.

What! I suppose you design your maiden sister for the young fellow — But if you do, Sir, you must ask me for — There she stopt.

Indeed I do not. He is not at present disposed to marry. He never will without his father's approbation, and let me say — yours. My sister is addressed to by Lord G. and I hope will soon be married to him.

And do you say so, Sir Charles Grandison? — Why then you are a more disinterested man than I thought you in this application to Sir Harry. I had no doubt but the young fellow was to be brought over to marry Miss Grandison; and that he was to be made worthy of her at my expence.

She enjoyed, as it seemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words young fellow, that designed contempt, which was a tacit confession of the consequence he once was of to her.

I do assure you, madam, that I know not his heart, if he has at present any thoughts of marriage.

She seemed pleased at this assurance.

I repeated my wishes, that she would take to herself the merit of allowing Mr. Beauchamp to return to his native country: And that she would let me see her hand in Sir Harry's, before I left them.

And pray Sir, as to his place of residence, were he to come: Do you think he should live under the same roof with me?

You shall govern that point, madam, as you approve or disapprove of his behaviour to you.

His behaviour to me, Sir! — One house cannot, shall not, hold him and me.

I think, madam, that you should direct in this article. I hope, after a little while, so to order my affairs, as constantly to reside in England. I should think myself very happy if I could prevail upon Mr. Beauchamp to live with me.

But I must see him, I suppose?

Not, madam, unless you shall think it right, for the sake of the world's opinion, that you should.

I can't consent —

You can, madam! You do! — I cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be one of those women, who having insisted upon a wrong point, can be convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace. — Be so kind to yourself, as to let Sir Harry know, that you think it right for Mr. Beauchamp to return; but that it must be upon your own conditions: Then, madam, make those conditions generous ones; and how will Sir Harry adore you! How will Mr. Beauchamp revere you! How shall I esteem you!

What a strange impertinent have I before me!

I love to be called names by a lady. If undeservedly, she lays herself by them under obligation to me, which she cannot be generous if she resolves not to repay. Shall I endeavour to find out Sir Harry? Or will you, madam?

Was you ever, Sir Charles Grandison, denied by any Woman to whom you sued for favour?

I think, madam, I hardly ever was: But it was because I never sued for a favour, that it was not for a lady's honour to grant. This is the case now; and this makes me determine, that I will not be denied the grant of my present request. Come, come, madam! How can a woman of your ladyship's good sense (taking

her hand, and leading her to the door) seem to want to be persuaded to do a thing she knows in her heart to be right! Let us find Sir Harry.

Strange man! — Unhand me — He has us'd me unkindly —

Overcome him then by your generosity. But, dear Lady Beauchamp, taking both her hands, and smiling confidently in her face [I could, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do so to Lady Beauchamp] will you make me believe, that a woman of your spirit (you have a charming spirit, Lady Beacuhamp) did not give Sir Harry as much reason to complain, as he gave you? — I am sure by his disturbed countenance —

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, you are downright affronting. Unhand me! —

This misunderstanding is owing to my officious letter. I should have waited on you in person. I should from the first have put it in your power, to do a graceful and obliging thing. I ask your pardon. I am not used to make differences between man and wife.

I touched first one hand, then the other, of the perverse baby with my lips — Now am I forgiven: Now is my friend Beauchamp permitted to return to his native country: Now are Sir Harry and his Lady reconciled — Come, come, madam, it must be so — What foolish things are the quarrels of married people! — They must come to an agreement again; and the sooner the better; before hard blows are struck, that will leave marks — Let us, dear madam, find out Sir Harry —

And then with an air of vivacity, that women, whether in courtship or out of it, dislike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and, as I intended, to Sir Harry, where ever he could be found.

Hold, hold, Sir, resisting; but with features far more placid than she had suffered to be before visible — If I must be compelled — You are a strange man, Sir Charles Grandison — If I must be compelled to see Sir Harry — But you are a strange man — And she rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr. Bartlett, is one of those who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom, than to be gratified by a profound respect; otherwise I had not treated her with so little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to those who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a serious thing.

But when the servant appeared, she not knowing how to condescend, I said, Go to your Master, Sir, and tell him that your Lady requests the favour — Requests the favour! repeated she; but in a low voice: Which was no bad sign.

The servant went with a message worded with more civility than perhaps he was used to carry to his master from his lady.

Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for your own sake; for Sir Harry's sake; make happy and be happy. Are there not, dear madam, unhappinesses enow in life, that we must wilfully add to them?

Sir Harry came in fight. He stalked towards us with a parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have seen him before he enter'd, my work would have been easier. But his hostile air disposed my Lady to renew hostilities.

She turned her face aside, then her person; and the cloudy indignation with which she entered at first, again overspread her features. Ought wrath, Dr. Bartlett, to be so ready to attend a female will? — Surely, thought I, my Lady's present airs, after what has passed between her and me, can be only owing to the fear of making a precedent, and being thought too easily persuaded.

Sir Harry, said I, addressing myself to him, I have obtained Lady Beauchamp's pardon for the officious Letter —

Pardon, Sir Charles Grandison! You are a good man, and it was kindly intended —

He was going on: Anger from his eyes flashed upon his cheek-bones, and made them shine. My Lady's eyes struck fire at Sir Harry, and shewed that she was not afraid of him.

Better intended, than done, interrupted I, since my Lady tells me, that it was the occasion of a misunderstanding — But, Sir, all will be right: My Lady assures me, that you are not disinclined to comply with the contents; and she has the goodness —

Pray, Sir Charles, interrupted the Lady —

To give me hopes that she —

Pray Sir Charles —

Will use her interest to confirm you in your favourable Sentiments —

Sir Harry cleared up at once — May I hope, madam — And offered to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air. O Dr. Bartlett, I must have been thought an unpolite husband, had she been my wife!

I took her hand. Excuse this freedom, Sir Harry — For heaven's sake, madam, whispering, Do what I know you will do, with a grace — Shall there be a misunderstanding, and the husband court a refused hand? — I then forc'd her half unwillig hand into his, with an air that I intended should have both freedom and respect in it.

What a man have we got here, Sir Harry? This cannot be the modest man, that you have praised to me — I thought a good man must of necessity be bashful, if not sheepish: And here your visitor is the boldest man in England.

The righteous, Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry, with an aspect but half conceding, is hold as a lion.

And must I be compelled thus, and by such a man, to forgive you, Sir Harry? — Indeed you were very unkind.

And you, Lady Beauchamp, were very cruel.

I did not think, Sir, when I laid my fortune at your feet —

O Lady Beauchamp! You said cutting things Very cutting things.

And did not you, Sir Harry, say, It should be so? — so very peremptorily!

Not, madam, till you, as peremptorily —

A little recrimination, thought I, there must be to keep each in countenance on their past folly.

Ah, Sir Charles! — You may rejoice that you are not married, said Sir Harry.

Dear Sir Harry, said I, we must bear with Ladies They are meek good creatures — They —

Meek! Sir Charles, repeated Sir Harry, with an half-angry smile, and shrugging, as if his shoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekness — I say, meek!

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, said my Lady, with an air of threatening —

I was desirous either of turning the Lady's displeasure into a jest, or of diverting it from the first object, in order to make her play with it, till she had lost it.

Women are of gentle natures, pursued I, and, being accustomed to be humoured, opposition sits not easy upon them. Are they not kind to us, Sir Harry, when they allow of our superiority, by expecting us, to bear with their pretty perversenesses?

O Sir Charles Grandison! said my Lady; both her hands lifted up.

Let us be contented, proceeded I, with such their kind acknowlegements, and in pity to them, and in compliment to ourselves, bear with their foibles. — See, n adam, I ever was an advocate for the Ladies.

Sir Charles, I have no patience with you —

What can a poor Woman do, continued I, when opposed? She can only be a little violent in words, and when she has said as much as she chuses to say, be perhaps a little sullen. For my part, were I so happy as to call a woman mine, and she happened to be in the wrong, I would endeavour to be in the right; and trust to her good sense to recover her temper: Arguments only beget arguments. — Those reconciliations are the most durable, in which the Lady makes the advances.

What doctrine is this, Sir Charles? You are not the man I took you for. — I believe, in my conscience, that you are not near so good a man, as the world reports you.

What, madam, because I pretend to know a little of the sex? Surely, Lady Beauchamp, a man of common penetration may see to the bottom of a woman's

heart. A cunning woman cannot hide it. A good woman will not. You are not, madam, such Mysteries, as some of us think you. Whenever you know your own minds, we need not be long doubtful: That is all the difficulty: And I will vindicate you, as to that —

As how, pray, Sir? —

Women, madam, were designed to be dependent, as well as gentle, creatures; and of consequence when left to their own wills, they know not what to resolve upon.

I was hoping, Sir Charles, just now, that you would stay to dinner: But if you talk at this rate, I believe I shall be ready to wish you out of the house.

Sir Harry looked as if he were half-willing to be diverted at what passed between his lady and me. It was better for me to say what he could not but subscribe to by his feeling, than for him to say it. Tho' reproof seldom amends a determined spirit, such a one as this lady's; yet a man who suffers by it cannot but have some joy when he hears his sentiments spoken by a by-stander. This freedom of mine seemed to save the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

You remind me, madam, that I must be gone, rising and looking at my watch.

You must not leave us, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry.

I beg excuse, Sir Harry — Yours, also, madam, smiling — Lady Beauchamp must not twice wish me out of the house.

I will not excuse you, Sir, reply'd she — If you have a desire to see the matter compleated — She stopt — You must stay to dinner, be that as it will.

"Be that as it will," madam! — You shall not recede.

Recede! I have not yet complied —

O these women! They are so used to courtship, that they know not how to do right things without it — And, pardon, me, madam, not always with it.

Bold man — Have I consented —

Have you not, madam, given a Lady's consent. That we men expect not to be very explicit, very gracious — It is from such non negative consents, that we men make silence answer all we wish.

I leave Sir Charles Grandison to manage this point, said Sir Harry. In my conscience, I think the common observation just: A stander-by sees more of the game, than he that plays.

It ever will be so, Sir Harry — But I will tell you, My Lady and I have as good as agreed the matter —

I have agreed to nothing, Sir Harry —

Hush, madam — I am doing you credit. — Lady Beauchamp speaks aside sometimes, Sir Harry: You are not to hear any-thing she says, that you don't like.

Then I am afraid I must stop my ears for eight hours out of twelve.

That was aside, Lady Beauchamp — You are not to hear that.

To sit, like a fool, and hear myself abused — A pretty figure I make! Sir Charles Grandison, let me tell you, that you are the first man that ever treated me like a fool.

Excuse, madam, a little innocent raillery — I met you both, with a discomposure on your countenances. I was the occasion of it, by the letter I sent to Sir Harry. I will not leave you discomposed. I think you a woman of sense; and my request is of such a nature, that the granting of it will confirm to me, that you are so — But you have granted it —

I have not.

That's charmingly said — My Lady will not undervalue the compliment she is inclined to make you, Sir Harry, The moment you ask for her compliance, she will not refuse to your affection, what she makes a difficulty to grant, to the entreaty of an almost stanger.

Let it, let it be so! Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry: And he clasped his arms about her as she sat —

There never was such a man as this Sir Charles Grandison in the World! — It is a contrivance between you, Sir Harry —

Dear Lady Beauchamp, resumed I, depreciate not your compliment to Sir Harry. There wanted not contrivance, I dare to hope (if there did, it had it not) to induce Lady Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an obliging thing.

Let me, my dearest Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry; — Let me request —

At your request, Sir Harry — But not at Sir Charles's.

This is noble, said I. I thank you, madam, for the absent youth. Both Husband and son will think themselves favoured by you; and the more, as I am sure, that you will by the chearful welcome, which you will give the young man, shew, that it is a sincere compliment that you have made to Sir Harry.

This man has a strange way of flattering one into acts of — of — what shall I call them? — But, Sir Harry, Mr. Beauchamp must not, I believe, live with us —

Sir Harry hesitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. I have a request to make to you both, said I. It is this; That Mr. Beauchamp may be permitted to live with me; and attend you, madam, and his father, as a visitor, at your own command. My sister, I believe, will be very soon married to Lord G.

That is to be certainly so, interrupted the Lady?

It is, madam.

But what shall we say, my dear, resum'd Sir Harry, — Don't fly out again — As to the provision for my son? — Two hundred a year — What is two hundred a year —

Why then let it be three answered she.

I have an handsome and improveable estate said I, I have no demands but those of reason upon me I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am sure he would not have come, if I had) without his father's consent: In which, madam, he hoped for yours. You shall not, Sir, allow him either the two or three hundred a year. See him with love, with indulgence (he will deserve both); and think not of any thing else for my Beauchamp.

There is no bearing this, my dear, said Sir Harry; leaning upon his Lady's shoulder, as be sat, tears in his eyes — My son is already, as I have heard, greatly obliged to this his true friend — Do you, do you, madam, answer for me, and for yourself.

She was overcome: Yet pride had its share with generosity. You are, said she, the Grandison I have heard of: But I will not be under obligations to you — not pecuniary ones, however. No, Sir Harry! Recal your son: I will trust to your love: Do for him what you please: Let him be independent on this insolent man [She said this with a smile, that made it obligeing]; and if we are to be visitors, friends, neighbours, let it be on an equal foot, and let him have nothing to reproach us with.

I was agreeably surprised at this emanation (shall I call it?) of goodness. She is really not a bad woman, but a perverse one: In short, one of those whose passions, when rightly touched, are liable to sudden and surprising turn — .

Generous, charming Lady Beauchamp! said I: Now are you the woman, whom I have so often heard praised for many good qualities: Now will the portrait be a just one!

Sir Harry was in raptures; but had like to have spoiled all, by making me a compliment on the force of example.

Be this, said I, the result — Mr. Beauchamp comes over. He will be pleased with whatever you do: At your feet, madam, he shall acknowlege your favour: My home shall be his, if you permit it: On me, he shall confer obligations; from you, he shall receive them. If any considerations of family prudence (there are such, and very just ones) restrain you from allowing him, at present what your generosity would wish to do. —

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened: She interrupted me — We are not, Sir Charles, so scanty in our fortune —

Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, be all that as you will: Not one retrospect of the past —

Yes, Sir Charles, but there shall: His allowance has been lessened for some years; not from considerations of family prudence — But — Well, 'tis all at an end, proceeded she — When the young man returns, you, Sir Harry, for my sake,

and for the sake of this strange anaccountable creature, shall pay him the whole arrear.

Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp,, said I, lifting her hand to my lips, permit me to give you joy. All doubts and misgivings so triumphantly got over, so solid a foundation laid for family harmony: — What was the moment of your nuptials to this? Sir Harry, I congratulate you: You may, and I believe you have been, as happy as most men; but now, you will be still happier.

Indeed, Sir Harry, said she, you provoked me in the morning: I should not else —

Sir Harry own'd himself to blame; and thus the Lady's pride was set down softly.

She desired Sir Harry to write, before the Day concluded, the invitation of return, to Mr. Beauchamp; and to do her all the credit in it that she might claim from the last part of the conversation; but not to mention any-thing of the first.

She afterwards abated a little of this right spirit, by saying, I think, Sir Harry, you need not mention anything of the arrears, as I may call them — But only the future 600 l. a year. One would surprize him a little, you know, and be twice thanked —

Surprizes of such a nature as this, my dear Dr. Bartlett; pecuniary surprizes! — I don't love them — They are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind to labour under a sense of obligation? — Pride, vain-glory, must be the motive of such narrow-minded benefactors: A truly beneficent spirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip indicating the palpitating heart; in seeing the downcast countenance, the up-lifted hands, and working muscles, of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himself have had the will with the power of shewing a more graceful benevolence!

I was so much afraid of hearing farther abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodness; so willing to depart with favourable impressions of her for her own sake; and at the same time so desirous to reach the Hall that night; that I got myself excused, though with difficulty, staying to dine; and, accepting of a dish of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my Lady, both in equal good humour with themselves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I should have succeeded so very happily, as I have done, in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the father and step-mother should have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn so unexpected. Let him not therefore ever see this letter, that he may take his impression of the favour done him, from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My cousin Grandison, whom I hoped to find here, left the Hall on Tuesday last, tho' he knew of my intention to be down. I am sorry for it. Poor Everard! He has been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance; and then we shall not hear of him for some months perhaps. If you see him in town, try to engage him, till I return. I should be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me, will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

Saturday, April 1.

I HAVE had compliments sent me by many of my neighbours, who had hoped I was come to reside among them. They professed themselves disappointed on my acquainting them, that I must go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myself to their Saturday Assembly at the Bowling green-house.

Our reverend friend Mr. Dobson has been so good as to leave with me the Sermon he is to preach tomorrow on the opening of the church: It is a very good discourse: I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron, in as many different places of it: I doubt not but he will have the goodness to omit them.

I have already looked into all that has been done in the church; and all that is doing in the house and gardens. When both have had the direction and inspection of my dear Dr. Bartlett, need I say, that nothing could have been better?

HALDEN is just arrived from my Lord, with a Letter, which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his Lordship's high approbation of all our proceedings; and that he intends some one early day in next week to pay to her, and Miss Mansfield, his personal compliments.

He has left to me the article of Settlements; declaring, that his regard for my future interest is all that he wishes may be attended to.

I have therefore written as from himself, that he proposes a jointure of 1200 l. a year, peny-rents, and 400 guineas a year for her private purse; and that his Lordship desires, that Miss Mansfield will make a present to her sister of whatever she may be intitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield-house of a thousand pounds left to her by a godmother.

Halden being very desirous to see his future Lady, I shall, at his request, send the Letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning; with a line recommending him to the notice of that Lady as Lord W's principal steward

Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all these good people. If Providence graciously makes me instrumental to it, I look upon myself but as its instrument. I hope ostentation has no share in what draws on me more thanks and praises than I love to hear.

Lord W. has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation can make him so. Is he not my mother's brother? Would not her enlarged soul have rejoiced on the occasion, and blessed her son for an instance of duty to her, paid by his disinterested regard for her brother? Who, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is so happy, yet who, in some cases, so unhappy, as

Your CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER V.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, April 3.

THE Countess of D. and the Earl her son have but just left us. The Countess sent last night, to let my cousin Reeves know of their intended morning visit, and they came together. As the visit was made to my cousin, I did not think myself obliged to be in waiting for them below. I was therefore in my closet, comforting myself with my own agreeable reflexions. They were there a quarter of an hour before I was sent to.

Their talk was of me. I am used to recite my own praises, you know; and what signifies making a parade of apologies for continuing the use? I don't value myself so much as I once did on people's favourable opinions. If I had a heart in my own keeping, I should be glad it was thought a good one; that's all. Yet tho' it has littlenesses in it, that I knew nothing of formerly, I hope it is not a bad one.

My Lord D. by the whole turn of the partial conversation, was led to expect a very extraordinary young woman. The Lady declared, that she would have her talk out, and hear all my two cousins were inclined to say of me, before I was sent up to, as I was not below when they came.

I was therefore to be seen only as a subject of curiosity. My Lord had declared, it seems, that he would not be denied an introduction to me by his mother. But there were no thoughts of making any application to a girl whose heart was acknowleged not to be her own. My Lord's honour would not allow of such an intention. Nor ought it.

His impatience, however, hastened the message to me. The Countess met me half-way, and embraced me: My lovely girl, how do you? — My Lord, said she, turning to the Earl, I need not say, This is Miss Byron.

He bowed low, and made me a very high compliment; but it had sense in it, tho' high, and above my merits. Girls, writing of themselves on these occasions, must be disclaimers, you know: But, my dear uncle, what care I now for compliments? The man, from whose mouth only they could be acceptable, is not at liberty to make me any.

The Countess engaged me in an easy general conversat on; part of which turned upon Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, and Miss Jervois, and how I had passed my time at Colnebrooke, in this wintry season, when there were so many diversions in town. But, said she, you had a man with you, who is the admiration of every man and woman, where ever he goes.

Is there no making an acquaintance, said my Lord, with Sir Charles Grandison? What I hear said of him, every time he is mentioned in company, is enough to fire a young man with emulation. I should be happy did I deserve to be thought of as a second or third man to Sir Charles Grandison.

I dare say, returned I, your Lordship's acquaintance would be highly acceptable to him. He is easy of access. Men of rank, if men of merit, must be of kindred, and recognize one another the moment they meet. But Sir Charles will soon leave England.

The fool sighed: It was, you may believe, involuntarily. I felt myself blush, and was the more silly for that.

The Countess took my hand — One word with you, my dear — and led me out into the next room, and sitting down, made me sit on the same settee with her.

O that I could call you daughter! began she at once; and turning half round to me, put one arm about me, with her other hand taking one of mine, and earnestly looking in my downcast face.

I was silent. — Ah, Lucy! had Lady D. been the mother of Sir Charles Grandison, with what pleasure could I have listened to her!

You said, my dear, that Sir Charles Grandison will soon leave England: And then you sighed — Will you be quite open-hearted? — May I ask you a question in hope that you will?

I was silent: Yet the word Yes, was on my lips.

You have caused it to be told me, that your affections are engaged. This has been a cruel blow upon us. My Lord, nevertheless, has heard so much of you [He is reall a good young man, my dear], that (against my advice I own) he would have me introduce him into your company. I see by his looks, that he could admire you above all women. He never was in love: I should be sorry if he were disappointed in his first love. I hope his promised prudence will be his guard, if there be no prospect of his succeeding with you — She paused — I was still silent —

It will be a mark of your frankness of heart, my dear, if, when you take my full meaning, you prevent me speaking more than I need. I would not oppress you, my sweet love — Such a delicacy, and such a frankness mingled, have I never seen in young woman — But tell me, my dear, has Sir Charles Grandison made his addresses to you?

It was a grievous question for me to answer — But why was it so, my Lucy, when all the hopes I ever had, proceeded from my own presumption, confirmed (that's true, of late!) by his sisters partiality in my favour; and when his unhappy Clementina has such a a preferable claim?

What says Miss Byron?

She says, madam, that she reveres Lady D. and will answer any questions that she puts to her, however affecting — Sir Charles Grandison has not.

Once I thought proceeded she, that I never would make a second motion, were the woman a princess, who had confessed a prior love, or even liking: But the man is Sir Charles Grandison, whom all women must esteem; and the woman is Miss Byron, whom all men must love. Let me ask you, my dear — Have you any expectation, that the first of men (I will call him so) and the loveliest and most amiable-minded of women, can come together? — You sighed, you know, when you mentioned, that Sir Charles was soon to leave England; and you own that he has not made addresses to you — Don't be uneasy, my love! — We women, in these tender cases, see into each other's hearts from small openings — Look upon me as your mother — What say you, love?

Your Ladyship compliments me with delicacy and frankness — It is too hard a question, if I have any of the first to answer without blushes. A young woman to be supposed to have an esteem for a man, who has made no declarations, and whose behaviour to her is such only as shews a politeness to which he is accustomed, and only the same kind of tenderness as he shews to his sister; — and whom sometimes he calls sister — as if — Ah, madam, how can one answer?

You have answered, my dear, and with that delicacy and frankness too which make a principal part of your character. If my son (and he shall not be encouraged in his hopes, if he sees you not, mind as well as person, with his mother's eyes) should not be able to check himself, by the apprehensions he has had reason for, of being but a second man in the favour of the object of his wishes [We, my dear, have our delicacies] could you not allow him a second place in your favour, that might, in time, as he should merit, and as you should subdue your prepossessions, give him a first? — Hush — my dear, for one moment — Your honour, your piety, are my just dependence; and will be his. — And now speak: It is to me, my dear: Speak your whole heart: Let not any apprehended difficulty — I am a woman as well as you. And prepared to indulge —

Your goodness, madam, and nothing else, interrupted I, gives me difficulty. — My Lord D. seems to me to be a man of merit, and not a disagreeable man in his person and manners. What he said of Sir Charles Grandison, and of his emulation being fired by his example, gave him additional merit with me. He must have a good mind. I wish him acquainted with Sir Charles, for his own sake, and for the sake of the world, which might be benefited by his large power, so happily directed! — But as to myself, I should forfeit the character of frankness of heart, which your Ladyship's goodness ascribes to me, if I did not declare, that altho' I cannot, and, I think, ought not, to entertain an hope with regard to Sir Charles Grandison, since there is a Lady who deserved him by severe sufferings before I

knew him; yet is my heart so wholly attached, that I cannot think it just to give the least encouragement to any other proposal.

You are an excellent young woman: But, my dear, if Charles Grandison is engaged — your mind will, it, must change. Few women marry their first loves. Your heart —

O madam! it is already a wedded heart: It is wedded to his merits; his merits will be always the object of my esteem: I can never think of any other, as I ought to think of the man to whom I give my hand.

Like merits, my dear, as person is not the principal motive, may produce like attachments. My Lord D. will be, in your hands, another Sir Charles Grandison.

How good you are, my dear Lady D.! But allow me to repeat, as the strongest expression I can use, because I mean it to carry in it all the force that can be given it, That my heart is already a wedded heart.

You have spoken with great force: God bless you, my dear, as I love you! The matter shall take its course. If my Lord should happen to be a single man some time hence (and, I can tell you, that your excellencies will make our choice difficult); and if your mind, from any accident, or from persuasion of friends, should then have received alteration; you may still be happy in each other. I will therefore only thank you for that openness of heart which must set free the heart of my son — Had you had the least lurking inclination to coquetry, and could have taken pride in conquests, he might have been an undone man. — We will return to the company — But spare him, my dear: You must not talk much. He will love you, if you do, too fervently for his own peace. Try to be a little aukward — I am afraid for him: Indeed I am. O that you had never seen Sir Charles Grandison!

I could not answer one word. She took my hand; and led me into the company.

Had I been silent, when my Lord directed his discourse to me, or answer'd only No, or Yes, the Countess would have thought me very vain; and, that I ascribed to myself the consequence she so generously gave me, with respect to my Lord. I therefore behaved and answered unaffectedly: but avoided such a promptness of speech, as would have looked like making pretensions to knowlege and opinion, though some of my Lord's questions were apparently design'd to engage me into freedom of discourse. The Countess observed me narrowly. She whispered to me, that she did; and made me a very high compliment on my behaviour. How much, Lucy, do I love and reverence her!

My Lord was spoken too slightly of, by Miss Grandison, in a former conversation He is really a fine gentleman. Any woman who is not engaged in her affections, may think herself very happy with him. His conversation was easy and polite, and he said nothing that was low or trifling. Indeed, Lucy, I think Mr.

Greville and Mr. Fenwick are as greatly inferior to Lord D. as Lord D. is to Sir Charles Grandison

At parting, he requested of me, to be allowed to repeat his visits.

My Lord, said the Countess, before I could answer, you must not expect a mere stiff maiden answer from Miss Byron: She is above all vulgar forms. She and her cousins have too much politeness, and, I will venture to say, discernment, not to be glad of your acquaintance, as an acquaintance — But, for the rest, you must look to your heart.

I shall be afraid said he turning to the Countess, to ask your Lordship for an explanation. Miss Byron, I hope, Sir, addressing himself to Mr. Reeves, will not refuse me her company, when I pay you my compliments. Then turning to me, I hope, madam, I shall not be punished for admiring you.

My Lord D. replied I, will be intitled to every civility. I had said more, had he not snatched my hand a little too eagerly, and kissed it.

And thus much for the visit of the Countess of D. and the Earl.

DID I tell you in my former letter, that Emily is with me half her time? She is a most engaging young creature. Her manners are so pure! Her heart is so sincere and open! — O Lucy! you would dearly love her. I wish I may be asked to carry her down with me. Yet she adores her guardian: But her reverence for him will not allow of the innocent familiarity in thinking of him, that — I don't know what I would say. But to love with an ardor, that would be dangerous to one's peace, one must have more tenderness than reverence for the object: Don't you think so, Lucy?

Miss Grandison made me one of her flying visits, as she calls them, soon after the Countess and my Lord went away.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves told her all that had been said before them by the Earl and Countess, as well before I went down to them, as after. They could not tell her what passed between that Lady and me, when she took me aside. I had not had time to tell them. They referred to me for that: But besides that I was not in spirits, and cared not to say much, I was not willing to be thought by my refusal of so great an offer, to seem to fasten myself upon her brother.

She pitied (Who but must?) Lady Clementina. She pitied her brother also: And, seeing me dejected, she clasped her arms about me, and wet my cheek with a sisterly tear.

Is it not very strange, Lucy, that his father should keep him so long abroad? These free-living men! What absurdities are they not guilty of? What misfortunes to others do they not occasion? One might, with the excellent Clementina, ask, What had Mr. Grandison to do in Italy? Or why, if he must go abroad, did he stay so long?

Travelling! Young men travelling! I cannot, my dear, but think it a very nonsensical thing! What can they see, but the ruins of the gay, once busy world, of which they have read?

To see a parcel of giddy boys, under the direction of tutors, or governors, hunting after — What? — Nothing; or at best but ruins of ruins; for the imagination, aided by reflection, must be lest, after all, to make out the greater glories which the grave-digger Time has buried too deep for discovery.

And when this grand tour is completed, the travell'd youth returns: And, what is his boast? Why to be able to tell, perhaps his better-taught friend, who has never been out of his native country, that he has seen in ruins, what the other has a juster idea of from reading: And of which, it is more than probable he can give a much better account than the traveiler.

And are these, petulant Harriet (methinks, Lucy, you demand) all the benefits, that you will suppose Sir CHARLES GRANDISON has reaped from his travelling?

Why, no. But then, in turn, I ask, Is every traveller a Sir Charles Grandison? — And does not even he confess to Dr. Bartlett, that he wished he had never seen Italy? And may not the poor Clementina, and all her family for her sake wish he never had?

If an opportunity offers, I don't know, but I may ask Sir Charles, Whether, in his conscience, he thinks that, taking in every consideration, relating to time, expence, risques of life, health, morals this part of the fashionable education of youth of condition is such an indispensable one, as some seem to suppose it? If Sir Charles Grandison give it not in favour of travelling, I believe it will be concluded, that six parts out of eight of the little masters who are sent abroad for improvement, might as well be kept at home; if, especially, they would be orderly, and let their fathers and mothers know what to do with them.

O my uncle! I am afraid of you: But spare the poor girl: She acknowleges her petulance, her presumption. The occasion you know, and will pity her for it! However, neither petulance nor presumption shall make her declare as her sentiments what really are not so, in her unprejudiced hours; and she hopes to have her heart always open to conviction.

For the present, Adieu, my Lucy.

P. S. Dr. Bartlett tells me, that Mr. Beauchamp is at Calais, waiting the pleasure of his father: and that Sir Harry has sent express for him, as at his Lady's motion.

LETTER VI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday, April 4.

SIR Charles Grandison came to town last night. He was so polite, as to send to enquire after my health; and to let Mr. Reeves know, that he would do himself the honour, as he called it, of breakfasting with him this morning. Very ceremonious either for his own sake or for mine — Perhaps for both.

So I am in expectation of seeing within this halfhour, the noble Clementina's future — Ah Lucy!

The compliment, you see, is to Mr. Reeves — Shall I stay above, and see if he will ask for me? He owes me something for the emotion he gave me in Lord L.'s library. Very little of him since have I seen.

"Honour forbids me, said he, then: Yet honour bids me. — But I cannot be ungenerous, selfish"

– These words are still in my ear. — What could he mean by them? — Honour forbids me — What! to explain himself? He had been telling me a tender tale: He had ended it. What did honour forbid him to do? — Yet honour bids me! Why then did he not follow the dictates of honour?

But I cannot be unjust: — To Clementina he means. Who wished him to be so? — Unjust! I hope not. It is a diminution to your glory, Sir Charles Grandison, to have the word unjust, in this way of speaking, in your thoughts! As if a good man had lain under a temptation to be unjust; and had but just recollected himself.

"I cannot be ungenerous."

To the noble Lady, I suppose? He must take compassion on her. And did he think himself under an obligation to my forwardness to make this declaration to me, as to one who wished him to be ungenerous to such a lady for my sake! — I cannot bear the thought of this. Is it not as if he had said,

"Fond Harriet, I see what you expect from me — But I must have compassion for, I cannot be ungenerous to, Clementina!"

– But, what a poor word is compassion! Noble Clementina! I grieve for you, tho' the man be indeed a generous man! — O defend me, my better genius, from wanting the compassion even of a Sir Charles Grandison!

But what means he by the word selfish! He cannot be selfish! — I comprehend not the meaning of this word — Clementina has a very high fortune — Harriet but a very middling one. He cannot be unjust, ungenerous to Clementina — Nor yet selfish — This word confounds me, from a man that says nothing at random!

Well, but breakfast-time is come, while I am busy in self-debatings. I will go down, that I may not seem to affect parade. I will endeavour to see with indifference, him that we have all been admiring and studying for this last fortnight, in such a variety of lights. The Christian: The Hero: The Friend: — Ah, Lucy! The Lover of Clementina: The generous Kinsman of Lord W.: The modest and delicate Benefactor of the Mansfields: The free, gay, Raillier of Lady Beauchamp; and in her of all our Sex's Foibles!

But he is come! While I am prating to you with my pen, he is come. — Why, Lucy, would you detain me? Now must the fool go down in a kind of hurry: Yet stay till she is sent for. — And that is now.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

O LUCY, I have such a conversation to relate to you! — But let me lead to it.

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himself. Such an unaffected modesty and politeness; yet such an ease and freedom!

I thought by his address, that he would have taken my hand; and both hands were so emulatively passive. — How does he manage it to be so free in a first address, yet so respectful, that a princess could not blame him?

After breakfast, my cousins being sent for out to attend Sir John Allestree and his Niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone: And then, with an air equally solemn and free, he addressed himself to me.

The last time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale. I was sure it would raise in such a heart as hers generous compassion for the noblest lady on the Continent; and I presumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to rashness or indiscretion, that she would also pity the relator.

The story did indeed affect you; yet, for my own sake, as well as yours, I referred you to Dr. Bartlett, for the particulars of some parts of it, upon which I could not expatiate.

The doctor, madam, has let me know the particulars which he communicated to you. I remember with pain the pain I gave to your generous heart in Lord L.'s study. I am sure you must have suffered still more from the same compassionate goodness on the communications he made you. May I, madam however, add a few particulars to the same subject, which he then could not give you? Now you have been let into so considerable a part of my story, I am desirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all that I know myself of this arduous affair.

He ceased speaking. I was in tremors. Sir, Sir — The story I must own, is a most affecting one. How much is the unhappy lady to be pitied! You will do me honour in acquainting me with farther particulars of it.

Dr. Bartlett has told you, madam, that the Bishop of Nocera, second brother to Lady Clementina, his very lately written to me, requesting that I will make one more visit to Bologna — I have the Letter. You read Italian, madam. Shall I — Or will you — He held it to me.

I took it. These, Lucy, are the contents.

‘The bishop acquaints him with the very melancholy way they are in. The father and mother declining in their healths. Signor Jeronymo worse than when Sir Charles lest them. His Sister also declining in her health: Yet earnest still to see him.

‘He says, That she is at present at Urbino; but is soon to go to Naples to the General’s. He urges him to make them one visit more; yet owns, that his family are not unanimous in the request: But that he and Father Marescotti, and the Marchioness, are extremely earnest that this indulgence should be granted to the wishes of his dear Sister.

‘He offers to meet him, at his own appointment, and conduct him to Bologna; where, he tells him, his presence will rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous consent to the enterview so much desired: And says, that if this measure, which he is sorry he has so long withstood, answers not his hopes, he will advise the shutting up of their Clementina in a Nunnery, or to consign her to private hands, where she shall be treated kindly, but as persons in her unhappy circumstances are accustomed to be treated.’

Sir Charles then shewed me a Letter from Signor Jeronymo; in which he acquaints him with the dangerous way he is in. He tells him,

‘That his life is a burden to him. He wishes it was brought to its period. He does not think himself in skilful hands. He complains most of the wound which is in his hip-joint and which has hitherto bassled the art both of the Italian and French surgeons who have been consulted. He wishes, that himself and Sir Charles had been of one country, he says, since the greatest felicity he now has to wish for, is to yield up his life to the Giver of it, in the arms of his Grandison.’

He mentions not one word in this melancholy Letter of his unhappy sister: Which Sir Charles accounted for, by supposing, that she not being at Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable way, everything relating to her, that was likely to disturb him.

He then read part of a Letter written in English, by the admired Mrs. Beaumont; some of the contents of which were, as you shall hear, extremely affecting:

‘Mrs. Beaumont gives him in it an account of the situation of the unhappy young lady; and excuses herself for not having done it before, in answer to his request, by reason of an indisposition under which she had for some time laboured, which had hindered her from making the necessary enquiries.

‘She mentions, that the Lady had received no benefit from her journeyings from place to place; and from her voyage from Leghorn to Naples, and back again; and blames her attendants, who to quiet her, unknown to their principals, for some time, kept her in expectation of seeing her Chevalier, at the end of each;

for her more prudent Camilla, she says, had been hinder'd by illness from attending her, in several of the excursions.

'They had a second time, at her own request, put her into a Nunnery. She at first was so sedate in it as gave them hopes: But the novelty going off, and one of the sisters, to try her, having officiously asked her to go with her into the parlour, where she said, she would be allowed to converse through the grate with a certain English gentleman, her impatience, on her disappointment, made her more ungovernable than they had ever known her; for she had been for two hours before meditating what she would say to him.

'For a week together, she was vehemently intent upon being allowed to visit England; and had engaged her cousins, Sebastiano and Juliano, to promise to escort her thither, if she could obtain leave.

'Her mother brought her off this when nobody else could, only by intreating her, for her sake, never to think of it more.

'The Marchioness then, encouraged by this instance of her obedience, took her under her own care: But the young Lady going on from flight to flight; and the way she was in visibly affecting the health of her indulgent mother; a doctor was found, who was absolutely of opinion, that nothing but harsh methods would avail: And in this advice Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, and the General, concurring, she was told, that she must prepare to go to Milan. She was so earnest to be excused from going thither, and to be permitted to go to Florence to Mrs. Beaumont, that they gave way to her entreaties; and the Marquis himself, accompanying her to Florence, prevailed on Mrs. Beaumont to take her under her care.

'With her she staid three weeks: She was tolerably sedate in that space of time; but most so, when she was talking of England, and of the Chevalier Grandison, and his sisters, with whom she wished to be acquainted. She delighted to speak English, and to talk of the tenderness and goodness of her tutor; and of what he had said to her, upon such and such a subject.

'At the three weeks end, the General made her a visit, in company of Lady Sforza; and her talk being all on this subject, they were both highly displeased; and hinted, that she was too much indulged in it; and, unhappily, she repeating some tender passages that passed in the interview her mother had permitted her to hold with the Chevalier, the General would have it, that Mr. Grandison had designedly, from the first, sought to give himself consequence with her; and expressed himself, on the occasion, with great violence against him.

'He carried his displeasure to extremity, and obliged her to go away with his aunt and him that very day, to her great regret; and as much to the regret of Mrs.

Beaumont, and of the Ladies her friends; who tenderly loved the innocent visionary, as sometimes they called her. And Mrs. Beaumont is sure, that the gentle treatment she met with from them, would in time, tho' perhaps slowly, have greatly helped her.'

Mrs. Beaumont then gives an account of the harsh treatment the poor young Lady met with.

Sir Charles Grandison would have stopt reading here. He said, he could not read it to me, without such a change of voice, as would add to my pain, as well as to his own.

Tears often stole down my cheeks, when I read the Letters of the Bishop and Signor Jeronymo, and as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs. Beaumont's Letter: And I doubted not but what was to follow would make them flow. Yet, I said, Be pleased, Sir, to let me read on. I am not a stranger to distress. I can pity others, or I should not deserve pity myself.

He pointed to the place; and withdrew to the window.

Mrs. Beaumont says,

'That the poor mother was prevailed upon to resign her child wholly to the management of Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, who took her with them to their Palace in Milan.

'The tender parent, however, besought them to spare all unnecessary severity; which they promised: But Laurana objected to Camilla's attendance. She was thought too indulgent; and her servant Laura, as a more manageable person, was taken in her place'

. And O how cruelly, as you shall hear, did they treat her!

Father Marescotti, being obliged to visit a dying relation at Milan, was desired by the Marchioness to inform himself of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her Letters boasted of both. The good Father acquainted Mrs. Beaumont with the following particulars:

'He was surprised to find a difficulty made of his seeing the Lady: But insisting on it, he found her to be wholly spiritless, and in terror; afraid to speak, afraid to look, before her cousin Laurana; yet seeming to want to complain to him. He took notice of this to Laurana — O Father, said she, we are in the right way, I assure you: When we had her first, her Chevalier, and an interview with him, were ever in her mouth; but now she is in such order, that she never speaks a word of him. But what, asked the compassionate Father, must she have suffered, to be brought to this? Don't you, Father, trouble yourself about that, replied the cruel Laurana: The doctors have given their opinion, that some severity was necessary. It is all for her good.

‘The poor Lady expressed herself to him, with earnestness, after the veil; a subject on which, it seems, they indulged her; urging, that the only way to secure her health of mind, if it could be restored, was to yield to her wishes. Lady Sforza said, that it was not a point that she herself would press; but it was her opinion, that her family sinned in opposing a divine dedication; and, perhaps, their daughter’s malady might be a judgment upon them for it.

The Father, in his Letter to Mrs. Beaumont,

‘ascribes to Lady Sforza self-interested motives for her conduct; to Laurana, envy on account of Lady Clementina’s superior qualities; But nobody, he says, till now, doubted Laurana’s love of her.’

Father Marescotti then gives a shocking instance of the barbarous Laurana’s treatment of the noble sufferer — All for her good — Wretch! how my heart rises against her! Her servant Laura, under pretence of consessing to her Bologna Father, in tears, acquainted him with it. It was perpetrated but the day before.

‘When any severity was to be exercised upon the unhappy Lady, Laura was always shut out of her apartment. Her Lady had said something that she was to be chidden for. Lady Sforza, who was not altogether so severe as her daughter, was not at home. Laura listned in tears: She heard Laurana in great wrath with Lady Clementina, and threaten her — and her young Lady break out to this effect — What have I done to you, Laurana, to be so used? — You are not the cousin Laurana you used to be? You know I am not able to help myself: Why do you call me crazy, and frantic Laurana; [Vile upbraider, Lucy!] If the Almighty has laid his upon me, should I not be pitied? —

‘It is all for your good! It is all for your good, Clementina! You could not always have spoken so sensibly, cousin.

‘Cruel Laurana! You loved me once! I have no Mother, as you have. My Mother was a good Mother: But she is gone! Or I am gone, I know not which!

‘She threatned her then with the Strait Waistcoat, a punishment which the unhappy Lady was always greatly terrified at. Laura heard her beg and pray, but, Laurana coming out, she was forced to retire.

‘The poor young Lady apprehending her cruel cousin’s return with the threatned waistcoat, and with the woman that used to be brought in when they were disposed to terrify her, went down and hid herself uuder a stair-case, where she was soon discovered by her cloaths, which she had not been careful to draw in after her.’

O! Lucy! how I wept! How insupportable to me, said Sir Charles, would have been my reflexions, had my conscience told me, that I had been the wilful cause of the noble Clementina’s calamity!

After I had a little recovered, I read to myself the next paragraph, which related,

‘That the cruel Laurana dragged the sweet sufferer by her gown, from her hiding place, inveighing against her, threatning her: She, all patient, resigned, her hands crossed on her bosom, praying for mercy, not by speech, but by her eyes, which however wept not: And causing her to be carried up to her chamber, there punished her with the Strait Waistcoat as she had threatned

‘Father Marescotti was greatly affected with Laura’s relation, as well as with what he had himself observed: But on his return to Bologna, dreading to acquaint her Mother, for her own sake, with the treatment her Clementina met with, he only said, he did not quite approve of it, and advised her not to oppose the young Lady’s being brought home, if the Bishop and the General came into it: But he laid the whole matter before the Bishop, who wrote to the General to join with him out of hand, to release their sister from her present bondage: And the General meeting the Bishop on a set day at Milan, for that purpose, the Lady was accordingly released.

‘A breach ensued upon it, with Lady Sforza and her daughter; who would have it, that Clementina was much better for their management. They had by terror broke her spirit, and her passiveness was reckoned upon as an indication of amendment.

‘The Marchioness being much indisposed, the young Lady attended by her Camilla, was carried to Naples; where it is supposed she now is. Poor young Lady, how has she been hurried about! — But who can think of her cousin Laurana without extreme indignation?

‘Mrs. Beaumont writes, that the Bishop would fain have prevailed upon his brother, the General, to join with him in an invitation to Sir Charles Grandison to come over, as a last expedient, before they locked her up either in a Nunnery, or in some private house: but the General would by no means come into it.

‘He asked, What was proposed to be the end of Sir Charles’s visit, were all that was wished from it to follow, in his sisters restored mind? — He never, he said, would give his consent that she should be the wife of an English protestant.

‘The Bishop declared, that he was far from wishing her to be so: But he was for leaving that to after-consideration. Could they but restore his sister to her reason, that reason, co-operating with her principles, might answer all their hopes.

‘He might try his expedient, the General said, with all his heart: But he looked upon the Chevalier Grandison to be a man of art; and he was sure he must have entangled his sister by methods imperceptible to her, and to them; but yet more efficacious to his ends, than an open declaration. Had he not, he asked, found

means to fascinate Olivia and as many women as he came into company with? — For his part, he loved not the Chevalier. He had forced him by his intrepidity to be civil to him: But forced civility was but a temporary one. It was his way to judge of causes by the effects: And this he knew, that he had lost a sister who would have been a jewel in the Crown of a prince: And would not be answerable for consequences, if he and Sir Charles Grandison were once more to meet, be it where it would.

'Father Marescotti, however, joining, as the Bishop writes, with him, and the Marchioness, in a desire to try this expedient; and being sure that the Marquis quis and Signor Jeronymo would not be averse to it, he took a resolution to write over to him, as has been related.'

This, Lucy, is the state of the unhappy case, as briefly and as clearly as my memory will serve to give it. And what a rememberer, if I may make a word, is the heart! — Not a circumstance escapes it.

And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles what answer he had returned.

Was not my situation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles asked my opinion, before he had taken his resolutions, I should have given it with my whole heart, that he should fly to the comfort of the poor Lady. But then he would have shewn a suspense unworthy of Clementina; and a compliment to me, which a good man so circumstanced ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor affected word is regard!) was nevertheless as strong as ever. Generosity, or rather justice, to Clementina, and that so often avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways. — I wanted to consider with myself for a few moments: I was desirous to clear the conduct that I was to shew on this trying occasion, as well of precipitance as of affectation; and my cousin Reeves just then coming in for something she wanted, I took the opportunity, while he made a compliment to her, to say, as to both, I will return immediately: And withdrew.

I went up to my own apartment. I traversed my antechamber, three or four times: Harriet Byron, said I to myself, be not mean. Hast thou not the example of a Clementina before thee? Her religion and her love, combating together, have overturned the noble creature's reason. Thou canst not be called to such a tryal: But canst thou not shew, that if thou wert, thou couldst have acted greatly, if not so greatly? — Sir Charles Grandison is just: He ought to prefer to thee the excellent Clementina. Priority of claim, compassion for the noble sufferer, merits so superior! — I love him for his merits: Shall I not love merits nearly as great in one of my own sex? The struggle will cost thee something: But go down, and try to be above thyself.

Down I went, not displeased with myself for haveing been able to resolve upon such an effort. Banish'd to thy retirement, to thy pillow, thought I, be all the girl. Often have I contended for the dignity of my sex; let me now be an example to myself, and not unworthy in my own eyes (when I come to reflect) of an union, could it have been effected, with a man whom a Clementina looked up to with hope.

My cousin withdrew when I came in: Sir Charles met me at the door: I hope he saw dignity in my aspect, without pride.

I spoke, while spirit was high in me, and to keep myself up to it. — My heart bleeds, Sir, for the distresses of your Clementina [Yes, Lucy, I said your Clementina]. I could not but withdraw for a few moments to contemplate her great behaviour: and I most sincerely lament her distresses. What, that is in the power of man, cannot Sir Charles Grandison do? You have honoured me, Sir, with the title of Sister. In the tenderness of that relation, permit me to say, that I dread the effects of the General's petulance: I feel next for you the pain that it must give to your humane heart to be once more personally present to the woes of the inimitable Clementina: But I am sure you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in England, and resolving to hasten over to try, at least, what can be done for the noble sufferer.

Had he praised me highly for this my address to him, it would have looked. such was the situation on both sides, as if he had thought this disinterested behaviour in me, an extraordinary piece of magnanimity, and self-denial; and, of consequence, as if he had supposed I had views upon him, which he wonder'd I could give up. His is the most delicate of human minds.

He led me to my seat, and taking his by me, still holding my passive hand — Ever since I have had the honour of Miss Byron's acquaintance, I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with hers; and hopes to be allowed its claim, tho' such are the delicacies of situation, that I scarcely dare to trust myself to speak upon the subject. From the first, I called Miss Byron my sister; but she is more to me than the dearest sister; and there is a more tender friendship that I aspire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents, on either side, to bar a farther wish: And this I must hope, that she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments.

He paused, I made an effort to speak: But speech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

My heart, resumed he, is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot speak all that is in it. Professions I am not accustomed to make. As I am not conscious of being unworthy of your friendship, I will suppose it; and farther talk to you of my affairs and engagements, as that tender friendship may warrant.

Sir, you do me honour, was all I could say.

I had a letter from the faithful Camilla. I hold not a correspondence with her: But the treatment that her young Lady met with, of which she had got some general intimations, and some words that the Bishop said to her, which expressed his wishes, that I would make them one more visit at Bologna, urged her to write, begging of me, for Heaven's sake, to go over. But unless one of the family had written to me, and by consent of others of it, what hope had I of a welcome, after I had been as often refused, as I had requested while I was in Italy, to be admitted to the presence of the Lady, who was so desirous of one interview more? — Especially, as Mrs. Beaumont gave me no encouragement to go, but the contrary, from what she observed of the inclinations of the family.

Mrs. Beaumont is still of opinion, as in the conclusion of the Letter before you, that I should not go, unless the General and the Marquis join their requests to those of the Marchioness, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti. But I had no sooner perused the Bishop's Letter than I wrote, that I would most chearfully comply with his wishes: But that I should be glad that I might not be under any obligation to go farther than Bologna; where I might have the happiness to attend my Jeronymo, as well as well as his sister.

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was sorry for it: But my judgment was entirely with him.

And now, madam, you will wonder, that you see not any preparations for my departure. All is prepared: I only wait for the company of one gentleman, who is settling his affairs with all expedition to go with me. He is an able, a skilful surgeon, who has had great practice abroad, and in the armies: And having acquired an casy fortune, is come to settle in his native country. My Jeronymo expresses himself dissatisfied with his surgeons. If Mr. Lowther can be of service to him, how happy shall I think myself! And if my presence can be a means to restore the noble Clementina — But how dare I hope it? — And yet I am persuaded, that in her case, and with such a temper of mind (unused to hardship and opposition as she had been) the only way to recover her, would have been by complying with her in every-thing that her heart or head was earnestly set upon: For what controul was necessary to a young Lady, who never, even in the height of her malady, uttered a wish or thought that was contrary to her duty either to God, or her parents; nor yet to the honour of her name, and, allow me, madam, to say, the pride of her sex?

I am under an obligation to go to Paris, proceeded he, from the will of my late friend Mr. Danby. I shall stop there for a day or two only, in order to put things in a way for my last hand, on my return from Italy.

When I am in Italy, I shall perhaps be enabled to adjust two or three accounts that stand out, in relation to the affairs of my Ward.

This day at dinner I shall see Mrs Oldham, and her sons; and in the afternoon, at tea, Mrs. O-Hara and her Husband, and Captain Salmonet.

To-morrow, I hope for the honour of your company, Madam, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves at dinner; and be so good as to engage them for the rest of the day. You must not deny me; because I shall want your influence upon Charlotte, to make her fix Lord G's happy day, that I may be able to see their hands united before I set out: As my return will be uncertain —

Ah, Lucy, more twitches just then! —

Thursday next is the day fixed for the triple marriage of the Danby's. I have promised to give Miss Danby to Mr. Galliard, and to dine with them and their friends at Enfield.

If I can see my Lord W. and Charlotte happy before I go, I shall be highly gratified.

It is another of my wishes, to see my friend Beauchamp in England first, and to leave him in possession of his father's love, and of his mother-in-law's civility. Dr. Bartlet and he will be happy in each other. I shall correspond with the doctor. He greatly admires you, madam, and will communicate to you all you shall think worthy of your notice, relating to the proceedings of a man who will always think himself honoured by your enquiries after him.

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandison then sighed. He seemed to look more than he spoke. I will not promise for my heart, if he treats me with more than the tenderness of friendship: If he gives me room to think that he wishes — But what can he wish? He ought to be, he must be Clementina's: And I will endeavour to make myself happy, if I can maintain the second place in his friendship: And when he offers me this, shall I, Lucy, be so little as to be displeased with the man, who cannot be to me all that I had once hoped he could be? — No! — He shall be the same glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodness of heart, and greatness of mind; and I will think him intitled to my utmost gratitude for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindness he has already shewn me. Is not friendship the basis of my Love? And does he not tender me that?

Nevertheless, at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to start. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not disperse the too ready drop, and felt it stealing down my cheek, I wiped it off — The poor Emily, said I — She will be grieved at parting with you. Emily loves her guardian.

And I love my ward. I once had a thought, madam, of begging your protection of Emily: But as I have two sisters, I think she will be happy under their wings, and in the protection of my good Lord L. and the rather, as I have no doubt of overcoming her unhappy mother, by making her husband's interest a guaranty for her tolerable, if not good, behaviour to her child.

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myself, as I may say, and from my own concerns. We all, Sir, said I, look upon Mr. Beauchamp as a future —

Husband for Emily, madam, interrupted he? — It must not be at my motion. My friend shall be intitled to share with me my whole estate; but I will never seck to lead the choice of my WARD. Let Emily, some time hence, find out the husband she can be happy with; Beauchamp the wife he can love; Emily, if I can help it, shall not be the wife of any man's convenience. Beauchamp is nice, and I will be as nice for my WARD. And the more so, as I hope she herself wants not delicacy. There is a cruelty in perswasion, where the heart rejects the person proposed, whether the urger be parent or guardian.

Lord bless me, thought I, what a man is this!

Do you expect Mr. Beauchamp soon, Sir?

Every day, madam.

And is it possible, Sir, that you can bring all these things to bear before you leave England, and go so soon?

I fear nothing but Charlotte's whimsies: Have you, madam, any reason to apprehend that she is averse to an alliance with Lord G.? His father and aunt are very importunate for an early celebration.

None at all, Sir.

Then I shall depend much upon yours, and Lord and Lady L's influence over her.

He besought my excuse for detaining my attention so long. Upon his motion to go, my two cousins came in. He took even a solemn leave of me, and a very respectful one of them.

I had kept up my spirits to their utmost stretch, I besought my cousins to excuse me for a few minutes. His departure from me was too solemn; and I hurried up to my closet; and after a few involuntary sobs, a flood of tears relieved me. I besought, on my knees, peace to the disturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmness and resignation to my own, and safety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glass, I went down stairs to my cousins; and on their enquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occasion of my red eyes, I said, All is over! All is over! my dear cousins. I cannot blame him: he is all that is noble and good — I can say no more just now. The particulars you shall have from my pen.

I went up stairs to write: And except for one half hour at dinner, and another at tea, I stopt not till I had done.

And here quite tired, uneasy, vexed with myself, yet hardly knowing why, I lay down my pen. — Take what I have written, cousin Reeves: If you can read it do: and then dispatch it to my Lucy.

But, on second thoughts, I will shew it to the two Ladies, and Lord L. before it is sent away. They will be curious to know what passed in a conversation, where the critical circumstances both of us were in, required a delicacy which I am not sure was so well observed on my side, as on his.

I shall, I know, have their pity: But let nobody who pities not the noble Clementina shew any for

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday Night, April 4.

MISS Grandison came to me just as we had supped. She longed, she said, to see me; but was prevented coming before, and desired to know what had passed between her brother and me this morning. I gave her the Letter, which I had but a little while before concluded. He had owned, she said, that he had breakfasted with me, and spoke of me to her and Lord and Lady L. with an ardor, that gave them pleasure. She put my Letter into her bosom. I may, I hope, Harriet — if you please, madam, said I.

If you please, madam, repeated she; and with that do-lo-rous accent too, my Hariet! — My sister and I have been in tears this Morning: Lord L. had much ado to forbear. Sir Charles will soon leave us.

It can't be helped, Charlotte. Did you dine to day in St. James's Square.

No, indeed! — My brother had a certain tribe with him; and the woman also. It is very difficult, I believe, Harriet, for good people to forbear doing sometimes more than goodness requires of them.

Could you not, Charlotte, have sat at table with them for one hour or two?

My brother did not ask me. He did not expect it. He gives every-body their choice, you know. He told me last night who were to dine with him to-day, and supposed I would choose to dine with Lady L. or with you, he was so free as to say.

He did us an honour, which you thought too great a one. But if he had asked you, Charlotte —

Then I should have bridled. Indeed, I asked him, If he did not over-do it.

What was his answer?

Perhaps he might. — But I, said he, may never see Mrs. Oldham again. I want to inform myself of her future intentions, with a view (over-do it again, Charlotte!) to make her easy and happy for life. Her children are in the world. I want to give her a credit that will make her remembred by them, as they grow up, with duty. I hope I am superior to forms. She is conscious. I can pity her. She is a gentlewoman; and intitled to a place at any man's table to whom she never was a servant. She never was mine.

And what, Miss Grandison, could you say in answer? asked I.

What! — Why I put up my lip.

Ungracious girl!

I can’t help it. That may become a man to do in such cases as this, that would not a woman.

Sir Charles wants not delicacy, my dear, said I.

He must suppose, that I should have sat swelling, and been reserved: He was right not to ask me — So be quiet, Harriet — And yet perhaps, you would be as tame to a husband’s mistress, as you seem favourable to a father’s.

She then put on one of her arch looks —

The cases differ, Charlotte — But do you know what passed between the generous man, and the mortified woman and her children; mortified as they must be by his goodness?

Yes, yes; I had curiosity enough to ask Dr. Bartlett about it all.

Pray, Charlotte —

Dr. Bartlett is favourable to every-body, sinners as well as saints — He began with praising the modesty of her dress, the humility of her behaviour: He said, that she trembled and looked down, till she was reassured by Sir Charles. Such creatures have all their tricks, Harriet.

You, Charlotte, are not favourable to sinners, and hardly to saints. But pray proceed.

Why, he re-assured the woman, as I told you. And then proceeded to ask many questions of the elder Oldham — I pitied that young fellow — to have a mother in his eye, whose very tenderness to the young ones kept alive the sense of her guilt. And yet what would she have been, had she not been doubly tender to the innocents, who were born to shame from her fault? The young man acknowleged a military genius, and Sir Charles told him, that he would, on his return from a journey he was going to take, consider whether he could not do him service in the way he chose. He gave him, it seems, a brief lecture on what he should aim to be, and what avoid, to qualify himself for a man of true honour; and spoke very handsomely of such gentlemen of the army as are real gentlemen. The young fellow, continued Miss Granddison, may look upon himself to be as good as provided for, since my brother never gives the most distant hope that is not followed by absolute certainty, the first opportunity, not that offers, but which he can make.

He took great notice of the little boys. He dilated their hearts, and set them a prating; and was pleased with their prate. The doctor, who had never seen him before in the company of children, applauded him for his vivacity and condescending talk to them. The tenderest father in the world, he said, could not have behaved more tenderly, or shewed himself more delighted with his own children, than he did with those brats of Mrs. Oldham.

Ah, Charlotte! And is it out of doubt, that you are the Daughter of Lady Grandison, and sister of Sir Charles Grandison? — Well, but I believe you are — Some children take after the father, some after the mother! — Forgive me, my dear.

But I won't. I have a great mind to quarrel with you, Harriet.

Pray don't; because I could neither help, nor can be sorry for, what I said. But pray proceed.

Why he made presents to the children. I don't know what they were; nor could the doctor tell me. I suppose very handsome ones; for he has the spirit of a prince. He enquired very particularly after the circumstances of the mother; and was more kind to her than many people would be to their own mothers. — He can account for this, I suppose, — tho' I cannot. The woman, it is true, is of a good family, and so forth: But that enhances her crime. Natural children abound in the present age. Keeping is fashionable. Good men should not countenance such wretches. — But my brother and you are charitable creatures! — With all my heart, child. Virtue, however, has at least as much to say on one side of the question as on the other.

When the poor children are in the world, as your brother said — When the poor women are penitents, true penitents — Your brother's treatment of Mrs. Giffard was different. He is in both instances an imitator of the Almighty; an humbler of the impenitent, and an encourager of those who repent.

Well, well; He is undoubtedly a good sort of young man; and, Harriet, you are a good sort of young woman. Where much is given, much is required: But I have not given me such a large quantity of charity, as either of you may bost: And how can I help it? — But, however, the woman went away blessing and praising him; and that, the doctor says, more with her eyes than she was able to do in words. The elder youth departed in rapturous reverence: The children hung about his knees, on theirs. The doctor will have it, that it was without bidding — Perhaps so — He raised them by turns to his arms, and kissed them. — Why, Harriet! Your eyes glisten, child. They would hae run over, I suppose, had you been there! Is it, that your heart is weakened with your present situation? I hope not. No, you are a good creature! And I see that the mention of a behaviour greatly generous, however slightly made, will have its force upon a heart so truly benevolent as yours. You must be Lady Grandison, my dear: Indeed you must. — Well, but I must be gone. You dine with us to-morrow, my brother says?

He did ask me; and desired me to engage my cousins. But he repeated not the invitation when he went away.

He depends upon your coming: And so do we. He is to tlk to me before you, it seems: I can't tell about what: But by his hurrying on every-thing, it is plain he is

preparing to leave us.

He is, madam.

“He is, madam!”

And with that dejected air, and mendicant voice — Speak up like a woman! — The sooner he sets out, if he must go, the sooner he will return. Come, come, Harriet, you shall be Lady Grandison still — Ay! and that sigh too! These lovesick folks, have a language that no body else can talk to them in: And then she affectedly sighed — Is that right, Harriet? — She sighed again — No, it is not: I never knew what a sigh was, but when my father vexed my sister; and that wa more for fear he should one day be as cruel to me, than for her sake. We can be very generous for others, Harriet, when we apprehend that one day we may want the same pity ourselves. Our best passion, my dear, have their mixtures of self-love.

You have drawn a picture of human nature, Charlotte, that I don’t like.

It is a likeness for all that.

She arose, snatched my hand, hurried to the door — Be with us Harriet, and cousin Reeves, and cousin Reeves, as soon as you can to-morrow. I want to talk to you, my dear (to me) of an hundred thousand things before dinner. Remember we dine early.

Away she fluttered — Happy Miss Grandison! What charming spirits she has!

LETTER IX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, April 5.

MISS Jervois came to me this morning by six; impatient, as she said, to communicate good news to me. I was in my closet writing. I could not sleep.

I have seen my mother, said she; and we are good friends. Was she ever unkind to me, madam?

Dear creature! said I, and clasped her to my bosom, you are a sweet girl! Oblige me with the particulars.

Let me, Lucy, give you, as near as I can recollect the amiable young creature's words and actions on this occasion.

Sit down, my love, said I. — What! When I am talking of a reconciled mother! And to dear Miss Byron! — No, indeed.

She often held out one open hand, while the forefinger of the other, in full action, patted it; as at other times both were spread, with pretty wonder and delight: and thus she began:

Why, you must know, it was about six o'clock yesterday afternoon, that my mother and her husband, and Captain Salmonet, came. I was told of their visit, but two hours before: And when the coach stopped, and I at the window saw them alight, I thought I should have fainted away. I would have given half I was worth in the world to have been an hundred miles off.

Dr. Bartlett was there, and received them. My guardian was unexpectedly engaged in answering a Letter sent him by Lord W. for which a gentleman waited: But they had not been there a quarter of an hour, when he entered, and made apologie, to them in his usual gracious manner. Never, the Doctor says, did any body look so respectful as the Major and the Captain; and they would have made apologies to my guardian for their last behaviour to him; but he would not let them. And my mother, the doctor says, from the very first behaved prettily.

The moment she asked for me, my guardian himself condescended to come up to me, and took my hand — Was not that very good of him? — My dear said he, as he led me down stairs (and spoke so kindly) don't tremble so: Am I not with you? — Your mother is very calm and composed: You must ask her blessing. I shall ease your tender heart of every pang. I shall hint to you what to do, and how to behave to the gentlemen as occasions arise.

He had no sooner said the words, but the drawingroom-door gave way to his hand, and I was in the room with him.

Down on my knees dropt I — as I now do to you: But I could not speak. Thus I did [and she kissed my hand, and bowed her face upon it]. And my mother raised me — You must raise me, madam — Yes, just so — And she kissed me too, and wept on my neck; and called me pretty names; and encouraged me, and said she loved me, as she loved her own soul — And I was encouraged.

My guardian then, with the air and manner of a gracious prince, took my hand, and presented it first to the Major, then to the Captain: and they each kissed my hand, and spoke in my praise, I can't tell how many fine things.

Major, said my guardian, when he presented me to him, you must excuse the dear child's weakness of spirits: she wishes you all happiness on your nuptials: She has let me know, that she is very desirous to do you service for her mother's sake.

The Major swore by his Soul I was an angel! — Captain Salmonet said, that by his Salvation, I was a charming young Lady!

My Mother wept — O Sir! said she to my guardian: And dropping down in a chair by the window, not a word more could she speak.

I ran to her, and clasped my arms about her. She wept the more: I wiped her eyes with her own handkerchief: I told her, it went to my heart to see her cry: I begged she would spare me this grief.

She clasped her arms then about me, and kissed my cheek, and my forehead. O thought I, it is very good of you, my dear mother.

Then came my guardian to us, and he kindly took my mother's hand, and conducted her to the fire-side; and he led me, and placed me by her, at the tea-table; and he made the Major and the Captain sit down by him: So much graciousness in his countenance. O madam, I shall be an Idolater, I am afraid. And he said, Emily, my dear, you will make tea for us. My sister dined abroad, madam, to my Mother. — Yes, Sir, I will, said I: And I was as lively as a bird.

But before the servants came in, Let me tell you, madam, said he, what Miss Jervois has proposed to me. — They were in silent expectation.

She has desired that you, Major, will accept from her, for your mutual ease, of an additional 100l. a year; which I shall order to be paid you quarterly, during Mrs. O-Hara's life, not doubting but you will make her as happy as it is in your power to make her.

My mother bowed, coloured with gratitude, and looked obliged.

And she begs of you, madam, turning to my mother, that you will accept as from the Major, another 100l. a year, for pin-money, which he, or which you, madam, will draw upon me for; also quarterly, if you choose not to trouble him to do it: For this 100l. a year must be appropriated to your sole and separate use, madam; and not be subject to your controul, Major O-Hara.

Good God! Sir! said the Major! — What a wretch was I, the last time I was here! — There is no bearing of this!

He got up, and went to the window: And the Captain said, blessed Jesu! and something else, which I could not mind; for I was weeping like a baby.

What, Sir, said my mother, 400l. a year! Do you mean so? — I do, madam — And, Sir, to be so generously paid me my 100l. of it, as if I received it not from my child, but from my husband! — Good God! How you overpower me, Sir! What shame, what remorse, do you strike into my heart!

And my poor mother's tears ran down as fast as mine.

O madam, said the dear girl to me, clasping her arms about me, how your tender heart is touched! — It is well you were not there!

Dr. Bartlett came in to tea. My guardian would not permit Antony, who offered himself, to wait. Antony had been my own papa's servant, when my mother was not so good.

Nothing but blessings, nothing but looks and words of admiration and gratitude, passed all the tea-time. How their hearts rejoiced I warrant! — Is it not a charming thing, madam, to make people's hearts glad? — To be sure it is! How many hearts has my guardian rejoiced! You must bid him be cross to me, or I shall not know what to do with myself! — But then, if he was, I should only get by myself, and cry, and be angry with myself, and think he could not be to blame.

O my love, my Emily! said I, take care of your gratitude: That drew in your true Friend.

Well, but how can it be helped, madam? Can a right heart be ungrateful? Dr. Bartlett says, There is no such thing as true happiness in this life: And is it not better to be unhappy from good men and women, than from bad? — Dear madam, why you have often made me unhappy, because of your goodness to me; and because I knew, that I neither could deserve nor return it.

The dear prater went on — My guardian called me aside, when tea was over. My Emily, said he — [I do love he should call me his Emily! — But all the world is his Emily, I think] Let me see what you will do with these two notes; giving me two Bank-notes of 25l. each. — Present pin-money and cash may be wanted. We will suppose that your mother has been married a quarter of a year. Her pin-money and the additional annuity may commence from the 25th of December last. Let me, Emily, when they go away, see the graceful mannner in which you will dispose of the notes: And from Mr. O-Hara's behaviour upon it, we shall observe whether he is a man with whom your mother, if it be not her own fault (now you have made it their interest to be kind to each other) may live well: But the motion be all your own.

How good this was! I could have kissed the hand that gave me the notes, if I thought it would not have looked too free.

I understand you, Sir, said I.

And when they went away, pouring out their very hearts in grateful joy, I addressed myself to Mr. O-Hara; Sir, said I, it is proper that the payment of the additional annuity should have a commencement. Let it be from Christmas last. Accept of the first payment from my own hands — And I gave him one 25l. note: And looking at my mother, with a look of duty, for fear he should mistake, and discredit himself in the eyes of the deepest discerner in the world, gave him the other.

He looked upon first one then upon the other note with surprize — And then bowing to the ground to me, and to my guardian, he stept to my mother, and presented them both to her. You, madam, said he, must speak: I cannot as I ought: God send me with a whole heart out of this house! He hurried out, and when he was in the hall, wiped his eyes, and sobbed like a child, as one of the servants told my Anne.

My mother looked upon one note as her husband had done, and upon the other; and, lifting up her eyes, embraced me — And would have said something to my guardian, but he prevented her by saying — Emily will be always dutiful to you, madam, and respectful to Mr. O-Hara: May you be happy together!

And he led her out — Was ever such a condescension! He led her out to her husband, who, being a little recovered, was just about to give some money to the servant, who was retiring from the offer — Nobody, said my guardian, graciously smiling, pays my servants but myself, Mr. O-Hara. They are good people, and merit my favour.

And he went to the very door with my mother. I could not. I ran back, crying for joy, into the drawing-room; when they went out of it. I could not bear myself. How could I, you know, madam? — Captain Salmonet all the time wiped his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, lifted up his hands, and cried out upon Jesu; and once or twice he crossed himself: But all the time my guardian looked and acted, as if those actions and praises were nothing to be proud of.

When he came in to me, I arose, and threw myself at his feet; but could only say, Thank you, Sir, for your goodness to my mother. He raised me. He sat down by me: See, child (said he, and he took my hand: My heart was sensible of the favour, and throbbed with joy) what it is in the power of people of fortune to do. You have a great one. Now your mother is married, I have hopes of her. They will at least keep up appearances to each other, and to the world. They neither of them want sense. You have done an act of duty and benevolence both in one. The man

who would grudge them this additional 200l. a year out of your fortune, to make your parent happy, shall not have my Emily — Shall he?

Your Emily, your happy Emily, Sir, has not, cannot have a heart that is worth notice, if it be not implicitly guided by you. — This I said, madam; and it is true.

And did he, not said I, clasp his Emily to his generous bosom, when you said so?

No, madam; that would have been too great an honour: But he called me, Good child! And said, you shall never be put to pay me an implicit regard: Your own reason (and he called me child again) shall always be the judge of my conduct to you, and direct your observances of my advice. Something like this he said; but in a better manner than I can say it.

He calls me oftner child, madam, than any-thing else when we are alone together; and is not quite so free, I think, at such times, in his behaviour to me (yet is vastly gracious I don't know how) as when we are in company — Why is that? I am sure, I equally respect him, at one time as at another — Do you think, madam, there is any-thing in the observation? Is there any reason for it? — I do love to study him, and to find out the meaning of his very looks as well as words. Sir Charles Grandison's heart is the book of heaven — May I not study it?

Study it, my love! while you have an opportunity. But he will soon leave us: He will soon leave Engalnd.

So I fear: And I will love and pity the poor Clementina, whose heart is so much wounded and oppressed. But my guardian shall be no body's but yours. I have prayed night and day, the first thing and the last thing, ever since I have heard of Lady Clementina, that you, and nobody but you, may be Lady Grandison: And I will continue my prayers — But will you forgive me: I always conclude them with praying, that you will both consent to let the poor Emily live with you.

Sweet girl! The poor Emily, said she? — I embraced her, and we mingled tears, both our hearts full, each for the other, and each perhaps for herself.

She hurried away. I resumed my pen. — Run off what had passed, almost as swift as thought, I quit it, to prepare to attend my cousins to St. James's Square.

LETTER X.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday Night, April 5.

MISS Grandison, as I told you, took with her my Letter of yesterday. As soon as my cousin Reeves and I entered Sir Charles's house, the two sisters conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-parlour, and congratulated me on the high compliment their brother had made me, tho' in preference to themselves, and his communicativeness and tender behaviour to me. Lord L. joined us, and he, having read the Letter, congratulated me also — On what, Lucy? — Why on the possibility, that if the unhappy Clementina should die; or if she should be buried for life in a nunnery; or if she should be otherwise disposed of; why then, that your Harriet may have room given her to hope for a civil husband in Sir Charles Grandison, and half a heart; Is not this the sum of these humbling congratulations?

Sir Charles, when we came, was in his Study with Mr. Lowther, the surgeon whom he had engaged to go abroad with him: But he just came out to welcome us; and then returned. — He had also with him two physicians eminent for their knowlege in disorders of the head, to whom he had before communicated the case of the unhappy Clementina; and who brought to him in writing their opinions of the manner in which she ought to be treated, according to the various symptoms of her disorder.

When he joined us, he told us this; and said very high things at the same time in praise of the English surgeons; and particularly of this gentleman: And added, that as nervous disorders were more frequent in England, than in any country in the world, he was willing to hope, that the English physicians were more skilful than those of any other country in the management of persons afflicted with such maladies: And as he was now invited over, he was determined to furnish himself with all the means he could think of, that were likely to be useful in restoring and healing friends so dear to him.

Miss Grandison told him, that we were all in some apprehensions, on his going to Italy, of that fierce and wrong-headed man the General. Miss Byron, said she, has told us, that Mrs. Beaumont advises not your going over.

The young Marquis della Porretta, said he, is hasty; but he is a gallant man, and loves his sister. His grief on the unhappy situation they are in demands allowance. It is natural in an heavy calamity to look out of ourselves for the occasion. I have not any apprehensions from him, or from any body else. The call

upon me is a proper one. The issue must be left where it ought to be left. If my visit will give comfort to any one of the family, I shall be rewarded: If to more than one happy — And, whatever be the event, shall be easier in myself, than I could be, were I not to comply with the request of the Bishop, were he only to have made it.

Lord L. asked Sir Charles, whether he had fixed the day of his setting out?

I have, said he, within this half hour. Mr. Lowther has told me, that he should be ready by the beginning of next week; and on Saturday seven-night, I hope to be at Dover on my way.

We looked upon one another. Miss Grandison told me afterwards, that my colour went and came several times, and that she was afraid for me. My heart was indeed a little affected. I believe I must not think of taking leave of him when he sets out. Ah Lucy! Nine days hence! — Yet, in less than nine days after that, I shall be embraced by the tenderest relations that ever creature had to boast of.

Sir Charles taking his sister aside, I want, said he, to say a few words to you, Charlotte. They were about half an hour together; and then returning, I am encouraged to think, said he, that Charlotte will give her hand to Lord G. She is a woman of honour, and her heart must therefore go with it. — I have a request to make to her, before all you our common friends — The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, Lord G. all join in one suit: It is, that I may be allowed to give my sister to Lord G. before I leave England.

I have told you, brother, that it is impossible, if you go away in nine or ten days time.

Sir Charles particularly requested my influence. I could have no doubt, I said, but Miss Grandison would oblige her brother.

She vehemently opposed so early a day.

In a most affectionate manner, yet with an air of seriousness, he urged his request. He said, that it was very proper for him to make some dispositions of his affairs before he went abroad. He should leave England with much more pleasure, if he saw his Charlotte the wife of a man so worthy as Lord G.: Lord G. said he, adores you: You intend to be his: Resolve to oblige your brother, who, tho' he cannot be happy himself, wishes to see you so.

O Sir Charles! — You ruin me by your solemnity, and by your goodness.

The subject is not a light one. I am greatly in earnest, Charlotte. I have many affairs on my hands. My heart is in this company; yet my engagements will permit me but few opportunities to enjoy it between this and Tuesday next. If you deny me now, I must acquiesce If you have more than punctilio to plead, say you have; and I will not urge you farther.

And so this is the last time of asking, Sir? A little archly —

Not the last time of my Lord G.'s — But of mine — But I will not allow you now to answer me lightly. — If you can name a day before Tuesday, you will greatly oblige me. I will leave you to consider of it. And he withdrew.

Every-one then urged her to oblige her brother. Lady L. very particularly. She told her, that he was intitled to her compliance; and that he had spoken to her on this subject in a still more earnest manner. She should hardly be able to excuse her, she said, if the serious hint he had given about settling his affairs before he went abroad, had not weight with her. You know, Charlotte, continued she, that he can have no motive but your good; and you have told me, that you intend to have Lord G. and that you esteem his father, his aunt, and every one of his family, whom you have seen; and they are highly pleased with you. Settlements are ready drawn: That my brother told you last night. Nothing is wanting but your day.

I wish he was in half the hurry to be married himself.

So he would be, I dare say, if marriage were as much in his power, as it is in yours.

What a duce, to be married to a man in a week's time, with whom I have quarrell'd every day for a fortnight past — Pride and petulance must go down by degrees, sister. A month, at least, is necessary, to bring my features to such a placidness with him, as to allow him to smile in my face.

Your brother has hinted, Charlotte, said I, that he loves you for your vivacity; and should still more, if you consulted time and occasion.

He has withdrawn, sister, said Lord L. with a resolution, if you deny him, to urge you no farther.

I hate his peremptoriness.

Has he not told you, Charlotte, said I, and that in a manner so serious, as to affect every body, that there is a kind of necessity for it?

I don't love this Clementina, Harriet: All this is owing to her.

Just then a rapping at the door signified visitors; and Emily ran in — Lord G. the Earl and Lady Gertrude, believe me!

Miss Grandison changed colour. A contrivance of my brother's! — Ah! Lord! Now shall I be beset! — I will be sullen, that I may not be saucy.

Sullen you can't be, Charlotte, said Lady L.: Bnt saucy you can. Remember, however, my Brother's earnestness, and spare Lord G. before his father and aunt, or you will give me and every-body, pain.

How can I? Our last quarrel is not made up: But advise him not to be either impertinent or secure.

Immediately enter'd Sir Charles, introducing the Earl and Lady Gertrude. After the first compliments, Pray, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, drawing him aside, towards me, and whispering, tell me truly: Did you not know of this visit?

I invited them, Charlotte, whispered he. I meant not however to surprise you. If you comply, you will give me great pleasure: If you do not, I will not be displeased with my sister.

What can I do? Either be less good to me, Sir, or less hurrying.

You have sacrificed enough to female punctilio, Charlotte, Lord G. has been a zealous courtier. You have no doubt of the ardor of his passion, nor of your own power. Leave the day to me. Let it be Tuesday next.

Good heaven! I can't bear you, after such a — And she gasped, as if for breath; and he turning from her to me, she went to Lady Gertrude, who rising, took her hand and withdrew with her into the next room.

They staid out till they were told dinner was served: And when they returned, I thought I never saw Miss Grandison look so lovely. A charming flush had overspread her cheeks: a sweet consciousness in her eyes gave a female grace to her whole aspect, and softened, as I may say, the natural Majesty of her fine features.

Lord G. looked delighted, as if his heart were filled with happy presages. The Earl seemed no less pleased.

Miss Grandison was unusually thoughtful all dinnertime: She gave me great joy to see her so, in the hope, that when the lover becomes the husband, the overlively mistress will be sunk in the obliging wife. — And yet, now and then, as the joy in my Lord's heart overflowed at his lips, I could observe that archness rising to her eye, that makes one both love and fear her.

After dinner the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, desired a conference with Sir Charles and Lady L. They were not long absent, when Sir Charles came in, and carried out Miss Grandison to them. Lord G's complexion varied often.

Sir Charles left them together, and joined us. We were standing; and he singled me out. — I hope, madam, said he, that Charlotte may be prevailed upon for Tuesday next: But I will not urge it farther.

I thought that he was framing himself to say something particular to me, when Lady L. came in, and desired him and me to step to her sister, who had retired, from the Earl and Lady Gertrude, by consent.

Ah, my Harriet! said she, pity me, my dear! — Debasement is the child of pride — Then turning to Sir Charles, I acknowlege myself overcome, said she, by your earnestness, as you are so soon to leave us; and by the importunities of the Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and by Sister — Unprepared in mind, in cloaths, I am resolved to oblige the best of brothers. Do you, Sir, dispose of me as you think fit.

My sister consents, Sir, said Lady L. for next Tuesday.

Chearfully, I hope. If Charlotte balances whether, if she took more time, she should have Lord G. at all, let her take it. Lord L. in my absence, will be to her all

that I wish to be, when she shall determine.

I balance not, Sir: But I thought to have had a month's time, at least, to look about me, and having treated Lord G. too slippantly, to give him by degrees some fairer prospects of happiness with me, than hitherto he has had.

Sir Charles embraced her. She was all his Sister, he said. Let the alteration now begin. Lord G. would rejoice in it, and consider all that had passed, as trials only of his love for her. The obliging wife would banish from his remembrance the petulant mistress. And now, allow me, my dear sister, to present you to the Earl and Lady Gertrude.

He led her in to them. Lady L. took my hand, and led me in also. — Charlotte, my Lord, yields to yours and Lady Gertrude's importunities. Next Tuesday will give the two families a near and tender relation to each other.

The Earl saluted her in a very affectionate manner: So did Lady Gertrude; who afterwards run out for her nephew;and, leading him in, presented him to Miss Grandison.

She had just time to whisper me, as he approach'd her; Ah, Harriet! now comes the worst part of the shew. — He kneeled on one knee, kissed her hand; but was too much overjoyed to speak; for Lady Gertrude had told him, as she led him in, that Tuesday was to be his happy day.

It is impossible, Lucy, but Sir Charles Grandison must carry every point he sets his heart upon. When he shall appear before the family of Porretta in Italy, who will be able to withstand him? — Is not his consequence doubled, more than doubled, since he was with them? The man whose absence they requested, they now invite to come among them. They have tried every experiment to restore their Clementina: He has a noble estate now in possession. The fame of his goodness is gone out to distant countries. O my dear! All opposition must fly before him. And if it be the will of heaven to restore Clementina, all her friends must concur in giving her to him upon the terms he has proposed; and from which having himself proposed them, Sir Charles Grandison cannot recede.

His heart, it is evident, is at Bologna. Well, and so it ought to be. And yet I could not forbear being sensibly touched by the following words, which I overheard him say to Lord L. in answer to something my Lord said to him:

'I am impatient to be abroad. Had I not waited for Mr. Lowther, th last Letters I received from Italy should have been ⟨◊⟩ in person'

But as honour, compasion, love, friendship (still nobler than love!) have demands upon him, let him obey the call. He has set me high in his esteem. Let me be worthy of his friendship. Pangs I shall occasionally feel; but who that values one person above the rest of the world, does not?

Sir Charles, as we sat at tea, mentioned his cousin Grandison to Lord L.: It is strange, my Lord, said he, that we hear nothing of our cousin Everard, since he was seen at White's. But whenever he emerges, Charlotte, if I am absent, receive him without reproaches: Yet I should be glad that he could have rejoiced with us. Must I leave England, and not see him?

It has been, it seems, the way of this unhappy man, to shut himself up with some woman in private lodgings, for fear his cousin should find him out; and in two or three months, when he has been tired of his wicked companion, emerge, as Sir Charles called it, to notice, and then seek for his cousin's favour and company, and live for as many more months in a state of contrition. And Sir Charles, in his great charity, believes, that till some new temptation arises, he is in earnest in his penitence; and hopes, that in time he will see his errors.

Oh, Lucy! What a poor creeping, mean wretch is a libertine, when one looks down upon him, and up to such a glorious creature as Sir Charles Grandison!

Sir Charles was led to talk of his engagement for to-morrow, on the triple marriage in the Danby family. We all gave him joy of the happy success that had rewarded his beneficient spirit, with regard to that family. He gave us the characters of the three couples greatly to their advantage, and praised the families on both sides, which were to be so closely united on the morrow; not forgetting to mention k ndly honest Mr. Sylvester the attorney.

He told us, that he should set out on Friday early for Windsor, in order to attend Lord W. in his first visit to Mansfield-house. You, Lady L. will have the trouble given you, said he, of procuring to be new-set the jewels of the late Lady W. for a present to the future bride. My Lord shewed them to me (among a great number of other valuable trinkets of his late wife's) in my last return from the Hall. They are rich, and will do credit to his quality. You, my Lord L. you, my sisters, will be charmed with your new aunt, and her whole family. I have joy on the happiness in prospect that will gild the latter days of my mother's brother; and at the same time be a means of freeing from oppression an ancient and worthy family.

Our eyes all round offered, as I may say, to keep in countenance each others sensibility; for they all glistened. There now, thought I, sits this princely man, rejoicing every one who sees him, and hears him speak: But where will he be nine days hence? And whose this day-twelve month?

He talked with particular pleasure of the expected arrival of his Beauchamp. He pleased himself, that he should leave behind him a man who would delight every-body, and supply to his friends his absence. — What a character did he give, and Dr. Bartlett confirm, of that amiable friend of his!

How did the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, dwell upon all he said! They prided themselves on the relation they were likely so soon to stand in to so valuable a man.

In your last Letter, you tell me, Lucy, that Mr. Greville has the confidence to throw out menaces against this excellent man — Sorry wretch! — How my heart rises against him! — He — But no more of such an earth-born creature.

LETTER XI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday Morning, April 6.

MISS Grandison, accompanied by Miss Jervois, has just left us. Lady L. has undertaken, she says, to set all hands at work, to have things in tolerable order, early as the day is, for Tuesday next. Miss Grandison (would you believe it?) owns that she wants spirits to order any-thing. What must be the solemnity of that circumstance, when near, that shall make Charlotte Grandison want spirits?

She withdrew with me to my apartment. She threw herself into a chair: 'Tis a folly to deny it, Harriet, but I am very low, and very silly: I don't like next Tuesday by any means.

Is your objection only to the day, my dear?

I do not like the man.

Is there any man whom you like better?

I can't say that neither. But this brother of mine makes me think contemptibly of all other men. I would compound for a man but half so good; tender, kind, humane, polite, and even chearful in affliction! — O Harriet! where is there such another man?

No-where. — But you don't by marriage lose, on the contrary, you farther engage and secure, the affection of this brother. You will have a good-natured, worthy man for your husband; a man who loves you, and you will have your brother besides.

Do you think I can be happy with Lord G.?

I am sure you may, if it be not your own fault.

That's the thing: I may perhaps bear with the man; but I cannot honour him.

Then don't vow to honour him. Don't meet him at the altar.

Yet I must. But I believe I think too much: And consideration is no friend to wedlock. — Would to heaven that the same hour that my hand and Lord G.'s were joined, yours and my brother's were also united!

Ah, Miss Grandison! If you love me, try to wean me; and not to encourage hopes of what never, never can be.

Dear creature! You will be greater than Clementina, and that is greater than the greatest, if you can conquer a passion, that over-turned her reason.

Do not, my Charlotte, make comparisons in which the conscience of your Harriet tells her she must be a sufferer. There is no occasion for me to despise myself, in order to hold myself inferior to Clementina.

Well, you are a noble creature! — But, the approaching Tuesday — I cannot bear to think of it.

Dear Charlotte!

And dear Harriet too! — But the officiousness, the assiduities, of this trifling man are disgustful to me.

You don't hate him? —

Hate him — True — I don't hate him — But I have been so much accustomed to treat him like a fool, that I can't help thinking him one. He should not have been so tame to such a spirit as mine. He should have been angry when I played upon him. I have got a knack of it, and shall never leave it off, that's certain.

Then I hope he will be angry with you. I hope that he will resent your ill treatment of him.

Too late, too late to begin, Harriet. I won't take it of him now. He has never let me see that his face can become two sorts of features. The poor man can look sorrowful; that I know full well; But I shall always laugh when he attempts to look angry.

You know better, Charlotte. You may give him so much cause for anger, that you may make it habitual to him, and then would be glad to see him pleased. Men have an hundred ways that women have not to divert themselves abroad, when they cannot be happy at home. This I have heard observed by —

By your grandmother, Harriet. Good old Lady! In her reign it might be so; but you will find, that women now have as many ways to divert themselves abroad as the men. Have you not observed this yourself in one of your Letters to Lucy? Ah! my dear! We can every hour of the twenty-four be up with our monarchs, if they are undutiful.

But Charlotte Grandison will not, cannot —

Why that's true, my dear — But I shall not then be a Grandison. Yet the man will have some security from my brother's goodness. He is not only good himself, but he makes every one related to him, either from fear or shame, good likewise. But I think that when one week or fortnight is happily over, and my spirits are got up again from the depression into which this abominable hurry puts them, I could fall upon some inventions that would make every-one laugh, except the person who might take it into his head that he may be a sufferer by them: And who can laugh, and be angry, in the same moment?

You should not marry, Charlotte, till this wicked vein of humour and raillery is stopt.

I hope it will hold me till fifty.

Don't say so, Charlotte — Say rather that you hope it will hold you so long only as it may be thought innocent or inossensive, by the man whom it will be

your duty to oblige, and so long as it will bring no discredit to yourself.

Your servant, Goody Gravity! — But what must be, must. The man is bound to see it. It will be all his own seeking. He will sin with his eyes open. I think he has seen enough of me to take warning. All that I am concerned about is for the next week or fortnight. He will be king all that time — Yet perhaps not quite all neither. And I shall be his sovereign ever after, or I am mistaken. What a duce shall a woman marry a man of talents not superior to her own, and forget to reward herself for her condescension? — But, high-ho! — There's a sigh, Harriet. Were I at home, I would either sing you a song, or play you a tune, in order to raise my own heart.

She besought me then with great earnestness, to give her my company till the day arrived, and on the day. You see, said she, that my brother has engagements till Monday. Dear creature, support, comfort me — Don't you see my heart beat thro' my stays? — If you love me, come to me to-morrow to breakfast; and leave me not for the whole time — Are you not my sister, and the friend of my heart? I will give you a month for it, upon demand. Come, let us go down. I will ask the consent of both your cousins.

She did: And they, with their usual goodness to me, chearfully complied.

Sir Charles set out this morning to attend the triple marriages; drest charmingly, his sister says. I have made Miss Grandison promise to give me an account of such particulars, as by the help of Saunders, and Sir Charles's own relation, she can pick up. All we single girls, I believe, are pretty attentive to such subjects as these; as what one day may be our own concern.

LETTER XII.

MISS GRANDISON, TO MISS BYRON.

Thursday Night.

UNreasonable, wicked, cruel, Byron! To expect a poor creature, so near her execution, to write an account of other peoples behaviour in the same tremendous circumstances! The matrimonial noose has hung over my head for some time past; and now it is actually fitted to my devoted neck. — Almost choaked, my dear! — This moment done hearing read, the firsts, seconds, thirds, fourths, to near a dozen of them — Lord be merciful to us! — And the villainous lawyer rearing up to me his spectacled-nose, as if to see how I bore it! Lord G. insulting me, as I thought, by his odious leers: Lady Gertrude simpering; little Emily ready to bless herself — How will the dear Harriet bear these abominable recitatives? — But I am now up stairs from them all, in order to recover my breath, and obey my Byron.

Well, but what am I now to say about the Danby's? Richard has made his report; Sir Charles has told us some things: Yet I will only give you heads: Make out the rest.

In the first place, my Brother went to Mrs. Harrington's (Miss Danby's aunt): She did every-thing but worship him. She had with her two young ladies, relations of her late husband, dainty damsels of the city, who had procured themselves to be invited, that they might see the man whom they called, A wonder of generosity and goodness. Richard heard one of them say to the other, Ah, sister! This is a king of a man! What pity there are not many such! But, Harriet, if there were an hundred of them, we would not let one of them go into the city for a wife; would we, my dear?

Sir Charles praised Miss Danby. She was full of gratitude; and of humility, I suppose. Meek, modest, and humble, are qualities of which men are mighty fond in women. But matrimony, and a sense of obligation, are equally great humblers even of spirits prouder than that of Miss Danby; as your poor Charlotte can testify.

The young gentlemen, with the rest, were to meet Sir Charles, the Bride, and these Ladies, at St. Helen's, I think the church is called.

As if wedlock were an honour, the Danby girl, in respect to Sir Charles, was to be first yoked. He gave her away to the son Galliard. The father Galliard gave his daughter to Edward Danby: But first Mr. Hervey gave his niece to the elder.

One of the brides, I forget which, fainted away; another half-fainted — Sav'd by timely salts: The third, poor soul, wept heartily — as I suppose I shall do, on Tuesday.

Never surely was there such a matrimony-promoter, as my brother. God give me soon my revenge upon him, in the same way!

The procession afterwards was triumphant — Six coaches, four silly souls in each; and to Mr. Poussin's at Enfield they all drove. There they found another large company. My brother was all chearfulness; and both men and women seemed to contend for his notice: But they were much disappointed at finding he meant to leave them early in the evening.

One married Lady, the wife of Sir — Somebody (I am very bad at remembring the names of cityknights) was resolved, she said, since they could not have Sir Charles to open the Ball, to have one dance before dinner with the handsomest man in England. The music was accordingly called in; and he made no scruple to oblige the company on a day so happy.

Do you know, Harriet, that Sir Charles is supposed to be one of the finest dancers in England? Remember, my dear, that on Tuesday — (Lord help me! I shall be then stupid, and remember nothing) you take him out yourself: And then you will judge for yourself of his excellence in this science — May we not call dancing a science? If we judge by the few who perform gracefully in it, I am sure we may; and a difficult one too.

Sir Charles, it seems, so much delighted every-body, that they would not be denied his dancing with the bride that was so lately Galliard, who was known to be a fine dancer. And when he had so done, he took out the other two brides in turn.

O! — And remember, Harriet, that you get somebody to call upon him to sing — You shall play — I believe I shall frget in that only agreeable moment of the day (for you have a sweet finger, my love) that I am the principal fool in the play of the evening.

O Harriet I — how can I, in the circumstances I am in, write any more about these soft souls, and silly? Come to me, my love, by day dawn, and leave me not till — I don't know when. Come, and take my part, my dear: I shall hate this man: He does nothing but hop, skip, and dance about me, grin and make mouths: and every-body upholds him in it. Must this (I hope not!) be the last time that I write myself to you

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON?

LETTER XIII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

St. James's-Square, Friday Morn. April 7.

SIR Charles Grandison set out early this morning for Lord W.'s, in his way to Lady Mansfield's, I am here with this whimsical Charlotte.

Lady L. Miss Jervois, myself, and every female of the family, or who do business for both sisters out of it, are busy in some way or other, preparatory to the approaching Tuesday.

Miss Grandison is the only idle person. I tell her, she is affectedly so.

The Earl has presented her, in his son's name, with some very rich trinkets. Very valuable jewels are also bespoke by Lord G. who takes Lady L.'s advice in every-thing; as one well read in the fashions. New equipages are bespoke; and gay ones they will be.

Miss Grandison confounded me this morning by an instance of her generosity. She was extremely urgent with me to accept, as her third sister, of her share of her mother's jewels. You may believe, that I absolutely refused such a present. I was angry with her; and told her, she had but one way of making up with me; and that was, that since she would be so completely set out from her Lord, she would unite the two halves, by presenting hers to Lady L. who had refused jewels from her Lord on her marriage; and who then would make an appearance, occasionally, as brilliant as her own.

She was pleased with the hint; and has actually given them (unknown to any-body but me) to her jeweller; who is to dispose them in such figures, as shall answer those she herself is to have, which Lady L. has not. And by this contrivance, which will make them in a manner useless to herself, she thinks she shall oblige her sister, however reluctant, to accept of them.

Lady Gertrude is also preparing some fine presents for her niece elect: But neither the delighted approbation of the family she is entering into, nor the satisfaction expressed by her own friends, give the perverse Charlotte any visible joy, nor procure for Lord G. the distinction which she ought to think of beginning to pay him. But, for his part, never was man so happy. He would, however, perhaps, fare better from her, if he could be more moderate in the outward expression of his joy; which she has taken it into her head to call an insult upon her.

She does not, however, give the scope she did before the day was fix'd, to her playful captiousness. She is not quite so arch as she was. Thoughtfulness, and a

seeming carelessness of what we are all about for her, appear in her countenance. She saunters about, and affects to be diverted by her harpsichord only. What a whimsical thing is Charlotte Grandison? But still she keeps Lord G. at distance. I told her an hour ago, that she knows not how to condescend to him with that grace which is so natural to her in her whole behaviour to every body else.

I have been talking to Dr. Bartlett, about Sir Charles's journey to Italy. Nobody knows, he says, what a bleeding heart is cover'd by a countenance so benign, and chearful. Sir Charles Grandison, said he, has a prudence beyond that of most young men; but he has great sensiblities.

I take it for granted, Sir, that he will for the future be more an Italian than Englishman.

Impossible, madam! A prudent youth, by travelling, reaps this advantage — From what he sees of other countries, he learns to prefer his own. An imprudent one the contrary. Sir Charles's country is endeared to him by his long absence from it. Italy in particular is called, The Garden of Europe; but it is rather to be valued for what it was, and might he, than what it is. I need not tell a Lady who has read and conversed as you have done, to what that incomparable difference is owing. Sir Charles Grandison is greatly sensible of it. He loves his country, with the judgment of a wise man; and wants not the partiality of a patriot.

But, doctor, he has offered, you know, to reside — There I stopt.

True, madam — And he will not recede from his offers, if they are claimed. But this uncertainty it is that disturbs him.

I pity my patron. I have often told you he is not happy. What has indiscretion to expect, when discretion has so much to suffer! His only consolation is, that he has nothing to reproach himself with. Inevitable evils he bears as a man should. He makes no ostentation of his piety: But, madam, Sir Charles Grandison is a CHRISTIAN.

You need not, Sir, say more to me to exalt him: And, let me add, that I have no small pleasure in knowing that Clementina is a Lady of strict piety; tho' a Roman Catholic.

And let me assure you, madam, that Sir Charles's regard for Miss Byron (his more than regard for her, why should I not say? since every-body sees it) is founded upon her piety, and upon the amiable qualities of her mind. Beauty, madam, is an accidental and transient good. No man better knows how to distinguish between admiration and love, than my patron. His virtue is virtue upon full proof, and against sensibilities, that it is heroic to overcome. Lady Olivia knows this: And here I must acknowledge myself a debtor to you for three articles out of your ten. I hope soon to discharge the obligation.

Your own time, doctor: But I must say, that whenever you give me Lady Olivia's story, I shall be pained, if I find, that a Clementina is considered by a beauty of an unhappier turn, as her rival in the love of Sir Charles Grandison.

Lady Olivia, madam, admires him for his virtue; but she cannot, as he has made it his study to do, divide admiration from love. What offers has she not refused? — But she declares, that she had rather be the friend of Sir Charles Grandison, than the wife of the greatest prince on earth.

This struck me: Have not I said something like it? But surely with innocence of heart. But here the doctor suggests, that Olivia has put his virtue to the proof: Yet I hope not.

The FRIEND, Dr. Bartlett! — I hope that no woman who is not quite given up to dishonour, will pollute the sacred word, by affixing ideas to it, that cannot be connected with it. A Friend is one of the highest characters that one human creature can shine in to another. There may be Love, that tho' it has no view but to honour, yet even in wedlock, ripens not into friendship. How poor are all such attachments! How much beneath the exalted notion I have of that noblest, that most delicate union of souls! You wonder at me, Dr. Bartlett. Let me repeat to you, Sir (I have it by heart) Sir Charles Grandisons's tender of friendship to the poor Harriet Byron, which has given me such exalted ideas of this disinterested passion; but you must not take notice that I have. I repeated those words, beginning,

"My heart demands alliance with hers.

– and ending with these —

So long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments ."

The doctor was silent for a few moments: At last, What a delicacy is there in the mind of this excellent man! Yet how consistent with the exactest truth! The friendship he offers you, madam, is indeed friendship. What you have repeated can want no explanation: Yet it is expressive of his uncertain situation. It is —

He stopt of a sudden.

Pray, doctor, proceed: I love to hear you talk.

My good young lady!mdash;I may say too much. Sir Charles in these nice points must be lest to himself. It is impossible for any-body to express his thoughts as he can express them. But let me say, that he justly, as well as greatly, admires Miss Byron.

My heart rose against myself. Bold Harriet, thought I, how darest thou thus urge a good man to say more than he has a mind to say of the secrets of a friend, which are committed to his keeping? Content thyself with the hopes that the worthiest man in the world would wish to call thee his, were it not for an invincible obstacle. And noble, thrice noble Clementina, be thine the preference

even in the heart of Harriet Byron, because justice gives it to thee; for, Harriet, hast thou not been taught to prefer right and justice to every other consideration? And, wouldst thou abhor the thought of a common theft, yet steal an heart that is the property, and that by the dearest purchase, of another?

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday, Evening.

WE have had a great debate about the place in which the nuptial ceremony is to be performed. Charlotte, the perverse Charlotte, insisted upon not going to church. Lord G. dared not to give his opinion; tho' his father and Lady Gertrude, as well as every other person, were against her.

Lord L. said, that if fine ladies thought so slightly of the office, as that it might be performed anywhere, it would be no wonder, if fine gentlemen thought still more slightly of the obligation it laid them under.

Being appealed to, I said, that I thought of marriage as one of the most solemn acts of a woman's life.

And if of a woman's, of a man's, surely, interrupted Lady L. If your whimsey, Charlotte, added she, arises from modesty, you reflect upon your sister; and, what is worse, upon your mother.

Charlotte put up her pretty lip, and was uncomvinced.

Lady Gertrude laid an heavy hand upon the affectatation; yet admires her niece elect. She distinguished between chamber-vows and church-vows. She mentioned the word decency. She spoke plainer, on Charlotte's unfeeling perverseness. If a bride meant a compliment by it to the bridegroom [O dear! O dear! said Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, and looked as if she thought she blushed] that was another thing; but then let her declare as much; and that she was in an hurry to oblige him.

Charlotte attempted to kill her by a look — She gave a worse to Lord G. — And why, whispered she to him, as he sat next her, must thou shew all thy teeth, man? — As Lady Gertrude meant to shame her, I thought I could as soon forgive that Lady, as her who was the occasion of the freedom of speech.

But still the was perverse: She would not be married at all, she said, if she were not comply'd with.

I whispered her, as I sat on the other side of her, I wish, Charlotte, the knot were ty'd: Till then, you will not do even right things, but in a wrong manner.

Dr. Bartlett was not persent! He was making a kind visit to my cousin Reeves's. When he came in, the debate was referred to him. He entered into it with her, with so much modesty, good sense, propriety, and steadiness, that at last the perverse creature gave way: But hardly would neither, had he not assured her, that her brother would be entirely against her; and that he himself must be

excused performing the sacred office, but in a sacred place. She has set her heart on the doctor's marrying her.

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, as also Lord and Lady L. went away, not dissatisfied with Charlotte's compliance: She is the most ungraciously graceful young woman I ever knew in her compliances: But Lord G. was to pay for all: She and I had got together in the Study: In bolted Lord G. perhaps with too little ceremony. She coloured — Hey-day, Sir! Who expected you? His countenance immediately fell. He withdrew precipitately. Fie, Charlotte! said I, recollect yourself — and rising, stept to the door, My Lord — calling after him.

He came back; but in a little ferment — I hoped. I hoped, madam, as you were not in your own apartment, that I might, that I might have been —

Where ever Ladies are by themselves, it is a Lady's apartment, my Lord, said she, with an haughtiness that sat better on her features, than they would upon almost any other woman's.

He looked, as if he knew not whether he should stay or go. Sit down, my Lord, said I; we are not particularly engaged. He came nearer, his hat under his arm, bowing to her, who sat as stately as a princess on her throne: But yet looked disobliged. You gave yourself pretty airs, my Lord — don't you?

Pretty airs, madam! — Pretty airs! — By my Soul, I think, madam — And with such a glow in your face, madam — Taking his laced hat from under his arm, and with an earnest motion swinging it backwards and forwards, as unknowing what he did. —

What, Sir, am I to be buffetted, Sir? —

He put his hat under his arm again — Buffeted, madam! — Would to heaven —

What has heaven to do with your odd ways, Lord G.?

I beg pardon for intruding, madam — But I thought —

That you had a privilege, Sir — But marriage itself, Sir, shall not give you a privilege to break into my retirements. You thought, Sir — You could not think — So much the worse if you did —

If I have really offended — I will be more circumspect for the future — I beg pardon, madam — Miss Byron I hope will forgive me too.

He was going, in great discomposure, and with an air of angry humility.

Charlotte, whispered I — Don't be silly —

Come, come, now you have broke in upon us, you may stay — But another time when you know me to be retired with a friend so dear to me, let it enter into your head, that no third person, unsent for, can be welcome.

Poor man! — How he loves her! — His countenance changed at once to the humble placid: He looked as if he had rather be in fault than she.

Oh! how little did she make him look!

But he has often, as well as in this instance, let her see her power over him. I am afraid she will use it. I now see it is and will be his misfortune that she can vex him without being vexed herself: And what may he expect, who can be treated with feigned displeasure, which, while it seems to be in earnest to him, will be a jest to his wife?

I was very angry with her, when we were alone: and told her, that she would be an enemy, I was afraid, of her own happiness. But she only laughed at me: Happiness, my dear! said she: That only is happiness which we think so. If I can be as happy in my way, as you can be in yours, shall I not pursue it? Your happiness, child, is in the still life. I love not a dead calm: Now a tempest, now a refreshing breeze, I shall know how to enjoy the difference — My brother will not be here to turn jest into earnest; as might perhaps be the effect of his mediation — But, high-ho, Harriet! that the first week were over, and I had got into my throne!

She ended with an Italian air, contrasted with another High-ho; and left me for a few moments.

Poor Lord G.! said I looking after her.

She returned soon. Poor Lord G.! repeated she: Those were the piteous words you threw after me — But if I should provoke him, do you think he would not give me a cuff, or so? — You know he can't return joke for joke; and he must revenge himself some way — If that should be the case, Poor Charlotte, I hope you would say —

Not if you deserved it.

Deserve a cuff, Harriet! — Well, but I am afraid I shall.

Remember next Tuesday, Charlotte! — You must vow obedience — Will you break your vow? — This is not a jesting matter.

True, Harriet. And that it is not, was perhaps one of the reasons that made me disinclined to go to so solemn a place as the church with Lord G. — Don't you think it one with those who insist upon being married in their own chamber?

I believe great people, said I, think they must not do right things in the common way: That seems to me to be one of their fantastic reasons: But the vow is the vow, Charlotte: God is every-where.

Now you are so serious, Harriet, it is time to have done with the subject.

I HAVE no sleep in my eyes; and must go on. What keeps me more wakeful is, my real concern for this naughty Miss Grandison, and my pity for Lord G.; for the instance I have given you of her petulance is nothing to what I have seen: But I thought, so near the day, she would have changed her behaviour to him. Surely, the situation her brother is in, without any fault of his own, might convince her, that she need not go out of her path to pick up subjects for unhappiness.

Such a kittenish disposition in her, I called it; for it is not so much the love of power that predominates in her mind, as the love of playfulness: And when the fit is upon her, she regards not whether it is a China cup, or a cork, that she pats and tosses about: But her sport will certainly be the death of Lord G's happiness. Pity that Sir Charles, who only has power over her, is obliged to go abroad so soon! But she has principles: Lady Grandison's daughter, Sir Charles Grandison's sister, must have principles. The solemnity of the occasion; the office; the church; the altar; — must strike her: The vow — Will she not regard the vow she makes in circumstances so awful? Could but my Lord G. assume dignity, and mingle raillery with it, and be able to laugh with her, and sometimes at her, she would not make him her sport: She would find somebody else: A butt she must have to shoot at: But I am afraid he will be too sensible of her smartness: And she will have her jest, let who will suffer by it.

Some of the contents of your last are very agreeable to me, Lucy. I will begin in earnest to think of leaving London. Don't let me look silly in your eyes, my dear, when I come. It was not so very presumptuous in me, was it, to hope? — When all his relations — When he himself — Yet what room for hope did he, could he, give me? He was honest; and I cheated myself: But then all you, my dearest friends, encouraged the cheat: Nay, pointed my wishes and my hopes, by yours, before I had dared (shall I say, o condescended?) to own them to myself.

You may let that Greville know, if your please, that there is no room for his If's, nor, of consequence, any for his menaces. You may own, that I shall soon be in Northamptonshire. This may prevent his and Fenwick's threatened journey to town.

But, Lucy, tho' my heart has been ever dutifully, as I may say, open to the venerable domestic circle; tho' it would not have been an honest heart, could it, circumstanced as I was, have concealed itself from Lady D.; and must have been an impenetrable one indeed, if it could have been disguised to the two sisters here — yet, I beseech you, my dear, almost on my knees I beseech you, let not the audacious, the insulting Greville, have ground given him to suspect a weakness in your Harriet, which indelicate minds know not how to judge of delicately. For sex-sake, for examplesake, Lucy, let it not be known to any but the partial, friendly few, that our grandmamma Shirley's child, and aunt Selby's niece, has been a volunteer in her affections. How many still more forward girls would plead Mrs. Shirley's approbation of the hasty affection, without considering the circumstances, and the object! So the next girl that run away to a dancing-master, or an ensign, would reckon herself one of Harriet's school.

Poor Mr. Orme! I am sorry he is not well. It is cruel in you, Lucy, at this time, to say (so undoubtingly) that his illness is owing to his love of me. You knew that

such a suggestion would pain me. Heaven restore Mr. Orme!

But I am vex'd, as it cannot be to purpose, that Sir Charles Grandison and I have been named together, and talked of, in your neighbourhood! — He will be gone abroad. I shall return to Northamptonshire: And shall look so silly! So like a refused girl!

'Every-body gives me to him, you say' — So much the worse. I wonder what business this every-body has to trouble itself about me.

One consolation, however, I shall have in my return; and that is, in my Nancy's recover'd health; which was so precarious when I set out for London.

But I shall have nothing to entertain you with when I am with you: Sir Charles Grandison, Lord and Lady L. Lady G. (as now in three or four days she will be) my dear Miss Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, will be all my subject. And have I not exhausted that by pen and ink? O no! The doctor promises to correspond with me; and he makes no doubt but Sir Charles will correspond with him, as usual.

What can the unusually tender friendship be called which he professed for me, and, as I may say, claimed in return from me? I know that he has no notion of the Love called Platonic. Nor have I: I think it, in general, a dangerous allowance; and, with regard to our sex, a very unequal one; since while the man has nothing to fear, the woman has every-thing, from the privileges that may be claimed, in an acknowleged confidence, especially in presence. Miss Grandison thus interprets what he said, and strengthens her opinion by some of Dr. Bartlett's late intimations, that he really loves me; but not being at liberty to avow his love, he knew not what to say; and so went as near to a declaration as was possible to do in his circumstances.

But might I not expect, from such a profession of friendship in Sir Charles, an offer of correspondence in absence? And if he made the offer, ought I to decline it? Would it not indicate too much on my side, were I to do so? — And does it not on his, if he make not the offer? He corresponds with Mrs. Beaumont: Nobody thinks that any-thing can be meant by that correspondence on either side; because Mrs. Beaumount must be at least forty; Sir Charles but six or seven and twenty: But if he makes not the request to Harriet, who is but little more than twenty; what, after such professions of a friendship so tender, will be inferred from his forbearance?

But I shall puzzle myself, and you too, Lucy, if I go on with this sort of reasoning; because I shall not know how to put all I mean into words. Have I not already puzzled you? I think my expression is weak and perplexed — But this offered and accepted friendship between two persons not indelicate, must be perplexing; since he is the only young man in the world, from whom a woman has no dishonour to fear — Ah, Lucy! — It would be vanity in me, would it not? to

suppose that he had more to fear from Harriet, than she has from him? — As the virtue of either, I hope, is not questionable: But the event of his Italian visit will explain and reconcile ever-thing.

I will encourage a drowsy fit that seems to be stealing upon me. If I have not written with the perspicuity I always aim at, allow, Lucy, for the time of night; for spirits not high; and for the subject, that having its delicacies, as well as uncertainties, I am not able to write clearly upon it.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday Night, April 9.

SIR Charles is already returned: He arrived at Windsor on Friday morning; but found that Lord W. had fet out the afternoon of the day before, for the house of his friend Sir Joseph Lawrance, which is but fifteen miles from Mansfield-house.

Upon this intelligence, Sir Charles, wanting to return to town as soon as he could, followed him to the Knight's: And having time enough himself to reach Mansfield-house that night, he, by his uncle's consent, pursued his journey thither; to the great joy of the family; who wished for his personal introduction of my Lord to Miss Mansfield.

My Lord arrived by breakfast-time, unfatigued, and in high spirits: Staid at Mansfield-house all day; and promised so to manage, as to be in town to-morrow, in order to be present at his niece's nuptials on Tuesday.

As for Sir Charles, he made the Mansfield family happy in his company the whole Friday evening; enquiring into their affairs relating to the oppression they lay under; pointing out measures for redress; encouraging Miss Mansfield; and informing the brothers, that the Lawyers he had consulted on their deeds, told him, that a new trial might be hoped for; the result of which, probably, would be a means to do them justice, so powerfully protected and assisted as they would now be; for new lights had broke in upon them, and they wanted but to recover a deed, which they understood was in the hands of two gentlemen, named Hartley, who were but lately returned from the Indies. Thus prepared, the Mansfields also were in high spirits, the next morning; and looked, Sir Charles said, on each other, when they met as if they wanted to tell each other their agreeable dreams.

Sir Charles, in his way to Sir Joseph Lawrance's, had looked in upon Sir Harry Beauchamp, and his Lady. He found Sir Harry in high spirits, expecting the arrival of his son; who was actually landed from Calais, having met there his Father's letter, allowing him to return to England, and wishing in his own, and in Lady Beauchamp's name, his speedy arrival.

Sir Charles's impatience to see his friend, permitted him only to breakfast with my Lord and the Mansfields; and to know the opinion each party formed of the other, on this first interview, and then he set out to Sir Harry Beauchamp's. What an activity! — Heaven reward him with the grant of his own wishes, whatever they be, and make him the happiest of men!

My Lord is greatly taken with the Lady and her whole family, Well be may, Sir Charles says. He blessed him, and called himself blessed in his sister's son, for his recommendation of each to the other. The Lady thinks better of him, as her mother owned to Sir Charles, than she thought she should, from report.

I begin to think, Lucy, that those who set out for happiness are most likely to find it, when they live single till the age of fancy is over. Those who marry while it lasts, are often disappointed of that which they propose so largely to themselves: While those who wed for convenience, and deal with tolerable honesty by each other, are at a greater certainty. Tolerable, I repeat, since, it seems, we are not to expect that both parties will turn the best side of the old garment outward. Hence arises consolation to old maidens, and cautions against precipitation — Expatiate, my dear, on this fruitful subject: I would, were I at leisure.

Sir Charles says, that he doubts not, but Lord W. will be as happy a man as he wishes to be, in less than a month.

The duce is in this brother of mine, whispered Miss Grandison, to me, for huddling up of marriages! He don't consider, that theray be two chances for one, ⟨◊◊⟩ honest ⟨◊⟩n half a year's time, bles⟨◊◊⟩ conti.

Sir Charles told us, that he had desired Lord W. to give out every-where (that the adversaries of the Mansfield family might know it) his intended alliance; and that he and his nephew were both determined to procure a retrospection of all former proceedings.

Sir Charles got to Sir Harry Beauchamp's a little before his friend arrived. Sir Harry took him aside at his alighting, and told him, that Lady Beauchamp had had clouds on her brow all the day, and he was afraid, would not receive his son with the graciousness that once he hoped for from her: But that he left him to manage with her. She never, said he, had so high an opinion either of man or woman as she has of you.

Sir Charles addressed himself to her, as not doubting her goodness upon the foot of their former conversation; and praised her for the graces that however appeared but faintly in her countenance, till his compliments lighted them up, and made them shine full out in it. He told her, that his sister and Lord G. were to be married on the following Tuesday. He himself, he said, should set out for Paris on Friday after: but hoped to see a family intimacy begun between his sisters and Lady Beauchamp; and between their Lords, and Sir Harry, and Mr. Beauchamp. He applauded her on the generosity of her intentions, as declared to him in their former conference; and congratulated her on the power she had, of which she made so noble an use, of laying, at the same time, an obligation on the tenderest of husbands, and the most deserving of sons: Whose duty to her he engaged for.

All this set her in high good humour; and she took to herself, and bridled upon it, to express myself in Charlotte's manner, the praises and graces this adroit manager gave her, as if they were her unquestionable due.

This agreeable way they were all in, Sir Harry transported with his Lady's goodness, when Mr. Beauchamp arrived.

The young gentleman bent his knee to his stepmother, as well as to his father, and thanked her for the high favours his father had signified to him by Letter, that he owed to her goodness. She confirmed them; but, Sir Charles observed, with an ostentation that shewed she thought very highly of her own generosity.

They had a very chearful evening. Not one could would hang on Lady Beauchamp's brow, tho' once or twice it seemed a little overshadowed, as Mr. Beauchamp displayed qualities for which his father was too ready to admire him. Sir Charles thought it necessary to caution Sir Harry on this subject; putting it in this light, that Lady Beauchamp loved her husband so well, that she would be too likely to dread a rivalry in his affections from a son so very accomplished. Sir Harry took the hint kindly.

Mr. Beauchamp was under a good deal of concern at Sir Charles's engagements to leave England so soon after his arrival; and asked his father's leave to attend him. Sir Harry declared, that he could not part with him. Sir Charles chid his friend, and said, It was not quite so handsome a return to the joyful reception he had met with from Lady Beauchamp, and his father, as might have been expected from his Beauchamp; bowing to the Lady. But she excused the young gentleman, and said, she wondered not, that any-body who was favoured with his friendship, should be unwilling to be separated from him.

Sir Charles expresses great satisfaction in Mr. Beauchamp's being arrived before his departure, that he may present to us, himself, a man with whom he is sure we shall all be delighted, and leave him happy in that beloved society, which he himself is obliged to quit.

A repining temper, Lucy, would consider only the hardship of meeting a long-absent friend, just to feel the uneasiness of a second parting: But this man views every-thing in a right light. When his own happiness is not to be attained, he lays it out of his thoughts, and, as I have heretofore observed, rejoices in that of others. It is a pleasure to see how Sir Charles seems to enjoy the love which Dr. Bartlett expresses for his friend of them both.

Sir Charles addressed himself to him, on several occasions, in so polite, in so tender a manner, that every One told me afterwards, they are sure he loves me. Dr. Bartlett at the time, as he sat next me, whispered, on the regret expressed by all on losing him so soon — Ah, madam! — I know, and pity, my patron's struggles! — Struggles, Lucy! What could the doctor mean by this whisper to me? But I hope

he guesses not at mine! If he does, would he have whispered his pity of Sir Charles to me? — Come, Lucy, this is some comfort, however; and I will endeavour to be brave upon it, that I may not, by my weakness, lessen myself in the doctor's good opinion.

It was agreed for Charlotte, whose assent was given in these words —

'Do as you will — or, rather, as my brother will. — What signifies opposing him?'

that the nuptials shall be solemnized, as privately as possible, at St. George's church. The company is to drop in at different doors, and with as few attendants as may be. Lord W. the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, Lord and Lady L. Miss Jervois, and your Harriet, are to be present at the ceremony. I was very earnest to be excused, till Miss Grandison, when we were alone, dropt down on one knee, and held up her hands, to beg me to accompany her. Mr. Everard Grandison, if he can be found, is to be also there, at Sir Charles's desire.

Dr. Bartlett, as I before hinted, at her earnest request, is to perform the ceremony. Sir Charles wished it to be at his own Parish church: But Miss Grandison thought it too near to be private. He was indifferent as to the place he said — So it was at church; for he had been told of the difficulty we had to get Charlotte to desist from having it performed in her chamber; and seemed surprised — Fie, Charlotte! said be — An office so solemn! — Vows to reeive and ay as in the Divine Presence —

She was glad, she told me, that she had not left that battle to be fought with him.

Monday, April 10.

LORD W. is come. Lord and Lady L. are here. They, and Miss Grandison received him with great respect. He embraced his nieces in a very affectionate manner. Sir Charles was absent. Lord W. is in person and behaviour a much more agreeable man than I expected him to be. Nor is he so decrepit with the gout, as I had supposed. He is very careful of himself, it seems. This world has been kind to him; and I fancy he makes a great deal of a little pain, for want of stronger exercises to his patience; and so is a sufferer by self-indulgence. Had I not been made acquainted with his free living, and with the insults he bore from Mrs. Giffard, with a spirit so poor and so low, I should have believed I saw not only the man of quality, but the man of sense, in his countenance. I endeavoured, however, as much as I could, to look upon him as the brother of the late Lady Grandison. Had he been worthy of that relation, how should I have reverenced him!

But whatever I thought of him, he was highly taken with me. He particularly praised me for the modesty which he said was visible in my countenance. Free livers, Lucy, taken with that grace in a woman, which they make it their pride to

destroy! But all men, good and bad, admire modesty in a woman: And I am sometimes out of humour with our sex, that they do not as generally like modesty in men. I am sure that this grace, in Sir Charles Grandison, is one of his principal glories with me. It emboldens one's heart, and permits one to behave before him with ease; and, as I may say, with security, in the consciousness of a right intention.

But what were Lord W's praises of his nephew! He called him, The glory of his sex, and of human nature. How the cheeks of the dear Emily glowed at the praises given to her guardian! — She was the taller for them: When she moved, it was on tiptoe; stealing, as it were, cross the floor, lest she should lose any-thing that was said on a subject to delightful to her.

My Lord was greatly pleased with her too. He complimented her as the beloved ward of the best of guardians. He lamented, with us, the occasion that called his nephew abroad. He was full of his own engagements with Miss Mansfield, and declared that his nephew should guide and govern him as he pleased in every material case, respecting either the conduct of his future life, or the management and disposition of his estate; declaring, that he had made his will, and, reserving only his Lady's jointure, and a few legacies, had left every-thing to him. — How right a thing, even in policy, is it, my dear, to be a good, and a generous man!

I must not forget, that my Lord wished, with all his soul, that was his expression, that he might have the honour of giving to his nephew my hand in marriage.

I could feel myself blush. I half-suppressed a sigh: I would have wholly suppressed it, if I could. I recovered the little confusion, his too plainly expressed wish gave me, by repeating to myself the word Clementina.

This Charlotte is a great coward. But I dare not tell her so, for fear of a retort. I believe I should be as great a one in her circumstances, so few hours to one of the greatest events of one's life! But I pretend not to bravery: Yet hope, that in the cause of virtue or honour I should be found to have a Soul.

I write now at my cousins. I came hither to make an alteration in my dress. I have promised to be with the sweet Bully early in the morning of her important day.

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday Night, Wednesday Morning, April 11. 12.

MISS Grandison is no longer to be called by that name. She is Lady G. May she make Lord G. as happy as I dare say he will make her, if it be not her own fault.

I was early with her according to promise. I found her more affected than she was even last night with her approaching change of condition. Her brother had been talking to her, she said; and had laid down the duties of the state she was about to enter into, in such a serious manner, and made the performance of them of so much importance to her happiness both here and hereafter, that she was terrified at the thoughts of what she was about to undertake. She had never considered matrimony in that formidable light before. He had told her, that he was afraid of her vivacity; yet was loth to discourage her chearfulness, or to say anything that should lower her spirits. All he besought of her was, to regard times, tempers, and occasions; and then it would be impossible but her lively humour must give delight not only to the man whom she favoured with her hand, but to every one who had the pleasure of approaching her. If, Charlotte, said he, you would have the world around you respect your husband, you must set the example. While the wife gives the least room to suspect, that she despises her husband, she will find, that she subjects him to double contempt, if he resents it not; and if he does, can you be happy? Aggressors lay themselves open to severe reprisals. If you differ you will be apt to make by-standers judges over you. They will remember when you are willing to forget; and your fame will be the sport of those beneath you, as well in understanding as degree.

She believed, she told me, that Lord G. had been making some complaints of her. If he had —

Hush, my dear, said I — Not one word of threatening: Are you more solicitous to conceal your fault, than to mend it?

No — But you know, Harriet, for a man, before he has experienced what sort of a wife I shall make, to complain against me for foibles in courtship, when he can help himself if he will, has something so very little —

Your conscience, Charlotte, tells you, that he had reason for complaint; and therefore you think he has complained. Think the best of Lord G. for your own reputation's sake, since you thought fit to go thus far with him. You have borne nothing from him: He has borne a great deal from you.

I am fretful, Harriet: I won't be chidden: I will be comforted by you: You shall sooth me: Are you not my sister? She threw her arms round me, and kissed my check.

I ventured to railly her, tho' I was afraid of her retort, and met with it: But I thought it would divert her. I am glad, my dear, said I, that you are capable of this tenderness of temper: You blustering girls — But Fear, I believe, will make cowards loving.

Harriet, said she, and flung from me to the window, remember this: May I soon see you in the same situation! I will then have no mercy upon you.

THE subject, which Sir Charles led to at breakfast, was the three weddings of Thursday last. He spoke honourably of marriage, and made some just compliments to Lord and Lady L.; concluding them with wishes, that his sister Charlotte and Lord G. might be neither more nor less happy than they were. Then turning to Lord W. he said, He questioned not his Lordship's happiness with the lady he had so lately seen; for I cannot doubt, said he, of your Lordship's affectionate gratitude to her, if she behaves, as I am sure she will.

My Lord had tears in his eyes. Never man had such a nephew as I have, said he. said he. All the joy of my present prospects, all the comforts of my future life, are and will be owing to you.

Here had he stopt, it would have been well; But turning to me, he unexpectedly said, Would to God, madam, that YOU could reward him! I cannot; and nobody else can.

All were alarmed for me; every eye was upon me. A sickishness came came over my heart — I know not how to describe it. My head sunk upon my bosom. I could hardly sit; yet was less able to rise.

Sir Charles's face was overspread with blushes. He bowed to my Lord. May the man, said he, who shall have the honour to call Miss Byron his, be, if possible, as deserving as she is! Then will they live together the life of angels.

He gracefully looked down, not at me; and I got a little courage to look up: Yet Lady L. was concerned for me: So was Lord L.: Emily's eye dropt a tear upon her blushing cheek.

Was it not, Lucy, a severe trial? — Indeed it was.

My Lord, to mend the matter, lamented very pathetically, that Sir Charles was under an obligation to go abroad; and still more, that he could not stay to be present at the celebration of his nuptials with Miss Mansfield.

The Earl, Lord G. Lady Gertrude, and the Doctor, were to meet the Bride and us at church. Lord and Lady L. Sir Charles, and Emily, went in one coach: Miss Grandison and I in another.

As we went, I don't like this affair at all, Harriet, said she. My brother has long made all other men indifferent to me. Such an infinite difference!

Can any-body be happier than Lord and Lady L. Charlotte? Yet Lady L. admires her brother as much as you can do.

They happy! — And so they are. But Lady L. soft soul! fell in love with Lord L. before my brother came over. So the foundation was laid: And it being a first flame with her, she, in compliment to herself, could not but persevere. But the sorry creature Anderson, proving a sorry creature, made me despise the sex: And my brother's perfections contributed to my contempt of all other men.

Indeed, my dear, you are wrong. Lord G. loves you: But were Sir Charles not your brother, it is not very certain, that he would have returned your Love.

Why, that's true. I believe he would not, in that case, have chosen me. I am sure he would not, if he had known you: But for the man one loves, one can do any-thing, be every-thing, that he would wish one to be.

Do you think you cannot love Lord G.? — For Heaven's sake, Charlotte, tho' you are now almost within sight of the church, do not think of giving your hand, if you cannot resolve to make Lord G. as happy, as I have no doubt he will make you, if it be not your own fault.

What will my brother say? What will —

Leave that to me. I will engage Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett to lend me their ear in the vestry; and I am sure your brother, if he knows that you have an antipathy to Lord G. or that you think you caonot be happy with him, will undertake your cause, and bring you off.

Antipathy! That's a strong word, Harriet. The man is a good natured silly man —

Silly! Charlotte! — Silly then he must be for loving you so well, who, really, have never yet given him an opportunity to shew his importance with you.

I do pity him sometimes.

The coach stopt — Ah, Lord! Harriet! The church! The church!

Say, Charlotte, before you step out — Shall I speak to your brother, and Dr. Bartlett, in the vestry?

I shall look like a fool either way.

Don't act like one, Charlotte, on this solemn occasion. Say, you will deserve, that you will try to deserve, Lord G's love.

Lord help me! — My brother! — I'll try, I'll try, what can be done.

Sir Charles appeared. He gave each his hand in turn: In we flew: The people began to gather about us. Lord G. all rapture, received her at the entrance. Sir Charles led me: And the Earl and Lady Gertrude received us with joy in their countenances. I overheard the naughty one say, as Lord G. led her up to the altar,

You don’t know what you are about, man. I expect to have all my way: Remember that’s one of my articles before marriage.

He returned her an answer of fond assent to her condition. I am afraid, thought I, poor Lord G. you will be more than once reminded of this previous article.

When she was led to the altar, and Lord G. and she stood together, she trembled. Leave me not, Harriet, said the — Brother! Lady L.!

I am sure she looked silier than Lord G. at that instant.

The good doctor began the office. No dearly belaveds, Harriet! whispered she, as I had said, on a really terrible occasion. I was offended with her in my heart: Again she whispered something against the office, as the doctor proceeded to give the reasons for the institution. Her levity did not forsake her even at that solemn moment.

When the Service was over, every one (Sir Charles in a solemn and most affectionate manner) wished her happy. My Lord G. kissed her hand with a bent knee.

She took my hand. Ah! Lord, what have I done? — And am I married? whispered she — And can it never be undone? — And is that the man, to whom I am to be obedient? — Is he to be my Lord and Master?

Ah, Lady G. said I, it is a solemn office. You have vowed: He has vowed. — It is a solemn office.

Lord G. led her to the first coach. Sir Charles led me into the same. The people, to my great confusion, whispered. That’s the Bride! What a charming couple! Sir Charles handed Miss Emily next. Lord G. came in: As he was entering, Harkee, friend, said Charlotte, and put out her hand, You mistake the coach: You are not of our company.

The whole world, reply’d my Lord, shall not now divide us: And took his seat on the same side with Emily.

The man’s a rogue, Harriet, whispered she: See! He gives himself airs already!

This, said Lord G. as the coach drove on, taking one hand and eagerly kissing it, is the hand that blessed me.

And that, said she, pushing him from her with the other, is the hand that repulses your forwardness. What came you in here for? — Don’t be silly.

He was in raptures all the way.

When he came home, every-one embraced and wished joy to the Bride. The Earl and Lady Gertrude were in high spirits. The Lady re-saluted her niece. as her dear niece: The Earl recognized his beloved daughter.

But prepare to hear a noble action of Lord W.

When he came up to compliment her — My dearest niece, said he, I wish you joy with all my soul. I have not been a kind uncle. There is no fastening any-thing

on your brother. Accept of this; [and he put a little paper into her hand — It was a Bank-note of 1000 l.] My sister's daughter, and your brother's sister, merits more than this.

Was not this handsomely presented, Lucy?

He then, in a manner becoming Lady Grandison's brother, stept to Lady L. My niece, Charlotte, is not my only niece. I wish you, my dear, as if this was your day of marriage, all happiness; accept these two papers [The one, Lucy, was a note for 1000 l. and the other for 100 l.]: And he said, The lesser note is due to you for interest on the greater.

When the Ladies opened their notes, and saw what they were, they were at first at a loss what to say.

It was most gracefully done: But see, Lucy, the example of a good and generous man can sometimes alter natures; and covetous men, I have heard it observed, when their hearts are open'd, often act nobly.

As soon as Lady G. (So now I must call her) recovered herself from the surprize into which my Lord's present and address had put her, she went to him: Allow me, my Lord, said she, and bent one knee to him, to crave your blessing; and at the same time to thank you for your paternal present to your ever obliged Charlotte.

God bless you, my dear! saluting her — But thank your noble brother: You delight me with your graceful acceptance.

Lady L. came up. My Lord, you overcome me by your bounty. — How shall I —

Your brother's princely spirit, Lady L. said he, makes this present look mean. Forgive me only, that it was not done before. And he saluted her.

Lord L. came up. Lady L. shew'd him the open'd notes — See here, my Lord said she, what Lord W. has done: And he calls this the interest due on that.

Your Lordship oppresses me with your goodness to your niece, said Lord L. May health, long-life, and happiness, attend you in your own nuptials!

There, there, said Lord W. pointing to Sir Charles (who had withdrawn, and then entered) make your acknowlegement: His noble spirit has awakened mine: It was only asleep. My late sister's brother wanted but the force of such an example. That son is all his mother.

Sir Charles joining them, having heard only the last words. — If I am thought a son not unworthy of the most excellent of mothers, said he, and by her brother, I am happy.

Then you are happy, reply'd my Lord.

Her memory, resumed Sir Charles, I cherish; and when I have been tempted to forget myself, that memory has been a means of keeping me steady in my duty.

Her precepts, my Lord, were the guide of my early youth. Had I not kept them in mind, how much more blameable than most young men had I been! — My Charlotte! Have that mother in your memory, on this great change of your condition! You will not be called to her tryals. — His eyes glisten'd. Tender be our remembrance of my father. — Charlotte, be worthy of your mother!

He withdrew with an air so noble! — But soon returning, with a chearful look, he was told what Lord W. had done — Your Lordship was before, said he, intitled to our duty, by the ties of blood: But what is the relation of body to that of mind? You have bound me for my sisters, and that still more by the manner, than by the act, in a bond of gratitude that never can be broken!

Thank yourself, thank yourself, my noble nephew.

Encourage, my Lord, a family intimacy between your Lady, and her nieces and nephews. You will be delighted, my sisters, with Miss Mansfield; but when she obliges my Lord with her hand, you will reverence your aunt. I shall have a pleasure, when I am far distant, in contemplating the family union. Your Lordship must let me know your Day in time; and I will be joyful upon it, whatever, of a contrary nature, I may have to struggle with on my own account.

My Lord wept — My Lord wept, did I say? — Not one of us had a dry eye! — This was a solemn scene, you will say, for a wedding-day: But how delightfully do such scenes dilate the heart?

The day, however, was not forgotten as a day of festivity. Sir Charles himself, by his vivacity and openness of countenance, made every one joyful: And, except that now-and-then a sigh, which could not be check'd, stole from some of us, to think that he would so soon be in another country (far distant from the friends he now made happy) and engaged in difficulties; perhaps in dangers; every heart was present to the occasion of the day.

O Charlotte! Dear Lady G.! Hitherto, it is in your power, to make every future day, worthy of this! —

'Have your mother, your noble mother, in your memory, my dear:'

And give credit to the approtion of such a brother.

I should have told you, that my cousin Reeves's came about two, and were received with the utmost politeness by every-body.

Sir Charles was called out just before dinner; and returned introducing a young gentleman, dressed as if for the day — This is an earlier favour, than I had hoped for, said Sir Charles; and leading him to Lady G. This, Sir, is the Queen of the Day. My dear Lady G. welcome (The house is yours — Welcome) the man I love: Welcome my Beauchamp.

Every one, except Emily and me, crouded about Mr. Beauchamp, as Sir Charles's avowedly beloved friend, and bid him cordially welcome; Sir Charles

presented him to each by name.

Then leading him to me — I am half ashamed, Lucy, to repeat — But take it as he spoke it — Revere, said he, my dear friend, that excellent young Lady: But let not your admiration stop at her Face and Person: She has a Mind as exalted, my Beauchamp, as your own. Miss Byron, in honour to my sister, and of us all, has gilded this day by her presence.

Mr. Beauchamp respectfully took my hand; Forgive me, madam, bowing upon it — I do revere you. The Lady whom Sir Charles Grandison admires, as he does you, must be the first of women.

I might have said, that he, who was so eminently distinguished as the friend of Sir Charles Grandison, must be a most valuable man: But my spirits were not high. I courtesied to his compliment; and was silent.

Sir Charles presented Emily to him. — My Emily, Beauchamp. I hope to live to see her happily married. The man whose heart is but half so worthy as hers, must be an excellent man.

Modesty might look up, and be sensible to compliments from the lips of such a man. Emily looked at me with pleasure, as if she had said, Do you hear, madam, what a fine thing my guardian has said of me?

Sir Charles asked Mr. Beauchamp, how he stood with my Lady Beauchamp?

Very well, answered he. After such an introduction as you had given me to her, I must have been to blame, had I not. She is my father's wife: I must respect her, were she ever so unkind to me: She is not without good qualities. Were every family so happy as to have Sir Charles Grandison for a mediator when misunderstandings happened, there would be very few lasting differences among relations. My father and mother tell me, that they never sit down to table together, but they bless you: And to me they have talked of nobody else: But Lady Beauchamp depends upon your promise of making her acquainted with the Ladies of your family.

My sisters, and their Lords, will do honour to my promise in my absence. Lady L. Lady G. let me recommend to you Lady Beauchamp as more than a common visiting acquaintance. Do you, Sir, to Mr. Beauchamp, see it cultivated.

Mr. Beauchamp is an agreeable, and, when Sir Charles Grandison is not in company, handsome and genteel man. I think, my dear, that I do but the same justice that every body would do, in this exception. He is chearful, lively, yet modest, and not too full of words. One sees both love and respect in every look he casts upon his friend; and that he is delighted when he hears him speak, be the subject what it will. He once said to Lord W. who praised his nephew to him, as he does to every-body near him; The universal voice, my Lord, is in his favour where-ever he goes. Every one joins almost in the same words, in different

countries, allowing for the different languages, that for sweetness of manners, and manly dignity, he hardly ever had his equal.

Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; she before him; he standing in an easy genteel attitude, leaning against the wainscot, listening, smiling, to her prattle, with looks of indulgent love, as a father might do to a child he was fond of; while she looked back every now-and-then towards me, so proud, poor dear! of being singled out by her guardian.

She tript to me afterwards, and leaning over my shoulder, as I sat, whispered — I have been begging of my guardian to use his interest with you, madam, to take me down with you to Northamptonshire.

And what is the result? — She paused. — Has he denied your request? — No, madam — Has he allowed you to go, my dear, if I comply? turning half round to her with pleasure.

She paused, and seemed at a loss. I repeated my question.

Why, no, he has not consented neither — But he said such charming things, so obliging, so kind, both of you, and of me, that I forgot my question, tho' it was so near my heart: But I will ask him again.

And thus, Lucy, can he decline complying, and yet send away a requester so much delighted with him, as to forget what her request was.

Miss Grandison — Lady G. I would say — singled me out soon after — This Beauchamp is really a very pretty fellow, Harriet.

He is an agreeable man, answered I.

So I think. She said no more of him at that time.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L.'s motion, they made me play on the harpsichord; and after one lesson, they besought Sir Charles to sing to my playing. He would not, he said, deny any request that was made him on that day.

He sung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr. Beauchamp took the violin; Lord L. the bass-viol; Lord G. the German-flute; Lord W. sung base; Lady L. Lady G. and the Earl, joined in the chorus. The song was from Alexander's Feast: The words,

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the good deserves the fair;

Sir Charles, tho' himself equally brave and good, preserring the latter word to the former.

Lady L. had always insisted upon dancing at her sister's wedding. We were not company enough for country dances: But music having been order'd, and the performers come, it was insisted upon that we should have a dance, tho' we were engaged in a conversation, that I thought infinitely more agreeable.

Lord G. began with dancing a minuet with his bride; She danced charmingly: But on my telling her so afterwards, she whispered me, that she should have performed better, had she danced with her brother. Lord G. danced extremely well.

Lord L. and Lady Gertrude, Mr. Beauchamp and Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Reeves and Lady L. danced all of them very agreeably.

The Earl took me out: But we had hardly done, when, asking pardon for disgracing me, as he too modestly expressed himself; he and all but my cousins and Emily, called out for Sir Charles to dance with me.

I was abashed at the general voice calling upon us both: But it was obeyed.

He deserved all the praises that Miss Gran — Lady G. I would say, gave him in her Letter to me; and had every one's silent applause, while we danced; so silent, that a whisper must have been heard. And when he lead me to my seat, every one clapt their hands, as at some well-performed part, or fine sentiment, in a play — Lord bless me, my dear, this man is every-thing: But his conversation has ever been among the politest people of different nations.

Lord W. wished himself able, from his gout, to take out Miss Jervois. The Bridegroom was called upon by Sir Charles: and he took out the good girl; who danced very prettily. I fansied, that he chose to call out Lord G. rather than Mr. Beauchamp. He is the most delicate and considerate of men.

Sir Charles was afterwards called upon by the Bride herself: And she danced then with a grace indeed! I was pleased that she could perform so well at her own wedding.

Once more he and I were called upon. He, whisperingly, as if all the approbation so loudly given before, when we danced together, was due to me, and none to himself, condition'd for me, with every one, that no notice should be taken of my performance: For he saw that I could hardly stand the applauses given on our dancing before.

Sir Charles, when we had done, called me, inimitable. The word was caught by every mouth, and I sat down with reason enough for pride, if their praises could have elevated me. But I was not proud. My spirits were not high — I fansy, Lucy, that Lady Clementina is a fine dancer.

Supper was not ready till twelve. Mr. Reeves's coach came about that hour; but we got not away till two. Perhaps the company would not have broke up so soon, had not the Bride been perverse, and refused to retire. Was she not at home? she asked Lady L. who was put upon urging her: And should she leave her company?

She would make me retire with her: She took a very affectionate leave of me.

Marriage, Lucy, is an awful rite. It is supposed to be a joyful solemnity: But on the woman's side it can be only so, when she is given to the man she loves above

all the men in the world; and even to her, the anniversary day, when doubt is turned into certainty, must be much happier than the day itself. What a victim must that woman look upon herself to be, who is compelled, or even over-persuaded, to give her hand to a man who has no share in her heart? Ought not a parent or guardian, in such a circumstance, especially if the child has a delicate, an honest mind, to be chargeable with all the unhappy consequences that may follow from such a cruel compulsion?

But this is not the case with Miss Grandison. Early she cast her eye on an improper object. Her pride convinced her in time of the impropriety. And this, as she owns, gave her an difference to all men. She hates not Lord G. There is no man whom she prefers to him. And in this respect, may perhaps, be upon a par with eight women out of twelve, who marry, and yet make not bad wives. As she played with her passion till she lost it, she may be happy, if she will: And since she intended to be, some time or other, Lady, G. her brother was kind in persuading her to shorten her days of coquetting and teazing, and allow him to give her to Lord G. before he went abroad.

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, April 12.

DR. Bardett was so good as to breakfast with my cousins and me this morning. He talks of setting out for Grandison-hall on Saturday or Monday next. We have settled a correspondence; and he gives me hope, that he will make me a visit in Northamptonshire. I know you will all rejoice to see him.

Emily came in before the Doctor went. She brought me the compliments of the Bride, and Lord W. with their earnest request, that I would dine with them. Sir Charles was gone, she said, to make a farewel visit to the Danby set; but would be at home at dinner.

It would be better for me, I think, Lucy, to avoid all opportunities of seeing him: Don't you think so? — There is no such thing as seeing him with indifference But, so earnestly invited, how could I deny?

My cousins were also invited: But having engaged to be at home in the afternoon, they excused themselves.

Miss Jervois whispered me at parting. I never before, said she, had an opportunity to observe the behaviour of a new-married couple to each other: But is it customary, madam, for the Bride to be more snappish, as the Bridegroom is more obliging?

Lady G. is very naughty, my dear, if she so behaves, as to give you reason to ask this question.

She does: And upon my word, I see more obedience where it was not promised, than where it was. Dear madam, is not what is said at church to be thought of afterwards? But why did not the doctor make her speak out? What signified bowing, except a woman was so bashful that she could not speak?

The bowing, my dear, is an assent. It is as efficacious as words. Lord G. only bowed, you know. Could you like to be called upon, Emily, to speak out?

Why, no. But then I would be very civil and goodnatured to my husband, if it were but for fear he should be cross to me: But I should think it my duty as well — Sweet innocent!

She went away, and left the doctor with me.

When our hearts are set upon a particular subject, how impertinent, how much beside the purpose, do we think every other! I wanted the doctor to talk of Sir Charles Grandison: But as he fell not into the subject, and as I was afraid he

would think me to be always leading him into it, if I began it, I suffered him to go away at his first motion: I never knew him so shy upon it, however.

Sir Charles returned to dinner. He has told Lady L. who afterwards told us, that he had a hint from Mr. Galhard, senior, that if he were not engaged in his affections, he was commissioned to make him a very great proposal in behalf of one of the young ladies he had seen the Thursday before; and that from her father.

Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce without doubt, that we live in an age in which there is a great dearth of good men, that so many offers sall to the lot of one. But, I am thinking, 'tis no small advantage to Sir Charles, that his time is so taken up, that he cannot stay long enough in any company to suffer them to cast their eyes on other objects, with distinction. He left the numerous assembly at Enfield, while they were in the height of their admiration of him. Attention, love, admiration, cannot be always kept at the stretch. You will observe, Lucy, that on the return of a long-absent dear friend, the rapture lasts not more than an hour: Gladdened, as the heart is, the friend received, and the friend: receiving, perhaps in less' than that time, can sit down quietly together, to hear and to tell stories, of what has happened to either in the ong-regretted absence. It will be so with us. Lucy, when I return to the arms of my kind friends: And now, does not Sir Charles's proposed journey to Italy endear his company to us?

The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and two agreeable nieces of that Nobleman's, were here at dinner. Lady G. behaved pretty well to her Lord before them: But I, who understood the language of her eyes, saw them talk very saucily to him, on several occasions. My Lord is a little officious in his obligingness; which takes off from that graceful, and polite frankess, which so charmingly, on all occasions, distinguishes one happy man, who was then present. Lord G. will perhaps appear more to advantage in that person's absence.

Mr. Beauchamp was also present. He is indeed an agreeable, a modest young man. He appeared to great advantage, as well in his conversation, as by his behaviour: And not the less for subscribing in both to the superiority of his friend; who nevertheless endeavoured to dr him out, as the first man.

After dinner, Lady L. Lady G. and I, found an opportunity to be by ourselves for one half-hour. Lady G. asked Lady L. what she intended to do with the thousand poun with which Lord W. had so generously presented her? — Do with it, my dear! — What do you think I in'end to do with it? — It is already disposed of.

I'll be hanged, said Lady G. if this good creature has not given it to her husband.

Indeed, Charlotte, I have. I gave it to him before I slept.

I thought so! She laughed — And Lord L. took it? Did he?

To be sure he did. I should otherwise have been displeased with him.

Dear, good soul! — And so you gave him a thousand pounds to take part of it back from him, by four or five paltry guineas at a time, at his pleasure?

Lord L. and I, Charlotte, have but one purse. You may perhaps, know how we manage it.

Pray, good, meek, dependent creature! how do you manage it?

Thus, Charlotte: My Lord knows that his wife and he have but one interest; and from the first of our happy marriage, he would make me take one key, as he has another, of the private drawer, where his money and money-bills lie. There is a little memorandum-book in the drawer, in which he enters on one page, the money he receives; on the opposite, the money he takes out: And when I want money, I have recourse to my key. If I see but little in the drawer, I am the more moderate; or, perhaps, if my want is not urgent, defer the supplying of it till my Lord is richer: But little, or much, I minute down the sum, as he himself does; and so we know what we are about; and I never put it out of my Lord's power, by my unseasonable expences, to preserve that custom of his for which he is as much respected, as well served; not to suffer a demand to be twice made upon him where he is a debtor.

Good soul! — And, pray, don't you minute down too the use to which you put the money you take out?

Indeed I often do: Always indeed, when I take out more than five guineas at one time: I found my Lord did so; and I followed the example of my own accord.

Happy pair! said I — O Lady G. what a charming example is this! — I hope you'll follow it.

Thank you, Harriet, for your advice. Why, I can't but say, that this is one pretty way of coaxing each other into frugality: But don't you think that where an honest pair are so tender of disobliging, and so studious of obliging each other, that they seem to confess that the matrimonial good understanding hangs by very slender threads?

And do not the tenderest friendships, said I, hang by as slender? Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate observances?

Why thou art a good soul, too, Harriet! — And so you would both have me make a present to Lord G. of my thousand pounds before we have chosen our private drawer; before he has got two keys made to it?

Let him know, Charlotte, what Lord L. and I do, if you think the example worth following — And then —

Ay, and then give him my thousand pounds for a beginning, Lady L.? — But see you not that this proposal should come from him, not from me? — And should we not let each other see a little of each other's merits, first?

See, first, the merits of the man you have married, Charlotte!

Yes, Lady L. — But yesterday married, you know. Can there be a greater difference between any two men in the world, than there often is between the same man, a lover, and an hustand? — And now, my generous advisers, be pleased to continue silent. You cannot answer me fairly. And besides, wot ye not the indelicacy of an early present, which you are not obliged to make?

We were both silent, each expecting the other to answer the strange creature.

She laughed at us both. Soft souls, and tender! said she, let me tell you, that there is more in delicacy, than you very delicate people are aware of.

You, Charlotte, said Lady L. have odder notions than any body else. Had you been a man, you would have been a sad rake.

A rake perhaps I might have been; but not a sad one, Lady L.

Lady G. can't help being witty, said I: It is sometimes her misfortune, sometimes ours, that she cannot: However, I highly approve of the example set by Lord L. and followed by Lady L.

And so do I, Harriet. And when Lord G. sets the example, I shall — consider of it. I am not a bad oeconomist. Had I ten thousand pounds in my hands, I would not be extravagant: Had I but one hundred, I would not be mean. I value not money but as it enables me to lay an obligation, instead of being under the necessity of receiving one. I am my mother's daughter, and brother's sister; and yours, Lady L. in this particular; and yours too, Harriet: Different means may be taken to arrive at the same end. Lord G. will have no reason to be dissatisfied with my prudence in money-matters, altho' I should not make him one of my best courtesies, as if — as if — (and she laughed; but checking herself) I were conscious — again she laughed — that I had signed and sealed to my absolute dependence on his bounty.

What a mad creature! said Lady L.: But, my Harriet, don't you think that she behaved pretty well to Lord G. at table?

Yes, answered I, as those would think who observe not her arch looks: But she gave me pain for her several times; and I believe her brother was not without his apprehensions.

He had his eyes upon you, Harriet, reply'd Lady G. more earnestly than he had upon me, or any-body else.

That's true, said Lady L. I looked upon both him and you, my dear, with pity. My tears were ready to start more than once to reflect how happy you two might be in each other, and how greatly you would love each other, were it not —

Not one word more on this subject, dear Lady L.! I cannot bear it. I thought my-self, that he often cast an eye of tenderness upon me. I cannot bear it. I am afraid of myself; of my justice —

His tender looks did not escape me, said Lady G. Nor yet did my dear Harriet's. But we will not touch this string: It is too tender a one. I, for my part, was forced, in order to divert myself, to turn my eyes on Lord G.: He got nothing by that. The most officious —

Nay, Lady G. interupted I, you shall not change the discourse at the expence of the man you have vowed to honour. I will be pained myself, by the continuation of the former subject, rather than that shall be.

Charming Harriet! said Lady L. I hope your generosity will be rewarded. Yet tell me, my dear, can you wish Lady Clementina may be his? I have no doubt but you wish her recovery; but can you wish her to be his?

I have debated the matter, my dear Lady L. with myself. I am sorry it has admitted of debate: So excellent a creature! Such an honour to her Sex! So nobly sincere! So pious! — But I will confess the truth: I have called upon justice to support me in my determination: I have supposed myself in her situation, her unhappy malady excepted: I have supposed her in mine: And ought I then to have hesitated to which to give the preference? — Yet —

What yet, most frank, and most generous of women, said Lady L. clasping her arms about me; what yet —

Why, yet — Ah Ladies — Why, yet, I have many a pang; many a twitch, as I may call it! — Why is your brother so tender-hearted, so modest, so faultless! — Why did he not insult me with his pity! Why does he on every occasion shew a tenderness for me, that is more affecting than pity! and why does he give me a consequence that exalts, while it depresses me?

I turned my head aside to hide my emotion — Lady G. snatched my handkerchief from me; and wiped away a starting tear; and called me by very tender names.

Am I dear, continued I, to the heart of such a man? You think I am: Allow me to say, that he is indeed dear to mine: Yet I have not a wish but for his happiness, whatever becomes of me.

Emily appeared at the door — May I come in, Ladies? — I will come in! — My dear Miss Byron affected! My dear Miss Byron in tears!

Her pity, without knowing the cause, sprung to her eyes. She took my hand in both hers, and repeatedly kissed it! — My guardian asks for you. O with what tenderness of voice — Where is your Miss Byron, Love? He calls every one by gentle names, when he speaks of you — His voice then is the voice of Love — Love, said he to me! Thro' you, madam, he will love his ward — And on your love will I build all my merit. But you sigh, dear Miss Byron, you sigh — Forgive your prating girl! — You must not be grieved.

I embraced her. Grief, my dear, reaches not my heart at this time. It is the merit of your guardian that affects me.

God bless you, madam, for your gratitude to my guardian!

A Clementina and an Harriet! said Lady L. two women so excellent! What a sate is his! How must his heart be divided!

Divided, say you, Lady L.! resumed Lady G. The man who loves virtue for virtue's sake, loves it where-ever he finds it: Such a man may distinguish more virtuous women than one: And if he be of a gentle and beneficent nature, there will be tenderness in his distinction to every one, varying only according to the difference of her circumstances.

Let me embrace you, my Charlotte, resumed Lady L. for that thought. Don't let me hear for a month to come, one word from the same lips, that may be unworthy of it.

You have Lord G. in your head, Lady L.: But never mind us. He must now-and-then be made to look about him. I'll take care to keep up my consequence with him, never fear: Nor shall he have reason to doubt the virtue of his wife.

Virtue, my dear! said I: What is virtue only? She who will not be virtuous for virtue's sake, is not worthy to be called a woman: But she must be something more than virtuous for her husband's, nay, for her vow's sake. Complacency, obligingness —

Obedience too, I warrant — Hush, hush, my sweet Harriet! putting her hand before my mouth, we will behave as well as we can: And that will be very well, if nobody minds us. And now let ns go down together.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, April 13.

WE played at cards last night till supper-time. When that was over, every one sought to engage Sir Charles in discourse. I will give you some particulars of our conversation, as I did of one before.

Lord W. began it with a complaint of the insolence and profligateness of servants. What he said, was only answered by Sir Charles, with the word example, example, my good Lord, repeated.

You, Sir Charles, replied my Lord, may indeed insist upon the force of example; for I cannot but observe, that all those of yours, whom I have seen, are intitled to regard. They have the looks of men at ease, and of men grateful for that ease: They know their duty, and need not a reminding look. A servant of yours, Sir Charles, looks as if he would one day make a figure as a master. How do you manage it?

Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate in worthy servants. There is nothing in my management deserving the attention of this company.

I am going to begin the world anew, nephew. Hitherto, servants have been a continual plague to me. I must know how you treat them.

I treat them, my Lord, as necessary parts of my family. I have no secrets, the keeping or disclosing of which might give them self-importance. I endeavour to set them no bad example. I am never angry with them but for wilful faults: If there are not habitual, I shame them into amendment by gentle expostulation, and forgiveness. If they are not capable of a generous shame, and the faults grow habitual, I part with them; but with such kindness, as makes their fellow-servants blame them, and take warning. I am fond of seeking occasions to praise them: And even when they mistake, if it be with a good intention, they have my approbation of the intention, and my endeavours to set them right as to the act. Sobriety is an indispensable qualification for my service; and for the rest, if we receive them not quite good, we make them better than they were before. Generally speaking, a master may make a servant what he pleases. Servants judge by example, rather than precept, and almost always by their seelings. One thing more permit me to add, I always insist upon my servants being kind and compassionate to one another. A compassionate heart cannot habitually be an unjust one. And thus do I make their good-nature contribute to my security as well as quiet.

My Lord was greatly pleased with what his nephew said.

Upon some occasion, Lady G. reflected upon a Lady for prudery; and was going on, when Sir Charles, interrupting her, said, Take care, Lady G. — You, Ladies, take care; for I am afraid that MODESTY, under this name, will become ignominious, and be banished the hearts, at least the behaviour and conversation, of all those whose fortunes or inclinations carry them often to places of public resort.

Talk of places of public resort! said Lord L.; It is vexatious to observe at such, how men of real merit are neglected by the fine Ladies of the age, while every distinction is shewn to fops and foplings.

But, who, my Lord, said Sir Charles, are those women? Are they not generally of a class with those men? Flippant women love empty men, because they cannot reproach them with a superiority of understanding, but keep their solly in countenance. They are afraid of a wise man: But I would by no means have such a one turn sool to please them: For they will despise the wise man's folly more than the silly man's, and with reason; because being uncharacteristic, it must sit more aukwardly upon him than the others can do.

Yet wisdom itself, and the truest wisdom, goodness, said Mrs. Reeves, is sometimes thought to sit ungracefully, when it is uncharacteristic, not to the man, but to the times. She then named a person who was branded as an hypocrite, for performing all his duties publicly.

He will be worse spoken of, if he declines doing so, said Dr. Bartlett. His enemies will add the charge of cowardice; and not acquit him of the other.

Lady Gertrude being withdrawn, it was mentioned as a wonder, that so agreeable a woman, as she must have been in her youth, and still was for her years, should remain single. Lord G. said, that she had had many offers: And once, before she was twenty, had like to have stolen a wedding: but her fears, he said, since that, had kept her single.

The longer, said Sir Charles, a woman remains unmarried, the more apprehensive she will be of entering into the state. At seventeen or eighteen a girl will plunge into it, sometimes without either fear or wit; at twenty she will begin to think; at twenty-four will weigh and discriminate; at twenty-eight will be afraid of venturing; at thirty will turn about, and look down the hill she has ascended; and, as occasions offer, and instances are given, will sometimes repent, sometimes rejoice, that she has gained that summit sola.

Indeed, said Mrs. Reeves, I believe in England many a poor girl goes up the hill with a companion she would little care for, if the state of a single woman were not here so peculiarly unprovided and helpless: For girls of slender fortunes, if they have been genteelly brought up, how can they, when familyconnexions are

dissolved, support themselves? A man can rise in a profession, and if he acquires wealth in a trade, can get above it, and be respected. A woman is looked upon as demeaning herself, if she gains a maintenance by her needle, or by domestic attendance on a superior; and without them where has she a retreat?

You speak, good Mrs. Reeves, said Sir Charles, as if you would join with Dr. Bartlett and me in wishing the establishment of a scheme we have often talked over, tho' the name of it would make many a Lady start. We want to see estabilished in every county, Protestant Nunneries; in which single women of small or no fortunes might live with all manner of freedom, under such regulations as it would be a disgrace for a modest or good woman not to comply with, were she absolutely on her own hands; and to be allowed to quit it whenever they pleased.

Well, brother, said Lady G. and why could you not have got all this settled a fortnight ago (you that can carry every point) and have made poor me a Lady Abbess?

You are still better provided for, my sister: But let the Doctor and me proceed with our scheme. The governesses or matrons of the society I would have to be women of family, of unblameable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good-nature, and gentleness of manners. The attendants, for the slighter services, should be the hopeful female children of the honest industrious poor.

Do you not, Ladies, imagine, said Dr. Bartlett, that such a society as this, all women of unblemish'd reputation, employing themselves as each (consulting her own genius) at her admission, shall undertake to employ herself, and supported genteelly, some at more, some at less expence to the foundation, according to their circumstances; might become a national good; and particularly a seminary for good wives, and the institution a stand for virtue, in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amusements little less than riotous?

How could it be supported? said Lord W.

Many of the persons, of which each community would consist, would be, I imagine, replied Sir Charles, no expence to it at all; as numbers of young women, joining their small fortunes, might be able, in such a society, to maintain themselves genteelly on their own income; tho' each, singly in the world, would be distressed. Besides, liberty might be given for wives, in the absence of their husbands, in this maritime country; and for widows, who, on the deaths of theirs, might wish to retire from the noise and hurry of the world, for three, six, or twelve months, more or less; to reside in this well-regulated society. And such persons, we may suppose, would be glad, according to their respective abilities, to be benesactresses to it. No doubt but it would have besides the countenance of

the well-disposed of both sexes; since every family in Britain, in their connexions and relations, near or distant, might be benefited by so reputable and useful an institution: To say nothing of the works of the Ladies in it, the profits of which perhaps will be thought proper to be carried towards the support of a foundation that so genteelly supports them. Yet I would have a number of hours in each day, for the encouragement of industry, that should be called their own; and what was produced in them, to be solely appropriated to their own use.

A truly worthy divine, at the appointment of the Bishop of the diocese, to direct and animate the devotion of such a society, and to guard it from that superstition and enthusiasm which soars to wild heights in almost all Nunneries, would confirm it a blessing to the kingdom.

I have another scheme, my Lord, proceeded Sir Charles — An Hospital for female Penitents; for such unhappy women, as having been once drawn in, and betrayed by the perfidy of men, find themselves, by the cruelty of the world, and principally by that of their own Sex, unable to recover the path of virtue, when perhaps (convinced of the wickedness of the men in whose honour they confided) they would willingly make their first departure from it the last.

These, continued he, are the poor creatures who are eminently intitled to our pity, tho' they seldom meet with it. Good-nature, and Credulity the child of good nature, are generally, as I have the charity to believe, rather than viciousness, the foundation of their crime. Those men who pretend they would not be the first destroyers of a woman's innocence, look upon these as fair prize. But, what a wretch is he, who seeing a poor creature exposed on the summit of a dangerous precipice, and unable, without an assisting hand, to find her way down, would rather push her into the gulph below, than convey her down in safety?

Speaking of the force put upon a daughter's inclinations, in wedlock: Tyranny and ingratitude, said Sir Charles, from a man beloved, will be more supportable to a woman of strong passions, than even kindness from a man she loves not: Shall not parents then, who hope to see their children happy, avoid compelling them to give their hands to a man who has no share in their hearts?

But would you allow young Ladies to be their own choosers, Sir Charles? said Mr. Reeves.

Daughters, replied he, who are earnest to choose for themselves, should be doubly careful that prudence justifies their choice. Every widow who marries imprudently (and very many there are who do) furnishes a strong argument in favour of a parent's authority over a maiden daughter. A designing man looks out for a woman who has an independent fortune, and has no questions to ask. He seems assured of findin indiscretion and rashness in such a one to befriend him. But ought not she to think herself affronted, and resolve to disappoint him?

But how, said Lady G. shall a young creature be able to judge —

By his application to her, rather than to her natural friends and relations; by his endeavouring to alienate her affections from them; by wishing her to favour private and clandestine meetings (conscious that his petensions will not stand discussion) by the inequality of his fortune to hers: And has not our excellent Miss Byron, in the Letters to her Lucy (bowing to me) which she has had the goodness to allow us to read, helped us to a criterion!

‘Men in their addresses to young women, she very happily observes, forget not to set forward the advantages by which they are distinguished, whether hereditary or acquired; while Love, Love, is all the cry of him who has no other to boast of.’

And by that means, said Lady Gertrude, setting the silly creature at variance with all her friends, he makes her fight his battles for him; and become herself the cat’s paw to help him to the ready-roasted chesnuts.

But, dear brother, said Lady G. do you think Love is such a stay’d deliberate passion, as to allow a young creature to take time to ponder and weigh all the merits of the cause?

Love at first sight, answered Sir Charles, must indicate a mind prepared for impression, and a sudden gust of passion, and that of the least noble kind; since there could be no opportunity of knowing the merit of the object. What woman would have herself supposed capable of such a tindery-fit? In a man, it is an indelicate paroxysm: But in a woman, who expects protection and instruction from a man, much more so. Love, at first, may be only fancy. Such a young Love may be easily given up, and ought, to a parent’s judgment. Nor is the conquest so difficult as some young creatures think it. One thing, my good Emily, let me say to you, as a rule of some consequence in the world you are just entering into — Young persons, on arduous occasions, especially in Love-cases, should not presume to advise young persons; because they seldom can divest themselves of passion, partiality or prejudice; that is, indeed, of youth; and forbear to mix their own concerns and byasses with the question referred to them. It should not be put from young friend to young friend, What would you do in such a case? but, What ought to be done?

How the dear girl blush’d, and how pleased she looked, to be particularly addressed by her guardian!

Lady Gertrude spoke of a certain father, who for interested views obliged his daughter to marry at fifteen, when she was not only indifferent to the man, but had formed no right notions of the state.

And are they not unhappy? ask’d Sir Charles.

They are, reply’d she.

I knew such an instance, returned he. The Lady was handsome, and had her full share of vanity. She believed every man who said civil things to her, was in love with her; and had she been single, that he would have made his addresses to her. She supposed, that she might have had this great man, or that, had she not been precipitated: And this brought her to slight the man who had, as she concluded, deprived her of better offers. They were unhappy to the end of their lives. Had the Lady lived single long enough to find out the difference between compliment and sincerity, and that the man who flattered her vanity, meant no more than to take advantage of her folly, she would have thought herself not unhappy with the very man with whom she was so dissatisfied.

Lady L. speaking afterwards of a certain nobleman, who is continually railing against matrimony, and who makes a very indifferent husband to an obliging wife; I have known more men than one, said Sir Charles, inveigh against matrimony, when the invective would have proceeded with a much better grace from their wives lips than from theirs But let us enquire, would this complainer have been, or deserved to be happier in any state than he now is?

A state of suffering, said Lady L. had probably humbled the spirits of the poor wives into perfect meekness and patience.

You observe rightly, replied Sir Charles: And surely a most kind disposition of Providence it is, that adversity, so painful in itself, should conduce so peculiarly to the improvement of the human mind. It teaches modesty, humility, and compassion.

You speak feelingly, brother, said Lady L. with a sigh. Do you think, Lucy, nobody sighed but she?

I do, said he. I speak with a sense of gratitude: I am naturally of an imperious spirit: But I have reaped advantages, from the early stroke of a mother's death. Being for years, against my wishes, obliged to submit to a kind of exile from my native country, which I considered as a heavy evil, tho' I thought it my duty to acquiesce, I was determined, as much as my capacity would allow, to make my advantage of the compulsion, by qualifying myself to do credit, rather than discredit, to my father, my friends, and my country. And, let me add, that if I have in any tolerable manner succeeded, I owe much to the example and precepts of my dear Dr. Bartlett.

The doctor blushed and bowed, and was going to disclaim the merit which his patron had ascribed to him; but Sir Charles confirmed it in still stronger terms: You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, as I have told Miss Byron, was a second conscience to me in my earlier youth: Your precepts, your excellent life, your pure manners, your sweetness of temper, could not but open and enlarge my mind. The soil, I hope I may say, was not barren; but you, my dear paternal friend, was the

cultivator: I shall ever acknowlege it — And he bowed to the good man; who was covered with modest confusion, and could not look up.

And think you, Lucy, that this acknowlegement lessened the excellent man with any one present? No! It raised him in every eye: And I was the more pleased with it, as it helped me to account for that deep observation, which otherwise one should have been at a loss to account for, in so young a man. And yet I am convinced, that there is hardly a greater difference in intellect between angel and man, than there is between man and man.

LETTER XIX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Thursday, April 13.

FOR Heaven's sake, my dearest Harriet, dine with us to-day; for two reasons: One relates to myself; the other you shall hear by and-by; To myself, first, as is most fit — This silly creature has offended me, and presumed to be sullen upon my resentment. Married but two days, and shew his airs! — Were I in fault, my dear (which, upon my honour, I am not) for the man to lose his patience with me, to forget his obligations to me, in two days! — What an ungrateful wretch is he! What a poor powerless creature your Charlotte!

Nobody knows of the matter, except he has complained to my brother — If he has! — But what if he has? — Alas! my dear, I am married; and cannot help myself.

We seem, however, to be drawing up our forces on both sides. — One struggle for my dying liberty, my dear! — The success of one pitched battle will determine which is to be the general, which the subaltern, for the rest of the campaign. To dare to be sullen already! — As I hope to live, my dear, I was in high good humour within myself; and when he was foolish, only intended a little play with him; and he takes it in earnest. He worships you: So I shall railly him before you: But I charge you, as the man by his sullenness has taken upon him to fight his own battle, either to be on my side, or be silent. I shall take it very ill of my Harriet, if she strengthen his hands.

Well, but enough of this husband — HUSBAND! What a word! — Who do you think is arrived from abroad? — You cannot guess for your life — Lady OLIVIA! — True as you are alive! accompanied, it seems, by an aunt of hers; a widow, whose years and character are to keep the niece in countenance in this excursion. The pretence is, making the tour of Europe: and England was not to be left out of the scheme. My brother is excessively disturbed at her arrival. She came to town but last night. He had notice of it but this morning. He took Emily with him to visit her: Emily was known to her at Florence. She and her aunt are to be here at dinner. As she is come, Sir Charles says, he must bring her acquainted with his Sisters, and their Lords, in order to be at liberty to pursue the measures he has unalterably resolved upon: And this, Harriet, is my second reason for urging you to dine with us.

Now do I wish we had known her history at large. Dr. Bartlett shall tell it us. Unwelcome as she is to my brother, I long to see her. I hope I shall not hear

something in her story, that will make me pity her.

Will you come?

I wonder whether she speaks English, or not. I don't think I can converse in Italian.

I won't forgive you, if you refuse to come.

Lady L. and her good man will be here. We shall therefore, if you come, be our whole family together.

My brother has presented this house to me, till his return. He calls himself Lord G.'s guest and mine: So you can have no punctilio about it. Besides, Lord W. will set out to-morrow morning for Windsor. He dotes upon you: And perhaps it is in your power to make a new-married man penitent and polite.

So you must come.

Hang me, if I sign by any other name, while this man is in fits, than that of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Thursday, April 13.

I SEND you inclosed a Letter I received this morning from Lady G.: I will suppose you have read it.

Emily says, that the meeting between Sir Charles and the Lady mentioned in it, was very polite on both sides: But more cold on his, than on hers. She made some difficulty, however, of dining at his house; and her aunt, Lady Massei, more. But on Sir Charles's telling them, that he would bring his eldest sister to attend them thither, they complied.

When I went to St. James's Square, Sir Charles and Lady L were gone in his coach to bring the two Ladies.

Lady G. met me on the stairs-head, leading into her dressing-room. Not a word, said she, of the man's sullens: He repents: A fine figure, as I told him, of a bridegroom, would he make in the eyes of foreign Ladies, at dinner, were he to retain his gloomy airs. He has begged my pardon; as good as promised amendment; and I have forgiven him.

Poor Lord G.! said I.

Hush, hush! He is within: He will hear you: And then perhaps repent of his repentance.

She led me in: My Lord had a glow in his cheeks, and looked as if he had been nettled; and was but just recovering a smile, to help to carry off the petulance. O how saucily did her eyes look! Well, my Lord, said she, I hope — But you say, I misunderstood —

No more, madam, no more, I beseech you —

Well, Sir, not a word more, since you are —

Pray, madam —

Well, well, give me your hand — You must leave Harrier and me together.

She humorously courtesied to him as he bowed to me, taking the compliment as to herself. She nodded her head to him, as he turned back his when he was at the door; and when he was gone, If I can but make this man orderly, said she, I shall not quarrel with my brother for hurrving me, as he has done.

You are wrong, excessively wrong, Charlotte: You call my Lord a silly man, but can have no proof that he is so, but by his bearing this treatment from you.

None of your grave airs, my dear. The man is a good sort of man, and will be so if you and Lady L. don't spoil him. I have a vast deal of roguery, but no ill-

nature, in my heart. There is luxury in jesting with a solemn man, who wants to assume airs of privilege, and thinks he has a right to be impertinent. I'll tell you how I will manage — I believe I shall often try his patience, and when I am conscious that I have gone too far, I will be patient if he is angry with me; so we shall be quits. Then I'll begin again: He will resent: And if I find his aspect very solemn — Come, come, no glouting, friend, I will say, and perhaps smile in his face: I'll play you a tune, or sing you a song — Which, which! Speak in a moment, or the humour will be off.

If he was ready to cry before, he will laugh then, tho' against his will: And as he admires my finger, and my voice, shall we not be instantly friends?

It signified nothing to rave at her: She will have her way. Poor Lord G.! — At my first knowlege of her, I thought her very lively; but imagined not that she was indiscreetly so.

Lord G.'s fondness for his saucy bride was, as I have reason to believe, his fault: I dare not to ask for particulars of their quarrel: And if I had, and found it so, could not, with such a raillying creature, have entered into his defence or censured her.

I went down a few moments before her. Lord G. whispered me, that he should be the happiest man in the world, if I, who had such an influence over her, would stand his friend.

I hope, my Lord, said I, that you will not want any influence but your own. She has a thousand good qualities. She has charming spirits. You will have nothing to bear with but from them. They will not last always. Think only, that she can mean nothing by the exertion of them, but innocent gaiety; and she will every day love your Lordship the better for bearing with her. You know she is generous and noble.

I see, madam, said she, she has let you into —

She has not acquainted me with the particulars of the little misunderstanding; only has said, that there had been a slight one, which was quite made up.

I am ashamed, replied he, to have it thought by Miss Byron, that there could have been a misunderstanding between us, especially so early. She knows her power over me. I am afraid, she despises me.

Impossible, my Lord: Have you not observed, that she spares nobody when she is in a lively humour?

True — But here she comes! — Not a word, madam! — I bowed assenting silence. Lord G. said she, approaching him, in a low voice, I shall be jealous of your conversations with Miss Byron.

Would to heaven, my dearest life, snatching at her withdrawn hand, that —

I were half as good as Miss Byron: I understand you: — But time and patience, Sir; nodding to him, and passing him.

Admirable creature! said he, how I adore her!

I hinted to her afterwards, his fear of her despising him. Harriet, answered she, with a serious air, I will do my duty by him. I will abhor my own heart, if I ever find in it the shadow of a regard for any man in the World, inconsistent with that which he has a right to expect from me.

I was pleased with her. And found an opportunity to communicate what she said, in confidence, to my Lord; and had his blessings for it.

But now for some account of Lady Olivia. With which I will begin a new Letter.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SIR Charles returned with the Ladies. He presented to Lady Olivia and her Aunt, Lady G. Lord L. and Lord W. I was in another apartment talking with Dr. Bartlett. Lady Olivia asked for the doctor. He left me to pay his respects to her. Sir Charles being informed, that I was in the house, told Lady Olivia, that he hoped he should have the honour of presenting to her one of our English beauties; desiring Lady G. to request my company.

Lady G. came to me — A lovely woman, I assure you, Harriet; let me lead you to her. Sir Charles met me at the entrance of the drawing-room: Excuse me, madam, said he, taking my hand, with profound respect, and allow me to introduce to a very amiable Italian Lady one of the loveliest women in Britain; leading me up to her; she advancing towards me. Miss Byron, madam, addressing himself to her, salutes you. Her beauty engages every eye; but that is her least perfection.

Her face glowed. Miss Byron, said she, in French is all loveliness. A relation, Sir? in Italian. He bowed? but answered not her question.

Her aunt, saluting me, expressed herself in my favour.

I would sooner forgive you here, whispered Lady Olivia to Sir Charles, in Italian, looking at me, than at Bologna.

I heard her; and by my confusion shewed that I understood her. She was in confusion too.

Mademoiselle, said she, in French, understands Italian — I am ashamed Monsieur.

Miss Byron does, answered Sir Charles; and French too.

I must have the honour, said she in French, to be better known to you, Mademoiselle.

I answered her as politely as I could in the same language.

Lady OLIVIA is really a lovely woman. Her complexion is fine. Her face oval. Every feature of it is delicate. Her hair is black; and, I think, I never saw brighter black eyes in my life: If possible, they are brighter, and shine with a more piercing lustre, than even Sir Charles Grandison's: But yet I give his the preference; for we see in them a benignity, that hers, tho' a woman's, have not; and a thoughtfulness, as if something lay upon his mind, which nothing but patience could overcome; yet mingled with an air that shews him to be equal to any-thing, that can be undertaken by man. While Olivia's eves shew more fire and

impetuosity than sweetness. Had I not been toll it, I should have been sure that she has a violent spirit: But on the whole, she is a very fine figure of a woman.

She talk'd of taking a house, and staying in England a year at least; and was determined, she said, to perfect herself in the language, and to become an Englishwoman: But when Sir Charles, in the way of discourse, mentioned his obligation to leave England, as on next Saturday morning, how did she and her aunt look upon each other! And how was the ⟨◊⟩ that gilded her fine countenance, shi! Surely, Sir, said her aunt, you are not in earnest

After dinner, the two Ladies retired with Sir Charles, at his motion. Dr. Bartlett, at Lady G.'s request, then gave us this short sketch of her history: He said, She had a vast fortune: She had had indiscretions; but none that had affected her character as to virtue: But her spirit could not bear controul. She had shewn herself to be vindictive, even to a criminal degree. Lord bless me, my dear, the doctor has mentioned to me in confidence, that she always carries a poniard about her; and that once she used it. Had the person died, she would have been called to public account for it. The man, it seems, was of rank, and offered some slight affront to her. She now comes over, the doctor said, as he had reason to believe, with a resolution to sacrifice even her religion, if it were insisted upon, to the passion she had so long in vain endeavoured to conquer.

She has, he says, an utter hatred to Lady Clementina; and will not be able to govern her passion, he is sure, when Sir Charles shall acquaint her, that he is going to attend that Lady, and her family: For he has only mentioned his obligation to go abroad; but not said whither.

Lord W. praised the person of the Lady, and her majestic air. Lord L. and Lord G. wish'd to be within hearing of the conference between her and Sir Charles: So did Lady G.: And while they were thus wishing, in came Sir Charles, his face all in a glow; Lady L. said he, be so good as to attend Lady Olivia.

She went to her. Sir Charles staid not with us: Yet went not to the Lady; but into his Study. Dr. Bartlett attended him there: The doctor returned soon after to us. His noble heart is vexed, said he: Lady Olivia has greatly disturbed him: He chooses to be alone.

Lady L. afterwards told us, that she found the Lady in violent anguish of spirit; her aunt endeavouring to calm her: She, however, politely addressed herself to Lady L. and, begging her aunt to withdraw for a few moments, she owned to her, in French her passion for her brother: She was not, she said, ashamed to own it to his sister, who must know that his merit would dignify the passion of the noblest woman. She had endeavoured, she said, to conquer hers: She had been willing to give way to the prior attachments that he had pleaded for a Lady of her own country Signora Clementina della Porretta, whom she allowed to have had great

merit; but who, having irrecoverably been put out of her right mind, was shut up at Naples by a brother, who vowed eternal enmity to Sir Charles; and from whom his life would be in the utmost hazard, if he went over. She owned, that her chief motive for coming to England was, to cast her fortune at her brother's feet; and as she knew him to be a man of honour, to comply with any terms he should propose to her. He had offered to the family della Porretta to allow their daughter her religion, and her confessor, and to live with her every other year in Italy. She herself, not inferior in birth, in person, in mind as she said, she presumed and superior in fortune, the riches of three branches of her family, all rich, having centred in her, insisted not now upon such conditions. Her aunt, she said, knew not that she proposed, on conviction, a change of her religion; but she was resolved not to conceal any-thing from Lady L. She left her to judge how much she must be affected, when he declared his obligation to leave England; and especiall when he owned, that it was to go to Bologna, and that so suddenly, as if, as she apprehended at first, it was to avoid her. She had been in tears, she said, and even would have kneeled to him, to induce him to ⟨◊⟩ end his journey for one month and then to have taken her over with him, and seen her safe in her own palace. if he would go upon so hated, and so fruitless, as well as so hazardous an errand: But he had denied her this poor favour.

This refusal, she owned, had put her out of all patience. She was unhappily passionate; but was the most placable of her Sex. What, madam, said she, can affect a woman, if slight, indignity, and repulse, from a favoured person, is not able to do it? A woman of my condition to come over to England, to sollicit — how can I support the thought — and to be refused the protection of the man she prefers to all men; and her request to see her safe back again, tho' but as the fool she came over — You may blame me, madam − but you must pity me, even were you to have a heart the sister-heart of your inflexible brother's.

In vain did Lady L. plead to her Lady Clementina's deplorable situation; the reluctance of his own relations to part with him; and the magnanimity of his self-denial in an hundred instances, on the bare possibility of being an instrument to restore her: She could not bear to hear her speak highly of the unhappy Lady. She charged Clementina with the pride of her family, to which she attributed their deserved calamity [Deserved! Cruel Lady! How could her pitiless heart allow her lips to utter such a word!]; and imputed meanness to the noblest of human minds, for yielding to the entreaties of a family, some of the principals of which, she said, had treated him with an arrogance that a man of his spirit ought not to bear.

Lady Maffei came in. She seems dependent upon her niece. She is her aunt by marriage only: And Lady L. speaks very favourably of her from the advice she

〈◊〉, and her remonstrances to her kinswoman. Lady Maffei besought her to compose herself, and return to the company.

She could not bear, she said, to return to the company, the slighted, the contemned object, she must appear to be to every one in it. I am an intruder, said she, haughtily; a beggar with a fortune that would purchase a Sovereignty in some countries. Make my excuses to your sister, to the rest of the company — and to that fine young Lady — whose eyes, by their officious withdrawing from his, and by the consciousness that glowed in her face whenever he addressed her, betrayed, at least to a jealous eye, more than she would wish to have seen — But tell her, that all lovely and blooming as she is, she must have no hope, while Clementina lives.

I hope, Lucy, it is only to a jealous eye that my heart is so discoverable! — I thank her for her caution. But I can say what she cannot; that from my heart, cost me what it may, I do subscribe to a preference in favour of a Lady who has acted, in the most arduous trials, in a greater manner than I fear either Olivia or I could have acted, in the same circumstances. We see that her reason, but not her piety, deserted her in the noble struggle between her Love and her Religion. In the most affecting absences of her reason the Soul of the man she loved was the object of her passion. However hard it is to prefer another to one's self, in such a case as this; yet if my judgment is convinced, my acknowlegement shall follow it. Heaven will enable me to be reconciled to the event, because I pursue the dictates of that judgment, against the biasses of my more partial heart. Let that Heaven, which only can, restore Clementina, and dispose as it pleases of Olivia and Harriet. We cannot either of us, I humbly hope, be so unhappy as the Lady has been whom I rank among the first of women; and whose whole family deserves almost equal compassion.

Lady Olivia ask Lady L. If her brother had not a very tender regard for me? He had, Lady L. answered; and told her, that he had rescued me from a very great distress; and that mine was the most grateful of human hearts.

She called me sweet young creature (supposing me, I doubt not, youger than I am); but said, that the graces of my person and mind alarmed her not, as they would have done, had not his attachment to Clementina mentina been what now she saw, but never could have believed it was; having supposed, that compassion only was the tie that bound him to her.

But compassion, Lucy, from such a heart as his, the merit so great in the Lady, must be Love; a Love of the nobler kind — And if it were not, it would be unworthy of Clementina's.

Lady Maffei called upon her dignity, her birth, to carry her above a passion that met not with a grateful return. She advised her to dispose herself to stay in

England some months, now she was here. And as her friends in Italy would suppose what her view was in coming to England, their censures would be obviated by here continuing here for some time, while Sir Charles was abroad, and in Italy: And that she should divert herself with visiting the court, the public places, and in seeing the principal curiosities of this kingdom as she had done those of others; in order to give credit to an excursion that might otherwise be freely spoken of, in her own country.

She seemed to listen to this advice. She bespoke, and was promised, the friendship of the two sisters; and included in her request, through their interests, mine; and Lady G. was called in, by her sister, to join in the promise.

She desired that Sir Charles might be requested to walk in; but would not suffer the sisters to withdraw as they would have done, when he returned. He could not but be polite; but, it seems, looked still disturbed. I beg you to excuse, Sir, said she, my behaviour to you: It was passionate; it was unbecoming. But, in compliment to your own consequence, you ought to excuse it. I have only to request one favour of you: That you will suspend for one week, in regard to me, your proposed journey; but for one week; and I will, now I am in England, stay some months; perhaps till your return.

Excuse me, madam.

I will not excuse you — But one week, Sir. Give me so much importance with myself, as for one week's suspension. You will. You must.

Indeed I cannot. My Soul, I own to you, is in the distrestes of the family of Porretta. Why should I repeat what I said to you before?

I have bespoken, Sir, the civilities of your sisters, of your family: You forbid them not?

You expect not an answer, madam, to that question. My sisters will be glad, and so will their Lords, to attend you where-ever you please, with a hope to make England agreeable to you.

How long do you propose to stay in Italy, Sir?

It is not possible for me to determine.

Are you not apprehensive of danger to your person?

I am not.

You ought to be.

No danger shall deter me from doing what I think to be right. If my motives justify me, I cannot fear.

Do you wish me, Sir, to stay in England till your return?

A question so home put, disturbed him. Was it a prudent one in the Lady? It must either subject her to a repulse; or him, by a polite answer, to give her hope, that her stay in England might not be fruitless, as to the view she had in coming.

He reddened. It is fit, answered he, that your own pleasure should determine you. It did, pardon me, madam, in your journey hither.

She reddened to her very ears. Your brother, Ladies, has the reputation of being a polite man: Bear witness to this instance of it. I am ashamed of myself!

If I am unpolite, madam, my sincerity will be my excuse; at least to my own heart.

O that inflexible heart! But, Ladies, if the inhospitable Englishman refuse his protection in his own country, to a foreign woman, of no mean quality; Do not you, his sisters, despise her.

They, madam, and their Lords, will render you every chearful service. Let me request you, my sisters, to make England as agreeable as possible to this Lady. She is of the first consideration in her own country: She will be of such where-ever she goes. My Lady Maffei deserves likewise your utmost respect. Then addressing himself to them; Ladies, said he, encourage my sisters: They will think themselves honoured by your commands.

The two sisters confirmed, in an obliging manner, what their brother had said; and both Ladies acknowleged themselves indebted to them for their offered friendship: But Lady Olivia seemed not at all satisfied with her brother: And it was with some difficulty he prevailed on her to return to the company, and drink coffee.

I could not help reflecting, on occasion of this Lady's conduct, that fathers and mothers are great blessings, to daughters, in particular, even when women grown. It is not every woman that will shine in a state of independency. Great fortunes are snares. If independent women escape the machinations of men, which they have often a difficulty to do, they will frequently be hurried by their own imaginations, which are said to be livelier than those of men, tho' their judgments are supposed less, into inconveniencies. Had Lady Olivia's parents or uncles lived, she hardly would have been permitted to make the tour of Europe: And not having so great a fortune to support vagaries, would have shone, as she is well qualified to do, in a dependent state, in Italy, and made some worthy man and herself haappy.

Had she a mind great enough to induce her to pity Clementina, I should have been apt to pity her; for I saw her soul was disturbed. I saw that the man she loved was not able to return her Love: A pitiable case! I saw a starting tear now-and-then with difficulty disperted. Once she rubbed her eye, and, being conscious of observation, said something had got into it: So it had. The something was a tear. Yet she looked with haughtiness, and her besom swelled with indignation ill concealed.

Sir Charles repeated his recommendation of her to Lord L. and Lord G. They offered their best services: Lord W. invited her and all of us to Windsor. Different parties of pleasure were talked of: But still the Enlivener of every party was not to be in any one of them. She tried to look pleased; but did not always succeed in the trial: An eye of Love and Anger mingled was often cast upon the man whom every-body loved. Her bosom heaved, as it seemed sometimes, with indignation against herself: That was the construction which I made of some of her looks.

Lady Maffei, however, seemed pleased with the parties of pleasure talked of: She often directed herself to me in Italian. I answered her in it as well as I could. I do not talk it well: But as I am not an Italian, and little more than book-learned in it (for it is a long time ago since I lost my grandpappa, who used to converse with me in it, and in French) I was not scrupulous to answer in it. To have forborne, because I did not excel in what I had no opportunity to excel in, would have been false modesty, nearly bordering upon pride. Were any Lady to laugh at me for not speaking well her native tongue, I would not return the smile, were she to be less perfect in mine, than I am in hers. But Lady Olivia made me a compliment on my faulty accent, when I acknowleged it to be so. Signora, said she, you shew us, that a pretty mouth can give beauty to a defect. A master teaching you, added she, would perhaps find some fault; but a friend conversing with you, must be in love with you for the very imperfection.

Sir Charles was generously pleased with the compliment, and made her a fine one on her observation.

He attended the two Ladies to their lodgings in his coach. He owned to Dr. Bartlett, that Lady Olivia was in tears all the way, lamenting her disgrace in coming to England, just as he was quitting it; and wishing she had stay'd at Florence. She would have engaged him to correspond with her: He excused himself. It was a very afflicting thing to him, he told the doctor, to deny any request that was made to him, especially by a Lady: But he thought he ought in conscience and honour to forbear giving the shadow of an expectation that might be improved into hope, where none was intended to be given. Heaven, he said, had, for laudable ends, implanted such a regard in the Sexes towards each other, that both man and woman who hoped to be innocent, could not be too circumspect in relation to the friendships they were so ready to contract with each other. He thought he had gone a great way, in recommending an intimacy between her and his sisters, considering her views, her spirit, her preservance, and the free avowal of her regard for him, and her menaces on his supposed neglect of her. And yet, as she had come over, and he was obliged to leave England so soon after her arrival; he thought he could not do less: And he hoped his sisters, from whose

examples she might be benefited, would, while she behaved prudently, cultivate her acquaintance.

The doctor tells me, that now Lady Olivia is so unexpectedly come hither in person, he thinks it best to decline giving me, as he had once intended, her history at large; but will leave so much of it as may satisfy my curiosity, to be gathered from my own observation; and not only from the violence and haughtiness of her temper, but from the freedom of her declarations. He is sure, he said, that his patron will be best pleased, that a veil should be thrown over the weaker part of her conduct; which, were it known, would indeed be glorious to Sir Charles, but not so to the Lady; who, however, never was suspected, even by her enemies, of giving any other man reason to tax her with a thought that was not strictly virtuous: And she had engaged his Piety and Esteem, for the sake of her other fine qualities, tho' she could not his Love. Before she saw him (which, it seems, was at the opera at Florence for the first time, when he had an opportunity to pay her some slight civilities) she set all men at defiance.

To-morrow morning Sir Charles is to breakfast with me. My cousins and I are to dine at Lord L's. The Earl and Lady Gertrude are also to be there. Lord W. has been prevailed upon to stay, and be there also, as it is his nephew's last day in England. —

'Last day in England!'

O my Lucy! What words are those! — Lady L. has invited Lady Olivia and her aunt, at her own motion, Sir Charles (his time being so short) not disapproving.

I thank my grandmamma and aunt for their kind summons. I will soon set may day: I will, my dear, soon set my day.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday Noon, Apr. 14.

NOT five hours in bed; not one hour's rest, for many uneasy nights before. I was stupid till Sir Charles came: I then was better. He enquired, with tender looks and voice, after my health; as if he thought I did not look well.

We had some talk about Lord and Lady G. He was anxious for their happiness. He complimented me with hopes from my advice to her. Lord G. he said, was a good-natured honest man. If he thought his sister would make him unhappy, he should himself be so.

I told him, that I dared to answer for her heart. My Lord must bear with some innocent foibles, and all would be well.

We then talked of Lady Olivia. He began the subject, by asking me my opinion of her. I said she was a very fine woman in her person; and that she had an air of grandeur in her mien.

And she has good qualities, said he; but she is violent in her passions. I am frequently grieved for her. She is a fine creature in danger of being lost, by being made too soon her own mistress.

He said not one word of his departure to-morrow morning: I could nor begin it; my heart would not let me; my spirits were not high: And I am afraid, if that key had been touched, I should have been too visibly affected. My cousins forbore, upon the same apprehension.

He was excessively tender and soothing to me, in his air, his voice, his manner. I thought of what Emily said; that his voice, when he spoke of me, was the voice of Love. Dear flattering girl! — But why did she flatter me?

We talked of her next. He spoke of her with the tenderness of a father. He besought me to love her. He praised her heart.

Emily, said I, venerates her guardian. She never will do any-thing contrary to his advice.

She is very young, replied he. She will be happy, madam, in yours. She both loves and reverences you.

I greatly love the dear Emily, Sir. She and I shall be always sisters.

How happy am I, in your goodness to her! Permit me, madam, to enumerate to you my own felicities in that of my dearest friends.

Mr. Beauchamp is now in the agreeable situation I have long wished him to be in. His prudence and obliging behaviour to his mother-in-law, have won her. His

father grants him every-thing throgh her; and she, by this means, finds that power enlarged which she was afraid would be lessened, it the s n were allowed to come over. How just is this reward of his filial duty!

Thus, Lucy, did he give up the merit to his Beauchamp, which was solely due to himself.

Lord W. he hoped, would be soon one of the happiest men in England: And the whole Mansfield family had now fair prospects opening before them.

Emily [Not be, you see] had made it the interest of her mother to be quiet.

Lord and Lady L. gave him pleasure whenever he saw them, or thought of them.

Dr. Bartlett was in Heaven while on earth. He would retire to his beloved Grandison-hall, and employ himself in distributing, as objects offered, at least a thousand pounds of the three thousand bequeathed to charitable uses by his late friend Mr. Danby. His sister's fortune was paid. His estates in both kingdoms were improving — See, madam, said he, how like the friend of my Soul I claim your attention to affairs that are of consequence to myself; and in some of which your generosity of heart has interested you.

I bowed. Had I spoken, I had burst into tears. I had something arose in my throat, I know not what. Still, thought I, excellent man, you are not yourself happy! — O pity! pity! Yet, Lucy, he plainly had been enumerating all these things, to take off from my mind that impression which I am afraid he too well knows it is affected with, from his difficult situation.

And now, madam, resumed he, how are all my dear and good friends, whom you more particularly call yours? — I hope to have the honour of a personal knowlege of them. When heard you from our good Mr. Deane? He is well, I hope.

Very well, Sir.

Your grandmamma Shirley, that ornament of advanced years?

I bowed: I dared not trust to my voice.

Your excellent aunt Selby?

I bowed again.

Your uncle, your Lucy, your Nancy: Happy family! All harmony! all love! — How do they?

I wiped my eyes.

Is there any service in my power to do them, or any of them? Command me, good Miss Byron, if there be: My Lord W. and I are one. Our Influence is not small. — Make me still more happy, in the power of serving any one favoured by you.

You oppress me, Sir, by your goodness! — I cannot speak my grateful sensibilities.

Will you, my dear Mr. Reeves, Will you, madam, (to my cousin) employ me in any way that I can be of use to you, either abroad or at home? Your acquaintance has given me great pleasure. To what a family of worthies has this excellent young Lady introduced me!

O Sir! said Mrs Reeves, tears running down her cheeks, that you were not to leave people whom you have made so happy in the knowlege of the best of men!

Indispensable calls must be obeyed, my dear Mrs. Reeves. If we cannot be as happy as we wish, we will rejoice in the happiness we can have. We must not be our own carvers. — But I make you all serious. I was enumerating, as I told you, my present felicities: I was rejoicing in your friendships. I have joy; and, I presume to say, I will have joy. There is a bright side in every event; I will not lose sight of it: And there is a dark one; but I will endeavour to see it only with the eye of prudence, that I may not be involved by it at unawares. Who that is not reproached by his own heart, and is blessed with health, can grieve for inevitable evils; evils that can be only evils as we make them so? Forgive my seriousness: My dear friends, you make me grave. Favour me, I beseech you, my good Miss Byron, with one lesson: We shall be too much engaged, perhaps, by-and-by.

He led me (I thought it was with a chearful air; but my cousins both say, his eyes glistened) to the harpsichord: He sung unasked, but with a low voice; and my mind was calmed. O Lucy! How can I part with such a man? How can I take my leave of him? — But perhaps he has taken his leave of me already, as to the solemnity of it, in the manner I have recited.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday Morning, Apr. 15.

O Lucy, Sir Charles Grandison is gone! Gone indeed! He sat out at three this morning; on purpose, no doubt, to spare his sisters, and the two brothers-in-law, and Lord W. as well as himself, concern. We broke not up till after two. Were I in the writing humour which I have never known to fail me till now, I could dwell upon an hundred things, some of which I can now only briefly mention.

Dinner-time yesterday passed with tolerable chearfulness: Every one tried to be chearful. O what pain attends loving too well, and being too well beloved! He must have pain, as well as we.

Lady Olivia was the most thoughtful, at dinnertime; yet pr Emily! Ah the poor Emily! she went out four or five times to weep; tho' only I perceived it.

Nobody was chearful after dinner but Sir Charles. He seemed to exert himself to be so. He prevailed on me to give them a lesson on the harpsichord. Lady L. played: Lady G. played: We tried to play, I should rather say. He himself took the violin, and afterwards sat down to the harpsichord, for one short lesson. He was not known to be such a master: But he was long in Italy. Lady Olivia indeed knew him to be so. She was induced to play upon the harpsichord: She surpassed everybody. Italy is the land of harmony.

About seven at night he singled me out, and surprised me greatly by what he said. He told me, that Lady D. had made him a visit. I was before low: I was then ready to sink. She has asked me questions, madam.

Sir, Sir! was all I could say.

He himself trembled as he spoke — Alas! my dear, he surely loves me! Hear how solemnly he spoke — God Almighty be your director, my dear Miss Byron! I wish not more happiness to my own Soul, than I do to you. — In discharge of a promise made, I mention this visit to you: I might otherwise have spared you, and myself —

He stopt there — Then resumed; for I was silent — I could not speak — Your friends will be entreated for a man that loves you; a very worthy young nobleman. — I give you emotion, madam. — Forgive me. — I have performed my promise. He turned from me with a seeming chearful air. How could he appear to be chearful!

We made parties at cards. I knew not what I played. Emily sighed, and tears stole down her cheeks, as she played. O how she loves her guardian! Emily, I say

— I don’t know what I write!

At supper we were all very melancholy. Mr. Beauchamp was urgent to go abroad with him. He changed the subject, and gave him an indirect denial, as I may call it, by recommending the two Italian Ladies to his best services.

Sir Charles, kind, good, excellent! wished to Lord L. to have seen Mr. Grandison! — Unworthy as that man has made himself of his attention.

He was a few moments in private with Lady Olivia. She returned to company with red eyes.

Poor Emily watched an opportunity to be spoken to by him alone — So diligently! He led her to the window — About one o’ clock it was — He held both her hands. He called her, she says, his Emily. He charged her to write to him.

She could not speak; she could only sob; yet thought she had a thousand things to say to him.

He contradicted not the hope his sisters and their Lords had of his breakfasting with them. They invited me; they invited the Italian Ladies: Lady L. Lord L. did go, in expectation: But Lady G. when she found him gone, sent me and the Italian Ladies word, that he was. It would have been cruel, if she had not. How could he steal away so! I find, that he intended that his morning visit to me (as indeed I half suspected) should be a taking leave of my cousins, and your Harriet. How many things did he say then — How many questions ask — In tender woe — He wanted to do us all service — He seemed not to know what to say — Surely he hates not your poor Harriet — What struggles in his noble bosom! — But a man cannot complain: A man cannot ask for compassion, as a woman can. But surely his is the gentlest of manly minds!

When we broke up, he handed my cousin Reeves into her coach. He handed me. Mr. Reeves said, We see you again, Sir Charles, in the morning? He bowed. At handing me in, he sighed — He pressed my hand — I think he did — That was all — He saluted nobody. — He will not meet his Clementina as he parted with us.

But, I doubt not, Dr. Bartlet was in the secret.

He was. He has just been here. He found my eyes swelled. I had had no rest; yet knew not, till seven o’clock, that he was gone.

It was very good of the doctor to come: His visit soothed me: Yet he took no notice of my red eyes. Nay, for that matter, Mrs. Reeves’s eyes were swelled, as well as mine. Angel of a man! How is he beloved!

The doctor says, that his Sisters, their Lords, Lord W. are in as much grief as if he were departed for ever — And who knows — But I will not torment my self with supposing the worst: I will endeavour to bear in mind what he said yesterday morning to us, no doubt for an instruction, that he would have joy.

And did he then think that I should be so much grieved as to want such an instruction? — And therefore did he vouchsafe to give it? — But, vanity, be quiet — Lie down, hope — Hopelesness, take place! — Clementina shall be his. He shall be hers.

Yet his emotion, Lucy, at mentioning Lady D.'s visit — O! but that was only owing to his humanity. He saw my emotion; and acknowleged the tenderest friendship for me! Ought I not to be satisfied with that? I am. I will be satisfied. Does he not love me with the love of mind? The poor Olivia has not this to comfort herself with. The poor Olivia! If I see her sad and afflicted, how I shall pity her! All her expectations frustrated; the expectations that engaged her to combat difficulties, to travel, to cross many waters, and to come to England — to come just time enough to take leave of him; he hastening on the wings of Love and Compassion to a dearer, a deservedly dearer object, in the country she had quitted, on purpose to visit him in his — Is not hers a more grievous situation than mine? — It is. Why, then, do I lament.?

But here, Lucy, let me in confidence hint, what I have gathered from several intimations from Dr. Bartlett, tho' as tenderly made by him as possible, that had Sir Charles Grandison been a man capable of taking advantage of the violence of a Lady's passion for him, the unhappy Olivia would not have scrupled, great, haughty, and noble as she is, by birth and fortune, to have been his, without conditions, if she could not have been so with: The Italian world is of this opinion, at least. Had Sir Charles been a Rinaldo, Olivia had been an Armida.

O that I could hope, for the honour of the Sex, and of the Lady who is so fine a woman, that the Italian world is mistaken! — I will presume that it is.

My good Dr. Bartlett, will you allow me to accuse you of a virtue too rigorous? That is sometimes the fault of very good people. You own that Sir Charles has not, even to you, revealed a secret so disgraceful to her. You own, that he has only blamed her for having too little regard for her reputation, and for the violence of her temper: Yet how patiently, for one of such a temper, has she taken his departure, almost on the day of her arrival! He could not have given her an opportunity to indicate to him a concession so criminal: She could not, if he had, have made the overture. Wicked, wicked world! I will not believe you! And the less credit shall you have with me, Italian world, as I have seen the Lady. The innocent heart will be a charitable one. Lady Olivia is only too intrepid. Prosperity, as Sir Charles observed, has been a snare to her, and set her above a proper regard to her reputation. — Merciless world! I do not love you. Dear Dr. Bartlett, you are not yet absolutely perfect! These hints of yours against Olivia, gathered from the malevolence of the envious, are proofs (the first indeed, that I have ever met with) of your imperfection.

Excuse me, Lucy: How have I run on! Disappointment has mortified me, and made me goodnatured. — I will welcome adversity, if it enlarge my charity.

The doctor tells me, that Emily, with her halfbroken heart, will be here presently. If I can be of comfort to her — But I want it myself, from the same cause. We shall only weep over each other.

As I told you, the doctor, and the doctor only, knew of his setting out so early. He took leave of him. Happy Dr. Bartlett! — Yet I see by his eyes, that this parting cost him some paternal tears.

Never father better loved a son than this good man loves Sir Charles Grandison.

Sir Charles, it seems, had settled all his affairs three days before. His servants were appointed. Richard Saunders is one of the three he has taken with him. Happy servants! to be every day in the presence of such a master.

The doctor tells me, that he had last week presented the elder Mr. Oldham with a pair of Colours, which he had purchased for him. Nobody had heard of this.

Lord W. he says, is preparing for Windsor; Mr. Beauchamp for Hampshire, for a few days; and then he returns to attend the commands of the noble Italians. Lady Olivia will soon have her equipage ready. She will make a great appearance. But Sir CHARLES GRANDISON will not be with her. What is grandeur to a disturbed heart? The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude are setting out for Hertfordshire. Lord and Lady L. talk of retiring, for a few weeks, to Colnebrooke: The Doctor is preparing for Grandison-hall; your poor Harriet for Northamptonshire — Bless me, my dear, what a dispersion! — But Lord W.'s nuptials will collect some of them together at Windsor.

EMILY, the dear weeping girl! is just come. She is with my cousins. She expects my permission for coming up to me. Imagine us weeping over each other; praying for, blessing the guardian of us both. Your imagination cannot form a scene too tender. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sunday, April 16.

O What a blank, my dear! — But I need not say what I was going to say. Poor Emily! — But to mention her grief, is to paint my own.

Lord W. went to Windsor Yesterday.

A very odd behaviour of Lady Olivia. Mr. Beauchamp went yesterday, and offered to attend her to any of the publick places, at her pleasure; in pursuance of Sir Charles's reference to him, to do all in his power to make England agreeable to her: And she thought fit to tell him before her aunt, that she thanked him for his civility; but she should not trouble him during her stay in England. She had gentlemen in her train; and one of them had been in England before — He left her in disgust.

Lady L. making her a visit in the evening, she told her of Mr. Beauchamp's offer, and of her answer. The gentleman, said she, is a polite and very agreeable man; and this made me treat his kind offer with abruptness: For I can hardly doubt your brother's view in it. I scorn his view: And if I were sure of it, perhaps I should find a way to make him repent of the Indignity. Lady L. was sure, she said, that neither her brother, nor Mr. Beauchamp, had any other views than to make England as agreeable to her as possible.

Be this as it may, madam, said she, I have no service for Mr. Beauchamp: But if your Ladyship, your sister, and your two Lords, will allow me to cultivate your friendship, you will do me honour. Dr. Bartlett's company will be very agreeable to me likewise, as often as he will give it me. To Miss Jervois I lay some little claim. I would have had her for my companion in Italy; but your cruel brother — No more, however, of him. Your English beauty too, I admire her: But, poor young creature, I admire her the more, because I can pity her. I should think myself very happy to be better acquainted with her.

Lady L. made her a very polite answer for herself and her sister, and their Lords: But told her, that I was very soon to set out for my own abode in Northamptonshire; and that Dr. Bartlett had some commissions, which would oblige him, in a day or two, to go to Sir Charles's seat in the country. She herself offered to attend her to Windsor, and to every other place, at her command.

LADY L. took notice of her wrist being bound round with a broad black ribband, and asked, If it were hurt? A kind of sprain, said she. But you little imagine how it came; and must not ask.

This made Lady L. curious. And Olivia requesting that Emily might be allowed to breakfast with her as this morning; she has bid the dear girl endeavour to know how it came, if it fell in her way: For Olivia reddened, and looked up, with a kind of consciousness, to Lady L. when she told her that she must not ask questions about it.

Lady G. is very earnest with me to give into the town-diversions for a month to come: But I have now no desire in my heart so strong, as to throw myself at the feet of my grandmamma and aunt; and to be embraced by my Lucy and Nancy, and all my Northamptonshire Loves. I am only afraid of my uncle. He will railly his Harriet; yet only, I know, in hopes to divert her, and us all: But my jesting days are over: My situation will not bear it. Yet if it will divert himself, let him railly.

I shall be so much importuned to stay longer than I ought, or will stay, that I may as well fix a peremptory day at once. Will you, my ever indulgent friends, allow me to set out for Selby-house on Friday next? Not on a Sunday, as Lady Betty Williams advises, for fear of the odious waggons. But I have been in a different school. Sir Charles Grandison, I find, makes it a tacit rule with him, Never to begin a journey on a Sunday; nor, except when in pursuit of works of mercy or necessity, to travel in time of Divine Service. And this rule he observed last Sunday, tho' he reached us here in the evening. O my grandmamma! How much is he, what you all are, and ever have been! — But he is now pursuing a work of mercy. God succeed to him the end of his pursuit!

But why tacit? you will ask. Is Sir Charles Grandison ashamed to make an open appearance in behalf of his Christian duties? He is not. For instance; I have never seen him sit down at his own table, in the absence of Dr. Bartlett, or some other clergyman, but he himself says grace; and that with such an easy dignity, as commands every one's reverence; and which is succeeded by a chearfulness that looks as if he were the better pleased for having shewn a thankful heart.

Dr. Bartlett has also told me, that he begins and ends every day, either in his Chamber, or in his Study, in a manner worthy of one who is in earnest in his Christian profession. But he never frights gay company with grave maxims. I remember, one day, Mr. Grandison asked him, in his absurd way, Why he did not preach to his Company now-and-then? Faith, Sir Charles, said he, if you did, you would reform many a poor ignorant sinner of us; since you could do it with more weight, and more certainty of attention, than any parson in Christendom.

It would be an affront, said Sir Charles, to the understanding, as well as education, of a man who took rank above a peasant, in such a country as this, to seem to question whether he knew his general duties, or not, and the necessity of practising what he knew of them. If he should be at a loss, he may once a week

be reminded, and his heart kept warm. Let you and me, cousin Everard, shew our conviction by our practice; and not invade the clergyman's province.

I remember, that Mr. Grandison shewed his conviction by his blushes; and by repeating the three little words, You and me! Sir Charles.

Sunday Evening.

O MY dear friends! I have a strange, a shocking piece of intelligence to give you! Emily has just been with me in tears: She begged to speak with me in private. When we were alone, she threw her arms about my neck: Ah, madam! said she, I am come to tell you, that there is a person in the world that I hate, and must and will hate, as long as I live. It is Lady Olivia. — Take me down with you into Northamptonshire, and never let me see her more.

I was surprised.

O madam! I have found out, that she would, on Thursday last, have killed my guardian.

I was astonished, Lucy.

They retired together, you know, madam: My guardian came from her, his face in a glow; and he sent in his sister to her, and went not in himself till afterwards. She would have had him put off his journey. She was enraged because he would not; and they were high together; and at last she pulled out of her stays, in fury, a poniard, and vowed to plunge it into his heart. He should never, she said, see his Clementina more. He went to her. Her heart failed her. Well it might, you know, madam. He seized her hand. He took it from her. She struggled, and in struggling her wrist was hurt; that's the meaning of the broad black ribband! — Wicked creature! to have such a thought in her heart! — He only said, when he had got it from her, Unhappy, violent woman! I return not this instrument of mischief! You will have no use for it in England — And would not let her have it again.

I shuddered. O my dear, said I, he has been a sufferer, we are told, by good women; but this is not a good woman. But can it be true? Who informed you of it?

Lady Maffei herself. She thought that Sir Charles must have spoken of it: And when she found he had not, she was sorry she had, and begged I would not tell any-body: But I could not keep it from you. And she says, that Lady Olivia is grieved on the remembrance of it; and arraigns herself, and her wicked passion; and the more, for his noble forgiveness of her on the spot, and recommending her afterwards to the civilities of his sisters, and their Lords. But I hate her, for all that.

Poor unhappy Olivia! said I. But what, my Emily, are we women, who should be the meekest and tenderest of the whole animal creation, when we give way to passion! But if she is so penitent, let not the shocking attempt be known to his

sisters, or their Lords. I may take the liberty of mentioning it, in strict confidence [Observe that, Lucy] to those from whom I keep not any secret: But let it not be divulged to any of the relations of Sir Charles. Their detestation of her, which must follow, would not be concealed; and the unhappy creature, made desperate, might — Who knows what she might do?

The dear girl ran on upon what might have been the consequence, and what a loss the world would have had, if the horrid fact had been perpetrated. Lady Maffci told her, however, that had not her heart relented, she might have done him mischief; for he was too rash in approaching her. She fell down on her knees to him, as soon as he had wrested the poniard from her. I forgive, and pity you, madam, said he, with an air that had, as Olivia and he aunt have recollected since, both majesty and company a in it: But he would withdraw. Yet, at her request, sent in Lady L. to her; and, going into his Study, told not even Dr. Bartlett of it, tho' he went to him there immediately.

From the consciousness of this violence, perhaps, the Lady was more temperate afterwards, even to the very time of his departure.

LORD bless me, What shall I do? Lady D. has sent a card to let me know, that she will wait upon Mrs. Reeves and me to-morrow to breakfast. She comes, no doubt, to tell me, that Sir Charles having no thoughts of Harriet Byron, Lord D. may have hopes of succeeding with her: And perhaps her Ladyship will plead Sir Charles's recommendation and interest in Lord D's favour. But should this plea be made, good Heaven give me patience! I am afraid I shall be uncivil to this excellent woman.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATIN.

Monday, April 17.

THE Countess is just gone.

Mr. Reeves was engaged before to breakfast with Lady Betty Williams; and we were only Mrs. Reeves, Lady D. and I.

My heart aked at her entrance; and every moment still more, as we were at breakfast. Her looks, I thought, had such particular kindness and meaning in them, as seemed to express,

'You have no hopes, Miss Byron, any-where else; and I will have you to be mine.'

But my suspence was over the moment the tea-table was removed. I see your confusion, my dear, said the Countess [Mrs. Reeves, you must not leave us]; and I have sat in pain for you, as I saw it increase. By this I know that Sir Charles Grandison has been as good as his word. Indeed I doubted not but he would. I don't wonder, my dear, that you love him. He is the finest man in his manners, as well as person, that I ever saw. A woman of virtue and honour cannot but love him. But I need not praise him to you; nor to you, neither, Mrs. Reeves; I see that.

Now you must know, proceeded she, that there is an alliance proposed for my son, of which I think very well; but still should have thought better, had I never seen you, my dear. I have talked to my Lord about it: You know I am very desirous to have him married. His answer was; I never can think of any proposal of this nature, while I have any hope that I can make myself acceptable to Miss Byron.

What think you, my Lord, said I, if I should directly apply to Sir Charles Grandison, to know his intentions; and whether he has any hopes of obtaining her favour? He is said to be the most unreserved of men. He knows our characters to be as unexceptionable as his own; and that our alliance cannot be thought a discredit to the first family in the kingdom. It is a free question, I own; as I am unacquainted with him by person: But he is such a man, that methinks I can take pleasure in addressing myself to him on any subject.

My Lord smiled at the freedom of my motion; but not disapproving it, I directly went to Sir Charles, and, after due compliments, told him my business.

The Countess stopt. She is very penctrating. She looked at us both.

Well, madam, said my cousin, with an air of curiosity — Pray, your Ladyship —

I could not speak for very impatience —

I never heard in my life, said the Countess, such a fine character of any mortal, as he gave you. He told me of his engagements to go abroad as the very next day. He highly extolled the Lady for whose sake, principally, he was obliged to go abroad; and he spoke as highly of a brother of hers, whom he loved as if he were his own brother; and mentioned very affectionately the young Lady's whole family.

'God only knows, said he, what may be my destiny! — As generosity, as justice, or rather as Providence, leads, I will follow.'

After he had generously opened his heart, proceeded the Countess, I asked him, if he had any hope, should the foreign Lady recover her health, of her being his?

'I can promise myself nothing, said he. I go over without one selfish hope. If the Lady recover her health, and her brother can be amended in his, by the assistance I shall carry over with me, I shall have joy inexpressible. To Providence I leave the rest. The result cannot be in my own power.'

Then, Sir, proceeded the Countess, you cannot in honour be under any engagements to Miss Byron?

I arose from my seat. Whither, my dear? — I have done, if I oppress you. I moved my chair behind hers, but so close to hers, that I leaned on the back of it, my face hid, and my eyes running over. She stood up. Sit down again, madam, said I, and proceed — Pray proceed. You have excited my curiosity. Only let me sit here, unheeded, behind you.

Pray, madam, said Mrs. Reeves (burning also with curiosity, as she has since owned) go on; and indulge my cousin in her present seat. What answer did Sir Charles return?

My dear Love, said the Countess (sitting down, as I had requested) let me first be answered one question. I would not do mischief.

You cannot do mischief, madam, replied I. What is your Ladyship's question?

Has Sir Charles Grandison ever directly made his addresses to you, my dear?

Never, madam.

It is not for want of love, I dare aver, that he has not. But thus he answered my question:

'I should have thought myself the unworthiest of men, knowing the difficulties of my own situation, how great soever were the temptation from Miss Byron's merit, if I had sought to engage her affections'

[O, Lucy! How nobly is his whole conduct towards me justified!]

'She has, madam (proceeded the Countess in his words) 'a prudence that I never knew equalled in a woman so young. With a frankness of mind, to which

hardly ever young Lady before her had pretensions, she has such a command of her affections, that no man, I dare say, will ever have a share in them, till he has courted her favour by assiduities which shall convince her that he has no heart but for her.'

O my Lucy! What an honour to me would these sentiments be, if I deserved them! And can Sir Charles Grandison think I do? I hope so. But if he does, how much am I indebted to his favourable, his generous opinion I Who knows but I have reason to rejoice, rather than to regret, as I used to do, his frequent absences from Colnebrooke?

The Countess proceeded.

Then, Sir, you will not take it amiss, if my son, by his assiduities, can prevail upon Miss Byron to think that he has merit, and that his heart is wholly devoted to her.

'Amiss, madam! — No! — In justice, in honour, I cannot. May Miss Byron be, as she deserves to be, one of the happiest women on earth in her nuptials. I have heard a great character of Lord D. He has a very large estate. He may boast of his mother — God forbid, that I, a man divided in myself, not knowing what I can do, hardly sometimes what I ought to do, should seek to involve in my own uncertainties the friend I revere; the woman I so greatly admire: Her beauty so attracting; so proper therefore for her to engage a generous protector in the married state!'

Generous man! thought I. O how my tears ran down my cheeks, as I hid my face behind the Countess's chair!

But will you allow me, Sir, proceeded the Countess, to ask you, Were you freed from all your uncertainties —

'Permit me, madam, interrupted he, to spare you the question you were going to put. Miss Byron may come to hear the substance of a conversation that is of a very delicate nature — As I know not what will be the result of my journey abroad, I should think myself a very selfish man, and a very dishonourable one to two Ladies of equal delicacy and worthiness, if I sought to involve, as I hinted before, in my own uncertainties, a young Lady whose prudence and great qualities must make herself and any man happy, whom she shall favour with her hand.

'To be still more explicit, proceeded he, With what face could I look up to a woman of honour and delicacy, such a one as the Lady before whom I now stand, if I could own a wish, that, while my honour has laid me under obligation to one Lady, if she shall be permitted to accept of me, I should presume to hope, that another, no less worthy, would hold her favour for me suspended, till she saw what would be the issue of the first obligation? No, madam; I could sooner die,

than offer such indignity to BOTH! I am fettered, added he; but Miss Byron is free: And so is the Lady abroad. My attendance on her at this time, is indispensable; but I make not any conditions for myself — My reward will be in the consciousness of having discharged the obligations that I think myself under, as a man of honour.'

The countess's voice changed in repeating this speech of his: And she stopt to praise him; and then went on.

You are THE man, indeed, Sir! — But then give me leave to ask you, As I think it very likely that you will be married before you return to England, Whether now that you have been so good as to speak favourably of my son, and that you call Miss Byron Sister, you will oblige him with a recommendation to that sister?

'The Countess of D. shews, by this request, her value for a young Lady who deserves it; and the more, for its being, I think (Excuse me, madam) a pretty extraordinary one. But what a presumption would it be in me, to suppose that I had SUCH an interest with Miss Byron, when she has relations as worthy of her, as she is of them?'

You may guess, my dear, said the Countess, that I should not have put this question, but as a trial of his heart. However, I asked his pardon; and told him, that I would not believe he gave it me, except he would promise to mention to Miss Byron, that I had made him a visit on this subject [Methinks, Lucy, I should have been glad that he had not let me know that he was so forgiving!].

And now, my dear, said the Lady, let me turn about. — She did; and put one arm round my neck, and with my own handkerchief wiped my eyes, and kissed my cheek; and when she saw me a little recovered, she addressed me as follows:

Now, my good young creature, [O that you would let me call you daughter in my own way! for I think I must always call you so, whether you do, or not] let me ask you, as if I were your real mother,

'Have you any expectation that Sir Charles Grandison will be yours?'

Dear madam, Is not this as hard a question to be put to me, as that which you put to him?

Yes, my dear — full as hard. And I am as ready to ask your pardon, as I was his, if you are really displeased with me for putting it. Are you, Miss Byron? Excuse me, Mrs. Reeves, for thus urging your lovely cousin: I am at least entitled to the excuse Sir Charles Grandison made for me, that it is a demonstration of my value for her.

I have declared, madam, returned I, and it is from my heart, that I think he ought to be the husband of the Lady abroad: And tho' I prefer him to all the men I ever saw, yet I have resolved, if possible, to conquer the particular regard I have

for him. He has in a very noble manner offered me his friendship; so long as it may be accepted without interfering with any other attachments on my part: And I will be satisfied with that.

A friendship so pure, replied the Countess, as that of such a man, is consistent with any other attachments. My Lord D. will, with his whole Soul, contribute all in his power to strengthen it: He admires Sir Charles Grandison: He would think it a double honour to be acquainted with him through you. Dearest Miss Byron, take another worthy young man into your friendship, but with a tenderer name: I shall then claim a fourth place in it for myself. O my dear! What a quadruple knot will you tie!

Your Ladyship does me too much honour, was all I could just then reply.

I must have an answer, my dear: I will not take up with a compliment.

This, then, madam, is my answer — I hope I am an honest creature: I have not a heart to give.

Then you have expectations, my dear. — Well, I will call you mine, if I can. Never did I think that I could have made the proposal, that I am going to make you: But in my eyes, as well as in my Lord's, you are an incomparable young woman. — This is it — We will not think of the alliance proposed to us (It is yet but a proposal, and to which we have not returned any answer) till we see what turn the affair Sir Charles is gone upon takes. You once said, you could prefer my son to any of the men that had hitherto applied to you for your favour. Your affections to Sir Charles were engaged before you knew us. Will you allow my son this preference, which will be the first preference, if Sir Charles engages himself abroad?

Your Ladyship surprises me: Shall I not improve by the example you have just now set before me? Who was it that said, and a man too?

'With what face could I look up to a woman of honour and delicacy, such a one as the Lady before whom I now stand, if I could own a wish, that, whil'

my heart leaned to one person, I should think of keeping another in suspence till I saw whether I could or could not be the other's?

'No, madam, I would sooner die,' as Sir Charles said, 'than offer such an indignity to both!'

But I know, madam, that you only made this proposal, as you did another to Sir Charles Grandison, as a trial of my heart.

Upon my word, my dear, I should, I think, be glad to be entitled to such an excuse: But I was really in earnest; and now take a little shame to myself.

What charming ingenuousness in this Lady!

She clasp'd her arms about me, and kissed my cheek again. I have but one plea to make for myself; I could not have fallen into such an error (the example so

recently given to the contrary) had I not wished you to be, before any woman in the world, Countess of D. — Noble Creature! No title can give you dignity. May your own wishes be granted!

My cousin's eyes ran over with pleasure.

The Countess asked, When I returned to Northhamptonshire? I told her my intention. She charged me to see her first. But I can tell you, said she, my Lord shall not be present when you come: Not once more will I trust him in your company; and if he should steal a visit unknown to me, let not your cousin see him, Mrs. Reeves. He does indeed admire you, Love, looking at me.

I acknowleged, with a grateful heart, her goodness to me. She engaged me to correspond with her when I got home. Her commands were an honour done me, that I could not refuse myself. Her son, she smilingly told me, should no more see my Letters, than my Person.

At her going away — I will tell you one thing, said she: I never before, in a business which my heart was set upon, was so effectually silenced by a precedent produced by myself in the same conversation. I came with an assurance of success. When our hearts are engaged in a hope, we are apt to think every step we take for the promoting it, reasonable: Our passions, my dear, will evermore run away with our judgment. But now I think of it, I must, when I say our, make two exceptions; one for you, and one for Sir Charles Grandison.

But, Lucy, tell me — May I, do you think, explain the meaning of the word SELFISH used by Sir Charles in the conclusion of the Library-conference at Colnebrooke (and which puzzled me then to make out) by his disclaiming of selfishness in the conversation with the Countess above recited? If I may, what an opening of his heart does that word give in my favour, were he at liberty? Does it not look, my dear, as if hs Honour checked him, when his Love would have prompted him to wish me to preserve my heart disengaged till his return from abroad? Nor let it be said, that it was dishonourable in him to have such a thought, as it was checked and overcome; and as it was succeeded by such an emotion, that he was obliged to depart abruptly from me. — Let me repeat the words — You may not have my Letter at hand which relates that affecting address to me; and it is impossible for me, while I have memory, to forget them. He had just concluded his brief history of Clementina —

'And now, madam, what can I say? — Honour forbids me! — Yet honour bids me — Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous, selfish!'

– If I may flatter myself, Lucy, that he did love me when he said this, and that he had a conflict in his noble heart between the Love on one side so hopeless (for I could not forgive him, if he did not love, as well as pity Clementina), and on the other not so hopeless, were there to have been no bar between — Shall we not

pity him for the arduous struggle? Shall we not see that honour carried it, even in favour of the hopeless against the hopeful, and applaud him the more for being able to overcome? How shall we call virtue by its name, if it be not tried; and if it hath no contest with inclination?

If I am a vain self-flatterer, tell me, chide me, Lucy; but allow me, however, at the same time, this praise, if I can make good my claim to it, that my conquest of my passion is at least as glorious for me, as his is for him, were he to love me ever so well; since I can most sincerely, however painfully, subscribe to the preference which Honour, Love, Compassion, unitedly, give to CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday Night.

MY cousins and I, by invitation, supp'd with Lady G. this afternoon. Lord and Lady L. were there; Lady Olivia also, and Lady Maffei.

I have st them all into a consternation, as they expressed themselves, by my declaration of leaving London on my return home early on Friday morning next. I knew, that were I to pass the whole summer here, I must be peremptory at last. The two sisters vow, that I shall not go so soon. They say, that I have seen so few of the town-diversions — Town-diversions, Lucy! — I have had diversion enough of one sort! — But in your arms, my dear friends, I shall have consolation — And I want it.

I have great regrets, and shall have hourly more, as the day approaches, on the leaving of such dear and obliging friends: But I am determined.

My cousin's coach will convey me to Dunstable; and there, I know, I shall meet with my indulgent uncle, or your brother. I would not have it publicly known, because of the officious gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Bartlett intended to set out for Grandison-hall to-morrow: But from the natural kindness of his heart he has suspended his journey to Thursday next. No consideration, therefore, shall detain me, if I am well.

My cousins are grieved: They did not expect that I would be a word and a blow, as they phrase it.

Lady Olivia expressed herself concerned, that she, in particular, was to lose me. She had proposed great pleasure, she said, in the parties she should make in my company. But, after what Emily told me, she appears to me as a Medusa; and were I to be thought by her a formidable rival, I might have as much reason to be afraid of the potion, as the man she loves of the poniard. Emily has kept the secret from every-body but me. And I rely on the inviolable secrecy of all you my friends.

Lord and Lady L. had designed to go to Colnebrooke to-morrow, or at my day, having hopes of getting me with them: But now, they say, they will stay in town till they can see whether I am to be prevailed upon, or will be obdurate.

Lady Olivia enquired after the distance of North hamptonshire. She will make the tour of England, she says, and visit me there. I was obliged to say I should take her visit as an honour.

Wicked Politeness! Of how many falshoods dost thou make the people, who are called polite, guilty!

But there is one man in the world, who is remarkable for his truth, yet is unquestionably polite. He censures not others for complying with fashions established by custom; but he gives not in to them. He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for instance, suffers his servants to deny him, when he is at home. If he is busy, he just finds time to say he is, to unexpected visiters; and if they will stay, he turns them over to his Sisters, to Dr. Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them. But then he has always done so. Every one knows that he lives to his own heart, and they expect it of him; and when they can have his company, they have double joy in the ease and chearfulness that attend his leisure: They then have him wholly. And he can be the more polite, as the company then is all his business.

Sir Charles might the better do so, as he came over so few months ago, after so long an absence; and his reputation for politeness was so well established, that people rather looked for rules from him, than a conformity to theirs.

His denials of complimenting Lady Olivia (tho' she was but just arrived in his native country, where she never was before) with the suspending of his departure for one week, or but for one day — Who but he could have given them? But he was convinced, that it was right to hasten away, for the sake of Clementina and his Jeronymo; and that it would have been wrong to shew Olivia, even for her own sake, that in such a compeition she had consequence with him; and all her entreaties, all her menaces, the detested poniard in her hand, could not shake his steady soul, and make him delay his well-settled purpose.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday Morning, April 18.

THIS naughty Lady G. — She is excessively to blame. Lord L. is out of patience with her. So is Lady L. Emily says, she loves her dearly; but she does not love her ways. Lord G. as Emily tells me, talks of coming to me; the cause of quarrel supposed to be not great: But trifles, insisted upon, make frequently the widest breaches. Whatever it be, it is between themselves; and neither cares to tell: But Lord and Lady L. are angry with her, for the ludicrous manner in which she treats him.

The misunderstanding happened after my cousin and I left them last night. I was not in spirits, and declined staying to cards. Lady Olivia and her aunt went away at the same time. Whist was the game. Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett and Emily, were cast in. In the midst of their play, Lady G. came hurrying down stairs to them, warbling an air: Lord G. followed her, much disturbed. Madam, I must tell you, said he — Why MUST, my Lord? I don't bid you.

Sit still, child, said she to Emily; and took her seat behind her — Who wins? Who loses?

Lord G. walked about the room — Lord and Lady L. were unwilling to take notice, hoping it would go off; for there had been a few livelinesses on her side at dinner-time, tho' all was serene at supper.

Dr. Bartlett offered her his cards. She refused them. — No, doctor, said she, I will play my own cards: I shall have enough to do to play them well.

As you manage it, so you will, madam, said Lord G.

Don't expose yourself, my Lord: We are before company. Lady L. you have nothing but trumps in your hand.

Let me saw a word or two to you, madam, said Lord G. to her.

I am all obedience, my Lord.

She arose. He would have taken her hand: She put it behind her.

Not your hand, madam?

I can't spare it.

He slung from her, and went out of the room.

Lord bless me, said she, returning to the card-table with a gay unconcern, What strange passionate creatures are these men!

Charlotte, said Lady L. I wonder at you.

Then I give you joy —

What do you mean, sister? —

We women love wonder, and the wonder-ful!

Surely, Lady G. said Lord L. you are wrong.

I give your Lordship joy, too.

On what?

That my sister is always right.

Indeed, madam, were I Lord G. I should have no patience.

A good hint for you, Lady L. I hope you will take this for a warning, and be good.

When I behave as you do, Charlotte —

I understand you, Lady L. you need not speak out — Every one in their way.

You would not behave thus, were my brother —

Perhaps not.

Dear Charlotte, you are excessively wrong.

So I think, returned she.

Why then do you not —

Mend, Lady L.? All in good time.

Her woman came in with a message, expressing her Lord's desire to see her. — The duce is in these men! They will neither be satisfied with us, nor without us. But I am all obedience: No vow will I break — And out she went.

Lord G. not returning presently, and Lord and Lady L.'s chariot being come, they both took this opportunity, in order to shew their displeasure, to go away without taking leave of their sister. Dr. Bartlett retired to his apartment. And when Lady G. came down, she was surprised, and a little vexed, to find only Emily there. Lord G. came in at another door — Upon my word, my Lord, this is strange behaviour in you: You fright away, with your husband like airs, all one's company.

Good God! — I am astonished at you, madam.

What signifies your astonishment? — When you have scared every-body out of the house.

I, madam!

You, Sir! Yes, You! — Did you not lord it over me in my dressing-room? — To be easy and quiet, Did I not fly to our company in the drawing-room? Did you not follow me there — with looks — Very pretty looks for a new-married man, I assure you! Then did you not want to take me aside — Would not anybody have supposed it was to express your sorrow for your odd behaviour? Was I not all obedience? — Did you not, with very mannish airs, slight me for my compliance, and fly out of the room? All the company could witness the calmness with which I returned to them, that they might not be grieved for me; nor think our

misunderstanding a deep one. Well, then, when your stomach came down, as I supposed, you sent for me out: No doubt, thought I, to express his concern now. — I was all obedience again.

And did I not beseech you, madam —

Beseech me, my Lord! — Yes — But with such looks! — I married, Sir, let me tell you, a man with another face — See, see, Emily — He is gone again. —

My Lord flew out of the room in a rage — O these men, my dear! said she to Emily.

I know, said Emily, what I could have answered if I dared: But it is ill meddling, as I have heard say, between man and wife.

Emily says, the quarrel was not made up; but was carried higher still in the morning.

She had but just finished her tale, when the following billet was brought me, from Lady G.

Tuesday Morning.

Harriet,

IF you love me, if you pity me, come hither this instant: I have great need of your counsel. I am resolved to be unmarried; and therefore subscribe myself by the beloved name of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

I instantly dispatched the following:

I Know no such person as Charlotte Grandison. I love Lady G. but can pity only her Lord. I will not come near you. I have no counsel to give you, but that you will not jest away your own happiness.

HARRIET BYRON.

In half an hour after, came a servant from Lady G. with the following Letter:

SO, then, I have made a blessed hand of wedlock, My brother gone: My man excessive unruly: Lord and Lady L. on his side, without enquiring into merits, or demerits: Lectured by Dr. Bartlett's grave face: Emily standing aloof; her finger in her eye: And now my Harriet renouncing me: And all in one week!

What can I do? — War seems to be declared: And will you not turn mediatrix? — You won't, you say. Let it alone. Nevertheless, I will lay the whole matter before you.

It was last night, the week from the wedding-day not completed, that Lord G. thought fit to break into my retirement without my leave — By the way, he was a little impertinent at dinner-time; but that I passed over. —

What boldness is this, said I! — Pray, Sir, begone — Why leave you your company below?

I come, my dearest life, to make a request to you.

The man began with civility enough, had he had a little less of his odious rapture; for he flung his arms about me, Jenny in presence. A husband's fondness is enough to ruin these girls. Don't you think, Harriet, that there is an immorality in it, before them?

I refuse your request, be it what it will. How dare you invade me in my retirement? — You may believe, that I intended not to stay long above, my sister below. Does the ceremony, so lately past, authorize want of breeding?

Want of breeding, madam! — And he did so stare!

Leave me, this instant — I looked good-natured, I suppose, in my anger; for he declared he would not; and again throwing his arms about me as I sat, joined his sharp face to mine, and presumed to kiss me; Jenny still in the room.

Now, Harriet, you never will desert me in a point of delicacy, I am sure. You cannot defend these odious freedoms in a matrimony so young, unless you would be willing to be served so yourself.

You may suppose, that then I let loose my indignation upon him. And he stole out, daring to mutter, and be displeased. The word devil was in his mouth.

Did he call me devil, Jenny?

No, indeed, madam, said the wench — And, Harriet, see the ill example of such a free behaviour before her: She presumed to prate in favour of the man's fit of fondness; yet, at other times, is a prude of a girl.

Before my anger was gone down, in again [It is truth, Harriet] came the bold wretch. I will not, said he, as you are not particularly employed, leave you — Upon my soul, madam, you don't use me well. But if you will oblige me with your company to-morrow morning —

No-where, Sir —

Only to breakfast with Miss Byron, my dear — As a mark of your obligingness, I request it.

His dear! — Now I hate a hypocrite, of all things. I knew that he had a design to make a shew of his bride, as his property, at another place; and seeing me angry, thought he would name a visit agreeable to me, and which at the same time would give him a merit with you, and preserve to himself the consequence of being obliged by his obedient wife, at the word of authority.

From this foolish beginning arose our mighty quarrel. What vexed me was, the art of the man, and the evident design he had to get you of his side. He, in the course of it, threatened me with appealing to you. — To intend to ruin me in the Love of my dearest friend! Who, that valued that friend, could forgive it? You may believe, that if he had not proposed it, and after such accumulated offences, it was the very visit that I should have been delighted with.

Indeed, Sir — Upon my word, my Lord — I do assure you, Sir, — with a moderate degree of haughtiness — was what the quarrel arose to, on my side — And, at last, to a declaration of rebellion — I won't.

On his side, Upon my soul, madam — Let me perish, if — and then hesitating — You use me ill, madam. I have not deserved — And give me leave to say — I insist upon being obliged, madam.

There was no bearing of this, Harriet. — It was a cool evening; but I took up my fan — Hey-day! said I, what language is this? — You insist upon it, my Lord! — I think I am married; Am I not? — And I took my watch, Half an hour after ten on Monday night — the — What day of the month is this? — Please the Lord, I will note down this beginning moment of your authoritative demeanour.

My dear Lady G. [The wretch called me by his own name, perhaps farther to insult me] if I could bear this treatment, it is impossible for me to love you as I do.

So it is in Love to me, that you are to put on already all the husband! — Jenny! [Do you see, my Lord, affecting a whisper how you dash the poor wench? How like a fool she looks at our folly!] Remember, Jenny, that to-morrow morning you carry my wedding-suits to Mrs. Arnold; and tell her, she has forgot the hanging-sleeves to the gowns. Let her put them on out of hand.

I was proceeding — But he rudely, gravely, and even with an air of scorn [There was no bearing that, you know] admonished me; A little less wit, madam, and a little more discretion, would perhaps better become you.

This was too true to be forgiven. You'll say it, Harriet, if I don't. And to come from a man that was not overburdened with either — But I had too great a command of myself to say so. My dependence, my Lord [This I did say] is upon your judgment: That will always be a balance to my wit; and, with the assistance of your reproving Love, will in time teach me discretion.

Now, my dear, was not this a high compliment to him? Ought he not to have taken it as such? Especially as I looked grave, and dropt him a very fine courtesy. But either his conscience or his ill-nature (perhaps you'll say both) made him take it as a reflexion [True as you are alive, Harriet!]. He bit his lip. Jenny, begone, said he — Jenny, don't go, said I — Jenny knew not which to obey. Upon my word, Harriet, I began to think the man would have cuff'd me. — And while he was in his ails of mockmajesty, I stept to the door, and whipt down to my company.

As married people are not to expose themselves to their friends (who I once heard you sagely remark, would remember disagreeable things, when the honest pair had forgot them) I was determined to be prudent. You would have been charmed with me, my dear, for my discretion. I will cheat by-standers, thought I; I

will make my Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, whom I had before set in at cards, think we are egregiously happy — And down I sat, intending, with a lamblike peaceableness, to make observations on the play. But soon after, in whipt my indiscreet Lord, his colour heightened, his features working: And tho' I cautioned him not to expose himself, yet he assumed airs that were the occasion, as you shall hear, of frighting away my company. He withdrew, in consequence of those airs; and, after a little while (repenting, as I hoped) he sent for me out. Some wives would have played the queen Vashti on their tyrant, and refused to go: But I, all obedience (my vow, so recently made, in my head) obeyed, at the very first word: Yet you must think that I (meek as I am naturally) could not help recriminating. He was too lordly to be expostulated with. — There was,

'I tell you, madam,' and 'I won't be told, Sir;'

and when I broke from the passionate creature, and hoped to find my company, behold! they were all gone! None but Emily left. And thus might poor Lady L. be sent home, weeping, perhaps, for such an early marriage-tyranny exerted on her meek sister.

Well, and don't you think that we looked like a couple of fools at each other, when we saw ourselves left alone, as I may say, to fight it out? I did expostulate with him as mildly as I could: He would have made it up with me afterwards; but, no! there was no doing that, as a girl of your nice notions may believe, after he had, by his violent airs, exposed us both before so many witnesses. In decency, therefore, I was obliged to keep it up: And now our misunderstanding blazes, and is at such a comfortable height, that if we meet by accident, we run away from each other by design. We have already made two breakfast-tables: Yet I am meek; he is fullen: I make courtesies; he returns not bows. — Sullen creature, and a rustic! — I go to my harpsichord; melody enrages him. He is worse than Saul; for Saul could be gloomily pleased with the music even of the man he hated.

I would have got you to come to us: That I thought was tending to a compliance; for it would have been condescending too much, as he is so very perverse, if I had accompanied him to you. He has a great mind to appeal to you; but I have half raillied him out of his purpose. I sent to you. What an answer did you return me! — Cruel Harriet! to deny your requested mediation in a difference that has arisen between man and wife. — But let the fire glow. If it spares the house, and only blazes in the chimney, I can bear it.

Cross creature, adieu! If you know not such a woman as Grandison, Heaven grant that I may; and that my wishes may be answered as to the person; and then I will not know a Byron.

See, Lucy, how high this dear flighty creature bribes! But I will not be influenced, by her bribery, to take her part.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday Night.

I AM just returned from St. James's Square.

But, first, I should tell you, that I had a visit from Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei. Our conversation was in Italian and French. Lady Olivia and I had a quarter of an hour's discourse in private: You may guess at our subject. She is not without that tenderness of heart which is the indispensable characteristic of a woman. She lamented the violence of her temper, in a manner so affecting, that I cannot help pitying her, tho' at the instant I had in my head a certain attempt that makes me shudder whenever I think of it. She regrets my going to Northamptonshire so soon. I have promised to return her visit to-morrow in the afternoon.

She sets out on Friday next for Oxford. She wished I could accompany her. She resolves to see all that is worth seeing in the western circuit, as I may call it. She observes, she says, that Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, and their Lords, are very particularly engaged at present; and are in expectation of a call to Windsor, to attend Lord W's nuptials: She will therefore, having attendants enough, and two men of consideration in her train, one of whom is not unacquainted with England, take cursory tours over the kingdom; having a taste for travelling, and finding it a great relief to her spirits: And when Lady L. and Lady G. are more disengaged, will review the seats and places which she shall think worthy of a second visit, in their company.

She professed to like the people here, and the face of the country; and talked favourably of the rel gion of it: But, poor woman! she likes all those the better, I doubt not, for the sake of one Englishman. Love, Lucy, gilds every object which bears a relation to the person beloved.

Lady Maffei was very free in blaming her niece for this excursion. She took her chiding patiently; but yet, like a person that thought it too much in her power to gratify the person blaming her, to pay much regard to what she said.

I took a chair to Lady G's. Emily ran to meet me in the hall. She threw her arms about me: I rejoice you are come, said she. Did you not meet the house in the square? — What means my Emily? — Why, it has been flung out of the windows, as the saying is. Ah madam! we are all to pieces. One so careless, the other so passionate! — But hush! — Here comes Lady G. —

Take, Lucy, in the dialogue-way, particulars.

Lady G.

Then you are come, at last, Harriet. You wrote, that you would not come near me.

Harriet.

I did; but I could not stay away. Ah,

Lady G.

you will destroy your own happiness!

Lady G.

So you wrote. Not one word, on the subject you hint at, that you have ever said or written before. I hate repetitions, child.

Harriet.

Then I must be silent upon it.

Lady G.

Not of necessity. You can say new things upon old subjects. — But hush! Here comes the man! — She ran to her harpsichord — Is this it, Harriet? and touched the keys — repeating.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon she sooth'd —

Enter Lord G.

Lord G.

Miss Byron, I am your most obedient servant. The sight of you rejoices my soul. — Madam (to his Lady) you have not been long enough together to begin a tune. I know what this is for —

Lady G.

Harmony! harmony! is a charming thing! But I, poor I! know not any but what this simple instrument affords me.

Lord G.

lifting up his hands. Harmony, madam! God is my witness — But I will lay every-thing before Miss Byron.

Lady G.

You need not, my Lord: She knows as much as she can know, already; except the fine colourings be added to the woeful tale, that your unbridled spirit can give it. — Have you my long Letter about you, Harriet?

Lord G.

And could you, madam, have the heart to write —

Lady G.

Why, my Lord, do you mince the matter? For Heart, read Courage. You may speak as plain in Miss Byron's presence, as you did before she came: I know what

you mean.

Lord G.

Let it be Courage, then.

Harriet.

Fie, fie, Lord G. Fie, fie, Lady G. What Lengths do you run! If I understand the matter right, you have both, like children, been at play, till you have fallen out.

Lord G.

If, Miss Byron, you know the truth, and can blame me —

Harriet.

I blame you only, my Lord, for being in a passion. You see, my Lady is serene: She keeps her temper: She looks as if she wanted to be friends with you.

Lord G.

O that cursed Serenity! — When a soul is torn by a whirlwind —

Lady G.

A good tragedy rant! — But, Harriet, you are mistaken: My Lord G. is a very passionate man. So humble, so — what shall I call it? before marriage — Did not the man see what a creature I was? — To bear with me, when he had no obligation to me; and not now, when he has the highest — A miserable sinking! — O Harriet! Harriet! Never, never marry!

Harriet.

Dear Lady G. you know in your own heart you are wrong — Indeed you are wrong —

Lord G.

God for ever reward you, madam! — I will tell you how it began —

Lady G.

‘Began!’ She knows that already, I tell you, my Lord. But what has passed within these four hours, she knows not: You may entertain her with that, if you pleose — It was just about the time this day is a week, that we were all together, mighty comfortably, at St. George’s Hanover-Square —

Lord G.

Every tittle of what you promised there, madam —

Lady G.

And I, my Lord, could be your echo in this, were I not resolved to keep my temper, as you cannot but say I have done, all along.

Lord G.

You could not, madam, if you did not despise me.

Lady G.

You are wrong, my Lord, to think so: But you don’t believe yourself: If you did, the pride of your heart ought not to permit you to own it.

Lord G.

Miss Byron, give me leave —

Lady G.

Lord bless me! that people are so fond of exposing themselves! Had you taken my advice, when you pursued me out of my dressing-room into company — My Lord, said I, as mildly as I now speak, Don't expose your self. But he was not at all the wiser for my advice.

Lord G.

Miss Byron, you see — But I had not come down but to make my compliments to you. He bowed, and was about to withdraw.

I took him by the sleeve — My Lord, you must not go. Lady G. if your own heart justifies you for your part in this misunderstanding, say so; I challenge you to say so — She was silent.

Harriet.

If otherwise, own your fault, promise amendment — Ask excuse.

Lady G.

Hey-day!

Harriet.

And my Lord will ask yours, for mistakeing you — For being too easily provoked —

Lord G.

Too easily, madam —

Harriet.

What generous man would not smile at the foibles of a woman whose heart is only gay with prosperity and lively youth; but has not the least malice in it? Has not she made choice of your Lordship in preference of any other man? She raillies every one; she can't help it: She is to blame. — Indeed, Lady G. you are. Your brother felt your edge; he once smarted by it, and was angry with you. — But afterwards, observing that it was her way, my Lord, that it was a kind of constitutional gaiety of heart, and exercised on those she loved best; he forgave, railled her again, and turned her own weapons upon her; and every one in company was delighted with the spirit of both. — You love her, my Lord. —

Lord G.

Never man more loved a woman. I am not an ill-natured man —

Lady G.

But a captious, a passionate one, Lord G. — Who'd have thought it?

Lord G.

Never was there, my dear Miss Byron, such a strangely-aggravating creature! She could not be so, if she did not despise me.

Lady G.

Fiddle-faddle, silly man! and so you said before. If you thought so, you take the way (don't you?) to mend the matter, by dancing and capering about, and putting yourself into all manner of disagreeable attitudes; and even sometimes being ready to foam at the mouth? — I told him, Miss Byron, There he stands, let him deny it, if he can; that I married a man with another face. Would not any other man have taken this for a compliment to his natural undistorted face, and instantly have pulled off the ugly Mask of passion, and shewn his own? —

Lord G.

You see, you see, the air, Miss Byron! — How ludicrously does she now, even now —

Lady G.

See, Miss Byron! — How captious! — Lord G. ought to have a termagant wife: One who could return rage for rage. Meekness is my crime. — I cannot be put out of temper. — Meekness was never before attributed to woman as a fault.

Lord G.

Good God! — Meekness! — Good God!

Lady G.

But, Harriet, do you judge on which side the grievance lies. — Lord G. presents me with a face for his, that I never saw him wear before marriage: He has cheated me, therefore. I shew him the same face that I ever wore, and treat him pretty much in the same manner, (or I am mistaken) that I ever did: And what reason can he give, that will not demonstrate him to be the most ungrateful of men, for the airs he gives himself? Airs that he would not have presumed to put on eight days ago. Who then, Harriet, has reason to complain of grievance; my Lord, or I?

Lord G.

You see, Miss Byron — Can there be any arguing with a woman who knows herself to be in jest, in all she says?

Harriet.

Why then, my Lord, make a jest of it. What will not bear an Argument, will not be worth one's anger.

Lord G.

I leave it to Miss Byron, Lady G. to decide between us, as she pleases.

Lady G.

You'd better leave it to me, Sir.

Harriet.

Do, my Lord.

Lord G.

Well, madam! — And what is your decree?

Lady G.

You, Miss Byron, had best be Lady Chancellor, after all. I should not bear to have my decree disputed, after it is pronounced.

Harriet.

If I must, my decree is this: — You, Lady G. shall own yourself in fault; and promise amendment. My Lord shall forgive you; and promise that he will, for the future, endeavour to distinguish between your good and your ill-nature: That he will sit down to jest with your jest, and never be disturbed at what you say, when he sees it accompanied with that archness of eye and lip which you put on to your brother, and to every one whom you best love, when you are disposed to be teizingly facetious.

Lady G.

Why, Harriet, you have given Lord G. a clue to find me out, and spoil all my sport.

Harriet.

What say you, my Lord?

Lord G.

Will Lady G. own herself in fault, as you propose?

Lady G.

Odious recrimination! — I leave you together. I never was in fault in my life. Am I not a woman? If my Lord will ask pardon for his froppishness, as we say of children. —

She stopt, and pretended to be going —

Harriet.

That my Lord shall not do, Charlotte, You have carried the jest too far already. My Lord shall preserve his dignity for his wife's sake. My Lord, you will not permit Lady G. to leave us, however?

He took her hand, and pressed it with his lips: For God's sake, madam, let us be happy: It is in your power to make us both so: It ever shall be in your power. If I have been in fault, impute it to my Love. I cannot bear your contempt; and I never will deserve it.

Lady G.

Why could not this have been said some hours ago? — Why, slighting my early caution, would you expose yourself?

I took her aside. Be generous, Lady G. Let not your husband be the only person to whom you are not so.

Lady G.

(whispering)

Our quarrel has not run half its length. If we make up here, we shall make up clumsily. One of the silliest things in the world is, a quarrel that ends not, as a coachman after a journey comes in, with spirit. We shall certainly renew it.

Harriet.

Take the caution you gave to my Lord: Don't expose yourself. And another; That you cannot more effectually do so, than by exposing your husband. I am more than half-ashamed of you. You are not the Charlotte I once thought you were. Let me see, if you have any regard to my good opinion of you, that you can own an error with some grace.

Lady G.

I am a meek, humble, docible creature. She turned to me, and made me a rustic courtesy, her hands before her: I'll try for it; tell me, if I am right. Then stepping towards my Lord, who was with his back to us looking out at the window — and he turning about to her bowing — My Lord, said she, Miss Byron has been telling me more than I knew before of my duty. She proposes herself one day to make a won-der-ful obedient wife. It would have been well for you, perhaps, had I had her example to walk by. She seems to say, that, now I am married, I must be grave, sage, and passive: That smiles will hardly become me: That I must be prim and formal, and reverence my husband. — If you think this behaviour will become a married woman, and expect it from me, pray, my Lord, put me right by your frowns, whenever I shall be wrong. For the future, if I ever find myself disposed to be very light-hearted, I will ask your leave before I give way to it. And now, what is next to be done? humorously courtesying, her hands before her.

He clasped her in his arms: Dear provoking creature! This, this is next to be done — I ask you but to love me half as much as I love you, and I shall be the happiest man on earth.

My Lord, said I, you ruin all by this condescension on a speech and air so ungracious. If this is all you get by it, never, never, my Lord, fall out again. O Charlotte! If you are not generous, you come off much, much too easily.

Well now, my Lord, said she, holding out her hand, as if threatening me, let you and me, man and wife like, join against the interposer in our quarrels. — Harriet, I will not forgive you, for this last part of your lecture.

And thus was this idle quarrel made up. All that vexes me on the occasion is, that it was not made up with dignity on my Lord's part. His honest heart so overflowed with joy at his lips, that the naughty creature, by her arch leers, every now-and-then, shewed, that she was sensible of her consequence to his happiness. But, Lucy, don't let her sink too low in your esteem: She has many fine qualities.

They prevailed on me to stay supper. Emily rejoiced in the reconciliation Her heart was, as I may say, visible in her joy. Can I love her better than I do? If I

could, she would every time I see her, give me reason forit.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wedn. Noon, Apr. 19.

IT would puzzle you to guess at a visiter I had this morning — Honest Mr. Fowler. I was very glad to see him. He brought me a Letter from his worthy uncle. Good Sir Rowland! I had a joy that I thought I should not have had while I stay'd in London, on its being put in my hand, tho' the contents gave me sensible pain. I inclose it. It is dated from Caermarthen. Be pleased to read it here.

Caermarthen, April 11.

HOW shall I, in fit manner, inscribe my Letter to the loveliest of women! I don't mean because of your loveliness; but whether as daughter or not, as you did me the honour to call yourself. Really, and truly, I must say, that I had rather call you by another name, tho' a little more remote as to consanguinity. Lord have mercy upon me, how have I talked of you! How many of our fine Caermarthen girls have I filled with envy of your peerless perfections.

Here am I settled to my heart's content, could I but obtain — You know whom I mean. — A town of gentry: A fine country round us — A fine estate of our own. Esteemed, nay, for that matter, beloved, by all our neighbours and tenants. Who so happy as Rowland Meredith, if his poor boy could be happy! — Ah, madam! — And can't it be so? I am afraid of asking. Yet I understand, that, notwithstandig all the Jack-a-dandies that have been fluttering about you, you are what you were when I left town. Some whispers have gone out of a fine gentleman, indeed, who had a great kindness for you; but yet that something was in the way between you. The Lord bless and prosper my dear daughter, as I must then call you, and not niece, if you have any kindness for him. And if as now you have, it would be wonderfully gracious if you would but give half a hint of it to my nephew, or if so be you will not to him, to me, your father you know, under your own precious hand. The Lord be good unto me! But I shall never see the She that will strike my fancy, as you have done. But what a dreadful thing would it be, if you, who are so much courted and admired by many fine gallants, should at last be taken with a man who could not be yours! God forbid that such a disastrous thing should happen! I profess to you, madam, that a tear or two have strayed down my cheeks at the thoughts of it. For why? Because you play'd no tricks with any man: You never were a coquet, as they call 'em. You dealt plainly, sincerely, and tenderly too, to all men; of which my nephew and I can bear witness.

Well, but what now is the end of my writing? — Lord love you, cannot, cannot you at last give comfort to two honest hearts? Honester you never knew! And yet if you could, I dare say you would. Well, then, and if you can't, we must sit down as contented as we can; that's all we have for it. — But, poor young man! Look at him, if you read this before him. Strangely altered! Poor young man! — And if as how you cannot, why then, God bless my daughter; that's all. And I do assure you, that you have our prayers every Lord's day, from the bottom of our hearts.

And now, if you will keep a secret, I will tell it you; and yet, when I began, I did not intend it: The poor youth must not know it. It is done in the singleness of our hearts; and if you think we mean to gain your Love for us by it, I do assure you, that you wrong us. My nephew declares, that he never will marry, if it be not Somebody: And he has made his will, and so have I his uncle; and, let me tell you, that if as how I cannot have a niece, my daughter shall be the better for having known, and treated as kindly, as power was lent her,

Her true Friend, loving Father, and obedient Servant, ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Love and Service to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and all friends who enquire after me. Farewel. God bless you! Amen.

Have you, could you, Lucy, read this Letter with dry eyes? Generous, worthy, honest men! I read but half way before Mr. Fowler — Glad I was, that I read no further. I should not have been able to have kept his uncle's secret, if I had; had it been but to disclaim the acceptance of the generous purpose. The carrying it into effect would exceedingly distress me, besides the pain the demise of the honest man would give me; and the more, as I bespoke the fatherly relation from him myself. If such a thing were to be, Sir Charles Grandison's generosity to the Danby's should be my example.

Do you know, Mr. Fowler, said I, the contents of the Letter you have put into my hand?

No farther than that my uncle told me, it contained professions of fatherly love; and with wishes only — But without so much as expressing his hopes.

Sir Rowland is a good man, said I: I have not read above half his Letter. There seems to be too much of the father in it, for me to read further, before my brother. God bless my brother Fowler, and reward the fatherly love of Sir Rowland to his daughter Byron! I must write to him.

Mr. Fowler, poor man! profoundly sighed; bowed; with such a look of respectful acquiescence — Bless me, my dear, how am I to be distressed on all sides! by good men too; as Sir Charles could say by good women.

Is there nothing less than giving myself to either, that I can do to shew Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler my true value for them.

Poor Mr. Fowler! — Indeed he looks to be, as Sir Rowland hints, not well. — Such a modest, such an humble, such a silent Lover! — He cost me tears at parting: I could not hide them. He heaped praises and blessings upon me, and hurried away at last, to hide his emotion, with a sentence unfinished — God preserve you, dear and worthy Sir! was all I could try to say. The last words stuck in my throat, till he was out of hearing; and then I prayed for blessings upon him and his uncle: And repeated them, with fresh tears, on reading the rest of the affecting Letter.

Mr. Fowler told Mr. Reeves, before I saw him, that he is to go to Caermarthen for the benefit of his native air, in a week. He let him know where he lodged in town. He had been riding for his health and diversion about the country, ever since his uncle went; and has not been yet at Caermarthen.

I wish Mr. Fowler had once, if but once, called me sister: It would have been such a kind acquiescence, as would have given me some little pleasure on recollection. Methinks I don’t know how to have done writing of Sir Rowland and Mr. Fowler.

I sat down, however, while the uncle and nephew filled my thoughts, and wrote to the former, I have enclosed the copy of my Letter. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XXX.

MOSS BYRON, TO SIR ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Wednesday, April 19.

IT was with great pleasure that I received, this day, the kindest Letter that ever was written by a real Father to his dearest Child. I was resolved that I would not go to rest till I had acknowleged the favour.

How sweet is the name of father to a young person who, out of near one-and-twenty years of life, has for more than half the time been bereaved of hers; and who was also one of the best of men!

You gave me an additional pleasure in causing this remembrance of your promised paternal goodness to be given me by Mr. Fowler in person. Till I knew you and him, I had no father, no brother.

How good you are in your apprehensions that there may be a man on whom your daughter has cast her eye, and who cannot look upon her with the same distinction — O that I had been near you when you wrote that sweetly compassionating, that indulgent passage! I would have wiped the tears from your eyes myself, and reverenced you as my true father.

You demand of me, as my father, a hint, or half a hint, as you call it, to be given to my brother Fowler; or if not to him, to you. To him, whom I call father, I mean all the duty of a child. I call him not father nominally only: I will, irksome as the subject is, own, without reserve, the truth to you (In tenderness to my brother, how could I to him?) — There is a man whom, and whom only, I could love as a good wife ought to love her husband. He is the best of men. O my good Sir Rowland Meredith! if you knew him, you would love him yourself, and own him for your son. I will not conceal his name from my father: Sir Charles Grandison is the man. Enquire about him. His character will rise upon you from every mouth. He engaged first all your daughter's gratitude, by rescuing her from a great danger and oppression; for he is as brave as he is good: And how could she help suffering a tenderness to spring up from her gratitude, of which she was never before sensible to any man in the world? There is something in the way, my good Sir; but not that proceeds from his slights or contempts. Your daughter could not live, if it were so. A glorious creature is in the way! who has suffered for him, who does suffer for him: He ought to be hers, and only hers; and if she can be recovered from a fearful malady that has seized her mind, he probably will. My daily prayers are, that God will restore her!

But yet, my dear Sir, my Friend, my Father! my esteem for this noblest of men is of such a nature, that I cannot give my hand to any other: My Father Meredith would not wish me to give a hand without a heart.

This, Sir, is the case. Let it, I beseech you, rest within your own breast, and my brother Fowler's. How few minds are there delicate and candid enough to see circumstances of this kind in the light they ought to appear in! And pray for me, my good Sir Rowland; not that the way may be smoothed to what once would have crowned my wishes as to this life; but that Sir Charles Grandison may be happy with the Lady that is, and ought to be, dearest to his heart; and that your daughter may be enabled to rejoice in their felicity. What, my good Sir, is this span of life, that a passenger through it should seek to overturn the interests of others to establish her own? And can the single life be a grievance? Can it be destitute of the noblest tendernesses? No, Sir. You that have lived to an advanced age, in a fair same, surrounded with comforts, and as tender to a worthy nephew, as the most indulgent father could be to the worthiest of sons, can testify for me, that it is not.

But now, Sir, one word — I disclaim, but yet in all thankfulnes, the acceptance of the favour signified to be intended me in the latter part of the paternal Letter before me. Our acquaintance began with a hope, on your side, that I could not encourage. As I could not, Shall I accept of the benefit from you, to which I could only have been entitled (and that as I had behaved) had I been able to oblige you? — No, Sir! I will not, in this case, be benefited, when I cannot benefit. Put me not therefore, I beseech you, Sir, if such an event (deplored by me, as it would be;) should happen, upon the necessity of enquiring after your other relations and friends. Sir Rowland Meredith my father, and Mr. Fowler my brother are all to me of the family they distinguish by their relation, that I know at present. Let me not be made known to the rest by a distinction that would be unjust to them, and to yourself, as it must deprive you of the grace of obliging those who have more than a stranger's claim; and must, in the event, lay them under the appearance of an obligation to that stranger for doing them common justice.

I use the word stranger with reference to those of your family and friends to whom I must really appear in that light. But, laying these considerations aside, in which I am determined not to interfere with them, I am, with the tenderest regard, dear and good Sir,

Your ever-dutiful and affectionate Daughter, HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

Wedn. April 19.

I Shall dispatch this by your Gibson early in the morning. It was kind in you to bid him call, in his way down; for now I shall be almost sure of meeting (if not my uncle) your brother, and who knows, but my Lucy herself, at Dunstable? Where, barring accidents, I shall be on Friday night.

You will see some of the worthiest people in the world, my dear, if you come, all prepared to love you; but let not any-body be put to inconvenience to meet me at Dunstable. My noble friends here will proceed with me to Stratford, or even to Northampton, they say; but they will see me safe in the protection of Somebody I love, and whom they must love for my sake.

I don't wonder that Sir Charles Grandison loves Mr. Beauchamp: He is a very worthy and sensible man. He, as every body else, idolizes Sir Charles. It is some pleasure to me, Lucy, that I stand high in his esteem. To be respected by the worthy, is one of the greatest felicities in this life; for it is to be ranked as one of them. Sir Harry and his Lady are come to town. All, it seems, is harmony in that family. They cannot bear Mr. Beauchamp's absence from them for three days together. All the neighbouring gentlemen are in love with him. His manners are so gentle; his temper so even; so desirous to oblige; so genteel in his person; so pleasing in his address; he must undoubtedly make a good woman very happy.

But Emily, poor girl! sees only Sir Charles Grandison with eyes of Love. Mr. Beauchamp is, however, greatly pleased with Emily. He told Lady G. that he thought her a fine young creature; and that her mind was still more amiable than her person. But his behaviour to her is extremely prudent. He says finer things of her, than to her: Yet surely I am mistaken if he meditates not in her, his future wife. Mr. Beauchamp will be one of my escorte.

Emily, at her own request, is to go to Colnebrooke with Lady L. after I am gone.

Mr. Reeves will ride. Lord L. and Lord G. will also oblige me with their company on horseback.

In my cousin's coach will be Lady L. Lady G. Emily, and I. My cousin Reeves is forbidden to venture.

I shall take leave of Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to-morrow morning; when they will set out for their projected tour. To-morrow we and the whole Grandison

family are to dine together at Lord L's, for the last time. It will be a mournful dining-time on that account.

Lady Betty Williams, her daughter, and Miss Clements, supp'd with us this night, and took leave of me in the tenderest manner. They greatly regret my going down so soon, as they call it.

As to the public diversions, which they wish me to stay and give into, to be sure I should have been glad to have been better qualified to have entertained you with the performances of this or that actor, this or that musician, and the like: But, frighted by the vile plot upon me at a masquerade, I was thrown out of that course of diversion, and indeed into more affecting, more interesting engagements; into the knowlege of a family that had no need to look out of itself for entertainments: And, besides, Are not all the company we see as visiters or guests, full of these things! I have seen the principal performers, in every way, often enough to give me a notion of their performances, tho' I have not troubled you with such common things as revolve every season.

You know I am far from slighting the innocent pleasures in which others delight — It would have been happier for me, perhaps had I had more leisure to attend those amusements than I have found. Yet I am not sure, neither: For methinks, with all the pangs that my suspenses have cost me, I would not but have known Sir Charles Grandison, his sisters, his Emily, and Dr. Bartlett.

I could only have wished to have been spared Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's vile attempt: Then, if I had come acquainted with this family, it would have been as I come acquainted with others: My gratitude had not been engaged so deeply.

Well — But what signify all these If's? — What has been, has; what must be, must. Only love me, my dear friends, as you used to love me. If I was a good girl when I left you, I hope I am not a bad one now, that I am returning to you. My morals, I bless God, are unhurt: My heart is not corrupted by the vanities of the great town: I have a little more experience than I had: And if I have severely paid for it, it is not at the price of my reputation. And I hope, if nobody has benefited by me, since I have been in town, that no one has suffered by me. Poor Mr. Fowler! — I could not help it, you know. Had I, by little snares, follies, coquetries, sought to draw him on, and entangle him, his future welfare would with reason, be more the subject of my solicitude, than it is now necessary it should be; tho' indeed I cannot help making it a good deal so.

Thursday Morning.

DR. Bartlett has just now taken leave of me, in my own dressing-room. The parting scene between us was tender.

I have not given you my opinion of Miss Williams. Had I seen her at my first coming to town, I should have taken as much notice of her, in my Letters to you,

as I did of the two Miss Brambers, Miss Darlington, Miss Cantillon, Miss Allestree, and others of my own Sex; and of Mr. Somner Mr. Allestree, Mr. Walden, of the other; who took my first notice, as they fell early in my way, and with whom it is possible, as well as with the towndiversions, I had been more intimate, had not Sir Hargrave's vile attempt carried me out of their acquaintance into a much higher; which of necessity, as well as choice, entirely engrossed my attention. But now how insipid would any new characters appear to you, if they were but of a like cast with those I have mentioned, were I to make such the subjects of my pen, and had I time before me; which I cannot have, to write again, before I embrace you all, my dear, my everdear and indulgent friends!

I will only say, that Miss Williams is a genteel girl; but will hardly be more than one of the better sort of modern women of condition; and that she is to be classed so high, will be owing more to Miss Clements's lesson's, than, I am afraid, to her mother's example.

Is it, Lucy, that I have more experience and discernment now, or less charity and good-nature, than when I first came town? for then I thought well, in the main, of Lady Betty Williams. But tho' she is a good-natur'd, obliging woman; she is so immersed in the love of public diversions! so fond of routs, drums, hurricanes — Bless me, my dear! how learned should I have been in all the gaieties of the modern life; what a fine Lady, possibly; had I not been carried into more rational (however to me they have been more painful) scenes; and had I followed the lead of this Lady, as she (kindly, as to her intention) had designed I should!

In the afternoon Mr. Beauchamp is to introduce Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp, on their first visit to the two sisters.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that my cousins and I are to attend the good Countess of D. for one half hour, after we have taken leave of Lady Olivia and her aunt.

And now, my Lucy, do I shut up my correspondence with you from London. My heart beats high with the hope of being as indulgently received by all you, my dearest friends, as I used to be after a shorter absence: For I am, and ever will be,

The grateful, dutiful, and affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Selby-house, Monday April 24.

THO' the kind friends with whom I parted at Dunstable were pleased, one and all, to allow, that the correspondence which is to pass between my dear Lady G. and their Harriet, should answer the just expectations of each upon her, in the writing way; and tho' (at your motion, remember, not at mine) they promised to be contented with hearing read to them such parts of my Letters as you should think proper to communicate; yet cannot I dispense with my duty to Lady L. my Emily, my cousin Reeves, and Dr. Bartlett. Accordingly I write to them by this post; and I charge you, my dear, with my sincere and thankful compliments to your Lord, and to Mr. Beauchamp, for their favours.

What an agreeable night, in the main, was Friday night! Had we not been to separate next morning, it would have been an agreeable one indeed!

Is not my aunt Selby an excellent woman? But you all admired her. She admires you all. I will tell you another time, what she said of you, my dear, in particular.

My cousin Lucy, too — is she not an amiable creature? — Indeed you all were delighted with her. But I take pleasure in recollecting your approbations of one I so dearly love. She is as prudent as Lady L. and, now our Nancy is so well recovered, as chearful as Lady G. You said, you would provide a good husband for her: Don't forget. The man, whoever he be, cannot be too good for my Lucy. Nancy is such another good girl: But so I told you.

Well, and pray, Did you ever meet with so pleasant a man as my uncle Selby? What should we have done, when we talked of your brother, when we talked of our parting, had it not been for him? You looked upon me every now-and-then, when he returned your smartness upon him, as if you thought I had let him know some of your perversnesses to Lord G. — And do you think I did not? Indeed I did. Can you imagine that your frank-hearted Harriet, who hides not from her friends her own faults, should conceal yours? — But what a particular character is yours! Every-body blames you, that knows of your overlivelinesses; yet every-body loves you — I think, for your very faults. Had it not been so, do you imagine I could ever have loved you, after you had led Lady L. to join with you, on a certain teazing occasion? — My uncle dotes upon you!

But don't tell Emily that my cousin James Selby is in Love with her. That he may not, on the score of the dear girl's fortune, be thought presumptuous, let me

tell you, that he is almost of age; and, when he is, comes into possession of an handsome estate. He has many good qualities. I have, in short, a very great value for him; but not enough, tho' he is my relation, to wish him my still more beloved Emily. Dear creature! methinks I still feel her parting tears on my cheek!

You charge me to be as minute, in the Letters I write to you, as I used to be to my friends here: And you promised to be as circumstantial in yours. I will set you the example: Do you be sure to follow it.

We baited at Stony-Stratford. I was afraid how it would be: There were the two bold creatures, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Fenwick, ready to receive us. A handsome collation as at our setting out, so now, bespoke by them, was set on the table. How they came by their intelligence, nobody knows: We were all concerned to see them. They seemed half-mad for joy. My cousin James had alighted to hand us out; but Mr. Greville was so earnest to offer his hand, that tho' my cousin was equally ready, I thought I could not deny to his solicitude for the poor favour, such a mark of civility. Besides, if I had, it would have been distinguishing him for more than a common neighbour, you know. Mr. Fenwick took the other hand, when I had stept out of the coach, and then (with so much pride, as made me ashamed of myself) they hurried me between them, thro' the innyard, and into the room they had engaged for us; blessing themselves, all the way, for my coming down Harriet Byron.

I looked about as if for the dear friends I had parted with at Dunstable. This is not, thought I, so delightful an inn as they made that — Now they, thought I, are just got to Barnet, in their way to London, as we are here in ours to Northampton. — But ah! where, where is Sir Charles Grandison at this time? And I sighed! But don't read this, and such strokes as this, to any body but Lord and Lady L. — You won't, you say — Thank you, Charlotte. — I will call you Charlotte, when I think of it, as you commanded me.

The joy we had at Dunstable, was easy, serene, deep, full, as I may say; it was the joy of sensible people: But the joy here was made by the two gentlemen, mad, loud, and even noisy. They hardly were able to contain themselves; and my uncle, and cousin James, were forced to be loud, to be heard.

Mr. Orme, good Mr. Orme, when we came near his park, was on the highway-side, perhaps near the very spot where he stood to see me pass to London so many weeks ago — Poor man! — When I first saw him (which was before the coach came near, for I looked out only, as thinking I would mark the place where I last beheld him) he looked with so disconsolate an air, and so fixed, that I compassionately said to myself, Surely the worthy man has not been there ever since.

I twitched the string just in time: The coach stopt. Mr. Orme, said I, How do you? Well, I hope? — How does Miss Orme?

I had my hand on the coach-door. He snatched it. It was not an unwilling hand. He pressed it with his lips. God be praised, said he (with a countenance, O how altered for the better!) for permitting me once more to behold that face — that angelic face, he said.

God bless you, Mr. Orme! said I: I am glad to see you. Adieu.

The coach drove on. Poor Mr. Orme! said my aunt.

Mr. Orme, Lucy, said I, don't look so ill as you wrote he was.

His joy to see you, said she — But Mr. Orme is in a declining way.

Mr. Greville, on the coach stopping, rode back just as it was going on again — And with a loud laugh — How the d — l came Orme to know of your coming, madam! — Poor fellow! It was very kind of you to stop your coach to speak to the statue. And he laughed again. — Nonsensical! At what?

My grandmamma Shirley, dearest of parents! her youth, as she was pleased to say, renewed by the expectation of so soon seeing her darling child, came (as my aunt told us, you know) on Thursday night to Selby-house, to charge her and Lucy with her blessing to me; and resolving to stay there to receive me. Our beloved Nancy was also to be there; so were two other cousins, Kitty and Patty Holles, good young creatures; who, in my absence, had attended my grandmamma at every convenient opportunity, and whom I also found here.

When we came within sight of this house, Now, Harriet, said Lucy, I see the same kind of emotions beginning to arise in your face and bosom, as Lady G. told us you shewed when you first saw your aunt at Dunstable. My grandmamma! said I, I am in sight of the dear house that holds her: I hope she is here. But I will not surprise her with my joy to see her. Lie still, throbbing impatience! speaking to my heart.

But when the coach (attended by many neighbours and friends, who, like a gathering snowball, had got together, within a few miles of Selby-house) set us down at the inner-gate, there, in the outward-hall, sat my blessed grandmamma. The moment I beheld her, my intended caution forsook me: I sprang by my aunt, and, before the foot step could be put down, flew, as it were, out of the coach, and threw myself at her feet, wrapping my arms about her: Bless, bless, said I, your Harriet! I could not at the moment, say another word.

Great God! said the pious parent, her hands and eyes lifted up, Great God! I thank thee! Then folding her arms about my neck, she kissed my forehead, my check, my lips — God bless my Love! Pride of my life! the most precious of a hundred daughters! How does my Child — My Harriet — O my Love! — After

such dangers, such trials, such harassings — Once more, God be praised that I clasp to my ⟨◊⟩ heart, my Harriet!

Separate them, separate them, said my facetious uncle (yet he had tears in his eyes) before they grow together! — Madam, to my grandmamma, she is our Harriet, as well as yours: Let us welcome the saucy girl, on her re-entrance into these doors! — Saucy, I suppose, I shall soon find her.

My grandmamma withdrew her fond arms: Take her, take her, said she, each in turn: But I think I never can part with her again.

My uncle saluted me, and bid me very kindly welcome home: So did my aunt: So did Lucy — My equally-beloved Nancy — So did every one.

How can I return the obligations which the love of all my friends lays upon me? To be good, to be grateful, is not enough uce that one ought to be for one's own sake. Wht a sweet thing is it to be beloved by worthy neighbours! I had several visiters last night, and compliments without number, on my arrival: — Compliments, for what? For having lost the better half of my heart? Don't you think I look silly to myself? You bid me be free in my confessions. You promise to look my Letters over before you read them to any-body; and to mark passages proper to be kept to yourself — Pray do.

Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick were here separately, an hour ago: I thanked them for their civility on the road, and not ungraciously, as Mr. Greville told my uncle, as to him. He was not, he said, without hopes, yet; since I knew not how to be ungrateful. Mr. Greville builds, as he always did, a merit on his civility; and by that means sinks, in the narrower Lover, the claim he might otherwise make to the title of the generous neighbour.

MISS ORME has just been here. She could not help throwing in a word for her brother.

You will guess, my dear Lady G. at the subject of our conversations here, and what they will be, morning, noon, and night, for a week to come. My grandmamma is better in health than I have known her for a year or two past. The health of people in years can mend but slowly; and they are slow to acknowlege it in their own favour. My grandmamma, however, allows that she is better within these few days past; but attributes the amendment to her Harriet's return.

How do they all bless, revere, extol, your noble brother! — How do they wish — And how do they regret — You know what — Yet how ready are they to applaud your Harriet, if she can hold her magnanimity, in preferring the happiness of Clementina to her own! — My grandmamma and aunt are of opinion, that I should; and they praise me for the generosity of my effort, whether the superior merits of the man will or will not allow me to succeed in it. But my uncle, my Lucy, and my Nancy, from their unbounded love of me, think a little, and but a

little, narrower; and, believing it will go hard with me, say, It is hard. My uncle, in particular, says the very pretension is slight and nonsense: But, however, if the girl, added he, can parade away her passion for an object so worthy; with all my heart: It will be but just, that the romancing evelations, which so often drive headstrong girls into difficulties, should now-and-then help a more discreet one out of them.

Adieu, my beloved Lady G. Repeated compliments, love, thanks, to my Lord and Lady L. to my Emily, to Dr. Bartlett, to Mr. Beauchamp, and particularly to my Lord G. Dear, dear Charlotte, be good! Let me beseech you be good! If you are not, you will have every one of my friends who met you at Dunstable, and, from their report, my grandmamma and Nancy, against you; for they find but one fault in my Lord: It is, that he seems too fond of a Lady, who, by her archness of looks, and half-saucy turns upon him, even before them, evidently shewed — Shall I say what? But I stand up for you, my dear. Your gratitude, your generosity, your honour, I say, (and why should I not add your duty?) will certainly make you one of the most obliging of wives, to the most affectionate of husbands.

My uncle says, He hopes so: But tho' he adores you for a friend, and the companion of a lively hour; yet he does not know but his Dame Selby is still the woman whom a man should prefer for a wife: And she, said he, is full as saucy as a wife need to be; tho' I think, Harriet, that she has not been the less dutiful of late for your absence.

Once more, adieu, my dear Lady G. and continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Thursday, April 27.

EVERY one of the Dunstable party say, that you are a grateful and good girl. Beauchamp can talk of nobody else of our Sex: I believe in my conscience he is in Love with you. I think all the unprovided for young women where-ever you come must hate you. Was you never by surprize carried into the chamber of a friend labouring with the Smallpox, in the infectious stage of it? — O but I think you once said you had had that distemper. But your mind, Harriet, were your face to be ruined, would make you admirers. The fellows who could think of preferring even such a face to such a heart, may be turned over to the class of insignificants.

Is not your aunt Selby, you ask, an excellent woman? — She is. I admire her. But I am very angry with you for deferring to another time, acquainting me with what she said of me. When we are taken with any-body, we love they should be taken with us. Teazing Harriet! You know what an immoderate quantity of curiosity I have. Never serve me so again!

I am in Love with your cousin Lucy. Were either Fenwick or Greville good enough — But they are not I think she shall have Mr. Orme. Nancy, you say, is such another good girl. I don't doubt it. Is she not your cousin, and Lucy's sister? But I cannot undertake for every good girl who wants a husband. I wish I had seen Lucy a fortnight ago: Then Nancy might have had Mr. Orme, and Lucy should have had Lord G. He admires her greatly. And do you think that a man who at that time professed for me so much Love and Service, and all that, would have scrupled to oblige me, had I (as I easily should) proved to him, that he would have been a much happier man than he could hope to be with Somebody else?

Your uncle is a pleasant man: But tell him I say, that the man would be out of his wits, that did not make the preference he does in favour of his Dame Selby, as he calls her. Tell him also, if you please, in return for his plain dealing, that I say, he studies too much for his pleasantries: He is continually hunting for occasions to be smart. I have heard my father say, that this was the fault of some wits of his acquaintance, whom he ranked among the wit-lings for it. If you think it will mortify him more, you may tell him (for I am very revengeful when I think myself affronted) that were I at liberty, which, God help me, I am not! I would sooner choose for a husband the man I have (poor soul, as I now and then think him) than such a teazing creature as himself, were both in my power, and both of

an age. And I should have this good reason for my preference: Your uncle and I should have been too much alike, and so been jealous of each other's wit; whereas I can make my honest Lord G. look about him, and admire me strangely, whenever I please.

But I am, it seems, a person of a particular character. Every one, you say, loves me, yet blames me. Odd characters, my dear, are needful to make even characters shine. You good girls would not be valued as you are, if there were not bad ones. Have you not heard it said, That all human excellence is but comparative? Pray allow of the contrast. You, I am sure, ought. You are an ungrateful creature, if, whenever you think of my over-livelinesses, as you call 'em, you don't drop a courtesy, and say, You are obliged to me.

But still the attack made upon you in your dressingroom at Colnebrooke, by my sister and me, sticks in your stomach — And why so? We were willing to shew you, that we were not the silly people you must have thought us, had we not been able to distinguish light from darkness. You, who ever were, I believe one of the frankest-hearted girls in Britain, and admired for the ease and dignity given you by that frankness, were growing aukward, nay dishonest. Your gratitude! your gratitude! was the dust you wanted to throw into our eyes, that we might not see that you were governed by a stronger motive. You called us your friends, your sisters, but treated us not as either; and this man, and that, and t'other, you could refuse; and why? No reason given for it; and we were to be popt off with your gratitude, truly! — We were to believe just what you said, and no more; nay, not so much as you said. But we were not so implicit. Nor would you, in our case, have been so.

But

'you, perhaps, would not have violently broken in upon a poor thing, who thought we were blind, because she was not willing we should see.'

– May be not: But then, in that case, we were honester than you would have been; that's all. Here, said I, Lady L. is this poor girl aukwardly struggling to conceal what every body sees; and, seeing, applauds her for, the men considered (Yes, Harriet, the man considered; be pleased to take that in): Let us, in pity, relieve her. She is though to be frank, open-hearted, communicative; nay, she passes herself upon in those characters: She sees we keep nothing from her. She has been acquainted with your Love before wedlock; with my folly, in relation to Anderson: She has carried her head above a score or two of men not contemptible. She sits enthroned among us, while we make but common figures at her footstool: She calls us sisters, friends, and twenty pretty names. Let us acquaint her, that we see into her heart; and why Lord D. and others are so indifferent with her. If she is ingenuous, let us spare her; if not, leave me to punish

her — Yet we will keep up her punctilio as to our brother; we will leave him to make his own discoveries. She may confide in his politeness; and the result will be happier for her; because she will then be under no restraint to us, and her native freedom of heart may again take its course.

Agreed, agreed, said Lady L. — And arm in arm, we entered your dressing-room, dismissed the maid, and began the attack — And, O Harriet! how you hesitated, paraded, fooled on with us, before you came to confession! Indeed you deserved not the mercy we shewed you — So, child, you had better to have let this part of your story sleep in peace.

You bid me not tell Emily that your cousin is in Love with her: But I think I will. Girls begin very early to look out for admirers. It is better, in order to stay her stomach, to find out one for her, than that she should find out one for herself; especially when the man is among ourselves, as I may say, and both are in our own management, and at distance from eath other. Emily is a good girl; but she has susceptibilities already: And tho' I would not encourage her, as yet, to look out of herself for happiness; yet I would give her consequence with herself, and at the same time let her see, that there could be no mention made of any thing that related to her, but what she should be acquainted with. Dear girl! I love her as well as you; and I pity her too: I or she, as well as Somebody else, will have difficulties to contend with, which she will not know easily how to get over; tho' she can, in a flame so young, generously prefer the interest of a more excellent woman to her own. — There, Harriet, is a grave paragraph: You'll like me for it.

You are a very reflecting girl, in mentioning to me so particularly, your behaviour to your Grevilles, Fenwicks, and Ormes. What is that but saying, See, Charlotte! I am a much more complaisant creature to the men, no one of which I intend to have, than you are to your husband!

What a pious woman, indeed, must be your grandmamma, that she could suspend her joy, her longabsent darling at her feet, till she had first thank'd God for restoring her to her arms! But, in this instance, we see the force of habitual piety. Tho' not so good as I should be myself, I revere those who are so; and that I hope you will own is no bad sign.

Well, but now for ourselves, and those about us.

Lady Olivia has written Lady L. a Letter from Windsor. It is in French; extremely polite. She promises to write to me from Oxford.

Lady Anne S. made me a visit this morning. She was more concerned than I wished to see her, on my confirming the report she had heard of my brother's being gone abroad. I railled her a little too freely, as it was before Lord G. and Lord L. I never was better rebuked than by her; for she took out her pencil, and on

the cover of a letter wrote these lines from Shakespeare, and slid them into my hand:

And will you rend our ancient Love asunder,
To join with Men, in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly:
Our Sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Tho' I alone do feel the injury.

I never, my dear, told you how freely this Lady and I had talked of Love: But freely as we had talked, I was not aware that the matter lay so deep in her heart. I knew not how to tell her that my brother had said, It could not be. I could have wept over her when I read this paper; and I owned myself by a whisper justly rebuked. She charged me not to let any man see this; particularly not either of those present: And do you, Harriet, keep what I have written of Lady Anne to yourself.

My aunt Eleanor has written a congratulatory Letter to me from York. Sir Charles, it seems, had acquainted her with Lord G's day [Not my day, Harriet! that is not the phrase, I hope!] as soon as he knew it himself; and she writes, supposing that I was actually offered on it. Women are victims on these occasions: I hope you'll allow me that. My brother has made it a point of duty to acquaint his father's sister with every matter of consequence to the family; and now, she says, that both her nieces are so well disposed of, she will come to town very quickly to see her new relations and us; and desires we will make room for her. And yet she owns, that my brother has informed her of his being obliged to go abroad; and she supposes him gone. As he is the beloved of her heart, I wonder she thinks of making this visit now he is absent: But we shall all be glad to see my aunt Nell. She is a good creature, tho' an old maid. I hope the old Lady has not utterly lost either her invention, or memory; and then, between both, I shall be entertained with a great number of Love-stories of the last age; and perhaps of some dangers and escapes; which may serve for warnings for Emily. Alas! alas! they will come too late for your Charlotte!

I have written already the longest Letter that I ever wrote in my life: Yet it is prating; and to you, to whom I love to prate. I have not near done.

You bid me be good; and you threaten me, if I am not, with the ill opinion of all your friends: But I have such an unaccountable biass for roguery, or what shall I call it? that I believe it is impossible for me to take your advice. I have been examining myself. What a duce is the matter with me, that I cannot see my honest man in the same advantageous light in which he appears to every body else? Yet I do not, in my heart, dislike him. On the contrary, I know not, were I to look about me, far and wide, the man I would have wished to have called mine,

rather than him. But he is so important about trifles; so nimble, yet so slow: He is so sensible of his own intention to please, and has so many antic motions in his obligingness; that I cannot forbear laughing at the very time that I ought perhaps to reward him with a gracious approbation.

I must fool on a little while longer, I believe: Permit me, Harriet, so to do, as occasions arise.

AN instance, an instance in point, Harriet. Let me laugh as I write. I did it at the time. — What do you laugh at, Charlotte? — Why this poor man, or, as I should rather say, this Lord and Master of mine, has just left me. He has been making me both a compliment, and a present. And what do you think the compliment is? Why if I please, he will give away to a virtuoso friend, his collection of Moths and Butterflies: I once, he remember'd, raillied him upon them. And by what study, thought I, wilt thou, honest man, supply their place? If thou hast a talent this way, pursue it; since perhaps thou wilt not shine in any other. And the best any-thing, you know, Harriet, carries with it the appearance of excellence. Nay, he would also part with his collection of Shells, if I had no objection.

To whom, my Lord? — He had not resolved. — Why then, only as Emily is too little of a child, or you might give them to her.

'Too little of a child, madam?'

and a great deal of bustle and importance took possession of his features — Let me tell you, madam — I won't let you, my Lord; and I laughed.

Well, madam, I hope here is something coming up that you will not disdain to accept of yourself.

Up came groaning under the weight, or rather under the care, two servants with baskets: A fine set of old Japan China with brown edges, believe me. They sat down their baskets, and withdrew.

Would you not have been delighted, Harriet, to see my Lord busying himself with taking out, and putting in the windows, one at a time, the cups, plates, jars, and saucers, rejoicing and parading over them, and shewing his connoisseurship to his motionless admiring wife, in commending this and the other piece as a beauty? And, when he had done, taking the liberty, as he phrased it, half fearful, half resolute, to salute his bride for his reward; and then pacing backwards several steps with such a strut and a crow — I see him yet! — Indulge me, Harriet! — I burst into a hearty laugh; I could not help it: And he, reddening, looked round himself, and round himself, to see if any thing was amiss in his garb. The man, the man! honest friend, I could have said, but had too much reverence for my husband, is the oddity! Nothing amiss in the garb.

O Harriet! Why did you beseech me to be good? I think in my heart I have the stronger inclination to be bad for it! You call me perverse; if you think me so, bid me be saucy, bid me be bad; and I may then, like other good wives, take the contrary course for the sake of dear contradiction.

Shew not, however, (I in turn beseech you) to your grandmamma and aunt, such parts of this Letter as would make them despise me. You say, you stand up for me; I have need of your advocateship: Never let me want it. And do I not, after all, do a greater credit to my good man, when I can so heartily laugh in the wedded state, than if I were to sit down with my finger in my eye?

I have taken your advice, and presented my sister with my half of the jewels. I desired her to accept them, as they were my mother's, and for her sake. This gave them a value with her, more than equal with their worth: But Lord L. is uneasy, and declares he will not suffer Lady L. long to lie under the obligation. Were every one of family in South Britain and North Britain to be as generous and disinterested as Lord L. and our family, the union of the two parts of the island would be complete.

LORD help this poor obliging man! I wish I don't love him at last. He has taken my hint, and has presented his collection of Shells (a very sine one, he says, it is) to Emily; and they two are actually busied (and will be for an hour or two, I doubt not) in admiring them; the one strutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the present; the other courtesying ten times in a minute, to shew her gratitude. Poor man! When his virtuoso friend has got his Butterflies and Moths, I am afraid he must set up a turner's shop for employment. If he loved reading, I could, when our visiting hours are over, set him to read to me the new things that come out, while I knot or work; and, is he loved writing, to copy the Letters which pass between you and me, and those for you which I expect with so much impatience from my brother by means of Dr Bartlett. I think he spells pretty well, for a Lord.

I have no more to say, at present, but compliments, without number or measure, to all you so deservedly love and honour; as well those I have not seen, as those I have.

One thing: Reveal to me all the secrets of your heart, and how that heart is from time to time affected; that I may know whether you are capable of that greatness of mind in a love-case, that you shew in all others. We will all allow you to love Sir Charles Grandison. Those who do, give honour to themselves, if their eyes stop not at person, his having so many advantages. For the same reason, I make no apologies, and never did, for praising my brother, as any other lover of him might do.

Let me know every thing how and about your fellows, too. Ah! Harriet, you make not the use of power that I would have done in your situation. I was half-sorry when my hurrying brother made me dismiss Sir Walter; and yet, to have but two danglers after one, are poor doings for a fine Lady. Poorer still, to have but one!

Here's a Letter as long as my arm. Adieu. I was loth to come to the name: But difer it ever so long, I must subscribe, at last,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS JERVOIS, TO MISS BYRON.

Monday, May 1.

O MY dearest, my honoured Miss Byron, how you have shamed your Emily by sending a Letter to her; such a sweet Letter too! before I have paid my duty to you, in a Letter of thanks for all your love to me, and for all your kind instructions. But I began once, twice, and thrice, and wrote a great deal each time, but could not please myself: You, madam, are such a writer, and I am such a poor thing at my pen! — But I know you will accept the heart. And so my very dissidence shews pride; since it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer: And yet this very Letter, I foresee, will be the worse for my diffidence, and not the better: For I don't like this beginning, neither. — But come, it shall go. Am I not used to your goodness? And do you not bid me prattle to you, in my Letters, as I used to do in your dressingroom? O what sweet advice have you, and do you return for my silly prate! And so I will begin.

And was you grieved at parting with your Emily on Saturday morning? I am sure I was very much concerned at parting with you. I could not help crying all the way to town; and Lady G. shed tears as well as I, and so did Lady L. several times; and said, You were the loveliest, best young Lady in the world. And we all praised likewise your aunt, your cousin Lucy, and young Mr. Selby. How good are all your relations! They must be good! And Lord L. and Lord G. for men, were as much concerned as we, at parting with you. Mr. Reeves was so dull all the way! poor Mr. Reeves, he was very dull. And Mr. Beauchamp, he praised you to the very skies; and in such a pretty manner too! Next to my guardian, I think Mr. Beauchamp is a very agreeable man. I fansy these noble sisters, if the truth were known, don't like him so well as their brother does: Perhaps that may be the reason, out of jealousy, as I may say, if there be any thing in my observation. But they are vastly civil to him, nevertheless yet they never praise him when his back is turned, as they do others, who can't say half the good things that he says.

Well, but enough of Mr. Beauchamp. My guardian! my gracious, my 〈◊〉 my indulgent guardian! who, that thinks of him, can praise any body else!

O madam! Where is he now? God protect and guide my guardian, where-ever he goes! This is my prayer, first and last, and I can't tell how often in the day. I look for him in every place I have seen him in (And pray tell me, madam, Did not you do so when he had left us?); and when I can't find him, I do so sigh! — What a pleasure, yet what a pain, is there in sighing, when I think of him! Yet I know I

am an innocent girl. And this I am sure of, that I wish him to be the husband of but one woman in the whole world; and that is you. But then my next wish is — You know what — Ah my Miss Byron! you must let me live with you and my guardian, if you should ever be Lady Grandison.

But here, madam, are sad doings sometimes, between Lord and Lady G. I am very angry at her often in my heart; yet I cannot help laughing, nowand then, at her out-of-the-way sayings. Is not her character a very new one? Or are there more such young wives? I could not do as she does, were I to be queen of the globe. Every-body blames her. She will make my Lord not love her at last. Don't you think so? And then what will she get by her wit?

JUST this moment she came into my closet — Writing, Emily? said she: To whom? — I told her. — Don't tell tales out of school, Emily. — I was so afraid that she would have asked to see what I had written: But she did not. To be sure she is very polite, and knows what belongs to herself, and every-body else: To be ungenerous, as you once said, to her husband only, that is a very sad thing to think of.

Well, and I would give any-thing to know if you think what I have written tolerable, before I go any farther: But I will go on in this way, since I cannot do better. Bad is my best; but you shall have quantity, I warrant, since you bid me write long Letters.

But I have seen my mother: It was but yesterday. She was in a mercer's shop in Covent-Garden. I was in Lord L.'s chariot; only Anne was with me. Anne saw her first. I alighted, and asked her blessing in the shop: I am sure I did right. She blessed me, and called me dear love. I stay'd till she had bought what she wanted, and then I slid down the money, as if it were her own doing; and glad I was I had so much about me: It came but to four guineas. I begged her, speaking low, to forgive me for so doing: And finding she was to go home as far as Soho, and had thoughts of having a hackney-coach called; I gave Anne money for a coach for herself, and waited on my mother to her own lodgings; and it being Lord L.'s chariot, she was so good as to dispense with my alighting.

She blessed my guardian all the way, and blessed me. She said, she would not ask me to come to see her, because it might not be thought proper, as my guardian was abroad: But she hoped, she might be allowed to come and see me sometimes. — Was she not very good, madam? But my guardian's goodness makes every-body good. — O that my mamma had been always the same! I should have been but too happy!

God bless my guardian, for putting me on enlarging her power to live handsomely. Only as a coach brings on other charges, and people must live accordingly, or be discredited, instead of credited, by it; or I should hope the

additional Two hundred a year might afford them one. Yet one does not know but Mr. O Hara may have been in debt before he married her; and I fansy he has people who hang upon him. But if it pleases God, I will not, when I am at age, and have a coach of my own, suffer my mother to walk on foot. What a blessing is it, to have a guardian that will second every good purpose of one's heart!

Lady Olivia is rambling about; and I suppose she will wait here in England till Sir Charles's return: But I am sure he never will have her. A wicked wretch, with her poniards! Yet it is pity! She is a fine woman. But I hate her for her expectation, as well as for her poniard. And a woman to leave her own country, to seek for a husband! I could die before I could do so; tho' to such a man as my guardian. Yet once I thought I could have liked to have lived with her at Florence. She has some good qualities, and is very generous, and in the main well esteemed in her own country; every-body knew she loved my guardian: But I don't know how it is; nobody blamed her for it, vast as the difference in fortune then was. But that is the glory of being a virtuous man; to love him is a credit, instead of a shame. O madam! Who would not be virtuous? And that not only for their own, but for their friends sakes, if they loved their friends, and wished them to be well thought of?

Lord W. is very desirous to hasten his wedding.

Mr. Beauchamp says, that all the Mansfields (He knows them) bless my guardian every day of their lives; and their enemies tremble. He has commissions from my guardian to enquire and act in their cause, that no time may be lost to do them service, against his return.

We have had another visit from Lady Beauchamp, and have returned it. She is very much pleased with us: You see I say us. Indeed my two dear Ladies are very good to me; but I have no merit: It is all for their brother's sake.

Mr. Beauchamp tells us, just now, that his mother-in-law has joined with his father, at her own motion, to settle 1000 l. a year upon him. I am glad of it, with all my heart: Are not you? He is all gratitude upon it. He says, that he will redouble his endeavours to oblige her; and that his gratitude to her, as well as his duty to his father, will engage his utmost regard for her.

Mr. Beauchamp, Sir Harry himself, and my Lady, are continually blessing my guardian: Every-body, in short, blesses him. — But, ah! madam, Where is he, at this moment? O that I were a bird! that I might hover over his head, and sometimes bring tidings to his friends of his motions and good deeds. I would often flap my wings, dear Miss Byron, at your chamber-window, as a signal of his welfare, and then fly back again, and perch as near him as I could.

I am very happy, as I said before, in the favour of Lady and Lord L. and Lady and Lord G.; but I never shall be so happy, as when I had the addition of your

charming company. I miss you and my guardian: O how I miss you both! But, dearest Miss Byron, love me not the less, tho' now I have put pen to paper, and you see what a poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in conversation; but when they are so silly as to put pen to paper, they expose themselves; as I have done, in this long piece of scribble. But accept it, nevertheless, for the true love I bear you; and truer love never flamed in any bosom, to any one the most dearly beloved, than does in mine for you.

I am afraid I have written arrant nonsense, because I knew not how to express half the love that is in the heart of

Your ever-obliged and affectionate EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XXXV.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Tuesday, May 2.

I Have no patience with you, Lady G. You are ungenerously playful! Thank Heaven, if this be wit, that I have none of it. But what signifies expostulating with one who knows herself to be faulty, and will not amend? How many stripes, Charlotte, do you deserve? — But you never spared any-body, not even your brother, when the humour was upon you. So make haste; and since you will lay in stores for repentance, fill up your measure as fast as you can.

'Reveal to you the state of my heart!' — Ah, my dear! it is an unmanageable one. Greatness of mind!'

– I don't know what it is! — All his excellencies, his greatness, his goodness, his modesty, his chearfulness under such afflictions as would weigh down every other heart that had but half the compassion in it with which his overflows — Must not all other men appear little, and, less than little, nothing, in my eyes? — It is an instance of patience in me, that I can endure any of them who pretend to regard me out of my own family.

I thought, that when I got down to my dear friends here, I should be better enabled, by their prudent counsels, to attain the desireable frame of mind which I had promised myself: But I find myself mistaken. My grandmamma and aunt are such admirers of him, take such a share in the disappointment, that their advice has not the effect I had hoped it would have. Lucy, Nancy, are perpetually calling upon me to tell them something of Sir Charles Grandison; and when I begin, I know not how to leave off. My uncle raillies me, laughs at me, sometimes reminds me of what he calls my former brags. I did not brag, my dear: I only hoped, that respecting as I did every man according to his merit, I should never be greatly taken with any one, before duty added force to the inclination. Methinks the company of the friends I am with, does not satisfy me; yet they never were dearer to me than they now are. I want to have Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. Dr. Bartlett, my Emily, with me. To lose you all at once! — is hard! There seems to be a stranger void in my heart — And so much, at present, for the state of that heart.

I always had reason to think myself greatly obliged to my friends and neighbours all around us; but never, till my return, after these few months absence, knew how much. So many kind visiters; such unaffected expressions of

joy on my return; that had I not a very great counterbalance on my heart, would be enough to make me proud.

My grandmamma went to Shirley manor on Saturday; on Monday I was with her all day: But she would have it that I should be melancholy if I staid with her. And she is so self-denyingly careful of her Harriet! There never was a more noble heart in woman. But her solitary moments, as my uncle calls them, are her Moments of joy. And why? Because she then divests herself of all that is either painful or pleasurable to her in this life: For she says, that her cares for her Harriet, and especially now, are at least a balance for the delights she takes in her.

You command me to acquaint you with what passes between me and the gentlemen in my neighbourhood; in your stile, m fellows.

Mr. Fenwick invited himself to breakfast with my aunt Selby yesterday morning. I would not avoid him.

I will not trouble you with the particulars: You know well enough what men will say on the subject upon which you will suppose he wanted to talk to me. He was extremely earnest. I besought him to accept my thanks for his good opinion of me, as all the return I could make him for it; and this in so very serious a manner, that my heart was fretted, when he declared, with warmth his determined perseverance.

Mr. Greville made us a tea-visit in the afternoon. My uncle and he joined to railly us poor women, as usual. I left the defence of the Sex to my aunt and Lucy. How poor appears to me every conversation now with these men! — But hold, saucy Harriet was not your Uncle Selby one of the railliers? — But he does not believe all he says; and therefore cannot wish to be so much regarded, on this topic, as he ought to be by me, on others.

After the run of raillery was over, in which Mr. Greville made exceptions favourable to the women present, he applied to every one for their interest with me, and to me to countenance his address. He set forth his pretensions very pompously, and mentioned a very considerable increase of his fortune; which before was a very handsome one. He offered our own terms. He declared his love for me above all women, and made his happiness in the next world, as well as in this, depend upon my favour to him.

It was easy to answer all he said; and is equally so for you to guess in what manner I answered him: And he, finding me determined, began to grow vehement, and even affrontive. He hinted to me, that he knew what had made me so very resolute. He threw out threatnings against the man, be he whom he would, that should stand in the way of his success with me; at the same time intimating saucily, as I may say (for his manner had insult in it) that it was impossible a certain event could ever take place.

My uncle was angry with him; so was my aunt: Lucy was still more angry than they: But I, standing up, said, Pray, my dear friends, take nothing amiss that Mr. Greville has said. — He once told me, that he would set spies upon my conduct in town. If, Sir, your spies have been just, I fear nothing they can say. But the hints you have thrown out, shew such a total want of all delicacy of mind, that you must not wonder if my heart rejects you. Yet I am not angry: I reproach you not: every one has his peculiar way. All that is left me to say or to do, is to thank you for your favourable opinion of me, as I have thanked Mr. Fenwick; and to desire that you will allow me to look upon you as my neighbour, and only as my neighbour.

I courtesied to him and withdrew.

But my great difficulty had been before with Mr. Orme. His sister had desired that I would see her brother. He and she were invited by my aunt to dinner on Tuesday. They came. Poor man! He is not well! I am sorry for it. Poor Mr. Orme is not well! He made me such honest compliments as I may say: His heart was too much in his civilities to raise them above the civilities that justice and truth might warrant in favour of a person highly esteemed. Mine was filled with compassion for him; and that compassion would have shewn itself in tokens of tenderness, more than once, had I not restrained myself for his sake. How you, my dear Lady G. can delight in giving pain to an honest heart, I cannot imagine. I would make all God Almighty's creatures happy, if I could; and so would your noble brother. Is he not crossing dangerous seas, and ascending through almost perpetual snows, those dreadful Alps which I have heard described with such terror, for the generous end of relieving distress?

I made Mr. Orme sit next me. I was assiduous to help him, and to do him all the little offices which I thought would light up pleasure in his modest countenance; and he was quite another man. It gave delight to his sister, and to all my friends, to see him smile, and look happy. I think, my dear Lady G. that when Mr. Orme looks pleasant, and at ease, he resembles a little the good-natured Lord G. — O that you would take half the pains to oblige him, that I do to relieve Mr. Orme! — Half the pains, did I say? That you would not take pains to dis-oblige him; and he would be, of course, obliged. Don't be afraid, my dear, that in such a world as this, things will not happen to make you uneasy, without your studying for them. Excuse my seriousness: I am indeed too serious at times.

But when Mr. Orme requested a few minutes audience of me, as he called it, and I walked with him into the cedar parlour, which you have heard me mention, and with which I hope you will be one day acquainted; he paid, poor man! for his too transient pleasure. Why would he urge a denial that he could not but know I must give?

His sister and I had afterwards a conference. She pleaded too strongly her brother's health, and even his life; both which, she would have it, depended on my favour to him. I was greatly affected; and at last besought her, if she valued my friendship as I did hers, never more to mention to me a subject which gave me a pain too sensible for my peace.

She requested me to assure her, that neither Mr. Greville, nor Mr. Fenwick, might be the man. They both took upon them, she said, to ridicule her brother for the profound respect, even to reverence, that he bore me; which, if he knew, might be attended with consequences: For that her brother, mild and gentle as was his passion for me, had courage to resent any indignities that might be cast upon him by spirits boisterous as were those of the two gentlemen she had named. She never, therefore, told her brother of their scoffs. But it would go to her heart, if either of them should succeed, or have reason but for a distant hope.

I made her heart easy on that score.

I have just now heard that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is come from abroad already. What can be the meaning of it? He is so low-minded, so malicious a man, and I have suffered so much from him — What can be the meaning of his sudden return? I am told, that he is actually in London. Pray, my dear Lady G. inform yourself about him; and whether he thinks of coming into these parts.

Mr. Greville, when he met us at Stony-Stratford, threw out menaces against Sir Hargrave, on my account; and said, It was well he was gone abroad. I told him then, that he had no business, even were Sir Hargrave present, to engage himself in my quarrels.

Mr. Greville is an impetuous man; a man of rough manners; and makes many people afraid of him. He has, I believe, indeed, had his spies about me; for he seems to know every-thing that has befallen me in my absence from Selby-house.

He has dared also to threaten Somebody else. Insolent wretch! But he hinted to me yesterday, that he was exceedingly pleased with the news, that a certain gentleman was gone abroad, in order to prosecute a former amour, was the light wretch's as light expression. If my indignant eyes could have killed him, he would have fallen dead at my feet.

Let the constant and true respects of all my friends to you and yours, and to my beloved Emily, be always, for the future, considered as very affectionately expressed, whether the variety of other subjects leaves room for a particular expression of them, or not, by, my dearest Lady G.

Your faithful and ever-obliged HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Saturday, May 6.

I Thank you, Harriet, for yours. What must your fellows think of you? In this gross age, your delicacy must astonish them. There used to be more of it formerly. But how should men know any-thing of it, when women have forgot it? Lord be thanked, we females, since we have been admitted into so constant a share of the public diversions, want not courage. We can give the men stare for stare whereever we meet them. The next age, nay, the rising generation, must surely be all heroes and heroines. But whither has this word delicacy carried me? Me, who, it seems, have faults to be corrected for of another sort; and who want not the courage for which I congratulate others?

But to other subjects I could write a vast deal of stuff about my Lord and Self, and Lord and Lady L. who assume parts which I know not how to allow them: And sometimes they threaten me with my brother's resentments, sometimes with my Harriet's; so that I must really have leading-strings fastened to my shoulders. O my dear! a fond husband is a surfeiting thing; and yet I believe most women love to be made monkeys of.

BUT all other subjects must now give way. We have heard of, tho' not from, my brother. A particular friend of Mr. Lowther was here with a Letter from that gentleman, acquainting us, that Sir Charles and he were arrived at Paris.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when Mr. Lowther's friend came. He borrowed the Letter on account of the extraordinary adventure mentioned in it.

Make your heart easy, in the first place, about Sir Hargrave. He is indeed in town; but very ill. He was frighted into England, and intends not ever again to quit it. In all probability, he owes it to my brother that he exists.

Mr. Beauchamp went directly to Cavendish Square, and informed himself there of other particulars relating to the affair, from the very servant who was present and acting in it; and from those particulars and Mr. Lowther's Letter, wrote one for Dr. Bartlett. Mr. Beauchamp obliged me with the perusal of what he wrote; whence I have extracted the following account: For his Letter is long and circumstantial; and I did not ask his leave to take a copy, as he seemed desirous to hasten it to the doctor.

On Wednesday the 19/30 of April, in the evening, as my brother was pursuing his journey to Paris, and was within two miles of that capital, a servant-man rode up, in visible terror, to his post-chaise, in which were Mr. Lowther and himself,

and besought them to hear his dreadful tale. The gentlemen stopt, and he told them, that his master, who was an Englishman, and his friend of the same nation, had been but a little while before attacked, and forced out of the road in their post-chaise, as he doubted not, to be murdered, by no less than seven armed horsemen; and he pointed to a hill, at distance, called Mont Martre, behind which they were, at that moment, perpetrating their bloody purpose. He had just before, he said, addressed himself to two other gentlemen, and their retinue, who drove on the faster for it.

The servant's great coat was open; and Sir Charles observing his livery, asked him, If he were not a servant of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? and was answered in the affirmative.

There are, it seems, trees planted on each side the road from St. Denis to Paris, but which, as France is an open and uninclosed country, would not, but for the hill, have hindered the seeing a great way off, the scuffling of so many men on horseback. There is also a ditch on either hand; but places left for owners to come at their grounds, with their carts, and other carriages. Sir Charles ordered the post-boy to drive to one of those pass ges; saying, He could not forgive himself, if he did not endeavour to save Sir Hargrave, and his friend, whose name the man told him was Merceda.

His own servants were three in number, besides one of Mr. Lowther. My brother made Mr. Lowther's servant dismount; and, getting himself on his horse, ordered the others to follow him. He begged Mr. Lowther to continue in the chaise, bidding the dismounted servant stay, and attend his master, and galloped a way towards the hill. His ears were soon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches; and presently he saw two men on horseback holding the horses of four others, who had under them the two gentlemen, struggling, groaning, and crying out for mercy.

On the approach of Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his servants, he calling out to spare the gentlemen, and bending his course to relieve the prostrate sufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horsemen, and advanced to meet Sir Charles, with a shew of supporting the two men on foot in their violence; who continued laying on the wretches, with the but-ends of their whips, unmercifully.

As the assailants offered not to fly, and as they had more than time enough to execute their purpose, had it been obbery and murder; Sir Charles concluded, it was likely that these men were actuated by a private revenge. He was confirmed in this surmise, when the our men on horseback, tho' each had his pistol ready drawn, as Sir Charles also had his, demanded a conference; warning Sir Charles

how he provoked his fate by his rashness; and declaring, that he was a dead man if he fired.

Forbear, then, said Sir Charles, all further violences to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to say.

He then put his pistol into his holster; and one of his servants being come up, and the two others at hand (to whom he called out, not to fire till they had his orders), he gave him his horse's reins; bidding him have an eye to the holsters of both, and leapt down; and, drawing his sword, made towards the two men who were so cruelly exercising their whips; and who, on his approach, retired to some little distance, drawing their hangers.

The four men on horseback joined the two on foot, just as they were quitting the objects of their fury; and one of them said, Forbear, for the present, further violence, brother; the gentleman, shall be told the cause of all this. — Murder, Sir, said he, is not intended; nor are we robbers: The men whom you are solicitous to save from our vengeance, are villains.

Be the cause what it will, answered Sir Charles, you are in a country noted for doing spee justice, upon proper application to the magistrates. In the same instant he raised first one groaning man, then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were so much bruised, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which ly near them; nor put them on without Sir Charles's help.

The men on foot by this time had mounted their horses, and all fix stood upon their defence; but one of them was so furious, crying out, that his vengeance should be yet more complete, that two of the others could hardly restrain him.

Sir Charles asked Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda, Whether they had reason to look upon themselves as injured men, or injurers? One of the assailants answered, That they both knew themselves to be villains.

Either from consciousness, or terror, perhaps from both, they could not speak for themselves, but by groans; nor could either of them stand or sit upright.

Just then came up, in the chaise, Mr. Lowther and his servant, each a pistol in his hand. He quitted the chaise, when he came near the suffering men; and Sir Charles desired him instantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerously hurt, or not.

The most enraged of the assailants, having slipt by the two who were earnest to restrain him, would again have attacked Mr. Merceda; offering a stroke at him with his hanger: But Sir Charles (his drawn sword still in his hand) caugt hold of his hand and, turning his horse's head aside, diverted a 〈◊〉 which, in all probability, would otherwise have been a finishing one.

They all came about Sir Charles, bidding him, at his peril, use his sword upon their friend: And Sir Charles's servants were coming up to their master's support, had there b en occasion. At that instant Mr. Lowther, assisted by his own servant, was examining the wounds and bruises of the two terrified men, who had yet no reason to think themselves safe from further violence.

Sir Charles repeatedly commanded his servants not to fire, nor approach nearer, without his orders. The persons, said he, to the assailants, whom you have so cruelly used, are Englishmen of condition I will protect them. Be the provocation what it will, you must know that your attempt upon them is a criminal one; and if my friend last come up, who is a very skilful surgeon, shall pronounce them in danger, you shall find it so. Still he held the horse of the furious one; and three of them, who seemed to be principals, were beginning to express some resentment at this cavalier treatment, when Mr. Lowther gave his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death: And then Sir Charles, quitting the man's bridle, and putting himself between the assailants and sufferers, said, That as they had not either offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himself, his friend, or servants; he was afraid they had some reason to think themselves ill used by the gentlemen. But, however, as they could not suppose they were at liberty, in a civilized country, to take their revenge on the persons of those who were intitled to the protection of that country; he should expect, that they would hold themselves to be personally answerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

The villains, one of the men said, knew who they were, and what the provocation was; which had merited a worse treatment than they had hitherto met with. You, Sir, proceeded he, seem to be a man of honour, and temper: We are men of honour, as well as you. Our design, as we told you, was not to kill the miscreants; but to give them reason to remember their villainy as long as they lived; and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt, continued he, on a Lady's honour at Abbeville; and, finding themselves detected, and in danger, had taken round-about ways, and shifted from one vehicle to another, to escape the vengeance of her friends. The gentleman whose horse you held, and who has reason to be in a passion, is the husband of the Lady. [A Spanish husband, surely, Harriet; not a French one, according to our notions]. That gentleman, and that, are her brothers. We have been in pursuit of them two days; for they gave out, in order, no doubt, to put us on a wrong scent, that they were to go to Antwerp.

And it seems, my dear, that Sir Hargrave, and his collegue had actually sent some of their servants that way; which was the reason that they were themselves attended but by one.

The gentleman told Sir Charles that there was a third villain in their plot. They had hopes, he said, that he would not escape the close pursuit of a manufacturer at Abbeville, whose daughter, a lovely young creature, he had seduced, under promises of marriage. Their government, he observed, were great countenancers of the manufacturers at Abbeville; and he would have reason, if he were laid hold of, to think himself happy, if he came off with being obliged to perform his promises.

This third wretch must be Mr. Bagenhall. The Lord grant, say I, that he may be laid hold of; and obliged to make a ruined girl an honest woman, as they phrase it in LANCASHIRE. Don't you wish so, my dear? and let me add, that had the relations of the injured Lady compleated their intended vengeance on those two Libertines (A very proper punishment, I ween, for all Libertines), it might have helped them to pass the rest of their lives with great tranquillity; and honest girls might, for any contrivances of theirs, have passed to and from masquerades without molestation.

Sir Hargrave and his companion intended, it seems, at first, to make some resistance; four only, of the seven, stopping the chaise: But when the other three came up, and they saw who they were, and knew their own guilt, their courage failed them.

The seventh man was set over the post-boy, whom he had led about half a mile from the spot they had chosen as a convenient one for their purpose.

Sir Hargrave's servant was secured by them at their first attack; but after they had disarmed him and his masters, he found an opportunity to slip from them, and made the best of his way to the road, in hopes of procuring assistance for them.

While Sir Charles was busy in helping the bruised wretches on their feet, the seventh man came up to the others, followed by Sir Hargrave's chaise. The assailants had retired to some distance, and, after a consultation together, they all advanced towards Sir Charles; who, binding his servants be on their guard, leapt on his horse, with that agility and presence of mind, for which, Mr. Beauchamp says, he excels most men: and leading towards them, Do you advance, gentlemen, said he, as friends, or otherwise? — Mr. Lowther took a pistol in each hand, and held himself ready to support him; and the servants disposed themselves to obey their master's orders.

Our enmity, answered one of them, is only to these two inhospitable villains: Murder, as we told you, was not our design. They know where we are to be found; and that they are the vilest of men, and have not been punished equal to their demerits. Let them on their knees asks this gentleman's pardon; pointing to the husband of the insulted Lady. We insist upon this satisfaction; and upon their

promise, that they never more will come within two leagues of Abbeville; and we will leave them to your protection.

I fancy, Harriet, that these women-frightening heroes needed not to have been urged to make this promise.

Sir Charles, turning towards them, said, If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to scruple asking pardon. If you know yourselves to be innocent, tho' I should be loth to risque the lives of my friend and servants, yet shall not my countrymen make so undue a submission.

The wretches kneeled; and the seven men, civilly saluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther, rode off; to the joy of the two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth blessings upon the man whose life, so lately, one of them sought; and whose preservation he had now so much reason to rejoice in, for the sake of his own safety.

My brother himself could not but be well pleased that he was not obliged to come to extremities, which might have ended fatally on both sides.

By this time Sir Hargrave's post-chaise was come up. He and his collegue were with difficulty lifted into it. My brother and Mr. Lowther went into theirs; and being but a small distance from Paris, they proceeded thither in company; the poor wretches blessing them all the way; and at Paris found their other servants waiting for them.

Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther saw them in bed in the lodgings that had been taken for them. They were so stiff with the bastinado they had met with, that they were unable to help themselves. Mr. Merceda had been more severely (I cannot call it more cruelly) treated than the other; for he, it seems, was the greatest malefactor in the attempt made upon the Lady: And he had, besides, two or three gashes, which, but for his struggles, would have been but one.

As you, my dear, always turn pale when the word Masquerade is mentioned; so, I warrant, will ABBEVILLE be a word of terror to these wretches, as long as they live.

Their enemies, it seems, carried off their arms; perhaps, in the true spirit of French chivalry, with a view to lay them, as so many trophies, at the feet of the insulted Lady.

Mr. Lowther writes, that my brother and he are lodged in the Hôtel of a man of quality, a dear friend of the late Mr Danby, and one of the three whom he has remembered in his will; and that Sir Charles is extremely busy in relation to the executorship; and, having not a moment to spare, desired Mr. Lowther to engage his friend, to whom he wrote, to let us know as much; and that he was hastening every-thing for his journey onwards.

Mr. Beauchamp's narrative of this affair, is, as I told you, very circumstantial. I thought to have shortened it more than I have done. I wish I have not made my abstract confused, in several material places: But I have not time to clear it up. Adieu, my dear.

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXVII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Sunday, May 7.

I Believe I shall become as arrant a scribbler as Somebody else. I begin to like writing. A great compliment to you, I assure you. I see one may bring one's mind to any-thing — I thought I must have had recourse, when you and my brother left us, and when I was married, to the publick amusements, to fill up my leisure: And as I have seen every-thing worth seeing of those, many times over (masquerades excepted, and them I despise); time, you know, in that case, would have passed a little heavily, after having shown myself, and, by seeing Who and Who were together, laid in a little store of the right sort of conversation for the tea-table. For you know, Harriet, that among us modern fine people, the company, and not the entertainment, is the principal part of the Raree-show. Pretty enough! to make the entertainment, and pay for it too, to the honest fellows, who have nothing to do, but to project schemes to get us together.

I don't know what to do with this man. I little thought that I was to be considered as such a Doll, such a Toy, as he would make me. I want to drive him out of the house without me, were it but to purvey for me news and scandal. What are your fine gentlemen sit for else? You know, that, with all my faults, I have a domestic and managing turn. A man should encourage that in a wife, and not be perpetually teazing her for her company abroad, unless he did it with a view to keep her at home. Our Sex don't love to be prescribed to, even in the things to which they are not naturally averse: And for this very reason, perhaps, because it becomes us to submit to prescription. Human nature, Harriet, is a perverse thing. I believe, if my good man wished me to stay at home, I should torture my brain, as other good wives do, for inventions to go abroad.

It was but yesterday, that, in order to give him a hint, I pinned my apron to his coat, without considering who was likely to be a sufferer by it; and be, getting up, in his usual nimble way, gave it a rent, and then looked behind him with so much apprehension — Hands folded, eyes goggling, bag in motion from shoulder to shoulder. I was vexed too much to make the use of the trick which I had designed, and huffed him. He made excuses, and looked pitifully; bringing in his Soul, to testify that he knew not how it could be — How it could be! Wretch! When you are always squatting upon one's cloaths, in defiance of hoop, or distance.

He went out directly, and brought me in two aprons, either of which was worth twenty of that he so carelesly rent. Who could be angry with him? — I was,

indeed, thinking to chide him for this — As if I were not to be trusted to buy my own cloaths: And it was just at my tongue's end, to ask him, What the milaner could think of a man buying linen for a woman; but he looked at me with so good-natured an eye, that I relented, and accepted, with a bow of graciousness, his present; only calling him an odd creature — And that he is, you know, my dear.

We live very whimsically, in the mean: Not above four quarrels, however, and as many more chidings, in a day. What does the man stay at home for then so much, when I am at home? Married people, by frequent absences, may have a chance for a little happiness. How many debatings, if not direct quarrels, are saved by the good man's and his meek wife's seeing each other but once or twice a week! In what can men and women, who are much together, employ themselves, but in proving and defending, quarrelling and makingup? Especially if they both chance to marry for Love (which, thank Heaven, is not altogether my case); for then both honest souls, having promised more happiness to each other than they can possibly meet with, have nothing to do but reproach each other, at least tacitly, for their disappointment. — A great deal of Free-masonry in Love, my dear, believe me! The secret, like that, when found out, is hardly worth the knowing.

Well, but what silly rattle is this, Charlotte,! methinks you say, and put on one of your wisest looks.

No matter, Harriet! There may be some wisdom in much folly. Every one speaks not out so plainly as I do. But when the novelty of an accuisition or change of condition is over, be the change or the acquisition what it will, the principal pleasure is over, and other novelties are hunted after, to keep the pool of life from stagnating

This is a serious truth, my dear, and I expect you to praise me for it. You are very sparing of your praise to poor me; and yet I had rather have your good word, than any woman's in the world: Or man's either, I was going to say; but I should then have forgot my brother. As for Lord G. were I to accustom him to obligingness, I should destroy my own consequence: for then it would be no novelty; and he would be hunting after a new folly — Very true, Harriet.

Well, but we have had a good serious falling-out; and it still subsists. It began on Friday night; present Lord and Lady L. and Emily. I was very angry with him for bringing it on before them. The man has no discretion, my dear; none at all. And what about? Why, we have not made our appearance at court, forsooth.

A very confident thing, this same appearance, I think! A compliment made to fine cloaths and jewels, at the expence of modesty. Lord G. pleads decorum — Decorum against modesty, my dear! — But if by decorum is meant fashion, I have in a hundred instances found decorum beat modesty out of the house. And as

my brother, who would have been our principal honour on such an occasion, is gone abroad; and as ours is an elderly novelty, as I may say; (our fineries were not ready, you know, before my brother went) I was servent against it.

'I was the only woman of condition, in England, who would be against it.'

I told my Lord, that was a reflexion on my Sex: But Lord and Lady L. who had been spoken to, I believe, by Lady Gertrude, were both on his side [I shall have this man utterly ruined for a husband among you] — When there were three to one, it would have looked cowardly to yield, you know. I was brave. But it being proposed for Sunday, and that being at a little distance, it was not doubted but I would comply. So the night past off, with prayings, hopings, and a little mutteration [Allow me that word, or find me a better.] The entreaty was renewed in the morning; but, no! —

'I was ashamed of him,' he said. I asked him, If he really thought so? — He should think so, if I refused him.'

Heaven forbid, my Lord, that I, who contend for the liberty of acting, should hinder you from the liberty of thinking! Only one piece of advice, honest friend, said I: Don't imagine the worst against yourself: And another, If you have a mind to carry a point with me, don't bring on the cause before any-body else: For that would be to doubt either my duty, or your own reasonableness.

As sure as you are alive, Harriet, the man made an exception against being called honest friend; as if, as I told him, either of the words were incompatible with quality. So, once, he was as froppish as a child, on my calling him the man; a higher distinction, I think, than if I had called him a king, or a prince. THE MAN! — Strange creature! To except to a distinction that implies, that he is the Man of Men! — You see what a captious mortal I have been forced to call My Lord. But Lord and Master do not always go together; tho' they do too often, for the happiness of many a meek soul of our Sex.

Well, this debate seemed suspended, by my telling him, that if I were presented at court, I would not have either the Earl or Lady Gertrude go with us, the very people who were most desirous to be there —

But I might not think of that, at the time, you know — I would not be thought very perverse; only a little whimsical, or so. And I wanted not an excellent reason for excluding them —

'Are their consents to our past affair doubted, my Lord, said I, that you think it necessary for them to appear to justify us?'

He could say nothing to this, you know. And I should never forgive the husband, as I told him, on another occasion, who would pretend to argue, when he had nothing to say.

Then (for the baby will be always craving something) he wanted me to go abroad with him — I forget whither — But to some place that he supposed (poor man!) I should like to visit. I told him, I dared to say, he wished to be thought a modern husband, and a fashionable man; and he would get a bad name, if he could never stir out without his wife. Neither could he answer that, you I now.

Well, we went on, mutter, mutter, grumble, grumble, the thunder rolling at a distance; a little impatience now-and-then, however, portending, that it would come nearer. But, as yet, it was only, Pray, my dear, oblige me; and, Pray, my Lord, excuse me; till this morning, when he had the assurance to be pretty peremptory: hinting, that the Lord in waiting had been spoke to. A fine time of it would a wife have, if she were not at liberty to dress herself as she pleases. Were I to choose again, I do assure you, my dear, it should not be a man, who by his taste for Moths and Butterflies, Shells, China, and such like trifles, would give me warning, that he would presume to dress his baby, and when he had done, would perhaps admire his own fancy more than her person. I believe, my Harriet, I shall make you afraid of Matrimony: But I will pursue my subject, for all that. —

When the Insolent saw that I did not dress, as he would have had me; he drew out his face, glouting, to half the length of my arm; but was silent. Soon after Lady L. sending to know whether her Lord and she were to attend as to the Drawing-room, and I returning for answer, that I should be glad of their company at dinner; he was in violent wrath. True, as you are alive! and dressing himself in a great hurry, left the house, without saying, By your leave, with your leave, or Whether he would return to dinner, or not. Very pretty doings, Harriet!

Lord and Lady L. came to dinner, however. I thought they were very kind, and, till they opened their lips, was going to thank them: For then, it was all elder Sister, and insolent Brother-in-law, I do assure you. Upon my word, Harriet, they took upon them.

Lady L. told me, I might be the happiest creature in the world, if — and there was so good as to stop.

One of the happiest only, Lady L. Who can be happier than you?

But I, said she, should neither be so, nor deserve to be so, if — Good of her again, to stop at if.

We can’t be all of one mind, replied I. I shall be wiser, in time.

Where was poor Lord G. gone?

Poor Lord G. is gone to seek his fortune, I believe.

What did I mean?

I told them the airs he had given himself; and that he was gone without leave, or notice of return.

He had served me right, ab-solutely right, Lord L. said.

I believed so myself. Lord G. was a very good sort of man, and ought not to bear with me so much as he had done: But it would be kind in them, not to tell him what I had owned.

The Earl lifted up one hand; the Countess both. They had not come to dine with me, they said, after the answer I had returned, but as they were afraid something was wrong between us.

Mediators are not to be of one side only, I said: And as they had been so kindly free in blaming me, I hoped they would be as free with him, when they saw him.

And then it was, For God's sake, Charlotte; and, Let me entreat you, Lady G. And let me, too, beseech you, madam, said Emily, with tears stealing down her cheeks.

You are both very good: You are a sweet girl, Emily. I have a too-playful heart. It will give me some pain, and some pleasure; but if I had not more pleasure than pain from my play, I should not be so silly.

My Lord not coming in, and the dinner being ready, I ordered it to be served. — Won't you wait a little longer for Lord G? — No. I hope he is safe, and well. He is his own master, as well as mine (I sighed, I believe!); and, no doubt, has a paramount pleasure in pursuing his own choice.

They raved. I begged that they would let us eat our dinner with comfort. My Lord, I hoped, would come in with a keen appetite, and Nelthorpe should get a supper for him that he liked.

When we had dined, and retired into the adjoining drawing-room, I had another schooling-bout: Emily was even saucy. But I took it all: Yet, in my heart, was vexed at Lord G.'s perverseness.

At last, in came the honest man. He does not read this, and so cannot take exceptions, and I hope you will not, at the word honest.

So lordly! so stiff! so solemn! — Upon my word! — Had it not been Sunday, I would have gone to my harpsichord directly. He bowed to Lord and Lady L. and to Emily, very obligingly; to me he nodded. — I nodded again; but, like a good-natured fool, smiled. He stalked to the chimney; turned his back towards it, buttoned up his mouth, held up his glowing face, as if he were disposed to crow; yet had not won the battle. — One hand in his bosom; the other under the skirt of his waistcoat, and his posture firmer than his mind. — Yet was my heart so devoid of malice, that I thought his attitude very genteel; and, had we not been man and wife, agreeable.

We hoped to have found your Lordship at home, said Lord L. or we should not have dined here.

If Lord G. is as polite a husband as a man, said I, he will not thank your Lordship for this compliment to his wife.

Lord G. swelled, and reared himself up. His complexion, which was before in a glow, was heightened.

Poor man! thought I. — But why should my tender heart pity obstinate people? — Yet I could not help being dutiful. — Have you dined, my Lord? said I, with a sweet smile, and very courteous.

He stalked to the window, and never a word answered he.

Pray Lady L. be so good as to ask my Lord G. If he has dined? Was not this very condescending, on such a behaviour?

Lady L. asked him, and as gently-voiced as if she were asking the same question of her own Lord. Lady L. is a kind-hearted soul, Harriet: She is my Sister.

I have not, madam, to Lady L. turning rudely from me, and, not very civilly from her. Ah! thought I, these men! The more they are courted! — Wretches! to find their consequence in a woman's meekness. — Yet, I could not forbear shewing mine. — Nature, Harriet! Who can resist constitution?

What stiff airs are these? approaching him. — I do assure you, my Lord, I shall not take this behaviour well; and put my hand on his arm.

I was served right. Would you believe it? The man shook off my condescending hand, by raising his elbow scornfully. He really did!

Nay, then! — I left him, and retired to my former seat. I was vexed that it was Sunday: I wanted a little harmony.

Lord and Lady L, both blamed me, by their looks; and my Lady took my hand, and was leading me towards him. I shewed a little reluctance: And, would you have thought it? out of the drawing-room whipt my nimble Lord, as if on purpose to avoid being moved by my concession.

I took my place again.

I beg of you, Charlotte, said Lady L. go to my Lord. You have used him ill.

When I think so, I will follow your advice, Lady L.

And don't you think so. Lady G.? said Lord L.

What! for taking my own option how I would be dressed to-day? — What! for deferring — That moment in came my bluff Lord — Hve I not, proceeded I, been forced to dine without him ty Did he let me know what account I could give of his absence? Or when he would return? And see, now, how angry he looks!

He traversed the room — I went on — Did he not shake off my hand, when I laid it, smiling, on his arm? Would he answer me a question, which I kindly put to him, fearing he had not dined, and might be sick for want of eating? Was I not forced to apply to Lady L. for an answer to my careful question, on his scornfully turning from me in silence? — Might we not, if he had not gone out so abruptly,

nobody knows where, have made the appearance his heart is so set upon? — But now, indeed, it is too late.

Oons, madam! said he, and he kemboed his arms, and strutted up to me. Now for a cuff, thought I. I was half afraid of it: But out of the room again capered he.

Lord bless me, said I, What a passionate creature is this!

Lord and Lady L. both turned from me with indignation. But no wonder if one, that they both did. They are a silly pair; and I believe have agreed to keep each other in countenance in all they do.

But Emily affected me. She sat before in one corner of the room, weeping; and just then ran to me, and, wrapping her arms about me, Dear, dear Lady G. said she, for Heaven's sake, think of what our Miss Byron said;

'Don't jest away your own happiness.'

I don't say who is in fault: But, my der Lady, do you condescend. It looks pretty in a 〈◊〉 man to condescend. Forgive me; I will run to my Lord, and I will beg of him —

Away she ran, without waiting for an answer — and, bringing in the passionate wreth, hanging on his arm — You must not, my Lord; indeed you must not be so passionate. Why, my Lord, you highted me; indeed you did. Such a word I never heard from your Lordship's mouth. —

Why, my Lord, said I, you give yourself pretty airs Don't you? and use pretty words; that a chld shall be terrified at them! But come, come, ask my pardon, for leaving me to dine without you.

Was not that tender? — Yet out went Lord and Lady L. To be sure they did right, if they withdrew in hopes these kind words would have been received as reconciliatory ones; and not in displeasure with me, as I am half afraid they did: For their good-nature, worthy souls! does sometimes lead them into misapprehensions. I kindly laid my hand on his arm again. — He was ungracious. — Nay, my Lord, don't once more reject me with disdain — If you do — I then smiled most courteously. Carry not your absurdities, my Lord, too far: And I took his hand [There, Harriet, was condescension!]: I protest, Sir, if you give yourself any more of these airs, you will not find me so condescending. — Come, come, tell me you are sorry, and I will forgive you.

Sorry! madam, sorry! — I am indeed sorry, for our provoking airs!

Why that's not ill said — But kemboed arms, my Lord! are you not sorry for such an air? And Oons! are you not sorry for such a word? and for such looks too? and for quarrelling with your dinner? — I protest, my Lord, you make one of us look like a child who flings away his bread and butter because it has not glass windows upon it. —

Not for one moment forbear, madam! —

Pr’ythee, pr’ythee — [I profess I had like to have said honest friend] No more of these airs; and, I tell you, I will forgive you.

But, madam, I cannot, I will not —

Hush, hush no more in that strain, and so loud, as if we had let each other in a wood! — If you will let us be frien, say so — In an instant — If not, I am gone — gone this moment — casting off from him, as I may say, intending to mount up stairs.

Angel, or Demon, shall I call you? said he. — Yet I receive your hand, as offered. But, for God’s sake, madam, let us be happy! And he kissed my hand, but not so cordially as it became him to do; and in came Lord and Lady L. with countenances a little ungracious.

I took my seat next my own man, with an air of officiousness, hoping to oblige him by it; and he was obliged: And another day, not yet quite agreed upon, this parade is to be made.

And thus began, proceeded, and ended, this doughty quarrel. And who knows, but before the day is absolutely resolved upon, we may have half a score more? Four, five, six days, as it may happen, is a great space of time for people to agree, who are so much together; and one of whom is playful, and the other will not be played with. But these kembo and oons airs, Harriet, stick a little in my stomach; and the man seems not to be quite come to neither. He is fullen and gloomy, and don’t prate away as he used to do, when we have made up before.

But I will sing him a song to-morrow: I will please the honest man, if I can. But he really should not have had for a wife a woman of so sweet a temper as

Your CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXVIII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Monday, May 8.

MY Lord and I have had another little — Tiff, shall I call it? It came not up to a quarrel. Married people would have enough to do, if they were to trouble their friends every time they misunderstood one another. And now a word or two of other people: Not always scribbling of ourselves.

We have just heard that our cousin Everard has added another fool of our Sex to the number of the weak ones who disgrace it: A sorry fellow! He has been seen with her, by one whom he would not know, at Cuper's Gardens; dressed like a Seaofficer, and skulking, like a thief, into the privatest walks of the place. When he is tired of the poor wretch, he will want to accommodate with us by promises of penitence and reformation, as once or twice before. Rakes are not only odious, but they are despicable fellows. You will the more clearly see this, when I assure you, from those who know, that this silly creature our cousin is looked upon, among his brother Libertines, and Smarts, as a man of first consideration!

He has also been seen, in a gayer habit, at a certain Gaming-table, near Covent-Garden; where he did not content himself with being an idle spectator. Colonel Winwood, our informant, shook his head, but made no other answer, to some of our enquiries. May he suffer! say I. — A sorry fellow! —

Preparations are going on, all so-fast at Windsor. We are all invited. God grant that Miss Mansfield may be as happy a Lady W. as we all conclude she will be! But I never was fond of matches between sober young women, and battered old rakes. Much good may do the adventurers, drawn in by gewgaw and title! — Poor things! — But convenience, when that's the motive, whatever foolish girls think, will hold out its comforts, while a gratified Love quickly evaporates.

Beauchamp, who is acquainted with the Mansfields, is intrusted by my brother, in his absence, with the management of the Law-affairs. He hopes, he says, to give a good account of them. The base steward of the uncle Calvert, who lived as a husband with the woman who had been forced upon his superannuated master in a doting fit, has been brought, by the death of one of the children born in Mr. Calvert's life-time, and by the precarious health of the posthumous one, to make overtures of accommodation. A new hearing of the cause between them and the Keelings, is granted; and great things are expected from it, in their favour, from some new lights thrown in upon that suit. The Keelings are frighted out of their wits, it seems; and are applying to Sir John Lambton, a disinterested neighbour, to

offer himself as a mediator between them. The Mansfields will so soon be related to us, that I make no apology for interesting you in their affairs.

Be sure you chide me for my whimsical behaviour to Lord G. I know you will. But don't blame my heart: My head only is wrong.

A little more from fresh informations of this sorry varlet Everard. I wished him to suffer; but I wished him not to be so very great a sufferer as it seems he is Sharpers have bit his head off, quite close to his shoulders: They have not left it him to carry under his arm, as the honest patron of France did his They lend it him, however, now-and-then, to repent with, and curse himself. The creature he attended to Cuper's Gardens, instead of a country Innocent, as he expected her to be, comes out to be a cast mistress, experienced in all the arts of such, and acting under the secret influences of a man of quality; who, wanting to get rid of her, supports her in a prosecution commenced against him (poor devil) for performance of covenants. He was extremely mortified, on finding my brother gone abroad: He intends to apply to him for his pity and help. Sorry fellow! He boasted to us, on our expectation of our brother's arrival from abroad, that he would enter his cousin Charles into the ways of the town. Now he wants to avail himself against the practices of the sons of that town by his cousin's character and consequence.

A combination of sharpers, it seems, had long set him as a man of fortune: But, on his taking refuge with my brother, gave over, for a time, their designs upon him, till he threw himself again in their way.

The worthless fellow had been often liberal of his promises of marriage to young creatures of more innocence than this; and thinks it very hard that he should be prosecuted for a crime which he had so frequently committed, with impunity. Can you pity him? I cannot, I assure you. The man who can betray and ruin an innocent woman, who loves him, ought to be abhorred by men. Would he scruple to betray and ruin them, if he were not afraid of the Law? — Yet there are women, who can forgive such wretches, and herd with them. —

My aunt Eleanor is arrived: A good, plump, bonnyfaced old virgin. She has chosen her apartment. At present we are most prodigiously civil to each other: But already I suspect she likes Lord G. better than I would have her. She will perhaps, if a party should be formed against your poor Charlotte, make one of it.

Will you think it time thrown away, to read a further account of what is come to hand about the wretches who lately, in the double sense of the word, were overtaken between St. Denis and Paris?

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, it seems, still keeps his chamber: He is thought not to be out of danger from some inward hurt, which often makes him bring up blood in quantities. He is miserably oppressed by lowness of spirits; and when he is a

little better in that respect, his impatience makes his friends apprehensive for his head. But has he intellects strong enough to give apprehensions of that nature? Fool and madman we often join as terms of reproach; but I believe, fools seldom run really mad.

Merceda is in a still more dangerous way. Besides his bruises, and a fractured skull, he has, it seems, a wound in his thigh, which in the delirium he was thrown into by the fracture, was not duly attended to; and which, but for his valiant struggles against the knife which gave the wound, was designed for a still greater mischief. His recovery is despaired of; and the poor wretch is continually offering up vows of penitence and reformation, if his life may be spared.

Bagenhall was the person who had seduced, by promises of marriage, and fled for it, the manufacturer's daughter of Abbeville. He was overtaken by his pursuers at Douay. The incensed father, and friends of the young woman, would not be otherwise pacified than by his performing his promise; which, with infinite reluctance, he complied with, principally thro' the threats of the brother, who is noted for his fierceness and resolution; and who once made the sorry creature feel an Argument which greatly terrified him. Bagenhall is at present at Abbeville, living as well as he can with his new wife, cursing his fate, no doubt, in secret. He is obliged to appear fond of her before her brother and father; the latter being also a four man, a Gascon, always boasting of his family, and valuing himself upon a de, affixed by himself to his name, and jealous of indignity offered to it. The fierce brother is resolved to accompany his sister to England, when Bagenhall goes thither, in order, as he declares, to secure to her good usage, and see her owned and visited by all Bagenhall's friends and relations. And thus much of these fine gentlemen.

How different a man is Beauchamp! But it is injuring him, to think of those wretches and him at the same time. He certainly has an eye to Emily, but behaves with great prudence towards her: Yet everybody but she sees his regard for her: Nobody but her guardian runs in her head; and the more, as the really thinks it is a glory to love him, because of his goodness. Every-body, she says, has the same admiration of him, that she has.

Mrs. Reeves desires me to acquaint you, that Miss Clements having by the death of her mother and aunt, come into a prety fortune, is addressed to by a Yorkshire gentleman of easy circumstances, and is preparing to go down thither to reside; but that she intends to write to you before she goes, and to beg you to favour her with now-and-then a Letter.

I think Miss Clements is a good sort of young woman: But I imagined she would have been one of those Nuns at large, who need not make vows of living and dying Aunt Eleanors, or Lady Gertrudes; all three of them good honest souls!

chaste, pious, and plain. It is a charming situation, when a woman is arrived at such a height of perfection, as to be above giving or receiving temptation. Sweet innocents! They have my reverence, if not my love. How would they be affronted, if I were to say pity! — I think only of my two good Aunts, at the present writing. Miss Clements, you know, is a youngish woman; and I respect her much. One would not jest upon the unsightliness of person, or plainness of feature: but think you she will not be one of those, who twenty years hence may put in a boast of her quondam beauty?

How I run on! I think I ought to be ashamed of myself.

'Very true, Charlotte.'

And so it is, Harriet. I have done — Adieu! — Lord G. will be silly again, I doubt; but I am prepared. I wish he had half my patience.

'Be quiet, Lord G.! What a fool you are!'

– The man, my dear, under pretence of being friends, run his sharp nose in my eye. No bearing his fondness: It is worse than insolence. How my eye waters! — I can tell him — But I will tell him, and not you. — Adieu, once more.

CHARLOTTE. G.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. LOWTHER, TO JOHN ARNOLD, ESQ (HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW) IN LONDON.

Bologna, May 5 — 16.

I Will now, my dear Brother, give you a circumstantial account of our short, but flying journey. The 20th of April, O. S. early in the morning, we left Paris, and reached Lyons the 24th at night.

Resting but a few hours, we set out for Pont Beauvoisin, where we arrived the following evening: There we bid adieu to France, and found ourselves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed it was a total change of the scene. We had left behind us a blooming spring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges on the road we passed, and the meadows already smiled with flowers. The chearful inhabitants were busy in adjusting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields: But when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I must own, that my spirits were great sufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and snow, notwithstanding the advanced season, the rigid winter, in frozen majesty, still preserving its domains: And arriving at St. Jean de Maurienne the night of the 26th, the snow seemed as if it would dispute with us our passage; and horrible was the force of the boistrous winds, which sat full in our faces.

Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in he expedition we had made, the unseasonable coldness of the weather, and the sight of one of the worst countries under heaven, still cloathed in snow, and deformed by continual hurricanes; I was here taken ill. Sir Charles was greatly concerned for my indisposition, which was increased by a great lowness of spirits. He attended upon me in person; and never had man a more kind and indulgent friend. Here we stayed two days; and then, my illness being principally owing to fatigue, I found myself enabled to proceed. At two of the clock in the morning of the 28th, we prosecuted our journey, in palpable darkness, and dismal weather, tho' the winds were somewhat laid, and reaching the foot of Mount Cenis by break of day, arrived at Lanebourg, a poor little village, so environed by high mountains, that, for three months in the twelve, it is hardly visited by the chearing rays of the sun. Every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable. The people are generally of an olive complexion, with wens under their chins; some so monstrous, especially women, as quite disfigure them.

Here it is usual to unscrew and take in pieces the chaises, in order to carry them on mules over the mountain; and to put them together on the other side; For the Savoy side of the mountain is much more difficult to pass than the other. But Sir Charles chose not to lose time; and therefore left the chaise to the care of the inn-keeper; proceeding, with all expedition, to gain the top of the hill.

The way we were carried, was as follows: A kind of horse, as it is called with you, with two poles, like those of chairmen, was the vehicle; on which is secured a sort of elbow chair, in which the traveller sits. A man before, another behind, carry this open machine with so much swiftness, that they are continually running and skipping, like wild goats, from rock to rock, the four miles of that ascent. If a traveller were not prepossessed that these mountaineers are the surest-footed carriers in the universe, he would be in continual apprehensions of being overturned. I, who never undertook this journey before, must own, that I could not be so fearless, on this occasion, as Sir Charles was, tho' he had very exactly described to me how every-thing would be. Then, tho' the sky was clear when we passed this mountain, yet the cold wind blew quantities of frozen snow in our faces; insomuch that it seemed to me just as if people were employed, all the time we were passing to wound us with the sharpest needles. They indeed call the wind that brings this sharp-pointed snow, The Tormenta.

An adventure, which any-where else might have appeared ridiculous, I was afraid would have proved fatal to one of our chairmen, as I will call them. I had slapt down my hat to screen my eyes from the fury of that deluge of sharp-pointed frozen snow; and it was blown off my head, by a sudden gust, down the precipices: I gave it for lost, and was about to bind a handkerchief over the woollen cap, which those people provide to tie under the chin; when one of the assistant carriers (for they are always six in number to every chair, in order to relieve one another) undertook to recover it. I thought it impossible to be done; the passage being, as I imagined, only practicable for birds: However, I promised him a crown reward, if he did. Never could the leaps of the most dextrous of rope-dancers be compared to those of this daring fellow: I saw him sometimes jumping from rock to rock, sometimes rolling down a declivity of snow like a ninepin, sometimes running, sometimes hopping, skipping; in short, he descended like lightning to the verge of a torrent, where he sound the hat. He came up almost as quick, and appeared as little fatigued, as if he had never left us.

We arrived as the top in two hours, from Lanebourg; and the sun was pretty high above the horizon. Out of a hut, half-buried in snow, came some mountaineers, with two poor sledges, drawn by mules, to carry as through the Plain of Mount Cenis, as it is called, which is about four Italian miles in length, to the descent of the Italian side of the mountain. These sledges are not much

different from the chairs, or sedans, or horse, we then quitted; only the two under-poles are flat, and not so long as the others, and turning up a little at the end, to hinder them from sticking fast in the snow. To the fore-ends of the poles are fixed two round sticks, about two feet and a half long, which serve for a support and help to the man who guides the mule, who running on the snow between the mule and the sledge, holds the sticks with eaeh hand.

It was diverting to see the two sledgemen striving to out-run each other. Encouraged by Sir Charles's generosity, we arrived at the other end of the plain in less than two hours: The man who walked, or rather run, between the sledge and the mule, made a continual noise; halloowing and beating the stubborn beast with his fists, which otherwise would be very slow in its motion.

At the énd of this plain we found such another hut as that on the Lanebourg side: Here they took off the smoaking mules from the sledges, to give them rest.

And now began the most extraordinary way of travelling that can be imagined. The descent of the mountain from the top of this side, to a small village called Novalesa, is four Italian miles. When the show has filled up all the inequalities of the mountain, it looks, in many parts, as smooth and equal as a sugar-loaf. It is on the brink of this rapid descent that they put the sledge. The man who is to guide it, sits between the seet of the traveller, who is seated in the elbow chair, with his legs at the outside of the sticks fixed at the fore-ends of the flat poles, and holds the two sticks with his hands; and when the sledge has gained the declivity, its own weight carries it down with surprising celerity. But as the immense irregular rocks under the snow make now-and-then some edges in the declivity, which, if not avoided, would overturn the sledge; the guide, who foresees the danger, by putting his foot strongly and dextrously in the snow next to the precipice, turns the machine, by help of the above-mentioned sticks, the contrary way, and, by way of zigzag, goes to the bottom. Such was the velocity of this motion, that we dispatched these four miles in less than five minutes; and, when we arrived at Novalesa, hearing that the snow was very deep most of the way to Susa, and being pleased with our way of travelling, we had some mules put again to the sledges, and ran all the way to the very gates of that city, which is seven miles distant from Mount Cenis.

In our way we had a cursory view of the impregnable fortress of Brunetta, the greatest part of which is cut out of the solid rock, and commands that important pass.

We rested all night at Susa; and, having bought a very commodious post-chaise, we proceeded to Turin, where we dined; and from thence, the evening of May 2. O. S. got to Parma by way of Alexandria and Placentia, having purposely

avoided the high road through Milan, as it would have cost us a few hours more time.

Sir Charles observed to me, when we were on the plain or flat top of Mount Cenis, that, had not the winter been particularly long and severe, we should have had, instead of this terrible appearance of snow there, flowers starting up, as it were, under our feet, of various kinds, which are hardly to be met with anywhere else. One of the greatest dangers, he told me, in passing this mount in winter, arises from a ball of snow, which is blown down from the top by the wind, or falls down by some other accident; which, gathering all the way in its descent, becomes instantly of such a prodigious bigness, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beast, and smothered in it. One of these balls we saw rolling down; but as it took another course than ours, we had no apprehensions of danger from it.

At Parma we found expecting us, the Bishop of Nocera, and a very Reverend Father, Marescotti by name; who expressed the utmost joy at the arrival of Sir Charles Grandison, and received me, at his recommendation, with a politeness which seems natural to them. I will not repeat what I have written before of this excellent young gentleman: Intrepidity, bravery, discretion, as well as generosity, are conspicuous parts of his character. He is studious to avoid danger; but is unappalled in it. For humanity, benevolence, providence for others, to his very servants, I never met with his equal.

My reception from the noble family to which he has introduced me; the patient's case (a very unhappy one!); and a description of this noble city, and the fine country about it; shall be the subject of my next. Assure all my friends of my health, and good wishes for them; and, my dear Arnold, believe me to be

Ever Yours, &c.

LETTER XL.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Wednesday, May 10-21.

I Told you, my dear and reverend friend, that I should hardly write to you till I arrived in this city.

The affair of my executorship obliged me to stay a day longer at Paris than I intended: but I have put every thing relating to that trust in such a way, as to answer all my wishes.

Mr. Lowther wrote to Mr. Arnold, a friend of his in London, the particulars of the extraordinary affair we were engaged in between St. Denis and Paris; with desire that he would inform my friends of our arrival at that capital.

We were obliged to stop two days at St. Jean de Maurienne: The expedition we travelled with was too much for Mr. Lowther; and I expected, and was not disappointed, from the unusual backwardness of the season, to find the passage over Mount Cenis less agreeable than it usually is in the beginning of May.

The Bishop of Nocera had offered to meet me any where on his side of the mountains. I wrote to him from Lyons, that I hoped to see him at Parma, on or about the very day that I was so fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of Belvedere in that city; where I found, that he and Father Marescotti had arrived the evening before. They, as well as the Count, expressed great joy to see me; and when I presented Mr. Lowther to them, with the praises due to his skill, and let them know the consultations I had had with eminent physicians of my own country, on Lady Clementina's case, they invoked blessings upon us both, and would not be interrupted in them by my eager questions after the health and state of mind of the two dearest persons of their family — Unhappy! very unhappy! said the Bishop. Let us give you some refreshment, before we come to particulars.

To my repeated enquiries, Jeronymo, poor Jeronymo! said the Bishop, is living, and that is all we can say. — The sight of you will be a cordial to his heart. Clementina is on her journey to Bologna from Naples. You desired to find her with us, and not at Naples. She is weak; is obliged to travel slowly. She will rest at Urbino two or three days. Dear creature! What has she not suffered from the cruelty of her cousin Laurana, as well as from her malady! The General has been, and is, indulgent to her. He is married to a Lady of great merit, quality, and fortune. He has, at length, consented that we shall try this last experiment, as the hearts of my mother and now lately of my father, as well as mine, are in it. His Lady would not be denied accompanying my sister; and as my brother could not

bear being absent from her, he travels with them. I wish he had stay'd at Naples. I hope, however, he will be as ready, as you will find us all, to acknowlege the favour of this visit, and the fatigue and trouble you have given yourself on our account.

As to my sister's bodily health, proceeded he, it is greatly impaired. We are almost hopeless, with regard to the state of her mind. She speaks not; she answers not any questions. Camilla is with her. She seems regardless of any-body else. She has been told, that the General is married. His Lady makes great court to her; but she heeds her not. We are in hopes, that my mother, on her return to Bologna, will engage her attention. She never yet was so bad as to forget her duty, either to God, or her Parents. Sometimes Camilla thinks she pays some little attention to your name; but then she instantly starts, as in terror; looks round her with fear; puts her finger to her lips, as if she dreaded her cruel cousin Laurana should be told of her having heard it mentioned.

The Bishop and Father both regretted that she had been denied the requested interview. They were now, they said, convinced, that if that had been granted, and she had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, a happy issue might have been hoped for: But now, said the Bishop — Then sighed, and was silent.

I dispatched Saunders, early the next morning, to Bologna, to procure convenient lodgings for me, and Mr. Lowther.

In the afternoon we set out for that city. The Count of Belvedere found an opportunity to let me know his unabated passion for Clementina, and that he had lately made overtures to marry her, notwithstanding her malady; having been advised, he said, by proper persons, that as it was not an hereditary, but an accidental disorder, it might be, in time, cureable. He accompanied us about half way in our journey; and, at parting, Remember, Chevalier, whispered he, that Clementina is the Soul of my hope: I cannot forego that hope. No other woman will I ever call mine.

I heard him in silence: I admired him for his attachment: I pitied him. He said, he would tell me more of his mind at Bologna.

We reached Bologna on the 15th, N. S. Saunders had engaged for me the lodgings I had before.

Our conversation on the road turned chiefly on the case of Signor Jeronymo. The Bishop and Father were highly pleased with the skill, founded on practice, which evidently appeared in all that Mr. Lowther said on the subject: And the Bishop once intimated, that, be the event what it would, his journey to Italy should be made the most beneficial affair to him he had ever engaged in. Mr. Lowther replied, that as he was neither a necessitous nor a mean-spirited man,

and had reason to be entirely satisfied with the terms I had already secured to him; he should take it unkindly, if any other reward were offered him.

Think, my dear Dr. Bartlett, what emotions I must have on entering, once more, the gates of the Porretta palace, tho' Clementina was not there.

I hastened up to my Jeronymo, who had been apprized of my arrival. The moment he saw me, Do I once more, said he, behold my friend, my Grandison? Let me embrace the dearest of men. Now, now, have I lived long enough. He bowed his head upon his pillow, and meditated me; his countenance shining with pleasure, in defiance of pain.

The Bishop entered, he could not be present at our first interview.

My Lord, said Jeronymo, make it your care that my dear friend be treated, by every soul of our family, with the gratitude and respect which are due to his goodness. Methinks I am easier and happier, this moment, than I have been for the tedious space of time since I last saw him. He named that space of time to the day, and to the very hour of the day.

The Marquis and Marchioness signifying their pleasure to see me, the Bishop led me to them. My reception from the Marquis was kind; from his Lady it was as that of a mother to a long-absent son. I had ever been, she was pleased to say, a fourth son in her eye; and now, that she had been informed that I had brought over with me a surgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent physicians of my country, the obligations I had laid on their whole family, whatever were the success, were unreturnable.

I asked leave to introduce Mr. Lowther to them. They received him with great politeness, and recommended their Jeronymo to his best skill. Mr. Lowther's honest heart was engaged, by a reception so kind. He never, he told me afterwards, beheld so much pleasure and pain struggling in the same countenance, as in that of the Lady; so fixed a melancholy, as in that of the Marquis. Mr. Lowther is a man of spirit, tho' a modest man. He is, as on every proper occasion I found, a man of piety; and has a heart tender as manly. Such a man, heart and hand, is qualified for a profession which is the most useful and certain in the art of healing. He is a man of sense and learning out of his profession, and happy in his address.

The two surgeons who now attend Signor Jeronymo are both of this country. They were sent for. With the approbation, and at the request, of the family, I presented Mr. Lowther to them; but first gave them his character, as a modest man, as a man of skill, and experience; and told them, that he had quitted business, and wanted not either fame or fortune.

They acquainted him with the case, and their methods of proceeding. Mr. Lowther assisted in the dressings that very evening. Jeronymo would have me to

be present. Mr. Lowther suggested an alteration in their method, but in so easy and gentle a manner, as if he doubted not, but such was their intention when the state of the wounds would admit of that method of treatment, that the gentlemen came readily into it. A great deal of matter had been collected, by means of the wrong methods pursued; and he proposed, if the patient's strength would bear it, to make an aperture below the principal wound, in order to discharge the matter downward; and he suggested the dressing with hollow tents and bandage, and to dismiss the large tents, with which they had been accustomed to distend the wound, to the extreme anguish of the patient, on pretence of keeping it open, to assist the discharge.

Let me now give you, my dear friend, a brief history of my Jeronymo's case, and of the circumstances which have attended it; by which you will be able to account for the difficulties of it, and how it has happened, that, in such a space of time, either the cure was not effected, or that the patient yielded not to the common destiny.

In lingering cases, patients or their friends are sometimes too apt to blame their physicians, and to listen to new recommendations. The surgeons attending this unhappy case, had been more than once changed. Signor Jeronymo, it seems, was unskilfully treated by the young surgeon of Cremona, who was first engaged: He neglected the most dangerous wound; and when he attended to it, managed it wrong, for want of experience. He was therefore very properly dismissed.

The unhappy man had at first three wounds: One in his breast, which had been for some time healed; one in his shoulder, which, through his own impatience, having been too suddenly healed up, was obliged to be laid open again; the other, which is the most dangerous, in the hip-joint.

A surgeon of this place, and another of Padua, were next employed. The cure not advancing, a surgeon of eminence, from Paris, was sent for.

Mr. Lowther tells me, that this man's method was by far the most eligible; but that he undertook too much; since, from the first, there could not be any hope, from the nature of the wound in the hip-joint, that the patient could ever walk, without sticks or crutches: And of this opinion were the other two surgeons: But the French gentleman was so very pragmatical, that he would neither draw with them, nor give reasons for what he did; regarding them only as his assistants. They could not long bear this usage, and gave up to him in disgust.

How cruel is punctilio, among men of this science, in cases of difficulty and danger!

The present operators, when the two others had given up, were not, but by leave of the French gentleman, called in. He valuing himself on his practice in the Royal Hospital of Invalids at Paris, looked upon them as Theorists only; and

treated them with as little ceremony as he had shewn the others: So that at last, from their frequent differences, it became necessary to part with either him, or them. His pride, when he knew that this question was a subject of debate, would not allow him to leave the family an option. He made his demand: It was complied with; and he returned to Paris.

From what this gentleman threw out at parting, to the disparagement of the two others, Signor Jeronymo suspected their skill; and from a hint of this suspicion, as soon as I knew I should be welcome myself, I procured the favour of Mr. Lowther's attendance.

All Mr. Lowther's fear is, that Signor Jeronymo has been kept too long in hand by the different managements of the several operators; and that he will sink under the necessary process, through weakness of habit. But, however, he is of opinion, that it is requisite to confine him to a strict dict, and to deny him wine and fermented liquors, in which he has hitherto been indulged, against the opinion of his own operators, who have been too complaisant to his appetite.

An operation somewhat severe was performed on his shoulder yesterday morning. The Italian surgeons complimented Mr. Lowther with the lancet. They both praised his dexterity; and Signor Jeronymo, who will be consulted on every-thing that he is to suffer, blessed his gentle hand.

At Mr. Lowther's request, a physician was yesterday consulted; who advised some gentle aperitives, as his strength will bear it; and some balsamics, to sweeten the blood and juices.

Mr. Lowther told me just now, that the fault of the gentlemen who have now the care of him, has not been want of skill, but of critical courage, and a too great solicitude to oblige their patient; which, by their own account, had made them forego several opportunities which had offered to assist nature. In short, Sir, said he, your friend knows too much of his own case to be ruled, and too little to qualify him to direct what is to be done, especially as symptoms must have been frequently changing.

Mr. Lowther doubts not, he says, but he shall soon convince Jeronymo that he merits his confidence, and then he will exact it from him; and, in so doing, shall not only give weight to his own endeavours to serve him, but rid the other two gentlemen of embarrasments which have often given them diffidencies, when resolution was necessary.

Mean time the Marquis, his Lady, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, are delighted with Mr. Lowther. They will flatter themselves, they say, with hopes of their Jeronymo's recovery; which however Mr. Lowther, for fear of disappointment, does not encourage. Jeronymo himself owns, that his spirits are much revived; and we all know the power that the mind has over the body.

Thus have I given you, my reverend friend, a general notion of Jeronymo's case, as I understand it from Mr. Lowther's as general representation of it.

The family have prevailed upon him to accept of an apartment adjoining to that of his patient. Jeronymo said, that when he knows he has so skilful a friend near him, he shall go to rest with confidence; and good rest is of the highest consequence to him.

What a happiness, my dear Dr. Bartlett, will fall to my share, if I may be an humble instrument, in the hand of Providence, to heal this brother; and if his recovery shall lead the way to the restoration of his sister; each so known a lover of the other, that the world is more ready to attribute her malady to his misfortune and danger, than to any other cause! But how early days are these, on which my love and my compassion for persons so meritorious, embolden me to build hopes so forward!

Lady Clementina is now impatiently expected by every one. She is at Urbino The General and his Lady are with her. His haughty spirit cannot bear to think she should see me, or that my attendance on her should be thought of so much importance to her.

The Marchioness, in a conversation that I have just now had with her, hinted this to me, and besought me to keep my temper, if his high notion of family and female honour should carry him out of his usual politeness.

I will give you, my dear friend, the particulars of this conversation.

She began with saying, that she did not, for her part, now think, that her beloved daughter, whom once she believed hardly any private man could deserve, was worthy of me, even were she to recover her reason.

I could not but guess the meaning of so high a compliment. What answer could I return that would not, on one hand be capable of being thought cool; on the other of being supposed interested, and as if I were looking forward to a reward that some of the family still think too high? But while I knew my own motives, I could not be displeased with a Lady who was not at liberty to act, in this point, according to her own will.

I only said (and it was with truth) That the calamity of the le Lady had endeared her to me, more than it was possible the most prosperous fortune could have done.

I, my good Chevalier, may say any-thing to you. We are undetermined about everything. We know not what to propose, what to consent to. Your journey, on the first motion, tho' but from some of us, the dear creature continuing ill; you in possession of a considerable estate, exercising yourself in doing good in your native country [You must think we took all opportunities of enquiring aster the man once so likely to be one of us]; the first fortune in Italy, Olivia, tho' she is not

a Clementina, pursuing you in hopes of calling herself yours (for to England we hear she went, and there you own she is) What obligations have you laid upon us! — What can we determine upon? What can we wish?

Providence and you, madam, shall direct my steps I am in yours and your Lord's power. The same uncertainty, from the same unhappy cause, leaves me not the thought, because not the power of determination. The recovery of Lady Clementina and her brother without a view to my own interest, fills up, at present, all the wishes of my heart.

Let me ask, said the Lady (it is for my own private satisfaction) Were such a happy event, as to Clementina, to take place, could you, would you, think yourself bound by your former offers?

When I made those offers, madam, the situation on your side was the same that it is now: Lady Clementina was unhappy in her mind. My fortune, it is true, is higher: It is indeed as high as I wish it to be. I then declared, That if you would give me your Clementina, without insisting on one hard, on one indispensable article, I would renounce her fortune, and trust to my father's goodness to me for a provision. Shall my accession to the estate of my ancestors alter me? — No! madam: I never yet made an offer, that I receded from, the circumstances ontinuing the same. If, in the article of residence, the Marquis, and you, and Clementina, would relax; I would acknowlege myself indebted to your goodness, but without conditioning for it.

I told you, said she, that I put this question only for my own private satisfaction: And I told you truth. I never will deceive or mislead you. Whenever I speak to you, it shall be as if, even in your own concerns, I spoke to a third person; and I shall not doubt but you will have the generosity to advise, as such, tho' against yourself.

May I be enabled to act worthy of your good opinion! I madam, look upon myself as bound: You and yours are free.

What a pleasure is it, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to the proud heart of your friend, that I could say this! — Had I sought, in pursuance of my own inations, to engage the affections of the admirable Miss Byron, as I might with honour have endeavoured to do, had not the woes of this noble family, and the unhappy state of mind of their Clementina, so deeply affected me; I might have involved myself, and that loveliest of women, in difficulties which would have made such a heart as mine still more unhappy than it is.

Let me know, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that Miss Byron is happy. I rejoice, whatever be my own destiny, that I have not involved her in my uncertainties. The Countess of D. is a worthy woman: The Earl, her son, is a good young man: Miss Byron merits such a mother; the Countess such a daughter. How dear, how

important, is her welfare to me! — You know your Grandison, my good Dr. Bartlett. Her friendship I presumed to ask: I dared not to wish to correspond with her. I rejoice, for her sake, that I trusted not my heart with such a proposal What difficulties, my dear friend, have I had to encounter with! — God be praised, that I have nothing, with regard to these two incomparable women, to reproach myself with. I am persuaded that our prudence, if rashly we throw not ourselves into difficulties, and if we will exert it, and make a reliance on the proper assistance, is generally proportioned to our trials.

I asked the Marchioness after Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana; and whether they were at Milan?

You have heard, no doubt, answered she, the cruel treatment that my poor child met with from her cousin Laurana. Lady Sforza justifies her in it. We are upon extrame bad terms, on that account. They are both at Milan. The General has vowed, that he never will see them more, if he can avoid it. The Bishop, only as a Christian, can forgive them. You, Chevalier, know the reason why we cannot allow our Clementina to take the veil.

The particular reasons I have not, madam, been inquisitive about; but have always understood them to be family ones, grounded on the dying request of one of her grandfathers.

Our daughter, Sir, is intitled to a considerable estate which joins to our own domains. It was purchased for her by her two grandfathers; who vied with each other in demonstrating their love of her by solid effects. One of them (my father) was, in his youth, deeply in Love with a young Lady of great merit; and she was thought to love him: But, in a fit of pious bravery, as he used to call it, when every-thing between themselves, and between the friends on both sides, was concluded on, she threw herself into a Convent; and, passing steadily through the probationary forms, took the veil; but afterwards repented, and took pains to let it be known that she was unhappy. This gave him a disgust against the sequestred life, tho' he was, in other respects, a zealous Catholic. And Clementina having always a serious turn; in order to deter her from embracing it (both grandfathers being desirous of strengthening their house, as well in the female as male line) they inserted a clause in each of their wills, by which they gave the estate designed for her, in case she took the veil, to Laurana, and her descendants; Laurana, to enter into possession of it on the day that Clementina should be professed. But if Clementina married, Laurana was then to be intitled only to a handsome legacy, that she might not be entirely disppointed: For the reversion, in case Clementina had no children, was to go to our eldest son; who, however, has been always generously folicitous to have his sister marry.

Both grandfathers were rich. Our son Giacomo, on my father's death, as he had willed, entered upon a considerable estate in the kingdom of Naples, which had for ages been in my family: He is therefore, and will be, greatly provided for. Our second son has great prospects before him, in the church: But you know he cannot marry. Poor Jeronymo! We had not, before his misfortune, any great hopes of strengthening the family by his means: He, alas! (as you well know, who took such laudable pains to reclaim him, before we knew you) with great qualities, imbibed free notions from bad company, and declared himself a despiser of marriage. This the two grandfathers knew, and often deplored; for Jeronymo and Clementina were equally their favourites. To him and the Bishop they bequeathed great legacies.

We suspected not, till very lately, that Laurana was deeply in Love with the Count of Belvedere; and that her mother and she had views to drive our sweet child into a convent, that Laurana might enjoy the estate; which they hoped would be an inducement to the Count to marry her. Cruel Laurana! Cruel Lady Sforza! So much love as they both pretended to our child: and, I believe, had, till the temptation, strengthened by power, became too strong for them. Unhappy the day that we put her into their hands!

Besides the estate so bequeathed to Clementina, we can do great things for her: Few Italian families are so rich as ours. Her brothers forget their own interest, when it comes into competition with hers: She is as generous as they. Our four children never knew what a contention was, but who should give up an advantage to the other. This child, this sweet child, was ever the delight of us all, and likewise of our brother the Conte della Porretta. What joy would her recovery and nuptials give us! — dear creature! We have sometimes thought, that she is the fonder of the sequestred life, as it is that which we wish her not to embrace — But can Clementina be perverse? She cannot. Yet that was the life of her choice, when she had a choice, her grandfathers wishes notwithstanding.

Will you now wonder, Chevalier, that neither our sons nor we can allow Clementina to take the veil? Can we so reward Laurana for her cruelty? Especially now, that we suspect the motives for her barbarity? Could I have thought that my sister Sforza — But what will not Love and Avarice do, their powers united to compass the same end; the one reigning in the bosom of the mother, the other in that of the daughter? Alas! alas! they have, between them, broken the spirit of my Clementina. The very name of Laurana gives her terror — So far is she sensible. But, O Sir, her sensibility appears only when she is harshly treated! To tenderness she had been too much accustomed, to make her think an indulgent treatment now r unusual.

I dread, my dear Dr. Bartlet, yet am impatient, to see the unhappy Lady. I wish the general were not to accompany her. I am afraid I shall want temper, if he forget his. My own heart, when it tells me, that I have not deserved ill usage (from my equals and superiors in rank, especially) bids me not bear it. I am ashamed to own to you, my reverend friend, that pride of spirit, which, knowing it to be my fault, I ought long ago to have subdued.

Make my compliments to every one I love. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are of the number.

Charlotte, I hope is happy. If she is not, it must be her own fault. Let her know, that I will not allow, when my love to both sisters is equal, that she shall give me cause to say, that Lady L. is my best sister.

Lady Olivin gives me uneasiness. I am ashamed, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that a woman 〈◊〉 a rnk so considerable, and who his some great qualities, should lay herself under obligation to the complion of a man who can only pity her. When a woman gets over that delicacy, which is the test or bulwark as I may say, of modesty — Modesty itself may soon lie at the mercy of an enemy.

Tell my Emily that she is never out of my mind; and that, among the other excellent examples she has before her. Miss Byron's must never be out of hers.

Lord L. and Lord G. are in full possession of my brotherly love.

I shall not at present write to my Beauchamp. In writing to you, I write to him.

You know all my heart. If in this, or my future Letters, any-thing should sall from my pen, that would possibly in your opinion affect or give uneasiness to any one I love and honour, were it to be communicated; I depend upon your known and unquestionable discretion to keep it to yourself.

I shall be glad you will enable yourself to inform me of the way Sir Hargrave and his friends are in. They were very ill at Paris; and, it was thought, too weak, and too much bruised, to be soon carried over to England. Men! Englishmen! thus to disgrace themselves, and their country! — I am concerne d for them!

I expect large pacquets by the next mails from my friends. England, which was always dear to me, never was half so dear as now, to

Your ever-affectionate GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, May 11-22.

THE Bishop set out yesterday for Urbino, in order to inform himself of his sister's state of health, and perhaps to qualify the General to meet me with temper and politeness. Were I sure the good prelate thought this necessary, my pride would be excited.

The Count of Belvedere arrived here yesterday. He made it his first business to see me. He acquainted me, but in confidence that proposals of marriage with Lady Laurana had actually been made him: To which he had returned answer, that his heart, however hopelesly was engaged; and that he never could think of any other woman than Lady Clementina.

He made no scruple, he said, of returning so short an answer, because he had been apprised of the cruelty with which one of the noblest young women in Italy had been treated, by the proposers; and with their motives for it.

You see, Chevalier, said he, that I am open and unreserved to you. You will oblige me, if you will let me know what it is you propose to your-self in the present situation? — But, first, I should be glad to hear from your own mouth, what passed between you and Clementina, and the family, before you quitted Italy the last time. I have had their account.

I gave him a very faithful relation of it. He was pleased with it. Exactly as it has been represented to me! said he. Were Clementina and you of one reigion, there could have been no hope for any other man. I adore her for her piety, and for her attachment to hers; and am not so narrow-minded a man, but I can admire you for yours. As her malady is accidental, I never w ould think of any other woman could I flatter myself that she would not, if restored, be unhappy with me. — But now tell me; I am earnest to know; Are you come over to us (I know you are invited) with an expectation to call her yours, in case of her recovery?

I answered him as I had done the Marchioness.

He seemed as much pleased with me as I am with him. He is gone back to Parma.

Friday, May 12-23.

THE Bishop is returned. Lady Clementina has been very ill: A fever. How has she been hurried about! He tells me, that the General and his Lady, and also the Conte della Porretta, acknowlege themselves and their whole family obliged to me for the trouble I have been at to serve their Jeronymo.

The fever having left Lady Clementina, the will set out in a day or two. The Count and Signor Sebastiano, as well as the General and his Lady, will attend her. I am impatient to see her. Yet how greatly will the sight of her afflict me! The Bishop says, she is the picture of silent woe: Yet, tho' greatly emaciated, looks herself, were his words. They told her, that Jeronymo was better than he had been. Your dear Jeronymo, said the General to her. The sweet echo repeated — Jeronymo — and was again silent.

They afterwar's proposed to name me to her. They did. She looked quick about her, as if for Somebody. Laura, her maid, was occasionally called upon. She started, and threw her arms about Camilla, as terrified; looking wildly. Camilla doubts not, but by the name Laura, she apprehended the savage Laurana to be at hand.

How must she have suffered from her barbarity — Sweet Innocent! she, who even in her sveries thought not but of good to the Soul of the man whom she honoured with her regard — She, who bore offence without resentment; and by meekness only sought to calm the violence for which she had not given the least cause!

But when Camilla and she had retired, she spoke to her. The Bishop gave me the following dialogue between them, as he had it from Camilla:

Did they not name to me the Chevalier Grandison? said she.

They did, madam.

See! see! said she, before I name him again, if my cruel cousin hearken not at the door.

Your cruel cousin, madam, is at many miles distance.

She may hear what I say, for all that.

My dear Lady Clementina, she cannot hear. She shall never more come near you.

So you say.

Did I ever deceive you, madam?

I can't remember: My memory is gone; quite gone, Camilla.

She then looked earnestly at Camilla, and screamed.

What ails you, my dearest young Lady?

Recovering herself — Ah, my own Camilla! It is you. I thought, by the cast of your eye, you were become Laurana. — Do not, do not give me such another look!

Camilla was not sensible of any particularity in her looks.

Here you have me again upon a journey, Camilla: But how do I know that I am not to be carried to my cruel cousin?

You are really going to your father's palace at Bologna, madam.

Is my mother there?

She is.

Who else?

The Chevalier, madam.

What Chevalier?

Grandison.

Impossible! Is he not in proud England?

He is come over, madam.

What for?

With a skilful English surgeon, in hopes to cure Signor Jeronymo —

Poor Jeronymo!

And to pay his compliments to you, madam.

Flatterer! How many hundred times have I been told so?

Should you wish to see him, madam?

See whom?

The Chevalier Grandison.

Once I should; and sighed.

And not now, madam?

No: I have lost all I had to say to him. Yet I wish I were allowed to go to that England. We poor women are not suffered to go any-whither; while men —

There she stopt; and Camilla could not make her say any more.

The Bishop was fond of repeating these particulars; as she had not, for some time, talked so much, and so sensibly.

Friday Evening.

I PASS more than half my time with Signor Jeronymo; but (that I may not fatigue his spirits) at different hours of the day. The Italian surgeons and Mr. Lowther happily agree in all their measures: They applaud him when his back is turned; and he speaks well of them in their absence. This mutual return of good offices, which they hear of, unites them. The patient declares, that he had not for months been so easy as now. Every-body attributes a great deal to his heart's being revived by my frequent visits. To-morrow it is proposed to make an opening below the most difficult wound. Mr. Lowther says, he will not flatter us, till he sees the success of this operation.

The Marquis and his Lady are inexpressibly obliging to me. I had yesterday a visit from both, on an indisposition that confined me to my chamber; occasioned, I believe, by a hurry of spirits; by fatigue; by my apprehensions for Jeronymo; my concern for Clementina; and by my too great anxiety for the dear friends I had so lately left in England.

You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a heart too susceptible for my own peace, tho' I endeavour to conceal from others those painful sensibilities, which they cannot relieve. The poor Olivia was ever to be my disturbance. Miss Byron must be happy in the rectitude of her own heart. I am ready to think, that she will not be able to resist the warm instances of the Countess of D. in favour of her son, who is certainly one of the best young men among the nobility. She will be the happiest woman in the world, as she is one of the most deserving, if she be as happy as I wish her.

Emily takes up a large portion of my thoughts.

Our Beauchamp I know must be happy: So must my Lord W.; my Sisters; and their Lords. — Why then shall I not think myself so? God restore Jeronymo, and his Sister, and I must, I will; for you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, are so: And then I will subscribe myself a partaker of the happiness of all my friends; and particularly

Your ever-affectionate GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday, May 15-26.

LAST night arrived Lady Clementina, the General, his Lady, the Count, and Signor Sebastiano.

I had left Jeronymo about an hour. He had had in the morning the intended opening made by Mr. Lowther. He would have me present.

The operation was happily performed: But, thro' weakness of body, he was several times in the day troubled with faintings.

I left him tolerably chearful in the evening; and rejoicing in expectation of his sister's arrival; and as the Bishop had assured him of the General's grateful disposition, he longed, he said, to see that affectionate brother and his Lady once more. He had never but once seen her before, and then was so ill, that he could hardly compliment her on the honour she had done their family.

The bishop sent to tell me that his sister was arrived; but that being fatigued and unhappy, Camilla should acquaint me in the morning with the way in which she should then be.

I slept not half an hour the whole night. You, my dear friend, will easily account for my restlesness.

I sent, as usual, early in the morning, to know how Jeronymo rested. The answer was favourable; returned by Mr. Lowther, who sat up with him that night, at his own motion: He knew not but something critical might happen.

Camilla came. The good woman was so full of her own joy to see me once more in Italy, that I could not presently get a word from her, of what my heart throbbed with impatience to know.

At last, You will, said she, have the General and the Bishop with you. Ah, Sir! my poor young Lady! What has she suffered since you left us! You will not know her. We are not sure she will know you. Who shall be able to bear the first interview? She has now but few intervals. It is all one gloomy confusion with her. She cares not to speak to anybody. Every stranger she sees, terrifies her. O the vile, thrice vile Lady Laurana! —

In this manner ran on Camilla: Nor would she enter into any other particulars than the unhappy ones she left me to collect from the broken hints and exclamations thus thrown out. Alas! thought I, the calamities of Clementina have affected the head of the poor Camilla! She hurried away, lest she should be wanted, and lest the General should find her with me.

The two brothers came soon after. The General took my hand, with a kind of forced politeness: We are all obliged to you, Sir, said he, for your Mr. Lowther. Are the surgeons of England so famous? But the people of your nation have been accustomed to give wounds: They should therefore furnish operators to heal them. We are obliged to you also, for the trouble you have given yourself in coming over to us in person. Jeronymo has found a revival of spirits upon it: God grant they may not subside! But, alas! our sister! — Poor Clementina! — She is lost!

Would to God, said the Bishop, we had left her to the care of Mrs. Beaumont.

The General himself, having taken her from Florence, would not join in this wish. There was a middle course, he said, that ought to have been taken. But Laurana is a daughter of the devil, said he; and Lady Sforza ought to be detested for upholding her.

The General expressed himself with coldness on my coming over; but said, that now I was on the spot, and as his sister had been formerly desirous of seeing me, an interview might be permitted, in order to satisfy those of the family who had given me the invitation, which it was very good of me to accept; especially as I had the Lady Olivia in England attending my motions: But otherwise he had no opinion — There he stopt.

I looked upon him with indignation, mingled with contempt: And directing myself to the Bishop, You remember, my Lord, said I, the story of Naaman the Syrian

What is that, my Lord? said he to the Bishop.

Far be it from me, continued I, still directing myself to the Bishop, to presume upon my own consequence in the application of the story: But your Lordship will judge how far the comparison will hold. Would to God it might throughout!

A happy allusion, said the Bishop. I say Amen.

I know not who this Naaman is, said the General, nor what is meant by your allusion, Chevalier: But by your looks I should imagine, that you mean me contempt.

My looks, my Lord, generally indicate my heart. You may make light of my intention; and so will I of the trouble I have been at, if your Lordship make not light of me. But were I, my Lord, in your own palace at Naples, I would tell you, that you seem not to know, in my case, what graciousness is. Yet I ask not for favour from you, but as much for your own sake, as mine.

Dear Grandison, said the Bishop — My Lord, to his brother — Did you not promise me — Why did you mention Olivia to the Chevalier?

Does that disturb you, Sir? said the General to me. I cannot make light of a man of your consequence; especially with Ladies, Sir — in a scornful manner.

The General, you see, my Lord said I, turning to the Bishop, has an insuperable ill-will to me. I found, when I attended him at Naples, that he had harboured surmises that were as injurious to his sister, as to me. I was in hopes that I had obviated them; but a rooted malevolence will recur. However, satisfied as I am with my own 〈◊〉, he shall, for many sakes, find it very difficult to provoke me.

For my own sake, among the rest, Chevalier? with an air of drollery.

You are at liberty, returned I, to make your own constructions. Allow me, my Lords, to attend you to Signor Jeronymo.

Not till you are cordial friends, said the Bishop — Brother, give me your hand, offering to take it — Chevalier, yours —

Dispose of mine as you please, my Lord, said I, holding it out.

He took it and the General's at the same time, and would have joined them.

Come, my Lord, said I, to the General, and snatched his reluctant hand, accept of a friendly offer, from a heart as friendly. Let me honour you, from my own knowlege, for those great qualities which the world gives you. I demand your favour from a consciousness that I deserve it; and that I could not, were I to submit to be treated with indignity by any man. I should be sorry to look little in your eyes; but I will not in my own.

Who can bear the superiority this man assumes, brother?

You oblige me, my Lord, to assert myself.

The Chevalier speaks nobly, my Lord. His character is well known. Let me lead you both friends to our Jeronymo. But say, Brother, — Say, Chevalier, that you are so.

I cannot bear, said the General, that the Chevalier Grandison should imagine himself of so much consequence to my sister, as some of you seem to think him.

You know me not, my Lord. I have at present no wish but for the recovery of your sister and Signor Jeronymo. Were I able to be of service to them, that service would be my reward. But, my Lord, if it will make you easy, and induce you to treat me, as my own heart tells me I ought to be treated; I will give you my honour, and let me say, that it never yet was forfeited, that whatever turn your sister's malady may take, I will not accept of the heighest favour that can be done me, but with the joint consent of the three brothers, as well as of your father and mother. Permit me to add, that I will not enter into any family that shall think meanly of me; nor subject the woman I love to the contempt of her own relations.

This indeed is nobly said, replied the General. Give me your hand upon it, and I am your friend for ever.

Proud man! He could not bear to think, that a sumple English gentleman, as he looks upon me to be, should ally with their family; improbable as it is, in his own

opinion, that the unhappy Lady should ever recover her reason: But he greatly loves the Count of Belvedere; and all the family was fond of an alliance with that deserving nobleman.

The Bishop rejoiced to find us at last in a better way of understanding each other, than we had hitherto been in; and it was easier for me to allow for this haughty man, as Mrs. Beaumont had let me know what the behaviour was that I had to expect from him: And indeed, his father, mother, and two brothers, were very apprehensive of it: It will therefore be a pleasure to them, that I have so easily overcome his prejudices.

They both advised me to suspend my visit to their brother till the afternoon, that they might have the more time to consult with one another, and to prepare and dispose their sister to see me.

At taking leave, the General snatched my hand, and, with an air of pleasantry, said, I have a wife, Grandison. I wished him joy. You need not, said he; for I have it: One of the best of women. She longs to see you. I think I need not be apprehensive, because she is generous, and I ever must be grateful: But take care, take care, Grandison! I shall watch every turn of your eye. Admire her, if you will: You will not be able to help it. But I am glad she saw you not before she was mine.

I rejoice, said the Bishop, that a meeting, which, notwithstanding your promises, brother, gave me apprehensions as we came, is followed by so pleasant a parting: Henceforth we are four Brothers again.

Ay, and remember, Chevalier, that my Sister has also four Brothers.

May the number Four not be lessened by the death of my Jeronymo; and may Clementina be restored; and Providence dispose as it pleases of me! I am now going to the palace of Porretta; with what agitations of mind, you, Dr. Bartlett, can better imagine, than I describe.

Volume V

LETTER I.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday Night, May 15-26.

I Am just returned. You will expect me to be particular.

I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might pass half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture so lately made: But Mr. Lowther gives us hopes from it.

When we were alone, They will not let me see my sister, said he: I am sure she must be very bad. But I understand, that you are to be allowed that favour, by-and-by. O my Grandison! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours! — But what have you done to the General? He assures me, that he admires and loves you; and the Bishop has been congratulating me upon it. He knew it would give me pleasure. My dear Grandison, you subdue everybody; yet in your own way; for they both admire your spirit.

Just then came in the General. He saluted me in so kind a manner, that Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he said, Blessed be God, that I have lived to see you two, dearest of men to me, so friendly together.

This sweet girl! said the General: — How, Grandison, will you bear to see her?

The Bishop entered: O Chevalier! my sister is insensible to every-thing, and every-body. Camilla is nobody with her to-day.

They had forgot Jeronymo, tho' in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible sensibilities, they comforted him; and withdrew with me into Mr. Lowther's apartment; while Mr. Lowther went to his patient.

The Marchioness joined us in tears. This dear child knows me not; heeds me not: She never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier Grandison: She regards not your name. O this affecting silence! — Camilla has told her, that she is to see you. My daughter-in-law has told her so. O Chevalier! she has quite, quite lost her understanding. Nay, we were barbarous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as she used to be, with that.

Camilla came in with a face of joy: Lady Clementina has just spoken! I told her, she must prepare to see the Chevalier Grandison in all his glory, and that every-body, the General in particular, admired him. Go, naughty Camilla, said she, tapping my hand; you are a wicked deceiver. I have been told this story too often, to credit it. This was all I could get her to say.

Hence it was concluded, that she would take some notice of me when she saw me; and I was led by the General, followed by the rest, into the Marchioness's drawing-room.

Father Marescotti had given me an advantageous character of the General's Lady, whom I had not yet seen. The Bishop had told me, that she was such another excellent woman as his mother, and, like her, had the Italian reserve softened by a polite French education, The Marquis, the Count, Father Marescotti, and this real fine Lady, were in the drawingroom. The General presented me to her. I do not, madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandison: But I forgive you if you do; because you will not be able to do otherwise.

My Lord, said she, you told me an hour ago, that I must: And now, that I see the Chevalier, you will have no cause to reproach me with disobedience.

I bowed on her hand. Father Marescotti, madam, said I, bid me expect from the Lady of the young Marchese della Porretta every-thing that was condescending and good. Your compassionate Love for an unhappy new sister, who deserves every-one's Love, exalts your character.

Father Marescotti came in. We took our places. It was designed, I found, to try to revive the young Lady's attention, by introducing her in full assembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear asking the Marchioness, if Lady Clementina would not be too much startled at so much company?

I wish, said the Marquis, sighing, that she may be startled.

We meet, as only on a conversation-visit, said the Marchioness. We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.

We are all near relations, said the Bishop.

And want to make our observations, said the General.

She has been bid to expect you among us, resumed the Marchioness. We shall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.

Just then entered the sweet Lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was slow and solemn. Her eyes were cast on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gause half covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at that moment, was my emotion! I arose from my seat, sat down, and arose again, irresolute, not knowing what I did, or what to do!

She stopt in the middle of the floor, and made some motion, in silence, to Camilla, who adjusted her veil: But she looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; observed no-body.

On her stopping, I was advancing towards her; but the General took my hand: Sit still, sit still, dear Grandison, said he: Yet I am charmed with your sensibility. She comes! She moves towards us!

She approached the table round which we sat, her eyes more than half closed, and cast down. She turned to go towards the window. Here, here, madam, said Camilla, leading her to an elbow-chair that had been placed for her, between the two Marchionesses. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and sat down. Her mother wept. The young Marchioness wept. Her father sobbed; and looked from her. Her mother took her hand: My love, said she, look around you.

Pray, sister, said the Count, her uncle, leave her to her own observation.

She was regardless of what either said; her eyes were cast down, and half closed. Camilla stood at the back of her chair.

The General, grieved and impatient, arose, and stepping to her, My dearest sister, said he, hanging over her shoulder, look upon us all. Do not scorn us, do not despise us: See your father, your mother, your sister, and every-body, in tears. If you love us, smile upon us. He took the hand which her mother had quitted, to attend her own emotions.

She reared up her eyes to him, and, sweetly condescending, tried to smile; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that she only could shew her obligingness, by the effort. Her smile was a smile of woe. And, still further to shew her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her brother, she looked on either side of her; and seeing which was her mother, she, with both hands, took hers, and bowed her head upon upon it.

The Marquis arose from his seat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature! said he, never, never let me again see such a smile as that. It is here, putting his hand to his breast.

Camilla offered her a glass of limonade; she accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.

Obliging sister! you do not scorn us, said the General. See, Father Marescotti is in tears [The reverend man sat next me]: Pity his grey hairs! See, my Lord, your own father too — Comfort your father. His grief for your silence. —

She cast her eyes that way. She saw me. Saw me greatly affected. She started. She looked again; again started; and quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, she arose, and threw her arms about her Camilla — O Camilla! was all she said; a violent burst of tears wounding, yet giving some ease to every heart. I was springing to her, and should have clasped her in my arms before them all; but the General taking my hand, as I reached her chair, Dear Grandison, said he, pronouncing in her ear my name, keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will bid you welcome once more to Bologna. — O Camilla, said she, faithful, good Camilla! Now, at last, have you told me truth! It is, it is he! — And her tears would flow, as she hid her face in Camilla's bosom.

The General's native pride again shewed itself. He took me aside. I see, Grandison, the consequence you are of to this unhappy girl: Every one sees it. But I depend upon your honour: You remember what you said this morning —

Good God! said I, with some emotion: I stopt — And resuming, with pride equal to his own, Know, Sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himself a man of honour; and you, as well as the rest of the world, shall find him so.

He seemed a little abashed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for him, but for the rest of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.

We, however, took the Bishop's eye. He came to us.

I left the General; and the Bishop led him out, in order to enquire into the occasion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, supported by the two Marchionesses, and attended by Camilla, just by me, passing towards the door, in order, it seems, at her motion, to withdraw. She stopt. Ah, Chevalier! said she; and reclining her head on her mother's bosom, seemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifelessly extended (her mother held the other); and, kneeling, pressed it with my lips — Forgive me, Ladies; forgive me, Lady Clementina! — My soul overflowed with tenderness, tho' the moment before it was in a tumult of another kind; for she cast down her eyes upon me with a benignity, that for a long time they all afterwards owned they had not beheld. I could not say more. I arose. She moved on to the door; and when there, turned her head, straining her neck to look after me, till she was out of the room. I was a statue for a few moments; till the Count, snatching my hand, and Father Marescotti's, who stood nearest him, We see to what the malady is owing — Father, you must join their hands! — Chevalier! you will be a Catholic! — Will you not? — O that you would! said the Father — Why, why, joined in the Count, did we refuse the so-earnestly requested interview, a year and half ago?

The young Marchioness returned, weeping — They will not permit me to stay. My sister, my dear sister, is in fits! — O Sir, turning graciously to me, you are — I will not say what you are — But I shall not be is danger of disobeying my Lord, on your account.

Just then entered the General, led in by the Bishop. Now, brother, said the latter, if you will not be generous, be, however, just — Chevalier, Were you not a little hasty?

I was, my Lord. But surely the General was unseasonable.

Perhaps I was.

There is as great a triumph, my Lord, said I, in a due acknowlegement, as in a victory. Know me, my Lords, as a man incapable of meanness; who will assert

himself; but who, from the knowlege he has of his own heart, wishes at his soul to be received as the unquestionably disinterested friend of this whole family. Excuse me, my Lords, I am obliged to talk greatly, because I would not wish to act petulantly. But my soul is wounded by those distresses, which had not, I am sorry to say it, a little while ago, a first place in your heart.

Do you reproach me, Grandison?

I need not, my Lord, if you feel it as such. But indeed you either know not me, or forget yourself. And now, having spoken all my mind, I am ready to ask your pardon for any-thing that may have offended you in the manner. I snatched his hand so suddenly, I hope not rudely, but rather fervently, that he started — Receive me, my Lord, as a Friend. I will deserve your friendship.

Tell me, brother, said he to the Bishop, what I shall say to this strange man? Shall I be angry or pleased?

Be pleased, my Lord, replied the Prelate.

The General embraced me — Well, Grandison, you have overcome. I was unseasonable. You were passionate. Let us forgive each other.

His Lady stood suspended, not being able to guess at the occasion of this behaviour, and renewed friendship. The Count was equally surprised. Father Marescotti seemed also at a loss. The Marquis had withdrawn.

We sat down, and reasoned variously on what had passed, with regard to the unhappy Lady, according to the hopes and fears which actuated the bosoms of each. But I cannot help thinking, that had this interview been allowed to pass with less surprize to her, she might have been spared those fits, with the affecting description of which the young Marchioness alarmed us, till Camilla came in with the happy news, that she was recovering from them; and that her mother was promising her another visit from me, in hopes it would oblige her; tho' it was not what she required.

I took this opportunity to put into the hands of the young Marchioness, sealed up, the opinions of the physicians I had consulted in England, on the case of Clementina; requesting that she would give it to her mother, in order to have it considered.

The Bishop withdrew, to acquaint Jeronymo, in the way he thought best, with what had passed in this first interview with his sister; resolving not to take any notice of the little sally of warmth between the General and me.

I hope to make the pride and passion of this young nobleman of use to myself, by way of caution: For am I not naturally too much inclined to the same fault? O Dr. Bartlett! how have I regretted the passion I suffered myself to be betray'd into, by the foolish violence of O'Hara and Salmonet, in my own house, when it would have better become me, to have had them shewed out of it by my servants!

And yet, were I to receive affronts with tameness from those haughty spirits, who think themselves of a rank superior to me, and from men of the sword, I, who make it a principle not to draw mine but in my own defence, should be subjected to insults, that would be continually involving me in the difficulties I am solicitous to avoid.

I attended the General and his Lady to Jeronymo. The generous youth forgot his own weak state, in the hopes he flatter'd himself with, of a happy result to his sister's malady, from the change of symptoms which had already taken place; tho' violent hysterics disorder'd and shook her before-wounded frame.

The General said, that if she could overcome this first shock, perhaps it was the best method that could have been taken to rouse her out of that stupidity and inattention which had been for some weeks so disturbing to them all.

There were no hopes of seeing the unhappy Lady again that evening. The General would have accompanied me to the Casino ; saying, that we might both be diverted by an hour passed there: But I excused myself. My heart was full of anxiety, for the welfare of a brother and sister, both so much endeared to me by their calamities: And I retired to my lodgings.

LETTER II.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Tuesday, May 16-27.

I Had a very restless night; and found myself so much indisposed in the morning, with a feverish disorder, that I thought of contenting myself with sending to know how the brother and sister rested, and of staying within, at least till the afternoon, to give my hurried spirits some little repose: But my messenger returned with a request from the Marchioness, to see me presently.

I obeyed. Clementina had asked, Whether she had really seen me, or had only dreamed so. They took this for a favourable indication; and therefore sent the above request.

I met the General in Jeronymo's apartment. He took notice that I was not very well. Mr. Lowther proposed to bleed me. I consented. I afterwards saw my friend's wounds dressed. The three surgeons pronounced appearances not to be unfavourable.

We all then retired into Mr. Lowther's apartment. The Bishop introduced to us two of the faculty. The prescriptions of the English physicians were considered; and some of the methods approved, and agreed to be pursued.

Clementina, when I came, was retired to her own apartment with Camilla. Her terrors on Laurana's cruelty had again got possession of her imagination; and they thought it not adviseable that I should be admitted into her presence, till the hurries she was in, on that account, had subsided.

But by this time, being a little more composed, her mother led her into her dressing-room. The Geneneral, and his Lady were both present; and, by their desire, I was asked to walk in.

Clementina, when I entered, was sitting close to Camilla; her head leaning on her bosom, silent, and, seemingly, thoughtful. I bowed to her, to the two Marchionesses, to the General. She raised her head, and looked towards me; and clasping her arms about Camilla's neck, hid her face in her bosom for a few moments; then, looking as bashful towards me, she loosed her hands, stood up, and looked steadily at me, and at Camilla, by turns, several times, as irresolute. At last, quitting Camilla, she moved towards me with a stealing pace; but when near me, turning short, hurried to her mother; and putting one arm about her neck, the other held up, she looked at me, as if she were doubtful whom she saw. She seemed to whisper to her mother, but not to be understood. She went then by her sister-in-law, who took her hand as she passed her, with both hers, and kissed it;

and coming to the General, who sat still nearer me, and who had desired me to attend to her motions, she stood by him, and looked at me with a sweet irresolution.

As she had stolen such advances towards me, I could no longer restrain myself. I arose, and, taking her hand, Behold the man, said I, with a bent knee, whom once you honour'd with the name of tutor, your English tutor! — Know you not the grateful Grandison, whom all your family have honoured with their regard?

O yes! — Yes, — I think I do. — They rejoiced to hear her speak. — But where have you been all this time?

In England, madam — But returned, lately returned, to visit you and your Jeronymo.

Jeronymo! one hand held up; the other not withdrawn. Poor Jeronymo!

God be praised! said the General: Some faint hopes. The two Marchionesses wept for joy.

Your Jeronymo, madam, and my Jeronymo, is, we hope, in a happy way. Do you love Jeronymo?

Do I! — But what of Jeronymo? I don't understand you.

Jeronymo, now you are well, will be happy.

Am I well? Ah, Sir! — But save me, save me, Chevalier! — faintly screaming, and looking about her, with a countenance of woe and terror.

I will save you, madam. The General will also protect you. Of whom are you afraid?

O the cruel, cruel Laurana! — She withdrew her hand in a hurry, and lifted up the sleeve of the other arm — You shall see — O I have been cruelly used — But you will protect me. Forbearing to shew her arm, as she seemed to intend.

Laurana shall never more come near you.

But don't hurt her! — Come, sit down by me, and I will tell you all I have suffered.

She hurried to her former seat; and sat down by her weeping Camilla. I followed her. She motioned to me to sit down by her.

Why, you must know, Chevalier — She paused — Ah my head! putting her hand to it — Well, but, now you must leave me. Something is wrong — Leave me — I don't know myself —

Then looking with a face of averted terror at me — You are not the same man I talked to just now! — Who are you, Sir? — She again faintly shrieked, and threw her arms about Camilla's neck, once more hideing her face in her bosom.

I could not bear this. Not very well before, it was too much for me. I withdrew.

Don't withdraw, Chevalier, said the General, drying his eyes.

I withdrew, however, to Mr. Lowther's chamber. He not being there, I shut the door upon myself — So oppressed! my dear Dr. Bartlett, I was greatly oppressed.

Recovering myself in a few moments, I went to Jeronymo. I had but just entered his chamber, when the General, who seemed unable to speak, took my hand, and in silence led me to his mother's dressingroom. As we entered it, She enquires after you, Chevalier, said he, and laments your departure. She thinks she has offended you. Thank God, she has recollection!

When I went in, she was in her mother's arms; her mother soothing her, and weeping over her.

See, see, my child, the Chevalier! you have not offended him.

She quitted her mother's arms. I approached her. I thought it was not you that sat by me, a while ago. But when you went away from me, I saw it could be nobody but you. Why did you go away? Was you angry?

I could not be angry, madam. You bid me leave you: And I obeyed.

Well, but now what shall I say to him, madam? I don't know what I would say. You, madam, stepping with a hasty motion towards her sister-in-law, will not tell Laurana any-thing against me?

Unhappy hour, said her mother, speaking to the General, that I ever yielded to her going to the cruel Laurana!

The Marchioness took her hand; I hate Laurana, my dear; I love nobody but you.

Don't hate her, however — Chevalier, whisperingly, Who is this Lady?

The General rejoiced at the question; for this was the first time she had ever taken any particular notice of his Lady, or enquired who she was, notwithstanding her generous tenderness to her.

That Lady is your sister, your brother Signor Giacomo's wife —

My sister! how can that be? — Where has she been all this time?

Your sister by marriage: Your elder brother's wife.

I don't understand it. But why, madam, did you not tell me so before? I wish you happy. Laurana would not let me be her cousin. Will you own me?

The young Marchioness clasp'd her arms about her. My sister, my friend, my dear Clementina! Call me your sister, and I shall be happy.

What strange things have come to pass?

How did these dawnings of reason rejoice every one!

Sir, turning to the General, let me speak with you.

She led him by the hand to the other end of the room — Let nobody hear us, said she: Yet spoke not low. What had I to say? — I had something to say to you very earnestly. I don't know what —

Well, don't puzzle yourself, my dear, to recollect it, said the General. Your new sister loves you. She is the best of women. She is the joy of my life. Love your new sister, my Clementina.

So I will. Don't I love every-body?

But you must love her better than any other woman, the best of mothers excepted. She is my wife, and your sister; and she loves both you, and our dear Jeronymo.

And no-body else? Does she love no-body else?

Whom else would you have her love?

I don't know. But every-body, I think; for I do.

Whomever you love, she will love. She is all goodness.

Why that's well. I will love her, now I know who she is. But, Sir, I have some notion —

Of what, my dear?

I don't know. But pray, Sir, What brings the Chevalier over hither again?

To comfort you, your father, mother, Jeronymo: To comfort us all. To make us all well, and happy in each other.

Why that's very good. Don't you think so? But he was always good. Are you, brother, happy?

I am, and should be more so, if you and Jeronymo were.

But that can never, never be.

God forbid! my sister. The Chevalier has brought over with him a skilful man, who hopes to cure our Jeronymo —

Has the Chevalier done this? Why did he not do so before?

The General was a little disconcerted; but generously said, We were wrong; we took not right methods. I, for my part, wish we had followed his advice in every-thing.

Bless me! — holding up one hand. How came all these things about! Sir, Sir, with quickness — I will come again presently — And was making to the door.

Camilla stept to her — Whither, whither, my dear young Lady? — O! Camilla will do as well — Camilla, laying her hand upon her shoulder, go to Father Marescotti — Tell him — There she stopt: Then proceeding, Tell him, I have seen a vision — He shall pray for us all.

Then stepping to her mother, and taking her passive hand, she kissed it, and stroked her own forehead and cheek with it — Love me, madam, love your child. You don't know, neither do I, what ails my poor head. Heal it! Heal it! with your gentle hand! Again stroking her forehead with it; then putting it to her heart.

The Marchioness, kissing her forehead, made her face wet with her tears.

Shall I, said Camilla, go to Father Marescotti?

No, said the General, except she repeats her commands. Perhaps she has forgot him already. — She said no more of Father Marescotti.

The Marchioness thinks that she had some confused notions of the former enmity of the General and Father to me; and finding the former reconciled, wanted the Father to be so too, and to pray for us all.

I was willing, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to give you minutely the workings of the poor Lady's mind on our two first interviews. Every-body is rejoiced at so hopeful an alteration already.

We all thought it best, now, that she had so surprisingly taken a turn, from observing a profound silence, to free talking, and shewn herself able, with very little incoherence, to pursue a discourse, that she should not exhaust herself; and Camilla was directed to court her into her own dressing-room, and endeavour to engage her on some indifferent subjects. I asked her leave to withdraw: She gave it me readily, with these words, I shall see you again, I hope, before you go to England.

Often, I hope, very often, answered the General for me.

That is very good, said she; and, courtesying to me, went up with Camilla.

We all went into Jeronymo's apartment; and the young Marchioness rejoiced him with the relation of what had passed. That generous friend was for ascribing to my presence the hoped-for happy alteration; while the General declared, that he never would have her contradicted for the future, in any reasonable request she should make.

The Count her uncle, and Signor Sebastiano his eldest Son, are set out for Urbino. They took leave of me at my lodgings. He hoped, he said, that all would be happy; and that I would be a Catholic.

I HAVE received a large pacquet of Letters from England.

I approve of all you propose, my dear Dr. Bartlett. You shall not, you say, be easy, except I will inspect your accounts. Don't refuse to give your own worthy heart any satisfaction that it can receive, by consulting your true friend: But otherwise, you need not ask my consent to any-thing you shall think sit to do. Of one thing, methinks, I could be glad, that only such children of the poor, as shew a peculiar ingenuity, have any great pains taken with them in their books. Husbandry and labour are what are most wanting to be encouraged among the lower class of people. Providence has given to men different genius's and capacities, for different ends; and that all might become useful links of the same great chain. Let us apply those talents to Labour, those to Learning, those to Trade, to Mechanics, in their different branches, which point out the different pursuits, and then no person will be unuseful; on the contrary, every one may be eminent in some way or other. Learning, of itself, never made any man happy.

The ploughman makes fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than the scholar, because the sphere in which he moves is a more contracted one. But if a genius arises, let us encourage it: There will be rustics enough to do the common services for the finer spirits, and to carry on the business of the world, if we do not, by our own indiscriminate good offices, contribute to their misapplication.

I will write to congratulate Lord W. and his Lady. I rejoice exceedingly in their happiness.

I will also write to my Beauchamp, and to Lady Beauchamp, to give her joy on her enlarged heart. Surely, Dr. Bartlett, human nature is not so bad a thing, as some disgracers of their own species have imagined. I have, on many occasions, found, that it is but applying properly to the passions of persons, who, tho' they have not been very remarkable for benevolence, may yet be induced to do right things in some manner, if not always in the most graceful. But as it is an observation, that the miser's feast is often the most splendid; so may we say, as in the cases of Lord W. and Lady Beauchamp, the one to her sonin-law, the other to his Lady and nieces, that when such persons are brought to taste the sweets of a generous and beneficent action, they are able to behave greatly. We should not too soon, and without makeing proper applications, give up persons of ability or power, upon conceptions of their general characters; and then, with the herd, set our faces against them, as if we knew them to be invincible. How many ways are there to overcome persons, who may not, however, be naturally beneficent! Policy, a regard for outward appearances, ostentation, love of praise, will sometimes have great influences; and not seldom is the requester of a favour himself in fault, who perhaps shews as much self in the application, as the refuser does in the denial.

Let Charlotte know, that I will write to her when she gives me a subject.

I will write to Lord and Lady L. by the next mail. To write to either is to write to both.

I have already answered Emily's favour. I am very glad that her mother, and her mother's husband, are so wife as to pursue their own interests in their behaviour to that good girl, and their happiness in their conduct to each other.

My poor cousin Grandison — I am concerned for him. I have a very affecting Letter from him. But I see the proud man in it, valuing himself on his knowlege of the world, and rather vexed to be overreached by the common artifices of some of the worst people in it, than from right principles. I know not what I can do for him, except I were on the spot. I am grieved that he has not profited by other mens wisdom: I wish he may by his own experience. I will write to him; yet neither to reproach him, nor to extenuate his folly, tho' I wish to free him from the consequences of it.

I write to my aunt Eleanor, to congratulate and welcome her to London. I hope to find her there on my return from Italy.

The unhappy Sir Hargrave! The still unhappier Merceda! What sport have they made of their health, in the prime of their days; and with their reputation! How poor would have been their triumph, had they escaped, by a flight so ignominious, the due reward of their iniquitous contrivances! But to meet with such a disgraceful punishment, and so narrowly to escape a still more disgraceful one — Tell me, Can the poor men look out into open day?

But poor Bagenhall! sunk as he is, almost beneath pity, what can be said of him?

We see, Dr. Bartlett, in the behaviour, and sordid acquiescence with insults, of these three men, that offensive spirits cannot be true ones.

If you have any call or inclination to go to London, I am sure you will look in upon the little Oldhams, and their mother.

My compliments to the young officer. I am glad he is pleased with what has been done for him.

I have Letters from Paris. I am greatly pleased with what is done, and doing there, in pursuance of my directions, relating to the moiety of 3000l. left by the good Mr. Danby, to be disposed of at the discretion of his executor, either in France or England. As he gained a great part of his considerable fortune in France, I think it would have been agreeable to him, to find out there half of the objects of his benevolence: Why else named he France in his Will?

The intention of the bequeather, in doubtful cases, ought always to be considered. And another case has offered, which, I think, as there is a large surplus in my hands, after having done by his relations more than they expected, and full as much as is necessary, to put them in a flourishing way, I ought to consider in that light.

Mr. Danby, at his setting out in life, owed great obligations to a particular family, then in affluent circumstances. This family fell, by unavoidable accidents, into decay. Its descendents were numerous. Mr. Danby used to confer on no less than six granddaughters, and four grandsons, of this family, an annual bounty, which kept them just above want. And he had put them in hopes, that he would cause it to be continued to them, as long as they were unprovided for: The elder girls were in services; the younger were brought up to be qualified for the same useful way of life: The sons were neither idle nor vicious. I cannot but think, that it was his intention to continue his bounty to them by his last will, had he not forgot them when he gave orders for drawing it up; which was not till he thought himself in a dying way.

Proper enquiries have been made; and this affair is settled. The numerous family think themselves happy. And the supposed intention of my deceased friend is fully answered; and no Legatee a sufferer.

You kindly, my dear Dr. Bartlett, regret the distance we are at from each other. I am the loser by it, and not you; since I give you, by pen and ink, almost as minute an account of my proceedings, as I could do were we conversing together: Such are your expectations upon, and such is the obedience of,

Your ever-affectionate and filial Friend, CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER III.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

June 12-23.

WE have now, thank God, some hopes of our Jeronymo. The opening made below the great wound answers happily its intention; and that in the shoulder is once more in a fine way.

Lady Clementina has been made to understand, that he is better; and this good news, and the method she is treated with, partly in pursuance of the advice of the English physicians, leave us not without hopes of her recovery.

The General and his Lady are gone to Naples, in much higher spirits than when they left that city. His Lady seconding his earnest invitation, I was not able to deny them the promise of a visit there.

Every one endeavours to sooth and humour Lady Clementina; and the whole Family is now satisfied, that this was the method which always ought to have been taken with her; and lay to the charge of Lady Sforza and Laurana, perhaps much deeper views than they had at first; tho' they might enlarge them afterwards, and certainly did extend them, when the poor Lady was deemed irrecoverable.

Let me account to you, my dear friend, for my silence of near a month since the date of my last.

For a fortnight together, I was every day once with Lady Clementina. She took no small pleasure in seeing me. She was very various all that time in her absences; sometimes she had sensible intervals, but they were not durable. She generally rambled much; and was very incoherent. Sometimes she fell into her silent fits: But they seldom lasted long when I came. Sometimes she aimed to speak to me in English: But her ideas were too much unfixed, and her memory too much shattered, to make herself understood for a sentence together, in the tongue she had so lately learned, and for some time disused. Yet, on the whole, her reason seemed to gather strength. It was a heavy fortnight to me; and the heavier, as I was not very well myself — Yet I was loth to forbear my daily visits.

Mrs. Beaumont, at the fortnight's end, made the family and me a visit of three days. In that space, Lady Clementina's absences were stronger, but less frequent than before.

I had, by Letter, been all this time preparing the persons who had the management of Mr. Jervois's affairs, to adjust, finally, the account relating to his estate, which remained unsettled; and they let me know, that they were quite ready to put the last hand to them. It was necessary for me to attend those

gentlemen in person: And as Mrs. Beaumont could not conveniently stay any longer than the three days, I acquainted the Marchioness, that I should do myself the honour of attending her to Florence.

As well Mrs. Beaumont, as the Marchioness, and the Bishop, thought I should communicate my intention, and the necessity of pursuing it, to Lady Clementina; lest, on her missing me, she should be impatient, and we should lose the ground we had gained.

I laid before the young Lady, in presence of her mother and Mrs Beaumont, in a plain and simple manner, my obligation to leave her for a few days, and the reason for it. To Florence, said she? Does not Lady Olivia live at Florence? — She does, usually, answered Mrs. Beaumont: But she is abroad on her travels.

Well, Sir, it is not for me to detain you, if you have business: But what will become of my poor Jeronymo in the mean time? — But, before I could answer, What a silly question is that? I will be his comforter.

Father Marescotti just then entered — O Father! rambled the poor Lady, you have not prayed with me for a long time. O, Sir, I am an undone creature! I am a lost soul! — She fell on her knees, and with tears bemoaned herself.

She endeavoured, after this, to recollect what she had been talking of before. We make it a rule not to suffer her, if we can help it, to puzzle and perplex herself, by aiming at recollection? and therefore I told her what was our subject. She fell into it again with chearfulness — Well, Sir, and when may Jeronymo expect you again? — In about ten days, I told her. And taking her hint, I added, that I doubted not but she would comfort Signor Jeronymo in my absence. She promised she would; and wished me happy.

I attended Mrs. Beaumont accordingly. I concluded, to my satisfaction, all that remained unadjusted of my Emily's affairs, in two days after my arrival at Florence. I had a happy two days more with Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies her friends; and I stole a visit out of the ten days to the Count of Belvedere, at Parma.

This excursion was of benefit to my health; and having had a Letter from Mr. Lowther, as I had desired at Modena, in my way to Parma, with very favourable news, in relation both to the sister and brother, I returned to Bologna, and met with a joyful reception from the Marquis, his Lady, the Bishop, and Jeronymo; who all joined to give me a share in the merit that was principally due to Mr. Lowther, and his assistants, with regard to the brother's amendment, and to their own soothing methods of treating the beloved sister; who followed strictly the prescriptions of her physicians.

I was introduced to Lady Clementina by her mother, attended only by Camilla. The young Lady met me at the entrance of her antechamber, with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her in her happier days. You are welcome,

Chevalier, said she: But you kept not your time. I have set it down; pulling out her pocket-book — Ten days, madam: I told you ten days. I am exactly to my time — You shall see that: I cannot be mistaken, smiling. But her smiles were not quite her own.

She referred me to her book. You have reckoned two days twice over, madam. See here —

Is it possible? — I once, Sir, was a better accomptant. Well, but we will not stand upon two days in so many. I have taken great care of Jeronymo in your absence. I have attended him several times; and would have seen him oftener; but they told me there was no need.

I thanked her for her care of my friend —

That's good enough, said she, to thank me for the care of myself. Jeronymo is myself.

Signor Jeronymo, replied I, cannot be dearer to his sister than he is to me.

You are a good man, returned she; and laid her hand upon my arm; I always said so. But, Chevalier, I have quite forgot my English. I shall never recover it. What happy times were those, when I was innocent, and was learning English!

My beloved young Lady, said Camilla, was always innocent.

No, Camilla! — No! — And then she began to ramble — And taking Camilla under the arm, whispering, Let us go together, to that corner of the room, and pray to God to forgive us. You, Camilla, have been wicked as well as I.

She went and kneeled down, and held up her hands in silence: Then rising, she came to her mother, and kneeled to her, her hands lifted up — Forgive me, forgive your poor child, my mamma!

God bless my child! Rise, my Love! — I do forgive you! — But do you forgive me, tears trickling down her cheeks, for ever suffering you to go out of my own sight? for delivering you into the management of less kind, and less indulgent relations?

And God forgive them too, rising. Some of them made me crazy, and then upbraided me with being so. God forgive them! I do.

She then came to me; and, to my great surprize, dropt down on one knee. I could not, for a few moments, tell what to do, or what to say to her. Her hands held up, her fine eyes supplicating — Pray, Sir, forgive me!

Humour, humour the dear creature, Chevalier, said her mother, sobbing.

Forgive you, madam! — Forgive you, dear Lady! for what? — You have not offended! You could not offend.

I raised her; and, taking her hand, pressed it with my lips! Now, madam, forgive me — For this freedom forgive me!

O Sir, I have given you, I have given every-body, trouble! — I am an unhappy creature; and God and you are angry with me — And you will not say you forgive me?

Humour her, Chevalier.

I do, I do forgive you, most excellent of women.

She hesitated a little; then turned round to Camilla, who stood at a distance, weeping; and running to her, cast herself into her arms, hiding her face in her bosom — Hide me, hide me, Camilla? What have I done! — I have kneeled to a man! — She put her arm under Camilla's, and hurried out of the room with her.

Her mother seeing me in some consusion; Rejoice with me, Chevalier, said she, yet weeping, that we see, tho' her reason is imperfect, such happy symptoms. Our child will, I trust in God, he once more our own. And you will be the happy instrument of restoring her to us.

The Marquis, and the Bishop, were informed of what had passed. They also rejoiced, in these further day-breaks, as I may call them, of their Clementina's reason, accompanied with that delicacy, that never, in so innocent a mind, can be separated from it.

You will observe, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that I only aim to give you an account of the greater and more visible changes that happen in the mind of this unhappy Lady; omitting those conversations between her and her friends, in which her situation varied but little from those before described. By this means, you will be able to trace the steps to that recovery of her reason, which we presume to hope will be the return to our fervent prayers, and humble endeavours.

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, June 13-24.

THE Conte della Porretta, and the two young Lords Sebastiano and Juliano, came hither yesterday, to rejoice on the hopeful prospects before us.

I thought I saw a little shiness and reserve sit upon the brow of the Marchioness, which I had not observed till the arrival of the Count. A complaisance that was too civil for friendship; for our friendship. I never permit a cloud to hang for one hour upon the brow of a friend, without examining into the reason of it, in hopes it may be in my power to dispel it. An abatement in the freedom of one I love, is a charge of unworthiness upon me, that I must endeavour to obviate the moment I suspect it. I desired a private audience of the good Lady.

She favoured me with it at the first word. But as soon as I had opened my heart to her, she asked, If Father Marescotti, who loved me, she said, as if I were his own son, might be allowed to be present at our conversation? I was a little startled at the question; but answered, By all means.

The Father was sent to, and came. Tender concern and reserve were both apparent in his countenance. This shewed that he was apprised of the occasion of the Marchioness's reserve; and expected to be called upon, or employed in the explanation, had I not demanded it.

I repeated, before him, what I had said to the Marchioness, of the reserve that I had thought I saw since yesterday in one of the most benign countenances in the world.

Chevalier, said she, if you think that every one of our family, as well those of Urbino and Naples, as those of this place, do not love you as one of their own family, you do not do us justice.

She then enumerated and exaggerated their obligations to me. I truly told her, that I could not do less than I had done, and answer it to my own heart.

Leave us, replied she, to judge for ourselves on this subject. And, for God's sake, do not think us capable of ingratitude. We begin with pleasure to see the poor child after a course of sufferings and distresses, that few young creatures have gone thro', reviving to our hopes. She must in gratitude, in honour, in justice, be yours, if you require her of us, and upon the terms you have formerly proposed.

I think so, said the Father.

What can I say? proceeded she: We are all distressed. I am put upon a task that grieves me. Ease my heart, Chevalier, by sparing my speech.

Explain yourself no further, madam: I fully understand you. I will not impute ingratitude to any heart in this family. Tell me, Father Marescotti, if you can allow for me, as I could for you, were you in my circumstances (and you cannot be better satisfied in your religion, than I am in mine) tell me, by what you could do, what I ought.

There is no answering a case so strongly put, replied the Father. But can a false religion, an heresy, persuade an ingenuous mind as strongly as the true?

Dear Father Marescotti, you know you have said nothing: It would sound harshly to repeat your own question to you; yet that is all I need to do. But let us continue our prayers, that the desirable work may be perfected: That Lady Clementina may be quite recovered. You have seen, madam, that I have not offered to give myself consequence with her. You see the distance I have observed to her: You see nothing in her, not even in her most afflicting resveries, that can induce you to think she has marriage in view. As I told your Ladyship at first, I have but one wish at present; and that is, her perfect recovery.

What, Father, can we say? resumed the Marchioness. Advise us, Chevalier. You know our situation. But do not, do not impute ingratitude to us. Our child's salvation, in our own opinion, is at stake — If she be yours, she will not be long a Catholic — Once more, advise us.

You generously, I know, madam, think you speak in time, both for the young Lady's sake and mine. You say she shall be mine upon the terms I formerly offered, if I insist upon it. I have told the General, that I will have the consent of all three brothers, as well as yours, madam, and your good Lord's, or I will not hope for the honour of your alliance: And I have declared to you, that I look upon myself as bound; upon you all, as free. If you think that the sense of supposed obligation, as Lady Clementina advances in her health, may engage her further than you wish, let me decline my visits by degrees, in order to leave her as disengaged as possible in her own mind; and that I may not be thought of consequence to her recovery. In the first place, I will make my promised visit to the General. You see she was not the worse, but, perhaps, the better, for my absence of ten days. I will pass twenty, if you please, at Rome, and at Naples; holding myself in readiness to return post, at the first call. Let us determine nothing in the interim. Depend upon the honour of a man, who once more assures you, that he looks upon himself as bound, and the Lady free; and who will act accordingly by her, and all your family.

They were both silent, and looked upon each other.

What say you, madam, to this proposal? What say you, Father Marescotti? Could I think of a more disinterested one, I would make it.

I say, you are a wonderful man.

I have not words, resumed the Lady — She wept. Hard, hard fate! The man, that of all men —

There she stopt. The Father was present, or, perhaps, she had said more.

Shall we, said she, acquaint Jeronymo with this conversation?

It may disturb him, replied I. You know, madam, his generous attachment to me. I have promised the General a visit. Signor Jeronymo was as much pleased with the promise, as with the invitation. The performance will add to his pleasure. He may get more strength: Lady Clementina may be still better: And you will, from events so happy, be able to resolve. Still he pleased to remember, that I hold myself bound, yourselves to be free.

Yet I thought at the time, with a concern, that, perheps, was too visible, When, when shall I meet with the returns, which my proud heart challenges as its due? But then my pride (shall I call it?) came in to my relief — Great God! I thank thee, thought I, that thou enablest me to do what my conscience, what humanity tells me, is fit and right to be done, without taking my measures of right and wrong from any other standard.

Father Marescotti saw me affected. Tears stood in his eyes. He withdrew, to conceal his emotion. The Marchioness was still more concerned. She called me the most generous of men. I took a respectful leave, and withdrew to Jeronymo.

As I was intending to return to my lodgings, in order to try to calm there my disturbed mind, the Marquis and his Brother, and the Bishop, sent for me into the Marchioness's drawing-room, where were she and Father Marescotti; who had acquainted them with what had passed between her, himself, and me.

The Bishop arose, and embraced me — Dear Grandison, said he, how I admire you! — Why, why will you not let me call you brother? — Were a prince your competitor, and you would be a Catholic —

O that you would! said the Marchioness; her hands and eyes lifted up.

And will you not? Can you not? said the Count.

That, my Lord, is a question kindly put, as it shews your regard for me — But it is not to be answered now.

The Marquis took my hand. He applauded the disinterestedness of my behaviour to his family. He approved of my proposal of absence; but said, that I must myself undertake to manage that part, not only with their Clementina, but with Jeronymo; whose grateful heart would otherwise be uneasy, on a surmise, that the motion came not from myself, but them.

We will not rosolve upon any measures, said he. God continue and improve our prospects; and the result we will leave to his providence.

I went from them directly to Jeronymo; and told him my intention of setting out for Rome and Naples, in discharge of my promise to the General and his Lady.

He asked me, What would become of Clementina in the mean time? Was there not too great a danger that she would go back again?

I told him I would not go, but with her approbation. I pleaded my last absence of ten days, in favour of my intention. Her recovery, said I, must be a work of time. If I am of the consequence your friendship for me supposes, her attention will, probably, be more engaged by short absences, and the expectations raised by them, than by daily visits. I remember not, my dear Jeronymo, continued I, a single instance, that could induce any one to imagine, that your Clementina's regard for the man you favour was a personal one. Friendship never lighted up a purer flame in a human heart, than in that of your sister. Was not the future happiness of the man she esteemed, the constant, I may say, the only object of her cares? In the height of her malady, Did she not declare, that were that great article but probably secured, she would resign her life with pleasure?

True, very true: Clementina is an excellent creature: She ever was. And you only can deserve her. O that she could be now worthy of you! But are my father, mother, brother, willing to part with you? Do they not, for Clementina's sake, make Objections?

The last absence fitting so easy on her mind, they doubt not but frequent absences may excite her attention.

Well, well, I acquiesce. The General and his Lady will rejoice to see you. I must not be too selfish. God preserve you, where-ever you go! — Only let not the gentle heart of Clementina be wounded by your absence. Don't let her miss you.

To-morrow, replied I, I will consult her. She shall determine for me.

LETTER V.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

June 14-25.

HAVING the honour of an invitation to a conversation-visit, to the Cardinal Legate, and to meet there the Gonfalonier, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning.

After sitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted to the presence of Lady Clementina. Her father, mother, and the Bishop, were with her. Clementina, Chevalier, said her mother, was enquiring for you. She is desirous to recover her English. Are you willing, Sir, to undertake your pupil again?

Ay, Chevalier, said the young Lady, those were happy times, and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then.

You have not been very well, madam: And is it not better to defer our lectures for some days, till you are quite established in your health?

Why, that is the thing. I know I have been very ill: I know that I am not yet quite well; and I want to be so: And that is the reason that I would recover my English.

You will soon recover it, madam, when you begin. But at present, the thought, the memory, it would require you to exert, would perplex you. I am afraid the study would rather retard, than forward your recovery.

Why, now, I did not expect this from you, Sir. My mamma has consented.

I did, my dear, because I would deny you nothing, that your heart was set upon: But the Chevalier has given you such good reasons to suspend his lectures, that I wish you would not be earnest in your request.

But I can't help it, madam. I want to be happy.

Well, madam, let us begin now. What English book have you at hand?

I don't know. But I will fetch one.

She stept out, Camilla after her, and, poor Lady, forgetting her purpose, brought down some of her own work, the first thing that came to hand, out of a drawer that she pulled out, in her dressing-room; instead of looking into her book-case. It is an unfinished piece of Noah's ark, and the rising deluge; the execution admirable. And, coming to me, I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of womens works, Chevalier?

She went to the table — Come hither, and sit down by me. I did. Madam, to her mother; my Lord, to her brother (for the Marquis withdrew, in grief, upon this Instance of her wandering); come, and sit down by the Chevalier and me. They

did. She spread it on the table, and, in an attentive posture, her elbow on the table, her head on one hand, pointing with the finger of the other — Now tell me your opinion of this work.

I praised, as it deserved, the admirable finger of the workwoman. Do you know, that's mine, Sir? said she: But tell me; every-body can praise; Do you see no fault? — I think that is one, said I; and pointed to a disproportion that was pretty obvious — Why so it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer.

Men, who can find faults more gracefully, said the Bishop, than others praise, need not flatter. Why that's true, said she. She sighed; I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after — after — I forget the painter — But you think it tolerable — Do you?

I think it upon the whole very fine. If you could rectify that one fault, it would be a master-piece.

Well, I think I'll try, since you like it. She rolled it up — Camilla, let it be put on my toilette. I am glad the Chevalier likes it. But, Sir, if I am not at a loss; for my head is not as it should be. —

Poor Lady! She lost what she was going to say — She paused as if she would recollect it — Do you know, at last, said she, what is the matter with my head? putting her hand to her sorehead — Such a strange confusion just here! And so stupid! She shut her eyes. She laid her head on her mother's shoulder; who dropt an involuntary tear on her forehead.

The Bishop was affected. Can you, can you, Chevalier, whispered he, suppose this dear creature's reason in your power, and yet with-hold it from her?

Ah, my Lord, said I, how cruel!

She raised her head; and, taking her mother's and Camilla's offered salts, smelt to them in turn — I think I am a little better. Were you, Chevalier, ever in such a strange way? — I hope not — God preserve all people from being as I have been! — Why now you are all affected. Why do you all weep? What have I said? God forbid, that I should afflict any-body — Ah! Chevalier! and laid her hand upon my arm, God will bless you. I always said, you were a tenderhearted man. God will pity him, that can pity another! — But, brother, my Lord, I have not been at church of a long time; Have I? How long is it? — Where is the General? Where is my Uncle? — Laurana! poor Laurana! God forgive her. She is gone to answer for all her unkindness! — And she said she was sorry; Did she?

Thus rambled the poor Lady! What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can be more affecting than these absences, these resveries, of a mind once so sound and sensible!

She withdrew at her own motion, with Camilla; and we had no thoughts of communicating to her, at that time, my intentional absence. But as I was about

taking my leave for the day, Camilla came into Jeronymo's chamber, where I was; and told me, that her young Lady was very sedate, and desired to see me, if I were not gone.

She led me into Clementina's dressing-room, where was present her mother only; who said, she thought I might apprise her daughter of my proposed Journey to Naples; and she herself began the subject.

My dear, said she, the Chevalier has been acquainting my Lord and me with an engagement he is under to visit your brother Giacomo, and his Lady, at Naples.

That is a vast journey, said she.

Not for the Chevalier, my dear. He is used to travel.

Only for a visit! — Is it not better, Sir, for you to stay here, where every-body loves you?

The General, my dear, and his Lady, love the Chevalier.

May be so. But did you promise them, Sir?

I did, madam.

Why then you must perform your promise. But it was not kind in them to engage you.

Why so! my dear? asked her mother.

Why so! Why what will poor Jeronymo do for his friend?

Jeronymo has confented, my dear. He thinks the journey will do the Chevalier good.

Nay, then — Will the journey do you good, Sir? If it will, I am sure Jeronymo would not, for the world, detain you.

Are you willing, my dear, that the Chevalier should go?

Yes, surely, madam, if it will do him good. I would lay down my life to do him good. Can we ever requite him for his goodness towards us?

Grateful heart! said her mother; tears in her eyes.

Gratitude, piety, sincerity, and every duty of the social life, are constitutional virtues in this Lady. No disturbance of mind can weaken, much less efface them.

Shall you not want to see him in his absence?

Perhaps I may: But what then? If it be for his good, you know —

Suppose, my dear, we could obtain the favour of Mrs. Beaumont's company, while the Chevalier is gone?

I should be glad.

Mrs. Beaumont is all goodness, said I. I will endeavour to engage her. I can go by sea to Naples; and then Florence will be in my way.

Florence! Ay, and then you may see Olivia too, you know.

Olivia is not in Italy, madam. She is on her travels.

Nay, I am not against your seeing Olivia, if it will do you good to see her.

You don’t love Olivia, my dear, said her mother.

Why, not much — But will you send Mrs. Beaumont to keep me company?

I hope, madam, I may be able to engage her.

And how long shall you be gone?

If I go by sea, I shall return by the way of Rome: And shall make my absence longer or shorter, as I shall hear how my Jeronymo does, or as he will or will not dispense with it.

That is very good of you — But, but — Suppose — (a sweet blush overspread her face) — I don’t know what I would say — But, for Jeronymo’s sake, don’t stay longer than will do you good. No need of that, you know.

Sweet creature! said the mother.

Did you call me so, madam? wrapping her arms about her, and hiding her faintly-blushing face in her bosom. Then raising it up, her arms still folded about her mother: As long as I have my mamma with me, I am happy. Don’t let me be sent away from you again, my mamma. I will do every-thing you bid me do. I never was disobedient — Was I? Fie upon me, if I was!

No, never, never, my dearest Life.

So I hoped. For when I knew nothing, this I used to say over my beads; Gracious Father! let me never forget my duty to thee, and to my parents! I was afraid I might, as I remembered nothing — But that was partly owing to Laurana. Poor Laurana! She has now answered for it. I would pray her out of her pains, if I could. Yet she did torment me.

She has entertained a notion, that Laurana is dead: And as it has removed that terror which she used to have, at her very name, they intend not to undeceive her. But, Dr. Bartlett, well, or ill, did you ever know a more excellent creature!

Well, Sir, and so you must go — She quitted her mother, and with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her, she turned to me; and gracefully waveing one hand, while she held up the other — God preserve you where-ever you go! You must go from friend to friend, were it all the world over. You will let Jeronymo hear often from you — Won’t you? — Pray do. And I will, in every visit I make to him, enquire when he heard from his friend. Adieu, Sir: Adieu.

I had not intended then to take my leave of her; but, as she anticipated me, I thought it right to do so; and, respectively bowing on her hand, withdrew, followed by her eyes and her blessings.

I went to Jeronymo. The Marchioness came to me there; and was of opinion with me, that I should take this as a farewel visit to her Clementina; and tomorrow (sooner by two days than I intended) I propose to set out for Florence, in hopes to engage for them Mrs. Beaumont’s company; of which they are all extremely desirous.

I took my leave of the whole family, and Mr. Lowther; who will write to me at all opportunities: And, perhaps, you will not, for some weeks, hear further from

Your ever-offectionate CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Thursday, May 11.

I Write on purpose to acquaint you, that I have had a visit from Lady Olivia. She dined with me; and is just set out for Northampton. We all joined, in the most cordial manner, to entreat her to favour us with her company till morning: But she was not to be prevailed upon. Every one of us equally admires, and pities her. Indeed she is a finer woman, than you, Lady G. would allow her to be, in the debate between us in town, on that subject.

After dinner, she desired a quarter of an hour's discourse with me alone. We retired into the cedar parlour.

She opened, as she said, her whole heart to me. What an hatred has she to the noble Lady Clementina! She sometimes frighted me by her threatnings — Poor unwomanly Lady!

I took the liberty to blame her. I told her, she must excuse me; it was ever my way with those I respected.

She would fain have got me to own, that I loved Sir Charles Grandison. I acknowledged gratitude and esteem — But as there are no prospects (hopes I had like to have said), I would go no further. But she was sure it was so. I did say, and I am in earnest, that I never could be satisfied with a divided heart. She clasped me in her arms upon this, and put her cheek to my forehead.

She told me, that she admired him for his virtue. She knew he had resisted the greatest temptations that ever man was tried with. I hope, poor woman, that none of them were from her! — For her own sake (notwithstanding what Dr. Bartlett once whispered, and, good man as he is) I hope so! — The Chevalier, she said, was superior to all attempts that were not grounded on honour and conscience. She had heard of women who had spread their snares for him in his early youth: But women, in her country, of slight fame, she said, had no way to come at him: And women of virtue were secure from his attempts. Yet would you not have thought, asked she, that beauty might have marked him for its own? Such an air, such an address, so much personal bravery, accustomed to shine in the upper life; all that a woman can value in a man, is the Chevalier Grandison!

She, at last, declared, that she wished him to be mine, rather than any woman's on earth.

I was very frank, very unreserved. She seemed delighted with me; and wnt away, professing to every one, as well as to me, that she admired me for my

behaviour, my sincerity, my prudence (she was pleased to say) and my artlessness, above all the women she had ever conversed with.

May her future conduct be such, as may do credit to her birth, to her high fortune, to her sex, and I shall then forgive her for an attempt (as it was frustrated) that I thought she ought never to be forgiven for; and which made me, as we sat, often look upon her with terror, and deprecation, may I say?

In answer to your kind enquiries about my health — I only say, What must be, will — Sometimes better than at others. If I could hear you were good, I should be better, I believe. Adieu, my dear Lady G.: Adieu.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

[Or. Sir Charles's first Letter from Bologna, Vol. IV. Letter XL. .]

Wednesday, May 31.

I Am greatly obliged to you, my dear Lady G. for dispatching to me, in so extraordinary a way, the first Letter of your brother to Dr. Bartlett. I thank God for his safe arrival at the destined place; and for the faint hopes given in it of his friend's life. The Almighty will do his own work, and in his own way. And that must be best.

You ask me for my opinion of the contents of this Letter, at large — What can I say? — Thus much I must say —

I admire, more and more, your brother. I pity the family he is gone to comfort and relieve And I pray for Clementina and Jeronymo; and this as well for your brother's sake as theirs.

He generously rejoices, that he did not pursue his own INCLINATIONS — I am very happy in what he says of your Harriet. Indeed, my dear, I am. Tho' we may be conscious of not deserving the praises bestowed upon us, yet are we fond of standing high in the opinion of those we love. Two paragraphs I have got by heart. I need not tell you which they are. But, alas! his greatly favoured friend is not so free, as he hoped she was. It is a pleasure to me, however, because it is such to him, that it is not his fault, but her own, that she is not.

The Countess, whom he so justly praises, writes to me; and I answer — But to what purpose? I am afraid, that a very important observation of his comes not in time to do me service; since if my prudence is proportion'd to my trials, I ought to have endeavour'd to exert it sooner.

But, it seems there is an insuperable objection against the poor Lady's going into a Nunnery. I never heard of that before. It seems right to the Marchioness, that the young Lady, who is intituled to a great share of this world's goods, should not be dedicated to heaven. This may be so in the family eye, for aught I know: But I am persuaded, that if there is any one of it, who would not have pleaded this obstacle to a divine dedication, it would be Clementina herself. And yet I own, I can allow of their regret, that the cruel Laurana should be a gainer by Clementina's being lost, as I may say, to the world.

Your brother's kind remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, is an honour done to me, as well as to them. I must take it so, Lady G. And what he says of me in the

paragraph in which he mentions Emily, adds to the pride he had raised in me before.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging, in not offering to with hold any passage in your brother's Letters from us. I have let him know, that I think him so; and have begged him not to spare any-thing out of tenderness to me, on a supposition that I may be affected, or made uneasy by what your brother shall write to him. This is speaking very plainly, my dear: But it is to Dr. Battlett; and he signified to us, more than once, that he could not be a stranger to the heart of your Harriet.

And now, my dear Lady G. let me ask you, in my turn, What you think of one passage in your brother's Letter, of which you have not taken the least notice in yours to me?

"Charlotte, I hope, is happy, if she be not, it must be her own fault."

You have honestly owned in your last (yet too roguishly for a true penitent) that it was evidently so in the debate about being presented. Miss Grandison used to like the drawing-room well enough. Her brother has owned, in my hearing, as well as in yours, that had he not been so long out of England, and, since his return to it so seldom in town, he would have made it a part of his duty, to pay his attendance there, at proper times. But Lady G. forsooth, disdained to appear as the property [Reflect but, my dear, how absurd] of a worthy man, to whom she had vowed love, honour, and obedience.

I should not remind you thus of past flippancies, did not new ones seem to spring up every day.

For heaven's sake, my dear Lady G. let it not be carried from England to Italy, that Lord G. is not so happy with a sister of Sir Charles Grandison, as might be expected; left it be asked, Whether that sister, and this brother, had the same mother. I have written before all that I could possibly say on this subject. You know yourself to be wrong. It would be impertinence to expostulate further on a duty so known, and acknowleged: No more, therefore, on this head (authorize me to say) for ever!

As to my health — I would fain be well. I am more sorry, that I am not, for the sake of my friends (who are incessantly grieving for me) than for my own. I have not, I think I have not, any-thing to reproach myself with; nor yet any-body to reproach me. To whom have I given cause of triumph over me, by my ill usage, or insolence to him? I yield to an event to which I ought to submit: And to a woman, not less, but more worthy than myself; and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandison have the satisfaction, and the merit with the family, of being the means of restoring to reason (a greater restoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whose soul ought, in that case, to be devoted to GOD, and to

him! Methinks I have at present but one wish; it is, that I may live to see this Lady, if she is to be the happy woman. Could I, do you think, Lady G. if I were to have this honour, cordially congratulate her as Lady Grandison? Heaven only knows! But it would be my glory, if I could; for then I should not scruple to put myself in a rank with Clementina; and to demand her hand, as that of my sister.

But, poor Olivia! — Shall I not pity the unhappy woman, who, I am afraid, is too short-sighted to look forward to that only consolation which can weaken the force of worldly disappointments.

My cousin Reeves, in a joyful Letter, just now received, acquaints me with the birth of the fine boy his wife has presented to him: An event that exceedingly rejoices us all. He tells me in it, how good you are. Continue to them, my dear Lady G. your affectionate regards. They ever loved you: Even for your very faults, so bewitchingly lively are you. But I have told Mr. Reeves, that his partiality for you shews that he feels not for Lord G. as he would for himself, were his wife a Lady G.

I will write to my other friends. Dear creature! Don’t let me say, that I love Lord G. better than I do Lady G.: Yet, were the aggressor in a quarrel my own sister, endeared to me by a thousand generous offices, I would, I must love the sufferer best; at least, while he is a sufferer. Witness,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, June 1.

THanks an hundred times repeated, to you, my dear Lady G. and to good Dr. Bartlett, for the favour of Sir Charles's Letters, of May 22. 23. 26. and 27. N. S. all following so quick, that which you favour'd me with of the 10th-21st, upon which I wrote to you yesterday. I dispatch them to you for the Doctor, all together.

I cannot, my dear, have much to say to the contents of these.

The have met: Had more interviews than one.

Why cannot the Count of Belvedere — But no more of that, I don't like this General. The whole family (the two noble sufferers Jeronymo and Clementina excepted) seem to me to have more pride than gratitude — Ay, mother and all, my dear!

But you see Sir Charles has been indisposed. No wonder. Visited by the Marquis and Marchioness, you see: Not a slight illness, therefore, you may believe. God preserve him, and restore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me — But, my dear, I think the Doctor and you must forbear obliging me with any more of his Letters — His goodness, his tenderness, his delicacy, his strict honour, but adds — Yet can any new instances add to a character so uniformly good? — But the chief reason of my self-denial, if you were to take me at my word, as to these communications, is, that his affecting descriptions and narratives of Lady Clementina's resveries (poor, poor Lady!) will break my heart! Yet you must send them to

Your ever obliged HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Monday, June 5.

My dear Creature!

YOU must not, you shall not be ill. What signify your Heroics, child, if they only give you placid looks, and make an hypocrite of the sincerest girl in England? In other words, if they are only a cover for a despairing heart? Be better: Be less affected; or I can tell you, the Doctor and I, and Lady L. shall all think it but sght to take you at your first word, and send you no more of my brother's Letters. Yet we are all of us as greatly affected by the contents of them, as our dear Harriet can be. I am sure you will allow us to be so, for the poor Lady. But to subjects less interesting.

The Doctor is with us. Aunt Nell is in love with him. He ordered his matters, and came to town at Lady L's request and mine, and Beauchamp's that we might the sooner come at my brother's Letters — Very obliging! — Beauchamp worships the good man. He would have been with him at Grandison Hall, but that Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp knew not how to part with him: And I fancy another flier reason with-held him, half unknown to himself. Love is certainly creeping into his heart. This Emily! a little rogue! has already (yet suspects it not) made a conquest. He deserves her better than any man I know: She him, had she not already a great hole in her heart, thro' which one may run one's head. But does not Beauchamp love the same person as much as she can do? And does he not know, that the girl is innocent, and the man virtuous, even, as I believe, to chastity? — Dear Harriet! Don't let the Ladies around you, nor the Gentlemen neither, hear this grace supposed to be my brother's. Nobody about us shall for me. I would not have my brother made the jest of one Sex, and the aversion of the other; and be thought so singular a young man.

Beauchamp says nothing to any-body of his regard to Emily: But he lays himself out in so many unaffected assiduities to her, that one cannot but see it. She likes his company and his conversation. But why? because he is always launching out in the praises of his and her beloved friend. He says, there is not, he believes, such another innocent and undesigning heart in the world, except one in Northamptonshire — There's for you, Harriet; — So he praises not mine. That is the wickedest thing of these felons of men: Poverty compels them tho' — Poverty of genius! — They cannot praise one woman, but by robbing the rest. Different, however, from all men, is my brother. I will engage he could find attributes for

fifty different women, yet do justice to them all: Because, tho' he sees every one with favour, he is above flattering any.

Well, but, Harriet, I expected Letters six times as long as these you sent me. Upon my word, if you are so very heavenly-minded, as you appear to be in the first (for the second is hardly a Letter) I will have you to town, and nun you up with aunt Nell. The Doctor is one of the most pious men in England: But she will tire him with praying, and expounding, as she calls it. Do you know that the good creature was a Methodist in Yorkshire? These overdoers, my dear, are wicked wretches. What do they, but make religion look unlovely, and put underdoers out of heart? My brother is The man. You know I must always bring in my brother, tho' I am a little out of humour with him, at present: And am I not justified by the many? Since it is always the way of those who intend not to mend, to set their hearts against their correctors — My brother professes not the one half of what he practises. He uses the fashion, without abusing it, or himself, by following it. Some such words in a sacred book rumble in my mad head! but I know I have not them right.

It is impossible, say what you will, Harriet, to be long upon terms with this man — Lord G. I mean. He was once half in the right, to be sure; but you should not have reproached me with that. The bride was shewn, the jewels were shewn, the whole family paraded it together; and Emily wrote you all how-and-about it. But never fear for your poor friend. The honest man will put himself in the wrong next, to save her credit. He has been long careless, and now he is, at times, imperious, as well as careless. Very true! Nay it was but yesterday, that he attempted to hum a tune of contempt, upon my warbling an Italian air. An opera couple, we! Is it not charming to sing at (I cannot say to) each other, when we have a mind to be spiteful? But he has a miserable voice. He cannot sing so fine a song as I can. He should not attempt it. Besides, I can play to my song; that cannot be. Such a foe to melody, that he hates the very fight of my harpsichord. He flies out of the room, if I but move towards it.

He has every-body of his side; Lord and Lady L., Emily, nay, Dr. Bartlett and aunt Nell. This sets him up. No such thing as managing one's own husband, when so many wise heads join together, to uphold him. Ut-terly ruined for a husband, is Lord G.; I once bad some hopes of him. But now, every good-natur'd jest is turned into earnest by these mediators and mediatrices.

A few days ago, in a fond fit, I would have stroked his cheek; tho' he was not in a very good humour neither — So, then! So, then! said I, as I had seen Beauchamp do an hour before by his prancing nag; and it was construed as a contempt, and his bristles got up upon it. Bless me, thought I, this man is not so sensible of a favour as Beauchamp's horse; and yet I have known the time, when

he has thought it an honour to be admitted to press the same fair hand with his lips, on one knee.

Hark! He is now, at this very instant, complaining to aunt Nell. Little do they think, that I am in her closet. She hears all he has to say, with greedy ears — These antiquated souls are happy, when they can find reasons from the disagreement of honest people in matrimony, to make a virtue of necossity.

"Thank the Lord, I am not married! if these be the fruits of matrimony!'

– Ah! Lord, my dear! Now these last words have slipt me — The man — between you and me, has been a villain to me! Can I forgive him? could you in my circumstances? Yet I hope it is not so. If it should, and Lady Gertrude and aunt Nell (spiteful old souls!) should find their perpetual curiosity answered as they wish, I will have my own will in every-thing.

And how came I, you will wonder, in aunt Nell's closet? I will tell you. She had got my pen and ink: And I went to fetch it myself: The scribbling fit was strong upon me! so I sat down in her closet to write: And they both came into her chamber together, to have their own talk — Hark, I say! — They are really talking of me — Complaining! — Abominable! — This wicked aunt of mine

"I tell you, nephew, that you are too ready to make up with her."

– Could you have believed this of one's own aunt? No wonder that he is so refractory at times. But, hush! — Why don't he speak louder? He can't be in earnest hurt, if he does not raise his voice. Creeping soul, and whiner! — I can't hear a word he says. I have enough against her! — But I want something against him — Duce take them both! I can't hear more than the sound of her broken-toothed voice, mumbling; and his plaintive hum-drum, whimpering. I will go out in full majesty. I will lighten upon them with airs imperial. How the poor souls will start at my appearance! How will their consciences fly in their faces! The complainer and adviser both detected in the very fact, as I may say: And yet perhaps you, Harriet, will think them less blameable than their conscience-striker.

Hem! — Three hems in anger! — And now I burst upon them.

O HARRIET! what a triumph was mine!

Aunt Neil, who has naturally a good blowzing north-country complexion, turned as pale as ashes. Her chin, nose, and lips, were all in motion. My nimble Lord gave a jump, and three leaps, to the other side of the room. He had not the courage to look directly at me. His face, as sharp as a new moon in a frosty night, and his sides so gaunt — As if he wanted to shrink into himself. They could not in their hearts but accuse themselves of all they had said, as if I had heard every word of it.

While I (what a charming thing is innocence!) half a foot tailer than usual, stalked along between them, casting a look of indignation upon aunt Nell; of

haughtiness on Lord G. My with-held breath raised my complexion, and swelled my features! and when I got to the door, I pulled it after me with an air, that I hope made them both tremble.

LETTER X.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

WELL, my dear — Aunt Nell and I have made up. I have been pacified by her apologies, and promises never again to interfere between man and wife. As I told the forlorn soul, You maiden Ladies, tho' you have lived a great while in the world, cannot know what strange creatures these husbands are, and how many causes (that cannot be mentioned by the poor wife to her friends) a woman may have to be displeased with her man, in order to keep the creature in some little decorum — Indeed, madam — There I stop — This excited her prudery; and she made out the rest, and, perhaps, a great deal more than the rest. She looked down, to shew she was sensible, tried for a blush; and, I verily believe, had she been a young woman, would have succeeded.

"Why, truly, niece, I believe you are right. These men are odious creatures!

– And then she shuddered, as if she had said, Lord defend me from them! — a prayer, that, being a good creature, she need not doubt will be answered.

But for Lord G. there lies no forgiveness. To complain of his wife to her aunt! A married man to submit matrimonial squabbles (and every honest pair has some) to others! to an old maid, especially! and to authorize her to fit in judgment on his wife's little whimsies, when the good woman wants to make herself important to him; and thereby endeavour to destroy the wife's significance; there's no bearing of that. He had made Lord L. and Lady L. judges over me before. Nay, this infant Emily has taken her seat on the same bench; and, in her pretty manner, has by beseeching me to be good, supposed me bad. And to some one of them (who knows but to the telltale himself, tho' he denies it?) my brother's hint is owing, on which you so sagely expostulate: My reputation, therefore, as an obedient wife, with all those whose good opinion was worth courting, is gone: And is not this enough to make one careless?

BLESS me, my dear! This man of errors has committed, if possible, a still worse fault. He regards me not as any-body. The Earl and he have been long uneasy, it seems, that we live at the expence of my brother, to whom there is no making returns; and a house offering in Grosvenor-square, he has actually contracted for it, without consulting me. I must own that I cannot in my heart disapprove either of the motive, or the house, as I have the latter described to me: But his doing it of his own head, is an insolent act of prerogative. Don't you in conscience think so? Does he not, by this step, make me his chattles, a piece of

furniture only, to be removed as any other piece of furniture, or picture, or cabinet, at his pleasure?

He came to me — I hope, madam, in a reproaching accent, I have done something now that will please you: Ought his stiff air, and the reflecting word NOW, to have gone unpunish'd? Hast thou found out any other old maid, to fit in judgment on the behaviour of thy wife? But what hast thou done? — I was astonished when the man told me.

And who is to be thy housekeeper? Is this done in, hope I'll follow thee? Or dost thou intend to exclude from thy habitation the poor woman who met thee at church a few weeks ago?

Just then came in Lady L. I asked her, what she thought of this step?

Had she vindicated him, I never would have regarded a word she said between us. But she owned, that she thought I should have been consulted. And then he began to see that he had done a wrong thing. I acquainted her with his former sault, unatoned for as it was — Why, as to that, she did not know what to say; only, that it became my character, and good sense, so to behave, as that Lord G. should have no reason to complain of me to any-body. A hard thing, Harriet, to be reflected upon by an own sister!

LADY L. prevailed upon me, unknown to Lord G. to go with her to see this house. 'Tis a handsome house. I have but the one aforesaid objection to it — But let me ask you again: Is not the slight he has put upon me, in taking it without consulting me, an inexcusable thing ? — I know you will say it is. But I'll tell you how I think to do — I will make him give up the contract; and when he has done so, unknown to him, take the same house myself. This will be returning the compliment. His excuse is, He was sure I should like the house and the terms. If he is sure of my liking it, and has chosen it himself, the duce is in it, if I may not be sure of his — Would he dislike it, because I liked it? — Say so, if you dare Harriet; and suppose me blameable.

O my dear! What shall I do with this passionate man? I could not, you know, forgive him for the two unatoned-for steps which he had taken, without some contrition: And do you think he would shew any? — Not he! — I said something that set him up; something bordering upon the whimsical — No matter what. He pranced upon it. I, with my usual meekness, calmly rebuked him; and then went to my harpsichord: And, what do you think? How shall I tell it; Yet to you I may — Why then he whisked his hat from under his arm (he was going out); and silenced, broke, demolished, my poor harpsichord.

I was surprized: But instantly recovering myself; You are a violent wretch, Lord G. said I, quite calmly: How could you do so? — Suppose (and I took the wicked hat) I should throw it into the fire? But I gave it to him, and made him a

fine courtesy. There was command of temper! I thought, at the instant of Epictetus and his snapt leg. Was I not as great a Philosopher?

HE is gone out. Dinner is ready; and no Lord G. Aunt Nell is upon the fret: But she remembers her late act of delinquency; so is obliged to be silent. I have her under my thumb.

THE man came in after we had dined. I went to him, as if nothing had been the matter between us. You look vexed, my Lord! — It was a very violent action: It vexed me at first: But you see how soon I recovered my temper, I wish you would learn patience of me. But come, I forgive you; I will not be angry with you, for an evil that a little money will repair. I see you are vexed.

So I am, madam, at my very soul! But it is not —

Now to be helped — True, my Lord, and I forgive you —

But curse me, if I forgive you, madam —

O fie! that's wickedly said: But I know you will, when I ask you.

Aunt Nell sat by the window; her eyes half shut; her mouth as firmly closed, as if her lips were glewed together.

Madam, addressing himself to her, I shall set out to-morrow for Windsor.

Windsor, my Lord? said I. — He answered me not.

Ask my good Lord G. madam, said I, in a sweet humble voice, how long he shall stay at Windsor?

How long, my Lord? mumbled out aunt Nell —

From Windsor I shall go to Oxford.

Ask him, madam, how long he shall be before he returns?

How long, my Lord, shall you be absent from us?

When I find I can return, and not be the jest of my own wife — I may, perhaps — There he stopt, and looked stately.

Tell my Lord, that he is too serious, madam. Tell him, that hardly any other man but would see I was at play with him, and would play again.

You hear what my niece says, my Lord.

I regard nothing she says.

Ask him, madam, who is to be of his party.

Who, my Lord, is to be of your party?

Nobody; turning himself half round, that he might not be thought to answer me, but her.

Ask him, madam, whether it be business or pleasure, that engages him to take this solitary tour?

She looked the question to him.

Neither, madam, to her. I left my pleasure some weeks ago, at St. George's Church. I have never found it since.

A strange forgetful man! and as ungrateful as forgetful. And I stept to him, and looked in his face, so courteously! and with such a sweet smile!

He sullenly turned from me, and to aunt Nell.

Ask my Lord, If he takes this journey, thinking to oblige me?

Ask him your own questions, niece.

My Lord won't answer me.

He strutted, and bit his lip with vexation.

Come, I'll try once more if you think me worth answering — I think, my Lord, if you shall be gone a month or two, I may take a little trip to Northamptonshire. Emily shall go with me. The girl is very uneasy to see Miss Byron: And Miss Byron will rejoice to see us both, a visit from us will do her good.

He took it, that I was not desirous of a short absence. And he pouched his mouth, and reared himself up, and swelled; but answered me not.

See, madam, my Lord is sullen; he won't answer me. I must get you to ask my questions. I think it my duty to ask leave to go. My Lord may go where he pleases, without my leave — Very fit he should. He is a man. I once could have done so; high-ho! but I have vowed obedience and vassalage. I will not break my vow. Ask him, If I have his consent for a visit to Miss Byron, of a month or two? Ask him, madam, If he can make himself happy in my absence? I should otherwise be loth to go for so long a time.

I should be as welcome, said he, to Miss Byron, as her —

As her! As she! you should say, I believe, if you won't say As you, madam, and bow to me — I believe so, my Lord. Miss Byron would rejoice to see any of my friends. Miss Byron is very good.

Would to God —

That somebody were half as good, interrupted I. Somebody understands you, my Lord, and wishes so too — Pray, madam, ask my Lord, If I may go? — His new house will be putting in order mean time —

I will ask none of your questions for you — New house, niece! You harp too much on one string.

I mean not offence. I have done with that subject. My Lord, to be sure, has dominion over his bird. He can choose her cage. She has nothing to do, but sit and sing in it — when her instrument is mended, and in tune — He has but one fault. He is too good-natured to his bird. But would he take your advice, madam —

Now, tho' this may sound to you, Harriet, a little recriminating; yet, I do assure you, I spoke it in a very sweet accent: Yet up got aunt Nell, in a passion: My Lord too was all alive. I put myself between her and the door; and throwing my arms about her, You shan't go, madam — Smiling sweetly in her glowing face. Upon my honour you shan't.

Wicked trifler! She called me, as I led her to a chair. Perverse girl! and two or three other names; — apropos enough: My character is not difficult to hit; that's the beauty of it.

My Lord withdrew in wrath; and then the old Lady said, she would now tell me a piece of her mind: And she made me sit down by her; and thus she addressed me:

Niece, it is my opinion, that you might be, if you would, one of the happiest women in the world.

You don't hear me complain, madam.

Well, if Lord G. did complain to me; it was to me And you should be sorry for the occasion, and not for the complaint.

I may be sorry for both, madam.

Well, but Lord G. is one of the best-natured men in the world —

The man's well enough. Passionate men, they say, are good-natured.

Why won't you be happy, niece?

I will. I am not now un-happy.

More shame for you then, that you will not make Lord G. happy.

He is captious. I am playful. That's all.

What do you think your brother would say —

He would blame me, as you do.

Dear creature, be good. Dear creature, make Lord G. happy.

I am like a builder, madam. I am digging for a foundation. There is a good deal of rubbishy humours to remove; a little swampiness of soil: And I am only removing it, and digging deeper, to make my foundation sure.

Take care, take care, niece: You may dig too deep. There may be springs: You may open, and never be able to stop them, till they have sapped your foundation. Take care, niece.

Thank you, madam, for your caution. Pity you had not been a builder yourself!

Had such a fellow-labourer as Lord G. offered, I should not have refused a partnership with him, I do assure you.

Fairly answered, aunt Nell! thought I, I was pleased with her.

Don't you think Lord G. loves you dearly?

As to dearly, I can't say: But I believe he loves me as well as most husbands love their wives.

Are you not ungrateful then?

No. I am only at play with him. I don't hate him.

Hate him! Dreadful if you did! But he thinks you despise him.

That is one of the rubbishy notions I want to remove. He would have it that I did, when he could have helped himself. But he injures me now, if he thinks so. I

can’t say I have a very profound reverence for him. He and my brother should not have been allied. But had I despised him in my heart, I should have thought myself a very bad creature for going to church with him.

That’s well said. I love you now. Your brother, is, indeed, enough to put all other men down with one. But may I tell Lord G. that you love him?

No, madam.

No! I am sorry for that.

Let him find it out. But he ought to know so much of human nature, and of my sincerity, as to gather from my behaviour to him, that had I either hated or despised him, I would not have been his; and it would have been impossible for me to be so playful with him; to be so domestic, and he so much at home with me. Am I fond of seeking occasions to carry myself from him? What delights, what diversions, what public entertainments, do I hunt after? — None. Is not he, are not all my friends, sure of finding me at home, whenever they visit me?

So far, so good, said aunt Eleanor.

I will open my heart to you, madam. You are my father’s sister. You have a right to my sincerity. But you must keep my secret.

Proceed, my dear.

I know my own heart, madam, If I thought I could not trust it (and I wish Lord G. had a good opinion of it) I would not dance thus, as you suppose, on the edge of danger.

Good creature! — I shall call you good creature by-and-by. Let me call Lord G. to us.

I was silent. I contradicted her not. She rang. She bid the servant tell Lord G. that she desired his company. Lord G. was pranced out. She regretted (I was not glad) that he was.

I will tell you what, my dear, said she. I have heard it suggested, by a friend of yours, that you would much rather have had Mr. Beauchamp —

Not a word more of such a suggestion, madam. I should hate myself, were I capable of treating Lord G. meanly, or contemptibly, with a thought of preference to any man breathing, now I am his. I have a great opinion of Mr. Beauchamp. He deserves it. But I never had the shadow of a wish, that I had been his. I never should have spoken of my brother’s excellencies, as outshining those of Lord G. had he not been my brother, and therefore could not be more to me; and had they not been so conspicuous, that no other man could be disgraced by giving place to him. No, madam, let me assure you, once for all, that I am so far from despising my Lord G. that, were any misfortune to befal him, I should be a miserable woman.

She embraced me. Why then —

I know your inference, madam. It is a just one. I am afraid I think as well of my own understanding as I do of Lord G's. I love to jest, to play, to make him look about him. I dislike not even his petulance. You see I bear all the flings and throws, and peevishness, which he returns to my sauciness. I think I ought. His complaints of me to you, to Lord and Lady L. which bring upon me their and your grave lecturings, and even anger, I can forgive him for; and this I shew by making those complaints matter of pleasantry rather than resentment. I know he intended well, in taking the house, tho' he consulted me not first. It was surely wrong in him; yet I am not mortally offended with him for it. His violence to my poor harpsichord startled me; but I recollected myself: and had he buffetted me instead of that, as I was afraid he would, I should have thought I ought to have borne it, whether I could or not, and to have returned him his hat with a courtesy. Believe me, madam, I am not a bad, I am only a whimsical creature. I tried my brother once. I set him up. I was afraid of him, indeed. But I tried him again. Then he called it constitution, and laughed at me, and run me out of breath in my own way. So I let him alone. Lord L. Lady L. had it in turn. Lord G. has a little more than his turn perhaps: And why? because he is for ever fitting the cap to his head; and because I don't love him less than those I am less free with. Come, madam, let me demand your kind thoughts. I will deserve them. Contradiction and opposition, mediators and mediatrices, have carried my playfulness further than it would otherwise have gone. But henceforth your precepts, my brother's, and Miss Byron's, shall not want their weight with me, whether I may shew it or not at this Instant. My reign, I am afraid, will be but short. Let the man bear with me a little now-and-then. I am not absolutely ungenerous. If he can but shew his love by his forbearance, I will endeavour to reward his forbearance with my love.

She embraced me, and said, That now she attributed to the gaiety of my spirits, and not to perverseness, my till-now unaccountable behaviour. I was sure, said she, that you were more your mother's, than your father's daughter. Let me, when my Lord comes in, see an instance of the behaviour you bid me hope for.

I will try, said I, what can be done — We parted. I went up to my pen; and scribbled down to this place.

This moment my Lord is come in. Into my brother's study is he directly gone. Not a question asked about me. Sullen! I warrant. He used to pay his duty to me, and ask blessing the moment he came in, if admissible [Is that a word, Harriet?]: But times are altered. Ah, Harriet! when I know I am saucy, I can bear negligence and slight: But when I intend to be good, knowing my own heart to be right, I shall be quite saucy if he is sullen. Is not the duty of wedded people reciprocal? — Aunt Eleanor and he are talking together. She is endeavouring, I suppose, to make a Philosopher of him.

“Promise nothing for me, aunt Nell. I will have the whole merit of my own reformation.”

LETTER XI.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

PRepare, Harriet, to hear strange and wonderful things.

My Lord sent up his compliments, and desired to know, if he might attend me. I was in my dressingroom. He was not always so polite. I wish, thought I, since displeasure produces respect, that familiarity does not spoil this man. But I'll try him.

I shall be glad to see my Lord, was the answer I returned.

Up he came, one leg dragg'd after the other. Not alert, as he used to be on admission to his Charlotte. The last eight stairs his steps founded, I, go, up, with, an, hea-vy, heart. He entered; bowed: Were the words yours, You should be glad to see me, madam?

They were, my Lord.

Would to God you said truth!

I did. I am glad to see you. I wanted to talk with you — About this Northamptonshire visit?

Are you in earnest, madam, to make that visit?

I am. Miss Byron is not well. Emily pines to see her as much as I. You have no objection?

He was silent.

Do you set out, to-morrow, Sir, for Windsor and Oxford?

He sighed. I think so, madam.

Shall you visit Lord W.?

I shall.

And complain to him of me, my Lord? — He shook his grave head, as if there were wisdom in it — Be quiet, Harriet — Not good all at once — That would not be to hold it.

No, madam, I have done complaining to any-body. You will one day see you have not acted generously by the man who loves you as his own soul.

This, and his eyes glistening, moved me — Have we not been both wrong, my Lord?

Perhaps we have, madam: But here is the difference — I have been wrong, with a right intention: You have been wrong, and studied to be so.

Prettily said — Repeat it, my Lord — How was it? And I took his hand, and looked very graciously.

I cannot bear these airs of contempt.

If you call them so, you are wrong, my Lord, tho', perhaps, intending to be right.

He did not see how good I was disposed to be. As I said, a change all at once would have been unnatural.

Very well, madam! and turned from me with an air half-grieved, half-angry.

Only answer me, my Lord; are you willing I should go to Northamptonshire?

If you choose to go, I have no objection. Miss Byron is an angel.

Now, don't be perverse, Lord G. Don't praise Miss Byron at the expence of somebody else.

Would to heaven, madam —

I wish so too — And I put my hand before his mouth — So kindly!

He held it there with both his, and kissed it. I was not offended. But do you actually set out for Windsor and Oxford to-morrow, my Lord?

Not, madam, if you have any commands for me.

Why, now, that's well said. Has your Lordship any-thing to propose to me?

I could not be so welcome as your escorte, as I am sure I should be to Miss Byron and her friends, as her guest.

You could not! How can you say so, my Lord? You would do me both honour and pleasure.

What would I give, that you mean what you say!

I do mean it, my Lord — My hand upon it — I held out my hand for his. He snatched it; and I thought would have devoured it.

We will take the coach, my Lord, that I may have your company all the way.

You equally astonish and delight me, madam! Is it possible that you are —

Yes, yes, don't, in policy, make it such a wonder, that I am disposed to be what I ought to be.

I shall be too, too, too happy! sobbed the man.

No, no! I'll take care of that. Married folks, brought up differently, of different humours, inclinations, and so-forth, never can be too happy. Now I intend to put up all our little quarrels in my work-bag [You know I am a worker: Not quite so bad, at worst, as some modern wives]: There they shall lie, till we get to Miss Byron's — I revere the character of Mrs. Shirley, my Harriet's grandmother: Mrs. Selby you have seen: Harriet, and you, and I, and the two sages I have named, will get together in some happy hour. Then I will open my work-bag, and take out our quarrels one by one, and lay them on the table before us; and we will be determined by their judgments.

My dear Lady G. if you think there is any-thing amiss in your behaviour to me, or in mine to you, let us spread the faults on your toilette now; and we shall go down to Northamptonshire all love and harmony, and delight those excellent —

Always prescribing, my Lord! — O these men! — Why will you not let me have my own way? — Have not all these good folks heard of our folly? And shall they not be witnesses of our wisdom? If they are not at the agreement, they will wonder how it came about. — I tell you, Sir, that they shall have an opportunity to laugh at us both; at me, for my flippancy; at you, for your petulance. I will be sorry, you shall be ashamed, that quarrels so easily made up, and where the heart of either is not bad, should subsist a quarter of an hour, and be perpetually renewing. I will have my own way, I tell you.

Don't make me look like a fool, madam, before such Ladies as those, if we do visit them.

I must have my jest, my Lord. You know (for have you not try'd it?) that I can have patience — Let me see — Is that the hat that you pulled off with an air so lately? — Pish! How your countenance falls! I am not angry with you. But don't do so again, if you can help it — I must have my jest, I say: But assure yourself of the first place in my heart — What more would the man have?

O madam! nothing, nothing more! And he kissed my hand on one knee, with a rapture, that he never could have known, had we always been quiet, easy, and drowsy, like some married folks, whom the world calls happy.

But then the man came out with his gew-gaw japanchina taste. Why, why is it the privilege of people of quality now, to be educated in such a way, that their time can hardly ever be worthily filled up; and as if it were a disgrace to be either manly or useful? He began to talk of equipage, and such nonsense; but I cut him short, by telling him, that I must have my whole way on this occasion — Our visit is to be a private one, said I. We will have only the coach. Jenny shall attend on Emily and me. No other female servant. Two men: We will have no more. I will not have so much as your French-horn. We go to the land of harmony. Kings sometimes travel incog. We will ape kings, when they put off royalty. Will not this thought gratify your pride? — You, my Lord, have some foibles to be cured of, as well as I. — We shall be wonderfully amended, both of us, by this excursion.

Poor man! His heart was as light as a feather. Upon my word, my dear, I begin to think, that if my Lord and master had been a wise man, I should not have known what to do with him. Yet I will not forgive any one but myself, who finds him out to be other-wise.

He told me, in raptures of joy, that I should direct every-thing as I pleased. God grant that I might not change my mind, as to the visit! He hoped I was in earnest; and looked now-and-then at me, as if he questioned it.

But what do you think the man did? He retired; came back presently; called me his dearest life; and said, That it was possible I might want to have an opportunity

given me to make some presents, or to furnish myself with trinkets of one nature or other, against I set out; and he should be very sorry, if, by his inattention, I were obliged to ask him for the means to shew the natural liberality of my spirit in the way I thought best to exert it; and then he begged me to accept of that note, putting into my hand a bank note of 500 l.

I stept to my closet, and as instantly returned. This, my Lord, said I, is a most cruel reflexion upon me. It looks as if I were to be bribed to do my duty — There, my Lord! Take back your present. I will endeavour to be good without it — And as a proof that I will, you must not only receive back your favour (tho' I look upon it as such, and from my heart thank you for it) but take, as your right, this note which Lord W. presented to me on the day you received me as yours.

He held back both hands, gratefully reluctant.

You must, you shall, take both notes, my Lord. I only wanted a fit opportunity to put Lord W's note into your hands before. It was owing to my flippant folly, and not to your want of affection, that I had not that opportunity sooner. Bear with me now-and-then, if I should be silly again. Complain of me only to myself. My heart, I re-assure you, is yours, and yours only. I was not willing that you should owe to any other person's interposition, my declarations of affection and regard to you, not even to Miss Byron (tho' I talked of my work-bag) whom I love as my own sister.

The worthy man was in ecstacies. He could not express in words the joy of his heart. He kneeled, and wrapt his arms about my waist; and sobbed his request to me to forgive his petulance, and the offences he had ever given me, by any acts of passion, or words of anger.

You have not offended me, my Lord. Forgive my past follies, and my future failures. When you were most angry, I wondered at your patience. Had I been you, I should not have borne what you bore with me.

For God's sake, madam, take back both notes. We can have but one interest. You will make me easier, when I know that you have power in your hands to gratify every wish of your heart.

You must, you shall, my Lord, take these notes. I will apply to you whenever I have occasion, and receive your favours, as such. I wish not to be independent of you. I have a handsome sum by me, the moiety of the money that was my mother's, which my brother divided between my sister and me, when he first came over. Is not the settlement made upon me more than my brother asked, or thought I should expect? Did he not oppose so large an annuity for pinmoney, as your father, Lady Gertrude, and you, would have me accept of, because he thought that such a large allowance might make a wife independent of her husband, and put it out of his power, with discretion, to oblige her? My brother,

in an instance glorious to him, said, That he would not be a richer man than he ought to be. In such instances I will be his sister.

Aunt Nell joined us. My Lord, in transports, told her what had passed. The good old soul took the merit of the reformation to herself. She wept over us. She rejoiced to hear of our intended journey to Northamptonshire. My Lord proposed to have the house he had taken fitted up to my liking, while we were away. At his desire I promised to see it in his company, and give my opinion of his designed alterations. But as I know he has judgment in nick-knackatories, and even as much as I wish him in what is called taste, I intend to compliment him with leaving all to him; and resolve to be satisfied with whatever he does.

And now is the good man so busy, so pleased, so important! Bless me, my dear! Who would rob the honest man of any part of his merit; or even divide it with him?

And what, Harriet, do you say to me now? — In a week's time I shall be with you. Be sure be chearful, and well; or I shall be ready to question my welcome.

This moment, having let Dr. Bartlett into our intended visit, he has offered to accompany us. Now shall we, I know, be doubly welcome. The Doctor, Emily, my Lord G. and your Charlotte, will be happy in one coach. The Doctor is prodigiously pleased with me. What is the text? More joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just persons, who need it not.

I long to see you, and every one of the family, so deservedly dear to you! God give you health; and us no worse news from Italy than we have yet had; and how happy shall we be! — Lord and Lady L. wish they could be of the party. They are in love with me now. Emily says, she dotes upon me. I begin to think that there is almost as much pleasure in being good, as in teazing. Yet a little roguery rises now-and-then in the heart of

Your CHARLOTTE G.

June 8.

The Doctor has been so good (I believe because I am good) as to allow me to take a copy of a Letter of my brother's to that wretch Everard; but for your perusal only. I inclose it, therefore, under that restriction. Let it speak its own praises.

We are actually preparing to be your guests. You will only have time to forbid us, if we shall not be welcome.

Merciful! what a pacquet!

LETTER XII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MR. GRANDISON.

Bologna, June 4. N. S.

WHAT can I do for my cousin? Why would he oppress me with so circumstantial an account of the heavy evil that has befallen him, and not point out a way by which I could comfort or relieve him? Don't be afraid of what you call the severity of my virtue. I should be ready to question the rectitude of my own heart, if, on examination, I had not reason to hope, that charity is the principal of those virtues which you attribute to me. You recriminate enough upon yourself. In what way I can extricate or assist you, is now my only question?

You ask my advice, in relation to the payment of the debts which the world call debts of honour; and for which you have asked, and are granted three months time. Have you not, Sir, strengthened your engagement by your request? And have not they intitled themselves to the performance, by their compliance with it? The obligation which rashness, and, perhaps, surprize, laid you under, your deliberation has confirmed.

You say, that your new creditors are men of the town, sharpers, and gamesters. But, my cousin, how came you among such? They came not to you. I say not this to upbraid you: But I must not have you deceive yourself. Who but a man's self is to suffer by his rashness or inconsideration? They are reputed to have been possessed of fortunes, however they came by them, which would have enabled them to answer the stakes they played for, had they been the losers: And would you not have exacted payment from them, had you been the winner? Did you at the time suspect loaded dice, or foul play? You are not, Sir, a novice in the ways of the town. If you had good proof of what, from the ill success you seem only to suspect, I should not account the debts incurred debts of honour; and should hardly scruple, had I not indirectly promised payment, by asking time for it, or had they refused to give it, to call in to my aid the laws of my country; and the rather, as the appeal to those laws would be a security to me, against ever again being seen in such company.

Adversity is the trial of principle: Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is an honest man. Two things my cousin, in his present difficulties, must guard against; the one, that he do not suffer himself to be prevailed upon, in hopes to retrieve his losses, to frequent the tables by which he has suffered; and so become one of the very men he has so much reason to wish he had avoided [Who would not rather be the sufferer than the defrauder? What must be the nature of that man,

who, having himself been ruined, will endeavour to draw in other innocent men to their ruin?].

The other that he do not permit prior and worthier creditors (creditors from valuable considerations) to suffer by the distresses in which he has involved himself.

It is a hard decision: But were I my cousin, I would divest myself of my whole estate (were it necessary) for the satisfaction of my creditors; and leave it to their generosity, to allow me what pittance they pleased for subsistence; and within that pittance would I live, not only for justice sake, but (were my difficulties owing to my own inconsideration) as a just punishment for not being satisfied with my own ampler fortune, and for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a share in the property of others. Excuse me, my dear Everard; I mean not particular reflexion; but only to give you my notion of general justice in cases of this nature.

Acquit yourself worthily of these difficulties. I consider you as my brother: And you shall be welcome to take with me a brother's part of my estate, till you can be restored to a competency.

But with regard to the woman whom the infamous Lord B. would impose upon you as a wife, that is an imposition to which you must not submit. Had she been the poorest honest girl in Britain, and you had seduced her, by promises of marriage, I must have made it the condition of our continued friendship, that you had married her. But a kept-woman! — Let not HER, Let not the bad man, have such a triumph. I know his character well: I know his dependance on the skill of his arm. And I know his litigious spirit, and the use he is capable of making of his privilege. But regard not these: Let me advise you, Sir, after you have secured to your creditors the payment of their just debts, to come over to me: The sooner the better. By this means you will be out of the way of being disturbed by the menaces of this Lord, and the machinations of this woman. We will return together. I will make your case my own. Both the courage, and the quality, of the man who can be unjust, are to be despised. Is not Lord B. an unjust man in every article of his dealings with men? Do not you, my dear cousin, be so in any-one; and you will ever command the true fraternal love of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XIII.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

Selby-house, Friday, June 16.

HERE we are, my Caroline: And the happiest people in the world should we be, if Harriet were but well, my brother in England, and you and Lord L. with us.

Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy, Harriet, met us at Stony-Stratford, escorted by uncle Selby, and his kinsman James.

My Lord and I were Dear, Love, and Life, all the journey. I was the sweetest-tempered creature! — Joyful people are not always wise ones. When the heart is open, silly things will be said; any-thing, in short, that comes uppermost. I kindly allowed for my Lord's joy, on twenty occasions. I smiled when he smiled, laughed-out when he laughed out, did not talk to any-body else when he directed his discourse to me; so that the honest man crowed all the way. It is a charming thing, thought I several times, to be on a foot of good understanding with each other; for now I can call him honest man, or any names, that lately would have made him prance and caper; and he takes every-thing kindly: Nay, two or three times he called me honest woman; but laughed and looked round him at the time, as if he were conscious that he had made a bold, as well as witty retort.

Let me tell you, Lady L. that I intend to give him signs when he exceeds, and other signs when he is right and clever; and I will accept of signs from him, that he may not be affronted. I am confident that we shall be in time an amazing happy couple.

Emily was rejoiced to see her equally beloved and revered Miss Byron. Miss Byron embraced Emily with the affection of a sister. My honest man kissed Miss Byron's hand on one knee, in the fervour of his love and gratitude; for I had let him know, that he owed much of his present happiness to her. She congratulated him whisperingly, in my hearing, on my being good.

James Selby almost wept for love over Emily's hand; while Emily looked as sleek and as shy as a bird new-caught, for fear of being thought to give him encouragement, after what you may remember passed between them at Dunstable.

Aunt Selby, Lucy, Nancy, were all rapture to see us: We to see them. We were mother and sisters the moment we were seated. Uncle Selby began to crack his jokes upon me in the first half-hour. I spared him not: And Lord G. will fare the better for him; since I must have somebody to play the rogue with. Dr. Bartlett was the revered of every heart. By the way, I am in high credit with that good man, for my behaviour to my Lord.

Miss Byron received him with open arms, and even, as her father, with an offered cheek: And the modest man was so much affected by her filial regard for him, that I was obliged, for our own sakes, to whisper her, to rein-in her joy to see him, that we might have the pleasure of hearing him talk.

When we arrived at Selby-house, our joy was renewed, as if we had not seen each other at Stratford.

O, I should have told you, that in our journey from Stratford hither, aunt Selby, Harriet, Emily, and I, were in one coach: And I had, as we went on, a great deal of good instruction insinuated to me, by way of felicitation, on my being so very kind and obliging to Lord G. And, as if I had been a child (corrected for being untoward) they endeavoured to coax me into a perseverance in what they called my duty. Aunt Selby, on this occasion, performed the maternal part with so much good sense, and her praise and her cautions were so delicately insinuated, that I began to think, it was almost as pretty to be good as to be saucy.

Upon the whole, I really believe Lord G. will have reason to rejoice, as long as he lives, that he was ruled by his wife, in changing his Windsor and Oxford journey for this of Northamptonshire. So right a thing is it for men to be governable; and, perhaps, you'll add, for women to keep good company.

Lord L. thinks you, my sage sister, so good already, that you need not be better, or I would wish him to send you down to Selby-house.

Well may Harriet revere her grandmother. That venerable woman is good in every sense of the word. She is pious, charitable, benevolent, affectionate, condescending to the very foibles of youth; chearful, wise, patient under the infirmities of age, having outlived all her wishes but one; which is, to see her Harriet happily married: And then, she says, she hopes to be soon released. Never could she be so much admired in her blooming youth, tho' she was then, it seems, deservedly celebrated, both for her mind and person, as she is now in her declining age.

You have seen and admire Mrs Selby. She rises upon me every hour. It gives one's heart joy, Lady L. to look forward, beyond the age of youth and flutter, when we see by these Ladies, that women in their advanced years may, to express myself in the stile of Sir Rowland Meredith, be good for something; or still better, that the matronly time of female life, is by far the most estimable of all the stages of it; if they make good wives, good mistresses, and good mothers: And, let me say, good aunts; were it but to keep in countenance aunt Gertrude and aunt Nell; who, good souls! will now hardly ever be mothers.

Lucy is an excellent young creature. Nancy, when Lucy is not present, is as excellent. Her cousins Kitty and Patty Holles are agreeable young women.

James Selby is a good sort of blundering well-meaning great boy; who, when he has lived a few years longer, may make much such a good sort of man, as my Lord G. There's for you, my once catechizing sister! Pray be as ready to praise, as you used to be to blame me. I find duty and love growing fast upon me. I shall get into a custom of bringing in Lord G. on every occasion that will do him credit: And then I shall be like Lady Betty Clemson; who is so perpetually dinning the ears of her guests with her domestic superlatives, that we are apt to suspect the truth of all she says.

But Harriet, our dear Harriet is not at all well. She visibly falls away; and her fine complexion fades. Mr. Deane was here a week ago; and Lucy tells me, was so much startled at the alteration in her lovely countenance, that he broke from her, and shed tears to Lucy. This good girl and Nancy lament to each other the too-visible change: But when they are with the rest of the family, they all seem afraid to take notice of it to one another. She herself takes generous pains to be lively, chearful, and unapprehensive, for fear of giving concern to her grandmother and aunt; who will sometimes sit and contemplate the alteration, sigh, and, now-and-then, drop a silent tear, which, however, they endeavour to smile off, to avoid notice. I have already observed, that as these good Ladies sit in her company, they watch in silent love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they too well know to what to impute the inward malady, which has approached the best of hearts; and they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the physician. They, as we do, admire her voice, and her playing. They ask her for a song, for a lesson on her harpsichord. She plays, she sings, at the very first word. In no one act of chearfulness does she refuse to join. Her grandmother and her aunt Selby frequently give a private ball. The old Lady delights to see young people chearful and happy. She is always present and directs the diversion; for she has a fine taste. We are often to have these Balls, for our entertainment. Miss Byron, her cousins say, knowing the delight her grandmother takes in these amusements, for the sake of the young people, to whom she considers it as a healthful exercise, as well as diversion, is one of the alertest in them. She excuses not herself, nor encourages that supeinness that creeps on, and invades a heart ill at ease. Yet every-one sees, that solitude and retirement are her choice; tho' she is very careful to have it supposed otherwise; and, on the first summons, hastens into company, and joins in the conversation. O she is a lovely, and beloved young creature! I think verily, that tho' she was the admiration of every-body, when she was with us, yet she is, if possible, more amiable at home, and among her own relations. Her uncle Selby raillies her sometimes. But respect, as well as love, are visible in his countenance, when he does: In her returns sweetness and reverence are mingled. She never

forgets that the raillier is her uncle; yet her delicacy is not more apparent, than that she is mistress of fine talents in that way; but often restrains them, because she has far more superior ones to value herself upon. And is not this the case with my brother also? — Not so, I am afraid, with your Charlotte.

All her friends, however, rejoice in our visit to them, for her sake. They compliment me on my lively turn; and hope for a happy effect on Miss Byron from it.

I cannot accuse her of reserve to me. She owns her Love for our brother as frankly as she used to do, after we had torn the secret from her bosom at Colnebrooke. She acknowleges to me, that she glories in it, and will not try to conquer it; because she is sure the trial will be to no purpose; an excuse, by the way, that if the conquest be necessary, would better become the mouth of your Charlotte than that of our Harriet: And so I have told her.

She prays for the restoration of Lady Clementina, and recovery of Signor Jeronymo. She loves to talk of the whole Italian family; and yet seems fully assured that Clementina will be the happy woman. But, surely, Harriet must be our sister. She values herself upon my brother's so solemnly requesting and claiming her friendship. True Friendship, she but this morning argued with me, being disinterested, and more intellectual than personal, is nobler than Love. Love, she said, does not always ripen into Friendship, as is too frequently seen in wedlock.

But does not the dear creature refine too much when she argues thus? A calm and easy kind of esteem, is all I have to judge from in my matrimony. I know not what Love is. At the very highest, and when I was most a fool, my motive was supposed convenience (in order to be freed from the apprehended tyranny of a father); and that never carried me beyond liking. But you, Lady L. were an adept in the passion. Pray tell me, if there be a difference between Love and Friendship, which is the noblest? Upon my opposing you and Lord L. (so truly one mind) to her argument, she said, That yours is Love mellowed into Friendship, upon full proof of the merit of each: But, that there was a time, that the flame was Love only, founded in hope of the merit; and the proof might have been wanting; as it often is, when the hope has been as strong, and seemingly as well founded as in your courtship.

Harriet, possibly, may argue from her own situation, in order to make her heart easy; and my brother is so unquestionably worthy, that Love and Friendship my be one thing, in the bosom of a woman admiring him; since he will not enter into any obligation, that he cannot, that he will not, religiously perform. And if this refinement will make her heart easier, and enable her to allow his Love to be placed elsewhere, because of a prior claim, and of circumstances that call for

generous compassion, while she can content herself with the offered Friendship, I think we ought to indulge her in her delicate notions.

Selby-house is a large, convenient, well-furnish'd habitation. To-morrow we are to make a visit, with Lucy and Nancy, to their branch of the Selby Family. James is gone before. Those two girls are orphans: But their grandmother, by their mother's side (a good old Lady, mother-in-law to Mr. Selby) lives with them, or, rather, they with her; and loves them.

On our return, we are to have our first private Ball, at Shirley-manor; a fine old seat, which, already, the benevolent owner calls her Harriet's; with an estate of about 500 l. a year round it.

Adieu, my dear Lady L. — My Lord and you, I hope, will own me now. Yet are you not sometimes surprised at the suddenness of my reformation? Shall I tell you how it came about? To own the truth, I began to find the man could be stout.

"Charlotte, thought I, what are you about? You mean not to continue for ever your playful folly. You have no malice, no wickedness, in your sauciness; only a little levity: It may grow into habit: — Make your retreat while you can with honour; before you harden the man's heart, and find your reformation a matter of indifference to him. You have a few good qualities; are not a modern woman; have neither wings to your shoulders, nor gad-fly in your cap: You love home. At present the honest man loves you. He has no vices. Every one loves you; but all your friends are busy upon your conduct. You will estrange them from you. The man will not be a King Log — Be you a prudent Frog, lest you turn him into a Stork. A weak man, if you suppose him weak, made a tyrant, will be an insupportable thing. I shall make him appear weak in the eyes of every-body else, when I have so much grace left, as would make me rise against any one who should let me know they thought him so. My brother will be reflected upon for his solicitude to carry me to church with a man, whom I shall make the world think I despise. Harriet will renounce me. My wit will be thought folly. Does not the suckling Emily, does not the stale virgin, aunt Eleanor, think they have a right to blame, entreat, instruct me? I will be good of choice, and make my duty received as a favour. I have travelled a great way in the road of perverseness. I see briars, thorns, and a pathless track, before me. I may be benighted: The day is far gone. Serpents may be in the brakes. I will get home as fast as I can; and rejoice every one, who now only wonder what is become of me."

These, Lady L, were some of my reasonings. Make your advantage of them against me, if you can. You see that your grave wisdom had some weight with my light folly. Allow a little for constitution now-and-then; and you shall not have cause to be ashamed of your sister.

Let me conclude this subject, half one way, half t'other — that is to say, half serious, half roguish: If my Lord would but be cured of his taste for trifles and nick-knacks, I should, possibly, be induced to consider him as a man of better understanding than I once thought him: But who can forbear, sometimes, to think slightly of a man, who, by effeminacies, and a Shell and China taste, undervalues himself? I hope I shall cure him of these foibles; and, if I can, I shall consider him as a work of my own hands, and be proud of him, in compliment to myself.

Let my aunt Eleanor (no more Nell, if I can help it) know how good I continue to be. And now I will relieve you and myself, with the assurance that I am, and ever will be, notwithstanding yours and Lord L's past severity to me,

Your truly affectionate Sister, CH. G.

LETTER XIV.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

Selby-house, Monday, July 24

.

LORD bless me, my dear, what shall we do! My brother, in all probability, may, by this time! — But I cannot, cannot tell how to suppose it! — Ah the poor Harriet! The three Letters from my brother, which, by the permission of Dr. Bartlett, I inclose, will shew you, that the Italian affair is now at a crisis.

Read them in this place; and return them sealed up, and directed for the Doctor.

LETTER XV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Florence, Wednesday, July 5-16.

THREE weeks have now past since the date of my last Letter to my paternal friend. Nor has it, in the main, been a disagreeable space of time; since within it I have had the pleasure of hearing from you and other of my friends in England; from those at Paris; and good news from Bologna, where-ever I moved, as well from the Bishop and Father Marescotti as from Mr. Lowther.

The Bishop particularly tells me, that they ascribe to the amendment of the brother, the hopes they now have of the sister's recovery.

I passed near a fortnight of this time at Naples and Portici. The General, and his Lady, who is one of the best of women, made it equally their study to oblige and amuse me.

The General, on my first arrival at Naples, entered into talk with me, on my expectations with regard to his sister. I answered him, as I had done his mother; and he was satisfied with what I said.

When we parted, he embraced me as his brother and friend; and apologized for the animosity he once had to me. If it pleased God to restore his sister, no more from him, he said, should her mind be endangered: But her choice should determine him. His Lady declared her esteem for me, without reserve; and said, That, next to the recovery of Clementina and Jeronymo, her wish was, to be intitled to call me Brother.

What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is, at last, to be my destiny! The greatest opposer of the alliance once in view, is overcome: But the Bishop, you will observe, by what I have told you, ascribes to another cause the merit which the General gives me; with a view, possibly, to abate my expectation. Be the event as it may, I will go on in the course I am in, and leave to Providence the issue.

Mrs. Beaumont returned from Bologna but yesterday.

She confirms the favourable account I had before received of the great alteration for the better that there is in the health both of brother and sister; and, because of that, in the whole family. Mr. Lowther, she says, is as highly, as deservedly, caressed by every one. Jeronymo is able to sit up two hours in a day. He has tried his pen, and finds it will be again in his power to give his friends pleasure with it.

Mrs. Beaumont tells me, that Clementina generally twice a day visits her beloved Jeronymo. She has taken once more to her needleworks, and often fits

and works in her brother's room. This amuses her, and delights him.

She converses generally without much rambling; and seems to be very soon sensible of her misfortune, when she begins to talk incoherently: For at such times she immediately stops; not seldom sheds a tear; and either withdraws to her own closet, or is silent.

She several times directed her discourse to Mr. Lowther, when she met him in her brother's chamber. She observed great delicacy when she spoke of me to him; and dwelt not on the subject: But was very inquisitive about England, and the customs and manners of the people; particularly of the women.

Every-body has made it a rule (Jeronymo among the rest, and to which also Camilla strictly conforms) never to lead her to talk of me. She, however, asks often after me; and numbers the days of my absence.

At one time, seeking Mrs. Beaumont in her dressingroom, she thus accosted her: I come, madam, to ask you, Why every-body forbears to mention the Chevalier Grandison; and when I do, talks of somebody or something else? Camilla is as perverse in this way as any body: Nay, Jeronymo (I have tried him several times) does the very same. Can Jeronymo be ungrateful? Can Jeronymo be indifferent to his friend, who had done so much for him? I hope I am not looked upon as a silly, or as a forward creature, that am not to be trusted with hearing the name of the man mentioned, for whom I profess an high esteem and gratitude. Tell me, madam, have I, at any time, in my unhappy hours, behaved or spoken aught unworthy of my character, of my family, of the modesty of woman? — If I have, my heart renounces the guilt; I must, indeed, have been unhappy; I could not be Clementina della Porretta.

Mrs. Beaumont set her heart at ease on this subject.

Well, said she, it shall be seen, I hope so, that true modesty, and high gratitude, may properly have a place together in this heart, putting her hand to her bosom. Let me but own, that I esteem him; for I really do; and I hope my sincerity shall never mislead or betray me into indecorum: And now, madam, let us talk of him for one quarter of an hour, and no more. Here is my watch; it is an English watch; nobody knows that I bought it for that very reason. Don't you tell. She then, suspecting her head, dropt a tear; and withdrew in silence.

Mrs. Beaumont, my dear friend, knows the true state of my heart; and she pities me. She wishes that the Lady's reason may be established; she is afraid it should be risqued by opposition: But there is a man whom she wishes to be Clementina's. There is a woman — But — do thou, Providence, direct us both! All that thou orderest must be best.

Mrs. Beaumont thinks Lady Clementina is at times too solemn: And is the more apprehensive when she is so, as there is a greatness in her solemnity, which

she is afraid will be too much for her. She has often her silent fits, in which she is regardless of what anybody but her mother says to her.

As she grows better, the fervor of her devotion, which in her highest delirium never went quite off, increases. Nor do they discourage, but indulge her in it, because in her, it seems, by the chearfulness with which her ardent zeal is attended, to be owing to true piety, which they justly observe never makes a good mind sour, morose, or melancholy.

Mrs. Beaumont says, That for two days before she came away, she had shewn, on several occasions, that she began to expect my return — She brok silence in one of her dumb fits —

“Twenty days, did he say Camilla?”

and was silent again.

The day before Mrs. Beaumont set out, as she, the young Lady, and Marchioness, were sitting at work together, Camilla entered with unusual precipitation, with a message from the Bishop, desiring leave to attend them — And the Marchioness saying, By all means, pray let him come in, the young Lady, on hearing him approach, laid down her work, changed colour, and stood up with an air of dignity. But on the Bishop’s entrance, sat down with a look of dissatisfaction, as if disappointed.

Adieu, my dear friend! I shall reach Bologna, I hope, to-morrow night, you will soon have another Letter from

Your truly-affectionate GRANDISON.

LETTER XVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, July 7-18

IT was late last night before I arrived at this place. I sent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. He was disposing himself to rise, that he might receive me up, in order to rejoice me on his ability to do so. I sat down by him, and received the overflowings of his grateful heart. Every-body, he told me, was amended both in health and spirits.

Camilla came in soon after, congratulating me on my arrival in the name of her young Lady. She let me know, that in less than a quarter of an hour she would be ready to receive my visit.

O Sir, said the good woman, miracles! miracles! — We are all joy and hope!

At going out, she whispered as she passed (I was then at the window) My young Lady is dressing in colours, to receive you. She will no more appear to you, she says, in black — Now, Sir, will you soon reap the reward of all your goodness; for the General has signified to my Lord his entire acquiescence with his sister's choice, and their determination.

The Bishop came in: Chevalier, said he, you are welcome, thrice welcome, to Bologna. You have subdued us all. Clementina commands her own destiny. The man whom she chooses to call hers, be he who he will, will have a treasure in her, in every sense of the word. The Marquis, the Count, Father Marescotti, all severally made me the highest compliments. The Count particularly taking my hand, said, From us, Chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make you happy: From you, there can be but one thing wanting to make us so.

The Marchioness entering, saved me any other return, than by bowing to each. Before I could speak to her, Welcome, Chevalier, said she. But you are not come before you were wished for. You will find, we have kept a more exact account of the days of your absence, than we did before. I hope her joy to see you will not be too much for her. Clementina ever had a grateful heart.

The Chevalier's prudence, said Father Marescotti, may be confided in. He knows how to moderate his own joy on his first address to her, on seeing her so greatly amended. And then Lady Clementina's natural delicacy will not not have an example to carry her joy above her reason.

The Chevalier, madam, said the Bishop, smiling, will, at this rate, be too secure. We leave him not room for professions. But he cannot be ungenerous.

The Chevalier Grandison, said the kind Jeronymo, speaks by action: It is his way. His head, his heart, his lips, his hands, are governed by one motion, and directed by one spring. When he leaves no room for doubt, professions would depreciate his service.

He then ascribed an extraordinary merit to me, on my leaving my native country and friends, to attend them in person.

We may, perhaps, my reverend friend, be allowed to repeat the commendations given us by grateful and benevolent friends, when we cannot otherwise so well do justice to the generous warmth of such exalted spirits. The noble Jeronymo, I am confident, were he in my place, and I in his, would put a more moderate value on the like services, done by himself. What is friendship, if, on the like calls, and blessed with power, it is not ready to exert itself in action;

Grandison, replied the Bishop, were he one of us, might expect canonization. In a better religion, we have but few young men of quality and fortune so good as he; tho' I think none so bad, as many of the pretended REformed, who travel, as if to copy our vices, and not to imitate our virtues.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude, on a reception so very generous and unreserved. Camilla came in seasonably with a message from the young Lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dressing-room.

The Marchioness withdrew just before. I followed Camilla. She told me, as we went, that she thought her not quite so sedate as she had been for some days past; which she supposed owing to her hurrying in dressing, and to her expectation of me.

The mother and daughter were together. They were talking, when I entered — Dear fanciful girl! I heard the mother say, disposing otherwise some flowers that she had in her bosom.

Clementina, when her mind was sound, used to be all unaffected elegance. I never saw but one woman who equalled her in that respect. Miss Byron seems conscious, that she may trust to her native charms; yet betrays no pride in her consciousness. Who ever spoke of her jewels, that beheld her face? For mingled dignity, and freedom of air and manner, these two Ladies excel amongst women.

Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely. But her fancifulness in the disposition of her ornaments, and the unusual lustre of her eyes, which every one was wont to admire for their serene brightness, shewed an imagination more disordered than I hoped to see; and gave me pain at my entrance.

The Chevalier, my Love! (said the Marchioness, turning round to me) Clementina, receive your friend.

She stood up, dignity and sweetness in her air. I approached her: She refused not her hand. The General, madam, and his Lady, salute you by me.

They received you, I am sure, as the friend of our family. But tell me, Sir, smiling, have you not exceeded your promised time?

Two or three days only.

Only, Sir! — Well, I upbraid you not. No wonder that a man so greatly valued, cannot always keep his time.

She hesitated, looked at her mother, at me, and on the floor, visibly at a loss. Then, as sensible of her wandering, turned aside her head, and took out her handkerchief.

Mrs. Beaumont, madam, said I, to divert her chagrin, sends you her compliments.

Were you at Florence? — Mrs. Beaumont, said you! — Were you at Florence! Then running to her mother, she threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her bosom — O, madam, conceal me! conceal me from myself. I am not well.

Be comforted, my best Love, wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kissing her forehead; you will be better presently.

I made a motion to withdraw. The Marchioness, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment.

She soon enquired for me, and, on notice from Camilla, I returned.

She sat with her head leaning on her mother's shoulder. She raised it — Excuse me, Sir, said she. I cannot be well, I see — But no matter! I am better, and I am worse, than I was: Worse because I am sensible of my calamity.

Her eyes had then lost all that lustre which had shewn a too raised imagination: But they were as much in the other extreme, overclouded with mistiness, dimness, vapours; swimming in tears.

I took her hand: Be not dishearten'd, madam. You will be soon well. These are usual turns of the malady you seem to be so sensible of, when it is changing to perfect health.

God grant it! — O Chevalier! what trouble have I given my friends! — my mamma here! — You, Sir! — Every-body! O that naughty Laurana! But for her! — But tell me — Is she dead? — Poor cruel creature! Is she no more?

Would you have her to be no more, my Love? said her mother.

O no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was she not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I always loved her. Say, Chevalier, is she living?

I looked at the Marchioness, as asking, if I should tell her she was; and receiving her approving nod, She is living, madam, answered I — and I hope will repent —

Is she, is she indeed, my mamma? interrupted she.

She is, my dear.

Thank God! rising from her seat, clasping her hands, and standing more erect than usual; then have I a triumph to come! said the noble creature! Excuse my pride! I will shew her that I can forgive her! — But I will talk of her when I am better. You say, Sir, I shall be better! You say that my malady is changing — What comfort you give me!

Then dropping down against her mother's chair, on her knees, her eyes and hands lifted up, Great and good God Almighty, heal, heal, I beseech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to restore to the most indulgent of parents, the happiness I have robbed them of. Join your prayers with mine, Sir! You are a good man — But you, madam, are a Catholic, The Chevalier is not — Do you pray for me. I shall be restored to your prayers. And may I be restored, as I shall never more do any-thing, wilfully, to offend or disturb your tender-heart.

God restore my child! sobbed the indulgent parent, raising her.

Camilla had not withdrawn. She stood weeping in a corner of the room. Camilla, said the young Lady, advancing towards her, lend me your arm. I will return to you again, Sir — Don't go — Excuse me, madam, for a few moments. I find, putting her hand to her forehead, I am not quite well — I will return presently.

The Marchioness and I were extremely affected by her great behaviour: But tho' we were grieved for the pain her sensibility gave her, yet we could not but console and congratulate ourselves upon it, as affording hopes of her perfect recovery.

She returned soon, attended by Camilla; who having been soothing her, appealed to me, whether I did not think she would soon be quite well.

I answered, That I had no question of it.

Look you there, now, my dear Lady.

I thought you said so, Chevalier; but I was not sure. God grant it! My affliction is great, my mamma. I must have been a wicked creature — Pray for me.

Her mother comforted her, praised her, and raised her dejected heart. And then Clementina looking down, a blush overspreading her face, and standing motionless, as if considering of something — What is in my child's thoughts? said the Marchioness, taking her hand. What is my Love thinking of?

Why, madam, in a low, but audible voice, I should be glad to talk with the Chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not desire it. In every-thing I will be governed by you: Yet I am ashamed. What can I have to say, that my mother may not hear? — Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, madam, is a part of yours.

My Love shall be indulged in every thing. You and I, Camilla, will retire — Clementina was silent; and both withdrew.

She commanded me to sit down by her. I obeyed. It was not, in the situation I was in, for me to speak first. I attended her pleasure in silence.

She seemed at a loss. She looked round her; then at me; then on the floor. I could not then forbear speaking.

The mind of Lady Clementina, said I, seems to have something upon it, that she wishes to communicate. You have not, madam, a more sincere, a more faithful friend, than the man before you. Your happiness, and that of my Jeronymo, engross all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.

I had something to say: I had many questions to ask — But pity me, Sir! my memory is gone: I have lost it all — But this I know, that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return: And I am uneasy under the sense of them.

What, madam, have I done, but answered to the call of friendship, which, in the like situation, not any one of your family but would have obeyed? —

This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, Sir, in what way we can express our gratitude, in what way I, in particular, can, and I shall be easy. Till we have done it, I never shall.

And can you, madam, think, that I am not highly rewarded, in the prospect of that success which opens to all our wishes?

It may be so in your opinion: But this leaves the debt still heavier upon us.

How could I avoid construing the hint in my favour? And yet I did not think the Lady, even had she not had parents in being, had she been absolutely independent, well enough to determine for herself in a situation so delicate. How then could I in honour (all her friends expecting that I should be entirely governed by her motions, as they were resolved to be) take direct advantage of the gratitude which at that instant possessed her noble mind?

If, madam, answered I, you will suppose yourselves under obligations to me, and will not be easy till you have acknowleged them, the return must be a family act. Let me refer myself to your father, mother, brothers, and to yourself: What you and they determine upon must be right.

After a short silence — Well, Sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing: But here is my difficulty — You cannot be rewarded. I cannot reward you. But, Sir, the subject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions — My duty to God, and to my parents; my gratitude to you — But I have begun to write down all that has occurred to me on this important subject. I wish to act greatly! You, Sir, have set me the example. I will continue to write down my thoughts: I cannot trust to my memory — No, nor yet to my heart! — But no more on a subject that is at present too affecting to me. I will talk to my mother upon it first; but not just now; tho' I will ask for the honour of her presence.

She then went from me into the next room; and instantly returned, leading in the Marchioness. Don't, dear madam, be angry with me. I had many things to say to the Chevalier; which I thought I could best say, when I was alone with him; but I forget what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were such as I could not say before my mother.

My child cannot do any-thing that can make me displeased with her. The Chevalier's generosity, and my Clementina's goodness of heart, can neither of them be doubted.

O, madam! What a deep sense have I of yours and of my Father's indulgence to me! How shall I requite it! — How unworthy should I be of that returning reason, which sometimes seems to enliven my hope, if I were not to resolve, that it shall be wholly employed in my duty to God, and to you both! But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart, that never can be removed.

She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the Marchioness and me, in silence, looking upon each other, and admiring her. Camilla followed her; and instantly returning — My dear young Lady — Don't be frightened, madam — is not well. She seems to have exhausted her spirits by talking.

Tbe Marchioness hastened in with Camilla. And while I was hesitating, whether to withdraw to Jeronymo, or to quit the palace, Camilla came to me — My young Lady asks for you, Sir.

I followed her to her closet. She was in her mother's arms, on a couch; just come out of a fit; but not a strong one. She held out her hand to me. I pressed it with my lips. I was affected with her nobleness of mind, and weakness of spirit — O Chevalier, said she, how unworthy am I of that tenderness which you express for me! O that I could be grateful! — But God will reward you. He only can.

She desired her mother and me to leave her to her Camilla. We both withdrew.

What can be done with this dear creature, Chevalier? She is going to be bad again! — O, Sir! Her behaviour is now different from what it ever was!

She seems, madam, to have something on her mind, that she has a difficulty to reveal. When she has revealed it, she will be easier. You will prevail upon her, madam, by your condescending goodness, to communicate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina, when she is a little recovered, will acquaint you with what passed between her and me.

I heard it all, replied she; and you are the most honourable of men. What man would, what man could, have acted as you acted, with regard to her, with regard to us; yet not slight the dear creature's manifest meaning; but refer it to us, and to her, to make it a family act? A family act it must, ir shall be. Only, Sir, let me be assured, that my child's malady will not lessen your Love for her: And permit her

to be a Catholic! — These are all the terms, I, for my part, have to make with you. The rest of us still wish, that you would be so, tho' but in appearance, for the sake of our alliances. But I will not expect an answer to the last. As to the first, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has suffered so much for her Love of you.

The Marquis and the Bishop entering the room, I leave it to you, madam, said I, to acquaint their Lordships with what has passed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments.

I went accordingly to his chamber; but being told, that he was disposed to rest, I withdrew with Mr Lowther into his: And there Camilla coming to me Mr. Lowther retiring, she told me, that her young Lady was pretty well recovered. It was evident to her, she said, that she never would be well till the marriage was solemnized. They are all, said she, in close conference together, I believe upon that subject. My young Lady is endeavouring to compose herself in her closet. The Marchioness hopes you will stay, and dine here.

I excused myself from dining; and desired her to tell her Lady, that I would attend them in the evening.

I am now preparing to do so.

LETTER XVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, June 7-18.

NOW, my dear friend, are matters here drawing to a crisis. I was conducted, as soon as I entered this palace, to the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness. The Marquis arose, and took my hand, with great, but solemn kindness, and led me to a chair placed between theirs. The Bishop, the Count, and Father Marescotti, enter'd; and took their places.

My dear, said the Marquis, referring to his Lady —

After some little hesitation — We have no hope, Sir, said she, of our child's perfect restoration, but from — She stopt —

Our compliance with every wish of her heart, said the Bishop.

Ay, do you proceed, said the Marchioness to the Prelate.

It would be to no purpose, Chevalier, questioned the Bishop, to urge to you the topic so near to all our hearts?

I bowed my assent to what he said.

I am sorry for it, replied the Bishop.

I am very sorry for it, said the Count.

What security can we ask of you, Sir, said the Marquis, that our child shall not be perverted? — O Chevalier! It is a hard, hard trial!

Father Marescotti, answered I, shall prescribe the terms.

I cannot, in conscience, said the Father, consent to this marriage: Yet the merits of the Chevalier Grandison have taken from me the power of opposing it. Permit me to be silent.

Father Marescotti and I, said the Bishop, are in one situation, as to scruples of conscience. But I will forget the Prelate for the Brother. Dear Grandison, will you permit us to say to enquirers, that we look upon you as one of our church; and that prudential reasons, with regard to your country, and friends in it, deter you at present from declaring yourself?

Let not terms be proposed, my good Lord, that would lessen your opinion of me, should I comply with them. If I am to be honoured with an admission into this noble family, let me not in my own eyes appear unworthy of the honour. Were I to find myself capable of prevaricating in an article so important as religion, no one could hate me so much as I should hate myself, were even an imperial diadem with your Clementina, the noblest of women, to be the consideration.

You have the example of great princes, Chevalier, said Father Marescotti, Henry the Fourth of France, Augustus of Poland —

True, Father — But great Princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men. They might make the less scruple of changing their religion as they were neither of them strict in the practice of it. They who can allow themselves in some deviations, may in others. I boast not of my own virtue; but it has been my aim to be uniform. I am too well satisfied with my own religion, to doubt: If I were not, it would be impossible but I must be influenced by the wishes of friends so dear to me; whose motives are the result of their own piety, and of the regard they have for my everlasting welfare.

The Chevalier and I, rejoined the Bishop, have carried this argument to its full extent before. My honoured Lord's question recurs; What security can we have, that my sister shall not be perverted? The Chevalier refers to Father Marescotti to propose it. The Father excuses himself. I, as the brother of Clementina, ask you, Chevalier, Will you promise never by yourself, or your English divines, to attempt to pervert her? — A confessor you have allowed her. Shall Father Marescotti be the man?

And will Father Marescotti —

I will, for the sake of preserving to Lady Clementina her faith; that faith by which only she can be saved; and, perhaps, in hope of converting the man who then will be dear to the whole family.

I not only comply with the proposal, but shall think Father Marescotti will do me a favour, in putting it into my power to shew him the regard I have for him. One request I have only to make; That Father Marescotti will prescribe his own conditions to me. And I assure you all, that they shall be exceeded, as to the consideration, be they ever so high.

You and I, Chevalier, replied the Father, shall have no difficulty, as to the terms.

None you can have, said the Marquis, as to those. Father Marescotti will be still our spiritual director.

Only one condition I will beg leave to make with Father Marescotti; that he will confine his pious cares to those only who are already of his own persuasion; and that no disputable points may ever be touched upon to servants, tenants, or neighbours, in a country where a different religion, from that to which he is a credit, is established. I might, perhaps, have safely left this to his own moderation and honour; yet, without such a previous engagement, his conscience might have been embarrassed; and had I not insisted on it, I should have behaved towards my country in a manner for which I could not answer to my own heart.

Your countrymen, Chevalier, said the Count, complain loudly of persecution from our church: Yet what disqualifications do Catholics lie under in England!

A great deal, my Lord, may be said on this subject. I think it sufficient to answer for myself, and my own conduct.

As to our child's servants, said the Marchioness, methinks I should hope, that Father Marescotti might have a small congregation about him, to keep their Lady in countenance, in a country where her religion will subject her to inconveniencies, perhaps to more than inconveniencies.

Her woman, and those servants, replied I, who will immediately attend her person, shall always be chosen by herself. If they behave well, I will consider them as my servants for their benefit. If they misbehave, I must be allowed to consider them also as my servants, as well as their Lady's. I must not be subject to the dominion of servants, the most intolerable of all dominion. Were they to know that they are independent of me, I should be disobeyed, perhaps insulted; and my resentment of their insolence would be thought a persecution on account of their religion.

This article bore some canvassing. If Camilla, at last, I said, were the woman; on her discretion I should have great dependence.

– And on Father Marescotti's you also may, Chevalier, said the Bishop. I should hope, that when my sister and you are in England together, you would not scruple to consult him on the misbehaviour of any of my sister's Catholic servants.

Indeed, my Lord, I would. I will myself be judge in my own house of the conduct and behaviour of all my servants. From the independence of such people upon me, disputes or uneasinesses might arise, that otherwise would never happen between their Lady and me. The power of dismission, on any flagrant misbehaviour, must be in me. My temper is not capricious: My charity is not confined: My consideration for people in a foreign country, and wholly in my power, will, I hope, be even generous. I perhaps may bear with them the more for having them in my power. But my wife's servants, were she a sovereign, must be mine.

Unhappy! said Father Marescotti, that you can not be of one faith! But, Sir, you will allow, I hope, if the case will bear it, of expostulation from me?

Yes, Father: And should generally, I believe, be determined by your advice and mediation. But I would not condition to make the greatest saint, and the wisest man on earth, a judge in my own family over me.

There is reason in this, rejoined the Bishop: You, perhaps, would not scruple, Sir, to consult the Marchioness, before you dimissed such a considerable servant as a woman, if my sister did not agree to it?

The Marquis and Marchioness will be judges of my conduct, when I am in Italy. I should despise myself, were it not to be the same in England as at Bologna. I have in my travels been attended by Catholic Servants. They never had reason to complain of want of kindness, even to indulgence, from me. We Protestants confine not salvation within the pale of our own church, Catholics do; and have therefore an argument for their zeal in endeavouring to make proselvtes, that we have not. Hence, generally speaking, may a Catholic servant live more happily with a Protestant master, than a Protestant servant with a Catholic master. Let my servants live but up to their own professions, and they shall be indulged with all reasonable opportunities of pursuing the dictates of their own consciences. A truly religious servant, of whatever persuasion, cannot be a bad one.

Well, as to this article, we must leave it, acquiesced the Bishop, to occasions as they may arise. Nine months in the year, I think you propose to reside in Italy —

That, my Lord, was on a supposition that Lady Clementina would not oblige me with her company to my native country any part of the year; in that case, I proposed to pass but three months in every year in my native country: Otherwise, I hoped that year and year, in turn, would be allowed me.

We can have no wish to separate man and wife, said the Marquis. Clementina will, no doubt, accompany her husband. We will stipulate only for year and year: But let ours be the first year: And we cannot doubt but the dear child will meet with all reasonable indulgence, for the sake of her tender health.

Not one request that you, my Lord, and you, madam, shall think reasonable, shall be denied to the dear Lady.

Let me propose one thing, Chevalier, said the Marchioness; that in the first year, which is to be ours, you endeavour to prevail upon your sisters, amiable women, as we have heard they are, to come over, and be of our acquaintance: Your Ward also, who may be looked upon as a little Italian. You love your sisters; and I should be glad, so would Clementina, I make no doubt, to be familiarized to the Ladies of your family before she goes to England.

My sisters, madam, are the most obliging of women, as their Lords are of men. I have no doubt of prevailing upon them, to attend you and Lady Clementina here. And as it will give them time to prepare for the visit, I believe, if it be made in the latter part of the first year, it will be most acceptable to them, and to you; since then they will not only have commenced a friendship with Lady Clementina, and obtained the honour of your good opinion; but will attend the dear Lady in her voyage to England.

They all approved of this. I added, that I hoped, when the second year arrived, I should have the honour of finding in the party some of this noble family

(looking round me) which could not fail of giveing delight, as well as affiance, to the tender heart of their beloved Clementina.

My Lord and I, said the Marchioness, will probably, if well, be of the party. We shall not know how to part with a child so dear to us — But these seas —

Well, well, said the Bishop, this is a contingence, and must be left to time, and to the Chevalier and my sister, when they are one. As his is the strongest mind, it will, in all reasonable matters, yield to the weaker — Now, as to my sister's fortune —

It is a large one, said the Count. We shall all take pleasure in adding to it.

Should there be more sons than one by the marriage, rejoined the Bishop, as the estate of her two grandfathers will be an ample provision for one of them, and your English estate for another, I hope we may expect that the education of one of them may be left to us.

Every one said, this was a very reasonable expectation.

I cannot condition for this, my Lord. The education of the sons was to be left to me; that of the daughters, to the mother. I will consent, that the Italian estate shall be tied up for daughters portions; and that they shall be brought up under your own eyes, Italians. The sons shall have no benefit by the Italian estate —

Except they become Catholics, Chevalier, added the Bishop.

No, my Lord, replied I: That might be a temptation — Tho' I would leave posterity as free, as I myself am left, in the article of religion; yet would I not lay any snares for them. I am for having them absolutely secluded from any possibility of enjoying that estate, as they will be Englishmen. Cannot this be done by the laws of your country, and the tenure by which these estates are held?

If Clementina marry, said the Marquis, whether there be issue or not, Laurana's claim ceases. But, Chevalier, can you think it just to deprive children unborn of their natural right?

I have a very good estate: It is improving. I have considerable expectations besides. That is not mine which I do not possess, and shall have no right to, but by marriage; and which, therefore, must and ought to be subject to marriage-articles. Riches never made men happy. If my descendants will not be so with a competence, they will not with a redundance. I hope Signor Jeronymo may recover, and marry: Let the estate here, from the hour that I shall be honoured with the hand of your dear Clementina, be Jeronymo's, and his posterity's for ever. If it shall be thought proper for him, on taking possession, to make his sister any brotherly acknowlegement, it shall be to her sole and separate use, and not subject to any controul of mine. If Signor Jeronymo marry not, or if he do, and die without issue, let the estate in question be the General's. He and his Lady deserve every-thing. The estate shall not, by my consent, go out of the name.

They looked upon each other — Brother, said the Count, I see not, but we may leave every-thing to the generosity of such a young man as this. He quite overcomes me.

A disinterested and generous man, rejoined the Bishop, is born a ruler; and he is, at the same time, the greatest of politicians, were policy only to be considered.

The most equitable medium, I think, resumed the Marchioness, is what the Chevalier hinted at — and most answerable to the intention of the dear child's grandfathers: It is, that the estate in question be secured to the daughters of the marriage. Our sons will be greatly provided for: And it will be rewarding, in some measure, the Chevalier for his generosity, that the sons of the marriage shall not have their patrimony lessened, by the provision to be made for daughters.

They all generously applauded the Marchioness; and proposing this expedient to me, I bowed my grateful assent — See, Chevalier, said Father Marescotti, what a generous family you are likely to be allied with! O that you could be subdued by a goodness so much like your own, and declare yourself a Catholic! His Holiness himself (my Lord the Bishop could engage) would receive you with blessings, at the footstool of his throne. You allow, Sir, that salvation may be obtained in our church: Out of it, we think it cannot. Rejoice us all. Rejoice, Lady Clementina — and let us know no bound in our joy.

What opinion, my dear Father Marescotti, would you all have of the man who could give up his conscience, tho' for the highest consideration on earth? — Did you, could you, think the better of the two princes mentioned to me, for the change of their religion? One of them was assassinated in the streets of his metropolis, by an ecclesiastic, who questioned the sincerity of his change. Could the matter be of indifference to me — But, my dear Father Marescotti, let us leave this to be debated hereafter between you and me, as father and son. Your piety shall command my reverence: But pain not my heart, by putting me on denial of any-thing that shall be asked of me, by such respectable and generous persons, as those I am before; and when we are talking on a subject so delicate, and so important.

Father Marescotti, we must give up this point, said the Bishop. The Chevalier and I have discussed it heretofore. He is a determined man. If you hereafter can gain upon him, you will make us all happy. But now, my Lord, to the Marquiss, let the Chevalier know, what he will have with my sister, besides the bequests of her Grandfathers, from your bounty; and from yours, madam, to his mother, as a daughter of your house.

I beg my Lord, one word, said I, to the Marquis, before you speak. Let not a syllable of this be mentioned to me now. Whatever you shall be pleased to do of this nature, let it be done annually, as my behaviour to your daughter may

deserve. Do I not know the generosity of every one of this noble family? Let me be in your power. I have enough for her, and for me, or I do not know the noble Clementina. Whatever you do, for the sake of your own magnificence, that do: But let us leave particulars unmentioned.

What would Lady Sforza say, were she present? rejoined the Count. Averse as she is to the alliance, she would admire the man.

Are you earnest in your request, Chevalier, asked the Bishop, that particulars shall not be mentioned?

I beg they may not. I earnestly beg it.

Pray let the Chevalier be obliged, returned the Prelate — Sir, said he, and snatched my hand, brother, friend, what shall I call you? — We will oblige you; but not in doubt of your kind treatment of Clementina. She must, she will, deserve it; but that we may have it in our power to be revenged of you: Sir, we will take great revenge of you: And let us now rejoice Jeronymo's heart with an account of all that has passed. We might have held this conference before him. All that is further necessary to be said, may be said in his presence.

Who, said Father Marescotti, can hold out against the Chevalier Grandison? I will tell every one who shall question me on this alliance, zealous Catholics, with a Protestant so determined, what a man he is; and then they will allow of this one particular exception to a general rule.

All we have now to do, said the Marquis, is to gain his Holiness's permission. That has not been refused in such cases, where either the sons or daughters of the marriage are to be brought up Catholics.

The Count then took the Marchioness's hand; the Marquis that of the Father. They whispered together as they walked; as I could hear, not to my disadvantage. The Bishop took mine, and we entered Jeronymo's chamber together. I stept into Mr. Lowther's apartment, while they related to him all that had passed. He was impatient to see me. The Bishop led me in to him. He embraced me as his brother. Now, now, my dear Grandison, said he, I am indeed happy. This is the point to which I have long directed all my wishes. God grant that our dear Clementina's malady may be no drawback upon your felicities; and you must both then be happy.

I was sensible of a little abatement, on the Bishop's saying to his mother, not knowing I heard him, Ah, madam! the poor Count of Belvedere — How will he be affected! — But he will go to Madrid; and I hope make himself happy there with some Spanish Lady. The poor Count of Belvedere! returned the Marchioness, with a sigh — But he will not know how to blame us —

To-morrow morning I am to drink chocolate with Lady Clementina. We shall be left together, perhaps, or only with her mother or Camilla.

“What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, would I give, to be assured, that the most excellent of Englishwomen could think herself happy with the Earl of D. the only man of all her admirers, who is, in any manner, worthy of calling so bright a jewel his? Should Miss Byron be unhappy, and through my means, the remembrance of my own caution and self-restraint could not appease the grief of my heart.

“But so prudent a woman as she is, and as the Countess of D. is — What are these suggestions of tenderness — Are they not suggestions of vanity and presumption? They are. They must be so. I will banish them from my thoughts, as such. Ever amiable Miss Byron! friend of my soul! forgive me for them! — Yet if the noble Clementina is to be mine, my heart would be greatly gratified, if before she receive my vows, I could know, that Miss Byron had given her hand, in compliance with the entreaties of all her friends, to the deserving Earl of D.”

Having an opportunity, I dispatch this, and my two former. In you I include remembrances to all my beloved friends — Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett.

“In the highest of our pleasures, the sighing heart will remind us of imperfection.”

It is fit it should be so — Adieu my dear friend!

CHARLES GRANDISON.

CONTINUATION, OF LADY G’S LETTER TO LADY L. NO. XIV.

Begun page 77, and dated July 24.

WELL, my dear sister! — And what say you to the contents of the three inclosed Letters? I wish I had been with you, and Lord L. at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with yours, for the sweet Harriet! Why would my brother dispatch these Letters, without staying till at least, he could have informed us of the result of the next day’s meeting with Clementina? What was the opportunity that he had to send away these Letters, which he must be assured would keep us in strange suspense? Lang the opportunity that so officiously offered! — But, perhaps, in the tenderness of his nature, he thought that this dispatch was necessary, to prepare us for what was to follow, lest, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be supported — We sisters, to go over to attend Lady CLEMENTINA GRANDISON, a twelvemonth hence — Ah the poor Harriet! And will she give us leave? But it surely must not, cannot be! — And yet — Hush, hush, hush, Charlotte! — And proceed to facts.

Dr. Bartlett, when these Letters were brought him post from London, was with us at table. We had but just dined. He arose, and retired to his own apartment with them. We were all impatient to know the contents. When I thought he had

withdrawn long enough to read dispatches of a mile long, and yet found that he returned not, my impatience was heightened; and the dear Harriet said, Bad news, I fear! I hope Sir Charles is well! I hope Lady Clementina is not relapsed! The good Jeronymo! I sear for him.

I then stept up to the Doctor's room. He was sitting with his back towards the door, in a pensive mood; and when, hearing somebody enter, he turned about, I saw he had been deeply affected! —

My dear Dr. Bartlett; — For God's sake! — How is my brother? —

Don't be affrighted, madam! All are well in Italy — In a way to be well — But, alas! — Tears started afresh — I am grieved for Miss Byron!

How, how, Doctor! Is my brother married? — It cannot, it shall not be! — Is my brother married?

O no, not married, by these Letters! But all is concluded upon! Sweet, sweet, Miss Byron! Now, indeed, will her magnanimity be put to the test! — Yet Lady Clementina is a most excellent woman! — You, madam, may read these Letters: Miss Byron, I believe, must not. You will see, by the concludeing part of the last, how greatly embarrassed my Patron must be between his honour to one Lady, and his tenderness for the other. Which-soever shall be his, how much will the other be to be pitied!

I ran over, with a weeping eye, as the paragraphs struck me, the passages most affecting. O Dr. Bartlett, said I, when I had done, how shall we break this news to Mrs Selby, to Mrs Shirley, to my Harriet! — A trial, indeed, of her magnanimity! — Yet, to have received Letters from my brother, and to delay going down, will be as alarming as to tell it. Let us go down.

Do you, madam, take the Letters. You have tenderness: Your prudence cannot be doubted — I will attend you by-and-by. His eyes were ready to run over.

I went down. I met my Lord at the stairs foot. How, how, madam, does Sir Charles? — O my Lord! we are all undone. My brother, by this time, is the husband of Lady Clementina.

He was struck, as with a thunderbolt! God forbid! were all the words he could speak; and turned as pale as death.

I love him, for his sincere Love to my Harriet. I wrung his hand — The Letters do not say it. But every-body is consenting; and if it be not already so, it soon will — Step, my Lord, to Mrs. Selby, and tell her, that I wish to see her in the flower-garden.

Miss Byron and Nancy, said he, are gone to walk in the garden. She was so apprehensive, on your staying above, and the Doctor not coming down, that she was forced to walk into the air. I left Mr. Selby, his Lady, Emily, and Lucy, in the

dining-parlour, to find you, and let you know, how every-body was affected. Tears dropt on his cheeks.

I gave him my hand in love. I was pleased with him. I called him my dear Lord.

I think our sweet friend once said, that fear made us loving. Ill-news will oblige us to look about us for consolation.

I found the persons named, just rising from their seats to walk in the garden — O my dear Mrs. Selby, said I, all is agreed upon in Italy.

They were all dumb but Emily. Her sorrow was audible: She wrung her hands; she was ready to faint; her Anne was called to take care of her; and she retired.

I then told Mr. and Mrs. Selby what were the contents of the last Letter of the three. Mr. Selby broke out into passionate grief — I know not what the honour is, said he, that could oblige Sir Charles, treated as he had been by the proud Italians, to go over at the first invitation. One might have guessed that it would have come to this — Oh! the poor Harriet! flower of the world! She deserved not to be made a second woman, to the stateliest minx in Italy: But this is my comfort, she is superior to them both. Upon my soul, madam, she is. The man, were he a king, that could prefer another woman to our Harriet, does not deserve her.

He then rose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in anger; and afterwards sitting down, My dear Mrs. Selby, said he, we shall now see what the so often pleaded for dignity of your Sex, in the noblest-minded, will enable you to do. But, O the dear soul! She will find a difference between theory and practice!

Lucy wept. Her grief was silent. Mrs. Selby dried her eyes several times. My dear Lady G. said she, at last, how shall we break this to Harriet? You must do it; and she will apply to me for comfort — Pray, Mr. Selby, be patient. You must not reflect upon Sir Charles Grandison.

Indeed you should not, Sir, said I. He is to be pitied. I will read you the concluding part of his last Letter.

I did.

But Mr. Selby would not be pacified. He tried to blame my brother.

After all, my dear, these Lords of the creation are more violent, more unreasonable, and, of consequence, more silly and perverse, more babies, if you please, than we women, when they are disappointed in anything they set their hearts upon. But in every case, I believe, one extreme borders on another. What a fool has Otway made of Castalio, raving against the whole sex, by a common-place invective, on a mere temporary disappointment; when the fault, and all the dreadful consequences that attended it, were owing to his own baseness of heart, in being ashamed to acquaint his brother, that he meant honourable Love to the unhappy orphan, who was intitled to inviolable protection! Whenever I saw this

play, I pitied the impetuous Polydore, more than I did the blubbering great boy Castalio; tho' I thought both brothers deserved to be hanged.

As we were meditating how to break this matter to our lovely friend, Mrs. Shirley came to Selby-house in her chariot. We immediately acquainted her with it. No surprizes affect her steady soul. This can't be helped, said she. Our dear girl herself expects it. May I read the Letter that contains the affecting tidings? She took it. She run it over slightly, to enable herself to speak to the contents — Excellent man! — How happy should we have been, blessed with the enjoyment of our wishes! But you, Mrs. Selby, and I, have always pitied Lady Clementina. His generous regard for our child is too apparent for his own tranquillity. God comfort him, and our Harriet! O the dear creature! Her fading cheeks have shewn the struggles of her heart, in such an expectation — Where is my child?

I was running out to see for her; and met her just ascending the steps that lead from the garden into the house. Your grandmamma, my love, said I —

I hear she is come, answered she. I am hastening to pay my duty to her.

But how do you, Harriet?

A little better for the air! I sent up to Dr. Bartlett, and he has let me know, that Sir Charles is well, and every-body better: And I am easy.

She hurried in to her grandmother, rejoicing, as she always does to see hr. She kneeled; received her tender blessing. And what brings my grandmamma to her girl?

The day is fine; the air, and the sight of my Harriet, I thought would do me good — You have Letters, I find, from Italy, my Love?

I, madam, have not: Dr. Bartlett has: But I am not-to know the contents, I suppose. Something, I doubt not, that will be thought unwelcome to me, by their not being communicated. But as long as everybody there is well, I can have patience. Time will reveal all things.

Dr. Bartlett, who admires the old Lady, and is as much admired by her, came down, and paid his respects to her. Mrs. Shirley had returned me the Letters. I slid them into the Doctor's hand, unperceived by Miss Byron.

I am told, said she, that my Emily is not well; I will just ask how she does — And was going from us — No, don't, my love, said her aunt, taking her hand, Emily shall come down to us.

I see, said she, by the compassionate looks of everyone, that something is the matter. If it be any-thing that most concerns me to know, don't, through a mistaken tenderness, let me be the last to whom it is communicated. But I guess — with a forced smile.

What does my Harriet guess? said her aunt.

Dr. Bartlett, replied she, has acquainted me, that Sir Charles Grandison is well; and that his friends are on the recovery: Is it not then easy to guess, by everyone's silence on the contents of the Letters brought to Dr. Bartlett, that Sir Charles is either married, or near being so; What say you, my good Dr. Bartlett?

He was silent; but tears were in his eyes. She turned round, and saw us with our handkerchiefs at ours. Her uncle, rising from his seat, stood with his back to us, at one of the windows.

Well, my dear friends, and you are all grieved for me. It is kind, and I can thank you for your concern for me, because the man is Sir Charles Grandison — And so, Doctor, laying her hand upon his, he is actually married? God Almighty, piously bending one knee, make him and his Clementina happy! — Well, my dearest dear friends, and what is there in this, more than I expected?

Her aunt embraced her.

Her uncle ran to her, and clasped his arms about her; Now, now, said he, have you overcome me, my niece: For the future I never will dispute with you on some of the arguments I have heretofore held against your Sex. Were all women like you —

Her grandmother, as she sat, held out her open arms: My own Harriet! child of my heart! let me fold you to it! — She ran to her, and clasped her knees, as the old Lady threw her arms about her neck — Pray for me, however, my grandmamma — that I may act up to my judgment, and as your child, and my aunt Selby's! — It is a trial — I own it — But permit me to withdraw for a few moments.

She arose, and was hastening out of the room; but her aunt took her hand; My dearest love, said she, Sir Charles Grandison is not married — But —

Why, why, interrupted she, if it must be so, is it not so?

At that moment in came Emily. She had been trying to suppress her concern; and fansied, it seems, that she had recovered her presence of Mind: But the moment she saw her beloved Miss Byron, her fortitude forsook her. She gushed into tears, and, sobbing, would have quitted the room; but Miss Byron, stepping after her, caught her arm; My Emily, my Love, my Friend, my Sister! fly me not: Let me give you an example, my dear! — I am not ashamed to own myself affected: But I have fortitude, I hope! — Sir Charles Grandison, when he could not be happy from his own affairs, made himself a partaker in the happiness of others; and shall not you and I, after so great an example, rejoice in his?

I am, I am — grieved, replied the sobbing girl, for my Miss Byron. I don't love Italian Ladies! Were you, madam, turning to her, Lady Grandison, I should be the happiest creature in the world.

But, Dr. Bartlett, said I, may we not, now that Miss Byron knows the worst, communicate to her the contents of these Letters?

I hope you will, Sir, said Mrs. Shirley. You see that my Harriet is a noble girl.

I rely upon your judgments, Ladies, answered the Doctor; and put the Letters into Mrs. Shirley's hands.

I have read them, said I. We will leave Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron, together. We, Lucy, Nancy, Emily, will take a walk in the garden. Shall we have your company, Dr. Bartlett? I saw he was desirous to withdraw. Lucy desired to stay behind. Harriet looked, as if she wished Lucy to stay; and I led the other two into the garden, Dr. Bartlett leaving us at the entrance into it; and I told them the contents of the Letters, as we walked.

They were greatly affected, as I thought they would be; which made me lead them out. Lord G. joined us in our walk, as well as in our concern; so that the dear Harriet had none but comforters left about her; who enabled her to support her spirits; for Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby had always applauded the preference their beloved child was so ready to give to Clementina, because of her malady; tho' it is evident, against their wishes. There never were three nobler women related to each other than Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron. But Mr. Selby is by no means satisfied, that my brother, loving Harriet, as he evidently does, should be so ready to leave her, and go to Italy. His censure arises from his Love to my brother and to his niece: But I need not tell you, that, tho' a man, he has not a soul half so capacious as that of either of the three Ladies I have named.

At our return from our little walk, it was lovely to see Harriet take her Emily aside, to comfort her, and to plead with her in favour of my brother's obligations; as afterwards she did against her uncle. How the generous creature shone in my eyes, and in those of every-one present!

When she and I were alone, she took grateful notice of the concluding part of the third Letter; where she is mentioned with so much tenderness, and in a manner so truly worthy of the character of the politest of men, as well respecting herself as her Sex, charging himself with vanity and presumption, but to suppose to himself, that Miss Byron wanted his compassion, or had the tender regard for him, that he avows for her. She pleased herself, that he had not seen the very great esteem she had for him, as you and I had done: And how could he, you know? said she; for he and I were not often together; and I was under obligation enough to him to make him attribute my regard to gratitude: But it is plain, proceeded she, that he loves the poor Harriet — Don't you think so? and perhaps would have given her a preference to all other women, had he not been circumstanced as he was. Well, God bless him, added she; he was my first Love; and I never will have any other — Don't blame me for this declaration, my dear Lady G. My

Grandmamma, as well as you, once chid me for saying so, and called me romancer — But is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?

But, alas! with all these appearances, it is easy to see, that this amiable creature's solitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of sighing. She rises with swelled eyes: Sleep forsakes her: Her appetite fails: And she is very sensible of all this; as she shews, by the pains she takes to conceal the alteration.

And must Harriet Byron, blessed with beauty so unequalled; health so blooming; a temper so even; passions so governable; generous and grateful, even to heroism! — Superior to every woman in frankness of heart, in true delicacy; and in an understanding and judgment beyond her years — Must she be offered up, as a victim on the altar of hopeless Love! — I deprecate such a fate; — I cannot allow the other Sex such a triumph, tho' the man be my brother. It is, however, none; on the contrary, it is apparently a grief to his noble and truly manly heart, that so excellent a creature cannot be the sole mistress of it.

Mr. Deane came hither this morning. He is a valuable man. He opened his heart to me about an hour ago. He always, he says, designed Miss Byron for the heiress of the principal part of his possessions; and he let me know his circumstances; which are great. It is, I am convinced, true policy to be good. Young and old, rich and poor, dote upon Miss Byron. You remember what her uncle says in his ludicrous Letter to her, covertly praising her, by pretending to find fault with her, that he is more noted for being the uncle of Miss Byron, than she is for being his niece; tho' of so long standing in the county: And I assure you, he is much respected too. But such beauty, such affability, a character so benevolent, so frank, so pious, yet so chearful and unaffected, as hers is, must command the veneration and love of every one.

Mr. Deane is extremely apprehensive of her declineing health. He believes her in a consumption; and has brought a physician of his intimate acquaintance to visit her: But she, and we all are convinced, that medicine will not reach her case: And she affected to be startled at his supposing she was in so bad a way, on purpose, as she owned, to avoid his kind importunity to take advice in a malady that nothing but time and patience can cure.

A charming correspondence is carried on between Harriet and the Countess of D. Harriet is all frankness in it; so is Lady D. One day I hope to procure you a sight of their Letters. I am allowed to inclose a copy of the Countess's last. You will see the force of the reasoning, on Harriet's declaration, that she will never think of a second Lover. Her grandmother is entirely with the Countess. So am I — Tho' the first was Sir Charles Grandison.

What will become of Lady Olivia, if the alliance between my brother and the Bologna family take effect? — She has her emissaries, who I suppose will soon

apprise her of it. How will she flame out! I suppose you, who correspond with her, will soon be troubled with her invectives on this subject.

All here wish for you and Lord L. For my part, I long to see you both, and to be seen by you. You never could see me more to my advantage than now. We have nothing between us. But —

"What your Lordship pleases."

"My dearest life, you have no choice."

"You prevent me, my Lord, in all my wishes."

I have told him, in Love, of some of his foibles: And he thanks me for my instruction; and is resolved to be all I wish him to be.

I have made discoveries in his favour — More wit, more humour, more good sense, more learning, than I had ever till now, that I was willing to enquire after those qualities in him, imagined he had. He allows me to have a vast share of good understanding; and so he ought, when I have made such discoveries to his advantage.

In short we so monstrously improve upon each other, that if we go on thus, we shall hardly know ourselves to be the same man and woman, that made such aukward figures in the eyes of all beholders a few months ago at St. George's church; and must be married over again, to be sure of each other; for you must believe, that we would not be the same odd souls we then were, on any account.

What raises him with me, is the good opinion every-body here has of him. They also have found him out to be a man of sense, a good-natur'd man, nay, would you believe it, a handsome man; and all these people having deservedly the reputation of good sense, penetration, and so-forth, I cannot contradict them with credit to myself. When we married folks have made a silly choice, we should in policy, you know, for the credit of our judgment, try to make the best of it. I could name you half a score people who are continually praising, the man his wife, the woman her husband, who, were they at liberty to choose again, would be hanged before they would renew their bargain.

Let me tell you, that Emily will make an excellent wife, and mistress of a family. Miss Byron is one of the best oeconomists, and yet one of the finest Ladies, in the county. As soon as she came down, she resumed the family direction, in ease of her aunt; which was her province before she came to London. I thought myself a tolerable manager: But she has for ever stopt my mouth on this subject. Such a succession of orderliness, if I may so call it! One right thing is an introduction to another; and all is in such a method, that it seems impossible for the meanest servants to mistake their duty. Such harmony, such observance, yet such pleasure in every countenance! — But she is mistress of so much ease, so much dignity, and so much condescension, that she is worshiped by all the

servants; and it is observable, hardly ever was heard to direct twice the same thing to be done, or remembred.

The servants have generally time for themselves, an hour or two in a day. Her orders are given over night; and as the family live in a genteel manner, they are never surprised, or put out of course, by company. The poor only have the less of the remnants, if visiters or guests come in unexpectedly; and in such case, she says, they shall fare better another day. Emily is taking minutes of all her management: She is resolved to imitate her in every-thing. Hence it is, that I say, the girl will make one of the best wives in England: Yet, how the dear Harriet manages it, I cannot tell; for we hardly ever miss her. But early hours, and method, and ease, without hurry, will do every-thing.

POSTSCRIPT.

LORD bless me, my dear Lady L.! I have been frightened out of my wits. This Lord G. — What do we do by marriage, but double our cares? — He was taken very ill two hours ago; a kind of fit. The first reflexion that crossed me, when he was at worst, was this — What a wretch was I, to vex this poor man as I have done! — Happy, happy is the wife, in the depth of her affliction, on the loss of a worthy husband; happy the husband, if he must be separated from a good wife; who has no material cause for self-reproach to imbitter reflexion, as to his or her conduct to the departed. Ah, Caroline, how little do we know of ourselves, till the hour of trial comes! I find, I find, I have more Love for Lord G. than I thought I had, or could have, for any man.

How have I exposed myself! — But they none of them upbraid me with my apprehensions for the honest man. He did fright me! — A wretch! — In his childhood he was troubled with these oddities, it seems! — He is so well, that I had a good mind to quarrel with him for terrifying me as he did. For better and for worse! — A cheat! — He should have told me that he had been subject to such an infirmity! — And then, from his apprehended fits, tho' involuntary, I should have claimed allowance for my real, tho' wilful ones. In which, however, I cheated not him. He saw me in them many and many a good time, before marriage.

I have this moment yours. I thought what would be the case with Olivia. She has certainly heard of the happy turn at Bologna; or she would not think of leaving England so soon, when she had resolved to stay here till my brother's return. Unhappy woman! Harriet pities her! — But she has pity for every one that wants it.

Repeatedly all here are earnest to get you and your Lord with us. Do, come if you can — Were it but for one week; and perhaps we will go up together. If you don't come soon, your folks will not suffer you to come one while. After all, my dear, these men are, as aunt Nell would say, odious creatures. You are a good

forgiving soul; but that am not I. In a few months time I shall be as grave as a cat, I suppose: But the sorry fellow knows nothing of the matter as yet.

Adieu, Lady L.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF D. TO MISS BYRON.

[Inclosed in the preceding.]

July 1.

MY dear Harriet has allowed me to write to her with the affectionate freedom of a mother: As such, I may go on to urge a subject disagreeable to her; when not only the welfare of both my children is concerned in it, but when her own honour, her own delicacy of sentiment, is peculiarly interested.

Pure and noble as your heart is, it is misleading you, my Love; Oh, my Harriet, into what a labyrinth! — Have you kept a copy, my dear, of your last Letter to me? It is all amiable, all yourself — But it is Harriet Byron again, in need of a rescuer — Shall I, my child, save you from being run away with by these tyrannous, over-refinements? Yes, you will say, could I do it disinterestedly. Well, I will, if I can, imagine myself quite disinterested; suppose my son out of the case. And since I have told you, more than once, that I cannot allow the sacredness young people are apt to imagine in a first Love; I must, you know, take it for granted, that even his to you is not absolutely unconquerable.

Let us then consider a little the bright fairy schemes, for so I must call them, which you have formed in the Letter that lies before me . Do not your excellent grandmamma and aunt see them in the same light? I dare say they do: But to one I love so dearly, how can I omit to offer my hand to extricate her out of a maze of bewildering fancy, in which she may else tread many a weary step, that ought to be advancing forward in the paths of happiness and duty?

Think but, my dear child, what fortitude of soul, what strength even of constitution, you answer for, when you talk of living happy in friendship with two persons, when they are united by indissoluble ties, the very thought of whose union makes your cheek fade, and your health languish. Ah, my beloved Harriet! is not this a fairy-scheme?

Mistake me not, my love; I suspect not that your sentiments would want anything of the purity, the generosity, the true heroism required in the idea of a friendship, like that you talk of. I suspect not in the noble pair [Does that phrase hurt you, my Miss Byron? Think then how your heart would suffer in the lasting conflict that must accompany the situation which you have proposed to yourself] I suspect not, in either of them, sentiments or behaviour unsuitable to your excellence: Yet let me ask you one thing: Would not the example of such an attachment subsisting between persons known to have once had different views,

and tenderer affections, mislead less delicate and less guarded minds into allowances dangerous to them; and subject souls, less great than Clementina, to jealousies, whether warrantable or not, of friendships that should plead yours for a president?

Do not be impatient, my dear; I have a great deal more to say. This friendship, what is it to be? Not more than friendship, disguised under the name of it: For how can that consist with your peace of mind, your submission to the dictates of reason, your resignation to the will of Providence? If then it be only friendship, how is it inconsistent with your forming an attachment of a nearer kind with a person of merit who approves of, and will join in it? What think you, my dear, is that Love which we vow at the altar? Surely, not adoration: Not a preference of that object absolutely, as in excellence superior to every other imaginable being. No more, surely, in most cases, than such a preferable choice (all circumstances considered) as shall make us with satisfaction of mind, and with an affectionate and faithful heart, unite ourselves for life with a man whom we esteem; who we think is no disagreeable companion, but deserves our grateful regard; that his interest from henceforth should be our own, and his happiness our study. And is not this very consistent, my dear, with admiring and loving the excellence of angels; and even with seeing and pitying, in this partner of our lives, such imperfections as make him evidently their inferior? Inferior even to such human angels, as you and I have in our heads at this moment.

Observe, my dear, I say only that such friendship is very consistent with being more nearly united to one who knows and approves it: For concealment of any thought, that much affects the heart, is, I think, in such a case (with very few exceptions from very particular circumstances) utterly unallowable, and blameably indelicate.

You are, my dear, I will not offend you, by saying to what degree, a reasonable and prudent young woman; pious, dutiful, and benevolent. Consider then, how much better you would account for the talents committed to you; how much more joy you would give to the best of friends; how much more good you would do to your fellow-creatures, by permitting yourself to be called out into active life, with all its variety of relations, than you can while you continue obstinately in a single state, on purpose to indulge a remediless sorrow. The domestic connexions would engage you in a thousand, not unpleasing, new cares and attentions, that must inevitably wear out, in time, impressions which you would feel it unfit to indulge. All that is generous, grateful, reasonable, in your very just attachment, would remain? every-thing that passion and imagination have added, every unreasonable, every painful emotion, would be banished; and the friendship between the two families become a source of lasting happiness to both.

Adieu, my Harriet! I am afraid of being tedious on an unpleasing subject. If I have omitted anything material in this argument, the excellent parents you are with, can abundantly supply it from their own reason, and experience of the world. Assure them of my unfeigned regard; and believe me, my dear child, with a degree of esteem, that no young creature ever merited half so well,

Your truly-affectionate M. D.

PINNED ON BY LADY G.

“DON’T you think, Lady L. that the contents of this Letter ought to have the more weight with Harriet, as, were she to be Lady Grandison, they would suit her own case and Emily’s, were Emily to make the same pretensions to a perpetual single life, on the improbability of marrying her first Love? I shall freely speak my mind upon this subject, when Harriet can better bear the argument.”

LETTER XIX.

FROM THE EARL OF G. TO LADY G.

My dear Daughter,

Tuesday, Aug. 1.

LET me be excused for asking you a question by pen and ink: When do you think of returning from Northamptonshire? Lady Gertrude and I are out of all patience with you; not with Lord G. We know, that where-ever you are, there will he wish to be: His treasure and his heart must be together. But to me, who always loved my son; to Lady Gertrude, who always loved her nephew; and who equally rejoiced in the happy event that gave me a daughter, and her a niece; what can you say in excuse for robbing us of both? It is true, Miss Byron is a Lady that ought to be half the world to you: But must the other half have no manner of regard paid to it? I have enquired of Lord and Lady L. but they say you are so far from setting your time for return, that you are pressing them to go down to you. What can my daughter mean by this? Have you taken a house in Northamptonshire? Have you forgot that you have taken one in Grosvenor Square? Every-thing is done there, that you had ordered to be done; and all are at a stand for further directions. Let me tell you, Lady G. that my sister and I love you both too well, to bear to be thus slighted. Love us but half as well, and you will tell us the day of your return. You don’t consider that we are both in years; and, that in all probability, you may often rejoice in the company you are with, when you cannot have ours. Excuse this serious conclusion. I am serious upon the subject — And why? Because I love you with a tenderness truly paternal. Pray make mine and my sister’s compliments acceptable to the loveliest woman in England, and to every one whom she loves, who are now in Northamptonshire. I am, my dearest daughter,

Your ever-affectionate G.

LETTER XX.

LADY G. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF G.

Selby-house, Aug. 4.

O My dear Lord! what do you mean? Are you and Lady Gertrude really angry with me? I cannot bear the serious conclusion of your Letter. May you both live long, and be happy! If my affectionate duty to you both will contribute to your felicity, it shall not be wanting. I was so happy here, that I knew not when I should have returned to town, had you not, so kindly as to your intention, yet so severely in your expressions, admonished me. I will soon throw myself at your feet; and by the next post will fix the day on which I hope to be forgiven by you both. Let Lord G. answer for himself. Upon my word he is as much to blame as I am; nay, more; for he dotes upon Miss Byron.

Duty I avow: Pardon I beg: Never more, my dear and honoured Lord, shall you have like reason to chide

Your ever-dutiful Daughter, Nor you my dear Lady Gertrude, Your most obedient Kinswoman, CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

London, Sat. Aug. 5.

THANK you, my reverend and dear Mrs Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Harriet the lovely and beloved. Thank you, my dear Lucy and Nancy Selby, and Kitty and Patty Holles; and good Miss Orme; and you, my dear disputatious uncle Selby, and honest cousin James, and all the rest of you; for your particular graces, favours, civilities, and goodness superabundant, to my bustling Lord, and his lively Dame. Let the good Doctor and Emily thank you for themselves.

And who do you think met us at St. Alban's? — Why, Beauchamp, Sir Harry and my Lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves!

Poor Sir Harry! He is in a very bad way; and Lady Beauchamp and his son (who peradventure had a reason he gave not) prevailed upon him to make this little excursion, in hopes it would divert him. They had not for some weeks past seen him so chearful as we made him.

Aunt Nell met us, at Barnet, with Cicely Badger, her still older woman, whom she keeps about her to make herself look young, on comparison — But a piece of bad news, Harriet: Our aunt Nell has lost two more of her upper fore-teeth. A vile bit of bone (O how she execrates it!) which lurked in a fricasee, did the irreparable mischief: And the good old soul is teaching her upper-lip, when she speaks, to resign all motion to the under one, that it may as little as possible make the defect visible. What poor wretches are we, Harriet, men as well as women! We pray for long life; and what is the issue of our prayers, but leave to outlive our teeth and our friends, to stand in the way of our elbowing relations, and to change our swan-skins for skins of buff; which nevertheless will keep out neither cold nor infirmity? But I shall be serious by-and-by. And what is the design of my pen-prattle, but to make my sweet Harriet smile?

The Earl and Lady Gertrude made up differences with me at first sight. The Lady is a little upon the fallal; a little aunt Nellish; but I protest I love her, and reverence her brother.

Beauchamp is certainly in Love with Emily. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, his hands trembled, his cheeks glowed, his tongue faltered — So young a gipsey to make a conquest of such importance! We women are powerful creatures, Harriet. As they say of horses, If we knew our own strength, and could have a little more patience than we generally have, we might do what we would with the powerless Lords of the creation. In my conscience, Harriet, look all my

acquaintance through, of both Sexes, I think there are three silly fellows to one silly woman: Don't you think so in yours? — Are your Grevilles, your Fenwicks, your Ormes, your Fowlers, your Pollexfens, your Bagenhalls, and half a score more I could name, to be put in competition with Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady D. our Lucy, Nancy, Miss Orme, the two Miss Holles's? — Let uncle Selby and cousin James determine on the question.

I am half in hopes, that the little rogue Emily will draw herself in. Beauchamp is modest, yet not sheepish; he is prudent, manly, lively; has address: He will certainly draw her in, before she knows where she is: And how? Why by praising sincerely, and loving cordially, the man at present most dear to her. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, O Mr. Beauchamp, said she, with an innocent freedom, not regarding his tremblings, his glow, and his falterings, I am glad to see you: I long to have you entertain me with stories of my guardian. But, ah! Sir, speaking lower, and with a fallen countenance, tears ready to start, Whose, whose is he by this time? Yet, if you know it, don't tell me: It must not, must not be.

The praises given to those we really love, I believe, are more grateful to us than those conferred on ourselves. I will tell you how I account for this, in general cases, my brother out of the question. — We doubt not our own merits; but may be afraid, that the favoured object will not be considered by others as we are willing to consider him: But if he is, we take the praise given him as a compliment to our own judgment. Self-love, self-love, at the bottom of all we say and do: I am convinced it is, notwithstanding all you have urged to the contrary. Generally, you know, I said. Do you think I will allow you to judge of the generality of the world by what you find in one of the best hearts in it?

An instance, in point — I remember a Miss Hurste, a sweet pretty creature, and very sensible: She had from her chamber-window been shot through the heart by the blind archer, who took his stand on the feather of a military man marching at the head of his company through the market-town in which she lived. Yet was her susceptibility her only inducement; for the man was neither handsome in his person, nor genteel in his appearance: Nor could she be in Love with the sense of a man, had he been a Solomon, whose mouth she never saw opened, and to whose character she was as much a stranger, as he was to hers, or her person, till she contrived to have him made acquainted with his good fortune. Constant, however, to her first foolish impression, she, in opposition to all advice, and the expostulations of a tender and indulgent mother, married him. A Solomon he was not. And when he at any time, by virtue of his relation to her, was introduced into her family, how would she blush, whenever he opened his mouth! And how did her eyes sparkle with gratitude upon any one who took the least respectful notice of him! Compliments to herself were unheeded; but she seemed ready to throw

herself at the feet of those who smiled upon, and directed themselves to, her Captain. Poor girl! she wanted to give credit to the motive by which she had been acted.

Now, Harriet, I charge you, that you think not that this man's name was Anderson. Somebody met with an escape! Yet now-and-then I blush for Some-body. Yet between this Some-body and Miss Hurste's cases there was this difference — A father's apprehended — Tyranny — (shall I call it?) impressing the one; a tindery fit the other. In the one a timely recovery; in the other, the first folly deliberately confirmed.

Dear, dear Harriet! let me make you smile! — I protest, if you won't, I will talk of Lord D. and then I know you will frown.

The excellent Lady of that name has already been to welcome us to town. She absolutely dotes upon you; so, she says, does the young Earl. She prays day and night, she tells me, that my brother may soon come to England, his Italian bride in his hand. She expects every post to hear from Sir Arthur Brandon; who has carried a Letter from her, and another from the Earl of N. recommending that promising young gentleman to my brother's favour, on his visiting Italy. She hopes my brother will not take amiss her freedom, at so short an acquaintance. If Sir Arthur sends her such news as she wishes, and we dread, to hear, away drives she to Northamptonshire — And should she, I don't know who will scruple to wish her success; for her young man rises every day in his character. My dear creature, you must, you shall, be in our row; and Lady D's last Letter to you is unanswerable. Forgive me for touching upon this subject: But we have no hopes. You have nothing to fear; since you expect what the next mails will bring. And who of us, after all, have our first Love? Aunt Nell would not have descended sola into her greys, nor Cicely Badger neither, if they might have obtained the men of their choice — Poor aunt Nell! she has been telling me (her taken off spectacles in her fingers) of a disappointment of this kind in her youth, with such woeful earnestness, that it made me ready to cry for her. She lays it at the door of her brother, my poor father; and now will you wonder, that, to this hour, she cannot speak of him with patience? – Poor aunt Nell!

Well, but how do you, my Love? For Heaven's sake, be well. Could I make you speak out, could I make you complain, I should have some hope of you: But so sorrowful when alone, as we plainly see, yet aiming to be so chearful in company — O my dear! you must be gluttonous of grief in your solitary hours. But what tho' the man be Sir Charles Grandison; Is not the woman Harriet Byron?

Lady L. tells me, that Olivia behaved like a distracted woman, when she took leave of her on her setting out to return to Italy. She sometimes wept, sometimes raved and threatned. Wretched woman! Surely she will not attempt the life of the

man she so ungovernably loves! Our case, Harriet, is not so hard as hers: But she will sooner get over her talkative, than you will your silent Love. When a person can rave, the passion is not dangerous. If the head be safe, pride and supposed slight will in time harden the heart of such a one; and her Love will be swallowed up by resentment.

You complimented me on my civility to my good man, all the time we were with you. Indeed I was very civil to him. It is now become a habit, and I verily think that it looks well in man and wife to behave prettily to each other before company. I now-and-then, however, sit down with a full design to make him look about him; but he is so obliging, that I am constrained, against my intention, to let the fit go off, without making him very serious.

Am I conceited, Harriet? Which of the two silly folks, do you think, has most (Not wit — Wit is a foolish thing, but) understanding? I think the woman has it, all to nothing. — Now don't mortify me. If you pretend to doubt, I will be sure. Upon my word, my dear, I am an excellent creature, so thinking, so assured, to behave so obligingly as I do to Lord G. Never, never, unless a woman has as much prudence as your Charlette, let her wed a man who has less understanding than herself. But women marry not so much now-a-days for Love, or fitness of tempers, as for the liberty of gadding abroad, with less censure, and less controul — And yet, now I think of it, we need only to take a survey of the flocks of single women which croud to Ranelagh and Vaux-hall markets, dressed out to be cheapened, not purchased, to be convinced that the maids are as much above either shame or controul, as the wives. But were not fathers desirous to get the drugs off their hands (to express myself in young Danby's saucy stile) these freedoms would not be permitted. As for mothers, many of them are for escorting their daughters to public places, because they themselves like racketing.

But how, Charlotte, methinks you ask, do these reflexions on your own Sex square with what you said above of the preference of women to men? — How! I'll tell you. The men who frequent those places are still more silly than we. Is it their interest to join in this almost universal dissipation? And would the women croud to market, if there were not men?

We are entered into our new house. It is furnished in taste. Lord G. has wanted but very little of my correction, I do assure you, in the disposition of every-thing: He begins to want employment. Have you, Harriet, any-thing to busy him in? — I am not willing to teach him to knot. Poor man! He has already knit one that he cannot unty.

God bless the honest Soul! He came to me, just now, so prim, and so pleased — A Parrot and Paroquet — The Parrot is the finest talker! He had great difficulty, he said, in getting them. He had observed, that I was much taken with

Lady Finlay's Parrot. Lady Finlay had a Marmouset too. I wonder the poor man did not bring me a Monkey. O! but you'll say, That was needless — You are very smart, Harriet, upon my man. I won't allow any-body but myself to abuse him.

Intolerable levity, Charlotte! — And so it is. But to whom? Only to you. I love the man better every day than the former. When I write of him thus saucily, it is in the gaiety of my heart: But if, instead of a smile, I have drawn upon myself your contempt, what a mortification, however deserved, will that be to

Your CHARLOTTE G.!

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Selby-house, Friday, June 24.

YOU write, my dear Lady G. with intent to make me smile. I thank you for your intention: It is not wholly lost. My friends and I are one; and my uncle and cousin James laughed out at several places in your lively Letter. Lucy, Nancy, smiled. My cousins Kitty and Patty Holles said, You were a charming Lady: But shall I tell you what my grandmamma and aunt said? — I will not — Now will your curiosity be excited — To say the truth, they spoke not; they only shook their heads. I saw, my dear, greatly as they love and admire you, that if they had smiled, it would have been at, not with, the poor Charlotte (Let me pity you, my dear!) who, in some places of her Letter, could sport with the infirmities of age, to which we are all advancing, and even wish to arrive at; and in others treat lightly a man, to whom she owes respect, and has vowed duty; and who almost adores her.

You ask, my dear, which of a certain pair has most understanding? And you bid me not mortify you with giving it on the man's side. I will not. Lord G. is far from being wanting in understanding; but Lady G. has undoubtedly more than thousands, even of sensible women: But in her treatment of certain subjects, she by no means shews it. There's for you, my dear! I hope you will be angry with your Harriet. You ought to take one of us to task. Methinks I would not have you be angry with yourself.

But, my dear, I am not well: This therefore may make me the less capable of relishing your raillery. These men vex me. Greville's obstinate perseverance, and so near a neighbour, that I cannot avoid seeing him often: Poor Mr. Orme's ill health: Another Letter from Sir Rowland Meredith, its contents so extremely kind and generous, that they afflict me. — Lady D. urging me (I am afraid I must say) with such strength of reason, and with an affection so truly maternal, that I know not how to answer her: And just now I have received a Letter, unknown to that good Lady, from the Earl of D. — laying in a claim, on a certain supposition, that — O my dear! how cruel is all this to your Harriet! My grandmamma by her eyes, I see, wishes me to think of marriage, and with Lord D. — as all thoughts — I need not say of what, are over — My aunt Selby's eyes are ready to second my grandmamma's — My uncle speaks out on the same side of the question: So do you: So does Lucy. Nancy is silent: She sees my disturbance when I am looked at, and talked to, on this subject: So ought Lucy, I think. Sir Rowland says, Mr.

Fowler has almost pined himself to death. — My Soul, my dear, is fretted. I have begged leave to pass a fortnight or three weeks with my good Mr. Deane, who rejoiced at the motion; but my grandmother heard my request with tears: She could not spare her Harriet, she told me. My aunt also dried her eyes — How, my Charlotte, could I think of leaving them? — Yet could they have parted with me, I should surely have been more composed with Mr. Deane than at present I can be any-where else. He is more delicate (Shall I be excused to say?) than my uncle.

Were but the news come that the solemnity is over — I am greatly mistaken in myself, if I should not be more easy than I am at present — But then I should be more teazed, more importuned, than before. You tell me, the Countess of D. would come down: The very thought of that visit hurts me.

I have no doubt but by this time the knot is tied. God Almighty shower on the heads of both, the choicest of his blessings! I should be quite out of humour with myself, if I were not able to offer up this prayer as often as I pray for myself.

I beg of you, my dear, to speed to me the next Letters from Italy, be the contents what they will. You know I am armed. Shall the event I wish to be over, either surprise or grieve me; I hope not.

I will not pity Lady Olivia, because she threatned and raved. True Love rages not; threatens not. Yet a disappointment in Love is a dreadful thing; and may operate, in different minds, different ways, as I have read somewhere.

I shall write to all my friends in town, and at Colnebrooke: I trouble you not, therefore, with particular compliments to them.

How could you mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and say no more of them? I thought you loved them both. They are deserving of your love, and love you.

Never, I believe, did any young creature suffer in her mind by suspense as I have done for some months past. In the present situation of things I know not what further to write. What can I, my Charlotte? — Conjectural topics are reserved for my closet and pillow.

Adieu, and adieu, my beloved friend, my dear Lady G. Be good, and he happy! What a blessing, that both are in your power! May they ever be so! And may you make a good use of that power, prays

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, June 8-19.

MY heart is unusually sad. How imperfect is that happiness which we cannot enjoy without giving pain to another! The Count of Belvedere has been made acquainted with the hopeful turn in the mind of Clementina? and that, in all probability, she will be given as a reward to the man to whose friendly cares for her, and her brother, the whole family attribute the happy alteration: and late last night he gave me notice of his arrival in this city, and of his intention to pay me an early visit this morning.

I have just now had a message from Clementina by Camilla, with a request, that I will suspend my intended visit till the afternoon.

I asked Camilla, If she knew the reason of this; and of her being so early dispatched with it? She said, It was her young Lady's own order, without consulting any-body. The Marchioness, said she, yesterday in the afternoon, told her that every-thing was now absolutely determined upon between them and me and she would be mistress of her own wishes; and that I should be allowed to attend her in the morning at breakfast, to know what those were. Her young Lady, on this happy communication (so Camilla called it) threw herself at her mother's feet, and in a very graceful manner acknowleged her father's and her indulgence to her; and from that hour her temper took a turn different from what it had been before. For, ever since, said Camilla, she has been silent, solemn, and reserved; yet busy at her pen, transcribing fair from her pocket-book what she had written in it. To-morrow, Camilla! — To-morrow! said she breaking once her solemn silence, her complexion varying, will be a day indeed! O that it were come! and yet I dread it. How shall I, face to face, converse with this exalted man! What shall I do to appear as great as He? His goodness fires me with emulation! — O that to-morrow were come, and gone!

This was over night. I believe, proceeded Camilla, that the dear Lady is drawing up some conditions of her own for you to sign: But Sir, I dare say, by the hint she has thrown out, they will be generous ones, and what will have more of fancy than hardship in them.

I had much ado to prevail upon her, continued her faithful woman, to go to rest at midnight: Yet at four in the morning she arose, and went to her pen and ink; and about Six commanded me to call Laura to attend her, while I went to you with the message I have brought. I expostulated with her, and begged she would delay

it till the Marchioness arose; but she began to be impatient: I have reason in my request, Camilla, said she. I must not be contradicted, or expostulated with: My head will not bear opposition, at this time. Is it a slight thing for such a poor creature as I have been, and am, to be put out of her course; Am I not to have a meeting with the Chevalier Grandison, on the most important act of my life? My mamma tells me, that I am to be now mistress of my own will; Don't you, Camilla, seek to controul me. I shall not be prepared enough for the subject he will possibly talk to me upon, till the afternoon: And if I know he is in the house with an expectation of seeing me, I shall want the presence of mind I am struggling to obtain.

So, Sir, concluded Camilla, I have performed my duty. The dear Lady, I see, will be in too much confusion, if the important subject be not begun with precaution: But who shall instruct you in such delicate points as these? One thing, however, permit me, Sir, to observe: I have often known young Ladies go on courageously with a Lover, while the end in view has been distant, or there have been difficulties to encounter with; but when these difficulties are overcome, and they have ascended the hill they toiled up, they have turned round, and looked about them, with fear as strong as their hopes.

What the conditions may be —

But the Count of Belvedere is come.

Ten o'clock.

THE Count accosted me, in return for the kindest reception I could give him, with an air of coldness and displeasure. I was surprised at a behaviour so different from his usual politeness, and the kindness he had ever shewn me. I took notice to him of it. He asked me, If I would tell him faithfully what my present situation was with Lady Clementina?

I will, my Lord, if I tell you any-thing of it: But the temper of mind you seem to be in, may not, perhaps, for your own sake, any more than mine, make it prudent for me to comply with your expectations.

You need not give me any other answer, replied he. You seem to be sure of the Lady: But she must not, she shall not, be yours, while I am living.

It is not for me, my Lord, who have met with many amazing turns and incidents which I have not either invited or provoked, to be surprised at any-thing: But if your Lordship has any expectations, any demands, to make on this subject, it must be from the family of the Marchese della Porretta, and not from me.

Do you think, Sir, that I feel not the sting of this reference? And yet all the family, but one, are in my interest in their hearts; every consideration is on my side; not one, but the plausibility of your generosity, and the speciousness of your person and manners, on yours.

A man, my Lord, should not be reproached for qualities, upon which, whether he has them or not, he values not himself. But, let me ask you, Were my pretensions out of the question, has your Lordship any hope of an interest in the affections of Lady Clementina.

While she is unmarried, I may hope. Had you not come over to us, I make no doubt but I might in time, have called her mine. You cannot but know, that her absence of mind was no obstacle with me.

I am wholly satisfied in my own conduct, replied I: That, my Lord, is a great point with me: I am not accountable for it to any man on earth. Yet, if you have any doubts about it, propose them. I have a high opinion of the Count of Belvedere, and wish to have him think well of me.

Tell me, Chevalier, what your present situation is with Lady Clementina? What is concluded upon between the family and you? And whether Clementina herself has declared for you?

She has not yet declared herself to me. I repeat, that I have a value for the Count of Belvedere, and will therefore acquaint him with more than he has reason to expect from the humour which seems to have governed him in this visit. — I am to attend her this afternoon, by appointment: Her family and I understand one another. I have been willing to consider the natural impulses of a spirit so pure, tho' disturbed, as the finger of Providence. I have hitherto been absolutely passive: In honour I cannot now be so. This afternoon, my Lord —

'This afternoon,'

trembling; What! this afternoon! —

Will my destiny, as to Lady Clementina, be determined.

I am distracted. If her friends are determined in your favour, it is from necessity, rather than choice: But if the Lady is left to her own determination, I am a lost man.

You have given a reason, my Lord, for your acquiescence, should Lady Clementina determine in my favour — But it cannot be a happy circumstance for me, if, as you hint, I am to enter into the family of Porretta as an unwelcome relation to any of them; and still less, if my good fortune shall make a man, justly valued by all who know him, unhappy.

And are you, this afternoon, Chevalier, to see Clementina for the purpose you intimate? This very afternoon? — And are you then to change your passive conduct towards her? And will you court, will you urge her to consent to be yours? Religion, Country — Let me tell you, Sir, — I must take resolutions. With infinite regret I tell you, that I must. You will not refuse to meet me. The consent is not yet given: You shall not rob Italy of such a prize. Favour me, Sir, this moment, without the city-gates.

Unhappy man! How much I pity you! You know my principles. It is hard, acting as I have done, to be thus invited. Acquaint yourself with my whole conduct in this affair, from the Bishop, from Father Marescotti, from the General himself, so much always your friend, and once so little mine. What has influenced them (so much as you seem to think against their inclinations) cannot want its influence upon a mind so noble as that of the Count of Belvedere. But whatever be your resolutions upon the enquiries I wish you to make, I tell you before-hand, that I never will meet you but as my friend.

He turned from me with emotion: He walked about the room as a man irresolute; and at last, with a wildness in his air, approached me. — I will go this instant, said he, to the family: I will see Father Marescotti, and the Bishop; and I will let them know my despair, And if I cannot have hope given me. — O Chevalier! once more I say, that Lady Clementina shall not be yours while I live.

He looked round him, as if he would not have anybody hear what he was going to say, but me, tho' no one was near; and whispering, It is better, said he, to die by your hand, than — He stopt; and in disorder hurried from me; and was out of sight when I got down to the door.

The Count, when he came up to me, left his valet below; who told Saunders that Lady Sforza had made his Lord a visit at Parma; and by something she related to him, had stimulated him to make this to me. He added, that he was very apprehensive of the humour he came in, and which he had held ever since he saw Lady Sforza.

How, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do the rash escape as they do; when I who endeavour to avoid embarrassments, and am not ready either to give or take offence, am hardly able to extricate myself from one difficulty, but I find myself involved in another? What cannot a woman do, when she resolves to make mischief among friends? Lady Sforza is a highspirited and contriving woman. It is not for her interest that Clementina should marry at all: But yet, as the Count of Belvedere is a cool, a dispassionate man, and knows the views of that Lady, I cannot but wonder what those arts must be, by which she has been able to excite, in so calm a breast, a flame so vehement.

I am now hastening to the palace of Porretta; my heart not a little affected with the apprehensions, given me by Camilla's account of her young Lady's solemn, yet active turn, on the expected visit. For does it not indicate an imagination too much raised for the occasion (important as that is); and that her disorder is far from subsiding?

LETTER XXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Sat. Evening.

I Sit down, now, my dear and reverend friend, to write to you particulars which will surprise you! Clementina is the noblest woman on earth! What at last — But I find I must have a quieter heart, and fingers too, before I can proceed.

I THINK I am a little less agitated than I was. The above few lines shall go; for they will express to you the emotions of my mind, when I attempted to write an account of what had then so newly passed.

As soon as I entered the palace, Camilla met me, and conducted me to the Marchioness. The Marquis and the Bishop were with her. O Chevalier! said she, we have been greatly disturbed by a visit from the Count of Belvedere. Poor man! — He says he waited on you at your lodgings.

He did. I then, at the Bishop's request, told them all that had passed between us, except his last words, which implied, that it was better to die by the hand of another man, than by his own.

They expressed their concern for him, and their apprehensions for me; but I found that his unexpected visit had not altered their purpose in my favour. They were convinced, they told him, that the restoration of their daughter's tranquillity of mind depended upon giving her entirely her own way; and not one word more of opposition or contradiction should she meet with from them.

I have been hindered, said the Marchioness, by this unhappy man's visit, and his vehemence, which moved me to pity him (for I am afraid that he will be in our daughter's unhappy way) from watching in person the humour of my child; which, two hours ago, Camilla told me, was very particular. I was going to her, when you came; but I will send for Camilla. — She did.

As soon as she saw me in the morning, continued the Marchioness, she apologized to me for sending Camilla to you to suspend your visit till the afternoon. She was not, she said, prepared to see you. — I asked her, continued she, What preparation was wanted to see a man esteemed by us all, and who had given such instances of his regard to her?

Madam, answered she, and seemed as if gasping for breath, Am I not now to see him in a light, in which hitherto I never beheld him? I have a thousand things to say to him, none of which perhaps I shall be able to say, except he draws them from me. He hinted once, very lately, that he could only be rewarded by a family act. We cannot reward him; that is my grief: I must see him with a heart

overwhelmed with obligation. He will appear as a prince to me: I must to myself as his vassal. I have been putting down, in writing, what I should say to him; but I cannot please myself. O madam! he is great in my eyes, because I am unable to reward him as he deserves. I told her, that her fortune, her quality, the sacrifice she would make of her Country (tho' never, I hoped, of her Religion) ought to give her a higher opinion of herself; tho' all these were far from cancelling the obligation we all were under to him, on our Jeronymo's account, as well as on hers.

Well, madam, replied she, Heaven only knows how I shall be able to behave to him, now you have left every thing to myself; and how he will talk to me, by permission, on a subject so new, yet so very interesting. O that this day were over!

I asked her, proceeded the Marchioness, if she would yet take further time? — A week, or more?

O no, said she: That must not be. I shall be prepared to see him, I hope, by the afternoon. Pray let him come then. I am very clear now, putting her hand to her forehead: I may not be so a week, nor a day hence.

Camilla then entered the room. Camilla. said the Marchioness, In what way is the dear creature now?

Ever since your Ladyship left her, she has been more reserved, and thoughtful; yet her spirits are high: Her mind seems full of the Chevalier's next visit; and twice, within this half-hour, she asked if he were come? She reads over and over, something she has written; lays it down, takes it up; walks about the room, sometimes with an air of dignity, at others hanging down her head. I don't like her frequent startings. Within this hour she has several times shed tears. She sighs often. She was not to be pleased with her dress. Once she would be in black; then in colours; then her white and silver was taken out: But that, she said, would give her a bridal appearance: She at last chose her plain white satten. She looks like an Angel. But O that her eyes, and her motions, shewed greater composure!

You have a task before you, Chevalier, said the Bishop. What tokens are these of a disordered, yet a raised mind! We may see, from these extraordinary agitations, on the expectation of a conversation that is to end in her consent to crown your wishes, how much her heart has been in that event: May it be happy to you both!

I fear nothing, said the Marchioness, as to the happiness of my child, that lies within the power of the Chevalier: I am sure of his tenderness to her.

I think, said the Marquis, we will allow the Chevalier to carry his bride over to England for the first six months, and return with her to us in the second: It may give a new turn to the course of her ideas. The same places, the same persons,

always in view, may sadden her reflecting heart. And, besides, the mind of the poor Count of Belvedere may be strengthened by this absence.

The Bishop applauded this thought. The Marchioness said, Reason may approve the motion; but can the mother so soon part with her child? — Yet for her happiness, I must submit.

Let us, said the Marquis, leave this to her choice, as the rest. Camilla, let my daughter know, that the Chevalier attends her pleasure. You would have it so, Chevalier?

I bowed my assent.

Camilla returned not presently: When she did; I could not come sooner, said she. My young Lady is strangely fluttered. I have been reasoning with her. — Madam, turning to the Marchioness, Will you be pleased to walk up to her?

Had this been the first interview, said the Bishop, I should not have wondered at her discomposure: But this disorder shews itself in a strange variety of shapes!

The Marchioness, attended by Camilla, went up. I was soon sent for. The Marchioness met me at the entrance of the young Lady's dressing-room — and retiring, whispered — I believe she had rather be alone with you. Dear creature! I don't know what to make of her. She has, I fansy, something to propose to you. Camilla, come with me. We will be but in the next room, Chevalier.

When I entered the room, the young Lady was sitting in a pensive mood, at her toilette; her hand supporting her head. A fine glow overspread her cheeks, as soon as she saw me: She arose, and, courtesying low, advanced a few steps towards me; but trembled, and looked now down, now aside, and now consciously glancing towards me.

I approached her, and, with profound respect, took her hand with both mine, and pressed it with my lips. I address not myself now to Lady Clementina as my pupil: I have leave given me to look upon her in a nearer light; and she will have the goodness to pardon the freedom of this address.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, turning her face from me, but not withdrawing her hand — And hesitating, as if not knowing how to speak her mind, sighed, and was silent.

I led her to her chair. She sat down, still trembling. God be praised, said I, bowing my face on both her hands, as I held them in mine, for the amended health of the Lady so dear to all who have the happiness of knowing her! May her recovery, and that of our dear Jeronymo, be perfected!

Happy man! said she, happy in the power given you to oblige as you have done! — But how, how shall I — O, Sir! you know not the conflict that has rent my heart in pieces, ever since — I forget when. — O Chevalier! I have not power — She stopt, wept, and remained silent.

It is in your power, madam, to make happy the man to whom you own obligations which are already overpaid.

I took my seat by her, at her silent motion to a chair.

Speak on, Sir: My Soul is labouring with great purposes. Tell me, tell me, all you have to say to me. My heart is too big for its prison, putting her hand to it: It wants room, methinks; yet utterance is denied me — Speak, and let me be silent.

Your Father, Mother, Brothers, Uncle, are all of one mind. I am permitted to open my heart to their Clementina; and I promise myself a gracious audience. Father Marescotti befriends me. — The terms, madam, are those I offered when I was last in Italy.

She hung down her head, in listening silence —

Every other year I am to be happy with my Clementina in England —

Your Clementina, Sir! — Ah Chevalier! — She blushed, and turned away her face — Your Clementina, Sir! repeated she — and looked pleased; yet a tear stole down on her glowing cheek.

Yes, madam, I am encouraged to hope you will be mine. — You are to have your confessor, madam, Father Marescotti will do me the honour of attending you in that function. His piety, his zeal, my own charity for all those who differ from me in opinion, my honour so solemnly engaged to the family who condescend to entrust me with their dearest pledge, will be your security.

Ah, Sir! interrupted she, And are not you then to be a Catholic?

You consented, madam, when I was last in Italy, that I should pursue the dictates of my conscience.

Did I? said she, and sighed! — Well, Sir —

Your father or mother, madam, will acquaint you with every other particular in which you shall want to be satisfied.

Tears stood in her eyes; she seemed in great perplexity. She would twice or thrice have spoken; but speech was denied her: At last, she gave me her hand, and directed her steps, trembling, to her closet. She entered it. Leave me, leave me, said she; and putting a paper in my hand, and shutting to the door, instantly, as I saw, fell on her knees; and I, to avoid hearing sobs which pierced my heart, went into the next apartment, where were her mother and Camilla, who had heard part of what had passed between us. The Marchioness went to her; but presently returning, The dear creature, said she, is quite sensible, thank God, tho' in grief. She besought me to leave her to her own struggles. If she could but be assured that you, Chevalier, would forgive her, she should be better. She had given you a paper. Let him read it, said she; and let me stay here till he sends for me, if he can bear in his sight, after he has read it, a creature unworthy of his goodness. — What, said the Marchioness, can be the meaning of all this?

I was as much surprised as she. I had not opened the paper, and offered to read it in her presence; but she desired to hear it read in her Lord's, if it were proper; and precipitately withdrew, leaving me in the young Lady's dressing-room, Camilla attending in the next apartment, to wait her commands. I was astonished at the contents. These are they :

O Thou whom my heart best loveth, forgive me! — Forgive me, said I, for what? — For acting, if I am enabled to act, greatly? The example is from thee, who, in my eyes, art the greatest of human creatures. My duty calls upon me one way: My heart resists my duty, and tempts me not to perform it: Do thou, O God, support me in the arduous struggle! Let it not, as once before, overthrow my reason; my but just-returning reason! — O God! do thou support me, and strengthen my reason. My effort is great! It is worthy of the creature, which thou, Clementina, didst always aspire to be.

My Tutor, my Brother, my Friend! O most beloved and best of men! seek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of Thee. Thy SOUL was ever most dear to Clementina: Whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy: And how? Why, by meditating the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that SOUL, thought I, to be saved? Dear obstinate, and perverse! And shall I bind my Soul to a Soul allied to perdition? That so dearly loves that Soul, as hardly to wish to be separated from it in its future lot. — O thou most amiable of men! How can I be sure, that, were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee, by Love, by sweetness of Manners, by condescending Goodness? I, who once thought a Heretic the worst of beings, have been already led, by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy charity to all thy fellow-creatures, to think more favourably of all Heretics, for thy sake? Of what force would be the admonitions of the most pious Confessor, were thy condescending goodness, and sweet persuasion, to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine! I know that I should not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee: Yet, sensible of thy superior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled? My Confessor would, in that case, grow uneasy with me. Women love not to be suspected. Opposition arises from suspicion and contradiction; thy Love, thy Gentleness, thrown in the other scale, should I not be lost?

And what have my Father, my Mother, my Brothers done, that I should shew myself willing to leave them, and a beloved Country, for a Country but lately hated too, as well as the Religion? But now, that that hatred is gone off, and so soon, gives another instance of my weakness, and thy strength, O most amiable of men! — O thou, whom my Soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy Love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: Since wert thou to convince me at

the time, my doubts would return; and whenever thou wert absent, I should be doubly miserable. For canst Thou, can I, be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shewn me, that thou canst not? And shall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong Religion have a force, an efficacy, upon thee, which a right one cannot have upon me? — O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy Love!

But dost thou indeed love me? Or is it owing to thy generosity, thy compassion, thy nobleness, for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, could not sustain the effort? I call upon thee, blessed Virgin, to witness, how I formerly struggled with myself! How much I endeavoured to subdue that affection which I ever must bear to him! — Permit me, most generous of men, to subdue it! It is in thy p wer to hold me fast, or to set me free. I know thou lovest Clementina: It is her pride to think that thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own, that thou lovest her Soul, her immortal Soul, and her future peace. In that wilt thou shew thy Love, as she has endeavoured to shew hers. Thou art all magnanimity: Thou canst sustain the effort which she was unequal to. Make some other woman happy! — But I cannot bear that it shall be an Italian. If it must be an Italian, not Florence, but Bologna, shall give an Italian to thee!

But can I shew thee this paper, which has cost me so many tears, so much study, so much blotting-out, and revising and transcribing, and which yet I drew up with an intent to shew thee? I verily think I cannot: Nor will I, till I can see, by conversing with thee face to face, what I shall be enabled to do, in answer to prayers to Heaven, that it would enable me! — O how faint, at times, have been those prayers!

You, my Father, my Mother, my Brothers, and you my spiritual Father, pious and good man! have helped to subdue me, by your generous goodness. You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I shall be. But do I not know, that you have complied with me, for my sake only? — Shall I not, if it please God to restore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which you, Father Marescotti, in particular, formerly urged against an alliance with this noblest of men, because he was of a religion so contrary to my own, and so pertinacious in it? And will those recollections make me happy? O permit, permit me, my dearest friends, still to be God's child, the spouse of my Redeemer only! Let me, let me yet take the veil! — And let me, in a place consecrated to his glory, pass the remainder of my life (It may not be a long one) in prayers for you all, and in prayers for the conversion and happiness of the man, whose soul my soul loveth, and ever must love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed against this motive, and my soul's everlasting

welfare? Let me take a great revenge of my cruel cousin Laurana. Let hers be the estate so truly despised, and so voluntarily forfeited, by the happier Clementina! — Are we not all of us rich and noble? Shall I not have a great revenge, if I can be enabled to take it in this way?

O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen, and not impair, a resolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep: For God only knoweth what this struggle from the first hath cost me; and what it will still further cost me! But, my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And shall I not endeavour to make the close of it happy? Let me be great, my Chevalier! how fondly can I nevertheless call thee my Chevalier! Thou cast make the unhappy Clemantina what thou pleasest.

But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not his magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, almost divine, Philanthropist, canst thou forgive me? — But I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I have the presumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage so wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the resolution, to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friends generosity: But do God and thou enable me to say, Not my will, but his and theirs, be done! — Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit) to add what name thou pleasest, to that of

CLEMENTINA —

Never was man more astonished, perplexed, confounded. For a few moments, I forgot that the angel was in her closet, expecting the issue of my contemplations; and walking out of her dressing-room, I threw myself on a soffa, in the next room, not heeding Camilla, who sat in the window. My mind tortured; how greatly tortured! Yet filled with admiration of the angelic qualities of Clementina, I tried to look again into the paper; but the contents were all in my mind, and filled it.

She rang. Camilla hastened to her. I started as she passed me. I arose; yet trembled: And for a moment sat down to re-assure my feet. But Camilla, coming to me, roused me out of the stupidity that had seized me. Never was I so little present to myself, as on this occasion — A woman so superior to all her own Sex, and to all that I had read of, of ours. — O Sir, said Camilla, my Lady dreads your

anger. She dreads to see you: Yet hopes it — Hasten, hasten, and save her from fainting — O how she loves you! How she fears your displeasure! — Hers indeed is true Love!

She said this as she conducted me in, as I now recollect; for then all my faculties were too much engaged, to attend to her.

I hastened in. The admirable Lady met me halfway? and throwing herself at my feet — Forgive me, forgive the creature, who must be miserable, if you are offended with her.

I would have raised her but she would not be raised, she said, till I had forgiven her.

I kneeled to her, as she kneeled; and clasping her in my arms, Forgive you, madam! Inimitable woman! More than woman! — Can you forgive me for having presumed, or for still persuming, to hope such an angel mine!

She was ready to faint; and cast her arms about me to support herself. Camilla held to her her salts: — I myself, for the first time, was sensible of benefit from them, as my cheek was joined to hers, and bathed with her tears.

Am I, am I, forgiven — Say that I am! —

Forgive! madam! You have done nothing that requires forgiveness. I adore your greatness of mind! — What you wish, bid me be, and that I will be. Rise, most excellent of human creatures!

I raised her; and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her, holding both her hands in mine as she sat; and looking up to her with eyes that spoke not my heart, if they were not full of love and reverence.

Camilla had run down to the Marchioness — O madam! it seems she said — Such a scene! Hasten, hasten up. They will faint in each other's arms. Virtuous Love! how great is thy glory!

The Marquis, his Lady, the Bishop, the Count, and Father Marescotti, were together, waiting the event of my visit. They were surprised at Camilla's address — But little imagined to what the intellectual scene she spoke of, was owing.

The Marchioness hastened after Camilla, and found me in this kneeling posture, her daughter's hands both in mine — Dear Chevalier, said she, restrain your gratefulrapture! For the sake of the sweet child's head, grateful as I see by her eyes it must be to her — restrain it.

O madam, quitting Clementina's hands, and rising, and taking one of hers — Glory in your daughter? You always loved and admired her; but you will now glory in her. She is an angle — Give me leave, madam (to Clementina) to present this paper to the Marchioness. I give it to her — Read it, madam — Let your Lord, let the Bishop, let Father Marescotti, read it — But read it with compassion

for me; and then direct me what to say, what to do! I resign myself wholly to your direction, and theirs; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina.

You say, you forgive me, Chevalier: — Now shall I forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. This is my direction, Chevalier — Love my MIND, as yours ever was the principal object of my love!

What, what, my dear, can be in this paper? said the Marchioness, holding it in her hand, trembling, and afraid to open it. Pardon me, madam, answered Clementina — I could not shew it to you first. I could not reveal my purpose to Camilla neither. How could I, when I knew not whether I could or could not maintain it, or even mention it? — But now, best of men, and, rising, laid her hand on my arm, leave me for a few moments. My heart is disturbed. Be so good as to excuse me, madam.

She again retired to her closet. We heard her sob: And Camilla hastening to her — O these hysterical disorders! said she — They tear her tender constitution in pieces.

The Marchioness left her to Camilla; and offered me her hand. Surprising! said she, as we went. Where will all this end? What can be in this paper?

I was unable to answer. And coming to the passage that led to her drawing-room, where she had left the gentlemen, I bowed on her hand; and, the same passage leading to the back-stairs, took that way into the garden, in order to try to recover and compose my spirits — Who, my dear friend, could have expected such a turn as this?

I had not walked long, before Mr. Lowther came to me — Signor Jeronymo, Sir, said he, is greatly disturbed, on reading a paper that has been put into his hands. He begs to see you instantly.

Mr. Lowther left me at Jeronymo's chamber-door. He was on his couch. O my Grandison, said he, as I approached him with a thoughtful air, how much am I concerned for you! I cannot bear, that such a spirit as yours should be subjected to the petulance of a brain-sick girl!

Hush, my Jeronymo! Let not the friend forget the brother. Clementina is the noblest of women. It is true, I was not prepared for this blow. But I reverence her for her greatness of mind — You have read her paper?

I have; and am astonished at its contents.

The Marquis, the Count, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, entered. The Bishop embraced me. He disclaimed, in the name of every one, the knowlege of her intentions: He expected, he said, that she would have received my address with raptures of joy. But she must, she will, be yours, Chevalier. We are all engaged in honour to you. This is only a start of female delicacy, operating on a

raised imagination. She leaves it to you, after all, to call her by what name you please.

May it be so! But ah, my Lords! you see not the force of her arguments. With a Lady so zealous in her religion, and so justly fond of her relations and country, they must have weight — Instruct me, tell me, however, my Lords: Be pleased, madam [The Marchioness joined us just before] to advise me, what to do — I am yours. — I will withdraw. Consult together; and let me know what I am to be.

I withdrew, and walked again into the garden.

Camilla came to me. O Chevalier! What strange things are these? My Lady has taken a resolution she never will be able to support. She commanded me to find you out, and to watch your looks, your behaviour, your temper. She cannot live, she says, if you are displeased with her — I see that your mind is greatly disturbed. Must I report it so?

Tell her, Camilla, that I am all resignation to her will: Disturbed as she has been, tell her, that her peace of mind is dear to me as my own life: That I can have no anger, no resentment; and that I admire her more than I can express.

Camilla left me. Father Marescotti came to me presently after, with a request, that I would attend the family in Jeronymo's chamber.

We went up together. All that the good Father said, as we walked in, was, that God knew what was best for us: For his part, he could only wonder and adore in silence.

When we were all seated, the Bishop said, My dear Chevalier, you have intitled yourself to our utmost gratitude. It is confirmed, that Clementina shall be yours. Jeronymo will have it so: We are all of his mind. Her mother will enter into conversation with her in your favour.

I am equally obliged and honoured by this goodness. But should she persist, what can I say, when she calls upon me in the most solemn manner, to support her in her resolution; and not to put her upon taking advantage of the generosity of her friends?

She will be easily persuaded, no doubt, Chevalier, answered the Bishop. She loves you. Does she not say in this very paper,

"that it is in your power to make her break or keep her resolution? and to add what name you please to her Christian name?"

Nor can I, said the Marquis, bear that flight, in Laurana's favour. If her mind were found, her duty would not permit her to think of it.

It is our unanimous opinion, resumed the Bishop, that she will not be able to support her resolution. You see she is obliged to court your assistance, to enable her to keep it. Father Marescotti, it is true, has laid a stress upon some passages, in which she shews a doubt of her own strength, and dreads yours in a certain

article nearest our hearts: But she must be cautioned to leave all arguments of that kind to her confessor and you; and to content herself to be an auditor, not an arguer; and we doubt not your honour. The marriage-articles will bind you, as they shall us — And now allow me to be before-hand with your Jeronymo, and ours, in saluting you our Brother.

He took my hand; and, embracing me as such, You deal nobly with me, my Lord, said I. I resign myself to your direction.

Jeronymo affectionately held out his arms, and joyfully saluted me as his Brother. The Marquis, the Count, each took my hand: And, the Marchioness offering hers, I pressed it with my lips; and, withdrawing, hastened to my lodgings; with a heart, O Dr. Bartlett, how penetrated by a suspense so strange and unexpected!

But when they attribute to flight, and unsoundness of mind, that glorious passage, in which she proposes to take a revenge so noble on the cruel Laurana, they seem unable to comprehend, as I can easily do, the greatness of mind of this admirable woman.

LETTER XXV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, Monday, July 10 — 21.

I Had no call for rest last night. I only reposed myself in a chair for about an hour. I sent early in the morning a note, to enquire, with the tenderest solicitude, after all their healths; and particularly Clementina's and Jeronymo's. A written answer was returned by Jeronymo, that his sister had rested so very ill, that it was thought adviseable to keep her quiet all day; unless she should be particularly earnest to see me; and, in that case, they would send me word.

I was myself very much indisposed; yet had a difficulty to deny myself, tho' uninvited, to attend them at dinner. My own disorder, however, determined me not to go, unless sent for. It would, I thought, be too visible to them all; and might raise a suspicion, that I wanted to move compassion: A meanness of which I am not capable. Yet, indisposed as I was, still more, in the afternoon, I hoped to have an invitation for half an hour. But not being sent to, I repeated my enquiries in another billet. No invitation followed. On the contrary, Jeronymo wrote one line, wishing to see me in the morning.

I had as little rest last night, as the night before. My impatience carried me to the palace of Porretta sooner than usual this morning.

Signor Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. He hoped I did not take amiss, that they invited me not the day before. To say the truth, said he, the day's rest was judged entirely necessary for you both: For my sister particularly: And she was so uneasy and displeased at your going away on Saturday, without takeing leave of her, that she was the more easily persuaded not to see you yesterday. But already this morning, I understand, she asks after you with impatience. You are angry at her, she supposes, and will never see her more. You had but just left us, on Saturday night, when Camilla came down with her request to see you. For my part, proceeded he, my thoughts are so much carried out of myself, by the extraordinary turn she has taken, that, at times, I forget I ail any-thing.

He then asked, if I could forgive his sister; and reflected on the Sex, on her account, as never knowing their own minds, but when they meet with obstacles to their wills. But she must, she will, be yours, my Grandison, said he; and if it please God to restore her, she will make you rich amends.

The Bishop and Father Marescotti came in, to make their morning compliments to Jeronymo: The Marquis and Count entered soon after, to salute me.

The Marchioness followed them. Clementina was so uneasy on Saturday night, said she to me, on finding you gone without taking leave of her, and so much discomposed all day yesterday, that I chose not to say any-thing to her on the great article. I am glad you are come.

Somebody just then tapping at the door, Come in, Camilla, said the Marchioness.

It is not Camilla; it is I, said Lady Clementina, entering. I am told the Chevalier — O there he is — Favour me, Sir, with a few words — walking to a window at the other end of the room.

I followed her: Tears were in her eyes. She looked earnestly at me: Then turning her face from me — Why, madam, said I, taking her hand, why this emotion? I have not, I hope, offended you.

O Chevalier! I cannot bear to be slighted, and least of all by you; though, I must own, that I deserve it most from you. A slight from you is a charge of ingratitude upon me, that my heart cannot bear.

Slight you, madam! — I revere you, as the most excellent of women. You have, indeed, filled my heart with anguish: But I admire you more for the cause of that anguish, than it is possible for me to express.

Don't, don't say so. You will ruin me by your generosity. I think you must be angry with me. I think you must treat me ill, or how shall I keep my purpose?

Your purpose, dearest madam! — Your purpose!

My purpose! Yes, Sir! Will it afflict you, if I do?

Is it possible, madam, but it must? What would you think —

Hush, hush, my good Chevalier. I am afraid it will: But don't tell me it will. I cannot bear to afflict you.

When I had the honour of every one's consent, madam —

That was in compassion to me, Sir.

My dearest Love, said the Marquis, coming to us, that was at first our motive: But now an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison, in justice to his merits, is become our choice.

I bowed to the generous nobleman. She kneeled. Best and most indulgent of fathers! taking his hand, and kissing it; let me thank you for bearing with me as you have done. What trouble have I given you! — All the business of my future life shall be to shew my gratitude, and my obedience to your will. The Marchioness then tenderly raising her, took her to the farther end of the room. They talked low; but we heard all they said. You were so very indifferent all day yesterday, and last night, said the Marchioness, that I would not disturb you, Love, for fear of breaking your rest; else I would have told you, how desirous

now we all are, of an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison. No other way can he be rewarded for his goodness to us all.

Permit me, madam, answered Clementina, to give you the motives of my present conduct; of my selfdenial; such is my value for the Chevalier, I will call it so: If I thought I could make the generous man happy; if I thought I should not rather punish than reward him; if I thought I could be happy, in myself, and my soul would not be endangered; if I thought I could make you and my papa happy, by giving my hand to him; God knows that my heart would not make the least scruple. But, madam, the Almighty has laid his hand upon me. My head is not yet as it should be; and, before I took my resolution, I considered every-thing, as much as my poor shattered reason would permit me to consider it. This was the way I took — I prayed that God would direct me. I put myself in the situation of another person, who circumstanced as I was, I supposed, came to me for advice. I saw plainly, that I could not deserve the Chevalier, because I could not think as he thought, in the most important of all articles; and there was no likelihood of his thinking as I thought. I prayed for fortitude. I doubted myself. I altered and altered what I had written: But still all my alterations ran one way. It was against my own wishes. So this I took for an answer to my prayers. I transcribed it fair; but still I doubted myself. I would not consult you, madam: You had declared for the Chevalier. That would not have been to do justice to the question before me, and to the divine impulse by which I was determined to be governed, if my prayers for it should be answered. I let not Camilla know my struggles. I besought the assistance of the Blessed Virgin to favour an unhappy maid, whose heart was in her duty, but whose head was disturbed. It was suggested to me what to do: Yet I would not send to the Chevalier what I had written. I still doubted my heart: And thought I never should be able to give him the paper. At last I resolved. But when he came, my heart recoiled. He could not but see the distress I was in. I am sure I met with his pity. Could I but give him the paper, thought I, my difficulty would be over; for then I am sure, almost sure that, seeing my scruples, and the rectitude of my purpose, he will himself generously support me in my resolution. At last I gave the paper to him. And now let me say, that I verily think I shall be easier in my mind, if I can be allowed to adhere to the contents, yet not be thought ungrateful. Dear blessed Grandison, turning to me, read once more that paper: And then if you will not, if you cannot, set me free; I will obey my friends, and make you as happy as I can.

She turned from every one, and fell upon her knees, Great God, I thank thee, said she for this serene moment!

Serene as the noble enthusiast thought her mind, I saw it was too high set. From the turn of her eyes I feared a relapse. It was owing to her greatness of

mind, her reason and her love combating with each other, that she ever was disordered. I approached her — Admirable Lady, said I, be you free! Whatever be my destiny, be you, for me, what you wish to be. If you are well and happy, I will, if possible, make myself so.

Dear Grandison, said the Bishop, coming up to me, and taking my hand, how do I admire you! But can you be thus great?

Shall I not emulate, my Lord, such an example set by a woman? I came over without any interested views. I considered myself, indeed, as bound by the conditions to which I had formerly yielded; but Lady Clementina and your family as free. When I was encouraged to hope, I did hope. I will now, though with deep regret, go back to my former situation. If Lady Clementina persists in her present resolution, I will endeavour to acquiesce with it. If she should change her mind, I will hold myself in readiness to receive her hand, as the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon me. Only let me add, that in the first case, the difficulty upon me will be greatly increased, by the exalted contents of the paper she put into my hands on Saturday.

The Marchioness taking her daughter's hand and mine — Why, why, said she, should minds thus pair'd be sunder'd? — And will you, Chevalier, wait with patience the result of my sweet child's — Caprice — shall I call it?

Detain not my hand, my dear mamma; withdrawing it a little wildly — Let me go up, and pray, that my fortitude of mind, after the pain it has cost me to obtain it, may not forsake me. Adieu! Adieu, Chevalier! I will pray for you as well as for myself. Never, never, in my devotions, will we be separated.

Away flew the angel.

She met Camilla in the passage — Dear Camilla! I have had an escape, as far as I know. My hand and the Chevalier's hand, each in one of my mamma's! — My resolution was in danger. My mamma might have joined them, you know; and then I must have been his.

Jeronymo in silence, but tears in his eyes, attended to the scene between his sister and she. He embraced me — Dearest of men, let me repeat my mother's question: Can you with patience wait the result of this dear girl's caprice?

I can; I will.

But I will talk to her myself, said he.

So, said the Marquis, will we all.

It will be right to do so, added the Count, least she should repent when it is too late.

But I believe, said Father Marescotti, the Chevalier himself would not wish, that Lady Clementina should be too vehemently urged. She pleads her Soul: A strong plea: A plea that should not be over-ruled. I myself doubt very much,

whether she will be able to adhere to her resolution: If she be she will merit Beatification. But let her not be over-persuaded. Once more I should be glad to read the paper, the contents of which have so much surprised us all.

I had it in my pocket; and he asked permission to read it aloud. Jeronymo opposed his motion: But the Bishop approving it, he read it. He laid great emphasis upon particular words, and repeated several of the passages in it: You will easily guess which, my dear friend; and all were as much affected, they owned, as when they heard it first read: Yet they joined in one doubt, notwithstanding what she had so lately said of the deliberation she had given her purpose, that she would not be able to adhere to her resolution; and made me many compliments on the occasion.

But, my dear friend, if she can continue to interest her glory in the adherence, and they are not very urgent with her in my favour, I am inclined to believe, that she has greatness of mind sufficient to enable her to carry her resolution into effect. Where piety, my dear friend, engages the heart to give up its first fervors to its superior duties, is it not probable that all temporal impulses should receive abatement, and become but secondary ones? And now will not Father Marescotti once more try to revive his influences over her mind? — Is it not his duty to do so, zealous Catholic as he is? Can the Bishop refuse, good man as he is, and as steady in his principles, to second the Father?

But what trials are these, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to an expecting heart! — Will they not serve to convince us of the vanity of all human reliance for happiness? I am in a very serious humour. But what can I say to you on such subjects, that you knew not much better before than I?

“Let us, I remember you once said, when we are called upon to act a great or manly part, preach by action. Words then will be needless.”

God only knows, whether the ardent heart would be punished or rewarded, by the completion of its wishes: But this I know, that were Clementina to give me both her hand and her heart, and could not, by reason of religious doubts, be happy with me, I should myself be extremely miserable; especially if I had been earnest to prevail upon her to favour me against her judgment.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Was obliged to lay down my pen. My mind was too much disturbed to write on.

We had a great deal of discourse before we quitted Jeronymo's chamber, on this extraordinary subject. They all, as I told you, expressed their doubts, that the Lady would be able to persist in her new resolution. The Marquis and Marchioness gave their opinion, that she should be left entirely to the workings of her own will: And the Count proposed, by way of enforcing their opinions, that neither the Bishop and Father Marescotti on one hand (tho' religion was in the question) nor Jeronymo and myself on the other, should endeavour to prevail upon her either to alter or persevere in, her way of thinking. Jeronymo said, he desired only one conversation with his sister alone, before he complied with this proposal.

They put it to me. I said, That several passages in her paper were of too solemn a nature for me to refuse my consent to their proposal: But, however, if I should observe, in future conversations between her and me, that she was inclined to alter her mind, and seemed to wish to be encouraged to declare the alteration, they must allow me, for the sake of my own honour, as a man, and of her delicacy, as a woman, to shew the ardour of my attachment to her, by my preventing declaration, and even entreaty.

The Marchioness bowed to me, with a grateful smile of approbation.

Father Marescotti hesitated, as if he had something of an objection to make; but he was silenced by the Marquis's saying, On your honour, on your delicacy, I am sure, Chevalier, we may rely.

I am absolutely of opinion that we may, said the Count. The Chevalier can put himself in every one's situation; and can forget his own interest, when a right and just measure is to be taken.

This is true, said Jeronymo — But let it be our part to shew the Chevalier, that he is not the only man in the world who can do so.

You must remember, my dear Jeronymo, said the Bishop, that Religion is a consideration superior to all others. Shall our sister, who follows the example set her by the Chevalier, he discouraged in an effort so noble? But I am willing to subscribe to the proposal, as an equal one.

Father Marescotti, said I, you must return me the paper. I must often have recourse to it, to strengthen my own mind, in order to enable myself to answer your expectations.

The Father desired leave to take a copy of it in shorthand; and retired for that purpose.

I have no doubt but he will make great use of it with the family, and perhaps with the Lady, should there be occasion, hereafter. For my own part, if the noble Enthusiast, when the heat of her imagination is gone off, shall persist in believing that she has a divine impulse in favour of her resolution, and that given in answer to her prayers, I will endeavour to shew her, that her call upon me to support her in it, tho' against myself, shall be answered, whatever it cost me.

They prevailed on me to stay dinner. She excused herself from being present; but desired to see me, when it was over.

Camilla then led me to her. I found her in tears. She was afraid, she said, that I would not forgive her: Yet I would, she was sure, if I knew the conflicts with which her soul laboured.

I soothed her disturbed mind. I told her, that I desired her direction, and was resolved to pursue it. Her paper should be one of my constant lessons; and her conscience the rule of my conduct, with regard to my expectations of her favour.

O Sir, said she, how good you are! It is from your generosity, next to the divine assistance, that I expect support in my resolution. I but imperfectly remember what I would have done, and what I consented to, when you were last among us — But when I best knew myself, I was more inclined to support my parents and brothers in their expectations, with regard to the two great articles of religion and residence, than to comply with yours. My fortune, my rank, merited your consideration; and my pride was sometimes piqued.

"But it was the regard that I had to the welfare of your immortal soul, that weighed most with me. O Sir! could you have been a Catholic!"

—

She then wrung her clasped hands, and tears trickled down her cheeks. God Almighty convert you, Chevalier! — But you must leave me. I am beginning to be again unhappy! — Leave me, Sir. But let me see you to-morrow. I will pray for a composure of mind, in the mean time. Do you pray for me too.

"And pray for yourself, Chevalier! The welfare of your soul, your immortal soul, was ever my principal concern."

She began to ramble. Her looks were a little wild, I took leave of her; and going hastily from her, in order to hide my own emotion, I surprised Father Marescotti, who, as it was at first sight evident to me, from the confusion I found him in, and the attempts he hesitatingly made to excuse himself, had been listening to what passed between the Lady and me. Pity! that a well-intended zeal should make a good man do mean things!

No apologies, my dear Father, said I. If you doubted my honour, I can think myself, in some measure, obliged to your condescension, for taking this method to prove me. Allow me, my dear Sir, to say (It is to Father Marescotti) that the man, who, in the greater actions of his life, thinks himself under the Allseeing Eye, will not be afraid of a fellow-creature's ear.

I beg a thousand pardons, said he, hesitating, and in confusion. But I will confess the truth; I believed it was next to impossible, that a young man, whose Love to one of the most excellent of women is not to be questioned, should be able to keep the conditions prescribed to him, and forbear to make use of the power she acknowleges he has over her affections — But forgive me, Chevalier.

Forgive yourself, my dear Father; I do most heartily forgive you.

I led him down to Jeronymo's chamber, begging of him not to say a syllable more of this matter; and not to let me suffer in his esteem by this accident.

I have more than once, Dr. Bartlett, experienced the irreconcileable enmity of a man whom I have forgiven for a meanness; and who was less able to forgive me my forgiveness, than I was him his fault. But Father Marescotti cannot be such a man. He is capable of generous shame. He could hardly hold up his head all the time I staid.

I related to the family, in the presence of the Father, the substance of what passed between the Lady and me. They seemed surprised at her stedfastness. The Bishop told me, that he had dispatched a messenger post to the General, with a Letter, in which he had written a faithful account of their present situation. He would shew me a copy of it, if I pleased. I was sure, I said, I could depend upon his generosity and honour; and should be glad to know the sentiments of the General and his Lady upon it, when they returned an answer.

I promised to attend them in the morning: And going to my lodgings, found there, waiting for me, the Count of Belvedere. Saunders, and his gentleman, were both together below-stairs, waiting for, yet dreading, as they said, my return. Saunders had told the Count, it was uncertain: But he declared that he would wait for me, were it ever so late. They both besought me to take care of my own safety. His gentleman told me, that his master had been very much disturbed in his mind ever since he was with me last; declaring often, that his life was a burden to him. He believed, he said, he had a brace of pistols with him: And then again expressed his care for my safety, as well as his Lord's. Fear not, said I: The Count is a man of honour: I would not, for the world, hurt him: And I dare say he will not hurt me.

I hastened up. Why, my Lord, said I, taking his unwilling hands, each in mine, for a double reason, did you not let me know you intended me this honour? Or why did not your Lordship send for me, as soon as you came?

Send for you! with a melancholy air; What from your Clementina? No! — But tell me what is concluded upon? My soul is impatient to know. Answer me like a man: Answer me like a man of honour.

Nothing, my Lord, is concluded upon: Nothing can be concluded upon till Lady Clementina's mind be fully known.

If that be all the obstacle —

Not a slight one. I assure you, that Clementina knows her own worth. She will put a just value upon herself. In her unhappy delirium, she always preserved a high sense of that delicacy, which distinguishes the woman of true honour. It shines forth now in all her words and actions with redoubled lustre. She will make the more difficulties, as her friends make less. Nothing can be done soon: And if it will make your Lordship easier (for I see you are disturbed) I will acquaint you when any-thing is likely to be carried into effect.

And is nothing yet concluded on? And will you give me such notice?

I will, my Lord.

Upon your honour?

Upon my honour.

Well then, I have some days longer to crawl upon this earth.

What means my Lord?

This I mean, withdrawing his hands from mine, and taking out of his pockets two pistols: I came resolved, that you should take one of these, at your choice, had the affair been concluded upon, as I dreaded it would. I am no assassn Sir, nor ever employed one: Nor would I have deprived Clementina of her elected husband. All I intended was, that the hand to which she is to give hers, should have first taken my life. I will not, I cannot live, to see her the wife of any man on earth, tho' she has refused to be mine — You should have found I would not.

What a rashness! — But I see your mind is disturbed. The Count of Belvedere could not otherwise talk in this manner.

It is not impossible, surely, my dear Dr. Bartlett (however improbable, as I begin to apprehend) that Clementina may change her mind. I could not, therefore, acquaint the Count with our present situation; because the hope he would have conceived from it, would, in case of a change, have added strength to his despair. I contented myself, therefore, to reason with him on his rash intention. And having renewed my assurances, as above, he took leave of me so much recovered, as to thank me for the advice I had given him; and to promise, that he would make it the foundation of his prayers to heaven for a calmer mind, than he had known for some days past.

Saunders and his valet seemed overjoyed at seeing us come down together, in an amicable manner; and in the high civility each paid the other.

I should have mentioned, that the Count, of his own accord, in passing thro' my antechamber to the stairs, laid in one of the windows the two pistols. My dear Grandison, said he, let these remain in your keeping. They are pieces of curious workmanship. Whither might one of them, by this time, have sent me! — And in what difficulties might you the survivor, a foreigner, have been involved; which then I considered not; for all my malice was levelled against my unhappy self! I will not trust myself with them —

Here I conclude for this night. I will not dispatch these last-written Letters, till I see what to-morrow will produce. My dear friend! How grievous is suspense! — Perhaps I should have thought myself more obliged to bear it, had I been thus entangled, fettered, suspended, by my own fault.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Went, according to promise, in the morning, to the palace of Porretta. I found all the family, the Marchioness and Lady Clementina excepted, in Jeronymo's chamber. My entrance, I suppose, was solemn; for Jeronymo, as I approached him, snatching my hand, said, This girl, this capricious, this uncommon girl! How can I forgive her for vexing the heart of my Grandison?

Father Marescotti looked so conscious, that I pitied him. I took his hand, and, with an air of kindness, asked him — Are there any hopes, my good Father, that I shall have the honour of calling you one of my dearest houshold friends in England?

I gave him no time to answer, lest he should not be assured enough: And addressing myself to the Bishop, My Lord, I ask you the like question: Is there a likelihood, that I shall have an interest in Father Marescotti's more intimate friendship? We already, I answer for myself, and from my vanity, love each other.

Dear Grandison! said the Marquis; and, taking my hand, he called me by the kindest name — Saving, that it was not Son! Jeronymo dried his eyes. The Count saluted me in a tender accent. The Bishop was silent.

I see, thought I, that the admirable Clementina perseveres! — Religion, that can do so much for her, will not, I hope, leave me unbenefited by its allchearing influence. If I cannot be so happy as I wish, I am in the hands of Providence; and will not give myself up to unmanly despair — Yet the greatness of this woman's mind! thought I — Why did they not fall upon indulgent methods with her before? Then, probabl, had there not been a supposed reason for an invitatin to me to quit my native country, to which I had been so long a stranger, and to come over to Italy! — Then had she, in all likelihood, recovered her reason, and I had not known how great she could be; and her filial duty would have disengaged me equally from all obligations of honour, and expectations of favour!

The Marchioness came in soon after. Her address to me confirmed me in my apprehensions — Dear Grandison, said she, condescendingly laying her hand on mine, how do you? See our dear Jeronymo — How much better he is — What return can we make to you for your goodness to him; I went up to the dear girl last night, after you were gone. She was then indeed a little hysterical. But the disorder went off in prayers for you and for herself. I am just come from her. She has had a quiet night. She is calm, and I may say, serene. All her cares are in what manner to shew her gratitude to you.

It is impossible, madam, but I must have joy in your joy. Lady Clementina, I apprehend, perseveres in her resolution! —

I have talked to her, Chevalier, in your favour. If you love her, she says, as we all think you do, she will yet be yours.

Dear madam (overjoyed) tell me —

Let me interrupt you, Chevalier: I must not mislead you, nor keep you in suspense — She will, she says, beg your acceptance of her vows — if —

If what, madam —

Hear me with patience, Chevalier — If you will comply with the conditions, on which we would have permited her to be yours, when you were last in Italy — This is her own proposal — Made at her own motion — She is afraid it will be to no purpose (she says afraid, Sir): But as you have not denied her to herself, she begs I will put the question to you in her name, for the sake (if you should refuse her) of her own future tranquillity of mind. The Chevalier Grandison is generous; he is just; he is polite: He cannot but receive this motion of my child by her mother, as the greatest condescension from both.

I bowed. I was going to speak; but they all severally broke in upon me.

On my knees, Chevalier, said Father Marescotti, I will entreat you!

O Chevalier, said the Bishop, how happy is it in your power to make us all!

Surely you can, you will, you must, Chevalier! said the Count, if you love the dear creature, as we all suppose you do.

You will not, I hope, dear Grandison, said the Marquis, refuse my daughter. Ask any conditions of us — She shall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither; and stay till you shall choose to return with us.

Jeronymo, with sobs, caught my hand as I sat next him — For God's sake, for my sake, for all our sakes, for your soul's sake, my Grandison, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you Brother.

If my tears, if my prayers, have weight, said the Marchioness, let me call down my child, and she shall give you her hand in our presence. She thinks, besides the regard she has for your soul, that she ought to insist upon the terms on which we would have consented to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wishes.

Dearest Grandison! rejoined the Bishop, Refuse not my sister: Refuse not the daughter of the Marchese and Marchesa della Porretta: Refuse not the assenting Clementina.

They were all silent; their eyes were upon me. It is, answered I, too, too condescendingly generous to put this task upon me: But, Refuse Lady Clementina, said you! How you wound my soul by the supposition! I see your compassion for me, in the light you cannot but mean I should. Lady Clementina's

generously and condescendingly meant proposal, when I am willing to allow terms to her, that she will not to me, shews me how important she thinks the difference between the two religions: Need I repeat my, Lord (to the Bishop) what my own thoughts are upon this subject? Would to heaven the terms were no other than those before agreed to; or were such as I could comply with! I have only to console myself, that the power of Refusal lies where it ought to lie. Clementina is an angel. I am not worthy of her. Yet, let me add, this company (bowing round me) cannot think me too solemn — Were I to live always here; were I convinced that there is no life after this; your commands and Clementina's would be Laws to me. But has she not the goodness to say, in her paper,

"That I have the same notion she has of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come?"

They looked upon one another. It is hard, very hard, said the Bishop, for a man, convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different persuasion, what he expects should be allowed for himself. You, Chevalier, however, can allow it; and have greatness of mind enough to judge favourably of those who cannot. I do love you; but fain would I love you more.

The Marchioness wept. My dear Love, said the Marquis, taking her hand with the tenderness of a Lover, but speaking a little too severely of me for his usual generosity — How many tears has this affair cost you! My heart bleeds to see you weep. Comfort yourself. Let us comfort each other. The Chevalier Grandison is indeed unworthy of our child; unworthy of the terms we offered to him; unworthy of our joint entreaties — He is an invincible man.

I was greatly affected. After a little hesitation, I ask leave, my Lords, said I, to retire for one moment. I will return as soon as I have recovered myself from the concern given me by the — mis-apprehension (shall I call it?) of the best of men, whom from my heart I reverence.

I arose as I spoke, withdrew, and took two or three turns in the salon.

I staid not till I was sent for: But assuming as chearful an air as I could, returned; and found them earnest in talk. They all arose at my return, seemingly pleased with it; and the Marquis coming to me, Chevalier, said he, I am sorry —

Not one word of apology, my Lord, interrupted I. I withdrew not from disrespect, or in resentment; but purely from concern, that, in your opinion, I deserved not the honour done me, by one so dear to you. Think me unhappy, my Lord, and pitty me. Principle, not perverseness, influences me: It does every one present: It does the dear Lady above: And shall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the same motive?

O that I could embrace my fourth son! said the Marchioness. The Bishop threw his arms about me. Generous expansion of heart! were the words that fell from his

lips. Jeronymo shewed his friendly Love in what he said: And must not, said the Count, this young man be one of us?

After chocolate, the Marchioness withdrew to the window, making a motion to me to attend her. I hastened to her. She complimented me, speaking low, as a fit person to be consulted in a case where female delicacy was concerned; and then asked me, what I would have her say to Clementina, who had offered her hand to me on conditions, with which she had hopes I would comply? Must I tell the dear child, she is rejected?

Lady Clementina rejected! — Dear madam, how can I bear that she should but suppose it? — Be pleased to tell her, that I have been again sounded on the subject of a change of religion, if her favour for me could be procured: But that I was so steady in my faith, that there were no hopes of my conversion, as you will call it: And be so good as to remind her (it may look like a breach of conditions if I do) that I require not a change in her; and that therefore the terms proposed are unequal.

Fain, very fain, Chevalier, would I — She stopt there — But no more on this subject. I will see in what way the dear creature is now.

She left me, and went to her daughter. The subject was changed.

In about half an hour she returned. She told me, that she had followed my advice; but that Clementina seemed dissatisfied and perplexed: And, as she had not asked to see me, advised me to suspend my attendance on her till the afternoon, as she would by that means have more time to compose her spirits; and herself further opportunities of talking with her.

Declining their invitation to dinner, I went to my lodgings; and to amuse myself, had recourse to my pen.

Having written thus far, I lay it down till my return from them.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

AT my entrance into the palace of Porretta, I was desired to walk into the garden to the Bishop. I found with him Father Marescotti.

Dear Grandison, said the Bishop, meeting me, and taking my hand, you must decide a point between the Father and me, that we are afraid has made us a little accountable to you.

I was silent. He proceeded.

Clementina is very sedate. She sent for me and the Father, soon after you left us. She asked us several questions in relation to you; and insisted on our advice, as religious men, and as we would answer for it to our own consciences. Her first was, Whether we thought there were any hopes of your conversion? — I answered negatively.

I don't expect, said she, that he would be induced to change his religion for a wife, nor even for a crown, were he not convinced of the falshood of his own, and the truth of ours: But again I ask, Cannot you and Father Marescotti convince his judgment? I should think it would not be so hard a task, learned and good men, as you both are: Good man, and modest, and patient, and unpresuming, as he is; who has been so long among Catholics; who came from England so young; has been left so much to his own direction; and who must see the difference of the two religions to the advantage of ours, were he but to judge by the efficacy of each on the lives and manners of the people professing each; for, surely, the men of name and family, who are sent among us by their parents, from the heretic countries, in order to observe our manners, and to improve their own, are not the worst of the people of those countries.

I told her, proceeded the Bishop, that, to be impartial, there were bad and good of all nations; that she was not likely to be approached by any of her own but who were good; that you, Chevalier, and Mrs. Beaumont, might convince us that there were good people among the Protestants; and that now-and then a young man of that profession, did actually appear among us, who was not a discredit to his country. But, continued I, I have heretofore debated the subject with the Chevalier Grandison. You know I was in a manner called upon to do it: And have found him a Protestant upon principle; and that he has a great deal to say for himself. You, Father, would not allow me this; but you never entered into close argument with him on the subject, as I have done.

My sister then asked, proceeded the Bishop, if I thought that her own religious principles would be endangered, if she became yours, and went with you to England?

We both referred her to certain passages in the paper she gave you.

My heart, said she, could never be proof against a generous and kind treatment. The condescending compliances with my weakness, which my father, mother, brothers, and uncle, have made, have effected what opposition and cruelty, as you see, could not. So compassionate, so humane a man, as I think the Chevalier Grandison, and so steady as he is in his principles, so much, as you own, as he has to say for himself, joined with the sense I always had, from my mother's example, of the duties of a good wife, will too probably stagger me in my faith: And if so, I shall be unhappy: I shall make my confessor so. I am determined, added she (as you, brother, have seen) in my own mind: But I ask your opinion, and yours, Father Marescotti. The Chevalier now is a favourite with you both. Religion only can now be the question — Is it not too probable that I shall be staggered in my own faith, were I to be his?

We gave her, continued the Bishop, our opinions freely, as religious men. Could we, Chevalier, do otherwise? And yet we are both ready to accuse ourselves of infringing conditions with you. Tell us, if n your opinion we have?

I cannot, my Lord, judge from this general account. If you did more than answer her questions; if you expatiated argumentatively on the subject; I must think you have: And your own doubts help to convince me, that you have; tho' I cannot but respect you greatly for the frankness of your application to me on this subject.

We were earnest, Chevalier; we were warm in what we said —

Well, my Lord, called upon as you both were, it would not have become your characters to be cool — For my own part, I have been recollecting the behaviour of your admirable sister throughout every stage of her delirium, respecting myself: And I have not been able to call to mind one instance in it of an attachment merely personal. I need not tell you, Father, nor you, my Lord, what a zealous Catholic she is, She early wished me to be one: And had I not thought myself obliged in honour, because of the confidence placed in me by the whole family, to decline the subject, our particular conversations, when she favoured me with the name of tutor, would have generally taken that turn. Her unhappy illness was owing to her zeal for religion, and to her concealing her struggles on that account. She never hinted at marriage in her resveries. She was still solicitous for the SOUL of the man she wished to proselyte; and declared herself ready to lay down her life, could she have effected that favourite wish of her heart. At other times, she supposed my marriage with some other woman; and was only

generously solicitous, that it should not be with one who might discredit the regard she herself professed for me. At another time she wished to be acquainted with my sisters, and hoped they would come to Italy: She proposed to perfect them in the Italian tongue, as they should her in the English: But as to me, only bespoke a visit from me now-and-then, when they came. I have the vanity to think, that I stand high in her favour. But religion, it is evident, as it ought, stands higher. From all these recollections and observations, I have endeavoured to account for the noble behaviour of your sister; and am the less surprised at it, now she is come to her memory. It is all great; all uniform; and most probably we should have been in a very different situation than what we have been long in, had she had her way given her at the time she was so earnest — For what! Only to be allowed a second interview, a farewel visit, when she had shewn a little before, on a first, that marriage seemed not to be in her thoughts.

And had she not been entrusted to the management of the cruel Laurana, said the Bishop —

From which, thank God, said the Father, I was the instrument of freeing her.

By all this, proceeded I, I mean not recrimination; but only to observe the consistency of the noble Lady's mind, when she was able to reflect. And what now remains for me to do, but to reconcile myself, if possible, to a conduct that I must ever admire, however I may, in its consequences, as to my own particular, regret it? — Your Lordship, I am afraid, thinks, that she adheres to the contents of the paper she put into my hands.

Unless you, Chevalier —

That, my Lord is out of the question. Let it, however, be remembred, that I have not prescribed to her that hard condition, which is made an indispensable one to me. Yet is Lady Clementina the only woman on earth that I would have wished to call mine, on the terms on which I should have been proud to receive her hand: For it is easy to foresee, that, generally, great inconveniencies must attend a marriage between persons of a different religion, one of them zealous, the other not indifferent.

But, Chevalier, you acquit Father Marescotti and me.

I do, my Lord. Be you your own judges. The condition was not proposed by me. I consented to it, for the sake of those who prescribed it, and for your sister's sake. I could not wish to prosecute my humble suit, notwithstanding her declared favour for me, against the pleas of conscience which she so earnestly urged. How could I, while religion, and the generosity of her friends to her, required, as she thought, that she should get above all regards for me? I was therefore willing to comply with the proposal, and to wait the issue of her spontaneous determination,

and to be governed by it. But now that your Lordship and Father Marescotti have dispensed with the condition, I presume that I am not bound by it.

What means my Grandison?

Only this: I could not be thought to bear a Love so fervent to the admirable Clementina, as the man ought to bear who aspires to the honour of calling her his, if I made not one effort to convince her, that she may be happy with me as to the article she is so solicitous about — From female delicacy, she may perhaps, expect to be argued with, and to be persuaded. Allow me to give her assurances of my inviolable honour in that point. It becomes me, as a man, and as her admirer, to remove her scruples, if I can, before I yield up my Love to the force of them.

Would you argue with her on the merits of the two persuasions?

I would not. I never did. I would only assure her of my firm resolution never to attempt to bring her over to mine, nor to traverse the endeavours of her confessor, to keep her steady in hers. But were we to consider only her future ease of mind [You, see my Lord, that she herself has a view to that, in the proposal made me, as from herself] in which the happiness of all your family is included, it is right to see if she builds on a foundation that cannot be shaken; that she may not hereafter regret the steps she has taken, which might possibly —

I understand you, Chevalier — It is prudently, it is kindly, put, as well for her sake, as ours.

I shall be glad, my Lord, that you should be within hearing of every word that shall pass between us on this occasion. One effort I ought to make. If she is determined, I will not urge her further. For all the world, and the dear Clementina in it, I would not have her act against her conscience: Nor will I take advantage of the declaration she has repeatedly made, that it is in my power to hold her fast, or to set her free. I will not so much as urge it to her, left, if she should alter her purpose, it should be from the conscience of a kind of promise implied in that declaration, and not from her heart. No, my Lord, she shall be wholly free. I will not, excellent as she is, accept of her hand against her conscience: Neither my conscience, nor let me say, my pride, will permit me to do so. But the world, as well as my own heart, would blame me if I made not one effort. If it fail, I shall be easier in my own mind; and so will she in hers. Be you, my Lord, within hearing of our next conversation.

I would not, Dr. Bartlett, propose to Father Marescotti, that he should, for fear of making him uneasy, on his listening to what passed between the Lady and me.

I can absolutely depend upon your honour, Chevalier, replied the Bishop. We have brought ourselves to be sincere favourers of this alliance with you. But I own to you, that both Father Marescotti and myself, on the unexpected turn my

sister has voluntarily taken, are of opinion, that you will both be happier, if it take not place. The difference in religion; her malady —

No more, my Lord, of this subject. If I cannot succeed, I must endeavour to draw consolation to myself from reason and reflexion. Mean time, all I ask is, that you will both acquit me of any supposed breach of condition, as well in your own minds, as to the rest of the family, if I make this one effort: After which, if it succeed not, I will, whatever I suffer, divest myself of Self, and join with you, and Father Marescotti, to secure the ground gained in the restoration of the noblest of female minds.

They looked upon each other, as if they were afraid of the event. The Father whispered the Bishop. I believe, by a word or two that I could not but hear, it was to induce him to place himself so as to hear (as I had proposed) the conversation that was next to pass between the Lady and me.

Turning round on their whispering, Don't I see Camilla, my Lord, said I, at distance, watching our motions, as if she wanted an opportunity to speak to one of us?

She has been walking for some time within sight, said Father Marescotti.

The Bishop made signs to her to advance. She did. And told me, that her young Lady was desirous to see me.

I followed her. Clementina was alone. Camilla introduced me to her, and withdrew.

She was in great confusion on my approach. Her complexion frequently varied. She looked at me often, and as often turned away her eyes; and sighed. Two or three times she hemm'd, as if she would have cleared her voice; but could not find words to express her labouring mind. It was easy to see, that her perplexity was not favourable to me. I thought it would be cruel, not to break the way for her to speak.

Let not my dear Clementina forbear to say all that is in her heart, to the man who greatly prefers her peace of mind to his own.

I had, I had, said she, a great deal to say, before I saw you: But now you are present — She stopt.

Take time to recollect yourself, madam — I have been talking in the garden to my Lord the Bishop, and to Father Marescotti. I greatly revere them both. You have consulted them on the contents of the paper you are pleased to put into my hands. I have hopes from thence, that you may be made easy in your mind. I will never, dearest madam, urge you on the article of Religion. You shall be absolute mistress of your own will. You shall prescribe to me what conditions you please, with regard to your way of life, your pleasures, your gratuities to your servants,

and others. Father Marescotti and your Camilla with you, you will be as safe from innovation, as you can be in your father's house.

Ah Chevalier!

We may, perhaps, prevail upon your father and mother to honour us with their company, in your first journey to England. They have not been of late so well as it were to be wished: We have baths there of sovereign efficacy, in many disorders. By using them, and change of climate, they will very probably receive benefit in their healths. Jeronymo —

Ah, Chevalier! — She arose from her seat, and reseated herself several times, with great emotion. I proceeded.

Jeronymo, our dear Jeronymo, I hope will accompany us, and his skilful Lowther. Those baths are restorative.

O Chevalier! what a man you are? —

She stopt with an air of attention, as if she wished me to proceed.

– And when your honoured and beloved friends shall see their Clementina happy, as I am determined she shall be, if all the tenderness of affection I am able to shew, can make her so, how happy will they all be? — Your chapel, madam! Your confessor! Your own servants! —

Ah, Sir! Sir! — Ought I to listen to such temptations, after what I have given you, upon deliberation, in writing? Good Heaven! and the whole heavenly host! direct me! —

She had recourse to her beads; and her lips, as a word now-and-then half-pronounced informed me, moved to a Pater-noster. Again she assumed an attentive air.

My sisters, madam, will revere you. You will have pleasure in calling them yours. Their Lords are men of the first figure in their country. I ask not for fortune. I ask only for you, and you I ask of yourself. My estate is considerable, and improving. The pride I take in being independent, and in the power of obliging, suffers me not to be imprudent with regard to oeconomy. My capital mansion (I value it for not being a house of yesterday) tho' not so magnificent as your palace in Bologna, is genteel, spacious, convenient. The paper you gave me, shews me that the grandeur of your soul is equal to that of your birth. I revere you for the pious and noble sentiments contained in it. What obligations will you lay me under to your goodness, if you can prevail upon yourself to rely upon my assurances, that I will never seek to make you unhappy on a religious account; and if you can be satisfied with the enjoyment of your own religion, and leave to me the exercise of mine! Dear madam, why may not this be? Why will you not leave me as free as I am ready to leave you? Justice, generosity, are my pleas to a

Lady, who surely cannot but be just and generous. Think, madam; dear Lady Clementina, think; if you cannot, by making me happy, be yourself so.

I took her unresisting hand, and kissed it. She sighed. She wept. She was silent.

With what pleasure, proceeded I, will you every other year visit and revisit England, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new, in turn! Never revisiting England without some of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another; and who will be of our family. Your Grandison, madam, allow me to say your Grandison, has not, he presumes to aver, a narrow heart. You see, how well he can live with the most zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but, when called upon, sears not to avow his own — My dearest Clementina! [Again I pressed her hand with my lips] say, you think you can be happy, and yet bless me with your Love.

O Sir! God is my witness — But leave me, leave me, for a few moments. I dare not trust myself with myself.

Command me not to leave you, madam, till you resolve in my favour — Say, cannot you be happy in the free exercise of your own religion? — Father Marescotti, Camilla, with you — In England but one year at a time — In Italy, under the re-assuring eye of your father, mother, brothers, the next.

Ah, Sir! you must retire — Indeed you must. You leave me not at liberty — You must let me consider — On this crisis of time, as far as I know, depends an eternity of happiness or misery.

Command me not from you: Bid me not leave you. Obey the tender impulse that, I flatter myself, I discover in my favour. I seek your happiness, in pursuing my own. Your eternal welfare cannot be endangered. My conscience will oblige me to strengthen yours, when I see it is yours — Bid me not leave you — Excellent Clementina, bid me not leave you! —

You must, you must — How can I trust myself against a voice, that is the voice of Love; and claims my kindness, my justice, my generosity — Was I ever ungenerous, unjust, unkind? — And if thus staggered now, what, were I to be yours, would the superadded sense of my duty do! — O leave me, Sir, a few moments, leave me.

Be propitious, madam, be propitious, to my humble hope; that is all I will at present say: and now I obey you — Profoundly bowing, I withdrew into the next apartment. She to her closet.

I went out slowly; and heard the hasty motion of somebody going out of the apartment, as I entered it. It was, it seems, the Bishop, who had placed himself within hearing of what passed between his sister and me, as I had desired he would.

It was a full quarter of an hour before I heard her move; and then it was to seek for me.

I was sitting in a pensive mood, revolving the embarrasments I had met with from some of the best of women; and, as you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, know, in different countries; and particularly the unexpected turn which the excellent creature had taken. She approached me with an air of majesty, yet mixed with tenderness. I met her, and, with a bent knee, taking her hand — My fate hangs upon those lips, said I; and was proceeding; when interrupting me — O Sir! I hear not, it is not safe for me to hear, that voice, accompanying this manner — Let me bend to you — I have been craving the divine direction. An irresistible impulse (surely it is that direction) bids me say — Yet what can I say? — If I attempt to argue, I am lost! — Does not this shew me, that were I to be yours, I must be all you wish me to be? And then my everlasting peace, my everlasting happiness! — O Sir! I doubt not your justice, your generosity — But I fear myself! — Seek not, let me repeat, and looked a little wildly, seek not, kindest of men, to entangle me with your Love.

She bent her knee, and I was afraid would have fainted. I clasped my supporting arms about her.

Let me, let me cut short all I intended to say, said she, by referring to my paper. The contents of that are not, cannot be, answered to my satisfaction. Be my advocate to yourself, to your own heart, and seek not to entangle me with your Love.

Whatever it cost me, taking both her hands in mine, and bowing upon them, I will yield to your pleasure. I never will urge you again on this subject, unless your brother the Bishop give me hope of your welcome change of mind.

Best of men, said she, withdrawing her hands, and clasping them together! — But this is not enough — You must promise me your future friendship. You must let me call you Brother: You must be my Tutor, I your Pupil, once more — Happy days were those! The happiest of my life! And encourage and confirm in me the resolution I have taken, or I shall not be happy!

Look upon me, madam, as your brother, as your friend: But this latter task requires more magnanimity than I am master of. To your brother the Bishop, and to Father Marescotti, I must leave that task. They will be in earnest in it. I cannot; because I am convinced, in my own mind, that we might have been happy — Could you — But I forbear, tho' with difficulty — I have promised not to urge you further.

Indeed I have cousulted them both, resumed she; but not before I had given you my written determination: Had they given their opinions different from what they did, I never could have got over the apprehensions I have of your strength,

and my own weakness. I only consulted them, in hopes they would (as they could, or thy had not been good Catholics) confirm and strengthen my mind. And why, why, should I punish the man, I must for ever esteem as my best friend, with a wife, that her unhappy malady has made unworthy of him? Dear Chevalier, I find myself at times not recovered. I may never be quite well. You and yours deserve not to be punished but rewarded. Believe me, Sir, this has been a second consideration with me. God enable me to adhere to my resolution! for his sake, for your sake, and for the sake of my own peace of mind!

Must it not be difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, more difficult than when I came over to Bologna, to give up all hopes of so exalted a woman?

But say, Chevalier, you are not angry with me. Say, that you do not, that you will not, think me ungrateful. To obviate such a charge as that of ingratitude, to a man who has laid us all under such obligations — What is it that I would not do?

I cannot be displeased with you, madam. You cannot be ungrateful. I must not speak: Yet hardly know how to be silent. I will take a walk in the garden. I have a new lesson to learn.

With profound reverence I withdrew. She rang. Camilla came in —

I hastened into the garden, greatly dissatisfied with myself, yet hardly knowing why. I thought I wanted somebody to accuse, somebody to blame — Yet how could it be Clementina? But the words Narrow zeal! — Sweet Enthusiast! — as if I would find fault with her religion, involuntarily slipt from me to myself.

It is difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, at the instant in which the heart finds itself disappointed of some darling hope, to avoid reflexions that, however, can only be justified by self-partiality. What must I be, if led as I have been, by all her friends to hope, I had not been earnest in my hope!

The Bishop joined me in the garden — Excuse me, Grandison, said he, for breaking in upon your contemplations: But I was desirous to apologize to you, for taking the liberty, tho' you allowed it to me, of attending to what passed between you and my sister.

I should, my Lord, have said every-thing I did say to your sister, the occasion the same, before your whole assembled family. Your Lordship has therefore no apologies to make to me. Heard you all that passed?

I believe I did. Those apartments were always the womens. Camilla placed me in a closet that I knew not of, where I heard every word you both said of the last part of your conversation. I must ask you, Chevalier — Is not Clementina —

Clementina, my Lord, is all that is great and good in woman. You will imagine, that it would have been much more easy for me to support myself under the resolution she has taken, had I not had such testimonies of her magnanimity. Permit me, my Lord, to say, that I have one good quality: I can admire goodness

or greatness where-ever I meet with it; and whether it makes for me, or against me. Clementina has all my reverence.

He made me compliments, and withdrew.

The Marquis, the Count, and the Marchioness, afterwards joined me in the garden. The Bishop and Father Marescotti not coming with them, or presently after them, I doubted not but they went to Clementina, in order to applaud her for, and confirm her in, a resolution, which must be agreeable to them. I was right in my conjecture.

The Marquis and Count each took my hand, and first expressed their surprize at the young Lady's adherence to her resolution; and next their high value of me. The Marchioness observed,

"that her daughter, with all her excellencies, was ever difficult of persuasion, when she had deliberately resolved upon any point."

It was easy, I said, to see, that they all now were of one opinion: which was, that Lady Clementina was not to be moved from her present purpose.

They owned they were: But said, that if it were not mine, they thought themselves bound in honour to consent, that I should try, by generous means (and they were sure I would not think of any other) to prevail upon her in my favour.

I presume, said I, that the Bishop has already acquainted you with the substance of what passed just now, between Lady Clementina and me.

They were silent.

Has not your Ladyship seen Lady Clementina since?

I have: And she is extremely uneasy. She wishes you could be of our religion. Could it have been so, I, for my part, should rather have called the Chevalier Grandison my son, than any man in the world. Clementina told me, added she (I cannot but say with more composure than I could have expected tho' not without tears) that you promised to urge her no more on this subject. She owns, that more than once, as you talked to her, she could hardly forbear giving you her hand, on your own terms. But she says, that you were the most generous of men, when you saw she made a point of conscience of her adherence to her newly-taken resolution. And now, Chevalier, having made my Lord and the Count acquainted with all these things, we are come to advise with you what is to be done.

Dear Grandison, said the Marquis, advise us. We want an opportunity to shew you, in more than words, our gratitude for all your goodness to us: We want to appease our Jeronymo; who is ready to suspect, that his Brother and Father Marescotti have contributed to this turn in our daughter's mind: And we want you to declare freely your own sentiments, with regard to Clementina; and whether you would advise us, as well for her own sake, as for yours, to endeavour to

prevail on her to change her mind. Dear creature! a relapse would now be fatal to her, and to her mother and me.

I have no difficulty, my Lord, to answer to these points. As to the first, I am greatly rewarded by the pleasure I have, in the more than could be hoped-for happy effects of Mr. Lowther's skill; and in the prospects that open to us of Lady Clementina's restored health of mind. On this subject I have but one request to make: It is that you will not mortify me so much, as to suppose, that I am not sufficiently rewarded.

As to appeasing the generous mind of Signor Jeronymo, let that task be Lady Clementina's. She can plead conscience with more force for herself, than any second person can do for her; and if she does, it will be a demonstration to us all, of her being likely to be happy in her perseverance! — More happy than I shall be! The admirable Lady who has silenced, on this head, a man so deeply interested to contest this point with her, will certainly be able to appease a brother by the same pleas; and the sooner, as, being of the same religion with the lovely pleader, her arguments will have greater force with him, than they could be supposed to have on me. For, let me say, my Lord, that I could not so much as seem to give way to them, had I not been accustomed, when I was to judge of another's actions, to suppose myself that very person: Hence have I often thought myself obliged to give judgement against my own wishes; though, on resumeing MYSELF, I have not found reason to disapprove of my first expectation.

As to the third point, what can I say? — And yet, as your Lordship has put it, does it not call upon me, as I may say, to give a proof of the disinterestedness I have mentioned? I answer then, as supposing myself in your situation — I cannot expect that you will urge an interest, which I, by having put myself into that of Lady Clementina, have promised not to urge, unless she change her mind. What plea can a parent make use of, but that of filial duty? And where the child can plead conscience in answer, ought it to be insisted on?

And now, resuming MYSELF, let me presume to advise you to give the dear Lady full time to consider and re-consider the case. Her imagination may be heated: In other words, her malady may have a share in the heroism she has so nobly exerted: And yet I am afraid she will persevere. Permit me, my Lords, to say afraid. I cannot wholly divest myself of Self, in this very affecting case. We will not therefore take her at her word: I will absent myself for some time from Bologna; but (as she has the goodness to acknowlege an esteem for me) with her leave. I will return at my time. I will repeat my absences, if we have the least shadow of doubt. But if she hold her purpose, and shall not be visibly worse in her health or mind, we may conclude her resolution unalterable. In this case, I

shall have one or two requests to make you; and, if granted, will endeavour to make myself as happy as a man in such a situation can be.

They applauded my advice. They declared themselves unwilling to think of giving up the pleasure they had brought themselves to have, in considering me as one of their family; and assured me, that it would have been impossible, that any the least difficulty should have arisen from them, after they had brought themselves to dispense with the most material one.

They were earnest with me to pass the evening with them. But I excused myself. I wanted to be at my own lodgings, in order to revolve all that had passed. But having not taken leave of Lady Clementina, I imagined she might think I went away in ill humour, if I forbore it. My whole study, I told them, should be to make Lady Clementina easy: And if the Marchioness would be so good as to permit me to take leave of her for the evening, in her presence, I would depart; only making my compliment to Signor Jeronymo, by Mr. Lowther; knowing that he would be grieved for my disappointment; and my mind not being at present easy enough, to contend with his concern for me.

The Michioness said, she would see the way her Clementina was then in; and acquaint me, by Camilla, with her wishes; and then withdrew; leaving the Marquis, the Count, and me together.

Before we could renew our discourse, the Bishop and Father Marescotti joined us; both in high spirits. They were excessively complaisant to me. It was easy to guess at the occasion of their good humour. I could not be greatly delighted with it. But when the Count told them what had passed, before they joined us, the Bishop embraced me; the Father unawares snatched my hand, and kissed it.

I was glad to be relieved from their compliments, by the expected message from the Marchioness and Clementina.

The young Lady met me, as I entered at the door of her apartment. She held out her hand to me. I respectfully took it. I saw she had been in tears: But she looked with a serenity, that I was glad to see, tho' I doubted not but it was partly owing to the conversation she had had since I left her, with her brother and her confessor, as well as to what might have passed between her mother and her.

She led me to a chair between them both. She withdrew not her hand; and aimed at a more chearful countenance than I had a heart. I congratulated her on her serenity. It is in your power, Sir, said she, to make me still more serene — Can you, of a truth, and from your heart, approve of my present way of thinking? Can you, Chevalier? —

I can admire you for it, madam! You have exalted yourself, in my opinion. But I must regret it — Because — But I have promised not to urge you. Your conscience, madam, is concerned — To endeavour but to persuade against

conscience, if you have no doubt of your motive, is not warranted, even in a parent.

I am, I think I am, returned she, absolutely sure of my motive. But, my dear mamma, be pleased to put the questions I wished you to put to the Chevalier.

She still suffered me to with-hold her hand; and with the other took out her handkerchief; not to wipe away her tears, but to hide her blushes. She wept not: Her bosom heaved with the grandeur of her sentiments.

The question, my dear Grandison, said the Marchioness, is this — We have all of us told my Clementina, that you are invincible on the article of religion. She believes us: She doubts it not from your behaviour and words: But as she would not omit any means to convince you of her high regard for you, she is desirous to hear from your own lips, that you are not to be convinced: She is not afraid, the article so important, to hear you declare, that you will not be a Catholic. It will make her more easy upon reflexion, to be told by you yourself, that you cannot comply, even were she to consent to be yours, at a very short day, if you could —

The exalted Lady stood up, still not withdrawing her hand — False shame, I despise thee, said she: Yet, covered with blushes, she turned her face from me. — That hand, as this heart, putting her other hand to her throbbing bosom, is yours, on that one condition — I am convinced of your affection for me — But fear not to tell me (it is for my own future peace of mind, that I ask it) that you cannot accept it on the terms. She then withdrew her hand, and would have gone from me: But again I snatched it with both mine.

Do you, most excellent of human beings, let me ask you; do you consider the inequality in the case between us, as you are pleased to put it? I presume not to require a change of principles in you. You are only afraid of your perseverance, tho' you are to be left to your freedom; and your confessor to strengthen and confirm you. Of me, is not an actual change required against conviction? — Dearest Lady Clementina! Can you, can you (your mind great and generous in every other case) insist upon a condition so unequal? — Be great throughout; and I kneeled to her — Be uniformly noble — Withdraw not your hand — She struggled it, however, from me; and, hastening to her closet — Once more, Chevalier, said she, read my paper.

I left her, and approaching the Marchioness, who was in tears, Judge me, madam, said I, as I, in your opinion, deserve — What shall I say? — I can urge my hopes no farther: My promise is against me: Clementina is despotic — Forgive me! — But indeed Clementina is not impartial —

Dear Chevalier, said the Marchioness, giving me her hand, what can I say? — I admire you! I glory in my child! I could not, myself in her place, have withstood your plea. When her imagination is cool, I still question if she will hold her

purpose — Propose to her, if you can engage her to descend from these heights, your intended absences — You must calm her. You only can. Her soul is wrought up to too high a pitch.

O madam! But I must first try to quiet my own.

I withdrew into the room adjoining; and, in two or three minutes, returning, found the lovely daughter incircled by the arms of the indulgent mother, both in tears. Clementina was speaking. These were the words I heard her say:

Indeed, my dearest mamma, I am not angry with the Chevalier. Why should I? But he can allow for me. I cannot be so great as he. Don't I say, that I should be undone by his goodness.

She turned her head, and seeing me, disengaged herself from her mother's arms, and met me. Allow for me, Sir, I beseech you, said she. I may be partial. I believe I am. But you can forgive me. I will hope you can — Read my paper, said I, and went from you: But it was not in anger. Read it, I again say. I can give no other answer. I never can be happy with a man whom I think a heretick; and the moment I should, in tenderness, in duty, think him not one, I shall cease myself to be a Catholic. A husband, Sir, allied to perdition, what wife can bear the reflection?

The Chevalier, my dear, urges you not. He adheres to his promise. You were willing to put a question to him yourself. I consented that he should answer it in your presence, for the sake of your future peace of mind. He has spoken to it like himself: He has shewn you, how much he admires you, at the same time that he signifies his inviolable adherence to his own religion. My dearest Love, he has conceded to terms in our favour, that we have not conceded to in his. Glorious and unexceptionable is his adherence, were it to a right religion. He believes it is. He might urge much to his own advantage from your adherence to yours: But he has only hinted at that to us, not to you. He is willing to wait the event of your own will. He will leave us, as he did more than once before, and return; and if you persevere, he will endeavour to make himself easy —

And leave us; and return to England, I suppose?

No doubt of it, my dear —

While the Florentine is there —

I never, madam, can be any-thing but a wellwisher to the Florentine —

God give you, Sir, and me too, ease of mind. But I find my head overstrained. It is bound round as with a cord, I think, putting her hands to each side of it, for a moment — You must leave me, Sir. But if you will see me to-morrow morning, and tell me whither you intend to go, and what you intend to do, I shall be obliged to you. Cannot we talk together, Sir, as brother and sister? Or as tutor and pupil? — Those were happy days! Let us try to recover them.

She put her hand to her forehead, as apprehensive of disorder; and looked discomposed. I bowed to both Ladies, in silence; retired; and, without endeavouring to see any-body else, went to my lodgings.

LETTER XXIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, Thursday, July 13-24.

I Had a visit early this morning from the Count of Belvedere. Be found me very much indisposed. He had heard that I had met with some difficulties, and attributed my indisposition to them.

I owned that it might be so. My life, my Lord, said I, has not been so happy as might have been hoped for, by a man, who has made it his study to avoid giving offence, either to man or woman; and has endeavoured to restrain passions, that otherwise might have been as unruly as those of other young men, in my circumstances. But, I bless God, I have resolution. I may bend beneath a weight, when it is first laid upon me: But if I find I cannot shake it off, I will endeavour to collect my strength, and make myself easy under it. Pardon me, my Lord: I do not often allow my mind to break out thus into words. But I hold the Count of Belvedere for my friend.

You do me honour, said he: And I came with a heart disposed to cultivate your friendship. I thank you for your last goodness to me. Your advice and gentle behaviour, when I was not fit to be trusted with myself, have saved me, as far as I know, from final destruction. To the last day of my life, I shall confess obligation to you. But, dear Chevalier, if some account of the difficulties you meet with will not be a renewal of grief, now you are not very well —

It will not be so, my Lord, interrupted I, since at present I can think of nothing else. Yet putting myself in the place of every one of the family of Porretta, I have nobody to blame; but the contrary. And I must admire Lady Clementina as one of the noblest of women.

He was all impatience for further particulars.

What may yet be the event, I cannot tell, proceeded I: Therefore will only say, that difference in religion is the difficulty with the Lady. I am willing to allow her the full and free exercise of hers. She insists upon a change of mine. For the rest, you, my Lord, want not friends among the principals of the family; let them give you what account they think fit. I would not scruple to gratify your curiosity, could I give you a conclusive one.

I am curious, Chevalier, said he. I loved Clementina above all women, before her illness. I loved her not the less for her illness; for then my Pity joined with my Love, and added a tenderness to it, of which I had not, in equal degree, been before sensible. The treatment she met with, and the self-interested cruelty of

Lady Laurana, heightened her illness, and that (I did not think it possible) my Love. In order to free her from that treatment; and in hopes that a different one (my hopes you see were not ill founded) would restore her reason; and that the happy result might be the defeating of the cruel Laurana's expectations; I tender'd myself in marriage to her, notwithstanding her illness. But I must say, that I never knew how much I loved her, till I was apprehensive that, not only I, but Italy, and her Religion, were likely to lose her for ever. And will you not allow of my curiosity now? God give you, Chevalier, health and happiness here and hereafter! But may you never be the husband of Clementina, but of some woman of your own country, if there be one in it that can deserve you!

The Count left me with this wish, pronounced with earnestness: And I suppose will visit the Bishop and Father Marescotti, in order to gratify his curiosity.

My indisposition requiring indulgence, I sent a billet to the Marchioness, excusing my attendance till the afternoon, on the score of an unexpected engagement. I was loth to mention that I was not very well, lest it should be thought a lover-like artifice, to move compassion. I will not owe my success, even with a Clementina, to mean contrivances. You know I have pride, my dear friend — Pride which your example has not been able to subdue, tho' it has sometimes made me ashamed of it.

One o'Clock.

CAMILLA, by direction of her two Ladies, made me a visit about two hours ago. They were alarmed at my postponing my attendance on Lady Clementina till the afternoon; suspecting that the Count of Belvedere had unwelcomely engaged me; and therefore sent the worthy woman to know the true cause. Camilla observing that I looked ill, I desired her to take no notice of it to any-body: But she could not help acquainting the Marchioness with it; who, ordering her to forbear mentioning it to Clementina and Jeronymo, was so good, attended by Father Marescotti, to make me a visit in person.

Never was mother more tender to her own son, than she was to me. The Father expressed a paternal affection for me. I made light of the illness, being resolved, if possible, to attend them in the afternoon. My mind, my dear friend, is disturbed. I want to be at a certainty: Yet, from what the Marchioness hinted, I believe I have no reason to doubt. The Father and the Bishop have spared no pains, I dare say, to strengthen the Lady's scruples. Their whole study (the Marchioness intimated) is now, in what menner to acknowlege their obligations to me.

They owe me none.

My dear Chevalier, said she, at parting, take care of your health: She put her hand on mine — Your precious health. Don't think of coming out. We will in turn attend you here.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advice of the Marchioness, I went to the palace of Porretta, as soon as I thought their dinner-time was over. Signor Jeronymo desired to be alone with me for a few minutes; and when he was, began upon the subject of the unexpected turn which his sister had taken. I found, that he had been acquainted with the truth of every-thing: Not a single circumstance was omitted, that might enable him to judge fairly of the whole.

And will you, Grandison, can you, my dear friend, said he, have the goodness to attend with patience the event of this dear girl's heroism, or what shall I call it?

I assured him, that the restoration of his sister's health of mind was the dearest to me of all considerations; and that I came over at first with no other hopes than his recovery and hers; resolved to leave to Providence all the rest.

The Marchioness came in soon after, and taking me aside, chid me with tenderness even maternal, for coming abroad. The Marquis, the Count, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, joined us; and then they all, as with one voice, offered to use their interests with Clementina in my favour, if either my peace of mind, or my health, were likely to be affected by her present resolution.

While there was conscience in it, I answered, I would not, for the world, that she should be urged to change it. Nothing now, as I believed, remained to be done, but to try the firmness of her resolution, by first short, and then longer absences: And those I would propose to herself, if they thought fit, when I was next admitted to her presence.

Jeronymo, and all the family, I saw were of one mind. Tell me, say, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is it excusable in a man, who has been so long favoured by your conversation, and should have been benefited by your example, who have behaved so greatly in disappointments, and even persecutions, to find in himself a pride that, at the instant, had almost carried him into petulance, when he saw every one of this family appear to be more pleased than displeased, that he was not likely to be allied to them? — Who yet, when he coolly considers, and puts himself in the case of each individual of it, must acknowlege, that they might well be allowed to rejoice (the great article of religion out of the question) in the hope of keeping her among them in her native country; and the more, because of the unhappy disorder of her mind; and out of a distant one, obnoxious to them all, as England is? Would not my own father and mother, would not I myself, have equally rejoiced in such a turn in the affections of a sister of my own; especially if we had complied with her principally from motives of compassion, and contrary to the interests of our family?

The Marchioness conducted me to the young Lady. She received me with a blush, as a person would do another whom she was sensible she had causelesly disappointed. She took notice, after the first emotion, that I seemed not to be well,

and cast an eye of compassion on me. A slight indisposition, I said, that might, perhaps, be owing to my late inactivity, and want of exercise. I had thoughts of once more making the tour of Italy, in order to visit the many kind friends at different Courts, who had honoured me with their notice during my former abode in Italy.

How long do you propose to be absent, Sir?

Perhaps a month, madam.

A month, Sir! — She sighed, and looked down.

Signor Jeronymo, I hope, said I, will correspond with me.

I could almost wish, said she — Pardon me, madam, to her mother — and looked bashfully down.

What would my child wish?

That I might correspond with the Chevalier in his absence — As his sister, as his pupil, I think I might —

You will do me, madam, the highest honour — Dear madam, to the Marchioness, may I not have your interest with Lady Clementina, to engage her to pursue her kind hint?

By all means. My dearest Love, it will not misbecome you in any character, whether as pupil, as sister, or friend, to write to such a man as the Chevalier Grandison.

Perhaps then I may, said she. You, madam, shall see all that passes in this correspondence.

That shall be as you please, my Love. I can absolutely depend upon the Chevalier's generosity, and your prudence.

I should choose, madam, said I, that you should see all that passes. As amusement is principally my view in this tour, I can be punctual to place and time.

But shall you be gone a month, Sir?

As much less, madam, as you shall command.

Nay, as things are circumstanced, it is not for me — She stopt, sighed, and looked down.

You, madam, are above unnecessary reserve. I never yet abused a confidence. I am proud of your good opinion. I never will do any-thing to forfeit it. Whatever shall be your pleasure, that signify to me in the Letters you will favour me with. I will be all grateful obedience.

Whither, Sir, do you intend to go first?

To Florence, madam —

To Florence, Sir? — But Lady Olivia, I think, is not there — To Mrs. Beaumont, I suppose?

I will send you, madam, from Florence, the beginning Letter of the hoped-for correspondence. I will be careful to be within distance of receiving your favour in a very short space, by means of a servant, whom I will leave at Florence, to attend to our correspondence.

And when, Sir, do you leave Bologna?

I will now take leave of my new correspondent, and my dear friends here; and dispose myself for my little route.

She looked at her mother: then at me — again sighed, blushed, and looked down — Well, Sir, was all she said.

Will you not drink chocolate with us to-morrow? said the Marchioness.

I excused myself. As I was not well, I thought I might be obliged to keep my chamber for two or three days; and that therefore it was better to take leave of her then, that I might not give them anxiety, for their own sakes, on a supposal, that I owed my indisposition to my disappointment. And yet, Dr. Bartlett — But you know my heart, and all its imperfections: And will you not, on this extraordinary occasion, allow me to give way to my native pride, for my own sake? Who but must admire the exalted mind of this young Lady? What man would not wish her to be his? — But to covet a relation to a family, however illustrious, however worthy, every one of which wishes, and with reason on his side, that it may not take place — I must, if possible — But a few weeks will now determine my fate — I will not leave them or myself, if I can help it, any cause of regret.

I took a solemn leave of Clementina. She wept at parting; and dropping down on one knee, prayed for a blessing to attend me where-ever I went.

Even had not my indisposition lowered my spirits, I should have been affected at the solemnity and grace of her manner. The Marchioness was.

I went from her to Jeronymo. I left it to his mother to tell him all that had passed; and took almost as ardent a leave of him. I desired a visit from Mr. Lowther: And left my compliments for the rest of a family that I ever must highly respect.

Thursday, July 13-24.

I TOOK, by advice, a medicine over-night, that composed me. I had wanted rest. I am much better, and preparing for my journey to Florence. I have returned answer that I am, to enquiries made after my health by the whole family. The Bishop excused his personal attendance, on the Count’s sudden resolution to set out for Urbino; and insisting on his and Father Marescotti’s accompanying him thither for a few days.

Camilla came to me from her two Ladies, and the Marquis. All three, she told me, were indisposed. Their enquiries after my health were very tender: The Marquis bid her tell me, that he hoped to be well enough to make me a visit

before I set out. Jeronymo wished to see me first, if I had opportunity. But, as I probably must, if I go, see Lady Clementina, and another solemn parting will follow, I think it will be best, for both our sakes, as well as for Jeronymo's, not to obey him; and so I hinted by Camilla.

The Count of Belvedere has made me a visit. He is setting out for Parma. Not one word passed his lips about Lady Clementina, or her family. He was very earnest with me, to promise him a visit at his palace. I gave him room to expect me. By his silence on a subject so near his heart, as well as by the very great respect he paid me, I have no reason to doubt but he knows the situation I am in with Clementina: She will have his prayers, I dare say, for perseverance in her present way of thinking. Indeed now, everybody's of her family — for who can doubt the General's? She would have had mine to the same purpose, the more sincerely, had not they all joined to indulge my hopes; and had she not given such instances of the noblest of female minds.

But, how great soever may be the occasion given me for fortitude, by a resolution so unexpected by every-body from Lady Clementina, I cannot be deprived of all pleasure; since the contents of my last pacquets, as well those from Paris as from England, afford me a great deal.

Every-thing is done at Paris, that I could have wished, in relation to Mr. Danby's legacy.

Lord W. lets me know, that he thinks himself every day happier than in the past with his Lady; who also subscribes to the same acknowledgment.

Our Beauchamp tells me, that he wants only my company to make him the happiest of men. He requests me to write a Letter of thanks, in my own name, to Lady Beauchamp, on his dutiful acknowledgment to me of her kindness to him. I will with pleasure comply; and the sooner, as I am sure that gratitude for past benefits, and not expectation of new ones, is his motive.

He laments in postscript, that his father is taken with a threatening disorder. I am sorry for it. Methinks I am interested in the life and health of Sir Harry Beauchamp. I hope he will long enjoy the happiness, of which his son says he is extremely sensible. Should he die, the Lady will be a great deal in my Beauchamp's power, large as her jointure is. If he be not, on such an event, as obliging to her, as he now is, and forget not all past disobligations, I shall not have the opinion of his heart that I now have. Our Beauchamp wants but the trial of prosperity (a much more arduous one than that of adversity) to be upon full proof an excellent man.

Lady Mansfield, with equal joy and gratitude, acquaints me, that my presence in England is only wanting to bring to a decision every point that now remains in debate with her adversaries, the Keelings; they having shewn themselves

inclinable, by the mediation of Sir John Lambton, to compromise on the terms I had advised she should get proposed, as from me; and the wicked Bolton having also made proposals, that perhaps ought to be accepted if he cannot be brought to amend them.

Two of Emily's Letters of distant date are come together. I will write to the dear girl by the next mail, and let her know how much absence endears to me my friends.

You give me joy my dear Dr. Bartlett, in acquainting me with the happiness of Lord and Lady G. I will write to my Charlotte upon it, and thank her for the credit she does me by her affectionate behaviour to that honest and obliging man.

How happy are you, my dear friend, and Lord and Lady G. and Emily, at Miss Byron's! I am charmed with the characters you give me of her family.

But I have Letters brought by the same mail, that are not so agreeable as those I have taken notice of. They are from Lady Olivia, and my poor cousin Grandison.

That unhappy woman is to be my disturbance! She is preparing, she says, to come back to Italy. She execrates: She threatens. Poor woman! But no more of her at present.

My cousin is by this time, I suppose, at Paris. He writes, that he was on the point of setting out, in pursuance of my advice; and will wait there for my direction to proceed to Italy, or not. I shall write to him to continue there till he hears further from me; and, at the same time, to some of my friends there, to make France agreeable to him.

I shall not perhaps write again very soon. Letters from England will, however, find an easy access, directed to me, under cover, to Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, as you know how.

I shall be pretty much in motion, if health permit. I shall take a view of the works projecting by the duke of Modena, in order to render his little Signory considerable. I shall visit the Count of Belvedere at Parma. Mrs. Beaumont and her friends will have more of my company than any other persons. Perhaps I may make a long-requested visit to the Altieri family, at Urbino. If I do, I must not put a slight on the Conte della Porretta, who pressingly invited me thither. I think to pass a few days at Rome. If I go from thence to Naples, I shall perhaps once more, in the General's company, visit Portici, in order to make more accurate observations than I have hitherto done, on those treasures of antiquity which have been discovered in the antient Herculaneum.

I have a private intimation from Milan, that a visit there would be a welcome one to Lady Sforza. I may possibly take that city in my way, when I quit Italy. But how can I, without indignation, see the cruel Laurana?

Thus, my dear and reverend friend, have I given you an imperfect sketch of my present intentions, as to passing the month that I think of absenting myself from Bologna.

It is a long time since I have been able to tell you aforehand, with regard to some of the most material articles of my life, what I will or will not do. Yet, knowing my own motives, I cannot say, that were the last three or four years of it to come over again, I should have acted otherwise than I have done. Do you, my reverend friend, with that freedom which has been of inexpressible use to me, remind me, if I am too ready to acquit myself. You know (I repeat) all the secrets of my heart. Be not partial to your sincere friend. I write not to be praised, but corrected, Don't flatter my vanity; I am yet but a young man! You have not blamed me a great while: I am for this reason a little diffident of the ground I stand upon: But if you have no material fault to recollect, spare yourself the trouble of telling me so: Having thus renewed my call upon you, for your friendly admonition, I will look upon your silence as an acquittal, so far as I have gone. And we will begin, from the date of your next, a new account. In the mean time, he not concerned for my health. I am much better than I was. My mind was weakened by suspense. I long since thought the crisis near. If it be not already overpast, a few weeks must surely determine it. I am not in haste to send this pacquet. A week hence Sir Alexander Nesbit will set out directly for England. He has a great desire of being acquainted with my dear Dr. Bartlett, and requests me to give him a commission, that may introduce him to you. Were my future destiny in this country absolutely determined, I would not, however, have delayed sending you these Letters by a speedier conveyance.

Sir Alexander is a worthy man: As such, wants not a recommendation to my dear and reverend friend, from his.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

[With the preceding seven Letters of Sir CHARLES.]

Grosuenor-Square, Tuesday, Aug. 8.

GOOD God, my dear! — I dispatch a pacquet to you; received, a few hours ago, from Dr. Bartlett, with desire of forwarding it to you. My sister was with me. We read the Letters together. I dispatch them by an express messenger — What shall we say? Tell me, Harriet. More suspense still. Dear creature, tell me, tell me, all you think of the contents of this pacquet. If I enter into the particulars, I shall never have done scribbling. Adieu, my Love!

CHARLOTTE G.

Return the Letters, when perused. I want to study them before the Doctor has them back.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Selby-house, Friday, Aug. 11.

TELL you my dear Lady G. all I think of the contents of the pacquet you so kindly sent me by an express messenger! — What will you say to me, if I do? I can much better tell you, what all my friends here say of them. They are for congratulating me upon those contents. But can I congratulate myself? Can I receive their congratulations? A woman! an angel! — So much more worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, than the poor Harriet Byron can be! — O how great is Clementina, how little am I, in my own eyes! The Lady will still be his. She must. She shall. She will change her mind. So earnest he! So fervently in love with him, she! Who will presume to hope a place in his affections after her? My pride, my dear, is all up! Can I? How mean will any one now appear in his eyes, when he thinks of his Clementina? And who can be contented with half a heart? Nay, not half a one, if he does justice to this wonder of a woman? It was always my consolation, when I looked upon him as lost to myself, that it was to a person of superior merit.

But who can forbear pitying the glorious man! O my dear, I am lost in the subject! I know not what to say. Were I to tell you what I thought, what were my emotions, as I read now his generous pity for the Count of Belvedere — Now his affectionate and respectful address to the noble Lady — Her agitations of mind, previous to the delivery of her paper to him — That paper, the contents so greatly surpassing all that I had read of woman! Yet so much of a piece with the conduct she shewed, when the struggle between her Religion and her Love cost her her reason. His delicacy, yet equal steadiness, in his religion — In short, the whole of his conduct and hers, in the various lights in which they appeared in the different conversations with her, with her family — Were I to tell you, I say, what I thought, and what were my emotions, as I read, a volume would not be sufficient; nor know I what measure would contain my tears. Suffice it to say, that I was not able to rise in two days and nights; and it has been with the greatest difficulty, that I obtained pen and ink, and leave to write; and the physician talks of confining me to my chamber for a week to come.

Sir Charles cries out upon suspence. Indeed it is a grievous thing.

You will observe, that in these last Letters he mentions me but once; and that is, in making me a compliment on the favour which the beloved Four conferred upon me, and all of us, in the visit you were so good as to make us. And why do

you think I take notice of this? — Not from petulance, I assure you: But for the praise of his justice as well as delicacy. For could Sir Charles Grandison excusably (if, on other occasions he remembred the poor girl whom he rescued; could he excusably, I say) while his soul was agitated by his own suspence, occasioned by the uncommon greatness of Clementina's behaviour, think of any other woman in the world?

But you see, my Charlotta, that the excellent man has been, perhaps is, greatly indisposed. Can we wonder at it? Such a prize in view, so many difficulties overcome, as he had to struggle with; yet, at last, a seemingly insuperable one arising from the Lady herself, and from motives that increased his admiration of her? But a woman may be eloquent, from grief and disappointment; when a man, though his nobler heart is torn in pieces, must hardly complain! — How do I pity the distresses of a manly heart!

But should this noble Lady, on his return to Bologna, after a month's absence, hold her purpose, unless he changes his religion, I will tell you my thoughts of what will probably be the result. He will not marry at all. If he cannot love another woman, as well as he does Clementina, ought he? And who can equally deserve his Love? Have we not heard from himself, as well as from Dr. Bartlett, that all the troubles he has had, have proceeded from our Sex? It is true, that men and women can hardly ever have any great troubles, but what must arise from each other. And his have arisen from good women too (I hope Lady Olivia is not deliberately bad). And why should so good a man continue to make himself subject to the petulance, to the foibles, of us wayward women, who hardly know our own minds, as Signor Jeronymo told his friend, when our wishes are in our power?

But, sick or well, you see Sir Charles Grandison loses not his spirit. His enlarged heart can rejoice in the happiness of his friends. I will have joy, said he once to me. And must he not have it in the hopes of the recovery of his friend Jeronymo? In the restoration of the admirable Clementina? And in the happiness those recoveries must give to a worthy and illustrious family? Let me enumerate, from him, the pleasure he enjoys, in the felicity he has given to many; tho' he cannot be, in himself, the happy person he makes others. Is he not delighted with the happiness of Lord and Lady W.? Of his Beauchamp, and his Beauchamp's father and mother? — Of Lady Mansfield, and her family? With yours and Lord G's happiness? Does it not rejoice you, my dear, to have it in your power to contribute to the pleasure of such a brother? And how great, how honourable, how considerate, how delicate, is his behaviour to the noble Clementina; how patient, how disinterested, with her family! How ready to enter into their sentiments, and to allow for them, tho' against himself! But he is prudent: He sees

before him at a great distance: He is resolved to have nothing to reproach himself with, in future, that he can obviate at present. But is not his conduct such, as would make a considerate person, who has any connections with him, tremble? Since if there be a fault between them, it must be all that person's; and he will not, if it be possible for him to avoid it, be a sharer in it? Do you think, my dear, that had he been the first man, he would have been so complaisant to his Eve as Milton makes Adam [So contrary to that part of his character, which made him accuse the woman to the Almighty — To taste the forbidden fruit, because he would not be separated from her, in her punishment, tho' all posterity were to suffer by it? — No; it is my opinion, that your brother would have had gallantry enough to his fallen spouse, to have made him extremely regret her lapse; but that he would have done his own duty, were it but for the sake of posterity, and left it to the Almighty, if such had been his pleasure, to have annihilated his first Eve, and given him a second — But, my dear, do I not write strangely? I would be chearful, if I could, because you are so kind as to take pains to make me so. But on re-perusing what I have written, I am afraid that you have taught me to think oddly. Tell me truth, Charlotte: Is not what has last slipt from my pen, more in Lady G's manner, than in that of

Her HARRIET BYRON?

One line more; and no more, my dear, my indulgent aunt Selby! — They won't let me write on, Charlotte, when I had a thousand things further to say, on the contents of this important pacquet; or I should not have concluded so uncharacteristically.

LETTER XXXII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

Florence, July 18-29.

I Begin, dear and admirable Lady Clementina, the permitted correspondence, with a due sense of the favour done me in it: Yet, can I say, that it is not a painful favour? Was ever man before circumstanced as I am? — Permitted to admire the noblest and most amiable of women, and even generously allowed to look upon himself as a man esteemed, perhaps more than esteemed, by her, and her illustrious family; yet in honour forbidden to solicit for a blessing that once was designed for him; and which he is not accused of demeriting by misbehaviour, or by assuming an appearance that he made not good — Excellent Lady! Am I other than you ever had reason to think me, in my manners, in my principles? Did I ever endeavour to unsettle you in your attachments to the religion of your country? No, madam: Invincibly attached as I knew you were to that religion, I contented myself with avowing my own; and indeed should have thought it an ill requital for the protection I enjoyed from the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and a breach of the Laws of hospitality, had I attempted to unsettle the beloved daughter of a house so firmly likewise attached, as they always were, to their principles. From such a conduct, could this beloved daughter doubt the free exercise of her religion, had she —

But, hushed be the complainings, that my expostulating heart will hardly be denied to dictate to my pen! Have I not said, that I will be all you wish me to be — All hope, or all acquiescence — Forgive me, madam, forgive me, dear and ever-to-be respected family, that yet I use the word hope. Such a prize almost in possession — can I forbear to say hope? — Yet do I not at the same time promise acquiescence? — Painful as it is to me, and impossible as it would be, were not all-commanding conscience pleaded, most excellent of women! I will, I do, acquiesce. If you persevere, dear to my soul as you ever must be, I resign to your will.

The disappointed heart, not given up to unmanly despair, in a world so subject to disappointments, will catch at the next good to that it has lost — Shall I not hope, madam, that a correspondence so allowably begun, whatever be the issue in the greater event, will for ever last? That a friendship so pure will ever be allowed? That the disappointed man may be considered as the Son, the Brother, of a family, which must, in all the branches of it, be ever dear to him? — I will hope

it. I will even demand the continuance of its esteem; why should I not say, of its affection? But so long only, as my own impartial heart, and my zeal for the glory and happiness of your whole house, shall tell me I deserve this; and so long as I can make out my pretensions, to the satisfaction of every one of it. It cannot be on my side, nor will I allow it on yours, that the man who once, by the favour of your whole family, was likely to be happy in a near alliance to it, should (and perhaps for that reason, as it often happens, in like instances) be looked upon as the most remote from its friendly Love.

Never, madam, could the heart of man boast a more disinterested passion for an object, whose mind was dearer to it, than even her person; or a more sincere affection to every one of her family, than mine does. I am unhappily called upon to the proof. The proof is unquestionable. And — To the last hour of my life, you and they, madam, will be dear to me.

Adieu, most excellent of women! — Circumstanced as I am, what more can I say? — Adieu, most excellent of women! — May every good, temporal and eternal, be yours, and every one's of your beloved family, prays

Your and their most grateful, most affectionate, and most obedient, GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

LADY CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Tuesday, Aug. 5. N. S.

I Was the more willing, Sir, to become your correspondent, as I thought I could write to you with greater freedom, than I could speak. And indeed I will be very free, and very sincere, in all I shall write. I will suppose, that I am writing, when I write to you, to my Brother, and best friend. And indeed to which of my other brothers can I write, with equal freedom? — You, in imitation of the God of us all, require only the heart. My heart shall be as open to you, as if, like Him, you could look into every secret recess of it.

I thank you, Sir, for the kind and generous contents of the Letter, by which you have opened this desirable correspondence. Such a regard have you paid in it to the weakness of my mind, and to its late unhappy state, without mentioning that unhappy state — O Sir, you are the most delicate of men — What tenderness have you always shewn me, for my attachment to the religion of my fathers — Surely, you are the most pious of Protestants! — Protestants can be pious; you and Mrs. Beaumont have convinced me that they can. Little did I think I should ever be brought to acknowlege so much in favour of the people of your religion, as you and she, by your goodness, have brought me to acknowlege. O Sir! What might you not have brought me to, by your Love, by your kind treatment of me, and by your irresistable address, were I to have been yours, and residing in a Protestant nation, every one of your friends of that religion, and all amiable, and perhaps exemplarily good? I was afraid of you, Chevalier. But no more of this subject. You are invincible; and I hope I should not have been overcome, had I been yours — But do we not pray against running into temptation? — Again, I say, no more of this subject at present, yet hardly know how to forbear —

Nothing but the due consideration of the brevity as well as vanity of this life, in which we are but probationers, and of the eternity of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart: Dear Chevalier, how happy should I have been, could I have given my hand as that heart would have directed, and on such terms, as I could have thought my Soul secure? — How shall I quit this entangling subject? I am in the midst of briars and thorns — Lend me, lend me, your extricating hand; and conduct me into the smooth and pleasant path, in which you at first found me walking with undoubting feet. Never, never, for my sake, let an unexperienced virgin trust herself with her own imagination, when

she begins to meditate, with pleasure, the great qualities of an object, with whom she has frequent opportunities of conversing.

Again am I recurring to a subject I wish to quit. But since I cannot, I will give my pen its course — Pen, take thy course. Mind, equally perverse and disturbed, I will give way to thee; I see there is no withstanding thee —

Tell me, then, my brother, my friend, my faithful, my disinterested friend, what I shall do, what method take, to be indifferent to you, in another character? What I shall do, to be able to look upon you, only as my brother and friend? — Can you not tell me? Will you not? Will not your Love of Clementina permit you to tell her? — I will help you to words — Say,

"you are the friend of her Soul."

If you cannot be a Catholic always, be a Catholic when you advise her. And then, from your Love of her Soul, you will be able to say,

"Persevere, Clementina! and I will not account you ungrateful"

—

O Chevalier! I fear nothing so much as being thought capable of ingratitude, by those I Love. And am I not, can you think, that I am not, ungrateful? Once you told me so. Why, if you mean me more than a compliment, do you not tell me how to be grateful? Are you the only man on earth, who have it in your will, and in your power, to confer obligations, yet can be above receiving returns? What services did you endeavour to do to the Soul of a misguided youth, at your first acquaintance with him! — Unhappy youth! And how did he at the time requite you for them! He has let us know (generous self-accuser!) what heroic patience you had with him; and how bravely you disdained his ungrateful defiance. Well may he love you as he does. After many, many months discontinuance of friendship, you were called upon to snatch him from the jaws of death, by your bravery. You were not requited, as you might have expected, from some of our family — What regret has the recollection cost us all! — You were obliged to quit our Italy; yet, called upon, as I may say, by your wounded friend; incurably wounded, as it was apprehended; you hastened to him: You hastened to his sister, wounded in her head, in her heart: You hastened to her father, mother, brothers, wounded in their minds, by the sufferings of that son and daughter. And whence did you hasten to us? From your native country. Quitting your relations, all proud of your Love, and proud of loving you; on the wings of friendly zeal did you hasten to us, in a distant region. You encountered with, you overcame, a thousand obstacles. The genius of healing, in the form of a skilful operator, accompanying you; all the art of the physicians of your country did you collect, to assist your noble purpose. Success attended your generous wishes. We see one another, a

whole family see one another, with that delight, which was wont to irradiate our countenances, before disaster overclouded them.

And now, what return shall we make for your goodness to us? You say, you are already rewarded in the success with which God has blessed your generous endeavours to serve us. Hence it is, that I call you proud, and, at the same time, happy. Well do I know, that it is not in the power of a wife to reward you. For what could a wife do by such a man more than her duty? And were it possible for Clementina to be yours, would you that your kindness, your Love to her, should be rewarded at the price of her everlasting happiness? — No, you answer — You would leave to her the full and free exercise of her religion — And can you promise, can you, the Chevalier Grandison, undertake, if you think your wife in an error, that you never will endeavour to cure her of that error? You who, as the husband, ought to be the regulator of her conscience; the strengthener of her mind — Can you, believing your own religion a right one, hers a wrong one, be contented that she shall persevere in it? Or can she avoid, on the same, and even still stricter principles, entering into debate with you? and will not then her faith, from your superior understanding, be endangered? — Of what force will be my Confessor's arguments, against yours, strengthened by your Love, your kindness, your sweetness of manners? And how will all my family grieve, were Clementina to become indifferent to them, to her country, and more than indifferent to her religion?

Say, Grandison, my tutor, my friend, my brother, can you be indifferent on these weighty matters? — O no, you cannot. My brother, the Bishop, has told me (But be not angry with my brother for telling me) that you did declare to my elder brother and him, that you would not, in a beginning address, have granted to a princess the terms you were willing to grant me; and that you offered them to me as a compromise! — Compassion and Love were equally perhaps your inducements. Poor Clementina! — Yet, were there not a greater obstacle in the way, I would have accepted of your compassion; because you are great and good; and there can be no insult, but true godlike pity, in your compassion — Well, Sir, and do not my father, my mother, the best and most indulgent of fathers and mothers; and do not my uncle, and brothers, and my other kindred; comply with their Clementina, upon the same affectionate, the same pitying motive; otherwise religion, country, the one so different, the other so remote, would they have consented? — They would not. Will you not then, my dear Chevalier, think that I do but right (knowing your motive, knowing theirs, knowing that to rely upon my own strength is presumption, and a tempting of the Almighty) to act as I act, to resolve as I have resolved — O do you, my tutor, be again my tutor — You never taught me a lesson that either of us might be ashamed to own — Do you, as I

have begged of you in my paper, strengthen my mind. I own to you, that I have struggled much with myself: And now I am got — above myself, or beneath myself, I know not whether — For my Letter is not such as I designed it. You are too much the subject: I designed only a few lines; and those to express the grateful sense I have of your goodness to me, and our Jeronymo; indeed to every-body; and to beg of you, for the sake of my peace of mind, to point out some way, by which I, and all of us, may demonstrate our attachment to our superior duties, and our gratitude to you —

What have I said? What a quantity have I written! — Excuse my wandering head; and believe me to be, as much the well wisher of your glory, as of my own.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

Rome, Aug. 11. N. S.

"NOTHING", says the most generous and pious of her Sex, "but the due consideration of the brevity as well as vanity of this life, and of the duration of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart."

– Condescending goodness! What acknowlegements do you make in my favour! — But, favour — can I say? — No, not in my favour; but, on the contrary, to the extinction of all my hopes; for what pleas remain to be urged, when you doubt not my affection, my gratitude, my tenderness, my good faith, and think from them will arise your danger?

My
"extricating hand,"
at your command,
"is held out;"
and it shall not be my fault, if you recover not the
"smooth and pleasant path, in which you were accustomed to walk with undoubting feet."
You bid me
"tell you what you shall do to be indifferent to me"

– What pain does the gracious manner of your rejection give me? Exalted goodness! —

"Your brother, your friend, your faithful, your disinterested friend,"
will
"tell you,"
against himself, to the forfeiture of all his hopes;
"he will tell you,"
that you ought not
"to give your hand as your heart"
(condescending excellence!)
"would have directed,"
if you cannot do it,
"and think your Soul secure."
You
"will help me to words,"
you say — I repeat them after you.

“Persevere Clementina — I will not,” I cannot, “account you ungrateful.”

How much does the dear, the generous Clementina, over-rate the services, which Heaven, for my consolation (so I will flatter myself) in a very heavy disappointment that was to follow, made me an humble instrument of rendering to the worthiest of families! To that Heaven be all the glory! By ascribing so much to the agent, fear you not that you depreciate the First Cause? Give to the Supreme His due, and what will be left for me to claim? What but a common service, which any one of your family would, in the like circumstances, have done for me?

It is generous, it is noble, in you, madam, to declare your regard for the man you refuse: But what a restraint must I act under, who value, and must for ever value, the fair refuser; yet think myself bound in honour to acqiesce with the refusal; and to prefer your peace of mind to my own? To lay open my heart before you, would give you pain. I will not give you pain: Yet let me say, that the honour once designed me, had it been conferred, would have laid me under unreturnable obligations to as many persons as are of your family. It was, at one time, an honour too great even for my ambition; and that is one of the constitutional faults, that I have found it most difficult to restrain. But I will glory in their intended goodness; and that I lost not their or your favour from any act of unworthiness — Continue to me, most excellent Clementina; continue to me, Lords and Ladies of your illustrious house; your friendship; and I will endeavour to be satisfied.

Your

“tutor,”

as you are pleased to call him; your friend, your

“BROTHER”

(too clearly do I see the exclusive force of that last recognition!) owns, that

“he cannot be indifferent to those motives, that have so great weight with you.”

He sees your stedfastness, and that your conscience is engaged: He submits therefore, whatever the submission may cost him, to your reasoning; and repeats your words —

“Persevere, Clementina.”

I did tell your elder brother, and I am ready to tell all the world,

“that I would not, in a beginning address, tho’ to a princess, have signed to the articles I yielded to by way of compromise.”

Allow me, madam, to repeat his question, to which my declaration was an answer —

“What would the daughters have done, that they should have been consigned to perdition ?”

– I had in my thoughts this further plea, that our church admits of a possibility of salvation out of its own pale. God forbid but it should! The church of God, we hold, will be collected from the sincerely pious of all communions. Yet, I own that had the intended honour been done me, I should have rejoiced that none but sons had blessed our nuptials.

But how do your next words affect me —

“Compassion and Love, say you, were equally, perhaps your inducements — Poor Clementina;”

add you. Inimitably great as what follows this is, I should have thought myself concerned, as well for my own honour, as for your delicacy, to have expatiated on the self-pitying reflexion conveyed in these words, had we been otherwise circumstanced than we are: But to write but one half of what, in happier circumstances, I would have written, must, as I have hinted, give pain to your noble heart. The excellent Clementina, I am sure, would not wish me to say much on this subject. If she would, I must not; I cannot.

The best of fathers, mothers, brothers, and of spiritual directors, in your own way, are yours. They, madam, will strengthen your mind. Their advices and their indulgent love, will be your support in the resolution you have taken. You call upon me again to approve of that resolution. I do, I must approve of it.

“The Lover of your soul”

concludes with the repetition of the words you prescribe to his pen — If cooler reflexion, if reconsideration of those arguments which persuaded me to hope, that you would have been in no way unhappy or unsafe, had you condescended to be mine — If mature and dispassionate thought, cannot alter your present persuasion on this head —

“Persevere, Clementina,”

in the rejection of a man as steady in his own faith as you are in yours. If your conscience is concerned — If your peace of mind is engaged — you ought to refuse.

“You cannot be thought ungrateful”

– So, against himself, decides your called-upon, and generously acknowleged,

“Tutor, Friend, Brother,” GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Aug. 19. N. S.

AND do you, best of men, consent to be governed by my wishes? But are you convinced (You do not say you are) by my reasonings? — Alas! my reasoning powers are weakened: My head has received an incurable wound: My memory, indeed, seems returned, but its return only serves to make me more sensible of my past unhappiness; and to dread a relapse.

But what is it I hear? Olivia is come back to Florence; and you are at Florence! Fly from Florence, and from Olivia — But whither will you go, to avoid a woman who could follow you to England? — Whither, but to England? — We are all of us apprehensive for the safety of your person, if you refuse to be the hushand of that violent woman. Yet cannot I bear the thoughts of her being yours. But that, you have told me, she never can be — Yet, if you could be happy with her, why should I be an enemy to her happiness? — But to your own magnanimity I will leave this subject.

Let me advise with my tutor, my friend, my brother, on a point that is now much more my concern than Olivia, and her hopes — Fain, very fain, would I take the viel. My heart is in it. My friends, my dearest friends, urge against my plea, the dying request, as well as the wishes while living, of my grandfathers on both sides. I am distressed; I am greatly distressed; for well do I know what were the views of the two good men, now with God, in wishing me not to assume the viel. But could they foresee the calamity that was to befal their Clementina? They could not. I need not dwell upon the subject, and upon the force of their pleas and mine, to a man whose mind is capacious enough to take in the whole strength of both at once. But you will add an obligation to the many you have already conferred upon me, if you can join your weight to my pleas; and make it your request, that I may be obliged in this momentous article. Let me expect that you can, that you will. They all languish for opportunities to oblige the man, who has laid them under obligations not to be returned. Need I to suggest a plea to you, the force of which must be allowed from you, if you ever with fervor loved Clementina?

If I know my own heart, and I have given it a strict examination, two things granted me would make me as happy as I now can be in this life: The one, that my request to be allowed to sequester myself from the world, and to dedicate myself to God, be complied with: The other, to be assured of your happiness in marriage

with an English, at least not to an Italian, woman. I am obliged to own, tho' I am sensible that I expose to you my weakness, by the acknowlegement, that the last is but too necessary to the tranquillity of my mind, in the situation in which the grant of my first wish will please me. Let me know, Chevalier, when I have set my hand to the plough, that there is no looking back; and that the only man I ever thought of with tenderness is another's, and, were I not professed, never could be mine. Answer, as I wish; and I shall be able to follow you, Sir, with my prayers, to the country that has the honour of producing such an ornament to human nature.

It must not be known, you will readily suppose, that I have sought to interest you in my plea. For this reason, I have not shewn this Letter to any-body. Father Marescotti, I have hopes, as a Religious, will declare himself in my favour, if you do. My brother, the Bishop, surely will strengthen your hand and his, tho' he appears as the Brother, not as the Prelate, in support of the family reasons.

I am not ashamed to say, I long to see you, Sir. I can the more readily allow myself to tell you so, as I can declare that I am unalterably determined in my adherence to my written resolution, never to trust to my own strength in an article in which my everlasting welfare is concerned. O, Sir, what struggles, what conflicts, did this resolution cost me, before I could make it! — But once made, and upon such deliberation, and after I had begged of God his direction, which I imagine he has graciously given me, I have never wished to alter it. Forgive me, Sir. You will; you are a good man: — My God only have I preferred to you.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

Florence, Aug. 23. N. S.

MY dear correspondent asks, If I am convinced by her reasonings — I repeat, That I resign to your will every hope, every wish, respecting myself. In a case where conscience can be pleaded, no other reasonings are necessary.

But what can I say, most excellent of women, to the request you make, that I will support you in your solicitude to take the veil? I hope you only propose this to me, by way of asking my advice —

"Let me, say you, advise with my tutor, my friend, my brother"

— I have given the highest instance that man could give, of my disinterestedness; and I will now, as you require, suppose myself a Catholic in the humble advice I shall offer to my sisterly friend; and this will the rather appear as I should, as a Protestant, argue against any one's binding him or herself, by vows of perpetual celibacy.

"Need I, asks my dear correspondent, suggest a plea for you to make, the force of which must be allowed, if ever you fervently loved Clementina?"

At what plea does the excellent Clementina hint? Is it not at an Herodian one ? Why, if ever she honoured her Grandison with her esteem, does she not enforce the same plea with regard to him? Can she, avowing the esteem, be so generous as to wish him to enter into the married state, and even to insist upon it, as a step that would contribute to her future peace of mind, yet hope to prevail upon him to make it his request, that she may be secluded from a possibility of ever enjoying the same liberty? Were I married, and capable of wishing to fetter and restrain thus my wife, in case of her surviving me, I should think she ought to despise me for the narrowness of my heart. What then is the plea that a young Lady, in the bloom of beauty, would put me upon making? — And to whom? — To her own relations, who all languish, as she expresses herself, for opportunities to oblige him; and who are extremely earnest to dissuade her from entering upon the measure she wishes him to promote? Can he, madam, to use your own words in the solemn paper you give me, think of taking such advantage of their generosity to him?

But can Clementina della Porretta, who is blest with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents, and who has always gloried in her duty to them; whose brothers love her with a disinterestedness that hardly any brothers before them have been able to shew; can she, in opposition to the will of her grandfathers,

wish to enter into a measure, that must frustrate all their hopes from her for ever? — Dear Lady! consider.

You, my beloved correspondent, who hold marriage as a sacrament, surely cannot doubt but you may serve God in it with much greater efficacy, than were you to sequester yourself from a world that wants such an example as you are able to give it. But, madam, your parents propose not marriage to you: They, only, at present, beseech, not command you (they know the generosity of your heart) not to take a step that must entirely frustrate all their hopes, and put an option out of your own power, should you change your mind. Let me advise you, madam, disclaiming all interested views, and from motives of a Love merely fraternal (for such is your expectation from the man you honour with your correspondence) to set the hearts of relations, so justly dear to you, at ease; and to leave to Providence the issue. They never, madam, will compel you. And give me leave to say, that piety requires this of you. Does not the Almighty, everywhere in his word, sanctify the reasonable commands of parents? Does he not interest himself, if I may so express myself, in the performance of the silial duty? May it not be justly said, that to obey your parents, is serve God? Would the generous, the noble-minded Clementina della Porretta, narrow, as I may say, her piety, by limiting it (I speak now as if I were a Catholic, and as if I thought there were some merit in secluding one's self from the world) when she could, at least, equally serve God, and benefit her own soul, by obeying her parents, by fulfilling the will of her deceased grandfathers, and by obliging all her other near and dear relations? Lady Clementina cannot resolve all the world into herself. Shall I say, there is often cowardice, there is selfishness, and perhaps, in the world's eye, a too strong consession of disappointment, in such seclusions?

There are about you persons who can give this argument its full force — I cannot do it. O my Clementina, my sister, my friend, I cannot be so great, so undivested, in this instance, as you can be! — But I can be just: I presume to say, I cannot be ungenerous. I tell you not what I hope to be enabled by your noble example, in time, to do, because of the present tenderness of your health. But you must not, madam, expect from me a conduct, that you think it would become you to disavow. Delicate as the female mind is, and as is most particularly my dear correspondent's that of the man, on such an occasion as this, should shew at least an equal delicacy: For has he not her honour, as a woman, to protect, as well as his own, as a man, to regard?

Distress me not, my dear Clementina; add not, I should rather say, to my distress, by the declaration of yours. I repeat, that your parents will not compel you. Put it not out of your power to be prevailed upon to do an act of duty. God requires not that you should be dead to your friends, in order to live to Him. Their

hope is laudable. Will Lady Clementina della Porretta put it out even of the Almighty's power, to bless their hope? Will she think herself unhappy, if she cannot punish them, instead of rewarding them, for all their tender and indulgent goodness to her? — It cannot be. God Almighty perfect his own work, so happily begun, in the full restoration of your health! This blessing, I have no doubt, will attend your filial obedience. But can you, my dear correspondent, expect it, if you make yourself uneasy, and keep your mind in suspense, as to your duty, and indulge yourself in supposing, that the will of God, and the will of your parents, are opposite, when theirs is solely designed for your good, spiritual and temporal? A great deal now depends upon yourself. O, madam, will you not in a smaller instance, were your heart ever so much engaged to the cloistered life, practise that self-denial, which in the highest you enforce upon me? All your temporal duties, against you; and your spiritual not favouring, much less impelling, you?

But once more, I quit a subject, that may, and, no doubt, will, be enforced in a much stronger manner, than I can enforce it. I will soon, very soon, pay my duty to you, and all yours. You own your wishes to see me, because you are fortified by your invincible adherence to your resolution. I will acknowlege anguish of heart. I cannot, as I told you above, be so great as you. But if you will permit your sisterly Love to have its full operation, and if you wish me peace of mind, and a cordial resignation to your will, let me see you, madam, on the next visit I shall have the honour to make you, chearful, serene, and determined to resign your will to the reasonable will of parents, who, I am confident, I again repeat it, will never compel you to marry — Have they not already given you a very strong instance, that they will not? — In a word, let me hear you declare, that you will resign yourself to their will, in this article of the veil; and I shall then, with the more chearfulness, endeavour to resign to yours, so strongly and repeatedly declared, in the Letter before me, to, dear Lady,

Your fraternal Friend, and ever-obliged Servant, GRANDISON.

Lady Olivia, madam, arrived this day at her own palace. It is impossible that any-thing but civility can pass between her and your greatly-favoured correspondent.

LETTER XXXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Thursday, Aug. 17-28.

I SHALL hereafter have a pretty large supplement to give you to my literary journal; having found it necessary, as much as possible, in the past month, to amuse myself with subjects without myself. And I shall send you now the copies of three Letters of mine, written in Italian to Lady Clementina; and two of hers, in answer to the first and second of them.

I arrived here yesterday. But before I proceed to acquaint you with my reception, I should mention, that Lady Olivia arrived at her own place at Florence, on Friday last. I was then in that city, but newly returned from Naples and Rome. She sent one of her gentlemen to me the night of her arrival, to acquaint me with it, and to desire me to attend her next morning. I went.

Her first reception of me was polite and agreeable. But the moment her aunt Maffei withdrew, and we were alone, her eyes darting a fiercer ray, Wretch, said she, what disturbance, what anxieties, hast thou given me! — But it is well, that thy ingratitude to the creature who has risqued so much for thee, has been rewarded, as it ought to be, by a repulse from a still prouder heart, if possible than thy own!

You, Lady Olivia, answered I, have reason to impute pride to me. You have given me many opportunities to shew you, that I, a man, can keep my temper; when you, a woman, have not been able to keep yours; yet, in me, never met with an aggressor.

Not an aggressor, Sir! — To say nothing of the contempts you cast upon me here in my own Italy, what was your treatment of me in your England — Paltry island! I despise it! — To resolve to leave me there! To refuse to compliment me with a day, an hour! [O my detested weakness! What a figure did I make among your friends!] And declaredly to attend the motions of the haughtiest woman in Europe! Thank God, for your own sake; yes, Sir, I have the charity to say, for your own sake; that you are disappointed!

I pity you, Lady Olivia: From my soul I pity you! And should abhor myself, were I capable of mingling insult with my pity. But I leave you.

Forgive me, Chevalier, catching my arm as I was going. I am more displeased with myself than with you. A creature, that has rendered herself so cheap to you (but, Sir, it is only to you) cannot but be uneasy to herself; and when she is, she must misbehave to every-body else. Say you forgive me —

She held out her hand to me. But immediately, on Lady Maffei's coming in, followed by servants, withdrew it.

Her behaviour afterwards was that of the true passionate woman; now ready to rave, now in tears. I. cannot, Dr. Bartlett, descend to particulars. A man, who loves the Sex; who has more compassion than vanity in his nature; who can value (even generally faulty) persons for the qualities that are laudable in them, must be desirous to draw a veil over the weaknesses of such. I left her distressed? There may be cases in which sincerity cannot be separated from unpoliteness. I was obliged to be unpolite, or I could not have been sincere; and must have given such answers, as would, perhaps, in some measure, have intitled the Lady to think herself amused. Poor woman! She threatened to have me overtaken by her vengeance. But now, on the disappointment I had met with at Bologna, it became absolutely necessary for me to encourage, or to discourage, this unhappy Lady — I could not have been just to her, had I not been just to myself.

A very extraordinary attempt was made, next day, on my person; I am apt to believe, from this quarter. It succeeded not: And as I was on the Tuesday to set out for Bologna, I let it pass off without complaint or enquiry.

I paid the Count of Belvedere a visit, as I had promised. The General at Naples, and the Count at Parma, received me with the highest civilities; and both from the same motive. The Count will hope. The General accompanied me, with his Lady, part of my way to Florence. The motive of his journey is to rejoice personally with his friends at Urbino and Bologna, on the resolution his sister has taken; and to congratulate her upon it; as he has already done by Letter; the copy of which he shewed me. There were high compliments made me in it. We may speak handsomely of the man whom we neither envy nor fear. He would have loaded me with presents; but I declined accepting any; in such a manner, however, as he could not be dissatisfied with me for my refusal.

I paid also my respects at Urbino to the Altieri family, and the Conte della Porretta, in my way to Rome and Naples, and met with a very polite reception from both. For the rest of the time of my absence from Bologna, my literary journal will account.

On Wednesday afternoon I went to the palace of Porretta. I hastened up to my Jeronymo, with whom, as also with Mr. Lowther, I had held a correspondence, in my absence, and received favourable intelligences from them.

Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. I was inexpressibly delighted to find him so much recovered. His appetite, he told me, was restored. His rest was balmy and refreshing. He sat up several hours in the day; and his sister and he gave joy to each other, and to all their friends. But he hinted to me his wishes still, to call me

brother; and begged of God, in a very earnest manner, snatching my hand, and wetting it with his tears, that it still might be so.

The Marquis, the Marchioness, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, joined to thank and applaud me for my part of the correspondence with their beloved daughter; for, on my declining to support her in her wishes to be allowed to take the veil, she had shewed them the copy of her second Letter, as well as my reply, to it. The blessings which they poured out upon me, were mingled with their tears; and Father Marescotti and the Bishop declared, that they would, in every prayer they put up to Heaven for themselves and the Family, remember me, and beg of God to supply to me, by another, and even, they said, a better Clementina, the disappointment I had so unexpectedly met with from theirs. The General and his Lady, and the Count, arrived the day before: But they were not present.

While they were all complimenting and applauding the almost silent man (for in so critical a situation what could I say?) Camilla came in, and whispering the Marchioness, Clementina, said the Marchioness, is impatient to see her friend. Chevalier, I will introduce you. I followed her.

The young Lady, the moment she beheld me, flew to me with open arms, as to her brother, her fourth brother, as she called me; and thanked me, she said, a thousand thousand times, for my Letters to her. My mamma, said she, has seen them all. But, ah, Sir, your third! — I did not think you would have refused me your interest with my friends. I cannot, cannot give up that point. It was always my wish, madam (turning to her mother) to be God's child; that does not make me less yours and my papa's. O, Chevalier! you have not quieted, you have not convinced, my heart!

I promise myself, that I could have left you without a plea, my dear correspondent, returned I, had my heart been at ease, and the argument less affecting to myself. And surely, if Lady Clementina had been convinced, she would have acted up to her conviction.

O, Sir, you are a dangerous man! I see, if a certain event had taken place, I should have been a lost creature! — Are not you, Sir, convinced, that I should, in my notions of a lost creature? If you are, I hope you will act up to your conviction.

Was this necessary to be said to me? I think, on recollection, she half-smiled when she said it.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, you see Clementina could be pleasant on an occasion so solemn! — But perhaps she saw me only affectedly chearful. Little, at present, as she imagines it, I think it not impossible that she may in time be brought to yield to the sense of her duty, laid down by such powerful advocates as she has in her own family. Whatever happens, may it be happy to her and this family, and then I

cannot be wholly joyless! What is there in this Life, worth — But let me not be too abstracted! This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent chearfulness, and be serviceable to our fellow-creatures, is not to be despised, even by a Philosopher.

I hope, madam, said I, to her, that at least you suspend your wishes after the sequestred life. She allowed the force of one or two of my arguments, but I could perceive, that she gave not up her hope of being complied with in her wishes to assume the veil.

The General, and his Lady, and the Count, being come in, hastened up to pay their compliments to me. How profuse were the two Gentlemen in theirs!

At the Marchioness's motion, we went to Jeronymo, and found the Marquis, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, coming to us. And then, every one joining in their acknowlegements of obligation to me, and wishing it in their power to make me as happy as they declared I had made them, I said, It was in their power, I hoped, to do me an unspeakable pleasure.

They called upon me, as with one voice; It is, answered I, that my dear friend Jeronymo may be prevailed upon to accompany me to England. Mr. Lowther would think himself very happy in his attendance on him there, rather than to stay here; and yet, if my request should not be granted, he is determined not to leave him till he is supposed to be out of danger.

They looked upon one another with eyes of pleasure and surprize. Jeronymo wept. I cannot, cannot bear, said he, such a weight of obligation. Grandison, we can do nothing for you: And you have brought me your Lowther to heal me, that you might have the killing of me yourself.

Clementina's eyes were filled with tears. She went from us with some little precipitation.

O Chevalier, said the Marchioness, my Clementina's heart is too susceptible for its own ease, to impressions of gratitude. You will quite kill the poor child — or make her repent her resolution.

What is there but favour to me, replied I, if my request can be complied with? I hope my dear Jeronymo will not be unattended by others of his friends: I have had the promises of the two young Lords. Our baths are restorative. I will attend you to them, my dear Jeronymo. The difference of air, of climate, may, probably, be tried with advantage. Let me have the honour of entertaining you in England, looking all round me; and that I will consider, as a full return of the obligations you think so highly of, and are so solicitous to discharge.

They looked upon one another, in silence.

Would to God, proceeded I, that you, my Lord, and you, madam (directing myself to the father and mother) would honour me, as my guests, for one season — You once had thoughts of it, had a certain happy event taken place — I dare

promise you both, after the fatigues you have undergone, a renewal of health, from our salutary springs. I should be but too happy, if, in such company, a sister might be allowed to visit a brother! — But if this be thought too great a favour, that sister, in your absence, cannot but give and receive pleasure, sometimes in visiting Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; sometimes her Brother and his Lady at Naples. And I will engage my two Sisters and their Lords to accompany me in my attendance on you back to Bologna. My Sisters will be delighted with the opportunity of visiting Italy, and of paying their respects to a young Lady whose character they revere, and to whom once their brother had hoped to give them the honour of a relation.

They still continuing silent, but none of them seeming displeased; You will, by such a favour, my dear Lords, and you, madam, to the Marchioness, do me credit with myself, as I may say. I shall return to my native country, if I go alone, after the hopes you had all given me, like a disappointed and rejected man. My pride, as well as my pleasure, is concerned on this occasion. My house in the country, my house in London, shall be yours. I will be either inmate or visiter, at your pleasure. No man loves his country better than I do: But you will induce me to love it still better, if by your compliance with my earnest request, you shall be able to obtain either health or pleasure from a twelvemonth's residence in it. Oblige me, my dear Lords; oblige me, madam; were it but to give yourselves a new relish to your own country and palace on your return. Our summers have not your fervid sun: Our commerce gives us, in the highest perfection, all your justly boasted autumnal fruits: Nor are our winters so cold as yours. Oblige me, for the approaching winter only; and stay longer, as you shall find inclination.

Dearest Grandison, said Jeronymo, I will accept of your invitation the moment I am told that I may undertake the journey —

The journey, my Lord, interrupted I! — Your cabin shall be made near as convenient to you, as your chamber. You shall be set ashore within half a league of my house in London. God give us a pleasant voyage; and in a few days time, you will not know, except by amended health and spirits, that you are not in this your own chamber.

Surely, said the General, my sister was right in her apprehensions, that she should not be able to continue a Catholic, had she been this man's. I wish you, my Lord, you, madam, and Jeronymo, would go. You have had a long course of fatigues and troubles. You love the Chevalier. Winter with him, however. I have heard much of the efficacy of the English baths. Clementina must not go. My wife and I will make her as happy as possible in your absence: And take Grandison at his word. Bring him, and his sisters, back with you. Their Lords, I understand,

have been among us. They will not be sorry to visit Italy a second time, as, no doubt, they are men of taste — But when, Chevalier, do you think of going?

The sooner the better, were it but to take advantage of the fine season: It will be but what mariners call a trip to England. You will make me very happy. You can have no other way of discharging the obligations you are so sollicitous about. I will return with you: The health of Lady Clementina, I flatter myself, will be quite confirmed by that time. Signor Jeronymo, I hope, will be restored likewise: What joy shall we be enabled to give one another: —

They took only till the morning to consult, and give me an answer.

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

MR. Lowther and his collegues, having been consulted, gave it as their opinion, that Jeronymo might be removed by litter to the nearest sea-port, and there embark for England; but that it is most eligible to stay till the next spring, by which time they hope the two old wounds may be safely cicatrized, and the new one only kept open.

But they all engaged, that then not only Jeronymo, and the two young Lords, but some others of the family, will be my guests in England; and, in the mean time, that the Bishop and Father Marescotti will in turn correspond with me, and acquaint me with all that passes here.

Clementina drank chocolate with us. She had been made acquainted with their determination, and approved of the promises of a visit to be made me next year, by some of the principals of the family. What a hard circumstance is it, whispered she, as she sat next me, that the person who would be most willing to go, and I flatter myself, would not be the least welcome, must not be of the company! I should have been glad to have made one visit to the country where the Chevalier Grandison was born.

And what a perverseness, thought I, is there in custom; that would not permit this kind explicitness in Lady Clementina, were she not determined to consider the brother, in the man before her, rather than a still nearer relation! By how many ways, my dear Dr. Bartlett, may delicate minds express a denial! — Negatives need not to be frowningly given, nor affirmatives blushingly pronounced.

Jeronymo and I being left alone, he challenged me on the visible concern which he, and every one, as he said, saw in my countenance, on the turn his sister had taken: Had it not been in my heart, he was sure it would not have been there.

Can you wonder at it, my dear friend? said I: When I came over, greatly as I thought of your sister, I did not think she had been so great, as she has shewn herself. I admired her ever; but I now more than admire her. Taught to hope, as I was, and so unexpectedly disappointed, as I have been, I must have been more than man, were I not very much affected.

No doubt but you must; and I am cordially concerned for your concern. But, my dear Grandison, it is only God that she prefers to you. She suffers more than you can do. She has no other way, she assures me, to comfort herself, but by indulging her hopes, that she shall not live long — Dear creature! She flatters herself, that her reason is restored, in answer to her fervent supplications, which,

she says, she put up to Heaven, in all her lucid intervals, that for the sake of her parents and brothers, it might be restored, and that then she might be taken to the arms of mercy. But if your heart be deeply affected, my Grandison —

It is, Jeronymo. I am not an insensible man. But should now our dear Clementina be prevailed upon to descend from the height to which she has soared, however my wishes might be gratified by the condescension: yet, while she believed her conscience would be wounded by it, I could not but think it would be some diminution to her glory. And how, as she has hinted in one of her letters to me, would it be possible, were I to see my beloved wife unhappy with her scruples, to forbear endeavouring to quiet her mind by removing them? And could this be effected, without giving her an opinion of the religion I profess, in opposition to hers? And would not that subject me to a breach of articles? O my dear Jeronymo! Matters must stand just as they do, except she could think more favourably of my religion, and less favourably of her own.

He began to talk of their obligations to me. I declared, that they could no other way give me pain. Do not, said I, let this subject ever be again mentioned, by you, or any of the family. Every one, my dear Jeronymo, is not called upon by the occasion, as I have had the happiness to be. Would my friend envy me this happiness?

I wish, Dr. Bartlett, with all my heart, that I could think of any thing that I could accept of, to make such grateful spirits easy. It pains me, to be placed by them in such a superior light, as must give them pain. What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can I do, consistent with my notions of friendship, to make their hearts easy?

He was afraid, he said, that I should now soon think of leaving them.

I told him, that having no doubt of Lady Clementina's perseverance in her resolution, and of her leave to return to my native country, I should be glad, for my own sake, as well as the Lady's, to be allowed to depart in a few days. Mr. Lowther, as it would make Jeronymo, as he had declared, more easy, would stay behind me. But dismiss him, my friend, said I, as soon as you can. He had obtained abroad a happy competency, and was returned to England, when I first knew him, with intent to enjoy it. He is as rich as he wants to be; and can gratisy only the natural benevolence of his heart, by attending my dear friend. I hope to get him to accept of apartments with me, in my London house; and to fix his retirement, if not with me in my paternal seat, in its neighbourhood at least. He has merit that is not confined to his profession: But for what he has done for my Jeronymo, he will always hold a prime place in my heart.

It is true, Dr. Bartlett; and I please myself, that he will be found as worthy of your friendly love, and my Beauchamp's, as of mine. If I can at last be indulged in my long, long hoped-for wish, of settling in my native country, with some

tolerable tranquillity of mind, I shall endeavour to draw around me such a ollection of worthies, as shall make my neighbourhood one of the happiest spots in Britain.

The Marchioness came up to us. Clementina, said she, is apprehensive that you soon will leave us. Her father and brothers are walking with her in the garden: They will, I dare say, be glad of your company.

I left Jeronymo and his mother together; and joined the Marquis, the General, the Bishop, and Clementina. The General's Lady and Father Marescotti were in another ally, in earnest conversation.

The Marquis made me a high compliment; and after a few turns, the Prelate led off his father and brother, and left Clementina and me alone together.

Were you not cruel, Chevalier, said she, in your last Lettet to me, not only to deny me your weight in the request my heart was, and is still, set upon; but to strengthen their arguments against me? Great use have some of my friends made of what you wrote. O Sir, you have won the heart of Giacomo: but you have contributed to oppress that of his sister. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be easy, if I am denied the veil.

Dear Lady Clementina, remember, that the full establishment of your health depends, under God, upon the quiet of your own mind. Give not way, I beseech you, to uneasy apprehensions. What daughter may rely upon the indulgence of a father and mother, what sister upon the affection of brothers, if you may not upon yours? You have seen how much their happiness depends upon your health. Would you doubt the efficacy of that piety, while you are in the world, of which you have already (Shall I say to my cost?) given an instance so glorious to yourself, that the sufferer by it cannot help applauding you for it?

O Chevalier! Say not at your cost, if you wish me to be easy.

With the utmost difficulty have I restrained, and do I restrain, myself on these occasions. I must, however, add, on this, a few words: You have obliged me, madam, to give one of the greatest instances of self-denial, that ever was given by man: Let me beseech you, dearest Lady Clementina, for your own sake, for the sake of your duty, as well to the departed, as to the living (and, may I add, for my, sake?) that you would decline this now favourite wish of your heart.

She paused; and at last said, Well, Sir, I see I must not expect any favour from you, on this subject. Let us turn into that shaded ally. And now, Sir, as to the other part of my request to you, in my last Letter — It was not a request made on undeliberate motives.

What is that, madam?

How shall I say it? — Yet I will — If, Chevalier, you would banish from my heart — Again she stopt. I thought not, at that moment, of what she meant.

If you would make me easy —

Madam —

You must marry! — Then, Sir, shall I not doubt of my adhering to my resolution. But, say not a word till I have told you, that the Lady must be an English woman. She must not be an Italian. Olivia would not scruple to change her religion for you. But Olivia must not be yours. You could not be happy, Ipersuade myself, with Olivia. Do you think you could?

I bowed, in confirmation of her opinion.

I thought you could not. Let not Clementina be disgraced in your choice of a wife. I have a proud heart. Let it not be said, that the man, of whom Clementina della Porretta thought with distinction, undervalued himself in marriage.

This, Dr. Bartlett, was a request of the same generous import, that she mentioned in her resverie, before I left Italy. How consistently delicate! She had tears in her eyes, as she spoke. I was too much affected with her generosity, to interrupt her.

If you marry, Sir, I shall, perhaps, be allowed to be one in the party, that will make you a visit in England: My sister-in-law has, within this hour, wished to be one. She will endeavour to prevail upon her Lord (He can deny her nothing) to accompany her. You will be able to induce Mrs. Beaumont once more to visit her native country. You and your Lady, and perhaps your Sisters and their Lords, will return with us. Thus shall we be as one family. If I am not to be obliged in another wish, I must in this: And this must be in your power. And will you not make me easy?

Admirable Clementina! Who can be so great as you? Such tenderness as I read in your eyes, such magnanimity, never before met in woman! You can do everything that is noble — But that very greatness of soul attaches me to you; and makes it, at least while I am an admiring witness of your excellence —

Hush, Chevalier! Not a word more on this subject. It affects me more than I wish it did. I am aftaid I am chargeable with affectation — But you must, however, marry. I shall not be easy, while you are unmarried — When I know it is not possible to be — But no more of this subject now — How long is it, that we are to have you among us?

If I have no hopes, madam —

Dear Chevalier, speak not in this strain — She turned her face from me.

The sooner, the better — But your pleasure, madam —

I thank you, Sir — But did I not tell you, that I have pride, Chevalier? — Ah, Sir, you have long ago found it out! Pride will do greater things for women, than Reason can — Let us walk to that seat, and I will tell you more of my pride.

She sat down; and making me sit by her — I will talk to these myrtles, fancifully said she, turning her head from me.

"Shall the Chevalier Grandison, be acquainted with the weakness of thy heart, Clementina? — Shall he, in compassion to thy weakness, leave his native country, and come over to thee? — Shall the success that has attended his generous effort, shew his power to the confirmation of thy weakness? — Shalt thou, enabled by the divine goodness to take a resolution becoming they character, be doubtful whether thou canst adhere to it; and give him room to think thee doubtful? — Shall he, in consequence of this doubtfulness, make officious absences, to try thy strength of mind? — And shalt thou fail in the trial his compassionate generosity puts thee to?"

– No, Clementina!

Then turning to me, with a downcast eye — I thank you, Sir, for all the instances of generous compassion you have shewn me. My unhappy disorder had intitled me, in some measure, to it. It was the hand of God. Perhaps a punishment for my pride; and I submit to it. Nor am I ashamed to acknowlege the kindness of your compassion to me. I will retain a grateful sense of it, to the last hour of my life. I wish to be remembred by you with tenderness to the last hour of yours. I may not live long: I will therefore yield to your request, so earnestly made, and to the wishes of my dearest friends, in suspending, at least, my own. I will hope to see you (in the happy state I have hinted at) in England, and afterwards in Italy. I will suppose you of my family. I will suppose myself of yours. On these suppositions, in these hopes, I can part with you; as, if I live, it will be a temporary parting only; an absence of a few months. And have I not behaved well for the whole last month, and several days over, tho' I reckoned to myself the time as it passed, more than once every day, as so much elapsed, and nearer to the time of your return? — I own it (blushing) — And now, Sir, I return to you the option you offered me. Be the day, the solemn day, at your nomination — Your Sister Clementina will surrender you up to her Sisters and yours — O Sir! listing up her eyes to me, and beholding an emotion in me which I tried to conceal, but could not, how good, how compassionate, how affectionate, you are! — But name to me now your day! This seat, when you are far, far distant from me, shall be a seat consecrated to the remembrance of your tenderness. I will visit it every day; nor shall the summer's sun, nor the winter's frost, keep me from it.

It will be best, taking her hand, admirable Lady! it will be best for us both, for me I am sure it will, that the solemn day be early. Next Monday morning let me set out — Sunday evening — The day, on my part, shall be a day passed in imploring health, happiness, and every blessing, on my dearest Clementina, on our Jeronymo, and their whole family; and for a happy meeting to us all in

England — SUNDAY EVENING, if you please, I will — I could not speak out the sentence.

She burst into tears; reclined her face on my shoulder — her bosom heaved — and she sobbed out — Oh, Chevalier! — Must, must — But be it — Be it so! — And God Almighty strengthen the minds of both!

The Marchioness, who was coming towards us, saw at distance the emotion of her beloved daughter and fearing she was sainting, hastened to her, and clasping her arms about her — My child, my Clementina, said she — Why these streaming eyes? Look upon me, Love.

Ah, madam! The day, the day is set! — Next Monday! — The Chevalier will leave Bologna!

God forbid — Chevalier, you will not so soon leave us? My dear, we will prevail upon the Chevalier —

I arose, and walked into a cross alley from them. I was greatly affected! — O Dr. Bartlett! These good women! — Why have I a heart so susceptible; yet such demands upon it for fortitude?

The General, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, came to me. I briefly recounted to them, the substance of the conversation that had passed between Lady Clementina and me. The Marquis joined his Lady and daughter; and Clementina, in her tender way, gave her father and mother an account of the same.

The Marquis and his Lady, leaving her to her Camilla, joined us: O Chevalier! said the Marquis, how can we think of parting with you? — And so soon? — You will not so suddenly leave us?

Not if Lady Clementina commands the contrary. If she do not, the sooner, the better it will be for me. I cannot bear her generous excellence. She is the most exalted of women. — See! the dear Lady before us, leaning on her Camilla, as if she wanted support!

My sister and you, Chevalier, said the General, will no doubt correspond. We shall none of us deny her that liberty. As she has already expressed to you her wishes that you would marry; may we not hope, that you will try your influence over her, upon the same subject, in your future Letters? The marriage of either will answer the end she proposes to herself, by urging yours.

Good Heaven! thought I — Do they believe me absolutely divested of human passions? — I have been at continual war, as you know, Dr. Bartlett, with the most ungovernable of mine; but without wishing to overcome the tender susceptibilities, which, properly directed, are the glory of the human nature.

This is too much to be asked, said the young Marchioness. How can this be expected?

You know not, madam, said the Bishop, supporting his brother's wishes, what the Chevalier Grandison can do, to make a whole family happy, tho' against himself.

Lady Clementina, said the equally unfeeling, tho' good, Father Marescotti, thinks she is under the divine direction, in the resolution she has taken. This world, and all its glories, are but of second consideration with her. Were it to cost her her life, I am confident, she would not alter it. As therefore the Chevalier can have no hopes —

I cannot ask this, said the Marquis. You see how hard a task (referring to me) — O that the great obstacle could be removed! My dear Grandison, taking my hand, cannot, cannot — But I dare not ask — If it could, my own sons would not be more dear to me, than you.

My Lord, you honour me. You engage my utmost gratitude. It is with difficulty that I am able to adhere to my engagement, not to press her to be mine, when I have the honour to be with her. I have wished her to resign her will to that of her father and mother, as you have seen, knowing the consequence. I am persuaded, that if either were to marry, the other would be more easy in mind; and I had much rather follow her example, than set her one — You will see what my return to my native country will do for us both. But she must not be precipitated. If she is, her wishes to take the veil may be resumed. Punctilio will join with her piety; and, if not complied with, she may then again be unhappy.

They agreed to follow my advice; to have patience; and leave the issue to time.

I left them, and went to Jeronymo. I communicated to him what had passed, and the early day I had named for setting out on my return to England. This I did, with as much tenderness as possible. Yet his concern was so great upon it, that it added much to mine; and I was forced, with some precipitation, to quit his chamber, and the house; and to retire to my lodgings, in order to compose myself.

And thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is the day of my setting out fixed. I hope I shall not be induced to alter it. Mrs. Beaumont, I know, will excuse me going back to Florence. Olivia must. I hope she will. I shall write to both.

I shall take my route thro' Modena, Parma, Placentia. Lady Sforza has desired an interview with me. I hope she will meet me at Pavia, or Turin. If not, I will attend her at Milan. I promised to pay her a visit before I quitted Italy: But as her request to see me was made while it was thought there might have been a relation between us, I suppose the interview now can mean nothing but civility. I hope, if I see her, her cruel daughter will not be present.

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Parma, Monday Night, Aug. 21. Monday Night, Sept. 1.

HERE I am, my dear Dr. Bartlett. Just arrived.

The Count of Belvedere allows me to be alone. I am not fit for company.

The whole family, Jeronymo and Clementina excepted, dined with me on Saturday. Clementina was not well enough to leave her chamber. She would endeavour, she said, on Sunday right, when I was to take my leave of them all, to behave with as much presence of mind as she did on a former occasion. All the intervenient time, she said, was necessary to fortify her heart. But, alas! the circumstances between us, then and now, were not the same. We had, for some time past, been allowedly too dear to each other, to appear, either of us, so politely distant, as we did then.

She never once asked me to suspend the day of my departure. Every one else repeatedly did. We both thought it best, as the separation was necessary, that it should not be suspended.

I had many things to do; many Letters to write; much to say to Mr. Lowther, and he to me. I declined therefore their invitation to attend them home in the evening, as well as to dine with them next day. The solemn visit was to be made yesterday in the evening; and every visit near the time, would have been as so many farewels. My own heart, at least, told me so, and forbad me more than one parting scene. The time so near, they themselves wished it past.

The Count had come from Urbino on purpose, with the two young Lords, to take leave of me: What blessings did that nobleman, and the Marquis and Marchioness, invoke upon me! The General had more than once tears in his eyes: He besought me to forgive him for every-thing, in his behaviour, that had been disagreeable to me. His Lady permitted me to take leave of her in the most affectionate manner; and said, that she hoped to prevail on her Lord to visit me himself, and to allow her to bear him company, in my own country. The Bishop supplicated Heaven to reward me, for what he called my goodness to their family. Father Marescotti joined in his supplications, with a bent knee. The Marquis and Marchioness both wept; and called me by very endearing names, vowing everlasting love and gratitude to me. Jeronymo! my dear Jeronymo! one of the most amiable of men! how precious to my soul will ever be the remembrance of his friendly Love! His only consolation was, and it is mine, that, in a few months, we shall meet in England. They wanted to load me with presents. They pained me

with their importunities, that I would accept of some very valuable ones. They saw my pain; and, in pity to me, declined their generous solicitations.

Clementina was not present at this parting scene. She had shut herself up for the greatest part of the day. Her mother, and her sister-in-law, had been her only visiters: And she having declared that she was afraid of seeing me, it was proposed to me, whether it were not best for me to depart, without seeing her. I can well spare to myself, said I, the emotions which, already so great, will, on taking leave of her, be too powerful for my heart, if you think, that, when I am gone, she will not wish (as once she was so earnest, even to discomposure, for a farewel visit) that she had allowed herself to see me.

They all were then of opinion, that she should be prevailed upon. Camilla at that instant came down with her Lady's desire, that I would attend her. In what way, Camilla, is my Clementina? asked the Marchioness: Every-one attending the answer. In great grief, madam: Almost in agonies. She was sending me down with her warmest wishes to the Chevalier, and with her excuses; but called me back, saying, she would subdue herself: She would see him: And bid me hasten for fear he should be gone.

The two Marchionesses went up directly. I was in tremors. Surely, thought I, I am the weakest of men! — The Bishop and General took notice of my emotion, and pitied me. They all joined in the wish so often repeated, that I could yet be theirs.

I followed Camilla. Lady Clementina, when I entered, sat between the mother and sister; an arm round each of their necks: Her face was reclined, as if she were ready to faint, on the bosom of her mother, who held her salts to her. I was half-way in the room, before either mother or daughter saw me, The Chevalier Grandison, my best sister! said the young Marchioness: Look up, my Love.

She reaised her head. Then stood up, courtesied; and, gushing into tears, turned her face from me.

I approached her: Her mother gave me the hand of her Clementina — Comfort her, comfort my Clementina, good Chevalier — You only can — Sit down, my Love. Take my seat, Sir.

The young Lady trembled. She sat down. Her mother seated herself; tears in her eyes. I sat down by Clementina. The dear Lady sobbed; and the more, as she endeavoured to suppress her emotion.

I addressed myself to her sister-in-law, who had kept her seat — Your Ladyship, said I, gives me a very high pleasure, in the hope of seeing you, and your Lord, a few months hence, in company with my Jeronymo. What a blessing is it to us all, that that dear friend is so well recovered? I have no doubt but change of climate, and our salutary springs, will do wonders for him. Let us, by

our patience and resignation, intitle ourselves to greater blessings; the consequence, as I hope, of those we have already received.

Please God, I will see you in England, Chevalier, said the young Marchioness, if my Lord is in the least favourable to my wishes: And I hope my beloved sister may be of the party. You, madam, and the Marquis, I hope — looking at her mother-in-law.

I hope you will not go without us, my dear, replied the Marchionss. If our dear Clementina shall be well, we will not leave her behind us.

Ah, madam! — Ah, Sir! — said Clementina, how you flatter me! But this, this night, if the Chevalier goes early in the morning, is the last time I shall ever see him.

God forbid! replied I — I hope that we may, many, many years rejoice, in each other's friendship. Let us look forward with what pleasure we may. My heart, madam, wants your comfortings. I have a greater opinion of your magnanimity, than I have reason to have of my own. I depart not, but in consequence of your will — Enable me, by your example, to sustain that consequence. In every-thing you must be an example to me. I could not have done, as you have done: Bid me support my spirits in the hope of seeing you again, and seeing you happy. Tell me, that your endeavours shall not be wanting to be so: And I shall then be so too: Dear Lady Clementina, my happiness is bound up with yours.

Ah, Sir, I am not greater than you: And I am less than myself. I was afraid when I came to the trial — But is your happiness bound up with mine? O that I may be happy for your sake! I will endeavour to make myself so. You have given me a motive. Best of men! How much am I obliged to you! Will you cherish my remembrance? Will you forgive all my foibles? — The trouble I have given you? — I know you depart in consequence of my — Perverseness — perhaps you think it, tho' you will not call so — What shall I do, if you think me either perverse or ungrateful?

I do not, I cannot, think you either. May I be assured of your correspondence, madam? Your Ladyship, turning to her mother, will give it your countenance —

By all means, answered the Marchioness. We shall all correspond with you. We shall pray for you and bless you, every day that we live. You will be to me, as you have always been, a fourth son — My dearest Clementina, say, if your mind is changed, if it be likely to change, if you think that you shall not be happy, if the Chevalier —

O madam, permit me to withdraw for one moment.

She hurried to her closet. She shut the door, and poured out her soul in prayer; and soon returning — It must be so — with an air of asamed greatness. Let thy steadiness, O Grandison, excuse and keep mine in countenance — Bear witness,

my sister; forgive me, my mamma: But never did one mortal love another, as I do the man before us. But you both, and you, my dear Chevalier, know the competition; and shall not the UNSEEN (casting up her eyes surcharged with tears) be greater with me than the seen? Be you my brother, my friend, and the lover of my soul. This person is unworthy of you. The mind that animates it, is broken, disturbed — Pray for me, as I will for you —

Then dropping down on one knee, God preserve and convert thee, best of Protestants, and worthiest of men! Guide thy footsteps, and bless thee in thy future and better lot! But if the woman, whom thou shalt distinguish by thy choice, loves thee not, person and mind, as well as she before thee, she deserves thee not.

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised — seeming full of some other great sentiments. I kneeled to her, clasping my arms about her: May you, madam, be ever, ever happy! — I resign to your will — And equally admire and reverence you for it, though a sufferer by it. Lasting, as fervent, be our friendship! — And may we know each other hereafter, in a place where all is harmony and love; where no difference in opinion can sunder, as now, persons otherwise formed to promote each other's happiness!

I raised her, and arose; and kissing first one hand, then the other, and bowing to the two Marchionesses, was hastening from her.

She clapt her hands together — He is gone! — O stay, stay, Chevalier — And will you go? —

I was in too much emotion to wish to be seen — She hastened after me to the stairs — O stay, stay! I have not said half I had to say —

I returned, and, taking her hand, bowed upon it, to conceal my sensibility — What further commands with a faltering voice, has Lady Clementina for her Grandison?

I don't know — But will you, must you, will you go?

I go; I stay; I have no will but yours, madam.

The two Marchionesses stood together, rapt in silent attention, leaning on each other.

Clementina sighed, sobbed, wept; then turning from me, then towards me; but not withdrawing her hand; I thought, said she, I had a thousand things to say — But I have lost them all! — Go thou, in peace; and be happy! And God Almighty make me so! Adieu, dearest of men!

She condescendingly inclined her cheek to me: I saluted her; but could not utter to her what yet was upon my lips to speak.

She withdrew her hand. She seemed to want support. Her mother and sister hastened to her. I stopt at the door. Her eyes pursued my motions. By her uplifted

hands she seemed praying for me. I was apprehensive of her fainting. I hastened towards her; but restraining myself, just as I had reached her, again hurried to the door: And on my knees, with clasped hands, audibly there besought God to sustain, support, preserve, the noble Clementina: And seeing her seated in the arms of both Ladies, I withdrew to Mr. Lowther's apartment; and shut myself in for a few moments. When a little recovered, I could not but step in to my Jeronyme. He was alone; drying his eyes as he sat: But seeing me enter, he burst out into fresh tears. Once more, my Jeronymo — I would have comforted him; but wanted comfort myself.

O my Grandison! embracing me, as I did him —

CLEMENTINA! The angel CLEMENTINA! Ah, my Jeronymo! — Grief again denied me further speech for a moment. I saw that my emotion increased his — Love, love, said I, the dear — I would have added CLEMENTINA; but my trembling lips refused distinct utterance to the word. — I tore myself from his embrace, and with precipitation left the tenderest of friends.

About eleven, according to the English numbering of the hours, I sent to know how the whole family did. Father Marescotti returned with my servant. He told me, that the Lady fainted away after I was gone: But went to rest as soon as recovered. They all were in grief, he said. He was charged with the best wishes, and with the blessings, of every one; with those of the two Marchionesses in particular. Signor Jeronymo was so ill, that one of his Italian surgeons proposed to fit up with him all night; for Mr. Lowther had desired to accompany me as far as Modena: And him I charged with my compliments to each person of the family; and with my remembrances to servants, who well deserved kindness from me; and who, Father Marescotti told me, were all in tears on my departure. I prevailed on the Father himself to make my acknowlegements to the good Camilla. He offered, and I thankfully accepted of, his prayers for my health and happiness, which he put up in the most servent manner, on his knees; and then embracing me, with a tenderness truly paternal, we parted, blessing each other.

This morning early, I set out. The Count of Belvedere rejoiced to see me; and called me kind, for being his guest, though but for one night; for I shall pursue my journey in the morning. He assures me, that he will make me a visit in England.

You will hardly, till I arrive at Paris, have another Letter, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from

Your ever-affectionate CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XL.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Paris, Aug. 31. Paris, Sept. 11.

I Set out from Parma early on Tuesday morning, as I intended. The Count of Belvedere was so obliging, as to accompany me to Pavia, where we parted with mutual civilities.

I paid my respects to Lady Sforza at Milan, as I had promised. She received me with great politeness. Our conversation chiefly turned on the differences between the other branches of her family, on one part; and herself, and Lady Laurana, on the other. She owned, that when she sent to desire a visit from me, she had supposed, that the alliance between them and me was a thing concluded upon; and that she intended, by my mediation, to reconcile herself to the family, if they would meet her half-way.

She was so indiscreet, as they lay general blame on her noble niece, as a person given up to a zeal that wanted government: She threw out hints, injurious to the sincerity of the three brothers, as well as to that of the father and mother, with regard to me: All which I discountenanced.

I have hardly ever conversed with a woman so artful as Lady Sforza. I wonder not, that she had the address to fire the Count of Belvedere with impatience, and to set him on seeking to provoke me to an act of rashness, which, after what had happened between me and the young Count Altieri, some years ago, at Verona, might have been fatal to one, if not to both; and, by that means, rid Italy, if not the world, of me, and, at the same time, revenged herself on the Count, for rejecting her daughter, who, as I have told you before, has a passion for him, in a manner that she called too contemptuous to be passed over.

She told me, that she doubted not now, that I had been circumvented, by (what even she, an Italian, called) Italian finesse, but her niece would be prevailed upon to marry the Count; and bid me mind her words. Ah, my poor Laurana! added she — But I will renounce her, if she can be so mean, as to retain Love for a man who despises her.

A convent, she said, after such a malady as Clementina had been afflicted with, would be the fittest place for her. She ascribed to hers and Laurana's treatment of her (with great vehemence, on my disallowing her assertion) the foundation of her cure. She wished that, were Clementina to marry, it might have been me, preferably to any other man; since the Love she bore me, was most likely to

complete her recovery; which was not to be expected, were she to marry a man to whom she was indifferent — But, added she, they must take their own way.

Lady Laurana was on a visit at the Borromean palace: Her mother sent for her, unknown to me. I could very well have excused the compliment. I was civil, however: I could be no more than civil: And, after a stay of two hours, pursued my route.

Nothing remarkable happened in my journey. I wrote to Jeronymo, and his beloved Sister, from Lyons.

At the post-house there, I found a servant of Lady Olivia, with a Letter. He was ordered to overtake, and give it into my own hands, were he to travel with it to Paris, or even to England. Lady Olivia will be obeyed. The man missed me, by my going to visit Lady Sforza at Milan. I inclosed the Letter; as also a copy of mine, to which it is an answer. When you read them, you will be of opinion, that they ought not to pass your own hands. Perhaps you will choose to read them in this place.

LETTER XLI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY OLIVIA.

Bologna, Saturday, Aug. 19-30.

NOW, at last, is the day approaching, that the writer of this will be allowed to consider himself wholly as an Englishman. He is preparing to take, perhaps, an everlasting leave of Italy. But could he do this, and not first bid adieu to two Ladies at Florence, whose welfare will be ever dear to him — Lady Olivia, and Mrs. Beaumont? It must be to both by Letter.

I told you, madam, when I last attended you, that possibly I should never see you more. If I told you so in anger, pardon me. Now, in a farewel Letter, I would not upbraid you. I will be all in fault, if you please. I never incurred the displeasure of Olivia, but I was more concerned for her, than for what I suffered from it; and yet her displeasure was not a matter of indifference to me.

I wish not, madam, for my own happiness, with more sincerity than I do for yours. Would to Heaven it were in my power to promote it! I will flatter myself, that my true regard for your honour, daughter as you are of a house next to princely, and of fortune more than princely, will give me an influence, which will awaken you to your glory. Allow, madam, the friendly, the brotherly expostulation — Let me think, let me speak, of Olivia, in absence, as a fond brother would of a sister most dear to him. I will so speak, so think of you, madam, when far distant from you. When I remember my Italian friends, it will always be with tender blessings, and the most affectionate gratitude. Allow me, Olivia, to number you with the dearest of those friends. Your honour, your welfare, present and future, is, and ever will be, the object of my vows.

God and nature have done their parts by you. Let not your own be wanting. To what purpose live we, if not to grow wiser, and to subdue our passions? Dear Lady! Illustrious woman! How often have you been subdued by the violence of yours; and to what submissions has your generous repentance subjected you, even to your inferiors! Let me not be thought a boaster — But I will presume to say, that I am the rather intitled to advise, as I have made it my endeavour (and, I bless God, have not been always unsuccessful) to curb my passions. They are naturally violent. What do I owe to the advice of an excellent man, whom I early set up as my monitor? Let me, in this Letter, be yours.

Your situation in life, your high birth, your illustrious line of ancestors, are so many calls upon you, in whom the riches and the consequence of so many noble progenitors centre, to act worthy of their names, of their dignities, of your own;

and of the dignity of your Sex. The world looks up to you (your education, too, so greatly beyond that of most Italian Ladies) with the expectation of an example — Yet have not evil reports already gone out upon your last excursion? The world will not see with our eyes, nor judge as we would have it, and as we sometimes know it ought to judge. My visit to Italy, when you were absent from it, and in England, was of service to your fame. The malignant world, at present, holds itself suspended in its censures; and expects, from your suture conduct, either a confutation or a confirmation of them. It is, therefore, still in your power (rejoice, madam, that it is!) for ever to establish, or for ever to depreciate, your character, in the judgment both of friends and enemies.

How often have I seen passion, and evenrage, deform features that are really lovely! Shall it be said, that your great fortune, your abundance, has been a snare to you? That you would have been a happier, nay a better woman, had not God so bountifully blessed you?

Can your uatural generosity of temper allow you to bear such an imputation, as that the want of power only can keep you within the limits (Pardon, Olivia, the lover of your fame!) which the gentleness of your Sex, which true honour, prescribe?

You are a young Lady. Three fourths of your natural life (Heaven permitting) are yet to come. You have noble qualities, shining accomplishments. You will probably, in a very few years, perhaps in a few months, be able to establish yourself with the world. So far only as you have gone, the inconsideration of youth will be allowed an excuse for your conduct. Blest with means, as you are, you still have it in your power, let me repeat, to be an honour to your Sex, to your country, to your splendid house, and to the age to which you are given.

The monitor I mentioned (You know him by person, by manners) from my earlier youth, born as he knew me to be, the heir of a considerable fortune, suggested to me an address to Heaven, which my heart has had no repugnance to make a daily one;

“That the Almighty will, in mercy, with-hold from me wealth and affluence, and make my proud heart a dependant one, even for my daily bread, were riches to be a snare to me; and, if I found not my inclinations to do good, as occasions offered, enlarge with my power.”

– O that you, Olivia, were poor and low, if the being so, and nothing else, would make you know yourself, and act accordingly! — And that it were given to me, by acts of fraternal love, to restore you, as you could bear it, to an independence, large as your own wishes!

Wha an uncontroulable MAN would Lady Olivia have made, had she been a man, with but the same passions, that now diminish th grand 〈◊◊〉 soul, and so

large a power to gratify them! — What a Sovereign! — Look into the characters of absolute princes, and see whose, of all those who have sullied royalty, by the violence of their wills, you would have wished to copy, or to have been compared with.

How has the unhappy Olivia, though but a subject dared! — How often has that tender bosom, whose glory it would have been to melt at another's woe, and to rejoice in acts of kindness and benevolence to her fellow-creatures, been armed by herself (not the mistress, but the slave, of her passions) not with defensive, but offensive, steel ! Hitherto Providence has averted any remediless mischief; but Providence will not be tempted.

Believe me, still believe me, madam, I mean not to upbraid you. My dear Olivia, I will call you, how often has my heart bled for you! How paternally, tho' but of years to be your brother, have I lamented for you in secret! I will own to you, that, but for the with-holding prudence, and with-holding honour, that I owned to both our characters, because of a situation which would not allow me to express my tenderness for you, I had folded you, in your contrite moments, to my bosom; and, on my knees, besought you to act up to your own knowlege, and to render yourself worthy of your illustrious ancestry. And what but your glory could have been, what but that is now, my motive?

With what joy do I reflect, that I took not (God be praised for his restraining goodness!) advantage of the favour I stood in, with a most lovely, and princelyspirited woman; an advantage that would have given me cause to charge myself with baseness to her, in the hour wherein I should have wanted most consolation! With what apprehension (dreading for myself, because of the great, the sometimes almost irresistable, temptation) have I looked upon myself to be (shall I say ?) the sole guardian of Olivia's honour! More than once, most generous and confiding of women, have I, from your unmerited favour for me, besought you to spare me my pride; and as often to permit me to spare you yours — Not the odious vice generally known by that name (the fault of fallen angels) but that which may be called a prop, a support, to an imperfect goodness which, properly directed, may, in time, grow into virtue! — That friendly pride, let me add, which has ever warmed my heart with wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I call upon you once more, my FRIEND! How unreproachingly may we call each other by that sacred name! The Friend of your Fame, the Friend of your Soul, calls upon you once more, to rejoice with him, that you have it still in your power to tread the path of honour. Again I glory, and let us both, that we have nothing to reproach each other with. I leave Italy, a country that ever will have a title to my grateful regard, without one self-upbraiding sigh; though not without

many sighs. I own it to Olivia. Justice requires it. Justice to a Lady Olivia loves not; but who deserves, not only hers, but the love of every woman; for she is an ornament to her Sex, and to human nature. Yet, be it known to Olivia, that I am a sufferer by that very magnanimity, for which I revere her — A rejected man! — Will Olivia rejoice that I am? — She will. What inequalities are there in the greatest minds? But subdue them in yours. For your own sake, not for mine, subdue them. The conquest will be more glorious to you, than the acquisition of an empire could be.

Let me conclude, with an humble, but earnest, wish, that you will cultivate, as once you promised me, the friendship of one of the best of women, Mrs. Beaumont, disposed as she, your neighbour, is to cultivate yours. I shall then hear often from you, by the pen of that excellent woman. Your compliance with this humble advice will give me, madam, for your own sake, and for the pleasure I know Mrs. Beaumont will have in it, the greatest joy that is possible for you to give to a heart, that overflows with sincere wishes for your happiness: A heart that will rejoice in every opportunity that shall be granted to promote it: For I am, and ever will be,

The Friend of your Fame, of your true Glory, and your devoted Servant, GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

LADY OLIVIA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. (TRANSLATED BY DR. BARTLETT.)

Florence, Aug. 22. Sept. 2.

I am to take it kindly, that you have thought fit to write to the unhappy Olivia before you leave Italy. I could not have expected even this poor savour, after the parting it was your pleasure to call everlasting. Cruel man! — Can I still call you so? — I did, before I had this Letter; and was determind, that you should have reason to repent your cruelty: But this Letter has almost reconciled me to you; so far reconciled me, however, as to oblige me to lay aside the intended vengeance that was rolling towards you from slighted Love. You have awakened me to my glory, by your dispassionate, your tender reasonings. Your Letter (for I have erased one officious passage in it) is in my bosom all day. It is on my pillow at night. The last thing, and the first thing, do I read it. The contents make my rest balmy, my up-rising serene. But it was not till I had read it the seventh time, and after I had erased that obnoxious passage, that it began to have that happy effect upon me. I was above advice for the first day. I could not relish your reasonings. Resolutions of vengeance had possessed me wholly. What a charm could there be in a Letter, that should make a flighted woman lay aside her meditated vengeance? A woman too, that had fallen beneath herself in the object of that despised Love.

Allow me, Grandison, to say so. In the account of wordly reckoning, it was so. And when I thought I hated you, it was so in my own account. Yet could you have returned my Love, I would have gloried in my choice: and attributed to envy all the insolent censures of maligners.

But even at the seventh perusal, when my indignation began to give way, would it have given way, had you not, in the same Letter, hinted, that the proud Bologna had given up all thoghts of a husband in the man to whom my heart had been so long attached? — Allow me to call her by the name of her city. I love not her, nor her family. I hate them by their own proud names. It is an hereditary hatred, augmented by rivalry, a rivalry that had like to have been a successful one: And is she not proud, who, whatever be her motive, can refuse the man, who has rejected a nobler woman? Yet I think I ought to forgive her; for has she not avenged me? If you are grieved, that she has refused you. I am rejoiced. Be the pangs she has so often given me, if possible, forgotten!

What a miserable wretch, however, from my own reflexions, did this intelligence make me! Intelligence that I received before your Letter blessed m hands. Let me so express myself; the contents, I hope, will be the means of blessings, by purifying my heart! − And why a miserable wretch? — O this man, of sentiments the most delicate, of life and manners the most unblameable; yet of air and behaviour so truly gallant, had it not been for thy forwardness, Olivia; had it not been for proposals, shame to thyself! shame to thy sex! too plainly intimated to him; proposals that owed their existence to inconsiderate Love; a Love mingled, I will now confess, with passions of the darkest hue — Envy, malice — and those aggravated by despair — would, on this disappointment from the Bologna, have offered his hand to the Florentine! — But now do I own, that it cannot, that it ought not to be. For what, Olivia, is there in the glitter of thy fortune, thy greatest dependence, to attract a man, whom worldly grandeur cannot influence? Who has a fortune of his own so ample, that hundreds are the better for it? — A man, whose oeconomy is regulated by prudence? Who cannot be in such difficulties as would give some little merit to the person who was so happy as to extricate him from them? — A man, in short, who takes pleasure in conferring obligations yet never lays himself under the necessity of receiving returns? Prince of a man! What Prince, King, Emperor, is so truly great as this man? And is he not likewise surrounded by his nobles? — What a number of people of high interior worth, make up the circle of his acquaintance!

And is there not, cannot there yet be hope; the proud Bologna now (as she is) out of the question? — The Florentine wants not pride; but betrayed by the violence of her temper, she has not had the caution to confine herself within the bounds of female (shall I say) hypocrisy? What she could not hide from herself, she revailed to the man she loved: But never, however, was there any other man whom she loved. Upon whom but one man, the haughty object of her passion, did she ever condescend to look down? Who but he was ever encouraged to look up to her? — And did not his gentle, his humane, his unreproaching heart, seem to pity rather than despise her, till she was too far engaged? At the time that she first cast her eyes upon him, his fortune was not high: His father, a man of expence, was living, and likely to live: His sisters, whom he loved as himself, were hopeless of obtaining from their father fortunes equal to their rank and education. Olivia knew all this from unerring intelligence. His friends, his Bartlett, his Beauchamp, and others, were not in circumstances, that set them above owing obligations to him, slender as were his own appointments — Then it was that thou, Olivia, valuedst thyself for being blest with means to make the power of the man thou lovedst, as large as his heart. Thou wouldest have vested it all in him. Thou wouldest have conditioned with him, that this he should do for one sister;

this for the other; this for one friend; this for another; and still another, to the extent of his wishes: And with him, and the remainder, thou wouldest have been happy.

Surely there was some merit in Olivia's Love.

But, alas! she was not prudent: Her temper, supposed to be naturally haughty and violent, hurried her into measures too impetuous. The soul of the man she loved, too great to be attracted by riches, by worldly glory, and capable of being happy in a mere competence, was (how can I say it? I blush while I write it!) disgusted by a violence that had not been used to be restrained by the accustomed reserve. It was all open day, no dark machinating night, in the heart of the undissembling Olivia. She persecuted the object of her passion with her Love, because she thought she could lay him under obligation to it. By hoping to prove herself more, she made herself appear less than woman. She despised that affectation, that hypocrify, in her Sex, which unpenetrating eyes attribute to modesty and shame — Shame of what! of a natural passion?

But you, Grandison, were too delicate, to be taken with her sincerity. If you had penetration to distinguish between reserve and openness of heart, you had not greatness of mind enough to break thro' the low restraints of custom; and to reward the latter in preference to the former. Yet who, better than you, knows, that women in Love are actuated by one view, and differ only in outward appearance? Will bars, bolts, walls, rivers, seas, any more with-hold the supercilious, than the less reserved? That passion which made the Florentine compass earth and seas, in hopes of obtaining its end, made, perhaps, the prouder Bologna (and from pride) a more pitiable object — Yet, who ever imputed immodesty to Olivia? Who ever dared to harbour a thought injurious to her virtue? You only (custom her judge) have the power, but not, I hope, the will, to upbraid her. You can. The creature, who, conscious of having alarmed you by the violence of her temper, would have lived with you on terms of probation, and left it to your honour, on full consideration and experience of that temper, to reward her with the celebration, or punish her with rejection (her whole fortune devoted to you) had subjected herself to your challenges. But no-body else could harbour a thought inglorious to her.

And must she yield to the consciousness of her own unworthiness, from a proposal made by herself, which tyrant custom only can condemn?

O yes, she must. There is, among your countrywomen, one who seems born for you, and you for her. If she can abate of a digni y, that a first and only Love alone can gratify, and accept of a secondplaced Love a widower-batchelor, as I may call you, she, I know, must, will, be the happy-woman. To her the slighted Florentine can resign, which, with patience, she never could to the proud Bologna; and the

sooner, because of the immortal hatred she bears to that woman of Bologna. You, Grandison, have been accustomed to be distinguished by women who in degree and fortune might claim rank with princesses. Degree and fortune captivate you not — This humbler fair-one is more suitable to your own degree: And in the beauties of person and mind (at least, in those beauties of the latter, which you most admire) she is superior either to your Bolognese or Florentine. Let my pen praise her, tho' malice to Clementina, and despair of obtaining my own wishes, mingle with my ink — She is mild, tho' sparkling: She is humble, yet has dignity: She is reserved, yet is frank and openhearted: Nobody can impute to her either dissimulation or licence of behavour. We read her heart in her countenance; and have no thought of looking further for it: Wisdom has its seat on her lips; modesty, on her brow: Her eves avows the secrets of her soul; and demonstrate, that she has no one, that she need to be ashamed of: She can blush for others; for the unhappy Olivia she did more than once: But for herself she need not blush. I loved, yet feared her, the moment I saw her. I dared not to try myself by her judgment. It was easy for me to see, that she loved you; yet such were your engagements, your supposed engagements, that I pitied her: And can we be alarmed by, or angry at, her whom we pity? — Unworthy Grandison! Unworthy I will call you; because you cannot merit the Love of such a spotless heart. You who could leave her, and, under colour of honour, when there was no pre-engagement, and when the proud family had rejected you, prefer to such a fine young creature, a romantic Enthusiast — O may the sweet maiden, who wants not due consciousness of interior worth, assert herself; and, by refusing your second-plaed addresses, vindicate the dignity of beauty and innocence unequalled!

If you, Grandison, cannot forgive Olivia for loving you too well, for rendering herself too cheap to you; if you cannot repair in her own eyes, the honour of one, who, in that cae must be sunk in yours beyond the power of restoration, if you cannot forgive attempts of the hand, in which the heart had no share, but resisted; in a word, if you cannot forgive the fervor of a Love, that, at times, combating my pride, had nearly overturned my reason also — Then, let this virgin goodness be yours, and Olivia will endeavour to forgive you — Yet — O that yet — Ah, Grandison! — But how can a woman bear that refusal, which, however superior she may be in rank, in fortune, gives her an inferiority to the man of her wishes, in the very article in which it should be a woman's glory to retain dignity, even were the man superior to her in birth, and in all other outward advantages? I disdain thee, Grandison, in this light. I will tear thy proud image from my heart, or die.

One request only, let me make, and permit your pride to comply with it. Return not to me, but accept (accept as a token of Love) the cabinets which perhaps will be in England before you. They will be thought by you of too great value; but

they are not too great for the grandeur of my fortune, and the magnificence of my spirit. The medals alone, make a collection that would do credit to the cabinet of a sovereign Prince. These are in your taste. They are nothing to Olivia, but for your sake. Accept of these cabinets, as some atonement for the trouble I have given you; for the attempts I have made upon your liberty, and more than once (but Oh! with how feeble a hand!) upon your life! How easy had it been to take the latter, your soul so fearless, braving menace and danger, had I been resoved to take it! How many ministers of vengeance, in my country, had I been determined to execute it, would my fortune have procured me! How easy would it have been for me to conceal my guilt from all but myself, had the slow-working bowl, or even the sharp-pointed poniard, given thee up to my great revenge!— 'Tis happy for us boh however, that the proud Bigot rejected you! Your death and my distraction, had probably, been the consequence of her acceptance of you — Yet, how I rave! — The moment I had seen you, my vengeance would have been arrested, as more than once it was. O Grandison! How dear are you (were you now, I will endeavour to say) to the soul of Olivia! Dearer than same, than glory, and whatever the world deems valuable.

All that I ask of you now, that the Bologna, in disappointing you, has disappointed herself (great revenge!) is within your own power to grant, without detriment to yourself, and, I hope, without regret. It consists of two or three articles: The first is, to resolve within yourself, that you will not now, should that heat of the zealot's imagination, which has seemed to carry her above herself, subside (as I have no doubt but it will;) and should she even follow you to your native place, as a still nobler woman ignobly did; that you will not now receive her offered hand! — O Grandison! If you do —

Next, that you will (thus fairly, tho' foolishly, dismissed, and the whole family rejoicing in your dismission, well as they pretend to love you) put it out of your own power, since the Florentine can have no hope, to give the Bolognese any. My soul thirsts to see her in a Nunnery: I could myself assume the veil in the same convent, I think I could, for the pleasure of exulting over her for the pangs she has occasioned me. But for her, Olivia would have been mistress of her own wishes.

Preach not to me, Grandison, against that spirit of revenge, which ever did, and ever must, actuate my heart. Slighted Love will warrant it, or nothing can! Have I not lost the man I loved by it? Can I regain him, if I conquer that not ignoble vehemence of a great mind? — No! — Forbear then the unavailing precept. I am not of Bologna. I am no zealot! While the warm blood flows in my veins, I pretend not to be above human nature. When I can divest myself of that, then, perhaps, I may follow your advice: I may seek to cultivate the friendship of Mrs. Beaumont: But till then, she would not accept of mine.

O Grandison! born to distinction! princely in your munificence! amiable in your person! great in your mind, in your sentiments! you have conquered your ambition — You may therefore unite yourself to the politest country maid, and the loveliest, that ever adorned your various climate: Yet, O that in the same hour, the Bolognese might assume the veil, and the lovely English maid refuse your offered hand!

My third request is (as before requested) that you will not refuse the cabinets which will be soon embarked for you. Be not afraid of me, Grandison; I form no pretensions upon you from this present; valuable as you, perhaps, may think it. Your simple acceptance is all the return I hope for. Write only these words with your own hand —

"Olivia. I accept your present, and thank you for it."

Receive it only as a token of my past Love, for a man whose virtues I admire, and, by degrees, shall hope to imitate. That, Sir, when a certain event was most my wish, was not the least motive for that wish: But now, what will be the destiny of the bewildered creature, who is left at large to her own will, who can tell? A will, that only one man in the world could have subjugated. His controul would have been freedom.

I would not have you imagine, that a correspondence, by Letter, is hoped for, as a return for the Present of which I entreat your acceptance: But when I can assure you, that your advice will probably be of great service to me, in the conduct of my future life, as I have no doubt it will, from the calm effects that the Letter, which has now a place in my bosom, has already produced there, I am ready to flatter myself, that a wish so ardent, and so justifiable, will be granted to the repeated request of

OLIVIA.

CONTINUATION OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON'S LETTER. NO. XL. BEGUN .

OLIVIA, you see, my dear Dr. Bartlett, concludes her Letter, with a desire of corresponding with me. As she has put it, I cannot refuse her request. How happy should I think myself, if I could be a means effectually to serve her in the conduct of her future life!

I have written to her, that I shall think an intercourse by Letters an honour done me, if she will allow me to treat her with the freedom and the singleness of heart of an affectionate brother.

As to her particular recommendation of a third person, I tell her, that must be the subject of the future correspondence to which she is pleased to invite me.

Olivia may be in earnest, in her warm commendations of a Lady, of whose excellencies nobody can write or speak with indifference: But I have no doubt, that she is very earnest to know my sentiments on the subject. But what must be the mind of the bachelor-widower, as she calls me, if already I can enter into the subject with any-body, with Lady Olivia especially? The most sensible, I will not say subtle creature on earth, is certainly a woman in Love. What can escape her penetration? What can bound her curiosity.

I tell her, that I can neither decline nor accept of her present, till I see the contents of the cabinets she is pleased to mention. It will give me pain, I say, to refuse any favour from Lady Olivia, by which she intends to shew her esteem of me: But favours of so high a price, will, and ought to, give scruples to one who would not be thought ungenerous.

I had always admired, I tell her, her collection of medals: But they are a family collection, of two or three generations: And I should not allow myself to accept of such a treasure, unless I could have an opportunity given me to shew, if not my merit, my gratitude; and that I saw no possibility of being blessed with, in any manner, that could make the acceptance tolerably easy to myself. I cannot, my dear Dr. Bartlett, receive from this munificent Lady a present that is of such high intrinsic worth. Had she offered me any-thing that would have had its value from the giver, or to the receiver, for its own sake, and not equally to any-body else; for instance, had she desired me to accept of her picture, since the original could not me mine; I would not have refused it, tho' it had been incircled with jewels of price. But, circumstanced as this unhappy Lady and I are, could I have asked her for a favour of that nature?

I think, I have broken thro' one delicacy, in consenting to correspond with this Lady. She should not have asked it. I never knew a pain of so particular a nature as this Lady (a not ungenerous, tho' a rash one) has given me. My very heart recoils, Dr. Bartlett, at the thought of a denial of marriage to a woman expecting the offer, whom delicacy has not quite forsaken.

But a word or two more on this subject of Presents. When the whole family at Bologna were so earnestly solicitous to shew their gratitude to me by some permanent token, I had once the thought of asking for their Clementina's picture in miniature: But as I was never to think of her as mine, and as, probably, my picture, if but for politeness sake, would have been asked for in exchange, I was afraid of cherishing, by that means, in her mind, the tender ideas of our past friendship, and thereby of making the work of her parents difficult. And do they not the more excusably hope to succeed in their views, as they think their success

will be a means to secure health of mind to their child? But if they visit me in England, I will then request the pictures of the whole family, in one large piece, for the principal ornament of Grandison-hall.

By what Olivia says, of designs on my liberty, I believe she means to include the attempt made upon me at Florence; which I hinted at in my last, and supposed to come from that quarter. What she would have done with me, had the attempt succeeded, I cannot imagine. I should not have wished to have been the subject of so romantic an adventure — A prisoner to a Lady in her castle! — She is certainly one of the most enterprising women in Italy; and her temper is too well seconded by her power. She would not, however, in that case, have had recourse to fatal acts of violence. Once, you know, she had thoughts of exciting against me the Holy Tribunal: But I was upon such a foot, as a traveller, and as an English Protestant, tho' avowed, not behaving indiscreetly, that I had friends enow, even in the Sacred College, to have rendered ineffectual any steps of that sort. And after all, her machinations were but transitory ones, and, the moment she saw me, given over.

My first enquiry, after my arrival here, was after my poor cousin Grandison. My poor cousin, indeed! What a spiritless figure does he make! I remember you once said, That it was more difficult for a man to behave well in prosperity, than in adversity: But the man who will prove the observation to be true, must not be one, who, by his own extravagance and vice, has reduced himself, from an affluence to which he was born, to penury, at least to a state of obligation and dependence. Good God! that a man should be so infatuated, as to put on the cast of a dye, the estate of which he is in unquestioned possession from his ancestors! Yet who will say, that he who hopes to win what belongs to another, does not deserve to lose his own?

I soothed my cousin in the best manner I could, consistently with justice: Yet I told him, that his repentance must arise from his judgment, as well as from his sufferings; and that he would have less reason for regretting the unhappy situation to which he had reduced himself, if the latter brought him to a right sense of his errors. I was solicitous, Dr. Bartlett, for the sake of his own peace of mind, that he should fall into a proper train of thinking: But I told him, that preachment was no more my intention, than recrimination.

I have two hands to one tongue, my cousin, said I; and the latter I use not but to tell you, that both the former are cordially at your service. You have considered this matter well, no doubt, added I: Can you propose to me any means of retrieving your affairs?

There is, said he, one way. It would do everything for me: But I am afraid of mentioning it to you.

If it be a just way, fear not. If it be any-thing I can do for you, out of my own single purse, without asking any second or third person to contribute to it, command me — He hesitated.

If it be any-thing, my cousin, said I, that you think I ought not, in justice, in honour, to comply with, do not, for your own sake, mention it. Let me see that your calamity has had a proper effect upon you. Let not the just man be sunk in the man in adversity; and then open your mind freely to me.

He could not, he said, trust the mention of the expedient to me, till he had given it a further consideration.

Well, Sir, be pleased to remember, that I will never ask you to mention it; because I cannot doubt but you will, if, on consideration, you think it a proper expedient.

When some friends, who came to visit me on my arrival, were gone, my cousin resumed the former subject: But he offered not to mention his expedient. I hope it was not, that he had a view to my Emily. I am very jealous for my Emily. If I thought poor Everard had but an imagination of retrieving his affairs by her fortune, nothing but his present calamity should hinder me from reneuncing for ever my cousin.

I enquired particularly into the situation he was in; and if there were a likelihood of doing any-thing with the gamesters. But he could not give me room for such an expectation. I find he has lost all his estate to them, Dunton-farm excepted; which, having been much out of repair, is now fitting up for a new tenant; and will not, for three or four years to come, bring him in a clear fifty pounds a year.

I have known more men than one, who could not live upon fifteen hundred a year, bring themselves to be contented with fifty. But Mr. Grandison is so fallen in spirit, that he never will be able to survive such a change of fortune, if I do not befriend him. Poor man! he is but the shadow of what he was. The first formerly in the fashion: In body and face so erect; his steps so firm, gait so assured, air so genteel, eye so lively — But now, in so few months, gaunt sides; his half-worn tarnish'd-laced coat, big enough to lap over him; hollow cheeks, puling voice, sighing heart, creeping feet — O my Dr. Bartlett, how much does it behove men so little able to bear distress, to avoid falling into it by their own extravagance! But for a man to fall into indigence thro' avarice (for what is a spirit of gaming, but a spirit of avarice, and that of the worst sort?) How can such a one support his own reflexions?

I had supposed, that he had no reason, in this shattered state of his affairs, to apprehend any-thing from the prosecution set on foot by the woman who claimed him on promise of marriage; but I was mistaken; she has, or pretends to have, he

told me, witnesses of the promise. Poor shameful man! What witnesses needed she, if he knows he made it, and received the prostigate consideration?

I am not happy, my dear friend, in my mind. I hope to be tolerably so, if my next Letters from Bologna are favourable, as to the state of health of the beloved brother and sister there.

It would have been no disagreeable amusement to me, at this time, to have proceeded directly to Ireland; the rather, as I hope a visit to my estate there is become almost necessary, by the forwardness the works are in which I set on foot when I was on that more than agreeable spot. But the unhappy situation of Mr. Grandison's affairs, and my hopes of bringing those of Lady Mansfield to an issue, together with the impatience I have to see my English friends, determine me to the contrary. To-morrow will be the last day of my stay in this city; and the day after, my cousin and I shall set out for Calais — Very quickly, therefore, after the receipt of this Letter, which shuts up the account of my foreign excursions, will you, by your paternal goodness, if in London, help to calm the disturbed heart of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

London, Tuesday, Sept. 5.

COngratulate us, my dearest Miss Byron, on the arrival of my brother. He came last night. It was late. And he sent to us this morning; and to others of his friends. My Lord and I hurried away to breakfast with him. Ah, my dear! we see too plainly that he has been very much disturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner, than he was: But he is the same kind brother, friend, and good man.

I expected a little hint or two from him on my past vivacities; but not a word of that nature. He felicitated my good man and me; and when he spoke of Lord and Lady L. and his joy in their happiness, he put two sisters and their good men together, as two of the happiest pairs in England. Politic enough; for as we sat at breakfast, two or three toysome things were said by my Lord (no ape was ever so fond!) and I could hardly forbear him: But the reputation my brother gave me, was a restraint upon me. I see, one may be flattered, by underserved compliments, into good behaviour, when we have a regard to the complimenter.

Aunt Nell was all joy and gladness: She was in raptures last night, it seems, at her nephew's first arrival. He rejoiced to see her; and was so thankful to her for letting him find her in town, and at his house, that she resolves she will not leave him till he is married. The good old soul imagines she is of importance to him, in the direction of the family matters, now I have left him — I, Harriet! there's self-importance! — But, good creatures, these old virgins! they do so love to be thought useful — Well, and is not that a good sign, on aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if she would have been an useful creature in the days of nightrail and notableness, had she been a wife in good time? I always think, when I see those badgerly virgins fond of a parrot, a squirrel, a monkey, or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes our husband and children in the animals — Poor things! — But as to her care, I dare say, that will only serve to make bustle and confusion, where else would be order and regularity; for my brother has the best of servants.

I wished her in in Berkshire fifty times, as we sat at breakfast: For when I wanted to ask my brother twenty thousand questions, and to set him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams of the night before his arrival, and last night — Seas crossed, rivers forded — Dangers escaped by the help of angels and saints, for the resveries of the former night; and for the last, the music of the spheres, heaven, and joy, and festivity — The plump creature loves good chear, Harriet. — In short, hardly a word could we say, but what put her upon

recollecting a part of one of her dreams: Yet, some excuse lies good, for an old soul, whose whole life has been but one dream, a little fal-lalishly varied — And, would you think it? (yes, I believe you would) My odd creature was once or twice put upon endeavouring to recollect two or three dreams of his own, of the week past; and would have gone on, if I had not silenced him by a frown, as he looked upon me for his cue, as a tender husband ought.

Beauchamp came in, and I thought would have relieved us: But he put my aunt in mind of an almostforgotten part of her dream; for just such a joyful meeting, just such expressions of gladness, did she dream of, as she now beheld, and heard, between my brother and him felicitating each other. Duce take these dreaming souls, to remember their resveries, when realities infinitely more affecting are before them! But Reflexion and Prognostic are ever inspiriting parts of the pretension of people who have lived long; dead to the Present; the Past and the Future filling their minds: And why should not they be indulged in the thought that they know something more than those who are less abstracted; and who are contented with looking no further than the Present?

Sir Charles enquired after Sir Harry's health. Mr. Beauchamp, with a concern that did him credit, lamented his declining way; and he spoke so respectfully of Lady Beauchamp, and of her tenderness to his father, as made my brother's eyes glisten with pleasure.

Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, were at Colnebrook: But as they had left orders to be sent for, the moment my brother arrived) for you need not doubt but his last Letter prepared us to expect him soon) they came time enough to dine with us. There was a renewal of joy among us.

Emily, the dear Emily fainted away, embracing the knees of her guardian, as she, unawares to him, threw herself at his feet, with joy that laboured for expression, but could not obtain it. He was affected. So was Beauchamp. So were we all. She was carried out, just as she was recovering to a shame and confusion of face, for which only her own modesty could reproach her.

There are susceptibilities which will shew themselves in outward acts; and there are others which cannot burst out into speech. Lady L's joy was of the former, mine of the latter, sort. But she is used to tenderness of heart. Mine are ready to burst my heart, but never hardly can rise to my lips — My eyes, however, are great talkers.

The pleasure that Sir Charles, Lord L. and Dr. Bartlett, mutually expressed to see each other, was great, tender, and manly. My bustling nimble Lord enjoyed over again his joy, at that of every other person; and he was ready, good-naturedly, to sing and dance — That's his way, poor man, to shew his joy; but he is honest, for all that. Don't despise him, Harriet! He was brought up as an only

son, and to know that he was a Lord, or else he would have made a better figure in your eyes. The man wants not sense, I assure you. You may think me partial; but I believe the most foolish thing he ever did in his life, was at church, and that at St. George's, Hanover-square. Poor soul! He might have had a wife better suited to his taste, and then his very foibles would have made him shine. But, Harriet, it is not always given to us to know what is best for ourselves. Black women, I have heard remarked, like fair men; fair men, black women; and tempers suit best with contraries. Were we all to like the same person or thing equally, we should be for-ever engaged in bro: As it is, human nature (vile rogue! as I have heard it called) is quarrelsome enough: So my Lord, being a lost man, fell in love, if it please you, with a saucy woman. He ought to be meek and humble, you know. He would not let me be quiet, till I was his. We are often to be punished by our own choice. But I am very good to him now. I don't know, Harriet, whether it is best for me to break him of his trifling, or not: Unless one were sure, that he could creditably support the alteration. Now can I laugh at him; and, if the baby is froppish, can coax him into good humour. A sugar-plumb, and a courtesy, will do at any time; and, by setting him into a broad grin, I can laugh away his anger. But should I endeavour to make him wise, as the man has not been used to it, and as his education has not given him a turn to significance, don't you think he would he would be aukward; and, what is worse, assuming? Well, I'll consider of this, before I attempt to new-cast him. Mean time, I repeat — Don't you, my dear, for my sake, think meanly of Lord G. — Ha, ha, ha, hah! — What do I laugh at, do you ask me, Harriet? — Something so highly ridiculous — I have — I have — sent him away from me, so much ashamed of himself — He bears any-thing from me now, that he knows I am only in play with him, and have so very right a heart — I must lay down my pen — Poor soul! Hah, hah, hah, hah! — I do love him for his simplicity!

WELL, I won't tell you what I laughed at just now, for fear you should laugh at us both. My brother's arrival has tuned every string of my heart to joy. The holding up of a straw will throw me into titteration — I can hardly forbear laughing again, to think of the shame the poor soul shewed, when he slunk away from me. After all, he ill brooks to be laughed at. Does not that look as if he were conscious? — But what, Harriet (will you ask) mean I, by thus trifling with you, and at this time particularly? — Why, I would be glad to make you smile, either with me, or at me: I am indifferent which, so that you do but smile — You do! — I protest you do! — Well! now that I have obtained my wishes, I will be serious.

We congratulated my brother on the happy turn in the healths of his Italian friends, without naming names, or saying a word of the sister we had like to have had. He looked earnestly at each of us; bowed to our congratulations; but was

silent. Dr. Bartlett had told us, that he never, in his Letters to my brother, mentioned your being not well; because he knew it would disturb him. He had many things to order and do; so that, except at breakfast, when aunt Nell invaded us with her dreams, and at dinner, when the servants attendance made our discourse general, we had hardly any opportunity of talking to him. But in the space between tea-time and supper, he came and told us, that he was devoted to us for the remainder of the day. Persons present were, Lord and Lady L. myself, and my good man, Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Beauchamp, and Emily, good girl! quite recovered, and blyth as a bird, attentive to every word that passed the lips of her guardian — O, but aunt Nell was also present! — Poor soul! I had like to have forgot her!

In the first place, you must take it for granted, that we all owned, we had seen most of what he had written to Dr. Bartlett.

What troubles, what anguish of mind, what a strange variety of conflicts, has your heart had to contend with, my dear Sir Charles, began Mr. Beauchamp; and, at last, What a strange disappointment, from one of the noblest of women!

Very true, my Beauchamp. He then said great and glorious things of Lady Clementina. We all joined in admiring her. He seemed to have great pleasure in hearing us praise her — Very true, Harriet? — But you have generosity enough to be pleased with him for that.

Aunt Eleanor (I won't call her aunt Nell any more if I can help it) asked him, If he thought it were possible for the Lady to hold her resolution? Now you have actually left Italy, nephew, and are at such a distance, don't you think her love will return?

Good soul! She has substantial notions still left, I find, of ideal Love! Those notions, I fansy, last a long time, with those who have not had the opportunity of gratifying the silly passion! — Be angry, if you will, Harriet, I don't care.

Well, but, thus gravely, as became the question, answered my brother — The favour which this incomparable Lady honoured me with, was never disowned: On the contrary, it was always avowed, and to the very last. She had therefore no uncertainty to contend with: She had no balancings in her mind. Her contention, as she supposed, was altogether in favour of her duty to Heaven. She is exemplarily pious. While she remains a zealous Roman Catholic, she must persevere; and I dare say she will.

I don't know what to make of these Papists, said our old Protestant aunt Nell — (Aunt Nell, did I say? Cry mercy!) — Thank God you are come home safe and sound, and without a papistical wife! — It is very hard, if England cannot find a wife for you, nephew.

We all smiled at aunt Nell — The duce is in me, I believe! — Aunt Nell again! — But let it go.

When, Lady G. (asked Lady L.) saw you or heard you from, the dowager Countess of D.?

Is there any other Countess of D. Lady L.? said Sir Charles: A fine glow taking possession of his cheeks.

Your servant, brother, thought I; I am not sorry for your charming apprehensiveness.

No, Sir, replied Lady L.

Would you, brother, said Boldface (You know who that is, Harriet) that there should be another Countess of D.?

I wish my Lord D. happy, Charlotte. I hear him as well spoken of as any of our young nobility.

You don't know what I mean, I warrant, Sir Charles! resumed, with an intentional archness, your saucy friend.

I believe I do, Lady G. I wish Miss Byron to be one of the happiest women in the world, because she is one of the best — My dear, to Emily, I hope you have had nothing to disturb or vex you, from your mother's husband —

Nor from my mother, Sir — All is good, and as it should be. You have overcome —

That's well, my dear — Would not the Bath-waters be good for Sir Harry? my dear Beauchamp.

A second remove, thought I! But I'll catch you, brother, I'll warrant (as rustics sometimes, in their play, do a ball) on the rebound.

Now you will be piqued, I warrant, Harriet. Your delicacy will be offended, because I urged the question. I see a blush of disdain arising in your lovely cheek, and conscious eye, restoring the roses to the one, and its natural brilliancy to the other. Indeed we all began to be afraid of a little affectation in my brother. But we needed not. He would not suffer us to put him upon the subject again. After a few other general questions and answers, of who and who; and how and how; and what, and when, and-so-forth; he turned to Dr. Bartlett.

My dear friend, said he, you gave me pain a little while ago, when I asked you after the health of Miss Byron, and her friends: You evaded my question, I thought, and your looks alarmed me. I am afraid poor Mrs. Shirley — Miss Byron spoke of her always as in an infirm state: How, Charlotte, would our dear Miss Byron grieve, were she to lose so good a relation!

I intended not, answered the Doctor, that you should see I was concerned: But I think it impossible, ble, that a father can love a daughter better than I love Miss Byron.

You would alarm me indeed, my dear friend, if Lady G. had not, by her usual liveliness just now, put me out of all apprehensions for the health of Miss Byron. I hope Miss Byron is well.

Indeed she is not, said I, with a gravity becoming the occasion.

God forbid! said he; with an emotion that pleased every-body — Not for your sake, Harriet — Be not affectedly nice now; but for our own —

His face was in a glow — What, Lady L. what, Charlotte, said he, ails Miss Byron?

She is not well, brother, replied I; but the most charming sick woman that ever lived. She is chearful, that she may give no uneasiness to her friends. She joins in all their conversations, diversions, amusements. She would fain be well; and likes not to be thought ill. Were it not for her faded cheeks, her pale lips, and her changed complexion, we should not know from herself that she ailed any-thing. Some people reach perfection sooner than others; and are as swift in their decay — Poor Miss Byron seems not to be built for duration.

But should I write these things to you, my dear? Yet I know that Lady Clementina and You are sisters in magnanimity.

My brother was quite angry with me — Dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, explain this speech of Charlotte. She loves to amuse — Miss Byron is blessed with a good constitution: She is hardly yet in the perfection of her bloom. Set my heart at rest. I love not either of my Sisters, more than I do Miss Byron. Dear Charlotte, I am really angry with you.

My good-natured Lord reddened up to his naked ears, at hearing my brother say he was angry with me. Sir Charles, said he, I am sorry you are so soon angry with your sister. It is too true, Miss Byron is ill: She is, I fear in a declining way —

Pardon me, my dear Lord G. — Yet I am ready to be angry with any-body that shall tell me, Miss Byron is in a declining way — Dr. Bartlett — Pray —

Indeed, Sir, Miss Byron is not well — Lady G. has mingled her fears with her Love, in the description. Miss Byron cannot but be lovely: Her complexion is still fine. She is chearful, serene, resigned —

Resigned, Dr. Bartlett! — Miss Byron is a saint. She cannot but be resigned, in the solemn sense of the word — Resignation implies hopelessness. If she is so ill, would not you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have informed me of it — Or was it from tenderness — You must be kind in all you do.

I did not apprehend, said Lady L. that Miss Byron was so very much indisposed. Did you my Lord? (to Lord L.) Upon my word, Doctor, Sister, it was unkind, if so, that you made me not acquainted —

And then her good-natured eye dropt a tear of Love for her Harriet.

I was sorry this went so far. My brother was very uneasy. So was Mr. Beauchamp, for him, and for you, my dear.

That she is, and endeavours to be, so chearful, said Beauchamp, shews, that nothing lies upon her mind — My father's illness only can more affect me, than Miss Byron's.

Emily wept for her Miss Byron. She has always been afraid, that her illness would be attended with ill consequences.

My dear Love, my Harriet, you must be well. See how every-body loves you. I told my brother, that I expected a Letter from Northamptonshire, by the next post; and I would inform him truly of the state of your health, from the contents of it.

I would not for the world have you think, my Harriet, that I meant to excite my brother's attention to you, by what I said. Your honour is the honour of the Sex. For are you not one of the most delicate-minded, as well as frankest, of it? It is no news to say, that my brother dearly loves you. I did not want to know his solicitude for your health. Where he once loves, he always loves. Did you not observe, that I supposed it a natural decline? God grant that it may not be so. And thus am I imprudently discouraging you, in mentioning my apprehensions of your all health, in order to shew my regard for your punctilio: But you shall, you will, be well; and the wife of — the best of men — God grant it may be so! — But, however that is to be, we have all laid our heads together, and are determined, for your delicacy-sake, to let this matter take its course; since, after an opening so undesignedly warm, you might otherwise imagine our solicitude in the affair capable of being thought too urgent. I tell you, my dear, that, worthy as Sir Charles Grandison is of a princess, he shall not call you by his name, but with all his soul.

As my brother laid it out to us this evening, I find we shall lose him for some days. The gamesters whom Mr. Grandison permitted to ruin him, are at Winchester; dividing, I suppose, and rejoicing over, their spoils of the last season. Whether my brother intends to see them or not, I cannot tell. He expects not to do any-thing with them. They, no doubt, will shew the foolish fellow, that they can keep what he could not: And Sir Charles aims only at practicable and legal, not at romantic, redresses.

Sir Charles intends to pay his respects to Lord and Lady W. at Windsor; and to the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, who are at their Berkshire seat. My honest Lord has obtained my leave, at the first asking, to attend him thither. — My brother will wait on Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp, in his way to Lady Mansfield's — Beauchamp will accompany him thither. Poor Grandison, as humble as a mouse, tho' my brother does all he can to raise him, desires to be in his train, as he calls it, all the way, and never to be from under his wing. My brother intends to make a

short visit to Grandison-hall, when he is so near as at Lady Mansfield's: Dr. Bartlett will accompany him thither, as all the way; and hopes he will approve of every-thing he has done there, and in that neighbourhood, in his absence. The good man has promised to write to me. Emily is sometimes to be with me, sometimes with aunt Eleanor, at the Antient's request; tho' Lord and Lady L. mutter at it. My brother's trusty Saunders is to be left behind, in order to dispatch to his master, by man and horse, any Letters that may come from abroad; and I have promised to send him an account of the healths, and-so-forth, of our Northamptonshire friends. I think it would be a right thing in him to take a turn to Selby-house. I hope you think so too. Don't fib, Harriet.

Adieu, my dear. For God's sake be well, prays your Sister, your Friend, and the Friend of all your Friends, ever-affectionate and obliged,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Thursday, Sept. 7.

I Will write to your Letter as it lies before me. I do most heartily congratulate you, my dear Lady G. on the arrival of your brother. I do not wonder that his fatigues, and his disappointment, have made an alteration in his person and countenance. Sir Charles Grandison would not be the man he is, if he had not sensibility.

You could not know your brother, my dear, if you expected from him recriminations on your past odd behaviour to Lord G. I hope he does not yet know a tenth part of it: But if he did, as he hoped you saw your error, and would be good for the future, he was right surely to forget, what you ought not, but with contrition, to remember. You are very naughty in the Letter before me; and I love you too well to spare you.

What can you mean, my dear, by exulting so much over your aunt, for living, to an advanced age, a single woman? However ineffectual, let me add to my former expostulatory chidings on this subject: Would you have one think you are overjoyed, that you have so soon put it out of any one's power to reproach you on the like account? If so, you ought to be more thankful than you seem to be, to Lord G. who has extended his generosity to you, and kept you from the odium. Upon my word, my dear Lady G. I think it looks like a want of decency in women, to cast reflexions on others of their Sex, possibly for their prudence and virtue. Do you consider, how you exalt, by your ludicrous freedoms, the men whom sometimes you affect to despise? No wonder if they ridicule old maids. It is their interest to do so. Lords of the Creation, sometimes you deridingly call the insulters; Lords of the Creation, indeed you make them! — And pray, do you think, that the same weakness which made your aunt Grandison tell her dreams, in the joy of her heart, as an old maid, might not have made her guilty of the same foible, had she been an old wife? Joy is the parent of many a silly thing. Don't you own, that the arrival of your brother, which made your aunt break out into dream-telling, made you break into laughter (even in a Letter) of which you were ashamed to tell the cause? — Wives, my dear, should not sall into the mistakes, for which they would make maids the subject of their ridicule. You know better; and therefore should be above joining the foolish multitude, in a general cry to hunt down (as you reckon them) an unfortunate class of people of your own Sex. Your aunt Grandison's dreams, let me add, were more innocent than your weaking

mirth — You must excuse me — I could say a great deal more upon the subject; but if I have not said enough to make you sorry for your fault, a great deal more would be ineffectual — So much therefore for this subject.

Poor dear Emily! — I wonder not at the effect the arrival, and first sight, of her guardian, had upon her tender heart.

But how wickedly do you treat your Lord! — Fie upon you, Charlotte! — And fie upon you again, for writing what I cannot, for your credit-sake, read out to my friends. I wish, my dear, I could bring you to think, that there cannot be wit without justice; nor humour without decorum: My Lord has some few foibles: But shall a wife be the first to discover them, and expose him for them? Cannot you cure him of them, without treating him with a ridicule which borders upon contempt? — O my dear, you shew us much greater foibles in yourself, than my Lord ever yet had, when you make so bad an use of talents that were given you for better purposes? One word only more on this subject — You cannot make me smile, my dear, when you are thus unseasonable in your mirth. Henceforth, then, remember, that your excursiveness (allow me the word, I had a harsher in my head) upon old maids, and your Lord, can only please yourself; and I will not accept of your compliment. Why? Because I will not be a partaker in your fault; as I should be, if I could countenance your levity.

Levity, Harriet!

Yes, levity, Charlotte — I will not spare you. Whom do you spare?

But do you really think me so ill as you represented me to be, to your brother? I don't think I am. If I did, I am sure I should endeavour to put my thoughts in an absolutely new train: Nor would I quit the hold which at proper times, I do let go, to re-enter the world, as an individual, who imagines herself of some little use in it; and who is therefore obliged to perform, with chearfulness, her allotted offices, however generally insignificant I may comparatively be.

You say, you had no thoughts of exciting your brother's attention, by your strong colouring, when you described the effects of my indisposition to him. Attention! — Compassion you might as well have said — I hope not. And I am obliged to Mr. Beauchamp for his inference, from the chearfulness, that nothing lay upon my mind. Now, tho' that inference seemed to imply, that he thought, if he had not made the observation, something might have been supposed to lie upon my mind, I am much better satisfied that he made it, than if Sir Charles had.

Upon the whole, I cannot but be pleased at two things in your Letter: The one, that Sir Charles expressed so great a concern for my health: The other, that you have all promised, and that voluntarily, and from a sense of the fitness of the measure, that everything be left to its natural course — For my sake, and for goodness-sake, pray let it be so. I think the opening, as you call it, was much,

very much, too warm. Bless me, my dear, how I trembled as I read that part! — I am not, methinks, quite satisfied with it, tho' I am with your intention.

Consider, my dear, Half a heart — A preferred Lady! — For quality, fortune, and every merit, so greatly preferable — O my Charlotte! I cannot, were the best to happen that can now happen, take such exceeding joy, as I once could have done, in the prospect of that best. — I have pride — But let us hear what the next Letters from Italy say; and it will be then time enough (if the truly admirable Lady shall adhere to her resolution) to come with my scruples and drawbacks. Your aunt Grandison is of opinion, that she will not adhere. Who can tell what to say? Imagination, unnaturally heightened, may change into one altitude from another. I myself sincerely think (and have so often said it, that an uncharitable mind would perhaps charge me with affectation for it) that Lady Clementina, and no other woman, can deserve Sir Charles Grandison.

Adieu, my dear. Pray tell your brother that I never thought myself so ill as your friendly love made you apprehend me to be: And that I congratulate you with all my heart, and him also (it would be an affectation to forbear it, which would imply too much) on his safe arrival in England. But be sure remember, that I look upon you and your Lord, upon my Lord and Lady L. and upon my sweet Emily, if she sees what I write, as guardians of the honour (of the punctilio, if you please, since no dis-honour can be apprehended from Sir Charles Grandison) of

Your and Their HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

DR. BARTLETT, TO LADY G.

Monday, Sept. 11.

IN obedience to your Ladyship's commands, I write, but it must be briefly, an account of our motions.

Sir Charles would not go out of town, till he had made a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and enquired after Miss Byron's health, of which he received an account less alarming, than we, from our love and our fears, had given him.

We arrived at Windsor on Wednesday evening. My Lord and Lady W. expected him not till the next day.

I cannot find words to express the joy with which they received him. My Lord acknowleged, before us all, that he owed it to God, and to him, that he was the happiest man in the world. My Lady called herself, with tears of joy, a happy woman: And Sir Charles told me, that when he was led by her to her closet, to talk about the affairs of her family, she exceedingly abashed him, by expressing her gratitude to him for his goodness to them all, on her knees; while he was almost ready, on his, he said, to acknowlege the aunt, that had done so much honour to his recommendation, and made his uncle so happy.

Sir Charles, in order to have leave to depart next morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, promised to pass several days with them, when he could think himself a settled Englishman.

You, madam, and Lady L. equally love and admire Lady W.: I will not, therefore, enlarge to you on her excellencies. Every-body loves her. Her servants, as they attend, look at their Lady, with the same delight, mingled with reverence, as those of my patron look upon him.

Poor Mr. Grandison could not help taking notice to me, with tears, on the joint acknowlegements of my Lord and Lady made to my patron, that goodness and beneficence brought with them their own rewards. Saw you not, my good Dr. Bartlett, said he, how my cousin's eyes glistened with modest joy, as my Lord and Lady ran over with their gratitude? I thought of him, as an angel among men — What a wretch have I been! How can I sit at table with him! Yet how he overwhelms me with his goodness!

My patron having heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen was at his house on the forest, he rode to make him a visit, tho' some few miles out of his way. I attended him.

Sir Hargrave is one of the most miserable of men. He is not yet fully recovered of the bruises and rough treatment he met with near Paris: But he is so miserably sunk in his spirits, that my patron could not but be concerned for him. He received him with grateful acknowlegements, and was thankful for his visit: But he told him, that he was so miserable in himself, that he could hardly thank him for saving a life so wretched.

Mr. Merceda, it seems, died about a sortnight ago.

That poor man was thought to be pretty well recovered; and rode out several times: But was taken on his return from one of his rides, with a vomiting of blood; the consequence, as imagined, of some inward bruises; and died miserably. His death, and the manner of it, have greatly affected Sir Hargrave. — And poor Bagenhall, Sir Charles, said he, is as miserable a dog as I am!

Sir Hargrave, understanding, as he said, that I was a parson, begged me to give him one prayer —

He was so importunate, and for Sir Charles to join in it, that we both kneeled with him.

Sir Hargrave wept. He called himself a hardened dog.

Strange man! — But I think I was still more affected (Sir Hargrave shocked me!) by your noble brother's humanity, than by Sir Hargrave's wretchedness; tears of compassion for the poor man, stealing down his manly cheek — God comfort you, Sir Hargrave, said he, wringing his hand — Dr. Bartlett is a good man. You shall have the prayers of us both.

He left him. He could stay no longer; followed by the unhappy man's blessings, interrupted by violent sobbings.

We were both so moved, that we broke not silence, as we rode, till we joined our company at my Lord's.

I recounted what passed at this interview to Mr. Grandison. Your Ladyship will not want me to be very particular in relating what were his applications to, and reflexions on, himself, when I tell you that he could not have been more concerned, had he been present on the occasion.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when I gave this relation to Mr. Grandison. He was affected at it, and with Mr. Grandison's sensibility: But how happy for himself was it, that his concern had in it no mixture of self reproach! It was a generous and humane concern, like that of his dear friend.

Sir Charles's next visit was to the good Earl of G. And here we left my Lord G.; the best natured, and one of the most virtuous and prudent young noblemen in the Kingdom. Your Ladyship will not accuse me of flattery, when you read this; but you will, perhaps, of another view — Yet, as long as I know that you love to have justice done to my Lord; and in your heart are sensible of the truth of what I

say, and I am sure rejoice in it; I give chearful way to the justice; and the rather, as you look upon my Lord as so much yourself, that if you receive his praises with some little reluctance, it is with such a modest reluctance as you would receive your own; glad, at the same time, that you were so justly complimented.

My Lord will acquaint your Ladyship with all that passed at the good Earl's; and how much overjoyed he and Lady Gertrude were at the favour they thought your brother did them in dining with them. His Lordship will tell you also, how much they wish for you; for they propose to winter there, and not in Hertfordshire, as once they thought to do.

Here Sir Charles enquired after their neighbour, Mr. Bagenhall.

He is become a very melancholy man. His wife is as obliging as he will let her be; but he hates her; and the less wonder, for he hates himself.

Poor woman! she could not expect a better fate. To yield up her chastity; to be forced upon him afterwards, by way of doing her poor justice; what affiance can he have in her virtue, were she to meet with a trial?

But that is not all; for though nobody questions her fidelity, yet what weight with him can her arguments have, were she to endeavour to enforce upon his mind those doctrines, which, were they to have proceeded from a pure heart, might, now-and-then, have let in a ray of light on his benighted soul? A gloomy mind must occasionally receive great consolation from the interposal and soothing of a companionable Love, when we know it comes from an untainted heart!

Poor Mr. Grandison found in this case also great room for self-application and regret, without my being so officious as to remind him of the similitude; tho' the woman who is endeavoured to be imposed on him for a wife, is a more guilty creature than ever Mrs. Bagenhall was.

And here, madam, allow me to observe, that there is such a Sameness in the lives, the actions, the pursuits of libertines, and such a likeness in the accidents, punishments, and occasions for remorse, which attend them, that I wonder they will not be warned by the beacons that are lighted up by every brother libertine whom they know; and that they will so generally be driven on the same rock, overspread and surrounded as it is, in their very sight, by a thousand wrecks! — Did such know your brother, and learn from his example and history, what a variety there is in goodness, as he passes on from object to object, exercising, not officiously, but as opportunity offers, his noble talents to the benefit of his fellow-creatures, surely they would, like honest Mr. Sylvester, the attorney, endeavour to give themselves solid joy, by following what that gentleman justly called so self-rewarding an example.

Forgive me, madam, if sometimes I am ready to preach: It is my province. Who but your brother can make every province his, and accommodate himself to every subject?

We reached Sir Harry Beauchamp's that night; and there took up our lodgings.

Sir Harry seems to be in a swift decay; and he is very sensible of it. He rejoiced to see your brother. I was afraid, Sir Charles Grandison, said he, that our next meeting would have been in another world. May it be in the same world, and I shall be happy!

This was a wish, a thought, not to be discouraged in a dying man. Sir Charles was affected with it. You know, madam, that your brother has a heart the most tender, and, at the same time, the most intrepid, of human hearts. I have learned much from him. He preaches by action. Till I knew him, young man as he then was, and still is, my preaching was by words; I was contented, that my actions disgraced not my words.

Lady Beauchamp, as my patron afterwards told me, confessed, in tears, that she should owe to him all the tranquillity of mind that she can hope for, if she survive Sir Harry. O Sir, said she, till I knew you, I was a narrow selfish creature. I was jealous of a father's Love to a worthy son; whose worthiness I knew not, as a son, and as a friend: That was the happiest day of our Beauchamp's life, which introduced him to an intimacy with you.

Here, on Friday morning, we left Mr. Beauchamp, sorrowing for his father's illness, and endeavouring, by every tender act of duty, to comfort his mother-in-law on a deprivation, with which, I am afraid, she will soon be tried.

My Beauchamp loves you, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry, at parting in the morning after breakfast; and so he ought. Where-ever you are, he wants to be; but spare him to his mother and me for a few days: He is her comforter, and mine. Fain, very fain, would I have longer rejoiced, if God had seen fit, in the Love of both. But I resign to the Divine Will. Pray for me: You also, Dr. Bartlett, pray for me. My son tells me what a good man you are — And may we meet in heaven! I am afraid, Sir Charles, that I never shall see you again in this world — But why should I oppress your noble heart? God be your Guide and Protector! Take care of your precious health. You have a great deal to do, before you finish your glorious course, and come to this last period of human vanity.

My patron was both grieved and rejoiced — Rejoiced to see Sir Harry in a frame of mind so different from that to which he had been a witness in Sir Hargrave Pollexsen; and grieved to find him past all hopes of recovery.

Sir Charles pursued his journey, cross the country, to Lady Mansfield's. We found no convenient place for dining, and arrived at Mansfield-house about five on Friday afternoon.

My Lady Mansfield, her daughter and sons, were overjoyed to see my patron. Mr. Grandison told me, that he never, from infancy to this time, shed so many tears as he has shed on this short tour, sometimes from joy, sometimes from grief. I don't know, madam, whether one should wish him re-established in his fortune, if it could be done; since calamity, rightly supported, is a blessing.

Here I left my patron, and proceeded on Saturday morning with Mr. Grandison to the Hall. If Sir Charles finds matters ripened for a treaty between the Mansfields and their adversaries, as he has been put in hopes, he will go near to stay at Mansfield-house, and only visit us at the Hall incognito, to avoid neighbourly congratulations, till he can bring things to bear.

Mr. Grandison just now told me, that Sir Charles, before he left town, gave him a 400 l. bank note, to enable him to pay off his debts to tradesmen; of which, at his desire, he had given him in a list; amounting to 360 l.

He owes, he says, 100 l. more to the widow of a wine-merchant; but being resolved to pay it the moment money comes into his hands, he would not acquaint Sir Charles with it.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyship's Most faithful and obedient Servant, AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Volume VI

LETTER I.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

Mansfield-house, Thursday, Sept. 14.

YOU will be so good, my dear friend, as to let my neighbours, particularly the gentlemen you mention, know, that the only reason I forbear paying my compliments to them, now I am so near, is, because I cannot as yet enjoy their company with that freedom and ease which I hope in a little while to do. Tell them, that I purpose, after some particular affairs are determined (which will for a little while longer engross me) to devote the greatest part of my time to my native place; and that then I will endeavour to make myself as good a neighbour, and as social a friend, as they can wish me to be.

On Sunday I had a visit from the two Hartleys.

They gave me very satisfactory proofs of what they were able to do, as well as willing, in support of the right of the Mansfields to the estate of which they have been despoiled; and shewed me a paper, which nobody thought was in being, of the utmost consequence in the cause.

On Monday, by appointment, I attended Sir John Lambton. Two lawyers of the Keelings were with him. They produced their demands. I had mine ready; but theirs were so extravagant, that I would not produce them: But, taking Sir John aside, I love not, said I, to affront men of a profession; but I am convinced, that we never shall come to an understanding, if we consider ourselves as Lawyers and Clients. I am no lawyer; but I know the strength of my friends cause, and will risque half my estate upon the justice of it. The Mansfields will commission me, if the Keelings will you; and we perhaps may do something: If not, let the Law take its course. I am now come to reside in England. I will do nothing for myself, till I have done what can be done to make all my friends easy.

Sir John owned, that he thought the Mansfields had hardships done them. Mr. Keeling senior, he said, had heard of the paper in the Hartley's hands; and, praising his honesty, told me in confidence, that he had declared, that if such a paper could have been produced in time, he would not have prosecuted the suit, which he had carried. But Sir John said, that the younger Keeling was a furious young man, and would oppose a compromise on the terms he supposed the Mansfields would expect to be complied with. But what are your proposals, Sir?

These, Sir John: The Law is expensive; delays may be meditated; appeals may be brought, if we gain our point. — What I think it may cost us to establish the right of the injured, which cannot be a small sum, that will I prevail upon the

Mansfields to give up to the Keelings. I will trust you, if you give me your honour, with our proofs; and if you and your friends are satisfied with them, and will consent to establish our right by the form only of a new trial; then may we be agreed: Otherwise, not. And I leave you and them to consider of it. I shall hear from you within two or three days. Sir John promised I should; but hoped to have some talk first with the Hartleys, with whom, as well as with me, he declared he would be upon honour.

Wednesday Evening.

I HAD a message from Sir John last night, requesting me to dine with him and the elder Mr. Keeling this day; and to bring with me the two Mr. Hartleys, and the proofs I had hinted at.

Those gentlemen were so obliging, as to go with me; and took the important paper with them, which had been deposited with their grandfather, as a common friend, and contained a recognition of the Mansfields right to the estates in question, upon an amicable reference to persons long since departed: An attested copy of which was once in the Mansfields possession, as by a memorandum that came to hand, but which never could be found. The younger Keeling was not intended to be there; but he forced himself upon us. He behaved very rudely. I had once like to have forgot myself. This meeting produced nothing: But as the father is a reasonable man; as we have obtained a re-hearing of the cause; as he is much influenced by Sir John Lambton, who seems convinced; and to whose honour I have submitted an abstract of our proofs; I am in hopes that we shall be able to accommodate.

I have Bolton's proposals before me. The first child is dead; the second cannot live many months. He trembles at the proofs he knows we have of his villainy. He offers, on the death of this second child, to give us possession of the estate, and a large sum of money (but thought not to be half of what the superannuated Calvert left) if we will give him general releases. The wretch is not, we believe, married to the relict of Calvert.

I am loth, methinks, to let him escape the justice which his crimes call for: But such are the delays and chicaneries of the law, when practisers are found who know how to perplex an honest pursuer; and as we must have recourse to low and dirty people to establish our proofs; the vile fellow shall take with him the proposed spoils: They may not be much more than would be the lawyers part of the estate, were we to push the litigation.

As to our poor Everard, nothing, I fear, can be done for him, with the men who are revelling on his spoils. I have seen one of them. The unhappy man has signed and sealed to his own ruin. He regrets, that a part of the estate which has been so long in the family and name, should go out of it. What an empty pride is that of

name! The general tenor of his life was not a credit to it; tho' he felt not that, till he felt distress. The disgrace is actually incurred. Does not all the world know his loss, and the winner's triumph? And if the world did not, can he conceal from himself those vices, the consequences of which have reduced him to what he is? But perhaps the unhappy man puts a value upon the name, in compliment to me.

Mention not to him what I write. The poor man is sensible enough of his folly, to engage pity: Whether from a right sense, or not, must be left to his own heart.

As to the woman's claim: What in honour can I do, against a promise that he owns may be proved upon him? He did not condition with her, that she was to be a spotless woman. If he thought she was so when he solicited her to yield to his desires, he is the less to be excused: Vile as she comes out to be, he had proposed to make her as vile, if he had found her not so. He promised her marriage: Meant he only a promise? She is punished in being what she is: His punishment cannot be condign, but by his being obliged to perform his promise. Yet I cannot bear to think that my cousin Grandison should be made, for life, the dupe of a successful and premeditated villainy; and the less, as, in all likelihood, the profligate Lord B. would continue to himself, from the merit with her of having vindicated her claim, an interest in the bad woman's favour, were she to be the wife of our poor Everard.

But certainly this claim must be prosecuted with a view only to extort money from my cousin; and they know him to be of a family jealous of its honour. I think she must be treated with for releases. I could not bear to appear in such a cause as this, in open court, in support of my cousin, against a promise made by him. He is of age, and thought to be no novice in the ways of the town. I am mistaken in Mr. Grandison's spirit, if it did not lead him to think himself very severely punished, were he to have no other punishment, for those vices, which were to be expensive to me.

But if I should be able to extricate the unhappy man from this difficulty, what can next be done for him? The poor remains of his fortune will not support one who has always lived more than genteelly. Will he be able, think you, to endure the thoughts of living in a constant state of dependence, however easy and genteel I should endeavour to make it to him? There may be many ways (in the public offices, for example) of providing for a broken tradesman: But for a man who calls himself, and is, a gentleman; who will expect as such to rank with his employer, who knows nothing of figures, or business of any kind; who has been brought up in idleness, and hardly knows the meaning of the word diligence; and never could bear confinement; what can be done for such a one in the public offices, or by any other employment that requires punctual attendance?

But to quit this subject, for a more agreeable one.

I have for some time had it in my thoughts to ask you, my dear friend, Whether your nephew is provided for to your liking and his own? If not, and he would put it in my power to serve him, by serving myself, I should be obliged to you for permitting him so to do, and to him, for his consent. I would not affront him, by the offer of a salary: My presents to him shall be such as befit the services done: — Sometimes as my amanuensis; sometimes as a transcriber and methodizer of Papers and Letters; sometimes in adjusting servants accounts, and fitting them for my inspection. You need not fear my regard to myself in my acknowlegements to be made to him (that, I know, will be all your fear); for I have always considered profusion and parsimony as two extremes, equally to be avoided. You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have often enforced this lesson on my mind. Can it then ever be forgotten by

Your affectionate Friend and Servant, CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER II.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15. N. S.

YOUR kind Letters from Lyons, my dearest friend, rejoiced us extremely. Clementina languished to hear from you. How was it possible for you to write with so much warmth of affection to her, yet with so much delicacy, that a rival could not take exceptions at it?

She writes to you. It is not for me, it is not for any of us, I think, to say one word to the principal subject of her Letter. She shewed it to me, and to her mother, only.

Dear creature! Could she be prevailed upon! — But how can you be asked to support the family-wishes? Yet if you think them just, I know you will. You know not Self, when justice and the service of your friend stand in opposition to it. All that I am afraid of is, that we shall be too precipitate for the dear creature's head.

Would to God, you could have been my Brother! That was the first desire of my heart! — But you will see by her Letter (the least flighty that she has written of a long time) that she has no thought of that: And she declares to us, that she wishes you happily married to an Englishwoman. Would to Heaven, we might plead your example to her!

I will certainly attend you in your England! — If one thing, that we all wish, could happen, you would have the whole family, as far as I know. We think, we talk, of nobody but you. We look out for Englishmen, to do them honour for your sake.

Mrs, Beaumont is with us. Surely she is your near relation! She advises caution; but thinks that our present measures are not wrong ones, as we never can give into my sister's wishes to quit the world. Dear Grandison! love not Mrs. Beaumont the less for her opinion in our favour.

Mr. Lowther writes to you: I say nothing, therefore, of that worthy man.

I am wished to write more enforcingly to you, on a certain important subject: But I say, I cannot, dare not, will not.

Dear Grandison, love still your Jeronymo! Your friendship makes life worthy of my wish. It has been a consolation to me, when every other failed, and all around me was darkness, and the shadow of death. You will often be troubled with Letters from me. My beloved, my dearest friend, my Grandison, adieu!

JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

LETTER III.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15. N. S.

HOW welcome to me was your Letter from Lyons! My good Chevalier Grandison, my heart thanks you for it: Yet it was possible that heart could have been still more thankful, had I not observed in your Letter an air of pensiveness, tho' it is endeavoured to be concealed. What pain would it give me to know, that you suffer on my account! — But no more in this strain: A complaining one must take place.

O Chevalier, I am persecuted! And by whom? By my dearest, my nearest friends. I was afraid it would be so. Why, why, would you deny me your influence, when I importuned you for it? Why would you not stay among us, till you saw me professed? Then had I been happy — In time, I should have been happy! — Now am I beset with entreaties, with supplications, from those who ought to command; — yet unlawfully, if they did: I presume to think so: Since parents, tho' they ought to be consulted in the change of condition, as to the person; yet surely should not oblige the child to marry, who chooses to be single all her life. A more cogent reason may be pleaded, and I do plead it to my relations, as Catholics, as I wish for nothing so much as to assume the veil. — But you are a Protestant: You favour not a Divine dedication, and would not plead for me. On the contrary, you have strengthened their hands! — O Chevalier! how could you do so, and ever love me! Did you not know, there was but one way to escape the grievous consequences of the importunities of those who justly lay claim to my obedience? — And they do claim it.

And in what forcible manner, claim it! — Shall I tell you? Thus, then: My father, with tears in his eyes, beseeches me! My mother gently reminds me of what she has suffered for me in my illness; and declares, that it is in my power to make the rest of her days happy: Nor shall she think my own tranquility of mind secured, till I oblige her! — O Chevalier! what pleas are these from a father, whose eyes plead more strongly than words: and from a mother, on whose bright days I cast a cloud! — The Bishop pleads: How can a Catholic Bishop plead, and not for me? The General declares, that he never wooed his beloved wife for her consent with more fervour than he does me for mine, to oblige them all. Nay, Jeronymo! Blush, sisterly love! to say it — Jeronymo, your friend Jeronymo, is solicitous on the same side — Even Father Marescotti is carried away by the

example of the Bishop. — Mrs. Beaumont argues with me in their favour. — And Camilla, who was ever full of your praises, teazes me continually.

They name not the man: They pretend to leave me free to choose through the world. They plead, that, zealous as they are in the Catholic faith, they were so earnest for me to enter into the state, that they were desirous to see me the wife even of a Protestant, rather than I should remain single: And they remind me, that it was owing to my scruple only, that this was not effected. — But why, why will they weaken rather than strengthen my scruple? Could I have got over three points — The sense of my own unworthiness, after my mind had been disturbed; The insuperable apprehension, that, drawn aside by your Love, I should probably have ensnared my own Soul: and that I should be perpetually lamenting the certainty of the loss of his whom it would be my duty to love as my own; their importunity would hardly have been wanted.

Tell me advise me, my good Chevalier, my fourth brother (You are not Now interested in the debate) if I may not lawfully stand out? Tell me, as I know that I cannot answer their views, except I marry, and yet cannot consent to marry, whether I may not as well sequester myself from the world, and insist upon so doing?

What, what can I do? — I am distressed — O thou, my Brother, my Friend, whom my heart ever must hold dear, advise me! To you I have told them I will appeal. They are so good as to promise to suspend their solicitations, if I will hold suspended my thoughts of the veil till I have your advice. — But give it not against me — If you ever valued Clementina,

Give it not against her!

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

London, Monday, Sept. 18 — 29.

WHAT can I say, most excellent of women, to the contents of the Lerter you have honoured me with? What a task have you imposed upon me! You take great, and, respecting your intentions, I will call it, kind care, to let me know that I can have no interest in the decision of the case you refer to me. I repeat my humble acquiescence; but must again declare, that it would have been next to impossible to do so, had you not made a point of conscience of your scruples.

But what weight is my advice likely to have with a young Lady, who repeatedly, in the close of her Letter, desires me not to give it for her parents?

I, madam, am far from being unprejudiced in this case. For can the man who once himself hoped for the honour of your hand, advise you against Marriage? — Are not your parents generously indulgent, when they name not any particular person to you? I applaud both their wisdom and their goodness, on this occasion. Possibly, you guess the man whom they would recommend to your choice: And I am sure, Lady Clementina would not refuse their recommendation merely because it was theirs. Nor indeed upon any less reason than an unconquerable aversion, or a preference to some other Catholic. A Protestant, it seems, it cannot be.

But let me ask my Sister, my Friend, What answer can I return to the Lady who had shewn, in one instance, that she had not an insuperable aversion to Matrimony; yet on conscientious reasons refusing one man, and not particularly favouring any, can scruple to oblige (obey is not the word they use)

‘a Father, who with tears in his eyes beseeches her; a Mother who gently reminds her of what she has suffered for her; who declares, that it is in her power to make the rest of her days happy; and who urges a still stronger plea respecting them both, and the whole family, to engage the attention of the beloved daughter?” — O madam, what pleas are those (Let me still make use of your own pathetic words) from a Father whose eyes plead more strongly than words! and from a Mother, over whose bright days you had (tho’ involuntarily) cast a cloud! — Your Brother the Bishop, a man of piety; your Confssor, a man of equal piety; your two other Brothers, your disinterested Friend Mrs. Beaumont; your faithful Camilla; all wholly disinterested.’

– What an enumeration against yourself. — Forbidden, as I am. to give the cause against you, what can I say? Dearest Lady Clementina, can I, on your own

representation, give it for you?

You know, madam, the sacrifice I have made to the plea of your conscience, not my own. I make no doubt, but parents so indulgent as yours, will yield to your reasons, if you can plead conscience against the performance of the filial duty; the more a duty, as it is so gently urged: Nay, hardly urged; but by tears, and wishes, which the eyes, not the lips, express; and which if you will perform, your parents will think themselves under an obligation to their child.

Lady Clementina is one of the most generous of women: But consider, madam, in this instance of prefering your own will to that of the most indulgent of parents, whether there is not an apparent selfishness, inconsistent with your general character, even were you to be as happy in a convent, as you propose. Would you not, in that case, live to yourself, and renounce your parents and family, as parts of that world which you would vow to despise? — Dear Lady! I asked you once before, Is there any thing sinful in a Sacrament? Such all good Catholics deem Matrimony. And shall I ask you, Whether, as self-denial is held to be meritorious in your church, there is not a merit in denying yourself in the case before us, when you can, by performing the filial duty, oblige your whole family?

Permit me to say, that tho' a Protestant, I am not an enemy to such foundations in general. I could wish, under proper regulations, that we had Nunneneries among us. I would not, indeed, have the obligation upon Nuns be perpetual: Let them have liberty, at the end of every two or three years, to renew their vows, or otherwise, by the consent of friends. Celibacy in the Clergy is an indispensable law of your church: Yet a Cardinal has been allowed to lay down the purple, and marry. You know, madam, I must mean Ferdinand of Medicis. Family-reasons, in that case, preponderated, as well at Rome, as at Florence.

Of all the women I know, Lady Clementina della Porretta should be the last who should be earnest to take the veil. There can be but two persons in the world, besides herself, who will not be grieved at her choice. We know their reasons. The will of her grandfathers, now with God, is against her; and her living parents, and every other person of her family, those two excepted, would be made unhappy, if she sequestered herself from the world, and them. Clementina has charity: She wishes, she once said, to take a great revenge upon Laurana. Laurana has something to repent of: Let her take the veil. The fondness she has for the world, a fondness which could make her break through all the ties of relation, and humanity, requires a check: But are any of those in convents more pious, more exemplary pious, than Clementina is, out of them?

Much more could I urge on the same side of the question; but what I have urged has been a task upon me; a task which I could not have performed, had I not preferred to my own, the happiness of you and your family.

May both earthly and heavenly blessings attend your determination, whatever it be, prays, dearest madam.

Your ever-faithful Friend, Affectionate Brother, and Humble Servant, CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA

London, Sat. Sept. 18-29.

I Have written, my beloved friend, to Lady Clementina; and shall inclose a copy of my Letter.

I own, that, till I received hers, I thought there was a possibility, tho' not a probability, that she might change her mind in my favour. I foresaw that you would all join, for family-reasons, to press her to marry: And when, thought I, she finds herself very earnestly urged, it is possible, that she will forego her scruples, and, proposing some conditions for herself, will honour with her hand the man whom she has avowedly honoured with a place in her heart, rather than any other. The malady she has been afflicted with, often leaves, for some time, an unsteadiness in the mind: My absence, as I proposed to settle in my native country, never more, perhaps, to return to Italy; the high notions she has of obligation and gratitude; her declared confidence in my honour and affection; all co-operating, she may, thought I, change her mind; and if she does, I cannot doubt the favour of her friends. It was not, my Jeronymo, presumptuous to hope. It was justice to Clementina to attend the event, and to wait for the promised Letter: But now, that I see you are all of one mind, and that the dear Lady, tho' vehemently urged by all her friends to marry some other man, can appeal to me, only as to her fourth Brother, and a man not interested in the event — I give up all my hopes.

I have written accordingly to your dear Clementina; but it could not be expected, that I should give the argument all the weight that might be given it: Yet, being of opinion that she was in duty obliged to yield to the entreaties of all her friends, I have been honest. But surely no man ever was involved in so many difficult situations as your Grandison; who yet never, by enterprize or rashness, was led out of the plain path into difficulties so uncommon.

You wish, my dear friend, that I would set an example to your excellent sister. I will unbosom my heart to you.

There is a Lady, an English Lady, beautiful as an Angel, but whose beauty is her least perfection, either in my eyes, or her own: Had I never known Clementina, I could not have loved her, and only her, of all the women I ever beheld. It would not be doing her justice, if I could not say, I do love her; but with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina, or as her own heart, can boast. Clementina's distressed mind affected me: I imputed her sufferings to her esteem for me. The farewel interview denied her, she demonstrated, I thought, so firm an

affection for me, at the same time that she was to me, what I may truly call, a first Love; that, tho the difficulties in my way seemed insuperable. I thought it became me, in honour, in gratitude, to hold myself in suspense, and not offer to make my addresses to any other woman, till the destiny of the dear Clementina was determined.

It would look like vanity in me to tell my Jeronymo how many proposals, from the partial friends of women of rank and merit superior to my own, I thought myself obliged, in honour to the Ladies themselves, to decline: But my heart never suffered uneasiness from the uncertainty I was in of ever succeeding with your beloved sister, but on this Lady's account, I presume not, however, to say, I could have succeeded, had I thought myself at liberty to make my addresses to her: Yet, when I suffered myself to balance, because of my uncertainty with your Clementina, I had hopes, from the interest my two sisters had with her (her affections disengaged), that, had I been at liberty to make my addresses to her, I might.

Shall I, my dear Jeronymo, own the truth? — The two noblest-minded women in the world, when I went over to Italy, on the invitation of my Lord the Bishop, held almost an equal interest in my heart; and I was thereby enabled justly, and with the greater command of myself, to declare to the Marchioness, and the General, at my last going over, that I held myself bound to you; but that your sister, and you all, were free. But when the dear Clementina began to shew signs of recovery, and seemed to confirm the hopes I had of her partiality to me; and my gratitude and attachment seemed of importance to her complete restoration; then, my Jeronymo, did I content myself with wishing another husband to the English Lady, more worthy of her than my embarassed situation could have made me. And when I farther experienced the condescending goodness of your whole family, all united in my favour; I had not a wish but for your Clementina.

What a disappointment, my Jeronymo, was her rejection of me! obliged, as I was, to admire the noble Lady the more for her motives of rejecting me.

And now, my dear friend, what is your wish? — That I shall set your sister an example? How can I? Is marriage in my power? There is but one woman in the world, now your dear Clementina has refused me, that I can think worthy of succeeding her in my affections, tho' there are thousands of whom I am not worthy. And ought that Lady to accept of a man whose heart had been another's, and that other living, and single, and still honouring him with so much of her regard, as may be thought sufficient to attach a grateful heart, and occasion a divided Love? Clementina herself is not more truly delicate than this Lady. Indeed, Jeronymo, I am ready, when I contemplate my situation, on a supposition of making my addresses to her, to give up myself, as the unworthiest of her favour

of all the men I know; and she has for an admirer almost every man who sees her — Even Olivia admires her! Can I do justice to the merits of both, and yet not appear to be divided by a double Love? — For I will own to all the world, my affection for Clementina; and, as once it was encouraged by her whole family, glory in it.

You see, my Jeronymo, how I am circumstanced. The example, I fear, must come from Italy; not from England. Yet say I not this for punctilio-sake: It is not in my power to set it, as it is in your Clementina's: It would be presumption to suppose it is, Clementina has not an aversion to the state: She cannot to the man you have in view, since prepossession in favour of another is over — This is a hard push upon me. I presume not to say what Clementina will, what she can do: But she is naturally the most dutiful of children, and has a high sense of the more than common obligations she owes to parents, to brothers, to whom she has as unhappily as involuntarily given great distress: Difference in Religion, the motive of her rejecting me, is not in the question: Filial duty is an article of Religion.

I do myself the honour of writing to the Marchioness, to the General, to Father Marescotti, and to Mr. Lowther. May the Almighty perfect your recovery, my Jeronymo; and preserve in health and spirits the dear Clementina! — and may every other laudable wish of the hearts of a family so truly-excellent, be granted to them! — prays, my dearest Jeronymo, the friend who expects to see you in England; the friend who loves you, as he loves his own heart; and equally honours all of your name; and will, so long as he is

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

MRS. REEVES, TO MISS BYRON.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.

O My dear cousin! I am now sure you will be the happiest of women! Sir Charles Grandison made us a visit this very day. — How Mr. Reeves and I rejoiced to see him! We had but just before been called upon by a line from Lady G. to rejoice with her on her brother's happy arrival. He said, he was under obligation to go to Windsor and Hampshire, upon extraordinary occasions; but he could not go, till he had paid his respects to us, as well for our own sakes, as to enquire after your health. He had received, he said, some disagreeable inimitations in relation to it. We told him, you were not well; but we hoped not dangerously ill. He said so many kind, tender, yet respectful things of you — O my Harriet! I am sure, and so is Mr. Reeves, he loves you dearly. Yet we both wondered that he did not talk of paying you a visit. But he may have great matters in hand. — But what matters can be so great as not to be postponed, if he loves you? — and that he certainly does. I should not have known how to contain my joy before him, had he declared himself your Lover.

He condescendingly asked to see my little boy — Was not that very good of him? He would have won my heart by this condescension, had he not had a great share of it before — For your sake, my cousin. You know I cannot mean otherwise: And you know, that, except Mr. Reeves and my little boy, I love my Harriet better than any-body in the world. No-body in Northamptonshire, I am sure, will take exceptions at this.

I thought I would write to you of this kind visit. Be well, now, my dear: All things, I am sure, will come abou for good: God grant they may! — I dare say, he will visit you in Northamptonshire: And if he does, what can be his motive? Not mere friendship: Sir Charles Grandison is no trisler!

I know you will be sorry to hear that Lady Betty Williams is in great affliction. Miss Williams has run away with ensign who is not worth a shilling: He is, on the contrary, over head and cars, as the saying is, in debt. Such a mere girl! But what shall we say?

Miss Cantillon has made as foolish a step. Lord bless me! I think girls, in these days, are bewitched. A nominal captain too: Her mother vows, they shall both starve for her: And they have no other dependence. She can't live without her pleasures: Neither can he without his. A Ranelagh sop. Poor wretches! What will become of them? For every-thing is in her mother's power, as to fortune. — She

has been met by Miss Allestree: and looked so shy! so silly! so slatternly! Unhappy coquettish thing!

Well, but God bless you, my dear! — My nursery calls upon me: The dear little soul is so fond of me! Adieu. Compliments to every-body I have so much reason to love: Mr. Reeves's too. Once more, Adieu.

ELIZA REEVES.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON, TO MRS. REEVES.

Selby-house, Friday, Sept. 8.

YOUR kind Letter, my dear cousin, has, at the same time, delighted and pained me. I rejoyce in the declared esteem of one of the best of men; and I honour him for his friendly love expressed to you and my cousin, in the visit he made you: But I am pained at your calling upon me (in pity to my weakness, shall I call it? a weakness so ill concealed) to rejoice, that the excellent man, when he has dispatched all his affairs of consequence, and has nothing elso to do, may possibly, for you cannot be certain, make me a visit in Northamptonshire. — O my cousin! And were his absence, and the apprehension of his being the husband of another woman, think you, the occasion of my indisposition; that I must now, that the other affair seems determined in a manner so unexpected, be bid at once to be well?

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear cousin, may honour us with the prognosticated visit, or not, as he pleases: But were he to declare himself my Lover, my heart would not be so joyful as you seem to expect, if Lady Clementina is to be unhappy. What tho' the refusal of marriage was hers; was not that refusal the greatest sacrifice that ever woman made to her superior duty? Does she not still avow her Love to him? And must he not, ought he not, ever to love her? And here my pride puts in it's claim to attention — Shall your Harriet sit down and think herself happy in a second-place Love? Yet let me own to you, my cousin, that Sir Charles Grandison is dearer to me than all else that I hold most dear in this world: And if Clementina could be not un -happy [Happy I have no notion she can be without him] and he were to declare himself my Lover; Affectation, be gone! I would say; I will trust to my own heart, and to my future conduct, to make for myself an interest in his affections, that should enrich my content; in other words, that should make me more than contented.

But time will soon determine my destiny: I will have patience to wait its determination. I make no doubt but he has sufficient reasons for all he does.

I am as much delighted, as you could be, at the notice he took of your dear infant. The brave must be humane: And what greater instance of humanity can be shewn, than for grown persons to look back upon the state they were once themselves in, with tenderness and compassion?

I am very sorry for the cause of Lady Betty's affliction. Pity! the good Lady took not — But I will not be severe, after I have said, that children's faults are not

always originally their own.

Poor Miss Cantillon! — But she was not under age; and as her punishment was of her own choosing — I am sorry, however, for both. I hope, after they have smarted, something will be done for the poor wretches. Good parents will be placable; bad ones, or such as have not given good examples, ought to be so.

God continue to you, my dear cousins both, your present comforts, and increase your pleasures! for all your pleasures are innocent ones; prays

Your ever obliged and affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Selby-house, Wedn. Sept, 20.

My dearest Lady. G.

DO you know what is become of your brother? My grandmamma Shirely has seen his Ghost; and talked with it near an hour; and then it vanished. Be not surprized, my dear creature. I am still in amaze at the account my grandmamma gives us of its appearance, discourse, and vanishing! Nor was the dear parent in a resverie. It happened in the middle of the afternoon, all in broad day. Thus she tells it:

'I was sitting, said she, in my own drawingroom, yesterday, by myself; when, in came James, to whom it first appeared, and told me that a gentleman desired to be introduced to me. I was reading Sherlock upon Death, with that chearfulness with which I always meditate the subject. I gave orders for his admittance; and in came, to appearance, one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life, in a riding-dress. It was a courteous Ghost: It saluted me; or at least I thought it did: For it answering to the description that you, my Harriet, had given me of that amiable man, I was surprised. But, contrary to the manner of ghosts, it spoke first — Venerable Lady, it called me; and said, its name was Grandison, in a voice — so like what I had heard you spake of it, that I had no doubt but it was Sir Charles Grandison himself; and was ready to fall down to welcome him.

'It took its place by me: You, madam, said it, will forgive this intrusion: And it made several fine speeches, with an air so modest, so manly — It had almost all the talk to itself. I could only bow, and be pleased; for still I thought it was corporally, and indeed, Sir Charles Grandison. It said, that it had but a very little while to stay: It must reach, I don't know what place, that night — What, said I, will you not go to Selby-house? Will you not see my daughter Byron? Will you not see her aunt Selby? No, it desired to be excused. It talked of leaving a pacquet behind it; and seemed to pull out of its pocket a parcel of Letters sealed up. It broke the seal, and laid the parcel on the table before me. It refused refreshment. It desired in a courtly manner, an answer to what it had discoursed upon — Made a profound reverence — and — vanished.'

And now, my dear Lady G. let me repeat my question; What is become of your brother?

Forgive me, this light, this amusing manner. My grandmamma speaks of this visit as an appearance, so sudden, and so short, and nobody seeing him but she;

that it gave a kind of amusing levity to my pen, and I could not resist the temptation I was under to surprise you, as he has done us all. How could he take such a journey, see nobody but my grandmamma, and fly the country? Did he do it to spare us, or to spare himself?

The direct truth is this: My grandmamma was sitting by herself, as above: James told her, as above, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to her. He was introduced. He called himself by his own name; took her hand; saluted her — Your character, madam, and mine, said he, are so well known to each other, that tho' I never before had the honour of approaching you, I may presume upon your pardon for this intrusion.

He then launched out in the praises of your happy friend. With what delight did the dear, the indulgent parent repeat them from his mouth! I hope she mingled not her own partialities with them, whether I deserved them, or not; for sweet is praise, from those we wish to love us. And then he said, You see before you, madam, a man glorying in his affection to one of the most excellent of your Sex; an Italian Lady; the pride of Italy! And who, from motives which cannot be withstood, has rejected him, at the very time that all her friends consenting, and innumerable difficulties overcome, he expected that she would yield her hand to his wishes — And they were his wishes. My friendship for the dear Miss Byron (You and she must authorize me to call it by a still dearer name, before I dare to it) is well known: That also has been my pride. I know too well what belongs to female delicacy in general, and particularly to that of Miss Byron, to address myself first to her, on the subject which occasions you this trouble. I am not accustomed to make professions, not even to Ladies — Is it consistent with your notions of delicacy, madam; Will it be with Mr. and Mrs. Selby's; to give your interest in favour of a man who is thus situated? A rejected man! A man who dares, to own, that the rejection was a disappointment to him; and that he tenderly loved the fair rejecter. If it will, and Miss Byron can accept the tender of a heart that has been divided, unaccountably so (the circumstances, I presume, you know) then will you, then will she, lay me under an obligation that I can only endeavour to repay by the utmost gratitude and affection. — But if not, I shall admire the delicacy of the second refuser, as I do the piety of the first, and, at least, suspend all thoughts of a change of condition.

Noblest of men — And my grandmamma was proceeding in high strains, but very sincere ones; when, interrupting her, and pulling out of his pocket the pacquet I mentioned above; I presume, madam, said he, that I see favour and goodness to me in your benign countenance: But I will not even be favoured, but upon your full knowledge of all the facts I am master of myself. I will be the guardian of the delicacy of Miss Byron and all her friends in this important case,

rather than the discourager, tho' I were to suffer by it. You will be so good as to read these Letters to your daughter Byron, to her Lucy, to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to whom else you will think fit to call to the consultation: They will be those, I presume, who already know something of the history of the excellent Clementina. If, on the perusal of them, I may be admitted to pay my respects to Miss Byron, consistently, as I hinted, with her notions and yours of that delicacy by which she was always directed, and at the same time be received with that noble frankness which has distinguished her in my eye above all women but one (Excuse me, madam, I must always put these sister-souls upon an equal foot of excellence); then shall I be a happier man than the happiest. Your answer, madam, by pen and ink, will greatly oblige me; and the more, the sooner I can be favoured with it; because, being requested by my friends abroad to set an example to their beloved Clementina, as you will see in more than one of these Letters; I would avoid all punctilio, and let them know, that I had offered myself to Miss Byron, and have not been mortified with absolute denial; if I may be so happy as to be allowed to write so.

Thus did this most generous of men prevent, by this reference to the Letters, my grandmamma's heart overflowing to her lips. He should directly, he said, proceed on his journey to London; and was in such haste to be gone, when he had said what he had to say, that it precipitated a little my grandmamma's spirits: But the joy she was filled with, on the occasion, was so great, that she only had a concern upon her, when he was gone, as if something was left by her undone or unsaid, which she thought should have been said and done to oblige him.

The Letters he left on the table, were copies of what he wrote from Lyons to the Marquis and Marchioness, the Bishop, the General, and Father Marescotti; as also to Lady Ciementina, and her brother, the good Jeronymo . That to the Lady cannot be enough admired, for the tenderness, yet for the acquiescence with her will expressed in it. Surely they were born for each other, however it happens, that they are not likely to come together.

A Letter from Signor Jeronymo, in answer to his from Lyons, I will mention next. In this — Sir Charles is wished to use his supposed influence upon Lady Clementina (What a hard task upon him! (to dissuade her from the thoughts of going into a nunnery and to resolve upon marriage .

Next is a Letter of Lady Clementina to Sir Charles, complaining tenderly of persecution from her friends, who press her to marry; while she contends to be allowed to take the veil, and applies to Sir Charles for his interest in her behalf.

The next is Sir Charles's reply to Lady Clementina.

Then follows a Letter from Sir Charles to Signor Jeronymo. I have copied these three last, and inclose them in confidence .

By these you will see, my dear, that the affair between this excellent man and woman is entirely given up by both; and also in his reply to Signor Jeronymo, that your Harriet is referred to as his next choice. And how can I ever enough value him, for the dignity he has given me, in putting it, as it should seem, in my power to lay an obligation upon him; in making for me my own scruples; and now, lastly, in the method he has taken in the application to my grandmamma, instead of to me; and leaving all to our determination. But thus should the men give dignity, even for their own saken to the women whom they wish to be theirs. Were there more Sir Charles Grandisons, would not even the Female world (much better, as I hope it is, than the Male) be amended?

My grandmamma, the moment Sir Charles was gone, sent to us, that she had some very agreeable news to surprise us with; and therefore desired the whole family of us, her Byron particularly to attend her at Breakfast, the next morning. We looked upon one another, at the message, and wondered. I was not well, and would have excused myself; but my aunt insisted upon my going. Little did I or any-body else think of your brother having visited my grandmamma in person. When she acquainted us that he had, my weakened spirits wanted support: I was obliged to withdraw with Lucy.

I thought I could not bear, when I recovered myself, that he should be so near, and not once call in, and enquire after the health of the creature for whom he professed so high an esteem, and even affection: But when, on my return to company, my grandmamma related what passed between them, and the Letters were read; then again were my failing spirits unable to support me. They all gazed upon me, as the Letters were reading, as well as while my grandmamma was giving the relation of what he said, and of the noble, the manly air with which he delivered himself. — With joy and silent congratulation they gazed upon me; while I felt such a variety of sensibilities in my heart, as I never felt before, sensibilities mixed with wonder; and I was sometimes ready to doubt whether I were not in a resverie; whether indeed I was in this world, or another; whether I was Harriet Byron — I know not how to describe what I felt in my now fluttering, now rejoicing, now dejected heart —

Dejected? — Yes, my dear Lady G. Dejection was a strong ingredient in my sensibilities. I know not why. Yet may there not be a fulness in joy, that will mingle dissatisfaction with it? If there may, shall I be excused for my solemnity, if I deduce from thence an argument, that the human soul is not to be fully satisfied by worldly enjoyments; and that therefore the completion of its happiness must be in another, a more perfect state? You Lady G. are a very good woman, tho' a lively one; and I will not excuse you, if on an occasion that bids me look forward to a very solemn event, you will not forgive my seriousnes — That

bids me look forward, I repeat; for Sir Charles Grandison cannot alter his mind: The world has not wherewith to tempt him to alter it, after he has made such advances, except I misbehave.

Well, my dear, and what was the result of our conference? — My grandmamma, my aunt, and Lucy, were of opinion, that I ought no more to revolve the notions of a divided or second-placed Love: That every point of female delicacy was answered: That he ought not only still to be allowed to love Lady Clementina, but that I and all her Sex should revere her: That my grandmamma, being the person applied to, should answer for me, for us all, in words of her own choosing.

I was silent. What think you, my dear, said my aunt? with her accustomed tenderness.

Think! said my uncle, with his usual facetiousness; Do you think, if Harriet had one objection, she would have been silent? I am for sending up for Sir Charles out of hand. Let him come the first day of next week, and let them be married before the end of it.

Not quite so hasty, neither, Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma, smiling: Let us send to Mr. Deane. His love for my child, and regard for deserve the most grateful returns.

What a duce, and defer an answer to Sir Charles, who gives a generous reason, for the sake of the Lady abroad, and her family (and I hope he thinks a little of his own sake) for wishing a speedy answer? —

No, Mr. Selby: Not deser writing, neither. We know enough of Mr. Deane's mind already. But, for my part, I don't know what terms, what conditions, what additions to my child's fortune, to propose —

Additions! madam — Why, ay; there must be some, to be sure — And we are able, and as willing as able, let me tell you, to make them —

I beseech you, Sir, said I — Pray, madam — No more of this — Surely it is time enough to talk of these subjects.

So it is, niece. Mr. Deane is a lawyer. God help me! I never was brought up to any-thing but to live on the fat of the land, as the saying is. Mr. Deane and Sir Charles shall talk this matter over by themselves. Let us, as you say, send for Mr. Deane. But I will myself be the messenger of these joyful tidings.

My uncle then tuned out, in his gay manner, a line of an old song; and then said, I'll go to Mr. Deane: I will set out this very day — Pull down the wall, as one of our kings said; the door is too far about. — I'll bring Mr. Deane with me to-morrow, or it shall cost me a fall.

You know my uncle, my dear. In this manner did he express his joy.

My grandmother retired to her closet; and this that follows is what she wrote to Sir Charles. Everybody is pleased whenever she takes up the pen. No one made objection to a single word in it.

Dear Sir,

REserve would be unpardonable on our side, tho' the woman's, to a man who is above reserve, and whose offers are the result of deliberation, and an affection, that, being founded in the merit of our dearest child, cannot be doubted. We all receive as an honour the offer you make us of an alliance which would do credit to families of the first rank. It will perhaps be one day owned to you, that it was the height of Mr. Selby's wishes and mine, that the man who had rescued the dear createre from insult and distress, might be at liberty to intitle himself to her grateful Love.

The noble manner in which you have explained yourself on a subject which has greatly embarrassed you, has abundantly satisfied Mrs. Selby, Lucy, and myself: We can have no scruples of delicacy. Nor am I afraid of suffering from yours by my frankness. But, as to our Harriet — You may perhaps meet with some (not affectation; she is a ove it) difficulty with her, if you expect her whole heart to be yours. She, Sir, experimentally knows how to allow for a double, a divided Love — Dr. Bartlett, perhaps should not have favoured her with the character of a Lady whom she prefers to herself; and Mrs. Selby and I have sometimes, as we read her melancholy story, thought, not unjustly. If she can be induced to love, to honour, the man of her choice, as much as she loves, honours, and admires Lady Clementina; the happy Man will have reason to be satisfied. You see, Sir, that we, who were able to give a preference to the same Lady against ourselves (Harriet Byron is ourself) can have no scruples on your giving it to the same incomparable woman. May that Lady be happy! If she were not to be so, and her unhappiness were to be owing to our happiness; that, dear Sir, would be all that could pain the hearts of any of us, on an occasion so very agreeable to

Your sincere Friend and Servant, HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

But, my dear Lady G. does your brother tell you and Lady L. nothing of his intentions? Why, if he does, do not you — But I can have no doubt. Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison? And yet, methinks, I want to know what the contents of his next Letters from Italy will be.

You will have no scruple, my dear Lady G. to shew my whole Letter to Lady L. and, if you please, to my Emily — But only mention the contents, in your own way, to the gentlemen. I beg you will yourself shew it to Mrs. Reeves: She will rejoice in her prognostigations. Use that word to her: She will understand you. Your brother must now, less than ever, see what I write. I depend upon your discretion, my dear Lady G.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Wedn. Sept. 23.

EXcellent Mrs. Shirley! Incomparable woman! How I love her! If I were such an excellent ancient, I would no more wish to be young, than she has so often told us, she does. What my brother once said, and you once wrote to your Lucy, is true (in her case, at least); that the matronly and advanced time of life, in a woman, is far from being the least elegible part of it; especially, I may add, when health and a good conscience accompany it. What a spirit does she, at her time of Life, write with! — But her heart is in her subject — I hope I may say that, Harriet, without offending you.

Not a word did my brother speak of his intention, till he received that Letter; and then he invited Lady L. and me, and our two honest men, to afternoon tea with him — [O but I have not reckoned with you for your saucy rebukes in your last of the 7th; I owe you a spite for it; and, Harriet, depend on payment — What was I writing? — I have it —] And when tea was over, he, without a blush, without looking down, as a girl would do in this situation — [But why so, Harriet? Is a woman, on these occasions, to act a part as if she supposed herself to be the greatest gainer by matrimony; and therefore was ashamed of consenting to accept of an honourable offer? As if, in other words, she was to be the self-denying receiver rather than conferrer of an obligation? — Lord, how we rambling-headed creatures break in upon ourselves!] with a good grace he told us of his intention to marry; of his apparition to Mrs. Shirley; of his sudden vanishing; and all that — And then he produced Mrs. Shirley's Letter, but just received.

And do you think we were not overjoyed? — Indeed we were. We congratulated him: We congratulated each other: Lord L. looked as he did when Caroline gave him his happy day: Lord G. could not keep his seat: He was tipsy, poor man, with his joy: Aunt Nell prank'd herself, stroked her ribbands of pink and yellow, and chuckled and mumped for joy, that her nephew at last would not go out of Old England for a wife. She was mightily pleased too with Mrs. Shirley's Letter. It was just such a one as she herself would have written upon the occasion.

I posted afterward to Mrs Reeves, to shew her, as you requested, your Letter: And when we had read it, there was, Dear Madam, and, Dear Sir; and now this, and now that; and Thank God — three times in a breath; and we were cousins,

and cousins, and cousins: And, O blessed! And, O be joyful! And — Hail the day! — And, God grant it to be a short one! — And, How will Harriet answer to the question? Will not her frankness be try'd? He despises affectation: So he thinks does she! — Good Sirs! and, O dears — How things are brought about! — O my Harriet! you never heard or saw such congratulations between three gossips, as were between our two cousin Reeves's and me: And not a little did the good woman pride herself in her prognostics; for she explained that matter to me.

Dr. Bartlett is at Grandison-hall, with our unhappy cousin. How will the good man rejoice!

Now you will ask, What became of Emily? —

By the way, do you know that Mrs. O-Hara is turned Methodist? True as you are alive. And she labours hard to convert her husband. Thank God she is anything that is serious! Those People have really great merit with me, in her conversion. — I am sorry that our own Clergy are not as zealously in earnest as they, They have really, my dear, if we may believe aunt Eleanor, given a face of religion to subterranean colliers, tinners, and the most profligate of men, who hardly ever before heard either of the word, or thing. But I am not turning Methodist, Harriet. No! you will not suspect me.

Now Emily, who is at present my visiter, had asked leave before my brother's invitation (and was gone, my Jenny attending her) to visit her mother, who is not well. My brother was engaged to sup abroad with some of the Danby's, I believe: I therefore made Lord and Lady L. cousin Reeves and cousin Reeves, and my aunt Grandison, sup with me.

Emily was at home before me — Ah the poor Emily! — I'll tell you how it was between us —

My lovely girl, my dear Emily, said I, I have good news to tell you, about Miss Byron.

O thank God — And is she well? Pray, madam, tell me, tell me; I long to hear good news of my dear Miss Byron.

Why, she will shortly be married, Emily! —

Married, madam! —

Yes, my love! — And to your guardian, child! —

To my guardian, madam! — Well, but I hope so —

I then gave her a few particulars.

The dear girl tried to be joyful, and burst into tears!

Why weeps my girl — O fie! Are you sorry that Miss Byron will have your guardian? I thought you loved Miss Byron.

So I do, madam, as my own self, and more than myself, if possible — But the surprize, madam — Indeed I am glad! What makes me such a fool? — Indeed I

am glad! — What ails me, to cry, I wonder! It is what I wished, what I prayed for, night and day. Dear madam, don't tell any-body. I am ashamed of myself,

The sweet April-faced girl then smiled through her tears.

I was charmed with her innocent sensibility; and if you are not, I shall think less of you than ever I did yet.

Dear madam, said she, permit me to withdraw for a few minutes: I must have my cry out — And I shall then be all joy and gladness.

She tript away; and in half an hour came down to me with quite another face.

Lady L. was then with me. I had told her of the girl's emotion. We are equally lovers of you, my dear, said I: you need not be afraid of Lady L.

And have you told, madam? — Well, but I am not a hypocrite. What a strange thing! I who have always been so much afraid of another Lady, for Miss Byron's sake, to be so oddly affected, as if I were sorry! — Indeed I rejoice. — But if you tell Miss Byron, she won't love me: She won't let me live with her and my guardian, when she is happy, and has made him so. And what shall I do then? for I have set my heart upon it.

Miss Byron, my dear, loves you so well, that she will not be able to deny you any-thing your heart is set upon, that is in her power to grant.

God bless Miss Byron as I love her, and she will be the happiest of women! — But what was the matter with me? — Yet I believe I know! — My poor mother had been crying sadly to me, for her past unhappy life. She kissed me, as she said, for my Father's sake: She had been the worst of wives to the best of husbands.

Again the good girl wept at her mother's remembered remorse — My guar — my guardian's goodness, my mother said, had awakened her to a sense of her wickedness. My poor mother did not spare herself: And I was all sorrow; for what could I say to her on such a subject? — And all the way that I came home in the coach, I did nothing but cry. I had but just dried my eyes, and tried to look chearful, when you came in. And then, when you told me the good news, something struck me all at once, struck my very heart; I cannot account for it: I know not what to liken it to — And had I not burst into tears. I believe it would have been worse for me. But now I am myself; and if my poor mother could pacify her conscience, I should be a happy creature — because of Miss Byron's happiness. You look at each other, Ladies: But if you think I should not, bid me be gone from your presence for a false girl, and never see you more.

Now, Harriet, this emotion of Emily appears to me as a sort of phaenomenon. Do you account for it as you will; but I am sure Emily is no hypocrite: She has no art: She believes what she says, that her sudden burst of tears was owing to her heart being affected by her mother's contrition: And I am also sure that she loves you above all the women in the world. Yet it is possible, that the subtle thief,

ycleped Love, had got very near her heart; and just at the moment threw a dart into one angle of it, which was the something that struck her, all at once, as she phrased it, and made her find tears a relief. This I know, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. If you don't already, or if you soon will not, experience the truth of this observation in the great event before you, I am much mistaken.

But you see, Harriet, what joy this happy declaration of my brother, and the kind reception it has met with from Northamptonshire, has given us all. We will keep your secret, never fear, till all is over; and, when it is, you shall let my brother know, from the Letters we have had the favour of seeing, as much as we do. Till he does, excellent as he thinks you, he will not know one half of your excellencies, nor the merit which your Love and your Suspenses have made you with him.

But, with you, I long for the arrival of the next Letters from Italy. God grant that Lady Clementina hold her resolution, now that she sees it is almost impossible for her to avoid marrying. If she should relent, what would be the consequence, to my brother, to herself, to you! And how shall all we, his friends and yours, be affected! You think the Lady is obliged, in duty to her parents, to marry. Lady L. and I are determined to be wise, and not give our opinions till the events which are yet in the bosom of Fate, disclosing themselves, shall not leave us a possibility of being much mistaken. And yet, as to what the filial duty requires of her, we think she ought to marry. Mean time, I repeat,

'God grant that Lady Clementina now hold her mind!'

LADY L. sends up her name. Formality in her, surely. I will chide her. But here she comes. — I love, Harriet, to write to the moment; that's a knack I had from you and my brother: And be sure continue it, on every occasion: No pathetic without it!

Your servant, Lady L.

And your servant, Lady G. — Writing? To whom?

To our Harriet —

I will read your Letter — Shall I?

Take it; but read it out, that I may know what I have written.

Now give it me again. I'll write down what you say to it, Lady L.

Lady. L. I say you are a whimsical creature. But I don't like what you have last written.

Charlotte. Last written— 'Tis down. — But why so, Lady L.?

Lady L. How can you thus teaze our beloved Byron, with your conjectural evils?

Ch. Have I supposed an impossibility? — But 'tis down — Conjectural evils.

Lady L. If you are so whimsical, write —

‘My dear Miss Byron—’

Ch. My dear Miss Byron— ’Tis down.

Lady L. (Looking over me)

‘Do not let what this strange Charlotte has written, grieve you:—’

Ch. Very well, Caroline! — grieve you. —

Lady L. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.’

Ch. Well observed. — Words of Scripture, I believe. — Well — evil thereof. —

Lady L. Never, surely, was there such a creature as you, Charlotte —

Ch. That’s down, too. —

Lady L. I, that down? laughing — That should not have been down — Yet ’tis true.

Ch. Yet ’tis true — What’s next?

Lady L. Pish —

Ch. Pish —

Lady L. Well, now to Harriet —

‘Clementina cannot alter her resolution; her objection still subsisting. Her Love for my brother’

–

Ch. Hold, Lady L. Too much, at one time — Her Love for my brother —

Lady L.

‘On which her apprehensions that she shall not be able, if she be his wife’

–

Ch. Not so much at once, I tell you: It is too much for my giddy head to remember — if she be his wife —

Lady L. —

‘to adhere to her own religion, are founded’

–

Ch. — founded.

Lady L.

‘Is a security for her adherence to a resolution so glorious to herself.’

Ch. Well said, Lady L. — May it be so, say, and pray, I. — Any more, Lady L.?

Lady L.

‘Therefore’

–

Ch. Therefore —

Lady L.
‘Regard not the perplexing Charlotte’
—
Ch. I thank you Caroline — perplexing Charlotte —
Lady L.
‘Is the advice of your ever-affectionate Sister, Friend, and Servant.’
—
Ch. So! — Friend and Servant —
Lady L. Give me the pen. —
Ch. Take another. — She did — and subscribed her name, ‘C. L.’

With all my heart. Harriet. And here, after I have repeated my hearty wishes, that nothing of this that I have so sagely apprehended may happen (for I desire not to be dubbed a witch so much at my own, as well as at your, expence), I will also subscribe that of

Your no less affectionate Sister, Friend, and Servant, CHARLOTTE G.

My brother says, he has sent you a Letter, and your grandmamma another — Full of grateful sensibilities, both, I make no question. — But no Flight, or Goddess-making absurdity, I dare say. You will give us copies, if you are as obliging as you used to be.

LETTER X.

MISS BYRON. TO LADY G.

Monday, Sept. 25.

WHAT have I done to my Charlotte? Is there not something cold and particular in your stile, especially in that part of your Letter preceding the entrance of my good Lady L.? And in your Postscript — You will give us copies, if you are as obliging as you used to be. — Why should I, when likely to be more obliged to you than ever, be less obliging than before? I can't bear this from Lady G. Are you giving me a proof of the truth of your own observation?

'That we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near.'

– I could not support my spirits, if the sister of Sir Charles Grandison loved me the less for the distinction her brother pays me.

And what, my dear, if Lady Clementina should RELENT, as you phrase it? My friends might be now grieved — Well, and I might be affected too, more than if the visit to my grandmamma had not been made: I own it. — But the high veneration I truly profess to have for Lady Clementina, would be parade and pretension, if, whatever became of your Harriet, I did not resolve, in that case, to try, at least, to make myself easy, and give up to her prior and worthier claim: And I should consider her effort, tho' unsuccessful, as having intitled her to my highest esteem. To what we know to be right, we ought to submit; the more difficult, the more meritorious: And, in this case, your Harriet would conquer, or die. If she conquered, she would then, in that instance, be greater than even Clementina. O my dear, we know not, till we have the trial, what emulation will enable a warm and honest mind to do.

I will send you inclosed, copies of the two Letters transcribed by Lucy . I am very proud of them both; perhaps too proud; and it may be necessary that I should be pulled down; tho' I expected it not from my Charlotte.

'To be complimented in so noble and sincere a manner as you will see I am, with the power of laying an obligation on him,'

(instead of owing it to his compassionate consideration for a creature so long labouring in suspense, and then despairing that her hopes could be answered) is enough at the same time to flatter her vanity, and gratify the most delicate sensibility.

You will see

‘how gratefully he takes my grandmamma’s hint, that I knew how by experience to account for a double, a divided Love, as she is pleased to call it — and the preference my aunt, and herself, and I, have given to the claim of Lady Clementina.’

You, my dear, know our sincerity in this particular. There is some merit in owning a truth when it makes against us. To do justice in another’s case against one’s self, is, methinks, making at least a second merit for one’s self.

‘He asks my leave to attend me at Selby-house.’

– I should rejoice to see him — But I could wish, methinks, that he had first received Letters from abroad. But how can I hint my wishes to him without implying either doubt or reserve? — Reserve in the delay of his visit implied by such hint; doubt, of his being at liberty to pursue his intentions: That would not become me to shew; as it might make him think that I wanted protestations and assurances from him, in order to bind him to me; when, if the situation be such as obliges him to balance but in thought, and I could know it; I would die before I would accept of his hand. He has confirmed and established, as I may say, my pride (I had always some) by the distinction he has given me: Yet I should despise myself, if I found it gave me either arrogance, or affectation.

‘He is so considerate as to despense with my answering his Letters;’

for he is pleased to say,

‘That if I do not forbid him to come down, by my aunt Selby, or my grandmamma, he will presume upon my leave.’

My uncle set out for Peterborough, in order to bring Mr. Deane with him to Selby-house. Poor Mr. Deane had kept his chamber for a week before; yet had not let us know he was ill. He was forbid to go abroad for two days more; but was so overjoyed at what my uncle communicated to him, that he said, he was not sensible of alling any-thing; and he would have come with my uncle next day, but neither he nor the doctor would permit it: But on Tuesday he came. — Such joy! — Dear good man! — Such congratulation! — How considerable, to their happiness, do they all make that of their too-too much obliged Harriet!

They have been in consultation often; but they have excluded me from some particular ones. I guess the subject; and beg of them, that I may not be too much obliged. What critical situations have I been in! When will they be at an end.

Mr. Deane has written to Sir Charles. I am not to know the contents of his Letter. The hearts of us women, when we are urged to give way to a clandestine and unequal address, or when inclined to favour such a one, are apt, and are pleaded with, to rise against the notions of bargain and sale. Smithfield bargains, you Londoners call them: But unjust is the odium, if preliminaries are necessary in all treaties of this nature. And surely previous stipulations are indispensably so

among us changeable mortals, however promising the sunshine may be at our setting out on the journey of life; a journey too that will not be ended but with the life of one of the travellers.

If I ever were to be tempted to wish for great wealth, it would be for the sake of Sir Charles Grandison; that I might be a means of enlarging his power: Since I am convinced, that the necessities of every worthy person within the large circle of his acquaintance, would be relieved, according to his ability.

My dear Emily! — Ah Lady G.! Was it possible for you to think, that my pity for the amiable Innocent should not increase my love of her! I will give you leave indeed to despise me, if you ever find any-thing in my behaviour to Emily, let me be circumstanced as I will, that shall shew an abatement of that tender affection which ever must warm my heart in her favour. Whenever I can promise any-thing for myself, then shall Emily be a partaker of my felicity, in the way her own heart shall direct. I hope, for her own sake, that the dear girl puts the matter right, when she attributes her sudden burst of tears to the weakness of her spirits occasioned by her mother's remorse: But let me say one thing; It would grieve me as much as it did Sir Charles, in the Count of Belvedere's case, to stand in the way of any-body's happiness. It is not, you see, your brother's fault, that he is not the husband of Lady Clementina: She wishes him to marry an Englishwoman. — Nor is even the hope of Lady Olivia frustrated by me. You know I always pitied her; and that before I knew, from Sir Charles's Letter to Signor Jeronymo, that she thought kindly of me. — Lady Anne S.; Do you think, my dear, that worthy Lady could have hopes, were it not for me? — And could my Emily have any, were I out of the world? — No, surely: The very wardship, which he executes with so much indulgent goodness to her, would exclude all such hopes, considerable enough as his estate is, to answer a larger fortune than even Emily's. Were hers not half so much as it is, it would perhaps be more likely than now, that his generous mind might be disposed in her favour, some years hence.

Let me, however, tell you, that true sisterly pity overwhelmed my heart, when I first read that part of your Letter which so pathetically describes her tender woe. Be the occasion her Duty, or her Love, or owing to a mixture of both, I am charmed with her beautiful simplicity: I wept over that part of your Letter for half an hour (for I was by myself); and more than once I looked round and round me, wishing for the dear creature to be near me, and wanting to clasp her to my bosom.

Love me still, and that as well as ever, my dear Lady G. or I shall want a great ingredient of happiness, in whatever situation I may be. I have written to thank my dear Lady L. for her goodness to me, in dictating to your pen; and I thank you, my dear, for being dictated to. I cannot be well. Send me but one line; ease my

overburdened heart of one of its anxieties, by telling me that there has nothing passed of littleness in me, that has abated your love to

Your ever-grateful, ever-affectionate, HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Grosvenor-Square, Wedn. Sept. 27.

FLY, Script, of one line; on the wings of the wind, fly, to acquaint my Harriet that I love her above all women — and all men too; my brother excepted. Tell her, that I now love her with an increased love; because I love her for his sake, as well as her own.

Forgive, my dear, all the carelessness, as you always did the flippancies, of my pen. The happy prospect that all our wishes would be succeeded to us, had given a levity, a wantonness, to it. Wicked pen! — But I have burnt the whole parcel from which I took it! — Yet I should correct myself; for I don't know whether I did not intend to teaze a little: I don't know whether my compassion for Emily did not make me more silly. If that were so (for really I suffered my pen to take its course at the time; therefore burnt it) I know you will the more readily forgive me.

Littleness, Harriet! You are all that is great and good in woman. The littleness of others adds to your greatness. Have not my foibles always proved this? — No, my dear! you are as great, as — Clementina herself: And I love you better, if possible, than I love myself.

A few lines more on other subjects; for I can't write a short Letter to my Harriet. —

The Countess of D. has made my brother a visit. I happened to be at his house. They were alone together near an hour. At going away, he attending her to her chair, she took my hand; All, all my hopes are over, said she; but I will love Miss Byron, for all that. Nor shall you, Sir Charles, in the day of your power, deny me my correspondent: Nor must you, madam, and Lady L. a friendship with Sir Charles Grandison's two sisters.

Lady W. and my sister and I correspond. I want you to know her, that you may love her as well as we do. Love-matches, my dear, are foolish things. I know not how you will find it some time hence: No general rule, however, without exceptions, you know. Violent Love on one side, is enough in conscience, if the other be not a fool, or ungrateful: The Lover and Lovée make generally the happiest couple. Mild, sedate convenience, is better than a stark staring-mad passion. The wall-climbers, the hedge and ditchleapers, the river-forders, the window-droppers, always find reason to think so. Who ever hears of darts, flames, Cupids, Venus's, Adonis's, and suchlike nonsense, in matrimony? —

Passion is transitory; but discretion, which never bois over, gives durable happiness. See Lord and Lady W. Lord G. and his good woman, for instances

O my mad head! And wh think you, did I mention my corresponding with Lady W.? — Only to tell you, and I had like to have forgot it, that she felicitates me in her last, on the likeihood of a happy acquisition to our family, from what my brother communicated of his intention to make his addresses to Somebody — I warrant you guess to whom.

Lady Anne S. — Poor Lady Anne S.! — I dare not tell my brothet how much she loves him: I am sure it would make him uneasy.

Beauchamp desires his compliments to you. He is in great affliction. Poor Sir Harry is thought irrecoverable. Different physicians have gone their rounds with him: But the new ones only ask what the old ones did, that they may guess at something else to make trial of. When a patient has money, it is hard, I believe, for a physician to be honest, and to say, till the last extremity, That the Parson and Sexton may take him.

Adieu, my love! — Adieu, all my grandmammas, aunts, cousins, and kin's kin of Northamptonshire — Adieu!

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Tuesday, Oct. 3.

A Thousand thanks to you, my dear Lady G. for the favour of your last: You have re-assured me in it. I think I could not have been happy even in the affection of Sir Charles Grandison, were I to have found an abatement in the Love of his two sisters. Who, that knows you both, and that had been favoured with your friendship, could have been satisfied with the least diminution of it?

I have a Letter from the Countess of D . She is a most generous woman.

'She even congratulates me, on your brother's account, from the conversation that passed between him and her. She gives me the particulars of that conversation. Exceedingly flattering are they to my vanity.'

I must, my dear, be happy, if you continue to love me; and if I can know that Lady Clementina is not unhappy. This latter is a piece of Intelligence, necessary, I was going to say, for my tranquility: For can your brother be happy, if that Lady be otherwise, whose grievous malady could hold in suspence his generous heart, when he had no prospects at the time, of ever calling her his?

I pity from my heart Lady Anne S. What a dreadful thing is hopeless Love; the object so worthy, that every mouth is full of his praises! How many women will your brother's preference of one, be she who she will, disappoint in their first Loves! Yet out of a hundred women, how few are there, who, for one reason, or other, have the man of their choice!

I remember, you once said, It was well that Love is not a passion absolutely invincible: But, however, I do not, my dear, agree with you in your notions of all Love-matches. Love merely personal, that sort of Love which commences between the year of fifteen and twenty; and when the extraordinary merit of the object is not the foundation of it; may, I believe, and perhaps generally ought to, be subdued. But Love that is founded on a merit that every-body acknowleges — I don't know what to say to the vincibility of such a Love: For myself, I think it impossible that I ever could have been the wife of any man on earth, and given him my affection in so entire a manner, as should, on reflexion, have acquitted my own heart — Tho' I hope I should not have been wanting in my general duties — And why impossible? Because I must have been conscious, that there was another man whom I would have preferred to him. Let me add, that when prospects were darkest with regard to my wishes, I promised my grandmamma

and aunt, to make myself easy, at least to endeavour to do so, if they never would propose to me the Earl of D. or any other man. They did promise me.

Lady D. in her Letter to me,

‘is so good as to claim the continuance of my correspondence.’

Most ungrateful, and equally self-denying, must I be, if I were to decline my part of it.

I have a Letter from Sir Rowland Meredith You, who have seen his former Letters to me, need not be shewn this. The same honest heart appears in them all; the same kind professions of paternal love. You love Sir Rowland; and will be pleased to hear that his worthy nephew is likely to recover his health: I cannot, however, be joyful that they are resolved to make me soon one more visit. But you will see that Mr. Fowler thinks, if he could be allowed to visit me once more, he should, tho’ hoping nothing from the visit, be easier for the rest of his life. A strange way of thinking! supposing Love to be his distemper: Is it not?

I have a Letter from Mr. Fenwick. He is arrived at his seat near Daventry. He has made a very short excursion abroad. He tells me in it, that he designs me a visit on a particular subject. If it be, as I suspect, to engage my interest with my Lucy, he shall not have her: He is not worthy of her.

The friendship and favour of Lady W. is one of the great felicities which seem to offer to bless my future lot.

Mr. Greville is the most persevering, as well as most audacious of men. As other men endeavour to gain a woman’s affections by politeness; he makes pride, ill-nature, and impetuosity, the proofs of his Love; and thinks himself ill used, especially since his large acquisition of fortune, that they are not accepted as such. He has obliged Mr. Deane to hear his pleas; and presumed to hope for his favour. Mr. Deane frankly told him, that his interest lay quite another way. He then insolently threatened with destruction, the man, be he who he will, that shall stand in his way. He doubts not, he says, but Sir Charles Grandison is the man designed: But if so cool a Lover is to be encouraged against so servent a one as himself, he is mistaken in all his notions of womens conduct and judgments in Love-matters. A discrect Lover, he says, is an unnatural character: Women, the odious wretch says, love to be devoured (Is he not an odious wretch?) and if Miss Byron can content herself with another woman’s leavings, for that, he says, he is well informed is the case, he knows what he shall think of her spirit. And then he threw out, as usual, reflections on our Sex, which had malice in them.

This man’s threats disturb me. God grant that your brother may not meet with any more embarrasments from insolent men, on my account!

If these men, this Greville in particular, would let me be at peace, I should be better, I believe, in my health: But Lady Frampton is his advocate, by Letter. He

watches my footsteps, and, in every visit I make, throws himself in the way: And on Sundays he is always ready with his officious hand, as I alight to enter the church, and to lead me back to my uncle's coach. My uncle cannot affront him, because he will not be affronted by him. He rallies off, with an intrepidity that never was exceeded, all that my aunt says to him. I repulse him with anger everywhere but in a place so public, and so sacred. He disturbs my devotion, with his staring eyes, always fixed on our pew; which draw every one's after them. He has the assurance, when he intrudes himself into my company, to laugh off my anger; telling me, that it is what he has long wished for; and that now he is so much used to it, that he can live on my frowns, and cannot support life without them. He plainly tells me, that Mr. Fenwick's arrival from abroad, and another certain person's also, are the occasion of his resumed sedulity.

Every-body about us, in short, is interested for or against him. He makes me appear coy and ridiculous. He — But no more of this bold man. Would to Heaven that some one of those who like such, would relieve me from him!

Visiters, and the post, oblige me, sooner than I otherwise should, to conclude myself, my dear Lady G.

Ever Yours, HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIII.

MR. DEANE, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Selby-house, Tuesday, Oct. 3.

AN alliance more acceptable, were it with a prince, could not be proposed, than that which Sir Charles Grandison, in a manner so worthy of himself, has proposed with a family who have thought themselves under obligation to him, ever since he delivered the darling of it from the lawless attempts of a savage Libertine. I know to whom I write; and will own, that it has been my wish, in a most particular manner.

As to the surviving part of the family, exclusive of Miss Byron (for I will mention her parents by-and-by) it is, in all its branches, worthy. Indeed, Sir, your wish of a relation to them, is not a discredit to your high character. As to the young Lady — I say nothing of her — Yet how shall I forbear — O Sir, believe me! she will dignify your choice. Her duty and her inclination through every relation of life, were never divided.

Excuse me, Sir — No parent was ever more fond of his child than I have been, from her infancy, of this my daughter by adoption. Hence, Sir, being consulted on this occasion, as my affection I will say for the whole family deserves, I take upon me to acquaint you, before any further steps are taken, what our dear child's fortune will be: For it has been always my notion, that a young gentleman, in such a case, should, the moment he offers himself, if his own proposals are acceptable, be spared the indelicacy of asking questions as to fortune. We know, Sir, yours is great: But as your spirit is princely, you ought to have something worthy of your own fortune with a wife. But here, alas! we must fail, I doubt; at least, in hand.

Mr. Byron was one of the best of men; his Lady a most excellent woman: There never was a happier pair. Both had reason to boast of their ancestry, His estate was upwards of Four thousand pounds a year; but it was entailed, and, in failure of male heirs, was to descend to a second branch of the family which had made itself the more unworthy of it, by settling in a foreign country, renouncing, as I may say, its own Mr. Byron died a young man, and left his Lady ensient; but grief for losing him, occasioned first her miscarriage, and then her death; and the estate followed the name. Hence, be pleased to know, that Miss Byron's fortune, in her own right is no more than between Thirteen and Fourteen thousand pounds. It is chiefly in the funds. It has been called 15,000l. but it is not much more than thirteen. Her grandmother's jointure is between 4 and 500l. a year. We none of us wish to see my god-daughter in possession of it: She herself least of all. Mrs.

Shirley is called, by every one that knows her, or speaks of her, The ornament of old age. Her husband, an excellent man, desired her to live always in the mansion-house, and in the hospitable way he had ever kept up, if what he left her would support her in it. She has been longer spared to the prayers of her friends, and to those of the poor, than was apprehended; for she is but infirm in health. She therefore can do but little towards the increase of her child's fortune. But Shirley-manor is a fine old seat, Sir! — And there is timber upon the estate, which wants but ten years growth, and will be felled to good account. Mr. Selby is well in the world. He proposes, as a token of his love, to add 3000l, in hand to his niece's fortune; and by his will, something very considerable, farther expectant on his Lady's death; who being Miss Byron's aunt, by the father's side, intends by her will to do very handsomely for her. — By the way, my dear Sir, be assured, that what I write is absolutely unknown to Miss Byron.

There is a man who loves her as he loves himself. This man has laid by a sum of money every year for the advancing her in marriage, beginning with the fifth year of her life, when it was seen what a hopeful child she was: This has been putout at accumulated interest; and it amounts, in sixteen years, or thereabouts, to very near 8000l, This man, Sir will make up the eight thousand, ten, to be paid on the day of marriage: And I hope, without promising for what this man will do further at his death, that you will accept of this Five or Six-and-twenty thousand Pounds, as the chearfullest given and best-bestowed money that ever was laid out.

Let not these particulars pain you, Sir: They should not; The subject is a necessary one. You, who ought to give way to the increase of that power which you so nobly use, must not be pained at this mention, once for all. Princes, Sir, are not above asking money of their people as free-gifts, on the marriage of their children. He that would be greater than a prince may, before he is aware, be less than a gentleman. Of this ten thousand pounds, Eight is Miss Byron's due, as she is likely to be so happy with all our consents; else it would not: For that was the man's reserved condition; and the sum, or the designation of it, was till this day only known to himself.

As to settlements in return, I would have acted the lawyer, but the honest lawyer, with you, Sir, and made demands of you; but Mr. and Mrs Selby, and Mrs. Shirley, unanimously declare, that you shall not be prescribed to in this case. Were you not Sir Charles Grandison? was the question. I was against leaving it to you, for that very reason. It will be, said I, to provoke such a man as Sir Charles to do too much. Most other men ought to be spurred; but this must be held in. But, however, I acquiesced; and the more easily, because I expect that the deeds shall pass through my hands; and I will take care that you shall not, in order to give a proof of Love where it is not wanted, exert an inadequate generosity.

These matters I thought it was absolutely necessary to apprize you of: You will have the goodness to excuse any imperfections in my manner of writing. There are none in my heart, when I assure you, that no man breathing can more respect you, than, Sir.

Your most faithful and obedient Servant, THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER XIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO THO. DEANE, ETO THO. DEANE, ESQ

Thursday, Oct. 5.

YOU know not, my dear Mr. Deane upon what an unthankful man you would bestow your favours. I pretend not to be above complying with the laudable customs of the world. Princes are examples to themselves. I have always, in things indifferent, been willing to take the world as I find it; and conform to it.

To say Miss Byron is a treasure in herself, is what every man would say, who has the honour to know her: Yet I would not, in a vain ostentation, as the interest of a man and his wife is one, make a compliment to my affection by resigning or giving from her her natural right; especially as there is no one of her family that wants to be benefited by such gifts or resignations. But then I will not allow, that any of her friends shall part with what is theirs, to supply — What? A supposed deficiency in her fortune. And by whom, as implied by you, supposed a deficiency? — By me; and it is left to me to confirm the imputation by my acceptance of the addition so generously, as to the intention, offered. Had I incumbrances on my estate, which, undischarged, would involve in difficulties the woman I love; I know not what, for her sake, I might be tempted to do. But avarice only can induce a man who wants it not to accept of the bounty of a Lady's friends, in their life-time especially — When those friends are not either father or mother; one of them not a relation by blood, tho' he is by a nearer tye, that of Love: And it is not the fortune which the Lady possesses, in her own right, an ample one?

I am as rich as I wish to be, my dear Mr. Deane. Were my income less, I would live within it; were it more, it would increase my duties. Permit me, my good Sir to ask, Has the MAN, as you call him (and a MAN indeed he appears to me to be) who intends to make so noble a present to a stranger, no relations, no friends, who would have reason to think themselves unkindly treated, if he gave from them such a large portion of his fortune?

I would not be thought romantic; neither aim I at ostentation. I would be as glad to follow, as to set, a good example. Can I have a nobler, if Miss Byron honours me with her hand, than she, in that case, will give in preferring me to the Earl of D. a worthy man, with a much more splendid fortune than mine? Believe me, my dear Mr. Deane, it would, on an event so happy, be a restraint to my own joy before friends so kindly contributing to the increase of her fortune, lest they

should imagine that their generosity on the occasion, was one of the motives of my gratitude to her for her goodness to me,

You tell me, that Miss Byron knows nothing of your proposals: I beseech you, let her not know anything of them: Abase not so much, in her eye, the man who presumes on her favour for the happiness of the rest of his life, by supposing (Your supposition, Sir, may have weight with her) he could value her the more for such an addition to her fortune. No, Sir: Let Miss Byron (satisfied with the consciousness of a worth which all the world acknowleges) in one of the most solemn events of her life look round among her congratulating friends with that modest confidence which the sense of laying a high obligation on a favoured object gives to diffident merit; and which the receiving of favours from all her friends, as if to supply a supposed defective worth, must either abate; or, if it do not, make her think less of the interested man, who could submit to owe such obligations.

If these friendly expostulations conclude against the offer of your generous friend, they equally do so against that of Mr. Selby. Were that Gentleman and his Lady the parents of Miss Byron, the case would be different: But Miss Byron's fortune is an ascertained one; and Mr. Selby has relations who stand in an equal degree of consanguinity to him, and who are all intitled, by their worthiness, to his favour. My best respects and thanks are however due; and I beg you will make my acknowledgments accordingly, as well to your worthy friend, as to Mr. Selby.

I take the liberty to send you down the rent-roll of my English estate. Determine for me as you please, my dearest Mr. Deane. Only take this caution — Affront me not a second time; but let the settlements be such, as may be fully answerable to my fortune; altho', in the common methods of calculation, it may exceed that of the dear Lady That you may be the better judge of this, you will find a brief particular of my Irish Estate, subjoined to the other.

I was intending, when I received yours, to do myself the honour of a visit to Selby-house. I am impatient to throw myself at the feet of my dear Miss Byron, and to commend myself to the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and every one of a family I am prepared by their characters, as well as by their relation to Miss Byron, to revere and love. But as you seem to choose that the requisite preliminaries should be first adjusted by pen and ink, I submit, tho' with reluctance, to that course; but with the less, as I may, in the interim, receive Letters from abroad, which, tho' they can now make no alteration with regard to the treaty so happily begun, may give me an opportunity of laying the whole state of my affairs before Miss Byron; by which means she will be enabled to form a judgment of them, and of the heart of, dear Sir,

Her and your most affectionate, obliged, and faithful humble Servant, CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

[With the two preceding Letters.]

Selby-house, Sat. Oct. 7.

WELL did you observe, my dear that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. May I, in the present situation, presume to say near? Mr. Deane has entered into the particulars of my fortune with Sir Charles. The Letter was not shewn me before it went; and I was not permitted to see the copy of it till your brother's answer came; and then they shewed me both.

O my dear Mr. Deane! my ever-kind uncle and aunt Selby! Was not your Harriet Byron too much obliged to you before? — As to your brother, What, my love, shall I do with my pride? I did not know I had so much of that bad quality. My poverty, my dear, has added to my pride. Were my fortune superior to that of your brother, I am sure I should not be so proud as I now, on this occasion, find I am. How generously does he decline accepting the goodness that was offered to give me more consideration with him (as kindly intended by them)! What can I say to him, but that his heart, still prouder than my own, and more generous than that of any other person breathing, will not permit me to owe uncommon obligations to any but himself?

He desires that I may not know any-thing of this transaction: But they thought the communication would give me pleasure. However, they wish me not to take notice to him, when he visits Selby-house, that they have communicated it to me. If I did, I should think myself obliged to manifest a gratitude that would embarrass me, in my present situation, and seem to fetter the freedom of my will. Millions of obligations should not bribe me to give up even a corner of my heart, to a man to whom I could not give the whole. Your brother, my dear, is in possession of the whole.

You know that I hate affectation: But must I not have great abatements in my prospects of happiness, because of Lady Clementina? And must they not be still greater, should she be unhappy, should she repent of the resolution she so nobly took, for his saying, that whatever be the contents of his next Letters from Italy, they can make no alteration with regard to the treaty begun with us? — Dear, dear Clementina! most excellent of women! Can I bear to stand in the way of your happiness? — I cannot — My life, any more than yours, may not be a long one; and I will not fully the whiteness of it (Pardon my vanity; I presume to call it so,

on retrospecting it, regarding my intentions only) by giving way to an act of injustice, tho' it were to obtain for me the whole heart of the man I love.

Yet think you, my dear, that I am not mortified?

'How can I look round upon my congratulating friends, in one of the most solemn events of my life, with that modest confidence which the sense of laying an obligation on a favoured object'

(You know in whose generous words I express myself)

'gives to diffident merit?'

O my Charlotte! I am afraid of your brother! How shall I look up to him, when I next see him? — But I will give way to this new guest, my pride. What other way have I? — Will you forgive me, if I try to look upon your brother's generosity to me and my friends, in declining so greatly their offers, as a bribe to make me sit down satisfied with half, nay, not half, a heart? — And now will you not say, that I am proud indeed? But his is the most delicate of human minds; And shall not the woman pretend to some delicacy who has looked up to him?

I thought of writing but a few lines in the cover of the two Letters. I hope I should not incur displeasure from any-body here, were they to know I send them to you for your perusal. But let only Lord G. your other Self, and Lord and Lady L. read them, and return them by the next post. I know you four will pity the poor and proud girl, who is so inexpressibly obliged almost to every one she knows; but who, believe her, proud as she is, never will be ashamed to own her obligations to you, and to Lady L.

Witness,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Grosvenor-Square, Tuesday, Oct. 10.

I Return your two Letters: Very good ones, both. I like them. Lord L. and Lord G. thank you for allowing them to peruse them. We will know nothing of the matter. My brother will soon be with you, I believe. I wish Dr. Bartlet were in town: One should then know something of the motions of my brother — Not that he is reserved, neither. But he is so much engaged, that I go four times to St. James's-Square, and perhaps do not see him once. My Lord had the assurance to say, but yesterday, that I was there more than at home. He is very impertinent: I believe he has taken up my sauciness. I laid it down, and thought to resume it occasionally; but when I came to look for it, behold! it was gone! — But I hope, if he has it not, it is only mislaid. I intend, if it come not soon to hand, to set the parish-crier to proclaim the loss, with a reward for the finder. It might be the ruin of some indiscreet woman, should such a one meet with it, and try to use it. Aunt Eleanor [There I remember myself: No more aunt Nell!] is as joyful, to think her nephew will soon be married, and to an English woman, as if she were going to be married herself. Were there to be a wedding in the family, or among her acquaintance, once a year! what with preparation, what with solemnization, good old soul! she would live for ever. Chide again, Harriet; I value it not. Yet in your last chiding you were excessively grave: But I forgive you. Be good, and write me every-thing how and about it; and write to the moment: You cannot be too minute.

I want you to see Lady Olivia's presents: They are princely. I want to see a Letter she wrote to my brother: He mentioned it as something extraordinary. When you are his, you must shew me all he writes, that you are permitted to have in your power long enough to transcribe. He and she correspond. Do you like that, Harriet? — Lady L. writes: Emily writes. So I have only to say, I am

Your humble Servant, and so-forth, CH. G.

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Selby-house, Thursday, Oct. 12.

My dear Lady G.

I Expect your brother every hour. I hope he comes in pursuance of Letters from Italy! — May it be so! and such as will not abate his welcome!

We heard by accident of his approach, by a farmer, tenant to my uncle; who saw a fine gentleman, very handsomely attended, alight, as he left Statford, at the very inn where we baited on our return from London. As a dinner was preparing for him, perhaps, my dear, he will dine in the very room he dined in at that time. The farmer had the curiosity to ask who he was; and was answered by the most courteous gentleman's servants he ever spoke to, that they had the honour to serve Sir Charles Grandison. And the farmer having said he was of Northampton; one of them asked him, How far Selby-house was from that town? The farmer was obliged to hurry home on his own affairs; and meeting my uncle with Mr. Deane, and my cousin James Selby, taking an airing on horseback, told him the visiter he was likely to have. My uncle instantly dispatched his servant to us with the tidings, and that he was gone to meet him, in hopes of conducting him hither.

This news gave me so much emotion, being not well before, that my aunt advised me to retire to my closet, and endeavour to quiet my Spirits.

Here then I am, my dear Lady G. and the writing-implements being alway at hand in this place, I took up my pen. It is not possible for me to write at this time, but to you, and on this subject. It is good for a busy mind to have something to be employed in; and I think, now I am amusing myself on paper, my heart is a little more governable than it was.

I am glad we heard of his coming before we saw him. But surely Sir Charles Grandison should not have attempted to surprise us: Should he, my dear? Does it not look like the pride of a man assured of a joyful welcome? I have read of princes, who, acquianted with their Ladies by picture only, and having been married by proxy, have set out to their frontiers inognito, and in disguise have affected to surprise the poor apprehensive bride. — But here, not only circumstances differ, since there has been no betrothment; but were he of princely rank, I should have expected a more delicate treatment from him. —

How will the consciousness of inferiority and obligation set a proud and punctilious mind upon hunting for occasions to justify its caprices! — A servant of Sir Charles is just arrived with a billet directed for my uncle Selby. My aunt

opened it. It is dated from Stratford. The contents are, after compliments of enquiry of our healths, to acquaint my uncle, that he shall put up at the George at Northampton, this night; and hopes to be allowed to pay his compliments to us to-morrow morning, at breakfast: So he did not intend to give himself the consequence, of which my capricious heart was so apprehensive. Yet then, as if resolved to find fault, Is not this a little too parading for his natural freedom? thought I: Or does he think we should not be able to outlive our joyful surprize, if he gave us not notice of his arrival in these parts before he saw us? — O Clementina! — Goodness! Angel! What a meremortal, what a woman, dost thou make the poor Harriet Byron appear in her own eyes! How apprehensive of coming after thee! The sense I have of my own littleness, will make me little, indeed!

Well, but I presume, that if my uncle and Mr. Deane meet him, they will prevail on him to come hither this night: Yet I suppose he must be allowed to go to the proposed inn afterwards. — But here, he is come! — Come, indeed! — My uncle in the chariot with him! My cousin and Mr. Deane, Sally tells me, just alighted. Sally adores Sir Charles Grandison — Begone, Sally. Thy emotions, foolish wench, add to those of thy mistress! —

THAT I might avoid the appearance of affectation, I was going down to welcome him when I met my uncle on the stairs. Niece Byron, said he, you have not done justice to Sir Charles Grandison. I thought your Love-sick heart (What words were these, my dear! and at that moment too!) must have been partial to him. He prevailed on me to go into his chariot. You may think yourself very happy. For fifteen miles together did he talk of nobody but you. Let me go down with you: Let me present you to him.

I had before besought my spirits to befriend me, but for one half-hour. Surely there is nothing so unwelcome as an unseasonable jest. Present me to him! Love-sick heart! O my uncle! thought I. I was unable to proceed. I hastened back to my closet, as much disconcerted as a child could be, who, having taken pains to get its lesson by heart, dashed by a chiding countenance, forgot every syllable of it when it came to say it. You know, my dear, that I had not of some time been well. My spirits were weak, and joy was almost as painful to me as grief could have been.

My aunt came up — My love, why don't you come down? — What now! Why in tears? — You will appear, to the finest man I ever saw in my life, very particular! — Mr. Deane is in love with him: Your cousin James —

Dear madam, I am already, when I make comparisons between him and myself, humbled enough with his excellencies. I did intend to avoid particularity;

but my uncle has quite disconcerted me — Yet he always means well: I ought not to complain. I attend you, madam.

Can you, Lady G. forgive my pride, my petulance?

My aunt went down before me. Sir Charles hastened to me, the moment I appeared, with an air of respectful love.

He took my hand, and bowing upon it, I rejoice to see my dear Miss Byron; and to see her so well. How many sufferers must there be, when you suffer!

I bid him welcome to England: I hope he heard me: I could not help speaking low: He must observe my discomposure. He led me to a seat, and sat down by me, still holding my hand. I withdrew it not presently, left he should think me precise: But, as there were so many persons present, I thought it was free in Sir Grandison. Yet perhaps he could not well quit it, as I did not withdraw it; so that the fault might be rather in my passiveness, than in his forwardness.

However, I asked my aunt afterwards, If his looks were not those of a man assured of success; as indeed he might be from my grandmother's Letter, and my silence to his. She said, there was a manly freedom in his address to me; but that it had such a mixture of tenderness in it, that never, in her eyes, was freedom so becoming. While he was restrained by his situation, added she, no wonder that he treated you with respect only, as a Friend; but now he finds himself at liberty to address you, his behaviour ought, as a Lover, to have just been what it was.

Sir Charles led me into talk, by mentioning you and Lady L. your two Lords, and my Emily.

My uncle and aunt withdrew, and had some little canvassings, it seems, (All their canvassings are those of assured Lovers) about the propriety of my uncle's invitation to Sir Charles to take up his residence, while he was in these parts, at Selby-house. My uncle, at coming in, had directed Sir Charles's servants to put up their horses: But they, not having their master's orders to do so, held themselves in readiness to attend him; as they knew that Sir Charles had given directions to his gentleman, Richard Saunders, who brought the billet to my uncle, to go back to Northhampton, and provide apartments for him at the George inn there.

My aunt, who you know is a perfect judge of points of decorum, pleaded to my uncle, that it was too well known among our select friends, by Mr. Greville's means, that Sir Charles had never before made his addresses to me; and that therefore, tho' he was to be treated as a man whose alliance is considered as an honour to us; yet that some measures were to be kept, as to the look of the thing; and that the world might not conclude that I was to be won at his very first appearance; and the rather, as Mr. Greville's violence, as well as virulence, was so well known.

My uncle was petulant. I, said he, am always in the wrong: You women, never. He ran into all those peculiarities of words, for which you have so often raillied him — His adsheart, his female scrupulosities, his What a pize, his hatred of shilly-shally's and fiddle-faddles, and the rest of our female nonsenses, as he calls them. He hoped to salute his niece, as Lady Grandison, in a fortnight: What a duce was the matter it could not be so, both sides now of a mind? — He warned my aunt, and bid her warn me, against affectation, now the crisis was at hand. Sir Charles, he said, would think meanly of us, if we were silly: And then came in another of his odd words: Sir Charles, he said, had been so much already bamboozled, that he would not have patience with us: and therefore, and for all these reasons, as he called them, he desired that Sir Charles might not be suffered to go out of the house, and to an inn; and this as well for the propriety of the thing, as for the credit of his own invitation to him.

My aunt replied, that Sir Charles himself would expect delicacy from us. It was evident, that he expected not (no doubt for the sake of the world's eye) to reside in the house with me on his first visit, by his having ordered his servant who brought the billet, to take apartments for him at Northampton, even not designing to visit us over-night, had he not been met by Mr. Deane and himself, and persuaded to come. In short, my dear, said my aunt, I am as much concerned about Sir Charles's own opinion of our conduct, as for that of the world: Yet you know, that every genteel family around us expected examples from us, and Harriet. If Sir Charles is not with us, the oftener he visits us, the more respectful it will be construed. I hope he will live with us all day, and every day: But indeed it must be as a visiter, not as an inmate.

Why then bring me off some-how, that I may not seem the blunderer you are always making me by your documents — Will you do that?

When my uncle and aunt came in, they found Sir Charles, and Dr. Deane, and me, talking. Our subject was, the happiness of Lord and Lady W. and the whole Mansfield family, with whom Mr. Deane, who began the discourse, is well acquainted. Sir Charles arose, at their entrance. The night draws on, said he — I will do myself the honour of attending you, madam, and this happy family, at tea in the morning. — My good Mr. Selby, I had a design upon you, and Mr. Deane, and upon you, young gentleman (to my cousin James) as I told you on the road; but it is now too late. Adieu, till to-morrow. — He bowed to each, to me profoundly, kissing my hand, and went to his chariot.

My uncle whispered my aunt, as we all attended him to that door of the hall which leads into the court-yard, to invite him to stay. Hang punctilio! he said.

My aunt wanted to speak to Sir Charles; yet, she owned, she knew not what to say: Such a conscious aukwardness had indeed possession of us both, as made us

uneasy: We thought all was not right; yet knew not that we were wrong. But when Sir Charles's chariot drove away with him, and we took our seats, and supper was talked of, we all of us shewed dissatisfaction; and my uncle was quite out of humour. He would give a thousand pounds, he said, with all his heart and soul, to find in the morning, Sir Charles, instead of coming hither to breakfast, had set out on his return to London.

For my part, Lady G. I could not bear these recriminations. I begged to be excused sitting down to supper. I was not well; and this odd situation added uneasiness to my indisposition: A dissatisfaction, that I find will mingle with our highest enjoyments: Nor were the beloved company I left, happier. They canvassed the matter, with so much good-natured earnestness, that the supper was taken away, as it was brought, at a late hour.

What, my dear Lady G. in your opinion, should we have done? Were we right, or were we wrong? Over-delicacy, as I have heard observed, is underdelicacy. You, my dear, your Lord, our Emily, and Dr. Bartlett, all standing in so well-known a degree of relation to Sir Charles Grandison, were our most welcome guests: And was not the brother to be received with equal warmth of respect? — O no! Custom, it seems, tyrant custom, and the apprehended opinion of the world obliged us (especially as so much bustle had been made about me, by men so bold, so impetuous) to shew him — Shew him what? — In effect, that we had expectations upon him, which we could not have upon the brother and sister; and therefore, because we hoped he would be more near, we were to keep him at the greater distance! — What an indirect acknowledgment was this in his favour, were there room for him to doubt! Which, however, there could not be. What would I give, said my aunt to me, this moment, to know his thoughts of the matter!

Lucy and Nancy will be here at dinner: so will my grandmamma. She has, with her usual enquiries after my health, congratulated me by this line, sealed up.

'I long, my best love, to embrace you, on the joyful occasion. I need say no more, than that I think myself at this instant, one of the happiest of women. I shall dine with you to-day. Adieu, till then, joy of my heart, my own Harriet!'

Lucy, in a Billet just now brought, written for herself and Nancy, on the intelligence sent her of Sir Charles's arrival, expresses herself thus:

'Our joy is extreme! Blessings on the man! Blessings attend our Harriet! They must: Sir Charles Grandison brings them with himself. Health now will return to our lovely cousin. We long to see the man of whom we have heard so much. We will dine with you. Tell Sir Charles, before we come, that you love us dearly: It

shall make us redouble our endeavours to deserve your love. Your declared friendship, and love of us, will give consequence to

'LUCY SELBY.

'NANCY SELBY.

We are now in expectation — My aunt and I, tho' early risers, hurried ourselves to get every-thing, that however is never out of order, in higher order. Both of us have a kind of consciousness of defect, where yet we cannot find reason for it: If we did, we should supply it. Yet we are careful that every-thing has a natural, not an extraordinary appearance — Ease, with propriety, shall be our aim. My aunt says, that were the King to make us a visit, she is sure she could not have a greater desire to please. — I will go down, that I may avoid the appearance of parade and reserve, when he comes.

Here, in her closet, again, is your poor Harriet. Surely the determined single state is the happiest of lives, to young women, who have the greatness of mind to be above valuing the admiration and flatteries of the other Sex. What tumults, what a contrariety of passions, break the tranquility of the woman who yields up her heart to Love? — No Sir Charles Grandison, my dear! — Yet ten o'clock! — He is a very prudent man! — No expectations hurry or discompose him! Charming steadiness of Soul! A fine thing for himself, but far otherwise for the woman, when a man is secure! He will possibly ask me, and hold again my passive hand, in presence of half a score of my friends, Whether I was greatly uneasy because of his absence?

But let me try to excuse him. May he not have forfot his engagement? May he not have over slept himself? — Some agreeable dream of the Bologna family — I am offended at him — Did he learn this tranquility in Italy? — O no, no, Lady G.!

I now cannot help looking back for other faults in him, with regard to me. My memory is not, however, so malicious, as I would have it. But do you think every man, in the like situation, would have stopt at Stratford to dine by himself? — Not but your brother can be very happy in his own company. If he cannot, who can? But, as to that, his horses might require rest, as well as baiting: One knows not in how short a time he might have prosecuted his journey so far. He who will not suffer the noblest of all animals to be deprived of an ornament, would be merciful to them in greater instances. He says, that he cannot bear indignity from superiors. Neither can we. In that light he appears to us. But why so? — My heart, Lady G. begins to swell I assure you; and it it twice as big as it was last night.

My uncle before I came up, sat with his watch in his hand, from half an hour after nine, till near ten, telling the minutes as they crept. Mr. Deane often looked at me, and at my aunt, as if to see how we bore it. I blushed; looked silly, as if

your brother's faults were mine. — Over in a fortnight! cried my uncle; ads-heart, I believe it will be half a year before we shall come to the question. But Sir Charles, to be sure, is offended. Your confounded female niceties!

My heart rose — Let him, if he dare, thought the proud Harriet.

God grant, added my uncle, that he may be gone up to town again

Perhaps, said Mr. Deane, he is gone, by mistake, to Mrs. Shirley's.

We then endeavoured to recollect the words of his self-invitation hither. My cousin James proposed to take horse, and go to Northampton, to inform himself of the occasion of his not coming: Some misfortune, perhaps.

Had he not servants, my aunt asked, one of whom he might have sent? — Shall my cousin Jemmy go, however, Harriet, said she?

No, indeed, answered I, with an air of anger — My teazing uncle broke out into a loud laugh, which however had more of a vexedness than mirth in it. — He is certainly gone to London, Harriet! Just as I said, dame Selby! — Certainly tearing up the road; his very horses resenting, for their master, your scrupulosities. You'll hear from him next, at London, my life for yours, niece — Hah, hah, hah! What will your grandmamma say, by-and-by? Lucy, Nancy, how will they stare! Last night's supper, and this day's dinner, will be alike served in, and taken away.

I could not stand all this: I arose from my seat. Are you not unkind, Sir? said I to my uncle, courtesying to him however; and, desiring his and Mr. Deane's excuse, quitted the breakfasting parlour. Teazing man! said my aunt. Mr. Deane also blamed him; gently, however; for every-body acknowledges his good heart, and natural good temper.

My aunt followed me to the door; and taking my hand, Harriet, said she, speaking low, Not Sir Charles Grandison himself shall call you his, if he is capable of treating you with the least indifference. I understand not this, added she: He cannot surely be offended. — I hope all will be cleared up before your grandmamma comes: She will be very jealous of the honour of her girl.

I answered not: I could not answer: But hastened up to my place of refuge; and, after wiping from my cheeks a few tears of real vexation, took up my pen. You love to know my thoughts, as occasions arise. You bid me continue to write to the moment. — Here comes my aunt.

My aunt came in, with a Billet in her hand — Come down to breakfast, my dear: Sir Charles comes not till dinner-time. Read this: It was brought by one of his servants. He left it with Andrew. The dunce let him go. I wanted to have asked him a hundred questions.

TO MRS. SELBY.

Dear Madam,

I Am broke in upon by a most impertinent visiter. Such, at this time, must have been the dearest friend I have in the world. You will be so good as to excuse my attendance till dinner-time. For the past two hours I thought every moment of disengaging myself, or I should have sent sooner.

Ever Yours, &c.

What visiter, said I, can make a man stay, against his mind? — Who can get rid politely of an impertinent visiter, if Sir Charles Grandison cannot, on a previous engagement? — But come, madam, I attend you. — Down we went.

My uncle was out of patience. I was sorry for it. I tried to make the best of it; yet, but to pacify him, should, perhaps, have had petulance enough myself to make the worst of it. — Oy, oy, with all my heart, said he, in answer to my excuses, let us hear what Sir Charles has to say for himself. But, old as I am, were my dame Selby to give me another chance, no man on earth, I can tell you, should keep me from a previous engagement with my mistress. It is kind of you, Harriet, to excuse him, however: Love hides a multitude of saults.

My aunt said not one syllable in behalf of Sir Charles. She is vexed, and disappointed.

We made a very short breakfasting; and looked upon one another as people who would have helped themselves, if they could. Mr. Deane, however, would engage, he said, that we should be fatisfied with Sir Charles's excuses, when we came to hear them.

But, my dear, this man, this visiter, whoever he is, must be of prodigious importance, to detain him, from an engagement that I had hoped might have been thought a first engagement; — yet owned to be impertinent. And must not the accident be very uncommon, that should bring such a one, a stranger as Sir Charles is, in his way? Yet this might very well happen, my uncle observes, at an inn, whither we thought fit to send him.

Now I think of it, I was strangely disturbed last night in my imperfect slumbers: Something, I thought, was to happen to prevent me ever being his. But hence, Recollection! I chase thee from me. Yet when realities disturb, shadows will officiously obtrude on the busy imagination as realities.

Friday, 12 o'Clock.

My grandmamma is come — Lucy, Nancy, are come — O how vexed at our disappointment and chagrin are my two cousins! But my grandmamma joins with Mr. Deane, to think the best. I have stolen up. But here, he is come! How shall I do to keep my anger? He shall find me below. I will see how he looks, at entrance among us — If he is careless — If he makes slight excuses —

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday, Two o'Clock.

I Am stolen up again, to tell you how it is. I never will be petulant again — Dear Sir, forgive me! How wicked in us all, but my grandmamma and Mr. Deane, to blame a man who cannot be guilty of a wilful fault! The fault is all my aunt's and mine — Was my aunt ever in fault before?

We were all together when he entered. He addressed himself to us, in that noble manner, which engages every-body in his favour, at first sight. How, said he, bowing to every one, have I suffered, in being hindered, by an unhappy man, from doing myself the honour of attending you sooner!

You see, my dear, he made not apologies to me, as if he supposed me disappointed by his absence. I was afraid he would. I know I looked very grave.

He then particularly addressed himself to each; to me first; next to my grandmamma; and taking one of her hands between both his, and bowing upon it, I rejoice to see you, madam, said he — Your last favours will ever be remembered by me, with gratitude. I see you well, I hope. Your Miss Byron will be well, if you are; and our joy, looking round him, will then be complete.

She bowed her head, pleased with his compliment; so were my aunt, and Lucy, and Nancy. I was still a little sullen; otherwise I should have been pleased too, that he made my health depend on that of my grandmamma.

Madam, said he, turning to my aunt, I am afraid I made you wait for me at breakfast. A most impertinent visiter! He put me out of humour. I dared not to let you and yours (looking at me) see, how much I could be out of humour. I am naturally passionate: But passion is so ugly, so deforming a thing, that, if I can help it, I will never, by those I love, be seen in it.

I am sorry, Sir, said my aunt, you meet with anything to disturb you.

My uncle's spirit had not come down: He, too, was sullen in behalf of the punctilio of the girl whom he honours with his jealous Love. How, how, is that, Sir Charles? said he.

My aunt presented Lucy and Nancy to him: But before she could name either — Miss Selby, said he, Miss Byron's own Lucy, I am sure. Miss Nancy Selby! — I know your characters, Ladies, saluting each, and I know the interest you have in Miss Byron. — Honour me with your approbation, and that will be to give me hope of hers.

He then turning to my uncle and Mr. Deane, and taking a hand of each — My dear Mr. Deane, smiles upon me, said he — But Mr. Selby looks grave. —

At-ten -tive only Sir Charles, to the cause of your being put out of humour, that's all —

The cause, Mr. Selby! — Know, then, I met with a man at my inn, who would force himself upon me: Do you know I am a qurrelsome man? He was so hardy as to declare, that he had pretensions to a Lady in this company, which he was determined to assert.

O that Greville! said my aunt —

I was ready to sink. Wretched Harriet! thought I, at the instant: Am I to be for ever the occasion of embroiling this excellent man!

My grandmamma, Mr. Deane, my uncle, my cousin James, all spoke at once — Dear, dear Sir Charles, said one, said another — How, how, was it?

Both safe! Both unhurt! No more of the rash man, at this time. He is to be pitied. He loves Miss Byron to distraction.

This comes of nicety! whispered my uncle, to my aunt: foolish nicety! — To let such a man as this go to an inn! — Inhospitable, vile punctilio! Then turning to Sir Charles — Dear Sir, forgive me! I was a little serious, that I must own [I pulled my uncle by the sleeve, fearing he would say too much by way of atonement for his seriousness]: — I, I, I, was a little serious, I must own [I, I, I, was afraid something was the matter — turned he off, what he was going to say — too freely, shall I say? — Hardly so! had he said what he would; tho' habitual punctilio made me almost involuntarily twitch my uncle by the sleeve: for my heart would have directed my lips to utter the kindest things; but my concern was too great to allow them to obey it.

I must go down, Lady G. — I am enquired after; 'tis just dinner-time — Let me only add, that Sir Charles waved further talk of the affair between him and that wretch, while I staid — perhaps they have got it out of him since I came up.

I SHALL be so proud, my dear! — a thousand fine things he has said of your Harriet, in her little absence! — Lucy, Nancy, call him THE man: And every one looks upon him as if there were not one soul in company but he and themselves. My grandmamma's eyes are complained of as weak, to colour her joyful emotion: But, thank God, her eyes are not weak. And he is so respectfully tender to her, that had he not my heart before, he would have won it now.

He had again waved the relation of the insult he met with: Mr. Greville himself, he supposed, would give it. He had a mind to see if the gentleman, by his report of it, was a gentleman. Thank God, said he, I have not hurt a man who boasts of his passion for Miss Byron; and of his neighbourhood to this family!

OUR places were chosen for us at table: Sir Charles's next me. Cannot I be too minute, do you say? — So easy, so free, so polite; something so happily addressed occasionally to each person at table — O my dear! I am abundantly kept in countenance; for every one loves him, as well as I. You have been pleased to take very favourable notice of our servants — They are good, and sensible. What reverence for him, and joy for their young mistress's sake, shone in their countenances as they attended!

My cousin James, who has never been out of England, was very curious to be informed of the manners, customs, diversions, of the people in different countries — Italy, in particular — Ah the dear Clementina! What abatement from recollection!

'The sighing heart,'

I remember he says, in one of his Letters to Dr. Bartlett,

'will remind us of imperfection, in the highest of our enjoyments.

' And he adds,

'It is fit it should be so.'

And on what occasion did he write this? — O my Charlotte, I was the occasion! It was in kind remembrance of me! He could not, at that time, have so written, had he been indifferent, even then, to your Harriet.

I am so apprehensive of my uncle's after remarks, that I am half-afraid to look at Sir Charles: And he must by-and-by return to this wicked inn — They wonder at my frequent absences. It is to oblige you, Lady G. and indeed myself: There is vast pleasure in communicating one's pleasures to a friend who interests herself, as you do, in one's dearest concerns.

YOU know and admire my grandmamma's chearful compliances with the innocent diversions of youth: She made Lucy give us a lesson on the harpsichord, on purpose, I saw, to draw me in. We both obeyed.

I was once a little out in an Italian song. In what a sweet manner did he put me in touching the keys himself, for a minute or two. Every one wished him to proceed; but he gave up to me, in so polite a manner, that we all were satisfied with his excuses.

My poor cousin Jemmy is on a sudden very earnest to go abroad; as if, silly youth, travelling would make him a Sir Charles Grandison!

I have just asked your brother, If all is over between Mr. Greville and him? He says, He hopes and believes so. God send it may; or I shall hate that Greville!

MY uncle, Mr. Deane, and my cousin James, were too much taken with Sir Charles, to think of withdrawing, as it might have been expected they would; and after some general conversation, that succeeded our playing, Sir Charles drew his

chair between my grandmamma and aunt, and taking my grandmamma's hand, May I not be allowed a quarter of an hour's conversation with Miss Byron in your presence, Ladies? said he, speaking low. We have indeed only friends and relations present: But it will be most agreeable, I believe, to the dear Lady, that what I have to say to her, and to you, may be rather reported to the gentlemen, than heard by them.

By all means, Sir Charles, said my grandmamma. Then whispering to my aunt, No man in this company thinks, but Sir Charles. Excuse me my dear.

The moment Sir Charles applied himself in this particular manner to them, my heart, without hearing what he said, was at my mouth. I arose, and withdrew to the cedar-parlour, followed by Lucy and Nancy. The gentlemen, seeming to recollect themselves, withdrew likewise, to another apartment. My aunt came to me — Love! — But ah! my dear, how you tremble! — You must come with me, And then she told me what he had said to my grandmamma and her.

I have no courage — None at all, said I, If apprehension, if timidy, be signs of Love, I have them all. Sir Charles Grandison has not one.

Nay, my dear, said Lucy, impute not to him want of respect, I beseech you. — Respect, my Lucy! What a poor word! — Had I only respect for him, we should be nearer an equality. — Has he said any-thing of Lady Clementina?

Don't be silly, Harriet, said my aunt. You used to be —

Used to be! — Ah, madam I Sir Charles's heart, at best, a divided heart! I never had a trial till now.

I tell you all my foibles, Lady G.

My aunt led me in to Sir Charles and my grandmamma. He met me at my entrance into the room, and in the most engaging manner, my aunt having taken her seat, conducted me to a chair which happened to be vacant between her and my grandmother. He took no notice of my emotion, and I the sooner recovered myself, and still the sooner, as he himself seemed to be in some little confusion. However, he sat down, and with a manly, yet respectful air, his voice gaining strength as he proceeded, thus delivered himself.

Never, Ladies, was man more particularly circumstanced than he before you. You know my story: You know what once were the difficulties of my situation with a family that I must ever respect; with a Lady of it whom I must ever revere: And you, madam (to my grandmamma) have had the goodness to signify to me, in a most engaging manner, that Miss Byron has added to the innumerable instances which she has given me of her true greatness of mind, a kind, and even a friendly concern for a Lady who is the Miss Byron of Italy. I ask not excuse for the comparison. The heart of the man before you, madam (to me) in sincerity and frankness emulates your own. —

You want not excuse, Sir, said my grandmamma — We all reverence Lady Clementina: We admire her.

He bowed to each of us; as my aunt and I looked I believe, assentingly to what my grandmamma said. He proceeded:

Yet in so particular a situation, altho' what I have to say, may, I presume, be collected from what you know of my story; and tho' my humble application to Miss Byron for her favour, and to you, Ladies, for your interest with her, have not been discouraged; something, however, may be necessary to be said, in this audience, of the state of my own heart, for the sake of this dear Lady's delicacy, and yours. And I will deliver myself with all the truth and plainness which I think are required in treaties of this nature, equally with those set on foot between nation and nation.

I am not insensible to Beauty: But the beauty of person only, never yet had power over more than my eye; to which it gave a pleasure like that which it receives from the flowers of a gay parterre. Had not my heart been out of the reach of personal attractions, if I may so express myself; and had I been my own master; Miss Byron, in the first hour that I saw her (for her beauty suffered not by her distress) would have left me no other choice: But when I had the honour of conversing with her, I observed in her mind and behaviour that true dignity, delicacy, and noble frankness, which I ever thought characteristic in the Sex, but never met with, in equal degree, but in one Lady. I soon found, that my admiration of her fine qualities was likely to lead me into a gentler, yet a more irresistable passion: For of the Lady abroad I then could have no reasonable, at least, no probable hope: Yet were there circumstances between her and me, which I thought, in strict justice, obliged me to attend the issue of certain events.

I called myself therefore to account, and was alarmed when I found that Miss Byron's graces had stolen so imperceptibly on my heart, as already to have made an impression on it too deep for my tranquillity. I determined therefore, in honour, in justice, to both Ladies, to endeavour to restrain a passion so new, yet likely to be so servent.

I had avocations in town, while Miss Byron was with my sisters in the country. Almost afraid of trusting myself in her presence, I pursued the more will-ingly those avocations in person, when I could have managed some of them, perhaps, near as well by other hands. Compassion for the one Lady, because of her calamity, might, at that time, I found, have been made to give way, could those calamities have been overcome, to Love for the other. Nor was it difficult for me to observe, that my sisters and Lord L. who knew nothing of my situation, would have chosen for a sister the young Lady present, before every other woman.

Sometimes, I will own to you, I was ready, from that self-partiality and vanity which is too natural to men of vivacity and strong hopes, to flatter myself, that I might, by my sisters interest, have made myself, not unacceptable to a Lady, who seemed to be wholly disengaged in her affections: But I would not permit myself to dwell on such hopes: Every look of complaisance, every smile, which used to beam over that lovely countenance, I attributed to her natural goodness, and frankness of heart, and to that grateful spirit which made her over-rate a common service that I had been so happy as to render her. Had I even been free, I should have been careful not to deprive myself of that animating sunshine, by a too early declaration. For well did I know, by other mens experience, that Miss Byron, at the same time that her natural politeness, and sweetness of manners, engaged every heart, was not, however, easily to be won.

But, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent a competition which had grown so fast upon me, I still found my uneasiness increase with my affection for Miss Byron. I had then but one way left — It was, to strengthen my heart, in Clementina's cause, by Miss Byron's assistance: In short, to acquaint Miss Byron with my situation; to engage her generosity for Clementina, and thereby deprive myself of the encouragement my fond heart might have hoped for, had I indulged my wishes of obtaining her favour. My end was answered, as to the latter. Miss Byron's generosity was engaged for the Lady; but was it possible that my obligations to her for that generosity should not add to my admiration of her?

At the time I laid before her my situation (it was in Lord L's Study at Colnebrooke) she saw my emotion. I could not conceal it. My abrupt departure from her, must convince her, that my heart was too much engaged for that situation . I desired Dr. Bartlett to take an airing with me, in hopes, by his counsels, to compose my disordered spirits . He knew the state of my heart: He knew, with regard to the proposals I had formerly made to the family at Bologna, relating to Religion and Residence (as I had also declared to the brothers of the Lady) that no worldly grandeur should ever have induced me to allow, in a beginning address, the terms, I was willing, as a compromise, to allow to that Lady; for thoroughly had I weighed the inconveniencies which must attend such an alliance: The Lady zealous in her Religion; the Confelsor who was to be allowed her, equally zealous; the spirit of making proselytes so strong, and held by Roman Catholics to be so meritorious; and myself no less in earnest in my Religion; I had no doubt to pronounce, I told the good Doctor, in confidence,

'that I should be much more happy in marriage with the Lady of Selby-house, were she to be induced to honour me with her hand, than it was possible I could be with Lady Clementina, even were they to comply with the conditions I had

proposed; as I doubted not but that Lady would also be, were her health restored, with a man of her own nation and Religion:'

And I owned to him, besides,

'that I could have no hope of conquering the opposition given me by the friends of Clementina; and that I could not at times but think hardly of the indignities cast upon me by some of them.'

The doctor, I knew, at the same time that he lamented the evil treatment Clementina met with from her mistaken friends, and her unhappy malady; and admired her for her manifold excellencies; next to adored Miss Byron: And he gave his voice accordingly.

'But here, doctor, is the case, said I — Clementina is a woman with whom I had the honour of being acquainted before I knew Miss Byron: Clementina has infinite merits: She herself refused me not: She consented to accept of the terms I offered: She even besought her friends to comply with them. She has an opinion of my honour, and of my tenderness for her. Till I had the happiness of knowing Miss Byron, I was determined to await either her recovery or release; and will Miss Byron herself, if she knows that, forgive me (the circumstances not changed) for the change of a resolution of which Clementina was so worthy? The treatment the poor Lady has met with, for my sake, as once she wrote, tho' virgin modesty induced her to cross out those words, has heightened her disorder. She still to this moment, wishes to see me: While there is a possibility, tho' not a probability, of my being made the humble instrument of restoring an excellent woman, who in herself deserves from me every consideration of tenderness, ought I to wish to engage the heart (were I able to succeed in my wishes) of the equally -excellent Miss Byron? — Could I be happy in my own mind, were I to try, and to succeed? And if not, must I not be as ungrateful to her, as ungenerous to the other? — Miss Byron's happiness cannot depend on me. She must be happy in the happiness she will give to the man of her choice, whoever shall be the man!'

We were all silent. My grandmamma and aunt seemed determined to be so; and I could not speak. He proceeded:

You know not, dear Miss Byron, I wished you not to know, the conflicts my mind laboured with, when I parted with you on my going abroad. My destiny was wrapt up in doubt, and uncertainty. I was invited over: Signor Jeronymo was deemed irrecoverable: He wished to see me, and desired but to live to see me. My presence was requested as a last effort to recover his noble sister. You yourself, madam, applauded my resolution to go: But, that I might not be thought to wish to engage you in my favour (so circumstanced as I was, that to have done so,

would have been to have acted unworthily to both Ladies,) I insinuated my hopelessness of ever being nearer to you than I was.

I was not able to take a formal leave of you. I went over. Success attended the kind, the soothing treatment which Clementina met with from her friends. Success also attended the means used for the recovery of the noble Jeronymo. Conditions were again proposed. Clementina, on her restoration, shone upon us all even with a brighter lustre than she did before her disorder. All her friends consented to reward with the hand of their beloved daughter, the man to whom they attributed secondarily the good they rejoiced in. I own to you, Ladies, that what was before honour and compassion, now became admiration; and I should have been unjust to the merits of so excellent a woman, if I could not say, Love. I concluded myself already the husband of Clementina; yet it would have been strange, if the welfare and happiness of Miss Byron were not the next wish of my heart. I rejoiced that (despairing as I did of such an event before I went over, because of the articles of Religion and Residence) I had not sought to engage more than her friendship; and I devoted myself wholly to Clementina — I own it, Ladies — And had I thought, Angel as she came out, upon proof, that I could not have given her my heart, I had been equally unjust, and ungrateful. For, dear Ladies, if you know all her story, you must know, that occasion called her out to act gloriously; and that gloriously she answered the call.

He paused. We were still silent. My grandmamma and aunt looked at each other by turns. But their eyes, as well as mine, at different parts of his speech shewed their sensibility. He proceeded, gracefully looking down, and at first with some little hesitation.

I am sensible, it was with a very ill grace, that, refused, as I must in justice call it, tho' on the noblest motives, by Clementina, I come to offer myself, and so soon after her refusal, to a Lady of Miss Byron's delicacy. I should certainly have acted more laudably, respecting my own character only, had I taken at least the usual time of a Widower-Love. But great minds, such as Miss Byron's, and yours, Ladies, are above common forms, where decorum is not too much neglected. As to myself, what do I, but declare a passion, that would have been, but for one obstacle, which is now removed, as servent as man ever knew? Dr. Bartlett has told me, madam [to me], that you and my sisters have seen the Letters I wrote to him from Italy: By the contents of some of those, and of the Letters I left with you, madam [to my grandmamma], you have seen Clementina's constant adherence to the step she so greatly took. In this Letter, received but last Wednesday [taking one out of his bosom], you will see (my last Letters to them unreceived, as they must be) that I am urged by all her family, for the sake of setting her an example, to address myself to a Lady of my own country. This

impels me, as I may say, to accelerate the humble tender of my vows to you, madam. However hasty the step may be thought, in my situation; Would not an inexcusable neglect, or seeming indifference, as if I were balancing as to the person, have been attributable to me, had I, for dull and cold form's sake, been capable of postponing the declaration of my affection to Miss Byron? And if, madam, you can so far get over observances, which perhaps, on consideration, will be found to be punctilious only, as to give your heart, with your hand, to a man who himself has been perplexed by what some would call (particular as it sounds) a double Love (an embarrasment, however, not of his own seeking, or which he could possibly avoid) you will lay him under obligation to your goodness (to your magnanimity, I will call it) which all the affectionate tenderness of my life to come will never enable me to discharge.

He then put the Letter (a translation of it inclosed) into my hand. I have already answered it, madam, said he, and acquainted my friend, that I have actually tendered myself to the acceptance of a Lady worthy of a sisterly relation to their Clementina; and have not been rejected. Your goodness must enable me (I humbly hope it will) to give them still stronger assurances of your favour: On my happiness they have the generosity to build a part of their own.

Not well before, I was more than once apprehensive of fainting, as he talked, agreeable as was his talk, and engaging as was his manner. My grandmamma and aunt saw my complexion change at his particular address to me, in the last part of his speech. Each put her kind hand on one of mine, and held it on it, as my other hand held my handkerchief now to my eyes, and now as a cover to my self-felt varying cheek.

At the same moment that he ceased speaking, he took our triply-united hands in both his; and in the most respectful, yet graceful manner, his Letter laid in my lap, pressed each of the three with his lips; mine twice. I could not speak. My grandmamma and aunt, delighted, yet tears standing in their eyes, looked upon each other, and upon me; each as expecting the other to speak. I have perhaps, said he, with some emotion, taken up too much of Miss Byron's attention on this my first personal declaration: I will now return to the company below. To-morrow I will do myself the honour to dine with you. We will for this evening postpone the important subject. Miss Byron, I presume, will be best pleased to have it so. I shall to-morrow be favoured with the result of your deliberations. Mean time may I meet with an interceding friend in every one I have had the pleasure to see this day! I must flatter myself with the honour of Miss Byron's whole heart, as well as with the approbation of all her friends. I cannot be thought at present, to deserve it; but it shall be the endeavour of my life so to do.

He withdrew, with a grace which was all his own.

The moment he was gone from us, my grandmamma threw her arms about her Harriet, then about my aunt; and they congratulated me, and each other.

We were all pained at heart, when we read the Letter. It is from Signor Jeronymo, urging your brother to set the example to his sister, which they so much want her to follow. I send you the translation. Pray return it. Poor Lady Clementina! Without seeing the last Letters he wrote to them, she seems to be tired into compliance. I will not say one half that is upon my mind on this occasion, as you will have the Letter before you. His last-written Letters will not favour her wishes. Poor Lady! Can I forbear to pity her? And still the more is she to be pitied, as your brother's excellencies rise upon us.

I besought my aunt to excuse me to the company.

Sir Charles joined his friends (HIS friends indeed they are all!) with a vivacity in his air and manner, which charmed every-body; while the silly heart of your Harriet would not allow her to enter into company the whole night. Indeed it wanted the inducement of his presence; for, to every one's regret, he declined staying supper; yet my uncle put it to him — What, Sir, do you choose to sup at your inn? My uncle will have it, that Sir Charles looked an answer of displeasure for suffering him to go to it atall. My uncle is a good-natured man. He will sometimes concede, when he is not convinced; and on every appearance which makes for his opinion, we are sure to hear of it.

I shall have an opportunity to-morrow morning early (This morning I might say) to send this long Letter by a neighbour, who is obliged to ride post to town on his own affairs.

Had I not had this agreeable employment, rest, I am sure, would not have come near me. Your brother, I hope, has found it. Remember, I always mean to include my dear Lady L. in this correspondence: Any-body else, but discretionally. My dear Ladies both, Adieu.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Sunday, Sept. 24. Oct. 5.

WE have at last, my Grandison, some hopes given us, that our dear Clementina will yield to our wishes.

The General, with his Lady, made us a visit from Naples, on purpose to make a decisive effort, as he called it; and vowed that he would not return till he left her in a disposition to oblige us. The Bishop at one time brought the Patriarch to reason with her; who told her, that she ought not to think of the veil, unless her father and mother consented to her assuming it.

Mrs. Beaumont was prevailed upon to favour us with her company. She declared for us: And on Thursday last Clementina was still harder set. Her Father, Mother, the General and his Lady, the Bishop, all came into my chamber, and sent for her. She came. Then did we all supplicate her to oblige us. The General was at first tenderly urgent: The Bishop besought her: The young Marchioness pressed her: Her Mother took her hand between both hers, and in silent tears could only sigh over it: And, lastly, my Father dropt down on one knee to her. My daughter, my child, said he, oblige me. Your Jeronymo could not refrain from tears.

She fell on her knee — O my Father, said she, rise, or I shall die at your feet! Rise, my Father!

Not, my dear, till you consent to oblige me.

Grant me but a little time, my Father, my dear, my indulgent Father!

The General thought he saw a flexibility which we had never before seen in her on this subject, and called upon her for her instant determination. Shall a Father kneel in vain? said he. Shall a Mother in weeping silence in vain entreat? — Now, my sister, comply — or — He sternly stopt.

Have patience with me, said she, but till the Chevalier's next Letters come: You expect them soon. Let me receive his next Letter. And putting her hand to her forehead — Rise, my Father, or I die at your feet!

I thought the General pushed too hard. I begged that the next Letters might be waited for.

Be it so, said my father, rising, and raising her: But whatever be the contents, remember, my dearest child, that I am your Father, your indulgent Father; and oblige me.

My dear Clementina, said the General, will not this paternal goodness prevail upon you? Your Father, Mother, Brothers, are all ready to kneel to you; Yet are we all to be slighted? And is a foreigner, an Englishman, a Heretic (great and noble as is the man; a man, too, whom you have so gloriously refused) to be preferred to us all? Who can bear the thoughts of such a preference!

And remember, my Sister, said the Bishop, that you already know his opinion. You have already had his advice, in the Letters he wrote to you in the month's correspondence which passed between you, before he left Italy. Think you, that the Chevalier Grandison can recede from an opinion solemnly given, the circumstances not having varied?

I have not been well. It is wicked to oppose my Father, my Mother: I cannot argue with my Brothers. I have not been well. Spare me, spare me, my Lords, to the General and the Bishop. My Father gives me time: Don't you deny it me.

My mother, afraid of renewing her disorder, said; Withdraw, my dear, if you choose to do so, and compose yourself: The intention is not to compel, but to persuade you.

O madam! said she, persuasion so strongly urged by my parents, is more than compulsion. — I take the liberty you give me.

She hurried to Mrs. Beaumont, and, throwing her arms about her, O madam, I have been oppressed! Oppressed by persuasion! By a kneeling Father! By a weeping Mother! By entreating Brothers! — And this is but persuasion! — Cruel persuasion!

Mrs. Beaumont then entered into argument with her. She represented to her the General's inflexibility: Her Father's and Mother's indulgence: The wishes of her two other Brothers: She pleaded your opinion given as an impartial man, not merely as a Protestant: She told her of an admirable young Lady of your own country, who was qualified to make you happy: of whom she had heard several of your countrymen speak with great distinction. This last plea, as the intimate friendship between you and Mrs. Beaumont is so well known, took her attention. She would not for the world stand in the way of the Chevalier Grandison. She wished you to be happy, she said, whatever became of her. Father Marescotti strongly enforced this point; and advised her to come to some resolution, before your next Letters arrived, as it was not to be doubted, but the contents of them would support your former opinion. The Patriarch's arguments were re-urged with additional force. A day was named when she was again to be brought before her assembled friends. Mrs. Beaumont applauded her for the magnanimity she had already shewn, in the discharge of her first duty; and called upon her to distinguish herself equally in the filial.

Clementina took time to consider of these and other arguments; and after three hours passed in her closet, she gave the following written paper to Mrs. Beaumont; which, she said, she hoped, when read in full assembly, would excuse her from attending her friends in the proposed congress.

‘I Am tired out, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, with your kindly-meant importunities:

‘With the importunities, prayers, and entreaties of my brothers.

‘O my mamma, how well do you deserve even implicit obedience, from a daughter who has overclouded your happy days! You never knew discomfort till your hapless Clementina gave it you! The sacrifice of my life would be a poor atonement for what I have made you suffer.

‘But who can withstand a kneeling Father? Indeed my pappa, ever good, ever indulgent, I dread to see you! Let me not again behold you as on Thursday last.

‘I have denied to my self, and such the motive, that I must not, I do not repent it, the man I esteemed. I never can be his.

‘Father Marescotti, tho’ he now loves the man, suggests, that my late disorder might be a judgment upon me for suffering my heart to be engaged by the Heretic.

‘I am absolutely forbidden to think of atoning for my fault by the only measure that, in my opinion, could have done it.

‘You tell me, Mrs. Beamount, and all my friends, join with you, that honour, generosity, and the esteem which I avow for the Chevalier Grandison, as my friend, as my fourth brother, all join to oblige me to promote the happiness of a man I myself have disappointed. And you are of opinion, that there is one particular woman of his own country, who is capable of making him happy — But do you say, that I ought to give the example? — Impossible. Honour, and the punctilio of woman, will not permit me to do that! —

‘But thus pressed; thus dreading again to see a kneeling Father; a weeping Mother; and having reason to think I may not live long; that a relapse into my former malady, with the apprehensions of which Father Marescotti terrifies me, may be the punishment of my disobedience [Cruel Father Marescotti, to terrify me with an affliction I so much dread!]; and that it will be a consolation to me, in my departing hour, to reflect that I have obeyed my parents, in an article on which their hearts are immoveably fixed; and still further being assured, that they will look upon my resignation as a compensation for all the troubles I have given them, for many many months passed — God enable me, I pray, to resign to their will. But if I cannot, shall I be still entreated, still persuaded? — I hope not. — I

will do my endeavour to prevail on myself to obey — But whatever be the event of my Self-contendings, Grandison must give the example.'

How did we congratulate ourselves, when we read this paper, faint as are the hopes it gives us!

Our whole endeavour is now, to treat her with tender observance, that she may not think of receding. Nor will we ask her to see the person she knows we favour, till we can assure her, that you will set her the example. And if there be a Lady with whom you think you could be happy, may not this, my dear Grandison, pleaded by you, be a motive with her?

The Count of Belvedere has made overtures to us, which are too great for our acceptance, were this alliance to take place. We have been told, but not by himself, the danger to which his dispair had subjected him, in more than one visit to you at Bologna, had you not borne with his rashness. You know him to be a man of probity, of piety. He is a zealous Catholic; and you must allow, that a religious zeal is a strengthener, a confirmer, of all the social sanctions. He is learned; and, being a domestic man, he, contrary to the Italian custom, admires in a wife those intellectual improvements which make a woman a fit companion for her husband. You know how much the Marchioness excells almost all the women of quality in Italy, in a taste for polite literature: You know she has encouraged the same taste in her daughter; and the Count considers her as the only woman in Italy with whom he can be happy.

As you, my Grandison, cannot now be my brother by marriage, the Count of Belvedere is the only man in the world I can wish to be so. He is of Italy. My sister, always so dear to us, and he, will be ever with us, or we with them. He knows the unhappy way she has been in; and was so far from making that an objection, that when her malady was at the height (being ecouraged by physicians to hope that her recovery would be the probable consequence) he would have thought himself the happiest of men, could he have been honoured with her hand. He knows her Love of you. He adores her for her motive of refusing you. He loves you; and is confident of the inviolable honour of both: Whose alliance, on all these considerations, can be so desirable to us as that with the Count of Belvedere?

Surely, my dear friend, it must be in your power to set the example: In yours, who could subdue a whole family of zealous Catholics, and keep your own religion; and who could engage the virgin heart of one of the most delicate women in the world. What woman, who has a heart to bestow; what family, that has a daughter or sister to give, can withstand you? Religion and Country of both the same?

Give us hope, therefore, my dear Grandison, that you will make the effort. Assure us, that you will not scruple, if you can succeed, to set the example: and on this assurance we will claim from Clementina the effects of the hope she has given us: And if we can prevail. will in England return you thanks for the numberless favours you have conferred upon us.

Thus earnestly, as well from inclination, as in compliance with the pressing entreaties of every one of a family which I hope are still, and ever, will be, dear to you, do I, your Jeronymo, your Brother, your Friend, solicit you. Mrs. Beaumont joins with us. She scruples not, she bids me tell you, to pronounce, that you and Clementina will both be more happy; she, with the Count of Belvidere (your respective Countries so distant, your Religion so different); you, with an Englishwoman; than you could have been with each other. Mrs. Beaumont has owned to me in private, that you often in conversation with her, even while you had hope of calling Clementina yours, lamented, for her sake, as well as your own, the unhappy situation, with respect to Religion, you were both in; and that you had declared more than once to her, as indeed you did once to us, that in a beginning address you would not have compromised thus with a Princess. May we not expect every-thing, my Grandison, from your magnanimity? We hope it is in your power, and we doubt not your will, to contribute to our happiness. But whatever be the event, I beseech you, my dear friend, continue to love

Your JERONYMO.

LETTER XX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Grosvenor-Square, Sunday, Oct. 15.

CAN I forgive your pride, your petulance? — No, Harriet; positively no! I write to scold you; and having ordered my Lord to sup abroad, I shall perhaps oblige you with a long Letter. We honest folks, who have not abundance of Love-fooling upon our hands, find ourselves happy in a good deal of quiet leisure; and I love to chide and correct you wise ones. — Thus then I begin —

Ridiculous parade among you! I blame you all. Could he not have been Mrs. Shirley's guest, if he was not to be permitted to repose under the same roof with his sovereign Lady and Mistress? But must you let him go to an inn? — What for? Why to shew the world he was but on a foot, at present, with your other humble servants; and be thought no more, by the insolent Greville, and affronted as an invader of his rights. Our Sex is a foolish Sex: Too little or too much parade. Lord help us! Were it not that we must be afraid to appear over-forward to the man himself, the world is a contemptible thing, and we should treat it as such.

And yet, after all, what with Lady Clementina, what with the world, and what with our own punctilio, and palpitating hearts, and-so-forth, and all that, and more than all that; I own you are pretty nicely circumstanced. But, my life for yours, you will behave like a simpleton, on occasion of his next address to you: And why? Did you ever know that people did not, who are full of apprehensions, who aimed at being very delicate, who were solicitous to take their measures from the judgment of those without them; pragmatical souls, perhaps, who from their notions either on what they have read, or by the addresses to them of their own silly fellows, aukward and unmeaning, and by no means to be compared, for integrity, understanding, politeness, to my brother? Consider, child, that he having seen, in different countries, perhaps a hundred women, equally specious with the present mistress of his destiny, were form and outward grace to be the attractives, is there — fore sitter to give than take the example.

But, Harriet, I write to charge you not to increase your own difficulties by too much parade: Your frankness of heart is a prime consideration with him. He expects not to meet with the girl, but the sensible woman, in his address to you. He is pursuing a laudable end — Don't teaze him with pug's tricks —

'What, signifies asking me now?'

Did you not lay your heads together? And the wisest which ever were set on womens shoulders? But indeed I never knew consultations of any kind turn to

account. It is only a parcel of people getting together, proposing doubts, and puzzling one another, and ending as they began, if not worse. Doctors differ. So many persons, so many minds.

And O how our petulant heart throbbed with indignation, because he came not to breakfast with you! What benefit has a polite man over an unpolite one, where the latter shall have his rusticity allowed for (O that is his way!) and when the other has expectations drawn upon him, which, if not critically answered, he is not to be forgiven! — He is a prudent man! He may have overslept himself — Might dream of Clementina. Then it was a fault in him, that he stayed to dine on the road — His horses might want rest, truly — Upon my word, Harriet, a woman in Love, is — a woman in Love. Wise or foolish before, we are all equally foolish then: The same froward, petulant, captious, babies! — I protest, we are very silly creatures, all of us, in these circumstances; and did not Love make men as great fools as ourselves, they would hardly think us worthy of their pursuit. Yet I am so true to the Free-masonry myself, that I would think the man who should dare to say half I have written, of our Dollships, ought not to go away with his life.

My sister and I are troubled about this Greville. Inform us, the moment you can, of the particulars of what passed between my brother and him; pray do. We long also to see the Letter he has put into your hands, from Bologna. It is on the road, we hope.

Caroline and I are as much concerned for your honour, your punctilio, as you, or any of you, can be. But by the account you give me of my brother's address to you in presence of your grandmother and aunt, as well as from our knowledge of his politeness, neither you nor we need to trouble our heads about it: It may be all left to him. He knows so well what becomes the character of the woman whom he hopes to call his wife, that you will be sure of your dignity being preserved, if you place a confidence in him. And yet no man is so much above mere formal regards as he is. Let me enumerate instances, from your Letter before me.

His own intention, in the first place, not to surprise you by his visits, as you apprehended he would, which would have made him look like a man of selfimagined consequence to you — His providing himself with accommodations at an inn; and not giving way to the invitation, even of your sagacious uncle Selby [I must raily him. Does he spare me?] — His singling you out on Friday from your men-friends, yet giving you the opportunity of your aunt's and grandmother's company, to make his personal application to you for your favour — His requesting the interest of your other friends with you, as if he presumed not on your former acquaintance, and this after an application, not discouraged, made to your friends and you.

As to his equanimity in his first address to you; his retaining your hand, forsooth, before all your friends, and so-forth; never find fault with that, Hariet. [Indeed you do make an excuse for the very freedom you blame — So Lover-like! —] He is the very man, that a conscious young woman, as you are, should wish to be addressed by: So much courage, yet so much true modesty — What, I warrant, you would have had a man chalked out for you who should have stood at distance, bowed, scraped, trembled; while you had nothing to do, but bridle, and make stiff courtesies to him, with your hands before you — Plagued with his doubts, and with your can dissidences; afraid he would now, and now, and now, pop out the question; which he had not the courage to put; and so running on, simpering, fretting, fearing, two parrallel lines, side by side, and never meeting; till some interposing friends, in pity to you both, put one's head pointing to the other's head, and stroking and clapping the shoulder of each, set you at each other, as men do by other dunghil-bred creatures.

You own, he took no notice of your emotion, when he first addressed himself to you; so gave you an opportunity to look up, which otherwise you would have wanted. Now don't you think you know a man creature or two, who would on such an occasion, have grinned you quite out of countenance, and insulted you with their pity for being modest? — But you own, that he had emotion too, when he first opened his mind to you — What a duce would the girl have? — Orme and Fowler in your head, no doubt! The tremblings of rejected men, and the phantasies of romantic women, were to be a rule to my brother, I suppose with your mock-majesty! — Ah, Harriet! Did I not say that we women are very silly creatures? — But my brother is a good man — So we must have something to find fault with him for. — Hah, hah, hah, hah, What do you laugh at, Charlotte? — What do I laugh at, Harriet? — Why, at the idea of a couple of Loveyers, taken each with a violent ague-fit, at their first approach to each other — Hands shaking — Knees trembling — Lips quivering — Tongue faultering — Teeth chattering — I had a good mind to present you with an ague-dialogue between such a trembling couple. — I, I, I, I, says the Lover — You, you, you, you, says the girl, if able to speak at all. But, Harriet, you shall have the whole, on demand. Rave at me, if you will: But Love, as it is called by boys and girls, shall ever be the subject of my ridicule. Does it not lead us girls into all manner of absurdities, inconveniencies, undutifulness, disgrace? — Villainous Cupidity! — It does.

To be serious — Neither does my brother address you in a stile that impeaches either his own understanding, or yours. — Another fault, Harriet, is it not? — But sure you are not so very a girl!

The justice he does to Lady Clementina and her family [Let me be very serious, when I speak of Clementina] is a glorious instance as well of his

greatness of mind, as of his sincerity. He has no need to depreciate one Lady, to help him to exalt (or do justice, I should rather say, to) another. By praising her, he makes noble court to you, in supposing you, as you are, one of the most generous of women. How great is his compliment to both Ladies, when he calls Clementina the Miss Byron of Italy! Who, my dear, ever courted woman as my brother courts you? Indeed there can be but very few men who have such a woman to court.

He suffers you not to ask for an account of the state of his heart from the time he knew you first, till now. He gives it to you, unasked. And how glorious is that account, both to you, and himself!

Let us look back upon his conduct when last in Italy, and when every step seemed to lead to his being husband of another woman.

The recovery of Clementina, and of her noble brother, seem to be the consequence of his friendly goodness. The grateful family all join to reward him with their darling's hand; her heart supposed to be already his. He, like the man of honour he is, concludes himself bound by his former offers. They accept him upon those terms. The Lady's merits thine out with transcendent lustre in the eyes of every one, even of us his sisters, and of you, Harriet, and your best friends: Must they not in his, to whom Merit was ever the first, Beauty but the second attractive? He had no tie to any other woman on earth: He had only the tenderness of his own heart, with regard to Miss Byron, to contend with. Ought he not to have contended with it? He did; and so far conquered, as to enable himself to be just to the Lady, whose great qualities, and the concurrence of her friends in his favour, had converted Compassion for her into Love. And who, that hear her story, can forbear to Love her? But with what tenderness, with what politeness, does he, in his Letter to his chosen correspondent, express himself of Miss Byron! He declares, that if she were not to be happy, it would be a great abatement of his own felicity. You, however, remember how politely he recals his apprehensions that you may not, on his account, be altogether so happy as he wishes, as the suggestions of his own presumption; and censures himself for barely supposing, that he had been of consequence enough with you to give you pain.

How much to your honour before he went over, does he account for your smiles, for yourfrankness of heart, in his company! He would not build upon them: Nor indeed could he know the state of your heart, as we did: He had not the opportunity. How silly was your punctilio, that made you sometimes fansy it was out of mere compassion that he revealed to you the state of his engagement abroad! You see he tells you, that such was his opinion of your greatness of mind, that he thought he had no other way but to put it in your power to check him, if his Love for you should stimulate him to an act of neglect to the Lady to whom

(she having never refused him, and not being then in a condition either to claim him or set him free) he thought himself under obligation. Don't you revere him for his honour to her, the nature of her malady considered? What must he have suffered, in this conflict!

Well, and now by a strange turn in the Lady, but glorious to herself, as he observes, the obstacle removed, he applies to Miss Byron for her favour. How sensible is he of what delicacy requires from her! How justly (respecting his Love for you) does he account for not postponing, for the sake of cold and dull form, as he justly expresses it, his address to you! How greatly does the Letter he delivered to you, favour his argument! Ah the poor Clementina! Cruel persuades her relations! I hate and pity them, in a breath. Never, before, did hatred and pity meet in the same bosom, as they do in mine, on this occasion. His difficulties, my dear, and the uncommon situation he is in, as if he were offering you but a divided Love, enhance your glory. You are reinstated on the Female throne, to the lowermost footstep of which you once was afraid you had descended. You are offered a man, whose perplexities have not proceeded from the entanglements of intrigue, inconstancy, perfidy; but from his own compassionate nature: And could you, by any other way in the world than by this supposed divided Love, have had it in your power, by accepting his humbly-offered hand, to lay him under obligation to you, which he thinks he never shall be able to discharge? Lay him — Who? — Sir CHARLES GRANDISON — For whom so many virgin hearts have sighed in vain! — And what a triumph to our Sex is this, as well as to my Harriet!

And now, Harriet, let me tell you, that my sister and I are both in great expectations of your next Letter. It is, it must be, written before you will have this. My brother is more than man: You have only to shew yourself to be superior to the forms of woman. If you play the fool with him, now, that you have the power you and we have so long wished you; if you give pain to his noble, because sincere heart, by any the least shadow of Female affectation; you, who have hitherto been distinguished for so amiable a frankness of heart; you, who cannot doubt his honour — the honour of a man who solicits your favour in even a great manner, a manner in which no man before him ever courted a woman, because few men before him have ever been so particularly circumstanced; a manner that gives you an opportunity to outshine, in your acceptance of him, even the noble Clementina in her refusal; as bigotry must have been, in part, her motive; if, I say, you act foolishly, weakly, now — Look to it — You will depreciate, if not cast away your own glory. Remember, you have a man to deal with, who, from our behaviour to Mrs. Oldham, at his first return to England, took measure of our minds, and, without loving us the less for it, looked down upon us with pity; and

made us, ever since, look upon ourselves in a diminishing light, and as sisters who have greater reason to glory in their brother, than he has in them. Would you not rather, you who are to stand in a still nearer relation to him, invite his admiration, than his pity? Till Friday night last you had it: What Saturday has produced, we shall soon guess.

Not either Lord L. or Lord G. not Emily, not aunt Eleanor, now, either see or hear read what you write, except here-and-there a passage, which you yourself would not scruple to hear read to them. Are you not our third sister? To each of us our next Self: And, what gives you still more dignity, the elected wife of our brother!

Adieu, my love! In longing expectation of your next, we subscribe

Your affectionate

CAROLINE L.

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Saturday, Oct. 14.

MR Fenwick has just now been telling us, from the account given him by that Greville, vile man, how the affair was between him and Sir Charles Grandison. Take it briefly, as follows:

About Eight yesterday morning, that audacious wretch went to the George at Northampton; and, after making his enquiries, demanded an audience of Sir Charles Grandison. Sir Charles was near dressed, and had ordered his chariot to be ready, with intent to visit us early.

He admitted of Mr. Greville's visit. Mr. Greville confesses, that his own behaviour was peremptory (his word for insolent. I suppose). I hear, Sir, said he, that yu are come down into this country in order to carry off from u the richest jewel in it — I need not say whom. My name is Greville: I have long made my addresses to her, and have bound myself under a vow, that, were a Prince to be my competitor, I would dispute his title to her.

You seem to be a princely man, Sir, said Sir Charles, offended with his air and words, no doubt. You need not, Mr. Greville, have told me your name: I have heard of you. What your pretensions are, I know not; your vow is nothing to me: I am master of my own actions; and shall not account to you, or any man living, for them.

I presume, Sir, you came down with the intention I have hinted at? I beg only your answer as to that. I beg it a favour, gentleman to gentleman?

The manner of your address to me, Sir, is not such as will intitle you to an answer for your own sake. I will tell you, however, that I am come down to pay my devoirs to Miss Byron. I hope for acceptance; and know not that I am to make allowance for the claim of any man on earth.

Sir Charles Grandison, I know your character: I know your bravery. It is from that knowlege that I consider you as a sit man for me to talk to. I am not a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir.

I make no account of who or what you are, Mr. Greville. Your visit is not, at this time, a welcome one: I am going to breakfast with Miss Byron. I shall be here in the evening, and at leisure, then, to attend to any-thing you shall think yourself authorized to say to me, on this or any other subject.

We may be overheard, Sir — Shall I beg you to walk with me into the garden below? You are going to breakfast, you say, with Miss Byron. Dear Sir Charles

Grandison, oblige me with an audience, of five minutes only, in the back-yard, or garden.

In the evening, Mr. Greville, command me anywhere: But I will not be broken in upon now.

I will not leave you at liberty, Sir Charles, to make your visit where you are going, till I am gratified with one five minutes conference with you below.

Excuse me then, M. Greville, that I give orders, as if you were not here. Sir Charles ran. Up came one of his servants — Is the chariot ready? — Almost ready, was the answer. — Make haste. Saunders may see his friends in this neighbourhood: He may stay with them till Monday. Frederick and you attend me.

He took out a Letter, and read in it, as he walked about the room, with great composure, not regarding Mr. Greville, who stood swelling, as he owned, at one of the windows, till the servant withdrew; and then he addressed himself to Sir Charles in language of reproach on this contemptuous treatment. — Mr. Greville, said Sir Charles, you may be thankful, perhaps, that you are in my own apartment: This intrusion is a very ungentlemanly one.

Sir Charles was angry, and expressed impatience to be gone. Mr. Greville owned, that he knew not how to contain himself, to see his rival, with so many advantages in his person and air, dressed avowedly to attend the woman he had so long — Shall I say been troublesome to? For I am sure he had never the shadow of countenance from me.

I repeat my demand, Sir Charles, of a conference of five minutes below.

You have no right to make any demand upon me, Mr. Greville: If you think you have, the evening will be time enough. But, even then, you must behave more like a gentleman, than you have done hitherto, to intitle youself to be considered as on a foot with me.

Not on a foot with you, Sir! — And he put his hand upon his sword. A gentleman is on a foot with a Prince, Sir, in a point of honour —

Go, then, and find out your prince, Mr. Greville: I am no Prince. And you have as much reason to address yourself to the man you never saw, as to me.

His servant just then shewing himself, and withdrawing; Mr. Greville, added he, I leave you in possession of this apartment. Your servant, Sir. In the evening I shall be at your command.

One word with you, Sir Charles — One word —

What would Mr. Greville? turning back.

Have you made proposals? Are your proposals accepted?

I repeat, that you ought to have behaved differently, Mr. Greville, to be intitled to an answer to these questions.

Answer me, however, Sir: I beg it as a favour.

Sir Charles took out his watch. — After Nine: I shall make them wait. But thus I answer you: I have made proposals; and, as I told you before, I hope I shall he accepted.

Were you any other man in the world, Sir, the man before you might question your success with a woman whose difficulties are augmented by the obsequiousness of her admirers. But such a man as you, would not have come down on a fool's errand. I love Miss Byron to distraction. I could not shew my face in the county, and suffer any man out of it to carry away such a prize.

Out of the county, Mr. Greville! What narrowness is this! But I pity you for your Love of Miss Byron: And —

You pity me, Sir! interrupted he. — I bear not such haughty tokens of superiority. Either give up your pretensions to Miss Byron, or make me sensible of it, in the way of a gentleman.

Mr. Greville, your servant: And he went down.

The wretch followed him; and when they came to the yard, and Sir Charles was stepping into the chariot, he took his hand, several persons present — We are observed, Sir Charles, whispered he. Withdraw with me, for a few moments. By the great God of Heaven, you must not refuse me. I cannot bear that you should go thus triumphantly on the business you are going upon.

Sir Charles suffered himself to be led hy the wretch: And when they were come to a private spot, Mr. Greville drew, and demanded Sir Charles to do the like, putting himself in a posture of defence.

Sir Charles put his hand on his sword, but drew it not. Mr. Greville, said he, know your own safety; and was turning from him, when the wretch swore he would admit of no alternative, but his giving up his pretensions to Miss Byron.

His rage, as Mr. Fenwick describes it from himself, making him dangerous, Sir Charles drew. — I only defend myself, said he — Greville, you keep no guard — He put by his pass with his sword; and, without making a push, closed in with him, twisted his sword out of his hand; and, pointing his own to his breast, You see my power, Sir — Take your life, and your sword. — But if you are either wise, or would be thought a man of honour, tempt not again your fate.

And am I again master of my sword, and unhurt? 'Tis generous — The evening, you say?

Still I say, I will be yours in the evening, either at your own house, or at my inn; but not as a Duellist, Sir: You know my principles.

How can this be? and he swore — How was it done? Expose me not at Selby-house. How the devil could this be? — I expect you in the evening here.

And he went off a back-way. Sir Charles, instead of going directly into his chariot, went up to his apartment; wrote his Billet to my aunt to excuse himself,

finding it full late to get hither in time, and being somewhat discomposed in his temper, as he owned to us: And then he took an airing in his chariot, till he came hither to dine.

But how should we have been alarmed, had we known that Sir Charles declined supping here, in order to meet the violent man again at his inn! And how did we again blame ourselves for taking amiss his not supping with us!

Mr. Fenwick says, that Mr. Greville got him to accompany him to the George.

Sir Charles apologized, with great civility, to Mr. Greville, for making him wait for him. Mr. Greville, had he been disposed for mischief, had no use of his right-arm. It was sprained by the twisting of his sword from it, and in a sling.

Sir Charles behaved to them both with great politeness; and Mr. Greville owned, that he had acted nobly by him, in returning his sword, even before his passion was calmed, and in not using his own. But it was some time, it seems, before he was brought into this temper. And what a good deal contributed to it, was, Sir Charles's acquainting him, that he had not given particulars at Selby-house, or to any-body, of the fray between them; but referred it to himself to give them, as he should think proper. This forbearance he highly applauded, and was even thankful for it. Fenwick shall, in confidence, said he, report this matter to your honour, and my own mortification, as the truth requires, at Selby-house. Let me not be hated by Miss Byron, on this account. My passion gave me disadvantage. I will try to honour you, Sir Charles: But I must hate you, if you succeed. One condition, however, I make: That you reconcile me to the Selbys, and Miss Byron; and if you are likely to be successful, let me have the credit of reporting, that it is by my consent.

They parted with civility; but not, it seems, till a late hour. Sir Charles, as Mr. Beauchamp and Dr. Bartlett have told us, was always happy in making, by his equanimity, generosity, and forgiveingness, fast friends of inveterate enemies. Thank God, the issue was not unhappy!

Mr. Fenwick says, that the rencounter is very little guessed at, or talked of [Thank God for that too!]; and to those few, who have enquired of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick about it, it has been denied; and now Greville, as Mr. Fenwick had done before, declares he will give out, that he yields up all his hopes of Miss Byron; but says, that Sir Charles Grandison, of whose address every-body already talks, is the only man in England to whom he could resign his pretensions.

He insists upon Sir Charles's dining with him tomorrow; Mr. Fenwick's also. Sir Charles is so desirous that the neighbourhood should conclude, that he and these gentlemen are on a foot of good understanding, that he made the less scruple, for every-one's sake, to accept of his invitation.

I am very, very thankful, my dearest Lady G. that the constant blusterings of this violent man, for so many months past, are so happily overblown.

Mr. Fenwick, as I guessed he would, made proposals to my aunt and me for my Lucy. Lucy has a fine fortune: But if she had not, he shall not have her! Indeed he is not worthy of Lucy's mind. He must be related to me, he said: But I answered, No man must call Lucy Selby his, who can have any other motive for his wishes but her merit.

We hourly expect your brother. The new danger he has been in, on my account, endears him still more to us all. How, how will you forbear, said my uncle, throwing yourself in his arms at once, when he demands the result of our deliberations? If I follow Mr. Deane's advice. I am to give him my hand at the first word: If Lucy's and Nancy's, he is not to ask me twice: If my grandmamma's and aunt's (They are always good) I am to act as occasion requires, and as my own confided-in prudence will suggest at the time; but to be sure not to be guilty of affectation. But still, my dear Ladies, something sticks with me (and ought it not?) in relation to the noble Clementina!

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday Night, Oct. 14.

NOW, my dear Ladies L. and G. let me lay before you, just as it happened, for your approbation, or censure, all that has passed between the best of men and your Harriet. Happy shall I be, If I can be acquitted by his sisters.

My grandmamma went home last night, but was here before Sir Charles; yet he came a little after Eleven. We were all in the great parlour when he came. He addressed us severally with his usual politeness, and my grandmother, particularly, with such an air of reverence, as did himself credit, because of her years and wisdom.

We all congratulated him on what we had heard from Mr. Fenwick.

Mr. Greville and I, said he, are on every good terms. When I have the presumption to think myself a welcome guest, I am to introduce him as my friend. Mr. Greville, tho' so long your neighbour, modestly doubts his own welcome.

Well he may, said my aunt Selby, after — No afters, dear madam, if you mean any-thing that has passed between him and me.

He again addressed himself to me. I rejoice, Sir, said I, that you have quieted so happily a spirit always thought uncontroulable.

You must tell me, madam, replyed he, when I can be allowed to introduce Mr. Greville to you?

Shall I answer for my cousin, said Lucy? — I did not, Sir Charles, think you such a designer. — You were not, you know, to introduce Mr. Greville, till you were assured of being yourself a very welcome guest to my cousin.

I own my plot, replied he: I had an intent to surprise Miss Byron into an implied favour to myself.

You need not, Sir Charles, thought I, take such a method.

On his taking very kind notice of my cousin James; Do you know, Sir Charles, said my uncle (whose joy, when it overflows, seldom suffers the dear man to consult seasonableness) that that boy is already in Love with your Emily? — The youth blushed —

I am obliged to every-body who loves my Emily. She is a favourite of Miss Byron — Must she not then be a good girl?

She is indeed a favourite, said I; and so great a one, that I know not who can deserve her.

I said this, lest Sir Charles should think (on a supposition that my uncle meant something) that my cousin had my countenance.

Sir Charles then addressed himself to my grandmamma and aunt, speaking low — I hope, Ladies, I may be allowed in your presence to resume the conversation of yesterday with Miss Byron?

No, Sir Charles, answered my grandmamma, affecting to look serious, that must not be.

Must not be, madam! and he seemed surprised, and affected too. My aunt was a little startled; but not so much as she would have been, had she not known the lively turns which that excellent parent sometimes gives to subjects of conversation.

Must not be, I repent, Sir Charles: But I will not suffer you to be long in suspense. We have always, when proposals of this kind have been made, referred ourselves to our Harriet. She has prudence: She has gratitude. We will leave her and you together, when she is inclined to hear you on the interesting subject. I know I am right. Harriet is above disguises. She will be obliged to speak for herself, when she has not either her aunt or me to refer to. She and you are not acquaintance of yesterday. You, Sir, I dare say, will not he displeased with the opportunity —

Neither Miss Byron nor I, madam, could wish for the absence of two such parental relations. But this reference I will presume to construe as a hopeful prognostic. May I now, through your mediation, madam (to my aunt) hope for the opportunity of addressing myself to Miss Byron?

My aunt, taking me to the window, told me what had passed. I was a little surprised at my grandmamma's reference to myself only. I expostulated with my aunt: It is plain madam, that Sir Charles expected not this compliment.

Your grandmamma's motion surprised me a little my dear: It proceeded from the fulness of her joy: She meant a compliment to you both: There is now no receding. Let us withdraw together.

What, madam, at his proposal? As if expecting to be followed? — See how my uncle looks at me! Every one's eyes are upon me! — In the afternoon, if it must be — as by accident. But I had rather you and my grandmamma were to be present. I mean not to be guilty of affeciation to him:. I know my own heart, and will not disguise it. I shall want to refer to you. I shall be silly: I dare not trust myself.

I wish the compliment had not been made, replied my aunt. But, my dear, come along with me.

She went out. I followed her; a little reluctantly, however; and Lucy tells me, that I looked so silly, as was enough, of itself to inform every-body of the intent

of my withdrawing, and that I expected Sir Charles would follow me.

She was very cruel, I told her; and in my case would have looked as silly as I; while I should have pitied her.

I led to my closet. My aunt seating me there, was going from me. Well. madam, and so I am to stay here quietly, I suppose, till Sir Charles vouchsafes to come? Would Clementina have done so?

No hint to him of Clementina in this way, I charge you: It would look ungrateful, and girlish. I will introduce him to you —

And stay with me, I hope, madam, when he is introduced. I tell you, Lady G. all my foibles. Away went my aunt; but soon returned, and with her the man of men.

She but turned herself round, and saw him take my hand, which he did with a compliment that would have made me proud at another time, and left us together.

I was resolved then to assume all my courage, and, if possible, to be present to myself. He was to himself; yet had a modesty and politeness in his manner, which softened the dignity of his address.

Some men, I fancy, would have begun with admiring, or pretending to admire, the pieces of my own workmanship, which you have seen hang here: But not he. After another compliment made (as I presume, to re-assure me) on my restored complexion (I did indeed feel my face glow); he spoke directly to his subject.

I need not, I am sure, said he, repeat to my dear Miss Byron what I said yesterday, as to the delicacy of my situation, with regard to what some would deem a divided or double Love. I need not repeat to you the very great regard I have, and ever shall have, for the Lady abroad. Her merit, and your greatness of mind, render any apology for so just a regard needless. But it may be necessary to say, what I can with truth say, that I love not my own Soul better than I love Miss Byron. You see, madam, I am wholly free, with regard to that Lady — free by her own choice, by her own will. — You see, that the whole family build a part of their happiness on the success of my address to a Lady of my own country. Clementina's wish always was, that I would marry; and only be careful, that my choice should not disgrace the regard she vouchsafed to own for me. Clementina, when she has the pleasure of knowing the dear Lady before me, if that may be, by the name of Grandison, will confess, that my choice has done the highest credit to the favour she honoured me with.

And will you not, my dear Lady G. be ready to ask, Could Sir Charles Grandison be really in earnest in this humble court (as if he doubted her favour) to a creature, every wish of whose heart was devoted to him? Did he not rather for his own sake, in order to give her the consequence which a wife of his ought to have, resolve to dignify the poor girl, who had so long been mortified by cruel

suspense, and who had so often despaired of ever being happy with the Lord of her heart? O no, my dear, your brother looked the humble, the modest Lover; yet the man of sense, of dignity, in Love. I could not but be assured of his affection, notwithstanding all that had passed. And what had passed, that he could possibly have helped? — His pleas of the day before, the contents of Signor Jeronymo's Letter, were all in my mind.

He seemed to expect my answer. He only, whose generously-doubting eye kept down mine, can tell how I looked, how I behaved — But hesitatingly, tremblingly, both voice, and knees, as I sat; thus brokenly, as near as I remember, I answered, not withdrawing my hand, tho', as I spoke, he more than once pressed it with his lips: — The honour of Sir Charles Grandison — Sir Charles Grandison's honour — no one ever did, or ever can, doubt. — I must own — I must confess — There I paused.

What does my dear Miss Byron own? — What confess? — Assure yourself, madam, of my honour, of my gratitude. — Should you have doubts, speak them. I desire your favour but as I clear up your doubts. I would speak them for you — I have spoken them for you. I own to you, madam, that there may be force in your doubts, which nothing but your generosity, and affiance in the honour of the man before you, can induce you to get over. And thus far I will own against myself, that were the Lady, in whose heart I should hope an interest, to have been circumstanced as I was, my own delicacy would have been hurt; owing, indeed, to the high notion I have of the true Female delicacy. — Now say, now own, now confess, my dear Miss Byron — what you were going to confess.

This, Sir, is my confession — and it is the confession of a heart which I hope is as sincere as your own — That I am dazled, confounded, shall I say? at the superior merits of the Lady you so nobly, so like yourself, glory still in esteeming as she well deserves to be esteemed.

Joy seemed to flash from his eyes — He bowed on my hand, and pressed it with his lips; but was either silent by choice, or could not speak.

I proceeded, tho' with a hesitating voice, a glowing cheek, and downcast eyes — I fear not, Sir, any more than she did, your honour, your Justice, no nor your indulgent tenderness — Your character, your principles, Sir, are full security to the woman who shall endeavour to deserve from you that indulgence — But so justly high do I think of Lady Clementina, and her conduct, that I fear — ah, Sir, I fear — that it is impossible —

I stopt — I am sure I was in earnest, and must look to be so, or my countenance and my heart were not allied.

What impossible! — What fears my dear Miss Byron is impossible?

Why (thus kindly urged, and by a man of unquestionable honour) shall I not speak all that is in my mind? The poor Harrier Byron fears, she justly fears, when she contemplates the magnanimity of that exalted Lady, that with all her care, with all her endeavours, she never shall be able to make the figure to HERSELF, which is necessary for her own tranquillity (however you might generously endeavour to assure her doubting mind). This, Sir, is my doubt — And — all my doubt.

Generous, kind, noble Miss Byron! in a rapturous accent — And is this all your doubt? Then must yet the man before you be a happy man; for he questions not, if life be lent him, to make you one of the happiest of women. Clementina has acted gloriously in preferring to all other considerations her Religion and her Country: I can allow this in her favour, against myself: And shall I not be doubly bound in gratitude to her sister-excellence, who, having not those trials, yet the most delicate of human minds, shews in my favour a frankness of heart which sets her above little forms and affectation, and at the same time a generosity with regard to the merits of another Lady which has few examples?

He then on one knee, taking my passive hand between both his, and kissing it, once, twice, thrice — Repeat, dear, and ever-dear, Miss Byron, that this is all your doubt [I bowed assentingly: I could not speak] — A happy, an easy task, is mine! Be assured, dearest madam, that I will disavow every action of my life, every thought of my heart, every word of my mouth, which tends not to dissipate that doubt.

I took out my handkerchief —

My dear Miss Byron, proceeded he, with an ardour that bespoke his heart, you are goodness itself. I approached you with diffidence, with more than diffidence, with apprehension, because of your known delicacy; which I was afraid, on this occasion, would descend into punctiliousness. — My blessings attend my future life, as my grateful heart shall acknowlege this goodness! —

Again he kissed my hand, rising with dignity. I could have received his vows on my knees; but I was motionless, yet I had joy to be enabled to give him joy. — Joy to your brother! to Sir Charles Grandison!

He saw me greatly affected, and indeed my emotion increased on reflection. He considerately said, I will leave you, my dear Miss Byron, to intitle myself to the congratulations of all our friends below. From this moment, after a thousand suspences and strange events, which, unsought for, have chequered my past life, I date my happiness.

He most respectfully left me.

I was glad he did: Yet my eyes followed him. His very shadow was grateful to me, as he went downstairs. And there, it seems, he congratulated himself, and

called for the congratulations of every one present, in so noble a manner, that every eye run over with joy.

Was I not right, said my grandmamma to my aunt (You half-blamed me, my dear) in leaving Sir Charles and my Harriet together? Harriet ever was above disguise Sir Charles might have guessed at her heart; but he would not have known it from her own lips, had she had you and me to refer to.

Whatever you do, madam, answered my aunt, must be right.

My aunt came up to me. She found me in a very thoughtful mood. I had sometimes been accusing myself of forwardness, and at others was acquitting myself or endeavouring to do so — yet mingling, tho' thus early, a hundred delightful circumstances with my accusations and acquittals, which were likely to bless my future lot. Such as, his relations and friends being mine, mine his; and I run them over all by name. But my Emily, my dear Emily! I considered as my ward, as well as his. In this way my aunt found me. She embraced me, applauded me, and cleared up all my self-doubtings, as to forwardness; and told me of their mutual congratulations below, and how happy I had made them all. What selfconfidence did her approbation give me! — And as she assured me that my uncle would not railly, but extol me, I went down, with spirits much higher than I went up with.

Sir Charles and my grandmamma were talking together, sitting side by side, when I entered the room. All the company stood up at my entrance. — O my dear! what a Princess in every one's eye will the declared Love of such a man make me! How will all the consequence I had before, among my partial friends and favourers, be augmented!

My uncle said, sideling by me (kindly intending not to dash me) My sweet sparkler! [That was the name he used to call me, before Sir Charles Grandison taught me a lesson that made me thoughtful] You are now again my delight, and my joy. I thank you for not being — a fool — that's all. Egad, I was afraid of your Femality, when you came face to face.

Sir Charles came to me, and, with an air of the most respectful love, taking my hand, led me to a seat between himself and my grandmamma.

My ever-dear Harriet, said she, and condescended to lift up my hand to her lips, I will not abash you; but must just say, that you have acquitted yourself as I wished you to do. I knew I could trust to a heart that ever was above affectation or disguise.

Sir Charles Grandison, madam, said I, has the generosity to distinguish and encourage a doubting mind.

Infinitely obliging Miss Byron, replied he, pressing one hand between both his, as my grandmamma held the other, your condescension attracts both my Love and

Reverence. Permit me to say, That had not Heaven given a Miss Byron for the object of my hope, I had hardly, after what had befallen me abroad, ever looked forward to a wedded Love.

One favour I have to beg of you, Sir, resumed my grandmamma: It is, that you will never use the word abroad or express persons by their countries; in fine, that you will never speak with reserve, when the admirable Clementina is in your thoughts. Mention her name with freedom, my dear Sir, to my child, to me, and to my daughter Selby — you may — We always loved and reverenced her: Still we do so. She has given an example to all her Sex, of a passion properly subdued — Of temporal considerations yielding to eternal!

Sir, said I, bowing as I sat, I join in this request.

His eyes glistened with grateful joy. He bowed low to each, but spoke not.

My aunt came to us, and sat down by Sir Charles, refusing his seat, because it was next me. Let me, said she, enjoy your conversation: I have heard part of your subject, and subscribe to it, with all my heart. Lady G. can testify for us all three, that we cannot be so mean, as to intend you a compliment, Sir, by what has been said.

Nor can I, madam, as to imagine it. You exalt yourselves even more than you do Clementina. I will let my Jeronymo know some of the particulars which have given joy to my heart. They will make him happy; and the excellent Clementina (I will not forbear her name) will rejoice in the happy prospects before me. She wanted but to be assured that the friend she so greatly honoured with her regard, was not likely (either in the qualities of the Lady's mind, or in her family-connections) to be a sufferer by her declining his address.

May nothing now happen, my dear Lady G. to overcloud — But I will not be apprehensive. I will thankfully enjoy the present moment, and leave the future to the All-wise Diposer of events. If Sir Charles Grandison be mine, and reward by his kindness my Love, what can befal me, that I ought not to bear with resignation?

But, my dear Ladies, let me here ask you a question, or two.

Tell me, Did I ever, as you remember, suffer by suspenses, by any -thing? — Was there ever really such a man as Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? — Did I not tell you my dreams, when I told you of what I believed I had undergone from his persecuting insults? It is well, for the sake of preserving to me the grace of humility, and for the sake of warning (for all my days preceding that insult had been happy) that I wrote down at the time an account of those sufferings, those sufferings, or I should have been apt to forget now, that I ever was unhappy.

And, pray, let me ask, Ladies, Can you guess what is become of my illness? I was very ill, you know, when you, Lady G. did us the honour of a visit; so ill, that

I could not hide it from you, and my other dear friends, as fain I would have done. I did not think it was an illness of such a nature, as that its cure depended on an easy heart. I wa so much convinced of the merits of Lady Clementina, and that no other woman in the world ought to be Lady Grandison, that I thought I had pretty tolerably quieted my heart in that expectation. I hope I brag not too soon. But, my dear, I now see! so easy, so light, so happy — that I hardly know what's the matter with me — But I hope nobody will find the malady I have lost. May no disappointed heart be invaded by it! Let it not travel to Italy! The dear Lady there has suffered enough from a worse malady! Nor, if it stay in the island, let it come near the sighing heart of my Emily! That dear girl shall be happy, if it be in my power to make her so. Pray, Ladies, tell her she shall. — No, but don't: I will tell her so myself by the next post. Nor let it, I pray God, attack Lady Anne S. or any of the half-score Ladies, of whom once I was so unwilling to hear.

Our discourse at table was on various subjects. My cousin James was again very inquisitive after the principal courts, and places of note, in Italy.

What pleasure do I hope one day to receive from the perusal (if I shall be favoured with it) of Sir Charles's LITERARY JOURNAL, mentioned to Dr. Bartlett, in some of his Letters from Italy: For it includes, I presume, a description of palaces, cities, cabinets of the curious, diversions, amusements, customs, of different nations. How attentive were we all, to the answers he made to my cousin James's questions! My memory serves but for a few generals; and those I will not trouble you with. Sir Charles told my cousin that if he were determined on an excursion abroad, he would furnish him with recommendatory Letters.

Mr. Greville and his insult were one of our subjects after dinner, when the servants were withdrawn. Lucy expressed her wonder, that he was so soon reconciled to Sir Charles, after the menaces he had for years past thrown out against any man who should be likely to succeed with me.

My uncle observed, that Mr. Greville had not for a long time had any hopes; that he always was apprehensive, that if Sir Charles Grandison were to make his addresses, he would succeed: That it had been his and Fenwick's custom, to endeavour to bluster away their competitors . He possibly, my uncle added, might hope to intimidate Sir Charles; or at least, knowing his principles, might suppose he ran no risque in the attempt.

Mr. Deane said, Mr. Greville had told him, that the moment he knew Miss Byron had chosen her man, he would give up his pretensions; but that, as long as she remained single, he was determined to persecute her, as he himself called it. Perseverance he had known do every-thing, after an admired woman had run through her circle of humble servants, and perhaps found herself disappointed in

her own choice; and for his part, but with her, he had no fondness for the married life; he cared not who knew it.

Sir Charles spoke of Mr. Greville with candour. He thought him a man of rough manners, but not ill-natured. He affected to be a joker, and often therefore might be taken for a worse man than he really was. He believed him to be careless of his reputation, and one who seemed to think there were wit and bravery in advancing free and uncommon things; and gloried in bold surprizes. For my part, continued he, I should hardly have consented to cultivate his acquaintance, much less to dine with him to-morrow, but as he insisted upon it, as a token of my for giving in him a behaviour that wa really what a gentleman should not have pardoned himself for. I considered him, proceed Sir Charles, as a neighbour to this family, with whom you had lived, and perhaps chose to live, upon good terms. Bad neighbours are nuisances, especially if they are people of fortune: It is in the power of such to be very troublesome in their own persons; and they will often let loose their servants to defy, provoke, insult, and do mischief to those they love not. Mr. Greville I thought, added he, deserved to be the more indulged, for the sake of his Love to Miss Byron. He is a proud man, and must be mortified enough in having it generally known that she had constantly rejected his suit.

Why that's true, said my uncle. Sir Charles, you consider every-body. But I hope all's over between you.

I have no doubt but it is, Mr. Selby. Mr. Greville's whole aim now, seems to be, to come off with as little abatement of his pride, as possible. He thinks, if he can pass to the world as one who having no hope himself, is desirous to pronounce the cause of his friend, as he will acknowledge me to be, it will give him consequence in the eye of the world, and be a gentle method of letting his pride down easy.

Very well, said my uncle; and a very good contrivance for a proud man, I think.

It is an expedient of his friend Fenwick, replied Sir Charles; and Mr. Greville is not a little fond of it. And what, Ladies and Gentlemen, will you say, if you should see me come to church to-morrow with him, sit with him in the same pew, and go with him to dinner in his coach? It is his request that I will. He thinks this will put an end to the whispers which have passed, in spite of all his precaution, of a rencounter between him and me: For he has given out, that he strained his wrist and arm by a fall from his horse. Tell me, dear Ladies, shall I, or shall I not, oblige him in this request? He is to be with me tonight, for an answer.

My grandmamma said, that Mr. Greville was always a very odd, a very particular man. She thought Sir Charles very kind to us in being so willing to conciliate with him. My uncle declared, that he was very desirous to live on good

terms with all his neighbours, particularly with Mr. Greville, a part of whose estate being intermixed with his, it might be in his power to be vexations, at least to his tenants. Mr. Deane thought the compromise was a happy one; and he supposed entirely agreeable to Sir Charles's generous wishes to promote the good understanding of neighbours; and to the compassion it was in his nature to shew, to an unsuccessful rival.

Sir Charles then turning to Lucy; May I, Miss Selby, said he, do you think, without being too deep a designer, ask leave of Miss Byron, on the presumption of her goodness to me, to bring Mr. Greville to drink tea with her to-morrow in the afternoon?

Your servant, Sir Charles, answered Lucy, smiling. But what say you, cousin Byron, to this question?

This house is not mine, replied I; but I dare say. I may be allowed the liberty, in the names of my uncle and aunt, to answer, that any person will be welcome to Selby-house, whom Sir Charles Grandison shall think proper to bring with him.

Mr Greville, said Sir Charles, professes himself unable to see any of you (Miss Byron, in particular) without an introductor. He makes a high compliment to me, when he supposes me to be a proper one. If you give me leave, bowing to my uncle and aunt, I will answer him to his wishes; and hope, when he comes, every-thing will be passed by in silence that happened between him and me.

Two or three lively things passed between Lucy and Sir Charles, on his repetition of her word designer. She began with advantage, but did not hold it; yet he gave her consequence in the little debate, at his own expence.

My grandmamma will go to her own church; but will be here at dinner, and the rest of the day. I have a thousand things more to say, all agreeable; but it is now late, and a drowsy fit has come upon me. I will welcome it. Adieu, adieu, my dear Ladies! Felicitate, I am sure you will,

Your ever-obliged, ever-devoted, HARRIETT BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sunday Noon, Oct. 15.

WE were told, there would be a crouded church this morning, in expectation of seeing the new humble servant of Miss Byron attending her thither: For it is every-where known, that Sir Charles Grandison is come down to make his addresses to the young creature who is happy in every one's love and good wishes, and all is now said to have been settled between him and us, by his noble sister, and Lord G. and Dr. Bartlett, when they were with us. — And we are to be married — O my dear Lady G! you cannot imagine how soon. You see what credit you did us by your kind visit, my dear.

Many of the neighbourhood seemed disappointed, when they saw me led in by my uncle, as Mr. Deane led my aunt, and Nancy and Lucy only attended by their brother. But it was not long before Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Sir Charles, entered and went into the pew of the former, which is over-against ours. Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick bowed low to us, severally, the moment they went into the pew, and to several others of the gentry.

Sir Charles had first other devoirs to pay: To false shame, you have said, he was always superior. I was delighted to see the example he set. He paid us his second compliments with a grace peculiar to himself. I felt my face glow, on the whispering that went round. I thought I read in every eye, admiration of him, even through the sticks of some of the Ladies fans.

What a difference was there between the two men and him, in their behaviour, throughout both the service, and sermon! Yet who ever beheld two of the three so decent, so atttentive, so reverent, I may say, before? Were all who call themselves gentlemen (thought I, more than once) like this, the world would yet be a good world.

Mr. Greville had his arm in a sling. He seemed highly delighted with his guest; so did Mr. Fenwick. When the sermon was ended, Mr. Greville held the pew-door ready opened, to attend our movements; and when we were in motion to go, he, taking officiously Sir Charles's hand, bent towards us Sir Charles met us at our pew-door: He approached us with that easy grace peculiar to himself, and offered, with a profound respect his hand to me.

This was equal to a public declaration. It took every-body's attention. He is not ashamed to avow in public, what he thinks fit to own in private.

I was humbled more than exalted by the general notice. Mr. Greville (bold, yet low man! made a motion, as if he gave the hand that Sir Charles took. Mr. Fenwick offered his hand to Lucy. Mr. Greville led my aunt; and not speaking low (subtle as a serpent!) My plaguy horse, said he, looking at his sling, knew not his master. I invite myself to tea with you, madam, in the afternoon. You will supply my lame arm, I hope, yourself.

There is no such thing as keeping private one's movements in a country-town, if one would. One of our servants reported the general approbation. It is a pleasure, surely, my dear Ladies, to be addressed to by a man of whom every one approves. What a poor figure must she make, who gives way to a courtship from a man whom every-body blames her for encouraging! Such women indeed generally confess indirectly the solly, by carrying on the affair clandestinely.

Sunday Evening.

O MY dear! I have been strangely disconcerted by means of Mr. Greville. He is a strange man. But I will lead to it in course.

We all went to church again in the afternoon. Every-body who knew Mr. Greville, took it for a high piee of politeness in him to his guest, that he came twice the same day to church. Sir Charles edified every-body by his chearful piety. Are you not of opinion, my dear Lady G. that wickedness may be always put out of countenance by a person who has an established character for goodness, and who is not ashamed of doing his duty in the public eye? Methinks I could wish that all the prosligates in the parish had their seats around that of a man who has fortitude enough to dare to be good. The text was a happy one to this purpose: The words of our Saviour:

'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy Angels.'

Sir Charles conducted my aunt to her coach, as Mr. Greville officiously, but properly for hi views, did me. We found Mr. Fenwick at Selby-house talking to my grandmamma on the new subject. She dined with us; but, not being very well, chose to retire to her devotions in my closet, while we went to church, she having been at her own in the morning.

We all received Mr. Greville with civility. He affects to be thought a wit, you know, and a great joker. Some men cannot appear to advantage without making their friend a butt to shoot at. Fenwick and he tried to play upon each other, as usual. Sir Charles lent each his smile; and, whatever he thought of them, shewed not a contempt of their great-boy snip-snap. But, at last, my grandmamma and aunt engaged Sir Charles in a conversation, which made the gentlemen so silent,

and so attentive, that had they not flashed a good deal at each other before, one might have thought them a little discreet.

Nobody took the least notice of what had passed between Mr. Greville and Sir Charles, till Mr. Greville touched upon the subject to me. He desired an audience of ten minutes, as he said; and, upon his declaration, that it was the last he would ever ask of me on the subject; and, upon my grandmamma's saying, Oblige Mr. Greville, my dear; I permitted him to draw me to the window.

His address was nearly in the following words; not speaking so low, but every one might hear him, tho' he said aloud, Nobody must but me:

I must account myself very unhappy, madam, in having never been able to incline you to shew me favour. You may think me vain: I believe I am so: But I may take to myself the advantages and qualities which every-body allows me. I have an estate that will warrant my addresses to a woman of the first rank; and it it is free, and unincumbered. I am not an ill-natured man. I love my jest, 'tis true; but I love my friend. You good women generally do not like a man the less for having something to mend in him. I could say a great deal more in my own behalf, but that Sir Charles Grandison (looking at him) quite eclipses me. Devil fetch me, if I can tell how to think myself any -thing before him. I was always afraid of him. But when I heard he was gone abroad, in pursuit of a former Love, I thought I had another chance for it.

Yet I was half-afraid of Lord D. His mother would manage a Machiavel. He has a great estate; a title; he has good qualities for a nobleman. But when I found that you could so steadily refuse him, as well as me; There must be some man, thought I, who is lord of her heart. Fenwick is as sad a dog as I; it cannot be he. Orme, poor soul! she will not have such a milk-sop as that, neither —

Mr. Orme, Sir, interrupted I, and was going to praise him — But he said, I will be heard out now: This is my dying speech; I will not be interrupted.

Well then, Sir, smiling, come to your last words, as soon as you can.

I have told you, before now, Miss Byron, that I will not bear your smiles. But now smiles or frowns, I care not. I have no hopes left; and I am resolved to abuse you before I have done.

Abuse me! I hope not, Sir.

'Hope not!' What signify your hopes, who never gave me any? But hear me out. I shall say some thing that will displease you; but more of another nature. I went on guessing who could be the happy man. That second Orme, Fowler, cannot be he, thought I. Is it the newly-arrived Beauchamp? He is a pretty fellow enough [I had all your footsteps watched, as I told you I would.] No, answered I myself, she refused Lord D. and a whole tribe of us, before Beauchamp came to England — Who the devil can he be? — But when I heard that the dangerous

man, whom I hadt hought gone abroad to his matrimonial destiny, was returned, unmarried; when I heard that he was actually coming northward; I began to be again afraid of him.

Last Thursday night I had intelligence, that he was seen at Dunstable in the morning, in his way towards us. Then did my heart fail me. I had my spies about Selby-house: I own it. What will not Love and Jealousy make a man do? I understood, that your uncle and Mr. Deane, and a tribe of servants for train-sake, were set out to meet him. How I raved! How I cursed! How I swore! — They will not surely, thought I, allow my rival, at his first visit, to take up his residence under the same roof with this charming Witch!

Witch! Mr. Greville —

Witch! Yes, Witch! I called you ten thousand names, in my rage, all as bad as that. Here, Jack, Will, Tom, George, get ready instantly each a dozen firebrands! I will light up Selby-house for a bonfire, to welcome the arrival of the invader of my freehold! And prongs and pitchforks shall be got ready to push every soul of the family back into the flames, that not one of it may escape my vengeance —

Horrid man! I will hear no more.

You must! You shall! It is my dying speech, I tell you. —

A dying man should be penitent.

To what purpose? — I can have no hope. What is to be expected for or from a despairing man? — But then I had intelligence brought me, that my rival was not admitted to take up his abode with you. This saved Selby-house. All my malice then was against the George at Northampton. The keeper of it owes, said I to myself, a hundred thousand obligations to me; yet to afford a retirement to my deadliest foe! — But ’tis more manly, thought I, m person, to call this invader to account if he pretends an interest at Selby-house; and to force him to relinquish his pretensions to the Queen of it; as I had made more than one gallant fellow do before, by dint of bluster.

I slept not all that night. In the morning I made my visit at the inn. I pretend to know, as well as any man, what belongs to civility and good manners: but I knew the character of the man I had to deal with: I knew he was cool, yet resolute. My rage would not let me be civil; and if it would, I knew I must be rude to provoke him. I was rude. I was peremptory.

Never was there such cold, such phlegmatlc contempts passed upon man, as he passed upon me. I came to a point with him. I heard he would not fight: I was resolved he should. I followed him to his chariot. I got him to a private place; but I had the devil, and no man, to deal with. He cautioned me, by way of insult, as I took it, to keep a guard. I took his hint. I had better not; for he knew all the tricks of the weapon. He was in with me in a moment, I had no sword left me, and my

life was at the mercy of his. He gave me up my own sword — Cautioned me to regard my safety — Put up his; withdrew. — I found myself sensible of a damnable strain. I had no right-arm. I slunk away like a thief. He mounted his triumphal car; and pursued his course to to the Lady of Selby-house. I went home, cursed, swore, fell down, and bit the earth.

My uncle looked impatient: Sir Charles seemed in suspense, but attentive. Mr. Greville proceeded:

I got Fenwick to go with me, to attend him at night, by appointment. Cripple as I was, I would have provoked him: He would not be provoked: And when I found that he had not exposed me at Selby-house; when I remembered that I owed my sword and my life to his moderation; when I recollected his character; what he had done by Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; what Bagenhall had told me of him: Why the plague, thought I, should I (hopeless as I am of succeeding with my charming Byron, whether he lives or dies) set my face against such a man? He is incapable either of insult or arrogance: Let me (Fenwick advised a scheme) let me make him my friend to save my pride, and the devil take the rest, Harriet Byron, and all —

Wicked man! — You was dying a thousand words ago — I am sick of you! —

You have not, madam, heard half my dying words yet — But I would not terrify you — Are you terrified? —

Indeed I am.

Sir Charles motioned as if he would approach us; but kept his place, on my grandmamma's saying, Let us hear his humour out: Mr. Greville was always particular.

Terrified, madam! What is your being terrified to the sleepless nights, to the tormenting days, you have given me? Cursing darkness, cursing light, and most myself! — O madam! with shut teeth, What a torment of torments have you been to me! — Well, but now I will hasten to a conclusion, in mercy to you, who, however, never shewed me any —

I never was cruel, Mr. Greville —

But you was; and most cruel, when most sweettempered. It was to that smiling obligingness that I owed my ruin! That gave me hope: that radiance of countenance; and that frozen heart! — O you are a dear deceiver! — But I hasten to conclude my dying speech — Give me your hand! — I will have it — I will not eat it, as once I had like to have done. —

'And now madam, hear my parting words — You will have the glory of giving to the best of men, the best of wives. Let it not be long before you do; for the sake of many, who will hope on till then. As your Lover, I must hate him: As your Husband, I will love him. He will, he must, be kind, affectionate, grateful, to you;

and you will deserve all his tenderness. May you live (the ornaments of human nature as you are) to see your children's children; all promising to be as good, as worthy, as happy, as yourselves! And, full of years, full of honour, in one hour may you be translated to that Heaven where only you can be more happy, than you will be, if you are both as happy as I wish and expect you to be!'

Tears dropt on my cheek, at this unexpected blessing; so like that of the wicked prophet of old, blessing where he was expected to curse .

He still held my hand — I will not, without your leave, madam — May I, before I part with it? — He looked at me as if for leave to kiss my hand, bowing his head upon it.

My heart was opened. God bless you, Mr. Greville! as you have blessed me — Be a good man, and he will. — I withdrew not my hand.

He kneeled on one knee; eagerly kissed my hand, more than once. Tears were in his own eyes. He arose, hurried me to Sir Charles, and holding to him my then, through surprise, half-withdrawn hand — Let me have the pride, the glory, Sir Charles Grandison, to quit this dear hand to yours. It is only to yours that I would quit it — Happy, happy, happy, pair! — None but the brave deserves the fair. —

Sir Charles took my hand — Let this precious present be mine, said he (kissing it), mine, with the declared assent of every one here; and presented me to my grandmamma and aunt. I was frighted by the hurry the strange man had put me into —

May I but live to see her yours, Sir! said my grandmamma, in a kind of rapture!

The moment he had put my hand into Sir Charles's, he ran out of the room, with the utmost precipitation. He was gone, quite gone, when he came to be enquired after; and every-body was uneasy for him, till we were told, by one of the servants, that he took from the window of the outward parlour his hat and sword; and by anotehr, that he met him, his servant after him, hurrying away, and even sobbing as he flew. — Was there ever so strange a man?

Don't you pity Mr. Greville, my dear?

Sir Charles was generously uneasy for him.

Mr. Greville, said Lucy (who had always charity for him) has frequently surprised us with his particularities; but I hope, from the last part of his behaviour, that he is not the free-thinking man he sometimes affects to be thought. I flatter myself, that Sir Charles had a righter notion of him than we, in what he said of him yesterday.

Sir Charles waited on my grandmamma home; so we had him not to supper. We are all to dine with her to-morrow. Your brother, you may suppose, will be a principal guest.

Monday Morning, Oct. 16.

I HAVE a Letter from my Emily; by which I find, she is with you; tho' she has not dated it. You was very kind in shewing the dear girl the overflowings of my heart in her favour. She is all grateful love, and goodness. I will soon write to her, to repeat my assurances, that my whole power shall always be exerted to do her pleasure. But you must tell her, as from yourself, that she must have patience. I cannot ask her guardian such a question as she puts, as to her living with me, till I am likely to succeed. Would the sweet girl have me make a request to him, that shall shew him I am supposing myself to be his, before I am so? We are not come so far on our journey by several stages. And yet, from what he intimated last night, as he waited on my grandmamma to Shirley-manor, I find, that his expectations are forwarder than it will be possible for me to answer: And I must, without intending the least affectation, for common decorum-sake, take the management of this point upon myself. For, my dear, we are every one of us here so much in Love with him, that the moment he should declare his wishes, they would be as ready to urge me t oblige him, were he even to limit me but to two or three days; as if they were afraid he would not repeat his request.

I have a Letter from Mr. Beauchamp. He writes, that there are no hopes of Sir Harry's recovery. I am very sorry for it. He does me great honour to write to me to give him consolation. His is a charming Letter — So full of silial piety! — Excellent young man! He breathes in it the true spirit of his friend.

Sir Charles and his Beauchamp, and Dr. Bartlett, correspond, I presume, as usual. What would I give to see all Sir Charles writes that relates to us!

Mr. Fenwick just now tells us, that Mr. Greville is not well, and keeps his chamber. He has my cordial wishes for his health. His last behaviour to me appears, the more I think of it, more strange, from such a man. I expected not that he would conclude with such generous wishes. Nancy, who does not love him, says, that it was such an overstrain of generosity from him, that it might well over-set him. Did you think that our meek Nancy could have said so severe a thing? But meekness offended (as she once was by him) has an excellent memory, and can be bitter.

We are preparing now to go to Shirley-manor. Our cousins Patty and Kitty Holles will be there at dinner. They have been for a few weeks past at their aunt's, near Daventry. They are impatient to see Sir Charles. Adieu, my dearest Ladies! Continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday Night, October 16.

WE have been very happy this day at my grandmamma's. Your brother makes himself more and more beloved by all my friends; who yet declare, that they thought they could not have loved him better than they did before. My cousin Holles's say, they could sooner lay open their hearts to him, than to any man they ever saw; yet their freedom would never make them lose sight of their respect.

He told me, that he had breakfasted with Mr. Greville. How does he conciliate the mind of every one to him! He said kind and compassionate things of Mr. Greville; and so unaffectedly! — I was delighted with him. For, regardful as he would be, and is, of his own honour; no low, narrow jealousy, I dare say, will ever have entrance into his heart. Charity thinketh no evil! Of what a charming text is that a part ! — What is there equal to it, in any of the writings of the philosophers?

My dear Miss Byron, said he to me, Mr. Greville loves you more than you can possibly imagine. Despairing of success with you, he has assumed airs of bravery; but your name is written in large letters in his heart. He gave me continued he, the importance of asking my leave to love you still. — What ought I to have answered? —

What did you answer, Sir?

That so far as I might presume to give it, I gave it. Had I the honour, added I, of calling Miss Byron mine, I would not barely allow your love of her; I would demand it. — Have I not assured you, Mr. Greville, that I look upon you as my friend?

You will quite subdue Mr. Greville, Sir, said I. You will, by the generosity of your treatment of him, do more than any-body else ever could — You will make him a good man.

Mr. Greville, madam, deserves pity, on more accounts than one. A wife, such a one as his good Angel led him to wish for, would have settled his principles. He wants steadiness: But he is not, I hope, a bad man. I was not concerned for his cavalier treatment of you yesterday, but on your own account; lest his roughness should give you pain. But his concluding wishes, and his preference of a rival to himself, together with the manner of his departure, unable as he was to withstand his own emotions, and the effect it had upon his spirits, so as to confine him to his

chamber, had something great in it — And I shall value him for it, as long as he will permit me.

Sir Charles and my grandmamma had a good deal of talk together. Dearly does she love to single him out. What a pretty picture would they make, could they be both drawn so as not to cause a profane jester to fall into mistakes; as if it were an old Lady makeing Love to a handsome young man.

Let me sketch it out — See, then, the dear Lady, with a countenance full of benignity, years written by venerableness, rather than by wrinkles, in her face; dignity and familiarity in her manner; one hand on his, talking to him: His sine countenance shining with modesty and reverence, looking down, delighted, as admiring her wisdom, and not a little regardful of her half-pointing finger (Let that be, for fear of mistakes) to a creature young enough to be her granddaughter; who, to avoid shewing too much sensibility, shall seem to be talking to two other young Ladies (Nancy and Lucy, suppose); but, in order to distinguish the young creature, let her, with a blushing cheek, cast a fly eye on the grandmamma and young gentleman, while the other two shall not be afraid to look more free and unconcerned.

See, my dear, how fanciful I am: But I had a mind to tell you, in a new manner, how my grandmamma and Sir Charles seem to admire each other.

Mr. Deane and he had also some talk together; my uncle joined them: And I blushed in earnest at the subject I only guessed at from the following words of Mr. Deane, at Sir Charles's rising to come from them to my aunt and me, who both of us sat in the bow-window. My dear Sir Charles Grandison, said Mr. Deane, you love to give pleasure: I never was so happy in my life, as I am in view of this longwished-for event. You must oblige me: I insist upon it.

My aunt took it, as I did. — A generous contention said she. O my dear! we shall all be too happy. God grant that nothing may fall out to disconcert us! If there should, how many broken hearts —

The first broken one, madam, interrupted I, would be the happiest: I, in that case, should have the advantage of every-body.

Dear love! you are too serious (Tears were in my eyes): Sir Charles's unquestionable honour is our security! — If Clementina be stedfast; if life and health be spared you and him — If —

Dear, dear madam, no more Ifs! Let there be but one If, and that on Lady Clementina's resumption. In that case, I will submit; and God only [as indeed He always ought] shall be my reliance for the rest of my life.

Lucy, Nancy, and my two cousin Holles's came and spread, two and two, the other seats of the bowwindow [there are but three] with their vast hoops: undoubtedly, because they saw Sir Charles coming to us. It is difficult, whispered

I to my aunt [petulantly enough], to get him one moment to one's self. My cousin James (Silly youth! thought I) stopt him in his way to me: but Sir Charles would not long be stopt: He led the interrupter towards us; and a seat not being at hand, while the young Ladies were making a bustle to give him a place between them [tossing their hoops above their shoulders on one side] and my cousin James was hastening to bring him a chair; he threw himself at the seet of my aunt and me, making the floor his feat.

I don't know how it was; but I thought I never saw him look to more advantage. His attitude and behaviour had such a Lover-like appearance — Don't you see him, my dear? — His amiable countenance, so artless, yet so obliging, cast up to my aunt and me: His fine eyes meeting ours; mine, particularly, in their own way; for I could not help looking down, with a kind of proud bashfulness, as Lucy told me afterwards. How affected must I have appeared, had I either turned my head aside, or looked stiffly up, to avoid his!

I believe, my dear, we women in courtshp don't love, that men, if ever so wise, should keep up to us the dignity of wisdom; much less that they should be solemn, formal, grave — Yet are we fond of respect and observance too. — How is it? — Sir Charles Grandison can tell. — Did you think of your brother, Lady G. when you once said, that the man who would commend himself to the general favour of us young women, should be a Rake in his address, and a Saint in his heart? Yet might you not have chosen a better word than Rake? Are there not more clumsy and foolish Rakes, than polite ones; except we can be so mistaken, as to give to impudence the name of agreeable freedom?

Sir Charles sell immediately into the easiest (shall I say the gallantest?) the most agreeable conversation, as if he must be all of a piece with the freedom of his attitude; and mingled in his talk, two or three very pretty humourous stories; so that nobody thought of helping him again to a chair, or wishing him in one.

How did this little incident familiarize the amiable man, as a still more amiable man than before, to my heart! In one of the little tales, which was of a gentleman in Spain serenading his mistress; we asked him, if he could not remember a sonnet he spoke of, as a pretty one? He, without answering, sung it in a most agreeable manner; and, at Lucy's request, gave us the English of it.

It is a very pretty sonnet, I will ask him for a copy, and send it to you, who understand the language.

My grandmamma, on Sir Charles's singing, beckoned to my cousin James who going to her, she whispered him. He stept out, and presently returned with a violin, and struck up, as he entered, a minuet-tune Harriet, my love called out my grandmama. Without any other intimation, the most agreeable of men, in an instant, was on his feet, reached his hat, and took me out.

How were we applauded! How was my grandmamma delighted! The words charming couple, were whispered round, but loud enough to be heard. And when we had done, he led me to my seat with an air that had all the real fine gentleman in it. But then he sat not down as before. —

I wonder if Lady Clementina ever danced with him.

My aunt, at Lucy's whispered request, proposed a dance between Sir Charles and her. You, Lady G. observed, more than once, that Lucy dances finely. Insulter! her, when she had done, you know me! — Harriet, replied she, , when they speak against

My called upon me for on⟨◊⟩ on they made me sing.

An admirable conversation followed at tea, in which my grandmother, aunt, my Lucy, and Sir Charles, bore the chief parts; every other person delighting to be silent.

Had we not, Lady G. a charming day?

In my next I shall have an opportunity, perhaps, to tell you what kind of a travelling companion Sir Charles is. For, be pleased to know, that for some time past a change of air, and a little excursion from place to place, have been prescribed for the establishment of my health, by one of the honestest physicians in England. The day before Sir Charles came into these parts, it was fixed, that to-morrow we should set out upon this tour. On his arrival, we had thoughts of postponing it; but, having understood our intention, he insisted upon its being prosecuted; and, offering his company, there was no declining the favour, you know, early days as they, however, are: And altho' every body abroad talks of the occasion of his visit to us; he has been so far from directing his servants to make a secret of it, that he has ordered his Saunders to answer to every curious questioner, that Sir Charles and I were of longer acquaintance than yesterday. But, is not this, my dear, a cogent intimation that Sir Charles thinks some parade, some delay, necessary? Yet don't he and we know how little a while ago it is, that he made his first declaration? What, my dear (should he be solicitous for an early day) is the inference? My uncle, too, so forward, that I am afraid of him.

We are to set out to-morrow morning. Peterborough is to be our furthest stage, one way. Mr. Deane insists, that we shall pass two or three days with him. All of us, but my grandmamma, are to be of his party.

O MY dear Lady G. what a Letter is just brought me, by the hand that carried up mine on Saturday! Bless me! what an answer! — This wicked wish! — But I have not time to enter into so large a field. Let me only say, That for some parts I most heartily thank you and dear Lady L.; for others, I do not; and imagine Lady L. would not have subscribed her beloved name, had she read the whole. What

charming spirits have you, my dear, dear Lady G.! — But, Adieu, my ever-amiable Ladies, both!

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thrapston, Tuesday Even. October 17.

WE passed several hours at Boughton , and arrived here in the afternoon. Mr. Deane had insisted that we should put up at a nephew's of his, in the neighbourhood of this town. The young gentleman met us at Oundle, and conducted us to the house. I have got such a habit of scribbling, that I cannot forbear applying to my pen at every opportunity. The less wonder, when I have your brother for my subject; and the two beloved sisters of that brother to write to.

It would be almost impertinent to praise a man for his horsemanship, who in his early youth was so noted for the performance of all his exercises, that his Father and General W. thought of the military life for him. Ease and unaffected dignity distinguish him in all his accomplishments. Bless me, madam! said Lucy to my aunt, on more occasions than one, this man is every-thing!

Shall I own, that I am retired to my pen, just now, from a very bad motive? Anger. I am, in my heart, even peevish with all my friends, for clustering so about Sir Charles, that he can hardly obtain a moment (which he seems to seek for too) to talk with me alone. My uncle [He does dote upon him] always inconsiderately stands in his way; and can I say to a man so very inclinable to raillery, that he should allow me more, and himself less, of Sir Charles's conversation? I wonder my aunt does not give my uncle a hint. But she loves Sir Charles's company as well as my uncle.

This, however, is nothing to the distress my uncle gave me at dinner this day. Sir Charles was observing, upon the disposition of one part of the gardens at Boughton, That Art was to be but the handmaid of Nature — I have heard, Sir Charle, said my uncle, that you have made that a rule with you at Grandisonhall. With what pleasure should I make a visit there to you and my niece —

He stopt. He needed not: He might have said anything after this. Sir Charles looked as if concerned for me; yet said, that would be a joyful visit to him. My aunt was vexed for my sake. Lucy gave my uncle such a look! —

My uncle afterwards indeed apologized to me — Ads-heart, I was a little blunt, I believe. But what a duce need there be these niceties observed when you are sure? — I am sorry, however — But it would out — Yet you, Harriet, made it worse by looking so silly.

WHAT, Lady G. can I do with this dear man? My uncle, I mean. He has been just making a proposal to me, as he calls it, and with such honest looks of forecast

and wisdom — Look-ye, Harriet — I shall be always blundering about your scrupulosities. I am come to propose something to you that will put it out of my power to make mistake — I beg of you and your aunt to allow me to enter with Sir Charles into a certain subject; and this not for your sake — I know you won't allow of that — But for the ease of Sir Charles's own heart. Gratitude is my motive, and ought to be yours. I am sure he loves the very ground you tread upon.

I besought him for every sake dear to himself, not to interfere in the matter; but to leave these subjects to my aunt and me. — Consider, Sir, said I, consider, how very lately the first personal declaration was made.

I do, I will consider every-thing — But there is danger between the cup and the lip.

Dear Sir (my hands and eyes lifted up) was all the answer I could make. He went from me hastily, muttering good-naturedly against Femalities.

Deane's Grove, Wedn. 27.

MR. DEANE'S pretty box you have seen. Sir Charles is pleased with it. We looked in at Fotheringay-castle , Milton , &c. Mr. Charles Deane, a very obliging and sensible young gentleman, attended his uncle all the way.

What charming descriptions of fine houses and curiosities abroad did Sir Charles give us when we stopt to bait, or to view the pictures, furniture, gardens, of the houses we saw!

In every place, on every occasion, on the road, or when we alighted, or put up, he shewed himself so considerate, so gallant, so courteous, to allow who approached him, and so charitable! — Yet not indiscriminately to every-body that asked him: But he was bountiful indeed, on representation of the misery of two honest families. Beggars born, or those who make begging a trade, if in health, and not lame or blind, have seldom, it seems, any share in his munisicence: But persons fallen from competence, and such as struggle with some instant distress, or have large families, which they have not ability to maintain; these, and such as these, are the objects of his bounty. Richard Saunders, who is sometimes his almoner, told my Sally, that he never goes out but somebody is the better for him: and that his manner of bestowing his charity is such, as, together with the poor peoples blessings and prayers for him, often draws tears from his eyes.

I HAVE over-heard a dialogue that has just now passed between my uncle and aunt. There is but a thin partition between the room they were in, and mine; and he spoke loud; my aunt now low; yet earnest only, not angry. He had been proposing to her, as he had done to me, to enter into a certain subject, in pity to Sir Charles: None had he for his poor niece. No doubt, but he thought he was

obliging me; and that my objection was only owing to Femality, as he calls it; a word I don't like. I never heard it from Sir Charles.

My aunt was not at all pleased with his motion. She wished, as I had done, that he would not interfere in these nice matters. He took offence at the exclusion because of the word nice. She said, He was too precipitating, a great deal: She did not doubt but Sir Charles would be full early in letting me know his expectations.

She spoke more decisively than she is used to do. He cannot bear her chidings, tho' ever so gentle. I need not tell you, that he both loves and reveres her; but, as one of the lords of the creation, is apt to be jealous of his prerogatives. You used to be diverted with his honest particularities.

What an ignoramus you women and girls make of me, Dame Selby! said he. I know nothing of the world, nor of men and women, that's certain. I am always to be documented by you and your minxes! But the duce take your niceties: You don't, you can't, poor souls, as you are, distinguish men. You must all of you go on in one rig-my-roll way; in one beaten track. Who the duce would have thought it needful, when a girl, and we all were wishing till our very hearts were bursting, for this man, when he was not in his own power, would think you must now come with your hums, and your haws, and the whole circum-roundabouts of female nonsense, to stave off the point your hearts and souls are set upon? I remember, Dame Selby, tho' so long ago, how you treated your future Lord and Master when you prank'd it, as Lady and Mistress. You vexed my very Soul, I can tell you that! And often, and often, when I left you, I swore bitterly, that I never would come again as a Lover — tho' I was a poor forsworn wretch — God forgive me!

My dear Mr. Selby, you should not remember past things. You had very odd ways — I was afraid, for a good while, of venturing with you at all —

Now, Dame Selby, I have you at a why-not, or I never had; tho', by the way, your un -evenness increased my oddness. — But what oddness is in Sir Charles Grandison? If he is not even, neither you nor I were ever odd. What reason is there for him to run the Female gauntlope? I pity the excellent man; remembering how I was formerly vexed myself — I hate this shilly-shally fooling; the know your-mind and not know-your-mind nonsense. As I hope to live and breathe, I'll, I'll, I'll blow you all up, without gunpowder or oatmeal, if an honest gentleman is thus to be fooled with; and after such a Letter too from his friend Jeronymo, in the names of the whole family, Lady G. for my money! [Ah, thought I, Lady G. gives better advice than she even wishes to know how to take] I like her notion of parallel lines! — Sir Charles Grandison is none of your gew-gaw-whip-jacks, that you know not where to have. But I tell you, Dame Selby, that neither you nor your niece know how, with your fine souls, and fine sense, to go out of the common semality-path, when you get a man into your gin, however superior he is to

common infanglements, and low chicanery, and dull and cold forms, as Sir Charles properly called them, in his address to the little pug's-face. [I do love her, with all her pretty ape's tricks: For what are you all, but, right or wrong, apes of one another?] And do you think, with all your wisdom, he sees not through you? He does; and, as a wise man, must despise you all, with your femalities and forsooths —

No femality, Mr. Selby, is designed — No —

I am impatient, Dame Selby, light of my eye, and dear to my heart and soul, as you are; I will take my own way, in this. I have no mind that the two dearest creatures in the world, to me, should render themselves despisable in the eyes of a man they want to think highly of them. And here if I put in, and say but a wry word, as you think it — I am to be called to account. —

My dear, did you not begin the subject? said my aunt.

I am to be closetted, and to be documentized, proceeded he — Not another word of your documentations, Dame Selby! I am not in a humour to bear them: I will take my own way — And that's enough.

And then, I suppose, he stuck his hands in his sides, as he does when he is good-humouredly angry; and my aunt, at such times, gives up, till a more convenient opportunity, and then she always carries her point (And why? Because she is always reasonable); for which he calls her a Parthian woman.

I heard her say, as he stalked out royally, repeating, that he would take his own way; I say no more, Mr. Selby — Only consider —

Oy, and let Harriet consider, and do you consider, Dame Selby: Sir Charles Grandison is not a common man.

I did not let my aunt know that I heard this speech of my uncle: She only said to me, when she saw me, I have had a little debate with your uncle: We must do as well as we can with him, my dear. He means well.

Thursday Morning, October 19.

AFTER breakfast, first one, then another, dropt away, and left only Sir Charles and me together. Lucy was the last that went; and the moment she was withdrawn, while I was thinking to retire to dress, he placed himself by me: Think me not abrupt, my dear Miss Byron, said he, that I take almost the only opportunity which has offered of entering upon a subject that is next my heart.

I found my face glow. I was silent.

You have given me hope, madam: All your friends encourage that hope. I love, I revere, your friends. What I have now to petition for, is, A confirmation of the hope I have presumed upon. CAN you, madam (the Female delicacy is more delicate than that of man can be) unequally as you may think yourself circumstanced with a man who owns that once he could have devoted himself to

another Lady; CAN you say, that the man before you is the man whom you CAN, whom you DO, prefer to any other?

He stopt; expecting my answer.

After some hesitations, I have been accustomed Sir, said I, by those friends whom you so deservedly value, to speak nothing but the simplest truth. In an article of this moment, I should be inexcusable, if —

I stopt. His eyes were fixed upon my face. For my life I could not speak; yet wished to be able to speak —

If, If what, madam? and he snatched my hand, bowed his face upon it, held it there, not looking up to mine. I could then speak — If thus urged, and by SIR CHARLES GRANDISON — I did not speak my heart — I answer — Sir — I CAN — I DO. I wanted, I thought, just then, to shrink into myself.

He kissed my hand with fervour; dropt down on one knee; again kissed it — You have laid me, madam, under everlasting obligation: And will you permit me, before I rise — loveliest of women, will you permit me, to beg an early day? — I have many affairs on my hands; many more in design, now I am come, as I hope, to settle in my native country for the rest of my life. My chief glory will be, to behave commendably in the private life. I wish not to be a public man; and it must be a very particular call, for the Service of my King and Country united, that shall draw me out into public notice. Make me, madam, soon, the happy husband I hope to be. I prescribe not to you the time: But you are above empty forms. May I presume to hope, it will be before the end of a month to come?

He had forgot himself. He said, he would not prescribe to me.

After some involuntary hesitations — I am afraid of nothing so much, just now, Sir, said I, as appearing, to a man of your honour and penetration, affected. Rise, Sir, I beseech you! I cannot bear —

I will, madam, and rise as well as kneel, to thank you, when you have answered a question so very important to my happiness.

Before I could resume, Only believe me, madam, said he, that my urgency is not the insolent urgency of one who imagines a Lady will receive as a compliment his impatience. And if you have no scruple that you think of high importance, add, I beseech you, to the obligation you have laid him under to your condescending goodness (and add with that frankness of heart which has distinguished you in my eyes above all women) the very high one, of an early day.

I looked down — I could not look up — I was afraid of being thought affected — Yet how could I so soon think of obliging him?

He proceeded — You are silent, madam! — Propitious be your silence! Allow me to enquire of your aunt, for your kind, your condescending acquiescence. I will not now urge you further: I will be all hope.

Let me say, Sir, that I must not be precipitated. These are very early days.

Much more was in my mind to say; but I hesitated — I could not speak. Surely, my dear Ladies, it was too-too eary an urgency. And can a woman be wholly unobservant of custom, and the laws of her Sex? — Something is due to fashion in dress, however absurd that dress might have appeared in the last age (as theirs do to us) or may in the next: And shall not those customs which have their foundation in modesty, and are characteristic of the gentler Sex, be intitled to excuse, and more than excuse?

He saw my confusion. Let me not, my dearest life, distress you, said he. Beautiful as your emotion is, I cannot enjoy it, if it give you pain. Yet is the question so important to me; so much is my heart concerned in the favourable answer I hope for from your goodness; that I must not let this opportunity slip, except it be your pleasure that I attend your determination from Mrs. Selby's mouth. — Yet that I choose not, neither; because I presume for more favour from your own, than you will, on cold deliberation, allow your aunt to shew me. Love will plead for its faithful votary in a single breast, when consultation on the supposed fit and unfit, the object absent, will produce delay. But I will retire, for two moments. You shall be my prisoner mean time. Not a soul shall come in to interrupt us, unless it be at your call. I will return, and receive your determination; and if that be the fixing of my happy day, how will you rejoice me!

While I was debating within myself, whether I should be angry or pleased, he returned, and found me walking about the room. — Soul of my hope, said he, taking with reverence my hand; I now presume that you can, that you will, oblige me.

You have given me no time, Sir: But let me request, that you will not expect an answer, in relation to the early day you so early ask for, till after the receipt of your next Letters from Italy. You see how the admirable Lady is urged; how reluctantly she has given them but distant hopes of complying with their wishes. I should be glad to wait for the next Letters; for those, at least, which will be an answer to yours, acquainting them, that there is a woman with whom you think you could be happy. I am earnest in this request, Sir. Think it not owing to affectation.

I acquiesce, madam. The answer to those Letters will soon be here. It will indeed be some time before I can receive a reply to that I wrote in answer to Jeronymo's last Letter. I impute not affectation to my dearest Miss Byron. I can easily comprehend your motive: It is a generous one. But it besits me to say, that the next Letters from Italy, whatever may be their contents, can now make no alteration on my part. Have I not declared myself to your friends, to you, and to the world?

Indeed, Sir, they may make an alteration on mine, highly as I think of the honour Sir Charles Grandison does me by his good opinion. For, pardon me, should the most excellent of women think of resuming a place in your heart —

Let me interrupt you, madam. — It cannot be, that Lady Clementina, proceeding, as she has done, on motives of piety, zealous in her religion, and all her relations now earnest in another man's favour, can alter her mind. I should not have acted with justice, with gratitude, to her, had I not tried her stedfastness by every way I could devise: Nor, in justice to both Ladies, would I allow myself to apply for your favour till I had her resolution confirmed to me under her own hand after my arrival in England. But were it now possible that she should vary, and were you, madam, to hold your determination in my favour suspended; the consequence would be this; I should never, while that suspence lasted, be the husband of any woman on earth.

I hope, Sir, you will not be displeased. I did not think you would so soon be so very earnest. But this, Sir, I say, Let me have reason to think, that my happiness will not be the misfortune of a more excellent woman, and it shall be my endeavour to make the man happy who only can make me so.

He clasped me in his arms with an ardor — that displeased me not — on reflexion — But at the time startled me. He then thanked me again on one knee. I held out the hand he held not in his, with intent to raise him; for I could not speak. He received it as a token of favour; kissed it with ardor; arose; again pressed my cheek with his lips. I was too much surprised to repulse him with anger: But was he not too free? Am I a prude, my dear? In the odious sense of the abused word, I am sure, I am not: But in the best sense, as derived from prudence, and used in opposition to a word that denotes a worse character, I own myself one of those who would wish to restore it to its natural respectable signification, for the sake of virtue; which, as Sir Charles himself once hinted , is in danger of suffering by the abuse of it; as Religion once did, by that of the word Puritan.

Sir Charles, on my making towards the door that led to the stairs, withdrew with such a grace, as shewed he was capable of recollection.

Again I ask, was he not too free? I will tell you how I judge that he was: When I came to conclude my narrative to my aunt and Lucy, of all that passed between him and me, I blushed, and could not tell them how free he was. Yet you see, Ladies, that I can write it to you two.

Sir Charles, my uncle, and Mr. Deane, took a little walk, and returned just as dinner was ready. My uncle took me aside, and whispered to me; I am glad at my heart and soul the ice is broken. This is the man of true spirit — Ads-heart, Harriet, you will be Lady Grandison in a fortnight, at furthest, I hope. You have had a charming confabulation, I doubt not. I can guess you have, by Sir Charles's

declaring himself more and more delighted with you. And he owns, that he put the question to you. — Hay, Harriet! — Smiling in my face.

Every one's eyes were upon me. Sir Charles, I believe, saw me look as if I were apprehensive of my uncle's raillery. He came up to us: My dear Miss Byron, said he, in my uncle's hearing, I have owned to Mr. Selby, the request I presumed to make you. I am afraid that he, as well as you, think me too bold and forward. If you do, madam, I ask your pardon: My hopes shall always be controuled by your pleasure.

This made my uncle complaisant to me. I was re-assured. I was pleased to be so seasonably relieved.

Friday Morning, October 20.

YOU must not, my dear Ladies, expect me to be so very minute: if I am, must I not lose a hundred charming conversations? One, however, I will give you a little particularly.

Your brother desired leave to attend me in my dressing-room — But how can I attempt to describe his air, his manner, or repeat the thousand agreeable things he said? Insensibly he fell into talking of future schemes, in a way that punctillo itself could not be displeased with.

He had been telling me, that our dear Mr. Deane, having been affected by his last indisposition had desired my uncle, my aunt, and him, to permit him to lay before them the state of this affairs, and the kind things he intended to do by his own relations; who however, were all in happy circumstances. After which, he insisted upon Sir Charles's being his sole executor, which he scrupled, unless some other person were joined with him in the trust: But Mr. Deane, being very earnest on this head, Sir Charles said, I hope I know my own heart. My dear Mr. Deane, you must do as you please.

After some other discourse, I suppose, said I, the good man will not part with us till the beginning of next week.

Whenever you leave him, answered he, it will be to his regret; it may therefore as well be soon: But I am sorry, methinks, that he, who has qualities which endear him to every one, should be so much alone as he is here. I have a great desire, when I can be so happy as to find myself a settled man, to draw into my neighbourhood friends who will dignify it. Mr. Deane will, I hope, be often our visiter at the Hall. The love he bears to his dear god-daughter will be his inducement; and the air and soil being more dry and wholsome than this so near the fens, may be a means to prolong his valuable life.

Dr. Bartlett, continued he, has already carried into execution some schemes which relate to my indigent neighbours, and the lower class of my tenants. How does that excellent man revere Miss Byron! — My Beauchamp, with our two

sisters and their Lords, will be often with us. Your worthy cousin Reeves's, Lord W. and his deserving Lady, will also be our visiters, and we theirs, in turn. The Mansfield family are already within a few miles of me: And our Northamptonshire friends! — Visiters and visited — What happiness do I propose to myself, and the beloved of my heart! — And if (as you have generously wished) the dear Clementina may be happy, at least not unhappy, and her brother Jeronymo recover? what, in this world, can be wanting to crown our felicity?

Tears of joy strayed down my cheek, unperceived by me, till they fell upon his hand, as it had mine in it. He kissed them away. I was abashed. If my dear Miss Byron permit me to go on, I have her advice to ask. — I bowed my assent. My heart throbbed with painful joy: I could not speak.

Will it not be too early, madam, to ask you about some matters of domestic concern? The lease of the house in St. James's Square is expired. Some difficulties are made to renew it, unless on terms which I think unreasonable. I do not easily submit to imposition. Is there any-thing that you particularly like in the situation of that house?

Houses, Sir, nay, Countries, will be alike to me, in the company of those I value.

You are all goodness, madam. I will leave it to my sisters, to enquire after another house. I hope you will allow them to consult you, as any one may offer. I will write to the owner of my present house (who is solicitous to know my determination, and says he has a tenant ready, if I relinquish it) that it will be at his command in three months time. When my dear Miss Byron shall bless me with her hand, and our Northamptonshire friends will part with her, if she pleases, we will go directly to the Hall.

I bowed, and intended to look as one who thought herself obliged.

Restrain, check me, madam, whenever I seem to trespass on your goodness. Yet how shall I forbear to wish you to hasten the day that shall make you wholly mine? — You will the rather allow me to wish it, as you will then be more than ever your own mistress; tho' you have always been generously left to a discretion that never was more deservedly trusted to. Your will, madam, will ever comprehend mine.

You leave me, Sir, only room to say, that if gratiude can make me a merit with you, that began with the first knowlege I had of you; and it has been increasing ever since — I hope I never shall be ungratefull Tears again strayed down my check. Why did I weep?

Delicate sensibility! said he. He clasped his arms about me — But instantly withdrew them, as if recollecting himself — Pardon me, madam! Admiration will sometimes mingle with reverence. I must express my gratitude as a man — May

my happy day be not far distant, that I may have no bound to my joy! — He took my hand, and again pressed it with his lips. My heart, madam, said he, is in your hand: You cannot but treat it graciously.

Just then came in my Nancy [Why came she in?] with the general expectation of us to breakfast! — Breakfast! — What, thought I, is breakfast! — The world, my Charlotte — But hush! — Withdraw, fond heart, from my pen! Can the dearest friend allow for the acknowlegement of impulses so fervent, and which, writing to the moment, as I may say, the moment only can justify revealing?

He led me down-stairs, and to my very seat, with an air so noble, yet so tender — My aunt, my Lucy, every-body — looked at me. My eyes betrayed my hardly-conquered emotion.

Sir Charles's looks and behaviour were so respectful, that every one addressed me as a person of increased consequence. Do you think, Lady G. that Lord G's and Lord L's respectful behaviour to their wives do not as much credit to their own hearts, as to their Ladies? How happy are you, that you have recollected yourself, and now encourage not others, by your example, to make a jest of a husband's Love! — Will you forgive me the recollection, for the sake of the joy I have in the reformation? —

I HAVE read this Letter, just now, to my aunt and Lucy, all except this last saucy hint to you. They clasped me each in their arms, and said, They admired him, and were pleased with me. Instruct me, my dear Ladies, how to behave in such a manner, as may shew my gratitude (I had almost said my Love); yet not go so very far, as to leave the day, the hour every-thing, to his determination!

But, on reading to my aunt and Lucy what I had written, I was ashamed to find, that when he was enumerating the friends he hoped to have near him, or about him, I had forgot to remind him of my Emily. Ungrateful Harriet! — But don't tell her that I was so absorbed in Self, and that the conversation was so interesting, that my heart was more of a passive than an active machine at the time. I will soon find, or make, an occasion to be her solicitress. You once thought that Emily, for her own sake, should not live with us; but her heart is set upon it. Dear creature! I love her! I will sooth her! I will take her to my bosom! — I will, by my sisterly compassion, intitle myself to all her confidence! She shall have all mine. Nor shall her guardian suspect her. — I will be as faithful to her secret, as you and Lady L. were (thankfully I remember it!) to mine. Don't you think, my dear, that if Lady Clementina [I how to her merit whenever I name her to myself] had had such a true, such a soothing friend, to whom she could have revealed the secret that oppressed her noble heart, while her passion was young, it would have been attended with such a deprivation of her reason, as made unhappy all who had the honour of being related to her?

O MY dear Lady G! I am undone! Emily is undone! We are all undone! — I am afraid so! — My intolerable carelessness! — I will run away from him! I cannot look him in the face! — But I am most, most of all, concerned for my Emily!

Walking in the garden with Lucy, I dropt the last sheet, marked 6, this Letter

I missed it not till my aunt this minute told me, that Sir Charles, crossing the walk which I had just before quitted, stooped, and took up a paper. Immediately my heart misgave me. I took out my Letter: I thought I had it all — But the fatal, fatal sixth sheet, is wanting: That must be what he stooped for, and took up. What shall I do! — Sweet Emily! now will he never suffer you to live with him. All my own heart laid open too! — Such prattling also! — I cannot look him in the face! — How shall I do, to get away to Shirley-manor, and hide myself in the indulgent bosom of my grandmamma? — What affectation, after this, will it be, to refuse him his day! — But he demands audience of me. Could any-thing (O the dear Emily!) have happened more mortifying to

Your HARRIET BYRON?

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday afternoon, October 20.

I WAS all confusion when he, looking as unconscious as he used to do, entred my dressing-room. I turned my face from him. He seemed surprised at my concern. Miss Byron, I hope, is well. Has anything disturbed you, madam?

My paper, my paper! You took it up — For the world I would not — The poor Emily! — Give it me; Give it me; and I burst into tears. —

Was there ever such a fool? What business had I to name Emily;

He took it out of his pocket. I came to give it to you; putting it into my hand. I saw it was your writing, madam: I folded it up immediately: It has not been unfolded since: Not a single sentence did I permit myself to read.

Are you sure, Sir, you have not read it? nor any

Part of it! —

Upon my honour, I have not.

I cleared up at once. A blessed reward, thought I, for denying my own curiosity, when pressed by my Charlotte, to read a Letter clandestinely obtained!

A thousand, thousand thanks to you, Sir, for not giving way to your curiosity. I should have been miserable, perhaps, for months, had you read that paper.

You now indeed raise my curiosity, madam. Perhaps your generosity will permit you to gratify it; tho' I should not have forgiven myself, had I taken advantage of such an accident.

I will tell you the contents of some parts of it, Sir.

Those which relate to my Emily, if you please, madam. The poor Emily, you said. — You have amed me. Perhaps I am not to be quite happy! — What of poor Emily! Has the girl been imprudent? — Has she already — What of the poor Emily?

And his face glowed, with impatience.

No harm, Sir, of Emily! — Only a request of the dear girl! [What letter use could I have made of my fright, Lady G?] But the manner of my mentioning it, I would not for the world you should have seen.

No harm, you say! — I was afraid, by your concern for her — But can you love her, as well as ever? If you can, Emily must still be good.

I can: I do.

What then, dear madam, of poor Emily? Why poor Emily? —

I will tell you. The dear girl makes it her request, that I will procure of you one favour for her: Her heart is set upon it.

If Emily continue good, she shall only signify her wish, and I will comply. If I am not a Father to her, is she not fatherless?

Allow me, Sir, to call you kind! good! humane!

What I want of those qualities, Miss Byron will teach me, by her example. — But what would my Emily? —

She would live with her guardian, Sir —

With me, madam? — And with you, madam — Tell me, own to me, madam, And with you?

That is her wish —

And does my beloved Miss Byron think it a right wish to be granted; Will she be the instructing friend, the examplary sister, now in that time of the dear girl's life, when the eye, rather than the judgment, is usually the director of a young woman's affections?

I love the sweet Innocent: I could wish her to be always with me.

Obliging goodness! Then is one of my cares over. A young woman, from Fourteen to Twenty, is often a troublesome charge upon a Friendly heart. I could not have asked this favour of you. You rejoice me by mentioning it. Shall I write a Letter, in your name, to Emily?

There, Sir, is pen, ink, and paper.

In your name, madam?

I bowed assent; mistrusting nothing.

He wrote; and doubling down, shewed me only these words —

'My dear Miss Jervois, I have obtained for you the desired favour — Will you not continue to be as good as you have hitherto been? — That is all which is required of my Emily, by her ever affectionate'

—

I instantly wrote, 'Harriet Byron.' — But, Sir, what have you doubled down?

Charming confidence! — What must he be, who could attempt to abuse it? — Read, madam, what you have signed. —

I did. How my heart throbbed. — And could Sir Charles Grandison, said I, thus intend to deceive? Could Sir Charles Grandison be such a plotter? Thank God you are not a bad man.

After the words, I have obtained for you the desired favour, followed these:

'You must be very good. You must resolve to give me nothing but joy; joy equal to the love I have for you, and to the sacrifice I have made to oblige you. Go down, my love, as soon as you can, to Grandison-hall: I shall then have one of

the sisters of my heart there to receive me. If you are there in less than a fortnight, I will endeavour to be with you in a fortnight after. I sacrifice, at least, another fortnight's punctilio to oblige you. And will you not continue to be as good as you have hitherto been? That is all which is required of my Emily, by, &c.'

Give me the paper, Sir; holding out my hand for it.

Have I forfeited my character with you, madam? — holding it back, with an air of respectful gaiety.

I must consider, Sir, before I give you an answer.

If I have, why should I not send it away; and, as Miss Byron cannot deny her hand-writing, hope to receive the benefit of the supposed deceit? Especially as it will answer so many good ends: For instance, your own wishes in Emily's favour; as it will increase your own power of obliging; and be a means of accelerating the happiness of a man whose principal joy will be in making you happy.

Was it not a pretty piece of deceit, Lady G? Shall I own, that my heart was more inclined to reward than punish him for it? And really, for a moment, I thought of the impracticableness of complying with the request, as if I was seriously pondering upon it, and was sorry it was not practicable. To get away from my dear Mr. Deane, thought I, who will not be in haste to part with us; some female bustlings to be got over on our return to Selby-house; proposal renewed, and a little paraded with [Why, Lady G. did you tell me that our Sex is a foolish Sex?]; the preparation; the ceremony; the awful ceremony! the parting with the dearest and most indulgent friends that ever young creaure was blessed with; and to be at Grandison-hall, all within one month! — Was there ever so precipitating a man?

I believe verily, that I appeared to him as if I were considering of it; for he took advantage of my silence, and urged me to permit him to send away to Emily what he had written; and offered to give reasons for his urgency: Written as it is, said he, by me, and signed by you, how will the dear girl rejoice at the consent of both, under our hands! And will she not take the caution given her in it from me, as kindly as she will your mediation in her favour?

Sure, Sir, said I, you expect not a serious answer! — Upon his honour, he did — How, Sir! Ought you not rather to be thankful, if I forgive you, for letting me see that Sir Charles Grandison was capable of such an artifice, tho' but in jest; and for his reflection upon me, and perhaps meant on our Sex, as if decorum were but punctilio? I beg my Lucy's pardon, added I, for being half-angry with her when she called you a designer.

My dearest creature, said he, I am a designer. Who, to accelerate a happiness on which that of his whole life depends, would not be innocently so? I am, in this instance, selfish: But I glory in my selfishness; because I am determined, if power

be lent me, that every one, within the circle of our acquaintance, shall have reason to congratulate you as one of the happiest of women.

Till this artifice, Sir, shewed me what you could do, were you not a man of the strictest honour, I had nothing but affiance in you. Give me the paper, Sir; and, for your own sake, I will destroy it, that it may not furnish me with an argument, that there is not one man in the world who is to be implicitly confided in by a woman.

Take it, madam (presenting it to me, with his usual gracefulness); destroy it not, however, till you have exposed me as such a breach of confidence deserves, to your aunt, your Lucy — To your uncle Selby; and Mr. Deane, if you please.

Ah, Sir! you know your advantages! I will not, in this case, refer to them: I could sooner rely, dearly as they love their Harriet, on Sir Charles Grandison's justice, than on their favour, in any debate that should happen between him and me.

There never, madam, except in the case before us, can be room for a reference: Your prudence, and my gratitude, must secure us both. Even now, impatient as I am to call you mine, which makes me willing to lay hold of every opportunity to urge you for an early day, I will endeavour to subdue that impatience, and submit to your will. Yet let me say, that if I did not think your heart one of the most laudably unreserved, yet truly delicate, that woman ever boasted, and your prudence equal, you would not have found me so acquiescent a Lover, early as you suppose my urgency for the happy day.

And is it not early, Sir? Can Sir Charles Grandison think me punctilious? — But you will permit me to write to Miss Jervois myself, and acquaint her with her granted wish, if —

If! No if, madam — Whatever you think right to be done, in this case, that do. Emily will be more particularly your ward than mine, if you condescend to take the trust upon you.

You will be pleased, dear Lady G. to acquaint Emily with the grant of her wish: She will rejoice. God give the dear creature reason for joy; and then I shall have double pleasure in having contributed to her obtaining of it. But, on second thoughts, I will write to her myself; for I allow not that she shall see or hear read every-thing I write to you. [Shall I own to you, that my grandmamma, and aunt, and Lucy, are of your mind? They all three wish] — But who can deny the dear Innocent the grant of a request on which she has so long set her heart? And would it not be pity, methinks I hear the world say, some time hence, especially if any mishap [God forbid it!] should befal her, that Sir Charles Grandison, the most honourable of men, should so marry, as that a young Lady of innocence and merit, and mistress of a fortune, which, it might be foreseen, would encourage the attempts of designing men, could not have lived with his wife? — Poor child! —

Then would the world have shaken its wise head (allow the expression); and well for me if it had judged so mildly of me.

Our dear Mr. Deane, tho' reluctantly, has consented that we shall leave him on Monday next. We shall set out directly for Selby-house, where we propose to be the same night. My aunt and I have been urgent with him to go back with us; but he is cross, and will be excused.

Just now Lucy tells me, that Mr. Deane declared to my uncle, aunt, and her, that he will not visit us at Selby-house till we send for him and the settlements together, which he will have ready in a week — Strange expedition! Sure they are afraid your brother will change his mind, and are willing to put it out of the poor man's power to recede! Lucy smiles at me, and is sure, she says, that she may in confidence reveal all these matters to me, without endangering my life. My next Letter will be from Selby-house.

While that life continues, my dear Ladies, look upon me as assuredly

Yours, HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON,

Monday, Oct. 23.

GO on, go on, with your narratives, my dear. Hitherto Caroline and I know not how either much to blame you, or totally to acquit you of parade the man and his situation considered; and the state of your heart for so many months past; every one of your friends — consenting, shall I say? — more than consenting — ardent, to be related to him. Hark ye, Harriet, let me whisper you — My brother, whether he come honestly, or not, by his knowlege, I dare say, thinks not so highly of the Free-masonry part of marriage as you do — You start. O Charlotte! you cry — And, O Harriet! too — But, my dear girl, let my brother see, that you think (and no woman in the world does, if you don't) that the true modesty, after hearts are united, is to think little of parade, and much of the social happiness that awaits two worthy minds united by Love, and conformity of sentiment — After all, we are silly creatures, Harriet: We are afraid of wise men. No wonder that we seldom choose them, when a fool offers. I wish I knew the man, however, who dare to say this in my hearing.

Your grandmother Shirley is more than woman: My brother prodigiously admires her. I think you may trust to her judgment, if you suppose him too precipitating. Your aunt is an excellent woman! But I never knew a woman or man, who valued themselves on delicacy, and found themselves consulted upon it, but was apt to over-do the matter. Is not this a little, a very little, Mrs. Selby's case? Let her know, that I bid you ask this question of herself: She must be assured that I equally love and honour her; so won't be angry.

Your uncle is an odd, but a very honest Dunstable soul! Tell him, I say so; but withal, that he should leave women to act as women, in these matters. What a duce, what a pize, would he expect perfection from them? He, whose arguments always run in the depreciating strain? If he would, ask him, Where should they have it, conversing, as they are obliged to do, with men? Men for their fathers, for their brothers, for their uncles — They must be a little silly, had they not a fund of silliness in themselves. — But I would not have them be most out in matters where they should be most in.

I think, however, so does Lady L. that so far as you have proceeded, you are tolerable; tho' not, half so clever as he, considering situations. Upon my word, Harriet, allowing for every-thing, neither of Sir Charles Grandison's sisters expected that their brother would have made so ardent, so polite, a Lover. He is so

prudent a man, and that once had like to have been one of your, even your objections. — Yet so nobly sincere — so manly. O that my ape — But come, Harriet, as men go in this age of monkeys and Sir Foplings, Lord G. (for all you) is not to be despised. I, as a good wise ought, will take his part, whoever runs him down. Where much is not given, much, and-so-forth —

I have told Emily the good news: I could not help it, tho' you promise to write to her.

Poor thing! she is all ecstasy! she is not the only one who seeks, as her greatest good, what may possibly prove her greatest misfortune. But, for her sake for your sake, and my brother's, I hope, under your directing eye, and by prudent management (the flame so young) a little cold water will do; and that if it will blaze, it may be directed towards Beauchamp's house.

Let me whisper you again, Harriet — Young girls finding themselves vested with new powers, and a set of new inclinations, turn their staring eyes out of themselves; and the first man they see, they imagine, if he be a single man, and but simpers at them, they must receive him as a Lover: Then they return downcast for ogle, that he may ogle on without interruption. They are soon brought to write answers to Letters which confess flames the writer's heart never felt. The girl doubts not her own gifts, her own consequence; she wonders that her father, mother, and other friends, never told her of these new-found excellencies: She is more and more beautiful in her own eyes, as he more and more flatters her. If her parents are a -verse, the girl is per -verse; and the more, the less discretion there is in her passion. She adopts the word constancy; she declaims against persecution; she calls her idle flame, LOVE; which only was a Something she knew not what to make of — and, like a wandering bee, had it not settled on this flower, would on the next, were it either bitter or sweet.

And this generally, with the thoughtless, is the beginning and progress of that formidable invader, miscalled Love; a word very happily at hand, to help giddy creatures to talk with, and look without confusion of face on, a man telling them a thousand lyes, and hoping, perhaps by illaudable means, to attain an end not in itself illaudable, when duty and discretion are, the one the guide, the other the gentle restraint.

But as to Emily — I depend on her principles, as well as on your affectionate discretion (when you will be pleased, among ye, to permit my brother to be actually yours) for restraining her imagination. There never beat in Female bosom an honester heart. Poor thing! she is but a girl! And who is the woman, or child, that looks on my brother without love and reverence?

For Emily's sake, you see, you must not have too many of your honest uncle's circum-roundabouts. He makes us laugh. I love to have him angry with his Dame

Selby. Dear Harriet! when your heart's quite at case, give us the courtship of the odd soul to the light of his eyes; his oddness, and her delicay! A charming contrast! You did help us to a little of it once , you know. Theirs, on the woman's side, could not be a match of Love at first: But who so happy as they? I am convinced, Harriet, that Love on one side, and discretion on the other, is enough in conscience; and, in short, much better than Love on both: For what room can there be for discretion, in the latter case? The man is guilty of an heterodoxy in Love, you know, who is prudent, or but suspected of being so! — Ah! Harriet, Harriet! once more I say, we women are foolish creatures in our Love-affairs; and know not what's best for ourselves. — In your stile —

'Don't you think so, Lucy?'

– Yet I admire Lucy — She got over an improperly-placed Love; and now, her mad fit over [We have all little or much of it; begun, as I told you how] she is so cool, so quiet, so sedate — Yet once I make no doubt, looking forward to her present happy quiescence, would have thought it a state of insipidity. Dearly do we love racketing; and, another whisper, some of us to be racketed — But not you! you are an exception. Yes, to be sure! — But I believe you'll think me mad.

We like my brother's little trick upon you in the Billet he wrote, and which you signed, as if to Emily. You see how earnest he is, my dear. I long for his next Letters from Italy. I think that is a lucky plea enough for you, if you suppose parade necessary.

We have got Everard among us again. The sorry fellow — O Harriet! had you seen him, with his hat upon his two thumbs, bowing, cringing, blushing, confounded, when first he came into my royal presence — But I, from my throne, extended the golden sceptre to him, as I knew I should please my brother by it. He sat down when I bid him, twisted his lips, curdled his chin, hemm'd, stole a look of reverence at me, looked down when his eyes met mine; mine bold as innocence, his conscious as guilt; hemm'd again, turned his hat about; then with one of his not quite-forgotten airs of pertness, putting it under his arm, shook his ears, tried to look up, then his eye sunk again under my broader eye. — O my dear! — What a paltry creature is a man vice-bitten! and sensible of detected folly, and obligation!

Sir Charles has made a man of him, once more. His dress is as gay as ever; and, I dare say, he struts as much in it as ever, in company that knows not how he came by it. He reformed! — Bad habits are of the Jerusalem artichoke-kind; once planted, there is no getting them out of the ground.

Our good Dr Bartlett is also with us, at present: He is in hopes of seeing my brother in town —

'In town,'

Harriet! — and the great affair un-solemnized! — Woe be to you, if — But let's see how you act when left to yourself. Prudent people, in other's matters are not always prudent in their own; especially in their Love-affairs. A little over-nicety at setting out, will carry them into a road they never intended to amble in; and then they are sometimes obliged to the less prudent to put them in the path they set out from. Remember, my dear, I am at hand, if you bewilder yourself.

Dr. Bartlett tells us, that my brother has extricated this poor creature from his entanglements with his woman, by his interposition only by Letter: Some money, I suppose. The Doctor desires to be silent, on the means; but hints, however, that Everard will soon be in circumstances not unhappy.

I HAVE got the Doctor to explain himself. Every day produces some new instances of womens follies. What would poor battered rakes and younger brothers do, when on their last legs, were it not for good-natured widows? — Ay, and sometimes for forward maids? This wretch, it seems, has acquitted himself so handsomely in the discharge of the 100l. which he owed to his wine-merchant's relict, and the Lady was so full of acknowlegements, and obligations, and all that, for being paid but her due, that he has ventured to make addresses to her (Love, as it is called): and is well received. He behaves with more spirit before her, I suppose, than he does before me.

The widow had a plain, diligent, honest man, before. She has what is called taste, forsooth, or believes she has. She thinks Mr. Grandison a finer gentleman than him who left her in a condition to be thougbt worthy of the address of a gayer man. She prides herself, it seems, in the relation that her marriage will give her to a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character. Much worse reasons will have weight, when a woman finds herself inclined to change her condition. But Everard is very earnest that my brother should know nothing of the matter till all is over: So you (as I) have this piece of news in confidence. Lady L. has not been told it. His cousin, he says, who refused him his interest with Miss Mansfield, Lady W's sister, because he thought a further time of probation, with regard to his avowed good resolutions, necessary, would perhaps, for the widow's sake, if applied to, put a spoke in his wheel.

Everard, I can hardly allow myself to call him Grandison, avows a vehement passion for the widow. She is rich. — When they are set out together in taste, as she calls it, trade, or business, her first rise, quite forgot, what a gay, what a frolick dance will she and her new husband, in a little while, lead up, on the grave of her poor, plain, despised one!

'Tis well, 'tis well, my dear Harriet, that I have a multitude of faults myself [Witness, to go no further back, this Letter] or I should despise nine parts of the world out of ten.

I find that Sir Charles, and Beauchamp, and Dr. Bartlett, correspond. Light is hardly more active than my brother, nor lightning more quick, when he has anything to execute that must or ought to be done. I believe I told you early, that was a part of his character. You must not then wonder, or be offended [Shall I use the word offended, my dear?] that you, in your turn, now he has found himself at liberty to address you, should be affected by his adroitness and vivacity in your Femalities, as uncle Selby calls them: Aptly enough, I think; tho' I do not love that men should be so impudent, as either to find us out, or abuse us. You cannot always, were you to think him too precipitating, separate bad qualities from good in the same person; since, perhaps, the one is the constitutional occasion of the other. Could he, for example, be half so useful a friend as he is, if he were to dream over a Love-affair, as you would seem to have him; in other words, gape over his ripened fruit till it dropt into his yaw-yaw-yawning mouth? He'll certainly get you, Harriet, within, or near, his proposed time. Look about you: He'll have you, before you know where you are. By book, as the saying is, will he pull you to him, struggle as you will (he has already got hold of you) or by crook; inviting, nay compelling you, by his generosity, gentle shepherdlike, to nymph as gentle. What you do, therefore, do with such a grace as may preserve to you the appearance of having it in your power to lay an obligation upon him. It is the opinion of both his sisters, that he values you more for your noble expansion of heart, and not ignorant, but generous frankness of manners, yet mingled with dignity; than for — even — your Beauty, Harriet — Whether you, who are in such full possession of every grace of person, care, as a woman, to hear of that, or not. His gay parterre similitude you remember, my dear. It is my firm belief, that those are the greatest admirers of fine flowers, who love to see them in their borders, and seldomest pluck the fading fragrance. The other wretches crop, put them in their bosoms, and in an hour or two, rose, carnation, or whatever, after one parting smell, throw them away.

He is very busy, where-ever he is. At his inn, I suppose, most. But he boasts not to you, or anybody, of what he does.

He writes now-and-then a Letter to aunt Nell, and she is so proud of the favour — Look you here, niece; Look you here! — But I sha'n't shew you all he writes. — On go the spectacles — for she will not for the world part with the Letter out of her hands. — She reads one paragraph, one sentence, then another — On and off go the spectacles, while she conjectures, explains, animadverts, applauds; and so goes on till she leaves not a line unread: Then folding it up carefully in its cover, puts it in her Letter or Ribband-case, which shall I call it? For having but few Letters to put in it, the case is filled with bits and ends of ribbands, patterns, and-so-forth, of all manner of colours, faded and fresh; with

intermingledoms of gold-beaters skin, plaisters for a cut finger, for a chopt lip, a kibe, perhaps for corns; which she dispenses occasionally very bountifully, and values herself, as we see at such times by a double chin made triple, for being not unuseful in her generation. Chide me, if you will; the humour's upon me; hang me, if I care: You are only Harriet Byron, as yet. Change your name, and increase your consequence.

I have written a long Letter already; and to what end? Only to expose myself, say you? True enough. But now, Harriet, to bribe you into passing a milder censure, let me tell you all I can pick up from the Doctor, relating to my brother's matters. Bribe shall I call this, or gratitude, for your free communications.

Matters between the Mansfields and the Keelings are brought very forward. Hang particulars: Nobody's affairs lie near my heart, but yours. The two families have already begun to visit. When my brother returns, all the gentry in the neighbourhood are to be invited, to rejoice with the parties on the occasion.

Be so kind, my dear, as to dismiss the good man, as soon as your punctilio will admit. We are contented, that while he lays himself out so much in the service of others, he should do something for himself. You, my dear, we look upon as a high reward for his many great and good actions. But as he is a man who has a deep sense of favours granted, and values not the blessing the more, when it ought to be within his reach, because it is dear (as is the case of the sorry fellows in general) I would have you consider of it — that's all.

The Doctor tells me, also, that the wicked Bolton's ward is dead; and that every-thing is included, to Sir Charles's satisfaction, with him; and the Mansfields (reinstated in all their rights) are once more a happy family.

Sir Hargrave is in a lamentable way; Dr. Bartlett has great compassion for him. Would you have me pity him, Harriet? — You would, you say — Well, then, I'll try for it: As it was by his means you and we, and my brother, came acquainted, I think I may. He is to be brought to town.

Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp! He is past recovery. Had the physicians given him over when they first undertook him, he might, they say, have had a chance for it.

I told you, that Emily's mother was turned Methodist. She has converted her husband. A strange alteration! But it is natural for such sort of people to pass from one extreme to another. Emily every now-and-then visits them. They are ready to worship her for her duty and goodness. She is a lovely girl: She every day improves in her person, as well as in her mind. She is sometimes with me; sometimes with Lady L; sometimes with aunt Eleanor; sometimes with your Mrs. Reeves — We are ready to fight for her: But you will soon rob all of us. She is preparing for her journey to you. Poor girl! I pity her. Such a conflict in her mind, between her love of you, and tenderness for her guardian! Her Anne has

confessed to me, that she weeps one half of the night; yet forces herself to be lively in company — After the example of Miss Byron, she says, when she visited you at Selby house. I hope, my dear, all will be right. But to go to live with a beloved object — I don't understand it. You, Harriet, may. I never was in Love, God help me!

I am afraid the dear girl does too much for her mother. As they have so handsome an annuity, 400 l. a year, so much beyond their expectation; I think she should not give, nor should they receive, any-thing considerable of her, without her guardian's knowlege. She is laying out a great deal of money in new cloaths, to do you and her guardian credit — on your nuptials, poor thing! she says, with tears in her eyes — but whether of joy, or sensibility, it is hard to decide; but I believe of both.

What makes me imagine she does more than she should, is, that a week ago she borrowed fifty guineas of me; and but yesterday came to me — I should do a very wrong thing, said she, blushing up to the ears, should I ask Lady L. to lend me a sum of money till my next quarter comes due, after I made myself your debtor so lately: But if you could lend me thirty or forty guineas more, you would do me a great favour.

My dear! said I; and stared at her!

Don't question, don't chide me, this one time. I never will run in debt again: I hate to be in debt. But you have bid me tell you all my wants.

I will not, my love, say another word. I will fetch you fifty guineas more.

More, my dear Lady G! that is a pretty rub: But I will always, for the future, be within bounds: And don't let my guardian know it — He would kill me, by his generosity; yet perhaps, in his own heart, wonder what I did with my money. If he thought ill of me, or that I was extravagant, it would break my heart.

Only, my dear, said I, remember that 400 l. a year — Mrs. O-Hara cannot want any-thing to be done for her now.

Don't call her Mrs. O-Hara! She is very good: Call her my mother.

I kissed the sweet girl, and fetched her the other fifty guineas.

I thought it not amiss to give you this hint, my dear, against she goes down to you. But do you think it right, after all, to have her with my brother and you?

Lady L. keeps close — She fasts, cries, prays, is vastly apprehensive: She makes me uneasy for her and myself. These vile men! I believe I shall hate them all. Did they partake — But not half so grateful as the blackbirds: They rather look big with insolence, than perch near, and sing a song to confort the poor souls they have so dreadfully mortified. Other birds, as I have observed (sparrows, in particular) sit hour and hour, he's and she's, in turn; and I have seen the hen, when her rogue has staid too long, rattle at him, while he circles about her with

sweeping wings, and displayed plumage, his head and breast of various dyes, ardently shining, peep, peep, peep; as much as to say, I beg your pardon, love — I was forced to go a great way off for my dinner. — Sirrah! I have thought she has said, in an unforgiving accent — Do your duty now — Sit close — Peep, peep, peep — I will, I will, I will — Away has she skimmed, and returned to relieve him — when she thought fit.

Don't Laugh at us, Harriet, in our mortified state [Begone, wretch — What have I done, madam? stareing! What have you done! — My sorry fellow came in, wheedling, courting, just as I was pitying two meek sisters: Was it not enough to vex one?] Don't laugh at us, I say — If you do! — May my brother, all in good time, avenge us on you, prays, in malice,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Wedn. Evening, Oct. 25.

FIE upon you, Lady G! What a Letter have you written! There is no separating the good from the bad in it. With what dangerous talents are you entrusted! and what use do you make of them! I have written two long Letters, continuing my narrative of our proceedings; but I must take you to severe task for this before me; and this and they shall go together.

Wicked wit! What a foe art thou to decent chearfulness! — In a woman's hand such a weapon! What might we not expect from it, were it in a man's? How you justify the very creatures of that Sex, whom you would be thought to despise!

But you say, you would not allow in a man, the liberties you yourself take with your own Sex. How can you, my dear, be so partial to your faults, yet own them to be such? Would you rank with the worst of sinners? They do just so.

I may be a fool: I may be inconsistent: I may not know how with a grace to give effect to my own wishes: I may be able to advise better than act — Most pragmatical creatures think they can be counsellors in another's case, while their own affairs, as my uncle would say, lie at sixes and sevens. But how does this excuse your freedoms with your whole Sex — With the Innocents of it, more particularly?

Let me say, my dear, that you take odious, yes, odious, liberties; I won't recal the word: Liberties which I cannot, tho' to shame you, repeat. Fie upon you, Charlotte!

And yet you say, that neither you nor Lady L. know how to blame me much, tho', the man considered, you will not totally acquit me of parade; and in another place, that so far as we have proceeded, we have behaved tolerably. Why, then, all this riot? — yes, riot, Charlotte! against us, and against our Sex? What, but for riot's sake?

'The humour upon you!'

– The humour is upon you, with a witness!

'Hang you, if you care!'

– But, my dear, it would be more to your credit if you did care; and if you checked the wicked humour. — Do you think nobody but you has such talents? Fain would I lower you, since, as it is evident, you take pride in your licence — Forgive me, my dear — Yet I will not say all I think of your wicked wit. Think you, that there are not many who could be as smart, as surprising, as you, were

they to indulge a vein of what you call humour? Do you think your brother is not one? Would not he be too hard for you at your own weapons? Has he not convinced you that he could? But he, a man, can check the overflowing freedom.

But if I have set out wrong with your brother, I will do my endeavour to recover my path. You greatly oblige me with your conducting hand: But what necessity was there for you to lead me through briars and thorns, and to plunge me into two or three dirty puddles, in order to put me into the right path, when it lay before you in a direct line, without going a bow-shot about?

Be pleased, however, to consider situation, on my side, as well as on your brother's: I might be a little excusable for my aukwardness, perhaps, were it considered, that the notion of a double or divided Love, on the man's part, came often into my head; indeed could not be long out; the Lady so superlatively excellent! his affection for her, so allowably, as well as avowedly, strong! Was it possible to avoid little jealousies, little petulancies, when slights were imaginable? The more, for the excellency of the man; the more for my past weakness of so many months? I pretend not, my dearest Charlotte, to be got above nature: I know I am a weak silly girl: I am humbled in the sense I have of his and Clementina's superior merits. True Love will ever make a person think manly of himself, in proportion as she thinks highly of the object. Pride will be up, sometimes; but in the pull two ways, between that and mortification, a torn coat will be the consequence: And must not the tatterdemallion (What a new language will my uncle teach me!) then look simply?

You bid me ask my aunt — You bid me tell my uncle — Naughty Charlotte! I will ask, I will tell, them, nothing. Pray write me a Letter next, that I can read to them. I skipt this passage — Read that— 'um— 'um— 'um — Then skipt again — Hey-day! What's come to the girl, cried my uncle? Can Lady G. write what Harriet cannot read? [There was a rebuke for you, Charlotte!] For the love of God, let me read it! — He bustled, laughed, shook his shoulders, rubbed his hands, at the imagination — Some pretty roguery, I warrant: Dearly do I love Lady G. If you love me, Harriet, let me read; and once he snatched one of the sheets. I boldly struggled with him for it — For shame, Mr. Selby, said my aunt. My dear, said my grandmother, if your uncle is so impetuous, you must shew him no more of your Letters.

He then gave it up — Consider, Charlotte, what a fine piece of work we should have had with my uncle, had he read it through!

But, let me see, — What are the parts of this wicked Letter, for which I can sincerely thank you? — O my dear, I cannot, cannot, without soiling my fingers, pick them out — Your intelligences, however, are among those which I hold for favours.

Poor Emily! that is a subject which delights, yet saddens, me — We are laudably fond of distinguishing merit. But your brother's is so dazling — Every woman is one's rival. But no more of my Emily! Dear creature! the subject pains me! — Yet I cannot quit it. — You ask, If, after all, I think it right that she should live with me? — What can I say? For her sake, perhaps, it will not: Yet how is her heart set upon it! For my own sake, as there is no perfect happiness to be expected in this life, I could be content to bear a little pain, were that dear girl to be either benefited or pleasured by it. Indeed I love her, at my heart — And, what is more — I love myself for so sincerely loving her.

In the wicked part of your Letter, what you write of your aunt Eleanor — But I have no patience with you, sinner as you are against light, and better knowlege! and derider of the infirmities, not of old maids, but of old age! — Don't you hope to live long, yourself? That worthy Lady wears not spectacles, Charlette, because she never was so happy as to be married. Wicked Charlotte! to owe such obligation to the generosity of good Lord G. for taking pity of you in time [Were you Four or Five-and-twenty when he honoured you with his hand at St. George's church?] and yet to treat him as you do, in more places than one, in this very Letter!

But I will tell you what I will do with this same strange Letter — I will transcribe all the good things in it. There are many which both delight and instruct; and some morning, before I dress for the day, I will [Sad task, Charlotte! But it shall be by way of penance for some of my faults and sollies!] transcribe the intolerable passages; so make two Letters of it. One I will keep to shew my friends here, in order to increase, if it be possible, their admiration of my Charlotte; the bad one I will present to you. I know I shall transcribe it in a violent hurry — Not much matter whether it be legible, or not — The hobbling it will cause in the reading, will make it appear worse to you, than if you could read it as glibly as you write. If half of it be illegible, enough will be lest to make you blush for the whole, and wonder what sort of a pen it was that somebody, unknown to you, put into your standish.

After all, spare me not, my ever-dear, my evercharming friend! spare only your self: Don't let Charlotte run away from both G's. You will then be always equally sure of my admiration and love. For dearly do I love you, with all your faults; so dearly, that when I consider your faults by themselves, I am ready to arraign my heart, and to think there is more of the roguery of my Charlotte in it than I will allow of.

One punishment to you, I intend, my dear — In all my future Letters, I will write as if I had never seen this your naughty one. Indeed I am in a kind of way, faulty or not, that I cannot get out of, all at once; but as soon as I can, I will, that I

may better justify my displeasure at some parts of your Letter, by the observance I will pay to others. That is a sweet sentence of my Charlotte's:

'Change your name, and increase your consequence.'

Reflect, my dear — How naughty must you have been, that such a charming instance of goodness could not bribe to spare you

Your ever-affectionate and grateful HARRIET BYRON?

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Selby-house, Tuesday Morning, Oct. 24.

MR. Deane would not go back with us. He laid a strict charge upon me, at parting, not to be punctilious.

I am not, my dear Lady G. Do you think I am? The men are their own enemies, if they wish us to be open-hearted and sincere, and are not so themselves. Let them enable us to depend on their candour, as much as we may on that of Sir Charles Grandison, and the women will be inexcusable, who shall play either the prude or coquet with them. You will say, I am very cunning, perhaps, to form at the same time a rule from, and an excuse for, my own conduct to this excellent man: But be that as it will, it is truth.

We sent our duty last night to Shirley-manor; and expect every moment the dear parent there with us.

She is come. I will go down; and if I get her by myself, or only with my aunt and Lucy, I will tell her a thousand thousand agreeable things, which have passed since last I had her tender blessing.

WE have had this Greville and this Fenwick here. I could very well have spared them. Miss Orme came hither also, uninvited, to breakfast; a favour she often does us. I knew not at first how to behave to Sir Charles before her: She looked so jealous of him! so cold! Under her bent brow she looked at him: Yes, and No, were all her answers, with an air so stiff! — But this reserve lasted not above a quarter of an hour. Sir Charles addressed himself to me, with so much respect; to her, with so polite a freedom; that she could not hold her shyness.

Her brow cleared up; her eyes looked larger, and more free: Her buttoned-up pretty mouth opened to a smile: She answered, she asked, questions; gave her required opinion on more topics than one, and was again all Miss Orme.

Every-body took great notice of Sir Charles's fine address to her, and were charmed with him; for we all esteem Mr. Orme, and love his sister. How pleasant it was to see the sunshine break out in her amiable countenance, and the gloom vanishing, by degrees!

She took me out into the lesser parlour — What a strange variable creature am I! said she: How I hated this Sir Charles Grandison, before I saw him! I was vexed to find him, at first sight, answer what I had heard of him; for I was resolved to dislike him, tho' he had been an angel! But, ah, my poor brother! — I am afraid, I myself shall be ready to give up his interest! — No wonder, my dear

Miss Byron, that nobody else would do, when you had seen this man! — But still, let me bespeak your pity for my brother! — Would to Heaven you had not gone to London! — What went you thither for?

Sir Charles kindly enquired of her after Mr. Orme's health; praised him for his character; wished his recovery; and to be allowed to cultivate the friendship of so worthy a man: And all this with an air so sincere; — But good men must love one another.

SIR Charles has just now declared to my aunt, that he thinks of going up to town, or to Grandison-hall, I forget if they told me which, to-morrow or next day: Perhaps he knows not to which himself. I was surprised. Perhaps he is tired with us. Let me recollect — Thursday was Se'nnight; Why indeed he has been down with us twelve days! — No less!

But he has no doubts, no suspences frum us, to keep Love awake: His path is plain and smooth before him. He has demanded his day: We think we cannot immediately, and after so short a time past since his declaring himself, give it him — And why should he lose his precious time among us? I suppose he will be so good as to hold himself in readiness to obey our summons — He expects a summons from us, perhaps! —

O my dear Lady G! am I not perverse? I believe I am. Yet where there is room, from past circumstances, to dread a slight, tho' none may be intended, and truly as I honour and revere Lady Clementina, my mind is not always great enough (perhaps from consciousness of demerit) to carry itself above apprehension and petulance, noble as is the man.

My uncle is a little down upon it; and why? Because, truly, my grandmamma has told him, that it is really too early yet to fix the day; and he reverences, as every body does, her judgment.

But why, he asks, cannot there be preparation making? Why may not something be seen going forward?

What? before the day is named? my aunt asks — As Harriet had desired to have his next Letters arrive before she directly answered his question, she could not recede.

He went from them both greatly dissatisfied, and exclaiming against womens love of power, and never knowing how to make a right use of it.

A message from Sir Charles. He desires to attend me. I believe I shall be a little sullen: I know my heart: It is all his own; and I am loth to disoblige him — But he was far, far more attendant on Lady Clementina's motions: Don't you think so, Lady G? But she was all excellence — Well — But hush! — I say no more! —

I WILL give you an account of our conversation. I verily believe, that, had he not touched the poor snail with too hasty a singer, which made her shrink in again into her shell, I might have been brought to name the week, tho' not the day.

But I will not anticipate.

He entered with a very polite and affectionate air. He enquired after my health, and said, I looked not well — Only vexed, thought I!

It is impossible, I believe, to hold displeasure in the presence of a beloved object, with whom we are not mortally offended. My dearest Miss Byron, said he, taking my passive hand, I am come to ask your advice on twenty subjects. In the first place, here is a Letter from Lady G. recommending to me a house near her own [He gave it to me. I read it]. Should you, madam, approve of Grosvenor Square?

I was silent: You will guess how my captious folly appeared to him, by what he said to me. He respectfully took my hand — Why so solemn, dear madam? Why so silent? Has any-thing disturbed you? Some little displeasure seems to hang upon that open countenance. Not at me, I hope?

Yes it is, thought I! But I did not intend you should see it. — I cleared up; and without answering his question, said, It is in the neighbourhood of Lady L. I hope?

Thank you, madam, for that hope — It is. Nor far from your cousin Reeves's.

I can have no objection, Sir.

I will refer myself, on this sublect, if you please, to my sisters, and Lord G. He values himself on his taste in houses and furniture, and will be delighted to be put into commission with my sisters on this occasion: Or shall I stay till the happy day is over, and leave the choice wholly to yourself?

Lady G. Sir, seems pleased with the house. She writes, that there is somebody else about it. It may not, then, be to be had.

Shall I then commission her to take it directly?

What you please, Sir.

He bowed to me, and said, Then that matter is settled. And now, madam, let me own all my arts. You would penetrate into them, if I did not. You see that the great question is never out of my view — I cannot but hope and believe, that you are above regarding mere punctilio. — Have you, my dearest Miss Byron, thought, can you think, of some early weak, in which to fix my happy day? — Some preparation on your part, I presume, will be thought necessary: As to mine, were you to bless me with your hand next week, I should be aforehand in that particular.

I was silent. I was considering how to find some middle way that should make non-compliance appear neither disobliging, nor affected.

He looked up at me with Love and Tenderness in his aspect; but, having no answer, proceeded:

Your uncle, madam, and Mr. Deane, will inform you, that the settlements are such as cannot be disapproved of. I expect every day some slight tokens of my affection for my dear Miss Byron, which will be adorned by the lovely wearer: I have not been so extravagant in them, as shall make her think I build on toys for her approbation. She will allow me to give her my notions on this subject. In the article of personal appearance, I think that propriety and degree should be consulted, as well as fortune. Our degree, our fortune, madam, is not mean? but I, who always wished for the revival of Sumptuary Laws, have not sought, in this article, to emulate Princes. In my own dress, I am generally a conformist to the fashion. Singularity is usually the indication of something wrong in judgment. I rather perhaps dress too shewy, tho' a young man, for one who builds nothing on outward appearance: But my father loved to be dressed. In matters which regard not morals, I choose to appear to his friends and tenants, as not doing discredit to his magnificent spirit . I could not think it becoming, as those perhaps do, who have the direction of the royal stamp on the coin, to set my face the contrary way to that of my predecessor. In a word, all my father's steps, in which I could tread, I did; and have chosen rather to build upon, than demolish, his foundations. — But how does my vanity mislead me! I have vanity, madam; I have pride, and some consequential failings, which I cannot always get above: But, anxious as I ever shall be for your approbation, my whole heart shall be open to you; and every motive, every spring of action, so far as I can trace it, be it to my advantage or not, shall be made known to you. Happy the day that I became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett! He will tell you, madam, that I am corrigible. You must perfect, by your sweet conversation, un -coupled with fear, what Dr. Bartlett has so happily begun; and I shall then be more worthy of you than at present I am.

O, Sir, you do me too much honour! You must be my monitor. As to the ornaments you speak of, I hope I shall always look upon simplicity of manners a grateful return to the man I shall vow to honour, and a worthy behaviour to all around me, as my principal ornaments!

His eyes glistened. He bowed his face upon my hand, to hide, as I thought, his emotion. Excellent Miss Byron! said he: Then, after a pause, Now let me say, that I have the happiness to find my humble application to you acceptable to every one of your friends. The only woman on earth whom, besides yourself, I ever could have wished to call mine, and all her ever-to-be respected family (pleading their own sakes) join their wishes in my favour; and, were you to desire it, would, I am sure, signify as much to you under their own hands. I know not whether I could so far have overcome my own scruples in behalf of your delicay (placing myself, as

persons always ought when they hope for favour, in the granter's place) as to supplicate you so soon as I have done, but at the earnest request of a family, and for the sake of a Lady, I must ever hold dear. The world about you expects a speedy celebration. I have not, I own, been backward to encourage the expectation: It was impossible to conceal from it the motive of my coming down, as my abode was at an inn. I came with an equipage, because my pride (How great is my pride! permitted me not to own that I doubted. Have you, madam, a material objection to an early day? Be so good to inform me, if you have. I wish to remove every shadow of doubt from your heart.

I was silent. He proceeded:

Let me not pain you, madam! — lifting my hand to his lips — I would not pain you for the world. You have seen the unhappy Olivia! You have perhaps heard her story from herself. What must be the cause upon which self partiality cannot put a gloss? Because I knew not how (It was shocking to my nature) to repulse a Lady, she took my pity for encouragement. Pity from a Lady of a man, is noble — The declaration of pity from a man for a woman, may be thought a vanity bordering upon insult. Of such a nature is not mine — She has some noble qualities — from my heart, for her character's sake, I pity Olivia! and the more, for that violence of temper which she never was taught to restrain. If, madam, you have any scruples on her account, own them: I will, for I honestly can, remove them.

O Sir! None! None! — Not the least, on that unhappy Lady's account —

Let me say, proceeded he, that Olivia reveres you, and wishs you (I hope cordially, for she is afraid still of your sister-excellence) to be mine. Give me leave to boast (It is my boast), that tho' I have had pain from individuals of your Sex, I can look back on my past life, and bless God that I never, from childhood to manhood, WILFULLY gave pain either to the MOTHERLY or SISTERLY heart ; nor from manhood to the present hour, to any other woman.

O Sir! Sir! — What is it you call pain, if at this instant (and I said it with tears) that which your goodness makes me feel, is not so? — The dear, the excellent Clementina! What a perverseness is in her fate! She, and she only, could have deserved you!

He bent his knee to the greatly-honoured Harriet — I acknowlege with transport, said he, the joy you give me by your magnanimity; such a more than sisterly magnanimity to that of Clementina. How nobly do you authorize my regard for her! — In you, madam, shall I have all her excellencies, without the abatements which must have been allowed, had she been mine, from considerations of Religion and Country. Believe me, madam, that my Love of her, if I know my heart is of such a nature, as never can abate the fervor of that I vow to you. To both of you, my principal attachment was to MIND: Yet let me say, that

the personal union, to which you discourage me not to aspire, and the duties of that most intimate of all connexions, will preserve to you the due preference; as (allow me to say) it would have done to her, had she accepted of my vows.

O Sir! believe me incapable of affectation, of petulance, of disguise! My heart (Why should I not speak freely to Sir Charles Grandison?) is wholly yours! — It never knew another Lord! I will flatter myself, that, had you never known Lady Clementina, and had she not been a prior Love, you never would have had a divided heart! — What pain must you have had in the conflict! My regard for you, bids me acknowlege my own vanity, in my pity for you!

I gushed into tears — You must leave me, Sir — I cannot bear the exaltation you have given me!

I turned away my face: I thought I should have fainted.

He clasped me to his bosom: He put his cheek to mine: For a moment we neither of us could speak.

He broke the short silence. I dread the effects on your tender health, of the pain I, or rather your own greatness of mind, give you. Beloved of my heart! kissing my cheek, wet at that moment with the tears of both, forgive me! — And be assured, that Reverence will always accompany my Love. Will it be too much, just now, to re-urge the day that shall answer the wishes of Clementina, of her noble brothers, of all our own friends, and make you wholly mine?

His air was so noble; his eyes shewed so much awe, yet such manly dignity, that my heart gave way to its natural impulse — Why, Sir, should I not declare my reliance on your candour? My honour, in the world's eye, I entrust to you: But bid men ot do an improper thing, left my desire of obliging you should make me forget myself.

Was not this a generous resignation? Did it not deserve a generous return? But he, even Sir Charles Grandison, endeavoured to make his advantage of it. Letters from Italy unreceived! as if he thought my reference to those a punctilio also.

What a deposit! — Your honour, madam, is safely entrusted. Can punctilio be honour? — It is but the shadow of it. What but that stands against your grant of an early day? — Do not think me misled by my impatience to call you mine, to take an undue advantage of your condescension. Is it not the happiness of both that I wish to confirm? And shall I suffer false delicacy, false gratitude, to take place of the true? — Allow me, madam — But you seem uneasy — I will prolong the time I had intended to beg you would permit me to limit you to. Let me request from you the choice of some one happy day before the expiration of the next fourteen —

Consider, Sir! —

Nothing, madam, happening in my behaviour to cause you to revoke the generous trust: From abroad there cannot.

He looked to be in earnest in his request: Was it not almost an ungenerous return to my confidence in him? Twelve days only had elasped since his personal declaration; the Letters from Italy which he had allowed me to wait for, unreceived; Lady D. one of the most delicate-minded of women, knowing too my preferable regard for your brother: And must not the hurry have the worse appearance for that? No preparation yet thought of: My aunt thinking his former urgency, greatly as she honours him, rather too precipitating — My spirits, hurried before, were really affected. Do not call me a silly girl, dearest Lady G: I endeavoured to speak; but, at the instant, could not distinctly.

I am sorry, madam, that what I have said has so much disturbed you. Surely, some one day in the fourteen —

Indeed, indeed, Sir, interrupted I, you have surprised me: I did not think you could have wished so to limit me — I did not expect —

What, loveliest of women! will you allow me to expect? The day is still at your own choice. Revoke not, however, the generous concession, till Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and our Lucy, are consulted. Will you, dearest madam, be determined by them?

Say, not, Sir, to any of them, after such an instance of my confidence in you — for the honour of your accustomed generosity, say it not — that you could so limit me; and I will endeavour to forget it.

Consider, my dearest Miss Byron —

I believe my grandmamma is come, said I —

They are all goodness: They will indulge me. I will tell you, madam, taking my hand, and seating me, what is my intention, if you approve of it. All the country suppose that my application for your favour meets with encouragement: They expect, as I have told you, a speedy solemnization. I took my lodgings at some little distance from you, at a place of public entertainment; perhaps (pardon me, madam, for the sake of my ingenuousness) with some view, that the general talk [See, Lady G! it is well he is a good man!] would help to accelerate my happy day: But, madam, to continue my daily visits from thence, when my happiness is supposed to be near, will not perhaps look so well [We are to be studious of looks, it seems] — Indeed I would not be thought to despise the world's opinion: The world, when it will have patience to stay till it is master of facts, is not always wrong: It can judge of others, better than it can act itself — The change of my lodgings to others in this house, or in Shirley-manor, will not perhaps be allowed till I am blessed with the hand of the dearest relation of both: I therefore think of going up to town, declaredly (Why not?) to prepare for our nuptials; and

to return near the time agreed upon for the happy celebration. Then will either this house, or Shirley-manor, be allowed to receive the happiest of men.

He stopt: I was silent. He proceeded, looking tenderly, yet smilingly, in my downcast face, still holding my hand: — And now, dearer to me than life, let me ask you — Can you think it an unpardonable intrusion on your condescending goodness, that I make the time of my return to my Miss Byron not over-tedious? — Fourteen days, were you to go to the extent of them, would be an age to me, who have been for so many days past the happiest man that a person in expectation can be. I do assure you, madam, that I had not the insolence to suppose I was making you a request that was rather expected to be forgiven, than complied with. I thought myself not ungenerous to the confidence you reposed in me, that I gave you so much time. I thought of a week, and began apologizing, lest you should think it too short; but, when I saw you disturbed, I concluded with the mention of a fortnight. My dearest creature, think me not unreasonable in my expectations of your compliance —

What, Sir! in a fortnight? —

As to preparations, madam, you know the pleasure my sisters will have in executing any commissions you will favour them with on so joyful an occasion. Charlotte had not so much time for preparation. But were not every-thing to be in readiness by the chosen day, there will be time enough for all you wish, before you would perhaps choose to see company — Consider, my dearest life, that if you regard punctilio merely; punctilio has no determinate end: Punctilio begets punctilio. You may not half a year hence imagine that to be sufficiently gratified. Again I say, Do you, madam, consider: Let me adhere to the fourteen days, and within them crown the hope you gave me.

Within them! — Sir! I did not expect —

You tell me, my beloved Miss Byron, interrupted he, what you did not expect — Tell me, I beseech you, mistress as you are of one of the noblest of female hearts, what you did expect, when you condescended to make me the compliment, that, were it to be carried into effect, would engage my utmost gratitude.

I had not thought of any particular time: But I could not have made you that compliment, had I thought of a day so very early.

You have, madam, you ought to have, the option: Yet I own, that your declared generous confidence in me had elated me. The temptation was too great for me, not to wish to make use of the power you had, as I thought, put into my hands: And allow me to say, that I cannot give up my hope till your grandmamma and aunt decide that I ought.

How, Sir! — And can you thus adhere? — But I will allow of your reference —

And be determined by their advice, madam?

But I will not trust you, Sir, with pleading your own cause.

Are you not arbitrary, madam?

In this point, if I am, ought I not to be so?

Yes, if you will resume a power you had so generously resigned.

May I not, Sir, when I think it over-strained in the hands of the person to whom, in better hopes, it was delegated?

That, dear Lady, is the point to be tried. You consent to refer the merits of it to your grandmamma and aunt?

If I do, Sir, you ought not to call me arbitrary.

It is gracious, bowing, in my sovereign Lady, to submit her absolute will and pleasure to arbitration.

Very well, Sir! — But will you not submit to my own award?

Tell me dear Miss Byron, tell me, if I do, how generous will you be?

I was far from intending —

Was, madam — I hope I may dwell upon that word, and repeat my question?

Am, Sir. I am far from intending —

No more, dear madam. I appeal to another tribunal.

Well, Sir, I will endeavour to recollect the substance of this conversation, and lay it, in writing, before the judges you have named. Lucy shall be one.

You will permit me, madam, to see your state of the case, before you lay it before the judges?

No, Sir! None but they must see it, till it makes part of a Letter to Lady G. who then shall shew it only to Lady L.

It is the harder to be thus prescribed to, my dear Miss Byron, because —

What, Sir, in my day? —

That was what I was going to urge, because mine will never come. Every day, to the end of my life, will be yours [Dear man!] — Only, Sir, as I deserve your kindness, I wish not for it on other terms. And you shall be then sole judge of my deserts. I will not appeal to any other tribunal.

He gracefully bowed. I think, said he, smiling, I must withdraw my intended appeal: I am half-afraid of my judges; and perhaps ought to rely wholly on your goodness.

No, no, Sir! Your intention is your act. In that sense you have appealed to Caesar

I never before was in Love with despotism. You mention writing to my sisters: You correspond with them, I presume, as you formerly did with our Lucy. Let me tell you, madam, that you had not been Miss Byron, FOURTEEN days after I was favoured with the sight of those Letters, had I been at liberty to offer you my

heart, and could I have prevailed on you to accept it. Your distress, your noble frankness of heart —

And let me own, Sir, as an instance of the frankness you are pleased to encourage, that gratitude for the deliverance you so nobly gave me, had as much power over my heart, as the openness of mine, and my distress, could have over yours.

Sweet excellence! — Complete your generous goodness to a grateful heart; it is a grateful one; and shorten the days of your single power, in order to enlarge it!

Lucy appeared; but seeing us engaged in conversation, was about to retire: But he, stepping to her, and taking both her hands — OUR Lucy, obligingly, said he, you must come in — You are to be one judge of three in a certain cause, that will come before you — And I hope —

No prejudgings, Sir Charles, said I — You are not to plead at all —

Yet deeply interested in the event, Miss Selby! said he.

A bad sign, cousin Byron! said Lucy. I begin already to doubt the justice of your cause.

When you hear it, Lucy, make, as you usually do, the golden rule yours, and I have nothing to fear.

I tell you, before-hand, I am inclined to favour Sir Charles. No three judges can be found, but will believe, from his character, that he cannot be wrong.

But from mine, that I may! O my Lucy! I did not expect this from my cousin. You must not, I think, be one of my judges.

To this place, I have shewn my three judges. The following is their determination, drawn up by the dear Lady president, my grandmamma:

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, AGAINST HARRIET BYRON. ET É CONTRA.

WE, the underwritten, do find, upon the case laid before us by the said Harriet, That, in the whole conversation between the said Sir Charles and her, she has behaved herself with that true virgin delicacy, yet with that laudable unreservedness, that might be expected from her character, and his merits. We think, the gentleman has the advantage of the Lady in the arguments for the early day contended for; and, if she had defended herself by little artifices and disguises, we should have had no scruple to decide against her: But as she has shewn, throughout the conversation, noble instances of generosity, trust reposed, and even acknowleged affection; we recommend to them both a compromise.

We allow, therefore, Sir Charles Grandison to pursue his intentions of going up to town, declaredly to prepare for the happy day; and recommend it to Harriet, in consideration of the merits of the requester (who lays his whole heart open before

her, in a manner too generous not to meet with a like return) to fix as early a day as in prudence she can.

For the rest, May the Almighty shower down his blessings on both! May all their contentions, like this, be those of Love, and true Delicacy! May they live together many, very many, happy years, an example of conjugal felicity! And may their exemplary virtues meet with an everlasting reward! — So prays! so subscribes!

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

MARIANNE SELBY.

LUCY SELBY.

To-morrow morning, when Sir Charles comes to breakfast, this paper will be presented to him by my grandmamma.

I wonder whether Sir Charles writes to Dr. Bartlett an account of what passes here. If he does, what would I give to see his Letters! and particularly, what he thinks of the little delays he meets with But do, dear Lady G. acquit me of affectation and parade. Indeed it is not that. I hope he himself acquits me, and censures himself; for, upon my word, he is unreasonably hasty.

I could not but express a little curiosity about his hint of Lady Olivia's favourable opinion of me, tho' not at the time; and he was so good as to shew me, and my grandmamma and aunt, a most extraordinary character which she gave me in a long Letter. I saw it was a long Letter (I was very Eve-ish, my dear). Lucy said afterwards, that I did so leer at it: An ugly word, importing sliness! and, after I was angry at myself for giving her the idea that put her upon applying it, I chid her for using it.

Lady Olivia writes such high things, my dear! I blushed — I did not, could not, deserve them. I always pitied her, you know; but now you cannot imagine how much more than ever I pitied her. Do all of us, indeed, as the men say, love flattery? — I did not think I did — I shall find out all the obliquities of my heart, in time. I was supposed once to be so good a creature — as if none other were half so good! — Ah, my partial friends! you studied your Harriet in the dark; but here comes the sun darting into all the crooked and obscure corners of my heart; and I shrink from his dazling eye; and, compared to Him (and Clementina, let me add) appear to myself such a Nothing —

Nay, I have had the mortification, once or twice, to think myself less than the very Olivia, upon whom, but lately, secure of my mind's superiority to her mind, I looked down with a kind of proud compassion: And whence this exaltation of Olivia, and self-humiliation? — Why, from her magnifying beyond measure the poor Harriet, and yielding up her own hopes, entreating him, as she does, to

address me; and that with such honourable distinction, as if my acceptance of him were doubtful, and a condescension.

I wish I could procure you a copy of what your brother read to me — Ah, my dear! it is very soothing to my pride! — But what is the foundation of that pride? Is it not my ambition to be thought worthily of by the best of men? And does not praise stimulate me to resolve to deserve praise? I will endeavour to deserve it. But, my dear, this Olivia, a fine figure herself, and loving in spite of discouragement, can praise, to the object of her Love, the person, and still more, the mind, of her rival! — Is not that great in Olivia? Could I be so great, if I thought myself in danger from her?

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Selby-house, Wedn. Oct. 25.

SIR Charles came not this morning till we were all assembled for breakfast. I had begun to think, whether, if I had been Sir Charles, and he had been Miss Byron, I would not have been here an hour before, expecting the decision of the judges to whom a certain cause was referred. O my dear Lady G.! how narrow minded I am, with all my quondam heroism! The knowlege of his past engagements with the excellent Clementina, and of his earnest wishes then to be hers, makes me, on every occasion that can be tortured into an appearance of neglect or coldness, so silly! — Indeed I am ashamed of myself. But all my petulance was dispelled, the instant he shone upon us.

Well, my dear Ladies, said he, the moment he took his place, whisperingly to my grandmamma (who sat between my aunt and Lucy), Is sentence given?

It is, Sir Charles — He took my hand, cross my Nancy's lap, as she sat between him and me — I have hopes, my dear Miss Byron [from the foolishness in my looks, I suppose] that you are cast.

Have patience, Sir, said I — It is well that the best of us are not always to be our own carvers.

He looked, Lucy said afterwards, with eyes of love upon me, and of apprehension on his judges; and the discourse turned upon different subjects.

I retired as soon as breakfast was over; and he demanded his sentence.

My uncle was, as he called it, turned out of door before my grandmamma gave your brother the paper.

Sir Charles read it — You are not serious upon it, Sir Charles, said my grandmamma. — I am infinitely obliged to you, Ladies, replied he. I love to argue with my dear Miss Byron: I must attend her, this moment.

He sent up Sally before him, and came up. I was in my closet; and scrupled not to admit him.

Henceforth, my dearest dear Miss Byron, said he, the moment he approached me (as I stood up to receive him) I salute you undoubtedly mine — And he saluted me with ardor — I knew not which way to look — So polite a Lover as I thought him! — Yet never man was so gracefully free! — It remains now, madam, proceeded he, still holding my hand, to put to trial your goodness to me [You have done that already, thought I!] in the greater question, by which I am to conduct myself for the next week, or ten days.

Week or ten days, thought I! Surely, Sir, you are an incroacher.

You see, Sir, said I, when a little recovered, what judges who, on such points as these, cannot err, have determined.

Yes, they can, interrupted he: As Ladies, they are parties — But I submit. Their judgment must be a law to me — I will go up to town, as they advise. I cannot, however, be long absent from you. When I return, I will not put up at a public place. Either your uncle, or your grandmother, must allow me to be their guest. This will oblige you, I hope, even for dear punctilio sake, to honour me with your hand very soon after my return.

He paused: I was silent. His first address had put me out. Remember, madam, I said, resumed he, that I cannot be long absent: You are above being governed by mere punctilio. Add to the obligations your generous acceptance of me has laid me under — Why sighs my Angel? [It was, my dear Lady G. an involuntary sigh!] — For the world, I would not give you either sensible or lasting pain. But if the same circumstances would make your nomination of a day as painful to you, some time hence, as now, then bless me with as early a day as you CAN give me, to express myself in the words of my judges.

This, Sir, said I (but I hesitated, and looked down) is one of the solemn points which precede one of the most solemn circumstances of my life. You seem more in earnest for an early day than I could have expected. When I have declared that affectation has no part in the more distant compliance, I may be allowed, by the nicest of my own Sex, to lay open to a man so generous, tho' so precipitating, my whole heart. Indeed, Sir, it is wholly yours — I blushed, as I felt, and turned away my face. It was a free declaration: But I was resolved to banish affectation. He bowed profoundly on my hand, and kissed it. Gratitude looked out in his eyes, and appeared in his graceful manner, tho' attentively silent.

You was my deliverer, proceeded I. An esteem founded on gratitude, the object so meritorious, ought to set me above mere forms — Our judges say that you have the advantage in the argument.

I will lay no stress, madam, on this part of their judgment in my favour — To your goodness, and to that so nobly-acknowleged esteem, I wholly refer myself.

I myself think, proceeded I, that you have the advantage in the argument — All that is in my power, I would wish to do, to oblige you —

Condescending goodness! — Again he bowed on my hand.

Do you think, Sir —

Why hesitates my Love?

Do you think, six weeks —

Six ages, my dearest, dearest creature? — Six weeks! For Heaven's sake, madam — He looked, he spoke, impatience.

What can a woman, who has owned your title to expect to be obliged, say? — let me, at least, ask (and I unaffectedly hesitated) a month, Sir — from this day — And that you will acknowlege yourself not perversely or weakly treated.

He dropt on one knee, and kissing my hand, once, twice, thrice, with rapture, Within the month! then I hope — I cannot live a month from you — Allow me to return in the first fortnight of the month —

O Sir! and take up your residence with us, on your return.

Undoubtedly, madam. — Consider, Sir — Do you also, dearest madam, consider; and banish me not from you for so very long a time.

My heart wanted, I thought, to oblige him; but to allow him to return sooner, as he was to take up his abode with us, what was that, but, in effect, complying with his first proposal?

Permit me, Sir, to retire. Indeed you are too urgent.

He asked my excuse; but declared, that he would not give up his humble plea (humble he called it) unless my grandmamma and aunt told him, that he ought.

On his leaving me to return to company below, he presented me with four little boxes. Accept, my beloved Miss Byron, said he, of these trifles. I received them not till this morning. While I had the Day to hope from you, my heart would not suffer me to offer them, least you should suspect me mean enough to imagine an influence from them. I oblige myself by the tender, and I comply with custom, which I am fond of doing, whenever I can innocently do it. But I know, that you, my dear Miss Byron, value the heart more than a thousand times the value of these — Mine, madam, is yours, and will be yours to the end of my life.

What could I say? — My heart, on recollection, reproaches me for my ungraceful acceptance. I courtesied. I was silly. Sir Charles Grandison only can be present to every occasion.

He looked as if my not refusing them was a favour more than equivalent to the value of the presents. My dearest life! said he, on my putting them on my toilette, how much you oblige me! — Shall I conduct you to our friends below? Will you acquaint your grandmamma and aunt with our debate, and my bold expectation?

I stood still. He took my hand, pressed it with his lips, and, with a reverence more than usually profound, as if he had received instead of conferred a favour, withdrew. Never was a present so gracefully made! I cannot describe the grace with which he made it.

My uncle, it seems, as soon as he went down, asked him, How we had settled the great affair? My grandmamma and aunt in a breath, as he paid his compliments to them, asked him, If their Harriet had been good? — or, as good as he expected?

Miss Byron, said he, has taken more time than I could have wished she had. A month, she talks of.

Has she complied so far? said my grandmamma. I am glad of it. I was afraid she would have insisted upon more time — So was I, said my aunt. But who can withstand Sir Charles Grandison? Has the dear girl given you the very day, Sir?

No, madam. If she had, I should have hoped it would have been considerably within the month. As yet, Ladies, I hope it will.

Nay, Sir Charles, if you are not pleased with a month, said my aunt — Hush, dear Ladies! — Here comes the Angel. — Not a word, I beseech you, on that side of the question — She will think, if you applaud her, that she has consented to too short a term — You must not make her uneasy with herself.

Does not this look as if he imagined there was room for me to be so? — I almost wish — I do’nt know what I wish; except I could think but half so well of myself as I do of him: For then should I look forward with less pain in my joy than now too often mingles with it.

Your brother excused himself from dining with us: That Greville has engaged him. Why would he permit himself to be engaged by him? Greville cannot love him: He can only admire him, and that everybody does, who has been but once in his company. Miss Orme, even Miss Orme, is in Love with him. I received a note from her while your brother was with us. These are the contents:

Dear Miss Byron,

I AM in Love with your young Baronet. It is well that your Beauty and your Merit secure you, and make every other woman hopeless. To see and know Miss Byron, is half the cure, unless a woman were presumption itself. O my poor brother! — But will you let me expect you, and as many of the dear family as you can bring, at breakfast to-morrow morning? — Sir Charles Grandison, of course. Shew your own obligingness to me, and your power over him, at the same time. Your cousin Holles’s will be with me, and three sister-toasts of York; besides that Miss Clarkson of whose Beauty and Agreeableness you have heard me talk. They long to see you. You may come. Poor things! how will they be mortified! If any one of them can allow herself to be less lovely than the others, she will be least affected by your superiority. But let me tell you, that Miss Clarkson, had she the intelligence in her eyes that Somebody else has, and the dignity with the ease, would be as charming a young woman. But we are all prepared, I to love, they to admire, your gentleman. Pray, pray, my dear, bring him, or the disappointment will kill

Your KITTY ORME.

Lucy, acquainting Sir Charles with the invitation, asked him, if he would oblige Miss Orme. He was at our command, he said — So we shall breakfast tomorrow at The Park.

But I am vexed at his dining with us to-day. So little time to stay with us! I wish him to be complaisant to Mr. Greville; but need he be so very obliging? There are plots laying for his company all over the county. We are told, there is to be a numerous assembly, all of gentlemen, at Mr. Greville's. Mr. Greville humourously declares, that he hates all women, for the sake of one.

WE have just opened the boxes. O my dear Lady G! your brother is either very proud, or his fortune is very high! Does he not say, that he always consults fortune, as well as degree, in matters of outward appearance? He has not, in these presents, I am sure, consulted either the fortune or degree of your Harriet — Of your happy Harriet, I had like to have written: But the word happy, in this place, would have looked as if I thought these jewels an addition to my happiness. How does his bounty insult me, on my narrow fortune! — Narrow, unless he submit to accept of the offered contributions of my dear friends — Contributions! — Proud Harriet! how art thou, even in thy exaltation, humbled! — Trifles, he called them! The very ornamenting one's self with such toys, may, in his eye, be thought trifling, tho' he is not above complying with the fashion, in things indifferent: But, the cost and beauty of these jewels considered, they are not trifles. The jewel of jewels, however, is his heart! How would the noble Clementina — Hah, Pen! Heart, rather, Why, why, just now, this check of Clementina? — I know why — Not from want of admiration of her; but when I am allowing my heart to open, then does — Something here, in my inmost bosom [Is it Conscience?] strike me, as if it said, Ah, Harriet! — Triumph not; rejoice not! Check the overflowings of thy grateful heart! — Art thou not an invader of another's right?

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 27.

I Will hurry off a few lines. I am always ready before these fiddling girls: Lucy and Nancy, I mean. Never tedious, but in dressing! They will over-do the morning appearance. I could beat them. So well acquainted with propriety as they are; and knowing the beauty of elegant negligence. Were I not afraid of Lucy's repartee; and that she would say I was laying out for a compliment; I would tell them they had a mind to try to eclipse Miss Clarkson, and the Yorkshire Ladies. Your brother supped, as well as dined, at that Greville's. Fie upon him! I did not think he had so little command of himself! — Vain Harriet! Perhaps he chose to be rather there than here, for novelty -sake. I shall be saucy, by-and-by. He is below, strongly engaged in talk with my aunt — About me, I suppose: Ay, to be sure! methinks your Ladyship says. He can talk of nobody else! — Well, and what if one would wish he could not! [What are these girls about?] No less than one-and-twenty gentlemen at Greville's, besides the Prince of them all. They all were ready to worship him. Fenwick looked in just now, and tells us so. He says, that your brother was the liveliest man in the company. He led the mirth, he says, and visibly exerted himself the more, finding the turn of the conversation likely to be what might be expected from such a company of all men. Wretches! Can twenty of them, when met, be tolerable creatures, not a woman among them, to soften their manners, and give politeness to their conversation? — Fenwick says, they engaged him at one time into talk of different regions, customs, usages. He was master of every subject. Half a score mouths were open at once whenever he spoke, as if distended with gags, was his word; and every one's eyes broader than ever they were observed to be before. Fenwick has humour; a little: Not much; only by accident. So unlike himself at times, that he may pass for a different man. His aping Greville, helps his oddness. — How I ramble! You'll think I am aping my dear Lady G. Mocking's catching! — [O these girls!] — I think time lost when I am not writing to you. You cannot imagine what a thief I am to my company. I steal away myself, and get down, before I am missed, half a score times in a couple of hours. Sir Charles sung to the wretches: They all sung. They encored him without mercy. — He talks of setting out for town on Saturday, early. Lord bless me! what shall I do, when he is gone? — Do you think I say this? If I do, I am kept in countenance: Every-body says so, as well as I — But ah, Lady G.! — He has invited all the gentlemen, the whole Twenty-one, and my cousin

James, and my uncle, to dine with him at his inn, tomorrow! — Inn! nasty inn! Why did we let him go thither? — I am afraid he is a reveller. Can he be so very good a man? O yes, yes, yes! wicked Harriet! What is in thy heart, to doubt it? A fine reflexion upon the age; as if there could not be one good man in it! and as if a good man could not be a man of vivacity and spirit! From whom can spirits, can chearfulness, can debonnairness, be expected, if not from a good man? — I will shew these girls, by the quantity I have written, how they have made me wait. Prating I suppose, to my Sally, about Sir Charles: They can talk of nobody else. — Ready! Yes, you dear creatures! So you ought to have been a leaf and half of my writing ago! − Adieu, Lady G. till our return from Miss Orme's.

Thursday Noon.

JUST come back from Miss Orme's. Sir Charles and my grandmamma are now got together, in serious talk. I know I was the subject, by the dear parent's looking often smiling upon me, as I sat at distance, and by his eyes (taking the reference, as I may call it, of her's) turned as often towards me; so I stole up to my pen.

We were very politely treated by Miss Orme. Miss Clarkson is a charming young Lady: The three Yorkshire sisters are lovely women. Sir Charles has told us, that mere Beauty attracts only his eyes, as fine flowers do in a gay parterre. I don't know that, my dear: That's the philosophical description of himself. The same men and women are not always the same persons. The Ladies, one and all, when his back was turned, declared, that he was the gallantest man they ever were in company with. He said the easiest, politest things, they ever heard spoken. — They never were in his company before: They might else have heard as fine. Such dignity they observed (so does every-body), yet so much ease, in all he said, as well as in his whole behaviour — Born to be a public man, would his pride permit him to aim at being so! — Not a syllable, however, but what might be said to each with the strictest truth. Sir Charles Grandison [It is Lucy's observation, as well as mine] addresses himself to women, as women, not as goddesses; yet does honour to the persons, and to the sex. Other men, not knowing what better to say, make Angels of them, all at once. The highest things are ever said by men of the lowest understandings; and, their bolts once shot, the poor souls can go no further. So silly! — Has not your Ladyship some of these in your eye, who make out the rest, by grinning in our faces, in order to convince us of their sincerity? Complimental men don't consider, that if the women they egregiously flatter were what they would have them believe they think them, they would not be seen in such company.

But what do you think the elder sister of the three said of your brother? — She was sure, those eyes, and that vivacity and politeness, were not given him for

nothing. Given him for nothing! What a phrase is that! In short, she said, that practice had improved his natural advantages. This I have a good mind to say of her — Either she had not charity, or her heart has paid for enabling its mistress to make such an observation. Practice! What meant she by the word? — Indeed your brother was not quite so abstractedly inattentive, I thought, to the Beauty of Miss Clarkson, but he might give some little shadow of ground for observation to a censorious person.

I sometimes think, that, free and open as his eyes are, his character might suffer, if one were to judge of his heart by them. Lord L. I remember, once said, that Ladies abroad used to look upon him as their own man, the moment they beheld him. — Innocently so, no doubt, and in their conversation-assemblies. Poor Lady Olivia, I suppose, was so caught! at an unhappy moment, perhaps when her caution was half-asleep, and she was loth to have it too rudely awakened. But ought I, your Harriet, to talk of this? — Where was my caution, when I suffered myself to be surprised? — O but my gratitude was my excuse. Who knows what Olivia might have to plead? — We have not her whole story, you know. Poor Lady! I pity her! To cross the seas, as she did! — Ineffectually!

But can you bear this pen-prattling; the effects of a mind more at ease than it ever expected to be?

I will go down. Can I be so long spared? I am just thinking, that were I one of the creatures called Coquettes, the best way to attract attention, when it grew languid, is, to do as I do from zeal in writing to you — Be always going out and returning, and not staying long enough in a place to tire one's company, or suffer them to turn their eyes upon any-body else. Did you ever try such an experiment, Charlotte? But you never could tire your company. Yet I think you have a spice of that character in yours. Don't you think so, yourself? — But don't own it, if you do — Hey-day! What's the matter with me! I believe by my flippancy I am growing quite well, and as saucy as I used to be — Poor Lady Clementina! I wish she were happy! Then should I be so.

MY dear Lady G. we had a charming conversation this day: My grandmamma and your brother bore the principal parts in it. It began with dress, and fashion, and such-like trifling subjects; but ended in the noblest. You know my grandmamma's chearful piety. Sir Charles seemed at first only designing to attend to her wisdom; but she drew him in. O my dear! he seems to be, yet not to know it, as good a man, as she is a woman! Yet years so different! — But austerity, uncharitableness, on one hand; ostentation, affectation, on the other; these are qualities which can have no place in his heart. Such a glorious benevolence! Such enlarged sentiments! — What a happy, thrice happy woman, thought I, several

times, must she be, who shall be considered as a partaker of his goodness! Who shall be blest not only in him, but for him; and be his, and he hers, to all eternity!

My aunt once, in the conclusion of this conversation, said, How happy would it be, if he could reform certain gentlemen of this neighbourhood! And as they were so fond of his company, she hoped he would attempt it.

Example, he answered, and a silent one, would do more with such men than precept. They have Moses, and the prophets. They know when they do wrong, and what is right. They would be afraid of, and affronted at, a man pretending to instruct them. Decency, from such men, is as much as can be expected. We live in such an age, added he, that I believe more good may be done by seeming to relax a little, than by strictness of behaviour. Yet I admire those, who, from a full persuasion of their duty, do not relax; and the more, if they have got above moroseness, austerity, and uncharitableness.

After dinner, Mr. Milbourne, a very good man, minister of a Dissenting congregation in our neighbourhood, accompanied by Dr. Curtis, called in upon us. They are good friends; made so by the mediation of my grandmamma, some years ago, when they did not so well understand each other. Dr. Curtis had been with us more than once, since Sir Charles was our visiter. He greatly admires him, you need not doubt. It was beautiful, after compliments had passed between Sir Charles and the gentlemen, to see the modest man shine out in your brother's behaviour. Indeed he was free and easy, but attentive, as expecting entertainment and instruction from them; and leading each of them to give it in his own way.

They staid but a little while; and when they were gone, Sir Charles said, He wanted no other proof of their being good men, than they gave by their charity, and friendship to each other. My uncle, who, you know, is a zealous man for the Church, speaking a little severely of persons whom he called Scismatics; O Mr. Selby! said Sir Charles, let us be afraid of prescribing to tender consciences. You and I, who have been abroad, in countries where they account us worse than Schismatics, would have been loath to have been prescribed to, or compelled, in articles for which we ourselves are only answerable to the common Father of us all

I believe in my conscience, Sir Charles, replied my uncle, if the truth were known, you are of the mind of that King of Egypt, who said, He looked upon the diversity of religions in his kingdom with as much pleasure as he did on the diversity of flowers in his garden.

I remember not the name of that King of Egypt, Mr. Selby; but I am not of his mind. I should not, if I were a king, take pleasure in such a diversity: But as the examples of Kings are of great force, I would, by making my own as faultless as I could, let my people see the excellence of my persuasion, and my uniform

practical adherence to it; instead of discouraging erroneous ones by unjustifiable severity. Religious zeal is generally a fiery thing: I would as soon quarrel with a man for his Face, as for his Religion. A good man, if not over-hated by zeal, will be a good man, whatever be his faith; and should always be intitled to our esteem, as he is to our good offices as a fellow-creature.

The Methodists, Sir Charles; What think you of the Methodists! Say you love ‘em; and, and, and, adds-dines, you shall not be my nephew.

You, now, my dear Mr. Selby, make me afraid of you. You throw out a menace, the only one you could perhaps think of, that would make me temporize.

You need not, you need not, be afraid, Sir Charles, said my uncle, laughing! What say you, Harriet? Need he? Hay? looking in my downcast face. Why speak you not, lovely Love? Need Sir Charles, if he had disobliged me, to have been afraid? — Hay?

Dear Sir! you have not of a long time been so —

So, what, Harriet? So, what, dearest? looking me quite down.

Fie, Mr. Selby! said my grandmamma. Sir Charles, stepping to me, very gallantly took my hand — O Mr. Selby, you are not kind, said he: But allow me to make my advantage of your unkindness. My dear Miss Byron, let you and I withdraw; in compassion to Mr. Selby, let us withdraw: We will not hear him chidden, as I see the Ladies think he ought to be.

And he hurried me off. The surprize made me appear more reluctant than I was in my heart.

Every one was pleased with his air and manner; and by this means he relieved himself from subjects with which he seemed not delighted, and obtained an opportunity to get me to himself.

Here had he stopt, he would have been welcome: But hurrying me into the Cedar-parlour; I am jealous, my Love, said he; putting his arm round me: You seemed loth to retire with me. Forgive me: But thus I punish you, whenever you give me cause: And, dear Lady G. he downright kissed me — My lip; and not my cheek — and in so fervent a way — I tell you every-thing, my Charlotte — I could have been angry — had I known how, from surprize. Before I could recollect myself, he withdrew his arm; and, resuming his usual respectful air, it would have made me look affected, had I then taken notice of it. But I don’t remember any instance of the like freedom used to Lady Clementina.

My lovely Love, said he, to express myself in your uncle’s stile, which is that of my heart, tell me, Can you have pity for a poor man, when he is miserable, who, on a certain occasion, shewed you none? See what a Letter Sir Hargrave Pollexfen has written to Dr. Bartlett; who asks my advice about attending him.

I obtained leave to communicate it to you, my dear Ladies. Be pleased to return it to me. I presume, you will read it here.

Dear Dr. Bartlett,

CAN your company be dispensed with by the best of men, for one, two, three days? — I have not had a happy hour since I saw you and Sir Charles Grandison at my house on the Forest. All is gloom and horror in my mind: My despondency is, must be, of the blackest kind. It is blacker than remorse: It is all repining; but no repentance: I cannot, cannot, repent. Lord God of Heaven and Earth, what a wretch am I! with such a fortune; such estates! I am rich as Craesus, yet more miserable than the wretch that begs his bread from door to door; and who oftener meets repulses, than relief. What a glorious choice has your patron made! Youth unbroken; conscience his friend; he cannot know an enemy. O that I had lived the life of your patron! I cannot see a creature who does not extol him. My wine-merchant's name is Danby — Good God! What stories does he tell of him! Lord Jesus! What a heart must he have, that would permit him to do such things as Danby reports of him, of his own knowlege! While I — As young a man as himself, for what I know — With power to do good, as great, perhaps greater, than his own. — Lord! Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it, for the last three or four years of my life! who might have reached Threescore-and-ten with comfort! whereas now, at Twenty-eight, I am on the very brink of the grave. It appears to me as ready dug: It yawns for me: I am neither fit to die, nor to live. My days are dreadful: My nights are worse: My bed is a bed of nettles, and not of down. Not one comfortable thought, not one good action, to revolve, in which I had not some vile gratification to promote! Wretched man! It is come home to me, with a vengeance.

You prayed by me: You prayed for me. I have not been so happy since — Come, and make me easy — happy I can never be, in this world — For pity, for charity sake, come and teach me how to bear life, or how to prepare for its cessation. And if Sir Charles Grandison would make me one more visit, would personally join in prayer with you and me, a glimpse of comfort would once more dart in upon my mind.

Try your interest with him, my dear Sir, in my behalf; and come together. Where is he? — The great God of Heaven and Earth prosper to him all his wishes, be he where he will, and be they what they will. Every-body will find their account in his prosperity. But I! what use have I made of the prosperity given me? — Merceda gone to his account: Bagenhall undone: Jordan shunning me! Narrow-soul'd Jordan! He is reformed; but not able to divide the man from the crime, he thinks he cannot be in earnest, but by hating both. God help me! I

cannot, now, if I would, give him a bad example! He need not be afraid of my staggering him in his good purposes.

One favour, for God's sake, procure for me — It s, that the man whose life once I sought, and thought myself justified by the provocation; who afterwards saved mine, for a time saved it, reserved as I was for pains, for sufferings, in mind and body, worse than death — That this man will be the Executor of my last Will. I have not a friend left. My relations are hungering and watching for my death, as birds of prey over a field of battle. My next heirs are my worst enemies, and most hated by me. Dear Sir Charles Grandison, my deliverer, my preserver, from those bloody Frenchmen, if you are the good man I think you, complete your kindness to him whom you have preserved; and say, you will be his Executor. I will (because I must) do justice to the pretensions of those who will rejoice over my remains; and I will leave you a discretionary power, in articles wherein you may think I have shewn hatred. For justice-sake, then, be my Executor. And do you, good Bartlett, put me in the way of repentance; and I shall then be happy. Draw me up, dear Sir, a Prayer, that shall include Confusion. You cannot suppose me too bad a man, in a Christian sense. Thank God, I am a Christian in belief, tho' I have been a Devil in practice. You are a heavenly-minded man; give me words which may go to my heart; and tell me what I shall say to my God.

Tell Sir Charles Grandison, that he owes to me the service I request of him. For if he had not interposed so hellishly as he did, on Hounslow-heath, I had been the husband of Miss Byron in two hours; and she would have thought it her duty to reform me: And, by the Great God of Heaven, I swear, it was my intention to be reformed, and to make her, if I could have had but her Civility, tho' not her Love, the best of husbands. Lord God of Heaven and Earth! what a happy man had I then been! — Then had I never undertaken that damned expedition to France, which I have rued ever since. Let your patron know how much I owe to him my unhappiness, and he will not, in justice, deny any reasonable, any honest request, that I shall make him.

Lord help me! What a long Letter is here! My Soul complains on paper: I do nothing but complain. It will be a relief, if your patron and you will visit, will pray for, will pity,

The most miserable of men, HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN.

Your brother's eye followed mine, as I read. I frequently wept. In a soothing, tender, and respectful manner, he put his arm round me, and, taking my own handkerchief, unresisted, wiped away the tears as they fell on my cheek. These were his soothing words as my bosom heaved at the dreadful description of the poor man's misery and despair: Sweet humanity! — Charming sensibility — Check not the kindly gush! — Dew-drops of Heaven! wiping away my tears, and

kissing the handkerchief — Dew-drops of Heaven, from a mind, like that Heaven, mild and gracious! — Poor Sir Hargrave! — I will attend him.

You will, Sir! That is very good of you! — Poor man! What a hand, as he says, has he made of it!

A hand, indeed! repeated Sir Charles, his own benign eyes glistening.

And will you be his Executor, Sir? — You will, I hope?

I will do any-thing that my dear Miss Byron wishes me to do; any-thing that may comfort the poor man, if indeed he has not a person in whom he ought to confide, whether he is willing to do so, or not. My endeavour shall be, to reconcile him to his relations: Perhaps he hates them because they are likely to be his heirs: I have known men capable of such narrowness.

When we came to the place where the unhappy man mentions my having been likely to be his in two hours time, a chilness came over my heart; I shuddered. Ah, Sir! said I, how grateful ought I to be to my deliverer!

Ever-amiable goodness! resumed he, How have I been, how am I, how shall I be, rewarded? — With tender awe he kissed my cheek — Forgive me, Angel of a woman! A man can shew his Love but as a man. Your heart is the heart I wish it to be! Love, Humanity, Graciousness, Benevolence, Forgiveness, all the amiable qualities which can adorn the Female mind, are, in perfection, yours! Be your Sister-excellence happy! God grant it! and I shall be the happiest man in the world. You, madam, who can pity your oppressor when in misery, can allow of my grateful remembrance of that admirable woman.

Your tender remembrance of Lady Clementina, Sir, will ever be grateful to me. — God Almighty make her happy! — for your sake! for the sake of your dear Jeronymo; and for mine!

There spoke Miss Byron, and Clementina, both in one! Surely you two are informed by one mind! What is distance of countries! What obstacles can there be, to dissever Souls so paired!

But, Sir! — Must Clementina be compelled to marry? Must the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandison; who stills avows her Love, and only prefers her God to him; be obliged to give her hand to another man?

Would to Heaven that her friends, tender, indulgent, as they have always been to her, would not drive too fast! But how can I, of all men, remonstrate to them in this case, when they think nothing is wanting to obtain her compliance, but the knowlege that she never can be mine?

O Sir! you shall still call her yours, if the dear Lady changes her resolution, and wishes to be so — Ought you not?

And could Miss Byron —

She could, she would, interrupted I — Yet dear, very dear, I am not ashamed to own it, would now the resignation cost me!

Exalted loveliness!

I never, but by such a trial, can be as great as Clementina! — Then could I, as she does, take comfort in the brevity of human life Never, never, would I be the wife of any other man. And shall the nobler Clementina be compelled?

Good God! lifting by his hands and eyes, With what noble minds hast thou distinguished these two women! — Is it for this, madam, that you wish to wait for the next Letters from Italy? I have owned before, that I presumed not to declare myself to you till I was sure of Clementina's adherence to a resolution so nobly taken. We will, however, expect the next Letters. My situation has not been happy. Nothing but the consciousness of my own integrity (excuse, madam, the seeming boast) and a firm trust in Providence, could, at certain times, have supported me.

My mind, my Charlotte, seemed too high wrought. Seeing me much disturbed, he resumed the subject of Sir Hargrave's Letter, as a somewhat less-affecting one. You see, my dearest Miss Byron, said he, a kind of necessity for my hastening up. Another melancholy occasion offers: Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp desires to see me, before he dies. — What a chequered life is this! — I received Sir Hargrave's Letter to Dr. Bartlett, and this intimation from my Beauchamp, by a particular dispatch, just before I came hither. I grudge the time I must lose to-morrow: But we must make some sacrifices to good neighbourhood and civility. Poor Greville had a view, by inviting all his neighbours and me, to let himself down with a grace, in a certain case. He made a merit of his resignation to me, before all the company; every one of which admired my dear Miss Byron. Well received as I was, by every gentleman then present, I could not avoid inviting them, in my turn; but I will endeavour to recover the time. Have I your approbation, madam, for setting out on Saturday morning, early? — I am afraid I must borrow of the Sunday some hours, on my journey. But visiting the sick is an act of mercy.

You will be so engaged to-morrow, Sir, said I, with your numerous guests (and my uncle and cousin James will add to the number) that I suppose we shall hardly see you before you set out (early, as you say that will be) on Saturday morning.

He said, He had given orders already (and, for fear of mistakes, should inforce them to-night) for the entertainment of his guests; and he would do himself the pleasure of breakfasting with us in the morning. — Dear Lady Clementina, forgive me! — I shall not, I am afraid, know how to part with him, tho' but for a few weeks. — How could you let him depart from you; you knew not but it would be for ever? — But you are a wonder of a woman! — I am, at least at this present writing, a poor creature, compared to you!

I asked his leave to shew my grandmamma and aunt and my Lucy, as well as his two sisters, Sir Hargrave's Letter. He wished that they only should see it.

The perusal cost the three dear friends just named some tears. My grandmamma, Lucy tells me (for I was writing to you when they read it) made some fine observations upon the different situations in which the two gentlemen find themselves at this time. I myself could not but recollect the gay, fluttering figure that the poor Sir Hargrave made at Lady Betty William's, perpetually laughing; and compare it with the dark scene he draws in the Letter before me; all brought about in so short a space!

There are, I am told, worse men than this: Were those who are but as bad, to be apprized of the circumstances of Sir Hargrave's story, as fully as we know them, would they not reflect and tremble at his sate, even tho' that of Merceda (whose exit, I am told, was all horror and despair) and of the unhappy Bagenhall, were not taken into the shocking account?

This last wretch, it seems, his spirits and constitution both broken, is gone, nobody knows whither, having narrowly escaped in person, from an execution that was out against him, body and goods; the latter all seized upon: his wife, and an unhealthy child, and she big with another, turned out of doors; a mortgagee in possession of his estate: The poor woman wishing but for means to transport herself and child to her mean friends at Abbeville; a collection set on foot in her neighbourhood, for that purpose, failing; for the poor man was neither beloved, nor pitied.

These particulars your brother's trusty Richard Saunders told my Sally; and in confidence, that your brother, a little before he came down, being acquainted with her destitute condition, sent her, by him, twenty guineas. He never saw a deeper scene of distress, he said.

The poor woman on her knees, received the bounty; blessed the donor; owned herself reduced to the last shilling; and that she thought of applying to the parish for assistance to carry her over.

Sir Charles staid not to supper. My grandmamma, being desirous to take leave of her favourite in the morning, has been prevailed upon to repose here to-night.

I must tell you, my Charlotte, all my fears, my feelings, my follies: You are now, you know, my Lucy. Something arises in my heart, that makes me uneasy: I cannot account to myself for this great and sudden change of behaviour in Greville. His extraordinary civilities, even to fondness, to your brother! Are they consistent with his blustring character, and constant threatnings of any man who was likely to succeed with me? A turn of behaviour so sudden! Sir Charles and he in a manner strangers, but by character — And did he not so far prosecute his menaces, as to try, wicked wretch! what bluster and a drawn sword would do, and

smart for it? Must not that disgrace incense him? — My uncle says, he cannot be a true spirit; witness his compromise with Fenwick, after a rencounter, which being reported to be on my account, had like to have killed me at the time. And if not a true spirit, may he not be treacherous? God preserve your Brother from all secret as well as open attacks! And do you, my dear Ladies, forgive the tender folly of

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Friday Morn. Eight o'Clock, October 27.

THE apprehensions with which I was so weak as to trouble you, in the conclusion of my last, laid so fast hold of my mind, that, going immediately from my pen to my rest, I had it broken and disturbed by dreadful, shocking, wandering dreams. The terror they gave me, several times awakened me; but still, as I closed my eyes, I fell into them again. Whence, my dear, proceed these ideal vagaries, which, for the time, realize pain or pleasure to us, according to their hue or complexion, or rather according to our own?

But such contradictory vagaries never did I know in my slumbers. Incoherences of incoherence! — For example — I was married to the best of men: I was not married: I was rejected with scorn, as a presumptuous creature. I sought to hide myself in holes and corners. I was dragged out of a subterraneous cavern, which the sea had made when it once broke bounds, and seemed the dwelling of howling and conflicting winds; and when I expected to be punished for my audaciousness, and for repining at my lot, I was turned into an Angel of light; stars of diamonds, like a glory, encompassing my head: A dear little baby was put into my arms. Once it was Lucy's; another time it was Emily's; and at another time Lady Clementina's! — I was fond of it, beyond expression.

I again dreamed I was married: Sir Charles again was the man. He did not love me. My grandmamma and aunt, on their knees, and with tears, besought him to love their child; and pleaded to him my love of him of long standing, begun in gratitude; and that he was the only man I ever loved. O how I wept in my dream! My face and bosom were wet with my real tears.

My sobs, and my distress and theirs, awakenod me; but I dropt asleep, and fell into the very same resverie. He upbraided me with being the cause that he had not Lady Clementina. He said, and so sternly! I am sure he cannot look so sternly, that he thought me a much better creature than I proved to be: Yet methought, in my own heart, I was not altered. I fell down at his feet. I called it my misfortune, that he could not love me: I would not say it was his fault. It might, perhaps, be his misfortune too! — And then I said, Love and Hatred are not always in one's power. If you cannot love the poor creature who kneels before you, that shall be a cause sufficient with me for a divorce: I desire not to fasten myself on the man who cannot love me. Let me be divorced from you, Sir — You shall be at liberty to assign any cause for the separation but crime. I will bind myself never, never to

marry again; but you shall be free — And God bless you, and her you can love better than your poor Harriet. — Fool! I weep as I write! − What a weak creature, I am, since I have not been well!

In another part of my resverie he loved me dearly; but when he nearly approached me, or I him, he always became a ghost, and flitted from me. Scenes once changed from England to Italy, from Italy to England: Italy, I thought, was a dreary wild, covered with snow, and pinched with frost: England, on the contrary, was a country glorious to the eye; gilded with a sun not too fervid; the air perfumed with odours, wafted by the most balmy Zephyrs from orange-trees, citrons, myrtles and jessamines. In Italy, at one time, Jeronymo's wounds were healed; at another, they were breaking out afresh. Mr. Lowther was obliged to fly the country: Why, did not appear. There was a fourth brother, I thought; and he, taking part with the cruel Laurana, was killed by the General. Father Marescotti was at one time a martyr for his Religion; at another, a Cardinal; and talked of for Pope.

But still, what was more shocking, and which so terrified me that I awoke in a horror which put an end to all my resveries (for I slept no more that night) — Sir Charles, I thought was assassinated by Greville. Greville fled his country for it, and became a vagabond, a Cain, the Accursed, I thought, of God and Man — I, your poor Harriet, a widow; left in the most calamitous circumstance that a woman can be in — Good Heaven! — But, avaunt, recollection! — Painful, most painful recollection of ideas so terrible! none of your intrusions —

No more of these horrid, horrid incongruities, will I trouble you with! How have they run away with me! I am hardly now recovered from the tremblings into which they threw me!

What, my dear, is the reason, that tho' we know these dreams, these fleeting shadows of the night, to be no more than dreams, illusions of the working mind, fettered and debased as it is by the organs through which it conveys its confined powers to the grosser matter, body, then sleeping, inactive, as in the shades of death; yet that we cannot help being strongly impressed by them, and meditating interpretation of the flying vapours, when reason is broad awake, and tells us, that it is weakness to be disturbed at them? — But Superstition is, more or less, I believe, in every mind, a natural defect. Happily poised is that mind, which, on the one hand, is too strong to be affected by the slavish fears it brings with it; and, on the other, runs not into the contrary extreme, Scepticism, the parent of infidelity!

You cannot imagine, my dear, the pleasure I had, the more for my various dream, when your brother, so amiably serene, Love, Condescension, Affability, shining in his manly countenance, alighted, as I saw him through my window, at

the same time I had the call to breakfast — Dear Sir! I could have said, Have not you been disturbed by cruel, perplexing, contradictory visions! Souls may be near, when Bodies are distant. But are we not one Soul? Could yours be unaffected, when mine was so much disturbed? — But, thank God, you are come? Come safe, unhurt, pleased with me! My fond arms, were the ceremony passed, should welcome you to your Harriet. I would tell you all my disturbances from the absurd illusions of the past night, and my mind should gather strength from the confession of its weakness.

He talked of setting out early to-morrow morning. His first visit, he said, should be to Sir Harry Beauchamp; his next to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Poor Sir Harry! he said, and sighed for him.

Tender-hearted man! as Clementina often called your brother! he pitied Lady Beauchamp. His poor Beauchamp! — The loss of a father, he said, where a great estate was to descend to the son, was the test of a noble heart. He could answer for the sincerity of his Beauchamp's grief, on this trying occasion. Of what joy, said he [sitting between two of the best of women, equally fond of him, speaking low] was I, was my father, deprived! He had allowed me to think of returning to the arms of his paternal love. I make no doubt, but on looking into his affairs (his son, perhaps his steward) he would have done for his daughters, what I have done for my sisters. We should both of us have had a new life to begin, and pursue: A happy one, from my duty and his indulgence, it must have been. I had planned it out. — With all humility I would, by degrees, have laid it before him, first one part, then another, as his condescension would have countenanced me.

Vile, vile resveries! — Must not this young man be the peculiar care of Heaven? How could my disturbed imagination terrify me but in a dream, that the machinations of the darkest mind (as his must be [Greville is not so bad a man] who could meditate violence against virtue so sacredly guarded) could be permitted to prevail against his life!

My grandmamma once, with tears in her eyes, as he talked of taking leave, laid her hand upon his, and instantly withdrew it, as if she thought the action too free. He took her hand, and, with both his, lifted it to his lips — Venerable goodness! he called her. She looked so proud, and so comforted! every one so pleased! — It is a charming thing to see blooming youth fond of declining age!

They dropt away one by one, and I found myself left alone with him. Sweetly tender was his address to me! How shall I part with my Harriet? said he. My eyes were ready to overflow. By a twinkling motion, I thought to disperse over the whole eye the self-felt too ready tear: My upper-lip had the motion in it, throbbing, like the pulsation which we call the life-blood — I was afraid to speak, for fear of bursting into a fit of tenderness; yet was conscious that my very silence

was more expressive of tenderness than speech could have been. With what delight did his eager eye (as mine, now-and-then glancing upward, discovered) meditate my downcast face, and silent concern! Yet such was his delicacy, that he took not that notice of it, in words, which, if he had, would have added to my confusion: It was enough for him, that he saw it. As he was contented silently to enjoy the apparent affection, I am not sorry he did see it. He merited even open and unreserved assurances of Love. But I the sooner recovered my spirits, for his delicate non-observance. I could not, circumstanced as we were, say I wished for his speedy return; yet, my dear, my purest wishes were, that he would not be long absent. My grandmamma pleases herself with having the dear man for her inmate, on his return: There is therefore no need, for the sake of the world's speech, to abridge my month; yet ought we to be shy of giving consequence to a man who through delicacy is afraid to let us see that he assumes consequence from our speechless tenderness for him? — He restored me to speech, by a change of subject —

Two melancholy offices shall I have to perform, said he, before I have the honour to attend again my dearest Miss Byron: What must be the heart that melts not at another's woe! — As to Sir Hargrave, I don't apprehend that he is near his end; as is the case of poor Sir Harry. Sir Hargrave labours under bodily pains, from the attack made upon him in France, and from a constitution ruined perhaps by riot: And, having nothing of consolation to give himself from reflexion on his past life, as we see by his Letter, his fears are too strong for his hopes. But shall I tell him, if I find it will give him comfort, that you wish his recovery, and are sorry for his indisposition? Small crevices let in light, sometimes upon a benighted imagination. He must consider his attempt upon your free-will (tho' not meant upon your honour) as one of the enormities of his past life.

I was overpowered with this instance of his generous goodness Teach me, Sir, to be good, to be generous, to be forgiving — like you! — Bid me do what you think proper for me to do — Say to the poor man, whose insults upon you in his challenge were then my terror (O how much my terror!) in my name say, all that you think will tend to give him consolation.

Sweet excellence! Did I ever hope to meet in woman with such an enlargement of heart! — Clementina only, of all the women I ever knew, can be set in comparison with you: And had she been granted to me, the union of minds between us from difference of Religion, could not have been so perfect, as yours and mine must be.

Greatly gratified as I was by the compliment, I was sorry, methought, that it was made me at the expence of my Sex. His words,

'Did I ever hope to meet in woman with such an enlargement of heart!'

piqued me a little. Are not women as capable as men, thought I, of enlarged sentiments?

The leave he took of me was extremely tender. I endeavoured to check my sensibility. He departed with the blessings of the whole family, as well as mine. I was forced to go up to my closet: I came not down till near dinner-time; I could not; and yet my uncle accompanied my cousin James to Northhampton: So that I had no apprehensions of his raillery. One wants trials sometimes, I believe, to make one support one's self with some degree of outward fortitude, at least. Had my uncle been at home, I should not have dared to have given so much way to my concern: But soothing and indulgence, sometimes, I believe, add to our imbecility of mind, instead of strengthening our reason.

MY uncle made it near eleven at night before he returned, with my cousin James. Not one of the company, at his quitting it, seemed inclinable to move. He praised the elegance of the entertainment, and the ease and chearfulness, even to vivacity, of Sir Charles. How could he be so lively! — How many ways have men to divert themselves, when any-thing arduous attacks them! — While we poor women! — But your town-diversions — Your Ranelaghs, Vaux-halls — bid fair to divert such of us as can carry ourselves out of ourselves! — Yet are we likely to pay dear for the privilege; since we thereby render our Sex cheap in the eyes of men, harden our fronts, and are in danger of losing that modesty, at least of outward behaviour, which is the characteristic of women!

Saturday Morning.

HE is gone: Gone indeed! Went early this morning. Every mouth was last night, it seems, full of his praises: The men admire him as much as the women. I am glad of it, methinks; since that is an indirect confession, that there are few among them like him. Not so much superiority over our Sex therefore, in the other, in general, with their enlarged hearts. Have not we a Clementina, a Mrs. Shirley, and a long &c? — I praise you not, my dear Lady L. and Lady G. to your faces; so I leave the &c. untranslated. We do so look upon one another here! Are so unsatisfied with ourselves! We are not half so good company as we were before Sir Charles came among us. How can that be? But my Grandmamma has left us too! — that's one thing. She is retired to Shirleymanor, to mortify, after so rich a regale: Those were her words.

I hope your brother will write to us. Should I not have asked him? To be sure he will; except his next Letters from Italy should be — But, no doubt, he will write to us. Mr. Greville vows to my uncle, he will not come near me. He can less and less, he says, bear to think of my marrying; tho' he does what he can to comfort himself with reflecting on the extraordinary merit of the man, who alone, he says, can deserve me. He wishes the day were over; and the D — l's in him, he

adds, if the irrevocableness of the event does not cure him. Mr. Fenwick had yesterday his final answer from Lucy; and he is to set out on Monday for Carlisle. He declares, that he will not return without a wife: So, thank Heaven, his heart is whole, notwithstanding his double disappointment.

BUT my heart is set on hearing how the excellent Clementina takes the news of your brother's actual address, and probability of succeeding. I should not think it at all suprising, if, urged as she is, to marry a man indifferent to her (the Lord of her heart unmarried) she should retract — O my Charlotte! — What a variety of strange, strange, What-shall-I-call them? would result from such a retractation and renewal of claim! I never thought myself superstitious; but the happiness before me is so much beyond my merit, that I can hardly flatter myself, at times, that it will take place.

WHAT think you, my dear, made me write so apprehensively? — My aunt had just shewn me a Letter she had written to you — desiring you — to exercise for us your fancy, your judgment. I have no affectation on this subject — I long ago gave affectation to the winds — But so hasty! — So undoubting! — Are there not many possibilities, and some probabilities, against us? — Something presumptuous! — Lord bless me, my dear, should any-thing happen — Jewels bought, and already presented — Appare! — How would all these preparations aggravate! My aunt says, he shall be obliged: Lucy, Nancy, the Miss Holles's, join with her. They long to be exercising their fancies upon the patterns which they suppose your Ladyship and Lady L. will send down. My uncle hurries my aunt. So as something is going forward, he says, he shall be easy. There is no resisting so strong a tide: So let them take their course. They are all in haste, my dear, to be considered as relations of your family; and to regard all yours as kindred of ours. Happy, happy, the band, that shall tie both families together!

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS BYRON.

London, Monday Night, Oct. 30.

YOUR humanity, my dear and ever-dear Miss Byron, was so much engaged by the melancholy Letter of Sir Hargrave to Dr. Bartlett, which I communicated to you; and by the distress of my Beauchamp, on the desperate state of his father's health; that I know you will be pleased to hear that I have been enabled to give some consolation to both.

Sir Harry, who is in town, wanted to open his mind to me with regard (to some affairs which made him extremely uneasy; and which, he said, he could not reveal to any-body else. He shewed some reluctance to entrust the secrets to my bosom. There shall they ever rest. He has found himself easier since. He rejoiced to me on the good understanding subsisting, and likely to subsist, between his Lady and Son. He desired me to excuse him for joining me with them, without asking my leave, in the trusts created by his Will: And on this occasion, sending for his Lady, he put her hand in mine, and recommended her and her interests, as those of the most obliging of wives, to my care.

I found Sir Hargrave at his house in Cavendish-Square. He is excessively low-spirited. Dr. Bartlett visited him at Windsor, several times. The Doctor prevailed on him to retain a worthy clergyman, as his chaplain.

The poor man asked after you, madam. He had heard, he said, that I was soon likely to be the happiest of men: Was it so? He wept at my answer; lamented the wretched hand, as he called it, that he had made of it, blessed as he was with such prosperous circumstances, in the prime of youth; and wished he had his days to come over again, and his company to choose. Unhappy man! He was willing to remove from himself the load which lay upon him. No doubt but this was the recourse of his companions, likewise, in extremity. He blessed my dearest Miss Byron, when I told him, she pitied him. He called himself by harsh, and even shocking names, for having been capable of offending so much goodness.

What subjects are these, to entertain my Angel with! — But tho' we should not seek, yet we ought not perhaps to shun them, when they naturally, as I may say, offer themselves to our knowlege.

But another subject calls for the attention of my dearest, loveliest of women: A subject that will lay a still stronger claim to it than either of the solemn ones I have touched upon. I inclose the Letter which contains it. You will be so good as to read it in English to such of our friends as read not Italian.

This Letter was left to Mrs. Beaumont to dispatch to me; whence its unwished-for delay: For she detained it, to send with it an equally-obliging one of her own. The contents of this welcome Letter, my dearest Miss Byron, will render it unnecessary to wait for an answer to my last to Signor Jeronymo; in which I acquaint him with my actual address, and the hopes I presume to flatter myself with. I humbly hope you will think so.

I am not afraid that one of the most generous of women will be affected with the passage in which Signor Jeronymo expresses his pity for her, because of the affection, he says, I must ever retain for his noble sister . He says right. And it is my happiness, that you, the sister-excellence of the admirable Clementina, will allow me to glory in my gratitude to her. You will still more readily allow me so to do, when you have perused this Letter. Shall not the man who hopes to be qualified for the Supreme Love, of which the purest Earthly is but a type, and who aims at an universal benevolence, be able to admire, in the mind of Clementina, the same great qualities which shine out with such lustre in that of Miss Byron?

With what pride do I look forward to the visit that several of this noble family intend to make us, because of the unquestionable assurance that they will rejoice in my happiness, and admire the Angel who is allowed to take place in my affections, of the Angel who would not have scrupled to accept of my vows, had it not been, as she expresses herself , for the intervention of invincible obstacles!

Mrs. Beaumont, in her Letter, gives me the particulars of the conversation between her and Clementina, almost in the same words with those of Jeronymo, in the Letter inclosed. She makes no doubt that Lady Clementina will, in time, yield to the entreaties of her friends in favour of a man against whom, if she can be prevailed upon to forego her wishes to assume the veil, she can have no one objection. You will see madam, by the inclosed, what they hope for in Italy from us; what Clementina, what Jeronymo, what a whole excellent family, hope for. You know how ardently my own family wish you to accelerate the happy day: Yours refer themselves wholly to you — Pardon me, my dearest Miss Byron, I will tell you what are my hopes — They are, that, when I am permitted to return to Northamptonshire, the happy day shall not be postponed three.

And now, loveliest and dearest of women! allow me to expect the honour of a line, to let me know how much of the tedious month, from last Thursday you will be so good as to abate. Permit me to say, that I can have nothing that needs to detain me from the beloved of my heart, after Friday next.

If, madam, you insist upon the whole month, I beg to know, out of what part of our nuptial life, the LAST or the FIRST (happy, as I hope it will be) you would be willing to deduct the week, the fortnight, that will be carried into the blank space

of courtship, by the delay? I hope, my dear Miss Byron, that I shall be able to tell you, years and years after we are ONE, that there is not an hour of those past, or of those to come, that I would abate, or wish to throw into that blank. Permit me so to call it. The days of courtship cannot be our happiest. Who celebrates the day of their first acquaintance, tho' it may be remembred with pleasure? — Do not the happy pair date their happiness from the day of marriage? How justly then when hearts are assured, when minds cannot alter, are those which precede it, to be deemed a blank!

After all, your chearful compliance with my wishes, is the great desireable. Whatever shall be your pleasure, must determine me. My utmost gratitude will be engaged by the condescension, whenever you shall distinguish the day of the year, distinguished as it will be to the end of my life, that shall give me the greatest blessing of it, and confirm me

For ever Yours. CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

[Inclosed in the preceding.]

Bologna, Oct. 18. N. S.

I Gave you, my dear Grandison, in mine of the 5th, the copy of a paper written by my sister, which filled us with hopes of her compliance with the wishes of all her family. She took time for deliberation; time was given her; but still she insisted on receiving your next Letters before she came to any resolution. Mrs. Beaumont herself was of opinion, that the dear creature only meditated delay: That also was ours. What, invincibly determined, as she is, to adhere to the resolution she has so greatly taken, can she hope for, (said we among ourselves) from the expected Letters? For she had declared herself to be so determined, to my brother Giacomo, who actually assured her of all our consents to an alliance with you, if she repented of that resolution.

All this time we offered not to introduce, nor even to name, to her, the Count of Belvedere. Awed by her former calamity, and by an excursiveness of imagination, which at times shewed itself in her words and behaviour, we avoided saying or doing any-thing that was likely to disturb her. Giacomo himself, tho' he wanted to return to Naples, had patience with her pretty trifling, beyond our expectation. At last arrived yours of the 29th of September ; kindly inclosing a copy of yours to her, of the same date . We question not but your reply to mine of the 5th current, is on the road; not that the contents will be such as we may hope for, from considerations of our happiness and your own: But these, we thought, without waiting for that, would answer the desired end. I will tell you what was said by every one, on the perusal of both.

Is this the man, said the General, whom I sometimes so rudely treated? I rejoice that we were reconciled before he left us. I had formed a notion to his disadvantage; that he was capable of art, and hoped to keep his hold in my sister's affections, in view of some turn in his favour: But he is the most singlehearted of men. These two Letters will strengthen our arguments. Clementina, who has more than once declared that she wishes him married to an English woman, cannot now, that she will see there is a woman with whom he thinks he can be happy, wish to stand in his way. These will furnish us with means to attack her in her strongest hold; in her generosity, her delicacy; and will bring to the test her veracity. The contents of these Letters will confirm her before half-taken

resolution, as in her paper, to oblige us . Let Laurana, as the Chevalier says, go into a nunnery: Clementina will marry, or she is a false girl; and the Sforza woman will be disappointed.

My mother applauded you, and rejoiced to hear that there is a woman of your own nation who is capable of making you more happy than her daughter could.

What difficulties, said the young Marchioness, (ever your friend) must a situation so critical have laid him under! A man so humane! And what further difficulties must he have to surmunt, in offering to a woman, whom even Olivia, as he says, admires, a hand that has been refused by another? May this admired woman be propitious to his suit!

She must, she must, said the Bishop. If she has a heart disengaged, she cannot refuse a man so accomplished. Jeronymo, hasten to be well. If she favour him, we will all go over, and congratulate them both.

I, for my part, said I, would give up years of life to see my friend as happy in marriage as he deserves to be.

We must tell Clementina, said my father, as our Giacomo has hinted, that it will not become her generosity to stand in the way of the Chevalier's happiness.

We sent up your Letter to our sister, by Camilla. She was busy (Mrs. Beaumont sitting by her at work) in correcting the proportion which once you found fault with, in a figure in her piece of Noah's Ark, and the rising Deluge. A Letter, madam, from the Chevalier — To me! said she; and overturned the table on which her materials lay, in haste to take it.

When we thought she had had time to consider of the contents, we sent up to request the favour of speaking with Mrs. Beaumont. We owned to her, that we had a copy of your Letter to Clementina; and asked, What the dear creature said to the contents of it?

She read it, answered Mrs. Beaumont, in her own closet. I thought she was too long by herself. I went to her. She was in tears. O Mrs. Beaumont! as soon as she saw me, holding out the Letter — See here! — The Chevalier is against me! — Cruel, I could almost say, cruel Grandison! — He turns my own words upon me. I have furnished him with arguments against myself — What shall I do? — I have for many days past repented that I gave, under my hand, reason to my friends to expect my compliance. I cannot, cannot, confirm the hopes I gave! — What shall I do?

I took it, read it, continued Mrs. Beaumont, and told her, that the Chevalier's arguments were unanswerable. I dwelt upon some of them. She wept, and was silent.

We then, my dear Grandison, shewed Mrs. Beaumont your Letter to me. She read it — How, said she, has this excellent young man been embarassed! I know,

from some of my countrymen, the character of the Lady whom he mentions: She is an excellent woman! — May I take up this Letter, and read it to Lady Clementina?

By all means, answered the General; and support, dear madam, the contents of both with your weight. It will be from perverseness now, if she withstand us. Bid her remember, that she has had once at her feet a kneeling father! Bid her remember the written hopes she has given us!

Mrs. Beaumont went up with it. I will give you an account of what my sister said as she read it. O Grandison! read it but cursorily: You will more and more admire and love the Clementina, who, before her malady, was always considered as one of the first of women; and the glory of our house!

She desired to have it in her own hands: Mrs. Beaumont, to whose pen we owe the account, looked over her, and followed her eye, as she read .

'And did he still, said she, after he had got to England, hope for a change in my resolution?'

– Heaven knows — She stopt; sighed, and read on.

'He foresaw that my friends would press me to marry!'

– I foresaw it too! — I have indeed been pressed; vehemently pressed!

'Rather than any other'

– Ah, Chevalier! — Why, why, were the obstacles Religion and Country! None less should have — She stopt — Then, reading to herself, proceeded:

'It was not presumptuous to hope'

– No, Grandison; presumptuous it could not be.

'It was justice to Clementina, to attend the event, and to wait for the promised Letter.'

Kind, considerate Grandison! — You were all patience, all goodness! — O that — There she stopt. Then proceeding:

'Fourth brother! Nor interested in the event.'

– Indeed I did write so —

'Give up all his hopes!'

– Dear Grandison!

'It could not be expected that he should give the argument all its weight.'

– He has given it too much!

'Duty to yield to the entreaties of all my friends;'

Ah, Grandison!

Difficult situations! — Difficult indeed! And here am I, who have more than any other in the world, enhanced his difficulties! — Unhappy Clementina! —

Then reading on —

Good God! Mrs. Beaumont!

‘There is an English Lady, with whom he was actually — Does he not hint in Love?’

– Nay, then — Take it, take it, Mrs. Beaumont! — I can read no further — Compassion only, I suppose, brought him over to me! — I cannot bear that! — Yet snatching it from her, and reading.

‘Beauty her least perfection’

– [Happy English Lady!]

‘Either in my eyes, or her own!’

– Have I not wished him such a woman? —

‘Had I never known Clementina!’

– How could I be so captious!

‘Loves her with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina’

– Thank you, Chevalier! Indeed I have no impurity in my Love — My God only have I preferred to you: And I bless God for enabling me to give so due a preference! —

‘or, as her own heart can boast.’

– Just such a wife did I wish him; and shall I not rejoice, if such a one will hold out her hand to make him happy?

She sighed often, as she read on? but spoke not, till she came to the words,

‘That she was to you, what you might truly call, a first Love;’

A first Love, repeated she: He was indeed mine! Permit me to say, my dear friends, a first and only one.

‘It became him, he says, in honour, in gratitude, tho’ the difficulties in his way seemed insuperable (And so they must seem) to hold himself in suspense, and not offer to make his addresses to any other woman.’

– Generous, noble Grandison! — He did love me — Discouraged as he was; nay, insulted by some of us [Giacomo hears me not, looking round her]; He, the generous Grandison, did love me. She wiped her eyes.

Recovering herself, and reading on — See here, Mrs. Beaumont —

‘He thought himself obliged, in honour to me, and to the persons themselves, to decline proposals of advantage.’

Surely he must think me an ingrateful creature.

But (reading on) did he

‘balance in his mind between this Lady and me?’

– He did. But it was because of his uncertainty with me.

Reading to herself, to the words,

‘Almost an equal interest,’

How is that, said she, repeating them? — O, it is explained —

‘But when his dear Clementina’

[Do I go too fast for your eye, Mrs. Beaumont?]

‘began to shew signs of recovery,’

[She sighed]

‘and seemed to confirm the hopes I had given him of my partiallty for him,’

[Modest, good man!]

‘then did I content myself,’

says he [Look, Mrs. Beaumont]

‘with wishing another husband to the English Lady, more worthy of her than my unhappy situation could have made me.’

– Excellent English Lady! If it were in my power, I would make you amends for having shared a heart with you (so it seems) that ought, my circumstances and your merit considered, to have been all your own!

‘What a disappointment was my rejection of him?’

– See, these are his words. — And these too; that

‘he admires me, however, for my motives.’

‘Marriage, he says, is not in his power; for there is but one woman in the world, now I have refused him, that, he can think worthy of succeeding me.

– What honour he does me. Thank God she is an English woman! O that I had any influence over her! Sweet Lady! amiable Englishwoman, let not punctilio deprive you of such a man as this! — Shew her this Letter, my good Grandison! Let me transcribe from it, rather, for your perusal, happy English Lady! certain passages in it, so delicate, so worthy of himself, and of you.

‘Thousands, of whom he is not worthy,’

he says. How, how can he say so?

‘She has for an admirer every one who knows her.’

– She shall have me for an admirer, Mrs. Beaumont, if she will accept of my fourth brother. She will accept of him, if she deserves the character he gives her: Let me tell you, Lady, that your heart is narrower than that of Clementina, if you think it a diminution to your honour, that he has loved that Clementina. Why cannot you and I be sisters? My love shall be but a sisterly love. You may depend upon the honour of the Chevalier Grandison. He will do his duty in every relation of life! What can be your doubts?

‘Even Olivia, he says, admires you!’

– And will such a woman stand upon punctilious observances, like women of ordinary consequence, having to deal with common men? — O that I knew this

Lady! I would convince her, that he

‘can do justice to her greater, and to my lesser merits; and yet not appear to be divided by a double Love; altho’ he should own to all the world, as he says he will,’

[See, see, Mrs. Beaumont, these are his very words]

‘his affection for Clementina, and glory in it!’

O Mrs. Beaumont! how my Soul, putting her hand to her forehead, then to her heart, loves his Soul! nor but for one obstacle, that would have shaken my Faith, and endangered my Salvation (had I got over it) should his Soul only have been the object of my Love.

Let me but continue single, my dear friends; indulge me in the wish that has been so long next my heart; and take not advantage of the hopes I have given you in writing; and I shall pass happily through this short life; a life that deserves not the bustle which we make about it. Ask me not either to

‘set or follow the example you propose to me:’

I cannot, cannot, do either. Unkind Chevalier, why, why, would you strengthen their hands, and weaken mine? — Yet, if it became your justice, what had I but justice to expect from a just man; who has so eminently performed all his own duties, and particularly the filial; which he here calls an article of Religion?

When she came to the concluding part of this Letter, and your wishes for her perfect recovery, health and welfare, and for the happiness of us all; May every blessing, said she, he wishes us, be his!

Then folding up the Letter, and putting it in her bosom; This Letter, and that which accompanied it, (meaning yours to her) I must read over and over!

Shall I say, my Grandison, that I half-pity the lovely Harriet Byron, tho’ her name should be changed to yours? You must love Clementina: Were a sovereign Princess her rival, you must. Clementina! who so generously can give up a Love as fervent as ever glowed in a virgin heart, on superior motives; motives which regard Eternity; and receive joy in the prospect of your happiness with another woman, on a persuasion that that woman can make you happier than she herself could, because of a difference in Religion.

My sister choosing to retire to her closet, to reperuse the two Letters, Mrs. Beaumont, knowing our curiosity, put down what had passed; intending, as she said, to write a copy of it for you.

How were we all, on perusing it, charmed with our Clementina! — I insisted, that nothing, at present, should be said to her of the Count of Belvedere, and of our wishes in his favour. My father gave into my opinion. He said, he thought the properest time to mention the Count to her was, when we had an answer to the Letter I wrote to you on the 5th current, if that could give us assurances that you

had made your addresses to the charming Byron, and were encouraged. The General was impatient; but he acquiesced, on finding every one come into my motion; but said, that if all this lenity did not do, he must beg leave to have his own measures pursued.

SOME little particularity has appeared in the dear creature since I have written the above. She has been exceedingly earnest with her mother, to use her interest with my father, and us, to be allowed to go to England: But desires not the permission till you are actually married. She pleads my health, because of the salutary springs you mention to me.

Several other pleas she offered; but, to say truth, they carried with them such an air of flightiness, that I am loth to mention them: Yet all of them were innocent, all of them were even laudable. But (shall I say?) that some of them appeared too romantic for a settled brain to be so earnest, as she was, in having them carried into execution.

We have no doubt, but all her view is, to avoid marriage, by such a strange excursion. Dear creature, said the Bishop, speaking of her just now, the veil denied her, she must have some point to carry: I wish we saw less rapidity in her manner.

I, Grandison, for my part, remember how much she and we all suffered by denying her the farewel-visit from you, on your taking leave of Italy the time before the last.

But we think an expedient has offered, that will divert her from this wildness, as I must call it: Mrs. Beaumont has requested, that she may be allowed to take her with her to Florence for some weeks. Clementina is pleased with our readiness to oblige them both; and they will soon go.

But all this time she is uniform and steady in her wishes for your marriage. She delights to hear Mrs. Beaumont talk of the perfections of the Lady to whom we are all desirous of hearing you are united. You had written, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, a character given of this young Lady by Olivia, upon a personal knowlege of her. Mrs. Beaumont shewed it to Clementina.

How generously did the dear creature rejoice in it! Just such a woman, said she, did I wish for the Chevalier. Olivia has shewn greatness of mind in this instance. Perhaps I have thought too hardly of Olivia. Little did I think, I should ever have requested a copy of any-thing written by Olivia. Ill-will disables us from seeing those beauties in the person who is the object of it, which would otherwise strike us to her advantage. You must oblige me, added she, with a copy of this Extract.

Oct. 20. N. S.

YOU will be pleased, I know, my Grandison, with every particular that shall tend to demonstrate the pleasure the dear Clementina takes in hoping you will be soon the happy man we all wish you to be.

This morning she came down with her work into my chamber. I invite myself, Jeronymo, said she. I will sit down by you, till you are disposed to rise. She then, of her own motion, began to talk of you; and I, putting it to her (as her mother did yesterday) whether she would be really glad to hear of your nuptials, received the same answer she then made; She sincerely should: She hoped the next Letters would bring an account that it was so. But then, Jeronymo, continued she, I shall be teazed, persecuted. Let me not, my brother, be persecuted. I don't know, whether downright compulsion is not more tolerable than over-earnest entreaty. A child, in the first instance, may contract herself, as I may say, within her own compass; may be hardened: But the entreaty of such friends as undoubtedly mean one's good, dilates and disarms one's heart, and makes one wish to oblige them; and so renders one miserable, whether we do or do not comply. Believe me, Jeronymo, there is great cruelty in persuasion, and still more to a soft and gentle temper, than to a stubborn one: Persuaders know not what they make such a person suffer.

My dearest Clementina, said I, you have shewn so glorious a magnanimity, that it would be injuring you, to suppose you are not equal to every branch of duty. God forbid that you should be called to sustain an unreasonable trial — In a reasonable one, you must be victorious.

Ah Jeronymo! How little do I deserve this fine compliment! — Magnanimity, my brother! — You know not what I yet, at times, suffer! — And have you not seen my reason vanquished in the unequal conflict? She wept. But let the Chevalier be married, and to the Angel that is talked of; and let me confort myself, that he is not a sufferer by my with-holding my hand — And then let me be indulged in the single life, in a place consecrated to retirement from this vain world; and we shall both be happy!

Mrs. Beaumont came to seek her. I prevailed on her to sit down, and on my sister to stay a little longer. I extolled my sister to her: She joined in the just praise. But one act of magnanimity, said Mrs. Beaumont, seems wanting to complete the greatness of your character, my Love, in this particular case of the expected marriage of the Chevalier Grandison.

What is that, Mrs. Beaumont? — All attention.

You see his doubts, his apprehensions, of appearing worthy of the Lady so highly spoken of, because of that delicacy of situation (which, as you observe, Olivia also hints at) from what may be called a divided Love: Miss Byron may very well imagine, as his Love of you commenced before he knew her, that she

may injure you if she receive his addresses: You had the generosity to wish, when you were reading those his apprehensions, that you knew the Lady, and were able to influence her in his favour.

Well, Mrs. Beaumont —

Can I doubt that Lady Clementina is able to set her name to the noble sentiments, that so lately, on reading his Letter, flowed from her lips?

What would Mrs. Beaumont have me do?

Let me lead you to your own closet. Pen, ink, and paper, are always before you there. Assume your whole noble Self, and we shall see what that assumption will produce.

All that is in my power, to do, replied she, for promoting the happiness of a man who has suffered so much through my means, it is my duty to do.

She gave her hand to Mrs. Beaumont; who led her to her closet, and left her there. The following is the result. Generous, noble creature! — But does it not shew a raised imagination? especially in the disposition of the lines?

Best of Men!Be ye ONE.
Best of Women!
CLEMENTINA wishes it!
GRANDISON, Lady, will make you happy.
Be it your study to make Him so! —
Happy, as CLEMENTINA would have made him,
Had not obstacles invincible intervened.
This will lessen her regrets:
For
His Felicity, Temporal and Eternal,
Was ever the wish next her heart.
GOD be merciful to you both,
And lead you into his paths:
Then will everlasting Happiness be your portion.
Be it the portion of CLEMENTINA! —
Pray for Her! —
That, after this transitory life is over,
She may partake of Heavenly Bliss:
And
(Not a stranger to you, Lady, HERE)
Rejoice with you both HEREAFTER!
CLEMENTINA della PORRETTA.

The admirable creature gave this to Mrs. Beaumont: Send this, madam, said she, if you think proper, to your friend and my friend, the Chevalier Grandison.

Tell him, that I shall think myself very happy, if it may serve as a testimonial, to the Lady whose merits intitle her to his Love, of my sincere wishes for their mutual happiness: Tell him, that at present I wish for nothing more ardently, than to hear of his Nuptials being celebrated.

Dear Grandison! let your next give us an opportunity to felicitate you on this desirable event. In this wish joins every one of a family to whom you are, and ever will be dear. Witness, for them all,

The Marquis and Marchioness della PORRETTA.
I. T. R. Bishop of Nocera.
JERONYMO della PORRETTA.
J. P. M. MARESCOTTI.
HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

LETTER XXXV.

MISS BYRON, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Wednesday, Nov. 1.

HOW, Sir, have the contents of your friend Jeronymo's Letter affected me! — I am more and more convinced, that, however distinguished my lot may be, Clementina only can deserve you. What a vain creature must I be, if I did not think so! And what a disingenuous one, so thinking, if I did not acknowlege it!

I cannot, Sir, misconstrue your delicate sensibilities. My own teach me to allow for yours.

'Best of men,' I can, I do, with Clementina, think you: But Harriet's ambition will be gratified, in being accounted second to HER.

And does Clementina

'wish us ONE!'

– Most noble, most generous of women!

'Grandison, you say, will make me happy.'

But ah, my lovely pattern! can Harriet he happy, even with her Grandison, if you are not so?

Believe me, LADY! your happiness will be essential to hers.

God give YOU happiness! Harriet prays for it!

My next-to Divine Monitress, it shall be my study to make Him happy!

But, most excellent of women, have you regrets? Regrets, which can only be lessened by the joy you will have in his happiness! — And with another!

Superlative goodness!

Why, why, when he would allow to you the exercise of your Religion, and only insists on the like liberty, are the obstacles you hint at invincible!

O Sir! I can pursue this subject no further. Thus far an irresistable impulse carried me.

How should I be able to stand before this Lady, were the visit she was so earnest to be allowed to make to England to take place; yet in such a case, with what pleasure should I pay my reverence to her mind in her person!

And does SHE, do her family, do YOU, Sir, wish us speedily ONE? — Are you not satisfied with the given month? — Is not a month, Sir, your declaration so lately made, a short term? (And let me ask you but within parentheses, Do you not, on an occasion so very delicate, in your limited three days after your return to us, treat the not-insensible Harriet a little more — Help me, Sir, to a word — than might have been expected from a man so very polite?) — And can you so

generously, yet so serously, ask me, From which parts of the Nuptial Life, the LAST (What a dreadful idea do you raise in that solemn word!) or the FIRST, I would deduct the week's or fortnight's supposed delay? — O Sir! what a way of putting it is this! — Thus I answer —

'From neither!'

My honour is your honour. Determine YOU, most generous of men, for

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Tuesday, Oct. 31.

Honoured Sir,

YOU will think your ward very bold to address you by Letter; especially as she is a very poor inditer, and as you are in town: But her heart is in trouble, and she must write; and must beg the favour of you, the most indulgent guardian that ever poor Orphan had, to answer her by pen and ink. For whether you can forgive her or not, she will be equally incapable of bearing your goodness, or your displeasure How weakly I express myself! I find I shall write worse to you, than to any-body else. And why? Because I wish to write, best. But I have great awe, and no genius. I am a poor girl in every sense, as you shall hear by-and-by. I hope you won't be very angry with me. If you are, I shall be worse than poor — I shall be miserable.

But to come before my guardian as a delinquent, when I have ambition enough to wish to shine in his eyes, if so it could have been! — It is a very great mortification indeed! — If you were to acquit me, I shall have had great punishment in that thought.

But to open my troubled heart to you — Yet how shall I; I thought to tell it you yesterday; but for my life I could not. Did you not observe me once, Sir, hanging upon the back of your chair, unable to stand in your sight? O how I felt my face glow! — Then it was I thought to have spoken my mind; but you were so kind, so good to me, I could not, might I have had the world. You took my hand — I shall be very bold to repeat it; but am always so proud of your kind notice, that I can't help it: And you said, drawing me gently to you,

'Why keeps my Emily behind me? What can I do for my Emily! Tell me, child; Is there any-thing I can do for my ward?'

Yet, tho' the occasion was so fair, I could not tell you. But I shall tire you, before I came to the point (to the fault, I should say) that has emboldened me to write.

This then is the truth of the matter:

My poor mother, Sir, is very good now, you know. You have taken from her all her cares about this world: She and her husband live together happily and elegantly: They want for nothing; and are grown quite religious: So that they have leisure to think of their Souls good. They make me cry for joy, whenever I go to

them. They pray for you, and heap blessings upon you; and cry to think they ever offended you.

But, Sir, I took it into my head, knowing it was a vast way for them to go from Soho to somewhere in Moorfields to hear the preacher they admire so much, and coach-hire, and charities, and contributions, of one kind or other (for their minister has no establishment) and old debts paying off, that at present, tho' I believe they are frugal enough, they can't be much aforehand — So, thought I, shall I ride in my guardian's coach, at one time, in Lady G's at another, in Lady L's at another, tho' so much better able to walk than my poor mother; while she is growing into years, and when infirmities are coming on; and my guardian's example before me, so opening to one's heart? — I ventured, therefore, unknown to my mother and her husband, unknown to any-body, by way of surprize, to bespeak a plain neat chariot, and agreed for a coachman, and a pair of horses; for I had about 130 guineas by me when I bespoke it. Out of this, thought I (which is my own money, without account) I shall be able to spare enough for the first half-year's expences; after which, they will be in circumstances to keep it on: And as quarters come round, thought I, I will stint myself, and throw in something towards it; and then my poor mother and her husband can go to serve God, and take sometimes an airing, or so, where they please; and make an appearance in the world, as the mother of the girl who is intitled to so large a fortune. And I don't grudge Mr. O-Hara; for he is vastly tender of my mother now: Which must be a great comfort to her, you know, Sir, now she is come to be sorry for past things, and apt to be very spiritless, when she looks back — Poor dear woman!

But here, Sir, was the thing: Believing it became me, as Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, intended to shew their respect to you, on a certain happy occasion, by new cloaths, to shew mine the same way; I went to the mercer's, and was so tempted by two patterns, that, not knowing which to choose, I bought of both; not thinking, at the time, of the bespoken chariot. To be sure I ought to have consulted Lady L. or Lady G.; but, foolish creature as I was, I must be for surprising them too, with my fine fancy.

Then I laid out a good deal more than I intended, in milanery matters: Not but I had my pennyworths for my penny: But the milaners are so very obliging; they shew one this pretty thing, and that fashionable one; and are so apt to praise one's taste; and one is so willing to believe them, and to be thought mighty clever; that there is no resisting the vanity they raise. I own all my folly: I ever will, Sir, when I am guilty of any greater silliness than ordinary; for I have no bad heart, I hope, tho' I am one of the flowers I once heard you compare some of us to, who are late before they blow into discretion.

But now, good Sir, came on my distress: For the bespoken chariot was ready; ready sooner by a fortnight, than I expected. I thought my quarter would be nearer ended; and I had made a vast hole in my money. I pulled up a courage; I had need of it; and borrowed fifty guineas of Lady G.; but, from this foolish love of surprizes, cared not to tell her for what. And having occasion to pay two or three bills (I was a thoughtless creature, to be sure) which unluckily, tho' I had asked for them before, were brought in just then, I borrowed another sum, but yet told not Lady G. for what; and the dear Lady, I believe, thought me an extravagant girl; I saw she did, by her looks.

But, however, I caused the new chariot to be brought privately to me. I went in it, and it carried me to Soho; and there, on my knees, made my present to my mother.

But do you think, Sir, that she and Mr. O-Hara, when I confessed that I had not consulted you upon it, and that neither Lady L. nor Lady G. nor yet Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, knew a syllable of the matter, would accept of it? They would not: But yet they both cried over me for joy, and blessed me.

It is put up somewhere And there it lies, till I have obtained your pardon first, and your direction afterwards. And what shall I do, if you are angry at your por ward, who has done so inconsiderate a thing, and run herself into debt?

Chide me, honoured Sir, if you please. Indeed you never yet did chide me. But yours will be chideings of Love; of paternal Love, Sir.

But if you are angry with me more than a day; if you give me reason to believe you think meanly of me, tho', alas! I may deserve it; and that this rashness is but a prelude to other rash or conceited steps (for that is the fear which most terrifies me) and is therefore to be resented with severity; then will I fly to my dear Miss Byron, that now is! — And if she cannot soften your displeasure, and restore me to your good opinion — (Mere pardon will not be enough for your truly-penitent ward) then will I say, Burst, heart! Ingrateful, inconsiderate Emily! Thou hast offended thy Guardian! What is there left in this life, that is worth thy cares!

And now, Sir, I have laid my troubled heart open before you. I know you will not so much blame the thing, even should you not approve of it, as the manner; doing it (after you had been so extremely generous and inconsiderate to my mother) without consulting either you, or your sisters. O my vanity and conceit! They, they have misled me. They never shall again, whether you forgive me, or not.

But good, indulgent, honoured Sir, my Guardian, my Protector, let not my punishment be the reversing of the gracious grant which my heart has been so long wishing to obtain, and which you had consented to, of being allowed to live immediately in your own eye, and in the presence of my dear Miss Byron, that

now is. This rash action should rather induce you to confirm, than reverse it. And I promise to be very good. I ever loved her. I shall add filial honour, as I may say, to my love of her. I never will do any-thing without consulting her; and but what you, the kindest Guardian that ever poor Orphan had, would wish me to do.

And now, Sir, honour me with a few lines from your own hand; were it but to shew me that this impertinence has not so far tired you, as (should you think it just to banish me from your presence for some time) to make you discourage applications to you, by pen and ink, from, Sir,

Your truly sorrowful Ward, and ever-obliged and grateful EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XXXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS JERVOIS.

Wedn. Nov. 1.

I Write to the dear child of my tenderest cares, because she requests me to write: Else, I had hastened to her in person, to comfort her doubting heart; and to assure her, that nothing but a fault premeditated, and persisted in, that might have affected her present or future reputation, and consequently her happiness, could make me, for half an hour, offended with her. Your good intentions, my dear child, will ever be your security with me. Men, as well as women, are often misled by their love of surprizes: But the greatest surprize my Emily could give me, would be, if she could do any one thing that would shew a faulty heart.

Once more, my dear, pay your duty to your mother in the chariot which has been the causless occasion of so much concern to you; and tell her, and Mr. O-Hara, that they have greatly obliged me in declining the acceptance of the chariot, so dutifully presented, till they knew my mind: But that, not so much in the compliment paid to me, as your guardian, as because it has given me an opinion of their own generosity and discretion. Tell them, that I greatly approve of this instance of your duty to your mother, and of your regard, for her sake, to Mr. O-Hara: Tell them, that I join with my ever-amiable ward in requesting their acceptance of it; and do you, my dear, tell Miss Jervois, that I greatly honour her for this new instance of her goodness of heart.

I inclose a note, and will, to make you easy, carry it to its proper account, that will enable you to pay the debt which you with so dutiful an intention have contracted. — Forgive you, my dear! I love, I admire, you for it. I will not have you stint yourself, as you call it, in order to contribute to the future expence of the chariot. The present is but a handsome one, respecting your fortune. Be therefore, for your mother's life, the whole expence yours; and it may possibly contribute not a little to the ease of mind of both (as they now live together not unhappily) if you have the goodness to assure Mr. O-Hara, that you are so well satisfied with his kind treatment of your mother, that you will, on supposition of the continuance of it, before you enter into engagements which may limit your own power, or make your will dependent on that of another person, secure a handsome provision for him, for his life, in case he survive your mother.

I thank you, my dearest ward, for the affection you express for my beloved Miss Byron. She loves you so tenderly, that it would have been a concern to me, had she not engaged your love and confidence. You highly oblige me by

promising to consult her on all material occasions. The benefit you will receive from her prudent advice and example, and the delight she will receive from your company, will be a happiness to all three. My Emily may depend upon everything to make it completely so, that shall be in the power of

Her faithful Friend, and humble Servant, CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Thursday, Nov. 2.

A Few lines, Sir; a very few — Not to shew my vanity, my pride, in being allowed to write to my Guardian; nor to presume to draw him into an intercourse of Letters. No, Sir, I write only to thank you, which I do a thousand thousand times, for the ease, the joy, you have given to my heart. O how I dreaded to open your Letter! But I could not have expected it to be so very indulgent to a faulty girl. Not one rebuke! O Sir! how very good you are! And to send me the money to clear my debts! To bid me make my present! In so gracious a manner to bid me! And to put me upon promising a provision for life for Mr. O-Hara, if he survive my mother; which will not oblige them to live a narrower life while they are together, in order to save, in view of such an unhappy event — I flew to them, with the good news — I read the whole Letter to them. O how their hearts blessed you at their eyes, for they could not presently speak; and how my tears mingled with theirs! O Sir, you made us all infants! — I, for my part, am still a baby! — Did I ever cry so much for grief, as you have made me cry for joy? — It is well something now-and-then comes to check one's joy; there would be no bearing it, else. But I shall encroach on your precious time. Thank you, thank you, Sir, a hundred thousand times. My mother is happy! Mr. O-Hara is happy! My Miss Byron will soon be the happiest of all human beings, thank God! — You, my Guardian, must be one of the happiest of men! May every-body else be happy that you wish to be so! And then how happy will be, good Sir,

Your dutiful Ward, and obliged Servant, ever to be commanded, EMILY JERVOIS!

They say you set out for Northamptonshire next Monday or Tuesday, at furthest. Lord bless me! — Lord bless you! I would say — And bless everybody you love! — Amen! — for ever and ever!

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Thursday, Nov. 2.

I Have laid before you, my dear Lady G. your brother's and Signor Jeronymo's Letters; as also my answer to your brother's: My spirits never were so unequal. All joy at one time; apprehension at another; that something will still happen. — Greville is reported to be so gloomy! so silent! He hates me, he says. — And here, unexpectedly, is poor Mr. Orme returned. Amended in his health a little, those who have seen him say, and he thinks so — I am glad of it. And here are we sitting in judgment, my aunt Ladypresident, on the patterns you have sent: My uncle too will have his opinion be taken — And Mr. Deane, who threatened he would not come to Selby-house till the Settlements were to be signed, or read, I cannot tell what — will be here on Saturday.

MR. Orme has desired leave to visit me to-morrow. My uncle so hurries my spirit; not with his raillery, as he used to do — but with his joy. He talks of nothing but the coming down of your brother, and the limited three days after; and numbers the days, nay, the hours, as they fly: For he supposes Sir Charles will be here on Monday, at furthest; and calls that a delay of particular grace and favour. For has he not said, says he, that nothing after Friday can, on his part, detain him from us?

But, Lady G. will he not write, before he comes, to my last? Say my uncle what he pleases, your brother can't be down before Saturday se'nnight, at soonest.

Your fancy and Lady L's determine us. My aunt has undertaken this province: She therefore will write to you what she thinks fit. Is there not too much glare in the flowered silver, as you describe it? Don't, my dear, let me be a bride in a masquerade habit. Humility becomes persons of some degree. We want not glare: We are known to be able to afford rich dresses; need them not, therefore to give us consequence: Simplicity only can be elegance. Let me not be gaudy: Let not fancy, or art, or study, be seen in my dresses. Something must be done, I grant, on our appearance; for an an appearance we must not dispense with here in the country, whatever you women of quality may do in town. But let me not, I beseech you, or as little as possible, be marked out for a lustre; and be so good as to throw in a hint to this purpose to the dear busy girls here, as from yourselves; for they are exercising their fancies, as if I were to be a Queen of the May. Your authorities will support me, if they give me cause to differ in opinion from them.

MISS Orme has just been with me. She confirms her brother's amendment. She is sorry that his impatience has brought him over, when the climate was so favourable to him. She says, I shall find him sincerely disposed to congratulate me on my happy prospect; of which she has given him ample particulars. He could not, she says, but express himself pleased, that neither Fenwick nor Greville, but that one of so superior a character, is to be the man.

What greater felicity can a young creature propose to herself, in the days of courtship, than to find every one in her family, and out of it, applauding her choice? Could I, a few weeks ago, have thought — But hushed be vanity! Pride, withdraw! Meek-eyed Humility, stand forth! — Am I indeed to be the happiest of women? Will nothing happen — O no, no! Heaven will protect your brother — Yet this Greville is a trouble to me. Not because of my horrid dream; I am not so superstitious as to let that disturb me: But from a hint he gave Miss Orme.

She met him this morning at a neighbouring Lady's. He thus accosted her: I understand, madam, that your brother is returned. He is a happy man. Just in time, to see Miss Byron, married. Fenwick, a dog! is gone to howl at Carlisle, on the occasion. Your brother and I have nothing to do but howl in recitative to each other, here.

My brother, Mr. Greville, said Miss Orme, I am sure, will behave like a man on the occasion: Nor can you have reason to howl, as you call it. Sir Charles Grandison is your particular friend, you know.

True, Miss Orme, affecting to laugh off this hit, I thought I could have braved it out; but now the matter comes near, it sticks here, just here pointing to his throat: I cannot get it through my gizzard. Plaguy hard of digestion! making faces, in his light way.

But will your brother, proceeded he, be contented to stay within the noise of the bells, which will, (in a few days perhaps) be set a ringing, for ten mles round? Sir Charles drives on at a d — nable rate, I hear.

'But he must let me die decently, I can tell him: We will not part for ever with the flower of our county, without conditions.'

Shall you see the Siren, madam? If you do, tell her, that I have no chance for peace, but in hating her heartily. But (whispering Miss Orme) bid her NOT TO BE TOO SECURE.

I was strangely struck with these words; for my spirits were not high before. I repeated them; I dwelt upon them, and wept. — Fool that I was! But I soon recollected myself; and desired Miss Orme not to take notice of my tender folly.

Friday.

I HAVE had a visit from Mr. Orme. He has given me some pleasure. I added not to his melancholy. He asked me several interesting questions, which I would

not have answered any other man, as I told him. I shall always value Mr. Orme. Your brother is the most generous of men: But were he not so very generous, he ought to allow for my civility to this worthy man; since I can applaud him with my whole heart, for loving the noble Clementina. What a narrow-hearted creature must I be, if I did not? But as a woman's honour is of a more delicate nature, I believe, than a man's with regard to personal love; so perhaps (if this be allowed me) a man may be as jealous of a woman's civility (in general cases, I mean) as a woman may be of a man's Love to another object. This may sound strange, at first hearing, Lady G. but I know what I mean. Nobody else does, Harriet, perhaps you will say. But they would, I reply, if I were to explain myself; which at present, if you apprehend me not, I have no inclination to do.

How did this worthy man praise Sir Charles Grandison! He must see that my pride, no, not pride, my gratitude, was raised by it, as well to the praiser as praised. He concluded with a blessing on us both, which he uttered in a different manner from what that Balaam-Greville uttered his: It was followed with tears, good man! and he left me almost unable to speak. How grateful in our ears are the praises bestowed on those whom we fondly love!

Lucy thinks I had best go to my grandmamma's before he comes down; and that he should visit me there from Selby-house. Neither my aunt nor I am of this opinion; but that he should himself go to Shirley-manor, and visit us from thence. For is not Selby-house my usual place of residence? My grandmamma will be delighted with his company, and conversation. But as he cannot think of coming down before the latter end of next week, at the soonest, it is time enough to consider of these things. Yet can a young creature, the awful solemnity so near, and with a man whom she prefers to all others, find room in her head for any other topic?

I have a Letter from my good Mrs. Reeves. She and my cousin are so full of this happy subject, that they invite themselves down to us; and hope we will excuse them for their earnestness on this occasion. They are prodigiously earnest. I wonder my cousin can think of leaving her little boy! My aunt says, there is no denying them. How so? — Surely one may excuse one's self to friends one so dearly loves! Your presence, my Charlotte, I own, would be a high satisfaction to me: Yet you would be a little unmanageable, I doubt. There can be no hope of Lady L's: But if there were, neither she, nor any-body else, could keep you orderly. — Poor dear Emily! — My aunt wishes, that we could have had her with us: But, for her own sake, it must not be. How often do I revolve that reflexion of your brother's; that, in our happiest prospects, the sighing heart will confess imperfection! But I will not add another word, after I have assured you, my dearest Ladies, that I am, and ever will be,

Your grateful and most affectionate humble Servant, HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XL.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS BYRON.

Friday, Nov. 3.

REceive, dearest, loveliest, of women, the thanks of a most grateful heart, for your invaluable favour of Wednesday last. Does my Harriet (Already, methinks, I have sunk the name of Byron into that of Grandison), do Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, think, that I have treated one of the most delicate of Female minds indelicately, in the wish (not the prescription) I have presumed to signify to the beloved of my heart; that within three days after my permitted return to Northamptonshire, I may be allowed to receive, at the Altar, the greatest blessing of my life? I would not be thought ungenerous. I signified my wishes; but I told you, in the same Letter, that your chearful compliance was to me the great desirable. In everything, from the date of the condescending Letter before me, to the last of my life, shall your wishes determine mine. I will have your whole heart in the grant of every request I make to you, or you shall have the chearful acquiescence of mine with your will. Permit me to say, that the family punctilio was not out of my thoughts, when I expressed my own ardent wishes to you. Does not the world about you expect, on the return of the happy man, a speedy solemnization? I imagined, that whether he be permitted to make the place of his abode Selby-house or Shirleymanor, you would not that the happy day should be long deferred, which should give him rank as one of the dear family.

Our Equipages, my dearest life, are all in great forwardness. In tenderness to you, I have forborne to consult you upon some parts of them, as my regard for your judgment would othewise have obliged me to do. The Settlements are all ready. Our good Mr. Deane is ready to attend you with them. Allow me, then, to do myself the honour of presenting myself before you at Selby-house, on Tuesday next. I will leave it to you to distinguish the happiest day of my life, whether within the succeeding three, four, five, or even six, of my return.

If I have not your commands to the contrary, Tuesday morning then, if not Monday night, shall present to you the most ardent and sincere of men, pouring out on your hand his grateful vows for the invaluable favour of Wednesday's date, which I consider in the sacred light of a plighted Love; and, as such, have given it a place next my heart.

My most respectful compliments to all whom we both so justly hold dear, conclude me, dearest madam,

Your most grateful, obliged, and ever-affectionate, CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Monday Morning, Nov. 6.

I Send you, my dearest Lady G. a copy of your brother's Letter of Friday lat; Lucy has transcribed it for you. Lucy is very obliging. She desires to be allowed to correspond with you; and makes a merit of these transcriptions for an introduction: That is her view. I give you fair notice of it, that you may either check or encourage her, as you think fit.

Have I not cause to think your brother a little out of the way in his resolution of so sudden a return? — This night perhaps, or to-morrow morning — I am vexed, my dear, because he is such an anticipater, that he leaves not to me the merit of obliging him beyond his expectation. However, I shall rejoice to see him. The moment he enters the room where I am, he can have no faults.

My aunt, who thinks he is full hasty, is gone to dine with my Grandmamma, and intends to settle with that dear parent every-thing for his reception at Shirley-manor. Nancy is gone with her. My uncle, at Mr. Orme's invitation, is gone to dine with that worthy man.

Monday Afternoon.

O MY dearest Lady G! what shall we do? All quarrels are at an end! all petulance! all folly! — I may never, never, be his at all! — I may, before the expected time of his arrival, be the most miserable of women! — Your brother, best of men! — may be — Ah — my Charl —

TERRIFIED to death, my pen fell from my fingers — I fainted away — Nobody came near me. I know I was not along insensible — My terrors broke through even the fit I fell into — Nothing but death itself could make me long insensible, on such an occasion — O how I shall terrify you! — Dearest Lady G. — But here, here comes my Lucy — Let her give the occasion of my anguish.

THE FOLLOWING WRITTEN BY MISS LUCY SELBY.

AT my cousin's request, while she is lain down, I proceed, my good Lady G. to account to you for her terrors, and for mine also. — Dear creature! — But don't be too much terrified: God, we hope, God, we pray, will protect your brother! Mr. Greville cannot be capable of the shocking mischief, barbarity, villainy, which, it is apprehended, he has in view: God will protect your brother!

Here, a note was brought from an anonymous hand. — I don't know what I write, from an unknown hand signifying, that Mr. Greville was heard to threaten the life your brother; and we are told, by more than one, that he is moody, and in a bad way as to his mind. And he left his house the morning; so the note says (And that he certainly did) and was seen to take the London road, with several servants, and others — And the dear Harriet has distracted herself and me with her apprehensions. My aunt out, my uncle out, none but maid-servants at home. We, before he came up to her closet, ran up and down, directing, and undirecting; and she promised to go up, and try to compose herself, till my uncle came from The Park, where he is to dine with Mr. Orme. He is sent for — Thank God my uncle is come! —

BY MISS BYRON.

And what, my dear Lady G. can his coming signify? Lucy is gone down to shew him the anonymous writer's note. Dear, dear Sir! Lord of my wishes! forgive me all my petulance. Come safe — God grant it! — Come safe! And Hand and Heart I will be yours, if you require it, to-morrow morning!

HERE follows the copy of the alarming note. I broke the seal. It was thus directed:

TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ WITH SPEED, SPEED, SPEED.

Honoured Sir,

A Very great respecter of one of the most generous and noblest of men (Sir Charles Grandison, I mean) informs you, that his life is in great danger. He over heard Mr. Greville say, in a rageful manner, as by his voice.

'I never will allow such a prize to be carried from me. He shall die the death,'

and swore to it. He was a little in wine, it is true; and I should have disregarded it for that reason, had I not informed myself that he is set out with armed men this morning. Make what use you please of this: You never will know the writer. But love and reverence to the young Baronet is all my motive. So help me God!

Two of my uncle's tenants, severally, saw the shocking creature on the London road, with servants. What will become of me, before morning, if he arrives not this night in safety!

Monday Night, Eleven.

MY uncle dispatched two servants to proceed on the London road as far as they could go for day-light. He himself rode to Mr. Greville's. Mr. Greville had

been out all day, and well attended — Expected, however, to return at night. — To prepare for his escape (who knows?) after the blackest of villainies. My aunt is in tears; my uncle recollects aggravating circumstances. Our preparations, your brother's preparations, Mr. Deane's expected arrival of to-morrow — Lucy weeps; Nancy wrings her hands — Your Harriet is in silent anguish — She can weep no more! — She can write no more!

Tuesday Morning, 8 o'Clock, Nov. 7.

WHAT a dreadful night have I had! Not a wink of sleep.

And nobody stirring. Afraid to come down, I suppose, for fear of seeing each other. My eyes are swelled out of my head. — I wonder my uncle is not down. He might give orders about something — I know not what! What dreadful visions had I ready, as it seemed, to continue my disturbance, could I have closed my eyes to give seeming form to the flying shadows! Waking dreams: For I was broad awake: Sally sat up with me. Such startings! such absences! — I never was so before. Such another night would I not have for the world! I can only write. Yet what do I write? To what purpose? — You must not see what I have written. Now on my knees, praying, vowing: Now — O my Lucy!

LUCY entered just here — Nancy followed her — Nancy tormented me with her resveries of the past night: My aunt is not well; she has not slept: My uncle fell into a dose, about his usual rising-time: He has had no rest. My grandmamma must not know the occasion of our grief, till it cannot be kept from her — If — But no more — Dreadful If —

LETTER XLII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday 12 o'Clock, Nov. 7.

In a small hand, under the Superscription of the inner Cover.

My dearest Lady G. pray read the first page of this Letter, before you open the other dreadful one, sealed with five seals, and stitched to the Cover (that it may not slide officiously into your hands). Lucy will have me send the whole of that shocking Letter. Against my judgment, I comply.

WE met this morning soul-less, and forlorn, all equally unable either to give or receive consolation. The officious note was taken up, laid down, taken up again; the hand endeavoured to be guessed at: And at last it was concluded, to dispatch a servant to Mr. Greville's, to learn news of the supposed traitor.

But, behold! before the servant could return, in a riding-dress, having alighted at the outward gate, entered the hall your noble brother. I was the first whom he saw; the first who saw him. I was just going out, intending (yet hardly knowing my intention) to walk in the Elm-row fronting the house, in order to shorten the way of the returning servant with news.

He cast himself at my feet. Something he said, and more he intended to say; excusing his early return, and thanking me for my favour of the Wednesday before; when my joyful surprize overpowered both my speech and senses. — And what will you say to me, when I tell you, that, on my recovery, I found myself in his arms, mine clasped about his neck?

He was surprised at my emotion! Well he might — Every one, in a moment, crouded about him — My aunt also folded her arms around him — Welcome, welcome, welcome, was all she could, at the instant, say.

I, utterly abasned, trembling, and doubting my feet, motioned to quit the hall for the parlour — But nobody minded me; all were busied in congratulating the joy of every heart; till Sally presenting herself, I leaned upon her, and, staggering to the parlour, threw myself into an elbow-chair.

Your brother, attended by all my friends, followed me in. My heart again bid him welcome, tho' my eye could not, at that instant, bear his. He took my hand, as I sat, between both his, and, in the most respectful manner pressing it with his lips, besought me to compose myself.

They had hinted to him in the hall, the cause of all our emotions — They had as much reason to blush, as I had. — Nancy, it seems, even Nancy, snatched his hand, and kissed it, in raptures. How dear is he to us all! He sees it, now: There

can be no reserves to him, after this. Punctilio! Family Punctilio! mentioned he in his Letter! — We have now no pretensions to it —

His eyes shone with grateful sensibility. Look down upon me, loveliest of women, said he, with a bent knee; Look down upon me, and tell me, you forgive me, for my early return. But tho' returned, I am entirely at your devotion.

Lucy says, she never saw me more to my advantage. I looked down upon him, as he bid me, smiling through my tears. He stole gently my handkerchief from my half-hid face; with it he dried my unaverted cheek, and put it, she says, in his bosom. I have lost it.

My uncle and aunt withdrew with him, and acquainted him with all particulars. To them he acknowleged, in words of eloquent Love, my uncle said, the honour done him by me, and by us all, in the demonstrations we had given of our tender regard for him.

I was, by the time of their return to us, pretty well recovered. Sir Charles approached me, without takeing notice of the emotion I had been in. Mr. and Mrs. Selby tell me, said he, to me, that I am to be favoured with a residence at our venerable Mrs. Shirley's. This, tho' a high honour, looks a little distant; so would the next door, if it were not under the same roof with my Miss Byron: But, smiling tenderly upon me, I shall presume to hope, that this very distance will turn to my account. Mrs. Shirley's Harriet cannot decline paying her accustomed duty to the best of grandmothers.

Bowing, I shall not, Sir, said I, be the more backward to pay my duty to my grandmamma, for your obliging her with your company.

Thus, resumed he, snatching my hand, and ardently pressing it with his lips, do I honour to myself for the honour done me. How poor is man! that he cannot express his gratitude to the object of his vows, for obligations conferred, but by owning to her new obligation!

Then turning round to my aunt — It is incumbent upon me, madam, said he, to pay my early devoirs to Mrs. Shirley, the hospitable Mrs. Shirley, repeated he, smiling; which looked as if he expected to be here. There, besides, (looking pleasantly upon my aunt) I may be asked — here I am not — to break my fast.

This set us all into motion. My uncle ran out to look after Sir Charles's servants, who, it seems, in our hurry, were disregarded: Their horses in the court-yard; three of them walking about, waiting their master's orders. My uncle was ready, in the true taste of old English hospitality, to pull them in.

Chocolate was instantly brought for their master; and a dish for each of us. We had made but a poor breakfast, any of us. I could get nothing down before. My aunt put a second dish into my hand: I took her kind meaning, and presented it to Sir Charles. How gratefully did he receive it! Wiil it always be so, Lady G.? My

love, heightened by my duty, shall not, when the obligation is doubled, make me less deserving of his politeness, if I can help it.

But still this dreadful note, and Greville's reported moodiness, made us uneasy. The servant we sent returned, with information that Mr. Greville came home late last night. He was not stirring, it seems, tho' Eleven o'Clock, when the servant reached his house. He is said to be not well; and, as one servant of his told ours, so very fretful, and ill-tempered, that they none of them know how to speak to him. God grant — But let me keep to myself such of my apprehensions as are founded on conjecture — Why should I not hope the best? Is not your beloved brother at present safe? And is he not the care of Providence? — I humbly trust he is.

Sir Charles took the note. I think I have seen the hand, said he: If I have, I shall find out the writer. I dare say, it is written with a good intention.

My uncle and we all expressed, some in words, some by looks, our apprehensions.

There cannot possibly be room for any, said Sir Charles, always present to himself. Mr. Greville loves Miss Byron. It is no wonder, as his apprehensions of losing all hopes of her for ever, grow stronger, that he should be uneasy. He would make but an ill compliment to her merit, and his own sincerity, if he were not. But such a stake as he has in his country, he cannot have desperate intentions. I remember, to his advantage, his last behavour here. I will make him a visit. I must engage Mr. Greville to rank me in the number of his friends.

What he said gave us comfort. No wonder if we women love courage in a man: We ought, if it be true courage, like that of your excellent brother. After all, my dear, I think we must allow a natural superiority in the minds of men over women. Do we not want protection? And does not that want imply inferiority? — Yet if there be two sorts of courage, an acquired and a natural; why may not the former be obtained by women, as well as by men, were they to have the same education? NATURAL courage, may belong to either. Had Miss Barnevelt, for example, had a boy's education, she would have probably challenged her man, on provocation given; and he might have come off but poorly.

But we have more silly antipathies than men, which help to keep us down: Whether those may not sometimes be owing to affectation, do you, Lady G. who, however, have as little affectation as ever woman had, determine. A frog, a toad, a spider, a beetle, an earwig, will give us mighty pretty tender terror; while the heroic men will trample the insect under foot, and look the more brave for their barbarity, and for our delicate screaming. But for an adventure, if a Lover get us into one, we frequently leave him a great way behind us. Don't you think so,

Lady G.? — Were not this Greville still in my head, methinks I could be as pert as ever.

Sir Charles told us, that he should have been with us last night, but for a visit he was obliged to pay to Sir Harry Beauchamp; to make up for which hindrance, he took horse, and ordered his equipage to follow him.

He is gone to pay his duty, as he is pleased to call it, to my grandmamma, in my uncle's coach, my uncle with him. If they cannot prevail on my grandmamma to come hither to dinner, and if she is desirous Sir Charles should dine with her, he will oblige her — by my aunt's leave, was his address to her. But perhaps she will have the goodness to add her company to his, as she knows that will give us all double pleasure: She loves to give pleasure. Often does the dear Lady say,

'How can palsied age, which is but a terrifying object to youth, expect the indulgence, the love, of the young and gay, if it does not study to promote those pleasures which itself was fond of in youth? Enjoy innocently your season, girls, once said she, setting half a score of us into country dances. I watch for the failure of my memory; and shall never give it over for quite lost, till I forget what were my own innocent wishes and delights in the days of my youth.'

Tuesday, Five o'Clock.

MY uncle and Sir Charles came back to dinner; my grandmamma with them. She was so good as to give me her company, at the first word. Sir Charles, as we sat at dinner, and afterwards, saw me weak in mind, bashful, and not quite recovered; and he seemed to watch my uncle's eyes, and so much diverted him and all of us, that my uncle had not opportunity to put forth, as usual. How did this kind protection assure me! I thought myself quite well; and was so chearfully silent when Sir Charles talked, that my grandmamma and aunt, who had placed me between them, whispered me severally — You look charmingly easy, love — You look like yourself, my dear. Yet still this mischievous Greville ran in my head.

My uncle took notice, that Sir Charles had said, he guessed at the writer of the note. He wished he would give him an item, as he called it, whom he thought of.

You observe, Sir, answered Sir Charles, that the writer says, Mr. Greville was in wine. He professes to be an encourager of the people of the George in Northampton. He often appoints company to meet him there. I imagine the writer to be the head waiter of the house: The bills delivered me in, seem to have been writen in such a hand as the note, as far as I can carry the hand writing in my eye.

Ads-heart, said my uncle, that's undoubtedly right: Your name's up, Sir, I can tell you, among men, women, and children. This man, in his note, calls you (Look, else!) the most generous and noble of men. He says, we shall never know

the writer! — Ads-dines! the man must deal in art magic, that conceals himself from you, if you have a mind to find him out.

Well, but, said Lucy, if this be so, I am concerned for the reality of the information. Such threatenings as Mr. Greville throws out, are not to be slighted. Very true, said my uncle. Mr. Deane and I (Mr. Deane will certainly be here by-and-by) will go, and discourse with Greville himself to-morrow, please the Lord.

Sir Charles begged that this matter might be left to his management. Mr. Greville and I, said he, are upon such a foot, as, whether he be so sincerely my friend as I am his, or not, will warrant a visit to him; and he cannot but take it as a civility, on my return into these parts.

Should he be affronting, Sir Charles? Said my uncle —

I can have patience, if he should. He cannot be grosly so.

I know not that, replied my uncle: Mr. Greville is a roister!

Well, dear Mr. Selby, leave this matter to me. Were there to be danger; the way to avoid it, is not to appear to be afraid of it. One man's fear gives another courage. I have no manner of doubt of being able to bring Mr. Greville with me to an amicable dish of tea, or to dinner, which you please, to-morrow.

Ads-heart, Sir, I wish not to see at either, the wretch who could threaten the life of a man so dear to us all.

Sir Charles bowed to my uncle for his sincere compliment. I have nothing to do, said he, but to invite myself either to breakfast, or dine with him. His former scheme of appearing to the world well with me, in order to save his spirit, will be resumed; and all will be right.

My aunt expressed her fears, however, and looked at me, as I did at her, with a countenance, I suppose, far from being unapprehensive: But Sir Charles said, You must leave me, my dear friends, to my own methods; nor be anxious for my safty. I am not a rash man: I can pity Mr. Greville; and the man I pity, cannot easily provoke me.

We were all the easier for what the charmingly-cool, because truely brave, man said on a subject which has given us all so much terror.

But was he not very good, my dear, not to say one word all this day of the important errand on which he came down? And to lead the subjects of conversation with design, as my aunt and grandmamma both thought, as well as I, that my uncle should not? and to give me time to recover my spirits? Yet when he did address himself to me, never were tenderness and respect so engagingly mingled. This my uncle observed, as well as my aunt and Lucy. How the duce, said he, does this Sir Charles manage it? He has a way no man but him ever found out — He can court without speech: He can take one's heart, and say never a word. Hay, Harriet! looking archly.

MR. Deane is come — In charming health and spirits — Thank God! With what cordiality did Sir Charles and he embrace each other!

Sir Charles attended my grandmamma home: So we had not his company at supper. Now convenience without its contrary. He is her own son: She is his own parent. Such an unaffected love on both sides! — Such a sweetly-easy, yet respectful, familiarity between them! What additional pleasures must a young woman in my situation have, when she can consider herself as the bond of union between the family she is of, and that she is entering into! How dreadful, on the contrary, must be her case, who is the occasion of propagating dissention, irreconcilable hatred, and abhorrence between her own relations and those of the man to whom she for life engages herself!

My grandmother and Sir Charles were no sooner gone, than my uncle began to talk with Mr. Deane on the subject that is nearest all our hearts. I was afraid the conversation would not be managed to my liking; and having too just an excuse to ask leave to withdraw, from bad, or rather no rest, last night, I made use of it; and here in my closet (preparing now, however, for it) am I

Your ever-affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 8.

SIR Charles let my grandmother come hither by herself. He is gone to visit that Greville. We are all in pain for him: But Mr. Deane comforts us.

After breakfast, thus began my uncle upon me.

Here, Dame Selby, are we still at a fault. Harriet knows not what she would be at; and you uphold her in her nonsenses. Delicacy! Delicacy! The duce take me, if I have any notion of it! — What a pize are you about?

Dear Sir! why am I blamed? said I. What would you have me do, that I have not done?

Do! why I would have you give him his Day, and keep to it; that I would have you do: And not shillyshally for ever — and subject the best of men to insults. All your men will be easy and quiet, when the ceremony is over, and they know there is no remedy.

My good Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma, you now blame without reason. Sir Charles was full hasty. Harriet was a little more nice, perhaps, her Lover considered, than she needed to be. Yet I don't know, but I, in her case, should have done as she did; and expected as much time as she was willing to take. It was not a very long one, Mr. Selby, from the declaration he made; and he is a man himself of great delicacy. Harriet very readily acknowleged to him the preference she gave him to all them; and when she found him very earnest for a short day, she, by her last Letter, threw herself generously into his power. He is full of acknowlegements upon it; and so he ought to be. To me he has said all that a man should say of his gratitude, upon the occasion; and he declared to me last night, that it was with difficulty he forbore taking advantage of her goodness to him: But that he checked himself, and led to other subjects, seeing how much the dear creature was disordered, and being apprehensive, that if he had begun upon one so interesting, or even wished to talk with her alone, he should have increased her disorder.

Oy, Oy! Sir Charles is considerate; and Harriet should be grateful: But indeed my Dame Selby is as silly, to the full, as Harriet. She is for having Harriet keep her in countenance in the dance she led me, so many years ago — Lady G. for my money. She finds you all out in your Masonry.

Mr. Selby, said my aunt, I only refer myself to what our venerable parent just said.

And so don’t think it worth while to hold an argument with me, I suppose?

I did not know, my dear, that you wanted to hold an argument.

Your servant, madam — with that sly leer — So like Harriet! and Harriet so like you!

But, Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma, will you be pleased to tell the dear child, if you think her wrong, what is the next step she should take?

Think her wrong! — Next step! — Why the next step is, as she has promised to oblige him, and to be directed by him, to keep her word; and not hum nor haw about the matter.

Mr. Deane, who had been shewn and told everything that had passed since we saw him last, said, You don’t know that my daughter Byron will make unnecessary parade, Mr. Selby. Sir Charles you find, in tenderness to her, asked no questions yesterday; made no claim — She could not begin the subject.

But, said Lucy, I cannot but say, that my cousin is in some fault.

Look you there, now! said my uncle.

We all stared at Lucy; for she spoke and looked very seriously.

Might she not have said, proceeded she, when Sir Charles surprized her at his first arrival (what tho’ her heart was divided between past terror, and present joy?) Here I am, Sir, at your service: Are you prepared for to-morrow? — And then made him one of her best courtesies.

Sauce-box! — Well, well, I believe I have been a little hasty in my judgment (rapping under the table with his knuckles): But I am so afraid that something will happen between the cup and the lip — Here, last night, I dreamt that Lady Clementina and he were going to be married — Give me your hand, my dear Harriet, and don’t revoke the kindness in your last Letter to him, but whatever be the day he proposes, comply; and you will win my heart for ever.

As Sir Charles leads, Harriet must follow, resumed my grandmamma. You men are sad prescribers in these delicate cases, Mr. Selby. You will be put to it, my dear love, taking my hand, before this day is over, now you seem so purely recovered. Sir Charles Grandison is not a dreaming Lover. Prepare your mind, my child: You’ll be put to it, I do assure you.

Why, oy; I can’t but say, Sir Charles is a man — Don’t you, my lovely Love, be too much a woman! — Too close a copier of your aunt Selby here! — and, as I said, you will have my heart for ever — Oy, and Sir Charles’s too; for he is not one of your sorry fellows that can’t distinguish between a favour and a folly.

My uncle then went out with a flourish, and took Mr. Deane with him; leaving only my grandmamma, my aunt, my Lucy, and your Harriet, together.

We had a good deal of talk upon the important subject. The conclusion was, that I would refer Sir Charles to my grandmamma, if he were urgent for the day,

and she was vested with a discretionary power to determine for her girl.

Such of my cloaths, then, as were near finished, were ordered to be produced, with some of the nuptial ornaments. They were all to sit in judgment upon them.

Surely, Lady G. these are solemn circumstances, lightly as my uncle thinks of them. Must not every thoughtful young creature, on so great a change, and for life, have conflicts in her mind, be her prospects ever so happy, as the day approaches? Of what materials must the hearts of runaways, and of fugitives, to men half-strangers to them, be compounded?

My aunt has just left with me the following Billet, from Sir Charles, directed to my uncle, from Mr. Greville's:

Dear Mr. Selby,

I Regret every moment that I pass out of Selby-house, or Shirley-manor: And as I have so few particular friends in these parts out of your family, I think I ought to account to you for the hours I do: Nor will I, now our friendship is so unalterably fixed and acknowleged, apologize for giving myself, by this means, the consequence with your family, that every one of yours, for their single sakes, are of to me, superadded to the tenderest attachments to one dear person of it.

I found the gentleman in a less happy disposition than I expected.

It is with inexpressible reluctance that he thinks, as my happy day draws near, of giving up all hopes of an object so dear to him. He seemed strangely balancing on this subject, when I was introduced to him. He instantly proposed to me, and with some fierceness, that I would suspend all thoughts of marriage for two months to come, or at least for one. I received his request with proper indignation. He pretended to give reasons respecting himself: I allowed not of them.

After some canvassings, he swore, that he would be complied with in something. His alternative was, the dining with him, and with some of his chosen friends, whom he had invited.

I have reason to think these friends are those to whom he expressed himself with violence at the George, as overheard, I suppose, by the waiter there.

He rode out, he owned, yesterday morning, with intent to meet me; for he boasts that he knows all my motions, and those of a certain beloved young Lady. Let him; let every-body, who think it their concern to watch our steps, be made acquainted with them: The honest heart aims not at secrets. I should glory in receiving Miss Byron's hand, from yours, Sir, before ten thousand witnesses.

Mr. Greville had rode out the night before; he did not say to meet me; but he knew I was expected at Selby-house, either on Monday night, or yesterday morning: And on his return, not meeting me, he and his friends passed their night at the George, as mentioned, and rode out together in the morning — In hopes of meeting me, he said; and to engage me to suspend my happy day. Poor man! Had

he been in his right mind, he could not have hoped (had he met me on the road) to have been heard on such a subject.

An act of oblivion, and thorough reconciliation, he calls it, is to pass, in presence of his expected friends.

You will not take notice of what I have hinted at, out of the family, whatever was designed.

In the temper he would have found me in, had he met me, nothing unhappy could have happened; for he is really to be pitied.

We are now perfect friends. He is full of good wishes. He talks of a visit to Lady Frampton, of a month. I write thus particularly, that I may not allow such a subject as this to interfere with that delightful one which engrosses my whole attention; and which I hope, in the evening, will be honoured with the attention of the beloved and admired of every heart, as well as of that of

Your ever-obliged and affectionate CH. GRANDISON.

Poor wicked Greville — May he go to Lady Frampton's, or where-ever else, so it be fifty miles distant from us. I shall be afraid of him, till I hear he has quitted, for a time, his seat in this neighbourhood.

What a glorious quality is courage, when it is divested of rashness! When it is founded on integrity of heart, and innocence of life and manners! But, otherwise founded, Is it not rather to be called savageness, and brutality?

How much trouble have I given your brother! What dangers have I involved him in! It cannot be possible for me evre to reward him. — But the proudest heart may deem it a glory to owe obligation to Sir Charles Grandison.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday Night, Nov. 8.

SIR Charles broke away, and came hither by our tea-time. I was in my closet writing. They all crouded about him. He avoided particulars: Only said, that all was friendship between Mr. Greville and himself; and that Mr. Greville came with him part of the way; full of his resumed scheme, of appearing to be upon a good understanding with him, and a friend to the alliance between him and us.

Sir Charles looked about him, as if for somebody he saw not. My aunt came up to me: My dear, do you know who is come? She then told me the above particulars. We had a summons to tea. Down we hastened. He met us both at the parlour-door. O madam, said he, what precious hours have I lost! — I have been patience itself!

I congratulated him on what my aunt had told me. I found he intended, as he says in his Billet, that the particulars he gave in it should answer our curiosity; and to have done with the subject. What a charming possession of himself, that he could be in such a brangle, as I may call it, and which might have had fatal consequences; yet to be so wholly, and so soon, divested of the subject; and so infinitely agreeable upon half a score others, as they offered from one or other as we sat at tea!

Tea was no sooner over, but he singled me out — May I, madam, beg the favour of a half-hour's audience?

Sir, Sir! hesitated the simpleton, and was going to betray my expectation, by expressing some little reluctance; but, recollecting myself, I suffered him to lead me into the Cedar parlour. When there, seating me — Now, madam, let me again thank you, a thousand and a thousand times, for the honour of your last condescending Letter.

He but just touched my hand, and appeared so encouragingly respectful! — I must have loved him then, if I had not before.

You have, my dearest Miss Byron, a man before you, that never can be ungrateful. Believe me, my dearest Life, tho' I have urged you as I have, you are absolutely your own mistress of the day, and of every day of my life, as far as it shall be in my power to make you so. You part with power, my lovely Miss Byron, but to find it with an increase. Only let me beseech you, now I have given it you back again, not to permit your heart to be swayed by mere motives of punctilio.

A charming glow had overspread his cheek; and he looked as when I beheld him in his sister's dressingroom, after he had rescued me from the hands of the then cruel, now mortified, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Punctilio, mere punctilio, Sir, shall not weigh with me. What I wrote to you, I intend to comply with. My heart, Sir, is — Yours! — I would have said — Why would not my tongue speak it? — My, my, I stammered — Why did I stammer? — Had I not owned it before to be so? — My grandmamma, Sir, and aunt — I could not at that instant, for my life, say another word.

Sweet confusion! I urge you no more on this topic, just now: I joyfully take your reference. Then drawing a chair next me, he kissed his own hand, and held it out, as it were, courting mine. I yielded it to him, as by an involuntary motion — yet my heart was forwarder than my hand. He tenderly grasped it — retaining it — and instead of urging the approaching day, talked to me as if it were past.

I have a request to make to your grandmother, your uncle and aunt, your Lucy, and our Mr. Deane; it is a very bold one: That when I have been blessed with your hand, they will be so good as to accompany their beloved Harriet, then no more Byron, but Grandison, to my family-seat, and see the beloved of every heart happily fixed, and in possession of it. The house is venerable (I will not call it old); but large and convenient. Compassion for your neighbouring admirers, will induce you to support me in this request. You cannot bear, I imagine, without a lessening of your own joy (if I prove the just, the grateful man to you, that, if I know myself, I shall be) either to see at church, or in your visits, those men who preferred you to all women; or, if they forbear the one or the other, to account with a gentle sigh for their forbearance. Other women might triumph secretly on such occasions; but I, even I, the successful, the distinguished man, shall not forbear some inward pity for them. Now, madam, an excursion of a month or two, if no more, made by those dear friends, who otherwise will be loth, so soon as I wish, to part with you; will wean, as I may say, these unhappy men from you. Mr. Orme, Mr. Greville, will not then be obliged to quit their own houses, and this neighbourhood. I shall not, whenever I step into company, see dejected men, whose dejection is owing, as they will think, to my happiness: All your new relations will attend you, in turn, in the house that I always loved, and wished to settle in; your own relations with you, and witnesses of our mutual happiness — Support me, generously support me, in this proposal, when I shall be intitled, by your goodness, to make it. — Silent, my dearest Love! — If I have been too early in thus opening my heart to you, do me the justice to suppose that it is owing to my wishes to pass over another interesting subject which must take place before my proposal can; and which, however, engages my whole heart.

I might well be silent: I could not find utterance for the emotions of my heart. I withdrew my hand to take my handkerchief (You have often told me, Lady G. that I was born in an April morning); but putting it into my other hand, I gratefully (I hope not too fondly) laid it in his way to take it again. He did, with an air that had both veneration and gratitude in it — My dearest Life, tenderly grasping it — how amiable this goodness! — You are not, I see, displeased.

Displeased! — O, Sir Charles! — But, alas! while I am too-too happy, the exalted Lady abroad! — She, she, only! Your friend Jeronymo's last Letter —

Thus brokenly did I express (what my heart was full of) her worthiness, my inferiority.

Exalted creature! — Angelic goodness! You are Clementina and Harriet, both in one: One mind certainly informs you both.

Just then came in my aunt Selby. I have, madam, said he to her, been making a request to your beloved niece: I am exceedingly earnest in it. She will be so good as to break it to you; and I hope —

O Sir! interrupted my too eager aunt, supposing it had been for the Day, Mrs. Shirley has the power —

My dear aunt Selby! said I.

What have I said, Love? —

He caught eagerly at it — Happy mistake! said he. My dear Mrs. Selby, I thank you!

He bowed, kissed my hand, and left me to go to my grandmamma, to inform himself of what he had to hope for, as to the Day, from her.

I told my aunt what the request was, and what a conversation we had had: And what, madam, said I, have you done!

My aunt approved of his proposal. It will be the pride of your uncle's heart and mine, to see you settled in Grandison-hall.

What short work did my grandmamma make of it! In less than a quarter of an hour Sir Charles returned, overjoyed, with an open Billet in his hand, from the venerable parent. This is it:

'TO me, my Harriet, you have referred the most important Day of your life. May the Almighty shower down his blessings on it! Thursday, next week, is the Day, that, God willing, shall crown the happiness of us all. Make no objections, my dearest child. Hasten to me, and say you acquiesce chearfully in the determination of

'Your ever-affectionate 'HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.'

Had you seen, my dear Charlotte, with what tender respect your brother approached me, and with what an inimitable grace he offered me the open Billet,

how would you have been charmed with him! The excellent Mrs. Shirley, said he, would not permit me to bring this inestimable paper folded. I have contemplated the propitious lines all the way. On my knee let me thank you, my dear Miss Byron, for your acquiescence with her determination. He kissed my hand on one knee.

He saw me disturbed [Could I help it? There is something awful in the fixing of the very Day, Lady G. but I tried to recover myself. I would fain avoid appearing guilty of affection in his eyes]. I will not add a word more, my Angel said he, on the joyful subject. Only tell me, Shall we hasten to attend the condescending parent?

My duty to her, Sir, said I (but with more hesitation than I wished) shall be an earnest of that which I am so soon, so very soon, to vow to you: And I gave him my hand.

There is no describing to you, my dear Lady G. the looks, the manner, with which it was received, by the most ardent, and yet most respectful, of Lovers.

I had scare approaced my grandmamma, and begun to utter something of the much my heart was filled with, when my Uncle and Mr. Deane (by mistake, I believe) were admitted.

Well, let us know every-thing about it, said my uncle — I hope Sir Charles is pleased. I hope —

The Day was named to him.

Well, well, thank God! And he spoke in an accent that expressed his joy.

Your niece has pleased you now, I hope, Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma.

Pretty well! pretty well! God grant that we meet with no Put-offs! I hardly longed so much for my own Day with my Dame Selby there, as I have done, and do, to see my Harriet Lady Grandison — God, God, bless you, my dearest love! and kissed my cheek — You have been very, very good, in the main — And, but for Dame Selby, would have been better, as far as I know.

You don't do me justice, my dear, replied my aunt.

Don't I? — Nor did I ever — taking kindly her hand — It was impossible, my dear Sir Charles Grandison, for such a man as I to do justice to this excellent woman. You never, Sir, will be so froppish as I have been: It was in my nature: I could not help it: But I was always sorry for it afterwards. — But if Harriet make you no worse a wife than my Dame Selby has made me, you will not be unhappy — And yet I was led a tedious dance after her, before I knew what she would be at — I had like to have forgot that. But one thing I have to request, proceeded my uncle — Mr. Deane and I have been talking of it — God bless your dear souls, all of you, oblige me — It is, That we may have a joyful Day of it; and that all our

neighbours and tenants may rejoice with us. I must make the village smoke. No hugger-mugger doings — Let private weddings be for doubtful happiness —

O my uncle! said I —

And O my niece, too! I must have it so. Sir Charles, what say you? Are you for chamber-marriages? — I say, that such are neither decent, nor godly. But you would not allow Lady G. to come off so — And in your own case —

Am for doing as in Lady G's. I must hope to pay my vows at the Altar to this excellent Lady. What says my Miss Byron?

I, Sir, hope to return mine in the same sacred place (my face, as I felt, in a glow); but yet I shall wish to have it as private as possible.

Why, oy, to be sure — When a woman is to do anything she is ashamed of — I think she is right to be private, for example -sake. Shall you be ashamed, Sir Charles?

Sir Charles has given it under his hand, this very day, said Lucy, interrupting him, as he was going to speak, that he shall glory in receiving my cousin's hand before ten thousand witnesses.

Make but my dearest Miss Byron easy on this head, said Sir Charles (That task, Ladies, be yours); and, so the Church be the place, I shall be happy in the manner.

The ceremony, said my grandmamma, cannot be a private one with us: Every-body's eyes are upon us. It would be an affectation in us, that would rather raise, than allay, curiosity.

And I have as good as promised the two pretty Nedhams, said my uncle — and Miss Watson and her cousin are in expectation.

O my uncle!

Dear Harriet, forgive me! These are your companions from childhood! You can treat them but once in your life in this way. They would be glad at heart to return the favour.

I withdrew: Lucy followed me — You, Lucy, I see, said I, are for these public doings — But you would not, if it were your own case.

Your case is my case, Harriet. I should hardly bear being made a shew of with any other man: But with such a man as yours, if I did not hold up my head, I should give leer for stare, to see how envy sat upon the womens faces. You may leer at the men for the same reason. It will be a wicked day after all, Harriet; for a general envy will possess the hearts of all beholders.

Lucy, you know, my dear Lady G. is a whimsical girl.

So, my dear, the solemn Day is fixed. If you could favour me with your supporting presence — I know, if you come, you will be very good, now I have not, as I hope you will think, been guilty, of much, no not of any, parade — Lucy

will write Letters for me to Lady D. to my cousin Reeves's, and will undertake all matters of ceremony for her Harriet. May I but have the happiness to know that Lady Clementina — What can I wish for Lady Clementina? — But should she be unhappy — that would be an abatement of my felicity indeed!

There is no such thing as thinking of the dear Emily. What a happiness, could I have seen Lady L. here! — But that cannot be! May the Day that will in its anniversary be the happiest of my life, give to Lord and Lady L. their most earnest wishes!

Sir Charles dispatches Frederick to-morrow to town with Letters: He will bring you mine. I would not go to rest till I had finished it.

What have I more to say? — I seem to have a great deal. My head and my heart are full: Yet it is time to draw to a conclusion.

Let me, my dearest Lady G. know, if I am to have any hopes of your presence? Will you be so good as to manage with Emily?

My aunt bids me suppose to you, that since we are to have all the world of our acquaintance, you should bring down your aunt Grandison with you. — We have at both houses a great deal of room.

Sir Charles just now asked my grandmamma, Whether Dr. Curtis would be satisfied with a handsome present, if every one's dear Dr. Bartlett were to perform the ceremony? My grandmamma answered, That Dr. Curtis was one of my admiring friends. He had for years, even from my girlhood, prided himself with the hopes of joining my hand in marriage, especially if the office were performed in Northamptonshire. She was afraid he would think himself slighted; and he was a worthy man.

Sir Charles acquiesced. But, greatly as I respect Dr. Curtis, I should have preferred the venerable Dr. Bartlett to any man in the world. A solemn, solemn subject, tho' a joyful one!

Adieu, adieu, my dear Lady G. Be sure continue to love me. I will, if possible, deserve your Love.

Witness

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON,

Friday Morning, Nov. 10.

EXpect a Letter of hurry, in answer to one, two, three, four, five, six, I don't know how many, of yours; some filled with tenderness, some with love, some with nicety, sense, and nonsense. I shall reckon with you soon for one of them, in which you take intolerable liberties with me. O Harriet! tremble at my resentment. You are downright scurrilous, my dear.

I imputed extravagance to Emily, in my last. The girl's a good girl. I was too hasty. I will shew you two Letters of hers, and one of my brother, which clears up the imputation. I love her more and more. Poor girl! Love peeps out in twenty places of hers: In his, he is the best of men: But that you knew before.

And so the honest man kissed you; kissed your lip! O Lud! O Lud! how could you bear him afterwards in your sight? — Forgiving creature! — And so you were friends with him before you had time to shew your anger. — Nothing like doing impudent things in a hurry. — Sometimes respectful, sometimes free: Why this is the way of all the fellows, Harriet! — And so they go on till the respectfulness is drawn off, and nothing but the lees are left; and after two or three months are over, the once squeamish palate will be glad of them.

I like your uncle better than I like either your aunt or you — He likes me.

What a miserable dog (Take the word for shortness, I am in haste) is Sir Hargrave!

Your plea against Clementina being compelled, or over -persuaded (the same thing) I much like. You are a good girl.

Betwixt her excellencies and yours, how must my brother's soul be divided! — I wonder he thinks of either of you. Ass and two bundles of hay, Harriet. But my brother is a nobler animal: He won't starve. But I think, in my conscience, he should have you both. There might be a law made, that the case should not be brought into precedent till two such women should be found, and such a man; and all three in the like situation.

Bagenhall! a miserable devil! Excellent warning-pieces!

Wicked Harriet! You infected me with your horrible inferences from Greville's temper, threatenings, and-so-forth. The conclusion of this Letter left me a wretch! — If these megrims are the effect of Love, thank Heaven, I never knew what it was. — Sufficient to the day, and-so-forth.

Devilish girl! to torment me with your dreams! If you ever tell me of any more of them, except they are of a different sort, woe be to you!

I like your parting seene, and all that. Your realities, thank Heaven, are more delightful than your resveries. I hope you'll always find them so.

And so you were full of apprehensions on the favour your aunt did me in employing me about your nuptial equipments. Long ago

'you gave affectation to the winds.'

Good! But the winds would not accept of your present. They puffed it you back again, and your servants never told you it was brought home. I repeat, my dear, that my brother is much more clever, in these scenes of Love and Courtship, than his mistress. You are a pretty cow, my Love: You give good store of milk, but you have a very careless heel. Yet when you bethink you, you are very good; but not always the same Harriet. Your nurse in your infancy, see-sawed you — Margery-dawn — and you can't put the pretty play out of your practice, tho' it is out of your memory. I can look back, and sometimes by your frowardness, sometimes by your crowing, know how it was with you eighteen years ago.

My brother's Letter to you, after he has mentioned his visits to the two sick Baronets, is that of a man who shews you genteelly, and politely, that he is sensible he has a pretty trifler to deal with. I wish you would square your conduct, by what you must imagine a man of his sense would think of you. I should be too proud a minx, in your case, to owe obligation to my man for bearing with me — Spare me, spare me, Harriet! I have hit myself a terrible box o' the ear. But we can find faults in others, which we will not allow to be such in ourselves — But here is the difference between your conduct now, and what mine was. I knew I was wrong, and resolved one day to amend. You think yourself right, and, while you so think, will hardly ever mend, till your man ties you down to good behaviour.

Jeronymo's Letter! O the next to divine Clementina! Indeed, Harriet, I think she out-soars you. I adore her. But will she be prevailed upon to marry? — She will! — If she does — Then — But, dear Soul! — Pressed as she is — Having refused, instead of being refused, the beloved of her heart, she will still be greater than any of her Sex, if she does; the man proposed, so unexceptionable; so tenderly loving her, in the height of her calamity, as well as in her prosperity! — Gratitude to him, as well as Duty to her parents; parents so indulgent as they have always been to her; will incline her to marry. May she be happy! I am pleased with your solicitude for her happiness.

I like your answer to my brother: A good and welldeserved resignation. Let's see how you keep to it.

You do keep to it — as I expected — Ah, Harriet! you are quite a girl, sometimes; tho', at others, more than woman!

'Will he not ask leave to come down?'

Fine resignation! —

'Will he not write, first?'

– Yes, yes, he will do every-thing he ought to do. Look to your own behaviour, child; don't fear but his will be all as it should be. As to your finery, how now, Harriet! Are you to direct every-thing; yet pretend to ask advice? Be contented that every-thing is done for you of this sort, and learn to be humble. Sure we that have passed the Rubicon, are not to be directed by you, who never came in sight of the river. But you, maidens, are poor, proud, pragmatical mortals. You profess ignorance; but in heart imagine you are at the tip-top of your wisdom.

But here you come with your horrid fears again. Would to the Lord the Day were over; and you and my brother were — Upon my life — you are a — But I won't call you names.

Lucy thinks you should go to Shirley-manor when my brother comes down. Egregious folly! I did not think Lucy could have been so silly.

Concerning our cousin Reeves's wanting to be present at your nuptials — your invitation to me — and what you say of Emily — more anon.

Well, and so my brother has sent you the expected Letter. Does it please you, Harriet? The duce is in you, if it don't.

But you are not pleased with it, it seems. He is too hasty for you. Where's the boasted-of resignation, Harriet? True Female resignation!

Tell Lucy, I am obliged to her, for her transcriptions. I shall be very proud of her correspondence.

'Your aunt thinks he is full hasty.' — Your aunt's a simpleton, as well as you. My service to her.

But is the D — I in the girl again? What would have become of Lady L. and me, had you not sent both Letters together that relate to Greville's supposed malignance? I tremble, nevertheless, at the thought of what might have been. But I will not forgive Lucy for advising you to send to us your horribly-painted terrors. What could possess her to advise you to do so, and you, to follow her advice? I forgive not either of you. In revenge I will remind you, that you are one of the good women to whom he owes all the embarrasments of his past life.

But a caution, Harriet! — Never, never, let foolish dreams claim a moment of your attention — Imminent as seemed the danger, your superstition made more dreadful to you than otherwise it would have been. You have a mind superior to such foibles: Act up to its native dignity, and let not the follies of your nurses, in

your infantile state, be carried into your maturer age, to depreciate your womanly reason. Do you think I don't dream, as well as you?

Well might ye all rejoice in his safety.

'Hang about his neck, for joy!'

So you ought, if you thought it would do him honour. Hush, hush, proud girl! don't scold me! I think, were a king your man, he would have been honoured by the charming freedom.

'Cast himself at your feet!'

And you ought to have cast yourself at his.

'There can be no reserve to him after this,'

you say. Nor ought there, had it not been for this. Did you not signify to him, by Letter, that you would resign to his generosity? Let me whisper you, Harriet — Sure you proud maiden minxes think — But I did once — I wonder in my heart, oftentimes — But men and women are chears to one another. But we may, in a great measure, thank the poetical tribe for the fascination. I hate them all. Are they not inflamers of the worst passions? With regard to the Epics, would Alexander, madman as he was, have been so much a madman, had it not been for Homer? Of what violences, murders, depredations, have not the Epic poets been the occasion, by propagating false honour, false glory, and false religion? Those of the amorous class ought in all ages (could their future genius's for tinkling sound and measure have been known) to have been strangled in their cradles. Abusers of talents given them for better purposes (for all this time, I put Sacred poesy out of the question); and avowedly claiming a right to be licentious, and to overleap the bounds of decency, truth, and nature.

What a rant! How came these fellows into my rambling head? O, I remember — My whisper to you led me into all this stuff.

Well, and you at last recollected the trouble you have given my brother about you. Good girl! Had I remembered that, I would have spared you my reflexions upon the poets and poetasters of all ages, the truly -inspired ones excepted: And yet I think the others should have been banished our commonwealth, as well as Plato's.

Well, but, to shorten my nonsense, now you have shortened yours — The Day is at last fixed — Joy, joy, joy, to you, my lovely Harriet, and to my Brother! And it must be a public affair! — Why — that's right, since it would be impossible to make it a private one. My honest man is mad for joy. He fell down on his knees, to beg of me to accept of your invitation, and of his company. I made a merit of obliging him, tho' I would have been as humble to him, rather than not be with you; and yet, by one saucy line, I imagine you had rather be without me.

Your cousin Reeves's are ready to set out.

God bless you, invite aunt Nell: She thinks herself neglected. A nephew whom she so dearly loves! Very hard! she says. — And she never was but at one wedding, and has forgot how it was; and may never be at another — Pink and yellow, all is ready provided, go down or not — O but, if you choose not her company, I will tell you how to come off — Give her your word and honour that she shall be a person of prime account at your first Christening. Yet she would be glad to be present on both occasions.

But ah, the poor Emily! — She has also been on her knees to me, to take her down with me — What shall I do? — Dear Soul! she embarrasses me! I have put her upon writing to her Guardian, for his leave: I believe she has written. If she knew her own case, I think she would not desire it.

Poor Lady L! — She is robbed, she says, of one of the greatest pleasures of her life. Ah, Charlotte! said she to me, wringing my hand, these husbands owe us a great deal. This is an humbling circumstance. Were not my Lord and yours the best of husbands —

The best of husbands! Wretches! said I. You may forgive yours, Caroline — You are a good creature; but not I mine. And something else I said, that made her laugh in the midst of her lacrymals. But she begs and prays of me, not to go down to you, unless all should be over with her. I can do her no good; and only increase my own apprehensions, if I am with her. A blessed way two poor souls of sisters of us are in. Sorry fellows!

And yet, Harriet, with such prospects as these before them, some girls leap windows, swim rivers, climb walls — Duce take their folly: Their choice is their punishment. Who can pity such rash souls as those? Thanks be praised, you, Harriet, are going on to keep in countenance the two anxious sisters,

Who, having shot the gulph, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty;

Says a good man, on a still more serious occasion.

Good news! joyful news! — I shall, I shall, go down to you. Nothing to hinder me! Lord L. proud as a peacock, is this moment come for me: I am hurrying away with him. A fine boy! — Sister safe! — Harriet, Lucy, Nancy, for your own future encouragement! Huzzah, girls! — I am gone.

LETTER XLVI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

Thursday, Nov. 9.

MY aunt is so much afraid that every-thing will not be ready, that she puts me upon writting to you, to hasten what remains — I am more than half a fool — But that I always was. My spirits sink at the thoughts of so public a Day. The mind, my grandmamma says, can but be full; and it would have been filled by the circumstance, had not the publicness of the Day given me something more of grievance.

I am afraid, sometimes, that I shall not support my spirits; that I shall be ill — Then I think something will happen — Can it be, that I shall be the wife of Sir Charles Grandison? I can hardly believe it. — Sir Charles is tenderly concered for me. It would be impossible, he says, that the Day could be private, unless I were to go to London; and the very proposing of that would put my uncle out of all patience, who prides himself in the thought of having his Harriet married from his own house: Nor could I expect my grandmamma's presence. He does all he can to assure my heart, and divert me: A thousand agreeable lively things he says: So tender, so considerate, in his joy! — surely I shall be too happy. But will you come? Can you? And if you do, will you be good? Will you make my case your own?

My uncle, at times, is prodigiously headstrong. Every hour he does or says something wrong; yet we dare not chide him. Thursday next will be one of the greatest days of his life, he says; and it shall be all his own. He either sings, hums, or whistles, in every motion. He resolves, he says, to get his best dancing legs in readiness. He started up from table after dinner this day, and caught hold of Lucy's hand, and whisked her round the room. Dear toad, he called her; a comman address of his to Lucy (I say, because she has a jewel in her head); and flourishing about with her in a very humorous manner, put her quite out, on purpose to laugh at her; for she would have been in, if he would have let her, for the humour-sake. He was a fine dancer in his youth.

Miss Orme breakfasted with us this morning. She, no doubt, threw herself in our way on purpose to hear the news of the appointed Day confirmed. My uncle officiously told her, it would be one day next week. She named the very day, and turned pale, on his owning she was not mistaken. She hoped, she said, her brother would bear the shock, as he had been long destitute of hope. But, said she, he promised me, before he went abroad, to carry me to London on a visit to some

relations there. I will remind him; and hope to prevail on him to set out next Monday or Tuesday.

God bless you! my dear Miss Byron, said she, at parting; may your bustle be happily over! I shall pity you. You will pay for being so universally admired. But your penance will be but for two days; the very Day, and that of your appearance; and in both your man will bear you out: His merit, his person, his address. Happy Miss Byron! — The universal approbation is yours. But I must have you contrive some how, that my brother may see him before he is yours: His heart will be the easier afterwards.

– Sent for down by my grandmamma. — Dear Lucy, make up the Letter for me. I know you will be glad of the opportunity.

Continued by Lucy.]

'Will Lady G. admit me, in this abrupt manner, into her Imperial presence! I know she will, on this joyful occasion, accept of any intelligence. The poor Harriet! My uncle Selby would invite all the country, if they came in his way. Four of my cousin's old playfellows have already been to claim his promise. He wished, he said, he had room for all the world; it should be welcome.

'He will have the Great Barn, as it is called, cleared out; a tight large building, which is to be illuminated at night with a profusion of lights; and there are all his tenants, and those of Shirley-manor, to be treated, with their wives, and such of their sons and daughters as are more than Twelve years old. The treat is to be a cold one. Hawkins, his steward, who is well respected by them all, is to have the direction of it. My uncle's October is not to be spared. It will cost two days, at least, to roast, boil, and bake, for them. The carpenters are already sent for. Half a dozen bonfires are to be lighted up, round the Great Barn; and the stacks of wood are not to be spared, to turn winter into summer, as my uncle expresses himself.

'Neither the poor nor the populace are to be admitted, that the confusion, almost unavoidable from a promiscuous multitude, may be avoided. But notice will be given, that two houses in the neighbouring village, held by tenants of the family, and one near Shirley-manor, will be opened at Twelve on Thursday, and be kept open for the rest of the day, till Ten at night, for the sake of all who choose to go thither. The Churchwardens are preparing a list of the poor people; who, on Friday morning, were to receive Five shillings apiece, which Sir Charles has desired to make Ten; on condition that they shall not be troublesome on the day.

'Poor Sir Hargrave to whom all this joyful bustle is primarily owing! — I tell Harriet, that she has not, with all her punctilio, been half punctilious enough. She should have had him, after all, on the motive of Prince Prettiman in the Rehearsal.

‘Dear madam, can your Ladyship allow of this idle rattle? But I have not time to make up for it by a ceremonious conclusion; tho’ I am, with the truest respect, Lady G’s

Most obedient humble Servant, LUCY SELBY.

LETTER XLVII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

Saturday, Nov. 11.

I Write a few lines, if, writing to you, I can write a few, by the special messenger that carries down all the remaining apparatus, which was committed to my care. We women are sad creatures for delaying things to the last moment. We hurry the men: We hurry our workwomen, milaners, mantuamakers, friends, allies, confederates, and ourselves. When once we have given the Day, night and day, we neither take rest, nor give it: When, if we had the rare felicity of knowing our minds sooner, all might go on fair and softly. But then the gentle passion, I doubt, would glide into insipidity. Well, and I have heard my brother say,

'That things in general are best as they are.'

Why I believe so; for all these honest souls, as mantuamakers, attire-women, work-women, enjoy a hurry that is occasioned by a wedding, and are half as well pleased with it, as if it were their own. They simper, smirk, gossip, over Bridal finery; spread this upon their arms or shoulders; admire that — Look you here — Look you there! And is not this? — Is not that? — And, Did you ever! — No, never, in my born days! — And is the Bride, do you say, such a lovely creature? — And is the Bridegroom as handsome a man, as she a woman! — O lud! O dear! — Would to Heaven Northamptonshire were nearer, that one might see how charming, how graceful, how becoming! and so-forth.

And why should not we women, after all, contrive to make hurry-skurries [You see how I correct myself as I go along] and make the world think our affairs a great part of the business of it, and that nothing can be done without us? Since, after a few months are over, new novelties take place, and we get into corners, sigh, groan, look silly and meagre, and at last are thrown into straw, as it is called; poor Caroline's case; who repines, that she can't be present on this new bustle in the family. But I am to write her word of every-thing — Look to your behaviour, Harriet, on the great occasion.

But a word about Caroline — Were it not for her being deprived of this pleasure, the good creature would be very happy. Lord L. and she are as fond as apes. She has quite forgot all her sufferings for him. He thanks her for his boy. She follows with her eye the little stranger, and is delighted with all that is done with him, to him, for him: Is pleased with everybody, even with the very servants, who croud in, by permission to see his little Lordship, and already claim an interest in him. Upon my word, she makes a very pretty fond mother. And aunt

Nell, who, by the way, was at the Crying-out, and was then so frighted! so thankful to God! and so happy in her own situation! [No, not for the world, would she be other than she was!] now grudges the nurses half their cares.

What good creatures are we women!

Well, but I don't know what to do about Emily. The first vice of the first woman was curiosity, and it runs through all her daughters. She has written to her Guardian, and nothing but an absolute prohibition will hinder her from making one in your train. Did the dear girl know the state of her own heart, she would choose to be a thousand miles off, rather than go. I have set her woman and mine to discourage her. I have reasoned with her myself; but there is no such thing as giving her one's true reasons; nor would I, willingly: Because she herself, having not found out her Love to be Love, I hope the fire may be smothered in her own heart, by the aid of time and discretion, before discovery; whereas, if the doors of it were to be opened, and the air let in, it might set the whole tenement in a blaze. Her Guardian's denial or assent will come, perhaps, in time; yet hardly, neither; for we shall set out on Monday. Aunt Nell is so pleased with her nursery of the little Peer, as she primly calls him, that you are rid of even her wishes to be with you. Being sure of this, I complimented her, that I knew your aunt Selby would have invited her, but that Lady L. would not be able to live without her company, all the world, and the world's wise, attentive and engrossed by your affair. She, good creature! was pleased — So as she could but be thought of importance by somebody, I knew she would be happy. I told her, that you invited nobody, but left all to your friends — Ay, poor dear Soul, said she; she has enough to think of, well as she loves your brother — and sighed for you — Worthy Ancient! The sigh a little deeper, perhaps, for some of her own Recollections.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves would not stay for us. What will you do with us all? — Croud you, I sear. But dispose of us, at Shirley-manor, or Selby-house, as you please. Yours, and aunt Selby's, and grandmamma Shirley's concern for us, is all we are solicitous about. But servants rooms, nay, cocklofts, haylofts, will do. We like to be put to our shifts now-and-then — Something to talk of —

But I can tell you, if you don't know it already, Lord W. and his Lady are resolved to do you honour on this occasion; but they will be but little trouble to you. My Lord's steward has a half-brother, a gentleman-farmer, in your neighbourhood — Sheldon — They will be there: But perhaps you know of this a better way. They will make a splendid part of your train. Gratitude is their inducement.

Lord L. has just now told me, that my sister, in tenderness to him, and in honour to you, has besought him to be present. O Harriet! what will you do with

yourself? — Aunt Nell and I have the heart-burn for you. But Lord L. must be welcome: He is one of those who so faithfully kept your secret.

So, in our equipages, will be Lord L. my honest man, Emily, and your Charlotte: Lord L's equipages will be at the service of any of your guests; as will our spare one — I wish Beauchamp could permit himself to be present (I hope he will) on the nuptials of the friend so dear to him, with a Lady he so greatly admires.

My woman and Emily's will be all our Female attendants: One nook will serve them both.

My poor man will be mad, before the day comes. He does love you, Harriet. My brother, he says, will be the happiest man in the world — himself excepted — A hypocrite! He just popt this in, to save himself — Why dost make this exception, friend? said I — Thou knowest it to be a mere compliment — Indeed, indeed (two indeeds, which implied, that one might have been doubted) I am now (A sarcasm in his word now) as happy as mortal man can be — Ah, flatterer! and shook my head — A recognition of my sovereignty, however, in his being afraid to speak his conscience. A little of the old leaven, Harriet! I can't help it. It is got out of my heart, half out of my head; but, when I take the pen, it will tingle now-and-then, at my finger's end.

Adieu, my Love! God bless you; — I can enter into your joy. A Love so pure, and so fervent. The man Sir Charles Grandison. — And into your pain, also, in view of a solemnity so near, and to you so awful. With all my roguery, I sympathize with you. I have not either a wicked or unfeeling heart. Such as yours, however, are the true spirits; such as mine are only bully and flash.

Lucy, you are a good girl. I like the whim of your concluding for Harriet; I also like your tenants dining-room, and other managements, as the affair must unavoidably be a public one.

Neither of you say a word of good Mr. Deane: I hope he is with you. He cannot be a cypher whereever be comes, except on the right-side of the figure, to increase its consequence. Don't be afraid of your uncle; I, I, I, will manage him, never fear.

There are other passages, Harriet, in your last Letter, which I ought to have answered to — But forgive me, my dear; I had laid it by (tho' pleased with it in the main); and, having answered the most material part, by dispatching your things, forgot it as much as if I had not received it, till the moment I came to conclude. Once more, Adieu, my dearest Harriet.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVIII.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Friday, Nov. 10.

NO sooner, dear and honoured Sir, is one boon granted me, but I have another to beg; yet I blush as I write, for my troublesomeness. I told you, Sir, I had furnished myself with new cloaths, on a very joyful occasion — Indeed it is on a very joyful occasion. You would lay me under a new obligation to your goodness, if you would be pleased to allow me to attend Lady G. in her journey down. I shall know, by this fresh favour, that you have quite forgiven your dutiful ward. I presume not to add another word — But I dare say, dear Miss Byron, that now is, will not be against it, if you are not. — God bless you, my honoured good Sir — But God, I hope, I am sure, will bless you; and so shall I, as surely I ought, whether you grant this favour, or not, to

Your ever-obliged, and grateful EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XLIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS JERVOIS.

Sunday, Nov. 12.

IT would give me great pain to deny to my good Miss Jervois the grant of any request she shall think fit to make to me. You shall know, you say, by the grant of this favour, that I have quite forgiven my ward. Was such a test wanted, my dear? I assure you, that what you have lately done for your mother, tho' I was not consulted in it, has heightened my opinion of the worthiness of your heart.

As to your request, I have pleasure in leaving everything relating to the happy event to my beloved Miss Byron and her friends. I will entreat her to underwrite her mind on this subject. She grieves that the solemnity cannot be private; which, beloved as she is in this neighbourhood, would be vain to attempt.

If her aunt has no objection from want of room, there cannot, my dear Emily, be any from

Your affectionate and true Friend, CH. GRANDISON.

Underwritten.

My dearest Miss Jervois will excuse me, that I gave her not a formal invitation, when I intimated my wishes for Lady G's presence on the approaching solemn occasion, tho' at so many miles distance. It is a very solemn one. One's heart, my dear, cannot be so much disengaged, as to attend to invitations for the very Day, as it might on its anniversary. We shall have too great a number of friends. O my dear! can you bear to make one in so large a company? I shall not be able to attend to any of my friends on the Day: No, not to you, my Love. Can you bear with my inattention to every-body, to every subject, but one? Can you desire to see your Harriet (joyful as the occasion is, and the chosen wish of her heart) look and behave like a foolish creature? If you can, and Lady G. will take charge of my lovely young friend, all mine will rejoice in being able to contribute to your pleasure, as well as

Your ever-affectionate HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER L.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

Selby-house, Tuesday, Nov. 14.

WELL, my Sister, my Friend, my dear Lady L. how do you? As well as can be expected, I hope: The answer of a thousand years old, to every enquirer, careful or ceremonious. And how does my dear little boy? As well as can be expected, too — I am glad of it.

Here we are! — Every-body well, and happy.

I was afraid my brother would have looked more polite upon us than familiar, as he invited us not: But, no! — He was all himself, as Harriet says. He met us at our coach-door. He handed out his ward. She could not speak. Tears were in her eyes. I could have beat her with my fan. He kissed her cheek. My dear child, I thank you most sincerely for your goodness to your mother.

I was afraid that her joy would then have been too much for her. She expanded, she collected, her plumes. Her spread arms (soon, however, closed) shewed me, that she with difficulty restrained herself from falling at his feet. He turned from her to me. My best Charlotte, how do you? The journey, I hope, has not incommoded you. He led me out, and, taking each of the honest men by the hand, My dean Lords, you do me honour. He then congratulated Lord L. on the present you had made him, and the family, he said.

At the inner-gate met us our sweet Harriet, with joy upon one brow, half the cares of this mortal life on the other — She led us into the Cedar-parlour, my brother returning to welcome in the two honest men, and threw her arms about my neck — My dearest Lady G. how much does your presence rejoice me! — I hope (and looked at me) your journey — Be quiet, Harriet! — You must not think so much of these matters, my Love. She was a little abashed — Don't be afraid of me; I will be very good, said I. Then will I be very thankful, replied she.

My lovely Emily! turning to her: How does my sweet friend! Welcome, once more, to Selby-house.

The girl's heart was full — She, thanking her only by a deep courtesy, abruptly withdrew to the window; and, trying for a third hem, in hopes to stifle her emotion, it broke into a half-sob, and tears followed.

Harriet and I looked; she compassionately, I vexedly, I believe; and both shook our heads at each other.

Take no notice, said I, seeing Harriet move towards the window to her — It will go off of itself. Her joy to see Harriet, that's all.

But I must take notice (for she found that Emily heard her) My dear Emily, my lovely young friend — why, why —

I will tell you, madam, interrupted she, and threw her arms about Harriet's neck, as Harriet (sitting in the window) clasped her's about her waist; and I will tell you truth, and nothing but the truth — You wrote so cool to me, about my coming — And yet I to come! But I could not help it — And I thought you now looked a little severely upon me — But Love, and I, will say, Duty to you, my dearest Miss Byron, AND NOTHING ELSE, made me so earnest to come. Say you forgive me.

Forgive you, my dearest Emily! — I had only your sake, my dear, in view. If I wrote with less warmth than you expected, forgive me. Consider my situation, my Love. You are, and ever will be, welcome to me. Your griefs, your joys, are mine — Give me which you please.

The girl! burst into fresh tears — I, I, I am now as unable, sobbed she, to bear your goodness, as before I was your displeasure — But hide, hide me! Here comes my Guardian! — What now, when he sees me thus, will become of me?

She heard his voice at the door, leading in the two Lords; and they followed by Mr. Selby, Mrs. Selby, Lucy, and Nancy.

Sir Charles went to the two young Ladies. Harriet kept her seat, her arms folded about Emily; Emily's glowing face in her bosom.

Sweet emotion! said he, my Emily in tears of joy!

– What a charming picture! — O my Miss Byron, how does your tenderness to this amiable child oblige me! I sever you not; clasping his generous arms about them both.

I have afflicted my dear Emily, Sir, without intending it. I wrote coldly, my precious young friend thinks; and her Love for me makes her sweetly-sensible of my supposed ingratitude. But believe me, my dear, I love you with a true sisterly tenderness.

I took the dear girl aside, and gently expostulated with her, upon the childishness of her behaviour, and the uneasiness she would give to Miss Byron, as well as to herself, by repetitions of the like weakness of mind.

She promised fair; but, Lady L. I wish there were more of the child, and less of the woman, in this affair. Poor thing! she was very thankful for my advice; and expressed how wrong she was, because it might discourage her Guardian and Miss Byron, that now was, from letting her live with them: But for my life, said she, whatever was the matter with me, I could not help my foolishness.

Miss Nancy Selby took Emily up with her; and uncle Selby and I had a little lively hit at each other, in the old stile. We drew my brother in. I had not tried his strength a good while: But, as Harriet said in one of the sauciest Letters she ever

wrote, I soon found he was the wrong person to meddle with. Yet he is such a charming raillier, that I wonder he can resist his talent. No wonder, Harriet would say; because he has talents so superior to that which, she says, runs away with his poor sister.

Emily came down to us very composed, and behaved prettily enough: But had my brother as much mannish vanity as some of the sorry fellows have, who have no pretence for it, he would discern the poor Emily's foible to have some little susceptibility in it. I am glad he does not; for it would grieve him. I have already told him of the sufferings of poor Lady Anne S. on her hearing he is near marriage; and he expressed great concern upon it for that really-worthy woman.

Mr. Reeves, his wife, and Mr. Deane, were abroad when we arrived. They came in to tea. Our mutual congratulations on the expected happy event, cheared our own hearts, and would have delighted yours. Charming, charming, is the behaviour of my brother to his Bride-elect. You can have no notion of it; because at Colnebrook we always saw him acting under a restraint; owing, as since we have found, to Honour, Conscience, and a prior Love.

He diverts and turns the course of subjects that he thinks would be affecting to her; yet in such a manner, as it is hardly perceivable to be his intention to do so: For he makes something of the begun ones contribute to the new ones; so that, before uncle Selby is aware of it, he finds himself in one that he had not in his head when he sat out. — And then he comes with his

'What a pize was I going to say? But this is not what I had in my head.'

And then, as my brother knows he misses his scent, only because it has not afforded the merry mortal something to laugh at; he furnishes him with some lively and innocent occasion which produces that effect, and then Mr. Selby is satisfied. Mrs. Selby and Lucy see how my brother manages him; yet find it so delicately done, that something arises from it that keeps the honest man in credit with himself and every-body else, for facetiousness, good-humour, good heart, and those qualities which really are his due, and make him in his worst subjects tolerable, and in his best valuable.

Venerable Mrs. Shirley is to be here all to-morrow and next day. Mr. Deane has chosen Shirley-manor for his abode, for the time he stays; so has James Selby, in order to make more room at Selby-house for us women. There too Mr. and Mrs. Reeves take up, of choice, their lodgings, tho' here all day.

Poor Harriet! She told me once, that fear makes cowards loving. She is so fond of me and Lucy, and her aunt, at times, it would be a sin not to pity her. Yet Lucy once tossed up her head, upon my saying so — Pity her! why, yes, I think I do, now you have put me in the head of it: But I don't know whether she is not more

to be envied. Lucy is a polite girl. She loves her Harriet. But she knew I should be pleased with the compliment to my brother.

Harriet has just now looked in upon me — Writing, Lady G. And of me? — To Lady L. I suppose?

She clasped her arms about me: Ah, madam! Thursday! Thursday!

What of Thursday?

Is the day after to-morrow!

Every child can tell that, Harriet.

Ah but I, with such happiness before me, am sillier than a child!

Well, but I can tell you something, Harriet.

What is that?

That the next day to Thursday, is Friday — The next to that is Saturday — The next —

Pish! I'll stay no longer with you, giving me a gentle tap — I would not have answered you so.

Away she tript, desiring her affectionate compliments to dear Lady L.

Let me see! Have I any more to write? I think not. But a call for supper makes me leave my paper unsubscribed.

EMILY behaved very prettily at supper; but it would have been as well, if she had not thought so herself: For she boasted of her behaviour afterwards to me. That made it look like an extraordinary in her own account.

Mr. Selby sung us a song, with a good Fox-hunter air. There is something very agreeable in his facetiousness: But it would become nobody else. I think you and I agreed at Dunstable, that he is a fine, jolly, hearty, handsome-ish man — He looks shrewd, arch, open, a true country gentleman aspect; what he says is so-so — What he means is better. — He is very fond of your Lord — But I think rather fonder of mine — A criterion, Lady L!

As for Lord G. he is in the situation of Harriet's Singleton — He is prepared to laugh the moment Mr. Selby opens his mouth; especially when he twists his neck about, turns a glass upside-down, and looks under his bent brows, at the company round, yet the table always in his eye: For then we know, that something is collected, and ready to burst forth.

Well, good night! good night! good night! — Has my Godson-elect done crying yet? What a duce has he to cry at? Unswaddled, unpinioned, unswathed, legs and arms at full liberty: But they say crying does good to the brats — opens their pipes — and-so-forth — But tell him, that if he does not learn to laugh, as well as cry, he shall not be related to

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LI.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

Wedn. Nov. 15.

WEdnesday is come, and, as Harriet says, to-morrow is Thursday. Ah, Harriet! rich as content! poor as patience!

I have been talking to her: Half-comforting her, half-laughing at her. She says, I am but half-good. — All the world is come. — Lord W. and his ever-agreeable Lady. Beauchamp, as I am alive, with them! I wish I could see this rogue Emily in love with him. He is certainly in love with her.

'I know it — I know it! — Do you go down, about your business.'

Only Lord G. come to tell me what I knew before.

Harriet's gone down to be complimented. She has hardly spirits to compliment.

'Well, well, I'll only tell Lady L. who is come. Does not the poor soul keep her bed? And are we not to be as complaisant to our ill friends, as our well? — I am coming, Child.'

Emily, with her pretty impertinence. Neither Lord G. nor Emily, can be anything, when strangers come, and I stand not by them to shew their signification.

Duce! a third messenger — O! Mrs. Selby herself. I'll tell you more by-and-by, Lady L.

'Your servant, Mrs. Selby. I attend you.

THE two Miss Nedhams, Miss Watson, Miss Barclay, the two Miss Holles's, Mr. Deane —

'So, so, so, Harriet, said I, what is the meaning of this?'

– My uncle's doings! I have no spirits. Sir Charles should not have been so passive: He, and no-body else, could have prevailed upon my uncle. My aunt has held him in, till her arms aked. O the dear restiff man! She has now let go; and you see how he prances over the whole meadow, the reins upon his neck.

Dear girl! said I, I am glad you are so fanciful.

I would fain be lively, if I could, said she. Never any creature had more reason, Lady G. — My heart is all Gratitude, and, I will say, Love.

Good girl! hold up your head, my dear, and all will be as it should be.

Sir Charles staid to attend hither the most venerable of women. Mr. and Mrs. Revees are to come with them. You must, as you expect me to be minute, be content with bits and scraps, written by snatches of time. I pity you for your still-life, my dear Lady L. and think your request, that I will so write, as to make you suppose yourself on the spot, a reasonable one.

Here is come the man of men!

WITH what respect (all his Respect has Love in it) did he attend Mrs. Shirley to her seat! And then hastening to Lord and Lady W. he saluted them both, and acknowleged the honour done him by their presence; an hour, he said, that he could not have expected, nor therefore had the thought, the distance so great, of asking for it.

He then paid his compliments, in the most affectionate manner, to his amiable friend Beauchamp; who, on his thanking him for his uninvited presence, said, He could not deny himself being present at a solemnity that was to complete the happiness of the best of men, and best of friends.

Sir Charles addressed himself to the young Ladies who were most strangers to him; apologizing to them, as they were engaged with Mr. Selby, Mr. Deane and Lord G. that he did not at first. He sat a few minutes with them: What he said, I heard not; but they smiled, blushed, and looked delighted upon each other. Every-body followed him in his motions, with their eye. So much presence of mind, never met with so much modesty of behaviour, and so charming a vivacity.

The young Ladies came only intendedly to breakfast, and that at Mr. Selby's odd invitation. They had the good sense to apologize for their coming this day, as they were to make part of the cavalcade, as I may call it to-morrow. But the odd soul had met the four at a neighbouring Lady's, where he made a gossiping visit, and would make them come with him.

I observed, that nobody cared to find fault with him; so I began to rate him; and a very whimsical dialogue passed between us at one end of the room, while Sir Charles, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady W. and Harriet, were in close talk at the other.

I made the honest man ashamed of himself; and every-body in our circle was pleased with us. This misled me to go on; and so, by attending to his nonsense, and pursuing my own, I lost the opportunity of hearing a conversation, which, I dare say, would have been worth repeating to you by pen and ink. Harriet shall write, and give it you.

Mr. Orme and his Sister, we are told, set out yesterday for London. Mrs. Selby and Harriet are yet afraid of Greville.

The gentlemen and some of the Ladies, myself (but not Harriet) among them, have been to look at the preparations made in the lesser Park, for the reception of the tenants. Mr. Selby prided himself not a little on his contrivances there. When we returned, we found Harriet at one end of the great parlour, sitting with Emily; her grandmother, Mr. Selby, Lucy, in conversation at the other; the good girl's hand in hers, Emily blushing, looking down, but delighted, as it seemed; Harriet, with sweetness, love, and compassion, intermingled in her aspect, talking to her,

and bending over her, her fine neck. I thought I never saw her look so lovely. Elder sister like, and younger, one instructing in love, the other listening with pleasure. They (unobserved by themselves) took every-body's attention, as the room filled with the company, who all crouded about Mrs. Shirley, affecting not to heed the two friends. What would I give, said Lady W. to Sir Charles and her Lord, for a picture of those two young Ladies (Emily just then kissed the hand of her lovely friend with emotion, and Harriet lifted up Emily's to her lips) if Love, Dignity, and such Expression, could be drawn in the face of one Lady; and that Reverence, Gratitude, and modest Attention, in the other? I congratulate you, Sir Charles, with all my heart. I have observed with rapture, from every look, every word, and from the whole behaviour of Miss Byron, that your goodness to hundreds will be greatly recompensed. O my good Lord W. turning to him, Miss Byron will pay all our debts.

Every attitude, every look, of Miss Byron's, said my Lord, would furnish out a fine picture. I cannot keep my eye from her, where-ever she is.

My brother bowed, delighted.

How pleased was Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby — Everybody! But what a different man is Lord W. to what he once was! lifted up from low keeping, to a wife, who, by her behaviour, good sense, politeness, gives him consequence. Once I thought him one of the lowest of men. I denied him, in my heart, a relation to my mother, and thought him a savage.

The two young Ladies, finding themselves observed, stood up, in a parting posture; but Emily seeming eager to detain her dear friend's attention, Harriet took a hand of Emily's in each of hers.

I had fidled that way — Yes, my dear, said the lovely Harriet, friendship unalterable by time or fate, as you say. Dearest Emily, command me ever.

Emily looked about her — O madam, I want to kneel to you. I will ever, ever — My good Lady G. said Harriet, approaching me, one of Emily's hands in hers, we have promised a friendship that is to continue to the end of our lives. We are to tell each the other all her faults. How causelesly has my Emily been accusing herself! — The most ingenuous of human hearts is hers.

She left Emily's hand in mine, and bent towards Mrs. Shirley, and the whole circle of friends surrounding her chair.

O my dear Lady G! said Emily, whisperingly, as we followed the meek-eyed Goodness of Wisdom [Such her air, her manner, her amiableness, seemed in my thought, at that time, to make her], never, never was such graciousness! I cannot hear her goodness. What a happy creature shall I be, if I follow her example, and observe her precepts! — You cannot, my dear, said I, have a better guide: But, Love, you must not be capricious, as you were at first coming. She professed she

would not. I have been excusing myself to her, madam, said the dear girl, and am .

My brother met the lovely creature. He took her hand, and, leading her towards her grandm ther, We have been attentive, my dearest life, to you and Emily. You love her: She adores you. My Beauchamp, you know not the hundredth part of the excellencies of this admirable woman.

You were born for each other. God preserve you both, for an example to a world that wants it.

Harriet courtesied to Beauchamp. Her face was overspread with a fine crimson; but she attempted not to speak. She squeezed herself, as it were, between the chairs of her grandmamma and aunt; then turned about, and looked so charmingly! Miss Jervois, Sir, said she, to my brother, has the best of hearts. She deserves your kind care. How happy is she, in such protection!

And how much happier will she be in yours, madam! replied he. Of what a care, my Emily, turning to her, has this admirable Lady already relieved my heart! the care the greater, as you deserve it all. In every-thing take her direction: It will be the direction of love and prudence. What an amiable companion will you make her! and how happy will your love of each other make me!

Emily got behind me, as it were. Speak for me to my guardian, promise for me, madam — You never never, shall break your word through my fault.

Beauchamp was affected. Graciousness, said he, looking at Harriet, and Goodness, looking at Emily, how are they here united! What a happy man will he be, who can intitle himself to a Lady formed upon such an example!

A sun-beam from my brother’s eye seemed to play upon his face, and dazle his eyes. The fine youth withdrew behind Lady W’s chair. Mr. Selby, who had been so good as to give us his silent attention, then spoke, with a twang through his nose. Adad, adad, said he, I don’t know what to make of myself — But go on, go on; I love to hear you.

Your good Lord, my dear, enjoyed the pleasure we all had: Mine tossed up his head, and seemed to snuff the wind: And yet, my dear Lady L. there was nothing so very extraordinary said; but the manner was the thing, which shewed a meaning, that left language behind it.

My brother is absolutely passive as to the oeconomy of the approaching solemnity. Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady W. your Charlotte, and Lucy, are the council appointed; but uncle Selby will put in, to marshal this happy proceeding. What a pize, he says, is not Harriet his daughter? Will it not be his Day?

Mrs Selby tries to smile off his oddity; but now-and-then we see her good-naturedly redden at it, as if for his sake. Lucy looks at her uncle as if she could hardly away with his particularities; but Mrs. Shirley has always something to say

for him. She enters into his character: She knows the honesty, as well as generosity, of his heart: That it all proceeds from joy and love; and always allows for him — As I would have my friends allow for me: And, to say truth, I, for my own part, like him the better for wanting allowances; because his case, in that respect, is mine. Ah, my dear! it is the thoughtful, half-asleep, half-awake, blinking cat, that catches the mouse. Such as your Charlotte, with their kittenish tricks, do but fright away the prey; and, if they could catch it, had rather play with it, than kill it.

Harriet is with her virgins: Her dress is left to her own choice. I stept in just now — She met me at her dressing-room door, and looked so lovely! so silly! and so full of unmeaning meaningness [Do you understand me, Lady L?] She sighed — What would my Harriet say to me? said I, taking her hand. — I don't know; again sighed — But love me, Lady G. — Can I help it? said I; and, putting my arms about her, kissed her cheek.

Uncle Selby has provided seven gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to match the number of the Ladies; for there will be sixteen of us: Mr. Godsrey, Mr. Steele, Mr. Falconbridge, three agreeable young men, sons of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, Mr. Selby's chosen friends and companions in his field-sports; his cousin Holles, brother to the Miss Holles's, an admirer of Miss Nedham; young Mr. Roberts, an admirer of Miss Barclay; Mr. Allestree, a nephew of Sir John, a young man of sine qualities engaged to Miss Dolly Nedham: and Lord Reresby of Ireland (related to Mr. Selby's favourite Sir Thomas Falconbridge), a young nobleman of shining parts, great modesty, good-nature, and, what is worth them all, Mrs. Shirley says, a man of virtue.

Lord W. was very desirous of giving so rich a jewel as Harriet to his nephew, in return, as he said, for as rich a jewel which he had presented to him; but Mr. Selby would not admit of that. I told him, on his appeal to me, that he was right, once in his life.

Mr. Selby talks much of the music he has provided for to-morrow. He speaks of it as a band, I assure you.

WE have had a most agreeable evening. My brother was the Soul of the company. His address to his Harriet was respectfully-affectionate, yet, for her sake, not very peculiar. Every-body, in turn, had his kindest notice, and were happy in it. The next day's solemnity was osten hinted at by Mr. Selby, and even by my flippant Lord — But Sir Charles always insensibly led to more general subjects; and this supported the spirits of the too thoughtful Harriet, and she behaved, on the whole, very prettily. His joy visibly was joy; but it seemed to be joy of so familiar and easy a nature, as if it would last.

He once occasionally told the happy commencement of his acquaintance with Miss Byron; on purpose, I saw, to remind her, that he ought not to be thought of as a stranger to her, and to engage her in an easy familiarity. But there was a delicacy observed by him in the remembered commencement. He put it not from the time that he rescued her from Sir Hargrave; but from the first visit she made me in St. James's Square; tho' she, with great gratitude, carried it back to its real commencement.

Mrs. Shirley retired soon, as is her custom, her Harriet attending her. The old Lady is lame, and infirm; but, as she sits, is a very fine woman; and every-body sees that she was once a beauty. I thought I never saw beauty in full bloom so beautiful as when it supported beauty in ruins, on the old Lady's retiring with a face so happy, leaning one arm on her lovely grandchild, a neat crutch-stick in the other, lightning her weight to the delicately-formed supporter of her old age. It was so striking a picture, that every soul all standing up, from reverence, or her retreating, observed it; and no one knew which observed it first, when the door shurt out the graceful figures.

The old Lady's lameness is owing, it seems, to a sprained sinew, got in leading up a dance, not many years ago, proposed by herself, in order to crown the reconciliation which she had brought about, between a couple that had, till then been unhappy; and which her good-nature and joy made her not sensible of till she sat down. Pity, pity, that any-thing should have hurt so benign, so chearful, so benevolent, a woman! Why did not Harriet tell us this circumstance? It would have heightened our value for her: And the more, if she had told us, as is the truth, that she never considers it as a hurt (so honourably come by) but when she thinks she is troublesome to those about her.

Harriet returned to company more chearful than when she left it, enriched with her grandmother's blessings, and prayers for her and my brother (as she whispered me) and in having been allowed to support the tottering parent.

Harriet, said I, aloud, you were a very naughty girl to accuse me, as once you did, of reflecting upon age. You never, in my eyes, looked more lovely than you did half an hour ago, supporting the best of old Ladies.

We are of your Ladyship's mind, said Lady W. A new grace, believe me, my dear, shone out in every graceful feature.

Your kind notice, Ladies, bowing to me and Lady W. does me honour; but more to your own hearts.

Most gracefully does the dear girl receive and return a compliment; but this, Lady L. I need not now say to you: We have both admired her on these occasions. How happy will she make a man, who can be so sensible of his happiness! And

how happy will he make her! He, who has the most grateful and enlarged of human hearts!

Mr. Deane, Sir Charles, Lord and Lady W. Mrs. Shirley, Mr. and Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Lord L. and I withdrew, to read, and see signed, the Marriagearticles, soon after tea (I tell you things out of course, Lady L. as they come into my head): When they were ready to sign, the dear Harriet was sent for in. She would not come before. She begged, she prayed, she might not. The first line of each clause, and the last for form sake, were run over, by Mr. Deane, as fast as he could read. How the dear creature trembled when she came in, and all the time of the shortened reading! But when the pen was given her, to write her name, she dropt it twice, on the parchment. Sir Charles saw her emotion with great concern; and held her up, as she stood. My dearest life, said he, take time, take time — Do not hurry; putting the pen each time, with reverence, in her fingers. She tried to write, but twice her pen would not touch the parchment, so as to mark it. She sat down. Take time, take time, my Love, repeated he. She soon made another effort, his arm round her waist — She then signed them; but Sir Charles held her hand, and the parchments in them, when she delivered them. —

'As your act and deed, my dearest Love?'

said Sir Charles.— 'Yes, indeed,' said the dear creature, and made him a courtesy; hardly knowing what she did.

She must hear of this, when she can bear it. You charged me to be very minute on the behaviour of our Harriet: You was sure it would be a pattern. But, no! you see she is too timid.

She accompanied me to my chamber when we retired for the night. She signed. I took notice of it. — O my Charlotte! said she, To-morrow! To-morrow! —

Will be the beginning of your happiness, my Harriet! — What virgin heart, said I, but must have had joy, on her contemplating the man of sense and politeness, had his behaviour of this night only been the test of her judgment of him?

True! And I have joy: But the circumstance before me is a solemn one: And does not the obligation lie all on his side?

Does he behave to you, my Love, as if he thought any of it did?

O no, no! But the fact is otherwise; and as I know it, the obligation is heightened by his polite goodness to me.

Dearly does he love his Harriet (To-morrow will you be his Harriet for life). Are you not convinced that he loves you?

I am, I am! But —

But what, my dear?

I never can deserve him. Hapless, hapless Clementina! she only could! Let a sortnight after to-morrow be over, and she be not un -happy, and what a thrice happy creature shall I be!

I kissed her glowing cheek. — Support yourself like a heroine to-morrow, my dear. You will have a task, because of the crouds which will attend you; but it is the tax you pay for being so excellent, and so much beloved.

Is it not strange, Lady G. that my grandmamma should join to support my uncle in his vehemence for a public day? Had it been only his command, I would have rebelled!

The pride they take in the alliance with my brother, not for his situation in life, but for his transcendent merit, is their motive; your grandmother's particularly. She considers the day as one of the happiest of her life: She has begged of me to support you in undergoing it. She says, If there should be a thousand spectators, she knows it will give pleasure to as many hearts; and to hers the more, for that reason. And you will be, continued I, so lovely a Pair, when joined, that every beholder, man and woman, will give him to you; you to him.

You are very good, my dear Lady G. to encourage me thus: But I told my grandmother, this night, that she knew not the hardship she had imposed on me, by insisting on a public day; but I would not begin so great a change, whatever it cost me, by an act of opposition or disobedience to the will of so dear a parent. But your brother, my dear Lady G. continued she, who would have thought he would have given into it?

As your friends mean a compliment to my brother, replied I; so he, by his acquiescence, means one to you, and to them. He is not a consident man: He looks upon Marriage in as awful a light as you do; but he is not shy of making a public declaration of his Love to the woman he has chosen. He has told me, talking of this very subject, that a public ceremony is not what, for your delicacy-sake, he would have proposed: But being proposed, he would not, by any means, decline it. He had no concern but for you; and he took your acquiescence as a noble instance of your duty and obligingness to one of the most affectionate and worthy of parents.

O my dear Lady G. how good was you to come down! Support me in the arduous task of To-morrow! — You will not want my support, my love; you will have Sir Charles Grandison, bound, both by Duty and Love, to support you.

She threw her arms about me: I will endeavour to behave as I ought, in a circumstance that shall intitle me to such protection, and to such a Sister.

My fidgeting Lord thrust in (unsent for) his sharp face; and I chiding him for his intrusion, she slipt away, or I had designed to a tend her to her chamber; and there, perhaps, should we have staid together most part of the night. If I had, I

don’t suppose that I should have deprived her of any rest. What makes my foolish heart throb for her? so happy as she is likely to be! — But sincerely do I love her.

I should have told you, that Emily behaved very prettily. Mr. Beauchamp had a rich opportunity to engage her, while the settlements were executing.

On our return to them, the poor girl was wiping her eyes. How now, Emily? said I softly. O madam, Mr. Beauchamp has been telling me how ill Sir Harry is! His own eyes set mine the example. How I pity him! And how good he is! — No wonder my Guardian loves him.

Beauchamp may possibly catch her in a weeping fit. The heart softened by grief, will turn to a comforter. Our own grief produces pity for another: Pity, Love. They are next neighbours, and will call in to ask kindly how a sufferer does: And what a heart must that be, that will not administer comfort when it makes a neigbourly call, if comfort be in its power?

‘Lord G. you are very impertinent.’

I am in the scribbling vein, my Caroline. And here this man —

‘Say another word, Lord G. and I’ll sit up all night — Well, well, now you return not sauciness for threatening, I will have done.’

Good night — Good morrow, rather, Lady L. — O Lady L.! Good morrow may it be!

CH. G.

LETTER LII.

LADY G., MISSSELBY, TO LADY L.

THURSDAY Morning, Nov. 16.

YOU shall find me, my dear Sister, as minute as you wish. Lucy is a charming girl. For the humour's sake, as well as to forward each other, on the joyful occasion, we shall write by turns.

It would look as if we had determined upon a public day, in the very face of it, were we to appear in full dresses: The contrary, therefore, was agreed upon yesterday. But every one, however, intends to be dressed as elegantly as Morning-dresses can make them. Harriet, as you shall hear, is the least shewy. All in Virgin white. She looks, she moves, an Angel! I must go to the dear girl.

'Lucy, where are you?'

'Here, madam — But how can one write, when one's thoughts—'

'Write as I bid you. Have I not given you your cue?'

Lucy; taking up the pen.] Dear Lady L. I am in a vast hurry. Lord W. Lady W. and Mr. Beauchamp, are come in my Lord's coach. Sir Charles, Mr. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, have been here this half-hour. Has Lady G. dated? No, I protest! We women are above such little exactnesses. Dear Lady L! the Gentlemen and Ladies are all come. They say the Church-yard is crouded with more of the living, than of the dead, and there is hardly room for a spade. What an image, on such a day! We are all out of our Wits between joy and hurry. My cousin is not well; her heart misgives her! Foolish girl! — She is with her grandmamma and my grandmamma Selby. One gives her hartshorn, another salts.

'Lady G. Lady G. I must attend my dear Miss Byron: In an hour's time that will be her name no longer.'

Lady G.] Here, here, child! — Our Harriet's better, Lady L. and ashamed of herself. Sir Charles was sent for up, by her grandmother and aunt, to sooth her. Charming man! Tenderness and Love are indeed Tenderness and Love in the brave and manly heart. Emily will not be married, on any consideration. There is a terror, and not joy, she says, in the attending circumstances. Good Emily, continue to harden thy heart against Love, and thoughts of Wedlock, for two years to come; and then change thy mind, for Beauchamp's sake!

'Dear Lucy, a line or two more. Your uncle, I hear his voice, summoning — The man's mad! mad indeed, Lady L. — In such a hurry!'

– Lucy, They are not yet all ready.

‘Nor I, says the raptured saucy-face, to take up the pen — Not a line more can I, will I, write, till the knot is tied.

Nor I, my dear Lady L. till I can give you joy upon it.

I fib: For this hurrying soul himelf, in driving every body else, has forgot to be quite ready — But we are in very good time. Lucy has brought me up the Order of Procession, as Earl-marshal Selby has directed it.

Here I pin it on.

First Coach (Mr. Selby’s).
THE BRIDE,Mr. SELBY.
Mrs. SHIRLEY,THE BRIDEGROOM.
Bride-Men & Maids.
oSecond Coach (Mrs. Shirley’s).
Miss EMILY JERVOIS,Lord RERESBY.
Miss NEDHAM,Mr. BEAUCHAMP.
oThird Coach (Sir Charles’s).
Miss BARCLAY,Mr. FALCONBRIDGE.
Miss WATSON,Mr. ALLESTREE.
Fourth Coach (Lord W’s).
Mrs. SELBY,Lord W.
Lady W.Lord L.
Fifth Coach (old Mrs. Selby’s).
Old Mrs. SELBY,Lord G.
Lady G.Mr. DEANE.
Sixth Coach (Mr. Reeves’s).
Mrs. REEVES,Mr. JAMES SELBY.
Miss LUCY SELBY,Mr. REEVES.
Seventh Coach (Sir John Holles’s).
Miss NANCY SELBY,Mr. HOLLES.
Miss KITTY HOLLES,Mr. STEELE.
Eighth Coach (Lord G’s).
Miss PATTY HOLLES,Mr. GODFREY.
Miss DOLLY NEDHAM,Mr. ROBERTS.

Each coach four horses. Sir Charles’s state-coach to be reserved for the day of public appearance.

[From Selby-house to the Church, Half a mile, in Coaches; Foot-way not so much.]

Emily was very earnest to be Bride-maid, tho’ advised to the contrary.

Mr. Beauchamp was a Brideman, at his own request also.

I will go back to the early part of the morning.

We are each of us serenaded, as I may say, by direction of this joyful man uncle Selby (awakened, as he called it, to music) by James Selby, playing at each person's door an air or two, the words from an Epithalamium (whose, I know not);

The Day is come, you wished so long:
Love picked it out among the throng:
He destines to himself this Sun,
And takes the reins, and drives it on.

It is indeed a fine day. The sun seemed to reproach some of us; but Harriet slept not a wink. No wonder.

I hastened up to salute her. She was ready dressed. Charming readiness, my Love, said I! I took the opportunity while I was able, answered she.

Lucy, Nancy, were with her, both dressed, as she, for the Day; that they might have nothing to do but attend her. What joy in their faces! What sweet carefulness in the lovely Harriet's! — And will this Day, said she once, in a low voice, to me, give me to the Lord of my Heart? — Let not grief come near it; joy can be enough painful!

Her grandmamma was soon ready. Harriet hurried in to her grandmamma'a apartment, to crave her blessing.

Lucy.]My cousin, her spirits over-hurried, was ready to saint in her grandmother's arms; but, revived by the soothings, the blessings, of her venerable parent, soon recovered. Let nobody be frighted, said her grandmother: Affright not, by your hurryings, my lovely child! A little fatigued; her spirits are hurried: Her joy is too much for them.

What a charming presence of mind has Mrs. Shirley! Lady G. bids me write any-thing to your Ladyship, so I will but write; and forbids me apologizing either for manner or words.

Sir Charles was admitted. She stood up the moment she saw him, Love and Reverence in her sweet aspect. With a kind impatience he hastened to her, and threw himself at her feet, taking her hand, and pressing it with his lips — Resume your magnanimity, my dearest Life: With the man before you, by God's blessing, you will have more than a chance for happiness.

Forgive me, Sir, said she, sitting down (She could hardly stand): I can have no doubt of your goodness: But it is a great Day! The Solemnity is an awful one!

It is a great, a solemn, Day to me, my dearest creature! But encourage my joy by your smiles. It can suffer abatement only by giving you pain.

Generous goodness! But —

But what, my Love? — In compliment to the best of Parents, to the kindest of Uncles, resume your usual presence of mind. I else, who shall glory before a thousand witnesses in receiving the honour of your hand, shall be ready to regret that I acquiesced so chearfully with the wishes of those parental friends for a public celebration.

I have not been of late well, Sir: My mind is weakened. But it would be ungrateful, If I did not own to you, that my joy is as strong as my fear: It overcame me. I hope I shall behave better. You should not have been called to be a witness of my weakness —

This Day, my dearest Love, we call upon the world to witness to our mutual vows. Let us shew that world, that our Hearts are one; and that the Ceremony, sacred as it is, cannot make them more so. The engagement is a holy one: Let us shew the Multitude as well as our surrounding Friends, that we think it a laudable one. Once more I call upon you, my dearest Life, to justify my joy by your apparent approbation. The world around you, loveliest of women, has been accustomed to see your Lovers; shew them now the husband of your choice.

O Sir! you have given me a motive! I will think of it throughout the whole Sacred Transaction. She looked around her, as if to see if every-body were ready that moment to attend her to Church.

Lady G.] The Ceremony is happily over; and I am retired to oblige my Caroline. You have the form of the Procession. When ever-thing was ready, Mr. Selby thought fit to call us down in order into the Great Hall, according to it, marshalling his Fours; and great pride and pleasure did he take in his office. At his first summons, down came the Angel, and the four young Ladies, and each of the four had her partner assigned her.

Emily seemed, between the novelty and the parade, to be wholly engaged.

Harriet, the moment she came down, flew to her grandmamma, and kneeled to her, Sir Charles supporting her as she kneeled, and as she arose. A tender and sweet fight!

The old Lady threw her arms about her, and twice or thrice kissed her forehead; her voice faltring — God bless, bless, sustain my child! — Her aunt kissing her cheek. Now, now, my dearest Love, whispered she, I call upon you for fortitude.

She visibly struggled for resolution, but seemed, in all her motions, to be in a hurry, as if afraid she should not hold it. She passed me with such a sweet confusion! Charming girl! said I, taking her hand, as she passed, and giving way to her quick motions for fear restraint should disconcert her.

When her uncle gave the word for moving, and approached to take her hand, she in her hurry, forgetting her cue, put it into Sir Charles's. Hold, hold said her uncle, sweeping his bosom with his chin, in his arch way, that must not yet be. My brother, kissing her hand, presented it in a very gallant manner to her uncle. I yield it to you, Sir, said he, as a precious trust; in an hour's time to be confimred mine by Divine, as well as human Sanctions.

Mr. Selby led the lovely creature to the coach, but stopt at the door with her, for Mrs. Shirley's going in first: The servants at distance all admiring, and blessing, and praying, for their beloved young Lady.

Sir Charles took the good Mrs. Shirley's hand in one of his, and put the other arm round her waist, to support her. What honour you do me, Sir! said she. I think I may throw away this (meaning her ebony crutch-stick): Do I ail any-thing? Her feet, however, seconded not her spirits. My brother lifted her into the coach. It was so natural to him to be polite, that he offered his hand to his beloved Harriet; but was checked by her uncle (in his usual pleasant manner): Stay your time, too ready Sir, said he. Thank God it will not be so long before both hands will be yours.

We all followed, very exactly, the order that had been, with so much proud parade, prescribed by Earlmarshal Selby.

The coach-way was lined with spectators. Mr. Selby, it seems, bowed all the way, in return to the salutes of his acquaintance. Have you never, Lady L. called for the attention of your company in your coach, to something that has passed in the streets, or on the road, and at the same time thrust your head through the windows so that nobody could see but yourself? So it was with Mr. Selby, I doubt not. He wanted every one to look in at the Happy Pair; but took care that hardly any-body but himself should be seen. I asked him afterwards, If it were not so? He knew not, he said, but it might. I told him, he had a very jolly comely face to shew, but no head. He does not spare me: But true jests are not always the most welcome. Tell a Lady of Forty, that she is Sixty or Seventy, and she will not be so angry as if she were guessed to be Eight or Nine-and-thirty. The one nobody will believe; the other every-body. My Lord G. I can tell you, fares well in Mr. Selby's company.

'Lucy, my dear girl, take the pen — You don't know you say, what I wrote last — Read it, my girl — You have it — Take the pen; I want to be among them.'

Lucy.] Lady G. must have her jest, whether in the right place, or not. Excuse me, both Sisters. How could she, however, in a part so interesting? She says, I must give an account of the Procession, and she will conduct them into the Church; I out of it. I cannot, she says, after so many wishes, so many suspenses, so much expectation, before it came to this, be too minute. Every woman's heart

leaps, she says, when a Wedding is described; and wishes to know all, how and about it. Your Ladyship will know, that these words are Lady G's own: But what can I say of the Procession?

The poor Harriet — Fie upon me — The rich Harriet, was not sorry, I believe, that her uncle's head, now on this side, now on the other, in a manner, filled the Coach: but when it stopt at the Churchyard, an inclosed one, whose walls keep off coaches near a stone's throw from the Church-porch, then was my lovely cousin put to it; especially as her grandmother walked so slow. We were all out of our Coaches before the Father and the Bride entered the Porch. I should tell your Ladyship, that the passage from the entrance of the Church-yard to the Church is railed in. Every Sunday the croud (gathered to see the gentry go in and come out) are accustomed to be bounded by these rails and were the more contentedly so now: The whole Church-yard seemed one mass (but for that separating passage) of living matter, distinguished only by separate heads; not a hat on the mens; pulled off, perhaps, by general consent, for the convenience of seeing, more than from designed regard in that particular. But, in the main, never was there such silent respect shewn, on the like occasion, by mortal mob. We all of us, Lady L. have the happiness of being beloved by high and low.

But one pretty spectacle it is impossible to pass by. Four girls, tenants daughters, the eldest not above Thirteen, appeared with neat wicker-baskets in their hands, filled with flowers of the season. Chearful way was made for them. As soon as the Bride, and Father, and Sir Charles, and Mrs. Shirley, alighted, these pretty little Flora's, all dressed in white, chaplets of flowers for head-dresses, large nosegays in their bosoms, white ribbands adorning their stays and their baskets; some streaming down, others tied round the handles in true-lover's knots; attended the company, two going before, two other here and there, and every-where, all strewing flowers: A pretty thought of the tenants among themselves. Sir Charles seemed much pleased with them: Pretty dears he called them, to one of them.

God bless you, and God bless you, was echoed from many mouths. Your brother's attention was chiefly employed on Mrs. Shirley, because of her age and lameness. Here my good Lady G. perhaps would stop to remark upon the worthy nature of the English populace, when good characters attract their admiration; for even the populace took notice, how right a thing it was for the finest young Gentleman their eyes ever beheld, to take such care of so good an old Lady. He deserved to live to be old himself, one said: They would warrant, others said, that he was a sweettemper'd man; and others, that he had a good heart. In the Procession one of us picked up one praise, another another. Tho' Lady G. Lady W. and the four Bride-maids, as well as the Lords, might have claimed high notice;

yet not any of them received more than commendation: We were all considered but as Satellites to the Planetr that passed before us. What, indeed, were more? But let me say, that Mrs. Shirley had her share in Reverence, as the lovely Couple had theirs in Admiration. But O how my dear cousin was affected, when she alighted from her uncle's coach!

The Churchwardens themselves were so complaisant as to stand at the Church-door, and opened it, on the approach of the Bride, and her Nuptial Father. But all the pews near the Altar were, however, filled (one or two excepted, which seemed to be left for the company) with Ladies and well-dressed women of the neighbourhood: And tho' they seemed to intend to shut the doors after we had all got in, the Church was full of people. Mr. Selby was displeased, for his Niece's sake; who trembling, could hardly walk up to the Altar. Sir Charles seated his venerable charge on a covered bench on the left-side of the Altar; and by her, and on another covered bench on the rightside, without the rails, we all, but the Bride-maids and their partners, took our seats. They stood, the Men on the Bridegroom's side; the Maids on Harriet's — Never —

Lady G.]

'Are you within the Church, Lucy? — You are, I protest. Let me read what you have done. Come, pretty well, pretty well. — You were going to praise my brother: Leave that to me. I have an excellent knack at it.'

Never was man so much, and so deservedly, admired. He saw his Harriet wanted support and encouragement. The Minister stood suspended, a few moments, as doubting whether she would not faint. My dearest Love, whispered Sir Charles, remember you are doing honour to the happy, thrice happy, man of your Choice: Shew he is your Choice, in the face of this Congregation. Pardon me, Sir! I will endeavour to be all you wish me.

Sir Charles bowed to the Minister to begin the Sacred Office. Mr. Selby, with all his bravery, trembled, and, overcome by the Solemnity of the Preparation, looked now pale, now red. The whole Congregation were hushed and silent, as if nobody were in the Church but persons immediately concerned to be there. Emily changed colour frequently. She had her handkerchief in her hand; and (pretty enough!) her sister Bride-maids, little thinking that Emily had a reason for her emotion, which none of them had, pulled out their handkerchiefs too, and permitted a gentle tear or two to steal down their glowing cheeks. I fixed my eye on Emily, sitting outward, to keep her in order. The Doctor began —

'Dearly Beloved'

– Ah, Harriet! thought I; thou art much quieter now, than once thou wert at these words .

No impediments were confessed by either of the parties, when they were referred to by the Minister, on this head. I suppose this reference would have been omitted by Sir Hargrave's snuffling Parson. To the question, to my brother,

'Wilt thou have,'

&c. he chearfully answered,

I will.

Harriet did not say, I will not.

'Who giveth this woman,

&c. I, I, I, said uncle Selby; and he owns, that he had much ado to refrain saying —

'With all my heart and soul!'

Sir Charles seemed to have the office by heart; Harriet in her heart: For before the Minister could take the Right-hand of the good girl to put it into that of my brother, his had knew its office; nor did her trembling hand decline the favour. Then followed the words of acceptance;

'I Charles, take thee, Harriet,'

&c. on his part; which he audibly, and with apparent joy and reverence in his countenance, repeated after the Minister. But not quite so alert was Harriet, in her turn: Her hand was rather taken, than offered. Her lips, however, moved after the Minister; nor seemed to hesitate at the little piddling word obey, which, I remember, gave a qualm to my poor heart, on the like occasion. The Ring was presented. The Doctor gave it to Sir Charles; who, with his usual grace, put it on the singer of the most charming woman in England; repeating after the Minister, audibly,

'With this Ring I thee wed,'

&c. She brightened up; when the Minister, joining their Right-hands, read,

'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

And the Minister's address to the company, declaring the Marriage, and pronouncing them Man and Wife, in the name of the Holy Trinity; and his blessing them; swelled, she owns, her grateful heart, ready to bursting. In the Responses, I could not but observe, that the Congregation generally joined, as if they were interested in the celebration.

Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a more charming flush than usual on his face, his lively Soul looking out at his fine eyes, yet with an air as modest as respectful, did credit to our Sex before the applauding multitude, by bending his knee to his sweet Bride, on taking her Hand, and saluting her, on the conclusion of the ceremony — May God, my dearest Life, said he, audibly, be gracious to your Grandison, as he will be good to his Harriet, now no more Byron! — She courtesied low, and with so modest a grace, that every soul blessed her; and

pronounced her the loveliest of women, and him the most graceful and polite of men.

He invited Dr. Curtis to the Wedding-dinner, and led his Bride into the Vestry; where already were her grandmother, her aunt, Lady W. her Lord, mine, and Lord L. She was followed by her Virgin train; they by their partners. She threw herself, the moment she beheld her grandmother, at her feet. Bless, bless madam, your happy, happy Child.

God for ever bless the Darling of my heart!

Sir Charles bent his knee to the venerable Lady, with such a condescending dignity, if I may so express myself; Receive and bless, also, your Son, my Harriet's reverend parent, and mine.

The dear Lady was affected. She slid off her seat on her knees, and with up-lifted hands and eyes, tears trickling on her cheeks; Thou, Almighty, bless the dear Son of my wishes!

He raised her, with pious tenderness, and saluted her. Excellent Lady! — He would have said more, but was affected — Every-body was — And having seated the old Lady, he turned to Mrs. Selby — Words are poor, said he; my actions, my behaviour, shall speak the grateful sense I have of your goodness, saluting her; of yours, madam, to Mrs. Shirley; and of yours, my dearest Life, addressing himself to his lovely Bride, who seemed hardly able to sustain her joy, on so respectful a recognition of relation to persons so dear to her. Let me once more, added he, bless the Hand that has blessed me!

She chearfully offered it: I give you, Sir, my Hand, said she, courtesying, and with it a poor Heart — A poor Heart, indeed! But it is a grateful one! It is all your own!

He bowed upon her Hand: He spoke not: He seemed as if he could not speak.

Joy, Joy, Joy, was wished the Happy Pair, from every mouth. See, my dear young Ladies,' said the happy and instructing Mr. Shirley, addressing herself to them,

'the Reward of Duty, Virtue, and Obedience! How unhappy must those Parents and Relations be, whose Daughters, unlike our Harriet, have disgraced themselves, and their families, by a a shameful Choice — As my Harriet's is, such, looking around her, be your Lot, my amiable Daughters!

They every one besought her Hand, and kissed it; and some by speech, all by looks and courtesies, promised to cherish the memory of this happy transaction, for their benefit.

Emily, when she approached the venerable Lady, sobbing, said, Bless me, me also bless, my dear grandmamma Shirley! — Let me be your own Granddaughter. — She embraced and blessed the dear girl — Ah, my Love! said she, But will you

supply the place of my Harriet to me? Will you be my Harriet? Will you live with me, and Mrs. Selby — as Harriet did? — Emily started. Ah, madam! you are all goodness! Let me try to make myself, in some little way, agreeable to my dear Miss Byron that was, and live a little while in the sun-shine of my Guardian's eye; and then how proud shall I be to be thought, in any the least degree, like your Harriet!

This I thought a good hint of Mrs. Shirley. Our Harriet (my dear Caroline) shall not be made unhappy by the chit; nor shall the dear girl neither, if I can help it, be made so by her own foible. We will watch over both, for the good of both, and for the tranquillity of the best of men.

Beauchamp's joy shone through a cloud, because of his Father's illness; but it did shine.

Mr. Selby and my Lord were vastly alive. Lord L. was fervent in his joy, and congratulations; but he was wiser than both put together. Nothing was wanting to shew that he was excessively pleased; but I was afraid the other two would not have considered the Vestry as part of the Church; and would have struck up a tune without music.

How sincerely joyful, also, were Lord and Lady W My Lord's eyes burst into tears more than once: Nephew, and dear Nephew, at every word, whether speaking of or to my brother; as if he thought the Relation he stood in to him, a greater glory than his Peerage, or aught else that he valued himself upon, his excellent Lady excepted.

Upon my Honour, Caroline, I think, as I have often said, that people may be very happy, if not most happy, who set out with a moderate stock of Love, and supply what they want in that, with Prudence. I really think, that my Brother and Harriet cannot be happier than are this now worthy Couple; times of life considered on both sides, and my Lord's inferior capacity allowed for. For certainly, men of sense are most capable of joyful sensations, and have their balances; since it is as certain, that they are also most susceptible of painful ones. What, then, is the stuff, the nonsense, that romantic girls, their romancing part of life not wholly elapsed, prate about, and din one's ears with, of first Love, first Flame, but first Folly? Do not most of such give indication of gunpowder constitutions, that want but the match to be applied, to set them into a blaze? Souls of tinder, discretions of flimsy gauze, that conceal not their folly — One day they will think as I do; and perhaps before they have daughters who will convince them of the truth of my assertion.

But here comes Lucy. —

'My dear girl, take the pen — I am too sentimental. The French only are proud of sentiments at this day; the English cannot bear them: Story, story, story, is what

they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable.'

Lucy.]

'Bless me, Lady G! you have written a great deal in a little. What am I to do?

Lady G.] You brought the Happy Pair into Church. I have told Lady L. what was done there: You are to carry them out.

Lucy.]

'And so I will.'

– My dearest Love, said her charming man to my cousin, who had a little panic on the thought of going back through so great a croud, imagine, as you walk, that you see nobody but the happy man whom you have honoured with your Hand: Every-body will praise and admire the loveliest of women. Nobody I hope, will blame your Choice. Remember at whose request it was, that you are put upon this difficulty: Your Grandmamma's and Uncle's. She, one of the best of women, was so married to one the best of men: I was but acquiescent in it. Shew, my dearest Life, all your numerous admirers and well-wishers, that you are not ashamed of your Choice.

O Sir! how charmingly do you strengthen my mind! I will shew the world, that my Choice is my Glory.

Every-body being ready, she gave her Hand to the Beloved of her Heart.

The Bells were set a ringing the moment the Solemnity was concluded; and Sir Charles Grandison, the Son of our venerable Mrs. Shirley, the Nephew of my uncle and aunt Selby, Husband of my dear and ever-dear Harriet, and the Esteemed of every heart, led his graceful Bride through a lane of applauding and decent behaving spectators, down through the Church — and still more thronging multitudes in the Church-yard; the four little Flora's again strewing flowers at their feet, as they passed. My sweet girls, said he, to two of them, I charge you, complete the honour you have done us, by your presence at Selbyhouse: You will bring your companions with you, my Loves.

My uncle looked around him as he led Mrs. Shirley: So proud! and so stately! By some undesigned change, Mr. Beauchamp led Miss Jervois. She seemed pleased, and happy; for he whispered to her, all the way, praises of her Guardian. My Guardian, twice or thrice, occasionally reported she aloud, as if she boasted of standing in some relation to him.

The Bride and Bridegroom stopt for Mrs. Shirley, a little while, at the Coach-side: A very grateful accident to the spectators. He led them both in, with a politeness that attends him in all he does. The Coach wheeled off, to give way to the next; and we came back in the order we went.

'Now, my dear Lady G. you, who never were from the side of your dear new sister for the rest of the day, resume the pen.'

Lady G.]

‘I will, my dear; but in a new Letter. This fourth sheet is written down to the very edge. Caroline will be impatient: I will send away this.’

Joy to my Sister! Joy to my Aunt! Joy to the Earl! To Lady Gertrude! To our dear Dr. Bartlett! To every one, on an event so happy; and so long wished for by us All!

‘Sign, Lucy, sign.’

‘After your Ladyship.’

There, then,

CHARLOTTE G.

And, There, then,

LUCY SELBY.

LETTER LIII.

LADY G. TO LADY L. IN CONTINUATION.

THIS happy event has been so long wisned for by us all; were so much delighted with the Bride, as well as the Bridegroom; so many uncertainties, so many suspenses, have fallen in; so little likelihood once that it ever would have been; and you are so miserably tied by the leg, poor Caroline! and so little to divert you, besides the once smiling to the ten times squalling of your little stranger; that Compassion, Love, both, incite me to be minute; that so you may be as much with us in idea, as we all wished you could have been in person.

Crouds of people lined the way, in our return from Church, as well as in our way to it; and blessings were pronounced upon the Happy Pair, by hundreds, at their alighting at Selby-house.

When we were all assembled in the Great Hall, mutual congratulations flowed from every mouth: Then did every man salute the happy, happy Bride: Then did the equally-happy Bridegroom salute every Lady — There was among us the height of joy; joy becoming the awful Solemnity; and every one was full of the decency and delight which were given and shewn by the crouds of spectators of all ranks, and both Sexes; a delight and decency worthy of the characters of the admirable Pair: And Miss Nedham declared, and all the young Ladies joined with her, that if she could be secure of the like good behaviour and encouragement, she would never think of a Private Wedding for herself. Mr. Selby himself was overjoyed too much, even to utter a jest! Now, now, he said, he had attained the height of his ambition.

The dear Harriet could look up: She could smile around her. I led her, with Lucy, into the Cedarparlour — Now, my dear Love, said I, the moment we entered it, throwing my arms about her, just as her lips were joyfully opening to speak to me, do I salute my real Sister, my Sister Grandison, in my dear Lady L's name, as well as in my own: God Almighty confirm and establish your happiness!

My dearest, dearest Lady G. how grateful, how encouraging, to my heart, is your kind Salutation! Your continued Love, and that of my dear Lady L. will be essential to my happiness.

May our Hearts be ever united! replied I. But they must: For were not our Minds kindred Minds before?

But you must love my Lucy, said she, presenting her to me. — You must love my Grand — Mamma, said I, catching the word from her, your Aunt, your Uncle,

your Cousins, and your Cousins Cousins, to the twentieth Generation — And so I will: Ours yours; Yours ours! We are all of one Family, and will be for ever.

What a happy creature am I! replied she — How many people can one good man make so! — But where, where is my Emily, sweet girl? Bring to me, Lucy, bring to me, my Emily!

Lucy went out, and led in the sweet girl. With hands and eyes uplifted, My dear Miss Byron, that was, now Lady Grandison, said she, love me; love your Emily. I am now your Emily, your Ward; love me as well as you did when Miss Byron.

Harriet threw her arms about her neck; I do, I will, I must: You shall be my Sister, my Friend; my Emily now, indeed! Love me, as I will love you; and you shall find your happiness in mine.

Sir Charles entred; his Beauchamp in his hand. Quitting his, and taking hers, he kissed it. Once more, said he, do I thank my dearest Life for the honour she has done me: Then resuming, with his other hand, his Beauchamp's, he presented each to the other, as Brother and Sister.

Beauchamp, in a graceful manner, bowed on her hand: She courtefied to him with an air of dignity and esteem.

He then turning to Emily; Acknowlege, my dear, said he, your elder Sister: My Harriet will love her Emily. Receive, my dearest Life, your Ward. Yet (to Emily) I acquit not myself of the power, any more than of the will, of obliging you at first hand.

O Sir! said the sobbing girl, you are all goodness! But I will make no request to you, but through my dearest Lady Grandison's mediation. If she approve of it first, I shall not doubt of its fitness to be complied with.

Was not that pretty, in Emily? — O how Beauchamp's eyes loved her!

But why, Ladies, said Sir Charles, do you sequester yourselves from the company? Are we not all of a Family to-day? The four little Flora's, with their baskets in their hands, were entering the gate, as I came in: Receive them, my Love, with your usual graciousness. We will join the company, and call them in. My Beauchamp, you are a Brideman; restore my Bride to her friends and admirers within.

He took Emily's hand. She looked so proud! — Harriet gave hers to Beauchamp. We followed them into the Great Hall: Mr. Selby had archness in his look, and seemed ready to blame us for withdrawing. — Sir Charles was aware of him. My dear Mr. Selby, said he, Will you not allow us to see the pretty Flora's — By all means, said Mr. Selby; and hurried out, and introduced them. Sweet pretty girls! We had more leisure to consider the elegant rusticity of their dresses and appearance. They had their baskets in their hands, and a courtesy and a blush

ready for every one in company. Sir Charles seemed to expect that his Bride would take notice of them first; but observing that she wanted presence of mind, he stept to them, took each by the hand, the youngest first, called them pretty Loves; I wish, said he, I could present you with as pretty flowers as you threw away in honour to this company; putting into each basket, wrapped up in paper, five guineas: Then presented them, two in each hand, to his Bride; who, by that time, was better prepared to receive them with that sweet ease and familiarity which give grace to all she says and does.

The children afterwards desiring to go to their parents, the polite Beauchamp him elf, accompanied by Lucy, led them to them, and returned, with a request from all the tenants, that they might have the honour, some time in the day, to see the Bride and Bridegroom among them, were it but for two minutes. What says my Love? said Sir Charles. O, Sir! I cannot, cannot — Well, then, I will attend them, to make your excuse, as well as I can. She bowed her thanks.

The time before dinner was devoted to conversation. Sir Charles was nobody's; no, not very particularly his Bride's: He put every one upon speaking in turn. For about half an hour he sat between the joyful Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby; but even then, in talking to them, talked to the whole company: Yet, in his air and manner to both, shewed so much respect, as needed not the aid of a particular address to them in words.

This was observed to me by good Lord L. For Harriet (uneasy, every eye continually upon her, thoughtful, bashful) withdrawing, a little before dinner, with a cast of her eye to me, I followed her to her dressing-room. There, with so much expressiveness of meaning, tho' not of language; so much tenderness of love; so much pious gratitude; so much true virgin sensibility; did she open her heart to me; that I shall ever revolve what passed in that conversation, as the true criterion of Virgin Delicacy unmingled with Affectation. Nor was I displeased that, in the height of her grateful Self-congratulation, she more than once acknowleged a sigh for the admirable Clementina. We just began to express our pleasure and our hopes in the good behaviour of our Emily, when we were called to dinner.

It was a sumptuous one.

Mr. Selby was very orderly, upon the whole: But he remembred, he said, that when he was married (and he called upon his Dame to confirm it) he was obliged to wait on his Bride, and the Company; and he insisted upon it, that Sir Charles should.

No, no, no, every one said; and the Bride looked a little serious upon it: But Sir Charles, with an air of gaiety that infinitely became him, took a napkin from the butler; and putting it under his arm, I have only one request to make you, my dear

Mr. Selby — When I am more aukward than I ought to be, do you correct me: and I shall have both pride and pleasure in the task.

Adad! said Mr. Selby, looking at him with pleasure — You may be any-thing, do any-thing; you cannot conceal the Gentleman. Ads-heart, you must always be the first man in company — Pardon me, my Lords.

Sir Charles was the modestest servitor that ever waited at table, while his napkin was under his arm: But he laid it down, While he addressed himself to the company, finding something to say to each in his pithy, agreeable manner, as he went round the table. He made every one happy. With what delight did the elder Ladies look upon him, when he addressed himself to each of them! He stopt at the Bride's chair, and made her a compliment with an air of tenderness. I heard not what it was, sitting at distance; but she looked grateful, pleased; smiled, and blushed. He passed from her to the Bride-maids, and again complimented each of them. They also seemed delighted with what he said. Then going to Mr. Selby; Why don't you bid me resume the napkin, Sir? — No, no; we see what you can do: Your conformity is enough for me. You may now sit down, when you please. You make the waiters look aukward.

He took his seat, thanked Mr. Selby for having reminded him of his duty, as he called it, and was all Himself, the most graceful and obliging of men.

You know, my dear Lady L. how much I love to praise my brother. Neither I, nor the young Ladies, not even those who had humble servants present, regarded any-body but him. My poor Lord! — I am glad, however, that he has a tolerable good set of teeth — They were always visible. A good honest sort of man, tho', Lady L. whatever you may think of him.

After dinner, at Mr. Selby's reminding motion, Sir Charles and the men went to the tenants. They all wished him joy; and, as they would not sit down, while he stood, Sir Charles took a seat among them, and all the rest followed his example.

One of the honest men, it seems, remembred the Nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Byron, and praised them as the best and happiest of the human race: Others confirmed his character of both: Another knew the late Mr. Shirley, and extolled him as much: Another remembred the birth, another the christening, of the Bride; and others talked of what an excellent creature she was from her infancy. Let me tell you, Sir, said one grey-headed man, you will have much ado to deserve her; and yet you are said to be as good as you are handsome. The women took up the cause: They were sure, by what they had heard, if any man in the world could deserve the Bride, it was Sir Charles Grandison; and they would swear for him by his looks. One of the honest men said, they should all have taken it as an hugeous favour, were they allowed to wish the Bride joy, tho' at ever so great a distance.

Sir Charles said, He was sure the women would excuse her this day; and then the men would, in complaisance to them. We will hope, said he, looking all round him, before we leave Northamptonshire, for one happy dinner together.

They all got up to bow and courtesy, and looked upon each other; and the men, who are most of them freeholders, wished to the Lord for a new election, and that he would come among them. They had no great matter of fault to find, they said, with their present representatives: but any-body who would oppose Sir Charles Grandison, would stand no chance. The women joined in the declaration, as if they thought highly, as Sir Charles pleasantly observed, of their own influence over their husbands. They all wondered that he was not in Parliament, till they heard how little a while he had been in England.

He took leave of the good people (who, by their behaviour and appearance, did as much credit to their landlords as to themselves) with his usual affability and politeness; repeating his promise of a day of Jubilee, as some of them called it.

The Ball, at the request of the whole company, was opened by the Bride and Bridegroom. She was very uneasy at the general Call. Sir Charles saw she was, and would have taken out Miss Nedham; but it was not permitted. the dear creature, I believe, did her best at the time; but I have seen her perform better: Yet she did exceedingly well. But such a figure herself, and such a partner; How could she do amiss?

Emily was taken out by Beauchamp. He did his best, I am sure; and almost as much excelled his pretty partner, as his beloved friend did his.

Emily, sitting down by me, asked if she did not perform very ill. Not very ill, my dear, said I; but not so well as I have seen you dance. I don’t know, said she, what ails me: My heart is very heavy. madam. What can be the meaning of it? But don’t tell Lady Grandison so. — High-ho! — Lady Grandison! What a sound is that? A charming sound! But how shall I bring my lips to be familiarized to it?

You are glad she is married, my love, I dare say?

Glad! To be sure I am! It is an event that I have long, long wished for: But new names, and new titles, one knows not how to frame one’s mouth to presently. It was some time before I could call you Lady G. But don’t you pity poor Lady Clementina, a little, madam?

A great deal, I do. But as she refused my brother —

Ah! dear! that’s the thing! I wonder she could — when he would have let her have the free exercise of her Religion.

Had you rather your Guardian had had Lady Clementina, Emily?

O no! How can you ask me such a question, madam? Of all the women in the world, I wished him to have Miss Byron. But she is too happy for pity, you know,

madam! — Bless me! What does she look so thoughtful for? Why does she sigh so? Surely she can't be sorry!

Sorry! No, my Love! But a change of condition for life! New attachments! A new course of life! Her name sunk, and lost! The property, person and will, of another, excellent as the man is; obliged to go to a new house; to be ingrafted into a new family; to leave her own, who so dearly love her; an irrevocable destiny! — Do you think, Emily, new in her present circumstances; every eye upon her: it is not enough to make a considerate mind, as hers is, thoughtful!

All these are mighty hardships, madam! putting up her lip — But, Lady G. can you suppose she thinks them so? If she does — But she is a dear good Lady! — I shall ever love her! She is an ornament of our Sex! See, how lovely she looks! Did your Ladyship ever see so sweet a creature? I never did.

Not for Beauty, Dignity, Ease, Figure, Modesty, good Sense, did I ever.

She is my Guardianess, may I say? Is there such a word? — I shall be as proud of her, as I am of my Guardian. Yet there is no cause of sighing, I think! — See my Guardian! her Husband? Unfashionable as the word is, it is a pretty word. The House-band, that ties all together. Is not that the meaning? — Look round! How does he surpass all men! — His Ease, talk of Ease! His Dignity, talk of Dignity! As handsome a man, as she is a woman! See how every young Lady eyes him; every young Gentleman endeavours to imitate him. I wish he would take me out: I would do better.

This was the substance of the whispering Dialogue that passed between Emily and me — Poor girl!

Mr. Selby danced with Lucy, and got great applause. He was resolved, he said, to have one dance with the Bride. She besought him not to think of it. Her grandmamma, her aunt, intreated for her. She desired Sir Charles to interpose — If, my dearest Life, you could oblige your uncle — I cannot, cannot think of it, said she.

Lady G. said Sir Charles, be so good as to challenge Mr. Selby. I stood forth, and offered my hand to him. He could not refuse it. He did not perform so well as he did with Lucy. Go, said I, when we had d ne, sit down by your Dame, and be quiet: You have lost all your credit. You dance with a Bride! — Some people know not how to bear applause; nor to leave off when they are well. Lord L. took out Mrs. Selby. She dances very gracefully. My Lord, you know, is above praise. The young Lord Reresby and Miss Nedham distinguished themselves. My odd creature was in his element. He and Miss Barclay, and another time he and Emily, did very handsomely; and the girl got up her reputation. Lord W. did hobble, and not ungracefully, with old Mrs. Selby; who had not danced, she said, for twenty years before; but on so joyful an occasion, would not refuse Lord W's challenge:

And both were applauded; the time of life of the Lady, the limpingness of my Lord, considered.

There was a very plentiful sideboard, of rich wines, sweetmeats, &c. We all disclaimed formal supper.

We went afterwards into country dances. Mrs. Shirley retired about Ten. Harriet took the opportunity of attending her; and it was a seasonable relief to her. I had an intimation to attend her. I found her just dropt on her knees to her grandmamma; who, with her arms about her neck, was folding to her fond heart the darling of it. The sweet girl was so apprehensive! I was called upon to give my opinion, whether she should return to the company, or not: I gave it, that she should; and that she should only retire, for the night, about Eleven. As to the Bride-maids, I said, I would manage, that they should only attend her to her chamber, and leave her there, with her aunt, Lucy, and me. Lord L. undertook to make the gentlemen give up form; which, he said, they would the more easily do, as they were set into dancing.

After all, Lady L. we women, dressed out in ribbands, and gaudy trappings, and in Virgin-white, on our Wedding-days, seem but like milk-white heifers led to sacrifice. We ought to be indulged, if we are not shameless things, and very wrong indeed, in our choice of the man we can love.

We returned to company. The Bridegroom was looking out for us. My dearest Life, said he, Are you returned? — I thought — There he stopt.

Mr. Selby broke from his partner, Miss Barclay, to whisk into the figure the Bride. Sir Charles joined the deserted Lady, who seemed much better pleased with her new partner than with her old one. Lord W. who was sitting down, took Mrs. Selby, and led her into the dance.

I drew Miss Nedham to the sideboard, and gave her her cue: She gave theirs to the three other Bride-maids.

About Eleven, Mrs. Selby, unobserved, withdrew with the Bride. The Bride-maids, one by one, waited on her to her chamber; saluted her, and returned to company.

The dear creature wanted presence of mind. She fell into my reflexion above. O my dear Lady G! said she, was I not right when I declared, that I never would marry, were it not to the man I loved above all the men in the world?

She complimented me twenty times, with being very good. She prayed for me; but her prayers were meant for herself. You remember, that she told me, on my apprehensiveness on the like occasion, that fear made me loving to her. On her blessing me, Ah, Harriet, said I, you now find, that apprehension will make one pious, as well as loving.

My Sister, my Friend, my own, my Caroline's, my Brother's, dear Lady Grandison! said I, when I left her, near undressed, God bless you! And God be praised, that I can call you by these tender names! My Brother is the happiest of men; You of women. May we never love each other less than we do now. Look forward to the serene happiness of your future lot. If you are the Joy of our Brother, you must be our Joy; and the Jewel of our Family.

She answered me only by a fervent embrace, her eyes lifted up, surcharged, as I may say, with tears of joy, as in thankfulness.

I then rushed down-stairs, and into the company.

My brother instantly addressed me — My Harriet, whispered he, with impatience, returns not this night.

You will see Mrs. Selby, I presume, by-and-by, returned I.

He took his seat by old Mrs. Selby, and fell into talk with her, to avoid joining in the dances. His eye was continually turned to the door. Mrs. Selby, at last, came in. Her eyes shewed the tender leave she had taken of her Harriet.

My brother approached her. She went out: He followed her. In a quarter of an hour she returned.

We saw my brother no more that night.

We continued our dancings till between Three and Four.

I have often observed, that we women, whether weakly or robust, are hardly ever tired with dancing. It was so with us. The men, poor souls! looked silly, and sleepy, by two; all but my ape: He has a good many Femalities, as uncle Selby calls them. But he was brought up to be idle and useless, as women generally are. I must conclude my Letters whimsically, my dear: If I did not, you would not know them to be written by

Your CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LIV.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

EMILY, Lucy, and I, went to pay our morning-congratulations as soon as we arose, which was not very early, to my brother, being told that he was in the Cedar parlour, writing. He received us like himself. I am writing, said he, a few very short Letters. They are to demand the felicitations, one, of our beloved Caroline; one of our aunt Grandison; one of the Earl of G. and one of our dear Dr. Bartlett. There is another; you may read it, Charlotte.

That also was a short one; to signify, according to promise, as I found, to Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, the actual celebration of his Nuptials. I returned it —

'Like my brother,'

was all I said. It concluded with a caution, given in the most ardent terms, against precipitating the admirable Clementina.

We went up to the Bride. She was dressing. Her aunt was with her, and her two cousin Holles's, who went not home the preceding night.

The moment we entered, she ran to us; and, clasping her arms about my neck, hid her blushing face in my bosom — My dearest, dearest Lady G. murmured she — Am I indeed your Sister, your Sister Grandison? And will you love me as well as ever?

My dearest, lovely Sister! My own Sister Grandison! My Brother's Wife! Most sincerely do I repeat, Joy, Joy, Joy, to my Harriet!

O Lady G! How you raise me! Your goodness is a seasonable goodness to me! I never, never, but by yours and your sister's example, shall be worthy of your brother!

Then disengaging herself from my arms; Yesterday, Lucy, said she, was a happy, happy Day! I have but one, one regret — There is a Lady in the world that deserves the best of men better than your Harriet — And, lifting up her hands and eyes, God preserve and protect her! — She shall be the subject of my prayers, as often as I pray for myself, and for him who is dearer to me than myself.

Then embracing Emily; Wish me Joy, my Love! In my Joy shall you find your own!

Emily wept, and even sobbed — You must, you must, treat me less kindly, madam. I cannot, cannot bear your good — your goodness. On my knees I acknowlege my other Guardian. God bless my dear, dear Lady Grandison!

At that moment, as they were folded in each other's arms, entered my brother — He clasped his round his sweet Bride; pardon this intrusion, said he — Excellent creature, continue to love my Emily! — Continue, my dear Emily, to deserve the sisterly love of my Harriet!

Then turning to me, saluting me, My Charlotte loves my Harriet; so does our Caroline. She fondly loves you both. God continue your love to each other! What Sisters has Yesterday's happy event given to each other! — What a Wife to me! — We will endeavour, my Love (to her) to deserve our happiness; and, I humbly trust, it will be continued to us.

He saluted Mrs. Selby — My own Aunt Selby! What obligations am I under to you, and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, for giving to an Angel an Angel's education, and conferring on me the blessing!

Congratulate me, my dear Cousin Holles's, saluting each. May you both be as happy, whenever you alter your single state, as I will endeavour to make your lovely Cousin!

He withdrew, bowing to us, and with so much respectfulness to the happy Harriet, as delighted us all.

Lucy went down with him, to pay her morning compliments to the two Grandmamma's.

Sister, said Kitty Holles, after he was gone — we never, never, can think of marrying, after we have seen Sir Charles Grandison, and his behaviour.

Lucy came up with Nancy. They embraced their cousin. Your grandmamma and my grandmamma, my dearest cousin, are impatient to see you, in your grandmamma's chamber; and the gentlemen are crying out for their breakfasts in the great parlour. We hurried down. The Bride threw herself at her grandmamma's feet, for her blessing. It was given in such a tender and pious manner, that we were all affected by it. The best of Sons, of Men, said she, afterwards, has but just left me. What a blessing to all around him, is a good man! Sir Charles Grandison is every-thing. But, my dear Loves, to the younger Ladies, Let a good man, let life, let manners, be the principal motive of your choice: In goodness will you have every sanction; and your Fathers, Mothers, Relations, Friends, every joy! My dearest Love, my Harriet, taking her hand, there was a time that I thought no man on earth could deserve you: Now it is my prayer, and will be, that you may deserve this man. But let us join the gentlemen. Fear not, my Harriet — Sir Charles's character will preserve with every one its dignity, and give a sanction to the solemnity that has united you to him. My dearest Love! be proud, and look assured: You may, or who can? Yesterday's transaction is your Glory; glory in it, my Harriet!

We attended the two elder Ladies down. Harriet, as bashful people ever do, increased her own difficulties, by staying behind with her Lucy. We were all seated at the breakfast-tables, and staid for them: Mr. Selby grew impatient; every one having declared themselves ready for breakfast. At last, down came the blushing Bride, with her Lucy. Sir Charles seeing Mr. Selby's countenance turning peevishly arch; just as he had begun

'Let me tell you, Niece,'

and was coming out with something, he arose, and taking his Bride's hand, led her to her seat. Hush, my dear Mr. Selby, said he; Nobody must call to account my Wise, and I present. — How, Sir! How, Sir! Already have I lost my Niece?

Not so, Mr. Selby. All her duties will have strength given them by the happy event of yesterday: But you must not let a new-married man see how much easier it is to find fault than to be faultless.

Your servant, Sir! replied Mr. Selby — You'll one day pay for your complaisance, or my Niece is not a woman. But I was ready primed. You have robbed me of a jest; and that, let me tell you, would have been more to me than my breakfast.

After breakfast, Lucy gave us a lesson on the harpsichord. Sir Charles accompanied her finger, at the desire of the company.

Lord and Lady W. excused themselves to breakfast, but came to dinner. We entertained one another with reports of what passed yesterday; what people said; how the tenants feast was managed; how the populace behaved at the houses which were kept open. The Churchwardens List was produced of the Poor recommended by them: It amounted to upwards of 140, divided into two classes; one of the acknowleged poor, the other of poor housekeepers and labouring people who were ashamed to apply; but to whom the Churchwardens knew bounty would be acceptable. There were above thirty of these, to whom Sir Charles gave very handsomely, but we knew not what. The Churchwardens, who are known to be good men, went away blessing him, with hearts running over at their lips, as if they themselves were to find their account in his goodness.

Saturday.

WE have had a smart debate this morning, on the natural independency of our Sex, and the usurpation of the other. Particulars by-and-by.

My brother is an irresistable man. To-morrow he has carried it to make his appearance at Church, against all their first intentions, and that by their own consents. He had considered every-thing: They had not. Mr. Beauchamp has Letters which require him to go up to town: Lord and Lady W. are desirous to get thither; my Lord having some gouty warnings: I am obliged to go up; having hated to set about anything preparatory to your case, Caroline! [If the wretch were

to come in my way just now, I should throw my standish at him, I believe.] The Earl and Lady Gertrude are in town; and I am afraid of another reprimand. The Earl never jests but he means the same as if he were serious. I shall take Emily with me, when I go. Mrs. Reeves wants to be with her little boy. Yet all these people are desirous to credit the appearance. — I had like to have forgot your good man — He longs to see his Caroline; and hopes to engage my brother to stand in person as his urchin's sponsor. So you see that there is a necessity to consent to make the appearance to-morrow, or the Bride will lose the flower of her company.

On Monday it stands determined, that Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Beauchamp, Emily, Lord L. Lord and Lady W. myself, and Lord G. will set out for London.

God continue the happiness of this charming Pair! Their behaviour to each other is just what I would wish it to be; tender, affectionate, without fulsome fondness, He cannot be more respectful to the dear creature now, than he was before marriage: But from his present behaviour, I dare answer for him, that he will not be less so: And yet he is so lively, that he has all the young man in his behaviour, whenever occasions call for relaxation; even when subjects require seriousness, as they do sometimes, in conversations between Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Mr. Deane, and him; his seriousness, as Mrs. Shirley herself finely observed in his absence, is attended with such vivacity, and intermingled with such entertaining illustrations, all naturally arising from and falling into the subject, that he is sure of every one's attention and admiration. The features of his manly face, and the turn of his fine eye, observed she, on another occasion, are cast for pity, and not for censure. And let me add a speech of his, when he was called upon to censure a person, on a slight representation of facts.

'The whole matter is not before us, said he: We know not what motives he may have to plead by way of extenuation, tho' he may not be able entirely to excuse himself. But, as it appears to me, I would not have done so.'

But what, my dear, am I about? Are they not my brother's praises that I am expatiating upon? Was I ever to be trusted with that subject? Is there no man, I have been asked, that is like your brother? — He, I have answered, is most likely to resemble him, who has an unbounded charity, and universal benevolence, to men of all professions; and who imitating the Divinity, regards the heart, rather than the head, and much more than either rank or fortune, tho' it were princely; and yet is not a leveller, but thinks that rank or degree intitles a man who is not utterly unworthy of both, to respect.

I will write one more Letter, and then give way to other affairs. I never thought I should have been such a scribbler. But the correspondence between my Brother and Dr. Bartlett, into which we were all so eager to peep; that of this dear creature

with her Lucy, which so much entertained us, and which led us, in her absence, to wish to continue the series of it; the story of Clementina so interesting; all our suspenses so affecting, and the state of this our lovely friend's heart so peculiar; and the task removed from you to me, of promoting and contributing to the correspondence: All these, together, led me on. But now one Letter more shall conclude my task.

Lord L. has just now mentioned to my brother his wishes that he would stand Godfather to the little Lord. My brother caught his hand, and besought his pardon for not offering himself. You do me, my dear Lord, said he, both honour and pleasure. Where was my thought? But this dear creature, turning to his Bride, will be so good as to remind me of all my imperfections. I am in a way to mend; for the duties inseparable from my delightful new engagement will strengthen all my other duties.

I have taken upon me, Sir, said she, to request the favour of my Lord and Lady L's acceptance of me for a Godmother.

To which I have objections, said I. I have a prior claim. Aunt Eleanor has put in hers, Lady W. hers, and this before Miss Byron was Lady Grandison.

Your circumstance, my dear Lady G. according to a general observation of our Sex, is prohibitory.

Will you, my brother, appealed I, allow of superstitious observances, prognostics, omens, dreams?

O no! My Harriet has been telling me how much she suffered lately from a dream, which she permitted to give strength and terror to her apprehensions from Mr. Greville. Guard, my dear Ladies, against these imbecillities of tender minds. In these instances, if in no other, will you give a superiority to our Sex, which, in the debate of this morning, my Charlotte would not allow of.

I will begin my next Letter with an account of this debate; and if I cannot comprise it in the compass I intend to bring it into, my one more Letter may perhaps stretch into two.

LETTER LV.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

THE debate I mentioned, began on Friday morning at breakfast-time; brought on by some of uncle Selby's good-natured particularities; for he will always have something to say against women. I bespoke my brother's neutrality, and declared I would enter the lists with Mr. Selby, and allow all the other men present to be of his side. I had a flow of spirits. Man's usurpation, and woman's natural independency, was the topic. I carried on my argument very triumphantly: Now-and-then a sly hint, popt out by my brother, half-disconcerted me; but I called him to order, and he was silent: Yet once he had like to have put me out — Wrapping his arms about himself, with inimitable humour — O my Charlotte, said he, how I love my country; ENGLAND is the only spot in the world, in which this argument can be properly debated! — Very sly — Was it not?

I made nothing of Mr. Selby. I called him the tyrant of the family. And as little of Mr. Deane, Lord L. and still less of my own Lord, who was as eager in the debate as if it concerned him more than any-body to resist me; and this before my brother; who by his eyes, more than once, seemed to challenge me, because of the sorry creature's earnestness. All those, however, were men of straw with me; and I thought myself very near making Mr. Selby ask pardon of his Dame for his thirty years usurpation. In short, I had half-established our Sex's superiority on the ruin of that of the sorry fellows, when the debate was closed, and referred to Mrs. Shirley, as moderatrix; my brother still excluded any share in it. — She indeed obliged me to lower my topsails a little.

'I think, said the venerable Lady, women are generally too much considered as a species apart. To be sure, in the duties and affairs of life, where they have different or opposite shares allotted them by Providence, they ought not to go out of their own sphere, or invade the mens province, any more than the men theirs. Nay, I am so much of this opinion, that tho' I think the confidence which some men place in their wives, in committing all their affairs to their care, very flattering to the opinion both of their integrity and capacity; yet I should not choose (and that not out of laziness to avoid the trouble) to interfere with the management without doors, which I think more properly the man's province, unless in some particular cases.

'But in common intercourse and conversation, why are we to be perpetually considering the Sex of the person we are talking to? Why must women always be addressed in an appropriated language; and not treated on the common footing of

reasonable creatures? And why must they, from a false notion of modesty, be afraid of shewing themselves to be such,and affect a childish ignorance?

'I do not mean, that I would have women enter into learned disputes, for which they are rarely qualified: But I think there is a degree of knowlege very compatible with their duties; therefore not unbecoming them, and necessary to make them fit companions for men of sense: A character in which they will always be found more useful than that of a plaything, the amusement of an idle hour.

'No person of sense, man or woman, will venture to launch out on a subject with which they are not well acquainted. The lesser degree of knowlege will give place to the greater. This will secure subordination enough. For the advantages of education which men must necessarily have over women, if they have made the proper use of them, will have set them so forward on the race, that we can never overtake them. But then don't let them despise us for this, as if their superiority were entirely founded on a natural difference of capacity! Despise us as women, and value themselves merely as men: For it is not the hat or cap which covers the head, that decides of the merit of it.

'In the general course of the things of this world, women have not opportunities of sounding the depths of science, or of acquainting themselves perfectly with polite literature: But this want of opportunity is not entirely confined to them. There are professions among the men no more favourable to these studies, than the common avocations of women. For example; merchants, whose attention is (and perhaps more usefully, as to public utility) chained down to their accounts. Officers, both of land and sea, are seldom much better instructed, tho' they may perhaps, pass through a few more forms: And as for knowlege of the world, women of a certain rank have an equal title to it with some of them. A learned man, as he is called, who should despise a sensible one of these professions, and disdain to converse with him, would pass for a pedant; and why not for despising or undervaluing a woman of sense, who may be put on the same footing? Men, in common conversation, have laid it down for a rule of good breeding, not to talk before women of things they don't understand; by which means, an opportunity of improvement is lost; a very good one too; one that has been approved by the ablest persons who have written on the education of children, because it is a means of learning insensibly, without the appearance of a task. Common subjects afford only commonplace, and are soon exhausted: Why, then, should conversation be confined to such narrow limits, and be liable to continual repetition; when, if people would start less beaten subjects, many doubts and difficulties concerning them might be cleared up, and they would acquire a more settled opinion of things (which is what the generality much want,

from an indolence that hinders them from examining) at the same time that they would be better entertained, than with talking of the weather, and such kind of insipidities.'

Lady W. applauding Mrs. Shirley's sentiments, Apropos, said she; let me read you the speech (taking it out of her Pocket-book) of an East-India officer, to a pedant, who had been displaying his talents, and running over with terms of art, and scraps of Latin, mingled with a profusion of hard words, that hardly any of the company understood; and which, at the same time that it diverted all present, cured the pretended scholar of his affectation for ever after. My Lady read it as follows:

'I am charmed with this opportunity, said the officer, of discoursing with a gentleman of so much wit and learning; and hope I shall have his decision in a point which is pretty nice, and concerns some Eastern manufactures, of antient and reverend etymology. Modern critics are undetermined about them; but, for my part, I have always maintained, that Chints, Bullbulls, Morees, and Ponabaguzzy's, are of nobler and more generous uses than Doorguzzees or Nourfurmannys: Not but I hold against Byrampauts in favour of Niccannees and Boralchauders. Only I wish, that so accurate 2 judge would instruct me, why Tapzils and Sallampores have given place to Neganepauts? And why Bejatapoutz should be more esteemed than the finer fabrick of Blue Chelloes?

A very good rebuke of affectation, said Sir Charles (and your Ladyship hints it was an efficacious one). It serves to shew, that men, in their different attainments, may be equally useful; in other words, that the knowlege of polite literature leads not to every part of useful science. I remember, that my Harriet distinguishes very properly, in some of her Letters to her Lucy, between Language and Science; and that poor Mr. Walden (that I think was his name) was pretty much disconcerted, as a pedant may sometimes be, when (and he bowed to his Harriet) he has a natural genius to contend with. She blushed, and bowed as she sat — And I remember, Sir, said she, you promised to give me your animadversions on the Letters I consented you should see: Will you be pleased to correct me, now?

Correct you, my dearest Life! — What a word is that? I remember, that, in the conversation in which you were obliged, against your will, to bear so considerable a part, you demonstrated, that genius, without deep learning, made a much more shining figure in conversation, than learning without genius: But, upon the whole, I was a little apprehensive, that true learning might suffer, if languages were too slightly treated. Mr. Walden made one good observation, or rather remembred it, for it was long ago made, and will be always of weight, that the knowlege of languages, any more than the advantage of birth, was never thought lightly of by

those who had pretensions to either. The knowlege of the Latin language, in particular, let me say, is of singular use in the mastery of every science.

There are who aver, that men of parts have no occasion for learning: But, surely, our Shakespeare himself, one of the greatest genius's of any country or age (who, however, is an adept in the superior learning, the knowlege of nature) would not have been a sufferer, had he had that greater share of human learning which is denied him by some critics.

But, Sir Charles, said Mr. Deane, don't you think that Shakespeare, who lived before the great Milton, has an easier, pleasanter, and more intelligible manner of writing, than Milton? If so, may it not be owing to Milton's greater learning, that Shakespeare has the advantage of that immortal poet in perspicuity?

Is the fact certain, my dear Mr. Deane, that Milton wants perspicuity? I have been bold enough sometimes to think, that he makes a greater display of his reading, than was quite necessary to his unbounded subject. But the age in which Shakespeare flourished, might be called, The age of English Learning, as well as of English Bravery. The Queen and her court, the very Ladies of it, were more learned than any court of our English Sovereigns was before, or hath been since. What a prodigy of learning, in the short reign of Edward the VIth, was the Lady Jane Grey! — Greek, as well as Latin, was familiar to her: So it was to Queen Elizabeth. And can it be supposed, that the natural genius's of those Ladies were more confined, or limited, for their knowlege of Latin and Greek? Milton, tho' a little nearer us, lived in harsher and more tumultuous times.

O, Sir! said Harriet, then I find I was a very impertinent creature in the conversation to which you refer.

Not so, my dearest Love! — Mr. Walden, I remember, says, that learning in that assembly was not brought before a fair tribunal. He should have known, that it had not a competent advocate in him.

But, Sir Charles, said Mr. Beachamp, I cannot but observe, that too much stress is laid upon Learning, as it is called, by those who have pretensions to it. You will not always find, that a scholar is a more happy man than an unlearned one. He has not generally more prudence, more wisdom, in the management of his affairs.

What, my dear Beauchamp, is this saying, but that there is great difference between theory and practice? This observation comes very generously, and, with regard to the Ladies, very gallantly, from you, who are a learned man: But as you are also a very prudent man, let me ask you, Do you think you have the less prudence for your learning? If not, Is not learning a valuable addition?

But pray, Sir Charles, said Mrs. Selby, let me ask your opinion: Do you think, that if women had the same opportunities, the same education, as men, they

would not equal them, in their attainments?

Women, my dear Mrs. Selby, are women sooner than men are men. They have not, therefore, generally, the learning-time that men have, if they had equal genius's.

'If they had equal genius's,' brother. Very well. My dear Sister Harriet, you see you have given your hand to one of the Lords of the creation! — Vassal! bow to your Sovereign.

Sir Ch. My dearest Love, take not the advice without the example.

Lady G. Your servant, Sir. Well, but let me ask you, Do you think that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of the one Sex? A natural superiority in those of the other?

Sir Ch. Who will answer this question for me?

Not I, said Lord L. Not I, said Mr. Deane. Not I, said Mr. Beauchamp.

Then I have fairly taken you in — You would, if you could, answer it in the Ladies favour: This is the same as a confession. I may therefore the more boldly pronounce, that, generally speaking, I have no doubt but there is.

Help me, dear Ladies, said I, to fight this battle out. You say, Sr, you have no doubt that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of us, poor women; a natural superiority in you, imperial men.

Generally speaking, Charlotte. Not individually you Ladies, and us men: I believe all we who are present, shall be ready to subscribe to your superiority, Ladies.

I believe, brother, you fib: But let that pass.

Thank you, madam. It is for my advantage that it should; and perhaps for yours, smiling — There is a difference, pardon me, Ladies, we are speaking generally, in the constitution, in the temperament, of the two Sexes, that gives to the one advantages which it denies to the other: But we may not too closely pursue this subject; tho' the result, I am apt to believe, would put the matter out of dispute. Let us be more at large: Why has nature made a difference in the beauty, proportion, and symmetry, in the persons of the two Sexes? Why gave it delicacy, softness, grace, to that of the woman — as in the Ladies befor me; strength, firmness, to men; a capacity to bear labour and fatigue; and courage, to protect the other? Why gave it a distinction, both in qualities and plumage, to the different sexes of the feathered race? Why in the courage of the male and female animals? — The surly bull, the meek, the beneficent, cow, for one instance?

We looked upon one another.

There are exceptions to general rules, proceeded he. Mrs. Shirley surpasses all the men I ever knew, in wisdom — Mrs. Selby and Lady G. —

What of us, brother! What of us — to the advantage of your argument?

Heroic Charlotte! — You are both very happily married — The men the women, the women the men, you can mutually assist and improve each other. But still —

Your servant, brother, interrupted I. — Your servant, Sir Charles, said Mrs. Selby — And I say, Your servant too, said Mr. Selby.

Who sees not that my sister Charlotte is ready to disclaim the competition in fact, tho' not in words? Can there be characters more odious than those of a masculine woman, and an effeminate man? What are the distinguishing characteristics of the two Sexes? And whence this odiousness? There are, indeed, men, whose minds, if I may be allowed the expression, seem to be cast in a Female mould; whence the fops, foplings, and pretty fellows, who buz about your Sex at public places; women, whose minds seem to be cast in a masculine one; whence your Barnevelts, my dear, and most of the women who, at such places, give the men stare for stare, swing their arms, look jolly; and those married women who are so kind as to take the reins out of their husbands hands, in order to save the honest men trouble.

Your servant, Sir — Your servant, Sir — And some of them looked as if they had said, You cannot mean me, I hope; and those who spoke not, bowed and smiled thanks for his compliment to one fourth of the Sex.

My Lord insultingly rubbed his hands for joy; Mr. Selby crowed; the other men slily smiled, tho' they were afraid of giving a more open approbation.

O my Sister! said I, taking Harriet's hand, we women are mere Nothings — We are nothing at all!

How, my Charlotte! Make you no difference between being Every-thing and Nothing?

Were it not, my dear Ladies, proceeded he, for male protectors, to what insults, to what outrages, would not your Sex be subject? Pardon me, my dearest Love, if I strengthen my argument by your excellencies, bowing to his Harriet. Is not the dear creature our good Mrs. Shirley's own Daughter? All the feminine graces are here. She is, in my notion, what all women should be — But wants she not a protector? Even a dream, a resverie —

O Sir, spare me, spare me! sweetly blushing, said the lovely Harriet. I own I should have made a very silly, a very pusilanimous man! It is not long since, you know, Lady G. that I brought this very argument in favour of —

Hush, Harriet! You will give up the Female cause.

That is not fair, Charlotte, rejoined my brother; you should not intercept the convictions of an ingenuous mind — But I will spare my Harriet, if she will endeavour, for her own sake, to let nothing disturb her for the future but realities, and not any of these long, if they are inevitable ones.

But pray, Sir, said I, proceed in your argument, if you have any more to say.

O Charlotte! I have enough to say, to silence all your opposition, were I to give this subject its due weight. But we are only, for pleasantry-sake, skimming over the surface of the argument. Weaker powers are given generally for weaker purposes, in the oeconomy of Providence. I, for my part, however, disapprove not of our venerable Mrs. Shirley's observation; That we are apt to consider the Sex too much as a species apart: Yet it is my opinion that both God and Nature have designed a very apprent difference in the minds of both, as well as in the peculiar beauties of their persons. Were it not so, their offices would be confounded, and the women would not perhaps so readily submit to those domestic ones in which it is their province to shine, and the men would be allotted the distaff, or the needle; and you yourselves, Ladies, would be the first to despise such. I, for my part, would only contend, that we men should have power and right given us to protect and serve your Sex; that we should purchase and build for them; travel and toil for them; run through, at the call of Providence, or of our King and Country, dangers and difficulties; and, at last, lay all our trophies, all our acquirements, at your feet; enough rewarded in the conscience of duty done, and your favourable acceptance.

We were all of us again his humble servants. It was in vain to argue the tyranny of some husbands, when he could turn upon us the follies of some wives; and that wives and daughters were never more faulty, more undomestic, than at present; and when we were before a judge, that, tho' he could not be absolutely unpolite, would not flatter us, nor spare our foibles.

However, if stuck a little with Harriet, that she had given Cause to Sir Charles, in the dispute which she formerly bore a part in, relating to learning and languages, to think her more lively than she ought to be, and had spoken too lightly of languages. She sweetly blushing, like a young wife solicitous for the good opinion of the Beloved of her heart, revived that cause.

He spoke very highly in her praise, upon the occasion; owned, that the Letters he had been favoured with the sight of, had given him deeper impressions in her favour, than even her Beauty: Hoped for farther communications; applauded her for her principles, and her inoffensive vivacity — That sweet, that innocent vivacity, and noble frankness of heart, said he, taking her hand, which I hope you will never think of restraining.

As to the conversation you speak of, proceeded he, I repeat, that I was apprehensive, when I read it, that languages were spoken of in it slightly; and yet, perhaps, I am mistaken. You, my Beauchamp, I think, if my dearest Life will oblige us both by the communication, and chooses to do so (for that must be the condition on which all her goodness to us must be expected) shall be judge

between us: You know, better than I, what stories of unexhausted knowledge lie in the works of those great Antients, which suffered in the hands of poor Mr. Walden: You know what the past and present ages have owed, and what all future will owe, to Homer, Aristotle, Virgil, Cicero: You can take in the necessity there is of restraining innovation, and preserving old rules and institutions, and of employing the youth of our Sex, who would otherwise be much worse employed (as we see in those who neglect their studies) in the attainment of languages that can convey to them such lights in every science: Tho' it were to be wished, that morals should take up more of the learner's attention than they generally do. You know, that the truest parts of learning are to be found in the Roman and Greek writers; and you know, that translation (were everything worthy our notice translated) cannot convey those beauties which scholars only can relish; and which learned foreigners, if a man travels, will expect should not have escaped his observation. As to the Ladies, Mrs. Shirley, has admirably observed, that there is a degree of knowledge very compatible with their duties (Condescending excellence! bowing to Mrs. Shirley) and highly becoming them; such as will make them rejoice, and, I will add, improve a man of sense, sweeten his manners, and render him a much more sociable, a much more amiable creature, and, of consequence, greatly more happy in himself, than otherwise he would be from books and solitude.

Well but, brother, you said just now, that we were only, for pleasantry-sake, skimming over the surface of the argument; and that you had enough to say to silence all my opposition, were you to give the subject its due weight. I do assure you, that, to silence all my opposition, you must have a vast deal more to say, than you have said hitherto; and yet you have thrown in some hints which stick with me, tho' you have concluded with some magnificent intimations of superiority over us — Power and right to protect, travel, toil for us, and lay your trophies at our feet, and-so-forth — Surely, surely, this is diminishing us, and exalting yourselves, by laying us under high obligations to your generosity. Pray, Sir, let us have, if you please, one or two intimation of those weightier arguments, that could, as you fancy, silence your Charlotte's opposition. I say, that we women, were our education the same — You know what I would be at — Your weightier arguments, if you please — or a specimen only on passant.

Supposing, my Charlotte, that all human souls are, in themselves, equal; yet the very design of the different machines in which they are inclosed, is to superinduce a temporary difference on their original equality; a difference adapted to the different purposes for which they are designed by Providence in the present transitory state. When those purposes are at an end, this difference will be at an end too. When Sex ceases, inequality of Souls will cease; and women will

certainly be on a foot with men, as to intellectuals, in Heaven. There, indeed, will you no longer have Lords over you: neither will you have Admirers: Which, in your present estimate of things, will perhaps balance the account. In the mean time, if you can see any occasions that may call for stronger understandings in male life, than in your own; you, at the same time, fee an argument to acquiesce in a persuasion of a present inequality between the two Sexe. You know, I have allowed exceptions. Will you, Charlotte, compliment yourself with being one?

Now, brother, I feel, methinks, that you are a little hard upon Charlotte: But, Ladies, you see how the matter stands. — You are all silent. — But, Sir, you graciously allow, that there is a degree of knowledge which is very compatible with the DUTIES of us women, and highly becoming us: will you have the goodness to point out to us what this compatible learning is, that we may not mistake — and so become excentric, as I may say, burst out orb, and do more mischief than ever we could do good?

Could I point out the boundaries, Charlotte, it might not to some spirits be so proper: The limit might be treated as the one prohibited tree in the garden. But let me say, That genius, whether in man or woman, will push itself into light. If it has a laudable tendency, let it, as a ray of the Divinity, be encouraged, as well in the one Sex as in the other: I would not, by any means, have it limited: A little knowledge leads to vanity and conceit. I would only, methinks, have a Parent, a Governor, a Preceptor, bend his strength to restrain its foibles; but not throw so much cold water upon the sacred flame as should quench it; since, if he did, stupidity, at least dejection, might take place of the emanation, and the person might be miserable for life.

Well, then, we must compromise, I think, said I: But, on recollection, I thought I had injoined you, Sir Charles, to the observance of neutrality. Harriet, whispered I, we are only, after all, to be allowed, as far as I can find, in this temporary state, like tame doves, to go about house, and-se-forth, as Biddy says, in the play.

Harriet, could she have found time (But, by mutual consent, they are hardly ever asunder) would have given you a better account of this conversation than I have done; so would Lucy: But take it, as it offers, from

Your ever-affectionate CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LVI.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO LADY L.

Sunday, Nov. 19.

MY dear Lady G. insists upon my writing to your Ladyship an account of the appearance which the loveliest Couple in England made this day at Church.

We all thought nothing could have added to the charms of our Harriet's person; but yet her dress and jewels did. I sighed, from pride for the honour of Female Beauty, to think they did. Can my dear Harriet, thought I, exquisitely lovely as she is in any dress, be ornamented by richer silks than common, by costly laces, by jewels? Can dress add grace to that admirable proportion, and thse fine features, to which no painter yet has ever done justice, tho' every family related to her has a picture of her, drawn by a different hand of eminence?

We admired the Bridegroom as much as we did her, when, (before we could have thought he had been half ready) he joined Mrs. Shirley, my Aunt Selby, and me, in the great Parlour, completely dressed. But what we most admired in him was, that native dignity and ease, and that inattentiveness to his own figure and appearance, which demonstrate the trulyfine gentleman, accustomed, as he is, to be always elegant.

When his Lady presented herself to him, and to us, in all her glory, how did the dear creature dazle us! We involuntarily arose, as if to pay our homage to her. Sir Charles approached her with rather an air of greater freedom than usual, as if he considered not the dress, as having added to the value he has for her: Yet, Loveliest of women, he called her; and taking her hand, presented her to her grandmamma: Receive, and again bless, my Angel, said he, best of Parents! — How lovely! But what is even all this amazing loveliness to the graces of her mind? They rise upon me every hour. She hardly opens her lips, but I find reason to bless God, and bless you both, my dear Ladies: For God and you have given her goodness. — My dearest Life, allow me to say, that this sweet person, which will be your first perfection in every stranger's eye, is but a second in mine.

Instruct me, Sir, said she, bashfully, bowing her face upon his hand, as he held hers, to deserve your Love, by improving the mind you have the goodness to prefer; and no creature was ever on earth so happy as I shall be.

My dear Daughter, said her delighted grandmother, you see can hardly bare your goodness, Sir. You must blame her for something, to keep down her pride.

My Harriet, replied he, cannot be proud of what the silkworm can do for her, or of the jeweller's polish: But now you call upon me, madam, I will tax her with

a real fault. I open all my heart to her, as subjects occasionally offer: I want her to have a will, and to let me know it. The frankest of all Female hearts will not treat me with that sweet familiarity which banishes distance. You see, my dearest Love, that I chide you before your parental friends, and your Lucy.

It is your own fault, Sir: Indeed it is. You prevent me in all my wishes. Awe will mingle with the Love of persons who are under perpetual obligation. My dear two mamma's, you must not blame me; you must blame Sir Charles: He takes away, by his goodness, even the power of making suitable acknowlegements, and then complains I do not speak.

My uncle Selby came in. He stood looking upon my cousin, for a few moments, in silence; then broke out, Sir Charles Grandison, you may indeed boast, that you have for a Wife the Flower of the British world, as you once called her: And, let me tell you, Niece, you have for a Husband the noblest and gallantest of men. Happy, happy Pair! say I. My dear Mr. Deane, said he, who just then entered, if you will keep me in countenance, I will venture to salute that charming creature.

Sir Charles presented his Bride to them both. With a bent knee she received their salutes. At that moment came in the three Lords, who followed the example. Lord W. called her Angel — Sir Charles looked delighted with the praises of his Bride.

The rest of the company being come, we proceeded to church.

We were early; but the Church was crouded. How were the charming Couple admired on their alighting, and as they walked to their pew! Never did my Cousin herself look so lovely! How charmingly looked the Bridegroom! But he forgot not that humble deportment, full of reverence for the place, and the Divine Offices, which seemed to make him absent for the time to that splendor and beauty which took every eye out of our own pew. His example was enough to give a proper behaviour, had it been needful, to every one in it.

I should have told your Ladyship, that Mr. Greville had sent, ever-night, a sullenly-complaisant request to my aunt, in writing, importing, that as he heard the Bride would make her appearance on the morrow, the Bride-men and maids, if it broke not into our Ceremonial, would accept of his pew, which is over-against ours, for the look of the thing, he said; tho' he could not promise but he should all the day curse the occasion. By this we found, he was not gone to Lady Frampton's, as he had designed. His offer was thankfully accepted.

There was a great concourse of the genteelest people there. Every-body, men and women, looked delighted on the occasion. The humility of the Bride was tried, by the respects paid her between the offices, by all who had ever been in her company. They should have reined in their own pride; for it was to that, as much

as to respect to her, I doubt not, that their notice was owing. She looked conscious, bashful; sly, I told her afterwards. She hates the word: But, as I said, she should not have given the idea, that made no other word so proper to express it, and which must be more observable in her generally open free countenance, than in that of any other. She more than once saw devoirs paid her by a leer, when her sweet face was so disposed, that, had she not returned the compliment, it might have passed that she had not seen them. But what an Insensible must have been my cousin, had she not been proud of being Lady Grandison! She is not quite an Angel, yet: She has a few Femalities, as my uncle whimsically calls our little foibles. So, perhaps, she should. But nobody saw the least defect in your brother. His dress most charmingly became him; and when he looked upon his Bride, his eyes were fixed on her eyes, with such a sweet benignity and complaisance, as if he saw her mind through them, and could not spare a glance to her ornaments: Yet by his own dress he shewed, that he was not Stoical non-conformist to the fashion of the world. But the politeness and respect with which he treated her, did them both credit, and credit (as Lady G. observed) to the whole Sex, Such unaffected tenderness in his respect; and known to be so brave, so good a man! — O my dear Lady L. what an admirable man is your brother! What a happy creature is my Harriet!

When Divine Service was over, I was afraid our Procession, as I may call it, would have been interrupted by the compliments of some of the gentry of our acquaintance, whose opened pew-doors shewed their readiness to address them: But all passed in silent respects from Gentlemen and Ladie. My cousin, when she came home, rejoiced that one of her parading times was over: But when, my dearest Love, said Sir Charles, will the time be past, that all who see you will admire you?

The Church in the afternoon was still more crouded than before. How were Sir Charles and my uncle blessed by the poor, and people of low degree, for their well-dispensed bounty to them!

My cousin has delighted Mrs. Shirly, by telling her, that Sir Charles had said there would be a Rite wanting, till he and she had communicated, according to the order of the Church, at the Altar, on this particular occasion.

Just now is every-thing settled that Sir Charles wished to be settled. Lady G. will acquaint you with particulars, I doubt not.

Permit me to commend myself to your Ladyship’s favours, as one of the

Humblest and sincerest of your Servants, LUCY SELBY.

P. S. Lady G. has half broke my heart.

On perusal of what I have written, she says, I have not done my best: I have not given half particulars enough. — In short, she finds a multitude of faults with

me — Even calls me names, Sorry girl, lazy, and I can't tell what.

But do you, madam, acquit me, and I shall be easy.

I told her, that I thought I had been very minute.

What! to a lying-in-woman, she says, who has no variety before her! All one dull chamberscene, hourly acted over again — The subject so rich!

I answered, It should then have had the richest pen! — Why did she not write herself? If it was not for laziness-sake, it was for self-sake, that she did not. As I knew Lady L. would have been a gainer by the change of pen, I had much rather have been in the company for which she quitted the task, than grubbing pens in my closet; and all to get nothing but discommendation.

I have shewn her this my Postcript. She raves: But I am hardened. She will soon have an oppertunity to supply all my defects, in person.

Volume VII

LETTER I.

MIS;S LUCY SELBY, TO LADY G.

Saturday, Nov. 25.

YOU enjoined me, my dear Lady G. at parting on Monday last, to write to you; and to be very particular in what I wrote. I will, because I love and fear you. Otherwise I would not write at all; first, because I had not the good fortune to please you, in mine to Lady L.; and next, because I shall so soon have the honour to attend you in town. Well then, I begin.

On Tuesday we women were employed in preparations for the tenants jubilee, next day. Sir Charles, attended by my brother, paid a morning visit to Mr. Greville, whom he found moody, reserved, and indisposed. My brother James says, that he never saw such a manly, yet tender treatment, from one man to another, as Sir Charles gave him; and that he absolutely subdued him, and left him acknowledgeing the favour of his visit, and begging a repetition of it, as often as he could, while he staid in these parts; and that, he said, as well for his credit, as for his comfort. But when, Sir Charles, said he, do you carry from us the Syren? I will call her names. I hate her. The sooner the better. Curse me, if I shall be able to creep out of the house, while she is visible on Northamptonshire ground — Tho' I was a friend to the match — Do you mind that, young man (to my brother James): O Love! Love! added he, of what contradictions art thou the cause! Tho' I hate her, I almost long to see her. You'll allow me to visit you both, I hope when I have got over these plaguy megrims?

The same day Sir Charles making a friendly visit, as going by Sir John Holles's seat, to that family, found Miss Orme there, expecting her brother to call for her in his post-chaise.

Great civilities passed between Sir Charles and Miss Orme. She was doubtful whether her brother had, at that time, best see Sir Charles, as he was weak in health and Spirits: But just as Sir Charles was at the gate, going to his chariot, attended by Sir John and the young Ladies, poor Mr. Orme came.

The Liveries would not allow Mr. Orme to doubt who it was. He turned pale. Sir Charles addressed himself to him with his usual polite freedom. Knowing, Sir, said he, that Mr. Orme was expected by one of the best of Sisters, I presume to salute you, as the Mr. Orme to whom I have been desirous, ever since I have been in Northamptonshire, to pay my compliments.

Sir Charles Grandison, Sir —

At your service, Mr. Orme; taking his hand.

The happiest man in the world, replied Mr. Orme, with some emotion. The best, the loveliest woman on earth calls you hers.

I am, I think myself, the happiest of men. But it will add to my joy, to have it wished me by so good a man as Mr. Orme.

Ah, Sir! — Could I wish joy to any man on this occasion, it would be to you, because of your character; and in the reflection, that the most excellent of women must be happier with you, than any other man could have made her. But Self, Self, Sir! He is indeed a hero, who, with such a servent attachment as mine, can divest himself of Self. I loved her, Sir, from her early infancy, and never knew another Love.

The man, Mr. Orme, who loved Miss Byron, gave distinction to himself. Permit me to present her to you, and you to her, as dear friends; and allow me a third place in your friendship. You have a sister who justly claims a second. I dare engage for the dear creature, from what I know of her value for Mr. Orme, that she will allow of this friendship, on the foot of his own merits, were my recommendation out of the question.

O Sir Charles! you are, you ought to be, the man. And will you allow me on these terms to visit you, and visit her? — But, alas! I fear, I fear, I cannot soon —

At your own time, my dear Mr. Orme. — At Mr. Selby's; at her house in London; in Hampshire; where-ever she is, and whether I am present or absent, Mr. Orme will be received as her brother and my brother, as her friend and my friend.

Good God! Good God! — He gushed into tears. He ran into the house to hide his emotion; but in vain; for when he went in, he wept like a child! — Forgive me, forgive me, Sir John! (who just then came in from taking leave of his noble guest) but there is no bearing this man's magnanimity! — He is all I have heard of him. Happy, happy Miss Byron! — No man but this could deserve her. But where is he? rising: I will ask his pardon for my abrupt departure from him.

He is gone, answered Sir John. I saw him in his chariot! Good Mr. Orme! he called you, and sighed for you. Poor Mr. Orme declared, that he would wait upon Sir Charles, and tell him, how acceptable to his heart, and what balm to his mind, would be the tender he had the goodness to make him. Sister, said he, you were at the gate, as well as the young Ladies; did he not hint, did he not say, that Miss Byron spoke of me with tenderness?

Miss Kitty Holles supplied to us afterwards my brother's account of what passed in this accidental interview. These dear girls know not how to keep from Selby-house. They are good girls; how then can they help admiring Sir Charles Grandison?

I begin to fancy I am in a way to please you, Lady G. Of which at taking up my pen, I had little hopes, and therefore intended not to take much pains about it. But the subject must warm the coldest genius. Is it not of your brother, and my cousin?

In the afternoon, a Letter was brought from Sir Rowland Meredith. My cousin intends to shew it to you in town. Such a mix are in it, of joy and sadness; of condolement and congratulation; I believe was never seen in one sheet of paper. It is dated from Windsor. The good man was there in his way to town; resolving to pay a visit to the wonderful man, as he calls im, of whom he had heard so great a character; nd who was probably to be the husband of his daugr Byron; and there he heard (from Lord W's dostics I suppose) that Sir Charles was in Northamptonshire, and that the marriage was actually solemnized. He therefore intended to set out directly for Bath, where Mr. Fowler was, or at the Hot-well at Bristol, pursuing measures for his health; with a view to console his poor boy.

This is a good old man. Methinks I am half ready to wish, that some of my cousin's admirers would dry up their tears, and come among us: Yet we are nice and dainty girls, some of us, let me tell you. — Tis foolish, however, to suggest leavings, and such sort of stuff; the Lady such as but one man could deserve; his merit allowed universally.

Sir Charles acquainted his Lady with all that had passed between him and Mr. Orme. She received his account with joy and thankfulness.

You are enter'd, Sir, said she, into a numerous family. I have called Sir Rowland Meredith my Father; Mr. Fowler my Brother. Be pleased to read this Letter.

I remember the relation, my dear, returned Sir Charles, and acknowledge it. Mr. Fowler is another Mr. Orme. Sir Rowland is a very worthy man.

He read it — What an excellent heart has Sir Rowland! My dearest Love! cultivate their friendship as I will Mr. Orme's. My pity for these worthy objects, joining with yours, and the frankness of our mutual behaviour to them, will strengthen their hearts. We owe it to them, my dearest Life, as much as it is in our power, to soften their disappointment. — Could they have a greater?

O my Lady G! Who can think of a man after this — Except one might hope, from the personal knowledge of his charming behaviour, that the men who addressed us, might be improved by such an example?

The Tenants Jubilee, as they called it, was on Wednesday. It was a much more orderly day than we expected. Sir Charles was all condescension and chearful goodness: My cousin all graciousness, was the word for her. Mrs. Shirley was of the company How was she reverenced! She ever was! Once when the bride was withdrawn, and Sir Charles was engaged in talk with Mr. Deane, she whispered

two or three of her tenants to tell the rest, that it was great joy to her, to be assured, that after her departure, the tenants of her dear Mr. Shirley would be treated with as much kindness (perhaps with more) as he, and as she, after his example, had ever treated them. Yet one caution, I give, said she: My dear son will see with his own eyes: He will dispense with his own hands. He will not be imposed upon.

Thursday and Friday the Bride saw company. There was as little both days of the impertinence that attends form, as, I believe, was ever known on the like occasion; but more of sincere admiration. We had a vast number of people. Some of them persons of fashion, with whom we had but slender acquaintance; but who wished to see the happy pair.

We shall be this day at Shirley-manor in a family way: In that, my dear Lady G. (after all the bustle and parade that we can make) lies the true, because the untumultuous joy.

To-morrow we shall serve God in our usual way.

Adieu, my dear Lady G. — This is the sort of stuff you must be satisfied with from a poor untalented girl, as is

Your ever-devoted, LUCY SELBY.

No end of duty, love, compliments, &c. I begin again to doubt I shan’t please you: — So am (allowably) tired.

LETTER II.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, Nov. 27.

COME, come, Lucy, you do pretty well. Don't be disheartned, child. Yet you are not quite the clever girl I once thought you. You, that held such a part in the correspondence of our Harriet. — But you say, you can't help it. Poor girl! I am sorry for it. Your talents lie in speech, not in writing. — Your account of the interview between Orme and my brother, shews you can't write at all. No, not you — Poor Lucy! But write one Letter more before you come to town. Do! my dear! You have charming subjects before you, yet.

I, you see, have a talent to make subjects out of nothing: You, poor soul! can't follow them when made to your hand. I'll tell you a story of my good man and his good woman. A short one. The poor man is very sensible of slight ailments. Happy, as he is, in a wife, no wonder he is afraid of dying. He was complaining to me just now [To whom but to a pitying wife should a man complain when he ails any-thing?] that he had a troublesome disorder in the inside of his mouth. I looked very grave; shook my careful head. I am afraid, my Lord, something is breeding there, that should not. He started, and looked concerned. The man will never know me. God sorbid! said he — afraid of nothing less than a cancer. Have I not told you a thousand times, my Lord, of your gaping? As sure as you are alive, your mouth is fly-blown.

Expecting compassion, he found a jest, and never was man so angry. I was forced to take his hand, and stroke his cheeks with mine, to be friends.

But, Lucy, let not any of these flippances meet my brother's eye, or invade his ear: I shall be undone if they do.

Caroline is pure well. Her Lord is never out either of her chamber, or the nursery.

Aunt Nell makes an admirable nurse. Her parrot and her squirrel are now neglected for a little marmouset. Every-body but the real nurse likes aunt Nell. The good creature is so understanding, so directing! I protest, these old maids think they know every-thing. The nurse, I see, can't endure her.

I interfere not. The boy is robust, and they leave him the free exercise of his limbs, and he has a fine pipe, and makes the nursery ring whenever he pleases; so will do well enough.

But high-ho, Lucy! all these nursery memento's, how do they sadden and mortify me! The word mother, what a solemn sound has it to me now; Caroline's

situation before me! — But, come, the evil day is at distance: Who's afraid?

Beauchamp sighs for Emily: Emily for somebody else. Sir Hargrave is still miserable. Poor Sir Harry! He still lives! But can life be life, when there is no hope?

Write me one more Letter before you come up: If it be ever so short a one. Don't be proud and saucy: You imagine, I suppose, that you can't write as well as Harriet and I. Granted. Attempt it not therefore. But write as well as you can; and that, till Harriet can find herself at leisure to resume her pen, shall content

Your true friend, and humble servant, CH. G.

No end of your compliments to us in town, you say. — No end of ours to you in the country, were I to begin them: Therefore will not say a word about them. You know my meaning by my gaping.

LETTER III.

MISS SELBY, TO LADY G.

Thursday Night, No. 30.

AND must I write your Ladyship one more Letter?

And will a short one content you?

Well then, I'll try for it.

On Sunday last, we hoped to be quiet and good: But the church was as much crouded as it was the Sunday before.

Monday and Tuesday the Bride and Bridegroom returned the visits made them. At one, they met Miss Orme, and accompanied her to their seat called The Park, at her request. You did not seem to like my account of Sir Charles's interview with Mr. Orme in my last: So I will not tell you what passed on accasion of this visit to that worthy man. I will be as perverse as you are difficult. I don't care. Yet, as your new sister described the meeting and parting to me, you would have been pleased with what I could have told you.

Yesterday we had a Ball given by Mrs. Shirley. Were I able to write to please you, how I could expatiate on this occasion! How did the Bridegroom shine! Every-body was in raptures with him, on his charming behaviour to his Bride. The notice he took of her was neither too little, nor too much, for the most delicate observers. Every young Lady envied her; and how coldly did some of them look on their own humble servants! They indeed were as regardful of him as their mistresses; so bore the preference the better. My uncle Selby was all, and more than all, he used to be. How happy, that he is a sober man! His joy, raised by wine, would have made him mad.

This day we have been all happy together. A calm, serene day; at Shirley-manor! And thus is the matter settled among us — Your brother and new sister; my uncle and aunt Selby; Mr. Deane, and your Ladyship's humble servant; are to set out early to-morrow morning for London. My brother James would sain accompany us; Sir Charles kindly inviting him: But I withstood it; so did my aunt; the private reason because of Miss Jervois.

Sir Charles thinks to stay in town till the Friday following; and then proposes to carry his Bride and all of us, to Grandison-hall.

A motion was made to Sir Charles by my grandmamma Selby; whether he would not choose to be presented with his Lady to the King on their nuptials. Sir Charles answered, that he was ready to comply with every proposal that should

shew his duty to his Sovereign, and the grateful sense he had of the honour done him by his Harriet.

We are to call on Lord and Lady W. at Windsor; and take them with us.

My cousin and I are to write constantly to our two grandmamma's. My sister Nancy devotes herself to our grandmother Selby. Miss Holles's will constantly visit Mrs. Shirley. Sir Charles is to bring down his Lady twice a year, or oftner, if conveniency permit.

He hoped, he said, after a while, to induce his Harriet to take a trip with him to Ireland, to inspect the improvements making in his estate there. He will find no difficulty, I believe, to prevail upon her to accompany him thither; nor even, were he disposed to it, to the world's end.

He hopes for a visit from the Italian family, so deservedly dear to him; by which he is to regulate many of his future motions.

His new-taken house in Grosvenor-square being, as you know, nearly ready, he proposes to compliment with it those noble guests, for the time of their residence in England; for he, will not, it seems, be so soon obliged to quit his present London-house, as he had thought he must.

And thus, my dear Lady G. have I obeyed your commands. I know you will not be satisfied with me. Had I been able to follow a subject that was made to my hand, I should have attempted the parting scene between my cousin and her grandmamma. Could I have borrowed your pen, I would have display'd the tender, yet magnanimous parent, not once, tho' tottering with age and infirmities, hinting that she might never again see the darling of her heart. She saddened not hope; but encouraged it. All she said, demonstrated Love of her Harriet, divested of Self, and a soul above the weaker passions; and well might she, since she has already one foot among the stars, and can look down with pity, unmixed with envy, on all those who by their youth, are doomed to toil through the rugged road of life, in search of a happiness that is not to be met with in it; and at the highest, can be compounded for, only by the blessing of a contented mind. With the same pen, before I had resigned it, would I have described the lovely grandchild embraceing the knees of the indulgent parent, not satisfied with one, two, three blessings; and, less generously in the purport, tho' not in the intent (judging from her own present happiness, that there is still something worth wishing for to be met with in this world) praying to God to preserve the over-ripened fruit still on the withered tree: In which we all joined. But O how much less generously, as I hinted, because it was altogether for our own sakes! — But I know not whose pen I must have borrowed, to have done justice to Sir Charles Grandison's behaviour on this occasion!

Excuse this serious conclusion, my dear Lady G. My cousin shall not see it. May she know nothing but felicity! In hers is bound up that of Sir Charles Grandison; and in his that of hundreds. I long, tho' we parted so lately, to throw myself at your feet, and to assure you, that whatever defects there are in my pen, there are none in the Love borne you, by

Your Ladyship's Most sincere admirer, and humble Servant, LUCY SELBY.

LETTER IV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Thursday, December 7.

LUCY (my ever honoured grandmamma) has given you the particulars of the rapturous reception I met with on Saturday, from my dear Lady L. on the visit we made her in her chamber. She, as well as her Lord, welcomed and congratulated us, and herself, with such a grace! — They are a charming pair! — We all rejoiced with her, on the addition she had made to two families so worthy.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison received us also in raptures.

How did the tenderly kind notice which Sir Charles took of the lovely little infant (It is a fine child!) delight the happy mother, and every-body!

Lord and Lady G. met us at Lady L's; Emily, and the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, with them. How affectionately did the dear girl welcome us, after a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, and which we passed over as tears of joy! But Lucy has given you all particulars ; and the noble manner also, in which Sir Charles gave me possession of his house, on our first arrival. Every-body was charmed with it. It cost my aunt some tears.

The Christening was delayed till Monday; because Sir Charles was desirous it should be performed at church. He had some few difficulties to get over, before he carried his point; and this was the substance of his reasonings on the subject: People of fashion, he said, should consider themselves as examples to the lower orders of people. They should shew a conformity to the laws of their country, both ecclesiastical and civil, where they can do it with a good conscience. In the present case, Baptism, said he, is one of our two sacraments; and shall it not be performed, when it can, as the church directs; the child in full health?

I will give you, my dear grandmamma, journalwise, I think, an account of our proceedings; still referring myself to my Lucy for such particulars as now I shall not have time to give. For you know, my dear grandmamma, that my time is not now my own, as it used to be; tho' I shall think myself very ungrateful, and undutiful too, if I permit my new duties so wholly to engross me, as to furnish an excuse for the neglect of those which from my very birth I owe to you.

I think Lucy has not mentioned to you the lively conversations that passed in the evening, after the christening, between Sir Charles and Lady G. she choosing to single out her brother (as she had threatned, unknown to him, to do) in order to try once more her strength with him, in vivacity and raillery. She delighted every-body with her wit: For it was not so rapid and so unguarded as sometimes it is. He

condescended, was Lucy's just observation, to return wit for her wit, in order to follow her lead, as he saw the company was delighted with their conversation; and was exceedingly brilliant. She complimented herself on the merit of having drawn him out, tho' to her own disadvantage. Finding herself overmatched, she shifted her attacks, and made one upon me; but with so much decorum and complaisance, as shewed she intended to do me honour, rather than herself.

Tuesday evening.] Sir Charles is just returned from visiting Sir Harry Beauchamp. The poor man numbers his hours, and owned, that the three the best of men gave him, as by his own watch (tho' Sir Charles intended to be back in one) were more happy ones than he had promised himself in this life. O madam! How easy sits my Sir Charles's piety upon him! He can pity a dying friend, without saddening his own heart; for he lives the life of duty as he goes along, and fears not the inevitable lot!

Wednesday.] He is just returned from a visit to Sir Hargrave. Sir Hargrave, it seems, complimented him, but with tears in his eyes, on his marriage. Great God! said he, how are you rewarded! How am I punished! Is there not hope that I have all my punishment in this life? I am sure, it is very, very heavy.

He visited the same day Mrs. Oldham, and her children.

He drank tea this afternoon with the Danby family in full assembly, at the house of the elder brother; and came to my cousin Reeves's to supper. My uncle, aunt, Mr. Deane, and Lucy, accompanied me thither to tea and supper, where, as by promise, we were joined by Lord and Lady G. Lord L. Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, my Emily, and Mr. Beauchamp. Mr. Reeves had also invited Lady Betty Williams. What felicitations did she pour on me! She sighed, poor Lady! for the unhappy step her daughter had taken: And I sighed for the mother; who, tho' she had not given her daughter a bad example, had not set her a good one.

Lucy will tell you what a charming evening we had.

On Thursday,] Mr. Grandison presented his newmarried Lady to Sir Charles and me, on account of our marriage, and dined with us. Sir Charles received the Lady, as well as his cousin, with the utmost politeness. She is far from being a disgreeable woman: But, at first, the awe she had of the people of rank in company, particularly of Lady G. as she owned to me, gave her an air of aukwardness. But Sir Charles's polite notice of her soon made her easy.

Mr. Grandison found an opportunity to praise to me her good sense and fine qualities; but in such a way, as if he were making apologies for having given the honour of his name to a woman under his own rank (ungrateful!) who yet had re-established him: He concluded his panegyric with letting me know, that she had already presented him with 25,000 pounds: He looked as if he thought he deserved it all: and actually called her a very discerning woman. I questioned not,

I told him, his gratitude to a Lady so deserving; and he as good as promised to reward her by his Love; whispering, with an air of self-sufficiency, sticking his hand in his side, and surveying himself to the right and left, Her former Husband, madam, was a very plain, but an honest man. But I do assure you she has taste! — O dear! O dear! thought I to myself.

Sir Charles invited them both to Grandison-hall, and she seemed not a little proud on his calling her, as he did several times, Cousin.

Lord L. and Lord and Lady G. dined with us, as did Mrs. Eleanor Grandison and Emily. Lady G. in the main, behaved prettily enough to Mr. Grandison and his Bride. But once a little forgetting herself, and putting on a supercilious air, I whispered her, Dear Lady G. consider, you can give pride to others by your condescension: You must not yourself condescend to be proud.

Be you, my Harriet, re-whispered she, always my monitress. It is the sorry fellow, not his wife, that I look down upon, She, a widow Cit, might have done still worse.

Cit! Lady G. And in a trading kingdom?

Ay, Cit, child! Have you not heard my brother say, that even in the republic of Venice, there are young nobility and old nobility: Distinctions in blood every-where but at Amsterdam!

Who, and what, at first, made the distinction, my dear? asked I.

Be quiet, Harriet! — I think I am very good —

And at the height of your goodness, Charlotte?

Be quiet, when I bid you? aloud.

Sir Charles a little jealous of our whispering, for the sake of his cousins, turning to Mr. Grandison, Your cousin Charlotte, you know, Sir, is always hard pressed, when she calls out, Be quiet.

I was always rejoiced, replied he, when my cousin was brought to that.

Sir Charles has been twice at the Drawing-room, since we have been in town. He admires the integrity of heart of his Sovereign, as much as he reveres his royal dignity. Once I remember, he wished that his Majesty would take a summer's progress thro' his British, another into his Irish, dominions; but expresly with this proviso, That every gentleman and woman of condition should be welcome at his court, who came not in new dresses to pay their duty to him; and this lest the gentry's vying with each other in appearance, should hurt their private circumstances; and for the same reason, that he would graciously treat, but not be treated by, any of the nobility at their houses.

To-morrow morning, Sir Charles, his grateful Harriet, happy creature! my uncle and aunt Selby, Mr. Deane, and Emily, are to set out by the way of Windsor for Grandison-hall. We are to take an early dinner there with Lord and Lady W.;

who, on that condition, have promised to attend their beloved nephew, and his friends, to the Hall.

Lord G. is allowed to stay a week with us, and no more. He is then to attend his now but halfsaucy Lady, at one of the Earl of G's seats in Hertfordshire; where, by promise of long-standing, she is to keep her Christmas: At which she mutters not a little; because she would sain have been with us; and because she imagines, it will be proper for her to confine herself at home, by the time they will part with her.

My aunt Selby, and even my uncle, will write. He must, he says, the overflowings of his joy. Lucy loves to describe houses, furniture, gardens, and such like. She says, she will sometimes give conversations too, at which I shall not be present; but will leave to my pen persons, characters, and what passes of the more tender sort in conversations where I am by. But as well Lucy's Letters, as mine, are to be sent to Lady G. unsealed; and she, after shewing them to her sister, will hasten them to Northamptonshire. Referring therefore to Lucy for more particular accounts, I subscribe myself, with all duty and grateful love to my grandmamma, as well as with kindest remembrances to all my dear friends,

Your happy, thrice happy, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Saturday 12 o'clock, Dec. 9.

O My dearest, dearest grandmamma! Here I am! The declared mistress of this spacious house, and the happiest of human creatures! This is all at this instant I can write.

LORD and Lady W. honoured us, as they had promised, with their company; but detained us so long, that we were obliged to he one night on the road. But by eleven this morning we arrived here.

At our alighting, Sir Charles clasping me in his arms, I congratulate you, my dearest life, said he, on your entrance into your own house. The last Lady Grandison, and the present, might challenge the whole British nation to produce their equals. Then turning to every one of his guests, those of my family first, as they were strangers to the place, he said the kindest, the politest things that ever proceeded from the mouth of man. I wept for joy. I would have spoken, but could not. Every-body congratulated the happy Harriet.

Dr. Bartlett was approaching to welcome us, but drew back till our mutual congratulations were over. He then appeared. I present to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, said the best of men, the lovely friend, whom you have so long wished to see mistress of this house. He then offered my hand to the Doctor.

God bless you, madam! tears in his eyes. — God bless you both! Then kissed, instead of myhand, which I withdrew, my offered cheek. He could say no more: I could not speak distinctly.

My dear Sir Charles led me, followed by all our rejoicing friends, thro' a noble dining-room to the drawing-room, called, The Lady's: The whole house, my dear, said he, and every person and thing belonging to it, is yours: But this apartment is more particularly so. Let what is amiss in it, be altered as you would have it.

O Sir! grasping his presenting hand between both mine, was all I could say.

This room is elegantly furnished. It is hung with a light green velvet, delicately ornamented; the chairs of the same; the frames of them gilt; as is the frame of a noble cabinet in it. — My mother's, my dearest life, whispered he. It will be always fashionable: And you, I know, will value it on her account. — Indeed I shall. — He presented me with the keys. Here perhaps will you deposit your letters and correspondences; some of which (the continuation of those I have had the honour to see) you will allow me to peruse. But of choice, remember, madam.

For your whole heart must be in the grant of the favours you will confer upon me of this kind.

Dear Sir, said I, leave me power of speech; my will shall be yours, in every-thing. But you will find a strange, strange heart, laid open to you, if you command from me a sight of the papers, that probably will be reposited here, when all my matters are brought from Northamptonshire.

You shall have all the Letters you ever wrote to me, and the venerable circle, said Lucy; a loan, not a gift; if you will shew them to Sir Charles.

Courage, Lucy, not inclination, will be only wanting.

Thank you, Lucy, said he. Thank you, my Love, to me. You must make marks against the passages in the Letters you shall have the goodness to communicate, which you would not have me read. I will give you my honour that I will not pass the bounds you prescribe.

I will snatch another opportunity to proceed. — My dear Sir Charles indulges me. I have told him, that if he now-and-then misses, he must conclude that I am doubling my joy, by communicating it as I have opportunity, to my dear Grandmamma.

EVERY-BODY admires the elegance of this drawing-room. The finest japan china, that I ever saw, except that of Lady G's, which she so whimsically received at the hands of her Lord, took particularly every female eye.

Sir Charles led me into a closet adjoining — Your Oratory, your Library, my Love, when you shall have furnished it, as you desired you might, by your chosen collection from Northamptonshire.

It is a sweet little apartment, my dear grandmamma; elegant book-cases, unfurnished. Every other ornament complete. How had he been at work to oblige me, by Dr. Bartlett's good offices, while my heart perhaps was torn, part of the time, with uncertainty!

The house-keeper, a middle-aged woman, who is noted, as you have heard her master say, for prudence, integrity, and obligingness, a gentlewoman (born) appearing; Sir Charles presented her to me. Receive, my Love, a faithful, a discreet gentlewoman, who will think herself honoured with your commands. Mrs. Curzon (to her) you will be happy in a mistress who is equally beloved and reverenced by all who have the honour of her countenance, if she approve of your services, and if you choose to continue with us.

I took her hand: I hope Mrs. Curzon, there is no doubt but you will. You may depend upon every-thing that is in my power to make you easy and happy.

She looked pleased; but answered only with a respectful courtesy.

Sir Charles led the gentleman out to shew them his Study. We just looked into a fine suite of rooms on the same floor, and joined them there.

We found my uncle and Mr. Deane admiring the disposition of every-thing, as well as the furniture. The glass-cases are neat, and, as Dr. Bartlett told us, stored with well-chosen books in all sciences. Mr. Deane praised the globes, the orrery, and the instruments of all sorts, for geographical, astronomical, and other scientifical observations. It is ornamented with pictures, some, as Dr. Bartlett told us, of the best masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, statues, bustoes, bronzes: And there also, placed in a distinguished manner, were the two rich cabinets of medals, gems, and other curiosities, presented to him by Lady Olivia. He mentioned what they contained, and by whom presented; and said, he would shew us at leisure the contents. They are not mine, added he: I only give them a place till the generous owner shall make some worthy man happy. His they must be. It would be a kind of robbery to take them from a family, that, for near a century past, have been collecting them.

LUCY says, she will be very particular in her Letters. This will take up time; especially as Lady G. and Lady L. must see them in their way to Northamptonshire; tho' they will not detain them. I shall have an opportunity to send this to London on Monday. This makes me intent to snatch every opportunity of writing. It will otherwise be too long before you will hear from us by my hand.

I do not intend to invade this slow girl's province; yet I will give you a slight sketch of the house and apartments, as I go along.

The situation is delightful. The house is very spacious. It is built in the form of an H; both fronts pretty much alike. The hall, the dining-parlour, two drawing-rooms, one adjoining to the study, the other to the dining-parlour (which with the study, mentioned already, and other rooms, that I shall leave to Lucy to describe, make the ground-floor) are handsome, and furnished in an elegant, but not sumptuous taste; the hangings of some them beautiful paper only. There is adjoining to the study, a room called The Music-parlour, so called in Sir Thomas's time, and furnished with several fine musical instruments: Sir Thomas was as great an admirer of music as his son; and a performer.

It is no news to you, madam, that Sir Charles shews a great regard to every thing, place, and disposition, that was his father's; and not absolutely inconvenient, and inconsistent with the alterations he has thought necessary to make: And which Dr. Bartlett praises highly, and promises to particularize to me. We are to be shewn this Music-parlour by-and-by.

The dining-room is noble and well proportioned: It goes over the hall and dining-parlour. It is hung with crimson-damask, adorned with valuable pictures.

The furniture is rich, but less ornamented than that of the Lady's drawing-room.

The best bed chamber adjoining, is hung with fine tapestry. The bed is of crimson velvet, lined with white silk; chairs and curtains of the same. Two fine pictures drawn by Sir Godfrey, one of Sir Thomas, the other of Lady Grandson, whole lengths, took my eye: O with what reverence, that of my Lady! — Lady L. Lady G. as girls, and Sir Charles as a boy of about ten years of age, made three other fine whole lengths. I must contemplate them, when I have more leisure.

The suit of rooms on the first floor which we just stept into, are each denominated from the colour of the hangings, which are generally of damask.

Mrs. Curzon tells us, that, on occasion, they make fifteen beds, within the house, in which the best Lord in the land need not disdain to repose. — You remember, madam, that Sir Charles, in his invitation to the Italian family, tells them, he has room to receive them. The offices are said to be exceedingly convenient.

The gardens and lawn seem from the windows of this spacious house to be as boundless as the mind of the owner, and as free and open as his countenance.

[MISS Lucy Selby thus describes the situation of the house, and the park, gardens, orchard, &c. in one of her Letters which does not appear.]

"THIS large and convenient house is situated in a spacious park; which has several fine avenues leading to it.

"On the north side of the park, flows a winding stream, that may well be called a river, abounding with trout and other fish; the current quickened by a noble cascade, which tumbles down its foaming waters from a rock, which is continued to some extent, in a kind of ledge of rock-work rudely disposed.

"The park itself is remarkable for its prospects, lawns, and rich-appearing clumps of trees of large growth; which must therefore have been planted by the ancestors of the excellent owner; who, contenting himself to open and enlarge many fine prospects, delights to preserve, as much as possible, the plantations of his ancestors; and particularly thinks it a kind of impiety to fell a tree, that was planted by his father.

"On the south side of the river, on a natural and easy ascent, is a neat, but plain villa, in the rustic taste, erected by Sir Thomas; the flat roof of which presents a noble prospect. This villa contains convenient lodging-rooms; and one large room in which he used sometimes to entertain his friends.

"The gardener's house is a pretty little building. The man is a sober diligent man, he is in years: Has a housewifely good creature of a wife. Content is in the countenances of both: How happy must they be!

"The gardens, vineyard, &c. are beautifully laid out. The orangery is flourishing; every-thing indeed is, that belongs to Sir Charles Grandison; alcoves,

little temples, seats, are erected at different points of view: The orchard, lawns, and grass-walks, have sheep for gardeners; and the whole being bounded only by sunk fences, the eye is carried to views that have no bounds.

"The orchard, which takes up near three acres of ground, is planted in a peculiar taste. A neat stone bridge in the centre of it, is thrown over the river: It is planted in a natural stope; the higher fruit-trees, as pears, in a semicircular row, first; apples at further distances next; cherries, plumbs, standard apricots, &c. all which in the season of blossoming, one row gradually lower than another, must make a charming variety of blooming sweets to the eye, from the top of the rustic villa, which commands the whole.

"The outside of this orchard, next the north, is planted with three rows of trees, at proper distances from each other; one of pines; one of cedars; one of Scotch firs, in the like semicircular order; which at the same tie that they afford a perpetual verdure to the eye, and shady walks in the summer, defend the orchard from the cold and blighting winds.

"This plantation was made by direction of Sir Thomas, in his ⟨◊⟩ of fancy. We have heard that he had a poetil, and consequently, a fanciful taste."

[Thus far from Miss Selby. Lady Grandison thos proceeds.]

My uncle, once took my aunt out from the company, in a kind of hurry. I saw his eyes glisten, and was curious on her return, to know the occasion. This was his speech to her, unable to check his emotion; What a man is this, dame Selby! We were surely wanting in respect to him when he was among us. To send such a one to an inn! — Fie upon us! — Lord be good unto me! how are things come about! — Who would have thought it? — Sometimes I wonder the girl is not as proud as Lucifer; at other times, that she is able to look him in the face!

To this convenient house belongs an elegant little chapel, neatly decorated. But Sir Charles, when down, generally goes to the parish-church, of which he is patron.

The gallery I have not yet seen — Dr. Bartlett tells me, it is adorned with a long line of ancestors.

AFTER dinner, which was sumptuous and wellordered, Sir Charles led us into the Music-parlour. O, madam, you shall hear what honour was done me there. — I will lead to it.

Several of the neighbouring gentlemen, he told us, are performers; and he hopes to engage them as opportunities shall offer. My dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, your soal is harmony: I doubt not but all these are in order— "May I ask you, my Harriet?" pointing to the harpsichord. I instantly sat down to it. It is a fine

Instrument. Lord G. took up a violin; Lord L. a German flute; Mr. Deane a bass-viol; and we had a little concert of about half an hour.

Here is a noble organ: When the little concert was over, he was so good himself, on my aunt's referring to him with asking eyes, to shew us it was in tune.

We all seated ourselves round him, on his prepareing to oblige us; I between my aunt and Lucy; and he with a voice admirably suited to the instrument (but the words, if I may be allowed to say so, still more admirably to the occasion) at once delighted and surprized us all, by the following Lines:

I.

Accept, great SOURCE of ev'ry bliss,
The fulness of my heart,
Pour'd out in tuneful cestasies,
By this celestial art.

II.

My soul, with gratitude profound,
Receive a Form so bright!
And yet, I boast a bliss beyond
This angel to the sight.

III.

When charms of mind and person meet,
How rich our raptures rise!
The Fair that renders earth so sweet,
Prepares me for the skies!

How did our friends look upon one another, as the excellent man proceeded! — I was astonished. It was happy I sat between my aunt and Lucy! — They each took one of my hands. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks. Every one's eyes congratulated me. Every tongue but mine, encored him. I was speechless. Again he obliged us. I thought at the time, I had a foretaste of the joys of heaven! — How sweet the incense of praise from a husband! That husband a good man! — My surrounding friends enjoying it! — How will you, madam, rejoice in such an instance of a Love so pure, and so grateful! Long, long may it be, for the sake of his Harriet, his and her friends, for the world's sake, before his native skies reclaim him!

He approached me with tender modesty; as if abashed by the applause he met with. But seeing me affected, he was concerned. I withdrew with my aunt and Lucy. He followed me. I then threw myself at his feet; embraced his knees; and had speech been lent me, would have offered him the fervent vows of a heart overflowing with Love and Gratitude.

LETTER VI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE Music-parlour [I can hardly mention it without breaking into raptures] is adorned with a variety of fine carvings, on subjects that do honour to poetry and music. Be it Lucy's task to describe them. Let me mention other instances of his tender goodness to one of the happiest creatures on earth.

You know, madam, Sir Charles, when in Northamptonshire, offered me my choice of servants of both sexes; and when I told him, that I chose not to take with me any one of either but my Sally, he said, that when I came to Grandison-hall, where they would be all together, I should choose which of the men-servants I would more particularly call my own. He gave me just now the names and qualities of each. Frederic I had seen at Selby-house, an observant, sensible-looking young man (but are not all his servants so?): I choose him. He called him in (my aunt Selby present): All my servants, Frederic, said he, are as much your Lady's as mine: But you will devote yourself more particularly to her commands. I mean not, however, any distinction in your favour, where you all equally merit distinction. The power, madam, of change or dismission thro' the house is entirely yours.

To-morrow, I am to go over all the bridal ostentation again at the parish-church. On Monday Lady Mansfield and her family are to be here. — Your guests, my dear, said Sir Charles, to me, before all our friends, I hope, for a week at least. This was the first notice he gave of it to Lord and Lady W. What joy and gratitude appeared in her countenance upon it.

Tuesday, by general approbation (Sir Charles submitting the choice of the day to his guests) we are to have the neighbouring gentry here to dinner, and for the rest of the day. Sir Charles has been long wished by them all to reside among them. He breaks thro' the usual forms, and chose this way, at once, to receive the visits of all his neighbours, and in both our names gave the invitation. He snewed us a list of the persons invited. It is a very large one. My dearest life, said he, we shall be all half-familiarized to them, they to us, even to-morrow, by the freedom of this invitation for the Tuesday following.

Mrs. Curzon came to me for directions about the bedchambers. I took that opportunity to tell her, that I should add to the number of female servants, only my Sally, of whose discretion I had no doubt. You must introduce to me, said I, at a proper time, the female servants. If you, Mrs. Curzon, approve of them, I shall

make no changes. I am, myself, the happiest of women: Every one who deserves it, shall find her happiness in mine.

You will rejoice all their hearts, madam, by this early declaration of your good to them. I can truly say, that the best of masters has not the worst of servants: But Dr. Bartlett would make bad servants good.

I shall want no other proof, said I, of their goodness, than their love and respect to Dr. Bartlett.

In company of my aunt, Lady W. Lucy, Miss Jervois, attended by Mrs. Curzon, we went to choose our rooms; and those for our expected guests of Monday. We soon fixed on them. My aunt with her usual goodness, and Lady W. with that condescension that is natural to her, took great notice of Mrs. Curzon, who seemed delighted with us all; and said, that she should be the happier in the performance of her duty, as she had been informed, we were managing Ladies. It was a pleasure, she said, to receive commands from persons who knew when things were properly done. You, my dearest grandmamma, from my earliest youth, have told me, that to be respected even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not be thought ignorant in those matters that it becomes a mistress of a family to be acquainted with. They shall not find me pragmatical, however, in the little knowledge I have in family-matters.

Will nothing happen, my dear grandmamma — But no more of this kind — Shall I by my diffidences lessen the enjoyments of which I am in full possession? My joy may not be sufficient to banish fear; but I hope it will be a prudent one, which will serve to increase my thankfulness to heaven, and my gratitude to the man so justly dear to me.

But do you, my grandmamma, whenever you pray for the continuance of your Harriet's happiness, pray also for that of Lady Clementina: That only can be wanting in my present situation, to complete the felicity of

Your ever-grateful, ever-dutiful, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sunday noon.

WHAT a crouded church-yard and church had I to pass thro' to the handsome seat, which belongs to the excellent patron of it! — How much exalted was I to hear his whispered praises! How did my Northamptonshire friends rejoice in the respectful approbation paid to the happy creature, to whom they are more immediately related! I am always a little mortified by praises of my figure. What a transitory thing is outward form! — May I make to myself a more solid and permanent foundation for that respect, which is generally more pleasing to a female heart than it ought to be.

Sir Charles was not unhappy in his invitation for next Tuesday. It took off, I imagine, some particular addresses to him. Yet several gentlemen at his coach-side acknowledged the favour done them in it.

My uncle, who, you know, madam, loves every-thing that promotes good neighbourhood, is greatly delighted with the thoughts of the day. How proud is he of his Harriet! How much more proud of his relation to the best of men!

I have looked upon what Lucy has written. I see there will be but little room for me to say any-thing. She is delighted with the task. It employs all her faculties; displays her fine taste in architecture, paintings, needle-works, shell-works. She will give you a description of several charming performances in the two latter arts, of the late Lady Grandison! — How does the character of that admirable Lady rise upon us! With what emulation does it fire me! On twenty accounts, it was a very bold thing, my grandmamma, for your Harriet to aspire to be Lady Grandison! — Yet how does Sir Charles's goodness, his kind acceptance of all my humble endeavours, encourage me! — O, madam! he said truth, when in courtship he told me, that I parted with power to have it returned me with augmentation. I don't know how it is, but his freedom of behaviour to me is increased; yet his respectfulness is not diminished. — And, tender as he was before to me, his tenderness is still greater than it was: Yet so much unaffected dignity in it, that my reverence for him is augmented, but without any abatement of my Love. Then his chearfulness, his more than chearfulness, his vivacity, shews, that he is at heart pleased with his Harriet. Happy Harriet! — Yet I cannot forbear now-and-then, when my joy and my gratitude are at the highest, a sigh to the merits of Lady Clementina! — What I am now, should she have been, think I often! — The general admination paid me as the wife of Sir Charles Grandison,

should have been paid to her! — Lady L. Lady G. should have been, her sisters! She should have been the mistress of this house, the co-guardian of Emily, the successor of the late excellent Lady Grandison! — Hapless Clementina! — What a strange thing, that a love of religion in two persons so pious, so good, each in their way, should sunder, for ever sunder, persons whose minds were so closely united!

Sir Charles, by Lucy, invites me, till dinner is ready, to walk with them, at her request, in the gallery. Lucy wants, in describing that gallery, to give you, my dearest grandmamma (in whom every other of my friends is included) a brief history of the ancestors of Sir Charles, whose pictures adorn it. I come! Lord of my heart! I attend you! —

How, madam, would you have been delighted, could you have sat in this truly noble gallery, and seen the dear man, one arm round my waist, holding my opposite hand in the hand of the same surrounding arm, pointing sometimes with the other, sometimes putting that other arm round my Lucy's, and giving short histories of the persons whose pictures we saw!

Some of the pictures are really fine. One of Sir Charles's, which is drawn when he was about sixteen, is on horseback. The horse a managed, curvetting, proud beast. — His seat, spirit, courage, admirably expressed: He must have been, as his sisters say he was, the loveliest, and the most undaunted, yet most modest-looking, of youths. He passed his own picture so slightly, that I had not time to take in half the beauties of it. You will not doubt, madam, but I shall be often in this gallery, were only this one picture there.

What pleasure had I in hearing the history of this antient family, from this unbroken series of the pictures of it, for so many generations past! And will mine, one day, thought I, be allowed a place among them, near to that of the most amiable of them all, both as to mind and figure? How my heart exulted! What were my meditations as I traced the imagined footsteps of dear Lady Grandison, her picture and Sir Thomas's in my eye! as finely executed, as those in the best bedchamber. May I, thought I, with a happier lot, be but half as deserving! But, madam, did not Lady Grandison shine the more for the hardships she passed through? — And is it necessary for virtue to be called forth by trials, in order to be justified by its fortitude under them? What trials can I be called to with Sir Charles Grandison? But may I not take my place on the footstep of her throne, yet make no contemptible figure in the family of her beloved son? I will humbly endeavour to deserve my good fortune, and leave the rest to Providence.

There are in different apartments of this seat, besides two in the house in the town, no less than six pictures of Sir Thomas: But then two of them were brought from his seat in Essex. Sir Thomas was fond of his person: They are drawn in

different attitudes. He appears to be, as I have always heard he was, a fine figure of a man. But neither Lucy nor I, tho' we made not the compliment to Sir Charles, you may suppose (who always speaks with reverence and unaffected Love of his father) thought him comparable in figure, dignity, intelligence, to his son.

We were called to dinner, before we had gone half-way thro' the gallery.

We had a crouded church again in the afternoon.

Sunday night.] This excellent Dr. Bartlett! And, this excellent Sir Charles Grandison! I may say. — Sir Charles having enquired of the Doctor, when alone with him, after the rules observed by him before we came down, the Doctor told him, that he had every morning and night the few servants attending him in his antechamber to prayers, which he had selected out of the Church Service. Sir Charles desired him by all means to continue so laudable a custom; for he was sure master and servants would both find their account in it.

Sir Charles sent for Richard Saunders and Mrs. Curzon. He applauded to them the Doctor's goodness, and desired they would signify, the one to the men-servants, the other to the women, that he should take it well of them, if they chearfully attended the Doctor; promising to give them opportunity, as often as was possible. Half an hour after ten, Doctor, I believe is a good time in the evening?

That, Sir, is about my time, and eight in the morning, as an hour the least likely to interfere with their business. Whenever it does, they are in their duty, and I do not then expect them.

About a quarter after ten, the Doctor slipt away. Soon after Sir Charles withdrew, unperceived by any of us. The Doctor and his little church were assembled. Sir Charles joined them, and afterwards returned to company, with that chearfulness that always beams in his aspect. The Doctor followed him, with a countenance as serene. I took the Doctor aside, tho' in the same apartment, supposing the matter. Sir Charles joining us — O Sir, said I, why was I not whispered to withdraw with you? Think you, that your Harriet —

The company, my dearest Love, interrupted he, was not now to be broken up. When we are settled, we can make a custom for ourselves, that will be allowed for by every-body, when it is seen we persevere, and are in every other respect, unform: Joshua's resolution, Doctor, was an excellent one . The chapel, now our congregation is large, will be the properest place; and there, perhaps, the friends we may happen to have with us, will sometimes join us.

Monday morning.] Sir Charles has just now presented to me, in Doctor Bartlett's presence, Mr. Daniel Bartlett, the Doctor's nephew, and his only care in this world; a young gentleman of about eighteen, well educated, and a fine accomptant, a master of his pen, and particularly of the art of short-hand writing.

The Doctor insisted on the specification of a salary, which he named himself to be 40l. a year, and to be within the house, that he might always be at hand. He could not trust, he said, to his patron's assurances, that his bountiful spirit would allow him to have a regard, in the reward, only to the merit of the service.

Monday noon.] Lady Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, and the three Brothers, are arrived. What excellent women, what agreeable young gentlemen, what grateful hearts, what joy to Lady W. on their arrival, what pleasure to Lord W. who, on every occasion, shews his delight in his nephew! — All these things, with their compliments to your happy Harriet, let Lucy tell. I have not time.

WHAT, my dear grandmamma, shall we do with Lord and Lady W.? — Such a rich service of gilt plate! Just arrived! A present to me! — It is a noble present! — And so gracefully presented! And I so gracefully permitted to accept of it, by my best, my tenderest friend! — Let Lucy describe this too.

Tuesday morning] A vast company we shall have. Gentlemen and their Ladies are invited: Your Harriet is to be dressed: She is already dressed. How kindly am I complimented, by every one of my friends! — Let Lucy, let my aunt (she promises to assist Lucy) relate all that shall pass, describe the persons, and give the characters of our visiters; our managements, our entertainments, the Ball, that is to conclude the day and night. I shall not be able, I suppose, to write a line.

Wednesday noon.] Our company left us not till six this morning. My uncle was transported with the day; with the night.

I will only say, that all was happy; and decency, good order, mirth, and jollity, went thro' the whole space. Sir Charles was every-where, and with every-body. He was almost as much every Lady's as mine. O how he charmed them all! Sir William Turner said once, behind his back, Of what transports did my late friend Sir Thomas who doted upon his son, deprive himself by keeping him so long abroad!

I could not but think of what my dear Lady G. once wrote, that women are not so soon tired as men, with these diversions, with dancing particularly. By three, all but Sir Charles and my uncle seemed quite fatigued: But recovered themselves. My Emily delighted every-body. She was the whole night what I wished her to be — Dear madam, be not uneasy. We shall be very happy in each other.

O that you were with us, my dearest grandmamma! But you, from your chearful piety, and joyful expectation of happiness supreme, are already, tho' on earth, in heaven! — Yet it is my wish, my aunt's, my uncle's, Lucy's, twenty times a day, that you were present, and saw him, The Domestic man, The chearful Friend, The kind Master, The enlivening Companion, The polite Neighbour, The

tender Husband! Let nobody who sees Sir Charles Grandison at home, say, that the private station is not that of true happiness.

How charmingly respectful is he to my uncle, aunt, and good Mr. Deane! To Lucy, he is an affectionate brother. Emily, dear girl, how she enjoys his tenderness to her!

My uncle is writing to you, madam, a Letter. He says, it will be as long as his arm. My aunt will dispatch this day a very long one. Theirs will supply my defects. Lucy is not quite ready with her first Letter. If there were not so much of your Harriet in it, I would highly praise what she has hitherto written.

Thursday morning.] I leave to my uncle the account of the gentlemens diversions in the gardens and fields. They are all extremely happy. But Lord G. already pines after his Charlotte. He will not be prevailed on to stay out his week, I doubt, sweet-temper'd man! as I see him in a thousand little amiable instances. If Lady G. did not love him, I would not love her. Lord W. is afraid of a gouty attack. He is never quite free. He and his admirable Lady will leave us to-morrow.

I think, my dear Lady G. with you, that discretion and gratitude are the corner-stones of the matrimonial fabric. Lady W. had no prepossessions in any other man's favour. My Lord loves her. What must be that woman's heart, that Gratitude and Love cannot engage? But she loves my Lord. Surely she does. Is not real and unaffected tenderness for the infirmities of another, the very essence of Love; What is wanting where there is that? My Sir Charles is delighted with Lady W's goodness to his uncle. He tells her often, how much he reveres her for it.

In our retired hours, we have sometimes the excellent Lady abroad for our Subject. I always begin it.

He never declines it. He speaks of her with such manly tenderness! He thanks me, at such times, for allowing him, as he calls it, to love her. He regrets very much the precipitating of her: Yet pities her parents and brothers. How warmly does he speak of his Jeronymo! He has a sigh for Olivia. But of whom, except Lady Sforza and her Laurana, does he not speak kindly! — And them he pities. Never, never, was there a more expanded heart!

Ah, madam, a cloud has just brushed by us! Its skirts have affected us with sadness, and carried us from our sunshine prospects home; that is to say, to thoughts of the general destiny! — Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp is no more! A Letter from his Beauchamp! Sir Charles shewed it to me, for the honour of the writer, now Sir Edward. We admired this excellent young man together, over his Letter. What fine things did Sir Charles say on this occasion, both by way of self-consolation, and on the inevitable destiny! But he dwelt not on the subject. He has

written to Lady Beauchamp, and to the young Baronet. How charmingly consolatory! — What admirable — But Sir Charles, madam, is a CHRISTIAN!

THIS event has not at all influenced his temper. He is the same chearful man to his guests; to his Harriet; to every-body. I am afraid it will be the cause of his first absence from me: How shall I part with him, tho' it were but for two days?

Friday noon.] What a vacancy! Lady Mansfield, and her sons, Lord G. and Lord and Lady W. have left us. Miss Mansfield is allowed to stay with me some time longer. Emily is very fond of her. No wonder: She is a good young woman.

We are busied in returning the visits of our neighbours, which Sir Charles promised to do, as if they were individually made to us. We have a very agreeable neighbourhood. But I want these visitings to be over. Sir Charles and his relations and mine, are the world to me. These obligations of ceremony, tho' unavoidable, are drawbacks upon the true domestic felicity. One happiness, however, results from the hurry and bustle they put us in: Emily's mind (tho' she not always accompanies us) seems to be engaged: When we are not quite happy in our own thoughts, it is a relief to carry them out of ourselves.

SIR Charles and I have just now had a short conversation about this dear girl. We both joined in praising her; and then I said, I thought, that some time hence Mr. Beauchamp and she would make a vary happy pair.

I have, said he, a Love for both. But as the one is my own very particular friend, and as the other is my ward, I would rather he found for himself, and she for herself, another Lover, and that for obvious reasons.

But, suppose, Sir, they should like each the other?

So as they made it not a compliment to me, but gave me reason to believe, that they would have preferred each the other to every one else, were they strangers to me, I would not stand in their way. But the man, who hopes for my consent for Emily, must give me reason to think, that he would have preferred her to any other woman, tho' she had a much less fortune than she is mistress of.

I am much mistaken, Sir, if that may not be the case of your friend.

Tell me, my nobly frank, and ever-amiable Harriet, what you know of this subject. Has Beauchamp any thoughts of Emily? —

Ah, Sir, thought I, I dare not tell you all my thoughts; but what I do tell you, shall be truth.

I really, Sir, don't imagine Emily has a thought of your Beauchamp —

Nor of any other person? Has she? —

Lady G. Lady L. and myself, are of opinion, that Beauchamp loves Emily.

I am glad, my dear, if any thing were to come of it, that the man loved first.

I was conscious. A tear unawares dropt from my eye — He saw it. He solded his arm about me, and kissed it from my check. Why, my Love! my dearest Love!

why this? and seemed surprised.

I must tell you, Sir, that you may not be surprised. I fear, I fear —

What fears m Love?

That the happiest of all women cannot say, that her dear man loved her first! —

He folded me in his kind arms. How sweetly engaging! said he: I will presume to hope, that my Harriet, by the happiest of all women, means herself — You say not no! I will not insult your goodness so much, as to ask you to say yes. But, this I say, that the happiest of all men loved his Harriet, before she could love him; and, but for the honour he owed to another admirable woman, tho' then he had no hopes of ever calling her his, would have convinced her of it, by a very early declaration. Let me add, that the moment I saw you first (distressed and terrified as you were, too much to think of favour to any man) I loved you: And you know not the struggle it cost me (my destiny with our dear Clementina so uncertain) to conceal my Love — Cost me, who ever was punctiliously studious to avoid engaging a young Lady's affections, lest I should not be able to be just to her; and always thought what is called Platonic Love an insidious pretension.

O Sir! And I flung my fond arms about his neck, and, hiding my glowing face in his bosom, called him, murmuringly, the most just, the most generous, of men.

He pressed me still to his heart; and when I raised my conscious face, tho' my eye could not bear his, Now, Sir, said I, after this kind, this encouraging acknowlegement, I can consent, I think I can, that the Lord of my heart shall see, as he has more than once wished to see, long before he declared himself, all that was in that forward, that aspiring heart. —

Lucy had furnished me with the opportunity before. I instantly arose, and took out of a drawer a parcel of my Letters, which I had sorted ready, on occasion, to oblige h m, which, from what he had seen before, down to the dreadful masquerade affair, carried me to my setting out with his sisters to Colnebrook.

I think not to show him farther, by my own consent, because of the recapitulation of his family story, which immediately follows; particularly includeing the affecting accounts of his mother's death; his father's unkindness to the two young Ladies; Mrs. Oldham's story; the sisters conduct to her; which might have revived disagreeable subjects.

Be pleased, Sir, said I, putting them into his hands, to judge me favourably. In these papers is my heart laid open.

Precious trust! said he, and put the papers to his lips: You will not find your generous confidence misplaced.

An opportunity offering to send away what I have written, here, my dearest grandmamma, concludes

Your ever-dutiful HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday-morning, Dec. 16.

I Will not trouble you, my dear grandmamma, with an account of the preparations we are makeing to benefit and regale our poorer neighbours, and Sir Charles's tenants, at this hospitable season. Not even Sir Charles Grandison himself can exceed you, either in bounty or management, on this annual Solemnity. Sir Charles has consulted with Dr. Bartlett, and every-thing will be left to the direction of that good man. My uncle and aunt have dispatched their directions to Selby-house, that their neighbours and tenants may not suffer by their absence.

The gentlemen are all rid out together, the Doctor with them, to reconnoitre the country, as my uncle calls it. Emily and Lucy are gone with them, on horseback. My aunt and I declined accompanying them; and took this opportunity, attended by Mrs. Curzon, to go thro' the Offices.

In the housekeeper's room, I received the maidservants, seven in number; and, after her, called each by her name, and spoke kindly to them all. I told them how handsomely Mrs. Curzon spoke of them, and assured them of my favour. I praised the chearfulness with which Dr. Bartlett had told me they attended him every day in his antechamber. They should have the opportunity given them, I said, as often as possible. I hoped that my Sally behaved well among them.

They praised her.

Sally, said I, has a serious turn. Piety is the best security in man and woman for good behaviour. She will seldom fail of attending the Doctor with you. We shall all be happy, I hope. I am acquainting myself with the methods of the house. Nobody shall be put out of their good way by me. My aunt only said, My niece proposes to form herself on the example of the late excellent Lady Grandison.

They blessed me; tears in their eyes.

I made each of them a present for a pair of gloves.

We went thro' all the Offices, the lowest not excepted. The very servants live in paradise. There is room for every thing to be in order Every thing is in order. The Offices so distinct, yet so conveniently communicating — Charmingly contrived! — The low servants, men and women, have Laws, which at their own request, were drawn up, by Mrs. Curzon, for the observance of the minutest of their respective duties; with little mulcts, that at first only there was occasion to exact. It is a house of harmony, to my hand. Dear madam! What do good people

leave to good people to do? Nothing! Every one knowing and doing his and her duty; and having, by means of their own diligence, time for themselves.

I was pleased with one piece of furniture in the housekeeper's room, which neither you, madam, nor my aunt, have in yours. My aunt says, Selby-house shall not be long after her return without it. It is a Servants Library, in three classes: One of books of divinity and morality: Another for housewifry: A third of history, true adventures, voyages, and innocent amusement. I, II, III. are marked on the cases, and the same on the back of each book, the more readily to place and re-place them, as a book is taken out for use. They are bound in buff for strength. A little sine is laid upon whoever puts not a book back in its place. As new books come out, the Doctor buys such as he thinks proper to range under these three classes.

I asked, if there were no books of gardening? I was answered, that the gardener had a little house in the garden, in which he had his own books. But her master, Mrs. Curzon said, was himself a Library of gardening, ordering the greater articles by his own taste.

Seeing a pretty glass-case in the housekeeper's apartment, filled with physical matters, I asked, If she dispensed any of those to the servants, or the poor? Here is, said she, a collection of all the useful drugs in medicine: But does not your Ladyship know the noble method that my master has fallen into since his last arrival in England? What is that? He gives a salary, madam, to a skilful apothecary; and pays him for his drugs besides (and these are his, tho' I have a key to it); and this gentleman dispenses physic to all his tenants, who are not able to pay for advice; nor are the poor who are not his tenants, refused, when recommended by Dr. Bartlett.

Blessings on his benevolence! said I. O my aunt! What a happy creature am I! God Almighty, if I disgrace not my husband's beneficence, will love me for his sake! — Dear creature, said my aunt — And for your own two, I hope.

There lives in an house, madam, continued Mrs. Curzon, within five miles of this, almost in the middle of the estate, and pays no rent, a very worthy young man; brought up, under an eminent surgeon of one of the London hospitals, who has orders likewise for attending his tenants in the way of his business — As also every casualty that happens within distance, and where another surgeon is not to be met with. And he, I understand, is paid on a cure actually performed, very handsomely. But if the patient die, his trouble and attendance are only considered according to the time taken up; except a particular case requires consideration.

And this surgeon, Mrs. Curzon, this apothecary —

Are noted, madam, for being good, as well as skilful men. My master's test is, that they are men of seriousness, and good livers: Their consciences, he says, are

his security.

How must this excellent man be beloved, how respected, Mrs. Curzon!

Respected and beloved, madam! — Indeed he is — Mr. Richard Saunders, has often observed to me, that if my master either rides or walks in company, tho' of great Lords, people distinguish him by their respectful love: To the Lord, they will but seem to lift up their hats, as I may say; or if women, just drop the knee, and look grave, as if they paid respect to their quality only: But to my master, they pull off their hats to the ground, and bow their whole bodies: They look smilingly, and with pleasure and blessings, as I may say, in their faces: The good women courtesy also to the ground, turn about when he has passed them, and look after him — God bless your sweet face; and God bless your dear heart, will they say — And the servants who hear them are so delighted! — Don't your Ladyship see, how all his servants love him as they attend him at table? How they watch his eye in silent reverence — Indeed, madam, we all adore him; and have prayed morning, noon, and night for his coming hither, and settling among us. And now is the happy time: Forgive me, madam; I am no flatterer; But we all say, He has brought another angel to bless us.

I was forced to lean upon my aunt — Tears of joy trickled down my cheeks. O, madam, what a happy lot is mine! —

My uncle wonders I am not proud — Proud, madam! — Proud of my inferiority!

We visited Mr. Bartlett in his new office. He is a modest, ingenious young man. I asked him to give me at his leisure, a catalogue of the Servants Library, for my aunt.

O my dear, said my aunt, had your grandpapa, had your papa, your mamma, lived to this day! —

I will imagine, said I, that I see them looking down from their heaven. They bid me take care to deserve the lot I have drawn; and tell me, that I can only be more happy, when I am what and where they are.

DR. Bartlett, attended by his servant, is returned without the gentlemen. I was afraid he was not very well. I followed him up, and told him my apprehensions.

He owned afterwards, that he was a little indisposed when he came in; but said, I had made him well.

I told him, what had passed between Mrs. Curzon and me. He confirmed all she said.

He told me, that Sir Charles was careful also in improving his estates. The minutest things, he said, any more than the greatest, escaped not his attention. He has, said he, a bricklayer, a carpenter, by the year; a sawyer, three months constantly in every year. Repairs are set about the moment they become

necessary. By this means he is not imposed upon by incroaching or craving tenants. He will do any-thing that tends to improve the estate; so that it is the best conditioned estate in the county. His tenants grow into circumstance under him. Tho' absent, he gives such orders, as but few persons on the spot would think of. He has a discernment that goes to the bottom of every-thing. In a few years, improving only what he has in both kingdoms, he will be very rich, yet answer the generous demands of his own heart upon his benevolence: All the people he employs he takes upon character of seriousness and sobriety, as Mrs. Curzon told you; and then he makes them the more firmly his, by the confidence he reposes in them. He continually, in his written directions to his masterworkmen, cautions them to do justice to the tenants as well as to him, and even to throw the turn of the scale in their favour. You are, says he, my friends, my workmen: You must not make me both judge and party. Only remember, that I bear not imposition. The man who imposes on me once, I will forgive: But he never shall have an opportunity to deceive me a second time: For I cannot act the part of a suspicious man, a watchman over people of doubtful honesty.

The Doctor says, he is a great planter, both here and in Ireland: And now he is come to settle here, he will set on foot several projects, which hitherto he had only talked of, or written about.

Sir Charles, I am sure, said he, will be the friend of every worthy man and woman. He will find out the sighing heart before it is overwhelmed with calamity.

He proposes, as soon as he is settled, to take a personal Survey of his whole estate. He will make himself acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, and enquire into his circumstances, number of children, and prospects. When occasions call for it, he will forgive arrears of rent; and if the poor men have no prospect of success, he will buy his own farms of them, as I may say, by giving them money to quit: He will transplant one to a less, another to a larger farm, if the tenants consent, according as they have stock, or probability of success in the one or the other; and will set the poor tenants in a way of cultivating what they hold, as well by advice as money; for while he was abroad, he studied Husbandry and Law, in order, as he used to say, to be his father's steward; the one to qualify him to preserve, the other to manage, his estate. He was always prepared for, and aforehand with, probable events.

Dear, dear Dr. Bartlett, said I, we are on a charming subject; tell me more of my Sir Charles's management and intentions. Tell me all you know, that is proper for me to know.

Proper, madam! Every-thing he has done, does, and intends to do, is proper for you, and for all the world to know. I wish all the world were to know him, as I do; not for his sake, but for their own.

That moment (without any-body's letting me know the gentlemen were returned) into the Doctor's apartment came Sir Charles. My back was to the door, and he was in the room before I saw him. I started! Sir, Sir! said I, as if I thought excuses necessary.

He saw my confusion. That, and his sudden entrance, abashed the Doctor. Sir Charles reconciled us both to ourselves — He put one arm round my waist, with the other he lifted up my hand to his lips, and in the voice of Love, I congratulate you both, said he: Such company, my dearest Life! such company, my dearest friend! you cannot have every hour! May I, as often as there is opportunity, see you together! I knew not that you were! The Doctor and I, madam, stand not upon ceremony. Pardon me, Doctor. I insist upon leaving you as I found you —

I caught his hand, as he was going — Dear, dear Sir, I attend you. You shall take me with you; and, if you please, make my excuses to my aunt, for leaving her so long alone, before you came in.

Doctor, excuse us both; my Harriet has found, for the first time, a will. It is her own, we know, by its obligingness.

He received my offered hand, and led me into company: Where my aunt called me to account for leaving her, and begged Sir Charles would chide me.

She was with Dr. Bartlett, madam, said he: Had she been with any other person, man or woman, and Mrs. Selby, alone, I think we would have tried to chide her.

What obligation, what sweet politeness, my dear grandmamma!

Such, madam, is the happiness of your Harriet.

Lucy has a charming Letter to send you! — From that Letter, you will have a still higher notion of my happiness, of the dear man's unaffected tenderness to me, and of the approbation of a very genteel neighbourhood, than I myself could give you.

Lady G. and Lady L. have both made up for their supposed neglects. I had written to each to charge them with having not congratulated me on my arrival here. Two such charming Letters! — I have already answered them. The love as well as over (Thank heaven they do!)

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER IX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, Dec. 18.

THE dearest, best of men, has left me! Just now left me! — Did not everybody keep me in countenance, I should be very angry with myself for wishing that such a man should be always confined to my company! I must keep my fondness within equitable bounds. But, kind man! he seemed, and, if he seemed, he was, as loth to part with me. He is gone to London, madam: Poor Lady Beauchamp has besought his presence, not at Sir Harry's funeral (He was to be interred, it seems last night) but at the opening of the will: And his Beauchamp joined in the request.

He hopes to be down with us on Thursday. Miss Mansfield took the opportunity to return to her mother, who sent word, that she knew not how to live without her.

Sir Charles was pleased to give to me the keys of his Study, and of Lady Olivia's Cabinets. Lucy gave you, madam, an account of the invaluable contents. And now I will amuse myself there, and sit in every chair, where I have seen him sit, and tread over his imagined footsteps.

Tuesday.] My books are come, and all my trinkets with them. We have all been busy in classing the books. My closet will be now furnished as I wish it: And I shall look at these, my dear companions of Selby-house, and recollect the many, many happy hours they gave me there.

Was I ever, ever unhappy, my dear Grandmamma? If I was, I have forgot the time. I acquiesce chearfully with your wishes not to dis-furnish your gallery, by sending to me our family pictures. Let those of my benevolent father and my excellent mother, of happy, happy memory, still continue there to smile upon you, as you are pleased to express yourself. Nobody but you and my aunt Selby have a right to each of those of mine, which are honoured with a place in your respective drawing-rooms. My dear Sir Charles, thank heaven! calls the original his. But why would you load me with the precious gold box, and its contents; less precious those, tho' of inestimable value, than my dear grandpapa's picture in the lid? — But I can tell you, madam, that Sir Charles is an ungrateful man: He will not thank you for it. A remembrance, madam (I know what he will say)

"Does the best of women think my Harriet wants any-thing to remind her of the obligations she is under to parents so dear?"

– He will be very jealous of the honour of his Harriet. Forgive, madam, the freedom of my expostulation, as if I were not your girl, as well as his.

What reasons have you found out (but this was always your happy, your instructive way) to be better pleased with your absence from us, than if you were present with us, as we all often wish you!

HERE, Lady L. Lady G. sisters so dear to me, since these Letters will pass under your eye, let me account to you, by the following extract from my grandmamma's last Letters, for the meaning of what I have written to that indulgent parent, in the lines immediately preceding.

"You often, my dearest Harriet, wish me to be with you. In the first place I am here enjoying myself in my own way, my own servants about me; a trouble, a bar, a constraint, upon no one; but those to whom I make it worth while to bear with me. I should think I never could do enough to strangers: No, tho' I were sure they thought I did too much. In the next, were I to be with you at Grandison-hall, I could not be every-where: So that I should be deprived of half the delightful scenes and conversations, that you, your aunt, and Lucy, relate and describe to me by pen and ink: Nor should I be able perhaps to bear those grateful ones, to which I should be present. My heart, my dear, you know is very susceptible of joy; it has long been preparing itself for the sublimest. Grief touches it not so much. The Losses I sustained of your father, your mother, and my own dear Mr. Shirley; made all other sorrows light. Nothing could have been heavy, but the calamity of my gentle Harriet, had she been afflicted with it. Now, I take up the kind, the rapturous Letters, from my table, where I spread them. When the contents are too much for me, I lay them down; and resume them, as my subsided joy will allow. Then lay them down again, as I am affected by some new instance of your happiness; bless God, bless you, your dearest of men; bless every-body. — In every Letter I find a cordial that makes my heart light, and for the time, insensible of infirmity: — Can you, my Harriet, be happier than I?"

I am called upon by my aunt and Lucy. I will here, my dear grandmamma, conclude myself,

Your for-ever obliged, and dutiful, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER X.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

A Treasure, an invaluable treasure, my dear grandmamma! — On the table in Sir Charles's own closet, I took up a common-prayer-book, under which, on removing it, I saw a paper written in Sir Charles's largest hand, the three last Lines of which apppearing to be very serious (the first side not containing them) I had the curiosity to unfold it: it contains Reflections, mingled and concluded with solemn addresses to the Almighty. I asked leave to transcribe them. On promise that a copy, as his, should not pass into any-body's hands but yours, I obtained it.

What a comfort is it, on reflection, that, at his own motion, I joined with him in the Sacramental Office, on occasion of our happy nuptials, the first opportunity that offered! A kind of renewal, in the most solemn manner, of our marriage vows; at least a confirmation of them. No wonder that the good man, who could draw up such reflections, should make such a motion.

What credit did he do (may not one say so?) To religion on that happy day! A man of sense, of dignity in his person, known to be no bigot, no superstitious man; yet not ashamed to join in the sacred office with the meanest. It was a glorious confession of his Christian principles. Whenever he attends on public worship, his seriousness, his modesty, his humility, all shew that he believes himself in the presence of that God whose blessing he silently joins to invoke: And when all is over, his chearfulness and vivacity demonstrate, that his heart is at ease in the consciousness of a duty performed. How does my mind sometimes exult in the prospects of happiness with the man of my choice, extending, through divine goodness, beyond this

I will conclude this Letter with the copy of these reflexions. What is sit to come after them, that can be written by

Your HARRIET GRANDISON?

THE REFLEXIONS.

WHAT, O my heart! overflowing with happiness! are the sentiments that ought to spring up in thee, when admitted either in the solemnities of public worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy MAKER! Who does not govern, but to bless! Whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness!

Let thy Law, ALMIGHTY! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end, of all I do! Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy Name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence; my Love of God in the Love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No! It is thy gift, Almighty, And All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the Donor from my thought; nor the Love of pleasures make me forsake the Fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me ask their title to my heart. When evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining thro' the cloud; and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licence, let me not take comfort from an inauspicious omen, the number of those who do amiss: An omen rather of public ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys of the multitude less allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. What weigh public example, passion, and the multitude, in one seale, against Reason, and the Almighty, in the other?

In this day of domineering pleasure, so lower my taste, as to make me relish the comforts of Life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on To-morrow: A dependence that is the ruin of To-day; as that is of Eternity. Let my whole existence be ever before me: Nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal Life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere; and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still.

And since, O Lord! the Fear of thee is the beginning of wisdom; and in its progress, its surest shield; turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy blessed Fear, in its stead. Turn out a foolish world, which gives its money for what is not bread; which hews out broken cisterns that hold no water; a world in which even they whose hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty, in heaven, in earth, but thee. I will seek thy face, bless thy name, sing thy praises, love thy Law, do thy will, enjoy thy peace, hope thy glory, till my final hour! Thus shall I grasp all that can be grasped by man. This will heighten good, and soften evil in the present life! And when death summons, I shall sleep sweetly in the dust, till his mighty CONQUEROR bids the trumpet sound; and then shall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

LETTER XI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Dec. 21.

SIR Charles, God be praised! arrived here in safety about two hours ago. He has settled every thing between Lady Beauchamp and the now Sir Edward, to the satisfaction of both; for they entirely referred themselves to him. This was the method he took. — As their interests were not naturally the same, he enquired of each separately, what were the wishes of each; and finding the Lady's not unreasonable, he referred it to Sir Edward, of his own generosity, to compliment her with more than she asked.

Particularly she had wished to Sir Charles, that she might not be obliged to remove under a twelvemonth from the house in Berkley-square: And when Sir Charles had brought them together, and pronounced between them, making that an article, Sir Edward, on one knee, thus bespoke her:

All that your Ladyship demands I most chearfully comply with. Instead of the year you wish to remain in Berkley-square, let me beg of you, still to consider both houses as your own; and me your inmate only, as in the life-time of my father. I never will engage in marriage, but with your approbation: Let us, madam, be as little as possible separated: Be pleased only to distinguish, that I wish not this, but from pure and disinterested motives. I will be your servant as well as son. I will take all trouble from you that you shall think trouble; but never will offer so much as my humble advice to you in the conduct of your own affairs, unless you ask for it.

She wept. We will henceforth, said she, have but one interest. You shall be dear to me, for your father's sake. Let me, for the same dear sake, be regarded by you: Receive me, excellent pair of friends, proceeded she, as a third in your friendship. Should any misunderstanding arise, which, after so happy a setting out, I hope, cannot be, let Sir Charles Grandison determine between us. Justice and He are one.

Sir Charles invited down to us the Lady and his Beauchamp. He hopes they will come. The young Baronet, I dare say, will. Emily says, she wants to see how he will become his new dignity. Very well, I dare say, said I. Why yes; such an example before him, I don't doubt but he will.

Lucy was present. Near 4000l. a year, and a title, said she — I think you and I, my dear, were we nearer of an age, would contend for him.

Not I, Miss Selby: So that I have the Love of my Guardian and Lady Grandison, you may be Lady Beauchamp for me. — You will be of another mind, perhaps, some time hence, said Miss Selby — When I am, replied Emily, tell me of it.

Sir Charles, when he was in town, visited his two sisters. He gave me the pleasure of acquainting me, that we shall be favoured with the company of Lord and Lady L. as soon as her Ladyship's visits and visitings are over.

Mind, my dear Lady G. what follows:

Lady L. said he, is all joy, that her great event is happily over; she and my Lord rewarded with a dear pledge of their mutual Love. But is not Lady G. a little unaccountable, my dear?

As how, Sir?

She hardly seems to receive pleasure in her happy prospects. She appears to me peevish, even childishly so, to her Lord. I see it the more for her endeavours to check herself before me. She submits but ungraciously to the requisites of the circumstances, that lays him and me, and our several united families under obligation to her. I was unwilling to take notice of her particular behaviour, for two reasons; first, because she wants not understanding, and would see her own error before she went too far; and next, because she tacitly confessed herself to be wrong, by being evidently desirous to hide her fault from me. But is not our Charlotte a little unaccountable, my dear?

What, my dear Lady G. should I have answered? I hope you will allow me to be just. I should have been most sincerely glad to have spoken a good word for you: But to attempt to excuse or palliate an evident fault, looks like a claim put in for allowances for one's own.

"Indeed, Sir, she is a very unaccountable creature! She is afraid of you, and of nobody but you. You should, as she could not conceal from you her odd behaviour to one of the best of husbands, and sweetest-temper'd of men, who loves her more than he loves himself; and who is but too solicitous to oblige so unthankful a thing; have taken notice of it, and chidden her severely: I, for my part, take liberties of this kind with her in every Letter I write; but to no purpose. I wanted you, Sir, to find her out yourself; she will get a habit of doing wrong things; and make herself more unhappy than she will make any-body else; since it is possible for her to tire out her Lord. How insupportable to her of all women, would it be, were the tables to be turned; and were the man she treats so ungraciously, to be brought to slight her? The more insupportable, as she has a higher opinion of her own understanding than she has of his!"

Can't you form to yourself, my dear Lady, G. the attitude of astonishment, that your brother threw himself into? —

But, ah, my dear grandmamma, do you think I said this to Sir Charles? — No, indeed! For the world, I would not have said one syllable of it. But let Lady G. for a moment, as she reads my Letter, think I did. She loves to surprize; why should she not be surprized in turn? Her displeasure would affect me greatly: But if by incurring it I could do her good, and put her in a right train of thinking, I would incur it, and on my knees afterwards beg her to forgive me.

He did make the above observation. A thousand excellent qualities has my Charlotte. I particularized to her brother half a dozen, and those are more than fall to the share of most of our modern people of quality; and he was willing to be satisfied with them — Why? Because he loves her. But, as she now-and-then whispers her Harriet, in her Letters, let me whisper her, that she is under great obligation to her brother, and still greater to her Lord, for passing over so lightly her petulances.

Thursday afternoon.

WHO, madam, do you think, is arrived? Arrived just as we sat down to dinner; and will stay with us this one night, but, he says, no more? — Sir Rowland Meredith! Good Man! and Mr. Fowler! The latter attended his uncle reluctantly, it seems; but, thank God, he is in pretty good health. How kindly, how affectionately, did Sir Charles receive them both! How has he already won the heart of honest Sir Rowland!

LET me, madam, acquaint you with something generously particular of this worthy man.

He desired Sir Charles to let him have me by himself for one quarter of an hour. So fine a young gentleman would not, he hoped, be jealous of such a poor old man as he.

We were in the dining-room; and he rising to attend me, I led him to my drawing-room adjoining. He looked round him, and was struck with the elegance of the room and furniture; disregarding me for a few moments — Why, ay! said he, at last; This is noble! This is fine! Stately, by mercy! And he bowed to me, poor man! the more respectfully, as I thought, for what he saw. And will you, madam, bowing again, and again, allow me to call you daughter? I can’t part with my daughter Nor would I, were you a queen.

You do me honour, Sir Rowland. Call me still your daughter.

Why then, you must allow me — Forgive me, madam! — And he saluted me. Joy, joy, tenfold joy, attend my daughter! I don’t know what to make of the present fashions. Would Sir Charles have been affronted, had I taken this liberty before him? The duce is in the present age; they reserve themselves to holes and corners, I suppose. But I am sure no creature breathing could mean more respect than I do. I think only of myself as of your father.

You are a good man, Sir Rowland. Sir Charles Grandison was prepared to love you; he was prepared to value Mr. Fowler.

Prepared by your own respect for us, madam! — God love you, say yes.

Yes indeed, I ever shall respect you both. Have I not claimed a father in you? Have I not claimed a brother in your nephew? I never forget my relations.

Charming, charming, by mercy! And he stalked to the other end of the room, wiping his eyes: The very same good young Lady that you ever were! But, but, but, putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a little box, if you are my daughter, you shall wear these for your father's sake! — How now, madam! Refuse me! I command you on your obedience to accept of this — I will not be a Jack-straw father —

Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, you must excuse me; I thought I might have trusted myself with you alone. Your generosity, Sir, is painful to me.

I courtesied, and withdrew to the company in the dining-room. The good man followed me, ters upon his cheeks, the box in his hand: My face glowed.

She calls me father, Sir Charles; and refuses her obedience. Here I have brought a toy or two, to shew my fatherly Love to my daughter. Not a soul, not my nephew there, knows a syllable of the matter; t was that made me call her aside.

Sir Charles rose from his seat. My dearest Life is not used, said he, to make light of a duty; taking my hand. You will excuse her from accepting the present, Sir Rowland; that would look as if you thought it necessary to bribe her to do her duty. She will always acknowledge her father: So will I mine. But you do us honour enough in the relation.

What, Sir Charles, not of a present from her father to his daughter, on her nuptials, and as a small token of his joy on the occasion; when I know not the man living, out of my own family — There he stopt.

My dearest Love, there is no resisting this plea: Your duty, yourgratitude, is engaged.

Look you there now! Look you there now! God love you both everlastingly, Amen! — And there is the blessing of a father!

I took the box, courtsying low; but looked silly, I believe.

Forgive me, Sir Charles, said the Knight; but I must — He took my hand, and kissed it — and looked as if he wished to salute me — Fathers, my dear, must be reverenced, said Sir Charles, by their children.

I bent my knee, and, in compliance with a motion of Sir Charles, leaned forward my cheek, He saluted me and again he blessed us both — My dear nephew, said he, hastening to Mr. Fowler, if you envy such a man as this his good fortune, by mercy I will renounce you.

I may envy you, Sir Charles, said Mr. Fowler, addressing himself to him in an agreeable manner; I don't know how it is possible to avoid it; but at the same time I revere you for your character and accomplishments. You are the only man in the world whom I could cordially congratulate, as I do you on your happiness.

True, nephew, true: I, any more than you, should never have enjoyed myself, had any of the featherheaded creatures I saw formerly endeavouring to make an interest in my daughter's favour, succeeded with her. But you, madam, have chosen a man that every-body must prefer to himself.

The Knight, after tea, moved to have the box opened. When Sir Charles saw the jewels, he was a little uneasy, because of the value of them. A costly diamond necklace and ear-rings, a ring of price, a repeating watch finely chased; the chain of which is richly ornamented; one of the appendages is a picture of Sir Rowland in enamel, adorned with brilliants; an admirable Likeness: This I told him was more valuable to me than all the rest: I spoke truth; for so rich a present has made me uneasy. He saw I was. He knew, he said, that I could not want any of these things: But he could not think of any other way to shew his Love to his daughter. It was nothing to what he had intended to do in his Will; had I not intimated to him, that what he left me, should be given among his relations. I am rich, madam, I can tell you: And what, on your nuptials, could I do less for my daughter?

Sir Charles said, This must not end so, Sir Rowland: But I see you are an invincible man. Mr. Fowler, I wish you as happily married as you deserve to be: Your Lady will be intitled to a return of equal value.

Sir Rowland begged, that he might try on the ring himself. He was allowed to do so, and was pleased it was not much too big. He said I should not pull it off this night. I kept it on to humour the worthy man.

SUPPER over, and a chearful glass going round with my uncle, Mr. Deane, and the Knight, Sir Rowland made it his odd request, that I would permit Sir Charles to put on the necklace for me. By all means, I said. But the Knight being very earnest, and my uncle seconding him (for there was particularity enough in the motion, to engage the dear odd man) and Sir Charles not discouraging it, my aunt and Lucy smiling all the time, I thought I had better comply, lest the Knight should take it into his head to request the putting it on himself. Yet I was the more reluctant, on poor Mr. Fowler's account; for his smiles were but essays to smile. Sir Charles, in his own graceful manner, put it on; bowing low to me, in the gallantest manner, when he had done. I courtesied to him, to Sir Rowland, and looked silly I am sure.

Friday noon.

SIR Rowland and Mr. Fowler have lest us. They would not stay to dinner. They have business to dispatch in town, that will take them up some days: But

they were so well pleased with their reception, that they promise to see us before they set out for Caermarthen.

At parting, Sir Rowland drew me aside: Your cousin Lucy, as you call her, is a fine young Lady. They tell me, that she has a great fortune: But I matter not that of a straw — Would to God, my boy knew how to submit to his destiny like a man — Hem! You understand me, madam — Mercy! I want to be akin to you — You take me, madam.

We are akin. Sir Rowland Meredith is my father.

God bless you, madam! I love you dearly for that. And so we are: But you understand me: A word to the wise: She is not engaged; is she? — I love your uncle of all men — except the king of all men; your Lord and master — God bless him! With what good humour he eyes us — Sir Charles, one word with you, if you please.

I thought the Knight had his fingers ready to take hold of Sir Charles's button; for his hand was extended; but suddenly, as from recollection, withdrawn. He led Sir Charles to me — And put the same question to him, as he had done to me.

Let me ask you, my dear Sir Rowland, Was this in your thought before you came hither?

No, by mercy! — It just now struck me. My nephew knew not a syllable of the matter. But why, you know, Sir Charles, should a man pine and die, because he cannot have the she that he loves? — Suppose, you know, six men love one woman, as has been the case here, for aught I know; what a duce, are five of them to hang, drown, or pistol themselves? Or are they to out-stay their time, as I have done, till they are fit for no-body?

Women must be treated with delicacy, Sir Rowland. Miss Selby is a young Lady of great merit. When questions are properly asked, you hardly need to doubt of a proper answer.

But, Sir Charles, is Miss Selby, bona fide, engaged, or is she not? that's the question I ask: If she be, I shall not say a word of the matter.

My dear? said Sir Charles to me.

I don't know that she is, answered I. But Lucy will never think of a man, be his qualifications ever so great, if he cannot give her proofs of loving her above all women.

I understand you, madam — Well, well, and I should be nice too, I can tell you, for my boy. But I'll sound him. I must have him married before I die, if possible. But no more of that for the present. And now God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you both! — I will pray for the continuance of your happiness.

He kissed my hand: Wrung Sir Charles's: Wiped his eyes: Made his bow: And stept into the chariot to his nephew, who had taken leave of us all before.

Lucy, with an air so like some of dear Lady G's, put up her saucy lip, when I told her of this; and bid me not write it to you: But I thought, were nothing to come of it, it would divert my grandmamma, as I am sure it will Lady G.

God preserve the most indulgent and pious of Parents, and my two Sisters and their Lords (including the honoured Lord and Lady you Lady G. are with) prays

Her ever-dutiful, and their ever-affectionate, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER. XII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.

I Have been obliged, by the just demands made upon us by the equally-solemn and joyful season, to be silent for many days. You, madam, and you, Ladies L. and G. have, I doubt not, been engaged in consequence of the same demand; — so will excuse me; especially as Lucy and my aunt have both written, and that very minutely, in the interim.

Mr. Deane, to our great joy, has signified to us his intention to live near us; and to present his house at Peterborough to one of his two nephews.

Sir Charles has besought him to consider Grandison-hall as his own house. He promises that he will. I hope, by my care of him, to be an humble means of prolonging his life, at least of making his latter days chearful.

What a happy season has this been to scores of people in our neighbourhood! but most to ourselves, as the giver is more blessed than the receiver! Such admirable management! Such good order! — But I told you, that all was left to Dr. Bartlett's direction: What a blessing is he to us, and all around him!

Sir Charles has a Letter from Mr. Lowther, who is on his return from Bologna. By the date it should have arrived a fortnight ago: So that he may be every day expected.

Mr. Lowther lets him know, that the family at Bologna are all in spirits, on the prospect they have of carrying their point with Lady Clementina; who, however, for the present, declines the visits of the Count of Belvedere; and they humour her in that particular.

Mr. Lowther is afraid, he says, that all is not quite right as to her mind. Poor Lady! He judges so, from the very great earnestness she continues to express to make a visit to England.

She received, he says, with great intrepidity, the news of Sir Charles's marriage. She besought a blessing upon him and his bride: but since has been thoughtful, reserved, and sometimes is found in tears. When challenged, she ascribed, once, her grief to her apprehensions that her malady may possibly return.

The physicians have absolutely given their opinion, that she should marry.

The General is expected from Naples to urge the solemnity; and vows, that he will not return till she is actually Countess of Belvedere.

She begs, that she may be allowed again to pass the Apennines, and visit Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, in order to settle her mind.

She dreads to see the General.

How I am grieved for her! — Sir Charles must be afflicted too. Why, why, will they not leave to time, the pacifier of every woe, the issue of the event upon which they have set their hearts?

Mr. Lowther writes, that Signor Jeronymo is in a fine way.

Mr. Lowther in his Letter acquits Sir Charles of all obligation to himself. He returns him bills for the sum he had advanced; and declares, that he never will enter into his presence, if he refuses to accept of his acquittance. The family, he tells him, have nobly rewarded him.

Dr. Bartlett applauds Mr. Lowther's spirit on this occasion. As Sir Charles, he says, is not an ostentatious man, but judges of every thing, according to the rules of right and prudence, he has no doubt (tho' he might not expect this handsome treatment) but he will acquiesce with it. This, however, lessens not the comparative merit of Mr. Lowther. There are men, I believe, who having succeeded so well, would have accepted of a reward from both parties. Yet, on recollection, Sir Charles stipulated with Mr. Lowther, that he should receive no fee, but from himself: And his present to the worthy man was the ampler on that account.

I have two charming Letters from the Countess of D. By her permission, I have shewn to Sir Charles the correspondence between that good Lady and me. He greatly admires her. She desires, that he will be acquainted with her son; and declares, she will always look upon me as her daughter, and call me so. Sir Charles bids me tell her, that he cannot consent to her calling me so, unless she will look upon him as her son, and unless my Lord will allow him to call him brother. He bid me express his wishes of a friendship with both, answerable to that desirable relation.

My uncle says, he knows not such a place as Selby-house. Shirley-manor indeed he loves for the sake of the dear mistress of it: But, as long as he has with him his Dame, his Harriet, Mr. Deane, and Sir Charles, he is happy. Yet my aunt now-and-then gets upon a rising ground in the park, and asks, pointing, Does not Northamptonshire lie off there?

Emily is very good in the main. Dear girl! I do pity her. Her young heart, so early to be tried and tormented by the stings of hopeless Love! — Her eyes just now were fixed for several minutes, so much Love in them! on the face of her guardian, that his modest eye sell under them.

I will give you, on this occasion, the particulars of a conversation, that passed between us; which, at the conclusion, let in a little dawn of hope, that the dear girl

may be happy in time.

I had more than once been apprehensive, that her eyes would betray her to her guardian; who at present imputes all her reverence for him to gratitude; and as soon as he was withdrawn, with a true sisterly tenderness, Come hither, my Love, said I. I was busy with my needle — She came.

My dearest Emily, if you were to look with so much earnestness in the face of any other man, as you sometimes do, and just now did, in that of your guardian, and the man a single man, he would have hope of a wife.

High-ho! sighed she. Did my guardian mind me? — I hope he did not so much, madam, as you do.

So much as I do, my Love!

Yes, madam. When my guardian is present, you do look very hard at me: But I hope, I am not a confident girl.

You are serious, my Emily!

And so is my dear Lady Grandison!

I was a little surprised. The child abashed me. Her Love, thought I, will make her hardy, without intending to be so.

She was too innocent even for consciousness of having disconcerted me. She looked upon my work: What would I give, madam, to be so fine a workwoman as you? — But why that sigh, madam?

The poor Lady Clementina! said I: I was really thinking of her.

Do you sigh for every-body, madam, that loves my guardian?

There are different sorts of Love, Emily.

Why so I think. Nobody loves my guardian better than I myself do: But it is not the Love that Lady Clementina bears him. I love his goodness.

And does not Clemementina?

Yes, yes, but still the Love is different.

Explain, my dear, your kind of Love.

Impossible!

Why, now, sighs my Emily? You asked me why I sighed. I have answered it was from pity.

Why, madam, I can pity Lady Clementina, and I do: But I sigh not for her; because she might have had my guardian, and would not.

I sigh for her the more, for that very reason, Emily; her motive so great!

Pho, pho, her motive! When he would have allowed her to be of her own religion!

Then you sigh not now for Clementina, Emily?

I believe not.

For whom then?

I don’t know. You must not ask. A habit, and nothing else.

Again sighs my Emily?

You must not mind me, madam. A habit, I tell you. But, believe me, Lady Grandison (hiding her blushing face in my bosom, her arms about my neck) I believe, if the truth were known —

She stopt, but continued there her glowing cheek —

What, my dear, if the truth were known?

I dare not tell you. You will be angry at me.

Indeed, my love, I will not.

O yes, but you will.

I thought we had been sisters, my dear. I thought we were to have no secrets. Tell me, what, if the truth were known?

Why, madam, for a trial of your forgivingness, tell me, Are you not apt to be a little jealous?

Jealous, my Emily! You surprise me! Why, of whom, of what, jealous? Jealousy is doubt; of whom should I doubt?

People have not always cause, I suppose, madam.

Explain yourself, my dear.

Are you not angry with me, madam?

I am not. But why do you think me jealous?

You need not, indeed! My guardian adores you. You deserve to be adored. — But you should allow a poor girl to look upon her guardian now-and-then, with eyes of gratitude. Your charming eye is so ready to take mine to task! — I am, if I know myself, a poor innocent girl. I do love my guardian, that’s certain: So I ever did, you know, madam: And let me say, before he knew there was such a Lady in the world as yourself, madam.

I threw aside my work, and clasping my arms about her, And love him still, my Emily. You cannot love him so well as he deserves. You are indeed a dear innocent, but not a poor, girl. You are rich in the return of his Love. I will ever, ever, be a promoter of an affection so innocent, so pure on both sides. But jealousy, my dear! do you charge me with jealousy? Impossible I should deserve it! My only concern is, lest, as the heart is guessed at by the eyes (the hearts of young creatures especially, whose good minds are incapable of art or design) you should give room for the censorious, who know not as I do, that your Love is reverence next to filial, to attribute it to a beginning of the other sort of Love; which yet in you, were it kindled, would be as bright and as pure a flame as ever warmed a virgin heart.

O madam! how you express yourself! What words you have! They go to my heart! — I don’t know how it is: But every day I reverence more and more my

guardian: Reverence! Yes, that is the proper word! I thank you for it! Filial reverence! Just the thing! And let me say, that I never reverenced him so much as now, that I see what a polite, what a kind, what an affectionate husband he makes my dear Lady Grandison. Yet, let me tell you truth, madam, I should, I am afraid, be such a little-minded poor creature, that if I were married, and had not a husband that was very like him, I should envy you. I should be at least unhappy.

If you could be envious, my dear, you would be unhappy: But you must never encourage the addresses of a man, who you think loves you not better than any other woman: Who is not a good man upon principle: Who is not a man of sense: and that has seen something of the world.

And where, madam, can such a man be found?

Leave it to your guardian, my dear. He if anybody, will find you a man that you may be happy with, if your eye be not aforehand with your judgment.

That, madam, I hope it will not be: First, because the reverence I have for my guardian, and his great qualities, will make all other men look little in my eye; and next, as I have such a confidence in his judgment, that if he points his finger, and says, That's the man, Emily! I will endeavour to like him. But I believe I never now shall like any man on earth.

It is early days, my Love; but is there not some one man, that, were you of age to marry, you would think better of than of any other?

I don't know what to say to that. It is early days, as you say. I am but a girl. But girls have thoughts. I will tell you, madam, that the man who has passed some years in the company of Sir Charles Grandison; who is beloved by him, on proof, on experience (as I may say) of his good heart — She stopt.

Beauchamp, my dear?

Why yes Him, I mean: He is the most to be liked of any man but my guardian: But he now is a great man; and I suppose may have seen the woman he could love.

I fansy not, my dear.

Why do you fansy not, madam?

Because, if I must speak as freely to you, as I would have you do always to me, I think he shews great and uncommon respect to you, tho' you are so young a creature.

That's for my guardian's sake: But be that as it will; let me be secure of my guardian's Love and yours, and I shall have nothing to wish for.

Her guardian, my guardian, my friend, my Lover, my HUSBAND, every sweet word is one, coming in, put an end to the subject. I leave this conversation to your own reflexions, my dear grandmamma, Lady L. Lady G. But I have hopes from it.

LETTER XIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday, Sunday, Jan. 20, 21.

ANOTHER long silence. Lucy will supply all my defects. She will tell you how much I have been engaged. She has sent you a charming Letter, filled with observations on the good order established here before our arrival by Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Curzon; with accounts of some particular charities, both public and private, that deserve to be imitated by all who have ability; and of our visit made last Wednesday at Mansfield-house.

The Lady of it would not part with us, till Thursday, the days being short, and the weather unfavourable Mr. Dobson and his Lady were guests there. He is a credit to his cloath; his wife to him. They are greatly beloved by all who know them. Lady Mansfield and Miss Mansfield are all that is polite and good. The three brothers were there. The eldest, who was once a melancholy man, is now one of the chearfullest. With what pleasure did I meditate, as I looked upon them, the restoration of such a worthy and antient family to affluence! They were born to it: Yet when they were deprived of it, how glorious was the resignation of mother and daughters! And now, how easy sits the prosperity upon them! Never saw I eyes more expressive of gratitude to a benefactor, than those both of Ladies and Gentlemen, as they were often cast upon my dear Sir Charles.

I heartily wish Mr. Orme may find his expectations answered in the second voyage Nancy tells me he is preparing for to Lisbon. She will make known my best wishes for the restoration of his health. How good is his sister to accompany him! — I always loved her.

I received yesterday yours, madam, acquainting me with Mr. Greville's visit and proposal, and asking my opinion of the latter; and whether I would choose to mention it to Lucy and my aunt. What can I say? You once told me, madam, that you believed Lucy would not have refused Mr. Greville, had he first applied to her. Lucy's grandmother, you say, is not averse to the match; and you think my uncle would not refuse his consent, because of the contiguity of their respective estates, and in hopes, that he might resume with success, on such an event, his favourite project of exchange of lands. Yet I am sure this consideration would have no weight with him, if he thought Lucy could not be happy with Mr. Greville.

I have mentioned it to my aunt. She says, Mr. Greville is not a bashful man. He knows how to apply to Lucy himself. And she has no notion, in such a case, of

that pride which with-holds him till he thinks himself sure of the family-interest.

He will, if possible, he says, be related to me: Let that be mentioned to Lucy, as one of his principal motives, and his business with her is done for ever.

Lady G. would laugh at the notion of a difficulty from a first Love. First Love she calls first nonsense. Too frequently it is so. Lucy is a noble girl. She has overcome a first attachment; the more laudably, as it cost her some struggles to do it. Mr. Greville, I doubt, has had several first Loves: This transition, therefore, is nothing to him. So neither of them will be first Love to the other. It may therefore be a match of discretion. Yet his character! The reformation he boasts of! — I hope he is reformed: But I have no notion of a good young woman, as Lucy is, trusting her person, I may say her principles, to the arbitrary will of an impetuous man, who has been an a vowed Libertine, and pretend not to have reformed from proper convictions. A scoffer too! How came he by his new Lights? — You, madam, have told us young folks the difficulty of overcoming evil habits. I own that Lucy alway spoke of him with more faviour than any-body else. She was inclined to think him a good-natured man; and was pleased with what she called humour in him. Humour! I never could call it so. Humour, I used to tell her, is a gentle, a decent, tho' a lively thing. Mr. Greville is boisterous, impetuous, rude, I had almost said: His courtship to me was either rant, or affront; the one to shew his Plain-dealing, the other his Love. He knows not what respectful Love is. In short, his mirth, his good-nature, as it is called, has fierceness in it; it always gave me apprehension.

As to worldly matters, there can be no exception to him: But I cannot be of the opinion of Lucy's grandmother, that he is a generous man. He has only qualities that look like generosity. His start to me, when he resigned his pretensions to me, as they have been called (for I know not any he had) was only a start. He could not hold it. But be all these things as they may, how can I, who love Lucy as myself, propose to the dear girl a man, whom I could not think of for myself? Lucy has a fine fortune, and surely there are men enow in the world, who have never made pretensions to Lucy's cousin, who would think themselves honoured by her acceptance; otherwise, I should, after Sir Rowland's hint, and earnest wishes in his nephew's favour, much sooner recommend Mr. Fowler to her than Mr. Greville.

MY aunt had said, that, for her part, she should choose to leave the above affair to its own workings: Yet could not forbear to acquaint Lucy with it. The dear girl came to me, to demand a sight of your Letter, and of what I had written upon it. I could not (tho' I had some little reluctance to shew her the latter) deny her. I will give you, madam, the substance of a short dialogue that passed between

us on the occasion; and leave it to you to draw such conclusions from it, as you shall judge proper, with regard to my Lucy's inclinations.

She did not know what I meant, she said, by writeing to you, that she had always spoken of Mr. Greville with more favour than any-body else.

It is ungenerous, Lucy, if you are angry at what you would oblige me to shew you against my will.

I am not angry. But — She stopt, and would not explain her half sullen BUT. O Lucy, thought I, you are a woman, my dear!

As to what you write, said she, of his desire of being related to you; who would not? — If that be not his principal motive — Very well, Lucy! thought I.

I know, said she, that my grandmamma Selby has often wished Mr. Greville would make his addresses to her grand-daughter! — So! So! So! Lucy, thought I.

His Libertinism indeed is an objection — But I have not heard lately of any enormities —

Go on, Lucy, thought I: Hitherto appears not any reason for Mr. Greville to despair.

He may have seen his folly.

No doubt but he has! thought I. He saw it all the time he was committing it: But, perhaps, he is the more determined bad man for that. Is not purity of heart, thought I, as well as of manners, an eligible thing?

If a woman is not to marry till she meet with a strictly virtuous man —

You have too often pleaded that argument, Lucy, to me — I am sorry — I stopt; willing to hear her quite out; for she held before her what I had written.

How came he, you ask, said she, by his new lights? I have nothing to do with how he came by them. I should rather indeed he had them from proper convictions — But if he has them, that's enough.

Is it, my dear, let him have been what he will?

I am for judging charitably —

Charming! thought I — judging charitably! So I have lost a virtue, and you, Lucy, have found it

Mr. Greville is nothing to me: Nor ever will be.

Not quite so sure of that, thought I to myself.

You say, Harriet, you have no notion of a good young woman, trusting her principles to the arbitrary will of a man who has been a free Liver — Must the man be arbitrary? — Were a husband a free Liver, must a wife's own principles be endangered?

These questions from my Lucy! thought I.

A scoffer, you say, Harriet! — The man's a fool for that! — But what a poor soul must she be that could not silence a scoffer!

Silence a scoffer! Ah Lucy! said I: And would you marry a man with a hope to be able to silence him? Mr. Greville is a conceited man: My Lucy has six times his sense; but he will not be convinced of that. You will have the less influence upon him, if he is jealous of the superiority of your understanding. Mr. Greville is obstinate as well as conceited. Few men, I believe, will own conviction from a wife's arguments.

To be sure the man is not a Sir Charles Grandison. Who is? — Let him, as my aunt Selby says, apply to me; I shall give him his answer.

You would wish he should, Lucy?

I don't say so.

I fancy, Lucy, you would not be very cruel if he did.

You fancy I would not — But I can, as you always did, treat the man who professes to love me, with civility, yet not throw myself into his arms at the first word —

First word, Lucy! No! The second, or third, or fourth, is time enough; so the man is not mean time rendered quite hopeless.

Very well, Lady Grandison: But let me go on with what you have written — Good-natured man! — I do think he is not an ill-natured man.

So much the better for himself, and his future wife, Lucy.

That will not be I, Lady Grandison.

Perhaps not, Lucy.

– Humour! I do think he is a humorous good-natured man. A little too vehement perhaps in his mirth; a little too frolic: But who is faultless?

Proceed, my Lucy.

– Generous!

"Not a generous man!— "Qualities that look like generous ones."

– You are a nice distinguisher, Harriet; you always were — But here you tell your grandmamma, that you had rather I should have Mr. Fowler than Mr. Greville —

Well, my dear, and what say you to that?

Why, I say, I think you are not so nice for me, in this case, as you are in others.

How so?

How so! Why is there not a difference between the actual proposals made by Mr. Greville to Mrs. Shirley; and Sir Rowland's undertaking to try to prevail upon Mr. Fowler to make his addresses to me?

Granted, my dear! — I have not a word more to say in behalf of Mr. Fowler. Mr. Greville, Lucy —

Is a man I never will have —

No rash resolutions, my dear. And yet I believe a woman has seen the same man in a very different light, when he has offered himself to her acceptance, from what she did before.

I believe so — But I had a mind to sound you, Harriet; and to come at your opinion —

You were intitled to it, Lucy, without attempting to sound me for it.

True! But we women sometimes choose to come at a point, by the roundabouts, rather than by the forerights.

That is, Lucy, either when we think the foreright way, as you call it, would not answer our wishes; or when we are not willing to open our own hearts.

Your servant, my dear: But the cap fits not. Whenever I speak to you, my heart is upon my Lips.

Let me try then, in this one doubtful instance, that I ever had from you of its being so. Do you think of encouraging Mr. Greville's proposal?

It is not a proposal, till it comes in a direct way to myself.

Very well, my dear — I say no more till it does.

SIR Charles has just now heard that Mr. Lowther, is arrived in London. He longs (so I am sure do I) to know, how affairs are situated in Italy. O for good news from thence! Then will my happiness in this Life be perfected.

LETTER XIV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Grandison-hall, Thursday, Jan. 25.

MR. Lowther arrived here last night. Sir Charles gave him a most welcome reception. He presented him to all our guests, with expressions of the warmest friendship; and then retired with him to his Study. He soon led him back to company, and seating him, drew a chair between my aunt, and me — You must have curiosity, my dearest Love, said he. Behold the sister-excellence of Lady Clementina, Mr. Lowther! Not a person of her family is more concerned for the happiness of that Lady, than this dearest and most generous of women. Every one of my friends present (looking round him) is an admirer of her — We cannot my dear (applying to me) know for certainty, the destiny of that excellent Lady from Mr. Lowther. He passed a week at Lyons, a fortnight at Paris, on his return to England. But my Jeronymo is in a fine way, thank God, and resolves to visit us in the spring.

I hope, Sir, said my aunt, to Mr. Lowther, you left Lady Clementina well and happy in her mind.

She was at Florence, answered he, when I left Italy. She has been pretty much indisposed there. The General, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, had been with her. She was expected at Bologna very soon. By this time I have no doubt, she is Countess of Belvedere.

By her own consent, I hope then, Mr. Lowther? said I eagerly.

He shook his head — As to that, said he, she has the most indulgent of parents —

They cannot be so, Mr. Lowther, if they would compel her to marry any man to whom she has an indifference.

They will not compel her, madam —

Persuasion, Sir, in the circumstances this excellent Lady is in, is compulsion.

I think it may be justly called so, said Sir Charles. Mr. Lowther, they should not have been so precipitating.

So you have always told them, Sir Charles. Signor Jeronymo is entirely of your opinion: Yet is earnest in the Count of Belvedere's favour. The Count adores her.

Adores her, Sir! said I. Adores himself! for so it should be said (pardon me, Sir!) of a man who prefers not the happiness of the object beloved, to his own. I felt my face glow.

Generous warmth! said Sir Charles — laying his hand on mine.

For my part, replied Mr. Lowther, I am only afraid of the return of her malady. If it do not return, and she can be prevailed on, her piety will reconcile her to a duty —

A duty, Mr. Lowther, interrupted I — So imposed! — A duty! —

I knew not what I said. I thought, at that instant, I did not like Mr. Lowther.

My uncle, aunt, and the rest of us, thought Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther would be glad to be left alone; and retired early.

My aunt, my Lucy, and I, had a good deal of discourse upon this interesting subject; Emily present.

We all foresaw, that the situation of this admirable Lady would overcloud a little (we hoped but a little) the happiest days that ever mortals knew. The sincere value, said my aunt, that you have for so deserving a woman, and your native generosity, will be your security for happiness, my dear; and will six on a durable base your mutual Love: But this Lady's trials will, however, be trials to you. God give her peace of mind! it is all we can hope for in her favour; To you, the continuance of your present happiness: greater, cannot fall to the lot of mortal.

She left me, I retired to my pen.

THUS far have I written. 'Tis late. Sir Charles is coming up — And I am here at my pen. I will compliment him with a place in my closet, while I retire. — Good-night, my dearest grandmamma. Pray for your Harriet, and pray for Clementina.

Friday morning.

SIR Charles would have withdrawn to his Study, when he found me at my pen. I besought him to sit down in my closet.

Remove your papers then, my dear.

No need, Sir, These (putting what I had been just writing, and those I had written the day before, on one side of my desk) I would not, Sir, except you have a curiosity, wish you to see at present: These, Sir, you may, if you please, amuse yourself with.

I will take down one of your books, my Love. I will not look into any of your written papers.

Dear, generous Sir, look into them all — Look into both parcels. Something about Lucy; something of what Mr. Lowther has talked of, in that parcel — Read any of the written papers before you.

A generous mind, my Love, will not take all that is offered by a generous mind. Hasten, my Harriet: It is late. My mind is a little disturbed: Yours, I am afraid, is generously uneasy. In your faithful bosom, will I repose all my cares.

I pressed his hand between both mine, and would have pressed it with my lips: But, kissing my hands, first one, then the other — Condescending goodness! said

he. God continue to me my Harriet's Love, and make Clementina not unhappy, and what can befal me, that will not add thankfulness to thankfulness?

With what soothing tenderness did he afterwards open his generous heart to his Harriet! He was indeed disturbed: For Mr. Lowther had told him, that the General (I don't love him) was quite cruel — At one time he threatened the excellent creature: He called her ungenerous, ungrateful, undutiful! — She fell down at his seet, in a fainting fit: He left her in anger — Staid not to recover or sooth her — Yet returned in about two hours (his conscience stinging him) and on his knees besought her pardon — Received it — The dear saint forgave the soldierly man — Yet he persisted, and turned his threatenings into worse, if possible, than threatenings, into persuasion.

If I have an enemy, said the dear creature to her brothers, who has conceived a mortal antipathy to me, let him insinuate himself into the favour of those most dear to me, and prevail upon them to attack me with all the powers of persuading Love, in order to induce me to do the thing, whatever it be, most contrary to my heart: And then will the instigator wreak upon me his whole vengeance, and make me think death itself an eligible refuge.

Sir Charles sighed at repeating this. I wept. How happy, thought I, more than once, are you, best of men, in your own reflections, that a woman so excellent, who cannot be happy with any other man, herself refused you, and persisted in her refusal; though you sought all ways, and used all arguments, to bring her to a change of determination! What otherwise would have been your regret! And how unhappy should I have been in the consciousness of being in her place; and of having dispossessed her of a heart to which she had so much better pretensions! Now has he no room for remorse; but for friendly pity only, and for wishes to relieve her afflicted heart. Of what a blessing is that man possessed, who, when calamity assails him, can acquit himself, his intentions at least; and say,

"This I have not brought upon myself: It is an inevitable evil: A dispensation of Providence, I will call it, and submit to it, as such!"

Methinks, madam, I could spare this excellent woman some of my happiness. Have I not more than mortal ever knew before?

Sir Charles mentioned to me, that Lady Olivia, in her last Letter to him, intimated her desire to come over once more to England: But he hoped what he had written to dissuade her from it, would have weight with her. I told him, I wished that Lady the wife of some worthy man, whose gratitude and affection she, by her great fortune, might engage. But, Sir, said I, I cannot, cannot wish (be the Count of Belvedere ever so good a man) that Lady Clementina were married.

What would my Harriet wish for Lady Clementina, circumstanced as she is?

I don’t know. But the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandison, with a heart so pure, can never be happy with any other man.

You are ever obliging, my Love. You judge of Clementina as she deserves to be judged of, as to the purity of her heart. But — He stopt.

But what, my dear Sir? — Alas! she says that you have strengthened the hands of her friends: Am I forgiven before I go any further?

Not, my Harriet, if you think it necessary to ask such a question. Blame me always, when you think me wrong: I shall doubt your Love, if you give me reason to question your freedom.

Dear Sir, — But answer me: Would you have Clementina, circumstanced as she is, marry?

What answer can I return to my Harriet’s question; when sometimes I am ready to favour the parents pleas; at others, the daughter’s? I would not have her either compelled, or over-earnestly persuaded, The family plead,

“That their happiness, her health and peace, depend on her marriage: They cannot bear to think of rewarding Laurana for her cruelty, with an estate that never was designed for her; and to the cutting it off, as it may happen, from their Giacomo and his descendants for ever, in case Clementina assumes the veil. The health of the father and mother are declining: They wish but to live to see the alliance with the Count of Belvedere take place. The noble Lady gave reasons that could be answered. She had, by her own magnanimity, got over a greater difficulty, if I may presume to say so, than they had required her to struggle with; how could I avoid advising her to yield to the supplications of parents, of brothers, of an uncle, who, however mistaken in the means by which they seek to obtain their wishes, love not their own souls, better than they love their Clementina?

“It was, besides, a measure by which only at the time, I could demonstrate (and the General, I know, considered it as a test) that I really gave up all hopes of her myself. — And when I had owned, that there was a woman, with whom I had no doubt of being happy, could I engage her to accept of me, they all besought me, for their sakes, for Clementina’s, to court that acceptance, having hopes, that tho’ she could not set me an example, she would follow mine.”

This, my dearest Life, was the occasion, as I told your friends, of accelerating my declaration to you. I could not else, either for the sake of your delicacy or my own, so soon have made proposals, not even to Mrs. Shirley; for, situated as I was, I could not think of applying to you till I had strengthened myself, as I hoped to do, by her interest. Your generous acceptance, signified to me by that good Lady, has for ever obliged me. I regarded it, my Harriet, circumstanced as I had been, and shall ever regard it, as a condescension, which, as I told that Lady, at

the time, laid me under an obligation that I never, by my utmost gratitude, shall be able to repay.

O Sir, well have you shewn that you meant what you said. How poor a return, hiding my face in his generous bosom, is my Love for so much goodness, and kind consideration!

He clasped me to the faithfullest of human hearts.

But, dear Sir, I find, I find, on the whole, that you think Lady Clementina has not so much reason on her side, as her parents have on theirs.

My tenderness for her, my dear, because of her unhappy malady, and my apprehension of a return of it, together with my admiration of her noble qualities, prejudice me strongly in her favour. If she could be convinced by their motives, I should be ready to own my convictions in favour of these. But if she cannot, neither can I; so partial am I in the cause of a Lady I so sincerely admire, and who has been so much afflicted. But what, in the situation they and she were in, remain for me to do, but to advise the family to proceed with tenderness and patience; that their Clementina might have time to weigh, to consider, their reasons, their indulgence? You, my dear, shall see in the copies of the Letters I have written since I have been in England, my remonstrances to them on their precipitating her. But they were in a train: They presumed on the characteristic duty of their Clementina: They flattered themselves, that sometimes she seemed to relent: They conceived hopes from the expressions of compassion for the Count of Belvedere, which sometimes she let fall. The General, who, though a generous man, can do nothing moderately, would not be satisfied with cold measures, as he called them; and, not doubting his sister's acquiescence with her duty, if once she could be prevailed upon to think her compliance such, they were resolved to pursue the train they were in: But in order to avoid their importunities, how has the dear Clementina shifted the scene from Bologna to Florence from Florence to Bologna, and once, for that purpose wanted to go to Urbino, once to Naples, and even, as you have seen, to come to England! — But now, by this time, most probably, they have succeeded. God give happiness to the dear Clementina!

Most cordially did I join in the prayer.

The next Letters from Italy must acquaint us with the unwished-for success of the family; and the poor Lady's thraldom. Can, my dear grandmamma, the Count of Belvedere really be a good, a generous man, to solicit the favour of a hand, that he knows will not be accompanied by a heart? Can the man be said to know what true Love is, who prefers not the happiness of the beloved object to his own; who can, in short, think he can be happy, tho' the person he professes to love, shall be unhappy?

Thank God, this dreadful Lot has not been drawn by

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

I am glad my dear Lady G. that you are returned to Grosvenor-square. Be easy, be patient, my Charlotte. We shall have, I hope, many happy days together at Grandison-hall, at Grosvenor-square; at every place where we shall be. You are a dear fretful creature! — But not half so petulant, I hope, in behaviour, as on paper to me. Let us think of nothing grievous, my Charlotte; but of the unhappy situation of poor Lady Clementina: And let us join to pray for her happiness.

LETTER XV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday morning, Feb. 3.

EMILY and I have had another conversation. She had been more grave and solemn than usual from the time of the last, of which I gave you an account.

Her Anne had taken notice to Sally of a change in the temper of her young mistress. She knew not how to please her, she said. From the best-natured young Lady in the world, she was grown one of the most peevish; and she had taken the Liberty to tell her, that she must quit her service, if she found her so hard to be pleased.

Do then, was her answer; I won't be threatened by you, Anne. You seem to have found out your consequence with me. Go, Anne, as soon as you will. I won't be threatened, Anne. I have enough to vex me, without being disturbed by you.

The honest maid, who dearly loves her, and has been with her ever since she was seven years old, and was much approved for her fidelity and good behaviour by her father, burst out into tears, and would, in a mild and humble manner, have expostulated with her. Let me beseech you, madam, said she, to permit me a word or two by way of dutiful expostulation. But she hurried from her — I won't hear you, Anne. You have begun at the wrong end. You should have expostulated, and not threatened, first. And then going up to her closet. She locked herself in.

I pitied the dear girl. Too well I thought I could account for this change of temper in her: So exceeding good her guardian to her, her gratitude augmented her Love [Don't I know how that might easily be?]: Yet, thought I, it would half break her heart, if he were to assume reserve — I would not for her sake have him imagine there was a necessity for a change of his behaviour to her. And indeed if he were to be more reserved, what would that do? So good a man; so uniform his goodness; the poor Emily must acquit him, and condemn herself; yet have no cure for her malady.

Sally offered Anne to acquaint me with what had passed: But the good young woman begged she would not. Her young Lady was so tenacious, she said (young Lady like) of her authority, that she would never forgive her if she were known to make an appeal to me, or to my aunt. And to complain without a probability of redress, the prudent creature observed, except to her, as one Lady's woman to another, would expose her beloved young mistress; when, perhaps, the present grievance might be cured by time, assiduity, and patience.

This was necessary to premise.

Sir Charles, my Uncle, and Mr. Deane, having rode out pretty early this morning to breakfast, at Sir William Turner's; and my aunt and Lucy retiring after breakfast to write; and I to my closet for the same purpose; Emily came and tapped at my door. I instantly opened it.

I intrude, madam. — No, my dear.

I had observed at supper last night, and at breakfast this morning, that she had been in tears; tho' nobody else did; for the above hints, privately given me by Sally, made me more observant of her motions.

I took her hand, and would have placed her by me — No, madam, said she, let me stand: I am not worthy of sitting down in your presence.

Her eyes were brimful of tears; but as she twinkled in hopes to disperse them, I would not take such full notice of them, as might make them run over, if they could be dispersed: Yet mine, I believe glistened sympathetically.

In my presence, my Emily! my friend! Why, why, this?

I stood up. Your elder sister, my Love, sits not, while her younger stands.

She threw her arms about me, and her tears ran over. This goodness, this goodness kills me! — I am, I am, a most unhappy creature! — Unhappy from the grant of my own wishes! — O that you would treat me severely! I cannot, cannot support myself, under the hourly instances which I receive of your goodness!

Whence, my dearest Emily, these acknowlegements? I do love my Emily: And should be either ungrateful or insensible to the merits of my beloved Sister, did I not do all in my power to make her happy. What can I do for her, that is not her due?

She struggled herself out of my embracing arms, withdrawing hers — Let me, let me go, madam! — She hurried into the adjoining apartment. I followed her; and taking her hand, Leave me not, in this perplexity, my Emily! I cannot, part with you: If you love your Harriet, as she loves her Emily, you will put me in the way of alleviating this anguish of the most innocent, and most amiable of minds. Open your heart to me, my dear.

O Lady Grandison! the deserving wife of the best of men, you ought to hate me!

My dearest Emily! said I.

Indeed you ought.

Let us sit down on this Sofa, if you will not return to my closet.

I sat down. She sat by me, leaning her glowing face on my shoulder. I put one arm round her neck; with the other hand, I grasped one of hers. Now, my dear, I conjure you, by the friendship that is between us, the more than sisterly friendship, open your whole heart to me; and renounce me, if it be in my power to

heal the wounds of your mind, and I do not pour into them the balm of friendly Love.

What can I say? — Yesterday, my dearest Lady Grandison, I received an answer to a case I put to Dr. Bartlett, of a young creature, who — I can't tell you —

She wept; raised her head; dried her eyes; again leaned her face on my shoulder; again I put my arm round her neck — Your case, my Love?

Ah, madam! My case — Did you say, My case?

I asked, my dear, not as for your case, any other than as for the case you put to the Doctor.

He has not told you madam?

Indeed he has not said a word of your consulting him.

I had rather tell you myself. I am afraid he guesses who the young woman is. O the poor cunning! — I am a weak silly creature! — He certainly guesses —

May I, my Love, see the case? — May I see the answer to it?

I have burnt them both! — In a fit of anger at myself, that I should expose myself (for he certainly guesses who the young woman is) I threw them in the fire.

But you can tell me the case. You can give me the substance of the answer.

How can I? You of all women! You, madam, whom I best love of all women; but who ought to hate, to despise me!

Trust me, Love, with your secret. It shall never without your Leave pass this faithful bosom, if it be a secret that already I do not guess at.

She started — Guess at, madam!

Don't start at what I say, my Love.

O you cannot, cannot guess at it. If you did —

What if I did?

Then would you banish from your presence for ever the justly hated Emily: Then would you make my guardian renounce me!

Shall I, my dear, tell you what I guess?

Whisper me then, throwing about me the hand I held not: But whisper me that I may not hear.

You love your guardian, my Emily! — He loves you!

O madam!

He will always love you; so will I.

Banish the criminal from your presence for ever; rising; yet again laying her face on my shoulder — and clasping her arms about me, Hide me, hide me from myself.

No need, my dear Every-body loves your guardian. You cannot love him but with innocence. Your Love is founded in gratitude. So was mine. Don't I know how to allow for my Emily?

You will banish fear from my heart, madam, by this your goodness to me. I find I may own all my weakness, my folly, to you; and the rather, as I shall intitle myself by it to your advice. I wanted to do it; but was afraid you would hate me. In the same circumstances I doubt I should not be so generous as you are. O that I had not put my case to the Doctor!

The Doctor, my dear, is all goodness. He will keep your secret —

And not tell my guardian, madam any thing about it? It would be worse than death to me, if my guardian should mistrust me. He would hate the poor Emily, if you did not.

He never shall know it, my dear. You have already engaged the Doctor to secrecy, I doubt not.

I have.

He will inviolably keep your secret, no fear; especially as your charming ingenuousness to me, will be a means of putting you and me, my Love, on finding expedients, that shall equally secure your honour, and your guardian's regard for you.

That, madam, is the very thing.

Open then to me your innocent heart, my dear. Regard me, as your friend, your sister, and as if I were not the happy wife of your beloved guardian —

And so I will. — I did not, madam, mistrust myself till the solemnity had passed, that made you and my guardian one. Then I began to be uneasy with myself; and the more, as I was for hiding myself from myself, as I may say; for I was afraid of looking into my heart: Why so? thought I. Am I not an innocent girl? What do I wish for? What can I hope for? Do I not love Lady Grandison? I do. Yet now-and-then — Don't hate me, madam! I will reveal to you all my heart, and all my weakness.

Proceed, my Emily. This is indeed a token of your love, of your confidence in me. What a compliment does my dearest younger sister make to her elder.

Yet now-and-then, something like Envy, I thought, arose in my heart: And can your countenance forbear to change, when I tell you of Envy?

If it did, it would be from compassionate Love to my Emily. You don't know, my dear, how my heart dilates on this your most agreeable confidence in me.

God bless that dear heart! — There never was such a heart as yours. Well, but I will go on if you please.

Do, my dear.

Here, thought I, once (that I was resolved to call myself to account) did I ask the favour of being allowed to live with my guardian and his Lady, when they were married: And what did I mean by it? Nothing but innocence, believe me. Well, and my request is granted! This was all that I thought was wanting to make me happy: But, said I to myself, am I happy? No. Do I love my guardian less? No. Do I love Lady Grandison more for granting me this favour? I admire her more, I think; and I have a grateful sense of her goodness to me: But, I don't know how it is — I think, tho' I dearly love her, yet I would be sometimes glad I did not, quite so well. Ungrateful Emily! And severely I took myself to task. Surely, pity, madam, is near akin to Love; for while your suspenses lasted, I thought I loved you better than I loved my own heart: But when you were happy, and there was no room for pity, wicked wretch that I was! I wanted, methought, sometimes to lower you. — Don't you hate me now?

No, no, my Emily; my Pity, as you say, increases my Love of you. Proceed, child, your mind is the unsullied book of nature: Turn to another Leaf. Depend upon my kindest allowances. I knew, before you knew it yourself, that you loved your guardian.

Before I knew it myself! Why that might be. So I went on reasoning with myself —

"What, Emily, canst thou love thy guardian more; and Lady Grandison, with all her goodness to me, not more — And canst thou mingle envy with admiration of her? — Ah, silly, and worse that silly, girl, where may this end? — Lord bless me! If I suffer myself to go on thus, shall I not be the most ungrateful of creatures? Shall I not, instead of my guardian's love, incur his hatred? Will not all the world despise me? — And where may this stop?"

– Yet I went on excusing myself; for I knew I had no vile meaning: I knew I only wanted my guardian to love me, and to be allowed to love him. But what! thought I, at last, can I allow myself inloving a married man, the husband of my friend? And sometimes I trembled at the thought; for I looked back; and said to myself,

"Wouldst thou, Emily, a year ago, have allowed in thyself but the same lengths that thou hast now run?"

– No; answered I my own question.

"Is not this a fair warning of what may be a year hence?"

– So I put a case, to Dr. Bartlett, as of three persons of my Anne's acquaintance, two young women, one young man, living in one house: The young man contracted to one of the young women; the other knowing it; and tho' a person incapable of a criminal thought, yet finding an increasing regard for the young man, tho' she dearly loved her friend, began to be afraid her heart was not

quite as it should be: What, I asked, as for my Anne's friend, would he advise in the case?

And what, my dear, was the Doctor's advice?

I was a silly creature to put it to him. As I said, he certainly must guess. If you, madam, could without such a case put, he certainly must. We young girls think, if we put our hands before our eyes, nobody can see us. In short, the Doctor pronounced the increasing regard to be a beginning Love. The consequence would be, that the young woman would in time endeavour to supplant her friend; tho' at present she might probably shudder at the thought. He bid me tell Anne to warn her acquaintance against the growing flame. He said, she might entangle her own heart, and without gaining her end, render unhappy a couple, who, according to my representation from my Anne, deserved to be happy: And he advised, by all means, that she should leave the contracted couple to themselves, and for her own honour's, her own heart's sake, remove to as great distance from them as possible.

Believe me, madam, I was shocked, I was frighted at myself: I threw the papers in the fire; and have been, ever since I read them, more unhappy than usual. My dear Lady Grandison, then thought I, I will, if you give me encouragement, open my heart to you. You will hear of my folly, my weakness, one day or other. — And now, dear good madam, forgive me: Keep my secret; and advise me what to do.

What, my dearest creature, can I advise you? I love you. I ever will love you. I will be as careful of your honour as of my own. I will endeavour to cultivate your guardian's affection to you.

He never, madam, I hope, guessed at the poor Emily's folly.

He never mentioned you to me, but with love and tenderness.

Thank God! — But say, advise me, madam; my heart shall be in your hand; guide it, as you please.

What, my dear, did you think of doing yourself?

I must not think of living with you now, madam.

Why not? You shall find me ever your true friend.

But I am sure Dr. Bartlett's advice to Anne's acquaintance is right. I tell you, madam, that I must every day, and every hour of the day, that I see his tender behaviour to you; that I behold him employed in acts of beneficence; that I see every one adoring him; admire him more. I see that I am less my own mistress than I thought it was possible I could be: And if such a girl as I, have so little command of myself, and his merit every hour spreading itself out before me with increasing lustre, my weak eyes will not be able to bear his glory — O madam, I ought to fly; I am resolved, whatever it cost me to fly.

How I admired, how I pitied, how I loved, the dear creature! I clasped both my arms about her, and pressing her to my bosom — What can I say, my Emily? What can I say? Tell me, what would you wish me to say?

You are wise, madam: You have a tender and generous heart: O that I were half as good! — Advise me something — I see the folly of my wishing to live with you and my guardian.

And is it necessary, my dear, to a conquest of yourself, that we should not live together?

Absolutely so: I am convinced of it.

Suppose, my dear, you go to the London house, and put yourself under Mrs. Grandison's protection?

What, madam, my guardian's house still?

I hope a few weeks absence, by help of a discretion of which you have, in the present conversation, given shining proofs, will answer all we wish; since you never, my dear, could have thought but of admiring, and that at distance, the great qualities of your guardian.

I have, 'tis true, but just found myself out, I never could have hope of being looked upon in any other light, than as his daughter; and I hope, I have made the discovery in time. But I must not be with him in his own house. I must not be in the way of his constant conversation.

Admirable discretion! Amiable innocence! — Well then suppose you request Lady L. Lady G —

Ah, no, no! That would not do, neither. My guardianwould be the continual subject of our conversation; and often, very often, his brotherly goodness would lead him to them; them to him.

Charming fortitude! Heroic Emily! How I admire you! I see you have thought attentively of this matter. What are your thoughts?

Can't you guess?

I know what I wish — But you must speak first.

Don't you remember what the blessed Mrs. Shirley (I must call her blessed!) said to me on your weddingday, in the vestry?

I do, my dearest Emily! And are you inclined —

Shall I be received, madam, as a second Harriet in your family? It would be my ambition to tread in your steps at Selby-house and Shirley-manor; to hear from you; to write to you; to form myself by the model, by which you were formed; to be called by Mrs. Shirley, by Mrs. Selby, their Emily.

How you would rejoice them all, my Emily! and, if we must part, me, to have my Emily be to my dearest friends what their Harriet so happily was!

But, madam, will you undertake to procure my guardian's consent?

I will endeavour it.

Endeavour it! Then it is done. He will deny you nothing. Will good Mrs. Shirley consent?

I have no doubt but she will, if your guardian do.

Will Mrs. Selby, will Mr. Selby, be my uncle and aunt?

We will consult them: They are happily with us, you know.

But, madam, there is one objection; a very great one.

What is that, my Love?

Your cousin James Selby! I should respect him, as your cousin, and as the brother of the two Miss Selby's: But that is all.

I never, my dear, approved of any motion of that kind. Not one of my friends think of it: They wish it not. He has met with discouragement from every one of my family, and his own: He submits to the discouragement.

Then, madam, if you please to break the matter to Mr. and Mrs. Selby; and to Mrs. Shirley, without letting them know the poor girl flies to them as for refuge against herself; and satisfy Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, that I mean nothing of slight to them; then will I attend Mr. and Mrs. Selby in their return home: And I shall be in a while a very happy girl, I doubt not. But still remember, madam, I must love my guardian: But it shall be with a Love that shall not exclude Lady Grandison from a large share of it; the largest, if I can. And now, clasping her arms about my neck, let me beg your pardon for all the strange things I have said. My heart will be the easier for having found a confident, such a confident, however, as no girl ever found before — But in this instance of goodness, you more than equal Lady Clementina herself; and a thousand, thousand thanks for your patience with me on such a subject! — Yet say, say, my dear Lady Grandison, you don't hate the poor girl, who has the vanity to emulate you and Lady Clementina!

I wept over her from joy, pity, tenderness.

Will you not, my dear grandmamma, love my Emily more than ever? Will you call her your Emily, and think of her, as your Harriet?

Lady L. Lady G. will you excuse the preference she has given to quiet Northamptonshire, against noisy London, and its gay scenes, at so young a time of Life? — Excuse it! I am sure you will think that the reason she has given for the preference, lifts her up above woman.

Monday, Feb. 5.

I HAVE already obtained my uncle's and aunt's, and Lucy's, high approbation of Emily's proposal. They, at her request, asked Sir Charles's consent, as a favour. He desired to see her upon it. She came in, bashful, her steps unassured, looking down. He took her hand: My good Emily, said he, I am told that you have a desire

to restore to Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Mr. Selby, the granddaughter and niece I have robbed them of. They rejoice in your proposal. You will be exceedingly happy in their protection. My Harriet will be loth to part with you; but for their sakes, as well as yours, she will chearfully acquiesce: And though we wanted it not, we shall have an additional pleasure in visiting Northamptonshire. — It is your deliberate choice, my dear?

It is, Sir: And I hope I may be allowed to accompany Mrs. Selby down.

Settle the matter, Ladies, among yourselves. I have but one thing to add on the subject. You have a Mother, my dear. We must not absolutely resolve till we have her consent. She is good now: You must make a compliment to my sisters, and their Lords also, and to my aunt Grandison They love my ward: And she must preserve every worthy person's Love.

The dear girl courtesied; wept — You are all — all goodness, Sir.

If your mind should change, my dear, don't be afraid to signify the alteration. It will be the business of us all to make each other happy. You will be always dear to my Harriet. Recollect, mean time, if there be any-thing further in my power to oblige you.

O Sir! You must not (she ran to me, and in my bosom, weeping, spoke out her sentence) be too good to me!

I kissed the dear girl's forehead — Heroic Emily! whispered I, to confirm her in her heroism.

And thus already, my dearest grandmamma, is this material article settled. My aunt answers for your approbation; and Lucy for the pleasure that this acquisition, as I may call it, will give to Nancy, to Miss Holles's, and all our other kindred and acquaintance. But how, when the time comes, shall I part with her?

What, I wonder, will Sir Edward Beauchamp say to this? — He must get his dear friend's leave to visit with us Shirley-manor and Selby-house, which I hope we shall do twice a year at least.

My Uncle and Aunt, Lucy, and Mr. Deane, are exceedingly rejoiced on this occasion: How fond are they of Emily! She of them! This gives them a relation to each other, that I hope will produce a friendship which will last for ever.

My Aunt and Lucy have been asking my opinion, whether Sir Charles did not discover something of the good girl's growing affection for him; so undisguisedly sincere as she always was, and for some time not suspecting herself; he so penetrating a man? Of this, said Lucy, I am sure, he would have seen it with half an eye, had any other man been as much the object of her regard.

If any thing would induce me, said I, to think he did, it would be his ready acquiescence with her proposal, and from his being so little inquisitive after her motives for leaving us: The case, continued I, is of so nice a nature, that he never

will say, even to me, what his thoughts are upon it, if such thoughts he has. And as to myself, it would be dealing with Emily less delicately than I was dealt with by the two noble sisters, should I presume to sound him on so nice a subject.

And indeed there never could be a man in the world that had a greater regard than he has to those real delicacies of our Sex, which border not upon what is called Prudery.

Mr. Lowther is gone to London: He has given into Sir Charles's wishes, to settle in this neighbourhood. He said, he liked the country: He had no particular attachment to any place; and made a fine compliment to Sir Charles on the occasion. I need not say, it was a just one.

My uncle, my aunt, write. Lucy has another long Letter almost ready. I have only further to say therefore, at this time, that I am and ever will be

Your most dutiful, HARRIET GRANDISON.

Sir Charles intends to write to you, madam, on Emily's proposal — My uncle, and aunt begin to be weary of us, as Sir Charles and I tell them; But they call us both unreasonable. God give us good news from Italy!

LETTER XVI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADIES L. AND G.

Grandison-hall, Tues. Feb. 13.

I Write to my dearest sisters now.

Nor will I ask you to send my Letters to my grandmamma for the present.

Lucy shall be lest to entertain my Northamptonshire friends.

The inclosed translation of a Letter written by Signor Jeronymo, will give you the surprising news — surprising indeed — Poor, poor Lady!

I must tell you in my next, how we were all affected on the receiving it: No more at present can I add, but that I am, my dear Ladies.

Your ever affectionate Sister, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XVII.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

My Grandison,

YOU will be surprised — astonished — The dear Clementina! How has she tarnished all her glory! A young creature of her nice honour! — Good God! — And must I her brother, your Jeronymo, expose his sister?

We gave into almost every wish of her heart. The dear Scripturist had requested a month's time to travel from place to place on the other side of the Apennines, partly in imitation of the daughter of the famous Israelitish General ; and partly on pretence of establishing her health; implying, that she considered the meditated marriage as a sacrifice: And we had hopes at the end of it, that she would be brought to give her hand, not unchearfully, to the Count of Belvedere, for whom she owned pity and gratitude.

We had consented to several trifling delays of her return to us before. Yet besought her to excuse us from allowing her to visit Rome and Naples; and she acquiesced with the reasons we gave her. She desired leave to take into her service, as a page, an English youth, the nephew of a gentleman of the English factory at Leghorn, who was well recommended by his uncle, on the enquiry Mrs. Beaumont, at our desire, made into his character. We, supposing her motive to be merely an innocent and grateful regard to the country of a man whom we could allow her to respect, consented. She accordingly took him; and he attended her in her excursions to Pistoia, Prato, Pratolina, Pisa, Sienna, &c.; to some of which places she was accompanied by Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies her friends. But being desirous to see the sea-coast from Piombino to Lucca, according to a plan she shewed; and talking of stretching to Genoa, when at Lucca; which was to conclude her excursions, and complete her month; she was left by those Ladies to be attended by her own servants: These, all but her page and Laura, she contrived (the high-soul'd Clementina stooped to art!) to send different ways, ordering them to meet her at Lucca; but, instead of going thither, took a short way to Leghorn; and there embarked on board an English ship ready cleared out, and bound for the port of London; and it had sailed three days, before it was known what was become of her. But then the contents of the following Letter, directed to Mrs. Beaumont, astonished that Lady, and her friends; as you will believe it did us, when it was transmitted to us in a Letter written by Mrs. Beaumont, acquainting

us with the particulars of her excursions and flight; and the certainty, upon proper enquiries at Leghorn, that she was gone to England.

"Forgive me, my dearest Ladies; my dearest Mrs. Beaumont, particularly, forgive me! I am embarked in an enterprize, that will be enough my punishment. Pity me, therefore, as well as pardon me! The impending evil is always the most terrible. My heart is extremely averse to a married life. A fortnight of the month is expired, at the end of which I am expected to give my vows to a man not unworthy of them, could I think it in my power to make him happy, and could I be so myself in the prospects before me: But how can that be? Persuasion, cruel persuasion! A kneeling father, a fighing mother; generous, but entreating brothers; how, how can I resist you, if I go to dear, once most dear Bologna? All you, my friends, at Bologna, at Urbino, everywhere, forgive me! What have I not suffered before I came to the resolution that must be pursued, tho' repentance, when I have attained the proposed asylum, follow! My good Lord of B. forgive me also. Change your attachment. You deserve a better wife, than conscience, than honour, than justice (words that mean the same thing) tell me, can be made you, by the unhappy Clementina. She dare not add Della Porretta. — Ah my mother!"

—

This Letter was left with a person at Leghorn, with orders, not to send it, till the vessel had sailed three days. We are all distracted; but most my mother.

For the sake of her peace of mind, we are come to a resolution to anticipate our summers visit to you; and, unpropitious as the season is for such a journey, we shall set out next week accordingly. God give my mother strength to bear the fatigue! Courage she has, on this occasion, who never before could be brought to go by sea any-where: No, not to Naples, to visit her Giacomo, and his Lady, tho' in a more propitious season.

It was a long-laid scheme, we imagine; for she had dismissed her faithful Camilla, on her urging her to a change of condition. I am afraid the good woman was too sedulous in obeying the orders given her by my brother, to make use of every opportunity to inspire her with tender sentiments, in favour of the Count of Belvedere. Laura has for some time been her only favourite servant.

This youth, by name Antony Dagley, no doubt has managed this affair for her.

Mrs. Beaumont now recollects several circumstances, which, could she have suspected Clementina to be capable of such an enterprize, might have given her suspicion.

The vessel she is in, is called The Scanderoon: Alexander Henderson master.

How can the dear creature on her arrival in England look You, your Lady, your Sisters, in the face? What may she suffer, in such a voyage, at such a season! To what insults may she be exposed! So little as she knows of the English tongue!

Laura not a syllable of it! Depending on the fidelity of a stranger-boy! So few changes of apparel as she had the opportunity to take with her! — Whether provided with any considerable sums of money, we know not! England, in her opinion, a nation of heretics! — Good Heaven! could Clementina della Porretta be guilty of such a rashness?

But what an averseness must she have to marriage! We have certainly been too precipitating. You cautioned us: Yet, I dare say, could not have believed, that our Clementina could have taken such a step. But, alas! we conclude, that it is owing more to the effects of her late unhappy malady, than to any other cause. When once the mind is disordered, there is danger, it seems, of its shewing itself, on extraordinary occasions, even after the cure is supposed to be perfected, capable of extravagance. Again I say, we have been too hasty. — Our brother Giacomo! — But he is the most disinterested of men. He would not otherwise be so urgent as he is for her marriage.

Dear, dear creature! How my heart bleeds for the distresses she may be thrown into! — But they cannot be equal to those which her mother feels for her. Clementina knows how much the lives of her father and mother are bound up in hers. But I repeat, she must be under the influences of her former malady, or never, never, could she have done an act, that she must know would wound our very souls.

From the lights I have held out, we hope you will be able to find her before she can have suffered more than the inconveniencies of the voyage; before she can have wanted money, or other conveniencies. If you do, your sisters will give the rash one countenance and protection till we can arrive.

Our company will be, my Father, Mother, the Bishop, your Jeronymo, Father Marescotti, and our two cousins Sebastiano and Juliano. Mrs. Beaumont has the goodness, purely from motives of charity, to accompany my mother. Poor Camilla, almost as inconsolable as my mother, attends her Lady.

We must give you the trouble of hiring for us as large a house as you can procure. The circumstances we are in, allow us not to think of any-thing more than common convenience, and to be incognito.

Our two cousins above-named may be in lodgings, if room be wanted.

We shall have no more than necessary attendants.

A lesser house, or handsome lodgings will content the Count of Belvedere.

These cares for us, my dear Grandison, we must throw upon you: Yet, if my Lowther be in England, he will be so kind as to ease you of part of them. You will have concern enough in sharing ours, for the occasion which carries us to you, so much sooner than we intended, and in an inconvenient season; circumstances that will sufficiently demonstrate the distress we are in.

The vessel we have hired, is called, The Leghorn Frigate. The master's name is Arthur Gunning. If we are favoured in our voyage, the master hopes to be in your river Thames in about three weeks from our embarking.

God give us, my Grandison, a meeting not unhappy! May we find the dear fugitive safe in your protection, or under the wings of one of your noble sisters!

I hope this unhappy affair will produce no uneasiness between your Lady and you. If it should, what an additional evil would the dear rash one have to answer for!

The General is too much incensed against the unhappy girl, to think of accompanying us, could he obtain permission of his sovereign.

The least reparation the dear creature can make us, the Bishop says, is, chearfully to give her vows to the good Count of Belvedere, who looks forward to the issue of this affair, as the crisis of his fate.

I hardly know what I have written; nor how to leave off. It is to you, our dear friend, our consoler, our brother, and, let me add, our refuge, next to that Almighty, who we hope will guide us in safety to you, and give an issue not greatly derogatory to the glory of our sister, and family. Join, my Grandison, your prayers with ours, to this purpose. Noblest of friends, Adieu!

JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

LETTER XVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADIES L. AND G.

Wedn. Febr. 14.

LET me now give you the promised particulars.

As we, and our beloved guests, were at dinner on Monday, all harmony, all love; the dear Emily laying out the happy days she hoped to see in Northhamptonshire; Sir Charles using generous arguments to prevail on my uncle and aunt to stay a little longer with him; the Letter, the affecting Letter, was given into Sir Charles's hands: "From my Jeronymo!" said he, looking at the superscription. Asking excuse, he broke it open, and, casting his eye upon the first lines, he started; and bowing to his guests, and to me, he arose from table, and withdrew to his Study.

We had not half dined. I urged our friends, but could not set them the example; and we arose by consent, and went into the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles soon joined us there: His face was in a glow: He seemed to have struggled for a composure, for our sakes, which, however, he had not obtained.

I looked upon him with eyes, I suppose, that had speech in them, by his taking my hand, and saying, Be not surprised, my Love: You will soon have guests.

From Italy! From Italy, Sir!— "Yes, my life" — Who? Who, Sir?

Dr. Bartlett was with us. He besought him to give a translation of that Letter. The Doctor retired to do it: And Sir Charles said, It is not impossible but Clementina may be soon in England: Perhaps before the rest of her family. Be not surprised (for we all looked upon one another): Dr. Bartlett will give you the contents of the Letter. Oblige me, my dearest Love, with your hand.

He led me into his Study; and there, in the most tender and affectionate manner, acquainted me with the contents of the Letter.

My dearest Harriet, said he, his arms encircling my waist, will not, cannot doubt the continuance of my tenderest Love. I am equally surprised and disturbed at the step taken. God preserve the dear Clementina! Join your prayers with mine for her safety. You can pity the unhappy Lady: She is, I am afraid, desolate and unprotected: You can pity her equally unhappy friends. They are following her: They are all good: They mean well. Yet over-persuasion, as you lately observed, in such a case a hers, is a degree of persecution. In the unhappy circumstances she had been in, she should have had time given her. Time subdues all things.

Let me beseech you, Sir, said I, to give the unhappy Lady your instant protection. Consider me as a strengthener, not a weakener, of your hands, in her

service. I have no concern but for her safety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occasion. Dear Sir, let me by participation lessen it.

Soul of my Soul, said he, clasping me more ardently to his bosom, I had no doubt of your generous goodness. It would be doing injustice to the unhappy absent, and to the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as to you, the absolute mistress of it, did I think it necessary to make professions of my unalterable, my inviolable Love to you. I will acquaint you with every step I take in this arduous affair. You must advise me as I go along. Minds so delicate as your and Clementina's, must be allied. I shall be sure of my measures when I have the approbation of my Harriet. All our friends (They have discretion) shall be made acquainted with my proceedings. I will not leave a doubt upon the mind of any one of them, that my Harriet is not, as far as it is in my power to make her, the happiest of women.

What, Sir, is the date of the Letter? — He looked; It has no date, my dear, Jeronymo's grief — The Lady, Sir, said I, may be arrived. Leave me here at Grandison-hall, with my friends: I will endeavour to engage their stay a little longer than they had designed; and do you hasten up to town: If you can do service to the unhappy Lady, destitute as you apprehend she is at present of protection, and exposed to difficulties and dangers, your Letters shall be, if possible, more acceptable to me, than even the presence of the man who is as dear to me as my own soul.

I was raised. It was making me great, my dear Ladies, to have it in my power, as I may say, to convince Sir Charles Grandison, that my compassion, my love, my a lmiration of the noblest of women, was a sincere admiration and love.

How happy a man am I! said he. You have anticipated me by your goodness. I will hasten up to town. You will engage your friends. The man whose Love is fixed on the mind, all loveliness as is the admirable person that thus I again press to my fond bosom, must be as happy as a mortal man can be!

He led me back to the expecting company: Who all stood up, as by an involuntary motion, at our entrance; each person looking eager to know our sentiments. The Doctor had not finished the translation: But Sir Charles sent up for the Letter; and begged of the Doctor, who brought it down himself, to read it in English to us all. He did so.

What, my dear Ladies, was there of Peculiarity in my generosity, as your brother was pleased to call it? — My uncle, my aunt, my Lucy, Mr. Deane, all, before Sir Charles could well speak, besought him not to suffer their being here to be one moment's hindrance to his setting out for London.

He generously applauded me to them for what had passed between us in his Study, and told them, he would set out early in the morning, if they would

promise to keep me company here.

They said, they would stay as long as their convenience would permit; and the longer, that he might be the easier on such a generous call to town.

One thing, dear Sir, said I, let me beg; Let not the sweet fugitive be compelled, if you can help it, to marry. Let not advantage be taken, as they seem, by a hint in this Letter, inclined to take it, of this seeming rash step, to make her compliance the condition of their forgiveness and reconciliation.

He called me his generous, his noble Harriet; repeated, that he would be governed by my advice, and that then he should be sure of his footing.

Your brother set out early this morning for London: Join your prayers, my dear Ladies, with his and mine, and with those of all our friends here, for a happy issue to the present afflictions of the dear Clementina. How I long, yet half-fear, to see her! Shall I, do you think, be able to see her, without being apprehensive, that she will look upon me as the invader of her right? She was undoubtedly his first Love.

Your brother communicated to me his intention of completing the furnishing of the new-taken house in Grosvenor-square, which was before in great forwardness, and to have it well aired for the reception of his noble friends. He will acquaint his sisters with his further intentions, as occasions arise. God succeed to him his own wishes! — He may be trusted with them.

Adieu, my dearest Sisters! How proud am I, that I can indeed call you so, by the name of

HARRIET GRANDISON!

LETTER XIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY GRANDISON.

St. James's Square, Thursday Feb. 15.

My dearest Life,

ON my arrival here last Night I found a long Letter, dated Sunday last, from the unhappy Lady, whom we both so much admire and pity. The contents too well confirm her wandering state of mind, and account for the steps she has taken. I will send you the Letter itself as soon as I have seen her, and can prevail upon her to put herself into my protection. Till the hope of a happier state of mind shall dawn upon us, the contents of it will afflict you.

She has been ten days in England: I wrote to her last night, to beg her to admit me to her presence.

She expresses in her Letter a generous joy in our happiness, and in the excellent character which she has heard of the beloved of my heart; of every heart. In the midst of her affecting wanderings, she preserves the greatness of mind that ever distinguished her. She wishes to see you; but unknown to us both.

It would not be difficult perhaps to find out the place of her abode; but she depends on my honour, that I will not attempt it: Clementina loves to be punctiliously observed. In the way she is in, she must be soothed, and as little opposed as possible. She thinks too highly of my character, and apprehends that the step she has taken, has lowered her own. She has great sensibility, and only sometimes wanders into minutenesses that her circumstances, which I find are not happy, oblige her to attend to. I have great hopes, that I shall be able to sooth, conciliate, and restore her; her mind seems not to he deeply wounded. God enable me to quiet the heart of the noblest of your Sisters! Forgive me for my two beloved Sisters. They will, if you do.

I hope our dear friends will make themselves and you happy, at Grandison-hall. This cloud passed away, if God preserve us to each other, and our friends to us, all our future days must be serene: At least as far as it is in my power, they shall be so to my Harriet. Professions would disgrace my Love, and your merits. All that your own heart can wish me to be, that, if I know it, will I be; for am I not the happy husband of the best and most generous of women; and, as such,

Wholly Yours, CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XX.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

[Mentioned in the preceding.]

Tuesday. Febr. 13. O. S.

BY this time, it is very probable, you have heard of the rashest step that the writer of these presents (chequer'd and unhappy, as the last years of her life have been) over took. She knows it to be rash: She condemns herself for taking it. She doubts not but she shall be condemned by every-body for it: Nor is she sure, that she shall have the better opinion of your justice, if you are not one of the severest of her censurers: For you are a good man. Your goodness, I hear, fills every mouth in this your own country; and it is not one of your least praises, that you did your duty in the strictest manner, to a Father, who was wanting in his to his whole family. It is, it seems, your principle, that where a duty is reciprocal, the failure in it of the one, acquits not the other for a failure in his. How then can I appear before you? I am cover'd with blushes at the thoughts of it — I, who am a runaway from the kindest, the most indulgent, of parents — God forgive me! — Yet, can I say, I repent? — I think, I can. — But at best, it is a conditional repentance only, that I boast.

I am here in your England; I cannot, cannot, tell you where; in a low condition; my fortune scanty; my lodgings not very convenient; two servants only my attendants; Laura (you remember her) one; weeping every hour after her friends, and our Italy: My other you know not — My page he was called in the days of my state, as I may, comparatively, call them; but now my every thing: Poor youth! But he is honest, he is faithful. God reward him! — I cannot.

Yet in all this my depression of circumstances, if I may so express myself, and sometimes (too often indeed) of spirits; I think I am happy in the thought that I am a single woman.

Well, Sir! — And what can I say further? A thousand things I have to say: Too many, to know which to say first. I had better say no more: I am not, however, sure, I shall send you this, or any other Letter.

I have been ten days in this great, and, as it seems to me, ugly city: A vastly populous one: People very busy. I thought your London people were all rich — But what is this to write to you about?

I have been out but once, and that for a morning in one of your parks. I can't say, I like England, nor its people, much: But I have seen nothing of the one, or the other.

I live a very melancholy life: But that befits me best.

They tell me, that your churches are poor, plain things. You bestow more upon yourselves than you do upon your God: But perhaps you trust more to the heart, than to the eye, in the plainness of your places of devotion. But, again, what is all this stuff to you? — Yet, I am apt to ramble too-too much!

The truth is, I am not very well: So excuse me.

But do you know how it comes about, that having the best of fathers, the best of mothers, the most affectionate of brothers, I should yet think them persecutors? How it comes about, that I, who love them, who honour them, as much as daughter ever honoured parents, or sister ever loved brothers, should run away from them all, into a strange land, a land of heretics; yet once be thought a pious kind of creature? Do you know how this comes about?

Once there was a man — But him I renounced — But I had a good reason for it. And do you think I repent it? By my truth, Chevalier, I do not: I never did. Yet I think of nobody half so often, nor with half the pleasure: For, tho' a Heretic, he is a good man.

But hush! Dare I, in this country, say he is a Heretic? Perhaps, we Catholics are looked upon as Heretics here. Idolaters I know we are said to be — I grant that I had like to have been an idolater once — But let that pass. I believe we Catholics think worse of you Protestants, and you Protestants think worse of us Catholics, than either deserve: It may be so. But, to me, you seem to be a strange people, for all that.

Of one thing, my good Chevalier, methinks I should be glad. — Here I am told you are married: That I knew before I left Italy: Else, let me tell you, I never would have come hither: Yet I should have got away rather than be married myself, I believe: But then perhaps it would have been to a Catholic country.

What was I going to say? — One thing I should be glad of: It is to see your Lady; but not if she were to see me. I came with very few cloaths, and they were not the best I had at Florence: My best of all are at Bologna. My father and mother loved to see me dressed. I dressed many a time to please them more than to please myself. For I am not a proud creature: Do you think I am? You knew me once better than I knew myself: But you know little of me now. I am a runaway: And I know you won't forgive me. I can't help it. However, I should be glad to see your Lady. She dresses richly, I suppose. Well she may!

I am told, she is one of the loveliest women in England: And as to her goodness — there is nobody so good. Thank God! You know, Chevalier, I always prayed, that the best of women might be called by your name.

But Olivia, it seems, praises her; and Olivia saw her when she was a rambler to England, as, God help me! I am now.

But Olivia's motive and mine were very different. Olivia went to England in hopes of a husband — Poor woman! I pity her.

But, Chevalier, cannot I see your Lady, and she not see me? I need not be in disguise to see her. If you were with her, handing her, suppose, to church, (I would not scruple to croud myself into some unobserved corner of your church on such an occasion) you would be too proud of her to mind me: And you would not know me, if you saw me; for I would stoop in my shoulders, and look down; and the cloaths I should have on would be only an English linen gown and petticoat, unadorned by ribbands or gew-gaw — Not half so well dressed as your Lady's woman

But yet I should thank God, that you had not disgraced the regard I had once for you: I had a great deal of pride, you know, in that hope. Thank you, Sir, that you have married so lovely and so deserving a woman. She is of a good family, I hope.

It wa a great disappointment to me when I came first to London, to find, that you were not there. I thought, some how or other, to catch a sight of you and your Lady, were it but as you stept into your coach; and I to have been in a chair, near, or even on foot. For, when I heard what a character you bore, for every kind of goodness; I, a poor fagitive, was afraid to see you. So many good lessons as you taught me, and all to come to this! Unhappy Clementina!

Where will your Ladyship (but I have forbidden that stile) choose to take up your residence? said Anthony when we first landed (My servant's name is Anthony; but you shall not know his other name). We landed among a parcel of guns, at the Tower, they called it, in a boat.

Laura answered for me; for he spoke in Italian; Somewhere near the Chevalier Grandison's, won't you, madam? I won't tell you what was my answer; for perhaps I am near the Thames — I don't want you to find me out. I beseech you, Chevalier, don't give yourself pain for me. I am a fugitive. Don't disgrace yourself in acknowleging any acquaintance with a creature who is poor and low; and who deserves to be poor and low; for is she not a runaway from the best of parents? But it is to avoid, not to get, a husband; you'll be pleased to remember that, Sir.

But, poor Laura — I am sorry for Laura; more sorry than for myself — My brother Giacomo would kill the poor creature, I believe, if ever she were to come in his way. But she is in no fault. It was with great reluctance she obeyed her mistress. She was several times as impertinent as Camilla. Poor Camilla! I used ever hardly. She is a good creature. I used her hardly against my own nature, to make her the easier to part with me. I love her. I hope she is well. It is not worth her while to pine after me; I was an ungrateful creature to her.

My Anthony is a good young man, as I told you. I think to save half his wages, and give the other half to raise Laura's, to keep her a little in heart. The poor young man hoped preferment in my service; and I can do nothing for him. It will behove me to be a good manager. But I will sell the few jewels I have left, rather than part with him, till he can get a better service. What little things do I trouble you with! Little things to you; but not quite so little to me now, as I have managed it. But so as I can do justice to this poor youth, and poor Laura, I matter not myself. What I have done is my choice: They had no option. I over-persuaded Laura, as my friends would have done me. I feel that sting: It was not doing as I would be done by. Very, very wicked in me! I dare say, you would tell me so, were you to find me out.

But, Chevalier, shall I send you, yes, or no, this scrawl, written to divert me in a pensive mood? I would not, if I thought it would trouble you. God forbid that your pupil Clementina should give you discomposure, now especially in the early part of your nuptials! Yet if I could so manage, as that you would permit your secretary (I would not ask the favour of your own pen) to send a few lines to some particular place, where my servant could fetch them unknown to you or any body, only to let me know, If you have heard from Bologna, or Naples, or Florence (I was very ungrateful to good Mrs. Beaumont and the Ladies her friends) and how they all do; my father, mother (my heart at times bleeds for them) my dear Jeronymo, my two other brothers, and good Father Marescotti, and my sister-in-law whom I have so much reason to love; it will be a great ease to my heart; provided the account be not a very melancholy one If it should, poor Clementina's days would be number'd upon twice five fingers.

I am put in a way — This shall be sent to your palace in town. You will order your secretary to direct his Letter, to George Trumbull, Esq to be left till called for, at White's Chocolate-house in St. James's-street. I depend upon your honour, Chevalier, that you will acquiesce with my desire to remain incognita, till I shall consent to reveal to you the place of my abode, or to see you elsewhere. I sign only

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY GRANDISON.

Saturday, Feb. 17.

ALL day yesterday I was in pain that I heard not from Clementina. But I made myself as easy as I could in visiting my sisters, and their Lords, and my aunt Grandison. What blessings do they all pour forth on my Harriet! What compassion do they express for the dear fugitive! How do they long to see her!

Yesterday I received a Letter from her.

The copy of that to which hers is an answer; of hers; and of my reply; and her return to that; I inclose. You will read them to our friends in English.

You will find by the last of the four, that I am to be admitted to her presence. I would not miss a post, or I should have delayed, till the interview be over, the sending this to my Harriet. Hope the best, my dearest Love. The purity of your heart, and of Clementina's, and the integrity of my own, if I know my heart, bid us humbly hope for a happy dissipation of the present cloud, which, hanging over the heads of a family I revere, engages our compassion, and mingles a sigh with our joys.

Adieu, my best, my dearest Love. Answer for me to all my friends.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

[Under Cover, To GEORGE TRUMBULL, Esq &c.]

St. James's Square, Wedn. night, Febr. 14.

TEN days the noble Clementina in England, the native place of her fourth brother, her equally admiring and faithful friend; yet not honour him with the knowledge of her arival! — Forgive me, if I call you cruel. — It is in your power, madam, to make one of the happiest men in the world a very unhappy one; and you will effectually do it, if you keep from him the opportunity of throwing himself at your feet, and welcoming you to a country always dear to him, but which will be made still dearer by your arrival in it.

I have a Letter from your and my Jeronymo. I have a great deal to say to you of its contents; of your father, mother, brothers — But it must be said, not written. For God's sake, madam, permit me to attend you in company of one of my sisters, or otherwise, as you shall think best. You have in me a faithful, an indulgent friend. I am no severe man: Need I tell you that I am not? If you do not choose that any-body else shall know the place of your abode, I will faithfully keep your secret. You shall be as much the mistress of your own will, of your own actions, as if I knew not where to address myself to you. If ever you had a kind thought of your fourth brother, if you ever wished him happy, grant him the favour of attending you; for his happiness, I repeat, depends upon it.

I received our Jeronymo's Letter but yesterday. Tender and affectionate are the contents.

I have ridden post, to get hither this night, in hopes of being favoured with intelligence of you. In the morning I should have made enquiries at the proper places: But little did I think my Sister could have been so many days in town. Let not an hour pass after this comes to your hand, before you relieve the anxious heart of,

Dearest Lady Clementina,

Your most affectionate Brother, and faithful humble Servant, CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIII.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Friday morning, Feb. 16. O. S.

I Received yours but this moment. What can I say to the contents? I wish to see you; but dare not. Your happiness, you say, depends upon an interview with me. Why do you tell me it does? I wish you happy. Yet, if you wished me so, you would have told me how my dear friends in Italy do. This omission was designed. It was not generous in the Chevalier Grandison. It was made to extort from me a favour, which you thought I should otherwise be unwilling to grant.

But can you forgive the rash Clementina? God is merciful as well as just. You imitate him. But how can Clementina, humbled as she is, be sunk so low, as to appear a delinquent, before the man she respects for a character which, great as she thought it before, has risen upon her since her arrival in England?

But, Sir, can you, will you engage, that my friends will allow me to continue single? Can you answer, in particular, for the discontinuance of the Count of Belvedere's addresses? Can you procure forgiveness, not only for me, but my poor Laura? Will you take into your service, or recommend him effectually to that of some one of your friends, in some manner that is not altogether servile, the honest youth who has behaved unexceptionably in mine? For he wishes not to return to Italy.

Answer me these few easy and plain questions; and you shall hear further from

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

[Under Cover, directed as before.]

Friday morn. Febr. 16.

TO the questions of dear Lady Clementina I answer thus — I will endeavour to prevail upon your parents, and other friends, to leave you absolutely free to chuse your own state without using either compulsion, or over-earnest persuasion.

Who, madam, can forbid the Count of Belvedere to hope? Leave him hope. if he has not the over-earnest entreaties of your own relations to give weight to his addresses, it will be in your power to give him either encouragement or despair.

I will engage for the joyful reconciliation to her of all the dear Clementina's friends. I am sure I can.

Laura shall be forgiven, and provided for by an annuity equal to her wages, if the continuance of her service be not accepted.

I will myself entertain your young man; and place and reward him according to his merits.

And now, madam, admit to the honour of your presence,

Your Brother, your Friend, your ever-grateful and affectionate humble Servant, CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXV.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Sat. morn. Febr. 17.

I Depend upon your honour, Sir, for the performance of the prescribed conditions: Yet, on meditating my appearance before you, I am more and more ashamed to see you. It was a great disappointment to me at my first arrival, that you were at your country-seat. At that time my heart was full. I had much to say, and I could have seen you then with more fortitude than now falls to my share. However, I will see you. To-morrow, Sir, about five in the evening, you will find at one of the doors on the higher ground, on the left hand going up St. James's street, from the Palace, as it is called, the expecting Laura, who will conduct you to

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY GRANDISON.

Monday, Febr. 19.

YOU requested me, my dearest Harriet, to write minutely to you. Now I have been admitted to the presence of Clementina, and have hopes that she will soon recover her peace of mind, I can the more chearfully obey you.

I was exactly at the hour at the appointed place. Laura guessed at my chair, and my servants, as they crossed the way; and stood out on the pavement, that I might see her. When she found she had caught my eye, she ran into the house, wringing her clasped hands — God be praised! God be praised! were her words, as I followed her in, in her own language. Laura can speak no other. Shew me, shew me, to your Lady, good Laura! said I, with emotion.

She ran up one pair of stairs before me. She entered the dining-room, as it is called. I stopt at the stairs head till I had Clementina's commands. Laura soon came out. She held open the door for me, courtefying in silence.

The drawn window-curtains darkened the room: But the dignity of Clementina's air and motion left me not in doubt. She stood up, supporting herself on the back of an elbow chair.

On one knee, taking her trembling hand; Welcome, thrice welcome to England, dearest Lady Clementina! I pressed her hand with my lips; and rising, seated her: For she trembled; she sobbed; she endeavoured to speak, but could not for some moments.

I called to Laura, fearing she was fainting.

O that well-known voice! said she. And do you, can you, bid me welcome? — Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful! — O Chevalier, lower not your unfullied character, by approving so unnatural a step as that which I have taken!

I do bid you welcome, madam! Your brother, your friend, from his soul, welcomes you to England.

Let me know, Chevalier, before another word passes, Whether I have a Father, whether I have a Mother?

Blessed be God, madam, you have both.

She lifted up her clasped hand: Thank God! God, I thank thee! Distraction would have been my portion, if I had not! I was afraid to ask after them. I should have thought myself the most detestable of parricides, if either of them had been no more.

They are in the utmost distress for your safety. They will think themselves happy, when they know you are well, and in the protection of your brother Grandison.

Will they, Sir? O what a paradox! They so indulgent, yet so cruel — I, so dutiful, yet a fugitive! But tell me, Sir; determined as I was against entering into a state I too much honour to enter into it with a reluctant heart, could I take any other step than that I have taken, to free myself from the cruelty of persuasion? O that I might have been permitted to take the veil! — But answer my question, Chevalier?

Surely, madam, they would not have compelled you. They always declared to me they would not.

Not compelled me, Sir! Did not my father kneel to me? My mother's eyes spoke more than her lips could have uttered. The Bishop had influenced good Father Marescotti (against the interests of Religion, I had almost said) to oppose the wish of my heart. Jeronymo, your Jeronymo, gave into their measures: What refuge had I? — Our Glacomo was inexorable. I was to be met on my return from Florence to Bologna, by the Count of Belvedere, and all those of his house; the General was to be in his company: I had secret intelligence of all this: And I was to be received as an actual bride at Bologna, or made to promise I would be so within a few days after my arrival. My Sister-in-law, my only advocate among my Italian friends, pitied me, it is true: But, for that reason, she was not to be allowed to come to Bologna. I was at other times denied to go to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples — Could I do otherwise than I have done, if I would avoid prosaning a Sacrament?

My dearest sister Clementina sometimes accuses herself of rashness, for taking a step so extraordinary. At this moment, does she not receive her brother in darkness? Whence this sweet consciousness? But what is done is done. Your Conscience is a Law to you, who shall condemn? — Let us look forward, madam. I approve not of the vehemence of your friends persuasions. Yet what parents ever meant a child more indulgence; what brothers, a sister more disinterested affection?

I own, sir, that my heart at times misgives me. But answer me this: Are you of opinion that I ought, at the instance of my parents and brothers, however affectionate, however indulgent in all other instances, to marry against inclination, against justice, against conscience?

Against any one of these you ought not.

Well, Sir, then I will endeavour to make myself easy as to this article. But will you undertake, Sir, (A woman wants a protector) to maintain this argument for me?

I will, madam, and shall hope for the more success, if you will promise to lay aside all thoughts of the veil.

Ah, Chevalier!

Will my dearest Sister answer me one question? Is it not your hope, that by resisting their wishes, you may tire out opposition, and at last bring your friends to consent to a measure to which they have always been extremely averse?

Ah, Chevalier! — But if I could get them to consent —

Dear madam! is not their reasoning the same — If they could get you to consent?

Ah, Chevalier!

May not this be a contention for months, for years? And —

I know, Sir, your inference: You think that in a contention between parents and child, the child should yield. Is not that your inference?

Not against reason, against justice, against conscience. But there may be cases, in which neither ought to be their own judge.

Well, Sir, you that have yielded to a plea of conscience (God has blessed you, and may God continue to bless you, for it!)

Admirable Clementina!

– Are fit to be a judge between us — You shall be mine, if ever the debate be brought on.

No consideration, in that case, shall bias me! — But may I not hope, that the dear Lady I stand before, will permit me to behold a person, whose mind I ever revered?

Laura, said she, let the tea be got ready: I have been taught to drink tea, Sir, since my arrival. The gentlewoman of the house is very obliging. Permit me, Sir, to withdraw for a few moments.

She sighed as she went out, leaning upon Laura.

Laura returned soon after with lights. She set them on the table; and giving way to a violent emotion, O my lord Grandison, said the poor girl, falling down, and embracing my knees: For the blessed Virgin's sake, prevail on my Lady to return to dear, dear Bologna!

Have patience, Laura: All will be well.

I, the unhappy Laura, shall be the sacrifice. The General will kill me — O that I had never accompanied my Lady in this expedition!

Have patience, Laura! If you have behaved well to your Lady, I will take you into my protection. Had you a good voyage? Was the master of the vessel, were his officers, obliging?

They were, Sir; or neither my Lady or I should have been now living. O Sir, we were in a dying way all the voyage; except the three last days of it. The master

was the civillest of men.

I asked after her fellow-servant, naming him from Jeronymo's Letters. Gone out, was the answer, to buy some necessaries! O Sir, we live a sad life! Strangers to the language, to the customs of the country, all our dependence is upon this young man.

I asked her after the behaviour and character of the people of the house (a widow and her three daughters) that if I heard but an indifferent account of them, I might enforce by it my intended plea to get her to Lady L's. Laura spoke well of them. The Captain of the vessel who brought them over, is related to them, and recommended them, when he knew what part of the town her Lady chose.

What risques did the poor Lady run! Such different people as she had to deal with, in the contrivance and prosecution of her wild scheme; yet all to prove honest! how happy! Poor Lady! how ready was she to fly from what she apprehended to be the nearest evil! But she could not be in a capacity to weigh the dangers to which she exposed herself.

Often and often, said Laura, have I, on my knees, besought my Lady to write to you. But she was not always well enough to resolve what to do; and when she was sedate, she would plead, that she was afraid to see you: You would be very angry with her: You would condemn her as a rash creature: And she could not bear your displeasure: She was conscious that the act she had done, bore a rash, and even a romantic, appearance: Had you been in town, Antony should have made enquiries at distance, and she might have yielded to see you: But for several days her thoughts were not enough composed to write to you. At last, being impatient to hear of the health of her father and mother, she did write.

Why stays she so long from me, Laura? Attend your Lady, and tell her, that I beg the honour of her presence.

Laura went to her. Her Lady presented herself with an air of bashful dignity. I met her at her entrance — My Sister, my Friend, my dearest Lady Clementina, kissing her hand, welcome, welcome, I repeat, to England. Behold your fourth Brother, your Protector: Honour me with your confidence: Acknowlege my protection. Your honour, your happiness, is dear to me as my life.

I led her trembling, sighing, but at the moment speechless, to a seat, and sat down by her, holding both her hands in mine: She struggled for speech: Compose yourself, madam: Assure yourself of my tenderest regard, of my truest brotherly affection.

Generous Grandison! Can you forgive me? Can you from your heart bid me welcome? I will endeavour to compose myself. You told me I was conscious: Conscious indeed I am: The step I have taken has a disgraceful appearance: But yet will I not condemn, nor consent that you should, my motive.

I condemn not your motive, madam. All will, all must, be happy! Rely on my brotherly advice and protection. My Sisters, and their lords, every one I love, admires you. You are come to families of Lovers, who will think themselves honoured by your confidence.

You pour balm into the wounds of my mind. What is woman when difficulties surround her! When it was too late, and the ship that I embarked in was under sail, then began my terror: That took away from me all power of countermanding the orders I had given; till the winds that favoured my voyage, opposed my return. Then was I afraid to trust myself with my own reflexions, lest, if I gave way to them, my former malady should find me out. But let me not make you unhappy. Yet, permit me to observe, that when you mentioned the kind reception I might expect to meet with, among your friends, you forbore to mention the principal person — What will SHE think of the poor Clementina? But be assured, and assure her, That I would not have set my foot on the English shore, had you not been married. O Chevalier! if I make you and her unhappy, no creature on earth can hate me so much as I shall hate myself.

Generous, noble Clementina! — Your happiness is indeed essential to that of us both. My Harriet is another Clementina! You are another Harriet! Sister-excellencies I have called you to her, to all her relations. In the Letter you favoured me with, you wished to know her: You must know her; and I am sure you will love her. Your wishes that she would accept of my vows, were motives with her to make me happy. She knows our whole history. She is prepared to receive you, as the dearest of her sisters.

Generous Lady Grandison! I have heard her character. I congratulate you, Sir. You have reason to think, that I should have been grieved, had you not met with a woman who deserved you. To know you are happy in a wife, and think yourself so, that no blame lies upon me for declining your addresses, will contribute more than I can express, to my peace of mind. When I have more courage, and my heart is eased of some part of its anguish, you shall present me to her. Tell her, mean time, that I will love her; and that I shall hold myself everlastingly bound to her in gratitude, for making happy the man, whom once, but for a superior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made so.

She turned away her glowing face, tears on her cheek. My admiration of her greatness of mind, so similar to that of my own Harriet, would not allow me to pour out my heart in words. I arose; and, takeing both her hands, bowed upon them. Tears more plentifully flowed from her averted eyes; and we were both for one moment speechless.

It would be injurious to a mind equally great and noble as that which informs the person of this your Sister-excellence, to offer to apologize for faithfully

relating to you those tender emotions of hearts, one of them not less pure than my Harriet's, the other all your own.

I broke silence, and urged her to accept of apartments at Lady L's. Let me acquaint the gentlewoman of the house, I beseech you, madam, that to-morrow morning the sister I have named, and I, will attend you to her house. We will thank her for you, as you have almost forgotten your English, for the civilities which she and her daughters have shewn you: And I will make it my business to find out the honest Captain, who, Laura tells me, has been very civil to you also, and thank him too in the names of all our common friends, for his care of you.

I will think myself honoured, now you have encouraged me to look up, by a visit from either or both your sisters. But let me advise with you, Sir, is the kind offer you make me, a proper offer for me to accept of? I shall be ready to take your advice — Little regard as I may seem, by the step I have taken, to have had for my own honour; I would avoid, if possible, suffering a first error to draw me into a second. Do you Sir, as my brother and friend, take care of that honour in every step you shall advise me to take.

Your honour, madam, shall be my first care. I sincerely think this is the rightest measure you can now pursue.

Now pursue! — sighing.

This argument admitted of a short debate. She was scrupulous from motives too narrow for a Clementina to mention. I made her blush for mentioning them; and, in short, had the happiness to convince her, that the protection of the sister of her fourth brother was the most proper she could choose.

I went down, and talked to the gentlewomen below. They were pleased with what I said to them. They prayed for the Lady and her family, and for a happy reconciliation between them; for Antony had given them briefly her story.

I requested them to make my compliments to her relation Captain Henderson, and desire him to give me an opportunity to thank him in person for his civility to a Lady beloved by all who have the honour of knowing her.

I went up again to the Lady; and sat with her most of the evening, Laura only attending us.

I talked to Clementina of Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies at Florence; and intimated, that her mother had prevailed on that Lady to come to England, in hopes, as she is an English woman, that her company would be highly acceptable to her. She blessed her mother! What an instance of forgiving goodness was this! she said, with tears of gratitude; and blessed Mrs. Beaumont for her goodness to her; and the Ladies at Florence for parting with one so dear to them.

I was happy throughout this latter conversation in her serenity; not one instance of wandering did I observe.

I chose not, however, so early, to acquaint her, with the intention of the dearest and nearest of her friends, to come over with Mrs. Beaumont; tho' I expressed my earnest hope, that if we could make England agreeable to her, I should have the honour of the promised visit from some of the principals of her family, before she left it.

This, my dearest Life, is a minute account of our interview. One of the greatest Pleasures I can know is to obey the gentle, the generous commands of my Harriet.

This morning I attended Lady L. to breakfast with the excellent Lady, as proposed. My Sister and her Lord are charmed with their guest: Their guest she is: And Lady Clementina is as much pleased with them. She is every hour more and more sensible of the danger she has run; and censures herself very freely for the rash step, as she calls it herself.

She longs, yet is ashamed to see you, my dearest life; and listens with delight to the praises my Lord and Lady L. so justly give to my Harriet.

Monday afternoon.

I HAVE introduced Lord and Lady G. to Lady Clementina, at her own request; being assured, she said, that the place of her refuge would be kept secret by all my friends. Both sister, occasionally joining in praising my angel; How happy, said she, are those marriages which give as much joy to the relations on both sides as to the parties themselves!

Adieu, my dearest Love. With the tenderest affection I am, and ever will be,

Your most faithful and obliged CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, Feb. 22.

WE are as happy here, as we can expect to be; Lady Clementina in her state of suspense and apprehension; I without my Harriet.

You hinted to me once, my Love, something of our Beauchamp's regard for Emily. He just now, after more hesitations than I expected from my friend, opened his heart to me, and asked me to countenance his addresses to her. I chid him for his hesitation — and then said, Is my Beauchamp in this proposition so right as he generally is? — Emily, tho' tall and womanly, is very young. I am not a friend to very early marriages. You know as well as any man, my dear friend, the reasons that may be urged against such. Methinks I would give Emily an opportunity, as well for her husband's sake, whoever shall be the man, as for her own, to look round her, and make her own choice. The merit of Sir Edward Beauchamp, his personal accomplishments, and character, to say nothing of his now ample fortune, must make his addresses to any woman acceptable. You would not, I presume, think of marrying her, if you might, till she is eighteen or twenty: And would my Beauchamp fetter himself, by engagements to a girl; and leave her who at present can hardly give him the preference he deserves, no chance of choosing for herself, when at woman's estate?

He waved the discourse; and left me without resuming it. I am grieved, on recollection; for I am afraid he is not satisfied with me, for what I said.

My dearest Life, you must advise me. I will not take any important step, whether relative to myself or friends, but by your advice, and, if you please, Dr. Barlett's. Whenever heretofore I have had time to take that good man's, I have been sure of the ground I stood upon. His has been of infinite service to me, as you have heard me often acknowlege. Yours and his, will establish my judgment in every case: But in this of Emily's, yours, my dear, for obvious reasons, I must prefer even to his. In the mean time I will seek Beauchamp. He shall not be angry with his Grandison! — But, good young man! Can it be, that he is really in love with such a girl as to years?

This I dare say; Beauchamp's principal regard cannot be to her fortune: His estate is unincumbered. I should think myself, as well as Emily, happy, and that I had performed all my duty by her, were I to marry her to such a man. But, methinks I want him to be sooner married, than I should wish my Emily to be a

wife. I think you told me, that Emily at present has not thoughts of him — But you, my dear, must advise me.

Thursday afternoon.

SIR Edward has just left me. He asked my excuse for having mentioned the above subject to me. It is at present in your power, Sir Charles, said he, to silence me upon it for ever. It might not have been so some time hence. I thought, therefore, on examining the state of my heart, it was but honourable to open it to you. Forbid me this moment to think of her, and I will endeavour to obey her guardian.

My dear friend! You know Emily's Age — Would you willingly — I stopt that he might speak.

Stay for her? I would, Sir Charles, till you and she — He passed — Then resuming: My Love for her is not an interested Love. I would, if I might have your permission to make my addresses to her (and that should be 〈◊〉 honest assiduities, before declaration) be wholly 〈◊〉 by your advice for the good of both I would make your conduct to Lady Clementina, when you last went over, my pattern. I would be bound, she should be free. I never would be so mean as to endeavour to engage her by promises to me. My pride will set her free, whenever I perceive she balances in favour of another man.

But what, my excellent friend, shall we do? Can you condescend to court two women, Emily so young, for her distant consent?

What means Sir Charles Grandison?

I will read to you without reserve, what I had just written to my Harriet, on this topic; reciting to her, what passed in the conversation between you and me, a little while ago.

I read to him accordingly, what I wrote to you, my dearest Love. He heard me with great attention, not interrupting me once (nor did I interrupt myself); no not by apologies for the freedom of my thoughts, on the subject. And when I had done, he wrung my hand, and thanked me for my unreservedness, in terms worthy of our mutual friendship.

You see, my dear Sir Edward, said I, how I am circumstanced: What I have promised to my wife, is a Law to me, prudence and after-events not controuling. She loves Emily: She has a high regard for you. Women know women. Go hand in hand with her. I will save you the trouble of referring to me, in the progress of your application to my wife and Emily. My Harriet will acquaint me with what is necessary for me, as Emily's guardian, to know. I build on your hint of assiduities, in preference to an early declaration. You, my Beauchamp, need not be afraid of giving time to a young creature to look round her. Let me add, that Emily shall give signs of preferring you to all men, as I expect from you demonstrations of

your preferring her to all women; or I shall make a difficulty, for both your sakes, of giving a guardian's consent: And remember also, that Emily has a mother; who, tho' she has not greatly merited consideration, is her mother. We must do our duty you know, my Beauchamp, in the common relations of life, whether others do theirs or not. But the address of a man of your credit and consequence cannot give you any difficulty there, when that of Miss Jervois's tender years is got over.

He was pleased with what I said. I asked him, if he approved of her motion to go down with Mrs. Selby and Lucy? Highly, he said; and as it came from herself, he thought it an instance of prudence in her, that few young creatures would have been able to shew.

Instance of prudence! my Love! How so! When, wise as our Northamptonshire relations are, Emily would have wanted to benefit that her choice can give her, were she to remain with us, in the instructions and example of my Harriet. — But, my dear Life, does Emily hold her mind to attend Mrs. Selby and Lucy into Northamptonshire? Let it be with her whole heart.

My cousin Grandison believes himself to be very happy. His wife, he says, thinks herself the happiest of women I am glad of it. She has a greater opinion of his understanding, than she has of her own: This seems to be necessary to the happiness of common minds in wedlock. He is gay, fluttering, debonnaire; and she thinks those qualities appendages of family. He has presented her with a genealogical table of his ancestors, drawn up and blazoned by heraldry art. It is framed, glazed, and hung up in her drawing-room. She shews it to every one. Perhaps she thinks it necessary to apologize, by that means, to all her visiters, for bestowing her person and fortune on a ruined man. But what, in a nation, the glory and strength of which are trade and commerce, is gentility! What even nobility, where descendants depart from the virtue of the first enobling ancestor!

Lord and Lady G. have invited Lady Clementina to dinner to-morrow. She has had the goodness to accept of the Invitation. Lord and Lady L. and my aunt Grandison, will attend her.

What, my dear, makes Charlotte so impatient (so petulant I had almost said) under a circumstance, which, if attended with a happy issue, will lay all us, her friends, under obligation to her? I asked once my Harriet, if Lord G. were as happy in a wife, as Charlotte is in a husband? You returned me not a direct answer. I was afraid of repeating my question, because I knew you would have chearfully answered it, could you have done it to my wishes. I see in my Lord's behaviour to her, respect and affection even to fondness; but not the polite familiarity that becomes a wedded Love. Let her present circumstance be happily over, and she will find her brother's eye a more observant one, than hitherto she

has found it. But be not, my dear over-solicitous for the friend you so greatly value: True brotherly Love shall ever hold the principal seat in my heart, when I sit in judgment upon a sister's conduct.

My fond heart throbs in expectation of soon presenting a Sister to each of the two noblest women on earth. Allow for the perplexity of Clementina's mind; and for the impolitic urgency of her friends; and you will not, when you see her, scruple to hold out to a Sister-excellence, not happily situated, the hand that blessed

Your ever-faithful, CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sat. Feb. 24.

THE arrival of the Leghorn-frigate is every day expected. The merchants have intelligence, that it put in at Antibes. If the journey by land from thence to Paris, and so to Calais, could be made favourable to my dear friend Jeronymo, I have no doubt but our expected guests landed there, at this season of the year, so unpropitious to tender passengers.

The house in Grosvenor-square is now, thanks to good Lord G. quite ready for their reception. There will be room, I believe, as they propose to be here incognito, and with only necessary attendants, for the Marquis and his Lady, for Mrs. Beaumont (who will be both their comforter and interpreter) for the two Brothers, and Father Marescotti. Saunders has already procured handsome lodgings for the Count of Belvedere. I wish with you, my Love, that the Count were not to accompany them. The poor Lady must not know it, if it can be avoided. The two young Lords, whom I invited when I was in Italy, must be more immediately our own guests, if my dearest Life has no objection.

Assure yourself, my generous Harriet, that the Lady shall not be either compelled, or too urgently persuaded, if I have weight with the family when they arrive. They shall not know where she is, nor see her, but by her own consent, and as I see their disposition to receive her as I wish. Excellent creature! what a noble solicitude is yours for her tranquillity of mind!

I have not yet been able to break to her the daily expectation I have of seeing in England her parents and brothers: Yet am uneasy, that she knows it not. I want courage, my Harriet, to acquaint her with it. I have more than once essayed to do it. Dear creature! she looks with so much innocence, and so much reliance upon me; and is, at times, so apprehensive! — I know not how to break it to her.

She depends upon my mediation. She urges me to begin a treaty of reconciliation with them. I defer writing, I tell her, till I have seen Mrs. Beaumont. Little does she think they are upon their journey, and that I know not where to direct to them. She longs for Mrs. Beaumont's arrival; and hopes, she says, she will bring with her the poor Camilla, that she may have an opportunity to obtain her excuse for the harsh treatment she gave her: And yet Camilla, said she, was a teazing woman.

Were you ever sensible, my Harriet, of the tender pain that an open heart (yours is an open and an enlarged one) feels; longing, yet, for its friend's sake,

afraid, to reveal unwelcome tidings, which, however, it imports the concerned to know? How loth to disturb the tranquillity which is built upon ignorance of the event! Yet that every tranquillity (contemplated upon) adding to the pain of the compassionating friend; who reflects, that when the unhappy news shall be revealed, Time, and Christian philosophy, only, will ever restore it to the heart of the sufferer!

Lord and Lady L. are endeavouring to divert their too thoughtful guest by carrying her to see what they think will either entertain or amuse her. To-morrow (Lady L. contributing to the dear Lady's proper appearance there) they purpose to attend her to the drawing-room. But hitherto she seems not to have a very high opinion of the country. If her heart could be easy, every thing would have a different appearance to her.

I HAVE this moment the favour of yours of yesterday. If our kind friends will stay no longer with you at the Hall, do you, my dearest Love, as you propose, accompany them up. They are extremely obliging in proposing to give me here two or three days of their company, before they return to Northhamptonshire.

My consent, my Harriet! — Why, if you have a choice of your own, do you ask it? I must approve of whatever you wish to do. Could I have been certain, I would have met my Love. But you will have many dear friends with you.

Tell my Emily, that I have had a visit from her Mother and Mr. O-Hara; and was so much pleased with them, that I propose on Monday to return their visit at their own lodgings.

Now I know I am to be soon blessed with the presence of my Harriet, I have given way to all my wishes: One of them is, Never to be separated from the joy of my heart. Such, I trust, will she ever be, to

Her grateful, ever-faithful, GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

London, Friday, March 2.

AGAIN, my ever-honoured grandmamma, does your Harriet resume the pen. Lucy and my aunt, between them, have given you an account of every-thing that passed since my last.

We arrived last night. With what tenderness did the best of men, and of husbands, receive his Harriet, and her friends!

This afternoon, at tea, I am to be presented to Lady Clementina at Lord L's. Don't you believe my heart throbs with expectation? Indeed it does. Sir Charles says, her emotions are as great on the occasion.

What honour does my dear Sir Charles do to his Harriet! He consults her, as if he doubted his own judgment, and wanted to have it confirmed by hers. What happiness is hers, who marries a good man! Such a one will do obliging things for principle's sake: He will pity involuntary failings: He will do justice to good intentions, and give importance to all his fellowcreatures; because he knows they and he are equally creatures of the almighty. What woman, who thinks, but will prefer a good man to all others, however distinguished by rank, fortune, or person? But my Sir Charles is a good man, and distinguished by all those advantages. What a creature should I be, blessed with a husband of a heart so faithful, and so wellprincipled, if I were not able to let my Love and compassion flow to a Clementina, tho' once (and indeed for that very reason) the only beloved of his heart! — Why are not real calls made upon me, to convince such a man, that I have a mind emulative of his own, at least of Clementina's? The woman who, from motives of Religion, having the heart of a Sir Charles Grandison in her hand, loving him above all earthly creatures, and all her friends consenting, could refuse him her vows, must be, in that act, the greatest, the most magnanimous, of women. But could the noble Lady have thus acted, my dear grandmamma, had not she been stimulated by that glorious Enthusiasm, of which her disturbed imagination had shewn some previous tokens; and which, rightly directed, has heretofore given the palm of martyrdom to Saints?

WE have just now been welcomed to town by Sir Edward Beauchamp. Sir Charles, on presenting him to me, thus expressed himself: You remember, my dearest Life, what I wrote to you of the last part of the conversation between Sir Edward and me, in relation to my Emily. Your prudence, my Harriet, and love of the good girl; your discretion and generosity, Sir Edward; will join you together

as counsellors and advisers of your Grandison. My Wife and my Friend cannot err in this instance, because you will both consider what belongs to the characters of a Guardian, and a Ward so beloved by you both; and, if you doubt, have Dr. Bartlett at hand.

My uncle, and aunt Lucy, are determined to set out next Wednesday for Northamptonshire. Sir Edward desired to know of Sir Charles, If he had any objection to his attending them down? None at all, surely, was Sir Charles's answer.

Mr. Deane accompanies them, in order to adjust some matters at Peterborough, preparative to the favour he does us of settling with us or near us, for the remainder of his days. May that remainder be long and happy!

Sir Charles asked Emily just now, If she held her mind, as to going down? Indeed she did, she said: Her heart was in it; and she would go that instant to acquaint her mother with her intention, and to buy some things preparatory to her journey: She should take it for a great favour, she told Lucy, if she would go with her on both occasions.

Lucy has made to herself a great interest in Emily's heart. They are both sure they shall be happy in each other. My aunt loves her: So does my uncle. Who does not? I am sure you will, my dear grandmamma, and pity her too. Dear pretty soul! She costs me now and then a tear. But had I not been in her way, it would have been worse. She could have no hope: I am sure she knows she could not. But what a sad gradation is there in that Love, which, tho' begun in hopelesness of succeeding, rises by selfflattery, to a possibility, then to probability, to hope; and, sinking again to hopelesness, ends in despair! — But how coolly I write on, for one who is by-and-by to see a Clementina!

I AM waiting Sir Charles's kind leisure to carry me to Lady L's. He has Mr. Lowther with him just now; who, however, finding us engaged, will not stay.

Sir Charles approved my dress, as he passed by me to go to Mr. Lowther in the study. He snatched my hand, and pressed it with his lips: My ever-lovely, my ever-considerate Harriet you want no ornaments: But I was sure you would not give yourself any but those that flowed from a compassionate and generous heart, when you were to visit a Lady who at present is not in happy circumstances; yet is intitled by merit, as well as rank, to be in the happiest.

My aunt and Lucy long for my return, to have an account of the Lady and what passes between us. How my heart — What is the matter with my heart?

LETTER XXX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sat. March 3.

LADY Clementina, my dearest grandmamma must not, shall not, be compelled. If I admired, if I loved her before now that I have seen her, that I have conversed with her, I love, I admire her, if possible, ten times more. She is really, in her person, a lovely woman, of middle stature; extremely genteel: An air of dignity, even of grandeur, appears in her aspect, and in all she says and does: Her complexion is fine without art: Indeed she is a lovely woman! She has the finest black eye, hair, eyebrows of the same colour, I ever saw; yet has sometimes a wildish cast with her eye, sometimes a languor, that, when one knows her story, reminds one that her head has been disturbed. Why, taking advantage of her Sex, is such a person to be controuled, and treated as if she were not to have a will; when she has an understanding, perhaps, superior to that of either of her wilful brothers?

When we alighted at Lady L's, I begged Sir Charles to conduct me into any apartment but that where she was. I sat down on the first seat. Lady L. hastened to me — My dearest sister, you seem disordered — Fie! — Lady Grandison, and want spirits!

Sir Charles (not observing my emotion) had left me; and went to attend Lady Clementina. She, it seems, was in some disorder. My Harriet (said he to her, as he told me afterwards) attends the commands of her Sister-excellence.

Call me not Excellence! Call me not her Sister! Am I not a fugitive in her eye, in every-body's eye? — I think, Chevalier, I cannot see her. She will look down upon me. I think I am as much afraid to see her, as I was at first to see you. Is there severity in her virtue?

She is all goodness, all sweetness, madam. Did I not tell you, that she is the Clementina of England?

Well, Sir, you are very good. Don't let me be unpolite. I am but a guest in this hospitable house — Else I would have attended her at the first door. Is she not Lady Grandison? Happy, happy woman!

Tears were in her eyes. She turned away to hide them. Then stepping forward; I am now prepared to receive her: Pray, Sir, introduce me.

She is not without her emotions, madam — She is preparing herself to see you. Love, compassion, for Lady Clementina, fills her bosom — I will present her to you.

Lady L. went to her. Sir Charles came to me. — My dearest Love, why this concern? You will see a woman you cannot fear, but must love. She has been in the like agitations — Favour me with your hand.

No, Sir — That would be to insult her.

My dearest Life! forget not your own dignity [I started]; nor give me too much consequence with a Lady, who, like yourself, is all Soul. I glory in my wife: I cannot desert myself.

I was a little awed at the time; but the moment I got home, and was alone with him, I acknowledged his goodness and greatness, both in one.

He led me in. Lady L. only (at Sir Charles's request, for both our sakes) was present. The noble Lady approached me. I hastened to meet her, with trembling feet. Sir Charles, kissing a hand of each, joined them together. Sister-excellencies, I have often called you! Dearest of women, love each other, as I admire you both.

She threw her arms about my neck: Receive, O receive, to your Love, to your Friendship, a poor desolate! Till within these few days, a desolate indeed! a fugitive! a rebellious! an ingrate to the best of parents!

I embraced her — Mistaken parents, I have called them, madam — I have pitied them; but most I have pitied you — Honour me with your sisterly love. This best of men had before given me two Sisters. Let us be four.

Be it so, my dear Lady L. said Sir Charles, bringing her to us: And, clasping his arms about the three; You answer for the absent Charlotte and yourself; a fourfold cord that never shall be broken.

Sir Charles led us to one settee, again putting a hand of each together, and sitting down over-against us; Lady L. on the other hand of him. We were both silent for a few moments, each struggling with her tears.

My Harriet, madam, said Sir Charles, as I have told you, knows your whole story. You two are of long acquaintance. Your minds are kindred minds. Your griefs are hers: Your pleasures she will rejoice in as her own. — My Harriet, you now see, you now know by person, the admirable Clementina, whose magnanimity you so much admired, whose character, you have so often said, is the first among women.

We both wept: But her tears seemed tears of kindness and esteem. I put the hand which was not in hers, on her arm. I wanted courage; my reverence for her would not allow me to be so free, or it had again embraced the too conscious Lady. Believe me, madam (excuse my broken Italian) I have ever revered you. I have said often, very often, that your happiness, happy as I am, is necessary to complete mine, as well as Sir Charles Grandison's.

This goodness to me, a fugitive, an alien to your country; not a lover of your religion! O Lady Grandison, you must be as much all I have heard of you in your

mind, as I see you are in your person. Receive my thank for making happy the man I wished to be the happiest of men; for well does he deserve to be made so. We were Brother and Sister, madam, before he knew you. Let me be his Sister still, and let me be yours.

Kindred minds, Sir Charles Grandison calls ours, madam. He does me honour. May I, on further knowledge, appear to as much advantage in your eye, as you, from what I know of you, do in mine; and I shall be a very happy creature!

Then you will be happy. I was prepared to love you. I love you already, methinks, with a passion that wants not further knowlege of your goodness to augment it. But can you, madam, look upon me with a true sisterly eye? Can you pity me for the step I have taken, so seemingly deregatory to my glory? Can you believe me unhappy, but not wicked, for taking it? O madam! my reason has been disturbed — Do you know that? — You must attribute to that, some of my perversenesses.

Heaven, dearest Lady Clementina, only knows how many tears your calamity has cost me! In the most arduous cases, I have preferred your happiness to my own. You shall know all of me, and of my heart. Not a secret of it, tho' yet uncommunicated to this dearest of men will I conceal from you. I hope we shall be true Sisters, and true Friends, to the end of our lives.

My noble Harriet! said the generous man — Frankness of heart, my dear Clementina, is her characteristic. She means all she says; and will perform more than she promises. I need not tell you, my Love, what our Clementina is: You know her to be the noblest of women: Give her the promised proofs of your confidence in her; and, whatever they be, they must draw close the knot which never will be untied.

Already, thus encouraged, said the noble Lady, let me apply to you, madam, to strengthen for me the interest I presume to have in the friendship of Sir Charles Grandison. Let me not, Sir, let me not, I intreat you all three, be compelled to give my vows to any man in marriage. All of you promise me; and I shall with more delight look before me, than for a long, long time past, I thought would fall to my Lot.

You, madam, must concede a little, perhaps: Your parents must a little relax. Their reason, if you will not be too unconceding, shall not, if I am referred to, be mine, unless it is reason in every other impartial judgment. Would to Heaven they were at hand to be consulted!

What a wish! Then you would give me up! You are a good man: Will a good man resist the authority of parents, in favour of a run-away child? Dear, dear madam, clasping her arms about me, prevail upon your Chevalier Grandison to

protect me, to plead for me: He can deny you nothing: He will then protect me, tho' my father, my mother, my brothers, should all join to demand me of him.

My dear Lady Clementina, said I, you may depend on your own interest with Sir Charles Grandison. He has your happiness at heart, and will have, as much as I wish him to have mine.

Generous, noble, good Lady Grandison! how I admire you! May the Almighty shower upon you his choicest blessings! If you allow me an interest in his services, I demand it of you, Chevalier.

Demand it, expect it, be assured of it, my dear Lady Clementina. I want to talk with you upon your expectations, your wishes. As much as is practicable, whatever they are, they shall be mine.

Well, Sir, when then shall we talk? — To-morrow will be too soon for my spirits.

Do my Harriet then the honour of passing the day on Monday with her. The dear friends we have for our guests will choose to pass it with Lord and Lady G. — Yourself, Lady L. my Harriet, and I, will be all the company: You shall declare your pleasure, and that shall be a Law to me At present, this affecting interview has discomposed us all; and we will retire.

Kindly considered! said she: You are in England what you were in Italy — I am discomposed. I have discomposed you, madam! to me. I was born to give trouble to my friends. Forgive me! I once was happy — I may hope, madam, to Lady L. your supporting presence at your brother's on Monday?

Lady L. bowed her assent. She understands Italian; but speaks it not.

The Lady stood up, yet trembling. I will withdraw, Ladies, Sir, if you please. My head seems as if bound round by a tight cord (putting her hand to her forehead). Then clasping her arms round me, thus in a high strain spoke she — Angel of a woman, gracious as the blessed Virgin Mother, benign all that is good and great, I attend you on Monday. Adieu! — She kissed my cheek, I clasped my arms about her. Revered Lady Clementina! — I could say no more. Tears, and tenderness of accent, interrupted my speech. Lady L. conducted her to her own apartment, and left her to her Laura.

We sat down, admiring, praising, praying for her. Dear, dear Sir. said I, taking Sir Charles's hand, Lady Clementina must not be persuaded. Perfuasion is Compulsion. Why comes over the Count of Belvedere? If she knows it, I will not answer for her right mind.

My Uncle and Aunt, Lucy, Emily, were very curious after particulars, when we came home, as we did to supper.

Sir Charles left it to Lady L. to manage with Lady G. who he knew expected a day of our beloved guests; and he himself apologized to them for the freedom he

had taken of so disposing of them. They had the goodness to thank him for his freedom with them. But yet they long to see the admirable Lady, who could renounce the man of her choice from religious motives; yet love him still; fly to him for protection; yet be able to congratulate him on his marriage; and love his wife. She is great indeed! said my aunt − Lucy praised my generosity — But what is that which is called generosity in me, who am in full possession of all my wishes, to that of Clementina?

Join, my dear grandmamma, in prayers for her happiness; the rather, as in it, from true affection, is concluded that of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, March 5.

LADY L. and Lady Clementina came, just as we were preparing for breakfast.

Lady L. had given her such an account of my friends, that she was desirous to see them, and, as she was pleased to say, to bespeak their favour to the poor fugitive. After the first salutations, she addressed my aunt Selby in French, being told that she spoke not Italian: You are happy, madam, said she, in a niece, who may challenge the world to shew her equal; and still more happy in her being blessed with such a husband. Merit is not always so well rewarded. — My aunt was struck with the manner as well as with the words.

She made a very pretty compliment to my uncle; who, having forgot his French, could only bow, and seem pleased. When Lucy was presented to her, as my uncle's niece, and my favourite correspondent, You must not, mademoiselle, said she, be angry with me, if I envy you.

To Emily, Happy, happy, young Lady! said she. I have heard of you in Italy. Mrs. Beaumont spoke honourably of you to me, more than once. We both called you happy in such a guardian.

She made polite compliments to Mr. Deane; and bespoke all their favour to her. How does everybody admire her!

I hope, my dear grandmamma, you don't think I forget my cousin Reeves's, tho' I mentioned them not before. I have already called in upon them twice: And they have, with the kind freedom of relations, dropt in upon us several times. They are invited guests at Lord G's: I won't say Lady G's, tho' everybody else does.

This is what I stole time to write, while Sir Charles is engaged in discourse with the Lady, and our guests are preparing to be gone to Lord G's, Lady G. requesting my aunt's company early. She is the veriest coward! These brave spirits, she has said, are but flash. Indeed the very delicate, as well as very serious, and even solemn, circumstances, which attend her case, must make the liveliest woman, when the time approaches, think! — The inclosed note of hers to my aunt, brought late last night, is, however, in her usual stile:

YOU and Lucy must be here early To-morrow morning.

What wretched simpletons are we women! Daughters of gewgaw, solly, ostentation, trifle! — First, we shew our sorry fellow, when not disapproved, to our friends and relations; and take all their judgments upon him. If he has their

opinion in his favour, every-body, be he what he will, will praise him; and give him riches, sense, ancestry, and I cannot tell what of qualities that perhaps we shall never find out. Then we shew our presents, our jewels, our laces; and a smile spreads the mouth, and a sparkle gladdens the eye, of every maiden that hangs admiring over them. Ah, filly maidens! if you could look three yards from your noses, you would pity, instead of envying, the milk-white heifer dressed in ribbands, and just ready to be led to sacrifice.

Well, then, what comes next? Why, the poor soul, in a few months, by the time perhaps her gratulatory visits are half paid her, begins to find apprehension take place of security. Then are she and all her virgins employed in the wretchedest trifles — If I thought you had forgot them, I would give you a list of them — And the poor fools, wrapping up their jewels in cotton, with sighs that perhaps they have worn them for the last time, and doubtful whom they may next adorn, cover the decked-out milk-white bed with their baby-things. See here! and, See here! and, What is the use of this, and of that? asks the curious, and perhaps too fearless maiden. “Why, this is for—” and “That is for—” answer the matrons who have passed the Rubicon.

And to this is your Charlotte reduced! — Aunt Selby, Lucy, come early, that I may show you my baby-things! — O dear! O dear! O dear! — and that you may be able to testify, that I had no design to overlay the little Marmouset. Adieu till ten tomorrow morning.

C. G.

The moment our guests were gone, Sir Charles came to me; and, leading me into my drawing-room, where the Lady was, Comfort, my Love, said he, your Sister.

I hastened to her (poor Lady! she was in tears, and even sobbing); and clasping my arms about her, Be comforted, be consoled, my dearest Lady Clementina.

O madam! my Father, my Mother, my Jeronymo, are every day expected; who beside, I know not: How shall I look my Father, my Mother, in the face!

Sir Charles withdrew. He was troubled for her. He sent in Lady L.

Your dear friend, madam, said I, and my dear friend, will protect you. Your father and mother would not have had the thoughts of taking so long and troublesome a voyage, had they not resolved to do every thing in their power to restore you to peace, and to them.

So the Chevalier tells me.

At this time of the year, madam, such a voyage! your mamma so tender in her health! Such a dislike to the sea! Her whole motive is tenderness and love. She prefers your health, your tranquillity, to her own.

And is not this consideration enough to distress a grateful spirit? — Unworthy Clementina! To every relation, in every action, of late unworthy! What trouble hast thou given thy parents! I cannot, cannot bear to see them! — O my Lady Grandison, I was ever a perverse creature! Whatever I set my heart upon, I was uneasy, till I had compassed it. My pride, and my perverseness, have cost me dear. But of late I have been more perverse than ever. My heart ran upon coming to England. I could think of nothing till I came. I have tried that experiment. I am sick of it. I do not like England, now I see I cannot be unmolested here. But my favourite for years, was another project. That filled my mind, and helped me to make the sacrifice I did. — and here I am come to almost the only country in Europe, which could render my darling wish impracticable. Why went I not to France? I had with me sufficient to have obtained my admission into any order of nuns: And had I been once professed! — I will get away still, I think. Befriend me, my sister! I cannot, cannot, see my mother!

Sir Charles came in just then. I heard what you last said, madam, said he: Compose yourself, I beseech you. I dreaded to acquaint you with the expected arrival of your parents. But are they not the most indulgent of parents? You have nothing, you shall have nothing to fear, and you will have everything to hope, from their presence.

Will you engage for their allowing of a divine dedication, Sir? Will you plead that cause for me?

I cannot say what will, what can, be done, till I see them. But confide in my zeal to serve you, madam. Lord L's house, I repeat, shall be your asylum, till you shall consent to see them. I cannot be guilty of a prevarication: I will own to them, that I know where you are; but, till you give leave, you shall be as much concealed from their knowledge, as if you were still at your first lodgings, and I myself ignorant of your abode.

A man of honour, said she, her hands lifted up, is more valuable to a woman in trouble, than all the riches of the East! But tell me now, tell me upon your never-forfeited honour, whom, besides my Father, Mother, and your Jeronymo, do you expect?

My Lord the Bishop, madam —

Oh! Oh! said she, clapping her hands together, with an inimitable grace and eagerness — I am afraid — But whom else?

Father Marescotti —

The good man! will he think it worth his while — But for my father and mother's sake he will — Whom else?

Mrs. Beaumont, madam, never intended to set her oot on English ground again: But she has broken thro' her resolution, to oblige your mother.

Good Mrs. Beaumont! — But I am half afraid of her. Well, Sir?

Camilla, your poor Camilla, madam.

Poor Camilla! I used her hardly: But teazing never yet did good with me. Remember, Sir, they are not to know were I am. Your house, madam, to Lady L. is to be my asylum. — Then seeing me affected, Gentlest of human hearts, said she, what right have I thus to pain you! Well, Sir, drying her eyes, with looks too earnest for her health of mind; tell me, is any-body else expected?

Your cousins Sebastiano and Juliano, madam; but not the General.

Thank Heaven for that! — I love my brother Giacomo: But he is so determined a man! — His own Lady only can soften his heart.

Sir Charles, by his admirable address, made her tolerably easy by dinner-time, on the subject of her friends expected arrival: And she once owned, that she should be transported with joy to see her Father, Mother, and Jeronymo, could she assure herself, that she could see them with forgiveness in their countenances.

Sir Charles would only be attended at table by Saunders, whom she had seen in Italy. She was much pleased to have it so; but desired Laura might be permitted to attend at the back of her own chair.

I addressed myself to Laura three of four times, as she stood. The Lady was pleased: And Laura seemed proud of my notice.

Now-and-then an involuntary tear filled the Lady's eye, as she fat. It was easy to enter into her thoughts, p oor Lady! on her situation. She was grieved, she said, at the trouble she gave me; and frequently sought to suppress a sigh. Once, after a resverie of? few minutes; And am I here? said she; In England? At the house of the Chevalier Grandison? Can it be a

After dinner, Lady L. and she and I, retiring to my drawing-room; What a generous Lady, said she, are you! I was afraid to see you, before I saw you: But the moment I beheld you, I embraced a Sister. You will allow of my esteem of your Grandison?

Of your Love, dear Lady Clementina, and thank you for it. A good man has an Interest in every good person's affections.

Such generosity, snatching my hand with both hers, would confirm a doubtful goodness. But indeed my esteem for him always soared above person. You know I am a zealous Catholic. You know our doctrine of merits. I would have laid down my life to save his soul. But surely God will be merciful to such a man, and no less so to such a woman, as (putting her Arms about me) I have now the honour to embrace.

Mercy, madam, said I, is the darling attribute of the Almighty. He is the God of all men.

True — But — And was going to say something surther; but stopt on Sir Charles's entrance.

Sir Charles, after sitting with us a little while, asked leave of absence for an hour, to look on his friends at Lord G's. We had a charming conversation in the mean time. Our subjects were various. The customs of Italian Ladies, and their surprising illiterateness in general, were parts of it. A woman there, it seems, who knew more than her own tongue, was a miracle till within these few years, that the French customs seem prevailing there. Why, madam, the Ladies of Italy, with genius's as fine as that classic climate ever produced, are immersed in the pleasures of sense: Singing, dancing, and conversation-gallantry, take up their whole time. One would imagine, that their husbands and fathers thought them only children of this world, and not heirs of a better hope, by the little care taken in improving their understanding: And were it not for the religion of the country, which we call superstition, half the Italian world of women would be looked upon merely as temporary idols for men to worship for temporary gratifications only. Yet in their conversation-assemblies, men see what they are capable of. But their country, it seems, is in the same uncultivated state, as the minds of their women. The garden of the world, as Italy is called, is over-run with weeds: And, for want of cultivation, the very richness of its soil becomes its disease. But these reflexions I draw rather by deduction from what Lady Clementia said, than from any direct confession of hers. She is fond of her country in its present state: But sensible English travellers speak of it as I have written.

Sir Charles returned within his time. He is kind to be every-where; for he is the life of every company, and of every individual.

We passed a sweet evening together, and till near eleven o'clock. Were Lady Clementina happy, how happy should we all be!

Sir Charles waited on the Ladies home. Lord L. was by that time returned from Lord G's; but was the first of the friendly company that withdrew. Lady G. it seems, was all alive in every part of the ontertainment. My uncle Selby and she spared not each other. Her Lord, I sansy, fared the better or the presence of the Earl and Lady Gertrude, and for her having my Uncle to shoot at.

God preserve my grandmamma, and all my dear friends in her neighbourhood, prays

Her ever dutiful, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, March 7.

OUR grief will be your joy, my dearest grandmamma! My Uncle, my Aunt Lucy, Emily, Mr. Deane! — They are just gone: Just left me.

What a parting! — But Emily! Dear creature! what was her grief, her noble struggle with herself, to conceal her anguish from her guardian!

She will now be yours, and my aunt Selby's; and, when once settled, will, must, be happy; for she is good, and you all love her, and will love her the more for this great instance of her nobleness of mind.

About half an hour before we parted, she begged to speak a few words to me in my closet. I led her thither. When we entered it, she shut the door, and dropt down on her knees. I would have raised her; but she would not be raised. I clasped my arms about her neck. I have revealed all my folly to you, said she. Forgive the weakness of a poor girl. A thousand, thousand thanks to you, madam, for your indulgent goodness to me. I longed to live with you and my guardian. I placed my whole happiness in the grant. You gave me an opportunity to try the experiment. What I little expected happened: I was more unhappy than before. I revere your grandmamma: She is a blessed Lady! How good was she on your wedding-day, to wish me, poor me! to supply to her the loss of her Harriet! Her goodness, her condescension, that of all your family, overcame me: It would not, perhaps, had I not tried the other experiment. All that I have now to beg of you, is, to pardon me for the trouble I must have given to your noble heart: It is a noble heart, or it could not have borne with me as it has done. But promise to write a Letter to me once a fortnight — and permit me to write to you once a week; and I shall think myself a happy creature. Not a thought of my heart but I will reveal to you.

I do promise, my Love, my Emily. The correspondence between us will delight me. Nobody shall see any of our Letters, but at your choice.

Lady L. Lady G. may, madam: They love the poor Emily. Nobody else may, I believe; I shall write so poorly! — But I shall improve as I have more years, and more sense. But my present concern is more for Lady Clementina than for myself. Poor Lady! Pray write something of her friends behaviour to her, and hers to them, to me particularly, besides what you write to your grandmamma: I shall take it for such a favour! And it will make me look so important! You don't know how proud it will make me; and it will induce your Lucy, and every-body, to shew me every-thing you write to them; and I shall have it in my power to read out of

your Letters to me something in return; which will look like an acquittal of obligation.

All that she wished me to do, and still more, as occasions offered, I promised.

She arose from her knees, called me by many tender names; kissed one cheek, then the other; then one hand, then the other. I folded her to my fond heart: My Sister, my Friend, my Emily, I called her. We wetted each other's Bosom with our tears; and both went down with red eyes.

Extremely tender, but delicate, was the leave she took of her guardian. The Brother, the affectionate Friend, and Father, I may say, appeared in his unreserved tenderness to her. She hurried into my uncle's coach, which stood ready, when she parted with him, that her emotion might not be too visible. I hastening in after her, lest she should be too much affected; while my Aunt, Lucy, and my Uncle, were taking their leaves in the hall.

My dearest Emily, I admire you! said I. Do you, do you! — Best of wives, of women, of friends, of sisters, do you say so? — I behaved not amiss, then?

Amiss! No, my dear: Charmingly, my Love! You are great as ever woman was.

How you comfort me!

Adieu, adieu! my best Love! said I. — My best Lady Grandison! said she: Both in a breath, as from one heart, embracing; and quitting each other with regret; her arms folded about herself, when I left her; as if I were still within them.

I gave my hand to Sir Edward Beauchamp, on stepping out of the coach; for he was ready to attend them; and hurrying into the hall, threw myself into the arms of my aunt. My Love, said she, take care of yourself: Emily shall not need to be your concern: She will be our Harriet.

Indeed she shall, said Lucy. Dear girl, she shall be mine: And, thank God, I now have two Harriets instead of one.

My uncle wept like a child at parting with me. He would have carried it off, smiling in his tears. What, what, sobbed he, shall I do for my girl! I shall miss, I shall miss, your sau-sau-sauciness sometimes — Was I ever angry with you in my Life?

Mr. Deane comforted himself, that he should but settle his affairs at Peterborough, and then would make our residence his, where-ever we should be.

All of them departed blessing us, and we them; hoping for a speedy meeting in Northamptonshire. Every one express'd their solicitude for the happiness of Lady Clementina, as well for her own sake, as for Sir Charles's and mine.

God give you, and my dearest, dearest friends, now on their journey to you, a happy meeting, with every felicity that on this earth can fall to the lot of persons so dear to the heart of

Your ever-dutiful HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIGNOR JERONYMO, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Dover, Monday night, March 12. O. S.

HERE we are, my Grandison; my father and mother so indifferent in their healths, that we shall have time to wait for your direction. My mother was so incommoded, that we put in at Antibes; and by slow journeys, stopping a few days at Paris, proceeded to Calais, where we hired a vessel to bring us hither. My Brother, and Father Marescotti, are indisposed. Camilla is not well. Mrs. Beaumont, to whom we owe infinite obligations, is the life of us all.

Have you heard of the dear fugitive, who has given us all so much disturbance, and, at this season of the year, so much fatigue? God grant that she may be safe in your protection, and in her right mind! Had she been so at the time she had never meditated such a wild, such a disgraceful flight. The heart of the Count of Belvedere is torn in pieces by his impatience. He will soon follow the man and horse whom we dispatch with this. Signor Sebastiano will accompany him. Juliano will stay with us. The fatigue has been rather too much for your Jeronymo: But he rejoices, that he has his foot on English ground; the country that gave birth to his Grandison; and in his hopes of seeing his kind and skilful Lowther. God grant us a happy meeting; and that no interruption may have been given to your nuptial happiness, by the extravagance of a young creature, which can only be accounted for in her, by the unhappy disorder of her mind! Adieu, Adieu, my Grandison!

JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Tuesday morning, Eleven, March 13.

ABOUT two hours ago, Sir Charles received a Letter from Signor Jeronymo. The man had rode all night. They are all at Dover.

Sir Charles is already set out; gone, with four coaches and six, of our own and friends, for them, and their attendants; Mr. Lowther with him. Richard Saunders is left to attend the Count of Belvedere to the lodgings taken for him.

The house in Grosvenor-square is ready for the reception of the illustrious guests.

As soon as I can get quieter spirits, I will attend Lady Clementina, in order to re-assure her, if I find sue has presence of mind enough to hear the news. Sir Charles has already induced her to wish the crisis over. It is a crisis. I am almost as much affected for her, as she can be for herself. Yet she has not cruel friends to meet. May the dear Lady keep in her right mind!

In what a hurry of spirits I write! You will not wonder. I have not my grandmamma's steadiness of mind. Never, never, shall I be like my grandmamma.

Tuesday, two o'clock.

In Lady L's closet.] I have, as gently as I could, broken the news of their safe arrival at Dover, to Lady Clementina. She began the subject; and said, She had been praying for the safety of her friends. What will become of me, said she, should mishap befal any one of them? Should the fatigue be too much for either my father or mother, their healths so precarious; or for my Jeronymo, so lately ill?

After proper prefacings, I hoped, I said, her cares on that subject would soon be over. Sir Charles had some intimation of the likelihood of their arrival at a particular port; and was actually set out with coaches, in hopes of accommodating them, when they did arrive, and to bring them to the house which had been (as she knew before) got ready for their reception.

She looked by turns on me, and on Lady L. in speechless terror: At last, Then I am sure, said she, you know they are come. Tell me, tell me, are they indeed arrived? And are they all well?

I owned they were, and at Dover; and waited there to refresh themselves, and to be informed of her health and safety before they would proceed further.

She wept, even to sobbing; inveighed against herself: Her tears were tears of duty and tenderness. She comforted herself, that Sir Charles would be able to

soften their resentments against her; and she was sure he would make the best conditions for her, that could be obtained.

Lord L. is all goodness, all compassion, to her. He greatly admires her. But we observe, that there are some little traces of wildness now-and-then in her talk, which carries her into high language and exclamation. May her mind be quieted! May her intellects be preserved entire, in the affecting scenes before her! — I am sent for home in haste.

Tuesday night.

METHINKS I am half afraid of telling even you, my grandmamma, at this distance, to whom I was sent for. It was to the Count of Belvedere. Signor Sebastiano was with him. Lord G. happened to call in at St. James's Square, when they arrived; and sending for me, entertained them till I came.

I asked Lord G. half out of breath with fear, at my first alighting, If he had said any-thing of the Lady? Not a syllable, said he: I avoided answering questions. The gentlemen were full of impatience to know something about her: And this made me send for you: For, tho' cautioned, I was afraid of blundering. — Honest, modest, worthy Lord G! — I prevailed on them to stay supper with me. Lord G. was so obliging, as to send home to excuse himself to his Lady, at my request.

They are both fine young gentlemen; extremely polite. We have been told, that the Count is a handsome man. Indeed he is. Any Lady, with such a character as he has, if she were not prepossessed, might like him. He is certainly a gentle-dispositioned and good-natured man. He looks the man of quality. He seems not to be above five or six-and-twenty: Has a foreign aspect, and a complexion a sallowish brown; yet has a healthy look. His eyes, however, as I knew his case, appeared to me to have a cast like those of a man whose mind is disturbed.

I behaved to them with the greatest frankness I could shew. I told them, that Sir Charles set out in the morning, on the receipt of a letter from Dover, for that port, and with what equipages. They gave but a poor account of the health of the Marchioness: But if she could but hear good tidings, he said, and stopt —

Sir Charles, I answered, would do his utmost to set their hearts at ease.

May I not ask a question, madam? said the Count. I find your Ladyship knows every-thing of us, and our affairs. We heard in Italy, that you were all goodness; and find you to be an angel. I make no compliment, said he, laying his spread hand on his heart.

Lord G. with kind officiousness, said, that was the universal voice.

I answered in French, the language in which he spoke to me — That I had the pleasure of informing him, that Letters had passed between Lady Clementina and

Sir Charles. The account she gives of herself, said I, makes us not quite unhappy.

Makes Us! said the Count to Signor Sebastiano, in Italian, his hands lifted up: Heavenly goodness!

I imagined that he thought I understood not that tongue; and that I might not mislead them into undue compliments: I said, in my broken-accented Italian, We all here, Signors, are as much interested in the health and happiness of Lady Clementina, as any of her friends in Italy can be.

They applauded all of us, who were, as they said, so generously interested in the happiness of one of the most excellent of women.

I told the Count, that Sir Charles had, as desired, provided lodgings for him. I hoped he would find them convenient, tho' Sir Charles thought them not befitting his quality. He said, before he set out this morning (hearing that their Lordships were then probably on their journey from Dover to London) ordered his gentleman to attend him to them: You, Signor, said I, are, if you please, with Signor Juliano, to be Sir Charles's own guests. We have another house which will be honoured with the residence of the Marquis and Marchioness, their Sons, the good Father Marescotti, and their other friends.

Good Father Marescotti! repeated the Count — Excellent Lady Grandison! — But you say well: Father Marescotti is indeed a good man.

I have by heart, my Lord, said I, the characters of all my dear Sir Charles's good friends.

Again the two Lords looked upon each other, as admiring me.

Pity, my dear grandmamma, that different nations of the world, tho' of different persuasions, did not, more than they do, consider themselves as the creatures of one God, the Sovereign of a thousand worlds!

The Count expressed great impatience to know some particulars of Lady Clementina. I took this opportunity to say, that as I had been informed of the transcendent piety of the Lady, and of her great earnestness, from her earliest youth, to take the veil, I presumed it would forward the good understanding hoped for, if it were not at present known, that his Lordship was arrived; and the rather, as several tender scenes might be expected to pass between her and her other friends, which perhaps her present (easily to be supposed) weak spirits, and turn of mind, might with difficulty enable her to support.

The Count sighed: But, bowing, said, He came with a very small retinue, because he would be as private as possible. He had been for many months determined to visit England: The family della Porretta, Signor Jeronymo, in particular, had promised to visit Sir Charles in it likewise: They should indeed have chosen a better season for it, had not their care and concern for one of the most excellent of women induced them to anticipate their intentions. He was

entirely of my opinion, he added, that his arrival in England should not at present be known by Lady Clementina.

He then, in a very gallant, but modest manner, owned to my Lord G. and me his passion for her; and said, that on the issue of this adventure of the dear Lady hung his destiny.

I told him, I had been the more free in giving my humble advice, as to the keeping secret his Lordship's arrival, as, but for that reason, I could assure him Sir Charles would not have permitted his Lordship, or any of his train, to go into his lodgings: And I mentioned the high regard which I knew Sir Charles had for the Count of Belvedere.

I ordered supper to be got early, as I supposed the two Lords would be glad to retire soon, after the fatigue of their journey; for they had set out early in the morning. I sent a note begging the favour of my cousin Reeves's company to supper; apologizing, by the occasion, for the short notice. They were so kind as to come. They admire the two young noblemen: for Signo r Sebastiano, as well as the Count, is a sensible modest young man. Mr. Reeves and they entered into free conversation in French, which we all understood, on their country, voyage, and journey by land. Both gentlemen spoke of Sir Charles, and his behaviour in Italy, in raptures.

My cousin Reeves, attended by Saunders, was so good as to conduct the Count to his lodgings, in his coach; Sir Charles having all our equipages with him.

You will soon have another Letter, my dearest grandmamma, from

Your ever-dutiful HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wedn. morn. March 14.

MR. and Mrs. Reeves were so kind as to breakfast, and intend to dine, with me.

They brought with them, as agreed upon overnight, the Count of Belvedere, who has assumed the name of Signor Marfigli. After breakfast, Mr. Reeves, dropping my cousin at Lady G's, carried the two noblemen thro' several of the greet streets and squares of this vast town: To Westminster-hall; the houses of parliament, &c.

I went in my chair, mean time, to pay my sincerest compliments to Lady Clementina: I assured her, that she was, and should be, the subject of our choicest cares.

Poor Lady! She is full of apprehensions. I owned to her the arrival of Signor Sebastiano, and his prayers for her safety and health; and told her what I had answered to his enquiries after her.

She was for removing to some distance from town, where she thought she could be more private. Lord and Lady L. both assured her, it was impossible she could be any-where so private as in this great town; nor so happily situated (should she think fit, on a reconciliation, to own where she had been) as in the protection, and at the house, of Sir Charles Grandison's brother and sister.

God be praised for the happy meeting you all have had. Lucy is very good to be so particular about my Emily . Dear girl! She is an example to all young Ladies! Let Clementina be made easy, and who will be so happy as your Harriet?

Thursday, March 15.

SIR Charles has been so good as to let me know, that he and Mr. Lowther arrived yesterday morning at Dover. He found the Marchioness, Signor Jeronymo, and the good Camilla, as he calls her, very much indisposed from the fatigues they had undergone both in mind and body. The whole noble family received him with inexpressible joy. Jeronymo told him, that his arrival, and Mr. Lowther's with him, had given them all spirits; and health must follow to those who were indisposed.

Sir Charles supposes, that they will be obliged to continue at Dover all this day. To-morrow if the Marchioness is able to bear the journey, they propose to set out, and proceed as far on their way to London as her health will permit; and to get to town as early on Saturday as possible.

The dear man thought his Harriet would be uneasy, if he had not written to her, as he shall be two days longer out than he had hoped. To be sure she should. If he had not thought so justly of her, as she knows no other method of valuing herself than by his value of her, she must have been extremely sunk in her own opinion.

He bids me assure Lady Clementina that she will find every one of her friends determined to do all in their power to make her happy. Resentment, he says, has no place in their bosoms: They breathe nothing but reconciliation and Love.

I will not, my dear grandmamma, dispatch this Letter to you, till I can inform you that this worthy family are settled with us, and at Grosvenor-Square.

Sat. Evening, March 17.

I HAVE just received the following billet from Sir Charles.

Grosvenor-Square, Sat. 4 o'clock.

MY dearest Love will rejoice to know by this, that our friends are all arrived here in safety. The Marchioness bore the journey better than we expected. My Jeronymo is in fine spirits. I thought it would give my Harriet as well as them less fatigue, if I put them into immediate possession of this house, than if I brought them to pay their compliments to her, as they were very desirous to do, at St. James's Square. Mrs. Beaumont has allotted to them their respective apartment. There is room enough, and they are pleased to say, handsome room. Signor Juliano will attend my Love with me. What an admirable forecast in my dearest life! A repast so elegant, prepared (as your Murray informs me) by your personal direction, to attend their hour. She tells me you have borrowed a female servant of each of our sisters, and one of Mrs. Reeves, to join with two of your own, in the service of this house. In everything, on every occasion, you delight by your goodness and greatness of mind

Your ever-devoted CH. GRANDISON.

I shall stay supper with them. But shall break away as soon as I can, to attend the joy of my heart.

Am I not a happy creature, my dear grandmamma? By what little offices, if done with tolerable grace, may one make a great and noble spirit think itself under obligation to one! — But had I known they would not have called first in St. James's Square. I would not have contented myself, as I did, with a visit to the other house in the middle of the day, to see everything was in order, against they came: They should have found me there to receive and welcome them.

Signor Sebastiano is flown to them. I should have told you, that the Count, at my request, dined and supped with me and Signor Sebastiano (they choosing to comply with our English customs) every day of this week from that of his arrival. They are really good young men. They improve upon me every hour. How do they admire Lady Clementina! The Count yesterday complimented me, that for

piety, reading, understanding, sweetness of manners, frankness of heart, she could only be equally in England. Italy knew not, he said, nor had known of modern times, her mother excepted, such another woman. If I knew Lady Clementina, he added, I would not wonder at his perseverance, he having besides the honour of all her family's good opinion.

How I long to see every individual of this noble family! — I know how sincerely I love them all, by this one instance — I have not now, for near a week that my dearest friend has been absent from me, in their service, wished once for his company; tho' had he not written to me on Thursday, I should have been anxious for his health and theirs.

May they be indulgently, and not ungraciously, forgiving! — Then will I dearly love them. — Poor Lady Clementina! How full of apprehensions has she been all this week! She has not stirred out of her chamber since Wednesday morning, nor designs it for a week or two to come.

Sunday.

MY dearest Friend, my Lover, my Husband, every tender word in one, left his noble guests for their sakes early last night; and he was pleased to tell me, for his own sake, longing to see, to thank, to applaud his Harriet. He brought with him the two young noblemen, who are our own immediate guests.

He gave me, last night and this morning, an account of what passed between the family and himself, from his arrival at Dover, to their coming to town last night.

They confessed the highest obligations to him for attending them in person; and for bringing Mr. Lowther with him. But when, on their eager questions to him after their Clementina, he told them, that he had heard from her, and that she had owned herself to be in honourable and tender hands, the Marquis lifted up his eyes in thankful rapture: The Marchioness, with clasped hands, seemed to praise God; but her lips only moved: All the rest expressed their joy in words dictated by truly affectionate hearts.

Sir Charles found them all most cordially disposed to forgive the dear fugitive, as the Bishop called her: But, depend upon it, added the Prelate, nothing will secure her head, but our yielding to her in her long wished-for hope of the convent, or on prevailing on her to marry: And if you, Grandison, join with us, I question not, but the latter may be effected.

Sir Charles blamed them for having precipitated her as they had done.

That, said the Bishop, was partly the fault of our well meaning Giacomo; and partly her own; for more than once she gave us hope that she would comply with our wishes.

I besought Sir Charles, that he would not be prevailed upon to take part with them, if she continued averse to a change of condition.

I waved the subject, my dearest Life, replied he, at the time. I have continued to do so ever since, I want only to see them settled, and Lady Clementina composed, and then I shall know what can be done. Till then, arguments on either side, will rather strengthen than remove difficulties.

The Bishop, with great concern, told Sir Charles, that when the first news of Clementina's flight was brought to Bologna, her poor mother was for two days as unhappy in her mind, as ever her daughter had been; and when it was found likely that Clementina was gone to England, she insisted so vehemently on following her, that they had no other way to pacify her, but by promising that they would out of hand, pay to Sir Charles the visit they intended, and some of them had engaged to make him. Nor would she, when she grew better on their promise, acquit them of it. This determined them to this winter excursion, sorely against the will of some of them: And it was in compassion to this unhappy state of the poor mother's mind, that Mrs. Beaumont consented to accompany her.

Sir Charles is gone to attend Lady Clementina. He then proposes to welcome the Count of Belvedere into England; and afterwards to wait on the noble family, and know when I shall be permitted to pay my devoirs to them.

Sunday, Two o'clock.

SIR Charles has found it very difficult to quiet the apprehensions of Lady Clementina. He is grieved for her. God grant, he prays, that she keep in her right mind. Lady L. thinks the poor Lady is already disturbed,

Sir Charles was joyfully received by Signor Marsigli. He owned to that Lord, that he knew where to send Letters to Lady Clementina. He is to introduce me by-and-by to his guests at Grosvenor-Square.

Sunday night.

SIR Charles presented me to this expecting family. I admire them all.

The Marquis and Marchioness are a fine couple. There is dignity in their aspects and behaviour. A fixed kind of melancholy sits upon the features of each. The Bishop has the man of quality in his appearance; but he has something more solemn in his countenance than even Father Marescotti; who, at a glance, is not unlike our Dr. Bartlett: The more like, as goodness and humility both shine in his countenance.

But Signor Jeronymo is an amiable young man: I could, almost at first sight (and his winning grace confirmed me) have called him Brother. With signal kindness did my Sir Charles present me to this his dear friend: and with equal kindness did Signor Jeronymo receive me, and congratulate Sir Charles: They all joined in the congratulation.

The amiable Mrs. Beaumont! — She embraced me! She felicitated me, with such a grace, as made her manner surpass even her words.

The good Camilla was presented to me. She has the look of a gentlewoman. How many scenes did the sight of this good woman revive in my memory! Some of them painful ones!

Signior Marsigli, as he is called, and the two young Lords, dined with them. This being a first visit on my part, we made it a short one. We went from them to Lady G's, and drank tea with her and her Lord. Sir Charles could not bear, he said, to go immediately from the sighing parents to the sorrowing daughter; they not knowing, nor being at present to know, she was so near them.

Lady G. was so petulant, so whimsical, when her brother's back was turned, that I could not forbear blaming her: But I let her go her own way: She stopt my mouth —

"So you think you shall behave more patiently, more thankfully, in the same circumstance! — Look to it, Harriet!"

Here, my dearest grandmamma, I will conclude this Letter. Pray for the poor Clementina; for a happy reconciliation; and that the result may be tranquillity of mind restored to this whole noble family; so necessary to that of your dear Sir Charles, and

His and Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday, March 22.

NOthing decisive yet, my dear grandmamma.

There have been some generous contentions between the family and Sir Charles. He has besought them to make their hearts easy, and he will comply with all their reasonable desires.

They think not of dining with, or visiting us, till they can hear some tidings of their beloved daughter.

Lord G. Lord L. and Lady L. as also Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, have been presented to them.

Sir Charles has begun to enter into a treaty, as I may call it, with the Lady on one part, her Family on the second, and the Count of Belvedere on the third. Lady Clementina, it seems, insists upon being allowed to take the veil; and that in a manner that sometimes carries wildness with it. The Bishop, Sir Charles thinks, seems less fervent in his opposition to it, than formerly. Father Marescotti, in his heart, he believes, favours her wishes. But the Marquis and Marchioness, and Signor Jeronymo, plead their own inclinations, their Son the General's unabated fervor, in behalf of the marriage, were it but to secure the performance of the grandfather's will, and to be an effectual disappointment of the interested hopes of Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana. The Count of Belvedere's passion for the Lady (notwithstanding her unhappy malady past, and apprehended) makes a great merit for him with the family; and the two young Lords think so highly of him for his perseverance, that they are attached to his interest; and declare, that the Conte della Porretta their father is as strongly on the same side as the General himself.

In the mean time, the fond mother is so impatient to see her daughter, that they are afraid of the consequences, as to health both of mind and body, if a speedy determination be not come to: On the other hand, the young Lady grieves to find herself, as she says, in such a situation, as to be obliged to insist on conditions with her parents, before she can throw herself at their feet; which she longs to do, tho' she dreads to see them. Sometimes (and they are when she is calmest) she blames herself for the step she has taken; at others, she endeavours to find excuses for it.

Sunday morning, Mar. 25.

SIR Charles has drawn up a paper at the request of all parties. He last night gave a copy of it to the Lady; another to the Count: a third to the Bishop; for them all to consider of the contents; and he will attend them to-morrow for their answer. He has been pleased to give me also a copy of it; which is as follows:

I. That Lady Clementina, in obedience to the will of her two deceased grandfathers, in duty to her parents and uncle, and in compliance with the earnest supplications of the most affectionate of brothers, shall engage her honour to give up all thoughts of withdrawing from the world, not only for the present, but for all future time, so long as she shall remain in her maiden state.

II. She shall be at liberty to choose her way of Life; and shall be allowed, at her own pleasure, to visit her Brother and his Lady at Naples; her Uncle at Urbino; Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; and be put into the immediate perception of the profits of the estate bequeathed to her, if she chooses it; that she may be enabled to do that extensive good with the produce, that she could not do, were she to renounce the world; in which case, that estate would devolve to one, who, it is but too probable, would make a very different use of it.

III. She shall have the liberty of nominating her own attendants; and in case of death, or removal by promotion, of Father Marescotti (whose merits must at last render him conspicuous) to choose her own confessor: But that her Father and Mother shall have their negative preserved to them, in either case, while she continues in their palace: Nor will the dear Lady think this a hardship; for she wishes not to be independent on parents, of whose indulgent goodness to her she is most dutifully sensible; and it is reasonable, that they should be judges of the conduct of every one who is to be a domestic in their family.

IV. As Lady Clementina, from some late unhappy circumstances, thinks she cannot marry any man; and as a late extraordinary step taken by her, has shewn, that there is at present too much reason to attend to the weight of her plea; it is hoped, that the Count of Belvedere, for his own sake; for the sake of the composure of mind of the Lady, so dear to all who have the honour of knowing her; will resolve to discontinue his addresses to her, and engage never to think of resuming them, unless some hopes should arise, in course of time, of his succeeding in her favour by her own consent.

V. Her ever-honoured parents, for themselves and for their absent brother the Count of Porretta; her right reverend brother for himself, and, as far as he may, for his elder brother; Signor Jeronymo for himself; will be so good as to promise, that they will never with earnestness endeavour to persuade, much less to compel, Lady Clementina to marry any man whatever; nor encourage her Camilla, or any other friend or confident, to endeavour to prevail upon her to change her condition: Her parents, however, reserving to themselves the right of proposing,

as they shall think fit, but not of urging; because the young Lady, who is by nature sweettempered, gentle, obliging, dutiful, thinks herself (however determined by inclination) less able to withstand the persuasions of indulgent friends, than she should be to resist the most despotic commands.

VI. These terms conceded to, on all sides, it is humbly proposed, that the young Lady shall throw herself (as she is impatient to do) at the feet of her indulgent parents; and that all acts of disobligation shall be buried in everlasting oblivion.

The proposer of the above six articles takes the liberty to add, on the presumption that they may be carried into effect, that his noble guests will allow him to rejoice with them on their mutual happiness restored, for months to come, in his native country.

He hopes that they will accept of his endeavours to make England as agreeable to them, as they heretofore made Italy to him.

He begs that they will consider their family and his, as one family, ever to be united by the indissoluble ties of true friendly Love.

He hopes for their company at his country seat.

He will seek for opportunities to oblige and accommodate them in every article, whether devotional or domestic.

And when they will be no longer prevailed upon to stay in England, he will (no accidents, no events, preventing, of which themselves shall be judges) attend them to Italy; and if his beloved Wife and Sisters, and their Lords, shall have made to themselves, as he hopes they will, an interest in their affections, he questions not to prevail on them to be of the party.

CH. GRANDISON.

Monday morn. ten o'clock.

SIR Charles is gone to attend the Count at his Lodgings, in pursuance of his request signified by a note last night.

Two o'clock.

THE following Billet is just now brought me.

MY dearest Love will have the goodness to excuse my dining with her this day. Signor Marsigli, and her Ever-devoted, are hastening to Grosvenor-Square, where we shall dine. This worthy nobleman deserves pity. Adieu, my dearest Life!

CH. GRANDISON.

I am all impatience for the issue of these conferences: But I will not dine by myself, when I can sit down at table with Lady L. and Lady Clementina at Lord L's — and with my Lord himself, so much my brother and friend. Here therefore will I close this Letter. Forgive, my ever-honoured grandmamma, the abruptness of

Your ever-dutiful HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Monday, March 26.

LADY L. when I was set down at her house, told me, that Lady Clementina had been in great agitations on the contents of the proposals left with her. She kept her chamber all day yesterday, and this morning. Lady L. had then but just left her. I sent up my compliments to her. She desired me to walk up. She met me on the stair-head in tears; and led me into her dressing-room — Have you seen the Chevalier's proposals, madam? — I owned I had.

– Give up for ever, said she, my scheme, my darling scheme, for the sake of which, I — There she stopt.

It was easy to guess what the poor Lady was going to say. The subject was too delicate for me to help her out.

Dearest Lady Clementina, said I, be pleased to consider the good it will be in your power to do to hundreds, according to the second article, if you can comply. How much has our dear Friend consulted your beneficent spirit! All my fear is, that your parents will not subscribe to their part of it. If they will, what a favourite scheme of their own will they give up!

She paused — Then breaking silence — And is it your opinion, Lady Grandison? Your opinion, joined to the Chevalier's — Let me consider —

She took two or three turns about the room: Then, thinking of Sir Charles's intimation of a tour to Italy — With what soothing, what consoling hope, said she, does the next-to-divine man almost conciliate my mind to his measures! — And could you, would you, madam, think of going with us to Italy? O how flattering are these hints!

I should rejoice in such a tour, replied I: Love me but in your Italy, if I should be allowed to go, as I do you in our England, and I shall be happy in so fine a country, as I am told it is. But, dearest Lady, what shall we do to obtain your friends compliance with these articles? Shall I cast myself on my knees before your father and mother to beg theirs? You in my hand, I in yours?

Ever good, ever noble Lady Grandison! — But how first shall I pacify my own heart on yielding to my part of them?

Let it not stick there, madam. Will not Lady Clementina meet them one fourth of the way? It is not more.

Well, I will consider of it. I shall hear what they will do. Your advice, my dear Lady Grandison, shall have all the weight with me, that a Sister's ought.

I attended the summon to dinner. She excused herself. I took leave of her for the day, declaring my intention of going home as soon as I had dined.

Monday night.

SIR Charles returned with a benevolent joy brightening his countenance. He hopes to bring this affair to an issue not unhappy.

He was first with the Count of Belvedere, who received him with great emotion. I apprehended, said he, that I was to be the sacrifice. O Grandison, did you but know the hopes, the assurances, given me by the General, by every-body!

Sir Charles expatiated on every argument that could compose his mind.

Will she promise, will she engage, that if ever she marry, it will be the man before you, Chevalier? Why did you not make that a stipulation in my favour?

I think such a stipulation would be of disadvantage to your Lordship: You would be kept by it in suspence, whatever had offered, whether in Italy or Spain; in both which countries you have considerable connexions. If Lady Clementina can be brought to give up the veil, it may not be impracticable to induce her in time (but time must be given her) to favour with her hand a man of your Lordship's merit and consequence. If otherwise, your Lordship (unfettered either by hope or obligation) will be free to make another choice.

Another choice, Sir! — This to a man, who has so long adored her; and, thro' the various turns of her unhappy malady, still preserved for her a Love that never any other woman shared in! — But, if you please, we will hear what her father, her mother, and other friends, say to the articles you have drawn up.

They went to them. After dinner the important subject had a full and solemn consideration.

Signor Jeronymo and Mrs. Beaumont only at first espoused the proposed plan in all its articles; but every-body came into it at last. God be praised! Now surely the dear Lady must be happy. But the poor Count of Belvedere! He has not, in giving up his inclination, such a noble triumph of self-conquering duty as she had to support her in the same arduous trial. But then he cherishes a hope, that there remains a possibility; the Lady still unmarried.

Noblest of women! Is Harriet a bar? — No! She is what you generously wished her to be.

Tuesday, Mar. 27.

SIR Charles excused himself to Lady Clementina by a few lines last night, for not waiting on her yesterday; and just as he was setting out to attend her this morning, the following note was brought him from Signor Jeronymo; the contents designed to strengthen his endeavours to prevail on the Lady to accept his plan.

My dearest Grandison,

Tuesday morn.

YOU will make us all happy, if you can prevail upon our beloved Clementina to accept, and subscribe to, your generous plan, as we all most chearfully are ready to do.

“Restore yourself, my dearest Sister, this day, or to-morrow at furthest, to the arms of the most indulgent of parents, and to those of the most affectionate of brothers, two of us, who will answer for our third. How impatiently shall we number the hours, till the happy one arrives, that we all shall receive from the hand of the dearest of friends, and best of men, a Sister so much beloved!”

– Ever, ever, my dear Grandison,

Your grateful JERONYMO.

O my dearest Lady Clementina! noblest of women! let your Sister Harriet prevail upon you not to refuse the offered olive branch!

Tuesday two o’clock.

SIR Charles has just now acquainted me, that he has prevailed with Lady Clementina. To-morrow afternoon she will throw herself at the feet of her father and mother. Rejoice with me, my dear grandmamma! All my friends, rejoice with me! congratulate me! — Is it not I myself that am going to be restored to the most indulgent parents, brothers, friends!

Let me gratefully add, from the information of his aunt Grandison, whom he brought home with him, that he was so good as to resist entreaty to dine at Lord L’s. And why? Because, as he was pleased to give the reason (and was generously commended for it, by Lady Clementina) that I was alone. Lord L. proposed to send to request my company: He was sure his Sister Grandison would oblige them. And I, my Lord, said Sir Charles, am sure she would too: But the time is so short, that it is not giving one of the most obliging women in the world an option — Tenderest of husbands! Kindest and most considerate of men! — He will not subject a woman to the danger of being a refusing Vashti; nor yet will give her reason to tremble with a too-meanly mortified Esther.

Tuesday evening.

As Sir Charles and I were sitting at supper, sweetly alone; the whole world, as it seemed, to each other (for Mrs. Grandison chooses to be at present at Lord L’s, and was gone thither); the following Billet was brought me, written in Italian; which thus I English:

“TO-morrow, my dearest Lady Grandison, as the Chevalier has no doubt told you, the poor fugitive is to be introduced to her parents. Pray for her. But if I am to have the honour of being looked upon as indeed your Sister, you must do more than pray for me. Was you in earnest yesterday, when you offered your comforting hand to sustain me, if I consented to cast myself at the feet of my

Father and Mother? Lady L. is so good as to consent in person to acknowlege the protection she has given me. Will you, my Sister, be my Sister on this awful occasion? — Will you lend me your supporting hand? — If you, as well as Lady L. credit the run-away penitent with your appearance in her favour, then will she, with more courage than can otherwise fall to her share, look up to those parents, and to those brothers, whose indulgent bosoms she has filled with so much anguish. Till to-morrow is over, she dare not sign the respectable addition to the name of

Tuesday evening.

"CLEMENTINA."

Will I! repeated I, as soon as I had read it: Was I in earnest yesterday! — Indeed I was: Indeed I will. Read it, my dearest Sir, and give me leave to answer its contents, as my amiable Sister wishes.

He had looked benignly at his servants, and at the door; and they withdrew, as soon as the billet was brought, on my saying, From my Lady!

Scenes that may be expected to be tender, said he, will not, I hope, affect too much the spirits of my angel — But it is a request as kindly made by Clementina, as generously complied with by you. I will tell you, my dear, how, if the Lady please, we will order it. After dinner you shall call upon your worthily adopted Sister, and take her and Lady L. to Grosvenor-square. I will be there to receive her, and present her to her friends, tho' I doubt not but she will meet with a joyful welcome. I will acquaint her with this to-morrow morning.

Wednesday morn. March 28.

LADY Clementina approves of my calling upon her and Lady L. and of Sir Charles's being at Grosvenor-Square, ready to receive her. I am to attend her about five in the afternoon. She is, it seems, full of apprehensions.

Wednesday night, Ten o'clock.

WE are just returned from Grosvenor-Square — Dear Sir, I obey you. Sir Charles, in tenderness to me, insists upon my deferring writing till to-morrow. The first command he has laid upon me.

LETTER XXXVIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday morn, March 29.

NOW for particulars of what passed yesterday. Sir Charles is gone to Grosvenor-Square, to enquire after the health and composure of his noble guests there.

When I called upon Lady Clementina yesterday, five o'clock, I found her greatly distressed with her own apprehensions. I must, said she to me, be a guiltier creature than I had allowed myself to think I was: Why else am I so ashamed, so afraid, to see parents whom I ever honoured, brothers and friends whom I ever loved? — O Lady Grandison! What a dispiriting thing is the consciousness of having done amiss! And to a proud heart too!

Then looking upon the written plan, Let me see, said she, what I am to sign. These were the remarks she made upon them, as she read:

(1.) Hard, hard article, the first! But your Grandison, madam, my fourth brother, my friend, my protector, tells me, that I shall discharge all the obligations he ever laid upon me, if I will sign it. — I submit.

(2.) How flattering to my pride; to my hopes of doing good to the indigent and unhappy!

(3.) Nominating my attendants — my confessor — Kind, considerate Grandison! If I give up the first wish of my heart, I shall not insist upon these stipulations in my favour. My parents shall have, in these cases, affirmative and negative too. Indeed I desire not in any article to be independent of them.

(4.) A grateful article! I acknowlege, Chevalier, your protection with gratitude, in this stipulation.

(5.) If my friends promise, they will perform. Ours is a family of untainted honour. I hope my Brother Giacomo will be answered for by his Brothers in these articles: But he will hate me, I fear.

Generous Grandison! what tempting proposals do you conclude with! And you, Lady Grandison, are so good as to say, that my happiness is wanting to complete yours — That is a motive, I assure you. Lead me, madam, and do you, my dear Lady L. (my hospitable other protectress) oblige me with your countenance too. A woman of your honour and goodness, Sister of the Chevalier Grandison, acknowleging me your guest, and answering for my behaviour, will credit the abject Clementina in the eyes of her forgiving relations. — Sir Charles

Grandison there before me, to prepare them to receive graciously the fugitive! — Lead me on, while I can be led: I will attend you.

She looked wild and disordered; and, giving each of us a hand, we led her to the coach. But, at stepping in, she trembled, faltered, and seemed greatly disturbed. We consoled her all we could; and the coach drove to Grosvenor-Square. When it stopt, she threw her arms about Lady L. and, hiding her face in her bosom, called upon the Blessed Virgin to support her — How, how, said she, can I look my Father, my Mother, in the face!

Sir Charles, on the coach stopping, appeared. He saw her emotion. It is kind, my Harriet! It is kind, Lady L. to accompany Lady Clementina. — Your goodness will be rewarded in being eye-witnesses of the most gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long absent daughter.

Ah, Chevalier! was all she could say.

Let me conduct you, dearest Lady Clementina, into a drawing-room, where you will see no other person but whom you now see, till your recovered spirits shall rejoice the dearest of friends.

I was afraid she was too much discomposed to attend to this considerate expedient. I repeated, therefore, what Sir Charles last said. She was visibly encouraged by it. She gave him her trembling hand; and he led her into the prepared drawing-room. Lady L. and I followed, and took our seats on each hand of her; Sir Charles his over-against her. Our offered salts, and soothing, with difficulty kept her from fainting.

When she was a little revived — Hush! said she, with her finger held up, and wildness in her looks, casting her eyes to the doors and windows in turn: They will hear us! — Further recovering herself — O Chevalier! said she, what shall I say? How shall I look? What shall I do? — And am I, am I, indeed, in the same house with my Father, Mother, Jeronymo? Who else? Who else? with quickness.

It is so ordered, my dearest Clementina, said Sir Charles, in love and tenderness to you, that you shall only see your Mother first; then your Father — At your own pleasure, your Brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, Father Marescotti.

Sir Charles was sent for out — Don't, don't leave me, Sir. Then looking to Lady L. and then to me — You are all goodness, Ladies — Don't leave me.

Sir Charles instantly returned: Your Mamma, madam, all indulgence, is impatient to fold you to her heart. What joy will you give her?

He offered his hand. She gave him hers; motioning for out attendance. Sir Charles led her, we following, into the room where was her expecting Mother. The moment each saw the other, they ran with open arms to each other. O my Mamma! — My Clementina! — was all that either could say. They sunk down on

the floor, the Mother's arms about the Daughter's neck; the Daughter's about the Mother's waist.

Sir Charles lifted them up, and seated them close to each other — Pardon! Pardon! Pardon! said the dear Lady, hands and eyes lifted up, sliding out of her Mother's arms on her knees — But at that moment could say no more.

The Marquis, not being able longer to contain himself, rushed in — My Daughter! my Child! my Clementina! Once more do I see my Child!

Sir Charles had half-lifted her up, when her Father entered. She sunk down again, prostrate on the floor, her arms extended: O my Father! Forgive! — Forgive me, O my Father!

He raised her up, by Sir Charles's assistance; and, seating her between himself and his Lady, both again wrapt their arms about her. She repeated prayers for forgiveness, in broken accents: Blessings, in accents as broken, flowed from their hearts to their lips.

After the first emotions, when they could speak, and she now-and-then could look up, which she did by snatches, as it were, her eyes presently falling under theirs, Behold, madam, Behold, my Lord, said she, the hospitable Lady to whom — Looking at Lady L. Behold, looking at me, a more than woman; an Angel — More she would have said; but seemed at a loss for words.

We have before seen and admired, said the Marquis, in Lady Grandison, the noblest of all women.

He arose to approach us: Sir Charles led us both to them.

Lady Clementina snatched first my hand, and eagerly pressed it with her lips; then Lady L's: Her heart was full: She seemed to want to speak; but could not: And Lady L. and I, with overflowing eyes, congratulated the Father, Mother, Daughter; and were blessed in speech by the two former; by hands and eyes lifted up, by Lady Clementina.

Sir Charles then withdrawing, returned with the Bishop, and Signor Jeronymo. It is hard to say, whether these two Lords shewed more joy, than Clementina did shame and confusion. She offered at begging pardon: But the Bishop said, Not one word of past afflictions! Nobody is in fault. We are all happy once more; and happy on the conditions prescribed to both by this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular.

My ever noble, my venerable brother, said Jeronymo (who had clasped his Sister to his fond heart, his eyes running over) how I love you for this uncalled for assurance to the dear Clementina! Every article of my Grandison's plan shall be carried into execution. We will rejoice with the Chevalier in his England — And he, and all who are dear to him, shall accompany us to Italy. We will be all one family.

Sir Charles then introduced to the Lady his greatly and justly esteemed Mrs. Beaumont. Clementina threw herself into her arms. Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Beaumont! If you forgive me, Virtue will. Pardon the poor creature, who never, never, would have so much disgraced your lessons, and her mamma's example, as she has done, had not a heavy cloud darkened her unhappy mind. Say you forgive me, as the best and most indulgent of parents, and the kindest of brothers, have done.

It was not your fault, my dear Lady Clementina, but your misfortune. You never was so much to be blamed as pitied. All here are of one sentiment. We came over to heal your wounded mind: Be it healed, and every one will be happy; yes, more happy perhaps (for now we all understand one another,) than if you had not left us to mourn your absence.

Blessed be my Comforter, my Friend, my beloved Mrs. Beaumont! You always knew how to blunt the keen edge of calamity: What a superior woman are you!

Father Marescotti was introduced by the Marquis himself, with a respect worthy of his piety and goodness. I submit, Father, said Lady Clementina, before he could speak, to any penance you shall inflict.

His voice would not befriend him: His action, however, shewed him to be all joy and congratulation.

I have been wicked, very wicked, continued she — But Mrs. Beaumont says, and she says justly, that I merited pity, rather than blame. Yet if you think not so, you, who are the keeper of my conscience, spare me not.

Who, who, said the good man recovering speech, shall condemn, when father, mother, and brothers, so zealous for the honour of their family, acquit! God forgive you, my dearest Lady! And God forgive us all!

My dearest Chevalier Grandison, said Jeronymo, what gratitude, what obligations, do we owe to you, and your admirable Lady and Sisters! Again I acknowlege the obligation for a whole family, from this hour a happy one, I hope.

It had been agreed between the family and Sir Charles, that not a word should be mentioned to Lady Clementina of the Count of Belvedere. They requested Sir Charles to take upon himself the breaking to her, that he was in England, in his own manner, as opportunity should offer.

Every one having been greatly affected, Sir Charles proposed to take leave; and that Lady Clementina should return to Lady L's for that night, as preparation might not have been made for her stay in Grosvenor-Square: But all the family, with one voice, declared they could not part with the restored daughter and sister of their hopes: And she herself chearfully consented to stay; gratefully, however, with a bent knee, thanking Lady L. for her sisterly treatment.

Who, in the general joy, said Sir Charles, has remembred the good Camilla? Let Camilla congratulate her Lady and all of us, on this happy occasion.

Every-one called out for Camilla. In ran the worthy creature. On her knees she embraced her young Lady's, and wept for joy. Ah! my Camilla, my friend Camilla! said Clementina, clasping her arms about her neck, I have been cruel to you: But it was not I — Alas! alas! I was not always myself — I will endeavour to repair your wrongs.

Thank God that I once more clasp my dear young Lady to my heart! — I have no wrongs to complain of.

Yes, yes, you have, kind Camilla: I wanted to elude your watchful duty; and was too cunning to be just to my Camilla.

Sir Charles forgot not to commend Laura to forgiveness and favour. Laura, said Lady Clementina, is blameless. She obeyed me with reluctance. If I am myself forgiven, forgive Laura.

My dearest Love, said the Marchioness, we have agreed, that you shall choose your own servants. The Chevalier, we have no doubt, had Laura in his thoughts, when he made that stipulation; the English youth too. You, my Clementina, must have it in your power to do with these as you please.

May I be permitted, my Lords, said Sir Charles, to make one request for myself to Lady Clementina; a request which shall be consistent with the articles you will all sign?

I will agree to a request of yours, Chevalier, said the Lady, be it almost what it will.

I will not, madam, make it to-day, nor to-morrow. After the hurry of spirits we have all sustained, let tomorrow be a day of composure. Permit me to expect you all at dinner with me on Friday. The articles then may be signed: And then, but not before, I will mention my request, and hope it will be granted.

Sir Charles's invitation was politely accepted; and to-morrow —

Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont below! — Agreeable surprize!

SIR Charles had been out, and was just come in when the two Ladies alighted. I was overjoyed to see them, and to see Lady Clementina serene, and seemingly not unhappy. We are come, said Mrs. Beaumont, to make our earliest acknowlegements for the happiness restored to a whole family. Lady Clementina could not be easy till she had paid her personal thanks to Lady Grandison, for the support her presence gave her yesterday.

Gratitude, said the Lady, fills my her: But how, Chevalier, shall I express it? I beseech you, let me know your request. Tell me, dear Lady Grandison, wherein I can oblige my fourth brother?

My dearest Lady Clementina, said Sir Charles, fortify your heart against a gentle (I hope it will then be but a gentle) surprize. You have not yet signed, your Relations have not, I presume, the articles to which you have mutually agreed.

Sir! Chevalier! Sir!

Let me not alarm you, madam.

He put one of her hands in mine; and took the other in a very tender manner, in his.

You intend to sign them? — They do, I am sure. To-morrow, when we are all together, they will be signed on both sides.

I hope so — They will not, Chevalier, be receded from?

They will not, madam: And hence you will be assured, that the Count of Belvedere will never be proposed to you with any degree of urgency.

I hope not, I hope not, said she with quickness.

Should you, madam, on your return to Italy, be unwilling to see the Count as a friend of your family, as a respecter of your great qualities, as a countryman?

I shall always regard the Count of Belvedere as a man of honour, as a friend of my Brother Giacomo, of all our family — But I cannot place him in any other light. What means the Chevalier Grandison? Keep not my mind in suspense.

I will not. Your father, your mother, your brothers, came over in hopes, that you might be prevailed upon in the Count's favour. They have given up that hope —

They have, Sir!

And will absolutely leave you to your own will, to your own wishes, on the condition to which you have agreed to sign — But shall I ask you — Were the Count to be in France, would you allow him to come over, and take leave of your family and you, before he sets out for the court of Madrid?

What, Sir! as a man who had hopes from me of more than my good wishes?

No, madam; only as a friend to the whole family — not requesting any other favour, now he sees you so determined, than your good wishes, your prayers, for him, as you will ever have his for you.

I can consent in that view: But were any other favour to be hoped from me; were my generosity to be expected to be prevailed upon — O Chevalier! Lady Grandison! Mrs. Beaumont! Let me not be attempted in this way: The articles would be broken: This would be persuasion, and that compulsion.

Nothing, madam, of this kind is intended. The articles will be inviolably observed on the part of your relations. But here Mrs. Beaumont, who never intended to set her foot on the English shore, to oblige and comfort your mother, is come to England: And in the general grief that was occasioned by your

absenting yourself, if the man, who was always deservedly esteemed by your family, had accompanied, had attended, your father, your brothers —

Sir Charles stopt, and looked at the apprehensive Lady with such a sweet benignity, and, on her eye meeting his, with such tender and downcast modesty (all the graces of gentle persuasion are his!) —

O Chevalier! your request! your request! Tell me in what I can oblige the most obliging of friends, of men!

I will tell you, madam — bowing on the hand he held — Consent, if it be not with too much pain to yourself, to see the Count of Belvedere.

See him, Sir! How? When? Where? As what?

As a friend to your family — a well-wisher to your glory, your happiness; and as a man ready and desirous to promote the latter at the expence of his own. He wishes but, while he stays here —

"Stays here," Sir!

To be allowed to visit your family, and to see you once, twice, thrice, as you please — but entirely under the conditions of the articles to be signed to-morrow.

And is then the Count in England?

He is, madam. He attended his and your friends over. He has not once desired to appear in your presence: He keeps himself close in private lodgings. Hence judge of his resolution not to disturb or offend you. He will depart the kingdom without an interview, if you will have it so: But I could not bear, that so good a man should be obliged to depart disgracefully, as I may say, and as if he were undeserving of pity, tho' he could not obtain favour.

O Chevalier!

Secured, madam, by the articles, tho' his emotion may be apprehended to be great, yours cannot — There is not the same reason for the one as for the other: I make it my request, that the Count of Belvedere may be allowed, as one of the chosen friends of your house, but as no more (more the articles forbid) a place at my table to-morrow.

To-morrow, Sir! and I at it! —

He bowed affirmatively.

O how the penetrating man looked into the heart of the Lady at her eyes! — As sure us you are alive, madam, he thought of guessing by her then emotion, whether any hopes could distantly lie for the Count, by the consequence his presence or absence would give him with her.

She paused — At last — And is this, Chevalier, the request you had to make me?

It is, madam; and if my Harriet had not had the honour of this visit, I should have made the same request for his admission in the evening to-morrow — as

now I do to dinner.

Well, Sir; I can suspect no double-dealing from Sir Charles Grandison.

I ask for no favour for the Count more than I have mentioned, madam: I am bound by the articles I have drawn, as if I were a party to them.

Well, Sir, I consent to see the Count. He will be prudent. I hope I shall be so. In Italy, more than once, after you had left it, I saw him: And I always wished him happy.

Now, my dearest Sister, said Sir Charles, my ever-to-be-respected friend, I am easy in my mind. I could not bear in my thoughts, that any-thing I knew, which it concerned you to know, should be concealed from you.

Tears stood in her eyes. O madam, said she to me, God and you only can reward this excellent man for his goodness to me, and all the world that know him. — You see your influence, Chevalier. In every way do I wish to shew my gratitude. But never, never, ask me to give my hand in marriage.

Ah! my dear Lady! thought I; a tear stealing involuntarily down my cheek; the less, the less, I doubt, must you be asked, for having before you a man, who having no equal, you cannot think of any other.

The two Ladies hurried away to Lady L's. How sincerely has the friendly heart of dear Lady L. been affected in all these tender scenes!

LETTER XXXIX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Thursday evening, March 29.

LADY G. has sent for me in all haste. She is taken ill. God give her a happy hour!

O my grandmamma! there are solemn, there are awful, circumstances in the happiest marriages. She begs to see her brother as well as me. I wait for him. The Count of Belvedere is with him. — They have parted — I am gone.

Thursday night.

JUST returned. All happily over! A fine girl! — Yet tho' a fine one, how are the Earl and Lady Gertrude disappointed! — Poor mortals! how hard to be pleased!

The brave are always humane. Sir Charles's tender and polite behaviour on this occasion — How does every occurrence endear him to every-body!

How dearly does Lord G. love his Charlotte! Till all was over, he was in agonies for her safety. His prayers then, his thankfulness now, how ought they to endear them to his Charlotte! And so they must, when she is told of his anxiety, and of his honest joy, or I will not own her for my Sister. But in her heart, I am sure, she loves him. Her past idle behaviour to him was but play. She will be matronized now. The mother must make her a wife. She will doubly disgrace herself, if she loves her child, and can make a jest of her husband.

I have just now asked Sir Charles, whether, if he could prevail on Lady Clementina, while they were all with us, to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, he would? By no means, said he, and that for both their sakes. Lady Clementina has, on many occasions, shewn that she may be prevailed upon by generous and patient treatment: Let the Count have patience. If she recover her mind, a train of chearful ideas may take place of those melancholy ones, which make her desirous of quitting society. She will find herself, by the articles agreed to, in a situation to do more good, than it is possible she could do, were her inclination to take the veil to be gratified. The good she will do, will open and enlarge a mind which is naturally noble; and she will be grateful for the indulgence given her, which will be the means of so happy a change: But if the poor Lady's mind be not curable (which God forbid!) who will pity the Count for not being able to obtain her hand? — I think, my dear, I have made him, tho' not happy, easy; and I hope he will be able to see her without violent emotions.

Friday morn.

SIGNORS Sebastiano and Juliano are come back, rejoicing that they have been introduced to, and kindly received by, Lady Clementina.

Sir Edward Beauchamp has just left me. How happy does the account he gives of my Emily's chearfulness make me! I knew you would all love her.

Sincerely do I rejoice in the news which my Nancy confirms, that Lucy has absolutely rejected the addresses of Mr. Greville. She startled me once, I can tell her: A naughty girl! what could she mean by it?

Won't she give me the particulars under her own hand? I shall be afraid of her till she does; so much was I impressed by her warmth in the argument she once held with me, in his favour, as I thought. Yet I cordially wish Mr. Greville well; but my Lucy better. Pray, madam, let me privately know, if the proposals from the young Irish peer , whom Nancy praises so much for his sobriety, modesty, learning, and other good qualities, were made before or after the rejecting of Mr. Greville? I half-mistrust the girls who have been disappointed of a first Love. Yet Lucy's victory over herself was a noble one. She is in the way, I hope, to be rewarded for it. God grant it — Think you, my dear grandmamma, I can be solicitous (as I am from the bottom of my heart) for the happiness of a new-adopted Sister, and not be inexpressibly anxious for that of my Lucy, the faithful, the affectionate friend of my earlier years?

Our guests are entering. — May the same gracious Providence, which has more than answered every wish of your Harriet's heart in her own situation, shower down its blessings on Lucy, on you, and all the revered, the beloved circle! prays, my dear grandmamma,

Your and their ever dutiful and affectionate HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XL.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Sat. March 31.

NOW, my dear grandmamma, let me give you some account of what passed yesterday.

The Articles signed and witnessed, were put into Lady Clementina's hand, and a pen given her, that she might write her name, in the presence of all her surrounding friends here.

Never woman appeared with more dignity in her air and manner. She was charmingly dressed, and became her dress. A truly lovely woman! But every one by looks seemed concerned at her solemnity. She signed her name; but tore off, deliberately, their names; and kissing the torn bit, put it in her bosom: Then, throwing herself on her knees to her father and mother, who stood together, and presenting the paper to the former; Never let it be said, that your child, your Clementina, has presumed to article in form with the dearest of parents. My name stands. It will be a witness against me, if I break the articles which I have signed. But in your forgiveness, my Lord, in yours, madam, and in a thousand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your past, to doubt your future, goodness to me. Your intention, my ever honoured parents, is your act. I pray to God to enable your Clementina to be all you wish her to be. In the single Life only indulge me. Your word is all the assurance I wish for. I will have no other.

They embraced her. They tenderly raised her between them; and again embraced her.

I would not, methinks, Sir, said she, turning to Sir Charles, for the first time see the Count of Belvedere before all this company, tho' I revere every one in it. Is the Count in the house?

He is in my Study, madam.

Will my mamma, said she, turning to her, honour me with her presence?

She gave her hand to Sir Charles, and took mine. — Jeronymo followed her; and Sir Charles led her into the next room. Too great solemnity in all this! whispered the Marquis to Father Marescotti. She courtefied, invitingly, to Mrs Beaumont. She also followed her.

Sir Charles, seating her and the Marchioness, by the young Lady's silent permission, went into his Study; and, having prepared the Count to expect a solemn and uncommon reception, introduced him. He approached her, profoundly bowing: A sweet blush overspread her cheeks You, my Lord of Belvedere, said

she, are one of those my friends, to whom I am, in some measure, accountable for the rash step which brought me into this kingdom; because it has induced you to accompany my brothers, whom you have always honoured with your friendship. — Forgive me for any inconveniencies you have suffered on this occasion.

What honour does Lady Clementina do me to rank me in the number of the friends to whom she thinks herself accountable! — Believe me, madam —

My Lord, interrupted she, I shall always regard you as the friend of my family, and as my friend. I shall wish your happiness, I do wish your happiness, as my own; and I cannot give you a better proof that I do, than by with-holding from you the hand which you have sought to obtain with an unshaken, and my friends think, an obliging perseverance, quite thro' an unhappy malady, which ought to have deterred you, for many sakes, and most for your own.

My dear mamma, throwing herself at her feet, forgive me for my perseverance. It is not altogether owing (I hope it is not at all owing) to perverseness, and to a wilful resistance of the wills and wishes of all my friends, that I have withstood you. Two reasons influenced me, when I declined another hand: Religion and Country, a double reason, was one; the unhappy malady which had seized me, was another. Two reasons, rising with dignity, and turning from her weeping mother, also influence me with regard to the Count of Belvedere; tho' neither of them are the important articles of Religion and Country. I own to you, before these my dearest friends, and let it be told to every one concerned to know it, that justice to the Count of Belvedere is one — What a wretch should I be, if I gave my hand to a man who had not the preference in my heart, which is a husband's due! — And should I, who had an unhappy reason to refuse one worthy man for his own sake, perhaps for the sakes of the unborn (I will speak out on this important occasion) not be determined to do as much justice to another? — In one word, I refused to punish the Chevalier Grandison [Madam, to me, you know my story]: What has the Count of Belvedere done, that I should make no scruple to punish him? My good Lord, be satisfied with my wishes for your happiness. I find myself, at times, very, very wrong. I have given proofs but too convincing to all my friends, that I am not right. — While I so think, conscience, honour, justice (as I told you once before, my good Chevalier) compel me to embrace the Single Life. — I have, in duty to my nearest friends, given up the way I should have chosen to lead it in — Let me try to recover myself in their way. My dearest, dearest, mamma (again dropping on her knees to her) I will endeavour to make all my friends happy in the way they have agreed to make me so. Pray for me, all my friends! — looking round her, tears in big drops trickling down her cheeks. Then rising, Pray for me, my Lord of Belvedere: I will for you; and that you may do justice to the merit of some worthier woman, who can do justice to yours.

She hurried from us, in a way which shewed she was too much elevated for her corporal powers. Sir Charles besought Mrs. Beaumont to follow her. Mrs. Beaumont took my hand.

We found the Lady in the Study: She was on her knees, and in tears. She arose at our entrance Each of us hastening to give her a hand, O my dear Lady Grandison, said she, forgive me. — My dear Mrs. Beaumont, am I, am I wrong? Tell me, Have I behaved amiss?

We both applauded her. Well we might. If her greatness be owing to a raised imagination, who shall call it a malady? Who, but for the dear Lady's own sake, would regret the next-to-divine impulse, by which, on several occasions, she has shewn herself actuated?

She suffered herself to be led to her mother, who embracing her (Clementina again kneeling to her) My dearest child, my blessed daughter, we all of us, while such are your apprehensions, must acquiesce with your reasons. Be happy, my Love, in your own magnanimity. I glory in my child.

And I in my Sister, said the noble Jeronymo — Saint! Angel! kneeling to her on one knee, notwithstanding his lameness, I next to adore my Sister.

She called him her brother, her true brother. Then, taking my hand; And will you, Lady Grandison, said she, be my Sister? Shall Sir Charles Grandison be my Brother? Will you return with us into Italy? Shall we cultivate on both sides a family-friendship to the end of our lives?

I threw my arms about her neck, tears mingling on the cheeks of both: It will be my ambition, my great ambition, to deserve the distinction you give me — My Sister, my Friend, the Sister of my best Friend, love him as he honours you; and me for his sake, as I will you for your own, as well as his, to the end of my life

Sir Charles clasped his arms about us both. His eyes spoke his admiration of her, and his delight in each. Angels he called us. Then seating us, he took the Count's hand; and, leading him to her, Let me, madam, present to you the Count of Belvedere, as a man equally to be pitied and esteemed. He yields to your magnanimity with a greatness of mind like your own. Receive then, acknowlege, the friend in him. He will endeavour to forego a dearer hope.

Then will I receive him as my friend. I thank you, my Lord, for the honour you have so long done me. May you be happy with a woman, who can deserve you! — See that happy pair before you! May you be as happy as Sir Charles Grandison! — What greater felicity can I wish you?

He took her hand: On one knee he lifted it to his lips: I will tear from you, madam, a tormentor. I must ask nothing of you; but, for myself, I can only promise, in the words of the Chevalier Grandison, to endeavour to forego, a dearer, the dearest, hope.

The Count arose, bowing to her with profound respect; his eyes full; as his heart seemed to be. Signor Jeronymo motioned to return to the company. Lady Clementina wished to retire with me, till what had passed was related to the rest. I led her to my closet. There did we renew our vows of everlasting friendship.

Sir Charles, thinking the relation would be painful to the Count, withdrew with him into his Study. Mrs. Beaumont, and Signor Jeronymo, told those who were not present at the affecting scenes, what had passed.

When we were summoned to dinner, every one received Lady Clementina as an Angel. They applauded her for her noble behaviour to the Count, and blessed themselves for having taken the resolution of coming to England; and, most of all, they blessed my dear Sir Charles; to whom they ascribed all their opening happy prospects; and promised themselves that his family and theirs would be as much one, as if the alliance, once so near taking place, had actually done so.

Sir Charles, at and after dinner, urged the carrying into execution the latter part of his beneficent plan. He offered to attend them to the Drawingroom, to the Play, to the Oratorios (and took that opportunity to give the praises which every-body allows to be due to Mr. Handel); and to every place of Public Entertainment which was worthy the notice of Foreigners; and left it to their choice, whether they would go first to Grandison-hall, or satisfy their curiosity in and about town.

The Marquis said, that as Sir Charles and I were brought out of the country by the arrival of their Clementina, and our expectation of them, he doubted not but it would be most agreeable to us, to return to our own seat; adding, politely, that the highest entertainment they could have, would be the company and conversation of us, and our friends; and that rather at our own seats, than any-where else. The public diversions, he was pleased to say, might take their attention afterwards. Now they were here, they would not be in haste to return, provided Sir Charles and his friends would answer the hope he had given of accompanying them back to Italy.

There is no repeating the polite and agreeable things, that were said on all sides.

Well then, my dear grandmamma, to cut short, thus it was at last agreed upon:

The Count of Belvedere, who, all the afternoon and evening, received the highest marks of civility and politeness from the admirable Clementina (which, by the way, I am afraid will not promote his cure) proposes, with Signors Sebastiano and Juliano, to pass a month or six weeks in seeing every-thing which they shall think worthy of their notice in and about this great city; and then, after one farewel-visit to us, they intend to set out together for the Court of Madrid; where the Count intends to stay some months.

We shall all set out, on Monday next, for Grandison-hall.

Lord and Lady L. will follow us in a week or fortnight.

How will the poor dear Charlotte mutter! whispered Lady L. to me: But she and her Lord will join us as soon as possible.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison loves not the Hall, because of the hardships she received from the late owner of it, Sir Thomas; and thinks herself bound by a rash vow which she made the last time she was there, Never again to enter its gates: And she will be delighted, Lady L. says, in attending, in the absence of the fathers and mothers, the dear little infants of her two nieces.

Lady Clementina whispered me more than once, how happy she should think herself in these excursions; and hoped all their healths would be established by them. She said the sweetest, the most affectionate things to me. Once she said, bidding me call her nothing but my Clementina, that she should be happy, if she were sure I loved her as much as she loved me. I assured her, and that from my very heart, that I dearly loved her.

Surely it was a happy incident, my dear grandmamma, that Lady Clementina took a step, which, tho' at first it had a rash appearance, has been productive of so much joy to all round (to the poor Count of Belvedere excepted) and, in particular, to

Your ever-dutiful, ever-grateful, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADY G.

Grandison-hall, Monday, April 9.

HOW happy, my dear Lady G. are we all of us here, in one another! How happy is your Harriet! — And yet when you can come, and partake of my felicity, it will be still enlarged.

I have just now received a Letter from Lucy. The consents, as you will see (for I shall inclose it) are a conversation that passed a few days ago at Shirleymanor, upon a subject of which you are a better judge than your Harriet. In short, it is a call upon you, as I interpret it, to support your own doctrine; by which, in former Letters, you have made some of the honestest girls in England, half-ashamed to own a first passion. You know how much I am at present engaged. I would not have the dear girls neglected. Answer the Letter therefore for me, and for yourself; yet, remember, that I do not engage to abide implicitly by your determination. Ever, ever, my Charlotte,

Your most affectionate HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO LADY GRANDISON.

[Inclosed in the preceding.]

Thursday, April 3.

EVERY hour in the day some circumstance or other makes me wish my dear Lady Grandison in Northamptonshire. Emily charms us all — But still every object reminds us of our Harriet. Not that Harriet alone would content us now. Nor could Sir Charles and Lady Grandison be at this time spared by their noble guest. After all therefore, every-thing is best as it is. But indeed we all wished for you yesterday evening, most particularly, at Shirley-manor. The conversation was an interesting one to all us girls; and Emily, Nancy, and our cousin Holles's, have brought me to give you an account of it, and to appeal to you upon it; and through you to Lady G. And yet we are all of us more than half afraid of a Lady, who has already treated but lightly, a subject that young women think of high importance.

The conversation began with my cousin Kitty's greatly pitying Lady Clementina; describing in her pathetic way, the struggles she had had between her first duties and her inclination; the noble preference she had given to the former; and the persecution, as she called it, of all her friends to induce her to marry when she chose to live single all her life. Every one of us young folks joined with my cousin Kitty.

But your grandmamma Shirley could not, she said, perfectly agree with us in the hardship of Lady Clementina's situation; who having from noble motives spontaneously rejected the man of her choice, was, from reasons of family convenience, and even of personal happiness, urged to marry a nobleman, who, by all accounts, is highly deserving and agreeable, and everyway suitable to her: A man in short, to whom she pretended not an aversion; nor hoped nor wished to be the wife of any other man; proposing to herself only the Single Life, and having given up all thoughts of taking the veil.

Personal happiness! cried out Miss Kitty Holles: Can the woman be happy in a second choice, whose first was Sir Charles Grandison?

And whom, for noble motives, she refused, said my aunt Selby, remember that, Kitty; and whom she wished to be, and who actually is, the husband of another woman.

The girls looked at one another: But Mrs. Shirley speaking, they were all silent.

The happiness of human Life, my dears, replied your grandmamma, is at best but comparative. The utmost we should hope for here, is such a situation, as, with a self-approving mind, will carry us best through this present scene of trial: Such a situation, as, all circumstances considered, is, upon the whole, most eligible for us, tho' some of its circumstances may be disagreeable.

Young people set out with false notions of happiness; gay, fairy-land imaginations; and when these schemes prove unattainable, sit down in disappointment and dejection. Tell me now, Kitty Holles, and speak freely, my Love [She would not address herself to some of us for a reason I, your Lucy, for one, need not give] we are all friends; the gravest of us have been young; tell us, Kitty, your ideas of happiness for a young woman just setting out in Life.

Poor Emily answered only with a sudden blush, and a half-stifled sigh: But all the rest, as with one voice, cried out Harriet, our Harriet, is the happy woman — To be married to the man of her choice; The man chosen by her friends, and applauded by all the world.

And so, said Mrs. Selby, as there is but one Sir Charles Grandison in the world, were his scheme of Protestant Nunneries put in execution, all the rest of womankind, who had seen him with distinction, might retire into cloisters.

Were men to form themselves by his example, said Emily [No unfavourable hint for Sir Edward] — There she stopt.

Besides, said I (my own case in view) when our eye has led our choice, imagination can easily add all good qualities to the plausible appearance. But to give our hand where we cannot give a preference, is surely, madam, acting against conscience in the most important article of Life.

A preference we ought to give, my Lucy: But need this be the preference of giddy inclination? No version pre-supposed, will not reason and duty give this preference in a securer and nobler way to the man who, upon the whole, is most suitable to us? It is well known, that I was always for discouraging our Harriet's declarations, that she never would be the wife of any other man than him she is now so happy as to call hers. If (as we all at one time apprehended) our hopes had been absolutely impracticable, the noble Countess of D. who gave such convincing reasons on her side of the question would have had my good wishes for the Earl of D. So, before him, had not ill health been an objection, would Mr. Orme. You all know, that I wished but to live to see my Harriet the wife of some worthy man. A single woman is too generally an undefended, unsupported creature. Her early connexions, year by year, drop off; no new ones arise; and she remains solitary and unheeded, in a busy bustling world; perhaps soured to it by her unconnected state. Is not some gratitude due to a worthy man, who early

offers himself for her guide and protector through Life? Gratitude was the motive even of Harriet's inclination at first.

Nancy smiled. Why smiles my Nancy? asked your smiling grandmamma. I am sure you think, child there is weight in what I said.

Indeed, madam, there is — Great weight — But just as you gave us an idea of the dreary unconnected Life of a single woman in years, I thought of poor Mrs. Penelope Arby. You all know her. I saw her in imagination, surrounded with parrots and lap-dogs! — So spring-like at past fifty, with her pale pink Lutestring, and back head — Yet so peevish at girls! —

And she, resumed Mrs. Shirley, refused some good offers in her youth, out of dread of the tyranny of a husband, and the troublesomeness of a parcel of Brats! — Yet now she is absolutely governed by a favourite maid, and as full of the Bon-mots of her parrots, as I used to be of yours, my Loves, when you were prattlers.

Yet let us not, said Mrs. Selby, with the insolence of Matrons or Brides-expectant, be too severe upon Old Maids. Lady G surely is faulty in this particular. Many worthy and many happy persons in that class, have I known: Many amiable and useful in society, even to their latest age — You, madam, to Mrs. Shirley, had a friend — Mrs. Eggleton.

I had, my dear Mrs. Selby — Never has any length of time, any variety of scene, at all effaced the dear idea, tho' she died many years ago. She never married; but that was not her own fault. She was addressed when near twenty, by a young gentleman of unexceptionable character. She received his addresses, on condition that both their friends approved of them. She was a visiter in town. The relations of both lived in the country. The young couple loved each other: But neither of their families, when consulted, approving the match, to the great regret of both, it was broken off. The gentleman married, and was not unhappy. In three or four years, another worthy man made his addresses to Mrs. Eggleton. All her friends approved. She found him deserving of her affection, and agreed to reward his merit. He was to make one voyage to the Indies, on prospects too great to be neglected, and on his return they were to be married. His voyage was prosperous to the extent of all his wishes. He landed in his native country; flew to his beloved mistress. She received his visit with grateful joy. It was his last visit. He was taken ill of a violent fever; died in a few days, delirious, but blessing her.

She and I have talked over the subject we are upon a hundred times. In those days I was young, and had my romantic notions.

Indeed, madam! said Patty Holles; Indeed, madam! said Emily — Dear, dear madam, said Kitty Holles, if it be not too bold a request, let us hear what they were.

The reading in fashion when I was young, was Romances. You, my children, have, in that respect, fallen into happier days. The present age is greatly obliged to the authors of the Spectators. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs. Eggleton, which was about my sixteenth year, I was over-run with the absurdities of that unnatural kind of writing.

And how long, madam, did they hold?

Not till I was quite twenty. That good Lady cured me of so false a taste: But till she did, I had very high ideas of first impressions; of eternal constancy; of Love raised to a pitch of idolatry. In these dispositions, not more than nineteen, was my dear Mr. Shirley proposed to me, as a person whose character was faultless; his offers advantageous. I had seen him in company two or three times, and looked upon him merely as a good sort of man; a sensible man — But what was a good sort of man to an Oroondates? He had paid no addresses to me: He applied to my friends on a foot of propriety and prudence. They laid no constraint upon me. I consulted my own heart — But, my dear girls, what a temptation have you thrown in the way of narrative old age!

All of us most eagerly besought her to go on.

The excellent Mrs. Eggleton knew my heart better than I did myself. Even now, said she, you dislike not this worthy man. You can make no reasonable objection to his offer. You are one of many Sisters [We were then a numerous family — Alas! how many dear friends have I out lived!] A match so advantageous for you, will be of real benefit to your whole family. Esteem, heightened by Gratitude, and enforced by Duty, continued she, will soon ripen into Love: The only sort of Love that suits this imperfect state; a tender, a faithful affection. There is a superior ardor due only to Supreme perfection and only to be exercised by us mortal creatures in humble devotion. My dear Henrietta, concluded she, condescend to be happy in such a way as suits this mortal state.

I replied to her, with distress of mind, proceeded Mrs. Shirley, that I could not depend upon my own sentiments. I had seen little of the world. Suppose, after I have vowed Love to a man quite indifferent to me, I should meet with the very one, the kindred soul, who must irresistably claim my whole heart? I will not suspect myself of any possibility of misconduct, where the duty and the crime would be so glaring; but must I not, in such a case, be for ever miserable?

The mild Mrs. Eggleton did not chide: She only argued with me. Often afterwards did I with delight, repeat this conversation to the best of men, my dear Mr. Shirley, when a length of happy years had verified all she said.

Dear madam, cried Kitty, tell us how she argued, or we shall all remain on your side of the question.

O my children! said the venerable parent, in what talkativeness do you engage me!

I fear, Henrietta, said Mrs. Eggleton, that tho' you are a good christian, your opinions in this point are a little heathenish. You look upon Love as a blind irresistable Deity, whose darts fly at random, and admit neither defence nor cure. Consider the matter, my dear, in a more reasonable light. The passions are intended for our servants, not our masters, and we have, within us, a power of controuling them, which it is the duty and the business of our lives to exert. You will allow this readily in the case of any passion that poets and romance writers have not set off with their false colourings. To instance in anger; Will my Henrietta own, that she thinks it probable, anger should ever transport her beyond the bounds of duty?

I pleaded, that I was not naturally of an angry temper; and was asked with a smile, whether I meant by that distinction, to own myself of a loving one.

I could not be angry with my good Mrs. Eggleton; yet I remember I was vexed to the heart.

But why then, rejoined she, should you think yourself more likely to fall in Love after you are married, than before?

At least, said I, a little peevishly, let me stay till I am in Love, as you are pleased to call it, before I marry.

I would not by any means, replied she, have you marry a man for whom you have not a preferable inclination; but why may you not find, on admitting Mr. Shirley's addresses, young, agreeable, worthy, and every way suitable to you, as he is, that he is that man whom your inclination can approve?

I never saw him yet, said I, with the least emotion. I have no aversion to him: I might esteem him: But what is that to the Love one is so solemnly to vow a husband? And should I, after that vow, behold an object whom I could indeed have loved? —

A Duke de Nemours! said she, taking up the Princess of Cleves, that unluckily lay on my table — Ah, my Henrietta, have I found you out! — That princess, my dear, was a silly woman. Her story is written with dangerous elegance; but the whole foundation of her distresses was an idle one. To fansy herself in Love with a mere stranger, because he appeared agreeable at a Ball, when she lived happily with a worthy husband, was mistaking mere Liking for Love, and combating all her Life after with a chimera of her own creating. I do not tell you it is impossible for you to meet hereafter with persons in some external accomplishments superior to the deserving man whose wish is to make you happy: But will you suffer your eye to lead you into misery then, when an additional tie of duty forbids its wandering? If so, I must suppose it would equally mislead you now. Tell me,

Henrietta, What think you of those girls, who blast all the hopes of their fond parents, by eloping with a well-drest captain, a spruce dancingmaster, or a handsome player?

She struck me dumb with shame.

You see then, my dear, the filial duty, the duty of a reasonable and modest woman, were she even without parents or friends, forbids fancy to be her guide, as much as the sacred engagement of marriage forbids it to be her tormenter.

But have there not been instances, said I; do not you and I know one [We did] in this neighbourhood, where a truly good woman was made miserable for years, by having her heart and hand differently engaged?

Mrs. Eggleton reminded me, that there were, in that case, such extremely particular circumstances, as made it absurd to form from thence a general judgment. In almost every thing, said she, we act but upon probabilities; and one exception out of a thousand ought never to determine us. Even this exception in the case you hint at, is owing, in some measure, to a pitiable misguided imagination. Let us take our rules, my dear, from plain common sense, and not from poetical refinements.

Say, my children, said the condescending parent, did my friend argue well?

I think, madam, answered Kitty, she argued poor Love out of doors. She did not seem to allow the possibility of any person's being in Love at all.

I told her so, replied my grandmamma.

So far from it, said she, with a sigh, and a look expressive of the softest tenderness, that my own affections, as you know, were deeply engaged. The amiable youth, to whom I was to be united by marriage, died. His memory will ever be dear to my heart. Love authorized by reasonable prospects; Love guided and heightened by duty, is every-thing excellent that poets have said of it: Yet even this Love must submit to the awful dispensations of Providence, whether of death or other disappointment; and such trials ought to be met with chearful resignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or of rendering them useless: And every thing we ought to do, be assured, my dear, we shall be enabled to do, if we set about it rightly, and with equal humility and trust. As for that kind of Love, which in its very beginning is contrary to Duty, to suppose that unconquerable, is making ourselves wretched indeed: And for first-sight impressions, and beginning inclinations, though always dangerous, and often guilty to indulge, they are absolutely trifles to overcome and suppress, to a person of prudence and virtue.

How we dwelt upon every sweet document that fell from the lips of the dear Mrs. Shirley!

But now, Harriet, for the appeals. After all, were you, or were you not, a romantic girl, when you declared, that you never would be the wife of any man living, if you were not Sir Charles Gaandison's; even at the time when neither you nor we thought there could be any hopes of such a happy event? —

But had we not, however, better appeal to Lady G. than to you? You were always so wise! — Yet you could not be contented with the worthy Orme. You knew, instinctively, as I may say, that your kindred mind dwelt in St. James's Square. And Lady G. forty years hence will be looking back, I suppose, with wonder, on the time when she gave her then fair hand of swan-skin, changed to buff. [Her own slighty idea!] with reluctance, to her deserving Lord. So, perhaps, we had best make no appeals at all. If we did, neither you nor she are at leisure now to answer them. Yet we have one appeal more to make; but it must be to our Harriet; not to Lady G. — Was not even our venerable parent a little too severe upon Old Maids? That wicked Nancy fell a laughing — Does she know what may be her own case? Here is a great parcel of girls of us — Have not I, her Elder, been crossed in Love already? But if no proper match ever offers, must we take an improper one, to avoid the ridicule of a mere name? An unsupported state is better than an oppressed, a miserable one, however: And how many rashly-chosen husbands, and repentant wives, could I set against Nancy's Mrs. Arby? — But the post is just going out; so that, far from entering on so copious a subject, I have barely time to add, that I am, with the truest affection, my dearest creature,

Your faithful LUCY.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY G. TO LADY GRANDISON.

Thursday, April 12.

I AM very well — What's the matter with the woman! — I will write! — Fifteen days controul and candle — Why surely! —

They are impertinent, my dear; and would take my pen and ink from me! —

YOU do well, Harriet, to throw upon me your self-condemning task.

How conscious you are, when you tell me, before you know my opinion of the contents of Lucy's Letter, that you will not subscribe implicitly to my determination! — But I will not spare you. In my condemnation of them, read your own. I have written my answer, and shall inclose it: and no more at present trouble myself about them.

But here, I, Charlotte G. who married with indifference the poor Lord G.; who made the honest man, whenever I pleased, foam, fume, fret, and execrate the hour that he first beheld my face, now stand forth, an example of true conjugal felicity, and an encouragement for girls who venture into the married state, without that prodigious quantity of violent passion, which some hare-brained creatures think as essential of Love.

You, my dear, left us tolerably happy. But now we are almost in-tolerably so. I had begun to recover my spirits, depressed, as they had been, for near a month before, on finding myself, like any common woman, confined to my chamber, while every other mouth sang O be joyful; and one was preparing, another was set out, and half a score more were actually got to dear Grandison-hall. I bit my lip, and raved at the wretch to whom I attributed my durance: When, yesterday (after a series indeed of the most obliging and most grateful behaviour, that a man ever expressed for a Present made him, which he holds invaluable) he entered my chamber; and surprised me, as I did him (for I intended that he should know nothing of the matter, nor that I would ever be so condescending); surprised me, as how? Ah, Harriet! In an act that confessed the mother, the whole mother! — Little Harriet at my breast; or, at my neck, I believe I should say — should I not?

The nurse, the nursery-maids, knowing that I would not for the world have been so caught by my nimble Lord (for he is in twenty places in a minute) were more affrighted than Diana's nymphs, when the goddess was surprised by Acteon; and each, instead of surrounding me in order to hide my blushes, was for running a different way; not so much as attempting to relieve me from the Brat.

I was ready to let the little Leech drop from my arms — O wretch! screamed I — Begone! — begone! Whence the boldness of this intrusion?

Never was man in a greater rapture. For Lady Gertrude had taught him to wish that a mother would be a mother: He threw himself at my feet, clasping me and the little varlet together in his arms. Brute! said I, will you smother my Harriet — I was halfashamed of my tenderness — Dear-est, dear-est, dear-est Lady G. — Shaking his head, between every dear and est, every muscle of his face working; how you transport me! — Never, never, never, saw I so delightful a sight! Let me, let me, let me (every emphatic word repeated three times at least) behold again the dear sight. Let me see you clasp the precious gift, our Harriet's Harriet too, to that lovely bosom — The wretch (trembling however) pulled aside my handkerchief. I try'd to scold; but was forced to press the little thing to me, to supply the place of the handkerchief — Do you think, I could not have killed him? — To be sure, I was not half angry enough. I knew not what I did, you may well think — for I bowed my face on the smiling infant, who crowed to the pressure of my lips.

Begone, Lord G. said I — See! see! how shall I hold the little Marmouset, if you devour first one of my hands, then the other?

He arose, took the little thing from me, kissed its forehead, its cheeks, its lips, its little pudsey hands, first one, then the other; gave it again to my arms; took it again; and again resigned it to me.

Take away the pug, said I, to the attendants — Take it away, while any of it is left — They rescued the still smiling babe, and run away with it.

My Lord then again threw himself at my feet — Pardon, pardon me, dearest creature, said he, that I took amiss any thing you ever said or did — You that could make me such rich amends — O let not those charming, charming spirits ever subside, which for a fortnight together, till yesterday, I missed. I loved you too well, proceeded he, to take any usage that was not quite what I wished it, lightly. But for some time past I have seen that it was all owing to a vivacity, that now, in every instants of it, delights my soul. You never, never, had malice or ill-nature in what I called your petulance. You bore with mine. You smiled at me: Henceforth every thing you say, every thing you do, will I take for a favour. O my Charlotte! Never, never more shall it be in your power to make me so far forget myself, as to be angry!

My dear Lord G.! — I had like to have said — I believe I did say — Then will you ruin, absolutely ruin, me! What shall I do — for my Roguery? —

Never, never part with what you call so! —

Impossible, my Lord, to retain it, if it lose its wonted power over you. I shall have a new lesson to learn. O my Lord! why began you not this course before

Harriet and Caroline set out for Grandisonhall? I might by a closer observation of their behaviour, have made myself mistress of lessons that would have far more delightfully supplied the old ones, than can be done without their examples. But, my Lord, the time will soon come, when we shall be allowed to fly to that benefit at Grandison-hall. Our little Harriet shall go with us: The infant is the cement between us; and we will for the future be every day more worthy of that, and of each other.

My Lord hurried from me in speechless rapture; His handkerchief at his eye — Nurse, said I, bring me again our precious charge. I will be all the mother. I clasped it to my bosom. What shall I do, my little Harriet! Thy father, sweet one! has run away with my Roguery —

What a scene is here! — I will not read it over. If it requires a blush, do you, my dear, blush for me: I am hardened — And shall not perhaps, were I to re-peruse it, my maternity so kindly acknowleged, so generously accepted, by my Lord G. be able to blush for myself.

But, that I may seem only to have changed the object, not wholly to have parted with my levity, read the inclosed here, in answer to the appeal of the young people; directed thus:

LADY G. TO MISS LUCY SELBY, AND THE REST OF THE GIRLS AT SELBY-HOUSE,

Greeting.

YOU appeal to Harriet, and revoke your appeal: You appeal to me, and withdraw it in the same Letter — a parcel of chits! You know not what you would have; what you would be; and hardly what you are: You can have the sauciness in more places than one, to reflect upon me your judge. But are you not convinced by the solid arguments of Mrs. Shirley? and her Mrs. Eggleton? If you are not, what strange creatures are girls from sixteen to twenty-two! Don’t boys read romances as well as girls? Yet, in these latter days, do the glaring absurdities influence them so much in Love-matters, or last so long? Foolish things! would you give a preference against yourselves to the other Sex?

Harriet, I think, was a romantic girl, when she made her declarations of one man only, or no one, for a husband. I did let her know my mind at the time by hints: But had my brother actually married Clementina; not only I, but her grandmother Shirley, and aunt Selby, and uncle too (odd soul as he is in some things) would have spoken out, in favour of the young Earl of D. And had it not been with success, after a proper time had passed, I, for my part, would have set her down as a very silly girl; inferior, in this respect, to you, Lucy, and to twenty

more I could name: For how few of us are there, who have their first Loves? And indeed how few first Loves are fit to be encouraged? You know my thoughts, Lucy, of a beginning Love, in a young bosom — A very, very silly and childish affair, believe me.

Let me enumerate a few chances that may render a first Love impracticable.

A young woman may fix her affections on a man, who may prove persidious — On a man, who may be engaged to another woman; as had like to have been my brother's case — On a man who may be superior to her in degree or fortune; or who may be greatly inferior to her in both. — If Love be not a voluntary passion, why not upon an hostler, a groom, a coachman, a footman — A grenadier, a trooper, a footsoldier? — She may be in Mrs. Eggleton's case: Her Lover may be taken from her by death. In either, or any, of these cases, what is to be done? Must a woman sit down, cry herself blind, and become useless to the principal end of her being, as to this life, and to all family connexions, when, probably, she has not lived one third of her time? — Silly creatures! — to maintain these nonsenses at their own expence, in favour of a passion that is generally confined to the days of girlhood; and which they themselves would laugh at in a woman after she was arrived at honest thirty, or at years of discretion — Thus narrowing their own use and consequence. — I, for my part, am, and ever will be, a friend of my Sex.

But hark ye, girls — Let me ask you — Do you find many of these constant nymphs, when they have had their foolish way given them, and they have buried the honest man of whom they were once so dotingly fond, refuse to marry again? — Do they wish, like the wives of some Pagan wretches, to be thrown into the funeral pile, with the dead bodies of their Lords? — No! They have had their whimsey out. Their Fit of constancy is over; and, quiet good souls as they are by that time become, they go on without Rantipoling, in the ordinary course of reasonable creatures.

Not but Harriet was in earnest: I am sure she was. She believed, she certainly believed, HERSELF. And were it given to us women always to be in one mind, she would have made all her friends, the good Mrs. Shirley at the head of us, despair of succeeding with her in our endeavours to induce her to change it. But Harriet, with all her wisdom, could not know what Time would have done for her. Time is the pacifier of every woe, the qualifier of every disappointment — Pity for the man [the Earl of D. suppose — He would have thought it worth his while to feign dying for her]; the Entreaty of her friends:-You see what arguments her excellent grandmamma could have produced — Pho, pho, never fear but Harriet would have married before my Brother and Clementina had seen the face of their second boy — No girls shall he have, for fear they should be Romancers.

And, do you think, that Clementina and the Count of Belvedere, a year or two hence — I have no fear of the matter; if they do not teaze, torment, oppose her. If they do — Why then, I will not be answerable for their success. For, with excellences that none but she and Harriet among women ever boasted, there is a glorious perverseness, which they miscall constancy and perseverance, in the mind of that noble Lady (and indeed in the minds of most of us) that will probably, as it has already done, carry her thro' all opposition — In short, no more teazing, tormenting from Friends, no more heroics from Girls — Is not opposition, is not resistance, the very soul and essence of all sorts of heroism? — My life therefore for Clementina's, admirable creature as she undoubtedly is — Leave her sea-room, leave her land-room, and let her have time to consider; and she will be a Bride.

Did I ever mention to you a trick that an honest guardian put upon his ward? Many a one have you heard of from dishonest ones. This briefly was it.

The girl was of the heroic stamp; as good a girl as an heroic girl could well be. A match was proposed for her, much more considerable than she could have expected, as to fortune; and as to the man's person and qualities of mind, absolutely unexceptionable — Young, handsome, gallant, and most ardently in Love with her: But, unpolitic! he had let her know as much, before he had made himself sure of the shadow of a return, or acceptance. Her guardian, from pure Love of his ward, and a sense of the advantageousness of the offer, heartily espoused the interests of the young gentleman. This was another unhappiness to him. She gave him an absolute denial: Nor vouchsafed she to assign a reason for it; having, indeed, no other man either in her head or heart.

Her guardian was a man who knew the world, and a little of her Sex: He saw that Miss was in the very meridian of her heroics; and that the grievance most probably was, that there was no likelihood of difficulty or opposition. He took another course. He acquainted the young Lady, that he had altered his mind: That he had objections to the address of Sir Arthur Poinings (the young gentleman's name) and declared, that he never would give his consent. He desired that she would by no means see him, or receive Letters from him; and he talked of carrying her down to his country-seat in a full town-season; [The girl had a taste for pleasure — What girl has not?] not doubting, he said, that the young Baronet would persecute her with his addresses while she remained in London. He then actually forbid Sir Arthur his house; and, more than once, read Miss a Lecture on the Authority of a guardian, and the Duty of a ward. Words that naturally incite young girls to rebellion.

Sir Arthur sound means to write to the minx, as if unknown to her guardian. Darts, flames, and distresses, were suggested in his Letter. The girl began to

relent; the guardian to suspect: He renewed his prohibition; cunning creature! The affair now wore a face of difficulty. She answered the young gentleman's Letters. It became a regular Loveaffair of the heroic kind. And, at last — What at last! — Why, the young Lady, attended only by her faithful DELIA, who had been assistant to the Lovers in their correspondence, ran away from an inexorable guardian, to Sir Arthur; married him; and, in a few days, writing an humble Letter for her cloaths, acknowleged rashness, which she laid at the door of Love, and so-forth. The guardian desired a meeting with the Love-yers; now no more Love-yers, but man and wife. They met, with trembling on her side, with pretended apprehension on Sir Arthur's, for having disobliged so good a guardian. The guardian was in high good-humour. He forgave them both, at the first word, and surrendered up his trust with pleasure. The girl was surprized at his unexpected goodness; and had she not been actually nailed down by the Solemnity, would very probably have again resumed her heroics.

Well, but I am charmed with Mrs. Shirley's Eggleton, as well as with her account of herself in her heroic days. Little did I think that she ever was girl enough to be infected: But, as she says, romances were the fashionable reading of her youthful years.

Tell aunt Selby that I am not an enemy to old maids; but only to those ill qualities which I should equally dislike in old or in young Any-bodies. I love Lady Gertrude, and even aunt Eleanor, for those qualities that are love-able in them. But you see that your Nancy, the mild, good-natured Nancy, could not forbear laughing at the idea of the young-old Penelope Arby: Yet knows she not, says the malicious Lucy, what may be her own case. But I have appealed for you; and to whom? To Lady Gertrude. I was writing to her on a particular occasion, when your pacquet was brought me; and, in order to enliven my subject, transcribed three lines of Lucy's query upon defending the single state. She was but at Enfield, and returned me the following by the same messenger; the other part of my Letter requiring an immediate answer.

"Your question, my dearest niece, is whimsically asked: You tell me that a whole room-full of young country ladies wait only the success of an appeal you have referred to me, to know whether they shall out of hand dispose of themselves to recruiting officers, mountebanks, and fox-hunters; or venture to live on with the melancholy title of old maids, in an unsupported, undesended state.

"One or two queries to be put, proceeds the Sage are, Whether the worthy matches you have mentioned, or any unsuitable matches whatsoever, would be a support and defence? Whether the woman who makes a rash and improper choice, does not throw herself out of that protection and defence which every one may

depend upon in the state of life marked out to them by Providence? And whether the single state is not thus marked out to the woman who never has it fitly in her choice to change it?

"I, my dear, who am an old maid, must not write partially on that side of the question. In general, I will fairly own, that I think a woman is most likely to find her proper happiness in the married state. May you, my dear niece, experience it every day more and more! — But there are surely many exceptions: Women of large and independent fortunes, who have the hearts and understanding to use them as they ought, are often more beneficial to the world, than they would have been had they bestowed them on such men as look for fortune only. Women who have by their numerous relations many connexions in the world, need not seek out of their own alliances for protection and defence. Ill health, peculiarity of temper or sentiments, unhappiness of situation, of person, afford often such reasons, as make it a virtue to refuse what it would otherwise be right to accept.

"But why do I write seriously to such a lively creature? Only, my dear"

—

But, girls, I will give you no more of Lady Gertrude. I have not done with you myself yet.

Much to the same purpose, I remember, as Mrs. Shirley's, were the expostulations of Lady D. in one of her Letters to Harriet; who only answered her, (I also remember) like a girl. What could she say?

"You, my Harriet," (wrote that Lady,) "are pious, dutiful, benevolent — Cannot you, if you are unable to entertain, for the man who now with so much ardour addresses you, were you married to him, the passion called Love, regard him as Gratitude would oblige you to prefer any other man who is assiduous to do you service or pleasure? Cannot you shew him as much good-will, as you could any other man, whom it was in your power to make happy? Would you esteem him less than a person absolutely a stranger to you? The exertion of your native benevolence, of your natural obligingness, of your common gratitude, of your pity, is all that is asked of you. You have no expectation of the only man, who is dearer to you than he. This exertion will make my Lord happy; and if you retain that delight, which you have hitherto taken, in promoting the happiness of others who are not undeserving, yourself not unhappy.

You have now before you, girls, the opinion of Mrs. Shirley, and the Countess of D. on the ease you put. They both sit enthroned on the serene hill of wisdom, which hardly one in fifty of their Sex attains. From thence they look down with pity, and with beckoning singer, to the crowds below them, who with aching eyes, and despairing hearts, emulate their starry heights; but in too faintly attempting to gain the ascent, tumble down, some (shameful!) head over heels,

immersed in the miry puddles of sense; and others taking a supposed more easy, tho' visibly run round-about way, are misled by mazy paths into dreary desarts, till they lose even the distant sight of the sacred hill.

There, chits, I end romantically, figuratively at least, in compliment to your fanciful tastes. And thus much as to you, girls, young Lady-expectants, whimsicals, and so forth, from

Your CHARLOTTE G.

Friday, Saturday, April, 13, 14.

My women are so impertinent, and my Marmouset is so voracious, that I have been forced to take two days for what once I could have performed in little more than two hours.

LETTER XLIV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Monday, April 16.

AND must I, my dear grandmamma, be more particular in relation to ourselves, our guests, our amusements, diversions, conversations — Why then does not Lucy write as usual, every tender, every engaging, every lively occurrence that happens at Selby-house, and Shirely-manor? Is she so much taken up with her agreeable Peer, that she must leave the obliging task wholly to Nancy and Emily? I don't care. They shall be my best girls; and I will put down my Lucy as a woman of mere quality before she has the title. Yet let me tell her, that could honest Mr. Fowler have courted for himself, have suffered his heart to rise to his lips, I should have wished by her means, to have been related to him and Sir Rowland. But that matter, it seems, is as good as over; and I will proceed to do my duty, whether she does hers or not.

I have told you, madam, how much our guests are pleased with us and the place. How much we are charmed with them, I need not tell you. Every praise you have heard of them, is confirmed and heightened, on a more intimate knowlege of them.

Lord and Lady L. are with us. Lord and Lady G. will come as soon as they can. Lady L. has her sweet infant with her. And I hope Lady G. will not come without my god-child.

Sir Edward Beauchamp is at present our guest. The good doctor, you know, is at home here; and how beloved, how revered, by every one!

Sir Charles! The Soul of us all! — O madam! never surely, was one spot blessed with so many persons of one mind, as are now rejoicing together at Grandison-hall.

And pray, my dear grandmamma, let me ask; Would it not be affectation rather than modesty, were I to leave myself un-named in this noble circle? I will not. Every body, for Sir Charles's sake, looks on me, with the kindest partiality, and my heart tells me that being his as much as my own, it deserves that partiality.

Except at certain devotional hours of retirement, we know not, but that we are all of one faith. Nothing of religious subjects is ever mentioned among us, but in those points in which all good Christians are agreed. You, madam, who have a true catholic charity for the worthy of all persuasions, would be delighted to see the affectionate behaviour of the two fathers (I will call them) to each other. When they are not in the general company, they are always together, walking, riding out;

or in the apartment of each other, reading, conversing. The dear Clementina cannot but see, that charitable and great minds, however differing in some even essential articles of religion, might mingle hearts and love each other; and from Sir Charles's catholicism, that she might have been happy with him, and kept her own faith. — But no! it would in her notion, now I recollect, have been a dangerous trial. She could not trust her own heart — Great and noble Lady! how much is she to be revered!

The gentlemen ride out almost every day. — Our conversations! It would be endless to give you an account of the conversations that yet, I flatter myself, would delight you all. The least interesting ones of those we hold, would have made a great figure in my former Letters. Such the company, you may suppose we know not what trifling subjects are.

Every one avoids mentioning the name of the poor Count of Belvedere in the presence of Lady Clementina; yet we all pity him. We have reason to do so, from the account Signor Jeronymo receives of his distress of mind, while he endeavours to overcome his hopeless passion.

Allow me, madam, to conclude this Letter here. We are to have a little concert this evening, and our company is beginning to assemble in the music-room. — I must go and attend the marchioness and Lady Clementina; who herself will be a performer. She is an admirable one. I can only stay to add, that I am

Your ever-dutiful HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Saturday, April 28.

MY dearest grandmamma will not complain that my three last Letters were not filled with particulars of our engagements and Conversations here. What a scene of happiness! What have I to pray for but the continuance of it? Except that the admirable Lady Clementina were somehow settled to her own liking, and that her indulgent relations could be satisfied with it? Something seems to be wanting for her, and therefore for them. Yet can a lover of her, of her fame, of her family, say, what that something should be? I, for my part, ought to be the last who should decide for her; I, who never, I think (say Lady G. what she pleases of my romancings) could have been happy with any man in the world but Sir Charles Grandison, after I had known him, and once was led to hope for so great a blessing and who have not that notion that she has, or seems to have, of the dreariness, and disadvantages of a single state; on the contrary, who think the married life attended with so many cares and troubles, that it is rather (as it is a duty to enter into it, when it can be done with prudence) a kind of faulty indulgence and selfishness, in order to avoid these cares and troubles, to live single. But to leave this subject to the decision of Lady G. and Lady Gertrude, the latter of whom has given some unanswerable hints on her Side of the Question, I will proceed with my narrative.

And here let me observe, that had not Lady Clementina made her rejection of the best of men her sole and deliberate Act, it is my humble opinion that her loss of him would have been insupportable to her. That consideration, and her noble motive for it, enable her to behave gloriously under the self-deprivation, as I may call it. Yet, I can see, at times, by her studiously avoiding his company, and frequently excusing herself from making one in little parties of Sir Charles's proposing; and by her chusing at all times, my company, that the noble Lady thinks self-denial necessary to her peace.

She was once for putting Jeronymo on proposing to leave England sooner than they had intended; and take my promise to follow them. I was present. She had tears in her eyes when she proposed it. We had been talking of Sir Charles in raptures, on some of his noble charities which had but lately come to our knowlege, and it was pretty evident to me, that she, at the time, was of opinion, that distance from him would be a means to quiet her heart — The dear Emily finds it so, thank God!

Lady Clementina has been, however, tolerably chearful since, amusing herself with drawing up plans for her future life. Very pretty ones some of them: But a little too ideal, if I may so express myself; and she changes them too often to shew that steadiness, which I want to see in her mind. Poor Lady! How I pity her as I contemplate her, in her contrivances and proposals! I am often forced to turn away my face, that she may not see the starting Tear.

Tuesday, May 1.

THE Count of Belvedere being returned to London from a country excursion, and not very well, the Marquiss was desirous of making a visit to him, and at the same time to pass a few Days in London to see the Curiosities of the place, and to be present at some of the publick entertainments. The gentlemen at the first Motion made a party to attend him, and Sir Charles, you may suppose, would not, in complaisance, be excused. Dr. Bartlett and Father Marescotti, who are inseparable, had formed a scheme of their own and the Ladies declared, that not one of them would leave me.

The gentlemen accordingly set out yesterday morning. In the afternoon arrived here, one of the most obliging of wives, tenderest of mothers, and amiable of nurses-Who do you think, madam? — No other than Lady G. and her Lord. Ungovernable Charlotte! Her month but just up! We have all blamed her. We blamed her Lord too for suffering her to come. — But what could I do, said he, innocently — But they are both so much improved as husband and Wife! — Upon my Word, I am charmed with her in every one of the above characters. My Lord appears, even in her company, now that his wife has given him his due consequence, a manly, sensible Man: If he ever had any levities of behaviour they are all vanished and gone. She is all vivacity, as heretofore; but no flippancy. Her liveliness, in the main, is that of a sensible, not a very saucy wife, entirely satisfied with herself, her situation and prospects. Upon my Word, I am brought over to her opinion, that if the second man be worthy, a woman may be happy, who has not been indulged in her first Fancy: And I am the rather induced to hope so for my Emily's sake.

Tuesday Evening.

MRS. Beaumont has received a Letter from the Ladies her friends at Florence, expressing their fear that the love of her Country now she is in it, has taken place in her heart, and weakened her Affection for them. They beg of her to convince them of the contrary by hastening to them.

This Letter, it seems, mentions some severe reflexions cast upon Lady Clementina by the unhappy Olivia. Camilla, who is very fond of me, has hinted this to me, and at the same time acquainted me with her young Lady's earnestness to see it; Mrs. Beaumont having expressed to her her indignation against Olivia

on the occasion. Unworthy Olivia! What reflexions can you cast on the admirable Clementina! — Yet I wish Mrs. Beaumont would let me see them. — But dear Mrs. Beaumont, impart not to Clementina any thing that may affect her delicate and too scrupulous mind!

This over-lively Lady G. has been acquainting Lady Clementina with Emily's story, yet intending to set forth nothing by it, she says, but the fortitude of so young a creature.

She owns, that Lady Clementina often reddened as she proceeded in it; yet that she went on — How could she? — I chid her for poor Emily's sake, for her own sake, for Lady Clementina's, for Sir Edward Beauchamp's sake — How could she be so indelicate? Is there a necessity, dear Lady G. (thought I, as she repeated what passed on the occasion) now you are so right in the great articles of your duty, that you must be wrong in something?

Lady Clementina highly applauded Emily, however. A charming young creature she called her. Absence, added she, is certainly a right measure. Were the man a common man, it would not signify: Presence, in that case, might help her, as he probably would every Day expose his Faults to her observation. But absence from such a man as Sir Charles Grandison, is certainly right. Lady G. says, it was easy to see that Lady Clementina made some self-applications upon it.

Wednesday Morning, May 2.

LADY G. has been communicating to me a conference which she says, she could not but overhear, between Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont, held in the closet of the latter, which joins to a closet in Lady G's dressing-room, separated only by a thin partition. The rooms were once one — A little of your usual curiosity, I doubt, my dear Lady G. thought I. You were not confined to that closet. You might have retired when their conversation begun. But, no; Curiosity is a nail, that will fasten to the ground, the foot of an inquisitive Person, however painful, what she hears may sometimes make her situation.

Mrs. Beamont had acquainted Lady Clementina with the contents of the Letter she had received from her Friends at Florence. The poor Lady was in tears upon it. She called Olivia cruel, unjust, wicked. The very surmize, said she, is of such a nature, that I cannot bear to look either Lady Grandison, or any of her friends in the face: For Heaven's sake, let it not be hinted to any one in the family, nor even to my own relations, that Olivia herself could be capable of making such a reflexion upon me.

My dearest Lady Clementina, said Mrs. Beaumont, I wish —

What wisheth my dear Mrs. Beaumont —

That you would change your system.

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES! — If they are broken with me, I resume my solicitude to be allowed to take the veil. That allowance, and that only, can set all right. My heart is distressed by what you have let me see Olivia has dared to throw out against me.

Allow me one observation only, my dear Clementina. What Olivia has hinted, the world will hint. It behoves you to consider, that the Husband of Lady Grandison ought not to be so much the object of any woman's attention, as to be an obstacle to the address of another man really worthy.

Cruel, cruel Olivia! There is no bearing the thought of her vile suggestion. None but Olivia — Say not the world. Olivia only, Mrs. Beaumont, was capable of such a suggestion —

For my own part, interrupted Mrs. Beaumont, I am confident that it is a base suggestion; and that if Sir Charles Grandison had not been married, you never would have been his. You could not have receded from your former objections. You see what a determined Protestant he is; a Protestant upon principle. You are equally steady in your Faith: Yet as matters stand; so amiable as he is; and the more his private Life and manners are seen, the more to be admired; must not your best friends lay it at the Door of a first Love, that you cannot give way to the address of a man against whom no one other objection can lie?

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES! —

One word more only, my dear Lady Clementina, as the subject was begun by yourself — May it not be expected, now that no opposition is given you, you will begin to feel, that your happiness, and peace, and strength of mind will flow from turning your thoughts on principles of Duty (so the world will call them) to other objects; and that the dwelling on those it will suppose you to dwell upon, till your situation is visibly altered, will serve only to disturb your mind, and fill your friends, on every instance that may affect it, with apprehensions for you?

You have said a great deal, Mrs. Beaumont. But is not the veil the only possible expedient to make us all easy?

ARTICLES, ARTICLES! my dear Clementina. I have been drawn in by yourself insensibly to speak my mind on this subject. But I have no view, no design. Your Parents, your Brothers, you see, inviolably adhere to the Articles. But, consider, my dear, were you even allowed to assume the veil, that all such recollections of your former inclination as would be faulty in a married state, would have been equally contrary to your religious Vows. Would then the assuming of the veil make you happy?

Don't you hint, Olivia-like, Mrs. Beaumont, at culpable inclinations? Do you impute to me culpable inclinations?

I do not, neither do I think you are absolutely as yet an Angel. Would you, my dear, refuse your vows to the Count of Belvedere, or any other man, for a certain reason, yet think yourself free enough to give them to your God?

Will this Argument hold, Mrs. Beaumont, in the present case?

You will call upon ARTICLES, my dear, if I proceed. Your silence, however, is encouraging. What were just now your observations upon the story of Miss Emily Jervois: Is there not a resemblance between her case and yours?

Surely, madam, I am not such a girl! — O Mrs. Beaumont, how am I sunk in your opinion!

You are not, my dear Clementina, you cannot in any-body's. Miss Jervois is under obligations to her guardian, that you are not.

Is that, Mrs. Beaumont, all the difference? — That makes none. I am under greater. What are pecuniary obligations to the preservation of a brother's life? To a hundred other instances of goodness — That girl my pattern! Poor, poor Clementina! How art thou fallen! Let me fly this country. — Now I see in the strongest Light, what a rashness I was guilty of, when I fled to it. How must the Chevalier Grandison himself despise me! — But I tell you, Mrs. Beaumont, that I am incapable of a wish, of a thought, contrary to those that determined me when I declined the hand of the best of men. O that I were in my own Italy! — What must young Creatures suffer from the love of an improper object, in the opinion of their friends, if, after the sacrifices I have made, I must lie under disgraceful imputations from my gratitude and esteem for the most worthy of human minds? — O how I disdain myself!

It is a generous disdain, my dear lady Clementina. I end as I began — I wish you would think of changing your system. But I leave the whole upon your own consideration. Your parents are passive. God direct you. I wish you happy. At present you will not yourself say you are so. Yet nobody controuls you, nor wishes to controul you. Every-body loves you. Your happiness is the subject of all our prayers.

Lady G. believes the conversation ended here.

Lady L. in Mrs. Beaumont's presence, has been just making me a compliment on my generous Love, as she calls it, of Lady Clementina, and my security in Sir Charles's affection. Dear madam, said I, where is the merit? A man of such established principles and a woman of such delicate honour! They both of them move my pity, and engage my love. With regard to Lady Clementina, this is my consolation, that I stood not in her way: That your Brother never made his addresses to me, till she, on the noblest motives, left him free to choose the next eligible, as I have reason to think he allowed me to be. And let me tell you, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, that in his address to me, he did her justice; and dealt so

nobly with me, that had I not before preferred him to all other men, I should have done it then.

Thursday, May 3.

I HAVE received a Letter from Sir Charles. Lady Clementina and I were together when it was brought. She seeing whom it came from, and that I mediated the seal with Impatience, begged me to read it then, or she would withdraw. I opened it. There were in it, I told her, the politest remembrances of her, and the other ladies; and read what he wrote of that nature. She looked with so desiring an eye at it, that I said, were you to read it, madam, you would find him the kindest of men. Sir Charles and I have not a secret between us. But there are in it a passage or two, relating to a certain gentleman, that, were you to read it, might affect you. [By the way she reads English extremely well.] And is that, Lady Grandison, your only objection? I should be glad to see, were it not improper, how the politest of men writes to the best of wives.

I gave her the Letter.

She had greatness of mind to be delighted with his affectionate stile — Tender delicacy! said she, as she read: — Happy, happy Lady Grandison! Tears in her eyes, and clasping her arms about me, let me thus congratulate you. I acted right in declining his address. I must have thought well of the religion of the man, who could speak, who could write, who could act, who could live, as he does,

I bowed my face on her Shoulder. To have expressed but half the admiration I had in my heart of her nobleness of mind, would have been to hint to her the delicate situation she had been in, and to wonder how she could overcome herself.

What follows, said she, sitting down, I presume I may read: For my eye has caught the name of a man my heart can pity.

She read to herself the passage, which is to the following effect:

“The person of the poor Count of Belvedere” (Sir Charles writes, in the Count’s words) “is loitering in town, endeavouring to divert itself there; while his soul is at Grandison-hall. He cannot think of quitting England, till he has taken leave of Lady Clementina; yet, dreading the pangs he shall feel on that occasion, he cannot bring himself to undergo them.”

The Marquiss, the Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, all joined, Sir Charles writes, to console him; yet wished him to pursue his better fortune at Madrid; and the Count thinks of prevailing on himself to accompany them down, in order to take this dreaded Farewel. Sir Charles expresses his pity for him; but applauds the whole family for their inviolable adherence to their agreement.

When she read to that place, tears stole down her cheeks — Agreement, said she, — Ah, Lady Grandison! It is true, they speak not: But I can read their wishes in their eyes.

She read on Sir Charles's praises of the Count for his beneficent spirit. The Count, said she, is certainly a good man — But is not his, a strange perseverance? Then, giving me the Letter, How few of us know, said she, what is best for ourselves! There is a Lady in Spain of great honour and merit, who would make him a much happier man, than she can do, on whom he has cast a partial eye. And besides there is the poor Laurana —

She stopt. I suffered the subject to end there.

Sir Charles supposes it will be the latter end of next week before they return, if the Marquis holds his purpose of being present at a Ball to which he is invited by the Venetian ambassador — Near a fortnight's absence on the whole! — O dear! O dear!

The following by Lady G.

And O dear! O dear! say I! This is Saturday, and not a word more written. So taken up with her walks and walking-mate! — Selfishs creature both. It was with difficulty I procured a fight of this Letter. No wonder. You see how freely she has treated me in it. I told her, it never would be finished, if I did not finish it for her. Her excuse is, Sir Charles's absence, and that you, madam, charged her not to write by every post, lest an accidental omission should make you uneasy. — Ungrateful for indulgence given! She must therefore let several posts pass — But get thee gone, Paper, now. And carry with thee all manner of compliments from Charlotte G. as well as from [Here sign it, my sweet Sister.]

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLVI.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Grandison-hall, Sat. May 5.

YOUR complaining Letter reached me here, Lucy, but this day. I arrived here on Monday afternoon. Ungracious Harriet! She chid me for coming. But I went to Church first. What would they have?

My Lord and I are one now: If therefore I say, I arrived, it is the same as saying, he did: My little Harriet with us, you may be sure.

But what does the girl complain for? Maiden creatures should send us married women two Letters for one. Establish for me this expectation: You will soon yourself be the better for the doctrine.

You tell me, that hardly any of your girls are satisfied with my imperial decision on the appeal laid before me, tho' supported by the opinions of Mrs. Shirley, Lady D. and every wise woman. I don't care whether you are or not. Sorry chits! you decide among yourselves, and then ask for the opinions of others: What for? In hopes they will confirm your own; if not, to be saucy, and reject them.

You want me to tell you a hundred thousand things, of what's doing, what's done, what's said, here? Not I. Harriet is writing a long, long Letter to her grandmamma, she tells me; and journalwise . — Let that when you have it, content you. She says I must not see it. But I will. Something saucy about me in it, I suppose.

My Brother, and his principal Men-guests, are in town. They went on Monday morning. So I have not seen them. — Will not come back till Friday next week. Harriet is impatient for his return. O girls! girls! That a Church ceremony can so soon make such a difference in the same person! — But he is so generously tender of her, that the wonder, in her case, is the less.

Lady Clementina is a noble creature. We are obliged to call both her and Harriet to order; or they would never be asunder. The garden and park are the places in which they most delight to walk. Make Harriet give you the particulars of their conversations. — Then I shall have them. I have demanded them; but she only acquaints me in general, that she is delighted with Lady Clementina's part in them. The other expresses no less admiration of Harriet's. But, besides that they rob us of their company too often, which is ruder in the mistress of the house than in the guest; Harriet does not enough consider her own circumstances. Their walks are too long. She comes in, and throws herself sometimes into a chair — so

tired! — Yet, chidden for her long walks, such engaging conversations! she cries out — Heroines both, I suppose; and they are mirrors to each other; each admiring herself in the other. No wonder they are engaged insensibly by a vanity, which carries with it, to each, so generous an appearance; for all the while, Harriet thinks she is only admiring Clementina; Clementina, that she's applauding Harriet.

Well, Lucy — But I find you will not be Lucy long — Your day, it seems, will soon be fixed: The day, happy may it be! which will set a coronet on your head. A foolish kind of bawble, after all, but it looks not amiss on the outside of one's coach — if the inside contain not — Did I say a monkey, Lucy? But that will not be your case. My Lord knows your Lord, and esteems him. Lord G's esteem (china and shells out of the question) is not contemptible, I can tell you. His Love for his flippant Charlotte made him play monkey-tricks, which lessened him in my eyes: but now I see he is capable of forgetting his butterflies, and esteeming me, I remember my promise, and honour him: Obedience will come — when it can.

Well, but, Lucy, Dr. Bartlett knew your Lord Reresby abroad, and speaks well of him. He has wished for this match ever since it was first mentioned; nay before it was mentioned — Ever since he was a brideman on my brother's happy day: and you are a good girl, that you have not paraded, as Harriet did, and Clementina does.

Have I any more to say? I think not. I will endeavour to get a sight of what Harriet has written. Let her deny me, if she dare. If that suggests to me a subject which she has not touched upon, well and good: If not, take it for a conclusion, chits, that I wish you all well; and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, and respectable aunt Selby, and her honest man, health, happiness, and so-forth.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Wednesday, May 9.

I AM afraid your brother James will terrify you all. Surprising; — I am very angry with him; for, however slight he might make of what I have to tell you, I know, that none of you besides will. I therefore dispatch this by a man and horse, on purpose to set your hearts at ease. — The wretch left her in a fainting fit. Had the dear creature ever any of these fits before? But why do I ask? this is easily accounted for: She was over-satigued with a walk. Against warning, against threatenings, she and Lady Clementina had taken a longer walk than ever they did before, quite to the end of the park, to view some alterations which Sir Charles was making there. They had forgotten that they had the same length to walk back again. Half-way on their return, tired, and each accusing herself, and apologizing to the other, they were surprized by a sudden shower of rain; a violent one; a thunder-shower: No shelter: They were forced to run for it towards a distant tree; which when they approached, they found wet thro'; as they both were. So they made the best of their way to the house; were seen at a little distance, making the appearance of frighted hares. The servants ran to them with clokes, which, thrown over their wet cloaths, helped to load them. As Harriet entered the hall-door, which leads into the garden, she was surprised with the sight of Sir Charles, entering at the other. She expected him not till Friday or Saturday. Her complexion changed: She sighed; sobbed: Her cheeks, her lips turned pale: Down she was sinking. My brother was terrified; but he caught her in his arms, and saved her fall.

Lady L. and I were together, indulging ourselves with our little nurseries, who were crowing at each other; I singing to both [by the way they are surprising infants] when word was brought, that my Brother was come, and Lady Grandison was dying. How were we both terrified! We, in our fright, each popt her pug into the arms of the other, by way of ridding our hands of our own; and the women being not at hand, threw the smiling brats into one cradle; and down hurried we to our Harriet.

In the midst of all this bustle, this wise Brother of yours, Lucy, slipt away without taking leave of us. What tho' his hour was fixed, and his post-chaise waiting, could he not have staid one half-hour? O these inconsiderate, hare-brain'd — Don't be angry, Lucy, he has vex'd us for you. I should otherwise have left to herself the account of her indisposition and recovery. She has got cold: So

has her sisterexcellence, as my Brother justly calls her. Is it to be wondered at? — She was feverish all day yesterday; but made slight of it; and would have come down to dinner; but we would not permit her to leave her chamber.

How was Lady Clementina affected! She laid all at her own door: And last night, Harriet being still more feverish, we all talked ourselves into a thousand panies. Lady Clementina was not to be pacified.

To-day, she is, in a manner, quite well; and we are all joy upon it. But she shall never again do the honours of the Park to Lady Clementina. Trust me for that, grandmamma Shirley; and expect a Letter from the dear creature herself by the post. Adieu, adieu, Lucy, every body, in a violent hurry subscribes

Your CHARLOTTE G.

P. S. My hurry is owing only to the demands of my Marmouset upon me. To nothing else, upon my honour! For we are all safe, serene, and so-forth.

LETTER XLVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Friday, May 11.

I AM sorry, my dearest grandmamma, you have all been so much alarmed by an indisposition which is already gone off. My cousin James, foolish youth! I wish he had not called upon us on his return from Portsmouth, or that he had staid at Grandison-hall till now. Lady G. has given you, in her lively way, an account of the girlish inconsideration, which might have been attended with a fever, had not Mr. Lowther been at hand; who thought it adviseable that I should lose blood. But it was the joy on seeing Sir Charles after an absence of eight days, and several days sooner than I had expected that pleasure, which overcame me.

Never, never, was there so tender, so affectionate, so indulgent a husband! — Lady G. has told you that I fainted away — When recovered, I found myself in his arms; all our friends and guests assembled round me; every one expressing such a tender concern.

Harriet, be grateful! But canst thou be enough so? How art thou beloved of hearts the most worthy! — And what new proofs hast thou received of that Love of all other the dearest! Every hour do I experience some new instance of his tender goodness. He stirred not from my chamber for half an hour together, for two whole days and nights. All the rest he took was in a chair by my bed-side; and very little was his rest: Yet, blessed be God! his health suffered not. Every cordial, every medicine, did he administer to me with his own hands. He regarded not any-body but his Harriet. The world, he told me, was nothing to him without his Harriet. So amiably has he appeared in this new light, not in my fond eyes only, but in those of all here; who are continually congratulating me upon it; and every one telling me little circumstances of his kind attention, and anxious fondness, as some happened to observe one, some another, that tho' I wanted not proofs before of his affection for me, I cannot account my indisposition an unhappiness; especially as it has gone off without the consequences, of which you were so very apprehensive. —

"Dear Sir, I obey you: But indeed, Sir, writing to my grandmamma does me good. But I obey."

Only, let thus far as I have written, be dispatched to my Northamptonshire friends,

From their ever-dutiful HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Sat. Night.

I HAVE a constant attendant in Lady Clementina. She was not to be consoled when I was at worst. Wringing her hands, O that she had never come to England! was her frequent exclamation: And they apprehended, that her mind would be again disturbed. She has not yet recovered her former sedateness. She gets by herself, when she is not with me. She is often in tears, and wishes herself in Italy. Sir Charles is concerned for her. She has something upon her mind, he says; and asked me, if she had not disclosed it to me? He wondered she had not; expressing himself with pleasure on the confidence each has in the other.

Sunday, May 13.

SIGNOR Jeronymo has been pitying to me the Count of Belvedere. The poor man could not prevail upon himself to accompany Sir Charles and his noble guests down. He owned to Jeronymo, that he had twice set out for Grandison-hall; but both times, being unable to pursue his intention, turned back.

Jeronymo told me, that the Count had made his will, and left all that he could leave, and his whole personal estate, to their family, in case he should die unmarried. He would not leave it to Lady Clementina, left, if his bequests were to come to her knowledge, she should think he was so mean, as to expect that favour from his riches, of which he had no hope from her esteem.

The generous Belvedere declares, said Jeronymo, that should her malady be renewed by means of our interesting ourselves in his favour, he should be the most miserable of men. My dear Jeronymo, said he, at parting in town, tell that Angel of a Woman, that I never will solicit her favour, while I shall have reason to apprehend she has an aversion to me. May Clementina be happy, and Belvedere must have some consolation from knowing her to be so, however wretched he may be on the whole. But assure yourself, Jeronymo, that I will never be the husband of any other woman, while she is unmarried.

I joined with Signor Jeronymo in pitying the Count: Yet, I must own, that my compassion is still more deeply engaged for Clementina. But I was affected not a little, however, when Jeronymo read a passage from a Letter of the Count, which, at my request, he lest with me; and which I English as follows: — After his supplicatious put up to Heaven for her happiness, whatever became of him —

“But can she be happy,”

says he,

“in her present situation? may there not be always a struggle between her exalted notion of duty, and her passion (tho’ the noblest that ever warmed a human breast) which may renew the disorders of her mind? — Were she mine — (Let me indulge, for one moment, the rapturous supposition) I could hope to conduct, to guide, to compose, that noble mind. We would admire, with an equal affection, that best of men, whose goodness is not more the object of her Love, than of my veneration. Jealous as I am of my honour, I would satisfy the charmer of my soul, that I approved of her sisterly Love of a man so excellent. She would not then be left to the silent distress of her own heart.”

What say my Grandmamma, my Aunt, my Lucy? Shall I wish the noble Clementina may be prevailed upon in favour of this really worthy man? should I, do you think, be prevailed upon in her situation? — A better question still — Ought I?

Monday, May 14.

MY Cousin James has seen me, and I have chid him too, for having been so hasty to carry bad news to Northamptonshire, without staying a day or two, when he might have carried better. ’Tis true, they will not permit me to quit my chamber yet: But that is rather for precautionary than necessary reasons; and they have given over chiding me for writing — Their indulgence to me of my pen will convince you, that I am quite well.

Lady Clementina most sincerely rejoices in my recovery. Yet she is every day more and more thoughtful and solemn. She is grieved, she tells her mother (who is troubled at her Solemnity) for her brother Jeronymo, who indeed is not well. Mr. Lowther tells us, that he must not expect to be exampt from temporary pains and disorder: But I am sure the worthy man would be easier in his own mind, were his sister to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere.

I talked to Sir Charles on this subject an hour ago. Lady Clementina, my dear Sir, said I, is not happy. I question whether she ever will, unless she is allowed her own way, the veil.

And that, returned he, has been so long a familyobjection, that the compliance with her wishes, would break the heart of her mother, at least; and greatly afilict all the rest. It must not, for their sakes, be thought of.

What then, Sir, can be done?

We must have patience, my dearest life. Her malady has unsettled her noble mind. She must try her own schemes; and if she find not happiness in any of them, she will think of new ones, till at last she fixes. Nor, I hope, is the time far off.

Do you think so, Sir?

Don’t you see, my Love, that the poor Lady is more and more uneasy with herself? Something is working in her mind. I have desired her mother to leave that disturbed mind to its own generous workings. Her vehemence, raised by the opposition she met with, which she considered as a persecution, has for some time subsided; and she will probably fall upon reflexions which she had not time to attend to before.

Jeronymo thinks, proceeded he, that I might successfully plead in the Count’s favour — But did I not draw the articles? Did I not propose the terms? Lady Clementina shall not be prevaricated with. She shuns me of late — In apprehension, perhaps, that I will try my influence over her. She never seems so easy, as when she is with my dearest Love. You must preserve that consequence with her, which delicate minds will ever be of to one another. Some little appearances of her malady will perhaps, now-and-then, shew themselves, and unsettle her: But I have no doubt, if it please God to preserve her reason, that her present uneasinesses will be productive of some great change in her schemes, which may end in a tranquillity of mind, that will make all us who love her, happy. Meantime, my dear, let this be our rule, if you please: Let her lead; let us only follow — Persuasion against avowed inclination, you and I, my Harriet, have always condemned as a degree of compulsion. Had the admirable Lady been entreated to take the noble measure she fell upon, when she rejected me, however great the motives, she would not have been so happy, as she was, when she found herself absolute mistress of the question, and could astonish and surprise us all by her magnanimity.

Who could resist this reasoning? How well does he seem to know this excellent woman, when he considers her unhappy unfixedness, occasioned by a malady, which will now-and-then (till she can be settled in some quiet and agreeable way) shew itself in her conduct, when she has any great part before her to act!

Tuesday Afternoon, May 15.

LADY Clementina, soon after dinner, sent up to me her Camilia (for I was not at table) to desire a quarter of an hour’s discourse with me in my chamber. I gave direction, that nobody should come to me till I rang. She entered; saw me seated; took her seat by me; and immediately, with a noble frankness in her manner, thus began:

I could not, my dear Lady Grandison, ask the favour of your ear on the subject I wanted to open my heart upon to you, till I saw you were perfectly recovered. God be praised, that you are! What anxieties did your late indisposition give me! I accused myself as the cause of it. — I had engaged you, thoughtlesly, in too long a walk. You know how Lady G. how Lady L. were terrified. I overheard them

once that evening talking over their fears to one another. Lady G. looked with visible unkindness upon me. My aid ineffectual, my person in the way, I hurried to my chamber: Good God! said I (every object looking strange about me) Where am I? What am I? Can I be the same Clementina della Porretta that I was a few months ago? Can I have brought misery to the family which was my only resuge? To the man who — [She paused: Then lifting up her eyes; Blessed Virgin! said she, And is Clementina in the house of the man whom she has been known to regard above all men; and whom she still does regard; but not as Olivia supposes?] And then on my knees I offered up fervent prayers for your health and happiness; and that it would please God to return me, with reputation, to my native country. My eyes are now opened to the impropriety I have been guilty of in taking refuge in England; and in remaining in it, and in your house, and with a man whom I am known to value. The world had begun to talk: Cruel Olivia! She will lead and point the talk, as she would have it believed. I am under obligation to your goodness, and to that of all your friends, that they and you think kindly of me, situated as I once was. I am obliged (Mortifying consideration to a spirit like mine!) to Sir Charles Grandison's generosity and compassion, that he does not despise me. A girl (forgive me for mentioning it; it is to you only) has been, by my dear Mrs. Beaumont, proposed, indirectly at least, for a Pattern to me. How am I sunk! My pride cannot bear it. Had I been allowed to take the veil, all these improprieties in my conduct had been prevented; all these mortifications would have been spared the unhappy Clementina — Tell me, advise me, May I not renew my entreaties to be allowed to take the veil? Give me, as to your sister (no sister ever loved her sister better than I love you) your advice: Counsel me what to do, what course to steer, to recover myself in my own eyes. At present I hate, I despise, myself.

With how little reason, my dearest sister, my excellent friend! All my family revere you: Sir Charles, his Sisters, and I, love you: Lady G. particularly admires you: She could not possibly look unkindly upon you. What has Olivia dared to report? But did she ever forbear her rash censures? — What can I advise you? I see your delicate distress. But suppose you open your mind to the Marchioness? To Mrs. Beaumont suppose? She is the most prudent of women.

I know their minds already. Their judgments are not with me. Mrs. Beaumont (indeed without intending it) has terrified me. My mamma thinks herself bound by the Articles, and will not speak.

Suppose, my dearest Lady, you advise with Sir Charles? You know he is the most delicate-minded of men.

I shall ever honour him: But your indisposition has made me look upon him with more reverence than familiarity. I have avoided him. An exquisite pain has

seized my heart, on being brought to meditate the impropriety of my situation: A pain I cannot describe. Here it used to be (putting her hand to her fore-head); but here now it is (removing it to her heart); and at times I cannot bear it.

Let me beg of Lady Clementina to lay that noble heart open to Sir Charles. You know his disinterested affection for you. You know his regard for your glory. You know that your own mother, your own Mrs. Beaumont, are not more delicate than he is. You may unbosom yourself to him. But such is his fear of offending you, that you must begin. A small opening will do. His nice regard for your honour, for the honour of our sex, will, on a slight encouragement, spare you all that would be irksome to you. He has no prejudices in favour or disfavour of any body. He loves, it is true, he reveres your whole family; but you more than all the rest. Shall I say that he made his court to me in your name, and by your interest; yet acknowledged himself refused by an Angel?

Excellent man! — I will consult him, and in your presence.

As to my presence, madam —

It must be so, interrupted she: I shall want your support. Do you be my advocate with him; and if he will be an advocate for me, I may yet be happy. At present, I see but one way to extricate myself with honour. I dare not propose it. He may. The world and Olivia will not let me be, in that world, a single woman, and happy. — Why should I not be allowed to quit it by a divine dedication?

I embraced her; soothed her: But thought of Sir Charles's advice, not to lead, but follow as she led: Not one word, as I told her, would I say to him of what had passed between us, that she might have his own unprejudiced advice.

I rang, by her permission. Sally came up. I made my request, by her, to her master. He found us together. Sir Charles, said I, before he could speak, Lady Clementina has something on her mind: I have besought her to consult you.

I must consult you both, said she. To-morrow morning, Sir, as early as will suit Lady Grandison, we will meet for that purpose.

May the issue of to-morrow's conference be tranquillity of mind to this excellent Lady!

LETTER L.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Wednesday, May 16.

THE conference was held in Italian. It was but just turned of seven in the morning, when we met in my drawing-room.

I had told Lady Clementina that she must lead the subject; but Sir Charles, seeing her in some confusion, relieved her — You do me, madam, said he, great honour (and it is worthy of our brotherly and sisterly friendship in proposing to ask my opinion on any subject in which you are interested. Our dear Harriet's recovery (God be praised for it!) has left no wish in my heart so ardent as for your happiness. Permit me to say, my dear Lady Clementina, it is necessary for that of us both.

Indeed, madam, it is, said I, taking her hand. Tenderness, love, respect, I am sure, were in my countenance, if it spoke my heart. She condescendingly bowed upon mine: Tears were in her eyes: You pain me, Chevalier, you pain me, madam, by your goodness — How many of my friends have I made unhappy!

For some days past, said Sir Charles, I have observed, that you have seemed more uneasy than usual. Would to Heaven it were in my power to remove the cause!

Perhaps it may. Ah, Chevalier! I thought when I came into the compromise, that I might have made myself happier in it, than I now find I can be.

Dear Lady Clementina! said Sir Charles; and stopt.

Be not displeased with me, Chevalier. I must hold myself bound by it, if it be insisted on. But tho' my condescending friends urge me not by entreaties, by persuasions, see you not that their wishing eyes, and sighing hearts, break every hour the Articles agreed to?

Dear Lady Clementina!

I knew you would be angry with me.

I am not. It would be equally unfriendly and insolent if I were. But, my dear Clementina, what an affecting picture have you drawn of the resignation of parents to the will of their child, in an article which their hearts were fixed upon.

Add not weight, Sir, to my uneasy reflexions. I can hardly bear to see in them the generous suppression of their own wishes.

She then addressed herself to me. — Bear with me, dear Lady Grandison, if I cast an eye back to former situations. You know my whole story. — For a few moments bear with me. — I never, God is my witness, envied you. On the

contrary, I rejoiced to find those merits which I had not power to reward, so amply rewarded by you; and that the Chevalier was so great a gainer by my declining his vows. — She stopt.

Proceed, dearest Lady Clementina, said I — Are we not sisters? And do I not know, that yours is the noblest of female minds?

I rejoice, Sir, from my heart, that I was enabled to act as I did. —

Again she stopt. Sir Charles bowed in silence.

But still I hoped, that one day my parents would have been overcome in favour of the divine dedication. That was always my wish, till you, Sir, induced me to come into a compromise. And then I was resolved to make myself, if possible, happy, in the single Life allowed me. But what can I do? My former wishes recur. I cannot help it: And it seems evident to me, that there is but one measure, and that is the convent, which can make me happy.

Dear Lady Clementino! said Sir Charles, will you be pleased to allow me —

Olivia, Sir, interrupted she (you don't, perhaps, know that) reflects upon me. It was indeed a rash step which I took, when I fled to England: How has it countenanced the excursion she made hither? Tho', God knows, our motives were widely different: Hers was to obtain what mine was intended to avoid. But your sudden indisposition, madam, pointed the sting, and carried it into my heart. That flashed full upon me, the impropriety of my situation. Can there be, say, Chevalier, can there be, any expedient which will free me from reflexion, from slander, except that of the veil?

You lead the question, madam, replied Sir Charles: I but follow you. Surely there can.

You are not angry with me, Chevalier? You do not upbraid me with breach of Articles?

I do not, madam, while we only reason, not resolve. Assure yourself that your tranquillity of mind is one of the principal objects of my daily vows. Say, Lady Clementina, all that is in your heart to say. Your friend, your brother, hears his sister with all the tenderness of fraternal love.

How soothing! How kind! — You say there is another expedient. What, excepting marriage, is it?

Were it that, and that could be an acceptable expedient — We are only reasoning, madam; not resolving —

Do you, Chevalier, (with a look of impatience;) propose that to me.

I do not, madam — I said we were reasoning only — But surely you may be very happy in the single Life. You may have thought of plans, which, on consideration, may not please you: But it is yet early. Lady Clementina has too much greatness of mind to permit any-thing that may be said by malevolent

people to effect her. She knows her heart; and has reason to be satisfied with it. Were your former wishes to take place, will not ill-will and slander follow you into the most sacred retirements? There are several tender points to be considered in your past situation. These are considered by your parents. They have no view but to your happiness. You and they indeed have different notions of the means. They think marriage with a worthy man of your own faith, would tend to establish it. You think assuming the veil the only expedient. This subject has been much canvassed. They are determined not to urge you: Yet their judgments are not changed. Shall they not be allowed to wish? Especially when they urge not, speak not, their wishes? Your father was earnest with the count of Belvedere, in my hearing, when last in town, to give up all expectations from you. God preserve their lives till they see you happy! You must be convinced, that they are not so intent upon the means as to obtain the end.

My father, my mother, are all goodness! — God preserve their precious lives! — Tears trickled down her cheeks.

I am sure, my dear Lady Clementina, you cannot be happy in any state of life, if your choice, pursued, would make your parent; unhappy. — Could Lady Clementina, were she even professed, divest herself of all filial, of all family regards? Would not that very contemplative life, of which she is at present so fond, make her, when it was too late to retrieve the step (and with the more regret, perhaps, because it was too late) carry her thoughts, her affections, with greater force, back to parents, if living, so deservedly dear, to brothers so disinterestedly kind, to her; and who have all shared so largely in her distresses?

She sighed. She wept. O Chevalier! was all she said.

You cannot, madam, live only to yourself, for yourself: And you may live to your God in the world, perhaps, more efficaciously than in the convent, with regard to your soul's health, as you have such large ability to do good: For, wants not the world, as I have heretofore pleaded, such an example as you can give it? — The heart, madam, not the profession is the truly acceptable. Your maternal grandfather, tho' a sound Catholic, would have it, that there were many sighing hearts in convents; and on this supposition (confirmed to him by a singular instance which affected him) he inserted in his will the clauses which he thought would oblige you to marry. Your other grandfather joined in the enforcement of them.

And what, Sir, was the penalty? Only the forfeiture of an estate, which I wish not for; which none of us want. We are all rich. It is a purchased, not a paternal estate.

And purchased with what view, madam? And for whom?

I would have my family superior to such motives.

Must they not, my dear Clementina, be judges for themselves?

I do not believe, proceeded she, that there are many sighing hearts in convents: But if there were, and my friends would be satisfied (for that, I own, is an essential point with me) I should not, I am sure, add to the number of such. As to what you say of the world wanting such an example as I could set it, I have not vanity enough to be convinced by that argument. Whether my soul's peace could be best promoted in the world, or in the convent, must be left to me to judge; who know that in the turmoils and disturbances I have met with, both of mind and body, the retired, the sequestered life, is most likely to recompose my shattered spirits.

Those turmoils, those disturbances, madam, thank God! are over.

I pity, I can forgive, I do forgive, the poor Laurana. Ah Sir! you know not, perhaps, that LOVE, a passion which is often the cause of guilty meanness, as sometimes indeed of laudable greatness, was the secret cause of Laurana's cruelty to me. She hated me not, till that passion invaded her bosom. Shall I remember the evil of her behaviour, and not the good?

Admirable Clementina! said Sir Charles: Admirable lady! said his Harriet; both in a breath.

She was the companion of my childhood, proceeded the exalted Lady. We had our education together. I was the sufferer; thank God! not the aggressor. She has made me great, by putting it in my power to forgive her. Let all my revenge be in her compunction from my forgiveness, and from my wishes to promote her welfare!

And a revenge indeed would that be, said Sir Charles, were she, who had acted by an excellent creature, as she has done by you, capable of generous compunction. But, noblest of women, can it be expected, if you can forgive her, that your family should join, by giving up their reversionary expectance, to reward her for her cruelty to their child, who was entrusted to her kindest care and protection? Can you, madam, treat lightly those instances of your parents and brother's Love, which have made them resent her barbarity to you? — My dear Lady Clementina, you must not aim at being above Nature. Remember that your grandfather never designed this estate for Laurana. It was only to be provisionally hers, in order to secure it the more effectually to you; and, on failure of descendants from you, to your elder brother, who, however, wishes not for it. His heart is in your marriage. He only wishes, that it may not be the cruel Laurana's. If you can defeat the design of your grandfathers, with regard to your own interest, ought you to do injustice to your brother's claim?

O Chevalier!

Ought you think of disposing of your brother's right? Has not he much better reason to be considered by you for his affection, than Laurana has for her cruelty? — Abhorred be that sort of LOVE, my dear Lady Clementina, which is pleaded in excuse of barbarity, or of any extravagant, undutiful, or unnatural action!

She sighed. Tears again stole down her cheeks. After a short silence — O spare me, Chevalier! — Despise me not, Lady Grandison! — My enfeebled reason may lead me into error; but when I know it is error, I will not continue in it. I see that, with regard to my brother's interest in this estate, I reasoned wrong. I was guilty, my dear Lady Grandison, I doubt, in your eye, of a false piece of heroism. I was for doing less than justice to a brother, that I might do more than justice to an unnatural relation.

All that Laurana can hope from you, my dear Lady Clementina, said Sir Charles, is, that you will intitle her to the receipt of the considerable legacy your grandfather bequeathed to her —

And how is that to be done, interrupted she, but by my marriage? — Ah, Chevalier!

Such, indeed, is the state of the case. Such was it designed to be. I, madam, but state it. I advise nothing.

Still, Sir, the motive which may allowably have weight with my friends, ought not to have principal weight with me. Consider, Sir: Is it not setting an earthly estate against my immortal soul?

Far otherwise, madam. Can you so far doubt of the divine grace, can you so disparage your own virtues, as to suppose they want the security of a convent? Do justice, my dear Lady Clementina, to yourself. You have virtues which cannot be exerted in a convent; and you have means to display them for the good of hundreds. I argue not as a protestant, when I address myself to you. The most zealous catholic, if unprejudiced, circumstanced as you are, must allow of what I say.

Ah, Chevalier! how you anticipate me! I was going to charge you with arguing like a protestant.

Did not your grandfathers, madam, in effect, argue as I argue, when they made their wills? Did not your father, mother, uncle, brothers, thus argue, when they wished you to relinquish all thoughts of the veil? And are not the one, were not the others, all zealous catholics? Does not your brother the bishop, does not your truly pious confessor, acquiesce in their reasonings, and concur with (at least not oppose) the family-reasons?

She looked down, sweetly conscious. Sir Charles proceeded.

Has not your mother, madam, who gave you and your three brothers to the world, a merit both with God and man, one of you dedicated, as he is, to God

(you see, madam, I address myself to you in the catholic stile) which the cloistered life could not have given her? Are not the conjugal and maternal duties (performed as she has performed them) of higher account, than any of those can be, which may be exerted in the sequestred life? Clementina would not wish to be a better woman in the convent, than her mother has always been out of it.

She hesitated, sighed, looked down: At last, What can I say? said she. I have signed to the waving of my wishes after the veil; and must, I see, abide by my signing. It is, however, generous in you, Sir, not to plead against me that my act; and to hear me with patience want to be absolved from it. But I am not happy — She stopt; and turned away her face to conceal her emotion.

Sir Charles was affected as well as I.

She recovered her speech. I am, at times, said she, too sensible of running into flight and absurdity. My late unhappy malady has weakened my reasoning powers. You both can, I see you both do, pity me. Let me say, Chevalier, that when I came into your proposed compromise (which, after so grievous a fault committed, as the flying from my native country, and indulgent parents, I could the less refuse) I promised myself happiness in a situation, in which, I now see, it is not to be found. Your friendship, your united friendship for me, happy pair! I thought (as I knew I deserved it by my disinterested affection for you both) would contribute to it; I was therefore desirous to cultivate it. My wounded reason allowed me not to consider, that there were improprieties in my scheme, of which the world would judge otherwise, than I did: And when I heard of vile and undeserved reflexions cast upon me; but most when that sudden indisposition seized you, my dear Lady Grandison, and seemed to my frighted imagination to threaten a life so precious —

She paused: Then proceeded. — I have told you, madam, my reflexions. — Before you, Chevalier, I have said enough. — And now advise me what to do. — To say truth, I almost as much long to quit England, as I did to fly to it. I am unhappy. O my fluctuating heart! When, when, shall I be settled?

What, madam, can I say? answered Sir Charles: What can I advise? You say you are not happy. You think your parents are not so. We all believe you can make them so. But God forbid it should be to your own unhappiness, who have already been so great a sufferer, tho' hardly a greater than every one of your friends has been from your sufferings. I plead not madam, the cause of any one man. I have told you, that your father himself advises a certain nobleman to give over all hopes of you: And that person himself says, that he will endeavour to do so; first, because he promised you, that he would; and next, because he is now too well assured, that you have an aversion to him.

An aversion, Chevalier! God forbid that I should have an aversion to any hum n creature! I thought my behaviour to that Gentleman had been such — She stopt.

It was great; it was worthy of Clementina. But this is his apprehension: And if it be just, God forbid that Lady Clementina should think of him!

My dear Lady Grandison, do you advise me upon all that has passed in this conference. You assured me at the beginning of it, that my peace of mind was necessary to your happiness.

From my affection for you, my dear Lady Clementina, and from my affection only, it is necessary. You cannot have a distress, which will not, if I know it, be a distress to me. You know best what you can do. God give you happiness, and make yours the foundation of that of your indulgent parents! They are of opinion, that a settled life with some worthy man of your own country and faith, will greatly contribute to it. Your mamma is firmly of opinion it will: So is Mrs. Beaumont. You see that you cannot, in justice to your brother, and to his children yet unborn, as well as in duty to your deceased grandfathers, assume the veil: You see that the unnatural Laurana, whom you still are so great as to love, cannot enjoy a considerable legacy bequeathed her, but on your marriage. — If you have a dislike to the nobleman who has so large a share in the affections of all your family, by no means think of him. Rejoice, madam, in a single life, if you think you can be happy in it, till some man offer whom you can favour with your esteem. Let me be honoured mean time with the continuance of your Love, as I shall be found to deserve it. We are already sisters. In presence, we will be one; in absence, we will not be divided; for we will mingle souls and sentiments on paper. —

I was proceeding; but she wrapt her arms about my neck. She bathed my cheek with her tears. — O how generously did she extol me! how delighted, how affected, was the dearest of men! how delicate was his behaviour to both! the tender friend in her, the beleved wife, were with the nicest propriety, distinguished by him.

The dear Lady was too much disordered by her own grateful rapture, to recover a train of reasoning. She told me, however, that she would ponder, weigh, consider every thing that had passed.

God give her happiness! prays with her whole heart,

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Thursday, May 17.

LADY Clementina is thoughtful, solemn, and shuns company. Not one word will anybody say to her of the Count of Belvedere: But as he is expected here every-day to take his leave, Sir Charles thinks she ought not to be surprized by his coming at unawares. She neither dined nor supped in company yesterday; nor breakfasted with us this morning. She loves, as you have heard, to walk in the garden. She diverts herself often with feeding the deer, which gather about her, as soon as she enters the park. Sir Charles just now passed her in the garden. He asked after her health. — My mind is not well, Chevalier! — God Almighty heal it! said he, taking her hand, and bowing upon it. — Thank you, Sir! Continue your prayers for me. That last conversation, Chevalier — But, adieu.

She took a path that led to the park. He looked after her She turned once to see if he did. He bowed, and motioned with his hand as for leave to follow her. She understood his motion, and by hers forbid him. — Poor Lady!

Thursday Evening, Six o'clock.

MR. LOWTHER returned from London about an hour ago. He has always been of opinion with the physicians of Italy, that a disorder of mind not hereditary, but circumstanced as Lady Clementina's was, will be in no danger of returning, or of becoming hereditary, unless on some new distress like the former. He expressed his wonder more than once. at her relations acquiescence with her plea, as she made that the principal against marriage; tho' he allowed it to be a noble and generous one in her. And now, in order to justify his opinion, he has taken, of his own accord, the opinions of the most noted London physicians: who entirely agree with him.

Saturday, May 19.

LADY Clementina has been generously lamenting to me the unhappiness of the cruel Laurana. What I hinted to Sir Charles, said she, of her Love for the Count of Belvedere, is but too true. I have been urged to have compassion, as it is called, on him. He should have shewed some for her. She was proposed to him. He rejected the proposal with haughtiness: But, I believe, knew not how much she loved him. I have faint remembrances of her ravings, as I may call them, for him, to her mother and woman: Sometimes vowing revenge for slighted Love — Poor Laurana was another Olivia in the violence of her passion. In the few lucid

intervals I had when I was under her management. I always expected that these ravings would end in harder usage of me. Yet even then, when I had calmness enough to pity myself, I pitied her. O that the Count would make her happy, and could think himself happy in her! —

She asked me if Sir Charles were not indeed inclined to favour the Count?

He wishes you, madam, to marry, answered I, because he thinks (and physicians of Italy and England, and Mr. Lowther, concur with your parents wishes) if there were a man in the world whom you could consent to make happy, the consequence would not only make your whole family so, but yourself. But the choice of the man, he thinks, should be entirely left to you: He thinks that the count, so often refused, ought not to be insisted on; and that time should be given you.

Let me ask you, Lady Grandison, as one sister to another, Could you, in my situation, have resolved to give your hand — She stopt, blushed, looked down. I snatched her hand, and lifted it to my lips — Speak your whole Heart, my Clementina, to your Harriet. — But yet I will spare you, when I understand your meaning. Noblest of women, I am not Clementina. I could not, situated as you once were, all my friends consenting, and the man — such as you knew him to be, have refused him my hands as well as heart. But what may not be expected from a Lady, who, from a regard to her superior duties could make the most laudable passion of inferior force? — You have already overcome the greatest difficulty; and when you can persuade yourself that it is your duty to enter into new measures, I am sure, whatever they may be. —

Dear Lady Grandison, say no more — My duty — How delicate are your intimations! — What a subject have we slid into! — Believe me, I am incapable —

Of any thought, of any imagination, interrupted I, that an angel might not own. It would be an injury to your Harriet's emulative Love of you, were you but to suppose any assurances of your greatness of mind necessary.

But I am at times pained, generous Lady Grandison, for what your friends may think, may wish — O that I were in my own country again!

They wish for nothing but your happiness. Lay down your own Plan, dear Lady: Chalk out your future steps. Look about you, one, two, three years, in the single life: Assure your indulgent parents —

Hush, hush, hush, hush, my dear Lady Grandison, gently putting her hand on my Mouth: I will, I must, leave you! — O my fluctuating heart! — But whatever I shall be enabled to do; whose-soever displeasure I may incur, do you continue to love me; still call me Sister; and, through you, let me call Sir Charles Grandison

my Brother; and then shall I have a felicity that will counter balance many infelicities.

She hurried from me, not staying to hear the affectionate assurances of my admiring Love, that were bursting my lips from a heart fervently desiring to comply with every wish of hers.

Sunday, May 20.

THE Marquis is slightly indisposed. The Marchioness is not well. Lady Clementina applying to Mrs. Beaumont for consolation on the occasion, owned, that were their indispositions to gather strength, she should be too ready for her peace of mind, to charge them to her own account. Mrs. Beaumont generously consoled her, without urging one syllable in favour of the man, who has so large an interest in the hearts of all her family, her own excepted. She herself mentioned with Approbation to Mrs. Beaumont, some particulars of the Count's munificence, and greatness of mind, that had come to her knowlege: But wished he could think of her cousin Laurana. Her Camilla came in. She asked with anxious duty, after her Mother's health; and withdrew in Tears, to attend her.

Monday, May 21.

WELL, but now, I Charlotte G. who have taken up Harriet's pen, say, these tears will soon be dried up. The Marquis and his Lady are both better. The Count is arrived; Signors Juliano and Sebastiano with him. Did you not see the Count when he was in town, Lucy? A pretty man, upon my life, were he not quite so solemn: But that very solemnity will make for him with the fair romancer; Is he not come, as Lee says, in his Theodosius,

– "To take eternal leave?

"Not to vouchsafe to see him, would be scorn,

"Which the fair soul of gentle CLEMENTINA

"Could never harbour."

Accordingly, on his arrival, not unsent to, but almost unnexpected, down she came to tea; and with such a grace! — Indeed, my dear and venerable Mrs. Shirley, she will be a good Girl. All will come right. She was a little solemn indeed in her serenity: But she plainly put herself forward to speak. She seemed to pity the Count's confusion (who, poor soul! knew not how to speak to her) and relieved it by enquiring after his health, as he had not been well. She addressed herself to him once or twice on indifferent subjects; and pleased every-body by her behaviour to him. Nay, they talked together a good while at the window, he, and she, and Mrs. Beaumont, very freely about England and Italy, comparing in a few instances, these gardens with those of the Marquis at Bologna. No very interesting conversation indeed; but the good Count thought himself in paradise. Yet he fears he shall to-morrow be allowed to take a long, long leave of her. He

goes to France and Italy; not to Spain. I like him for that, it would only be distressing himself, further, he says, were he to amuse a worthy family who have invited him thither with a view that can never be answered, while Clementina remains unmarried.

My brother continues to insist upon it, that not one word shall be said in the Count’s favour Searoom, and Land-room, Mrs. Shirely, as I said once before — Where did he learn so throughly to understand the perverseness of a female Heart?

By Lady Grandison.] You see, my grandmamma, what Lady G. has written. Her sweetly playful pen may divert you. Her heart feels not, as mine does, the perplexities of the de r Clementina: But I yield with grateful pleasure to a pen so much more lively, than that of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Tuesday, May 22.

AND so, Lucy, your day is fixed. May next Thursday be a happy one, and reward the heroic girl who so nobly conquered a first Love, on the discovered unworthiness of the man. And you own that your heart is far from being indifferent to Lord Reresby — Good girl! — Confirmation of all my Doctrines. We women prate and prate of what we can, and what we can-not; what we ought, and what we ought-not, to do: But none of us stay-till-we-are-asked mortals know what we shall, or can do, till we are tried by the power of determining being put into our hands. Was it possible for me to have loved that sorry wretch Anderson, so well as I really love my honest Lord G? It was not. But tho' I name that creature myself, never do you presume to do it. I blush even to this hour at looking back to certain giddinesses that debased my character — But let me quit a subject so disagreeable.

Lady Clementina has had a bad night it seems — Came not down to breakfast. The poor Enamore to was in despair. I tried to hearten him up a little: But my brother will not let any body flatter him with a hope that too probably may end in disappointment.

Yonder [I am writing at my window, you must know] is the fair Inflexible musing in the garden. I have a good mind to call to her; for I see by her motions and downcast looks, that Resverie is no favourable sign for the Count — No need of my calling to her; my Prother has this minute joined her. As soon as he came in sight, she went to him. — Now, dear brother, put in a word for the poor man.

Well, but Lucy, this Lord of yours must come among us. He snall not carry you to Ireland this year. Let all who would be good husbands and good wives, come to Grandison-hall, and learn: And, pray, let them come while I am here. Yet I have something to say against our Harriet too. — She is so taken up with her heroic friendship, that Clementina is now almost the only subject of her pen. What godlike instances of my brother's goodness does she leave untold tho' she admires him for them, as much as ever! Every rising, every setting fun, are witnesses of his divine Philanthropy. I suppose she looks upon his praises now to be her own. Well she may. Never were hearts so united, so formed for one another. But Harriet used to praise herself formerly; Did she not, uncle Selby?

Believe me, I will praise my honest man whenever he gives me cause. For instance; Yesterday, I was well enough pleased with what he said to my brother.

— You, Sir Charles, ought not to give yourself up to a private life. Your country has a claim upon such a character as yours.

Without doubt, said I — Shall we, my-Lord, make my brother an embassador, or a justice of peace? Lord G. rubbed his forehead; but seeing me smile, his countenance brightened up. Don't you know, Charlotte, said my brother, that nothing but the engagements our noble guests have given me, would have prevented me from acting in the useful character you have last named?

O that you had, brother! What admirable causes would then have been brought before US, en dernier ressort! How delightfully would your time have been taken up with the appeals of scolding wives, forsaken damsels, and witches presumptive!

L dy G. most be herself, whatever be the subject, replied Sir Charles. You and I love her, my Lord, for her charming vivacity. But think you, my sister, that a day spent in doing good, be the objects of it ever so low, is not more pleasing to reflect upon than a day of the most elegant indulgence? Would persons of sense and distinction (myself out of the question) more frequently than they do, undertake the task, it would be lighter to every one, and would keep the great power vested in this class of magistrates, and which is every year increasing, out of mean and mercenary hands. And, surely, men of consideration in the world owe it to their tenants and neighbours, and to those of their fellow-creatures to whose industry they are obliged for their affluence, to employ in their service, those advantages of rank and education, which make it perhaps easy for them to clear up and adjust, in half an hour, matters that would be of endless perplexity and entanglement to the parties concerned.

Mind this, uncle Selby; for I think you are too fond of your own ways and your own hors, to do your duty as an active justice, tho' of the quorum.

But I should have told you, Lucy, how this conversation began. I got the occasion for it out of Dr. Bartlett af erwards. You must know, that I visit him now and then as Harriet used to do, to learn some of my brother's good deeds, that otherwise would not come to our knowledge; by which I understand that notwithstanding he gives his guests so much of his company, and appears so easy and free among us, yet, that every beneficent scheme is going on: Not one improvement stands still: He knows not what it is to be one moment idle.

Dr. Bartlett tells me, that some gentlemen of prime consideration in the county, have been offering my brother their interest against the next election. He modestly acknowleged the grateful sense he had of the honour done him; but declined it for the pre+sent, as having been too little a while returned into his own country, after so long an absence, to be as yet fit for a trust so important. We young men, said he, are apt to be warm: When we have not studied a point throughly, we act upon

hasty conclusions, and sometimes support, sometimes oppose, on insufficient grounds. I would not be under Engagements to any party: Neither can I think of contributing to destroy the morals and health of all the country people round me, to make myself what is called an Interest. Forgive me, gentlemen: I mean not to slight your favours: But on such an occasion, I ought to be explicit.

But, after the gentlemen were gone. There is a county, Dr. Bartlett, said he, of which I should be ambitious to be one of the representatives, had I a natural interest in it; because of the reverence I bear to the good man, to whom in that case I should have the honour to call myself a collegue. When I can think myself more worthy than at present I am, of standing in such a civil relation to him, I shall consider him, as another Gamaliel, at whose feet (so long absent as I have been from my native country) I shall be proud to be initiated into the service of the public.

It is not difficult to guess, who my brother — But my Marmouset is squalling for me; and I must fly to silence it.

Now, Lucy, that I have pacified my Brat, do I wish you with me at my window. My Brother and his Harriet only, at this instant walking almost under it, engaged in earnest conversation: Seemingly, how pleasing a one! admiration and tenderness mingled in his looks: In her, while he speaks, the most delighted attention: When she answers, love, affiance, modest deference, benevolence, compassion; an expression that no pen can describe — Knowing them both so well, and acquainted with their usual behaviour to each other, I can make it all out. She is pleading, I am sure, for Clementina. Charming pleader! — Yet, my dear Mrs. Shirley, I fear her reasonings are romantic ones. Our Harriet, you know, was always a little tinctured with Heroism; and she goes back in her mind to the time that she thought she could never be the wife of any other man than my brother (tho' then hopeless that he could be hers); and supposes Clementina in the same situation.

When I looked first, I dare say, he was giving her an account of the conversation that passed an hour ago, between him and Clementina. He had his arm round her waist, sometimes pressing her to him as they walked; sometimes standing still; and, on her replies, raising her hand to his lips, with such tender possion — But here she comes.

Harriet, if I am a witch, let Lucy know it. Here — read this last paragraph — Have I guessed right at your subject of discourse? — You will tell me, you say, in a Letter by itself — Do so.

LETTER LIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MISS SELBY.

[In Continuation of Lady G's Subject.]

YOU need not be told, my dear Lucy, that our charming Lady G. is mistress of penetration. Your happy Harriet had been engaged in the most pleasing conversation. The best of husbands conceals not from her one emotion of his excellent heart. He is greatly distressed for Clementina. It would be unworthy of his character, if he were not: Yet he seems to think she may be happy with the Count of Belvedere: That is the point we have been debating. As Sir Charles would have been the man of her choice, but for an invincible obstacle, is it not owing, partly to his delicate modesty, that he thinks she may be so? What think you, Lucy?

Lady G. says, I make Clementina's case my own. Be it so; because so it ought to be. Could I have been happy with Lord D? — Call it romantic, if you please, Lady G.; I think it impossible that I could, even tho' I could not form to myself, that Sir Charles Grandison himself would make the tender, the indulgent husband he makes to the happiest of women.

Sir Charles gave me the particulars of the conversation that passed between him and Lady Clementina in the garden. He observed, that she is not a stranger to the Count's resolution, never to marry while she remains unmarried; and that it is the intention of that nobleman to return to Italy, and not go to Spain at all. Perhaps she had her information either from Camilla or Laura; who both heard him declare as much. If she has condescended to hear them talk on a subject which every body else has studiously avoided, she may also have heard from them many other particulars greatly to the Count's honour; for they are his admirers and well-wishers.

Sir Charles believes she will take a gracious leave of the Count before he sets out.

The solemn, the parting interview, was to have been in my drawing-room this afternoon: But Lady Clementina has given the Count an unexpected, and joyful reprieve.

She dined in company. We were all charmed with her free and easy deportment, as well to the Count, as to every-body else. His was not so easy. He, intending to bespeak the favour of half an hour's audience of her, in order to take leave of her, when she arose from table, was in visible agitations. How the poor man trembled! with what awe, with what reverence, as he sat, did he glance

towards her! How did every-body pity him, and by their eyes beseech her pity for him! yet, in the same moment, our eyes fell under hers, as she looked upon each person; we all seeming unwilling to have her think we entreated for him by them. I thought I read in her lovely countenance more than once, compassion for him; yet, the breath hard-fetched, as often shewed a sigh suppressed, that indicated, I imagined, a wish (also suppressed) after a life more eligible to her than the nuptial.

At last, when we women arose from table, he, as a man who must address her in haste, or be unable at all to do it, slept towards her; retreated, when near her, as irresolute; and again advancing, profoundly bowing, Madam, madam, said he, hesitatingly — putting out his hand, as if he would have taken hers; but withdrawing it hastily, before he touched it — I hope — I beg — allow me — I beseech you — one parting moment.

She pited his confusion: My Lord, said she, We see 〈◊〉 to-morrow in the afternoon [Allow me, madam, 〈◊〉 me —]She courtesied to him, and withdrew with some little precipitation; but with a dignity that never forsakes her.

Every man, it seems, congratulated the Count. Every woman (when withdrawn with her) Clementina. The Marchioness folded her to her maternal bosom — My daughter! My beloved daughter! My Clementina! was all she said, tears trickling down her cheeks — O my mamma! kneeling (affected by her mother's tears) — O my mamma! — was all the daughter could say. And rising, took Mrs. Beaumont's hand, and retired with her to her own apartment.

We see her now in the garden with that excellent woman, arm, in arm, in earnest talk, as we sit by the window.

Wednesday Night.

And now, my grandmamma, a word or two of dear Northamptonshire.

I have a Letter from Emily. I inclose it, with a copy of my answer. I hope it is not a breach of confidence to communicate them both to you, and thro' you, madam, to my aunt Selby. At present I wish the contents may be a secret to every-body else.

Don't let Lucy repine at her distant residence, if it must be in Ireland. It is generally the privilege of husbands to draw their wives after them. Sir Charles says it is but a trip to that kingdom: And having an estate in it, which he is intent upon improving, he will be her visitor; and so will his Harriet, you need not question, if he make her the offer of accompanying him. To you, my grandmamma, I know every part of the British dominions, where your friends have a natural call, is Northamptonshire. Lucy's grandmother, however will miss her: But has not she a Lucy in her Nancy? And has not her grandson James a chance (if Patty Holles will favour him) to carry to her another grandaughter?

Besides, Lord Reresby, who is so good-natured a man, will not be in haste to quit the country where he has obtained so rich a prize. Sir Charles expects them both with him for a month at least, before they leave England.

Happy! happy! as the sixteenth of November to me, may be the twenty-fourth of May to Lucy, prays,

Her Ever affectionate HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIV.

MISS EMILY JERVOIS, TO LADY GRANDISON.

Sat. May 19.

I Have something to communicate to you, my dear Lady Grandison, and take your advice about: yet, so young a creature as I am, I am quite ashamed. But you must keep my secret from every living soul, and from my guardian too, for the present, since in writing to you, I think I write to him, as you know all his heart, and are so prudent a Lady. It is true, I was, (or I might have been, I should rather say) a forward girl with regard to him: But then my whole heart was captivated by his perfections, by his greatness of mind; that was all. May not a creature, tho' ever so young, admire a good man's goodness? May she not have a deep sense of gratitude for kindness conferred? That gratitude may indeed, as she grows up, engage her too deeply; and I found myself in danger; but made my escape in time. Thank God! — and thank you, who assisted me! — what an excellent Lady are you, that one can speak to you of these tender matters! But you are the Queen of our Sex, and sit inthroned, holding out your scepter in pity to one poor girl, and raising another, and another; for it is glory enough for you to call the man yours, for whom so many hearts have sighed in secret.

But this was always my way — I never sat myself down to write to my guardian or to you, but my preambles were longer than my matter — To the point then — but be sure keep my secret.

Here every-body is fond of Sir Edward Beauchamp. He is indeed a very agreeable man. Next to my guardian, I think him the most agreeable of men. He is always coming down to us. I cannot but see that he is particularly obliging to me. I really believe, young as I am, he loves me: But every body is so silent about him: yet they slide away, and leave us together very osten. It looks as if all favoured him; yet would not interfere. He has not made any declaration of love neither. — I am so young a creature, you know; and to be sure he is a very prudent man.

My guardian dearly loves him — who does not? His address is so gentle: His words are so soothing: His voice — To be sure he is a very amiable man! Now tell me freely — Do you think my guardian (but pray only sound him — I am so young a creature, you know) would be displeased if matters were to come to something in time? — Three or four years hence, suppose, if Sir Edward would think it worth while to stay for so silly a creature? — I would not think of sooner. — If not, I would not allow myself to be so much in his company, you know.

He has a very good estate; and tho' he is ten or twelve years older than I; yet he never will be more than that; since every year that goes over his head, will go over mine likewise — So you will be pleased to give me your opinion.

And here all the world is for marrying, I think. Miss Selby is as good as gone, you know. Her brother courts Miss Patty Holles: Miss Kitty is not without her humble servant. Nay, Miss Nancy Selby, for that matter — But let these intelligences come from themselves.

You, my dear Lady Grandison, have led up this dance — So happy as you are — I think it is a right thing for young women to marry when young men are so desirous to copy Sir Charles Grandison.

Hasten to me your advice, if but in six lines. We expect Sir Edward down next week. I must like his company, because he is always telling us one charming thing or other of my guardian; and because he so sincerely rejoices in your happiness and his.

God continue it to you both. This is our prayer night and morning, for our own sakes, as well as yours, believe

Your ever-obliged and affectionate EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER LV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MISS JERVOIS.

Tuesday, May 22.

I HAVE a great opinion of your prudence, my Love: And I have as high a one of Sir Edward Beauchamp's honour and discretion. His fortune, his merit are unexceptionable. Your guardian loves him. If you could certainly love Sir Edward above all men, and he you above all women, I am of opinion your guardian will think no alliance can be happier for both, and for himself too: For you know, my dear, that your welfare is near his heart. Let me, my sweet Emily, refer you as to your conduct on this occasion, to my own almost-unerring counsellors, my grandmamma and aunt Selby. Don't be ashamed to open your heart to them: Are you not under their wings? I will so manage, that they shall lead the way to your freedom with them. Your difficulties by this means will be lessened. Sir Charles will pay the greatest attention to their advice. But yet I must insist, that the reference to them, shall not deprive of my Emily's confidence,

Her ever-affectionate Sister, and faithful Friend and Servant, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LVI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Thursday, May 24.

I Begin this Letter, as I ended my last to Lucy — May this day be a happy one to her, and then it will be so to us all — My dear aunt Selby will be so good as to favour me with a line to acquaint me with the actual celebration; that I may ground upon in my earliest felicitations.

I will proceed with an account of what so much engages the attention of every one here.

I told you in one of my former, that Lady G. had shewn to Mrs. Beaumont Lucy's account of the conversation held at Shirley-manor, on the subject of a first Love, with Lady G's sprightly decision upon it, and upon the appeal made to me. — I must now tell you, that Mrs. Beaumont prevailed upon Lady Clementina to desire me to read it to her. She made her request; and I obeyed. Mrs. Beaumont was present. Not a word by way of application did either she or I suggest, when I had done reading. Lady Clementina's complexion often changed as I read. She was not at all diverted with those lively parts of Lady G's decision, that I ventured to read; tho' she is an admirer of her sprightly vein. She looked down most of the time in solemn silence. And at last, when I had ended, she, sighing, started, as if from a resverie, arose, courtesied, and withdrew; not having once opened her lips on the subject.

THE Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and the two young Lords, just now joined to request Sir Charles to become avowedly an advocate for the Count to Lady Clementina. They urged, that she was ballancing in his favour; and that Sir Charles's weight would turn the scale: But Sir Charles not only desired to be excused, but begged that she might not be solicited by any-body on that subject — May she not, asked he, by reasoning with herself, and considering what she can do, with justice to the Count and herself? Her future peace of mind is concerned that her determination now, shall be all her own. Leave her no room for after-regret, for having been persuaded against her mind. If persuasion only is wanting, will she not wrap herself up in reserve, to keep herself in countenance for not having been persuaded before?

Pursuant to this advice, the Marchioness in a conversation with her beloved daughter, that might have led to the subject on which their hearts are fixed, declined it; saying, Whatever my child shall determine upon, with regard to any plan for her future life, let her whole heart be in it: her choice shall be ours.

Thursday Afternoon.

LADY Clementina excused herself from breakfasting with us; but obliged us with her Company at dinner. At, and after dinner, Sir Charles directed himself to all the company, in turn, in his usual agreeable manner. How does his benign countenance always shine when he finds himself surrounded at table by his friends the larger the circle, the more diffused is his chearfulness. With what delight does his Jeronymo meditate his every graceful motion! He dwells upon what he says, and by his eyes cast with less complaceney on an interrupter, seems to wish every one silent, when Sir Charles's lips begin to open.

After he had gone round his ample table, saying something obliging to all (in a manner calling forth every one, to say something in his or her own way) he addressed himself more particularly to the Count, and led him into subjects both learned and familiar, in which he knew he could shine; and in which he d d. It was doubly kind in Sir Charles to do so; for the poor man's reverence for the mistress of his fate, had taken all courage from his love, and he wanted to be drawn out. Never can bashful merit appear to so much advantage, as in Sir Charles's address to it.

How much soul did Lady Clementina shew in her eyes! she was very attentive to every one that spoke. She asked the Count questions more than once on some of the subjects he was led to talk of. My eyes, as I could feel, glistened when she did, to see how those of her father and mother rejoiced, as I may say, on the notice she took of him. Lady Clementina could not but observe how delightfully her complaisance to the Count was received by all her family — Is it possible, thought I, more than once, were I in the situation of this admirable Lady, to avoid obliging such indulgent parents with the grant of all their wishes, that depended on myself; having given up voluntarily the man I preferred to all others?

Signor Sebastiano dropt a hint once, of his own, and the Count's, and Signor Juliano's intention of setting out; mentioning a care for their baggage, which by this time, he supposed, had reached Dover: But Clementina turning an attentive ear to what he said, Sir Charles was afraid she would take this hint as a design to hasten her resolution; and said, We will not sadden our hearts with the thoughts of parting with any of our friends.

Thursday Evening, Eight o'Clock.

A LETTER is this moment brought from town by an especial Messenger, to Signor Jeronymo. The whole family, Lady Clementina excepted, are got together upon the contents.

Ten o'Clock.

THE Marchioness, just now, taking my hand, tears starting in her eyes, Ah, madam, said she, the poor wretch Laurana — Just then the Bishop and Father

Marescotti entering, she put the Letter into my hand. I shall inclose a translation of it.

TO SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

May 6. N. S.

THE dear perverse Clementina may be now indulged, if she has not from principles of gratitude already yielded to give her hand to our Belvedere. I hope she has. One of our motives for urging her, is at an end. Laurana is no more. Her mother kept from her as long as she could, the news of the Count's accompanying you all to England: But when she was told that he was actually in that kingdom; and that my sister was heard of; she doubted not but the consequence would be the defeating of all her hopes with regard to him. A deep melancholy first seized her; that was succeeded by raving fits; and it is suspected that the poor creature, eluding the care of her attendants, came to a miserable end. Lady Sforza is inconsolable. A malignant fever is given out — so let it pass — SHE, whom the wretched creature most cruelly used, will shed a tear for the companion of her childhood: But who else, besides her own mother, will? — Yet, if the manner of her quitting life were as shocking as it is whispered to me it was — But I will not enquire further about it, for fear I should be induced to shew compassion for a wretch who ⟨◊⟩ not any to shew to a near relation, entrusted to her care, and who had a right to her kindest treatment.

What a glorious creature, as you paint him, as Fame, as father Marescotti, and you a l report him, is your Grandison! Your Sister-in-law must, I believe, be complied with. Ever since you all left Italy, she has been earnest to attend you in England. She even threatens to steal from her husband, if he consent not, and now Clementina has shewn her the way, procure a passage thither, to try my Love in following her, as that naughty girl has all yours, in a season — But what is the inclemency of season, what are winds, mountains, seas, to a woman who has set her heart on an adventure? This I must allow in her favour, if she should fly from me, it will be to the father, mother, brothers, from whom her Sister fled — Naughty, naughty Clementina! Can I forgive her? Yet if her parents do, what have I to say?

I do assure you, Jeronymo, that I unfeignedly join with you in your joy, that so deserving a man is not a loser by a disappointment, that we all know sat heavily upon him, at the time. I even long to see upon one spot, two women, who are capable of shewing, as they have shewn, a magnanimity so very rare in the Sex: One of whom, let me glory, is my Sister. But Clementina ever was one of the most generous, however, in some points, unpersuadable, of human creatures.

Let Belvedere know how much I love him. Whatever be his fate with one of the perversest, yet noblestminded of women, I will ever look upon him as my brother.

Reverence, duty, love, and the sincerest compliments, distribute, as due, my dear Jeronymo, from

Your GIACOMO.

LETTER LVII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Friday, May 25.

UNHAPPY Laurana! Sir Charles expressed great concern for the manner of her death. How can you, brother, said Lady G. (when we three only were together) be concerned for so execrable a wretch!

Shall a human creature perish, replied he, and its fellow-creature not be moved? Shall an immortal Being fix its eternal state by an act dreadful and irreversible; by a crime that admits not of repentance; and shall we not be concerned? this indeed was owing to distraction: But how ill was such a soul as Laurana's prepared to rush into Eternity? — Unhappy Laurana!

It is not thought fit, for obvious reasons, to acquaint Clementina with the contents of the general's Letter.

AT last, my dear grandmamma, the great point seems to be decided. Lady Clementina had for some time been employing herself in drawing up, in two opposite columns, the arguments for and against her entering into the marriage-state. She shewed them to me, and afterwards to Mrs Beaumont; but would not allow either of us to take a copy. She has stated them very fairly. I could not but observe to her on which side the strength lay.

This morning she gave us her company at breakfast-time for a few minutes only. She was in visible emotions; and seemed desirous of getting the better of them; but was unable; and therefore retired, She shut herself up, and about noon, sent, sealed up, a Letter; which I will English as well as I can; thus directed;

TO HER EVER-HONOURED, EVER-INDULGENT FATHER AND MOTHER, CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

HOW did my whole Soul aspire after the veil! — Insuperable obstacles having arisen against the union of your child with one exalted man, how averse was I to enter into covenant with any other!

It was your pleasure, my Lord; it was yours, madam; that I should not be indulged in the aspiration. You had the goodness to oblige me in my averseness.

The Chevalier Grandison has since convinced me by generous and condescending reasonings, that I could not, in duty to the will of my two grandfathers, and in justice to my elder brother and his descendants, renew my wishes after the cloister. I submit.

But now, what is to be done; what can I do, to make you, my dearest parents, and my brothers, happy? Olivia triumphs over me. My situation is disagreeable: I, who ought to be a comfort to my friends, have been, I still am, a trouble to them all. — The Chevalier Grandison and his excellent Lady, have signified to me, more than once, that they expect from me the completion of their earthly happiness: And what is this life, but a short, a transitory passage to a better?

Have I not declined accepting the vows of the first of men? The only man I ever saw with a wish to be united to him? Decline them on motives, that all my friends think do me honour?

Have I ever, dear as the struggle cost me, repented the glorious self denial? And what precedents of selfdenial (wholly yours by laws divine and human, as I am) have you, my ever indulgent parents, set me?

Is there a man I would prefer to him whom my friends are solicitous to commend to my favour?

Cannot I, in performing my duty to my parents, perform all those duties of life, which performed, may intitle me to a blessed hope?

Shall I contend in and through life, to carry a point, that at the awful close of it will appear to me, as nothing? —

Let me make a proposal — On a supposition that you, Sir, that you, Madam (whose patient goodness to me has been unexampled), and every one of my friends, favour the Count of Belvedere as much as ever — I have always acknowledged his merits —

Permit me a year's consideration from the present time, to examine the state of my head and heart; and at the end of that year, allow me to determine; and I will endeavour, my dear parents, to make your wishes, and my duty, honour, conscience, (divested of caprice, fancy, petulance) my sole guides in the result, as well as in the discussion. The Chevalier Grandison, his Lady, Father Marescutti, and Mrs. Beaumont, shall be judges between my relations and me, if there be occasion.

But, as it would be unreasonable to expect, that the Count of Belvedere should attend an issue so uncertain; for I would rather die, than give my vows to a man to whom I could not do justice both with regard to head and heart; so, I make it my earnest request to him, that he will look upon himself to be absolutely free to make his own choice, and to pursue his own measures, as opportunities offer. Rejoiced at my heart should I be, to have reason to congratulate him on his nuptials with a woman of the soundness of whose mind he could have no doubt, and whose heart never knew another attachment.

I would humbly propose, as a measure highly expedient, that the ever-obliging Chevalier Grandison and his truly admirable Lady will permit us, as soon as

possible, to depart from England. [O my friends accuse me not of levity in your hearts! I obeyed in the rash voyage hither, an Impulse that appeared to me irresistable] And let us leave it to his never-forfeited honour, to bring over to us, as soon as can be convenient, his Lady, his Sisters, and their Lords, as they have made us hope: And that a family friendship may be cultivated among us, as if a legal relation had taken place.

But allow me to declare, that if my cousin Laurana shall be found to have entertained the least reason to hope that she might one day be Countess of Belvedere, that that expectation alone, whatever turn my health may take, shall be considered as finally determining the Count's expectations on me; for I never will be looked upon as the rival of my cousin.

And now, blessed Virgin-mother of the God of my hope, do thou enable me to be an humble instrument of restoring to the hearts of my honoured and indulgent parents, and to those of my affectionate brothers and other friends, the tranquility of which I have so unhappily and so long deprived them; prays, and will every hour pray, my ever honoured and ever indulgent Father and Mother,

Friday, May 25.

Your dutifully devoted CLEMENTINA.

THE Marquis was alone with his Lady in her dressing room when Camilla carried them this Letter. They opened it with impatience. They could not contain their joy when they perused it. They both declared, that it was all that should, all that ought to be exacted from het. The Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and her two cousins, on the contents being communicated to them, were in cestasies of joy.

All that the Count of Belvedere had wished for, was, that Lady Clementina would give him hope, that if she ever married, he might be the happy man; and for the sake of this distant hope, he was resolved to forego all other engagements. Sir Charles was desired to acquaint him with the happy tidings. He did, with his usual prudence: but his joy is extreme.

The Marquis and Marchioness were impatient to embrace and thank their beloved Daughter. The moment she saw them she threw herself at their feet, as they sat together on one settee, and were rising to embrace her — O my father! O my mother! Have I not been perverse in your eyes? — It was not I! — You can pity me! — It was not always in my power to think as I now do. My mind was disturbed. I sought for tranquility, and could no where find it. My brother Guiacomo was too precipitating, yet, in his earnestness to have me marry, shewed his disinterestedness. He gave me not time, as you both, thro' the advice of the common friend of us all have done. The nearest evil was the heaviest to me: I sought to avoid that, and might have fallen into greater. God reward you, my father, my mother, and all my dear friends, for the indulgence you have shewn

me! — To follow me too into foreign climates, at an unpropitious season of the year — And for what? — Not to chide, not to punish me; but to restore me to the arms of your parental love! — And did you not vouchsafe to enter into conditions with your child! — How greatly disordered in my mind must I be, if I ever forget such instances of your graciousness!

The tender parents pressed her to their bosoms. How did her two brothers and Mrs. Beaumont applaud her! —

O how good, said she, are you all to me! What a malady! A malady of the darkest hue! was mine, that it could fill me with such apprehensions, as were able to draw a cloud between your goodness and my gratitude; and make even your indulgence wear the face of hardship to me.

The Bishop thought it not adviseable, that the Count, who hardly knew how to trust himself with his own joy, should be presently introduced to her. The rejoicing Lover therefore walked into the garden; giving way to his agreeable contemplations.

Clementina, her mind filled with self-complacency on the joyful reception her proposal had met with, went into the garden, intending to take one of her usual walks, Laura attending her. The Count saw her enter, and fearing to disoblige her, if he broke in upon her, in her retirements, profoundly bowed, and took a different path, but she, crossing another alley, was near him before he was aware. He started; but recovering, threw himself at her feet — Life of my hope! Adorable Lady Clementina! said he — But could not at the moment speak another word.

She relieved him from his confusion — Rise, my Lord, said she, I crossed to meet you, on purpose to exchange a few words with you, as you happened to be in the garden.

I cannot, connot rise, till, thus prostrate at your feet, I have thanked you, madam, with my whole soul —

No thanks are due, my Lord, interrupting him. God knows what may happen in the next twelve months. Rise, my Lord. [He arose.] As a friend of our house, I will respect you: So I have heretofore told you: But for your own sake, for honour's, for justice sake, I think it necessary to tell you, you must not make an absolute dependance on me from what I have written to my Parents, tho' I repent not of what I have written.

I will not, madam: For one year, for many years; I will await your pleasure. If at the end of any limited period, after that you have named, I cannot be so happy as to engage your favour, I will resign to my destiny — Only, mean time, permit me to hope.

I mentioned, my Lord, that it was for your own sake, that I wished you not to depend upon a contingency. Be you free to pursue your own measures. Who can

say, what one, two, or three years may produce? Maladies that have once seized the head, generally, as I have heard say, keep their hold, or often returned. Have I not very lately, been guilty of a great rashness? Believe me, Sir, if at the end of the allowed year, I shall have reason to suspect myself, I will suffer by myself. I ever thought you a worthy man: God forbid that I should make a worthy man unhappy. That would be to double my own misery.

Generous Lady! exalted goodness! — Permit me, I once more beseech you, but to hope. I will resign to your pleasure whatever it shall finally be; and bless you for your determination tho' it should doom me to despair.

Remember, my Lord, you are warned. You depend upon the regard all our house have for you. I owe it duty next to implicit, for its unexampled indulgence to me. Your reliance on its favour is not a wak one: But, O Count, remember I caution you, that your dependence on me, is not a strong me. Be prudent: let me not be vexed. My heart sickens at the thought of importunity. Opposition has its root in importunity. If you are as happy as I wish, you will be very happy. But at present I have no notion, that I can ever contribute to make you so.

He bent one knee, and was going to reply — Adieu, adieu, said she — Not another word, my Lord, if you are wise. Are not events in the hand of Providence?

She hurried from him. He was motionless for a few moments: His heart, however, overflowed with hope, love, and reverence.

On his reporting to the Marchioness, Mrs. Beaumont, the two Brothers, and me, what passed between the noble Lady and him, as above, we all congratulated him.

The warning Lady Clementina has given you my Lord, said Mrs. Beaumont, is of a piece with her usual greatness of mind, since the event referred to, is not, cannot be, in her own power.

There is not, said Signor Jeronymo, there can be but one woman greater than my sister — It is she, who can adopt as her dearest friend, a young creature of her own Sex in calamity (circumstances so delicate!) and for her sake, occasionally forget that she is the wife of the best, and most beloved of men.

Clementina, said the Bishop (the Count being withdrawn) will now complete her triumph. She has, upon religious motives, refused the man of her inclination; the man deservedly beloved and admired by all her friends, and by the whole world: And now will she, from motives, of duty, accept of another worthy man; and thereby lay her parents themselves, as well as the most disinterested of brothers, under obligation to her. — What a pleasure, madam, (to the Marchioness) will it be to you, to my honoured Lord, to my Uncle, and even to our Giacomo, and still more to his excellent wife, to reflect on the patience you

have had with her, since her last rash step, and the indulgence shewn her! Clementina now will be all our own.

Every one praised Sir Charles, and attributed to him the happy prospects before them.

LETTER LVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Monday, May 28.

THE Marchioness having been desired to break to Lady Clementina the news of Laurana's death, as of a favour, she did it with all imaginable tenderness this morning: But the generous lady was affected with it. —

"O my poor cousin! said she — Once she loved me. I ever loved her! — Had she time given her! — On what a sandy foundation do we build our schemes of worldly glory! — Poor Laurana! — God, I hope, has taken her to the arms of his mercy!"

The pious lady and her confessor have shut themselves up in the oratory appropriated for the devotions of this noble family, to pray, as I presume, for the soul of Laurana.

Every thing is settled according to a plan laid down by Lady Clementina, at the request of all her family. The Count and Signor Sebastiano, are to set out for Dover on Thursday next. In less than a month from their departure, the rest of our noble guests are to embark for France in their way home — All but Jeronymo. Sir Charles has prevailed, that he shall be left behind, to try what our English baths may contribute to the perfect re-establishment of his health.

This tender point having been referred to his admirable sister, she generously consented to his stay with us. She has still more generously, because unasked, released Sir Charles from his promise of attending them back to Italy, in consideration of his Harriet; since, at this time, he would not know how to leave her; nor she to spare him. But the next summer, if it be permitted me to look so forward, or the succeeding autumn to that, we hope to be all happy at Bologna. Lady L. Lady G. and their Lords, have promised to accompany us: So has Dr. Bartlett; and we all hope, that Sir Edward Beauchamp will not refuse to re-visit Italy with his friends.

Friday, June 1.

SIX happy days from the date of the Letter which Lady Clementina wrote to her father and mother, has the Count passed with us; the happiest he often declared, of his life; for in every one of them, he was admitted with a freedom that rejoiced his heart, to converse with the mistress of his destiny. She called upon him more than once in that space of time, to behave to her, as a Brother to his Sister; for this, she thinks, the uncertainty of what her situation may be a twelvemonth hence, requires for both their sakes.

Sweetly composed, sweetly easy, was her whole behaviour to him and to every-body else, during these six days. The sisterly character was well supported by her to him: But in the Count, the most ardent, the most respectful, and even venerating Lover took place of the brotherly one. Signor Jeronymo loves his Sister as he loves himself; but the eyes of the Count compared with those of Jeronymo, demonstrated, that there are two sorts of Love; yet both ardent; and Soul in both.

The parting scene between Clementina and the Count, was, on his side, a very fervent, on hers, a kind, one. On his knees, he pressed with his lips, her not withdrawn hand. He would have spoken; but only could by his eyes; which run over — Be happy, my Lord of Belvedere, said she. You have my wishes for your health and safety — Adieu!

She was for retiring: But the Count and Signor Sebastiano (of the latter of whom she had taken leave just before) following her a few paces, she turned; and with a noble composure, Adieu, once more, my two friends, said she: Take care, my Lord, of Signor Sebastiano: Cousin, take care of the Count of Belvedere; courtesying to both. The Count bowed to the ground, speechless. As she passed me, Lady Grandison, said she, listing my hand to her lips, Sister of my heart; the day is fine; shall I, after you have blessed with your good wishes, our parting friends, invite you into the garden? I took a cordial leave of the two noble youths, and followed her thither.

We had a sweet conversation there. And it was made still more delightful to us both, by Sir Charles's joining us, in about half an hour; for the two Lords would not permit him to attend them one step beyound the court yard; though he had his horses, in readiness to accompany them some miles on their way.

When we saw Sir Charles enter the garden, we stood still, arm in arm, expecting and inviting his approach. Sweet sisters! Lovely friends, said he, when come up to us, taking a hand of each, and joining them, bowing on both; Let me mark this blessed spot with my eye; looking round him; then on me; — A tear on my Harriet's cheek! — He dry'd it off with my own handkerchief — Friendship, dearest creatures, will make at pleasure a safe bridge over the narrow seas; it will cut an easy passage thro' rocks and mountains, and make England and Italy one country. Kindred souls are always near.

In that hope, my good Chevalier; in that hope, my dear Lady Grandison; will Clementina be happy, though the day of separation must not be far distant. And will you here, renew your promise, that when it shall be convenient to you, my dear Lady Grandison, you will not fail to grace our Italy with your presence?

We do! — We do! —

Promise me again, said the noble Lady. I, too, have marked the spot with my eye (standing still, and, as Sir Charles had done, looking round her) The Orangery on the right-hand; that distant clump of Oaklings on the left; the Villa, the Rivulet, before us; the Cascade in view; that Obelisk behind us — Be This the spot to be recollected as witness to the promise, when we are far, far distant from each other.

We both repeatexd the promise; and Sir Charles said (and he is drawing a plan accordingly) that a little temple should be erected on that very spot, to be consecrated to our triple friendship; and, since she had so happily marked it, to be called after her name.

On Monday next, we are to set out for London. One fortnight passed we shall accompany our noble friends to Dover — And there — O my grandmamma, how shall we do to part!

It is agreed, that Mr. Lowther and Mr. Deane, tho' the latter, I bless God, is in good health; will next season accompany Signor Jeronymo to Bath. Sir Charles proposes to be his visitor there: And when I will give permission, is the compliment made me. Sir Charles proposes, to shew him Ireland, and his improvements on his estate in that kingdom. Will not Lucy be rejoiced at that? — I am happy, that her Lord and she, take so kindly, the felicitations I made them both. They are always, my dear grandmamma, my uncle and aunt, and all my friends in Northamptonshire, sure of the heart of

Their and Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Sat. June 16.

I GAVE you, my dear grandmamma, in my two last Letters , an account of our delightful engagements, among ourselves principally, and now-and-then at public places. What a rich portion of time has passed: And we have still the promise of a week to come. And how let me take a survey of our present happy situation.

Every thing that can be adjusted, is. The Count of Belvedere, as by Letters to Signor Jeronymo, is on his way to Italy, and not unhappy: Lady Clementina is mistress of every question, and the more studious, for that reason, of obliging all her friends. How joyfully do we all, in prospect, see a durable tranquillity taking possession of her noble heart! The Marquis and Marchioness have not one care written on their heretofore visibly anxious brows. Clementina sees, as every one does, their amended health in their fine countenances; wonders at the power she had over them, and regrets that she made not, what she calls, a more grateful and dutiful use of it.

Father Marescotti, the Bishop, Signor Juliano, compliment the English air, as if that had contributed to the alteration; and promise wonders from that and its salubrious baths for Jeronymo.

The highest merit is given to the conduct of Sir Charles, and to the advice he gave not to precipitate the noble Clementina.

Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. when we are by ourselves, felicitate me more than any body else on these joyful changes; for they rightly say, that I could not but look upon the happiness of Lady Clementina, as essential to my own.

But your congratulations, my dearest grandmamma, I most particularly expect, that in this whole critical event, which brought to England a Lady so deserving of every one's Love, not one shadow of doubt has arisen of the tender, inviolable affection of the best of men to his grateful Harriet.

So peculiarly circumstanced as he was, how unaffectedly noble has been his behaviour to his WIFE, and to his FRIEND, in the presence of both! How often, tho' causelesly (because of the nobleness of the Lady's heart) have I silently wished him to abate of his outward tenderness to me, before her, tho' such as became the purest mind. — Nothing but the conscious integrity of his own heart, above disguises or concealments, as his ever was, could thus gloriously have carried him thro' situations so delicate.

He had, from the first, avowed his friendly, his compassionating Love, as well as Admiration, of this noble Lady: That generous avowal prepared his Harriet to expect, that he should behave with tenderness to her, even had not her transcendent worthiness done honour to every one who paid her honour. To her he applauded, he exalted his Harriet: She was prepared to expect that he would recognize, in the face of the sun, obligations that he had entered into at the altar: And both knew, that he was a good man; and that a good man cannot allow himself either to palliate or temporize with a duty, whether it regarded friendship, or a still closer and more sacred union. How many difficulties will the character and intervention of a man of undoubted virtue obviate! What cannot he effect? What force has his example! Sir Charles Grandison's Love is a Love to be gloried in. Magnanimity and tenderness are united in his noble heart. Littleness of any kind has no place in it: All that know him are studious to commend themselves to his favourable opinion; solicitous about what he will think of them; and, suppressing common foibles before him, find their hearts expand, nor know how to be mean.

O my God! do thou make me thankful for such a Friend, Protector, Director, Husband! Increase, with my gratitude to THEE, my merits to him, and my power of obliging him. For HIS SAKE, spare to him [This, my grandmamma, he bids be my prayer — I know it is yours] in the awful hour approaching, his Harriet; whose life and welfare, he assures her, are the dearest part of his own.

LETTER LX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

St. James's-Square, Monday, June 18.

NOW, at last, my dearest grandmamma, is the day arrived, that we are setting out for Dover. We shall lodge at Canterbury this night, and reach Dover to-morrow. How sad our hearts!

Canterbury, Monday Night.

HERE we are! How we look upon one another! The parting of dear friends, how grievous! — How does Sir Charles endeavour — But Lady Clementina is, to outward appearance, an Heroine. What a grandeur of soul! She would not be thought to be concerned at leaving Sir Charles Grandison: But I see she is inwardly a sufferer. Jeronymo is silent. I hope he repents not his stay to oblige his dear friend, and us all. The Marquis and Marchioness are continually comforting themselves (and declare it to be needful) with the hope of seeing us in a few months. Thank God they have a finer season to go back, than they had to come hither: And they have found the jewel they had lost.

I should have told you, that Lord and Lady L. and Lord and Lady G. took leave of us at Rochester; thinking so large a train would be inconvenient to those to whom they wished to do honour. How tender was the parting; particularly between Lady Clementina and Lady L.!

Ten o'Clock Monday Night.

I AM in my chamber here. Know not what to do with myself. — Yet, cannot write. Must again join company — Is not my Sir Charles in company?

Dover, Tuesday Night.

HERE, here, we are! How foolish to attempt the pen! I know not what to do with myself. The vessel is ready; every one is ready. To-morrow morning by day-light, if the wind — O what company to one another! How does the dear Clementina now melt into tears and tenderness! — Dear Lady! What prayers has she put up for me! What tender blessings has she poured out upon me! How have we blessed, soothed, and endeavoured to console each other! What vows of more than sisterly affection! — Mrs. Beaumont! The excellent Mrs. Beaumont, She now is also affected — She never loved, at so short an acquaintance, she says, any mortal as she loves me. She blesses my dear Sir Charles for his tender, yet manly Love to me! — We have engaged to correspond with each other, and in Italian chiefly, as with Lady Clementina, in order to perfect myself in that language, and

to make myself, as the Marchioness fondly says, an Italian woman, and her other Daughter.

Dover, Wednesday Morning.

CRUEL tenderness! They would not let me see them embark. Sir Charles laid his commands upon me (I will call them so because I obeyed reluctantly) not to quit my chamber. Over-Night, we parted! What a solemn parting! Sir Charles and Mrs. Beaumont only — But are they gone? They are! Indeed they are — Sir Charles, to whom seas and mountains are nothing, when either the service or pleasure of his friends call upon him, is embarked with them. He will see them landed, and accommodated at Calais, and then will return to Dover, to his expecting Harriet. His Jeronymo, his Beauchamp, and good Dr. Bartlett, are left to protect and comfort her. What a tender farewel between the Doctor and Father Marescotti last night: They, also, are to be constant correspondents: The welfare of each family is to be one of their subjects.

Lady Clementina was not afraid of passing a boistrous Sea, and the Bay of Biscay, in a wintry season, when she pursued the flight that then was first in her view. Her noble Mother, while she was in search of her daughter, had no fears: But now, the pangs of uncertainty and ardor of impatience being over, they both very thankfully embraced Sir Charles's offer (his resolution, I should say; for he would not have been refused) to accompany them over. The Marquis complimented him, that every one would think themselves safe in the company of so good a man! — How will they be able to part with him! He with them! — But in a twelvemonth we shall all, God willing, meet again; and, if the Almighty hear our prayers, have cause to rejoice in Lady Clementina's confirmed state of mind.

Friday Morning.

THE best of Men, of Friends, of Husbands, is returned from Calais, chearful, gay, lively, lovely, fraught with a thousand blessings for his Harriet. We shall set out, and hope to reach Canterbury this night on our return to town.

Sir Charles assures me, that he left the dear Sister of my heart not unhappy. She was all herself at parting [His own words]; magnanimous, yet condescendingly affectionate [His words also]; as one, who was not afraid or ashamed of her Sisterly Love for him. He took leave of her with a tenderness worthy of his friendship for her; a tenderness that the Brave and the Good ever shew to those who are deserving of their Love.

He particularly recommended it to her Father, Mother, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti (the two latter to enforce it upon the General) that they would not urge the noble Lady, not even upon the expectation she had given them; but leave her wholly to her own will, and her own way. They all promised they would; and, the poor Laurana being now no more, undertook for the General.

He tells me, that he had engaged the Court of Belvedere, on his departure from England, to promise, to make his court to her only by silent assiduities, and by those actions of beneficence and generosity which were so natural to him, and so worthy of his splendid fortune.

St. James's-square, Sunday Morning.

LAST night, blessed be God, we came hither in health and spirits. We are preparing for church. There shall we pray for the travellers, and be thankful for ourselves.

I expect Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. and my cousin Reeves's, according to the following billet from the ever-lively Lady G.

"My Harriet, thank God, is arrived, and in health and spirits. Caroline and Mrs. Reeves, I know, will long to congratulate you. I have therefore sent to invite them to dinner with you. Their good men, and mine of course, must be admitted. I know my Brother will not be displeased. He is indulgent to all the whimsies of his Charlotte that carry in the face of them, as this does, affectionate freedom. Besides, it is stealing time for him: I know he will not long be in town, and must see us all before he leaves it. He will hasten to the Hall, in order to pursue the glorious schemes of benevolence which he has formed, and in which hundreds will find their account.

"But let the green damask bed-chamber be got in a little sort of order, for a kind of nursery: Where we dine, we sup. My marmouset must be with me, you know. I have bespoke Lady L's — Mrs. Reeves is to bring hers. They are to crow at one another; and we are to have a squalling concern. As it is Sunday, I will sing an anthem to them. My pug will not crow, if I don't sing. Yet I am afraid, the little pagans will be less alive to a Christian hymn, than to the sprightlier Phillida, Phillida, of Tom. Durfey. I long to see how my agreeable Italian, poor thing! bears the absence of his father and mother. Bid him rub himself up, and look chearful, or I shall take him into our Nursery, to compleate the chorus, when our brats are in a squalling fit. Adieu till to-morrow, my dear, and ever-dear, Harriet! —"

Lady G. is a charming nurse. She must be extraordinary in whatever she does. Signor Jeronymo admires her of all women. But she sometimes makes him look about him. He rejoices that he is with us; and is in charming spirits. He is extremely fond of children; particulary so of Lady G's — It is indeed one of the finest infants I ever saw: And he calls it, after her, His Marmouset, hugging it twenty times a day to his good-natured bosom. It would delight you to hear her sing to it, and to see her toss it about. Such a Setting-out in matrimony; who would have expected Charlotte to make such a wife, mother, nurse! — Her brother is charmed with her. He draws her into the pleasantry that she loves; lays

himself open to it; and Lord G. fares the better for their vivacity. Sir Charles generally contrives to do him honour, by appealing to him, when Charlotte is, as he complains, over-lively with himself: But that is, in truth, when he himself takes her down, and compliments her as if she were an overmatch for him. She often, at these times, shakes her head at me, as if she were sensible of his superiority in her own way.

But how I trifle! — I am ready, quite ready, my dear Sir Charles. Lead your ever-grateful Harriet to the house of the All-good, All-merciful, All-mighty. There shall I, as I always do, edify by your chearful piety!

Sunday Afternoon.

A NEW engagement, and of a melancholy kind calls Sir Charles away from me again. In how many ways may a good man be serviceable to his fellow-creatures!

About two hours ago, a near relation of Sir Hargrave Pollexfel came hither in Sir Hargrave's chariat-and-six (the horses smoaking) to beg he would set out with him, if possible, to the unhappy man's house on the forest; where he has been, for a fortnight past, resigned to his last hope (and usually the physician's last prescription) The Air. The gentleman's name is Pollexfen. He will, if the poor man die childless, enjoy the greatest part of his large estate. Mr. Pollexfen is a worthy man, I belive, notwithstanding Sir Hargrave's former disregard to him, and jealousies ; for, after he had delivered his message from his cousin, which was to beseech the comfott of Sir Charlee's presence, and to declare that he could not die in peace, unless he saw him; he seconded Sir Hargrave's request, with tears in his eyes, and an earnestness that had both honesty and compassion in it. Sir Charles wanted not this to induce him to go; for he looks upon visiting the Sick, in such urgent cases, as an indispensable duty: And waiting but till horses had baited, he set out with Mr. Pollexfen with the utmost chearfulness; only saying to me — It is a wonder, if the poor man be sensible, that he thought not of Dr. Bartlett rather than of me,

Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and now Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in the prime of their Youth! — So lately revelling in full health, even to wantonness! — Companions in iniquity! — In so few months! — Thou, Almighty! comfort the poor man in his last agonies! and receive him! From my very soul I forgive him those injuries which I — But well I may — Since, great as they were, they ptoved the means of my being brought acquainted with the Lord of my wishes; the best of men.

Having filled my paper with the journal of near a week, I will conclude here, my dear grandmamma, with every tender wish and servent prayer for the health and happiness of all my dear friends in North-amptonshire, who so kindly partake in that of

Their and Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LXI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Wednesday, July 4.

AH, my grandmamma! — The poor Sir Hargrave! —

Sir Charles returned but this morning. He found him sensible. He rejoiced to see him. He instantly begged his prayers. He wrung his hands; wept; lamented his past free life. Fain, said he, would I have been trusted with a few years trial of my penitence. I have wearied heaven with my prayers to this purpose. I deserved not perhaps that they should be heard. My conscience cruelly told me, that I had neglected a multitude of opportunities! slighted a multitude of warnings! — O Sir Charles Grandison! It is a hard, hard thing to die! In the prime of youth too! — Such noble possessions! —

And then he warned his surrounding friends, and made comparisons between Sir Charles's happiness, and his own misery. Sir Charles, at his request, sat up with him all night: He endeavoured to administer comfort to him; and called out for mercy for him, when the poor man could only, by expressive looks, join in the solemn invocation. Sir Hargrave had begged he would close his eyes. He did. He staid to the last painful moment. Judge what such a heart as Sir Charles's must have felt on the awful occasion!

Poor Sir Hargrave Pollexfen! May he have met with mercy from the All-merciful!

He gave his will into Sir Charles's hands, soon after he came down. He has made him his sole executor. Have you not been told, that Sir Charles had heretofore reconciled him to his relations and heirs at Law? He had the pleasure of finding the reconciliation sincere. The poor man spoke kindly to them all. They were tenderly careful of him. He acknowleged their care.

I cannot write for tears. — The poor man, in the last solemn act of his life, has been intendedly kind, but really cruel, to me. — I should have been a sincere mourner for him (A life so mispent!) without this act of regard for me — He has left me, as a small atonement, he calls it, for the terrors he once gave me, a very large Legacy in money (Sir Charles has not yet told me what) and his jewels and plate — And he has left Sir Charles a noble one besides. He died immensely rich. Sir Charles is grieved at both Legacies: And the more, as he cannot give them back to the heirs; for they declare, that he bound them under a solemn oath (and by a curse, if they broke it) not to except back either from Sir Charles, or me, the

large bequests he told them he had made us: And they assured Sir Charles, that they would be religiously bound by it.

Many unhappy objects will be the better for these bequests. Sir Charles tells me, that he will not interfere, no, not so much as by his advice, in the disposal of mine. You, madam, and my aunt Selby, must direct me, when it comes into my hands. Sir Charles intends, that the poor man's memory shall receive true honour from the disposition of his Legacy to him. He is pleased with his Harriet, for the concern she expressed for this unhappy man. The most indulgent of husbands finds out some reason to praise her for every thing she says and does. But could HE be otherwise than the best of HUSBANDS, who was the most dutiful of SONS; who is the most affectionate of BROTHERS; the most faithful of FRIENDS: Who is good upon principle, in every relation of life?

What, my dear grandmamma, is the boasted character of most of those who are called HEROES, to the un-ostentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN? In what a variety of amiable lights does such a one appear? In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his fellow-creatures?

And this blessing, this joy, your Harriet can call more peculiarly her own!

My single heart, methinks, is not big enough to contain the gratitude which such a Lot demands. Let the overflowings of your pious joy, my dearest grandmamma, join with my thankfulness in paying part of the immense debt for

Your undeservedly Happy HARRIET GRANDISON.

ERRATA.

- Vol. II. . l. 7.after Calais, insert embarked.
- Vol. III. . l. 13. for himself, read yourself.
- Vol. IV. . l. 7. from the bottom, dele the passage between the Hooks [].
- Vol. IV. . l. 2, 3. for Allestree, read Barnet.
- Vol. IV. . l. 7. from the bottom, for afternoon. read evening.
- Vol. VII. . l. 6. read my Uncle a bass-viol; Mr. Deane a German-flute;
- Vol. VII. . for your girls, read, you girls.

A CONCLUDING NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE Editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publish it, because he thinks Human Nature has often, of late, been shewn in a light too degrading; and he hopes from this Series of Letters it will be seen, that characters may be good, without being unnatural. Sir Charles Grandison himself is sensible of imperfections, and, as the reader will remember, accuses himself more than once of tendencies to pride and passion, which it required his utmost caution and vigilance to rein-in; and many there are, who look upon his offered compromise with the Porretta Family, in allowing the daughters of the proposed marriage to be brought up by the mother, reserving to himself the education of the sons only, as a blot in the character. Indeed, Sir Charles himself declares to the General, that he would not have come into such a compromise in a beginning address, not even with a princess.

Notwithstanding this, it has been observed by some, that, in general, he approaches too near the faultless character which critics censure as above nature: Yet it ought to be observed too, that he performs no one action which it is not in the power of any man in his situation to perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man to restrain himself.

It has been objected by some persons, that a man less able by strength or skill to repel an affront, than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not with such honour have extricated himself out of difficulties on refusing a challenge. And this is true, meaning by honour the favourable opinion of the European world, from the time of its being over-run by Gothic barbarism, down to the present. But as that notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one, and yet multitudes are at a loss to get over it, the rejection and continuation of it by a person whom, it was visible, the consideration of his own safety did not influence, must surely be of no small weight. And when it is once allowed, that there are cases and circumstances in which these polite invitations to murder may consistently with honour be disregarded, a little attention will easily find others; vulgar notions will insensibly wear out; and more ground be gained by degrees, than could have been attempted with hope of success, at once; till at length all may come to stand on the firm footing of reason and religion.

In the mean time, they who are less qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will, however, be esteemed for it by every serious and prudent person; and, perhaps, inwardly by many who are mean enough to join outwardly in blaming them.

Indeed, when a person hath deserved harsh treatment, his acquiescence under it, may generally be imputed to fear alone, and so render him an object at once of hatred and ridicule, hardly possible to be borne: But he who supports a conduct equally offensive, by ever so much brutal courage, tho' a less contemptible, is a vastly more detestable, creature: Whilst an upright and harmless man, suppose him ever so timorous, merits rather a kind sort of pity than violent scorn.

But whoever declines forbidden instances of self vindication, not from fear but from principle; which is always to be presumed, if his regard to principle be steady and uniform in other things; such a one, however inferior to Sir Charles Grandison in advantages of nature and art, yet, if he shews real greatness of mind in such things as all men may, needs not doubt but he shall be respected by most, and may be sufficiently easy, tho' he is despised by some. He will still have the satisfaction of reflecting, that the Laws of all nations are on his side, and only the usurped authority of a silly modern custom against him; that on many occasions, worthy men in all ages, have patiently suffered false disgrace for adhering to their duty; that the true bravery is to adhere to all duties under all disadvantages; and that refusing a duel is a duty to ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and our MAKER. And whoever acts on these principles, the more reproach he undergoes for it, father than be driven, like a coward, by the scoffs of his fellow-subjects, to rebel against the SOVEREIGN of the Universe, will have the more delightful consciousness of a strong inward principle of piety and virtue, and the more distinguished reward from the final Judge of all, who alone disposes of that Honour which shall never fade.

It has been said in b half of many modern fictitious pieces, in which authors have given success (and happiness, as it is called) to their heroes of vicious, if not of profligate, characters, that they have exhibited Human Nature as it is. Its corruption may, indeed, be exhibited in the faulty character; but need pictures of this be held out in books? Is not vice crowned with success, triumphant, and rewarded, and perhaps set off with wit and spirit, a dangerous representation? And is it not made even more dangerous by the hasty reformation introduced, in contradiction to all probability, for the sake of patching up what is called a happy ending?

The God of Nature intended not Human Nature for a vile and contemptible thing: And many are the instances, in every age, of those whom He enables, amidst all the frailties of mortality, to do it honour. Still the best performances of human creatures will be imperfect; but, such as they are, it is surely both delightful and instructive to dwell sometimes on this bright side of things; To show, by a series of facts in common life, what a degree of excellence may be attained and preserved amidst all the infection of fashionable vice and folly.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is therefore in the general tenor of his principles and conduct (tho' exerted in peculiarities of circumstances that cannot always be accommodated to particular imitation) proposed for an Example; and, in offering him as such were his character still more perfect than it is presumed to be, the Editor is supported by an eminent Divine of our own country.

"There is no manner of inconvenience in having a pattern propounded to us of so great perfection, as is above our reach to attain to; and there may be great advantages in it. The way to excel in any kind, is, optima quaeque exempla ad imitandum proponere; to propose the brightest and most perfect Examples to our imitation. No man can write after too perfect and good a copy; and tho' he can never reach the perfection of it, yet he is like to learn more, than by one less perfect. He that aims at the heavens, which yet he is sure to come short of, is like to shoot higher than he that aims at a mark within his reach.

"Besides, that the excellency of the pattern, as it leaves room for continual improvement, so it kindles ambition, and makes men strain and contend to the utmost to do better. And, tho' he can never hope to equal the Example before him, yet he will endeavour to come as near it as he can. So that a perfect pattern is no hindrance, but an advantage rather, to our improvement in any kind."
Tillotson. Vol. II. Serm. LVII. .

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THE FOLLOWING UNLUCKY OMISSION IN LETTER III. OF THIS VOLUME, WRITTEN BY MISS LUCY SELBY TO LADY G. IS THOUGHT PROPER TO BE SUPPLIED HERE.

P. 10. That young Lady thus writes:

"He [Sir Charles] hopes for a visit from the Italian family, so deservedly dear to him, by which hers to regulate many of his future motions:

[Then follows the omission.]

I cannot say I wish for this visit. I love, I admire, I pity them; and would, had I wings, take a flight into Italy, with all my heart, to see them incognita. Clementina must be a charming creature — but, for Harriet's sake, I have been used to think of her with terror.

For your Brother's sake also, Lady G. I rejoice, and so, you know, do Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Shirley, that she can now be only a Visiter. How could Sir Charles, so thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart indeed, is, generously open and benevolent to people of all countries: He is, as I have often heard you say, in the noblest sense, a Citizen of the World: But, see we not, that his long residence abroad, has only the more endeared to him the Religion, the Government, the Manners of England? You know, that on a double Principle of Religion and Policy, he encourages the Trades-people, the Manufactures, the Servants, of his own Country. Do I not remember a charmingly lively debate between you and him, on the subject of those Elegancses in Dress and Appearance which you said (and I thought you naughty for saying it) were only to be acquired by employing the better taste of Foreigners?

He concluded it seriously. I recollect nearly his Words:

"The Error, Lady G. is growing too general, is authorized by too many persons of figure, not to make one afraid of fatal consequences, from what in its beginning seemed a trifle. Shall any one pretend to true Patriotism, and not attempt to stem this torrent of Fashion, which impoverishes our own honest Countrymen, whilst it carries Wealth and Power to those whose National Religion and Interest are directly opposite to ours!"

Good Heaven, thought I, at the time, how was this noble-minded man entangled by delicacies of situation, by friendship, by compassion, that he should ever have been like to be engaged in a family of Roman Catholics, and lived half of his days out of his beloved Country! And the other half to have set, as to the world's eye, such an Example in it!

I know, Lady G. he would have made it his study to prevent any mischief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his Lady's Confessor, had a certain compromise taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Marescotti: But would even that good man have thought himself bound to observe Faith with Heretics in such a case?

Whither am I rambled! I was going to tell you, that if this Italian Family comes over, his new taken house, &c.

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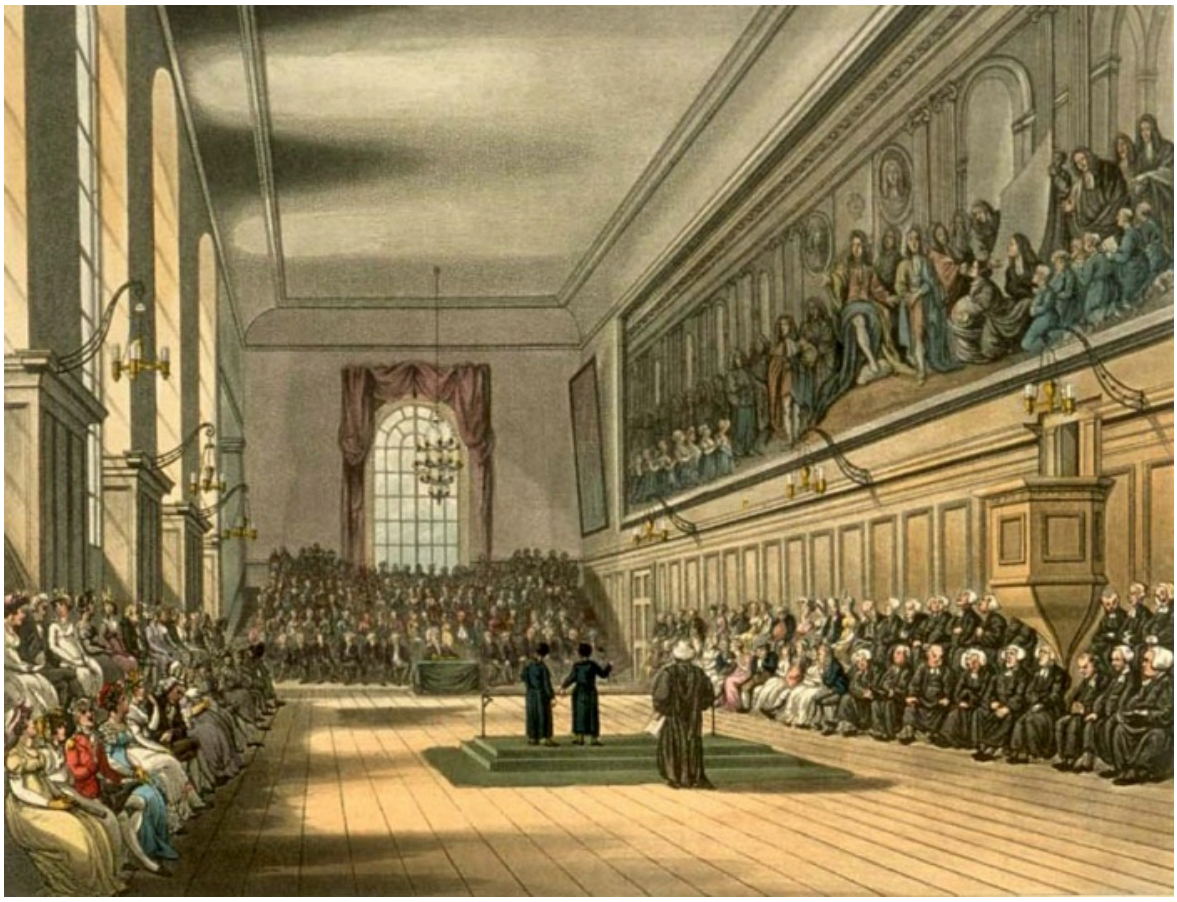
The Fables

Christ's Hospital, south of Horsham, West Sussex — the grammar school where Richardson received his education



This early nineteenth century picture shows the Great Hall on St. Matthew's Day, 21 September, 1808. On this day, two Grecians destined for scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge Universities gave orations in praise of the school, one in Latin and the other in English.

AESOP'S FABLES

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THE LIFE OF ÆSOP.

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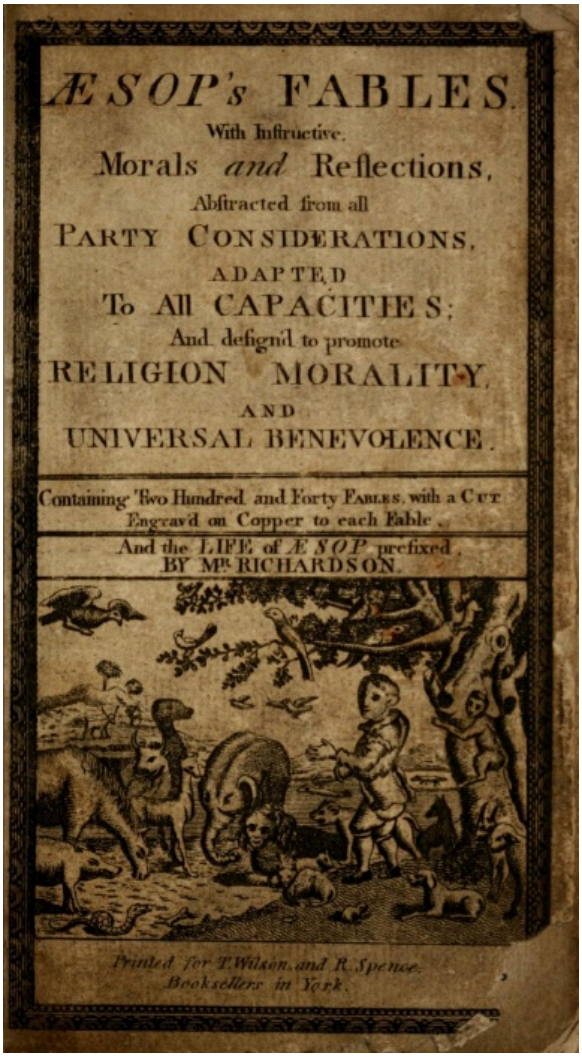

An early frontispiece of the Fables

PREFACE.

When there are so many Editions of *Æsop's* Fables, it will be expected, that some Reasons should be given for the Appearance of a new one; and we shall be as brief on this Head, as the Nature of the Thing will admit. Of all the *English* Editions, we shall consider only two, as worthy of Notice; to wit, That of the celebrated Sir *Roger Lestrange,* and that which appears under the Name of *S. Croxal,* subscribed to the Dedication. And when we have given an Account of what each says for his own Performance, it will be our Turn to offer some things to the Reader with regard to our present Undertaking.

"When first I put Pen to Paper upon this Design, says Sir *Roger,* I had in my Eye only the common School Book, as it stands in the *Cambridge* and *Oxford* Editions of it, under the Title of *Æsopi Phrygis Fabulæ; una cum nonnullis variorum Auctorum Fabulis adjectis*: Propounding to myself at that Time, to follow the very Course and Series of that Collection; and in one Word, to try what might be done by making the best of the Whole, and adapting proper and useful Doctrines to the several Parts of it, toward the turning of an *excellent Latin Manual* of Morals and good Counsels, into a *tolerable English one.* But upon jumbling Matters and Thoughts together, and laying one Thing by another, the very State and Condition of the Case before me, together with the Nature and the Reason of the Thing, gave me to understand, that this Way of proceeding would never answer my End: Insomuch that, upon this Consideration, I consulted other Versions of the same Fables, and made my best of the Choice. Some that were *twice or thrice over*, and only the self-same Thing in other Words; these I struck out, and made one Specimen serve for the rest. To say nothing of here and there a *trivial*, or a *loose Conceit* in the Medly, more than this; that such as they are, I was under some sort of Obligation to take them in for Company; and in short, *good, bad,* and *indifferent*, one with another, to the Number, in the Total, of 383 Fables. To these I have likewise subjoin'd a considerable Addition of other select *Apologues,* out of the most celebrated Authors that are extant upon that Subject, towards the finishing of the Work.'

And a little farther, This *Rhapsody* of *Fables,* says he, is a Book universally read, and taught in all our Schools; but almost at such a Rate as we teach *Pyes* and *Parrots,* that pronounce the Words without so much as guessing at the Meaning of them: Or, to take it another way, the Boys break their Teeth upon the Shells, without ever coming near the Kernel. They learn Fables by Lessons, and the Moral is the least Part of our Care in a Child's Institution: So that take both

together, and the one is stark Nonsense, without the Application of the other; beside that, the Doctrine itself, as we have it, even at the best, falls infinitely short of the Vigour and Spirit of the Fable. To supply this Defect now, we have had several *English* Paraphrases and Essays upon *Æsop,* and divers of his Followers, both in Prose and Verse. The latter have perchance ventur'd a little too far from the precise Scope of the Author upon the Privilege of a poetical Licence: And for the other of antient Date, the Morals are so insipid and flat, and the Style and Diction of the Fables so coarse and uncouth, that they are rather dangerous, than profitable, as to the Purpose they were principally intended for; and likely to do forty times more Mischief by the one, than Good by the other. An Emblem without a Key to't, is no more than a *Tale of a Tub;* and that Tale sillily told too, is but one Folly grafted upon another. Children are to be taught in the first Place, what they ought to do: 2dly, The Manner of doing it: And in the third Place, they are to be inur'd by the Force of Instruction and good Example, to the Love and Practice of doing their Duty; whereas, on the contrary, one Step out of the Way in the Institution, is enough to poison the Peace, and the Reputation of a whole Life. Whether I have in this Attempt, adds Sir *Roger,* contributed or not, to the Improvement of these Fables, either in the Wording, or the Meaning of them, the Book must stand or fall to itself: But this I shall adventure to pronounce upon the whole Matter, that the Text is *English,* and the Morals, in some sort, accommodate to the *Allegory,* which could hardly be said of all the Translations or Reflections before-mentioned, which have serv'd, in Truth, (or at least some of them) rather to teach us what we should *not* do, than what we *should.* So that in the publishing of these Papers, I have done my best to obviate a common Inconvenience, or, to speak plainly, the mortal Error of pretending to erect a Building upon a false Foundation: Leaving the whole World to take the same Freedom with me, that I have done with others.'

Thus far Sir *Roger Lestrange.* Now we come to what the other Gentleman has to say *for himself* or rather, as he has manag'd the matter, what he has to say *against Sir* Roger, the depreciating of whose Work, seems to be the Corner-Stone of his own Building.

'Nothing of this Nature, says he, has been done since *Lestrange* s Time, worth mentioning; and we had nothing before, but what (as he observes, *Pref* to Part I.) was so *insipid and flat in the Moral, and so coarse and uncouth in the Style and Diction, that they were rather dangerous than profitable, as to the Purpose for which they were principally intended; and likely to do forty times more Harm than Good.* I shall therefore only observe to my Reader the Insufficiency of *Lestrange'*s own Performance, as to the Purpose for which he professes to have

principally intended it; with some other Circumstances, which will help to excuse, if not justify, what I have enterpriz'd upon the same Subject.

'Now the Purpose for which he principally intended his Book, as in his Preface he spends a great many Words to inform us, was for the Use and Instruction of Children; who being, as it were, a mere *rasa Tabula*, or blank Paper, *are ready indifferently for any Opinions, good or bad, taking all upon Credit; and that it is in the Power of the first Comer, to write Saint or Devil upon them, which he pleases.* This being truly and certainly the Case, what Devils, nay, what poor Devils, would *Lestrange* make of those Children, who should be so unfortunate as to read his Book, and imbibe his pernicious Principles! Principles coined and suited to promote the Growth, and serve the Ends, of Popery and arbitrary Power. Tho' we had never been told he was a Pensioner to a Popish Prince, and that he himself profess'd the same unaccountable Religion, yet his Reflections upon *Æsop* would discover it to us: In every political Touch, he shews himself to be the Tool and Hireling of the Popish Faction; since even a Slave, without some mercenary View, would not bring Arguments to justify Slavery, nor endeavour to establish arbitrary Power upon the Basis of right Reason. What sort of Children therefore are the *Blank Paper*, upon which such Morality as this ought to be written? Not the Children of *Britain,* I hope; for they are born with free Blood in their Veins, and suck in Liberty with their very Milk. This they should be taught to love and cherish above all things, and, upon Occasion, to defend and vindicate it; as it is the Glory of their Country, the greatest Blessing of their Lives, and the peculiar happy Privilege, in which they excel all the World besides. Let therefore *Lestrange* with his slavish Doctrine be banish'd to the barren Desarts of *Arabia,* to the Nurseries of *Turkey, Persia,* and *Morocco,* where all Footsteps of Liberty have long since been worn out, and the Minds of the People, by a narrow Way of Thinking, contracted and inur'd to Fear, Poverty and miserable Servitude. Let the Children of *Italy, France, Spain,* and the rest of the Popish Countries, *continues this tedious Declaimer,* furnish him with Blank Paper for Principles, of which free born *Britons* are not capable. The earlier such Notions are instill'd into such Minds as theirs indeed, the better it will be for them, as it will keep them from thinking of any other than the abject, servile Condition to which they are born. But let the Minds of our *British* Youth be for ever educated and improv'd in that Spirit of Truth and Liberty, for the Support of which their Ancestors have often bravely exhausted so much Blood and Treasure.'

Thus we see the chief Quarrel of the worthy Gentleman is against the *Politicks* of Sir *Roger,* and we heartily join with him on this Head. Sir *Roger* was certainly listed in a bad Cause as to Politicks, and his Reflections have many of them a

pernicious Tendency. But the Time in which he wrote, within View, in a manner, of the Civil Wars so lately concluded, and the Anarchy introduced by them, to so great an Extreme of one Side, was so naturally productive of an Extreme on the other, that many very great Men of that Time fell into the same Error with Sir *Roger.* And perhaps a charitable Mind, duly reflecting upon this, and not intent upon *partial* or *selfish* Views, would have found something to have said, if not in *Excuse,* yet in *Extenuation,* of the Fault.

The Doctor, for such I am told the Gentleman is, proceeds to strengthen his own Cause, by further observing, 'That *Lestrange* (as he every where calls the deceased Knight) made not fair Reflections upon the Fables in political Points: That *Æsop,* tho' a Slave, was a Lover of Liberty, and gives not one Hint to favour *Lestrange'*s Insinuations: But that, on the contrary, he takes all Occasions to recommend a Love for Liberty, and an Abhorrence of Tyranny, and all arbitrary Proceeding; That *Lestrange* (again!) notoriously perverts both the Sense and Meaning of several Fables, particularly when any political Instruction (*for this is still the Burden of the Doctor's Song)* is couched in the Application;' and then gives an Example in Sir *Rogers* Fable of the *Dog and the Wolf,* and further objects against the Knight, 'that he has swelled his Work, which was designed for the Use of Children, to a voluminous Bulk; and by that Means rais'd it to an exorbitant Price, so as to make it unsuitable to the Hand or Pocket of the Generality of Children.' And here follows a very extraordinary Conclusion of the Doctor, which we shall give *verbatim:* 'If I were, *says the good Man,* to put Constructions upon the Ways of Providence, I should fansy this Prolixity of his, was order'd as a Preservative against his noxious Principles; for however his Book may have been used by *Men,* I dare say, few *Children* have been conversant with it.' So that we see, at last, all the terrible Apprehensions of the Mischiefs of Sir *Rogers* Book, are merely the Effects of the good Doctor's Imagination, which, 'tis generally said, has run away with his Judgment in more Instances than the present.

If this then be the Case, we presume to hope, that, even in the good Doctor's Opinion, there will not be any Necessity to banish poor *Lestrange* to the barren Desarts of *Arabia,* to the Nurseries of *Turkey, Persia,* and *Morocco*; nor that he should be confined to the Children of *Italy, France, Spain,* and the rest of the Popish Countries; but, for the sake of the excellent Sense contain'd in his other Reflections, where Politicks are not concern'd; for the sake of the Benefit which the *English* Tongue has received from his masterly Hand; for the sake of that fine Humour, apposite Language, accurate and lively Manner, which will always render Sir *Roger* delightful, and which this severe Critick has in some Places so wretchedly endeavour'd to imitate: For all these sakes, I say, let him remain

among us still, since our Author thinks he can do no Harm to *Children,* and *Men* may be supposed guarded by Years and Experience; and the rather, if it be only to shew the Difference between a fine Original, and a bungling Imitation; and that no prating *Jays* may strut about in the beautiful Plumage of the *Peacock.*

The Doctor proceeds, and fixes a Stigma on the Second Volume of Sir *Rogers* Fables, and, in the main, I join with him in it; For, as a Book of Fables, it is truly unworthy of that celebrated Hand; and for that Reason we have made very little Use of it in our present Edition; tho' we cannot but apprehend, that he was put upon it rather by the Importunity of Booksellers, encourag'd by the Success of the first Volume, than by his own Choice or Judgment: And after all, some Allowance ought to be made for his Circumstances, and his Years, being, as he tells us, on the wrong Side of Fourscore when he wrote it.

It is but just to transcribe the concluding Paragraph of the Doctor's Preface:

'Whether, *says he,* I have mended the Faults I find with him, in this, or any other respect, I must leave to the Judgment of the Reader: Professing (according to the Principle on which the following Applications are built) that I am a Lover of Liberty and Truth; an Enemy to Tyranny, either in Church or State; and one who detests Party-Animosities and factious Divisions, as much as I wish the Peace and Prosperity of my Country.'

We greatly applaud this pompous Declaration of the good Gentleman's Principles: But tho' we might observe, that he has strain'd the natural Import of some of the Fables, near as much one way, as Sir *Roger* has done the other, and may be censur'd for giving too frequently into political Reflexions, which had, on all Occasions, if the Book be meant for Children, better be avoided, where the Moral will bear a more general and inoffensive Turn; yet we shall only observe, That had this Gentleman, who cloaths himself in the Skin of the departed Knight, and, at first Sight, makes so formidable an Appearance in it, lived in the Days of Sir *Roger,* and had Sir *Roger* lived in his, it is not impossible that the Sentiments of both might have changed.

What I mean, is, The *Restoration* of Monarchy under King *Charles* II. made these now exploded Doctrines as much the Fashion then, as the glorious *Revolution* under King *William* III. has made the Doctor's Principles the Fashion now. And for aught that appears from the *Moderation* of the Doctor's Principles, if we may judge of a Man's Temper by his Disposition, as shewn in several Instances of his Preface, had the Doctor lived when Sir *Roger* did, he might have been the *Lestrange* of the *one Court,* as *Lestrange,* had he been in the Doctor's Place, might have taken Orders, and become Chaplain in the *other.* If the living Gentleman reflects, as he ought, upon the little Mercy he has shewn to the Dead,

he will not think this too severe. And the Comparison will appear the less invidious, to any one who considers, that Sir *Roger* suffer'd for his Principles, bad as they were: And the Doctor, we hope, for the sake of the *Publick,* as well as for his *own sake,* will never be called upon to such Trials.

We have thus set the Pretensions of the two Gentlemen in a proper Light: It remains for us, now, to say something of our own Undertaking.

The Usefulness and Benefit of such a Work to Children is allow'd on all Hands; and therefore we shall not insist upon a Topick, which has been so much labour'd by the Gentlemen who have gone before us.

We have seen, that the only Objections which a scrutinizing Adversary, who had it in View to supplant the Knight, and thrust himself into his Place, can find against him, are the *Political* Part, and the *Bulk* and *Price* of the Performance: As to the rest, on comparing the Works, we find a very great Disparity between them: We therefore were assur'd, that we should do an acceptable Service, if we could give the *exceptionable Reflections* a more *general* and *useful* Turn; and if we could reduce the Work to such a *Size* as should be fit for the *Hands* and *Pockets* for which it was principally designed; and at the same time preserve to Sir *Roger* the principal Graces and Beauties for which he is so justly admired: And this only, tho' we found afterwards, on a closer Review, a Necessity of going further, was our *first* Intention.

We were the rather prevailed upon to take this Liberty with Sir *Roger,* because he ingenuously declares, in what we have quoted from his Preface, 'That he was under some Sort of Obligation to take into his Medly, as he modestly calls it, here and there a trivial or a loose Conceit, for Company.' An Obligation imposed upon him, we presume, by his unhappy Circumstances, (and which hardly *these could excuse*,) in order to add to the Bulk of his Book, which he first published in Folio.

This, with other proper Alterations, *&c* where the Sense and Poignance of the Fable and Reflections would best bear it, we thought would give us the Opportunity of answering the Objection about the *Bulk* and *Price.* And on looking closer into the Subject, we found sufficient Reason to justify our Opinion.

Thus then, instead of banishing Sir *Roger* to the Desarts of *Arabia,* we confess that it was our Intention, every-where, except in his *Political Reflections,* to keep that celebrated Writer close in our Eye: And in some Places we have accordingly contented ourselves with the inferior Glory of having only abridged him, where we could not, with *equal* Beauty and Propriety, give Words and Sentences different from his own; rather chusing to acknowledge our Obligations to so great a Master, than to arrogate to ourselves the Praises due to another.

We have not, however, spar'd any of those Conceits, as Sir *Roger* calls them, which we imagin'd capable only of a trivial, or liable to a loose Construction. We have also presumed to alter, and put a stronger Point to several of the Fables themselves, which we thought capable of more forcible Morals. And instead of the Political Reflections, we have every where substituted such as we hope will be found more general and instructive. For we think it in no wise excusable to inflame Children's Minds with Distinctions, which they will imbibe fast enough from the Attachments of Parents, *&c* and the Warmth of their own Imaginations. But nevertheless, we must add, That where-ever the Fable *compell'd,* as we may say, a Political Turn, we have, in our Reflections upon it, always given that Preference to the Principles of LIBERTY, which we hope will for ever be the distinguishing Characteristic of a *Briton* As we are sensible of the alluring Force which Cuts or Pictures suited to the respective Subjects, have on the Minds of Children, we have in a quite new manner ingrav'd on Copper-Plates, at no small Expence, the Subject of every Fable; and presume, that the little Trouble which Children will have to turn to the Cuts, as Ten of them are included in one Plate, will rather excite their Curiosity, and stimulate their Attention, than puzzle or confuse them, especially as the Readers are distinctly referr'd both to Page and Fable in every Representation.

What we have said, may be thought sufficient to justify us with regard to the Equity of our Design: But that we may intirely clear ourselves on this Head, we will subjoin the four following Lists, which will set the matter in a clear Light; and likewise convince every one concerned in the Business of Education, how careful we have been to collect only such Fables, as were fit for the Instruction of the Youth of both Sexes, at the same time that we hope it will not be found unworthy of the Perusal of Persons of riper Years and Understandings.

I. A LIST of such FABLES of Sir *Roger Lestrange,* which we have omitted, as being either of the like Nature, and affording the like Morals and Reflexions with others inserted; or from which such pertinent Morals could not be drawn, as we were desirous to select for general Use.

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II. A LIST of such Fables of Sir *Roger,* as we have omitted, as being rather to be deemed witty Conceits, facetious Tales, and sometimes ludicrous Stories, than instructive Apologues.

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III. A LIST of such FABLES to which we have presumed to give entirely either new Morals or new Reflections, as we thought the Design of the Fables more naturally required, in order to direct them to general Use; or to avoid Party or Political Reflections.

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IV. A LIST of such FABLES of Sir *Roger,* as we have taken the Liberty to alter, or enforce, that we might accommodate them to more useful Morals and Reflections.

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148

The following Fables as they stand in this Work are all that we are beholden for to Vo L. II. of Sir *Roger,* and we have not only taken great Liberty with them, but have fitted such Morals and Reflections to them, as we hope will be found equally agreeable and instructive. These are,

234.
TRAVELLER *and* GRASSHOPPERS.

236.
PARTRIDGES *and* SETTING-DOG.

237.
LAME MAN *and* BLIND.

238.
The three pretended PENITENTS.

239.
Disappointed MILKMAID.

And FAB.
240.
No TO-MORROW, (which standsFAB. 495.

And Fab. 240. *No* To-Morrow (which stands Fab. 495. in Sir *Rogers* first Volume) we have turn'd from a most ludicrous one, to a very edifying Fable, as

we presume will be found on Comparison; and therefore have chosen to conclude our Work with it.

If thus we have banished from Sir *Roger* all that his most partial Enemy could except against him; and have preserved all that has gained him the Approbation of the best Judges: If we have avoided the Faults of both Gentlemen (and we think we could point out, if we were put upon it, where the one has been faulty as well as the other; and a thousand Instances wherein he has infinitely fallen short of the Author he aims to supplant): Why should we not presume, that there may be Room for this Performance, which we now present to the Publick? To whose Judgment we therefore submit it; and are willing to stand or fall by its Determination.

THE LIFE OF ÆSOP.

We have had the History of *Æsop* so many times over and over, as Sir *Roger Lestrange* observes, and dress'd up so many several Ways, that it would be but Labour lost to multiply unprofitable Conjectures upon a Tradition of so great Uncertainty. Writers are divided about him, almost to all manner of Purposes; and particularly concerning the Authority even of the greater Part of those Compositions that pass the World in his Name: For the Story is come down to us so dark and doubtful, that it is impossible to distinguish the Original from the Copy; and to say which of the Fables are *Æsop'*s, and which not; which are genuine, and which are spurious; beside, that there are divers Inconsistencies upon the Point of Chronology, in the Account of his Life, (as *Maximus Planudes* and others have deliver'd it) which can never be reconciled.

This is enough in all Conscience to excuse any Man, says Sir *Roger,* from laying over-much Stress upon the historical Credit of a Relation that comes so blindly and so variously transmitted to us; over and above, that it is not one Jot to our Business (further than to gratify an idle Curiosity) whether the Fact be true or false; whether the Man was strait or crooked; and his Nam*e Æsop,* or (as some will have it) *Lochman*: In all which Cases the Reader is left at Liberty to believe his Pleasure. This Uncertainty at first inclined us to avoid entring into the Life of *Æsop,* which we find mingled with so many trifling Circumstances, and subject to so great Confusion: But our Booksellers acquainting us, that something of this kind would be very acceptable to the Generality of Readers, and that those Editions had been most inquired after, which contained the Life of this excellent Person; in Compliance with their Request, we will give a brief Summary of it, as we find it collected by the celebrated Sir *Roger Lestrange,* omitting however such Parts of it, as seem either trivial or improbable.

Æsop then (according to *Planudes, Camerarius* and others) was by Birth of *Ammorius,* a Town in the *Greater Phrygia,* (though some will have him to be a *Thracian,* others a *Samian)* of a mean Condition, and his Person deformed, to the highest Degree: Flat-nosed, hunch-back'd, blobber-lipp'd; a long mis-shapen Head; his Body crooked all over, big-belly'd, badger-legg'd, and his Complexion so swarthy, that he took his very Name from it; for *Æsop* is the same with *Æthiop.* And he was not only thus unhappy in his Figure; but we are told, that he had besides such an Impediment in his Speech, that People could very hardly understand what he said. Whether this was so or not, or how he came to be cur'd of it, if it was, the Reader is at Liberty to believe what he pleases: And so likewise

of twenty other Passages up and down this History. Let it suffice, that (according to the common Tradition) he had been already twice bought and sold; and so, with Sir *Roger Lestrange,* we shall date the Story of his Adventures, from his Entrance into the Service of at least a third Master.

As to the Age he liv'd in, it is agreed upon among the Antients, that it was when *Croesus* govern'd *Lydia*; as also that *Xanthus,* a *Samian,* was his Master. And as this was his Condition, no wonder that many of the Things recorded of him were low and mean, and suited to the Circumstance of Life in which he was placed; but by which however he so signalized his Wisdom, as to raise himself to that Pitch of Honour to which he afterwards arrived.

Among these the first we find recorded, is, That his Master having many Burdens to send by his Slaves to *Ephesus,* and *Æsop* being permitted, on Account of his bodily Weakness, to chuse which he would carry, he fixed upon a Panier of Bread, which was to support them on their Journey; but which was looked upon to be the heaviest of all. His Companions laughed at him for his Choice; but when they had dined and afterwards supped out of his Panier upon their Journey, and found that the Provisions were quite consumed, and that he had nothing left to carry but an empty Basket, the Ridicule was turn'd upon themselves, and they began to consider *Æsop* in a much more advantageous Light than they had done before.

The next thing we find mentioned of him, is, The famous Detection of the Villainies of his Fellow-Servants, who having a mind to some choice Figs, which were presented to their Master, confederated together to charge *Æsop* with the Theft, and so eat them up with great Greediness; and as they had agreed, boldly accused *Æsop* of the Fact.

His Master being incensed at him, order'd him to be punished; upon which he instantly had recourse to a large Draught of warm Water, and intreated that his Companions might be try'd the same way: and the Proof turn'd out according to his Wish; for he brought up the Water again, clear as he drank it, while the others brought up the Figs along with it, and so met with the Punishment and Disgrace designed for him.

Æsop's Master having sold all his Slaves at *Ephesus,* except three, to wit, a Musician, an Orator, and *Æsop,* he carry'd them to *Samos,* and shew'd them there in the open Market; and while they were there, one *Xanthus,* an eminent Philosopher of that City, came to see them, with a Train of his Disciples at his Heels. The Philosopher was mightily pleased with the two Youths, and ask'd them one after another about their Profession, and what they could do. The one told him he could do *any thing*, the other that he could do *every thing.*; and then

Xanthus interrogated *Æsop* what *he* could do. *Nothing at all*, says he. How comes that, says the Philosopher? My Companions, says *Æsop,* undertake every thing, and there's nothing left for me to do. Well! says *Xanthus,* but if I should give Money for you now, would you be good and honest? I'll be that, says *Æsop,* whether you buy me or no. Ay, but tell me again, says the Philosopher, won't you run away? Pray, says *Æsop,* did you ever hear of a Bird in a Cage, that told his Master he intended to make his Escape? *Xanthus* was well enough pleas'd with the Turn and Quickness of his Wit; But, says he, that unlucky Shape of yours, will set People a hooting and gaping at you where-ever you go. A Philosopher, says *Æsop,* should value a Man for his Mind, not for his Body. This Presence of Thought gave *Xanthus* a high Opinion of the Wisdom of the Man; and so he bad the Merchant set him his lowest Price of that miserable Creature. Why, says he, if you'll bid me like a Chapman for either of the other two, you shall have this Monster into the Bargain. The Philosopher, without any more ado, paid the Price agreed upon, and taking *Æsop* and his other Purchase away with him, presented him to his Wife, who at first was greatly offended at his mis-shapen Appearance, and upbraided her Husband, as intending to affront her by so ill-favour'd a Present; but when she came to hear his witty Answers, and to know the Value of his intellectual Qualities, she was better reconciled to him.

Xanthus a while after, attended by *Æsop,* went to a Garden to buy some Herbs; and the Gardener, among other things, told him the Admiration he was in to find how much faster those Plants shot up that grew of their own accord, than those that he set himself, though he took never so much Care about them; and desired him, that as he was a Philosopher, he would tell him the Meaning of it? *Xanthus* had no better Answer at hand, than, That Providence would have it so. This not satisfying the Gardener, and *Xanthus* seeing *Æsop* smile at it, he told him, with a supercilious Air, That it was below a Philosopher to busy his Head about such Trifles; But, says he, if you have a Curiosity to be better inform'd, you shall do well to ask my Slave here, and see what he'll say to you. Upon this the Gardener put the Question to *Æsop,* who gave him this Answer: The Earth is in the Nature of a Mother to what she brings forth of herself out of her own Bowels; whereas she is only a kind of Step-Dame in the Production of Plants that are cultivated and assisted by the Help and Industry of another: So that it is natural for her to withdraw her Nourishment from the one, towards the Relief of the other. The Gardener, upon this, was so well satisfy'd, that he would take no Money for his Herbs, and desired *Æsop* to make use of his Garden for the future, as if it were his own.

After this, *Xanthus*, and his Wife, who lived together but upon indifferent Terms in the general, had a very great Quarrel, which was carry'd to such an Height on her Part, that she pack'd up her Apparel, and other things, left his House, and went to her own Relations; and no Persuasions or Intreaties could incline her to return.

Æsop seeing *Xanthus* much disturbed at her Obstinacy, said, Come, Master, pluck up a good Heart; for I have a Project that shall bring my Mistress to you back again, with as good a Will as ever she went from you. Away immediately he hies to the Market, among the Butchers, Poulterers, Fishmongers, Confectioners, *&c* for the best of every thing that was in Season; giving out where-ever he came, that his Master's Wife having run away from him, he had married another; and this was to be the Wedding-Feast. The News flew like Lightning, and soon reach'd the Ears of the run-away Lady (for every body knew *Æsop* to be a Servant in that Family); and she was so moved upon it, that away she posts back to her Husband, falls upon him with Outrages of Looks and Language; and after the easing of her Mind a little, No, *Xanthus*, says she, do not you flatter yourself with the Hopes of enjoying another Woman while I am alive. *Xanthus* receiv'd her very gladly, and was highly pleased with *Æsop's* Contrivance; nor was his Mistress less pleased at so agreeable an Imposture, and all was well again.

Xanthus would needs give a Feast upon his Reconciliation with his Wife; and having invited his Friends, order'd *Æsop* to procure the best Provisions he could think of for their Entertainment: And when they were all sat down to Table, the first Service was Neats Tongues sliced, which the Philosophers took Occasion to discourse and quibble upon in a grave formal Way, as that *the Tongue is the Oracle of Wisdom,* and the like. *Xanthus*, upon this, calls for a second Course, and after that for a third, and so for a fourth, which were all Tongues, over and over again still, only several ways dressed, which put him into a furious Passion. Thou Villain, says he, is this according to my Order, to have nothing but *Tongues upon Tongues?* Sir, says *Æsop,* your Order was, That I should make the best Provision that I could think of, for the Entertainment of these excellent Persons; and if the Tongue be the Key that leads us in to all Knowledge, what could be more proper and suitable than *a Feast of Tongues for a Philosophical Banquet?*

When *Xanthus* found the Sense of the Table to be *on Æsop's* Side; Well, my Friends, says he, pray will you eat with me to Morrow, and I'll try if I can mend your Chear: And pray, says he to *Æsop*, let it be your Care to provide us a Supper to Morrow, since you seem to be set on Contradictions, of the very *worst* things you can think of.

Next Day, the Guests being again met according to Appointment, *Æsop* had provided them the very same Services of *Tongues* over and over, as they had the Day before. Sirrah, says *Xanthus* in a Passion, what's the Meaning of this, that *Tongues* should be the *best* of Meats *one* Day, and the *worst* the *other?* Why, Sir, says he, there is not any Wickedness under the Sun, that the *Tongue* has not a Part in; and you, of all Men, have Reason to know as well its mischievous as good Qualities, both as a Husband and a Philosopher. To what else is this Banquet owing? — For was it not an evil Tongue that occasion'd that great Breach in your Family, the making up of which you and your Friends are met to rejoice over? And was it not also owing to soft Speeches, and mild Expostulations, from the same Tongue, that all is well again? Surely, Sir, you have found a Tongue to be the *best* and the *worst* Entertainment, if ever Man did; and have Cause to be satisfy d with the Banquet of both Days.

The Story *of Æsop's* bringing a Guest to his Master *Xanthus*, who had no sort of Curiosity in him, we think not worth inserting; for besides the Improbability of it, it was more to be attributed, if true, to his good Fortune than to his Sagacity, that he could find one so very incurious and careless of all that happen'd; for 'twas impossible, were he ever so good a Physiognomist, that he could answer for all the Event from the Lines of the Fellow's Countenance, or to know that he would not be mov'd by the Trials that would be put to him by *Xanthus.*

Xanthus, after this, having some Business at the Publick-Hall, sent *Æsop* to see if the Court was sat, and many People there. In his Way, a Magistrate meets him, and asks him whither he was going? Why truly, says *Æsop*, I don't know. The Magistrate took it that he banter'd him, and order'd an Officer to carry him to Prison. Well, says *Æsop*, to the Magistrate; is it not true now, that I did not know whither I was going? The Magistrate, pleased at the Fancy, discharg'd him, and so he went forward to the Hall; where, among a world of People, some gazing, some litigating, he saw one Man, who had arrested another for Debt, agree to discharge his Debtor, on being paid down half what was owing. *Æsop*, upon this, went back and told his Master that he had been at the Hall, and saw but one Man there. *Xanthus* going himself to learn the Truth of the Matter, found the Court extremely throng'd; and turning short upon *Æsop*, in great Indignation, Sirrah, says he, are all these People come since you told me there was but one Man here? Tis very true, says *Æsop,* there was a huge Crowd, and yet but one Man that I could see in that vast Multitude, who deserved the Name.

Xanthus, not long after, being in his Cups, wager'd all he was worth, that he would drink the Sea dry, and bound the extravagant Wager, with a very valuable Signet-Ring, that he wore on his Finger. Next Day, finding what he had done, he

was much concern'd at his Folly, especially as he knew he was in such Hands, as would make an Advantage of it. *Æsop* undertook to bring him off, and put him in Mind, that he had only conditioned to drink the Sea, but not the Rivers and Streams that run into it; and bid him insist on his Adversary's stopping all those Inlets, and then he might undertake to drink up the Sea.

Xanthus follow'd his Advice, and the Persons who were chosen Judges on the Occasion, agreed that there was Justice in the Plea; and so he got rid of the Wager with Honour, to the Confusion of his Antagonist, who was obliged to give up the Ring again.

In the Days of *Æsop,* the World was mightily addicted to Augury, that is to say, to the Gathering of Omens from the Cry and Flight of Birds. Upon this Account it was, that *Xanthus* one Day sent *Æsop* into the Yard, and bad him look well about him: If you see two Crows, says he, you'll have good Luck after it; but if you should chance to spy one single Crow, 'tis a bad Omen, and some Ill will betide you. *Æsop* stept out, and came immediately back again, and told his Master he had seen two Crows. Hereupon *Xanthus* went out himself, and finding but one, (for the other was flown away) he fell outrageously upon *Æsop* for making Sport with him, and ordered him to be soundly lashed for it; but just as they were stripping him for the Discipline, in comes one to invite *Xanthus* abroad to supper. Well, Master, says *Æsop,* and where's the Credit of your *Augury* now? When I, that saw two Crows, am to be beaten like a Dog, and you, that saw but one, are going to make merry with your Friends? The Reason and Quickness of this Reflection pacify d the Master, and sav'd *Æsop* a severe Correction.

The Writers of *Æsop's* Life, next, give us a Story of *Æsop's* finding hidden Treasure, by virtue of an obsolete *Greek* Inscription: But it contains such idle and childish Play upon Letters and Words, that we chuse to pass it over, only observing, that *Xanthus* who on this Occasion had promised him his Liberty, and half the Treasure, broke both Promises with him, and gave him neither.

But it was not long before be obtained his Liberty, on another Occasion, which was as follows: On a certain solemn Day, the Ring that had the Town-Seal of *Samos* upon it, was carry'd away by an Eagle, which took it up in the Air, and dropt it into the Bosom of a Slave. The *Samians* took this for a Foreboding, that threaten'd some dismal Calamity to the State, and in a general Consternation, they presently call'd a Council of their wise Men, and *Xanthus* among the rest, to give their Opinions upon this mysterious Accident. They were all at a Loss what to think of it, only *Xanthus* desired some few Days Time for further Consideration. And not finding himself capable of giving any probable Solution of an Incident so odd, he laid the Matter before *Æsop,* who desiring to be introduced to the

Council, promised to give them Satisfaction on the Point, and to take upon himself the Issue of the Matter, let it end either in Credit or Disgrace.

Xanthus, willing to be freed from the Uneasiness, which the Expectations of the City had given him, follow'd this Advice, and next Morning introduced *Æsop* to the Council, many of whom mocked and ridiculed his uncouth Shape and Appearance; but being at last convinced by his prudent Observations, that the outward Shape of a Man ought not to be regarded, but the Faculties of his Mind only, they attended to what he had to say. He then told them, that when he considered the Weight of the Matter in Hand, and the Office that he was then to perform, he imagined it would as little stand with their Honour to take the Opinion of a Slave into their Councils and Debates, as it would with his Condition to offer it; beside the Risque he run of his Master's Displeasure upon the Event. But all this yet may be obviated, said he, my Fears secur'd, my Modesty gratifyd, and your own Dignity preserv'd, only by making me a Freeman before-hand to qualify me for the Function. They all said it was a most reasonable Thing and presently Treated about the Price of his Liberty and order'd the *Quæstors* to pay down the Money. When *Xanthus* saw the thing must be done, he could not decently stand higgling about the Price; but making a Virtue of Necessity, he chose rather to *present Æsop* to the Commonwealth, than to *sell him.* The *Samians* took it very kindly, and *Æsop* was presently *manumiz'd,* made a Citizen in Form, and proclaim'd a Freeman; and after this Ceremony, he discoursed upon the Subject of the Portent as follows:

I shall not need to tell so many wise and knowing Men, that the Eagle is a Royal Bird, and signifies a great King; that the dropping of the Ring in the Bosom of a Slave that has no Power over himself portends the Loss of your Liberties, if you do not look to yourselves in time; and that some potent Prince has a Design upon you; and who should this be, said he, so likely as *Croesus* King of *Lydia,* who is actually arming for some Enterprize, as you well know; and which may as probably fall upon your State, as any other?

In a very little Time the Event justified the Prediction; for King *Croesus* sent Ambassadors to demand a Tribute on the behalf of their Master, and threatened the *Samians* with an Invasion in case of a Refusal. This Affair came to be debated in the Council, where the Majority was rather for Peace with Slavery, than for running the Risque of a Dispute with so powerful a Prince; but they would not come to a Resolution yet, without first consulting *Æsop* what they had best to do; who gave them his Thoughts upon it in Words to this Effect:

You have two Ways before you, says he, one of which you must take; the First is, *The Way of Liberty, which is narrow and rugged at the Entrance, but plainer*

and smoother still the farther you go. Secondly, *The Way of Servitude, that seems to be easy at first, but you will find it afterwards to be full of intolerable Difficulties.* The *Samians,* upon these Words, declar'd themselves unanimously for Liberty, and that since they were at present free, they would never make themselves Slaves by their own Consent: So the Ambassadors departed, and a War was denounced.

When *Croesus* came to understand the Resolution the *Samians* had taken, and how inclinable they were to a Compliance, till *Æsop,* by the Power only of a few Words, diverted them from it, he made an Offer to the *Samians,* upon their sending *Æsop* to him, to put a Stop at present to the Course of his Arms. When *Æsop* came to hear of this Proposition, he told them, that he was not against their sending of him, provided only that he might tell them one Story before he left them.

'In old Time, says he, there happened to be a fierce War betwixt the Wolves and the Sheep; and the Sheep, by the Help of the Dogs, had rather the better of it. The Wolves, upon this, offer'd the Sheep a Peace, on Condition only, that they might have their Dogs for Hostages; the credulous Sheep agreed to it, and as soon as ever they had parted with the Dogs, the Wolves broke in upon them, and destroy'd them at Pleasure.' See *Fab.* 44.

The *Samians* quickly apprehended the Moral of this Fable, and cried out, one and all, that they would not part with *Æsop:* But this did not hinder him however from putting himself aboard, and taking a Passage for *Lydia* with the Ambassadors.

On his Arrival at the *Lydian* Court, *Æsop* presented himself before the King, who looking upon him with Contempt, Hatred, and Indignation; Is this a Man, says he, to hinder the King of *Lydia* from being Master of *Samos? Æsop* then, with a Reverence after the *Lydian* Fashion, deliver'd what he had to say:

'I am not here, says he, Great King, in the Quality of a Man that is given up by his Country, or under the Compulsion of any Force; but it is of my own accord that I am now come to lay myself at your Majesty's Feet, and with this only Request, that you will vouchsafe me the Honour of your Royal Ear, and Patience but for a few Words:

"There was a Boy hunting of Locusts, and he had the Fortune to take a Grasshopper. She found he was about to kill her, and pleaded after this manner for her Life. Alas! says she, I never did any body an Injury, and never had it either in my Will or my Power to do it. All my Business is my Song; and what will you be the better for my Death? The Youth's Heart relented, and he set the simple Grasshopper at Liberty."

Your Majesty has now that innocent Creature before you: There's nothing that I can pretend to *but my Voice, which I have ever employ'd, so far as in me lay, to the Service of Mankind.'*

The King was so tenderly moved with the Modesty and Prudence of the Man, that he did not only give him his Life, but bad him ask any thing farther that he had a Mind to, and it should be granted him. Why then, says *Æsop,* with that Veneration, Gratitude and Respect that the Case required, I do most humbly implore your Majesty's Favour for my Countrymen the *Samians.* The King granted him his Request, and confirmed it under his Seal; beside that the Piety of making that Petition his Choice, was a farther Recommendation of him to his Royal Kindness and Esteem.

Æsop soon after this returned to *Samos* with the News of the Peace, where he was welcomed with all the Instances of Joy and Thankfulness imaginable; insomuch that they erected a Statue for him, with an Inscription upon it, in Honour of his Memory.

From *Samos* he return'd afterwards to *Croesus,* for whose sake he compos'd several of those *Apologues* that pass in the World to this Day under his Name.

His Fancy lay extremely to travelling; but above all other Places he had the greatest Mind to see *Babylon:* To which end he got Letters of Recommendation from *Croesus* to the King there; who, according to *Herodotus,* was a Friend and an Ally of *Croesus* s, and his Name, *Labynetus,* not *Lycerus,* as *Planudes* has handed it down to us upon a great Mistake. But his Curiosity led him first to pass through *Greece,* for the sake of the *seven wise Men,* whose Reputation was at that Time famous all over the World. He had the good Hap in his Travels to find them at *Corinth,* together with *Anacharsis,* and several of their Followers and Disciples, where they were all treated by *Periander,* at a *Villa* of his not far from the Town. This Encounter was to the common Satisfaction of the whole Company; the Entertainment philosophical and agreeable; and among other Discourses, they had some Controversy upon the Subject of Government, and which was the most excellent Form; *Æsop* being still for *Monarchy*, and the *rest* for a *Commonwealth.* He travell'd thence, a while after, into *Asia*, and so to *Babylon*, according to his first Intention.

It was the Fashion in those Days for Princes to exercise Trials of Skill in the putting and resolving of Riddles, and intricate Questions; and he that was the best at the clearing or untying of knotty Difficulties, carried the Prize. *Æsop's* Faculty lay notably that way, and render'd him so serviceable to the King, that it brought him both Reputation and Reward. It was his Unhappiness to have no Children, for the Comfort and Support of his old Age; so that, with the King's Consent, he

adopted a young Man, who was well born, and ingenious enough, but poor; his Name was *Ennus*. *Æsop* took as much care of his Institution as if he had been his own Child, and train'd him up in those Principles of Virtue and Knowledge, that might most probably render him great and happy. But there is no working upon a flagitious and perverse Nature, by Kindness and Discipline; and *Ennus*, after the Manner of other wicked Men, heaping one Villainy upon another, counterfeits his Father Æsop's Name and Hand to certain Letters, where he promises his Assistance to the neighbour Princes against *Labynetus*. These Letters *Ennus* carries to the King, and charges his Father with Treason, tho' in Appearance with all the Trouble and Unwillingness that was possible; only a Sense of his Duty to his King and his Country swallow'd up all other Respects of Reverence and Modesty that a Son owes to a Father.

The King took all these Calumnies for Instances of *Ennus's* Affection to him, without the least Suspicion of any Fraud in the Matter: So that without any further Enquiry, he order'd *Æsop* to be put to Death. The Persons to whom the Care of his Execution was committed, being well assured of his Innocence, and of the King's ungovernable Passions, took him out of the Way, and gave it out that he was dead.

Some few Days after this, there came Letters to *Labynetus* from *Amasis* the King of *Ægypt,* wherein *Labynetus* was desir'd by *Amasis,* to send him a certain Architect that could raise a Tower that should hang in the Air, and likewise resolve all Questions. *Labynetus* was at a great Loss what Answer to return; and the Fierceness of his Displeasure against *Æsop* being by this time somewhat abated, he would often profess, that if the parting with one half of his Kingdom could bring him to Life again, he would give it. *Hermippus* and others, who had kept him out of the Way, told the King, upon the Hearing of this, that *Æsop* was yet alive: So they were commanded to bring him forth, and he no sooner appear'd, but he made his Innocence so manifest, that *Labynetus*, in extreme Displeasure and Indignation, commanded the false Accuser to be put to Death with the most exquisite Torments; *but Æsop,* after all this, interceded for him, and obtain'd his Pardon, upon a charitable Presumption, that the Sense of so great a Goodness and Obligation would yet work upon him.

Upon *Æsop's* coming again into Favour, he had the King of *Ægypt*'s Letter given him to consider of, and advised *Labynetus* to send him for Answer, That early the next Spring he should have the Satisfaction he desired. Things being in this State, *Æsop* took *Ennus* home to him again, and so order'd the Matter, that he wanted neither Counsels nor Instructions, nor any other Helps or Lights that

might dispose him to the leading of a virtuous Life, as will appear by the following Precepts:

My Son, says he, *worship God with Care and Reverence, and with a Sincerity of Heart, void of all Hypocrisy or Ostentation: Not as if that divine Name and Power were only an Invention to fright Women and Children; but know that God is Omnipresent, True, and Almighty.*

Have a Care even of your most private Actions and Thoughts; for God sees through you, and your Conscience will bear witness against you.

It is according to Prudence as well as Nature, to pay that Honour to your Parents, that you expect your Children should pay to you.

Do all the Good you can to all Men, but in the first Place to your nearest Relations; and do no Hurt however, where you can do no Good.

Keep a Guard upon your Words *as well as upon your* Actions, *that there be no Impurity in either.*

Follow the Dictates of your Reason, and you are safe; and have a Care of impotent Affections.

Apply yourself to learn more, so long as there is any thing left that you do not know, and value good Counsel before Money.

Our Minds must be cultivated as well as our Plants; the Improvement of our Reason makes us like Angels, whereas the Neglect of it turns us into Beasts.

There is no permanent and inviolable Good, but Wisdom and Virtue, tho' the Study of it signifies little without the Practice.

Do not think it impossible to be a wise Man, without looking over-sour. Wisdom makes Men grave, but not morose or inhuman.

Keep Faith with all Men. Have a Care of a Lye, as you would of Sacrilege. Great Babblers have no regard either to Honesty or Truth.

Take Delight in, and frequent the Company *of good Men; for it will give you a Tincture of their* Manners.

Take heed of that vulgar Error, of thinking that there is any Good in Evil. It is a Mistake when Men talk of profitable Knavery, or of starving Honesty; for Virtue and Justice carry all that is good and profitable along with them.

Let every Man mind his own Business; for Curiosity is restless.

Speak not Ill of any body. You are no more to hear Calumnies, than to report them. Beside that, they who practise the one, commonly love the other.

Propose honest Things, follow wholsome Counsels, and leave the Event to God.

Let no Man despair in Adversity, nor presume in Prosperity; for all Things are changeable.

Rise early to your Business, learn good Things, and oblige good Men; these are three Things you shall never repent of Have a Care of Luxury and Gluttony; but of Drunkenness especially; for Wine, as well as Age, makes a Man a Child.

Watch for the proper Opportunities of doing things; for there is nothing well done but what is done in Season.

Love and Honour Kings, Princes, and Magistrates; for they are the Bands of Society, in punishing of the Guilty, and protecting the Innocent.

These, or such as these, were the Lessons that *Æsop* read daily to his Son; but so far was he from mending upon them, that he grew every Day worse and worse, shewing that it is not in the Power of Art or Discipline to rectify a perverse Nature, or, as *Euripides* says, to *make a Man wise that has no Soul.* But however, according to *Neveletus,* he came soon after to be touch'd in Conscience for his barbarous Ingratitude, and died in a raging Remorse for what he had done.

The Spring was now at Hand, and *Æsop* was preparing for the Task he had undertaken about the Building of a Tower in the Air, and resolving all manner of Questions: But, says our judicious Author, I shall say no more of that romantick Part of the History, than that he went into *Egypt*, and acquitted himself of his Commission *to Amasis* with great Reputation. From thence he went back to *Labynetus*, laden with Honours and Rewards; from whom he got leave once more to visit *Greece*; but upon Condition of returning to *Babylon* by the first Opportunity.

When *Æsop* had almost taken the whole Tour of *Greece*, he went to *Delphos,* either for the *Oracle's* sake, or for the sake of the *wise Men* who frequented that Place. But when he came thither, he found Matters to be quite otherwise than he expected, and so far from deserving the Reputation they had in the World for Piety, Learning and Wisdom, that he found them immoral, ignorant, and conceited, and hereupon deliver'd his Opinion of them under this Fable:

'I find, says he, the Curiosity that brought me hither, to be much the Case of People at the Sea-side, that see something come hulling toward them a great Way off at Sea, and take it at first to be some mighty Matter, but upon driving nearer and nearer the Shore, it proves at last to be only a heap of Weeds and Rubbish.' See *Fab.* 145.

The Magistrates of the Place took infinite Offence at this Liberty, and presently enter'd into a Conspiracy against him, to take away his Life, for fear he should give them the same Character elsewhere in his Travels, that he had done there upon the Place. It was not so safe, they thought, nor so effectual a Revenge to

make him away in private; but if they could so contrive it, as to bring him to a shameful End under a Form of Justice, it would better answer their Design. To which Purpose, they caused a golden Cup belonging to their Temple, to be secretly convey'd into his Baggage, when he was packing up to depart. He was no sooner out of the Town upon his Journey, but he was pursued and taken by the Officers, and charg'd with *Sacrilege. Æsop* deny'd the Matter, and laugh'd at them all for a Company of mad Men; but upon the searching of his Boxes, they found the Cup, and shew'd it to the People, hurrying him away to Prison in the middle of his Defence.

They brought him the next Day into Court, where notwithstanding the Proof of his Innocence, as clear as the Day, he was condemned to die; and his Sentence was to be thrown headlong from a Rock, down a steep Precipice. After his Doom was past, he prevailed upon them, with much ado, to be heard a few Words, and so told them the Story of the Frog and the Mouse, as it stands in the Fable.

This wrought nothing upon the Hearts of the *Delphians;* but as they were bawling at the Executioner to dispatch, and do his Office, *Æsop* on a sudden gave them the Slip, and fled to an Altar hard by there, in hopes the Religion of the Place might have protected him; but the *Delphians* told him, that the Altars of the Gods were not to be any Sanctuary to those that robbed their Temples; whereupon he took Occasion to tell them a Fable of a *Beetle*, who being injur'd by an *Eagle*, found means to draw down Vengeance upon her powerful Oppressor, notwithstanding his superior Might.

Now, says *Æsop*, after the telling of this Fable, you are not to flatter yourselves that the Violators of holy Altars, and the Oppressors of the Innocent, shall ever escape divine Vengeance. This enraged the Magistrates to such a Degree, that they commanded the Officers immediately to take *Æsop* from the Altar, and dispatch him away to his Execution. When *Æsop* found that neither the Sanctity of the Place, nor the Clearness of his Innocence were sufficient to protect him, and that he was to fall a Sacrifice to Subornation and Power, he gave them yet one Fable more as he was upon the Way to Execution:

'There was an old Fellow, says he, that had spent his whole Life in the Country without ever seeing the Town; he found himself weak and decaying, and nothing would serve, but his Friends must needs shew him the Town once before he died. Their Asses were very well acquainted with the Way, and so they caused them to be made ready, and turned the old Man and Asses loose, without a Guide, to try their Fortune. They were overtaken upon the Road by a terrible Tempest, so that what with the Darkness, and the Violence of the Storm, the Asses were beaten out of the Way, and tumbled With the old Man into a Pit, where he had only Time to

deliver his last Breath with this Exclamation: Miserable Wretch that I am, to be destroy'd, since die I must, by the basest of Beasts, by Asses!'

And that's my Fate now, continued *Æsop,* in suffering by the Hands of a barbarous sottish People, that understand neither Humanity or Honour; and act contrary to the Tyes of Hospitality and Justice. But the Gods will not suffer my Blood to lie unreveng'd, and I doubt not, but that in Time the Judgment of Heaven will give you to understand your Wickedness by your Punishment. He was speaking on, but they push'd him off headlong from the Rock, and he was dash'd to pieces with the Fall.

The *Delphians* soon after this, were visited with Famine and Pestilence, to such a Degree, that they went to consult the Oracle of *Apollo*, to know what Wickedness it was, had brought these Calamities upon them. The Oracle gave them this Answer, That they were to expiate for the Death of *Æsop.* In the Conscience of their Barbarity, they erected a *Pyramid* to his Honour; and it is upon Tradition, that a great many of the most eminent Men among the *Greeks* of that Time, went afterwards to *Delphos*, upon the News of the tragical End of *Æsop,* to learn the Truth of the History; and found upon Enquiry, that the principal of the Conspirators had laid violent Hands upon themselves.

This is the Account which the *Greeks* have given us of *Æsop*, of his deplorable End, and of the Judgment which overtook those who were the Occasion of it. But it having been already said, that some will ha*ve Æsop* to be the same as *Lochman* among the *Persians,* it may not be amiss to give the Substance of what the learned Authors of the *Universal History,* now publishing with great Applause, have delivered us in relation to this Point. Having first given that *Persian* Sage his deserved Character for Wisdom, (Vol. II. *p.* 198, 199) they say, What we have reported, is sufficient to shew that there is a strong Resemblance between the History of *Lochman*, as reported by the *Eastern* Writers, and that of *Æsop,* as we find it written by the *Greeks.* Both were mean in their Original; both Slaves thro' the Severity of Fortune; both famous for their Wisdom; and both delivered their Maxims in the same Manner; that is, by way of Apologue. But there is a wide Difference between the Times, in which the oriental Authors say *Lochman* lived, and those wherein the *Greeks* place *Æsop.* As to the first, it is generally allowed that *Lochman* lived in the Reign of *Solomon*; whereas *Æsop* is said to have been cotemporary with *Croesus* King of *Lydia*, and *Solon* the *Athenian* Legislator. From the History of their Lives, and the Comparison of their Fables, there is all the Reason in the World to believe that *Lochman* and *Æsop* were the same Person: The Difficulty seems to lie here, Whether the *Greeks* stole him from the Orientals, or whether the Orientals took him from the *Greeks.* It seems most natural to

believe the former, since in such Cases, the *Greeks* are known to have been notorious Thieves, and to have alter'd every Point of ancient History they were able to turn to their own Advantage. Besides, the Apologue was certainly the favourite Mode of Teaching in the *East,* long before that, or any other kind of Learning, was known to the *Greeks.'*

The same Authors give us, among several others, the following Instance of the Wisdom of *Lochma:* They tell us, That standing one Day in the midst of a great Throng of People, who were greedily listening to his wise Precepts, a certain Man of Rank asked him, If he was not the black Slave whom he had formerly seen tending Sheep; and he answering in the Affirmative, How then, said the Gentleman, have you attained to so high a Degree of Virtue? By these three easy Steps, *says Lochman, I have always spoke the Truth; I have constantly kept my Word; and I have never meddled in any thing which did not concern me.* A *Persian* Poet also gives the like Story of *Lochman*, which we have inserted of *Æsop* in relation to the Figs and warm Water. Sir *John Chardin* tells us, that at this Day the *Persians* are so fond of his Fables, that they are the first Things they teach their Children, and spare no Pains to make them enter into, and comprehend their Meaning. And *Mahomet* himself has a whole Chapter in his *Koran,* in Praise of this wise Man; which makes his Character and Maxims not a little rever'd among the *Mahometans* of all Nations.

One Passage relating to the Duty of Children to Parents we shall extract from this Chapter, as a proper Conclusion to the Life of *Æsop,* and an useful Preface to the following Collection of Fables; but which, at the same Time, was probably borrowed from that excellent Commandment of God, *Honour thy Father and thy Mother*, *that thy Days may he long in the Land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.* That Passage is to this Purpose: Remember what *Lochman* has injoined to Man, to honour his Father and his Mother; his Mother bringeth him forth in Sorrow, and weaneth him at two Years old: Be not then forgetful of God's Benefits: Honour thy Father and thy Mother; for thou shalt one Day be judged before God.'

FABLE I.

A COCK AND A PRECIOUS STONE.

As a Cock was scratching upon a Dunghill, he turn'd up a precious Stone. Well, says he, this sparkling Foolery to a Jeweller, would have been something; but to me, a Barley-Corn is worth an hundred Diamonds.

MORAL.

A wise Man will always prefer Things necessary before Matters of Curiosity, Ornament, or Pleasure.

REFLECTION.

The Moralists, as Sir *Roger L'Estrange* observes, will have *Wisdom* and *Virtue* to be meant by the *Diamond*; the *World*, and the *Pleasures* of it, by the *Dunghill*; and by the *Cock*, a *voluptuous Man,* who abandons himself to his Lusts, without any regard, either to the Study, the Practice, or the Excellency of better things.

But, adds he, with the Favour of the Ancients, this Fable seems rather to hold forth an Emblem of Industry and Moderation. The Cock lives by his honest Labour: His scraping upon the Dunghill is but working in his Calling: The precious Stone is only a gaudy Temptation thrown in his way, to divert him from his Business and his Duty: He would have been glad, he says, of a Barley-Corn instead of it, and so casts it aside as a thing not worth heeding. This is passing of a true Estimate upon the Matter, in preferring that which Providence has pronounced to be the Staff of Life, before a glittering Gew-gaw, that has no other Value than what Vanity, Pride and Luxury have set upon it. The Price of the Market to a Jeweller in his Trade, is one thing; but the intrinsick Worth of a thing to a Man of Sense and Judgment, is another. Nay, that very Lapidary himself, as the Author observes, with a coming Stomach, and in the Cock's Place, would have made the Cock's Choice. The Doctrine, in short, is, That we are to prefer things necessary before things superfluous; the Comforts and the Blessings of Providence before the dazling and splendid Curiosities of Mode and Imagination: And finally, that we are not to govern our Lives by Fancy, but by Reason.

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FAB. 2.

A FOX AND A COCK.

It was the hard Fortune once of a Cock to fall into the Clutches of a Fox. *Reynard* wanted to be upon his Bones, but yet was desirous of some plausible colour for it. Sirrah, says he, what do you keep such a screaming o'nights for, that no body can sleep near you? Alas! says the Cock, I seldom wake any body, but when 'tis time for them to rise and go about their Business. This is a sorry Excuse with me, says the Fox; for dost thou not alarm the whole Neighbourhood so, that my Life is continually in danger whenever I prowl this way in a Morning? In truth, says the Cock, that's not my Intention when I crow, which is only to shew my Joy for the Dawn of the Day, and to revive the Hearts of my Wives. Come, come, says *Reynard*, Foxes don't live upon Dialogues; and 'tis time for me to go to Breakfast. At which Word he gave him a Gripe, and so made an end both of the Cock and the Story.

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FAB. 3.

A WOLF AND A LAMB.

As a Wolf was lapping at the Head of a Fountain, he spy'd a Lamb paddling at the same time a good way off down the Stream, and away he run open-mouth to it. Villain, says he, how dare you lie muddling the Water that I'm a drinking? Indeed, says the poor Lamb, I did not think that my drinking here *below*, could have foul'd your Water so far *above*. Nay, says t'other, you'll never leave your chopping of Logick till your Skin's turn'd over your Ears, as your Father's was six Months ago, for prating at this saucy rate; you remember it full well, Sirrah! If you'll believe me, Sir, quoth the innocent Lamb, with fear and trembling, I was not come into the World then. Why, thou Impudence, cries the Wolf, hast thou neither Shame nor Conscience? But it runs in the Blood of your whole Race, Sirrah, to hate our Family; and therefore you shall e'en pay some of your Fore-fathers Scores. And so, without any more ado, he tore the poor Lamb in pieces.

MORAL OF THE TWO FABLES.

Innocence is no Protection against the arbitrary Cruelty of a tyrannical Power; but Reason and Conscience are, however, such sacred Things, that the greatest Villainies are generally cloak'd under the Shadow of those Names.

REFLECTION.

Pride and Cruelty never want a Pretence to do mischief. The Plea of *Not Guilty* goes for nothing against Power in ill Hands: For Accusing is Proving, where Malice and Force are join'd in the Prosecution. This is the lively Image of a perverse Reason of State, set up in opposition to Truth and Justice, but under the august Name and Pretence, however, of both. When the Cocks and the Lambs lie at the Mercy of Foxes and Wolves, they must never expect better Quarter, especially, as Sir *Roger L'Estrange* observes, where the Heart's-blood of the one is the Nourishment and Entertainment of the other.

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FAB. 4.

A FROG, MOUSE, AND KITE.

There happen’d once a terrible Quarrel betwixt the Frogs and the Mice, about the Sovereignty of the Fens; and whilst two of their Champions were disputing it with their utmost Might, down comes a Kite powdering upon them, and gobbets up both together.

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FAB. 5.

A LION, BEAR, AND FOX.

A Lion and Bear had so long fought over a Fawn which they had kill'd, that they were glad to lie down and take breath. In which Instant, a Fox passed that way, and finding how the Case stood with the two Combatants, he seized upon the dead Fawn, and scamper'd quite away with him. The Lion and the Bear, not being in Condition to rise and hinder it, pass'd this Reflection upon the Matter: Here we have been worrying one another who should have the Booty, till this treacherous Fox has bobb'd us both.

MORAL OF THE TWO FABLES.

When Fools go together by the Ears, Knaves generally run away with the Stakes.

REFLECTION.

This is no more than what we see daily in popular Factions, where pragmatical Fools commonly begin the Squabble, and crafty Knaves reap the Benefit of it. There is very rarely any Quarrel, either public or private, whether betwixt Persons or Parties, but a third watches, and hopes to be the better for it; and all is but according to the old Proverb, *While two Dogs are fighting for a Bone, a third runs away with it. 'Tis* none of the slightest Arguments therefore in all Disputes, for the Necessity of a common Peace, that the Litigants generally tear one another in Pieces for the Benefit of some third Interest; some rapacious Kite, or treacherous Fox, which, either by Strength or by Craft, masters or deceives both Plaintiff and Defendant, and carries away the Booty.

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FAB. 6.

A DOG AND A SHADOW.

As a Dog was crossing a River with a Piece of Flesh in his Mouth, he saw, as he thought, another Dog under the Water, upon the very same Adventure. He never consider'd, that the one was only the Image of the other; but, out of a Greediness to get both, he chops at the Shadow, and loses the Substance.

MORAL.

This is the Case of unreasonable and insatiable Desires, grasping at what is out of their Reach, till they lose the Good they had in Possession. All covet, all lose, *says the Proverb*.

REFLECTION.

How wretched is the Man who knows not when he is well, but passes away the Peace and Comfort of his Life for the gratifying of a fantastical Appetite or Humour! Ambition is a Ladder that reaches from Earth to Heaven; and the first Round is but so many Inches in a Man's Way towards the mounting of all the rest. He is never well till he is at the Top, and when he can go no higher, he must either hang in the Air, or fall; for in this case he has nothing above him to aspire to, nor any Hold left him to come down by. Avarice is always beggarly; for a covetous Man is ever in Want. The Desire of *more* and *more* rises by a natural Gradation to *most*, and after that, to *all;* till in the Conclusion we find ourselves (like *Alexander the Great,* who, when he had conquer'd the World, wept that there were no more Worlds to conquer) sick and weary of all that is possible to be had, solicitous for something else; and then when we have spent our Days in quest of the meanest things, and often at the Feet of the worst of Men, we find at the Bottom of the Account, that all the Enjoyments under the Sun are not worth struggling for. To return to the Fable; *Æsop's* Dog here, was in the Possession of a very good Breakfast, and he knew very well what he had in his Mouth; but still, either out of Levity, Curiosity or Greediness, he must be chopping at something else, that he neither wanted nor understood, till he forfeited a real Good for an imaginary one; and lost all for a Shadow.

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FAB. 7.

A LION AND OTHER BEASTS A HUNTING.

A Lion, a Wolf, a Bear and a Fox went a hunting one Day; and every one was to go share and share alike in what they took. They pluck'd down a Stag, and divided him into four Parts; but as they were entring each upon his Dividend, Hands off, says the Lion, *This* Part is mine, by reason of my Quality; *this,* because I took most Pains for it; *this* again, because I have Occasion for it; and if you dispute the *fourth,* we must e'en pluck a Crow about it: So the Mouths of the Confederates were all stopt, and they went away as mute as fishes.

MORAL.

Unequal Leagues or Alliances are generally to be avoided; for he who has the Knife, that is to say, the Power, in his Hand, will commonly be his own Carver.

REFLECTION.

The Poor and the Weak always lie at the Mercy of the Rich and the Powerful, such therefore should have a care how they engage themselves in Partnerships with Men too mighty for them. *Find out something,* says a Court Minion to his humble Suitor: He does so; and then, upon the Discovery, the Courtier seizes it for himself. Now this is only a State-way of fishing with Cormorants. Men in Power plunge their Clients into the Mud with a Ring about their Necks; so that let them bring up what they will, nothing goes down with them that they shall be ever the better for. And when they come, in Conclusion, to cast up the Profit and Loss of the Purchase, or the Project, what betwixt Force, Interest, and Complaisance, the Adventurer escapes well, if he can but get off at last with his Labour for his Pains. All, in short, that the Lion says and does in this Instance, is but according to the Practice of Men in Power in a thousand other Cases.

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FAB. 8.

A WOLF AND A CRANE.

A Wolf had got a Bone in his Throat, and promised a Crane a very considerable Reward to help him out with it. The Crane did him the good Office, and then claim'd his Promise. Why, how now, Impudence! says the other, Do you put your Head into the Mouth of a Wolf, and then, when you've brought it out again safe and sound, do you talk of a Reward? Why, Sirrah, you have your Head again, and is not that a sufficient Recompence?

MORAL.

He that has to do with wild Beasts (as some Men are no better j and escapes with a whole Skin, let him think himself well off.

REFLECTION.

Tis a nice Business to determine, how far wicked Men in their Distresses *may* be reliev'd; how far they *ought* to be reliev'd; and to what Degree of Loss, Labour and Difficulty, a sober, a wise, and a good Man may interpose to their Redress. He may give, he may lend, he may venture, so far as Generosity and Good-nature shall prompt him: provided always that he go no further than the Conscience of the Cause or of the Action will warrant him. A Man is at Liberty, 'tis true, to do many kind and friendly Offices, which he is not bound to do: And if the Largeness of his Heart shall carry him beyond the Line of necessary Prudence, we may only reckon upon it as a more illustrious Weakness.

The Bone in the Throat of the Wolf may be understood of any sort of Pinch or Calamity, either in Body, Liberty, or Fortune. How many do we see daily, gaping and struggling with Bones in their Throats, that when they have gotten them drawn out, have attempted the Ruin of their Deliverers? The World, in short, is full of Practices and Examples to answer the Intent of this Fable, and there are Thousands of Consciences that will be touch'd with the reading of it, whose Names are not written in their Foreheads.

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FAB. 9.

A COUNTRYMAN AND A SNAKE.

A Countryman happen'd one hard Winter to 'spy a Snake under a Hedge, that was half frozen to Death. The good-natur'd Man took it up, and kept it in his Bosom, till Warmth brought it to Life again; and so soon as ever it was in Condition to do Mischief, it bit the very Man that sav'd its Life. Ah, thou ungrateful Wretch! says he, Is that venomous Ill-nature of thine to be satisfy'd with nothing less than the Ruin of thy Preserver?

MORAL.

He that takes an ungrateful Man into his Bosom, is well nigh sure to be betrayed; and it is not Charity, but Folly, to think of obliging the common Enemies of Mankind.

REFLECTION.

'Tis no new thing for good-natur'd Men to meet with ungrateful Returns. How many Examples have we seen with our own Eyes, of Men that have been relieved out of starving Necessities, which have bereav'd them both of Spirit and Strength to do Mischief, who in Requital have afterwards conspired against the Life, Honour, and Fortune of their Patrons and Redeemers? Now all this is no more than the Proverb in a Fable: *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat.*

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FAB. 10.

A LION AND AN ASS.

An Ass was so hardy once, as to fall a mopping and braying at a Lion. The Lion began at first to shew his Teeth, and to stomach the Affront; but upon second Thoughts, Well, says he, jeer on, and be an Ass still; take Notice only by the way, that 'tis the Baseness of your Character that has saved your Carcase.

MORAL.

It is below the Dignity of a great Mind to hold Contests with People that have neither Quality nor Courage; to say nothing of the Folly of contending with a miserable Wretch, where the very Competition is a Scandal.

REFLECTION.

It does not become a Man of Honour and Wisdom to contest with mean Spirits, and to answer every Fool in his Folly. The very Contest in this Case sets the Master and Man upon the same Level. And the Lion was in the right not to cast away his Displeasure upon an Ass, where there was Reputation to be lost, and none to be gotten. Contempt in such a Case as this, is the only honourable Revenge.

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FAB. 11.

CITY MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Country Mouse invited a City Sister of her's to a Collation, where she spar'd for nothing that the Place afforded; as mouldy Crusts, Cheese-Parings, musty Oatmeal, rusty Bacon, and the like. The City Dame was too well bred to find Fault with her Entertainment; but yet represented, that such a Life was unworthy of a Merit like her's; and letting her know how splendidly she liv'd, invited her to accompany her to Town. The Country Mouse consented, and away they trudg'd together, and about Midnight got to their Journey's End. The City Mouse shewed her Friend the Larder, the Pantry, the Kitchen, and other Offices where she laid her Stores; and after this, carried her into the Parlour, where they found, yet upon the Table, the Reliques of a mighty Entertainment of that very Night. The City Mouse carv'd her Companion of what she liked best, and so to it they fell upon a Velvet Couch. The Country Mouse, who had never seen nor heard of such Doings before, bless'd herself at the Change of her Condition; when, as ill Luck would have it, all on a sudden the Doors flew open, and in comes a Crew of noisy Servants of both Sexes, to feast upon the Dainties that were left. This put the poor Mice to their Wit's End how to save their Skins, the Stranger especially, who had never been in such Danger before: but she made a Shift however for the present to slink into a Corner, where she lay trembling and panting till the Company went away. As soon as ever the House was quiet again; Well! my Court Sister, says she, if this be the Sauce to your rich Meats, I'll e'en back to my Cottage, and my mouldy Cheese again; for I had much rather lie knabbing of Crusts, without Fear or Hazard, in my own Hole, than be Mistress of all the Delicates in the World, and subject to such terrifying Alarms and Dangers.

MORAL.

This Fable shews the Difference between a Court and a Country Life: The Delights, Innocence, and Security of the one, compar'd with the Anxiety, Voluptuousness and Hazards of the other.

REFLECTION.

How infinitely superior are the Delights of a private Life to the Noise and Bustle of a public one! Innocence, Security, Meditation, good Air, Health and unbroken

Rest, are the Blessings of the one; while the Rages of Lust and Wine, Noise, Hurry, Circumvention, Falsehood, Treachery, Confusion, and ill Health are the constant Attendants of the other.

The Splendor and the Luxury of a Court are but a poor Recompence for the slavish Attendances, the invidious Competitions, and the mortal Disappointments that accompany it. The uncertain Favour of Princes, and the Envy of those who judge by Hearsay or Appearance, without either Reason or Truth, make even the best Sort of Court Lives miserable. To say nothing of the innumerable Temptations, Vices and Excesses of a Life of Pomp and Pleasure. Let a Man but set the pleasing of his Palate against the Surfeits of Gluttony and Excess; the starving of his Mind against a pamper'd Carcase; the restless Importunities of Tale-bearers and Backfriends against fair Words and Professions only from the Teeth outwards: let him, I say, but set the one in Balance against the other, and he shall find himself miserable, even in the very Height of his Delights. To say all in a Word; Let him but set the Comforts of a Life spent in Noise, Formality and Tumult, against the Blessings of a Retreat with Competency and Freedom, and then cast up his Account.

What Man then, that is not stark mad, will voluntarily expose himself to the imperious Brow-beatings and Scorns of great Men! To have a Dagger struck to his Heart in an Embrace! To be torn to Pieces by Calumny; nay, to be a Knave in his own Defence! For the Honester the more dangerous in a vicious Age, and where 'tis a Crime not to be like the Company. Men of that Character are not to be read and understood by their Words, but by their Interests; their Promises and Protestations are no longer binding than while they are profitable to them.

After all, to keep the Fable more closely in View, let a Man, with the Country Mouse, reflect on the Peace and Safety of a rural Retirement, and prefer, if he can, the Insecurity, Noise and Hurry of a more exalted Fortune.

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FAB. 12.

A CROW AND A MUSCLE.

One of your *Royston* Crows lay battering upon a Muscle, and could not for his Heart break the Shell to come at the Fish. A *Carrion* Crow in the interim comes up, and advises him to take the Muscle up in the Air as high as he could carry it, and then let it fall upon a neighbouring Rock; and its own Weight, says he, shall break it. The *Roystoner* took his Advice, and it succeeded accordingly; but while the one was upon Wing, the other stood lurching upon the Rock, and flew away with the Fish.

MORAL.

If a selfish Man gives his Neighbour good Advice, 'tis ten to one but he has some End in it.

REFLECTION.

Men of Frankness and Simplicity are the most easily imposed upon, where they have Craft and Treachery to deal withal. The Imposture, in Truth, can hardly miscarry, where there is a full Confidence on the one Side, and a plausible Disposition on the other; wherefore 'tis good to be wary, but so as not to be inexorable, where there is but any Place for Charity itself to hope for better Things: Not but that a supine credulous Facility exposes a Man to be both a Prey and a Laughing-stock at once. 'Tis not for us to judge of the good Faith of Mens Intentions, but by the Light we receive from their Works. We may set up this for a Rule however, that where the Adviser is to be evidently the better for the Council, and the Advised in manifest Danger to be worse for it, there is no meddling. The Crow's Council was good enough in itself, but it was given with a fraudulent Intention.

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FAB. 13.

A FOX AND A RAVEN.

A Fox spy'd out a Raven upon a Tree with a Morsel in his Mouth, that set his Chops a watering; but how to come at it was the Question. Oh thou blessed Bird! says he, the Delight of Gods and of Men! — and so he lays himself forth upon the Gracefulness of the Raven's Person, and the Beauty of his Plumes: his admirable Gift of Augury, *&c.* And now, says the Fox, if thou hast but a Voice answerable to the rest of thy excellent Qualities, the Sun in the Firmament could not shew the World such another Creature.

This nauseous Flattery sets the Raven a gaping as wide as ever he could stretch, to give the Fox a Taste of his Quail Pipe; but, upon the opening of his Mouth, he drops his Breakfast; which the Fox presently chopt up, and then bad him remember, that whatever he had said of his Beauty, he had spoken nothing yet of his Brains.

MORAL.

There is hardly any Man living that may not be wrought upon more or less by Flattery; for we do all of us naturally overween in our own Favour. But when it comes to be applied once to a vain Fool, there is no End that can be propos'd to be attain'd by it, but may be effected.

REFLECTION.

Flattery calls good Things by ill Names, and ill by good; but it will never be out of Credit, so long as there are Knaves to give it, and Fools to take it.

It is in itself an unmanly slavish Vice; but it is much worse yet for the Alliance it has to Hypocrisy; for while we make other People think better of *themselves* than *they* deserve, we make them think better of *us* too than *we* deserve: For Self-love and Vanity on the one hand assists the Falseness and Confidence on the other, while it serves to confirm weak Minds in the Opinion they had of themselves before; and makes them Parties, effectually, in a Conspiracy to their own Ruin. The only Benefit or Good of Flattery is this; that by hearing what we *are not*, we may be instructed what we *ought to be.*

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FAB. 14.

AN OLD LION.

A Lion that in the Days of his Youth and Strength had been very outragious and cruel, came in the End to be reduced, by old Age and Infirmity, to the last Degree of Contempt; insomuch that all the Beasts of the Forest, some out of Insolence, others in Revenge, fell upon him by Consent. He was a miserable Creature to all Intents and Purposes; but nothing went so near the Heart of him in his Distress, as to find himself batter'd by the Heel of an Ass.

MORAL.

A Prince who does not secure Friends to himself while he is in Power and Condition to oblige them, must never expect to find Friends when he is no longer able to do them any Good.

REFLECTION.

The Case of this miserable old Lion may serve to put great Men in Mind that the Wheel of Time and of Fortune is still rolling, and that they themselves are to lie down at last in the Grave with common Dust; and without any thing to support them in their Age, but the Reputation, Virtue and Conscience of a well-spent Youth. But there are none yet that fall so unpitied, so just, so necessary, and so grateful a Sacrifice to the Rage and Scorn of common People, as those that have raised themselves upon the Spoils of the Public; especially when that Oppression is aggravated with a wanton Cruelty, and with Blood and Rapine, for the very Love of Wickedness.

The Lion is here upon his Death-bed, and may be compar'd to a great Man in Disgrace; not a Friend left him, nor so much as an Enemy, with either Fangs or Claws, that does not stand gaping and waiting for a Collop of him. Here he lies faint, poor, and defenceless, stung in his own Thoughts with the guilty Remembrance of the Pride and Riot of his Youth. All his Sins, as well as all his Adversaries, his Frauds and Cruelties, broken Vows, Promises and Contracts, his Tyranny and Hypocrisy, and the Iniquity, in fine, of all his Counsels and Practices for the Ruin of the Guiltless, flying in his Face. And, to complete his Misery, he finds himself reduced so low, as to be forced to bear the Kicks and Insults of the most despicable Brutes of the Field; and no one to assist, or even to pity, him. Let

the insolent Great Men of the World think of this in the Height of their Prosperity, and tremble!

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FAB. 15.

AN ASS AND A WHELP.

A Gentleman had a Favourite Spaniel, that would be still toying and leaping upon him, and playing a thousand Gambols, which the Master was well enough pleas'd withal; insomuch that an Ass in the House, that thought himself coarsely used, would needs go the same gamesome way to work, to curry Favour for himself; but he was quickly given to understand, with a good Cudgel, the Difference betwixt the one Playfellow and the other.

MORAL.

People who live by Example, should do well to look very narrowly into the Force and Authority of the Precedent: For that may became one Man which would be insufferable in another, under different Circumstances.

REFLECTION.

All Creatures have something in them peculiar to their several Species; and that Practice is still the best which is most consonant to the Nature of them, by a common Instinct. The Fawnings of an Ass are as unnatural as the Brayings would be of a Dog. He that follows *Nature* is never out of his Way; and that which is *best* for every Man, is *fittest* for him too. He does it with Ease and Success, whereas all Imitation is servile and ridiculous.

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FAB. 16.

A LION AND A MOUSE.

A Generous Lion having got into his Clutches a poor Mouse, at her earnest Supplication let her go. A few Days after, the Lion being hamper'd in a Net, found the Benefit of his former Mercy; for this very Mouse in his Distress, remembring the Favour done her, set herself to work upon the Couplings of the Net, gnaw'd the Threads to Pieces, and so deliver'd her Preserver.

MORAL.

It holds through the whole Scale of the Creation, that the Great and the Little have need one of another.

REFLECTION.

There is nothing so little, but Greatness may come to stand in need of it, and therefore Prudence and Discretion ought to have a Place in Clemency, as well as in Piety and Justice; 'tis *doing as we would be done by:* And the Obligation is yet stronger, when there is Gratitude as well as Honour and Good-nature in the Case. The Generosity of the Lion, and the Gratitude of the Mouse; the Power, the Dignity, and the Eminence of the one, and the Meanness of the other, do all concur to the making of this a very instructive Fable. For, here is a Recommendation of Clemency and Wisdom both in one: For the Lion, in sparing the Life of the *Mouse*, saved his own; and has left us in this Fable an Instance of a grateful Beast that will stand upon Record to the Confusion of many an ungrateful Man. No Flesh, in fine, can be so great, as not to tremble under the Force and Consequences of this Precedent.

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FAB. 17.

A SICK KITE AND HER MOTHER.

Pray, Mother, says a sick Kite, give over these idle Lamentations, and let me rather have your Prayers. Alas! my Child, says the Dam, to which of the Gods shall I pray, for a Wretch that has robb'd all their Altars?

MORAL.

Nothing but the Conscience of a virtuous Life can make Death easy to us; therefore there is no trusting to the Distraction of an agonizing and a death-bed Repentance.

REFLECTION.

The Kite's death-bed Devotion and Repentance works like the Charity and Piety of a great many Penitents we meet with in the World; who, after the robbing of Temples, the profaning of Altars, and other Violences of Rapine and Oppression, build an Hospital, perhaps, or some little Alms-House, out of the Spoils of Widows and Orphans, put up a Bill for the Prayers of the Congregation, wipe their Mouths, and all is well again. But 'tis not for a wicked Life to trust the Hazards of an uncertain State and Disposition at the Point of Death. Grace must be very strong in these Conflicts, wholly to vanquish the Weaknesses of distressed Nature. That certainly is none of the Time to make choice of for the great Work of reconciling ourselves to Heaven, when we are divided and confounded betwixt an Anguish of Body and of Mind: And the Man is worse than mad, that ventures his Salvation upon that desperate Issue. Besides, People in that Condition do but discharge themselves of burdensome Reflections, as they do of the Cargo of a Ship at Sea that has sprung a Leak; every thing is done in a Hurry, and Men only part with their Sins in the one Case, as they do with their Goods in the other, to fish them up again, so soon as the Storm is over.

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FAB. 18.

A SWALLOW AND OTHER BIRDS.

A Swallow (a Bird famous for Foresight) seeing a Country Fellow sowing Hemp in his Grounds, call'd a Company of little Birds about her, and telling them what the Man was about, and that the Fowlers Nets and Snares were made with Hemp or Flax, advised them to pick it up in time, for fear of the Consequence. They neglected the Advice till it took root; and then again, till it was sprung up into the Blade. Upon this, the Swallow told 'em, that it was not yet too late to prevent the Mischief, if they would but set heartily about it; but finding that no heed was given to what she said, she e'en bade adieu to her old Companions in the Woods, and betook herself to a City-Life, and to the Conversation of Men. This Flax and Hemp came in time to be gather'd and wrought; and it was this Swallow's Fortune to see several of the very Birds she had forewarned, taken in Nets made of the Stuff; and then, too late, they became sensible of the Folly of slipping their Opportunity.

MORAL.

Wise Men read Effects in their Causes; but Fools will not believe them till 'tis too late to prevent the Mischief.

REFLECTION.

Many great Evils have happen'd, as well to States as private Persons, by neglecting to take timely Precautions to prevent them. The greatest Mischiefs have often taken their Rise from very small Beginnings; but meeting with no Check in their first Appearance, have soon carry'd all before them. The *Ottoman* History, to name no other, affords many signal Instances of this; and a few Hours have seen the greatest Prince in the World, for want of timely Caution, tumbled from a Throne to a Prison. The Doctrine may be extended also to forewarn us against cherishing the first Temptations to Vice, which not check'd in time, it takes root, over-spreads the whole Mind, and perhaps ends in our utter Ruin. Little Prognosticks are not to be disregarded, when the Consequences which they forebode are likely to be fatal.

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FAB. 19.

THE FROGS DESIRE A KING.

The Frogs grown weary of Liberty, petition'd *Jupiter* for a King. *Jupiter*, to try them, threw them down a Log for their Governor; which, upon the first Dash, frighted them all into the Mud; nor durst they for some time look out till one Frog, bolder than the rest, put up his Head, and looking about him, beheld how quiet their new Prince lay. Upon this he calls his Fellow-Subjects together, tells them the Case, and nothing would serve them then, but riding a-top of him; insomuch that the Dread they were in before, is now turn'd into Insolence and Tumult. This King, they said, was too tame for them, and *Jupiter* must needs be entreated to send them another: He did so, and sent among them a Stork, who soon reveng'd the Cause of King *Log,* and devour'd as many of his new Subjects as came in his way. The Remainder of the miserable Crew petition'd again for a new King, or to be restor'd to their former State; but were told, that they had brought all these Evils upon themselves, and as the Stork was sent for their Punishment, they must bear it as well as they could; for there was no Remedy but Patience.

MORAL.

No State of Life can please a discontented Mind. Such People as know not when they are well and covet change, can only blame themselves, if that Change makes their Condition worse.

REFLECTION.

This Fable sets forth in every Part but that of the Log, the Condition of the *Israelites,* who not contented with the Theocracy under which they had the Happiness to live, would needs have a King, in Imitation of the neighbouring Nations. Their Desire was comply'd with, and in King *Saul* God sent them a *Stork,* who, after a while, made them sensible of their Folly.

We should learn to be contented in our present State, be it what it will; for a Desire of Change once possessing the human Mind, it knows not the End of it. God certainly knows what is best for us, and a Resignation to his Providence is the surest way to obtain his Blessing, and to have no Reason to lament that

Unsteadiness and Uneasiness of Temper which often subjects Mankind to the greatest Misfortunes; and makes them, in aspiring after a new Condition, wish themselves once again restor'd to their first.

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FAB. 20.

THE KITE, HAWK, AND PIGEONS.

The Pigeons finding themselves persecuted by the Kite, made choice of the Hawk for their Guardian. The Hawk sets up for their Protector; but under the Countenance of that Authority, instead of carrying on a War with the Kite, makes more Havock in the Dove-house in two Days, than the Kite could have done in as many Months.

MORAL.

'Tis a dangerous thing for People to call in a powerful and ambitious Man for their Protector.

REFLECTION.

The Evils we know, are oftentimes much better to be borne, than to seek Redress where the Damage may be much greater. How many Persons have had Reason to wish they had rather borne the Insults of a powerful Neighbour *Kite,* than to seek Redress from the more rapacious Lawyer *Hawk?*

To proceed to higher Points; how many Nations have had Reason to wish they had borne the smaller Insults of Power in their lawful Princes, rather than have recourse to Arms, or, to be nearer the Fable, to the Protection of a foreign Power, which seldom, in this Case, fails to destroy the Independency and Liberty of those who put themselves under its Protection? Let our old Histories tell us what our ancient *Britons* suffer'd purely from this Cause, from the *Picts* down to the *Saxons,* the *Danes,* and the *Normans,* not to name, as we might do, other more recent Instances.

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FAB. 21.

A DOG AND A THIEF.

As a Gang of Thieves were at work to rob a House; a Mastiff took the Alarm, and fell a barking: One of the Company spoke him fair, and would have stopt his Mouth with a Crust. No, says the Dog, this will not do, for I'll take no Bribes to betray my Master; nor will I, for a Piece of Bread in Hand, forfeit the Ease, Satisfaction and Liberty of my whole Life.

MORAL.

Fair Words, Presents, and Flatteries, are always to be suspected to cover a base and wicked Intent.

REFLECTION.

When ill Men take up a Fit of Kindness all of a sudden, and appear to be better natur'd than usual, 'tis discreet to suspect Fraud, and to lay their Words and their Practices together. This Moral reaches to all sorts of Trustees whatsoever, whether they be Counsellors, Confidents, Favourites, Officers, Soldiers, Traders, or what you will; for there are good and bad of all Kinds and Professions. So that *Æsop's* Dog is a Reproach to false Men in general, and a good Lesson to Servants of all Denominations, not to part with their Honesty for a sordid Bribe; which will in the End subject them to never-ceasing Remorse and the Stings of a wounded Conscience.

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FAB. 22.

A WOLF AND A SOW.

A Wolf very kindly offer'd to take care of the Litter of a Sow that was just ready to lye down. The Sow as civilly thank'd her for her Love, and desir'd she would be pleas'd to stand off a little, and do her the good Office at a Distance, the greater the better.

MORAL.

There are no Snares so dangerous as those which are laid for us under the Name of good Offices.

REFLECTION.

A wise Man will keep himself upon his Guard against the whole World, more especially against a known Enemy; but most of all, against that Enemy who appears in the Shape of a Friend. The lying-down Sow would have made a very bad Choice to have taken the Wolf for her Nurse.

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FAB. 23.

A MOUNTAIN IN LABOUR.

A rumour went that the mountain was in labour, and all the neighbourhood got together to see what a monstrous issue so great a mother would bring forth; when, behold! Of a sudden, out ran a ridiculous mouse.

MORAL.

Nothing so much exposes a Man to Ridicule, as when, by vain Blusters, he raises the Expectation of all around him, and falls short in his Performances.

REFLECTION.

What are all the extravagant Attempts and Enterprizes of vain Men in the World, but Morals, more or less, of this Fable? What are mighty Pretences undertaken without Consideration, and brought to no Effect, but the Vapours of a Distemper, that, like sickly Dreams, have neither Issue nor Connection? And the Disappointment to the Undertakers is not all neither; for Men become ridiculous, instead of formidable, when this Tympany is found to end in a Blast, and their *Mountain* produces only a *Mouse.* We could give many recent Instances of Attempts that would fall under the Lash of this Fable, but chuse to decline so invidious a Task.

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FAB. 24.

AN ASS AND AN UNGRATEFUL MASTER.

A Poor Ass, that what with Age and hard Labour, was worn to the Stumps, had the Ill-hap one Day to make a false Step, and to fall down under his Load: His Driver immediately falls upon him, and beats him almost to Death for it. This, says the Ass, is according to the Course of the ungrateful World: One casual Slip is enough to weigh down the faithful Services of a long Life.

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FAB. 25.

AN OLD DOG AND HIS MASTER.

An Old Dog, that in his Youth had led his Master many a merry Chase, and done him all the Offices of a trusty Servant, came at last, upon falling from his Speed and Vigour, to be loaden at every turn with Blows and Reproaches for it, and at last turn'd quite out of Doors. Why, Sir, says the Dog, my Will is as good as ever, but my Strength is gone; and you might with as much Justice hang me up because I'm old, as beat me because I'm impotent.

MORAL OF THE TWO FABLES.

It is a barbarous Inhumanity in great Men to old Servants, not to allow the past Services *of their* Strength *and* Youth *capable of atoning for the* Failings *natural to* Age; *and to an Age perhaps that has been hasten'd on by hard Labour and Zeal in their Service.*

REFLECTION.

These Fables are a Reproof to the ungrateful Cruelty of those who will neither forgive one Slip, nor reward a thousand Services, but take more Notice of a particular unlucky Accident, than of a general laudable Practice: But one Stumble is enough to deface the Character of an honourable Life. And this is found in Governments, as well as in Courts and private Families; with Masters and Mistresses, as well as in States.

Tis a miserable Thing when faithful Servants fall into the Hands of such insensible and unthankful Masters; such as value Services only by the Profit they bring them, without any Regard to the Zeal, Faith, and Affections of the Heart, and pay them with Blows and Reproaches in their Age, for the Use, Strength and Industry of their Youth. Nay, human Frailty itself is imputed to them for a Crime, and they are treated worse than Beasts, for not being more than Men. Here is an old drudging Cur turned off to shift for himself, for want of the very Teeth and Heels that he had lost in his Master's Service: Nay, if he can but come off for starving too, it passes for an Act of Mercy. It may be a Question now, whether the Wickedness, or the Imprudence of this Iniquity, be the more pernicious? For, over and above the Inhumanity, 'tis a Doctrine of ill Consequence to the Master himself, to shew the World how impossible a Thing it is for a Servant to oblige

and please him: Nay, it is some sort of Temptation also to Impiety and Injustice, when Virtue and Duty come to be made dangerous.

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FAB. 26.

AN ASS, AN APE, AND A MOLE.

An Ass and an Ape were conferring Grievances. The Ass complain’d mightily for want of Horns, and the Ape was as much troubled for want of a Tail. Hold your Tongues both of ye, says the Mole, and be thankful for what you have, for the poor blind Moles are in a worse Condition than either of ye.

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FAB. 27.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

Once upon a Time the Hares found themselves mightily unsatisfied with the miserable Condition they lived in. Here we live, says one of them, at the Mercy of Men, Dogs, Eagles, and I know not how many other Creatures, which prey upon us at Pleasure; perpetually in Frights, perpetually in Danger; and therefore I am absolutely of Opinion, that we had better die once for all, than live at this Rate in a continual Dread that's worse than Death itself. The Motion was seconded and debated, and a Resolution immediately taken, One and All, to drown themselves. The Vote was no sooner pass'd, but away they scudded with that Determination to the next Lake. Upon this Hurry there leapt a whole Shoal of Frogs from the Bank into the Water, for fear of the Hares. Nay then, my Masters, says one of the gravest of the Company, pray let's have a little Patience. Our Condition, I find, is not altogether so bad as we fansy'd it; for there are those, you see, that are as much afraid of us, as we are of others.

MORAL OF THE TWO FABLES.

There is no contending with the Orders and Decrees of Providence. He that made us, knows what is fittest for us; and every Man's own Lot (well understood and managed) is undoubtedly the best.

REFLECTION.

Since Nature provides for the Necessities of all Creatures, and for the Well-being of every one in its kind: and since it is not in the Power of any Creature to make itself other than what by Providence it was design'd to be; what a Madness is it to wish ourselves other than what we are, and what we must continue to be? Every Atom of the Creation has its Place assigned: Every Creature has its proper Figure, and there is no disputing with Him that made it so. *Why have I not this?* and, *Why have I not that?* are Questions for a Philosopher of *Bedlam* to ask; and we may as well cavil at the Motions of the Heavens, the Vicissitude of Day and Night, and the Succession of the Seasons, as expostulate with Providence upon any of the rest of God's Works. The *Ass* would have *Horns,* the *Ape* would have a *Tail,* and the *Hares* would be free from those Terrors which, timid as they are, they give to

others: But the *Mole* on the one hand, and the *Frogs* on the other, shew that there are others as miserable as themselves.

It may seem to be a kind of a malicious Satisfaction that one Man derives from the Misfortunes of another. But the Philosophy of this Reflection stands upon another Ground; for our Comfort does not arise from other People's being miserable, but from this Inference upon the Balance, That we suffer only the Lot of human Nature: And as we are happy or miserable, compared with others, so other People are miserable or happy, compared with us; by which Justice of Providence, we come to be convinc'd of the Sin, and the Mistake of our Ingratitude. What would not a Man give to be eas'd of the Gout or the Stone? Or, supposing an incurable Poverty on the one hand, and an incurable Malady on the other, why should not the poor Man think himself happier in his Rags, than the other in his Purple? But the rich Man envies the poor Man's *Health,* without considering his *Want,* and the poor Man envies the other's *Treasure,* without considering his *Diseases.* What is an ill Name in the World, to a good Conscience within one's self? And how much less miserable, upon the Wheel, is one Man that is innocent, than another under the same Torture that is guilty? The only Way for Hares and Asses, is to be thankful for what they are, and what they have, and not to grumble at the Lot that they must bear in spite of their Teeth.

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FAB. 28.

A WOLF, KID, AND GOAT.

A Goat going out one Morning, charg'd her Kid, upon her Blessing, not to open the Door 'till she came back, to any Creature that had not a Beard. The Goat was no sooner out of sight, but up comes a Wolf to the Door, that had over-heard the Charge, and in a small Pipe calls to the Kid to let her Mother come in. The Kid smelt out the Roguery, and bad the Wolf shew his Beard, and the Door should be open to him.

MORAL.

There never was a Hypocrite so disguis'd, but he had some Mark or other to be known by.

REFLECTION.

Here is Prudence, Caution and Obedience recommended to us in the Kid's Refusal to open the Door; and here is likewise set forth in the Wolf, the Practice of a fraudulent and a villainous Impostor. If the Kid's Obedience had not been more than her Sagacity, she would have found, to her Cost, the Teeth of a Wolf in the Mouth of a pretended Goat, and the Malice of an Enemy cover'd under the Voice and Pretence of a Parent.

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FAB. 29.

A DOG, A SHEEP, AND A WOLF.

A Dog brought an Action of the Case against a Sheep, for some certain Measures of Wheat, that he had lent him. The Plaintiff proved the Debt by three positive Witnesses, the Wolf, the Kite, and the Vulture. The Defendant was cast in Costs and Damages, and forc'd to sell the Wool from his Back to satisfy the Creditor.

MORAL.

It is not a Straw Matter, whether the main Cause be right or wrong, or the Charge true or false, where the Bench, Jury and Witnesses are in a Conspiracy against the Prisoner.

REFLECTION.

No Innocence can be safe, where Power and Malice are in Confederacy against it. There is no Fence against Subornation and false Evidence. There is no living, however, without Law; and there is no Help for it in many Cases, if the *saving Equity* be over-ruled by the *killing Letter* of it. It is the Verdict that does the Business, but it is the Evidence, true or false, that governs the Verdict. The only Danger is the giving too much Credit to the Oaths of Wolves, Kites and Vultures; that is to say, of Witnesses so profligate as to bring a Scandal even upon Truth itself.

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FAB. 30.

A COUNTRYMAN AND A SNAKE.

A Snake had bedded himself under the Threshold of a Country-House: A Child of the Family happen'd to set his Foot upon it; the Snake bit him, and he dy'd of the Bite. The Father of the Child made a Blow at the Snake, but miss'd his Aim, and only left a Mark behind him upon the Stone where he struck. The Countryman offer'd the Snake, some time after this, to be Friends again. No, says the Snake, so long as I have this Flaw upon the Stone in my Eye, and you the Death of the Child in your Thought, there's no trusting of you.

MORAL.

There is a great Difference betwixt Charity and Facility. We may hope well in many Cases, but let it be without venturing our All upon it.

REFLECTION.

It is ill trusting a reconciled Enemy; but it is worse yet, to proceed at one Step from Clemency and Tenderness to Confidence and Trust; especially where there are many Memorials in Sight for Hatred and Revenge to work upon. Upon the whole Matter, the Countryman was too easy, in proposing a Reconciliation, (the Circumstances duly considered) and the Snake was much in the right, on the other hand, in not entertaining it from a Man that had such a Remembrance at hand still, to provoke him to a Revenge. Wherefore it is highly necessary for the one to know how far, and to whom to trust, and for the other to understand what he is to trust to. It is a great Error to take Facility for Good-nature: Tenderness without Discretion is but a more pardonable Folly.

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FAB. 31.

A FOX AND A STORK.

A Fox on a Time invited the Stork to a Treat. They had several Soups served up in broad Dishes and Plates, and so the Fox fell to lapping himself, and bade his Guest heartily welcome to what was before him. The Stork found he was put upon, but set a good Face upon his Entertainment, and told his Friend, that by all means he must take a Supper with him that Night in Return. The Fox made several Excuses, but the Stork, in fine, would not be said Nay; so that at last he promised him to come. The Collation was served up in Glasses with long narrow Necks, and the best of every thing that was to be had. Come, says the Stork to his Friend, pray, be as free as if you were at Home, and so fell to it very heartily himself. The Fox quickly found this to be a Trick, and sneak'd away under the Consciousness of being justly requited for his own inhospitable Frolick.

MORAL.

Nothing looks so silly as a crafty Knave outwitted, and beaten at his own Play.

REFLECTION.

This is the Fate commonly of Drolls and Buffoons, that while they think to make Sport with others, they serve only in the Conclusion for a Laughing Stock themselves.

The Fox's Frolick went too far, in regard it was both upon an Invitation, and under his own Roof. Now the Return of the Stork was only a warrantable Revenge, even according to the Rules of Civility and good Fellowship; for the Fox's leading the Humour, gave the other not only a Provocation, but a kind of a Right to requite him in his own way: This may serve to reprove those Liberties in Conversation that pass the Bounds of Good-nature, Honour, Honesty, and Respect; and it further teaches us, that the Laws of Humanity and Hospitality must be kept sacred upon any Terms: for the wounding of a Friend for the Sake of a Jest is an Intemperance, and an Immorality, not to be endured.

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FAB. 32.

A FOX AND A CARV'D HEAD.

A Fox in a Carver's Shop, admiring, among others, one particular fine Bust, said, after he had consider'd it very attentively, Well, thou art really a beautiful Piece; but what Pity it is, that thou hast not one Grain of Sense?

MORAL.

A beautiful Outside does not always indicate an ingenious Mind. No Faith is to be given to mere external Appearances.

REFLECTION.

The Excellency of the Soul is above the Beauty of the Body, tho' more Care is generally taken to cultivate the Advantages of the one, than those of the other. To wrap up all in a Word, The World itself is but a great Shop of Carv'd Heads; and the Fox's Conceit will hold as well in human Life, as in the Fiction.

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FAB. 33.

A DAW AND BORROW'D FEATHERS.

A Daw that had a Mind to be sparkish, trick'd him self up with all the gay Feathers he could muster together: And valued himself upon them above all the Birds in the Air. This got him the Envy of all his Companions, who, upon a Discovery of the Truth, fell to pluming of him by Consent; and when every Bird had taken his own Feather, the silly Daw was reduced to his primitive State, and found a lasting Contempt added to his former Poverty.

MORAL.

Where Pride and Beggary meet, People are sure to be made ridiculous in the Conclusion.

REFLECTION.

Every Thing is best, and every Man happiest, in the State and Condition wherein Nature has plac'd them; but if Daws will be setting up for Peacocks, or Asses for Lions, they must expect, and content themselves to be laugh'd at for their Pains. The Allusion of the Daw here and his borrow'd Feathers extends to all Sorts of Impostors, vain Pretenders and Romancers. It points also at the empty Affectation of Wit and Understanding; in which case it fares as it does with Men who set up for Quality, Birth, and Bravery, upon the Credit of a gay Outside. Such Plagiaries as strut in the borrow'd Wit of other Authors may also be aptly compar'd to the Daw in the Fable.

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FAB. 34.

AN ANT AND A FLY.

Where's the Honour, or the Pleasure in the World, says the Fly, in a Dispute for Pre-eminence with the Ant, that I have not my Part in? Are not all Temples and Places open to me? Am not I the Taster to Gods and Princes in all their Sacrifices and Entertainments? And all this, without either Money or Pains? I trample upon Crowns, and kiss what Ladies Lips I please. And what have you now to pretend to all this while? Vain Boaster! says the Ant, dost thou not know the Difference between the Access of a *Guest*, and that of an *Intruder?* for People are so far from liking your Company, that they kill you as soon as they catch you. You are a Plague to them where-ever you come. Your very Breath has Maggots in't; and for the Kiss you brag of, what is it but the Perfume of the last Dunghil you touch'd upon, once remov'd? For my Part, I live upon what's my own, and work honestly in the Summer to maintain myself in the Winter; whereas the whole Course of your scandalous Life is only cheating or sharping one half of the Year, and starving the other.

MORAL.

The Happiness of Life does not lie so much in enjoying small Advantages, as in living free from great Inconveniencies. An honest Mediocrity is the happiest State a Man can wish for.

REFLECTION.

This Fable marks out to us the Difference betwixt the empty Vanity of Ostentation, and the substantial Ornaments of Virtue. A Man can hardly fansy to himself a truer Image of a plain, honest, country Simplicity, than the Ant's Part of the Dialogue in this Fable. She takes Pains for what she eats; wrongs no body; and so creates no Enemies; she wants nothing; and she boasts of nothing; lives contented with her own, and enjoys all with a good Conscience. This Emblem recommends to us the Blessings of a virtuous Privacy, according to the just Measures of right Nature, and, in few Words, comprizes the Sum of a happy State.

The Fly, on the contrary, leads a lazy, voluptuous, scandalous, sharking Life; is hated where-ever she comes, and in perpetual Fears and Dangers. She flutters, it is true, from Place to Place, from Feast to Feast, brags of her Interest at Court, and

of Ladies Favours: And what is this miserable Insect at last, but the very Picture of one of our ordinary Trencher Esquires, that spends his Time in hopping from the Table of one Great Man to that of another, only to pick up Scraps, and Intelligence, and to spoil good Company! at other times officiously skipping up and down from Levee to Levee, and endeavouring to make himself necessary, where-ever he thinks fit to be troublesome!

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FAB. 35.

A FROG AND AN OX.

As a huge Ox was grazing in a Meadow, an old envious Frog that stood gaping at him hard by, call'd out to her little ones, to take Notice of the Bulk of that monstrous Beast; And see, says she, if I don't now make myself the bigger of the two: So she strain'd once, and twice, and went still swelling on, till in the Conclusion she over-strain'd herself, and burst.

MORAL.

Weak Minds frequently fansy themselves to be bigger or worthier than they are, and other People to be less or more unworthy; and the Consequence of this wretched Pride is often fatal to the Possessors of it, or at least serves to render them contemptible in the Eyes of those whose good Opinion they are fondest to engage.

REFLECTION.

This Fable may be consider'd as a Lash upon those that set up to live above their Quality and Fortune, and pretend to spend Penny for Penny with Men of twenty times their Estate, and therefore must needs burst, or become Bankrupt in the Conclusion. Pride and Ambition often push Men forward, not only to Extravagances, but Impossibilities, to the certain Undoing of the Weaker and the Meaner, when they come to vie Power and Expence with those that are too high and too many for them. So likewise Men of mean Abilities and high Conceit, attempting to vie with their Superiors in Wit and Learning, often lose the Merit of a middle Character for both, which but for their Vanity they might have maintain'd; and so by aiming to be *more* than they are, make themselves less than they would be allow'd to be, had they known themselves better. In short, he that will arrogantly pretend to know *every thing*, will be treated by Mankind as one that *knows nothing*; and so much the more justly, as he is quite ignorant of *Himself.*

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FAB. 36.

AN ASS AND A WOLF.

An Ass had got a Thorn in his Foot, and for want of a better Surgeon, who but a Wolf at last offers himself to draw it out with his Teeth! The Ass was no sooner eas'd, but, knowing the Wolf's bad Intention, he gave his Operator such a Kick under the Ear with his sound Foot, that he stunn'd him, and so ran away as fast as he could.

MORAL.

Harm watch, Harm catch, *is but according to the common Rule of Equity and Retaliation.*

REFLECTION.

There is no trusting to the fair Words of those that have both an Interest and an Inclination to destroy us; especially when the Design is carried on under the Masque of a friendly Office. It is but reasonable to oppose Art to Art, and where we suspect false Play, to encounter one Trick with another: Provided always that it be manag'd without Breach of Faith, and within the Compass of Honour, Honesty, and good Manners. The Wolf had a Design upon the Ass; and the Matter being brought to a Trial of Skill between them, the Countermine was only an Act of Self-Preservation.

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FAB. 37.

THE IGNORANT SEA-PASSENGER.

A Man went Passenger in a Ship, who never was at Sea before. It happen'd that a Storm arose, and after a while the Ship struck upon a Sand. Every one else was but too sensible of their Danger; but he, for his Part, thank'd God for bringing him once more into shallow Water, where he could feel the bottom.

MORAL.

We sometimes mistake that for our Benefit, which in the End turns to our greatest Misfortune.

REFLECTION.

Too much Security in Time of Danger, is often of worse Consequence than too much Apprehension; for by the one an Evil, tho' it may not be intirely avoided, may be in some measure lessen'd, by our being prepar'd to make the best of it; whereas the other, fearing nothing, makes no Defence against the Danger, and so is taken altogether unprepar'd. The rest of the Crew, no doubt, as soon as the Ship struck, set about furnishing themselves with the best Means that offer'd, to save their Persons and Effects; while the poor stupid Passenger, hugging himself with the Hope of getting upon dry Land, neglected to provide for his Safety, and so, in all likelihood, fell a Sacrifice to his own Thoughtlesness and Over-security.

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FAB. 38.

A HORSE ANDAN ASS.

A Proud pamper'd Horse, bedeck'd with gaudy Trappings, met in his Course a poor creeping Ass, under a heavy Burden, that had chopt into the same Track with him. Why, how now, Sirrah, says he, d'ye not see by these Arms, and Trappings, to what Master I belong? And d'ye not understand that when I have that Master of mine upon my Back, the whole Weight of the State rests upon my Shoulders? Out of the Way, thou slavish insolent Animal, or I'll tread thee to dirt. The wretched Ass immediately slunk aside, with this envious Reflection between his Teeth, *What would I give to change Conditions with that happy Creature there!* This Fancy would not out of the Head of him, till it was his Hap, a little while after, to see this very Horse doing Drudgery in a common Dung-Cart. Why how now Friend (says the Ass) how comes this about? Only the Chance of War, says the other: I was a General's Horse, you must know; and my Master carried me into a Battle, where I was hack'd and maim'd, and you have here before your Eyes the Catastrophe of my Fortune.

MORAL.

This Fable shews the Folly, and the Fate of Pride and Arrogance; and the Mistake of placing Happiness in any Thing that may be taken away; as also the Blessing of Freedom in a mean Estate.

REFLECTION.

People would never envy the Pomp and Splendor of Greatness, if they did but consider either the Cares and Dangers that go along with it, or the Blessings of Peace and Security in a middle Condition. No Man can be truly happy, who is not every Hour of his Life prepar'd for the worst that can befal him. Now this is a State of Tranquility never to be attain'd, but by keeping perpetually in our Thoughts the Certainty of Death, and the Lubricity of Fortune; and by delivering ourselves from the Anxiety of Hopes and Fears.

It falls naturally within the Prospect of this Fiction to treat of the Wickedness of a presumptuous Arrogance, the Fate that attends it; the Rise of it; and the Means of either preventing or suppressing it; the Folly of it; the wretched and

ridiculous Estate of a proud Man, and the Weakness of that Envy that is grounded upon the mistaken Happiness of human Life.

The Folly both of the Horse and the Ass may be consider'd here; the one in placing his Happiness upon any thing that could be taken away; and the other, in envying that mistaken Happiness, under the Abuse of the same splendid Illusion and Imposture. What signify a gay Furniture, and a pamper'd Carcase; or any other outward Appearance, without an intrinsick Value of Worth and Virtue? What signify Beauty, Strength, Youth, Fortune, embroider'd Furniture, gawdy Bosses, or any of those temporary and uncertain Satisfactions that may be taken from us with the very next Breath we draw? What Assurance can any Man have of a Possession that every Turn of State, every Puff of Air, every Change of Humour, and the least of a Million of common Casualties may deprive him of?

Moreover, the Envy of the Ass was a double Folly; for he mistakes both the Horse's Condition and his own. 'Tis Madness to envy any Creature that may in a Moment become miserable; or for any Advantage that may in a Moment be taken from him. The Ass envies the Horse to day; and in some few days more, the Horse comes to envy him: Wherefore, let no Man despair, so long as it is in the Power either of Death, or of Chance, to remove the Burden. Nothing but Moderation and Greatness of Mind, can make, either a prosperous or an adverse Fortune easy to us. The only way to be happy is to submit to our Lot; for no Man can be properly said to be miserable, that is not wanting to himself. It is certainly true, that many a poor Cobler has a merrier Heart in his Stall, than a Prince in his Palace.

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FAB. 39.

A BAT AND A WEAZLE.

A Weazle had seiz'd upon a Bat, and the Bat begg'd for Life. No, no, says the Weazle, I give no Quarter to Birds. Ah, (says the Bat) but I am a Mouse, you see; look on my Body else: And so she got off for that Bout. The same Bat had the Fortune to be taken a while after by another Weazle; and there the poor Bat was forc'd to beg for Mercy once again. No, says the Weazle, no Mercy to a Mouse. Well, (says t'other) but you may see by my Wings that I'm a Bird; and so the Bat scap'd in both Capacities.

MORAL.

Where no Treachery to another is design'd; but only to save one's self from imminent Danger, innocent Subterfuges are not unworthy of an honest Mind.

REFLECTION.

From this Emblem we are to gather, that there are certain Ways, Cases and Occasions, wherein Disguises and artificial Evasions are in some measure allowable, provided only that there be no scandalous or malicious Departure from the Truth. This shifting of the Bat in the Paws of the two Weazles, was but making the best of what he had to say and to shew for himself toward the saving of his Life. There was no Breach of Faith, or of Trust in it; no abandoning of a Duty, no Thought of Treachery, nor, in effect, any thing more in it, than a fair prudent Way of putting out false Colours.

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FAB. 40.

THE NEUTRAL BAT.

Upon a desperate and a doubtful Battle betwixt the Birds and the Beasts, the Bat stood neuter, till he found that the Beasts had the better of it, and then went over to the stronger Side. But it came to pass afterward (as the Chance of War is various) that the Birds rally'd their broken Troops, and carry'd the Day; and away he went then to the other Party, where he was try'd by a Council of War as a Deserter; stript, banish'd, and finally condemn'd never to see Day-light again.

MORAL.

This Fable is a true Emblem of a base Time-server; and the Bat richly merited the Punishment he met with.

REFLECTION.

The Case of the Bat in this Fable, which Sir *Roger L'Estrange* has subjected to the same Moral and Reflection with those in the former, is, however, widely different; and therefore we have made two different Fables and Applications to them. In the former, the Bat having fallen into the Clutches of two different Weazles at two different Times, made use of her natural Shape and Appearance to pass for a Bird at one time, and a Mouse at the other, and this for the laudable Purpose only of saving her Life. But the Bat in the present Fable acted the Part of a base Miscreant; for he injur'd his Party, first, in withdrawing his Assistance; secondly, in going over to the stronger Side, and declaring himself an Enemy when his Fellows had the worst of it. His Judgment, in fine, as we have observed in the Moral, was just, and if all Double-Dealers and Deserters were served as this Bat was, it would be an Example of Terror to Renagades, and of Encouragement to honest Men.

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FAB. 41.

A WOLF AND A FOX.

A Wolf having got together a large Store of Provisions kept close for fear of losing it. Why, how now Friend, says a Fox, who had long watch'd for his Absence, we han't seen you abroad at the Chace this many a Day! Why truly, says the Wolf, I have an Indisposition that keeps me much at home, and I hope I shall have your Prayers for my Recovery. The Fox seeing his Stratagem would not take, goes to a Shepherd, and tells him where he might surprize a Wolf. The Shepherd follow'd his Directions, and destroy'd poor *Isgrim.* The Fox immediately repairs to his Cell, and takes Possession of his Stores; but he had little Joy of the Purchase, for in a very short time the same Shepherd did as much for the Fox, as he had done before for the Wolf.

MORAL.

This Fable shews us the just Fate that attends the Treachery, even of one Traitor to another.

REFLECTION.

The Wolf, it must be own'd, well deserv'd the Fate he met with for his continual Depredations, and the Violence by which he had possess'd himself of his secreted Stores; but then he did not deserve it from the Fox, who was as great a Villain as himself, and wanted only to play at Rob-Thief with him. But the Shepherd, who was in all likelihood the Sufferer, reveng'd the Wolf upon the Fox, and did Justice upon both. When Thieves fall out among themselves, 'tis pleasant to see one Diamond cut with another.

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FAB. 42.

A STAG DRINKING.

A Stag drinking upon the Bank of a clear Stream, and seeing his Image in the Water; Well! says he, if these pitiful Shanks of mine were but answerable to this branching Head, I can't but think how I should defy all my Enemies. The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, but he discover'd a Pack of Dogs coming full Cry towards him. Away he scours cross the Fields, casts off the Dogs, and gains a Wood; but pressing through a Thicket, the Bushes held him by the Horns, till the Hounds came in, and pluck'd him down. The last thing he said was this; What an unhappy Fool was I, to take my Friends for mine Enemies, and my Enemies for my Friends! I trusted to my Head that has betray'd me; and I found fault with my Legs, that would otherwise have brought me off.

MORAL.

He that does not thoroughly know himself, may be well allow'd to make a false judgment upon other Matters that nearly concern him.

REFLECTION.

We are taught here, how apt vain Men are to glory in that which commonly tends to their Loss, their Misfortune, their Shame, and sometimes to their very Destruction; and how frequently they are liable to take their best Friends for their Enemies. The Stag prided himself in his Horns, which afterward shackled, and were the Ruin of him; but made slight of his slender Shanks, that, if it had not been for his branching Head, would have been his Security.

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FAB. 43.

A SNAKE AND A FILE.

A Snake having got into a Smith's Shop, lick'd a File till she made her Tongue bloody, and imagining it was the File that bled, she lick'd the more eagerly. In conclusion, when she could lick no longer, she fell to biting, till she broke her Teeth, and then was oblig'd to leave off, half dead, and quite disarm'd of all her Defences.

MORAL.

Every Man should consider his own Strength and Abilities, and act accordingly.

REFLECTION.

This Fable sets out the Malignity of some spiteful People, who take so much Pleasure in the Design of hurting others, as not to feel, and understand that they only hurt themselves. This is the Case of those who will be trying Masteries with their Superiors, and biting of that which is too hard for their Teeth. There is no contending with an Adversary that is either insensible or invincible; and the Rule holds, in Matters, not only of actual Force and Violence, but of Fortune and good Name; for 'tis no better than downright Madness, to strike where we have no Power to hurt, and to contend where we are sure to be worsted.

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FAB. 44.

WOLVES, SHEEP, AND DOGS.

A War was once waged between the Sheep and Wolves; and so long as the Sheep had the Dogs for their Allies, they were a Match for their Enemies. The Wolves finding this, sent Embassadors to treat about a Peace, and till it could be concluded, Hostages were given on both sides; the Dogs on the Part of the Sheep, and the Wolves Whelps on the other Part. While they were upon Treaty, the Whelps fell a howling; the Wolves cry'd out Treason; and pretending an Infraction in the Abuse of their Hostages, fell upon the Sheep in the Absence of their Dogs, and made them pay for the Improvidence of leaving themselves without a Guard.

MORAL.

'Tis the highest Degree of Folly to think of establishing an Alliance among those that Nature herself has divided, by an irreconcileable Hatred.

REFLECTION.

To take this Fable in a political Sense; a Nation which puts itself out of Condition of Defence, in Case of a War, must expect a War. Such a State as leaves a People at the Mercy of an Enemy, is worse than War itself. There is no trusting to the Formalities of an outside Peace, upon the pretended Reconciliation of an implacable Enemy. Christian Religion bids us forgive: But Christian Prudence bids us have a Care too, whom we trust. 'Tis just in the World as it is in the Apologue: Truces and Cessations are both made, and broken, for present Convenience; and we may lay down this for an undoubted Truth, that there can never want a Colour for a Rupture, where there is a good Will to it, and 'tis found to be the Party's Interest.

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FAB. 45.

AN AX AND A FOREST.

A Carpenter begg'd of the Forest only so much Wood as would make a Handle to his Ax. The Matter seem'd so small, that the Request was easily granted; but when the Timber Trees came to find that the whole Wood was to be cut down by the Help of this Handle; *There's no Remedy*, they cry'd, *but Patience, when People are undone by their own Folly.*

MORAL.

Nothing goes nearer a Man in his Misfortunes, than to find himself accessary to his own Ruin.

REFLECTION.

It is a Folly inexcusable, to deliver up ourselves needlessly into another's Power: For he that doth any Thing rashly, must be taken in Equity of Construction to do it willingly; for he was free to deliberate or not. 'Tis well to consider, first, What the Thing is that is desir'd: Secondly, The Character of the Person that asks: Thirdly, What Use may be made of it to the Detriment of him that grants the Request, and so to resolve how far in Duty, Humanity, Prudence and Justice we are to comply with it. Wheresoever there is moral Right on the one Hand, no secondary Interest can discharge it on the other. A Prisoner upon Parole must surrender himself upon demand, though he die for it. A Man may contribute to his own Ruin several Ways; but in Cases not to be foreseen, and so not to be prevented, it may be his Misfortune, and the Man not to blame. We are not to omit Precaution however, for fear an ill Use should be made of those things that we do, even with a good Intention; but we are still to distinguish betwixt what may *possibly,* and what will *probably* be done, according to the best Measures we can take of the End of asking; for there would be no Place left for the Functions of human Society, if the Possibility of abusing a Kindness should *wholly* divert us from the Exercise of Charity and good Nature. There may be great Mischief wrought yet, without any thing of a previous Malice, and it may be hazardous to yield, even where the Proposal is wholly innocent. There may be other Propositions again, that were

originally design’d for Snares, to the short-sighted and credulous; now ’tis the Art of Life critically to discern the one Case from the other.

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FAB. 46.

THE BELLY AND MEMBERS.

The Hands and the Feet on a time were in a desperate Mutiny against the Belly. They knew no Reason, they said, why the one should pamper itself with the Fruit of the other's Labour; and if the Belly would not work for company, they'd be no longer at the Charge of maintaining it. Upon this Mutiny, they kept the Body so long without Nourishment, that all the Parts suffer'd for it: Insomuch that the Hands and Feet came in the Conclusion to find their Mistake, and would have been willing then to have done their Office; but it was now too late, for the Body was so pin'd with over-fasting, that it was wholly out of Condition to receive the Benefit of a Relief; and so they all perish'd together.

MORAL.

The Pub lick is but one Body, and the Fable cautions the particular Members of it how they withdraw themselves from their Duties, till it shall be too late for their Superiors to make use of them for their mutual Advantage.

REFLECTION.

This Allegory is a political Reading upon the State and Condition of civil Communities, where the Members have their several Offices, and every Part contributes respectively to the Preservation and Service of the whole. There are Degrees of Dignity, no doubt, in both Cases, and one Part is to be subservient to another, in the Order of civil Policy, as well as in the Frame of a Man's Body: So that they are mightily out of the way, who take eating and drinking, in a Course of Vicissitude, with other Offices of Nature that are common to Beasts with Men, to be the great Business of Mankind, without any further Regard to the Faculties and Duties of our reasonable Being: For every Member has its proper and respective Function assign'd it, and not a Finger suffers, but the Whole feels it. This Apologue was used to very good Purpose by *Menenius Agrippa,* who appeas'd a Tumult by it among the Commoners of *Rome*, who, till they heard it, were resolv'd not to obey their Magistrates, nor contribute to the publick Good and Safety, because they could not live as magnificently as their Superiors.

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FAB. 47.

A LARK AND HER YOUNG.

In a Field of Corn just ripe for Reaping, a Lark had a Brood of Young ones, and when she went abroad to forage for them, laid a strict Charge upon her little ones, to pick up what News they could get against she came back again. They told her, at her Return, that the Owner of the Field had been there, and order'd his *Neighbours* to come and reap the Corn. Well, says the Old one, there's no Danger as yet. They told her the next Day that he had been there again, and desir'd his *Friends* to do it. Well, well, says she, there's no hurt in that neither; and so she went out progging for Provisions as before. But upon the third Day, when they told their Mother, that the *Master* and his *Son* agreed to come next Morning and do it themselves; nay, then, says she, 'tis time to look about us: As for the *Neighbours* and *Friends,* I fear 'em not; but the Master I'm sure will be as good as his Word, for *'tis his own Business.*

MORAL.

He that would be sure to have his Business well done, must either do it himself, or see the doing of it. Many a good Servant is spoil'd by a careless Master. Men will be true to themselves, how faithless soever to one another.

REFLECTION.

Interest does more in the World than Faith and Honesty; for Men are more sensible in their own Case than in another's. Neither, in truth, is it reasonable that another should be more careful of *me,* than I am of *myself.* Every Man's Business is best done, when he looks after it with his own Eyes.

The Morality of this Caution is as good a Lesson to *Governments* as to *private Families.* For a Prince's leaving his Business wholly to his Ministers, without a strict Eye over them in their respective Offices and Functions, is as dangerous an Error in Politicks, as a Master's committing all to his Servant is in Oeconomicks. It is effectually a Transferring of the Authority, when a Superior trusts himself implicitly to the Faith, Care, Honesty and Discretion of an Inferior. To say nothing of the Temptation to Bribery and False-dealing, when so much may be gotten by it, with so little Hazard either of Discovery or Punishment. Beside the

desperate Inconvenience of setting up a wrong Interest, by drawing Applications out of the proper Channel; and committing the Authority and Duty of the Master to the Honesty and Discretion of the Servant.

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FAB. 48.

SICK LION AND FOX.

A Lion that had got a politick Fit of Sickness, made it his Observation, that of all the Beasts in the Forest, the Fox never came at him: And so he wrote him word how ill he was, and how mighty glad he should be of his Company. The Fox return'd the Compliment with a thousand Prayers for his Recovery; but as for waiting upon him, he desir'd to be excus'd; for, says he, I find the Traces of abundance of Feet going into your Majesty's Palace, but not one of any that comes back again.

MORAL.

We ought to be careful how we place a Confidence in the complimentai Professions of cunning and designing Men; for 'tis half the Business of one Part of the World to put Tricks upon the other.

REFLECTION.

'Tis a difficult Point to hit the true Medium betwixt trusting too much and too little. Indeed there is no living without trusting some Body or other, in some Cases, or at some Time or other: But then if People be not cautious, whom, when, and wherein, the Mistake may be pernicious; for there must be somewhat of a Trust to make way for a Treachery; since no Man can be betray'd that does not either believe, or seem to believe. The Heart of a Man is like a Bog, it looks fair to the Eye; but when we come to lay any weight upon it, the Ground is false under us. Nothing could be more obliging and respectful than the Lion's Letter was, in Terms and Appearance; but yet there was Death in the Intent and Meaning of it.

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FAB. 49.

A BOAR AND A HORSE.

A Boar wallowing in the Water where a Horse was going to drink, a Quarrel ensu'd upon it. The Horse went presently to a Man, to assist him in his Revenge. They agreed upon the Conditions, and the Man immediately arm'd himself, and mounted the Horse, who carried him to the Boar, and had the Satisfaction of seeing his Enemy kill'd before his Face. The Horse thank'd him for his Kindness, but as he was just about to take leave, the Man said he should have further occasion for him, and so order'd him to be ty'd up in the Stable. The Horse came by this time to understand that his Liberty was irretrievably gone, and that he had paid dear for his Revenge.

MORAL.

Many a Man, to avoid a present and less Evil, runs blindfold into a greater; and there are others, who, to gratify a revengeful Humour, lay a Foundation for Repentance for all their Life to come.

REFLECTION.

This Fable lays open to us the Folly of those People who make themselves Slaves to their Revenge; for no Man should be so angry with another, as to hurt himself for it. We should likewise consider, that there is more Hazard in the Succour of a new powerful Friend, than in the Hostility of an old dangerous Enemy; and that the greatest Empires upon the Face of the Earth have had their Rise from the Pretence of taking up Quarrels, or keeping the Peace, among their Neighbours.

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FAB. 50.

TWO YOUNG MEN AND A COOK.

Two young Fellows slipping into a Cook's Shop, one of them stole a Piece of Flesh, and convey'd it to the other. The Master miss'd it immediately, and challeng'd them with the Theft: He that took it, swore he had none of it; and he that had it, swore as desperately that he did not take it. Well, my Masters, says the Cook, these Frauds and Fallacies may pass upon Men, but there is an Eye above that sees through them.

MORAL.

There is no putting of Tricks upon an all-seeing Power; as if he that made our Hearts, and knows every Corner of them, could not see through the childish Fallacy of a double Meaning.

REFLECTION.

This Fable concerns those who think to deceive God with Fallacies of Words, Equivocations, mental Reservations, and double Meanings; but though Frauds and Perjuries may pass upon Men for a Season, they are yet as open as the Light to Him that searches the Heart. It is a great Unhappiness that Children should be so much addicted (as we see they are) to this Way and Humour of shuffling: But it is a greater Shame and Mischief for Parents, Governors and Tutors, to encourage and allow them in it, whereby they effectually train them up to one of the most dangerous Corruptions they are capable of; no less than that of laying the very Groundwork of a false and treacherous Life. Truth is the great Lesson of reasonable Nature, both in Philosophy and in Religion. The Knack of Fast and Loose passes with a world of foolish People for a Turn of Wit; but they are not aware all this while of the desperate Consequences of an ill Habit, which in the End may bring Men to Infamy, Disgrace, and Ruin.

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FAB. 51.

A DOG AND A BUTCHER.

As a Butcher was busy about his Meat, a Dog snatches a Piece of Meat off of the Block, and runs away with it. The Butcher seeing him upon the Gallop with it, Hark ye, Friend, says he, you may e'en for this once make the best of your Purchase, I shall take care to lay my Meat out of your Reach another time.

MORAL.

He that loses any thing, and gets Wisdom by it, is a Gainer by the Loss.

REFLECTION.

Affliction makes a Man both honest and wise; for the Smart brings him to a Sense of his Error, and the Experiment to the Knowledge of it. We have I know not how many Adages to back the Reason of this Moral, *Hang a Dog upon a Crab-tree,* we say, *and hell never love Verjuice* And then we have it again in that common Saying, *The burnt Child dreads the Fire.* It is wandering many times, whether it be in Opinion, or in travelling, that sets a Man right in his Judgment, and brings him into the way with greater Pleasure. The Dog's running away with the Flesh, does as good as bid the Owner look better to it another Time.

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FAB. 52.

A CAT AND VENUS.

A Young Fellow was so passionately in Love with a Cat, that he made it his humble Suit to *Venus*, to turn her into a Woman. The Transformation was wrought in the twinkling of an Eye, and out she comes, a very handsome Lass. The Sot took her home to his Bed; but was hardly laid down, when the Goddess having a mind to try if the Cat had chang'd her Manners with her Shape, turn'd a Mouse loose into the Chamber. The new-made Woman, upon this Temptation, started out of the Bed, and directly made a Leap at the Mouse; upon which *Venus* turn'd her into a Puss again.

MORAL.

The extravagant Transports of Love, and the Propensions of Nature, are unaccountable; the one carries us out of ourselves, and the other brings us back again.

REFLECTION.

This Fable lays before us the Charms and Extravagances of a blind Love, which covers all Imperfections, and considers neither Quality nor Merit. And let the Defects be never so gross, it either palliates or excuses them. The new-made Woman's leaping at the Mouse, tells us also how impossible it is to make Nature change her Biass, and that *if we shut her out at the Door, she will come in at the Window.*

Here is the Image of a wild and fantastical Love, which shews the Effects of an ungovern'd Fancy; for Men do not see, or taste, or find the Thing they love, but they create it. They fashion an Idol, in what Figure or Shape they please; set it up, worship it, dote upon it, pursue it, and, in fine, run mad for it. How many Passions have we seen in the World, ridiculous enough to answer all the Follies of this Imagination!

We are further given to understand, that no Counterfeit is so steady and so equally drawn, but Nature by Starts will shew herself through it; for Puss, even when turn'd into a Madam, will be a Mouser still. And this may serve still farther to caution some Inconsiderates against marrying, as many have done, a lewd or

immoral Woman, fondly believing she will be reclaim'd by the Obligation, and be truer to her *Husband*, than she was to *Herself* and *Virtue*; when it is much more likely, that on the very first Temptation, she will, with the Cat in the Fable, return to her evil Habits again.

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FAB. 53.

A FATHER AND HIS SONS.

A Very honest Man happen'd to have a contentious Brood of Children. He call'd for a Rod, and bad them try one after another with all their Force, if they could break it. They try'd, and could not. Well, says he, unbind it now, and take every Twig of it apart, and see what you can do that way. They did so, and with great Ease, by one and one, they snap'd it all to Pieces. This, says he, is the true Emblem of your Condition: Keep together, and you are safe; divide, and you are undone.

MORAL.

The Breach of Unity puts the World into a State of War, and turns every Man's Hand against his Brother; but so long as that Band holds, it is the Strength of all the several Parts of it gather'd into one, and is not easily subdued.

REFLECTION.

This Fable intimates the Force of Union, and the Danger of Division. Intestine Commotions have destroy'd many a powerful State; and it is as ruinous in private Affairs as it is in publick. A divided Family can no more stand, than a divided Commonwealth; for every Individual suffers in the Neglect of a common Safety. It is a strange thing, that Men should not do that under the Government of a rational Spirit and a natural Prudence, which Wolves and Bears do by the Impulse of an animal Instinct. For they, we see, will make Head, one and all, against a common Enemy; whereas the Generality of Mankind lie pecking at one another, till, one by one, they all are torn to Pieces, never considering (as this Fable teaches) the Necessity and Benefits of Union.

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FAB. 54.

A LADEN ASS AND A HORSE.

As a Horse and an Ass were upon the Way together, the Ass cry'd out to his Companion, to ease him of his Burden, tho' never so little; he should fall down dead else. The Horse would not; and so his Fellow Servant sunk under his Load. The Master, upon this, had the Ass flaid, and laid his whole Pack, Skin and all upon the Horse: Well, says he, this Judgment is befallen me for my ill Nature, in refusing to help my Brother in the Depth of his Distress.

MORAL.

It is a Christian, a natural, a reasonable, and apolitical Duty, for all Members of the same Body to assist one another.

REFLECTION.

The Business of the World is more or less the Business of every Man that lives in it: And if the Great and the Small do not join in a common Assistance, where the Matter requires it, they are in Danger to be both undone: So that it is for the Good of the Whole, that the several Parts take care one of another.

The churlish Humour of this Horse is too much the Humour of Mankind, even in the Case of Servants or Subjects to the same Master; but such is the Vanity that many People draw from their Trappings and mere nominal Distinctions, that they look down upon their Fellows, as if they were not all made of the same Clay. To speak the plain Truth of the Matter, it is the Little People that support the Great; and when the Foundation fails, the whole Fabrick must either drop into Rubbish, or otherwise rest upon the Shoulders of their Superiors.

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FAB. 55.

A COLLIER AND FULLER.

A Fuller had a very kind Invitation from a Collier to come and live in the House with him. He gave him a thousand Thanks for his Civility, but told him, that it would not stand with his Convenience; for, says he, as fast as I make any thing clean, you'll be smutting it again.

MORAL.

It is a necessary Rule in Alliances, Matches, Societies, Fraternities, Friendships, Partnership, Commerce, and all manner of civil Dealings and Contracts, to have a strict Regard to the Humour, the Nature, and the Disposition of those we have to do withal.

REFLECTION.

There can be no Thought of uniting those that Nature itself has divided. And this Caution holds good in all the Business of a sober Man's Life; as Marriage, Studies, Pleasures, Society, Commerce, and the like; it is, in some sort, with Friends (pardon the Coarseness of the Illustration) as it is with Dogs in Couples. They should be of the same Size and Humour, and that which pleases the one, should please the other: But if they draw several Ways, and if one be too strong for the other, they will be ready to hang themselves upon every Gate or Stile they come at.

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FAB. 56.

A FOWLER AND A PIGEON.

As a Country Fellow was making a Shoot at a Pigeon, he trod upon a Snake, which bit him by the Leg. The Surprize startled him, and away flew the Bird.

MORAL.

A mischievous Intent is sometimes repaid in the very Act, and when it is least apprehended.

REFLECTION.

The Mischief that we meditate to others falls commonly upon our own Heads, and ends in a Judgment as well as a Disappointment. Take the Fable another way, and it may serve to mind us how happily People are diverted many times from the Execution of a malicious Design, by the Grace and Goodness of a preventing Providence. A Pistol's not taking Fire may save the Life of a good Man; and the harmless Pigeon had dy'd, if the spiteful Snake had not broken the Fowler's Aim: That is to say, Good may be drawn out of Evil, and an innocent Life may be saved without having any Obligation to his Preserver.

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FAB. 57.

TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.

Upon the Rout of an Army a Trumpeter was made a Prisoner, and as the Soldiers were about to cut his Throat, Gentlemen, says he, Why should you kill a Man that kills nobody? You shall die the rather for that, cries one of the Company, for being such a Rascal, as to set other People together by the Ears, without fighting yourself.

MORAL.

He that provokes and incites Mischief, is the Doer of it. It is the Man that kills me; the Bullet is only a passive Instrument to serve his End that directs it.

REFLECTION.

This is to reprove those (according to the old Moral) who stir up Men in Power to do publick Mischief; which is much worse than any Man's doing a private one himself; and only a safer way of committing greater Outrages.

The Trumpeter's Plea is an arrant Shuffle. He that countenances, encourages, or abets a Mischief, does it. Shall he that gives Fire to the Train, pretend to wash his Hands of the Hurt that is done by the playing off the Mine? Human Corruptions are as catching as Powder; as easily inflam'd, and the Fire afterwards as hard to be quench'd. That which a Man causes to be done, he does himself; and 'tis all a Case whether he does it by Practice, Precept, or Example.

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FAB. 58.

A DOG WOLF.

A Haggard Carrion of a Wolf, and a jolly Dog, with good Flesh upon his Back, fell into Company together upon the King's Highway. The Wolf was very inquisitive to learn how he brought himself to that happy Plight. Why, says the Dog, I keep my Master's House from Thieves, and I have very good Meat, Drink and Lodging for my Pains. Now if you'll go along with me, and do as I do, you may fare as I fare. The Wolf agreed, and so away they trotted together; but as they were jogging on, the Wolf spy'd a bare Place about the Dog's Neck, where the Hair was worn off. Brother, says he, how comes this, I pr'ythee? Oh! that's nothing, says the Dog, but the fretting of my Collar a little. Nay, says the other, if there be a Collar in the Case, I know better things than to sell my Liberty for a Crust.

MORAL.

We are so dazzled with the Glare of a splendid Appearance, that we can hardly discern the Inconveniencies that attend it: 'Tis a Comfort to have good Meat and Drink at Command, and warm Lodging: But he that sells his Freedom for the gratifying of his Appetite, has but a hard Bargain of it.

REFLECTION.

In this Emblem is set forth the Blessing of Liberty, and the sordid Meanness of those Wretches who sacrifice their Freedom to their Lusts, and their Palates. What Man in his right Senses, who has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a Slave to Superfluities! We are liable to be imposed upon by Outsides and Appearances, for Want of searching things to the Bottom, and examining what really they are, and what they only seem to be.

In order therefore to form a right Judgment on this Head, Children should be early instructed, according to their Age and Capacity, in the true Estimate of things, by opposing the Good to the Evil, and the Evil to the Good; and compensating or qualifying one thing with another. What is Plenty without Health? What is Ease without Plenty? And what is Title or Greatness, with carking Thoughts and a troubled Mind to attend it? What does that Man want who has enough? or, What is he the better for a great deal, who can never be satisfy'd?

By this Method of setting what we have, against what we have not, the Equity of Providence will be made manifest, and to all manner of Purposes justify d, when it shall appear upon the Balance, that every Man has his Share in the Bounties of Heaven to Mankind.

This may be inculcated as to the general Doctrine of this Fable; but the particular one, as we have hinted, sets forth the Value of Liberty, which is an inestimable Jewel, to be preferr'd to all the rest; for what is Health, Plenty, Grandeur, Titles, or any other worldly Good, if they are to be held by so precarious a Tenure, as the arbitrary Will of a Tyrant? Or, to come nearer still to the Fable, What wise Man would desire to indulge his Appetites at the Price of his Freedom?

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FAB. 59.

A FARMER AND HIS DOGS.

A Certain Farmer was put to such a Pinch in a hard Winter for Provision, that he was forc'd to feed himself and his Family upon the main Stock. The Sheep went first to pot; the Goats next; and, after them, the Oxen; and all little enough to keep Life and Soul together. The Dogs call'd a Council upon it, and resolv'd to shew their Master a fair Pair of Heels for it, before it came to be their Turn; For, said they, after he has cut the Throats of our Fellow Servants, that are so necessary for his Business, it can never be expected, that he will spare us.

MORAL.

There is no contending with Necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those who submit to it. 'Tis one thing to be at Liberty to do what we would, *and another to be tied up to do what we* cannot avoid.

REFLECTION.

The old Moral observes upon this Fable, That 'tis a common thing for a Master to sacrifice a Servant to his own Ease and Interest; but that there is no meddling with Men of such an inhospitable Humour, that the Domesticks, how faithful soever, can never be secure.

But Sir *Roger L'Estrange* is of Opinion, that this Moral is a Force upon the natural Biass of the Fable; For, says he, the Farmer has no Liberty of Choice before him, but either to do what he does, or to perish: And in so doing, (with all Respect to the Rules of Honesty) he does but his Duty, without any way incurring the Character of an ill-natur'd Man, or a cruel Master. But, as the same Author observes, there may be also another Doctrine rais'd from it; which is, that in Cases of extreme Difficulty, the Laws of Conveniency and ordinary Practice must give place to the Laws of Necessity. And this, adds he, was the naked Truth of the Farmer's Case, who would have been glad to have had no Occasion to kill any of his Beasts.

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FAB. 60.

AN EAGLE AND A FOX.

A Treaty of Amity and good Neighbourhood was once struck up betwixt the Eagle and the Fox. Notwithstanding which, one Day when the Fox was abroad a foraging, the Eagle fell into his Quarters, and carried away a whole Litter of Cubs at a Swoop. The Fox return'd time enough to see the Eagle upon the Wing, with the Prey in her Foot, and to send many a heavy Curse after her. In a very short time after, upon the sacrificing of a Goat, the same Eagle made a Swoop at a Piece of Flesh upon the Altar, and took it away to her Young: But some live Coals, it seems, that stuck to it, set the Nest on Fire. The Birds were not as yet fledged enough to shift for themselves, but upon sprawling and struggling to get clear of the Flame, down they tumbled, half-roasted, into the Mouth of the Fox, who stood gaping under the Tree, expecting such an Event, and who greedily devour'd them in the very Sight of the Dam.

MORAL.

Justice is a sacred thing, and no Necessity can warrant the Violation of it.

REFLECTION.

This is to give great Men to understand, that no Power upon Earth can protect them in the Exercise of Tyranny and Injustice, but that sooner or later Vengeance will overtake Oppressors. It likewise condemns Treachery and Breach of Faith, even towards the most perfidious. And further suggests to us, that when People are in a Train of Wickedness, one Sin treads upon the Heel of another. The Eagle begins with an Invasion upon the Rights of Hospitality and common Faith; and at the next Step advances to Sacrilege, in robbing the Altar. And what follows upon it now, but a divine Judgment, that makes her accessary to the firing of her own Nest, and avenges the Cause of the Fox, though one of the falsest of Creatures!

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FAB. 61.

HUSBANDMAN AND STORK.

A Poor innocent Stork had the ill Hap to be taken in a Net that was laid for Geese and Cranes. The Stork's Plea for herself was Simplicity and Piety: The Love she bare to Mankind, her Duty to her Parents, and the Service she did in picking up venomous Creatures. This may be all true, says the Husbandman, for what I know; but as you have been taken with ill Company, you must expect to suffer with it.

MORAL.

Our Fortune and Reputation requires us to keep good Company; for as we may be easily perverted by the Force of bad Examples, wise Men will judge of us by the Company we keep. What says the Proverb, Birds of a Feather will flock together?

REFLECTION.

A Man may lie under some Obligation of Duty and Respect, to visit, eat, and correspond with many People that he does not like. And this may be well enough done too; provided it be out of Decency, Discretion, or good Manners, rather than upon Choice and Inclination, and that he avoids it whenever he can, and passes the principal Part of his Time in better Company.

It is indeed the Fortune of many a good Man to fall into bad Company, and to be undone by it, and yet no ways guilty all this while of the Iniquity of his Companions. But can any Man be excus'd that takes and even seeks all Opportunities of frequenting the Company of ill Men, and shewing his Delight in them, preferably to better? *Shew me the Company*, says the Adage, *and I'll tell you the Man.* And when a great Person associates himself with Fidlers, Buffoons or Tumblers, would not any Man judge their Souls to be of the same Standard and Alloy? Or when one sees a Lord take Delight in a Coach-box, would not a censorious Person be tempted to think his real Father had presided in one before him?

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FAB. 62.

BOY AND FALSE ALARMS.

A Shepherd's Boy had gotten a roguish Trick of crying, A Wolf, a Wolf] when there was no such Matter, and fooling the Country People with false Alarms. He had been at this Sport so many times in Jest, that they would not believe him at last, when he was in Earnest; and so the Wolves brake in upon the Flock, and worry'd the Sheep without Resistance.

MORAL.

This Fable shews us the dangerous Consequences of an improper and unseasonable Fooling. The old Moral observes, That a common Lyar shall not be believ'd, even when he speaks true.

REFLECTION.

It is not every Man's Talent to know when and how to cast out a pleasant Word, with such a Regard to Modesty and Respect, as not to transgress the true and fair Allowances of Wit, good Nature, and good Breeding. The Skill and Faculty of governing this Freedom within the Terms of Sobriety and Discretion, goes a great way in the Character of an agreeable Companion: for that which we call Raillery, in this Sense, is the very Sauce of civil Entertainment: And without some such Tincture of Urbanity, even in Matters the most serious, the good Humour falters, for Want of Refreshment and Relief: But there is a Medium yet betwixt All-Fool and All-Philosopher: I mean a proper and discrete Mixture, that in some sort partakes of both, and renders Wisdom itself so much the more grateful and effectual. The Gravity, in short, of the one, is enliven'd with the Spirit and Quickness of the other; and the Gaiety of a diverting Word serves as a Vehicle to convey the Force of the Intent and Meaning of it. The Shepherd's Boy, in short, to come closer to the Fable, went too far upon a Topick he did not understand.

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FAB. 63.

AN EAGLE AND DAW.

An Eagle made a Stoop at a Lamb; truss'd it, and took it away with her. A mimical Daw, that saw this Exploit, would needs try the same Experiment upon a Ram: But his Claws were so shackled in the Fleece with lugging to get him up, that the Shepherd came in, and caught him, before he could clear himself; he dipt his Wings, and carried him home to his Children to play withal. They came gaping about him, and ask'd their Father what strange Bird that was? Why, says he, he fansy'd himself an Eagle an Hour ago; but now he is himself thoroughly convinc'd, that he is but a silly Daw.

MORAL.

'Tis a high Degree of Vanity and Folly, for Men to take more upon them than they are able to go through withal; since the End of all such Undertakings generally subjects them to Mockery as well as Disappointment.

REFLECTION.

'Tis vain and dangerous to enter into Competitions with our Superiors, in what kind soever, whether it be in Arms or Expence, or in Arts and Sciences. 'Tis impossible for any Man, in fine, to take a true Measure of another, without an exact Knowledge of himself. Nay, the Attempt of any thing above our Force, with Vanity and Presumption, most certainly ends in a Miscarriage which makes the Pretender ridiculous. The endeavouring to out-do a great Man in his own way, savours in some Degree of ill Manners, as it is upon the main a high Point of Indiscretion. One Man takes it for an Affront to be outwitted; another to be outfool'd, as *Nero* could not endure to be outfiddled; but, in short, be the Matter never so great, or never so trivial, 'tis the same Case as to the Envy of the Competition.

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FAB. 64.

A DOG IN THE MANGER.

An envious Cur was gotten into a Manger, and there lay growling and snarling to keep the Cattle from their Provender, chusing rather to starve his own Carcase, than suffer the other Beasts to satisfy their Hunger.

MORAL.

Envy pretends to no other Happiness than what it derives from the Misery of other People, and will rather eat nothing itself than not starve those that would.

REFLECTION.

We have but too many Men in the World of this Dog's Humour; who will rather punish themselves, than not be troublesome and vexatious to others. This diabolical Envy is detestable, even in private Persons; but whenever the governing Part of a Nation comes to be tainted with it, there is nothing so sacred that a corrupt, supercilious, ill-natur'd Minister will not sacrifice to this execrable Passion. No worthy Man should eat, live, or breathe common Air, if he could hinder it. 'Tis his Delight to blast all sorts of honest Men, and not only to lessen their Characters and their Services, but to range them in the Number of publick Enemies: And he had twenty times rather see the Government sink, than have it thought, that any Hand but his own should have a Part in the Honour of saving it. Now he that betrays his Master for Envy, will never fail of doing it for Money; for the gratifying of this canker'd Malignity is but another way of selling him, only the Spite is antecedent and subservient to the Corruption: But this Court-Envy is not altogether the Envy of the Dog in the Fable; for there is a Mixture of Avarice and Interest in the former, whereas the other is a spiteful Malignity purely for Mischief-sake. The Dog will rather starve himself, than the Cattle shall eat; but the envious Courtier will be sure to look to one, whoever else suffers.

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FAB. 65.

A SHEEP AND A CROW.

A Crow sat chattering upon the Back of a Sheep. Well! Sirrah, says the Sheep, you durst not have done this to a Dog. Why, I know that, says the Crow, as well as you can tell me; for I can be as quiet as any body with those that are quarrelsome; and I can be as troublesome as another too, when I meet with those that will take it.

MORAL.

'Tis the Nature and Practice of mean and low Spirits, to be insolent towards those that will bear it, and as slavish to others that are more than their Match.

REFLECTION.

Insolence and Tyranny over Inferiors and Persons in our Power, is so unmanly a Vice, that we may be always sure, that such a Behaviour to such Persons never fails to indicate a base Mind; such a Mind as is capable of taking the very Insults from Superiors, where Interest is concern'd, that it offers to Inferiors. This Comfort, however, results from the whole, That tho' the Great Men threaten the Little ones; yet Kings threaten the Great Men; and, last of all, God threatens Kings. In short, it may be observ'd throughout the Course of this World, That he who is a Tyrant over one, is a Slave to some other; and finds there are Men who are as much too hard for him, as he is for those he oppresses. And every one in *his own Case* thinks himself hardly used, tho' he will not consider it in *another*s.

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FAB. 66.

THE CREATURES PETITION JUPITER.

A General Dissatisfaction once reigned among several Creatures, at their Conditions particularly; the Camel prayed *Jupiter,* That he might have Horns allotted him as well for Ornament as Defence, as Bulls and Stags had. The Fox pray'd for the Fleetness of the Hare; the Hare for the Subtlety of the Fox; and the Peacock pray'd for the fine Voice of the Nightingale, superadded to her own beautiful Plumes. *Jupiter* told them, that since every Creature had some Advantage or other peculiar to itself, it would not stand with divine Justice, which had provided so well for every one in particular, to confer all upon any one. And because the Camel had shewed himself most uneasy in his State, the God not only refus'd him Horns, but, for Example-sake, punish'd him with the Loss of Ears.

MORAL.

Every living Creature has that Share of the Bounties of Heaven, which Providence knows to be best for it. We ought to be contented with our present Condition, be it what it will, and not repine at the Dispensations of Providence.

REFLECTION.

We are never content with the Bounties of Heaven. One would have a Voice; the other gay Cloaths; and while every Man would have all, we charge Providence with Injustice for not giving to every Man alike. *Socrates* was in the right in saying, That in case a Man were to have the Choice before him of all the ill Things and all the good Things in Nature, he would come home again the same Man that he went out, or perhaps worse.

Why should not the Nightingale envy the Peacock's Train, as well as the Peacock envy the Nightingale's Note? And why should not all the Works of the Creation expostulate at the same Rate, and upon the same Grounds? Why has not Man the Wings of an Eagle to carry him from Danger, or to satisfy his Curiosity what the World is doing? Why has he not the Sagacity of a Dog, the Paw of a Lion, the Teeth of a Leopard, the Heels of a Courser, and the like? And have not brute Animals the same Equity of Complaint on the other Hand, for Want of the Faculties and Advantages, intellectual and moral, of Mankind? So that here is a civil War that runs through all the Parts of the Universe, where nothing is pleased

with its own Lot; and no Remedy at last, but by new moulding the World over again. This inordinate Appetite has been the Overthrow of many a Kingdom, Family and Commonwealth.

To ask Impossibilities, in fine, is ridiculous; and to ask Things unnatural, is impious: Such as we are, God has made us; our Post and our Station is appointed us, and the Decree is not to be reversed.

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FAB. 67.

A COVETOUS LANDLORD.

A Certain Farmer had one choice Apple-tree in his Orchard, that he valued above all the rest, and made his Landlord every Year a Present of the Fruit of it. His Landlord lik'd the Apples so well, that after awhile nothing would serve him but transplanting the Tree into his own Grounds. It wither'd presently upon the Removal, and so there was an End of both Fruit and Tree together.

MORAL.

All covet, all lose, *says the Proverb, which is a good Moral to the Fable.*

REFLECTION.

This is the true Case of many a covetous Man: Like the Dog snapping at the Shadow, he is not contented with the Good he possesses, but, endeavouring to get more, loses what he had. The Landlord's Pride and Avarice would not let him owe an Obligation to his Tenant, and so he robs his Tenant, defrauds himself, and loses the Fruit and the Tree for ever.

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FAB. 68.

A FOX AND GOAT.

A Fox and a Goat went down by consent into a Well to drink, and when they had quench'd their Thirst, the Goat was at a Loss how to get back again. I have a way for that, says *Reynard;* do but you raise yourself upon your hinder Legs, with your fore Feet close to the Wall, and then stretch out your Head; I can easily whip up to your Horns, and so out of the Well, and draw you after me. The Goat puts himself in a Posture immediately, as he was directed, gives the Fox a lift, and so out he springs: But *Reynard,* instead of helping him, leaves him with this barbarous Scoff, If you had but half so much Brain as Beard, says he, you would have bethought yourself how to get up again before you went down.

MORAL.

A wise Man will leave nothing to Chance more than needs must; but will debate every thing pro *and* con *before he comes to fix upon any Resolution.*

REFLECTION.

It is Wisdom to consider the End of things before we embark, and to forecast Consequences. It is also to be expected, that Men in distress will look to themselves in the first Place, and leave their Companions to shift as well as they can. When a Knave and an honest Man happen to be embark'd together in the same common Interest, the Sharper will be sure, if ever it comes to a pinch, to shift for himself, and leave the other in the lurch. It is the way of the World for Men to abandon their Benefactors, and to make sport with those who rais'd them. No Matter for the Morality of the thing, so long as it is the Fashion; and he that advances himself upon the Ruin of another, frequently gets the Reputation of a Man of Art and Address. The Facility and the Simplicity of the Goat, shews us what an honest Man is to trust to, who keeps a Knave company. In fine, it behoves us to *look before we leap*, and in case of the worst that can befal us, to secure an After-game.

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FAB. 69.

COCKS AND A PARTRIDGE.

A Noted Cocker bought a Partridge, and turn'd it to feed among his fighting Cocks. The Cocks beat the Partridge away from the Meat; which she laid the more to Heart, because it look'd like an Aversion to her purely as a Stranger. But the Partridge finding these very Cocks afterwards tearing one another to pieces, comforted herself with this Thought, that she had no reason to expect they should be kinder to her, than they were to one another.

MORAL.

'Tis no wonder to find those People troublesome to Strangers, who cannot agree among themselves.

REFLECTION.

There is no Peace to be expected among those that are naturally fierce and quarrelsome. As far as possible, we are to avoid ill Company; but where we are forc'd upon it, there is no Remedy but Patience. The Cocks here did but according to their Kind; and it is the same thing with wicked Men too (as Birds of the same Feather) to be troublesome to other People as well as to one another.

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FAB. 70.

A BRAGGING TRAVELLER.

A Vain Fellow, who had been abroad in the World, would still be tiring Peoples Ears at his Return with Stories of his wonderful Actions in his Travels; and particularly he told of a Leap he took at *Rhodes*, that no Body there could come within six Foot of it. Now this, says he, I am able to prove by several Witnesses upon the Place. If this be true, says one of the Company, there's no need of going to *Rhodes* for Witness: Do but you fansy this to be *Rhodes*, and then shew us the Leap.

MORAL.

Instant Detection oftentimes attends the prating Folly of a Boaster, and then he becomes the Scoff and Contempt of the Company, instead of being, what he would have been thought, the most considerable Man in it.

REFLECTION.

This home Put of one of the Company, was bringing the Matter to a Demonstration: Vain Boasters should be cautious of making Pretensions to what may be so easily brought to immediate Proof. Travellers, they say, may lye by Authority; and yet our Traveller's Privilege here was not sufficient to protect him from being made a Sport to the Company.

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FAB. 71.

A SCOFFER PUNISHED.

A Presumptuous Scoffer at Things sacred, took a Journey to *Delphos,* on purpose to try if he could put a Trick upon *Apollo.* He carry'd a Sparrow in his Hand under his Coat, and told the God, *I have something in my Hand,* says he, *Is it dead or living?* If the Oracle should say 'twas dead, he could shew it alive; if living, 'twas but squeezing it, and then 'twas dead. He that saw the Iniquity of his Heart, gave him this Answer: It shall e'en be which of the two thou pleasest: for 'tis in thy Choice to have it either the one or the other, as to the Bird; but 'tis not in thy Power as to thy self, and immediately struck the bold Scoffer dead, for a Warning to others.

MORAL.

Presumption naturally leads People to Infidelity, and that by insensible Degrees to Atheism: For when Men have once cast off a Reverence for Religion, they are come within one Step of laughing at it.

REFLECTION.

There is no playing fast and loose with God Almighty, who sees the very Thoughts of our Hearts. This way of fooling in holy Things, is the very boldest sort of Impiety that can be practised. He that pretends to doubt of an All-knowing Power, has as much right to doubt of an All-mighty Power too; and the bringing of one Attribute in question, opens the way to a Diffidence of all the rest. It would prevent a great deal of Wickedness in the World, if Men would but live and act in religious Matters so as to own and to recognize the Force and Awe of a Deity in their *Practices,* as well as in their *Words*: But when they come to querying and riddling upon it, with an *If* it be so and so, the Scandal of the Supposition is not to be borne; for such a way of seeming to affirm a Thing, is but one Remove from a flat Denial of it. Such was the Scoffer's Question here to the Oracle, which implies both the Doubt of a Divine Omniscience, and a Curiosity to discover the Truth of the Matter, with a Banter at the End of it; and so makes a consummated Wickedness; which we think completes the Fable, in making it end with so deserved a Punishment.

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FAB. 72.

A WOMAN AND A FAT HEN.

A Good Woman, who had a Hen that laid her every Day an Egg, fansy'd that, upon a larger Allowance of Corn, this Hen might be brought to lay twice a Day. She try'd the Experiment; but the Hen grew fat upon it, and quite gave over laying.

MORAL.

We should set Bounds to our Desires, and content ourselves when we are well, for fear of losing what we have.

REFLECTION.

This Fable is of the same Nature with that of the covetous Landlord, *Fab.* 67.3 and affords us a Figure of the Folly and the Mischief of vain Desires, and an immoderate Love of Riches. Covetousness is enough to make the Master of the World as poor as he that has just nothing. 'Tis a Madness for one that has enough already, to hazard all for the getting of more. There is a just Medium betwixt eating too much and too little; and this Dame had undoubtedly hit upon it, when the Hen brought her every Day an Egg. But when she came to enlarge the Hen's Allowance for her own Profit, upon an Opinion, that more Corn would produce more Eggs, her Avarice misled her into a Disappointment, which was both a Judgment upon the Sin, in the Loss of what she had before, and an Error in the very Point of Management and good Housewifry; for Repletion obstructs the most necessary Offices of Nature, and that as well in human Creatures as Poultry: And this may serve as another Lesson to Parents, and those to whom the Care of Children is intrusted, how they suffer them to overcharge their Stomachs, and humour their Appetites; since such a Habit will make them unfit for every good Purpose, or Improvement, and fill them with Diseases into the Bargain.

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FAB. 73.

A MAN BIT BY A DOG.

One bitten by a Dog, was advised, as the best Remedy in the World, to dip a Piece of Bread in the Blood of the Wound, and give it the Dog to eat. Mighty good Advice truly, says the Man! and so you have a Mind to draw all the Dogs in Town upon me? for that will certainly be the case, when they shall find themselves rewarded instead of punish'd.

MORAL.

Our Good-nature should always be manag'd with Prudence. We may forgive an Injury; but we should not encourage the Person who has injur'd us, to repeat the Offence?

REFLECTION.

Under the Rule and Correction of this Allegory, we may reckon Calumny, Slander, and Detraction in any Form or Figure whatsoever, and all manner of Affronts and Indignities upon our good Names, or our Persons. There may be Place in all these Cases for a generous Charity to forgive Offences, even of the highest Ingratitude and Malice; but it is not advisable to reward, where Men have the Tenderness not to punish. This way of Proceeding is dangerous in all the Affairs, publick as well as private, of human Life; for 'tis a Temptation to Villainy, when a Man fares the better for evil-doing. Ill-Nature, in fine, is not to be cur'd with a Sop; but on the contrary, quarrelsome Men, as well as quarrelsome Curs, are often the worse for gentle Usage.

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FAB. 74.

A THUNNY AND A DOLPHIN.

A Thunny was chased by a Dolphin, which being just ready to seize him, the Thunny struck before he was aware, and the Dolphin, in the Eagerness of his Pursuit, ran himself a-ground with him. They were both lost; but the Thunny kept his Eye still upon the Dolphin, and observing him when he was just at the last Gasp; Well, says he, the Thought of Death is now easy to me, so long as I see my Enemy go for Company.

MORAL.

An innocent Man may be indulg'd some Satisfaction, when he sees the rapacious Enemy, who brought Destruction upon him, involv'd in the same Calamity.

REFLECTION.

Sir *Roger L'Estrange* has made this and the following Fable to have the same Import, and has put them both under one Moral and Reflection, to shew the Wickedness of a revengeful Disposition: But to us there seems a wide Difference in the two Fables; and therefore we think ourselves justify'd, in taking upon us to differ from that celebrated Writer, and to make two distinct Applications to them. Here is the harmless Thunny, in striving to save his Life from the Jaws of a devouring Enemy, driven on Shore and lost; and, as we have observed in the Moral, it was a natural and pardonable Satisfaction that he took in seeing his cruel and merciless Enemy sharing the same Fate which he had brought upon him. The Doctrine from hence may be, That Divine Vengeance oftentimes involves a wicked Man in the same Ruin which he had design'd for another, and he meets his Punishment in the very highest and most successful Act of his Malice.

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FAB. 75.

TWO ENEMIES AT SEA.

Two Enemies were at Sea in the same Vessel, the one at the Ship's Head, the other at the Stern. It blew a dreadful Storm; and when the Vessel was just ready to be swallow'd up, one of them ask'd the Master, which Part of the Ship would be first under Water? He told him the other End would sink first. Why then, says he, I shall have the Comfort of seeing my Enemy go before me.

MORAL.

Tis a wretched Satisfaction that a revengeful Man takes, when he can lose his own Life, provided that his Enemy may not survive him.

REFLECTION.

Revenge is a truly diabolical Disposition, and stops at nothing that is violent and wicked. It divides the dearest Friends, embroils Governments, and tears Families to Pieces. The Histories of all Ages are full of the tragical Outrages that have been executed by this infernal Passion; which is even capable of hardening People into a brutal Contempt of Death, (as in the Fable above) where they may but see their Enemies fall for Company.

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FAB. 76.

THE ASTROLOGER ADMONISH'D.

A Certain Star-gazer had the Fortune, in the very Height of his celestial Observations, to stumble into a very deep Ditch; and while he was scrabbling to get out, Friend, says a sober Fellow passing by, make a right Use of your present Misfortunes; and, for the future, pray let the Stars go on quietly in their Courses, and do you look a little better to the Ditches; for is it not strange, that you should tell other People their Fortunes, and know nothing of your own?

MORAL.

This Fable is a just Rebuke to such as neglect their own Concerns to pry into those of other People.

REFLECTION.

The Fable also serves, taken according to the Letter of it, to expose the impudent Pretensions of Fortune-tellers, Gypsies, Wizards, and such-like, who so much impose on the Credulity of the Weak and Ignorant, as well in Town as Country, especially in the latter. This Humour, as Sir *Roger L'Estrange* well observes, let it look never so little and silly, (as it passes many times only for Frolick and Banter) is yet one of the most pernicious Snares in human Life, when it comes once to gain Credit; especially among Women and Children, where the Imagination is strong in the one, and the Disposition is as pliant as Wax for any Impression in the other. Wherefore, of all Things in this World, Care is to be taken, that they get not a Hankering after these wretched Jugglers. To say nothing of the Fooleries of Fortune Books, and a hundred other vulgar Ways of Enquiry into the Event of Amours, Marriages, Life and Death, Travel, Play, or the like; which is all but a Tincture of the same capital Infirmity. If these Pretenders were not better supported by the Simplicity and Superstition of inquisitive Fools, than they are by any Congruity of Premises and Conclusion, or by the ordinary Way of tracing Causes from their Effects, the Trade would not find them Bread; for there is no Proportion at all betwixt the Means and the End.

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FAB. 77.

A FOWLER AND A BLACK-BIRD.

A Black-Bird ask'd a Fowler, who was baiting his Net, What he was doing? Why, says he, I am laying the Foundations of a City; and so the Bird-Man drew out of Sight. The Black-Bird, mistrusting nothing, flew presently to the Bait in the Net, and was taken; and as the Man came running to lay hold of him, Friend, says the poor Black-Bird, if this be your way of Building, you'll have but few Inhabitants.

MORAL.

Inquisitive People sometimes pay dear for their impertinent Folly.

REFLECTION.

The Black-Bird here met with a deserved Fate. He could not rest contented with enjoying his own Liberty, but must pry into the Concerns of others, and as soon as the Bird-man was gone, must needs descend from his Sanctuary, to devour the Bait to which he had no Right, and was deservedly therefore caught in the Gin. On the other hand, the Fowler sets forth the Arts and Stratagems of a designing Man, who never wants a Pretence to draw unwary and inquisitive Fools into his Net, and suits his Bait to the Weakness of the intended Prey. And indeed it will be found on due Observation, that the greatest Part of Mankind are as easily taken in and seduced, as the silliest Birds, while they permit the Eagerness of their Appetites to suspend the Exercise of their Reason. And if a suitable Bait be held out, as a luxurious Treat to an Epicure, a fine Woman to a Sensualist, or the Appearance of Gain to a Miser, they will each respectively snap at the Bait as eagerly as a Bird, or a Fish would do at a Worm, a Gudgeon, or a Grain of Corn.

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FAB. 78.

MERCURY AND A TRAVELLER.

A Traveller just entring upon a long Journey, made a Promise to *Mercury* that he would dedicate to his Divinity half what he should find. Somebody had lost a Bag of Dates and Almonds, it seems, and it was his Fortune to find it. He fell to work upon them immediately, and when he had eaten up the Kernels, and all that was good of them, he laid the Stones and the Shells upon an Altar; and desir'd *Mercury* to take notice that he had perform'd his Vow. For, says he, here are the Outsides of the one, and the Insides of the other, and there's the Moiety I promis'd.

MORAL.

Some Men talk as if they believed in God, but they live as if they thought there were none; but their very Prayers are Mockeries, and their Vows and Promises are no more than Words of Course, *which, if they ever intended to make good, they seldom have the Heart to do it, when it comes to the Point.*

REFLECTION.

More or less, we are all Jugglers in secret betwixt Heaven and our own Souls; only we seek to meditate and cover Abuses under the Masque and Pretence of Conscience and Religion; and make God Almighty privy to a thousand false and cozening Contrivances, which we keep as the greatest Privacies in the World from the Knowledge of our Neighbours. Nay, when we are most in earnest, our Vows and Promises are more than half broken in the very making them: And if we can but secure ourselves a Retreat, by some plausible Evasion, Distinction, or mental Reservation, it serves our Purpose as well as if it were a casuistical Resolution. In one Word, we all too much find the Moral of *Mercury* and the Traveller in the very Secrets of our Hearts, betwixt Heaven and our own Souls.

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FAB. 79.

A BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

A School-Boy stole a Book, and brought it to his Mother; who was so far from correcting him for it, that she rather encourag'd him. As he grew bigger, he increas'd in Villainy, till he came at last to be taken in a great Theft, and was brought to Justice for it. His Mother went lamenting along with him to the Place of Execution, where he got leave of the Officers, to have a Word or two in private with her. He put his Mouth to her Ear, and under Pretext of a Whisper, bit it clear off. This unnatural Villainy turn'd every body's Heart against him more than before: Well, good People, says the *Boy,* here you see me an Example, both upon the Matter of Shame and Punishment; and it is this Mother of mine that has brought me to it; for if she had but whipt me soundly for the Book I stole when I was a Boy, I should never have come to the Gallows for Theft now I'm a Man.

MORAL.

We are either made or marr'd in our Education; and Governments, as well as private Families, are concern'd in the Consequences of it.

REFLECTION.

Wicked Dispositions should be check'd in time; for when they come once to Habits, they grow incurable. More People go to the Gibbet for want of early Instruction, Discipline and Correction, than upon any incurable Pravity of Nature; and it is mightily the Fault of Parents, Guardians, Tutors and Governors, that so many Men miscarry. They suffer them at first to run a-head, and when perverse Inclinations are advanc'd once into Habits, there is no dealing with them.

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FAB. 80.

A SHEPHERD TURN'D MERCHANT.

A Shepherd feeding his Flock by the Sea-side on a very fine Day, the Smoothness of the Water tempted him to leave his Shepherd's Business, and set up for a Merchant. So in all haste he puts off his Stock, buys a Bargain of Figs, gets his Freight aboard, and away presently to Sea. But foul Weather happening, the Mariners were fain to cast their whole Lading overboard, to save themselves and the Vessel. Upon this Miscarriage, our new Merchant Adventurer betook himself to his old Trade again: And it happen'd one Day, as he was tending his Sheep upon the very same Coast, to be just such a flattering tempting Sea as that which betray'd him before: *Yes, yes,* says he, *Who's Fool then? You'd have some more Figs with a Vengeance, would ye?*

MORAL.

Men may be happy in all Estates, if they will but suit their Minds to their Condition. But if they will be launching out into Business they do not understand, they have nothing left them to trust to when they are once bewilder'd, but the Hope of some kind Providence to put them in the right Way home again.

REFLECTION.

Affliction makes People honest and wise. Every Man living has his weak Side, and no Mortal was ever yet so much at Ease, but his Shoe wrung him some where or other, or he fansy'd so at least. Our Shepherd's Case here, in short, is every Man's Case, who quits a moral Certainty for an Uncertainty, and leaps from the honest Business he was brought up to, into a Trade he has no Skill in.

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FAB. 81.

A MAN OF QUALITY, AND A LION.

A Person of Quality dream'd one Night that he saw a Lion kill his only Son, who was, it seems, a great Lover of the Chace. This Fancy ran in the Father's Head to that degree, that he built his Son a House of Pleasure, on purpose to keep him out of harm's way; and spar'd neither Art nor Cost to make a delicious Retreat, which however, in the main, the young Man consider'd as no other than a Prison, and his Father, who confin'd him to it, as his Keeper. Among the Paintings which adorn'd this little Palace, was the Picture of a Lion, which he viewing one Day, and being incens'd to think that he should be kept a kind of Prisoner for the sake of a silly Dream of such a Beast, he made a Blow at the Picture; but striking his Fist upon the Point of a Nail in the Wall, his Hand cancerated, he fell into a Fever, and soon after died of it: So that all the Father's Precaution could not secure the Son from the Fatality of dying by a Lion.

MORAL.

Superstitious Minds are often punish'd in the way they most dread. And the very means which we take to avoid an apprehended Evil, when we rely too much on our own Strength or Prudence, without trusting in Providence, are often made use of to bring it upon us.

REFLECTION.

'Tis to no purpose to think of preventing or diverting Fatalities, especially where the Event looks like the Punishment of a Superstition; as it fares with those who govern their Lives by Forebodings and Dreams, or the Signs of ill Luck, as we use to say, they are still anxious and uneasy. History is full of Examples to illustrate the Doctrine of this Fable. The Father was to blame for laying so much stress upon a foolish Dream, and the Son was little less to blame for being so much transported at the Impression of that Fancy of the Father: But they were both justly punish'd however, the one for his Superstition, and the other for his Passion.

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FAB. 82.

A FOX THAT LOST HIS TAIL.

A Fox taken in a Trap, was glad to compound for his Neck, by leaving his Tail behind him. It was so uncouth a Sight for a Fox to appear without a Tail, that the very Thought of it made him weary of his Life: But however, for the better Countenance of the Scandal, he got the *Master and Wardens of the Foxes Company* to call a *Court of Assistants,* where he himself appear'd, and made a learned Discourse upon the Trouble, the Uselessness, and the Indecency of Foxes wearing Tails. He had no sooner said out his Say, but up rises a cunning Snap, then at the Board, who desir'd to be inform'd, whether the worthy Member that mov'd against the wearing of Tails, gave his Advice for the Advantage of those that *had Tails,* or to palliate the Deformity and Disgrace of those that *had none?*

MORAL.

Tis the way of the World to give other People Counsel for By-ends. But yet it is a hard Matter to over-rule a Multitude to their own Pain and Loss.

REFLECTION.

We may improve a Doctrine from this, that every Man has his weak Side either by Mischance or by Nature; and that he makes it his Business to cover it too the best he can. In case of the worst, it is some sort of Ease to have Company in Misfortune. It puts a Man out of Countenance to be in a Fashion by himself, and therefore the Fox acted cunningly to try if he cou'd bring his fellow Foxes to put themselves into his Mode. When we have carry'd a Point as far as it will go, and can make no more of it, 'tis a Stroke of Art and Philosophy, to look as if we did not so much as wish for a thing that is not to be had. Every Man's present Condition has somewhat to be said for it: If it be uneasy, the Skill will be, either how to *mend* it, or how to *bear* it; but then there must be no clashing with the Methods, the Decrees, and the Laws of Nature. A Man that has forfeited his Honour and his Conscience, seems to be much in the Condition of the Fox here that had lost his Tail, and oftentimes takes as much Pains too, to persuade all his Companions to follow his Fashion, and be as corrupt as himself, that he may bring the rest of the World down to his own Standard.

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FAB. 83.

A FOX AND A BRAMBLE.

A Fox close pursued, took a Hedge; the Bushes gave way, and in catching hold of a Bramble to break his Fall, the Prickles ran into his Feet; upon this, he laid himself down, and fell to licking his Paws, with bitter Exclamations against the Bramble. Good Words, *Reynard,* says the Bramble, one would have thought, that you, whose Heart is bent on Mischief, had known better Things, than to lay hold on that for Relief, which catches at every thing else for Mischief.

MORAL.

That Man is hard put to it, who first brings himself into a Distress, and then is forc'd to fly to his Enemy for Relief.

REFLECTION.

They who make themselves the common Enemies of Mankind, by breaking all the Measures of good Faith, Truth, and Peace, and by lying in wait for innocent Blood, let them turn their Heads which way they will, they shall be sure of an Enemy in the Face of them: Nay, they meet with their Punishment, where they look for Safety; and which Way soever they go, Divine Justice either meets them, or pursues them. The Fox's charging his Misfortune here upon the Bramble, is the very Case and Practice of wicked Men, who snarl at the Instrument, without so much as thinking of the Providence.

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FAB. 84.

A FOX AW HUNTSMEN.

A Fox that was hard pursu'd, begg'd of a Countryman to help him to some Hiding-Place. The Man directed him to his Cottage, and thither he went. The Huntsmen were presently at his Heels, and asked the Cottager, if he did not see a Fox that way. No, truly, says he, I saw none; but pointed at the same time with his Finger to the Place where he lay. The Huntsmen did not take the Hint, it seems, but the Fox spy'd him, however, through a Peeping-Hole he had found out: So the Hunters went their Way, and then out steals the Fox, and departs without one Word speaking. Why, how now, says the Man, han't you the Manners to thank me before you go? Yes, yes, says the Fox, if you had been as honest of your Fingers as you were of your Tongue, I should not have gone without acknowledging the Favour.

MORAL.

A Man may tell a Lye by Signs, as well as in Words at Length, and his Conscience in this Case is as answerable for his Fingers as for his Tongue.

REFLECTION.

Here is a Case of Honour and of Conscience both in one, upon the Matter of Hospitality and of Trust. The Laws of Hospitality are sacred on the one Side, and so are the Duties we owe to our Country on the other. If we consider the Trust, Faith must not be broken; if the common Enemy, his Counsel is not to be kept. The Woodman did as good as tacitly promise the Fox a Sanctuary; but not being *Sui Juris*, he promised more than he could warrantably perform; for a subsequent Promise to conceal the Fox could not discharge him of a prior Obligation to destroy him, as a Beast of Prey. 'Tis true, it would have been more generous to have done it at first, and while he had as yet no Colour of any Tie of Honour upon him to preserve him. The Fox begg'd for Protection, which he had no Reason to expect. But let that be as it will, there is no Excuse for the Woodman's Double-dealing: For a Man should not promise that which he does not intend to perform.

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FAB. 85.

A MAN WOODEN GOD.

A Man who had a great Veneration for an Image he had in his House, found, that the more he pray'd to it to prosper him in the World, the more he went down the Wind still. This put him into such a Rage, that at last he dash'd the Head of it to Pieces against the Wall, and out comes a considerable Quantity of Gold. Why this 'tis, says he, to adore a perverse and insensible Deity, that will do more for Blows than Worship.

MORAL.

Most People accommodate their Religion to their Profit, and reckon that to be the best Church which there is most to be got by.

REFLECTION.

All People who worship for Fear, Profit, or some other By-end, fall more or less within the Intendment of this Emblem. It is a kind of a conditional Devotion for Men to be religious no longer than they can save, or get by it. The whole Sum of the Moral is, in short, compriz'd in the old Saying, *He who serves God for Money, will serve the Devil for better Wages.*

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FAB. 86.

A FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.

A Countryman who had liv'd handsomely in the World upon his honest Labour and Industry, was desirous his Sons should do so after him; and being now upon his Death-bed, My dear Children, says he, I reckon myself bound to tell you, before I depart, that there is a considerable Treasure hid in my Vineyard; wherefore pray be sure to dig, and search narrowly for it when I am gone. The Father dies, and the Sons fall immediately to work upon the Vineyard. They turn'd it up over and over, and not one Penny of Money to be found there; but the Profit of the next Vintage expounded the Riddle.

MORAL.

Good Counsel is the best Legacy a Father can leave to a Child; and it is still the better, when it is so wrapt up, as to beget a Curiosity as well as an Inclination to follow it.

REFLECTION.

There is no Wealth like that which comes by the Blessing of God upon honest Labour and warrantable Industry. Here is an Incitement to an industrious Course of Life, by a Consideration of the Profit, the Innocence, and the Virtue of such an Application. There is one great Comfort in Hand, beside the Hope and Assurance of more to come. It was a Touch of Art in the Father to cover his Meaning in such a manner, as to create a Curiosity, and an earnest Desire in his Sons to find it out. And it was a treble Advantage to them besides; for there was Health in the Exercise, Profit in the Discovery, and the Comfort of a good Conscience in discharging the Duty of a filial Obedience.

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FAB. 87.

A FISHERMAN AND HIS PIPE.

A Fisherman, who understood Piping better than Netting, sate himself down upon the Side of a River, and touch'd his Flute; but not a Fish came near him. Upon this, he laid down his Pipe and cast his Net, which brought him a very great Draught. The Fish fell a frisking in the Net, and the Fisherman observing it; What Sots are these, says he, that would not dance when I play'd to them, and will be dancing now without Musick!

MORAL.

A Man, who uses not the proper and requisite Means to attain his End, can never expect Success.

REFLECTION.

There is a proper Time and Season for every thing; and nothing can be more ridiculous, than the doing of Things without a due Regard to the Circumstances of Persons, Proportion, Time and Place.

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FAB. 88.

A FISHERMAN'S GOODLUCK.

A Fisherman had been a long while at work without catching any thing, and at last began to think of taking up his Tackle, and going: But in that very instant a great Fish leapt into the Boat, and ended the Day to his great Advantage.

MORAL.

Patience, Constancy, and Perseverance, in an honest Cause, and Duty, can never fail of a happy End, one way or other.

REFLECTION.

That which we commonly call good Fortune, is properly Providence; and when Matters succeed better with us by Accident, than we could pretend to by Skill, we ought to ascribe it to the Divine Goodness, as a Blessing upon Industry. It is every Man's Duty to labour in his Calling, and not to despond for any Miscarriages or Disappointments that were not in his own Power to prevent. Faith, Hope and Patience overcome all things, and Virtue can never fail of a Reward in the Conclusion.

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FAB. 89.

DEATH AND AN OLD MAN.

An Old Man had travell'd a great Way under a huge Burden of Sticks, and found himself so weary at last, that he cast it down, and call'd upon Death to deliver him from a miserable Life. Death came presently at his Call, and asked him his Business. Pray, good Sir, says he, affrighted to find him so ready, do me but the Favour to help me up with my Burden again.

MORAL.

Human Nature, however miserable in this Life, had rather suffer than die. If Death were always so ready to attend a disappointed Mind when it call'd Men would take care to make it the last thing they wish'd for.

REFLECTION.

We are apt to pick Quarrels with the World for every little Foolery. Every trivial Cross makes us say we are weary of the World: but our Tongues run quite to another Tune, when we come once to parting with it in earnest. Then we are willing to endure any thing in this World, if we can but keep Life and Soul together. When it comes to that once, 'tis not help me *off* with my Burden, but help me *up* with it. To this purpose, the dying Parson spoke naturally enough, tho' not over piously, who being comforted that he was going now to enjoy the Fruits of his good Life and Preaching, to a Place of Joy and Glory inexpressible, where all his Cares and his Troubles would be at an End;'Tis very true, says he, Heaven is a blessed Place, to be sure; but were I to have my Prayers heard, I would say, for a little longer at least, *Old* England *for me!*

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FAB. 90.

AN APE ELECTED KING.

On the Death of a Lion, a Contention arose among the Beasts who should be King in his Place. Several Competitors offer'd; but at last an Ape, delighting the Crowd with his Grimaces and Gambols, was chosen. This disgusting the Fox, he pretends to have found a Treasure, which he said belong'd only to his Majesty, and desir'd him to go take Possession of it. The Fox shews him a Bait laid in a Ditch for the Treasure, which the Ape going to seize, the Trap springs, and catches him by the Fingers. *Ah thou perfidious Wretch!* cries the Ape. Or thou simple Prince, rather, replies the Fox! You a Governor of others, with a Vengeance, that han't Wit enough to look to your own Fingers!

MORAL.

When Apes are in Power, Foxes will never he wanted to play upon them.

REFLECTION.

Men should not take a Charge upon them, which they are not fit for. Singing, Dancing, and Shewing of Tricks, are not Qualifications for a Governor. This Fable shews not only the Envy and Malignity of the Fox, but the Imprudence of Electors in the Choice of Ministers, Representatives or Officers that are not made for Business.

This Fable also sets forth the Unhappiness of elective Kingdoms, where Canvassing and Faction have commonly too great a Hand in the Election. Nor is there any wonder to see Drolls and Tumblers advanc'd to Charges of Honour and Profit, where Ignorance and Popularity sway the Choice. In fine, a Character of Honour upon the Shoulders of a Man who has neither a Soul answerable to it, nor a true Sense of the Dignity, is but a Mark set up for every common Fool to shoot his Bolt at, and every Knave to play upon.

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FAB. 91.

A BOASTING MULE.

A Favourite Mule, high fed, and in the Pride of Flesh and Mettle, would still be bragging of his Family and his Ancestors. My Father, says he, was a noble Courser, and, tho' I say it, that should not say it, I myself take after him. He had no sooner spoke the Words, but his Father, an old Ass that stood by, fell a braying, which minded him of his Original, and the whole Field laughed him to scorn, when they found him to be the Son of an Ass.

MORAL.

A bragging Fool, who is raised out of a Dunghil, and sets up for a Man of Quality, is asham'd of nothing so much as of his own Father, and poor Relations?

REFLECTION.

This touches the Case of those mean Upstarts, who, when they come once to be preferr'd, forget their Descent, and have not the Wit to consider how soon Fortune may set them down again where she took them up; but yet at last, when they come to be minded of their Original, it makes many a proud Fool sensible of a scandalous Extraction, that has no Shame at all for a scandalous Life.

Nothing dash'd the Confidence of the Mule like the Braying of the Ass in the very interim while he was dilating upon his Genealogy. As who should say, *Remember your Father, Sirrah! We* have, in fine, a world of boasting Mules among us, that don't care for being minded of their braying Fathers: But it is often the Fate of these vain-glorious Fops to be thus met withal; and your counterfeit Men of Honour seldom come off better; wherefore let every Man look well about him before he boasts of his Pedigree, to make sure that there be not an Ass in the Family.

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FAB. 92.

A DOG AND A WOLF.

A Wolf took a Dog napping at his Master's Door, and when he was just about to worry him, Alas! says he, I'm as lean at present as Carrion; but we are to have a Wedding at our House within these two or three Days, that will plump me up with good Chear, and when I'm in a little better Case, I'll throw myself in the very Mouth of you. The Wolf took his Word, and let him go; but passing some few Days after by the same House again, he spy'd the Dog in the Hall, and bad him remember his Promise. Hark ye, my Friend, says the Dog, whenever you catch me asleep again on the wrong Side of the Door, never trouble your Head to wait for a Wedding.

MORAL.

'Tis good to provide against all Chances, both sleeping and waking,; a Man cannot be too circumspect, provided his Caution do not make him too solicitous for his Peace of Mind.

REFLECTION.

Past Dangers make us wiser for the future: As the Dog, after he had been snapt at the Door, had the Wit to lie in the Hall; which tells us, that a wise body is not to be caught twice by the same Snare and Trick. His Promise to the Wolf was a kind of a Dog-Case of Conscience, and the Wolf play'd the Fool in taking his Word for that which he had no Reason to expect he would perform.

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FAB. 93.

A LION IN LOVE.

A Lion was in Love with a Country Lass, and desir'd her Father's Consent to have her in Marriage. The Father, afraid of disgusting so formidable a Beast, pretended to consent, provided he would have his Teeth drawn, and his Nails par'd; for the foolish Girl, he said, was terribly afraid of those things. The Lion undergoes the Operation, and then challenges the Father upon his Promise. The Countryman seeing the Lion disarm'd, pluck'd up a good Heart, and with a swinging Cudgel so order'd the Matter, that he broke off the Match.

MORAL.

An extravagant Love consults neither Life, Fortune nor Reputation, but sacrifices all that can be dear to a Man of Sense and Honour, to the Transports of an inconsiderate Passion.

REFLECTION.

This Fable, as Sir *Roger L'Estrange* observes, will look well enough in the Moral, how fantastical soever it may appear at first Blush, in the Lines and Traces of it. Here, says he, is a Beast in Love with a Virgin; which is but a Reverse of the preposterous Passions we meet with frequently in the World, when reasonable Creatures of both Sexes fall in Love with those, that in the Allusion may (almost without a Figure) pass for Beasts. There is nothing so fierce, or so savage, but Love will soften it; nothing so generous, but it will debase it; nothing so sharp-sighted in other Matters, but it throws a Mist before the Eyes of it; and to sum up all in a little, where this Passion domineers, neither Honour nor Virtue is able to stand before it. The Lion's parting with his Teeth and his Claws, in a Compliment to his new Mistress, is no more than what we see every Day exemplify d in the Case of making over Estates, and extorting Jointures, with the Malice prepense all this while of holding their Noses to the Grindstone, and possibly, with the Girl's Father here, of jilting them at last.*Numerical Table of Contents for the Fables*

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FAB. 94.

A LIONESS AND A FOX.

A Fox cast it in the Teeth of a Lioness, that she brought forth but one Whelp at a time. Very right, says the other; but then that one is a Lion.

MORAL.

Things ought not to be valued for their Number, but their Excellency.

REFLECTION.

Take the World to Pieces, and there are a thousand Sots to one Philosopher; and as many Swarms of Flies to one Eagle. One Hero, or one truly great Genius, is hardly produced in an Age. Look into Families, who have the largest Numbers of Children, and see how few the Worthy are, compared to the Unworthy. Lions do not come into the World in Litters.

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FAB. 95.

TWO COCKS FIGHTING.

Two Cocks fought a Duel for the Mastery of a Dunghil. He that was worsted slunk away, and hid himself in a Corner; the other takes his Flight up to the Top of the House, and there, with crowing and clapping of his Wings, makes Proclamation of his Victory. An Eagle made a Stoop at him in the middle of his Exultation, and carry'd him away; and the Vanquish'd Cock got the sole Possession both of Mistresses and Dunghil.

MORAL.

A wise and a generous Enemy will make a modest Use of a Victory; for Fortune is variable.

REFLECTION.

This Combat of two Cocks for a Dunghil may be apply'd to the Competition of the greatest Princes for Empire and Dominion. For what is the World more than a Mass of Dirt or a Dunghil on the one hand, as to the Subject of the Quarrel; and there is the same Thirst of Blood too, betwixt the Combatants, on the other. We have again, the various Chance of War exhibited on both Sides; for it is with *Kings*, as with these *Cocks*. He that is a Victor this Moment may be a Captive the next: And this Volubility of human Affairs, what is it but either the Sport or the Judgment of Providence, in the Punishment of Arrogance and Oppression! We are given finally to understand, that as the Levity of Fortune leaves us nothing to trust to, or to presume upon, so at the same time there is nothing to despair of. The conquering Cock was cut off in the very Song of his Triumph; and the conquer'd left Master of the whole Subject of Debate.

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FAB. 96.

A FAWN AND A STAG.

A Fawn was reasoning the Matter with a Stag, why he should run away from the Dog still; for, says he, you are bigger and stronger than they, and you are also better arm'd; I cannot therefore imagine what should make you so fearful of a Company of pitiful Curs. Nay, says the Stag, 'tis all true that you say, and 'tis no more than I say to myself many times; and yet, whatever the Matter is, let me take up what Resolution I please, when I hear the Hounds once, I can not but betake myself to my Heels.

MORAL.

It is one thing to know what we ought to do, and another to execute it: He that is naturally a Coward, is not to be made valiant by Counsel.

REFLECTION.

Natural Infirmities, as Men generally manage the Matter, are well nigh insuperable; Men may be conscious of the Scandal of a natural Weakness, and may make a shift perhaps to reason themselves now and then into a kind of temporary Resolution, which, however, they have not the Power to go through with. We find it to be much the same Case in the Government of our Affections and Appetites, that it is in these bodily Frailties of Temperament and Complexion. Providence has arm'd us with Powers and Faculties, sufficient for the confounding all the Enemies both of Flesh and of Spirit, which we have to encounter. We have Good and Evil before us; and we know that it is at our Choice to *take*, or to *refuse*; but when we come to deliberate, we too generally play booty against ourselves; and while our Judgments and our Consciences direct us one way, our Corruptions hurry us another. The Stag, in fine, is a thorough Emblem of the State and Infirmity of Mankind. We are both of us arm'd and provided, either for the Combat with our Enemies, or for Flight from them. We foresee the Consequence of a Temptation or a Danger; we ponder upon it, and now and then by Fits determine to outbrave and break through it, but we too often shrink upon the Trial; we too frequently betake ourselves, as it were, from our Heads to our Heels; that is to say, from Reason to Flesh and Blood; from our Strength to our Weaknesses; and both the Stag and we not seldom suffer under one common Fate.

But after all, this is saying what *is,* not what *ought to be* the Case. For it is a laudable Task to attempt to overcome a natural Propension or Habit to any sort of Evil; and the greater the Difficulty, the more glorious the Conquest. The Attempt is worthy of a Man, and a Christian; and the Divine Grace seldom fails to assist and support a *sincere* and *persevering* Mind in so noble a Conflict.

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FAB. 97.

JUPITER AND A BEE.

A Bee made *Jupiter* a Present of some Honey, which was so kindly taken, that he bad her ask what she would, in Reason, and it should be granted to her. The Bee desir'd, that where-ever she should set her Sting, it might be mortal. *Jupiter* was loth to leave Mankind at the Mercy of a little spiteful Insect, and was so far from giving her *more* Power, that he bad her have a care how she used that she *had*; for what Person soever she attack'd, if she left her Sting behind her, she should not long survive it.

MORAL.

Spiteful Prayers generally prove Curses to those who make them; and the Mischief they intend to others usually falls upon their own Heads.

REFLECTION.

Cruelty and Revenge are directly contrary to the very Nature of the Divine Goodness, and such as pray for a Power to exercise them, must expect a Punishment from Heaven, rather than a Compliance with their Prayers. We ought to be very careful what we pray for, lest, instead of a Blessing, we bring a Curse upon ourselves.

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FAB. 98.

WASPS IN A HONEY-POT.

A Whole Swarm of Wasps got into a Honey-Pot, and there they cloy'd and clamm'd themselves, till there was no getting out again; and when they found themselves perishing in their beloved Sweets, they too late discovered how dear they paid for their past Delights.

MORAL.

When once sensual Pleasures come to be habitual, it is exceeding difficult to get clear of them; but the Mind immersed in the inordinate Pursuit of them, runs the Fate of the Wasps in the Fable.

REFLECTION.

We have an Emblem here of those foolish voluptuous Men, who sacrifice the Peace, the Honour, the Comfort, and all other substantial Satisfactions of Life to the Temptation of a sensual Appetite. And when once they are glued, as one may say, to their Lusts and Pleasures, it is no easy Matter to work themselves out of them; but, like *Æsop's* Wasps stifled in the Honey-Pot, they proceed, till what they delighted in becomes the Destruction both of Soul and Body.

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FAB. 99.

A YOUNG MAN AND A SWALLOW.

A Prodigal Spendthrift had sold his Coat, and upon the Sight of a Swallow that came before her Time, made account that Summer was now at hand, and away went his Waistcoat too, so that he was naked to his Shirt. A Fit of bitter cold Weather happen'd after this, which almost starv'd both the Bird and the Spendthrift. Well, says the Fellow, seeing the Swallow perishing with Cold, What a wretched Sot art thou, thus to ruin both thyself and me!

MORAL.

Irregular Accidents and Instances are not to be drawn into Precedent.

REFLECTION.

From this Fable arises the Proverb, *One Swallow makes not a Summer,* which intimates that there must be no drawing of general Rules from particular Exceptions. The young Fellow's being so ready to blame the Swallow rather than himself, shews the Folly of Mankind, who are always for throwing off the Cause of their Mistakes from themselves: A Folly, to say the Truth, deriv'd from the first Man: *The Woman that thou gavest me,* said Adam, *tempted me, and I did eat:* What a wretched Sot *art thou,* said the young Man, thus to mislead me; not *was I,* for suffering myself to be misled by so silly a Prognostick, as he ought to have said. In short, every Man stands or falls to his own Reason; and it is no Excuse to say, that I was misled by Example or Conjecture, when I had the Means before me of informing myself better.

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FAB. 100.

MERCURY AND A CARPENTER.

A Carpenter dropt his Ax into a River, and put up a Prayer to *Mercury,* the God of Artizans, to help him to it again. *Mercury* div'd for it, and brought him up a golden one; but that was not it, the Fellow said: And so he plung'd a second time, and fetch'd up another of Silver: He said that was not it neither. He try'd once again, and then up comes an Ax with a wooden Handle, which the Carpenter said, was the very Tool that he had lost. Well, says *Mercury,* thou art so just a poor Wretch, that I'll give thee all three now for thy Honesty. The Rumour of this Story being spread, it came into a Knave's Head to try the same Experiment: And so away goes he, and down he sits, sniveling and yelping upon the Bank of a River, that he had dropt his Ax into the Water there! *Mercury* heard his Lamentation, and dipping once again for his Ax, as he had done for the other, up he brings him a golden Ax, and asks the Fellow if that were it: Yes, yes, says he, this is it. O thou impudent Sot, cries *Mercury,* to think of putting Tricks upon him that sees through the very Heart of thee! — And so sent him away without any.

MORAL.

The great Searcher of our Hearts is not to be imposed upon, but he will take his own time, and his own manner, either to reward or punish.

REFLECTION.

Here are two Men at their Prayers; the one a downright plain Dealer, and the other a designing Hypocrite. The former has a Reverence in his Heart for the Power that he invokes; he is not to be corrupted with Gold or Silver. He stands in Awe of his Conscience, and makes good his Profession with his Practice; receiving in the End the Blessing of a Reward for his Integrity. The other worships with his Eyes, his Hands, and his Voice; but all this is only to cover the Cheat of a rotten Heart. He acknowledges a Divine Power, but at the same time he makes a Mock of it, and provokes it. He stands convinced that God knows all the Secrets of his Heart, and yet tells him a Lye to his Face. But can such a one expect to succeed in his impious Attempt to impose on the Almighty? No, surely! and he ought to thank

himself, if, instead of obtaining new Benefits, he be deprived, as the wicked Carpenter was, of those he had before.

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FAB. 101.

A FOX AND GRAPES.

A Liquorish Fox stood gaping under a Vine, and licking his Lips at a delicious Cluster of Grapes he had spy’d out there; he fetch’d a hundred Leaps at it, till at last, when he found there was no Good to be done: Hang ‘em, says he, they are as sour as Crabs; and so away he went.

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FAB. 102.

A WOLF AND A LION.

As a Wolf and a Lion were abroad upon Adventure together, Hark, says the Wolf, don't you hear the Bleating of Sheep? My Life for yours, Sir, I'll go fetch you Purchase. Away he goes, and follows his Ear, till he came just under the Sheepfold; but it was so well fortify'd, and the Dogs asleep so near it, that back he comes sneaking to the Lion again, and tells him, There are Sheep yonder, 'tis true; but they are as lean as Carrion, and we had e'en as good let them alone till they have more Flesh on their Backs.

MORAL OF THE TWO FABLES.

A Man should never repine at the Want of Things that are out of his Power to attain.

REFLECTION.

The Fox's Put-off in this Fable is a most instructive Point of Philosophy towards the Government of our Lives, provided that his Fooling may be made our Earnest; as it would be much for our Honour and Quiet so to be. No Man shall ever be miserable, if he can but keep clear of the Snare of Hopes and Fears, and antidote himself against the Flatteries of the one, and the Alarms of the other. It is a high Point of a Christian, as well as of Civil Prudence, for a Man to say thus to himself before-hand of a Thing that he has a mind to, If I cannot get it, I shall be better without it: Or if he can but say after the missing of it, It was better lost than found.

I knew a fine Lady once, says Sir *Roger L'Estrange,* and she was a Woman of Sense, Quality, and a very generous Mind. She lay under Mortifications in abundance, and yet was never observ'd to be peevish or angry upon any Provocation whatsoever; and the Reason she gave for it was this, It will make me look old. So that it is not so much the Want of Ability to master our Affections, as the Want of Resolution to go through with the Experiment. This is a way to keep us firm in all Trials: It comes all to a case now, upon the Force of the Moral, whether we quit our vain Desires, as the Fox did the Grapes, because he could not come at them; or as the Wolf did the Sheep, because he durst not venture upon them. There is a Virtue and a Blessing in it, both ways, in getting the better of our

Passions; which might certainly be done, if we had but half the Tenderness for our Minds and Consciences, that we have for our Bodies and our Fortunes.

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FAB. 103.

A BOY AND A SNAKE.

A Boy groping for Eels laid his Hand upon a Snake, but the Snake finding it was pure Simplicity, and not Malice against himself, admonish'd him of his Mistake: Keep yourself well while you are well, says the Snake; for if you meddle with me, you'll repent your Bargain.

MORAL.

It is Wisdom, as well as Justice, to distinguish betwixt Actions of Misadventure and of Design.

REFLECTION.

Every thing has at least two Handles to it, and both Parts should be well examined, before a Man can make either a warrantable Judgment or a prudent Choice. The Boy's Mistake here is no more than what we have every Day before our Eyes in common Practice; and that which the Snake says to the Boy, every Man's Reason says to himself. What is his taking a Snake for an Eel, but our taking Vice for Virtue? He did it unwarily, and so do we many times too. He took the one for the other, because they were so much alike, that at first View he could not distinguish them. And are not Virtue and Vice as like in several Instances as one Egg is to another? How shall a Man know at first Blush Hypocrisy from Piety, or true Charity from Ostentation? Time and Examination may do much, but the Boy was groping, and in the dark, and so might well be mistaken. The Snake told him of his Error, and the Danger of it, but pass'd it over, because there was no Ill-Will in it. This is the very Case of our Reason to us, in all our Misdoings. It checks us for what is past; and advises us for the future to have a care of false Appearances.

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FAB. 104.

A FOWLER PARTRIDGE.

A Partridge taken by a Fowler offered to decoy as many of her Companions into the Snare as she could, upon Condition that he would give her Quarter. No, says he, you shall die the rather for that very Reason, because you would be so base as to betray your Friends to save yourself.

MORAL.

Treachery is never to be approv'd, how convenient soever in some Cases; for it undermines the very Foundations of Society.

REFLECTION.

The Fowler's here was a wise and generous Resolution, upon the Partridge's Proposal. All manner of Treachery is abominable in the Sight both of God and Man, and stands reprehended in this Fable. The Partridge's Case was a very unhappy one, for her Life was at Stake, and she was induc'd by her Apprehensions to make an infamous Proposal to save it; but the Weakness all this while does not excuse the Perfidy, though it may seem in some measure to extenuate the Crime, by the poor Creature's lying under an almost insuperable Frailty. The Fowler, however, justly made an Example of her for a Terror to others. Now if a Treachery of this Quality be so unpardonable, what shall we say to those that sell their Country, their Souls and their Religion, for Money, and rate Divinity at so much a Pound? And then to consummate the Wickedness, finish the Work with Malice that they began with Avarice?

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FAB. 105.

A HARE AND A TORTOISE.

What a dull heavy Creature, says a Hare, is this same Tortoise! And yet, says the Tortoise, I'll run with you for a Wager. 'Twas *done and done*, and the Fox by Consent was to be the Judge. They started together, and the Tortoise kept jogging on still till he came to the End of the Course. The Hare, to shew his Contempt for his Competitor, skipt about here and there, till he had tir'd himself, and then securely laid himself down about Midway, and took a Nap; for, says he, I can fetch up the Tortoise when I please. But, as he had over-tired, so he over-slept himself, it seems, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as he was able, the Tortoise got to the Post before him, and won the Wager.

MORAL.

Up, and be doing, *is an edifying Text; for Action is the Business of Life, and there is no Thought of coming to the End of our Journey in Time, if we supinely sleep by the Way.*

REFLECTION.

This Fable shews, on one hand, in the Hare the great Folly of Presumption. Who would have believ'd, that the Tortoise had any Chance for winning a Race from the Hare? But the foolish Hare presuming upon his natural Advantages, and having the utmost Contempt for his Adversary, lost the Race by his skipping Folly and Over-security. On the other hand, in the constant even Pace of the Tortoise, who got first to the Goal, is shewn the Benefit of Patience, Diligence and Perseverance; which maugre all Odds and Appearances in every Competition, must certainly win the Prize, and inherit the Blessing. History affords an hundred Instances of Battles lost against all manner of Probability, by the Over-security of one Side, trusting to Numbers and Situation, and thro' an undue Contempt of an Adversary: While the Caution and Prudence of the Weaker have overcome the Stronger, and beat them quite out of the Field.

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FAB. 106.

APPLES AND HORSE-TURDS.

Upon a very great Fall of Rain, the Current carry'd away a huge Heap of Apples, together with a Dunghil that lay in the Water-course. They floated a good while together like Brethren and Companions; and as they went thus dancing down in the Stream, the Horse-Turds would be every Foot crying out, *Alack a-day! How We Apples swim!*

MORAL.

The most worthless Fellows are oftentimes the vainest, and attribute to themselves the Glory of every thing, tho' they contribute nothing to any good Purpose.

REFLECTION.

Come, says the Blackberry, to the Peach and the Apple, who were contending for the Preference, WE are all *Friends,* let us have no jangling among OURSELVES. So says the Fly on the Chariot-Wheel, *What a Dust do* I *raise!* So said *Lamb* the Corn-cutter to Dr. *Mead* and Dr. *Hollings,* WE Physicians! Every insignificant Wretch puts a Value upon himself, and the more worthless generally the more vain. But what is the End of his Vanity and Conceit? He only makes himself ridiculous to the rest of the World, who but for his Presumption might pass by with *Pity,* what now they treat with *Contempt,* for such a one is as much beneath the *Indignation* of a wise Man, as the insolent Braying of the Ass was below the Notice of the Lion.

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FAB. 107.

A MOLE AND HER DAM.

Mother, says a Mole to her Dam, *here's a strange Smell, methinks.* And then she was at it again, *There's a Mulberry-Tree, I perceive.* And so a third Time, *What a clattering of Hammers do I hear!* Daughter, says the old one, you have now quite betray'd yourself; for I thought you had wanted only one Sense, and I find you want three; for you can neither hear, nor smell, any more than you can see.

MORAL.

Men labour under many Imperfections that nobody would take Notice of, if they did not betray themselves.

REFLECTION.

The Imperfections of Boasters and ignorant Pretenders to Science or Knowledge would not be half so much taken Notice of, if their own Vanity, and their being over-solicitous to conceal their Infirmities, did not make Proclamation of them; for by attempting to cover their Defects, or Ignorance, without being called upon to do so, they the more effectually expose themselves.

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FAB. 108.

BEES AND PARTRIDGES.

A Flight of Bees, and a Covey of Partridges that were hard put to it for Water in a great Drought, went to a Farmer, and begg'd a Soup of him to quench their Thirst. The Partridges offered in Return to dig his Vineyard for it, and the Bees with their Stings to secure him from Thieves. I have Oxen and Dogs, says the Farmer, that do me these Offices already, without standing upon Terms. To them therefore I shall extend my Benevolence; and have no Occasion for your Service.

MORAL.

Charity begins at Home; *but the necessary Duty of it in one Place, does not discharge the Christian Exercise of it in another.*

REFLECTION.

Charity is a humane, as well as a Christian Virtue; but still it is to be employ'd in the first Place upon those that have the fairest Right to it: It is one thing, I must confess, to condition for a good Office, and another to do it *gratis;* so that the Husbandman took the Proposal by the right Handle in that respect; but his being provided of Servants already to do his Work, was no Excuse for his Want of Charity to relieve his distressed Neighbour; especially when, as in the Case of the Bees and the Partridges here, they offer all the Returns in their Power.

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FAB. 109.

A MAN BIT BY A FLEA.

A Fellow, upon being bit by a Flea, call'd out to *Hercules* for Help. The Flea gets away, and the Man peevishly expostulates: Well, *Hercules,* says he, you that would not take my Part against a sorry Flea, will never stand by me in a Time of Need, against a more powerful Enemy. Little deservest thou any Assistance from me, *says the God,* in thy greater Affairs, that canst invoke my Aid on so trifling an Occasion.

MORAL.

We ought not to put up our Petitions to Heaven for every Trifle that we may think we want, or to be relieved from any petty Vexation; much less ought we to take Pet, if our impertinent Prayers are not immediately answered.

REFLECTION.

It is an ill Habit to squander away our Wishes and our Prayers upon paltry Fooleries, when the great Concerns of Life and Death, Heaven and Hell, lie all at Stake. Who but a Madman, that has so many necessary and capital Duties of Christianity to think of, would ever have made a Deliverance from a Flea-biting a Part of his Litany? It makes our Devotions ridiculous, to be so unfeeling on the one Side, and so over-sensible and solicitous on the other.

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FAB. 110.

A MAN AND TWO WIVES.

A More than middle-ag'd Man, who was half grey-headed, took a Fancy to marry Two Wives, one in Years equal to his own, the other much younger. They took mighty Care of him to all manner of Purposes, and still as they were combing the good Man's Head, the matronly Wife pluck'd out all the brown Hairs, and the younger the grey. So that they left the Man no better than a bald Buzzard betwixt them.

MORAL.

Inequality of Years in Matrimony, is of all things to be avoided.

REFLECTION.

Nature, Decency, true Convenience, and every Branch of human Felicity, plead strongly against gay Youth being yok'd with declining Age in Marriage. The Infirmities to which the one is subject, and the Inconsideration which possesses the other, make it impossible there should be any tolerable Ease or Comfort between them, much less Happiness. Sordid Interest, 'tis true, and vile Dependance, may make sometimes the youthful Yoke-fellow put on an Appearance of Regard for the older; but Affection must needs be wanting, and the Hope of being released by Death from the unequal Engagement, must be all that makes the Case bearable on one Side; and must not this be a very comfortable Reflection on the other! How much to blame then are those Parents, who for sordid Motives oblige their Children to couple so unequally. And what a base and to be suspected Mind, even as to common Honesty, must those young Persons have of either Sex, who not being obliged by Necessity, for filthy Lucre or worldly Grandeur sake, voluntarily chuse to subject themselves to a State, with a Person they vow to love and honour, and yet think they can never be happy with, and of consequence continually, wish dead. 'Tis one Degree of Prudence in such a case, and the only one that the older Person can shew, after so unequal a Match, to expect and be prepared for the worst that can happen: If a Woman, to be slighted and despised; if a Man, to be — what wants no Explanation.

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FAB. 111.

FROGS WANTING WATER.

Upon the drying of a Lake, two Frogs, upon a Search for Water elsewhere, discover'd a very deep Well. Come, says one to the other, let us e'en go down here, without looking any further. You say well, says her Companion; but if the Water should fail us here too, How shall we get out again?

MORAL.

It is good to look before we leap, *as the Proverb says? for hasty Resolutions are seldom fortunate, and it is a Piece of necessary Prudence, for a Man, before he resolves upon any thing, to consider what may be the Consequences of it.*

REFLECTION.

When a Man wants any thing, let him look for it in Time, and consider well before-hand what occasion he has for it, and upon what Terms it is to be had; for there may be such Conditions that a Man would not comply with, even for the saving or redeeming of his Life. There are other Cases where a Man must part with more for the getting of a thing, than it is worth. Some again, where a Person runs the Risque of an absolute Ruin, for the gaining of a present Supply: Wherefore 'tis but common Prudence to make a strict Calculation of the Profit or Loss on both Sides, before we resolve. I want Money, but I will not make myself a Slave for it. I want a Friend at Court, but I will not forfeit the Character of a Man of Honour, or the Conscience of a Christian and an honest Man, to purchase such a Friend. I am in Prison, but I will not play the Knave to set myself at Liberty. These are all necessary Deliberations upon the Matter here in Question. Let us see how we shall get *out* again, says the Frog, before we go *in.*

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FAB. 112.

A DOG, A COCK, AND A FOX.

A Dog and a Cock took a Journey together. The Dog kennel'd in the Body of a hollow Tree, and the Cock roosted at Night upon the Boughs. The Cock crow'd about Midnight (at his usual Hour) which brought a Fox that was abroad upon the Hunt, immediately to the Tree; and there he stood licking of his Lips at the Cock, and wheedling him to get him down. He protested he never heard so angelical a Voice since he was born; and what would not he do now, to hug the Creature that had given him so admirable a Serenade! Pray, says the Cock, speak to the Porter below to open the Door, and I'll come down to you: The Fox, little dreaming of the Dog so near, did as he was directed, and the Dog presently seiz'd and worry'd him.

MORAL.

When a Man has to do with an Adversary who is too crafty or too strong for him, it is right to turn him off to his Match.

REFLECTION.

Experience makes many a wise Man of a Fool, and Security makes many a Fool of a wise Man. We have an Instance of the former in the Cock's over-reaching the Fox; and of the other, in the Fox's supine Confidence, that made him so intent upon his Prey, as to neglect his Safety; and to fall himself into the Pit that he had digged for another. It is much the same Case in the World, when Providence is pleased to confound the Presumptuous, the False, the Mighty, and the Bloodthirsty by Judgments of Lice and Frogs; that is to say, by the most despicable of Instruments; and that frequently at a Crisis of Time, when they think themselves sure of the Success of their mischievous Projects.

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FAB. 113.

A BAT, BRAMBLE, AND CORMORANT.

A Bat, a Bramble, and a Cormorant, enter'd into Partnership together. The Bat's Adventure was ready Money, which he took up at Interest; the Bramble's was in Cloaths; and the Cormorant's in Brass. They put to Sea, and it fell out, that the Ship and Goods were both lost by Stress of Weather: But the three Merchants got safe to Land. Since the time of this Miscarriage, the Bat never stirs abroad till Night, for fear of his Creditors. The Bramble lays hold of all the Cloaths he can come at in hope to light upon his own again: And the Cormorant is still sauntering by the Sea Side, to see if he can find any of his Brass cast up.

MORAL.

The Impression of any notable Misfortune will commonly stick by a Man as long as he lives.

REFLECTION.

'Tis with almost all People in Cases of Fright or Distraction of Mind, as it was with our Merchant-Adventurers here. We are not to set our Hearts too strongly upon the Things of this World; and the only way to be happy and quiet, is to make all Contingencies indifferent to us, especially those which we know may very possibly befal us, at the time we undertake any Affair. As the Merchant who ventures by Sea knows that a Tempest and a Shipwreck are too often the Lot of such, and tho' he hopes it will not be his Case, yet he ought to resign himself to Providence, and be prepar'd to bear it, if it should.

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FAB. 114.

A LARK AND A FOWLER.

A Poor Lark taken by a Bird-catcher, who was just about to put her to Death, lamented heartily that she should be sacrificed for so small a Fault as having taken one pitiful Grain of Corn when she was hungry. Why, Tit for Tat, says he, you have taken my Corn to satisfy your Hunger, and I have seiz'd upon you to appease mine.

MORAL.

Passion, Appetite and Partiality govern the World.

REFLECTION.

'Tis too much the Practice of Mankind to cozen and defraud one another for their own Interest. The little Value of the thing was but a poor Excuse for the bad Principle demonstrated in taking what was another's. But yet the Design of the Fowler still less admitted of an Excuse; for he laid the Bait in the way of the Lark, on purpose to decoy and ensnare her. Temptation often makes the Thief, and to throw a Bait in the Way, and afterwards rigorously to exact the Penalty, to the Ruin of the Insnar'd, and for the Insnarer's own particular Advantage, who possibly may be intitled to a Reward thereby, is a Baseness which shews such a Man capable of any thing where his Interest is concern'd.

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FAB. 115.

MISER BURYING HIS GOLD.

A Covetous Wretch turn'd his Effects into Gold, melted that down, and bury'd it in the Ground, and never fail'd visiting of it every Morning. This being observ'd, his Hoard one Night was carry'd off; which he finding out next Morning, was almost distracted. What's all this Rage for, says one of his Neighbours? while you was resolv'd not to use your Gold, you could not be said to have it. 'Tis but laying a Stone where you laid your Money, and fancying that Stone to be your Treasure, and there's your Gold again.

MORAL.

Better no Estate at all, than the Cares and Vexations that attend the Possession, without the Use, of it.

REFLECTION.

We are never the better for the Possession of any thing, barely for the *Propriety* sake; but 'tis the *Use* and *Application* of it towards the Conveniencies of Life, and the Comforts of Human Society, that gives every thing its Value. The Blessings of Providence, which are common and diffusive, ought not to lie idle; and whoever buries his Talent, either of Understanding, or of Fortune, breaks a sacred Trust, and cozens those who stand in need of it. But we have a sort of sordid Wretches among us, who had rather cast their Silver and Gold into the Mine from whence it was taken, or leave it at the Mercy of Thieves and common Hazards, than that any Man living should be the better for it.

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FAB. 116.

A ONE-EY'D STAG.

A One-Ey'd Stag that was afraid of the Huntsmen at Land, kept a Watch that way, and fed with his Blind-side toward an Arm of the Sea, where he thought there was no Danger. In this Hope of Security, he was struck with an Arrow from a Boat, and so ended his Days with this Lamentation: Here am I destroy'd, says he, where I reckon'd myself to be safe on the one Hand; and no Evil has befal'n me, where I most dreaded it, on the other. But 'tis my Comfort that I intended the best.

MORAL.

We are liable to many evil Accidents, that no Care or Foresight can prevent: But we are to provide however the best we can against them, and leave the rest to Providence.

REFLECTION.

We are many times preserv'd or destroy'd by those Accidents or Counsels, that in all Probability should have had quite contrary Effects. But yet it is our Part to act according to Reason, and commit ourselves to Heaven for the rest. The wisest of Men have their Follies or blind Sides, and have their Enemies too, who watch to take Advantage of their Weakness. It behoves us therefore to look to ourselves on the blind Side, as the Part that lies most expos'd to an Attack. And yet, when we have done our best to prevent Mischief, the very Precaution itself serves many times to contribute to our Ruin. In short, the Ways and Workings of Providence are unsearchable, and it is not in the Power of human Prudence to obviate all the Accidents of human Life.

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FAB. 117.

A STAG AND A LION.

A Stag closely pursu'd by the Huntsmen, fled for Safety into a Lion's Den; and as he was just expiring under the Paw of the Lion: Miserable Creature, that I am! says he, to fly for Protection from one Enemy, and to fall into the Jaws of a worse!

MORAL.

Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire, *says the Proverb*. *Many Men, to avoid one Danger, have run into a greater*.

REFLECTION.

The Stag's Fate was very hard; he was pursu'd by a Danger which he beheld inevitable and immediate. He had, however, a Chance to save himself in the Refuge he took; for tho' he had known it was the Den of a Lion he was running into, the Lion might have been absent, or if present, might have fallen upon his Pursuers as well as him: But it has been the Case of many Men to fly for Refuge, in their Distress, to such as they have found to be Oppressors and Murderers, instead of Patrons and Protectors, and that even to the Breach of the Ties of Gratitude, as well as Humanity. *Pompey the Great* had such a hard Fate when he fled from the victorious and generous *Cæsar,* and met his Death from the base and cowardly *Egyptians*, to whom he apply'd for Refuge: And it would have been far more happy and more glorious for him, to have fallen in the Battle which he lost.

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FAB. 118.

A GOAT AND A WINE.

A Goat, hard press'd by the Huntsmen, took Sanctuary in a Vineyard, and there lay close, under the Covert of a Vine. So soon as he thought the Danger over, he fell to browzing upon the Leaves; and broke down by this means the very Branches that conceal'd his Horns. This discover'd him to one who happen'd to be the hindermost in the Chace; he call'd back the others, and the Goat was kill'd with this Conviction upon him, that his Punishment was just, for offering Violence to his Protector.

MORAL.

A speedy and exemplary Vengeance often pursues those who repay Evil for Good, and seek the Ruin of their Protectors.

REFLECTION.

This Fable exposes the Baseness of that worst of Vices, Ingratitude. The Obligations of Hospitality and Protection are so sacred, that nothing can absolve us from the Discharge of those Duties. The Goat's Punishment was the more exemplary, as it was inflicted upon him in the very Act of his Baseness.

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FAB. 119.

ASS, LION, AND COCK.

As a Cock and an Ass were feeding in one Ground together, up comes a Lion open-mouth'd toward the Ass: The Cock happen'd just then to crow, as the Ass, thro' Fear, began to bray, and away scours the Lion, who is said to be scar'd at the Crowing of a Cock. The Ass bray'd on, vainly imagining it was that which was so terrible to the Lion; and had the Folly to pursue him: But so soon as they were got out of the Hearing of the Cock, the Lion turn'd short upon him, and tore him to pieces.

MORAL.

Many a bragging Coxcomb has been ruin'd by a Mistake of Fear in an Adversary, and a Fancy of Courage in himself.

REFLECTION.

The Flight of the Lion must be imputed here to the natural Aversion he has to the crowing of a Cock. This is the Tradition; but it shall break no Squares whether it be so or not: For the Philosophy holds good in other Instances no less wonderful, whether it be true or false in this. How many insuperable Disagreements do we meet with, in the Business of Meats, Drinks, and Medicines; in Plants, Minerals, and living Creatures! Now these Impulses are no more to be controll'd, than the primary and the unchangeable Powers and Laws of Nature: And these Instincts, after all, are no more to be reason'd upon, than they are to be resisted; and therefore it is that we call them occult Qualities; which is all one with saying that we do not understand how they work, or what they are. Now 'tis one thing to submit to an absolute Force, another thing to fly, and yield to a natural Infirmity. So that 'tis no Departure from the Dignity of a Lion to fly, when Nature drives him: Neither is it at all to the Ass's Reputation to pursue, when Vanity, Folly and Rashness transport him.

The Ass, we see, lies under many Mistakes here, and the more, and the grosser they are, the more suitable still to his Character. How many such Asses are there in the World, who huff, look big, stare, dress, cock, swagger, at the same noisy, blustering Rate! And nothing more familiar, than for a whiffling Fop, who has not so much as one Grain of the Sense, or Soul of a Man of Honour in him, to ape the

Part of a Hero. But sometimes such a one provokes a Lion by his stupid Temerity, and meets with the Chastisement due to his braying Insolence.

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FAB. 120.

A GARDENER AND HIS DOG.

A Gardener’s Dog dropt into a Well, and his Master letting himself down, reach’d forth his Hand to help him out. The Cur, thinking it was only to duck him deeper, snapt him by the Fingers. The Master hereupon got up again, and left him as he found him. Nay, says he, I am well enough serv’d, to take so much Pains for the saving of one that knows not how to take the Favour.

MORAL.

Obligations and Benefits are cast away upon two Sorts of People; those that do not understand them, and those that are not sensible of them.

REFLECTION.

There is no fastening an Obligation upon those who know not when they are well used; but who, suspecting groundlesly a good Intention to serve them, reject with Unthankfulness the well-meant Kindness.

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FAB. 12.

A SNAKE AND A CRAB.

There was a Familiarity contracted betwixt a Snake and a Crab. The Crab was a plain-dealing Creature, that advised his Companion to give over shuffling and doubling, and to practise good Faith. The Snake went on in his old way. So that the Crab broke Acquaintance with him; and soon after found him dead, stretch'd out at his Length, and then looking upon him, said, This had never befallen you, my old crooked Acquaintance, if you had but liv'd as strait as you died.

MORAL.

There is nothing more agreeable in Conversation, than a frank, open way of dealing, and a Simplicity of Manners.

REFLECTION.

Good Counsel is lost upon an habitual Ill-nature. This Fable is a Figure upon a Figure, in opposing the Straitness of the Body of the Snake after he was dead, to the Crookedness of his Manners when he was living. But the Licence of Mythology will bear out the Hardness of the Allusion.

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FAB. 122.

A SHEPHERD AND A YOUNG WOLF.

A Shepherd took a Wolf's sucking Whelp, and train'd it up with his Dogs. This Whelp fed with them, grew up with them, and whensoever they went out upon the Chace of a Wolf, the Whelp would be sure to make one. It fell out sometimes that the Wolf escap'd: But this Domestick Wolf would be still hunting on, after the Dogs had given over the Chace, till he came up to his true Brethren, where he took part of the Prey with them; and then went back again to his Master. And when he could come in for no Snacks with the Wolves, he would now and then make free by the Bye, with a straggling Sheep out of the Flock. He carry'd on this Trade for a while; but at last was caught in the Fact, and hang'd by his injur'd Master.

MORAL.

Men naturally false and treacherous are no more to be reclaim'd than Wolves. Benefits but augment their Power to do Mischief, and they never fail to make Use of it to the Prejudice of their Benefactors.

REFLECTION.

Ill Dispositions may be dissembled for a while, but Nature is very hardly to be alter'd, either by Counsel or by Education. It may do well enough, for Curiosity and Experiment, to try how far ill-natur'd Men and other Creatures, may be wrought upon by fair Usage and good Breeding; but the Inclination and Cruelty of the Dam will hardly ever out of the Whelp. *Thrust back Nature with a Pitchfork,* says the Poet, *and it will return*, This Fable is a true Portrait of an ungrateful and treacherous Mind, which, according to the Proverb, *Holds with the Hare, and runs with the Hound;* which pretends greater Zeal than others, like the Wolf's Whelp in the Chace, in the Detection and Pursuit of a common Enemy; but at the same time divides Spoils with him, and, rather than want an Opportunity of doing Mischief, will prey privately upon the Property he pretends to defend. Many such Instances we might give in publick Life; and there have been too many such also in private Life. The Punishment so richly merited in the Fable is heartily to be wished whenever they happen, and 'tis Pity it should be wanted.

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FAB. 123.

A LION, FOX AND A WOLF.

The King of Beasts, being grown old and sickly, all his Subjects of the Forest, saving only the Fox, went to pay their Duties to him. The Wolf took this Occasion to do the Fox a good Office: I can assure your Majesty, says he, 'tis nothing but Pride and Insolence that keeps the Fox from shewing himself at Court. The Fox coming to know this, presented himself before the Lion, and finding him extremely enrag'd, begs his Patience, and assur'd him that the Reason of his Absence was only owing to his being engag'd in deep Study to find a Remedy for his Majesty's Illness; and that he had been so happy as to hit upon an infallible one. What is it, says the Lion, very eagerly? Why, says the Fox, 'tis the Skin of a flay'd Wolf wrapt reeking warm round your Majesty's Body; and my Life for it, it will prove an absolute Cure. The Wolf finding the Lion hearken to the Advice, was sneaking off; but the Fox was not wanting to assist the Royal Officers in waiting to pull his Skin over his Ears; and whilst it was doing, sneering, told poor *Isgrim,* that he was now a fit Warning-piece to all malicious Backbiters, how they irritated a Prince against their absent Fellow-Subjects.

MORAL.

Backbiters and Pickthanks are the basest of Men, and it cannot fail of giving Pleasure to every one when they are detected, and meet with their Deserts.

REFLECTION.

Nothing is more common in the World than these Wolfish Back-Friends, whether it be in Law, in Government, or private Families, especially in those of the Great. A Man who is declining in his Credit already with his Principal, is the constant Subject of this calumnious Disposition. And if any crafty Contrivances, Artifices, or Stratagems are at any time to be excus'd, they are upon such Occasions as this, where the malicious Designs of a malevolent Backbiter are to be counter-work'd. But yet it were to be wish'd that none but Wolves and Foxes were to experience these countermining Projects, and then when one Rascal was too hard for another, honest Men would have nothing to do but rejoice, which soever got the better. But the Misfortune is, that 'tis generally the innocent Man who is caught in the Snare, and ruin'd by the Plots of wicked Wolves and Foxes in human Shape.

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FAB. 124.

A DRUNKARD AND HIS WIFE.

A Woman who had the Misfortune to have a fuddling Husband, laid him once, when he was dead-drunk, in a Charnel-House. By the Time she thought he might be come to himself again, away goes she, and knocks at the Door. Who's there? says the Toper. One, says the Woman with a hoarse Voice, that brings Meat for the Dead. Friend, says he, bring me Drink rather; I wonder any Body that knows me, should bring me one without t'other. Nay then, says she in a Voice much better known to him, I find thou art quite irreclaimable; I must e'en give thee up to thy own evil Destiny; for what thou lovest will certainly shorten thy Days; all I fear is, thou wilt first beggar me and thy Family.

MORAL.

Inveterate ill Habits become another Nature to us, and when they have got Possession of us, we may almost as well be taken to Pieces, and new put together again, as mended.

REFLECTION.

The Intent of this Fable is to work a Reformation in us in Time, by shewing that evil Habits are very hard to be cured; for they take Root by Degrees, 'till they come in the End to be past both Remedy and Shame. Habitual Debauches make Excess of Drink as necessary to a Man as common Air, tho' it certainly cuts short his Thread of Life, and brings on an early old Age; besides, the Mischiefs it does to a Man's Family and Affairs in the mean time, and the Scandal it brings upon himself; for a Sot is one of the most odious and contemptible Characters in Life, next to that of an Hypocrite and ingrateful Man: Nay, he may be said in a strong Sense to be an ingrateful Man, and that to the Almighty, who has given him reasonable Faculties, which he is continually abusing, and to his Family, which he is perpetually injuring. Yet there are those that can never sleep without their Load, nor enjoy one easy Thought, 'till they have laid all their Cares to Rest with a Bottle. It is much the same Thing with other sensual Pleasures, where Mens Bodies and Minds are given up to delight in them. But the Extravagance is never so desperate, as when the Understanding is taken up with the Study and Meditation of those Pleasures, which the Body is no longer in Condition to

practise; and that’s the most hopeless and incurable State of an evil Disposition, when Drink upon Drink is made use of for a Remedy.

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FAB. 125.

A RAVEN AND A SWAN.

A Raven fancying to himself, that the Swan's Beauty proceeded principally from his often Washing and Diet, quitted his former Course of Life and Food, and betook himself to the Lakes and Rivers: But as the Water did him no Good at all for his Complexion, so the Experiment cost him his Life, he being utterly unfitted to gather his Sustenance from the Waters.

MORAL.

Natural Inclinations may be wrought upon by good Counsel and Discipline; but there are certain specifick Properties and Impressions, that are never to be alter'd or defac'd.

REFLECTION.

What's bred in the Bone will never out of the Flesh: And there can be no Thought of altering the Qualities, the Colour, or the Condition of Life, that Providence has allotted us.

'Tis Labour in vain, as the Proverb says, *to attempt to wash the Blackmoor white;* much more will it be a fruitless and vain Task, to endeavour to mend any of the Works of Nature; for she never did any thing amiss. *What Nature does, God does;* whose Decrees are unchangeable, and all his Works are Perfection in their Kind. It is a great Madness then to attempt any Alteration upon them. But next to the Force of *natural Impressions*, we may reckon that of *Customs* and *Habits.*

This Fable, still more literally taken, may serve as a Caution to such fantastick Persons, as run into sudden Changes of Diet, and alter at once their Manner of Living, in order to avoid some remote and perhaps fanciful Distemper; or, as some Ladies, and finical Ladies-Men have done ere now, to try Practices upon themselves in hopes to mend their Complexions or Shapes; and, in short, as we may say, to make themselves *better than well.* Such Persons thus playing Tricks with, and trying Experiments upon, a tolerable Constitution, have often brought upon themselves real and lasting Illnesses; to get rid of which, and be in *Statu quo,* they would be glad to compound for much worse Shapes and Complexions, and a much more indifferent State of Health, than what they wanted to mend.

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FAB. 126.

A SWALLOW AND A CROW.

A Crow, disputing with a Swallow for the Prize of Beauty, said, Yours, at best, is only a Spring-Beauty; mine lasts all the Year round.

MORAL.

A durable Good is infinitely to be prefierr'd to a transitory one.

REFLECTION.

What are the Pleasures of Sense, compar'd to those of a good Conscience? And what the Enjoyments of this fleeting Life to those of Eternity? Satisfactions that are attended with Satiety and Surfeits, and flatten in the very Tasting, to Joys that shall endure for ever fresh and always blooming? These are what a wise and good Man will always prefer. But the greatest Part of the World are so unhappily immers'd in sensual Delights, that they cannot look forward with Faith enough to influence their Practice; but preferring the evanescent *Now,* to the permanent *Hereafter,* seldom find their Mistake, till it becomes too late to remedy it. A Death-Bed Reflection brings the true Object nearer to the Eye, and shews the Folly of the past Preference; but when we say, it is a *Death-Bed* Reflection, what a Horror must that impress upon a thoughtful Mind!

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FAB. 127.

NIGHTINGALE AND BAT.

A Nightingale singing in a Cage at a Window at Midnight, a Bat ask'd her why she did not sing in the Day, as well as in the Night? Why, says the Nightingale, I was catch'd singing in the Day, and so I took it for a Warning: You should have thought of this then, says the other, *before* you was taken: As the Case stands now, you are in no Danger to be snapt singing again; for you cannot be well worse than you are.

MORAL.

After-Wit is seldom good.

REFLECTION.

The Nightingale's Reason was a very indifferent one, and justly sneered at by the Bat, as her Case was now irremediable: But yet as to the Moral of this Fable in general, tho' a Man may have gone astray, and fallen into some great Error, it is not amiss to call to Mind where he went out of his Way, and to lookback Step by Step into all his Miscarriages and Mistakes. The Glass of Life is behind us, and we must look into what is *past,* if we would take a View of what is *to come.* A Fault committed, or a Misfortune incurr'd, cannot be recall'd, it is true; but yet the meditating upon one false Step may help to prevent another. Wherefore it is good, upon the Point of common Prudence, to be thoughtful, provided we be not more sollicitous than the Thing is worth, and that we make a right Use of those Reflections; that is to say, an Use of Repentance, where we did morally amiss; an Use of rectifying our Judgments, where we did foolishly; and an Use of Caution in both Cases, never to do the same Thing over again. This is no more than what in Conscience, Equity and Reason, we are bound to do. But we must have a Care all this while, not to run into false Consequences for want of laying Things and Things together, and to sham Fallacies upon the World for current Reason, as the Nightingale was taken singing in the Day when she was at Liberty. And what is this to her Resolution of singing only in the Night, now she is in the Cage? But even this affords room for this further Observation; That when some Men have brought themselves into great Misfortunes, they will give any Reason rather than

the right one, lest it should bring deserved Blame and unpitied Censure on themselves.

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FAB. 128.

ROASTED COCKLES.

Some People were roasting of Cockles, and they hiss'd in the Fire. Well, says one who stood ready to devour his Share, these are very merry Creatures sure, to sing when their Houses are on fire over their Heads.

MORAL.

To be able to make a Jest of the Misfortunes of others, shews a very vile and abandon'd Nature.

REFLECTION.

Nothing is more brutal and barbarous, nothing more contrary to Humanity and common Sense, than the Humour of insulting over the Miserable.

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FAB. 129.

TWO TRAVELLERS AND A MONEY-BAG.

Two Travellers being upon the Way together, one of them stoops, and takes up something. Look ye here, says he, I have found a *Bag of Money.* No, says the other, when two Friends are together, you must not say, *I have found it*, but, *We have found it.* I beg your Excuse for that, says the other; I found it, and I'll keep it. The Word was no sooner out, but immediately comes a *Hue and Cry* after a Gang of Thieves who had taken a Purse upon the Road. Alas! Brother, says the Finder, We shall be utterly undone. Oh Fie, says the other, you must not say, *We shall be undone*, but *I shall be undone,* for if I'm to have no Part in the Finding, I'll never go Halves in the Hanging.

MORAL.

Men are willing enough to have Partners in Loss, but not in Profit; but they that will enter into Leagues and Partnerships, must take the Good and the Bad, one with another.

REFLECTION.

We have a thousand Disappointments in the ordinary Course of Life, to answer this in the Fable. Many a Man finds this Purse of Gold in a Mistress, in a Bottle, in an Office, and in all the other vain Satisfactions of this World: And what is the End of it at last? but when he has compass'd his Longing, gratify d his Appetite, or, as he fancies, made his Fortune perhaps, he grows presently sick of his Purchase; his *Conscience* is the *Hue and Cry* that pursues him, and what he reckon'd upon as a Piece of good Luck at the Time, proves his Unhappiness in the End.

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FAB. 130.

TWO NEIGHBOUR-FROGS.

There were two Frogs; one of which liv'd in a Pond, and the other in a shallow Ditch hard by, on the other Side of the Highway. The Pond-Frog, finding the Water begin to fail upon the Road, would fain have gotten the other over to her in the Pool, where she might have been safe; but she was used to the Place, she said, and would not remove. And what was the End of it? why, the Wheel of a Cart, when the Ditch was just dry and hard at Bottom, drove over a while after, and crush'd her to Pieces.

MORAL.

Some People are so listless and slothful, that they will rather lie still, and in a manner die in a Ditch, than stir one Foot to help themselves out of it.

REFLECTION.

Custom is another Nature, and what betwixt Obstinacy and Sloth, let it be never so ill and inconvenient, People are very loth to quit it. He that does nothing at all, acts worse than he, that upon the Account of human Frailty, does amiss; for nothing can be more contrary to God himself, who is a pure Act, than the Sleeping and Drowsing away our Life and Reason, which was given us for so many better Purposes. The Frog in the Highway, is the lively Figure of such a Man; for a Life of Sloth is not the Life of a reasonable Creature. It is odious to God and Man, useless to the World, irksome to itself, miserable in all Estates, and utterly incapable either of tasting or enjoying any thing of Comfort. The Frog was used to the Place, she said; and rather than stir to help herself, there she lay, till her Guts were dash'd out.

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FAB. 131.

A BEE-MASTER.

A Thief came into a Bee Garden in the Absence of the Master, and robb'd the Hives. The Owner discover'd it upon his Return, and stood pausing how it should come to pass. The Bees in the Interim came laden home out of the Fields from feeding, and missing their Combs, they fell powdering down in Swarms upon their Master. Well, says he, you are a Company of senseless and ungrateful Wretches, to let a Stranger go away quietly that has rifled you, and to bend all your Spite against your Master, who at this Instant is beating his Brains how he may repair your Loss, and preserve you.

MORAL.

People often mistake their Friends for their Foes, and use them accordingly.

REFLECTION.

The Mistake of a Friend for an Enemy, or of an Enemy for a Friend, is one of the most pernicious Errors of a rash Man's Life; for there Judgment, good Nature, Generosity, Justice, common Prudence, and all are at stake. Nothing can be more disobliging to a Friend on the one hand, or more ruinous to one's self on the other. And yet in publick Cases as well as in private, nothing is more frequent, than for People to take their Oppressors for their Protectors, and their Protectors for their Oppressors; as the Bees here spar'd the Thief, and fell foul upon their Keeper.

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FAB. 132.

A KINGSFISHER.

A Kingsfisher built her Nest in a hollow Bank by the River-side, that she might be out of Reach of the Fowlers; and while she happen'd to be foraging abroad for her young ones, a raging Torrent washed away Nest, Birds and all. Upon her Return, finding how 'twas with her, she brake out into this Exclamation: Unhappy Creature that I am! to fly from the bare Apprehension of one Enemy, into the Mouth of another.

MORAL.

Many People apprehend Danger where there is none, and fancy themselves to be out of Danger where there is most of all.

REFLECTION.

No State of Life is so secure, as not to lie open to Difficulties and Dangers; and it is not possible for the Wit of Man to provide against all Contingencies. There is no Fence against Inundations, Earthquakes, Hurricanes, pestilential Vapours, and the like; and therefore it is our Part and Duty to hope and endeavour the best, and at the same time to provide for the worst that can befal us. That which cannot be helpt, must be borne.

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FAB. 133.

FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.

A Fisherman had order’d his Net for a Draught, and still as he was gathering it up, he dash’d the Water, to fright the Fish into the Bag. Some of the Neighbourhood, looking on, told him he did ill to muddle the Water so, and spoil their Drink. Well, says he, but I must either spoil your Drink, or have nothing to eat myself.

MORAL.

It is an unhappy Dilemma to which a Man is driven when his own necessary Subsistence compels him to offend another.

REFLECTION.

How happy is the Man, whose Business as well as Inclination makes him a Benefit to the Publick! And who, at the same time that he is serving himself and Family, is dispensing the Means of a comfortable Subsistence to all with whom he has any Dealings! Such a one is a Blessing to a Commonwealth, and has abundant Reason to thank Providence for so happy a Lot.

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FAB. 134.

AN APE AND A DOLPHIN.

An Ape happened to be aboard a Vessel, which was cast away in a very great Storm. As the Men were paddling for their Lives, and the Ape for Company, a Dolphin taking him for a Man, got him upon his Back, and was making towards Land with him. Being got with him into a safe Road call'd the *Pyræus,* he ask'd the Ape, If he was an *Athenian?* He told him, Yes, and of a very ancient Family there. Why then, says the Dolphin, you know *Pyræus:* Oh! exceedingly well, says the other, taking it for the Name of a Man: Why, *Pyræus* is my particular good Friend. The Dolphin, upon this, had such an Indignation for the Impudence of the Buffoon-Ape, that he slipt from between his Legs, and there was an End of the pretended *Athenian.*

MORAL.

Contempt, Hazard, and Infamy, are generally the deserved Lot of a detected Impostor.

REFLECTION.

This is the Humour of a great many travelling Men, who will be talking of Places they never saw, and of Persons they never heard of. Neither Men, Books or Sciences come amiss to them: And after all this extravagant Bustle, a gay Coat and a Grimace is the Upshot of what they can pretend to. These Phantoms, however, are sometimes taken for Men, and born up by the well-meaning ignorant common People, as the Ape was here by the Dolphin, 'till in the Conclusion their Supporters give them the Slip, and down they drop and vanish. How many of these empty chattering Fops have we daily put upon us for Men of Sense and Business; that with *Balzac* s Prime Minister, shall spend ye eight and forty Hours together poring over a Map, to look for *Aristocracy* and *Democracy,* instead of *Croatia* and *Dalmatia,* and take the Name of a Country for a Form of Government?

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FAB. 135.

MERCURY AND A STATUARY.

Mercury, in order to know what Credit he had in the World, put on the Shape of a Man, and away he went to the House of a famous Statuary, where he cheapen'd a *Jupiter,* and then a *Juno.* The Carver told him the respective Prices, which were easy enough: He then seeing a *Mercury* with all his Symbols, Here am I, said he to himself, in the Quality of *Jupiter's* Messenger, and the Patron of Artizans, with all my Trade about me: And now will this Fellow ask me fifteen times as much for this, as he did for the others: And so he put it to him, what he valued that Piece at: Why truly, says the Statuary, you seem to be a civil Gentleman; give me but my Price for the other two, and you shall have that into the Bargain.

MORAL.

The Vanity of those Men seldom fails of a Rebuff, who lay Snares to come at other People's Opinion of them.

REFLECTION.

All vain Men, who affect Popularity, are apt to fancy, that other People have the same Opinion of them, that they have of themselves; but nothing goes nearer the Heart of them, than to meet with Contempt, instead of Applause, Esteem, and Reputation.

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FAB. 136.

A HOUND AND A MASTIFF.

A Man had two Dogs; one for the Chace, the other to look to the House; and whatever the Hound took Abroad, the House-Dog had his Part of it, at Home. The other grumbled at it, that when he took all the Pains, the Mastiff should reap the Fruit of his Labours. Ay, but, says the House-Dog, you ought to consider, that while you are purveying abroad for our Master's Pleasure, and your own Profit as well as mine, I protect the House for the Good of all.

MORAL.

Different Persons in a Commonwealth, as also in a great Family, have different Employments; and tho' some may be more laborious than others, yet they are all equally useful in a wise Oeconomy, as well to the Principal, as to one another.

REFLECTION.

This Fable will serve for a political Reading to Princes and Governors, as well as to Masters of private Families, upon the reciprocal Use, Benefit, and Necessity of Industry and Protection betwixt Rulers and Subjects, for the Preservation of a Commonwealth; as also betwixt one Degree of Servants and another, for the general Benefit of all. The one supplies us with what we want, and the other supports us in the Defence of what we get, and neither would signify any thing to us without the other.

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FAB. 137.

A WOLF AND A KID.

A Wolf pursu'd a straggling Kid, which finding no way to Escape, turn'd and said, I perceive I am to be eaten, and I would die as pleasantly as I could: Wherefore, pray give me one Song before I die. The Wolf began to howl by the way of Singing, and the Noise brought the Dogs in upon him. Well, says the Wolf, this it is when People will be meddling out of their Profession. My Business was to play the Butcher, and not to ape *Farinelli.*

MORAL.

Let every one stick to his own Part, and act within his own proper Sphere.

REFLECTION.

No Man ought to presume too much upon his own Strength, either of Body or of Mind; but consider within himself, that Heaven takes Part with the Oppressed; and that Tyrants themselves are upon their Behaviour to a superior Power. An innocent helpless Kid may happen to be too hard for a rapacious devouring Wolf; and a bad Man, when he thinks himself most secure, may happen to be most in Danger; and find all his wicked Machinations against others, turn'd upon himself.

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FAB. 138.

A CONCEITED MUSICIAN.

A Man who had a very coarse Voice, but an excellent Musick-Room, would be still practising in that Chamber, for the Advantage of the Echo. He admir'd himself so much upon it, that he must needs be shewing his Parts upon a publick Theatre, where he perform'd so very ill, that the Auditory threw Stones at him, and hiss'd him off the Stage.

MORAL.

Men are apt to be partial in their own Favour; but there is no true reading of ourselves but with other Mens Eyes.

REFLECTION.

There is a great Difference betwixt an Orator in the Schools, and a Man of Business upon a Stage of Action. Many a Man who passes well enough in private, behaves himself most ridiculously in publick. There are flattering Chambers, as well as flattering Glasses; and the one helps out a bad Voice, as the other countenances an ill-favour'd Face; that is to say, the one drowns the Harshness of the Pipe, as the other disguises the Coarseness of the Complexion. But Men must not think to walk upon these Stilts, if they come to set up in publick once; the one, for an *Italian* Capon; the other, for an *English* Beauty: Wherefore it will become all People to weigh and measure themselves, before they venture upon any Undertaking that may bring their Lives, Honour, or Fortune in Question.

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FAB. 139.

THIEVES AND A COCK.

A Band of Thieves brake into a House once, and found nothing in it to carry away, but one poor Cock. The Cock said as much for himself as a Cock could say; but insisted chiefly upon the Services of his calling People up to their Work, when it was time to rise. Sirrah, (says one of the Thieves) you had better have let that Argument alone; for your waking the Family spoils our Trade; and we are to be hang'd, forsooth, for your bawling, are we?

MORAL.

That which is a good Argument to an honest Man, is not so to a Thief.

REFLECTION.

A Custom-house Officer in the Power of Smugglers, or a Thief-catcher in the Hands of Robbers, would either of them make a very ill Plea for himself, to set forth how useful he was by his Profession to the honest Part of the World. It is well worthy of a sober Man's Care, not to let any thing fall that may be turn'd upon him out of his own Mouth.

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FAB. 140.

A CROW AND A DOG.

A Crow on a time sacrificing to *Minerva,* says a Dog to him, In vain you pray to the Goddess; for she has such an Aversion to you, that you are particularly excluded out of all Auguries. Ay, says the Crow, but I'll sacrifice the rather to her for that, to try if I can make her my Friend.

MORAL.

Men often take up Religion more for Fear, Reputation and Interest, than for true Affection. So the poor blinded Indians *are said to worship the Devil, that he may not hurt them?*

REFLECTION.

This Pagan Fable will bear a still more Christian Moral; for it may teach us, That we are not to take pet, or despond, under any Cross or Calamity which the Almighty is pleas'd to lay upon us. The Judgments of Heaven are just, and let them fall never so heavy, they are yet less than we deserve. Resignation and Perseverance are all that a Man has to trust to in this Extremity. There is no Good to be done by struggling or murmuring against them, nor any Way left us to make our Peace, but to try by Faith, Prayer, and a new Life, if we can make our offended Master once again our Friend. So that upon the whole, Afflictions are but the Methods of a merciful Providence, to force us upon the only Means of setting Matters right betwixt divine Justice and human Frailty.

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FAB. 141.

A RAVEN AND A SNAKE.

As a Snake lay lazying at his length, in the Gleam of the Sun, a Raven took him up, and flew away with him. The Snake kept twisting and turning ‘till he mortally bit the Raven; and then the unhappy Bird blamed himself for being such a Fool, as to meddle with a Purchase that cost him his Life.

MORAL.

Nature has made all the Necessaries of Life safe and easy to us; but if we will be hankering after Things that we neither want nor understand, we must take our Fortune, let what will be the Event.

REFLECTION.

It is much the same Thing betwixt us and our sensual Acquisitions, that it is betwixt the Raven and the Snake. Men of eager Appetites chop at what comes next, and the Purchase seldom fails of a Sting in the Tail of it. Nor is it to be expected, that Passion without Reason should succeed better. Our Senses are sharp-set upon all fleshly Pleasures, and if they be but fair to the Eye, relishing to the Palate, harmonious to the Ear, gentle to the Touch, and fragrant to the Smell, it is all we look for, and all we care for. But in the End, we are frequently made sensible of our Mistake, and that our Consideration ought to have gone deeper than mere outside Appearances.

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FAB. 142.

A WOLF AND SHEEP.

A Wolf bit by a Dog lay licking of his Wounds; and being extremely faint and ill upon it, call'd out to a Sheep that was passing by: Hark ye, Friend, says he, if thou wouldst but help me to a Soup of Water out of that same Brook there, I could make a shift to get myself somewhat to eat. Yes, says the Sheep, I make no Doubt of it; for you intend to make him that brings you Drink, find you Meat into the Bargain; and my slaughter'd Carcase will pay for all.

MORAL.

Civilities and good Offices to cruel and ingrateful Men are dangerous. That Sheep has a fine Time of it, that runs upon a Wolf's Errand.

REFLECTION.

There is no Trusting to the fair Words and Appearances of a false and malicious Enemy; for his very Kindnesses are no better than Snares. Treachery is equally odious both to God and Man, and it has this bad Effect, that it corrupts our Manners; hardens our Hearts; dissolves all the Bonds of Faith, Confidence, and Society, and extinguishes good Nature itself: And all this we are forced to give into in our own Defence, when we have to do with rapacious and treacherous Men.

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FAB. 143.

HARES, FOXES, AND EAGLES.

The Hares were threatened with a bloody War by the Eagles, and would fain have drawn the Foxes into their Alliance; but very frankly they gave them this Answer, That they would serve them with all their Hearts, if they did not perfectly understand both the Hares themselves, and the Enemy they were to cope withal.

MORAL.

There is no entring into any League, without well examining the Faith and Strength of the Parties to it.

REFLECTION.

The End of Leagues is common Assistance and Defence; and he that joins Interest with those that cannot help him, stands as single as he did before; which destroys the End of a common Union; for where there is no Hope of a reciprocal Aid, there can be no Reason for the mutual Obligation; and it is the same Thing in Business, Counsel, and Commerce, that it is in Arms and Force.

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FAB. 144.

A MAN TURN'D INTO A PISMIRE.

A Covetous Husbandman, who was continually filching away his Neighbours Goods and Corn, and stor'd all up in his own Barn, drew down a Curse upon his Head for it; and *Jupiter,* as a Punishment, turn'd him into a Pismire: But this Change of Shape wrought no Alteration, either of Mind, or of Manners; for he kept the same Humour and Nature still.

MORAL.

Custom is a second Nature; and when wicked Inclinations come to he habitual; the Evil is desperate; for Nature will be true to herself thro' all manner of Forms and Disguises.

REFLECTION.

By the poetical Fictions of Men turn'd into the Shape of Beasts and Insects, we are given to understand, that they do effectually make themselves so, when they degenerate from the Dignity of their Kind: So that the Metamorphosis is in their Manners, not in their Figure. When a reasonable Soul descends to keep Company in the Dirt with Ants and Beetles, and to abandon the whole Man to the Sensuality of brutal Satisfactions, he forfeits the very Privilege of his Character and Creation; for he is no longer a Man, that gives himself wholly up to the Works of a Beast.

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FAB. 145.

MEN AND A SUPPOSED SEA-WRECK.

A Company of People, walking upon the Sea-shore, saw somewhat come hulling towards them a great way off at Sea. First they took it for a great Ship, then a little one, and as it came still nearer, for a Boat only: But it prov'd at last to be no more than a Float of Weeds and Rushes. Whereupon they made this Reflection among themselves, We have been waiting here for a mighty Business, truly, which at last comes to just nothing at all.

MORAL.

We are apt to be led away by the distant Appearance of Things, of which, when brought home to us, we see the Vanity and Emptiness.

REFLECTION.

The Dangers that we apprehend, and the Blessings we hope for, look generally a great deal bigger, and more considerable, at a Distance, than they really are. For Mankind is almost continually deceived by its Hopes and Fears. Things at hand, we see as they really are; far off, as they only seem to be; and our Imaginations being set on work, make oftentimes Mountains of Mole-hills. Patience and Consideration only, in all such Cases, are able to set our Judgments right. This Fable, as we have taken Notice in the Life of *Æsop,* was very fatal to that excellent Man. He had been induced to visit *Delphos,* by the Fame of its Oracle, and the Reputation which that had given to the People of the Island, of whom he had conceived a mighty Opinion: But when he came there, he found them very much the contrary of what he expected, and that, instead of being a wise, a moral, and a generous People, they were given up to their Vices and Follies; and were selfish, vain, luxurious, and conceited; so that he could not refrain letting them know by this Fable, how much he was disappointed; and they never left till they had plotted away his Life, for fear he should inspire into others, the bad Opinion he had found Reason to entertain of them himself.

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FAB. 146.

A WILD ASS AND A TAME.

As a tame Ass was airing himself in a pleasant Meadow, with a Coat and Carcase in very good Plight, up comes a wild one to him from the next Wood, with this short Greeting: Brother, says he, I envy your Happiness; and so he left him. It was his Hap, some short time after, to see his tame Brother groaning under an unmerciful Pack, and a Fellow at his Heels goading him forward. He rounds him in the Ear upon it: My Friend, says he, your Condition is not, I perceive, what I took it to be; for I would not purchase your sleek Coat, and plump Carcase, at so dear a Rate as this.

MORAL.

Betwixt Envy and Ingratitude, we make ourselves twice miserable; out of an Opinion, first, that our Neighbour has too much; and secondly, that we ourselves have too little.

REFLECTION.

There is no such thing as Happiness or Misery in this World (commonly so reputed) but by Comparison; neither is there any Man so miserable, as not to be happy, or so happy, as not to be miserable, in some respect or other: Only we are apt to envy our Neighbours the Possession of those Advantages which we want, without ever giving Thanks for the Blessings which they want, and we ourselves enjoy. Now this Mixture in the Distributions of Providence, duly consider'd, serves to make us easy, as well as necessary one to another; and so to unite us in a Consistence both of Friendship, and of civil Convenience. Every thing is best, in fine, as God has made it, and where God has plac'd it. The tame Ass wrought hard for his fine Coat, and the wild one fared hard, to balance the Comfort of his Freedom.

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FAB. 147.

ASSES PETITION JUPITER.

The Asses, on a time, joined in a Petition to *Jupiter*, to ease them of their heavy Burthens, and arbitrary Masters. *Jupiter* gave them this Answer; That the Order of the World could not be preserv'd without Burthens being carry'd some way or other: But that, since they were so dissatisfied with their Lot, if they would but join, and piss up a River, that the Burdens which they now carried by Land might be carried by Water, they should be eas'd of a considerable Part of that Grievance. This set them all at Work immediately, and the Humour, say the Mythologists, is kept up to this Day, that whenever one Ass begins, the rest piss for Company.

MORAL.

Every Man thinks his own Lot hardest; hut it becomes us to rest satisfy d with the Designations of Providence, and to be contented with the Condition in which God has placed us.

REFLECTION.

The Asses are here complaining for being put to the very Use and Business they were made for; as if it were Cruelty and Oppression to employ the necessary Means, which God and Nature has given us, for the attaining of necessary Ends. If we confound Higher and Lower, the World is a *Chaos* again, and a Level. Is not a Labourer as necessary an Implement of Providence as the Master Builder? Are not the meanest Artificers of the same Institution with Ministers of Counsel and State? The Head can no more be without the Body, than the Body without the Head; and neither of them without Hands to defend, and provide both for the one, and for the other. Government can no more subsist without Subjection, than the Multitude can agree without Government: And the Duty of Obeying is no less necessary to publick Order, than the Authority of Commanding.

What would become of the Universe, if there were not Servants as well as Masters? Beasts to draw, and carry Burdens, as well as Burdens to be drawn and carry'd? If there were not Instruments for Drudgery, as well as Offices of Drudgery? If there were not People to receive and execute Orders, as well as others to give and authorize them?

Jupiter's Answer most emphatically sets forth the Necessity of discharging the Asses Part, and the Vanity of proposing to have it done any other Way. As who should say, The Business of Human Nature must be done. Lay your Heads together, and if you can find any Way for the doing it, without one Sort of People under another, you shall have your Asking. But for a Conclusion, He that is born to work, is out of his Place and Element when he is idle.

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FAB. 148.

ASS AND THE FROGS.

An Ass once sunk down into a Bog among a Shoal of Frogs, with a Burden of Wood upon his Back; and there he lay, sighing and groaning, as if his Heart would break: Hark ye, Friend, says one of the Frogs to him, if you make such a Business of a Quagmire, when you are but just fallen into it, what ought we to do, who find at least a Hundred of our nearest Relations crush'd to Death by your unwieldy Weight? For Shame, don't lie groaning here; but redouble your Efforts, and free us and yourself from a Condition that is equally dangerous to both.

MORAL.

Smaller Evils are born with less Impatience, when we see our Neighbours suffering under much greater. In any Misfortune that befals us, we should use our best Resolution to extricate ourselves from it, and not, by vain and fruitless Complaints, aggravate the Evil.

REFLECTION.

The Fable may serve to teach us, that it is a high Point of Honour and Christianity, to bear Misfortunes with Resolution and Constancy of Mind; and that Steadiness is a Point of Prudence, as well as of Courage; for People are the lighter and the easier for it. It is with a Man in a Gaol, much at the Rate as it was with this Ass in the Bog. He is sullen and out of Humour at his first coming in; the Prisoners gather about him, and there he tells them his Case over and over, I warrant ye. Some make Sport with him, others pity him, and this is the Trade they drive for the first four or five Days perhaps; but so soon as the Qualm is over, and he sees others in as bad, or perhaps a worse Condition than himself, the Man comes to himself again; makes merry with his Companions, and since he cannot be in his own House, he reckons himself as good as at Home in the very Prison. It is the same Thing with a Bird in a Cage; when she has flutter'd herself weary, she sits down and sings. This 'tis to be accustom'd to a Thing. But these Cases, however, differ somewhat from that of the Ass; he could not propose to live with his Burden on his Back in a Bog; what was he to do then? Why, instead of groaning, and making fruitless Complaints, he was to exert himself, and redouble his Efforts

to get free from his Embarassment, and so put himself in a Condition to pursue his Journey.

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FAB. 149.

A GAUL'D ASS AND RAVEN.

As an Ass with a gaul'd Back was feeding in a Meadow, a Raven pitch'd upon him, and there sat, jobbing of the Sore. The Ass fell a frisking and braying upon it; which set a Groom, who saw it at a Distance, a laughing at it. Well! says a Wolf that was passing by, and thought the Raven was devouring the Ass, to see the Injustice of the World now! A poor Wolf, in that Raven's Place, would have been hunted to Death presently; and 'tis made only a laughing Matter in the Raven.

MORAL.

Our Partiality and Ignorance often lead us into Mistakes, and cause us to make wrong Inferences and Conclusions.

REFLECTION.

The Groom's laughing at the Gambols of the Ass, informs us, that there are many Cases which make People laugh without pleasing them; as when the Surprize or Caprice of some fantastical Accident happens to strike the Fancy: Nay, a Man cannot forbear laughing sometimes, when he is yet heartily sorry for the thing he laughs at; which is, in Truth, but an extravagant Motion, that never comes near the Heart. Wherefore the Wolf was out in his Surmise, when he call'd it a Laughing-Matter; besides, that he should have distinguish'd upon the Disproportion betwixt the worrying of a Wolf, and the pecking of a Raven; that is to say, betwixt a certain Death on the one Hand, and only a vexatious Importunity on the other.

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FAB. 150.

A LION, ASS, AND FOX.

An Ass and a Fox, upon the Ramble together, met a Lion by the Way. The Fox's Heart went pit-a-pat; but however, to make the best of a bad Game, up he goes to the Lion; Sir, says he, I am come to offer your Majesty a Piece of Service, and I'll cast my self upon your Honour for my own Security. If you have a Mind to my Companion the Ass here, 'tis but a Word speaking, and you shall have him immediately. Let it be done then, says the Lion. So the Fox trapann'd the Ass into a Pit, and the Lion, when he found he had him sure, began with the Fox himself, and after that, for his second Course, went down into the Pit, and made up his Meal out of the other. But before he himself could get out of the Pit, some Men, on the Hunt for Game, shot the Lion thro' the Heart with their Arrows.

MORAL.

Bad Princes love the Treason, but hate the Traitor: And he who encourages one Piece of Treachery, not only practises, but promotes another; and lays the Foundation of a Doctrine, which often comes home to himself in the End.

REFLECTION.

This Fable advises every Man to be sure of knowing his Company, before he embark with them in any great Matter; though he that betrays his Companion, has the Fortune commonly to be betrayed himself.

Here is the Folly of the Ass in trusting the Fox, whom he knew to be a treacherous Companion; and here is the Knavery of the Fox in betraying the Ass, which was but according to his Nature. Now this does not hinder yet, but that the Lion forfeited a Point of Honour in the worrying of him: And this Fiction, throughout, is but the Emblem of Things that are familiar to us in the World. The Lion might have been allow'd an Aversion to the Fox as a perfidious Creature; but the devouring of him upon these Terms, was another Treachery in himself. Now, if he had spar'd the Ass for his Simplicity, and punish'd the Fox for his Perfidy, the Proceeding might have had some Semblance of a generous Equity: But an honourable Mind will scorn to make Advantage of a treacherous Instrument; that is to say, by assenting to the Treachery: So that the Moral seems to carry more Force with this Biass. Upon the whole Matter, the silly Ass pays dear for the

Credulity and Folly of keeping ill Company. The Fox is met withal in his own Way, for breaking the Faith of Society; and the Lion meets with his just Reward for encouraging of the Fox's Treachery, and yet, when he had thrown himself upon his Honour, destroying him. In short, the Fox deserv'd to be punish'd for his Perfidy to the Ass; but he did not deserve it at the Paws of the Lion. This Fable, upon the whole, is a Figure of a wicked Governor, following the Advice of as wicked a Minister, whom he sacrifices when his Services are over; and the Punishment of the Lion shews us the deserved Fate that often attends such tyrannical Princes, who, after having made a hundred Sacrifices to their Cruelty, Interest, or Ambition, often perish themselves when they least expect it, and, happen when it will, are sure of falling unpitied by all Mankind.

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FAB. 151.

A HEN AND A SWALLOW.

A Foolish Hen sat brooding upon a Nest of Serpent's Eggs. A Swallow, observing it, told her the Danger of it, and that she was hatching her own Destruction: But the Hen not heeding the Advice, persisted in her Folly, and the End verify d the Swallow's Prediction.

MORAL.

Tis the hard Fortune of many a good-natur'd Man to breed up a Bird to pick out his own Eyes, *in despite of all Cautions to the contrary.*

REFLECTION.

This is the Case of many People in the World, who spend their Time in good Offices for others, to the utter Ruin of themselves: They who want Foresight, should do well to hearken to good Counsel. He who thinks to oblige hard-hearted People by an officious Tenderness, and to fare the better himself for putting it into their Power to hurt him, will find only so much Time, Pains, and Good-will, utterly cast away, at the Foot of his Account. 'Tis good however to hope, and to presume the best, provided a Man be prepar'd for the worst. The Mistake lies in this, that the Charity begins abroad, which ought to begin at home. They who cannot see into the End of Things, may well be at a Loss in the Reason of them; and a well-meaning Piety is the Destruction of many an honest Man, who sits innocently brooding upon the Projects of other People, though with the Heart, all the while, of a true Friend to the Publick. Tell him the Consequences of Matters, and that he is now hatching of Serpents, not of Chickens; a misguided Zeal makes him deaf and blind to the true State and Issue of Things: He sits his Time out, and what's the End of it, but the Plot naturally discloses itself in his, and perhaps a more extensive Ruin? The South-Sea Project, the Bank-Contract, the Charitable-Corporation Bubble, and twenty others that might be named in this Age so fruitful of such Projects, will afford numberless Instances to justify this Application.

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FAB. 152.

A PIGEON AND A PAINTER.

A Pigeon, seeing the Picture of a Glass with Water in it, and taking it to be Water indeed, flew rashly and eagerly to it, for a Soup to quench her Thirst. But stunning herself against the Frame of the Picture, she fell to the Ground, and was taken up by the By-standers, who instantly wrung her Neck off.

MORAL.

Rash Men do many Things in Haste, which they repent of at Leisure.

REFLECTION.

Moderation is a high Point of Wisdom, and Rashness, on the other hand, is ever dangerous: For Men are subject to be couzen'd with outward Appearances, and so take the vain Images and Shadows of Things, for the Substance. All violent Passions have somewhat in them of the Temerity of this Pigeon; and if that Rashness be not as fatal in the one Case, as this was in the other, 'tis a Deliverance that we are more indebted for, to the special Grace of an over-ruling Providence, than to any Thing of our own Government and Direction. One Man may have the Advantage of another in the Benefit of a Presence of Mind, which may serve, in a great measure, to fortify us against Surprizes and Difficulties not to be foreseen: But a sound Judgment is the Result of second Thoughts, upon due Time and Consideration, which way to bring Matters to a good Issue. How many Instances do we see daily, of People who are hurry'd on, without either Fear or Wit, by Love, Hatred, Envy, Ambition, or Revenge, to their own Ruin? Which comes to the very Case of the Pigeon's stunning herself against the Picture, and the End is often as fatal.

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FAB. 153.

A PIGEON AND A CROW.

A Pigeon was bragging to a Crow how fruitful she was. Never value yourself, says the Crow, upon that Vanity, for as you bring up your Young principally for the Pot, the Pye, or the Spit,1 should think, that the more Children you have, the more should be your Sorrow.

MORAL.

Children are called Blessings; and they are truly such, *when dutiful and hopeful*, *and attended with good Fortune in the World; but otherwise they are the greatest Discomforts an indulgent Parent can have.*

REFLECTION.

The Care, Charge, and Hazard of many Children, in the Education and Proof of them, does in a great measure countervail the Blessing; especially where they are born in a State of Slavery, and their Good depends upon the arbitrary Pleasure of a Tyrant. The Fable may be taken in another Sense, to shew us the Hazard of having a numerous Stock of Children, which must of Necessity, whether they live or die, furnish Matter of great Anxiety to the Parents. The Loss of them is grievous to us. The Miscarriage of them, by falling into lewd and vicious Courses, is much worse: And one such Disappointment is sufficient to blast the Comfort given us by all the rest. Nay, the very Possibility, or rather the Likelihood and Odds, that some out of such a Number will prove ungracious, makes our Beds uneasy to us; fills our Heads and our Hearts with carking Thoughts, and keeps us in Anxiety Night and Day.

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FAB. 154.

JUPITER AND A HERDS-MAN.

A Herds-man, who had lost a Calf out of his Grounds, when he could get no Tidings of it, betook himself at last to his Prayers: Great *Jupiter*, says he, do but shew me the Thief who stole my Calf, and Til give thee a Kid for a Sacrifice. The Word was no sooner pass'd, but the Thief appeared; which was indeed a Lion. This put him to his Prayers once again: I have not forgotten my Vow, says he; but now thou hast brought me to the Thief, I'll make that Kid a Bull, if thou'lt but set me quit of him again.

MORAL.

We cannot be too careful and considerate what Vows and Promises we make; for the very granting of our Prayer would turn many times to our utter Ruin.

REFLECTION.

Men should consider well beforehand what they promise, what they vow, and what they wish for, lest they should be taken at their Words, and afterward repent. We make it half our Business to compass those Things, which when we come to understand, and to have in our Possession, we would give the World to be rid of again. Wherefore he that moderates his Desires, and resigns himself in all Events to the good Pleasure of Providence, succeeds best in the Government of his Fortune, Life, and Manners.

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FAB. 155.

A GNAT AND A LION.

As a Lion was blustering in the Forest, up comes a Gnat to his very Beard, and challenges him to a single Combat. The Challenge was accepted, and the Gnat charg'd into the Nostrils of the Lion, and there twinged him, till he made him tear himself with his own Paws, and at last to run away. The Gnat, with no little Pride, flew away; but as he was glorying in his Victory, he struck into a Cobweb, and fell a Prey to a pitiful Spider. The Disgrace went to the Heart of him, after he had got the better of a Lion, to be worsted by such an Insect.

MORAL.

It is in the Power of Providence to humble the Pride of the Mighty, even by the most despicable Means; wherefore let no Creature, how great or how little soever, presume on the one Side, or despair on the other.

REFLECTION.

There is nothing either so great, or so little, as not to be liable to the Vicissitudes of Fortune, whether for Good or for Evil. A miserable Fly is sufficient, we see, to take down the Pride of a Lion; and then to correct the insulting Vanity of that Fly, it falls the next Moment into the Toyl of a Spider. It is highly improvident not to obviate small Things; and as ridiculous to be baffled by them: The very teazing of the Gnat gall'd the Lion as much as an Arrow at his Heart would have done. The Doctrine is this, that no Man is to presume upon his Power and Greatness, when every pitiful Creature may find out a Way to discompose him. But that mean Wretch is not to value himself upon his Victory neither; for the Gnat that had the better of the Lion, the very next Moment was ensnared by a Spider.

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FAB. 156.

A LION AND A FROG.

A Lion ranging about for Prey, started all of a sudden at a strange Noise he heard; but as he was looking about, preparing for an Encounter with some terrible Monster, what should he see but a pitiful Frog come crawling out from the Side of a Pond! And is this all? says the Lion; and so betwixt Shame and Indignation, vow'd never to give way for the future to a Terror, which had no better Ground than a weak Imagination.

MORAL.

First Motions *are hard to be resisted; but a wise Man will arm himself against imaginary Dangers; and not suffer himself to be disturbed by little Surprizes and Apprehensions.*

REFLECTION.

No Man living can be so present to himself, as not to be put beside his ordinary Temper upon some Accidents or Occasions; but then his Philosophy brings him to a right Understanding of Things, and his Resolution carries him through all Difficulties. The Lion in the Fable was not proof against a sudden Alarm, tho' it proceeded but from a wretched Frog: Which shews how apt even the strongest Minds are sometimes to be transported with the vain Opinion and false Images of Things, which are no sooner understood, than despised, by a truly brave and wise Man.

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FAB. 157.

PEACOCK AND MAGPYE.

The Birds being assembled to chuse a King, were so taken with the gaudy Appearance of a strutting Peacock, that they were inclinable to make Choice of him: The Magpye hereupon desired the Assembly to consider what they were about; For if, says he, the Eagle, the Vultur, or the Hawk, should invade us, what Assistance can we hope for from the Peacock? This being duly weighed by the rest, they changed their Minds, and made another Choice.

MORAL.

A gaudy Outside so generally indicates an empty Mind, that wise Men will never be misled by it.

REFLECTION.

In popular Elections, from a Chief Governor, down to Representatives in Parliament, and, lower still, to the little Officers in a Country Borough, Persons are to be rejected who would principally recommend themselves by noisy Pretences, or vain Boasts, and mere outward Appearance. The worthy Man, conscious of his own Merit, is contented to adorn his Mind, and makes his chief Reliance on the Capacity which that gives him of serving his Electors; while the fluttering Fop, strutting like a Peacock, puts all his Confidence in his gay Outside and splendid Equipage, and hints to them by a too natural Implication, what must be the Issue of choosing a Person, who wants the Luxury of his Appearance, and his strutting Vanity to be supported; and that, perhaps, at the Expence of the very People who chuse him; and who has neither Parts nor Capacity to do them real Service, had he the Inclination or Power.

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FAB. 158.

LION, ASS, AND FOX A HUNTING.

In a hunting Match agreed upon betwixt a Lion, an Ass, and a Fox, who were to go equal Shares in the Booty, they ran down a brave Stag, and the Ass was to divide the Prey; which he did very innocently into three equal Parts, and left the Lion to take his Choice; who never minded the Dividend, but in a Rage worried the Ass, and then bad the Fox divide. He thrust all the three Parts together, and made but one Share of the whole, reserving only a few of the Intrails for himself. The Lion highly approved of his Way of Distribution; But prithee, *Reynard,* says he, who taught thee to carve? Why truly, says the Fox, I had the Ass before me for my Master.

MORAL.

The Folly of one Man makes another Man wise; as one Man grows frequently rich upon the Ruins of another.

REFLECTION.

Experience is the Mistress of Knaves, as well as of Fools. We ought to take Care how we are concern'd with those who are mightier than ourselves. It is a Folly to contend with superior Power, when, be its Point what it will, it is determined to carry it. A certain Courtier, within our Memory, says to an humble Suitor, who had been a principal Step in the Ladder of his Preferment; My dear Friend, I shall never have it in my Power to discharge the Obligations I owe you: But think of something in which I may be of Service to you. The honest Man casts about, and fixes upon an hopeful reversionary Grant, and begs his Interest for it. 'Tis mighty well, says he, you shall see how readily I will serve you! — And he serves him like a true Courtier indeed: For after several Delays, he tells him it was too considerable a Thing for him, as he found upon Inquiry; he therefore must think of something else, and in the mean time procures the other for his Son. This is in some measure acting the Part of the Lion in the Fable, who engrossed all the Booty to himself. The only Difference is, the Courtier *made* an Ass, and the Lion *killed* one. But nevertheless the Strongest took all the Benefit to himself in both Cases. Tho' this Fable is of pretty near the same Import with FAB. 7. yet as it differs in some Particulars, we thought we ought not to omit it.

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FAB. 159.

A WOLF AND A KID.

A Wolf passing by a poor Country Cottage, was espied by a Kid through a Peeping-Hole in the Door; who sent a hundred Curses along with him. Sirrah, says the Wolf, if I had you out of your Castle, I'd make you give better Language.

MORAL.

Security and Protection will make a Coward give Defiance to a Hero.

REFLECTION.

There is nothing so courageous as a Coward, if you put him out of Danger. This Way of Brawl, Scurrility, and Clamour, is so arrant a Mark of a dastardly Spirit, that he who uses it, when he knows he is safe from the Resentment of the Person he abuses, sufficiently proclaims his own Character.

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FAB. 160.

JUPITER AND AN ASS.

A Gardener's Ass, which did a great deal of Work for a very little Meat, prayed for another Master. *Jupiter* turned him over to a Potter, where he found Clay and Tile so much a heavier Burden than Roots and Cabbage, that he went to Prayers once again for another Change. His next Master was a Tanner, and there his Grievances were still heightened. For, says he, I have been only pinch'd in my Flesh, and rib-roasted sometimes under my former Masters; but besides that I have the same Causes of Complaint under this, I find a worse superadded; for now I'm in for't, Skin and all.

MORAL.

A Man who is ever shifting and changing, is not, in Truth, so weary of his Condition, as of himself and he that still carries about him the Plague of a restless Mind, can never be pleased.

REFLECTION.

It is a high Point of Prudence for any Man to be content with his Lot. For it is forty to one but he that changes his Condition, out of a present Impatience and Dissatisfaction, when he has try'd a new one, wishes for his old one again. Those People, in fine, who are destined to Drudgery, may change their Masters, but not their Condition.

It is not for a wise and honest Man, to stand expostulating with the Nature of Things. As for Instance, Why should not I be this or that, or be so or so, as well as he or the other? But I should rather say to myself after this manner: Am not I the Creature of an Almighty Power; and is it not the same Power and Wisdom that made and order'd the World, that has assign'd me this Place, Rank, or Station in it? This Body, this Soul, this every Thing? What I am, I must be, and there is no contending with invincible Necessity; no disputing with an incomprehensible Wisdom: If I can mend my Condition by any warrantable Industry and Virtue, the Way is fair and open; and that is a Privilege that every reasonable Creature has in his Commission; but without fixing upon some certain Scope, and prescribing just and honourable Ways to it, there is nothing to be done. It is a wicked Thing to repine; and it is as bootless and uneasy too; for one restless Thought begets, and

punishes another. We are not so miserable in our own Wants, as in what others enjoy: And then our Levity is as great a Plague to us as our Envy, so that we need nothing more than we have, but Thankfulness and Submission, to make us happy. It was not the Ground of the Ass's Complaint, that it was worse with him than with other Asses, but because he was an Ass: And he was not so sick of his Master, as of his Work. His Fortune was well enough for such an Animal, so long as he kept himself within his proper Sphere and Business: but if the Stones in the Wall will be taking upon them to reproach the Builder, and if nothing will please People unless they be greater than Nature ever intended them; what can they expect, but the Ass's Round of vexatious Changes and Experiments; and at last, when they have made themselves weary and ridiculous, be even glad to set up their Rest upon the very Spot where they started?

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FAB. 161.

A WOMAN AND HER MAIDS.

It was the Way of a good housewifely old Woman to call up her Maids every Morning just at the Cock-Crowing. The Wenches were loth to rise so soon, and so they laid their Heads together, and kill'd the poor Cock: For, say they, if it were not for his waking our Dame, she would not wake us: But when the good Woman's Clock was gone, she would mistake the Hour many times, and call them up at Midnight: So that instead of mending the Matter, they found themselves in a worse Condition than before.

MORAL.

One Error makes way for another. First we complain of small things: Then we shift, and instead of mending the Matter, we find it worse, 'till it comes at last to the Tinkers Work of Stopping one Hole, and making Ten.

REFLECTION.

It is a common Thing for People that are uneasy, to fly to Remedies worse than the Disease; wherefore Men should deliberate before they resolve; and say to themselves, This we suffer at present, and This or That we propose to get by such and such a Change; and so set the one against the other. The Wenches were called up too early, they thought; and so for fear of having too little Sleep, they ran the Risque of having none at all.

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FAB. 162.

AN EAGLE AND AN OWL.

A Royal Eagle, having resolved to prefer such of his Subjects, as he found most agreeable for Person and Address, ordered every Bird to bring its young ones to Court. They came accordingly, and every one in its Turn was for advancing its own; ‘till at last the Owl fell a mopping and twinkling, and told his Majesty, That if a graceful Mien and Countenance might entitle any of his Subjects to a Preference, she doubted not but her Brood would be look’d upon in the first Place; for, says she, they are all as like *me,* as they can stare.

MORAL.

Self-Love is the Root of all the Vanity that is struck at in this Fable, and it is so natural an Infirmity, that it makes us partial even to those that come of us, as well as ourselves according to the Proverb: Every Bird thinks her own the fairest.

REFLECTION.

The Moral here before us, extends to the Fruits and Productions of the Brain, as well as of the Body; and to Deformities as well of Understanding, as of Shape. We are taught here principally two Things: First, how ridiculous it is for a Man to dote upon the undeserving Issue of his own Brains or Loins, and yet, Secondly, how prone we are to indulge our own Errors, Follies, and Miscarriages, in Thought, Word, and Deed. The World has abundance of these Owls in it: So that whoever looks about him, will find not a few living Illustrations of this Emblem.

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FAB. 163.

AN OAK AND A WILLOW.

In a Controversy betwixt an Oak and a Willow, the Oak upbraided the Willow, that it was weak and wavering, and gave way to every Blast; while he scorn'd, he said, to bend to the most raging Tempests, which he despis'd as they whistled by him. Some very little while after this Dispute, it blew a most violent Storm. The Willow ply'd and gave way to the Gust, and still recover'd it self again, without receiving any Damage: But the Oak, stubbornly resisting the Hurricane, was torn up by the Roots.

MORAL.

A stiff and a stubborn Obstinacy is not so much Firmness and Resolution, as Wilfulness. A wise Man will yield to the Necessity of his Affairs, and of the Times, in all honest Cases, rather than expose himself and Family to inevitable Ruin.

REFLECTION.

There are many Cases, and many Seasons, wherein Men must either bend or break: But Conscience, Honour, and good Manners are first to be consulted. When a Tree is pressed with a strong Wind, the Branches may yield, and yet the Root remain firm. But Discretion is to govern us, where and when we may be allowed to temporize, and where and when not. When bending or breaking is the Question, and Men have no other Choice before them, than either of complying, or of being undone; it is no easy Matter to distinguish, Where, When, How, or To what Degree, to yield to the Importunity of the Occasion, or the Difficulty of the Times. The first Point, however, to be preserved sacred, and from whence a Man is never to depart, though for the saving of his Life, Liberty, popular Credit, or Estate, is *Conscience.* There are Trials of Men, as well as Trials of Trees: The Iniquity of the Age, or Conjuncture, is to the one, what Storms or Inundations are to the other. Now it is not Courage, but Obstinacy, in such as will rather choose to break than bend; where a yielding may be made with a good Conscience. For Men may be stiff and obstinate upon a wrong Ground, as well as they may ply and truckle upon a false Foundation. Our Bodies may be forced, but our Minds cannot: So that human Frailty is no Excuse for a criminal Immorality. For where the Law of God and Nature obliges me, the Plea of human Frailty can never

discharge me. There is as much Difference betwixt bending and sinking, as there is betwixt breaking and bending. There must be no contending with insuperable Powers on the one hand, and no departing from indispensable Duties on the other: Nor is it the Part, either of a Christian, or of a Man, to abandon his Post. Now the just Medium of this Case lies between the Pride and the Abjectness of the two Extremes. As the Willow, for Instance, bends and recovers; while the stubborn and inflexible Oak is torn up by the Roots.

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FAB. 164.

AN ANT AND A GRASS-HOPPER.

As the Ants were airing their Provisions one Winter, a hungry Grasshopper begg'd a Charity of them. They told him, that he should have wrought in Summer, if he would not have wanted in Winter. Well, says the Grass-hopper, but I was not idle neither; for I sung out the whole Season. Nay then, said they, you'll e'en do well to make a merry Year of it, and dance in Winter to the Tune that you sung in Summer.

MORAL.

Action and Industry is the Business of a wise and a good Man, and nothing is so much to be despised as Slothfulness. Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, *says the Royal Preacher,* consider her Ways, and be wise; *which in few Words sums up the Moral of this Fable?*

REFLECTION.

It is hard to say of Laziness or Luxury, whether it be the more scandalous, or the more dangerous Evil. The very Soul of the Slothful does but lie drowzing in his Body, and the whole Man is totally given up to his Senses; whereas the Profit and the Comfort of Industry are substantial, firm, and lasting; the Blessings of Security and Plenty go along with it, and it is never out of Season. What is the Grass-hopper's Entertainment now, but a Summer's Song? A vain, and an empty Pleasure? Let it be understood however, that we are not to pass Avarice upon the World under the Title of Good-husbandry and Thrift; and thereby utterly to extinguish Charity. We are indeed in the first Place to consult our own Necessities; but we are then to consider, in the second, that the Necessities of our Neighbours have a Christian Right to a Part of what we have to spare.

The Stress of this Moral lies upon the Preference of honest Labour to Idleness; and the Refusal of Relief on the one Hand, is intended only for a Reproof to the inconsiderate Loss of Opportunity on the other. This does not hinder yet, but that the Ants, out of their Abundance, ought to have reliev'd the Grass-hopper in her Distress, though it was her own Fault that brought her to it: For if one Man's *Faults* could discharge another Man of his *Duty,* there would be no longer any Place left for the common Offices of Society. To conclude, We have our Failings,

every one of us; and the Improvidence of my Neighbour must not make me inhuman. The Ant did well to reprove the Grass-hopper for her Slothfulness; but she did ill, after that, to refuse her a Charity in her Distress.

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FAB. 165.

A BULL AND A GOAT.

A Bull, hard press'd by a Lion, ran toward a Goat-Stall, to save himself. The Goat made good the Door, and Head to Head disputed the Passage with him. Barbarous Wretch, says the Bull, how can you thus refuse Shelter to one in Distress! I know well what I do, reply'd the Goat: For would it not be high Imprudence in me to give you Entrance, and bring the Lion upon my own Back?

MORAL.

Tho' the Duties of Humanity oblige us to do all we can to assist a Neighbour in Distress, yet are we to take care by the Rules of Prudence not to ruin ourselves and Families for his sake.

REFLECTION.

Self-Preservation is the first Principle of Nature; and the Goat in the Fable argues prudently enough, That he ought to oppose the Entrance of the Bull, lest the Lion at his Heels should fall upon himself, a still weaker Enemy. It is humane to succour a Friend in Distress, and, if it can be done without great Detriment to ourselves, it is our Duty, both as Men and Christians. But if the Consequences of the Shelter we might give as in Cases of Treason, *&c* should expose us to inevitable Destruction, and which might not neither mend the Case of the Distressed, we ought by all means to avoid so imminent a Danger.

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FAB. 166.

A NURSE AND FROWARD CHILD.

A Wolf prowling about for his Supper, pass'd by a Door where a little Child was bawling, and a Nurse chiding it. Leave your Vixen-Tricks, says the Woman, or I'll throw you to the Wolf. The Wolf hearing this, waited a pretty while, in hope the Woman would be as good as her Word. But the Child being frighted into better Temper, the Tone was turn'd, and he had the Mortification to hear the Nurse say, That's a good Dear! If the Wolf comes for my Child, we'll e'en beat his Brains out. Upon which the Wolf went muttering away as fast as he could.

MORAL.

An ingenuous Spirit will be wrought upon by fair Words but a perverse one must be terrified into its Duty, if soft means will not do.

REFLECTION.

Terrors are as necessary to quiet froward Spirits, as Praises and Rewards are to encourage the Tractable. But yet we must apply this principally to grown Persons; for as to Children or Infants, there cannot be a more pernicious Error than to terrify them, as is the common Practice of foolish Nurses, with *Bugbears, Hobgoblins, Raw-heads and Bloody-bones,* &c which often fix such Impressions of Fear and Apprehension on the *Infant,* as can never be rooted out of the *Man.*

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FAB. 167.

AN EAGLE AND A TORTOISE.

A Humour once took a Tortoise in the Head, and he must needs get an Eagle to teach him to fly. The Eagle told him, 'twas a Thing against Nature, and common Sense; but the more the one was against it, the more the other was for it: Whereupon the Eagle took him up Steeple-high into the Air, and there dropt him down upon a Rock, which dash'd him to Pieces.

MORAL.

It is a most unnatural Vanity for a Creature that was made for one Condition, to aspire to another. Many a Fool has good Counsel offer'd him, who has not either the Wit or the Grace to take it, and his Wilfulness commonly ends in his Ruin.

REFLECTION.

Every thing in Nature has its appointed Place and Condition, and there is no putting a Force upon any thing contrary to the Biass and Intent of its Institution. Many of the ridiculous Upstarts whom we find promoted in the World, we may imagine to be so many Tortoises in the Air; and when they have flutter'd there a while, he that took them up, grows either asham'd or weary of them, and so lets them drop again, and their latter End is more shameful than their Beginning. We see a thousand Instances in the World, as ridiculous as this in the Fable, of Men made for one Condition, who yet affect another. The Fiction of *Phaethon* in the Chariot of the *Surr,* the Frog vying Bulk with an Ox; and the Tortoise riding upon the Wings of the Wind; all tend to prescribe Bounds and Measures to our exorbitant Passions; and at the same time, to shew us, upon the Issue, that unnatural Attempts are generally attended with fatal Consequences.

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FAB. 168.

AN OLD CRAB AND A YOUNG.

Child, says a Mother-Crab to her young One, you must use your self to walk strait, without Skiewing, and Shailing so every Step you set: Pray, Mother, says the young Crab, be pleased to set the Example yourself, and I'll follow ye.

MORAL.

It is with a very ill Grace, that we advise others to do what we either do not, or cannot do ourselves.

REFLECTION.

Example works a great deal more than Precept; for Words without Practice, are but Counsels without Effect. When we do as we say, 'tis a Confirmation of the Rule; but when our Lives and Doctrines do not agree, it looks as if the Lesson were either too hard for us, or that we ourselves thought the Advice we gave, not worth the while to follow. We should mend our own Manners, before we offer to reform our Neighbours, and not condemn others, for what we do ourselves: This Fable may also be apply'd as a Lesson to Parents, not to set evil Examples to their Children; for as the Talent of the latter is only Imitation, Examples of Vices or Weaknesses have, at least, as forcible an Effect upon ductile Minds, as Examples of Virtue. And it holds in Publick too as well as in Private, that the Words and Actions of our Superiors have the Authority and Force of a Recommendation. *Regis ad Exemplum* is so true, that it is morally impossible to have a sober People under a mad Government. For where Lewdness is the Way to Preferment, Men are wicked by Interest, as well as by Inclination.

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FAB. 169.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

A Controversy betwixt the Sun and the Wind, which was the stronger of the Two, was agreed to be decided in Favour of him which could make a Traveller quit his Cloak. The Wind fell presently a storming, and threw Hail-shot, over and above, in the very Teeth of him. The Man wraps himself up the closer, and keeps advancing still in spight of the Weather. The Sun then began his Part, and darted his Beams upon him so strong, that at last the Traveller grew faint with the Heat, put off his Cloak, and lay down in the Shade to refresh himself.

MORAL.

Mildness and Persuasion win upon ingenuous Minds sooner than a blustering and bully ing Behaviour.

REFLECTION.

The Contention of the Sun and the Wind in the Influence of the latter, may shew us the Effects of Persecution on the Minds of Men, which generally hardens and confirms them in their Principles, whether good or bad. While in that of the Sun, we see the Success of a mild and benign Nature, which generally softens and overcomes the most obstinate Spirits.

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FAB. 170.

AN ASS IN A LION'S SKIN.

An Ass having found a Lion's Skin, threw it about him, and masqueraded it up and down the Woods. The World was his own for a while, and where-ever he went, every one fled before him: But at last, taking it into his Head to imitate the Lion's Roar, he fell a Braying. This made the flying Foresters turn about, and then they spy'd his Ears too; upon which they all fell upon him, uncas'd him, and gave him Cause to repent his foolish Jesting.

MORAL.

Every Fool still has some Mark or other to be known by, through all Disguises; and the more he takes upon him, the arranter Sot he makes himself, when he comes to be unmasqu'd.

REFLECTION.

One general Mark of an Impostor is this; that he out-does the Original; as the Ass here in the Lion's Skin, made fifty times more Clutter than the Lion would have done in his own; and himself fifty times the more ridiculous for the Disguise.

If a Man turn his Thoughts from this Fancy in the Forest, to the sober Truth of daily Experience in the World, he shall find Asses in the Skins of Men, infinitely more contemptible than this Ass in the Skin of a Lion. How many terrible Asses have we seen in the Garb of Men of Honour! How many insipid, and illiterate Fops, who pretend to be Men of Science and Learning! In one Word, the Moral of this Fable hits all Sorts of arrogant Pretenders, and runs effectually into the whole Business of Human Life. For all Places are full of Quacks, Juglers, and Plagiaries, who set up for Men of Quality, Conscience, Philosophy, and Religion. But as Nature never put the Tongue of a Philosopher into the Mouth of a Coxcomb, such an one no sooner begins to speak, but his foolish Braying and Ears expose all the Ass within him, and he meets with the Contempt which he so justly deserves.

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FAB. 171.

FROG TURN'D. PHYSICIAN.

A Frog raising himself upon the highest Bank of a Pond, made Proclamation of his Skill in Physick, to an Assembly of Beasts gather'd round him. Among the rest was a Fox, who surveying the Aspect of the Impostor, with an Air of Contempt, said, Thou art a pretty Fellow indeed, with that wretched Complexion, and hoarse Voice, to set up to cure other People. Practise thy Skill upon thyself, and we shall judge of thy Pretensions by thy Success.

MORAL.

Physician, heal thy self, is a known Aphorism; and a Doctor labouring in a Consumption or Dropsy, gives no great Encouragement for People in the same Malady, to apply to him for Advice.

REFLECTION.

This Fable is also a good Reproof, to all such as are guilty of those Vices and Faults which they censure in others. In vain does a known Drunkard preach against Sottishness, a sensual Man against Concupiscence, a haughty Man against Pride, or a covetous Man against Avarice. Those Precepts, tho' ever so good in themselves, must lose much of their Force, when they are attempted to be propagated by Persons, who shew in their own Lives and Manners, that they are not themselves convinc'd of their Truth and Efficacy.

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FAB. 172.

A CURST DOG.

A Certain Man had a good House-Dog, which for that Reason he was loth to part with, tho' he was very mischievous to Strangers. He therefore put a Clog to his Neck, as also a Bell to warn People in the Day-time of his Approach. The Dog took this for a particular Mark of his Master's Favour, and prided himself much upon it, till one of his Companions shew'd him his Mistake. You are mightily out, says he, to take this for an Ornament, or a Token of Esteem, which is, in Truth, no other than a Note of Infamy set upon you, for your ill Manners.

MORAL.

This may serve for an Admonition to those who glory in their Shame.

REFLECTION.

It is a bad World, when the Rules and Measures of Good and Evil are either inverted or mistaken; and when a Brand of Infamy passes for a Badge of Honour. The Fancy of this Dog was somewhat like the *French-Womans* Freak, who stood up for the Honour of her Family: *Her Coat was quarter'd,* she said, *with the Arms of* France; which was so far true, that she had the Flower-de-Luce stamp'd upon her Shoulder; the usual Brand of Disgrace for particular Crimes in that Kingdom.

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FAB. 173.

TWO FRIENDS AND A BEAR.

Two Friends travelling together, under an Agreement of standing by one another, let what would happen, met a Bear upon the Way. They found there was no running for it. So the one whips up a Tree, and the other throws himself flat with his Face upon the Ground, and held in his Breath. The Bear comes directly up to him, muzzles, and smells to him, puts his Nose to his Mouth, and to his Ears; and at last, taking for granted that it was only a Carcase, there he leaves him. The Bear was no sooner gone, but down comes his Companion, and with a Sneer, ask'd him, what it was the Bear whisper'd him in the Ear. He bad me, says he, have a Care, how I keep Company with those that in Time of Distress will leave their Friends in the Lurch.

MORAL.

True Friendship, like Gold in the Fire, is try'd in the Time of our Adversity; and he that then shrinks away from us, is never more to be trusted.

REFLECTION.

There is no living in this World; no Society, no Security without Friendship; but the only Trial of it is in Adversity: And there are very few that can stand it. But such a Man as can abandon his Friend in his Distress, and, like the Traveller in the Tree, sneer at, and ridicule him on the Danger he had so narrowly escaped, is of all others the least to be excused, or trusted again.

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FAB. 174.

THE BALD CAVALIER.

When Periwigs were first used, and then chiefly to cover the Defect of Baldness, a certain Cavalier had one for that Purpose, which passed for his own Hair. But as he was one Day riding out in Company, a sudden Puff of Wind blew off both his Wig and his Hat, and set the Company into a loud Laugh at his bald Pate. He, for his part, fell a laughing with the rest, and said, Why really, Gentlemen, this is merry enough; for how could I expect to keep other Peoples Hair, who could not preserve my own?

MORAL.

The Edge of a Jest is quite blunted and turn'd off, when a Man has Presence of Mind to join in it against himself or begin it.

REFLECTION.

A frank easy Way of Openness and Candour agrees best with all Humours; and he that is over-solicitous to conceal a Defect, often does as good as make Proclamation of it. And it is a Turn of Art in many Cases, where a Man lies open to Ridicule, to anticipate the Jest, and make Sport with himself first.

That Epigram of *Martial* upon a Lady, who in a Case in Point, was for hiding a Defect like that of the bald Knight, and made use of false Hair, carries with it the severer Sting, as she was willing and studious to conceal it. The Post, made *English,* says:

The Golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
Is hers. — Who wou'd have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's — And true she swears;
For I know *where* she *bought* it.

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FAB. 175.

TWO POTS.

A Brass Pot and an Earthen one were by a violent Inundation swept off the Bank, and carry'd down the Stream together. The Brass Pot, seeing the Earthen one avoid him, bid him fear nothing; for he would do him no hurt. Not willingly, I believe, says the other; but we are of Constitutions so different, that if I strike against you, or you against me, I only shall be the Sufferer.

MORAL.

Unequal Fellowships are dangerous. Not but that Great and Small, Rich and Poor, may sort well enough together, so long as the good Humour lasts; but where-ever there are Men, there will be clashing some time or other, and then the weak one is always sure to suffer

REFLECTION.

There can be no true Friendship, but betwixt Equals. The Rich and the Poor, the Strong and the Weak, very seldom agree together long. And there needs no ill Will or Malice neither, to do the Mischief, but the Disparity or Disproportion alone is enough. The same Expence that breaks a poor Man's Back, will not hurt a rich Man: Wherefore Men should consort themselves with their Equals; for a Man of small Fortune, who converses upon a Foot with a rich Man, shall as certainly be undone by him, as a Brass Pot shall break an Earthen one, if they meet and knock together.

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FAB. 176.

GOOD LUCK AND BAD LUCK.

A Man who had rais'd himself from a small Fortune, by successful Traffick, to a large one, was boasting *Why ay,* says he, *this 'tis when a Man understands his Business; for I have done all this by my own Skill.* Avarice is insatiable, and so he went pushing on still for more; 'till, what by Wrecks, Bankrupts, and Pirates, one upon the Neck of another, he was reduc'd in half the Time that he was a rising, to a Morsel of Bread. Why this, says he, is owing to my cursed Fortune! *Fortune* happen'd to be at that Time within Hearing, and told him, That he was an arrogant, ungrateful Clown, to charge her with all the Evil that befel him, and to take the Good to himself.

MORAL.

We are apt to arrogate to ourselves the Successes we meet with; but our Misfortunes we ungratefully charge upon Providence, under the Name of Fortune.

REFLECTION.

Our Hearts are so much set upon the Value of the Benefits we receive, that we never think of the Bestower of them, and so our Acknowledgments are commonly paid to the second Hand, without any regard to the Principal. We run into Mistakes and Misfortunes of our own Accord; and then, when we are once hamper'd we lay the Blame of them upon others. This or that was not well done, we say; but, alas! it was none of our Fault: We did it by Constraint, Advice, Importunity, or the Authority perhaps of great Examples, and the like. At this rate we palliate our own Weaknesses and Corruptions, and at the same rate we likewise assume to ourselves the Merits of others. The Thing to be done, in fine, is to correct this Arrogance, and be thankful to God for the Benefits we receive at his Hands; and resign our selves to his all-wise Providence in those Dispensations, which we are so apt to reckon Misfortunes; but which, made a right Use of, may frequently turn to our highest Benefit, if not in this World, in that to come.

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FAB. 177.

A PEACOCK AND A CRANE.

As a Peacock and a Crane were in Company together, the Peacock spread his Tail, and challenged the other to shew him such a Fan of Feathers. You brag of your Plumes, says the Crane, that are fair indeed to the Eye, but fit for nothing but to attract the Eyes of Children and Fools. Do as I do, if you can; and then, with a suitable Contempt, he springs up into the Air, leaving the gaping Peacock staring after him till his Eyes ach'd.

MORAL.

There cannot be a greater Sign of a weak Mind, than a Person's valuing himself on a gaudy Outside; whether it be on the Beauties of Person, or the still vainer Pride of fine Cloaths.

REFLECTION.

The Mind that can penetrate like the high-soaring Crane, thro' the Elements of Science, and leave the fluttering Peacocks of the World, with a generous Contempt, unable to trace its sublime Flights, is infinitely preferable to that gaudy Plumage, which is confin'd to the dull Earth, and utterly unable to rise above the low Delights of it.

Thus much may be pointed out to us by this Fable. But after all, if we take it in a more confin'd Sense, we must consider, that Nature is pleased to entertain herself with Variety. Some of her Works are for Ornament, others for the Use and Service of Mankind. But they have all, respectively, their Properties, and their Virtues; for she does nothing in vain. The Peacock values himself upon the Gracefulness of his Train. The Crane's Pride is in the Strength of her Wing: Which are only two Excellencies in several Kinds. Take them apart, and they are both equally perfect: But good Things themselves have their Degrees, and that which is most necessary and useful, must be allow'd a Preference to the other.

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FAB. 178.

A TYGER AND A FOX.

As a Huntsman was upon the Chase, and the Beasts flying before him; Let me alone, says a Tyger, and I'll put an end to this War myself: He had no sooner said this, but he found himself struck through the Body with an Arrow, and while he was trying to draw it out, a Fox ask'd him, From what bold Hand it was that he receiv'd this Wound? I believe, says the Tyger, it must be from a Man; and I find too late, that there is no contending against an Adversary, who can wound without coming within Reach of one's Revenge.

MORAL.

Contests with Persons of superior Power or Ability are studiously to be avoided.

REFLECTION.

Reason and Stratagem are often too hard for Force; for Temerity or Rashness generally puts a Man off his Guard. It is a high Point of Wisdom, for a Man to be so present to himself, as to be provided against all Accidents; and to do this, he will diligently inquire into the Character, Strength, Motions, and Designs of an Enemy. The Want of this Circumspection has often been the Ruin of great and formidable Armies, and made even a contemptible Enemy superior in the Field. The Tyger's over-valuing his own Strength, and the Sharpness of his Teeth and Claws, and undervaluing his Adversary, whose Wiles and Stratagems he was unacquainted with, was the Occasion of his Ruin.

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FAB. 179.

A LION AND BULLS.

A Party of Bulls struck up a League to keep and feed together, and stand by one another in case of a common Enemy. So long as they stuck to this Confederacy, they were safe, but soon after they fell at Variance among themselves; and the Lion made his Advantage of it, and one by one destroy'd them all.

MORAL.

Intestine Divisions are the Bane of a Commonwealth. A House or a Kingdom, as the sacred Text observes, divided against itself cannot stand.

REFLECTION.

The main Bond of all Bodies and Interests is Union, which is no other in Effect, than a common Stock of Strength and Counsel join'd in one. While the Bulls kept together, they were safe; but as soon as ever they separated, they became a Prey to the Lion. There was a Case too much like this in the Grand Alliance between the *Emperor, England, Holland,* and other Princes, in the late long and expensive War against *France*. While all the Potentates concern'd united, the War was carried on with great Success against the common Enemy; but no sooner was one of the most formidable Powers in the Alliance brought off from it, and a separate Peace concluded, than Dissentions, Doubts, and Distrusts were sown among the rest, and the *French* King soon brought them all to his own Terms, one after another, and that Monarchy has ever since found it in its Power, in some sort, to give Laws to the rest of Christendom.

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FAB. 180.

A FIR AND A BRAMBLE.

My Head, says the boasting Fir-tree to the humble Bramble, is advanc'd among the Stars. I furnish Beams for Palaces, and Masts for Shipping: The very Sweat of my Body is a Sovereign Remedy for the Sick and Wounded. Whereas thou, O rascally Bramble, runn'st creeping in the Dirt, and art good for nothing in the world but Mischief. I pretend not to vie with thee, said the Bramble, in the Points thou gloriest in. But not to insist upon it, that he who made thee a lofty Fir, could have made thee an humble Bramble, I pray thee tell me, when the Carpenter comes next with the Axe into the Wood, to fell Timber, whether thou hadst not rather be a Bramble than a Fir-Tree?

MORAL.

Poverty secures a Man from many Dangers: Whereas the Rich, and the Mighty, are the Mark of Malice, and cross Fortune; and still the higher they are, the nearer the Thunder.

REFLECTION.

The Answer of the humble Bramble to the proud Fir-tree is so pathetick, that it may of itself serve for a very good Moral to this Fable. Nothing of God's Works is so mean as to be despised, and nothing so lofty, but may be humbled; nay, and the greater the Height, the greater the Danger. For a proud great Man to despise an humble little one, when Providence can so easily exalt the one, and abase the other, and has not for the Merit of the one, or the Demerit of the other, conferr'd the respective Conditions, is a most inexcusable Arrogance: And History has given numberless Instances, where the overgrown Fir, tho' a prime Minister or great Prince, in the very Height of its Pride has been forced to submit to the Executioner's Axe, while the humble Bramble, or contented poor Man, has continued safe and unhurt in his lowly Obscurity. We may further observe on this Fable, that there is no State of Life, but has its Mixture of Good and Evil.

The Fir may boast of the Uses to which it is put, and of its Strength and Stature; but then it has not to boast of the creeping Bramble's Safety; for the Value of the one tempts the Carpenter's Axe, while the Poverty of the other makes it little worth any one's while to molest it. Upon the whole Matter, we may add,

That as Pride or Arrogance is a Vice that seldom escapes without a Punishment; so Humility is a Virtue that hardly ever goes without a Blessing.

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FAB. 181.

A COVETOUS MAN AND AN ENVIOUS.

A Covetous Man and an Envious one, becoming Petitioners to *Jupiter*, were told, that what the one asked, should be doubled on the other. The Covetous Man, according to his Character, desir'd great Riches, and his Companion had them double. This did not, however, satisfy the Envious Man, who repining that the Covetous Man was but half as rich as himself, requested, that one of his own Eyes might be put out; for his Companion was then to lose both his.

MORAL.

Avarice and Envy are two of the most diabolical and unsociable Vices under Heaven. Avarice would monopolize every thing to itself and Envy repines at every good Thing Possessed by its Neighbour.

REFLECTION.

The Covetous Man in this Fable had a very hard Put. As *Avarice* is always attended with some Envy, it was no small Mortification to one who would have been glad to have engross'd all, to be under a Necessity of making another twice as rich as himself, by Virtue of his own Choice. But an Envious Man cannot possibly be shewn in a stronger Light, than he is here. For he not only repines, that his Companion is half as rich as he, tho' he enjoys his own double Share, by Virtue of the other's Prayer; but he chooses to forego all the Benefits which he, in his Turn, might reap by his Petition, lest his Neighbour should have double; and prays for a Curse upon himself, to wit, that he might lose one of his own Eyes, that so the other might lose both his; and be thereby made incapable of enjoying with Comfort the Acquisition he had so ardently coveted. This remarkable Instance of Envy and Avarice admonishes us to be cautious how we give way to such wicked Passions, as not only make the Persons govern'd by them a Torment to themselves, but render them at the same time odious to God and Man.

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FAB. 182.

A CROW AND A PITCHER.

A Thirsty Crow found a Pitcher with a little Water in it, but it lay so low he could not come at it. He try'd first to break the Pot, and then to over-turn it; but it was both too strong, and too heavy for him. At last he bethought himself of a Device that did his Business; which was, by dropping a great many little Pebbles into the Water, and so raising it, till he had it within Reach.

MORAL.

What we cannot compass by the Force of natural Faculties, may be brought to pass many times by Art and Invention.

REFLECTION.

We ought not by any means to be discouraged by seeming Impossibilities in our laudable Pursuits after what is necessary or fit for us or our Families. We are, on the contrary, to use all our honest Endeavours, and double our Diligence, to overcome all such Difficulties as may be thrown in the Way of our attaining Blessings which are necessary to our Welfare. How many Inventions and fine Arts have been struck out by Virtue of Necessity, which otherwise would never have been discover'd!

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FAB. 183.

A LION AND A MAN.

In a Controversy betwixt a Lion and a Man, which was the braver and the stronger Creature of the Two; Why look ye, says the Man, we'll appeal to that Statue there; and so he shew'd him the Figure of a Man cut in Stone, with a Lion under his Feet. Well! says the Lion, if we Lions had been brought up to Painting and Carving, as you Men are, where you have One Lion under the Feet of a Man, you should have had Twenty Men under the Paw of a Lion.

MORAL.

It is against the Rules of common Justice for Men to be Judges in their own Case.

REFLECTION.

The Fancies of Poets, Painters, and Engravers, are no Evidences of Truth; for People are partial in their own Cases, and every Man will make the best of his own Tale. It is against common Equity for the same People to be both Parties and Judges, and there is a great Difference betwixt a Flight of Fancy, and the History of Nature. This Fable may further instruct us, that no Judgments as to Matters of Right and Wrong between disputing Parties, ought to be form'd upon the Relations made by one Party of his Case; which may appear in a very different Light, when both Sides are heard.

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FAB. 184.

A BOY AND A THIEF.

A Thief came to a Boy who pretended to be blubbering by the Side of a Well, and ask'd what he cry'd for. Why, says he, the String's broke here, and I have dropt a Silver Cup into the Well. The Fellow presently strips, and down he goes to search for it. After a while, he comes up again with his Labour for his Pains, and found that the roguish Boy, in the mean time, had run away with his Cloaths.

MORAL.

It must be a Diamond that cuts a Diamond; and tho' all Robberies are unlawful, yet that of Rob-Thief, *is the least culpable, tho' it is not at all excusable as to the Laws of Morality. The Boy punishes the Thief, and the Law, in all Likelihood, in timefound out and punished the Boy, if not for this, for other Practices;for so early and successful a Roguery, no doubt, was not the last.*

REFLECTION.

The Boy's having over-reach'd and robb'd a Thief, was but a very small Extenuation of his Crime; for no doubt but he laid the Bait for the next that came by, and it might as well have been an honest Man as a Thief: nor indeed would it have been excusable, had he known, that the next Person that came by would be a Thief; for the Wickedness of one Man is no Excuse for the Iniquity of another: Nor ought I, because another does me an Injury, to do him one in Return. Is the Thing *just,* or is it *not?* ought to be the Consideration; and it is much better to *bear* an Offence, than to *give* one.

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FAB. 185.

A MAN AND A SATYR.

A Great Intimacy was struck up between a Man and a Satyr. The Man clapt his Fingers one Day to his Mouth, and blew upon ‘em. What’s that for? says the Satyr: Why, says he, my Hands are extreme cold, and I do it to warm ‘em. The Satyr, at another time, found this Man blowing his Pottage: And pray, says he, What’s the Meaning of that now? Oh! says the Man, my Broth is hot, and I do’t to cool it. Nay, says the Satyr, if you have gotten a Trick of blowing Hot and Cold out of the same Mouth, I have done with you.

MORAL.

There is no conversing with any Man that carries two Faces under one Hood.

REFLECTION.

This Fable, abstracted from the Philosophy of it, sets forth the Simplicity of the Satyr, in not understanding how two such contrary Effects should come from the same Lips: But it was honestly done in him yet, to renounce the Conversation of one whom he took for a Double-dealer, and who, as he thought, could accommodate himself to all Seasons and Occasions, without any Regard to Truth or Justice. It was this Fable that gave Rise to the old *Adage* of *Blowing Hot and Cold,* which is taken for the Mark and Character of a Dissembler.

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FAB. 186.

A COUNTRY-MAN AND HERCULES.

A Carter whose Waggon stuck fast in a Slough, stood gaping and bawling to *Hercules* to help him out of the Mire. Why, you lazy Puppy you, says *Hercules,* lay your Shoulder to the Wheel yourself. Are the Gods to do your Drudgery, d'ye think, and you He bellowing with your Finger in your Mouth?

MORAL.

We must use our own Endeavours, if we would succeed in our Affairs, and not content ourselves with sitting still and expecting Miracles in our Favour.

REFLECTION.

Prayers without Works, are nothing worth, either for other People, or for ourselves: There is a double Duty incumbent upon us, in the Exercise of those Powers and Abilities, which Providence has given us for the common Good of both. It is not a bare, *Lord have Mercy upon us,* that will help the Cart out of the Mire, or our Neighbour out of the Ditch; but we must put our own Hands to the Work. To take the Fable in another Sense, we may ask, What signifies the Sound of Words in Prayer, without the Affection of the Heart, and a sedulous Application of the proper Means that may naturally lead to such an End? That is to say, Body and Soul must go together in all the Offices of a Christian Life, as well as of a Civil one, where there is Place for the Exercise of the Faculties of both.

He, in fine, who made Body and Soul, will be serv'd and glorify'd by both.

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FAB. 187.

AN APE AND HER TWO BRATS.

An Ape that had Twins, doted upon one of them, and did not much care for the other. She took a sudden Fright once, and in a Hurry whips up her Darling under her Arm, and took no heed of the other, which therefore leap'd astride upon her Shoulders. In this Haste down she comes, and beats out her Favourite's Brains against a Stone; while that which she had at her Back came off safe and sound.

MORAL.

Fondlings are commonly unfortunate; and the Children that are least indulged make usually the best Men.

REFLECTION.

We cannot command our Likings, or our Aversions; but yet whatever partial Dispositions we may have, our Fondness should not transport us beyond the Bounds of a discreet Affection; nor should we be more kind to one Child than to another. Children are naturally jealous and envious, and the damping of their Spirits so early, hazards the quenching of them for ever. Beside that, there is no such Fop as my young Master, that has the Honour to be a Fool of his Mother's making. She blows him up into a Conceit of himself, and makes a Man of him at Sixteen, and a Boy all the Days of his Life after.

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FAB. 188.

A FOX AND A HEDGEHOG.

A Fox, upon the crossing of a River, was forc'd away by the Current into an Eddy; and there he lay with whole Swarms of Flies sucking and galling of him. A Water-Hedgehog offer'd to beat away the Flies from him. No, no, says the Fox, pray let 'em alone; for the Flies that are upon me now are e'en bursting-full already, and can do me little more Hurt than they have done: But when these are gone once, there will be a Company of starv'd hungry Wretches to take their Places, that will torment me ten times worse.

MORAL.

'Tis better to bear a present Calamity, tho' grievous, than by endeavouring to remove it, run the probable Hazard of a worse.

REFLECTION.

This Fable was made use of by *Æsop* to the *Samians,* on occasion of a popular Sedition, and had the desired Success. It is very instructive, and teaches us to avoid Murmuring against our present Condition, as well in publick as private; for in seeking to remedy smaller Evils, in both Cases, we often plunge ourselves into worse. There is nothing perfect under the Sun, but somewhat still of Good is blended with the Bad, and of Bad with the Good; and this natural Mixture runs through the whole Course and Condition of Human Affairs. We are not therefore to make ourselves uneasy at what may be borne; but before we try to exchange our Conditions, consider the Hazards that may lie in the Way, the Disappointments that may attend the Attempt; and finally, if we succeed, whether by avoiding one Evil, We run not into another, which may possibly be more insupportable than the former.

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FAB. 189.

A COUNTRY-MAN AND A HAWK.

A Country Fellow had the Fortune to take a Hawk in the hot Pursuit of a Pigeon. The Hawk pleaded for herself, that she never did the Countryman any Harm; and therefore I hope, says she, that you'll do me none. Well, says the Country-man, and pray what Wrong did the Pigeon ever do you? You must e'en expect to be treated yourself, as you yourself would have treated this Pigeon. Alas! for me, says the Hawk, I have 'tis true, met with my deserved Fate from a Hand as much too strong for me, as I was for the Pigeon; but in a little time, I doubt, the poor Pigeon will not be much the better for her present Escape; which is only from one Devourer to another.

MORAL.

It is but according to the Course of the World, for the Stronger to oppress the Weaker; and some powerful Men will permit no Injustice to be done but by themselves.

REFLECTION.

Birds of Prey are an Emblem of rapacious Officers. A superior Power takes away by Violence from them, that which by Violence they took from others. But it falls out too often, that the Equity of Restitution is forgotten, after the Execution of the Punishment. Here is a Countryman takes a Hawk in the Chase of a Pigeon; the Hawk reasons the Case with him; the Country-man pleads the Pigeon's Cause; and upon a fair Hearing, the Hawk stands condemn'd out of her own Mouth, and the Innocent is consequently deliver'd from her Oppressor. Now here is one Violence disappointed by another; a poor harmless Wretch Protected against a powerful Adversary, Justice done upon a notorious Persecutor; and yet after all this glorious Semblance of a publick-spirited Generosity, and Tenderness of Nature, the Man only sav'd the Pigeon from the Hawk, that he might eat it himself: And if we look well about us, we shall find this to be the Case of most Mediations we meet with in the Name of publick Justice.

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FAB. 90.

A SWALLOW AND A SPIDER.

A Spider that observ'd a Swallow catching of Flies, fell immediately to work upon a Net to catch Swallows; for she look'd upon it as an Encroachment upon her Right: But the Birds, without any Difficulty, brake through the Work, and flew away with the very Net itself. Well, says the Spider, Bird-catching is none of my Talent, I perceive; and so she return'd to her old Trade of catching Flies again.

MORAL.

A wise Man will not undertake any thing without Means answerable to the End.

REFLECTION.

Let every Man examine his own Strength, and the Force of the Enemy he is to cope withal, before he comes to grapple with him: For he is sure to go by the worst, that contends with an Adversary that is too mighty for him. It is good Advice not to contend with those that are too strong for us, but still with a Saving to Honesty and Justice; for the Integrity of the Mind must be supported against all Violence and Hazards whatsoever. The Intent of the Fable is to set us right in the understanding, and interpreting of Injuries. It is an unhappy Error to take Things for Injuries that are not so: And then, supposing an Injury done, it is a nice Point to proportion the Reparation to the Degree of the Indignity, and to take a true Measure of our own Force. The Swallow was a Fly-catcher, as well as the Spider, and no more an Interloper upon the Spider's Right, than the Spider was upon the Swallow's; for the Flies were in common to both.

There are Swarms of this Sort of State-Spiders in the World, who reckon every little Thing or Fly that's taken out of the common Stock, as a Penny out of their own Pockets. The Bounty of God and of Princes ought to be free, both alike, without making every Morsel of Bread which an honest Man puts in his Mouth, to be the robbing of a Minion. Wherefore let every Man compute, First, What he ought to do. Secondly, What he is able to do. And then, Thirdly, Let him govern himself by the Rules of Virtue and Discretion.

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FAB. 191.

A SWAN AND A STORK.

A Stork that was present at the Song of a dying Swan, told her, ’twas contrary to Nature to sing so much out of Season; and ask’d her the Reason of it? Why, says the Swan, I am now entering into a State, where I shall be no longer in Danger of either Snares, Guns, or Hunger; and who would not joy at such a Deliverance?

MORAL.

Death is a certain Relief from all the Difficulties, Pains, and Hazards of Life.

REFLECTION.

It is a great Folly to fear that which ’tis impossible to avoid: And it is yet a greater Folly to fear the Remedy of all Evils: For Death cures all Diseases, and frees us from all Cares. It is as great a Folly again, not to prepare ourselves, and provide for an inevitable Fate. We are as sure to go out of the World, as we are that ever we came into it; and nothing but the Conscience of a good Life can support us in that last Extremity. The Fiction of a Swan’s singing at her Death, does, in the Moral, but advise and recommend it to us, to make ready for the chearful Entertainment of our last Hour, and to consider with ourselves, that if Death be so welcome a Relief even to Animals, barely as a Deliverance from the Cares, Miseries, and Dangers of troublesome Life, how much a greater Blessing ought all good Men to account it then, that are not only freed by it from the Snares, Difficulties, and Distractions of a wicked World, but put into Possession (over and above) of an everlasting Peace, and the Fruition of Joys that shall never have an End!

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FAB. 192.

A HEDGEHOG AND A SNAKE.

A Snake was prevail'd upon in a cold Winter, to take a Hedgehog into his Cell; but when he was once in, the Place was so narrow, that the Prickles of the Hedgehog were very troublesome to his Companion; so that the Snake told him, he must needs provide for himself somewhere else; for the Hole was not big enough to hold them both. Why then, says the Hedgehog, He that cannot stay, shall do well to go: But for my own part, I'm e'en content where I am; and if you be not so too, you are free to remove.

MORAL.

'Tis not safe to join Interests with Strangers, upon such Terms as to lay ourselves at their Mercy.

REFLECTION.

In all Offices of Christian Charity, and of prudent Conversation, People should have a strict Regard to the Humour and Character of the Persons they deal withal; to the Degrees and Measures of Things; and to the Consequences upon the whole Matter, in case of the worst.

How many Examples may we find of Men who after all the Obligations imaginable, and in Contradiction to all the Ties of Honour, Justice, and Hospitality, have serv'd their Masters, Patrons, and Benefactors, as the Hedgehog serv'd the Snake here!

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FAB. 193.

A GNAT AND A BEE.

A Gnat, half starv'd with Cold and Hunger, went out one frosty Morning to a Bee-hive, to beg a Charity, and offer'd to teach Musick in the Bee's Family, for her Diet and Lodging. The Bee very civilly desir'd to be excus'd: For, says she, I bring up all my Children to my own Trade, that they may be able to get their Living by their Industry; and I am sure I am right; for see what that Musick, which you would teach my Children, has brought you yourself to!

MORAL.

Industry ought to be diligently inculcated in the Minds of Children of all Ranks and Degrees: For who stands so sure, as to say he is exempt from the Vicissitudes of this uncertain Life?

REFLECTION.

The many unhappy Persons whom we daily see singing up and down in order to divert other People, tho' with very heavy Hearts of their own, should warn all those who have the Education of Children, how necessary it is to bring them up to Industry and Business, be their present Prospects ever so hopeful; that so, upon any unexpected Disaster, they might be able to turn their Hands to a Course which might procure them an honest Livelihood.

The Gnat in the Fable, we may further observe, is very like many inconsiderate Persons in Life: They gaily buzz about in the *Summer of Prosperity,* and think of nothing but their present Enjoyments. But when the *Winter of Adversity* comes, they poorly creep about, and supplicate the industrious Inhabitants of *every Bee-hive,* charitably to relieve those Wants which they have brought upon themselves; and often deservedly meet the Repulse and the Sting which the Bee gives to the Gnat in the Fable. We have seen many a doated-on Child, who has been brought up to Singing, Dancing, and all the gay Delights of this World, and yet has been forced to shut up the last Scene of a miserable Life, in Want and Beggary; which had been prevented if they had been early taught the Value of Industry and Independency, and the Means, by the former, of attaining the latter.

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FAB. 194.

A LION, ASS, AND HARE.

A War breaking out betwixt the Birds and the Beasts, the Lion summon'd all his Subjects to appear in Arms, at a certain Time and Place; and among the rest, there were multitudes of Asses and Hares at the Rendezvous. Several of the Commanders were for turning 'em off, as Creatures utterly unfit for Service. Do not mistake yourselves, says the Lion; the Asses will do very well for Trumpeters, and the Hares will make excellent Couriers.

MORAL.

God has made nothing in vain. There is no Member of a political Body so mean and inconsiderable, but it may be useful to the Publick in some Station or other.

REFLECTION.

Every distinct Being has somewhat peculiar to itself, to make good in one Circumstance what it wants in another. It is the Ignorance of the Nature of Things, that makes us despise, even the meanest of Creatures. All Things are created good in their several Kinds, as all things severally are subservient, in some Degree or other, to the Beauty, the Order, and the Well-Being of the Whole. That which we find in the Course of Nature, holds likewise in Governments, where the lowest has its Post allotted as well as the highest. All created Beings, in fine, are the Works of Providence and Nature, which never did any Thing in vain. So truly says the Poet,

—— Wise Providence,
Does various Parts for various Minds dispense;
The meanest Slaves, or they who hedge and ditch,
Are useful, by their Sweat, to feed the Rich:
The Rich, in due Return, impart their Store,
Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring Poor.
Nor let the Rich the lowest Slave disdain,
He's equally a Link of Nature's Chain:
Labours to the same End, joins in one View,

And both alike the Will divine pursue?

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FAB. 195.

THE PIGEONS AND HAWKS.

A Civil War once raged among the Hawks; and the innocent Pigeons, who were safe while these Feuds lasted, in pure Pity and good Nature, sent their Deputies and Mediators to make them Friends again; but no sooner was the Quarrel ended among themselves, than they fell to their old Sport again of destroying the Pigeons: Who too late found their Error, in having united a common Enemy to their own Ruin.

MORAL.

'Tis dangerous intermeddling with the Quarrels of wicked or turbulent Persons? When bad Men fall out among themselves, *good Men are often benefited and secur'd by the Consequences of their Divisions.*

REFLECTION.

The Blessing that is pronounc'd upon the Peace-Makers, does not extend to those Cases, where the Effect of the Peace shall be the Ruin of the Reconcilers. When two powerful Princes are contending for Superiority, it would be but an unseasonable Piece of Policy, for a third and weaker State, who has much to fear from both, to endeavour to reconcile them: For ambitious and restless Monarchs, when they have made up their Broils with one another, have Leisure to look out for fresh Occasions of Quarrel, and perhaps, may join Forces, in order to conquer and divide betwixt them, the Dominions of the officious Umpire. Such Instances are to be met with in History.

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FAB. 196.

DEATH AND AN OLD MAN.

Death call'd upon an Old Man, and bad him come along with him. The Man excus'd himself, that the other World was a great Journey to take upon so short a Warning, and begg'd a little Time, only to make his Will before he dy'd. Why, says Death, you have had Warning enough, one would think, to have made ready before this; for you have had daily Examples of Mortality before your Eyes, in all People of all Sorts, Ages, and Degrees; and is not the frequent Spectacle of other Peoples Death, a *Memento* sufficient to make you think of your own? And what do you think of the Fever you had ten Years ago, and the Surfeit you had five Years after, and the Palsy the very last Year? Don't you know, that every one of these was a Messenger sent by me, to give you Warning that I should come shortly myself? No more shill-I, shall-I, honest Friend: Your Time is now come, and therefore come along, I tell ye.

MORAL.

Every Moment of our Lives either is, or ought to be, a Time of Preparation for Death.

REFLECTION.

It is a strange Mixture of Madness and Folly for People to say or imagine that ever any Man was taken out of this World without Time to prepare himself for Death: But the Delay of fitting ourselves is our own Fault, and we turn the very Sin into an Excuse: Every Breath we draw is not only a Step towards Death, but a Part of it. Death was born with us, it goes along with us: It is the only constant Companion that we have in this World, and yet we never think of it any more than if we knew nothing of it. The Text is true to the very Letter, that *we die daily,* and yet we feel it not. Every Thing under the Sun reads a Lecture of Mortality to us. Our Neighbours, our Friends, our Relations, that fall every-where round about us, admonish us of our last Hour, and yet here's an old Man, on the wrong Side of Fourscore perhaps, complaining that he is surpriz'd.

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FAB. 197.

INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.

One asking a lazy young Fellow, what made him lie in Bed so long? Why, says he, I am hearing of Causes every Morning; that is to say, I have two Lasses at my Bed-side, so soon as ever I awake. Their Names are *Industry* and *Sloth;* one bids me get up; the other bids me lie still; and so they give me twenty Reasons why I should rise, and why I should not. 'Tis the Part in the mean time of a just Judge to hear what can be said on both Sides; and by that time the Cause is over, 'tis time to go to Dinner.

MORAL.

We spend our Days in deliberating what to do, and we frequently end them, without coming to any Resolution.

REFLECTION.

The Sluggard's Case in this Fable, is the Case of Mankind in all the Duties of Life, where Judgment and Conscience call us one way, and our Lusts hurry us another. We spend all our Days upon frivolous Preliminaries, without ever coming to a Resolution upon the main Points of our Business. And yet we know well enough what we ought to do, and what not, if we would but take the Light of reasonable Nature for our Guide, and hearken to the Counsellor that every Man carries in his own Breast. But Men in the general, are either too lazy to search out the Truth, or too partial, in favour of a sensual Appetite, to take Notice of it when they have found it. They had rather be tasting the Ease and the Pleasures of Life, than reforming the Errors and the Vices of it. They are hearing Causes with our Slug-a-bed in the Apologue; that is to say, deliberating betwixt Passion and Conscience, till in the End, they are call'd away, whether to Dinner or to Death, it makes no Matter; for the Moral is still the same.

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FAB. 198.

A COCK AND A FOX.

A Fox spying a Cock at roost in a Tree with his Hens about him, wanted to get him down, and asked him, If he did not hear the News? What News, said the Cock? Why, reply'd the Fox, There's a general Peace concluded among all living Creatures, and not one of them is to presume, upon Pain of Life and Limb, directly or indirectly to hurt another. The blessedest Tidings in the World, says the Cock! and at the same time he stretches out his Neck, as if he were looking at somewhat a great way off. What are you peering at? says the Fox. Nothing, says t'other, but a Couple of great Dogs yonder, that are coming this Way, open-mouth'd, as hard as they can drive. Why then, says *Reynard.*, I fancy I'd e'en best be jogging. No, no, says the Cock, the general Peace will secure you: Ay, quoth the Fox, so it ought; but if these raskally Curs should not have heard of the Proclamation, I shall be but poorly off for all that. And so away he scamper'd.

MORAL.

Perfidious People are naturally to be suspected in Reports that favour their own Interest.

REFLECTION.

It is a hard Matter to make a false Man and a false Tale consist with themselves; and when they come to interfere, the Reason and the Argument of the Case return upon the Head of the Impostor: So that it requires great Care and Skill, for a Man who has a dark and a double Design upon another, to keep clear of clashing with his own Reasonings, and to avoid a Detection.

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FAB. 199.

BOYS AND FROGS.

A Company of unlucky Boys were watching of Frogs at the Side of a Pond, and still as any of them put up their Heads, they would be pelting them down again with Stones. Children, says one of the Frogs, you never consider, that *though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

MORAL.

Hard-heartedness and Cruelty is an inhuman Vice; 'tis a barbarous Thing to make our Sport of that which is fatal or pernicious to another.

REFLECTION.

The throwing at Cocks at *Shrove-tide,* and the abusing and torturing of Puppies, Kittens, Birds, or Flies, so commonly practised by Children, is a most shocking and dangerous Liberty, not to be suffer'd on any Account; for Hard-heartedness in Boys, will be Brutality and Tyranny in Men. Softness and Tenderness of Nature are the Seeds of a generous Humanity; provided always that Children be taught to distinguish betwixt a Benignity, and a Facility of Disposition, and that they may not confound Gracious with Effeminate. By this means there may be a Foundation laid of worthy Thoughts, which will ripen in due Time into glorious Actions and Habits, to qualify Men for the Honour and Service of their Country. This Foundation, I say, of a pious and a virtuous Compassion, will dispose Men afterward, instead of adding Affliction to Affliction, and of grinding the Faces of the Weak and Innocent, to minister Protection to the Oppressed.

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FAB. 200.

THE FROGS AND THE BULLS.

In a desperate Duel betwixt a couple of Bulls, a Frog upon the Bank of a Lake, looking on, said to other Frogs, What will become of us now? Why pr'ythee, says one of his Companions, What are the Bulls to the Frogs, or the Lakes to the Meadows? Very much, I can assure ye, says the Frog again; for he that's worsted will very probably take Sanctuary in the Fens, and then we may be trod to Pieces; wherefore, for my Part, I'll get as far from them as I can.

MORAL.

When Princes fall out, the Commonalty suffers, and the Little go to Wreck for the Quarrels of the Great. Let ill Consequences be never so remote, 'tis good to look forward, and endeavour to provide against the worst that may happen.

REFLECTION.

The Design of many Actions looks one way, and the Event works another, so that even probable Mischiefs are to be provided against with equal Care and Industry. A wise Man looks forward, through the proper and natural Course and Connection of Causes and Effects; and in so doing, he fortifies himself against the worst that can befal him.

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FAB. 201.

A HARE AND A SPARROW.

A Sparrow happened to take a Bush just as an Eagle made a Stoop at an Hare, and when he had got her in the Foot, Poor *Wat* cry'd out for Help. Well, says the Sparrow sneeringly, and why don't you run for it now? I thought your Footmanship would have saved you. In this very Moment comes a Hawk, and whips away the Sparrow, which gave the dying Hare this Consolation in her last Distress, that she saw the hardhearted Creature that had no Pity for another, could obtain none for herself, when she stood most in Need of it.

MORAL.

It is with Men and Governments, as it is with Birds and Beasts; the Weaker are a Prey to the Stronger, and so one under another, through the whole Scale of the Creation. We ought therefore to have a Fellow-Feeling of one another's Afflictions: For nobody knows whose Turn may be next.

REFLECTION.

Here is a just Judgment upon ill Nature: Wherefore let no Man make Sport with the Miserable, that is in Danger to be miserable himself, as every Man may be; and in truth, every Man deserves so to be, that has no Tenderness for his Neighbour. It is a high Degree of Inhumanity not to have a Fellow-feeling of the Misfortune of my Brother; but to take Pleasure in my Neighbour's Misery, and to make merry with it, is not only a brutal, but a diabolical Barbarity and Folly.

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FAB. 202.

TWO MEN AND A HALTER.

A Poor Wretch, who was quite destitute of Money, Credit, or Friends, determined to hang himself; and having provided a Halter, and got a Hook, he was driving it into an old Wall to fasten the Cord to; and down comes a great Stone that was loose, and a Pot of Money along with it. The Fellow presently drops the Halter, and away he scours with the Purchase. He was no sooner gone, but up comes the Man who had hid the Money, to give his Pot a Visit: He finds the Birds flown; and out of all Patience at his Loss, he takes up the Halter, and hangs himself with it, having no other Comfort than this, that Fortune had saved him the Charge of buying one.

MORAL.

Well may Money be said to be the Root of all Evil; since the Want of it makes some Men desperate; and the having it, makes others miserable.

REFLECTION.

Poverty and Riches, where Avarice accompanies the latter, are nearer akin than most People imagine; for the rich insatiable Miser, who is still carking after more, is every whit as miserable as he that has just nothing at all. What is the Difference betwixt Gold in one Part of the Earth, and Gold in another? Betwixt the minted Gold that the sordid Churl buries in a Pot, and the Ore that Nature has prepared and tinctured in the Mine? They are both equally lost to the common Use of Mankind; only the one lies a little deeper than the other. We may finish this Reflection, with a Consideration of the Folly of those People who starve themselves to enrich others, and make their own Lives wretched for the Advantage perhaps of Thieves and Strangers.

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FAB. 203.

A MOUNTEBANK AND A BEAR.

A Quack exposing his Bills and Medicines upon a Stage, was surrounded with a very numerous and attentive Croud, till a Bear being led that Way, with a Ring thro' his Nose, they all quitted the Mountebank, and ran after the Bear; who addressing himself to the Rabble, Hark ye, my Friends, says he, I am glad to see you so merry at my being led like a Sot, by the Nose thus; but pray, let us laugh at one another by turns; for you are led as much by the *Ears* by that same Mountebank, as I am by the *Nose,* by my Keeper.

MORAL.

A Bear with a Ring in his Nose, is no more than an Emblem of every Man of us, as the Bear in the Fable rightly observed; for we are led as much as he, some by the Ear or Eye; others by their Lusts and Affections.

REFLECTION.

No Man should make Sport with, or condemn any thing in another, without first considering whether he be not guilty of the very same thing himself. The Bear is led after one manner, Mankind after another; and in some sort or other we are all led; only the Bearward in this Fable leads but one Brute, and the Impostor or Mountebank leads a thousand. In short, the very Course of our Lives is little better than a Series of Mistakes, and a Transition from one Weakness to another.

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FAB. 204.

A SKITTISH HORSE.

A Skittish Horse that used to fly out always at his own Shadow, was once expostulated with by his Rider, in a very serious and pathetical Manner: What a Duce ails you, says he. ’Tis only a Shadow that you boggle at: And what is that Shadow, but so much Air, that the Light cannot come at? It has neither Teeth, nor Claws, you see, nor any thing else to hurt you: It will neither break your Shins, nor block up your Passage, and what are you afraid of then? You do well to upbraid me, indeed, says the Horse, who are as much terrify d at the Thoughts of Sprights, Ghosts, and Goblins, mere Phantoms and Chimera’s of your own Brains, as I am at my Shadow.

MORAL.

’Tis a common Theory for People to blame in others, what they practise themselves.

REFLECTION.

In Justice, Charity, and Prudence, we should make no other Use of our Neighbours Faults, than we do of a Looking-Glass, to mend our own Manners by, and to set Matters right at home. When we see a Horse start at a Shadow, what have we more to do, than to contemplate the Folly and Vanity of our own Surprizes and Mistakes in a thousand Instances of the same Quality! For what are all the vexatious Transports of our Hopes and Fears, extravagant Wishes, and vain Desires, but the Images of Things every whit as whimsical as the Vision of the Shadow here in the Fable?

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FAB. 205.

FLATTERY UNRESTRAINABLE.

Long had the base and sordid Vice of Flattery, reign'd in the World with Impunity; till at last by a rigorous Decree of all the Gods, it was order'd to be punished with Death, and Commissioners were named to see the Law put in Execution. Six Months had passed, and Flattery was as bold and busy as ever, and yet not one Complaint against it. Spies and Informers were hereupon set at Work, who at last brought an Author before the Court as a Delinquent, for having given to a certain great Courtier, Qualities to which he was known to be utterly a Stranger; such as Wit, Honour, Virtue, and the like. The Prisoner confess'd, that he had indeed attributed those Virtues to the Gentleman, and appealed to himself, whether he had wrong'd him or not? The Courtier not only acquitted the Man, but reflected desperately upon the scandalous Practice of the Court itself, in making that to be Flattery, which, upon the whole Matter, was no other than Truth and Justice. The Commission was hereupon discharged; for they found it utterly impracticable to punish a Fault which nobody would either acknowledge or complain of.

MORAL.

It is nothing but Self-Love that provokes and incites Flattery: And the Disposition of one Man to receive it, encourages another to give it.

REFLECTION.

It is a thing utterly impossible for human Wisdom to form such an Act of State, as shall reach the Wickedness of the Mind. As, who shall pretend to inflict any Punishment upon Flattery, Hypocrisy, and other Sins of the Heart, when there lies no Proof against them? One may be a very honest Man in the Eye of the Law, and yet a most abominable Wretch in the Sight of God, and of his own Conscience. But still it is worth while, to consider how we may discountenance and prevent those Evils, which the Law can take no Cognizance of. And to gain this Point, the Effect must be obviated in the Cause. Flattery can never corrupt any Man who does not flatter himself first; for it is a vain Opinion of ourselves, that lays us open to be impos'd upon by others.

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FAB. 206.

A DOG AND HIS MASTER.

A Vigilant Dog was once taken to Task by his Master, for barking indiscriminately at every one, in the Night, that came within Hearing. Sir, says the Mastiff, it is out of the Zeal I have for your Service; and yet tho' I bark at every one I hear, when you tell me I should only bark at an ill Man, I dare say I bark right Nine times in Ten.

MORAL.

The History of Cheats and Sharpers, truly written, would be no other than the History of human Nature.

REFLECTION.

It goes to the Heart of a faithful Servant, when he has done his uttermost for his Master's Service, to fall under the scandalous Character of Officious, and Impertinent, for his Pains. The Cardinal's Rule to one of his Lacqueys, who had lost his Coat, comes very well to our present Purpose. The Boy said, his Eminence told him they were so holy at *Rome,* that he thought there had been no Thieves there. Well, says the Cardinal, but hereafter, whenever you come into a strange Place, you may take every Man you see for a Thief, provided that you call nobody so. The Dog went this way to work, and did wisely in it; for he that keeps himself upon his Guard, shall never be couzen'd.

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FAB. 207.

AN ASS CARRYING AN IMAGE.

An Ass carrying an Image in Procession, the People fell every-where down upon their Knees before him. This silly Animal began to erect his Ears, and look big, fancying that they worshipp'd him all this while; till one put him right, saying, Friend, you are the very same Ass with this Burden upon your Back that you was before you took it up; and it is not the Brute they bow to, but the Image.

MORAL.

Some Persons vainly attribute to themselves, as their own Due, the Honours paid them on account of those they serve or represent.

REFLECTION.

The simple Vanity of this Ass is a very pertinent Reproof to all such Men in Office or Authority, as without Merit assume to themselves that Regard which is paid to them on account of the Office only. Many a Clergyman, we are sorry to say it, has brought upon the sacred Function, a good deal of Discredit, by thus attributing to his own Person, whether he deserves it, or not, the Reverence paid to his Function; and by aiming at more than becomes him, has met with less than belongs to him, and has fallen into that Contempt which will ever be the Lot of Pride and Arrogance.

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FAB. 208.

A DOG AND A CAT.

Never were two Creatures better together, than a Dog and a Cat brought up in the same House, from a Whelp and a Kitten; so kind, so gamesome and diverting, that it was half the Entertainment of the Family to see the Gamboles and Love-tricks that passed betwixt them. Only it was observed, that still at Meal-times, when any Scraps fell from the Table, or a Bone was thrown to them, they would be snarling and spitting at one another under the Table, like the worst of Foes.

MORAL.

Self-Interest is the Bone that in some Degree or other sets all Mortals together by the Ears.

REFLECTION.

Here is a perfect Emblem of the Practices and Friendships of the World. We contract little Likings; enter into agreeable Conversations, and pass away the Time so merrily and kindly together, that one would think it impossible for any thing under the Sun to break the Interest; and yet upon the throwing in any cross Interest among us, which is all one with the Bone under the Table; nay, upon a jealous Thought, or a mistaken Word or Look, all former Bonds are cancell'd, the League broken, and the Farce concludes in biting and scratching one another's Eyes out. The same Figure will serve for Princes and States, publick Persons and private, marry'd and single; People, in fine, of all Professions and Pretences.

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FAB. 209.

A MASTIFF AND AN ASS.

A Huge Bear-Dog, and an Ass laden with Bread, were upon a long Journey together: They were both very hungry, and while the Ass was grazing upon Thistles by the Way-side, the Dog desir'd some of the Bread which he carry'd. The Ass made Answer, that what he carry'd was another's, and not his, and he had no Power to dispose of any of it. While this pass'd, up comes a Wolf toward them. The Ass fell a trembling, and told the Dog, he hop'd he would stand by him, if the Wolf should set upon him. No, says the Dog, they that will eat alone, shall even fight alone too, for me; and so he left his Fellow-Traveller at the Mercy of the Wolf.

MORAL.

Tho' Self-Defence and Preservation is the main End of Society, yet we ought not to purchase our own Safety or Convenience, with the Goods that do not belong to us.

REFLECTION.

The Dog in the Fable acts here the Part of a selfish Man, who will accompany any Ass, for the Hope of sharing in his Bread-Panniers. But when he finds he cannot serve himself in his sordid Views, with a scornful Sneer, he gives up all his pretended Friendship. The Ass was an honest Creature in this Instance, who being intrusted with a Load of Bread, contented himself, tho' as hungry as the Dog, to feed upon Thistles by the Way-side, rather than betray his Trust. He would not purchase the Friendship of the Dog upon such Terms; and when he saw his Danger, and the Dog upon the Point of leaving him to the Mercy of the Wolf, he nevertheless held fast his Integrity, and offer'd not, tho' for his own Safety, to bribe the sordid Dog with what he himself had no Right to.

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FAB. 210.

A WOMAN AND DEATH.

A Good Woman was put out of her Wits in a manner, for fear of losing her Husband. The good Man was sick and given over, and nothing would serve the Turn, but Death must needs take her instead of him. She call'd and pray'd, and pray'd and call'd, 'till at last Death presented himself in a horrible Shape at her Elbow. She very civilly dropt him a Curt'sy: And *Pray, Sir,* says she, *Do not mistake your self,; for the Person that you come for, lies in the Bed there.*

MORAL.

'Tis a common Thing to talk of dying for a Friend; but when it comes to the Push once, 'tis mere Talk; and Self *becomes so predominant, that we scruple not to make the most valuable Sacrifices, rather than go ourselves, if we could help it.*

REFLECTION.

Charity, says the Proverb, *begins at Home*; and when all is done, no Man loves a Friend so well, but he loves himself better. There are no People more startled at Death, than those that have gotten a Custom of calling for it. *Oh that Death would deliver me!* says one. *Oh that Death would take me in the Place of my dear Husband!* says another; but when Death comes to present himself indeed, and to take them at their Words, the good Wife very civilly puts the Change upon him, and tells him, that the Person he comes for, lies in the Bed there. So the old Man, weary of his Life, when Death came at his Call, only wanted to be help'd up with his Bundle of Sticks. In few Words, to call for Death in Jest, is vain and foolish: To call for it in earnest, is impious: And to call for it at all, is both ridiculous and needless; for Death will most certainly come at his appointed Time, whether he be call'd or no; and that generally before he is welcome.

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FAB. 211.

A WOLF AND A SICK ASS.

A Wolf made a Visit to an Ass, that lay ill of a violent Fever. He felt his Pulse very gingerly; And pray, my good Friend, says he, whereabouts is your greatest Pain? Oh, gently, says the Ass, for it pricks me just there still where you lay your Finger!

MORAL.

The Charity of Death-bed Visits, from many Persons, is much at a Rate with that of a Carrion-crow to a Sheep; they smell a Carcass.

REFLECTION.

Sick Bishops or benefic'd Clergymen, sick Office-holders, sick Possessors of Estates, sick Commissioners, *&c* have many such Inquirers after their State of Health, as the Wolf in the Fable: And, with the poor dying Ass, the afflicted Valetudinarian cannot but find such Compliments an Aggravation of his Malady; as he well knows, that his Recovery would be the most unacceptable Piece of News that could happen to those gaping Expectants. His natural Desires of Life must therefore be augmented by the Hopes of disappointing those wolfish Inquirers after his Health.

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FAB. 212.

THE DISCONTENTED ASS.

An Ass in a hard Winter wish'd for a little warm Weather, and a Mouthful of fresh Grass to knap upon, in Exchange for a heartless Truss of Straw, and a cold Lodging. In good Time, the warm Weather, and the fresh Grass come on; but so much Toil and Business along with it, that the Ass grows quickly as sick of the Spring, as he was of the Winter. He next longs for Summer; and when that comes, finds his Toils and Drudgery greater than in the Spring; and then he fansies he shall never be well 'till Autumn comes: But there again, what with carrying Apples, Grapes, Fewel, Winter-Provisions, and such-like, he finds himself in a greater Hurry than ever. In fine, when he has trod the Circle of the Year in a Course of restless Labour, his last Prayer is for Winter again; and that he may but take up his Rest where he began his Complaint.

MORAL.

The Life of an unsteady Man runs away in a Course of vain Wishes, and unprofitable Discontent: An unsettled Mind can never be at Rest. There is no Season without its Business.

REFLECTION.

There is no Measure to be taken of an unsteady Mind; but still 'tis either too much or too little, too soon or too late. The Love of Novelty begets and increases the Love of Novelty; and the oftener we change, the more dangerous and troublesome do we find this Itch of Variety to be. The Ass was sick of the Winter; sicker yet of the Spring; more sick still of the Summer; and sickest of all of the Autumn; till he is brought, in the End, to compound for his first Condition again, and so take up with that for his Satisfaction, which he reckon'd upon before for his Misfortune.

This it is, when fickle and foolish People will be prescribing to, and refining upon the wise and gracious Appointments of the Maker of the World. They know not what they *are,* and they know not what they *would be,* any farther, than that they would not be what *they are.* Let their present State in the World be what it will, there is still something or other in it that makes their Lives wearisome: And they are as peevish Company to themselves too, as they are to their Friends and Neighbours; for there is not one Circumstance in Nature, but they shall find

Matters to pick a Quarrel at: The *present* is only the Course of so many Moments in to Time *to come*: Were it not better then for People at first to sit down contentedly in the Post where Providence has plac'd them, and *to do their Duty in that State of Life,* as they are early and excellently taught, *to which it has pleased God to call them,* than be forc'd to do it at last, by the dear-bought Experience of their Follies?

This, however, we say, not to bar honest Industry, or a sober Application to those Studies or Means, that may probably contribute to the mending of a Man's Fortune; provided that he set up his Resolution beforehand, not to let himself down below the Dignity of a wise Man, be the Issue of his Endeavours what it will. For he that is not content at *present,* carries the same Weakness along with him to the *next Remove;* and whoever either passionately covets any thing that he has not, or feels himself glutted with a Satiety of what he possesses, has already lost his Hold: So that, if we would be happy, we must fix upon some Foundation that can never deceive us, and govern ourselves by the Measures of Sobriety and Justice.

All the rest is but the Ass's Circulation of more and more Anxiety and Trouble.

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FAB. 213.

A BOAR AND A FOX.

As a Boar was whetting his Teeth against a Tree, up comes a Fox to him. Pray, what do you mean by that? says he. I do it, says the Boar, to be in Readiness in case of an Attack by an Enemy. But, replies the Fox, I see no Occasion for it; for there is no Enemy near you. Well, says the Boar, but I see Occasion for it; for when I come once to be set upon, ‘twill be too late for me to be whetting when I should be fighting.

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FAB. 214.

A WOLF AND PORCUPINE.

A Wolf had a Mind to be dealing with a Porcupine, if he could but get him disarm'd first of his Prickles or Quills, which he can dart at his Enemy; and so he told the Porcupine, That it did not look well for People, in a Time of Peace, to go arm'd, as if they were in a State of War. Lay therefore, says he, your Bristles aside; for you may take them up at Pleasure. Do *you* talk of a State of War, says the Porcupine? Why, that's my present Case, and the very Reason why I should stand to my Arms; for am I not in the Company of a Wolf?

MORAL OF THE TWO FABLES.

No Man, or State can be safe in Peace, that is not always upon Guard, and in Readiness to encounter an Enemy in case of War.

REFLECTION.

'Tis a Piece of good Counsel, in all the Affairs of human Life, to take care of securing ourselves, that we may not be either betray'd or surpriz'd, especially by the Wolves and Foxes of the World. All the Duties of Government and Society, nay, all Offices, civil and religious, where Prudence, Conscience, or common Faith are concern'd, have their proper Seasons. 'Tis too late to hinder Mischief, when the Opportunity is once past; and therefore the timing of Things is a main Point in the Dispatch of all Affairs. There can be no safe or sure Peace, where People are not always in Readiness for War; for the common Well-being of Mankind does not so much depend upon the Faith of Men, and of Governments, as upon the temporary and contingent Occasions of breaking the Peace with Advantage. 'Tis not publick Justice alone, that can uphold a Government, without the Aid of Policy and Counsel. Men do naturally indulge those Opinions and Practices, that favour their Pretensions; and it is too much to superadd powerful Temptations to do wrong, to the Force of vicious Inclinations to do it. The Boar's whetting his Teeth, was only an Act of necessary Precaution, for fear of the worst: And the Porcupine did wisely too, in keeping himself upon his Guard, when the Enemy was in view.

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FAB. 215.

IMPERTINENT AND PHILOSOPHER.

A Certain pragmatical, gay, fluttering Coxcomb, would needs make a Visit to a Philosopher. He found him alone in his Study, and fell a wondering how he could endure to lead so solitary a Life. Sir, says the Philosopher, you are exceedingly mistaken; for I was in very good Company till you came in.

MORAL.

What the noisy and most numerous Part of the World calls good Company, is generally the most irksome and insipid thing in the World to a wise Man; a mere Round of Folly and Impertinence, and void of any kind of Instruction or Benefit to a reflecting Mind. How preferable to such a Man must it be to converse with the learned Dead, rather than the unedifying and noisy Living?

REFLECTION.

It is one of the most vexatious Mortifications, perhaps, of a sober and studious Man's Life, to have his Thoughts disorder'd, and the Chain of his Reason discompos'd, by the Importunity of a tedious and impertinent Visit: Especially if it be from a Fool of Quality, where the Station of the Man entitles him to all Returns of good Manners and Respect. The Drift of this Fable is to tell us, that good Books and good Thoughts are the best Company, and that they are mistaken, who think a wise Man can ever be alone. It prepares us also to expect Interruptions and Disappointments, and to provide for 'em; but withal to take the best Care we can to prevent the Plague of ill Company, by avoiding the Occasions of it. The Linking of a Man of Brains and Honesty with a lewd, insipid Companion, is effectually the Emblem of that Tyrant, who bound the Living and the Dead together; and yet this is it which the Impertinent takes for the Relief of Solitude, and that he calls Company.

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FAB. 216.

THE SPLENETICK TRAVELLER.

A Splenetick and a facetious Man were once upon a Journey: The former went slugging on with a thousand Cares and Troubles in his Head, exclaiming over and over, Lord, What shall I do to live? The other jogg'd merrily away, and left his Matters to Providence and good Fortune. Well, Brother, says the sorrowful Wight, How can you be so frolick now? As I am a Sinner, my Heart's e'en ready to break for fear I should want Bread. Come, come, says the other, Fall Back, Fall Edge, I have fixed my Resolution, and my Mind's at Rest. Ay, but for all that, says the other, I have known the Confidence of as resolute People as yourself, has deceiv'd them in the Conclusion; and so the poor Man fell into another Fit of Doubting and Musing, till he started out of it all on a sudden: Good Sirs! says he, What if I should fall blind? And so he walk'd a good Way before his Companion with his Eyes shut, to try how it would be, if that Misfortune should befal him. In this Interim, his Fellow-Traveller, who follow'd him, found a Purse of Money upon the Way, which rewarded his Trust in Providence; whereas the other miss'd that Encounter as a Punishment of his Distrust; for the Purse had been his, as he went first, if he had not put himself out of Condition of seeing it.

MORAL.

He that commits himself to Providence is sure of a Friend in time of Need; while an anxious Distrust of the divine Goodness makes a Man more and more unworthy of it; and miserable beforehand, for fear of being so afterward.

REFLECTION.

The two opposite Humours of a chearful Trust in Providence, and a suspicious Diffidence of it, with the ordinary Effects and Consequences of the one and the other, are very well set forth here for our Instruction and Comfort. The divine Goodness never fails those that depend upon it, provided that, according to the Advice of *Hercules* to the *Carter,* they put their own Shoulders to the Work.

The most wretched Sort of People under the Sun, are your Dreamers upon Events, your low-spirited Foreboders, Supposers, and Putters of Cases: They are still calculating within themselves, What if this or that Calamity, Judgment, or Disaster, should befal them? And so they really suffer the Evils they dread most.

It is very certain, that what *we fear,* we *feel;* beside that, Fancy breeds Misery as naturally as it does the Small-Pox. Set a whimsical Head once agog upon Sprights and Goblins, and he will be ready to squirt his Wits at his own Shadow. There is no surer Remedy for this superstitious and desponding Weakness, than first to govern our selves by the best Improvement of that Reason which Providence has given us for a Guide; and then, when we have done our own Parts, to commit all chearfully, for the rest, to the good Pleasure of Heaven, with Trust and Resignation. Why should not I as well comfort myself with the *Hope* of what may be, as torment myself with the *Fear* of it? He that distrusts God's Providence, does effectually put himself out of his Protection.

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FAB. 217.

UNDUTIFUL YOUNG LION.

Among other good Counsels that an old experienc'd Lion gave to his Whelp, this was one, That he should never contend with a Man: For, says he, if ever you do, you'll be worsted. The little Lion gave his Father the hearing, and kept the Advice in his Thought, but it never went near his Heart. When he came to be grown up afterward, and in the Flower of his Strength and Vigour, about he ranges to look for a Man to grapple with. In his Ramble he met with a Yoke of Oxen, and then with a Horse, saddled and bridled, and severally asked them if they were Men; but they saying they were not, he goes after this, to one that was cleaving of Blocks; D'ye hear? says the Lion, you seem to be a Man. And a Man I am, says the Fellow. That's well, quoth the Lion, and dare you fight with me? Yes, says the Man, I dare: Why, I can tear all these Blocks to pieces, you see. Put your Feet now into this Gap, where you see an Iron Thing there, and try what you can do. The Lion presently put his Paws into the Gaping of the Wood, and with one lusty Pluck, made it give way, and out drops the Wedge; the Wood immediately closing upon it, there was the Lion caught by the Toes. The Wood-Man presently upon this, raises the Country, and the Lion finding what a Streight he was in, gave one hearty Twitch, and got his Feet out of the Trap, but left his Claws behind him. So away he goes back to his Father, all lame and bloody, with this Confession in his Mouth; Alas! my dear Father, says he, this had never been, if I had follow'd your Advice.

MORAL.

The Vengeance of Heaven, sooner or later, treads upon the Heels of wilful Disobedience to Parents.

REFLECTION.

Children are not to reason upon Obedience to Parents, provided there be nothing in the Command, or in the Imposition, that is simply evil; for headstrong and undutiful Children seldom escape a remarkable Punishment, which gives them Reason to say to their Parents, *This had never been, if I had follow'd your Advice.*

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FAB. 218.

JUPITER AND A FARMER.

A Farmer supplicated *Jupiter,* that he might have the ordering of the Air and the Seasons in his own Grounds as he thought fit. *Jupiter,* to punish him for his Presumption, granted his Request; and he had Heat and Cold, Calms and Winds, Wet and Dry, as he pleas'd: But he order'd the Matter so ill, having sometimes too little, and sometimes too much of the one Sort or other, that hardly any thing prosper'd with him, and he had ten times worse Crops than his Neighbours, tho' he took ten times the Pains that they did; so that at last he was quite tir'd out with changing his Seasons, and watching the Effects thereof Night and Day, and petition'd *Jupiter* to relieve him from his Cares, and to take back again the Conduct of the Seasons into his own Hands.

MORAL.

We ought to make it a Petition, that, in many Cases, Heaven would be so gracious to us, as not to hear our Prayers; for we are otherwise in Danger to be undone by our own Wishes.

REFLECTION.

There must be no prescribing of Rules to the divine Wisdom. What a Confusion would it bring upon Mankind, if all those People who are unsatisfied with the Motions, Revolutions, and Influences of the celestial Orbs, the Course of the Seasons, and the providential Distribution of Heats and Colds, Rain, Frosts, and Sunshine, might be allowed to take the Government into their own Hands! Our Duty is to confine our Wishes and Desires to the Will of Providence, who knows best what is fittest for us; and who would frequently punish us most, if it granted us what we pray'd for.

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FAB. 219.

JOY AND SORROW.

Joy and Sorrow, two Twin-Sisters, once quarrel'd vehemently who should have the Preference; and being unable to decide the Matter, left it to *Minos* to determine. He try'd all Means to make them agree, and go hand in hand together, as loving Sisters ought, but finding his Counsel had no Effect upon them, he decreed, that they should be link'd together in a Chain; and each of them in turn should be perpetually treading upon the Heel of the other; and not a Pin Matter then, says he, which goes foremost.

MORAL.

No Man is to presume in prosperity, or to despair in Adversity; for good and ill Fortune do as naturally succeed one another, as Day and Night.

REFLECTION.

It is the Lot of Mankind to be happy and miserable by turns. The Wisdom of Providence will have it so; and it is exceedingly for our Advantage that so it should be. There is nothing pure and unmix'd under the Heavens; and if there were, such an abstracted Simplicity would be neither nourishing nor profitable to us. By the Mediation of this Mixture, we have the Comfort of Hope to support us in our Distresses, and the Apprehensions of a Change, to keep a Check upon us in the very Pride of our Greatness: So that by this Vicissitude of *Good* and *Evil,* we are kept steady in our Philosophy, and in our Religion. The one minds us of God's Omnipotence and Justice; the other, of his Goodness and Mercy: The one tells us, there is no trusting to our own Strength; the other preaches Faith and Resignation in the Prospect of an over-ruling Providence that takes Care of us. What is it but Sickness that gives us a Taste of Health? Bondage, the Relish of Liberty? And what but the Experience of Want, that enhances the Value of Plenty? That which we call Ease, is only an Indolency, or a Freedom from Pain; and there is no such thing as Felicity or Misery, but by Comparision. 'Tis very true, that Hopes and Fears are the Snares of Life in some respects, but they are the Reliefs of it in others. Now for fear of the worst, however, on either hand, every Man has it in his Power, by the Force of natural Reason, to avoid the Danger of falling either into Presumption or Despair.

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FAB. 220.

A COUNTRYMAN AND ASS.

As a Countryman, in a Time of War, was grazing his Ass in a Meadow, comes a hot Alarm, that the Enemy was just at hand. The Man calls presently to his Ass, in a terrible Fright, to scoure away as fast as he could: For, says he, we shall be *taken* else. Well, quoth the Ass, and what if we should be *taken?* I can but be a Slave where-ever I am: so that, *taken* or not *taken*, 'tis all a Case to me.

MORAL.

Men in a Fright, or alarm'd with the Apprehensions of some imminent Danger to themselves, often fly for Succour to those from whom they have not deserved any. 'Tis prudent so to behave in our Prosperity, as that we may make every one our Friend in Times of Adversity: For no one is exempted from the Mutability of Fortune.

REFLECTION.

This Fable may serve to shew us, that People in a State of Servitude or Oppression, have little Encouragement to exert themselves either in Favour or Defence of their Oppressors in Times of Danger. One would therefore think, that good Policy and Self-Interest should induce all Governors to study to make themselves beloved by their Subjects rather than hated; for when a People find their Condition so bad, that it cannot well be worse, they will think it an Experiment worth trying, whether the Yoke of another Governor will not sit lighter on their Shoulders, than that which has galled their Necks for a Series of Years. Let the Matter fall out as it will, as they are already Slaves, they can be no worse, let who will be their Master.

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FAB. 221.

SEAMEN PRAYING TO SAINTS.

In a terrible Tempest at Sea, one Seaman took notice that the rest of his Fellows were praying severally to so many Saints. Have a care, my Master, says he, what you do; for what if we should all be drown'd now before the Messenger can deliver his Errand? Would it not be better without going so far about, to pray to him that can save us without Help?

MORAL.

A wise Man will take the nearest and surest Way to obtain his End, and commit no Business of Importance to a Proxy, where he may do it himself.

REFLECTION.

What needs any Man make his Court to the Servant, says Sir *Roger Lestrange,* when his Access is open to the Master? And especially when that Master is as ready to give, as the Petitioner to ask?

With regard to secular Matters, we are told a pleasant Story of one of our Princes, King *Charles* II. He had often observ'd a Country Gentleman attending to speak with one of his first Ministers; and once passing thro' the Apartment where the Gentleman happened to be alone, he asked him his Business. He told him, That he was attending for his Minister, as he had often done, for such a Post in his Majesty's Gift. The King asked him, What he was to give for it to the Minister. He said, 1000l. The King humorously told him, he should have it, and bid him give him 500l, and keep t'other 500l himself; and if he or his Friends wanted any more such Bargains, he might apply to *himself* directly, and be serv'd at half Price.

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FAB. 222.

IMPRACTICABLE LEAGUE.

The Beasts enter'd into a League with the Fishes, against the Birds. The War was declar'd; but the Fishes, instead of their *Quota,* send their Excuse, That they were not able to march by Land.

MORAL.

There is no contracting of Alliances with those who are out of Possibility of assisting in a Time of Need? And those Contracts are void in themselves, that pretend to oblige us against Nature.

REFLECTION.

In all Contracts, whether of publick Alliance, and Commerce, or particular Friendship, there must a Regard be had to reciprocal Aid and Assistance, in case of any Distress; so that all the Circumstances of Ability, Disposition, Situation, Interest, *&c* must be taken into Thought, and rightly understood, before the Bargain be struck. We have seen an Instance something like this in our Time: The *Russians* engage to assist the Emperor with *20000* Men against their common Enemy the *Turks:* The Kingdom of *Poland*, a Neuter in the War, lies between the two high Contractors, and the *Poles* refuse the *Russians* a Passage thro' their Territories to join the Emperor. Should not this have been thought of and provided against before the Emperor engaged in that War at the Instigation of *Russia?*

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FAB. 223.

AGE TO BE HONOUR'D.

A Pert and inconsiderate young Man happen'd to meet an old Man, whose Age and Infirmity had brought his Body almost to the Shape of a bent Bow. Pray, Father, says he, will you sell your Bow? Save your Money, you Fool, says the other; for when you come to my Years, you shall have such a Bow for nothing.

MORAL.

There cannot be a greater Folly and Impertinence, than that of young Men scoffing at the Infirmities of Age, which cannot be avoided but by dying young; and such may be said, not to deserve to live to long Life.

REFLECTION.

We are ah born to die, and it is every jot as certain that we shall go out of the World, as that we are already come into it; we are helpless in Infancy, ungovernable in Youth; our Strength and Vigour scarce outlast a Morning Sun; our Infirmities hasten upon us as our Years advance, and we grow as helpless in our old Age as in our Infancy: What then have the best of us to boast of? Even Time and human Frailty alone, will bring us to our End without the Help of any Accidents or Distempers; so that our Decays are as much the Works of Nature, as the first Principles of our being; and the young Man's Conceit of the crooked Bow here, is no better than an irreverent Way of making Sport with the Course of Providence: Beside shewing the Folly of scoffing at that in another, which he himself was sure to come to at last, or worse.

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FAB. 224.

A BEAR AND BEES.

A Bear was so enrag'd at the Stinging of a Bee, that he ran like mad into the Bee-Garden, and overturn'd all the Hives in Revenge. This Outrage brought them out in Troops upon him; and when he was almost stung to Death, he came to bethink himself, how much more advisable it had been to pass over one Injury, than by an unprofitable Passion to provoke a Thousand.

MORAL.

It is better to pass over an Affront from one Scoundrel, than to draw the whole Herd of the Mobile about a Mans Ears.

REFLECTION.

We are to learn from hence, the Folly of an impotent and inconsiderate Anger; and that there is no Creature so contemptible, but by the Help of Resolution, and of Numbers, it may gain its Point. The Heat and Thirst of Revenge does but hurry People from less Mischiefs to greater; as one hasty Word or Blow brings on a Thousand. There is no opposing the Torrent of a head-strong Multitude; for Rage and Despair give Courage to the most inconsiderable and the most fearful of Creatures. Had it not been better for the Bear to have passed over the Affront of one spiteful Bee, than to provoke and draw upon himself the Outrage of a Thousand?

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FAB. 225.

HUNTSMAN AND CURRIER.

A Huntsman told a Currier, That he should go out next Day and kill a Bear, and he would sell him the Skin. The Currier agreed to pay him his Price, and went out next Day with the Huntsman to the Chace; and mounted a Tree, where he might see the Sport. The Huntsman advanc'd very bravely up to the Den where the Bear lay, and threw in his Dogs upon him. He rustled out immediately, and the Man missing his Aim, the Bear overturn'd him. So the Fellow held his Breath, and lay Stone still, as if he were dead. The Bear snuffled, and smelt to him, and took him for a Carcass, and so left him. When the Bear was gone, and the Danger over, down comes the Currier from the Tree, and bad the Huntsman rise. Hark ye, my Friend, says the Currier, the Bear whisper'd somewhat in your Ear: What was it, I pr'ythee? Oh, says the Huntsman, he bad me have a Care for the future, to make sure of the Bear, before I sell his Skin.

MORAL.

Let no Man undertake for what is out of his Power; for there is no depending upon Uncertainties, or upon what a To-morrow may bring forth.

REFLECTION.

In the Days of Stock-jobbing many such a Bargain as this has been struck, and it is from this Fable probably, that such were called *Bears* and *Bulls?*

To make a serious Application of this Apologue, we may observe, with Sir *Roger Lestrange,* That it is much at this rate that we wretched Mortals make all our Bargains: We give our Time, Study, Interest, and Liberty, and, in short, part with all that is precious, not only upon Uncertainties, but for Things we can never obtain: And have only this cruel Reflection left us, when 'tis too late, That we ought to have built our Hopes and Expectations on a more solid and durable Foundation.

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FAB. 226.

NO PLEASING EVERY-BODY?

An old Man and a little Boy were driving an Ass before them to the next Market to sell. Why, have you no more Wit, says one to the Man upon the Way, than you and your Son to trudge it a-foot, and let the Ass go light? So the Man set the Boy upon the Ass, and footed it himself. Why, Sirrah, says another after this, to the Boy, You lazy Rogue you, must you ride, and let your antient Father go a-foot? The Man, upon this, took down his Boy, and got up himself. D'ye see, says a third, how the lazy old Knave rides himself, and the poor little Child has much ado to creep after him! The Father, upon this, took up his Son behind him. The next they met, ask'd the old Man, whether the Ass were his own or no? He said, Yes. Troth there's little Sign of it, says the other, by your loading him thus. Well, says the Fellow to himself, What am I to do now? For I am laugh'd at, if either the Ass be light, or if one of us rides, or both; and so, in the Conclusion, he bound the Ass's Legs together with a Cord, and they try'd to carry him to Market with a Pole upon their Shoulders betwixt them. This was Sport to every Body that saw it, insomuch that the old Fellow in great Wrath threw down the Ass into a River, and so went his Way home again. The good Man, in fine, was willing to please Every-body, but had the ill Fortune to please Nobody, and lost his Ass into the Bargain.

MORAL.

He that resolves not to go to Bed 'till all the World is pleas'd, shall be troubled with the Head-ach.

REFLECTION.

No Man can be either happy or secure, that governs himself by the Humour and Opinion of others. It is a Thing utterly impossible to please All: And none but a mad Man will endeavour it. What then has a wise Man to do in this Case, but to distinguish what is right and fit, and then act up to the Dictates of a good Conscience, and not value what the World says of him or his Actions? It is true, a prudent Man should, if he can fairly and honestly, endeavour to gain every-body's good Word; and ought to avoid making himself Enemies, or to give just Grounds to the busy Censures of others: But, after all, as it is impossible to please every one, he must judge for himself; for it is by his own Actions, and his own

Judgment, that he must stand or fall. We have given the above Fable, in the very Words of Sir *Roger,* because ’tis so well penn’d, that it cannot be either mended or abridg’d, tho’ we have taken some Liberty in the Reflection upon it; and, we presume to think, not for the worse.

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FAB. 227.

JUPITER'S TWO WALLETS.

When *Jupiter* first made Man, he gave him Two Satchels, one for his Neighbour's Faults, which he directed should be thrown behind him; the other for his own, which he order'd him to carry always in View before him. But the new-made Man perversely inverted the Direction; for he threw his own behind, and carry'd his Neighbour's before him; and so became quick-sighted to his Neighbour's Failings, and blind to his own.

MORAL.

Every Man living is partial in his own Case; but it is the Humour of Mankind to have our Neighbour's Faults always in our Eye, and to cast our own over our Shoulders, out of Sight.

REFLECTION.

We are here admonish'd of a double Fault; want of Charity and Justice towards others, and want of a Christian Scrutiny and Examination into ourselves: So that here is the Sin of Detraction in making other People worse than they are, and the Sin of Pride and Hypocrisy, in boasting our selves to be better.

We live like Spendthrifts, that know themselves to be desperately in Debt, and dare not look into their Accounts to see how the Reckoning stands. Nay, 'tis the Case of too many of us, that we keep no Books neither; or at the best, do not know where to find them. Self-Love is still attended with a Contempt of others, and a common Mistake of Matters at Home as well as Abroad; for we keep Registers of our Neighbours Faults, and none of their good Deeds; and no Memorials all this while of what we do amiss ourselves. *I am not as this Publican*, is the very Top of our Righteousness.

Thus goes the World, and a lewd Practice it is, for one Man to value himself upon the Wickedness of another: But the worst of all is yet behind; that is to say, to think ourselves safe, so long as we keep our Iniquities from the Knowledge of Men, and out of our own View and Memory, without any Awe of that Justice which never sleeps, and of that All-seeing Eye and Wisdom which observes all our Mis-doings, and from which nothing can be hid.

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FAB. 228.

A MERCHANT AND MARINER.

A Merchant at Sea ask'd the Ship's Master, What Death his Father dy'd? He told him, that his Father, his Grandfather, and his Great Grandfather were all drown'd. Well, says the Merchant, and are not you yourself afraid of being drown'd too? Pray, says the Skipper, What Death did Your Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather die? Why they dy'd all in their Beds, says the Merchant. Very good, says the Skipper, and why should I be any more afraid of going to Sea, than you are of going to Bed?

MORAL.

He that troubles his Head with drawing frightful Consequences from mere Contingencies, shall never be at Rest: And this is farther to mind us, that in an honest Course of Life, we are not to fear Death.

REFLECTION.

It is much in our own Power, says Sir *Roger Lestrange,* how to live; but not at all, when or how to die: So that our Part is only to submit to Providence, and to bid Death Welcome at what Time, and in what Place or Manner soever it shall please God to send it. The Reason and the Doctrine of this Fable is clear, strong, and edifying: We are either not to fear Death at all, or to fear it every Moment of our Lives; nay, and in all the Forms that ever it appear'd in, which will put us to such a stand, that we shall not dare even to *live* for fear of *dying.* We must neither eat, nor drink, nor breathe, nor sleep, if we come once to boggle at Precedents, and at the doing of those things over again, that ever any Man dy'd of before. There is not one Instant of Life, in fine, but may be our last. Beside that we live, not only in the daily Danger of Death, but in a continual Certainty of it: So that the Question is not *How,* or of *What* this or that Man dy'd, but the inevitable Fate and Mortality of Mankind. One Man dies in his Bed, another at Sea, a third in the Field; this Man of one Accident or Distemper, that of another: And what is there more in all this now, than so many several Ways to the same Journey's End? There is no such Preservative against the Fear of Death, as the Conscience of a

good Life; and if we would have it *easy,* we must make the Thought of it *familiar* to us.

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FAB. 229.

EAGLE, CAT, AND SOW.

An Eagle, a Cat, and a Sow, bred in a Wood together. The Eagle timber'd upon the Top of a high Oak; the Cat kitten'd in the hollow Trunk of it, and the Sow lay pigging at the Bottom. The Cat, set upon Mischief, went with her Tale to the Eagle: Your Majesty had best look to yourself, says Puss; for there is most certainly a Plot against you, and, perchance, upon poor me too; for yonder's a Sow lies grubbing every Day at the Root of this Tree; she'll bring it down at last, and then your little ones and mine are all at Mercy. So soon as ever she had hammer'd a Jealousy into the Head of the Eagle, away to the Sow she goes; Little do you think, says she, what Danger your Litter is in; there's an Eagle watching constantly upon this Tree to make a Prey of your Pigs, and so soon as ever you are out of the Way, she will certainly execute her Design. The Cat, upon this, goes presently to her Kittens again, keeping herself upon her Guard all Day, as if she were afraid, and steals out still at Night to provide for her Family. In one Word, the Eagle durst not stir for fear of the Sow; and the Sow durst not budge for fear of the Eagle: So that they kept themselves upon their Guard till they Were starv'd, and left the Care of their Children to Puss and her Kittens.

MORAL.

There can be no Peace in any State or Family, where Whisperers and Tale-bearers are encourag'd.

REFLECTION.

Busy-Bodies and Intermeddlers are a dangerous Sort of People to have to do withal; for there is no Mischief that may not be wrought by the Craft and Manage of a double Tongue, with a foolish Credulity to work upon. There is hardly a greater Pest to Government, to Conversation, to the Peace of Societies, Relations and Families, than officious Tale-bearers, and busy Intermeddlers. These Pick-thanks are enough to set Mankind together by the Ears; they live upon Calumny and Slander, and cover themselves too under the Seal of Secrecy and Friendship: These are the People who *set their Neighbours Houses on Fire to roast their own Eggs.* The Sin of Traducing is diabolical, according to the very Letter; and if the Office be artificially manag'd, it is enough to put the whole World into a Flame,

and nobody the wiser which way it came. The Mischief may be promoted, by mis-representing, mis-understanding, or mis-interpreting our Neighbours Thoughts, Words and Deeds; and no Wound so mortal, as that where the Poison works under a Pretence of Kindness: Nay, there are Ways of Commendation and Insinuations of Affection and Esteem, that kill a Man as sure as a Bullet. This Practice is the Bane of all Trust and Confidence; and it is as frequent in the Intrigues of Courts and States, as in the most ordinary Accidents of Life. Tis enough to break the Neck of all honest Purposes, to stifle all generous and publick-spirited Motions, and to suppress all honourable Inclinations in the very Conception. But, next to the Practice of these lewd Offices, deliver all honest Men, say I, from lying at the Mercy of those that encourage and entertain them.

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FAB. 230.

A RUSTICK AND A RIVER.

A Stupid Rustick sent to Market with Butter and Cheese, by the good old Woman his Mother, made a Stop at a River in the Way, and laid himself down upon the Bank, in Expectation that it would soon run out. About Midnight, home he goes to his Mother, with all his Market-Trade, back again. Why, how now, Son, says she, what have we here to do? Why, Mother, says the Booby, yonder's a scurvy River that has been running all this Day, and I staid till just now for the running of it out, and there 'tis running still!

MORAL.

We are not to expect that Nature will change her Course, to accommodate us, or to gratify the sickly Freak of every fantastical Humour.

REFLECTION.

This shews us the Mischief and the Danger of Procrastination. The Slothful and Irresolute slip their Opportunities in the very Expectation of them. Some People are so unreasonably lazy, as to expect that Nature should rather go out of her Course and Way for their sakes, than they put themselves to the Trouble of moving one Step out of their own Way, for the sake of Business. They will rather wait the running of the River dry, than take Pains to look about for a Bridge or a Ford. They never consider that Nature is a perpetual Motion, and that the Work of the Universe circulates without any Interval or Repose. Why should not the Sun sleep in the Firmament, or stand still to attend our Affairs, as well as the Rivers stop their Courses to give us Passage?

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FAB. 231.

THE ARBITRARY EAGLE.

It was once put to the Question among the Birds, which of them was the greatest Beauty. The Eagle gave her Voice for herself, and carry'd it: Yes, says a disappointed Peacock, in a soft Voice by the bye, you are a great Beauty indeed! but it lies in your Beak and your Talons, which make it Death to dispute it.

MORAL.

The Veneration that is usually paid to great and powerful Men, who at the same time are not good Men, is but from the Teeth outward; *and more out of Fear or Flattery than Love.*

REFLECTION.

The whole World, and the Business of it, is manag'd by Flattery, Fear, or Self-Interest. Power, in short, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and all good Things in one, where Slaves and Parasites are Judges.

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FAB. 232.

AN IMPRUDENT YOUNG LANDLORD

A Foolish Heir, that was just come to the Possession of a wise Man's Estate, caus'd all the Bushes and Hedges about his Vineyard to be grubb'd up, because they brought him no Grapes. The throwing down of this Hedge, laid his Ground open to Man and Beast, and all his Plants were presently destroy'd. My simple young Master came now to be convinc'd of his Folly, in taking away the Guard that preserv'd his Vines, and in expecting Grapes from Brambles.

MORAL.

There needs as much Care and Industry to the preserving of Things, as there does to the acquiring of them; and the Centinel is as necessary to the common Safety, as he that fights the Battle.

REFLECTION.

This Parable of the Hedge and the Vineyard may be aptly enough expounded of the Laws that secure a civil Community. So long as the Inclosure is kept up and maintain'd, the Peace and the Order of the Publick is provided for; but if it be suffer'd by Neglect, either to fall to Decay, or to be overborne by Violence, and laid in common, the Beasts of the Forest break into it, and of a Vineyard it becomes a Wilderness. So in other Cases, outward Respect to Tutors, Parents and Governors may be consider'd as the Fence which is to be kept up inviolate; for if once undue Familiarity is suffer'd to break in upon the requisite Distinctions due from the Governed to the Governors, Contempt will be the necessary Consequence, and there will be an End of all Order, Decorum, and Improvement.

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FAB. 233.

A BULL AND A GNAT.

A Gnat that had placed himself upon the Horn of a Bull, very civilly begg'd the Bull's Pardon for the Liberty he took; but rather than incommode you, says he, by my Weight, I'll remove. Oh, never trouble your Head for that, says the Bull; for I never felt you when you sat down, and I shan't miss you when you rise.

MORAL.

The Vanity of this Fly strikes at a Humour that we meet with every Day in the World, in a hundred trifling idle People, that will be still making themselves more considerable than they are.

REFLECTION.

All frivolous and impertinent Pretensions of Civility are struck at in this Fable; and they well deserve to be corrected; for 'tis certainly one of the most nauseous Mortifications under the Sun, for a Man of Sense and Business to have to do with a precise, finical Fop, who, too-too mannerly, does every thing, forsooth, by Rule and Compass: Especially if it happen that his Quality, Relation, or Authority, intitles him to outward Respect and Forbearance.

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FAB. 234.

TRAVELLER AND GRASSHOPPERS.

A Petulant Traveller one sultry Day, as he rode along, was so offended with the Noise of Grasshoppers in his Ears, that, in great Wrath, he alighted from his Horse to kill them all. He fell a stamping upon some, and whipping at others, as long as the Day lasted; and by that Time, had so fatigu'd himself, that he was forced to tie his Horse to a Tree, and lie down among the still-chirping Insects, with whose Noise he had been so grievously offended.

MORAL.

Petulant and fretful Men will be uneasy at the most trifling Accidents; as the peevish Traveller here quarrel'd even at the Effects of that Summer Sun, which inliven'd all vegetable Nature, and made Birds, Beasts, and Insects, down to the very Grasshopper, rejoice.

REFLECTION.

To take the Fable in a still more serious and general Light, we may consider the several Stages of human Life, as but one continued Journey towards Eternity: In which we too often suffer very trifling Matters to put us beside our Duty. Every little Incident, in short, diverts us from that great Work which ought most to employ our Thoughts; and when we should be attending the Duties of reasonable Beings, we are frequently carry'd away by our headstrong Passions, like Spaniels, which run out at Check after Daws and Crows, without ever heeding their proper Game.

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FAB. 235.

AN EAGLE AND RABBETS.

An Eagle drew a Nest of Rabbets, and carry'd them away to her Young. The Mother-Rabbet adjured her, in the Name of all those Powers that take care of the Innocent and Oppressed, to have Compassion upon her miserable Children: But she, in an Outrage of Pride and Indignation, tears them presently to Pieces. All the Rabbets upon this make a common Cause of it, and fell to undermining the Tree where the Eagle timber'd, which on the first Blast of Wind fell flat to the Ground, Nest, and Eagles, and all. Some of them were killed by the Fall, the rest were devour'd by Birds and Beasts of Prey, in Sight of the injur'd Mother-Rabbet.

MORAL.

'Tis highly imprudent, even in the greatest of Men, unnecessarily to provoke the Meanest, when the Pride of Pharaoh *himself was brought down by miserable Frogs and Lice.*

REFLECTION.

The most inconsiderable of Creatures may at some Time or other, by some Means or other, come to revenge itself upon the greatest; not by its own Force so much, as by the working of divine Justice, that will not suffer Oppression to pass unpunish'd. In Cases of powerful Injustice, the Greatest are not to *presume,* nor the Meanest to *despair.*

Here is Power triumphing over Weakness; a criminal Cruelty over helpless Innocence, and that Cruelty inexorable too, and deaf to the Tears, Supplications, and Importunities of a tender Mother, on the Behalf of her Children. Now for the humbling of this unmerciful Pride in the Eagle, Providence has found out a Way, even by the most despicable of Means and Creatures, to the Wreaking of a Revenge; which shews likewise, that Heaven takes the Cause of the Weak and the Guiltless into a particular Care, and that Vengeance generally treads upon the Heels of Oppression.

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FAB. 236.

PARTRIDGES AND SETTING DOG.

A Covey of Partridges, in Fear of Poachers, made Interest with a Setting Dog to engage all others of his Species to do them Acts of Friendship. He undertook upon his Honour, that not a Dog of his Kind should hurt them; For, says he, we are resolv'd, so soon as ever we have any of your People in the Wind, to fall down flat upon the Ground, and look another Way, without advancing one Step further. Some few Days after, the Covey happen'd to spy this very Spaniel abroad with his Master a Setting. The Dog stopt all of a sudden, and made his Point, and the poor Birds were overjoy'd to see the Cur so true to his Articles; But they did not consider, that the same Signal serv'd the Falconer, as well as the Partridges, who drawing his Net over them, took the whole Covey.

MORAL.

This is the Way of the World, and a great Part of the Business of it too. The Knaves impose upon the Fools, and the Weaker are a Prey to the Stronger.

REFLECTION.

Innocent Men, who knowing no Guile, suspect none, are often drawn into Snares by artful and designing Sharpers. The *Wisdom of the Serpent* is too seldom mixed with the *Harmlessness of the Dove;* and it ought to be a general Rule with a guileless Man to *trust less,* and *suspect more,* than such generally do; at least not to ground so much Confidence in an untry'd Pretender to Friendship, as may subject him to ruinous or fatal Consequences to either his Person or Fortune, in case of Mistake. Nevertheless a Man in Charity should hope the best of every one; but then he should only *hope,* and not *confide* so much as may make a Mistake irretrievable. Indeed, Men who are indiscriminately jealous of the Honesty of others, and who are naturally suspicious, are too generally bad themselves; for, knowing the Corruptness of their own Minds, they think every one like themselves: But yet there is a prudent Caution to be had; and a Man who has large Professions made him of Service and Love, may very well say to himself; I have no Reason to doubt the Professions of my Friend, and I will hope he sincerely means what he says: But, as wiser Men than I have been deceiv'd and cheated by Persons from whom they least expected bad Usage, I will not

wholly lay myself in his Power, and throw off intirely the Guard of honest Prudence; but will rather have my Eye on what *possibly may be,* than what I think *probably will be*: And by this means, I shall not only preserve *myself,* but also my *Friend.* Thus will a wise Man reason, and thus, still keeping his Charity, will he act.

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FAB. 237.

A LAME MAN AND A BLIND.

A Blind Man and a lame Man who were Neighbours, had Occasions which called them to the same Place, some Miles distance from their Habitations, and agreed to answer the common End, the blind Man by finding Legs and Shoulders to carry the Lame, who having his Sight, could direct the other which way to go. By this means they comfortably supply'd each other's Defect, and safely got to their Journey's End, and home again when their Business was done.

MORAL.

Providence has so wisely order'd Matters in this Life, that we may be serviceable to one another in almost every Instance of it.

REFLECTION.

The whole Race of Mankind are but so many Members of the same Body; and in contributing to the Ease and Convenience of each other, we are not only serviceable to the Whole, but kind to ourselves. Every Man living has his Imperfections and Defects, like the Blind and the Lame in the Fable; so that the helping of one another is as well an Office of Expedience as Virtue. What one Man wants, another supplies; and the mutual Need we have of one another is the very Band of human Society. Without these Failings there would be neither Friendships nor Company; so that it is our Interest to be both charitable and sociable, when our very Wants and Necessities are converted by Providence into Blessings.

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FAB. 238.

THE THREE PRETENDED PENITENTS.

A Wolf, a Fox and Ass, had got once into a strong Fit of Repentance for all the Evils they had committed, and were resolved to confess their Sins to one another.

I do confess, says the Wolf, that once in hot Blood I killed a goodly fat Sow: Indeed she deserv'd it; for the unnatural Brute had twelve Pigs, which she left starving in the Sty, while she was stuffing her Guts with Acorns in a neighbouring Wood: And when the Dam was dead, it was the greatest Charity in the World, as I then thought, to put the poor Pigs out of their Pain; and upon that Consideration only, I dispatch'd them likewise. This, says the Wolf, with Tears in his Eyes, I did, more's my Grief. Comfort thy tender Heart, honest *Isgrim,* says the Fox; for thou hadst a good Intention in punishing the Sow for leaving her Young, and no less afterwards in putting an End to the Misery of the poor motherless Pigs.

For my Part, says the Fox, I have been a wicked Sinner, truly, for, among other Depredations, I once seiz'd upon a stately Cock, as he was crowing among his Mistresses, and snapt his Head off. Indeed he provoked me to it by his unsufferable Insolence and Noisiness; for he was always strutting, crowing, and making such a Disturbance, that not one of his Neighbours could sleep for him. But, what added to my Fault, if a Fault it was, the foolish Hens made such a Cackling and Screaming, that, in my own Defence, *Jupiter* forgive me! I was forced to serve them with the same Sauce. And then he set up likewise a Howl of Lamentation for his Misdeeds. Peace, Peace, good *Reynard,* says the Wolf; I don't see but you did Justice upon the rascally Cock; and what you did by the Hens, as you say, was in your own Defence; and, for my Part, I can't see how an honest Fox could do otherwise.

Thus the Wolf and the Fox, Wolf and Fox-like, acquitted each other. The Ass's Confession came next. I do confess, says he, that I knabbled a little Straw out of the Saddle of my Master, who was a Groom, and the Man got Cold upon it: But I was ready to starve for Hunger; pray deal mercifully by me. Dost thou talk of Mercy, cry'd the Wolf! Why it might have cost the Man his Life, Villain as thou art! Very true, says the Fox, I never knew a more flagrant Wickedness in my Life! — nd so they both fell on, and tore the miserable Ass in Pieces.

MORAL.

When Highwaymen and Robbers sit in Judgment upon one another's Wickedness, such Determination may be expected as the Wolf and the Fox pronounc'd upon each other's Crimes; while the poor Ass, that fell into their Clutches, with a thousand times their Innocence, was sure to be made a Victim to their predetermin'd Malice and selfishness.

REFLECTION.

The pretended Unnaturalness of the Sow in leaving her Young, tho' she was in Search of Food to increase her Milk for their Sustenance; the Wolf s destroying of the Pigs afterwards, under Pretence of putting them out of their Pain; the Fox's killing the Cock for being troublesome to the Neighbours, and the Hens afterwards under Pretence of Self-defence, were wretched Excuses and Palliations, that would acquit a Wolf to a Fox, and a Fox to a Wolf only: But must aggravate the Villainy and Hypocrisy of the Criminals to an all-seeing Eye, whose Penetration cannot be eluded by such cobweb Pretence. Upon the Whole, this Fable carries a severe Reflection upon the Generality of wretched Mortals, who even under the strong Sense and Conviction of their Sins, seek to palliate and extenuate them, as the Wolf and Fox did: The Sow, says the Wolf, I destroy'd, but it was in hot Blood; so, says the Sinner, I have been guilty of such and such a sensual Act, but it was in the Heat of Youth, when Passions run strong and all Mankind, more or less, are carry'd away by their Appetites. And as the Wolf and the Fox could so easily acquit themselves of the most heinous Transgressions, and without Mercy fall upon the Ass, and tear him in Pieces, for a small Fault, which, too, was owing to hungry Necessity: So many Men pass lightly over their own enormous Crimes, and without Compassion tear in Pieces the Reputation of a poor Neighbour, not half so wicked as themselves; or, in other Cases, prosecute necessitous Wretches with unrelenting Vengeance, for Faults not near the Size of their own. But let such who will not *forgive* as they hope to be *forgiven,* expect a dreadful Retribution at the great Day, when their partial Pleas will not be able to hold before a righteous and unerring Tribunal, and when they may expect, that the *Measure they have meted to others, will be meted to them again.*

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FAB. 239.

DISAPPOINTED MILKMAID.

As a Country-Lass was carrying a Pail of Milk to Market upon her Head, she fell to casting up, all the Way, what a pretty Account that Stock of hers might come to in a short time, with a little good Management. This *Milk,* says she, will bring me so much ready Money: That *Money* will buy me so many Eggs: Those *Eggs* so much Poultry; and, with the Fox's Leave, that *Poultry* will make me Mistress of a Pig, which *Pig* may be improv'd into a fat Hog; and that *Hog* will bring me so much Money in my Purse. Now with that *Money,* I shall quickly strike into a *Cow* and a *Calf.* And then, says she, comes a *Sweetheart!* Upon the Transport of that Thought, down comes the Pail of Milk, which put an End to the whole Story of the Eggs, the Poultry, the Pig, the Hog, the Cow, the Calf, and all the Whimsies that went along with it.

MORAL.

We should not, as the Proverb says, reckon up our Chickens before they are hatched; *that is, not build our Happiness upon a Foundation so slippery as remote Contingencies.*

REFLECTION.

The Milkmaid's Case is too much that of all Mankind: We go on from Project to Project, from Hope to Hope, as if we were to live for ever. One Man forms to himself this Scheme, another that; and Oh! how happy will each be, when he brings his Views to bear! But just as they think themselves within Reach of all they hop'd and wish'd, comes Death, another sort of Sweetheart than the poor Girl pleased herself with; down comes all the frothy Milk of their airy Expectations, and they have nothing but the Vanity of their Hopes to contemplate upon, while they languish on a sick Bed, and at last wind up the whole melancholy Story in the *Memento* they afford to others, how they build their sole Happiness on the transitory Pleasures or Amusements of this uncertain Life.

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FAB. 240.

THERE'S NO TO-MORROW.

A Man who had lived a very profligate Life, at length being awaken'd by the lively Representations of a sober Friend, on the Apprehensions of a feverish Indisposition, promised, That he would heartily set about his Reformation, and that To-Morrow he would seriously begin it. But the Symptoms going off, and that To-Morrow coming, he still put it off till the next, and so he went on from one To-Morrow to another, but still he continued his reprobate Life. This his Friend observing to him, said, I am very much concerned to find how little Effect my disinterested Advice has upon you: But, my Friend, let me tell you, that since your To-Morrow never comes, nor do you seem to intend it shall, I will believe you no more, except you set about your Repentance and Amendment This very Moment: For, to say nothing of your repeated broken Promises, you must consider that the Time that is past is no more; That To-Morrow is not OURS, and the present NOW is all we have to boast of.

MORAL.

That Compunction of Heart cannot he sincere, which takes not immediate Effect, and can be put off till To-Morrow. The Friend's closing Observation in the Fable, is so good a Moral, that we need add nothing to it.

REFLECTION.

Whoever considers this Emblem, will find it to be his own Case; we promise and we put off, and we sin and we go on sinning: But still as our Conscience checks us for it, we take up faint Purposes and half Resolutions to do so no more, and to lead a new Life for the future. Thus, with the young Fellow here, we indulge ourselves in our Pleasures from time to time; and when we have trifled away our Lives, Day after Day, from one To-Morrow to another, that same To-morrow never comes. This is the Sluggard's Plea and Practice; the Libertine's, the Miser's, and in short, whose is it not? Now, if we would but consider the Vanity and the Vexation of a lewd Course of Life; the Impiety first of entring into Vows, which we intend before-hand not to perform, and afterward of breaking them; the Folly and the Presumption of undertaking for any thing that is wholly out of our Power; the Necessity of improving every Moment of our Lives; the desperate and the

irreparable Hazard of losing Opportunities; we should not venture Body and Soul upon the Necessity of a procrastinated Repentance, and postpone the most uncertain Duties of a Man and of a Christian. For there is no To-Morrow, nor any thing, in Truth, but the present Instant that we can call our own.

FINIS.

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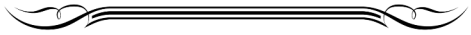
The Non-Fiction

Sketch of Richardson's home, The Grange, Fulham, London, c. 1720 — in December 1738, Richardson's printing business was successful enough to allow him to lease this house, which would remain his residence from 1739 till 1754.

The Grange in 1950, shortly before demolition

THE INFIDEL CONVICTED



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THE INFIDEL CONVICTED.
POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN,

And, particularly, To Those of the INNS of COURT In and about this Great METROPOLIS.

Permit me, I beseech ye, young Gentlemen, among the Crowd of Writers that have ingag'd in the present important Controversy, to throw in among you, a little common Sense and plain Reasoning, in Behalf of Christianity, which may possibly affect the Minds of such of you as are not resolutely harden'd against all Conviction.

As to the principal Leaders of the present Apostacy, I own I have not much Hopes that any thing I shall offer, will have Influence upon them. They are Persons that seem to be given up to a Reprobate Mind, and their Pride, their Vanity, their Disappointments, their Love of Novelty, or their Gain, may operate so strongly upon them, as to secure them equally against the Possibility of Conviction, and of Repentance.

But for such as are only Smatterers in Infidelity, because it is a New Thing; who can have no Worldly Views to gratify by the new-fangled Impieties; who, whatever Loose they may give themselves at present, must, one Time or other, enter into the solid Parts of Living and of Thinking, and may possibly one Day think it Policy, at least, to attempt to keep their Families, Children, and Servants in Order by the sacred Ties of Religion and Piety: For such, I say, I am in some Hopes, that they may be made sensible, on due Reflection, of the Folly of jesting with edg'd Tools, of turning sacred Things into Ridicule, and playing with their Perdition, till it overtake them; till they are given up to a Reprobate Mind, and are thrown headlong, if not into a State of Despondency (for from that their want of Faith may secure them) into a State of final Impenitence.

What I have aim'd at in the following Sheets, is, to accommodate myself to the plainest Capacities, by easy and familiar Reasonings, without entering into the abstruser Points of Divinity; and as Mr. Locke is reckon'd upon by some Persons, as the Corner-stone of the present Scepticism; and as a different Use has been doubtless made of his Writings, than he ever intended; I have, in the Course of the Argument, selected a few Paragraphs from that sublime Reasoner, in Vindication of Christianity; which I believe must have a better Effect from him, than from any other Author, as he was a Layman, and not to be suspected of Priestcraft; but, on the contrary, was known to be a strenuous Advocate for Reason, and Liberty of Thinking, and struck out more new and useful Lights in that Way, than any Author of his own, or any other Age.

The Reason why I address myself not only to the British Youth in general, but particularly to You, Gentlemen, of the Inns of Court about this great City, is, because 'tis too justly to be apprehended, that many of you have taken a very deep Taint of this Infection of Infidelity; insomuch, that many of you affect servilely to repeat, at every Coffee-house Table where you frequent, to the great Offence of all sober Minds, the senseless Buffoonery and lewd Scoffs of the most virulent Apostate that has appear'd since the Time of the Emperor Julian: And it will be a very great Pleasure to me, if the Arguments contain'd in the subsequent Pages, may have the happy Effect to put any of you upon due Reflection; if they are able to confirm the doubting Minds of well-meaning Persons, who may have been shock'd by the bold Attacks that have been lately made on the Christian Religion, and to bring back any of you to the regular Paths, which conducted your Forefathers to the End of Life with Comfort and Happiness both to themselves and Families.

For, let me tell you, young Gentlemen, if your Fathers had given such a Loose to their fanciful Imaginations, as you, their wiser Sons, do, I know not whether the Influences it would have had on their Morals, would not (if you had had a Being at all) have given you, both as to Health and Circumstance, a much other guise Situation, than that in which you now find yourselves.

'Tis hard to say where a Man may stop, that has brought himself to dispense with those sacred Tests of Religion and Good Manners, which ought to incompass and secure his Virtue. If once the proper Mounds or Boundaries, that are fix'd to with-hold the rapid Waves of Libertinism, come ever so little to be broken thro', the rushing Waters will quickly make themselves a larger Passage: They will impetuously bear down all Obstructions, and will soon overwhelm the fair Pasture of an innocent Mind.

You knew the Time yourselves, my dear Friends, when you were shock'd at those Impieties which now your bolder Minds glory in; and you cannot promise yourselves how far short of what you may now tremble at (supposing you not totally abandon'd) your present Depravity will lead you.

Let me tell you, Gentlemen, that even a Resolute Course of Piety, is an Up-hill Contention against the Delusions of our own Frailty and Partiality (for, in Complaisance to your present illuminated Tastes, I put the Devil quite out of the Case): No Wonder then, that we are precipitated Down-hill with a Vengeance when we give way to the Deceptions of a depraved Nature; and suffer our Imaginations to run away with our Discretion, as the Devils did with the Swine, till, like them, we are plung'd into the fathomless Abyss of Doubt and Uncertainty.

It is excellently said, by an ingenious Author, There is nothing more unreasonable than to neglect and despise plain and sufficient Evidence before us (and such I hope we shall produce in the following Sheets) and to sit down to imagine what kind of Evidence would have pleased us; and then to make the Want of such Evidence an Objection to the Truth; which yet, if well consider'd, would be found to be well establish'd. This is making our wild Fancies and vain Imaginations sit in Judgment upon Revelation, and to determine boldly upon it, as our changeable and erroneous Opinion, or perhaps our Conveniency or Appetite, which we may nick-name Reason, at the Time suggests to us.

I say, At the Time for as positive as you may now be of the Strength of your Reason, it is far from being impossible that you may be hereafter convicted to a quite contrary Sentiment, which may put in as strong a Claim as your present Opinion does, to the Name of Reason; and even then, you are not sure but you may be afterwards still farther illuminated, and induced to embrace a third Opinion different from both: So fallacious, so variable is what you call Reason! and so unfit to be set up as an absolute Guide, in Opposition to the unerring and immutable Laws of the Gospel.

I will be bold therefore to pronounce, That the more you know, the less you'll doubt, or at least, the more modest you'll be; — if but for your own Sakes, lest you should live to change your Opinions; for why should you believe your Reason is arriv'd at its full Maturity, and that it is so capacious, that it can comprehend every thing? What Improvement have any of you made in Sciences of any kind, which you have made your particular Study, that should induce you to this extraordinary Opinion of your own finite Reasons and circumscrib'd Understandings?

Are there not in the Heavens, in the Earth, in the Air, and in the Waters, innumerable and incomprehensible Wonders, far beyond the Capacity of the clearest and most illuminated Minds to account for by feeble Reason? Will you therefore deny the Evidence of your Senses, to the Existence of such Wonders, because they are beyond your Comprehension?

What surprizing discoveries have been of late Years made in Science by Sir ISAAC Newton, and others! But because most of those Discoveries are Demonstrations only to the Learned Few, must the Generality of the World, (who can neither conceive nor comprehend them) reject them as unworthy of their Belief for no other Cause than that they are not demonstrable to their weak Reason?

To descend still lower: How often, even in common Acquirements, which we master by Application only, and which require no great Force of Genius to attain, do we at the Beginning wonder at, and think next to impracticable, those Things,

which afterwards become so easy and pleasant to us, that we are surprized that we should ever have thought them difficult?

How much less then are the Mysteries of Religion, and those Divine Truths which GOD has not thought fit to submit to the fallible Reason of short-sighted Man, to be rejected, because we cannot account for them, and bring them down to the Level of our weak Understandings?

After all, I am far from inclining to inculcate such Principles as may lead to an enormous Faith: On the contrary, I think, that a modest and well-regulated Reason is the glorious Privilege of Human Nature; and ’tis the principal Design of these Sheets to prove, That such a Reason is consistent with Revelation, and that Morality and the Law of Nature are so far from being oppugned by the Gospel Dispensation, that they are exalted and made perfect by it.

Permit me farther to observe, That as in every Science, the plainest Things are the most useful, so it has pleased Go D to order it, that in the Christian Revelation, all that is necessary for us to know, for the promoting of our Happiness both Here and Hereafter, lies in a small and easy Compass, and intirely within the Reach of our natural Reason. To what Purpose then have we had so much Bustle made by so many learned Pens, who have set the World in an Uproar, about little more than mere Words, and have disputed so long, that the Practical Part, the Essence of Religion, has been well near lost in the Cloud of Dust they have raised about the Speculative?

THE INFIDEL CONVICTED.

The Arguments that have been of late produced against Christianity, are far from being *New,* except as to the indecent Manner in which they have been reviv'd. This indeed must be confess'd to be *intirely New,* and seems reserv'd for the Apostates of the *present* Age: While some bold Minds have revived the Doctrines of *Arius,* another has gone beyond *Julian* the Apostate Emperor, in his Insults on the Holy *Jesus;* and the most absurd of the *Heathen Systems* of Religion was never treated in so shocking, so ungentlemanly, so scurrilous a Manner, as the *Gospel of Christ.* As to the rest, the Arguments of late produc'd by the Adversaries to the Christian Faith, are but a Collection of the old *exploded* (and as often *refuted* as *revived)* Doctrines of the Heretics of past Ages.

But for the Sake of such of our Readers, as may not have *Leisure* or *Opportunity* to peruse what has been publish'd of most Importance on this Subject, we will summarily touch upon the principal *Objections* which have been made against the *Gospel,* and against the *Resurrection* of our Saviour, which is the Point the Infidels have levelled all their Artillery against, and is the fundamental Article of the Christian Faith, on which all the rest depend. And afterwards we shall bring undeniable Arguments, as we hope, in Defence of Christianity, and to prove, that *Reason* is not inconsistent with *Revelation;* and lastly, produce Evidences, as well from *Pagan* as other Authorities, to prove the Truth of the Christian Dispensation.

To begin with the *Objections* that have been made to invalidate the Gospel History, Mr. *Woolston* asserts (p. 65.) "That the Four Gospels are, in no Part, a *literal* Story; but a System of *Mystical* Philosophy, or Theology: That the History of *Jesus'* s Life, as recorded by the Evangelists, is an *Emblematical* Representation of his *Spiritual* Life in the *Soul* of Man; and his *continued Miracles, Figures* of his more *mysterious Operations*."

The following impious Paragraph will shew the *Consistency* of this Scoffer, if compar'd with the above; for here he treats those Gospels, not as a System of *Mystical Theology,* but as a vile *Cheat and Imposture*. (Ought not *this* to be sufficient, if it were *only* so, to exempt this System from the blasphemous Insults with which he treats it, throughout his impious Discourses?)

"But in the Matter of his working *Miracles (says he, Disc. 6. p. 7.)* they [*the Evangelists]* seem to *outstretch* one another. *Matthew,* indeed, is a little sparing and modest in his *Romance:* But *Luke* perceiving the Insufficiency of his *Tale,*

devises a Miracle of a bigger Size: And yet this being thought insufficient still, St. *John,* rather than his Prophet's Honour should fail for want of his Assistance, *forges* a monstrously huge one. — For indeed, *(says he, Disc.* 3. *p.* 49.) they do not endeavour so much as to *lye with a Grace;* nor take they any Pains to make their *Stories* hang together."

What are these *Romances,* these *Tales,* these *Stories* which are *devis'd* and *forg'd* by the Evangelists? Why, no less, as he says above, than their *four Gospels,* which, in the same Pieces, he declares to be a System of *Mystical Theology,* and a Representation of the *Spiritual Life* of *Jesus* in the *Soul* of *Man;* — and so are to be made the Subject of his shameless Buffoonery, and virulent Scoffs!

But nothing can be more weak and contemptible, than this pretended *Allegorical* Meaning of the Gospel. Can Mystical Miracles, and the Cure of *Spiritual* Diseases, be judg'd of by human *Eyes* and *Understandings? Obvious Miracles* carry with them a *strong* and *irresistable* Conviction; but how shall we know, that a blind, or a lame, or a leprous *Mind* be cur'd. 'Tis apparently a *Miracle,* to see a lame Man, at a Word speaking, take up his Bed and walk; a blind Man wondring himself, and inspiring every one with Wonder, who knew him before, and saw him, before their Eyes, restor'd to Sight; a leprous Man instantly cleans'd, the Sick restor'd, the Dead raised: These are *convincing* Miracles, *Miracles* obvious to *common Sense,* and which *common Understandings* can judge of; and these made the amazed Spectators glorify the God of *Israel,* and say, *This is of a truth the Prophet that should come into the World.* Well might this Testimony be extorted, on the *Sight* of such Wonders, from even the Enemies of his Doctrine, *That this Jesus was a Man approved of God by Miracles, Wonders, and Signs, which God did by him in the midst of all the People.*

But pray let me ask any of you, Gentlemen, who are Favourers of Mr. *Woolston's* Infidelity, how it would have appeared, even to your own more illuminated Understandings, that any of these Cures *Spiritualized* had been wrought in the *Minds* of Men, so as to have convinc'd you, that the crippled *Understanding* was made to walk; that the Eyes of the Blind in *Heart* were open'd, and that the Dead and Buried *Lazarus was* an *Allegorical* Tale of a Man dead and buried *in Sin?*

And tell me, I beseech ye, how ye will make the Reference of our Saviour to the *common Senses* of John's Disciples, *allegorical* and *mystical? Art thou he that should come, or look we for another Saviour,* say they? *Go your Way,* reply'd he, *and* tell John *what Things you have SEEN and heard; how the Blind see, the Lame*

walk, the Lepers are cleansed, the Deaf hear, the Dead are raised, the Poor have the Gospel preached unto them, &c.

What had these Disciples of *John* SEEN? Why, according to *Woolston,* they had seen no *Literal Miracles;* but they had found a Way to look into the *Understandings* and *Minds* of Men, and *beheld* wrought in them, a sincere and thorough Reformation: Instead of a *Literal* Resurrection from the Dead, they had seen a Man, and that no *Profligate,* or Person of *ill Character,* or *bad Life* or *Morals,* raised from the Death of Sin, to the Life of Righteousness: which, by the Way, could not be demonstrated by *immediate Effects;* but must have the Sanction of all his *future Life,* to the last Catastrophe thereof, to verify, and then might, for what they knew, be attended with *inward* Insincerity, and Hypocrisy. Where was the *Miracle* of this? or, at least, where was the *Efficacy* of it, to the Spectators on the *Spot?* How could these Performances, which must be *invisible* ones, and not free from *Sceptical Objections,* be said, in *any Sense,* to be SEEN by the People, who *immediately* on the *Spot,* gave Glory to God, and look'd upon them as so many Proofs of the Divine Mission of the *Performer?*

A very little *common Sense* taken into this Part of your *Credenda,* would give you a different Turn of Thinking: But if, against all Conviction, you are determin'd to persist, you had better, when the Argument pinches, throw off *all* Scripture-Authority at once: Reject the *whole Canon;* the *Old,* as well as the *New Testament,* because there is among the Prophets sufficient to stagger your Infidelity, and thus, having rejected *Moses* and the *Prophets*, *Jesus,* and his *Apostles,* fix the Foundation of your *Faith* upon *Woolston,* and see what you'll profit by the Change: For a *Blind Faith* most of you ("The greatest Part cannot know, and therefore they must believe." Locke *Reasonableness of Christianity,* Vol. II. P. 535. *Fol. Edit.)* must have, and place *somewhere;* for how few of you are able to judge for yourselves, with all your boasted *Reason?* So that even your very *Infidelity* will take its Rise, unawares to yourselves, from the *Enormity* of your *Faith* on those who profess themselves to be *Enemies* of *all Faith,* but what they repose in their own *Self-Conceit* and *Presumption.* So that, after all, you will find, that you have not renounc'd in *Practice* that *Faith,* which you ridicule in *Words*: You have only made a *Transposition* of your Faith from the *best* Authorities to the *worst,* or rather to *none* at all.

But what will your Leaders think of their senseless Ridicule, when they are reminded, that even their very *Blasphemy* and *lewd Banters* on the Christian System, are a strong Proof of the Truth of that Dispensation which they are so resolutely bent to deny; and that THEY are the abandon'd Wretches who single

out themselves for the Completion of a Prophecy of St. *Peter* (2 Ep iii. 3.) *That there shall come in the last* Days Scoffers?

This must be as shocking a Thought for a *reflecting* Infidel (if there can be such a Person) to think himself of this abandon'd Number; as it is a singular Mark of the *Power* of that *all-wise Being,* who can turn even the *Vices* and *Follies* of *Men* to his own Glory, and make the very *Apostates* who *deride* all *Revealed Religion,* Examples of the *Truth* of it, even in the *very Act* of their *Denial.*

Thus much for the contemptible Notion of *Allegorical Miracles.* Let us now from the *Tenor* of the Christian Doctrines, and the *Success* they met with, notwithstanding the utmost *Disadvantages,* and *Opposition,* attempt a Proof of their Divine Original.

Of all the Systems of Religion that ever appeared, Christianity was the *least* adapted to the *Passions* and *Appetites* of Men; being founded on *Self-Denial* and *Suffering,* the hardest Lessons of all others to Mankind; and had it not been supported by the irresistable Convictions that were wrought in Mens Minds by the *Miracles* of the *Blessed Founder* of it, and his *Disciples,* what, humanly speaking, could have procur'd it the amazing Success that it was attended with?

Tis true, the apparent *Disinterestedness* of its Divine Propagator, and of his Disciples, who were to encounter so many *Difficulties* and *Oppositions,* and who were to be *persecuted, oppressed,* and finally put to *cruel Deaths* for the Sake of it, could not but have a great Influence on *unprejudic'd* Minds: For what worldly Grandeur or temporary Ends could Christ have by his Doctrine of *Self-Denyal?* Of *Mortification?* Of *Poverty?* Of *Contempt?* Was it a *Temporal* Kingdom? Would he then, as an excellent (Tryal of the Witnesses.) Author, with great Beauty, Strength, and Clearness, intimates, have set up a Doctrine that run counter to all the Expectations and darling Hopes of the Nation he desir'd to reign over? — "The People expected a *victorious* Prince; he told them they were *mistaken:* They held as sacred the *Traditions* of the Elders; he told them, those *Traditions* made the Law of God of *none Effect.* They valued themselves for being the *peculiar People* of God; he told them, that People from *all Quarters* of the World should be the *People of God,* and sit down with *Abraham*, *Isaac,* and *Jacob* in the Kingdom: They thought God could be worshipp'd *only* at *Jerusalem;* he told them God might and should be worshipped *every where:* They were superstitious in the Observance of the *Sabbath,* he, according to their Reckoning, *broke* it frequently. In a Word, their *Washings* of *Hands* and *Pots,* their *superstitious Distinction* of *Meats,* their *Prayers* in *Publick,* their *Villainies* in *secret,* were all reproved, exposed, and condemned by him, and the Cry ran strongly against him, that he came to *destroy* the *Law* and the *Prophets*. — And therefore what could

tempt him but purely a Regard to *Truth,* to take upon himself *so many* Difficulties, which might have been avoided, could he have been but *silent,* as to the *Old Revelation,* and left the People to their *Imaginations?*"

Nothing, then, but the *Truth* and *Excellency* of the Doctrines he taught, supported by the *Disinterestedness* of the Founder, and the *Miracles* he wrought, could have carry'd a Doctrine so *contrary* to the *Expectations* of the People, thro' so many amazing *Oppositions.*

As to the particular *Miracles* of our Blessed Saviour, they have been so well vindicated by other Authors, that we shall (Vide Tryal of the Witnesses; Dr. *Pearce;* and others.) refer to them, and proceed to that Part of our Undertaking, which leads us to vindicate the Doctrine of Christ's *Resurrection,* which, as we have observ'd, is the Grand Basis and Support of all the rest, and against which the Infidels have exerted their utmost Strength.

"CHRIST Jesus, *says the above Author,* declared himself a *Prophet,* and put the *Proof* of his *Mission* on this, That he should die openly and publicly, and rise again the *Third* Day. This surely, *adds he,* was the hardest Plot in the World to be manag'd: And if there be one *Instance* of this Kind, or in any Degree *like* it, by all Means let it be produc'd." *And again,* "One would naturally think (*says he, I.* 30.) that the *fore-telling* his Resurrection, and giving such *Public Notice* to expect it, that his keenest Enemies were fully *apprized* of it, carried with it the *greatest Mark of sincere Dealing"*

And indeed, this *open* and *public* Declaration did not a little alarm his Adversaries the Priests and Elders of the *Jews',* and they set themselves to work, by all the Means they could devise, to prevent the Effect of it. They applyed to the *Roman* Governor for a Guard to watch the Body till the Time was expir'd in which he had declared he would rise again, and used all imaginable Precautions to frustrate the Prophecy, lest, as they said to *Pilate, his Disciples should steal him away by Night, and so the last Error should be worse than the first.*

But why were the Jewish Priests so *sollicitous* to secure the Tomb where the Body of *Jesus* was interr'd? Why did they procure a Guard of *Roman* Soldiers from *Pilate?* why seal the Door of the Sepulchre, lest, as they pretended, the Body should be stollen away? No doubt they were apprehensive of the *Truth* of his *Prediction* that he should rise again, and that he that could raise *others,* was able to raise *himself.* And what could make them thus apprehensive, but the many *Miracles* he perform'd in his Life, which gave Credit to this, as they would otherwise have thought, improbable Prediction?

Had any of the *Public Miracles* of Christ been disprov'd: Had he failed in his Professions or his Attempts to cure the *Paralytic,* to give Sight to the *Blind,* or Hearing to the *Deaf,* or Life to the *Dead,* as in the Case of *Jairus's* Daughter, the Widow's Son, and *Lazarus,* would he not have been made the Public Scorn and Derision? Would he have dared (the *Repugnancy* of his Doctrine to the *Expectation* and *Genius* of the *Jewish* Nation, especially considered) to shew himself abroad? Would his Prophecy have been so much attended to, as to awaken the jealous Rage or blinded Malice of the *Jewish* Rulers, or the Apprehensions of the *Roman* Governor? Had he not himself, in that Case done their own Work for them, and destroy d, to all Intents and Purposes, his own Reputation? Who believ'd, in our Day, the *French Prophets*, after their Pretences to raise Dr. *Emms* were detected? Did not this destroy those Enthusiasts all at once? Did they not from that time become the Scorn and Derision of the Populace? and were they not afterwards forced to skulk about in Corners, till they were finally dispersed, and dissipated?

Would not the *Jewish* Rulers have objected to our Saviour on his Tryal, if he had failed in his miraculous Undertakings, his *Public Frauds* and *Impostures*, instead of accusing him to *Pilate* of a Design to destroy their Temple, of Blaspheming God, and of subverting their Law? They were so far from this, that even their *public* and *most plausible* Pretence for conspiring to take him off, most evidently demonstrates the Force of their *Conviction* and of their *Malice* at the same Time, and also the *Reality* of his *Miracles*; since they apprehended no less, than that the People by reason of those *Miracles,* would revolt in his Favour, and thereby induce the *Romans to take away both their Place and Nation.*

As to the Pretence of the Guards, that the Body was *stollen* while they were *asleep;* If they were *asleep,* as it has by other Writers, with great Significancy, been asked, How came they to be able to relate *so punctually* what happened then? How *critical* must be this Theft? How strange was it, that *all* the Guards should be asleep *at one Time;* and that so *profoundly,* that a *great Stone* should be rolled from the Door of the Sepulchre, that was set there to secure it, the *Seals* broken, the *Tomb* opened, the *Body* taken out, the *Burial-Cloaths* taken off, and laid in order by the Side thereof: That they should, *after this,* carry out the dead Body by the *Way they came,* and perhaps *over the sleeping Soldiers,* who 'tis likely, had dispersed themselves in different Parts of the Avenue. Here was a *critical* Juncture to hit! For could the Disciples *tell,* that the Soldiers would be all asleep, and that so *fast asleep,* at the *very Time* they were met to perpetrate the Theft? Could they *hope* for such an Opportunity? Durst they have been seen loitering about the Sepulchre before these Soldiers fell asleep, who no doubt

were, (if but for the Sake of *the Air,* of *Diversion,* of *shifting the Scene)* often *looking out* into the *open Country* before the Cave, and must have seen them, if they had been lurking thereabouts? And if they had discovered any of the Disciples about the Place, or near it, would it not have given a Suspicion that would have set the Soldiers still more upon their Guard?

So then, those Disciples, those *intimidated* and *dispersed* Disciples, who durst not shew their Heads in *Public,* one of whom, in *Fear,* had just before, most remarkably *denyed his Master,* must secretly go from the City to the Cave, without being discovered by a *single Soul,* and there they must find a *whole Band* of Soldiers set to watch *purposely* against them, *every Man* asleep; yea, as above, so *profoundly asleep,* that a Work which required divers *Actors,* great *Strength,* some *Time,* and could not be possibly done without *Noise,* and perhaps, as far as we know, the Soldiers sitting at the *very Door* of the Cave: Yet, under all these Difficulties, they should be able to *steal away* the Body, return back *with it* to the City, or to some *remote Place*, where it was *never heard of as a* Corpse: All these Things considered, I see not how these *Miracle-hating* Gentlemen, can account for such a *propitious Juncture*, and for the *Success* of so *hardy an Undertaking*, without having Recourse to a *Miracle*, in Spite of their very *Infidelity.*

We shall only observe, on this Article of the *Resurrection,* one Thing more. Mr. *Woolston* thinks it a great Pity, that the Books antiently written against *Jesus,* are lost, because they would have given an Insight, as he says, into the *whole Contrivance* of his *Resurrection.*

If there ever *were* such Books, which is more than he knows, is it not more than probable, that they were *sufficiently confuted,* or else that the Christian Religion would not have been able to have made such an *amazing Progress,* as it did, when it was preached only by such *mean* and *illiterate* Persons, against the *Learning,* the *Policy,* and the Power of this World?

We will venture to add, That perhaps that very *Progress,* considering the *Obstructions* and *Discouragements* the Gospel met with, and the *despised Conditions* and *Capacities* of its *first Propagators,* was as *great* a *Miracle,* and *Instance* of a *supernatural Influence,* as *those* disputed by the Infidels of the present Age; and which they would have equal Difficulty to account for by the Measure of their *boasted Reason;* and would be as ready to doubt the Truth of it, if they were not obliged by its manifest and apparent *Consequences* to yield their Assent to it.

One Thing more, we will venture to say, will no less *puzzle* them to account for in *their Way,* — Tis demonstrable, that many of the *Prophecies* of our *Saviour* and his *Disciples,* were extant, and the Records thereof in *every one's Hands,* long *before their Completion*; and yet every one of them has been *literally* fulfilled since. Of this, the *Destruction* of *Jerusalem* and of the *Temple,* and the unparalell'd *Dispersion of the Jews,* are flagrant Instances, which stand in full and unquestionable Proof to this Day.

We must leave it to the *wilful* Sceptics still to doubt on; but hope, that what we have observ'd, superadded to the plain Matter of Fact, as related by the Evangelists, will have some Weight to confirm *more ingenuous* Minds in the Belief of the Resurrection of our Saviour, according to the *Gospel Narrative,* and inspire them with a due Contempt of those vile Sophistries which are used to shake the Foundations of the Christian Faith, and to plunge honest Minds into the unfathomable Ocean of *Doubt* and *Uncertainty.*

The great and avow'd View of the *Deists* and *Sceptics* in their *Attacks* upon *Reveal'd Religion,* is to free the Minds of Men from those *Restraints,* which the Christian Religion imposes upon their *sensual Appetites,* and from the *uneasy Apprehensions* of a *future Account* and *Retribution.* The *Two* shocking *Letters* from a *Deist* to his *Friend,* lately published, which were found in the Escritoire of that unhappy Friend, after he had *made away with himself,* in order to experience the *Truth* of a *future State,* sufficiently expose the *iniquitous Design* of this Set of Men; and the *Observations* made thereupon, printed with them, are so excellent, that we shall content ourselves to refer to them.

If this be the Case, that these Men would let us *loose* to our *Pleasures,* and free us from the Apprehensions of a *future Account,* what Security can *Society* have either of their *Honesty,* or of their *Conformity* to those Laws which preserve *Order* among Men, and hinder the World from falling into *Confusion?* Will such Persons boggle at the most *irregular Attempts,* which they think conducive to their *present Pleasures,* and are persuaded of an *Impunity* for? Will not such Persons find, that even the Laws of *mere Morality* are repugnant to those *Pleasures',* and can there be any Assurance, that Persons *so professedly* abandon'd to their *sensual Appetites,* will be with-held by the *Laws of Society,* much less by a Sense of *Moral Duty,* which they themselves, under the Dominion of their *partial Passions,* are to be the *Judges* of?

Or if we could suppose these Laws might be a *sufficient* Restraint upon the Minds of *some* of the Leaders of the present *Scepticism,* and that They might be allowed to be *Moral Men;* how will they answer for it, that the *Multitude* will be

with-held by the same Considerations? I doubt it will be found, that, when these hopeful Doctrines are spread among the *ungovernable Many,* and that the *Generality* of Mankind come once to be persuaded, that they have Nothing but their *present Pleasures* to pursue, and have no *future Account* to dread, they will not stick at any Thing that their irregular Appetites may suggest to them as *Pleasures*. And then the *Plunderers* of the *Road* and of the *Seas,* the *Robbers* of the *Street,* the *sly Thief,* and the *bold Felon* or *Burglar,* may in Time, become *innocent* Appellations, in Comparison of the more *diffus'd* Wickedness, which may then be spread among us: Of which the dreadful Practices of the *Bristol Incendiaries* are a shocking Example: And which, I doubt, are to be attributed, in great measure, to that *loose* and *dissolute Liberty* of late so zealously contended for, and to those *strange Contempts* which have been *fashionable* with some People to put upon *all Religion.* — But be this as it will, can the Scheme of Religion which these Men would propagate, and which must necessarily be attended with very bad Effects in *weak* or *disorderly* Minds, be a *fit* Scheme for the *ungovernable Vulgar,* the *great Majority* of Mankind, who are to be kept in Awe only by the prevailing Passions of *Fear* and *Hope?*

It will be allow'd me, that there are very few, who are fit to be trusted to the Dictates of *their own* Reason. And let our present Sceptics begin with their own *Families,* if they have any, and first free their *Children* and *Servants* from the *uneasy Restraints* that a *future Reckoning* lays upon them, and by their Conduct, when set *free,* as they call it, let them judge how much the *Multitude* would be benefited by the *Liberty* they contend to give them.

But after all, what is this *Liberty* of *Free-thinking* they so much talk of? What beneficial *Consequences* can it be attended with to the *Minds* or *Consciences* of Men? — Can it have *any other* Effect, than to make Men *still greater Sceptics,* and *still more* subject to the uneasy Influences of *wavering Doubts* and *melancholy Apprehensions?*

These cunning Sophisters would rob Mankind of the most comfortable *Hope,* and even *Assurance,* which Revelation gives them, of a *Blessed Futurity,* which will *reward* their *Sufferings,* their *Sorrows,* and their *Piety* in *this Life,* and encourage them to meet *Death with joyful Hopes* of a *better.* And what would they give them in *Lieu* of this *pleasing Hope?* Why, they would turn them loose into the *wide Sea* of *fluctuating Doubt,* they would *dash* all their *Comforts* with *Gall* and *Bitterness;* and when they have done *all,* they will never be able to free them *wholly* from that *cruel Uncertainty,* which at times will fill their Minds, especially in *Pain* or *Sickness,* with *unspeakable Anguish.* An unhappy Instance of this may

be produc'd in the poor Gentleman we hinted at above, who could not support Life under the *uneasy Burden* of those *Doubts* and *Apprehensions* which his *Deistical Friend* (or rather *Enemy)* had planted in his Mind, and therefore plung'd himself *headlong* into the Gulph of *Eternity,* to be rid of that *terrible Incertitude* which was become intolerable to him.

If it be objected, that some of these Gentlemen are, as we may say, *involuntary* Sceptics; that they have some unhappy Doubts upon their Minds which they would be *glad* to overcome, but *cannot.* I answer, that this cannot be the Case of such as set themselves down to *write,* and to *confirm themselves* in their Scepticism; much less of such *Who publish,* and endeavour to *propagate* their *Doubts*. *A Modest* and a *Good* Man, will *keep to himself* those Tenets which he would be glad to *part with* upon being convinced of the *Falacy* of them, and which he thinks will shock other Persons, or make *them* as uneasy as *himself.* He would propose his Doubts in *private* to such Persons as he conceiv'd had *Ability* to *satisfy* 'em, and would, with an *unprejudic'd Mind,* read such *Works* as he might be most likely to receive *Satisfaction* from: And if, after all, he could not submit his *Reason* to the *Opinion* of others, and receive the hop'd-for *Conviction,* he would not apply himself by *Writing* to fill *other Minds* with those Scruples, which, but for *him,* they would *never* have known.

The late Mr. *Collins* once told a Friend of mine, who represented to him, that it was most eligible, even if there should prove to be *no future Reckoning,* to *live* in a full *Expectation* of one; for that a Disappointment of *one Hand,* would be of *no bad Consequence:* but of the *other,* most *pernicious* and *dreadful:* I say, he told the Gentleman in Answer to this, *That he would give all the World to be able to think as he did.* And *Charity* would have induc'd one to hope that Mr. *Collins* was *sincere* in Declaration, had he not endeavour'd *zealously* to *propagate* his *Doubts,* and had he not, without being able to produce for his *Opinions* an *absolute,* or even a *moral* Certainty, endeavour'd also to inculcate into the Minds of Men of *less Abilities,* who would *otherwise* have been *easy* in their *Faith* and *Principles,* those *Uncertainties* which must have been, at times, *disturbing* to his own Repose.

The Example of Mr. Locke would much better become such Gentlemen. This great Man made the *Love* of *Truth* and the *Search* after it, the Grand Motive of all his *Enquiries:* He was so very cautious of shaking *Fundamentals,* that, on the *strictest* and most *impartial* Enquiry, being convinc'd of their *Truth,* he set himself to *defend* them, and was so far from harbouring *an over-weening Conceit* of *his own* Abilities, *great as they were,* that he wish'd for nothing more than to

be convinc'd of his supposed Errors; and the following short *Preface* to his *Reasonableness* of *Christianity,* ought for ever to stand upon Record as a *Monument* of his *Modesty* and *Sincerity,* as it ought to have procured him *better Quarter* than he met with from some *fiery Zealots* of *his Time,* on Occasion of that very Piece.

"The little Satisfaction and Consistency, *says he,* that is to be found in most of the Systems of Divinity I have met with, made me betake myself to the *sole Reading* of the *Scripture* (to which they *all* appeal) for the Understanding the *Christian Religion.*

"What from thence, by an *attentive* and *unbias'd* Search, I have received, Reader, I here deliver to thee. If by this my Labour thou receivest any *Light* or *Confirmation* in the *Truth,* join with me in Thanks to the *Father of Lights* for his *Condescention* to our *Understandings.*

"If, upon a *fair* and *unprejudiced Examination,* thou findest I have *mistaken* the *Sense* and *Tenor* of the *Gospel,* I beseech thee, as a *true Christian,* in the *Spirit of the Gospel* (which is that of *Charity)* and in the *Words of Sobriety,* set me *right* in the *Doctrine* of *Salvation*."

Here is the true Picture of a *sincere* and *unprejudic'd* Spirit! How different is this Instance from those given us by the *Sceptics* of *the present Age!* I would recommend this *shining Example* to the Imitation of such as would be *glad* to be convinc'd. It would be in vain perhaps to hope it would influence *any others:* For as to such as, by the Help of their *Presumption* and *Conceit,* have persuaded themselves that they are in the *right,* and have the Vanity to believe all other Men in the *wrong,* such will undoubtedly *write,* and endeavour to *propagate* their Notions, and of course disclaim any Pretension to the *modest Hope* of Conviction to a *contrary Sentiment:* Such must be argued with on another Foot, as a *Wh — n* or as a *W — ston, i.e.* as thorough-principled Men, the first in *Enthusiasm* and *Conceit,* the Second in downright *Impiety* and *Apostacy,* and then a *Godalmin Imposition* may become as much the Subject of the *Belief* of the *one,* as the *Miracles* of *Jesus,* the *Ridicule* of the *other.*

(If the Story of the Rabbit-Woman of *Godalmin,* had not been obviated as it was by the Diligence of the *Civil Magistrates,* Mr. *Wh*, as we are assured, would have favour'd the Public with a *Proof,* that her monstrous Productions were *foretold,* many Centuries ago in the Book of *Esdras.* Such *Force* has the Spirit of *Enthusiasm* over even *ingenious Minds* given up to it; and so *apt* are such People as have renounced the only *proper Standard* of *Faith,* in Favour of their own *vain Conceits,* to be carried away by every Delusion.)

If it be said, That we have drawn some of our Arguments from *Political* Motives; And we are of Opinion (say some of these forward Spirits) that Religion is nothing more than *Policy* to keep in Awe *weak Minds*: Suppose it were even as they say, is not this a *sufficient* Argument to inspire us with a due Reverence for Religion?

Supposing such Objectors to be as wise Men in *Reality*, as in their *own Conceits,* do they not think that the *Majority* of Mankind is greatly unfit to be left *at large* in this Respect? Whatever be the Scheme that any of these Gentlemen would propagate, can they be insensible of the Mischief that their shocking of *settled Foundations* must be attended with? How many Persons of *weak Minds,* when they come to be persuaded that they have been imposed on, in the Religion they have been *educated* in, will be brought into an ill Opinion of Religion in *general,* and having lost the *Anchor-hold* of their *Faith,* will be *driven about with every Wind of Doctrine?* What Security can there be, that *Morality* only will hold the Minds of Men, to the proper Observance even of the *Social Duties* of Life, when both *that* and the *Ties of Religion* joined together, are not sufficient to stem the Torrent of Vice and Immorality that is broken in upon us?

Let the *Morals* and *Behaviour* of those Persons who are the lewd *Followers* and *Espousers* of these irreligious Opinions, and who set up for the *Law of Nature,* and for *Morality,* against *Revelation,* be appealed to for the Benefits that are likely to accrue to the *Generality* from the Infidel Schemes endeavour'd to be propagated.

But why do I say *Schemes,* when the Broachers of the new-fangled Notions seem not to aim at any? When they seem to have no other Point in View, but to *unhinge* the *settled Frame* of Things, to confound all Manner of *Rule* and *Order,* to *pull down* without attempting to *build up,* and so to involve every thing in *Confusion?* But were these Men to propose a Scheme of their *own,* let us, by what we have *seen* of their *Performances* and *Attainments,* judge of their *Capacities* for erecting a *new System,* fit to be set up in Opposition to that of *Jesus* and his *Apostles,* which has had the Sanction of the *greatest Wits* and *Genius's,* and the *best Men* of *all Ages,* for upwards of 1600 Years, till the prophane Scoffers of *Yesterday* arose to controvert it, and that not by *Arguments,* but by senseless and barbarous *Ridicule.*

But let us ask these pretended Advocates for *Morality* and *Reason,* in Opposition to *Revelation,* Whether there ever *was,* or *can be,* a *more complete* Morality than the *Gospel* affords us? What is it, then, that they mean, when they talk of their *Morality,* and their *Laws of Nature?* We shall in the Sequel of this

Treatise produce some Arguments on this Head from the Great Mr. *Locke* that will be exceedingly apposite to this Purpose; but we cannot help anticipating our Intention, in citing his Opinion on this Subject, on an Occasion so remarkable, that it adds *Strength* to his *Judgment.*

We shall, however, first observe, that 'tis possible that Reasons of *Prudence* or *Convenience,* which generally are suppos'd to mean the same thing, may prevail upon a Man, though not to *disguise,* yet to give the *best Side* of his Sentiments, if he be never so sincere. *Good Manners* and *Modesty* will oblige somewhat to this Conduct, to avoid shocking our more *scrupulous Friends,* in declaring ourselves on *dubious* Points, about which they may have a *different Persuasion;* a Regard that must be acknowledg'd to have had very *little,* if *any,* Weight with our present *Sceptics;* but which, nevertheless, is the *Duty* of *one Man* to *another,* in *every Circumstance* of Life, and in which a Man of any *Delicacy* at all, will not be wanting.

But when we write to a *Friend,* to an *intimate* Friend, who is intirely of the *same Opinion* with us, and much more when we write to a Friend, who, from his high Opinion of us, is willing to take his Measures from us; we then throw off all Reserves; we unbosom ourselves to him. To such a one, we *speak,* if *present,* we *write,* if *absent,* we *act,* in *both Cases,* with that noble, that undisguised Freedom, (knowing, that 'tis *in Confidence,* and that we have the Benefit even of his *Prejudice in our Favour)* that we then utter our *inmost Sentiments,* and hardly think ourselves oblig'd to observe any of those *common Guards* which the World deems *Prudential:* For even our very *Failings,* if not *too gross,* have their *Beauties* in a *cordial Friendship,* or at least carry with them very *strong* and *partial Allowances:* Which puts me in mind of those excellent Lines of one Friend on the Writings of another:

I read thee over, with a Lover's *Eye;*
Thou hast no Faults; *or I* no Faults *can spy,*
Thou art all Beauty, *or* all Blindness *I.*

For this Reason, the *private Letters* of Great Men to their *intimate Friends,* as they speak the *inmost Sentiments* of the Heart, are certainly the most *faithful* and most *valuable* Repositories of their Sentiments, and are often more to be depended on than their more *elaborate* Works, which they calculate for the Perusal of *Enemies* as well as *Friends.*

This being premis'd, the following Instance of the Opinion of Mr. Locke with regard to the Point we are upon, will appear to have its due Strength and Efficacy,

and though but the Opinion of a *Man,* yet 'tis that of *such* a Man, that the World, if it has produc'd his *Equal,* has not (tho' he may not be altogether *perfect)* in any Age produc'd his *Superior* since the inspired Writers, for *Extent* of *Thought* and *Sublimity* of *Reasoning;* and with whom are not to be mention'd the *Mushroom Sceptics* that have sprung up since his time, who with the *narrow Souls* and *Conceptions* of *Pygmies in Sense,* pretend to measure the Capacities of a *Giant,* and to offer to us their *idle Dreams* for the Entertainment of our *waking Senses.*

This great Man was press'd, Letter after Letter, by his ingenious Friend Mr. MOLYNEUX, to give the World a *Treatise* of *Morality;* which Mr. LOCKE for some time, put him in hopes of complying with. But at length, as it appears, after the *maturest* Consideration, and having, as he informs him in one of his Letters, put down some Matters relating thereto, as they came into his Mind, he gives him the following convincing Reason why he could not undertake that arduous Task.

"The Gospel, *says he,* contains SO PERFECT a Body of ETHICS, that REASON may be excused from that Enquiry, since she may find Man's Duty *clearer* and *easier* in REVELATION, than in HERSELF."

And this is the same great Man, who to the same excellent Friend, in Answer to a Compliment on his incomparable Writings, declares, in another private Letter, "That which makes my Writings tolerable, *says he,* if any thing, is only this, That I never write for any thing but TRUTH, and never publish any thing to *others,* which I am not *fully* persuaded of *myself,* and do not think, that I *understand* Let the *wilful* Sceptics, who at the same time oppose to *Revelation* their own weak Reason, and Opinions *only* (and from whom therefore the Objection, would come with a very ill Grace) say, if they please, that this is no more than *human Authority,* and let them by so slight an Answer pass upon their own Sense, *determin'd* to remain unconvinc'd, *a seeming* Reason for their *continued* Infidelity; But let them not attempt to put this upon the *undoubting* Part of Mankind for a *sufficient* Reason, why *they* should renounce the *settled Faith* of their Ancestors: Let them give a Reason why, on a *due Comparison,* their *own Authority* and *meer Opinions,* ought to be preferr'd to those of Mr. Locke; and let them prove him to be in the wrong in what he asserts. Farthermore,

Let them prove, that *Reason* and *Revelation,* are incompatible with each other; and that the Gospel does not contain the *most excellent* System of *Morality* that ever was brought to Light: And let them also prove, that *before* the Gospel, a *more perfect* and *more eligible* Scheme of Morality was communicated to Mankind by the *Light* of *Nature;* or even that such a one is to be *collected* from the Writings of

the Philosophers of *all Nations* and of *all Ages,* put together, throughout the World from the *Beginning* of *Time* 'till the *Promulgation* of the *Gospel*: And by *this* Standard let them judge of their own *Scepticism,* and of the *Pretences* and *false Glosses* of such as would destroy *Revelation,* and on its Ruins build up the *exploded* or *imperfect* Notions of Philosophers, or their own *still weaker* and *more imperfect* Reason. (We are sensible, that Dr. Holdsworth, and others, have, of late, since Mr. Locke's Death, taken much Pains to prove *Heterodoxy* in several Points on that great Genius: but tho' we think it easy to demonstrate, that they have strain'd the Point too much, and that their Arguments would not have been able to have stood against his powerful Pen; yet we shall only observe at present, that they have done the highest *Disservice,* in our humble Opinion, to the *Cause* they *espouse* with so much *College-Warmth,* by endeavouring to rob the *Orthodox World* of so glorious a *Champion* and *Ornament,* and by consigning him over to that Class of *Free-thinkers* and *Sceptics,* to which all his Writings manifestly demonstrate he was an Adversary.)

We shall, in the next Place, produce some Arguments from Mr. Locke, in Defence of *Christianity,* and we single out this great Man, not only on the Account of his extraordinary *Merit* and *Sincerity,* but because many of our Freethinkers pretend to found upon his admirable Writings those Notions which were abhorrent to his Faith and Principles, however he might be thought to differ in some smaller Points from the generally received Opinions of his Time; which were it true that he did, gives *greater Strength* to the Arguments we shall extract from him; since neither *Superstition* nor *implicite Faith* could be imputed to him, and that he could not be influenc'd by what he thought an *Error,* tho' *establish'd.*

In his excellent Treatise, intitled, *The Reasonableness of Christianity, as delivered in the Scriptures,* he gives a kind of Historical Deduction of the *Life* and *Miracles* of our Saviour, and brings irrefragable Proofs of his being the *Messiah,* and in many Places accounts, in the most plain and convincing Manner, for several of those Difficulties which are the Foundation of Mr. *Woolston* s execrable Railery against the *Miracles* of our *Saviour,* and which, if that Scoffer had attended to, would have prevented his *Scurrility,* and, in many Places, his *Blasphemy,* if he had not been predetermin'd, at all Adventures, as seems to have been the Case, to prosecute his Infidel Scheme.

We shall first produce an Instance of the *Firmness* of Mr. Locke's *Belief,* in the *Doctrine* and *Miracles* of Christ. Page 490 of that Tract, he gives the Reason why our Saviour did not profess himself expresly, on several Occasions, to be the *Messiah,* but on the contrary, forbad his Disciples asserting him to be so, and says, "It was because the whole Nation of the *Jews,* expecting at this Time, their

Messiah, and *Deliverance* by him from the Subjection they were in to a foreign Yoke, the Body of the People would certainly, upon the declaring himself to be the *Messiah* their *King,* have rose up in Rebellion, and set him at the Head of them.

"And indeed, *says he,* the *Miracles* that he did, so much dispos'd them to think him to be the *Messiah,* that tho' shrouded under the Obscurity of a *mean Condition,* and a very *private simple Life [which was so opposite to the Splendour in which they expected their Deliverer to appear*] tho' he passed for a *Galilæan* (his Birth at *Bethlehem* being then concealed) and assumed not to himself any *Power* and *Authority,* or so much as the *Name* of the *Messiah,* yet he could hardly avoid being set up by a Tumult, and proclaim'd their King. This, *continues he,* was upon his feeding 5000 with five Barley-Loaves and two Fishes. So hard was it for him doing those *Miracles* which were necessary to testify his *Mission,* and which often drew great Multitudes after him, to keep the heady and hasty Multitude from such Disorder, as would have involved him in it, and have *disturbed* the *Course* and *cut short* the *Time* of his *Ministry,* and drawn on him the *Reputation* and *Death* of a turbulent seditious *Malefactor,* contrary to the *Design* of his *Coming,* which was to be offered up a *Lamb, blameless* and *void of Offence,* his *Innocence* appearing to *all the World,* even to *him* that delivered him up to be crucified."

This great Man did not think it enough to prove the Doctrines and Miracles of our Saviour conducive to the Ends of his Divine Mission: He goes farther, and proves, that the *Revelation* dispensed by him, was confirmatory of the most exalted *Points* of REASON, and that the *Belief* and *Worship* of One God among the *Jews,* in Opposition to the *Polytheism* of the antient Heathens, was owing likewise to *Revelation:* Whence it naturally results, that both *Jews* and *Infidels* (if their Quarrel be against the *Christian Revelation,* as such, and their Reliance only on what they call the *Religion of Nature)* have as much Reason to renounce that *first* Revelation, which taught them to worship only *one God,* and so to turn *Idolaters* and *Heathens,* as they have to reject the *Second* introduced by *Jesus Christ,* which was an *Inforcement* and *Corroboration* of the *other,* and differ'd in nothing but dispensing a *more noble* and *perfect Morality,* and diffusing all over the *World* that Divine Knowledge of GOD which was before confined to a *despicable Corner* of the Earth, and to a *contemned* People, making the *Gentiles* Partakers of those Benefits which were first *offered* to the *Jews,* and *rejected* by *them.*

But let us hear our Author, who, speaking of the *Imperfection* of the *Heathen Morality,* and of the Light of *unassisted Reason,* which had not been able to keep the *Generality* of Mankind from the grossest Idolatry, the Worship of many false Gods, says: "The Belief and Worship of *one God* was the *National* Religion of the Israelites *alone;* and if we will consider it, it was introduced and supported amongst the People by Revelation.

"There was no Part of Mankind, who had *quicker Parts,* or *improv'd* them more, that had a *greater Light* of REASON, or follow'd it *farther,* in all Sorts of *Speculations,* than the *Athenians;* And yet we find but ONE SOCRATES amongst them, that oppos'd and laugh'd at their *Polytheism,* and *wrong Opinions* of the *Deity,* and we see how they rewarded him for it. Whatsoever Plato and the soberest of the Philosophers thought of the *Nature* and *Being* of the One God, they were fain, in their *outward* Professions and Worship, to go with the *Herd,* and keep to the Religion establish'd by *Law,* which what it was, and how it had disposed the Minds of these *quick-sighted Græcians,* St. *Paul* tells us (*Acts* xvii. 22-29.)

"Ye *Men of Athens,* says he, *I perceive that in all Things ye are too superstitious: For as I passed by and beheld your Devotions, I found an Altar with this Inscription,* To the UNKNOWN GOD. *Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship,* HIM *declare I unto you:* GOD *that made the World, and all Things therein, seeing that* he is LORD of *Heaven and Earth, dwelleth not in Temples made with Hands: Neither is worshipped with Mens Hands, as tho' he needed any Thing, seeing he giveth unto all Life and Breath, and all Things, and hath made of one Blood all the Nations of Men, for to dwell on the Face of the Earth; and hath determined the Times before appointed, and the Bounds of their Habitations; That they should seek the* LORD, *if haply they might feel him out, and find him*, *tho' he be not far from every one of us.*

"Here he tells the *Athenians,* that they and the rest of the World, (given up to Superstition) what-ever Light there was in the Works of *Creation* and *Providence* to lead them to the True God, yet they few of them found him. He was every where *near* them, yet they were but like People groping and feeling for something in the *Dark,* and did not see him with a full and clear Day-light; *but thought the Godhead like to Gold, and Silver, and Stone, graven by Art and Man's Device.*

"In this State of *Darkness* and *Error,* in reference to the True God, our Saviour found the World: But the clear REVELATION he brought with him, dissipated this Darkness; made the *One Invisible true* God known to the World; and that with such *Evidence* and *Energy,* that *Polytheism* and *Idolatry* hath no more been able to

withstand it: But where-ever the Preaching of the Truth he delivered, and the Light of the Gospel hath come, those Mists have been dispell'd. And, in Effect, we see, that since our Saviour's Time the *Belief of one God,* has prevail'd and spread itself over the Earth. For even to the Light that the *Messiah* brought into the World with him, we must ascribe the Owning and Profession of *One God* which the *Mahometan* Religion had *derived* and *borrowed* from it. So that in this Sense, it is certainly and manifestly true what St. *John* says of him; *For this Purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the Works of the Devil.* This *Light* the World Needed, and this *Light* it RECEIVED from Him, That there is but ONE GOD, and HE *Eternal, Invisible,* not *like* to any *visible* Objects, not to be *represented* by them.

"If it be asked, whether the *Revelation* to the *Patriarchs* by Moses, did not teach *this,* and why that was not *enough?* the Answer is obvious: That however clearly the Knowledge of *One Invisible God,* Maker of Heaven and Earth, was *revealed* to them; yet that *Revelation* was shut up in a little *Comer* of the World, amongst a People by that very Law which they *receiv'd with* it, *excluded* from a *Commerce* and *Communication* with the rest of Mankind. The *Gentile* World in our Saviour's Time, and several Ages before, could have no Attestation of the *Miracles* on which the *Hebrews* built their Faith, but from the *Jews* themselves, a People not known to the greatest Part of Mankind, contemn'd and thought vilely of by those Nations that did know them; and therefore very *unfit* and *unable* to *propagate* the Doctrine of ONE GOD in the World, and *diffuse* it thro' the Nations of the Earth, by the Strength and Force of that *ancient Revelation*, upon which they had received it."

By this our *modern Scoffers* and *Sceptics* will perceive, that they have the same Reason, as we observ'd above, to espouse *Polytheism* and *Idolatry,* as they have to reject the *Christian System*; since the *Doctrine* and *Knowledge* of *One God* was founded upon Revelation as well as *that.*

"But our Saviour, *continues* Mr. Locke *very excellently,* when He came, threw down this Wall of *Partition,* and did not confine his *Miracles* or *Message* to the Land of *Canaan* or the Worshippers of *Jerusalem:* But he himself *preached* at *Samaria,* and did *Miracles* in the Borders of *Tyre* and *Sydon,* and before Multitudes of People gather'd from *all Quarters.* And after his *Resurrection* sent his Apostles amongst the Nations, accompany'd with *Miracles*; which were done in *all Parts* so *frequently,* and before *so many* Witnesses of *all Sorts,* in *broad*

Day-light, that, as I have before observed, the *Enemies* of *Christianity* have never dared to deny them; no, not Julian himself, who neither wanted *Skill* nor *Power* to inquire into the *Truth,* nor would have failed to have *proclaimed* and *exposed* it, if he could have *detected* any *Falsehood* in the *History* of the *Gospel,* or found the *least Ground* to *question* the *Matter* of *Fact,* publish'd of *Christ* and his *Apostles.* The *Number* and *Evidence* of the *Miracles* done by our *Saviour* and his *Followers,* by the *Power* and *Force* of *Truth,* bore down this mighty and accomplish'd *Emperor,* and all his *Parts,* in his *own Dominions*. He *durst* not deny so *plain Matter of Fact,* which being granted, the *Truth* of our Saviour's *Doctrine* and *Mission* unavoidably follows; notwithstanding whatsoever artful Suggestions his *Wit* could invent, or *Malice* should offer, to the contrary."

What this Learned *Apostate Emperor* could not deny so many hundred Years *nearer* the *Time* of our *Saviour,* an *Apostate Clergyman,* equal to that *Prince* in nothing but his *Impiety* and *Blasphemy,* in a manner unbecoming a *Man* of *Letters,* even though it were the *absurdest* of the *Heathen Schemes, ridicules* and *blasphemes,* without *Compunction,* in the *present Age?*

But leaving him for the present, let us apply the following noble Passages of our Author, in the same Treatise, to such as would set up *Morality,* and the *Religion of Nature* against the *Christian System,* and who would separate *Reason* from *Revelation,* as *inconsistent* with each other, and so would use the *first,* to destroy the *last,* which is the Scheme of the present *Deists* and *Sceptics*: From which, joined with what we have already quoted from him, the *Superior Excellency* of the *Christian Dispensation* will be manifested beyond all Contradiction, by one of the sublimest Genius's that our Nation has produced; who had made the *Study* of the Scriptures the chosen *Employment* of his *riper Years,* and who had *no Worldly View* or *Interest* to gratify, by the Zeal wherewith he *espoused* and *vindicated,* after the *strictest Examination*, and *maturest Deliberation,* the *Faith* and *Miracles* of Christ.

P. 532. he says, "So much Virtue as was necessary to hold *Societies* together, and to contribute to the *Quiet* of *Government,* the *Civil Laws* of Commonwealths taught *[In the Times before the Gospel]* and forced upon Men that lived under *Magistrates:* But these Laws being for the most Part made by such who had no other Aims but their *own* Power, reach'd no farther than those Things, that would serve to tie Men in *Subjection;* or at most were directly to conduce to the *Prosperity* and *temporal Happiness* of any People.

“But *Natural Religion,* in its *full Extent,* was no where, that I know of, taken Care of, by the Force of *natural Reason.* It should seem by the *little* that had *hitherto* been done in it, that ’tis too *hard a Talk* for *unassisted Reason,* to establish *Morality* in *all its Parts* upon its *true* Foundation, with a *clear* and *convincing* Light. And ’tis, at least, a *surer* and *shorter* Way, to the *Apprehensions* of the *Vulgar,* and *Mass* of *Mankind,* that One *manifestly sent from God,* and coming with *visible* Authority from Him, should, as a *King* and *Law-Maker,* tell them their *Duties* and require their *Obedience,* than leave it to the *long,* and, sometimes, *intricate Deductions* of *Reason,* to be made out to them.

“Such *Trains* of *Reasonings,* the *greatest Part* of *Mankind* have neither *Leisure* to *weigh,* nor, for Want of *Education* and *Use, Skill* to *judge* of.”

What is it then that our present Sceptics are aiming to propagate?

— Can *their* System, at the *best,* be fit for any but *Scholars*? And in that Case, What an *imperfect* Scheme of Religion must *that* be, that excludes the *Bulk* of *Mankind* from the *Knowledge* of it? Must not the *Generality of* the World, who are incapable of *making,* or perhaps of *comprehending,* those *intricate Deductions,* pin their Faith upon the *arbitrary Deductions* of those whose *Education* had given them more *Leisure* and *Skill* to make them? And would not this give Rise to a much more *wide,* a much more *enormous* and *uncertain* Faith, than that required by the *Christian Revelation,* which some of those *Reasoners* take such Pains to invalidate? — But let us pursue our Author.

“We see how unsuccessful in THIS, *says he,* the Attempts of Philosophers were *before* our Saviour’s Time. How short their several Systems came of the Perfection of a *true* and *complete* Morality, is very visible: And if *since* that, the *Christian Philosophers* have much *outdone* them, yet we may observe, that the *first* Knowledge of the Truths they have added, are owing to REVELATION, tho’ as soon as they are *heard* and *considered,* they are found to be *agreeable* to REASON, and such as can by no means be *contradicted.*

“Experience shews, that the Knowledge of *Morality,* by *mere natural* Lights (how agreeable soever it be to it) makes but a *slow Progress,* and *little Advance* in the World. And the Reason of it is not hard to be found in Mens *Necessities*, *Passions, Vices,* and *mistaken Interests,* which turn their Thoughts another Way: And the *designing Leaders,* as well as *following Herd,* find it not to their *Purpose* to employ much of their Time this Way: Or whatever else was the *Cause,* ’tis *plain* in *Fact,* that *Human Reason unassisted,* failed Men in its *great* and *proper*

Business of *Morality.* It never from *unquestionable* Principles, by *clear* Deductions, made out an *intire Body* of the *Law of Nature.* And he that shall collect all the *Moral Rules* of the *Philosophers*, and compare them with those contained in the *New Testament*, will find them to come short of the *Morality* delivered by our *Saviour*, and taught by his *Apostles;* a College made up for the most Part of *ignorant,* but *inspired* Fishermen."

If this be the Case, as certainly it is, what can those Men mean, who treat the *Scriptures* in *general,* and the Gospel in *particular,* with so much *Virulence* and *Contempt?* What can be the Meaning of the *Multitude* of Pamphlets and Books written to distinguish away *Revelation,* in Favour of *Morality* and the *Law of Nature,* when they are intirely *consistent* with *one another?* Why is *Human Reason* opposed to *Divine Revelation,* and so many Learned Men set to quarrel about *Words,* when the *Christian Dispensation* so strongly *requires,* and *unites* them *both,* and they are corroborative of one another?

You have here before you, not only the *Opinion (theirs* is all that our Adversaries offer to you) but the unanswerable *Arguments* of the greatest Genius of his Age, to whom the Leaders of the *present Scepticism,* if *compar'd,* as to *Perspicuity* and *Force* of their so much *Boasted Reasoning,* and to *sound Sense, Sincerity, Affection* to *Truth* and *Learning,* are mere Men of Straw. He proves, That *Reason* is so far from being *impaired* by *Revelation,* that it is *exalted,* and made *perfect* by it, and without it, was but a *blind* and *uncertain Guide* to Mankind.

As the *Testimony* and *Arguments* of this admirable Author, are worth a thousand Evidences, because of his *Disinterestedness* in the Cause, as to *Worldly Views,* his *Capacity,* his *Diligence* to search after Truth, and the Contempt he had for even *establish'd* Errors of every kind, which he was so earnest to *combate* and *confute,* that the *Sceptics* have, tho' against all Cause, made a bold *Claim* to him, as *theirs;* which *Claim* many excellent Divines influenced by their *Prejudices,* and perhaps by an *undue Warmth* of Temper, have also too much favour'd; and as he was undoubtedly the greatest Friend to *Reason* and *Morality* that these latter Ages have produced; and, moreover, as this excellent Treatise of the *Reasonableness of Christianity,* can be but in few Hands, and, one would be tempted to think, (by the *Usage* he has received of *one Side,* and the *Claim* made to him on the *other)* in the *Knowledge* of Few; All these Things considered, I am sure I shall be indulged with another Quotation or two from him, on the Topics of

Reason, Natural Religion and *Morality,* which are become such very *fashionable* Points of Controversy among the doughty Disputants of our Time.

In the following Paragraph he puts the *Merits* of the *Heathen Morality* in the *strongest Light* that they can possibly appear in; and then argues with irresistable Force of *Reason,* on the *Necessity* there still remained for the *Gospel Revelation,* and demonstrates the *superior* Excellency of the *Christian Morality.*

"If any one should think, *says he,* that out of the *Sayings* of the wise Heathens, *before* our Saviour's Time, there might be a *Collection* made of all those *Rules* of *Morality,* which are to be found in the *Christian Religion;* yet this would not at all hinder, but that the World, nevertheless, stood as much in *Need* of our *Saviour* and the *Morality* delivered by Him. Let it *be granted,* tho' *not true,* that *all* the *moral Precepts* of the *Gospel* were known by *somebody* or other, amongst Mankind, *before:* But *where* or *how,* or of *what Use* is not consider'd.

"Suppose they may be pick'd up here and there: Some from SOLON and BIAS in *Greece;* others from TULLY in *Italy,* and, to complete the Work, let CONFUCIUS as far as *China,* be consulted; and ANACHARSIS the *Scythian* contribute his Share: What will all this do, to give the World a *complete Morality,* that may be to Mankind the *unquestionable Rule* of *Life* and *Manners?*

"I will not here urge the *Impossibility* of collecting from Men so far *distant* from one another in *Time,* and *Place,* and *Language.* I will suppose there was a Stobæus in those Times, who had gather'd the *moral Sayings* from all the Sages of the World: What would this amount to, towards being a *steady Rule,* a *certain Transcript* of a Law that we are under? Did the Saying of Aristippus (An excellent Philosopher, so much venerated by the *Chinese,* that the Popish Missionaries have not been able to proselyte any of those People to the Faith of Christ, but by blending his Morality with that of Christianity.) or Confucius give it an *Authority?* Was Zeno a Lawgiver to *Mankind?* If not, what he, or any *other* Philosopher deliver'd, was but a *Saying* of his. Mankind might *hearken* to it, or *reject* it, as they pleas'd, or as it suited their *Interests, Passions, Principles, or Humours*. They were under no *Obligation:* The *Opinion* of *this* or *that* Philosopher was of no Authority. And if it *were,* you must take *all* he said under the *same* Character. *All* his Dictates must go for Law, certain and true, or *none* of them: And then, if you will take any of the moral Sayings of Epicurus (many whereof Seneca quotes with Esteem and Approbation) for Precepts of the *Law of Nature,* you must take *all* the rest of his Doctrine for such too, or else his *Authority* ceases. So no more is to be received from him, or any of the Sages of

old, for *Parts* of the *Law of Nature,* as carrying with it an *Obligation* to be obey'd, but what they prove to be so."

Here the Reader will allow us to infer, That if the Precepts and Opinions of Confucius, Zeno, Bias, Anacharsis, Epicurus, Solon, Tully, Seneca, *&c all collected together,* would form so *imperfect* a System of Morality, how much *less Dependance* can be made on the *Atheistical* and *Deistical* Schemes which are now endeavour'd to be propagated by Men so infinitely *inferior* to any of them?

"But such a *Body* of *Ethics, (continues our Author)* proved to be the *Law of Nature* from Principles of *Reason,* and reaching *all* the *Duties* of *Life,* I think no-body will say, the World had, *before* our *Saviour's Time*."

Yet this, we cannot but observe, is the *same* Law, and the *same* Saviour, that are become the Subject of the *profane Scoffs* and *Banter* of the Infidels of this *enlighten'd* Age!

"Tis not enough, *continues Mr.* LOCKE, that there were up and down *scatter'd Sayings* of wise Men, *conformable* to *right Reason:* The *Law* OF NATURE is the *Law of* CONVENIENCE too; and 'tis no wonder, that those Men of *Parts* and *studious* of *Virtue,* who had occasion to think on any *particular Part* of it, should, by *Meditation* light on the *right,* even from the *observable Convenience* and *Beauty* of it, without making out its *Obligation* from the true *Principles* of the *Law of Nature,* and *Foundation* of *Morality.*

"But these *incoherent Apothegms* of Philosophers and wise Men, however *excellent* in *themselves,* and *well-intended* by *them,* could never make a Morality whereof the *World* could be convinced; could never rise to the *Force* of a *Law* that Mankind could with *Certainty* depend on.

"Whatsoever should thus be *universally* useful, as a *Standard* to which Men should conform their Manners, must have its Authority either from REASON or REVELATION.

"He that any one will pretend to set up as a Lawgiver to *Mankind,* and to have his Rules pass for *authentic Directions,* must shew, that either he builds his Doctrine upon Principles of REASON, *self-evident* in *themselves,* and that he deduces all the Parts of it from thence, by *clear* and *evident* Demonstration; or must shew his *Commission* from Heaven, that he comes with Authority from GOD, to deliver his Will and Command to the World. In the former Way, no-body, that I know, before our *Saviours* Time, ever did, or went about to give us a Morality.

‘“Tis true, there is a *Law* of *Nature;* but who is there that ever did, or undertook to give it us all *intire,* as a *Law,* no *more* nor no *less* than what was contain’d in, and had the *Obligation* of that *Law?* Who ever made out *all* the *Parts* of it, put them *together,* and shew’d the World their *Obligation?* Where was there any such *Code,* that Mankind might have Recourse to, as their *unerring* Rule, before our *Saviours* Time? If there was *not,* ’tis plain, there was Need of one to give us *such* a *Morality, such* a *Law,* which might be the sure Guide of those who had a Desire to go right, — and might be certain when they had *perform’d,* when *fail’d* in their *Duty.*

“Such a *Law* of *Morality* JESUS CHRIST hath given us in the *New Testament,* but by the latter of those Ways, by REVELATION. We have from HIM a *full* and *sufficient* Rule for our Direction, and *conformable* to that of REASON. But the *Truth* and *Obligation* of its *Precepts* have their *Force,* and *axe past Doubt* to us, by the *Evidence* of his Mission. HE WAS SENT BY God: His MIRACLES shew it; and the Authority of God in his Precepts *cannot be question’d.*

“Here Morality has a *sure* Standard, that REVELATION *vouches,* and REASON cannot *gainsay,* nor *question;* but BOTH TOGETHER witness to come from GOD the great *Law-maker.* And such an one as *This* out of the *New Testament,* I think the World never had, nor can any one say is any where else to be found.”

This great Author pursues the Argument in an equally strong and advantageous Manner, but this is enough for our present Purpose, and I content myself to refer to the Piece itself, those Gentlemen who are not so far gone in Infidelity, but that they would be glad to have *Reason* to approve of the Faith and Religion of their Forefathers.

With regard to such as are so much farther gone in Infidelity, that they can join in *blaspheming* and *ridiculing* the *Miracles* of *Christ,* the *Divinity* of his *Person,* and the *Doctrines* of *Christianity,* I would only observe, by the way, that as in this Treatise this excellent Author lays the Stress of our Salvation altogether on our Faith in *Christ Jesus,* I would, if Mr. LOCKE be worthy to be attended to in Opposition to Mr. Woolston and his *Brethren,* refer to their serious Consideration, what a terrible Case they must be in, who *renounce* and *despise* the Only Means by which they can be saved; and what must become of their poor immortal Souls, if the Doctrines of the Gospel (which after all their impious Endeavours, they *cannot prove* to be *false)* should prove *true!*

I am persuaded, that I need say very little more to convince the Minds of such as are not wilfully prejudiced, and have any Remains of Candour and Ingenuity; and as I would avoid running into too great a Length, so I shall only extract from

Mr. Addison's *Evidences* of the *Christian Religion,* lately publish'd, some Proofs from *Pagan* and other Authors, of the Truth of the Gospel Dispensation; and then conclude.

This Task we shall perform in a summary Manner, and leave it to the Consideration of all our Readers; many of whom, we are persuaded, will be agreeably surpriz'd to see that, considering the *Distance* of *Time,* and *other* Circumstances, *so much* can be produced in Confirmation of this important Argument.

TACITUS, SUETONIUS, and DION, Heathen Authors who lived in or near the Time of our Saviour, mention the Tax laid upon the *Roman* Empire, by *Augustus Cæsar,* which the Scripture takes Notice of as the Occasion of *Joseph* and the Blessed Virgin's going to *Bethlehem.*

CHALCIDIUS records the Appearance of the New Star which conducted the Wise Men.

MACROBIUS and sundry other Historians mention the Slaughter of the Children by *Herod.*

CELSUS, that great Enemy of Christianity, admits, that our Saviour had been in *Egypt,* and pretends that he learn'd Magic there.

TACITUS informs us, that *Pontius Pilate was* Governor of *Judæa,* and that *Jesus* was brought in Judgment before him, and by him condemned and crucified.

JULIAN *the Apostate,* PORPHYRY and HIEROCLES, all Persecutors of the Christians, confess, that many miraculous Cures, and Miracles, out of the ordinary Course of Nature, were wrought by him.

PHLEGON, in his Annals, as *Origen* assures us, attests, that our Saviour foretold several Things which came to pass according to his Prediction; and records, that at the Time of our Saviour's Death, there was a miraculous Darkness and a great Earthquake.

Pliny *the Younger,* about 70 Years after the Death of Christ, relates, That *Jesus* was worshipped as a God among the Christians: That they would rather suffer Death than blaspheme him: That they received a Sacrament, and by it enter'd into a Vow of abstaining from Sin and Wickedness: That they had private Assemblies of Worship, and used to join together in Hymns: Which Account agrees in all its Circumstances with the Accounts we have in Holy Writ of the first State of Christianity.

Julian *the Apostate* never offer'd to deny the Miracles and wonderful Works performed by St. *Peter,* but attributes them to a Book of Magical Secrets left him by our Saviour.

PORPHYRY objects to Christianity, that since *Jesus* had begun to be worshipped, *Æsculapius* and the rest of the Gods did no more converse with Men: which shews, that the Devils or evil Spirits were subject to them, according to what had been predicted.

CELSUS, who could not run the Lengths of *Woo/ston,* tho' a bitter and avow'd Enemy of the Christian Religion, attributes those Miracles, which the latter *denies* and *ridicules,* to *Art Magic,* and so falls into the Absurdity of the *Jews,* That our Saviour *cast out Devils by Beelzebub the Prince of the Devils.*

These are Authorities and Testimonies of *Pagan* Authors, and some of them Persecutors of Christianity. To which may be added a flagrant Testimony from an Author, who being once an Heathen, was converted by the Force of what he heard and saw, to the Christian Faith. This was QUADRATUS, a famous *Athenian* Philosopher, who lived within 60 Years of our Saviour's Crucifixion, and wrote an Apology for Christianity, which was highly esteemed by the most learned *Athenians;* which Apology was extant in the Time *of Ado Viennensis, Anno* 870. This Author, after having shewn that false Miracles were generally wrought in Obscurity, and before few or no Witnesses, speaking of those wrought by our Saviour, has the following Passage:— "But His Works were always *seen,* because they were *true:* They were seen by those who were *healed,* and by those who were *raised* from the *Dead.* Nay, these Persons who were thus *healed* and *raised,* were seen not only *at the Time* of their being *healed* and *raised,* but long *afterwards.* Nay, they were seen not only all the while our Saviour was *upon Earth,* but *survived* after his *Departure* out of this World; nay, some of them were living in *our* Days." *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, p. 21.

JUSTIN MARTYR, about 100 Years after Christ, in his Disputes with the Heathen Philosophers, in Presence of the Emperor, and the whole *Roman* Senate, appeals for the Truth of Christ's Miracles to the Record of *Pontius Pilate,* which he transmitted to *Rome* after the Examples of other Governors of Provinces, and which contained all the Memorable Transactions that happen'd in the Time of his Government: And this he appeals to as a Record then *public* and *extant,* which he durst not have done, especially in so august a Presence, if his learned Adversaries could have contradicted him. And there is much more Reason to believe, That more excellent and important Pieces have been lost, besides this noble Record, on the Side of Christianity, than on the other Side; especially when it is considered, that all the Powers of the Earth were combin'd to *persecute,* and even to *extirpate* the Faith of Christ, and that the Rulers of the World continued Pagan for almost 300 Years after the Promulgation of the Gospel.

The same excellent Author farther observes, That it happen'd very providentially for the Honour of the Christian Religion, that it did not take its Rise in the *dark, illiterate* Ages of the World: But at a Time when *Arts* and *Sciences* were at their *Height.* And 'tis observable, that it had very early, many illustrious Converts to it, who no doubt examin'd strictly, and were throughly satisfy d of the Truth of our Saviour's History. Three of the earliest, were JOSEPH of *Arimathæa,* a Member of the *Jewish Sanhedrim,* DIONYSIUS one of the *Athenian Areopagus,* and FLAVIUS CLEMENS, a Senator, and even Consul of *Rome.* And TERTULLIAN tells the *Roman* Governors, That their Corporations, Councils, Armies, Tribes, Companies, the Palace, the Senate, and Courts of Judicature, were filled with Christians.

ARNOBIUS also asserts, That Men of the finest Parts and Learning, Orators, Grammarians, Rhetoricians, Lawyers, Physicians, Philosophers, despising the Sentiments they had been fond of, took up their Rest in the Christian Religion; and that, no doubt, upon the *fullest Conviction* of the *Truth* of it.

Every one of these, in those *Primitive* Times of Christianity took for granted the Truth of those Evangelical Narratives, which *now* (so many Centuries *afterwards)* are become the prophane *Jest* and *Ridicule* of *Apostates* and *Scoffers.* And many of these must be even *Eye-Witnesses* of the Efficacy of the *Apostles* Preaching, and of the *Miracles* with which they supported the Doctrines they taught. For who could refuse their *Belief* in the *Miracles* of *Christ,* when they saw those who attested the Truth of them, performing themselves *like Miracles* to those they testify'd of?

'Tis an Observation of IRANÆUS very apposite to our Purpose, in proving the *unerring* and *immutable* Truth of the Christian System, and the faithful Relations of the four Evangelists, that those barbarous Nations, who had at first only learned the History of our Saviour from those who had converted them to Christianity *before* the Gospels were *written,* had among them the *same* Accounts of our Saviour, which they afterwards met with in the *four Evangelists.* An uncontestable Proof of the *Harmony* and Concurrence between the *Holy Scripture* and the *Tradition* of the *Churches* in those *early Times* of Christianity, and what must have contributed not a little to make way for the *universal Reception* of the *Holy Gospels.*

The cruel *Deaths* and exquisite *Tortures* which the Primitive Martyrs suffer'd, rather than renounce the Faith of *Jesus,* and be guilty of the least *Hypocrisy,* or *mental Reservation,* which perhaps they might have lived to repent of, and be forgiven for, is another strong Proof of the Truth of that Religion, which *alone*

could inspire the illustrious Sufferers with Hopes sufficient to counterbalance that strange Variety of exquisite Tortures which they so magnanimously endured.

"For my Part, *says this excellent Author,* when I consider that it was not an unaccountable Obstinacy in a *single Man,* or in *any particular Set of Men,* in some *extraordinary Juncture*; but that there were *Multitudes* of *each Sex,* of *every Age,* of *different Countries* and *Conditions,* who, for near 300 *Years together,* made this glorious Confession of their Faith, in the midst of *Tortures,* and in the *Hour* of *Death,* I must conclude, that they were either of *another Make* than Men are at present; or that they had such *miraculous Supports* as were *peculiar* to *those Times* of Christianity, when without them, perhaps, the very Name of it might have been extinguished."

And thus, here is another Difficulty for the Despisers of Faith and Miracles to account for on the Foot of their *boasted Reason,* and in their present Way of Thinking.

We might say still much more, and did intend to add to the preceding Evidences of the Christian Religion from Mr. Locke and Mr. ADDISON, some farther Proofs in Confirmation thereof from those great Philosophers Mr. BOYLE and Sir Isaac Newton; but we are induc'd to believe, that we have said enough to convince an ingenuous Mind; and all the Evidence that could be farther brought, will not be sufficient to move the Minds of such as are determined against Conviction.

We shall however observe, That 'tis well known, that every one of those four Gentlemen were Adversaries to *Enthusiasm* and *Superstition,* and broke through the *Prejudices* of *Education,* and struck out *New* and *Surprizing* Lights, (especially Mr. Locke, Mr. Boyle and Sir Isaac Newton) in all the Branches of *Philosophy,* and yet all their *extensive Discoveries,* and the Effects of their *boundless Enquiries,* serv'd them for no other Purpose (for they were *Modest* as well as *Great* Men; which, by the Way, are Qualities in a manner inseparable) than to increase their *Faith,* and strengthen their *Belief* of the *Mysteries* of *Providence,* and of the *Truth* of the *Christian Revelation.*

By the *much* they knew, they found there was *much more* still to be known; and this taught them that *Humility* with regard to *themselves*, and that *Submission* with regard to *Providence,* which are the great and constant Attendants of Noble and Capacious Minds; two Qualities, which, how much the *Sceptics* and *Infidels* of the present Age, are wanting in, let their *Works,* and their *Conversations* speak.

Yet 'tis farther observable, that every one of these Gentlemen were *Laymen,* and so could not be suspected to be in a Plot to promote that *Priestcraft* which it is so much the Fashion of our present *Ridiculers* of the *Christian Faith,* to cry out

upon, and to which they senselesly impute every *serious Attempt* to promote the Honour of *God* and *Religion.*

I shall Conclude, with earnest Prayers, that what I have offer'd in so plain, so intelligible, and, as I hope, so *Rational* a Manner, may be attended with such Success, that if it does not *convince* the *harden'd* Minds of *some,* it may however *confirm* the *doubting* Minds of others, and inspire them with a due Belief of, and Reverence for, that Sacred Dispensation, which will appear to every *unprejudic'd Enquirer,* to be so wisely calculated to promote our Happiness both in *this World,* and in *that to come!*

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

In Compliance with the Request of a valuable Friend, who is Father of a numerous Family, and has been particularly affected by the following melancholy Letter, we insert it here. It was publish'd in one of the Weekly Papers in *September* last; and contains an Account of a Case that seems a *Second* to that of the unhappy Gentleman in the *Temple,* which we hinted who, unable to contend with the shocking Uncertainties that his Deistical Acquaintance had involved him in, laid violent Hands on himself to experience the Certainty of those Truths which he had been taught to question.

SIR,

I am a constant Reader of your Papers, and like them very well, and am, above all Things, satisfied with those excellent Pieces in them that so pathetically represent the *Decay* of *Religion* and *Morality* amongst us in this Age; and I assure you, if a Stop be not put to the Corruption both of *Principles* and *Practices* which now prevail among the *younger Sort,* that I firmly believe, Heaven, by some heavy Judgments, will interpose, and work our Reformation; for there's no correcting and reforming of *Nations,* when their Iniquities are *full,* but in this Way.

There is no Man living upon the Face of the Earth hath so much Reason to complain of this as I have, — and I am persuaded that you will join Issue with me in the following Account.

I had a Son, who was always brought up under my Eye; in Religion and Learning he made an equal Progress; he was a Comfort to his Parents, and a Credit to our Minister, who instructed him. All that examined him declared, that his Judgment in Things was solid beyond his Years, and that he had Learning, without its Attendants in our public Places of Literature at this Day, *viz.* Vice and Immorality.

I was over-persuaded to put him in the *Temple*, where he had continued almost a Year; he came down in the Vacation Time to see us; but I found a strange Alteration in him as to Religion; he had entirely lost that *Seriousness* in it that he had from his Infancy, he lay in Bed on Sundays commonly 'till Noon, and I found that it was with a Kind of Reluctancy he went to Church but once a Day, and was become extremely backward to read Prayers in the Family, which he did before with the greatest Fervency and Zeal; at which I was much disturb'd.

Term-Time returning, he dutifully took his Leave of me and his Mother, and return'd to his Chambers. But he had scarce been a Month there, before I was sent for to receive his last Breath. I made, upon the receiving this afflicting Account, ready immediately for my Journey; and indeed when I came to *London*, I found him delirious and senseless, — the Surgeon with him, who, by Order of the Physician, had open'd a Vein in each Arm; for his Distemper was a violent burning Fever, attended with a Pleurisy. Next Morning he came to himself; whereupon, to keep him from the Noise of Company, I got him removed to a Friend's House.

When he was settled in a convenient Chair, I sat down by him; then he fell upon my Face and wept; after he had given a Vent to his Tears, he spoke thus; Oh! if the Minister, my Master, was here, I would open my Mind to him, for the *Flame* of my *Conscience* is more violent than that of my *Fever*; but since he is not, therefore, — saith he, — I will act the sincere Part of the repenting Prodigal with you.

You must imagine that the Address surprized me, but the Tenderness of a Father gave Way to it, expecting that what he had to say might be grounded upon the Remissness in the Duties of Religion, which I observed in him, as I have told you.

But, alas! the Case was quite otherwise! — he made a Confession to me that I never expected.— "Father, — I must, to my Confusion, own, — that I have been a *Deist* since I came here. I stood it out, it is true, for a Month, — but my Companions brought me *Barborack's* Prefatory Introduction to *Puffendorf's* Law of Nature and Nations, and from thence argued, that Christian Religion, now profess'd, was no more but the *Comments* of the *Fathers*, who at best were but a Pack of *Enthusiasts, Persecutors, Immoral, Ignorant,* and *Sanguinary* Villains! and that *Pythagoras, Thales, Anaxagoras,* &c and above all, that *Confucius,* the *Chinese* Philosopher, had more Religion and Morality than all the Fathers put together. — At last they jested on the *Trinity,* and on the *Incarnation* of the *Son of God,* as the Effects of the Holy Fathers *Enthusiasm* and *Stupidity.*

"And what above all took most with me, was a rigid *Dissenters* saying, That there was nothing in Religion: As for his Part, he'd form himself into that *Shape* by the which he thought he should get *most Practice* in the Law.

"Having, by these Arguments, given the Loose to my *former* Principles, I enter'd into all the Measures of *Excess* with them; the *Consequence* of which is my *present* Distemper."

He had scarce ended this most astonishing Account to me, but that his Pleurisy return'd, and again he was blooded, and to the next Morning he open'd not his

Mouth.

However, in a few Weeks he recovered so much Strength as to go by easy Journeys into the Country: where I got, to his Desire, the Fathers, and best Commentaries on the Bible, from which he made Collections upon most of the *moral Virtues*, and concluded, that there could be no inward Peace, without a saving Knowledge of them, as contained in the *Scriptures*, together with the *Comments* of the *Fathers* on them in the *first Ages* of the Church, — and almost was always a-weeping, for Fear God had cast him off for his Degeneracy.

One Day, in the Summer-house, as he turn'd his Eye upon *Salvian,* he said,— "Honour'd Father, — I think the State of this Nation is very much like that of the *Romans,* when the *Goths* and *Vandals* subdued them; they *profess'd* Christianity, yet, in the mean Time, they made *a Jest* of every Virtue it enjoyn'd; — for which, *saith he,* God disown'd them so far, — that they became tame Slaves to those barbarous People to whom before they would not vouch safe the Honour of *Alliance* or of *Peace"*

From the Summer-house we went into the Hall; but he no sooner sat down, but that a tickling Cough seiz'd him, which gradually encreased 'till it came to the highest Degree of Vehemence, and at last by it there broke an Ulcer in his Lungs, which immediately strangled or suffocated him. To mention my Grief is needless. God only knows how great it is! — I only write this for the Warning of others, — especially to *young Students of the Law,* — that they may not be the Cause of so great Sorrow to their Parents in this corrupt Age as my Son hath been to his tender Mother and me.

I am, &c.

W. B.

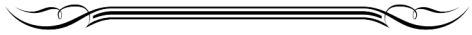
The Degeneracy of a hopeful Son, just at the Time when the indulgent Parent was expecting to reap the Fruits of the good Seeds he had so carefully sown in his Mind, and which, as he flatter'd himself, he had already perceived beginning to blossom out to the Honour of his Name and Family, is certainly one of the most melancholy and affecting Trials that can happen to human Nature. Such tender Parents, as are wont to watch with Transport the beautiful Dawn of the Morning of Life in their Childrens Minds, and to please themselves with the hopeful Prospect arising from thence of the Resplendency of their fuller Day of Manhood, can best account for the Pangs that must torture and rack the Soul of the good Father, who having safely conducted his Child by the Hand from helpless Infancy through the first dangerous Years of Youth, beholds him at last, by the Force of evil Examples, seduced from his Duty, and making a Forfeit of his Virtue and

Religion at his first Entrance into (what we may call) *Independent Life*. This is a Case that cannot possibly be described; and we shall leave it on the Reflexion of all such as are the Occasions of so terrible and truly diabolical a Seduction, what they must have to answer for, both to God and to their Fellow-Creatures, on this Account: A Reflexion that one time or other, (and, perhaps, when they are least prepared to support it) will probably find them out, and fill their Minds with insupportable Anguish.

But there is one thing more, that we must take notice of, however reluctantly, relating to the Principles of some of the Gentlemen to whose Care the Education of Youth is intrusted at the Universities. Tis indeed with great Regret, that we are obliged to mention any thing that may be supposed to reflect Dishonour upon those famous Seminaries of Learning, for which we have all imaginable Deference and Veneration: But it is too true, and so notorious, that it cannot be concealed, That even There, at the Fountain-head, our Youth too often receive those early Taints of Infidelity, which make them susceptible of that Infection which afterwards overspreads their whole Minds.

We but just mention this deplorable Truth, in order to recommend it, which we do with all possible Earnestness, to the serious Consideration of all Fathers and Guardians who have at Heart the Honour of God and Religion, and the future Welfare and Happiness of their Children and Wards, that they thoroughly satisfy themselves in Relation to the *unsuspected Soundness* of the Tutor's *Christian Principles*. It ought not to be thought sufficient that such a one contents himself to be accounted a *mere Moral* Man: For tho' the Ties of *Morality,* join'd with Motives from *common Prudence,* maybe able to with-hold *Him,* in his *College-Life,* from open Scandals, yet they may not be strong enough for the *Young Gentleman,* when, stimulated, perhaps, by *violent Appetites,* and supported by *plentiful* and *insnaring Circumstances* he is permitted to launch out into a World abounding with Temptations and Dangers, which require all the Hold that Religion can take on his Passions of *Hope* and *Fear,* to controul and withstand. But as I intend this only for a Caution, which I am sorry I am obliged to think necessary, I shall say no more of it in this Place.

THE APPRENTICE'S VADE MECUM



In 1733, Richardson wrote *The Apprentice's Vade Mecum*, which urged young men like himself to be diligent and self-denying. The work was intended to "create the perfect apprentice". Written in response to the "epidemick Evils of the present Age", the text is best known for its condemnation of popular forms of entertainment, including theatres, taverns and gambling. It targets the apprentice as the focal point for the moral improvement of society, not because he is most susceptible to vice, but because he is more responsive to moral improvement than his social betters. By this time, Richardson had taken on seven apprentices in his printing firm and his comprehensive personal experiences in dealing with apprentices is apparent throughout the manual.

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THE

APPRENTICE'S VADE ME CUM:

OR,

YOUNG MAN'S POCKET-COMPANION.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. Containing useful Comments and Observations on the Covenants entered into between Master and Servant, byway of *Indenture*; wherein that wise Obligation is considered Article by Article. With some occasional Remarks on *Play-houses*; and particularly on one lately erected.

PART II. Containing general Rules and Directions for a young Man's behaviour in his Apprenticeship. Familiarly address'd to the Youth himself.

PART III. Some brief Cautions to a young Man against the Scepticism and Infidelity of the present Age, which insnare the Minds, and debauch the Morals of the Youth of this Kingdom: Wherein the essential Principles of Christianity are laid down and vindicated in so intelligent and forcible a Manner, as may serve for a Preservative against the contagious Infidelity of the present Age, and enable a young Man to give a *Reason* for his *Faith.*

Addressed to the Right Worshipful the Chamberlain of *London.*

The Whole calculated for the mutual Ease and Benefit both of Master and Servant; and recommended to the serious Consideration of all Parents, *&c* who have Children that they design to put out Apprentice.

LONDON:

Printed for J ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane; and Sold byJ. LEAKE at Bath. 1734.

To the Right Worshipful the

CHAMBERLAIN

OF

LONDON

THIS SMALL

T R E A T I S E

Written principally with a View to regulate the Behaviour, and improve the Morals of the YOUTH of this Kingdom, and especially of such who are put out Apprentice,

Is most humbly dedicated.

PREFACE.

The present Depravity of Servants is a general Complaint in the Mouths of all Masters of Families and it must be allow'd, there is hut too much Reason for it. It were easy to assign several Causes to which this Depravity is owing, and, besides the Degeneracy of the Times, and the Prophaneness and Immorality, and even the open Infidelity that is every where propagated with Impunity, something perhaps might be too justly laid at the Door of the Complainants themselves. But as it is not any Part of our present Design to find Faults in the Master, but to endeavour to prevent or reform them in the Servant, who when he comes to be Master, in his Turn, may contribute to amend the Age, we shall refer our selves to the serious Consideration and due Reflection of the former, and apply our selves wholly to the inculcating into the Minds of Youth such salutary Precepts, as we apprehend may have a happy Influence on their future Lives; addressing ourselves more particularly to the Class of Young Men who are about being apprenticed out to Trades and Business. This, we conceive, is a Subject that has not been hitherto touch'd upon, or consider'd as it ought: And which yet is of very high Importance to the Good of the Community in this great Trading Kingdom: Since it is from this Source, that the most numerous and most useful Members of the Commonwealth are derived; on whose Industry and Labour the Welfare of the Whole almost intirely depends.

Many excellent Pieces are extant, instructing Men in their general Duties, and the Pulpit every Week joins its important Aid, to explain them, and confirm their Practice. But I know of none that are peculiarly calculated to instruct Young Men in the particular Duties of an Apprentice, or to teach them how to behave in this their first Stage of Manhood and Business, on which the Whole of their future Good generally depends. At most, if there are any such, they contain only general Directions and Exhortations to practise what they were before supposed to be instructed in by their Parents, or such as had the Care of their Education; and so are too often unheeded as Lessons, which they had been already taught. But few or no Rules have been laid down for the Regulation of their Manners and their good Behaviour in the Families into which they are transplanted for a Series of Years the most important and most critical of their whole Lives.

This has caused us to believe, that a particular Address to this Class of Youths, wrote in an easy and intelligible Manner, and not too much interfering with the Province of the Preacher, to whom it should be left to instil the graver, more necessary, and more spiritual Lessons into their Minds, could not fail of having a good Effect, as it might apprize Young Men what ought to be expected from them

in this new Engagement, and as it would necessarily pave the Way to a still greater Perfection?

The Method we have observed in the Prosecution of our Design, is as follows;

I. We have thought fit to explain the Nature of the Covenant into which the Young Man enters, by a kind of Comment or Paraphrase on the Indenture itself, which was excellently calculated by our venerable Ancestors for the Purpose it was designed for; and which lays Claim equally to our Praise and Observation. And in this Part we have explained, Article by Article, as briefly as we could, the several Duties and Obligations inforced by it, and shewn the Reasonableness and Necessity of a due Observance of every Part of this just and equal Covenant.

II. In the Second Part we have endeavour'd to touch, in an easy and pleasant Manner, upon the several Topicks following, familiarly address'd to the Youth himself; viz. That good Manners should be inculcated into their Minds at School. Of the Importance of behaving well in the Time of Apprenticeship. Why a Young Man should study his Master's Temper. Of Diligence in a Handicraft Business; in that of a Shop-keeper, and in Wholesale Business. Of the Young Man's Behaviour to his Fellow-Servants. Against Pertness. Of the Use to be made of the Faults of others. Danger of bad Company, with Rules to be observ'd on this important Head. Evil Consequences of concealing his Actions and Acquaintance. Against Pride and Affectation in Dress. Against Slovenliness. Against sordid Selfishness. Against Extravagance. The Medium to be observ'd in this Case. Pleasure of a benevolent Disposition. The true Notion of Friendship. How to distinguish a Friend. How to act in some critical Cases of Friendship. Cautions against Suretiship. Of the Choice of Friends. Benefits of a good Choice of Company. Of keeping a Master's Secrets. Of Complaisance of Temper. Of shocking Jests. Not to give Occasion to be told twice of his Duty. To be thankful for good Advice. Caution against Flatterers. Against Idleness and Eye-Service. Of Hours of Business, and of those allow'd for Diversion. Against Sabbath-breaking. Advice to such as have severe Masters, and to such as have kind ones. Rules to be observ'd where there are a Number of Workmen. Against Talkativeness. Against Obscene Words, Oaths, &c. Inconveniencies of bad Habits of Speech. Of the Young Man's Duty to God. The Sea the best Choice for such Spirits as cannot comport to the Rules of an orderly Family.

These are the principal Heads of the Two first Parts of this little Treatise, and we had intended to conclude with them; but we have been prevailed on to add a Third Part, at the Request of a judicious Friend, who having at Heart the Interests of the Christian Religion, of late so boldly and barefacedly attack'd by Infidels of

several Denominations, represented, that our Design would not be complete without we added some few Arguments in order to enable an ingenuous Mind to oppose the idle Cavils and impertinent Witticisms of the Scoffers of the Age, now so frequently to be met with in every Conversation? and to confirm himself in the sound Principles of Christianity, in which 'tis to be presum'd he was educated.

We could not but comply with the Desire of so judicious a Friend; tho' we must confess, that our principal View extended little farther than to Morality, because we thought That the proper Subject for the Part of Life which we chiefly have at Heart to direct; and because we were willing to leave this Province to better Pens? having, however, the Vanity to hope, that any one who duly attended to the Rules we presumed to lay down, could not make a bad Man, or even an indifferent Member of Society.

We have indeed lately had great Encomiums made on Morality, and the Point has been carry'd so far, that the Whole of our Duty has been asserted by some bold Innovators to be comprehended therein: 'Tis certain that Morality is an indispensible Requisite of true Religion, and there can be none without it. But it would become the Pride and Ignorance of Pagans only, to magnify it, as the Whole of what is necessary: for, blessed be God, good Christians can glory in a Religion that is as much Superior to that, as the Soul is to the Body; and of which Morality is but as one Round of a Ladder, which shall mount us to the true Christian Perfection. And we shall take upon us to say, That a Person who has a true Sense of Morality, and is under the proper Influences of its most excellent Dictates, must have, at least, the Modesty to treat more respectfully the Faith of his Ancestors, than most of those pert and pragmatical Cavillers do.

This will be sufficient to let our Readers into the Design of our Third Part; and we shall say no more of it in this Place.

But with regard to our general Design, we shall add, That Trade is of so much Honour and Importance to this Kingdom, that many of our best Families, who are the greatest Ornaments to their Country, both among the Nobility and Gentry, owe originally their Rise and Fortunes, their Splendour and Dignity, to it: And as the Bodies of our Nobility and Gentlemen receive constant Augmentations from this Source; it is therefore of the highest Importance to cultivate the Minds of this most useful and most numerous Part of the Commonwealth. And it will be consider'd in our Favour, that if we have seemed to descend too low in any of the Directions we have given, that they are calculated for all Sorts of Capacities and Business, and are principally designed for Youth of tender Years? who are to be dictated to in a plain and easy manner, and consider'd as Persons just stepping out into Life, and who, like tender Plants, being removed into a new Soil and Climate, require the gentlest Management: Tho' we may presume to hope, at the same

time, that a Person of riper Years and Judgment will find some things in the following Pages, that will not be unworthy of his serious Attention.

N. B. Since these Sheets were written, and in the Press, we have seen advertis'd a Piece that seems calculated to promote the same Design. By the Particulars mentioned in the Advertisement, we have reason to believe the two Pieces are very differently handled. The Author of that, having treated the Subject as a Divine, as the Advertisement shews, expatiates principally on those general Duties which we take for granted the Young Man is initiated in, and for which there are already so many useful Helps extant, besides the weekly Assistance of the Pulpit: And we, contenting our selves in the two first Parts with endeavouring to inculcate briefly, and yet, we hope, cogently, those known Duties; applying our selves more directly to the instructing of the Young Man in those Points which, we conceive, he will no where else find treated of; at least, in a Manner so peculiar to his Circumstances and Situation. And in the 3d, directing our Aim to strengthen and fortify the Young Man's Mind in the Christian Religion, against the Seductions of Infidelity, which we take to be of the highest Use and Benefit to the Society in general, in these degenerate Times. But we doubt not both may have their Uses, and, we hope, may answer the good Ends proposed by their respective Writers.

PART I.

Containing useful Comments and Observations on the Covenants entered into between Master and Servant, by way of Indenture; *wherein that wise Obligation is considered Article by Article. With some occasional Remarks on* Playhouses, *and particularly on one lately erected.*

We shall begin with a short Definition of the Words *Indenture* and *Apprentice*, which are very expressive of the Sense in which they are used.

The first is derived from the French *Endenter,* to *jag,* or *notch?* and signifies a Writing, which contains an Agreement between different Persons, whereof there are two Copies, which being cut, *waved* or *notched,* tally to one another when put together, and prove the Genuineness of both.

The Word *Apprentice* is derived also from the French *Apprentisse,* from the Latin *Apprehendere*, which signifies to *apprehend* or to *learn,* which is the Duty of a young Man entering into an Engagement to *learn* or *apprehend* the Art or Mystery to which he is bound *Apprentice.*

We shall now pursue our Design in the first Part, and give the Words of this Covenant, and make some brief and useful Observations thereon Paragraph by Paragraph.

Obligation on the Part of the Apprentice.

This INDENTURE witnesseth, That N. N. *the Son* of N. N. *of —— Gent, doth put himself Apprentice to A.* B. *Citizen and — of* London, *to learn his Art, and with him, after the Manner of an Apprentice* (i.e. in a faithful, dutiful, and obliging Manner, as a good Servant and willing *Learner* ought) *to serve from the Day of the Date of these Presents, until the full End and Term of Seven Years from thence next following, to be fully complete and ended?*

To keep inviolably his Master's Secrets.

During which Term the said Apprentice his said Master faithfully shall serve, his Secrets keep i.e. All those Secrets which relate to his Family-Affairs or Business, or to any Part of his Concerns, which being revealed, might be detrimental to his Master's Reputation or Interest. There is a good English Proverb, *That a Man's*

House should be his Castle intimating the inviolable Regard which Servants taken into a Man's Family, and who are become a Part of it, ought to have to whatever may tend to the Reputation or Profit thereof. There cannot be a more infamous Breach of the Rules of sound Morality, than for a Person to betray his Master's Secrets; which, but for the Confidence placed in his Integrity, and the just Expectations his Master had of his Fidelity and bounden Duty, had never come to his Knowledge; and which therefore is so vile a Breach of Trust, so high a Degree of Treachery, that it ought to make him odious to all Men.

His lawful Commandments, every where, gladly (i.e. chearfully and willingly, without Hesitation, Murmuring or Reluctance) *do?*

He shall do no Damage to his said Master, nor see to be done of others, but that he, to his Power, shall let (or prevent it) *or forthwith* (without Delay) *give Warning to his said Master of the same.* This is a very important Rule, and ought very particularly to be attended to: Nor is the next of less Weight, *viz. He shall not waste the Goods of his said Master, nor lend them unlawfully to any?*

He shall not commit Fornication, nor contract Matrimony within the said Term. Fornication and *Matrimony* are very wisely prohibited to the young Man in his Indenture. The first is a heavy Sin forbidden in the Holy Scriptures under severe Penalties; and is moreover generally attended with a sad Train of Mischiefs from the Company of lewd Women, who have been the Bane and Ruin of many an hopeful young Man; of which there are Multitudes of Instances within the Knowledge of every one. The second, tho' a lawful Engagement, in a Person who is his own Master, and has a Right to dispose of himself, is often of very fatal Consequence to a young Man, who is an Apprentice.

Not to commit Fornication. To do his Service cheerfully. Nor contract Matrimony. Reasonableness of these Prohibitions; and Inconveniencies of too early Marriages.

In the *first* Place, it is hardly possible that such a one should marry upon advantageous, or even *equal* Terms, since it must necessarily be done in a private and clandestine Manner, contrary to the Rules of Prudence, contrary to Duty, and express Stipulation. *Secondly*, It is very possible, that such an one may come to have a Family of Children while he himself is but a Boy, and while he is deprived of all *honest Means* of maintaining them, which may put him upon vile and base Practices to support it. *Thirdly*, His Hopes of preferring himself, when he is out of his Time, by marrying a Person of Credit or Fortune, which joining with what he might have, or with his own industrious Improvement, might be a means to make his Life to come easy and happy, would be entirely baffled and frustrated.

Fourthly, As a natural Consequence of his Indiscretion, he would, very probably, be forced to drudge on in the lowest Part of his Business, a *Servant* to Servants; and, what is still worse, his innocent Children would be involved in all the Misfortunes of their imprudent Parents; they would be forced, as they grew up, to be let out, at a poor and despicable Pittance, perhaps for their Food only, as Shop-Boys, or Errand-Boys or Livery-Servants; or at best be obliged to an Hospital, or a Parish, or to the Charity of some well-disposed Persons, to be educated for some inferior Business, and so are inrolled among the Scum of the People; and their own Indiscretion, perhaps, being of a Piece with those of their precipitate Parents, when Men, they help to fill the Army, and so become at once the most profligate Part of Mankind, as well in Morals as Employment.

Not to game.

Many other Mischiefs might be enumerated to be the usual Consequences of too early Marriages:

Gaming a sordid Vice.

But what we have said is enough to any Youth of the least Consideration, who will perceive that this prohibitory Part of his Engagement is most prudently inforc'd upon him for his own present and future Benefit; and that 'tis not possible his Master, or any other Person (the miserable Woman with whom he ingages excepted) can be half so much affected by the Breach of this important Article as himself.

The fatal Consequences of it.

He shall not play at Cards, Dice, Tables, or any other unlawful Games, whereby his said Master may have any Loss. This is a most useful and necessary Restriction for the Good of Youth; to whom Gaming must be of the most pernicious Consequence, and Multitudes have been utterly ruin'd by it. Tis a *sordid,* and, whenever it runs *high,* an *unjust* Amusement. For what is it, as every Man *hopes* to *win,* but a coveting to possess what is another's? All manner of Tricks and mean Artifices, and even the most shocking Villainies, have taken their Rise from this ignoble Passion. It is bad in Persons of all Ages and Qualities; but worst of all in an Apprentice or Servant, who when given to the Love of Gaming, is generally lost to all Improvement, and to a Sense of Industry. All his Time for learning his Business and improving his Mind will be miserably mispent: What he

set out with as an *Amusement,* becomes an *Habit,* and then he is on the Verge of Ruin. Many a Nobleman's ample Possessions have been reduc'd to nothing by this wicked Diversion. Many a fine Lady's Honour destroy'd by this Means: Many a wealthy Family undone by it: And what shall the Apprentice, the Learner, the *unthinking* and *unwary* Youth expect must be the Consequence to himself of this unhappy Itch? His first Sacrifice is this his solemn Engagement, and his Master's Time; and his next, too probably, will be his Fidelity, his Honesty, in order to support the Extravagancies and Profusion into which this pernicious Habit will run him. And as none but Persons of the most infamous Characters can be his Companions in this iniquitous Practice, he becomes, 'tis very likely, intirely abandon'd of the best Company, and devoted to the worst. And let any Youth judge for himself, if such a one be not in the high Road to Perdition?

Not to traffick for himself. With his own Goods or others, during the said Term, without Licence of his said Master, he shall neither buy nor sell. Reasonableness of this Prohibition.

As an Apprentice has no Time that he can properly call his own, but is accountable to his Master for every Hour, it is very reasonable that he should be restrained from trading or dealing for himself, either with what his own Fortune may happen to furnish Means to do, or with what may be intrusted to him, for that Purpose, by others. This might otherwise be an Inlet to many great Inconveniencies to the Master, who might, according as he repos'd a Confidence in his Servant, be robbed of the Profits of his Business, and a clandestine Trade be carry'd on in his Name, and at his Expence, as it might happen: Or if the young Man should take upon himself to buy or sell, in any other Part of Business, with other Persons, tho' not in the clandestine Manner hinted at, the Knowledge which he has of his Master's Affairs, and those of others, by means of the Confidence placed in him, may make his Traffick of very ill Consequence to his Master in many respects; besides, the Damage that may accrue to him by Loss of Time, and by that want of Attention to his Master's Business which *Self-Love* and *Self-Interest* must beget in the Servant, when he has one of *his own* to mind. It is therefore a very reasonable Part of the Contract, and an indispensible one too, that he be prohibited, during the Term of his Apprenticeship, either to buy or sell, without his Master's Knowledge and Allowance.

Not to haunt Taverns, &c. All Publick-houses comprehended under the Word Taverns. Bad Consequences of such Haunts.

He shall not haunt Taverns or Play-houses. The Importance of this double Restriction is so great, that we shall speak to it in two Parts; And *first,* as to haunting of *Taverns-,* under which Head, the young Man is to take Notice, that all Publick-houses are included, where his Master's Time may be mis-spent, or any bad Habits, with regard to his own present or future Welfare, may be contracted. It is well known of what bad Consequence the *haunting* of a Tavern is to the Master himself, who has, at least, the *Pretence* of meeting his Customers, and treating of Business there, and who really very often promotes his Business by a discreet use of it, and a good Choice of his Company: But to an Apprentice, who can have *no Pretence* of this kind, to haunt or much to frequent a Tavern or Publick-house, it must be generally productive of far worse Effects. In the *first* place it will subject him to a large Expence, which very few Apprentices can afford; to support which it may lead him into great Inconveniencies, and be a Snare to his Virtue and his Fidelity. *Secondly,* It will give an early Beginning to a bad Habit, which may grow up *in* him, and *with* him, and be too strong to conquer when his Time shall be his own, and he has perhaps enter'd into those Family-Engagements which may require his utmost Application and Industry to answer properly. *Thirdly*, It must unavoidably more or less occasion the Loss of his Master's Time, and a Neglect of his Business, and be moreover a great Temptation to ill Hours and ill Company; for who but such as himself will keep an Apprentice company, when he knows he contributes to a Robbery at the same time? for what else can an Abuse of this kind, where the Master is defrauded of his Apprentice's Time, and of his Application to his Business, be called? Nay, as it may happen, it may be in its Effects a Robbery of the *worst* Sort, both to the Master and Servant; to the one in his *Interest,* to the other in his *Morals*. Add to these, the fatal Consequences that often flow from the *Union* of those two powerful Incentives to Mischief, *Youth* and *Wine;* to which the utter Destruction of many a hopeful Person, both in Mind and Body, has been so often owing, that almost every Day, and every Man's Experience, afford a Multitude of terrible Instances of it; some of which we of this great great City, find every Month recorded in the Sessions Paper.

Not to haunt Playhouses.

The *other* Part of this double Restriction, *viz.* "Not to haunt *Playhouses,* is likewise of great Importance, and deserves to be consider'd very attentively. As many sober People are Advocates for this Diversion, we shall take up a little more of

our Reader's Time on this Article, than we have found it necessary to do on some others, where the Duty, and the Reasons of it, are supposed to be more obvious.

Stage may be made useful under proper Regulations.

We would not, like some narrow Minds, argue against the *Use* of any thing, because of the *Abuse* of it: And therefore shall frankly acknowledge it as our Opinion, that under proper Regulations, the *Stage* may be made subservient to excellent Purposes, and be an useful Second to the *Pulpit* itself: Even as it *is* conducted, which every sober Person I believe will allow is far from being done in an unexceptionable Manner, the Stage may be a tolerable Diversion to such as know not how to pass their Time, and who perhaps would spend it much worse, either in Drinking, Gaming, *&c* if they did not go to the Play-house. But for a young *Tradesman* himself, much more an *Apprentice,* to make this a favourite Diversion, and to *haunt* or frequently go to a Play-house, who can bestow his Time much more to the Advantage of his Business, which 'tis probable will suffer by it, it must be allowed to be of very pernicious Consequence in several Respects, some of which I shall enumerate.

Reasons why.

In the *first* Place, all our modern Plays are calculated for Persons in *upper* Life, and the good Instructions, if any are design'd to be convey'd by the Representation to the Minds of the Auditory, he much above the common Case and Observation of the Class of Persons to which I am addressing myself.

2*dly,* The Loss of Time and Expence of Money which naturally follow the haunting of a Play-house, are Points that well become the Reflection of a Person in Business. But as we shall more particularly touch upon this Article by and by, we shall say the less of it here.

3*dly,* The great Resort of lewd Women to these Places where the Temptation is made the stronger, by the Impressions which the Musick and the Entertainment are liable to make on young and unguarded Minds, is another strong Reason against frequenting these Houses.

4*thly,* Most of our modern Plays, and especially those written in a late licentious Reign, which are reckon'd the best, and are often acted, are so far from being so much as *intended* for Instruction to a Man of Business, that such Persons are generally made the Dupes and Fools of the Hero of it. To make a Cuckold of a rich Citizen, is a masterly Part of the Plot; and such Persons are always introduced under the meanest and most contemptible Characters. All manner of

Cheats, and Frauds, and Villainies, committed against such, are incourag'd, and inculcated upon an Audience; the genteeler Part of which are too ready to take the Hint, as the Men of Trade throughout the Kingdom every Day find to their Cost. And this in a Kingdom which owes its Support, and the Figure it makes abroad, intirely to Trade; the Followers of which are infinitely of more Consequence, and deserve more to be incourag'd, than any other Degree or Rank of People in it. Can it then be prudent, or even decent, for a Tradesman to encourage by his Presence, or support by the Effects of his Industry, Diversions so abusive of the Profession by which he lives, and by which not only these Catterpillars themselves, but the whole Nation, is supported? — Besides, even in the best Plays, the Moral lies so deep and hidden, as if the Play were not written for the Sake of it: And how few Persons are there who are capable of pursuing thro' the glittering, the dazling Scene, the useful Application? — And even this, when found, seldom falls within the Compass of the Tradesman's Sphere, as I hinted above.

5*thly,* Another strong Reason against Plays, not only to the Tradesman, but to all Ranks, is, their deplorable Depravity at this Time, which is greater than ever was known. A good Dramatick Writer, is a Character that this Age knows nothing of; and I would be glad to name the Person living who is fit to be made an Exception to this general Censure. Most of our most taking Performances are such, as our Progenitors even of *Charles the Second's* Reign, would have been asham'd of. Genteel Comedy (even in which sound Morals were seldom enough consider'd) has long left the Stage, as well as the nobler Tragic Muse: And all our late Heroes and Heroines of the Drama, have been fetch'd from *Newgate* and *Bridewell?* The celebrated *Congreves Niky, Horner*, and others that I might name, were odious and detestable Characters with regard to the Point to which we are speaking; but then there was so much Wit mingled with the Immorality, as made it pass when we could get no better. But now the horrid Pantomime and wicked Dumb Shew, the infamous Harlequin Mimicry, introduc'd for nothing but to teach how to cozen, cheat, deceive, and cuckold; together with the wretched Group of Rogues, form'd from the Characters of *Shepherd, Jonathan Wild, Blueskin,* and, in fine, from every Rogue that has made a Noise in the World by his superlative Wickedness, has yielded the principal Characters exhibited, and that not for the Sake of Poetical Justice, in their *Execution,* but to divert the Audience by their *Tricks* and *Escapes*; and if they have been brought to Justice at last, it has been in such a Manner, as to move the Pity of the Audience for them. These are, and have been for some time, the edifying Subjects that have given Delight to crouded Audiences, to the Disgrace both of the *British* Taste and Stage.

6*thly* and *lastly,* Instead of gently relaxing the Mind from the Fatigues of Business, which in many Cases gives it a greater Edge on the Return to it, a frequent visiting of a Play-house (were even the Company and Entertainment better suited to a young Man's Circumstances and Situation) must too much detach his Mind from his Business, and fill it with light and airy Amusements. His Thoughts and Conversation will generally turn upon what had so strongly impress'd him in its Favour; and he may be taught in time to sit loose to those narrow Ties to which his Business necessarily binds him. If he has any Taste for those Diversions, the Musick will always play upon his Ears, the Dancers will constantly swim before his Eyes. This or that Part of an applauded Actor will perpetually take up his Attention, and he will be desirous of seeing him shine in others, and so will want to trace one Player or other thro' every Scene, and every Season. Let it then be judg'd how necessary it is for the Wisdom of the Contract to exert itself in prohibiting the young Man to *haunt* a Play-house, which will, if the greatest Care be not taken, not only become an Inlet to very great Inconveniencies, but may intirely unhinge his Mind from Business, make his Trade undelightfid to him, and will allow, at most, but a *second* Place to his *first* Duties; which, by the Way, can never prosper, if the *whole* Mind and Application be not ingross'd by them, preferably to any other Considerations.

Increase of Playhouses of pernicious Consequence.

The Increase of Play-houses, and the Encouragement they meet with, are sad Instances among others, and perhaps worse, of the Luxury of the present Age.

Theatrical Shews at first useful to Trade.

There was a Time when publick Spectacles, and Shews, Drolls, and Farces (and most of our present Theatrical Performances are no better) were exhibited once a Year to very good Purpose. Every Trading Town or populous City had its annual Fair, which brought to it from the adjacent Villages a great Resort of People who had been labouring for Months before harder than usual, in order to save something to spend at that Time, and to purchase Fairings for those they best affected. These annual Fairs were by this Means productive of Trade, and vast Quantities of all Sorts of Manufactures were disposed of at them, and still are at some of 'em in the Country.

Taste of Authors and Audience well suited.

It was then that *Bartholomew* Fair for the City, and that of *Southwark* for the *Borough*, were the only Times in which the industrious Citizens indulg'd, or their well-regulated Families desired to be indulg'd in that sort of Diversion. But now we are grown much more *polite*, forsooth; our Young Men aspire to the Taste of their Betters, and they are bless'd with a Set of Authors who have wrote down to theirs; and so there is a perfect Understanding between them, and nothing but the Play-houses will go down. No Wonder, when *Authors* and *Audience* are so much of a Piece. — But to be more serious, as the melancholy Subject requires; let us weigh the Usage of *these* Times against that of *those*, both with regard to the *Trade* of the Country, and the *Morals* of the People, and it will enable us to judge whether we ought to rejoice in, or lament for, the inexpressible Difference.

Time of seeing a Play, incompatible with the Hours of Business.

But to follow the arduous Subject a little closer: Let it be consider'd how little suited to the Circumstance of this Class of Youth, is the *Time* which the seeing of a Play requires. The Play generally begins about Six in the Evening, and the usual Time of an Apprentice's Business holds him (especially if his Master does him Justice, and imploys him as he ought for both their Sakes) till Eight or Nine: About which last Hour, except prolong'd by some of the modern Farce, or wretched Pantomime, the Play generally ends. So here are three Hours in every Day that the young Man goes to the Play, (which is near a *Fourth* Part of it) stollen from the Master, and, as it may happen, turn'd to the worst Use that can possibly be made of it, both for Master and Servant. Then again it ought to be consider'd, that most Plays are calculated, as we hinted above, for the Condition of Persons in high Life, and are therefore intirely unsuitable to People of Business and Trade, who, as we also observ'd before, are always represented in the meanest and most sordid Lights in which the human Species can possibly appear. I know but of one Instance, and that a very late one, where the Stage has condescended to make itself useful to the City-Youth, by a dreadful Example of the Artifices of a lewd Woman, and the Seduction of an unwary young Man; and it would savour too much of Partiality, not to mention it. I mean, the Play of *George Barnwell*, which has met with the Success that I think it well deserves; and I could be content to compound with the young City Gentry, that they should go to this Play once a Year, if they would condition, not to desire to go oftner, till another Play of an equally good Moral and Design were acted on the Stage.

Playhouses of pernicious Consequence when set up in the Parts inhabited by the lower Class of Tradesmen.

From what has been said in relation to this Article, I cannot forbear observing, that however the Play-houses at the gay End of the Town may be tolerated for the Amusement of Persons in upper Life, who would not perhaps, as the World now stands, otherwise know what to do with their Time, they must be of pernicious Consequence when set up in the City, or in those Confines of it, where the People of Industry generally inhabit. The Hours of a Play-house, as above said, must undoubtedly interfere with the Hours of such Persons Business; and it is next to impossible but that the Minds of the Youth of such an End of the Town must be seduc'd and misled, must be relaxed and unbent, and set above, as they think, the mechanick Business by which they are to support themselves, and get an honest Livelihood.

Bad Effects on the Minds of the young Women of such Places.

The Minds of the young Women (or young Ladies, as they are now to be called) will be no less tainted with the Vanities they see acted on the Stage, and they must be strangely edify d at the frequent Scenes of the pretty Gentlemen who are introduc'd with a View to debauch their Morals, and triumph over their Innocence. This must be a strange School for the Daughters of sober Citizens and Tradesmen, who can have no other View, and ought to have no higher Notion of Living, than what would become the Shops and Business of some honest Tradesman, who by her concurrent Industry and Oeconomy, must hope to thrive and become an useful Member of the Commonwealth. — Instead of inculcating among these Persons such wholesome Rules, to have planted among them an infamous Troop of wretched Strollers, who by our very Laws are deemed Vagabonds, and a collected String of abandon'd Harlots (for such an House, 'tis probable, will be made up of the very Scum of the others) impudently propagating, by heighten'd Action and Scenical Example, to an *underbred* and *unwary* Audience, Fornication, Adultery, Rapes and Murders, and at best teaching them to despise the Station of Life, to which, or worse, they are inevitably destin'd; this surely must have fatal Effects on the Morals both of Men and Women so circumstanced. And it is to be hop'd, that in time this will be duly consider'd, (notwithstanding the Civil Power and City-Magistracy have been hitherto brav'd and insulted); and that effectual Care will be taken to remove them from a Quarter so improper for such Diversions; as, indeed, they may be call'd literally *Diversions* from all useful Employments and Business.

Vile Representations exhibited on the British Stage.

And this is so much the rather to be wish'd, as that the Stage is now so much degenerated, that the vilest Actions of the vilest Miscreants in *Newgate,* are commonly represented on it, and that in such a manner, as is far from making their Vices odious and detestable. But this I have touched upon elsewhere, and the Reader will excuse the Repetition.

Conclusion from the Premises.

Permit me, however, on the whole, to repeat, That for a Play-house to be erected in the very midst of the middling sort of Tradesmen, who are to be allur'd also by lower Prices than are taken at others, and but just remov'd out of the Liberties of the City, to avoid the Cognizance of the Magistrates of this excellently well-govern'd Corporation; is such a Nuisance, as calls aloud for a Removal, if we would have any Regard to the Morals and Happiness of the Wives, the Daughters, and Posterity of so necessary and serviceable a Set of People, who by their Industry and Labour are to be consider'd as the most useful Underwheels of the Commonwealth, that keep the great Machine of Trade and Manufacture going.

Bad Hours, and tarrying out of Nights, a most unwarrantable Crime.

The Importance of this Head has made us dwell longer upon it than we intended; and we shall hasten to what remains. The fatal Consequences which too naturally follow the haunting of Taverns and Play-houses produce the Reason of the next Restriction, *Not to absent himself from his Masters Service Day nor Night unlawfully*. For keeping late Hours, and sometimes tarrying out whole Nights, which is in *itself* one of the most unwarrantable Things, (and still more pernicious in its *Effects,)* that can possibly be committed by a young Man, is wholly inexcusable; and yet is the natural and almost unavoidable Consequence of haunting of Taverns and Play-houses. Let us then repeat this important Restriction, on the Observation of which so much depends. *He shall not haunt Taverns or Play-houses, nor absent himself from his said Masters Service Day nor Night unlawfully, (i.e.* without his Master's Consent.) — *But in all Things, as a faithful Apprentice, he shall behave himself towards his said Master, and all his* (that is, he must demean himself not only dutifully to his Master and Mistress, but he must behave obligingly and courteously to all his, to his Children and Friends) *during the said Term?*

Then follows what the Master ingages for on his Part, which we have nothing else to do but repeat; *viz.*

“And the said Master, for and in Consideration of the Sum of —— of lawful Money of *Great Britain,* to him in hand paid by —— at and before the ensealing and Delivery of these Presents (the Receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged) his said Apprentice in the same Art and Mystery which he useth, by the best Means that he can, shall teach and instruct, or cause to be taught and instructed, finding unto his said Apprentice Meat, Drink, Apparel, Lodging, and all other Necessaries, according to the Custom of the City of *London,* during the said Term. And to the true Performance of all and every the said Covenants and Agreements either of the said Parties binds himself unto the other by these Presents. In Witness whereof,” *&c.*

We shall now proceed to the *Second Part,* in which we propose to lay down some Rules and Directions, that, if duly observ’d, may be of Use to a young Man, not only in the Time of his Apprentice, but during the whole Course of his future Life; and this we propose to do in a Method intirely new, and we hope in a Manner that shall be equally pleasant and profitable to the attentive Reader.

PART II.

THE

YOUNG MAN'S

Pocket-Companion.

PART II.

Containing Summary Rules Directions

For the

Behaviour of YOUNG MEN

On their Ent'ring into

APPRENTICESHIP:

Which duly observ'd,

Will lay a Foundation for their present Ease and Benefit, and their future Prosperity and Happiness.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIV.

Containing general Rules and Directions for a young Man's Behaviour in his Apprenticeship. Familiarly address'd to the Youth himself

Good Manners too often neglected at Schools.

I. There is in most young Sparks just come from School to go Apprentice, a kind of unpolish'd Roughness of Behaviour, a giddy and precipitate Rudeness, that their School-Masters make too little their Concern to file off; for good Manners often, too often, seem to be banish'd the Care of Schools, and are a very little Part of the Attention of some otherwise good Tutors.

Importance of behaving well in Apprenticeship.

But you are to remember, that you are now taken from the Company of *giddy Boys,* to that of *serious Men;* that you are transplanted from *Play* to *Business;* that you are now enter'd on a Scene of Life, that is to be the Foundation of your future Welfare; and that all your Life to come will be influenc'd, in all Probability, by your Behaviour in this your first State of Probation. You are therefore to *conclude* the *Boy,* and *begin* the *Man;* and act up to the new Character which you have begun to assume; to *shake off* any *little idle* Habits you may have contracted, to begin to put in *Practice* those good Lessons, which you have been taught for this very Purpose, and with a particular View to this Stage of Life; to endeavour to confirm and strengthen your good Habits; and to improve that Learning and those sound Morals, which your Friends, with so much Care and Expence, have inculcated, or paid for inculcating, into your Mind; and to add to all, that *Application* and *Diligence* so indispensably necessary to the Performance of the important Engagement you have enter'd into:

A Youth more benefitted by his own good Behaviour, than his Master.

An Engagement which you are more *interested* to perform well, than even your Master is; for he can be only benefitted for a *Time* by your good Service; whereas you will reap the Benefit of it to the End of your Life, and, in all Probability, to the End of Time, and for ever: for 'tis a very great Chance, if the same Motives which influence you to do your Duty in one Part of Life, will not have due Weight with you in all the rest; since to do your Duty to Man is a fair Step in the Way of doing what is required of you by God Almighty: For there are very few that are either good or bad by Halves.

A Young Man to study his Master's Temper.

II. It will be very requisite that you so comport yourself, that your Master shall be under less Necessity of studying *your* Temper, than you shall think yourself under of studying *his:* And there is this good Reason for it, among others, because he has lived so many Years longer in the World than you have, and must not only have seen what is best for you to follow or avoid, but also must necessarily have so many other Cares to imploy his Thoughts, (which cannot easily or soon affect you) that his Ease and Quiet ought to be studied in every thing in your Power, and you ought rather to strive to *lighten* his Cares than *add* to them. This will be more particularly incumbent upon you, when it is consider'd, that though his Thought is principally imploy'd with a View to his own *immediate* Benefit, yet it must *collaterally* (such is the Relation in which you now stand bound to him) turn to your own: For 'tis by the Effect of those Cares, and his Example, that you are to be built up to Business, and to have a Foundation laid for your future Support and Prosperity.

Of Diligence in a Handicraft Business.

III. If it be your Lot to be put to a *Handicraft* Business, *Industry* and *Diligence* will be the principal Things that will be required of you, and you must avoid *Loitering* or *Idleness*, that terrible Bane of Youth, which often introduces the most unhappy Consequences. You must remember, that you have no Portion of Time, during the Term of your Apprenticeship, that you can call your own; but that you are accountable for every Hour to your Master; and this will teach you to make a grateful Use of any Time he may allow you for Recreation, and at the same time, learn you to do him Justice in the Time of Business; for to a *Handicrafts-Man,* Time is the same thing as Money, and to squander away that, is consequently the same as to rob him of so much Money.

In a Shop-Business.

The same may be said with regard to a *Shop-Business*, which generally depends upon Punctuality of Time, so that a Servant who tarries of an Errand, or without Leave absents himself from his Master's Business, cannot be said to be either *faithful* or *honest*; and may greatly disappoint, as Occasions may fall out, the most arduous Affairs; which as they frequently depend upon Tides, Winds, Posts, Carriers, *&c* may require the most critical Dispatch, and the Loss of half an Hour may not be retrievable in a Week or more, and perhaps occasion the Loss of a good Customer, and Friend, which may be very fatal to his Master's Affairs.

In Wholesale Business.

The more superior Employments, as those of *Merchants, Factors, Wholesale Traders,* &c perhaps still more require this strict Observance of Times and Seasons of Business. And it must be insisted on, that an Apprentice has no Time he can call his own, as has been said, but what his Master allows him: Nor can this be thought a Hardship, when 'tis consider'd, that the most giddy and dangerous Period of Time in the whole Life of Man, and in which perhaps the Youth might be unmanageable by every one else, falls to the Master's Lot; and that as soon as ever the young Man has perfected himself in the Knowledge of his Business, and is fit to be left to his own Conduct, the Term of his Apprenticeship expires, his Master's Benefit by his Service ceases, and he not seldom lays for himself a Foundation of Business at his Master's Expence. Nor will any Master, who is an honest and generous Man, and has been served faithfully by his Apprentice, repine on these Occasions, if the young Man take no base or sinister Method of undermining him with his Customers, *&c.* But will rather, to the utmost of his Power, promote and further him in Business, in Cases where he may do it without detrimenting himself.

Against Idleness and Eye-Service.

IV. From what has been said, it results then, That you are principally to avoid two things, *viz. Idleness* and *Eye-Service.* You must not even by Reading, or any other Amusement, however laudable at *proper* Times, and which may become culpable at *improper,* squander away the Time appropriated to Business, or your Master's Service. Remember there is a *Time* and a *Season* for every thing: But the Hours of Business you ought to look upon as your Master's Due, and that so strictly, that it would be directly robbing him, to imploy them otherwise than to his Benefit: It will even behove you to double your Diligence in his Absence; for no one can well have a worse Character than he that deserves the Name of an *Eye-Servant*; that is, such a one as no longer heeds his Business, than while he is under his Master's Eye or Observation.

Behaviour to Fellow-Servants.

V. — If you shall happen to have one Fellow-'Prentice, or more, you ought to behave yourself with Condescension to him, should he be your Junior, and if your Senior, with Complaisance; and in both Cases, with good Humour, Civility and Evenness of Temper, not desiring him to do for you, what you shall not be as

willing, at the least, to do for him: And as on your first coming Apprentice you must necessarily be the youngest, it will behove you to be still more respectful to them, not only because of Seniority, but because they will be able to instruct you in the several Parts of your Business, and to lay greater Obligations on you, than you can ever return in the like kind, and therefore are intitled at least to your Civility, Respect, and Gratitude; and this will lay a just Foundation for you to expect, in your Turn, the same Regard from those who shall be your Juniors.

Behaviour to Journeymen.

VI. — If you happen to be put to a Business where divers Journeymen are imploy'd, you ought to treat them with Complaisance and Decency, as Persons, who by due Service and Years are become Freemen of the Corporation, or are intitled to be so, and who are able to instruct you in your Business. If you expect any Kindness or Favour *from* them, you must shew a proper Respect and Civility *to* them; do any civil, kind thing for them, that shall not hinder your own Business, or injure your Master in Loss of your Time, *&c* which no honest Journeyman will desire.

No Man to be insulted, because poor.

And let it be always remember'd, that no Man is to be insulted or used ill by you, if he happens to be poor or low in the World; for how can you tell what your own Fate may be? And even a Man's being a very sorry Man, a Sot, or a Spendthrift, (as where there are several Workmen, 'tis too likely some may be) does not intitle him to ill Usage from you: For *Pertness* in Youth is almost as great a Fault, and indicates as wrong a Turn of Mind, as *Negligence* in Men. It will therefore become you, in your Business, to be serious, grave, even-temper'd, and respectful to every Body; and this you may be, and yet be chearful and pleasant: For there is a proper Medium between *Moroseness* and *Melancholy* on one Hand, and *Flippancy* and *Pertness* on the other; and this Medium you ought to aim at, not only to make you a good *Tradesman*, but a good *Man.*

A good Use may be made of the Faults of others.

VII. — If you see any bad Example from your Fellow-Servants, or others, learn to have a proper Detestation of the Action, without playing upon or abusing the Man that sets it. For Vice of all Kinds, when become habitual, is a Misfortune, as well as a Fault, and deserves the Pity of a Person who is not directly injur'd, (and who

therefore has no Right to upbraid) because it sinks the Dignity of human Nature, and makes the guilty Person suffer by it more than any body else. — Let it be your Concern to make a good Use of the Faults of others, and to shun those Failings which are so odious in another: Be like the industrious Bee, which collects its Honey from the bitter as well as the sweet Flowers. And if you should be able to discover even in your Superiors, as your Master, *&c* any thing that may not be exactly right, (for there is no Man without his Failings) make an useful Inference from it for your own Benefit, and resolve to imitate what is better.

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Against idle Prating.

VIII. — Do not give up your self to idle Prating and Talkativeness, in the Times of Business: but if you must talk, let it be about your Work, and asking Questions that may inform your Mind, and be of Service to you in your Business, and then you will not have Occasion to talk impertinently or over-much, and every Question you ask, will bring with it some Improvement. But in general, it will be very proper for you to remember, that it is very unbecoming in young People to talk much, especially among their Elders.

Very unbecoming in young People to talk much.

A young Man should rather *hear* than *speak,* and a *close Mouth* is generally the Sign of a *wise Head.* He should never *talk* that thinks he cannot *teach* or *inform:* For what does a great Talker in Effect do, but tell those he prates to, that they are to be humble *Hearers* of, and *Learners* from his Volubility of Speech? And that ’tis fit they should be all *Ear,* while he is all *Tongue?* — What if your Fellow-’Prentices, if you have any, should happen to be pert, sawcy, or talkative? — Does not every one blame them for it, and call it by the Name it deserves? — And would you follow the worst Examples? Nature has given *Two Ears* to *one Tongue;* and what does this naturally teach, but that *all Men,* and more especially *young* Men, should *hear* twice as much as they should *speak?* Observe in all those who speak much, how little is said that is fit to be remember’d afterwards; and think how shameful it is to be always rattling and prating of what is not fit to be *remember’d* for an Hour, or even to be *repeated,* as is too generally the Case.

Expedient to cure an idle Prater.

It was once prescrib'd to a very talkative Person, under a Penalty which he consented to, to keep Silence but one Day, and instead of speaking, to *write* what he would otherwise have *said.* What was the Effect? He was quickly tir'd of writing, and what he did write was such poor Stuff, that he was asham'd it should be seen. But this was a Person of some Modesty, that *could be ashamed:* Whereas the Generality of the Youth of this forward Generation are such confident Creatures, that they know not how to *talk,* or how to be *ashamed.* It is not expected from you, that you should never speak but in Sentences, or that you should be a Mute or a Mope. There is a Medium in all Things, and that is what you are to aim to hit upon, as well in this as in all other Cases.

Cautions against loose Words, Oaths, &c.

IX. But, above all things, in your Talk, shun carefully the Use of all obscene Words, wicked Oaths, and rash and inconsiderate, or profane Expressions. If your Lot be cast in a Trade that imploys many Hands, you will perhaps find great Liberties of this kind taken by some of the most profligate among them: And where there are Persons of different Manners, Educations, and Passions, it will be almost impossible but it must be so. But as it is to be presumed that your Education has taught you better Things, it would be a grievous Reflexion upon you, that you should find something so amiable in Vices which would shock any *sober* Person, as to be held worthy your Imitation.

Bad Examples ought to have less Influence than a Previous good Education.

Would it not look as if you were of an abandon'd Mind indeed, that the wicked Example of the most profligate Persons, should in a *few Months* make a greater Impression upon you, than all the good Lessons and sound Instructions of your whole Life hitherto?

Inconveniencies of bad Habits of Speech

This would be at once to lose the Fruits of the good Education which your indulgent Parents, with so great Trouble and Expence, had bestow'd upon you. And you would learn a Trade at a very dear Rate, if the Consequence were to be the Forfeiture of your Morals. This particular Inconveniency, besides the Sin and the Folly of this Habit, will attend it, Sober Men will shun your Conversation: They know that out of the abundance of the Heart the Tongue speaketh, and that there is but a Cobweb Partition that divides profane Speech from wicked Actions.

You will of consequence be thrown into vile, low, groveling Company, where these Liberties are chiefly taken. This will lead you to other Vices: You will be out of the Way of good Counsel, and if it was given you, would scarce have the Grace to take it, or to thank your kind Admonisher. One would not indeed expect that Persons who could allow themselves in the vile Practice of Swearing and talking profanely, should be deterr'd from other Vices: Drinking is generally the next, and is almost a necessary Consequence of the low abandon'd Company such a one chuses to keep. And to a Habit of Drinking, every other Ill succeeds; for what Guard has the Drunkard while in his Cups? Let the Sessions-Paper and the Dying-Speeches of unhappy Criminals tell the rest: Let them inform the inconsiderate Youth, by the Confessions of the dying Malefactors, how naturally, as it were Step by Step, Swearing, Cursing, Profaneness, Drunkenness, Whoredom, Theft, Robbery, Murder, and the Gallows, succeed one another!

Hours for Business, &c to be determined by the Rules of the Family.

X. As to the Time of your going to Rest and Rising in the Morning, the Hours of Working or Business, Holidays or Spare-time, and the like, you are wholly to be govern'd by the Rules of the Family into which you are transplanted: And remember that an exact Conformity to such Rules, for the Ease and Quiet of your Master, is your bounden Duty, and will be your future Benefit.

XI. Pride in *Dress* is one of the epidemick Evils of the present Age, immers'd, from the Highest to the Lowest, in Luxury and Sensuality. It is an Evil big with terrible Consequences, and lifts up the young Man's Mind far above his Condition as an Apprentice. This Vice has inverted all Order, and destroy'd Distinction; and you shall now hardly step into any Shop, but you shall see a starch'd powder'd Youth, that, but for his Station behind the Counter, your Fathers would have address'd to rather as the Son of a Man of Condition, than a Servant put to learn a Trade for his future Subsistance.

Description of a modern Fopling.

All the Fopperies and Apish Fashions of the Men of Mode of the other End of the Town must be introduc'd into the City: And I have seen a prim young Fellow, with a *Cue* or *Adonis*, as they call the effeminate Wigs of the present Vogue; *plaister'd* rather than *powder'd*, and appearing like the *Twigs* of a *Goosebury-Bush* in a *deep Snow?* his Shoulders also crusted or iced over with White, as thick as a *Twelf-Cake;* with a plaited Shirt, ruffled at Hands and Bosom; a Coat, with a Cape reaching, like an *old Wife's Tippet*, half way down his Back; Stockens, milk-

white; and perhaps Velvet Breeches, with Silver Buckles at the Knees, and Tassels hanging half way down his Legs; Spanish-Leather Pumps, (without Heels) and the burnish'd peeked Toes, seeming to stare the Wearer in the Face; fine wrought Buckles near as big as those of a *Coach-Horse,* covering his Instep and half his Foot; on his Head a diminutive Hat hardly bigger than some we have seen of *Gingerbread,* at a Country-Fair, gallantly cock'd and adorn'd with a Silver Button and Loop: In this Manner, with white Gloves upon his Hands, if he has no Rings, and a Staff near as tall as himself, that wants nothing but *Tinsel* and *Bells* to serve him for a *Hobby-horse,* have I seen a modern London-Apprentice of the pretty Gentleman-Class, issue forth of his Master's Shop, and amble along like a *Running-Footman,* perhaps in search of some light portable Goods, that may not too much disgrace him in the Carriage, for Supply of his Master's Shop. — Perhaps I may be thought to have somewhat heighten'd this Description; but at most I have only added two or three pretty Fellows of this Class, to make up the Character of one; and I wish, to complete the Ridicule, and shame such Foplings into Reformation, the ingenious Mr. *Hogarth* would finish the Portrait.

But let us resume a more serious Air, from which the thorough Ridiculousness of these Animals had diverted us; and inform the young Man, That nothing can be more incongruous to his Situation and Circumstances of Life, as an Apprentice, or shew a more light and frothy Mind, and greater Depravity of Manners, than this Apish Affectation and Vanity of Dress, which must make him despis'd by the sober Part of Mankind, and valued by no one living but *himself*

Caution against Slovenliness.

XII. There is little need in the general, as Things now stand, to admonish Youth against the contrary Extreme to that I have mention'd: But a young Man ought to know, that there is in this, as in most other Cases, a laudable Medium between *affected Spruceness* and a *negligent Slovenliness,* which I shall say the less of, because there is no great Danger, the Taste and Bent of the present Age consider'd, that a young Man should fall into the latter, or that it can be so prejudicial to his Manners, if he should.

Evil Consequences of bad Company.

XIII. Contract no extraordinary Intimacy with any young Folks, without apprizing your Master (if he will be so kind to allow you that Liberty) who they are, and knowing whether he approves of them for your Companions, or not: Or (if you cannot be so free with your Master) without taking Advice of your nearest and

gravest Friends: At least, be sure to break off Acquaintance or Intimacy with any Person that your Master thinks will be of Prejudice to your Morals, or detrimental to his Interest. You must allow him in this Case, to be a much better Judge than yourself; and therefore, if you have any Regard to your own Good, fail not to pay a ready Obedience to his Orders on this Head: For from this one Source of Company and Acquaintance, if not discreetly chosen, (and the Chance is more than two to one against you in this Libertine Age) 'tis unknown, or at least not to be described, what terrible Mischiefs flow; to the utter Ruin of many a hopeful Youth, who would otherwise have made a prime Figure in Life, and have been one of the most useful Members of the Community.

First Appearances of Evil to be avoided.

This, perhaps, may be a more difficult Task for you to observe when you are advanc'd in your Time, than at first: But as it will be necessary to guard against the *first Appearances* of Evil, as bad Company is of the most pernicious Consequence; as the Manners of Youth are too generally corrupted; as nothing is truer than the general Complaint in every one's Mouth of the great Depravity of Servants; and as Youth, left to its own Direction, is much more likely to chuse amiss than well, I cannot help inforcing this Article in the strongest Manner, if you would wish to become (as it ought to be the Ambition of every young Man) an Honour to your Name, and Credit to your Profession. This is a Point of so much Importance, that we shall treat upon it in another Place, and say no more of it here.

Evil Consequences of concealing or disguising Actions and Acquaintance.

XIV. Be open and above-board in all your Actions, and resolve not to persist in any Course that shall need Apology, Denial, or Disguise. If you are guilty of any affected Disguises or Endeavours to conceal either your Actions or Acquaintance from your Friends, it is a certain Token that you can be in no good Way: For what must that young Man be, who is studious to act under a Mask, and can persist in the doing of those Things which he thinks will not bear to be known? — The *suppos'd Necessity* for such a Disguise sufficiently condemns the Thing, and 'tis moreover big with very bad Consequences, that are not easy for a young Man at first to foresee.

What such Concealment naturally implies.

There is besides a *Meanness* in it, that is beneath an ingenuous Mind to practise, and it carries with it a tacit Confession of Guilt, that must be supported by a continued Series of the same, since there will be always a Necessity for studied Falshoods, and Prevarication, to conceal it. How much more noble, generous, and easy is it to a considering Mind, to do nothing that he shall be asham'd to own! or if he falls into some *casual Lapse*, to disburthen his Mind of it, and confess it frankly, and resolve to avoid those Occasions for the future that shall lead him into the like Snares or Temptations? — By this, you see, that absolute Perfection is not expected from you; that cannot be found any where: But this does not hinder but you should avoid those Faults which you *know* to be such:

He that does not grow better will grow worse.

For he that knows his Duty, and will not do it, shews nothing less than an abandon'd Mind; and, as nothing in Nature is long at a *Stand*, the inevitable Consequence of not growing *better*, must be to grow *worse;* and let any Person, capable of Reflexion, consider where this must probably end.

Behaviour on Sundays.

XV. Your Behaviour on *Sundays* I need not enlarge upon, because a due Observance of that Day is what you owe to *Him* who is the great Master of the World, and is a Duty which you must have had inculcated upon you by your Parents and Friends, and by many excellent Discourses from the Pulpit, which it is to be hoped have been duly impress'd upon your Mind. I shall only say, That this is a Day that is set apart for rivetting in you and confirming all your other Duties: And he that is capable of breaking thro' this, not only loses the Opportunity of hearing many excellent Things by which he might regulate his Conduct, both with regard to God and Man, but must inevitably run himself into the bad and expensive Company of *habitual* Sabbath-breakers, who will never leave him till he is as bad as themselves.

'Tis also to be remember'd, that the *Houses* such Persons frequent at these times, as well as the *Company*, are mostly of ill Repute; and a young Man oftentimes gets into such profligate Acquaintance thereby, that the most terrible Consequences flow from this guilty Breach of the Lord's-Day; which is generally the first Step to the Ruin of all those unhappy Creatures, who are, by a Train of evil Courses, brought to an untimely End.

No bad Example of this kind to be follow'd.

A Remisness on this Head, even from your Master himself, is no Excuse for you; for tho' 'tis a bad thing where a good Example of this Kind is not given, yet his Years and Knowledge of the World may secure him from profligate Company, or scandalous Vices, in the Time he should *better* employ; but a *young Man*, raw and unacquainted with the World, and hurried on by head-strong Passions, knows not where the Breach of this solemn Duty may lead him:

Evil Consequences of Sabbath-breaking.

And 'tis always to be remember'd, as well in this, as in other Cases, that no one's Faults can be an Excuse for yours; and that you ought to do your Duty whether others do theirs or not.

Against sordid Self-Interestedness.

XVI. If you would engage others to promote your Interest, and study your Advantage, and if you wish to be esteem'd by all that know you, you are to endeavour to subdue, or at least to subject to reasonable Rules, those partial Passions which would make you center all your Views in the narrow Circle of *Self* What I mean is, that you should *principally* pursue your *own Interest,* and prefer your *self in* all *lawful* Cases, to *every one* else; but yet that you should so pursue it, as should shew you were not sordidly attached to it, so as to be incapable of a generous Action, when it would be of little or no *Prejudice* to your self.

The Medium to be observed in this Case.

This Conduct will ingage you many Friends, who, as they grow up with you into Life and Business, may be of very great Service to you. You will also hereby gain the Name of a *generous* and *Gentleman-like* Man, Epithets in no sort incompatible with Trade and Business, and wipe away those little Aspersions which the low and sordid Selfishness of some narrow Minds have put into the Mouths of Gentlemen, and others, who are not Tradesmen, against Men of Business; or at least your Conduct will make you, on all Occasions, a laudable Exception to the general Rule.

Pleasures attending a benevolent Disposition.

And it must be not a little agreeable to you, that you shall be placed, by your beneficent Disposition, in such a Point of Light, that you shall not only reflect

Honour to your Name and Family, but also be an Ornament to your Profession, and a Credit to Trade in general.

XVII. One of the most delightful Situations in this Life, is, To be in a Condition rather to *confer* a Benefit, than to *receive* one. None but a generous Mind can be truly sensible of the Pleasure resulting from this happy Circumstance:

Mischievous Effects of this Vice.

It will behove you, then, after what I have mentioned in the Article above, against a *sordid Narrowness of Mind,* which was never yet capable of making one solid Friendship, that I caution you against the other Extreme, that of *Extravagance,* by far more fatal to a Tradesman than that of *Avarice* or *Selfishness-,* since this Vice, if you once suffer your beneficent Disposition to degenerate into it, takes from you the Means of being *just,* not only to your Family, when you come to have one, but to the rest of the World; And at the same time places you in a State of vile *Dependency,* puts it out of your Power to do a generous Action, and sinks you to the sad Necessity of being *oblig'd!* — Of being oblig'd, or, even, perhaps, of only *vainly* hoping to be *oblig'd,* to grudging and narrow Spirits, who are incapable of doing a graceful Good, who will both in their *Manner* and their *Words* sting you to the very Soul, if your Condition has not reduc'd you beneath a Sense of *Feeling,* with the Remembrance of your Misconduct, and of the glorious Opportunities you have lost of shewing a more graceful Example of Generosity to pining Merit, instead of the great and uncomfortable Difference, to be oblig'd to sordid and worthless Spirits.

Medium between Extravagance and Niggardliness.

In a word, I would have you be a *good Husband* without being a *Niggard,* and *generous* without being *extravagant.* To this End you must, in all your Actions, be govern'd by your *Ability,* and, on great and affecting Occasions, give a due Preference to your self, and your own Interest, to that of any other Person; that so, as I said, you may always have it in your Power to *oblige.*

FRIENDSHIP.

XVIII. What has been now said, naturally leads us to consider what belongs to the sacred Name of FRIENDSHIP. This, tho' a nice and delicate Point, we shall venture to touch upon; as it is absolutely necessary that a Young Man should be

appriz'd of what it does, and does not, oblige to, in order to avoid Consequences which have been sometimes fatal to Youth, who have been frequently misled by the specious Name.

What it is.

FRIENDSHIP, then, is a glorious Thing; as benign, in its Effects on our Fellow-Creatures, as the radiant Planet of the Day to Vegetative Nature. Its noble Influences, when founded in *Virtue* and *Honour,* (without which it cannot merit the Name) sweeten the Ills of Life, double our Comforts, divide our Cares, and ennoble human Nature. The true Sense and Meaning of this charming Tie, this silken Band of Society, have been too little understood. Many a generous Mind, fir'd and animated with its noble Ardour, has plung'd itself into irretrievable Ruin, for want of considering its *true Nature* and *necessary Limits*. *'Tis* always to be remember'd therefore, That FRIENDSHIP is a RECIPROCAL Thing; and a young Man will have something to direct his Friendship aright, when he makes it a Rule to expect, That the Person who makes a Claim of that intimate Kind from him, asks him nothing that will do him a *great Prejudiced* nothing that will put it out of his *Power* to serve *another* Friend, on Occasion; and, in fine, nothing that will shew that he desires to be *preferr'd* to *himself.*

True Notion of Friendship.

After all that has been imagin'd to be comprehended in the sacred Name, nothing more can be meant by *true* and *solid* Friendship than to desire to be looked upon in a *second* Light, always allowing that one's Friend should give the first Place to *himself.*

How to distinguish a Friend.

This is otherwise a very sordid Friendship on the Part of the *Expector;* 'tis preferring *himself* to his *Friend,* and his own *Conveniences* to those of his *Friend,* and yet not allowing that his Friend shall put *himself* into the *same* Light. As such a Friendship cannot be *equal,* so it cannot be *durable,* and the Moment a Person who calls himself your Friend, can shew so *sordid* and *narrow* a Mind, the best way will be to break Intimacy with him; and you cannot otherwise be justify d by the Rules of *Prudence;* for a Person who is capable of so unjust a Preference of *himself to you,* will be not only unworthy of the Name of *Friend,* and incapable of

a *worthy* Action to you, but will be capable of very *unworthy* ones, if his Occasions require ‘em.

How to act in some critical Cases of Friendship.

But after all, there may be *some Cases* that may be very critical, and in which a worthy Friend may appear to be so plung’d, as that it may, without *great* Risques, be in your Power to save him from impending Ruin: In such an arduous Case, it may not be unworthy of your Prudence to step something out of the Way to rescue such a one: But then even in *this* Case, let *a young Man* do nothing rashly, nor of his own Head, but consult his Friends before he makes a hasty Step, lest the Consequences of his Kindness should prove fatal to him.

Cautions against Suretiship, &c.

This Advice may be thought most suitable to Persons of more Years, and of a more independent Circumstance, than those to whom I principally chuse to address these Pages; but I could not think it impertinent, when I consider and have seen, how *early* some Persons commence Intimacies; how generally mistaken young People are in the *Romantick Construction* they give to the sacred Name of *Friendship*; and of what pernicious Consequence, *Suretiship?* and other Engagements flowing often from such Intimacies, have been to many *hopeful* and *honest* Minds; and even more to such Persons than others, as they are always govern’d by *kind,* by *humane*, by *generous* Principles, which lay ’em open too often to the Designs and Intrigues of artful and over-reaching Knaves.

Of the Choice of Friends and Intimates; Benefits of a good Choice of Companions.

I will suggest but one thing more on the Head of *Friendship*, designing all possible Brevity; and that is, that the young Man at first chusing his Friends and Intimates do generally converse with his *Betters,* and particularly have an Eye to the Acquaintance of such Persons, as may *promote* him in his Business when he begins for himself; for as some Trades depend upon others, sometimes it may happen, that a young Man may be greatly benefitted at his setting out in the World, by having made a discreet Choice of his *Companions*; and this will be the more natural and more elegible Method of promoting himself, as it will be striking out a *new Train* of *Business,* and a *new Set* of *Customers,* without hurting his Master or any other Person before him in Trade: which tho’ not to be consider’d of equal Force with *his own* Interest, so as to prevent him doing the

best he can for himself in a *fair way,* yet a generous Person must needs be better pleas'd, the more capable he is of *advancing* himself, without *hurting* others.

Company of such young Men to be avoided, as abuse their Masters behind their Backs. Baseness of such Servants, and of such a Practice.

XIX. And here it may be very proper to suggest another thing that bears some Analogy to this Head of chusing Intimates, and that is, That the young Man make it a Rule to himself, to shun, at the *very first* Acquaintance, the Company of all such as would inspire him with a *mean* or *disrespectful* Opinion of his *Master* or his *Family,* or who express themselves undutifully of *their own?* He may assure himself, that such Persons are pert, sawcy, conceited, base, and intirely unworthy of his Acquaintance and Conversation. The Man is not living who is without Faults; and if a Master has ever so many, and those ever so gross, it is not a Servant's Duty to expose them, or him; but, on the contrary, a kind of Treachery and Baseness of Disposition for a Person to be guilty of, who is taken into a Family in so intimate a Relation, as that of an Apprentice, so that he must needs know the Secrets of it. The Names and Crimes of the *Spy-faulty* the *Back-biter,* the *Detractor,* the *Ingrateful,* the *Betrayer of Secrets,* become his, who is capable of so base a Part; and let a young Man judge how unfit such a one is for his Companion. — Besides, of what Avail can such Back-biting and Detraction be? If the Master even be an *ill Man,* and what is said of him be *true,* that Servant is *worse* who exposes him, where it *must* do *Harm,* and *can* do *no Good-?* For all this is done in *secret* and behind his Back, and 'tis not *desir'd,* nor *design'd,* it should come to his Knowledge; so that a Man is *degraded* and made the Subject of *Ridicule* and *Scoff,* not only of his *insolent Servants,* but perhaps of his *unfriendly Neighbours,* without having an Opportunity of reforming the Error of his Way.

When a young Man is intitled to find Fault

It ought to be a Rule, that no one should think himself intitled to find Faults in another, 'till he is assur'd, he has not as great of his own. If a Servant was to stay 'till he himself is perfect, before he censures the Imperfections of his Master, he would never find Fault at all. That must be a very ill Nature that can take Pleasure in drawing out to Light, those Failings, even in an Equal, (much more in a Superior, where it is a Duty to act the contrary) that not only ought, but are hop'd to be by the Committer of them, bury'd in Obscurity.

Moreover, with regard to the young Man *himself,* such an Exposure must be of ill Consequence; since it must lessen the Respect that a Youth ought to have for his Master and his Family; and what will he himself get by this, but an Impatience under Command, and an habitual Negligence of his *Master* s Interests, which will make him uneasy in his Service, and, very probably, so grow upon him, as to render him forgetful of *his own.* A Temper of *Slight* and *Disrespect* will take place of that amiable one of *Love* and *Submission-,* and this will imbitter his Pleasures, and make his Time of Service to a Master he does not love, appear *tedious* and *irksome;* and, in all Likelihood, beget an Enmity between them, which may have very bad Effects, and even worse perhaps for the *Servant* than the *Master,* who all this time may be intirely excusable, as he may be supposed unable to account for the Young Man's Change of Behaviour to him; and who, if his Faults were ever so flagrant, is not accountable for them to the Insolence of a Servant (nor, as the Case may be, to any one but his Maker) and who, in short, from the *Charity* of all Mankind in *general,* and from the *Duty* of his Servant in *particular,* is intitled to have a Veil drawn over his Infirmities, and the kindest Constructions made of his Actions. I need not urge the Golden Rule in this Case, that the young Man when he comes to be a Master, would not be willing to be thus used by his own Servants (tho' 'tis too likely he may give, *at least,* as much Occasion for it:) since it is certain,

Spy-faults never look inward.

That all such Persons as are most sharp-sighted into the Failings of *others,* hardly ever turn their Eyes *inward,* but are blind to *their own,* and have the least Patience when they are expos'd themselves, or are treated as they have treated others.

Complaisance of Temper inculcated.

XX. By what we have said, it will appear to be highly necessary, if a young Man hopes to make himself respected and beloved, that he endeavour so to form his Manners, that he shew a Sweetness of Disposition and Complaisance to every one with whom he converses and has to do. And for this end, he should determine, as much as he can, to study every one's Temper, and carefully to avoid saying any thing, even in Jest, that may discompose or shock any one: For why should that be a *Pleasure* to *you,* which would be a *Pain* to *another?* There is a great Difference between an inoffensive Jest, and making your self merry at the Expence of another Person's Quiet: And but turn the Tables, observe the Golden Rule, and see how you would like the same Behaviour from another, and 'twill

make you avoid doing a disobliging thing to any one. ’Tis a barbarous Temper, and a Sign of a very ill Nature, to take delight in shocking any one: On the contrary, ’tis the Mark of an amiable and a benevolent Mind, to say all the kind things one can, without Flattery or Hypocrisy, and what never fails of procuring the *Love* and *Esteem* of every one: Which, next to the doing of good to a deserving Object who wants it, is one of the greatest Pleasures of this Life. For what can be more delightful than to be Master of such a general Philanthropy, as shall make *us* Friends to *all Mankind,* and *all Mankind,* at the same time Friends to *us?*

Not to need to be told twice of a Fault, or of what is one’s Duty.

XXI. Repetition is a tedious and irksome thing, when one is oblig’d to it, in obvious and apparent Cases of Duty. The Necessity for it, shews something very bad, in a young Man; something like a Contempt of *Order* and *Instruction,* or of the *Instructor.* At least it argues a very culpable *Inattention:* You should therefore never give Occasion for your Master (or any Person he sets over you to instruct you in your Business, or signify to you his Mind) to tell you twice of a proper or right thing, whether it regard your Business or Behaviour.

Benefit of Attention in this Respect.

Common Gratitude, as well as common Decency, requires this from you, because any Instruction of this kind must be given with a View principally to your own Good; for tho’ your Master may reap a Benefit by your Observance of it, it will be but a *temporary* one; while that which you receive by it, may reach to the End of your Life, and perhaps beyond it.

Benefit to be made by others Faults.

XXII. Let it be your Observation to avoid those Faults in your self, which you see or hear your Master censure in others. Is it not much better that you mend by the Censure of another’s Failings, than by that of your own?

To be patient and thankful for good Advice. Flatterers the worst Enemies.

But it would be still more inexcusable not to mend your own when told of them. One thing I would very particularly inforce upon your Memory, which is, that you shew no Impatience of being told of your Faults; but that you think every one your Friend who informs you of any thing for your Good. An *Enemy,* even, is

usefuller to us by far, than a *Flatterer* (who is indeed the worst Enemy) or than a *Friend,* who will be blind or dumb to our Faults; because such a one may be made a faithful Monitor to teach us to amend or avoid those Failings with which he reproaches us: For an ingenuous Nature wants only to be made sensible of his Faults, in order to reform what is amiss. 'Tis beautifully said, by the wise Man, *Faithful are the WOUNDS of a* Friend, *but the KISSES of an* Enemy *are deceitful.*

Advice to such as have severe Masters

XXIII. If you should happen to be bound to an unkind, a severe, or morose Master, your Duty to him and obliging Behavior, will have the greater Merit; and 'twill be but for a Time, and for that Portion of Time too, when 'tis needful that you should be curb'd and held in, and wherein Severity may perhaps be of far greater Service to you, than a milder Sort of Usage.

But if your Master be of a quite contrary Temper, take Care you do not, by endeavouring to take too great Liberties, and growing upon his Indulgence, abuse his Goodness and Condescension: — I fear there is, from the Inconsideration and Ingratitude of most young Men, too much Likelihood that a Master will not be the better us'd for his Indulgence: At least I have seen too many Instances of Goodness abus'd: But what an unworthy Person would he be, that should be capable of such ingrateful and insolent Behaviour to a *good* Master?

Duty to God an Article of prime Importance, which will guard and secure all the rest.

XXIV. There is one thing still behind, which is more necessary than all the rest, and, duly observed, will crown and secure all the rest: But which it is to be hoped, that the good Education and common Sense of the Class of Youth for whose Use these Pages are intended, will render it but just necessary for me to mention: And that is, *Your Duty to GOD,* and inculcating the Fear and Love of HIM in all your Actions and Views. This will make you just to every one, and will, like a strong Wall, fence round, and secure all your other Virtues, and bring down a Blessing upon all your honest Endeavours. And if you hope to thrive and prosper in the World, your due Observance of this Article, whatever evil Examples in this bad Age you shall meet with, will make your Hope reasonable and well-grounded. And I presume that an Article of this prime Importance will not be thought impertinent for any Part of your Life.

Conclusion.

These are some of the necessary Rules that ought to be observed by every young Man who is put out to learn a Trade, if he intends to make a good *Servant*, or hopes to make a good *Man.*

The SEA the best Choice for such as cannot comport to orderly Rules; and better at first than at last.

If any one thinks he cannot comport himself to what is here set down; or, if his Friends are so indulgent to the young Man's Humours, and Caprice, as to think these Rules too strict, they ought well to consider of the Matter before they permit the Youth to be bound'Prentice. In this Case the SEA is a much better Choice; and the rather at first than at last, for voluntarily to send him thither, at his setting out, may be a happy Relief to the honest Tradesman, to whom the Youth might otherwise be bound, a great Ease to his Relations, who would be thereby spar'd the Mortification and Disappointment of a fruitless Tryal, and Time and Money lost to no Purpose; and a Benefit to the young Man, and perhaps to the Publick, which can be so well serv'd, in such a maritime Kingdom as this, by such bold and daring Spirits, as would think themselves above being confin'd to the necessary Rules of an orderly Family.

PART III.

THE

YOUNG MAN's

Pocket-Companion.

PART III.

Containing some brief

CAUTIONS

AGAINST

Scepticism and Infidelity,

WHEREIN

The Essential Principles of Christianity are vindicated in so intelligent a Manner, as may serve for a Preservative against Atheism and Deism, and enable a Young Man to give a

Reason for his Faith.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIV.

Depravity of the present Age.

Some brief Cautions to a young Man against the Scepticism and Infidelity of the present Age, which insnare the Minds, and debauch the Morals of the Youth of this Kingdom: Wherein the essential Principles of Christianity are laid down and vindicated in so intelligent and forcible a Manner, as may serve for a Preservative against the contagious Infidelity of the present Age, and enable a young Man to give a Reason for his Faith.

The present Age, by a strange Fatality, which I know not to what to ascribe it, is so lamentably over-run with Atheism, Deism, and Infidelity, that it is matter of no small Concern, that it should be necessary to caution a young Man on this Head: For is it not a sad thing to reflect, that after upwards of 1700 Years, in which Christianity has triumphed over all its Enemies, converting Principalities and Powers from Paganism to the Light of the Gospel, we should now have our most Holy Religion to defend? And this not from the successful Invasions of the open and profess'd Enemies of our Faith, which have often overturn'd States and chang'd Religions; but from an upstart Race of Libertines, that have risen up among our selves; and who, under the Notion of Freedom of Thought and Liberty, have run into all manner of Licentiousness.

Author's Inducement to treat on this Subject.

The narrow Compass which we have prescrib'd to our selves, obliges us to be as brief as possible on this important Subject: And we would gladly have excus'd our selves from undertaking this Task, had not a very good Friend, who has a laudable Concern for the Good of Mankind, persuaded us, that it was absolutely necessary, to add something in Defence of our Holy Religion, that might be of Use to fortify the Mind of the young Man as he advanced to riper Years and Understanding in the Belief and Practice of the Christian Religion, so rudely and so openly attack'd by barbarous and impious Persons, as well in Print, as in all Conversations.

Arrogance and Vanity of the Scepticks of this Age.

We shall therefore touch upon this Point, in a cursory Manner; but yet so, as we hope, may afford some Assistance to an ingenuous Mind willing to be confirm'd in the Belief of the Religion in which he was educated, and which may, at the same time, enable him to give an Account of the Reasons of his Faith, and to judge of the Vanity and Arrogance of the Scepticks of the Age, who profess to *doubt* of the reveal'd Will of God, and yet conceitedly set themselves up for bold *Determiners* and *Judges* of the Things of God, and would bring down to the Level

of their short-sighted Reason those awful Points which are proposed to us as Objects of our *Faith*, and which could be no longer such, if they could be demonstrated to our shallow and imperfect Conceptions.

Many things in Nature above the Reach of Reason.

Let us, in the first place, ask these pretended Admirers of Reason, *i.e.* their own Reason, If there are not in Art and Science a thousand things for which they cannot account, and yet to which they readily pay an implicit Belief? Is not all Nature, which way soever we turn our Eyes, full of Wonders, which cannot be comprehended by our short-sighted Reason? And notwithstanding the accurate Researches and successful Disquisitions of the *Boyle's*, the *Locke's*, the *Newton's*, and other sagacious Philosophers, and the continual Improvements of the greatest Men of all Ages and Countries, built upon one another's Observations for almost 6000 Years, How many Phœnomena remain to be accounted for in the *plainest Things* of *Natural Philosophy?* Yet are the *Mysteries* of *Almighty God* to be brought down to the *Limits* of our *weak Capacities*, and we are to reject whatever appears not clear to our *short-sighted* Reason!

The Deists, *says an excellent Author*, confess God to be *incomprehensible,* and his Ways *past finding out,* yet they cry out upon *Mystery* in the Christian Religion. There are Mysteries, irreconcileable to them in their own Natures, and in the Natures of *every thing* they *see* before them; yet they would have every thing in a *supernatural* Religion revealed from Heaven, to be so plain, that their Reason should be able to dive to the very Bottom of it: which if it were, it could be no *Revelation,* or perfectly to no Purpose: For what needed *Revelation* in Things which are *plain* and *obvious* without it?

If Physick be a Mystery to some

Physick, continues the same Author, is an Art and a Mystery to those who know it not; which leads only to the Preservation of Health, in those Bodies whose Constitutions we know, and their Original, as much as of any thing we see or touch. And yet we will let nothing be Mysteries (that is, nothing but what every Man in the World perfectly understands, with all the Reasons and hidden Causes of it) in the Saving of a Soul, whose Substance, Origination, Constitution, Operation, and every thing of it, but that we know it is, and feel by its Effects, is altogether hidden from us.

Our coming into the World is totally a *Mystery:* No human Reason can attain unto it. And must there be no *Mystery* at all in our *Regeneration,* being born unto

the never-ending World of Spirits? Is not the *other World*, is not *Heaven,* a Mystery to us? Do we *understand* it perfectly? Can we describe it?

It is still less wonderful that the Ways of God should be mysterious.

And is it not *reasonable,* is it not *necessary,* that the Methods of fitting us for it, and of conveying us thither, should be very mysterious to us? If we know not the *End* of our Journey, how do we pretend to understand *every Step* of the Way?

It is well observed by another Author, That there are some Parts of Knowledge which God has thought fit to seclude from us, to fence them, not only as he did the interdicted Tree, by Precept and Commination, but with Difficulties and Impossibilities; made it not only our Sin and Danger, but our Folly and Madness, to attempt them. Of this Kind are the *mysterious* Parts of our Religion, which he shews us, as it were, afar off, to exercise our *Faith* and *Reverence,* but stoops them not to our *Senses* and *Disquisition.*

All things necessary for Practice plain.

There is indeed, *says another ingenious Gentleman*, a *noble Simplicity* in the Scriptures, in *all things* relating to PRACTICE, which renders them profitable for *Doctrine* and *Instruction,* for *Reproof* and *Correction:* But then there is also a *Sacred Obscurity* in those lively Oracles in Matters relating to *Belief,* which should render them awful and venerable; it being agreeable to God's *Goodness,* to reveal his Will to us, to excite our *Obedience,* and yet consonant to his *Grandeur* and *Majesty,* not *fully* to discover his *Mysteries* to us: The better to *try* our *Faith,* to *humble* our *Reason,* and *repress* the saucy *Encroachments* of aspiring Minds.

Reason a very insecure Guide, because of the different Capacities of Men.

How infinitely different are the Capacities of different Persons, some of whom are not able to comprehend what more illuminated Minds are capable of proving to a Demonstration? And yet, according to these People, the weakest Man is to believe no more than he thinks obvious to his shallow Reason: What a wild Scheme is this! — Here is Room made for as many Systems of Religion, as there are Men. For surely, if the great Founder of our Holy Religion and his Apostles, have not a Right to prescribe to the Reason of the weakest Man; the greatest Genius among these *Doubters,* will not pretend to do it and then is not every Man at Liberty to believe and practise as he pleases? And, at this rate, if the Laws of Society were

not to with-hold him, what should hinder a Man, if he thought fit, to make as free with *Morality,* as with *Revelation?*

Danger of confiding in Reason.

And indeed many of our modern *Reasoners* have carry'd their Notions of *Liberty* and *Pleasure* so far, that nothing but the Civil Magistrate can secure Property, and the Persons of our *Sisters* and *Daughters* from their lewd Attempts: For at present, truly, these *Masters* of *Reason,* but *Slaves* of *Sense,* are so kind as to think that we should be permitted to keep our *Wives* to ourselves. — But, by the way, I believe it will be found, that these very Persons, who so much decry *Faith,* only change *Names,* and not *Things-,* for the Faith that they refuse to give to *Moses* and the *Prophets,* to our *Blessed Saviour* and his *Apostles,* they scruple not to their *bold* and *innovating Leaders:* For the far greatest Part of these pretended *Free-thinkers* are as incapable of thinking *freely,* as they are of thinking *justly,* and they must, and do, place somewhere that implicite Confidence which they deny to the Word of God.

No unerring Rule before our Saviour's Time.

'Tis true, *says the great Mr.* Locke, (in his *Reasonableness of Christianity)* there is a Law of Nature; but who is there that ever did, or undertook to give it us all *intire,* as a Law, no *more,* nor no *less,* than what was contain'd in, and had the *Obligation* of that Law? Who ever made out *all* the Parts of it, put them *together,* and shew'd the World their *Obligation?* Where was there any such *Code,* that Mankind might have Recourse to, as their *unerring* Rule, before our *Saviours* Time? If there was not, 'tis plain there was *Need* of one to give us such a *Morality,* such a *Law,* which might be the sure Guide of those who had a Desire to go right, and might be certain when they had *perform'd,* when *fail'd* in their Duty.

Such a Law of Morality, *continues this admirable Author, Jesus Christ* hath given us in the New Testament: we have from *Him* a *full* and *sufficient* Rule for our Direction and *conformable* to that of REASON. But the Truth and Obligation of its Precepts have their Force, and are past doubt to us by the Evidence of his *Mission.* He was *sent by God:* His *Miracles* shew it, and the Authority of God in *his Precepts* cannot be question'd.

Morality has a sure Standard in the Christian Religion.

Here *says he,* MORALITY has a sure Standard, that REVELATION vouches, and REASON cannot gainsay or question; but *both together* witness to come from GOD, the great Law maker. And such an one as this, *concludes he,* out of the New Testament, I think the World *never* had, nor can any one say is any where *else* to be found. Thus that great and accurate Reasoner Mr. *Locke.*

Use and Excellency of the Christian Religion.

The Christian Religion, *says another*, aims at nothing but the Probity and Improvement of Human Nature, and the Glory of God Almighty. It tends wholly to govern the Passions, to give Reason an Ascendant over Appetite, to make the Mind superior to the Body, and introduce a Worship suitable to the Divine Attributes. 'Tis impossible that this Scheme could be a Contrivance of the Devil, who in the Notion of him, is a professed Enemy to God and Man; neither could it be a Project of Flesh and Blood, which drives only at Pleasure and Sensuality. Neither could Politicks and Court Design have any Hand in it; for they make nothing a Fault, but that which breaks thro' the Rules and Order of Society. But the Precepts of Christianity are a much stricter Regulation: All the Passions are put under Restraint by them: Self-Love is uneasy under them: Libertinism cannot endure them, and Pride is perfectly discouraged and condemned by them. Men never before thought themselves obliged to take up the Cross, to value Poverty, to rejoice in Persecution, to love their Enemies, and to be meek and humble in their Temper:

Proof that the Christian Religion must come from God.

All this has nothing of the Air of Heathen Philosophy, or the Sentiments of the World. It is evidently plain, that *Jesus Christ*, who preached such unusual Morality as this, should be a Teacher come from God. All other Religions are very different in their Character, and discover themselves of *human* Original: That of the *Heathens* was full of Wickedness and Debauchery: The Precedents of their pretended Deities brought the foulest Practices into Credit. *Mahometism* caresses the sensual Inclinations, to gain Proselytes, gives an Allowance to Liberty and Pleasure, and promises an Epicurean Paradise. In short, there is none but the CHRISTIAN RELIGION, that combats all manner of Vice, and comes up to a general and uniform Virtue. This Holiness of Doctrine was exemplify d in all the Actions and Discourses of our Blessed Saviour, in the Lives of his Apostles, and in the Practice of those Primitive Christians who succeeded them.

The Perfection of our Saviour's Doctrine above that of all others, *says another excellent Author*, appears in the following Particulars: In that it directs us to the *true Object* of *Worship*, and gives us rational and worthy Notions of that Being we are obliged to adore; and is most fitly adapted to raise our Natures to the greatest Improvement they are capable of. To prevent our falling into sinful Actions, our Saviour lays a Restraint upon our *Thoughts*, which *lead* to them, and obliges us to govern our *Looks,* which give Birth to our *Thoughts.* To obviate all those Evils which proceed from an inordinate Desire of Riches, he has discover'd to us that admirable Temper of Mind distinguish'd in his Gospel by *Poverty of Spirit,* which makes us even sit loose to the good things we possess. To keep us at a Distance from the Temptations of Lying and Detraction, he has forbid all *idle Words,* that the Care to avoid *them,* might secure us from falling into those greater Faults. To hinder the fatal Effects of Anger and Revenge, he has nipped these Passions in the Bud, by commanding us to *love our Enemies,* and to do *Good to them that do Evil to us.* To facilitate the Virtue of Patience, so necessary in this Vale of Tears, he has manifested to us, the Treasures that are hid in Adversity, and the Advantage of being persecuted for his Sake: that what the World calls Misfortune and Calamity, often proves the blessed Occasion of making us happy both in this Life and the next. — *Blessed are they that mourn.* Blessed are they that are persecuted.

And to make us quiet and easy in our selves, and gende to others, he requires us to have a quick Sense of our own Weaknesses and Defects, and readily to condescend to the lowest Offices for the Good of our Neighbours.

A Pitch of Morality never reach'd by the greatest Philosophers.

This is a Pitch of Morality never reached by *Socrates, Plato*, *Tully, Seneca, Epictetus* or *Antonine!* And therefore surely not to be laughed out of the World by any thing the pertest modern Atheist or Deist can say. With these People a *Jest* passes for *Demonstration,* and to *laugh,* and *confute,* is the same thing.

No wonder that a Religion of so much Purity, a Religion whose Precepts are so repugnant to the Vices and Follies of Mankind, should sit uneasy on the Minds of Libertines and Sensualists:

The Christian Religion inconsistent with the Practices of Libertines.

No wonder that the Yoke it imposes should gall the Necks of wicked Men, whose Actions and daily Pursuits, have a Tendency so directly opposite to its holy Rules:

Who deride those Precepts they will not practise; and strive to defend those Actions by their *corrupted Reason,* which *right Reason* prohibits and condemns.

We have briefly shewn what excellent Things the Religion of our Saviour teaches his Followers, and what great Benefits accrue to Mankind, by pursuing his salutary Precepts: Let us now see what extraordinary Things Human Reason has done for its Votaries: Let us look back into past Times, and they will shew us what notable Schemes of Religion, this blind and uncertain Guide, left to it self, has been able to strike out for its Followers: We shall soon find that all the monstrous Absurdities that have assum'd the Name of Religion in the different Regions and Ages of the World, are owing intirely to this proud, this boasted Reason, for which our present wise and modest Scepticks so zealously contend.

It taught the Ægyptians to worship Onions, &c.

To this boasted *Reason* did the *Ægyptians,* a great and wise People, owe the Worship which they paid to Onions and Garlick, to Oxen, Dogs, Cats and Serpents.

The *Reason* of the antient Heathens taught them Polytheism, and that of the worst Sort, *viz* to deify the greatest Criminals: It taught them to worship an Adulterer and Usurper of his Father's Throne, under the Name of *Jupiter*: a Harlot under the Name of *Venus:* And a Thief under the Name of *Mercury.*

The *Reason* of the *Jews* themselves, a People illuminated by Divine Precepts, taught them to practise the grossest Idolatry, and when their Self-sufficient Reason induced them to reject Revelation, they forsook the God of their Fathers, and, like our modem *Free-thinkers,* fell down and worshipped a Calf.

And it teaches the Indians at this Day to worship the Devil.

And at this Day, not to enumerate many other Absurdities of divers Nations, the Reason of many *Indians,* teaches them to worship the Devil.

These great Things does Reason, unassisted by superior Lights, do for its proud and self-sufficient Votaries. And who shall say, That the Religion of the *Ægyptians,* of the old Heathen, of the idolatrous *Jews,* and of the modern *Indians,* are not equally right with that of the modern Free-thinker, since they were, and are all of them directed by the Reason of each? Nay, who shall say, that any of these People have not more to say for themselves than he has, as they plead the general Sanction, and, however monstrous and absurd their Faith, that it was, nevertheless, to each the Religion of his Country, and it was not easy for them to know better? — At least, these misguided Creatures had, in this respect, a Plea

which our modern Scepticks will not pretend to; that is, MODESTY; tho' we have Reason to expect it from them of all others, from the very Meaning of the Word: For *Scepticism,* or *Doubt,* is so opposite to *Certainty,* that the least thing a Person can do, who is in Opposition to the *receiv'd* Opinion, and yet doubts of the Truth of his *own,* is, to be *humble* and *modest.* And it must be the Heighth of Presumption and Arrogance, and a Contradiction in Terms, for such a one to be *positive* and *prescribing.* And yet, I believe, that let a Man look thro' his Acquaintance of that Sect, and he will find a *modest* or *humble* Man, a very rare Character among the Scepticks of the Age, the younger Sort especially.

The following Characters of an *Atheist* and a *Deist,* are so admirably drawn, by the ingenious Mr. *Collier*, that we cannot do better than transcribe them in this Place. It seems, *says he,* Truth and Falsehood depend upon *their* good liking; and they have the peculiar Privilege of wishing Things *in* or *out* of Being at Pleasure. Who would expect such Flight of Conceit from such humble Pretences? For an *Atheist,* if you will take his own Word for it, is a very despicable Mortal. Let us describe him by his *Tenets,* and copy him from *his own* Original. He is then no better than a Heap of organized Dust; a stalking Machine; a *speaking Head* without a Soul in it.

A very despicable Mortal.

His Thoughts are bound up by the Laws of *Motion;* his Actions are all prescribed. He has no more Liberty than the Current of a Stream, or the Blast of a Tempest; and where there is no Choice, there can be no Merit. The *Creed* of an *Atheist* is a degrading System, a most mortifying Persuasion.

An Atheist's Creed a mortifying System.

No Advantages can make him shine: He strikes himself out of all Claim to Regard; and has no Alliance to any honourable Distinction.

The Slave of Necessity.

He is the *Offspring* of *Chance;* the *Slave of Necessity,* danced by foreign Impulses no less than a *Puppet. Ignoble* in his *Descent, little* in *Life,* and *nothing* at the *End* of it. *Atheism,* the Result of Ignorance and Pride; of strong Senses and feeble Reason; of good Eating, and ill-Living! *Atheism,* the Plague of Society, the Corrupter of Manners, and the Underminer of Property! What can the Raillery, the Reproaches, the supercilious Censures of this Sect signify? Why should they

be raised above their Principle, and rated higher than their *own* Valuation? They are below all Considerations, except that of Pity and Prayers, and these I heartily give them.

Plea of the Deists examin'd.

Let us examine, the Plea of the more fashionable Sort of Infidels, the *Deists,* and see whether their Pretences are better founded.

They do not attempt to prove any thing.

They do not undertake to prove any thing; but only to answer those Proofs that are brought for a future State and the Immortality of the Soul. They are all upon the *Negative;* and therefore cannot be sure that they are in the right. How is it possible they should be sure of a State they never saw, nor knew any thing of? Therefore all they say, amounts to no more than a *Doubt;* and they expect no other Assurance when they die; so that the utmost of their Hopes is to die in this Doubt. And what a dismal Condition is it to die in a Doubt, where the Hazard on the other Side is eternal Misery! — It is being in Hell, before they go thither! And this, as I said, is the utmost of their Hope. It is for this they take so much Pains, and write Books to bring themselves into this most lamentable of all Conditions, except the feeling of those Flames they cannot but fear, and against which they endeavour to harden themselves. This being the best of their Case, as *themselves* put it, it is wonderful they should get any Proselytes: Whereas they who believe Religion, both live and die in Prospect of eternal Glory!

The avow'd View of the Deists and Scepticks.

The great and avow'd View of the Deists and Scepticks, *says another Author*, in their Attacks upon *Revealed Religion,* is to free the Minds of Men from those *Restraints* which the Christian Religion imposes upon their *sensual Appetites,* and from the *uneasy Apprehensions* of a *future Account* and *Retribution.* The *Two* shocking *Letters* from a *Deist* to his *Friend,* lately published, which were found in the Escritoire of that unhappy Friend, after he had *made away with himself,* in order to experience the *Truth* of a *future State,* sufficiently expose the *iniquitous Design* of this Set of Men; and the *Observations* made thereupon, printed with them, are so excellent, that we shall content ourselves to refer to them.

Evil Consequences to Society of a modern Sceptick's Principles.

If this be the Case, *adds this Author,* that these Men would let us *loose* to our *Pleasures,* and free us from the Apprehensions of a *future Account,* what Security can *Society* have either of their *Honesty,* or of their *Conformity* to those Laws which preserve *Order* among Men, and hinder the World from falling into *Confusion?* Will such Persons boggle at the most *irregular Attempts*, which they think conducive to their *present Pleasures*, and for which they are persuaded of an *Impunity?* Will not such Persons find, that even the Laws of *mere Morality* are repugnant to those *Pleasures*; and can there be any Assurance, that Persons so *professedly* abandon'd to their *sensual Appetites*, will be with-held by the *Laws of Society*, much less by a Sense of *Moral Duty,* of which they themselves, under the Dominion of their *Partial Passions,* are to be the *Judges?*

What Considerations shall bind the Multitude, if they are set loose from the Ties of Religion.

Or if we could suppose these Laws might be a *sufficient* Restraint upon the Minds of *some* of the Leaders of the present *Scepticism,* and that They might be allowed to be *Moral Men;* how will they answer for it, that the *Multitude* will be with-held by the same Considerations? I doubt it will be found, that, when these hopeful Doctrines are spread among the *ungovernable Many,* and that the *Generality* of Mankind come once to be persuaded, that they have Nothing but their *present Pleasures* to pursue, and have no *future Account* to dread, they will not stick at any Thing that their irregular Appetites may suggest to them as *Pleasures?* And then the *Plunderers* of the *Road* and of the *Seas,* the *Robbers* of the *Street,* the *sly Thief,* and the *bold Felon* or *Burglar,* may, in Time, become *innocent* Appellations, in Comparison of the more *diffus'd* Wickedness, which may then be spread among us.

How few fit to be trusted to the Conduct of their own Reason.

It will be allow'd me, *continues this Author?* that there are very few, who are fit to be trusted to the Dictates of *their own* Reason. And let our present Scepticks begin with their own *Families*, if they have any, and first free their *Children* and *Servants* from the *uneasy Restraints* that a *future Reckoning* lays upon them, and by their Conduct, when set *free,* as they call it, let them judge how much the *Multitude* would be benefited by the *Liberty* they contend to give them.

But after all, what is this *Liberty* of *Free-thinking* they so much talk of? What beneficial *Consequences* can it be attended with to the *Minds* or *Consciences* of Men? — Can it have *any other* Effect, than to make Men *still greater Scepticks,*

and *still more* subject to the uneasy Influences of *wavering Doubts* and *melancholy Apprehensions?*

These cunning Sophisters, *adds he,* would rob Mankind of the most comfortable *Hope,* and even *Assurance,* which Revelation gives them, of a *Blessed Futurity,* which will *reward* their *Sufferings,* their *Sorrows,* and their *Piety* in *this Life,* and encourage them to meet *Death* with *joyful Hopes* of a *better.* And what would they give them in *Lieu* of this *pleasing Hope?*

What it gives them in lieu of this pleasing Hope.

Why, they would turn them loose into the *wide Sea* of *fluctuating Doubt,* they would *dash* all their *Comforts* with *Gall* and *Bitterness*; and when they have done *all,* they will never be able to free them *wholly* from that *cruel Uncertainty,* which at times will fill their Minds, especially in *Pain* or *Sickness,* with *unspeakable Anguish.*

A sad Instance of this referr'd to.

An unhappy Instance of this may be produc'd in the poor Gentleman we hinted at, who could not support Life under the *uneasy Burden* of those *Doubts* and *Apprehensions* which his *Deistical Friend* (or rather *Enemy*) had planted in his Mind, and therefore plung'd himself *headlong* into the Gulph of *Eternity,* to be rid of that *terrible Incertitude* which was become intolerable to him.

An Attempt to reconcile Faith and Reason with the Doctrine of the Resurrection of our Saviour.

The Doctrine of Christ's Resurrection is the grand Basis and Support of Christianity, and as the Pagans and Infidels, of all Ages, have exerted their utmost Strength against this Article, it may not be amiss, for the strengthening of the Young Man's Faith, and obviating the Cavils of such Persons as now set themselves to ridicule the Miracles of our Blessed Saviour, to see what can be done in order to reconcile our Faith with our Reason on this important Subject; and this we shall do by an Extract or two from the last-nam'd Author, who has brought the Argument into a very short Compass, and yet is as perspicuous and intelligible as can be desired.

Our Saviour puts the Proof of his Mission on his Resurrection.

He quotes from a celebrated Piece the following Paragraph, "*Christ Jesus* declared himself a Prophet, and put the Proof of his Mission on this, That he should die openly and publickly, and rise again the *Third* Day. This surely, *adds he,* was the hardest Plot in the World to be manag'd: And if there be one *Instance* of this Kind, or in any Degree *like* it, by all Means let it be produc'd." *And again,* "One would naturally think *(says he, p.* 30.) that the fore-telling his Resurrection, and giving such Publick Notice to expect it, that his keenest Enemies were fully apprized of it, carried with it the *greatest Mark of sincere Dealing.*" He then proceeds:

Endeavours of his Adversaries to frustrate his Prediction.

And indeed, this open and publick Declaration did not a little alarm his Adversaries the Priests and Elders of the *Jews;* and they set themselves to work, by all the Means they could devise, to prevent the Effect of it. They applied to the *Roman* Governor for a Guard to watch the Body till the Time was expir'd in which he had declared he would rise again, and used all imaginable Precautions to frustrate the Prophecy, lest, as they said to *Pilate, his Disciples should steal him away by Night, and so the last Error should be worse than the first.*

The Sollicitude of the Jewish Priests on this Score, an Argument for our Saviour's Divine Mission.

But why were the Jewish Priests so sollicitous to secure the Tomb where the Body of *Jesus* was interr'd? Why did they procure a Guard of *Roman* Soldiers from *Pilate?* Why seal the Door of the Sepulchre, lest, as they pretended, the Body should be stollen away? No doubt they were apprehensive of the Truth of his Prediction that he should rise again, and that he that could raise others, was able to raise himself: And what could make them thus apprehensive, but the many Miracles he perform'd in his Life, which gave Credit to this, as they would otherwise have thought, improbable Prediction?

Had any of the *Publick Miracles* of Christ been disprov'd: Had he failed in his Professions or his Attempts to cure the *Paralytic*, to give Sight to the *Blind,* or Hearing to the *Deaf,* or Life to the *Dead,* as in the Case of *Jairus's* Daughter, the Widow's Son, and *Lazarus*, would he not have been made the Publick Scorn and Derision? Would he have dared (the *Repugnancy* of his Doctrine to the *Expectation* and *Genius* of the *Jewish* Nation, especially considered) to shew himself abroad? Would his Prophecy have been so much attended to, as to awaken the jealous Rage or blinded Malice of the *Jewish* Rulers, or the Apprehensions of

the *Roman* Governor? Had he not himself, in that Case done their own Work for them, and destroy'd to all Intents and Purposes, his own Reputation? Who believ'd, in our Day, the *French Prophets,* after their Pretences to raise Dr. *Emms,* were detected? Did not this discredit those Enthusiasts all at once? Did they not from that time become the Scorn and Derision of the Populace? And were they not afterwards forced to skulk about in Corners, till they were finally dispersed and dissipated?

Accusations of Christ by the Jews, a strong Proof of his Miracles.

Would not the *Jewish* Rulers have objected to our Saviour on his Tryal, if he had failed in his miraculous Undertakings, his *Publick Frauds* and *Impostures,* instead of accusing him to *Pilate* of a Design to destroy their Temple, of blaspheming God, and of subverting their Law? They were so far from this, that even their *publick* and *most plausible* Pretence for conspiring to take him off, most evidently demonstrates the Force of their *Conviction* and of their *Malice* at the same Time, and also the *Reality* of his *Miracles;* since they apprehended no less, than that the People, by reason of those *Miracles,* would revolt in his Favour, and thereby induce the *Romans to take away both their Place and Nation*

Pretence of the Guards that they were asleep, how improbable.

As to the Pretence of the Guards, that the Body was *stollen* while they were *asleep;* If they were *asleep,* as it has by other Writers, with great Significancy, been asked, How came they to be able to relate *so punctually* what happened then? How *critical* must be this Theft? How strange was it, that *all* the Guards should be asleep *atone Time*; and that *so profoundly,* that a *great Stone* should be rolled from the Door of the Sepulchre, that was set there to secure it, the *Seals,* broken, the *Tomb* opened, the *Body* taken out, the *Burial-Cloaths* taken off, and laid in order by the Side thereof: That they should, *after this,* carry out the dead Body by the *Way they came*, and perhaps *over the sleeping Soldiers,* who, 'tis likely, had dispersed themselves in different Parts of the Avenue. Here was a *critical* Juncture to hit! For could the Disciples *tell,* that the Soldiers would be all asleep, and that so *fast asleep,* at the *very Time* they were met to perpetrate the Theft? Could they *hope* for such an Opportunity? Durst they have been seen loitering about the Sepulchre before these Soldiers fell asleep, who no doubt were (if but for the Sake of the *Air,* of *Diversion,* of *shifting the Scene)* often *looking out* into the *open Country* before the Cave, and must have seen them, if they had

been lurking thereabouts? And if they had discovered any of the Disciples about the Place, or near it, would it not have given a Suspicion that would have set the Soldiers still more upon their Guard?

Pretence of the Guards that they were asleep, how improbable.

So then, those Disciples, those *intimidated* and *dispersed* Disciples, who durst not shew their Heads in *Publick,* one of whom, in *Fear,* had just before, most remarkably *denied his Master,* must secretly go from the City to the Cave, without being discovered by a *single Soul,* and there they must find a *whole Band* of Soldiers set to watch *purposely* against them, *every Man* asleep; yea, as above, *so profoundly asleep,* that a Work which required divers *Actors,* great *Strength,* some *Time,* and could not be possibly done without *Noise,* and perhaps, as far as we know, the Soldiers sitting at the *very Door* of the Cave: Yet, under all these Difficulties, they should be able to *steal away* the Body, return back *with it* to the City, or to some *remote Place,* where it was *never heard of as a* Corpse: All these Things considered, I see not how these *Miracle-hating* Gentlemen, can account for such a *propitious Juncture,* and for the *Success* of so *hardy an Undertaking,* without having Recourse to a *Miracle,* in Spite of their very *Infidelity.*

Belief equal to that of a Miracle requisite to such as deny the Resurrection.

The following brief Extracts from an excellent Piece, lately publish'd, will shew the concurrent Testimony of Authors and others, in the earliest Ages, to the Truth of the Christian Religion, as deliver'd down in the Holy Gospel; and cannot fail of impressing strongly the Mind of every ingenuous Person:

Tacitus, Suetonius, and *Dion,* Heathen Authors who lived in or near the Time of our Saviour, mention the Tax laid upon the *Roman* Empire by *Augustus Cæsar,* which the Scripture takes Notice of as the Occasion of *Joseph* and the Blessed Virgin's going to *Bethlehem.* And *Tacitus* also informs us, that *Pontius Pilate* was Governor of *Judæa,* and that *Jesus* was brought in Judgment before him, and by him condemn'd and crucified.

From Chalcidius. From Macrobius and others. From Celsus.

Chalcidius records the Appearance of the New Star which conducted the wise Men.

Macrobius and sundry other Historians, mention the Slaughter of the Children by *Herod?*

Celsus, that great Enemy of Christianity, admits, that our Saviour had been in *Egypt,* and pretends that he learn'd Magick there; and also attributes to Art Magick those Miracles which he did not pretend to deny, and so falls into the Absurdity of the *Jews,* That our Saviour *cast out Devils by Beelzebub the Prince of the Devils?*

From Julian the Apostate, Porphyry an Hierocles, all Persecutors of the Christians.

Julian the Apostate, Porphyry and *Hierocles,* all Persecutors of the Christians, confess, that many miraculous Cures, and Miracles, out of the ordinary Course of Nature, were wrought by him. *Porphyry,* in particular, objects to Christianity, That since *Jesus* had began to be worshipped, *Æsculapius* and the rest of the Gods did no more converse with Men: And *Julian* never offer'd to deny the Miracles perform'd by St. *Peter,* but attributes them to a Book of Magical Secrets left him by our Saviour.

Phlegon, in his Annals, as *Origen* assures us, attests, that our Saviour foretold several Things which came to pass according to his Prediction; and records, that at the Time of our Saviour's Death, there was a miraculous Darkness and a great Earthquake.

From Phlegon. From Pliny.

Pliny the Younger, about seventy Years after the Death of Christ, relates, That *Jesus* was worshipped as a God among the Christians: That they would rather suffer Death than blaspheme him: That they received a Sacrament, and by it enter'd into a Vow of abstaining from Sin and Wickedness: That they had private Assemblies of Worship, and used to join together in Hymns: Which Account agrees in all its Circumstances with the Accounts we have in Holy Writ of the first State of Christianity.

These are Authorities and Testimonies of *Pagan* Authors, and some of them Persecutors of Christianity. To which may be added a flagrant Testimony from an Author, who being once an Heathen, was converted by the Force of what he heard and saw, to the Christian Faith.

From Quadratus, a famous Athenian Philosopher.

This was *Quadratus,* a famous *Athenian* Philosopher, who lived within sixty Years of our Saviour's Crucifixion, and wrote an Apology for Christianity, which was highly esteemed by the most learned *Athenians*: which Apology was extant in

the Time of *Ado Viennensis, Anno* 870. This Author, after having shewn that false Miracles were generally wrought in Obscurity, and before few or no Witnesses, speaking of those wrought by our Saviour, has the following Passage.

"But His Works were always *seen,* because they were *true:* They were seen by those who were *healed*, and by those who were *raised* from the *Dead.* Nay, these Persons who were thus *healed* and *raised*, were seen not only *at the Time* of their being *healed* and *raised,* but long *afterwards.* Nay, they were seen not only all the while our Saviour was *upon Earth,* but *survived* after his *Departure* out of this World; nay, some of them were living in *our* Days."

From Justin Martyr.

Justin Martyr, about 100 Years after Christ, in his Disputes with the Heathen Philosophers, in Presence of the Emperor, and the whole *Roman* Senate, appeals for the Truth of Christ's Miracles to the Record which *Pontius Pilate* transmitted to *Rome* after the Examples of other Governors of Provinces, and contained all the Memorable Transactions that happen'd in the Time of his Government: And this he appeals to as a Record then *publick* and *extant,* which he durst not have done, especially in so august a Presence, if his learned Adversaries could have contradicted him. And there is much more Reason to believe, That more excellent and important Pieces have been lost, besides this noble Record on the Side of Christianity, than on the other Side; especially when it is considered, that all the Powers of the Earth were combin'd to *persecute,* and even to *extirpate* the Faith of Christ, and that the Rulers of the World continued Pagan for almost 300 Years after the Promulgation of the Gospel.

Arts and Sciences al their Height when the Christian Religion took its Rise.

The same Author farther observes, That it happen'd very providentially for the Honour of the Christian Religion, that it did not take its Rise in the *dark*, *illiterate* Ages of the World: But at a Time when *Arts* and *Sciences* were at their *Height?*

Men of Learning and Note early and illustrious Converts to it; As prov'd from Tertullian; And from Arnobius.

And 'tis observable, that it had very early, many illustrious Converts to it, who no doubt examin'd strictly, and were throughly satisfy d of the Truth of our Saviour's History. Three of the earliest, were *Joseph* of *Arimathcea,* a Member of the *Jewish Sanhedrim, Dionysius* one of the *Athenian Areopagus,* and *Flavius Clemens,* a Senator, and even Consul of *Rome*, And *Tertullian* tells the *Roman*

Governors, That their Corporations, Councils, Armies, Tribes, Companies, the Palace, the Senate, and Courts of Judicature, were filled with Christians.

Arnobius also asserts, That Men of the finest Parts and Learning, Orators, Grammarians, Rhetoricians, Lawyers, Physicians, Philosophers, despising the Sentiments they had been fond of, took up their Rest in the Christian Religion.

Every one of these, in those *Primitive* Times of Christianity, took for granted the Truth of those Evangelical Narratives, which *now* (so many Centuries *afterwards)* are become the prophane *Jests* and *Ridicule* of *Apostates* and *Scoffers*. And some of these must be even *Eye-Witnesses* of the Efficacy of the *Apostles* Preaching, and of the *Miracles* with which they supported the Doctrines they taught. For who could refuse their *Belief* In the *Miracles* of *Christ,* when they saw those who attested the Truth of them, performing themselves *like Miracles* to those they testify'd of?

A Proof of the Harmony between the Holy Scriptures and the Tradition of the first Churches.

Irenæus observes, That those barbarous Nations, who at first only learned the History of our Saviour from those who had converted them to Christianity *before* the Gospels were *written*, had among them the *same* Accounts of our Saviour, which they afterwards met with in the *four Evangelists.* An uncontestable Proof of the *Harmony* and Concurrence between the *Holy Scripture* and the *Tradition* of the *Churches* in those *early Times* of Christianity; and what must have contributed not a little to make way for the *universal Reception* of the *Holy Gospel.*

Sufferings of the primitive Martyrs, a Proof of the Truth of Christianity.

The cruel *Deaths* and exquisite *Tortures* which the Primitive Martyrs suffer'd, rather than renounce the Faith of *Jesus*, and be guilty of the least *Hypocrisy*, or *mental Reservation*, of which perhaps they might have lived to repent, and be forgiven, is another strong Proof of the Truth of that Religion, which *alone* could inspire the illustrious Sufferers, in a Succession of Generations for near 300 Years together, with Hopes sufficient to counterbalance that strange Variety of exquisite Tortures which they so magnanimously endured.

The first Progress of Christianity, thro' the amazing Difficulties it met with, a Proof of a supernatural

We will venture to add, That perhaps the amazing Progress of Christianity against the Learning, the Policy, and the Power of this World, and considering the despised Conditions and Capacities of its first Propagators, was as great a

Miracle, and Instance of a supernatural Influence, as those disputed by the Infidels of the present Age; and which they would have equal Difficulty to account for by the Measure of their boasted Reason-, and would be as ready to question, if they were not obliged by its manifest and apparent Consequences to yield Assent to it.

One Thing more, we will take upon us to say, will no less *puzzle* them to account for in *their Way,* — Tis demonstrable that many of the *Prophecies* of our *Saviour* and his *Disciples,* were extant, and the Records thereof in *every one's Hands,* long *before their Completion;* and yet every one of them has been *literally* fulfilled since. Of this, the *Destruction* of *Jerusalem* and of the *Temple*, and the unparallell'd *Dispersion of the Jews?* are flagrant Instances, which stand in full and unquestionable Proof to this Day.

Address to the Unprejudic'd and Uncorrupt.

That we may not seem tedious, where we design Brevity, we shall hasten to a Conclusion, leaving what we have said to operate as it may on Sceptical Minds: But with regard to the Unprejudic'd and Uncorrupt, who are desirous of being convinc'd, and to adhere to the Religion in which they have been educated, we shall observe only, That they will not suffer themselves to be influenced by the Cavils and Impertinences of these proud Scepticks, till they shall be able to give us a better System of Religion, than that they would destroy: Till they are able to shew us a better Morality than the Christian, which, by their own Confession, far surpasses that of all the Philosophers of Antiquity for many Ages put together: And finally, till they can shew us, that the *Reason* and *Morality* to which they make such extravagant Pretensions, render them either *wiser* or *better* Men than others.

Till they can do one or all of these things, it will be no Breach of Charity to say, That they will merit the Abhorrence of all good Men, inasmuch as all their Attempts can only tend to loosen and untie the Bonds of Human Society; confound the Distinctions of Right and Wrong; take away the Terrors that withhold Evil-Doers; tear up the Fences that inclose and preserve Property; and leave the feeblest of Mankind to the Mercy of the most Potent, and perhaps the most Deprav'd; since, in such a State, whatever the *Reason* of the *Strongest* will permit him to think Right, the *Weakest* must of Course submit to it, without Appeal or Redress.

Conclusion; address'd to the Young Man.

Let the Young Man therefore, if he should be sollicited to enter into the Clubs and Societies that are, as we are inform'd, erected to propagate Infidelity, determine to avoid such Company, as the Bane of his future Peace and Welfare. If he is oblig'd to converse with any of them, and has any thing suggested to him, which he cannot answer, and which makes him doubt, let him preserve his Modesty, and his Desire to be inform'd; and, by proper Application to learned and pious Persons, or to Books, he will be set right, and taught not to be sham'd out of his Religion by a prophane Jest, or rally'd out of his Faith by a lewd Scoffer, and not to *doubt,* where he ought, and may be *assur'd:* For *Doubt,* or *Uncertainty,* of all Circumstances in Life, is certainly the most uneasy and to a serious Person, *Religious Doubts* are of all others the most affecting, and yet this is all that these Persons pretend to bring you to; for they cannot be *sure* they are *right,* and if they should be *wrong,* how dreadful will be the Mistake!

If there be any thing, that on Enquiry, and diligent Application, you cannot believe, and are concern'd for it, shew your *Sincerity* by your *Modesty,* and do not endeavour to propagate your Doubts, and make those *uneasy,* who would be otherwise *satisfy d:* For 'tis the Mark of a truly diabolical Temper, to wish to have others as unhappy or wicked as ourselves, and if such could be even *assur'd* they should never exceed the Bounds of Morality and right Reason themselves, they cannot be certain that would be the Case of every other, whom they might influence to their Way of Thinking: For the Appetites of Men are almost as different as their Faces, and that may be a strong Passion in one, to which another might have no Inclination; and it would be no hard Task for a Person who was taught to think himself under no Restraints, but those which were suggested to him by his own Reason, to bring his Conscience to allow him the Gratification of his most predominant Passions.

FINIS.

THE SEASONABLE EXAMINATION OF THE PLEAS AND PRETENSIONS

OF THE PROPRIETORS OF, AND SUBSCRIBERS TO, PLAY-HOUSES, ERECTED IN DEFIANCE OF THE ROYAL LICENCE. 1735.

At last, the Licentiousness of Persons assuming to themselves, in Defiance of the Royal Licence, the Erection and Management of Play-houses, has awaken'd the Attention of the *British* Legislature; and we may now hope for such Restraints being laid upon them, as have been long wished-for by the sober Part of the World, to make the Diversions and Entertainments exhibited on the Stage, both *reasonable* and *useful*, and to limit and restrain their *increasing Number* And surely, never was the Legislative Interposition more seasonable than now, when Luxury, and a Taste for the lightest Amusements, have overspread the *British* World, and we find ourselves hastening apace into that Depravity of Manners, that prov'd the Ruin of the best constituted States and Commonwealths that ever were in Being.

No wonder, that this long-wish'd for and seasonable Animadversion of the Legislature, has alarm'd more particularly the Persons concern'd in Interest in one of the new-erected Theatres; The Proprietors and Managers of which have exhibited their respective Pretensions in a Stile so high and extraordinary, that they may be in a manner called their *Demands* upon the Legislature; and those, not for *Toleration* or *Connivance*, but for *Countenance* and *Establishment.*

But it is well known and remember'd, in what manner that Playhouse, for whose Existence and Establishment they sollicit, was set up and supported, in Defiance of the Prerogative of the Crown, which had always, till then, been allow'd to have an indisputable Right to license the Persons who pretended to act or perform Interludes, Plays, or other Entertainments of the Stage: And in Defiance of the City-Magistracy, to avoid whose Cognizance and Controul, it was contrived to be set up just without the Limits of the City.

We have also seen *Sadler's-Wells, Pancras-Wells, &c.* (superadditionally to their customary Diversions) following this licentious Example, in order to invite and catch such of the City-Youth, who might, by taking the Diversion of Walking, escape the other; And not contented herewith, Projects were set on foot to augment the Number of Play-houses still nearer to the *Heart of the City*, as is express'd in an Advertisement publish'd several times in the publick Papers, to invite Subscribers, and to brave the City-Magistracy, after the laudable Example

of *Goodman's-Fields;* one of which, transcribed from the *Daily Post* of *February* 21, last past, a little before a Bill was moved for restraining such Excesses, and insolently repeated in the *Daily Journal,* while the Matter was under Consideration of the Legislature, is in the following Words:

"Whereas there are several Gentlemen who have purchased Ground, in order to erect a NEW Theatre, (the said Ground is *out of the City,* and yet very near the *Heart of it*, and thought most commodious for this Use;) Whoever are desirous to subscribe to the same, upon leaving a Letter for *A. B.* at *St. Duns tans* Coffee-house in *Fleet street,* may be inform'd of the Particulars."

Every one must see, that it was high time to put a Stop to such a *great* and *growing Evil,* as it is justly called in the Preamble to the Bill now under Consideration of the Legislature; which, after reciting the Letters Patent under which the other Theatres act, sets forth; "That divers ill-disposed and disorderly Persons have, of late, taken upon themselves, without any legal Authority, to act and represent Tragedies, Comedies, Plays, Opera's, and other Entertainments of the Stage, within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster,* and the Suburbs thereof, and also in several other Places of this Kingdom; and several Theatres, Play-houses, or other Houses, have been erected, in Defiance of the Laws of the Land, and to the Corruption of the Morals of the People: By reason whereof great Mischiefs have already arisen, and much greater are likely to ensue, unless the same be timely prevented; and that the Laws now in Being have been found insufficient for preventing this great and growing Evil," — *&c.*

This being the Case, and such the Enormity complained of, let us see what these Gentlemen have to say for themselves, in Opposition to so wholesome a Law.

The first Thing we shall mention, is, the Allegations of the Subscribers to the Theatre in *Goodman 's-Fields,* who represent, "That the said Playhouse is divided into Twenty-three Shares, for each of which they have paid 100*l* and that their Shares are to secure to them 18*d* for every Acting-Day, and Liberty of seeing the Play; That the Theatre is vested in them by way of Mortgage, to secure such daily Payments:" And hereupon they bespeak "the Honour and Justice of the Legislature (as if they had purchased under the Sanction of Parliamentary Faith) to protect them in the Benefit of their Purchace."

In the next Place, it is set forth, on the Part of the Proprietor, "That Mr. *Odell,* in 1729, erected a Theatre in *Goodman 's-Fields:* That soon after, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen applied to His Majesty, to suppress the same; and that the

Lord Chamberlain thereupon sent an Order for shutting up the House: That the then Proprietor having the Opinion of eminent Lawyers, that he had a Right by the *Law of the Land,* to prosecute his Undertaking, accordingly proceeded in it. That the present Proprietor purchased his *Right,* and being, in Himself, convinc'd, that the Profession of a Player was *honest* and *lawful,* and even that he was *as* lawfully and honestly employed as the Followers of other Business or Professions are; he, to make short of his Case, construed *Connivance* for *Countenance,* and, by Subscriptions set on foot for that Purpose, erected the present Theatre there, at a very great Expence, *&c.* And for these Reasons, he, also, hopes, from the Honour and Justice of the Parliament, that he may be protected in such his legal Property."

But don't these Gentlemen know, as well *Proprietor* as *Subscribers,* That, by the *Law* of the *Land* which they plead, all Persons of this *honest* and *lawful* Profession, need the Exemption of a Royal Licence, from being rank'd among the most profligate of Mankind, and treated as Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy-Beggars? Do they not know, that 'till this their daring Attempt in *Goodman's-Fields,* which is likely to be follow'd by many others of the same kind, if not timely prevented, the Privilege of Licensing Play-houses was always supposed and allowed to be vested in the Crown; and that the other Play-houses acted directly under that Authority, and no other, nor pretended to any other, and were thereupon, as his *Majesty's Servants,* deem'd free from the Penalties of the Laws, and subject to the Controul of the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Houshold? And this has been so ancient a Right, that it may in a manner plead *Prescription*, and never was disputed till the Year 1729, when Mr. *Odell* set up the Play-house in *Goodman's-Fields,* as Mr. *Giffard* acknowledges in his Case, in Defiance of it: So that we may almost say, That, by this Bill, the Cause between the *Crown* and the *Proprietors* of that Play-house is at *Issue* before the Legislature; and it only remains to be decided, Whether the Crown shall be confirm'd in a Right which it has enjoy'd *immemorially,* or whether that Right shall be defeated by an Attempt that never was made till the Year 1729; and which, if suppress'd, only leaves Things as they were for so many Generations?

'Tis true, the Act of the 39th of Queen *Elizabeth,* which makes a Licence, in express Words, requisite to intitle common Players to the above-mentioned Exemption, is repealed by the Act 12 *Anna, Stat.* 2. *Cap.* 23. But by this very Statute, §. 1. "All Fencers, Bear-wards, *Common* Players of Interludes, Minstrels, Jugglers, *&c."* are included under the Denomination of Rogues and Vagabonds, and punishable accordingly; and I would ask, What can be meant by COMMON

Players of Interludes, if it has not immediate Reference to the Description of the Act of Queen *Elizabeth,* of such as play without Licence?

What makes this still more unquestionable, is, That the said Act of Queen *Anne,* which repeals that of Queen *Elizabeth,* at the same time, secures and maintains the Royal Prerogative in a very ample and particular Manner, and leaves the Crown invested with the same Powers, to all Intents and Purposes, as it had before, by Virtue of the said Act of Queen *Elizabeth*, or by ancient Custom, Usage, *&c.* For it contains the following Proviso: §. xxiii.

"PROVIDED ALWAYS, That THIS Act, or *any thing* therein contained, shall not extend, or be construed to extend, to *restrain* or *abridge* the *Prerogatives* of the Queen, or the Power or Authority of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Keeper, or Commissioners of the Great Seal of *Great Britain,* for the time being," *&c.*

It follows then, by undeniable Consequence, That it being in the Power of the Crown to license Play-houses, and that such Licence was necessary before this Act of Queen *Anne,* this Power is recogniz'd and confirm'd to it, by this very Act; and therefore, that those who presume to act without the Royal Licence, are directly, in the Eye of the Law, under the Description of COMMON *Players* of INTERLUDES; and of Course, as such, to be deemed Rogues and Vagabonds, and punishable accordingly.

And if the Force of the Royal Authority, and the Construction of this Act may be evaded, as in the present Case, by *Settlements* and *Purchaces* (from the seeming Consequence of other Acts, clashing with the *above)* it can only shew the Necessity of a new Law to explain *both*, and reinforce the other, as well as the Royal Authority, in a Point so requisite to be under its Inspection; a Point in which there is more Likehhood of its being exercis'd by the Crown with Lenity than Severity; in which it has never given Cause of Complaint, nor can possibly give any Cause of Apprehension of Danger to the Liberties of the Subject in general; and which, being more able to interpose, summarily, in all Cases that require Redress, ought to be confirm'd and reinforc'd, for the good Government of this sort of People, under whose Direction and Controul they were always more immediately concluded than any other Set of Men; and that for the best Reasons in the World, as the Subjects they so publickly exhibit may have a good or bad Influence on the Publick Morals, and even, as it may sometimes happen, on the publick Safety.

This being the Case, the Petitioners in favour of the Theatre in *Goodman's-fields,* have the less Reason to expect that Protection which they implore, and in a

Manner, *demand*, of the Legislature: They confess, and even avow, in the first Paragraph of one of their Cases or Petitions, that they have hitherto brav'd the Royal Authority, and found Means to evade the Law of the Land, and set at Defiance an ancient, and till now, uncontested Usage and Right of so long standing, as, without a Law on purpose, to Men less hardy, might, as we have hinted, have acquir'd the Force of *Prescription.* And they had all the Reason in the World to expect, sooner or later, a Reckoning-Day would come; and that a Set of Men, so inconsiderable to the Publick (not to say obnoxious, as the Stage is manag'd) as well from the Nature of their Employment, as from the small Number of them, would not be always conniv'd at, and suffer'd to triumph in their Insults upon a Power, which for so many hundred Years had been exercis'd over them till the Year 1729.

They knew the Foot on which they set out; and very glad I am, that the Shares of this Theatre are so divided, that whatever Fate may attend them, it cannot be, as to the *Subscribers*, above the Loss of 100*l* to each Share: And 'tis so much the easier to reflect upon, as that Loss must be suppos'd to fall among People who can bear it; for can it be imagin'd, that Gentlemen, who knew better how to dispose of their Money, or had not more than they knew what to do with, and several of whom are People concern'd in Trade or Navigation, would purchase Shares in a Theatre, a Theatre thus circumstanc'd in its Erection, *&c* and at a *poor Eighteen-pence* an *Acting-Day,* quarter themselves on the *Vices* and *Luxury* of the *Publick*? — If they say, they did it with a View to make a greater *Profit* or *Interest* of their Money, than they otherwise could do, they deserve rather Punishment for their Avarice, than Redress for their Loss; and 'tis very well for them, that it is no heavier, if they were to lose all, (which cannot be the Case) than 100*l* a Share, which may give them rather a short Sense of Pain, than a strong Reason for Grief: And that they can very well bear it, is acknowledg'd by their Friend and Collegue Mr. *Giffard,* who sets forth in his Case, that the Subscribers are *Substantial* Merchants and Citizens of *London.* If so much more is their *Shame* for being *Merchants* and *Citizens* of *London,* (whose Magistracy has been so much insulted on this Occasion; and their Petition to the King, who was willing to comply with the Prayer of it, despis'd and set at nought, as well as His Majesty's Royal Commands for shutting up their House;) so much more is their *Comfort*, that they are *substantial,* and able to bear so petty a Loss.

The *Proprietor,* indeed, has a stronger Concern in the Affair: He sets forth, "That he has apply'd many thousand Pounds I suppose he includes the 2300*l* subscribed by his Sharers in the Purchase of Cloaths, Scenes, Decorations, *&c* and thereby contracted Debts to a great Amount." Some of these Decorations, *&c*

have perhaps been, or ought to have been, paid for, by the Success this Project has been already attended with: But he farther represents, “That the suppressing of this Theatre will be the utter Ruin of him and his Family.” I should be sorry for that; but, I hope, he rather means of his *future Expectations,* than of what he is *in Possession,* or *was* possessed of, at the Time of his *entring* upon this Project.

But suppose the worst, ought he not to have consider’d, as I have hinted above, the Bottom he was embark’d upon? A Project set up, and carry’d on in open Defiance of the Royal Authority, of ancient Custom, of the *Intention* and *true Meaning* of a particular Law of the Land, pointed directly at Men of his Profession. — And did he suppose, that a Project thus circumstanc’d; a Royal Prerogative thus trampled upon; the Magistracy of the noblest City in *Europe*, thus defy’d and insulted; and a bad Precedent thus set, would not one Day merit proper Consideration and Animadversion?

However, at worst, I hope the Case will not be so bad as represented; tho’, by the way, it is more eligible that any single Man’s Family should be obliged to seek another Sort of Livelihood, or any three-and-twenty *substantial* Men concern’d with him, should lose 100*l per* Share; than that the Youth of both Sexes, of this well-govern’d and populous Metropolis, should be hurt in their Morals, or many Families of honest Tradesmen be made uneasy in the dearest Parts of their Enjoyments, their *Wives,* their *Children,* and their *Servants*. And that this is more than likely to be the Case, will be consider’d anon.

But it is far from being likely, That the *Proprietor,* at the *worst,* will be utterly ruin’d; or that the *Subscribers* will lose *all* their Money. Mr. *Giffard,* as is well known, has a Share in the Patent under which the Company in *Drury-lane* acts, and this Patent is not only secur’d, but will be benefited by the Bill, if pass’d into a Law. For if the House in question be shut up, and Things put into the same State as they were in before the Attempt in 1729, and the Erection of *other Houses* prevented, will it not make greatly for the Interest of the licens’d Theatres? and, of Consequence, will not this Gentleman find his Account in it, with the other Managers? The House that was advertiz’d, as intended to be erected near the *very Heart* of the City, and yet *out of it,* (suppose in *St. Martin’s le Grand,* as is apprehended) would, no doubt, have affected that in *Goodman’s-Fields* very much, and greatly thinn’d his Audiences: And the Prevention of that, and others, that in this Age of Luxury, would probably have been erected, on the Example and Encouragement of these, in all Probability, will, at the long Run, be of greater Advantage to him, than the continuing of that in *Goodman’s-Fields*: And we can hardly doubt, but that it was owing to the *Sagacity* of this Gentleman, and some *just* Apprehensions of the Foundation on which he had built, that he purchas’d a

Share in the *Drury-lane House,* to secure to himself, at all Events, a safe Retreat and Subsistance.

Then, as to the *present* Loss, to the *Proprietor,* and more particularly to the *Subscribers,* which is apprehended will be sustain'd by shutting up this House, that will be greatly diminish'd, when several Circumstances are thrown into the Scale: Tis more than probable, that a Purchaser, or Tenant, for a valuable Rent, may be met with among the *Throwsters* and *Weavers* of *Goodman's-fields,* many of whom are wealthy Men, and occupy much Room: Or it may very likely be taken for a *Meeting-house,* by some one of the different Persuasions of our Dissenting Brethren, who probably, would be glad of an Opportunity of *mending* the *Neighbourhood,* by the Change of Hands and Functions, employ'd and exercis'd there. The Cloaths, Scenes, and other Decorations, would, no doubt, on this Occasion, be gladly purchas'd by the Licens'd Theatres; who, whether they immediately wanted them all, or not, would be glad of being rid of so formidable a Competition on such easy Terms; and this would probably be the more readily brought about, as Mr. *Giffard* is a Proprietor himself of one of the Licens'd Houses. So that, upon the whole, the Case either of the *Proprietor* or *Subscribers* is not so deplorable as represented: But if a further *Equivalent* could be properly found out, as the Proprietor petitions for, I should have no Objection to it; tho' certainly it would carry the Face of a very undeserved Indulgence in the Legislature, which could be attributed to nothing but its extreme Tenderness to private Property, with regard to a Project that has been carry'd on in direct and open Contempt of the principal Branch thereof.

So much at present, for the *Subscribers* and *Proprietor* of the Theatre in *Goodman's-fields.*

What offers next to Consideration, is a Petition for this Play-house in the Name of Persons calling themselves, *Several eminent Merchants, Shopkeepers, Silkmen, Weavers, Packers, Dyers, Factors, and other Tradesmen and Inhabitants of* London, Spittle-fields, Goodman's-fields, *&c.* A Petition so very idle and frivolous, to say nothing of the ill-judg'd, and uncommon Pains taken to procure Subscriptions to it, that we should have thought it unworthy of Notice, especially as it has met with the Fate it deserv'd, did not the Subject of it lead us directly into the *Merits* of the Cause.

I had the Curiosity to read this worthy Petition before it was presented, in hopes to have some pretty strong Prejudices I had against this Theatre, (grounded on known and demonstrable *Facts*) removed by what might be contained in it; especially considering the Persons who were the zealous *Promoters* of it, might be supposed to have consider'd the Thing they were about; and would furnish the

best Reasons, for the sake of the Persons they solicited to subscribe it, that could be given. And so I doubt not, but they have! — What then must be the Cause that can produce no better? (It may not be amiss to observe in this Place, that tho' even the worst Things, have, at least, a *plausible* Side, the Cause of this Theatre seems to be such an one, as has not yet afforded one tolerable Thing to be said for it, by the Persons concern'd in Interest to support it. —

The Proprietor's Inducement to lay out much Money, was, Because some eminent Lawyers acquainted his Predecessor, that he might *withstand* the Prerogative of the *Crown?* and the strongest Representations of the best govern'd City in the World, and that in Defiance of Ancient Custom from Time immemorial. — The Subscribers Motive apparently, by their own Representation, was only a pitiful *Eighteen-Pence* every Acting-Day, and the Liberty of seeing a Play: And the Allegations of the pretendedly less-interested Petitioners for it, are still more frivolous, and even fallacious, where they assert, that the Diversions thereof begin not, till the Labour of the Day is done, and interferes not with the Hours of Business, *&c.)* On reading this Petition, I saw many Names subscrib'd, but knew very few of the eminent Merchants, who, I suppose, have their Abodes and Traffickings in the *Neighbourhood* of the Place, in or near a certain famous § *Fair* adjacent: But I had the Satisfaction to find several Names with their proper Additions, such as left me no longer at a Loss for the *Motives* of the Under-writers: In particular, there are to be found, *Apothecaries, Barber-Surgeons, Coffee-men, Vintners, Victuallers*, and such-like, good Store; with a *Brandy* or Geneva-Man or two, a Salesman, or Tallyman, *&c* if I remember right; and here and there the Additions of *Gent* sprinkled thro' the labour'd List; together with some other Tradesmen that may be supposed *concern'd,* in Building or Decorating the House: And if all the good Folks of the *other Sex,* that have *lately* replenish'd that Neighbourhood, had been admitted to sign, I doubt not but the Numbers might have been *trebled,* and a more *cogent* and more *natural* Reason given for the Theatre, than has yet been urged. — All I thought it wanted to make the Parchment compleat, and of a Piece, was, a great Number of Hands of *Apprentices* and *Servant-Maids,* who are a Sort of Parties in the Affair.

But let us more seriously examine the Contents of this Petition, for the Reasons we have hinted at; to wit, that it leads us directly into the *Merits* of the Case.

1. They commend the *Management* of the *Goodman's-fields* Theatre. I will grant them this, That it is perhaps the *best-managed* of any other at present: But the Reason is very obvious; for are they not, all of them, exceedingly ill-manag'd? This is so apparent, that it would be lost Time to attempt to prove it.

But if this Gentleman is so *good* a Manager, (for I — would not derogate from his just Merit) how desirable a Thing is it, That he should make that in *Drury-Lane,* where he has an Interest, his *sole Care,* and the proper Subject for *Improvement?* This will equally redound to his *Credit* and his *Interest,* and I cannot but heartily wish to see so *good* a Director imploy his Talents where they are so much *wanted.*

2. They assert, That the Diversions of the Theatre begin not till the Labour of the Day is done. If no Sort of Working-Tradesmen go to the Play-house, but *Carpenters, Joiners, Bricklayers,* or *Plaisterers,* who are imploy'd in Building, *&c.* 'tis indeed the Custom of those Trades to leave Work by Six o'Clock in the Evening: But most other Trades work till *Eight,* or sometimes till *Nine.* And how many of the former Tradesmen, who leave working at Six for their *Masters,* have an Opportunity to earn something for themselves and Families after that Hour, which helps them forward in the World, without Injury to any Body? It is no uncommon Thing for the Journeymen of those Trades, to undertake, by working an Hour or two *earlier* and *later* than *Six,* to make the Advantage of *Seven* Days Work in the Week, and reap to their own Benefit the odd Day? And where this is done, a good Master, to encourage *Industry,* and to expedite his Employers Business, will allow an Advantage to his *Apprentice* for extraordinary Hours. This Opportunity is to be struck off, according to these Gentlemen, and they are to lie under the Temptation of being at a further Expence; for what? — Not to see what may improve themselves in their *Business,* or teach them how to regulate their *Lives,* govern their *Families*, or educate their *Children* to honest Labour and Industry, for all this Sort of Instruction is beneath the Scope of all the Plays that have hitherto been represented on the *British* Stage; but to see, at the very best, How the *Heroes* of Antiquity courted near 2000 Years ago; to see how the People in *high Life* confound all Distinctions of Right and Wrong; how the Men of *Taste* intrigue and form Plots upon the Virtue of the *Wives* and *Daughters* of the *honest Citizens* in particular; how they run out their Fortunes, pay nobody, and make a Jest of this Class of Men, who are to be tempted to come and see acted in Representation, what they have found too much of before in Fact. And when the *Entertainments*, as they are called, come to be added, which indeed may be more within their Sphere, to see something ten times worse, and, if possible, more immoral: To see the vile Rogueries of an Harlequin *Shepherd*, the Villanies of *Newgate* and *Bridewell*, a detestable *Mackheath,* and all the miserable Farcical Trumpery that is so often acted on the Stage! These are delicate Amusements for the Minds of working Tradesmen: Fine Relaxations from Business: Great Encouragements for them to return with Ardour to it again: Noble Subjects for *Conversation* with their Wives and Families upon what they have seen and heard:

Proper Equivalents for the Money it costs them, and for the Time which they might so much better and more comfortably employ, for their Families Benefit.

If this be the Case, with respect to those Tradesmen, whose Hour of leaving off Business, is not interfered with by the Time the Play begins; it must be a direct Falsity with regard to those Trades, (which we take to be the greater Number, especially in that Neighbourhood) who work till Eight. It has been well observed in a little Treatise, that perhaps has done some Good as to the Case in Hand; "That the Play generally begins about Six in the Evening, and the usual Time of an Apprentice's Business holds him till Eight or Nine, particularly in many Sorts of Shop-Business, as well as other In-doors Occupations. About Nine, except prolong'd (as the Author observes) by some of the modern Farce or wretched Pantomime, the Play generally ends: So, says he, here are Three Hours in every Day that the young Man goes to the Play (which is near a Fourth Part of it) stolen from the Master, and, as it may happen, turn'd to the worst Use that can be possibly made of it, both for Master and Servant." — If the Play begins later, it will of Consequence be the longer before it ends; and such is the present Taste, that the Time is made longer, as well as the Representation more unedifying and dangerous, by the Farcical Additions, whereby the Players are forced to invite People to them: And then let it be considered, if this Lateness of Hours is not still worse for a sober Family, in detaining its Servants or Dependants from Home; and it will not always be found, but frequently very much the contrary, when young Men meet together in the publick Theatre, that they will find their Way Home, when the Play is done: And this can be a strong Reason with no-body but the *Victuallers, Vintners,* &c that of late have abounded in this Neighbourhood, (and who to a Man are Petitioners in behalf of this Theatre) for sollicking its Continuance.

3. "The Time of the Play interferes not, add these *eminent Merchant-Petitioners,* with the Hours of Business, as Billiard-Tables, Skettle-Grounds, and Bowling-Allies do, which have been much *discouraged since the Opening of this Theatre*:" A Sign that the Diversions of the Stage have taken no small Hold of the Minds of the lower Class of People in those Parts: And tho' the Stage, under a proper Regulation, might be made a rational and instructing Entertainment, yet, as it is *now* manag'd, and generally *has been* order'd, we cannot help thinking it a very improper Diversion to be planted among the Working Class of People, particularly; and that for the following Reasons, the Substance of which we extract from the little Treatise we have mention'd.

In the *first* Place, as all our modern Plays, and most of our ancient ones too, are calculated for Persons in Upper Life; and as the good Instructions, if any, they inculcate, lie much above the common Case and Observation of such Persons.

2*dly,* Because of the Expence of Time and Money which they occasion. 3*dly,* Because of the great Resort of lewd Women to these Places, where the Temptation is made the stronger by the Impressions which the Musick and Entertainment are liable to make on young and unguarded Minds. (This Reason is a very strong one, if we consider what the Play-houses in *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden,* have done for their adjacent Neighbourhoods. The *Hundreds of Drury,* the *Covent Garden Gout,* &c are common Observations, in every one's Mouth, upon the Iniquities of those Places. *Salisbury Court*, *Fleet-Street,* when the Playhouse was there, had hardly a Tenement unoccupied by Inhabitants of this Class; and on its Remove, this Sort of Gentry have also removed, and the Place has as reputable Inhabitants as any other Part of the City. The little Time that *Goodman's-fields* has afforded Soil for a Theatre, has seen a prodigious Increase of this Sort of People: And I would leave it to Consideration, whether, these *rational* Entertainments, as they are called, under their *present* licentious Management, ought to be consider'd as Nurseries of *Virtue* and *good Manners,* and whether the *Commoners* of the Town follow them so diligently, where-ever they remove their *Seat,* or pitch their *Tent,* with a View of *Reforming* by the Doctrines propagated by them?)

3*thly,* Because Trade and Men of Business are made the Objects of Ridicule in most Comedies, and the Dupes and Fools of the Heroes in them.

4*thly,* Because of the shameful Depravity of the *British* Stage, which frequently fetches its Heroes and Heroines from *Newgate* and *Bridewell*; and as every Rogue that has made a Noise for his Enormities in the World, has of late made a prime Character for the Stage; and that not for the Sake of Poetical Justice in his Punishment; but to divert the Audience by his Tricks and Escapes from Justice; to which, if he has been brought at last, it has been in such a Manner, as to move the Pity of the Audience for him.

6*thly,* Because of the Danger of the Mind's being too much diverted from Business by those Representations. If a Person has a Taste for 'em, as is justly observed, the Musick will always play upon his Ears, the Dancers will constantly swim before his Eyes: This or that Part of an applauded Actor will perpetually take up his Attention; and he will be desirous of seeing him in others, and so will want to trace one Player or other thro' every Scene, and every Season; and so by Degrees unhinge his Mind from Business, make his Trade undelightful to him, and allow, at most, but a *second* Place to his *first* Duties.

All these Considerations duly weigh'd, it is rather, methinks, Matter of serious *Concern*, than otherwise, that Billiard-Tables, Skettle-Grounds, *&c* are so much abandon'd by this Class of People for *Plays,* as they are managed. For tho' those robuster Diversions are too often follow'd by a loose and disorderly Set of

People, who idle and squander away their Time, yet it will not be found, that such of those who have *left* the *Skettles* and *Billiards* for the *Play,* have done it from a Spirit of *Reformation;* or that they are a whit the *better Husbands, Fathers,* or *Servants:* And for *other working Men,* who pursued those Games for *Recreation* and *Diversion* only, it will be found, on Consideration, that even those are Diversions much more eligible and suitable to them, than our *polite* Comedies, or modern fustian Tragedies: For as they are such as require *Bodily Labour,* there is the less Danger of their being *too closely* follow'd, than can be said for Entertainments, that require no *Pains,* but that of *Attention;* and are perpetually *vary'd,* and particularly calculated to *amuse* the *Eye* and the *Ear,* and intoxicate, thro' them, the *Understanding*. The one, in short, is an *Exercise* that will *invigorate* the *Body,* the other an *Amusement* that will *enervate* both *Mind* and *Body,* the one to such Persons, is the proceeding in a *Course* of *Labour* of a *Piece* with their *Business,* and oftentimes is *more laborious* than *that,* and a Person thereby becomes *more capable* of his *Business,* and more *pleased* with it, as he finds his *Diversion* more fatiguing than *that,* if closely follow'd; and, for the same Reason, as we have observ'd, there is less Danger of its being pursu'd to *Excess.* The other gives a Person, destin'd to the *laborious*, and *most useful* Part of Life, a Taste for a Station *beyond his own,* and, if a thinking, emulous, or aspiring Man, can only fill him with Reflections, that will beget in him either *Indolence* or *Uneasiness:* For what Part of Life, do any of our present Plays point out to *such* a one as we are speaking of, that is likely to improve or benefit him, or fall into his own Case? And as to the *young Women* of this Class, hear what the above Author observes "The Minds of the young Women (or young Ladies, as they are now to be called) will be no less tainted with the Vanities they see acted on the Stage, and they must be strangely edify'd at the frequent Scenes of the pretty Gentlemen who are introduc'd with a View to debauch their Morals, and triumph over their Innocence. This must be a strange School for the Daughters of sober Citizens and Tradesmen, who can have no *other* View, and ought to have no *other* Notion of Living, than what would become the *Shops* and *Business* of some *honest Tradesman,* who by her *concurrent* Industry and Oeconomy, must hope to thrive, and become an useful Member of the Commonwealth. — Instead of inculcating among these Persons such wholesome Rules, to have planted among them an infamous Troop of *Strollers,* who by our Laws are deemed *Vagabonds,* and a collected String of abandon'd *Harlots* (for such an House, 'tis probable, will be made up of the very Scum of the others) impudently propagating, by *heighten d Action* and *Scenical Example,* to an *underbred* and *unwary* Audience, Fornication, Adultery, Rapes, and Murders, and, at best, teaching them to despise the Station

of Life, to which, or *worse,* they are inevitably destin'd; this surely must have fatal Effects on the Morals both of Men and Women so circumstanced."

4. The next Reason given by these eminent Merchants, *&c* as they call themselves, is, "That the Evil apprehended to arise by Apprentices or Servants frequenting a Play-house *contrary to their Master's Inclinations,* would not be remov'd by suppressing *this* Play-house in particular; since, say they, such Persons will resort to a *distant* Play-house, and will not resort to *this,* where they may be seen by the *Master,* or some of his *Acquaintance"* — This Reason, as it is called, is one that the Players and their Adherents seem to be fond of; for the Proprietor has also adopted it for one of his; and a celebrated Writer has also mention'd it, in their Favour. But tho' this may be so with a few particular Persons, can it be thought it will be generally so? If this were to be the Case, it is a better Reason, by far, against *all* Play-houses, than for the Establishment of *this.* So, according to them, the Apprentices, at the *other* End of the Town, may as well be suppos'd to come to *Goodman's-Fields* to avoid *their* Masters, or their Master's Acquaintance, as those of *Goodman's-Fields go thither* to avoid *theirs!* — But do not Difficulty, Encrease of Expence, and *Distance* of Place, discourage and prevent many Engagements or Appointments in both Sexes, that, without these Embarassments, would take Place? Where an Apprentice is streighten'd in the Time he steals from his Master, and when he is oblig'd to be in a Play-house by a *set Hour*, and to return at *another,* where the *Distance* is such, that it makes more, perhaps, than Half an Hour's Difference either way, Does not this make a great Alteration in his Intentions of going to a *distant* House, which would certainly take Place, if but a *few Doors* off? Can he make an Assignation with the *other* Sex, with *equal* Certainty or Conveniency? How many *wintry* and *rainy* Nights would he be prevented in the *one* Case, that would not affect him in the *other?* — The taking of a *Coach*, in bad Weather, or to save Time, would *increase* the *Inconveniency* and the *Fault,* and perhaps the *common* Expence alone, would be attended with such Inconveniencies, as may tempt too strongly his Honesty, to procure Means to *support* it. In fine, there can be no Weight in this favourite Allegation, except that it supposes the Evil so *Epidemick,* both with respect to *Master* and *Servants* (in Trade) that it calls aloud for the Animadversion of the Legislature.

The Petition ends with a Prayer, "That they may not be deprived of this *rational* and *instructing* Entertainment at *this End* of the Town, which hath been esteemed *lawful,* and even *laudable* (as if every thing lawful was not so) at the *other,* and to which they cannot resort without great *Charge* and *Inconvenience;*" And yet they set forth, a little above that the Apprentices will resort, *to choose,* to

a *distant* Play-house, and not to this, for fear of being seen by their Master, or some of his Acquaintance! — A blessed Reason, by the by, for the Encouragement of Play-houses in general! —

But let us see how this Conclusion would run, if put in plain *English:* "Your Petitioners therefore pray, That they may not, at *this End* of the Town, where *honest Labour* and *Industry* is the *Soul* of their *Living,* and where *Time* is their *Money,* be deprived of this *rational* and *instructing* Entertainment (as it *might* be made, if put under a proper Regulation, which, it must be confess'd, is far from being the Case at present): Which, at the *other* End of the Town, where they want to *kill* Time, and would, perhaps, otherwise, spend it much *worse,* hath been esteemed *lawful,* and, for the said Reason, *laudable,* for of *two Evils,* the *least* is to be chosen; and that the Honourable House would have the Goodness to establish the Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields,* to make it more *easy* and *convenient* for *Apprentices* to resort to a Play-house *against* their Master's Consent, and as much in Defiance of *their* Authority, as that we appear for, has been set up, and hitherto supported, in Defiance of that of the *Crown."*

'Tis Time to have done with this odd Set of *Merchant-Petitioners*; And we hope, the well-grounded Petitions of the Magistracy of the City of *London,* and of the Justices of Peace for *Middlesex,* which have been presented since these Papers were begun to be written, will have due Weight with the Legislature, against the Immoralities and pernicious Consequences of which they complain.

We shall now venture to transcribe a Clause in the Bill on foot, for the sake of which alone, we think all Men, who have a Regard to Religion, Piety, or Good-manners, must wish its Success; and we hope it may not want the intended Enforcement, which alone may make these Entertainments not only tolerable, but truly laudable and edifying. The Clause runs thus: "And if any Person or Persons, Body Politick or Corporate, authorized, or to be authorized, by this Act, or by Letters Patents from his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, as above-mentioned, shall act, perform, or represent, or suffer to be acted, performed, or represented, any Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Play, or other Entertainment of the Stage, containing any prophane, obscene, or scurrilous Passage, or any Passage offensive to Piety and Good-manners." — Then follows the Penalty to be inflicted for such Offence; and we wish, that it could possibly be generally *ascertain'd,* what should be *deemed* prophane, obscene, scurrilous, *&c* that the Persons so offending, might, with as little Trouble as possible to the *Prosecutor,* meet with the deserved Punishment, and that the good Intention of the Law might not be evaded.

We shall now make a few Observations upon a Case dispersed Abroad in the Name of Two-and-twenty principal Actors, in Behalf of themselves and the rest of

the Comedians of the Two Licens'd Theatres, for the sake of a few Remarkables which it contains.

"Dramatick Compositions, they say, have ever been esteemed among the finest Productions of Human Genius: — And the acting them has, by some of the Wisest Men in all Ages, been countenanc'd as greatly serviceable to the *Cause* of *Virtue:"* But will this be said of most of the Dramatick Compositions of *late* Date? Will it be said, of the wretched *Farcical* Entertainments, and *Pantomimes.*; Will it be said of the infamous *Harlequinry* so constantly perform'd? The Escapes of *Shepherd,* the Scenes of the *Beggars Opera,* and a Multitude of other Pieces that have of late polluted the Stage? — These Gentlemen lay Claim to the Opinions and Countenance of these *wisest Men,* with a very bad Grace, till they have purged the Stage of that Dross and Corruption which have been brought upon it, and till they have *really* made it, by the Decency and Morality of the Pieces exhibited upon it, serviceable to the Cause of *Virtue.* That the Stage, under proper Regulations, might be made useful to the noblest Purposes, will be granted them; but that *it is* so, will they, or any body for them, pretend to say?

"Where-ever *Learning* is encouraged, continue they, or *Arts and Sciences* flourish, *Dramatick Poets,* and Actors, who *excell,* meet not with *Protection* only, but *Reward."* Very true, and we remember to have been told often of the Encouragement given by the *ancient Greeks* and *Romans,* to *Dramatick Writers* who have excell'd; and that the Stage has been thought worthy, in old Time, to be taken immediately into the Protection of the State. But will it be said, by its greatest Friends, That the *British* Stage, as it has been managed and conducted, deserves such Encouragement and Protection, as Those of the old *Greek* and *Roman* Common-wealths? Do not ours, on the contrary, desire to be set free, as we have seen on this Occasion, from all Restraint, and to be left to the worst Direction and Management in the World; *i.e. their own*? — Let them deserve as well of the State, as those of ancient *Greece* and *Rome* did, and let them have it, by all means: But is it not an Insolence beyond Description, for these Persons to intimate a Claim to the same Favours, without the least Shadow of a Pretension to the same Merit, in any Respect whatever? — And, to speak plainly, to hope the same Encouragement for *debauching* the Morals of the People, as the others met with for being *serviceable to the Cause of Virtue?*

But have those *ancient States,* or any other, who have given Encouragement to *Dramatick Writers,* that *excel,* consider'd *Common Players,* however excellent, in their Parts, in the same Light? Yet do our Gendemen of the *Farce* and *Pantomime* seem to lay as arrogant a Claim to the same *Distinction* which *excellent Authors* have met with, where-ever *Learning* is encourag'd, and *Arts and Sciences*

flourish. 'Tis a shrewd Sign, that they think they have but little Merit of their own, when they are so ready to refuge themselves under the Wings of an Author; but, however they may think themselves *united* as to their *Interests,* surely, there is so vast a Difference between them, as to their respective *Merits* and *Usefulness* to the *Publick,* and to all *Posterity,* that one would not have expected they should have been coupled so closely in the same String. Surely nothing but an *Actor* could have brought down a Person capable of the *finest Productions of Human Genius* to his own low Level. This, however, shews the important Light in which these Men behold themselves; and 'tis perhaps happy enough for them, that they can thus set themselves against the World in this, and have as high an Opinion of their own Profession, as the rest of Mankind have a low one. But 'tis, nevertheless, the particular Unhappiness of Authors, even of the highest Merit, to be levell'd with the Dregs of the People; and tho' they may hereafter, by their Works, become immortal, they are subject in this Life, to a daily Death, from the Indignities which they receive from the lowest Traders, and even, as we see, from their own Creatures, the common Actors of the Stage. — But to proceed:

"It is,THEREFORE, say they, humbly conceiv'd, it can never be intended to *destroy* the Stage altogether, but to put it under proper *Regulations"* This humble Conception is the Effect of great Sagacity, and could not proceed but from an Actor who *excell'd,* and who, in a Place where *Learning* is encourag'd, and *Arts* and *Sciences* flourish, deserves to meet with *Honour* and *Reward,* equal to Persons capable of the *finest Productions* of *Human Genius;* for, behold, in his very next Paragraph, he tells us the Ground of his humble Conception, that the Stage was not to be *destroy'd altogether*.; that is to say, *Because* the Bill preserves and secures the Property of the two subsisting Patents for Acting, now possessed by Messieurs *Fleetwood* and *Giffard,* and Mr. *Rich,* as also that for Opera's!

But here follows another Mark of these Gentlemens Significance in their own Conceits: "As the bill now stands, say they, it will subject all Those who have from their (We may presume, by this, they were the Sons of *Irish* Princes, or born Strollers, or vagrant *Egyptians?)* INFANCY, (A Word us'd in common, one would think, by the *Sacred Order* and *Actors.)* DEDICATED themselves to the *Profession (*A new Term which they are particularly fond of, to distinguish away the Word *Vagrancy.)* of Acting, to the Arbitrary Will of any one who is pleas'd to *buy* the Patent under which they at present act." — This, perhaps, is what they mean by *destroying* the Stage altogether; intimating, that *The Stage* is nothing else

but the Common Hireling Actors; and if They are once disobliged, and made to *adhere* to their *Contracts,* it will be, in Effect, destroying the Stage *altogether.*

There may, no doubt, have been great and *undeserved* Hardships put upon some particular Actors, by means of the *Cartel* of which they so much complain: But this *Imposition* of the *Managers* took its *Rise* from the *Baseness* of the Actors, who could not be held by any Tie, when Terms more advantageous to them were offer'd by another House, 'till the Managers found it their Common Interest, to bind themselves not to take from each other any of these *mercenary Fugitives,* and by this means got them so much in their Power, that they very probably exercis'd over them Acts of *Tyranny* and *Oppression:* And against these they would be justified in petitioning to be secured for the future, had they behaved themselves, in *their Turn,* with any *tolerable* Moderation. To shew they have not done so, we shall briefly and impartially touch upon the Case between them.

The Actors being thus oppress'd, as they apprehended, they run out into open Rebellion, and, like the present *Corsicans*, set up for themselves. A Gentleman of Fortune having put himself, by a dear Purchase, at the Head of the Patent, a Treaty of Accommodation was set on foot, and brought to bear between them; and they returned to their Duty, as he thought: But it had all the Consequences of a *successful Rebellion* upon him; for the Prices they have made him pay, (one of them by Salary and Benefit reaping above 700*l* a Year) are so exorbitant, that the poor Gentleman is likely to be the greatest Sufferer in the Bargain, and acts altogether for *their* Benefit, and not for *his own?* If this be the Case, and they, even the *lowest* of them, have taken Advantages of his Necessities, and monstrously raised their Prices, beyond whatever was known for the *best Actors* before, tho', at the same time, there is hardly one extraordinary Actor left upon the Stage, do these People, with any tolerable Grace, complain of being subjected to the *Arbitrary* Will of one who is lawfully their Master and Benefactor, who, in their Turn, so *arbitrarily* prescribe to him?

I wish the Legislature would settle the exact Sum which an *Actor* should receive, and the *Patentee* pay, and leave extraordinary Merit to be rewarded by the *Publick,* which it would certainly do, on each Person's Benefit Night, and the rather, when the Publick knew, that That was the *only* Distinction that could be paid to *superior Excellence.* I but hint the Thing; let others, whom it more concerns, improve it, for the Benefit both of *Patentee* and *Actor,* for I hate *Oppression* in all *Shapes,* and in all *Degrees,* and think such a Method would put it out of the Power of *both,* to use one another ill.

But let us further attend to *the Actors* Case.— “The Purchaser of a Patent may thus oblige, say they, the present Actors to submit to the *hardest Terms,* or reduce them to *Beggary,* by taking from them the Exercise of their *Profession*:” This I would be glad to have put out of *his* Power, as I have said, as I would have it out of *theirs* to oppress him: But why do these Gentlemen-Actors seem so apprehensive of being reduced to a State, in which the Town has long consider’d them? For my own Part, I have for many Years found this Set of Men the most chargeable of all *Beggars,* and the most *importunate*: And I find the Complaint general; ’tis even a Tax of some Pounds *per Annum* upon every Man who shews them *Countenance,* and suffers himself to be *found in* their Company; they mingle, for this End, in all *Societies* of Men; they are *Beggars* in *every* Sense of the Word, except in *Humility* and *Rags;* that is to say, they are Beggars in their *own Persons,* and (in this respect, they act, as if they were conscious they ought, once a Year at least, to keep in View, and submit to the Denomination under which the Law has class’d their Profession in general.) *sturdy* ones too, for they will not be deny’d; they are Beggars *in, by,* and *through* their Friends, and that of the servilest and most importunate Sort. — But notwithstanding this, I would not that they should be reduc’d to a State of such *abject Slavery,* as to be *bought* and *sold* in a *Market,* as they call it; nor would I have them reduc’d to a *constant* State of *Beggary,* no more for their *own Sakes* than for that of the Publick, who would be too much teiz’d by them in such a State, for its own Repose; but I would be glad, since they have brought their Case before the Legislature, that that illustrious Body would attend to both Parts of it, and prevent Impositions on *both* Sides: For, I conceive, that we should have the Case of the *Patentees,* as well as that of the *Actors,* durst they appear in it with half the Spirit that their *Actors* exert on this Occasion; nay, I doubt not but the former could give Instance for Instance, how they have been used, and under what Cases of *Necessity* and *ill Treatment,* the *Cartel* of which they so much complain, took Place. But the late *successful Rebellion* of the *Actors,* has made it apparent, that they have turn’d the Tables upon their *Masters* with a Vengeance, and that they even dare not appear openly at the same high Tribunal with them, nor join Issue with such turbulent and powerful Antagonists, as these their *quondam* Servants are now become. The Interposition of the Legislature on this Occasion may also be the more necessary, because it may possibly be the Turn of the *Publick* to be next ridden by them; for it has been the Case before now, that the Town has been treated with as much Insolence by Persons *dedicated to the Profession of Acting,* as our Gentlemen phrase it, as a *keeping* Cully has sometimes met with from a coquetting and haughty Mistress, who has found her Superiority in his Weakness and Indulgence.

But they go on, and say "If not for the *Sake* of the *Actors,* yet for the *Honour* of the *Nation,* it is hoped, that the Arbitration of Differences that may happen between *Patentees* and *Actors,* shall be placed in the Hands of Men of *Fortune, Learning* and *Ability,* to be appointed as the Legislature shall think fit; — for what? why to be impartial Judges between the Patentees and Actors in their Disputes." — See again what Men of Importance, in their own Eyes, these Actors of *Plays and Interludes* are become! — A worshipful Office this, for Men of *Fortune, Learning* and *Ability!* — But how, in the Name of Nonsense, is the *Honour* of the *Nation* concern'd in such an Appointment? — This is a solemn *Farce* indeed, that these Gentlemen are now *acting.*; and they have drawn up a Case in so particular a Manner, as to resemble and take in *every* Part of their *Profession:* They begin with the *solemn Pomp* of *Tragedy,* they proceed in the perfectest Air of *Comedy,* and now they conclude with *Farce;* and we shall have 'em, very probably, at the *Close* of the *Scene,* tag to the whole, by way of *Entertainment,* a little Specimen of the *Pantomime* and *Dumb Shew.*

Had these Gentlemen interested the *Honour* of the *Nation,* and the Legislature, in supplicating such an Appointment of Gentlemen of *Fortune, Learning* and *Ability,* to judge, not only of the Merits and Performances of the Patentees and Actors, but of the Pieces to be brought upon the Stage, and to have controul'd in some measure, or rather conducted into a proper Train, the Taste of the Town, so much vitiated by the execrable Management both of the one and the other; were a Power to be given to such Persons to prevent any thing offensive to Piety, good Manners and Virtue, being brought upon the Stage; and if this Province could have been always kept in the Hands of Men of unbiass'd Honour, and never suffer'd to fall into those either of *Patentees* or *Players,* this would have been indeed a Proposal fit to be offer'd to the Legislature; it would have been truly worthy of the Attention of so illustrious a Body, and for the *real Honour of the Nation;* and, at the same time, it would have been an Office worthy of Men of *Fortune, Learning* and *Ability* to have appear'd and acted in. But to desire to engage Persons of *such Character,* at the Appointment of the *Legislature,* and that in such high Terms, as if the *Honour of the Nation* was concerned in the Differences that might happen between an insolent Manager of a Play-house, as it might prove, and perhaps a more insolent little Actor, or even a String of them, whenever they think themselves aggriev'd, is such a Piece of ridiculous *Farce,* as has never appear'd, even upon the Stage, till now!

Now comes the *Dumb Shew,* I hinted at; and I may the more properly call it so, as there is more *imply d* than *express'd* in the Point they aim at. It seems, "that Ten of the Players have taken a *Lease* of *Drury-Lane* Play-house for 15 Years, for

which they are to pay 920*l, per Annum,* besides Taxes and Repairs; and should the Bill pass, the Patentees may go to *another* House, and the Lessees will be forced to pay this *great Rent,* without daring to make Use of the Play-house, which must necessarily end in their Ruin."

This Part of the Case may perhaps appear a little affecting to some Persons at first Sight: But, alas! 'tis all *Pantomime, Tinsel*, and *Dumb Shew!* — Have they *tender'd* to the *Patentees,* upon this Apprehension, the *Lease* which they have taken? — Have the Managers *refus'd* to take it off their Hands? — Nay, would they not be *glad* to release them, and that upon their *own Terms,* from the *Risque* they complain of? If they had done this, the Legislature had nothing to do, to obviate this *appearing* Grievance, and the *only* affecting one they mention in their Case, than to order the Patentees to take the Lease off their Hands, which no doubt they would readily comply with; and perhaps give a Consideration for it besides; and then the Reason for this Complaint, and the terrible Consequences th*ey pretend* to apprehend from it, would fall to the Ground.

Let us see, whether the *Actors* will comply with this fair Proposal; if they do not, they will deserve the Animadversion of the Legislature, to whom they have appealed, with an Intent, as will then be apparent, to *amuse* and *trifle* with that illustrious Body. They know well enough, and the Town knows too, that these Players took upon themselves this *Lease* to *distress* the *Patentees,* and *prescribe* to them their *own Terms:* They know it is a *Bridle* in their Mouths, and they *intended* it so; and have made Use of it accordingly, to subject their *Masters* to the *Arbitrary* Will of their *Servants,* tho' they clamour so much against *Arbitrary Power,* in their own Case.

If this State of the Case be duly weighed, how ridiculous (not to say worse) will the last Paragraph of their Case appear! Which I will transcribe for the Sake of the *Actors,* and their honest Intentions, and just with the same emphatical Pointing and Distinctions, as they have printed it.

"The LEGISLATURE, say they, has *never yet,* thought it *just* to affect *private Property,* by a Law *EX POST FACTO;* and therefore the *Lessees* of *Drury-Lane* Play-house *hope,* if this Bill should pass, that *Provision* will be made for *their Case,* and that *they* are as much entitled to b*e protected* in the *Rights* which they now by *Law* enjoy, as the *Patentees,* &c."

It is not doubted, that if the Legislature interpose at all in this Matter, it will be to put it out of the Power of *each* Party to impose upon the *other,* and if the one Side is as willing to *part* with this *pretended* heavy Lease, as the other, I presume, would be ready to *take it off their Hands,* the Thing may be easily compromised,

and it may not then appear, that this Plea of *Property* was thrown in, with a View only to obstruct the passing of a Bill so necessary for the Good of the Community.

I will only add, That if in the latter Part of these Sheets, I have appeared in any manner to favour the Cause of the *Patentees,* rather than that of the *Players,* it is only from the *uniform* Love I bear to *Freedom,* in all Persons, and for preserving a *due* Subordination; and because I really think (tho' I have a very bad Opinion of the Management of the *Patentees,* in almost every Instance as to the *Publick,* and wish *their* Province more worthily *super-intended)* yet that they are at present in a much greater *State of Oppression* from their *Actors,* than their Actors from *them*: And I would wish a just *Equilibrium* estalish'd between them; and shall be well pleased, if any Hints I have given, could be improved to that End.

FINIS.

LETTERS WRITTEN TO AND FOR PARTICULAR FRIENDS

DIRECTING THE REQUISITE STYLE AND FORMS TO BE OBSERVED IN WRITING FAMILIAR LETTERS; BUT HOW TO THINK AND ACT JUSTLY AND PRUDENTLY, IN THE COMMON CONCERNS OF HUMAN LIFE.

In 1740, Richardson printed Rivington and Osborn's book of witty and humorous epistles, which had originally inspired the author with the idea for *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded,* published earlier that year. The book contains many anecdotes and lessons on how to live, though Richardson did not care for the work and it was never expanded, in spite of going through six editions during his life. He went so far as to tell a friend, “This volume of letters is not worthy of your perusal because they were intended for the lower classes of people”.

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LETTER CLXVII. From a Gentleman to his Lady, whose Overniceness in her House, and uneasy Temper with her Servants, make their Lives uncomfortable.
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LETTER CLXX. The afflicted Father, in Answer to the preceding.
LETTER CLXXI. To a Father on the Loss of his Son, who died under Age.
LETTER CLXXII. To a Father on the Loss of a hopeful Son, who died at Man's Estate.
LETTER CLXXIII. To a Widow on the Death of her Husband.

LETTERS

Written TO and FOR

PARTICULAR FRIENDS,

On the most

IMPORTANT OCCASIONS.

Directing not only the Requisite

STYLE and FORMS

To be Observed in

WRITING

Familiar Letters;

But How to

THINK and ACT Justly and Prudently,

IN THE COMMON CONCERNS OF HUMAN LIFE.

CONTAINING

One Hundred and Seventy-three LETTERS, None of which were ever before Published.

LONDON:

Printed for C. RIVINGTON, in St. Paul's Church-yard; J. OSBORN, in Paternoster Row; and J. LEAKE, at Bath, M.DCC.XLI.

PREFACE.

THE following Letters are publish'd at the Solicitation of particular Friends, who are of Opinion, that they will answer several good Ends, as they may not only direct the Forms requisite to be observed on the most important Occasions; but, what is more to the Purpose, by the Rules and Instructions contained in them, contribute to mend the Heart, and improve the Understanding.

NATURE, PROPRIETY of CHARACTER, PLAIN SENSE, and GENERAL USE, have been the chief Objects of the Author's Attention in the penning of these Letters; and as he every-where aimed to write to the Judgment, rather than to the Imagination, he would chuse, that they should generally be found more useful than diverting: Tho', where the Subjects require Strokes of Humour, and innocent Raillery, it will be seen, perhaps, that the Method he has taken, was the Effect of Choice, and not merely of Necessity.

The Writer is no Friend to long Prefaces; but it may be necessary, however, to say, what he has aimed at in this Performance; and to leave his Merit in the Execution of it, to proper Judges.

He has endeavour'd then, in general, throughout the great Variety of his Subjects, to inculcate the Principles of Virtue and Benevolence; to describe properly, and recommend strongly, the SOCIAL and RELATIVE DUTIES; and to place them in such practical Lights, that the Letters may serve for Rules to THINK and ACT by, as well as Forms to WRITE after.

Particularly, he has endeavoured to point out the Duty of a Servant, not a Slave; the Duty of a Master, not a Tyrant; that of the Parent, not as a Person morose and sour, and hard to be pleased; but mild, indulgent, kind, and such an one as would rather govern by Persuasion than Force.

He has endeavour'd to direct the young Man in the Choice of his Friends and Companions; to excite him to Diligence; to discourage Extravagance, Sottishness, and Vice of all Kinds.

He has aimed to set forth, in a Variety of Cases, to both Sexes, the Inconveniencies attending unsuitable Marriages; to expose the Folly of a litigious Spirit; to console the Unhappy; to comfort the Mourner: And many of these by Arguments, tho' easy and familiar, yet new and uncommon.

With regard to the Letters of Courtship, the Author has aimed to point out such Methods of Address, to a young Man, as may stand the Test of the Parents Judgment, as well as the Daughter's Opinion; and, at the same time, that they should not want the proper Warmth of Expression, which Complaisance, and Passion for the beloved Object, inspire, (and is so much expected in Addresses of

this Nature) they should have their Foundation laid in common Sense, and a manly Sincerity; and, in a Word, be such as a prudent Woman need not blush to receive, nor a discreet Man be ashamed to look back upon, when the doubtful Courtship is changed into the matrimonial Certainty.

With this View he has also attempted to expose the empty Flourishes, and incoherent Rhapsodies, by which shallow Heads, and designing Hearts, endeavour to exalt their Mistresses into Goddesses, in hopes of having it in their Power to sink them into the Characters of the most Credulous and Foolish of their Sex.

Orphans, and Ladies of independent Fortunes, he has particularly endeavour'd to guard against the insidious Arts of their flattering and selfish Dependents, and the clandestine Addresses of Fortune-hunters, those Beasts of Prey, as they may well be called, who spread their Snares for the innocent and thoughtless Heart.

These, among other no less material Objects, have been the Author's principal Aim: How well he has succeeded, must, as has been hinted, be left to the Judgment of the candid Reader.

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LETTER I. To a Father, against putting a Youth of but moderate Parts to a Profession that requires more extensive Abilities.

Dear Sir,

YOU pay me a Compliment, tho' a very obliging one, when in the last Letter you favoured me with, you desire my Advice, with respect to the Disposition of your Son William; whom you are inclin'd to bring up to the Bar. If, in complying with your Request, I should say any thing you may not intirely approve, you will not have so much room to blame me, as your own wrong Choice of a Counsellor.

I need not now tell you, I have a good Opinion of Will; and think him a modest, grave, sober, Youth: But, for this very Reason, I hardly think him qualified for the Profession you would chuse for him; for, I doubt, he has neither Talents for the Law, nor ever will have the Presence of Mind necessary to make a Figure at the Bar. In any smooth, easy Business, he will probably succeed, and be a useful Member of the Commonwealth. And as he is not your eldest Son, I should, were it to me, put him to a Merchant; or, as we live in an Island, and Trade and Navigation are both our Riches and our Glory, I should not even scruple to put a second Son to a creditable wholesale Dealer, rather than fail; if he himself is not averse to such a Calling. For I know not (you'll excuse me, I'm sure) whether Will's Genius is equal to that of an universal Merchant: For, the various Springs of Commerce, the Seasons for chusing proper Commodities, and numberless Incidents that make a necessary Return of Gain precarious, are full Imployment for the strongest Judgment; as a Man, by one ill-chosen Venture, often loses more than he gains by several successful ones.

But this Opinion of Will, should you think it just, will be no Obstacle to his succeeding in the World in some creditable easy Business. Tho' I think him unequal to the Part you seem inclinable to allot him; yet he is no Fool: And Experience teaches us, that, in some sorts of Business, ample Advantage, may be made by very moderate Talents, with much Reputation. These are principally such Employments as merely consist in Buying with Prudence, and in Selling at a Market-profit: Hence we see several Wholesale Dealers gain large Fortunes with Ease and Credit, and without any other Secret than the plain Practice of Buying at the best Hand, paying for their Goods punctually, and vending them always for what they are. In Dealings of this Kind, the Fatigues are few, and clear well-kept Books are sufficient to shew, at any time, a Man's Loss or Gain; for which, generally speaking, less than One Forenoon in a Week is sufficient: And yet, by a

constant Attention, in this easy manner, as good a Character, and, very often, more Money is to be gained than in Professions that require an extraordinary Genius, a perpetual Attention, and a close and intense Study; which very seldom succeeds neither: For see you not of Hundreds of Lawyers, how very few of them make a Figure, or get genteel Bread? And how many, for want of Courage to appear at the Bar (who yet have good Parts and Knowledge in the Laws) are forced to confine themselves to Chamber-practice, in which it is a long time before they grow noted enough to make a tolerable Livelihood.

As to what you hint, of placing him in the Physick Tribe; I like this no better than the other. Consider only this one Thing, how long it is before he will be capable of entering into Business, or Reputation, as a Physician, if he ever does it at all: For who chuses to trust his Health to a raw and unexperienced young Man? The Law requires a sprightly Impudence, if I may so say, the Physick Line a solemn one, in the Person who would make a Figure in either. And do you think, tho' Will is grave enough of Conscience, that he ever can come up to that important Deportment, that unblushing Parade, which is the very Essence of an English Physician? So he may, in either of the Prosessions, live over all his Days, and be quite unknown; for, as Practice in both Faculties is the best Teacher, and Theory a most uncertain Guide, he may live to be Forty of Fifty Years of Age, and not come into any Business that shall improve himself, or benefit his Consulters.

Whereas in the Way I propose, no sooner is he come of Age, and fit to be trusted with the Management of any Affairs at all, but his Seven Years will be expired; and if he has not been wanting to himself in it (and if he be, he would have been much more so in an abstruser Business) he will be enabled, with the Fortune you can bestow upon him, to enter upon the Stage of the World with great Advantage, and become directly, a necessary and an useful Member of the Community. And, my good Friend, when you and I recollect, that most of the noble Families in the Kingdom, as well as the genteel ones, had the Foundations of their Grandeur laid in Trade, I expect not, in such a Country as ours especially, that any Objection to my Advice will be form'd, either by you or your good Lady, on this Score, if you have not more significant Reasons proceeding from the Boy's Turn of Mind and Inclination; which, I think, should always be consulted on these Occasions. For, tho' I hope it never will be so in your Case, yet nothing has been more common, than that of Two Sons, the Eldest brought up to the Estate, the other to Trade, in the Revolution of Twenty or Thirty Years, the latter, thro' the Extravagance of the former, has made himself Eldest, as I may say; for, by saving while the other has been spending, he has found Means to keep the Estate in the Family, tho' it has been transferr'd upon the youngest, and, as it has then proved, the worthiest Branch.

This, I think, deserves your Consideration; and by viewing Will in the same Light I do; that of a well-inclined Lad, of moderate Passions, great natural Modesty, and no soaring Genius; I believe you will think it best to dispose of him in such manner as may require no greater Talents than he is possessed of, and may, in due Time, make him appear in the Face of the World fully qualified for what he undertakes. I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

LETTER II. From an UNCLE to a NEPHEW, on his keeping bad Company, bad Hours, &c. in his Apprenticeship.

Dear Nephew,

I AM very much concerned to hear that you are of late fallen into bad Company; that you keep bad Hours, and give great Uneasiness to your Master, and break the Rules of his Family: That when he expostulates with you on this Occasion, you return pert and bold Answers; and, instead of promising or endeavouring to amend, repeat the Offence; and have enter'd into Clubs and Societies of young Fellows, who set at naught all good Example, and make such Persons who would do their Duty, the Subject of their Ridicule, as Persons of narrow Minds, and who want the Courage to do as they do.

Let me, on this Occasion, expostulate with you, and set before you the Evil of the Way you are in.

In the first Place: What can you mean by breaking the Rules of a Family you had bound your self by Contract to observe? Do you think it is honest, to break thro' Engagements into which you have so solemnly entered; and which are no less the Rules of the Corporation you are to be one Day free of, than those of a private Family? — Seven Years, several of which are elapsed, are not so long a Term, but that you may see it determined before you are over-fit to betrusted with your own Conduct: Twenty-one or Twenty-two Years of Age, is full early for a young Man to be his own Master, whatever you may think; and you may surely stay till then, at least, to chuse your own Hours, and your own Company; and, I fear, as you go on, if you do not mend your Ways, your Discretion will not then do Credit to your Choice. Remember, you have no Time you can call your own, during the Continuance of your Contract; and must you abuse your Master in a double Sense; rob him of his Time, especially if any of it be Hours of Business; rob him of his Rest; break the Peace of his Family, and give a bad Example to others? And all for what? Why to riot in the Company of a Set of Persons, who contemn, as they teach you to do, all Order and Discipline; who, in all Likelihood, will lead you into Gaming, Drinking, Swearing, and even more dangerous Vices, to the unhinging of your Mind from your Business, which must be your future Support.

Consider, I exhort you, in time, to what these Courses may lead you. Consider the Affiction you will give to all your Friends, by your Continuance in them. Lay together the Substance of the Conversation that passes in a whole Evening, with

your frothy Companions, after you are come from them, and reflect what solid Truth, what useful Lesson, worthy of being inculcated in your future Life, that whole Evening has afforded you; and consider, whether it is worth breaking thro' all Rule and Order for? — Whether your present Conduct is such as you would allow in a Servant of your own? Whether you are so capable to pursue your Business with that Ardor and Delight next Morning, as if you had not drank, or kept bad Hours over Night? If not, whether your Master has not a double Loss and Damage from your misspent Evenings? Whether the taking of small Liberties, as you may think them, leads you not on to greater; for, let me tell you, you will not find it in your Power to stop when you will: And then, whether any Restraint at all will not in time be irksome to you?

I have gone thro' the like Servitude with Pleasure and Credit. I found myself my own Master full soon for my Discretion: What you think of your self I know not; but I wish you may do as well for your own Interest, and Reputation too, as I have done for mine: And I'll assure you, I should not have thought it either creditable or honest to do as you do. I could have stood the Laugh of an Hundred such vain Companions as you chuse, for being too narrow-minded to break thro' all moral Obligations to my Master, in order to shew the Bravery of a bad Heart, and what an abandon'd Mind dared to perpetrate. A bad Beginning seldom makes a good Ending, and if you was assured that you could stop when you came for your self, which is very improbable, how will you answer it to Equity and good Conscience, that you will not do so for your Master? There is, let me tell you, more true Bravery of Mind in forbearing to do an Injury, than in giving Offence.

You are now at an Age, when you should study to improve not divert your Faculties. You should now lay in a Fund of Knowledge, that in time, when ripened by Experience, may make you a worthy Member of the Commonwealth. Do you think you have nothing to learn, either as to your Business, or as to the forming of your Mind? Would it not be much better to chuse the silent, the sober Conversation of BOOKS, than of such Companions as never read or think? An Author never commits any but his best Thoughts to Paper; but what can you expect from the laughing noisy Company you keep, but frothy Prate, indigested Notions, and Thoughts so unworthy of being remember'd, that it is the greatest Kindness to forget them.

Let me intreat you then, my dear Kinsman, for your Family's sake, for your own sake, before it be too late, to reflect as you ought upon the Course you are enter'd into. By applying yourself to Books, instead of such vain Company, you will be qualified in time for the best of Company, and to be respected by all Ranks of Men. This will keep you out of unnecessary Expences, will employ all your leisure Time, will exclude a world of Temptations, and open and inlarge your

Notions of Men and Things, and, finally, set you above that wretched Company which now you seem so much delighted with. And one Thing let me recommend to you, That you keep a List of the young Men of your Standing within the Compass of your Knowledge, and for the next Seven Years observe what Fate will attend them: See, if those who follow not the Course you are so lately enter'd into, will not appear in a very different Light from those who do; and from the Industry and Prosperity of the one, and the Decay or Failure of the other, (if their vain Ways do not blast them before, or as soon as they begin the World) you'll find abundant Reason every Day to justify the Truth of the Observations I have thrown together. As nothing but my Affection for you could possibly influence me to these Expostulations, I hope for a proper Effect from them, if you would be thought well of by, or expect any Favour from,

Your loving Uncle.

Your Master will, at my Request, send me word of the Success of my Remonstrances.

LETTER III. A Widow-Mother’s Letter, in Answer to her Son’s complaining of Hardships in his Apprenticeship.

Dear Billy,

I AM very sorry to hear of the Difference between your Master and you. I was always afraid you would expect the same Indulgences you had met with at home; and as you know, that in many Instances, I have endeavoured to make any seeming Hardship as easy to you as I could, if this causes you to be harder to be satisfied, it would be a great Trouble to me. Your Uncle tells me, I am afraid with too much Truth, that the Indulgences you have received from me, have made your present Station more disagreeable than it would otherwise have been. What I have always done for you was intended for your Good, and nothing could so deeply afflict me as to see my Tenderness have a contrary Effect: Therefore, dear Child, to my constant Care for your Welfare, do not add the Sorrow of seeing it the Cause of your behaving worse than if it had not been bestow’d upon you; for as, before we put you to your Master, we had an extraordinary Character of him, from all his Neighbours, and those who dealt with him; and as Mr. Joseph, who is now out of his Time, gives him the best of Characters, and declares your Mistress to be a Woman of great Prudence and good Conduct; I know not how to think they would use you ill in any respect. But consider, my Dear, you must not, in any Woman beside myself, expect to find a fond, and perhaps partial Mother; for, the little Failings which I could not see in you, will appear very plain to other Persons. My Love for you would make me wish you always with me; but as that is what your future Welfare will no way permit; and as you must certainly be a Gainer by the Situation you are now in, let a Desire to promote my Happiness, as well as your own, make every seeming Difficulty light; which, I hope, will appear much lighter for being what I intreat you to dispense with; who am,

Your ever loving Mother.

I have desir’d your Uncle to interpose in this Matter, and he writes to you on this Occasion; and has promised to see Justice done you, in case your Complaints be reasonable.

LETTER IV. An Uncle’s Letter to the Youth, on the same Occasion.

Cousin William,

I AM sorry you should have any Misunderstanding with your Master: I have a good Opinion of him, and am unwilling to entertain a bad one of you. It is so much a Master’s Interest to use his Apprentices well, that I am inclinable to think that when they are badly treated, it is oftener the Effect of Provocation than Choice. Wherefore, before I give myself the Trouble of interposing in your Behalf, I desire you will strictly inquire of yourself, whether you have not, by some Misconduct or other, provoked that Alteration in your Master’s Behaviour of which you so much complain. If, after having diligently complied with this Request, you assure me that you are not sensible of having given Cause of Disgust on your Side, I will readily use my best Endeavours to reconcile you to your Master, or procure you another. But if you find yourself blameble, it will be better for you to remove, by your own Amendment, the Occasion of your Master’s Displeasure, than to have me, or any other Friend, offer to plead your Excuse, where you know it would be unjust to defend you. If this should be your Case, all your Friends together could promise your better Behaviour, indeed; but as the Performance must even then be your own, it will add much more to your Character to pass thro’ your whole Term without any Interposition between you. Weigh well what I have here said; and remember, that your future Welfare depends greatly on your present Behaviour. I am,

Your Loving Kinsman.

LETTER V. An Apprentice to an Uncle, about a Fraud committed by his Fellow-Apprentice to their Master.

Dear Uncle,

I AM under greater Uneasiness than I am able to express: My Fellow-'prentice, for whom I had a great Regard, and from whom I have received many Civilities, has involved me in the deepest Affliction. I am unwilling to tell you, and yet I must not conceal it, that he has forfeited the Confidence reposed in him by a Breach of Trust, to which he ungenerously gain'd my Consent, by a Pretence I did not in the least suspect. What must I do? My Master is defrauded: If I discover the Injury, I am sure to ruin a young Man I would fain think possessed of some Merit; if I conceal the Injustice, I must at present share the Guilt, and hereafter be Partaker in the Punishment. I am in the greatest Agony of Mind, and beg your instant Advice, as you value the Peace of

Your dutiful, tho' unfortunate Nephew

LETTER VI. The Uncle’s Answer.

Dear Nephew,

YOUR Letter, which I just now received, gives me great Uneasiness: And as any Delay in the Discovery may be attended with Consequences which will probably be dangerous to yourself, and disagreeable to all who belong to you; I charge you, if you value your own Happiness, and my Peace, to acquaint your Master instantly with the Injustice that has been done him; which is the only Means of vindicating your own Innocence, and prevent your being looked upon as an Accomplice in a Fact, to which I wish you may not be found to have been too far consenting. As to the unhappy young Man who has been guilty of so fatal an Indiscretion, I wish, if the known Clemency and Good-nature of your Master may pardon this Offence, he may let his Forgiveness teach him the Ingratitude and Inhumanity of injuring a Man, who is not only the proper Guardian of his Youth, but whose Goodness deserves the best Behaviour, tho’ he be generous enough to excuse the worst. Let not a Minute pass after you receive this, before you reveal the Matter to your Master: For, I am in Hopes that your Application to me, and your following my Advice, will greatly plead in your Behalf. I will very speedily call on your Master, and am, as far as an honest Regard for you can make me,

Your Loving Uncle.

LETTER VII. Advice from a Father to a young Beginner, what Company to chuse, and how to behave in it.

Dear Robin,

AS you are now entering into the World, and will probably have considerable Dealings in your Business, the frequent Occasions you will have for Advice from others, will make you desirous of singling out among your most intimate Acquaintance, one or two, whom you would view in the Light of Friends.

In the Choice of these, your utmost Care and Caution will be necessary: for, by a Mistake here, you can scarcely conceive the fatal Effects you may hereafter experience: Wherefore, it will be proper for you to make a Judgment of those who are fit to be your Advisers, by the Conduct they have observed in their own Affairs, and the Reputation they bear in the World. For he who has by his own Indiscretions undone himself, is much fitter to be set up as a Land-mark for a prudent Mariner to shun his Courses, than an Example to follow.

Old Age is generally slow and heavy, Youth headstrong and precipitate; but there are old Men who are full of Vivacity, and young Men replenish'd with Discretion; which makes me rather point out the Conduct than the Age of the Persons with whom you should chuse to associate; tho' after all, it is a never-failing good Sign to me of Prudence and Virtue in a young Man, when his Seniors chuse his Company, and he delights in theirs.

Let your Endeavour therefore be, at all Adventures, to consort yourself with Men of Sobriety, good Sense and Virtue; for the Proverb is an unerring one, that says, A Man is known by the Company he keeps. If such Men you can single out, while you improve by their Conversation, you will benefit by their Advice; and be sure remember one thing, that tho' you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your Sentiments, when Occasions offer, yet that you be much readier to hear than speak; for to this Purpose it has been significantly observed, that Nature has given a Man two Ears, and but one Tongue. Lay in therefore by Observation, and a modest Silence, such a Store of Ideas, that you may at their Time of Life, make no worse Figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other Peoples Ills than your own. How must those young Men expose themselves to the Contempt and Ridicule of their Seniors, who having seen little or nothing of the World, are continually shutting out by open Mouths and closed Ears, all Possibility of Instruction, and making vain the principal End of Conversation, which is Improvement. A silent young Man makes generally a wise old one, and

never fails of being respected by the best and most prudent Men. When therefore you come among Strangers, hear every one speak before you deliver your own Sentiments; by this means you will judge of the Merit and Capacities of your Company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shooting out hasty and inconsiderate Bolts, which they would have been glad to recal, when perhaps a silent Genius in Company has burst out upon them with such Observations, as have struck Consciousness and Shame in the forward Speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward Reproach.

I have thrown together, as they occurr'd, a few Thoughts, which may suffice for the present to shew my Care and Concern for your Welfare. I hope you will constantly from time to time, communicate to me whatever you shall think worthy of my Notice, or in which my Advice may be of Use to you. For I have no Pleasure in this Life equal to that which the Happiness of my Children gives me. And of this you may be assured; for I am, and ever must be,

Your affectionate Father.

LETTER VIII. General Rules for agreeable Conversation in a young Man. From a Father to a Son.

Dear William,

AS I had not an Opportunity of saying so much to you as I wished when you were last here; I send this to inform you of some things in your general Conversation, which I think would be proper for you to observe, and amend; particularly your excessive Itch for Talking, which discovers itself alike on all Occasions. I have always flatter'd myself that you do not want Sense, and am willing to hope I have not been deceived: But the dangerous Self-sufficiency of most young Men, seems violently to have seized you, which, I hope, a little Reflection will remove.

The Art of rendering yourself agreeable in Conversation is worth your serious Study: 'Tis an Advantage few can boast, tho' sought after by all; and nothing is so constant an Enemy to Success in those who would excel in this Art, as the harbouring an Opinion of their own Proficiency, before they have attained to any tolerable Degree of Knowledge in what they imagine themselves possessed of. Conversation, where it is rightly managed, must be so conducted, as to let each Member of the Company have a Share in the Pleasure and Applause it affords: If you are Six in Number, after you have told a Story, or made any Remark which gives a general Satisfaction; you must consider it the Right of another to call your Attention in his Turn; and, unless particularly requested, it betrays a great Weakness to follow yourself. No doubt but you love to be admired: And have not others the same Passion? You believe your Wit more brilliant than theirs? Are you sure that they are not of the same Opinion as to their own? If a Man speaks little, you must not from thence conclude him willing to give up every Claim to conversible Merit: Perhaps he cannot sing: But to be sure he is as desirous of having his peculiar Humour, or his dry Joke applauded, as you are to be intreated another Song. If he is no Mathematician, perhaps he is versed in religious Disputation; if he despises Plays, he may admire History; tho' he understands not Geography, he may yet know how to describe the Humours of Mankind: And tho' he pretends not to Politicks, he may have a Turn for some more useful Science. When these are considered, if his Modesty is great, you cannot oblige him more than by throwing an Opportunity in his way to display his Capacity on the Subject he believes himself most able to handle with Advantage: For, in order to support a thorough good Humour, a Man must be pleased with himself as well as with

others. When this is properly taken Care of, Conversation seldom fails to prove entertaining: And to the Neglect of this, are owing many of the yawning Hours spent in Companies composed of Men not incapable of behaving agreeably.

The Manner of telling a Story, is also worth your Notice: You have known the Pleasure of hearing a long one well told: Mr. Trotter has an admirable Talent in this way: But then you must observe, that half the Pleasure he gives, arises from his happily avoiding any of the silly Digressions, which are the great Cause of a Story's seeming tedious: You never hear him mingle his Relation with, I remember very well it was the same Day that 'Squire Trumbul's Son came of Age. — I bought my bay Nag the very Day before, at such a Fair, being a Friday that Year; — or, I can scarce think of it without Laughing; — But, however, as I was saying: — And a hundred more such Dead-weights to Attention. Nor does he ever praise a Story before he relates it; a fatal Rock to many a good Relation: For when any Story wants a preparatory Recommendation, it ought not to be told; and even when the Relation is possible, the Generality of Auditors are apt to persuade themselves,

The Mountain labours, and a Mouse is born.

These are loose and general Hints; but by a due Improvement of them, you will find yourself very sensibly grow more and more agreeable where-ever you converse. An Ease and becoming Freedom you already have, and by the Addition of Discretion in your Use of them, and Complaisance to others, you will probably succeed in the Desire so predominant in you, of being admired by Men of Sense and Judgment. Which will be no small Pleasure to

Your affectionate Father.

LETTER IX. An elder to a younger Brother, who is in Love with a young Lady of great Gaiety, &c.

Dear Brother,

I AM more concerned for your Welfare than you imagine. You are younger than myself: My Duty, in some Degree, requires my Care for your Good, and particularly in a Point that may be so material to your whole Life, as is that of Love.

Beauty has as great a Force upon my Senses, as it can have upon yours. I am near Thirty Years of Age; you are not more than Twenty. Your Passions are strong; mine, Brother, are far from subsiding: I admire, I love, with as much Force of Nature as you can do. My Reason ought to be stronger, and 'tis well if my Passion is not so likewise. Miss Rooke is amiable on many Accounts; her Features are regular, her Wit sprightly, her Deportment genteel; and Voice, — I had almost said, ravishing. Her Dress is easy and unaffected; and her Manner of Conversation, has a Freedom that captivates more Hearts, than yours: Yet, I greatly fear, with all these Endowments, she will not make the Wife you ought to wish for. Her airy Flights, and gay Behaviour, are pleasing, as a Partner in Conversation, but will they be equally agreeable in a Partner for Life? What now charms you, charms also others: You are now content with thinking yourself one among many that admire her, and are admitted to share the Brilliancy of her Conversation; but will a Share of her Wit and Humour, her Freedom and Gaiety, please hereafter as a Wife? And tho' she is delightful in Company, are you satisfied she will be as agreeable when alone with you; or when she has not an Opportunity of shewing-away in a Company that perhaps you may not approve? She now sees nobody but whom she chuses to see: If she should be a Wife, it is more than probable she may dislike Restraints: and can you approve of a diffuse Conversation in one you desire to yourself?

Think not, Brother, that I have any interested Motive for this Advice. I assure you I have not. I am not your Rival: I desire not the Lady you seem too fond of. All I mean (for I say nothing at present, with regard to your own Youth, which ought not, however, to be wholly forgotten, as very few prudent Matches are made by young Gentlemen at your Age) is, to caution you against thinking of a Gentlewoman who may, and I am willing to believe will, be a suitable Companion to a Gentleman whose Station and Choice leads him into much Company, and gay Life; but to Men whose Circumstances, if not their Inclinations, require a more retired way of Life, it is obvious, a Woman, whose Talents lie principally in

Conversation, can never, for that Reason only, justify a young Gentleman for chusing her for a Wife.

I hope this will come time enough to put you upon guarding against the Inconveniencies that threaten the Indulgence of your present Passion. Shut not your Ears to Reason; forget not yourself; and be sure to remember, that the Pleasure of an Hour or Two, and of Twenty, Thirty, or Forty Years, or a whole Life, must arise from very different Sources. I am,

Dear Brother,

Your most affectionate, &c.

LETTER X. An elder to an extravagant younger Brother.

Dear JOHN,

YOU may be certain that your Misfortunes are to me a most melancholy Subject: You are my only Brother: I own it: And your Misfortunes affect me next to my own: But there is this Difference in what I feel for you, and for myself: I am sure, every Misfortune I have met with, has been occasioned by unavoidable Accidents. This Consideration has supported me under the many Afflictions I have myself endured: But for those I have shared with you, I cannot boast the same Alleviation. While our Father lived, he was your constant and unwearied Support, even after your Patrimony was squander'd away. While our Mother remained, she was every Week assisting your Necessities, but what might more properly be called your Levity and Extravagance. She is now, by the Divine Will, taken from us both; her Jointure, as well as the Estate my Father independently left, has devolved upon me. Of this both Nature and Providence require I should make the best Use: And to serve you, I readily confess, is my greatest Care. But, my dear Brother, how is this to be done? The generous and bountiful Assistance of our Parents, procured you no substantial Good. What then am I to do to screen you from Want and Misery? — That you are not already happy, is not owing to the Backwardness of your Friends to serve you; but, allow me to speak plainly, to your own Indiscretion. Your own Fortune maintained you not for three Years: Were I able to give you as much more, what Reason have you given me to suppose you will be a better Oeconomist than you have been? My whole Estate, let me tell you, Brother, at your Rate of Expence, would scarcely maintain you for Seven Years: And, think you as you will, I must believe it my Duty to leave enough to support my Off-spring, with prudent Conduct, to the End of Time. If I send you, as you desire, Fifty Guineas, What good will that Sum procure you? It will but serve to lengthen your Credit, and make you run deeper into Debt. I have assisted you before; and has not this always been the Case? And have not People given you Credit, because they think I will support you? 'Tis Time then, my dear Brother, to hold my Hand. But yet, be assured, that when I am convinced you have thoroughly abandon'd your present Courses, you shall find in me,

A truly affectionate Brother

LETTER XI. To a young Man too soon keeping a Horse.

Dear Tom,

I Always take great Pleasure in hearing of your Welfare, and of every thing that makes for your Satisfaction and Comfort: But give me Leave to say, That I am sorry to hear you have so early begun to keep a Horse, especially as your Business is altogether in your Shop, and you have no End to serve in riding out; and are, besides, young and healthy,, and so cannot require it, as Exercise. And is it worth while, think you, to keep a Horse the whole Week, that you may have him at hand on a Sunday Morning, if the Day proves fair, and you have nothing to keep you in Town?

You must consider, that tho' here, in the Country, many common Tradesmen keep Horses, the Expence is but small to them, and the Distance of one Customer from another, in a manner obliges them to it. But this can be no Plea for you: And if you do not want a Horse for Exercise, you can only allege the worst Reason in the World for your maintaining one; that your Neighbours all round you do the same: For, look who they are, and what their Motives, and you'll soon see the Difference, and that their Example will not justify you. Mr. Thompson, for Instance, who lives next Door to you, is near Sixty Years of Age, of a pretty gross Constitution, and capable of no other Exercise; and moreover he had acquired, by Length of Time, and Industry, an ample Fortune, before he gave himself this Diversion. Mr. Jenkins has an Estate fallen to him, that sets him above the Want of Trade; and his continuing in it, is rather an Amusement than an Employment. Mr. Jackson, Mr. West, Mr. Trozier, and Mr. Kent, are all Men of established Fortunes; and when you are as old as the youngest of them, and can as well afford it, I would be far from dissuading you from keeping a Horse. But at present, you may depend upon it, you rather incur their Contempt, than gain their Esteem, by offering to appear their Equal, when they and you well know, in what relates to Expences, you ought not to be so, nor have you had a Time for it. The lower Part of the World may, perhaps, shew you more Respect for those Marks of Substance; but should a Time come (and who is exempt from Misfortunes?) when they must know they were the Effects of unthinking Levity; how despicable must you then appear in their Eyes? And, let me tell you, that the Esteem of Persons of Credit and Understanding, must be gained by very different Means, from Shew or Equipage; for with these, Modesty, Prudence, and good Sense only, will ever prevail.

Besides, the Expence of the Horse is not the least thing to be considered: It will in time, very probably, lead you into a more dangerous one, that of bestowing too much of your Time in the Use of it. It will unhinge your Mind, as I may say, from Business, and give your Servants Opportunity to be remiss in your Absence. And as you are a young Man, it is fit that you should lay up, by your Industry, against a more advanced Age, when the Exercise a Horse affords, will seem not only more suitable, but perhaps absolutely necessary to your Health; whereas now, it may rather pass for Wantonness and Affectation.

You are not without a tolerable Share of Reason; let me prevail with you to use it: Sell your Horse, and fear not being laugh'd at on that Account; for it will be a Credit to you more Ways than one, to say, That your Business would not allow you Time to use it. And it would argue besides, great Perverseness, to continue in an Error, for no other Reason than to support a wrong Judgment at first setting out: And your reducing an unnecessary Expence in good time, will more than recover any good Opinion you may have lost by running into it.

Your prudent Use of this Advice, will, as it must tend to your Good, be a great Satisfaction to

Your tenderly affectionate Father.

LETTER XII. Against a sudden Intimacy, or Friendship, with one of a short Acquaintance.

Cousin Tom,

I AM just setting out for Windsor, and have not time to say so much as I would on the Occasion upon which I now write to you. I hear that Mr. Douglas and you have lately contracted such an Intimacy, that you are hardly ever asunder; and as I know his Morals are not the best, nor his Circumstances the most happy, I fear he will, if he has not already done it, let you see, that he better knows what he does in seeking your Acquaintance, than you do in cultivating his.

I am far from desiring to abridge you in any necessary or innocent Liberty, or to prescribe too much to your Choice of a Friend: Nor am I against your being complaisant to Strangers; for this Gentleman's Acquaintance is not yet a Month old with you; but you must not think every Man whose Conversation is agreeable, fit to be immediately treated as a Friend: Of all Sorts, hastily contracted Friendships promise the least Duration or Satisfaction; as they most commonly arise from Design on one Side, and Weakness on the other. True Friendship must be the Effect of long and mutual Esteem and Knowledge: It ought to have for its Cement, an Equality of Years, a Similitude of Manners, and, pretty much, a Parity in Circumstance and Degree. But, generally speaking, an Openness to a Stranger carries with it strong Marks of Indiscretion, and not seldom ends in Repentance.

For these Reasons, I would be glad you would be upon your Guard, and proceed cautiously in this new Alliance. Mr. Douglas has Vivacity and Humour enough to please any Man of a light Turn; but where I to give my Judgment of him, I should pronounce him fitter for the Tea-table, than the Cabinet. He is smart, but very superficial; and treats all serious Subjects with a Contempt too natural to bad Minds; and I know more young Men than one, of whose good Opinion he has taken Advantage, and has made them wiser, though at their own Expence, than he found them.

The Caution I here give you, is the pure Effect of my Experience in Life, some Knowledge of your new Associate, and my Affection for you. The Use you make of it will determine, whether you merit this Concern from

Your affectionate Kinsman.

LETTER XIII. A young Man in Business, to a Father, desiring Leave to address his Daughter.

SIR,

I HOPE the Justness of my Intentions will excuse the Freedom of these few Lines, whereby I am to acquaint you of the great Affection and Esteem I have for your Daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect Address, that should have the least Appearance of Inconsistency with her Duty to you, and my honourable Views to her; chusing, by your Influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that Honour, to commend myself to her Approbation. You are not insensible, Sir, by the Credit I have hitherto preserved in the World, of my Ability, by God's Blessing, to make her happy: And this the rather imboldens me to request the Favour of an Evening's Conversation with you, at your first Convenience, when I will more fully explain myself, as I earnestly hope, to your Satisfaction, and take my Encouragement or Discouragement from your own Mouth. I am, Sir, mean time, with great Respect,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XIV. To the Daughter (on the Father's Allowance) apprising her of his intended Visit.

MADAM,

I HAVE ventured to make known to your honoured Father, the great Desire I have to be thought worthy of a Relation to him by your Means. And, as he has not discouraged me in the Hopes I have entertained, that I may possibly be not unacceptable to him, and to all your worthy Family, I propose to do myself the Honour of a Visit to you next Monday. Tho' he has been so good as to promise to introduce me, and I make no doubt has acquainted you with it; I give you, nevertheless, the Trouble of these Lines, that I might not appear wanting in any outward Demonstration of that inviolable Respect, with which I am, dear Madam,

Your most devoted humble Servant.

LETTER XV. From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her.

Nottingham, April 4.

Honoured Sir,

I THINK it my Duty to acquaint you, that a Gentleman of this Town, by Name Derham, and by Business a Linen-draper, has made some Overtures to my Cousin Morgan, in the way of Courtship to me. My Cousin has brought him once or twice into my Company, which he could not well decline doing, because he has Dealings with him; and has an high Opinion of him, and his Circumstances. He has been set up Three Years, and has very good Business, and lives in Credit and Fashion. He is about Twenty-seven Years old, and a likely Man enough: He seems not to want Sense or Manners; and is come of a good Family. He has broke his Mind to me, and boasts how well he can maintain me: But, I assure you, Sir, I have given him no Encouragement; and told him, that I had no Thoughts of changing my Condition, yet a while; and should never think of it but in Obedience to my Parents; and I desired him to talk no more on that Subject to me. Yet he resolves to persevere, and pretends extraordinary Affection and Esteem. I would not, Sir, by any means, omit to acquaint you with the Beginnings of an Affair, that would be want of Duty in me to conceal from you, and shew a Guilt and Disobedience unworthy of the kind Indulgence and Affection you have always shewn to, Sir,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

My humble Duty to my honour’d Mother, Love to my Brother and Sister; and Respects to all Friends. Cousin Morgan, and his Wife and Sister desire their kind Respects. I cannot speak enough of their Civility to me.

LETTER XVI. The Father’s Answer, on a Supposition that he approves not of the young Man’s Addresses.

Northampton, Apr. 10.

Dear Polly,

I HAVE received your Letter dated the 4th Instant, wherein you acquaint me of the Proposals made to you, thro’ your Cousin Morgan’s Recommendation, by one Mr. Derham. I hope, as you assure me, that you have given no Encouragement to him: For I by no means approve of him for your Husband. I have inquired of one of his Townsmen, who knows him and his Circumstances very well; and I am neither pleased with them, nor with his Character; and wonder my Cousin would so inconsiderately recommend him to you. Indeed, I doubt not Mr. Morgan’s good Intentions; but I insist upon it, that you think nothing of the Matter, if you would oblige

Your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Blessing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sister, and all Friends, send their Love and Respects to you.

LETTER XVII. The Father’s Answer, on a Supposition that he does not disapprove of the young Man’s Addresses.

Northampt. Apr. 10.

My dear Daughter,

IN Answer to yours of the 4th Instant, relating to the Addresses of Mr. Derham, I would have you neither wholly encourage nor discourage his Suit; for if, on Inquiry into his Character and Circumstances, I shall find that they are answerable to your Cousin’s good Opinion of them, and his own Assurances, I know not but his Suit may be worthy of Attention. But, my Dear, consider, that Men are deceitful, and always put the best Side outwards; and it may possibly, on the strict Inquiry, which the Nature and Importance of the Case demands, come out far otherwise than it at present appears. Let me advise you therefore, to act in this Matter with great Prudence, and that you make not yourself too cheap; for Men are apt to slight what is too easily obtained. Your Cousin will give him Hope enough, while you don’t absolutely deny him; and in the mean time, he may be told, that you are not at your own Disposal; but intirely resolved to abide by my Determination and Direction, in an Affair of this great Importance: And this will put him upon applying to me, who, you need not doubt, will in this Case, as in all others, study your Good; as becomes

Your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Blessing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sister, and all Friends, send their Love and Respects to you.

LETTER XVIII. The young Gentleman's Letter to the Father, apprising him of his Affection for his Daughter.

Northampton, April 12.

Sir,

I TAKE the Liberty, tho' personally unknown to you, to declare the great Value and Affection I have for your worthy Daughter, whom I have had the Honour to see at my good Friend Mr. Morgan's. I should think myself intirely unworthy of her Favour, and of your Approbation, if I could have a Thought of influencing her Resolution but in Obedience to your Pleasure; as I should, on such a Supposition, offer an Injury likewise to that Prudence in herself, which I flatter myself, is not the least of her amiable Perfections. If I might have the Honour of your Countenance, Sir, on this Occasion, I would open myself and Circumstances to you, in that frank and honest manner which should convince you of the Sincerity of my Affection for your Daughter, and at the same time of the Honourableness of my Intentions. In the mean time, I will in general say, That I have been set up in my Business in the Linendrapery way, upwards of Three Years; that I have a very good Trade for the Time: That I had 1000 l. to begin with, which I have improved to 1500 l. as I am ready to make appear to your Satisfaction: That I am descended of a creditable Family; have done nothing to stain my Character; and that my Trade is still further improveable, as I shall, I hope, inlarge my Bottom. This, Sir, I thought but honest and fair to acquaint you with, that you might know something of a Person, who sues to you for your Countenance, and that of your good Lady, in an Affair that I hope may prove one Day the greatest Happiness of my Life; as it must be, if I can be blessed with that, and your dear Daughter's Approbation. In Hope of which, and the Favour of a Line, I take the Liberty to subscribe myself, Good Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XIX. From the Cousin to the Father and Mother, in Commendation of the young Gentleman.

Northampton, Apr. 12.

Dear Cousins,

I GIVE you both Thanks for so long continuing with us the Pleasure of Cousin Polly's Company. She has intirely captivated a worthy Friend of mine, Mr. Derham, a Linen-draper of this Town. And I would have acquainted you with it myself, but that I knew and advised Cousin Polly to write to you about it; for I would not for the world any thing of this sort should be carried on unknown to you, at my House, especially. Mr. Derham has shewn me his Letter to you; and I believe every Tittle of it to be true; and really, if you and my Cousin approve it, as also Cousin Polly, I don't know where she can do better. I am sure I should think so, if I had a Daughter he could love.

Thus much I thought myself obliged to say; and with my kind Love to your other Self, and all my Cousins, as also my Wife's, and Sister's, I remain

Your affectionate Cousin.

LETTER XX. From the Father, in Answer to the young Gentleman.

Nottingham, April 16.

Sir,

I HAVE received yours of the 12th, and am obliged to you for the good Opinion you express of my Daughter. But I think she is yet full young to alter her Condition, and imbark in the Cares of a Family. I cannot but say, that the Account you give of yourself, and your Application to me, rather than first to try to engage the Affections of my Daughter, carry a very honourable Appearance, and such as must be to the Advantage of your Character. As to your Beginning, Sir, that is not to be so much looked upon, as the Improvement; and I doubt not, that you can make good Proof of what you assert on this Occasion. But still I must needs say, that I think, and so does her Mother, that it is too early to incumber her with the Cares of the World; and as I am sure she will do nothing in so important an Affair without our Advice, so I would not, for the world, in a Case so nearly concerning her, and her future Welfare, constrain her in the least. I intend shortly to send for her home; for she has been longer absent from us, than we intended; and then I shall consult her Inclinations; and you will excuse me to say, for she is my Daughter, and a very good Child, tho' I say it, that I shall then determine myself by that, and by what shall appear to offer most for her Good. In the mean time, Sir, I thank you for the Civility and commendable Openness of yours; and am,

Your humble Servant.

The Father in this Letter referring pretty much to the Daughter's Choice, the young Gentleman cannot but construe it as an Encouragement to him, to prosecute his Addresses to her; in which he doubles his Diligence, (on the Hint, that she will soon return to Nottingham) in order to gain a Footing in her good Will; and she, finding her Father and Mother not averse to the Affair, ventures to give him some room to think his Addresses not indifferent to her; but still altogether on Condition of her Parents Consent and Approbation. By the Time then, that she is recalled home, (nothing disagreeable having appeared in the young Gentleman's Behaviour, and his general Character being consistent with his Pretensions) there may be supposed some Degree of Familiarity and Confidence to have pass'd between them; and she gives him Hope, that she will receive a Letter from him, tho' she will not promise an Answer; intirely referring to her Duty to her Parents, and their good Pleasure. He attends her on her Journey

a good Part of the way, as far as she will permit; and when her Cousin, his Friend, informs him of her safe Arrival at Nottingham, he sends the following Letter.

LETTER XXI. From the young Gentleman to his Mistress on her Arrival at her Father's.

May 25.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE understood with great Pleasure your safe Arrival at your Father's House; of which I take the Liberty to congratulate your good Parents, as well as your dear Self. I will not, Madam, fill this Letter with the Regret I had to part with you, because I have no Reason nor Merit, at present, to expect that you should be concerned for me on this Score. Yet, Madam, I am not without Hope, from the Sincerity of my Affection for you, and the Honesty of my Intentions, to deserve in time, those Regards which I cannot at present flatter myself with. As your good Father, in his kind Letter to me, assured me, that he should consult your Inclinations, and determine by them, and by what should offer most for your Good; how happy should I be, if I could find my humble Suit not quite indifferent to your dear Self, and not rejected by Him! If what I have already opened to him as to my Circumstances, be not unacceptable, I should humbly hope for Leave to pay you and him a Visit at Nottingham; or if this be too great a Favour, till he has made further Enquiry, that he would be pleased to give himself that Trouble, and put it in my Power, as soon as possible, to convince him of the Truth of my Allegations, upon which I desire to stand or fall in my Hopes of your Favour and his. For I think, far different from many in the World, that a Deception in an Affair of this weighty Nature, should be less forgiven than in any other. Since then, dearest Madam, I build my Hopes more on the Truth of my Affection for you, and the Honour of my Intentions, than any other Merit, or Pretensions, I hope you will condescend, if not to become an Advocate for me, which would be too great a Presumption to expect, yet to let your good Parents know, that you have no Aversion to the Person or Address of, dearest Madam,

Your for ever-obliged, and affectionate humble Servant.

My best Respects attend your good Father and Mother, and whole Family.

As this puts the Matter into such a Train, as may render more Writing unnecessary; the next Steps to be taken, being the Inquiry into the Truth of the young Man's Assertions, and a Confirmation of his Character; and then the Proposals on the Father's Part of what he will give with his Daughter; all which may be done best by word of Mouth, or Interposition of Friends; so we shall have no Occasion to pursue this Instance of Courtship further.

LETTER XXII. From a Brother to his Sister in the Country, upbraiding her for being negligent in Writing.

My dear Sister,

I WRITE to you to acquaint you how unkindly we all take it here, that you do not write oftener to us, in relation to your Health, Diversions, and Employment in the Country. You cannot be insensible how much you are beloved by us all; judge then if you do right to omit giving us the only Satisfaction Absence affords to true Friends, which is often to hear from one another. My Mother is highly disobliged with you, and says you are a very idle Girl; my Aunt is of the same Opinion; and I would fain, like a loving Brother, excuse you, if I could. Pray, for the future, take Care to deserve a better Character, and by writing soon, and often, put it in my Power to say what a good Sister I have: For you shall always find me

Your most affectionate Brother.

Due Respects of every one here to my Aunt, and all Friends in the Country.

LETTER XXIII. In Answer to the preceding.

Dear Brother,

MOST kindly, and too justly, do you upbraid me. I own my Fault, and never will be guilty of the like again. I write to beg my Mother’s Pardon, and that she will procure for me that of my good Aunt, on Promise of Amendment. Continue, my dear Brother, to be an Advocate for me in all my unintended Imperfections, and I will never err voluntarily for the future: That so I may be as worthy as possible of your kind Constructions, and shew myself, what I truly am, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate and obliged Sister.

LETTER XXIV. From the Daughter to her Mother, in Excuse for her Neglect.

Honoured Madam,

I AM ashamed I staid to be reminded of my Duty by my Brother's kind Letter. I will offer no Excuse for myself, for not writing oftener, tho' I have been strangely taken up by the Kindness and Favour of your good Friends here, particularly my Aunt Windus: For well do I know, that my Duty to my honoured Mother, ought to take place of all other Considerations. All I beg therefore is, that you will be so good to forgive me, on Promise of Amendment, and to procure Forgiveness also of my Aunt Talbot, and all Friends. Believe me, Madam, when I say, that no Diversions here or elsewhere shall make me forget the Duty I owe to so good a Mother, and such kind Relations; and that I shall ever be

Your gratefully dutiful Daughter.

My Aunt and Cousins desire their kind Love to you, and due Respects to all Friends. Brother John has great Reputation with every one for his kind Letter to me.

LETTER XXV. From a Son-in-Law to his Wife's Father, acquainting him with his Wife's Illness.

Honoured Sir,

I AM sorry to acquaint you with the Indisposition of your dear Daughter. She was taken ill last Monday of a Fever, and has all the Assistance that we can procure in these Parts. I hope she is not in Danger. However, I thought it my Duty to let you know it in time, that you may satisfy yourself, that no Care is wanting; and that you may favour us with a personal Visit; which will be a great Consolation to her, who craves, mean time, your Blessing and Prayers; and also to, Sir,

Your dutiful Son.

This may serve, mutatis mutandis, in the like Circumstance for a Daughter to her Husband's Father, or Mother, and in several other intimate Relations.

LETTER XXVI. From a Country Chapman beginning Trade, to a City Dealer, offering his Correspondence.

Manchester, Oct. 20.

SIR,

THE Time of my Apprenticeship, with Mr. Dobbins of this Town, being expired, I am just going to begin for myself in Chesterfield, having taken a Shop there for that Purpose. And as I know the Satisfaction you always gave to my Master in your Dealings, I make an Offer to you of my Correspondence, in Expectation that you will use me as well as you have done him, in whatever I may write to you for. And this I the rather expect, as you cannot disoblige Mr. Dobbins by it, because of the Distance I shall be from him; and I shall endeavour to give you equal Content with regard to my Payments, &c. Your speedy Answer, whether or no you are disposed to accept of my Offer, will oblige,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVII. In Answer to the foregoing.

SIR,

I HAVE received yours of October 20. and very chearfully accept the Favour you offer me. I will take Care to serve you in the best manner I am able, and on the same foot with Mr. Dobbins; not doubting you will make as punctual Returns as he does; which intitles him to a more favourable Usage, than could otherwise be afforded. I wish you Success with all my Heart, and am

Your obliged Servant.

LETTER XXVIII. From a Maid-servant in Town, acquainting her Father and Mother in the Country, with a Proposal of Marriage, and asking their Consents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

I Think it my Duty to acquaint you, that I am addressed to for a Change of Condition, by one Mr. John Tanner, who is a Glazier, and lives in the Neighbourhood by us. He is a young Man of a sober Character, and has been set up about two Years, has good Business for his Time, and is well beloved and spoken of by every one. My Friends here think well of it, particularly my Master and Mistress; and, he says, he doubts not, by God's Blessing on his Industry, to maintain a Family very prettily: And I have fairly told him, how little he has to expect with me. But I would not conclude on any thing, however, till I had acquainted you with his Proposals, and asked your Blessings and Consents. For I am, and ever will be,

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXIX. From the Parents, in Answer to the preceding.

Dear Nanny,

WE have received your dutiful Letter. We can only pray to God to direct and bless you in all your Engagements. Our Distance from you, must make us leave every thing to your own Discretion; and as you are so well satisfied in Mr. Tanner's Character, as well as all Friends, and your Master and Mistress, we give our Blessings and Consents with all our Hearts: We are only sorry we can do no more for you. But let us know when it is done, and we will do some little Matters, as far as we are able, towards Housekeeping. Our Respects to Mr. Tanner. Every body joins with us in Wishes for your Happiness; and may God bless you, is all that can be said, by

Your truly loving Father and Mother.

LETTER XXX. From the same, acquainting her Parents with her Marriage.

Honoured Father and Mother,

I Write to acquaint you, that last Thursday I was married to Mr. Tanner, and am to go home to him in a Fortnight. My Master and Mistress have been very kind, and have made me a Present towards Housekeeping of Three Guineas. I had saved Twenty Pounds in Service, and that is all. I told him the naked Truth of every thing. And indeed did not intend to marry so soon; but when I had your Letter, and shew'd it him, he would not let me rest till it was done. Pray don't straiten your selves out of Love to me. He joins with me in saying so, and bids me present his Duty to you, and tell you, that he fears not to maintain me very well. I have no Reason to doubt of being very happy. And your Prayers for a Blessing on both our Industry, will, I hope, be a Means to make us more so. We are, and ever shall be, with Respects to all Friends,

Your most dutiful Son and Daughter.

LETTER XXXI. Recommending a Superior Man-Servant.

SIR,

THE Bearer of this is Mr. John Andrews, whom I mentioned to you last time I saw you; and for whose Integrity and Ability to serve you in the Way you talked of, I dare be answerable. I take the greater Pleasure in this Recommendation, as I doubt not it will be of Service to you both. And am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant.

LETTER XXXII. Recommending a Wet-Nurse.

MADAM.

THE Bearer is Mrs. Newman, whom I recommended to you as a Nurse for Master. You will be pleased with her neat Appearance and wholesome Countenance. She lives just above Want, in a pleasant airy Place, and has a very honest diligent Husband, with whom she lives very happily, and the Man is exceedingly fond of Children, very sober, and good-humour'd; and they have every thing very pretty about them. You will find such Answers to the Questions that shall be put to her, as will please you in every respect that you mentioned to me; and the Woman will not tell an Untruth, or impose upon you. In a word, I know not a more proper Person, and am glad I have this Opportunity to oblige you in so deserved a Recommendation: For I am, dear Madam,

Your most faithful Servant.

LETTER XXXIII. Recommending a Cook-maid.

MADAM,

YOU desired me to inquire for a Maid, who was qualified to serve you as a Cook. The Bearer lived three Years in her last Place, and went away to her Friends in the Country, on a Fit of Illness, of which she is now perfectly recovered. As she had given no Hopes of Return, they had provided themselves when she offered her Service again. They give her a very good Character, as well for Honesty and Sobriety, as for her orderly Behaviour, and obliging Temper, as also for her good Performance of what she undertakes. I therefore thought you could not wish for a properer Person; and shall be glad it proves so. For I am, Madam,

Your most obedient Servant.

LETTER XXXIV. Recommending a Chamber-maid.

MADAM,

THE Bearer, Jane Adams, is well recommended to me as a diligent, faithful Body, who understands her Needle well; is very neat, and housewifely; and, as you desired, no Gossip or Make-bate, and has had a tolerable Education, being descended from good Friends. I make no doubt of her answering this Character. Of which I will satisfy you farther, when I have the Honour to see you. Till when I remain

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XXXV. Recommending a Nursery-maid.

MADAM,

THE Bearer, Sarah Williams, is a housewifely genteel Body, who has been used to attend Children, and has a great Tenderness for them. She is very careful and watchful over them in all their little pretty ways, and is a very proper Person to encourage their good Inclinations, or mildly to check their little Perversenesses, so far as you shall permit her to do the one or the other. She is come of good Friends, who have had Misfortunes; is very honest, and will, I dare say, please you much, if you are not provided; which, I hope, you are not, for both your sakes; for I love the Girl, and am, with great Respect, Madam,

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XXXVI. A Father to a Son, to dissuade him from the Vice of Drinking to Excess.

My dear Son,

IT is with a Grief proportioned to my Love, which is extreme, that I understand you have of late neglected your Studies, and given yourself up to the odious Vice of Drinking: What shall I say, what shall I do, to engage you to quit this pernicious Practice, before it becomes such a Habit, that it will be impossible, or at least very difficult, for you to cast it off? Let me require, let me intreat you, to give a suitable Attention to what I have to say on this Head, which I shall offer rather as a warm Friend, than an angry Father; and as I address myself to your Reason, I will leave it to yourself to judge of the Truth of the Observations I have to make to you.

In the first place, with respect to Health, the greatest Jewel of this Life, it is the most destructive of all Vices: Asthma's, Vertigoes, Palsies, Apoplexies, Gouts, Colicks, Fevers, Dropsies, Consumptions, Stone, and Hypochondriack Diseases, are naturally introduced by excessive Drinking.

All the rest of the Vices together, are not so often punished with sudden Death as this one: What fatal Accidents, what Quarrels, what Breaches between Friend and Friend, are owing to it?

Then, in the second Place; How does it deface Reason, destroy all the tender Impulses of Nature, make a wise Man a Fool, and subject Persons of the brightest Parts to the Contempt of the weakest, and even, in time, extinguish those shining Qualities, which constitute the Difference between a Man of Sense and a Blockhead? For, as a certain very eminent Author well observes, Fools having generally stronger Nerves, and less volatile Spirits, than Men of fine Understandings, that which will rouse the one, will make the other either stupid or frantick; and tho' it sometimes, which the Fit continues, strengthens the Imagination, yet it always depresses the Judgment; and after the Fit is over, both those Faculties languish together, till, in time, it quenches the Imagination, impairs the Memory, and drowns the Judgment.

Most other Vices are compatible, as the same Author observes, with several Virtues; but Drunkenness runs counter to all the Duties of Life. A great Drinker can hardly be either a good Husband, a good Father, a good Son, a good Brother, or a good Friend: It lays him open to the worst Company, and this Company frequently subjects him to lewd Women, Gaming, Quarrels, Riots, and often Murders. All other Vices, even the greatest of Vices, as Ambition, Unchastity,

Bigotry, Avarice, Hypocrisy, detest this unnatural and worse than beastly Vice; for the Beasts themselves, even the uncleanest of them, know nothing of it, much less practise it.

Other Vices indeed make Men worse, says this judicious Author; but this alters Men from themselves, to that degree, that they differ not more from their present Companions, than from their former Selves. A Habitude of it will make the Prudent inconsiderate, the Ambitious indolent, the Active idle, and the Industrious slothful; so that their Affairs are ruin'd for want of Application, or by being intrusted in the Hands of those, who turn them wholly to their own Advantage, and, in the End, to the Ruin of those who employ them.

I have written a long Letter already: Yet have I still more to say, which, that I may not tire you, I will leave to another Letter; which the next Post shall bring you. And I am, mean time, in hopes this will not lose its proper Effect,

Your most indulgent Father.

LETTER XXXVII. The same Subject pursued.

My dear Son,

BY my former you will see, that hard Drinking is a Vice, that breaks a Man's Rest, impairs the Understanding, extinguishes the Memory, inflames the Passions, debauches the Will, lays the Foundation of the worst and most dangerous Distempers, incapacitates a Person from pursuing his Studies, and from applying to the Duties of his Calling, be it what it will; begets Contempt from the World; and even if a Man's Circumstances were above feeling the Expence, which can hardly be, alters and changes the Practiser of it from himself; and if he is not above feeling it, often reduces him to Want and Beggary: And if he has a Family, his Children, who by their Father's Industry and Sobriety might have made a creditable Figure in Life, are left to the Mercy of the World, become the Outcasts of the Earth; possibly Foot-soldiers, Livery-servants, Shoe-cleaners, Link-boys, and, perhaps, Pickpockets, Highwaymen, or Footpads; and instead of a comfortable Livelihood, and a Station above Contempt, are intitled only to Shame, Misery, and the Gallows.

And do you judge, my Son, how a Man can answer this Conduct to God, to his Parents and other Relations, to his Wife, to his Children, to himself, and persist in a barbarous and an unnatural Vice, which makes himself not only miserable and contemptible, but transmits the Mischief to his unhappy and innocent Children, if he has any.

Add to all this, That it is a Vice a Man cannot easily master and subdue; or which, like some others, may be cured by Age; but it is a Vice that feeds and nourishes itself by Practice, and grows upon a Man as he lives longer in the World, till at last, if it cuts him not off in the Flower of his Days, his Body expects and requires Liquor: And so, tho' a Man, when he enters upon it, may be single, yet if he ever should marry, it may he attended with all the frightful and deplorable Consequences I have mentioned, and ruin besides an innocent and perhaps prudent Woman, rendering her, without her own Fault, the joint unhappy Cause of adding to the Number of the miserable and profligate Children, with which the World too much abounds, and which is owing to nothing so much as this detestable Sin in the Parents.

Consider all these things, my dear Son, and before it be too late, get the better of a Vice, that you will find difficult to subdue, when it is grown to a Head, and which will otherwise creep upon you every Day more and more, till it shuts up your Life in Misery as to yourself, and Contempt as to the World; and instead of giving Cause even to your nearest and best Friends to remember you with

Pleasure, will make it a Kindness in them to forget they ever had in the World, if a Parent, such a Son; if a Tutor, such a Pupil; if a Brother or Sister, such an unhappy near Relation; if a Wife, such a Husband; if a Child, such a Father; and if a Friend, such a wretched one, that cannot be thought of without Pity and Regret, for having shortened his Days, and ruin'd his Affairs, by so pernicious a Habit.

What a Joy, on the contrary, will that noblest of Conquests, over yourself, yield to all those dear Relations! And, in particular, what Pleasure will you give to the aged Heart, and declining Days, of, my dear Child,

Your indulgent and most affectionate Father!

LETTER XXXVIII. From an Apprentice to his Master, begging Forgiveness for a great Misdemeanor.

Good Sir,

I AM so asham'd of myself for the last Occasion I have given you to be angry with me, after my repeated Promises of Amendment, that I have not the Courage to speak to you. I therefore take this Method of begging you to forgive what is past; and let this Letter testify against me, if ever I wilfully or knowingly offend again for the future. You have Children of your own. They may possibly offend; tho' I hope they never will as I have done. Yet, Sir, would you not wish they might meet with Pardon if they should, rather than Reprobation? — My Making or my Ruin, I am sensible, lies in your Breast. If you will not forgive me, sad will be the Consequence to me, I doubt. If you do, you may save a Soul, as well as a Body from Misery; and I hope, Sir, you will weigh this with your usual Goodness and Consideration. What is past I cannot help; but for what is to come, I do promise, if God gives me Health and Power, that my Actions shall testify for me how much I am, good Sir,

Your repentant and obliged Servant.

LETTER XXXIX. The Master’s Answer.

John,

YOUR Letter has affected me so much, that I am willing once more to pass over all you have done. Surely I may at last depend on these your solemn Assurances, and, as I hope, deep Contrition. If not, be it as you say, and let your Letter testify against you for your ingrateful Baseness; and for me, in my Readiness (which however shall be the last time) to forgive one that has been so much used to promise, and so little to perform. But I hope for better, because I yet wish you well; being, as you use me,

Yours, or otherwise.

LETTER XL. From an Apprentice to his Friends, in Praise of his Master and Family.

Honoured Sir,

I Know it will be a great Satisfaction to you and my dear Mother, to hear that I go on very happily in my Business; and my Master seeing my Diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in such a manner, that I have great Delight in it, and hope I shall answer in time your good Wishes and Expectations, and the Indulgence which you have always shewn me. There is such good Order in the Family, as well on my Mistress's Part as my Master's, that every Servant, as well as I, knows their Duty, and does it with Pleasure. So much Evenness, Sedateness, and Regularity, is observed in all they injoin and expect, that it is impossible but it should be so. My Master is an honest worthy Man; every body speaks well of him. My Mistress is a chearful sweet-temper'd Woman, and rather heals Breaches than widens them. And the Children, after such Examples, behave to us all, like one's own Brothers and Sisters. Who can but love such a Family? I wish, when it shall please God to put me in such a Station, that I may carry myself just as my Master does; and if I should ever marry, have just such a Wife as my Mistress: And then, by God's Blessing, I shall be as happy as they are; and as you, Sir, and my dear Mother, have always been. If any thing can make me still happier than I am, or continue to my present Felicity, it will be the Continuance of yours, and my good Mother's Prayers, for, honour'd Sir and Madam,

Your ever dutiful Son.

LETTER XLI. Another from an Apprentice, where the Master is too remiss in his own Affairs.

Honoured Sir and Madam,

YOU desire to know how I go on in my Business. I must needs say, Very well in the main; for my Master leaves every thing, in a manner, to me. I wish he did not, for his own sake. For tho' I hope he will never suffer on the Account of any wilful Remissness or Negligence, much less want of Fidelity, in me, yet his Affairs do not go on so well as if he was more in them, and less at the Tavern. But it becomes not me to reflect upon my Master, especially as what I may write or say on this Head, will rather expose his Failings, than do him Service; for as it must be his Equals that should reprove him, so all a Servant can observe to others will do more Harm than Good to him. One Thing is at present in my own Power; and that is, to double my Diligence, that his Family suffer as little as possible by his Remissness: And another, I hope, by God's Grace, will be; and that is, to avoid in myself, when my Time comes, those Failings which I see so blameable in him. And as this will be benefiting properly by the Example (for that Bee must be worse than a Drone, that cannot draw Honey from a bitter as well as a sweet Flower) so it will give you the Pleasure of knowing your good Instructions are not thrown away upon me; and that I am, and ever will be,

Your dutiful Son.

LETTER XLII. To a Country Correspondent, modestly requesting a Balance of Accounts between them.

SIR,

I Find myself constrained by a present Exigence, to beg you to balance the Account between us. Tho' Matters have run into some Length, yet would I not have apply'd to you, had I known so well how to answer my pressing Occasions any other way. If it suits you not to pay the Whole, I beg, Sir, you will remit me as much towards it as you can, without Prejudice to your other Affairs, and it will extremely oblige

Your most humble Servant

LETTER XLIII. In Answer to the preceding.

SIR,

I AM very glad I have it in my Power to send you now directly, One hundred Pounds, on Account between us, which I do by our Carrier, who will pay you in Specie. I will soon remit you the Balance of your whole Demand, and am only sorry, that I gave Occasion for this Application for what is so justly your Due. When I send you the rest, which will be in a few Days, if I am not greatly disappointed, I will accompany it with an Order, which will begin a new Debt; but which I hope to be more punctual in discharging, than I have been in the last. I am, very sincerely,

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER XLIV. A more pressing and angry Letter from a City Dealer on the same Account.

Mr. Barret,

I AM sorry your ill Usage constrains me to write to you in the most pressing manner. Can you think it is possible to carry on Business after the manner you act by me? You know what Promises you have made me, and how from time to time you have broke them. And can I depend upon any new ones you make? If you use others as you do me, how can you think of carrying on Business? If you do not, what must I think of a Man who deals worse with me, than he does with any body else? — If you think you may trespass more upon me, than you can on others, this is a very bad Compliment to my Prudence, or your own Gratitude. For surely good Usage should be intitled to good Usage. I know how to allow for Disappointments as well as any Man; but can a Man be disappointed for ever? Trade is so dependent a thing, you know, that it cannot be carried on without mutual Punctuality. Does not the Merchant expect it from me, for those very Goods I send you? And can I make a Return to him, without receiving it from you? What End can it answer to give you Two Years Credit, and then be at an Uncertainty, for Goods which I sell at a small Profit, and have not Six Months Credit for myself? Indeed, Sir, this will never do. I must be more punctually used by you, or else must deal as little punctually with others; and what then must be the Consequence? — In short, Sir, I expect a handsome Payment by the next Return, and Security for the Remainder; and shall be very loth to take any harsh Methods to procure this Justice to myself, my Family, and my own Creditors. For I am, if it be not your own Fault,

Your faithful Friend and Servant.

LETTER XLV. In Answer to the preceding.

SIR,

I MUST acknowledge I have not used you well, and can give no better Answer to your just Expostulations, than to send you the inclosed Draught for 50 l. which you will be pleased to carry to my Credit; and to assure you of more punctual Treatment for the future. Your Letter is no bad Lesson to me; I have conn'd it often, and hope I shall improve by it. I am ready to give you my Bond for the Remainder, which I will keep paying every Month something till 'tis all discharged; and what I write to you for, in the Interim, shall be paid for on Receipt of the Goods. This, I hope, Sir, will satisfy you for the present. If I could do better, I would; but shall be streighten'd to do this: But I think, in Return for your Patience, I cannot do less, to convince you, that I am now, at last, in Earnest. I beg you'll continue to me the same good Usage and Service I have met with from you hitherto. And that you'll believe me to be, unfeignedly,

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XLVI. To a young Trader generally in a Hurry in Business, advising Method as well as Diligence.

Dear Nephew,

THE Affection I have always borne you, as well for your own sake, as for your late Father's and Mother's, makes me give you the Trouble of these Lines, which I hope you will receive as kindly as I intend them.

I have lately call'd upon you several times, and have as often found you in an extraordinary Hurry; which I well know cannot be sometimes avoided; but, methinks, need not be always the Case, if your Time were disposed in regular and proper Proportions to your Business. I have frequently had Reason to believe, that more than half the Flutter which appears among Traders in general, is rather the Effect of their Indolence, than their Industry; however willing they are to have it thought otherwise; and I will give you one Instance in Confirmation of this Opinion, in a Neighbour of mine.

This Gentleman carried on for some Years a profitable Business; but indulging himself every Evening in a Tavern Society or Club, which the Promotion of Business (as is usually the Case) gave the first Pretence for, he looked upon those Engagements as the natural Consequence of the Approach of Night; and drove on his Business in the Day with Precipitation, that he might get thither with the earliest. He seldom kept very late Hours, tho' he never came home soon. The Night being gone, and his Bottle empty'd, the Morning was always wanted to dispel the Fumes of the Wine. Whoever therefore came to him before Nine, was desired to call again; and when he rose, so many Matters waited for him, as directly threw him into a Flutter; so that from his Rising till Dinnertime, he seem'd in one continued Forment. A long Dinner-time he always allowed himself, in order to recover the Fatigues he had undergone; and all his Table-talk was, How heavy his Business lay upon him! And what Pains he took in it! The hearty Meal, and the Time he indulged himself at Table, begot an Inappetency for any more Business for that short Afternoon; so all that could be deferr'd, was put off to the next Morning; and long'd-for Evening approaching, he flies to his usual Solace: Empties his Bottle by Eleven: Comes home: Gets to Bed; and is invisible till next Morning at Nine; and then rising, enters upon his usual Hurry and Confusion.

Thus did his Life seem to those who saw him in his Business, one constant Scene of Fatigue, tho' he scarce ever apply'd to it Four regular Hours in any one

Day. Whereas had he risen only at Seven in the Morning, he would have got all his Business under by Noon; and those Two Hours, from Seven to Nine, being before many People go abroad, he would have met with no Interruption in his Affairs; but might have improved his Servants by his own Example, directed them in the Business of the Day, have inspected his Books, written to his Dealers, and put every thing in so regular a Train, for the rest of the Day, that whatever had occurr'd afterwards, would rather have served to divert than fatigue him.

And what, to cut my Story short, was the Upshot of the Matter? Why, meeting with some Disappointments and Losses, (as all Traders must expect, and ought to provide for) and his Customers not seeing him in his Shop so much as they expected, and when there, always in a disobliging petulant Hurry; and moreover, Mistakes frequently happening through the Flurry into which he put himself and every one about him; by these means his Business dwindled away insensibly, and not being able to go out of his usual Course, which helped to impair both his Capacity and Ardor to Business, his Creditors began to look about them, and he was compelled to enter into the State of his Affairs; and then had the Mortification to find the Balance of 2000 l. against him.

This was a shocking Case to himself; but more to his Family; for his Wife had lived, and his Children had been educated, in such a manner, as induced them to hope their Fortunes would be sufficient to place them in a State of Independence.

In short, being obliged to quit a Business, he had managed with so little Prudence, his Friends got him upon a charitable Foundation, which afforded him bare Subsistence for himself. His Children were dispersed some one way and some another, into low Scenes of Life, and his Wife went home to her Friends, to be snubb'd and reflected on by her own Family, for Faults not her own.

This Example will afford several good Hints, to a young Tradesman, which are too obvious to need expatiating upon. And as I dare say, your Prudence will keep you from the like Fault, you will never have Reason to reproach yourself on this Score. But yet, as I always found you in a Hurry, when I called upon you, I could not but give you this Hint, for fear you should not rightly proportion your Time to your Business, and lest you should suspend to the next Hour, what you could and ought to do in the present, and so did not keep your Business properly under. Method is every thing in Business, next to Diligence. And you will by falling into a regular one, always be calm and unruffled, and have time to bestow in your Shop with your Customers; the Female ones especially; who always love to make a great many Words in their Bargainings, and expect to be humour'd and persuaded: And how can any Man find Time for this, if he prefers the Tavern to his Shop, and his Bed to his Business? I know you will take in good Part what I have written, because you are sensible how much I am

Your truly affectionate, &c.

LETTER XLVII. From a Son reduced by his own Extravagance, requesting his Father’s Advice, on his Intention to turn Player.

Honoured Sir,

AFTER the many Occasions I have given for your Displeasure, permit me to ask your Advice in an Affair which may render my whole Life comfortable or miserable. You know, Sir, to what a low Ebb my Folly and Extravagance have reduced me: Your generous Indulgence has made you stretch your Power, to my Shame I speak it, even beyond the Bounds which Wisdom, and a necessary Regard to the rest of your Family would permit; therefore, I cannot hope for further Assistance from you. Something, however, I must resolve upon to gain a Maintenance: And an Accident fell out Yesterday, which offers me, at least, present Bread.

Mr. Rich, Master of one of the Theatres, happened to dine at my Uncle’s when I was there: After Dinner, the Subject of Discourse was, the Art of a Comedian: On which my Uncle took Occasion to mention the little Flights in that way with which I have diverted myself in my gayer Moments; and partly compelled me to give an Instance of my Abilities. Mr. Rich was pleased to declare his Approbation of my Manner and Voice; and on being told my Circumstances, offer’d, at once to take me into his Company with an Allowance sufficient for present Subsistence, and additional Encouragement, as I should be found to deserve it. Half a Benefit he promised me the first Season; which, by my (otherwise too) numerous Acquaintaince might, I believe, be turned to pretty good Account. I am not fond of this Life; but see no other Means of supporting myself like a Gentleman. Your speedy Answer, will be ever gratefully acknowledged by, honoured Sir,

Your dutiful, tho’ unhappy Son.

LETTER XLVIII. The Father's Answer, setting forth the Inconveniencies and Disgrace attending the Profession of a Player.

Dear Gilbert,

I SHOULD be glad to have you in any Situation, which would afford you a comfortable and reputable Subsistence: But cannot think the Life of a Stage-player proper for that End. You must consider, that tho' in the gay Trappings of that Employment a Man may represent a Gentleman, yet none can be farther from that Character if a perpetual Dependence be the worst Kind of Servility. In the first Place, the Company you will be in a manner obliged to keep, will be such as will tend little to the Improvement of your Mind, or Amendment of your Morals: To the Master of the Company you list in, you must be obsequious to a Degree of Slavery. Not one of an Audience that is able to hiss, but you must fear; and each single Person you come to know personally, you must oblige on every Occasion that offers, to engage their Interest at your Benefit. A Thought the most shocking to a free and generous Mind! And if to this you add the little Profit that will attend making a low Figure on the Stage, and, besides the Qualifications necessary, the incredible Fatigue attending the Support of a good Figure upon it; you will easily see, that more Credit, more Satisfaction, more Ease, and more Profit, may be got in many other Stations, without the mortifying Knowledge of being deem'd a Vagrant by the Laws of your Country. I hope this will be enough to dissuade you from farther Thoughts of the Stage: And, in any other Employment, you may, yet, expect some small Assistance from

Your loving Father.

LETTER XLIX. To a Brother too captious to bear himself the Ridicule he practises upon others.

Dear Jack,

I AM glad to find you improve both in Thought and Speech. You know I am no Witch at either: But so as we have some Wit in our Family, no matter who is at the Trouble of carrying it for what he'll get by it. I suppose you thought to give no small Pleasure to the Company last Night by your facetious Flings at all around you, not excepting the Parson himself: But should you not have considered, that every one in the Room had a Right to return the Freedom you took, in the best manner he was able? Was it therefore well in you to resent so warmly as you did, a smart Remark, made by Mr. Crispe, on a palpable Blunder of your own, when you had taken so much Liberty with him, as well as every body else, just before? Indeed, Brother, you must either lay aside Ridicule, or learn to bear it better; and in the present Case you should have remember'd, that, in the manner you began with that Gentleman, it was not possible for him to say any thing it would have been your Credit to resent. A Retort on these Occasions must be excused, tho' fraught with Resentment; for a Man is not always in a Humour to be jested with, and it is the Duty of him who begins, to take what follows. Your failing in this known Rule; whatever you may think, has made you appear in so mean a Light to the whole Company, that all your Acuteness will not in haste atone for it.

If I judge rightly, nothing is more delicate than Ridicule: Where it is conducted with Prudence and Humour, it is sure to please even the Man who is the Subject of it, if he is not of a morose Temper: But when, instead of that, personal Failings, or private Indiscretions, are exposed for the Entertainment of a Company, tho' you may think to raise a Laugh by it in the Unreflecting, it will bring upon you the Censure of the Considerate. It is our Duty to consult what we can bear ourselves, as well as what we can inflict on others. For my own Part, I know I cannot bear what is called a close Rub, as many Men can, and for that Reason I never jest with any body, unless by way of Reprisal, and that I shorten all I can, lest my Temper should not hold out.

No doubt but you have more Humour than I; but if you do not blend in it a Quantity of Temper sufficient to carry it off, you will be no Gainer by the Qualification. The Philosopher says, That to Bear and Forbear, are the highest Points of Wisdom: If so, where is his Wisdom, who will neither do the one or the other? You may not like the Freedom I have here taken; but I respect you too well to pass over your Foibles without some Observation; being

Your truly affectionate Brother.

LETTER L. To a Friend on his Recovery from a dangerous Illness.

Dear Sir,

GIVE me Leave to mingle my Joy with that of all your Friends and Relations, in the Recovery of your Health, and to join with them to bless God for continuing to your numerous Wellwishers the Benefit of your useful and valuable Life. May God Almighty long preserve you in Health, and prosper all your Undertakings, for the Good of your worthy Family, and the Pleasure of all your Friends and Acquaintance, in the hearty Prayer of, Sir,

Your faithful Friend, and humble Servant.

LETTER LI. On the same Occasion.

Good Sir,

I HAVE received with great Delight, the good News of your Recovery from the dangerous Illness with which it pleased God to afflict you. I most heartily congratulate you and your good Lady and Family upon it; and make it my Prayer, That your late Indisposition may be succeeded by such a Renewal of Health and Strength both of Body and Mind, as may make your Life equally happy to yourself, as it must be to all who have the Pleasure to know you. I could not help giving you this Trouble, to testify the Joy that affected my Heart on the Occasion; and to assure you, that I am, with the greatest Affection and Respect, Sir,

Your faithful humble Servant.

LETTER LII. In Answer to the preceding.

Dear Sir,

I GIVE you many Thanks for your kind Congratulations. My Return of Health will be the greater Pleasure to me, if I can contribute in any measure to the Happiness of my many good Friends; and, particularly, to that of you and yours; for I assure you, Sir, that no body can be more than I am,

Your obliged humble Servant,

LETTER LIII. To a young Lady, advising her not to change her Guardians, nor to encourage any clandestine Address.

Dear Miss,

THE Friendship which long subsisted between your prudent Mother and me, has always made me attend to your Welfare with more than a common Concern: And I could not conceal my Surprize at hearing, that you intend to remove the Guardianship of yourself and Fortune, from the Gentlemen to whom your tender Parents committed the Direction of both. I am afraid, my Dear, your Dissatisfaction arises more from sudden Distaste, than from mature Reflection. Mr. Jones and Mr. Pitt were long the intimate Friends and Companions of your Father; for more than Thirty Years, he had experienc'd their Candor and Wisdom; and it was their Fitness for the Trust, that induced him to leave you to their Care; and will reflect upon his Judgment?

They are not less wise now, than when he made his Will; and if they happen to differ from your Judgment in any thing of Moment, what Room have you to suppose yourself better able to judge of the Consequences of what you desire, than they. I do not undervalue your good Sense, and yet I must tell you, that (the Difference of Years consider'd, and their Knowledge of the World, which yet you can know little of) it would he strange if they did not know better than you, what was proper for you; and their Honesty was never yet disputed. Upon these Considerations, who is most probably to blame, should you happen to disagree? From such Men, you will never meet more Restraints than is necessary for your Happiness and Interest; for nothing that can injure you in any respect, can add to their Advantage or Reputation. I have known several young Ladies of your Age impatient of the least Controul, and think hardly of every little Contradiction; but when, by any unadvised Step, they have released themselves, as they call it, from the Care of their try'd Friends, how often have they had Cause to repent their Rashness? How seldom do you hear those Ladies, who have subjected themselves to what some reckon the greatest Restraints while young, repent the Effects of them when grown up?

To mention the single Article about which, generally, these Differences arise, that of Marriage: What good Fruits can a Lady hope, from the insidious Progress of a clandestine Address? A Man who can be worth a Lady's Acceptance, will never be ashamed or afraid to appear openly. If he deserves to succeed, or is conscious that he does, what need of concealing his Designs from her Friends?

Must it not be with a View to get her in his Power, and by securing a Place in her Affections, make her Weakness give Strength to his Presumption, and forward those Pretensions that he knew would otherwise be rejected with Scorn?

Let me tell you, my dear Miss, that you neither want Sense nor Beauty; and no young Gentleman can be ashamed of being known to love you. Consider this well, and despise the Man who seeks the Aid of back Doors, bribed Servants, and Gardenwalls, to get Access to your Person. If he had not a meaner Opinion of your Understanding than he ought, he would not hope for Success from such poor Methods. Let him see then, how much he is mistaken, if he thinks you the giddy Girl his clandestine Conduct seems to call you. In time advise with your try'd Friends. Trust no Servant with Secrets you would not have known to your Equals or Guardians; and be sure ever to shun a servile Confidant, who generally makes her Market of her Mistress, and sells her to the highest Bidder.

I hope, dear Miss, you will seriously reflect upon all I have said, and excuse the well-meant Zeal of

Your sincere Friend.

LETTER LIV. From a Mother to her Daughter, jealous of her Husband.

Dear Bet,

I AM sorry to find you are grown jealous of your Husband. 'Tis a most uneasy Passion, and will be fatal, not only to your present Quiet, but to your future Happiness, and probably to that of your Family, if you indulge it.

Your either have, or have not Cause for it. If you have Cause, look into yourself and your own Conduct, to see if you have not by any Change of Temper, or Disagreeableness of Behaviour, alienated your Husband's Affections; and if so, set about amending both, in order to recover them: for once he loved you, and you was satisfy'd he did, above all your Sex, or you would not have had him. If it be owing to his inconstant Temper, that is indeed unhappy; but then, so long as you are clear of Blame, you have nothing to reproach yourself with: And as the Creatures wicked Men follow, omit nothing to oblige them, you must try to avoid such uneasy and disturbing Resentments, as will make you more and more distasteful to him. Shew him, that no guilty Wretch's pretended Love can be equal to your real one: Shew him, that such Creatures shall not out-do you in an obliging Behaviour, and Sweetness of Temper; and that, let him fly off from his Duty, if he will, you will persevere in yours. This Conduct will, if not immediately, in time, flash Conviction in his Face: He will see what a Goodness he injures, and will be softened by your Softness. But if you make his Home uneasy to him, he will fly both that and you: And to whom will he fly, but, most probably, to one who will allow his Pleas, and aggravate every thing against you; who will side with him, inflame his Passions, and thereby secure him to herself? And would you contribute to such a Wretch's Power over him, and furnish Opportunities for her to triumph over you? For while you exasperate his Passions, and harden his Mind against you, she will, by wicked Blandishments, shew him how obliging she can be, and so a Course of Life, that he would follow privately, and by stealth, as it were, he will more openly pursue; he will grow shameless in it; and, so common is the Vice, more's the Pity! will find those who will extenuate it for their own sakes, and throw the Blame on the Violence of your Temper, and say, you drive him into these Excesses. Thus much I write, supposing you have Reason to be jealous. I will write yet another Letter on this important Subject. I hope they will have the Weight intended them, by

Your ever indulgent Mother.

LETTER LV. The same Subject continued.

Dear Bet,

WHAT I wrote in my former, was on a Supposition that you had too much Reason to be uneasy at your Husband's Conduct.

I will now pursue the Subject, and put the Case that you have no Proof that he is guilty, but your Surmizes, or, perhaps, the busy Whisperings of officious Make-debates. In this Case, take care, my Betsey, that you don't, by the Violence of your Passions, precipitate him on the Course you dread, and that you alienate not, by unjust Suspicions, his Affections from you; for then perhaps he will be ready indeed to place them somewhere else, where you may not so easily draw him off; for he will, may be, think, as to you (if he be devoid of superior Considerations) that he may as well deserve your Suspicions, as be tiezed with them without deserving them.

I know it is a most shocking thing to a sober young Woman, to think herself obliged to share those Affections which ought to be all her own, with a vile Prostitute, besides the Danger, which is not small, of being intirely circumvented in her Husband's Love, and perhaps have only his Indifference, if not Contempt, instead of it. But, my Dear, at the worst, comfort yourself that you are not the guilty Person, for one Day he will, perhaps, fatally find his Error. And consider, besides, my Betsey, that your Case, from an unfaithful Husband, is not near so bad as his would be from an unfaithful Wife: For, Child, he cannot make the Progeny of a Bastard Race succeed to his and your Estate or Chattels, in Injury of your lawful Children. If any such he should have, the Law of the Land brands them: Whereas a naughty Wife often makes the Children of another Man, Heirs of her Husband's Estate and Fortune, in Injury of his own Children or Family. So, tho' the Crime may be equal in other Respects, yet this makes the Injury of the Woman to the Man, greater than his can be to her.

These Thoughts I have thrown together, as they occurred in two Letters, that I might not tire you with a Length, that, yet, the important Subject required. Let me briefly sum up the Contents.

If he be guilty, try by Softness and kind Expostulations to reclaim him, before the Vice be rooted in him. If it be so rooted, as that he cannot be drawn off, you know not what God may do for you, if you trust in Him, and take not upon yourself, by giving up your Mind to Violence, to be your own Avenger. A sick Bed, a tender Conduct in you, a sore Disaster, (and who that lives, is not liable to such?) may give him to see the Error his Ways, and shew him the Foulness of his Crime, which your good Usage will aggravate, upon sober Reflection, with the no

weak Addition Ingratitude to so good a Wife. The Wretch he has chosen for a Partner in his Guilt, may, by her sordid Ways, awake him, by her libidinous Deportment, satiate him, by her detected Commerce with others (for such Creatures, having once given themselves up to Vice, know no Bounds) make him abhor her: And then he will see the Difference between such a one, and a chaste Wife, whose Interests are bound up in his own, and will admire you more than ever he did; and you'll have the Pleasure, besides, in all Probability, of saving a Soul that stands in so near a Relation to your own.

But if your Uneasiness be owing to private Talebearers and busy Intermeddlers; take care, my Dear, you are not made a Property of by such mischievous People. Take care that you make not your own present Peace, and your future Good, and that of your Family, and of him your injur'd Husband, the Sacrifices to such pernicious Busy-bodies.

Consider, my Dear, all I have said, and God bless you with a Conduct and Discretion suitable to the Occasion before you, and, at the worst, give you Comfort and Patience in your own Innocence. For such is this transitory Life, that all the Ill or Good we receive, will be soon over with us, and then the Punishment of the former, and the Reward of the latter, will make all Scores even, and what is past appear as nothing. Mean time I can but pray for you: As, my dear Child, becomes

Your ever affectionate Mother.

LETTER LVI. From a tender Father to an ungracious Son,

Son John,

I AM under no small Concern, that your continued ill Courses give me Occasion to write this Letter to you. I was in hopes, that your solemn Promises of Amendment might have been better depended on; but I see, to my great Mortification, that all I have done for you, and all I have said to you, is thrown away. What can I say more than I have said? Yet, once more am I desirous to try what the Force of a Letter will do with one who has not suffer'd mere Words to have any Effect upon him. Perhaps this remaining with you, if you will now and then seriously peruse it, may, in some happy Moment, give you Reflection, and by God's Grace, bring on your Repentance and Amendment.

Consider then, I beseech you, in time, the Evil of your Ways. Make my Case your own; and think, if you were to be Father of such a Son, how his Actions would grieve and afflict you. But if my Comfort has no Weight with you, consider, my Son, how your present Courses must impair, in time, a good Constitution, destroy your Health, and, most probably, shorten your Life. Consider that your Reputation is wounded, I hope, not mortally, as yet. That you will be ranked among the Profligate and Outcasts of the World; that no virtuous Man will keep you Company; that every one who has a Regard for his own Credit will shun you; and that you will be given up to the Society of the worst and most abandon'd of Men, when you might be improved by the Examples of the Best. That no Family which values their own Honour, and the Welfare of their Child, will suffer your Addresses to a Daughter worthy of being sought after for a Wife, should you incline to marry; and that the worst of that Sex must probably, in that Case, fall to your Lot, which will make you miserable in this World, when you might be happy.

Then, as to another World beyond this transitory one, my Heart trembles for what most probably will be the Consequence to your poor Soul: For the human Mind is seldom at a stay; if you do not grow better, you will most undoubtedly grow worse, and you may run into those Sins and Evils, that you now perhaps think yourself incapable of; as already you are arrived at a Height of Folly and Wickedness, that once you would have thought you could not have been guilty of. Don't, my dear Son, let your poor Mother and me have the Mortification to think, that we have been the unhappy Means of giving Life to a Child of Perdition, instead of a Child of Glory; that our beloved Son with all the Pains we have taken

to instil good Principles into his Mind, in hopes he would one day prove a Credit and Comfort to his Family, should, instead of answering our longing Wishes, when at Age, take such contrary Courses, as will make us join to wish he had never been born.

Consider, my dear Son, we don't want any thing of you but your own Good. We lived before you were born. You have been a great Expence to us to bring you up to these Years. You cannot now live without us, but we can without you. We hope God will continue your Life to be still a further Expence to us. For all we live for, is our Childrens Good. Let then the Disinterestedness of our Plea move you. Be but good to yourself, that is all we require of you. Let us but have Reason to hope, that when we are dead and gone, you will support our Name with Credit, and be no Burden to your poor Sisters, nor Disgrace to our Memories. Shew us that you are of a generous, not of a sordid Nature; and will probably set yourself above future Misfortunes by reclaiming in time, and then we shall be happy. As God has done his Part by you, and given you Talents that every one cannot boast, let me beg you to consider only, how much more noble it is to be in such a Situation as shall enable you to confer Benefits, than such an one as shall lay you under the poor Necessity to receive them from others, and, perhaps, where they ought to be least expected.

I have written a long Letter. The Subject is next my Heart, and will excuse it. God give a Blessing to it! God give you to see the Error of your Ways before it be too late, and before you get such a Habit as you cannot alter if you would. Let your poor Mother and Sisters look upon you with Pleasure, rather than Apprehension, in case God Almighty should take me away from them: let them think of you as a Protector in my stead, rather than as an ingrateful Spoiler among them; and you will then give Comfort to my Life, as long as God shall spare it, and alleviate, instead of aggravate, the Pangs of my dying Hour, when God shall send it.

My dear, dear Son, I conjure you, by all our past Tenderness and Affection for you, by our Hopes, and our Fears, from Infancy to Manhood, to think of all these Things; reflect upon the Transitoriness of worldly Enjoyments, even when better chosen than yours are. Judge of the Pleasures you expect in your present Course, by the Vanity of the past; of your next Assignations, by the aching Head, and undelighted Heart, which followed the last; and you will find, that no Satisfaction, which is not grounded on Virtue and Sobriety, can be durable, or worthy of a rational Creature.

Your good Mother, who joins her Tears so often with mine, to deplore the sad Prospect your ill Courses give us, joins also her Prayers to mine, that this my last

Effort may be attended with Success; and that you will not let us intreat in vain. Amen, Amen, says

Your indulgent and afflicted Father.

LETTER LVII. The Son’s dutiful Answer.

Honoured Sir,

I AM greatly affected with the tender and moving Goodness expressed in your indulgent Letter. I am exceedingly sorry, that all your good Advice before has been so cast away upon me, as to render this further Instance of your paternal Affection necessary. I am resolved instantly to set about a Reformation, and to conform myself intirely to your good Pleasure for the future; and I beg, Sir, the Continuance of yours, and my good Mother’s Prayers to God, to enable me to adhere to my present good Resolutions. I have so often promised, and so often broken my Word, (rather indeed thro’ the Strength of my Passions, than a Design of Non-performance) that I think, I ought now to give you some Proof that I am in earnest; and what better can I give, than to assure you, that I will henceforth break myself from the frothy Companions I used to take too much Delight in, and whose lewd Banters and Temptations have so frequently set aside my good Purposes? You, Sir, for the future, shall recommend the Company proper for me to keep; and I beg you will chalk out for me the Paths in which you would have me tread, and, as much as possible, I will walk in them; and when I have convinced you of the Sincerity of my Reformation, I hope, Sir, you and my honoured Mother, will restore me to your good Opinions, which it shall be my constant Study to deserve. I have already broke with George Negus, who attempted to laugh me out of my good Resolutions. And I beg Leave to wait upon you for such a Space of Time as you shall think proper, in order to break myself from the rest of my profligate Companions, and that I may have the Benefit of your Advice and Direction for my future Conduct. God continue long (for the Benefit of us all) your Life and Health, and make me happy in contributing as much to your future Comforts, as I have, by my past Excesses, to your Trouble of Mind, is, and shall always be, the Prayer of, Honoured Sir,

Your truly penitent and dutiful Son.

LETTER LVIII. To a Friend, on Occasion of his not answering his Letters.

Dear Sir,

IT is so long since I had the Favour of a Line from you, that I am under great Apprehensions in relation to your Health and Welfare. I beg you, Sir, to renew to me the Pleasure you used to give me in your Correspondence; for I have written three Letters to you before this, to which I have had no Answer, and am not conscious of having any way disobliged you. If I have, I will most willingly ask your Pardon; for nobody can be more than I am,

Your affectionate and faithful Friend and Servant.

LETTER LIX. In Answer to the preceding.

Dear Sir,

YOU have not, cannot disoblige me; but I have greatly disobliged myself, in my own faulty Remissness. I cannot account for it as I ought. To say I had Business one time, Company another, was distant from home a third, will be but poor Excuses, for not answering one of your kind Letters in four long Months. I therefore ingenuously take Shame to myself, and promise future Amendment. And that nothing shall ever, while I am able to hold a Pen, make me guilty of the like Neglect to a Friend I love so well, and have so much Reason so to do. Forgive me then, my good, my kind, my generous Friend; and believe me ever,

Your highly obliged humble Servant.

LETTER LX. From a Father to a Son, on his Negligence in his Affairs.

Dear Jemmy,

YOU cannot imagine what a Concern your Carelessness and indifferent Management of your Affairs give me. Remissness is inexcusable in all Men, but in none so much as in a Man of Business, the Soul of which is Industry, Diligence, and Punctuality.

Let me beg of you to shake off the idle Habits you have contracted; quit unprofitable Company, and unseasonable Recreations, and apply to your Compting-house with Diligence. It may not be yet too late to retrieve your Affairs. Inspect therefore your Gains, and cast up what Proportion they bear to your Expences; and then see which of the latter you can, and which you cannot contract. Consider, that when once a Man suffers himself to go backward in the World, it must be an uncommon Spirit of Industry that retrieves him, and puts him forward again.

Reflect, I beseech you, before it be too late, upon the Inconveniencies which an impoverish'd Trader is put to, for the Remainder of his Life; which, too, may happen to be the prime Part of it; the Indignities he is likely to suffer from those whose Money he has unthinkingly squander'd; the Contempt he will meet with from all, not excepting the idle Companions of his Folly; the Injustice he does his Family, in depriving his Children, not only of the Power of raising themselves, but of living tolerably; and how, on the contrary, from being born to a creditable Expectation, he sinks them into the lowest Class of Mankind, and exposes them to the most dangerous Temptations. What has not such a Father to answer for! and all this for the sake of indulging himself in an idle, a careless, a thoughtless Habit, that cannot afford the least Satisfaction, beyond the present Hour, if in that; and which must be attended with deep Remorse, when he comes to reflect. Think seriously of these Things, and in time resolve on such a Course as may bring Credit to yourself, Justice to all you deal with, Peace and Pleasure to your own Mind, Comfort to your Family; and which will give at the same time the highest Satisfaction to

Your careful and loving Father.

LETTER LXI. The Son’s grateful Answer.

Honoured Sir,

I Return you my sincere Thanks for your seasonable Reproof and Advice. I have indeed too much indulged myself in an idle careless Habit, and had already begun to feel the evil Consequences of it, when I received your Letter, in the Insults of a Creditor or two from whom I expected kinder Treatment. But indeed they wanted but their own, so I could only blame myself, who had brought their rough Usage upon me. Your Letter came so seasonably upon this, that I hope it will not want the desired Effect; and as I thank God it is not yet too late, I am resolved to take another Course with myself and my Affairs, that I may avoid the ill Consequences you so judiciously forewarn me of, and give to my Family and Friends the Pleasure they so well deserve at my Hands; and particularly that Satisfaction to so good a Father, which is owing to him, by

His most dutiful Son.

LETTER LXII. A young Woman in Town to her Sister in the Country, recounting her narrow Escape from a Snare laid for her on her first Arrival, by a wicked Procuress.

Dear Sister,

WE have often, by our good Mother, been warned against the Dangers that would too probably attend us on coming to London; tho' I must own, her Admonitions had not always the Weight I am now convinced they deserved.

I have had a Deliverance from such a Snare, as I never could have believed would have been laid for a Person free from all Thought of Ill, or been so near succeeding upon one so strongly on her Guard as I imagined myself: And thus, my dear Sister, the Matter happened:

Returning, on Tuesday, from seeing my Cousin Atkins, in Cheapside, I was over-taken by an elderly Gentlewoman of a sober and creditable Appearance, who walked by my Side some little time before she spoke to me; and then guessing, (by my asking the Name of the Street) that I was a Stranger to the Town, she very courteously began a Discourse with me, and after some other Talk, and Questions about my Country, and the like, desired to know if I did not come to Town with a Design of going into some genteel Place? I told her, If I could meet with a Place to my Mind, to wait upon a single Lady, I should be very willing to embrace it. She said, I look'd like a creditable, sober and modest Body, and at that very time she knew one of the best Gentlewomen that ever lived, who was in great Want of a Maid to attend upon her own Person, and that if she liked me, and I her, it would be a lucky Incident for us both.

I expressed myself thankfully, and she was so very much in my Interest, as to intreat me to go instantly to the Lady, lest she should be provided, and acquaint her I was recommended by Mrs. Jones, not doubting, as she said, but, on Inquiry, my Character would answer my Appearance.

As that you know was partly my View in coming to Town, I thought this a happy Incident, and determined not to lose the Opportunity; and so, according to the Direction she gave me, I went to inquire for Mrs. C. in John's Court, Fleet-street. The Neighbourhood look'd genteel, and I soon found the House. I asked for Mrs. C.; she came to me, dress'd in a splendid Manner; I told her what I came about; she immediately desired me to walk into the Parlour, which was elegantly furnished; and after asking me several Questions, with my Answers to which she

seem'd very well pleased, a Servant soon brought in a Bowl of warm Liquor, which she called Negus, consisting of Wine, Water, Orange, &c. which, she said, was for a Friend or two she expected presently; but as I was warm with walking, she would have me drink some of it, telling me it was a pleasant innocent Liquor, and she always used her waiting Maids, as she did herself. I thought this was very kind and condescending, and being warm and thirsty, and she encouraging me, I took a pretty free Draught of it, and thought it very pleasant, as it really was. She made me sit down by her, saying, Pride was not her Talent, and that she should always indulge me in like manner, if I behaved well, when she had not Company: and then slightly asked what I could do, and the Wages I required? With my Answers she seemed well satisfied, and granted the Wages I asked, without any Offer of Abatement.

And then I rose up, in order to take my Leave, telling her I would, any Day she pleased, of the ensuing Week, bring my Cloaths, and wait upon her.

She said, that her own Maid being gone away, she was in the utmost Want of another, and would take it kindly, if I would stay with her till next Day, because she was to have some Ladies to pass the Evening with her. I said this would be pretty inconvenient to me, but as she was so situated, I would oblige her, after I had been with my Aunt, and acquainted her with it. To this she reply'd, that there was no manner of Occasion for that, because she could send the Cook for what I wanted, who could, at the same time, tell my Aunt how Matters stood.

I thought this looked a little odd; but she did it with so much Civility, and seemed so pleased with her new Maid, that I scarcely knew how to withstand her: But the Apprehension I had of my Aunt's Anger for not asking her Advice, in what so nearly concerned me, made me insist upon going, though I could perceive Displeasure in her Countenance when she saw me resolv'd.

She then ply'd me very close with the Liquor, which she again said was innocent and weak; but I believe it was far otherwise; for my Head began to turn round, and my Stomach felt a little disordered. I intreated the Favour of her to permit me to go, on a firm Promise of returning immediately; but then, my new Mistress began to raise her Voice a little, assuring me I should on no Account, stir out of her House. She left the Room, in a sort of a Pet, but said she would send the Cook to take my Directions to my Aunt; and I heard her take the Key out of the outward Door.

This alarmed me very much; and, in the Instant of my Surprize, a young Gentlewoman entered the Parlour, dress'd in white Sattin, and every way genteel; she sat down in a Chair next me, looked earnestly at me a while, and seemed going to speak several times, but did not. At length she rose from her Chair,

bolted the Parlour-door, and, breaking into a Flood of Tears, express'd herself as follows:

"Dear young Woman, I cannot tell you the Pain I feel on your Account; and from an Inclination to serve you, I run a Hazard of involving myself in greater Misery than I have yet experienced, if that can be. But my Heart is yet too honest to draw others, as I am desir'd to do, into a Snare which I have fallen into myself. You are now in as notorious a Brothel, as is in London: And if you escape not in a few Hours, you are inevitably undone. I was once as innocent as you now seem to be. No Apprehension you can be under for your Virtue, but I felt as much: My Name was as unspotted, and my Heart as unvers'd in Ill, when I first entered these guilty Doors, whither I was sent on an Errand, much like what I understand has brought you hither. I was by Force detained the whole Night, as you are designed to be, was robbed of my Virtue; and knowing I should hardly be forgiven by my Friends for staying out without their Knowledge; and in the Morning being at a Loss, all in Confusion as I was, what to do, before I could resolve on any thing, I was obliged to repeat my Guilt, and had hardly Time afforded me to reflect on its fatal Consequences. My Liberty I intreated to no Purpose, and my Grief served for the cruel Sport of all around me. In short, I have been now so long confined, that I am ashamed to appear among my Friends and Acquaintance. In this dreadful Situation, I have been perplexed with the hateful Importunities of different Men every Day; and tho' I long resisted to my utmost, yet downright Force never failed to overcome. Thus in a shameful Round of Guilt and Horror, have I lingered out Ten Months; subject to more Miseries than Tongue can express. The same sad Lot is intended you, nor will it be easy to shun it: However, as I cannot well be more miserable than I am, I will assist you what I can; and not, as the wretched Procuress hopes, contribute to make you as unhappy as myself."

You may guess at the Terror that seized my Heart, on this sad Story, and my own Danger; I trembled in every Joint, nor was I able to speak for some time; at last, in the best Manner I could, I thanked my unhappy new Friend, and begg'd she would kindly give me the Assistance she offered: which she did; for the first Gentleman that came to the Door, she stept up herself for the Key to let him in, which the wretched Procuress gave her, and I took that Opportunity, as she directed, to run out of the House, and that in so much Hurry and Confusion, as to leave my Hood, Fan, and Gloves behind me.

I told my Aunt every Circumstance of my Danger and Escape, and received a severe Reprimand for my following so inconsiderately, in so wicked a Town as this, the Direction of an intire Stranger.

I am sure, Sister, you rejoice with me for my Deliverance. And this Accident may serve to teach us to be upon our Guard for the future, as well against the viler Part of our own Sex, as that of the other. I am, dear Sister,

Your truly affectionate Sister.

N. B. This shocking Story is taken from the Mouth of the young Woman herself, who so narrowly escaped the Snare of the vile Procuress; and is Fact in every Circumstance.

LETTER LXIII. To a Daughter in a Country Town, who encourages the Address of a Subaltern [A Case too frequent in Country Places].

Dear Betsy,

I HAVE been under the deepest Affliction ever since I heard of your encouraging the Addresses of a Soldier, whether Serjeant or Corporal, I know not; who happens to quarter next Door to your Uncle.

What, my dear Child, can you propose by such a Match? Is his Pay sufficient to maintain himself? If it be, will it be sufficient for the Support of a Family?

Consider, there will be no Opportunity for you to increase his poor Income, but by such Means as will be very grating for you to submit to! Will your Hands be capable of enduring the Fatigues of a Wash-tub, for your Maintenance? Or, will following a Camp suit your Inclinations? Think well of the certain Misery that must attend your making such a Choice.

Look round at the Wives of all his Fellow-soldiers, and mark their Appearance at their Homes, and in Publick. Is their abject Condition to be coveted? Do you see any thing desirable in Poverty and Rags? And, as to the Man for whom you must endure all this, he may possibly indeed be possessed of Honesty, and a Desire to do his best for you, at least you may think so; but is it probable he will? For if he be wise and industrious, how came he to prefer a Life so mean and contemptible? If he was bred to any Trade, why did he desert it?

Be cautious of rushing yourself into Ruin, and as I am not able to maintain you and a young Family, do not throw yourself upon the uncertain Charity of well-disposed People; who are already vastly encumbered by the Miserable. I hope you will not thus rashly increase the unhappy Number of such; but will give due Attention to what I have said; for I can have no View, but that of discharging the Duty of

Your loving Father.

LETTER LXIV. Of Expostulation from a grave Friend to a young Man, on his slighting and irreverent Behaviour to his Father.

Dear Sir,

I TAKE the Freedom of a brief Expostulation with you on your Behaviour to your Father; and I hope you will receive it from me, with the same Good-will, that I mean it.

His Indulgence to you formerly, certainly claims better Returns on your Part, altho' it should be allow'd, as you fondly imagine, that his Affection to you is alienated. There may be something of Petulancy in him, which you ought to bear with; for one time or other you may be convinced by Experience, that Age itself has its insuperable Afflictions, that require the Allowance of every one; and more particularly of such who hope to live a long Life themselves, and still more particularly of a Son, whose high Passions, require, perhaps, at least as much Allowance. He may be petulant; but are you not fiery and impetuous? And I would fain know, whether you ought to bear with him, or he with you?

'Tis a very groundless Surmise to think his Affections are alienated from you. A Father must love his Son. He cannot help it. And is it credible even to yourself, on cool Reflexion, that the same good Man who was wont to be delighted with your childish Vanities and Foibles, (for we have all had them more or less) and even indulged and perhaps cherished those youthful Forwardnesses, that might be called the Seeds of those Passions, which now, being sprung up, give him so much Disturbance, and make you so impatient of Contradiction: Can you, I say, believe that this same good Man, without Reason, without Provocation, can change that Love into Hate?

You are grown to Man's Estate, and tho' far from the ungracious Sons, that we have seen in the World, yet ought not to be so partial to yourself, as to believe you are wholly faultless. Examine your own Conduct then, and altho' you should not be able to charge your Intention with any Blame, yet you must leave your Behaviour to be judg'd by others; and 'twill perhaps be given against you, that some Slight, some Negligence, some Inattention, if not worse, too cutting for a Father's Cares and Fondness to support, has escaped you. Then consider, Sir, what a grievous thing it must be to him to reflect, that this Behaviour of yours, may be but the gradual Consequence of his former Indulgence to you, and that he is deservedly punished, for not rooting up in your childish Days those Weeds which now spread to his Uneasiness. But let me tell you, Sir, that it ought to be a

more sad Reflection to a considerate young Gentleman, that he is to be the Instrument to punish his fond Father's faulty Indulgence to himself.

I have been a diligent Observer of the Dispensations of Providence in this respect, and have always seen the Sin of Undutifulness to Parents punished in Kind, more than any one Sin. I have seen the Son of the undutiful Son, revenging the Cause of his Grandfather; and at the same time, intail'd a Curse upon his Son, if he has not been taken off childless, who, in his Turn, has retorted the ungracious Behaviour; and thus a Curse has been intail'd by Descent upon the Family, from one Generation to another.

You'll say, that your Behaviour to your Father is not, you hope, of such an atrocious Nature, as to be attended with such terrible Consequences; and perhaps will add, that you do not wish for a better Behaviour from your Son, than you shew to your Father. But if this be not Partiality to yourself, pray consider, that while your Father takes your present Conduct in so ill Part, and you use so little Circumspection to avoid giving him Disgust, and have so little Complaisance, as not to set him right; the thing is full as tormenting to him from the Appearance, as if it were real; nay, 'tis real to him, if he believes so.

He thinks, and let me tell you, Sir, he thinks justly, that he ought to expect as much Deference to his Will and Pleasure now, as he has heretofore shewn you Indulgence, even in those things that now perhaps you are so unkind to suffer to turn severest upon him. I would not recriminate: But it was with very little Reverence, and indeed with an Air as censurable as the Words, that you told him, in my Hearing, that he knew not what he would have: That he expected you to be more accountable at this Age, than when you were a Child, &c. Why, dear Sir, does your being of Age, lessen the Duty you owe to your Father? Are not his Cares for you allowably doubled, and ought he not now to expect from your good Sense, and more mature Understanding (improved, as it is to be hoped, by the Education he has, at a great Expence, given you) greater Proofs of Duty, rather than less? He may forget, perhaps what he was at your Age, as you irreverently told him; but how much more laudable would it be, for you, at yours, to enter into what you would naturally expect from your Son, were you in the Place, and at the Age, of your Father. A generous Mind will do its Duty, tho' it were not to meet with suitable Rewards or Returns; for even should your Father not do his by you, you are not absolved of yours to him; much less then, ought the natural, the consequential, Infirmities of Age, to dissolve the Duty of a Son to an indulgent Parent.

Be convinced, my dear Sir, of your wrong Conduct, and don't think it beneath the high Spirit of a brave young Gentleman, to submit to the Will of his Father. By your Dutifulness and Circumspection you may, in all Probability, add to the

Number as well as the Comfort of his Days to whom you owe your Being. But what a Woe does that young Man bring upon himself who robs his aged Parent in both respects! It behoves all Children to reflect upon this timely, and with Awe.

On how many Occasions has he heretofore rejoiced to me, on, even, the smallest Openings and Dawnings of your Mind and Genius! How has he dwelt on your Praises on even supposed Beauties, which have appeared such to his fond and partial Tenderness only! How has he extenuated your Failings, connived at your Faults, and extolled and brought forward into strong Light, even the remotest Appearance of Virtue in you. Such was always, and such, notwithstanding the Intermixtures of Age and Infirmity, and even of your continued Slights and Impatience, always will be, the Instances of his paternal Affection for you. And I will venture to say, that even this very Petulance, as you think it, is a Demonstration of his Regard for you, however disagreeable it may be to you, since he loves you too well to be insensible to those Parts of your Behaviour, which he thinks are owing to Slight or Negligence.

I have exceeded the Bounds I intended when I began, and would rather leave to your natural good Sense, and cooler Reflection, what I have already urged, than tire you too much, with what might still farther be added on this Occasion. But the Affection and Friendship I have for all your Family, and the long Intimacy I have had with your good Father (who, however, knows nothing of my writing) and the evil Consequences that may follow a wider Breach between you, will answer for my Intention, and, I hope, for my Freedom, which I'll take upon me to say, I expect from your Candor and Education, being

Your sincere Friend to serve you.

LETTER LXV. Against too great a Love of Singing and Musick.

Dear Cousin,

I AM sure you have the good Sense to take kindly what I am going to mention to you, in which I can have no possible View but your Benefit. When you were last with me at Hertford, you much obliged us all, with the Instances you gave us of your Skill in Musick, and your good Voice. But as you are so young a Man, and seem to be so very much pleased yourself with these Acquirements, I must enter a Caution or two on this Score, because of the Consequences that may follow from too much Delight in these Amusements, which, while they are pursued as Amusements only, may be safe and innocent; but when they take up too much of a Man's Time, may be not a little pernicious.

In the first place, my dear Cousin, these Pleasures of Sound, may take you off from the more desirable ones of Sense, and make your Delights stop at the Ear, which should go deeper, and be placed in the Understanding. For whenever a chearful Singer is in Company, adieu to all Conversation of an improving or intellectual Nature.

In the second place, it may expose you to Company, and that not the best and most eligible neither; and by which your Business and your other more useful Studies, may be greatly if not wholly neglected, and very possibly your Health itself much impaired.

In the third place, it may tend, for so it naturally does, to enervate the Mind, and make you haunt musical Societies, Operas and Concerts; and what Glory is it to a Gentleman if he were even a fine Performer, that he can strike a String, touch a Key, or sing a Song with the Grace and Command of a hired Musician?

Fourthly, Musick, to arrive at any tolerable Proficiency in it, takes up much Time, and requires so much Application, as leaves but little Room, and, what is worse, when delighted in, little Inclination for other Improvements: And as Life is a short Stage, where longest, surely the most precious Moments of it, ought to be better imploy'd, than in so light and airy an Amusement. The Time of Youth will be soon over, and that is the Time of laying the Foundation of more solid Studies. The Mind, as well as the Body, will become stiff by Years, and unsusceptible of those Improvements, that cannot be attained, but in particular Periods of it: And, once an airy Delight engages the Faculties, a Habit is formed; and nothing but great Struggle, and absolute Necessity, if that will do it, can shake it off. One Part of Life is for Improvement, that is Youth; another Part is for turning that

Improvement to solid Benefits to one's Self, one's Family, or Acquaintance; that is the middle Part; another Part carries a Retrospect to a future Estate: And shall we lose the Time of Improvement, which can never come again; forfeit all the Benefits of it, in our Middle-life, and embitter our future Prospect, as well mundane as eternal, with Reflections on our past Neglect of Opportunities that never can be recalled? And all for what? Why, only to be deemed for eight or ten empty Years of Life, a good Companion, as the Phrase is: — Tho', perhaps, a bad Husband, a bad Father, a bad Friend, and, of course, a bad Man!

Some there are, who divide Life into four Stages or Opportunities. He, they say, who is not handsome by Twenty, strong by Thirty, wise by Forty, rich by Fifty, will never be either handsome, strong, wise, or rich. And this, generally speaking, is a good and improving Observation; which should teach us, as we go along, to make a right Use of those Periods of Life, which may be proper Entrances for us into a still more important one than that behind it.

I have but lightly touched on these weighty Points, because I know you have good Sense enough to improve as much from Hints, as others can from tedious Lectures. And when I have repeated, that I am far from dissuading you from these Amusements while they are restrained to due Bounds, and are regarded as Amusements only; I know you will think me, what I always desire to be thought, and what I truly am,

Your affectionate Uncle, and sincere Friend.

LETTER LXVI. From a Daughter to her Father, pleading for her Sister, who had married without his Consent.

Honoured Sir,

THE kind Indulgence you have always shewn to your Children, makes me presume to become an Advocate for my Sister, tho' not for her Fault. She is very sensible of that, and sorry she has offended you; but has great hopes, that Mr. Robinson will prove such a careful and loving Husband to her, as may atone for his past Wildness, and engage your Forgiveness. For all your Children are sensible of your paternal Kindness, and that you wish their Good more for their sakes, than your own.

This makes it the more wicked to offend so good a Father: But, dear Sir, be pleased to consider, that it now cannot be helped, and that she may be made by your Displeasure very miserable in her own Choice; and as his Faults are owing to the Inconsideration of Youth, or otherwise it would not have been a very discreditable Match, had it had your Approbation; I could humbly hope, for my poor Sister's sake, that you will be pleased rather to encourage his present good Resolutions, by your kind Favour, than make him despair of a Reconciliation, and so perhaps treat her with a Negligence, which hitherto she is not apprehensive of. For he is really very fond of her, and I hope will continue so. Yet is she dejected for her Fault to you, and wishes, yet dreads, to have your Leave to throw herself at your Feet, to beg your Forgiveness and Blessing, which would make the poor dear Offender quite happy.

Pardon, Sir, my interposing in her Favour, in which my Husband also joins. She is my Sister. She is your Daughter; tho' she has not done so worthily as I wish, to become that Character. Be pleased, Sir, to forgive her, however; and also forgive me, pleading for her. Who am,

Your ever-dutiful Daughter,

LETTER LXVII. The Father’s Answer.

My dear Nanny,

YOU must believe that your Sister’s unadvised Marriage, which she must know would be disagreeable to me, gives me no small Concern; and yet I will assure you that it arises more from my Affection for her, than any other Consideration. In her Education I took all the Pains and Care my Circumstances would admit, and often flattered myself with the Hope that the happy Fruits of it would be made appear in her prudent Conduct. What she has now done is not vicious, but indiscreet; for, you must remember, that I have often declared in her Hearing, that the wild Assertion of a Rake making a good Husband, was the most dangerous Opinion a young Woman could imbibe.

I will not, however, in Pity to her, point out the many Ills I am afraid will attend her Rashness, because it is done, and cannot be helped; but wish she may be happier than I ever saw a Woman who leap’d so fatal a Precipice.

Her Husband has this Morning been with for her Fortune; and it was with much Temper I told him, That as all she could hope for was wholly at my Disposal, I should disburse it in such a manner as I thought would most contribute to her Advantage; and that, as he was a Stranger to me, I should chuse to know he deserved it, before he had the Power over what I intended to do for her. He bit his Lip, and, with a hasty Step, was my humble Servant.

Tell the rash Girl, that I would not have her to be afflicted at this Behaviour in me; for I know it will contribute to her Advantage one way or other: If he married her for her own sake, she will find no Alteration of Behaviour from this Disappointment: But if he married only for her Money, she will soon be glad to find it in my Possession, rather than his.

Your Interposition in her Behalf is very sisterly: And you see I have not the Resentment she might expect. But would to God she had acted with your Prudence! For her own sake I wish it. I am

Your loving Father.

LETTER LXVIII. To a Brother, against making his Wife and Children the constant Subject of his Praise and Conversation.

Dear Brother,

THE Love I have always had for you, and an Unwillingness I find in myself to say any thing that may put you to Confusion, has made me take this Method of acquainting you with a small Indiscretion I have often observed in you, and which I perceive gradually to gain Ground as your Family increases.

What I mean, is an immoderate Inclination to make your Spouse, and your Children, the Subject of Discourse where-ever you are. Imagine not that any Pique or Dislike draws this from me: My Sister, I think, is possessed of as many valuable Qualities as most of her Sex; and all your Children are very promising. No wonder then, that this. View makes a very deep Impression upon so tender a Heart as yours; and the Fondness of a Husband, and of a Father, is what must make you esteemed by all who consider the many Advantages arising from thence to Posterity. But a Mind full of Affection for what is so dear to himself, stands in need of the utmost Care, to keep what concerns only himself, from employing too much the Attention of others: What affects you most sensibly upon this Subject, is, even by your Friends, heard rather with an Ear of Censure than Applause: And what the tender Bias of a Father swells in your Conception to the most witty Repartee, by an Ear destitute of that Bias, sounds neither witty, nor uncommon; and you cannot mortify many Men more, than by dragging out an unwilling Ay, very pretty indeed, Sir: A charming Boy! or, Such a Saying was far above his Years, truly. Which kind of yawning Applause, is sometimes, by your Attention being strongly fixed to your Story, mistaken for Approbation, and you thereupon launch out farther upon the same Subject, when your Hearers are scarce able to conceal their Inattention. Besides, don’t you consider, that another Man may have as great Fondness for his, as you have for yours; and while your Children are the wittiest, the beautifullest, the hopefullest in England, do you not tacitly reflect upon every other Man’s Children in the Company?

To me, I grant you full Liberty to say whatever you please; nay, several little Tricks you tell of Patty and Tommy are agreeable enough to me, and some I think even entertaining; but to others, have a close Guard upon yourself, lest when you try to get your Children admired, you should get yourself despised. Let you and me, as Father and Uncle, keep all their little Whimsies to ourselves; for as

Strangers share not in the Affection and Expence attending them, why should they partake in the Entertainment they afford?

I hope my constant Behaviour has convinced you of my sincere Regard for your Interest and Reputation: What I have said, I mean for your Benefit: And you know me too well, to think otherwise of

Your tenderly affectionate Brother.

LETTER LXIX. From a Father to a Daughter, in Dislike of her Intentions to marry at too early an Age.

Dear Sally,

I WAS greatly surprised at the Letter you sent me last Week. I was willing to believe I saw in you, for your Years, so much of your late dear Mother's Temper, Prudence, and virtuous Disposition, that I refused several advantageous Offers of changing my own Condition, purely for your sake: And will you now convince me so early, that I have no Return to expect from you, but that the Moment a young Fellow throws himself in your way, you have nothing else to do, but to give me Notice to provide a Fortune for you? for that you intend to be of no further Use and Service to me. This, in plain English, is the Meaning of your Notification. For I suppose your young Man does not intend to marry you, without a Fortune. And can you then think, that a Father has nothing to do, but to confer Benefits on his Children, without being intitled to expect any Return from them?

To be sure, I had proposed, at a proper Time, to find a Husband for you; but I thought I had yet three or four Years to come. For, consider, Sally, you are not fully Sixteen Years of Age: And a Wife, believe me, ought to have some better Qualifications, than an agreeable Person to preserve a Husband's Esteem, tho' it often is enough to attract a Lover's Notice.

Have you Experience enough, think you, discreetly to conduct the Affairs of a Family? I thought you as yet not quite capable to manage House; and I am sure, my Judgment always took a Bias in your Favour.

Besides, let me tell you, I have great Exceptions to the Person, and think him by no means the Man I would chuse for your Husband. For which, if it be not too late, I will give good Reasons.

On the whole, you must expect, if you marry without my Consent, to live without my Assistance. Think it not hard: Your Disappointment cannot be greater than mine, if you will proceed. I have never used violent Measures to you on any Occasion and shall not on this. But yet I earnestly hope you will not hurry yourself to Destruction, and perhaps to the Grave, by an Action which a little Consideration may so easily prevent. I am

Your afflicted Father.

LETTER LXX. From a Father to a Daughter against a frothy, French Lover.

Dear Polly,

I CANNOT say I look upon Mr. La Farriere in the same favourable Light that you seem to do. His frothy Behaviour may divert well enough as an Acquaintance; but is very unanswerable, I think, to the Character of a Husband, especially an English Husband, which I take to be a graver Character than a French one. There is a Difference in these gay Gentlemen, while they strive to please, and when they expect to be obliged. In all Men this is too apparent: But in those of a light Turn it is more visible than in others. If after Marriage his present Temper should continue, when you are a careful Mother, he will look more like a Son than a Husband: If entering into the World should change his Disposition, expect no Medium; he will be the most insipid Mortal you can imagine; if his Spirits should be depressed by the Accidents of Life, he is such a Stranger to Reflection, (the best Counsellor of the Wise) that from thence he will be unable to draw Relief. And Adversity to such Men is the more intolerable, as their Deportment is suited only to the Smiles of Success.

He dances well; writes very indifferently: Is an Artist at Cards; but cannot cast Accounts: Understands all the Laws of Chance; but not one of the Land: Has shewn great Skill in the Improvement of his Person; yet none at all, that I hear, of his Estate: And tho' he makes a good Figure in Company, has never yet studied the Art of living at Home: He sings well; but knows nothing of Business: He has long acted the Part of a Lover; but may not find the same Variety and Entertainment in acting the Husband: Is very gallant; but may not be over affectionate: And is so tender of himself, that he will have little Time to indulge any body else. — These, Child, are my Sentiments of him; you are not wholly ignorant of the World: I desire to guide, not to force, your Inclinations; and hope your calm Reason will banish all farther Thoughts of this Gentleman, who, however you may like him for a Partner at a Ball, seems not so well qualified for a Journey through the various Trials, from which no Station can exempt the married State. I am

Your affectionate Father.

LETTER LXXI. A modest Lover desiring an Aunt's Favour to her Niece.

Good Madam,

I HAVE several times, that I have been happy in the Company of your beloved Niece, thought to have spoken my Mind, and to declare to her the true Value and Affection I have for her. But just as I have been about to speak, my Fears have vanquish'd my Hopes, and I have been obliged to suspend my Purpose. I have thrown out several Hints, that I thought would have led the way to a fuller disclosing of the Secret that is too big for my Breast, and yet, when I am near her, is too important for Utterance. Will you be so good, Madam, to break way for me, if I am not wholly disapproved of by you; and prepare her dear Mind for a Declaration that I must make, and yet know not how to begin? — My Fortune and Expectations make me hope, that I may not on those Accounts be deemed unworthy: And could I, by half a Line from your Hand, hope, that there is no other Bar, I should be enabled to build on so desirable a Foundation, and to let your Niece know, how much my Happiness depends upon her Favour. Excuse, dear Madam, I beseech you, this Trouble, and this presumptuous Request, from

Your most obliged and obedient Servant,

LETTER LXXII. The Aunt's Answer, supposing the Gentleman deserves Encouragement.

SIR,

I CANNOT say I have any Dislike, as to my own part, to your Proposal, or your Manner of making it, whatever my Niece may have: because Diffidence is generally the Companion of Merit, and a Token of Respect: She is a Person of Prudence, and all her Friends are so throughly convinced of it, that her Choice will have the Weight it deserves with us all: So I cannot say, what will be the Event of your Declaration to her. Yet, so far as I may take upon myself to do, I will not deny your Request; but on her Return to me tomorrow will break the Ice as you desire, not doubting your Honour, and the Sincerity of your Professions; and I shall tell her moreover what I think of the Advances you make. I believe she has had the Prudence to keep her Heart intirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me: And is not so mean-spirited, as to be able to return Tyranny and Insult for true Value, when she is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the Happiness (permit me, tho' her Relation, to call it so) to meet with her Favour, will find this her Character, and that it is not owing to the fond Partiality of, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER LXXIII. The Answer, supposing the Gentleman is not approved.

SIR,

I HAVE intimated your Request to my Niece, who thinks herself obliged to your good Opinion of her: But begs that you will give over all Thoughts of applying to her on this Subject. She says she can by no means encourage your Address. It is better therefore to know this at first, because it will save her and yourself farther Trouble. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER LXXIV. From a respectful Lover to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE long struggled with the most honourable and respectful Passion that ever filled the Heart of Man. I have often try'd to reveal it personally; as often in this way; but never till now could prevail upon my Fears and Doubts. But I can no longer struggle with a Secret that has given me so much Torture to keep, and yet hitherto more, when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the Hope to see you, without Rapture; but when I have that Pleasure, instead of being animated as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a Diffidence in myself, and an exalted Opinion of your Worthiness? And is not this one strong Token of ardent Love! Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting Passion in its Operations! Since some it inspires with Courage, while others it deprives of all necessary Confidence. I can only assure you, Madam, that the Heart of Man never conceived a stronger or sincerer Passion than mine for you. If my Reverence for you is my Crime, I am sure it has been my sufficient Punishment. I need not say my Designs and Motives are honourable: Who dare approach so much virtuous Excellence, with a Supposition that such an Assurance is necessary? What my Fortune is, is well known, and I am ready to stand the Test of the strictest Inquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful Passion, by the favourable Line; that if what I here profess, and hope further to have an Opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionable Truth, then my humble Address will not quite be unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

Your passionate Admirer, and devoted Servant.

LETTER LXXV. The Answer.

SIR,

IF Modesty be the greatest Glory of our Sex, surely it cannot be blame-worthy in yours. For my own part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either Man or Woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect, where there is not a Diffidence of one's own Merit, and an high Opinion of the Person's we esteem.

To say more, on this Occasion, would little become me. To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart; and if you are sincere and generous, will receive as you ought, this Frankness from

Your humble Servant.

LETTER LXXVI. A humorous Epistle of neighbourly Occurrences and News, to a Bottle-Companion abroad.

Dear Bob,

I AM glad to hear you're in the Land of the Living still. You expect from me an Account of what has happen'd among your old Acquaintance since you have been abroad. I will give it you, and, 'bating that two or three Years always make vast Alterations in mature Life, you would be surpris'd at the Havock and Changes that small Space of Time has made in the Circle of our Acquaintance. To begin them with myself: I have had the Misfortune to lose my Son Jo; and my Daughter Judy is marry'd, and has brought me another Jo. Jack Kid of the Fountain, where we kept our Club, has lost his Wife, who was a special Bar-keeper, got his Maid Prise, with Child — you remember the Slut, by her mincing Airs — marry'd her, and is broke: But not till he had, with his horrid Stum, poison'd half the Society. We began to complain of his Wine, you know, before you left us; and I told him he should let us have Neat, who drank our Gallons, if he was honest to himself; and, if he was to regard Conscience as well as Interest, must do less Harm by dispensing his Rats-bane to those who drank Pints, than to those honest Fellows who swallow'd Gallons, and, in so handsome a Dose of the one, must take a too large Quantity of the other: But the Dog was incorrigible; for he went on brewing and poisoning, till he kill'd his best Customers, and then what could he expect?

Why what follow'd; for, truly, Bob, we began to tumble like rotten Sheep. As thus: The Dance was begun by that season'd Sinner Tim. Brackley, the Half-pint Man, who was always sotting by himself, with his Whets in the Morning, his Correctives after Dinner, and Digesters at Night, and at last tipt off of one of the Kitchen-benches in an Apoplexy. 'Tis true he was not of our Club; tho' we might have taken Warning by his Fall, as the Saying is; but were above it. So the Rot got among us; and first, honest laughing Jack Adams kick'd up of a Fever. Tom Dandy fell into a Jaundice and Dropsy, and when his Doctors said he was mending, slipt thro' their Fingers, in spite of their Art and Assurance. Roger Harman, the Punster, then tipt off the Perch, after very little Warning: And was follow'd in a Week by Arthur Sykes. Ralph Atkyns bid us Good-bye in a few Months after him. And Ben. Tomlyns, who, you remember, would never go home sober, tumbled down Stairs, and broke his Collar-bone. His Surgeon took him first, a Fever next, then his Doctor; and then, as it were of course, Death: A

natural Round enough, you'll say, Bob. His Widow made a handsome Burial for poor Ben.; took on grievously, and in Five Weeks married her Journeyman. Jemmy Hawkins was a long time ailing, yet would not leave off; so he dy'd, as one may say, of a more natural Death. Ralph Rawlins sell sick, after a large Dose; and had so narrow an Escape, that he was straighten'd into a Regimen; and now drinks Asses Milk of another Complexion than that which gave him his Malady; and between Physick and the Hyp, serves for a Memento Mori to others, and neither lives nor dies himself. While honest Capt. Tinker, who was deep gone in a Consumption, is in very little better Case: And if any thing saves him, and me, and the rest of our once numerous Society, it will be the Bankruptcy of our worthy Landlord; for that has quite broke us up.

So much for the Club, Bob. Now to the Neighbourhood about us, that you and I knew next best.

Jerry Jenkyns, the prim Mercer, has had a Statute taken out against him, and 5 s. in the Pound is all the Result of his pragmatical Fluttering. Dan. Pocock the Draper has had an Estate left him, and quitted Business: While Sam. Simpson the Grocer has lost one in Law, and gone mad upon it. See, Bob, the Ups and Downs of this transitory State! Harry Barlow the Turkey Merchant has left off to his Nephew, and now pines for want of Employment. Joshua Williams the Cheesemonger, a strange projecting Fellow, you know! is carried out of his Shop into a Sponging-house by his own Maggots. John Jones the Organist is married to Sykes's Daughter Peggy, who proves an arrant Shrew, and has broke about his Head his best Cremona Fiddle, in the Sight of half a dozen Neighbours. The Wise of Job Johnson, our Sword-cutler, has elop'd from him. You know they always liv'd like Dog and Cat. Paul Lane's Daughter Poll has had a Bastard by 'Squire Wilson's Coachman; and the 'Squire's own Daughter Miss Nelly has run away with her Father's Postilion. Dick Jenkyns, that vile Rake and Beau, is turn'd Quaker; and that still greater Libertine, Peter Mottram, Methodist: While old Satan, to make up his Loss in these two, has subdued Will Wigley, and Tom Allen, who you know used to be very hopeful young Fellows, and are now Rakes of the Town. Tony Williams I had like to have forgot. He has cheated all our Expectations, having escaped the Gallows, and dy'd a natural Death, after a hundred Rogueries, every one of which deserved Hanging.

Parson Matthews goes on preaching and living excellently, and has still as many Admirers as Hearers, but no Preferment: While old clumsy Parson Dromedary is made a Dean, and has Hopes, by his Sister's means, who is a Favourite of a certain great Man, to be a Bishop.

As to News of a publick Nature, the Papers, which no doubt you see, in the monthly Collections at least, will inform you best of that. By them however you'll

find very little Judgment to be form'd of our Affairs or our Ministers, as to the one being, or the other doing, right or wrong. For while some are made as black as Devils on one Side, they are made as white as Angels on the other. They never did one good thing, says the Enemy. They never did one bad one, says the Friend. For my own part, I think, considering the undoubted Truth of the Maxim Humanum est errare, and how much easier it is to find a Fault than to mend one, the Gentlemen in the Administration will be well off, if the Publick will middle the Matter between the two Extremes. Mean time one Side goes on, accusing without Mercy; the other, acquitting without Shame. 'Tis the Business of one Set of Papers to bespatter and throw Dirt; and of the other to follow after them, with a Scrubbing-brush and a Dish-clout: And after all — the one bedaubs so plentifully, and the other wipes off so slovenly, that, let me be hang'd, Bob, if I'd appear on 'Change with the Coat on my Back that a certain great Man stalks about in, without Concern, when these Dawbers and Scowerers have done their worst and their best upon it. But 'tis a great Matter to be used to such a Coat. And a great Happiness, I'll warrant, your Namesake thinks it, that with all this Rubbing and Scrubbing, it does not appear threadbare yet, after twenty Years Wear, and a hundred People trying to pick Holes in it.

But I have done with my News and my Politicks, in which I was ever but a Dabbler; and having written a terrible long Letter, and given you, as it were, the World in Miniature, think it time to close it; which I shall do with wishing, that now our poisoning Landlord Kidd is broke and gone, you were among us your old Friends now-and-then, to enliven us with your chearful Pipe, as you used to do in the Days of Yore, when we were all alive and merry. And with this hearty Wish, I conclude myself, dear Bob,

Your old Bottle-Companion, and humble Servant.

LETTER LXXVII. From a Nephew to his Aunt, on his slow Progress in a Courtship Affair.

Dear Aunt,

I HAVE made my Addresses, in the best manner I can, to Miss Dawley, but have not the least Room to boast of my Success: The Account you gave me of her good Sense, and many uncommon Qualifications, will not permit me to arraign her Conduct; and the good Opinion I have long entertained of myself, makes me very slow in blaming my own. I would have obey'd your Orders to write to you sooner, but knew not what to say; and by waiting till I began to fear you would think me negligent, I am in no better Condition. I first declared my Regard for her in a manner I thought most suitable for that Purpose. She very encouragingly made me no Answer; and when I spoke again upon the Subject, she ask'd how you did, and was glad to hear you were well. Being put out of my Play, I talk'd of indifferent Things a good while, and at last fell again upon the Reason of my attending her. She order'd the Cloth to be laid, and complaisantly hoped I would stay Supper. I had no more Opportunity for that time.

Two Days after, I repeated my Visit. She received me at first politely; but when I began to resume the Subject I came upon, she rung for the Maid, and bad her put on the Tea-kettle. About six Visits passed before I could obtain one Word to my Business: And the first Thing she answer'd upon that Head was, That Length of Time was necessary to the making of an Acquaintance that must not be either blushed at, or repented of: This she spoke with such an Air of Gravity, as put what I would have reply'd, quite out of my Head. Yet next Visit I began again. I told her how happy I should think myself, if I could be encouraged to hope for the smallest Share of her Favour. But she made me such an odd Answer, as plainly demonstrated to me, that I had more of her Contempt than Approbation. This made me as earnest as she, to wave the Subject; and so we went on upon the Weather, for a whole Week before; and when we had done that, we talk'd Politicks: And Admiral Vernon, and Lord Cathcart's Expedition, and the like Stuff, took Place. So that, in short, after Two Months Study how to accomplish the Happiness you pointed out for me, I find myself not one single Step advanced; for when I see her now, we both talk with seeming Satisfaction, on any Subject where Love has no Part: but when that is introduced, all her easy Eloquence sinks into Reserve.

I would not determine to give up my Address, before I had your farther Advice: In hopes of which I am,

Honoured Madam, your dutiful Nephew.

LETTER LXXVIII. The Aunt’s Answer, encouraging him to persevere.

Nephew Robert,

I Thought you had been better acquainted with the Art of Love, than to be so easily out of Heart. That such a Lady as Miss Dawley has not forbid your Visits, let me tell you, is Encouragement as much as you ought to expect. She is a Lady of fine Sense, and has had the Advantage of as fine an Education; and you must not expect a Lady of her Prudence and Merit, will be won by general Compliments; or that her Affection will be moved by the Notion of a sudden and precipitate Passion. Her Judgment must be first touch’d; for she views Marriage as a serious Thing: By it her Mother was made happy, and her Sister undone. I injoin the Continuation of your Addresses; for a more deserving Lady than Miss, does not live. And be sure, at least, to be more ambitious of appearing a Man of Sense, than a Lover. When the latter is accepted on account of the former, the Lady does Credit to her Choice. You young Fellows have such Notions of a Nine-days Courtship, that if it were indulged by all Women, none would, in a short time, be thought obliging, who did not make Modesty submit to Passion, and Discretion to Compliment. I desire to hear from you again a Month hence; and am, in the mean time,

Your affectionate Aunt.

LETTER LXXIX. A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Aversion to the tedious Forms of Courtship.

Dear Madam,

I Remember that one of the Ancients, in describing a Youth in Love, says he has neither Wisdom enough to speak, nor to hold his Tongue. If this be a just Description, the Sincerity of my Passion will admit of no Dispute: And whenever, in your Company, I behave like a Fool, forget not that you are answerable for my Incapacity. Having made bold to declare thus much, I must presume to say, that a favourable Reception of this will, I am certain, make me more worthy your Notice; but your Disdain would be what I believe myself incapable ever to surmount. To try by idle Fallacies, and airy Compliments, to prevail on your Judgment, is a Folly for any Man to attempt who knows you. No, Madam, your good Sense and Endowments have raised you far above the Necessity of practising the mean Artifices which prevail upon the less deserving of your Sex: You are not to be so lightly deceived; and if you were, give me leave to say, I should not think you deserving of the Trouble that would attend such an Attempt.

This, I must own, is no fashionable Letter from one who, I am sure, loves up to the greatest Hero of Romance: But as I would hope that the Happiness I sue for, should be lasting, it is certainly most eligible to take no Step to procure it but what will bear Reflection; for I should be happy to see you mine, when we have both out-lived the Taste for every thing that has not Virtue and Reason to support it. I am, Madam, notwithstanding this unpolish’d Address,

Your most respectful Admirer, and obedient Servant.

LETTER LXXX. The Lady’s Answer, encouraging a farther Declaration.

SIR,

I AM very little in Love with the fashionable Methods of Courtship: Sincerity with me is preferable to Compliments; yet I see no Reason why common Decency should be discarded. There is something so odd in your Style, that when I know whether you are in Jest or Earnest, I shall be less at a loss to answer you. Mean time, as there is abundant Room for rising, rather than sinking, in your Complaisance, you may possibly have chosen wisely to begin first at the lowst End. If this be the Case, I know not what your succeeding Addresses may produce: But I tell you fairly, that your present make no great Impression, yet perhaps as much as you intended, on

Your humble Servant

LETTER LXXXI. The Gentleman's Reply, more explicitly avowing his Passion.

Dearest Madam,

NOW I have the Hope of being not more despised for my acknowledg'd Affection, I declare to you, with all the Sincerity of a Man of Honour, that I have long had a most sincere Passion for you; but I have seen Gentlemen led such Dances, when they have given up their Affections to the lovely Tyrants of their Hearts, and could not help themselves, that I had no Courage to begin an Address in the usual Forms, even to you, of whose good Sense and Generosity I had nevertheless a great Opinion. You have favoured me with a few Lines, which I most humbly thank you for. And I do assure you, Madam, if you will be pleased to encourage my humble Suit, you shall have so just an Account of my Circumstances and Pretensions, as I hope will intitle me to your Favour in the honourable Light, in which I profess myself, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and faithful Admirer.

Be so good as to favour me with one Line more, to encourage my personal Attendance, if not disagreeable.

LETTER LXXXII. The Lady's Answer to his Reply, putting the Matter on a sudden Issue.

SIR,

AS we are both so well inclined to avoid unnecessary Trouble, as well as unnecessary Compliments, I think proper to acquaint you, That Mr. Johnson, of Pallmall, has the Management of all my Affairs; and is a Man of such Probity and Honour, that I do nothing in any Matters without him. I have no Dislike to your Person; and if you approve of what Mr. Johnson can acquaint you with, in relation to me, and I approve of his Report in your Favour, I shall be far from shewing any Gentleman, that I have either an insolent or a sordid Spirit, especially to such as do me the Honour of their good Opinion. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXIII. A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

Dear Aunt,

I AM much obliged to you for the Kindnes you intended me, in recommending Mr. Leadbeater to me for a Husband: But I must be so free as to tell you, he is a Man no way suited to my Inclination. I despise, ’tis true, the idle Rants of Romance; but am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The first time the honest Man came to see me, in the way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one Sunday after Sermon time: He began with telling me, what I found at my Fingers-ends; that it was very cold, and politely blow’d upon his. I immediately perceived, that his Passion for me could not keep him warm; and in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and with his Hand behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over; and looking about him, asked with the Tranquillity of a Man a Twelve-month married, and just come off a Journey, How all Friends did in the Country? I said, I hoped, very well; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam! — And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire, and after two or three Hems, and a long Pause —

I have heard, said he, a most excellent Sermon just now: Dr. Thomas is a fine Man truly: Did you ever hear him, Madam? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish-Church. That’s right, Madam, to be sure: What was your Subject to-day? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one truly; Dr. Thomas would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text today was, Evil Communications corrupt good Manners. A good Subject, Sir; I doubt not the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he can’t make a bad one upon any Subject. I rung for the Tea-kettle; for, thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unask’d; and how many Boys they had put out ‘Prentice, and Girls they had taught to knit and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say, (for I began to be horribly in the Vapours) It was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that’s his Word, I find) a very excellent one truly; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be sure; every good Man would contribute to such a worthy

Charity, to be sure. No doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O, ay, Madam, no doubt, as you say, I am sure I have sound it; blessed be God! And then he twang'd his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for a Husband! At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave; for I would not ask him to stay Supper: and moreover, he talk'd of going to a Lecture at St. Helen's; and then (tho' I had had an Opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the Time; for he took the Vapours he had put me into, for Devotion and Gravity at least, I believe) he press'd my Hand look'd frightfully kind, and gave me to understand as a Mark of his Favour, that if, upon further Conversation, and Inquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person; why, truly, I need not fear, in time, being blessed with him for my Husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe way of travelling toward the Land of Matrimony, as far as I know; but I cannot help wishing for a little more Entertainment on our Journey. I am willing to believe Mr. Leadbeater an honest Man, but am, at the same time, afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centres all Desert in a solemn Appearance, than with, dear Aunt,

Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

LETTER LXXXIV. Her Aunt's Answer, reprehending her ludicrous Turn of Mind.

Cousin Jenny,

IAM sorry you think Mr. Leadbeater so unsuitable a Lover. He is a serious, sober, good Man; and surely when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and good Master of a Family; those Characters should not be the Subjects of Ridicule, in Persons of our Sex especially, who would reap the greatest Advantage from them. But he talks of the Weather when he first sees you, it seems; and would you have him directly fall upon the Subject of Love, the Moment he beheld you?

He visited you just after Sermon, on a Sunday: And was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him?

His Turn for promoting the Religious Societies which you speak so slightly of, deserves more Regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a kind of Security to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Heart, could not make a bad Man, or a bad Husband. To put out poor Boys to 'Prentice, to teach Girls to sing Psalms, would be with very few a Subject for Ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide for the Children of others, would take still greater Care of his own.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Inquiry, as well as your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wife; for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than that you put in his Mouth: And, let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had so cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough Knowledge of your Character, that at the first Sight he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this his first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, a serious, and a worthy Man, as he is, and as one that thought flashy Compliments beneath him, in so serious an Affair as this.

I think, Cousin Jenny, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling toward the Land of Matrimony, but to the Land of Happiness, with respect as well to the next World as this. And it is to be hoped, that the better Entertainment you so much wish for, on your Journey, may not lead you too much out of your Way, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have to your Journey's End.

In short, I could rather have wish'd, that you could bring your Mind nearer to his Standard, than that he should bring down his to your Level. And you'd have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that solemn Appearance, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in him, is much more than mere Appearance.

Upon the whole, Cousin Jenny, I am sorry that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously a serious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age, wherein good Examples are so rare, and so much wanted; tho' at the same time I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an Affair as a Husband; and wish you and Mr. Leadbeater too, since you are so differently disposed, matched more suitably to each other's Mind, than you are likely to be together: For I am

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER LXXXV. From a Gentleman to his Mistress, resenting her supposed Coquetry.

MADAM,

BEAUTY has Charms which are not casily resisted; but it is, I presume, in the Power of the finest Woman breathing, to counter-balance all her Charms by a Conduct unworthy of them. This Manner of speaking, Madam, is what I am apprehensive you have not been enough used to: The Advantages you possess, independently of any Act of your own, cannot be any Warrant for a Behaviour repugnant to Honour, and strict good Manners. I ventured to address myself to you, Madam, upon Motives truly honourable, and best to be defended; but suffer me to say, that I never proposed to glory in adding one to the Number of your publick Admirers, or to be so tame, as to subject myself to any Usage. And if this be your Intention, and this only, I shall still admire you; but must leave the flattering of your Vanity to Gentlemen who have more Leisure, and less Sincerity, than, Madam,

Your most obedient Servant.

LETTER LXXXVI. The Lady’s angry Answer.

SIR,

BY the Letter I just now received from you, I fansy you have been a little too hasty, as well at too free, in your Conjectures about my Conduct. I hope it is such, and will be always such, as shall justify me to Persons of Honour of my own Sex, as well as yours. You have surely, Sir, a Right to act as you please; and (at present, however) so have I. How long I should have this Liberty, were I at your Mercy, this Letter of yours gives me a most desirable and seasonable Intimation.

For Goodness sake, Sir, let me do as I think proper: I see, you will. I sent not for you, nor asked you to be one of the Number you mention. And, if you think fit to withdraw your Name from the List, can I help it, if I would ever so fain? But could you not do this without resolving to affront me, and to reflect on my Conduct? I am unworthy of your Address. I grant it — Then you can forbear it. Perhaps I like to see the young Fellows dying for me; but since they can do it without impairing their Health, don’t be so very angry at me. In short, Sir, you are your own Master; and, Heaven be thank’d, I am, at present, my own Mistress; and your well-manner’d Letter will make me resolve to be so longer than perhaps I had otherwise resolved. You see my Follies in my Conduct. Thank you, Sir, for letting me know you do. I see your Sex in your Letter. Thank you, Sir, for that too. So being thus much obliged to you, in a double respect, can I do otherwise than subscribe myself,

Your thankful Servant?

LETTER LXXXVII. The Gentleman’s submissive Reply.

Dear Madam,

I BEG ten thousand Pardons for my rash Letter to you. I wish’d, too late, I could have recall’d it. And when I had the Favour of yours, I was under double Concern. But indeed, Madam, you treated me, I thought, too lightly; and Contempt is intolerable where a Mind is so sincerely devoted. I never saw a Lady I could love before I saw you. I never shall see another I wish to be mine; and as I must love you whether I will or no, I hope you’ll forgive my foolish Petulance. I am sure it was inspired by Motives, that, however culpable in their Effects, are intitled to your Forgiveness, as to the Cause. I cannot meanly sue, tho’ to you. Don’t let me undergo too heavy a Penance for my Rashness. You can mould me to any Form you please. But, dear Lady, let not my honest Heart suffer the more Torture, because it is so devotedly at your Service. Once again, I ask a thousand Pardons. — What can I say more? — I own I am hasty; but ’tis most when I think myself slighted, or used contemptuously, by those I love. Such Tempers, Madam, are not the worst, let me tell you. And tho’ I may be too ready to offend, yet am I always as ready to repent. And, dear, good Madam, let me be receiv’d to Favour this once, and I will be more cautious for the future. For I am, and ever must be, whether you’ll allow it or not,

Your most devoted Admirer, and humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXVIII. The Lady's forgiving Return.

SIR,

I Cannot help answering your Letter, because you seem sensible of your Fault. If your Temper is so captious, your Guard against it should be the stronger. It is no very comfortable View, let me tell you, that one sees a Person who wants to recommend himself to one's Friendship, so ready to take Fire. What has a Woman to do in common Discretion, but to avoid, while she can, a Prospect so unpleasing? For if she knows she cannot bear disreputable Imputations, as indeed she ought not, and that the Gentleman is not able to contain himself whenever he is pleased to be moved, from giving them; why this, truly, affords a most comfortable Appearance of a happy Life! However, Sir, I cannot bear Malice for a first Fault, tho' yet it looks like a Temper, even in a Friend, that one would rather fear than love. But if it be never repeated, at least till I give such Reasons for it, that neither Charity, nor a professed Esteem, can excuse, I shall hope, that what has happen'd may rather be of good than bad Use to us both. But indeed I must say, that if you cannot avoid such disagreeable Instances of your Sensibility, it will be Justice to both, now we are both free, to think no more of

Your humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXIX. Ridiculing a romantick Rhapsody in Courtship.

SIR,

MY Niece desires me to acquaint you, that she received your celestial Epistle last Night, as we were all sitting down to Supper; and she leaves it to me to answer it, according to the Effects it has produced. You must know then, that as soon as she had read it, there appear'd a more marvellous Metamorphosis in her Deportment, than any we read of in Ovid. She put on high Airs, and talk'd in a lofty Strain to Us, as well as to the Maids; nor knew she how to behave all the rest of the Evening. — You had so thoroughly proved her superior to all the Deities of the Antients, that she could not help fansying the homely Viands that stood before her, a Banquet of Paradise; and when she put to her Lips some of our common Tabledrink, it became immediately, in her Fancy, Nectar and Ambrosia; and she affected to sip, rather than drink. When, by your generous Aid, she had thus raised herself far above Mortality, she began to despise our Company, and thought her Grandmother and me too highly favoured by her Presence; and spoke to us in such a Tone, as made us honest Mortals amaz'd at her sudden Elevation.

In short, Sir, as she has placed such a thorough Confidence in you, as to believe whatever you are pleased to tell her, she begs you will never so far mortify her towering Ambition, as to treat her like any thing earthly.

If then you would make yourself worthy of her Favour, you must, in order to support the Description you have given of her, at least dart through the Clouds, or rise with the Morning-Goddess, and attend, in her airy Chariot, at her Chamber-window, where, you say, all the Graces wait; so that you will not be displeased with your Company.

Indeed she is under a Concern, which you must supply, for what Kind of Birds you will find to draw her Chariot; for Doves and Peacocks she would scorn to borrow of Venus and Juno, whom you make so much her Inferiors.

Here she put on a Royal Air: We will conclude Our own Letter Ourself, said she; so, taking Pen in Hand, she writes as underneath.

Don't let me, when the Car is quite in Readiness, be rudely disturbed: But tell Mercury, I would have him tap softly at my Window. I will rise in all my Glory, whip into my starry Calash, and rush through the Regions of Light, till, despising Mortality, we shall form some new Constellation, which some happy Astrologer may, perhaps, in Honour of us both, style the Twinklers of Moorfields. When I

have chosen my new Name, I will deign to write it; till when, I can only style myself, most obliging Sir,

Your Celestial, &c.

LETTER XC. Against a young Lady's affecting manly Airs; and also censuring the modern Riding-habits.

Dear Betsey,

THE Improvement that is visible in your Person, since your going to Bury, gives me much Pleasure; and the dawning of fine Sense, and a good Judgment, that discovers itself in your Conversation, makes me hope to see every Perfection of my Sister, your late excellent Mother, revived in you.

Yet one thing the Duty of a tender Uncle obliges me to blame in you; and that is, a certain Affectation that of late obtains in your Behaviour, of imitating the Manners of the other Sex, and appearing more masculine than either the amiable Softness of your Person or Sex can justify.

I have been particularly offended, let me tell you, my Dear, at your new Riding-habit; which is made so extravagantly in the Mode, that one cannot easily distinguish your Sex by it. For you neither look like a modest Girl in it, nor an agreeable Boy.

Some Conformity to the Fashion is allowable. But a cock'd Hat, a lac'd Jacket, a Fop's Peruke, what strange Metamorphoses do they make! And then the Air assumed with them, so pert, and so insipid, at the same time, makes, upon the whole, such a Boy-girl Figure, that I know of nothing that would become either the Air, or the Dress, but a young Italian Singer. For such an one, being neither Man nor Woman, would possibly be best distinguished by this Hermaphrodite Appearance.

In short, I would have you remember, my Dear, that as sure as any thing intrepid, free, and in a prudent Degree bold, becomes a Man; so whatever is soft, tender, and modest, renders your Sex amiable. In this one Instance we do not prefer our own Likeness; and the less you resemble us, the more you are sure to charm: For a masculine Woman is a Character as little creditable as becoming.

I am no Enemy to a proper Presence of Mind in Company; but would never have you appear bold, talkative, or assured. Modesty in the outward Behaviour, is a strong Prepossession in a Lady's Favour; and, without it, all your Perfections will be of little Service, either as to Reputation or Preferment. You want not Sense: and, I hope, will take kindly these well-intended Hints from

Your affectionate Uncle

LETTER XCI. Letter of a Father to a Daughter, relating to Three Persons of different Characters proposed to him, each for her Husband. With his Recommendation of one in Years.

Dear Polly,

I HAVE three several Proposals made me on your Account; and they are so particularly circumstanced, that I cannot approve of one of them.

The first is by Mr. Aldridge, for his Son John, who, you know, is very weak in his Intellects, and so apt to be misled, that he wants a Guardian for him in a Wife, and so does you the Reputation to think you a proper Person for that Office. But I think, the worst Weakness in the World in a Husband is, that of Intellect; and I should suffer much to have you linked to a Man who has no Head, and is, for that Reason, highly unworthy to be yours. A foolish Wife is much more tolerable, because she can be kept up; but a foolish Husband will do what he pleases, and go where he pleases; and tho' he knew nothing else, will think he knows too much to be controuled by his Wife; and will have this Lesson taught him by Rakes and Libertines, when he is capable of no other. So I did not think it necessary so much as to consult you about him.

The second is from Mr. Gough, for his Son Richard, who has run thro' such a Course of Libertinism, that he has hardly his Fellow, and has neither a sound Head, nor a sound Body; and is so far from being reclaim'd, that his Father proposes a Wife, as the last Hope, for him; and yet knows not whether he will accept of one, if one can be found that would venture upon him. So I could not think of suffering my Daughter to stand either to the Courtesy, or lie at the Mercy, of so profligate a Rake: tho', it seems, he vouchsafes to like you better, as his Father says, than any one he ever saw; which was the Reason of the old Man's Application to me.

The third was from Mr. Tomkins, whose Nephew is as bad a Sot, as the other is a Rake; but who promises to reform, if his Uncle can procure my Consent and yours. But as you had refused his Overtures when made to yourself, without consulting me, and for the very Reasons I should have rejected him, I would not trouble you about him; but gave a total Denial to the Request of his Uncle, who desired that the Matter might be brought on again, by my Authority and Interposition.

So, my good Girl has had hard Fortune, as one may say, in the Offers of three Persons, that it is impossible she should chuse out of: One so very a Fool, a second so profligate a Rake, and the third so vile a Sot, that there could be no Thought of any of the Three.

But I have a fourth Affair to mention to you, against which there can lie but one Objection; and that is, some Disparity in Years. This is my good Friend Mr. Rowe; as honest a Man as ever liv'd; a Man of Prudence; a Man of good Fortune, and easy Circumstance; Master of a genteel House and Business; well respected by all the World, and most by those who know him best; a good-natur'd Man, humane, compassionate, and, tho' frugal, not a Niggard.

Now, my dear Daughter, What think you of Mr. Rowe? — He has an high Opinion of your Prudence and Discretion; but wishes himself, that you were either Ten Years older, or he Ten Years younger. — Yet he thinks, if you can get over that Point, he could make you one of the fondest of Husbands, and that there is not any thing but he could and would oblige you in.

I too, my Dear, wish there was a nearer Agreement in Years; yet, considering the Hazards a young Woman runs, as the World goes, from Rakes, Sots, and Fools, of every Degree; considering that in this Matter, there is but one only thing to be wish'd for; and that all the grand Desirables of Life will be so well supply'd; considering too that he is a sightly, a neat, a personable Man, and has good Health, good Spirits, and good Humour, and is not yet got quite at the Top of the Hill of Life. Considering all these Things, I say, I think that one Consideration might be given up for the many other more material ones, which would be so well supply'd in this Match.

Say, my dear Daughter, say freely, what you think. You'll much oblige me, if you can get this Matter over. But if you cannot, (and be so happy as I wish you) — why then — I don't know what to say — But I must — I think — acquiesce. But yet, I could once more wish — But I will say no more till I have your Answer, but that I am

Your most indulgent Father.

LETTER XCII. Her Answer, dutifully expostulating on the Case.

Honoured Sir,

I AM sensible of the Obligations which both Nature and Gratitude lay me under to obey your Commands; and am willing to do so at all Events, if what I have to offer be not thought sufficient to excuse my Compliance.

Mr. Rowe is, I believe, possessed of all the Merit you ascribe to him. But be not displeased, dear Sir, when I say, that he seems not so proper an Husband for me, as for a Woman of more Years and Experience.

His advanced Years, give me leave to say, will be far from being agreeable to me; and will not my Youth, or at least the Effects of it, in some Particulars, be distasteful to him? Will not that innocent Levity, which is almost inseparable from my Time of Life, appear to him in a more despisable Light, than perhaps it deserves? For, Sir, is not a Likeness of Years attended with a Likeness of Manners, a Likeness of Humours, an Agreement in Diversions and Pleasures, and Thinking too? And can such Likenesses, such Agreements, be naturally expected, where the Years on one Side double the Number of the other? Besides, Sir, is not this Defect, if I may so call it, a Defect that will be far from mending by Time?

Your great Goodness, and the Tenderness I have always experienc'd from you, have embolden'd me to speak thus freely upon a Concern that is of the highest Importance to my future Welfare, which I know you have in View from more solid Motives than I am capable of entertaining. And if you still insist upon my Obedience, I will only take the Liberty to observe, that if I do marry Mr. Rowe, it will be intirely the Effect of my Duty to the best of Fathers, and not of an Affection for a Gentleman that I respect in every other Light but that you propose him in. And dear, good Sir, consider then, what Misunderstandings and evil Consequences may possibly arise from hence, and render unhappy the future Life of

Your most dutiful Daughter,

I am greatly obliged to you, Sir, that you refused, without consulting me, the three strange Overtures you mention.

LETTER XCIII. His Reply, urgently inforcing, but not compelling, her Compliance with his Desire.

Dear Polly,

I AM far from taking amiss what you have written, in Answer to my Recommendation of my worthy Friend Mr. Rowe; and I am sure, if I was to shew him your Letter, he would never permit you to be urged more on this Head. But, my Dear, I own my Wishes and my Heart are engaged in his, shall I say, or in your own Favour? And I would hope, that notwithstanding all you have written, your good Sense, and that Discretion for which you have been hitherto so deservedly noted, may, on mature Reflection, enable you to overcome the Objection that would be insuperable to lighter and airier Minds of your Sex.

Such is the Profligateness of the Generality of young Fellows of the present Age, that I own I look into the World with Affrightment, at the Risques which a virtuous young Woman has to encounter with on a Change of Condition, which makes me dwell upon the Point with the greater Earnestness. And you know, my Dear, I can have no Motive but your Good.

Then, Child, consider the Reputation this Match, to all who know Mr. Rowe's Worth, will bring to your Prudence, and even to your Sex. For it is as much Credit to a young Lady to marry a worthy Man, older than herself, as it is Discredit for an old Woman to marry a young Man. Does my Polly take my Meaning? The Case is plain. Besides, no-body thinks Ten or Twelve Years Difference in a Man's Age any thing out of the way. So, my Dear, it is not Twenty Years Odds; it is only Ten at most.

Then, again, he is a good-natur'd Man; there's a great deal in that, you know.

To be sure, my Dear, it is my good Opinion of your Prudence, that makes me endeavour to persuade you to this. And I could be glad, methinks, to find, that I have not too high a Notion of your Discretion, in the Preference I am willing to give it to that of all the young Ladies I know.

But if I am mistaken, I mean, if you cannot get over this one Difficulty, I shall be apt to think, so surmountable does it seem to me, that you have seen somebody you like, and are prepossess'd. Yet I cannot believe that neither, because you know I have so tender a Regard for your own Option, that you would have made me acquainted with it.

Yet, after all, far be it from me to compel your Inclinations! But if you should be so happy as to think with me, that the many valuable Qualitics Mr. Rowe is possessed of, are scarcely to be hoped for in a younger Man, as the World now

goes, you would make me very happy; and I am persuaded you will never repent your Choice.

One thing more let me urge, my Dear; for you see how my Heart's upon it. How many very virtuous young Maidens have married, for the sake of Riches only, a Man much older, much more disagreeable, waspish, humoursome, diseased, decrepit, and yet have lived Years without Reproach, and made themselves not unhappy! And will not my dear Daughter do as much to oblige her Father, (and where Health, Good-nature, Wisdom, Discretion, and great Circumstances meet to enforce the Argument) as others would do, where not one of these Advantages are in the Case, except the single Article of Riches? Only then, my Dear, let Mr. Rowe attend you, two or three times, before you absolutely set yourself against him. And, as I hope your Affections are intirely disengaged, you will soon see whether his Conversation or Proposals will not incline you in his Favour, considering all things; that is to say, considering the one thing AGAINST him, and the many FOR him. And if it cannot be, I will intirely acquiesce, being ever studious of your Happiness, as becomes

Your indulgent Father.

LETTER XCIV. To a rich Widow Lady with Children, dissuading her from marrying a Widower of meaner Degree, who has Children also.

Dear Madam,

IT is with some Reluctance, and great Respect, that I prevail on myself to give you this Trouble. The frequent Visits Mr. Clarkson makes you, and the Airs that Gentleman gives himself, have given Birth to a Report, that a Treaty of Marriage between you is on foot; and that, in all Probability, it will be soon brought to Effect.

To be sure, Mr. Clarkson is not to be blam'd, to endeavour to procure for his Wife a Lady of your Prudence, good Character, and Fortune; but whether you will be able to avoid the Censure of the World, if you chuse him for a Husband, is another Point, which greatly concerns you to consider of, and affects me, and all who wish you well.

His Fortune, Madam, is not equal to yours, supposing it to be better than the World reports it: He has Children: So have you. What Inconveniencies may not arise from hence? Especially, as he is not thought to be one of the best and smoothesttemper'd Men in the World. — His Character is not equal in any respect, to say the least, (for I would not detract from any Man's Merit) to that of your late good Spouse, my dear Friend; who would have been much grieved, if he had had but the least Apprehension, that the Man he would not have accompany'd with, should succeed him in his Bed.

Far be it from me, dear Madam, if you are so disposed, as to wish to hinder you from a Change of Condition with a suitable Person! But as your late Spouse left his and your Children so much in your Power, methinks you should take especial Care, how and to whom you communicate any Part of that Power, and thereby give a Right to controul not only them, but yourself. Must he not be partial to his own Children? And will he not expect, that your Complaisance to him should make you so too; or, at least, be his Childrens Behaviour what it will, that it shall induce you to put them upon a Par with your own? His Daughters will be Spies upon your Conduct, and, be you ever so kind to them, will always suspect your Partiality to your own, and treat you as their Mother-in-law; and their Father will believe all they shall suggest, for that very Reason, and because he will judge, tho' perhaps not allow for, that you ought to prefer your own to his: And this will be the Source of perpetual Uneasinesses between you. Consider, dear Madam, whether your late affectionate Spouse deserved from you, that his

Children and your own should be put upon such Difficulties, in Favour of those of any other Person whatever.

No doubt but you may make your own Conditions with Mr. Clarkson. He will be glad to call you and your Fortune his, upon any Terms: But consider, Madam, how difficult it may be, whatever Articles you make, for a good Wife, who has been accustom'd to think her Interest the same with that of her Husband, to refuse to his Importunities, and perhaps to his Conveniency, if not Necessities, those Communications of Fortune which you may reserve in your own Power, when they will make him easier in Circumstance, and more complaisant in Temper: And how hard it will be to deny a Man any thing, to whom you have given your Person, and to whom you have vowed Duty and Obedience. But if you should have the Resolution to refuse him, what he may not be backward to ask, do you think yourself so well able to bear that Indifference, if not worse, which such a Refusal may occasion? And would you chuse to have Advantage taken of your tenderest Hours, either to induce you to acquiesce with Importunities, which, comply'd with, may hurt your Children; or, to have those tender Moments dash'd with Suspicions of Selfishness and Design; for Prudence will oblige you to be on your Guard, that even the highest Acts of Kindness, and the strongest Professions of Affection, may not be preparative Arts to obtain from you Concessions you ought not to make. And how will the pure Joys which flow from an unsuspected Union of Minds and Interests, the Want whereof will make any Matrimony unhappy, be found in a State thus circumstantiated?

If, Madam, you are bent upon a Change of Condition, your Friends would wish first, that you will be pleased absolutely to ascertain the Fortunes of your Children, according to the Design and Will of their dear Father, as far as may legally be done, either by chusing Trustees for them, or by such other way as shall put it out of a new Husband's Power to hurt them: And when he shall know this is done, you will have a better Testimony of his Affection, as he will know what is, and what is not yours, and can hope for no more, because it is not in your Power to give more. But how much more is it to be wished, for your own sake, as well as your Childrens, that if you do change, it may be with a Person who has no Children? And then what other Children may be the Results of your new Marriage, they will be your own as well as his, and so be more properly intitled to your Care and your Kindness, than any Man's Children by another Wife can be.

By this means, Madam, most of the Uneasinesses we every Day see in Families, where are two Sorts of Children, will be prevented; or perhaps your present Children will be grown up, and out of the way, before the other can interfere essentially with them; or if not, they will be naturalized, as one may say,

to each other; and having the same Mother, who has an equal Interest in them all, will expect and allow for an equal Exertion of Tenderness and Favour to all.

I will trouble you with no more at present on this Head; and am confident, that when you consider maturely what I have written, and the respectful Manner in which I have ventur'd to give my Opinion, and my own Disinterestedness besides, and that I might still have urged other powerful Motives, which I forbear in Honour to you, you will have the Goodness to excuse the Liberty I have taken, which is so suitable to the Laws of Friendship, by which I am bound to be, dear Madam,

Your zealous Well-wisher, and humble Servant.

Instructions to young Orphan Ladies, as well as others, how to judge of Proposals of Marriage made to them without their Guardians or Friends Consent, by their Milaners, Mantua-makers, or other Go-betweens.

A YOUNG Orphan Lady, of an independent Fortune, receivable at Age, or Day of Marriage, will hardly sail of several Attempts to engage her Affections. And the following general Rules and Instructions will be of Use to her on these Occasions:

In the first place, she ought to mistrust all those who shall seek to set her against her Guardian, or those Relations to whom her Fortune or Person is intrusted: And, next, to be apprehensive of all such as privately want to be introduced to her, and who avoid treating with her Guardian first for his Consent. For she may be assur'd, that if a young Man has Proposals to make, which he himself thinks would be accepted by a Person of Years and Experience, he will apply in a regular way to her Friends; but if he has not, he will hope to engage the young Lady's Affections by the means of her Milaner, her Mantua-maker, or her Servant, and so by Bribes and Promises endeavour to make his way to her Favour, in order to take Advantage of her Youth and Inexperience: For this is the constant Method of Fortune-hunters, to which many a worthy young Lady of good Sense and good Fortune has owed her utter Ruin.

The following are generally the Methods taken by this Set of Designers:

These industrious Go-betweens, who hope to make a Market of a young Lady's Affections, generally by Letter, or Word of Mouth, if they have Opportunity, set forth to the young Lady:

"That there is a certain young Gentleman of great Merit, of a handsome Person, and fine Expectations, or prosperous Business, who is fallen deeply in Love with her. And very probably, the young Lady, having no bad Opinion of herself, and loving to be admired, believes it very easily."

"That he has seen her at Church, or the Opera, the Play, the Assembly, &c. and is impatient to make known his Passion to her."

“That he is unwilling to apply to her Guardian, till he knows how his Address will be received by herself.”

“That, besides, it may very probably be the Case, that her Guardian may form Obstacles, which may not be reasonable on her Part to give into.”

“That, if he has Daughters of his own, he would perhaps rather see them marry’d first.”

“That he may not care to part with her Fortune, and the Reputation and Convenience the Management of it may give him.”

“That he may design to marry her, when he thinks proper, to some Person agreeable to his own Interest or Inclinations, without consulting hers as he ought.”

“That, therefore, it would be best, that her Guardian should know nothing of the Matter, till she saw whether she could approve the Gentleman or not.”

“That even then she might encourage his Address, or disccountenance it as she pleased.”

“That for her the Proposer’s part, she had no Interest in the world, one way or other; and no View, but to serve the young Lady, and to oblige a young Gentleman so well qualify’d to make her happy.”

And such-like plausible Assurances; ending, perhaps,

“with desiring to bring on an Interview, or, if that will not be admitted, that she will receive a Letter from him.”

This kind of Introduction ought always to be suspected by a prudent young Lady. She ought with Warmth and Resentment to discourage the officious Proposer. She ought to acquaint her,

“That she is resolved never to give way to a Proposal of this Importance, without the Consent and Approbation of her Guardian or Friends.”

“That her good Father or Mother, who had seen the World, and had many Years Experience of her Guardian’s Honour and Qualifications for such a Trust, knew what they did, when they put her under his Care.”

“That he had always shewn an honest and generous Regard for her Welfare.”

“That she took it very unkindly of the Proposer, to offer to inspire her with Doubts of his Conduct, when she had none herself, nor Reason for any.”

“That it was Time enough when he gave her Reason, to be apprehensive of his sinister Designs, or of his preferring his own Interest to hers.”

“That it was a very strange Attempt to make her mistrust a Friend, a Relation, a Gentleman, who was chosen for this Trust by her dear Parents, on many Years Experience of his Honour and Probity, and of whose Goodness to her, for so long time past, she herself had many Proofs: And this in Favour of a Person who had a visible Interest to induce him to this Application; whose Person she hardly knew,

if at all; whose Professions she could not judge of; who began by such mean, such groundless, such unworthy Insinuations: Who might, or might not, be the Person he pretended; and who wanted to induce her to prefer himself, on no Acquaintance at all, to a Gentleman she had so many Years known; and whose Honour, good Character, Reputation, and Conscience, were all engaged to her as so many Pledges for his honourable Behaviour to her."

"That she the Proposer, and the young Gentleman too, must have a very indifferent Opinion of her Gratitude, her Prudence, her Discretion, to make such an Attempt upon her."

"That if he could approve himself to a Man of Years and Experience, who was not to be imposed upon by blind Passion, in the Light he wanted to appear in to her, why should he not apply to him first?"

"That surely it was a very ungenerous as well as suspicious Method of Proceeding, that he could find no other way to give her an Opinion of himself, but by endeavouring to depreciate the Character of a Gentleman, who, by this Method, plainly appeared to his own Apprehension to stand in the way of his Proceedings; and that too before he had try'd him; and which shewed, that he himself had not hope of succeeding, but by Arts of Delusion, Flattery, and a clandestine Address, and had nothing but her own Inadvertence and Inexperience to build upon."

"That, therefore, it behoved her, had she no other Reason, to reject with Resentment and Disdain a Conduct so affrontive to her Understanding, as well as selfish and ungenerous in the Proposer."

"That, therefore, she would not countenance any Interview with a Person capable of acting in such a manner, nor receive any Letter from him."

"And lastly, that she desires never to hear of this Matter again, from her the Proposer, if she would have her retain for her that good Opinion, which she had hitherto had."

This prudent Reasoning and Conduct will make the Intervener quit her Design upon the young Lady, if she is not wholly abandoned of all Sense of Shame, and corrupted by high Bribes and Promises; and in this Case, the young Lady will judge how unfit such a Person is either for her Confident or Acquaintance. Nor will the Lady lose an humble Servant worthy of being retain'd or encouraged: For if he be the Person he pretends, he will directly apply to her Guardian, and have a high Opinion of her Prudence and Discretion; and if she hears no more of him, she may conclude, he could not make good his Pretensions to a Person of Discernment, and will have Occasion to rejoice in escaping his designing Arts with so little Trouble to herself.

If a Lady has had actually a Letter delivered her from such a Pretender, and that by means of a Person who has any Share in her Confidence, and wants a Form of a Letter to send to the Recommender to discourage the Proceeding; the following, which has been sent with good Effect, on a like Occasion, may be proper.

LETTER XCV.

Mrs. Pratt,

I INCLOSE the Letter you put into my Hands, and hope it will be the last I shall ever receive from you or any body else on the like Occasion. I am intirely satisfied in the Care and Kindness of my Guardian, and shall encourage no Proposal of this sort, but what comes recommended to me by his Approbation. He knows the World. I do not; and that which is not fit for him to know, is not fit for me to receive; and I am sorry either you or the Writer looks upon me in so weak a Light, as to imagine I would wish to take myself out of the Hands of so experienced a Friend, to throw myself into those of a Stranger. Yet I would not, as this is the first Attempt of the kind from you, and that it may rather be the Effect of Inconsideration, than Design, shew it my Guardian; because he would not perhaps impute it to so favourable a Motive in you, as I am willing to do, being

Your Friend and Servant.

If there be no Go-between, but that a young Fellow takes upon himself to send Letters to teize a young Lady to encourage his Address, by his romantick Professions of his Affection and Regard for her, and attributing such Perfections to her, as no one Woman ever had; and if she is desirous, but knows not how, to get rid of his troublesome Importunity; and that even a contemptuous Silence, which it is prudent for a young Lady to shew on such an Occasion, has no Effect upon him; nor yet that he will desist, tho' she returns his Letters unopen'd, or in a blank Cover, after she happens to have read them, then let the Lady get some Friend to write to him, looking upon him as beneath her own Notice; for even a Denial, if given in Writing under her own Hand, will encourage some presumptuous Men; or at least they may make some Use of it to the Lady's Disadvantage, and ought not to have it to boast, that they have received a Letter from her, tho' ever so much to their own Discredit, if it were shewn. And the following may be the Form:

LETTER XCVI.

SIR,

YOU have thought fit to write to Miss Knollys twice or thrice in a very troublesome manner. She cannot possibly so far forget what belongs to Herself and Character, as to answer you any other way than by the Contempt of Silence. Yet since she cannot, it seems, be free from your Impertinence, she wishes you may be told, That you must have as mean an Opinion of her Judgment, as all who read your Epistles, must have of yours, if you can expect Success from such inconsistent Rhapsodies.

I will from myself venture to give you one Piece of Advice; That the next Person you pretend to address with your bright Compositions, you don’t in them forget one Ingredient, which is common Sense; tho’ you should be forced to borrow it. I am

Yours, unknown.

Or, if this be thought too affronting, the following:

LETTER XCVII.

SIR,

YOU are desired to send no more of your elaborate Epistles to Miss Knollys. You are quite mistaken in the Lady. She knows herself, and by your Letter she knows you, so well, that she sends it back, that you may find some other Person to send it to, whose Sentiments and Understanding are better proportion’d to your own. I am, Sir, &c.

If the Letters of the young Fellow deserve less Severity, and are such as have not their Foundation in Romance and Bombast; but yet the Lady thinks not proper to encourage his Address, this Form may serve:

LETTER XCVIII.

SIR,

I AM desir’d to acquaint you, that Miss Knollys thinks herself obliged to every one who has a good Opinion of her; but begs, that you will not give yourself, or her, the Trouble of any more letters. For Things are so circumstanced, that she has neither Inclination nor Power to encourage your Address. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant, unknown.

If the Lady has a mind to rebuke the Attempt of a clandestine Address to her, and yet thinks the Proposal not absolutely unworthy of Attention, did it come regularly to her, by means of her Father, Mother, Guardian, &c. this Form may be observed:

LETTER XCIX.

SIR,

MISS Knollys desires you should be informed, which she presumes you did not know, That she can never think herself at her own Disposal, while she has so near and so good a Friend to advise with as Mr. Archer, whose Wisdom she much prefers to her own, as his Experience in the World, and Kindness to her, make him deserve to be consulted, in all her Affairs of Moment. Whatever shall appear fit to him, will have great Weight with her; and there is but that one possible way to engage her Attention. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Or, if the Lady has not a Guardian, or Father, or Mother, but some Friend in whom she can consider, the following may be a proper Form:

LETTER C.

SIR,

IT may not be amiss to acquaint you, that Miss Knollys is so happy as to have a Friend of Experience and Probity, without whose Advice she undertakes nothing of Consequence. It is Mr. Salter, of Grace-church-street. And she will not care to admit of any Proposal of Moment to her that has not passed his Approbation. This, she hopes, will save her and yourself the Trouble of any further Applications. I am

Your humble Servant.

Or this:

LETTER CI.

SIR,

MR. Salter, of Grace-church-street, being a Gentleman that Miss Knollys consults in all her Affairs, she refers to him all Proposals that are or may be of Importance to her, and desires to receive no more Letters or Messages from you, by any other Hand. I am

Your humble Servant, unknown.

LETTER CII. From a Town-Tenant to his Landlord, excusing Delay of Payment.

Honoured Sir,

I AM under a great Concern, that I cannot at present answer your just Expectations. I have sustained such heavy Losses, and met with such great Disappointments of late, that I must intrude another Quarter on your Goodness. Then, whatever Shifts I am put to, you shall hear to more Satisfaction than at present, from, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

LETTER CIII. From a Country Tenant to the same Purpose.

Honoured Sir,

THE Season has been so bad, and I have had such unhappy Accidents to encounter with in a sick Family, Loss of Cattle, &c. that I am obliged to trespass upon your Patience a Month or two longer. The Wheat-harvest, I hope, will furnish me the Means to answer your just Expectations; which will be a great Contentment to

Your honest Tenant, and humble Servant.

LETTER CIV. The Landlord’s Answer.

Mr. Jacobs,

I HAVE yours: I hope you’ll be as good as your Word at the Expiration of the Time you have mentioned. I am unwilling to distress any honest Man; and I hope, that I shall not meet with the worse Usage for my Forbearance. For Lenity abused, even in generous Tempers, provokes Returns, that some People would call severe; but should not be deemed such, if just. I am

Yours, &c.

LETTER CV. A threatening Letter from a Steward on Delay of Payment.

Mr. Atkins,

I HAVE mentioned your Case to Sir John, as you requested. He is exceedingly provoked at your Usage, and swears bloodily he'll seize, and throw you into Gaol, if he has not 20 l. at least paid him by Quarter-day, which is now at hand; so you know what you have to trust to; and I would have you avoid the Consequences at any rate; for he is resolved otherwise to do as he says. Of this I assure you, who am

Yours, &c.

LETTER CVI. The poor Tenant’s moving Answer.

Good Mr. Taverner,

I AM at my Wits end almost on what you write. But if I am to be ruined, with my numerous Family, and a poor industrious, but ailing Wife, how can I help it? For I cannot possibly raise 20 l. any manner of way by the Time you mention. I hope Sir John won’t be so hardhearted. For if God Almighty, our common Landlord, should be equally hard upon us, what would become of us all? Forgive my Boldness to talk of God Almighty to his Honour, in this free manner.

I would do it, if it was to be done; but you know, Sir, what a Season we have had. And an honester Tenant his Honour will never have, that I am sure of. But if Money won’t rise, what can I do? Should I sell my Team, and my Utensils for Labour, there is an End of all. I shall have no Means left me then wherewith to pay his Honour, or any body else. If his Honour will not be moved, but will seize, pray, good Mr. Taverner, prevail on him not to throw me into Gaol, for a Prison pays no Debts; but let my poor Wife and Six small Children lie in the Barn, till I can get a little Day-labour; for that must be all I can have to trust to, if his Honour seizes. I hear my Man William that was, has just taken a Farm; may be, he will employ his poor ruin’d Master, if I am not prison’d. But if I be, why then the Parish must do something for my poor Children, tho’ I hoped they would never trouble it. Lay these things before his Honour, good Sir, and forgive this Trouble from

His Honour’s honest, tho’ unfortunate Tenant.

LETTER CVII. The Steward's Reply, giving more Time.

Mr. Atkins,

I HAVE laid your Letter and your Case before Sir John: He is moved with it, and says he will have Patience another Quarter, to see what you'll do. Consider, Man, however, that Gentlemen live at a great Expence, are obliged to keep up their Port, and if their Tenants fail them, why then they must fail their Tradesmen, and suffer in their Credit. You have good Crops of all Kinds on the Ground; and surely may by next Quarter raise 40 or 50l. tho' you could not raise 20l. in a Fortnight. This Sir John will expect at least, I can tell you. And you may comply with it from the Produce of so good a Farm, surely. I am

Yours, &c.

LETTER CVIII. The poor Man’s thankful Letter in Return.

GOD bless his Honour, and God bless you, Mr. Taverner, that’s all I can say. We will now set our Hands to the Plough, as the Saying is, with chearful Hearts, and try what can be done. I am sure, I, and my Wife and Children too, tho’ three of them can but lisp their Prayers, shall Morning, Noon and Night, pray to God for his Honour’s Health and Prosperity, as well as for you and yours; and to enable me to be just to his Expectations. I’m sure it would be the Pride of my Heart to pay every body, his Honour especially. I have not run behind-hand for want of Industry; that all my Neighbours know; but Losses and Sickness I could not help; and nobody could live more frugal and sparing than both my Wife and I. Indeed we have hardly allowed ourselves Cloaths to our Backs, nor for our Children neither, tight, and clean, and wholsome as they may appear to those who see them: And we will continue to live so low as may only keep us in Heart to do our Labour, until we are got before-hand; which God grant. But all this, I told you before, Mr. Taverner; and so will say no more, but I will do all I can, and God give a Blessing to my Labours, as I mean honestly. So no more, but that I am, Sir,

Your ever-obliged Servant.

LETTER CIX. An Offer of Assistance to a Friend who has received great Losses by a Person's Failure.

Dear Sir,

I AM exceedingly concerned at the great Loss which you have lately sustained, by the Failure of Mr. Tranter. I hope you behave under it like the Man of Prudence you have always shewn yourself, and as one who knows how liable all Men are to Misfortunes. I think it incumbent on this Occasion, not to console you by Words only; but in the Spirit, and with the Chearfulness, of a most sincere Friend, to offer my Service to answer any present Demand, so far as 200 l. goes, which you shall have the Use of freely for a Twelve-month, or more, if your Affairs require it; and will even strain a Point rather than not oblige you, if more be necessary to your present Situation. You'll do me great Pleasure in accepting this Offer, as freely as it is kindly meant, by, dear Sir,

Your's most faithfully.

LETTER CX. The Friend's Answer, accepting the kind Offer.

My dear Friend,

HOW shall I find Words to express the grateful Sense I have of your Goodness? This is an Instance of true Friendship indeed! I accept most thankfully of some Part of your generous Offer, and will give you my Bond, payable in a Year, for 100l. which is at present all I have Occasion for; and if I did not know I could then, if not before, answer your Goodness as it deserves, I would not accept of the Favour. This Loss is very heavy and affecting to me, as you may suppose; yet your generous Friendship is no small Comfort to me in it. For so good a Friend is capable of making any Calamity light. I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged humble Servant.

LETTER CXI. The Friend's Answer, supposing he has no Occasion.

Dear Sir,

A THOUSAND Thanks to you for your generous Offer, and kind Advice. I have been not a little affected at the unexpected Failure of a Man all the World thought as good as the Bank. But, at present, I have no Occasion for your friendly Assistance. If I should, I know no one in the World I would sooner chuse to be obliged to; for I am, dear, kind Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

LETTER CXII. Of Consolation to a Friend in Prison for Debt.

Dear Sir,

I AM exceedingly concerned to hear, that the Severity of your Creditors has laid you under Confinement. But there is one Comfort results from it, that the utmost Stretch of their Revenge cannot carry them farther; and that when a Man is got to the undermost Part of Fortune's Wheel, he may rise, but cannot sink lower. You now know the worst, and have nothing to do, but to support your Misfortune with that true Magnanimity which becomes a noble Mind. Long, very long, have you been labouring under great Difficulties, and so have been enured to Misfortunes; and you have looked forward with such Anxiety and Pain to the hard Lot that has now befallen you, that 'tis impossible the bearing of it can be equal to the Apprehensions you had of it. You see all around you too many unhappy Objects reduced to the same Distress, and you see them either extricating themselves from those Difficulties, (as I hope you soon will) or learning to bear them with a true Christian Resignation. For well does the wise Man observe, that the Race is not to the Swift, nor the Battle to the Strong, nor Riches to a Man of Understanding. And it will yield you some Consolation when you reflect, that this Life is but a State of Probation, and he that meets with Misfortunes here, may, by a proper Use of them, and by God's Grace, be intitled to a blessed Hope; when a prosperous State may make a Man forgetful of his Duty, and so reap no other Good but what he finds in this transitory Life. Remember, my Friend, that the School of Affliction is the School of Wisdom; and so behave under this trying Calamity, as to say with the Royal Prophet, It is good for me, that I was afflicted.

I think myself, however, not a little unhappy, that my Circumstances will not permit me to assist you on this grievous Occasion, in the way a Friend would chuse to do, if he was able; but if by my personal Attendance on any of your Creditors or Friends, I can do you Pleasure or Service, I beg you to command me. For, in whatever is in my poor Power, I am, and shall ever be,

Your faithful Friend and Servant.

LETTER CXIII. In Answer to the preceding.

Dear Sir,

I NOW experience fully the Truth of the honest English Phrase, That a Friend in Need, is a Friend in Deed. You have filled me with such unspeakable Comfort to find that I am not abandoned by all my old Acquaintance, that, in a great measure, your seasonable Kindness will enable me to pursue the Advice you give me.

It is too late to look back now on the Steps that have brought me to this abject Condition. No doubt, were I to live my Life over again, I could do much better for myself than I have done, and should hardly run into some of the Failings that have help'd to bring such heavy Misfortunes upon me. But my Comfort is, I ever had an honest Intention, and never was a Sot or a Spendthrist. But yet, who knows, if I had avoided some Mistakes, that I might not have fallen into as bad another way? So I must acquiesce in the Dispensation, and pray to God, in his own good Time, to deliver me from it.

What is most grievous to me in this Matter, is my poor Wife and Children, who have deserved a happier Fate; had it been in my Power to have done better for them, than now I am ever likely to do.

As to your kind Offer, my dear Friend, I will beg to see you as often as may not be detrimental to your own Affairs. I care not how seldom I see my dear Wife: Neither her Heart nor mine can bear the Grief that oppresses us when we think of our happier Days and Prospects, and see them all concluded within these Bars, and Bolts, and Lattices; so that we sink one another still lower every doleful Visit the dear good Woman makes me. But your Visits, my Friend, will be of singular Use and Comfort to me, (as your Presence and kind Advice will be to her, as often as you can) to save us both the Mortification of seeing one another so often as my Affairs will otherwise require her to come to this dismal Place; for I cannot open my Mind to any body but you and her. I will also get you to go to Mr. Maddox, my principal Creditor, and one or two more; I will tell you about what; and only fear I shall be too troublesome to you. But you are so kind as to offer your Service in this way, and I am reduced to the sad Necessity of pushing myself upon you, without the least Hope of ever having it in my Power to shew you, as I wish to do, how much I am

Your grateful, tho' unhappy Servant.

LETTER CXIV. To a Person of Note, in Acknowledgment of great Benefits received.

Honoured Sir,

PERMIT me to approach you with the thankful Acknowledgments of a grateful Heart, on the Favour and Benefit your Goodness has conferred upon me. It shall be the Business of my whole Life, to the utmost of my Power, to deserve it; and my whole Family, which you have made happy by your Bounty, will every Day join with me in Prayers to God, to bless you with the Continuance of your valuable Health, a long Life, and all worldly Honour; for so it will become us to do, for the unmerited Favours conferr'd upon, honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful Servant.

LETTER CXV. Another for Favours of not so high, yet of a generous Nature.

Worthy Sir,

I SHOULD appear ungrateful, if I did not add this further Trouble to those I have already given you, of acknowledging your Goodness to me, in this last Instance of it. May God Almighty return to you, Sir, one hundred-fold, the Benefit you have conferr'd upon me, and give me Opportunity by my future Services, to shew my grateful Heart, and how much I am, worthy Sir,

Your for-ever obliged and dutiful Servant.

LETTER CXVI. An Excuse to a Person who wants to borrow Money.

SIR,

I AM very sorry, that your Request comes to me at a time when I am so press'd by my own Affairs, that I cannot with any Conveniency comply with it. I hope, Sir, you will therefore excuse

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER CXVII. On the same Subject.

SIR,

I HAVE, on an urgent Occasion, been obliged to borrow a Sum of Money myself within ten Days past: Hence you'll judge of my Want of Capacity rather than Inclination to comply with your Request. For I am

Your sincere Friend.

LETTER CXVIII. On the same Subject.

SIR,

IT is with no little Pain, that I am obliged to lay open to you, on occasion of the Loan you request of me, my own Inability. I shall make very hard Shift to answer some necessary Demands, which must be comply'd with by a certain Time; and so can only say, I am sorry I have it not in my Power to shew you how sincerely I am

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER CXIX. To a Friend in Compliance with his Request to borrow a Sum of Money.

SIR,

YOU have highly obliged me in the Request you make me. I most chearfully comply with it, and inclose a Note for the requested Sum, payable on Sight; and am not a little glad it is in my Power to shew you how much I am

Your faithful Friend and Servant.

LETTER CXX. Another on the same Occasion, limiting the Repayment to a certain Time.

SIR,

THE Intimation you give me, that the Sum of 50 Pounds will be of great Use to you, and that you shall be able to repay it in Four Months, makes me resolve to put myself to some Difficulty to oblige you. Accordingly I inclose a Bank Note to that Amount. But I must, in the Name of Friendship, beg of you to return it me unused, if you think you cannot keep your Word in the Repayment; for my accommodating you with this Sum, is rather, at present, a greater Testimony of my Inclination than Ability to serve you: For I am

Your affectionate Friend and Servant.

LETTER CXXI. To a Friend, on a Breach of Promise in not returning Money lent in his Exigence.

SIR,

WHEN you apply'd to me, in your Streights, for Assistance, and made such strong Promises of returning in Four Months what I advanced; little did I think, you would give me the irksome Occasion, either of reminding you of your Promise, or of acquainting you with the Streights in which my Friendship for you has involv'd myself. I have always endeavour'd to manage my Affairs with so much Prudence, as to keep within myself the Power of answering Demands upon me, without troubling my Friends; and I told you, I must expect you would keep your Word exactly to the Four Months, or else I should be distress'd, as bad as you were when you apply'd to me. Six Months passed, and you took no manner of Notice of the Matter, when I was forced to remind you of it, having been put to it, as I told you I should. You took a Fortnight longer, under still stronger Promises of Performance. And Three Weeks are now expired, and your second Promises are still as much to be performed as your first. Is this kind, is this friendly, is it grateful, Sir, let me ask you? And ought I to be made to suffer in my Credit, who was so ready to save yours? — When, too, mine had been in no Danger, had I not put out of my own Power what actually was then in it? I will only say, That if any Consideration remains with you for one so truly your Friend, let me immediately be paid, and take from me the cruel Necessity of reproaching you for Ingratitude, and myself for Folly: Who am, Sir,

Your unkindly used, &c.

LETTER CXXII. To a Friend, who had promised to lend a Sum of Money, to answer a critical Exigence, and drove it off to the last.

Dear Sir,

YOU were so kind as to tell me, a Fortnight ago, that you would lend me One hundred Pounds on my Bond, to answer a Demand that my Credit would be otherwise a Sufferer by. And you were pleased to say, you would have me look no further, and that I should certainly have it in time. I have looked no further, Sir; and the Day of Payment approaching, you cannot imagine how my Mind has suffered by being not absolutely sure of having the Money to answer the Demand. I hope, Sir, nothing has happen'd to make you alter your Mind; for, at this short Notice, I shall not know to whom to apply to raise it. In the utmost Perturbation of Mind, for fear of the worst, my Credit being wholly at Stake, I beg your Answer, which I hope will be to the Satisfaction of, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER CXXIII. The Answer, excusing the Pain he had given his Friend by his Remissness.

Dear Sir,

I WILL attend you this Afternoon with the Money, which I had always great Pleasure in the Thought of supplying you with; and I am most heartily vexed with myself, for giving you the Pain and Uneasiness that must have attended a Mind so punctual as yours, and in a Case so critically circumstanced. But I hope you'll forgive me, tho' I can hardly forgive myself. I am, Sir, as well on this, as on any other Occasion in my Power,

Your sincere Friend and Servant.

LETTER CXXIV. To one who, upon a very short Acquaintance, and without any visible Merit but Assurance, wants to borrow a Sum of Money.

SIR,

YOU did me the Favour of inquiring for me two or three times while I was out of Town. And among my Letters I find one from you, desiring the Loan of 50 Guineas. You must certainly have mistaken yourself or me very much, to think we were enough known to each other for such a Transaction. I was twice in your Company; I was delighted with your Conversation: You seemed as much pleased with mine: And if we both acted with Honour, the Obligation is mutual, and there can be no room to suppose me your Debtor. I have no churlish nor avaricious Heart, I will venture to say; but there must be Bounds to every thing; and Discretion is as necessary in conferring as in receiving a Kindness. To a Friend, my helping Hand ought to be lent, when his Necessities require it: You cannot think our Intimacy enough to commence that Relation; and should I answer the Demands of every new Acquaintance, I should soon want Power to oblige my old Friends, and even to serve myself. Surely, Sir, a Gentleman of your Merit cannot be so little beloved, as to be forced to seek to a new Acquaintance, and to have no better Friend than one of Yesterday. I will not do you the Injury to suppose, that you have not many, who have the best Reasons from long Knowledge, to oblige you: And, by your Application to me, I cannot think Bashfulness should stand in your way to them. Be this as it may, it does not at all suit my Conveniency to comply with your Request; and so I must beg you to excuse

Yours, &c.

LETTER CXXV. A Gentleman to a Lady who humorously resents his Mistress's Fondness of a Monkey, and Indifference to himself.

Madam,

I MUST be under the less Regret, for the Contempt with which you receive my Addresses, when your Favour is wholly engrossed by so wretched a Rival: For ought a rational Man to wonder he is received with Neglect and Slight by a Lady who can be taken up with the Admiration of a chattering Monkey? But pray be so good as to permit me to reason the Matter a little with you. I would ask you then, By what extraordinary Endowment this happy Creature has found Means to engross your Favour? Extravagance is never commendable: But while I am dying beneath your Frowns, how can you be profuse in your Caresses to so mean a Competitor? Condescend to view us in the same Light: What valuable Qualification is Mr. Pug endowed with, which I am destitute of? What can he do, which I cannot perform, tho' with less Agility, to full as good Purpose? Is it a Recommendation in him that he wears no Breeches? For my part, I will most willingly surrender mine at your Feet. Be impartial for once: Place us together before you: View our Faces, our Airs, our Shapes, and our Language. If he be handsomer than I, which, on a strict Scrutiny, I hope will not be allowed him neither, pray try our Wits: However acute he may be, I can assure you I reckon myself no Fool; if I was, I should less resent the Preference you give against me. I will sing or dance with him for his Ears: Turn him loose to me, I will sight him, if that be necessary to obtain your Favour; or do any thing in the World to shew you how much I am, and shall ever be, if you'll permit it,

Your very humble Admirer.

LETTER CXXVI. A Sailor to his betrothed Mistress.

Barbadoes, Oct. 9.

My dear Peggy,

IF you think of me half so often as I do of you, it will be every Hour; for you are never out of my Thoughts, and, when I am asleep, I constantly dream of my dear Peggy. I wear my Half-bit of Gold always at my Heart, ty'd to a blue Ribbon round my Neck; for True Blue, my dearest Love, is the Colour of Colours to me. Where, my Dearest, do you put yours? I hope you are careful of it; for it would be a bad Omen to lose it.

I hope you hold in the same Mind still, my dearest Dear; for God will never bless you, if you break the Vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful William, I would sooner have my Heart torn from my Breast, than it should harbour a Wish for any other Woman besides my Peggy, O my dearest Love! you are the Joy of my Life! My Thoughts are all of you; you are with me in all I do; and my Hope and my Wish is only to be yours. God send it may be so!

Our Captain talks of sailing soon for England; and then, and then — my dearest Peggy! — O how I rejoice, how my Heart beats with Delight, that makes me I cannot tell how, when I think of arriving in England, and joining Hands with my Peggy, as we have Hearts before, I hope! I am sure I speak for one.

John Arthur, in the good Ship Elizabeth, Capt. Winterton, which is returning to England, (as I hope we shall soon) promises to deliver this into your own dear Hand; and he will bring you too, Six Bottles of Citron-water as a Token of my Love. It is fit for the finest Ladies Taste, it is so good; and it is what, they say, Ladies drink, when they can get it.

John says, he will have one sweet Kiss of my dearest Peggy, for his Care and Pains. So let him, my best Love; for I am not of a jealous Temper. I have a better Opinion of my Dearest, than so. — But, Oh! that I was in his Place! — One Kiss should not serve my Turn, tho' I hope it may his! — Yet, if he takes two, I'll forgive him; one for me, and one for himself. For I love John dearly; and so you may well think. Well, what shall I say more? — Or rather what shall I say next? For I have an hundred things crouding in upon me, when I write to my Dearest; and, alas! one has so few Opportunities! — But yet I must leave off; for I have written to the Bottom of my Paper. Love then to all Friends; and Duty to both our Mothers, concludes me

Your faithful Lover till Death.

LETTER CXXVII. Her Answer.

Dear William,

FOR so I may call you now we are sure; and so my Mother says. This is to let you know, that nothing shall prevail upon me to alter my Promise made to you, when we parted: With heavy Hearts enough, that's true. And yet I had a little Inkling given me, that Mr. Alford's Son the Carpenter would be glad to make Love to me: But, do you think I would suffer it? No, indeed! For I doubt not your Loyalty to me, and do you think I will not be as loyal to you! — To be sure I will. These Sailors run such sad Chances, said one that you and I both know. They may return, and they may not. Well, I will trust in God for that, who has returned safe to his Friends, their dear Billy, so many a time, and often. They will have a Mistress in every Land they come to, said they. All are not such naughty Men, said I, and I'll trust Billy Oliver all the World over. For why cannot Men be as faithful as Women, tro'? And for me, I am sure no Love shall ever touch my Heart but yours.

God send us a happy Meeting! Let who will speak against Sailors; they are the Glory and the Safeguard of the Land. And what would have become of Old England long ago but for them? I am sure the lazy good-for-nothing Land-lubbers would never have protected us from our cruel Foes. So Sailors are and ever shall be esteemed by me; and, of all Sailors, my dear Billy Oliver. Believe this Truth from

Your faithful, &c.

P. S. I had this Letter writ in Readiness to send you, as I had Opportunity. And the Captain's Lady undertakes to send it with her's. That is very kind and condescending. Is it not?

LETTER CXXVIII. A Sea-Officer to his Wife.

Port-Mahon, October 31.

My dear Life,

I TAKE the Opportunity afforded me by Captain Copythorne, who is returning to England, to let you know that I am in perfect Health at present, God be praised; tho' I have, with many of the Crew, been down of the Bloody-Flux, occasioned by being a little too free with the new Wines and Fruit of these Countries; and yet I thought I was very moderate in both. Our Captain continues very civil and kind, and places his principal Confidence in me; and I endeavour so to behave on the Occasion, as to avoid incurring the Envy of every one; and indeed, have the good Fortune to be generally respected.

Captain Copythorne is so kind as to carry to you a Token of my Affection; which is a small Parcel of Cyprus Wine, that I believe will be agreeable to your best Friend Mrs. Simpson, to whom therefore you may present half, and keep the other for your own Use. The Captain has also Fifty Dollars to present you with, from me, only paying out of them the Duty for the Wine; for it is but just that it should be so, if he cannot meet with Favour in so small a Parcel; for what the Law of the Land, which protects us all, gives to the King, is as much his Due, (however other People act) as any Part of my private Property, which is secured to me by the same Law, is mine: And I am convinc'd, that if every one acted up to this just Principle, there need not be so many Taxes as there are; and the fair Trader, and all honest Men, would be the better for it.

I hope, my dear Jackey and Nancy continue in good Health, and dutiful, and come on in their Schooling; for that will stand them in stead, perhaps, when the poor Matters we are enabled to do for them, may not be worth trusting to.

I long to see my dear Betty. God give us a happy Meeting, if it be his blessed Will. But, I believe, it will hardly be till we have humbled the proud Jack Spaniard: Which God also grant. For that Nation has been very vile and base to us honest Englishmen. This concludes me at present

Your ever-loving Husband,

Love and Service to all Friends.

LETTER CXXIX. A Wife to her Husband at Sea.

My Dear,

I Think it a long Time since I have had the Comfort and Satisfaction of hearing of your Welfare. Often and often do I reflect on the Unhappiness of us poor Women, who are marry'd to Seafaring Men. Every Wind that blows, every Pirate we hear of, and now, in Time of War, every Hour of our Lives, the Dread of Enemies, alarms us. God's Providence is our Reliance, and so it ought; for nothing else can sustain us thro' our different Apprehensions every Day we live. But to be sure the Unhappiness is still greater to such as love one another, as we always did. I hope, when it shall please God to return you safe to my Wishes, that you will take no more of these very long Voyages, if you can help it. The Trips to Hotland or France are so pretty, that they rather add to than diminish one's Comforts: But, Oh, these long, long Voyages! Yet, in Time of War, People cannot do as they will. And I must be contented; and the more, when I see that the fine Ladies of Captains, Commodores, and Admirals, are no better off than your poor Jenny

We have had the Misfortune to lose Uncle James since you went: He was a Landman, out of the Dangers you run; yet, as I hope, God has preserved you, while he is dead and gone. So we see there is nothing to be said for it, when our Time is come. They talk of my Aunt's marrying again, and she has a Courtier comes to her, because she is aforehand in the World, and yet Uncle James has not yet been dead three Months. Fie upon her, I say, tho' she is my Aunt! for she had a good Husband of him. As to you and I, my Dear, I hope God will spare us to one another; for you are my First Love, and shall be my Last. Cousin Barns had the Misfortune to break his Leg, but is in a good way. Jenny Adams is to be marry'd next Week to John Lascells. This is all the News among our Acquaintance; for I am sure it is none, to tell you, that I am

Your faithful and loving Wife.

LETTER CXXX. To a Father, on his Neglect of his Childrens Education.

Dear Sir,

I AM under a Concern to see such a Remissness as every body takes notice of, in the Education of your Children. They are brought up, ’tis true, to little Offices in your Business, which keep them active, and may make them in some degree of present, tho’ poor Use to you; but, I am sorry to say, of none to themselves, with regard to their future Prospects, which is what a worthy Parent always has in View.

There is a proper Time for every thing; and Children are not early initiated into their D., and those Parts of Learning which are proper to their particular Years, they must necessarily be discouraged, and set behind every one of their School fellows, tho’ much younger than themselves; and you know not, Sir, what a laudable Emulation you by this means destroy, than which nothing is of greater Force to Children, to induce them to attend to their Book; nor what a Disgrace you involve them in with respect to Children among Children, for the Biggest and Eldest to be so much out-done by the Least and Youngest.

Nor is the Consequence of this Defect confin’d to the School-age, as I may call it; for as they grow up, they will be look’d upon in an equally discouraging and disadvantageous Light, by all who converse with them: Which must of course throw them into the Company of the Dregs of Mankind; for how will they be able to converse or correspond with those whose Acquaintance it is most worth their while to cultivate? And indeed they will probably be so conscious of their Unfitness to bear a Part in worthy Conversation, that, to keep themselves in Countenance, they will, of their own Accord, shun the better Company, and associate with the worst: And what may be the Consequence of this, a wise Man, and a good Father, would tremble to think of, especially when he has to reflect upon himself as the Cause of it, let it be what it will.

Then, Sir, it is to be consider’d, that without a tolerable Education, they can be only fit for mean and sordid Employments. Hear what the Wise Man says to this very Purpose:

“How can he get Wisdom, that holdeth the Plough, and that glorieth in the Goad, that driveth Oxen, and is occupied in their Labours, and whose Talk is of Bullocks? He giveth his Mind to make Furrows, and is diligent to give the Kine Fodder. So every Carpenter and Workmaster that laboureth Night and Day — The Smith also sitting by the Anvil, and considering the Iron-work, the Vapour of the

Fire wasteth his Flesh — The Noise of the Hammer and the Anvil is ever in his Ears — So doth the Potter sitting at his Work, and turning the Wheel about with his Feet — He fashioneth the Clay with his Arm, and boweth down his Strength before his Feet."

These, as he observes, are useful in their Way; but their Minds being wholly engrossed by their Labours,

"they shall not be sought for in publick Council, nor sit high in the Congregation — they cannot declare Justice and Judgment, and they shall not be found where Parables are spoken."

That is, they shall be confined to the Drudgery of their own servile Station, and will be intitled neither to Honour nor Respect, as they might have been, had they had an Education to qualify them for more respectable Businesses. And you will consider, Sir, in a closer Light, as to us who live in the present Age, and in this great City, that there is hardly a creditable or profitable Employment in London, where a tolerable Knowledge of Accounts, and Penmanship, in particular, is not required. Consider also what Opportunities they may lose by this Neglect of their Education, in case they should fail in the Business they are put to, of getting comfortable and genteel Bread in some Merchant's Compting-house, or in some one of the several Offices about this great Metropolis; as Book-keepers, Clerks, Accomptants, &c.

And with regard more immediately to yourself, how can you expect, when they know you could do better for them, but that their Behaviour to you will be of a Piece with the rest? for if they are not polish'd by Learning, but are left to a kind of Instinct rather, is it to be expected, that they should behave to you, and their Mother, with that Sense of their Obligations which Learning inculcates? Nor indeed will they have those Obligations to you, which other Children have to their Parents, who take care to give them Opportunities of Improvement, which are deny'd to yours. Consider, dear Sir, what a contemptible Character, even among the sordid Vulgar, that of an illiterate Fellow is; and what Respect, on the contrary, a Man of Letters is treated with, by his Equals, as well as Inferiors: And when you lay all these plain Reasons and Observations together, I make no doubt but you will endeavour to retrieve lost Time, and be advised in this material Point (which I can have no Interest in) by

Your sincere Friend and Servant.

LETTER CXXXI. From a young Maiden, abandon'd by her Lover for the sake of a greater Fortune.

Mr. John,

I MUST take up my Pen and write, tho' perhaps you will only scoff at me for so doing; but when I have said what I have to say, then I shall have eased my Mind, and will endeavour to forget you for ever. I have had so many Cautions given me against the false Hearts of Men, and was so often told how they will vow and forswear themselves, that I ought to have been on my Guard, that's true: And indeed, so I was a great while: You know it well. But you courted me so long, vowed so earnestly, and seem'd so much in Love with me, that it was first Pity in me, that made me listen to you; and, Oh! this nasty Pity, how soon did it bring — But I won't say Love neither. I thought, if all the young Men in the World besides proved false, yet it was impossible you should. Ah! poor silly Creature that I was, to think, tho' every body flatter'd me with being sightly enough, I could hold a Heart so sordidly bent on Interest, as I always saw yours to be; but that, thought I, tho' 'tis a Meanness I don't like, yet will it be a Security of his making a frugal Husband in an Age so fruitful of Spendthrifts.

But at length it has proved, that you can prefer Polly Bambridge, and leave poor me, only because she has a greater Portion than I have.

I say nothing against Polly. I wish her well. Indeed I do. And I wish you no Harm neither. But as you knew Polly before, why could you not have made to yourself a Merit with her, without going so far with me? What need you have so often begg'd and pray'd, sigh'd and vow'd, (never leaving me, Day nor Night) till you had got me foolishly to believe and pity you? And so, after your Courtship to me was made a Town-talk, then you could leave me to be laugh'd at by every one I slighted for you! Was this just, was this well done, think you?

Here I cannot go out of Doors but I have some one or other simpering and sneering at me; and I have had two Willow-garlands sent me; so I have — But what poor Stuff, in some of my own Sex too, is this, to laugh at and deride me for your Baseness? I can call my Heart to witness to my Virtue in Thought, in Word, and in Deed; and must I be ridicul'd for a false one, who gives himself Airs at my Expence, and at the Expence of his own Truth and Honour? Indeed you cannot say the least Ill of me, that's my Comfort. I defy the World to say any thing to blast my Character: Why then should I suffer in the World's Eye, for your Baseness? —

I seek not to move you to return to the Fidelity you have vow'd; for by this Time, may hap, you'd be as base to Polly as you have been to me, if you did; and I wish her no Willow-garlands, I'll assure you. But yet, let me desire you to speak of me with Decency: That is no more than I deserve, well you know. Don't, to brave-thro' the Perfidy you have been guilty of, mention me with such Fleers, as, I hear, you have done to several; and pray call me none of your poor dear Girls! And, I hope she won't take it to Heart, poor Thing! — with that Insolence that so little becomes you, and I have so little deserved. I thought to have appeal'd to your Conscience, on what has passed between us, when I began. I thought to have put the Matter home to you! But I have run out into this Length, and now don't think it worth while to write much more: For what is Conscience to a Man who could vow as you have done, and act as you have done?

Go then, Mr. John, naughty Man as you are! I will try to forget you for ever. Rejoice in the Smiles of your Polly Bambridge, and glad your Heart with the Possession of an Hundred or Two of Pounds more than I have; and see what you'll be the richer or happier a few Years hence. I wish no Harm to you. Your Conscience will be a greater Trouble to you than I wish it to be, if you are capable of reflecting. And for your sake, I will henceforth set myself up to be an Adviser to all my Sex, never to give Ear to a Man, unless they can be sure, that his Interest will be a Security for his pretended Affection to them. I am, tho' greatly injured and deceived, naughty Mr. John,

Your Well-wisher.

LETTER CXXXII. From a Gentleman to his Mistress, who seeing no Hopes of Success, respectfully withdraws his Suit.

MADAM,

I MAKE no doubt but this will be the welcomest Letter that you ever received from me; for it comes to assure you, that it is the last Trouble you will ever have from me. Nor should I have so long with-held from you this Satisfaction, had not the Hope your Brother gave me, that in time I might meet with a happier Fate, made me willing to try every way to obtain your Favour. But I see, all the Hopes given me by his kind Consideration for me, and those that my own Presumption had made me entertain, are all in vain: And I will therefore rid you of so troublesome an Importuner, having nothing to offer now but my ardent Wishes for your Happiness; and these, Madam, I will pursue you with to my Life's latest Date.

May you, whenever you shall change your Condition, meet with a Heart as passionately, and as sincerely devoted to you as mine! And may you be happy for many, very many Years, in the Man you can honour with your Love! For, give me leave to say, Madam, that in this, my End will be in part answer'd, because it was most sincerely your Happiness I had in View, as well as my own, when I presumptuously hoped, by contributing to the one, to secure the other. I am, Madam, with the highest Veneration,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER CXXXIII. From a Lady to a Gentleman, who had obtained all her Friends Consent, urging him to decline his Suit to her.

SIR,

YOU have often importuned me to return Marks of that Consideration for you, which you profess for me. As my Parents, to whom I owe all Duty, encourage your Address, I wish I could. I am hardly treated by them, because I cannot. What shall I do? Let me apply to you, Sir, for my Relief, who have much good Sense, and, I hope, Generosity. Yes, Sir, let me bespeak your Humanity to me, and Justice to yourself, in this Point; and that shall be all I will ask in my Favour. I own you deserve a much better Wife than I shall ever make; but yet, as Love is not in one's own Power, if I have the Misfortune to know I cannot love you, will not Justice to yourself, if not Pity to me, oblige you to abandon your present Purpose?

But as to myself, Sir, Why should you make a poor Creature unhappy in the Displeasure of all her Friends at present, and still more unhappy, if, to avoid that, she gives up her Person, where she cannot bestow her Heart? If you love me, as you profess, let me ask you, Sir, Is it for my sake, or is it for your own? — If for mine, how can it be, when I must be miserable, if I am forced to marry where I cannot love? — If for your own, reflect, Sir, on the Selfishness of your Love, and judge if it deserves from me the Return you wish.

How sadly does this Love already operate! You love me so well, that you make me miserable in the Anger of my dearest Friends! — Your Love has already made them think me undutiful, and instead of the Fondness and Endearment I used to be treated with by them, I meet with nothing but Chidings, Frowns, Slights, and Displeasure.

And what is this Love of yours to do for me hereafter? — Why hereafter, Sir, it will be turned to Hatred, or Indifference at least: For then, tho' I cannot give you my Heart, I shall have given you a Title to it, and you will have a lawful Claim to its Allegiance. May it not then, nay ought it not to be treated on the Foot of a Rebel, and expect Punishment as such, instead of Tenderness? Even were I to be treated with Mercy, with Goodness, with Kindness by you, and could not deserve or return it, what a Wretch would your Love make me! How would it involve me in the crying Sin of Ingratitude! How would it destroy my Reputation in the World's Eye, that the best of Husbands had the worst of Wives! — The kindest of Men, the unkindest of Women! —

Cease then, I beseech you, this hopeless, this cruel Pursuit! — Make some worthier Person happy with your Addresses, that can be happy in them! — By this means, you will restore me (if you decline as of your own Motion) to the Condition you found me in, the Love of my Parents, and the Esteem of my Friends. If you really love me, this may be a hard Task; but it will be a most generous one — And there is some Reason to expect it; for who, that truly loves, wishes to make the Object of his Love miserable? This must I be, if you persist in your Address; and I shall know by your Conduct on Occasion of this uncommon Request, how to consider it, and in what Light to place you, either as the most generous or the most ungenerous of Men. Mean time I am, Sir, most heartily, tho' I cannot be what you would have me,

Your Well-wisher, and humble Servant.

LETTER CXXXIV. The Gentleman's Answer to the Lady's uncommon Request.

Dear Madam,

I AM exceedingly concerned, that I cannot be as acceptable to you, as I have the good Fortune to find myself to your honoured Parents. If, Madam, I had Reason to think it was owing to your Prepossession in some happier Man's Favour, I should utterly despair of it, and should really think it would be unjust to myself, and ungenerous to you, to continue my Address. As therefore you have, by your Appeal to me, in so uncommon a way, endeavour'd to make me a Party against myself, and I have shewn so much Regard to you, as to be willing to oblige you, as far as I can, may I not hope the Favour of you to declare generously, whether I owe my Unhappiness to such a Prepossession, and whether your Heart is given to some other? — If this be the Case, you shall find all you wish on my Part; and I shall take a Pride to plead against myself, let me suffer ever so much by it, to your Father and Mother: But if not, and you have taken any other Disgusts to my Person or Behaviour, that there may be Hope my utmost Affection and Assiduity, or a contrary Conduct, may, in time, get the better of, let me implore you to permit me still to continue my zealous Respects to you; for this I will say, that there is not a Man in the World who can address you with a sincerer and more ardent Flame, than, dear Madam,

Your affectionate Admirer, and humble Servant.

LETTER CXXXV. The Lady’s Reply, in case of a Prepossession.

SIR,

I Thank you for your kind Assurance, that you will befriend me in the manner I wish; and I think I owe it to your Generosity to declare, that there is a Person in the World, that, might I be left to my own Choice, I should prefer to all other Men. To this, Sir, it is owing, that your Address cannot meet with the Return it might otherwise deserve from me. Yet are Things so circumstanc’d, that while my Friends prefer you, and know nothing of the other, I should find it very difficult to obtain their Consents. But your generous Discontinuance, without giving them the true Reason for it, will lay an Obligation greater than I can express, on

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER CXXXVI. The Lady's Reply in case of no Prepossession, or that she chuses not to avow it.

SIR,

I AM sorry to say, that my Disapprobation of your Address is insuperable — yet cannot I but think myself beholden to you for the Generosity of your Answer to my earnest Request. I must beg you, Sir, to give over your Application; but how can I say, while I cannot help being of this Mind, that it is or is not owing to Prepossession; when you declare, that, in the one Instance, (and that is very generous too) you will oblige me; but in the other you will not? If I cannot return Love for Love, be the Motive what it will, pray, Sir, for your own sake, as well as mine, discontinue your Address — In case of Prepossession, you say you can, and you will oblige me: Let my Unworthiness, Sir, have the same Effect upon you, as if that Prepossession were to be avow'd. This will inspire me with a Gratitude that will always make me

Your most obliged Servant.

LETTER CXXXVII. A Lady to a Gentleman of superior Fortune, who, after a long Address in an honourable way, proposes to live with her as a Gallant.

SIR,

AFTER many unaccountable Hesitations, and concealed Meanings, that your Mind seem'd of late big with, but hardly knew how to express, you have, at last, spoken out all your Mind; and I know what I am to trust to! I have that Disdain of your Proposal that an honest Mind ought to have. But I wish, for my own sake, (and I will say, for yours too, because your Honour is concerned in it so deeply) that I had had, at my first Acquaintance with you, such an Instance of your Plain-dealing, or rather Baseness: Then I should have had no Regret in letting you know how much I scorn'd the Proposer, and the Proposal: Tho' I hope, as it is, a little Time and Reflection will make me, for the sake of the latter, abhor the former.

However, Sir, I must say, you are very cruel to use me thus, after you had, by all the alluring Professions of an honourable Love, inspired me with a grateful Return, and brought me to the Freedom of owning it — Nor yet will I be an Hypocrite, or deny my honest Passion; for that would be to lessen your Guilt. God is my Witness, I loved you beyond all your Sex; yet I loved you virtuously; I loved you because I thought you virtuous. And now, tho' it may take some Time, and too much Regret, to get over, yet do I hope, your Behaviour will enable me to conquer my fond Folly.

Ungenerous Man! to take Advantage of your superior Fortune to insult me thus, when you had gain'd my Affections! What, tho' I am not blessed with a worldly Circumstance equal to what you might expect in a Wife, can you think my Mind so base as to submit to be yours on unworthy Terms? Go, unworthy Man, and make your Court to Miss Reynolds, as you seem to threaten. She has a Fortune equal to your own, and may you be happy together! I should have been so, had I never known you. I never deceived you: You knew my scanty Fortune, and yet pretended to prefer me to all my Sex.

On me you might have laid the highest Obligation, by raising me to a Condition I was humble enough to think above me; and I should have been, on that account, all Gratitude, all Duty, all Acknowledgment. On Miss Reynolds you will confer none; her Fortune will quit Scores with yours, and you must both, in your Union, be Strangers to the inexpressible Pleasure of receiving or conferring

of Benefits: But this is a Pleasure which none but generous Minds can taste: That yours is not so, witness your detested Proposal, after such solemn Professions of faithful and honourable Love. And I have one Consolation, tho' a Consolation I did not wish for, that I am under no Obligation, but the contrary, to such a Man. And am as much your Superior, as the Person who would do no Wrong, is to one that will do nothing else. Send me, however, my Letters, that I may be assured my fond Credulity will not be the Subject of fresh Insult, and that perhaps to the Person that shall be what you made me expect I should be. I will send you all yours, the last only excepted. Which, as it may assist me to conquer my fond Folly for you, I hope you'll allow me to keep, tho' it is the Abhorr'd of my Soul — May you be happier than you have made me! — is the last Prayer you will have from

Your too credulous Well-wisher.

LETTER CXXXVIII. A Father to a Daughter in Service, on hearing of her Master's attempting her Virtue.

My dear Daughter,

I Understand with great Grief of Heart, that your Master has made some Attempts on your Virtue, and yet that you stay with him. God grant that you have not already yielded to his base Desires! For when once a Person has so far forgotten what belongs to himself, or his Character, as to make such an Attempt, the very Continuance with him, and in his Power, and under the same Roof, is an Encouragement to him to prosecute his Designs. And if he carries it better, and more civil, at present, it is only the more certainly to undo you when he attacks you next. Consider, my dear Child, your Reputation is all you have to trust to. And if you have not already, which God forbid! yielded to him, leave it not to the Hazard of another Temptation; but come away directly (as you ought to have done on your own Motion) at the Command of

Your grieved and indulgent Father.

LETTER CXXXIX. The Daughter's Answer.

Honoured Father,

I Received your Letter Yesterday, and am sorry I stay'd a Moment in my Master's House after his vile Attempt. But he was so full of his Promises, of never offering the like again, that I hoped I might believe him; nor have I yet seen any thing to the contrary: But am so much convinced, that I ought to have done as you say, that I have this Day left the House; and hope to be with you soon after you will have received this Letter. I am

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER CXL. To a Gentleman of Fortune, who has Children, dissuading him from a Second Marriage with a Lady much younger than himself.

Worthy Sir,

YOU are pleased to inform me of your Thoughts in relation to a Change of your Condition, and to command me to give you freely my Opinion of the Conveniencies and Inconveniencies, that may follow from the Inequality of Years between you, and the young Lady you think of making your second Wife. Indeed, I am so much concerned for your Happiness, that had I heard of such your Intention, and had not your Commands to be free on this Head, I think I should have run the Risque of being thought impertinent and officious, rather than not have expostulated with you on this Occasion. My Objections, Sir, are not so much to the Gaiety of the Lady, as to her Youth, and the Children you have already by your late excellent Lady: And when you remember, that Miss Fanny, your eldest Daughter, is near as old as the Lady you think to make her Mother, I beg, Sir, you will consider how your Reputation, as to Prudence, will suffer in the Eye of the World without you, as well as the Look it will have to your Children and Domesticks.

Nature, Justice, Decency, and every Branch of human Prudence, plead strongly against the Union of lively Youth with maturer Years. Her Temper may be very agreeable: So indeed is yours — But may they be so to each other, when they meet together in so close an Union? You are yet blest with a good State of Health; but can you expect, that it will be always so? — Or rather, will not every Year take from your Constitution, what it will add to hers, for several Years to come? Your Years make you serious and solemn, and you are past a Relish for those Pleasures and Amusements, which are but suitable to hers, and which at the same Age you yourself delighted in. Can you recall Time past? Will it become you to resume the Part which Judgment has made you quit? How aukwardly, if you attempt it, will you do this! What Censure will this subject you to? How will it embolden the gay young Fellows to make Attempts, that may, notwithstanding the most unexceptionable Conduct in the Lady, give you great Uneasiness?

If you cannot join in the innocent Gaieties which you have long disused, it would be, in some measure, cruel, to deprive a young Lady of her Share of them, at an Age that will naturally make her expect and require them: And yet will not even innocent Liberties be Matter of Reproach to her, and Uneasiness to you, if she takes them without you? And would you chuse to bear her Company, and

indulge a young-old Taste, for gay Scenes long contemn'd, and so appear in a Light, to all that beheld you together, either as her Father, or her jealous Keeper, and make it look to the World as if you yourself doubted her Virtue out of your own Presence? Suppose the Scene at a gallant Comedy, that sprightly free Joke which will make her smile, will make you frown; and so on in every other Scene of Life and Amusement between you. For a Defect or Inequality of whatever Kind, whenever a Man is conscious of it, let him carry it off as he may, will always be present with him, and, like another Conscience, stare him in the Face.

Your Fortune, 'tis true, is so considerable, that you may amply provide for all your Children, and yet make it worth a young Lady's while, who would study her Interest, preferably to any other Consideration, to oblige you: But, Sir, let me ask you, Can you, who lived so happily with your late dear Lady, and had such constant Proofs of her inviolable Affection to your Person, content yourself with a counterfeit Passion, a mere selfish Affection in a Wife? And can you think, that so young a Lady can love you, like her who grew on in Life, in Hope, in Desires with you; and who, from a reciprocal Youth passed agreeably together, grew equally mature, and had both but one View between you; to wit, a young Family growing up, the common Offspring of your mutual Affections; and who were the binding, and, so long as her Life lasted, the indissoluble Cement of your Loves and your Interests? — If she can, she will be a Contradiction to all Experience, and you will be happy against all reasonable Expectation — If she cannot, will you be content with a selfish, an interested Civility, instead of true Love; and which cannot possibly so much as look like Love, but by the Dissimulation and Hypocrisy of your Bosom Companion? —

When I look back on what I have written, I begin to be afraid of your Displeasure on a double Account; for the Nature, and for the Length of this Epistle, tho' you have commanded me to speak my Mind. Yet having several other material Points to touch upon, and relying upon your Excuse for my good Intentions, (for what View can I have in the Liberty I take, but your Happiness?) I will beg Leave to pursue the Subject in another Letter; and to conclude this, tho' a little abruptly, with the Assurance, that (as your request) nobody shall see what I write but yourself; and that I am, Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant.

LETTER CXLI. The same Subject pursued.

SIR,

I WILL now take the Liberty to continue my Subject, and my humble Expostulations upon it: And I will suppose two Cases very, if not equally probable; to wit, that you may, or may not, have Children by your new Lady; and to judge in both Cases, how the Happiness of your remaining Life may be affected by either. In the first place, if you should have Children by her, (to say nothing of the Misunderstandings and Jealousies this may create between your Lady, and your present Children, which may greatly affect your own Happiness) are you so well able to support, at these Years, with Credit and Satisfaction, that Character which so peculiarly befits a young Husband to a young Wife? And will it not naturally strike you, that your own Children by that time will make a better Figure in such a Circumstance than yourself? Will you be so well able to go thro' the same Troubles, the same Anxieties, the same Hopes, Fears, and Affections, both to the pregnant Mother, and afterwards to the Infant Progeny, that you have so happily got over? And will not what was then called laudable Love, be now deemed Dotage and Uxoriousness?

Providence seems to have design'd the youthful Portion of a Man's Life, for mutual Endearments, and Propagation of his Family; the maturer Part, for Education, Counsel or Advice. And will you, Sir, invert the Design of it? Will you call back the Days of Sense, into the Years of Intellect; watch over the Baby in the Cradle, when you should form the Mind of the grown Person? — How unequal will you be to this Part, to what you once were? — As you will not have the same Dispositions about you, you cannot have the same Joy at a pleasing Incident; but will have possibly a superadded Weight of Sorrow on any sad Event, as Years will have added to your Reflection, as Experience will have contracted your Hope, and as you will have seen the Vanity of all worldly Expectations.

Then, my dear Sir, consider, if you should even get over this resumed Province happily, and have no material Uneasiness from the Lady, on the Account I have intimated to you: Is it not too probable, that you may not live to see this young Race brought up? And if you should, what Animosities, what Uneasinesses may not ensue, from the different Interests into which your Family will be divided? And it may, moreover, be possible for you to have Grandchildren older than some of your own by your new Lady.

But if we suppose, that the Occasion for this may not happen, will the Matter be mended by it? — All young Ladies expect and wish for Children, when they marry. If she should not have any, she will hardly be induced to think it her Fault;

but the Difference of Years will tell her, and all the World will join in it, where to lay the Blame, deserved or not. She will, for want of so necessary an Employment, look abroad for Amusements and Diversions, which, however innocent in her first Intentions, may not always end so; and if they do, will be very unsuitable to your Disposition and Liking. Childbed matronizes the giddiest Spirits, and brings them to Reflection sooner than any other Event. Its Consequences fill up the Time, and introduce different Scenes of Pleasure and Amusement in the Mind of a Lady. It draws her Attention to more serious Affairs, it domesticates her, as I may say, and makes her associate with graver Persons, and such as are in the same Scenes of Life. But where this is not, she continues her youthful and giddy Acquaintance, classes herself as to her Company and Diversions, as if in the single State still, and looks for Amusements out of herself, and out of your House: And you will be obliged to connive at a good deal more than you otherwise would, because the Difference of Years will give as much Consciousness to you, as it will Presumption to her; and if there be any Grievance between you, she'll think, after all you can do, it is of her Side. Nor will Time and Years mend the Matter; but, contrarily, make it worse and worse.

Then another Inconvenience may arise: The Lady, if she has no Children by you, to prevent lying at the Mercy of yours, as she will call it, will be making a separate Interest to herself: She will grow upon your Indulgence and Fondness; she will cajole, she will reproach, she will tieze you into Acts of Bounty and Profusion to her. She will endeavour to build up a Fortune out of yours, to the Prejudice of your Family. And all this for what End? — Only to make her a rich Widow, and to give her Opportunity to triumph, in Conjunction perhaps with some young Rake or Profligate, over your Ashes, and to make Comparisons grievous to Reflection, at the Expence of your Fortune and Memory, in the new Man's Favour.

Forgive me, dear Sir, these free Hints. My full Mind, which is thus ready to overflow thro' the Zeal I have for your Honour and Welfare, suggests many more to me, which your cool Reflection will not want. And I have been already so prolix, that I will only farther say, that I am, and shall ever be,

Your faithful and most affectionate Friend and Servant.

LETTER CXLII. Against a Second Marriage, where there are Children on both Sides.

Dear Sir,

YOU ask my Opinion as to the Thoughts you have entertained of making your Addresses to the Widow Lockyer. Do you really ask it with an Intent to take it? Or, like the Generality of the World, only in hopes that my Judgment falling in with your own, may be a kind of Justification or Excuse for what you intend to do, and are, perhaps, already resolved upon? If so, what do you do, but lay a Snare for me, which may put an End to our Friendship? For Men least of all bear Controul or Contradiction in Points of this Nature, when their Hearts are actually determined; and then Indifference begins, and Disgust ends the bestcemented Friendships.

To say the Truth, I never was a Friend to Second Marriages, where there are Children on one Side, and a Likelihood of more; but, especially, where there are Children on both. I have nothing to say, as to the Person or Character of the Lady. You, whom it most concerns, are well satisfy'd of both, or you would not have gone so far, as to ask a Friend's Advice on this Occasion: But since you do put it to me, I will throw a few Reasons together, which have always had Weight with me on these Occasions; and I hope, you'll not think the worse of your Friend, if he happen to differ a little from your own Judgment.

It must be confess'd, in the Case you put, That the Circumstances on both Sides, are pretty equal. That there is no great Disparity in Years. That she has Three Children, and you have Four; a round Family, however, when they come together! That she is very fond of her Children, and you, at present, of yours. That you are not an ill-temper'd Man, and she is a good-temper'd Woman; and was a loving Wife to her late Spouse, as you were an affectionate Husband to yours. Well, so far is very well, and, you'll think perhaps, very promising of a happy Union; and possibly you may think right; at least you have much better Grounds for it, than many that do marry upon much worse and more unequal Prospects.

But consider, Sir, what Security have you, that Persons who have been always good-temper'd, when they have nothing to thwart or try their Temper, will be still so, when they have something that will? — Here, at the very Threshold of this Adventure, is a Cause of great Trial; a Trial which neither of you had before, and consequently, which neither of you know how you shall behave in: She loves her Children. So she ought. You love yours. It is right so to do. But see you not, before I speak, that this laudable separate Love of either, may become matter of

great Uneasiness to both? You cannot, either of you, possibly expect more than common Civility, and outside Kindness, from the other, she to yours, you to hers. And it will be happy enough if this Task do not sufficiently try the Discretion of both.

It is impossible, my Friend, but you must have very different Views on each other — A pretty Prospect to set out with in a matrimonial Adventure! Her Praises of her own Children will be very sincere and lavish. Her Praises of yours, if she ever praises, will be very suspicious and sparing. And perhaps you must be as discreet as possible, in the Praises of your own. The very Cloaths each wear, the Victuals they eat, nay, the very Looks of either Parent, as they shall appear kind to their own, or reserved to the other's, will afford room for inward Heart-burnings, if not outward Janglings. I have seen many Instances of these kinds.

Their different Capacities; one shall take their Learning, another not — Their different Tempers; one shall be mild, another insulting: one smooth, another rough — Their different Ages; which will make one dictate, while the other will not be prescribed to — Will all afford Cause of Difference; and when they come to an Age fit for setting them out in the World; if Boys, to Apprentice; You put Jackey to a better Trade than Tommy, and give more Money with him! And yet one Trade or Master may apparently deserve or require it; the other, not. If Girls, in Matrimony; Why should Betsey be married before Thomasine? — Let the Eldest go first! Tho' perhaps the one has an humble Servant, the other none — Ay, I see poor Thomasine must be contented with any body, or any thing, while Betsey must be a Lady! — These are all still fresh Causes of Difference and Uneasiness to you both.

Then will she actually, or you will suspect it, (and that is as bad to your Peace) be constantly progging, as the Women call it, for her Children, in order to make a private Purse for them, on any Occasion that may happen, or in case she shall outlive you.

And if there be a third Race of Children from this Marriage, worse and worse still. Then the two former Sets, if they never joined together before, now will make a common Cause, in this single Point, against the new Race; and must not this double your own and your Wife's Comforts, think you? — Then must you be glad to lessen your Family at home, that you may lessen the Number of so many Spies and Enemies to your Repose. The Boys must be hurry'd out to the first Thing that offers for them, whether suitable or unsuitable to their Genius or Capacity; and they generally thrive accordingly: The Girls to the first Man that will take them, whether he can provide for them or not, as he ought; and after a while they may come back to you, tho' fitted out with a great Expence, quite destitute and undone, with a farther Increase to your Family; the too frequent

Consequences of precipitate Marriages. And then will a new Scene commence; for all the unprovided-for, will join against the poor unhappy one.

This, you'll say, is looking a great way forward. It is so. And what may never happen. Possibly it never may, as to the last Case; but as it too often has happen'd, and daily does happen, a wise Man will think a little about it, while it is in his Power to prevent it all.

I have touch'd but upon a few of the Consequences that may too probably follow from a new Engagement. Yet, I believe, these, if you are not absolutely determin'd, will make you think a little; if you are, why then, all the Reasons that can be urged will signify nothing. And in this Case, you should not have laid a Snare for me to disoblige a Person who is to step in between your Friendship and mine, and who will look upon me, if she knows my Mind, (as very probably she will; for I hardly ever knew a Secret of this kind kept) as her Enemy, and so create a Coolness and Indifference between us, which you cannot help if you would. For if ever it be so, and your Lady receives me, in a way that I have not been used to in your House, I shall be very shy of visiting either you or her.

If you require it, and it will have any Effect upon you, I can enter still farther into this Subject; but I fansy I have said enough, and perhaps more than you'll thank me for. But be that as it will, I have answer'd your Request; and shewn you, (peradventure, at the Expence of my Discretion) that I am, in all Things,

Your sincere Friend and Well-wisher.

LETTER CXLIII. Against a second Marriage, where there are Children on one Side, and a Likelihood of more.

Dear Sir,

YOU are inclined, you tell me, to give your Children a Mother, instead of the good one they have lost; or rather, in plain English, you should have said, yourself a Wife, to supply your own Loss: And you ask my Opinion on the Subject, without naming the Person, only intimating, that she is a maiden Lady, no more than Seven Years younger than yourself, and has a pretty middling Fortune.

I am glad you have not named the Lady; for now I shall stand clear of any Imputation of personal Prejudice, let me say what I will. I will therefore freely tell you my Mind, that I am always against second Marriages, where there are Children on one or both Sides, and likely to be more: Unless there are such worldly Reasons as make it absolutely prudent for a Person to marry to establish his Circumstances. This is not your Case: For you are very easy in the World; and besides, the Ladies of this Age are so brought up, that a Man must not look for very extraordinary Assistances in a Wife, with relation to her own Children, much less the Children of another Woman. Well, but this Lady is highly prudent, good-humour'd, an excellent Oeconomist, and what not! And so they are all, my Friend; or at least, we are apt to persuade ourselves so, before they are marry'd.

But we'll suppose her all you say, and all you think; yet she will hardly, I presume, be divested of the Passions common to human Nature. Can you expect, that tho' you give your Children a Mother, you give them an own Mother? She may have Prudence enough to do what she will think her Duty by them, but must she not be her own Judge, of what that is? — And are you sure, that what she calls so, nay, and, for Peace-sake, what you will be willing to call so too, will be called so by your Children, as they grow up, and even by the rest of the World? But Children, you'll say, may be unreasonable and undutiful — Very well, Sir — we'll suppose it so; but will this make you happy, let them have Reason, or not, for their Surmises? And as she cannot plead Nature for the Regulator of her Conduct towards them, but common Civility, and Prudence only, at the very best; will there not be two to one on the Childrens Side, that they may be right? But whoever may be right or wrong, if you are made unhappy by it, that's the essential Point to you, who by this second Marriage have been the Cause of it all.

This is most certain, her Views must be quite contrary to those of your Children: 'Tis true, theirs will of Consequence be likewise contrary to hers, and

yet both may be very reasonable too, according to the Character of each. And is not this a pretty Situation for you, do you think? For which Side can you, must you take? The Children, as they grow up, will be jealous of ill Offices from her with you. She will interpret those things which a natural Mother would think nothing of, as studied Slights; and will not their constant Bickerings make you uneasy in your own Family, where Uneasiness is the least tolerable, as it is the Place to which a Man should retire for Comfort, when the World gives him Cause of Displeasure?

And what, pray, may this probably end in? Why, for Quietness-sake, you will possibly be obliged to separate them. The Mother-in-law, should she be in Fault, you cannot part with. The Children then must turn out, of course. You must study, after reconciling and patching up a hundred Breaches, to make some other Provision for them. And thus, perhaps, they are precipitated into a wide World, and exposed to a thousand dangerous Temptations; and how can you forgive yourself, if they should by this means become a Prey to the designing Attempts, the Boys, of vicious Women; the Girls, of profligate Men? And how would it have grieved the Heart of their indulgent Mother, could she have foreseen, that her beloved Spouse, instead of supplying the Loss of a Mother to them, should take from them his own immediate Protection, and that perhaps at a Time of Life, when it was most necessary for their future Good?

This may very probably be more or less the Case, if there be no other Difficulties, than what may arise between your Children and their Mother-in-law. But if, as is most likely, you should have Children by this your second Wife, the Case may be still worse. She will then look upon yours by your first, not only with a more indifferent, but probably with a jealous Eye. She will be continually carking and laying up for her own, and grudge every thing you lay out upon the others. And when they are both grown up to any Bigness, what Clashings and Jarrings may not ensue between the Offspring of the same Father, and two different Mothers? How will you be obliged to give a Preference to the Children of the latter Wife, against those of the former; because the Mother of the one Set is present and partial, and perhaps clamorous, in their Favour — that of the other, absent, silent, dead, forgotten!

If Love hides a Multitude of Faults, as no doubt it does, and Indifference, or, perhaps, as it may be, Hatred, is quick-sighted to every little Slip, how will hers be all Angels! Yours — the worst she can call them! — Yet how can you help this? You are married to the Temper, as well as to the Woman; and Opposition, ’tis likely, will but make matters worse; for what the Sex cannot carry by Reason or Argument, they will by Obstinacy and Teizing.

Then in the Matter of making Provision respectively for their future Good, how will your Solicitudes for the one be constantly lessened; for the other perpetually importun'd? Nor must your own Judgment, in either Case, be so much the Rule of your Conduct, as the fond Partiality of your second Wife for hers. And it is far from being impossible, that she may use your first Children worse than she would do mere Strangers, for no other Reason, but because they have a better Title to your Regard, and stand more in the way of her Interest and Views.

These, my good Friend, are some of the Reasons I have to alledge against second Marriages, where there are Children on one Side, and a Probability of having a second Race. As I hinted, there may be Reasons, where a Person's Circumstances stand in need of the Assistance that may be procur'd by this means, to overbalance many of the Inconveniencies I have hinted at. The lesser Evil in this Case is to be chosen, and the Party must make the best of the rest. But this is not your Case: And so I refer the Whole to your mature Consideration, and am, Sir,

Sincerely yours.

LETTER CXLIV. Advising a Friend against going to Law.

Dear Sir,

I AM sorry to hear, that the Difference between you and Mr. Archer is at last likely to be brought to a Law-suit. I wish you'd take it into your serious Consideration before you begin, because it will hardly be in your Power to end it, when you please. For you immediately put the Matter out of your own Hands, into the Hands of those whose Interest it is to protract the Suit from Term to Term, and who will as absolutely prescribe to you in it, as your Physician in a dangerous Illness.

The Law, my good Friend, I look upon, more than any one thing, as the proper Punishment of an over-hasty and perverse Spirit, as it is a Punishment that follows an Act of a Man's own seeking and chusing. You will not consent perhaps now to submit the Matter in Dispute to Reference: but let me tell you, that after you have expended large Sums of Money, and squandered away a deal of Time in Attendance on your Lawyers, and Preparations for Hearings, one Term after another, you will probably be of another Mind, and be glad Seven Years hence to leave it to that Arbitration which now you refuse. He is happy who is wise by other Mens Misfortunes, says the common Adage: And why, when you have heard from all your Acquaintance, who have try'd the Experiment, what a grievous Thing the Law is, will you, notwithstanding, pay for that Wisdom, which you may have at the Cost of others?

The Representation that was once hung up as a Sign in the Rolls Liberty, on one Side, of a Man all in Rags wringing his Hands, with a Label importing, That he had lost his Suit; and on the other, a Man that had not a Rag left, but stark naked, capering and triumphing, That he had carry'd his Cause, was a fine Emblem of going to Law, and the infatuating Madness of a litigious Spirit.

How excellent to this Purpose is the Advice of our Blessed SAVIOUR, rather than seek this Redress against any who would even take one's Coat, to give him his Cloak also? For, besides the Christian Doctrine inculcated by this Precept, it will be found, as the Law is managed, and the Uncertainty that attends it, even in the best-grounded Litigations, that such a pacifick Spirit may be deemed the only way to preserve the rest of one's Garments, and to prevent being stript to the Skin.

Moreover, what wise Man would rush upon a Proceeding, where the principal Men of the Profession (tho' the Oath they take, if Serjents, obliges them not to sign a sham Plea, nor plead in a Cause against their own Opinion) are not

ashamed, under the specious, but scandalous Notion, of doing the best they can for their Client, to undertake, for the sake of a paltry Fee, to whiten over the blackest Cause, and to defeat the justest? Where your Property may depend altogether upon the Impudence of an eloquent Pleader asserting any thing, a perjured Evidence swearing whatever will do for his Suborner's Purpose? Where the Tricks and Mistakes of Practisers, and want of trifling Forms, may Nonsuit you? Where Deaths of Persons made Parties to the Suit, may cause all to begin again? What wise Man, I say, would subject himself to these Vexations and common Incidents in the Law, if he could any way avoid it; together with the intolerable Expences and Attendances consequent on a Law-suit? Besides, the Fears, the Cares, the Anxieties, that revolve with every Term, and engross all a Man's Thoughts? Where legal Proofs must be given to the plainest Facts; that a living Man is living, and identically himself; and that a dead Man is dead, and buried by Certificate; where Evidence must be brought at a great Expence to Hands and Seals affixed to Deeds and Receipts, that never were before question'd; till a Cause shall be split into several Under-ones; these try'd Term by Term; and Years elapse before the main Point comes to be argued, tho' originally there was but one single Point, as you apprehended, in the Question. As to the Law-part only, observe the Process: First, comes the Declaration; 2dly, a Plea; 3dly, Demurrer to the Plea; 4thly, a Joinder in Demurrer; 5thly, a Rejoinder; 6thly, a Sur-rejoinder; which sometimes is conclusive, sometimes to begin all over again. Then may succeed Tryals upon the Law Part, and Tryals upon the Equity Part; oftentimes new Tryals, or Rehearings; and these followed by Writs of Error.

Then you may be plung'd into the bottomless Gulf of Chancery, where you begin with Bills and Answers, containing Hundreds of Sheets at exorbitant Prices, 15 Lines in a Sheet, and 6 Words in a Line, (and a Stamp to every Sheet) barefacedly so contrived to pick your Pocket: Then follow all the Train of Examinations, Interrogatories, Exceptions, Bills amended, References for Scandal and Impertinence, new Allegations, new Interrogatories, new Exceptions, on Pretence of insufficient Answers, Replies, Rejoinders, Sur-rejoinders, Butters, Rebutters, and Sur-rebutters; till, at last, when you have danced thro' this blessed Round of Preparation, the Tryal before the Master of the Rolls comes next; Appeals follow from his Honour to the Chancellor; then from the Chancellor to the House of Lords; and sometimes the Parties are sent down from thence for a new Tryal in the Courts below — Good Heavens! What wise Man, permit me to repeat, would enter himself into this confounding Circle of the Law? —

I hope, dear Sir, you will think of this Matter most deliberately, before you proceed in your present angry Purpose; and if you shall think proper to take my

Advice, and avoid a Law-suit, I am sure you will have Reason to thank me for it, and for the Zeal wherewith I am

Your sincere Friend and Servant.

LETTER CXLV. To a young Lady, cautioning her against keeping Company with a Gentleman of a bad Character.

Dear Cousin,

THE great Respect I have, and always had for you, obliges me to take this Freedom, to let you know, that the Neighbourhood begins to talk pretty freely of you and Mr. Lory. You have been seen with him at the Play, and after that, at the R. Tavern, a House of no good Repute, I assure you; where you have staid with him till near Twelve o' Clock at Night: You have likewise been with him at Vipont's at Hampstead, at Vaux-hall, Cuper's-gardens, Mary-le-bon, &c.

I am sorry for these Things, because he has none of the best of Characters; having, as I am well inform'd, already ruin'd Two, if not Three, worthy Tradesmens Daughters: And it is but too probable, that he has no honourable Design upon you: For, whatever he may promise you, I am credibly assur'd, that he is actually engaged with Miss Knapper, whom you know very well: Indeed, it is said, he has 200*l*. per Ann. but if it be so, he is very much involved in the World; and, at the Rate he lives, had he three times that Estate, would never be out of Debt; for he is downright extravagant, a Man of no Conduct, a perfect Rattle, whose Words are not to be rely'd on in any respect; and makes a common Boast of the Favours he has received from our Sex, whose faulty Fondness is the constant Subject of his Ridicule.

For all these Reasons, I beg of you, dear Cousin, to avoid his Company; for tho' I am confident you will preserve your Virtue, yet, my Dear, think what you will, you may receive an incurable Wound in your Reputation. I hope you'll excuse this Liberty, which no other Motive but Zeal for your Credit and Welfare has occasioned. And believe me to be

Your faithful Friend, as well as affectionate Cousin.

LETTER CXLVI. From a Mother to her high-spirited Daughter, who lives on uneasy Terms with her Husband.

Dear Nanny,

I AM sorry with all my Heart, to hear of the frequent Misunderstandings between your Husband and you. I hoped much better things from your Prudence. From my Prudence, you'll say perhaps! as if I thought all the Fault was yours: But, my Dear, I don't think so, I can't think so; and yet I may find Fault with your want of Prudence too: For Prudence will oblige a good Wife to bear a little Contradiction from her Husband, tho' not always just, perhaps, as well as to avoid giving Offence. Suppose he is peevish, petulant, uneasy in his Temper, and on slight or no Occasions, as you may think; must you be peevish and petulant, because he is so? How do you know what things may have happened to him abroad, in the way of his Business, to make him so? — Or, if it be only Humour, why must you be as bad as he that you find Fault with? Is an ill Temper in a Husband, so taking a thing, that the Wife, who finds it intolerable to her, must nevertheless imitate or assume it?

The Reason why you will not allow him to be oftener in the Right, and why you condemn as causeless his Petulance and Waspishness, must proceed in a great measure from a slender Opinion, if not Contempt, of his Judgment. If you think him a Man of Sense, 'tis impossible but you should allow, that there may be some Cause, tho' you don't immediately penetrate it, why he should be disturbed; and it would be kind in you to suppose the best; as, that his Tenderness for you will not let him communicate it to you, rather than to imagine he is always in the wrong, and always angry without Reason. But were it actually to be so, are you commissioned to punish him with Provocations and Resentments as wrong, and even more unbecoming in a Wife? If you love him as you ought, you will extenuate his Failings, and draw into an advantageous Light those Actions which may be interpreted in his Favour.

But if, as I heard you once say, you will give him as good as he brings; that you will not bear his unaccountable Humours, and such-like vulgar and provoking Expressions; it must come to this Point: Either you or he must give way; one of your Tempers must be subdued, and over-aw'd by the other. If it be his Case, tir'd out by your resolute and sturdy Behaviour, to succumb, do you think this will either be a Credit to him or to you? What an abject (henpeck'd, the Vulgar call it) Wretch will he be deem'd? What a Termagant you? He'll be the Jest of his

Companions, and you be thought to excel — in what? In a Quality the most infamous to a Woman, next to that of an Adulteress.

But this I aver, that Meekness, Condescension, Forbearance, are so far from being despisable Qualities in our Sex, that they are the Glory of it. And what is Meekness, my Dear, if you are not to be try'd by Provocations? What is Condescension, if you must always have your own way? What is Forbearance, if you are to return Injury for Injury, with the hostile Spirit of a fierce Enemy, rather than to act with the sweet Complacency of a tender Wife, who has vow'd Obedience and Duty?

But, Obedience and Duty, you'll say, in Return for ill Nature and ill Usage! Yes, my Dear, even were it to be so, you ought. For, do you think you are never to condescend, or give up your own Humour to your Husband? A pretty Sort of Obedience that, which shall be only shewn where you are not thwarted, but never where you are! Would not this be Obedience to your own headstrong Passions, and not to him? — So long as you can have your way in every thing, you will be a Mirror of Condescension; but when once you come to be contradicted, why then you are at Liberty to contradict again. If he is out of the way in his Humour, you will never be in the way in yours. If he gives you one unkind Word, he shall have two in Return; for you will give him as good as he brings. If he is passionate, you will be so too. You will return provoking Answers for reflecting Words; and so make your House a constant Scene of Confusion, and your Life uncomfortable. And for what? Why to shew how bravely you can return Injury for Injury; how nobly you can contend for Victory over your Husband; and how you can make him despised in his Family, as well by Children as Servants, and yourself discredited by the poor Victory, suppose you were to win it by breaking his Spirit.

Is this, my Dear, the Part of a tender Wife to a Husband? Nay, is it the Part of a Christian to a Christian, where there is not the matrimonial Obligation? For are we not commanded to return Good for Evil, and to pray for them that despitefully use us? — And is not the Wife's Conversation to be coupled with Fear; and do we not vow Reverence to a Husband as our Head? — How can all this be, if you are to return Evil for Evil; to make yourself your own Judge, and Jury, and Executioner too, by acquitting yourself, condemning him, sentencing him, and punishing him with all the Severity of licentious Speech, provoking Snappishness, or the still more affecting Deportment of sullen contemptuous Silence. Let me, on the Whole, beseech you, for my sake, who would be loth to be thought to have set you any bad Example; for your Family's sake, for your Reputation's sake, as well as his, to resolve on a different Conduct. Make the good Rule yours, of never being out of Humour when he is so. First soften him by good Temper; then, when soften'd, expostulate mildly on the Unreasonableness of his Anger. If you

convince him thus, he will take care of the like Error, or his present Confession will strengthen your mild Arguments against him in any thing else for the future. He will see you advise him for his Good. He will have a greater Opinion of your Prudence, and be more doubtful of his own. He will see you contend not for Victory, or Contradiction-sake; but for his own sake. And depend upon it, you will both reap the happy Fruits of it in the Comfort of your Lives; in the Love of your own Children; in the Reverence of your Servants (who will otherwise be listed in each Contender's Quarrel, and be insolent Judges of the Conduct of both); in the Respect of your Neighbours and Friends; and in the Pleasure you will give to your Relations, who will visit and be visited by you both, with that Delight which nobody knows how to estimate so much, as, my dear Nanny,

Your ever affectionate Mother.

LETTER CXLVII. A Lady to her Friend, a young Widow Lady, who, having bury'd a polite and excellent Husband, inclines to marry a less deserving Gentleman, and of unequal Fortune.

Dear Madam,

WERE I to lay it down for a Maxim, that Maids often mend their Circumstances by Marriage, Widows very rarely, I believe I might be justify'd by every one's Experience. To what can the Truth of this Observation be owing? Is it to be supposed, that Widows have stronger Passions than Maids? Shall the proud lordly Sex have it to boast, that they are such estimable Creatures, that when once one of them has had the Fortune to be chosen by a Lady, and has been taken from her by Death, she cannot live without taking another, and finds herself obliged to accept of the next that offers, thro' all Disadvantages, and every Degree of Inequality? Surely this cannot be the Case! Surely a prudent, a modest Lady will not say this in so many Words! — Much less then ought she to confess it by her Actions, which are much stronger than Words. For I believe no Woman who ever enter'd the Pale of Matrimony with sprightly Hopes about her, found the Possession (Sex only consider'd) equal to her Expectations. The Maid may hope, may fansy much, in the Commerce between the Sexes, from her meditating on the heighten'd Scenes, which pernicious Novels, and idle Romances, the Poison of Female Minds, abound with. But the Widow knows 'tis all Free-masonry, all empty Hope, flashy, foolish, unworthy, unpermanent, and, but for the Law of Nature, despicable. — Whence is it then, that the wishing, expecting Maid should be more prudent than the knowing, experienced Widow? Should be better Proof, with raised Imaginations, against Courtship or Persuasion, than one who well knows the transitory Vanity and Unsatisfactoriness of the End to which that Courtship or Persuasion tends?

If it be said, That this Point is not so much the Case, as the settled Life of Matrimony, which has been once so satisfactorily experienced; let the Circumstances of a Lady who abounds in every thing, answer this poor, but common Excuse; and let the Choice she makes of the Person and Fortune of her second Husband (which is generally, as I have observed above, in both Cases, far short of her former Choice) acquit or convict her, as her Conduct shall deserve.

If a young Widow indeed advantages herself, and worsts not her Children, (if she has any) in her second Adventure, let her proceed: She is justified to worldly

Prudence. But this, as I have said, is so seldom the Case, even with Widow Ladies of Modesty, and Discretion in other respects, that I must own I have been often puzzled and confounded how to account for the Motives of such an one, reputably; especially when she appears to me and all the World, neither to have done Honour to the Memory of her late Spouse, to her Family, to herself, nor, as sometimes, has been the Case, paid any regard to common Decency. How, I say, shall this be accounted for, in a Lady of Prudence and Virtue? Is it, that, as one Extreme is said to border on another, extreme Joy treads on the Heels of extreme Sorrow? It cannot be; for as, on one hand, I am sure there can be no extreme Joy in the matrimonial Commerce; so, I fear, where a Woman can soon forget her departed Spouse, she cannot be sensible of extreme Grief for his Loss. And if she will take upon her this latter Part of the Character, and own the first was thus indifferent to her, she shall have my Consent to do any thing she has a mind to do, and I will exempt her willingly from the Observation of every other Rule of Prudence and Decency.

But in a Case the direct Reverse of this, how shall we account for such a Behaviour? How in particular, if the charming, the blooming Miss Bendish, who was so coy a Maiden, and with so much Difficulty won by the late amiable and conversible Mr. Brookes, with a Fortune superior to her own, should, within a few Months after his Decease, when blest with an Affluence left her by his Generosity and Affection for her, be won by Mr. Fownes, a Man less accomplish'd as to Knowledge, less amiable in his Person, less polite in his Conversation, and of a Fortune so much beneath what was even her maiden one, that her Friends then would never have thought him worthy of her? — How, I say, shall we account for this, if it should be so? Is there a secret Sympathy in Tempers and Dispositions, that attracts each its Like by Motives imperceptible and unaccountable? It cannot be in this Case surely. For can the polite Mrs. Brookes be less polite for having been marry'd to one of the best-bred and best-behav'd Gentlemen in England? And can she so soon get over Forms as a Widow, for such a Suitor as Mr. Fownes, which as a Maid were so long before they could be dispensed with in Favour of such a Lover as Mr. Brookes? — Is her soft and delicate Mind, as well all think it, after all, more on a Level with that of the one Gentleman than that of the other far more excellent one? Has she, will the Licentious ask, stronger Incentives to a married State, as a Widow, than she had as a Maid? — It cannot be! — What then shall we say to all this? — For after all, two Years won not Miss Bendish, to a Gentleman of exalted Worth; and two Months seem to have made a great Progress with Mrs. Brookes! — And that in Favour of a Gentleman, whom we all think unworthy of her at all.

My dear Bosom-friend, my School-fellow, my Companion, as well in the maiden as in the matrimonial, tho', I bless God, not in the vidual State, resolve me these Questions; answer to me for this Conduct; account to me for these seeming unaccountable Motives, and thereby justify yourself to your Reputation, to the Memory of the dear Departed, to your own Sex, to the other Sex, (so attentive as they both are to your Conduct in this Particular) and, lastly, which will for ever oblige me, to

Your affectionate and Faithful Friend and Servant.

LETTER CXLVIII. From a Gentleman, strenuously expostulating with an old rich Widow, about to marry a very young gay Gentleman.

Madam,

I AM very sorry to hear of the Encouragement you give to the Visits of young Mr. Barnes, because of the great Difference in Years between you. I cannot help giving you the Trouble of this Expostulation, tho' I am told, (and much affected I am with the News, if it be true) that the Matter between you is so far gone, that all I can say may too probably prove ineffectual.

Our Sex, Madam, in all your late Husband's Time, has received an Advantage and a Credit from your Conduct in the marry'd State; and now, I wish it may not receive as great a Disparagement, since the prudent Mrs. Bates thinks fit to countenance the Addresses of one who was born after she was marry'd, and a Mother, and who can possibly have no other Inducement than your Fortune. I believe, Madam, you never knew one happy Marriage of this sort in all your Life: And you will reflect, that you will not be intitled to Pity, nor the young Man to Censure, if he should prove the worst and most profligate of Husbands to you. For every one will censure you, and acquit him, should he even treat you with personal Abuse and Barbarity.

Besides, it is well known, that Mr. Barnes is a young Man of no very promising Inclinations. Some young Gentlemen are as grave and discreet at Twenty-five, as others at Thirty-five: But he has all the Vanity, the Gaiety, the Affectation, of any one at his Time of Life: And can you expect, that he will treat you well, that was never noted for treating his own Mother very dutifully, who, by the way, is younger than yourself? Advanced Years are the constant Subject of Ridicule with such wild young Fellows, to their Shame be it spoken! and what can you expect, when the very Motives by which you shall be supposed to be acted in such a Match, will involve you in the deepest Censure, will make you the Contempt of Persons of all Ages, and both Sexes, and expose you to the low Buffoonery even of the Man you have chosen, who, instead of being your Protector, as a Husband ought to be, will probably be the Person who will lead the Jest that all will join in upon you, in order to excuse his own sorbid Choice?

You owe it, Madam, give me Leave to say, to the Memory of your late worthy Husband; you owe it to your Sex; you owe it to yourself, and your own Interest, and future Good; nay, to Decency, I will venture to add, to proceed no further in this Affair. It seems to me, to be next to a Degree of Incest for a Woman all hoary

and grey-goosed over by Time, or who will be soon so, to expose herself to the Embraces of a young Fellow, who is not so old as her first Son would have been, had he lived. Forgive me, Madam; but I cannot help this Plain-dealing on the Occasion. If you proceed in giving Encouragement to the Boy's Address, I expect not, nor can I desire, to be forgiven, or to stand upon common Terms with you: If otherwise, I am ready to ask your Pardon; but I cannot with Patience think, that Mrs. Bates, who has passed thro' every Station hitherto with so much Applause, as well that of the prudent Widow, and exemplary Matron, as the affectionate Wife, should give so great a Wound to our Sex as she will do, if she makes such a Boy as Mr. Barnes the Successor to her late worthy Husband, and the Master of her Person and Fortune: By which Act she will vow Obedience to one who was in a Cradle, when she had Children of her own who were rising from it; and who would undoubtedly despise her in this Light, were it not for her Wealth; all of which, that he can get at, by Force, or fair Means, (if he acts by you as others generally have done in the same Circumstances) will be squander'd away upon rival Objects more suitable to his Youth, while you will be the Laughing-stock and Scorn of such as will revel in your Spoils, and triumph over you by the Help of your own Fortune. Mean time you will be so far from engaging the Pity of your Sex, that the more considerate of them, will shun and contemn you, as one who has brought a Disgrace upon it: The Men will despise and flout you, and you will have nothing to do but to hide in a contemn'd Obscurity that grey-green Head, which has so inconsiderately involved you in so much Distress, and to turn Penitent for it, and pray for an End to a miserable Life; which, come when it will, will give Cause of Joy and Triumph to your young Husband, and very little Sorrow to any other Person.

But I hope still for better things; and I hope for Pardon for this Freedom; for fain would I be thought by Mrs. Bates,

Her affectionate and faithful Friend, and humble Servant.

The following Eleven Epistles may serve as Models for Letters to write by, on the like Occasion; likewise to give a brief Description of London and Westminster, to such as have not seen those Cities; and to point out to those who never were in Town before, what is most worthy of Notice in it.

LETTER CXLIX. From a young Lady in Town to her Aunt in the Country.

I. Describing the Tower, Monument, St. Paul's, &c.

Honoured Madam,

YOU will have me write you down Accounts of what I see remarkable in and about London, to keep me, as you say, out of Idleness, and to entertain my good Friends in my Absence. I will obey, tho' your good Opinion of me, I am sensible, will be no small Disadvantage to me; for I shall convince you more effectually than ever of my Defects, and want of that Ability to entertain my absent Friends, which their Partiality had made them expect from me.

To begin then, my Aunt and Cousins carried me, in the first Place, to see the Tower of London, which we have heard so much Talk of in the Country; and which no one that visits this great Town, omits seeing. 'Tis situated by the Thames Side, surrounded with an old Wall, about a Mile in Compass, with a broad deep Ditch, which has generally more Mud in it than Water. All round the outward Wall are Guns planted, which on extraordinary Occasions are fired; as on more common ones, they fire only Rows of others, which are fixed in the Ground, on the Wharf by the Thames. At the Entrance on the Right-hand, we saw the Collection of wild Beasts kept there, as Lions, Panthers, Tygers, &c. also Eagles, Vulturs, &c.

We were then carried to the Mint, where we saw the manner of coining Money, and striking Medals, &c. From thence we went to the Jewel-house, and were shewn the Crown, and the other Regalia; which gave me no small Pleasure, as I had never seen these things before, and heard so much Talk of them.

The Horse-Armory is a fine Sight; for here they shew Fifteen of our English Monarchs on Horseback, all in rich Armour, attended with Guards: But I think this Sight not comparable to the small Armory; for here Pikes, Muskets, Swords, Halberds, and Pistols, (enow, as they told us, for threescore thousand Men) are all placed in such beautiful Order, and such various Figures, representing the Sun, Star and Garter, Half-moons, and suchlike, that I was greatly delighted with the Sight, all the Arms being bright and shining.

We saw the Train of Artillery, in what they call the Grand Storehouse; filled with Cannon and Mortars, all very fine, a Diving-bell, and other Curiosities; and I thought, upon the whole, that this great Magazine of Curiosities and Stores, was

the most worthy of the Notice of a Stranger to London, of any thing I had been shewn.

From hence they carried me to the Monument, built in Remembrance of the Fire of London, a very curious Pillar, from the Gallery of which we had a Survey of the whole City. But as it stands low, I cannot say, but I liked the Prospect from St. Paul's Cupola much better, when I was carried up thither, which was Yesterday; for that being the highest Situation in the City, and more in the Centre of London and Westminster, commands a finer View over both Cities, Hampstead and Highgate Hills, Surrey, the River, &c. The Cathedral is a most noble Building, and I admired it not a little, for its Choir, Chapels, Dome, Whispering-place, Vaults below, and other Curiosities too tedious to mention.

This, Madam, may serve for one Letter, and to shew you how much I am desirous, by my Obedience to your Commands, to approve myself

Your dutiful Niece.

LETTER CL. From the same.

II. Describing other remarkable Places in and about London and Westminster, which are generally shewn to Strangers.

Honoured Madam,

I HAVE seen the Custom-house, a Place of Hurry and Business, with a crouded and inconvenient Key, compared to that of Bristol. St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, Southwark, all most noble Charities; St. Bartholomew's, a still nobler; but which, by its additional Buildings, seems to be in a way to swallow up its own Revenues, by pulling down their Tenants Houses, which contributed Means to support the Charity. Smithfield also, a spacious Market for live Cattle, &c. as, I should have said, I had Leaden-hall Market, a Prodigy of its Kind, and the Admiration of Foreigners. Sadler's-wells, at Islington, I have been at, and seen there the Diversions of Rope-dancing, Volting, Singing, Musick, &c. which I thought well enough for once. Islington-wells, or the New Tunbridge, I have been at; the Walks and Rooms neat enough, and good Decorum observ'd in both.

The Blue-coat Hospital I have also seen, another noble Charity; and the pretty Sight of the Children at Church, and at Supper of Sunday Night, which much pleased me. The Charter-house too, another noble Charity.

Also the Guildhall of London, a handsome Building, adorn'd with Pictures, and with the Trophies of the Duke of Marlborough's Victory over the French; and the preposterous wooden Figures of the two famous Giants. The Royal Exchange likewise, a very fine Edifice; but they say the Statues of the Kings and Queens there, are ill done, except that of Charles II. in the Middle of the Area, and one or two more.

I have also been carried to Westminster-hall, and the two Houses where the Lords and Commons meet. They are by no means answerable to what I expected, tho' the House of Commons is the neatest, and very convenient for hearing and seeing too. Westminster-hall, like Guildhall, is adorned with more of the Duke of Marlborough's Trophies, and it has Shops on each Side for Milaners, Booksellers, and such-like Trades. Here the Coronation-Feast is kept; and here are held, as you know, the Courts of Chancery, King's-bench, Common Pleas, and up Stairs the Court and Offices of the Exchequer.

The Abbey we are to see another time, being obliged to dine at Westminster with a Friend of my Cousin's.

Somerset-house, in the Strand, I have seen, noted for its pleasant Garden fronting the River; and it is indeed a fine Palace itself, designed for the Residence

of the Queens Dowager of England, when we have such a Personage. Marlborough House in the Park, is finely furnished and adorned with Pictures of the Duke's Battles. St. James's House is a poor Palace for a King of England; but it seems convenient on the Inside. Buckingham House stands better than that, for commanding the beautiful Park and Canal. The Treasury, a fine new Building. White-hall, whose Glory is the Banquetting-house, justly admir'd for its Architecture by Inigo Jones, and Inside Painting by Rubens. It is a noble Situation for a Palace, which, were it to be built like this, would be the most magnificent in the World.

We took Coach another time, and were carried thro' the principal Squares and new Buildings about London and Westminster, which are highly worth seeing; such as Lincoln's-Inn Square, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, St. James's Square, Soho Square, Hanover Square, Cavendish Square, and Grosvenor Square, with the Multitude of stately Buildings, and noble Streets contiguous to the latter; a Sight worthy of Admiration.

This, Madam, may serve for a second Letter, and another Instance, tho' a poor one, of that Obedience which will always bind me to be

Your dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLI. From the same.

III. Describing Chelsea Hospital, and Kensington Palace.

Honoured Madam,

I HAVE been carried by my obliging Cousins to Chelsea College, about a Mile from St. James's Park, and to Kensington Palace about two Miles West from London.

The College, you know, was founded by King Charles II. and finished by the late King William, for the Reception of superannuated Officers and Soldiers. It is situated on the Banks of the Thames, its Gardens extending quite down to the River. It is a neat and stately Building; the Front looking to the Thames, has a fine Hall on one Side, and a neat Chapel on the other, with a noble Pavilion, as they call it, between them. The two Sides are four Stories high, and have two Wards in each Story, containing thirty-six neat Bed-rooms each, for so many Soldiers. Each Corner of this main Building is adorned with a fine Pavilion, being the Governor's Lodging and Council-chamber; Lodgings for Officers, &c. In the Middle of the Square is a Brass Statue of King Charles II. on a Marble Pedestal.

There are besides, four other large and uniform Wings; one is the Infirmary for the Sick, a second for maimed Officers, a third for Officers of the College, the fourth for Servants. The Whole is a neat, convenient and airy Building, well worth a Stranger's View.

Kensington Palace is a very pretty Summer Retirement for the Court: It is adorn'd with fine Pictures, rich Hangings, and other Ornaments. But the Gardens, which have been much augmented of late Years, are delightful, and we diverted ourselves in walking round them, which gave me great Pleasure; and I could not but wish, that you, Madam, were with me, because you love walking, and would have been much pleased with these charming Gardens, which abound with fine Walks, &c. A noble Piece of Water, called the Serpentine River, but for what Reason I know not, (it being a strait, and not winding Piece) presents itself to View; and there is lately a new Road made thro' Hyde-park to Kensington, by the late Q. Caroline, to keep the Gardens clear from Dust in the Summer, and make them more private from Horses, Passengers, Coaches, &c.; for the old Road, in one Part, ran almost close to the Wall. A Row of Lamps from one End to the other of this Road, is placed on each Side of it, when the Court is there, which is a Beauty as well as Convenience.

Will this, Madam, serve for a third Letter on the Subject you have prescribed to

Your ever-dutiful Niece?

LETTER CLII. From the same.

IV. Describing Greenwich Park, and the Passage to it by Water.

Honoured Madam,

LAST Tuesday, being Easter Tuesday, I went with my Uncle, Aunt and Cousins, down the River, on what they call a Party of Pleasure; but with Design principally to see Greenwich Park and Hospital.

We took Water at the Tower, which I described in my first Letter: I was pretty much afraid of Danger from Anchors, Cables, and such-like, as we passed by the great Numbers of Ships, that lay in our Way at first setting out. But afterwards the River looked very pleasant, and the Number of Boats all rowing with the Tide, made the River look very agreeably.

After sailing not many Miles, we come within Sight of the Dock-yard at Deptford, where several large Ships upon the Stocks afforded a fine Prospect; as the naval Strength of England is both its Glory and its Defence.

Next to Deptford, I was greatly pleased with the Prospect of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, for Seamen grown old in the Service of their Country. When we landed, we went into this fine Building; and in the Inside, every thing, in my Judgment, was perfectly agreeable to the Magnificence of the Outside; allowing the one to be designed to do Honour to the Nation, the other to support a Number of necessitous People, who ought to be the publick Care. The great Hall, and the Paintings in it, are admirable; but I know not whether they would not better suit a Palace, than an Hospital; and indeed this may be said of the whole Building.

From thence we went into the Park; where I beheld divers odd Scenes of Holiday-folks. Here appeared a rakish young Fellow, with two or three Women who look'd like Servant-maids; the Hero delighted, the Nymphs smiling round him — There a careful-looking Father with his Children on each Side; Trains of admiring Lovers, ready-pair'd, followed one another in thronging Crouds at the Gate; a Sea-Officer, with a Lady not over-burdened with Modesty in her Behaviour: A Croud of City Apprentices, some with, some without their Lasses: Half a dozen Beaux ogling all they met: And several seemingly disconsolate Virgins walking alone. The Concourse of middling Objects pressed chiefly toward a high Hill in the Middle of the Park; where, as they arrived, their Business was to take hold of Hands, and run down as fast as possible, amidst the Huzza's of a Multitude of People, who earnestly expected to see the Women fall, in hopes that

their Cloaths would not lie so conveniently, when they were down, as might be wished.

This, Madam, is a Diversion you would not expect so near the polite City of London; but I assure you, such a Levity possessed almost every body assembled on this Occasion, as made the Park, though most beautiful in itself, no way entertaining to

Your most dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLIII. From the same.

V. Describing Bethlehem Hospital.

Honoured Madam,

YOU tell me, in your last, that my Descriptions and Observations are very superficial, and that both my Uncle and yourself expect from me much better Accounts, than I have yet given you; for I must deliver my Opinion, it seems, on what I see, as well as tell you what I have been shewn. 'Tis well I left my bettermost Subjects to the last; such, I mean, as will best bear Reflection; and I must try what I can do, to regain that Reputation which your Indulgence, rather than my Merit, had formed for me in your kind Thoughts — Yet, I doubt, I shan't please you, after all. But 'tis my Duty to try for it, and it will be yours, I had almost said, to forgive Imperfections which I should have concealed, but for your undeserved good Opinions of me, which draw them into Light.

I have this Afternoon been with my Cousins, to gratify the odd Curiosity most People have to see Bethlehem, or Bedlam Hospital.

A more affecting Scene my Eyes never beheld; and surely, Madam, any one inclined to be proud of human Nature, and to value themselves above others, cannot go to a Place that will more effectually convince them of their Folly: For there we see Man destitute of every Mark of Reason and Wisdom, and levelled to the Brute Creation, if not beneath it; and all the Remains of good Sense or Education, serve only to make the unhappy Person appear more deplorable!

I had the Shock of seeing the late polite and ingenious Mr. in one of these woful Chambers: We had heard, you know, of his being somewhat disordered; but I did not expect to find him here: No sooner did I put my Face to the Grate, but he leap'd from his Bed, and called me, with frightful Fervency, to come into his Room. The Surprize affected me pretty much; and my Confusion being observed by a Croud of Strangers, I heard it presently whisper'd, That I was his Sweetheart, and the Cause of his Misfortune. My Cousin assured me such Fancies were frequent upon these Occasions: But this Accident drew so many Eyes upon me, as obliged me soon to quit the Place.

I was much at a Loss to account for the Behaviour of the Generality of People, who were looking at these melancholy Objects. Instead of the Concern I think unavoidable at such a Sight, a sort of Mirth appeared on their Countenances; and the distemper'd Fancies of the miserable Patients most unaccountably provoked Mirth, and loud Laughter, in the unthinking Auditors; and the many hideous Roarings, and wild Motions of others, seemed equally entertaining to them. Nay,

so shamefully inhuman were some, among whom (I am sorry to say it!) were several of my own Sex, as to endeavour to provoke the Patients into Rage, to make them Sport.

I have been told, this dreadful Place is often used for the Resort of lewd Persons to meet and make Assignments: But that I cannot credit; since the Heart must be abandon’d indeed, that could be vicious amidst so many Examples of Misery, and of such Misery, as, being wholly involuntary, may overtake the most secure.

I am no great Admirer of publick Charities, as they are too often managed; but if we consider the Impossibility of poor Peoples bearing this Misfortune, or providing suitably for the Distempered at their own Beings, no Praise can surely be too great for the Founders and Supporters of an Hospital, which none can visit, without receiving the most melancholy Proof of its being needful. I am, with Respects where due, honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLIV. From the same.

VI. Diversions of Vaux-hall described.

Honoured Madam,

I WENT on Monday last to Vaux-hall Gardens; whither every body must go, or appear a sort of Monster in polite Company. For the Convenience of Waterage, as well as of Conversation, we were a pretty large Company, and the Evening proved serene and clear.

The Passage from Somerset Stairs, where we took Water, was pleasant enough; the Thames at High-water being a most beautiful River, especially above Westminster, where the green Banks, and the open Country, afford a very agreeable Prospect. The Place we landed at was crouded with Boats, and from the Water-side to the Gardens, we walked through a double Line of gaping Watermen, Footmen, old Beggar-women and Children. As soon as we entered the Walks, I was pleased with a sort of Stage, or Scaffold, raised at the Entrance, for the Servants of the Company to sit out of their Masters way, and yet within Call of the Waiters.

The Musick-gallery and Organ look perfectly polite, and their being raised one Story from the Ground, has a good Effect upon the Musick. The Walks are well enough, but environ'd with paltry wooden Boards, where I expected at least a good Brick-wall. One Part of the Whole is thrown into Walks only; the other is on the Sides filled with Seats or Arbours, with painted Backs; on each of which is represented some Scene of our most common Plays, or the youthful Representation of the Infant Games, &c. I happened to have at my Back honest Hob, come dripping wet out of the Well; and the young Fellows, under Colour of shewing their Taste in observing the Beauties of the Piece, were so perpetually staring in our Faces, that Cousin Bet and I had little Pleasure in our Supper. Perhaps you will wonder at our Supping in so open a Place; but, I assure you, Madam, no Lady is too tender for so fashionable a Repast. My Uncle treated us very chearfully; but I could not help grudging the Expence he was at; for when the Reckoning was paid, it amounted to no less than Ten Shillings a Head; which I think too dear, as the Entrance-money must be sufficient to defray the House and Musick. But as the Whole is devoted to Pleasure, the Expence seems rather to create Satisfaction, than Distaste, as it gives an Opportunity to gallant People to oblige those they love, or pretend to love, in order, most of them, to pay themselves again with large Interest.

The Figure of Mr. Handel, a great Master of Musick, stands on one Side the Gardens, and looks pretty enough: The Musick plays from Five to Ten, about three Tunes (I believe I should have said Pieces) in an Hour. They are all reported to be the best Performers who assist here: but my rough Ears cannot distinguish.

About Ten o' Clock, many People think of Home: But the Votaries of Cupid, I am told, about that Time, visit the remotest Walks, and sigh out the soft Passion in Accents that may possibly be improved by the melting Sweetness of the Musick — I would not have you from hence conclude any Rudeness can be offered; for at the Termination of every Walk, through the whole Garden is placed a Man to protect the Company from all manner of Insult. But when the Place grows thin of Company, the Lovers have a better Chance to escape being laugh'd at, on the Appearance of any amorous Symptom.

Soon after Ten, we returned to our Boat; and I found the Passage extremely cold, notwithstanding a Covering over us: I must own, I wish'd to be at home, long before I reached it; for I was taken with such a Shivering, as did not leave me for two Days.

Thus, Madam, have I been at Vaux-hall, with the Crowd of Fashion-hunters. But if nobody had a greater Inclination than I have to go thither again, that Amusement would soon be given up — For I see more and more, that, do what I will, Nature never designed me to be polite; and I can sincerely declare, that I take more Satisfaction in an Evening-walk with you up the West-grove, where I am so often benefited by your good Instructions, than in the inchanting Shades of the so much celebrated Vaux-hall. I am, honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLV. From the same.

VII. An Account of Westminster-Abbey.

Honoured Madam,

I HAVE this Afternoon been at Westminster-Abbey, and not a little pleased with what I have seen there. If there can be Majesty in the Grave, here we see it: And such was the solemn Effect the sacred Repository had upon me, that I never found an awful Reverence equal to what I felt on that Occasion. Whatever be the Intention of erecting these costly Monuments, they seem to me very capable of being made an excellent Sermon to succeeding Generations; for here the most sumptuous Piles serve only to shew, that every one of us must submit to the same Fate, that has overtaken those whom Empire itself could not save. And how humble ought the Person to be, who surveys the Royal Ruins of Mortality, preserved (as if in a vain Defiance of Time) to shew nothing more than the Certainty of our Dissolution!

These, Madam, were my general Sentiments on this Occasion; but as I know you expect more particular Descriptions from me, I will tell you what most struck my Notice among the many remarkable Curiosities to be here met with.

Among the Royal Monuments, those of antient Date pleased me best; because they look agreeable to what I read of the plain Royalty of our former Sovereigns. I lamented the Loss of Henry the Fifth's Head, which being Silver, as they say, was stolen during the Civil War. I much wonder it has never yet been supply'd from some of his Busto's. He wanted not a Head, to speak in the metaphorical Style, while living; and France can testify, that his Heart deserved all things of English Men: For he was the Terror of the one, and the Glory of the other.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in every Part of it, is surprisingly magnificent and beautiful; and, as far as I can judge of such Things, far surpasses all I have seen, either of antient or modern Date.

In this Chapel is the Chair in which our Kings for many Ages have been crown'd. 'Tis very plain, and looks as if it were not worth more than the Forfeit paid for sitting in it.

The Body of Queen Catharine, Consort to Henry the Fifth, was shewn us in an open Coffin; and what remains of Skin, looks like black discoloured Parchment. She is said to have been very beautiful; and, surely, to view her now, is a most effectual Antidote against the Vanity rising from that dangerous Accomplishment.

Two Embassadors Coffins are kept here, said to be detained for want of having their Debts discharged. This, indeed, does little Credit to the Crown they served;

but I can scarce think it the Dishonour design'd them, to be reposited among the Remains of our Kings; tho' indeed several of them have their Debts unpaid too, as I am told.

Several Effigies are preserved in Wax; particularly those of King William, and his excellent Queen Mary; as also, very lately, the truly Royal Queen Anne. To be sure, this is no bad Way, for a few Years, to preserve their Likeness; but I know not whether such gay Representations suit the Solemnity of a Sepulchre. And yet some that stand here, seem not to have deserved that Distinction, if it be deemed one, in Favour of their Memories. General Monk, if I were to judge, would be one of those; for his constant Train of Hypocrisy for a long time, seem'd a Contradiction to the Apostolical Precept, Not to do Evil, that Good may come of it. A Duchess of Richmond, who walked at King Charles the Second's Coronation, never was remarkable for any thing, as I can hear, but that.

A very costly Effigy of the late Duke of Buckinghamshire is in this Place, who was somewhat remarkable in his Time, but chiefly for doing what pleased himself, whether any body else was pleased or better'd by it, or not. And, what is odd enough, the present Duchess stands by him. Her Son too, the last Duke, who died just before he came of Age, is distinguished with an Ostentation superior to all the rest; tho' all I can learn of him is, that he was a hopeful young Nobleman, and the Darling of his Mother.

General Monk, whom I mentioned before, in a Habit mourning the Power of Time, stands in a Posture so very fierce, as to seem rather intended to scare Children, than for any other Purpose.

I had almost forgot his Royal Master, King Charles the Second, who stands in his Garter Robes, and has long been admired by all Comers, it seems, for restoring Monarchy; for I can remember no worthy Actions in his History, nor were we told any more, by the Person who exposed his Image to our View.

Many Reasons make it necessary for the Wills of deceased Persons to be literally observed, tho' some Instances of this kind do little Honour to the Deceased; as a Monument erected to the Consort of a noble Lord, for whom a Vacancy being left on his Tomb, as for his second Wife, she, because she could not take the Right-hand of his first Lady, left strict Order to be bury'd where her Bones now lie, and thereby has transmitted her Pride and Folly to succeeding Ages.

Near this Tomb, is the Figure of a Lady bleeding to Death by pricking her Finger: She was Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth, and, I think, of the Russel Family. It seems she got her fatal Wound at her Needle; and such has been the Care of the Ladies who have succeeded her, that not one has fallen under the like Misfortune ever since.

If I shall not quite tire you, I will proceed with this Subject in my next — And am, mean time, honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLVI. From the same.

VIII. Account of Westminster-Abbey continued.

Honoured Madam,

I NOW trouble you with an Account of what most struck my Attention in the outward Ayles of Westminster-Abbey.

At entering the North-gate, a Monument of prodigious Size, and great Expence, stood on my Lefthand: It is that of John Holles late Duke of Newcastle, and all that is left him, out of upwards of 50000 l. a Year, as they tell me he had accumulated, and the two Heirs not much the richer for their Shares of it neither. I hope, as we say in our Country Phrase, it was honestly got.

Next to this is one consecrated to the Memory of the Duke that preceded him, the last of his Name of the Cavendish Family, as the other was of the Holles; with the celebrated Lady, his Duchess Margaret, a great Writer, and a great Chymist, (you know we have her Olio) both lying Side by Side, on a Tomb made great by their Names, and distinguished by their Adventures; but as to outward Grandeur, wholly eclipsed by the former. Behind these is a large Room, or little Chapel, separated from the publick Places, in which are reposited the Holles Family. One of these Gentlemen has at his Feet the Representation of a wild Boar, in Token of his having killed one of those Animals, when he was on a Croisade. Another has a large black Patch over his Righteye, having lost an Eye on the like Expedition.

Not far from hence, a fine Monument stands, to the Memory of Dr. Chamberlen, a Man-midwife, of no great Fame when living, but who happened to have the Esteem of the present Duchess of Buckingham, who erected this to his Memory.

A magnificent Monument stands near this, of a Lady, whose Name is Carteret; and some Reports assign an odd Cause for her Death; viz. the late French King's saying, A Lady one of his Nobles compared to her, was the handsomest of the two.

A fine Monument of Lord Courcey stands near this; on which, we are told, One of his Ancestors had a Privilege granted, of wearing his Hat before the King — Here are several Monuments of Gentlemen who fell in the late Wars; Col. Bringfield, in particular, who had his Head shot off by a Cannon Ball, as he was mounting the Duke of Marlborough, who had a Horse shot under him. Those of others who were famous for different Talents; as my Favourite Purcel, and Dr. Crofts, for Musick, decorate the North Isle; at the Head of which stands Sir Godfrey Kneller, Painter to his late Majesty; but with a Copy of Verses on it, that,

Judges say, are not very extraordinary, and yet Mr. Pope's Name is affixed to them. In a Corner, that answers to it, on the South-side of the West-gate, stands a curious Resemblance of James Craggs, Esq Secretary of State in 1720. erected by a certain Duchess, for what Reason is not said. Mr. Pope has been lavish of his Praises, much more being engraved on this Gentleman's Monument of his Virtue, &c. than I ever heard any-where else. But they say he was a companionable Man, as some call it, and easy of Access — A small Distance from this, is a Monument erected by another Duchess, Sister of the former, to the Memory of Mr. Congreve, from the great Esteem she bore him. So here are three Monuments erected to three Favourites, by three Duchesses. What a generous Sex is ours, who carry their Esteem for the Merit of those they favour, beyond the Grave! On the same Side of the Church is a very slight Monument of the great Earl Godolphin, who was Ld. High Treasurer, during the prosperous Part of Queen Anne's Reign; and the mean Appearance this makes, when compared with those of Mr. Craggs, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Chamberlen, &c. makes a Spectator sensible, that a Judgment of the Deceased's Merits must not be formed from their Monuments; nor, as is to be hoped, the Gratitude and Affection of their Descendents either. Sir Cloudesly Shovel has great Honour done him, his Monument being erected at the Expence of his Royal Mistress. But I thought he was a rough honest Tar; yet his Effigies makes him a great Beau, with a fine flowing full-bottom'd Periwig; such a one, but much finer, and more in Buckle, than that we have seen our Lawyer Mr. Kettleby wear at our Assizes.

Mr. Thynne's Murder is prettily represented on his Tomb — But before I step into what is call'd the Poets Row, I must return to the Door of the Choir; on the North-side of which is placed a noble Monument of the great Sir Isaac Newton, which I humbly apprehend to be needless; for has he not built for himself a much finer Monument, and a much more durable one, than Marble? And will it not out-last this we see here, and the Abbey which contains it? He lies in a contemplative Posture, leaning on the Volumes that have made his Name immortal. Opposite to him, at the South Entrance of the same Door, is a very grand Pile, to the Memory of the late Earl Stanhope, a brave Soldier, tho' unfortunate in one Battle; and a Man of great Probity.

On one Side of the Poets are Dr. South and Dr. Busby; the one an humorous and witty Divine, the other as remarkable a School-master, being famous for his Discipline and Severity. Geoffry Chaucer has reach'd us: Spencer is near him; Philips not far from Spencer. Ben. Johnson is written on a poor Bust: and Butler (put up by a Printer, to make his own Name famous) bears him Company. I would fain not name Matt. Prior; but his Monument is so beautiful and large, and his Busto so admirable, being a Present to the Poet by the French King Lewis XIV.

that I must not pass it over; tho', poor Man! it serves only to proclaim his Vanity, being erected at his own Desire and Expence: A sad Instance of Pride beyond the Grave! Behind him stands Mr. Gay, in a Place consecrated to Mortality, declaring Life is a Jest, &c. Dryden has only his Name on his Bust. Milton has lately been put up by a Gentleman, who, after the Printer's Example abovementioned, has a Mind to engraft his own Fame on the other's Stock; but, in this, out-does Mr. Barber: For, after dedicating Six single Letters to the Poet's Name, MILTON, he bestows many Words upon his own; not being content to name the little Honours he, the Erector, now enjoys, but the lesser ones which he possessed in the former Reign; and from this Example, the Architect (who, no doubt, was paid for his Labour) has Seven Words to his Fame, declaring, That Rysbrack was the Statuary who cut it. Here's fine engrafting Work for you! However, Milton's Memory is a Tree that will do Honour to the weakest Scyon that shall sprout from it, or even to a Dung-hill, were such a thing to lie at its Root. But of our Poets I'll add no more; for Shakespeare is not among them. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient Niece.

LETTER CLVII. From the same.

IX. On a Concert or Musical Entertainment.

Honoured Madam,

I WENT last Night to see, or rather to hear, a new Entertainment of Musick: And must confess, is much disappointed of the Pleasure I promised myself. I can't say but I liked two or three of the Songs well enough; and the Musick, that was playing all the while, I did not disapprove. But pray, Madam, can you tell me, (for I have already asked twenty, not one of whom will answer me) What is the Reason of having every Word spoken, squeaked to — I cannot say a Tune, but to such a Hum as makes me quite sick? If it be the Musick that is valuable, why must the Words torture it? And if the Words be sought after, wherefore should they be broken to Pieces by Notes that drown the Sound, and quite lose their Sense? What I mean is, I believe, called, Speaking in Recitative; but whence was this Mode of Speech taken? In what Country is it natural? And if it be natural no-where, of what is it an Imitation? What are the Marks of its Excellencies? and how shall we judge of its Merit? Whence can arise any Pleasure from hearing it? And shall we find Cause for excusing the Time lost in such an unnatural Amusement? For myself, I must own 'twas far from delighting me; for as it was neither singing nor speaking, I could not tell what to make of it; for it was more like to make me cry than laugh, I was so provoked, when the Twang of the Harpsichord robbed me of the Word the whole preceding Line depended upon! — I must confess myself for downright Speaking or Singing: I hate Mongrels. Unless my Judgment be convinced by such Reasons as I can't, for my Life, hit upon at present. Yet, after all, I begin to think, I am betraying my Ignorance all this time; and so I'll conclude myself, Madam,

Your most dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLVIII. From the same.

X. On the Diversions of the Play-house.

Honoured Madam,

NOW I have, by your Indulgence, tarry'd in Town till the Approach of Winter, you will expect that I should give you a little Account of the Diversions of the Stage. To begin then: My Cousin William and his two Sisters conducted me last Night to the Playhouse, and we took Places in the Pit.

You may believe I was agreeably surprised at the Magnificence of the Stage, and its elegant Ornaments; and I was mightily pleased to see such a prodigious Number of People seated with Ease, and conveniently placed to hear the natural Pitch of a common Voice. I did not expect to find the Musick so near the Audience; but believe that the most proper Situation to convey the Sound over the whole Theatre.

The Play I saw was a Comedy, in which the Parts acted by Women had several Speeches that I thought not quite consistent with the Modesty of the Sex. And the Freedom of their Voice and Gestures, tho', perhaps, suitable enough to the Characters they represented, were not so pleasing to a Mind bent upon innocent Amusement, (if not wholly upon Instruction) as Speeches that put us not to the Expence of a Blush. What Hardship must it be to the Minds of these Women, to enter first upon this Employment? How must their Virtue (and sure no Woman is without Virtue at her Entrance into the World) be shock'd to offer themselves for the Entertainment of Six hundred Men, and to utter Words which convey Ideas too gross for a modest Ear, and such as would be difficult to hear in private Company without Confusion! How hard then must the Utterance of them be to a numerous and gay Assembly! And yet, I am assured, several Women who get their Bread upon the Stage, are strictly virtuous. If such there are, how great must be their Merit, when compared with that of the wicked ones of our Sex, who are liable to none of their certain and numerous Temptations? But yet, where it can be avoided, why should Women expose themselves to certain Dangers, if there is a Possibility of obtaining a tolerable Subsistence without it? And those who can live by Performance upon the Stage, certainly require Qualifications more than sufficient to subsist in safer and less dependent Stations.

The Behaviour of the Men, I did not so much wonder at; for a becoming Assurance in them is rather pleasing than disobliging: Nor did I perceive, that so many Expressions, which are oftener miscalled arch, than more truly named

obscene, were put into the Mouths of the Men as of the Women; tho' the Reason the Poets have for this I cannot guess.

The Conduct of the Company I thought, to the highest Degree, commendable: The utmost Decency was observed, and I saw nothing disagreeable to the strictest Politeness or good Manners; the Awe given by so great an Audience of Persons of Taste, being too much to admit any thing but what is decent and obliging: Not that I think it adviseable for Women to go alone to the Play-house; for the Complaisance, so fashionable at present, affords a sort of Occasion for laying them under such seeming Obligations as cannot be returned, and ought therefore not to be accepted.

These, dear Madam, are the rough Thoughts, on this Occasion, of

Your dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLIX. From the same.

XI. The Play, and the low Scenes of Harlequinery after it, described and exposed.

Honoured Madam,

HAVING, as I told you in my last, seen a Comedy, I was next carried by my Cousin William, and his kind Sisters, to a Tragedy; which was that of Hamlet: And I was greatly moved with the Play, and pleased with the Action. But the low Scenes of Harlequinery that were exhibited afterwards, filled me with high Disgust, insomuch that I could, for their sake, have wished I had not seen the other. I will give you an Account of this dismal Piece of farcical dumb Shew.

We were, then, presented with the most extraordinary Gentleman I ever beheld, who, with the ugliest Face, and most apish Behaviour I ever saw, had the most amazing Success in his Amours, with Ladies whose Appearance deserved a more amiable Gallant.

My Cousin William told me the Name of this Hero was MR. HARLEQUIN; but as you know Billy has no great Capacity, you will be the less surprised to hear he answered not one Question I asked him to my Satisfaction.

Whom does that Character represent, Cousin?

Harlequin.

Pray, of what Nation is the Gentleman?

France.

What is his Business on the Stage?

To be admired by every Woman who sets Eyes on him.

Why seem they so fond of him?

Because he is Harlequin.

Why is his Face black?

Harlequin’s was never of any other Colour.

Who is the Lady with whom he appears to be in the strictest Engagement?

Colombine.

Who is she?

Colombine.

Whence came she, pray, Cousin?

From France.

Is she married, or single?

Mostly married; and at Harlequin’s Service in spite of her Husband’s Teeth.

Why so?

Because Colombine is to be at his Beck on every Occasion.
For what Reason?
Because they never appear without one another.
Is this Nature?
It is Fashion, and that's as good.
Why don't these worthy Persons favour us with a Song?
They never speak.
How must I understand them?
By the Motion of their Heads, Hands and Heels.
Have they no Tongues?
They must not use them.
Why does he wear a wooden Sword?
'Tis his Symbol, to which whatever obstructs his Wishes, must give way.
Why?
That he may come at Colombine against all Obstruction?
Why must they needs be together?
That the People may laugh.
Wherefore should we laugh?
Because they are together.
Why does MR. HARLEQUIN delight so much in jumping?
To please his Mistress.
Why does she admire him for that?
Because he can reach her over other Mens Shoulders.
Is that Wit?
We laugh at it.
So you may; but it is more like to set me a crying.
You're a Country Lass, Cousin.
You, Cousin, are a Town Gentleman.

By this, Madam, you may guess at my Entertainment. We had just seen Hamlet, as I have said: My Heart was full of Ophelia's Distress, and the Prince's Fate had shook my Soul: In this State of Mind, to sit two Hours to see People run after one another as if they were bewitched, only to cuckold a poor simple-looking Husband, put me so much out of Patience, that I shall not bear the Sight of the Stage for some time. And indeed, having now run thro' the Diversions of the Town, I begin to be desirous of casting myself at your Feet, as becomes

Your dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLX. From a Country Gentleman in Town, to his Brother in the Country, describing a publick Execution in London.

Dear Brother,

I HAVE this Day been satisfying a Curiosity I believe natural to most People, by seeing an Execution at Tyburn: The Sight has had an extraordinary Effect upon me, which is more owing to the unexpected Oddness of the Scene, than the affecting Concern which is unavoidable in a thinking Person, at a Spectacle so awful, and so interesting, to all who consider themselves of the same Species with the unhappy Sufferer.

That I might the better view the Prisoners, and escape the Pressure of the Mob, which is prodigious, nay, almost incredible, if we consider the Frequency of these Executions in London, which is once a Month; I mounted my Horse, and accompanied the melancholy Cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal Tree. The Criminals were Five in Number. I was much disappointed at the Unconcern and Carelesness that appeared in the Faces of Three of the unhappy Wretches: The Countenances of the other Two were spread with that Horror and Despair which is not to be wonder'd at in Men whose Period of Life is so near, with the terrible Aggravation of its being hasten'd by their own voluntary Indiscretion and Misdeeds. The Exhortation spoken by the Bell-man, from the Wall of St. Sepulchre's Church-yard, is well intended; but the Noise of the Officers, and the Mob, was so great, and the silly Curiosity of People climbing into the Cart to take leave of the Criminals, made such a confused Noise, that I could not hear the Words of the Exhortation when spoken; tho' they are as follow:

"All good People, pray heartily to GOD for these poor Sinners, who now are going to their Deaths; for whom this great Bell doth toll."

"You that are condemn'd to die, repent with lamentable Tears. Ask Mercy of the Lord for the Salvation of your own Souls, thro' the Merits, Death, and Passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the Right-hand of God, to make Intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto him."

"Lord have Mercy upon you! Christ have Mercy upon you!"

— Which last Words the Bell-man repeats three times.

All the way up Holborn the Croud was so great, as at every twenty or thirty Yards, to obstruct the Passage; and Wine, notwithstanding a late good Order against that Practice, was brought the Malefactors, who drank greedily of it, which I thought did not suit well with their deplorable Circumstances: After this,

the Three thoughtless young Men, who at first seemed not enough concerned, grew most shamefully daring and wanton; behaving themselves in a manner that would have been ridiculous in Men in any Circumstance whatever: They swore, laugh'd, and talk'd obscenely, and wish'd their wicked Companions good Luck, with as much Assurance as if their Employment had been the most lawful.

At the Place of Execution, the Scene grew still more shocking; and the Clergyman who attended was more the Subject of Ridicule, than of their serious Attention. The Psalm was sung amidst the Curses and Quarrelling of Hundreds of the most abandon'd and profligate of Mankind: Upon whom (so stupid are they to any Sense of Decency) all the Preparation of the unhappy Wretches seems to serve only for Subject of a barbarous kind of Mirth, altogether inconsistent with Humanity. And as soon as the poor Creatures were half dead, I was much surprised, before such a Number of Peace-Officers, to see the Populace fall to halling and pulling the Carcasses with so much Earnestness as to occasion several warm Rencounters, and broken Heads. These, I was told, were the Friends of the Persons executed, or such as, for the sake of Tumult, chose to appear so, and some Persons sent by private Surgeons to obtain Bodies for Dissection. The Contests between these were fierce and bloody, and frightful to look at: So that I made the best of my way out of the Crowd, and, with some Difficulty, rode back among a large Number of People, who had been upon the same Errand with myself. The Face of every one spoke a kind of Mirth, as if the Spectacle they had beheld had afforded Pleasure instead of Pain, which I am wholly unable to account for.

In other Nations, common Criminal Executions are said to be little attended by any beside the necessary Officers, and the mournful Friends; but here, all was Hurry and Confusion, Racket and Noise, Praying and Oaths, Swearing and Singing Psalms: I am unwilling to impute this Difference in our own to the Practice of other Nations, to the Cruelty of our Natures; to which, Foreigners, however, to our Dishonour, ascribe it. In most Instances, let them say what they will, we are humane beyond what other Nations can boast; but in this, the Behaviour of my Countrymen is past my accounting for; every Street and Lane I pasted through, bearing rather the Face of a Holiday, than of that Sorrow which I expected to see, for the untimely Deaths of five Members of the Community.

One of the Bodies was carried to the Lodging of his Wife, who not being in the way to receive it, they immediately hawked it about to every Surgeon they could think of; and when none would buy it, they rubb'd Tar all over it, and left it in a Field hardly cover'd with Earth.

This is the best Description I can give you of a Scene that was no way entertaining to me, and which I shall not again take so much Pains to see. I am,

dear Brother,

Yours affectionately.

Advice of an Aunt to a Niece, in relation to her Conduct in the Addresses made her by Two Gentlemen; one a gay, fluttering Military Coxcomb, the other a Man of Sense and Honour. In Five Letters.

LETTER CLXI.

I. The Aunt to the Niece, desiring her own Opinion of her Two Lovers.

Dear Lydia,

I AM given to understand, that you have two new Admirers, of very different Tempers and Professions; the one Capt. Tomkins of the Guards; the other Mr. Rushford. As I know Mr. Rushford to be a sensible, sedate, worthy Gentleman; I am a little uneasy, lest he should be discouraged for the other. And yet, as I know not the Merits or Qualifications of the Captain, I would not censure you, or condemn him, right or wrong. This makes me desire your Sentiments of both, and that you'll acquaint me to which you most incline. I have a very high Opinion of your Prudence, and can have no View in this Request, but your Good. Only, I must assure you, that I have such an Esteem for Mr. Rushford's Character, that the other Gentleman ought to be something more extraordinary than is to be generally met with in his Profession, to be preferr'd to him. I hope you'll think so too; but be this as it will, the frank Declaration of your Mind will be very obliging to

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER CLXII.

II. The Niece's Answer: Describing the Behaviour of the sensible Lover.

Honoured Aunt,

I HAVE, on so many Occasions, as well of this, as other kinds, been obliged to your kind Concern for me, that I should be very ingrateful, if I conceal'd from you the least Byass of my Mind on so important an Occasion. I think truly with you, that Mr. Rushford is a very valuable Gentleman; yet he is over-nice sometimes as to the Company I see; and would take upon him a little too much, if I did not keep him at a Distance; and particularly is so uneasy about the Captain, that he wants me to forbear seeing him on any Occasion. Now, I think, this is a little too prescribing, for the Time of our Acquaintance, and the small Progress I have hitherto permitted to the Intimacy between us. For what is this but surrendering to him upon his own Terms? and that, too, before I am summoned in Form? Nothing but a betrothed Lover, or a Husband, has surely a Right to expect this Observance; and if I were to oblige him, it is absolutely putting myself in his Power, before he convinces me how he will use it. O my dear Aunt, these Men, I see, even the worthiest of them, are incroaching Creatures! — And a Woman that would not be despis'd, must not make her Will too cheap an Offering to that of her Admirer. Then, my dear Aunt, I know not how it was with you formerly; but there is a Pleasure in being admired, that affects one very sensibly; and I know not whether even Mr. Rushford would say half the fine Things he does, if he had not a Competitor that says nothing else. And I think it a kind of Robbery that a Woman commits upon her Pleasures, if she too soon confines herself to one. For she can be but once courted; unless such an Event happens, that she must have a very bad Heart, that can wish for it. And why should a Woman absolutely bind herself to the Terms of For Better or For Worse, before she goes to Church? — I hope, when the Ceremony has passed, I shall make a very good Wife: But why should I buckle to Honour and Obey, when it is all the Time I shall have to be honoured and obeyed myself? — Indeed, Aunt, I think, there is a great deal in this. And Mr. Rushford gives himself wonderful grave Airs already: As I'll give you an Instance — But here the Captain is come, and I will give you an Account of it in my next. For I will lay before you faithfully all my Proceedings with both Gentlemen, and their Behaviour; and you will be enabled to judge from my Account, which I prefer, were I not to declare myself as plainly as I am sure I ought to do, in every Particular demanded of me by so good an Aunt. I am, Madam,

Your truly dutiful and affectionate Kinswoman.

LETTER CLXIII. From the same.

III. Containing the Description of the Behaviour of the same Gentleman; which occasions a Love-quarrel.

Honoured Aunt,

I HOPE, the Suspense I gave you by my abrupt breaking off in my last, will be forgiven. I was going to give you an Instance of Mr. Rushford's grave Airs. He comes last Thursday with great Formality, and calls himself my humble Servant; and I saw he was pleased to be displeased at something, and so look'd as grave as he, only bowing my Head, and following my Work; for I was hemming a Handkerchief. You are very busy, Madam — Yes, Sir — Perhaps I break in upon you — Not much, Sir — I am sorry if I do at all, Madam — You see I am pursuing my Work, as I was before you came. — I do, Madam! — very gravely, said he — But I have known it otherwise, when Somebody else has been here — Very likely, Sir! — But then I did as I pleased — so I do now — and who shall controul me? — I beg pardon, Madam; but 'tis my Value for you — That makes you troublesome, said I, interrupting him. — I am sorry for it, Madam! — Your humble Servant. — Yours, Sir. — So away he went. — Well, thought I, if thou art to be lost for this, and must put me into bodily Fear, every time thou hast a Mind to be grave, Adieu to thee!

In the Evening he comes again — Mrs. Betty, Is your Lady disingaged? Could I be admitted to say one Word to her? I believe so, Sir. Madam, Mr. Rushford begs to be admitted to say one Word to you. He was at the Door, and heard me, as I know. Do you introduce him, said I, (with as much Form as he) to my Presence. He enter'd. I rose up, with my Hands before me — I see you are angry with me, Madam. — I am sorry for it, Sir, said I. Sorry for your Anger, I hope, Madam? — I should be sorry, Sir, said I, if any body should see me angry for nothing. — I am sorry, Madam, that you set as nothing one that has so much Value for you. Mr. Rushford, said I, we have so many Sorry's between us, that I should be pleas'd with a few Glad's! — Why, said he, with this stiff, set Air, do you delight to vex thus an Heart that you can make sorry or glad at your Pleasure? — Why am I, Sir, to be treated capriciously, and to have my Conduct upbraided, when you think proper to be out of Humour? — I out of Humour, Madam! — I thought so — Was it in high good Humour that you insulted, me with that Somebody else? — I own, Madam, I cannot bear to see you so gay, so pleased, and lively, when that painted Butterfly is here; and so grave, so laconick, so reserv'd, when I pay my Respects to you. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, Mr. Rushford, none of these prescribing Airs! — What

Right have I given you to use me thus? — Madam, I hoped my Address was not quite unwelcome. — Whatever your Address is, your Prescriptions are. — I cannot, where I so much love, bear such a Difference as I always see in your Temper, when that Flutterer is here, to what I experience — The Difference perhaps may be in the Men, not in the Woman. As how, Madam? As how! Why, said I, he makes me laugh, and if I was to give way to't, your grave Airs would make me cry! — Thank you, Madam, said he! What's Sport to you, is Death to me! — And so he sigh'd, and took a Turn or two about the Room — I was standing all this time.

He came, and took my Hand, and look'd so silly upon me, I half pity'd him: I hope, Madam, I don't keep you standing! — Yes, you do, Sir! — I beg, Madam, you'll not torture me with this contemptuous Formality! — I think I am the most complaisant Creature breathing! — To ME, Madam, do you mean! — Yes, Sir — You always mean something in your Paradoxes, Madam: May I ask your Meaning now? — When I last sat and pursued my Work, you were displeased. I now stand, and have nothing to do but to be entertain'd in such an agreeable manner as you shall think properest for me — yet you are not pleased.

Madam, said he, you put me quite beside my Purposes! — If I thought you would have it so, I would sooner die than be so troublesome to you, as I now have Reason to think myself — If you have Reason to think so, I hope you are Master of your own Actions, said I — Do you forbid me your Presence for ever, Madam? — I do, if you ask it, Sir. (Was not this, Madam, daring me to answer even worse?) — I ask it, Madam! Heaven is my Witness, it would be the heaviest thing that could befal me — You would not thus brave it from me, if you thought so, said I, quite nettled.

In this manner we went on, till we had vex'd one another to some Purpose; and then he was so good as to give me Leave to sit down, and I was so gracious as to permit him to sit by me; and we parted with no Displeasure on either Side. Thus much for Mr. Rushford, and his grave Airs. My next shall let you into the Qualifications of his Competitor. Till when, I am, honoured Madam,

Your dutiful Kinswoman.

LETTER CLXIV.

IV. From the same: Describing her fluttering Pretender.

Honoured Madam,

INOW give you some Account of the Captain. He is a handsome Person of a Man, of a good Family: Heir to a good Estate: Dresses well, sings well, dances well — So much for his good Qualities. As for his others; he is insufferably vain; talkative; is always laughing, especially at what he says himself; and, sometimes, at the Conceit of what he is going to say, before he speaks: He has such an undaunted Assurance, that there is no such thing as putting him out of Countenance. One Instance I'll give you — He is always admiring himself in the Glass; insomuch that while he is in the Room, I cannot peep into one without staring him in the Face; and one Day rallying him on this, I ask'd him how the Glasses were fixed in a Camp? He reply'd, without Hesitation, O Madam! the Care our Generals take to pitch our Tents by the Banks of some transparent Stream, serves very well for that Purpose. And then he laugh'd most egregiously for five or six Minutes together.

You may believe, Madam, from what I have said, that I give no great Encouragement to his Visits. Yet is there no such thing as getting rid of him; for by all his Conduct, I plainly see, he has swallow'd the ridiculous Opinion, that the more averse a Woman appears to a Man's Addresses, the more Ground he has to expect Success; and he seems so assured of winning me, that I begin to be apprehensive, every time he puts his Hand in his Pocket, that he will pull out a Licence and a Ring — If I admit him into my Company, I know not how to get rid of him. If I cause myself to be deny'd, he plants himself directly against my Window, that the whole Neighbourhood may know his Business: Thus, with or without my Consent, he will be either thought my reigning Admirer, or he will, Don Quixote like, have me for his Dulcinea, in spite of my Teeth.

He has three or four times shew'd away before Mr. Rushford, and, as I cannot forbear heartily laughing at the Airs he gives himself, tho' for very different Reasons from those by which his risible Muscles are moved, he thinks me pleased with him; and, what is more vexatious, Mr. Rushford thinks so too, and grows serious and sullen, as I instanc'd in my former.

Now, Madam, what can I do? I heartily despise my Soldier; I greatly regard Mr. Rushford's good Sense, good Breeding, and other good Qualities: But to forbid this Fop, is what I am sure will have no Weight with him; for I have as good as done it several times, and he tells me, he will visit me whether I will or

not, as long as I am unmarried: And to do it professedly in Complaisance to Mr. Rushford, unless Matters had gone further between us, is putting myself absolutely in his Power, and declaring myself his, before he asks me the Question. So, may I not laugh on a little at the one, and teize the other's causeless Jealousy, do you think, till I bring Mr. Rushford to speak out so explicitly, that a Woman of some Niceness, as I pretend to be, may be in no Danger of mistaking him? Besides, I think Mr. Rushford a little too capricious, and should be glad to break him of it, lest, if it ever should be our Lot to come together, that Temper should improve upon him; and be more troublesome from an Husband, than it is from an humble Servant. I should be glad my Conduct might merit the Approbation of so good a Judge: but if it do not, I will endeavour to conform myself to your Advice: For I am, and ever will be, honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Niece.

LETTER CLXV.

V. From the Aunt, containing solid Advice and Caution on this Occasion.

Dear Lydia,

YOUR last Letter pleased me much better than your two former: For your first held me in great Suspense; your second gave me Concern for your rigorous Treatment of poor Mr. Rushford, who, ’tis plain, loves you much; but your third confirms me in the Opinion I always entertain’d of your Prudence, in preferring a Man of Sense to a Coxcomb.

I must tell you, that nothing could give me greater Pleasure, than to see you Mr. Rushford’s Bride. His Fortune is good, his Person manly and agreeable, and his Behaviour polite. But in my Opinion, you have need of all your Prudence and Caution, to avoid giving him a lasting Disgust; for I would have you always remember, my Dear, that nothing can give such Dislike to a Man of Wisdom and Discernment, as to make him imagine a Fool is preferr’d to him.

If Mr. Rushford did not love you, he would not be jealous of such a Fop as you describe; and it is enough to keep his Passions awake, when he sees you so grave and so severe, as I may say, to him, and so facetious and chearful with the other. For many a Woman of Sense, in other respects, has been caught by some of those ridiculous Airs that such empty Laughers give themselves; and if you should carry your Jest too far, it might make him despise a Levity, as he would be apt to construe it, which he would think unworthy of his Addresses.

I know it is but too natural to our Sex to love to be admired; but this Humour, when not properly bounded and guarded, has many times cost us dear, even the Happiness of all our Lives. Don’t be afraid of obliging Mr. Rushford, in a Point so material to his Tranquillity, and your own Reputation, as the forbidding the Visits of your Man of Scarlet: For, as you intend not to encourage him, and he has so undaunted an Assurance, founded on so much Folly, I think, if you had no other humble Servant, it would not be reputable to receive this; much less when you have one of so different a Cast, that Light and Darkness are not more opposite: And a Person must have a very indifferent Regard to a Man of Merit, who would not give up such a one to his Request; for the very Thought of a Competition with such a Rival, in so tender and nice a Point, must be disgusting to a Man of Sense.

And besides, you know not, my Dear, but Mr. Rushford may be deterr’d from a formal putting the Question to you, by the Apprehension that you see his Rival with too much Approbation: For can a Man of his Sense think of giving himself up absolutely to a Person who seems to waver in her Judgment, which to prefer of

two such Competitors? Must not the Mind that can hesitate one Moment on such a Decision, appear unworthy of the Character of his Wife?

And then, as to teizing him for his Jealousy, and breaking him of it aforehand, I doubt this savours a little too much of the ungenerous Tempers of some of our Sex, who love to tyrannize, when they can. Prudence in a Lady is the best Cure of Jealousy in a Gentleman; and is the Method you propose of laughing on with the Captain, and teizing a worthy Man, who undoubtedly loves you, a Mark of that Prudence? — Indeed, I fear, if you go on thus, you will either lose Mr. Rushford, or will be obliged to keep him at the Expence of a Submission (after you have provok'd him) proportionable to the Insult he will receive; and this, my dear Kinswoman, will be but little agreeable to the Pride of our Sex, and a particular Mortification to your own.

One Rule let me give you: That the more obliging you are in the Time of your Power, the more it will move a generous Mind to indulge you, in his; and the Time you may reckon yours, may not be Three Months in Proportion to Thirty Years of his; or the whole Life. And pray, my Dear, remember, that young Ladies assume a Task they are very little qualify'd for, when they set up to break Tempers, and manage Husbands, before they are married.

Your Prudence will suggest to you a very proper Conduct, I am sure, to secure a worthy Husband, without my writing a Word more. Especially as I know it will teach you to overcome the little low Pleasure, which some of our Sex take, at your Years, in being admired and flattered, and to conquer the little teizing Pride of perplexing and torturing the Heart of a worthy Admirer, when we think we have it in our Power. And so, hoping soon to hear, that you have banish'd the Captain, and are in the way to change the Name of Fenton for that of Rushford, I remain, my dear Niece,

Your affectionate Aunt.

LETTER CLXVI. From a Lady to her false Lover, who after having brav'd all his Friends Expostulations, at last is persuaded to abandon her for another of larger Fortune.

SIR,

'TIS a poor, a very poor Pretence that you make, after what has passed between us, that you must, in Compliance with the Commands of your Friends, break off Acquaintance with me! How often have I advised you to this formerly! How often have you vow'd the Impossibility of your doing it? How have you, in pursuance of this Avowal, brav'd your Friends, and defy'd their Resentments, in such a manner, that gave them no Hope of succeeding with you! tho' I always blam'd your disobliging way of doing it, in regard to them, as your Relations. But just as you had brought them to expect you would not be prevail'd upon, and they had so far acquiesced in your Choice, that I had received and returned Visits from the Principals of your Family, for you poorly to plead their Menaces, is such a Jest, as is not to be received without Contempt and Indignation.

Well, I can guess at your Motives! — tho' you are too mean-spirited to acknowledge them, and that they are too mean to be acknowledged. Miss Holles can explain them all, by the Help of a larger Fortune than I have! I have heard of your Uncle's Proposal, and your Visit there. — Go on, Sir, and welcome! I have Spirit enough to despise the Man that could deceive me. — But could you not, for your own sake act this perfidious Part in a more manly and more worthy manner? Could you not find a better Reason than one you had always rejected, when it was more your Duty to observe it? But must you, when your Vows to me had made it your Duty to dispense with it, then shew your Levity in adhering to it? Yet why do I expostulate with a Person so little deserving Expostulation? You may think me angry, because of my Disappointment. 'Tis true, it is a Disappointment, and I had a better Opinion of you than this Conduct shews you deserved; or Things should never have proceeded so far as they did. But 'tis a Disappointment, I hope, (tho' no Thanks to any Part of your Conduct, but your Meanness) I shall soon get over. And tho' I wish you no Harm, let us see, if, Seven Years hence, you will be so many hundred Pounds the richer, as makes the Difference to you, between Miss Holles and Her you have treated so unworthily. And if that will make you happier, I truly wish you may be so! For I am not your Enemy, tho' you deserve not that I should style myself

Your Friend.

LETTER CLXVII. From a Gentleman to his Lady, whose Overniceness in her House, and uneasy Temper with her Servants, make their Lives uncomfortable.

My Dear,

YOUR kind Concern for my Absence is very obliging. 'Tis true, I have already out-stay'd my Intention by a Week; and I find the Place I am in so very engaging, and Mr. Terry and his Sister so agreeable, that, but to come to you, I could willingly stay a Month longer with them. In short, my Dear, Mr. Terry lives just as I would wish to live; and his Sister, who is his House-keeper, is just what I would wish you to be, in many Particulars; tho' no one, in my Opinion, can equal you in others.

You must know then, that Mr. Terry and I are quite happy in one another; and when he has no Visitors, are indulg'd in a very pretty Parlour, which neither Pail nor Mop is permitted to enter for two or three Days together. And when we have Company, the Dining-room is at our Service, and the kind Lady lets us smoak there without remarking upon the beastly Fumes that we give the Furniture. Not only so, but if, by a sudden Turn of the Pipe, any one of us chances to bestrew the Floor with burnt Tobacco, we are not broken in upon either by Maid or Broom. And yet no Room can be cleaner than we find that, when we return to it from a Walk in the Gardens.

And indeed, I must acquaint you, that I never saw a Lady more prudently nice than Mrs. Terry. Her Person, Furniture, and House, are even Patterns of Neatness and good Oeconomy. I never any-where saw the one or the other out-done. Yet how can this be, I marvel! — For I have seen her pass over the Mark of a dirty Shoe-heel, upon a Floor as white as a Curd, and never once rank the Aggressor among the worst of Slovens. Nay, more than that, I have seen her Brother drop a few Crums of Bread and Butter under his Feet, without so much as one corrective Frown? Is not this strange, my Dear? Have Batchelors, from a Sister, more Privileges, than a marry'd Man from his Wife?

More than this, (it is true, upon my Honour! incredible as it may seem to you) t'other Day he happen'd to spill a Glass of Claret upon a fine Damask Table-cloth, and broke the Glass; yet met with no other Reproof than an agreeable Laugh at his Aukwardness, and, It was well it was he that did it, who might do as he pleased with his own!. Oh, what a happy Man, thought I, is this good old Batchelor!

But, my Dear, prepare for more strange Things still: Yesterday, at Dinner, he was cutting up a good fat Goose, and, by an unfortunate Splash, most grievously bespatter'd a rich Gown his Sister had on. My Heart ached upon this; for, truly, I thought, for a Moment, I was at home. But good Mrs. Terry convinced me of the contrary. Oh, Brother, said she, with a Smile, what a Slip was that! — But, Misfortunes will happen! — And out she pulled her Pocket Hankerchief, to wipe her Gown. I am sorry for it, Sister, said he. It can't be help'd, return'd she, with a Smile; but I had a good Mind to put you to some Expence for this. This was all she said, and she kept her Seat, and eat her Dinner in perfect good Temper; nay, and look'd as easy and as pleasant as she spoke.

I must still further observe, that, tho' all Things here are conducted with the greatest Decorum, and every Servant in the House knows their Duty, and does it distinguishingly well, yet I have never heard one high or angry Word pass between Mrs. Terry and the Maids. Is not this surprising, my Dear? What can it be owing to? I thought, for my Share, so much have I been used to a contrary Management, that no Servant could do their Duty, unless the Mistress of the Family put herself out of Humour with all the House. Either she is more fortunate than you, in lighting of good Servants; or, perhaps, as Persecution makes Schismaticks in the Church, so finding Faults creates them in a Family. There may be something in this, my Dear; for I have seen your Maid Jane blunder, out of Fear; and blunder a second time, to find she had blunder'd; and a third, because she was put quite out, and could not help it. — Then how has my poor Deary been discomposed! How have her charming Features been even distorted with Passion! not a Bit of the Lily in her Face; for the crimson Rose had swallowed it all up; and an Eye darting Flames of Indignation and Woe mixed together! And then, breaking Silence, Nobody ever had such Torments of Servants as I have! Alas! poor Deary! How hard is thy Hap! — How much happier this good Family! For, secure of an Excuse, rather than Blame, if a small Fault should be committed, in comes each Servant, as their Duty requires, all serene, pleased, chearful, as their Mistress. Their Eye is fixed upon her Eye, with a becoming Confidence of pleasing; and a Nod, or a Beck, does more with them, than an hundred Words.

How can I, my Dear, think of leaving such a delightful House and Family as this? — Yet I long to see my beloved Spouse; and I will set out on Monday next for that Purpose, with as great Delight as ever I knew, since I had the Happiness to call you mine. But pray, my dear Love, let what I have said, without the least Design to offend or concern you, a little impress you, however. Let me have the Satisfaction, for both our sakes, of seeing you get over some of those Foibles, that make us as effectually unhappy, at times, as if we had substantial Evils to encounter with. In short, my Dear, let us think the House made for our Use, and

not we for that. And let us shew our Servants, that while we would have them less faulty than they are, we will, ourselves, try to be more perfect than we have hitherto been; and not, while we condemn their Failings, be guilty of much greater.

Justice, Prudence, Ease, Pleasure, Interest, Reputation, all require this of us: And could I hope what I have written will be attended to, as I wish and mean it, you cannot conceive the Delight that will double upon me on my Return to my Dearest; for it is my Pride, that I can style myself

Yours ever, most affectionately.

LETTER CLXVIII. From a Gentleman who in a small Fortune experiences the Slights of his Friends; but being suddenly reputed to be rich, is oppressed with the fawning Caresses and Adulation of those who had before neglected him.

Dear Sir,

I MUST, for once, postpone every thing I would say to you, in order to make room for an Account you little expect.

What will you say, when I tell you, that a current Report of my being immensely rich is the greatest Misfortune I at present labour under? Nor do I find it so supportable as you may be apt to imagine. The Occasion was owing to the frequent Slights I had received from the Gentlewoman with whom I lodge, and from others of my Friends, who, believing that I lived up to my scanty Fortune, as in Truth I do, (tho' I take care to be beholden to nobody, and pay ready Money for every thing) could not treat me negligently enough. I complain'd of this to that arch Wag Tony Richards, who told me, he would change every one's Behaviour to me in a few Days. And he has done it effectually: For what does he do, but, as a kind of Secret, acquaints my Landlady, that beside my poor little Estate (which you know to be my All) he had lately discovered, that I had Twenty thousand Pounds Stock in one of our great Companies!

Such was the Force of his whimsical Delusion, that, the very next Morning, I had a clean Towel hung over my Water-bottle, tho' I never before had more than one a Week during the Twenty Years I have lodged here.

About a Week after this, my Cousin Tom, who, for the two Years he has been in the Temple, has let me see him but three times, came, in a most complaisant manner, plainer dressed than ever I had before seen him; and begg'd, if the Length of the Evening was in any Degree burdensome, I would permit him to wait upon me with such Pieces of Wit, Humour, or Entertainment, as the Town afforded; the reading of which under my Ear, he was sure, would be a great Advantage to him; and assured me, that, for a Beginning, he had presumed to bring the last new Tragedy in his Pocket: I thank'd my young Spark. Upon which he is so much in earnest in his Observances, that three Nights in a Week he thus entertains me: Which will at least be of so much Service, as to keep him out of more expensive Company. And you cannot think what Pains the Rogue takes to

read with the Cadence he knows I admire, and sits till his Teeth chatter before he offers to look towards the Fire.

What you will still more wonder at, Sir John Hookhim called upon me before Christmas; and tho' I have not had a Visit from him these Five Years, was so obliging, as to run away with me in his Chariot into Hertfordshire, to keep the Holidays in his Family; where his Lady treated me with the utmost Respect, and her Daughters paid me their Morning Devoirs, with the same Deference as if I had been their Grand Papa. No Dinner was concluded upon, without consulting my Palate; and the young Gentlemen, his Sons, are as ambitious of my hearing their Exercises, as if their Fortunes depended upon my Approbation.

Sir John acquainted me with every Improvement he had made in his Estate, and assured me, that his second Son Will. my Namesake, has a Genius singularly turned for managing Country Business, had he not had the Misfortune of having a Brother born before him; and gave me several Reasons to believe, that a fine Estate, which lay in the Neighbourhood, and was then to be sold, would be a great Pennyworth. I took the Hint; but said, I had no Inclination to purchase: He shook his Head at my Thousands, and told me, that, in his Opinion, a Land Estate was preferable to the best Stock in the Kingdom.

When I came to Town the 4th of January, I was no sooner out of Sir John's Chariot, but my Landlady, in Person, informed me, that since I had been absent, I had so many Presents sent me, that she had been in an hundred Fears for their spoiling: I asked her the Particulars, and found Five Turkeys, Three Chines, Three Hampers of Madeira for the Gout, Two Collars of Brawn, Geese, Chickens, Hares, and Wild-fowl, to a large Amount.

At Night I was welcom'd to Town by all my old Acquaintance, and about Twenty almost new ones: I was a little tired with my Journey; and had a slight Cold besides; which being observed, one was running for a Physician, another for a Surgeon, to bleed me: One thought an Emetick not improper: Another recommended a gentle Sweat, or composing Draught; and, amidst the general Officiousness, I could hear it whisper'd, that if my Will was not made, Delays might prove dangerous: And, in the Morning, five Messengers after my Welfare arrived before Day.

Thus, Sir, you see my Peace is gone, my Tongue is of no Use; for no one believes me, when I declare my real Circumstances: And, under the Happiness of a very small Fortune, I suffer all the Afflictions attending a Man immoderately rich; and if you keep not your usual Behaviour, I shall not know myself, nor any Man else; since all my Companions are become Flatterers, and all around me are so obsequious, that it is impossible for me to know when I do right or wrong. I am, dear Sir, tho' thus whimsically situated,

Your real Friend.

LETTER CLXIX. From one Brother to another, on the rash Marriage of a beloved Daughter of one of them, to a profligate young Fellow.

My dear Brother.

I AM exceedingly concerned for the rash Step your Daughter Thomasin has made: I know how it must affect you, and I am myself not a little troubled at it. But we see how unfit we are to chuse for ourselves! And, oh! how often are we punished by the Enjoyment of our own Wishes! — You say, you would rather have follow'd her Corpse to the Grave, than that she should have thus thrown herself away on a Rake, a Prodigal, a Sot, and a Fool, as I, as well as you, know to be the Character of the Person she has chosen. I would not afflict you, my dear Brother, instead of pouring Balm on the Wounds of your Mind. But you will remember, that it is scarce two Years ago, when you were no less anxiously disturbed on Occasion of the violent Fever, which then endangered her Life. What Vows did you not put up for her Recovery! What Tumults of Grief then agitated your afflicted Mind! And how do you know, that then she was only restor'd at your incessant and importunate Prayers; but that otherwise, God Almighty, knowing what was best for you both, would have taken her away from this heavy Evil! This should teach us Resignation to the Divine Will, and that we are most unfit to chuse for ourselves: And even this Affliction, heavy as it is, may be sent, in order to wean you from a Delight that you had too much set your Heart upon.

Mean time, you must not, by too violent a Resentment and Reprobation of her, which I find you are resolv'd upon, add to the Miseries she has chosen. The poor Creature, will, I fear, too soon find her Punishment in her Choice; and already, I understand, she is driven to great Distress. You know she has strong Passions, and your too great Severity may precipitate her on her everlasting Ruin, when she becomes thoroughly sensible of the Condition she has brought herself to, from as happy Prospects as any young Lady could promise herself.

Let this prevail upon you to allow her Necessaries; for, oh! 'tis a sad thing for meagre Want to stare in the Face a young Creature used to the fullest Plenty! especially when 'tis aggravated by the Reflection, that it is all owing to her own Rashness. And as it may not suit with your Liking, to appear yourself to allow her any thing, at least till you see what Use will be made of your Favours, I will undertake, as from myself, and on my own Head, to furnish, if you please, what is immediately necessary; and from time to time give you a faithful Account of the

Disposition in which she receives it, and how her wretched Deluder is affected by it.

This is a Task I should not be fond of, but to prevent worse Consequences; and I must intreat you, Brother, to weigh seriously the Matter; and as you abound, let not the unhappy Wretch, who, after all, is your Daughter, want those Necessaries of Life, which all your Servants have in such Plenty.

I could not bear to be a Witness of the great Griefs, which must tear asunder your Heart, struggling between paternal Affection, and just Indignation; which makes me chuse to write to you; and shall wait your Resolution on this Subject. I am, dear Brother,

Yours most affectionately.

LETTER CLXX. The afflicted Father, in Answer to the preceding.

Dear Brother,

YOU are very kind in your Intention, yet very affecting in your just Reproofs of my misplaced Fondness for a Creature so unworthy. Resignation to the Divine Will, a noble, a needful Lesson! is the Doctrine you raise from it. God give it me, as I ought to have it. Time and His Grace, I hope, will effect it. But at present — Oh! Brother! you know not how I set my Heart on this Wretch. That was my Crime, you'll say: And 'tis but just it should be my Punishment. Do you, as you please, in what you propose. I desire not the ingrateful Creature should want, yet let her too be pinch'd: Nothing else will make her sensible of her great Offence — But don't let her be precipitated on any worse Fate, if a worse can be possible, as it may with regard to another Life. Yet let not her Seducer be the better for the Assistance. He shall never riot in my Substance. Let me know what you have done three Months hence; that I may retrench, or add to what you shall advance, as I shall see her Behaviour. I say in three Months, for another Reason: because I may by that time, I hope, get more Strength of Mind and Patience, than at present possesses the Heart of

Your ever-affectionate Brother.

LETTER CLXXI. To a Father on the Loss of his Son, who died under Age.

My dear Friend,

YOUR Lot, I confess, is hard, exceeding hard, to lose so promising and so hopeful a Child as that dear Boy was, who so much engrossed the Affections of yourself and Spouse: and a suitable Grief on so trying an Occasion ought to be indulged. But yet not so, as if you were bereft of all Comfort, and insensible to those other great Mercies, which God has bestowed upon you. This, my dear Friend, would be a sinful Rejection of those Blessings which remain to you, as if, like froward Children, you would have nothing, because you could not have every thing you wish'd.

Look upon all the great Families of the Earth, upon all your Neighbours round you; and see if they have not almost every one shed. Tears on this very Occasion, and then judge of the Unreasonableness of too great a Grief, and what Pretension you have to be exempted from those Accidents, to which Royalty itself is liable. I will not, to alleviate your Grief, remind you of a Topick, which is however no less important than too frequently the Case, that he might not always have been so hopeful; but might, as he grew up, many ways have administered Bitterness to you. But I think it surpasses all other Comforts, even those you hoped for from him, that he is taken away at an Age, at which God's Mercy renders his eternal Happiness unquestionably certain; and you and your mourning Spouse have the Pleasure to reflect, that ye have been the happy Means of adding one to the Number of the Blest above; and that he is gone before you, but a little while, to that Place, where all Tears shall be wiped away, and whither, thro' the same infinite Mercy, you will in time follow him, and enjoy him for ever.

You have this Comfort, that he dy'd a natural Death; that the Work was God Almighty's, who gave him to you, and has but taken back what he lent you: That you saw every thing done for his Recovery, that could be done; and that it pleased God not to grant him to your Prayers; and why should you repine at the Dispensation, when you know the Dispenser? Let it therefore be your Duty, on this trying Occasion, to shew an intire Acquiescence to the Divine Will; such an Acquiescence as may be exemplary to your good Spouse, whose weaker Sex and Mind want all the Consolation your stronger Reason can give her. And at the same time, it behoves you to shew a thankful Spirit for the Mercies yet continued to you, (Mercies that Thousands have not to rejoice in!) lest God Almighty should, as a Punishment, deprive you of those you have still left.

I beg you will take in good Part these few Lines, which my Affection for you has drawn from my Pen; and that you'll believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your truly sympathizing Friend, and humble Servant.

LETTER CLXXII. To a Father on the Loss of a hopeful Son, who died at Man's Estate.

SIR,

I AM truly sorry for your Loss. So hopeful a Son just arrived at Man's Estate, and who was so great a Comfort and Assistance to you, to be snatched away, is what must administer to you the greatest Grief of any thing that could possibly befal you.

But, alas! yours is no new Case. The greatest Families have been thus afflicted, and with the Aggravation to some of them, that perhaps they have been deprived of their Heirs, and have not a Son left to continue their Name and Honours. The late Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, lost her beloved Duke of Gloucester, not only her Hopes, but the Hopes of the Nation; and the Crown, to which he seem'd not only born, but fashioned, was obliged to be settled, on that Occasion, upon a distant Branch of the Royal Line.

The great Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who by his Merit, and his Victories, had raised a princely Estate, as well as Titles, had but one Son, the Marquis of Blandford, on whom he and his Duchess built all their Hopes, for the perpetuating of those new Honours in their Family; and he was snatched away by Death, when he was at the University, training up to become the Dignities, to which he was intitled.

Still more recent was the unhappy Fate of a Lady of the first Quality in England. Her Lord had a Son lent to his advanced Years. This Son was the last of that noble Family, and on his Life depended all his Father's and his Mother's Hopes; and on his living till of Age, a valuable Part of the Estate itself, which otherwise was to fall to an illegitimate Offspring. What Care was not used to preserve the noble Youth! An eminent Physician was taken into the Family, to be made a constant Watchman, as it were, over his Health and Exercises. The young Nobleman himself was hopeful, dutiful, and as distinguished in the Graces of his Mind, as by his Birth. He travelled; his indulgent Mother travelled with him: He made a Campaign under his Uncle, the greatest General then surviving in an Age of Generals. He again travelled to restore and confirm his Health, and all the noble Mother's Hopes and Views were employ'd on the finding for her beloved Son, on his Return, a Wife suitable to his Quality, and who might be a Means to preserve one of the first Families in the Kingdom, from utter Extinction.

What was the Event of all her Cares, her Hopes, her Vows, her Prospects? — Why, just as the young Nobleman had (within a few Months) arrived at Age, and

could have made those Family Settlements, which were most desirable should be made, and the Want of which involved his noble Mother in perplexing Law-suits, which, too, turn'd against her; it pleased God to deprive her of him, and he died in a foreign Land, far distant from his fond Mother; who, (still more grievous, if true!) for Reasons of State, as was said, had been deny'd to accompany and attend him; and so ended all her Hopes of above twenty Years standing, and in him his Family likewise.

A still more recent Calamity to a great Family, I might mention; in the Death of two hopeful Children, the only Sons of their Father, and the only Heirs Male of one of the first Families in the Kingdom, both snatch'd away, in the Space of a few Hours of one another, from healthy Constitutions, and no Ailments previous to the sudden one that carry'd them off, which was only believed to be a sore Throat. In vain were the Consultations of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons, who gave Attendance all Night, minutely to watch every Change of the Distemper; in vain prov'd the Assurance of the Skilful to the fond Parents, that there was no Danger. Death mocked all their Hopes; and when the first dy'd, in vain was he opened, in order to find out, if possible, the Cause of the fatal Malady, in order to administer, with greater Hopes of Success, Remedies against it, to preserve the other. That other hopeful Youth followed his Brother, and their Fate deeply wounded the Hearts of half a dozen noble Families, whose intimate Relationship gave them a very near Interest in the awful Event.

Like Instances of the Loss of hopeful Sons, and of the only Male Heirs, might be produced in other Families of prime Distinction in the List of the British Nobility; but I need not enumerate more to a Mind considerate as yours, which will reflect that Death is a common Lot, from which no Rank or Degree is exempted. And I hope these Reflections, and such as you will be able to add to them, by your own Reason and Piety, will serve to rebuke the Overflowings of your Grief, and confine it to the natural Channels, into which both God and Nature will indulge it to flow.

I mention not to your enlighten'd Mind, you see, the Motives, that, nevertheless, might be insisted on with great Propriety, on so grievous an Occasion; such as, The Uncertainty of Life: The Gratitude you ought to shew for having had your Son so long continu'd to you, as he was: The great Probability of his being happy in God's Mercies, by reason of his Hopefulness and Duty: The early Release he has met with from the Troubles and Chances of a changeable and transitory Life: His Escape from the Danger of the Temptations which his Virtue might have been tried with, had he lived to maturer Years: That this your Deprivation is God's Work: That he dy'd not in a distant Land, and by an untimely Death: But that you had the Satisfaction of knowing that every thing

was done for him that could be done: That his Morals were still untainted, and he was not cut off in the Pursuit of some capital Sin, as has too often been the Case with bold and daring Spirits in the Heat of their youthful Passions: And that he escap'd the Snares usually laid for young Men by idle Companions, and vicious Women, which too often entangle and catch the unthinking Mind. These will be all suggested to you from your own better Reason; and to that secondarily, as to a due Resignation to the Divine Will primarily, let me refer you, on this trying Occasion: Who am, with a sympathizing Affection, dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend, and humble Servant.

LETTER CLXXIII. To a Widow on the Death of her Husband.

Good Madam,

ALLOW me the Liberty of condoling with you on the truly great and heavy Loss you have sustain'd of an excellent Husband. All we, who had the Pleasure of his Friendship, mourn with you, the irretrievable Misfortune to us as well as to you. But as there is no recalling it, and as it is God's doing, we must not repine at the Dispensation, but acquiesce in it. And yet to say, that neither you nor we ought to grieve for it, would be absurd and unnatural. Sinful Grief, however, we are commanded to shun: And we ought to bless God, that he was graciously pleased to continue him with us so long, instead of mourning too heavily, that we had not longer the Pleasure of his agreeable Conversation. We were not born together, and some of us must have gone first; and I have sometimes been ready to think, (besides the Life of Glory, that, thro' God's Mercies, awaits the Good) that he is far happier, than those he leaves behind him, in this Point, That he is saved from the Regret (which fills the wounded Hearts of his surviving Friends) of seeing them go before him, as they have seen him go before them. Had he not dy'd now, a few Years would have determin'd his useful Life; for the longest Life is but a Span; and then the Matter, had he gone before us, would have been as it is now.

We may make our own Lives miserable in bewailing his Loss; but we cannot do him good, nor (were he to know it) Pleasure. You, in particular, Madam, who are now called upon to be both Father and Mother to the dear Pledges of your mutual Affection, ought to take double Care, how you suffer immoderate Grief to incapacitate you from this new, and more arduous and necessary Task. For by this means, you would not only do yourself Hurt, but double the Loss which his dear Children have already sustain'd in that of their Father. And would you, Madam, make them motherless as well as fatherless? — God forbid! Consider, tho' this is a heavy Case, yet it is a common Case. And we must not repine, that God Almighty thought him ripe for Heaven, and put an End to his probatory State.

With melancholy Pleasure have I often, on the Loss of Friends, contemplated the excellent Advice of the Son of Sirach, who tells us how we ought to mourn on these Occasions, and how we ought to govern our Mourning; and reminds us most excellently, that while we are grieving for our departed Friends, our own Lives pass away, and we are not. You'll permit me to transcribe his own excellent Words, as most suitable to the Subject before us.

“My Son, says he, let Tears fall down over the Dead, and begin to lament; and then cover his Body according to the Custom, and neglect not his Burial. Weep bitterly, and make great Moan, and use Lamentation as he is worthy — and then comfort thyself for thy Heaviness; for of Heaviness cometh Death; and the Heaviness of the Heart breaketh Strength. In Affliction also Sorrow remaineth; and the Life of the Poor [or Miserable, or of those who make themselves so by Mourning] is the Curse of the Heart. Take [therefore] no Heaviness to Heart: Drive it away; and remember [thy own] last End. Forget it not; for there is no turning again: Thou shalt not do him Good, but hurt thyself. Remember MY Judgment [saith the wise Man, speaking as if in the Person of our late dear Friend] for THINE also shall be so. Yesterday for ME, and To-day for THEE. When the Dead is at Rest, let his Remembrance rest; and be comforted for him, when his Spirit is departed from him.”

To add any thing to this excellent Advice, would be, in some measure, to depreciate it. I will therefore conclude with my Prayers, that God will enable you to bear as you ought, and as all your Friends wish and expect from you, this truly heavy Dispensation, and that most particularly for the sake of your dear Children by him; and with assuring you of my Service, to the utmost of my Ability: For I am, Madam, as well for theirs and your own sake, as for his Memory’s sake,

Your faithful Friend, and humble Servant.

FINIS.

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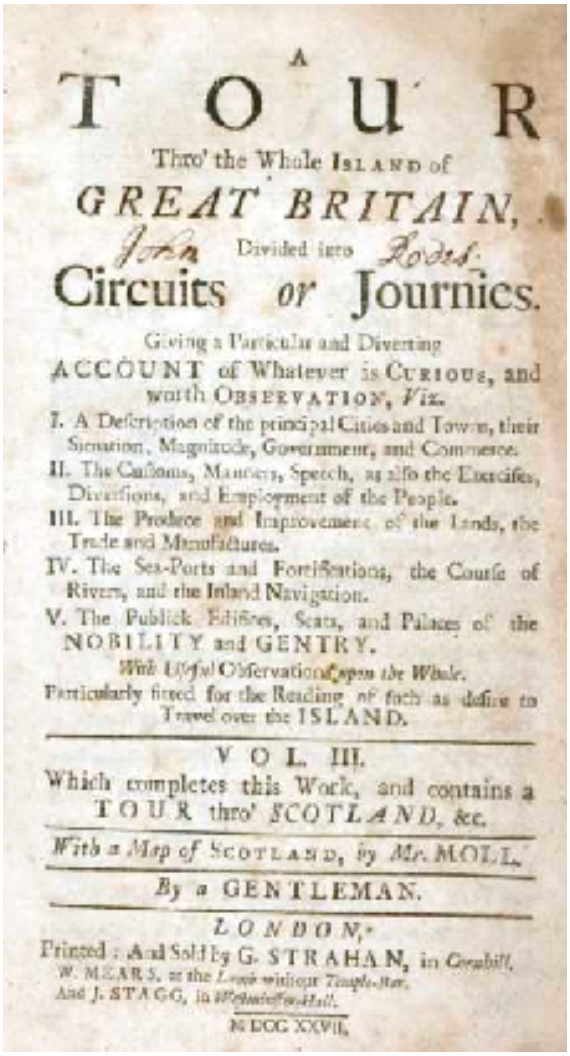

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INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST VOLUME

IF this work is not both pleasant and profitable to the reader, the author most freely and openly declares the fault must be in his performance, and it cannot be any deficiency in the subject.

As the work it self is a description of the most flourishing and opulent country in the world, so there is a flowing variety of materials; all the particulars are fruitful of instructing and diverting objects.

If novelty pleases, here is the present state of the country describ'd, the improvement, as well in culture, as in commerce, the encrease of people, and employment for them: Also here you have an account of the encrease of buildings, as well in great cities and towns, as in the new seats and dwellings of the nobility and gentry; also the encrease of wealth, in many eminent particulars.

If antiquity takes with you, tho' the looking back into remote things is studiously avoided, yet it is not wholly omitted, nor any useful observations neglected; the learned writers on the subject of antiquity in Great Britain have so well discharg'd themselves, that we can never over-value their labours, yet there are daily farther discoveries made, which give future ages, room, perhaps not to mend, yet at least to add to what has been already done.

In travelling thro' England, a luxuriance of objects presents it self to our view: Where-ever we come, and which way soever we look, we see something new, something significant, something well worth the travellers stay, and the writer's care; nor is any check to our design, or obstruction to its acceptance in the world, to say the like has been done already, or to panegyrick upon the labours and value of those authors who have gone before, in this work: A compleat account of Great Britain will be the work of many years, I might say ages, and may employ many hands: Whoever has travell'd Great Britain before us, and whatever they have written, tho' they may have had a harvest, yet they have always, either by necessity, ignorance or negligence pass'd over so much, that others may come and glean after them by large handfuls.

Nor cou'd it be otherwise, had the diligence and capacities of all who have gone before been greater than they are; for the face of things so often alters, and the situation of affairs in this great British Empire gives such new turns, even to nature it self, that there is matter of new observation every day presented to the traveller's eye.

The fate of things gives a new face to things, produces changes in low life, and innumerable incidents; plants and supplants families, raises and sinks towns, removes manufactures, and trades; great towns decay, and small towns rise; new

towns, new palaces, new seats are built every day; great rivers and good harbours dry up, and grow useless; again, new ports are open'd, brooks are made rivers, small rivers navigable, ports and harbours are made where none were before, and the like.

Several towns, which antiquity speaks of as considerable, are now lost and swallow'd up by the sea, as Dunwich in Suffolk for one; and others, which antiquity knew nothing of, are now grown considerable: In a word, new matter offers to new observation, and they who write next, may perhaps find as much room for enlarging upon us, as we do upon those that have gone before.

The author says, that indeed he might have given his pen a loose here, to have complain'd how much the conduct of the people diminishes the reputation of the island, on many modern occasions, and so we could have made his historical account a satyr upon the country, as well as upon the people; but they are ill friends to England, who strive to write a history of her nudities, and expose, much less recommend her wicked part to posterity; he has rather endeavour'd to do her justice in those things which recommend her, and humbly to move a reformation of those, which he thinks do not; In this he thinks he shall best pay the debt of a just and native writer, who, in regard to the reader, should conceal nothing which ought to be known, and in regard to his country, expose nothing which ought to be conceal'd.

A description of the country is the business here, not discanting upon the errors of the people; and yet, without boasting, we may venture to say, we are at least upon a level with the best of our neighbours, perhaps above them in morals, whatever we are in their pride; but let that stand as it does, till times mend; 'tis not, I say, the present business.

The observations here made, as they principally regard the present state of things, so, as near as can be, they are adapted to the present taste of the times: The situation of things is given not as they have been, but as they are; the improvements in the soil, the product of the earth, the labour of the poor, the improvement in manufactures, in merchandizes, in navigation, all respects the present time, not the time past.

In every county something of the people is said, as well as of the place, of their customs, speech, employments, the product of their labour, and the manner of their living, the circumstances as well as situation of the towns, their trade and government; of the rarities of art, or nature; the rivers, of the inland, and river navigation; also of the lakes and medicinal springs, not forgetting the general dependance of the whole country upon the city of London, as well for the consumption of its produce, as the circulation of its trade.

The preparations for this work have been suitable to the author's earnest concern for its usefulness; seventeen very large circuits, or journeys have been taken thro' divers parts separately, and three general tours over almost the whole English part of the island; in all which the author has not been wanting to treasure up just remarks upon particular places and things, so that he is very little in debt to other mens labours, and gives but very few accounts of things, but what he has been an eye-witness of himself.

Besides these several journeys in England, he has also lived some time in Scotland, and has travell'd critically over great part of it; he has viewed the north part of England, and the south part of Scotland five several times over; all which is hinted here, to let the readers know what reason they will have to be satisfy'd with the authority of the relation, and that the accounts here given are not the produce of a cursory view, or rais'd upon the borrow'd lights of other observers.

It must be acknowledged, that some foreigners, who have pretended to travel into England, and to give account of things when they come home, have treated us after a very indifferent manner: As they viewed us with envy, so they have made their account rather equal to what they wish'd we should be, than to what we are; and wrote as if they were afraid the country they wrote to should be in love with us, and come away to live among us: In short, speaking of England, they have, like the Israelitish spies, carried abroad a very ill report of the land: Seignior Gratiano a Spaniard, is one of those; he has given such a scandalous account of England in Spanish, as made a wiser man than himself, say, That if the history of England written by Augustin Gratiano had been written in the days of Philip II. and he had believ'd it to be true, he would never have thought it worth his while to fit out such an Armada for the conquest of it; but that it appear'd by King Philip's making that unfortunate attempt, that he was certainly better acquainted with it, than Gratiano.

It is worth no man's while to examine and confute foreign authors, whose errors are their ignorance. Our business is to give just ideas of our country to our readers, by which foreigners may be rightly inform'd, if they please to judge impartially; if any man will not be inform'd, we must write on that blindness, let him be ignorant.

But after all that has been said by others, or can be said here, no description of Great Britain can be, what we call a finished account, as no cloaths can be made to fit a growing child; no picture carry the likeness of a living face; the size of one, and the countenance of the other always altering with time: so no account of a kingdom thus daily altering its countenance, can be perfect.

Even while the sheets are in the press, new beauties appear in several places, and almost to every part we are oblig'd to add appendixes, and supplemental

accounts of fine houses, new undertakings, buildings, &. and thus posterity will be continually adding; every age will find an encrease of glory. And may it do so, till Great Britain as much exceeds the finest country in Europe, as that country now fancies they exceed her.

A TOUR IN CIRCUITS, THROUGH THE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN

LETTER I

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE SEA-COASTS OF THE COUNTIES OF ESSEX, SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, ETC., AS ALSO OF PART OF CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE

I BEGAN my travels, where I purpose to end them, viz. at the city of London, and therefore my account of the city itself will come last, that is to say, at the latter end of my southern progress; and as in the course of this journey I shall have many occasions to call it a circuit, if not a circle, so I chose to give it the title of circuits, in the plural, because I do not pretend to have travelled it all in one journey, but in many, and some of them many times over; the better to inform my self of every thing I could find worth taking notice of.

I hope it will appear that I am not the less, but the more capable of giving a full account of things, by how much the more deliberation I have taken in the view of them, and by how much the oftner I have had opportunity to see them.

I set out, the 3d of April, 1722, going first eastward, and took what I think, I may very honestly call a circuit in the very letter of it; for I went down by the coast of the Thames thro' the marshes or hundreds, on the south-side of the county of Essex, till I came to Malden, Colchester, and Harwich, thence continuing on the coast of Suffolk to Yarmouth; thence round by the edge of the sea, on the north and west-side of Norfolk, to Lynn, Wisbich, and the Wash; thence back again on the north-side of Suffolk and Essex, to the west, ending it in Middlesex, near the place where I began it, reserving the middle or center of the several counties to some little excursions, which I made by themselves.

Passing Bow-Bridge, where the county of Essex begins, the first observation I made was, That all the villages which may be called the neighbourhood of the city of London on this, as well as on the other sides thereof, which I shall speak to in their order; I say, all those villages are increased in buildings to a strange degree, within the compass of about 20 or 30 years past at the most.

The village of Stratford, the first in this county from London, is not only increased, but, I believe, more than doubled in that time; every vacancy filled up with new houses, and two little towns or hamlets, as they may be called, on the forest side of the town, entirely new, namely, Mary-land-Point, and the Gravel-Pits, one facing the road to Woodford, and Epping, and the other facing the road to Illford: And as for the hither part, it is almost joined to Bow, in spite of rivers, canals, marshy-grounds, &c. Nor is this increase of building the case only, in this and all the other villages round London; but the increase of the value and rent of

the houses formerly standing, has, in that compass of years above-mentioned, advanced to a very great degree, and I may venture to say at least a fifth part; some think a third part, above what they were before.

This is indeed most visible, speaking of Stratford in Essex; but it is the same thing in proportion in other villages adjacent, especially on the forest-side; as at Low-Layton, Layton-stone, Walthamstow, Woodford, Wansted, and the towns of West-Ham, Plaistow, Upton, &c. In all which places, or near them, (as the inhabitants say) above a thousand new foundations have been erected, besides old houses repaired, all since the Revolution: And this is not to be forgotten too, that this increase is, generally speaking, of handsom large houses, from *20l.* a year to *60l.* very few under *20l.* a year; being chiefly for the habitations of the richest citizens, such as either are able to keep two houses, one in the country, and one in the city; or for such citizens as being rich, and having left off trade, live altogether in these neighbouring villages, for the pleasure and health of the latter part of their days.

The truth of this may at least appear, in that they tell me there are no less than two hundred coaches kept by the inhabitants within the circumference of these few villages named above, besides such as are kept by accidental lodgers.

This increase of the inhabitants, and the cause of it, I shall inlarge upon when I come to speak of the like in the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, &c. Where it is the same, only in a much greater degree: But this I must take notice of here, that this increase causes those villages to be much pleasanter and more sociable than formerly, for now people go to them, not for retirement into the country, but for good company; of which, that I may speak to the ladies as well as other authors do, there are in these villages, nay, in all, three or four excepted, excellent conversation, and a great deal of it, and that without the mixture of assemblies, gaming houses, and publick foundations of vice and debauchery; and particularly I find none of those incentives kept up on this side the country.

Mr. Camden, and his learned continuator, Bishop Gibson, have ransacked this country for its antiquities, and have left little unsearched; and, as it is not my present design to say much of what has been said already, I shall touch very lightly where two such excellent antiquaries have gone before me; except it be to add what may have been since discovered, which as to these parts is only this; That there seems to be lately found out, in the bottom of the marshes, (generally called Hackney-Marsh, and beginning near about the place now called the Wyck), between Old-Ford and the said Wyck, the remains of a great stone causeway, which, as it is supposed, was the highway, or great road from London into Essex, and the same, which goes now over the great bridge between Bow and Stratford.

That the great road lay this way, and that the great causeway landed again just over the river, where now the Temple-Mills stand, and passed by Sir Tho. Hickes's house at Ruckolls, all this is not doubted; and that it was one of those famous highways made by the Romans, there is undoubted proof, by the several marks of Roman work, and by Roman coins, and other antiquities found there, some of which are said to be deposited in the hands of the Revd. Mr. Strype, vicar of the parish of Low-Layton.

From hence the great road passed up to Layton-stone, a place by some known, now as much, by the sign of the Green-Man, formerly a lodge upon the edge of the forest; and crossing by Wansted House, formerly the dwelling of Sir Josiah Child, now of his son the Lord Castlemain, (of which, hereafter) went over the same river which we now pass at Ilford; and passing that part of the great forest which we now call Henault Forest, came into that which is now the great road, a little on this side the Whalebone, a place on the road so called, because a rib-bone of a great whale, which was taken in the river of Thames the same year that Oliver Cromwel died, 1658, was fixed there for a monument of that monstrous creature, it being at first about eight-and twenty foot long.

According to my first intention of effectually viewing the sea-coast of these three counties, I went from Stratford to Barking, a large market-town, but chiefly inhabited by fishermen, whose smacks ride in the Thames, at the mouth of their river, from whence their fish is sent up to London to the market at Billingsgate, by small boats, of which I shall speak by itself in my description of London.

One thing I cannot omit in the mention of these Barking fisher-smacks, viz. That one of those fishermen, a very substantial and experienced man, convinced me, that all the pretences to bringing fish alive to London market from the North Seas, and other remote places on the coast of Great Britain, by the new-built sloops called fish-pools, have not been able to do any thing, but what their fishing-smacks are able on the same occasion to perform. These fishing-smacks are very useful vessels to the publick upon many occasions; as particularly, in time of war they are used as press-smacks, running to all the northern and western coasts to pick up seamen to mann the navy, when any expedition is at hand that requires a sudden equipment: At other times, being excellent sailors, they are tenders to particular men of war; and on an expedition they have been made use of as machines, for the blowing up fortified ports and havens; as at Calais, St. Maloes, and other places.

This parish of Barking is very large; and by the improvement of lands taken in, out of the Thames, and out of the river which runs by the town, the tithes, as the townsmen assured me, are worth above 6oo*l.* per annum, including small tithes. Note, This parish has two or three chapels of ease, viz. one at Ilford, and one on

the side of Henault Forest, called New Chapel. Sir Tho. Fanshaw, of an antient Roman Catholick family, has a very good estate in this parish: A little beyond the town, on the road to Dagenham, stood a great house, antient, and now almost fallen down, where tradition says the Gunpowder Treason Plot was at first contriv'd, and that all the first consultations about it were held there.

This side of the county is rather rich in land, than in inhabitants, occasioned chiefly by the unhealthiness of the air; for these low marsh grounds, which, with all the south-side of the county, have been saved out of the River Thames, and out of the sea, where the river is wide enough to be call'd so, begin here or rather begin at West-Ham, by Stratford, and continue to extend themselves. From hence eastward, growing wider and wider, till we come beyond Tilbury, when the flat country lyes six seven, or eight miles broad, and is justly said to be both unhealthy, and unpleasant.

However the lands are rich, and, as is observable, it is very good farming in the marshes, because the landlords let good penny-worths, for it being a place where every body cannot live those that venture it, will have encouragement, and indeed it is but reasonable they should.

Several little observations I made in this part of the county of Essex.

We saw passing from Barking to Dagenham, The famous breach, made by an inundation of the Thames, which was so great, as that it laid near 5000 acres of land under water, but which after near ten years lying under water, and being several times blown up has been at last effectually stopped by the application of Captain Perry; the gentleman, who for several years had been employed, in the Czar of Muscovy's works, at Veronitza, on the River Don. This breach appeared now effectually made up, and they assured us, that the new work, where the breach was, is by much esteemed the strongest of all the sea walls in that level.

It was observable that great part of the lands in these levels, especially those on this side East Tilbury, are held by the farmers, cow-keepers, and grasing butchers who live in and near London, and that they are generally stocked (all the winter half year) with large fat sheep, (viz.) Lincolnshire and Leicestershire wethers, which they buy in Smithfield in September and October, when the Lincolnshire and Leicestershire grasiers sell off their stock, and are kept here till Christmas, or Candlemas, or thereabouts, and tho' they are not made at all fatter here, than they were when bought in, yet the farmer, or butcher finds very good advantage in it, by the difference of the price of mutton between Michaelmas, when 'tis cheapest, and Candlemas when 'tis dearest; this is what the butchers value themselves upon, then they tell us at the market, that it is right marsh-mutton.

In the bottom of these marshes, and close to the edge of the rivers stands the strong fortress of Tilbury, called Tilbury Fort, which may justly be looked upon,

as the key of the river of Thames, and consequently the key of the city of London: It is a regular fortification, the design of it, was a pentagon, but the water bastion as it would have been call'd, was never built; the plan was laid out by Sir Martin Beckman, chief engineer to King Charles II. who also designed the works at Sheerness. The esplanade of the fort is very large, and the bastions, the largest of any in England, the foundation is laid so deep, and piles under that, driven down two on end of one another, so far, till they were assur'd they were below the channel of the river, and that the piles, which were shod with iron, entered into the solid chalk rock adjoyning to, or reaching from the chalk-hills on the other side. These bastions settled considerably at first, as did also part of the curtain, the great quantity of earth that was brought to fill them up, necessarily, requiring to be made solid by time; but they are now firm as the rocks of chalk which they came from, and the filling up one of these bastions, as I have been told by good hands, cost the Government 6000*l.* . being filled with chalk-rubbish fetched from the chalk-pits at North-Fleet, just above Gravesend.

The works to the land side are compleat; the bastions are faced with brick. There is a double ditch, or moat, the innermost part of which is 180 foot broad, there is a good counter-scarp, and a covered way marked out, with ravelins, and tenailles, but they are not raised a second time after their first settling.

On the land side there are also two small redoubts of brick, but of very little strength, for the chief strength of this fort on the land side consists in this, that they are able to lay the whole level under water, and so to make it impossible for an enemy to make any approaches to the fort that way.

On the side next the river, there is a very strong curtain, with a noble gate called the water-gate in the middle, and that ditch is pallisadoed. At the place where the water-bastion was designed to be built, and which by the plan should run wholly out into the river, so to flank the two curtains on each side; I say, in the place where it should have been, stands a high tower, which they tell us was built in Queen Elizabeth's time, and was called the Block-house; the side next the water is vacant.

Before this curtain above and below the said vacancy, is a platform in the place of a counterscarp, on which are planted 106 pieces of cannon, generally all of them carrying from 24 to 46 pound ball; a battery, so terrible, as well imports the consequence of that place: Besides which, there are smaller pieces planted between, and the bastions and curtain also are planted with guns, so that they must be bold fellows who will venture in the biggest ships the world has heard of, to pass such a battery, if the men appointed to serve the guns, do their duty like stout fellows, as becomes them.

The present government of this important place is under the prudent administration of the Right Honourable the Lord Newbrugh.

From hence, there is nothing for many miles together remarkable, but a continued level of unhealthy marshes, called, the Three Hundreds, till we come before Leigh, and to the mouth of the River Chelmer, and Black-water. These rivers united make a large firth, or inlet of the sea, which by Mr. Camden is called *Idumanum Fluvium* ; but by our fishermen and seamen, who use it as a port, ’tis called Maiden-Water.

In this inlet of the sea is Osey or Osyth Island, commonly called Oosy Island, so well known by our London men of pleasure, for the infinite number of wild-fowl, that is to say, duck, mallard, teal and widgeon, of which there are such vast flights, that they tell us the island, namely the creek, seems covered with them, at certain times of the year, and they go from London on purpose for the pleasure of shooting; and indeed often come home very well loaden with game. But it must be remembred too, that those gentlemen who are such lovers of the sport, and go so far for it, often return with an Essex ague on their backs, which they find a heavier load than the fowls they have shot.

’Tis on this shoar, and near this creek, that the greatest quantity of fresh fish is caught, which supplies not this country only, but London markets also: On the shoar beginning a little below Candy Island, or rather below Leigh Road, there lies a great shoal or sand called the Black Tayl, which runs out near three leagues into the sea due east; at the end of it, stands a pole or mast, set up by the Trinity-House men of London, whose business is, to lay buoys, and set up sea marks for the direction of the sailors; this is called Shoo-Bacon, from the point of land where this sand begins, which is call’d Shooberry-Ness, and that from the town of Shooberry, which stands by it. From this sand, and on the edge of Shooberry, before it, or south-west of it, all along, to the mouth of Colchester Water, the shoar is full of shoals and sands, with some deep channels between; all which are so full of fish, that not only the Barking fishing-smacks come hither to fish, but the whole shoar is full of small fisher-boats in very great numbers, belonging to the villages and towns on the coast, who come in every tide with what they take; and selling the smaller fish in the country, send the best and largest away upon horses, which go night and day to London market.

N.B. I am the more particular in my remark on this place, because in the course of my travels the reader will meet with the like in almost every place of note through the whole island, where it will be seen how this whole kingdom, as well the people, as the land, and even the sea, in every part of it, are employ’d to furnish something, and I may add, the best of every thing, to supply the city of London with provisions; I mean by provisions, corn, flesh, fish, butter, cheese,

salt, fewel, timber, &c. and cloths also; with every thing necessary for building, and furniture for their own use, or for trades; of all which in their order.

On this shoar also are taken the best and nicest, tho' not the largest oysters in England; the spot from whence they have their common appellation is a little bank called Woelfleet, scarce to be called an island, in the mouth of the River Crouch, now called Crooksea Water; but the chief place where the said oysters are now had, is from Wyvenhoo and the shears adjacent whither they are brought by the fishermen, who take them at the mouth of, that they call, Colchester Water, and about the sand they call the Spits, and carry them up to Wyvenhoo, where they are kid in beds or pits on the shoar to feed, as they call it; and then being barrelled up, and carried to Colchester, which is but three miles off, they are sent to London by land, and are, from thence, called Colchester oysters.

The chief sort of other fish which they carry from this part of the shoar to London, are soals, which they take sometimes exceeding large, and yield a very good price at London market: Also sometimes midling turbet, with whitings, codling, and large flounders; the small fish as above, they sell in the country.

In the several creeks and openings, as above, on this shoar, there are also other islands, but of no particular note, except Mersey, which lies in the middle of the two openings, between Malden Water and Colchester Water; being of the most difficult access, so that 'tis thought a thousand men well provided, might keep possession of it against a great force, whether by land or sea; on this account, and because if possessed by an enemy, it would shut up all the navigation and fishery on that side: The Government formerly built a fort on the south-east point of it: And generally in case of Dutch war, there is a strong body of troops kept there to defend it.

At this place may be said to end what we call the Hundreds of Essex; that is to say, the three hundreds or divisions, which include the marshy country, viz. Barnstaple Hundred, Rochford Hundred, and Dengy Hundred.

I have one remark more, before I leave this damp part of the world, and which I cannot omit on the womens account; namely, that I took notice of a strange decay of the sex here; insomuch, that all along this county it was very frequent to meet with men that had had from five or six, to fourteen or fifteen wives; nay, and some more; and I was inform'd that in the marshes on the other side the river over-against Candy Island, there was a farmer, who was then living with the five and twentieth wife, and that his son who was but about 35 years old, had already had about fourteen; indeed this part of the story, I only had by report, tho' from good hands too; but the other is well known, and easie to be inquired in to, about Fobbing, Curringham, Thundersly, Benfleet, Prittlewell, Wakering, Great Stambridge, Cricksea, Burnham, Dengy, and other towns of the like situation: The

reason, as a merry fellow told me, who said he had had about a dozen and half of wives, (tho' I found afterwards he fibb'd a little) was this; That they being bred in the marshes themselves, and season'd to the place, did pretty well with it; but that they always went up into the hilly country, or to speak their own language into the uplands for a wife: That when they took the young lasses out of the wholesome and fresh air, they were healthy, fresh and clear, and well; but when they came out of their native air into the marshes among the fogs and damps, there they presently chang'd their complexion, got an ague or two, and seldom held it above half a year, or a year at most; and then, said he, we go to the uplands again, and fetch another; so that marrying of wives was reckon'd a kind of good farm to them: It is true, the fellow told this in a kind of drollery, and mirth; but the fact, for all that, is certainly true; and that they have abundance of wives by that very means: Nor is it less true, that the inhabitants in these places do not hold it out; as in other countries, and as first you seldom meet with very antient people among the poor, as in other places we do, so, take it one with another, not one half of the inhabitants are natives of the place; but such as from other countries, or in other parts of this county settle here for the advantage of good farms; for which I appeal to any impartial enquiry, having myself examin'd into it critically in several places.

From the marshes, and low grounds, being not able to travel without many windings, and indentures, by reason of the creeks, and waters, I came up to the town of Malden, a noted market town situate at the conflux or joyning of two principal rivers in this county, the Chelm or Chelmer, and the Blackwater, and where they enter into the sea. The channel, as I have noted, is call'd by the sailors Malden-Water, and is navigable up to the town, where, by that means, is a great trade for carrying corn by water to London; the county of Essex being (especially on all that side) a great corn country.

When I have said this, I think I have done Malden justice, and said all of it that there is to be said, unless I should run into the old story of its antiquity, and tell you it was a Roman colony in the time of Vespasian, and that it was call'd Camolodunum. How the Britons under Queen Boadicia, in revenge for the Romans ill usage of her, for indeed they used her majesty ill; they stripp'd her naked, and whipped her publickly thro' their streets for some affront she had given them; I say, how for this, she rais'd the Britons round the country, overpowered, and cut in pieces the Tenth Legion, killed above eighty thousand Romans, and destroyed the colony; but was afterwards overthrown again in a great battle, and sixty thousand Britons slain. I say, unless I should enter into this story, I have nothing more to say of Malden, and as for that story, it is so fully related by Mr. Camden, in his history of the Romans in Britain, at the beginning

of his *Britannia* , that I need only refer the reader to it, and go on with my journey.

Being obliged to come thus far into the uplands, as above, I made it my road to pass thro' Witham, a pleasant well situated market-town, in which, and in its neighbourhood, there are as many gentlemen of good fortunes, and families, as I believe can be met with in so narrow a compass in any of the three counties, of which I make this circuit.

In the town of Witham dwells the Lord Pasely, eldest son of the Earl of Abercorne of Ireland, (a branch of the noble family of Hamilton, in Scotland:) His Lordship has a small, but a neat well built new house, and is finishing his gardens in such a manner, as few in that part of England will exceed them.

Nearer Chelmsford, hard by Boreham, lives the Lord Viscount Barrington, who tho' not born to the title, or estate, or name which he now possesses, had the honour to be twice made heir to the estates of gentlemen, not at all related to him, at least one of them, as is very much to his honour mention'd in his patent of creation. His name was Shute, his uncle a linnen draper in London, and serv'd sheriff of the said city, in very troublesome times. He chang'd the name of Shute, for that of Barrington, by an Act of Parliament, obtain'd for that purpose, and had the dignity of a baron of the kingdom of Ireland conferr'd on him by the favour of King GEORGE. His lordship is a Dissenter, and seems to love retirement. He was a Member of Parliament for the town of Berwick upon Tweed.

On the other side of Witham, at Fauburn, an antient mansion house, built by the Romans, lives Mr. Bullock, whose father married the daughter of that eminent citizen, Sir Josiah Child of Wansted, by whom she had three sons, the eldest enjoys the estate, which is considerable.

It is observable, that in this part of the country, there are several very considerable estates purchas'd, and now enjoy'd by citizens of London, merchants and tradesmen, as Mr. Western an iron merchant, near Kelvedon, Mr. Cresnor, a wholesale grocer, who was, a little before he died, nam'd for sheriff at Earls Coln, Mr. Olemus, a merchant at Braintree, Mr. Westcomb, near Malden, Sir Thomas Webster at Copthall, near Waltham, and several others.

I mention this, to observe how the present encrease of wealth in the city of London, spreads it self into the country, and plants families and fortunes, who in another age will equal the families of the antient gentry, who perhaps were bought out. I shall take notice of this in a general head, and when I have run thro' all the counties, collect a list of the families of citizens and tradesmen thus established in the several counties, especially round London.

The product of all this part of the country is corn, as that of the marshy feeding grounds mention'd above, is grass, where their chief business is breeding of

calves, which I need not say are the best and fattest, and the largest veal in England, if not in the world; and as an instance, I eat part of a veal or calf, fed by the late Sir Josiah Child at Wansted, the loyn of which weigh'd above 30*. and the flesh exceeding white and fat.

From hence I went on to Colchester: The story of Kill Dane, which is told of the town of Kelvedon, three miles from Witham, namely, That this is the place where the massacre of the Danes was begun by the women, and that therefore it was call'd Kill-Dane. I say of it, as we generally say of improbable news, it wants confirmation. The true name of the town is Kelvedon, and has been so for many hundred years. Neither does Mr. Camden, or any other writer I meet with worth naming, insist on this piece of empty tradition, the town is commonly called Keldon.

COLCHESTER is an antient Corporation; the town is large, very populous; the streets fair and beautiful; and tho' it may not be said to be finely built, yet there are abundance of very good and well-built houses in it: It still mourns, in the ruins of a civil war; during which, or rather after the heat of the war was over, it suffer'd a severe siege; which, the garrison making a resolute defence, was turn'd into a blockade, in which the garrison and inhabitants also, suffered the utmost extremity of hunger, and were at last oblig'd to surrender at discretion, when their two chief officers, Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle, were shot to death under the castle-wall. The inhabitants had a tradition, that no grass would grow upon the spot where the blood of those two gallant gentlemen was spilt; and they shewM the place bare of grass for many years, but whether for this reason, I will not affirm; the story is now dropp'd, and the grass, I suppose, grows there as in other places.

However, the batter'd walls, the breaches in the turrets, and the ruin'd churches still remain, except that the church of St. Mary's (where they had the royal fort) is rebuilt; but the steeple, which was two thirds batter'd down, because the besieged had a large culverine upon it, that did much execution, remains still in that condition.

There is another church which bears the marks of those times, namely, on the south-side of the town, in the way to the Hithe, of which more hereafter.

The lines of contravallation, with the forts built by the besiegers, and which surrounded the whole town, remain very visible in many places; but the chief of them are demolish'd.

The River Coln, which passes through this town, compasses it on the north and east-sides, and serv'd in those times for a compleat defence on those sides. They have three bridges over it, one called North-Bridge, at the north gate, by which

the road leads into Suffolk; one call'd East-Bridge, at the foot of the High Street, over which lies the road to Harwich; and one at the Hithe, as above.

The river is navigable within three miles of the town for ships of large burthen; a little lower it may receive even a royal navy: And up to that part called the Hithe, close to the houses, it is navigable for hoys and small barks. This Hithe is a long street, passing from west to east, on the south-side of the town; at the west-end of it, there is a small intermission of the buildings, but not much; and towards the river it is very populous; (it may be call'd the Wapping of Colchester;) there is one church in that part of the town, a large key by the river, and a good custom-house.

The town may be said chiefly to subsist by the trade of making bays, which is known over most of the trading parts of Europe, by the name of Colchester bays, tho' indeed all the towns round carry on the same trade, namely, Kelvedon, Wittham, Coggshall, Braintree, Bocking, &c. and the whole county, large as it is, may be said to be employ'd, and in part maintain'd, by the spinning of wool for the bay trade of Colchester, and its adjacent towns. The account of the siege, anno 1648, with a DIARY of the most remarkable passages, are as follows, which I had from so good a hand, as that I have no reason to question its being a true relation.

A DIARY
OR, AN ACCOUNT OF THE
SIEGE AND BLOCKADE OF COLCHESTER
AN. 1648

On the 4th of June, we were alarm'd in the town of Colchester, that the Lord Goring, the Lord Capel, and a body of 2000 of the Loyal Party, who had been in arms in Kent, having left a great body of an army in possession of Rochester Bridge, where they resolv'd to fight the Lord Fairfax, and the Parliament army; had given the said General Fairfax the slip, and having pass'd the Thames at Greenwich, were come to Stratford, and were advancing this way: Upon which news, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, Col. Cook, and several gentlemen of the Loyal army, and all that had commissions from the king, with a gallant appearance of gentlemen voluntiers, drew together from all parts of the country, to join with them.

The 8th, we were further informed, that they were ad vane'd to Chelmsford, to New Hall House, and to Witham; and the 9th, some of the horse arriv'd in the town, taking possession of the gates, and having ingeneers with them, told us, that General Goring had resolv'd to make this town his head quarters, and would cause it to be well fortified; they also caused the drums to beat for voluntiers; and a good number of the poor bay-weavers, and such-like people, wanting

employment, listed: So that they compleated Sir Charles Lucas's regiment, which was but thin, to near 800 men.

On the 10th we had news, that the Lord Fairfax having beaten the Royalists at Maidstone, and re-taken Rochester, had pass'd the Thames at Gravesend, tho' with great difficulty, and with some loss, and was come to Horndon on the Hill, in order to gain Colchester before the Royalists; but that hearing Sir Charles Lucas had prevented him, had order'd his rendezvous at Billerecay, and intended to possess the pass at Malden on the 11th, where Sir Thomas Honnywood, with the county Trained Bands, was to be the same day.

The same evening the Lord Goring, with all his forces, making about 5600 men, horse and foot, came to Colchester, and encamping without the suburbs, under command of the cannon of St. Mary's Fort, made disposition to fight the Parliament forces, if they came up.

The 12th, the Lord Goring came into Colchester, viewed the fort in St. Mary's churchyard, order'd more cannon to be planted upon it; posted two regiments in the suburbs without the Head-Gate; let the town know he would take them into his majesty's protection; and that he would fight the enemy in that situation. The same evening, the Lord Fairfax, with a strong party of 1000 horse, came to Lexden, at two small miles distance, expecting the rest of his army there, the same night.

The Lord Goring brought in prisoners the same day, Sir William Masham, and several other gentlemen of the county, who were secured under a strong guard; which the Parliament hearing, order'd twenty prisoners of the Royal Party to be singl'd out, declaring, that they should be used in the same manner as the Lord Goring used Sir William Masham, and the gentlemen prisoners with him.

On the 13th, early in the morning, our spies brought intelligence, that the Lord Fairfax, all his forces being come up to him, was making dispositions for a march, resolving to attack the Royalists in their camp: Upon which, the Lord Goring drew all his forces together resolving to fight. The ingineers had offer'd the night before to entrench his camp and to draw a line round it in one night's time; but his lordship declined it; and now there was no time for it: Whereupon the general, Lord Goring, drew up his army in order of battle, on both sides the road, the horse in the open fields on the wings; the foot were drawn up, one regiment in the road; one regiment on each side, and two regiments for reserve in the suburb, just at the entrance of the town, with a regiment of voluntiers, advanc'd as a forlorn hope, and a regiment of horse at the Head-Gate, ready to support the reserve, as occasion should require.

About nine in the morning we heard the enemy's drums beat a march, and in half an hour more their first troops appeared on the higher grounds towards

Lexden; immediately the cannon from St. Mary's fir'd upon them, and put some troops of horse into confusion, doing great execution; which, they not being able to shun it, made them quicken their pace, to fall on, when our cannon were oblig'd to cease firing, least we should hurt our own troops, as well as the enemy: Soon after, their foot appeared, and our cannon saluted them in like manner, and killed them a great many men.

Their first line of foot was led up by Col. Barkstead, and consisted of three regiments of foot, making about 1700 men, and these charged our regiment in the lane, commanded by Sir George Lisle, and Sir William Campion: They fell on with great fury, and were receiv'd with as much gallantry, and three times repulsed; nor could they break in here, tho' the Lord Fairfax sent fresh men to support them, till the Royalists horse, oppressed with numbers on the left, were obliged to retire, and at last, to come full gallop into the street, and so on into the town: Nay, still the foot stood firm, and the voluntiers, being all gentlemen, kept their ground with the greatest resolution: But the left wing being routed, as above, Sir William Campion was oblig'd to make a front to the left; and lining the hedge with his musqueteers, made a stand with a body of pikes against the enemy's horse, and prevented them entering the lane. Here that gallant gentleman was kill'd with a carabine shot; and after a very gallant resistance, the horse on the right being also over-power'd, the word was given to retreat; which however was done in such good order, the regiments of reserve standing drawn up at the end of the street, ready to receive the enemy's horse upon the points of their pikes, that the royal troops came on in the openings between the regiments, and entered the town with very little loss, and in very good order.

By this, however, those regiments of reserve, were brought, at last, to sustain the efforts of the enemy's whole army, till being overpower'd by numbers, they were put into disorder, and forced to get into the town in the best manner they could; by which means near 200 men were kill'd or made prisoners.

Encouraged by this success, the enemy push'd on, supposing they should enter the town pelmel with the rest; nor did the Royalists hinder them, but let good part of Barksteads own regiment enter the Head Gate; but then sallying from St. Mary's with a choice body of foot on their left, and the horse rallying in the High-street, and charging them again in the front, they were driven back quite into the street of the suburb, and most of those that had so rashly enter'd, were cut in pieces.

Thus they were repulsed at the south entrance into the town; and tho' they attempted to storm three times after that with great resolution, yet they were as often beaten back, and that with great havock of their men; and the cannon from the fort all the while did execution upon those who stood drawn up to support

them: So that at last seeing no good to be done, they retreated, having small joy of their pretended victory.

They lost in this action Colonel Needham, who commanded a regiment call'd the Tower Guards, and who fought very desperately; Capt. Cox, an old experienced horse officer, and several other officers of note, with a great many private men, tho' as they had the field, they concealed their number, giving out, that they lost but an hundred, when we were assured, they lost near a thousand men besides the wounded.

They took some of our men prisoners, occasion'd by the regiment of Colonel Farr, and two more, sustaining the shock of their whole army, to secure the retreat of the main body, as above.

The 14th, the Lord Fairfax finding he was not able to carry the town by storm, without the formality of a siege, took his head quarters at Lexden, and sent to London, and to Suffolk for more forces; also he order'd the Trained Bands to be raised, and posted on the roads, to prevent succours; notwithstanding which, divers gentlemen, with some assistance of men and arms, found means to get into the town.

The very same night they began to break ground; and particularly, to raise a fort between Colchester and Lexden, to cover the generals quarter from the salleys from the town; for the Royalists having a good body of horse, gave them no rest, but scour'd the fields every day, falling on all that were found stragling from their posts, and by this means kill'd a great many.

The 17th, Sir Charles Lucas having been out with 1200 horse, and detatching parties toward the sea-side, and towards Harwich, they brought in a very great quantity of provisions, and abundance of sheep and black cattle, sufficient for the supply of the town for a considerable time; and had not the Suffolk forces advanced over Cataway Bridge to prevent it, a larger supply had been brought in that way; for now it appeared plainly, that the Lord Fairfax finding the garrison strong and resolute, and that he was not in a condition to reduce them by force, at least without the loss of much blood, had resolved to turn his siege into a blockade, and reduce them by hunger; their troops being also wanted to oppose several other parties, who had, in several parts of the kingdom, taken arms for the king's cause.

This same day General Fairfax sent in a trumpet, to propose exchanging prisoners, which the Lord Goring rejected, expecting a reinforcement of troops, which were actually coming to him, and were to be at Linton in Cambridge-shire as the next day.

The same day two ships brought in a quantity of corn and provisions, and 56 men from the shore of Kent with several gentlemen, who all landed, and came up

to the town, and the greatest part of the corn was with the utmost application unloaded the same night into some hoys, which brought it up to the Hithe, being apprehensive of the Parliaments ships which lay at Harwich, who having intelligence of the said ships, came the next day into the mouth of the river, and took the said two ships, and what com was left in them. The besieg'd sent out a party to help the ships, but having no boats they could not assist them.

18. Sir Charles Lucas sent an answer about exchange of prisoners, accepting the conditions offer'd, but the Parliaments general returned that he would not treat with Sir Charles, for that he Sir Charles being his prisoner upon his parole of honour, and having appear'd in arms contrary to the rules of war, had forfeited Ms honour and faith, and was not capable of command or trust in martial affairs: To this Sir Charles sent back an answer, and his excuse for his breach of his parole, but it was not accepted, nor would the Lord Fairfax enter upon any treaty with him.

Upon this second message, Sir William Masham, and the Parliament committee and other gentlemen, who were prisoners in the town, sent a message in writing under their hands to the Lord Fairfax, intreating him to enter into a treaty for peace; but the Lord Fairfax returned, he could take no notice of their request, as supposing it forced from them under restraint; but, that, if the Lord Goring desir'd peace, he might write to the Parliament, and he would cause his messenger to have a safe conduct to carry his letter: There was a paper sent enclosed in this paper, sign'd Capel, Norwich, Charles Lucas, but to that the general would return no answer, because it was sign'd by Sir Charles, for the reason above.

All this while, the Lord Goring, finding the enemy strengthening themselves, gave order for fortifying the town, and drawing lines in several places, to secure the entrance, as particularly without the east bridge, and without the north-gate and bridge, and to plant more cannon upon the works: To which end, some great guns were brought in from some ships at Wevenhoe.

The same day, our men sally'd out in three places, and attack'd the besiegers, first at their fort, call'd Essex; then at their new works, on the south of the town; a third party sallying at the east bridge, brought in some booty from the Suffolk troops, having killed several of their straglers on the Harwich road: They also took a lieutenant of horse prisoner, and brought him into the town.

19. This day we had the unwelcome news, that our friends at Linton were defeated by the enemy, and Major Muschamp, a loyal gentleman, kill'd.

The same night, our men gave the enemy alarm at their new Essex Fort, and thereby drew them out as if they would fight, till they brought them within reach of the cannon of St. Mary's, and then our men retiring, the great guns let fly

among them, and made them run: Our men shouted after them; several of them were kill'd on this occasion, one shot having kill'd three horsemen in our sight.

20. We now found the enemy in order to a perfect blockade,, resolv'd to draw a line of circumvallation round the town; having receiv'd a train of forty pieces of heavy cannon from the Tower of London.

This day the Parliament sent a messenger to their prisoners, to know how they far'd, and how they were used; who return'd word, that they far'd indifferent well, and were very civilly used, but that provisions were scarce, and therefore dear.

This day a party of horse with 300 foot, sally'd out, and marched as far as the fort on the Isle of Mersey, which they made a shew of attacking, to keep in the garrison; mean while the rest took a good number of cattle from the country, which they brought safe into the town, with five waggons loaden with corn: This was the last they could bring in that way, the lines being soon finished on that side.

This day the Lord Fairfax sent in a trumpet to the Earl of Norwich, and the Lord Goring, offering honourable conditions to them all; allowing all the gentlemen their lives and arms, exemption from plunder; and passes, if they desir'd to go beyond sea; and all the private men pardon, and leave to go peaceably to their own dwellings; but the Lord Goring and the rest of the gentlemen rejected it, and laughed at them: Upon which the Lord Fairfax made proclamation, that his men should give the private soldiers in Colchester free leave to pass through their camp, and go where they pleased without molestation, only leaving their arms, but that the gentlemen should have no quarter: This was a great loss to the Royalists, for now the men foreseeing the great hardships they were like to suffer, began to slip away, and the Lord Goreing was obliged to forbid any to desert on pain of present death, and to keep parties of horse continually patrolling to prevent them; notwithstanding which, many got away.

21. The town desir'd the Lord Goreing to give them leave to send a message to Lord Fairfax, to desire they might have liberty to carry on their trade and sell their bays and says, which Lord Goreing granted; but the enemy's general return'd, that they should have consider'd that before they let the Royalists into the town: That to desire a free trade from a town besieg'd, was never heard of, or at least, was such a motion, as was never yet granted: That however, he would give the baymakers leave to bring their bays and says, and other goods, once a week, or oftener, if they desire it, to Lexden Heath, where they should have a free market, and might sell them or carry them back again, if not sold, as they found occasion.

22. The beseig'd sally'd out in the night with a strong party, and disturb'd the enemy in their works, and partly ruin'd one of their forts, call'd Ewer's Fort,

where the besiegers were laying a bridge over the River Coln; Also they sally'd again at East-Bridge, and faced the Suffolk troops, who were now declared enemies, these brought in six and fifty good bullocks, and some cows, and they took and kill'd several of the enemy.

23. The besiegers began to fire with their cannon from Essex Fort, and from Barksted's Fort, which was built upon the Malden road, and finding that the besieged had a party in Sir Harbottle Grimston's house, call'd, The Fryery, they fir'd at it with their cannon, and batter'd it almost down, and then the soldiers set it on fire.

This day upon the townsmen's treaty for the freedom of the bay trade, the Lord Fairfax sent a second offer of conditions to the besieg'd, being, the same as before, only excepting Lord Goring, Lord Capel, Sir George Lisle, and Sir Charles Lucas.

This day we had news in the town, that the Suffolk forces were advanc'd to assist the besiegers and that they began a fort call'd Fort Suffolk, on the north side of the town, to shut up the Suffolk road towards Stratford. This day the besieg'd sally'd out at North-Bridge, attack'd the out-guards of the Suffolk men on Mile-End Heath, and drove them into their fort in the woods.

This day Lord Fairfax sent a trumpet, complaining of chew'd and poison'd bullets being shot from the town, and threatning to give no quarter if that practice was allow'd; but Lord Goring return'd answer, with a protestation, that no such thing was done by his order or consent.

24th. They fir'd hard from their cannon against St. Mary's steeple, on which was planted a large culverin, which annoy'd them even in the general's head quarters at Lexden. One of the best gunners the garrison had, was kill'd with a cannon bullet. This night the besieg'd sally'd towards Audly, on the Suffolk road, and brought in some cattle.

25. Lord Capell sent a trumpet to the Parliament-General, but the rogue ran away, and came not back, nor sent any answer; whether they receiv'd his message or not, was not known.

26. This day having finish'd their new bridge, a party of their troops pass'd that bridge, and took post on the hill over-against Mile-End Church, where they built a fort, call'd Fothergall's Fort, and another on the east side of the road, call'd Rainsbro's Fort, so that the town was entirely shut in, on that side, and the Royalists had no place free but over East Bridge, which was afterwards cut off by the enemy's bringing their line from the Hithe within the river to the Stone Causeway leading to the east bridge.

July I. From the 26th to the 1st, the besiegers continu'd finishing their works, and by the 2d the whole town was shut in; at which the besiegers gave a general

salvo from their cannon at all their forts; but the besieged gave them a return, for they sally'd out in the night, attack'd Barkstead's Fort, scarce finish'd, with such fury, that they twice enter'd the work sword in hand, kill'd most part of the defendant's, and spoil'd part of the forts cast up; but fresh forces coming up, they retir'd with little loss, bringing eight prisoners, and having slain, as they reported, above 100.

On the second, Lord Fairfax offer'd exchange for Sir William Masham in particular, and afterwards for other prisoners, but the Lord Goring refus'd.

5. The besieged sally'd with two regiments, supported by some horse, at midnight; They were commanded by Sir George Lisle; They fell on with such fury, that the enemy were put into confusion, their works at East-Bridge ruin'd, and two pieces of cannon taken, Lieutenant Col. Sambrook, and several other officers, were kill'd, and our men retir'd into the town, bringing the captain, two lieutenants, and about 50 men with them prisoners into the town; but having no horse, we could not bring off the cannon, but they spik'd them, and made them unfit for service.

From this time to the 11th, the besieged, sally'd almost every night, being encourag'd by their successes, and they constantly cut off some of the enemy, but not without loss also on their own side.

About this time we receiv'd by a spy, the bad news of defeating the king's friends almost in all parts of England, and particularly several parties which had good wishes to our gentlemen, and intended to relieve them.

Our batteries from St. Mary's Fort and Steeple, and from the North-Bridge, greatly annoy'd them, and kill'd most of their gunners and fire-men. One of the messengers who brought news to Lord Fairfax of the defeat of one of the parties in Kent, and the taking of Weymer Castle, slip'd into the town, and brought a letter to the Lord Goring, and listed in the regiment of the Lord Capel's horse.

14. The besiegers attack'd and took the Hithe Church, with a small work the besieged had there, but the defenders retir'd in time; some were taken prisoners in the church, but not in the fort: Sir Charles Lucas's house was attack'd by a great body of the besiegers; the besieged defended themselves with good resolution for some time, but a hand-grenado thrown in by the assailants, having fir'd the magazine, the house was blown up, and most of the gallant defenders buried in the ruines. This was a great blow to the Royalists, for it was a very strong pass, and always well guarded.

15. The Lord Fairfax sent offers of honourable conditions to the soldiers of the garrison, if they would surrender, or quit the service, upon which the Lords Goring and Capel, and Sir Charles Lucas, returned an answer signed by their hands, that it was not honourable or agreeable to the usage of war, to offer

conditions separately to the soldiers, exclusive of their officers, and therefore civilly desir'd his lordship to send no more such messages or proposals, or if he did, that he would not take it ill if they hang'd up the messenger.

, only that they should not be plundered by the soldiers.

21. The generals rejected those offer

This evening all the gentlemen voluntiers, with all the horse of the garrison, with Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and Sir Bernard Gascoign at the head of them, resolved to break through the enemy, and forcing a pass to advance into Suffolk by Nayland Bridge; to this purpose, they pass'd the river near Middle-Mill; but their guides having mislead them, the enemy took the alarm; upon which their guides, and some pioneers which they had with them, to open the hedges, and level the banks, for their passing to Boxted, all run away; so the horse were obliged to retreat; the enemy pretended to pursue, but thinking they had retreated by the North Bridge, they miss'd them; upon which being enraged, they fir'd the suburbs without the bridge, and burn'd them quite down.

18. Some of the horse attempted to escape the same way; and had the whole body been there as before, they had effected it; but there being but two troops, they were obliged to retire. Now the town began to be greatly distress'd, provisions failing; and the town's people, which were numerous, being very uneasy, and no way of breaking through being found practicable, the gentlemen would have joined in any attempt wherein they might die gallantly with their swords in their hands, but nothing presented; they often sally'd and cut off many of the enemy, but their numbers were continually supplied, and the besieged diminished; their horse also sunk and became unfit for service, having very little hay, and no corn; and at length they were forced to kill them for food; so that they began to be in a very miserable condition, and the soldiers deserted every day in great numbers, not being able to bear the want of food, as being almost starved with hunger.

22. The Ld. Fairfax offered again an exchange of prisoners, but the Lord Goring rejected it, because they refused conditions to the chief gentlemen of the garrison.

During this time, two troops of the Royal Horse sallied out in the night, resolving to break out or die: The first rode up full gallop to the enemy's horse-guards on the side of Malden Road, and exchanged their pistols with the advanced troops, and wheeling, made as if they would retire to the town; but finding they were not immediately pursued, they wheeled about to the right, and passing another guard at a distance, without being perfectly discovered, they went clean off, and passing towards Tiptree Heath, and having good guides, they made their escape towards Cambridge-shire, in which length of way they found means to

disperse without being attack'd, and went every man his own way as fate directed; nor did we hear that many of them were taken: They were led, as we are informed, by Sir Bernard Gascoigne.

Upon these attempts of the Horse to break out, the enemy built a small fort in the meadow right against the ford, in the river, at the Middle Mill, and once set that mill on fire, but it was extinguished without much damage; however the fort prevented any more attempts that way.

23. The Parliament General sent in a trumpet, to propose again the exchange of prisoners, offering the Lord Capel's son for one, and Mr. Ashburnham, for Sir William Masham; but the Lord Capel, Lord Goring, and the rest of the loyal gentlemen rejected it; and Lord Capel in particular sent the Lord Fairfax word, it was inhuman to surprize his son, who was not in arms, and offer him to insult a father's affection, but that he might murther his son if he pleased, he would leave his blood to be revenged as Heaven should give opportunity; and the Lord Goring sent word, that as they had reduced the king's servants to eat horse-flesh, the prisoners should feed as they fed.

The enemy sent again to complain of the Royalists shooting poison'd bullets, and sent two affidavits of it made by two deserters, swearing it was done by the Lord Norwich's direction: The generals in the town returned under all their hands, that they never gave any such command or direction; that they disown'd the practice; and that the fellows who swore it were perjured before in running from their colours, and the service of their king, and ought not to be credited again: But they added, that for shooting rough-cast slugs they must excuse them, as things stood with them at that time.

About this time a porter in a soldier's habit got through the enemy's leaguer, and passing their out-guards in the dark, got into the town, and brought letters from London, assuring the Royalists, that there were so many strong parties up in arms for the king, and in so many places, that they would be very suddenly reliev'd: This they caus'd to be read to the soldiers to encourage them; and particularly it related to the rising of the Earl of Holland, and the Duke of Buckingham, who with 500 Horse were gotten together in arms about Kingston in Surrey; but we had notice in a few days after, that they were defeated and the Earl of Holland taken, who was afterwards beheaded.

26 The enemy now began to batter the walls, and especially on the west-side, from St. Mary's towards the North Gate; and we were assured they intended a storm; on which the ingeniers were directed to make entrenchments behind the walls where the breaches should be made, that in case of a storm, they might meet with a warm reception: Upon this, they gave over the design of storming. The Lord Goring finding that the enemy had set the suburbs on fire right against the

Hithe, ordered the remaining houses, which were empty of inhabitants, from whence their musketeers fir'd against the town, to be burn'd also

31. A body of foot sally'd out at midnight, to discover what the enemy were doing at a place where they thought a new fort raiseing; they fell in among the workmen, and put them to flight, cut in pieces several of the guard, and brought in the officer who commanded them prisoner.

Aug. 2. The town was now in a miserable condition, the soldiers searched and rifled the houses of the inhabitants for victuals; they had liv'd on horse-flesh several weeks, and most of that also was lean as carrion, which not being well salted bred worms; and this want of diet made the soldiers sickly, and many died of fluxes, yet they boldly rejected all offers of surrender, unless with safety to their officers: However, several hundreds got out, and either pass'd the enemy's guards, or surrender'd to them, and took passes.

Aug. 7. The town's people became very uneasy to the soldiers, and the mayor of the town, with the aldermen, waited upon the general, desiring leave to send to the Lord Fairfax, for leave to all the inhabitants to come out of the town, that they might not perish; to which the Lord Goring consented; but the Lord Fairfax refused them.

12. The rabble got together in a vast crowd about the Lord Goring's quarters, clamouring for a surrender, and they did this every evening, bringing women and children, who lay howling and crying on the ground for bread; the soldiers beat off the men, but the women and children would not stir, bidding the soldiers kill them, saying they had rather be shot than be starv'd.

16. The general mov'd by the cries and distress of the poor inhabitants, sent out a trumpet to the Parliament General, demanding leave to send to the prince, who was with a fleet of 19 men of war in the mouth of the Thames, offering to surrender, if they were not reliev'd in 20 days. The Lord Fairfax refused it, and sent them word, he would be in the town in person, and visit them in less than 20 days, intimating that they were preparing for a storm. Some tart messages and answers were exchanged on this occasion. The Lord Goring sent word, they were willing, in compassion to the poor town's people, and to save that effusion of blood, to surrender upon honourable terms, but that as for the storming them, which was threaten'd, they might come on when they thought fit, for that they (the Royalists) were ready for them. This held to the 19.

20. The Lord Fairfax return'd, what he said, was his last answer, and should be the last offer of mercy: The conditions offered were, That upon a peaceable surrender, all soldiers and officers under the degree of a captain, in commission, should have their lives, be exempted from plunder, and have passes to go to their respective dwellings: All the captains and superior officers, with all the lords and

gentlemen, as well in commission as voluntiers, to surrender prisoners at discretion s; and when the people came about them again for bread, set open one of the gates, and bid them go out to the enemy, which a great many did willingly; upon which the Lord Goring ordered all the rest that came about his door, to be turn'd out after them: But when the people came to the Lord Fairfax's camp, the out-guards were order'd to fire at them, and drive them all back again to the gate; which the Lord Goring seeing, he order'd them to be receiv'd in again. And now, altho' the generals and soldiers also, were resolute to die with their swords in their hands, rather than yield, and had maturely resolv'd to abide a storm; yet the mayor and aldermen having petitioned them, as well as the inhabitants, being wearied with the importunities of the distressed people, and pitying the deplorable condition they were reduced to, they agreed to enter upon a treaty, and accordingly, sent out some officers to the Lord Fairfax, the Parliament General, to treat; and with them was sent two gentlemen of the prisoners upon their parole to return.

Upon the return of the said messengers with the Lord Fairfax's terms, the Lord Goring, &c. sent out a letter, declaring they would die with their swords in their hands, rather than yield without quarter for life, and sent a paper of articles, on which they were willing to surrender: But in the very interim of this treaty, news came, that the Scots army under Duke Hamilton, which was enter'd into Lancashire, and was joyn'd by the Royalists in that county, making 21000 men, were entirely defeated. After this, the Ld. Fairfax would not grant any abatement of articles, viz. To have all above lieutenants surrender at mercy.

Upon this, the Lord Goring and the general refused to submit again, and proposed a general sally, and to break through or die, but found upon preparing for it, that the soldiers, who had their lives offered them, declined it, fearing the gentlemen would escape, and they should be left to the mercy of the Parliament soldiers; and that upon this they began to mutiny, and talk of surrendering the town, and their officers too. Things being brought to this pass, the lords and general laid aside that design, and found themselves oblig'd to submit: And so the town was surrendered the 28th of August, 1648, upon conditions, as follows,

The lords and gentlemen all prisoners at mercy.

The common soldiers had passes to go home to their several dwellings, but without arms, and on oath not to serve against the Parliament.

The town to be preserv'd from pillage, paying 14000l. ready money.

The same day a Council of War being call'd about the prisoners of war, it was resolv'd, That the lords should be left to the disposal of the Parliament. That Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and Sir Marmaduke Gascoign, should be shot to death, and the other officers prisoners, to remain in custody till farther order.

The two first of the three gentlemen were shot to death, and the third respited.

Thus ended the Siege of COLCHESTER.

N.B. Notwithstanding the number killed in the siege, and dead of the flux, and other distempers, occasioned by bad diet, which were very many, and notwithstanding the number which deserted and escap'd in the time of their hardships, yet there remained at the time of the surrender,

Earl of Norw. (Goring)
Lord Capell.
Lord Loughbro'
11 Knights
9 Colonels
8 Lieut. Colonels
9 Majors
30 Captains
72 Lieutenants
69 Ensigns
183 Serj. and corpor.
3067 Private soldiers
65 Servants to the lords and general officers and gentlemen.
3513. in all.

The town of Colchester has been suppos'd to contain about 40000 people, including the out-villages which are within its liberty, of which there are a great many, the liberty of the town being of a great extent: One sad testimony of the town being so populous is, that they bury'd upwards of 5259 people in the Plague Year, 1665. But the town was severely visited indeed, even more in proportion than any of its neighbours, or than the city of London.

The government of the town is by a mayor, high steward, a recorder, or his deputy, eleven aldermen, a chamberlain, a town-clerk, assistants, and eighteen common-council-men. Their high-steward (this year, 1722.) is Sir Isaac Rebow, a gentleman of a good family and known character, who has generally, for above 30 years, been one of their representatives in Parliament: He has a very good house at the entrance in at the South, or head gate of the town, where he has had the honour, several times, to lodge and entertain the late Kong William, of glorious memory, in his returning from Holland, by way of Harwich to London. Their recorder is Earl Cowper, who has been twice lord high-chancellor of England: But his lordship not residing in those parts, has put in for his deputy, —— — Price, Esq; Banister at Law, and who dwells in the town. There are in Colchester eight

churches, besides those which are damag'd, and five meeting-houses, whereof two for Quakers; besides a Dutch church and a French church.

Public edifices are,

Bay-Hall, an ancient society kept up for ascertaining the manufactures of bays; which are, or ought to be, all brought to this hall, to be viewed and sealed according to their goodness, by the masters; and to this practice has been owing the great reputation of the Colchester bays in foreign markets; where to open the side of a bale and shew the seal, has been enough to give the buyer a character of the value of the goods without any farther search; and so far as they abate the integrity and exactness of their method, which, I am told, of late is much omitted; I say, so far, that reputation will certainly abate in the markets they go to, which are principally in Portugal and Italy. This corporation is govern'd by a particular set of men who are call'd Governors of the Dutch Bay Hall. And in the same building is the Dutch church.

The Guild Hall of the town, called by them the Moot Hall; to which is annex'd the town goal.

The Work-house, being lately enlarg'd, and to which belongs a corporation, or a body of the inhabitants, consisting of sixty persons incorporated by Act of Parliament anno 1698, for taking care of the poor: They are incorporated by the name and title of The Governor, Deputy Governor, Assistants, and Guardians, of the Poor of the Town of Colchester. They are in number eight and forty; to whom are added the mayor and aldermen for the time being, who are always guardians by the same Charter: These make the number of sixty, as above.

There is also a grammar free-school, with a good allowance to the master, who is chosen by the town.

The Castle of Colchester is now become only a monument shewing the antiquity of the place, it being built as the walls of the town also are, with Roman bricks; and the Roman coins dug up here, and ploughed up in the fields adjoining, confirm it. The inhabitants boast much, that Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, first Christian Emperor of the Romans, was born there; and it may be so for ought we know; I only observe what Mr. Camden says of the castle of Colchester, viz.

"In the middle of this city stands a castle ready to fall with age."[1]

Tho' this castle has stood an hundred and twenty years from the time Mr. Camden wrote that account, and it is not fallen yet; nor will another hundred and twenty years, I believe, make it look one jot the older: And it was observable, that in the late siege of this town, a cannon shot, which the besiegers made at this old castle, were so far from making it fall, that they made little or no impression upon

it; for which reason, it seems, and because the garrison made no great use of it against the besiegers, they fir'd no more at it.

There are two CHARITY SCHOOLS set up here, and carried on by a generous subscription, with very good success.

The title of Colchester is in the family of Earl Rivers; and the eldest son of that family, is called Lord Colchester; tho', as I understand, the title is not settled by the creation, to the eldest son, till he enjoys the title of Earl with it; but that the other is by the courtesy of England; however this I take *ad referendum.*

From Colchester, I took another step down to the coast, the land running out a great way into the sea, south, and S.E. makes that promontory of land called the Nase, and well known to sea-men, using the northern trade. Here one sees a sea open as an ocean, without any opposite shore, tho' it be no more than the mouth of the Thames. This point call'd the Nase, and the N.E. point of Kent, near Margate, call'd the North Foreland, making (what they call) the mouth of the river, and the port of London, tho' it be here above 60 miles over.

At Walton, under the Nase, they find on the shoar, copperas-stone in great quantities; and there are several large works call'd Copperas Houses, where they make it with great expence.

On this promontory is a new sea mark, erected by the Trinity-House men, and at the publick expence, being a round brick tower, near 80 foot high. The sea gains so much upon the land here, by the continual winds at S.W. that within the memory of some of the inhabitants there, they have lost above 30 acres of land in one place.

From hence we go back into the country about four miles, because of the creeks which lie between; and then turning east again, come to Harwich, on the utmost eastern point of this large country.

Harwich is a town so well known, and so perfectly describ'd by many writers, I need say little of it: 'Tis strong by situation, and may be made more so by art. But 'tis many years since the Government of England have had any occasion to fortify towns to the landward; 'tis enough that the harbour or road, which is one of the best and securest in England, is cover'd at the entrance by a strong fort, and a battery of guns to the seaward, just as at Tilbury, and which sufficiently defend the mouth of the river: And there is a particular felicity in this fortification, viz. That tho' the entrance or opening of the river into the sea, is very wide, especially at high-water, at least two miles, if not three over; yet the channel, which is deep, and in which the ships must keep and come to the harbour, is narrow, and lies only on the side of the fort; so that all the ships which come in, or go out, must come close under the guns of the fort; that is to say, under the command of their shot.

The fort is on the Suffolk side of the bay, or entrance, but stands so far into the sea upon the point of a sand or shoal, which runs out toward the Essex side, as it were, laps over the mouth of that haven like a blind to it; and our surveyors of the country affirm it to be in the county of Essex. The making this place, which was formerly no other than a sand in the sea, solid enough for the foundation of so good a fortification, has not been done but by many years labour, often repairs, and an infinite expence of money, but 'tis now so firm, that nothing of storms and high tides, or such things, as make the sea dangerous to these kind of works, can affect it.

The harbour is of a vast extent; for, as two rivers empty themselves here, viz, Stour from Mainingtree, and the Orwel from Ipswich, the channels of both are large and deep, and safe for all weathers; so where they joyn they make a large bay or road, able to receive the biggest ships, and the greatest number that ever the world saw together; I mean, ships of war. In the old Dutch War, great use has been made of this harbour; and I have known that there has been 100 sail of men of war and their attendants, and between three and four hundred sail of collier ships, all in this harbour at a time, and yet none of them crowding, or riding in danger of one another.

Harwich is known for being the port where the packet-boats between England and Holland, go out and come in: The inhabitants are far from being fam'd for good usage to strangers, but on the contrary, are blamed for being extravagant in their reckonings, in the publick houses, which has not a little encourag'd the setting up of sloops, which they now call passage-boats, to Holland, to go directly from the river of Thames; this, tho' it may be something the longer passage, yet as they are said to be more obliging to passengers, and more reasonable in the expence, and as some say also the vessels are better sea-boats, has been the reason why so many passengers do not go or come by the way of Harwich, as formerly were wont to do; insomuch, that the stage-coaches, between this place and London, which ordinarily went twice or three times a week, are now entirely laid down, and the passengers are left to hire coaches on purpose, take post-horses, or hire horses to Colchester, as they find most convenient.

The account of a petrifying quality in the earth here, tho' some will have it to be in the water of a spring hard by, is very strange: They boast that their town is wall'd, and their streets pav'd with clay, and yet, that one is as strong, and the other as clean as those that are built or pav'd with stone: The fact is indeed true, for there is a sort of clay in the cliff, between the town and the beacon-hill adjoining, which when it falls down into the sea, where it is beaten with the waves and the weather, turns gradually into stone: but the chief reason assign'd, is from the water of a certain spring or well, which rising in the said cliff, runs down

into the sea among those pieces of clay, and petrifies them as it runs, and the force of the sea often stirring, and perhaps, turning the lumps of clay, when storms of wind may give force enough to the water, causes them to harden every where alike; otherwise those which were not quite sunk in the water of the spring, would be petrify'd but in part. These stones are gathered up to pave the streets, and build the houses, and are indeed very hard: 'Tis also remarkable, that some of them taken up before they are thoroughly petrify'd, will, upon breaking them, appear to be hard as a stone without, and soft as clay in the middle; whereas others, that have layn a due time, shall be thorough stone to the center, and as exceeding hard within, as without: The same spring is said to turn wood into iron: But this I take to be no more or less than the quality, which as I mention'd of the shoar at the Ness, is found to be in much of the stone, all along this shoar, (viz.) Of the copperas kind; and 'tis certain, that the copperas stone (so call'd) is found in all that cliff, and even where the water of this spring has run; and I presume, that those who call the harden' d pieces of wood, which they take out of this well by the name of iron, never try'd the quality of it with the fire or hammer; if they had, perhaps they would have given some other account of it.

On the promontory of land, which they 'call Beacon-Hill, and which lies beyond, or behind the town, towards the sea, there is a light-house, to give the ships directions in their sailing by, as well as their coming into the harbour in the night. I shall take notice of these again all together, when I come to speak of the Society of Trinity House, as they are called, by whom they are all directed upon this coast.

This town was erected into a marquisate, in honour of the truly glorious family of Schomberg, the eldest son of Duke Schomberg, who landed with King William, being stiled Marquis of Harwich; but that family (in England at least) being extinct, the title dies also.

Harwich is a town of hurry and business, not much of gaiety and pleasure; yet the inhabitants seem warm in their nests, and some of them are very wealthy: There are not many (if any) gentlemen or families of note, either in the town, or very near it. They send two members to Parliament; the present are, Sir Peter Parker, and Humphrey Parsons, Esq.

And now being at the extremity of the county of Essex, of which I have given you some view, as to that side next the sea only; I shall break off this part of my letter, by telling you, that I will take the towns which lie more towards the center of the county, in my return by the north and west part only, that I may give you a few hints of some towns which were near me in my rout this way, and of which being so well known, there is but little to say.

On the road from London to Colchester, before I came into it at Witham, lie four good market-towns at equal distance from one another; namely, Rumford, noted for two markets, (viz.) one for calves and hogs, the other for corn and other provisions; most, if not all, bought up for London market. At the farther end of the town, in the middle of a stately park, stood Guldy Hall, vulgarly Giddy Hall, an antient seat of one Coke, sometime Lord-Mayor of London, but forfeited, on some occasion, to the Crown: It is since pull'd down to the ground, and there now stands a noble stately fabrick or mansion-house, built upon the spot by Sir John Eyles, a wealthy merchant of London, and chosen sub-governor of the South-Sea Company, immediately after the ruin of the former sub-governor and directors, whose overthrow makes the history of these times famous.

Brent-Wood and Ingarstone, and even Chelmsford itself, have very little to be said of them, but that they are large thoroughfair towns, full of good inns, and chiefly maintained by the excessive multitude of carriers and passengers, which are constantly passing this way to London, with droves of cattle, provisions, and manufactures for London.

The last of these towns is indeed the county-town, where the county jayl is kept, and where the assizes are very often held; it stands on the conflux of two rivers, the Chelmer, whence the town is called, and the Cann.

At Lees, or Lee's Priory, as some call it, is to be seen an antient house, in the middle of a beautiful park, formerly the seat of the late Duke of Manchester, but since the death of the duke, it is sold to the Dutchess Dowager of Buckinghamshire; the present Duke of Manchester, retiring to his antient family seat at Kimbolton in Huntingdonshire, it being a much finer residence. His grace is lately married to a daughter of the Duke of Montague by a branch of the house of Marlborough.

Four market-towns fill up the rest of this part of the country; Dunmow, Braintre, Thaxted, and Coggshall; all noted for the manufacture of bays, as above, and for very little else, except I shall make the ladies laugh, at the famous old story of the Flitch of Bacon at Dunmow, which is this:

One Robert Fitz-Walter, a powerful baron in this county, in the time of Hen. III. on some merry occasion, which is not preserv'd in the rest of the story, instituted a custom in the priory here; That whatever married man did not repent of his being marry'd, or quarrel, or differ and dispute with his wife, within a year and a day after his marriage, and would swear to the truth of it, kneeling upon two hard pointed stones in the church yard, which stones he caus'd to be set up in the priory church-yard, for that purpose: The prior and convent, and as many of the town as would, to be present: such person should have a flitch of bacon.

I do not remember to have read, that any one ever came to demand it; nor do the people of the place pretend to say, of their own knowledge, that they remember any that did so; a long time ago several did demand it, as they say, but they know not who; neither is there any record of it; nor do they tell us, if it were now to be demanded, who is obliged to deliver the flitch of bacon, the priory being dissolved and gone.

The forest of Epping and Henalt, spreads a great part of this country still: I shall speak again of the former in my return from this circuit. Formerly, ('tis thought) these two forests took up all the west and south part of the county; but particularly we are assur'd, that it reach'd to the River Chelmer, and into Dengy Hundred; and from thence again west to Epping and Waltham, where it continues to be a forest still.

Probably this forest of Epping has been a wild or forest ever since this island was inhabited, and may shew us, in some parts of it, where enclosures and tillage has not broken in upon it, what the face of this island was before the Romans time; that is to say, before their landing in Britain.

The constitution of this forest is best seen, I mean, as to the antiquity of it, by the merry grant of it from Edward the Confessor, before the Norman Conquest to Randolph Peperking, one of his favourites, who was after called Peverell, and whose name remains still in several villages in this county; as particularly that of Hatfield Peverell, in the road from Chelmsford to Witham, which is suppos'd to be originally a park, which they call'd a field in those days; and Hartfield may be as much as to say a park for deer; for the stags were in those days called harts; so that this was neither more nor less than Randolph Peperking's Hartfield; that is to say, Ralph Peverell's deer-park.

N.B. This Ralph Randolph, or Ralph Peverell (call him as you please) had, it seems, a most beautiful lady to his wife, who was daughter of Ingelrick, one of Edward the Confessor's noblemen: He had two sons by her, William Peverell, a fam'd soldier, and Lord or Governor of Dover Castle; which he surrender'd to William the Conqueror, after the Battle of Sussex; and Pain Peverell, his youngest, who was Lord of Cambridge: When the eldest son delivered up the castle, the lady his mother, above nam'd, who was the celebrated beauty of the age, was it seems there; and the Conqueror fell in love with her, and whether by force, or by consent, took her away, and she became his mistress, or what else you please to call it: By her he had a son, who was call'd William, after the Conqueror's Christian name, but retain'd the name of Peverell, and was afterwards created by the Conqueror, Lord of Nottingham.

This lady afterwards, as is supposed, by way of penance, for her yielding to the Conqueror, founded a nunnery at the village of Hatfield-Peverell, mentioned

above, and there she lies buried in the chapel of it, which is now the parish-church, where her memory is preserv'd by a tomb-stone under one of the windows.

Thus we have several towns, where any antient parks have been plac'd, call'd by the name of Hatfield on that very account.

As Hatfield Broad Oak in this county, Bishop's Hatfield in Hertfordshire, and several others.

But I return to King Edward's merry way, as I call it, of granting this forest to this Ralph Peperking, which I find in the antient records, in the very words it was pass'd in, as follows: Take my explanations with it, for the sake of those that are not us'd to the antient English.

The GRANT *in Old English*
The Explanation in Modern English

I Che EDWARD Koning,
I EDWARD the King,

Have given of my forrest the kepen of the Hundred of Chelmer and Dancing,
Have made Ranger of my forest of Chelmsford Hundred, and Deering Hundred,

To RANDOLPH PEPERKING, And to his kindling,
Ralph Peverell, for him and his heirs for ever;

With heorte and hind, doe and bocke,
With both the red and fallow deer,

Hare and fox, cat and brock,
Hare and fox, otter and badger;

Wild fowle with his flock;
Wild fowl of all sorts,

Patrich, pheasant hen, and phea sant cock,
Partridges and pheasants,

With green and wild stub and stock,
Timber and underwood, roots and tops:

To kepen and to yemen with all her might,
With power to preserve the forest,

Both by day, and eke by night;
And watch it against deer stealers and others;

And hounds for to hold,
Good and swift, and bold:
With a right to keep hounds of all sorts,

Four greyhound, and six raches,
Four grey-hounds, and six terriers,

For hare and fox, and wild cattes,
Harriers and fox-hounds, and other hounds.

And therefore Iche made him my book;
And to this end I have registered this my Grant, in the Crown rolls or books;

Witness the Bishop of Wolston,
And book ylrede many on,
To which the bishop has set his hand as a witness for any one to read;

And Sweyne of Essex, our brother,
Also signed by the king's brother (or, as some think, the Chancellor Sweyn, then Earl or Count of Essex)

And taken him many other
He might call such other witnesses to sign as he thought fit.

And our steward Howelin,
That by-sought me for him.
Also the king's high steward was a witness, at whose request this Grant was obtained of the king.

There are many gentlemen's seats on this side the county, and a great assemblee set up at New-Hall, near this town, much resorted to by the neighbouring gentry. I shall next proceed to the county of Suffolk, as my first design directed me to do.

From Harwich therefore, having a mind to view the harbour, I sent my horses round by Maningtree, where there is a timber bridge over the Stour, called Cataway Bridge, and took a boat up the River Orwell, for Ipswich; a traveller will hardly understand me, especially a seaman, when I speak of the River Stour and the River Orwell at Harwich, for they know them by no other names than those of Maningtre-Water, and Ipswich-Water; so while I am on salt water, I must speak as those who use the sea may understand me, and when I am up in the country among the in-land towns again, I shall call them out of their names no more.

It is twelve miles from Harwich up the water to Ipswich: Before I come to the town, I must say something of it, because speaking of the river requires it: In former times, that .is to say, since the writer of this remembers the place very well, and particularly just before the late Dutch Wars, Ipswich was a town of very good business; particularly it was the greatest: town in England for large colliers or coal-ships, employed between New Castle and London: Also they built the biggest: ships and the best, for the said fetching of coals of any that were employed in that trade: They built also there so prodigious strong, that it was an ordinary thing for an Ipswich collier, if no disaster happened to him, to reign (as seamen call it) forty or fifty years, and more.

In the town of Ipswich the masters of these ships generally dwelt, and there were, as they then told me, above a hundred sail of them, belonging to the town at one time, the least of which carried fifteen-score, as they compute it, that is, 300 chaldron of coals; this was about the year 1668 (when I first knew the place). This made the town be at that time so populous, for those masters, as they had good ships at sea, so they had large families, who liv'd plentifully, and in very good houses in the town, and several streets were chiefly inhabited by such.

The loss or decay of this trade, accounts for the present pretended decay of the town of Ipswich, of which I shall speak more presently: The ships wore out, the masters died off, the trade took a new turn; Dutch fly boats taken in the war, and made free ships by Act of Parliament, thrust themselves into the coal-trade for the interest of the captors, such as the Yarmouth and London merchants, and others; and the Ipswich men dropt gradually out of it, being discouraged by those Dutch flyboats: These Dutch vessels which cost nothing but the caption, were bought cheap, carried great burthens, and the Ipswich building fell off for want of price, and so the trade decay'd, and the town with it; I believe this will be own'd for the true beginning of their decay, if I must allow it to be call'd a decay.

But to return to my passage up the river. In the winter time those great collier-ships, abovemention'd, are always laid up, as they call it: That is to say, the coal trade abates at London, the citizens are generally furnish'd, their stores taken in, and the demand is over; so that the great ships, the northern seas and coast being

also dangerous, the nights long, and the voyage hazardous, go to sea no more, but lie by, the ships are unrigg'd, the sails, &c. carry'd a shore, the top-masts struck, and they ride moor'd in the river, under the advantages and security of sound ground, and a high woody shore, where they lie as safe as in a wet dock; and it was a very agreeable sight to see, perhaps two hundred sail of ships, of all sizes lye in that posture every winter: All this while, which was usually from Michaelmas to Lady Day, The masters liv'd calm and secure with their families in Ipswich; and enjoying plentifully, what in the summer they got laboriously at sea, and this made the town of Ipswich very populous in the winter; for as the masters, so most of the men, especially their mates, boatswains, carpenters, &c. were of the same place, and liv'd in their proportions, just as the masters did; so that in the winter there might be perhaps a thousand men in the town more than in the summer, and perhaps a greater number.

To justify what I advance here, that this town was formerly very full of people, I ask leave to refer to the account of Mr. Camden, and what it was in his time, his words are these.

"Ipswich has a commodious harbour, has been fortified with a ditch and rampart, has a great trade, and is very populous; being adorned with fourteen churches, and large private buildings."

This confirms what I have mentioned of the former state of this town; but the present state is my proper work; I therefore return to my voyage up the river.

The sight of these ships thus laid up in the river, as I have said, was very agreeable to me in my passage from Harwich, about five and thirty years before the present journey; and it was in its proportion equally melancholly to hear, that there were now scarce 40 sail of good colliers that belonged to the whole town.

In a creek in this river call'd Lavington-Creek we saw at low water, such shoals, or hills rather, of muscles that great boats might have loaded with them, and no miss have been made of them. Near this creek Sir Samuel Barnadiston had a very fine seat, as also a decoy for wild ducks, and a very noble estate; but it is divided into many branches since the death of the antient possessor; but I proceed to the town, which is the first in the county of Suffolk of any note this way.

Ipswich is seated, at the distance of 12 miles from Harwich, upon the edge of the river, which taking a short turn to the west, the town forms, there, a kind of semi-circle, or half moon upon the bank of the river: It is very remarkable, that tho' ships of 500 tun may upon a spring tide come up very near this town, and many ships of that burthen have been built there; yet the river is not navigable any farther than the town itself, or but very little; no not for the smallest boats, nor does the tide, which rises sometimes 13 or 14 foot, and gives them 24 foot water

very near the town, flow much farther up the river than the town, or not so much as to make it worth speaking of.

He took little notice of the town, or at least of that part of Ipswich, who published in his wild observations on it, that ships of 200[2] tun are built there: I affirm, that I have seen a ship of 400 tun launch'd at the building-yard, close to the town; and I appeal to the Ipswich colliers (those few that remain) belonging to this town, if several of them carrying seventeen score of coals, which must be upward of 400 tun, have not formerly been built here; but superficial observers, must be superficial writers, if they write at all; and to this day, at John's Ness, within a mile and half of the town it self, ships of any burthen may be built and launched even at neap tides.

I am much mistaken too, if since the Revolution, some very good ships have not been built at this town, and particularly the *Melford* or Milford-gally, a ship of 40 guns; as the *Greyhound* frigate, a man of war of 36 to 40 guns, was at John's Ness. But what is this towards lessening the town of Ipswich, any more than it would be to say, they do not build men of war, or East-India ships, or ships of 500 tun burthen, at St. Catherines, or at Battle-Bridge in the Thames? when we know that a mile or two lower, (viz.) at Radcliffe, Limehouse, or Deptford, they build ships of 1000 tun, and might build first-rate men of war too, if there was occasion; and the like might be done in this river of Ipswich, within about two or three miles of the town; so that it would not be at all an out-of-the-way speaking to say, such a ship was built at Ipswich, any more than it is to say, as they do, that the *Royal Prince* , the great ship lately built for the South-Sea Company, was London built, because she was built at Lime-house.

And why then is not Ipswich capable of building and receiving the greatest ships in the navy, seeing they may be built and brought up again loaden, within a mile and half of the town?

But the neighbourhood of London, which sucks the vitals of trade in this island to itself, is the chief reason of any decay of business in this place; and I shall in the course of these observations, hint at it, where many good sea-ports and large towns, tho' farther off than Ipswich, and as well fitted for commerce, are yet swallow'd up by the immense indraft of trade to the city of London; and more decay'd beyond all comparison, than Ipswich is supposed to be; as Southampton, Weymouth, Dartmouth, and several others which I shall speak to in their order: And if it be otherwise at this time, with some other towns, which are lately encreas'd in trade and navigation, wealth, and people, while their neighbours decay, it is because they have some particular trade or accident to trade, which is a kind of nostrum to them, inseparable to the place, and which fixes there by the nature of the thing; as the herring-fishery to Yarmouth; the coal trade to New-

Castle; the Leeds cloathing-trade; the export of butter and lead, and the great corn trade for Holland, is to Hull; the Virginia and West-India trade at Liverpool, the Irish trade at Bristol, and the like; Thus the war has brought a flux of business and people, and consequently of wealth, to several places, as well as to Portsmouth, Chatham, Plymouth, Falmouth, and others; and were any wars like those, to continue 20 years with the Dutch, or any nation whose fleets lay that way, as the Dutch do, it would be the like perhaps at Ipswich in a few years, and at other places on the same coast.

But at this present time an occasion offers to speak in favour of this port; namely, the Greenland fishery, lately proposed to be carry'd on by the South-Sea Company: On which account I may freely advance this, without any compliment to the town of Ipswich, no place in Britain, is equally qualified like Ipswich; whether we respect the cheapness of building and fitting out their ships and shalloups; also furnishing, victualling, and providing them with all kind of stores; convenience for laying up the ships after the voyage; room for erecting their magazines, ware-houses, roap-walks, cooperage, &c. on the easiest terms; and especially for the noisome cookery, which attends the boiling their blubber, which may be on this river, (as it ought to be) remote from any places of resort; Then their nearness to the market for the oil when 'tis made, and, which above all, ought to be the chief thing considered in that trade, the easiness of their putting out to sea when they begin their voyage, in which the same wind that carries them from the mouth of the haven, is fair to the very seas of Greenland.

I could say much more to this point, if it were needful, and in few words could easily prove, that Ipswich must have the preference of all the port towns of Britain, for being the best center of the Greenland trade, if ever that trade fall into the management of such a people as perfectly understand, and have a due honest regard to its being managed with the best husbandry, and to the prosperity of the undertaking in general: But whether we shall ever arrive at so happy a time, as to recover so useful a trade to our country, which our ancestors had the honour to be the first undertakers of, and which has been lost only thro' the indolence of others, and the encreasing vigilance of our neighbours, that is not my business here to dispute.

What I have said, is only to let the world see, what improvement this town and port is capable of; I cannot think, but that Providence, which made nothing in vain, cannot have reserv'd so useful, so convenient a port to lie vacant in the world, but that the time will some time or other come (especially considering the improving temper of the present age) when some peculiar beneficial business may be found out, to make the port of Ipswich as useful to the world, and the town as flourishing, as nature has made it proper and capable to be.

As for the town, it is true, it is but thinly inhabited, in comparison of the extent of it; but to say, there are hardly any people to be seen there, is far from being true in fact; and whoever thinks fit to look into the churches and meeting-houses on a Sunday, or other publick days, will find there are very great numbers of people there: Or if he thinks fit to view the market, and see how the large shambles, call'd Cardinal Wolsey's Butchery, are furnish'd with meat, and the rest of the market stock'd with other provisions, must acknowledge that it is not for a few people that all those things are provided: A person very curious, and on whose veracity I think I may depend, going thro' the market in this town, told me, that he reckon'd upwards of 600 country people on horseback and on foot, with baskets and other carriage, who had all of them brought something or other to town to sell, besides the butchers, and what came in carts and waggons.

It happened to be my lot to be once at this town, at the time when a very fine new ship, which was built there, for some merchants of London, was to be launched; and if I may give my guess at the numbers of people which appeared on the shore, in the houses, and on the river, I believe I am much within compass, if I say there were 20,000 people to see it; but this is only a guess, or they might come a great way to see the sight, or the town may be declined farther since that: But a view of the town is one of the surest rules for a gross estimate.

It is true, here is no settled manufacture: the French refugees, when they first came over to England, began a little to take to this place; and some merchants attempted to set up a linnen manufacture in their favour; but it has not met with so much success as was expected, and at present I find very little of it. The poor people are however employ'd, as they are all over these counties, in spinning wool for other towns where manufactures are settled.

The country round Ipswich, as are all the counties so near the coast, is applied chiefly to corn, of which a very great quantity is continually shipped off for London; and sometimes they load corn here for Holland, especially if the market abroad is encouraging. They have 12 parish-churches in this town, with three or four meetings; but there are not so many Quakers here as at Colchester, and no Anabaptists, or Anti-poedo Baptists, that I could hear of, at least there is no meeting-house of that denomination: There is one meeting-house for the Presbyterians, one for the Independants, and one for the Quakers: the first is as large and as fine a building of that kind as most on this side of England, and the inside the best finished of any I have seen, London not excepted; that for the Independants is a handsome new-built building, but not so gay or so large as the other.

There is a great deal of very good company in this town; and tho' there are not so many of the gentry here as at Bury, yet there are more here than in any other

town in the county; and I observed particularly, that the company you meet with here, are generally persons well informed of the world, and who have something very solid and entertaining in their society: This may happen, perhaps, by their frequent conversing with those who have been abroad, and by their having a remnant of gentlemen and masters of ships among them, who have seen more of the world than the people of an inland town are likely to have seen. I take this town to be one of the most agreeable places in England, for families who have liv'd well, but may have suffered in our late calamities of stocks and bubbles, to retreat to, where they may live within their own compass; and several things indeed recommend it to such;

Good houses, at very easie rents.

An airy, clean, and well govern'd town.

Very agreeable and improving company almost of every kind.

A wonderful plenty of all manner of provisions, whether flesh or fish, and very good of the kind.

Those provisions very cheap; so that a family may live cheaper here, than in any town in England of its bigness, within such a small distance from London.

Easie passage to London, either by land or water, the coach going through to London in a day.

The Lord Viscount Hereford, has a very fine seat and park in this town; the house indeed is old built, but very commodious; 'tis call'd Christ-Church, having been as 'tis said, a priory, or religious house in former times: The green and park is a great addition to the pleasantness of this town, the inhabitants being allowed to divert themselves there with walking, bowling, &c.

The large spire steeple, which formerly stood upon that they call the Tower-Church, was blown down by a great storm of wind many years ago, and in its fall did much damage to the church.

The government of this town is by two bailiffs, as at Yarmouth: Mr. Camden says they are chosen out of twelve burgesses called Portmen, and two justices out of twenty-four more. There has been lately a very great struggle between the two parties for the choice of these two magistrates, which had this amicable conclusion, namely, that they chose one of either side; so that neither party having the victory, 'tis to be hoped it may be a means to allay the heats and un-neighbourly feuds, which such things breed in towns so large as this is. They send two members to Parliament, whereof those at this time, are Sir William Thompson, Recorder of London, and Colonel Negus, deputy-master of the horse to the king.

There are some things very curious to be seen here, however some superficial writers have been ignorant of them. Dr. Beeston, an eminent physician, began, a

few years ago, a physick garden adjoining to his house in this town; and as he is particularly curious, and as I was told exquisitely skill'd in botanick knowledge, so he has been not only very diligent, but successful too, in making a collection of rare and exotick plants, such as are scarce to be equall'd in England.

One Mr. White, a surgeon, resides also in this town; But before I speak of this gentleman, I must observe, that I say nothing from personal knowledge; Tho' if I did, I have too good an opinion of his sense to believe he would be pleased with being flattered, or complimented in print: But I must be true to matter of fact; This gentleman has begun a collection, or chamber of rarities, and with good success too. I acknowledge I had not the opportunity of seeing them; But I was told there are some things very curious in it, as particularly a sea-horse carefully preserved, and perfect in all its parts; two Roman urns full of ashes of human bodies, and supposed to be above 1700 years old; besides a great many valuable medals, and antient coins. My friend who gave me this account, and of whom I think I may say he speaks without byass, mentions this gentleman, Mr. White, with some warmth, as a very valuable person in his particular employ, of a surgeon, I only repeat his words; "Mr. White," says he, "to whom the whole town and country are greatly indebted and obliged to pray for his life, is our most skilful surgeon." These I say are his own words, and I add nothing to them but this, that 'tis happy for a town to have such a surgeon, as it is for a surgeon to have such a character.

The country round Ipswich, as if qualify'd on purpose to accommodate the town for building of ships, is an inexhaustable store-house of timber, of which now their trade of building ships is abated, they send very great quantities to the king's building-yards at Chatham, which by water is so little a way, that they often run to it from the mouth of the river at Harwich' in one tide.

From Ipswich I took a turn into the country to Hadley, principally to satisfy my curiosity, and see the place where that famous martyr, and pattern of charity and religious zeal in Queen Mary's time, Dr. Rowland Taylor, was put to death; the inhabitants, who have a wonderful veneration for his memory, shew the very place where the stake which he was bound to, was set up, and they have put a stone upon it, which no body will remove; but it is a more lasting monument to him that he lives in the hearts of the people; I say more lasting than a tomb of marble would be, for the memory of that good man. will certainly never be out of the poor peoples minds, as long as this island shall retain the Protestant religion among them.; how long that may be, as things are going, and if the detestable conspiracy of the Papists now on foot, should succeed, I will not pretend to say.

A little to the left is Sudbury, which stands upon the River Stour, mentioned above; a river which parts the counties of Suffolk and Essex, and which is within

these few years made navigable to this town, tho' the navigation does not (it seems) answer the charge, at least not to advantage.

I know nothing for which this town is remarkable, except: for being very populous and very poor. They have a great; manufacture of says and perpetuana's; and multitudes of poor people are employ'd in working them; but the number of the poor is almost ready to eat up the rich: However this town, sends two members to Parliament, tho' it is under no form of government particularly to itself, other than as a village, the head magistrate whereof is a constable.

Near adjoining to it, is a village call'd Long-Melfort, and a very long one it is, from which I suppose it had that addition to its name; it is full of very good houses, and, as they told me, is richer, and has more wealthy masters of the manufacture in it than in Sudbury itself.

Here and in the neighbourhood, are some antient families of good note; particularly here is a fine dwelling, the antient: seat of the Cordells, whereof Sir William Cordell was Master of the Rolls in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the family is now extinct; the last heir, Sir John Cordell, being killed by a. fall from his horse, died unmarry'd, leaving three sisters co-heiresses to a very noble estate most of which, if not all, is now center'd in the only surviving sister, and with her in marriage is given to Mr. Firebrass, eldest son of Sir Basil Firebrass, formerly a flourishing merchant in London, but reduc'd by many disasters. His family now rises by the good fortune of his son, who proves to be a gentleman of very agreeable parts, and well esteemed in the country.

From this part of the country I returned north-west by Lenham, to visit St. Edmund's Bury, a town of which other writers have talk'd very largely, and perhaps a little too much: It is a town fam'd for its pleasant situation and wholsome air, the Montpelier of Suffolk, and perhaps of England; this must be attributed to the skill of the monks of those times, who chose so beautiful a situation for the seat of their retirement; and who built here the greatest and in its time, the most flourishing monastery in all these parts of England, I mean the monastery of St. Edmund the Martyr: It was, if we believe antiquity, a house of pleasure in more antient times; or to speak more properly, a Court of some of the Saxon or East-Angle kings; and, as Mr. Camden says, was even then call'd a royal village; tho' it much better merits that name now; it being the town of all this part of England, in proportion to its bigness, most thronged with gentry, people of the best fashion, and the most polite conversation: This beauty and healthiness of its situation, was no doubt the occasion which drew the clergy to settle here, for they always chose the best places in the country to build in, either for richness of soil, or for health and pleasure in the situation of their religious houses.

For the like reason, I doubt not, they translated the bones of the martyr'd King St. Edmund, to this place; for it is a vulgar error to say he was murther'd here; his martyrdom, it is plain was at Hoxon or Henilsdon, near Harlston, on the Waveney, in the farthest northern verge of the county; but Segebert, King of the East Angles, had built a religious house in this pleasant rich part of the country; and as the monks began to taste the pleasure of the place, they procured the body of this saint to be remov'd hither, which soon encreas'd the wealth and revenues of their house, by the zeal of that day, in going on pilgrimage to the shrine of the blessed St. Edmund.

We read however, that after this, the Danes under King Sweno, over-running this part of the country, destroyed this monastery and burnt it to the ground, with the church and town; but see the turn religion gives to things in the world; His son King Canutus, at first a pagan and a tyrant, and the most cruel ravager of all that crew, coming to turn Christian; and being touch'd in conscience for the soul of his father, in having robb'd God and His holy martyr St. Edmund, sacrilegiously destroying the church, and plundering the monastery; I say, touch'd with remorse, and, as the monks pretend terrify'd with a vision of St. Edmund appearing to him, he rebuilt the house, the church, and the town also, and very much added to the wealth of the abbot and his fraternity, offering his crown at the feet of St. Edmund, giving the house to the monks, town and all; so that they were absolute lords of the town, and governed it by their steward for many ages. He also gave them a great many good lordships, which they enjoy'd till the general suppression of abbies, in the time of Henry VIII.

But I am neither writing the history, or searching the antiquity, of the abbey, or town, my business is the present state of the place.

The abbey is demolish'd; its ruins are all that is to be seen of its glory: Out of the old building, two very beautiful churches are built, and serve the two parishes, into which the town is divided, and they stand both in one church-yard. Here it was, in the path-way between these two churches, that a tragical and almost unheard of act of barbarity was committed, which made the place less pleasant for some time, than it us'd to be, when Arundel Coke, Esq; a Barrister at Law, of very antient family, attempted, with the assistance of a barbarous assassin, to murther in cold blood, and in the arms of hospitality, Edward Crisp, Esq; his brother-in-law, leading him out from his own house, where he had invited him, his wife and children, to supper: I say, leading him out in the night, on pretence of going to see some friend that was known to them both; but in this church-yard, giving a signal to the assassin he had hir'd, he attacked him with a hedge bill, and cut him, as one might say, almost in pieces; and when they did not doubt of his being dead, they left him: His head and face was so mangled, that it may be said to be next to a

miracle that he was not quite killed: Yet so Providence directed for the exemplary punishment of the assassins, that the gentleman recover'd to detect them, who, (tho' he out-lived the assault) were both executed as they deserv'd, and Mr. Crisp is yet alive. They were condemned on the statute for defacing and dismembring, called the Coventry Act.

But this accident does not at all lessen the pleasure and agreeable delightful shew of the town of Bury; it is crouded with nobility and gentry, and all sorts of the most agreeable company; and as the company invites, so there is the appearance of pleasure upon the very situation; and they that live at Bury, are supposed to live there for the sake of it.

The Lord Jermin, afterwards Lord Dover, and since his lordship's decease, Sir Robert Davers, enjoy'd the most delicious seat of Rushbrook, near this town.

The present Members of Parliament for this place are, Jermyn Davers, and James Reynolds, Esquires.

Mr. Harvey, afterwards created Lord Harvey, by King William, and since that, made Earl of Bristol by King George, liv'd many years in this town, leaving a noble and pleasantly situated house in Lincolnshire, for the more agreeable living on a spot so compleatly qualified for a life of delight as this of Bury.

The Duke of Grafton, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has also a stately house at Euston, near this town, which he enjoys in right of his mother, daughter to the Earl of Arlington, one of the chief ministers of State in the reign of King Charles II. and who made the second letter in the word CABAL; a word form'd by that famous satirerist Andrew Marvell, to represent the five heads of the politicks of that time, as the word SMECTYMNUS was on a former occasion.

I shall believe nothing so scandalous of the ladies of this town and the county round it, as a late writer[3] insinuates: That the ladies round the country appear mighty gay and agreeable at the time of the fair in this town, I acknowledge; one hardly sees such a show in any part of the world; but to suggest they come hither as to a market, is so coarse a jest that the gentlemen that wait on them hither, (for they rarely come but in good company) ought to resent and correct him for it.

It is true, Bury-Fair, like Bartholomew-Fair, is a fair for diversion, more than for trade; and it may be a fair for toys and for trinkets, which the ladies may think fit to lay out some of their money in, as they see occasion. But to judge from thence, that the knights daughters of Norfolk, Cambridge-shire, and Suffolk, that is to say, for it cannot be understood any otherwise, the daughters of all the gentry of the three counties, come hither to be pick'd up, is a way of speaking I never before heard any author have the assurance to make use of in print.

The assembled he justly commends for the bright appearance of the beauties; but with a sting in the tayl of this compliment, where he says, They seldom end

without some considerable match or intrigue; and yet he owns, that during the fair, these assemblees are held every night. Now that these fine ladies go intriguing every night, and that too after the comedy is done, which is after the fair and raffling is over for the day; so that it must be very late: This is a terrible character for the ladies of Bury, and intimates in short, that most of them are whores, which is a horrid abuse upon the whole country.

Now, tho' I like not the assemblies at all, and shall in another place give them something of their due; yet having the opportunity to see the fair at Bury, and to see that there were indeed abundance of the finest ladies, or as fine as any in Britain, yet I must own, the number of the ladies at the comedy, or at the assemblee, is no way equal to the number that are seen in the town, much less are they equal to the whole body of the ladies in the three counties, and I must also add, that tho' it is far from true, that all that appear at the assemble, are there for matches or intrigues, yet I will venture to say, that they are not the worst of the ladies who stay away; neither are they the fewest in number, or the meanest in beauty, but just the contrary; and I do not at all doubt, but that the scandalous liberty some take at those assemblees, will in time bring them out of credit with the virtuous part of the sex here, as it has done already in Kent and other places; and that those ladies who most value their reputation, will be seen less there than they have been; for tho' the institution of them has been innocent and virtuous, the ill use of them, and the scandalous behaviour of some people at them, will in time arm virtue against them, and they will be lay'd down as they have been set up, without much satisfaction.

But the beauty of this town consists in the number of gentry who dwell in and near it, the polite conversation among them; the affluence and plenty they live in; the sweet air they breathe in, and the pleasant country they have to go abroad in.

Here is no manufacturing in this town, or but very little, except spinning; the chief trade of the place depending upon the gentry who live there, or near it, and who cannot fail to cause trade enough by the expence of their families and equipages, among the people of a county town. They have but a very small river, or rather but a very small branch of a small river, at this town, which runs from hence to Milden-Hall, on the edge of the Fens. However, the town and gentlemen about, have been at the charge, or have so encouraged the engineer who was at the charge, that they have made this river navigable to the said Milden-Hall, from whence there is a navigable dyke, call'd Milden-Hall Dreyn, which goes into the River Ouse, and so to Lynn; so that all their coal and wine, iron, lead, and other heavy goods, are brought by water from Lynn, or from London, by the way of Lynn, to the great ease of the tradesmen.

This town is famous for two great events, one was that in the year 1447, in the 25th year of Henry the VIth, a Parliament was held here.

The other was, That at the meeting of this Parliament, the great Humphry, Duke of Glocester, regent of the kingdom, during the absence of King Henry the Vth, and the minority of Henry the VIth, and to his last hour, the safeguard of the whole nation, and darling of the people, was basely murthered here; by whose death, the gate was opened to that dreadful war between the Houses of Lancaster and York, which ended in the confusion of that very race, who are supposed to have contrived that murther.

From St. Edmund's Bury I returned by Stow-Market and Needham, to Ipswich, that I might keep as near the coast as was proper to my designed circuit or journey; and from Ipswich, to visit the sea again, I went to Woodbridge, and from thence to Orford, on the sea-side.

Woodbridge has nothing remarkable, but that it is a considerable market for butter and corn to be exported to London; for now begins that part which is ordinarily called High-Suffolk; which being a rich soil, is for a long tract of ground, wholly employed in dayries; and again famous for the best butter, and perhaps the worst cheese, in England: The butter is barrelled, or often pickled up in small casks, and sold, not in London only, but I have known a firkin of Suffolk butter sent to the West-Indies, and brought back to England again, and has been perfectly good and sweet, as at first.

The port for the shipping off their Suffolk butter is chiefly Woodbridge, which for that reason is full of corn-factors, and butter-factors, some of whom are very considerable merchants.

From hence turning down to the shore, we see Orford Ness, a noted point of land for the guide of the colliers and coasters, and a good shelter for them to ride under, when a strong north-east wind blows and makes a foul shore on the coast.

South of the Ness is Orford Haven, being the mouth of two little rivers meeting together; 'tis a very good harbour for small vessels, but not capable of receiving a ship of burthen.

Orford was once a good town, but is decay'd, and as it stands on the land-side of the river, the sea daily throws up more land to it, and falls off itself from it, as if it was resolved to disown the place, and that it should be a sea port no longer.

A little farther lies Albro', as thriving, tho' without a port, as the other is decaying, with a good river in the front of it.

There are some gentlemen's seats up farther from the sea, but very few upon the coast.

From Albro' to Dunwich, there are no towns of note; even this town seems to be in danger of being swallowed up; for fame reports, that once they had fifty

churches in the town; I saw but one left, and that not half full of people.

This town is a testimony of the decay of publick things, things of the most durable nature; and as the old poet expresses it,

By numerous examples we may see,
That towns and cities die, as well as we.

The ruins of Carthage, or the great city of Jerusalem, or of antient Rome, are not at all wonderful to me; the ruins of Nineveh, which are so entirely sunk, as that 'tis doubtful where the city stood; the ruins of Babylon, or the great Persepolis, and many capital cities, which time and the change of monarchies have overthrown; these, I say, are not at all wonderful, because being the capitals of great and flourishing kingdoms, where those kingdoms were overthrown, the capital cities necessarily fell with them; But for a private town, a sea-port, and a town of commerce, to decay, as it were of itself (for we never read of Dunwich being plundered, or ruin'd, by any disaster, at least not of late years); this I must confess, seems owing to nothing but to the fate of things, by which we see that towns, kings, countries, families, and persons, have all their elevation, their medium, their declination, and even their destruction in the womb of time, and the course of nature. It is true, this town is manifestly decayed by the invasion of the waters, and as other towns seem sufferers by the sea, or the tide withdrawing from their ports, such as Orford just now named; Winchelsea in Kent, and the like: So this town is, as it were, eaten up by the sea, as above; and the still encroaching ocean seems to threaten it with a fatal immersion in a few years more.

Yet Dunwich, however ruin'd, retains some share of trade, as particularly for the shipping off butter, cheese, and corn, which is so great a business in this county, and it employs a great many people and ships also; and this port lies right against the particular part of the county for butter, as Framlingham, Halsted, &c. Also a very great quantity of corn is bought up hereabout for the London market; for I shall still touch that point, how all the counties in England contribute something towards the subsistence of the great city of London, of which the butter here is a very considerable article; as also coarse cheese, which I mentioned before, us'd chiefly for the king's ships.

Hereabouts they begin to talk of herrings, and the fishery; and we find in the antient records, that this town, which was then equal to a large city; paid, among other tribute to the Government, 50000 of herrings. Here also, and at Swole, or Southole, the next sea-port, they cure sprats in the same manner as they do herrings at Yarmouth; that is to say, speaking in their own language, they make red sprats; or to speak good English, they make sprats red.

It is remarkable, that this town is now so much washed away by the sea, that what little trade they have, is carry* d on by Walderswick, a little town near

Swole, the vessels coming in there, because the mines of Dunwich make the shore there unsafe and uneasie to the boats; from whence the northern coasting seamen a rude verse of their own using, and I suppose of their own making; as follows,

Swoul and Dunwich, and Walderswick,
All go in at one lousie creek.

This lousie creek, in short, is a little river at Swoul, which our late famous atlas-maker calls a good harbour for ships, and rendezvous of the royal navy; but that by the bye; the author it seems knew no better.

From Dunwich, we came to Southwold, the town above-named; this is a small port-town upon the coast, at the mouth of a little river call'd the Blith: I found no business the people here were employ'd in, but the fishery, as above, for herrings and sprats; which they cure by the help of smoak, as they do at Yarmouth.

There is but one church in this town, but it is a very large one and well-built, as most of the churches in this county are, and of impenetrable flint; indeed there is no occasion for its being so large, for staying there one Sabbath-Day, I was surprised to see an extraordinary large church, capable of receiving five or six thousand people, and but twenty-seven in it besides the parson and the clerk; but at the same time the meeting-house of the Dissenters was full to the very doors, having, as I guess'd from 6 to 800 people in it.

This town is made famous for a very great engagement at sea, in the year 1672, between the English and Dutch fleets, in the bay opposite to the town; in which, not to be partial to ourselves, the English fleet was worsted; and the brave Montague Earl of Sandwich, admiral under the Duke of York, lost his life: The ship *Royal Prince* , carrying 100 guns, in which he was, and which was under him, commanded by Sir Edward Spragg, was burnt, and several other ships lost, and about 600 seamen; part of those kill'd in the fight, were, as I was told, brought on shore here and buried in the church-yard of this town, as others also were at Ipswich.

At this town in particular, and so at all the towns on this coast, from Orford-Ness to Yarmouth, is the ordinary place where our summer friends the swallows, first land when they come to visit us; and here they may be said to embark for their return, when they go back into warmer climates; and, as I think the following remark, tho' of so trifling a circumstance, may be both instructing, as well as diverting, it may be very proper in this place. The case is this; I was some years before at this place, at the latter end of the year (viz.) about the beginning of October, and lodging in a house that looked into the church-yard, I observ'd in the evening an unusual multitude of birds sitting on the leads of the church; curiosity led me to go nearer to see what they were, and I found they were all swallows; that there was such an infinite number that they cover'd the whole roof of the

church, and of several houses near, and perhaps might, of more houses which I did not see; this led me to enquire of a grave gentleman whom I saw near me, what the meaning was of such a prodigious multitude of swallows sitting there; 0 SIR, says he, turning towards the sea, you may see the reason, the wind is off sea. I did not seem fully informed by that expression; so he goes on: I perceive, sir, says he, you are a stranger to it; you must then understand first, that this is the season of the year when the swallows, their food here failing, begin to leave us, and return to the country, where-ever it be, from whence I suppose they came; and this being the nearest to the coast of Holland, they come here to embark; this he said smiling a little; and now, sir, says he, the weather being too calm, or the wind contrary, they are waiting for a gale, for they are all wind-bound.

This was more evident to me, when in the morning I found the wind had come about to the north-west in the night, and there was not one swallow to be seen, of near a million, which I believe was there the night before.

How those creatures know that this part of the island of Great-Britain is the way to their home, or the way that they are to go; that this very point is the nearest cut over, or even that the nearest cut is best for them, that we must leave to the naturalists to determin, who insist upon it, that brutes cannot think.

Certain it is, that the swallows neither come hither for warm weather, nor retire from cold, the thing is of quite another nature; they, like the shoals of fish in the sea, pursue their prey; they are a voracious creature, they feed flying; their food is found in the air, viz. the insects; of which in our summer evenings, in damp and moist places, the air is full; they come hither in the summer, because our air is fuller of fogs and damps than in other countries, and for that reason, feeds great quantities of insects; if the air be hot and dry, the gnats die of themselves, and even the swallows will be found famish'd for want, and fall down dead out of the air, their food being taken from them: In like manner, when cold weather comes in, the insects all die, and then of necessity, the swallows quit us, and follow their food where-ever they go; this they do in the manner I have mentioned above; for sometimes they are seen to go off in vast flights like a cloud; And sometimes again, when the wind grows fair, they go away a few and a few, as they come, not staying at all upon the coast.

Note , This passing and re-passing of the swallows, is observ'd no where so much, that I have heard of, or in but few other places, except on this eastern coast; namely, from above Harwich to the east point of Norfolk, call'd Winterton Ness, north; which is all right against Holland; we know nothing of them any farther north, the passage of the sea being, as I suppose, too broad from Flambro' Head, and the shoar of Holderness in Yorkshire, &c.

I find very little remarkable on this side of Suffolk, but what is on the sea shore as above; the inland country is that which they properly call High-Suffolk, and is full of rich feeding-grounds and large farms, mostly employ'd in dayries for making the Suffolk butter and cheese, of which I have spoken already: Among these rich grounds stand some market-towns, tho' not of very considerable note; such as Framlingham, where was once a royal castle, to which Queen Mary retir'd, when the Northumberland faction, in behalf of the Lady Jane, endeavour'd to supplant her; and it was this part of Suffolk where the Gospellers, as they were then called, prefer'd their loyalty to their religion, and complimented the popish line at expence of their share of the Reformation; but they paid dear for it, and their successors have learn'd better politicks since.

In these parts are also several good market-towns, some in this county, and some in the other, as Becles, Bungay, Harlston, &c. all on the edge of the River Waveney, which parts here the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk: And here in a bye-place, and out of common remark, lies the antient town of Hoxon, famous for being the place where St. Edmund was martyr'd, for whom so many cells and shrines have been set up, and monasteries built; and in honour of whom, the famous monastery of St. Edmund's Bury above-mentioned, was founded, which most people erroneously think was the place where the said murther was committed.

Besides the towns mentioned above, there are Halesworth, Saxmundham, Debenham, Aye, or Eye, all standing in this eastern side of Suffolk; in which, as I have said, the whole country is employed in dayries, or in feeding of cattle.

This part of England is also remarkable for being the first where the feeding and fattening of cattle, both sheep as well as black cattle with turnips, was first practised in England, which is made a very great part of the improvement of their lands to this day; and from whence the practice is spread over most of the east and south parts of England, to the great enriching of the farmers, and encrease of fat cattle: And tho' some have objected against the goodness of the flesh thus fed with turnips, and have fansied it would taste of the root; yet upon experience 'tis found, that at market there is no difference nor can they that buy, single out one joynt of mutton from another by the taste: So that the complaint which our nice palates at first made, begins to cease of itself; and a very great quantity of beef, and mutton also, is brought every year, and every week to London, from this side of England, and much more than was formerly known to be fed there.

I can't omit, however little it may seem, that this county of Suffolk is particularly famous for furnishing the city of London and all the counties round, with turkeys; and that 'tis thought, there are more turkeys bred in this county, and the part of Norfolk that adjoins to it, than in all the rest of England, especially for

sale; tho' this may be reckoned, as I say above, but a trifling thing to take notice of in these remarks; yet, as I have hinted, that I shall observe, how London is in general supplied with all its provisions from the whole body of the nation, and how every part of the island is engaged in some degree or other of that supply; On this account I could not omit it; nor will it be found so inconsiderable an article as some may imagin, if this be true which I receiv'd an account of from a person living on the place, (viz.) That they have counted 300 droves of turkeys (for they drive them all in droves on foot) pass in one season over Stratford-Bridge on the River Stour, which parts Suffolk from Essex, about six miles from Colchester on the road from Ipswich to London. These droves, as they say, generally contain from three hundred to a thousand each drove; so that one may suppose them to contain 500 one with another, which is 150000 in all; and yet this is one of the least passages, the numbers which travel by New Market-Heath, and the open country and the forest, and also the numbers that come by Sudbury and Clare, being many more.

For the further supplies of the markets of London with poultry, of which these countries particularly abound: They have within these few years found it practicable to make the geese travel on foot too, as well as the turkeys; and a prodigious number are brought up to London in droves from the farthest parts of Norfolk; even from the fenn-country, about Lynn, Downham, Wisbich, and the Washes; as also from all the east-side of Norfolk and Suffolk, of whom 'tis very frequent now to meet droves, with a thousand, sometimes two thousand in a drove: They begin to drive them generally in August, by which time the harvest is almost over, and the geese may feed in the stubbles as they go. Thus they hold on to the end of October, when the roads begin to be too stiff and deep for their broad feet and short leggs to march in.

Besides these methods of driving these creatures on foot, they have of late also invented a new method of carriage, being carts form'd on purpose, with four stories or stages, to put the creatures in one above another, by which invention one cart will carry a very great number; and for the smoother going, they drive with two horses a-breast, like a coach, so quartering the road for the ease of the gentry that thus ride; changing horses they travel night and day; so that they bring the fowls 70, 80, or 100 miles in two days and one night: The horses in this new-fashion'd voiture go two a-breast, as above, but no perch below as in a coach, but they are fastened together by a piece of wood lying cross-wise upon their necks, by which they are kept even and together, and the driver sits on the top of the cart, like as in the publick carriages for the army, &c.

In this manner they hurry away the creatures alive, and infinite numbers are thus carried to London every year. This method is also particular for the carrying

young turkeys, or turkey-poults in their season, which are valuable, and yield a good price at market; as also for live chickens in the dear seasons; of all which a very great number are brought in this manner to London, and more prodigiously out of this country than any other part of England, which is the reason of my speaking of it here.

In this part, which we call High-Suffolk, there are not so many families of gentry or nobility plac'd, as in the other side of the country: But 'tis observ'd that tho' their seats are not so frequent here, their estates are; and the pleasure of West Suffolk is much of it supported by the wealth of High-Suffolk; for the richness of the lands, and application of the people to all kinds of improvement, is scarce credible; also the farmers are so very considerable, and their farms and dayries so large, that 'tis very frequent for a farmer to have a thousand pounds stock upon his farm in cows only.

From High-Suffolk, I pass'd the Waveney into Norfolk, near Schole-Inn; in my passage I saw at Redgrave, (the seat of the family) a most exquisite monument of Sir John Holt, Knight, late lord chief justice of the King's-Bench, several years, and one of the most eminent lawyers of his time. One of the heirs of the family is now building a fine seat about a mile on the south-side of Ipswich, near the road.

The epitaph, or inscription on this monument, is as follows.

M. S.
D. JOHANNIS HOLT, Equitis Aur
Totius Angliae in Banco Regis
per 21 Annos continuos
Capitalis Justitiarii
Gulielmo Regi Annaeq; Reginae
Consiliarii perpetui:
Libertatis ac Legum Anglicorum
Assertoris, Vindicis, Custodis,
Vigilis Acris & Intrepidi,
Rolandus Frater Vnicus & Haeres
Optime de se Merito
posuit,
Die Martis Vto. 1709 Sublatus est
ex Oculis nostris
Natus 30 Decembris, Anno 1642.

When we come into Norfolk, we see a face of diligence spread over the whole country; the vast manufactures carry'd on (in chief) by the Norwich weavers, employs all the country round in spinning yarn for them; besides many thousand

packs of yarn which they receive from other countries, even from as far as Yorkshire, and Westmoreland, of which I shall speak in its place.

This side of Norfolk is very populous, and throng'd with great and spacious market-towns, more and larger than any other part of England so far from London, except Devonshire, and the West-riding of Yorkshire; for example, between the frontiers of Suffolk and the city of Norwich on this side, which is not above 22 miles in breadth, are the following market-towns, viz.

Thetford,
Hingham,
Harleston,

Dis,
West Deerham,
E. Deerham,

Harling,
Attleboro',
Watton,

Bucknam,
Windham,
Loddon, &c.

Most of these towns are very populous and large; but that which is most remarkable is, that the whole country round them is so interspers'd with villages, and those villages so large, and so full of people, that they are equal to market-towns in other counties; in a word, they render this eastern part of Norfolk exceeding full of inhabitants.

An eminent weaver of Norwich, gave me a scheme of their trade on this occasion, by which, calculating from the number of looms at that time employed in the city of Norwich only, besides those employed in other towns in the same county, he made it appear very plain, that there were 120000 people employed in the woollen and silk and wool manufactures of that city only, not that the people all lived in the city, tho' Norwich is a very large and populous city too: But I say, they were employed for spinning the yarn used for such goods as were all made in that city. This account is curious enough, and very exact, but it is too long for the compass of this work.

This shews the wonderful extent of the Norwich manufacture, or stuff-weaving trade, by which so many thousands of families are maintained. Their trade indeed

felt a very sensible decay, and the cries of the poor began to be very loud, when the wearing of painted callicoes was grown to such an height in England, as was seen about two or three years ago; but an Act of Parliament having been obtained, tho' not without great struggle, in the years 1720, and 1721, for prohibiting the use and wearing of callico's, the stuff trade reviv'd incredibly; and as I pass'd this part of the country in the year 1723, the manufacturers assured me, that there was not in all the eastern and middle part of Norfolk, any hand, unemployed, if they would work; and that the very children after four or five years of age, could every one earn their own bread. But I return to speak of the villages and towns in the rest of the county; I shall come to the city of Norwich by itself.

This throng of villages continues thro' all the east part of the county, which is of the greatest extent, and where the manufacture is chiefly carry'd on: If any part of it be waste and thin of inhabitants, it is the west part, drawing a line from about Brand, or Brandon, south, to Walsingham, north. This part of the country indeed is full of open plains, and somewhat sandy and barren, and feeds great flocks of good sheep: But put it all together, the county of Norfolk has the most people in the least tract of land of any county in England, except about London, and Exon, and the West-Riding of Yorkshire, as above.

Add to this, that there is no single county in England, except as above, that can boast of three towns so populous, so rich, and so famous for trade and navigation, as in this county: By these three towns, I mean the city of Norwich, the towns of Yarmouth and Lynn; besides, that it has several other sea-ports of very good trade, as Wisbich, Wells, Burnham, Clye, &c.

NORWICH is the capital of all the county, and the center of all the trade and manufactures which I have just mentioned; an antient, large, rich, and populous city: If a stranger was only to ride thro' or view the city of Norwich for a day, he would have much more reason to think there was a town without inhabitants, than there is really to say so of Ipswich; but on the contrary, if he was to view the city, either on a Sabbath-day, or on any publick occasion, he would wonder where all the people could dwell, the multitude is so great: But the case is this; the inhabitants being all busie at their manufactures, dwell in their garrets at their looms, and in their combing-shops, so they call them, twisting-mills, and other work-houses; almost all the works they are employed in, being done within doors. There are in this city thirty-two parishes besides the cathedral, and a great many meeting-houses of Dissenters of all denominations. The publick edifices are chiefly the castle, antient and decayed, and now for many years past made use of for a jayl. The Duke of Norfolk's house was formerly kept well, and the gardens preserved for the pleasure and diversion of the citizens, but since feeling too

sensibly the sinking circumstances of that once glorious family, who were the first peers and hereditary earl-marshals of England.

The walls of this city are reckoned three miles in circumference, taking in more ground than the city of London; but much of that ground lying open in pasture-fields and gardens; nor does it seem to be, like some antient places, a decayed declining town, and that the walls mark out its antient dimensions; for we do not see room to suppose that it was ever larger or more populous than it is now: But the walls seem to be placed, as if they expected that the city would in time encrease sufficiently to fill them up with buildings.

The cathedral of this city is a fine fabrick, and the spire-steeple very high and beautiful; it is not antient, the bishop's see having been first at Thetford; from whence it was not translated hither till the twelfth century; yet the church has so many antiquities in it, that our late great scholar and physician, Sir Tho. Brown, thought it worth his while to write a whole book to collect the monuments and inscriptions in this church, to which I refer the reader.

The River Yare runs through this city, and is navigable thus far without the help of any art, (that is to say, without locks or stops) and being encreas'd by other waters, passes afterwarde thro' a long tract of the richest meadows, and the largest, taks them all together, that are any where in England, lying for thirty miles in length, from this city to Yarmouth, including the return of the said meadows on the bank of the Waveney south, and on the River Thyrn, north.

Here is one thing indeed strange in itself, and more so, in that history seems to be quite ignorant of the occasion of it. The River Waveney is a considerable river, and of a deep and full channel, navigable for large barges as high as Beccles; it runs for a course of about fifty miles, between the two counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, as a boundary to both; and pushing on, tho' with a gentle stream, towards the sea, no one would doubt, but, that when they see the river growing broader and deeper, and going directly towards the sea, even to the edge of the beach; that is to say, within a mile of the main ocean; no stranger, I say, but would expect to see its entrance into the sea at that place, and a noble harbour for ships at the mouth of it; when on a sudden, the land rising high by the sea-side, crosses the head of the river, like a dam, checks the whole course of it, and it returns, bending its course west, for two miles, or thereabouts; and then turning north, thro' another long course of meadows (joining to those just now mention'd) seeks out the River Yare, that it may join its water with her's, and find their way to the sea together.

Some of our historians tell a long fabulous story of this river's being once open, and a famous harbour for ships belonging to the town of Leostof adjoining; But that the town of Yarmouth envying the prosperity of the said town of Leostof

, made war upon them; and that after many bloody battles, as well by sea as by land, they came at last to a decisive action at sea with their respective fleets, and the victory fell to the Yarmouth men, the Leostof fleet being overthrown and utterly destroyed; and that upon this victory, the Yarmouth men either actually did stop up the mouth of the said river, or oblig'd the vanquished Leostof men to do it themselves, and bound them never to attempt to open it again.

I believe my share of this story, and I recommend no more of it to the reader; adding, that I see no authority for the relation, neither do the relators agree either in the time of it, or in the particulars of the fact; that is to say, in whose reign, or under what government all this happened; in what year, and the like: So I satisfy my self with transcribing the matter of fact, and then leave it as I find it.

In this vast tract of meadows are fed a prodigious number of black cattle, which are said to be fed up for the fattest beef, tho' not the largest in England; and the quantity is so great, as that they not only supply the city of Norwich, the town of Yarmouth, and county adjacent, but send great quantities of them weekly in all the winter season, to London.

And this in particular is worthy remark, That the gross of all the Scots cattle which come yearly into England, are brought hither, being brought to a small village lying north of the city of Norwich, call'd St. Faiths, where the Norfolk grasiers go and buy them.

These Scots runts, so they call them, coming out of the cold and barren mountains of the Highlands in Scotland, feed so eagerly on the rich pasture in these marshes, that they thrive in an unusual manner, and grow monstrously fat; and the beef is so delicious for taste, that the inhabitants prefer 'em to the English cattle, which are much larger and fairer to look at, and they may very well do so: Some have told me, and I believe with good judgment, that there are above 40,000 of these Scots cattle fed in this country every year, and most of them in the said marshes between Norwich, Beccles, and Yarmouth.

YARMOUTH is an antient town, much older than Norwich; and at present, tho' not standing on so much ground, yet better built; much more compleat; for number of inhabitants, not much inferior; and for wealth, trade, and advantage of its situation, infinitely superior to Norwich.

It is plac'd on a peninsula between the River Yare and the sea; the two last lying parallel to one another, and the town in the middle: The river lies on the west-side of the town, and being grown very large and deep, by a conflux of all the rivers on this side the county, forms the haven; and the town facing to the west also, and open to the river, makes the finest key in England, if not in Europe, not inferior even to that of Marseilles itself.

The ships ride here so close, and as it were, keeping up one another, with their head-fasts on shore, that for half a mile together, they go cross the stream with their bolsprits over the land, their bowes, or heads, touching the very wharf; so that one may walk from ship to ship as on a floating bridge, all along by the shore-side: The key reaching from the drawbridge almost to the south-gate, is so spacious and wide, that in some places 'tis near one hundred yards from the houses to the wharf. In this pleasant and agreeable range of houses are some very magnificent buildings, and among the rest, the custom-house and town-hall, and some merchants houses, which look like little palaces, rather than the dwelling-houses of private men.

The greatest defect of this beautiful town, seems to be, that tho' it is very rich and encreasing in wealth and trade, and consequently in people, there is not room to enlarge the town by building; which would be certainly done much more than it is, but that the river on the land-side prescribes them, except at the north end without the gate; and even there the land is not very agreeable: But had they had a larger space within the gates, there would before now, have been many spacious streets of noble fine buildings erected, as we see is done in some other thriving towns in England, as at Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Frome, &c.

The key and the harbour of this town during the fishing-fair, as they call it, which is every Michaelmas, one sees the land cover'd with people, and the river with barks and boats, busy day and night, landing and carrying off the herrings, which they catch here in such prodigious quantities, that it is incredible. I happen'd to be there during their fishing-fair, when I told, in one tide, one hundred and ten barks and fishing vessels coming up the river, all loaden with herrings, and all taken the night before; and this was besides what was brought on shore on the Dean, (that is the seaside of the town) by open boats, which they call cobles,[4] and which often bring in two or three last[5] of fish at a time. The barks[6] often bring in ten last a piece.

This fishing-fair begins on Michaelmas Day, and lasts all the month of October, by which time the herrings draw off to sea, shoot their spawn, and are no more fit for the merchants business; at least not those that are taken thereabouts.

The quantity of herrings that are catch'd in this season are diversly accounted for; some have said, that the towns of Yarmouth and Leostof only, have taken forty thousand last in a season: I will not venture to confirm that report; but this I have heard the merchants themselves say, (viz.) That they have cur'd, that is to say, hang'd and dry'd in the smoak 40,000 barrels of merchantable redherrings in one season, which is in itself (tho' far short of the other) yet a very considerable article; and it is to be added, that this is besides all the herrings consum'd in the

country towns of both those populous counties, for thirty miles from the sea, whither very great quantities are carry'd every tide during the whole season.

But this is only one branch of the great trade carry'd on in this town; Another part of this commerce, is in the exporting these herrings after they are cur'd; and for this their merchants have a great trade to Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Messina, and Venice; as also to Spain and Portugal, also exporting with their herring very great quantities of worsted stuffs, and stuffs made of silk and worsted; camblets, &c. the manufactures of the neighbouring city of Norwich, and the places adjacent.

Besides this, they carry on a very considerable trade with Holland, whose opposite neighbours they are; and a vast quantity of woollen manufactures they export to the Dutch every year. Also they have a fishing trade to the north-seas for white fish, which from the place are called the North-Sea cod.

They have also a considerable trade to Norway, and to the Baltick, from whence they bring back deals, and fir-timber, oaken plank, baulks, sparrs, oars, pitch, tar, hemp, flax, spruce canvas, and sail-cloth; with all manner of naval stores, which they generally have a consumption for in their own port, where they build a very great number of ships every year, besides re-fitting and repairing the old.

Add to this the coal trade between Newcastle and the river of Thames, in which they are so improv'd of late years, that they have now a greater share of it than any other town in England; and have quite work'd the Ipswich men out of it, who had formerly the chief share of the colliery in their hands.

For the carrying on all these trades, they must have a very great number of ships, either of their own, or employ'd by them; and it may in some measure be judg'd of by this, That in the year 1697, I had an account from the town register, that there was then 1123 sail of ships using the sea, and belong'd to the town, besides such ships as the merchants of Yarmouth might be concerned in, and be part-owners of, belonging to any other ports.

To all this I must add, without compliment to the town, or to the people, that the merchants, and even the generality of traders of Yarmouth, have a very good reputation in trade, as well abroad as at home, for men of fair and honourable dealing, punctual and just in their performing their engagements, and in discharging commissions; and their seamen, as well masters as mariners, are justly esteem'd among the ablest and most expert navigators in England.

This town however populous and large, was ever contained in one parish, and had but one church; but within these two years they have built another very fine church, near the south-end of the town. The old church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and was built by that famous Bishop of Norwich, Will. Herbert, who

flourished in the reign of William II, and Hen. I. William of Malmsbury calls him *Vir pecuniosus* ; he might have called him *Vir Pecuniosissimus* , considering the times he lived in, and the works of charity and munificence, which he has left as witnesses of his immense riches; for he built the cathedral church; the priory for sixty monks; the bishop's palace, and the parish-church of St. Leonard, all in Norwich; this great church at Yarmouth, the church of St. Margaret at Lynn, and of St. Mary at Elmham. He remov'd the episcopal see from Thetford to Norwich, and instituted the Cluniack Monks at Thetford, and gave them, or built them a house. This old church, is very large, and has a high spire, which is a useful sea-mark.

Here is one of the finest market-places, and the best serv'd with provisions, in England, London excepted, and the inhabitants are so multiplied in a few years, that they seem to want room in their town, rather than people to fill it, as I have observ'd above.

The streets are all exactly strait from north to south, with lanes or alleys, which they call rows, crossing them in strait lines also from east to west; so that it is the most regular built town in England, and seems to have been built all at once; Or, that the dimensions of the houses, and extent of the streets, were laid out by consent.

They have particular privileges in this town, and a jurisdiction by which they can try, condemn, and execute in especial cases, without waiting for a warrant from above; and this they exerted once very smartly, in executing a captain of one of the king's ships of war in the reign of King Charles II, for a murther committed in the street, the circumstance of which did indeed call for justice; but some thought they would not have ventur'd to exert their power as they did; however, I never heard that the government resented it, or blamed them for it.

It is also a very well governed town; and I have no where in England observed the Sabbath-Day so exactly kept, or the breach so continually punished as in this place, which I name to their honour.

Among all these regularities, it is no wonder if we do not find abundance of revelling, or that there is little encouragement to assemblies, plays, and gaming-meetings at Yarmouth, as in some other places; and yet I do not see that the ladies here come behind any of the neighbouring counties, either in beauty, breeding, or behaviour; to which may be added too, not at all to their disadvantage, that they generally go beyond them in fortunes.

From Yarmouth I resolv'd to pursue my first design, (viz.) To view the sea-side on this coast, which is particularly famous for being one of the most dangerous and most fatal to the sailors in all England, I may say in all Britain; and the more so, because of the great number of ships which are continually going and coming

this way, in their passage between London and all the northern coasts of Great-Britain. Matters of antiquity are not my enquiry, but principally observations on the present state of things, and if possible, to give such accounts of things worthy of recording, as have never been observed before; and this leads me the more directly to mention the commerce and the navigation when I come to towns upon the coast, as what few writers have yet medled with.

The reason of the dangers of this particular coast, are found in the situation of the county, and in the course of ships sailing this way, which I shall describe as well as I can, thus; the shoar from the mouth of the river of Thames to Yarmouth Road, lies in a strait line from S.S.E. to N.N.W. the land being on the W. or larboard side.

From Winterton Ness, which is the utmost northerly point of land in the county of Norfolk, and about four miles beyond Yarmouth, the shoar falls off for near sixty miles to the west, as far as Lynn and Boston, till the shoar of Lincolnshire tends north again for about sixty miles more, as far as the Humber, whence the coast of Yorkshire, or Holderness, which is the East Riding, shoots out again into the sea, to the Spurn, and to Flambro' Head, as far east almost as the shoar of Norfolk had given back at Winterton, making a very deep gulph or bay, between those two points of Winterton and the Spurn Head; so that the ships going north, are oblig'd to stretch away to sea from Winterton Ness, and leaving the sight of land in that deep bay which I have mention'd, that reaches to Lynn, and the shoar of Lincolnshire, they go, I say, N. or still N.N.W. to meet the shoar of Holdemess, which I said runs out into the sea again at the Spurn; This they leave also and the first land they make, or desire to make, is called as above, Flambro' Head; so that Winterton Ness and Flambro' Head, are the two extremes of this course, there is, as I said, the Spurn Head indeed between; but as it lies too far in towards the Humber, they keep out to the north to avoid coming near it.

In like manner the ships which come from the north, leave the shoar at Flambro' Head, and stretch away S.S.E. for Yarmouth Roads; and the first land they make is Winterton Ness (as above). Now, the danger of the place is this; If the ships coming from the north are taken with a hard gale of wind from the S.E. or from any point between N.E. and S.E. so that they cannot, as the seamen call it, weather Winterton Ness, they are thereby kept in within that deep bay; and if the wind blows hard, are often in danger of running on shoar upon the rocks about Cromer, on the north coast of Norfolk, or stranding upon the flat shoar between Cromer and Wells; all the relief they have, is good ground tackle to ride it out, which is very hard to do there, the sea coming very high upon them; Or if they cannot ride it out then, to run into the bottom of the great bay I mention'd, to

Lynn or Boston, which is a very difficult and desperate push: So that sometimes in this distress whole fleets have been lost here all together.

The like is the danger to ships going northward, if after passing by Winterton they are taken short with a north-east wind, and cannot put back into the Roads, which very often happens, then they are driven upon the same coast, and embay'd just as the latter. The danger on the north part of this bay is not the same, because if ships going or coming should be taken short on this side Flambro', there is the River Humber open to them, and several good roads to have recourse to, as Burlington Bay, Grimsby Road, and the Spurn Head, and others, where they ride under shelter.

The dangers of this place being thus consider'd, 'tis no wonder, that upon the shoar beyond Yarmouth, there are no less than four light-houses kept flaming every night, besides the lights at Castor, north of the town, and at Goulston S, all which are to direct the sailors to keep a good offing, in case of bad weather, and to prevent their running into Cromer Bay, which the seamen call the Devils Throat.

As I went by land from Yarmouth northward, along the shoar towards Cromer aforesaid, and was not then fully master of the reason of these things, I was surprised to see, in all the way from Winterton, that the farmers, and country people had scarce a barn, or a shed, or a stable; nay, not the pales of their yards, and gardens, not a hogstye, not a necessary-house, but what was built of old planks, beams, wales and timbers, &c. the. wrecks of ships, and ruins of mariners and merchants' fortunes; and in some places were whole yards fill'd, and piled up very high with the same stuff laid up, as I suppos'd to sell for the like building purposes, as there should be occasion.

About the year 1692, (I think it was that year) there was a melancholy example of what I have said of this place; a fleet of 200 sail of light colliers (so they call the ships bound northward empty to fetch coals from Newcastle to London) went out of Yarmouth Roads with a fair wind, to pursue their voyage, and were taken short with a storm of wind at N.E, after they were past Winterton Ness, a few leagues; some of them, whose masters were a little more wary than the rest, or perhaps, who made a better judgment of things, or who were not so far out as the rest, tack'd, and put back in time, and got safe into the roads; but the rest pushing on, in hopes to keep out to sea, and weather it, were by the violence of the storm driven back, when they were too far embay'd to weather Winterton Ness, as above; and so were forc'd to run west, every one shifting for themselves, as well as they could; some run away for Lyn Deeps but few of them, (the night being so dark) cou'd find their way in there; some but very few rid it out, at a distance; the rest being above 140 sail were all driven on shore, and dash'd to pieces, and very few of the people on board were sav'd: At the very same unhappy juncture, a fleet

of loaden ships were coming from the north, and being just crossing the same bay, were forcibly driven into it, not able to weather the Ness, and so were involved in the same ruin as the light fleet was; also some coasting vessels loaden with corn from Lyn, and Wells, and bound for Holland, were with the same unhappy luck just come out, to begin their voyage, and some of them lay at anchor; these also met with the same misfortune, so that in the whole, above 200 sail of ships, and above a thousand people perished in the disaster of that one miserable night, very few escaping.

Cromer is a market town close to the shoar of this dangerous coast, I know nothing it is famous for (besides it's being thus the terror of the sailors) except good lobsters, which are taken on that coast in great numbers, and carryed to Norwich, and in such quantities sometimes too, as to be convey'd by sea to London.

Farther within the land, and between this place and Norwich, are several good market towns, and innumerable villages, all diligently applying to the woollen manufacture, and the country is exceeding fruitful and fertil, as well in corn as in pastures; particularly, (which was very pleasant to see) the phesants were in such great plenty, as to be seen in the stubbles like cocks and hens; a testimony tho' (by the way) that the county had more tradesmen than gentlemen in it; indeed this part is so entirely given up to industry, that what with the seafaring men on the one side, and the manufactures on the other, we saw no idle hands here, but every man busie on the main affair of life, that is to say, getting money: Some of the principal of these towns are Alsham, North Walsham, South Walsham, Wursted, Caston, Reepham, Holt, Saxthorp, St. Faith's, Blikling, and many others. Near the last Sir John Hobart, of an antient family in this county, has a noble seat, but old built. This is that St. Faiths, where the drovers bring their black cattle to sell to the Norfolk graziers, as is observed above. From Cromer, we ride on the strand or open shoar to Weyburn Hope, the shoar so flat that in some places the tide ebbs out near two miles: From Weyburn west lyes Clye, where there are large salt-works, and very good salt made, which is sold all over the county, and some times sent to Holland, and to the Baltick: From Clye, we go to Masham, and to Wells, all towns on the coast, in each whereof there is a very considerable trade cary'd on with Holland for corn, which that part of the county is very full of: I say nothing of the great trade driven here from Holland, back again to England, because I take it to be a trade carryed on with much less honesty than advantage; especially while the clandestine trade, or the art of smuggling was so much in practice; what it is now, is not to my present purpose.

Near this town lye the Seven Burnhams, as they are call'd, that is to say seven small towns, all called by the same name, and each employ'd in the same trade of

carrying corn to Holland, and bringing back —— — &c.

From hence we turn to the S.W. to Castle-Rising, an old decay'd burrough town with perhaps not ten families in it, which yet (to the scandal of our prescription right) sends two members to the British Parliament, being as many as the city of Norwich itself, or any town in the kingdom, London excepted can do.

On our left we see Walsingham, an antient town, famous for the old ruins of a monastery of note there, and the shrine of our Lady, as noted as that of St. Thomas-a-Becket at Canterbury, and for little else.

Near this place are the seats of the two ally'd families of the Lord Viscount Townsend, and Robert Walpole, Esq; the latter at this time one of the lords commissioners of the Treasury, and minister of state, and the former one of the principal secretaries of state to King GEORGE, of which again.

From hence we went to Lyn, another rich and populous thriving port-town. It stands on more ground than the town of Yarmouth, and has I think parishes, yet I cannot allow that it has more people than Yarmouth, if so many. It is a beautiful well built, and well situated town, at the mouth of the River Ouse, and has this particular attending it, which gives it a vast advantage in trade; namely, that there is the greatest extent of inland navigation here, of any port in England, London excepted. The reason whereof is this, that there are more navigable rivers empty themselves here into the sea, including the Washes which are branches of the same port, than at any one mouth of waters in England, except the Thames and the Humber. By these navigable rivers the merchants of Lynn supply about six counties wholly, and three counties in part, with their goods, especially wine and coals, (viz.) By the Little Ouse, they send their goods to Brandon, and Thetford, by the Lake to Mildenhall, Barton-Mills, and St. Edmunds-Bury; by the river Grant to Cambridge, by the Great Ouse it self to Ely, to St. Ives, to St. Neots, to Barford-Bridge, and to Bedford; by the River Nyne, to Peterboro'; by the dreyns and washes to Wysbich, to Spalding, Market-Deeping, and Stamford; besides the several counties, into which these goods are carryed by land carriage, from the places where the navigation of those rivers ends; which has given rise to this observation on the town of Lynn, that they bring in more coals, than any sea-port between London and Newcastle; and import more wines than any port in England, except London and Bristol; their trade to Norway, and to the Baltick Sea is also great in proportion, and of late years they have extended their trade farther to the southward.

Here are more gentry, and consequently is more gayety in this town than in Yarmouth, or even in Norwich it self; the place abounding in very good company.

The situation of this town renders it capable of being made very strong, and in the late wars it was so; a line of fortification being drawn round it at a distance

from the walls; the ruins, or rather remains of which works appear very fair to this day; nor would it be a hard matter to restore the bastions, with the ravelins and counterscarp, upon any sudden emergency, to a good state of defence; and that in a little time, a sufficient number of workmen being employed, especially because they are able to fill all their ditches with water from the sea, in such a manner as that it cannot be drawn off.

There is, in the market-place of this town, a very fine statue of King William on horseback, erected at the charge of the town. The Owse is mighty large and deep, close to the very-town itself, and ships of good burthen may come up to the key; but there is no bridge, the stream being too strong, and the bottom moorish and unsound: Nor for the same reason is the anchorage computed the best in the world; but there are good roads farther down.

They pass over here in boats into the fenn-country, and over the famous washes into Lincolnshire, but the passage is very dangerous and uneasy, and where passengers often miscarry and are lost; but then it is usually on their venturing at improper times, and without the guides, which if they would be persuaded not to do, they would very rarely fail of going or coining safe.

From Lynn, I bent my course to Downham, where is an ugly wooden bridge over the Ouse; from whence we pass'd the fenn country to Wisbich, but saw nothing that way to tempt our curiosity but deep roads, innumerable dreyns and dykes of water, all navigable, and a rich soil, the land bearing a vast quantity of good hemp; but a base unwholsom air; so we came back to Ely, whose cathedral, standing in a level flat country, is seen far and wide; and of which town, when the minster, so they call it, is describ'd, every thing remarkable is said that there is room to say; and of the minster this is the most remarkable thing that I could hear, namely, that some of it is so antient, totters so much with every gust of wind, looks so like a decay, and seems so near it, that when ever it does fall, all that 'tis likely will be thought strange in it, will be, that it did not fall a hundred years sooner.

From hence we came over the Ouse, and in a few miles to Newmarket: In our way near Snaybell we saw a noble seat of the late Admiral Russel, now Earl of Orford, a name made famous by the glorious victory obtain'd under his command over the French fleet, and the burning their ships at La Hogue; a victory equal in glory to, and infinitely more glorious to the English nation in particular, than that at Blenheim, and above all more to the particular advantage of the Confederacy, because it so broke the heart of the naval power of France, that they have not fully recover'd it to this day: But of this victory it must be said, it was owing to the haughty, rash, and insolent orders given by the King of France to his admiral, (viz.) To fight the Confederate fleet wherever he found them, without leaving

room for him to use due caution if he found them too strong; which pride of France was doubtless a fate upon them, and gave a cheap victory to the Confederates; the French coming down rashly, and with the most impolitick bravery, with about five and forty sail to attack between seventy and eighty sail; by which means they met their ruin; whereas, had their own fleet been join'd, it might have cost more blood to have mastered them, if it had been done at all.

The situation of this house is low, and on the edge of the fenn-country, but the building is very fine, the avenues noble, and the gardens perfectly finished; the apartments also are rich; and I see nothing wanting but a family and heirs, to sustain the glory and inheritance of the illustrious ancestor, who rais'd it, *sed caret pedibus* , these are wanting.

Being come to Newmarket in the month of October, I had the opportunity to see the horse-races; and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharping part of the sport, their wagers and bets, that to me they seem'd just as so many horse-coursers in Smithfield, descending (the greatest of them) from their high dignity and quality, to picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible, and that with such eagerness, as that it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners.

There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and as some say, the cunningest jockey in England, one day he lost 1000 guineas, the next he won two thousand; and so alternately he made as light of throwing away five hundred or one thousand pounds at a time, as other men do of their pocket-money, and as perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned, when he had lost one thousand pounds, as when he had won it. On the other side, there was Sir R —— — Fagg, of Sussex, of whom fame says he has the most in him and the least to shew for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carry'd the prize; his horses, they said, were all cheats, how honest soever their master was; for he scarce ever produced a horse but he look'd like what he was not, and was what no body cou'd expect him to be: If he was as light as the wind, and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsie, and as dirty, and as much like a cart-horse as all the cunning of his master and the grooms could make him; and just in this manner he bit some of the greatest gamesters in the field.

I was so sick of the jockeying part, that I left the crowd about the posts, and pleased my self with observing the horses; how the creatures yielded to all the arts and managements of their masters; how they took their airings in sport, and play'd with the daily heats which they ran over the course before the grand day; but how! as knowing the difference equally with their riders, would they exert their utmost strength at the time of the race itself; and that to such an extremity,

that one or two of them died in the stable when they came to be rubb'd after the first heat.

Here I fansy'd myself in the Circus Maximus at Rome, seeing the antient games, and the racings of the chariots and horsemen; and in this warmth of my imagination I pleas'd and diverted myself more and in a more noble manner, than I could possibly do in the crowds of gentlemen at the weighing and starting posts, and at their coming in; or at their meetings at the coffee-houses and gaming-tables after the races were over, where there was little or nothing to be seen, but what was the subject of just reproach to them, and reproof from every wise man that look'd upon them. *N.B.* Pray take it with you as you go, you see no ladies at New-Market, except a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families who come in their coaches on any particular day to see a race and so go home again directly.

As I was pleasing myself with what was to be seen here, I went in the intervals of the sport to see the fine seats of the gentlemen in the neighbouring county, for this part of Suffolk, being an open champain country, and a healthy air, is form'd for pleasure, and all kinds of country diversions; nature, as it were, inviting the gentlemen to visit her, where she was fully prepar'd to receive them; in conformity to which kind summons they came; for the country is, as it were, cover'd with fine palaces of the nobility, and pleasant seats of the gentlemen.

The Earl of Orford's house I have mentioned already, the next is Euston Hall, the seat of the Duke of Grafton; it lies in the open country towards the side of Norfolk, not far from Thetford; a place capable of all that is pleasant and delightful in nature, and improved by art to every extreme that Nature is able to produce.

From thence I went to Rushbrook, formerly the seat of the noble family of Jermyns, lately Lord Dover, and now of the house of Davers. Here Nature, for the time I was there, droopt, and veil'd all the beauties of which she once boasted; the family being in tears, and the house shut up; Sir Robert Davers, the head thereof, and knight of the shire for the county of Suffolk, and who had married the eldest daughter of the late Lord Dover, being just dead, and the corpse lying there in its funeral form of ceremony, not yet buried; yet all look'd lovely in their sorrow, and a numerous issue promising and grown up, intimated that the family of Davers would still flourish, and that the beauties of Rushbrook, the mansion of the family, were not form'd with so much art in vain, or to die with the present possessor.

After this we saw Brently, the seat of the Earl of Dysert, and the antient palace of my Lord Cornwallis, with several others of exquisite situation, and adorn'd with the beauties both of art and nature; so that I think, any traveller from abroad, who would desire to see how the English gentry live, and what pleasures they

enjoy, should come into Suffolk and Cambridgeshire, and take but a light circuit among the country seats of the gentlemen on this side only, and they would be soon convinc'd, that not France, no not Italy itself, can out-do them, in proportion to the climate they lived in.

I had still the county of Cambridge to visit, to compleat this tour of the eastern part of England, and of that I come now to speak.

We enter Cambridgeshire out of Suffolk with all the advantage in the world; the county beginning upon those pleasant and agreeable plains call'd New Market-Heath, where passing the Devil's Ditch, which has nothing worth notice but its name, and that but fabulous too, from the hills call'd Gogmagog, we see a rich and pleasant vale westward, covered with corn-fields, gentlemen's seats, villages, and at a distance, to crown all the rest, that antient and truly famous town and university of Cambridge; capital of the county, and receiving its name from, if not as some say, giving name to it; for if it be true — that the town takes its name of Cambridge from its bridge over the River Cam; then certainly the shire or county, upon the division of England into counties, had its name from the town, and Cambridgeshire signifies no more or less than the county of which Cambridge is the capital town.

As my business is not to lay out the geographical situation of places, I say nothing of the buttings and boundings of this county: It lies on the edge of the great level, call'd by the people here the fenn-country; and great part, if not all, the Isle of Ely, lies in this county and Norfolk: The rest of Cambridgeshire is almost wholly a corn country; and of that corn five parts in six of all they sow, is barly, which is generally sold to Ware and Royston, and other great malting-towns in Hertfordshire, and is the fund from whence that vast quantity of malt, call'd Hertfordshire malt is made, which is esteem'd the best in England. As Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, are taken up in manufacturing, and fam'd for industry, this county has no manufacture at all; nor are the poor, except the husbandmen, fam'd for any thing so much as idleness and sloth, to their scandal be it spoken; what the reason of it is, I know not.

It is scarce possible to talk of anything in Cambridgeshire but Cambridge itself; whether it be that the county has so little worth speaking of in it, or that the town has so much, that I leave to others; however, as I am making modern observations, not writing history, I shall look into the county as well as into the colleges, for what I have to say.

As I said, I first had a view of Cambridge from Gogmagog Hills: I am to add, that there appears on the mountain that goes by this name, an antient camp, or fortification, that lies on the top of the hill, with a double or rather treble rampart and ditch, which most of our writers say was neither Roman nor Saxon, but

British: I am to add, that King James II. caused a spacious stable to be built in the area of this camp, for his running-horses, and made old Mr. Frampton, whom I mention'd above, master or inspector of them: The stables remain still there, tho' they are not often made use of. As we descended westward, we saw the fenn country on our right, almost all cover'd with water like a sea, the Michaelmas rains having been very great that year, they had sent down great floods of water from the upland countries, and those fenns being, as may be very properly said, the sink of no less than thirteen counties; that is to say, that all the water, or most part of the water of thirteen counties, falls into them, they are often thus overflow'd. The rivers which thus empty themselves into these fenns, and which thus carry off the water, are the Cam or Grant, the Great Ouse, and Little Ouse, the Nene, the Welland, and the river which runs from Bury to Milden-Hall; the counties which these rivers drain, as above, are as follows,

Lincoln,
Warwick,
Norfolk,

*Cambridge,
Oxford,
Suffolk,

*Huntingdon,
Leicester,
Essex.

*Bedford,
*Northampton,

Buckingham,
*Rutland,

N. Those mark'd with (*) empty all their waters this way, the rest but in part.

In a word, all the water of the middle part of England which does not run into the Thames or the Trent, comes down into these fenns.

In these fenns are abundance of those admirable pieces of art call'd duckoys; that is to say, Places so adapted for the harbour and shelter of wild-fowl, and then furnish'd with a breed of those they call decoy-ducks, who are taught to allure

and entice their land to the places they belong to, that it is incredible what quantities of wild-fowl of all sorts, duck, mallard, teal, widgeon, &c. they take in those duckoys every week, during the season; it may indeed be guess'd at a little by this, that there is a duckoy not far from Ely, which pays to the landlord, Sir Tho. Hare 500l. a year rent, besides the charge of maintaining a great number of servants for the management; and from which duckoy alone they assured me at St. Ives, (a town on the Ouse, where the fowl they took was always brought to be sent to London;) that they generally sent up three thousand couple a week.

There are more of these about Peterbro' who send the fowl up twice a week in waggon loads at a time, whose waggons before the late Act of Parliament to regulate carriers, I have seen drawn by ten, and twelve horses a piece, they were loaden so heavy.

As these fenns appear cover'd with water, so I observ'd too, that they generally at this latter part of the year appear also cover'd with foggs, so that when the Downs and higher grounds of the adjacent country were gilded by the beams of the sun, the Isle of Ely look'd as if wrapp'd up in blankets, and nothing to be seen, but now and then, the lanthorn or cupola of Ely Minster.

One could hardly see this from the hills and not pity the many thousands of families that were bound to or confin'd in those foggs, and had no other breath to draw than what must be mix'd with those vapours, and that steam which so universally overspread the country: But notwithstanding this, the people, especially those that are used to it, live unconcern'd, and as healthy as other folks, except now and then an ague, which they make light of, and there are great numbers of very antient people among them.

I now draw near to Cambridge, to which I fansy I look as if I was afraid to come, having made so many circumlocutions beforehand; but I must yet make another digression before I enter the town; (for in my way, and as I came in from New Market, about the beginning of September;) I cannot omit, that I came necessarily through Sturbridge Fair, which was then in its height.

If it is a diversion worthy a book to treat of trifles, such as the gayety of Bury Fair, it cannot be very unpleasant, especially to the trading part of the world, to say something of this fair, which is not only the greatest in the whole nation, but in the world; nor, if I may believe those who have seen them all, is the fair at Leipsick in Saxony, the mart at Frankfort on the Main, or the fairs at Neuremberg, or Augsburg, any way to compare to this fair at Sturbridge.

It is kept in a large corn-field, near Casterton, extending from the side of the River Cam, towards the road, for about half a mile square.

If the husbandmen who rent the land, do not get their corn off before a certain day in August, the fair-keepers may trample it under foot and spoil it to build their

booths, or tents; for all the fair is kept in tents, and booths: On the other hand, to ballance that severity, if the fair-keepers have not done their business of the fair, and remov'd and clear'd the field by another certain day in September, the plowmen may come in again, with plow and cart, and overthrow all and trample it into the dirt; and as for the filth, dung, straw, &c. necessarily left by the fair-keepers, the quantity of which is very great, it is the farmers fees, and makes them full amends for the trampling, riding, and carting upon, and hardening the ground.

It is impossible to describe all the parts and circumstances of this fair exactly; the shops are placed in rows like streets, whereof one is call'd Cheapside; and here, as in several other streets, are all sorts of trades, who sell by retale, and who come principally from London with their goods; scarce any trades are omitted, goldsmiths, toyshops, brasiers, turners, milleners, haberdashers, hatters, mercers, drapers, pewtrers, china-warehouses, and in a word all trades that can be named in London; with coffee-houses, taverns, brandy-shops, and eating-houses, innumerable, and all in tents, and booths, as above.

This great street reaches from the road, which as I said goes from Cambridge to New-Market, turning short out of it to the right towards the river, and holds in a line near half a mile quite down to the river-side: In another street parallel with the road are like rows of booths, but larger, and more intermingled with wholesale dealers, and one side, passing out of this last street to the left hand, is a formal great square, form'd by the largest booths, built in that form, and which they call the Duddery; whence the name is deriv'd, and what its signification is, I could never yet learn, tho' I made all possible search into it. The area of this square is about 80 to a 100 yards, where the dealers have room before every booth to take down, and open their packs, and to bring in waggons to load and unload.

This place is separated, and peculiar to the wholesale dealers in the woollen manufacture. Here the Booths, or tents, are of a vast extent, have different apartments, and the quantities of goods they bring are so great, that the insides of them look like another Blackwell-Hall, being as vast ware-houses pil'd up with goods to the top. In this Duddery, as I have been inform'd, there have been sold one hundred thousand pounds worth of woollen manufactures in less than a week's time, besides the prodigious trade carry'd on here, by wholesale-men, from London, and all parts of England, who transact their business wholly in their pocket-books, and meeting their chapmen from all parts, make up their accounts, receive money chiefly in bills, and take orders: These they say exceed by far the sales of goods actually brought to the fair, and deliver'd in kind; it being frequent for the London wholesale men to carry back orders from their dealers for ten thousand pounds worth of goods a man, and some much more. This especially respects those people, who deal in heavy goods, as wholesale grocers, salters,

brasiers, iron-merchants, wine-merchants, and the like; but does not exclude the dealers in woollen manufactures, and especially in mercery goods of all sorts, the dealers in which generally manage their business in this manner.

Here are clothiers from Hallifax, Leeds, Wakefield and Huthersfield in Yorkshire, and from Rochdale, Bury, &c. in Lancashire, with vast quantities of Yorkshire cloths, kerseyes, pennistons, cottons, &c. with all sorts of Manchester ware, fustians, and things made of cotton wool; of which the quantity is so great, that they told me there were near a thousand horse-packs of such goods from that side of the country, and these took up a side and half of the Duddery at least; also a part of a street of booths were taken up with upholsterer's ware, such as tickings, sackings, Kidderminster stuffs, blankets rugs, quilts, &c.

In the Duddery I saw one ware-house, or booth, with six apartments in it, all belonging to a dealer in Norwich stuffs only, and who they said had there above twenty thousand pounds value, in those goods, and no other.

Western goods had their share here also, and several booths were fill'd as full with serges, du-roys, druggets, shalloons, cantaloons, Devonshire kersies, &c. from Exeter, Taunton, Bristol, and other parts west, and some from London also.

But all this is still outdone, at least in show, by two articles, which are the peculiars of this fair, and do not begin till the other part of the fair, that is to say for the woollen manufacture, begins to draw to a close: These are the WOOLL, and the HOPS, as for the hops, there is scarce any price fix'd for hops in England, till they know how they sell at Sturbridge Fair; the quantity that appears in the fair is indeed prodigious, and they, as it were, possess a large part of the field on which the fair is kept, to themselves; they are brought directly from Chelmsford in Essex, from CanterburyMaidstone in Kent, and from Farnham in Surrey, besides what are brought from London, the growth of those, and other places.

Enquiring why this fair should be thus, of all other places in England, the center of that trade; and so great a quantity of so bulky a commodity be carryed thither so far: I was answer'd by one thoroughly acquainted with that matter thus: The hops, said he, for this part of England, grow principally in the two counties of Surrey and Kent, with an exception only to the town of Chelmsford in Essex, and there are very few planted any where else.

There are indeed in the west of England some quantities growing; as at Wilton, near Salisbury; at Hereford and Broomsgrove, near Wales, and the like; but the quantity is inconsiderable, and the places remote, so that none of them come to London.

As to the north of England they formerly used but few hops there, their drink being chiefly pale smooth ale, which required no hops, and consequently they planted no hops in all that part of England, north of Trent; nor did I ever see one

acre of hop-ground planted beyond Trent, in my observations; but as for some years past, they not only brew great quantities of beer in the north; but also use hops in the brewing then-ale much more than they did before; so they all come south of Trent to buy their hops; and here being vast quantities bought, 'tis great part of their back carriage into Yorkshire, and Northamptonshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and all those counties; nay, of late, since the Union, even to Scotland it self; for I must not omit here also to mention, that the river Grant, or Cam, which runs close by the N.W. side of the fair in its way from Cambridge to Ely, is navigable, and that by this means, all heavy goods are brought even to the fair-field, by water carriage from London, and other parts; first to the port of Lynn, and then in barges up the Ouse, from the Ouse into the Cam, and so, as I say, to the very edge of the fair.

In like manner great quantities of heavy goods, and the hops among the rest, are sent from the fair to Lynn by water, and shipped there for the Humber, to Hull, York, &c. and for New-Castle upon Tyne, and by New-Castle, even to Scotland itself. Now as there is still no planting of hops in the north, tho' a great consumption, and the consumption increasing daily, this, says my friend, is one reason why at Sturbridge Fair there is so great a demand for the hops: he added, that besides this, there were very few hops, if any worth naming, growing in all the counties even on this side Trent, which were above forty miles from London; those counties depending on Sturbridge Fair for their supply, so the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, Lincoln, Leicester, Rutland, and even to Stafford, Warwick and Worcestershire, bought most if not all of their hops at Sturbridge Fair.

These are the reasons why so great a quantity of hops are seen at this fair, as that it is incredible, considering too, how remote from this fair the growth of them is, as above.

This is likewise a testimony of the prodigious resort of the trading people of all parts of England to this fair; the quantity of hops that have been sold at one of these fairs is diversly reported, and some affirm it to be so great, that I dare not copy after them; but without doubt it is a surprising account, especially in a cheap year.

The next article brought hither, is wool, and this of several sorts, but principally fleece wool, out of Lincolnshire, where the longest staple is found; the sheep of those countries being of the largest breed.

The buyers of this wool, are chiefly indeed the manufacturers of Norfolk and Suffolk, and Essex, and it is a prodigious quantity they buy.

Here I saw what I have not observ'd in any other country of England, namely, a pocket of wool. This seems to be first called, so in mockery, this pocket being so

big, that it loads a whole waggon, and reaches beyond the most extream parts of it, hanging over both before, and behind, and these ordinarily weigh a ton or 25 hundred weight of wool, all in one bag.

The quantity of wool only, which has been sold at this place at one fair, has been said to amount to fifty or sixty thousand, pounds in value, some say a great deal more.

By these articles a stranger may make some guess, at the immense trade carry'd on at this place; what prodigious quantities of goods are bought, and sold here, and what a, confluence of people are seen here from all parts of England.

I might go on here to speak of several other sorts of English, manufactures, which are brought hither to be sold; as all sorts of wrought iron, and brass ware from Birmingham; edg'd tools, knives, &c. from Sheffield; glass ware, and stockings, from Nottingham, and Leicester; and an infinite throng of other things of smaller value, every morning.

To attend this fair, and the prodigious conflux of people, which come to it, there are sometimes no less than fifty hackney coaches, which come from London, and ply night and morning to carry the people to and from Cambridge; for there the gross of the people lodge; nay, which is still more strange, there are wherries brought from London on waggons to plye upon the little river Cam, and to row people up and down from the town, and from the fair as occasion presents.

It is not to be wondered at, if the town of Cambridge cannot receive, or entertain the numbers of people that come to this fair; not Cambridge only, but all the towns round are full; nay, the very barns, and stables are turn'd into inns, and made as fit as they can to lodge the meaner sort of people: As for the people in the fair, they all universally eat, drink, and sleep in their booths, and tents; and the said booths are so intermingled with taverns, coffee-houses, drinking-houses, eating-houses, cooks-shops, &c. and all in tents too; and so many butchers, and higglers from all the neighbouring counties come into the fair every morning, with beef, mutton, fowls, butter, bread, cheese, eggs, and such things; and go with them from tent to tent, from door to door, that there's no want of any provisions of any kind, either dress'd, or undress'd.

In a word, the fair is like a well fortify'd city, and there is the least disorder and confusion (I believe) that can be seen any where, with so great a concourse of people.

Towards the latter end of the fair, and when the great hurry of wholesale business begins to be over, the gentry come in, from all parts of the county round; and tho' they come for their diversion; yet 'tis not a little money they lay out; which generally falls to the share of the retailers, such as toy-shops, goldsmiths, brasiers, ironmongers, turners, milleners, mercers, &c. and some loose coins, they

reserve for the puppet-shows, drolls, rope-dancers, and such like; of which there is no want, though not considerable like the rest: The last day of the fair is the horse-fair where the whole is clos'd with both horse and foot-races, to divert the meaner sort of people only, for nothing considerable is offer'd of that kind: Thus ends the whole fair and in less than a week more there is scarce any sign left that there has been such a thing there: except by the heaps of dung and straw; and other rubbish which is left behind, trod into the earth, and which is as good as a summer's fallow for dunging to the land; and as I have said above, pays the husbandmen well for the use of it.

I should have mention'd, that here is a court of justice always open, and held every day in a shed built on purpose in the fair; this is for keeping the peace, and deciding controversies in matters deriving from the business of the fair: The magistrates of the town of Cambridge are judges in this court, as being in their jurisdiction, or they holding it by special priviledge: Here they determine matters in a summary way, as is practis'd in those we call Pye-Powder Courts in other places, or as a court of conscience; and they have a final authority without appeal.

I come now to the town, and university of Cambridge; I say the town and university, for tho' they are blended together in the situation, and the colleges, halls, and houses for literature are promiscuously scatter'd up and down among the other parts, and some even among the meanest of the other buildings; as Magdalen College over the bridge, is in particular; yet they are all encorporated together, by the name of the university, and are govern'd apart, and distinct from the town, which they are so intermixed with.

As their authority is distinct from the town, so are their priviledges, customs, and government; they choose representatives, or Members of Parliament for themselves, and the town does the like for themselves, also apart.

The town is govern'd by a mayor, and aldermen. The university by a chancellor, and vice-chancellor, &c. Tho' their dwellings are mix'd, and seem a little confus'd, their authority is not so; in some cases the vice-chancellor may concern himself in the town, as in searching houses for the scholars at improper hours, removing scandalous women, and the like.

But as the colleges are many, and the gentlemen entertain'd in them are a very great number, the trade of the town very much depends upon them, and the tradesmen may justly be said to get their bread by the colleges; and this is the surest hold the university may be said to have of the townsmen and by which they secure the dependence of the town upon them, and consequently their submission.

I remember some years ago a brewer, who being very rich and popular in the town, and one of their magistrates, had in several things so much opposed the university, and insulted their vice-chancellor, or other heads of houses, that in

short the university having no other way to exert themselves, and show their resentment, they made a by-law or order among themselves, that for the future they would not trade with him; and that none of the colleges, halls, &c. would take any more beer of him; and what follow'd? The man indeed brav'd it out a while, but when he found he cou'd not obtain a revocation of the order, he was fain to leave off his brewhouse, and if I remember right, quitted the town.

Thus I say, interest gives them authority; and there are abundance of reasons why the town shou'd not disoblige the university, as there are some also on the other hand, why the university shou'd not differ to any extremity with the town; nor, such is their prudence, do they let any disputes between them run up to any extremities, if they can avoid it. As for society; to any man who is a lover of learning, or of learn'd men, here is the most agreeable under heaven; nor is there any want of mirth and good company of other kinds: But 'tis to the honour of the university to say, that the governors so well understand their office, and the governed their duty, that here is very little encouragement given to those seminaries of crime the assemblies, which are so much boasted of in other places.

Again, as dancing, gaming, intriguing, are the three principal articles which recommend those assemblies; and that generally the time for carrying on affairs of this kind, is the night, and sometimes all night; a time as unseasonable as scandalous; add to this, that the orders of the university admit no such excesses: I therefore say, as this is the case, 'tis to the honour of the whole body of the university, that no encouragement is given to them here.

As to the antiquity of the university in this town, the originals and founders of the several colleges, their revenues, laws, government and governors, they are so effectually and so largely treated by other authors, and are so foreign to the familiar design of these letters, that I refer my readers to Mr. Camden's *Britannia* , and the author of the *Antiquities of Cambridge* , and other such learned writers, by whom they may be fully informed.

The present vice-chancellor is Dr. Snape, formerly master of Eaton School near Windsor; and famous for his dispute with and evident advantage over the late Bishop of Bangor, in the time of his government; the dispute between the university and the master of Trinity College has been brought to a head, so as to employ the pens of the learned on both sides; but at last prosecuted in a judicial way, so as to deprive Dr. Bently of all his dignities and offices in the university; but the Dr. flying to the royal protection, the university is under a writ of mandamus, to shew cause why they do not restore the doctor again, to which it seems they demur, and that demur has not, that we hear, been argued, at least when these sheets were sent to the press; what will be the issue time must shew.

From Cambridge the road lies north-west, on the edge of the fenns, to Huntingdon, where it joins the Great North-Road; on this side, ’tis all an agreeable corn country, as above; adorn’d with several seats of gentlemen, but the chief is the noble house, seat, or mansion of Wimple, or Wimple-Hall, formerly built at a vast expence, by the late Earl of Radnor; adorn’d with all the natural beauties of situation; and to which was added all the most exquisite contrivances which the best heads cou’d invent to make it artificially as well as naturally pleasant.

However, the fate of the Radnor family so directing, it was bought, with the whole estate about it, by the late Duke of Newcastle ; in a partition of whose immense estate, it fell to the Right Honourable the Lord Harley, (son and heir apparent of the present Earl of Oxford and Mortimer) in right of the Lady Harriot Cavendish, only daughter of the said Duke of Newcastle, who is married to his lordship, and brought him this estate, and many other, sufficient to denominate her the richest heiress in Great-Britain.

Here his lordship resides, and has already so recommended himself to this country, as to be by a great majority chosen knight of the shire for the county of Cambridge.

From Cambridge, my design obliging me, and the direct road, in part concurring, I came back thro’ the west part of the county of Essex, and at Saffron Walden I saw the ruins of the once largest and most magnificent pile in all this part of England, (viz.) Audley End; built by, and decaying with the noble Dukes and Earls of Suffolk.

A little north of this part of the country rises the River Stour, which for a course of fifty miles or more, parts the two counties of Suffolk and Essex; passing thro’ or near Haveril, Clare, Cavendish, Halsted, Sudbury, Buers, Nayland, Stretford, Dedham, Manningtree, and into the sea at Harwich; assisting by its waters to make one of the best harbours for shipping that is in Great-Britain; I mean Orwell Haven, or Harwich, of which I have spoken largely already.

As we came on this side we saw at a distance Braintree and Bocking, two towns, large, rich and populous, and made so originally by the bay trade, of which I have spoken at large at Colchester, and which flourishes still among them.

The manour of Braintree I found descended by purchase, to the name of Olmeus, the son of a London merchant of the same name; making good what I had observed before, of the great number of such who have purchased estates in this county.

Near this town is Felsted, a small place, but noted for a. free-school, of an antient foundation; for many years under the mastership of the late reverend Mr.

Lydiat, and brought by him to the meridian of its reputation: ’Tis now supplied, and that very worthily, by the reverend Mr, Hutchins.

Near to this is the priory of Lees, a delicious seat of the late Dukes of Manchester, but sold by the present duke to the Dutchess Dowager of Bucks; his grace the Duke of Manchester removing to his yet finer seat of Kimbolton in Northamptonshire, the antient mansion of the family. From hence keeping the London road I came to Chelmsford, mentioned before, and Ingerstone, five miles west, which I mention again; because in the parish-church of this town are to be seen the antient monuments of the noble family of Petre; whose seat, and a large estate, lie in the neighbourhood; and whose whole family, by a constant series of beneficent actions to the poor, and bounty upon all charitable occasions, have gain’d an affectionate esteem thro’ all that part of the country, such as no prejudice of religion could wear out, or perhaps ever may; and I must confess, I think, need not; for good and great actions command our respect, let the opinions of the persons be otherwise what they will.

From hence we crossed the country to the great forest, called Epping Forest, reaching almost to London. The country on that side of Essex is called the Roodings, I suppose because there are no less than ten towns almost together, called by the name of Roding, and is famous for good land, good malt, and dirty roads; the latter indeed in the winter are scarce passable for horse or man. In the midst of this we see Chipping Onger, Hatfield Broad-Oak, Epping, and many forest-towns, fam’d, as I have said, for husbandry and good malt; but of no other note. On the south-side of the county is Waltham-Abbey; the ruins of the abbey remain; and tho’ antiquity is not my proper business, I cou’d not but observe, that King Harold, slain in the great battle in Sussex against William the Conqueror, lies buried here; his body being begg’d by his mother, the Conqueror allowed it to be carried hither; but no monument was, as I can find, built for him, only a flat grave-stone, on which was engraven, *Harold Infoelix*.

From hence I came over the forest again, that is to say, over the lower or western part of it, where it is spangled with fine villages, and these villages fill’d with fine seats, most of them built by the citizens of London, as I observed before; but the lustre of them seems to be entirely swallow’d up in the magnificent palace of the Lord Castlemain, whose father, Sir Josiah Child, as it were, prepar’d it in his life for the design of his son, tho’ altogether unforeseen; by adding to the advantage of its situation innumerable rows of trees, planted in curious order for avenues and visto’s, to the house, all leading up to the place where the old house stood, as to a center.

In the place adjoining, his lordship, while he was yet Sir Richard Child only, and some years before he began the foundation of his new house, laid out the

most delicious as well as most spacious pieces of ground for gardens that is to be seen in all this part of England. The green-house is an excellent building fit to entertain a prince; 'tis furnish'd with stoves and artificial places for heat from an apartment, in which is a bagnio, and other conveniences, which render it both useful and pleasant; and these gardens have been so the just admiration of the world, that it has been the general diversion of the citizens to go out to see them, till the crowds grew too great, and his lordship was oblig'd to restrain his servants from shewing them, except on one or two days in a week only.

The house is built since these gardens have been finish'd: The building is all of Portland stone in the front, which makes it look extremely glorious and magnificent at a distance; it being the particular property of that stone, except in the streets of London, where it is tainted and ting'd with the smoak of the city, to grow whiter and whiter the longer it stands in the open air.

As the front of the house opens to a long row of trees, reaching to the great road at Leighton Stone; so the back-face, or front, if that be proper, respects the gardens, and with an easy descent lands you upon the terras, from whence is a most beautiful prospect to the river, which is all form'd into canals and openings, to answer the views from above, and beyond the river, the walks and wildernesses go on to such a distance, and in such a manner up the hill, as they before went down, that the sight is lost in the woods adjoining, and it looks all like one planted garden as far as the eye can see.

I shall cover as much as possible the melancholy part of a story, which touches too sensibly, many, if not most of the great and flourishing families in England: Pity and matter of grief is it to think that families, by estate, able to appear in such a glorious posture as this, should ever be vulnerable by so mean a disaster as that of stock-jobbing: But the general infatuation of the day is a plea for it; so that men are not now blamed on that account: South-Sea was a general possession; and if my Lord Castlemain was wounded by that arrow shot in the dark, 'twas a misfortune: But 'tis so much a happiness, that it was not a mortal wound, as it was to some men, who once seem'd as much out of the reach of it; and that blow, be it what it will, is not remember'd for joy of the escape; for we see this noble family, by prudence and management rise out of all that cloud, if it may be allow'd such a name, and shining in the same full lustre as before.

This cannot be said of some other families in this county, whose fine parks and new-built palaces are fallen under forfeitures and alienations by the misfortunes of the times, and by the ruin of their masters fortunes in that South-Sea Deluge.

But I desire to throw a veil over these things, as they come in my way; 'tis enough that we write upon them as was written upon King Harold's tomb at

Waltham-Abbey, INFAELIX, and let all the rest sleep among things that are the fittest to be forgotten.

From my Lord Castlemain's house, and the rest of the fine dwellings on that side of the forest, for there are several very good houses at Wanstead, only that they seem all swallow'd up in the lustre of his lordship's palace; I say, from thence I went south, towards the great road over that part of the forest call'd the Flatts, where we see a very beautiful, but retired and rural seat of Mr. Lethulier's, eldest son of the late Sir John Lethulier, of Lusum in Kent, of whose family I shall speak when I come on that side.

By this turn I came necessarily on to Stratford, where I set out: And thus having finished my first circuit, I conclude my first letter; and am,

SIR,

Your most humble,
And obedient servant.

APPENDIX TO LETTER I

Whoever travels, as I do, over England, and writes the account of his observations, will, as I noted before, always leave something, altering or undertaking, by such a growing, improving nation as this; or something to discover in a nation, where so much is hid, sufficient to employ the pens of those that come after him, or to add, by way of Appendix to what: he has already observ'd.

This is my case, with respect to the particulars which follow: I. Since these sheets were in the press, a noble palace of Mr. Walpole's, at present first commissioner of the treasury, privy-counsellor, &c. to King George, is, as it were, risen out of the ruins of the ancient seat of the family of Walpole, at Houghton, about 8 miles distant from Lynn, and on the north coast of Norfolk, near the sea.

As the house is not yet finished, and when I pass'd by it, was but newly design'd; it cannot be expected that I should be able to give a particular description of what it will be: I can do little more than mention, that it appears already to be exceeding magnificent, and suitable to the genius of the great founder.

But a friend of mine, who lives in that county, has sent me the following lines, which, as he says, are to be plac'd upon the building; whether on the frize of the cornish, or over the portico, or on what part of the building, of that I am not as yet certain: The inscription is as follows, viz.

H. M. P.
Fundamen ut essem Domus
In Agro Natali Extruendae,
Robertus ille Walpole
Quem nulla nesciet Posteritas:
Faxit Deus.
Postquam Maturus Annis Dominus.
Diu Laetatus fuerit absoluta
Incolumem tueantur Incolumes.
Ad Summam omnium Diem
Et nati matorum et qui nascentur ab illis,
Hic me Posuit.

A second thing proper to be added here, by way of Appendix, relates to what I have mention'd of the Port of London, being bounded by the Naze on the Essex shore, and the North Foreland on the Kentish shore, which some people, guided

by the present usage of the custom-house, may pretend is not so, to answer such objectors. The true state of that case stands thus.

I. The clause taken from the Act of Parliament establishing the extent of the Port of London, and publish'd, in some of the books of rates, is this:

To prevent all future differences and disputes touching the extent and limits of the Port of London, the said port is declared to extend, and be accounted, from the promentary, or point, call'd the North Foreland, in the Isle of Thanet, and from thence northward in a right line to the point call'd the NAZE, beyond the Gunfleet, upon the coast of Essex; and so continued westward throughout the river Thames, and the several channels, streams and rivers falling into it, to London-Bridge; saving the usual and known rights, liberties and privileges of the ports of Sandwich, and Ipswich, and either of them, and the known members thereof, and of the customers, comptrolers, searchers, and their deputies, of and within the said ports of Sandwich and Ipswich, and the several creeks, harbours and havens to them, or either of them, respectively belonging, within the counties of Kent and Essex.

II. Notwithstanding what is above written, the Port of London, as in use since the said Order, is understood to reach no farther than Gravesend in Kent, and Tilbury Point in Essex; and the ports of Rochester, Milton and Feversham, belong to the port of Sandwich.

In like manner the ports of Harwich, Colchester, Wevenhoe, Malden, Leigh, &c. are said to be members of the port of Ipswich.

This observation may suffice for what is needful to be said upon the same subject, when I may come to speak of the port of Sandwich, and its members, and their privileges, with respect to Rochester, Milton, Feversham, &c. in my circuit thro' the county of Kent.

LETTER II

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE SEA-COASTS OF KENT, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, AND OF PART OF SURREY

SIR, — As in my first journey I went over the eastern counties of ENGLAND, viz. ESSEX, SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, and CAMBRIDGE, and took my course on that side the river Thames, to view the sea-coasts, harbours, &c. so being now to traverse the southern counties, I begin with the other side of the Thames, and shall surround the sea-coast of KENT, as I did that of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, and perhaps it is as fruitful of instructing and diverting observations as any of the other.

I took boat at Tower-Wharf, sending my horses round by land to meet me at Greenwich, that I might begin my journey at the beginning of the county, and here I had the advantage of making my first step into the county of Kent, at a place which is the most delightful spot of ground in Great-Britain; pleasant by situation, those pleasures encreas'd by art, and all made compleatly agreeable by the accident of fine buildings, the continual passing of fleets of ships up and down the most beautiful river in Europe; the best air, best prospect, and the best conversation in England.

The Royal Hospital for Seamen, though not yet finished; the park, the queen's house, the Observatory on the hill, commonly call'd Flamstead-House, are all things so well known, they need no particular description.

The ground, part of this hospital now stands upon, and is to stand upon, is the same on which formerly stood the royal palace of our kings. Here Henry VIII. held his royal feasts with justs and tournaments, and the ground which was call'd the Tilt-yard, is the spot on which the easternmost wing of the hospital is built; the park, (for it was even then a park also) was enlarged, wall'd about, and planted with beautiful rows, or walks of trees by King Charles II. soon after the Restoration; and the design or plan of a royal palace was then lay'd out, one wing of which was finished and covered in a most magnificent manner, and makes now the first wing of the hospital as you come to it from London: The building is regular, the lower part a strong Dorick, the middle part a most beautiful Corinthian, with an Attick above all, to compleat the height; the front to the water-side is extreamly magnificent and graceful; embellished with rich carv'd work and fine devices, such as will hardly be outdone in this, or any age for beauty or art.

They must be very ignorant of our English affairs, who have published very lately that Queen Elizabeth built the royal palace of Greenwich; whereas it is evident, that it was the palace of King Henry VIII. her father, before she was born; and this is prov'd beyond contradiction by this particular circumstance, that her majesty was born in this very palace which she is there said to have built.

But the beauty of Greenwich is owing to the lustre of its inhabitants, where there is a kind of collection of gentlemen, rather than citizens, and of persons of quality and fashion, different from most, if not all, the villages in this part of England.

Here several of the most active and useful gentlemen of the late armies, after having grown old in the service of their country, and cover'd with the honours of the field, are retired to enjoy the remainder of their time, and reflect with pleasure upon the dangers they have gone thro', and the faithful services they have performed both abroad and at home.

Several generals, and several of the inferior officers, I say, having thus chosen this calm retreat, live here in as much honour and delight as this world can give.

Other gentlemen still in service, as in the navy ordnance, docks, yards, &c. as well while in business, as after laying down their employments, have here planted themselves, insomuch, that the town of Greenwich begins to out-swell its bounds, and extends itself not only on this side the park to the top of the heath, by the way call'd Crum-Hill, but now stretches out on the east-side, where Sir John Vanburg has built a house castle-wise, and where in a little time 'tis probable, several streets of like buildings will be erected, to the enlarging and beautifying the town, and encreasing the inhabitants; who, as I have said, are already the chief beauty and ornament of the place: We are told also that leave will be obtained to build a new church on that side; the parish church, tho' new rebuilt, and very large and beautiful, not being sufficient to receive the inhabitants, much less will it be so, if the buildings go on to encrease, as they have done, and as they now seem to do.

The river of Thames is here very broad, and the channel deep, and the water at some very high spring-tides is salt; but in ordinary tides, is very sweet and fresh, especially at the tide of ebb.

The country behind Greenwich adds to the pleasure of the place: Black-Heath, both for beauty of situation, and an excellent air, is not out-done by any spot of ground so near the river and so near land in England.

On the east-side stands an hospital very particular for Its foundation or design, tho' thro' the misfortunes of the times, the generous design of the founder has been much straiten3 d, and in great part, defeated.

It was built by Sir John Morden a Turkey merchant of London, but who liv'd in a great house at the going off from the heath, a little south of the hospital on the

road to Eltham; his first design, as I had it from his own mouth the year before lie began to build, was to make apartments for forty decayed merchants, to whom he resolv'd to allow 4ol. per annum, each ; with coals, a gown, (and servants to look after their apartments) and many other conveniences so as to make their lives as comfortable as possible, and that, as they had liv'd like gentlemen, they might dye so.

Sir John Morden and his lady lye bury'd in a vault in the chancel of the chapel of this hospital: The chapel is a very neat building facing the entrance into the court; the lodgings for the merchants, are on either side; two apartments in each stair case, with cellars for their conveniences, coals, beer, 8cc. and each apartment consists of a bed-chamber, and a study, or large closet, for their retreat, and to divert themselves in with books, &c.

They have a publick kitchen, a hall to dine in, and over the hall is a large room for the trustees (who manage the whole) to meet in; there is also a very good apartment for the chaplain, whose sallery is 50l. a year; there are also dwellings for the cooks, buttlers, porter, the women and other servants, and reasonable salaries allow'd them: And behind the chapel is a handsome burying ground wall'd in; there are also very good gardens; In a word, it is the noblest foundation, and most considerable single piece of charity that has been erected in England since Sutton's Hospital in London: I call it single, because it has been built and endow'd by one single hand; the situation is very pleasant, and the air very healthy and good.

There is erected over the gate, since Sir John's death, his statue in stone, set up by his lady, and since her death, her own is set up near it, by the trustees, she having been a benefactress to the foundation many ways since his decease.

There is a velvet pall given, by her ladyship in particular, to be laid up in the chapel for the use of the gentlemen; as also a large quantity of communion-plate; and the chaplain is obliged to read prayers twice every day, viz. at eleven a clock, and at three; at which all the pensioners are oblig'd to attend.

On the other side of the heath, north, is Charleton, a village famous, or rather infamous for the yearly collected rabble of mad-people, at Horn-Fair; the rudeness of which I cannot but think, is such as ought to be suppressed, and indeed in a civiliz'd well govern'd nation, it may well be said to be unsufferable. The mob indeed at that time take all kinds of liberties, and the women are especially impudent for that day; as if it was a day that justify'd the giving themselves a loose to all manner of indecency and immodesty, without any reproach, or without suffering the censure which such behaviour would deserve at another time.

The introduction of this rude assembly, or the occasion of it, I can meet with very little account of, in antiquity; and I rather recommend it to the publick justice to be suppress'd, as a nusance and offence to all sober people, than to spend any time to enquire into its original.

There are some very good houses lately built in this town, and abating the rabble and hurry of the 19th of October, as above, 'tis indeed a very pleasant village; standing on the top of a high hill, yet sheltered on one side by Shooter's-Hill, which is much higher, and on the other side, over-looking the marshes and the river Thames, on which it has a very agreeable prospect from London almost to Gravesend .

Thro' this town lies the road to Woolwich, a town on the bank of the same river, wholly taken up by, and in a manner rais'd from, the yards, and publick works, erected there for the publick service; here, when the business of the royal navy encreased, and Queen Elizabeth built larger and greater ships of war than were usually employ'd before, new docks, and launches were erected, and places prepared for the building and repairing ships of the largest size; because, as here was a greater depth of water and a freer chanel, than at Deptford, (where the chief yard in the river of Thames was before) so there was less hazard in the great ships going up and down; the croud of merchant-ships at Deptford, being always such, as that it could not be so safe to come up thither, as to put in at Woolwich.

At this dock the *Royal-Sovereign* was built, once the largest ship in the whole royal navy, and in particular esteem'd, for so large a ship, the best sailor in the world. Here also was rebuilt the *Royal Prince* , now call'd the *Queen* , a first rate, carrying a hundred guns, and several others: Close under the south-shore from the west-end of Woolwich, the Thames is very deep, and the men of war lye there moor'd, and as we call it, laid up; their topmasts, and all their small rigging taken down and laid in ware-houses; this reaches as high as the point over-against Bow-River and is call'd Bugby's-Hole.

The docks, yards, and all the buildings belonging to it, are encompassed with a high wall, and are exceeding spacious and convenient; and are also prodigious full of all manner of stores of timber, plank, masts, pitch, tar, and all manner of naval provisions to such a degree, as is scarce to be calculated.

Besides the building-yards, here is a large rope-walk where the biggest cables are made for the men of war; and on the east or lower part of the town is the gun-yard, or place set a part for the great guns belonging to the ships, commonly call'd the Park, or the Gun-Park; where is a prodigious quantity of all manner of ordnance-stores, such as are fit for sea-service, that is to say, cannon of all sorts for the ships of war, every ship's guns by themselves; heavy cannon for batteries, and mortars of all sorts and sizes; insomuch, that, as I was inform'd, here has

been sometimes laid up at one time between seven and eight thousand pieces of ordnance, besides mortars and shells without number.

Here also is the house where the firemen and engineers prepare their fireworks, charge bombs, carcasses, and grenades for the publick service, in time of war; and here (if I remember right, it was in the time of a Dutch war) by mischance, the fire in the laboratory took hold of some combustibles, which spreading fir'd first a bomb or shell, and the bursting of that shell blew up all the works with such a terrible blast and noise, as shook and shattered the whole town of Woolwich almost in pieces, and terrify'd the people to the last degree, but kill'd no person as I heard of, except about eleven men who were in or near the fireworking house, where it first took hold.

In this park, close on the south bank of the river, a large battery of forty pieces of heavy cannon was rais'd, to have saluted the Dutch, if they had thought fit to have ventured up the river in 1667, as was given out they would when they burnt our ships at Chatham; and large furnaces and forges were erected to have furnish'd the gunners with red hot bullets for that service; but the Dutch had no design that way and did their business with far less hazard, and as much to our disgrace in another place.

Here is usually a guardship riding, especially in time of service; also here is a large hulk made of the carcass of an old man of war, sufficiently large for setting the masts of the biggest ships in the navy. The Thames is here at high water near a mile over, and the water salt upon the flood; and as the chanel lyes strait east and west for about three miles, the tide runs very strong; 'tis entirely free from shoals and sands, and has seven or eight fathom water, so that the biggest ships, and a great many of them, might ride here with safety even at low water.

From this town there is little remarkable upon the river, till we come to Gravesend , the whole shore being low, and spread with marshes and unhealthy grounds, except with small intervals, where the land bends inward as at Erith, Greenwhich, North-Fleet, &c. in which places the chalk hills come close to the river, and from thence the city of London, the adjacent countries, and even Holland and Flanders, are supply'd with lime, for their building, or chalk to make lime, and for other uses.

From these chalky cliffs on the river side, the rubbish of the chalk, which crumbles away when they dig the larger chalk for lime, or (as we might call it) the chips of the chalk, and which they must be at the charge of removing to be out of their way, is bought and fetch'd away by lighters and hoys, and carry'd to all the ports and creeks in the opposite county of Essex, and even to Suffolk and Norfolk, and sold there to the country farmers to lay upon their land, and that in prodigious quantities; and so is it valued by the farmers of those countries, that

they not only give from two shillings and six pence, to four shillings a load for it, according to the distance the place is from the said chalk-cliff, but they fetch it by land-carriage ten miles, nay fifteen miles, up into the country.

This is the practice in all the creeks and rivers in Essex, even to Malden, Colchester, the Nase, and into Harwich Harbour up to Maningtree, and to Ipswich; as also in Suffolk, to Albro', Orford, Dunwich, Swold, and as high as Yarmouth in Norfolk.

Thus the barren soil of Kent, for such the chalky grounds are esteem'd, make the Essex lands rich and fruitful, and the mixture of earth forms a composition, which out of two barren extreams, makes one prolifick medium; the strong clay of Essex and Suffolk is made fruitful by the soft meliorating melting chalk of Kent, which fattens and enriches it.

On the back-side of these marshy grounds in Kent at a small distance, lies the road from London to Dover, and on that highway, or near it, several good towns; for example, Eltham, formerly a royal palace when the Court was kept at Greenwich; and Queen Elizabeth, who (as before) was born at Greenwich, was often carry'd, as they say, to Eltham by her nurses to suck in the wholesome air of that agreeable place; but at present there are few or no signs of the old palace to be seen.

It is now a pleasant town, very handsomely built, full of good houses, and many families of rich citizens inhabit here: (As I observed of the villages adjacent to London in other counties) So it is here, they bring a great deal of good company with them: Also abundance of ladies of very good fortunes dwell here, and one sees at the church such an appearance of the sex, as is surprising; but 'tis complain'd of that the youths of these families where those beauties grow, are so generally or almost universally bred abroad, either in Turkey, Italy, or Spain, as merchants, or in the army or court as gentlemen; that for the ladies to live at Eltham, is, as it were, to live recluse and out of sight; since to be kept where the gentlemen do not come, is all one as to be kept where they cannot come. This they say threatens Eltham with a fatal turn, unless the scene alters in a few years, and they tell us, that all the ladies will abandon the place.

In the neighbourhood of this place at LVSVM, Sir John Lethulier, a Turkey merchant, liv'd for many years, and to a great age, and has establish'd his family in the separate houses of three or four several sons, to all which he has left plentiful estates in this country, but especially in Essex, where his eldest son has a very noble seat, and estate near Barking.

From this side of the country all pleasant and gay, we go over Shooter's Hill, where the face of the world seems quite alter'd; for here we have but a chalky soil, and indifferently fruitful, far from rich; much overgrown with wood,

especially coppice-wood, which is cut for faggots and bavins, and sent up by water to London. Here they make those faggots which the wood-mongers call ostrey wood, and here in particular those small light bavins which are used in taverns in London to light their faggots, and are call'd in the taverns a brush, the woodmen call them pimps; 'tis incredible what vast quantities of these are lay'd up at Woolwich, Erith, and Dartford; but since the taverns in London are come to make coal fires in their upper rooms, that cheat of a trade declines; and tho' that article would seem to be trifling hi it self, 'tis not trifling to observe what an alteration it makes in the value of those woods in Kent, and how many more of them than usual are yearly stubbed up, and the land made fit for the plow.

As I passed, I saw Gravesend from the hills, but having been often in the town, I know enough to be able to say, that there is nothing considerable in it; except first that it is the town where the great ferry (as they call it) is kept up between London and East-Kent, it is hardly credible what numbers of people pass here every tide, as well by night as by day, between this town and London: Almost all the people of East-Kent, when they go for London, go no farther by land than this town; and then for six-pence in the tilt-boat, or one shilling in a small boat or wherry, are carry'd to London by water.

About 25 years ago one of these tilt-boats was cast away, occasioned by the desperate obstinacy and rudeness of the steersman or master, as they call him, who would tack again and stand over upon a wind, in the reach call'd Long-Reach, contrary to the advice and intreaties not of the passengers only but of his own rowers, who told him it blew a storm and she would founder; but he call'd them fools, bid the wind blow-devil, (a rude sailor's proverb) the more wind the better boat, till coming into the chanel where the sea ran very high, he took in a wave, or a sea, as they call it, which run her down, and founder'd her, as was foretold; and himself and three and fifty passengers were all drown'd, only about five escaping by swimming.

The other thing for which this town is worth notice, is, that all the ships which go to sea from London, take, as we say, their departure from hence; for here all outward-bound ships must stop, come to an anchor, and suffer what they call a second clearing, (viz.) here a searcher of the customs comes on board, looks over all the coquets or entries of the cargo, and may, if he pleases, rummage the whole loading, to see if there are no more goods than are enter'd; which however they seldom do, tho' they forget not to take a compliment for their civility, and besides being well treated on board, have generally three or five guns fir'd in honour to them when they go off.

The method of causing all ships to stop here before they go, is worth observing, and is as follows:

When a merchant-ship comes down from London, (if they have the tide of ebb under foot, or a fresh gale of wind from the west, so that they have, what they call fresh-way, and the ships come down apace) they generally hand some of their sails, haul up a fore-sail or main-sail, or lower the fore-top sail; so to slaken her way, as soon as they come to the Old Man's Head; when they open the reach, which they call Gravesend Reach, which begins about a mile and half above the town, they do the like, to signify that they intend to bring too, as the sailors call it, and come to an anchor.

As soon as they come among the ships that are riding in the road, (as there are always a great many) the centinel at the block-house, as they call it, on Gravesend side fires his musquet, which is to tell the pilot he must bring too; if he comes on, as soon as the ship passes broad side with the block-house, the centinel fires again, which is as much as to say, Why don't you bring too? if he drives a little farther, he fires a third time, and the language of that is, Bring too immediately, and let go your anchor, or we will make you.

If the ship continues to drive down, and does not let go her anchor, the gunner of the fort is fetch'd, and he fires a piece of cannon tho' without ball; and that is still a threat, tho' with some patience, and is to say, Will you come to an anchor or won't you? If he still ventures to go on, by which he gives them to understand he intends to run for it; then the gunner fires again, and with a shot, and that shot is a signal to the fortress over the river, (viz.) Tilbury Fort, (which I describ'd in my account of Essex) and they immediately let fly at the ship from the guns on the east bastion and after from all the guns they can bring to bear upon her; it is very seldom that a ship will venture their shot, because they can reach her all the way unto the Hope, and round the Hope-Point almost to Hole-Haven.

Yet I happen'd once to be upon the shore just by Tilbury-Fort, when a ship ventur'd to run off in spight of all those fireings; and it being just at the first shoot of the ebb, and when a great fleet of light colliers and other ships were under sail too; by that time, the ship escaping came round the Hope-Point, she was so hid among the other ships, that the gunners on the bastion hardly knew who to shoot at; upon which they mann'd out several boats with soldiers, in hopes to overtake her or to make signals to some men of war at the Nore, to man out their boats, and stop her, but she laugh'd at them all; for as it blew a fresh gale of wind at south-west, and a tide of ebb strong under her foot, she went three foot for their one, and by that time the boats got down to Hole Haven, the ship was beyond the Nore, and as it grew dark, they soon lost sight of her, nor could they ever hear to this day what ship it was, or on what account she ventured to run such a risque.

Another time I was with some merchants in a large yatch, bound to France; they had a great quantity of block-tin on board, and other goods, which had not

been enter'd at the custom-house; and the master or captain told us, he did not doubt but he would pass by Gravesend without coming to an anchor; he lay, when this thought came into his head, at an anchor in Gray's Reach just above the Old Man's Head, mention'd above, which is a point or head of land on the Essex shore, which makes the bottom of Gray's Reach and the upper end of Gravesend Reach: He observ'd that the mornings were likely to be exceeding foggy; particularly on the morning next after his resolution of trying there was so thick a fog, that it was scarce possible to see from the main-mast to the bow-sprit, even of a hoy; it being high water, he resolv'd to weigh and drive, as he call'd it, and so he did: When he came among the other ships and over against the town, his greatest danger was running foul of them, to prevent which he kept a man lying on his belly at the bow-sprit end, to look out, and so, tho' not without some danger too, he went clear: As for Gravesend or Tilbury-Fort, they could see no more of us than they could of London-Bridge; and we drove in this fog undiscern'd by the forts of the custom-house men, as low as Hole-Haven, and went afterwards clear away to Caen in Normandy without being visited.

But such attempts as these, are what would very hardly be brought to pass again now, nor is the risque worth any body's running if the value be considerable that may be lost; and therefore one may venture to say, that all the ships which go out of the river from London, are first clear'd here, even the empty colliers and coasters go on shore, and give an account who they are, and take a signal from the customs-house office, and pay six-pence, and then pass on: As for ships coming in, they all go by here without any notice taken of them, unless it be to put waiters on board them, if they are not supply'd before.

From Gravesend we see nothing remarkable on the road but GAD'S-HILL, a noted place for robbing of sea-mem after they have received their pay at Chatham. Here it was that famous robbery was commited in the year 1676 or thereabouts; it was about four a clock in the morning when a gentleman was robb'd by one Nicks on a bay mare, just on the declining part of the hill, on the west-side, for he swore to the spot and to the man; Mr. Nicks who robb'd him, came away to Gravesend , immediately ferry'd over, and, as he said, was stopp'd by the difficulty of the boat, and of the passage, near an hour; which was a great discouragement to him, but was a kind of bait to his horse: From thence he rode cross the county of Essex, thro' Tilbury, Hornden, and Bilerecay to Chelmsford: Here he stopp'd about half an hour to refresh his horse, and gave him some balls; from thence to Braintre, Bocking, Wethersfield; then over the downs to Cambridge, and from thence keeping still the cross roads, he went by Fenny Stanton to Godmanchester, and Huntington, where he baited himself and his mare about an hour; and, as he said himself, slept about half an hour, then holding on

the North Road, and keeping a full larger gallop most of the way, he came to York the same afternoon, put off his boots and riding cloaths, and went dress'd as if he had been an inhabitant of the place, not a traveller, to the bowling-green, where, among other gentlemen, was the lord mayor of the city ; he singling out his lordship, study'd to do something particular that the mayor might remember him by, and accordingly lays some odd bett with him concerning the bowls then running, which should cause the mayor to remember it the more particularly; and then takes occasion to ask his lordship what a, clock it was; who, pulling out his watch, told him the hour, which was a quarter before, or a quarter after eight at night.

Some other circumstances, it seems, he carefully brought into their discourse, which should make the lord mayor remember the day of the month exactly, as well as the hour of the day.

Upon a prosecution which happen'd afterwards for this robbery, the whole merit of the case turn'd upon this single point: The person robb'd swore as above to the man, to the place, and to the time, in which the fact was committed: Namely, that he was robb'd on Gad's-Hill in Kent, on such a day, and at such a time of the day, and on such a part of the hill, and that the prisoner at the bar was the man that robb'd; him: Nicks, the prisoner, deny'd the fact, call'd several persons to his reputation, alledg'd that he was as far off as Yorkshire at that time, and that particularly the day whereon the prosecutor swore he was robb'd, he was at bowles on the publick green in the city of York; and to support this, he produced the Lord Mayor of York to testify that he was so, and that the mayor acted so and so with him there as above.

This was so positive, and so well attested, that the jury acquitted him on a bare supposition, that it was impossible the man could be at two places so remote on one and the same day. There are more particulars related of this story, such as I do not take upon me to affirm; namely, That King Charles II. prevailed on him on assurance of pardon, and that he should not be brought into any farther trouble about it, to confess the truth to him privately, and that he own'd to his majesty that he commited the robbery, and how he rode the journey after it, and that upon this the king gave him the name or title of Swift Nicks, instead of Nicks; but these things, I say, I do not relate as certain: I return to the business in hand.

From Gad's-Hill we come to Rochester Bridge, the largest, highest, and the strongest built of all the bridges in England, except London-Bridge; some indeed say, the bridge of Newcastle upon Tyne , exceeds all the bridges in England for strength; and it is indeed very firm and wide, and has a street of houses upon it like London-Bridge, and a gate in the middle as large as a little castle, of which in its place; but then it is neither so high nor so long as this bridge at Rochester.

Rochester, Stroud, and Chatham, are three distinct places, but contiguous, except the interval of the river between the two first, and a very small marsh or vacancy between Rochester and Chatham.

There's little remarkable in Rochester, except the ruins of a very old castle, and an antient but not extraordinary cathedral; but the river, and its appendices are the most considerable of the kind in the world. This being the chief arsenal of the royal navy of Great-Britain. The buildings here are indeed like the ships themselves, surprisingly large, and in their several kinds beautiful: The ware-houses, or rather streets of ware-houses, and store-houses for laying up the naval treasure are the largest in dimension, and the most in number, that are any where to be seen in the world: The rope-walk for making cables, and the forges for anchors and other iron-work, bear a proportion to the rest; as also the wet-dock for keeping masts, and yards of the greatest size, where they lye sunk in the water to preserve them, the boat-yard, the anchor yard; all like the whole, monstrously great and extensive, and are not easily describ'd.

We come next to the stores themselves, for which all this provision is made; and first, to begin with the ships that are laid up there: The sails, the rigging, the ammunition, guns, great and small-shot, small-arms, swords, cutlasses, half pikes, with all the other furniture belonging to the ships that ride at their moorings in the river Medway: These take up one part of the place, having separate buildings, and store-houses appropriated to them, where the furniture of every ship lies in particular ware-houses by themselves, and may be taken out on the most hasty occasion without confusion, fire excepted.

N.B. The powder is generally carry'd away to particular magazines to avoid disaster.

Besides these, there are store-houses for laying up the furniture, and stores for ships; but which are not appropriated, or do not belong (as it is expressed by the officers) to any particular ship; but lye ready to be delivered out for the furnishing other ships to be built, or for repairing and supplying the ships already there, as occasion may require.

For this purpose there are separate and respective magazines of pitch, tarr, hemp, flax, tow, rosin, oyl, tallow; also of sail cloth, canvas, anchors, cables, standing and running rigging, ready fitted, and cordage not fitted; with all kinds of ship-chandlery necessaries, such as blocks, tackles, runners, &c. with the cooks, boatswains, and gunners stores, and also anchors of all sizes, grapnells, chains, bolts, and spikes, wrought and unwrought iron, cast-iron work, such as potts, caldrons, furnaces, &c. also boats, spare-masts and yards; with a great quantity of lead and nails, and other necessaries, (too many to be enumerated) whose store looks as if it were inexhaustible.

To observe these things deliberately, one wou'd almost wonder what ships they were, and where they should be found, which cou'd either for building, or repairing, fiting, or refiting, call for such a quantity of all those things; but when, on the other hand, one sees the ships, and considers their dimension, and consequently the dimension of all things which belong to them; how large, how strong every thing must be; how much, of the materials must go to the making every thing proportionable to the occasion, the wonder would change its prospect, and one would be as much amaz'd to think how and where they should be supply'd.

The particular government of these yards, as they are call'd, is very remarkable, the commissioners, clerks, accomptants, &c. within doors, the store-keepers, yard-keepers, dock-keepers, watchmen, and all other officers without doors, with the subordination of all officers one to another respectively, as their degree and offices require, is admirable. The watchmen are set duly every night at stated and certain places, within the several yards, with every one a bell over his head, which they ring or toll every hour, giving so many strokes as the hour reckons, and then one taking it from another through every part of the yard, and of all the yards, makes the watching part be performed in a very exact and regular manner. In the river there is a guard-boat, which, as the main guard in a garrison, goes the grand-rounds at certain times, to see that every centinel does his duty on board the ships; these go by every ship in the river, and see that the people on board are at their post: If the ship does not challenge, that is to say, If the man plac'd to look out does not call, Who comes there? the guard-boat boards them immediately, to examine who is deficient in their duty.

They told us an odd story of a guard-boat which having not been challeng'd by the person who ought to have been walking on the forecastle of the ship, boarded them on the bow, and as the boat's crew was entering the ship by the fore-chains they found a man fallen over board, but the lap of his coat catching in a block, was drawn so hard in by the running of the rope in the block, that it held the man fast; but he was fallen so low, that his head and arms hung in the water, and he was almost drown'd: However it seems he was not quite dead; so that catching hold of him, and pulling him out of the water, they saved his life: But they added, as the main part of the story, that the man could never give any account of his disaster, or how he came to fall over-board, only said that it must be the Devil that threw him over-board, for nothing else could do it. How true this passage may be, I do not undertake to enter upon the debate of.

The expedition that has been sometimes used here in fitting out men of war, is very great, and as the workmen relate it, 'tis indeed incredible; particularly, they told us, That the *Royal Sovereign* , a first rate of 106 guns, was riding at her

moorings, entirely unrigg'd, and nothing but her three masts standing, as is usual when a ship is lay'd up, and that she was completely rigg'd, all her masts up, her yards put too, her sails bent, anchors and cables on board, and the ship sailed down to Black-Stakes in three days, Sir Cloudesly Shovell being then her captain.

I do not vouch the thing, but when I consider, first, that every thing lay ready in her store-houses, and wanted nothing but to be fetch'd out and carry'd on board; a thousand or fifteen hundred men to be employ'd in it and more if they were wanted; and every man, knowing his business perfectly well, boats, carriages, pullies, tacklers, cranes, and hulk all ready, I do not know, but it might be done in one day if it was try'd; certain it is, the dexterity of the English sailors in those things is not to be match'd by the world.

The building-yards, docks, timber-yard, deal-yard, mast-yard, gun-yard, rope-walks; and all the other yards and places, set apart for the works belonging to the navy, are like a well ordered city; and tho' you see the whole place as it were in the utmost hurry, yet you see no confusion, every man knows his own business; the master builders appoint the working, or converting, as they call it, of every piece of timber; and give to the other head workmen, or foremen their moulds for the squaring and cutting out of every piece, and placing it in its proper byrth (so they call it) in the ship that is in building, and every hand is busy in pursuing those directions, and so in all the other works.

It is about sixteen or eighteen miles from Rochester Bridge to Sheerness Fort by water on the river Medway, of this it is about fourteen miles to Black-Stakes, the channel is so deep all the way, the banks soft, and the reaches of the river so short, that in a word, 'tis the safest and best harbour in the world; and we saw two ships of eighty guns, each riding a float at low water within musquet-shot of Rochester Bridge. The ships ride as in a mill-pond, or a wet-dock, except that being moor'd at the chains, they swing up and down with the tide; but as there is room enough, so they are moor'd in such manner, that they cannot swing foul of one another; 'tis as safe (I say) as in a wet-dock, nor did I ever hear of any accident that befel any of the king's ships here, I mean by storms and weather; except in that dreadful tempest in 1703, when one ship, (viz.) the *Royal Catherine* was driven on shoar, and receiving some damage sunk, and the ship also being old, could not be weigh'd again; but this was such a storm as never was known before, and 'tis hoped the like may never be known again.

There are two castles on the shore of this river, the one at Upnore, where there is a good platform of guns, and which guards two reaches of the river, and is supposed to defend all the ships which ride above, between that and the bridge; also on the other shore is Gillingham Castle, form'd for the same purpose, and well furnish'd with guns which command the river, besides which there is a fort

or platform of guns at a place call'd the swamp and another at Cockham Wood. But all these are added, or at least additions made to them, since the time that the Dutch made that memorable attempt upon the royal navy in this river (viz.) on the 22d of June, in the year 1667; for at that time all was left unguarded, and as it were, secure; there were but four guns that could be used at Upnore, and scarce so many at Gillingham, the carriages being rotten and broke; and in a word, every thing concurring to invite the enemy. There were about twelve guns at the Isle of Shepey, where since, Sheerness Fort is built; but the Dutch soon beat them from those guns, and made the place too hot for them, dismounting also most of the guns, after which they went boldly up to Black-Stakes with their whole squadron; and after that seven of their biggest men of war went up as high as Upnore, where they did what mischief they could, and went away again, carrying off the *Royal Charles* , a first rate ship of 100 guns, and burning the *London* , and several others, besides the damaging most of the ships which were within their reach; and all things consider'd, it was a victory, that they went away without ruining all the rest of the navy that was in that river.

But as this is a dull story in it self, so it is none of my present business farther than to introduce what follows; namely, That this allarm gave England such a sense of the consequence of the river Medway, and of the docks and yards at Chatham, and of the danger the royal navy lay exposed to there, that all these doors which were open then, are lock'd up and sufficiently barr'd since that time; and 'tis not now in the power of any nation under heaven, no, tho' they should be masters at sea, unless they were masters at land too at the same time, to give us such another affront; for besides all the castles, lines of guns, and platforms on each side the river Medway, as we go up, as above; there is now a royal fort built at the point of the Isle of Shepey, call'd Sheerness, which guards that entrance into the river: This is a regular, and so compleat a fortification, and has such a line of heavy cannon commanding the mouth of the river, that no man of war, or fleet of men of war, would attempt to pass by as the Dutch did; or at least cou'd not effect it without hazard of being torn to pieces by those batteries.

SHEERNESS is not only a fortress, but a kind of town, with several streets in it, and inhabitants of several sorts; but chiefly such whose business obliges them to reside here: The officers of the ordnance have here apartments, and an office, they being often oblig'd to be here many days together; especially in time of war, when the rendezvous of the fleet is at the Nore, to see to the furnishing every ship with military stores as need requires, and to cheque the officers of the ships in their demands of those stores, and the like.

Here is also a yard for building ships, with a dock; the reason of which, is to repair any ship speedily that may meet with any accident, either riding at the

Nore, or in any service at sea near the river. But then ’tis to be observ’d, that those are but fifth and sixth rate ships, small frigats, yatches, and such vessels; at biggest, nothing above a fourth rate can come in here. The *Sheerness* galley, as I am told, was built here, and had her name on that occasion. This yard is a late thing also, and built many years since the fort.

This fort commands only the entrance into the Medway, or that branch of the Medway, properly, which they call West-Swale: The East-Swale, not navigable by ships of force, goes in by the town of Queenborough, passes east, makes the Isle of Shepey, parting it on the south side, and opens to the sea, near Feversham, and Swale-Cliff, and is therefore of small consequence. As for the expression of a certain author, that Sheerness divides the mouth of the two rivers, Thames and Medway, ’tis not said for want of ignorance, and cannot be true in fact; the mouth of the Medway opening into the Thames, and the mouth of the Thames, not being within twenty miles of it, (viz.) from the Nase and North-Foreland.

At the south-west point of the Isle of Shepey, where the East-Swale parts from the West, and passes on, as above, stands a town memorable for nothing, but that which is rather a dishonour to our country than otherwise: Namely, Queenborough, a miserable, dirty, decay’d, poor, pitiful, fishing town; yet vested with corporation priviledges, has a mayor, aldermen, &c. and his worship the mayor has his mace carry’d before him to church, and attended in as much state and ceremony as the mayor of a town twenty times as good: I remember when I was there, Mr. Mayor was a butcher, and brought us a shoulder of mutton to our inn himself in person, which we bespoke for our dinner, and afterwards he sat down and drank a bottle of wine with us.

But that which is still worse, and which I meant in what I said before, is, that this town sends two burgesses to Parliament, as many as the borough of Southwark, or the city of Westminster: Tho’ it may be presumed all the inhabitants are not possessed of estates answerable to the rent of one good house in either of those places I last mentioned: The chief business of this town, as I could understand, consists in ale-houses, and oyster-catchers.

Here we took boat, and went up the East-Swale to a town, which lies, as it were hid, in the country, and among the creeks; for ’tis out of the way, and almost out of sight, as well by water as by land, I mean Milton; it lyes up so many creeks and windings of the water, that nobody sees it by water, but they who go on purpose out of the way to it; and as to the road, it lyes also about a mile on the left-hand of the great road, as we pass thro’ Sittingbourn, so that no body sees it on that side neither, unless they go on purpose out of the road to it; and yet it is a large town, has a considerable market, and especially for corn, and fruit and provisions, which they send to London by water.

From hence following the coast, and the great road together, for they are still within view of one another, we come to Feversham, a large populous, and as some say, a rich town: Tho' here is no particular remarkable trade, either for manufacture or navigation; the principal business we found among them, was fishing for oysters, which the Dutch fetch hence in such extraordinary quantities, that when I was there, we found twelve large Dutch hoys and doggers lying there to load oysters; and some times, as they told us, there are many more: This is greatly to the advantage of the place, as it employs abundance of men and boats in drudging for the oysters, which they catch in great plenty, in the mouth of the East-Swale; which, as I said above, enters in this part of the country into the sea, and opens very wide.

It was at the mouth of this Swale, namely, at Shell-Ness, so call'd from the abundance of oyster-shells always lying there, that the smack in which the late King James II. was embark'd for his escape into France, ran on shoar, and being boarded by the fishermen, the king was taken prisoner; and I must mention it to the reproach of the people of Feversham, let the conduct of that unfortunate prince be what it will, that the fishermen and rabble can never be excus'd, who treated the king, even after they were told who he was, with the utmost indecency, using his majesty; (for he was then their sovereign, even in the acknowledged sense of his enemies) I say, using him with such indignity in his person, such insolence in their behaviour, and giving him such opprobrious and abusive language, and searching him in the rudest and most indecent manner, and indeed rifling him; that the king himself said, he was never more apprehensive of his life than at that time. He was afterwards carry'd by them up to the town, where he was not much better treated for some time, till some neighbouring gentlemen hi the county came in, who understood their duty better, by whom he was at least preserv'd from farther violence, till coaches and a guard came from London, by the Prince of Orange's order, to bring him with safety and freedom to London; where he was at least for the present much better received, as in the history of those times is to be seen.

While I was near this town some years ago, a most surprising accident happen'd, namely, the blowing up of a powder-mill, which stood upon the river, close to the town; the blast was not only frightful, but it shatter'd the whole town, broke the windows, blew down chimneys, and gable-ends not a few; also several people were kill'd at the powder-house it self, tho' not any, as I remember, in the town: but what was most remarkable in it all, was, that the eldest son of the master of the powder-mill, a youth of about fifteen years of age, who was not in the mill, or near it, when it blew up; but in a boat upon the river, rowing cross for his diversion, was kill'd by a piece of the building of the mill, which blew up into

the air by the force of the powder, and fell down upon him in the boat: I know nothing else this town is remarkable for, except the most notorious smuggling trade, carry'd on partly by the assistance of the Dutch, in their oyster-boats, and partly by other arts, in which they say, the people hereabouts are arriv'd to such a proficiency, that they are grown monstrous rich by that wicked trade; nay, even the owling trade (so they call the clandestine exporting of wool) has seem'd to be transposed from Rumney Marsh to this coast, and a great deal of it had been carry'd on between the mouth of the East-Swale and the North-Foreland.

As to the landing goods here from Holland and France, such as wine and brandy from the latter, and pepper, tea, coffee, callicoes, tobacco, and such goods, (the duties of which being very high in England, had first been drawn back by debentures) that black trade has not only been carry'd on here, as I was informed, but on both sides the river, on the Essex as well as the Kentish shores, of which I shall speak again in its place.

From this East Swale, and particularly from these last three towns, Queenborough, Milton, and Feversham, the fish-market at Billingsgate is supply'd with several sorts of fish; but particularly with the best and largest oysters, such as they call stewing oysters: which are generally call'd also Milton Oysters; some of which are exceeding large, as also with a very great quantity of others of a lesser size, as they are from the Essex side, with a smaller and greener sort, call'd Wallfleot; so that the whole city of London is chiefly supplied with oysters from this part of the Thames.

From hence also are sent by water to London very great quantities of fruit; that is to say, apples and cherries; which are produc'd in this county, more than hi any county in England, especially cherries; and this leads me to cross the hills from Milton to Maidstone, a town on the river Medway, about ten miles distant.

This is a considerable town, very populous, and the inhabitants generally wealthy; 'tis the county town, and the river Medway is navigable to it by large hoys, of fifty to sixty tuns burthen, the tide flowing quite up to the town; round this town are the largest cherry orchards, and the most of them that are in any part of England; and the gross of the quantity of cherries, and the best of them which supply the whole city of London come from hence, and are therefore call'd Kentish cherries.

Here likewise, and in the country adjacent, are great quantities of hops planted, and this is call'd the Mother of Hop Grounds in England; being the first place in England where hops were planted in any quantity, and long before any were planted at Canterbury, tho' that be now supposed to be the chief place in England, as shall be observ'd in its place: These were the hops, I suppose, which were

planted at the beginning of the Reformation, and which gave occasion to that old distich:

Hops, Reformation, bays, and beer,
Came into England all in a year.

Maidstone is eminent for the plenty of provisions, and richness of lands in the country all round it, and for the best market in the county, not Rochester, no not Canterbury excepted.

From this town, and the neighbouring parts, London is supplied with more particulars than from any single market town in England, which I mention in pursuance of my first resolution of observing, how every part of England furnishes something to the city of London.

From the wild of Kent, which begins but about six miles off, and particularly from that part which lyes this way; they bring the large Kentish bullocks, fam'd for being generally all red, and with their horns crooked inward, the two points standing one directly against the other, they are counted the largest breed in England.

From the same country are brought great quantities of the largest timber for supply of the king's yards at Chattham, and often to London; most of which comes by land carriage to Maidstone.

From the country adjoining to Maidstone also, is a very great quantity of corn brought up to London, besides hops and cherries, as above.

Also a kind of paving stone, about eight to ten inches square, so durable that it scarce ever wears out; 'tis used to pave court-yards, and passages to gentlemens houses, being the same the Royal Exchange at London is pav'd with, which has never yet wanted the least repair.

Also fine white sand for the glass-houses, esteem'd the best in England for melting into flint-glass, and looking glass-plates; and for the stationer's use also, vulgarly call'd writing-sand.

Also very great quantities of fruit, such as Kentish pipins, runetts, &c. which come up as the cherries do, whole hoy-loads at a time to the wharf, call'd the Three Cranes, in London; which is the greatest pipin market perhaps in the world.

At Maidstone you begin to converse with gentlemen, and persons of rank of both sexes, and some of quality: All that side of the county which I have mentioned already, as it is marshy, and unhealthy, by its situation among the waters; so it is embarass'd with business, and inhabited chiefly by men of business, such as ship-builders, fisher-men, seafaring-men, and husband-men, or such as depend upon them, and very few families of note are found among them. But as soon as we come down Boxley Hill from Rochester, or Hollingbourn-Hill, from Milton, and descend from the poor chalky downs, and deep foggy marshes,

to the wholesome rich soil, the well wooded, and well water'd plain on the banks of the Medway, we find the country every where spangl'd with populous villages, and delicious seats of the nobility and gentry; and especially on the north-side of the river, beginning at Aylesford, on the Medway, and looking east towards the sea: This Aylesford was formerly the seat of Sir John Banks, and since descended, by his daughter, to Heneage Lord Finch, brother to the Earl of Nottingham, and created Earl of Aylesford, which estate he came to in right of his said lady: the country this way, I say, is full of gentlemens houses, reckoning from this Aylesford, below Maidstone, on the Medway to Eastwell, near Ashford, the seat of the Earl of Winchelsea; another noble family of the name of Finch also; tho' not nearly ally'd to the Nottingham house.

Among these are the antient families of Fane, Colepeper, Deerham, Honywood, Wotton, Roberts, Hales, and others, with some good families extinct and gone, whose names however remain in memory.

This neighbourhood of persons of figure and quality, makes Maidstone a very agreeable place to live in, and where a man of letters, and of manners, will always find suitable society, both to divert and improve himself; so that here is, what is not often found, namely, a town of very great business and trade, and yet full of gentry, of mirth, and of good company.

It is to be recorded here for the honour of the gentry in this part of England; that tho' they are as sociable and entertaining as any people are, or can be desir'd to be, and as much fam'd for good manners, and good humour; yet the new mode of forming assemblies so much, and so fatally now in vogue, in other parts of England, could never prevail here; and that tho' there was an attempt made by some loose persons, and the gentlemen, and ladies, did for a little while appear there; yet they generally dislik'd the practice, soon declin'd to give their company, as to a thing scandalous, and so it drop'd of course.

There is not much manufacturing in this county; what is left, is chiefly at Canterbury, and in this town of Maidstone, and the neighbourhood; the manufacture of this town is principally in thread, that is to say, linnen thread, which they make to pretty good perfection, tho' not extraordinary fine. At Cranbrook, Tenterden, Goudhurst, and other villages thereabout, which are also in the neighbourhood of this part, on the other side the Medway, there was once a very considerable cloathing trade carry'd on, and the yeomen of Kent, of which so much has been fam'd, were generally the inhabitants on that side, and who were much enrich'd by that clothing trade; but that trade is now quite decay'd, and scarce ten clothiers left in all the county.

These clothiers and farmers, and the remains of them, upon the general elections of members of parliament for the county, show themselves still there,

being ordinarily 14 or 1500 freeholders brought from this side of the county; and who for the plainness of their appearance, are call'd the gray coats of Kent; but are so considerable, that who ever they vote for is always sure to carry it, and therefore the gentlemen are very careful to preserve their interest among them.

This town of Maidstone is a peculiar of the Archbishoprick of Canterbury, and the Archbishop for the time being, is the proper incumbent, or parson of the parish, and puts in a curate to officiate for him. Here is the county gaol also, and generally the assizes, and always the elections are held here: Here was a hot action in the time of the Civil Wars, between a party of gentlemen who took arms for the king, and who being defeated here, march'd boldly towards London, as if they had intended to go directly thither; but turn'd short, and to their enemies surprise, unexpectedly cross'd the Thames, and joining some Essex gentlemen of the same party, went to Colchester, where they suffered a furious siege and blockade; and defended the town to the last extremity, as you have seen hi my account of that place.

In prosecution of my journey east, I went from hence to Canterbury; of which town and its antiquities so much has been said, and so accurately, that I need do no more than mention it by recapitulation; for, as I have said, the antiquities, and histories of particular places is not my business here, so much as the present state of them. However I observe here.

That the first Christian bishop, if not the first Christian preacher, that ever came to England, (for I know not what to say to the story of Joseph of Arimathea, and his holy thorn at Glassenbury) landed in this country, and settled in this place; I mean St. Augustin, sent over by Gregory, Bishop of Rome. This Gregory it seems was a true primitive Christian Bishop of Rome; not such as since are called so; long before they assum'd the title of popes, or that usurp'd honour of Universal Bishop.

That, seven Bishops of Canterbury, from St. Augustine, inclusive of himself, lye bury'd here in one vault.

That Thomas Becket, or Thomas a Becket, as some call him, arch-bishop of this see, and several arch-bishops before him, plagued, insulted, and tyranniz'd over the Kings of England, their soveraigns, in an unsufferable manner.

That the first of these, having made himself intolerable to King Henry II, by his obstinacy, pride and rebellion, was here murther'd by the connivance, and as some say, by the express order of the king, and that they shew his blood upon the pavement to this day.

That he was afterwards canoniz'd, and his shrine made the greatest idol of the world; and they show the stone-steps ascending to his shrine, worn away to a

slope, by the knees of the pilgrims, and ignorant people who came thither to pray to him, and to desire him to pray for them.

That the bodies of King Henry IV and of Edward the Black Prince are buried here, and the magnificent effigies of the latter very curiously carv'd and engrav'd, lyes on his tomb, or monument; also that King Stephen should have lain here, but on some scruple of the monks, the corpse was stopt short on the road, and was afterwards buried at Feversham, about seven miles off. What the monks objected, or whether they had no money offered them, is not recorded with the rest of the story.

That the immense wealth offer'd by votaries, and pilgrims, for several ages to the altar, or shrine of this mock saint, Thomas Becket, was such, that Erasmus Roterdamus, who was in the repository and saw it, relates of it, That the whole place glitter'd and shone with gold and diamonds.

That all this immense treasure, with the lands and revenues of the whole monastery were seiz'd upon, and taken away by King Henry VIII, at the general suppression of religious houses, except such as are annex'd to the Dean and Chapter, and to the revenue of the arch-bishoprick, which are not large.

The church is a noble pile of building indeed, and looks venerable and majestick at a distance, as well as when we come nearer to it. The old monastery of all, with the church there, dedicated to St. Augustine, and in the porch of which St. Augustine himself, with the six bishops above mention'd lye buried, stands at, or rather stood at a distance, and the ruins of it shew the place sufficiently; what remains of the old buildings about Christ-Church, or the cathedral, are principally the cloyster, and the bishop's palace, which however is rather to be call'd a building raised from the old house, than a part of it.

Under the church is a large Protestant French church, given first by Queen Elizabeth to the Walloons, who fled hither from the persecution of the Duke D'Alva, and the King of France; and whose number has been since very much encreased by the particular cruelty of Louis XIV.

The close or circumvallation, where the houses of the prebendaries, and other persons belonging to the cathedral stand, is very spacious and fair, and a great many very good houses are built in it, and some with good gardens; where those gentlemen live at large, and among whom a very good neighbourhood is kept up; as for the town, its antiquity seems to be its greatest beauty: The houses are truly antient, and the many ruins of churches, chapels, oratories, and smaller cells of religious people, makes the place look like a general ruin a little recovered.

The city will scarce bear being call'd populous, were it not for two or three thousand French Protestants, which, including men, women and children, they say there are in it, and yet they tell me the number of these decreases daily.

The employment of those refugees was chiefly broad silk weaving; but that trade was so decay'd before the first Act for Prohibiting the Wearing of East India Silks pass'd, that there were not twenty broad looms left in the city, of near three hundred, that had formerly been there; upon the passing that Act, the trade reviv'd again and the number of master workmen encreased, and the masters encreased; and the masters which were there before, encreasing their works also, the town fill'd again, and a great many looms were employ'd; but after this by the encroaching of the printed callicoes, chints, &c. and the prevailing of the smuggling trade as above, the silk trade decay'd a second time. But now the use and wear of printed callicoes and chints, being by Act of Parliament severely prohibited, 'tis expected the silk trade at Canterbury will revive a third time, and the inhabitants promise themselves much from it.

But the great wealth and encrease of the city of Canterbury, is from the surprizing encrease of the hop-grounds all round the place; it is within the memory of many of the inhabitants now living, and that none of the oldest neither, that there was not an acre of ground planted with hops in the whole neighbourhood, or so few as not to be worth naming; whereas I was assured that there are at this time near six thousand acres of ground so planted, within a very few miles of the city; I do not vouch the number, and I confess it seems incredible, but I deliver it as I received it.

It is observed that the ground round this city proves more particularly fruitful for the growth of hops than of any other production, which was not at first known; but which, upon its being discover'd, set all the world, speaking in the language of a neighbourhood, a digging up their grounds and planting; so that now they may say without boasting, there is at Canterbury the greatest plantation of hops in the whole island.

The river Stour was made navigable to this city, by virtue of an Act of Parliament in the reign of King Henry VIII, but the person who undertook it, not meeting with encouragement, and failing in the carrying it on, the locks and sluices are all run to decay, and the citizens are oblig'd to fetch all their heavy goods, either from Fordwich, three miles off, or from Whitstable seven miles off; the latter they chuse for such heavy goods as come from London; as oyl, wine, grocery, &c. because 'tis the less hazard by sea; but as for coals, deals, &c. they come by way of Sandwich, and are brought up the river to Fordwich, as above.

In the neighbourhood of this city are some antient families, as Sir Tho. Hales, the Lord Strangford, Sir Henry Oxenden, and several others, the two former Roman; also Sir George Rook, famous for his services at sea against the French; the last of which was in the Streights, where the French fleet was commanded by the Count de Tourville, Admiral of France; where both sides fought with such

equal gallantry, and resolution, and the strength of the fleets were so equal, tho' the French the most in number of the two, that neither seem'd to seek a second engagement; and of which the following lines were made by some of the merry wits of that time.

The great Tourville Sir George did beat,
The great Sir George beat him;
But if they chance again to meet,
George will his jacket trim:
They both did fight, they both did beat,
They both did run away;
They both did strive again to meet,
The clean contrary way.

The shore from Whitstable , and the East-Swale, affords nothing remarkable but sea-marks, and small towns on the coast, till we come to Margate and the North Foreland; the town of Margate is eminent for nothing that I know of, but for King William's frequently landing here in his returns from Holland, and for shipping a vast quantity of corn for London Market, most, if not all of it, the product of the Isle of Thanet, in which it stands.

On the north-east point of this land, is the promontory, or head-land which I have often mentioned, call'd the North Foreland; which, by a line drawn due north to the Nase in Essex, about six miles short of Harwich, makes the mouth of the river of Thames, and the Port of London: As soon as any vessels pass this Foreland from London, they are properly said to be in the open sea; if to the north, they enter the German Ocean, if to the south, the Chanel, as 'tis call'd, that is the narrow seas between England and France; and all the towns or harbours before we come this length, whether on the Kentish or Essex shoar, are call'd members of the Port of London.

From this point westward, the first town of note is Ramsgate, a small port, the inhabitants are mighty fond of having us call it Roman's-Gate; pretending that the Romans under Julius Caesar made their first attempt to land here, when he was driven back by a storm; but soon returned, and coming on shore, with a good body of troops beat back the Britains, and fortify'd his camp, just at the entrance of the creek, where the town now stands; all which may be true for ought any one knows, but is not to be prov'd, either by them or any one else; and is of so little concern to us, that it matters nothing whether here or at Deal, where others pretend it was.

It was from this town of Ramsgate, that a fellow of gigantick strength, tho' not of extraordinary stature, came abroad in the world, and was call'd the English Sampson, and who suffer'd men to fasten the strongest horse they could find to a

rope, and the rope round his loins, sitting on the ground, with his feet strait out against a post, and no horse could stir him; several other proofs of an incredible strength he gave before the king, and abundance of the nobility at Kensington, which no other man could equal; but his history was very short, for in about a year he disappear'd, and we heard no more of him since.

Sandwich is the next town, lying in the bottom of a bay, at the mouth of the river Stour, an old, decay'd, poor, miserable town, of which when I have said that it is an antient town, one of the Cinque Ports, and sends two members to Parliament; I have said all that I think can be worth any bodies reading of the town of Sandwich.

From hence to Deal is about —— miles. This place is famous for the road for shipping, so well known all over the trading world, by the name of the Downs, and where almost all ships which arrive from foreign parts for London, or go from London to foreign parts, and who pass the Channel, generally stop; the homeward-bound to dispatch letters, send their merchants and owners the good news of their arrival, and set their passengers on shoar, and the like; and the outward-bound to receive their last orders, letters, and farewells from owners, and friends, take in fresh provisions, &c.

Sometimes, and when the wind presents fair, ships do come in here, and pass thro' at once, without coming to an anchor; for they are not oblig'd to stop, but for their own convenience: This place would be a very wild and dangerous road for ships, were it nor for the South Foreland, a head of land, forming the east point of the Kentish shoar; and is called, the South, as its situation respects the North Foreland; and which breaks the sea off, which would otherwise come rowling up from the west, this and a flat, or the bank of sands, which for three leagues together, and at about a league, or league and half distance run parallel with the shore, and are dry at low water, these two I say, break all the force of the sea, on the east and south, and south-west; so that the Downs is counted a very good road-

And yet on some particular winds, and especially, if they over-blow, the Downs proves a very wild road; ships are driven from their anchors, and often run on shoar, or are forced on the said sands, or into Sandwich-Bay, or Ramsgate-Peer, as above, in great distress; this is particularly when the wind blows hard at S.E. or at E. by N. or E.N.E. and some other points; and terrible havock has been made in the Downs at such times.

But the most unhappy account that can be given of any disaster in the Downs, is in the time of that terrible tempest, which we call by way of distinction, the Great Storm, being on 27th of November 1703, unhappy in particular; for that there chanced just at that time to be a great part of the royal navy under Sir

Cloudesly Shovel, just come into the Downs, in their way to Chatham, to be laid up.

Five of the biggest ships had the good hap to push thro' the Downs the day before, finding the wind then blow very hard, and were come to an anchor at the Gunfleet; and had they had but one fair day more, they had been all safe at the Nore, or in the river Medway at Blackstakes.

There remained in the Downs about twelve sail when this terrible blast began, at which time England may be said to have received the greatest loss that ever happen'd to the royal navy at one time; either by weather, by enemies, or by any accident whatsoever; the short account of it, as they shewed it me in the town, I mean of what happened in the Downs, is as follows.

The *Northumberland* , a third rate, carrying 70 guns, and 353 men; the *Restoration* , a second rate, carrying 76 guns, and 386 men; the *Sterling-Castle* , a second rate, carrying 80 guns, and 400 men, but had but 349 men on board; and the *Mary* , a third rate, of 64 guns, having 273 men on board; these were all lost, with all their men, high and low; except only one man out of the *Mary* , and 70 men out of the *Sterling-Castle* , who were taken up by boats from Deal.

All this was besides the loss of merchants ships, which was exceeding great, not here only, but in almost all the ports in the south, and west of England; and also in Ireland, which I shall have occasion to mention again in another place.

From hence we pass over a pleasant champain country, with the sea, and the coast of France, clear in your view; and by the very gates of the antient castle (to the town) of Dover: As we go, we pass by Deal Castle, and Sandown Castle, two small works, of no strength by land, and not of much use by sea; but however maintained by the government for the ordinary services of salutes, and protecting small vessels, which can lye safe under their cannon from picaroons, privateers, &c. in time of war.

Neither Dover nor its castle has any thing of note to be said of them, but what is in common with their neighbours; the castle is old, useless, decay'd, and serves for little; but to give the title and honour of government to men of quality, with a salary, and sometimes to those that want one.

The town is one of the Cinque Ports, sends members to Parliament, who are call'd barons, and has it self an ill repaired, dangerous, and good for little harbour and peir, very chargeable and little worth: The packets for France go off here, as also those for Nieuport, with the mails for Flanders, and all those ships which carry freights from New-York to Holland, and from Virginia to Holland, come generally hither, and unlade their goods, enter them with, and show them to the custom-house officers, pay the duties, and then enter them again by certificate,

reload them, and draw back the duty by debenture, and so they go away for Holland.

In the time of the late war with France, here was a large victualling-office kept for the use of the navy, and a commissioner appointed to manage it, as there was also at Chatham, Portsmouth, and other places; but this is now unemploy'd: The Duke of Queensberry in Scotland, who was lord commissioner to the Parliament there, at the time of making the Union, was after the said Union created Duke of Dover, which title is possessed now by his son.

From this place the coast affords nothing of note; but some other small Cinque-Ports, such as Hith and Rumney , and Rye ; and as we pass to them Folkstone, eminent chiefly for a multitude of fishing-boats belonging to it, which are one part of the year employ'd in catching mackarel for the city of London: The Folkstone men catch them, and the London and Barking mackarel-smacks, of which I have spoken at large in Essex, come down and buy them, and fly up to market with them, with such a cloud of canvas, and up so high that one would wonder their small boats cou'd bear it and should not overset: About Michaelmas these Folkstone barks, among others from Shoreham, Brighthelmston and Rye , go away to Yarmouth, and Leostoff, on the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk, to the fishing-fair, and catch herrings for the merchants there, of which I have spoken at large in my discourse on that subject.

As I rode along this coast, I perceiv'd several dragoons riding, officers, and others arm'd and on horseback, riding always about as if they were huntsmen beating up their game; upon inquiry I found their diligence was employ'd in quest of the owlers, as they call them, and sometimes they catch some of them; but when I came to enquire farther, I found too, that often times these are attack'd in the night, with such numbers, that they dare not resist, or if they do, they are wounded and beaten, and sometimes kill'd; and at other times are oblig'd, as it were, to stand still, and see the wool carry'd off before their faces, not daring to meddle; and the boats taking it in from the very horses backs, go immediately off, and are on the coast of France, before any notice can be given of them, while the other are as nimble to return with their horses to their haunts and retreats, where they are not easily found out.

But I find so many of these desperate fellows are of late taken up, by the courage and vigilance of the soldiers, that the knots are very much broken, and the owling-trade much abated, at least on that side; the French also finding means to be supply'd from Ireland with much less hazard, and at very little more expence.

From Rumney-Marsh the shoar extends it self a great way into the sea, and makes that point of land, call'd Dengey-Ness; between this point of land and

Beachy, it was that the French in the height of their naval glory took the English and Dutch fleets at some disadvantage, offering them battle, when the French were so superior in number, that it was not consistent with humane prudence to venture an engagement, the French being ninety two ships of the line of battle, and the English and Dutch, put together, not sixty sail; the French ships also generally bigger: yet such was the eagerness of both the English and Dutch seamen, and commanders, that it was not without infinite murmurings, that Admiral Herbert stood away, and call'd off the Dutch, who had the van, from engaging; the English it seems believ'd themselves so superior to the French when they came to lye broad-side and broad-side, yard-arm and yard-arm, as the seamen call it in an engagement, that they would admit of no excuse for not fighting; tho' according to all the rules of war, no admiral could justify hazarding the royal navy on such terms; and especially the circumstances of the time then considered, for the king was in Ireland, and King James ready in France, if the English and Dutch fleets had received a blow, to have embark'd with an army for England, which perhaps would have hazarded the whole Revolution; so that wise men afterwards, and as I have been told the king himself upon a full hearing justify'd the conduct of Admiral Herbert, and afterwards created him Earl of Torrington.

Here, or rather a little farther, we saw the bones of one of the Dutch men of war, which was burnt and stranded by the French in that action; the towns of Rye , Winchelsea, and Hastings , have little in them to deserve more than a bare mention; Rye would flourish again, if her harbour, which was once able to receive the royal navy, cou'd be restor'd; but as it is, the bar is so loaded with sand cast up by the sea, that ships of 200 tun chuse to ride it out under Dengey or Beachy, tho' with the greatest danger, rather than to run the hazard of going into Rye for shelter: It is true there is now an Act of Parliament pass'd for the restoring this port to its former state, when a man of war of 70 guns might have safely gone in; but 'tis very doubtful, whether it will be effectual to the main end or no, after so long a time.

Indeed our merchants ships are often put to great extremity hereabout, for there is not one safe place for them to run into, between Portsmouth and the Downs; whereas in former days, Rye-Bay was an asylum, a safe harbour, where they could go boldly in, and ride safe in all weathers, and then go to sea again at pleasure.

From a little beyond Hastings to Bourn, we ride upon the sands in a straight line for eighteen miles, all upon the coast of Sussex, passing by Pemsey, or Pevensey Haven, and the mouth of the river, which cometh from Battle, without so much as knowing that there was a river, the tide being out, and all the water of

the ordinary chanel of the river sinking away in the sands: This is that famous strand where William the Norman landed with his whole army; and near to which, namely, at the town of Battle abovenamed, which is about nine miles off, he fought that memorable fight with Harold, then King of England; in which the fate of this nation was determined, and where victory gave the crown to the Conqueror and his race, of the particulars of all which, our histories are full; this town of Battle is remarkable for little now, but for making the finest gun-powder, and the best perhaps in Europe. Near this town of Battle, they show us a hill with a beacon upon it, which since the beacon was set up, indeed has been call'd Beacon Hill, as is usual in such cases; but was before that call'd Standard-Hill, being the place where William the Conqueror set up his great standard of defiance, the day before the great battle with Harold and the English.

From the beginning of Rumney Marsh, that is to say, at Sandgate, or Sandfoot Castle near Hith, to this place, the country is a rich fertile soil, full of feeding grounds, and where an infinite number of large sheep are fed every year, and sent up to London market; these Rumney Marsh sheep, are counted rather larger than the Leicester-shire and Lincolnshire sheep, of which so much is said elsewhere.

Besides the vast quantity of sheep as above, abundance of large bullocks are fed in this part of the country; and especially those they call stall'd oxen, that is, house fed, and kept within the farmers sheds or yards, all the latter season, where they are fed for the winter market. This I noted, because these oxen are generally the largest beef in England.

From hence it was that, turning north, and traversing the deep, dirty, but rich part of these two counties, I had the curiosity to see the great foundaries, or iron-works, which are in this county, and where they are carry'd on at such a prodigious expence of wood, that even in a country almost all over-run with timber, they begin to complain of the consuming it for those furnaces, and leaving the next age to want timber for building their navies: I must own however, that I found that complaint perfectly groundless, the three counties of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, (all which lye contiguous to one another) being one inexhaustible store-house of timber never to be destroyed, but by a general conflagration, and able at this time to supply timber to rebuild all the royal navies in Europe, if they were all to be destroy'd, and set about the building them together.

After I had fatigued my self in passing this deep and heavy part of the country, I thought it would not be foreign to my design, if I refreshed my self with a view of Tunbridge-Wells, which were not then above twelve miles out of my way.

When I came to the wells, which were five miles nearer to me than the town, supposing me then at Battle to the southward of them; I found a great deal of good company there, and that which was more particular, was, that it happened to

be at the time when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was there with abundance of the nobility, and gentry of the country, who to honour the prince's coming, or satisfy their own curiosity, throng'd to that place; so that at first I found it very difficult to get a lodging.

The prince appeared upon the walks, went into the raffling shops, and to every publick place, saw every thing, and let every body see him, and went away, with the Duke of Dorset, and other of his attendance for Portsmouth; so in two or three days, things return'd all to their antient chanel, and Tunbridge was just what it used to be.

The ladies that appear here, are indeed the glory of the place; the coming to the Wells to drink the water is a meer matter of custom; some drink, more do not, and few drink physically: But company and diversion is in short the main business of the place; and those people who have nothing to do any where else, seem to be the only people who have any thing to do at Tunbridge.

After the appearance is over at the Wells, (where the ladies axe all undress'd) and at the chapel, the company go home; and as if it was another species of people, or a collection from another place, you are surpriz'd to see the walks covered with ladies compleatly dress'd and gay to profusion; where rich cloths, jewels, and beauty not to be set out by (but infinitely above) ornament, dazzles the eyes from one end of the range to the other.

Here you have all the liberty of conversation in the world, and any thing that looks like a gentleman, has an address agreeable, and behaves with decency and good manners, may single out whom he pleases, that does not appear engag'd, and may talk, rally, be merry, and say any decent thing to them; but all this makes no acquaintance, nor is it taken so, or understood to mean so; if a gentleman desires to be more intimate, and enter into any acquaintance particular, he must do it by proper application, not by ordinary meeting on the walks, for the ladies will ask no gentleman there, to go off the walk, or invite any one to their lodgings, except it be a sort of ladies of whom I am not now speaking.

As for gaming, sharping, intrieguing; as also fops, fools, beaus, and the like, Tunbridge is as full of these, as can be desired, and it takes off much of the diversion of those persons of honour and virtue, who go there to be innocently recreated: However a man of character, and good behaviour cannot be there any time, but he may single out such company as may be suitable to him, and with whom he may be as merry as heart can wish.

The air here is excellent good, the country healthful, and the provisions of all sorts very reasonable: Particularly, they are supply'd with excellent fish, and that of almost all sorts, from Rye , and other towns on the sea-coast; and I saw a turbut of near *20l.* weight sold there for 3s.: In the season of mackarel, they have them

here from Hastings, within three hours of their being taken out of the sea, and the difference which that makes in their goodness, I need not mention.

They have likewise here abundance of wild-fowl, of the best sorts; such as pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, quails, also duck, mallard, teal, &c. particularly they have from the South-Downs, the bird call'd a wheat ear, or as we may call them, the English ortolans, the most delicious taste for a creature of one mouthful, for 'tis little more, that can be imagined; but these are very dear at Tunbridge, they are much cheaper at Seaford, Lewis, and that side of the country.

In a word, Tunbridge wants nothing that can add to the felicities of life, or that can make a man or woman compleatly happy, always provided they have money; for without money a man is no-body at Tunbridge, any more than at any other place; and when any man finds his pockets low, he has nothing left to think of, but to be gone, for he will have no diversion in staying there any longer.

And yet Tunbridge also is a place in which a lady however virtuous, yet for want of good conduct may as soon shipwreck her character as in any part of England; and where, when she has once injur'd her reputation, 'tis as hard to restore it; nay, some say no lady ever recovered her character at Tunbridge, if she first wounded it there: But this is to be added too, that a lady very seldom suffers that way at Tunbridge, without some apparent folly of her own; for that they do not seem so apt to make havock of one another's reputation here, by tattle and slander, as I think they do in some other places in the world; particularly at Epsome, Hampstead, and such like places; which I take to be, because the company who frequent Tunbridge, seem to be a degree or two above the society of those other places, and therefore are not so very apt, either to meddle with other peoples affairs, or to censure if they do; both which are the properties of that more gossiping part of the world.

In this I shall be much misunderstood, if it is thought I mean the ladies only, for I must own I look just the other way; and if I may be allow'd to use my own sex so coursly, it is really among them that the ladies characters first, and oftnest receive unjust wounds; and I must confess the malice, the reflections, the busy meddling, the censuring, the tatling from place to place, and the making havock of the characters of innocent women, is found among the men gossips more than among their own sex, and at the coffee-houses more than at the tea-table; then among the women themselves, what is to be found of it there, is more among the chamber-maids, than among their mistresses; slander is a meanness below persons of honour and quality, and to do injustice to the ladies, especially, is a degree below those who have any share of breeding and sense: On this account you may observe, 'tis more practis'd among the citizens than among the gentry, and in country towns and villages, more than in the city, and so on, till you come to the

meer *canail* , the common mobb of the street, and there, no reputation, no character can shine without having dirt thrown upon it every day: But this is a digression.

I left Tunbridge, for the same reason that I give, why others should leave it, when they are in my condition; namely, that I found my money almost gone; and tho' I had bills of credit to supply my self in the course of my intended journey; yet I had none there; so I came away, or as they call it there, I retir'd; and came to Lewes, through the deepest, dirtiest, but many ways the richest, and most profitable country in all that part of England.

The timber I saw here was prodigious, as well in quantity as in bigness, and seem'd in some places to be suffered to grow, only because it was so far off of any navigation, that it was not worth cutting down and carrying away; in dry summers, indeed, a great deal is carry'd away to Maidstone, and other places on the Medway; and sometimes I have seen one tree on a carriage, which they call there a tug, drawn by two and twenty oxen, and even then, 'tis carry'd so little a way, and then thrown down, and left for other tugs to take up and carry on, that sometimes 'tis two or three year before it gets to Chatham; for if once the rains come in, it stirs no more that year, and sometimes a whole summer is not dry enough to make the roads passable: Here I had a sight, which indeed I never saw in any other part of England: Namely, that going to church at a country village, not far from Lewis, I saw an ancient lady, and a lady of very good quality, I assure you, drawn to church in her coach with six oxen; nor was it done in frolic or humour, but meer necessity, the way being so stiff and deep, that no horses could go in it.

Lewis is a fine pleasant town, well built, agreeably scituated in the middle of an open champaign country, and on the edge of the South Downs, the pleasantest, and most delightful of their kind in the nation; it lies on the bank of a little wholsome fresh river, within twelve miles of the sea; but that which adds to the character of this town, is, that both the town and the country adjacent, is full of gentlemen of good families and fortunes, of which the Pelhams may be named with the first, whose chief was by King William made a baron, and whose eldest son succeeding to the greatest part of the estate of that English Crassus, the late Duke of Newcastle, has since brought the title and honour of Newcastle to the house of Pelham. Here are also the antient families of Gage, Shelly, &c. formerly Roman, but now Protestant, with many others.

From this town, following still the range of the South Downs, west; we ride in view of the sea, and on a fine carpet ground, for about twelve miles to Bright Helmston, commonly call'd Bredhemston, a poor fishing town, old built, and on the very-edge of the sea: Here again, as I mentioned at Folkstone and Dover, the

fisher-men having large barks go away to Yarmouth, on the coast of Norfolk, to the fishing fair there, and hire themselves for the season to catch herrings for the merchants; and they tell us, that these make a very good business of it.

The sea is very unkind to this town, and has by its continual encroachments, so gained upon them, that in a little time more they might reasonably expect it would eat up the whole town, above 100 houses having been devoured by the water in a few years past; they are now obliged to get a brief granted them, to beg money all over England, to raise banks against the water; the expence of which, the brief expresly says, will be eight thousand pounds; which if one were to look on the town, would seem to be more than all the houses in it are worth.

From hence, still keeping the coast close on the left, we come to Shoreham, a sea-faring town, and chiefly inhabited by ship-carpenters, ship-chandlers, and all the several trades depending upon the building and fitting up of ships, which is their chief business; and they are fam'd for neat building, and for building good sea-boats; that is to say, ships that are wholesome in the sea, and good sailors; but for strong building, they do not come up to Yarmouth, Ipswich, and the north.

The builders of ships seemed to plant here, chiefly because of the exceeding quantity and cheapness of timber in the country behind them; being the same wooded country I mentioned above, which still continues thro' this county and the next also: The river this town stands upon, tho' not navigable for large vessels, yet serves them to bring down this large timber in floats from Bramber, Stenning, and the country adjacent; which is as it were all covered with timber.

Here in the compass of about six miles are three burrough towns, sending members to Parliament, (viz.) Shoreham, Bramber, and Stenning: and Shoreham, Stenning are tolerable little market-towns; but Bramber (a little ruin of an old castle excepted) hardly deserves the name of a town, having not above fifteen or sixteen families in it, and of them not many above asking you an alms as you ride by; the chiefest house in the town is a tavern, and here, as I have been told, the vintner, or ale-house-keeper rather, for he hardly deserv'd the name of a vintner, boasted, that upon an election, just then over, he had made 300l. of one pipe of canary.

This is the second town in this county, where the elections have been so scandalously mercenary; and of whom it is said, there was in one king's reign more money spent at elections, than all the lands in the parishes were worth, at twenty years purchase; the other town I mean is Winchelsea, a town, if it deserves the name of a town, which is rather the skeleton of an ancient city than a real town, where the antient gates stand near three miles from one another over the fields, and where the ruins are so bury'd, that they have made good corn fields of the streets, and the plow goes over the foundations, nay, over the first floors of the

houses, and where nothing of a town but the destruction of it seems to remain; yet at one election for this town the strife was such between Sir John Banks, father-in-law to the Earl of Aylesford, and Colonel Draper, a neighbouring gentleman, that I was told in the country the latter spent 11000*l* . at one election, and yet lost it too; what the other spent who opposed him, may be guest at, seeing he that spent most was always sure to carry it in those days.

Bramber is the very exemplification of this, with this difference only, namely, that at the former they have given it over, at the latter it seems to be rather worse than ever.

Near Stenning, the famous Sir John Fagg had a noble antient seat, now possessed with a vast estate by his grandson, Sir Robert Fagg; but I mention the antient gentleman on this occasion, that being entertained at his house, in the year 1697, he show'd me in his park four bullocks of his own breeding, and of his own feeding, of so prodigious a size, and so excessively overgrown by fat, that I never saw any thing like them; and the bullock which Sir Edward Blacket, in Yorkshire, near Rippon, fed, and caused to be shew'd about for a sight at Newcastle upon Tyne , was not any way equal to the least of them, nor had it so much flesh on it by near twenty stone a quarter.

While I continued at Sir John's, some London butchers came down to see them, and in my hearing offered Sir John six and twenty pound a head for them, but he refused it; and when I mov'd him afterward to take the money, he said No, he was resolv'd to have them to Smithfield himself, that he might say he had the four biggest bullocks in England at market.

He continued positive, and did go up to Smithfield-Market with them; but whether it was that they sunk a little hi the driving, or that the butchers play'd a little upon him, I cannot tell; but he was obliged to sell them for twenty five pound a head when he came there: I knew one of the butchers that bought them, and on a particular occasion enquir'd of him what they weighed when kill'd, and he assur'd me that they weigh'd eighty stone a quarter, when kill'd and cut-out; which is so incredible, that if I had not been well assur'd of the truth of it, I should not have ventur'd thus to have recorded it: But by this may be judg'd something of the largeness of the cattle in the Wild of Kent and Sussex, for it is all the same, of which I mention'd something before, and for this reason I tell the story.

From hence we come to Arundel, a decayed town also; but standing near the mouth of a good river, call'd Arun, which signifies, says Mr, Cambden, the swift, tho' the river it self is not such a rapid current as merits that name; at least it did not seem to be so to me.

The principal advantage to the country from this river, is the shipping of great quantities of large timber here; which is carry'd up the Thames to Woolwich and Deptford, and up the Medway to Chatham; as also westward to Portsmouth, and even to Plymouth, to the new dock there, that is to say, it goes to all the king's yards, where the business of the navy is carry'd on: The timber shipped off here is esteemed the best, as it is also the largest that is brought by sea from any part of England; also great quantities of knee timber is had here, which is valuable in its kind above the strait timber, being not only necessary, but scarce, I mean that which is very large.

This river, and the old decay'd, once famous castle at Arundel, which are still belonging to the family of Howards, Earls of Arundel, a branch of the Norfolk family, is all that is remarkable here; except it be that in this river are catch'd the best mullets, and the largest in England, a fish very good in it self, and much valued by the gentry round, and often sent up to London.

From hence to the city of Chichester are twelve miles, and the most pleasant beautiful country in England, whether we go by the hill, that is the Downs, or by the plain, (viz.) the enclosed country. To the north of Arundel, and at the bottom of the hills, and consequently in the Wild, is the town of Petworth, a large handsome country market-town, and very populous, and as it stands upon an ascent, and is dry and healthy, it is full of gentlemens families, and good well built houses both in the town and neighbourhood; but the beauty of Petworth, is the antient seat of the old family of Peircy, Earls of Northumberland, now extinct; whose daughter, the sole heiress of all his vast estates, marry'd the present Duke of Somerset; of the noble and antient family of Seymour, and among other noble seats brought his grace this of Petworth.

The duke pull'd down the antient house, and on the same spot has built from the ground, one of the finest piles of building, and the best model'd houses then in Britain: It has had the misfortune to be once almost demolish'd by fire, but the damage is fully repaired; but another disaster to the family can never be repaired, which has happen'd to it, even while these sheets were writing; namely, the death of the dutchess, who dy'd in November 1722, and lies buried in the burying place of the family of Seymor, Dukes of Somerset, in the cathedral church of Salisbury.

Her Grace was happy in a numerous issue, as well as in a noble estate; and besides two sons and one daughter, which lye bury'd with her, has left one son and —— — daughters still living. I shall have occasion to mention the Northumberland estates again, when I come to speak of the other fine seats, which the duke enjoys in right of his late dutchess, and the many old castles which were formerly part of that Northumberland estate.

The duke's house at Petworth, is certainly a compleat building in it self, and the apartments are very noble, well contriv'd, and richly furnish'd; but it cannot be said, that the situation of the house is equally designed, or with equal judgment as the rest; the avenues to the front want space, the house stands as it were with its elbow to the town, its front has no visto answerable, and the west front look'd not to the parks or fine gardens, but to the old stables.

To rectify this, when it was too late to order it any other way, the duke was oblig'd to pull down those noble buildings; I mean the mews, or stables, the finest of their kind in all the south of England, and equal to some noblemens whole houses, and yet even the demolishing the pile has done no more than open'd a prospect over the country, whereas had the house been set on the rising ground, on the side of the park, over against the north wing of the house, and a little more to the westward, the front had been south to the town, the back front to the parks, which were capable of fountains, canals, vistos, and all the most exquisite pieces of art, that sets out the finest gardens, whereas all now lyes on one angle, or opposite to one wing of the house. But with all these disadvantages, the house it self is a noble pile of building, and by far the finest in all this part of Britain.

From Petworth west, the country is a little less woody than the Wild, and there begin to show their heads above the trees, a great many fine seats of the nobility and gentlemen of the country, as the Duke of Richmond's seat at Goodwood, near Chichester. (This family also is in tears, at the writing these sheets, for the death of her grace the dutchess, who dyed the beginning of the month of December, and is bury'd in Westminster Abbey; and here the year closing, I think 'tis very-remarkable, that this year 1722, no less than five dukes and two dutchesses are dead (viz.) the Dukes of Bucks, Bolton, Rutland, Manchester, and Marlborough, and the Dutchesses of Somerset and Richmond; besides earls (viz.) the Earl of Sunderland, of Stamford, Exeter, and others; and since the above was written, and sent to the press, the Duke of Richmond himself is also dead.) The seats of the late Earl of Tankerville, and the Earl of Scarborough, the antient house of the Lord Montacute at Midhurst, an antient family of the sirname of Brown, the eldest branch of the house: These and a great many more lying so near together, make the country hereabout much more sociable and pleasant than the rest of the woody country, call'd The Wild, of which I have made mention so often; and yet I cannot say much for the city of Chichester, in which, if six or seven good families were removed, there would not be much conversation, except what is to be found among the canons, and dignitaries of the cathedral.

The cathedral here is not the finest in England, but is far from being the most ordinary: The spire is a piece of excellent workmanship, but it received such a shock about —— — years ago, that it was next to miraculous, that the whole

steeple did not fall down; which in short, if it had, would almost have demolished the whole church.

It was a fire-ball, if we take it from the inhabitants, or, to speak in the language of nature, the lightning broke upon the steeple, and such was the irresistible force of it, that it drove several great stones out of the steeple, and carry'd them clear off, not from the roof of the church only, but of the adjacent houses also, and they were found at a prodigious distance from the steeple, so that they must have been shot out of the places where they stood in the steeple, as if they had been shot out of a cannon, or blown out of a mine: One of these stones of at least a ton weight, by estimation, was blown over the south side, or row of houses in the West-Street, and fell on the ground in the street at a gentleman's door, on the other side of the way; and another of them almost as big was blown over both sides of the said West-Street, into the same gentleman's garden, at whose door the other stone lay, and no hurt was done by either of them; whereas if either of those stones had fallen upon the strongest built house in the street, it would have dash'd it all to pieces, even to the foundation: This account of the two stones, I relate from a person of undoubted credit, who was an eye-witness, and saw them, but had not the curiosity to measure them, which he was very sorry for. The breach it made in the spire, tho' within about forty five foot of the top, was so large, that as the workmen said to me, a coach and six horses might have driven through it, and yet the steeple stood fast, and is now very substantially repaired; withal, showing that it was before, an admirable sound and well finished piece of workmanship.

They have a story in this city, that when ever a bishop of that diocess is to dye, a heron comes and sits upon the pinnacle of the spire of the cathedral: This accordingly happen'd, about —— — when Dr. —— — Williams was bishop: A butcher Standing at his shop-door, in the South-Street, saw it, and ran in for his gun, and being a good marks-man shot the heron, and kill'd it, at which his mother was very angry with him, and said he had kill'd the bishop, and the next day news came to the town that Dr. Williams, the last bishop was dead; this is affirm'd by many people inhabitants of the place.

This city is not a place of much trade, nor is it very populous; but they are lately fallen into a very particular way of managing the corn trade here, which it is said turns very well to account; the country round it is very fruitful, and particularly in good wheat, and the farmers generally speaking, carry'd all their wheat to Farnham, to market, which is very near forty miles by land-carriage, and from some parts of the country more than forty miles.

But some money'd men of Chichester, Emsworth, and other places adjacent, have join'd their stocks together, built large granaries near the Crook, where the vessels come up, and here they buy and lay up all the corn which the country on

that side can spare; and having good mills in the neighbourhood, they grind and dress the corn, and send it to London in the meal about by Long Sea, as they call it; nor now the war is over do they make the voyage so tedious as to do the meal any hurt, as at first in the time of war was sometimes the case for want of convoys.

It is true, this is a great lessening to Farnham Market, but that is of no consideration in the case; for, if the market at London is supply'd, the coming by sea from Chichester is every jot as much a publick good, as the encouraging of Farnham Market, which is of it self the greatest corn-market in England, London excepted. Notwithstanding all the decrease from this side of the country, this carrying of meal by sea met with so just an encouragement from hence, that it is now practised from several other places on this coast, even as far as Shampton.

From Chichester the road lying still west, passes in view of the Earl of Scarborough's fine seat at Stansted, a house seeming to be a retreat, being surrounded with thick woods, thro' which there are the most pleasant agreeable visto's cut, that are to be seen any where in England, particularly, because through the west opening, which is from the front of the house, they sit in the dining-room of the house, and see the town and harbour of Portsmouth, the ships at Spithead, and also at St. Helens; which when the royal navy happens to be there, as often happen'd during the late war, is a most glorious sight.

This house was fatal to Dr. Williams, mentioned above, Bishop of Chichester, who having been here to make a visit to the late Earl of Scarborough, was thrown out of his coach, or rather threw himself out, being frighted by the unruliness of his horses, and broke his leg in the fall, which, his lordship being in years, was mortal to him: He dy'd in a few days after.

From hence we descend gradually to Portsmouth, the largest fortification, beyond comparison, that we have in England, but it was not with any consideration, that the author before recited could say, it was the only regular fortification in England; especially the same writer owning afterwards that Shireness, Languardfort, and Tilbury, were all regular fortifications, as they really are.

The situation of this place is such, that it is chosen, as may well be said, for the best security to the navy above all the places in Britain; the entrance into the harbour is safe, but very narrow, guarded on both sides by terrible platforms of cannon, particularly on the Point; which is a suburb of Portsmouth properly so call'd, where there is a brick platform built with two tire of guns, one over another, and which can fire so in cover, that the gunners cannot be beaten from their guns, or their guns easily dismounted; the other is from the point of land on the side of Gosport, which they call Gilkicker, where also they have two batteries.

Before any ships attempt to enter this port by sea, they must also pass the cannon of the main platform of the garrison, and also another at South-Sea-Castle; so that it is next to impossible that any ships could match the force of all those cannon, and be able to force their way into the harbour; in which I speak the judgment of men well acquainted with such matters, as well as my own opinion, and of men whose opinion leads them to think the best of the force of naval batteries too; and who have talk'd of making no difficulty to force their way through the Thames, in the teeth of the line of guns at Tilbury; I say, they have talk'd of it, but it was but talk, as any one of judgment would imagin, that knew the works at Tilbury, of which I have spoken in its place: The reasons, however, which they give for the difference, have some force in them, as they relate to Portsmouth, tho' not as they relate to Tilbury; (viz.) That the mouth or entrance into Portsmouth is narrow, and may be lock'd up with booms, which before the ships could break, and while they were lying at them to break them away, they would be torn in pieces by the battery at the Point: (next) That the guns on the said battery at the Point at Portsmouth, are defended as above, with ambruziers, and the gunners stand cover'd, so that they cannot so soon be beaten from their guns, or their guns so soon dismounted by the warm quarter of a three deck ship, as at Tilbury, where all the gunners and guns too must stand open, both to small and great shot: Besides at Tilbury, while some of the ships lay battering the fort, others would pass behind them, close under the town, and if one or more received damage from the fort, the rest would pass in the cloud of smoke, and perhaps might compass their design, as is the case in all places, where the entrance is broad; whereas at Portsmouth, they would be batter'd within little more than pistol shot, and from both sides of the way; whereas at Tilbury there are very few guns on the Gravesend side of the river.

But to avoid comparing of strengths, or saying what may be done in one place, and not done in another; 'tis evident, in the opinion of all that I have met with, that the greatest fleet of ships that ever were in the hands of one nation at a time, would not pretend, if they had not an army also on shoar, to attack the whole work, to force their entrance into the harbour at Portsmouth.

As to the strength of the town by land, the works are very large and numerous, and besides the battery at the Point aforesaid, there is a large hornwork on the south-side, running out towards South-Sea Castle; there is also a good counterscarp, and double mote, with ravelins in the ditch, and double pallisadoes, and advanced works to cover the place from any approach, where it may be practicable: The strength of the town is also considerably augmented on the land-side, by the fortifications raised in King William's time about the docks and yards, which are now perfected, and those parts made a particular strength by

themselves; and tho' they are indeed in some sense independent one of another, yet they cover and strengthen one another, so as that they cannot be separately attack'd on that side, while they are both in the same hands.

These docks and yards are now like a town by themselves, and are a kind of marine corporation, or a government of their own kind within themselves; there being particular large rows of dwellings, built at the publick charge, within the new works, for all the principal officers of the place; especially the commissioner, the agent of the victualling, and such as these; the tradesmen likewise have houses here, and many of the labourers are allow'd to live in the bounds as they can get lodging.

The town of Portsmouth, besides its being a fortification, is a well inhabited, thriving, prosperous corporation; and hath been greatly enrich'd of late by the fleet's having so often and so long lain there, as well as large fleets of merchant-men, as the whole navy during the late war; besides the constant fitting out of men here, and the often paying them at Portsmouth, has made a great confluence of people thither on their private business, with other things, which the attendance of those fleets hath required: These things have not only been a great advantage to the town, but has really made the whole place rich, and the inhabitants of Portsmouth are quite another sort of people than they were a few years before the Revolution; this is what Mr. Cambden takes notice of, even so long ago as the reign of Queen Elizabeth; that "Portsmouth was populous in time of war, but not so in time of peace": but now the business of the navy is so much encreased, and so much of it always done here, that it may be said, there is as much to do at Portsmouth now in time of peace, as there was then in time of war, and more too.

There is also this note to be put upon the two great arsenals of England, Portsmouth, and Chatham; Namely, That they thrive by a war, as the war respects their situation (viz.) That when a war with France happens, or with Spain, then Portsmouth grows rich, and when a war with Holland, or any of the Powers of the north, then Chatham, and Woolwich, and Deptford are in request; but of this I shall speak again, when I come to speak of the like antithesis between Plymouth and the Humber, or Portsmouth and the Firth of Edinburgh.

The government of the place is by a mayor and aldermen, &c. as in other corporations, and the civil government is no more interrupted by the military, than if there was no garrison there, such is the good conduct of the governors, and such it has always been, since our soveraigns have ceas'd to encourage the soldiery to insult the civil magistrates: And we have very seldom had any complaint on either side, either of want of discipline among the soldiers, or want of prudence in the magistrates: The inhabitants indeed necessarily submit to such things as are the consequence of a garrison town, such as being examin'd at the gates, such as

being obliged to keep garrison hours, and not be let out, or let in after nine a clock at night, and the like; but these are things no people will count a burthen, where they get their bread by the very situation of the place, as is the case here.

Since the encrease of business at this place, by the long continuance of the war, the confluence of people has been so great, and the town not admitting any enlargement for buildings, that a kind of a suburb, or rather a new town has been built on the healthy ground adjoining to the town, which is so well built, and seems to encrease so fast, that in time it threatens to outdo for numbers of inhabitants, and beauty of buildings, even the town it self; and particularly by being unconfin'd by the laws of the garrison, as above, and unencumbered with the corporation burthens, freedoms, town duties, services, and the like.

From Portsmouth west, the country lyes low and flat, and is full of creeks and inlets of the sea and rivers, all the way to Southampton, so that we ferry over three times in about eighteen miles; besides going over one bridge, namely, at Tichfield: The first of these ferries is that at Portsmouth it self, (viz.) cross the mouth of the harbour, from the Point above-mention'd to Gosport; from thence we ride to Tichfield, as above, where we pass the river Alre, which rises in the same county at Alresford, or near it, which is not above twenty two miles off; and yet it is a large river here, and makes a good road below, call'd Tichfield Bay: Thence at about four miles we pass another river at Busselton, narrow in breadth, but exceeding deep, and eminent for its being able to carry the biggest ships: Here is a building yard for ships of war, and in King William's time, two eighty gun ships were launched here. It seems the safety of the creek, and the plenty of timber in the country behind it, is the reason of building so much in this place.

From hence when we come opposite to Southampton, we pass another creek, being the mouth of the river Itchen which comes down from Winchester, and is both very broad and deep, and the ferry men having a very sorry boat, we found it dangerous enough passing it: On the other bank stands the antient town of Southampton, and on the other side of Southampton comes down another large river, entring Southampton Water by Red-Bridge; so that the town of Southampton stands upon a point running out into the sea, between two very fine rivers, both navigable, up some length into the country, and particularly useful for the bringing down timber out of one of the best wooded counties in Britain; for the river on the west side of the town in particular comes by the edge of the great forest, call'd New-Forest; here we saw a prodigious quantity of timber, of an uncommon size, vastly large, lying on the shoar of the river, for above two miles in length, which they told us was brought thither from the forest, and left there to be fetch'd by the builders at Portsmouth-Dock, as they had occasion for it.

In riding over the south part of Hampshire, I made this observation about that growth of timber, which I mention in supplement to what I said before concerning our timber being wasted and decayed in England, (viz.) that notwithstanding the very great consumption of timber in King William's reign, by building or rebuilding almost the whole navy; and notwithstanding so many of the king's ships were built hereabouts, besides abundance of large merchant ships, which were about that time built at Southampton, at Redbridge, and at Bursleton, &c. yet I saw the gentlemens estates, within six, eight, or ten miles of Southampton, so over-grown with wood, and their woods so full of large full grown timber, that it seem'd as if they wanted sale for it, and that it was of little worth to them. In one estate at Hursely in particular near Winchester, the estate since bought by Mr. Cardonell, late manager for the Duke of Marlborough, and formerly belonging to Mr. Cromwell, grandson to Oliver Cromwell, the whole estate not above 8oo*l* . per ann. in rent, they might have cut twenty thousand pounds worth of timber down, and yet have left the woods in a thriving condition; in another estate between that and Petersfield, of about 1000*l* . per ann. they told me they could fell a thousand pounds a year in good large timber fit for building, for twenty years together, and do the woods no harm: Colonel Norton also, a known gentleman, whose seat at Southwick is within six miles of Portsmouth, and within three miles of the water carriage; this gentleman they told me had an immense quantity of timber, some growing within sight of the very docks in Portsmouth: Farther west it is the like, and as I rode through New-Forest, I cou'd see the antient oaks of many hundred years standing, perishing with their wither'd tops advanced up in the air, and grown white with age, and that could never yet get the favour to be cut down, and made serviceable to their country.

These in my opinion are no signs of the decay of our woods, or of the danger of our wanting timber in England; on the contrary, I take leave to mention it again, that if we were employ'd in England, by the rest of the world, to build a thousand sail of three deck ships, from 80 to 100 guns, it might be done to our infinite advantage, and without putting us in any danger of exhausting the nation of timber.

I shall give other hints of the like, when I come to speak of Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, and the counties which we call inland, where the timber is really of small value, for want of water carriage to carry it away; likewise again in the counties northward, bordering upon the Humber, and upon all the northern rivers, not to say a word of Ireland; which is still a store-house of timber, more inexhaustible if possible than England.

Southampton is a truly antient town, for 'tis in a manner dying with age; the decay of the trade is the real decay of the town; and all the business of moment

that is transacted there, is the trade between us and the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, with a little of the wine trade, and much smuggling: The building of ships also is much stop'd of late; however, the town is large, has many people in it, a noble fair High-Street, a spacious key; and if its trade should revive, is able to entertain great numbers of people: There is a French church, and no inconsiderable congregation, which was a help to the town, and there are still some merchants who trade to Newfoundland, and to the Streights with fish; but for all other trade, it may be said of Southampton as of other towns, London has eaten it up. The situation of the town between two rivers was to its advantage formerly in point of strength, and the town was wall'd with a very strong wall, strengthened with a rampart, and a double ditch; but I don ot hear that they ever were put to make much use of them.

Whatever the fable of Bevis of Southampton, and the gyants in the woods thereabouts may be deriv'd from, I found the people mighty willing to have those things pass for true; and at the north gate of the town, the only entrance from the land side, they have the figures of two eminent champions, who might pass for gyants if they were alive now, but they can tell us very little of their history, but what is all fabulous like the rest, so I say no more of them.

I was now at the extent of my intended journey west, and thought of looking no farther this way for the present, so I came away north east, leaving Winchester a little on the left, and came into the Portsmouth road at Petersfield, a town eminent for little, but its being full of good inns, and standing in the middle of a country, still over-grown with a prodigious quantity of oak-timber. From hence we came to Alton, and in the road thither, began a little to taste the pleasure of the Western Downs, which reach from Winchester almost to Alton.

The Duke of Bolton has two very noble seats in this country, one between Alton and Alresford; and one at Basing, of which hereafter. Alton is a small market-town, of no note, neither is there any considerable manufacture in all this part of England; except a little drugget and shalloon making, which begins hereabouts, otherwise the whole counties of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire, are not employ'd in any considerable woollen manufacture; what there is, I have spoken of about Cranbrook in Kent, Guilford, and Farnham in Surrey, and a little in the north part of Barkshire, all which put together, is not equal to one ordinary manufacturing village in Essex or Norfolk.

From Alton we came to Farnham, of which I can only say, that it is a large populous market-town, the farthest that way in the county of Surrey, and without exception the greatest corn-market in England, London excepted; that is to say, particularly for wheat, of which so vast a quantity is brought every market-day to this market, that a gentleman told me, he once counted on a market-day eleven

hundred teams of horse, all drawing waggons, or carts, loaden with wheat at this market; every team of which is supposed to bring what they call a load, that is to say, forty bushel of wheat to market; which is in the whole, four and forty thousand bushel; but I do not take upon me to affirm this relation, or to say whether it be a probable opinion or not; I know some have thought the quantity has been much more; but this also was, I suppose, before the people of Chichester and Emsworth on one side, and Southampton, Tichfield, and Redbridge on the other, took to the trade of sending their wheat in meal to London by sea, as is mentioned above,

At this town is a castle eminent for this, that it was built by a Bishop of Winchester; and tho' its antiquity is evident, as far back as King Stephen; yet it remains to the Bishops of Winchester to this day. Here the said Bishops of Winchester usually keep their ordinary residence, and tho' the county of Surrey, be generally speaking within the diocess, they may be truly said to reside in the middle of their ecclesiastical dominion. The Farnham people it seems, or some of the country folks, notwithstanding the liberality and bounty of the several bishops, who, if some people may be believ'd, have been very good, benefactors to the town; I say, notwithstanding all this, have of late been very unkind to the bishop, in pulling down the pale of his park, and plundering it of the deer, killing, wounding, and disabling, even those they cou'd not carry away.

From Farnham, that I might take in the whole county of Surrey, I took the coach-road, over Bagshot-Heath, and that great forest, as 'tis call'd, of Windsor: Those that despise Scotland, and the north part of England, for being full of wast and barren land, may take a view of this part of Surrey, and look upon it as a foil to the beauty of the rest of England; or a mark of the just resentment shew'd by Heaven upon the Englishmen's pride; I mean the pride they shew in boasting of their country, its fruitfulness, pleasantness, richness, the fertility of the soil, &c. whereas here is a vast tract of land, some of it within seventeen or eighteen miles of the capital city; which is not only poor, but even quite steril, given up to barrenness, horrid and frightful to look on, not only good for little, but good for nothing; much of it is a sandy desert, and one may frequently be put in mind here of Arabia Deserta, where the winds raise the sands, so as to overwhelm whole caravans of travellers, cattle and people together; for in passing this heath, in a windy day, I was so far in danger of smothering with the clouds of sand, which were raised by the storm, that I cou'd neither keep it out of my mouth, nose or eyes; and when the wind was over, the sand appeared spread over the adjacent fields of the forest some miles distant, so as that it ruins the very soil. This sand indeed is checked by the heath, or heather, which grows in it, and which is the common product of barren land, even in the very Highlands of Scotland; but the

ground is otherwise so poor and barren, that the product of it feeds no creatures, but some very small sheep, who feed chiefly on the said heather, and but very few of these, nor are there any villages, worth mentioning, and but few houses, or people for many miles far and wide; this desart lyes extended so much, that some say, there is not less than a hundred thousand acres of this barren land that lyes all together, reaching out every way in the three counties of Surrey, Hampshire and Berkshire; besides a great quantity of land, almost as bad as that between Godalming and Petersfield, on the road to Portsmouth, including some hills, call'd the Hind Head and others.

Thro' this desart, for I can call it no less, we come into the great western road, leading from London to Salisbury, Exeter, &c. and pass the Thames at Stanes; and here I could not but call to mind, upon viewing the beautiful prospect of the river, and of the meadows, on the banks of the river, on the left hand of the road, I say, I cou'd not but call to mind those two excellent lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem, call'd *Cooper's Hill* , viz.

Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without overflowing full.

Here I remembered that I had yet left the inland towns of the two counties of Kent and Sussex, and almost all the county of Surrey out of my account; and that having as it were taken a circuit round the coast only, I had a great many places worth viewing to give an account of; I therefore left Windsor, which was within my view, on one side of the river, and Hampton Court on the other, as being the subject of another letter; and resolv'd to finish my present view, in the order I had begun it; That is to say, to give an account of the whole country as I come on; that I may make no incongruous transitions from one remote part of England to another, at least as few as may be.

From Stanes therefore I turn'd S. and S.E. to Chertsey, another market-town, and where there is a bridge over the Thames: This town was made famous, by being the burial place of Henry VI. till his bones were after removed to Windsor by Henry VII. also by being the retreat of the incomparable Cowley, where he liv'd withdrawn from the hurries of the Court and town, and where he dy'd so much a recluse, as to be almost wholly taken up in country business, farming and husbandry, for his diversion, not for bread, according to the publick flight of his own fancy.

From this town wholly employ'd, either in malting, or in barges to carry it down the river to London; I went away south to Woking, a private country market-town, so out of all road, or thorough-fare, as we call it, that 'tis very little heard of in England; it claims however some honour, from its being once the residence of a royal branch of the family of Plantagenet, the old Countess of

Richmond, mother to King Henry VII, who made her last retreat here, where the king her son built, or rather repaired, an old royal house, on purpose for her residence, and where she ended her days in much honour and peace; the former part of her life having been sufficiently exposed to the storms and dangers of the times; especially under the tyranny and turbulent reign of the two precedent monarchs.

From hence we came to Guilford, a well known and considerable market-town: It has the name of being the county town, tho' it cannot properly be call'd so; neither the county gaol being here, or the assizes, any more than in common with other towns: But the election indeed for Parliament men for the county is always held here. The river which according to Mr. Camden is call'd the Wey, and which falls into the Thames at Oatlands, is made navigable to this town, which adds greatly to its trade; and by this navigation a very great quantity of timber is brought down to London, not from the neighbourhood of this town only, but even from the woody parts of Sussex and Hampshire above thirty miles from it, the country carriages bringing it hither in the summer by land: This navigation is also a mighty support to the great corn-market at Farnham, which I have mentioned so often: For as the meal-men and other dealers buy the corn at that market, much of it is brought to the mills on this river; which is not above seven miles distant, and being first ground and dress'd, is then sent down in the meal by barges to London; the expence of which is very small, as is practised on the other side of the Thames, for above fifty miles distance from London.

Here, as I observed in its place, is a small remainder of an old manufacture, that is to say, of the clothing trade, and it extends it self to Godalming, Haselmeer, and the vale country, on the side of the Holmwood; a place of which I shall speak on another occasion, quite to Darking: These cloths of a middling price, have formerly been in great repute, and then again were almost quite decay'd, but by the application and skill of the clothiers, maintained the credit of their make, and are encourag'd, and indeed revived in reputation of late years, when the clothiers of Cranbrook and Tenterden in Kent, whose goods are of the same kind, are almost sunk to nothing, as I have already observed.

This clothing trade, however small, is very assistant to the poor of this part of the country, where the lands, as I have noted, are but indifferent; except just above the great towns, and where abundance of the inhabitants are what we call cottagers, and live chiefly by the benefit of the large commons and heath ground, of which the quantity is so very great.

From this town of Guilford, the road to Farnham is very remarkable, for it runs along west from Guilford, upon the ridge of a high chalky hill, so narrow that the breadth of the road takes up the breadth of the hill, and the declivity begins on

either hand, at the very hedge that bounds the highway, and is very steep, as well as very high; from this hill is a prospect either way, so far that ’tis surprising; and one sees to the north, or N.W. over the great black desart, call’d Bagshot-Heath, mentioned above, one way, and the other way south east into Sussex, almost to the South Downs, and west to an unbounded length, the horizon only restraining the eyes: This hill being all chalk, a traveller feels the effect of it in a hot summer’s day, being scorch’d by the reflection of the sun from the chalk, so as to make the heat almost insupportable; and this I speak by my own experience: This hill reaches from Guilford town’s end to within a mile and half of Farnham.

The hill, or the going up to it from Guilford rather, is call’d St. Katharine’s-Hill, and at the top of the ascent from the town stands the gallows, which is so placed, respecting the town, that the towns people from the High-Street may sit at their shop doors, and see the criminals executed.

The great road from London to Chichester, and from London to Portsmouth, lying thro’ this town; it is consequently a town very well furnish’d with inns for accommodation of travellers, as is Godalming, also the next town within three miles of it.

From Guilford there lies a cross-road, as it may be call’d, to London, not frequented by coaches or carriers, or the ordinary passengers to London; tho’ ’tis by some reckon’d the nearest way, and is without question much the pleasanter road, if it is not the pleasantest in this part of England: (viz.) From this town to Letherhead, ten miles from Letherhead to London, over Banstead Downs fifteen miles, or if you please by Epsome seventeen miles; which, tho’ it is call’d the farthest way, makes amends abundantly by the goodness of the way, and the advantage and pleasantness of the road.

The ten miles from Guilford to Leatherhead make one continued line of gentlemens houses, lying all, or most of them, on the west side of the road, and their parks, or gardens almost touching one another: Here are pleasantly seated several very considerable persons, as the posterity of Sir Tho. Bludworth, once Lord Mayor of London, a person famous for the implacable passion he put the people of London in, by one rash expression, at the time of the Great Fire: (viz.) “That it was nothing, and they might piss it out”; which was only spoken at the beginning of the fire, when neither Sir Thomas or the citizens themselves cou’d foresee the length it would go; and without any design to lessen their endeavours to quench it: But this they never forgot, or forgave to him, or his family after him; but fix’d the expression on him, as a mark of indelible reproach, even to this day: Among the other fine seats hi this row, is that of Arthur Moor, Esq; at Fetcham, where no cost has been spar’d to make a most beautiful and delicious situation be beholden to art, and which is set out at an immense charge: Near to Guilford, at

the village of Clendon, at the west end of this line of fine seats, is the antient mansion of the Onslow's: The father of the present lord, was Sir Richard Onslow, Baronet; several years one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury or Admiralty; and created Baron Onslow by King GEORGE.

The seat is old, and the estate is old too (but the latter is much the better for its age) for it has been many years in the family, as appears in Mr. Camden, and has gone on, encreasing from hand to hand. The late Lord Onslow improved and beautify'd both the house and the estate too very much. The house has several times been honoured with the presence of both King William and King George; the former erected an annual race for a royal plate of 100 guineas, call'd the King's Gold Plate, to be run for every year, and the latter has been so good, as twice at least to honour the diversion with his presence.

At the like distance north from Guilford, and on the banks of the Wey, is a fine seat, every way as fit for the possession of a peer as is Clendon Park; and belonging to a branch of the same family, (viz.) to Denzil Onslow, Esq; uncle to the present Lord Onslow, younger brother to his father the first lord: This seat is call'd Pyrford, and is exceeding pleasant, especially for the most beautiful intermixture of wood, and water in the park, and gardens, and grounds adjoining; by which the possessor, whose genius lay wonderfully in improving lands, and making things more pleasant, brought Pyrford to such a perfection, as to be inferior to very few, if any, of the finest houses in Surrey; particularly in one thing, which is not found in all that part of England; namely, a duckoy, which adjoins to his park, and which makes the rest inimitably agreeable.

At the north east end of this range of fine seats, is Letherhead, a little thorough-fare town, with a stone-bridge over the river Mole; this river is called the Mole, from its remarkable sinking into the earth, at the foot of Box-Hill, near a village call'd Mickleham, and working its way under ground like a mole, rising again at or near this town of Leatherhead, where its wandering streams are united again, and form a pretty large river, as they were before, running together under Leatherhead Bridge, and from thence to Cobham, and so it pursues its course to the Thames, which it joins at Molesy, which takes its name to be sure from the name of the river Mole.

And here I cannot but take notice of an unaccountable error. which all the writers I have met with fall unwarily into, on account of this little river hiding itself in the earth, and finding its way under ground, from the foot of Beechworth, more properly Betsworth-Castle, near Box-Hill, and then rising again at Letherhead, as above; as if the water had at once ingulph'd itself in a chasm of the earth, or sunk in a whirlpit, as is said of the Caspian-Sea, which they say rises again in the Persian Gulph with the same violence that it ingulphs it self: Tis

strange this error should prevail in this manner, and with men of learning too, and in a case so easily discover'd and so near. But thus it is, nor is it at all remote from the true design of this work, to undeceive the world in the false or mistaken accounts, which other men have given of things, especially when those mistakes are so demonstrably gross; and when the subject is significant too, as in this part now in hand: Mr. Camden expresses it thus: "The Mole," says he, "coming to White-Hill," (he should have said Box-Hill) "hides it self, or is rather swallow'd up at the foot of it; and for that reason the place is call'd Swallow, but after two miles it bubbles up, and rises again"; then he adds, (alluding to the river Guadiana in Castile) "that the inhabitants of this tract no less than the Spaniards may boast of having a bridge that feeds several flocks of sheep." Thus far Mr. Camden. The right reverend and learned editor of the Additions to Mr. Camden, makes it yet worse, speaking of Beechworth Castle, which is a mile before we come to Darking; and 'tis at the foot of this castle here, says his lordship, that the river Mole being nigh to the precipice of Box-Hill is swallow'd up.

Now 'tis something strange for me to take upon me, after two such authorities, to say, that neither of these is right. The accounts are so positive, that many curious people have rid thither to see this place, call'd Swallow, and to see this Beechworth Castle, at the foot of which the river is swallow'd up, not doubting but they should see some wonderful gulph, in which a whole river should be at once as it were bury'd alive; for Mr. Camden says, " Swallow is the place ": The bishop says," near Beechworth-Castle the river is swallowed up"; nay, and to make the wonder appear more conformable to the relation, the map of the county of Surrey, plac'd in Mr. Camden, makes a large blank between the river as swallowed up, a little off of Darking, and its rising again as at Leatherhead, breaking the river off abruptly, as if pouring its waters all at once into a great gulph, like one of the common-shores of the streets of London, and bringing it out again at once, just as the water of the brook running into Fleet-Ditch, comes out from under Holbourn-Bridge.

Now after all these plausible stories,, the matter of fact is this, and no more; and even of this, the thing is wonderful enough too: But I say, it is thus, and no more, (viz.)

The river Mole passes by Beechworth Castle in a full stream; and for near a mile farther on the west of the castle, it takes into its stream Darking-Brook, as they call it, and has upon it a large corn-mill, call'd Darking-Mill; below this it runs close at the foot of Box-Hill, near that part of the hill, which is call'd the Stomacher; then, as if obstructed by the hill, it turns a little south, and runs cross the road which leads from Darking to Leatherhead, where it is apparently rapid and strong; and then fetches a circuit round a park, formerly belonging to Sir

Richard Studdolph, and which is part of it, within sight of Leatherhead, and so keeps a continued chanel to the very town of Leatherhead; so that there is no such thing as a natural bridge, or a river lost, no, not at all; and in the winter, in time of floods the stream will be very large, and rapid all the way above ground, which I affirm of my own knowledge, having seen it so, on many occasions.

But the true state of the case is this, the current of the river being much obstructed by the interposition of those hills, call'd Box-Hill, which tho' descending in a kind of vale, as if parted to admit the river to pass, and making that descent so low as to have the appearance of a level, near a village call'd Mickleham; I say, these hills yet interrupting the free course of the river, it forces the waters as it were to find their way thro' as well as they can; and in order to this, beginning, I say, where the river comes close to the foot of the precipice of Box-Hill, call'd the Stomacher, the waters sink insensibly away, and in some places are to be seen (and I have seen them) little chanels which go out on the sides of the river, where the water in a stream not so big as would fill a pipe of a quarter of an inch diameter, trills away out of the river, and sinks insensibly into the ground.

In this manner it goes away, lessening the stream for above a mile, near two, and these they call the Swallows; and the whole ground on the bank of the river, where it is flat and low, is full of these subterraneous passages; so that if on any sudden rain the river swells over the banks, it is observed not to go back into the chanel again when the flood abates, but to sink away into the earth in the meadows, where it spreads; a remarkable proof of which I shall give presently.

But now take this with you as you go, that these Swallows, for they are many, and not one call'd the Swallow, as is said in Mr. Camden; these Swallows (I say) tho' they diminish the stream much, do not so drink it up as to make it disappear: But that, where it crosses the road near Mickleham, it runs, as I have said, very sharp and broad, nor did I ever know it dry in the dryest summer in that place, tho' I liv'd in the neighbourhood several years: On the contrary I have known it so deep, that waggons and carriages have not dar'd to go thro'; but never knew it, I say, dry in the greatest time of drought.

Below this place the hills rise again on the other side very high, and particularly on the ridge, which the country people call the Ashcom-Hills, and they seem to force the river again west; so it surrounds most of the park I mentioned above, and has several bridges upon it, and by this time indeed, so much of it is sunk away, that in a very dry summer the chanel, tho' full of water in pits and holes cannot be perceiv'd to run; but this must be, I say, in a very dry season, and still there is the chanel visible where it runs at other times fiercely enough.

This part which I say has the least water, continuing about half a mile, we then perceive the chanel insensibly to have more water than before: That is to say, that as it sunk in gradually and insensibly, so it takes vent again in the like manner in thousands of little springs, and unseen places, very few in any quantity, till in another half mile, it is a full river again, and passes in full streams under Leatherhead-Bridge, as above, and for the truth of this, I appeal to the knowledge of the inhabitants of Darking, Mickleham, Leatherhead, and all the country round.

A farther proof of this, and which is the account which I promised above, relating to the gradual sinking away of the water, take as follows: It was in the year 1676, in the month of October, or thereabouts, that there happen'd a very sudden hasty land flood, which swell'd the river to a very great height; and particularly so high, that at Beechworth-Castle, and other gentlemen's seats, near the river, where they had fish-ponds that were fed by the river, it over-flowed their ponds, and carry'd off all their fish, or at least they thought so: Sir Adam Brown liv'd then at Beechworth-Castle, a gentleman in those days, well known in the country, for he was many years Knight of the Shire, of the family of Browns, a branch of the house of Montacutes at Midhurst, mentioned before, but a collateral line; another of the Browns liv'd at Bucknal, another at Darking, which I mention chiefly, because some ignorant writers, particularly the late Atlas, has confounded the title of Montacute with the sirname of Montague, which is quite another family, and generation, not at all ally'd, and nothing near so antient, but this by the by.

Sir Adam Brown's son, and the young gentlemen of these, and other neighbouring families, disturbed at the loss of their fish, and mov'd by the report, came all down to Darking; where they raised a little troop of the young fellows and boys of the town, and all went together, to that part of the river which runs by the foot of the Stomacher, as I said they call it, on Box-Hill.

There was a low flat piece of meadow ground, lying close to the river on one side; just opposite to which, the hill lying also-close to the river, made up the bank on the other: This piece of ground might contain about four or five acres, and lying, hollow in the middle, like the shape of a dripping-pan, was by the overflowing of the river full of water, and so full, that the bank, which lay close to the river, tho' higher than the rest, was not to be seen.

The gentlemen set themselves and all their little army at work, to raise this bank, which I say, lay between the river and the hollow of the field, so as to separate the water in the hollow part of the field from that in the river, and having so many hands, they effected that part the first day; and made a solid dam or bank, so that they cou'd walk upon it dry footed; then they made a return to it, at

the upper, or east end of the field; so that in short, no more water could run into the field from any part of the river.

When this was done, they built hutts or booths, and made fires, and sent for victuals and drink to treat their young company, and there they encamp'd, as if they waited some great event; and so indeed they did, for in about two nights and a day, exclusive of the time they took in making their dams, the water sunk all away in the field; and the consequence of that was, that the fish being surrounded, were catch'd, as it were, in a trap, for they cou'd not be swallow'd up with the water; and the purchase fully recompenc'd their labour, for the like quantity of fish, great and small, I believe was never taken at once in this kingdom, out of so small a river.

This story would have nothing in it wonderful, or to make it worth recording, were it not so evident a demonstration of the manner of this river losing it self under ground, or being swallowed up, as they call it; for this field where the water sunk away is just at the place, which Mr. Cambden calls the Swallows, near the village of Mickleham; and under the precipice of the hill, and yet the water was two nights and a day, as I say, sinking leisurely off; and in this manner, and in no other, does the whole river, or so much of it as passes under ground, sink away.

The town of Darking is eminent for several little things worth observation; as first, for the great Roman highway, call'd Stormy-street, which Mr. Cambden says, passes through the very church-yard of this town: Secondly, for a little common or heath, call'd the Cottman Dean, or the dean or heath of poor cottagers, for so the word signifies, belonging to the town; and where their alms-house stands; which some learned physicians have singled out for the best air in England: Thirdly, for Mr. Howard's house and garden, call'd Deaden, the garden is so naturally mounded with hills, that it makes a compleat amphitheatre, being an oblong square, the area about eighty yards by forty, and the hills unpassably steep, serve instead of walls, and are handsomely planted with trees, whose tops rising above one another gradually, as the hill rises at their roots, make a most beautiful green wall, of perhaps fifty or sixty foot high; at the north end, which is the entrance, is the house, which closes it wholly; and at the south end, the antient possessor, Mr. Howard, by what we call perforation, caused a vault or cave to be made quite through the hill, which came out again into a fine vineyard, which he planted the same year, on the south side, or slope of the hill, and which they say has produced since most excellent good wines, and a very great quantity of them.

Mr. Howard was an honourable and antient gentleman, younger brother to the old Duke of Norfolk, then living: (viz.) In the year 1676, for in that year, or the year before, was that vineyard planted, and tho' Mr. Howard was then upwards of sixty years of age, he enjoy'd that pleasant seat near thirty years after.

At this town liv'd another antient gentleman and his son, of a very good family; (viz.) Augustin Bellson, Esq; or as some write it Belschon, the father was measured seven foot and half an inch high, allowing all that he might have sunk, for his age, being seventy one years old; and the son measured two inches taller than his father.

These families were Roman, as were several others thereabouts at that time; but were soon after that, upon the breaking out of the Popish Plot, dispers'd; some one way, and some another, as the fate of those times oblig'd them to do; tho' I do not remember that any part of the scenes of treason were lay'd about Darking, or that any of the Romish gentlemen thereabout were charged with being concern'd with them.

The market of Darking cannot be omitted, as it relates to my design of giving an account of the several parts of England; from whence this great city of London, and all the dainty doings, which are to be seen there, as to eating, is supply'd with provisions.

This market is of all the markets in England famous for poultry; and particularly for the fattest geese, and the largest capons, the name of a Darking Capon being well known among the poulterers in Leaden-Hall Market; in a word, they are brought to this market from as far as Horsham in Sussex; and 'tis the business of all the country, on that side for many miles, to breed and fatten them up, insomuch, that 'tis like a manufacture to the country people; and some of these capons are so large, as that they are little inferior to turkeys; and I have seen them sold for 4s. to 4s. *6d.* each, and weighing from 4/. to 5 or *61.* a peice.

Once a year here is also a fair, (viz.) on Holy Thursday, chiefly for lambs, and the greatest fair in England of that kind: I have pass'd over the so much celebrated house of Mr. Evelyn at Wotton, near Darking, not that it is not worth notice, but because so many other writers have said so much of it.

On the top of Box-Hill, and in view of this town, grows a very great beech-tree, which by way of distinction is call'd the Great Beech, and a very great tree it is; but I mention it on the following account, under the shade of this tree, was a little vault or cave, and here every Sunday, during the summer season, there used to be a rendezvous of coaches and horsemen, with abundance of gentlemen and ladies from Epsome to take the air, and walk in the box-woods; and in a word, divert, or debauch, or perhaps both, as they thought fit, and the game encreased so much, that it began almost on a sudden, to make a great noise in the country.

A vintner who kept the King's-Arms-Inn, at Darking, taking notice of the constant and unusual flux of company thither, took the hint from the prospect of his advantage, which offer'd, and obtaining leave of Sir Adam Brown, whose mannor and land it was, furnish'd this little cellar or vault with tables, chairs, &c.

and with wine and eatables to entertain the ladies and gentlemen on Sunday nights, as above; and this was so agreeable to them as that it encreased the company exceedingly; in a word, by these means, the concourse of gentry, and in consequence of the country people, became so great, that the place was like a little fair; so that at length the country began to take notice of it, and it was very offensive, especially to the best governed people; this lasted some years, I think two or three, and tho' complaint was made of it to Sir Adam Brown, and the neighbouring justices; alledging the revelling, and the indecent mirth that was among them, and on the Sabbath Day too, yet it did not obtain a suitable redress: whereupon a certain set of young men, of the town of Darking, and perhaps prompted by some others, resenting the thing also, made an unwelcome visit to the place once on a Saturday night, just before the usual time of their wicked mirth, and behold when the coaches and ladies, &c. from Epsome appear'd the next afternoon, they found the cellar or vault, and all that was in it, blown up with gun-powder; and so secret was it kept, that upon the utmost enquiry it cou'd never be heard, or found out who were the persons that did it: That action put an end to their revels for a great while; nor was the place ever repaired that I heard of, at least it was not put to the same wicked use that it was employ'd in before.

From this hill, and particularly from this part of it, is a fair view in clear weather quite over the Wild of Sussex, to the South-Downs; and by the help of glasses, those who know where things are scituated, may plainly see the town of Horsham, Ashdown-Forest, the Duke of Somerset's house at Petworth, and the South-Downs, as they range between Brighthelmston and Arundel; besides an unbounded prospect into Kent.

The vale beneath this hill is for many miles east and west, call'd the Holmward, by some the Holm-Wood, others Holmsdale; but more vulgarly the Homeward: In the woody part of which are often found outlying red deer, and in the days of King James II. or while he was Duke of York, they have hunted the largest stags here that have been seen in England; the duke took great care to have them preserved for his own sport, and they were so preserv'd for many years; but have since that been most of them destroyed.

This Homeward, or Holmwood, is a vale, which is now chiefly grown with furz, famous for the country people gathering such quantities of strawberries, as they carry them to market by horse-loads: I saw neither town or village, for many miles on it, much less any gentlemen's seats, only cottages and single houses; but vast quantities of geese and poultry, which as is said above, employs all the country in breeding them up: There has been large timber here, (they say) but most of it is cut down and gone, except that where there are any woods standing, the timber is still exceeding good and large.

It is suggested that this place was in antient times so unpassable a wild, or overgrown waste, the woods so thick, and the extent so large, reaching far into Sussex, that it was the retreat for many ages of the native Britons, who the Romans cou'd never drive out; and after that it was the like to the Saxons, when the Danes harrass'd the nation with their troops, and ravag'd the country wherever they came; and on this account they retain here in memory the following lines.

This is Holmes Dale,
Never conquer'd, never shall.

But this is a piece of history, which I leave as I find it; the country tho' wild still, and perhaps having the same countenance now in many places, as it had above a thousand years ago; yet in other places is cultivated, and has roads passable enough in the summer quite thro' it, on every side, and the woods are clear'd off in a great measure as above.

Keeping at the bottom of these hills, and yet not enter'd into this vale, the county is dry, and rather sandy or gravel, and is full of gentlemen's houses, and of good towns; but if we go but a little to the right hand south, into the said wild part, 'tis a deep, strong, and in the wet season, an unpassable clay.

Here travelling east at the foot of the hills, we came to Rygate, a large market-town with a castle, and a mansion-house, inhabited for some years by Sir John Parsons, once Lord Mayor of London, and whose son is hi a fair way to be so also; being one of the aldermen and sheriffs of the said city at the writing these sheets.

Here are two miserable borough towns too, which nevertheless send each of them two members to Parliament, to wit, Gatton under the side of the hill, almost at Rygate; and Bleechingly, more eastward on the same cross-road, which we were upon before: In the first of these Sir John Thomson, (afterwards Lord Haversham) having purchas'd the mannor, was always elected; as Mr. Paul Docminique, an Italian merchant, has been since: The last was for many years, the estate of Sir Robert Clayton, a known citizen, and benefactor to the city of London, whose posterity still enjoy it: And at either town the purchasers seem to buy the election with the property.

At Nutfield, between Rygate and Bleechingly, is another branch of the family of Evelyn, who have flourish'd there many years, tho' in a kind of retreat, and are often chosen representatives for the town of Bleechingly, which is just at their door.

From hence, crossing still the roads leading from London into Sussex, we come to a village call'd Godstone, which lyes on the road from London to Lewis; and keeping on (east) we come to Westerham, the first market town in Kent on

that side: This is a neat handsome well built market-town, and is full of gentry, and consequently of good company. The late Earl of Jersey built, or rather finished, for it was begun by a private gentleman, a very noble house here, which still remains in the family, and is every year made finer and finer.

All this part of the country is very agreeably pleasant, wholesome and fruitful, I mean quite from Guildford to this place; and is accordingly overspread with good towns, gentlemen's houses, populous villages, abundance of fruit, with hop-grounds and cherry orchards, and the lands well cultivated; but all on the right-hand, that is to say, south, is exceedingly grown with timber, has abundance of waste and wild grounds, and forests, and woods, with many large iron-works, at which they cast great quantities of iron caldrons, chimney-backs, furnaces, retorts, boiling pots, and all such necessary things of iron; besides iron cannon, bomb-shells, stink-pots, hand-grenadoes, and cannon ball, &c. in an infinite quantity, and which turn to very great account; tho' at the same time the works are prodigiously expensive, and the quantity of wood they consume is exceeding great, which keeps up that complaint I mention'd before; that timber would grow scarce, and consequently dear, from the great quantity consumed in the iron-works in Sussex.

From hence going forward east, we come to Riverhead, a town on the road from London to Tunbridge; and then having little to speak of in Kent, except some petty market-towns, such as Wrotham, commonly call'd Rootham, Town-Mailing, Cranbrook, and the like; of which something had been observed, as I travell'd forward, in the beginning of this circuit, I turn'd north, and came to Bromley, a market-town, made famous by an hospital, lately built there by Dr. Warner, Lord Bishop of Rochester, for the relief of the widows of clergy-men, which was not only well endow'd at first, but has had many gifts and charities bestow'd on it since, and is a very noble foundation for the best of charities in the world; besides it has been an example, and an encouragement to the like in other places, and has already been imitated, as Mr. Camden's most reverend continuator assures us, by the Bishops of Winchester and Salisbury in their diocesses.

Near this town we turn'd away by Beckenham, and thro' Norwood to Croydon; in the way we saw Dullige or Sydenham Wells, where great crouds of people throng every summer from London to drink the waters, as at Epsome and Tunbridge; only with this difference, that as at Epsome and Tunbridge, they go more for the diversion of the season, for the mirth and the company; for gaming, or intrieguing, and the like, here they go for meer physick, and this causes another difference; Namely, that as the nobility and gentry go to Tunbridge, the merchants and rich citizens to Epsome; so the common people go chiefly to Dullwich and Stretham; and the rather also, because it lyes so near London, that they can walk

to it in the morning, and return at night; which abundance do; that is to say, especially of a Sunday, or on holidays, which makes the better sort also decline the place; the croud on those days being both unruly and unmannerly.

Croydon is a great corn-market, but chiefly for oats and oatmeal, all for London still; the town is large and full of citizens from London, which makes it so populous; it is the antient palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and several of them lye buried here; particularly that great man, Archbishop Whitgift, who not only repair'd the palace, but built the famous hospital and school, which remains there to this day, to the singular honour of the giver.

In the gardens of this episcopal palace, the Lady Dowager Onslow, mother of the present lord of that name, of whom mention has been made, was very unhappily drown'd about two year since, in one of the fish-ponds, whether she did it herself, or whether by accident, or how, 'tis not the business of such a work as this to enquire; her daughter being the wife of Sir John Williams, merchant of London, had hired the house, and she was in his family.

From hence we pass'd by Beddington, where is still the seat or mansion house of Sir Nicholas Carew, it was a fine building in Mr. Camden's time; but is now almost rebuilt from the ground, by the present owner, Sir Nicholas Carew, who now possesses that estate, and who is one of the representatives for the county of Surrey; the house is magnificently great, and the gardens are exquisitely fine; yet architects say, that the two wings are too deep for the body of the house, that they should either have been wider asunder, or not so long; the court before them is extreamly fine, and the canal in the park, before the court, is so well that nothing can be better, having a river running through it; the gardens are exceedingly enlarged, they take up all the flat part of the park, with vista's, or prospects thro' the park, for two or three miles; the orange-trees continue, and are indeed wonderful; they are the only standard orange-trees in England, and have moving houses to cover them in the winter; they are loaded with fruit in the summer, and the gardners told us, they have stood in the ground where they now grow above 80 years.

I am sorry to record it to the reproach of any person in their grave, that the ancestor of this family, tho' otherwise a very honest gentleman, if fame lyes not, was so addicted to gaming, and so unfortunately over-match'd in his play, that he lost this noble seat and parks, and all the fine addenda which were then about it, at one night's play, some say, at one cast of dice, to Mr. Harvey of Comb, near Kingston; What misery had befallen the family, if the right of the winner had been prosecuted with rigour, as by what I have heard it would have been, is hard to write: But God had better things in store for the gentleman's posterity than he took thought for himself; and the estate being entail'd upon the heir, the loser

dy’d before it came into possession of the winner, and so it has been preserv’d, and the present gentleman has not only recovered the disaster, but as above, has exceedingly improved it all.

From hence it is but a little mile to Cashalton, a country village scituate among innumerable springs of water, which all together, form a river in the very street of the town, and joining the other springs which come from Croydon and Bedington, make one stream, which are call’d the river Wandell: This village seated among such delightful springs, is yet all standing upon firm chalk; and having the Downs close adjoining, makes the most agreeable spot on all this side of London, as is abundantly testify’d by its being, as it were, crouded with fine houses of the citizens of London; some of which are built with such a profusion of expence, that they look rather like seats of the nobility, than the country houses of citizens and merchants; particularly those of Sir William Scawen, lately deceased; who besides an immense estate in money has left, as I was told, one article of nine thousand pounds a year to his heir; and was himself since the Fire of London, only Mr. Scawen, a Hamborough merchant, dealing by commission, and not in any view of such an encrease of wealth, or any thing like it.

The other house is that of Sir John Fellows, late sub-governor of the South-Sea Company, who having the misfortune to fall in the general calamity of the late directors, lost all his unhappy wealth, which he had gain’d in the company, and a good and honestly gotten estate of his own into the bargain: I cannot dwell on the description of all the fine houses in this and the neighbouring vilages; I shall speak of them again in bulk with their neighbours, of Mitcham, Stretham, Tooting, Clapham, and others; but I must take a trip here cross the Downs to Epsome-

Banstead Downs need no description other than this, that their being so near London, and surrounded as they are with pleasant villages, and being in themselves perfectly agreeable, the ground smooth, soft, level and dry; (even in but a few hours after rain) they conspire to make the most delightful spot of ground, of that kind in all this part of Britain.

When on the publick race days they are cover’d with coaches and ladies, and an innumerable company of horsemen, as well gentlemen as citizens, attending the sport; and then adding to the beauty of the sight, the racers flying over the course, as if they either touched not, or felt not the ground they run upon; I think no sight, except that of a victorious army, under the command of a Protestant King of Great Britain could exceed it.

About four miles, over those delicious Downs, brings us to Epsome, and if you will suppose me to come there in the month of July, or thereabouts, you may think me to come in the middle of the season, when the town is full of company, and all

disposed to mirth and pleasantry; for abating one unhappy stock jobbing year, when England took leave to act the frantick, for a little while; and when every body's heads were turn'd with projects and stocks, I say, except this year, we see nothing of business in the whole conversation of Epsome; even the men of business, who are really so when in London; whether it be at the Exchange, the Alley, or the Treasury-Offices, and the Court; yet here they look as if they had left all their London thoughts behind them, and had separated themselves to mirth and good company; as if they came hither to unbend the bow of the mind, and to give themselves a loose to their innocent pleasures; I say, innocent, for such they may enjoy here, and such any man may make his being here, if he pleases.

As, I say, this place seems adapted wholly to pleasure, so the town is suited to it; 'tis all rural, the houses are built at large, not many together, with gardens and ground about them; that the people who come out of their confined dwellings in London, may have air and liberty, suited to the design of country lodgings.

You have no sooner taken lodgings, and enter'd the apartments, but if you are any thing known, you walk out, to see who and who's together; for 'tis the general language of the place, Come let's go see the town, folks don't come to Epsome to stay within doors.

The next morning you are welcom'd with the musick under your chamber window; but for a shilling or two you get rid of them, and prepare for going to the Wells.

Here you have the compliment of the place, are enter'd into the list of the pleasant company, so you become a citizen of Epsome for that summer; and this costs you another shilling, or if you please, half a crown: Then you drink the waters, or walk about as if you did; dance with the ladies, tho' it be in your gown and slippers; have musick and company of what kind you like, for every man may sort himself as he pleases; The grave with the grave, and the gay with the gay, the bright, and the wicked; all may be match'd if they seek for it, and perhaps some of the last may be over-match'd, if they are not upon their guard.

After the morning diversions are over, and every one are walk'd home to their lodgings, the town is perfectly quiet again; nothing is to be seen, the Green, the Great Room, the raffling-shops all are (as if it was a trading town on a holiday) shut up; there's little stirring, except footmen, and maid servants, going to and fro of errands, and higglers and butchers, carrying provisions to people's lodgings.

This takes up the town till dinner is over, and the company have repos'd for two or three hours in the heat of the day; then the first thing you observe is, that the ladies come to the shady seats, at their doors, and to the benches in the groves, and cover'd walks; (of which, every house that can have them, is generally

supply'd with several). Here they refresh with cooling liquors, agreeable conversation, and innocent mirth.

Those that have coaches, or horses (as soon as the sun declines) take the air on the Downs, and those that have not, content themselves with staying a little later, and when the air grows cool, and the sun low, they walk out under the shade of the hedges and trees, as they find it for their diversion: In the mean time, towards evening the Bowling-green begins to fill, the musick strikes up in the Great Room, and company draws together a-pace: And here they never fail of abundance of mirth, every night being a kind of ball; the gentlemen bowl, the ladies dance, others raffle, and some rattle; conversation is the general pleasure of the place, till it grows late, and then the company draws off; and, generally speaking, they are pretty well as to keeping good hours; so that by eleven a clock the dancing generally ends, and the day closes with good wishes, and appointments to meet the next morning at the Wells, or somewhere else.

The retir'd part of the world, of which also there are very many here, have the waters brought home to their apartments in the morning, where they drink and walk about a little, for assisting the physical operation, till near noon, then dress dinner, and repose for the heat as others do; after which they visit, drink tea, walk abroad, come to their lodgings to supper, then walk again till it grows dark, and then to bed: The greatest part of the men, I mean of this grave sort, may be supposed to be men of business, who are at London upon business all the day, and thronging to their lodgings at night, make the families, generally speaking, rather provide suppers than dinners; for 'tis very frequent for the trading part of the company to place their families here, and take their horses every morning to London, to the Exchange, to the Alley, or to the warehouse, and be at Epsome again at night; and I know one citizen that practised it for several years together, and scarce ever lay a night in London during the whole season.

This, I say, makes the good wives satisfy themselves with providing for the family, rather at night than at noon, that their husbands may eat with them; after which they walk abroad as above, and these they call the sober citizens, and those are not much at the Wells, or at the Green; except sometimes, when they give themselves a holiday, or when they get sooner home than usual.

Nor are these which I call the more retir'd part the company, the least part of those that fill up the town of Epsome, nor is their way of living so retir'd, but that there is a great deal of society, mirth, and good manners, and good company among these too.

The fine park of the late Earl of Berkeley, near Epsome, was formerly a great addition to the pleasure of the place, by the fine walks and cool retreats there; but the earl finding it absolutely necessary, for a known reason, to shut it up, and not

permit any walking there, that relief to the company was abated for some years; but the pleasures of nature are so many round the town, the shady trees so every where planted, and now generally well grown, that it makes Epsome like a great park fill'd with little groves, lodges and retreats for coolness of air, and shade from the sun; and I believe, I may say, it is not to be matched in the world, on that account; at least, not in so little a space of ground.

It is to be observ'd too, that for shady walks, and innumerable numbers of trees planted before the houses, Epsome differs much from it self, that is to say, as it was twenty or thirty years ago; for then those trees that were planted, were generally young, and not grown; and now not only all the trees then young, are grown large and fair, but thousands are planted since; so that the town, at a distance, looks like a great wood full of houses, scatter'd every where, all over it.

In the winter this is no place for pleasure indeed; as it is full of mirth and gayety in the summer, so the prospect in the winter presents you with little, but good houses shut up, and windows fasten'd; the furniture taken down, the families remov'd, the walks out of repair, the leaves off of the trees, and the people out of the town; and which is still worse, the ordinary roads both to it, and near it, except only on the side of the Downs, are deep, stiff, full of sloughs, and, in a word, impassable; for all the country, the side of the Downs, as I have said, only excepted, is a deep stiff clay; so that there's no riding in the winter without the utmost fatiegue, and some hazard, and this is the reason that Epsome is not (like Hampstead or Richmond) full of company in winter as well as summer.

From Epsome that I might thoroughly visit the county of Surrey, I rode over those clays, and through very bad roads to Kingstone, and from thence keeping the bank of the river on my right hand, I had a fine view of Hampton-Court, at a distance, but had reserved it for another journey; and was bound now in search of a piece of antiquity to satisfy my own curiosity, this was to Oatland, that I might see the famous place where Julius Caesar pass'd the river Thames in the sight of the British army, and notwithstanding they had stuck the river full of sharp stakes for three miles together.

The people said several of those stakes were still to be seen in the bottom of the river, having stood there for now above 1760 years; but they cou'd show me none of them, tho' they call the place Coway Stakes to this day; I cou'd make little judgment of the thing, only from this, that it really seems probable, that this was the first place where Caesar at that time cou'd find the river fordable, or any way passable to him, who had no boats, no pontons, and no way to make bridges over, in the teeth of so powerful, and so furious an enemy; but the Roman valour and discipline surmounted all difficulties, and he pass'd the army, routing the

Britons; whose king and general, Cassibellanus, never offer'd a pitch'd battle to the Romans afterward.

Satisfy'd with what little I cou'd see here, which indeed was nothing at all, but the meer place, said to be so; and which it behov'd me to believe, only because it was not unlikely to be true; I say, satisfy'd with this, I came back directly to Kingstone, a good market-town, but remarkable for little, only that they say, the antient British and Saxon kings were usually crown'd here in former times, which I will neither assert or deny.

But keeping the river now on my left, as I did before on my right-hand, drawing near to London, we came to Hame and Peterson, little villages; the first, famous for a most pleasant pallace of the late Duke of Lauderdale, close by the river; a house King Charles II. used to be frequently at, and be exceedingly pleased with; the avenues of this fine house to the land side, come up to the end of the village of Peterson, where the wall of New Park comes also close to the town, on the other side; in an angle of which stood a most delicious house, built by the late Earl of Rochester, Lord High Treasurer in King James II's. reign, as also in part of Queen Ann's reign, which place he discharged so well, that we never heard of any misapplications, so much as suggested, much less inquired after.

I am oblig'd to say only, that this house *stood* here; for even while this is writing the place seems to be but smoaking with the ruins of a most unhappy disaster, the whole house being a few months ago burnt down to the ground with a fire, so sudden, and so furious, that the family who were all at home, had scarce time to save their lives.

Nor was the house, tho' so exquisitely finished, so beautiful within and without, the greatest loss sustained; the rich furniture, the curious collection of paintings; and above all, the most curious collection of books, being the library of the first Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England, and author of that most excellent History of the Rebellion, of which the world knows so much; I say, this library, as I am assur'd, was here wholly consumed; a loss irreparable, and not to be sufficiently regretted by all lovers of learning, having among other valuable things, several manuscripts relating to those times, and to things transacted by himself, and by the king his master, both at home and abroad; and of other antient things, collected by that noble and learned author in foreign countries; which both for their rariety, antiquity, and authority, were of an inestimable value.

From hence we come to Richmond, the delightful retreat of their royal highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and where they have spent the fine season every summer for some years: The prince's Court being so near must needs have fill'd Richmond, which was before a most agreeable retreat for the first and second rate gentry, with a great deal of the best company in England:

This town and the country adjacent, encrease daily in buildings, many noble houses for the accommodation of such, being lately rais'd and more in prospect: But 'tis fear'd should the prince come, for any cause that may happen, to quit that side of the country, those numerous buildings must abate in the value which is now set upon them: The company however, at Richmond, is very great in the winter, when the prince's Court is not there; because of the neighbourhood of so many gentlemen, who live constantly there, and thereabouts; and of its nearness to London also; and in this it has the advantage both of Epsome and Tunbridge.

Here are wells likewise, and a mineral-water, which tho' not so much us'd as that at Epsome and Tunbridge, are yet sufficient to keep up the forms of the place, and bring the company together in the morning, as the musick does in the evening; and as there is more of quality in and about the place than is ordinarily to be seen at Epsome, the company is more shining, and sometimes even illustriously bright.

Mr. Temple created Baron Temple, of the kingdom of Ireland, even since this circuit was performed; and who is the son and successor to the honour, estate, and great part of the character of the great Sir William Temple, has a fine seat and gardens (hard by) at Shene; The gardens are indeed exquisitely fine, being finished, and even contrived by the great genius of Sir William, his father; and as they were his last delight in life, so they were every way suited to be so, to a man of his sense and capacity, who knew what kind of life was best fitted to make a man's last days happy.

It is not easy to describe the beauty with which the banks of the Thames shine on either side of the river, from hence to London, much more than our ancestors, even of but one age ago, knew any thing of: If for pleasant villages, great houses, palaces, gardens, &c. it was true in Queen Elizabeth's time, according to the poet, that

The Thames with royal Tyber may compare. I say, if this were true at that time, what may be said of it now? when for one fine house that was to be seen then, there are a hundred; nay, for ought I know, five hundred to be seen now, even as you sit still in a boat, and pass up and down the river.

First beginning from Ham-House, as above, the prince's palace salutes the eye, being formerly no more than a lodge in the park, and by that means belonging to the ranger, who was then, the (since unhappy) Duke of Ormond, and who, with other branches of a noble estate, lost this among the rest by his precipitate retreat from the Parliamentary justice: I have seen many of the seats of the nobility in France, and some larger, but none finer than this, except such as had been lay'd out at the royal expence.

From Richmond to London, the river sides are full of villages, and those villages so full of beautiful buildings, charming gardens, and rich habitations of gentlemen of quality, that nothing in the world can imitate it; no, not the country for twenty miles round Paris, tho' that indeed is a kind of prodigy.

To enumerate the gentlemen's houses in their view, would be too long for this work to describe them, would fill a large folio; it shall suffice to observe something concerning the original of the strange passion, for fine gardens, which has so commendably possess'd the English gentlemen of late years, for 'tis evident it is but of late years.

It is since the Revolution that our English gentlemen, began so universally, to adorn their gardens with those plants, we call ever greens, which leads me to a particular observation that may not be improper in this place; King William and Queen Mary introduced each of them two customs, which by the people's imitating them became the two idols of the town, and indeed of the whole kingdom; the queen brought in (I.) the love of fine East-India callicoes, such as were then call'd Masslapatan chints, atlasses, and fine painted callicoes, which afterwards descended into the humours of the common people so much, as to make them greivous to our trade, and ruining to our manufactures and the poor; so that the Parliament were oblig'd to make two Acts at several times to restrain, and at last prohibit the use of them: (2.) The queen brought in the custom or humour, as I may call it, of furnishing houses with china-ware, which increased to a strange degree afterwards, piling their china upon the tops of cabinets, scrutores, and every chymney-piece, to the tops of the ceilings, and even setting up shelves for their china-ware, where they wanted such places, till it became a grievance in the expence of it, and even injurious to their families and estates.

The good queen far from designing any injury to the country where she was so entirely belov'd, little thought she was in either of these laying a foundation for such fatal excesses, and would no doubt have been the first to have reform'd them had she lived to see it.

The king on his part introduc'd (1.) the love of gardening;* and (2.) of painting: In the first his majesty was particularly delighted with the decoration of ever greens, as the greatest addition to the beauty of a garden, preserving the figure of the place, even in the roughest part of an inclement and tempestuous winter.

Sir Stephen Fox's gardens at Istleworth, and Sir William Temple's at Eastshene, mentioned above, were the only two gardens where they had entirely persued this method at that time, and of Sir Stephen's garden, this was to be said, that almost all his fine ever-greens were raised in the places where they stood; Sir Stephen taking as much delight to see them rise gradually, and form them into

what they were to be, as to buy them of the nursery gardeners, finish'd to his hand; besides that by this method his greens, the finest in England, cost him nothing but the labour of his servants, and about ten years patience; which if they were to have been purchased, would not have cost so little as ten thousand pounds, especially at that time: It was here that King William was so pleased that according to his majesty's usual expression, when he lik'd a place very well, he stood, and looking round him from the head of one of the canals, Well says his majesty, I cou'd dwell here five days; every thing was so exquisitely contriv'd, finish'd, and well kept, that the king, who was allow'd to be the best judge of such things then living in the world, did not so much as once say, this or that thing cou'd have been better.

With the particular judgment of the king, all the gentlemen in England began to fall in; and in a few years fine gardens, and fine houses began to grow up in every corner; the king began with the gardens at Hampton-Court and Kensington, and the gentlemen follow'd every where, with such a gust that the alteration is indeed wonderful thro' the whole kingdom; but no where more than in the two counties of Middlesex and Surrey, as they border on the river Thames; the beauty and expence of which are only to be wonder'd at, not described; they may indeed be guess'd at, by what is seen in one or two such as these nam'd: But I think to enter into a particular of them would be an intolerable task, and tedious to the reader.

That these houses and gardens are admirably beautiful in their kind, and in their separate, and distinct beauties, such as their scituation, decoration, architect, furniture, and the like, must be granted; and many descriptions have been accurately given of them, as of Ham-House, Qew-Green, the Prince's House, Sir William Temple's, Sir Charles Hedges, Sion-House, Osterly, Lord Ranelagh's at Chelsea-Hospital; the many noble seats in Istleworth, Twittenham, Hamersmith, Fullham, Puttney, Chelsea, Battersea, and the like.

But I find none has spoken of what I call the distant glory of all these buildings: There is a beauty in these things at a distance, taking them *en passant* , and in perspective, which few people value, and fewer understand; and yet here they are more truly great, than in all their private beauties whatsoever; Here they reflect beauty, and magnificence upon the whole country, and give a kind of a character to the island of Great Britain in general. The banks of the Sein are not thus adorn'd from Paris to Roan, or from Paris to the Loign above the city: The Danube can show nothing like it above and below Vienna, or the Po above and below Turin; the whole country here shines with a lustre not to be described; Take them in a remote view, the fine seats shine among the trees as jewels shine in a

rich coronet; in a near sight they are meer pictures and paintings; at a distance they are all nature, near hand all art; but both in the extreamest beauty.

In a word, nothing can be more beautiful; here is a plain and pleasant country, a rich fertile soil, cultivated and enclosed to the utmost perfection of husbandry, then bespangled with villages; those villages fill'd with these houses, and the houses surrounded with gardens, walks, vistas, avenues, representing all the beauties of building, and all the pleasures of planting: It is impossible to view these countries from any rising ground and not be ravish'd with the delightful prospect: For example, suppose you take your view from the little rising hills about Clapham, if you look to the east, there you see the pleasant villages of Peckham and Camberwell, with some of the finest dwellings about London; as (1) the Lord Powis's at Peckham: (2) a house built by a merchant, one Collins, but now standing empty at Camberwell, but justly call'd a picture of a house, and several others: Then turning south, we see Loughborough-House near Kennington, Mr. Howland's, now the Dutchess of Bedford's, at Stretham; Sir Richard Temple's house near Croydon; a whole town of fine houses at Cashalton; Sir Nicholas Carew's, and Sir John Lake's at Bedington; Sir Theodore Janssen another South-Sea forfeiture at Wimbleton; Sir James Bateman's at Tooting; besides an innumerable number in Clapham it self: On the south west also you have Mr. Harvey's at Coomb, formerly the palace of a king; with all the villages mentioned above, and the country adjoining fill'd with the palaces of the British nobility and gentry already spoken of; looking north, behold, to crown all, a fair prospect of the whole city of London it self; the most glorious sight without exception, that the whole world at present can show, or perhaps ever cou'd show since the sacking of Rome in the European, and the burning the Temple of Jerusalem in the Asian part of the world.

Add to all this, that these fine houses and innumerable more, which cannot be spoken of here, are not, at least very few of them, the mansion houses of families, the antient residences of ancestors, the capital messuages of the estates; nor have the rich possessors any lands to a considerable value about them; but these are all houses of retreat, like the Bastides of Marseilles, gentlemen's meer summer-houses, or citizen's country-houses; whither they retire from the hurries of business, and from getting money, to draw their breath in a clear air, and to divert themselves and families in the hot weather; and they that are shut up, and as it were strip'd of their inhabitants in the winter, who return to smoke and dirt, sin and seacoal, (as it was coursly expressed) in the busy city; so that in short all this variety, this beauty, this glorious show of wealth and plenty, is really a view of the luxuriant age which we live in, and of the overflowing riches of the citizens, who in their abundance make these gay excursions, and live thus deliciously all the

summer, retiring within themselves in the winter, the better to lay up for the next summer's expence.

If this then is produced from the gay part of the town only, what must be the immense wealth of the city it self, where such a produce is brought forth? where such prodigious estates are raised in one man's age; instances of which we have seen in those of Sir Josiah Child, Sir John Lethulier, Sir James Bateman, Sir Robert Clayton, Sir William Scawen, and hundreds more; whose beginnings were small, or but small compar'd, and who have exceeded even the greatest part of the nobility of England in wealth, at their death, and all of their own getting.

It is impossible in one journey to describe effectually this part of the county of Surrey, lying from Kingston to London and Greenwich, where I set out: That is, including the villages of Richmond, Petersham, Eastshene, Mortlock, Putney, Wandsworth, Barn-Elms, Battersey, Wimbleton, Tooting, Clapham, Camberwell, Peckham and Deptford; the description would swell with the stories of private families, and of the reasons of these opulent foundations, more than with their history.

It would also take up a large chapter in this book, to but mention the overthrow, and catastrophe of innumerable wealthy city families, who after they have thought their houses establish'd, and have built their magnificent country seats, as well as others, have sunk under the misfortunes of business, and the disasters of trade, after the world has thought them pass'd all possibility of danger; such as Sir Joseph Hodges, Sir Justus Beck, the widow Cock at Camberwell, and many others; besides all the late South-Sea directors, all which I chuse to have forgotten, as no doubt they desire to be, in recording the wealth and opulence of this part of England, which I doubt not to convince you infinitely out does the whole world.

I am come now to Southwark, a suburb to, rather than a part of London; but of which this may be said with justice.

A royal city were not London by.

To give you a brief description of Southwark, it might be call'd a long street, of about nine miles in length, as it is now built on eastward; reaching from Vaux-Hall to London-Bridge, and from the bridge to Deptford, all up to Deptford-Bridge, which parts it from Greenwich, all the way winding and turning as the river winds and turns; except only in that part, which reaches from Cuckold's-Point to Deptford, which indeed winds more than the river does.

In the center, which is opposite to the bridge, it is thicken'd with buildings, and may be reckoned near a mile broad; (viz.) from the bridge to the end of Kent-street and Blackman-street, and about the Mint; but else the whole building is but narrow, nor indeed can it be otherwise; considering the length of it.

The principal beauty of the borrough of Southwark, consists in the prodigious number of its inhabitants: Take it as it was antiently bounded, it contain'd nine parishes; but as it is now extended, and, as I say, joins with Deptford, it contains eleven large parishes: According to the weekly-bills, for the year 1722, the nine parishes only bury'd 4166, which is about one sixth part of the whole body, call'd London; the bill of mortallity for that year, amounting in all to 25750.

The first thing we meet with considerable, is at the Spring-Garden, just at the corner, where the road turns away to go from Vaux-Hall Turnpike, towards Newington, there are the remains of the old lines cast up in the times of the Rebellion, to fortify this side of the town; and at that corner was a very large bastion, or rather a fort, and such indeed they call it; which commanded all the pass on that side, and farther on, where the openings near St. George's-Fields are, which they now call the Ducking-Pond, there was another; the water they call the Ducking-Pond, is evidently to this day the moat of the fort, and the lines are so high, and so undemolish'd still, that a very little matter would repair and perfect them again.

From hence they turn'd south east, and went to the windmill, at the end of Blackman-street, where they crossed the road, and going to the end of Kent-street, we see another great bastion; and then turning S.E. till they come to the end of Barnaby-street, or rather beyond, among the tanners, and there you see another fort, so plain, and so undemolish'd, the grass growing now over the works, that it is as plain as it was, even when it was thrown down.

Here is also another remain of antiquity, the vestiges of which are easy to be traced; (viz.) The place where by strength of men's hands, they turn'd the channel of this great river of Thames, and made a new course for the waters, while the great bridge, which is now standing, was built: Here it is evident they turn'd the waters out: (viz.) About a place call'd Nine Elms, just beyond Vaux-Hall, where now a little brook, from the Wash-way at Kennington, and which they once attempted to make navigable, enters the Thames, from thence it cross'd the great road, a little beyond the end of the houses in Newington; between which and Kennington Common, on the left of the road, as you go south, there is a very large pond, or lake of water, part of the channel not fill'd up to this day; from thence it enter'd the marshes between Rotherif and Deptford, where for many years after there remained a drain for the water, upon which was a large mill-pond and dam, and where since was built the second great wet-dock, said to belong to the Duke of Bedford's estate, and call'd at first Snellgrove's-Dock, because built by one Mr. Snellgrove, a shipwright, whose building-yards adjoin'd it. A farther description of Southwark, I refer till I come to speak of London, as one general appellation for the two cities of London and Westminster; and all the burrough of

Southwark, and all the buildings and villages included within the bills of mortallity, make but one London, in the general appellation, of which in its order. I am, &c.

LETTER III

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE SOUTH COASTS OF HAMPSHIRE, WILTS, DORSETSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, AND CORNWALL

SIR, — I find so much left to speak of, and so many things to say in every part of England, that my journey cannot be barren of intelligence, which way soever I turn; no, tho' I were to oblige myself to say nothing of any thing that had been spoken of before.

I intended once to have gone due west this journey; but then I should have been obliged to croud my observations so close, (to bring Hampton-Court, Windsor, Blenheim, Oxford, the Bath and Bristol, all into one letter; all those remarkable places lying in a line, as it were, in one point of the compass) as to have made my letter too long, or my observations too light and superficial, as others have done before me.

This letter will divide the weighty task, and consequently make it fit lighter on the memory, be pleasanter to the reader, and make my progress the more regular: I shall therefore take in Hampton-Court and Windsor in this journey; the first at my setting out, and the last at my return, and the rest as their situation demands.

As I came down from Kingston, in my last circuit, by the south bank of the Thames, on the Surrey side of the river; so I go up to Hampton Court, now, on the north bank, and on the Middlesex side, which I mention, because as the sides of the country bordering on the river, lie parallel, so the beauty of the country, the pleasant situations, the glory of innumerable fine buildings, noblemens and gentlemens houses, and citizens retreats, are so equal a match to what I had described on the other side, that one knows not which to give the preference to: But as I must speak of them again, when I come to write of the county of Middlesex, which I have now purposely omitted; so I pass them over here, except the palace of Hampton only, which I mentioned in Middlesex, for the reasons above.

Hampton Court lyes on the north bank of the river Thames, about two small miles from Kingston, and on the road from Stanes to Kingston Bridge; so that the road straightening the parks a little, they were obliged to part the parks, and leave the Paddock, and the Great Park, part on the other side the road; a testimony of that just regard that the Kings of England always had, and still have, to the common good, and to the service of the country, that they would not interrupt the

course of the road, or cause the poor people to go out of the way of their business, to or from the markets and fairs, for any pleasure of their own whatsoever.

The palace of Hampton-Court was first founded, and built from the ground, by that great statesman, and favourite of King Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey; and if it be a just observation any where, as is made from the situation of the old abbies and monasteries, the clergy were excellent judges of the beauty and pleasantness of the country, and chose always to plant in the best; I say, if it was a just observation in any case, it was in this; for if there be a situation on the whole river between Stanes-Bridge and Windsor-Bridge, pleasanter than another, it is this of Hampton; close to the river, yet not offended by the rising of its waters in floods, or storms, near to the reflux of the tides, but not quite so near as to be affected with any foulness of the water, which the flowing of the tides generally is the occasion of. The gardens extend almost to the bank of the river, yet are never overflow'd; nor are there any marshes on either side the river to make the waters stagnate, or the air unwholesome on that account. The river is high enough to be navigable, and low enough to be a little pleasantly rapid; so that the stream looks always chearful, not slow and sleeping, like a pond. This keeps the waters always clear and clean, the bottom in view, the fish playing, and in sight; and, in a word, it has every thing that can make an inland; or, as I may call it, a country river, pleasant and agreeable.

I shall sing you no songs here of the river in the first person of a water nymph, a goddess, (and I know not what) according to the humour of the ancient poets. I shall talk nothing of the marriage of old Isis, the male river, with the beautiful Thame, the female river, a whimsy as simple as the subject was empty, but I shall speak of the river as occasion presents, as it really is made glorious by the splendor of its shores, gilded with noble palaces, strong fortifications, large hospitals, and publick buildings; with the greatest bridge, and the greatest city in the world, made famous by the opulence of its merchants, the encrease and extensiveness of its commerce; by its invincible navies, and by the innumerable fleets of ships sailing upon it, to and from all parts of the world.

As I meet with the river upwards in my travels thro' the inland country, I shall speak of it, as it is the chanel for conveying an infinite quantity of provisions from remote counties to London, and enriching all the counties again that lye near it, by the return of wealth and trade from the city; and in describing these things I expect both to inform and divert my readers, and speak, in a more masculine manner, more to the dignity of the subject, and also more to their satisfaction, than I could do any other way.

There is little more to be said of the Thames, relating to Hampton-Court, than that it adds, by its neighbourhood, to the pleasure of the situation; for as to

passing by water too and from London; tho' in summer 'tis exceeding pleasant, yet the passage is a little too long to make it easy to the ladies, especially to be crowded up in the small boats, which usually go upon the Thames for pleasure.

The prince and princess, indeed, I remember came once down by water, upon the occasion of her royal highnesses being great with child, and near her time; so near, that she was delivered within two or three days after: But this passage being in the royal barges, with strength of oars, and the day exceeding fine, the passage, I say, was made very pleasant, and still the more so, for being short. Again, this passage is all the way with the stream, whereas, in the common passage, upwards, great part of the way is against the stream, which is slow and heavy.

But be the going and coming how it will by water, 'tis an exceeding pleasant passage by land, whether we go by the Surrey side or the Middlesex side of the water, of which I shall say more in its place.

The situation of Hampton-Court being thus mention'd, and its founder, 'tis to be mention'd next, that it fell to the Crown in the forfeiture of his eminence the cardinal, when the king seiz'd his effects and estate, by which this and Whitehall, another house of his own building also, came to King Henry VIII. two palaces fit for the Kings of England, erected by one cardinal, are standing monuments of the excessive pride, as well as the immense wealth of that prelate, who knew no bounds of his insolence and ambition, till he was overthrown at once by the displeasure of his master.

Whoever knew Hampton-Court before it was begun to be rebuilt, or alter'd, by the late King William, must acknowledge it was a very compleat palace before, and fit for a king; and tho' it might not, according to the modern method of building, or of gardening, pass for a thing exquisitely fine; yet it had this remaining to itself, and perhaps peculiar; namely, that it shewed a situation exceedingly capable of improvement, and of being made one of the most delightful palaces in Europe.

This Her Majesty Queen Mary was so sensible of, that while the king had order'd the pulling down the old apartments, and building it up in that most beautiful form, which we see them now appear in, her majesty, impatient of enjoying so agreeable a retreat, fix'd upon a building formerly made use of chiefly for landing from the river, and therefore call'd the Water Gallery; and here, as if she had been conscious that she had but a few years to enjoy it, she order'd all the little neat curious things to be done, which suited her own conveniences, and made it the pleasantest little thing within doors that could possibly be made, tho' its situation being such, as it could not be allowed to stand after the great building was finished; we now see no remains of it.

The queen had here her gallery of beauties, being the pictures, at full length, of the principal ladies attending upon her majesty, or who were frequently in her retinue; and this was the more beautiful sight, because the originals were all in being, and often to be compar'd with their pictures. Her majesty had here a fine apartment, with a sett of lodgings, for her private retreat only, but most exquisitely furnish'd; particularly a fine chints bed, then a great curiosity; another of her own work, while in Holland, very magnificent, and several others; and here was also her majesty's fine collection of Delft ware, which indeed was very large and fine; and here was also a vast stock of fine China ware, the like whereof was not then to be seen in England; the long gallery, as above, was fill'd with this china, and every other place, where it could be plac'd, with advantage.

The queen had here also a small bathing-room, made very fine, suited either to hot or cold bathing, as the season should invite; also a dairy, with all its conveniences, in which her majesty took great delight: All these things were finish'd with expedition, that here their majesties might repose while they saw the main building go forward. While this was doing, the gardens were laid out, the plan of them devised by the king himself; and especially the amendments and alterations were made by the king, or the queen's particular special command, or by both; for their majesties agreed so well in their fancy, and had both so good judgment in the just proportions of things, which are the principal beauties of a garden, that it may be said they both order'd every thing that was done.

Here the fine parcel of limes, which form the semi-circle on the south front of the house, by the iron gates, looking into the park, were by the dextrous hand of the head gardener, remov'd, after some of them had been almost thirty years planted in other places, tho' not far of. I know the King of France, in the decoration of the gardens of Versailles, had oaks remov'd, which, by their dimensions, must have been above an hundred years old, and yet were taken up with so much art, and by the strength of such engines, by which such a monsterous quantity of earth was raised with them, that the trees could not feel their remove; that is to say, their growth was not at all hinder'd. This I confess, makes the wonder much the less in those trees at Hampton-Court gardens; but the performance was not the less difficult or nice, however, in these, and they thrive perfectly well.

While the gardens were thus laid out, the king also directed the laying the pipes for the fountain and *jette d'eau's* ; and particularly the dimensions of them, and what quantity of water they should cast up, and encreas'd the number of them after the first design.

The ground on the side of the other front, has receiv'd some alterations since the taking down the water gallery; but not that part immediately next the

lodgings: The orange trees, and fine Dutch bays, are plac'd within the arches of the building under the first floor: so that the lower part of the house was all one as a green house for some time: Here stands advanced, on two pedestals of stone, two marble vases, or flower pots, of most exquisite workmanship; the one done by an Englishman, and the other by a German: 'Tis hard to say which is the best performance, tho' the doing of it was a kind of tryal of skill between them; but it gives us room, without partiality, to say they were both masters of their art.

The parterre on that side descends from the terrass walk by steps, and on the left a terrass goes down to the water-side, from which the garden on the eastward front is overlook'd, and gives a most pleasant prospect.

The fine scrolls and bordure of these gardens were at first edg'd with box; but on the queen's disliking the smell, those edgings were taken up, but have since been planted again, at least in many places, nothing making so fair and regular an edging as box, or is so soon brought to its perfection.

On the north side of the house, where the gardens seem'd to want skreening from the weather, or the view of the chapel, and some part of the old building requir'd to be cover'd from the eye; the vacant ground, which was large, is very happily cast into a wilderness, with a labyrinth, and espaliers so high, that they effectually take off all that part of the old building, which would have been offensive to the sight. This labyrinth and wilderness is not only well design'd, and compleatly finished, but is perfectly well kept, and the espaliers fill'd exactly, at bottom to the very ground, and are led up to proportion'd heights on the top; so that nothing of that kind can be more beautiful.

The house itself is every way answerable on the outside to the beautiful prospect, and the two fronts are the largest, and, beyond comparison, the finest of the kind in England: The great stairs go up from the second court of the palace on the right hand, and lead you to the south prospect.

I hinted in my last that King William brought into England the love of fine paintings, as well as that of fine gardens; and you have an example of it in the cartoons, as they are call'd, being five pieces of such paintings, as, if you will believe men of nice judgment and great travelling, are not to be match'd in Europe: The stories are known, but especially two of them, viz. that of St. Paul preaching on Mars-Hill to the self-wise Athenians, and that of St. Peter passing sentence of death on Ananias; I say, these two strike the mind with the utmost surprize; the passions are so drawn to the life, astonishment, terror and death in the face of Ananias; zeal and a sacred fire in the eyes of the blessed apostle; fright and surprize upon the countenances of the beholders in the piece of Ananias; all these describe themselves so naturally, that you cannot but seem to discover something of the like passions, even in seeing them.

In the other, there is the boldness and courage with which St. Paul undertook to talk to a sett of men, who he knew despis'd all the world, as thinking themselves able to teach them any thing: In the audience, there is anticipating pride and conceit in some, a smile or fleer of contempt in others, but a kind of sensible conviction, tho' crush'd in its beginning, on the faces of the rest; and all together appear confounded, but have little to say, and know nothing at all of it, they gravely put him off to hear him another time; all these are seen here in the very dress of the face; that is, the very countenances which they hold while they listen to the new doctrine, which the apostle preached to a people at that time ignorant of it.

The other of the cartoons are exceeding fine; but I mention these as the particular two which are most lively, which strike the fancy the soonest at first view: 'Tis reported, but with what truth I know not, that the late French king offer'd an hundred thousand louis d'ors for these pictures; but this, I say, is but a report: The king brought a great many other fine pieces to England, and with them the love of fine paintings so universally spread itself among the nobility and persons of figure all over the kingdom, that it is incredible what collections have been made by English gentlemen since that time; and how all Europe has been rumag'd, as we may say, for pictures to bring over hither, where, for twenty years, they yielded the purchasers, such as collected them for sale, immense profit: But the rates are abated since that, and we begin to be glutted with the copies and frauds of the Dutch and Flemish painters, who have imposed grossly upon us. But to return to the palace of Hampton-Court: Queen Mary liv'd not to see it compleatly finished; and her death, with the other difficulties of that reign, put a stop to the works for some time, till the king reviving his good liking of the place, set them to work again, and it was finished, as we see it: But I have been assur'd, that had the peace continu'd, and the king liv'd to enjoy the continuance of it, his majesty had resolv'd to have pull'd down all the remains of the old building; such as the chapel, and the large court within the first gate, and to have built up the whole palace after the manner of those two fronts already done. In these would have been an entire sett of rooms of state for the receiving, and, if need had been, lodging, and entertaining any foreign prince, with his retinue; also offices for all the Secretaries of State, Lords of the Treasury, and of trade; to have repair'd to for the dispatch of such business, as it might be necessary to have done there upon the king's longer residence there than ordinary; as also apartments for all the great officers of the houshold; so that had the house had two great squares added, as was design'd, there would have been no room to spare, or that would not have been very well fill'd: But the king's death put an end to all these things.

Since the death of King William, Hampton-Court seem'd abandon'd of its patron: They have gotten a kind of proverbial saying relating to Hampton-Court, viz. That it has been generally chosen by every other prince, since it became a house of note. King Charles was the first that delighted in it since Queen Elizabeth's time; as for the reigns before, it was but newly forfeited to the Crown, and was not made a royal house till King Charles I. who was not only a prince that delighted in country retirements, but knew how to make choice of them by the beauty of their situation, the goodness of the air, &c. he took great delight here, and, had he liv'd to enjoy it in peace, had purposed to make it another thing than it was: But we all know what took him off from that felicity, and all others; and this house was at last made one of his prisons by his rebellious subjects.

His son, King Charles II. may well be said to have an aversion to the place, for the reason just mention'd, namely, the treatment his royal father met with there; and particularly that the rebel and murtherer of his father, Cromwell, afterwards possess'd this palace, and revel'd here in the blood of the royal party, as he had done in that of his sovereign; King Charles II. Therefore chose Windsor, and bestow'd a vast sum in beautifying the castle there, and which brought it to the perfection we see it in at this day; some few alterations excepted, done hi the time of King William.

King William, for King James is not to be nam'd as to his choice of retir'd palaces, his delight running quite another way; I say, King William fix'd upon Hampton Court; and it was in his reign that Hampton Court put on new cloaths, and being dress'd gay and glorious, made the figure we now see it in.

The late queen, taken up for part of her reign in her kind regards to the prince her spouse, was oblig'd to reside where her care of his health confin'd her, and in this case kept for the most part at Kensington, where he died; but her majesty always discovered her delight to be at Windsor, where she chose the little house, as 'twas call'd, opposite to the castle, and took the air in her chaise in the parks and forest, as she saw occasion.

Now Hampton Court, by the like alternative, is come into request again; and we find his present majesty, who is a good judge too of the pleasantness and situation of a place of that kind, has taken Hampton-Court into his favour, and has made it much his choice for the summer's retreat of the Court, and where they may best enjoy the diversions of the season: When Hampton Court will find such another favourable juncture as in King William's time, when the remainder of her ashes shall be swept away, and her compleat fabric, as design'd by King William, shall be finish'd, I cannot tell; but if ever that shall be, I know no palace in Europe, Versailles excepted, which can come up to her, either for beauty and magnificence, or for extent of building, and the ornaments attending it.

From Hampton Court I directed my course for a journey into the south west part of England; and, to take up my beginning where I concluded my last, I cross'd to Chertsey on the Thames, a town I mentioned before; from whence crossing the Black Desert, as I call'd it, of Bagshot-Heath, I directed my course for Hampshire, or Hantshire, and particularly for Basingstoke; that is to say, that a little before I pass'd into the great western road upon the heath, somewhat west of Bagshot, at a village called Blackwater, and enter'd Hampshire, near Hartleroe.

Before we reach Basingstoke, we get rid of that unpleasant country, which I so often call a desart, and enter into a pleasant fertile country, enclosed and cultivated like the rest of England; and passing a village or two, we enter Basingstoke, in the midst of woods and pastures, rich and fertile, and the country accordingly spread with the houses of the nobility and gentry, as in other places: On the right hand, a little before we come to the town, we pass at a small distance the famous fortress, so it was then, of Basing, being a house belonging then to the Marquis of Winchester, the great ancestor of the present family of the Dukes of Bolton.

This house, garrison'd by a resolute band of old soldiers, was a great curb to the rebels of the Parliament Party, almost thro7 that whole war; till it was, after a vigorous defence, yielded to the conquerors, by the inevitable fate of things at that time. The old house is indeed demolish'd; but the successor of the family, the first Duke of Bolton, has erected a very noble fabrick in the same place, or near it, which, however, is not equal to the magnificence which fame gives to the ancient house, whose strength of building only, besides the out-works, withstood the battery of cannon in several attacks, and repuls'd the Roundheads, three or four times, when they attempted to besiege it: 'Tis incredible what booty the garrison of this place pick'd up, lying, as they did, just on the great western road, where they intercepted the carriers, plundered the waggons, and suffer'd nothing to pass; to the great interruption of the trade of the city of London.

Basingstoke is a large populous market town, has a good market for corn, and lately, within a very few years, is fallen into a manufacture, viz. of making druggets and shalloons, and such slight goods, which, however, employs a good number of the poor people, and enables them to get their bread, which knew not how to get it before.

From hence the great western road goes on to Whitchurch and Andover, two market towns, and sending members to Parliament; at the last of which, the Downs, or open country, begins, which we in general, tho' falsly, call Salisbury-Plain: But my resolution being to take in my view what I had pass'd by before; I was oblig'd to go off to the left hand, to Alresford and Winchester.

Alresford was a flourishing market town, and remarkable for this; That tho' it had no great trade, and particularly very little, if any manufactures, yet there was no collection in the town for the poor, nor any poor low enough to take alms of the parish, which is what I do not think can be said of any town in England besides.

But this happy circumstance, which so distinguish'd Alresford from all her neighbours, was brought to an end in the year —— — , when, by a sudden and surprizing fire, the whole town, with both the church and the market-house, was reduc'd to a heap of rubbish; and, except a few poor hutts at the remotest ends of the town, not a house left standing: The town is since that very handsomely rebuilt, and the neighbouring gentlemen contributed largely to the relief of the people, especially, by sending in timber towards their building; also their Market-house is handsomely built; but the church not yet, tho' we hear there is a fund raising likewise for that.

Here is a very large pond, or lake of water, kept up to a head, by a strong *batterd'eau* , or dam, which the people tell us was made by the Romans; and that it is to this day part of the great Roman highway, which leads from Winchester to Alton, and, as 'tis supposed, went on to London, tho' we no where see any remains of it, except between Winchester and Alton, and chiefly between this town and Alton.

Near this town, a little north-west, the Duke of Bolton has another seat, which, tho' not large, is a very handsome beautiful palace, and the gardens not only very exact, but very finely situate, the prospect and visto's noble and great, and the whole very well kept.

From hence, at the end of seven miles over the Downs, we come to the very ancient city of Winchester; not only the great church, which is so famous all over Europe, and has been so much talk'd of, but even the whole city has, at a distance, the face of venerable, and looks ancient a far off; and yet here are many modern buildings too, and some very handsome; as the college schools; with the bishop's palace, built by Bishop Morley, since the late wars; the old palace of the bishop having been ruin'd by that known church incendiary, Sir William Waller, and his crew of plunderers; who, if my information is not wrong, as I believe it is not, destroyed more monuments of the dead, and defac'd more churches, than all the Round-heads in England beside.

This church, and the schools, also are accurately described by several writers, especially by the *Monasticon* , where their antiquity and original is fully set forth: The outside of the church is as plain and course, as if the founders had abhor'd ornaments, or that William of Wickham had been a Quaker, or at least a Quietist: There is neither statue, or a nich for a statue, to be seen on all the outside; no

carv'd work, no spires, towers, pinacles, balustrades, or any thing; but meer walls, buttresses, windows, and coins, necessary to the support and order of the building: It has no steeple, but a short tower covered flat, as if the top of it had fallen down, and it had been cover'd in haste to keep the rain out, till they had time to build it up again.

But the inside of the church has many very good things in it, and worth observation; it was for some ages the burying place of the English Saxon kings; whose reliques, at the repair of the church, were collected by Bishop Fox, and, being put together into large wooden chests, lin'd with lead, were again interr'd at the foot of the great wall in the choir, three on one side, and three on the other; with an account whose bones are in each chest, whether the division of the reliques might be depended upon, has been doubted, but is not thought material, so that we do but believe they are all there.

The choir of the church appears very magnificent; the roof is very high, and the Gothick work in the arch'd part is very fine, tho' very old; the painting in the windows is admirably good, and easy to be distinguished by those that understand those things: The steps ascending to the choir make a very fine show, having the statues of King James, and his son King Charles, in copper, finely cast; the first on the right hand, and the other on the left, as you go up to the choir.

The choir is said to be the longest in England; and as the number of prebendaries, canons, &c. are many, it required such a length. The ornaments of the choir are the effects of the bounty of several bishops; the fine altar (the noblest in England by much) was done by Bishop Morley; the roof, and the coat of arms of the Saxon and Norman kings, were done by Bishop Fox; and the fine throne, for the bishop in the choir, was given by Bishop Mew, in his life-time; and it was well it was; for if he had order'd it by will, there is reason to believe it had never been done. That reverend prelate, notwithstanding he enjoy'd so rich a bishoprick, scarce leaving money enough behind him, to pay for his coffin.

There are a great many persons of rank bury'd in this church, besides the Saxon kings, mentioned above; and besides several of the most eminent bishops of the see: Just under the altar lyes a son of William the Conqueror, without any monument; and behind the altar, under a very fine and venerable monument, lyes the famous Lord Treasurer, Weston, late Earl of Portland, Lord High Treasurer of England under King Charles I. His effigy is in copper armour, at full length, with his head rais'd on three cushions of the same, and is a very magnificent work: There is also a very fine monument of Cardinal Beaufort, in his cardinal's robes and hat.

The monument of Sir John Cloberry is extraordinary, but more, because it puts strangers upon enquiring into his story, than for any thing wonderful in the figure,

it being cut in a modern dress; the habit gentlemen wore in those times, which, being now so much out of fashion, appears mean enough: But this gentleman's story is particular, being the person solely entrusted with the secret of the Restoration of King Charles II. as the messenger that pass'd between General Monk on one hand, and Mr. Montague, and others entrusted by King Charles II. on the other hand; which he manag'd so faithfully, as to effect that memorable event, to which England owes the felicity of all her happy days since that time; by which faithful service, Sir John Cloberry, then a private musqueteer only, rais'd himself to the honour of a knight, with the reward of a good estate from the bounty of the king.

Every body that goes into this church, and reads what is to be read there, will be told, that the body of the church was built by the famous William of Wickham; whose monument, intimating his fame, lyes in the middle of that part, which was built at his expence.

He was a courtier before a bishop; and tho' he had no great share of learning, he was a great promoter of it, and a lover of learned men: His natural genius was much beyond his acquir'd parts, and his skill in politicks beyond his ecclesiastick knowledge: He is said to have put his master, King Edward III. to whom he was Secretary of State, upon the two great projects which made his reign so glorious, viz. First, upon setting up his claim to the crown of France, and pushing that claim by force of arms, which brought on the war with France, in which that prince was three times victorious in battle. (2.) Upon setting up, or instituting the Order of the Garter; in which he (being before that made Bishop of Winchester) obtain'd the honour for the Bishops of Winchester, of being always prelates of the Order, as an appendix to the bishoprick; and he himself was the first prelate of the Order, and the ensigns of that honour are joyn'd with his episcopal ornaments, in the robing of his effigy on the monument above.

To the honour of this bishop, there are other foundations of his, as much to his fame as that of this church, of which I shall speak in their order; but particularly the college in this city, which is a noble foundation indeed: The building consists of two large courts, in which are the lodgings for the masters and scholars, and in the center a very noble chapel; beyond that, in the second court, are the schools, with a large cloyster beyond them, and some enclosures laid open for the diversion of the scholars. There also is a great hall, where the scholars dine: The funds for the support of this college are very considerable; the masters live in a very good figure, and their maintenance is sufficient to support it: They have all seperate dwellings in the house, and all possible conveniences appointed them.

The scholars have exhibitions at a certain time of continuance here, if they please to study, in the new college at Oxford, built by the same noble benefactor,

of which I shall speak in its order. The clergy here live at large, and very handsomely, in the close belonging to the cathedral; where, besides the bishop's palace, mention'd above, are very good houses, and very handsomely built, for the prebendaries, canons, and other dignitaries of this church: The deanary is a very pleasant dwelling, the gardens very large, and the river running thro' them; but the floods in winter sometimes incommode the gardens very much.

This school has fully answer'd the end of the founder, who, tho' he was no great scholar, resolv'd to erect a house for the making the ages to come more learned than those that went before; and it had, I say, fully answer'd the end, for many learned and great men have been rais'd here, some of whom we shall have occasion to mention as we go on.

Among the many private inscriptions in this church, we found one made by Dr. Over, once an eminent physician in this city, on a mother and child, who, being his patients, died together, and were bury'd in the same grave, and which intimate, that one died of a fever, and the other of a dropsy.

Surrepuit natum febris matrem Abstulit Hydrops,
Igne Prior fatis, altera Cessit Aqua.

As the city it self stands in a vale on the bank, and at the conjunction of two small rivers, so the country rising every way, but just as the course of the water keeps the valley open, you must necessarily, as you go out of the gates, go up hill every way: But when once ascended, you come to the most charming plains, and most pleasant country of that kind in England; which continues, with very small intersections of rivers and valleys, for above fifty miles, as shall appear in the sequel of this journey.

At the west gate of this city was anciently a castle, known to be so by the ruins, more than by any extraordinary notice taken of it in history: What they say of it, that the Saxon kings kept their Court here, is doubtful, and must be meant of the West Saxons only; and as to the tale of King Arthur's round table, which, they pretend, was kept here for him, and his two dozen of knights; which table hangs up still, as a piece of antiquity, to the tune of 1200 years, and has, as they pretend, the names of the said knights in Saxon characters, and yet such as no man can read: All this story I see so little ground to give the least credit to, that I look upon it, and Jt shall please you, to be no better than a FIBB.

Where this castle stood, or whatever else it was, for some say there was no castle there, the late King Charles II. mark'd out, a very noble design; which had he livd, would certainly have made that part of the country, the New-Market of the ages to come; for the country hereabout far excels that of New-Market Heath, for all kinds of sport and diversion, fit for a prince, no body can dispute; and as the design included a noble palace, sufficient like Windsor, for a summer

residence of the whole Court, it would certainly have diverted the king from his cursory journeys to New-Market.

The plan of this house has received several alterations; and as it is never like to be finish'd, 'tis scarce worth recording the variety: The building is begun, and the front next the city carry'd up to the roof, and cover'd; but the remainder is not begun: There was a street of houses design'd from the gate of the palace down to the town, but it was never begun to be built; the park mark'd out was exceeding large, near ten miles in circumference, and ended west upon the open downs, in view of the town of Stockbridge.

This house was afterwards settled with a royal revenue also, as an appenage, establish'd by Parliament upon Prince George of Denmark for his life, in case he had out-liv'd the queen: But his royal highness dying before her majesty, all hope of seeing this design perfected, or the house finished, is now vanish'd.

I cannot omit that there are several publick edifices in this city, and in the neighbourhood; as the hospitals, and the building adjoining near the east gate; and towards the north, a piece of an old monastry undemolish'd, and which is still preserved to the religion, being the residence of some private Roman Catholick gentlemen, where they have an oratory, and, as they say, live still according to the rules of St. Benedict. This building is call'd Hide-House; and, as they live very usefully and, to the highest degree, obliging among their neighbours, they meet with no obstruction or disturbance from any body.

Winchester is a place of no trade, other than is naturally occasion'd by the inhabitants of the city and neighbouring villages, one with another: Here is no manufacture, no navigation; there was indeed an attempt to make the river navigable from Southampton; and it was once made practicable, but it never answer'd the expence, so as to give encouragement to the undertakers.

Here is a great deal of good company; and abundance of gentry being in the neighbourhood, it adds to the sociableness of the place: The clergy also here are, generally speaking, very rich, and very numerous.

As there is such good company, so they are gotten into that new-fashion'd way of conversing by assemblies: I shall do no more than mention them here; they are pleasant and agreeable to the young people, and some times fatal to them, of which, in its place; Winchester has its share of the mirth: May it escape the ill consequences.

The hospital on the south of this city, at a miles distance on the road to Southampton, is worth notice: ?Tis said to be founded by King William Rufus, but was not endow'd or appointed till later times by Cardinal Beaufort. Every traveller that knocks at the door of this house, in his way, and asks for it, claims the relief of a piece of white bread and a cup of beer; and this donation is still

continued; a quantity of good beer is set apart every day to be given away; and what is left, is distributed to other poor, but none of it kept to the next day.

How the revenues of this hospital, which should maintain the master and thirty private gentlemen, who they call Fellows, but ought to call Brothers, is now reduc'd to maintain only fourteen, while the master lives in a figure equal to the best gentleman in the country, would be well worth the enquiry of a proper visitor, if such can be nam'd: ?Tis a thing worthy of complaint, when publick charaties, design'd for the relief of the poor, are embezzel'd and depredated by the rich, and turn'd to the support of luxury and pride.

From Winchester, is about 25 miles, and over the most charming plains that can any where be seen, (far in my opinion) excelling the plains of Mecca, we come to Salisbury; the vast flocks of sheep, which one every where sees upon these downs, and the great number of those flocks, is a sight truly worth observation; 'tis ordinary for these flocks to contain from 3 to 5000 in a flock; and several private farmers hereabouts have two or three such flocks.

But 'tis more remarkable still; how a great part of these downs comes by a new method of husbandry, to be not only made arable, which they never were in former days, but to bear excellent wheat, and great crops too, tho' otherwise poor barren land, and never known to our ancestors to be capable of any such thing; nay, they would perhaps have laugh'd at any one that would have gone about to plough up the wild downs and hills, where the sheep were wont to go: But experience has made the present age wiser, and more skilful in husbandry; for by only folding the sheep upon the plow'd lands, those lands, which otherwise are barren, and where the plow goes within three or four inches of the solid rock of chalk, are made fruitful, and bear very good wheat, as well as rye and barley: I shall say more of this when I come to speak of the same practice farther in the country.

This plain country continues in length from Winchester to Salisbury 25 miles, from thence to Dorchester 22 miles, thence to Weymouth 6 miles, so that they lye near 50 miles in length, and breadth; they reach also in some places 35 to 40 miles: They who would make any practicable guess at the number of sheep usually fed on these downs, may take it from a calculation made, as I was told, at Dorchester, that there were 600000 sheep fed within 6 miles of that town, measuring every way round, and the town in the center.

As we pass'd this plain country, we saw a great many old camps, as well Roman as British, and several remains of the ancient inhabitants of this kingdom, and of their wars, battles, entrenchments, encampments, buildings, and other fortifications, which are indeed very agreeable to a traveller, that has read any thing of the history of the country. Old Sarum is as remarkable as any of these,

where there is a double entrenchment, with a deep graffe, or ditch, to either of them; the area about 100 yards in diameter, taking in the whole crown of the hill, and thereby rendering the ascent very difficult: Near this, there is one farm house, which is all the remains I could see of any town in or near the place, for the encampment has no resemblance of a-town; and yet this is called the borough of Old Sarum, and sends two members to Parliament, who, those members can justly say, they represent, would be hard for them to answer.

Some will have it, that the old city of Sorbiodunum, or Salisbury, stood here, and was afterwards, for I know not what reasons, remov'd to the low marshy grounds, among the rivers, where it now stands: But as I see no authority for it, other than mere tradition, I believe my share of it, and take it *ad referendum*.

Salisbury itself is indeed a large and pleasant city; tho' I do not think it at all the pleasanter for that which they boast so much of; namely, the water running thro' the middle of every street, or that it adds any thing to the beauty of the place, but just the contrary; it keeps the streets always dirty, full of wet and filth, and weeds, even in the middle of summer.

The city is plac'd upon the confluence of two large rivers, the Avon and the Willy, either of them considerable rivers, but very large, when joyn'd together, and yet larger when they receive a third river, viz. the Naddir, which joyns them near Clarendon Park, about three miles below the city; then, with a deep channel, and a current less rapid, they run down to Christ Church, which is their port, and where they empty themselves into the sea; from that town upwards, towards Salisbury, they are made navigable too within two miles, and might be so quite into the city, were it not for the strength of the stream.

As the city of Winchester is a city without trade, that is to say, without any particular manufactures; so this city of Salisbury, and all the county of Wilts, of which it is the capital, are full of a great variety of manufactures; and those some of the most considerable in England; namely, the cloathing trade, and the trade of flannels, drugets, and several other sorts of manufactures, of which in their order.

The city of Salisbury has two remarkable manufactures carried on in it, and which employ the poor of great part of the country round; namely, fine flannels, and long cloths for the Turkey trade, call'd Salisbury Whites: The people of Salisbury are gay and rich, and have a flourishing trade; and there is a great deal of good manners and good company among them; I mean, among the citizens, besides what is found among the gentlemen; for there are many good families in Salisbury, besides the citizens.

This society has a great addition from the Closs, that is to say, the circle of ground wall'd in adjacent to the cathedral; in which the families of the prebendaries and commons, and others of the clergy belonging to the cathedral

have their houses, as is usual in all cities where there are cathedral churches. These are so considerable here, and the place so large, that it is (as it is call'd in general) like another city.

The cathedral is famous for the height of its spire, which is without exception the highest, and the handsomest in England, being from the ground 410 foot, and yet the walls so exceeding thin, that at the upper part of the spire upon a view made by the late Christopher Wren, the wall was found to be less than five inches thick; upon which a consultation was had, whether the spire, or at least the upper part of it should be taken down, it being suppos'd to have receiv'd some damage by the great storm in the year 1703; but it was resolv'd in the negative, and Sir Christopher order'd it to be so strengthened with bands of iron plates, as has effectually secur'd it; and I have heard some of the best architects say, it is stronger now than when it was first built.

They tell us here long stories of the great art us'd in laying the first foundations of this church; the ground being marshy and wet, occasioned by the channels of the rivers; that it was laid upon piles according to some, and upon woolpacks according to others; but this is not suppos'd by those who know, that the whole country is one rock of chalk, even from the tops of the highest hills, to the bottom of the deepest rivers.

They tell us, this church was 40 years a building, and cost an immense sum of money, but it must be acknowledged that the inside of the work is not answerable in the decoration of things, to the workmanship without; the painting in the choir is mean, and more like the ordinary method of common drawing room, or tavern painting, than that of a church; the carving is good, but very little of it, and it is rather a fine church than finely set off.

The ordinary boast of this building, that there were as many gates as months, as many windows as days, as many marble pillars as hours in the year, is now no recommendation at all. However the mention of it must be preserved.

As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in one church we see;
As many marble pillars there appear,
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons one year do view:
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true.

There are however some very fine monuments in this church; particularly one belonging to the noble family of Seymours, since Dukes of Somerset, (and ancestors of the present flourishing family,) which on a most melancholly occasion has been now lately open'd again to receive the body of the late Dutchess of Somerset, the happy consort for almost 40 years of his grace the

present duke; and only daughter and heiress of the antient and noble family of Piercy, Earls of Northumberland, whose great estate she brought into the family of Somerset, who now enjoy it.

With her was bury'd at the same time her graces daughter the Marchioness of Caermarthen, being married to the Marquess of Caermarthen, son and heir apparent to the Lord of Leeds, who dy'd for grief at the loss of the dutchess her mother, and was buried with her; also her second son the Duke Piercy Somerset, who dyed a few months before, and had been buryed in the abby-church of Westminster, but was order'd to be remov'd and laid here with the ancestors of his house; and I hear his grace designs to have a yet more magnificent monument erected in this cathedral for them, just by the other, which is there already.

How the Dukes of Somerset came to quit this church for their burying-place, and be laid in Westminster-Abbey, that I know not; but 'tis certain that the present duke has chosen to have his family laid here with their ancestors, and to that end has caused the corps of his son the Lord Piercy, as above, and one of his daughters who had been buryed in the Abbey, to be remov'd and brought down to this vault, which lyes in that they call the Virgin Mary's Chappel behind the altar. There is, as above, a noble monument for a late Duke and Dutchess of Somerset in the place already; with their pourtraits at full length, their heads lying upon cushions, the whole perfectly well wrought in fine polish'd Italian marble, and their sons kneeling by them; those I suppose to be the father of the great Duke of Somerset, uncle to King Edward IV, but after this the family lay in Westminster-Abbey, where there is also a fine monument for that very duke who was beheaded by Edward VI, and who was the great patron of the Reformation.

Among other monuments of noble men in this cathedral they show you one that is very extraordinary, and to which there hangs a tale: There was in the reign of Philip and Mary a very unhappy murther committed by the then Lord Sturton, or Stourton, a family since extinct, but well known till within a few years in that country.

This Lord Stourton being guilty of the said murther, which also was aggravated with very bad circumstances, could not obtain the usual grace of the Crown, (viz.) to be beheaded, but Queen Mary positively ordered that like a common malefactor he should die at the gallows: After he was hang'd, his friends desiring to have him bury'd at Salisbury, the bishop would not consent that he should be buryed in the cathedral, unless as a farther mark of infamy, his friends would submit to this condition (viz.) That the silken halter in which he was hang'd should be hanged up over his grave in the church, as a monument of his crime; which was accordingly done, and there it is to be seen to this day.

The putting this halter up here, was not so wonderful to me as it was, that the posterity of that lord, who remain'd in good rank sometime after, should never prevail to have that mark of infamy taken off from the memory of their ancestor.

There are several other monuments in this cathedral, as particularly of two noblemen of antient families in Scotland, one of the name of Hay, and one of the name of Gordon; but they give us nothing of their history, so that we must be content to say there they lye, and that's all.

The cloyster, and the chapter-house adjoyning to the church, are the finest here of any I have seen in England; the latter is octogon, or eight square, and is 150 foot in its circumference; the roof bearing all upon one small marble pillar in the center, which you may shake with your hands; and it is hardly to be imagin'd it can be any great support to the roof, which makes it the more curious, it is not indeed to be match'd I believe in Europe.

From hence directing my course to the sea-side in pursuit of my first design, viz. of viewing the whole coast of England, I left the great road, and went down the east side of the river towards New-Forest, and Lymington; and here I saw the antient house and seat of Clarendon, the mansion of the antient family of Hide, ancestors of the great Earl of Clarendon, and from whence his lordship was honoured with that title, or the house erected into an honour in favour of his family.

But this being a large county, and full of memorable branches of antiquity, and modern curiosity, I cannot quit my observations so soon, but being happily fix'd by the favour of a particular friend at so beautiful a spot of ground as this of Clarendon Park, I made several little excursions from hence to view the northern parts of this county; a county so fruitful of wonders, that tho' I do not make antiquity my chief search, yet I must not pass it over entirely, where so much of it, and so well worth observation is to be found, which would look as if I either understood not the value of the study, or expected my readers should be satisfy'd with a total omission of it.

I have mention'd that this county is generally a vast continued body of high chalky hills, whose tops spread themselves into fruitful and pleasant downs and plains, upon which great flocks of sheep are fed, &c. But the reader is desir'd to observe these hills and plains are most beautifully intersected, and cut thro' by the course of divers pleasant and profitable rivers; in the course, and near the banks, of which there always is a chain of fruitful meadows, and rich pastures, and those interspers'd with innumerable pleasant towns, villages, and houses, and among them many of considerable magnitude; so that while you view the downs, and think the country wild and uninhabited; yet when you come to descend into these vales you are surprised with the most pleasant and fertile country in England.

There are no less than four of these rivers which meet all together, at, or near the city of Salisbury, especially the waters of three of them run thro' the streets of the city; the Nadder and the Willy, and the Avon, and the course of these three lead us thro' the whole mountainous part of the county, the two first joyn their waters at Wilton; the shire-town, tho' a place of no great notice now; and these are the waters which run thro' the canal, and the gardens of Wilton House, the seat of that ornament of nobility and learning, the Earl of Pembroke.

One cannot be said to have seen any thing that a man of curiosity would think worth seeing in this county, and not have been at Wilton House; but not the beautiful building, not the antient trophy of a great family, not the noble scituation, not all the pleasures of the gardens, parks, fountains, hare-warren, or of whatever is rare either in art or nature are equal to, that yet more glorious sight, of a noble princely palace, constantly filled with its noble and proper inhabitants; viz. the lord and proprietor, who is indeed a true patriarchal monarch, reigns here with an authority agreeable to all his subjects (family); and his reign is made agreeable, by his first practising the most exquisite government of himself, and then guiding all under him by the rules of honour and vertue; being also himself perfectly master of all the needful arts of family government; I mean needful to make that government, both easy, and pleasant to those who are under it, and who therefore willingly, and by choice conform to it.

Here an exhaulted genius is the instructor, a glorious example the guide, and a gentle well directed hand the governour and law-giver to the whole; and the family like a well govern'd city appears happy, flourishing and regular, groaning under no grievance, pleas'd with what they enjoy, and enjoying every thing which they ought to be pleas'd with.

Nor is the blessing of this noble resident extended to the family only, but even to all the country round, who in their degree feel the effects of the general beneficence; and where the neighbourhood, however poor, receive all the good they can expect, and are sure to have no injury, or oppression.

The canal before the house lyes parallel with the road, and receives into it the whole river Willey, or at least is able to do so; it may indeed be said, that the river is made into a canal; when we come into the court-yards before the house there are several pieces of antiquity to entertain the curious; as particularly, a noble column of porphyry, with a marble statue of Venus on the top of it. In Italy, and especially at Rome and Naples, we see a great variety of fine columns, and some of them of excellent workmanship, and antiquity, and at some of the Courts of the Princes of Italy the like is seen; as especially at the Court of Florence; but in England I do not remember to have seen any thing like this, which as they told me is two and thirty foot high and of excellent workmanship, and that it came last

from Candia, but formerly from Alexandria; what may belong to the history of it any further, I suppose is not known, at least they could tell me no more of it, who shew'd it me.

On the left of the court was formerly a large grotto, and curious water-works, and in a house, or shed, or part of the building which open'd with two folding doors, like a coach-house, a large equestrian statue of one of the ancestors of the family in compleat armour, as also another of a Roman emperor in brass, but the last time I had the curiosity to see this house, I mist that part; so that I supposed they were remov'd.

As the present Earl of Pembroke, the lord of this fine palace, is a nobleman of great personal merit, many other ways; so he is a man of learning, and reading, beyond most men of his lordship's high rank in this nation, if not in the world; and as his reading has made him a master of antiquity, and judge of such pieces of antiquity, as he has had opportunity to meet with in his own travels, and otherwise in the world; so it has given him a love of the study, and made him a collector of valuable things, as well in painting as in sculpture, and other excellencies of art, as also of nature; in so much that Wilton-House is now a meer musaeum, or a chamber of rarities, and we meet with several things there, which are to be found no where else in the world.

As his lordship is a great collector of fine paintings; so I know no nobleman's house in England, so prepar'd, as if built on purpose to receive them; the largest, and the finest pieces that can be imagin'd extant in the world, might have found a place here capable to receive them; I say, they might have found, as if they could not now, which is in part true; for at present the whole house is so compleatly fill'd, that I see no room for any new peice to crowd in, without displacing some other fine piece that hung there before; as for the value of the piece, that might so offer to succeed the displac'd, that the great judge of the whole collection, the earl himself, must determine, and as his judgment is perfectly good, the best picture would be sure to possess the place. In a word: Here is without doubt the best, if not the greatest collection of rarities, and paintings, that are to be seen together, in any one nobleman's, or gentleman's house in England. The piece of our Saviour washing his disciples feet, which they shew you in one of the first rooms you go into, must be spoken of by every body that has any knowledge of painting, and is an admirable piece indeed.

You ascend the great stair case, at the upper end of the hall, which is very large; at the foot of the stair-case you have a Bacchus large as the life, done in fine Peloponesian marble; carrying a young Bacchus on his arm, the young one eating grapes, and letting you see by his countenance, that he is pleas'd with the tast of them; nothing can be done finer, or more lively represent the thing

intended; namely the gust of the appetite, which if it be not a passion, ’tis an affection, which is as much seen in the countenance, perhaps more than any other: One ought to stop every two steps of this stair-case, as we go up, to contemplate the vast variety of pictures, that cover the walls, and of some of the best masters in Europe, and yet this is but an introduction to what is beyond them.

When you are entered the appartments, such variety seizes you every way, that you scarce know to which hand to turn your self: First, on one side you see several rooms fill’d with paintings, as before, all so curious, and the variety such, that ’tis with reluctance, that you can turn from them; while looking another way, you are call’d off by a vast collection of busto’s, and pieces of the greatest antiquity of the kind, both Greek, and Romans; among these, there is one of the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius in *basso relievo* ; I never saw any thing like what appears here, except in the chamber of rarieties at Munick in Bavaria.

Passing these, you come into several large rooms, as if contriv’d for the reception of the beautiful guests that take them up; one of these is near 70 foot long and the ceiling 26 foot high, with another adjoyning of the same height, and breadth, but not so long: Those together might be call’d the Great Gallery of Wilton, and might vie for paintings with the gallery of Luxemburg in the Fauxbourg of Paris.

These two rooms are fill’d with the family pieces of the house of Herbert, most of them by Lilly, or Vandyke, and one in particularly, out does all that ever I met with, either at home, or abroad, ’tis done, as was the mode of painting at that time, after the manner of a family piece of King Charles I. with his queen, and children, which before the burning of White-Hall, I remember to hang at the east end of the Long Gallery in the palace.

This piece fills the farther end of the great room which I just now mention’d, it contains the Earl of Montgomery, ancestor of the house of Herbert, not then Earls of Pembroke, and his lady, sitting, and as big as the life; there are about them, their own five sons, and one daughter, and their daughter-in-law, who was daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, marry’d to the elder Lord Herbert, their eldest son; it is enough to say of this piece, ’tis worth the labour of any lover of art to go 500 miles to see it; and I am inform’d several gentlemen of quality have come from France almost on purpose; It would be endless to describe the whole set of the family pictures, which take up this room, unless we would enter into the roof-tree of the family; and set down a genealogical line of the whole house.

After we have seen this fine range of beauties, for such indeed they are; far from being at an end of your surprize, you have three or four rooms still upon the same floor, fill’d with wonders, as before: Nothing can be finer than the pictures themselves, nothing more surprising than the number of them; at length you

descend the back-stairs, which are in themselves large, tho' not like the other: However, not a hands breadth is left to crowd a picture in of the smallest size, and even the upper rooms, which might be call'd garrets, are not naked, but have some very good pieces in them.

Upon the whole, the genius of the noble collector may be seen in this glorious collection, than which, take them together, there is not a finer in any private hand in Europe, and in no hand at all in Britain, private or publick.

The gardens are on the south of the house, and extend themselves beyond the river, a branch of which runs thro' one part of them, and still south of the gardens in the great park, which extending beyond the vale, mounts the hill opening at the last to the great down, which is properly call'd by way of distinction, Salisbury-Plain, and leads from the city of Salisbury, to Shaftesbury; here also his lordship has a hare-warren (as 'tis call'd) tho' improperly; it has indeed been a sanctuary for the hares for many years; but the gentlemen complain that it marrs their game, for that as soon as they put up a hare for their sport, if it be any where within two or three miles, away she runs for the warren, and there is an end of their pursuits; on the other hand, it makes all the countrymen turn poachers, and destroy the hares, by what means they can; but this is a smaller matter, and of no great import one way or other.

From this pleasant and agreeable days work, I return'd to Clarendon, and the next day took another short tour to the hills, to see that celebrated piece of antiquity, the wonderful Stone-Henge, being six miles from Salisbury north, and upon the side of the river Avon, near the town of Amesbury: 'Tis needless, that I should enter here into any part of the dispute about which our learned antiquaries have so puzzl'd themselves, that several books, and one of them, in folio, has been published about it; some alledgmg it to be a heathen, or pagan temple, and altar, or place of sacrifice, as Mr. Jones; others, a monument, or trophy of victory; others a monument for the dead, as Mr. Aubury, and the like: Again, some will have it be British, some Danish, some Saxon, some Roman, and some before them all, Phenician.

I shall suppose it, as the majority of all writers do, to be a monument for the dead, and the rather, because men's bones have been frequently dug up in the ground near them. The common opinion that no man could ever count them, that a baker carry'd a basket of bread, and laid a loaf upon every-stone, and yet could never make out the same number twice; This, I take, as a meer country fiction, and a ridiculous one too; the reason why they cannot easily be told, is, that many of them lye half, or part buryed in the ground, and a piece here, and a piece there, only appearing above the grass, it cannot be known easily, which belong to one stone, and which to another, or which are separate stones, and which are joyned

under ground to one another; otherwise, as to those which appear, they are easie to be told, and I have seen them told four times after one another, beginning every time at a different place, and every time they amounted to 72 in all; but then this was counting every peice of a stone of bulk, which appear'd at above the surface of the earth, and was not evidently part of, and adjoining to another, to be a distinct and separate body, or stone by it self.

The form of this monument is not only described but delineated in most authors, and indeed 'tis hard to know the first, but by the last; the figure was at first circular, and there were at least four rows or circles, within one another; the main stones were placed upright, and they were joyn'd on the top by cross stones, laid from one to another, and fastn'd with vast mortices and tenants: Length of time has so decay'd them, that not only most of the cross stones which lay on the top are fallen down, but many of the upright also, notwithstanding the weight of them is so prodigious great: How they came thither, or from whence, no stones of that kind being now to be found in any part of England near it, is still the mistery, for they are of such immense bulk that no engines, or carriages which we have in use in this age could stir them.

Doubtless they had some method in former days in foreign countries, as well as here, to move heavier weights than we find practicable now; How else did Solomons workmen build the battlement, or additional wall to support the precipeice of Mount Moriah, on which the temple was built? which was all built of great stones of Parian marble, each stone being forty cubits long, and fourteen cubits broad, and eight cubits high, or thick, which reckoning each cubit at two foot and half of our measure, as the learned agree to do, was 100 foot long, 35 foot broad, and 20 foot thick.

These stones at Stonehenge, as Mr. Cambden describes them, and in which others agree, were very large, tho' not so large, the upright stones 24 foot high, 7 foot broad, 16 foot round; and weight 12 ton each; and the cross stones on the top, which he calls coronets, were 6 or 7 ton, but this does not seem equal, for if the cross stones weigh'd six, or seven ton, the others, as they appear now, were at least 5 or 6 times as big, and must weigh in proportion; and therefore, I must think their judgment much nearer the case who judge the upright stones at 16 ton, or thereabouts, supposing them to stand a great way into the earth, as 'tis not doubted but they do; and the coronets, or cross stones, at about two ton, which is very large too, and as much as their bulk can be thought to allow.

Upon the whole, we must take them as our ancestors have done; Namely, for an erection, or building so antient, that no history has handed down to us the original, as we find it then uncertain, we must leave it so: 'Tis indeed a reverend piece of antiquity, and 'tis a great loss that the true history of it is not known; But

since it is not, I think the making so many conjectures at the reality, when they know they can but guess at it, and above all the insisting so long, and warmly on their private opinions, is but amusing themselves and us with a doubt, which perhaps lyes the deeper for their search into it.

The downs and plains in this part of England being so open, and the surface so little subject to alteration, there are more remains of antiquity to be seen upon them, than in other places; for example, I think they tell us there are three and fifty antient encampments, or fortifications to be seen in this one county, some whereof are exceeding plain to be seen, some of one form, some of another; some of one nation, some of another, British, Danish, Saxon, Roman, as at Ebb-down, Burywood, Oldburgh-Hill, Cummerford, Roundway-Down, St. Ann's-Hill, Bratton-Castle, Clay-Hill, Stournton-Park, Whitecole-Hill, Battlebury, Scrathbury, Yanesbury, Frippsbury, Suthbury-Hill, Amesbury, Great Bodwyn, Easterley, Merdon, Aubery, Martenscil-Hill, Barbury-Castle, and many more.

Also the Barrows, as we all agree to call them, are very many in number in this county, and very obvious, having suffered very little decay. These are large hillocks of earth cast up, as the antients agree, by the soldiers over the bodies of their dead comrades slain in battle; several hundreds of these are to be seen, especially in the north part of this county, about Marlbro' and the downs, from thence to St. Ann's-Hill, and even every way, the downs are full of them.

I have done with matters of antiquity for this county, unless you will admit me to mention the famous parliament in the reign of Hen. II. held at Clarendon, where I am now writing, and another intended to be held there in Rich. 2d's time, but prevented by the barons, being then up in arms against the king.

Near this place at Farlo was the birth-place of the late Sir Stephen Fox, and where the town sharing in his good fortune, shews several marks of his bounty, as particularly, the building a new church from the foundation, and getting an Act of Parliament past, for making it parochial, it being but a chappel of ease before to an adjoyning parish: Also Sir Stephen built and endow'd an alms-house here for six poor women, with a master and a free-school; the master is to be a clergyman, and to officiate in the church, that is to say, is to have the living, which including the school is very sufficient.

I am now to pursue my first design, and shall take the west part of Wiltshire in my return, where are several things still to be taken notice of, and some very well worth our stay. In the mean time I went on to Langbro' a fine seat of my Lord Colerain, which is very well kept, tho' the family it seems is not much in this country, having another estate, and dwelling at Tottenham-High-Cross near London.

From hence in my way to the sea-side I came to New-Forest, of which I have said something already with relation to the great extent of ground, which lyes wast, and in which there is so great a quantity of large timber, as I have spoken of already.

This wast and wild part of the country was, as some record, lay'd open, and wast for a forest, and for game, by that violent tyrant William the Conqueror, and for which purpose he unpeopled the country, pull'd down the houses, and which was worse, the churches of several parishes or towns, and of abundance of villages, turning the poor people out of their habitations, and possessions, and laying all open for his deer: The same histories likewise record that two of his own blood and posterity, and particularly his immediate successor William Rufus lost their lives in this forest: One (viz.) the said William Rufus being shot with an arrow directed at a deer, which the king, and his company were hunting, and the arrow glancing on a tree, chang'd his course and struck the king full on the breast, and kill'd him; This they relate as a just judgment of God on the cruel devastation made here by the Conqueror; Be it so or not, as heaven pleases; but that the king was so kill'd, is certain, and they show the tree, on which the arrow glanc'd, to this day; in King Charles II. time, it was ordered to be surrounded with a pale, but as great part of the paleing is down with age; whether the tree be really so old, or not, is to me a great question; the action being near 700 year ago.

I cannot omit to mention here a proposal made a few years ago to the late Lord Treasurer, Godolphin, for re-peopling this forest, which for some reasons I can be more particular in, than any man now left alive, because I had the honour to draw up the scheme, and argue it before that noble lord, and some others who were principally concern'd at that time in bringing over, or rather providing for when they were come over, the poor inhabitants of the Palatinate; a thing in it self commendable, but as it was manag'd, made scandalous to England, and miserable to those poor people.

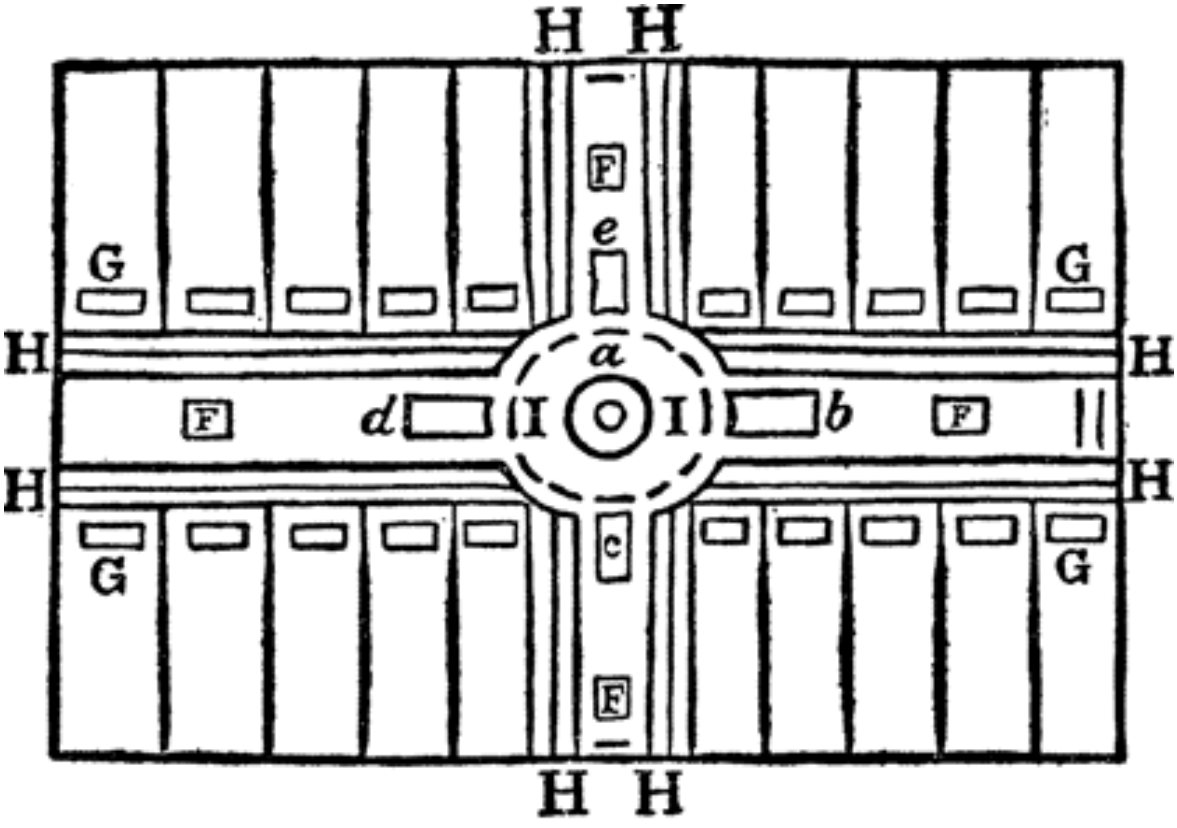
Some persons being ordered by that noble lord, above mention'd, to consider of measures, how the said poor people should be provided for, and whether they could be provided for, or no, without injury to the publick: The answer was grounded upon this maxim, that the number of inhabitants is the wealth and strength of a kingdom, provided those inhabitants were such, as by honest industry applied themselves to live by their labour, to whatsoever trades, or employments they were brought up: In the next place it was inquir'd, what employments those poor people were brought up to? It was answer'd, there were husbandmen, and artificers of all sorts, upon which the proposal was as follows.

NEW FOREST in Hampshire was singl'd out to
be the place.

Here it was propos'd to draw a great square-line, containing four thousand acres of land, marking out two large highways, or roads thro' the center, crossing both ways, so that there should be a thousand acres in each division, exclusive of the land contain'd in the said cross roads.

Then it was propos'd to single out twenty men, and their families, who should be recommended as honest industrious men, expert in, or at least capable of being instructed in husbandry, curing and cultivating of land, breeding and feeding cattle, and the like; To each of these should be parcell'd out in equal distributions, two hundred acres of this land, so that the whole four thousand acres should be fully distributed to the said twenty families, for which they should have no rent to pay, and be liable to no taxes, but such as provided for their own sick or poor, repairing their own roads, and the like: This exemption from rent and taxes, to continue for twenty years, and then to pay each 50*l* . a year to the queen; that is to say, to the Crown.

The form of the several farms would be laid out thus.



a the church, *b* the shambles, *c* the market house, *d* a town hall, *e* a conduit with stocks, &c. *F* the conduits, or wells, *G* houses, *H* the lands enclosed behind, *I* streets of houses for tradesmen.

To each of these families, who I wou'd now call farmers, it was propos'd to advance 200*l* . in ready money, as a stock to set them to work, to furnish them

with cattle, horses, cows, hogs, &c. and to hire and pay labourers, to enclose, clear, and cure the land; which it would be supposed the first year would not be so much to their advantage as afterwards; allowing them timber out of the forest to build themselves houses, and barns, sheds, and offices, as they should have occasion; also for carts, waggons, ploughs, harrows, and the like necessary things, care to be taken, that the men and their families went to work forthwith according to the design.

Thus twenty families would be immediately supplyed, and provided for, for there would be no doubt, but these families with so much land given them gratis, and so much money to work with, would live very well; but what would this do for the support of the rest? who were suppos'd to be to every twenty farmers, forty or fifty families of other people; some of one trade, some of another, with women and children? to this it was answer'd, that these twenty farmers would by the consequence of their own settlements, provide for, and employ such a proportion of others of their own people, that by thus providing for twenty families in a place, the whole number of Palatinates would have been provided for, had they been 20000 more in number than they were, and that without being any burthen upon, or injury to the people of England; on the contrary, they would have been an advantage, and an addition of wealth and strength to the nation, and to the country in particular where they should be thus seated: For example;

As soon as the land was mark'd out, the farmers put in possession of it, and the money given them, they should be oblig'd to go to work, in order to their settlement; suppose it then to be in the spring of the year, when such work was most proper; First all hands would be requir'd, to fence, and part off the land, and clear it of the timber, or bushes, or what ever else was upon it, which requir'd to be remov'd: The first thing therefore which the farmers would do, would be to single out from the rest of their number, every one three servants, that is to say, two men, and a maid; less cou'd not answer the preparations they would be oblig'd to make, and yet work hard themselves also; by the help of these, they would with good management soon get so much of their land cur'd, fenc'd off, plow'd, and sow'd, as should yeild them a sufficiency of corn and kitchin stuff, the very first year, both for horse-meat, hog-meat, food for the family, and some to carry to market too, by which to bring in money to go farther on, as above.

At the first entrance, they were to have the tents allow'd them to live in, which they then had from the Tower; but as soon as leisure, and conveniences admitted, every farmer was obliged to begin to build him a farm house, which he would do gradually, some and some, as he could spare time from his other works, and money from his little stock.

In order to furnish himself with carts, waggons, plows, harrows, wheel-barrows, hurdles, and all such necessary utentisils of husbandry; there would be an absolute necessity of wheelwrights, or cartwrights, one at least to each division.

Thus by the way, there would be employed three servants to each farmer, that makes sixty persons.

Four families of wheelwrights, one to each division: which suppose five in a family, makes 20 persons; suppose four head carpenters, with each three men, and as at first all would be building together, they would to every house building have at least one labourer, four families of carpenters, five to each family, and three servants, is thirty two persons, one labourer to each house building, is twenty persons more.

Thus here would be necessarily brought together, in the very first of the work 132 persons, besides the head farmers, who at five also to each family are hundred more, in all two hundred thirty two.

For the necessary supply of these with provisions, cloaths, houshold-stuff, &c. for all should be done among themselves; first, they must have at least four butchers with their families; twenty persons, four shoemakers with their families, and each shoemaker two journeymen for every trade; would encrease the number of customers to every trade: This is twenty eight persons more.

They would then require a hatmaker, a glover, at least two ropemakers, four taylors, three weavers of woollen, and three weavers of linnen, two basketmakers, two common brewers, ten or twelve shop-keepers to furnish chandlery and grocery wares; and as many for drapery and mercery, over and above what they could work, this makes two and forty families more, each at five in a family, which is two hundred and ten persons; all the labouring part of these must have at least two servants, the brewers more, which I cast up at forty more.

Add to these two ministers, one clerk, one sexton, or gravedigger with their families, two physicians, three apothecaries, two surgeons, less there could not be, only that for the beginning it might be said the physicians should be surgeons, and I take them so; this is forty five persons, besides servants; so that in short, to omit many tradesmen more who would be wanted among them, there would necessarily, and voluntarily follow, to these twenty families of farmers at least six hundred more of their own people.

It is no difficult thing to show that the ready money of 4000*l* . which the government was to advance to those twenty farmers, would employ and pay, and consequently subsist all these numerous dependants, in the works which must severally be done for them, for the first year; after which the farmers would begin to receive their own money back again; for all these tradesmen must come to their

own market to buy corn, flesh, milk, butter, cheese, bacon, &c. which after the first year the farmers having no rent to pay, would have to spare sufficiently, and so take back their own money with advantage; I need not go on to mention, how by consequence provisions encreasing, and money circulating, this town should encrease in a very little time.

It was propos'd also that for the encouragement of all the handicraftsmen, and labouring poor, who either as servants, or as labourers for day-work, assisted the farmers or other tradesmen, they should have every man three acres of ground given them, with leave to build cottages upon the same, the allotments to be upon the waste, at the end of the cross-roads where they entered the town.

In the center of the square was laid out a circle of twelve acres of ground, to be cast into streets for inhabitants to build on, as their ability would permit; all that would build to have ground gratis for twenty years, timber out of the forest, and convenient yards, gardens and orchards allotted to every house.

In the great streets near where they cross each other, was to be built a handsome market-house, with a town-hall for parish or corporation business, doing justice and the like; also shambles, and in a handsome part of the ground mention'd to be laid out for streets, as near the center as might be, was to be ground laid out for the building a church, which every man should either contribute to the building of, in money, or give every tenth day of his time to assist in labouring at the building.

I have omitted many tradesmen, who would be wanted here, and would find a good livelihood among their country folks; only to get accidental work, as daymen, or labourers; of which such a town would constantly employ many, as also poor women for assistance in families, such as midwives, nurses, &c.

Adjacent to the town was to be a certain quantity of common land, for the benefit of the cottages; that the poor might have a few sheep, or cows as their circumstances required; and this to be appointed at the several ends of the town.

There was a calculation made of what encrease here would be, both of wealth and people in twenty years in this town; what a vast consumption of provisions they would cause, more than the four thousand acres of land given them would produce; by which consumption and encrease, so much advantage would accrue to the publick stock, and so many subjects be added to the many thousands of Great Britain; who in the next age would be all true born Englishmen, and forget both the language, and nation from whence they came; and it was in order to this that two ministers were appointed, one of which should officiate in English, and the other in High Dutch; and withal to have them oblig'd by a law to teach all their children both to speak, read and write the English language.

Upon their encrease they would also want barbers, and glasiers, painters also, and plumbers; a wind-mill or two, and the millers and their families, a fulling-mill, and a cloth worker; as also a master clothier, or two, for making a manufacture among them for their own wear, and for employing the women and children; a dyer or two, for dying their manufactures; and, which above all, is not to be omitted, four families at least of smiths, with every one two servants; considering that besides all the family work, which continually employs a smith, all the shoeing of horses, all the iron-work of plows, carts, waggons, harrows, &c. must be wrought by them.

There was no allowance made for inns, and ale-houses, seeing it would be frequent that those who kept publick houses of any sort, would likewise have some other employment to carry on.

This was the scheme for settling the Palatinates, by which means twenty families of farmers, handsomely set up, and supported, would lay a foundation, as I have said, for six or seven hundred of the rest of their people; and as the land in New Forest is undoubtedly good, and capable of improvement by such cultivation, so other wastes in England are to be found as fruitful as that; and twenty such villages might have been erected, the poor strangers maintain'd, and the nation evidently be better'd by it; as to the money to be advanced, which in the case of twenty such settlements, at 4000*l* . each, would be 80000*l* . two things were answer'd to it.

That the annual rent to be received for all those lands after twenty years, would abundantly pay the publick for the first disbursses on the scheme above, that rent being then to amount to 40000*l* . per ann.

More money than would have done this, was expended, or rather thrown away upon them here, to keep them in suspense, and afterwards starve them; sending them a begging all over the nation, and shipping them off to perish in other countries: Where the mistake lay, is none of my business to enquire.

I reserv'd this account for this place, because I pass'd in this journey over the very spot where the design was laid out; namely, near Lindhurst, in the road from Rumsey to Limington, whither I now directed my course.

Limington is a little, but populous sea port, standing opposite to the Isle of Weight, in the narrow part of the streight, which ships some times pass thro', in fair weather, call'd, the Needles; and right against an ancient town of that island call'd Yarmouth, and which, in distinction from the great town of Yarmouth in Norfolk, is call'd South Yarmouth: This town of Limington is chiefly noted for making fine salt, which is indeed excellent good; and from whence all these south parts of England are supply'd, as well by water as by land carriage; and sometimes, tho' not often, they send salt to London, when contrary winds having

kept the northern fleets back, the price at London has been very high; but this is very seldom and uncertain. Limington sends two members to Parliament, and this and her salt trade is all I can say to her; for tho' she is very well situated, as to the convenience of shipping, I do not find they have any foreign commerce, except it be what we call smugling, and roguing; which, I may say, is the reigning commerce of all this part of the English coast, from the mouth of the Thames to the Land's End of Cornwall.

From hence there are but few towns on the sea coast west, tho' there are several considerable rivers empty themselves into the sea, nor are there any harbours, or sea ports of any note, except Pool: As for Christ Church, tho' it stands at the mouth of the Avon, which, as I have said, comes down from Salisbury, and brings with it all the waters of the south and east parts of Wiltshire; and receives also the Stour and Piddle, two Dorsetshire rivers, which bring with them all the waters of the north part of Dorsetshire; yet it is a very inconsiderable poor place, scarce worth seeing, and less worth mentioning in this account; only, that it sends two members to Parliament, which many poor towns in this part of England do, as well as that.

From hence I stept up into the country north-west, to see the ancient town of Wimburn, or Wimburnminster; There I found nothing remarkable, but the church, which is indeed a very great one, ancient, and yet very well built, with a very firm strong square tower, considerably high; but was, without doubt, much finer, when on the top of it, stood a most exquisite spire, finer and taller, if fame lyes not, than that at Salisbury, and, by its situation, in a plainer, flatter country, visible, no question, much farther: But this most beautiful ornament was blown down by a sudden tempest of wind, as they tell us, in the year 1622.

The church remains a venerable piece of antiquity, and has in it the remains of a place, once, much more in request than it is now; for here are the monuments of several noble families; and in particular of one king, viz. King Etheldred, who was slain in battle by the Danes: He was a prince fam'd for piety and religion, and, according to the zeal of these times, was esteem'd as a martyr; because venturing his life against the Danes, who were heathens, he died fighting for his religion and his country. The inscription upon his grave is preserv'd, and has been carefully repair'd, so as to be easily read, and is as follows:

In hoc loco quiescit Corpus S. Etheldredi, Regis West Saxonum, Martyris, qui Anno Dom. DCCCLXXII. xxiii. Aprilis per Manus Danorum Paganorum Occubuit.

In English thus:

Here rests the body of Holy Etheldred, King of the West Saxons, and martyr, who fell by the hands of the pagan Danes, in the year of our Lord 872, the 23d of

April.

Here are also the monuments of the great Marchioness of Exeter, mother of Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, and last of the family of Courtneys who enjoy'd that honour; as also of John de Beaufort Duke of Somerset, and his wife, grand-mother of King Henry VII. by her daughter Margaret, Countess of Richmond.

This last lady I mention, because she was foundress of a very fine free-school, which has since been enlarg'd, and had a new benefactress in Queen Elizabeth, who has enlarg'd the stipend and annex'd it to the foundation: The famous Cardinal Pool was dean of this church before his exaltation.

Having said this of the church, I have said all that is worth naming of the town; except that the inhabitants, who are many, and poor, are chiefly maintained by the manufacture of knitting stockings, which employs great part indeed of the county of Dorset, of which this is the first town eastward.

South of this town, over a sandy wild and barren country, we came to Pool, a considerable sea-port, and indeed the most considerable in all this part of England; for here I found some ships, some merchants, and some trade; especially, here were a good number of ships fitted out every year to the Newfoundland fishing, in which the Pool men were said to have been particularly successful for many years past.

The town sits in the bottom of a great bay, or inlet of the sea, which entring at one narrow mouth opens to a very great breadth within the entrance, and comes up to the very shoar of this town; it runs also west up almost to the town of Wareham, a little below which, it receives the rivers Froom and Piddle, the two principal rivers of the county.

This place is famous for the best, and biggest oysters in all this part of England, which the people of Pool pretend to be famous for pickling, and they are barrell'd up here, and sent not only to London, but to the West Indies, and to Spain, and Italy, and other parts. 'Tis observed more pearl are found in the Pool oysters, and larger than in any other oysters about England.

As the entrance into this large bay is narrow, so it is made narrower by an island, call'd Branksey, which lying in the very mouth of the passage, divides it into two, and where there is an old castle, call'd Branksey Castle, built to defend the entrance, and this strength was very great advantage to the trade of this port, in the time of the late war with France.

Wareham is a neat town, and full of people, having a share of trade with Pool it self, it shows the ruins of a large town, and 'tis apparent has had eight churches, of which they have three remaining.

South of Wareham, and between the bay I have mentioned and the sea, lyes a large tract of land, which being surrounded by the sea, except on one side is call'd an island, tho' it is really what should be call'd a peninsula; this tract of land is better inhabited than the sea coast of this west end of Dorsetshire generally is, and the manufacture of stockings is carry'd on there also; it is called the Isle of Purbeck, and has in the middle of it a large market-town, call'd Corf, and from the famous castle there, the whole town is now call'd Corf-Castle, it is a corporation, sending members to Parliaments.

This part of the country is eminent for vast quarreys of stone, which is cut out flat, and us'd in London in great quantities for paving court-yards, alleys, avenues to houses, kitchins, footways on the sides of the high-streets, and the like; and is very profitable to the place, as also in the number of shipping employed in bringing it to London. There are also several rocks of very good marble, only that the veins in the stone are not black and white, as the Italian, but grey, red, and other colours.

From hence to Weymouth, which is —— — miles we rode in view of the sea; the country is open, and in some respects pleasant, but not like the northern parts of the county, which are all fine carpet ground, soft as velvet, and the herbage, sweet as garden herbs, which makes their sheep be the best in England, if not in the world, and their wool fine to an extream.

I cannot omit here a small adventure, which was very surprising to me on this journey; passing this plain country, we came to an open piece of ground where a neighbouring gentleman had at a great expence laid out a proper piece of land for a Decoy, or Duck-coy, as some call it; the works were but newly done, the planting young, the ponds very large, and well made; but the proper places for shelter of the fowl not cover'd, the trees not being grown, and men were still at work improving, and enlarging, and planting on the adjoyning heath, or common: Near the decoy keeper's house, were some places where young decoy-ducks were hatch'd, or otherwise kept to fit them for their work; To preserve them from vermin, polecats, kites, and such like, they had set traps, as is usual in such cases, and a gibbet by it, where abundance of such creatures as were taken were hang'd up for show.

While the decoy man was busy showing the new-works, he was alarm'd with a great cry about this house for Help, Help, and away he run, like the wind, guessing, as we suppos'd, that something was catch'd in the trap.

It was a good big boy about 13 or 14 year old, that cry'd out, for coming to the place, he found a great fowl catch'd by the leg in the trap, which yet was so strong, and so outrageous, that the boy going too near him, he flew at him, and frighted him, bit him, and beat him with his wings, for he was too strong for the

boy; as the master ran from the decoy, so another man-servant ran from the house, and finding a strange creature fast in the trap, not knowing what it was, laid at him with a great stick; the creature fought him a good while, but at length he struck him an unlucky blow, which quieted him; after this we all came up to see what was the matter, and found a monstruous eagle caught by the leg in the trap, and kill'd by the fellow's cudgel, as above.

When the master came to know what it was, and that his man had kill'd it, he was ready to kill the fellow for his pains, for it was a noble creature indeed, and would have been worth a great deal to the man to have it shown about the country, or to have sold to any gentleman curious in such things; but the eagle was dead, and there we left it: ?Tis probable this eagle had flown over the sea from France, either there, or at the Isle of Weight, where the Channel is not so wide; for we do not find that any eagles are known to breed in those parts of Britain.

From hence we turn'd up to Dorchester, the county town, tho' not the largest town in the county; Dorchester is indeed a pleasant agreeable town to live in, and where I thought the people seem'd less divided into factions and parties, than in other places; for though here are divisions and the people are not all of one mind, either as to religion, or politicks, yet they did not seem to separate with so much animosity as in other places: Here I saw the Church of England clergymen, and the Dissenting minister, or preacher drinking tea together, and conversing with civility and good neighbourhood, like catholick Christians, and men of a catholick, and extensive charity: The town is populous, tho' not large, the streets broad, but the buildings old, and low; however, there is good company and a good deal of it; and a man that coveted a retreat in this world might as agreeably spend his time, and as well in Dorchester, as in any town I know in England.

The downs round this town are exceeding pleasant, and come up on every side, even to the very streets end; and here it was that they told me, that there were 600 thousand sheep fed on the downs, within six miles of the town; that is, six miles every way, which is twelve miles in diameter, and thirty six miles in circumference. This I say, I was told, I do not affirm it to be true; but when I viewed the country round, I confess I could not but incline to believe it.

It is observable of these sheep, that they are exceeding fruitful, and the ews generally bringing two lambs, and they are for that reason bought by all the farmers thro' the east part of England, who come to Burford Fair in this country to buy them, and carry them into Kent and Surry eastward, and into Buckinghamshire, and Bedfordshire, and Oxfordshire north, even our Bansted Downs in Surrey, so fam'd for good mutton, is supply'd from this place: The grass, or herbage of these downs is full of the sweetest, and the most aromatick plants, such as nourish the sheep to a strange degree, and the sheeps dung again

nourishes that herbage to a strange degree; so that the valleys are render'd extreamly fruitful, by the washing of the water in hasty showers from off these hills.

An eminent instance of this is seen at Amesbury in Wiltshire, the next county to this, for it is the same thing in proportion over this whole county: I was told that at this town there was a meadow on the bank of the river Avon, which runs thence to Salisbury, which was let for 12/. a year per acre for the grass only: This I enquired particularly after, at the place, and was assur'd by the inhabitants as one man, that the fact was true, and was shew'd the meadows; the grass which grew on them was such as grew to the length of ten or twelve foot, rising up to a good height, and then taking root again, and was of so rich a nature as to answer very well such an extravagant rent.

The reason they gave for this, was the extraordinary richness of the soil, made so, as above, by the falling, or washing of the rains from the hills adjacent, by which tho' no other land thereabouts had such a kind of grass, yet all other meadows, and low grounds of the valley were extreamly rich in proportion.

There are abundance of good families, and of very antient lines in the neighbourhood of this town of Dorchester, as the Napiers, the Courtneys, Strangeways, Seymours, Banks, Tregonells, Sedenhams, and many others, some of which have very great estates in the county, and in particular Colonel Strangeways, Napier, and Courtney. The first of these is master of the famous swannery, or nursery of swans, the like of which I believe is not in Europe; I wonder any man should pretend to travel over this country, and pass by it too, and then write his account, and take no notice of it.

From Dorchester it is six miles to the sea side south, and the ocean in view almost all the way: The first town you come to is Weymouth, or Weymouthand Melcomb, two towns lying at the mouth of a little rivulet, which they call the Wey, but scarce claims the name of a river; however, the entrance makes a very good, tho' small harbour, and they are joyn'd by a wooden bridge; so that nothing but the harbour parts them; yet they are seperate corporations, and choose each of them two Members of Parliament, just as London and Southwark.

Weymouth is a sweet, clean, agreeable town, considering its low situation, and close to the sea; 'tis well built, and has a great many good substantial merchants in it; who drive a considerable trade, and have a good number of ships belonging to the town: They carry on now, in time of peace, a trade with France; but besides this, they trade also to Portugal, Spain, Newfoundland, and Virginia; and they have a large correspondence also up in the country for the consumption of their returns; especially the wine trade, and the Newfoundland trade are considerable here.

Without the harbour is an old castle, call'd Sandfoot Castle, and over-against them, where there is a good road for ships to put in on occasions of bad weather, is Portland Castle, and the road is call'd Portland Road: While I was here once, there came a merchant ship into that road, call'd Portland Road, under a very hard storm of wind; she was homeward bound from Oporto for London, laden with wines, and as she came in, she made signals of distress to the town, firing guns for help, and the like, as is usual in such cases; it was hi the dark of the night that the ship came in, and, by the help of her own pilot, found her way into the road, where she came to an anchor, but, as I say, fir'd guns for help.

The venturous Weymouth-men went off, even before it was light, with two boats to see who she was, and what condition she was in, and found she was come to an anchor, and had struck her top-masts; but that she had been in bad weather, had lost an anchor and cable before, and had but one cable to trust to, which did hold her, but was weak; and as the storm continued to blow, they expected every hour to go on shore, and split to pieces.

Upon this, the Weymouth boats came back with such diligence, that, in less than three hours, they were on board them again with an anchor and cable, which they immediately bent in its place, and let go to assist the other, and thereby secur'd the ship: ?Tis true, that they took a good price of the master for the help they gave him; for they made him draw a bill on his owners at London for 12*l.* for the use of the anchor, cable, and boat, besides some gratuities to the men: But they sav'd the ship and cargo by it, and in three or four days the weather was calm, and he proceeded on his voyage, returning the anchor and cable again; so that, upon the whole, it was not so extravagant as at first I thought it to be.

The Isle of Portland, on which the castle I mentioned stands, lies right against this port of Weymouth: Hence it is, that our best and whitest free stone comes, with which the cathedral of St. Paul's, the Monument, and all the publick edifices in the city of London, are chiefly built; and 'tis wonderful, and well worth the observation of a traveller to see the quarries in the rocks, from whence they are cut out, what stones, and of what prodigious a size are cut out there.

The island is indeed little more than one continued rock of free stone, and the height of the land is such, that from this island they see, in clear weather, above half over the Channel to France, tho' the Channel here is very broad; the sea off of this island, and especially to the west of it, is counted the most dangerous part of the British Channel: Due south, there is almost a continued disturbance in the waters, by reason of what they call two tides meeting, which I take to be no more than the setts of the currents from the French coast, and from the English shore meeting: This they call Portland Race; and several ships, not aware of these

currents, have been embay'd to the west of Portland, and been driven on shore on the beach, (of which I shall speak presently) and there lost.

To prevent this danger, and guide the mariner in these distresses, they have, within these few months, set up two light-houses on the two points of that island; and they had not been many months set up, with the directions given to the publick for their bearings, but we found three outward-bound East-India ships which were in distress in the night, in a hard extream gale of wind, were so directed by those lights, that they avoided going on shore by it, which, if the lights had not been there, would inevitably happened to their destruction.

This island, tho' seemingly miserable, and thinly inhabited, yet the inhabitants being almost all stone-cutters, we found there was no very poor people among them; and when they collected money for the rebuilding St. Paul's, they got more in this island than in the great town of Dorchester, as we were told.

Tho' Portland stands a league off from the main land of Britain, yet it is almost joyn'd by a prodigious riffe of beach, that is to say, of small stones cast up by the sea, which runs from the island so near the shore of England, that they ferry over with a boat and a rope, the water not being above half a stones throw over; and the said rifle of beach ending, as it were, at that inlet of water, turns away west, and runs parallel with the shore quite to Abbotsbury, which is a town about seven miles beyond Weymouth.

I name this for two reasons; first, to explain again what I said before, of ships being embay'd and lost here: This is when ships coming from the westward omit to keep a good offing, or are taken short by contrary winds, and cannot weather the high land of Portland, but are driven between Portland and the main land; if they can come to an anchor, and ride it out, well and good, and if not, they run on shore on that vast beach, and are lost without remedy.

On the inside of this beach, and between it, and the land, there is, as I have said, an inlet of water, which they ferry over, as above, to pass and repass to and from Portland: This inlet opens at about two miles west, and grows very broad, and makes a kind of lake within the land of a mile and a half broad, and near three miles in length, the breadth unequal. At the farthest end west of this water is a large duck-coy, and the verge of the water well grown with wood, and proper groves of trees for cover for the foul; in the open lake, or broad part, is a continual assembly of swans: Here they live, feed and breed, and the number of them is such, that, I believe, I did not see so few as 7 or 8000. Here they are protected, and here they breed in abundance; we saw several of them upon the wing, very high in the air, whence we supposed, that they flew over the riffe of beach, which parts the lake from the sea to feed on the shores as they thought fit, and so came home again at their leisure.

From this duck-coy west, the lake narrows, and at last almost closes, till the beach joyns the shore; and so Portland may be said not to be an island, but part of the continent; and now we came to Abbotsbury, a town anciently famous for a great monastery, and now eminent for nothing but its ruins.

From hence we went on to Bridport, a pretty large corporation town on the sea shore, tho' without a harbour: Here we saw boats all the way on the shore fishing for mackerell, which they take in the easiest manner imaginable; for they fix one end of the net to a pole, set deep into the sand, then the net being in a boat, they row right out into the water some length, then turn, and row parallel with the shore, vering out the net all the while, till they have let go all the net, except the line at the end, and then the boat rows on shore, when the men haling the net to the shore at both ends, bring to shore with it such fish, as they surrounded in the little way they rowed; this, at that time, proved to be an incredible number, insomuch, that the men could hardly draw them on shore: As soon as the boats had brought their fish on shore, we observed a guard, or watch, placed on the shore in several places, who we found had their eye not on the fishermen, but on the country people, who came down to the shore to buy their fish; and very sharp we found they were; and some that came with small carts were obliged to go back empty, without any fish. When we came to enquire into the particulars of this, we found, that these were officers placed on the shore by the justices and magistrates of the towns about, who were order'd to prevent the country farmers buying the mackerell to dung their land with them, which was thought to be dangerous, as to infection: In short, such was the plenty of fish that year, that mackerell, the finest and largest I evei saw, were sold at the sea side a hundred for a penny.

From Bridport, a town in which we see nothing remarkable, we came to Lime, the town particularly made famous by the landing of the Duke of Monmouth, and his unfortunate troop, in the time of King James II. of which I need say nothing, the history of it being so recent in the memory of so many living.

This is a town of good figure, and has in it several eminent merchants, who carry on a considerable trade to France, Spain, Newfoundland, and the Streights; and tho' they have neither creek or bay, road, or river, they have a good harbour; but 'tis such a one as is not in all Britain besides, if there is such a one in any part of the world.

It is a massy pile of building, consisting of high and thick walls of stone, rais'd, at first, with all the methods that skill and art could devise, but maintained now with very little difficulty: The walls are rais'd in the main sea, at a good distance from the shore; it consists of one main and solid wall of stone, large enough for carts and carriages to pass on the top, and to admit houses and ware houses to be built on it; so that it is broad as a street; opposite to this, but farther

into the sea, is another wall of the same workmanship, which crosses the end of the first wall, and comes about with a tail, parallel to the first wall.

Between the point of the first or main wall, is the entrance into the port, and the second, or opposite wall, breaking the violence of the sea from the entrance, the ships go into the basin, as into a peer, or harbour, and ride there as secure as in a mill pond, or as in a wet dock.

The town's people have the benefit of this wonderful harbour, and it is carefully kept in repair, as indeed it behoves them to do; but they could give me nothing of the history of it; nor do they, as I could perceive, know anything of the original of it, or who built it; it was lately almost beaten down by a storm, but is repair'd again.

This work is call'd the COBB: The custom-house officers have a lodge and warehouse upon it, and there were several ships of very good force, and rich in value, in the basin of it when I was there: It might be strengthen'd with a fort, and the walls themselves are firm enough to carry what guns they please to plant upon it; but they did not seem to think it needful; and as the shore is convenient for batteries, they have some guns planted in proper places, both for the defence of the COBB, and the town also.

This town is under the government of a mayor and aldermen, and may pass for a place of wealth, considering the bigness of it: Here we found the merchants began to trade in the pitchard fishing, tho' not to so considerable a degree as they do farther west; the pitchards seldom coming up so high eastward as Portland, and not very often so high as Lime.

It was in sight of these hills that Queen Elizabeth's fleet, under the command of the Lord Howard of Effingham, then admiral, began first to engage in a close, and resolv'd fight with the invincible Spanish Armada, in 1588: Maintaining the fight, the Spaniards making eastward, till they came the length of Portland Race, where they gave it over; the Spaniards having receiv'd considerable damage, and keeping then closer together. Off of the same place was a desperate engagement in the year 1672, between the English and Dutch, in which the Dutch were worsted, and driven over to the coast of France, and then glad to make home to refit and repair.

While we stay'd here some time viewing this town and coast, we had opportunity to observe the pleasant way of conversation, as it is manag'd among the gentlemen of this county, and their families, which are without reflection some of the most polite and well bred people in the isle of Britain: As their hospitality is very great, and their bounty to the poor remarkable, so their generous friendly way of living with, visiting, and associating one with another is as hard to be describ'd, as it is really to be admir'd; they seem to have a mutual

confidence in, and friendship with one another, as if they were all relations; nor did I observe the sharping tricking temper, which is too much crept in among the gameing and horse-racing gentry in some parts of England, to be so much known among them, any otherwise than to be abhorr'd; and yet they sometimes play too, and make matches, and horse-races, as they see occasion.

The ladies here do not want the help of assemblies to assist in match-making; or half-pay officers to run away with their daughters, which the meetings, call'd assemblies in some other parts of England, are recommended for: Here's no Bury Fair, where the women are scandalously said to carry themselves to market, and where every night they meet at the play, or at the assembly for intreague, and yet I observ'd that the women do not seem to stick on hand so much in this country, as in those countries, where those assemblies are so lately set up; the reason of which I cannot help saying, if my opinion may bear any weight, is, that the Dorsetshire ladies are equal in beauty, and may be superiour in reputation; In a word, their reputation seems here to be better kept; guarded by better conduct, and manag'd with more prudence, and yet the Dorsetshire ladies, I assure you, are not nuns, they do not go vail'd about streets, or hide themselves when visited; but a general freedom of conversation, agreeable, mannerly, kind, and good runs thro' the whole body of the gentry of both sexes, mix'd with the best of behaviour, and yet govern'd by prudence and modesty; such as I no where see better in all my observation, thro' the whole isle of Britain. In this little interval also I visited some of the biggest towns in the north-west part of this county, as Blandford, a town on the river Stour in the road between Salisbury and Dorchester, a handsome well built town, but chiefly famous for making the finest bonelace in England, and where they shew'd me some so exquisitely fine, as I think I never saw better in Flanders, France or Italy, and which they said, they rated at above 30*l* . sterling a yard; but I suppose there was not much of this to be had, but 'tis most certain, that they make exceeding rich lace in that county, such as no part of England can equal.

From thence I went west to Stourbridge, vulgarly call'd Strabridge; the town, and the country round is employ'd in the manufacture of stockings, and which was once famous for making the finest, best, and highest priz'd knit stockings in England; but that trade now is much decay'd by the encrease of the knitting-stocking engine, or frame, which has destroyed the hand knitting-trade for fine stockings thro' the whole kingdom, of which I shall speak more in its place.

From hence I came to Shireburn, a large and populous town, with one collegiate, or conventual church, and may properly claim to have more inhabitants in it than any town in Dorsetshire, tho' it is neither the county town, or does it send members to Parliament; the church is still a reverend pile, and shews the

face of great antiquity. Here begins the Wiltshire medley cloathing, tho' this town be in Dorsetshire; of which I shall speak at large in its place, and therefore I omit any discourse of it here.

Shaftsbury is also on the edge of this county, adjoyning to Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, being 14 miles from Salisbury, over that fine down or carpet ground, which they call particularly, or properly Salisbury Plain. It has neither house or town in view all the way, and the road which often lyes very broad, and branches off insensibly, might easily cause a traveller to loose his way, but there is a certain never failing assistance upon all these downs for telling a stranger his way, and that is the number of shepherds feeding, or keeping their vast flocks of sheep, which are every where in the way, and who, with a very little pains, a traveller may always speak with. Nothing can be like it, the Arcadians plains of which we read so much pastoral trumpery in the poets, could be nothing to them.

This Shaftsbury is now a sorry town, upon the top of a high hill, and which closes the plain, or downs, and whence nature presents you a new scene or prospect, (viz.) of Somerset and Wiltshire, where 'tis all enclosed, and grown with woods, forests, and planted hedge-rows: The country rich, fertile and populous, the towns and houses standing thick, and being large and full of inhabitants, and those inhabitants fully employed in the richest and most valuable manufacture in the world, (viz.) the English cloathing, as well, the medley, or mixt clothing, as whites; as well for the home trade, as the foreign trade; of which I shall take leave to be very particular in my return thro' the west and north part of Wiltshire, in the latter part of this work.

In my return to my western progress, I pass'd some little part of Somersetshire, as thro' Evil, or Yeovil, upon the river Ivil, in going to which we go down a long steep hill, which they call Babylon-Hill; but from what original I could find none of the country people to inform me.

This Yeovil is a market town of good resort, and some clothing is carry'd on, in, and near it, but not much, its main manufacture at this time is making of gloves.

It cannot pass my observation here, that when we are come this length from London, the dialect of the English tongue, or the country way of expressing themselves is not easily understood, it is so strangely altered; it is true, that it is so in many parts of England besides, but in none in so gross a degree as in this part; This way of boorish country speech, as in Ireland, it is call'd the brogue upon the tongue; so here 'tis call'd *jouring* and 'tis certain, that tho' the tongue be all meer natural English, yet those that are but a little acquainted with them, cannot understand one half of what they say: It is not possible to explain this fully by writing, because the difference is not so much in the orthography of words, as in

the tone, and diction; their abridging the speech, *cham* for *I am* , *chil* for *I will, don* , for *put on* , and *doff* , for *put off* , and the like. And I cannot omit a short story here on this subject; coming to a relations house, who was a school-master at Martock in Somersetshire, I went into his school to beg the boys a play day, as is usual in such cases; I should have said to beg the master a play day, but that by the way; coming into the school, I observed one of the lowest scholars was reading his lesson to the usher, which lesson it seems was a chapter in the Bible, so I sat down by the master, till the boy had read out his chapter: I observed the boy read a little oddly in the tone of the country, which made me the more attentive, because on enquiry, I found that the words were the same, and the orthography the same as in all our Bibles. I observed also the boy read it out with his eyes still on the book, and his head like a meer boy, moving from side to side, as the lines reach'd cross the columns of the book; his lesson was in the Cant. 5. 3. of which the words are these,

"I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on, I have wash'd my feet, how shall I defile them?" The boy read thus, with his eyes, as I say, full on the text.

"Chav a doffed my cooat, how shall I don't, chav a wash'd my veet, how shall I moil'em?"

How the dexterous dunce could form his mouth to express so readily the words, (which stood right printed in the book) in his country jargon, I could not but admire; I shall add to this another piece as diverting, which also happened in my knowledge at this very town of Yeovil, tho' some years ago.

There liv'd a good substantial family in the town, not far from the Angel Inn, a well known house, which was then, and I suppose is still the chief inn of the town. This family had a dog, which among his other good qualities, for which they kept him (for he was a rare house dog) had this bad one, that he was a most notorious thief; but withal, so cunning a dog, and managed himself so warily, that he preserved a mighty good reputation among the neighbourhood; as the family was well beloved in the town, so was the dog; he was known to be a very useful servant to them, especially in the night, when he was fierce as a lion, but in the day the gentlest, lovingest creature that could be, and as they said, all the neighbours had a good word for this dog.

It happen'd that the good wife, or mistress at the Angel Inn, had frequently missed several pieces of meat out of the pail, as they say, or powdering-tub, as we call it; and that some very large pieces; 'tis also to be observ'd the dog did not stay to eat (what he took) upon the spot, in which case some pieces, or bones, or fragments might be left, and so it might be discovered to be a dog; but he made cleaner work, and when he fastened upon a piece of meat he was sure to carry it

quite away, to such retreats as he knew he could be safe in, and so feast upon it at leisure.

It happen'd at last, as with most thieves it does, that the inn-keeper was too cunning for him, and the poor dog was nabb'd, taken in the fact, and could make no defence.

Having found the thief, and got him in custody, the master of the house, a good humour'd fellow, and loth to disoblige the dog's master, by executing the criminal, as the dog-law directs; mitigates his sentence, and handled him as follows; first taking out his knife, he cut off both his ears, and then bringing him to the threshold, he chop'd off his tail; and having thus effectually dishonour'd the poor cur among his neighbours, he tyed a string about his neck, and a piece of paper to the string directed to his master, and with these witty west country verses on it.

To my honour'd master —— Esq;

Hail master a cham a' com hoam
So cut as an ape, and tail have I noan,
For stealing of beef, and pork, out of the pail,
For thease they'v cut my ears, for th' wother my tail;
Nea measter, and us tell thee more nor that
And's come there again, my brains will be flat.

I could give many more accounts of the different dialects of the people of this country, in some of which they are really not to be understood, but the particulars have little or no diversion in them, they carry it such a length, that we see their j curing speech even upon their monuments, and grave-stones; As for example, even in some of the church-yards of the city of Bristol, I saw this excellent poetry after some other lines —

And when that thou doest hear of thick,
Think of the glass that runneth quick.

But I proceed into Devonshire, from Evil we came to Crookorn, thence to Chard, and from thence into the same road I was in before at Honiton.

This is a large and beautiful market-town, very populous, and well built, and is so very remarkably pav'd with small pebbles, that on either sides the way a little channel is left shouldered up on the sides of it; so that it holds a small stream of fine clear running water with a little square dipping place left at every door, so that every family in the town has a clear clean running river, (as it may be call'd) just at their own door, and this so much finer, so much pleasanter, and agreeable to look on, then that at placeName reg="Salisbury" cnty="Wiltshire">Salisbury, which they boast so much of, that in my opinion, there is no comparison.

Here we see the first of the great serge manufacture of Devonshire, a trade too great to be described in miniature, as it must be, if I undertake it here; and which takes up this whole county, which is the largest and most populous in England, Yorkshire excepted, (which ought to be esteem'd three counties, and is indeed divided as such into the East, West and North Riding;) but Devonshire one entire county, is so full of great towns, and those towns so full of people, and those people so universally employ 'd in trade, and manufactures, that not only it cannot be equall'd in England, but perhaps not in Europe.

In my travel thro' Dorsetshire, I ought to have observ'd that the biggest towns in that county sent no members to Parliament, and that the smallest did; that is to say, that Sherborn, Blandford, Winbornminster, Sturmister, and several other towns choose no members, whereas Weymouth, Melcom, and Bridport, were all burgess towns; but now we come to Devonshire, we find almost all the great towns, and some smaller choosing members also; It is true, there are some large populous towns that do not choose, but then there are so many that do, that the county seems to have no injustice, for they send up six and twenty members.

However, as I say above, there are several great towns which do not choose Parliament men, of which Bidiford is one, Crediton or Kirton another, Ilfracomb a third, but those excepted the principal towns in the county do all choose Members of Parliament.

Honiton is one of those, and may pass not only for a pleasant good town, as before, but stands in the best and pleasantest part of the whole county; and I cannot but recommend it to any gentlemen that travel this road, that if they please to observe the prospect for half a mile, till their coming down the hill, and to the entrance into Honiton, the view of the country is the most beautiful landskip in the world, a meer picture; and I do not remember the like in any one place in England; 'tis observable that the market of this town was kept originally on the Sunday, till it was chang'd by the direction of King John.

From Honiton the country is exceeding pleasant still, and on the road they have a beautiful prospect almost all the way to Exeter, which is twelve miles; on the left hand of this road lyes that part of the county, which they call the South Hams, and which is famous for the best cyder in that part of England; also the town of St. Mary Oterey, commonly call'd St. Mary Autree: They tell us the name is deriv'd from the river Ottery, and that, from the multitude of otters found always in that river, which however to me seems fabulous; nor does there appear to be any such great number of otters in that water, or in the county about, more than is usual in other counties, or in other parts of the county about them; they tell us they send 20000 hogsheds of cyder hence every year to London, and which is still worse, that it is most of it bought there by the merchants to mix with their

wines, which if true, is not much to the reputations of the London vintners; but that by the by.

From hence we came to Exeter, a city famous for two things, which we seldom find unite in the same town, (viz.) that ’tis full of gentry, and good company, and yet full of trade and manufactures also; the serge market held here every week is very well worth a strangers seeing, and next to the Brigg-Market at Leeds in Yorkshire, is the greatest in England. The people assur’d me that at this market is generally sold from 60 to 70 to 80, and sometimes a hundred thousand pounds value in serges in a week. I think ’tis kept on Mondays.

They have the river Esk here, a very considerable river, and principal in the whole county; and within three miles, or thereabouts, it receives ships of any ordinary burthen, the port there being call’d Topsham; but now by the application, and at the expence of the citizens, the channel of the river is so widened, deepen’d, and cleans’d from the shoal, which would otherwise interrupt the navigation, that the ships come now quite up to the city, and there with ease both deliver and take in their lading.

This city drives a very great correspondence with Holland, as also directly to Portugal, Spain and Italy; shipping off vast quantities of the woollen-manufactures, especially, to Holland, the Dutch giving very large commissions here for the buying of serges perpetuan’s, and such goods; which are made not only in and about Exeter, but at Crediton, Honiton, Culliton, St. Mary Autry, Newton-Bushell, Ashburton and especially at Tiverton, Cullumbton, Bampton, and all the north east part of the county, which part of the county is, as it may be said, fully employed, the people made rich, and the poor that are properly so call’d, well subsisted, and employ’d by it.

Excester is a large rich, beautiful, populous, and was once a very strong city; but as to the last, as the castle, the walls, and all the old works are demolished, so were they standing, the way of managing seiges, and attacks of towns is such now, and so alter’d from what it was in those days, that Excester in the utmost strength it could ever boast, would not now hold out five days open trenches; nay, would hardly put an army to the trouble of opening trenches against it at all. This city was famous in the late civil unnatural war, for its loyalty to the king, and for being a sanctuary to the queen, where her majesty resid’d for sometime, and here she was delivered of a daughter, being the Princess Henrietta Maria, of whom our histories give a particular account, so I need say no more of it here.

The cathedral church of this city is an antient beauty, or as it may be said, it is beautiful for its antiquity; But it has been so fully, and often described that it would look like a meer coppying from others to mention it: There is a good

library kept in it, in which are some manuscripts, and particularly an old missal, or mass-book, the leaves of velum, and famous for its most exquisite writing.

This county, and this part of it in particular, has been famous for the birth of several eminent men, as well for learning, as for arts, and for war, as particularly:

Sir William Petre, who the learn'd Dr. Wake, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and author of the Additions to Mr. Cambden, says, was Secretary of State, and Privy Counsellor to King Hen. VIII. Ed. VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and seven times sent ambassador into foreign countries.

Sir Thomas Bodley, famous, and of grateful memory to all learned men, and lovers of letters, for his collecting, and establishing, the best library in Britain; which is now at Oxford, and is call'd after his name the Bodleian Library to this day.

Also Sir Francis Drake, born at Plymouth.

Sir Walter Raleigh, of both those I need say nothing: Fame publishes their merit upon every mention of their names.

That great patron of learning — Hooker, author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* , and of several other valuable pieces.

Of Dr. Arthur Duck, a fam'd civilian, and well known by his works among the learned advocates of Doctors Commons.

Dr. John Moreman of Southold, famous for being the first clergyman in England, who ventured to teach his parishoners the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments in the English tongue; and reading them so publickly in the parish church of Mayenhennet, in this county, of which he was vicar.

Dr. John De Brampton, a man of great learning, who flourished in the reign of Hen. VI. was famous, for being the first that read Aristotle publickly in the University of Cambridge, and for several learned books of his writing, which are now lost.

9. Peter Blundel, a clothier, who built the free-school at Tiverton, and endowed it very handsomely, of which in its place.

Sir John Glanvill, a noted lawyer, and one of the judges of the Common Pleas.

Sergeant Glanvill his son, as great a lawyer as his father.

Sir John Maynard, an eminent lawyer of later years; one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal under King William III. all these three were born at Tavistock.

Sir Peter King, the present Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and many others.

I shall take the north part of this county in my return from Cornwall; so I must now lean to the south, that is to say, to the south coast, for in going on indeed, we go south west. About 22 miles from Excester we go to Totness, on the river Dart. This is a very good town; of some trade, but has more gentlemen in it than

tradesmen of note; they have a very fine stone-bridge here over the river, which being within seven or eight miles of the sea, is very large, and the tide flows 10 or 12 foot at the bridge. Here we had the diversion of seeing them catch fish, with the assistance of a dog. The case is this, on the south side of the river, and on a slip, or narrow cut or channel made on purpose for a mill, there stands a corn-mill; the mill tayl, or floor for the water below the wheels is wharft up on either side with stone, above high-water mark, and for above 20 or 30 foot in length below it, on that part of the river towards the sea; at the end of this wharfing is a grating of wood, the cross-bars of which stand bearing inward, sharp at the end, and pointing inward towards one another, as the wyers of a mouse-trap.

When the tide flows up, the fish can with ease go in between the points of these cross-bars, but the mill being shut down they can go no farther upwards; and when the water ebbs again, they are left behind, not being able to pass the points of the grating, as above, outwards; which like a mouse-trap keeps them in, so that they are left at the bottom with about a foot, or a foot and half water. We were carryed hither at low water, where we saw about 50 or 60 small salmon, about 17 to 20 inches long, which the country people call salmon peal, and to catch these, the person who went with us, who was our landlord at a great inn next the bridge, put in a net on a hoop at the end of a pole, the pole going cross the hoop, which we call in this country a shove net: The net being fix'd at one end of the place they put in a dog, who was taught his trade before hand, at the other end of the place, and he drives all the fish into the net, so that only holding the net still in its place, the man took up two or three and thirty salmon peal at the first time.

Of these we took six for our dinner, for which they ask'd a shilling, (viz.) two pence a piece, and for such fish not at all bigger, and not so fresh, I have seen 6*s* . *6d.* each given at a London fish-market, whither they are some time brought from Chichester by land carriage.

This excessive plenty of so good fish, and other provisions being likewise very cheap in proportion, makes the town of Totness a very good place to live in; especially for such as have large families, and but small estates, and many such are said to come into those parts on purpose for saving money, and to live in proportion to their income.

From hence we went still south about seven miles, (all in view of this river) to Dartmouth, a town of note, seated at the mouth of the river Dart, and where it enters into the sea at a very narrow, but safe entrance; The opening into Dartmouth Harbour is not broad, but the channel deep enough for the biggest ship in the royal navy; the sides of the entrance are high mounded with rocks; without

which just at the first narrowing of the passage, stands a good strong fort without a platform of guns, which commands the port.

The narrow entrance is not much above half a mile, when it opens and makes a basin, or harbour able to receive 500 sail of ships of any size, and where they may ride with the greatest safety, even as in a mill-pond, or wet-dock: I had the curiosity here with the assistance of a merchant of the town to go out to the mouth of the haven in a boat to see the entrance, and castle, or fort that commands it; and coming back with the tide of flood, I observ'd some small fish to skip, and play upon the surface of the water, upon which I ask'd my friend what fish they were; immediately one of the rowers or seamen starts up in the boat, and throwing his arms abroad, as if he had been betwitch'd, cryes out as loud as he could baul, "a scool, a scool." The word was taken to the shore as hastily as it would have been on land if he had cry'd fire; and by that time we reach'd the keys, the town was all in a kind of an uproar.

The matter was, that a great shoal, or as they call it a *scool* of pilchards came swimming with the tide of flood directly, out of the sea into the harbour. My friend whose boat we were in, told me this was a surprize which he would have been very glad of, if he could but have had a days or two's warning, for he might have taken 200 tun of them, and the like was the case of other merchants in town; for in short, no body was ready for them, except a small fishing boat, or two; one of which went out into the middle of the harbour, and at two or three hawls, took about forty thousand of them. We sent our servant to the key to buy some, who for a half-penny, brought us seventeen, and if he would have taken them, might have had as many more for the same money; with these we went to dinner; the cook at the inn broil'd them for us, which is their way of dressing them, with pepper and salt, which cost us about a farthing; so that two of us, and a servant din'd, and at a tavern too, for three farthings, dressing and all, and this is the reason of telling the tale; What drink, wine, or beer we had, I do not remember, but whatever it was, that we paid for by it self; but for our food we really din'd for *three farthings* , and very well too: Our friend treated us the next day with a dish of large lobsters, and I being curious to know the value of such things, and having freedom enough with him to enquire; I found that for *6d.* or 8*d.* they bought as good lobsters there, as would have cost in London 3*s* . to 3*s* . *6d.* each.

In observing the coming in of those pilchards, as above, we found that out at sea, in the offing, beyond the mouth of the harbour there was a whole army of porpuses, which as they told us pursued the pilchards, and 'tis probable drove them into the harbour, as above. The scool it seems drove up the river a great way, even as high as Totness Bridge, as we heard afterwards; so that the country people who had boats, and nets, catch'd as many as they knew what to do with, and

perhaps liv'd upon pilchards for several days; but as to the merchant's and trade, their coming was so suddain, that it was no advantage to them.

Round the west side of this basin, or harbour in a kind of a semicircle, lyes the town of Dartmouth, a very large and populous town, tho' but meanly built, and standing on the side of a steep hill; yet the key is large, and the street before it spacious. Here are some very flourishing merchants, who trade very prosperously, and to the most considerable trading ports of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Plantations; but especially, they are great traders to Newfoundland, and from thence to Spain, and Italy with fish, and they drive a good trade also, in their own fishery of pilchards, which is hereabouts carried on with the greatest number of vessels of any port, in the west, except Falmouth.

A little to the southward of this town, and to the east of the port, is Torbay, of which I know nothing proper to my observation, more than that it is a very good road for ships, tho' sometimes, especially with a southerly, or S.E. wind, ships have been oblig'd to quit the bay, and put out to sea, or run into Dartmouth for shelter.

I suppose I need not mention, that they had from the hilly part of this town, and especially from the hills opposite to it, the noble prospect, and at that time particularly delightful, of the Prince of Orange's fleet, when he came to that coast, and as they entered into Torbay, to land; the prince and his army being in a fleet of about 600 sail of transport ships, besides 50 sail of men of war of the line, all which with a fair wind, and fine weather came to an anchor there at once.

This town as most of the towns of Devonshire are, is full of Dissenters, and a very large meeting-house they have here; how they act here with respect to the great dispute about the doctrine of the Trinity, which has caus'd such a breach among those people at Excester, and other parts of the county, I cannot give any account of. This town sends two members to Parliament.

From hence we went to Plympton, a poor and thinly inhabited town, tho' blest with the like privilege of sending members to the Parliament; of which I have little more to say, but that from thence the road lyes to Plymouth, distance about six miles.

Plymouth is indeed a town of consideration, and of great importance to the publick. The situation of it between two very large inlets of the sea, and in the bottom of a large bay, which is very remarkable for the advantage of navigation. The Sound, or bay is compass'd on every side with hills, and the shear generally steep and rocky, tho' the anchorage is good, and it is pretty safe riding: In the entrance to this bay, lyes a large and most dangerous rock, which at high-water is covered, but at low-tide lyes bare, where many a good ship has been lost, even in

the view of safety, and many a ships crew drown'd in the night, before help could be had for them.

Upon this rock, which was call'd the Edystone, from its situation, the famous Mr. Winstanley undertook to build a light-house for the direction of sailors, and with great art, and expedition finished it; which work considering its height, the magnitude of its building, and the little hold there was, by which it was possible to fasten it to the rock, stood to admiration, and bore out many a bitter storm.

Mr. Winstanly often visited, and frequently strengthened the building, by new works, and was so confident of its firmness, and stability, that he usually said, he only desir'd to be in it when a storm should happen, for many people had told him, it would certainly fall, if it came to blow a little harder than ordinary.

But he happen'd at last to be in it once too often; Namely, when that dreadful tempest blew, Nov. the 27, 1703. This tempest began on the Wednesday before, and blew with such violence, and shook the light-house so much, that as they told me there, Mr. Winstanly would fain have been on shoar, and made signals for help, but no boats durst go off to him; and to finish the tragedy, on the Friday, Nov. 26, when the tempest was so redoubled, that it became a terror to the whole nation; the first sight there seaward, that the people of Plymouth, were presented with in the morning after the storm, was the bare Eddystone, the light-house being gone; in which Mr. Winstanly, and all that were with him perish'd, and were never seen, or heard of since: But that which was a worse loss still, was, that a few days after a merchant's ship call'd the *Winchelsea* homeward bound from Virginia, not knowing the Eddystone lighthouse was down; for want of the light that should have been seen run foul of the rock it self, and was lost with all her lading, and most of her men, but there is now another light-house built on the same rock.

What other disasters happen'd at the same time, in the Sound, and in the roads about Plymouth, is not my business: They are also publish'd in other books, to which I refer.

One thing, which I was a witness too, on a former journey to this place, I cannot omit: It was the next year after that great storm, and but a little sooner in the year, being in August, I was at Plymouth, and walking on the Hoo, which is a plain on the edge of the sea, looking to the road, I observed the evening so serene, so calm, so bright, and the sea so smooth, that a finer sight, I think, I never saw; there was very little wind, but what was, seem'd to be westerly; and, about an hour after, it blew a little breeze at south west, with which wind there came into the Sound, that night, and the next morning, a fleet of fourteen sail of ships, from Barbadoes; richly loaden, for London: Having been long at sea, most of the captains and passengers came on shore to refresh themselves, as is usual, after such tedious voyages, and the ships rode all in the Sound on that side next to

Catwater: As is customary, upon safe arriving to their native country, there was a general joy and rejoycing, both on board and on shore.

The next day the wind began to freshen, especially in the afternoon, and the sea to be disturbed, and very hard it blew at night, but all was well for that time; but the night after it blew a dreadful storm, not much inferior, for the time it lasted, to the storm mentioned above, which blew down the light-house on the Eddy Stone; about midnight the noise indeed was very dreadful, what with the roaring of the sea, and of the wind, intermixed with the firing of guns for help from the ships, the cries of the seamen and people on shore, and, which was worse, the cries of those, which were driven on shore by the tempest, and dash'd in pieces. In a word, all the fleet, except three, or thereabouts, were dash'd to pieces against the rocks, and sunk in the sea, most of the men being drowned: Those three, who were sav'd, received so much damage, that their lading was almost all spoil'd: One ship in the dark of the night, the men not knowing where they were, run into Catwater, and run on shore there, by which she was however sav'd from shipwreck, and the lives of her crew were saved also.

This was a melancholly morning indeed; nothing was to be seen but wrecks of the ships, and a foaming furious sea, hi that very place where they rode all in joy and triumph, but the evening before: The captains, passengers and officers who were, as I have said, gone on shoar, between the joy of saving their lives, and the affliction of having lost their ships, their cargoes, and their friends, were objects indeed worth our compassion and observation; and there was a great variety of the passions to be observed in them: Now lamenting their losses, then giving thanks for their deliverance, many of the passengers had lost their all, and were, as they expressed themselves, utterly undone; they were, I say, now lamenting their losses, with violent excesses of grief; then giving thanks for their lives, and that they should be brought on shore, as it were, on purpose to be sav'd from death; then again in tears for such as were drowned; the various cases were indeed very affecting, and, in many things, very instructing.

As, I say, Plymouth lyes in the bottom of this Sound, in the center between the two waters, so there lies against it, in the same position, an island, which they call St. Nicholas, on which there is a castle, which commands the entrance into Ham-Oze, and indeed that also into Catwater in some degree: In this island the famous General Lambert, one of Cromwell's great agents, or officers in the Rebellion was imprison'd for life, and liv'd many years there.

On the shore, over-against this island, is the citadel of Plymouth, a small, but regular fortification, inaccessible by sea, but not exceeding strong by land, except that they say the works are of a stone, hard as marble, and would not soon yield to

the batteries of an enemy: But that is a language our modern engineers now laugh at.

The town stands above this, upon the same rock, and lyes sloping on the side of it, towards the east; the inlet of the sea, which is call'd Catwater, and which is a harbour, capable of receiving any number of ships, and of any size, washing the eastern shore of the town, where they have a kind of natural mole, or haven, with a key, and all other conveniencies for bringing in vessels for loading and unloading; nor is the trade carried on here inconsiderable in it self, or the number of merchants small.

The other inlet of the sea, as I term it, is on the other side of the town, and is call'd Ham-Oze, being the mouth of the river Tamar, a considerable river, which parts the two counties of Devon and Cornwall: Here the war with France making it necessary that the ships of war should have a retreat nearer hand than at Portsmouth, the late King William order'd a wet dock, with yards, dry docks, launches, and conveniencies of all kinds for building, and repairing of ships to be built; and with these followed necessarily the building of store-houses and warehouses, for the rigging, sails, naval and military stores, &c. of such ships as may be appointed to be laid up there, as now several are, with very handsome houses for the commissioners, clerks, and officers of all kinds usual in the kings yards, to dwell in: It is in short, now become as compleat an arsenal, or yard, for building and fitting men of war as any of the government are masters of, and perhaps much more convenient than some of them, tho' not so large.

The building of these things, with the addition of rope walks, and mast-yards, &c. as it brought abundance of trades-people, and workmen to the place, so they began by little and little to build houses on the lands adjacent, till at length there appeared a very handsome street, spacious and large, and as well inhabited, and so many houses are since added, that it is become a considerable town, and must of consequence in time draw abundance of people from Plymouth it self.

However, the town of Plymouth is, and will always be a very considerable town, while that excellent harbour makes it such a general port for the receiving all the fleets of merchants ships from the southward, as from Spain, Italy, the West-Indies, &c. who generally make it the first port to put in at for refreshment, or safety, from either weather or enemies.

The town is populous and wealthy, having, as above, several considerable merchants, and abundance of wealthy shop-keepers, whose trade depends upon supplying the sea-faring people, that upon so many occasions put into that port; as for gentlemen, I mean those that are such by family, and birth, and way of living, it cannot be expected to find many such in a town, meerly depending on trade, shipping and sea-faring business, yet I found here some men of value, persons of

liberal education, general knowledge, and excellent behaviour, whose society obliges me to say, that a gentleman might find very agreeable company in Plymouth.

From Plymouth we pass the Tamar, over a ferry to Saltash, a little poor shattered town, the first we sat foot on in the county of Cornwall. The Tamar here is very wide, and the ferry boats bad, so that I thought my self well escap'd, when I got safe on shore in Cornwall.

Saltash seems to be the ruins of a larger place, and we saw many houses as it were falling down, and I doubt not but the mice and rats have abandoned many more, as they say they will, when they are likely to fall; yet this town is govern'd by a mayor and aldermen, has many privileges, sends members to Parliament, takes toll of all vessels that pass the river, and have the sole oyster fishing in the whole river, which is considerable. Mr. Carew, author of the *Survey of Cornwall* , tells us a strange story of a dog in this town, of whom it was observ'd, that if they gave him any large bone, or piece of meat, he immediately went out of doors with it, and after having disappeared for some time, would return again, upon which after some time they watch'd him, when to their great surprise they found that the poor charitable creature carryed what he so got to an old decrip'd mastiff, which lay in a nest that he had made among the brakes a little way out of the town, and was blind; so that he could not help himself, and there this creature fed him; he adds, also, that on Sundays, or hollydays, when he found they made good chear in the house, where he liv'd, he would go out, and bring this old blind dog to the door, and feed him there till he had enough, and then go with him back to his habitation in the country again, and see him safe in; if this story is true, it is very remarkable indeed, and I thought it worth telling, because the author was a person, who they say might be credited.

This town has a kind of jurisdiction upon the river Tamar down to the mouth of the port, so that they claim anchorage of all small ships that enter the river, their coroner sits upon all dead bodies that are found drown'd in the river, and the like, but they make not much profit of them. There is a good market here, and that is the best thing to be said of the town, it is also very much encreased since the number of the inhabitants are encreased at the new town, as I mentioned, as near the dock at the mouth of Ham Oaze, for those people choose rather to go to Saltash to market by water, then to walk to Plymouth by land for their provisions; because, first, as they go in the town boat, the same boat brings home what they buy; so that it is much less trouble, (second,) because provisions are bought much cheaper at Saltash, than at Plymouth: This I say, is like to be a very great advantage to the town of Saltash, and may in time put a new face of wealth upon the place.

They talk of some merchants beginning to trade here, and they have some ships that use the Newfoundland fishery; but I could not hear of any thing considerable they do in it, there is no other considerable town up the Tamar, till we come to Lanceston, the county town, which I shall take in my return, so I turn'd west, keeping the south shore of the county, to the Lands End.

From Saltash I went to Liskard, about 7 miles. This is a considerable town, well built, has people of fashion in it, and a very great market; it also sends two members to Parliament, and is one of the five towns, call'd Stannary Towns, that is to say, where the blocks of TINN are brought to the coinage, of which by it self; this coinage of tinn is an article very much to the advantage of the towns where it is settled, tho' the money paid goes another way.

This town of Liskard was once eminent, had a good castle, and a large house, where the antient Dukes of Cornwall kept their Court in those days; also it enjoy'd several privileges, especially by the favour of the Black Prince, who, as Prince of Wales, and Duke of Cornwall resided here; and in return, they say this town, and the country round it, rais'd a great body of stout young fellows, who entered into his service, and followed his fortunes in his wars in France, as also in Spain; But these buildings are so decay'd, that there are now scarce any of the ruins of the castle, or of the prince's Court remaining.

The only publick edifices they have now to show, are the guild, or town-hall, on which there is a turret with a fine clock; a very good free-school, well provided; a very fine conduit in the market-place; an antient large church, and which is something rare, for the county of Cornwall, a large new built meeting-house for the Dissenters, which I name, because they assur'd me there was but three more, and those very inconsiderable in all the county of Cornwall; whereas in Devonshire, which is the next county, there are reckoned about seventy, some of which are exceeding large and fine.

This town is also remarkable for a very great trade in all manufactures of leather, such as boots, shoes, gloves, purses, breeches, &c. and some spinning of late years is set up here, encourag'd by the woollen manufacturers of Devonshire.

Between these two towns of Saltash and Liskard, is St. Germans, now a village, decay'd, and without any market, but the largest parish in the whole county; in the bounds of which is contained, as they report, 17 villages, and the town of Saltash among them, for Saltash has no parish church, it seems of it self but as a chappel of ease to St. Germans: In the neighbourhood of these towns are many pleasant seats of the Cornish gentry, who are indeed very numerous, tho' their estates may not be so large, as is usual in England; yet neither are they despicable in that part, and in particular this may be said of them, that as they generally live cheap, and are more at home than in other counties, so they live

more like gentlemen, and keep more within bounds of their estates than the English generally do, take them altogether.

Add to this, that they are the most sociable, generous, and to one another, the kindest neighbours that are to be found; and as they generally live, as we may say, together, for they are almost always at one anothers houses, so they generally inter-marry among themselves, the gentlemen seldom going out of the county for a wife, or the ladies for a husband, from whence they say, that proverb upon them was rais'd (viz.) That all the Cornish gentlemen are cousins.

On the hills north of Liskard, and in the way between Liskard and Lanceston, there are many tinn mines, and as they told us some of the richest veins of that metal are found there, that are in the whole county; the metal when cast at the blowing houses into blocks, being as above, carry'd to Liskard to be coin'd.

From Liskard, in our course west, we are necessarily carry'd to the sea coast, because of the river Fowey, or Fowath, which empties it self into the sea, at a very large mouth, and hereby this river rising in the middle of the breadth of the county, and running south, and the river Camel rising not far from it, and running north, with a like large channel, the land from Bodmyn to the western part of the county is almost made an island, and in a manner cut off from the eastern part, the peninsula, or neck of land between, being not above twelve miles over.

On this south side we come to Foy, or Fowey, an antient town, and formerly very large; nay, not large only, but powerful and potent, for the Foyens, as they were then call'd, were able to fit out large fleets, not only for merchant's ships, but even of men of war; and with these not only fought with, but several times vanquished, and routed the squadron of the Cinque Port men, who in those days were thought very powerful.

Mr. Cambden observes, that the town of Foy quarters some part of the arms of every one of those Cinque Ports with their own; intimating, that they had at several times trampled over them all; certain it is, they did often beat them, and took their ships, and brought them as good prizes into their haven of Foy, and carry'd it so high, that they fitted out their fleets against the French, and took several of their men of war when they were at war with England, and enrich'd their town by the spoil of their enemies.

Edward IV. favoured them much, and because the French threatened them, to come up their river with a powerful navy to burn their town, he caus'd two forts to be built at the publick charge, for security of the town and river, which forts at least some show of them remain there still, but the same King Edward was some time after so disgusted at the townsmen for officiously falling upon the French after a truce was made, and proclaim'd, that he effectually disarmed them, took away their whole fleet, ships, tackle, apparel and furniture; and since that time we

do not read of any of their naval exploits, nor that they ever recover'd, or attempted to recover their strength at sea: However, Foy, at this time, is a very fair town, it lyes extended on the east side of the river for above a mile, the buildings fair; and there are a great many flourishing merchants in it, who have a great share in the fishing trade, especially for pilchards, of which they take a great quantity here abouts. In this town, is also a coinage for the TINN, of which a great quantity is dug up in the country, north and west of the town.

The river Fowey, which is very broad and deep here, was formerly navigable by ships of good burthen as high as Lestwithiel an antient, and once a flourishing, but now a decay'd town, and as to trade and navigation quite destitute, which is occasioned by the river being fill'd up with sands, which some say, the tides drive up in stormy weather from the sea; others say 'tis by sands wash'd from the lead mines in the hills; the last of which, (by the way) I take to be a mistake, the sand from the hills being not of quantity sufficient to fill up the channel of a navigable river, and if it had, might easily have been stopped by the towns people from falling into the river; but that the sea has choak'd up the river with sand, is not only probable but true, and there are other rivers which suffer in the like manner in this same country.

This town of Lestwithiel, retains however several advantages, which support its figure, as first, that it is one of the Coinage Towns, as I call them, or Stannary Towns, as others call them. (2.) The common gaol for the whole Stannary is here, as are also the county courts for the whole county of Cornwall.

There is a mock cavalcade kept up at this town, which is very remarkable, the particulars, as they are related by Mr. Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall* , take as follows.

Upon little Easter Sunday, the free-holders of this town and mannoiir by themselves, or their deputies, did there assemble: Amongst whom, one (as it fell to his lot by turn) bravely apparall'd, gallantly mounted, with a crown on his head, a scepter in his hand, and a sword borne before him, and dutifully attended by all the rest also on horseback, rode thro' the principal street to the church: The curate in his best beseen solemnly received him at the churchyard stile, and conducted him to hear divine service: After which, he repaired with the same pomp, to a house provided for that purpose, made a feast to his attendants, kept the tables-end himself, and was served with kneeling assay, and all other rights due to the estate of a prince: With which dinner, the ceremony ended, and every man returned home again. The pedigree of this usage is deriv'd from so many descents of ages that the cause and author out-reach the remembrance: Howbeit, these circumstances afford a conjecture, that it should betoken royalties appertaining to the honour of Cornwal.

Behind Foye, and nearer to the coast at the mouth of a small river, which some call Lowe, tho' without any authority, there stand two towns opposite to one another, bearing the name of the river Loe, that is to say, distinguished by the addition of East Loe, and West Loe. These are both good trading towns, and especially fishing towns and which is very particular, are like Weymouth and Melcomb, in Dorsetshire, seperated only by the creek, or river; and yet each of them send members to Parliaments: These towns are joyn'd together by a very beautiful and stately stone bridge having fifteen arches.

East Loo, was the antienter corporation of the two, and for some ages ago the greater and more considerable town; but now they tell us West Loo is the richest, and has the most ships belonging to it: Were they put together, they would make a very handsome seaport town. They have a great fishing trade here, as well for supply of the country, as for merchandize, and the towns are not dispisable; but as to sending four members to the British Parliament, which is as many as the city of London chooses, that I confess seems a little scandalous, but to who, is none of my business to enquire.

Passing from hence, and ferrying over Foy river, or the river Foweth, call it as ye please, we come into a large country without many towns in it of note, but very well furnished with gentlemen's seats, and a little higher up with tinn works.

The sea making several deep bays here, they who travel by land are obliged to go higher into the country to pass above the water, especially at Trewardreth Bay, which lyes very broad, above ten miles within the country, which passing at Trewardreth, a town of no great note, tho' the bay takes its name from it, the next inlet of the sea, is the famous firth, or inlet, called Falmouth Haven. It is certainly next to Milford Haven in South Wales, the fairest and best road for shipping that is in the whole isle of Britain, when there be considered the depth of water for above twenty miles within land; the safety of riding, shelter'd from all kind of winds or storms, the good anchorage, and the many creeks, all navigable, where ships may run in and be safe, so that the like is no where to be found.

There are six or seven very considerable places upon this haven, and the rivers from it, (viz.) Grampound, Tregony, Truro, Penryn, Falmouth, St. Mawes, and Pendennis. The three first of these send members to Parliament, the town of Falmouth, as big as all the three, and richer than ten of them sends none, which imports no more than this, that Falmouth it self is not of so great antiquity, as to its rising, as those other towns are; and yet the whole haven takes its name from Falmouth too, unless as some think the town took its name from the haven, which however they give no authority to suggest.

St. Mawes and Pendennis are two fortifications placed at the points, or enterance of this haven, opposite to one another, tho' not with a communication,

or view; they are very strong; the first principally by sea, having a good plat form of guns, pointing thwart the channel, and planted on a level with the water; but Pendennis Castle is strong by land as well as by water, is regularly fortified, has good out works, and generally a strong garrison; St. Mawes, otherwise call'd St. Mary's has a town annex'd to the castle, and is a borough, sending members to the Parliament. Pendennis is a meer fortress, tho' there are some habitations in it too, and some at a small distance near the sea side, but not of any great consideration.

The town of Falmouth is by much the richest, and best trading town in this county, tho' not so antient as its neighbour town of Truro; and indeed, is in some things oblig'd to acknowledge the seigniorty; Namely, that in the corporation of Truro, the person who they choose to be their mayor of Truro, is also mayor of Falmouth of course. How the jurisdiction is manag'd, is an account too long for this place; the Truro men also receive several duties collected in Falmouth, particularly wharfage for the merchandizes landed, or shipp'd off; but let these advantages be what they will, the town of Falmouth has gotten the trade, at least the best part of it from the other, which is chiefly owing to the situation, for that Falmouth lying upon the sea, but within the entrance, ships of the greatest burthen come up to the very keys, and the whole royal navy might ride safely in the road, whereas the town of Truro lying far within, and at the mouth of two fresh rivers, is not navigable for vessels of above 150 tons, or thereabouts.

Some have suggested that the original of Falmouth, was the having so large a key, and so good a depth of water at it. The merchants of Truro formerly us'd it for the place of lading and unlading their ships, as the merchants of Exceter did at Topsham, and this is the more probable in that, as above, the wharfage of those landing places is still the property of the corporation of Truro.

But let this be as it will, the trade is now in a manner wholly gone to Falmouth, the trade at Truro, being now chiefly if not only for shipping off of block TINN and copper oar, the latter being lately found in large quantities in some of the mountains between Truro, and St. Michaels, and which is much improv'd since the several mills are erected at Bristol, and other parts, for the manufactures of battery ware or, as 'tis call'd, brass, which is made out of English copper, most of it dug in these parts; the oar it self also being found very rich and good.

Falmouth is well built, has abundance of shipping belonging to it, is full of rich merchants, and has a flourishing and encreasing trade. I say encreasing, because by the late setting up the English packets between this port and Lisbon, there is a new commerce between Portugal and this town, carried on to a very great value.

It is true, part of this trade was founded in a clandestine commerce, carried on by the said packets at Lisbon, where being the king's ships, and claiming the

privilege of not being searched, or visited by the custom-house officers, they found means to carry off great quantities of British manufactures, which they sold on board to the Portuguese merchants, and they convey'd them on shoar, as 'tis supposed without paying custom.

But the government there, getting intelligence of it, and complaint being made in England also, where it was found to be very prejudicial to the fair merchant, that trade has been effectually stopp'd, but the Falmouth merchants having by this means gotten a taste of the Portuguese trade, have maintain'd it ever since in ships of their own: These packets bring over such vast quantities of gold in specie, either in moidores, which is the Portugal coin, or in bars of gold, that I am very credibly informed the carryer from Falmouth, brought by land from thence to London, at one time, in the month of January, 1722, or near it, eighty thousand moidores in gold, which came from Lisbon in the pacquet boats, for account of the merchants at London, and that it was attended with a guard of 12 horsemen well arm'd, for which the said carryer had half per cent for his hazard.

This is a specimen of the Portugal trade, and how considerable it is in it self, as well as how advantageous to England, but as that is not to the present case, I proceed; the custom-house for all the towns in this port, and the head collector is established at this town, where the duties, including the other ports is very considerable: Here is also a very great fishing for pilchards, and the merchants for Falmouth have the chief stroke in that gainful trade.

Truro is however a very considerable town too; it stands up the water north and by east from Falmouth in the utmost extended branch of the haven, in the middle, between the conflux of two rivers, which tho' not of any long course, have a very good appearance for a port, and make a large wharf between them in the front of the town; and the water here makes a good port for small ships, tho' it be at the influx, but not for ships of burthen. This is the particular town where the lord warden of the Stannaries always holds his famous Parliament of Miners, and for stamping of TINN. The town is well built, but shews that it has been much fuller, both of houses and Inhabitants, than it is now; nor will it probably ever rise, while the town of Falmouth stands where it does, and while the trade is settled in it, as it is. There are at least three churches in it, but no Dissenter's meeting house, that I could hear of.

Tregony, is upon the same water north east from Falmouth, distance about sixteen miles from it, but is a town of very little trade, nor indeed have any of the towns so far within the shoar, notwithstanding the benefit of the water any considerable trade but what is carried on under the merchants of Falmouth, or Truro; the chief thing that is to be said of this town, is, that it sends members to Parliament, as does also Grandpound, a market-town, and burro' about 4 miles

farther up the water. This place indeed has a claim to antiquity, and is an appendix to the Dutchy of Cornwall, of which it holds at a fee farm rent, and pays to the Prince of Wales, as duke, 10*l* . 11*s*. 1*d*. per annum; it has no parish church, but only a chappel of ease to an adjacent parish.

Penryn, is up the same branch of the haven, as Falmouth, but stands four miles higher towards the west, yet ships come to it of as great a size, as can come to Truro it self; it is a very pleasant agreeable town, and for that reason has many merchants in it, who would perhaps otherwise live at Falmouth. The chief commerce of these towns, as to their sea affairs, is the pilchards, and Newfoundland fishing, which is very profitable to them all; it had formerly a conventual church, with a chantry, and a religious house, a cel to Kirton, but they are all demolish'd, and scarce the ruins of them distinguishable enough to know one part from another.

Quiting Falmouth Haven from Penryn west, we came to Helsten, about 7 miles, and stands upon the little river Cober, which however admits the sea so into its bosom as to make a tolerable good harbour for ships a little below the town. It is the fifth town, allowed for the coining TINN, and several of the ships call'd "tinn" ships are loaden here.

This town is large and populous, and has four spacious streets, a handsome church, and a good trade: This town also sends members to Parliament. Beyond this is a market town tho' of no resort for trade, call'd Market Jew, it lyes indeed on the sea-side, but has no harbour or safe road for shipping.

At Helford is a small, but good harbour between Falmouth and this port, where many times the TINN ships go in to load for London; also here are a good number of fishing vessels for the pilchard trade, and abundance of skilful fishermen: It was from this town that in the great storm, which happened, Nov. 27, 1703, a ship loaden with tinn, was blown out to sea, and driven to the Isle of Weight, in seven hours, having on board only one man, and two boys; the story is as follows, (viz.)

The beginning of the storm, there lay a ship laden with tinn, in Helford Haven, about two leagues and a half west of Falmouth. The tinn was taken on board at a place call'd Guague Wharf, five or six miles up the river, and the vessel was come down to Helford, in order to pursue her voyage to London.

About 8 a-clock in the evening the commander, whose name was Anthony Jenkins, went on board with his mate to see that every thing was safe, and to give orders, but went both on shoar again, leaving only a man, and two boys on board, not apprehending any danger, they being in safe harbour; however, he ordered them, that if it should blow hard, they should carry out the small bower anchor, and so to moor the ship by two anchors, and then giving what other orders he thought to be needful, he went ashore, as above.

About 9 o'clock, the wind beginning to blow harder, they carryed out the anchor according to the master's order; but the wind encreasing about 10, the ship began to drive, so they carry'd out their best bower, which having a good new cable, brought lie ship up. The storm still encreasing they let go the kedge anchor; so that they then rode by four anchors a head, which were all they had.

But between n and 12 o'clock, the wind came about west and by south, and blew in so violent and terrible a manner, that tho' they rid under the lee of a high shore, yet the ship was driven from all her anchors, and about midnight drove quite out of the harbour (the opening of the harbour lying due east and west) into the open sea, the men having neither anchor or cable, or boat to help themselves.

In this dreadful condition, they driving, I say, out of the harbour: Their first and chief care was to go clear of the rocks, which lye on either side the harbour's mouth, and which they perform'd pretty well; then, seeing no remedy, they consulted what to do next. They cou'd carry no sail at first, no not a knot, nor do any thing but run away afore it: The only thing they had to think on, was to keep her out at sea as far as they could, for fear of a point of land, call'd The Dead Man's Head, which lyes to the eastward of Falmouth Haven, and then if they could escape the land, thought to run in for Plymouth, next morning, so if possible, to save their lives.

In this frighted condition they drove away at a prodigious rate, having sometimes the bonnet of their foresail a little out, but the yard lower'd almost to the deck; sometimes the ship almost under water, and sometimes above, keeping still in the offing, for fear of the land, till they might see daylight; but when the day brake they found they were to think no more of Plymouth, for they were far enough beyond it, and the first land they made was Peverel Point, being the southernmost land of the Isle of Purbeck, in Dorsetshire, and a little to the westward of the Isle of Weight; so that now they were in a terrible consternation, and driving still at a prodigious rate, by seven a clock they found themselves broad side of the Isle of Weight.

Here they consulted again what to do to save their lives; one of the boys was for running her into the Downs, but the man objected, that having no anchor or cable, nor boat to go on shore with, and the storm blowing off shore, in the Downs, they should be inevitably blown off, and lost upon the unfortunate Goodwin, which it seems the man had been on once before, and narrowly escaped.

Now came the last consultation for their lives; the other of the boys said, he had been in a certain creek in the Isle of Weight, where between the rocks he knew there was room to run the ship in, and at least to save their lives, and that he saw the place just that moment; so he desir'd the man to let him have the helm,

and he would do his best, and venture it. The man gave him the helm, and he stood directly in among the rocks, the people standing on the shore, thinking they were mad, and that they would in a few minutes be dashed in a thousand pieces.

But when they came nearer, and the people found they steer'd as if they knew the place, they made signals to them to direct them, as well as they could, and the young bold fellow run her into a small cove, where she stuck fast, as it were, between the rocks on both sides, there being but just room enough for the breadth of the ship; the ship indeed giving two or three knocks stav'd, and sunk, but the man and the two youths jump't a shore, and were safe, and the lading being tinn was afterwards secur'd. *N.B.* The merchants very well rewarded the three sailors, especially the lad that ran her into that place.

Pensance is the farthest town of any note west, being 254 miles from London, and within about ten miles of the promontory, call'd the Lands End; so that this promontory is from London 264 miles, or thereabouts: This town of Pensance is a place of good business, well built and populous, has a good trade, and a great many ships belonging to it, notwithstanding it is so remote. Here are also a great many good families of gentlemen, tho' in this utmost angle of the nation; and, which is yet more strange, the veins of lead, tinn, and copper oar, are said to be seen, even to the utmost extent of land at low water mark, and in the very sea; so rich, so valuable a treasure is contained in these parts of Great Britain, tho' they are supposed to be so poor, because so very remote from London, which is the center of our wealth.

Between this town and St. Burien, a town midway between it and the Land's End, stands a circle of great stones, not unlike those at Stonehenge in Wiltshire, with one bigger than the rest in the middle; they stand about 12 foot asunder, but have no inscription, neither does tradition offer to leave any part of their history upon record; as whether it was a trophy, or a monument of burial, or an altar for worship, or what else; so that all that can be learn'd of them, is, That here they are: The parish where they stand is call'd Boscawone, from whence the ancient and honourable family of Boscawen derive their names.

Near Pensance, but open to the sea, is that gulph they call Mounts Bay, nam'd so from a high hill standing in the water, which they call St. Michael's Mount; the seamen call it only, the Cornish Mount; It has been fortify'd, tho' the situation of it makes it so difficult of access, that like the Bass in Scotland, there needs no fortification; like the Bass too, it was once made a prison for prisoners of State, but now it is wholly neglected; there is a very good road here for shipping, which makes the town of Pensance be a place of good resort.

A little up in the county towards the north west is Godolchan, which tho' a hill, rather than a town, gives name to the noble and ancient family of Godolphin; and

nearer on the northern coast is Royalton, which since the late Sydney Godolphin, Esq; a younger brother of the family, was created Earl of Godolphin, gave title of lord to his eldest son, who was call'd Lord Royalton during the life of his father. This place also is infinitely rich in tinn mines.

I am now at my journey's end; As to the islands of Scilly, which lye beyond the Land's End, I shall say something of them presently: I must now return *sur mes pas* , as the French call it; tho' not literally so, for I shall not come back the same way I went; but as I have coasted the south shore to the Land's End, I shall come back by the north coast, and my observations in my return will furnish very well materials for a fourth letter. I am, &c.

APPENDIX TO LETTER III

I HAVE ended this account at the utmost extent of the island of Great Britain west, without visiting those excressences of the island, as I think I may call them, (viz.) the rocks of Scilly, of which, what is most famous, is their infamy, or reproach; Namely, how many good ships are, almost *continually* dash'd in pieces there, and how many brave lives lost, in spight of the mariners best skill, or the light-houses, and other sea-marks best notice.

These islands lye so in the middle between the two vast openings of the north and south narrow seas, or as the sailors call them, the Bristol Channel, and The Channel, (so call'd by way of eminence) that it cannot, or perhaps never will be avoided, but that several ships in the dark of the night, and in stress of weather may by being out in their reckonings, or other unavoidable accidents mistake, and if they do, they are sure, as the sailors call it, to run bump a shore upon Scilly, where they find no quarter among the breakers, but are beat to pieces, without any possibility of escape.

One can hardly mention the Bishop and his Clerks, as they are call'd, or the rocks of Scilly, without letting fall a tear to the memory of Sir Cloudesly Shovel, and all the gallant spirits that were with him at one blow, and without a moments warning dash'd into a state of immortality; the admiral with three men of war, and all their men (running upon these rocks, right afore the wind, and in a dark night) being lost there, and not a man sav'd. But all our annals and histories are full of this, so I need say no more.

They tell us of eleven sail of merchant ships homeward-bound, and richly laden from the southward, who had the like fate, in the same place, a great many years ago; and that some of them coming from Spain, and having a great quantity of bullion, or pieces of eight on board, the money frequently drives on shore still, and that in good quantities, especially after stormy weather.

This may be the reason why, as we observed during our short stay here, several mornings after, it had blown something hard in the night, the sands were cover'd with country people running too and fro' to see if the sea had cast up any thing of value. This the seamen call "going a shoring"; and it seems they do often find good purchase: Sometimes also dead bodies are cast up here, the consequence of shipwrecks among those fatal rocks and islands; as also broken pieces of ships, casks, chests, and almost every thing that will float, or roll on shore by the surges of the sea.

Nor is it seldom that the voracious country people scuffle and fight about the right to what they find, and that in a desperate manner, so that this part of

Cornwall may truly be said to be inhabited by a fierce and ravenous people; for they are so greedy, and eager for the prey, that they are charg'd with strange, bloody, and cruel dealings, even sometimes with one another; but especially with poor distressed seamen when they come on shore by force of a tempest, and seek help for their lives, and where they find the rocks themselves not more merciless than the people who range about them for their prey.

Here also, as a farther testimony of the immense riches which have been lost at several times upon this coast, we found several engineers, and projectors; some with one sort of diving engine, and some with another; some claiming such a wreck, and some such and such others; where they alledg'd, they were assur'd there were great quantities of money; and strange unprecedented ways were us'd by them to come at it; Some, I say, with one kind of engine, and some another; and tho' we thought several of them very strange impracticable methods, yet, I was assur'd by the country people, that they had done wonders with them under water, and that some of them had taken up things of great weight, and in a great depth of water; others had split open the wrecks they had found, in a manner one would have thought not possible to be done, so far under water, and had taken out things from the very holds of the ships; but we could not learn, that they had come at any pieces of eight, which was the thing they seem'd most to aim at, and depend upon; at least they had not found any great quantity, as they said they expected.

However, we left them as busy as we found them, and far from being discouraged; and if half the golden mountains, or silver mountains either, which they promise themselves, should appear, they will be very well paid for their labour.

From the tops of the hills, on this extremity of the land, you may see out into that they call the Chops of the Channel, which, as it is the greatest inlet of commerce, and the most frequented by merchant-ships of any place in the world; so one seldom looks out to seaward, but something new presents; that is to say, of ships passing, or repassing, either on the great or lesser channel.

Upon a former accidental journey into this part of the country, during the war with France, it was with a mixture of pleasure and horror that we saw from the hills at the Lizard, which is the southermost point of this land, an obstinate fight between three French-men of war, and two English, with a privateer, and three merchant-ships in their company; the English had the misfortune, not only to be fewer ships of war in number, but of less force; so that while the two biggest French ships engaged the English, the third in the mean time took the two merchant-ships, and went off with them; as to the piccaroon, or privateer, she was able to do little in the matter, not daring to come so near the men of war, as to take

a broadside, which her thin sides would not have been able to bear, but would have sent her to the bottom at once; so that the English men of war had no assistance from her, nor could she prevent the taking the two merchant-ships; yet we observ'd that the English captains manag'd their fight so well, and their seamen behav'd so briskly, that in about three hours both the Frenchmen stood off, and being sufficiently bang'd, let us see that they had no more stomach to fight; after which the English, having damage enough too no doubt, stood away to the eastward, as we supposed, to refit.

This point of the Lizard, which runs out to the southward, and the other promontory mention'd above, make the two angles, or horns, as they are call'd, from whence 'tis supposed this county receiv'd its first name of Cornwall, or as Mr. Cambden says, *Cornubia* in the Latin, and in the British *Kernaw* , as running out in two vastly extended horns; and indeed it seems, as if nature had form'd this situation for the direction of mariners, as foreknowing of what importance it should be, and how in future ages these seas should be thus throng'd with merchant ships, the protection of whose wealth, and the safety of the people navigating them, was so much her early care, that she stretched out the land so very many ways, and extended the points and promontories so far, and in so many different places into the sea, that the land might be more easily discovered at a due distance, which way soever the ships should come.

Nor is the Lizard Point less useful (tho' not so far west) than the other, which is more properly call'd the Land's End; but if we may credit our mariners, it is more frequently, first discover'd from the sea; for as our mariners knowing by the soundings when they are in the mouth of the Channel, do then most naturally stand to the southward, to avoid mistaking the Channel, and to shun the Severn Sea, or Bristol Channel, but still more to avoid running upon Scilly, and the rocks about it, as is observ'd before: I say, as they carefully keep to the southward, till they think they are fair with the Channel, and then stand to the northward again, or north east, to make the land; this is the reason why the Lizard is generally speaking, the first land they make, and not the Land's End.

Then having made the Lizard, they either (first) run in for Falmouth, which is the next port, if they are taken short with easterly winds, or are in want of provisions and refreshment, or have any thing out of order, so that they care not to keep the sea; or (2dly) stand away for the Ram Head, and Plymouth-Sound, or (3dly) keep an offing to run up the Channel.

So that the Lizard is the general guide, and of more use in these cases than the other point, and is therefore the land which the ships choose to make first, for then also they are sure that they are past Scilly, and all the dangers of that part of the island.

Nature has fortify'd this part of the island of Britain in a strange manner, and so as is worth a traveller's observation, as if she knew the force and violence of the mighty ocean, which beats upon it, and which indeed, if the land was not made firm in proportion, could not withstand, but would have been wash'd away long ago.

First, there are the islands of Scilly, and the rocks about them, these are plac'd like outworks to resist the first assaults of this enemy, and so break the force of it; as the piles, or starlings (as they are call'd) are plac'd before the solid stonework of London-Bridge, to fence off the force, either of the water, or ice, or any thing else that might be dangerous to the work.

Then there are a vast number of sunk rocks, (so the seamen call them,) besides such as are visible, and above water; which gradually lessen the quantity of water, that would otherwise lye with an infinite weight and force upon the land; 'tis observ'd, that these rocks lye under water for a great way off into the sea on every side the said two horns or points of land; so breaking the force of the water, and as above lessening the weight of it.

But besides this, the whole terra firma, or body of the land, which makes this part of the isle of Britain, seems to be one solid rock, as if it was formed by Nature to resist the otherwise irresistible power of the ocean; and indeed if one was to observe with what fury the sea comes on sometimes against the shore here, especially at the Lizard Point, where there are but few, if any outworks, (as I call them) to resist it; How high the waves come rowling forward, storming on the neck of one another; particularly when the wind blows off sea, one would wonder, that even the strongest rocks themselves should be able to resist, and repel them. But, as I said, the country seems to be as it were one great body of stone, and prepared so on purpose.

And yet, as if all this was not enough, Nature has provided another strong fence, and that is, that these vast rocks are, as it were, cemented together by the solid and weighty oar of TINN and copper, especially the last, which is plentifully found upon the very outmost edge of the land, and with which the stones may be said to be soder'd together, lest the force of the sea should separate and disjoynt them, and so break in upon these fortifications of the island, to destroy its chief security.

This is certain, that there is a more than ordinary quantity of tinn, copper, and lead also, placed by the Great Director of nature in these very remote angles and, as I have said above, the oar is found upon the very surface of the rocks a good way into the sea, and that it does not only lye, as it were, upon, or between the stones among the earth, which in that case might be washed from it by the sea, but that it is even blended or mix'd in with the stones themselves, that the stones must

be split into pieces to come at it; by this mixture the rocks are made infinitely weighty and solid, and thereby still the more qualified to repel the force of the sea.

Upon this remote part of the island we saw great numbers of that famous kind of crows, which is known by the name of the Cornish cough, or chough, so the country people call them: They are the same kind, which are found in Switzerland among the Alps, and which Pliny pretended, were peculiar to those mountains, and calls the Pyrrhocorax; the body is black, the legs, feet, and bill of a deep yellow, almost to a red; I could not find that it was affected for any good quality it had, nor is the flesh good to eat, for it feeds much on fish and carrion; it is counted little better than a kite, for it is of ravenous quality, and is very mischievous; it will steal and carry away any thing it finds about the house, that is not too heavy, tho' not fit for its food; as knives, forks, spoons and linnen cloths, or whatever it can fly away with, sometimes they say it has stolen bits of firebrands, or lighted candles, and lodged them in the stacks of corn, and the thatch of barns and houses, and set them on fire; but this I only had by oral tradition.

I might take up many sheets in describing the valuable curiosities of this little Cherosonese, or neck land, call'd the Land's End, in which there lyes an immense treasure, and many things worth notice, I mean besides those to be found upon the surface: But I am too near the end of this letter. If I have opportunity, I shall take notice of some part of what I omit here, in my return by the northern shore of the county.

ADDENDA TO THE FIRST VOLUME

SINCE the closing this volume there are several great and magnificent buildings begun to be erected, within the circuit of these letters, which however, not being finished, cannot now be fully described, (viz.)

Sir Gregory Page's house on Black-Heath, which they tell us, will be a more magnificent work than any private gentleman's seat in this part of Great-Britain.

The Lord Onslow's seat, re-edifying near Guildford.

Sir John Williams's seat all new, at Stoke, near Nayland-Bridge, in Suffolk.

A new square, almost a new town, at the east-side of Greenwich, on the Heath, in the way to Charleton.

And, lastly, the famous addition, or square begun at King's College Chapel in Cambridge, of which the foundation is but even now lay'd.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND VOLUME

THE reception which the first part of this work has met with, has not been so mean as to discourage the performance of the second volume, nor to slacken the diligence in our endeavours to perform it well: It is not an easy thing to travel over a whole kingdom, and in so critical a manner too, as will enable the traveller to give an account of things fit for the use of those that shall come after him.
To describe a country by other mens accounts of it, would soon expose the writer to a discovery of the fraud; and to describe it by survey, requires a preparation too great for any thing but a publick purse, and persons appointed by authority; This was the case in Mr. Cambden's travelling, by which means he had access to every curiosity, publick and private. But to describe a country by way of journey, in a private capacity, as has been the case here, though it requires a particular application, to what may be learn'd from due enquiry and from conversation, yet it admits not the observer to dwell upon every nicety, to measure the distances, and determine exactly the scite, the dimensions, or the extent of places, or read the histories of them. But it is giving an account by way of essay, or, as the moderns call it, by memoirs of the present state of things, in a familiar manner.

This we have perform'd in the best manner we could, and have taken care to have it come fully up to our proposals. We are not to boast of the performance, but are content to have it compared with any that have gone before it; if it may be done with impartiality and a fair design of determining according to truth: Our manner is plain, and suited to the nature of familiar letters; our relations have no blusters, no rhodomontadoes of our own abilities; but we keep close to the first design of giving, as near as possible, such an account of things, as may entertain the reader, and give him a view of our country, such as may tempt him to travel over it himself, in which case it will be not a little assisting to him, or qualify him to discourse of it, as one that had a tolerable knowledge of it, tho' he stay'd at home.

As we observed in the first volume, and frequently m this, there will always be something new, for those that come after; and if an account of Great Britain was to be written every year, there would be something found out, which was overlooked before, or something to describe, which had its birth since the former accounts: New foundations are always laying, new buildings always raising, highways repairing, churches and publick buildings erecting, fires and other calamities happening, fortunes of families taking different turns, new trades are every day erected, new projects enterpriz'd, new designs laid; so that as long as

England is a trading, improving nation, no perfect description either of the place, the people, or the conditions and state of things can be given.

For example; since the finishing of the last volume, the South Sea Company have engaged in the Greenland Fishery, and have fitted out a fleet of twelve great ships, which they have built new from the stocks, and have made that great wet-dock between Deptford and Redriff, the center of all that commerce and the buildings, the works, and the management, of that they call their cookery; that is, the boyling their blubber into oyl. 'Tis well if they do not make stink enough, and gain too little, especially to the neighbouring places of Deptford and Redriff.

Another article has happened, even between the writing the Appendix to this work, and this Preface; namely, That an Act of Parliament is passing, and will soon, we suppose, be pass'd for making the river Nyne navigable fro Peterborough to Northampton, a work which will be of infinite advantage to the country, because the river pierces so far into the heart of the island, where there is no navigation for between twenty or thirty miles any way: ?Tis true, this may be long in doing, it being above fifty miles in length by the river; and they had once before an Act granted for the same thing; yet, 'tis said, they intend now to go about it in good earnest, and that they will be content with performing it piece-meal, that is to say, some and some, that they may see how practicable it may be, and how well it will turn to account.

It is not design'd to make apologies here for the performance; there were so few mistakes in the former volume, that were of any importance, and those few so easily rectify'd, that tho' this circuit is much greater, and perhaps the variety the greatest of all the three, yet 'tis hop'd there will be so few exceptions, as they may be easily accounted for hereafter.

The saying that Sudbury was not a corporation, when really it was so; that Chelmsford was the first and chief plantation of hops in Essex, when it seems Castle Henningham claims precedence: The debate whether Dunwich has now any trade left, or, whether it be quite devoured of the sea; or whether Woodbridge or Ipswich are the chief ports for exporting Suffolk butter; are all so easily to be rectify'd by any reader, tho' they are among the chief mistakes of the last volume, that we cannot but hope the candor of the reader will make allowances for it, if such should unavoidably have slipt observation, in this part also, tho' we hope not.

We have now finish'd the whole south of Trent, which being the most populous part of the country, and infinitely fuller of great towns, of people, and of trade, has also the greatest variety of incidents in its passing over.

But the northern part being also to include Scotland, and being the greatest in extent, will have its beauties, we can assure you; and tho' the country may in

some respects, be called barren, the history of it will not be so.

Scotland will have justice done it, without the flattery and ridiculous encomiums which have already so much exposed two Scotish writers upon that subject.

The great and once wasted countries of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham, shall be truly and not slightly describ'd, with their real improvements, without loading our work with fragments of antiquity, and dressing up the wilds of the borders as a paradise, which are indeed but a wilderness.

In the mean time we recommend our performance to the candor of the reader, and whatever may be objected, we doubt not to have obtained the just reputation of having written with impartiality and with truth.

LETTER IV

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE NORTH SHORE OF THE COUNTIES OF CORNWALL, AND DEVON, AND SOME PARTS OF SOMERSETSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND BERKSHIRE

SIR, — My last letter ended the account of my travels, where Nature ended her account, when she meeted out the island, and where she fix'd the utmost western bounds of Britain; and, being resolved to see the very extremity of it, I set my foot into the sea, as it were, beyond the farthest inch of dry land west, as I had done before near the town of Dover, at the foot of the rocks of the South-Foreland in Kent, which, I think, is the farthest point east in a line; And as I had done, also, at Leostoff in Suffolk, which is another promontory on the eastern coast, and is reckoned the farthest land eastward of the island in general: Likewise, I had used the same ceremony at Selsy near Chichester, which I take to be the farthest land south, except at Portland only, which, as it is not really an island, may be called, the farthest land south; so, in its place, I shall give you an account of the same curiosity at John a Grot's House in Caithness, the farthest piece of ground in Great Britain, north.

I had once, indeed, resolved to have coasted the whole circuit of Britain by sea, as 'tis said, Agricola the Roman general, did; and in this voyage I would have gone about every promontory, and into the bottom of every bay, and had provided myself a good yacht, and an able commander for that purpose; but I found it would be too hazardous an undertaking for any man to justify himself in the doing it upon the meer foundation of curiosity, and having no other business at all; so I gave it over.

There was another difficulty also, upon which my navigator, or commander, as I called him, who was an old experienced seaman, dissuaded me from the undertaking; and that was, the necessity of getting pilots to every part of the coast, and to every port, river, and creek, and the danger of not getting them: The necessity was plain; For that, as I proposed to keep all the way near, or under the shore, to enter into all the bays, and mouths of rivers, and creeks, as above; I. It would be impracticable to find any single man that knew so perfectly the whole coast, as to venture in without pilots. 2. Pilots would not always be found, especially on the north and west coasts of Scotland; so I laid it aside, I say, as a hopeless, and too dangerous adventure, and satisfied myself, to make the circuit very near as perfect by land, which I have done with much less hazard, though

with much more pains and expence; the fruit of which, you have, in part, communicated in these letters.

I now turned about to the east, and as, when I went west, I kept to the southern coast of this long county of Cornwall, and of Devonshire also, so in going east, I shall keep the north-shore on board. The first place, of any note, we came to, is St. Ives, a pretty good town, and grown rich by the fishing-trade; it is situated on the west side of a deep bay, called St. Ives Bay, from the name of the town. This bay is opposite, on the land side, to Mount's Bay, which I spoke of in my last, in my account of Pensance.

It is a very pleasant view we have at Madern Hills, and the plain by them, in the way from the Land's-End to St. Ives, where, at one sight, there is a prospect of the ocean at the Land's-End west; of the British Channel at Mount's Bay south; and the Bristol Channel, or Severn Sea, north; At St. Ives, the land between the two bays being not above four or five miles over, is so situated, that upon the hill, neither of the two seas are above three miles off, and very plain to be seen; and also, in a clear day, the islands of Scilly, though above thirty miles off.

From this town and port of St. Ives, we have no town of any note on the coast; no, not a market town, except Redruth, which is of no consideration, 'till we come to Padstow-Haven, which is near thirty miles: The country is, indeed, both fruitful and pleasant, and several houses of gentlemen are seen as we pass; the sands, also, are very pleasant to the eye, and to travel upon; Among the gentlemens houses, is, Lanhidrock, the seat of the Earls of Radnor, who are Barons of Truro, and were so, long before they obtained the title of Radnor; also a good house belonging to the ancient family of Trefusis.

In viewing these things, we observ'd the hills fruitful of tin, copper, and lead, all the way on our right hand, the product of which, is carried all to the other shore; so that we shall have little to say of it here. The chief business on this shore, is in the herring fishing; the herrings, about October, come driving up the Severn Sea, and from the coast of Ireland, in prodigious shoals, and beat all upon this coast as high as Biddeford, and Barnstable, in Devonshire, and are caught in great quantities by the fishermen, chiefly on account of the merchants of Falmouth, Foy, and Plymouth, and other ports on the south.

Padstow is a large town, and stands on a very good harbour for such shipping as use that coast, that is to say, for the Irish trade: The harbour is the mouth of the river Camel, or Carnal, which rising at Camelford, runs down by Bodmyn to Wodbridge, or Wardbridge, a large stone bridge of eight arches, or thereabouts, built by the general good will of the country gentlemen; but at the motion of a religious man, named Lovibond, moved in mere charity; the passage over the river there, before, being very dangerous, and having been the loss of some lives,

as well as goods. The passage from this town of Padstow to Ireland, is called, by writers, to be no more than twenty-four hours, but not justly: It is true, that Padstow being the first, and best, if not the only haven on this shore, the trade from Ireland settled here of course, and a great many ships in this harbour, are imploy'd in the commerce; but to say, they make the voyage in four-and-twenty hours, is to say, It has been so, or, on extraordinary gales of fair wind, it may be done; but not one in twenty-four ships makes its voyage in twenty-four hours; and, I believe, it may be said, they are oftener five or six days in the passage.

A little way within the land S.W. from Padstow, lies St. Columb, eminent for nothing but its being the antient estate of the famous Arundel of Trerice, of late years made noble by King Charles II., being still famous in the present Lord Arundel of Trerice; also between them, is a very antient seat of a family of the name of Prideaux who, in Queen Elizabeth's time, built a very noble seat there, which remains to this day, tho' time makes the architect of it look a little out of fashion.

Higher within the land, lies the town of Bodmyn, once one of the coining towns for tin, but lost it to Lestwithyel: However, this town enjoys several privileges, some of which are also tokens of its antiquity.

The coinage towns were, in Queen Elizabeth's time, four; namely,

Leskard, Truro,

Lestwithyel, Helston.

Since that, in King James's time, was added,

Pensance.

Tintagel Castle lies upon this coast a little farther, a mark of great antiquity, and every writer has mentioned it; but as antiquity is not my work, I leave the ruins of Tintagel to those that search into antiquity; little or nothing, that I could hear, is to be seen at it; and as for the story of King Arthur being both born and killed there, 'tis a piece of tradition, only on oral history, and not any authority to be produced for it.

We have nothing more of note in this county, that I could see, or hear of, but a set of monumental stones, found standing not far from Bodmyn, called The Hurlers, of which the country, nor all the writers of the country, can give us no good account; so I must leave them as I found them.

The game called the Hurlers, is a thing the Cornish men value themselves much upon; I confess, I see nothing in it, but that it is a rude violent play among the boors, or country people; brutish and furious, and a sort of an evidence, that they were, once, a kind of barbarians: It seems, to me, something to resemble the old way of play, as it was then called, with whirle-bats, with which Hercules slew the gyant, when he undertook to clean the Augean stable.

The wrestling in Cornwall, is, indeed, a much more manly and generous exercise, and that closure, which they call the Cornish Hug, has made them eminent in the wrestling rings all over England, as the Norfolk, and Suffolk men, are for their dexterity at the hand and foot, and throwing up the heels of their adversary, without taking hold of him.

I came out of Cornwall by passing the river Tamar at Launceston, the last, or rather, the first, town in the county, the town shewing little else, but marks of its antiquity; for great part of it is so old, as it may, in a manner, pass for an old, ragged, decay'd place, in general. It stands at a distance, almost two miles from the river, over which, there is a very good bridge; the town is eminent, however, for being, as we call it, the county town, where the assizes are always kept.

In the time when Richard, Earl of Cornwall, had the absolute government of this county, and was, we might say, king of the country, it was a frontier town, walled about, and well fortified, and had, also, a strong castle to defend it; but these are seen, now, only in their old cloaths, and lie all in ruins and heaps of rubbish.

It is a principal gain to the people of this town, that they let lodgings to the gentlemen, who attend here in the time of the assizes, and other publick meetings; as particularly, that of electing knights of the shire, and at the county sessions, which are held here; for which purposes, the town's people have their rooms better furnished than in other places of this country, though their houses are but low; nor do they fail to make a good price to their lodgers, for the conveniences they afford them.

The town sends two members to Parliament, and so does Newport, a little village adjoining, and which, indeed, is but a part of Launceston itself; so that the town may be said, almost, to choose four Members of Parliament. There is a fine image, or figure of Mary Magdalen, upon the tower of the church, which the Catholicks fail not to pay their reverences to, as they pass by. There is no tin, or copper, or lead, found hereabouts, as I could find, nor any manufacture in the place; there are a pretty many attorneys here, who manage business for the rest of their fraternity at the assizes: As to trade, it has not much to boast of, and yet there are people enough in it to excuse those who call it a populous place: There is a long nook of the county, runs north from this place, which is called the Hundred of Stratton, and in which there is one market town, and no more, the name of which, is Stratton; but has nothing in, or about it, worth our making any remarks. Passing the river Tamar, as above, about two miles from Launceston, we enter the great county of Devon, and as we enter Devonshire, in the most wild and barren part of the county, and where, formerly, tin mines were found, though now they are either quite exhausted, or not to be found without more charge than the

purchase, if found, would be worth; so we must expect it a little to resemble its neighbour country for a while.

The river Tamar, here, is so full of fresh salmon, and those so exceeding fat, and good, that they are esteemed, in both counties, above the fish, of the same kind, found in other places; and the quantity is so great, as supplies the country in abundance, which is occasioned by the mouth of the river being so very large, and the water so deep for two leagues before it opens into Plymouth Sound, so that the fish have a secure retreat in the salt water for their harbour and shelter, and from thence they shoot up into the fresh water, in such vast numbers to cast their spawn, that the country people cannot take too many.

It is observed of Cornwall, as of one or two counties more in England, that all the rivers that are in the county, rise within the bounds of the same county; and this must needs be because this river Tamar, which parts the two counties, rises in the upper edge, within a little more than two miles of the North, or Severn Sea, and runs into the South, or British Channel, cross the whole limits, so that no river out of Devonshire, can enter Cornwall, that little piece in the north excepted; unless we should suppose it to run cross the Tamar, which is not to be thought of.

As we are just entered Devonshire, as I said above, it seems, at first sight, a wild, barren, poor country; but we ride but a few miles, ‘till we find an alteration in several things: i. More people; 2. Larger towns; 3. The people all busy, and in full employ upon their manufactures.

At the uppermost, and extreme part of the county, N.W. there runs a huge promontory, a mountain like proboscis, into the sea, beyond all the land on either side, whether of Devonshire, or of Cornwall. This they would fain have called Hercules’s Promontory, and Mr. Cambden, in his writing, and his mapmaker also, calls it Herculis Promontorium; but the honest sailers, and after them, the plain country people, call it, in down-right modern English, Hartland Point, or, Hearty Point, from the town of Hartland, which stands just within the shore, and is on the very utmost edge of the county of Devon: It is a market town, though so remote, and of good resort too, the people coming to it out of Cornwall, as well as out of Devonshire; and particularly the fisher-boats of Barnstaple, Bidiford, and other towns on the coast, lying often under the lee, as they call it, of these rocks, for shelter from the S.W. or S.E. winds; the seamen go on shore here, and supply themselves with provisions; nor is the town unconcerned in that gainful fishing trade, which is carried on for the herrings on this coast, many seamen and fishing vessels belonging to the town.

From this point or promontory, the land, falling away for some miles, makes a gulph or bay, which, reaching to the head land, or point of Barnstable River or Haven, is called from thence, Barnstable Bay; into this bay, or at the W. end of

this bay, the rivers Taw and Tower empty themselves at one mouth, that is to say, in one channel; and it is very particular, that as two rivers join in one channel, so here are two great trading towns in one port, a thing which as it is not usual, so I cannot say 'tis any advantage to either of them; for it naturally follows, that they rival one another, and lessen both; whereas, had they been join'd together in one town, or were it possible to join them, they would make the most considerable town, or city rather, in all this part of England.

These are the towns of Barnstable and Biddiford, or, as some write it, Bediford; the first of these is the most antient, the last the most flourishing; the harbour or river is in its entrance the same to both, and when they part, the Tower turning to the right, or south west, and the Taw to the S.E. yet they seem to be both so safe, so easy in the channel, so equally good with respect to shipping, so equi-distant from the sea, and so equally advantageous, that neither town complains of the bounty of the sea to them, or their situation by land; and yet, of late years, the town of Biddiford has flourished, and the town of Barnstable rather declin'd.

Biddiford is a pleasant, clean, well-built town; the more antient street which lies next the river, is very pleasant, where is the bridge, a very noble key, and the custom-house; this part also is very well built and populous, and fronts the river for above three quarters of a mile: But besides this, there is a new spacious street, which runs N. and S. or rather N.W. and S.E. a great length, broad as the High Street of Excester, well-built, and, which is more than all, well inhabited, with considerable and wealthy merchants, who trade to most parts of the trading world.

Here, as is to be seen in almost all the market towns of Devonshire, is a very large, well-built, and well-finish'd meeting-house, and, by the multitude of people which I saw come out of it, and the appearance of them, I thought all the town had gone thither, and began to enquire for the church: But when I came to the church, I found that also, large, spacious, and well filled too, and that with people of the best fashion. The person who officiates at the meeting-house in this town, I happened to have some conversation with, and found him to be not only a learned man, and master of good reading; but a most acceptable gentlemanly person, and one, who, contrary to our received opinion of those people, had not only good learning, and good sense, but abundance of good manners, and good humour; nothing soure, cynical, or morose in him, and, in a word, a very valuable man: And as such a character always recommends a man to men of sense and good breeding, so I found this gentleman was very well received in the place, even by those who he differ'd from in matters of religion, and those differences did not, as is usual, make any breach in their conversing with him: His name, as I remember,

was Bartlet. But this is a digression: I wish I could say the like of all the rest of his brethren.

The trade of this town being very much in fish, as it is also of all the towns on this coast, I observed here, that several ships were employ'd to go to Leverpool, and up the river Mersey to Warrington, to fetch the rock salt, which is found in that county, (and of which I shall say more in my remarks on those parts) which rock salt they bring to Biddiford and Barnstable, and here they dissolve it into brine in the sea water, joyning the strength of two bodies into one, and then boil it up again into a new salt, as the Dutch do by the French and Portuguese salt: This is justly call'd salt upon salt, and with this they cure their herrings; and as this is a trade which can be but of a few years standing, because the rock itself has not been discovered in England much above twenty years; so the difference in curing the fish has been such, and it has so recommended their herrings in foreign markets, that the demand for them has considerably increased, and consequently the trade.

There is indeed, a very fine stone bridge over the river here, but the passage over it is so narrow, and they are so chary of it, that few carriages go over it; but as the water ebbs quite out of the river every low water, the carts and waggons go over the sand with great ease and safety; the arches of the bridge are beautiful and stately; but as for saying one of them is so big, that a ship of 60 tons may sail under it, &c. as a late author asserts, I leave that where I find it, for the people of Bidiford to laugh at: If it had been said the hull of such a ship might pass under the bridge, it might have been let go; But, as he says, It may SAIL under it, which must suppose some or one of its masts standing too; this puts it past all possibility of belief, at least to those who judge of such things by rules of mechanism, or by what is to be seen in other parts of the world, no such thing being practicable either at London Bridge, Rochester Bridge, or even at York, where the largest arch in England is supposed to be.

Bidiford was antiently the inheritance of the family of Granville, or Greenfield, as formerly call'd, and the Earl of Bath, who is the heir and chief of the family, is now Baron of Bidiford, Viscount Lansdown, and Earl of Bath.

As Biddiford has a fine bridge over the Tower or Towridge, so Barnstable has a very noble bridge over the Taw, and though not longer, is counted larger and stronger than the other. These two rival towns are really very considerable; both of them have a large share in the trade to Ireland, and in the herring fishery, and in a trade to the British colonies in America; if Biddiford cures more fish, Barnstable imports more wine, and other merchandizes; they are both established ports for landing wooll from Ireland; of which by itself.

If Biddiford has a greater number of merchants, Barnstable has a greater commerce within land, by its great market for Irish wooll and yarn, &c. with the serge-makers of Tiverton and Excester, who come up hither to buy. So that, in a word, Barnstable, though it has lost ground to Biddiford, yet, take it in all its trade compleatly, is full as considerable as Biddiford; only, that perhaps, it was formerly far superior to it, and the other has risen up to be a match to it.

Barnstable is a large, spacious, well built town, more populous than Biddiford, but not better built, and stands lower; insomuch, that at high water in spring tides, it is, as it were, surrounded with water; the bridge here, was built by the generous gift of one Stamford, a citizen and merchant of London, who, it seems, was not a native of this place, but by trading here to his gain, had kindness enough for the town, to offer such a benefaction to them as they enjoy the benefit of to this day.

The bridge at Biddiford as above, was likewise a gift; but was, as they say, done by collections among the clergy, by grant of indulgences and the like church management: But be it how it will, both the towns are infinitely obliged to the benefactors.

Behind Biddiford, that is as we come from Launceston, are several good towns, though I observed that the country was wild and barren; as Tavistock, belonging to the house of Bedford, and giving the title of marquis, to the eldest son of that illustrious ducal family; the town of Torrington, on the same river Towridge that Biddiford stands on; the title of Earl of Torrington, was first given to the late General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, in honour, and for a reward of his loyalty, in restoring King Charles II. and the line being extinct in his son, it was given by King William III. to Admiral Herbert, who came over with him, and was immediately made admiral of the British fleet, to defend the possession of the crown in the person of that prince; and since that to Sir George Bing, one of our present admirals, and one who asserted the authority and power of the British navy against the Spaniards, at the late sea fight near Cape Passaro in Sicily: So that the town of Torrington, seems to be appropriated to the honour of the defenders of the British sovereignty at sea.

Another town in this part of the country is Okehampton, vulgarly Okington, a good market town, which gave title of baron to the Lord Mohun, and sends two members to the Parliament; it is a manufacturing town, as all the towns this way now are, and pretty rich; and having said this, I have said all, unless it be, that in the records of antiquity, it appears to have been much more considerable than it is now, having 92 knights fees belonging to it. But as I studiously avoid medling with antiquity in these accounts, studying to give you the present state of the countries and towns through which I travel, rather than what they have been; so I say no more of those things than needs must.

A little above Barnstable, N.E. upon the coast, stands a good market and port town, call'd Ilfar-Comb, a town of good trade, populous and rich, all which is owing to its having a very good harbour and road for ships, and where ships from Ireland often put in, when, in bad weather, they cannot, without the extremest hazard, run into the mouth of the Taw, which they call Barnstable Water; and this is one reason, which causes the merchants at Barnstable, to do much of their business at this port of Ilfar-Comb.

Antiquity tells us long stories, of the Danes landing on this coast; of Hubba, the Danish king, being slain here, that is at Kennith Castle, between this place and the mouth of the Taw and Towridge, and that the place was call'd Hubbestow ever after, from the burying of this prince there; All this may be true, for ought we know, but I could neither find or hear of this castle of Kennith, or burial place, Hubbestow, or any thing of the ruins or remains of them in the country; so I shall trouble you no farther about them.

The sea coast in this county, runs a little farther east by north, but I found there was nothing of moment to be seen there, except fishing towns, and small creeks, on which are two small market towns, such as Combemerton, and Porlock, 'till we came to Minehead.

Leaving the coast, we came, in our going southward, to the great river Ex, or Isca, which rises in the hills on this north side of the county, and that so far, as, like the Tamar, it begins within four or five miles of the Severn Sea; the country it rises in, is called Exmore, Cambden calls it a filthy, barren, ground, and, indeed, so it is; but as soon as the Ex comes off from the moors, and hilly country, and descends into the lower grounds, we found the alteration; for then we saw Devonshire in its other countenance, viz. cultivated, populous, and fruitful; and continuing so 'till we came to Tiverton, a town which I mentioned before, but did not fully describe.

Next to Excester, this is the greatest manufacturing town in the county, and, of all the inland towns, is next to it in wealth, and in numbers of people; it stands on the river Ex, and has over it, a very fine bridge, with another over the little river Loman, which, immediately after, falls into the Ex just below the town: Antiquity says, before those bridges were built, there were two fords here, one through each river, and that the town was from thence called Twyford-ton, that is, the town upon the two fords, and so by abbreviating the sounds Twy-for-ton, then Tiverton; but that I leave to the learned searchers into antient things.

But the beauty of Tiverton is the Free-School, at the east entrance into the town, a noble building, but a much nobler foundation; it was erected by one Peter Blundel, a clothier, and a lover of learning, who used the saying of William of Wickham to the king when he founded the royal school at Winchester, viz. That if

he was not himself a scholar, he would be the occasion of making more scholars, than any scholar in England; to which end he founded this school: He has endowed it with so liberal a maintenance, that, as I was informed, the school-master has, at least, sixty pounds per annum, besides a very good house to live in, and the advantage of scholars not on the foundation, and the usher in proportion; and to this he added two fellowships, and two scholarships, which he gave the maintenance for to Sydney-College in Cambridge, and one fellowship, and two scholarships, to Baliol-College in Oxford, all which are appointed for the scholars bred up in this school, and the present reverend master, was a scholar upon the foundation in the same school.

As this is a manufacturing country, as above, we found the people, here, all fully employed, and very few, if any, out of work, except such as need not be unemployed, but were so from mere sloth and idleness, of which, some will be found every where.

From this town, there is little belonging to Devonshire, but what has been spoken of, except what lies in the road to Taunton, which we took next, where we meet with the river Columb, a river rising also in the utmost limits of the shire towards Somersetshire, and giving name to so many towns on its banks, as leaves no room to doubt of its own name being right, such as Columb David's, Ufcolumbe, Columstock, and Columbton; the last is a market town, and they are all full of manufacturers, depending much on the master manufacturers of Tiverton.

With this town, we leave the county of Devon, and entering Somersetshire, have really a taste of a different country from Devonshire; for entering Wellington, the first town we came at in Somersetshire, though partly employ'd in manufacturing too, we were immediately surrounded with beggars, to such a degree, that we had some difficulty to keep them from under our horse heels.

It was our misfortune at first, that we threw some farthings, and halfpence, such as we had, among them; for thinking by this to be rid of them, on the contrary, it brought out such a croud of them, as if the whole town was come out into the street, and they ran in this manner after us through the whole street, and a great way after we were quite out of the town; so that we were glad to ride as fast as we could through the town to get clear of them; I was, indeed, astonish'd at such a sight, in a country where the people were so generally full of work, as they were here; for in Cornwall, where there are hardly any manufacturers, and where there are, indeed, abundance of poor, yet we never found any thing like this.

Before I quite leave Devonshire, I must mention one thing, which I observed at my first setting out; namely, That I would take notice how every county in England furnish'd something of its produce towards the supply of the city of

London: Now I must allow, that Cornwall is, in some respects, an exception to this rule, because, though it is fruitful enough for the supply of its own inhabitants, yet, in the first place, the waste grounds are so many, the inhabitants so numerous, and the county so narrow, that, except the herrings, a few of which may be brought to London for sale, they have not much overplus to furnish other parts with; but then they make us amends by sending up an immense wealth in their tin, lead, and copper, from the bowels of their barren mountains, and the export of the pilchards, and herrings, from both their shores to Spain and Italy, from whence much of the returns are again brought to London for their vent and consumption.

In like manner, the county of Devon has been rich in mines of tin and lead, though they seem at present, wrought out; and they had their stannary towns and coinage, as well as in Cornwall; nay, so numerous were the miners or tinners, as they are called in this county, that they were, on occasion of a national muster, or defence, regimented by themselves, arm'd, and officer'd by themselves, and were, in short, a separate militia from the train'd bands, or militia of the county; but now we see the tin works in Devonshire is quite laid aside, not one tin mine being at work in the whole county: There are, indeed, some copper-works undertaken on the north side, as we were told; but I do not find, that they are yet brought to any perfection, and about Ilfarcomb, Comb Mertin, also at Delverton, in the north part of the county, they have been at work to see if they can recover some silver mines, which, in the time of King Edward III. were so large, that they employed three hundred miners, besides other workmen, and brought that prince great sums of money for the carrying on his wars against France: What progress they are now like to make in it, I cannot yet learn.

But there is one article in the produce of Devonshire, which makes good what I have written before, That every county contributes something towards the supply of London; and this is, the cyder which I have mentioned already, and which takes up the south part of the county, between Topsham and Axminster, where they have so vast a quantity of fruit, and so much cyder made, that sometimes they have sent ten, or twenty thousand hogsheads of it in a year to London, and at a very reasonable rate too.

The county of Somerset joins to the N.E. part of Devonshire. I touched only upon one point of the county in my last, as I went west. The whole county is worth a more particular account, than can be given within the space of a letter.

I entered the county, as I observed above, by Wellington, where we had the entertainment of the beggars; from whence we came to Taunton, vulgarly called Taunton Dean upon the River Ton; this is a large, wealthy, and exceedingly populous, town: One of the chief manufacturers of the town told us, That there

was at that time so good a trade in the town, that they had then eleven hundred looms going for the weaving of sagathies, du roys, and such kind of stuffs, which are made there; and that which added to the thing very much, was, that not one of those looms wanted work: He farther added, That there was not a child in the town, or in the villages round it, of above five years old, but, if it was not neglected by its parents, and untaught, could earn its own bread. This was what I never met with in any place in England, except at Colchester in Essex.

This town chooses two Members of Parliament, and their way of choosing is, by those who they call "pot-walloners," that is to say, every inhabitant, whether house-keeper or lodger, that dresses their own victuals; to make out which, several inmates, or lodgers, will, sometime before the election, bring out their pots, and make fires in the street, and boil their victuals in the sight of their neighbours, that their votes may not be called in question.

There are two large parish churches in this town, and two or three meeting-houses, whereof one, is said to be the largest in the county. The inhabitants have been noted for the number of Dissenters; for among them it was always counted a seminary of such: They suffered deeply in the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, but paid King James home for the cruelty exercised by Jeffries among them; for when the Prince of Orange arrived, the whole town ran in to him, with so universal a joy, that, 'twas thought, if he had wanted it, he might have raised a little army there, and in the adjacent part of the country.

There was, and, I suppose, is still, a private college, or academy, for the Dissenters in this town; the tutor, who then managed it, was named Warren, who told me, that there were threescore and twelve ministers then preaching, whereof six had conformed to the Church, the rest were among the Dissenters, who had been his scholars, whereupon, one of his own sort had, it seems, stiled him the Father of the Faithful: The academy, since his death, is continued, but not kept up to the degree it was, in the days of the said Mr. Warren.

From this town of Taunton, which is by far the greatest in all this part of the country, and has more people in it, than the city of York, we went north to take a view of the coast. Exmore, of which mention was made above, where the River Ex rises, lies in the way, part of it in this country, and extending to the sea side: It gives, indeed, but a melancholy view, being a vast tract of barren, and desolate lands; yet on the coast, there are some very good sea-ports. As,

1. Porlock, on the very utmost extent of the country; it has a small harbour, but of no importance, nor has it any thing of trade, so I need but name it. 2. Minhead, the best port, and safest harbour, in all these counties, at least, on this side: No ship is so big, but it may come in, and no weather so bad, but the ships are safe when they are in; and they told me, that in the great storm anno 1703, when in all

the harbours and rivers in the county, the ships were blown on shore, wreck'd, and lost, they suffered little or no damage in this harbour.

The trade of this town lies chiefly with Ireland, and this was, for many years, the chief port in this part of England, where wool from Ireland was allowed to be imported; but that liberty is since inlarged to several other ports by Act of Parliament.

This corporation sends two members to the Parliament, which are chosen also, as at Taunton, by the pot-walloners; the town is well built, is full of rich merchants, and has some trade also to Virginia, and the West Indies: They correspond much with the merchants of Barnstable, and Bristol, in their foreign trade.

There are some very good families, and of very antient standing, in this part of the county, among which, the families of Seymour, of Portman, of Orchard, Wyndham, Popham of Wellington, Mallet, an antient family of Norman extraction, Mohun, Beauchamp, and some others, are most eminent; the Mohuns in particular were antiently lords of Dunstar] Castle, at a small distance from the sea, and very strong. Here formerly was the antient mansion, or inheritance, of the Lords Mohun, who, as above, long enjoy'd it: Who it will now descend to, that antient family being extinct in the person of the late unhappy Lord Mohun, who was kill'd in a duel with Duke Hamilton, I could not learn.

From hence the coast bears back west to Watchet, a small port also, but of no importance, that is to say, 'tis of no importance now; for if we may calculate things present, by things past, the town of Minhead is risen out of the decay of the towns of Porlock, and Watchet, which were once important places; and the reason is clear, since the increase of shipping and trade, and the improvement of the navigating skill, bigger ships being brought into use, than were formerly built; accordingly, larger ports, and deeper water, were requisite to harbour such vessels, than would serve for that purpose before; and the harbour at Minhead being fairer, and much deeper, than those at Watchet and Porlock, and therefore able to secure those greater ships, which the others were not, the merchants removed to it; and thus, in time, the town grew up, to what we now find it to be.

From hence the winding shore brings us to Bridgewater. This is an antient and very considerable town and port, it stands at the mouth of the river Parrat, or Perot, which comes from the south, after having received the river Tone from the west, which is made navigable up to Taunton, by a very fine new channel, cut at the expence of the people of Taunton, and which, by the navigation of it, is infinitely advantagious to that town, and well worth all their expence, first by bringing up coals, which are brought from Swanzy in Wales by sea to Bridgewater, and thence by barges up this river to Taunton; also for bringing all

heavy goods and merchandizes from Bristol, such as iron, lead, oyl, wine, hemp, flax, pitch, tar, grocery, and dye stuffs, and the like; their tobacco they generally received from Barnstable by land, which is about sixteen miles west

This town of Bridgewater, is a populous, trading town, is well built, and as well inhabited, and has many families of good fashion dwelling in it, besides merchants. The famous Admiral Blake, was a native of this town. Here it was, that the Duke of Monmouth, finding himself defeated in his expectation of the city of Bristol, and repuls'd at the city of Bath, and press'd by the approach of the king's troops, who endeavour'd to surround him, made his retreat; where, finding the king's troops followed him, and seem'd resolved to attack him, he went up to the top of the steeple, with some of his officers, and viewing the situation of the king's army, by the help of perspectives, resolved to make an attempt upon them the same night, by way of prevention, and accordingly march'd out of the town in the dead of the night to attack them, and had he not, either by the treachery, or mistake of his guides, been brought to an impassable ditch, where he could not get over, in the interval of which, the king's troops took the alarm, by the firing a pistol among the duke's men, whether, also, by accident, or treachery, was not known; I say, had not those accidents, and his own fate, conspired to his defeat, he had certainly cut the Lord Feversham's army (for he commanded them) all to pieces; but by these circumstances, he was brought to a battle on unequal terms, and defeated: The rest I need not mention.

This town was regularly fortified in the late civil wars, and sustained two sieges, if not more; the situation of it renders it easy to be fortified, the river and haven taking one chief part of the circumference; over the river, they have a very good bridge of stone, and the tide rises here, at high water, near six fathoms, whereof, sometimes it comes in with such furious haste, as to come two fathoms deep at a time, and when it does so, by surprize, it often does great damage to ships, driving them foul of one another, and oftentimes oversetting them. This sudden rage of the tide, is called, the "boar," and is frequent in all the rivers of this channel, especially in the Severn itself; 'tis also known in the north, particularly in the Trent, and the Ouse, at their entrance into Humber, and in several other places.

In this town of Bridgewater, besides a very large church, there is a fine new-built meeting-house, that is to say, built since the Toleration, in which 'tis remarkable, that they have an advanced seat for the mayor and aldermen, when any of the magistrates should be of their Communion, as sometimes has happened. Here, also, is a college, or private academy, for the Dissenters to breed up their preaching youth; the tutor was one Mr. Moor, a man who, it is own'd, was a master of good literature; what talent he had at erudition, I can give no

account of, for it is not every master of learning, that makes a good instructor of others, as I shall observe on some other occasions.

From Bridgewater, there is a road to Bristol, which they call the Lower Way; the Upper Way, and which is the more frequented road, being over Mendip Hills. This Lower Way also is not always passable, being subject to floods, and dangerous inundations, I mean, dangerous to travel through, especially for strangers: All this part of the country, viz. between Bridgewater, and the sea, and on northward upon the coast, lies low, and is wholly imployed in breeding and feeding of cattle, as are also the moors, or marsh grounds, which extend themselves up the rivers Perrot, and Ivill, into the heart of the country; of which in its place.

This low part of the country, between Bridgewater and Bristol, suffered exceedingly in that terrible inundation of the sea, which was occasioned by the violence of the wind in the great storm, anno 1703, and the country people have set up marks upon their houses and trees, with this note upon them, " Thus high the waters came in the great storm": "Thus far the great tide flowed up in the last violent tempest"; and the like.

And in one place they shewed us, where a ship was, by the force of the water, and the rage of the tempest, driven up upon the shore, several hundred yards from the ordinary high water mark, and was left in that surprizing condition upon dry land.

As this country is all a grazing, rich, feeding soil, so a great number of large oxen are fed here, which are sent up to London; so that now we come into the reach of my former observation, viz. That every county furnishes something for the supply of London, and no county in England furnishes more effectual provisions, nor, in proportion, a greater value than this. These supplies are in three articles.

Fat oxen (as above) as large, and good, as any in England.

Large Cheddar cheese, the greatest, and best of the kind in England.

Colts bred in great numbers in the moors, and sold into the northern counties, where the horse copers, as they are called, in Staffordshire, and Leicestershire, buy them again, and sell them to London for cart horses, and coach horses, the breed being very large.

As the low part of this county is thus imployed in grazing and feeding cattle, so all the rest of this large extended country is imployed in the woollen manufactures, and in the best, and most profitable part of it, viz.

In Taunton:

}

The Serges, druggets, &c. and several other kinds of stuffs.

In Wells,
Shepton,
Glastenbury,
&c.
}
Knitting of stockings, principally for the Spanish trade.

In Bristol, and many towns on the Somerset-shire side:
}
Druggets, cantaloons, and other stuffs.

In Froom, Philips-Norton, and all the country bordering upon Wiltshire:
}
Fine Spanish medley cloths, especially on that part of the county from Wincanton, and Meer, to Warminster, Bruton, Castle-cary, Temple Comb, down to Gillingham, and Shaftsbury, in Dorsetshire.

I mention this at large, because this trade of fine Spanish medley cloth, being the mix'd colours and cloths, with which all the gentlemen and persons of any fashion in England, are cloth'd, and vast quantities of which are exported to all parts of Europe, is so very considerable, so vast an advantage to England, maintains and supports so many poor families, and makes so many rich ones, that no man can be just in the description of things, and in a survey of this part of England, and not enter into a particular description of it; the above you may take as an introduction to it, only I shall add but a little more, concerning this county of Somerset, and shall, upon my entering into the north-west and west parts of Wiltshire, where the center of this prodigy of a trade is, sum it all up together, and shew you the extent of land which it spreads itself upon, and give you room, at least, to make some guess at the numbers of poor people, who are sustain'd and inrich'd by it.

But I must first go back again a little while into Somersetshire: The northern part of the county, I did not visit in this journey, which, as I hinted before, is only a return from my long travel to the Land's End. In omitting this part, I, of course, leave the two cities of Bristol and Bath, and that high part of the county called Mendip Hill, to my next western journey, which will include all the counties due west from London; for these now spoken of, though ordinarily called the west country, are rather S.W. than west.

But as I made a little trip from Bridgewater north, into the body of the county, I must take notice of what I observed in that part of it: The first place I came to was Glastenbury, where, indeed, the venerable marks of antiquity, however I have declined the observation of them, struck me with some unusual awe, and I resolved to hear all that could be told me upon that subject; and first they told me (for there are two pieces of antiquity, which were to be inquired of in this place) that King Arthur was buried here, and that his coffin had been found here.

Secondly, that Joseph of Arimathea was here, and that when he fix'd his staff in the ground, which was on Christmas Day, it immediately took root, budded, put forth white-thorn leaves, and the next day, was in full blossom, white as a sheet, and that the plant is preserved, and blows every Christmas Day, as at first, to this very day.

I took all this *ad referendum* , but took guides afterward, to see what demonstrations there could be given of all these things; they went over the ruins of the place with me, telling me, which part every particular piece of building had been; and as for the white-thorn, they carried me to a gentleman's garden in the town, where it was preserved, and I brought a piece of it away in my hat, but took it upon their honour, that it really does blow in such manner, as above, on Christmas Day. However, it must be confessed, that it is universally attested.

Where I had the sight of the white-thorn tree, I obtained a sight of Mr. Cambden, and his continuator, and was, at first, a little concern'd, that a person of Mr. Cambden's judgment, gave such an account of the legendary part of the history of this place, with a taste of his crediting the whole story; and from him I began to believe also, that Joseph of Arimathea, was really here, and that the Christian religion was preached in this island within thirty seven years after the death of our Saviour.

This, however, prompted me to farther inquiry, and the following account occurred, which is to be found, as they say, in the manuscript History of the Church of Glastenbury, now deposited in the Cottonian Library, and taken from it by Mr. Dugdale, in his *Monasticon.* Fol. 1, 2.

GLASTONBURY MONASTERY IN SOMERSETSHIRE,
OF THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT

In the year 31 after the Passion of our Lord, twelve of St. Philip the Apostle's disciples (the chief of whom was Joseph of Arimathea) came into this country, and preached the Christian faith to Arviragus, who refused to embrace it, and yet granted them this place, with twelve hides of land; where they made walls of wattles, and erected the first church in this kingdom, which Christ personally dedicated to the honour of His Mother, and the place for burial of His servants, as is said in the manuscript History of the Monastery of Glastenbury in the Cotton

Library. These twelve, and their successors, continuing long the same number, and leading an eremetical life, converted a great multitude of pagans to the faith of Christ. They being all, at length, dead and buried here, the most holy men Phaganus and Diruvianus, coming into these parts, and baptizing King Lucius and his people, had the aforesaid hides confirm'd to them and their successors, the same number of twelve being kept up 'till the coming of St. Patrick, who, instructing them in the monastical life, became their abbot: After whom, the holy fathers Benignus, Kolumkil, and Gildas, led a most holy life there. Next came St. David Archbishop of Menevia, now called St. David's, who added a new chapel to the church, dedicating it to the blessed Virgin, and erected a rich altar; and near the said chapel, Joseph of Arimathea, and other holy men, are said to have been buried. Tho' the church was afterwards several times rebuilt, this place still remained under the former consecration, and was held in such veneration, that kings, bishops, and all the greatest persons, thought themselves happy in adding something to its possessions, or being buried with any small parcel of its earth. St. Dunstan, and other holy abbots, always preserving the number of twelve monks, added to them several clergymen that sung well.

This church, by reason of its antiquity, was by the English called Ealdchurch, that is, Old Church; and the people of the country about it, thought no oath more sacred, than to swear by the Old Church; as being the first, and oldest church in England, and held in such veneration, that it was called a second Rome, for sanctity; because, as Rome was honoured with a multitude of martyrs, so this place was renowned for many confessors.

This island, in which this church stands, was, by the Britons, first called Ynswyxtryn, that is, the Glass Island, by reason of the river, as it were of the colour of glass, incompassing the marsh. It was called an island, because inclosed about by a deep marsh. It was called Avallonia, either from the British word *aval* , signifying an apple, as being full of fruit-trees, or from Avallon, who was once lord of that territory. The Saxons gave it the name of Glastingebury, that is, the Town of Glass. There are several islands about this, all belonging to it, all which together were reduced to make up the twelve hides above-mentioned, the bounds whereof may be seen in Dugdale, p. 2. and 3. All the places within those bounds enjoy all sorts of immunities, from the first times of Christianity, granted and confirmed to the church of Glastonbury by the British, English, and Norman kings.

This church was the sacred repository of the ashes of a multitude of saints, insomuch that no corner of it, or of the church-yard,, is destitute of the same. There lie the twelve disciples (above-mentioned) of St. Philip the Apostle, with their chief, Joseph of Arimathea, and his son Josephus; also St. Patrick, the

apostle of Ireland; St. Benignus, disciple to St. Patrick; St. Pinius, disciple to Benignus; St. Gildas, the British historian; St. David, Bishop of Menevia; St. Dunstan; St. Indrastus, martyr, and his seven companions; St. Urban, martyr; St. Apollinaris, bishop and martyr, disciple to St. Peter the Apostle; St. Vincentius, archdeacon and martyr; three of the Holy Innocents; St. Besilius, martyr; part of St. Oswald, king and martyr; St. Valerius, and St. Salvius, bishops and martyrs; St. Canon, Anastatius, Renignius, Casanius, Abdon, and Sennen, martyrs; St. Paulinus, Bishop of the Northumbrians; St. Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarn; Coelfrid and Boisilus, abbots; Venerable Bede; St. Benedict, bishop; Hesterpine, Sigfride, and Herbert, abbots; St. Idamus, bishop; St. Teison, abbot, and his twelve companions; St. Iltwich; St. Lilianus, abbot; part of Guthlac, the anchorite; St. Poppa, Archbishop of Treves; St. Geminianus, confessor; the holy virgins Hilda, Hebbe, Begu, Crisante, Udilia, Mary, Martha, Lucy, Walburge, Gertrude, Cecily, Wenta, Mamilla, Edberga, Elfleda, Batildis, Ursula, Daria, Ealswitha; the last of these affirmed to be intire many years after she had been interred. Many more names of holy men and women were lost by the burning of the antient church, and time has worn out the memory of a still greater number.

Many holy relicks were also preserved in this church: Of those relating to the Old Testament, part of Rachel's tomb; of the altar on which Moses pour'd out oyl; of his book; of the tomb of Isaiah; some manna: relicks of the prophet Daniel; of the three children delivered from the fiery furnace; six gilt stones of the pavement of the Temple, and some of the gate. Relating to our Lord Jesus Christ: Some of the linen He was wrapp'd in; two pieces of the manger; some of the gold offer'd by the Wise Men; five stones out of Jordan, where our Saviour was baptized; one of the vessels in which Christ turned water into wine; of the stones the Devil proposed to Christ to convert into bread; of the five loaves with which our Lord fed five thousand persons; of the place where He was transfigured; of the stone He stood on in the Temple; of His hair; of the hem of His garment; and many more, too tedious for this place: Also relicks of the Blessed Virgin; of St. John Baptist; of the Apostles; of many martyrs, confessors, and holy virgins.

On this account, Glastonbury was every where held in the greatest veneration; and, as has been said, the greatest persons coveted to be buried there; most of whose names have been lost, and of some, mention has been made above.

A few feet from the Old Church stood two pyramids; that next to the church twenty-six feet high, on which were many antiquities worn out by age. On the uppermost story of it, was a pontifical image; on the second, the image of a king, with these letter, *Heri, Sexi* , and *Blisier* ; on the third, were these words, *Wemerest, Bantomp, Wineweng* ; on the fourth, *Hate, Wulfred* , and *Eanfled* ; on the fifth, and lowest, an image, and this inscription, *Logior, Weslicas, Bregden,*

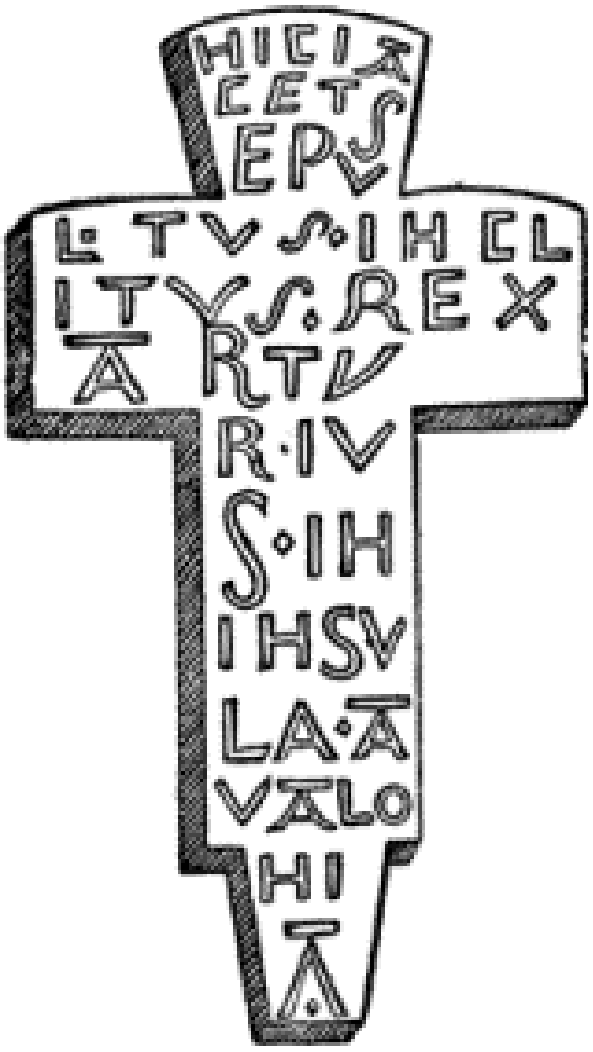
Swelves, Hwingendes, Bera . The other pyramid was eighteen feet high, and had four stages, on which was to be read, *Hedde* Bishop *Bregored* , and *Breorward.* What these words signify is not known; but it is guess'd, they were the names of the persons deposited within the pyramid. So great was the respect paid by our ancestors to this place, that they durst not utter any idle words, nor so much as spit in the church, or church-yard, unless compell'd by the utmost necessity, and even then with the utmost reluctancy and remorse: Neither durst any man bring a hawk, horse, or dog into the church, because it had been often observed, that such as had been accidentally brought in, immediately died. Even from foreign countries the earth of this church-yard was sent for, to bury with the greatest persons; and it is reported, that even a Mahometan sultan, having taken an English gentleman in the Holy Land, gave him his liberty, upon promise, that he would bring him a gantlet full of that earth, which was accordingly perform'd, and the gentleman returning to Glastonbury, declared the same upon oath.

As to the burial of King Arthur, Mr. Cambden makes no doubt of it, and gives us from Giraldus Cambrensis, an account how King Henry II. caused search to be made for his tomb, and before they had dug seven foot, they came to a great stone, having a cross of lead on the inside of it, and the subsequent letters, or inscription upon it, and in the following rude character; which the said Giraldus Cambrensis, Mr. Cambden says, was an eye-witness of, as well as of a coffin of hollow'd oak, which they found by digging nine foot deeper than the inscription, wherein were deposited the bones of that great prince.

On the top of a high hill, near a mile from the town, stands an old tower, which the people vulgarly call the TORR; what it was, we are not certain; but it is made famous by one thing in particular; that here King Henry VIII. caused Richard Whitingus, the last Abbot of Glastonbury, to be hanged for refusing to surrender the monastery.

I must confess, that I cannot so much blame the Catholicks in those early days, for reverencing this place as they did, or, at least, 'till they came to found idolatry upon their respect, if they really believed all these things; but my business is to relate, rather than make remarks.

The inscription on King Arthur's coffin, is as follows:



Four miles from Glastonbury, lies the little city of Wells, where is one of the neatest, and, in some respects, the most beautiful, cathedrals in England, particularly the west front of it, is one complete draught of imagery, very fine, and yet very antient.

This is a neat, clean city, and the clergy, in particular, live very handsomly; the Closs, or part of the city, where the Bishop's Palace is, is very properly called so; for it is walled in, and lock'd up like a little fortification, and has a ditch round it.

The dignified clergy live in the inside of it, and the prebendaries, and canons, which are very numerous, have very agreeable dwellings, and live very pleasantly. Here are no less than seven-and-twenty prebends, and nineteen canons, belonging to this church, besides a dean, a chancellor, a precentor, and three arch deacons; a number which very few cathedrals in England have, besides this.

Dugdale, in his *Monasticon* , tells us, that the church of Wells has given to the kingdom, one Cardinal, six High Chancellors, five High Treasurers, one Lord Privy Seal, one Lord President of Wales, one Secretary of State, all of them

bishops of this diocess; the county is the diocess, and contains three hundred eighty-eight parishes, and the arch deaconries are of Wells, Bath, and Taunton.

The city lies just at the foot of the mountains called Mendip Hills, and is itself built on a stony foundation. Its manufacture is chiefly of stockings, as is mentioned already; 'tis well built, and populous, and has several good families in it; so that there is no want of good company there.

Near this city, and just under the hills, is the famous, and so much talk'd of Wokey Hole, which, to me, that had been in Pool's Hole, in the Peak of Derby, has nothing of wonder or curiosity in it; the chief thing I observed in this, is, what is generally found in all such subterraneous caverns; namely, That the water dropping from the roof of the vault, petrifies, and hangs in long pieces like isicles, as if it would, in time, turn into a column to support the arch. As to the stories of a witch dwelling here, as of a gyant dwelling in the other (I mean in Pool's Hole) I take them to be equally fabulous, and worth no notice.

In the low country, on the other side Mendip Hills, lies Chedder, a village pleasantly situated under the very ridge of the mountains; before the village is a large green, or common, a piece of ground, in which the whole herd of the cows, belonging to the town, do feed; the ground is exceeding rich, and as the whole village are cowkeepers, they take care to keep up the goodness of the soil, by agreeing to lay on large quantities of dung for manuring, and inriching the land.

The milk of all the town cows, is brought together every day into a common room, where the persons appointed, or trusted for the management, measure every man's quantity, and set it down in a book; when the quantities are adjusted, the milk is all put together, and every meal's milk makes one cheese, and no more; so that the cheese is bigger, or less, as the cows yield more, or less, milk. By this method, the goodness of the cheese is preserved, and, without all dispute, it is the best cheese that England affords, if not, that the whole world affords.

As the cheeses are, by this means, very large, for they often weigh a hundred weight, sometimes much more, so the poorer inhabitants, who have but few cows, are obliged to stay the longer for the return of their milk; for no man has any such return, 'till his share comes to a whole cheese, and then he has it; and if the quantity of his milk deliver'd in, comes to above a cheese, the overplus rests in account to his credit, 'till another cheese comes to his share; and thus every man has equal justice, and though he should have but one cow, he shall, in time, have one whole cheese. This cheese is often sold for six pence to eight pence per pound, when the Cheshire cheese is sold but for two pence to two pence halfpenny.

Here is a deep, frightful chasm in the mountain, in the hollow of which, the road goes, by which they travel towards Bristol; and out of the same hollow,

springs a little river, which flows with such a full stream, that, it is said, it drives twelve mills within a quarter of a mile of the spring; but this is not to be understood, without supposing it to fetch some winding reaches in the way; there would not, otherwise, be room for twelve mills to stand, and have any head of water above the mill, within so small a space of ground. The water of this spring, grows quickly into a river, and runs down into the marshes, and joins another little river called Axe, about Axbridge, and thence into the Bristol Channel, or Severn Sea.

I must now turn east, and south-east, for I resolved not to go up the hills of Mendip at all, this journey, leaving that part to another tour, when I shall give an account of these mountains, as also of the cities of Bath and Bristol, to which they are very near, all in one letter.

I come now to that part of the country, which joins itself to Wiltshire, which I reserved, in particular, to this place, in order to give some account of the broad-cloth manufacture, which I several times mentioned in my first journey, and which is carried on here, and that to such a degree, as deserves a place in all the descriptions, or histories, which shall be given of this country.

As the east, and south parts of Wiltshire are, as I have already observed, all hilly, spreading themselves far and wide, in plains, and grassy downs, for breeding, and feeding, vast flocks of sheep, and a prodigious number of them: And as the west and north parts of Somersetshire are, on the contrary, low, and marshy, or moorish, for feeding, and breeding, of black cattle, and horses, or for lead-mines, &c. So all the south west part of Wiltshire, and the east part of Somersetshire, are low and flat, being a rich, inclosed country, full of rivers and towns, and infinitely populous, insomuch, that some of the market towns are equal to cities in bigness, and superior to them in numbers of people.

This low, flat country, contains part of the three counties of Somerset, Wilts, and Gloucester, and that the extent of it may be the easier understood by those who know any thing of the situation of the country, it reaches from Cirencester in the north, to Sherburn on the edge of Dorsetshire south, and from the Devizes east, to Bristol west, which may take in about fifty miles in length where longest, and twenty in breadth where narrowest.

In this extent of country, we have the following market towns, which are principally employed in the clothing trade, that is to say, in that part of it, which I am now speaking of; namely, fine medley, or mix’d cloths, such as are usually worn in England by the better sort of people; and, also, exported in great quantities to Holland, Hamburgh, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Italy, &c. The principal clothing towns in this part of the country, are these,

Somersetshire

Frome, Pensford, Philip's Norton, Bruton, Shepton Mallet, Castle Carey, and Wincanton.

Wiltshire
Malmsbury, Castlecomb, Chippenham, Caln, Devizes, Bradford, Trubridge, Westbury, Warminster, Meer.

Dorsetshire
Gillingham, Shaftsbury, Bemister, and Bere, Sturminster, Shireborn.

Gloucester
Cirencester, Tetbury, Marshfield, Minchinghampton, and Fairford.

These towns, as they stand thin, and at considerable distance from one another; for, except the two towns of Bradford and Trubridge, the other stand at an unusual distance; I say, these towns are interspers'd with a very great number of villages, I had almost said, innumerable villages, hamlets, and scattered houses, in which, generally speaking, the spinning work of all this manufacture is performed by the poor people; the master clothiers, who generally live in the greater towns, sending out the wooll weekly to their houses, by their servants and horses, and, at the same time, bringing back the yarn that they have spun and finished, which then is fitted for the loom.

The increasing and flourishing circumstances of this trade, are happily visible by the great concourse of people to, and increase of buildings and inhabitants in these principal clothing towns where this trade is carried on, and the wealth of the clothiers. The town of Froom, or, as it is written in our maps, Frome Sellwood, is a specimen of this, which is so prodigiously increased within these last twenty or thirty years, that they have built a new church, and so many new streets of houses, and those houses are so full of inhabitants, that Frome is now reckoned to have more people in it, than the city of Bath, and some say, than even Salisbury itself, and if their trade continues to increase for a few years more, as it has done for those past, it is very likely to be one of the greatest and wealthiest inland towns in England.

I call it an inland town, because it is particularly distinguished as such, being, not only no sea-port, but not near any sea-port, having no manner of communication by water, no navigable river at it, or near it. Its trade is wholly clothing, and the cloths they make, are, generally speaking, all conveyed to London: Blackwell-Hall is their market, and thither they send up the gross of their clothing product; and, if we may believe common fame, there are above ten

thousand people in Frome now, more than lived in it twenty years ago, and yet it was a considerable town then too.

Here are, also, several large meeting-houses, as well as churches, as there are, generally, in all the manufacturing, trading towns in England, especially in the western counties.

The Devizes is, next to this, a large and important town, and full of wealthy clothiers; but this town has, lately, run pretty much into the drugget-making trade; a business, which has made some invasion upon the broad-cloth trade, and great quantities of druggets are worn in England, as also, exported beyond the seas, even in the place of our broad-cloths, and where they usually were worn and exported; but this is much the same as to the trade still; for as it is all a woollen manufacture, and that the druggets may properly be called cloth, though narrow, and of a different make, so the makers are all called clothiers.

The River Avon, a noble and large fresh river, branching itself into many parts, and receiving almost all the rivers on that side the hills, waters this whole fruitful vale; and the water of this river seems particularly qualified for the use of the clothiers; that is to say, for dying the best colours, and for fulling and dressing the cloth, so that the clothiers generally plant themselves upon this river, but especially the dyers, as at Trubridge, and Bradford, which are the two most eminent cloathing towns in that part of the vale for the making fine Spanish cloths, and of the nicest mixtures.

From these towns south, to Westbury, and to Warminster, the same trade continues, and the finest medley Spanish cloths, not in England only, but in the whole world, are made in this part. They told me at Bradford, That it was no extraordinary thing to have clothiers in that country worth, from ten thousand, to forty thousand pounds a man, and many of the great families, who now pass for gentry in those counties, have been originally raised from, and built up by this truly noble manufacture.

If I may speak here from the authority of the antient inhabitants of the place, and who have been curious observers upon this subject, the country which I have now described, as principally imploy’d in, and maintained by this prodigy of a trade, contains two million, three hundred and thirty thousand acres of land, and has in it seven hundred eighty-eight parishes, and three hundred and seventy-four thousand people. It is true, that this is all guess-work; but I must confess myself very willing to believe, that the reckoning is far short of the account; for the county is exceeding large and populous.

It may be worth enquiry, by the curious, how the manufacturers, in so vast a consumption of the wooll, as such a trade must take up, can be supplied with

wooll for their trade; and, indeed, it would be something strange, if the answer were not at hand.

We may reasonably conclude, that this manufacture was at first seated in this county, or, as we may say, planted itself here at first, because of the infinite numbers of sheep, which were fed at that time upon the downs and plains of Dorset, Wilts, and Hampshire, all adjoining, as a trading town is seated, or rises gradually upon some large river, because of the benefit of navigation; and as gentlemen place the mansion houses of their estates, and seats of their families, as near the pleasant rivers, woods, and fine prospects as possible, for the delight of their living; so the first planters of the clothing manufacture, doubtless, chose this delightful vale for its seat, because of the neighbourhood of those plains, which might be supposed to be a fund of wooll for the carrying it on. Thus the manufacture of white cloth was planted in Stroud Water in Gloucestershire, for the sake of the excellent water there for the dying scarlets, and all colours that are dyed in grain, which are better dyed there, than in any other place of England, some towns near London excepted. Hence, therefore, we first observe, they are supplied yearly with the fleeces of two or three millions of sheep.

But as the number of sheep fed on these downs is lessened, rather than increased, because of the many thousand acres of the carpet ground being, of late years, turned into arable land, and sowed with wheat; which, by the way, has made Warminster a market town, on the edge of Somersetshire, as it now is, without exception, the greatest market for wheat in England, with this exception only, viz. Where none of it is bought to send to London.

I say, The number of sheep, and consequently the quantity of wooll, decreasing, and at the same time the manufacture, as has been said, prodigiously increasing, the manufacturers applied themselves to other parts for a supply, and hence began the influx of north-country wooll to come in from the counties of Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln, the center of which trade, is about Tetbury and Cirencester, where are the markets for the north-country wooll, and where, as they say, several hundred packs of wooll are sold every week, for the supply of this prodigious consumption.

From London, they have great quantities of wooll, which is generally called Kentish wooll, in the fleece, which is brought up from thence by the farmers, since the late severe Acts against their selling it within a certain number of miles of the sea, also fell-wooll for the combers, bought of the wooll-staplers in Barnabystreet, and sent back by the carriers, which bring up the cloths to market.

They have also, sometimes, large quantities of Irish wooll, by the way of Bristol, or of Mynhead, in Somersetshire; but this is uncertain, and only on extraordinary occasions. I omit the Spanish wooll, as being an article by itself.

Thus, in short, as those that see the numbers of sheep fed on the downs and plains, as above, and that see the quantity of wooll brought to the markets of Tetbury, and other towns, and the quantity sent from London, all into this one vale, would wonder how it was possible to be consumed, manufactured, and wrought up; so on the other hand, those that saw the numbers of people imploy'd, and the vast quantity of goods made in this part of England, would wonder where the whole nation should be able to supply them with wooll.

And yet, notwithstanding the whole country is thus imploy'd in the broad-cloth manufacture, as above, I must not omit to mention, that here is a very great application to another trade or two, which I am obliged, by my first scheme, not to forget to mention, viz. The supplying the city of London with provisions; though it is true, that the general imployment of the people in all this county, is in the woollen manufacture; yet, as the spinning is generally the work of the women and children, and that the land is here exceeding rich and fertile, so it cannot be supposed, but that here are farmers in great numbers, whose business it is to cultivate the land, and supply the rest of the inhabitants with provisions; and this they do so well, that notwithstanding the county is so exceeding populous, yet provisions of all sorts are very cheap, the quantity very great, and a great overplus sent every day to London for the supply of their demand, which, as I said before, is great enough to exhaust a whole nation.

All the lower part of this county, and also of Gloucestershire, adjoining, is full of large feeding farms, which we call dairies, and the cheese they make, as it is excellent good of its kind, so being a different kind from the Cheshire, being soft and thin, is eaten newer than that from Cheshire. Of this, a vast quantity is every week sent up to London, where, though it is called Gloucestershire cheese, yet a great part of it is made in Wiltshire, and the greatest part of that which comes to London, the Gloucestershire cheese being more generally carried to Bristol, and Bath, where a very great quantity is consumed, as well by the inhabitants of two populous cities, as also for the shipping off to our West-India colonies, and other places.

This Wiltshire cheese is carried to the river of Thames, which runs through part of the county, by land carriage, and so by barges to London.

Again, in the spring of the year, they make a vast quantity of that we call green cheese, which is a thin, and very soft cheese, resembling cream cheeses, only thicker, and very rich. These are brought to market new, and eaten so, and the quantity is so great, and this sort of cheese is so universally liked and accepted in London, that all the low, rich lands of this county, are little enough to supply the market; but then this holds only for the two first summer months of the year, May and June, or little more.

Besides this, the farmers in Wiltshire, and the part of Gloucestershire adjoining, send a very great quantity of bacon up to London, which is esteemed as the best bacon in England, Hampshire only excepted: This bacon is raised in such quantities here, by reason of the great dairies, as above, the hogs being fed with the vast quantity of whey, and skim'd milk, which so many farmers have to spare, and which must, otherwise, be thrown away.

But this is not all, for as the north part of Wiltshire, as well the downs, as the vales, border upon the river Thames, and, in some places, comes up even to the banks of it; so most of that part of the county being arable land, they sow a very great quantity of barley, which is carried to the markets at Abingdon, at Farrington, and such places, where it is made into malt, and carried to London. This imploys all the hill country from above Malmsbury to Marlbro, and on the side of the Vale of White Horse, as 'tis called, which is in Barkshire, and the hills adjoyning, a tract of ground, able to furnish, considering its fertility, a prodigious quantity of barley, and does so.

Thus Wiltshire itself helps to supply London with cheese, bacon, and malt, three very considerable articles, besides that vast manufacture of fine Spanish cloths, which I have said so much of, and I may, without being partial, say, that it is thereby rendered one of the most important counties in England, that is to say, important to the publick wealth of the kingdom. The bare product is in itself prodigious great; the downs are an inexhausted store-house of wooll, and of corn, and the valley, or low part of it, is the like for cheese and bacon.

One thing here is worth while to mention, for the observation of those counties in England, where they are not yet arrived to that perfection of husbandry, as in this county, and I have purposely reserved it to this place: The case is this, The downs or plains, which are generally called Salisbury Plain; but, particularly, extend themselves over the counties of Southampton, Wilts, and Dorset, were formerly all left open to be fed by the large flocks of sheep so often mentioned; but now, so much of these downs are plowed up, as has increased the quantity of corn produced in this county, in a prodigious manner, and lessened their quantity of wooll, as above; all which has been done by folding their sheep upon the plow'd lands, removing the fold every night to a fresh place, 'till the whole piece of ground has been folded on; this, and this alone, has made these lands, which in themselves are poor, and where, in some places, the earth is not above six inches above the solid chalk rock, able to bear as good wheat, as any of the richer lands in the vales, though not quite so much: I say this alone; for many of these lands lie so remote from the farmers houses, and up such high hills, for the farmers live always in the valleys, and by the rivers, that it could not be worth their while to

carry dung from those farm-houses, to those remote lands; besides, the draught up hill would be so heavy, and the ways so bad, that it would kill all their cattle.

If this way of folding sheep upon the fallows, and plowed lands, were practised, in some parts of England, and especially in Scotland, they would find it turn to such account, and so effectually improve the waste lands, which now are useless and uncultivated, that the sheep would be more valuable, and lands turn to a better account than was ever yet known among them. In Wiltshire it appears to be so very significant, that if a farmer has a thousand of sheep, and no fallows to fold them on, his neighbours will give him ten shillings a night for every thousand.

I am come now to Marlborough: On the downs, about two or three miles from the town, are abundance of loose stones, lying scattered about the plain; some whereof are very large, and appear to be of the same kind with those at Stonehenge, and some larger. They are called by the country people, not for want of ignorance, The Gray Weathers. I do not find any account given of them in history, or by the greatest of our antiquaries, so I must leave them as I find them.

At Marlborough, and in several villages near, as well as on the downs, there are several of those round rising mounts, which the country people call barrows, and which all our writers agree, were monuments of the dead, and particularly of soldiers slain in fight. This in Marlborough, stands in the Duke of Somerset's garden, and is, by that means, kept up to its due height. There is a winding way cut out of the mount, that goes several times round it, 'till insensibly it brings you to the top, where there is a seat, and a small pleasant green, from whence you look over great part of the town.

This is an antient town, and, at present, has a pretty good shop-keeping trade, but not much of the manufacturing part. The river Kennet, lately made navigable by Act of Parliament, rises just by this town, and running from hence to Hungerford, and Newbery, becomes a large stream, and passing by Reading, runs into the Thames near the town. This river is famous for craw-fish, which they help travellers to at Newbery; but they seldom want for price.

Between this town of Marlborough, and Abington, westward, is the Vale of White Horse: The inhabitants tell a great many fabulous stories of the original of its being so called; but there is nothing of foundation in them all, that I could see; the whole of the story is this; Looking south from the vale, we see a trench cut on the side of a high green hill, this trench is cut in the shape of a horse, and not ill-shap'd I assure you. The trench is about two yards wide on the top, about a yard deep, and filled almost up with chalk, so that at a distance, for it is seen many miles off, you see the exact shape of a White Horse; but so large, as to take up near an acre of ground, some say, almost two acres. From this figure the hill is

called, in our maps, White Horse Hill, and the low, or flat country under it, the Vale of White Horse.

It is a very fertile and fruitful vale, and extends itself from Farrington almost to Abington, tho' not exactly in a line: Some think 'twas done by the Saxons, whose device was a white horse, and is so still.

Having spoken of what is most remarkable, or at least, what most occurred to my observation from the Land's End to Newbery in Barkshire, I must here take the liberty to look round upon some passages in later times, which have made this part of the country more famous than before, I. On the hills on this side the Devizes, is Roundway Down, where the Lord Wilmot, and the king's forces, beat, and intirely routed, the famous Sir William Waller, in the late Rebellion, or Civil War; from whence the place is called, by some, Runaway Down to this day. A little nearer towards Marlborough, is St. Ann's Hill, where, notwithstanding several high hills between, and the distance of twenty-two miles, or more, is a fair view of Salisbury-steeple, or spire, which is, without all dispute, the highest in England. The defeat of Sir William Waller, take in the few words of one of the most impartial historians of those times. — The action was, in short, thus,

Waller had always the misfortune to be beaten when he pursued nis enemy to force a fight. This was his case now: He heard that the Lord Wilmot, with a body of the king's forces, were marched into the west to joyn Colonel Greenville, Sir Arthur Slanning, and the loyal troops in Dorsetshire: Upon this, he makes long marches to overtake, and intercept them, pretending to fight them, joyn'd, or not joyn'd; but my Lord Wilmot advancing with 1500 horse of the king's best troops, joyn'd the western forces at the Devizes, and facing about upon Waller, met him upon Roundway Down, not far from St. Ann's Hill, mentioned above.

As I said, he who was seeking out his enemy, must himself be easy to be found, and therefore they soon came together; for though Waller seeing too late, that he was in an error, would have been glad to have got off without fighting, yet seeing the king's troops advance in full march to attack him, boldly drew up in order of battle, and marched forward to meet them: Upon which ensued an obstinate, and very bloody, fight; for Waller was brave, and his men had been enur'd to victory, especially his infantry, and though they were gallantly attacked by Colonel Slanning, and Greenville, the latter of whom was slain, yet they stood their ground, and could not be broken, but rather gain'd upon the Royalists: But the Lord Wilmot charging with an irresistable fury at the head of the cavalry, the rebel horse were broken, and put into confusion, a body of Wilmot's horse pushing them quite out of the field: Lord Wilmot then falling with the like fury upon the rear of the foot, while the king's foot lay hard upon them in the front: They were, at last, broken also; and, in a word, quite overthrown: And there being

no way to escape the horse, upon an open wild down, as that is, they were most of them cut in pieces, or taken prisoners. All their cannon and baggage were also taken, with their arms and ammunition; and Waller himself, with great difficulty, escaped. This was in the month of August, 1643.

From this action, as I said, this place was ever after called Runaway-Down, instead of Roundway-Down.

At Newbery there was another, or rather a double scene of blood; for here were two obstinate, and hard fought, battles, at two several times, between the king's army, and the Parliament's, the king being present at them both, and both fought almost upon the same spot of ground. In these two battles, said an old experienced soldier, that served in the king's army, there was more generalship shewn on both sides, than in any other battle through the whole course of the war; his meaning was, That the generals, on both sides, shewed the most exquisite skill in the managing, posting, bringing up, and drawing off their troops; and as the men fought with great bravery on both sides, so the generals, and officers, shewed both their bravery, and their judgment. In the first of these battles, the success was doubtful, and both sides pretended to the advantage: In the last, the king's army had apparently the worst of it and yet the king, in a very few days, with a great body of horse, fetch'd off his cannon, which he had, in the close of the battle, thrust into Dunington Castle, and carried them away to Oxford the head quarter of his army, or his place of arms, as it would be called now; and this he did in the sight of the victorious army, facing them at the same time, with a body of six thousand horse, and they, on the other hand, did not think fit to draw out to attack him. That retreat, in point of honour, was equal to a victory, and gave new courage, as well as reputation, to the king's troops. Indeed the Parliament's army was out-general'd in that part; for as they had beaten the long s army out of the field, and obliged them to shelter their train of artillery and carriages in the castle, which was m itself a place of no great strength; they ought immediately, even the same night, to have invested the place, and posted their army so, as to cover the siege; in which case, the cannon, and all that was in the castle, had been their own; for though the king had indeed, a gallant body of horse, and superior to the Parliament cavalry by almost three thousand, yet his best regiments of foot had been roughly handled in the battle, and some of them quite cut in pieces; so that his majesty would not have been in condition to have attacked them in their posts, in order to have raised the siege.

But this is not my business: This town of Newbery is an antient cloathing town, though, now, little of that part remains to it; but it retains still a manufacturing genius, and the people are generally imployed in making shalloons, a kind of stuff, which, though it be used only for the lineing and insides

of mens cloaths, for women use but little of it, nor the men for any thing but as above, yet it becomes so generally worn, both at home and abroad, that it is increased to a manufacture by itself, and is more considerable, than any single manufacture of stuffs in the nation. This imploys the town of Newbery, as also, Andover, another town on the side of Wiltshire, about twelve miles from it, and abundance of other towns, in other counties of England, of which I shall speak in their place.

And, having mentioned Andover, though out of the road that I was in, I must digress to tell you, that the town of Andover lies on the very edge of the downs which I have so often mentioned, and is in the road from Newbery to Salisbury, as it is from London to Taunton, and all the manufacturing part of Somersetshire; 'tis a handsom town, well built, populous, and much inrich'd by the manufacture, as above, and may be called a thriving town: It sends two members to Parliament, and is an antient corporation.

But the chief reason of my making this digression, is to mention, that within a mile, or thereabouts, of this town, at the place where the open down country begins, is Wey-Hill, where the greatest fair for sheep is kept, that this nation can shew. I confess, though I once saw the fair, yet I could make no estimate of the number brought thither for sale; but asking the opinion of a grasier, who had used to buy sheep there, he boldly answered, There were many hundred thousands. This being too general, I pressed him farther; at length he said, He believed there were five hundred thousand sheep sold there in one fair. Now, tho' this might, I believe, be too many, yet 'tis sufficient to note, that there are a prodigious quantity of sheep sold here; nor can it be otherwise, if it be considered, that the sheep sold here, are not for immediate killing, but are generally ewes for store sheep for the farmers, and they send for them from all the following counties, Berks, Oxford, Bucks, Bedford, Hertford, Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex: The custom of these farmers, is, to send one farmer in behalf of (perhaps) twenty, and so the sheep come up together, and they part them when they come home. These ewes have also this property, that they generally bring two lambs at a time. What weathers are bought here, are carried off by the farmers, who have feeding grounds, in order to fat them for killing; but they are but few compared to the ewes.

But to go back to Newbery: Not to insist upon the famous Jack of Newbery, who was so great a clothier, that when King James met his waggons loaden with cloths going to London, and inquiring whose they were, was answered by them all, They were Jack of Newbery's, the king returned, if the story be true, That this Jack of Newbery was richer than he: But not to insist upon this man's story, which is almost grown fabulous, yet another story is fact, and to be proved, viz. That this

is one of the two legatee towns (as they were called) in the will of the late famous Mr. Kenrick, who being the son of a clothier of Newbery, and afterwards a merchant in London, left four thousand pounds to Newbery, and seven thousand five hundred pounds to Reading, to incourage the cloathing trade, and set the poor at work, besides other gifts of extraordinary value to the poor, as such. This gentleman I shall have occasion to mention again, and therefore I say no more now, only, that his effigie, or picture, was to be seen, before the Fire, in S. Christopher's Church in Thread Needle Street, London, where he is buried, and where the benefaction he left for prayers every morning at six a clock, winter and summer, in that church, is still injoyed, and the prayers performed there accordingly: As likewise, it is at Reading, and at Newbery.

This extraordinary will is to be seen at large in Stow's *Survey of London* , to which I refer, and which it is well worth the reader's while to look over, the like not being heard of in England, before. It seems he died a batchelor, or, at least, without children, and his legacies, all in ready money, cannot amount to less than forty thousand to fifty thousand pounds, besides what might be included in the general clause of leaving all the rest of his estate to him who he made his universal heir; which estate, as I have heard, amounted to a very great value. That forty or fifty thousand pounds also, being considered at the time it was left, might well be rated at four times the value, as the rate of things goes now, it being in the year 1624. What improvement the town of Newbery, or the town of Reading, has made of the great sums he left to their management, that I did not inquire into.

Near this town of Newbery, the late Earl of Craven built a very stately pile of buildings for his own dwelling, called Spine; but as it was never quite finished, so I do not understand, that his lordship ever came to live in it, and, within these few years, it was, by a sudden fire, which no-body can, or no-body will, tell how it began, burnt down to the ground. It was reported, the old lord built this magnificent palace, for such it really was, at a time when he (flatter'd himself, at least, with expectation, and) had hopes of marrying Madam Royal, as she was then called, the Queen of Bohemia, sister to King Charles I. who was then a widow, and lived under the shadow of the English Court; but being frustrated afterwards in that view, his lordship went no farther in his building.

Here it was that the vanguard, or first line of the Prince of Orange's army, was posted, when the Irish dragoons, who were posted in Reading, finding they should be attacked in a few days, had put the town's people into such a fright, by threatening to burn and plunder the town, and cut all the peoples throats, that they sent express messengers to the Dutch general officer Grave Van Nassau for help; who sent them a detachment of but two hundred and eighty dragoons, though the

troops in the town were near seven hundred men. What success they met with, I shall mention presently.

The next town of note, I say, is Reading, a very large and wealthy town, handsomly built, the inhabitants rich, and driving a very great trade. The town lies on the River Kennet, but so near the Thames, that the largest barges which they use, may come up to the town bridge, and there they have wharfs to load, and unload them. Their chief trade is by this water-navigation to and from London, though they have necessarily a great trade into the country, for the consumption of the goods which they bring by their barges from London, and particularly coals, salt, grocery wares, tobacco, oyls, and all heavy goods.

They send from hence to London by these barges, very great quantities of malt, and meal, and these are the two principal articles of their loadings, of which, so large are those barges, that some of them, as I was told, bring a thousand, or twelve hundred quarters of malt at a time, which, according to the ordinary computation of tonnage in the freight of other vessels, is from a hundred, to an hundred and twenty ton, dead weight.

They also send very great quantities of timber from Reading; for Berkshire being a very-well wooded county, and the River Thames a convenient conveyance for the timber, they send most of it, and especially the largest and fairest of the timber, to London, which is generally bought by the shipwrights in the river, for the building merchant ships; as also, the like trade of timber is at Henley, another town on the Thames, and at Maidenhead, of which by itself.

Here was a large manufacture of sail-cloth set up in this town, by the late Sir Owen Buckingham, Lord Mayor of London, and many of the poor people were, profitably (to them) imployed in it; but Sir Owen himself dying, and his son being unhappily killed in a duel, a little while after, that manufacture died also.

There is, however, still a remnant of the woollen manufacture here; I say a remnant, because this was once a very considerable cloathing town, much greater than it is now; and this town, as well as Newbery, and principally before Newbery, has injoyed the munificent legacies of that generous merchant I mentioned before, I mean Mr. Kenrick, who left them 7500*l* . to set the poor at work, and encourage the cloathing trade. How they manage for the poor, that they can give the best account of.

Mr. Cambden’s continuator, Dr. Gibson, says, there was once a hundred and forty master-clothiers in this one town; but that now, they are almost all gone. During the civil wars in England, this town was strongly fortified, and the remains of the bastions, and other works are still to be seen; but the Royalists abandoning it afterwards, it was possess’d by the Parliament, soon after the battle at Newbery.

There are three churches, and two large meeting houses in this town, besides that of the Quakers; and the town, Cambden calls it a little city, is said to contain about eight thousand people, including a little hamlet at the bridge over the Thames.

Here was once a most famous monastery, founded by King Henry I. younger son of William the Conqueror, who lies buried in it with his queen, and his daughter Maud; of whom it was said, She was a king's daughter, a king's wife, and a king's mother, but herself no queen; this is made out, in that she was daughter to Henry I. wife to the Emperor of Germany, and mother to King Henry II. so she was an empress, but not a queen. This abbey is now so demolished, that scarce any remains of it are found, or the place of it known.

As I have noted above, it was here that the Dutch with two hundred and eighty horse and dragoons, attacked the forces of the late King James, in aid of the distress'd town's-men, who they threatened to murther and plunder that very day. It was on a Sunday morning, that the Irish dragoons had resolved on the design'd mischief, if they really intended it: In order to it, they posted a guard at the principal church in the piazza there, and might, indeed, easily have lock'd all the people in, and have cut their throats; also they placed a company of foot in the church-yard of another church, over-against the Bear Inn; so that if they really did not intend to massacre the people, as their officers said they did not, yet that way of posting their men, joyn'd to the loud oaths and protestations, that they would do it, made it look as like such a design, as any thing unexecuted, or unattempted, could do.

In this posture things stood when the Dutch entered the town: The Irish had placed a centinel on the top of the steeple of the great church, with orders, if he saw any troops advance, to fire his piece, and ring the bell; the fellow, being surprised with the sight, for he discovered the Dutch but a little before they reached the town, fired his musquet, but forgot to ring the bell, and came down. However, his firing gave the alarm sufficiently, and the troops in the town, who were all under arms before, whether for the designed execution, or not, I will not determine; but, I say, being under arms before, they had little more to do, but to post their troops, which they did with skill enough, being commanded by Sir John Lanier, an experienced officer, and colonel of a regiment of horse in King James's army; and had the men done their duty, they might easily have repuls'd the few troops that attacked them; but the Dutch entering the town in two places, one by the ordinary road from Newbery, and the other by the Broad Street near where the horse-fair is kept, forc'd both the posts, and entered the market place, where the main body of the Irish troops were drawn up.

The first party of the Dutch found a company of foot drawn up in the church-yard over-against the Bear Inn, and a troop of dragoons in the Bear Inn yard; the dragoons hearing the Dutch were at hand, their officer bravely drew them out of the inn yard, and faced the Dutch in the open road, the churchyard wall being lined with musquetiers to flank the street; the Dutch, who came on full gallop, fell in upon the dragoons, sword in hand, and with such irresistable fury, that the Irish were immediately put into confusion, and after three or four minutes bearing the charge, they were driven clear out of the street. At the very same instant, another party of the Dutch dragoons, dismounting, entered the church-yard, and the whole body posted there, fled also, with little or no resistance, not sufficient, indeed, to be called resistance. After this, the dragoons, mounting again, forced their squadrons, and entered the market place.

Here, the troops being numerous, made two or three regular discharges; but finding themselves charged in the rear by the other Dutchmen, who had by this time entered the said Broad Street, they not knowing the strength, or weakness of their enemy, presently broke, and fled by all the ways possible. Sir John Lanier, having a calash and six horses, got away with the first, though he was twice headed by a Dutch trooper, who endeavoured to shoot one of the horses, but miss'd his shot, so the colonel got away.

The Dutch having cleared the town, pursued some of them as far as Twyford, and such was the terror that they were in, that a person, from whom I had this part of the relation, told me, he saw one Dutch trooper chase twelve of the Irish dragoons to the river near Twyford, and ride into the water a good way after them; nor durst Sir John Lanier's regiment of horse, and Sir John Fenwick's, and a third, whose colonel I do not remember, advance to relieve their friends, though they, having had the alarm, stood drawn up on the hill on Twyford side of the river, where they might see by what a contemptible number their numerous party was pursued; for there were not above five and forty, or fifty at most, of the Dutch, that pursued about three hundred of the Irish dragoons to Twyford.

Thus the town of Reading was delivered from the danger they were threatned with, and which they as really expected, as they expected the sun would rise. It is true, the Irish officers denied afterwards, that there was any such design, or that they intended to offer the people any violence; but it is true, that several of their soldiers confess'd it, and gave private intimations of it, to the people in the houses where they quartered, especially some that had been kindly treated in their quarters, and had a little more gratitude and humanity than the rest.

I cannot omit to observe one thing here, to which I was an eye-witness, and which will resolve a difficulty that to this day has puzzled the understandings of a great many people, if not of the whole nation; namely, That here began the

universal alarm that spread over the whole kingdom (almost at the same time) of the Irish being coming to cut every bodies throats: The brief account of which, because it has something curious in it I believe will be agreeable to you. The state of it is thus:

As the terror which the threatnings of these Irishmen had brought upon the whole town of Reading, obliged the magistrates, and chief of the inhabitants, to apply to the Prince of Orange's army for immediate help, so you cannot doubt, but that many of the inhabitants fled for their lives by all the ways that they could; and this was chiefly in the night; for in the day the soldiers, who had their eyes every where, stopped them, and would not permit them to stir, which still increased their terror.

Those that got away, you may be sure, were in the utmost fright and amazement, and they had nothing less in their mouths, but that the Irish would (and by that time had) burnt the town, and cut the throats of all the people, men, women, and children. I was then at Windsor, and in the very interval of all this fright, King James being gone, and the army retreated from Salisbury, the Lord Feversham calls the troops together, and causing them to lay down their arms, disbands them, and gives them leave, every man, to go whither they would.

The Irish dragoons, which had fled from Reading, rallied at Twyford, and having not lost many of their number (for there were not above twelve men killed) they marched on for Maidenhead, swearing, and cursing, after most soldierly a manner, that they would burn all the towns where-ever they came, and cut the throats of all the people. However, whether it was, that they thought themselves too near the Dutch at Maidenhead, or what else was the matter, they did not offer to take quarters at Maidenhead, the town also being full of King James's troops, so they marched on for Colebrook, blustering in the same manner, of what they would do when they came there. The town of Colebrook had notice of their coming, and how they had publickly threatened to burn the town, and murther all the people; but, happily for them, they had quartered there a regiment of Scots foot, of those regiments which King James had caused to march from Scotland to his aid on this occasion; and they had with them, as was the usage of all the foot in those times, two pieces of cannon, that is to say, field-pieces, and they stood just in the market-place, pointing westward to the street where these gentlemen were to come.

The people of Colebrook applied immediately to the Scots colonel, whose name I am very sorry I cannot remember, because it is to his honour that I should mention it, and begged his protection. The colonel calling together a council of his officers, immediately resolved, they would make good their quarters, unless they received orders from their superior officers to quit them, and that they would

defend the town from plunder; and upon this, immediately the drums beat to arms, and the regiment came together in a few moments: It was in the depth of winter, and, by consequence, was night, and being a wet day, the evening was exceeding dark, when some advanced centinels gave notice, that they heard the drums beat the dragoons march, at some distance upon the road.

Upon this the colonel ordered a lieutenant, with thirty musqueteers, to make an advanced guard at the extreme part of the town, and he was supported by another party of forty men, most pikes, at a small distance, who were to advance upon a signal; and if these last should ingage, the drums of the whole regiment were to beat a march, and half the battalion, to advance with the two pieces of cannon.

It was near ten a clock at night before the dragoons reached the town, when the two advanced dragoons, which, by the discipline at that time, always rode at a distance from the regiment, were challenged by the centinels placed by the lieutenant, as above; upon which they gave notice to the regiment, who immediately halted, and an officer, with some dragoons (they could not tell how many, because it was dark) came up, and demanded, Who they were that challenged? the centinel called his corporal, and he the serjeant, with three files of musqueteers, and they told the officer what regiment they belong'd to, and that they had orders to stop any troops from entering the town, 'till their colonel should be acquainted with it and give farther orders.

The dragoons, as the ground would admit, drew up in front, and their officers began to huff and threaten, that they were the king's troops, and within the line of the army; that they must have quarters in the town, and ought not to be refused by their own side.

By this time the lieutenant came up also: He gave the officer of dragoons very good words, and told him, He knew too well what belonged to the duty of a subaltern officer, to blame him for doing his duty; but that the regiment was under arms, and the colonel at the head of them in the market-house, and he would immediately send to him for orders, and doubted not, but that the colonel would give them quarters in the town. The dragoons, not satisfied with this civil usage, threatened, swore rag'd, and damning the colonel, and the regiment, though not present, said they would have quarters without asking leave of any man, and the officer turning about to a sergeant, bid him go back, and cause the regiment to advance.

The lieutenant told him calmly, He was sorry to see him act so; but if that was his resolution, he was ready for him, and immediately called out to his sergeant to give the signal to the next party to advance, and told the officer of dragoons, that if he stirred one foot forward, or any of his men, he would fire upon them

immediately. The forty men advanced, and in two minutes after, they could hear the drums of the regiment beat the Scots march.

Upon this, the dragoons halted again, and the major of the dragoons advancing to the parlee, the lieutenant colonel of the foot was also come up to the lieutenant's party, with the forty men, and with the colonel's answer to the demand of quarters; namely, That if the dragoons had any orders in writing from the general for quartering in the town, or for marching that way, he was very ready to give them admittance; but if not they were his quarters, and he would defend them to the last man, and no-body should come in there, especially at that time of night.

The dragoons, however, insulted and menac'd the major also, and that at such a rate, that he gave orders immediately to acquaint the colonel of it, who instantly advanced, in full march, with the whole regiment, having about one hundred links lighted to let them see the way, the night being exceeding dark.

When the dragoons saw this, and having no stomach to engage, they desisted; but raged and stormed at such a rate, as I cannot express, and taking the road to Stanes, swore, they would go thither, and burn the town, and kill man, woman and child.

Those blusters were so loud, and the fellows, by nation, such as from whom it might be expected, as put the people of Colebrook, the fright they had been in for themselves being a little over, into a second concern for their neighbours at Stanes, and some of them shewed the concern to be so real, that they sent express upon express to Stanes, to acquaint the people there of their danger, knowing there was, at that time, only two companies of foot, of Colonel — — 's regiment, in the town. When these messengers came there, they found the people already alarmed by others, who had come from the same town of Colebrook, in the first fright, with the news, that the Irish were coming to burn the said town of Colebrook, and that, by that time, they did not question but they had done it, and they were surprized to hear now, that it was not done; but upon the arriving of these messengers, bringing word, that they had burnt Colebrook, but for the assistance of the Scots regiment; and that they were coming to Stanes, and swore, they would kill man, woman and child; it is impossible to express the consternation of the people: Away they run out of the town, dark, and rainy, and midnight as it was, some to Kingston, some over the heath to Hownslow, and Brentford, some to Egham, and some to Windsor, with the dreadful news; and by that tune they reached those places, their fears had turned their story from saying, they would burn and kill, to they had burned and killed, and were coming after you to do the like.

The same alarm was carried by others from Colebrook to Uxbridge; for thither the dragoons were for marching at first; and thus, some one way, and some another, it spread like the undulations of the water in a pond, when a flat stone is cast upon the surface: From Brentford and Kingston, and from Uxbridge, it came severally, and by different roads, to London, and so, as I may say, all over England; nor is it wonderful, that it seemed to be all over the nation in one day, which was the next after this beginning; Fear gave wings to the news, no post could carry it as it flew from town to town, and still every messenger had two articles with him. 1. Not that such and such towns were to be burnt and plundered by them; but that they were already burnt; and 2. That the Irish were at their heels to do the like.

This, I think, is a clear account of this alarm, and what can be more natural? Colebrook was not the case, for where-ever the Colebrook men came, they were asked, If their town was down? I rode the next morning to Maidenhead: At Slough they told me, Maidenhead was burnt, and Uxbridge, and Reading, and I know not how many more, were destroy'd; and when I came to Reading, they told me, Maidenhead and Okingham were burnt, and the like. From thence I went to Henley, where the Prince of Orange, with the second line of his army, entered that very afternoon, and there they had had the same account, with the news of King James's flight; and thus it spread every way insensibly. The manner is too recent in memory, to need my giving any description of it.

My next stage from Reading, was to Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire, which, though not in the direct road, yet lying on the banks of the river of Thames, is, in my course, proper enough to be spoken of, and is particularly worth notice for several things.

It is a town of very great embarkation on the Thames, not so much for goods wrought here, (for the trade of the town is chiefly in bone-lace) but for goods from the neighbouring towns, and particularly, a very great quantity of malt, and meal, is brought hither from High-Wickham, a large market town, about —— — miles off, which is one of the greatest corn markets on this side of England, and lies on the road from London to Oxford.

Between High Wickham and Marlow, is a little river called the Loddon, on which are a great many mills, and particularly corn mills, and paper mills; the first of these, grind and dress the wheat, and then the meal is sent to Marlow, and loaded on board the barges for London: And the second makes great quantities of printing paper, and that, very good of its kind, and cheap, such as generally is made use of in printing our news papers, journals, &c. and smaller pamphlets; but not much fine, or large, for bound books, or writing.

On the river of Thames, just by the side of this town, though on the other bank, are three very remarkable mills, which are called the Temple-Mills, and are called also, the Brass-Mills, and are for making Bisham Abbey Battery Work, as they call it, viz. brass kettles, and pans, &c. of all sorts. They have first a foundary, where, by the help of *lapis caliminaris* , they convert copper into brass, and then, having cast the brass in large broad plates, they beat them out by force of great hammers, wrought by the water mills, into what shape they think fit for sale. Those mills went on by the strength of a good stock of money in a company or partnership, and with very good success, ‘till at last, they turned it into what they call a Bubble, brought it to Exchange-Alley, set it a stock-jobbing in the days of our South Sea madness, and brought it up to be sold at one hundred pounds per share, whose intrinsick worth was perhaps ten pounds, ‘till, with the fall of all those things together, it fell to nothing again. Their treasurer, a tradesman in London, failed, having misapply’d about thirty thousand pounds of their money, and then, as it is usual where want of success goes before, quarelling among themselves followed after, and so the whole affair sunk into a piece of mere confusion and loss, which otherwise was certainly a very beneficial undertaking.

Next to these are two mills, both extraordinary in themselves, one for making of thimbles, a work excellently well finished, and which performs to admiration, and another for pressing of oyl from rape-seed, and flax-seed, both which, as I was told, turn to very good account to the proprietors.

Here is also brought down a vast quantity of beech wood, which grows in the woods of Buckinghamshire more plentifully than in any other part of England. This is the most useful wood, for some uses, that grows, and without which, the city of London would be put to more difficulty, than for any thing of its kind in the nation.

For fellies for the great carrs, as they are called, which ply in London streets for carrying of merchandizes, and for cole-carts, dust-carts, and such like sorts of voiture, which are not, by the city laws, allowed to draw with shod wheels, or wheels tyr’d with iron.

For billet wood for the king’s palaces, and for the plate and flint glass houses, and other such nice purposes.

Beech quarters for divers uses, particularly chairmakers, and turnery wares. The quantity of this, brought from hence, is almost incredible, and yet so is the country overgrown with beech in those parts, that it is bought very reasonable, nor is there like to be any scarcity of it for time to come.

At Bisham, over against this town, was formerly an abbey, and the remains of it are still to be seen there: The estate belongs to the antient family of the name of Hobby. Some of the heads of this family, were very eminent in former days,

particularly Sir William Hobby, and Sir Edward Hobby, the latter having been imployed by Queen Elizabeth in the most important foreign negotiations. Their monuments, with those of their ladies, and sons, are now to be seen, and well worth seeing they are, in the little church of Bisham. The seat of the family, is now in Dorsetshire, where Sir Thomas Hobby is still living; but they are generally all brought hither, when they die, to be buried with their ancestors.

A little higher, on the same side of the river, is Hurley, an antient seat of the Lord Lovelace, and that family being extinct, it came, by the daughter and heiress, to Sir Henry Johnson of Blackwall, near Ratcliff, who originally was only a shipwright, or master-builder, at the great yard and dock there, of which I shall speak in their place. This lady left only one daughter, married to the Earl of Strafford, and who now enjoys the Hurly estate, in the right of the above marriages of the daughters.

There are two other towns on the Thames, which I have already mentioned, viz. Henly and Maidenhead, which have little or nothing remarkable in them; but that they have great business also, by the trade for malt and meal and timber for London, which they ship, or load, on their great barges for London, as the other towns do.

And now I am, by just degrees, come to Windsor, where I must leave talking of trade, river, navigation, meal, and malt, and describe the most beautiful, and most pleasantly situated castle, and royal palace, in the whole isle of Britain.

Windsor Castle, founded, as some say, by William the Conqueror, if there was any thing in that part, was at least rebuilt, by Edward III. But the truth of the story is this, William the Conqueror did pitch upon it as a pleasant situation, in a delightful sporting country, and agreeable to him, who delighted much in hunting; and, as he says of it, a place fitted for the entertainment of kings, and therefore treated with the Abbot of Westminster for an exchange, and so took possession of it. He also had several little lodges, or hunting houses, in the forest adjoyning, and frequently lodg'd, for the conveniency of his game, in a house which the monks before injoy'd, near, or in the town of Windsor, for the town is much more antient than the castle, and was an eminent pass upon the Thames in the reign of the Saxon kings: But to pass over the antiquity or history of the town, this is certain, That King Edward III. took an extreme liking to the place, because of its beautiful situation, and pleasing prospect, which, indeed, is not to be out-done in any part of the kingdom: Here, at length, the king resolved to fix his summer residence, and himself laid out the plan of a most magnificent palace, the same, as to the outward form and building, as we now see it; for whatever has been done for beautifying, altering, or amending the inside and apartments, there has nothing been added to the building itself, except that noble terras, which runs under the

north front, and leads to the green on the park, at the east side, or end of it, along which east end, the fine lodgings, and royal apartments, were at first built, all the north part being then taken up in rooms of state, and halls for publick balls, &c.

The house itself was, indeed, a palace, and without any appearance of a fortification; but when the building was brought on to the slope of the hill on the town side, the king added ditches, ramparts, the round tower, and several addenda of strength; and so it was immediately called a castle.

The pretence which some made to an old story, that William of Wickham built this castle, is a story so evidently fabulous, and so plainly detected, that the very relations which pretend to it, discover the contrary; owning, that the king was so incensed against him, but for a suggestion, that he had a project of assuming the honour of being the founder, that it had like to have cost William all his interest in the king's favour, which, at that time, was very great; and the Duke of Lancaster, who was his irreconcilable enemy, took the advantage of prompting the king to make that suggestion; but he cleared himself by denying, that he ever made any pretence to being the founder, only put this construction upon the words, That the money, and the reputation he had gained by building that castle for the king, had been the making of him. The words were these,

THIS MADE WICKHAM.

These words, they say, he had caused to be cut on a stone in the inner wall of the little tower, which, from him, is to this day called Winchester Tower.

But to pass over this fiction, this is certain, King Edward was the founder of the whole work, and the plan of it was much of his own contrivance; but he committed the overseeing, and direction of the works, to William of Wickham, or, if you please, William of Wickham was the Sir Christopher Wren of that Court; for William was then a layman, not having had a liberal education, but had a good genius, a mighty lover of building, and had applied his head much that way; nor, indeed, does the building itself fail to do the head, or master-builder, a great deal of honour; for in all the decorations and ornaments, which have been made since by the princes who have liked Windsor best, they have found no occasion to alter any of the front, or to pull down, or build up, add, or diminish, except it be some small matter at the entrance to the great stair-case, the kitchen, and offices below stairs, and the like; but the great north, and east fronts, the square of the inner court, the great gates at the entering from the town, with the Round Tower, and the walls annexed, are all standing in the very form in which King Edward III. left them.

The only addition in the inside, is a fine equestrian statue of King Charles II. which stands over the great well, sunk, as may be supposed, in the first building, for the supply of the castle with water, and in which was an engine for raising the

water, notwithstanding the great depth, by very little labour; the contrivance and performance done by the great Sir Samuel Morland, one of the best-natur'd mechanicks of his time, and as good a mathematician.

On the outside was added, the terrace walk, built by Queen Elizabeth, and where she usually walked for an hour every day before her dinner, if not hindered by windy weather, which she had a peculiar aversion to; for as to rainy weather, it would not always hinder her; but she rather loved to walk in a mild, calm rain, with an umbrella over her head.

This walk was really a magnificent work; for as it is raised on the side of a precipice, or steep declivity of the hill, so that hill was necessarily cut down a very great depth to bring the foundation to a flat equal to the breadth, which was to be formed above. From the foundation it was raised by solid stone work, of a vast thickness, with cross walls of stone, for banding the front, and preventing any thrust from the weight of earth within. Then this work was all to be filled up again within, after all was first taken out, was thrown down the front of the hill, to push out the precipices still farther, that it might be the same slope from the terrace, as it was before from the foot of the castle.

This noble walk is covered with fine gravel, and has cavities, with dreins, to carry off all the water; so that let it rain as it will, not a drop of it is seen to rest on the walk, but it is dry, hard, and fit to walk on immediately. The breadth of this walk is very spacious on the north side, on the east side it is narrower; but neither at Versailles, or at any of the royal palaces in France, or at Rome, or Naples, have I ever seen any thing like it. The grand seignior's terrace in the outer court of the Seraglio, next the sea, is the nearest to it, that I have read of, and yet not equal to it, if I may believe the account of those who have seen it; for that, I acknowledge, I have not seen. At the north-east corner of this terrace, where it turns south, to run on by the east side of the castle, there are steps, by which you go off upon the plain of the park, which is kept smooth as a carpet, and on the edge of which, the prospect of the terrace is doubled by a vista, south over the park, and quite up to the great park, and towards the forest. Here also is a small seat, fit for one, or but two at the most, with a high back, and cover for the head, which turns so easily, the whole being fix'd on a pin of iron, or brass, of strength sufficient, that the persons who sit in it, may turn it from the wind, and which way soever the wind blows, or how hard soever, yet they may sit in a perfect tranquillity, and enjoy a compleat calm. This is said also, to be Queen Elizabeth's own invention, who, though she delighted in being abroad in the air, yet hated to be ruffled with the wind. It is also an admirable contrivance for the person sitting in it, to shelter himself from the sun.

This lofty terrace makes the castle quite another thing, and gives an egress to the people within to the park, and to a most beautiful walk, which King Edward III. nor his successors for some hundreds of years, knew nothing of, all their prospect being from the windows of the castle.

On that side of the building which looks out upon the terrace, are all the royal apartments, King Edward Ill's were on the east side. The east side is now allotted to great officers of state, who are obliged to attend whenever the Court removes to Windsor, such as the Lord Treasurers, Secretaries of State, Lord High Chancellor, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and the like; and below they have proper offices for business, if they please to order any to be done there.

You mount into the royal apartments, by several back stairs; but the publick way is up a small ascent to a flat, or half pace (for I love to make my account speak English) where there are two entries of state, by two large stair-cases, one on the left hand to the royal apartments, and the other, on the right, to St. George's-Hall, and the royal chapel.

Before the enterance to these, on either side, you pass through the guard chambers, where you see the walls furnished with arms, and the king's Beef-eaters, as they call the yeomen of the guard, keep their station, or, as it may be called, their main guard. These rooms lead either way, towards the fine lodgings, or towards St. George's Hall, which you please.

In the royal lodgings, there have been so many alterations of furniture, that there can be no entering upon the particular description. In one of those lodgings, the late Queen Mary set up a rich atlas, and chints bed, which, in those times, was invaluable, the chints being of Masslapatan, on the coast of Coromandel, the finest that was ever seen before that time in England; but the rate of those things have suffered much alteration since that time. Also here was, some time before that, the picture of the late Dutchess of Portsmouth at full length, a noble piece, and of which 'twas said, King Charles II. should say, 'Twas the finest painting, of the finest woman in Christendom; but our English ladies of Queen Mary's court, were of another opinion, and the Gallery of Beauties, as it was called, which her majesty placed in the water gallery at Hampton Court, shews several as good faces, and as good painting.

In the chimney-piece of one of these apartments, is a piece of needle-work exquisitely fine, performed, as they say, by the Queen of Scots, during the time of her confinement in Fotheringay Castle. There are several family pieces in the chimney-pieces, and other parts of those lodgings, that are valuable, because of the persons they represent: But the finery of painting is to come.

These rooms look all out north towards the terrace, and over part of the finest, and richest, vale in the world; for the same vale attending the course of the River

Thames, with very little interruption, reaches to, and includes the city of London east, and the city of Oxford west: The river, with a winding, and beautiful stream, gliding gently through the middle of it, and inriching by its navigation, both the land and the people on every side.

It must be confess'd, that, as William the Conqueror expresses it in his letter to the monks at Windsor, it was a place fit for the entertainment of kings, so it is; for it seems, by nature, to be formed for a palace; and for delight; all kinds of pleasure and convenience, that any country, at least in England, can afford, are to be found here.

It may be proper here to say something to the beauties and ornaments of St. George's Hall, though nothing can be said equal to what the eye would be witness to; 'tis surprizing, at the first entrance, to see at the upper end, the picture of King William on horseback, under him, an ascent with marble steps, a balustrade, and a half pace, which, formerly, was actually there, with room for a throne, or chair of state, for the sovereign to sit on, when on publick days he thought fit to appear in ceremony.

No man that had seen the former steps or ascent, and had gone up to the balustrade and throne, as I had done, could avoid supposing, they were there still; and as on a casual view, having been absent some years out of the nation, I was going forward towards the end of the hall, intending to go up the steps, as I had done formerly, I was confounded, when I came nearer, to see that the ascent was taken down, the marble steps gone, the chair of state, or throne, quite away, and that all I saw, was only painted upon the wall below the king and his horse; indeed it was so lively, so bright, so exquisitely performed, that I was perfectly deceived, though I had some pretension to judgment in pictures too; nor was my eye alone deceived, others were under the same deception, who were then with me.

When I came to the farther end, and look'd from the throne, as I called it, down the hall. I was again surprized, though most agreeably, I confess, viz. The painting on the side of the hall, which was the representation of Prince Edward's triumph, in imitation of Caesar's glorious entry into Rome, and which was drawn marching from the lower end of the room, to the upper, that is to say, from the door, which is in the corner on the north side of the hall, was now wholly inverted, and the same triumph was performed again; but the march turned just the other way.

That this could be done no other way, but by wiping the whole work out, and painting it all over again, was easy to conclude, seeing it was not done upon cloth, but upon the mere plaister of the wall, as appeared by the salts of the lime in the wall, having work'd out, and spoiled a great piece of the paint; besides, the nature of the thing forbids; for if it had been a canvas, turning it would have been

impracticable, for then all the imagery would have stood heels up, unless it had been carried on to the directly opposite part of the hall, and that could not be, because there were the windows, looking all into the inner court of the castle.

The first painting was done by Mr. Varrio, who, after finishing this work, was entertained for 12 years at Burley House, near Stamford, by that great lover of art, and particularly of fine painting, the Earl of Excester: After which King William entertained him again, and, as they told me, he performed this second painting of the hall, with greater mastership of hand, than he had done the first. The painting of the cielings generally remain, being finished by the same hand in a most exquisite manner at first.

At the west end of the hall, is the chapel royal, the neatest and finest of the kind in England; the carv'd work is beyond any that can be seen in England, the altar-piece is that of the institution, or, as we may call it, our Lord's first supper. I remember, that going with some friends to shew them this magnificent palace, it chanced to be at the time when the Dissenters were a little uneasy at being obliged to kneel at the Sacrament; one of my friends, who, as I said, I carried to see Windsor Castle, was a Dissenter, and when he came into the chapel, he fix'd his eyes upon the altar-piece with such a fix'd, steady posture, and held it so long, that I could not but take notice of it, and asked him, Whether it was not a fine piece? Yes, says he, it is; but, whispering to me, he added, How can your people prosecute us for refusing to kneel at the Sacrament? Don't you see there, that though our Saviour himself officiates, they are all sitting about the table?

I confess it surprized me, and, at first, I knew not what answer to make to him; but I told him, That was not a place for him and I to dispute it, we would talk of it afterwards, and so we did, but brought it to no conclusion, so 'tis needless to mention it any more here.

After we had spent some hours in viewing all that was curious on this side, we came down to the dungeon, or Round Tower, which goes up a long, but easy, ascent of steps, and is very high. Here we were obliged to deliver up our swords, but no where else.

There is nothing curious here: The governor, or constable's lodgings, are very well, and neatly furnished, but nothing extraordinary, especially they will not look so, after seeing the fine lodgings, as above. From this tower, you see St. Paul's Cathedral at London, very plainly: Coming down from hence, we came into the other court, where is the great Chapel of the Garter, and the house or college for the poor knights, as they are called.

The late Duke of Northumberland, who was constable of this castle, met with a very strange, and uncommon accident in coming hither from Stanes in his coach; for being benighted, as we call it in England, the night also very dark, and passing

by a place where there are some houses, tho' not a town, and where the road goes close to the river, whether his coachman did not see the water, or mistook it for the water in the road, I know not, but he plunged in the horses, coach and all, into the river, and at a place where the water was exceeding deep, and the bank steep; so that if help had not come immediately from a gentleman's house, which was close to the road, the servants crying out loud enough to alarm them, his grace, and a gentleman who was in the coach with him, had unavoidably perished; and, as it was, he was a considerable time under water, so that he was in the extremity of danger.

I might go back here to the history of the Order of the Garter, the institution of which by King Edward III. not only had its original here, but seems to be seated here, as a native of the place; and that this is the place where the ceremonies of it, the instalments, feasts, &c. are always to be performed: But this is done so fully in other authors, and by so many, that it would be falling into that error, which I condemn in others, and making my accounts be, what I resolved, from the beginning, they should not be; namely, A copy of other men's performances. I shall only give you out of Mr. Ashmole, a list of the first knights who had the honour of this Order, and who have been succeeded by so many kings, dukes, and sovereign princes abroad, as well as noble-men, and peers of this kingdom at home. The names of the first knights are as follow.

King Edward III.
Ralph, Earl of Stafford,

His Son Edward the Black

Prince,
William Montacute, Earl of

Salisbury,

Salisbury,

Henry, Duke of Lancaster,
Roger Mortimer, Earl of March,

Thomas, Earl of Warwick,
John de Lysle,

Peers Capitow de la Bouch,
Bartholomew Burghersh,

John de Beauchamp,
Hugh Wrotesley,

John de Mohun,
Nele Loring,

Hugh Courtenay,
John Chandos,

Thomas Holland,
James de Audeley,

John de Grey,
Otho Holland,

Richard Fitz Simon,
Henry Eam,

Miles Stapleton,
Sanchet Daubricourt,

Thomas Wale,
Walter Paveley, *alias* Pevrell.

It is true, these were not all noble-men, that is to say, not all peers, neither does the institution confine the order to such; but ’tis certain, they were all men of great characters and stations, either in the army, or in the civil administration, and such as the sovereign did not think it below him to make his companions; for so they are called.

The lower court, as I mentioned, of the castle, though not so beautiful, for the stately lodgings, rooms of state, &c. is particularly glorious for this fine chapel of the Order, a most beautiful and magnificent work, and which shews the greatness, not only of the Court in those days, but the spirit and genius of the magnanimous founder. The chapel is not only fine within, but the workmanship without is extraordinary; nothing so antient is to be seen so very beautiful. The chapel of St. Stephen’s in Westminster-Abby, called Henry VIIth’s Chapel, and King’s College

Chapel at Cambridge, built by Henry VI. are fine buildings; but they are modern, compared to this, which was begun, as by the inscribed dates upon the works appears, in the year 1337.

The coats of arms, and the various imagery &c. even inside and outside, not only of the king, but of several of the first Knights Companions, are most admirably finished, and the work has stood out the injury of time to admiration; the beauty of the building remains without any addition, and, indeed, requiring none.

'Tis observable, that King Edward owns this chapel was begun by his ancestors, and some think it was by King Edward I. and that he himself was baptized in it, and that there was a castle built by William the Conqueror also: As to the chapel, which was then called a church, or a convent, King Edward III. did not pull down the old building intirely, but he added all the choir to the first model, and several other proper parts for the purposes intended; as houses and handsome apartments for the canons, dignitaries, and other persons belonging to the church, which are generally situated on the north side of the square, out of sight, or rather skreen'd from the common view by the church itself, which dwellings are, notwithstanding, very good, and well accommodated for the persons who are possessors of them; then the king finished it in the manner we now see it: As for the old castle, the building of William the Conqueror, the king pulled it intirely down, even to the very foundation, forming a new building according to the present plan, and which stood, as above, to the time of King Charles II. without any alteration.

The establishment for this chapel was very considerable, by the donation of divers subjects, before it was set apart to be the chapel of the Order; the Duke of Suffolk in particular, as appears in Dugdale's *Monasticon* , gave near three thousand acres of land, nineteen manors, one hundred seventy messuages and tofts, and several advowsons of churches to it, which, with other gifts afterwards, made the revenue above one thousand pounds a year in those days, which was a prodigious sum, as money went at that time.

In the choir are the stalls for the knights of the Order, with a throne for the sovereign; also stalls in the middle of it for the poor knights pensioners, who live in their house or hospital on the south side of the square or court which the church stands in.

Here are to be seen, the banners of the knights who now enjoy the honour of the Garter: When they die, those banners are taken down, and the coat of arms of the deceased knight set up in the place allotted for those arms over the same stall, so that those coats of arms are a living history, or rather a record of all the knights that ever have been since the first institution of the Order, and how they

succeeded one another; by which it appears, that kings, emperors and sovereign princes, have not thought it below them to accept of the honour of being Knights Companions of this Order; while, at the same time, it must be noted to the honour of the English Crown, that our kings have never thought fit to accept of any of their Orders abroad, of what kind soever, whether Popish or Protestant; that of the Cordon Blue, or the Cordon Blanc, the Cordon Noir, or the Cordon Rouge, the Golden Fleece of Spain, the Holy Ghost of France, or the Black Eagle of Prussia, or any other; whereas of the Garter, there is an account by the register of the Order, that there are reckoned up of this most noble company,

Eight Emperors of Germany.
Three Kings of Sweden.
Five Kings of Denmark.
Two Kings of Prussia.
Three Kings of Spain,
Five Princes of Orange,
Five Kings of France.
Four Dukes, Peers of France.
Two Noblemen of the House

of Duras in France, viz.

Galliard de Duras, & Lewis

de Duras, Earl of Fever-

sham.
One King of Scotland, besides

James VI. who became

Sovereign of the Order.
Five Kings of Portugal.
One King of Poland.
Two Kings of Naples.
One King of Aragon.
Three Infants of Portugal.
One Prince of the House of

the King of Bohemia, Prince

Rupert.
One Prince of Denmark,

Prince George.
One Bishop of Osnaburg.
Five Princes of Lunenburg.
One Elector of Brandeburg.
Seven Electors Palatines.
Two Electors of Saxony.
Two Dukes of Lorrain.
Three Dukes of Wirtemberg.
Two Dukes of Holstein.
Two Grandees of Spain
Two Dukes de Urbino in Italy.
One Duke of Savoy.
Three Princes of England not

viz. Edward the

Black Prince, the Duke of

Gloucester, and Prince

Frederrick.

Several kings, and persons of high rank have been buried also in this chapel; as Edward IV. and Charles I. Also here is the family repository, or burying ground of the Dukes of Beauford, who are a natural branch of the royal family, by the antient House of Lancaster; and in the chapel where the vault is there is a very noble monument of the last duke save one.

All the ceremonies observed here in the installment of the knights, are so perfectly and fully set down in Mr. Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter* , that nothing can be said, but what must be a copy from him, which, as above, I studiously decline, and therefore refer you to him.

Besides the foreign princes, Companions of this famous Order as above; there is a little gallaxie of English nobility, the flower of so many Courts, and so many ages, to whose families the ensigns of the Order have been an honour, and who are not the least of the honour this Order has to boast of.

In the first institution, there was but one duke, namely, the great Duke of Lancaster; but as that order of nobility is since much increased in England, since the days of King Edward III. so in the present list of knights, we find no less than fifteen dukes, including the Prince of Wales, who is also Duke of Cornwall. The list of the present knights are as follow, viz.

King GEORGE,
George Prince of Wales,
Duke of York, the king's

brother,
Prince Frederick,
Duke of Cleveland and South-

ampton,
Duke of Somerset,
Duke of Richmond,
Duke of St. Albans,
Duke of Devonshire,
Duke of Argyle,
Duke of Newcastle,
Duke of Kent,
Duke of Kingstone,
Duke of Montague,
Duke of Grafton,
Duke of Dorset,
Duke of Rutland,
Earl of Lincoln,
Earl of Pembroke,
Earl of Berkley,
Earl Paulet,
Earl of Peterborough,
Earl of Strafford,
Earl of Scarborough,
Lord Visc. Townshend.

As the upper court and building are fronted with the fine terrace as above, so the lower court, where this fine chapel stands, is walled round with a very high wall, so that no buildings, if there was room for any, could overlook it, which wall

goes round the west end of the court to the gate, which looking south, leads into the town, as the gate of the upper court looks likewise S.E. into the park, which they call the Little Park.

The parks about Windsor are very agreeable, and suitable to the rest; the little park, which is so, only compared to the great park, is above three miles round, the great one fourteen, and the forest above thirty: This park is particular to the Court, the other are open for riding, hunting, and taking the air for any gentlemen that please.

The lodges in those parks, are no more lodges, tho' they retain the name, but palaces, and might pass for such in other countries; but as they are all eclipsed by the palace itself, so it need only be added, That those lodges are principally beautified by the grandeur of the persons to whom the post of rangers have been assigned, who, having been inriched by other advancements, honours and profitable employments, thought nothing too much to lay out to beautify their apartments, in a place, which it was so much to their honour, as well as conveniency, to reside; such is the lodge, which belongs to Admiral Churchill, the Dutchess of Marlborough and others.

I cannot leave Windsor, without taking notice, that we crossed the Thames upon a wooden bridge, for all the bridges on the river, between London and Oxford, are of timber, for the conveniency of the barges: Here we saw Eaton College, the finest school for what we call grammar learning, for it extends only to the humanity class, that is in Britain, or, perhaps, hi Europe.

The building, except the great school room, is antient, the chapel truly Gothick; but all has been repaired, at a very great expence, out of the college stock, within these few years.

The gardens are very fine, and extended from the college, down, almost, to the bank of the Thames; they are extremely well planted, and perfectly well kept.

This college was founded by King Henry VI. a prince munificent in his gifts, for the encouragement of learning, to profusion; Witness, besides this noble foundation, that of King's College in Cambridge, to which the scholars of Eaton are annually removed

This college has a settled revenue of about five thousand pounds per annum, and maintains as follows.

A provost.
A vice provost, who is also a fellow.
Seven fellows, inclusive of the vice provost.
Seventy scholars on the foundation, besides a full choir for the chapel, with officers, and servants usual.

The school is divided into the upper and lower, and each into three classes.

Each school has one master, and each master four assistants, or ushers.

None are received into the upper school, ‘till they can make Latin verse, and have a tolerable knowledge of the Greek.

In the lower school, the children are received very young, and are initiated into all school-learning.

Besides the seventy scholars upon the foundation, there are always abundance of children, generally speaking, of the best families, and of persons of distinction, who are boarded in the houses of the masters, and within the college.

The number of scholars instructed here, is from 400 to 550; but has not been under 400 for many years past.

The elections of scholars for the university out of this school, is worth taking notice of: It being a time of jubilee to the school.

The election is once every year, and is made on the first Tuesday in August. In order to the election, there are deputed from King’s College in Cambridge, three persons, viz. The Provost of King’s College for the time being, with one senior, and one junior poser, fellows of the same college. To these are joyn’d, on the part of Eaton College, the provost, the vice provost, and the head master.

These calling the scholars of the upper class, called the sixth class, before them, and examining them in the several parts of their learning, choose out twelve such as they think best qualified, and these are entered in a roll, or list, for the university. The youths thus chosen, are not immediately removed from the school, but must wait till vacancies fall in the said King’s College, to make room to receive them; and as such vacancies happen, they are then called up, as they stand in seniority in the said list, or roll of election.

When a scholar from Eaton, comes to King’s College, he is received upon the foundation, and pursues his studies there for three years, after which, he claims a Fellowship, unless forfeited in the terms of the statutes; that is to say, by marriage, accepting of ecclesiastick preferments, &c. The present governors at Eaton, are,

The Provost, The Reverend and Honourable Dr. Godolphin, Dean of St. Paul’s.

Vice Provost, and Senior Fellow, The Right Reverend Dr. Wiston, Bishop of Excester.

Second Fellow, The Right Reverend Dr. Waddington, Bishop of Chichester.

Third Fellow, The Reverend Dr. Richardson, Master of Peter House in Cambridge.

Fourth Fellow, The Reverend Dr. Evans.

Fifth Fellow, The Reverend Dr. Carter.

Sixth Fellow, The Reverend and Honourable Mr. Hill, once one of the Lords of the Treasury.

Seventh Fellow, The Reverend Dr. Sleech.

The present masters are,

Dr. Henry Bland, Head Master.

Mr. Francis Goode, Second Master.

N.B. The Provost has a noble house and garden, besides the use of the college gardens, at his pleasure.

And now being come to the edge of Middlesex, which is a county too full of cities, towns, and palaces, to be brought in at the close of a letter, and with which I purpose to begin my next travels; I conclude this letter, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.

LETTER V

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF LONDON, AS TAKING IN THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER, BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK, AND THE BUILDINGS CIRCUMJACENT

SIR, — As I am now near the center of this work, so I am to describe the great center of England, the city of LondonLondon, and parts adjacent. This great work is infinitely difficult in its particulars, though not in itself; not that the city is so difficult to be described, but to do it in the narrow compass of a letter, which we see so fully takes up two large volumes in folio, and which, yet, if I may venture to give an opinion of it, is done but by halves neither.

However, be the task difficult, as it is, yet it must be done; to be concise and short, is absolutely necessary; to be plain and significant, as necessary; I shall observe both, as near as I can.

London, as a city only, and as its walls and liberties line it out, might, indeed, be viewed in a small compass; but, when I speak of London, now in the modern acceptation, you expect I shall take in all that vast mass of buildings, reaching from Black-Wall in the east, to Tot-Hill Fields in the west; and extended in an unequal breadth, from the bridge, or river, in the south, to Islington north; and from Peterburgh House on the bank side in Westminster, to Cavendish Square, and all the new buildings by, and beyond, Hannover Square, by which the city of London, for so it is still to be called, is extended to Hide Park Corner in the Brentford Road, and almost to Maribone in the Acton Road, and how much farther it may spread, who knows? New squares, and new streets rising up every day to such a prodigy of buildings, that nothing in the world does, or ever did, equal it, except old Rome in Trajan's time, when the walls were fifty miles in compass, and the number of inhabitants six million eight hundred thousand souls.

It is the disaster of London, as to the beauty of its figure, that it is thus stretched out in buildings, just at the pleasure of every builder, or undertaker of buildings, and as the convenience of the people directs, whether for trade, or otherwise; and this has spread the face of it in a most straggling, confus'd manner, out of all shape, uncompact, and unequal; neither long or broad, round or square; whereas the city of Rome, though a monster for its greatness, yet was, in a manner, round, with very few irregularities in its shape.

At London, including the buildings on both sides the water, one sees it, in some places, three miles broad, as from St. George's in Southwark, to Shoreditch

in Middlesex; or two miles, as from Peterburgh House to Montague House; and in some places, not half a mile, as in Wapping; and much less, as in Redrirf.

We see several villages, formerly standing, as it were, in the country, and at a great distance, now joyn'd to the streets by continued buildings, and more making haste to meet in the like manner; for example, 1. Deptford, This town was formerly reckoned, at least two miles off from Redriff, and that over the marshes too, a place unlikely ever to be inhabited; and yet now, by the encrease of buildings in that town itself, and the many streets erected at Redriff, and by the docks and building-yards on the river side, which stand between both, the town of Deptford, and the streets of Redriff, or Rotherhith (as they write it) are effectually joyn'd, and the buildings daily increasing; so that Deptford is no more a separated town, but is become a part of the great mass, and infinitely full of people also; Here they have, within the last two or three years, built a fine new church, and were the town of Deptford now separated, and rated by itself, I believe it contains more people, and stands upon more ground, than the city of Wells.

The town of Islington, on the north side of the city, is in like manner joyn'd to the streets of London, excepting one small field, and which is in itself so small, that there is no doubt, but in a very few years, they will be intirely joyn'd, and the same may be said of Mile-End, on the east end of the town.

Newington, called Newington-Butts, in Surrey, reaches out her hand north, and is so near joining to Southwark, that it cannot now be properly called a town by itself, but a suburb to the burrough, and if, as they now tell is us undertaken, St. George's Fields should be built into squares and streets, a very little time will shew us Newington, Lambeth, and the Burrough, all making but one Southwark.

That Westminster is in a fair way to shake hands with Chelsea, as St. Gyles's is with Marybone; and Great Russel Street by Montague House, with Tottenham-Court: all this is very evident, and yet all these put together, are still to be called London: Whither will this monstrous city then extend? and where must a circumvallation or communication line of it be placed?

I have, as near as I could, caused a measure to be taken of this mighty, I cannot say uniform, body; and for the satisfaction of the curious, I have here given as accurate a description of it, as I can do in so narrow a compass, as this of a letter, or as I could do without drawing a plan, or map of the places.

As I am forced, in many places, to take in some unbuilt ground, so I have, on the other hand, been obliged to leave a great many whole streets of buildings out of my line: So that I have really not stretched my calculations, to make it seem bigger than it is; nor is there any occasion of it.

A LINE OF MEASUREMENT, DRAWN ABOUT ALL THE CONTINUED BUILDINGS OF THE CITY OF LONDON, AND PARTS ADJACENT,

INCLUDING WESTMINSTER AND SOUTHWARK, ETC.

The Line begins, for the Middlesex Side of the Buildings ,

Miles
Fur.
Rods

1.

At Peterborough House, the farthest house west upon the River Thames, and runs N.W. by W. by the marshes to Tutthill Fields, and passing by the Neat Houses, and Arnold's Brewhouse, ends at Chelsea Road, measured -

1
6
16

2.

Then, allowing an interval from Buckingham House cross the park, about one furlong and half to the corner of my Lord Godolphin's garden wall, the line goes north behind the stable-yard buildings, and behind Park-Place, and on the park wall behind the buildings; on the west side of St. James's Street, to the corner in Soho, or Pickadilly, then crossing the road, and goes along the north side of the road west to Hide Park Gate -

1
2
11

3.

Then the line turns N.E. by E. and taking in the buildings and streets, called May-Fair, and holds on east till the new streets formed out of Hide House Garden, cause it to turn away north, a point west reaching to Tyburn-Road, a little to the east of the great mother conduit; then it goes north, and crossing the road, takes in the west side of Cavendish Square, and the streets adjoining, and leaving Marybone, goes away east, 'till it reaches to Hampstead-Road, near a little village called Tottenham Court -

2
5
20

4.

From Tottenham Court, the line comes in a little south, to meet the Bloomsbury, buildings then turning east, runs behind Montague and Southampton Houses, to the N.E. corner of Southampton House, then crossing the path, meets the buildings called Queen's Square, then turning north, 'till it comes to the N.W. corner of the square, thence it goes away east behind the buildings on the north side of Ormond Street, 'till it comes to Lamb's Conduit -

1
1
13

5.

Here the line turns south, and indents to the corner of Bedford Row, and leaving some few houses, with the cock-pit, and bowling green, goes on the back of Gray's Inn Wall, to Gray's Inn Lane, then turns on the outside of the buildings, which are on the west side of Gray's Inn Lane, going north to the stones end, when turning east, it passes to the new river bridge without Liquor-pond Street, so taking in the Cold Bath and the Bear Garden; but leaving out Sir John Old-Castle's and the Spaw, goes on east by the Ducking-Pond to the end of New Bridewell, and crossing the Fairfield, comes into the Islington Road by the Distiller's House, formerly Justice Fuller's, -

1
2
6

6.

Here to take in all the buildings which joyn Islington to the streets, the line goes north on the east side of the road to the Turk's Head ale-house; then turning north west, passes to the New River House, but leaving it to the west, passes by Sadler's Well, from thence to Bussby's House, and keeping on the west side of Islington, 'till it comes opposite to Cambray House-Lane, turns into the road, and passes south almost to the lane which turns east down to the lower street, but then turns east without the houses, and goes to the Cow-keeper's in the lower street crossing the road, and through the Cow-keeper's Yard into Frog-lane, then running west on the south side of the town, just without the buildings, joyns again to the buildings on the west side of Wood's-Close, passing behind the Sheep-market wall -

2
4

39

7.

From Wood's-Close, the line goes due east to Mount Mill, where, leaving several buildings to the north, it passes on, crossing all the roads to Brick-lane, to the north side of the great new square in Old-street, and taking in the Pest-house wall, turns south at the north-east corner of the said wall, to Old-street Road; then going away east till it meets the buildings near Hoxton Square, it turns north to the north west corner of the wall of Ask's Hospital, then sloping north east, it passes by Pimlico, the Cyder House, and the two walls to the north end of Hoxton, when it turns east, and inclosing the garden walls, comes into the Ware road, just at the King's Head in the new buildings by the Land of Promise -

2
0
16

8.

From the King's Head, the line turns south, running to the stones end in Shoreditch, then turning east, it takes in a burying ground and some buildings in the Hackney road, when sloping south east by south, it goes away by the Virginia House to a great brewhouse, and then still more east to the back of Wheeler-street, and then east by south, to Brick-lane, crossing which, it goes away east towards Bethnal Green; but then turning short south, it goes towards White Chapel Mount, but being intercepted by new streets, it goes quite up to the south end of the Dog-Row at Mile End -

1
6
19

9.

From the Dog-Row, the line crosses the road, and takes in a little hamlet of houses, called Stepney, tho' not properly so, and coming back west to the streets end at White Chapel Moll, goes away south by the Hog-houses into Church Lane, and to Rag Fair, when turning again east, it continues in a strait line on the north side of Ratcliff High-way, 'till it comes almost to the farther Glass-houses, then turning north, it surrounds all Stepney and Stepney causeway to Mile End Road, then turning east again, and afterwards south, comes back to the new streets on the north side of Lime-house, and joyning the marsh, comes down to the water side at the lower shipwright dock in Lime-house Hole -

3
7
1

18
4
21

N.B. This line leaves out all the north side of Mile End town, from the end of the Dog-Row, to the Jews Burying Ground, which is all built; also all the north part of the Dog-Row, and all Bethnal Green: Also all Poplar and Black-Wall, which are, indeed, contiguous, a trifle of ground excepted, and very populous.

For the Southwark Side of the Buildings, the Line is as follows ;

Having ended the circumference of the Middlesex buildings at Lime-house, and the street extending towards Poplar, the hamlets of Poplar and Blackwall, tho' very near contiguous in buildings, being excluded, I allow an interval of two miles, from Poplar, cross the Isle of Dogs, and over the Thames, to the lower water gate at Deptford, and tho' in measuring the circumference of all cities, the river, where any such runs through any part of the buildings, is always measured, yet; that I may not be said to stretch the extent of the buildings which I include in this account, I omit the river from Limehouse to Deptford (where, if included, it ought to begin) and begin my line as above.

Miles
Fur.
Rods

1.

From the said upper water-gate at Deptford, the line goes east to the corner next the Thames, where the shipwright's yard now is, and where I find a continued range of buildings begins by the side of a little creek or river, which runs into the Thames there, and reaches quite up the said river, to the bridge in the great Kentish road, and over the street there, taking in the south side of the street, to the west corner of the buildings in that street, and then measuring down on the west side of the long street, which runs to the Thames side, 'till you come to the new street which passes from Deptford to Rederiff, then turning to the left, passing on the back side of the king's yard to Mr. Evelin's house, including the new church of Deptford, and all the new streets or buildings made on the fields side, which are very many, this amounts in the whole, to -

3
1
16

2.

From Mr. Evelin's garden gate, the line goes north west, taking in all the new docks and yards, the Red-house, and several large streets of houses, which have been lately built, and by which the said town of Deptford is effectually joined to the buildings, reaching from Cuckold's Point, eastward, and which are carried out, as if Rederiff stretch'd forth its arm to embrace Deptford; then for some length, the said street of Rederiff continues narrow 'till you come to Church-street, where several streets are also lately built south, and others parallel with the street, till gradually, the buildings thicken, and extend farther and farther to the south and south by east, 'till they cross over the east end of Horslydown to Bermondsey Church, and thence east to the sign of the World's End, over against the great fort, being the remains of the fortifications drawn round these parts of Southwark in the late civil wars. This extent is, by computation, four miles; but being measured, as the streets indented, the circuit prov'd -

5
6
12

3.

From this fort, to the corner of Long Lane, and through Long Lane to the Lock, at the end of Kent-street, is -

1
7
2

4.

From the corner of Kent-street to the town of Newington Butts, drawing the line behind all the buildings as they stand, and round the said village of Newington, to the Haberdashers Alms Houses, and thence by the road to the windmill, at the corner of Blackman-street, is -

3
2
16

5.

From the windmill crossing St. George's Fields, on the back of the Mint, to the Fighting Cocks, thence to the Restoration Gardens, and thence on the outside of all the buildings to Lambeth-Wells, and on to Faux-Hall Bridge, over against the other fort of the old fortifications, being just the same length that those old fortifications extended, tho' infinitely fuller of buildings; this last circuit measures -

3
5
12

17
6
18

Thus the extent or circumference of the continued buildings of the cities of London and Westminster, and borough of Southwark, all which, in the common acceptation, is called London, amounts to thirty six miles, two furlongs, thirty nine rods.

N.B. The town of Greenwich, which may, indeed, be said to be contiguous to Deptford, might be also called a part of this measurement; but I omit it, as I have the towns of Chelsea and Knights Bridge on the other side, tho' both may be said to joyn the town, and in a very few years will certainly do so.

Were it possible to reduce all these buildings to a compact situation, 'tis generally thought, that the whole body so put together, allowing the necessary ground, which they now employ for the several trades in the out-parts, such as the building yards by the river, for shipwrights, tanners yards, dyers, whitsters, &c. I say, 'tis believed the whole would take up twenty eight miles in circumference, very compactly built.

The guesses that are made at the number of inhabitants, have been variously form'd; Sir William Petty, famous for his political arithmetick, supposed the city, at his last calculation, to contain a million of people, and this he judges from the number of births and burials; and by this rule, as well by what is well known of the increase of the said births and burials, as of the prodigious increase of buildings, it may be very reasonable to conclude, the present number of inhabitants within the circumference I have mentioned, to amount to, at least, fifteen hundred thousand, with this addition, that it is still prodigiously increasing.

Nor is it hard to account for this increase of people, as well as buildings in London; but the discourse seems too political to belong to this work, which, rather, relates to the fact than the reason of it, and is properly to describe the thing, not to shew why it is so, for which reason I omit entring into the enquiry.

The government of this great mass of building, and of such a vast collected body of people, though it consists of various parts, is, perhaps, the most regular and well-ordered government, that any city, of above half its magnitude, can boast of.

The government of the city of London in particular, and abstractedly considered, is, by the lord mayor, twenty four aldermen, two sheriffs, the recorder and common council; but the jurisdiction of these is confined to that part only, which they call the City and its Liberties, which are marked out, except the Borough, by the walls and the bars, as they are called, and which the particular maps of the city have exactly lin'd out, to which I refer.

Besides this, the lord mayor and aldermen of London have a right presidial, as above, in the borough of Southwark, as conservators of the bridge, and the bridge itself is their particular jurisdiction.

Also the lord mayor, &c. is conservator of the River Thames, from Stanes Bridge in Surrey and Middlesex, to the River Medway in Kent, and, as some insist, up the Medway to Rochester Bridge.

The government of the out parts, is by justices of the peace, and by the sheriffs of London, who are, likewise, sheriffs of Middlesex; and the government of Westminster is, by a high bailiff, constituted by the Dean and Chapter, to whom the civil administrations is so far committed.

The remaining part of Southwark side, when the city jurisdiction is considered, is governed, also by a Bench of Justices, and their proper substituted peace officers; excepting out of this the privileges of the Marshalseas, or of the Marshal's Court, the privilege of the Marshal of the King's Bench, the Mint, and the like.

To enter here, into a particular description of the city of London, its antiquities, monuments, &c. would be only to make an abridgment of Stow and his continuators, and would make a volume by itself; but while I write in manner of a letter, and in the person of an itinerant, and give a cursory view of its present state, and to the reader, who is supposed to be upon the spot, or near it, and who has the benefit of all the writers, who have already entered upon the description; it will, I believe, be allowed to be agreeable and sufficient to touch at those things principally, which no other authors have yet mentioned, concerning this great and monstrous thing, called London.

N.B. By this may be plainly understood, that I mean not the city only, for then I must discourse of it in several parts, and under several denominations and descriptions, as,

Of the city and liberties of London.

Of the city and liberties of Westminster.

Of the Tower and its hamlets.

Of the suburbs or buildings annex'd to these, and called Middlesex.

Of the borough of Southwark.

Of the Bishop of Winchester's reserv'd privileged part in Southwark, called the Park and Marshalsea.

Of Lambeth.

Of Deptford, and the king's and merchants yards for building.

Of the Bridge-house and its reserv'd limits, belonging to the city.

Of the buildings on Southwark side, not belonging to any of these.

But by London, as I shall discourse of it, I mean, all the buildings, places, hamlets, and villages contain'd in the line of circumvallation, if it be proper to call it so, by which I have computed the length of its circumference as above.

We ought, with respect to this great mass of buildings, to observe, in every proper place, what it is now, and what it was within the circumference of a few years past; and particularly, when other authors wrote, who have ventured upon the description of it.

It is, in the first place, to be observed, as a particular and remarkable crisis, singular to those who write in this age, and very much to our advantage in writing, that the great and more eminent increase of buildings, in, and about the city of London, and the vast extent of ground taken in, and now become streets and noble squares of houses, by which the mass, or body of the whole, is become so infinitely great, has been generally made in our time, not only within our memory, but even within a few years, and the description of these additions, cannot be improper to a description of the whole, as follows.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW BUILDINGS ERECTED IN AND ABOUT THE CITIES OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER AND BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK, SINCE THE YEAR 1666

This account of new buildings is to be understood,

Of houses re-built after the great fires hi London and Southwark, &c.

New foundations, on ground where never any buildings were erected before.

Take, then, the city and its adjacent buildings to stand, as described by Mr. Stow, or by any other author, who wrote before the Fire of London, and the difference between what it was then, and what it is now, may be observed thus:

It is true, that before the Fire of London, the streets were narrow, and publick edifices, as well as private, were more crowded, and built closer to one another; for soon after the Fire, the king, by his proclamation, forbid all persons whatsoever, to go about to re-build for a certain time, viz. till the Parliament (which was soon to sit) might regulate and direct the manner of building, and establish rules for the adjusting every man's property, and yet might take order for a due inlarging of the streets, and appointing the manner of building, as well for the beauty as the conveniency of the city, and for safety, in case of any future accident; for though I shall not inquire, whether the city was burnt by accident, or by treachery, yet nothing was more certain, than that as the city stood before, it was strangely exposed to the disaster which happened, and the buildings look'd as if they had been form'd to make one general bonefire, whenever any wicked party of incendiaries should think fit.

The streets were not only narrow, and the houses all built of timber, lath and plaister, or, as they were very properly call'd paper work, and one of the finest range of buildings in the Temple, are, to this day, called the Paper Buildings, from that usual expression.

But the manner of the building in those days, one story projecting out beyond another, was such, that in some narrow streets, the houses almost touch'd one another at the top, and it has been known, that men, in case of fire, have escaped

on the tops of the houses, by leaping from one side of a street to another; this made it often, and almost always happen, that if a house was on fire, the opposite house was in more danger to be fired by it, according as the wind stood, than the houses next adjoining on either side.

How this has been regulated, how it was before, and how much better it now is, I leave to be judged, by comparing the old unburnt part of the city with the new.

But tho' by the new buildings after the fire, much ground was given up, and left unbuilt, to inlarge the streets, yet 'tis to be observed, that the old houses stood severally upon more ground, were much larger upon the flat, and in many places, gardens and large yards about them, all which, in the new buildings, are, at least, contracted, and the ground generally built up into other houses, so that notwithstanding all the ground given up for beautifying the streets, yet there are many more houses built than stood before upon the same ground; so that taking the whole city together, there are more inhabitants in the same compass, than there was before. To explain this more fully, I shall give some particular instances, to which I refer, which there are living witnesses able to confirm: For example,

Swithen's Alleys by the Royal Exchange, were all, before the Fire, taken up with one single merchant's house, and inhabited by one Mr. Swithin; whereas, upon the same ground where the house stood, stands now about twenty-two or twenty-four houses, which belong to his posterity to this day.

Copt-Hall-Court in Throckmorton-street, was, before the Fire, also a single house, inhabited by a Dutch merchant; also three more courts in the same streets, were single houses, two on the same side of the way, and one on the other.

The several alleys behind St. Christopher's Church, which are now vulgarly, but erroneously, call'd St. Christopher's-Churchyard, were, before the Fire, one great house, or, at least, a house and ware-houses belonging to it, in which the famous Mr. Kendrick lived, whose monument now stands in St, Christopher's Church, and whose dwelling, also, took up almost all the ground, on which now a street of houses is erected, called Prince's-street, going through into Lothbury, no such street being known before the Fire.

Kings-Arms-Yard in Coleman-street, now built into fine large houses, and inhabited by principal merchants, was, before the fire, a stable-yard for horses and an inn, at the sign of the Kings Arms.

I might fill up my account with many such instances, but 'tis enough to explain the thing, viz. That so many great houses were converted into streets and courts, alleys and buildings, that there are, by estimation, almost 4000 houses now standing on the ground which the Fire left desolate, more than stood on the same ground before.

Another increase of buildings in the city, is to be taken from the inhabitants in the unburnt parts following the same example, of pulling down great old buildings, which took up large tracks of ground in some of the well inhabited places, and building on the same ground, not only several houses, but even whole streets of houses, which are since fully inhabited; for example;

Crosby-Square within Bishopsgate, formerly the house of Sir James Langham merchant.

Devonshire-Square and Street, with several back streets and passages into Petticoat-Lane one way, and Hounsditch another way, all built on the ground where the old Earl of Devonshire had a house and garden, and are all fully inhabited.

Bridgwater-Square, and several streets adjoyning all fully inhabited, built on the ground where the Earl of Bridgwater had a large house and garden in Barbican.

Billeter-Square, and several passages adjoyning, built upon the grounds of one great house, in which, before that, one merchant only lived.

All those palaces of the nobility, formerly making a most beautiful range of buildings fronting the Strand, with their gardens reaching to the Thames, where they had their particular water-gates and stairs, one of which remains still, viz. Somerset House, have had the same fate, such as Essex, Norfolk, Salisbury, Worcester, Exceter, Hungerford, and York Houses; in the place of which, are now so many noble streets and beautiful houses, erected, as are, in themselves, equal to a large city, and extend from the Temple to Northumberland-House; Somerset House and the Savoy, only intervening; and the latter of these may be said to be, not a house, but a little town, being parted into innumerable tenements and apartments.

Many other great houses have, by the example of these, been also built into streets, as Hatton-House in Holborn, and the old Earl of Bedford's great garden, called New Convent Garden; but those I omit, because built before the year 1666; but I may add the Lord Brook's house in Holborn; the Duke of Bedford's last remaining house and garden in the Strand, and many others.

These are prodigious enlargements to the city, even upon that which I call inhabited ground, and where infinite numbers of people now live, more than lived upon the same spot of ground before.

But all this is a small matter, compared to the new foundations raised within that time, in those which we justly call the out parts; and not to enter on a particular description of the buildings, I shall only take notice of the places where such enlargements are made; as, first, within the memory of the writer hereof, all those numberless ranges of building, called Spittle Fields, reaching from Spittle-

yard, at Northern Fallgate, and from Artillery Lane in Bishopsgate-street, with all the new streets, beginning at Hoxton, and the back of Shoreditch Church, north, and reaching to Brick-Lane, and to the end of Hare-street, on the way to Bethnal Green, east; then sloping away quite to White Chapel Road, south east, containing, as some people say, who pretend to know, by good observation, above three hundred and twenty acres of ground, which are all now close built, and well inhabited with an infinite number of people, I say, all these have been built new from the ground, fince the year 1666.

The lanes were deep, dirty, and unfrequented, that part now called Spittlefields-Market, was a field of grass with cows feeding on it, since the year 1670. The Old Artillery Ground (where the Parliament listed their first soldiers against the King) took up all those long streets, leading out of Artillery Lane to Spittle-yard-back-Gate, and so on to the end of Wheeler-street.

Brick-Lane, which is now a long well-pav'd street, was a deep dirty road, frequented by carts fetching bricks that way into White-Chapel from Brick-Kilns in those fields, and had its name on that account; in a word, it is computed, that about two hundred thousand inhabitants dwell now in that part of London, where, within about fifty years past, there was not a house standing.

On the more eastern part, the same increase goes on in proportion, namely, all Goodman's Fields, the name gives evidence for it, and the many streets between White-Chapel and Rosemary Lane, all built since the year 1678. Well Close, now called Marine Square, was so remote from houses, that it used to be a very dangerous place to go over after it was dark, and many people have been robbed and abused in passing it; a well standing in the middle, just where the Danish church is now built, there the mischief was generally done; beyond this, all the hither or west end of Ratcliff-high-way, from the corner of Gravel-Lane, to the east end of East Smithfield, was a road over the fields; likewise those buildings, now called Virginia-street, and all the streets on the side of Ratcliff-high-way to Gravel-Lane above named.

To come to the north side of the town, and beginning at Shoreditch, west, and Hoxton-Square, and Charles's-Square adjoyning, and the streets intended for a market-place, those were all open fields, from Anniseed-clear to Hoxton Town, till the year 1689, or thereabouts; Pitfield-street was a bank, parting two pasture grounds, and Ask's Hospital was another open field: Farther west, the like addition of buildings begins at the foot way, by the Pest-house, and includes the French hospital, Old street two squares, and several streets, extending from Brick-Lane to Mount-Mill, and the road to Islington, and from the road, still west, to Wood's Close, and to St. John's, and Clerkenwell, all which streets and squares

are built since the year 1688 and 1689, and were before that, and some for a long time after, open fields or gardens, and never built on till after that time.

From hence we go on still west, and beginning at Gray's-Inn, and going on to those formerly called Red Lyon Fields, and Lamb's Conduit Fields, we see there a prodigious pile of buildings; it begins at Gray's-Inn Wall towards Red-Lyon Street, from whence, in a strait line, 'tis built quite to Lamb's Conduit Fields, north, including a great range of buildings yet unfinish'd, reaching to Bedford Row and the Cockpit, east, and including Red Lyon Square, Ormond Street, and the great new square at the west end of it, and all the streets between that square and King's Gate in Holbourn, where it goes out; this pile of buildings is very great, the houses so magnificent and large, that abundance of persons of quality, and some of the nobility are found among them, particularly in Ormond Street, is the D —— — of Powis's house, built at the expence of France, on account of the former house being burnt, while the Duke D'Aumont, the French Ambassador Extraordinary lived in it; it is now a very noble structure, tho' not large, built of free-stone, and in the most exact manner, according to the rules of architecture, and is said to be, next the Banquetting House, the most regular building in this part of England.

Here is also a very convenient church, built by the contribution of the gentry inhabitants of these buildings, tho' not yet made parochial, being called St. George's Chapel.

Farther west, in the same line, is Southampton great square, called Bloomsbury, with King-street on the east side of it, and all the numberless streets west of the square, to the market place, and through Great-Russel-street by Montague House, quite into the Hampstead road, all which buildings, except the old building of Southampton House and some of the square, has been form'd from the open fields, since the time above-mentioned, and must contain several thousands of houses; here is also a market, and a very handsome church new built.

From hence, let us view the two great parishes of St. Giles's and St. Martin's in the Fields, the last so increased, as to be above thirty years ago, formed into three parishes, and the other about now to be divided also.

The increase of the buildings here, is really a kind of prodigy; all the buildings north of Long Acre, up to the Seven Dials, all the streets, from Leicester-Fields and St. Martin's-Lane, both north and west, to the Hay-Market and Soho, and from the Hay-Market to St. James's-street inclusive, and to the park wall; then all the buildings on the north side of the street, called Picadilly, and the road to Knight's-Bridge, and between that and the south side of Tyburn Road, including

Soho-Square, Golden-Square, and now Hanover-Square, and that new city on the north side of Tyburn Road, called Cavendish-Square, and all the streets about it.

This last addition, is, by calculation, more in bulk than the cities of Bristol, Exeter and York, if they were all put together; all which places were, within the time mentioned, meer fields of grass, and employ'd only to feed cattle as other fields are.

The many little additions that might be named besides these, tho' in themselves considerable, yet being too many to give room to here, I omit.

This is enough to give a view of the difference between the present and the past greatness of this mighty city, called London.

N.B. Three projects have been thought of, for the better regulating the form of this mighty building, which tho' not yet brought to perfection, may, perhaps, in time, be brought forwards, and if it should, would greatly add to the beauty.

Making another bridge over the Thames.

Making an Act of Parliament, abrogating the names as well as the jurisdictions of all the petty privileged places, and joyning or uniting the whole body, Southwark and all, into one city, and calling it by one name, London.

Forbidding the extent of the buildings in some particular places, where they too much run it out of shape, and letting the more indented parts swell out on the north and south side a little, to balance the length, and bring the form of the whole more near to that of a circle, as particularly stopping the running out of the buildings at the east and west ends, as at Ratcliff and Deptford, east, and at Tyburn and Kensington roads, west, and encouraging the building out at Moor-fields, Bunhil-fields, the west side of Shoreditch, and such places, and the north part of Gray's-Inn, and other adjacent parts, where the buildings are not equally filled out, as in other places, and the like in St. George's Fields and behind Redriff on the other side of the water.

But these are speculations only, and must be left to the wisdom of future ages.

I return now, to some short description of the parts; hitherto I have been upon the figure and extent of the city and its out-parts; I come now to speak of the inside, the buildings, the inhabitants, the commerce, and the manner of its government, &c.

It should be observed, that the city being now re-built, has occasioned the building of some publick edifices, even in the place which was inhabited, which yet were not before, and the re-building others in a new and more magnificent manner than ever was done before.

That beautiful column, called the Monument, erected at the charge of the city, to perpetuate the fatal burning of the whole, cannot be mentioned but with some due respect to the building itself, as well as to the city; it is two hundred and two

feet high, and in its kind, out does all the obelisks and pillars of the ancients, at least that I have seen, having a most stupendous stair-case in the middle to mount up to the balcony, which is about thirty feet short of the top, and whence there are other steps made even to look out at the top of the whole building; the top is fashioned like an urn.

The canal or river, called Fleet-ditch, was a work of great magnificence and expence; but not answering the design, and being now very much neglected, and out of repair, is not much spoken of, yet it has three fine bridges over it, and a fourth, not so fine, yet useful as the rest, and the tide flowing up to the last; the canal is very useful for bringing of coals and timber, and other heavy goods; but the warehouses intended under the streets, on either side, to lay up such goods in, are not made use of, and the wharfs in many places are decay'd and fallen in, which make it all look ruinous.

The Royal Exchange, the greatest and finest of the kind in the world, is the next publick work of the citizens, the beauty of which answers for itself, and needs no description here; 'tis observable, that tho' this Exchange cost the citizens an immense sum of money re-building, some authors say, eighty thousand pounds, being finished and embellished in so exquisite a manner, yet it was so appropriated to the grand affair of business, that the rent or income of it for many years, fully answered the interest of the money laid out in building it: Whether it does so still or not, I will not say, the trade for millenary goods, fine laces, &c. which was so great above stairs for many years, being since scattered and removed, and the shops, many of them, left empty; but those shops, of which there were eight double rows above, and the shops and offices round it below, with the vaults under the whole, did at first, yield a very great sum.

Among other publick edifices, that of the hospital of Bethlehem, or Bedlam, should not be forgot, which is at the very time of writing this, appointed to be inlarged with two new wings, and will then be the most magnificent thing of its kind in the world.

Likewise the Custom-House, an accidental fire having demolished part of it, and given the commissioners opportunity to take in more ground, will, when it is finished, out-shine all the custom-houses in Europe.

The churches in London are rather convenient than fine, not adorned with pomp and pageantry as in Popish countries; but, like the true Protestant plainness, they have made very little of ornament either within them or without, nor, excepting a few, are they famous for handsome steeples, a great many of them are very mean, and some that seem adorned, are rather deform'd than beautified by the heads that contrived, or by the hands that built them.

Some, however, hold up their heads with grandeur and magnificence, and are really ornaments to the whole, I mean by these, such as Bow, St. Brides, the new church in the Strand, Rood-Lane Church, or St. Margaret Fattens, St. Antholins, St. Clement Danes, and some others, and some of the fifty churches, now adding by the county and charity of the government, are like to be very well adorned.

Three or four Gothick towers have been rebuilt at the proper expences of the fund appointed, and are not the worst in all the city, namely St. Michael at Cornhill, St Dunstan in the East, St. Christophers, St. Mary Aldermary, and at St. Sepulchre's.

But the beauty of all the churches in the city, and of all the Protestant churches in the world, is the cathedral of St. Paul's; a building exceeding beautiful and magnificent; tho' some authors are pleased to expose their ignorance, by pretending to find fault with it: ?Tis easy to find fault with the works even of God Himself, when we view them in the gross, without regard to the particular beauties of every part separately considered, and without searching into the reason and nature of the particulars; but when these are maturely inquired into, viewed with a just reverence, and considered with judgment, then we fly out in due admirations of the wisdom of the Author from the excellency of His works.

The vast extent of the dome, that mighty arch, on which so great a weight is supported (meaning the upper towers or lanthorn of stone work seventy feet high) may well account for the strength of the pillars and butments below; yet those common observers of the superficial parts of the building, complain, that the columns are too gross, that the work looks heavy, and the lower figures near the eye are too large, as if the Dorick and the Attick were not each of them as beautiful in their place as the Corinthian.

The wise architect, like a compleat master of his business, had the satisfaction, in his lifetime, of hearing those ignorant reprovers of his work confuted, by the approbation of the best masters in Europe; and the church of St. Peter's in Rome, which is owned to be the most finished piece in the world, only exceeds St. Paul's in the magnificence of its inside work; the painting, the altars, the oratories, and the variety of its imagery; things, which, in a Protestant church, however ornamental, are not allowed of.

If all the square columns, the great pilasters, and the flat pannel work, as well within as without, which they now alledge are too heavy and look too gross, were filled with pictures, adorned with carved work and gilding, and crowded with adorable images of the saints and angels, the kneeling crowd would not complain of the grossness of the work; but 'tis the Protestant plainness, that divesting those columns, &c. of their ornaments, makes the work, which in itself is not so large and gross as that of St. Peter's, be called gross and heavy; whereas neither by the

rules of order, or by the necessity of the building, to be proportioned and sufficient to the height and weight of the work, could they have been less, or any otherwise than they are.

Nay, as it was, those gentlemen who in Parliament opposed Sir Christopher Wren's request, of having the dome covered with copper, and who moved to have had the lanthorn on the top made shorter, and built of wood; I say, those gentlemen pretending skill in the art, and offering to reproach the judgment of the architect, alledged, That the copper and the stone lanthorn would be too heavy, and that the pillars below would not support it.

To which Sir Christopher answered, That he had sustained the building with such sufficient columns, and the buttment was every where so good, that he would answer for it with his head, that it should bear the copper covering and the stone lanthorn, and seven thousand ton weight laid upon it more than was proposed, and that nothing below should give way, no not one half quarter of an inch; but that, on the contrary, it should be all the firmer and stronger for the weight that should be laid on it; adding, That it was with this view that the work was brought up from its foundation, in such manner, as made common observers rather think the first range of the buildings too gross for its upper part; and that, if they pleased, he would undertake to raise a spire of stone upon the whole, a hundred foot higher than the cross now stands.

When all these things are considered complexly, no man that has the least judgment in building, that knows any thing of the rules of proportion, and will judge impartially, can find any fault in this church; on the contrary, those excellent lines of Mr. Dryden, which were too meanly applied in allegory to the praise of a paltry play, may be, with much more honour to the author, and justice to this work, applied here to St. Paul's Church.

Strong Dorick pillars form the base,
Corinthian fills the upper space;
So all below is strength, and all above is grace.

Sir Christopher's design was, indeed, very unhappily baulked in several things at the beginning, as well in the situation as in the conclusion of this work, which, because very few may have heard of, I shall mention in publick, from the mouth of its author.

1. In the situation: He would have had the situation of the church removed a little to the north, that it should have stood just on the spot of ground which is taken up by the street called Pater-noster-Row, and the buildings on either side; so that the north side of the church should have stood open to the street now called Newgate-street, and the south side, to the ground on which the church now stands.

By this situation, the east end of the church, which is very beautiful, would have looked directly down the main street of the city, Cheapside; and for the west end, Ludgate having been removed a little north, the main street called Ludgate-street and Ludgate-Hill, would only have sloped a little W.S.W. as they do now irregularly two ways, one within, and the other without the gate, and all the street beyond Fleet-Bridge would have received no alteration at all.

By this situation, the common thorough-fare of the city would have been removed at a little farther distance from the work, and we should not then have been obliged to walk just under the very wall as we do now, which makes the work appear quite out of all perspective, and is the chief reason of the objections I speak of; whereas, had it been viewed at a little distance, the building would have been seen infinitely to more advantage.

Had Sir Christopher been allowed this situation, he would then, also, have had more room for the ornament of the west end, which, tho' it is a most beautiful work, as it now appears, would have been much more so then, and he would have added a circular piazza, to it, after the model of that at Rome, but much more magnificent, and an obelisk of marble in the center of the circle, exceeding any thing that the world can now shew of its kind, I mean of modern work.

But the circumstance of things hindered this noble design, and the city being almost rebuilt before he obtained an order and provision for laying the foundation; he was prescribed to the narrow spot where we see it now stands, in which the building, however magnificent in itself, stands with infinite disadvantage as to the prospect of it; the inconveniencies of which was so apparent when the church was finished, that leave was at length, tho' not without difficulty, obtained, to pull down one whole row of houses on the north side of the body of the church, to make way for the ballister that surrounds the cimetry or church-yard, and, indeed, to admit the light into the church, as well as to preserve it from the danger of fire.

Another baulk which, as I said, Sir Christopher met with, was in the conclusion of the work, namely, the covering of the dome, which Sir Christopher would have had been of copper double gilded with gold; but he was over-ruled by Party, and the city thereby, deprived of the most glorious sight that the world ever saw, since the temple of Solomon.

Yet with all these disadvantages, the church is a most regular building, beautiful, magnificent, and beyond all the modern works of its kind in Europe, St. Peter's at Rome, as above, only except ed.

It is true, St. Peter's, besides its beauty in ornament and imagery, is beyond St. Paul's in its dimensions, is every way larger; but it is the only church in the world that is so; and it was a merry hyperbole of Sir Christopher Wren's, who, when

some gentlemen in discourse compared the two churches, and in compliment to him, pretended to prefer St. Paul's, and when they came to speak of the dimensions, suggested, that St. Paul's was the biggest: I tell you, says Sir Christopher, you might set it in St. Peter's, and look for it a good while, before you could find it.

Having thus spoken of the city and adjacent buildings of London, and of the particulars which I find chiefly omitted by other writers, I have not room here to enter into all the articles needful to a full description: However, I shall touch a little at the things most deserving a stranger's observation.

Supposing now, the whole body of this vast building to be considered as one city, London, and not concerning myself or the reader with the distinction of its several jurisdictions; we shall then observe it only as divided into three, viz. the city, the Court, and the out-parts.

The city is the center of its commerce and wealth.

The Court of its gallantry and splendor.

The out-parts of its numbers and mechanicks; and in all these, no city in the world can equal it.

Between the Court and city, there is a constant communication of business to that degree, that nothing in the world can come up to it.

As the city is the center of business; there is the Custom-house, an article, which, as it brings in an immense revenue to the publick, so it cannot be removed from its place, all the vast import and export of goods being, of necessity, made there; nor can the merchants be removed, the river not admitting the ships to come any farther.

Here, also, is the Excise Office, the Navy Office, the Bank, and almost all the offices where those vast funds are fixed, in which so great a part of the nation are concerned, and on the security of which so many millions are advanced.

Here are the South Sea Company, the East India Company, the Bank, the African Company, &c. whose stocks support that prodigious paper commerce, called Stock-Jobbing; a trade, which once bewitched the nation almost to its ruin, and which, tho' reduced very much, and recovered from that terrible infatuation which once overspread the whole body of the people, yet is still a negotiation, which is so vast in its extent, that almost all the men of substance in England are more or less concerned in it, and the property of which is so very often alienated, that even the tax upon the transfers of stock, tho' but five shillings for each transfer, brings many thousand pounds a year to the government; and some have said, that there is not less than a hundred millions of stock transferred forward or backward from one hand to another every year, and this is one thing which makes such a constant daily intercourse between the Court part of the town, and the city;

and this is given as one of the principal causes of the prodigious conflux of the nobility and gentry from all parts of England to London, more than ever was known in former years, viz. That many thousands of families are so deeply concerned in those stocks, and find it so absolutely necessary to be at hand to take the advantage of buying and selling, as the sudden rise or fall of the price directs, and the loss they often sustain by their ignorance of things when absent, and the knavery of brokers and others, whom, in their absence, they are bound to trust, that they find themselves obliged to come up and live constantly here, or at least, most part of the year.

This is the reason why, notwithstanding the encrease of new buildings, and the addition of new cities, as they may be called, every year to the old, yet a house is no sooner built, but ’tis tenanted and inhabited, and every part is crouded with people, and that not only in the town, but in all the towns and villages round, as shall be taken notice of in its place.

But let the citizens and inhabitants of London know, and it may be worth the reflection of some of the landlords, and builders especially, that if peace continues, and the publick affairs continue in honest and upright management, there is a time coming, at least the nation hopes for it, when the publick debts being reduced and paid off, the funds or taxes on which they are established, may cease, and so fifty or sixty millions of the stocks, which are now the solid bottom of the South-Sea Company, East-India Company, Bank, &c. will cease, and be no more; by which the reason of this conflux of people being removed, they will of course, and by the nature of the thing, return again to their country seats, to avoid the expensive living at London, as they did come up hither to share the extravagant gain of their former business here.

What will be the condition of this overgrown city in such a case, I must leave to time; but all those who know the temporary constitution of our funds, know this, 1. That even, if they are to spin out their own length, all those funds which were given for thirty-two years, have already run out one third, and some of them almost half the time, and that the rest will soon be gone: 2. That as in two years more, the Government which receives six per cent, and pays but five, and will then pay but four per cent, interest, will be able every year to be paying off and lessening the publick debt, ‘till, in time, ’tis to be hoped, all our taxes may cease, and the ordinary revenue may, as it always used to do, again supply the ordinary expence of the government.

Then, I say, will be a time to expect the vast concourse of people to London, will separate again and disperse as naturally, as they have now crouded hither: What will be the fate then of all the fine buildings in the out parts, in such a case, let any one judge.

There has formerly been a great emulation between the Court end of the town, and the city; and it was once seriously proposed in a certain reign, how the Court should humble the city; nor was it so impracticable a thing at that time, had the wicked scheme been carried on: Indeed, it was carried farther than consisted with the prudence of a good government, or of a wise people; for the Court envy'd the city's greatness, and the citizens were ever jealous of the Court's designs: The most fatal steps the Court took to humble the city, and which, as I say, did not consist with the prudence of a good government, were, 1. The shutting up the Exchequer, and, 2. The bringing a *quo warranto* against their Charter; but these things can but be touch'd at here; the city has outliv'd it all, and both the attempts turn'd to the discredit of the Court party, who pushed them on: But the city, I say, has gained the ascendant, and is now made so necessary to the Court (as before it was thought rather a grievance) that now we see the Court itself the daily instrument to encourage and increase the opulence of the city, and the city again, by its real grandeur, made not a glory only, but an assistance and support to the Court, on the greatest and most sudden emergencies.

Nor can a breach be now made on any terms, but the city will have the advantage; for while the stocks, and Bank, and trading companies remain in the city, the center of the money, as well as of the credit and trade of the kingdom, will be there.

Nor are these capital offices only necessarily kept in the city, but several offices belonging to the public oeconomy of the administration, such as the Post Office, the Navy, the Victualling, and the Pay Offices, including the Ordnance Office, which is kept in the Tower. In a word, the offices may, indeed, be said to be equally divided.

The city has all those above-mentioned, and the Court has the Admiralty, the Exchequer, and the Secretaries of State's Offices, with those of the Pay-Masters of the Army, &c.

Besides these, the Council, the Parliament, and the Courts of Justice, are all kept at the same part of the town; but as all suits among the citizens are, by virtue of their privileges, to be try'd within the liberty of the city, so the term is obliged to be (as it were) adjourned from Westminster-Hall to Guild-Hall, to try causes there; also criminal cases are in like manner tried monthly at the Old Baily, where a special commission is granted for that purpose to the judges; but the Lord Mayor always presides, and has the chair.

The equality, however, being thus preserved, and a perfect good understanding between the Court and city having so long flourished, this union contributes greatly to the flourishing circumstances of both, and the publick credit is greatly raised by it; for it was never known, that the city, on any occasion, was so

assistant to the government, as it has been since this general good agreement. No sum is so great, but the Bank has been able to raise. Here the Exchequer bills are at all times circulated, money advanced upon the funds as soon as laid, and that at moderate interest, not incroaching on the government, or extorting large interest to eat up the nation, and disappoint the sovereign, and defeat his best designs, as in King William's time was too much the practice.

By this great article of publick credit, all the king's business is done with chearfulness. provisions are now bought to victual the fleets without difficulty, and at reasonable rates. The several yards where the slips are built and fitted out, are currently paid: The magazines of millitary and naval stores kept full: In a word, by this very article of publick credit, of which the Parliament is the foundation (and the city, are the architectures or builders) all those great things are now done with ease, which, in the former reigns, went on heavily, and were brought about with the utmost difficulty.

But, to return to the city; Besides the companies and publick offices, which are kept in the city, there are several particular offices and places, some built or repaired on purpose, and others hired and beautified for the particular business they carry on respectively: As,

Here are several great offices for several societies of ensurers; for here almost all hazards may be ensured; the four principal are called, 1. Royal Exchange Ensurance: 2. The London Ensurers: 3. The Hand in Hand Fire Office: 4. The Sun Fire Office.

In the two first of those, all hazards by sea are ensured, that is to say, of ships or goods, not lives; as also houses and goods are ensured from fire.

In the last, only houses and goods.

In all which offices, the *premio* is so small, and the recovery, in case of loss, so easy and certain, where no fraud is suspected, that nothing can be shewn like it in the whole world; especially that of ensuring houses from fire, which has now attained such an universal approbation, that I am told, there, are above seventy thousand houses thus ensured in London, and the parts adjacent.

The East-India House is in Leadenhall-Street, an old, but spacious building; very convenient, though not beautiful, and I am told, it is under consultation to have it taken down, and rebuilt with additional buildings for warehouses and cellars for their goods, which at present are much wanted.

The African Company's house is in the same street, a very handsome, well-built, and convenient house, and which fully serves for all the offices their business requires.

The Bank is kept in Grocer's Hall, a very convenient place, and, considering its situation, so near the Exchange, a very spacious, commodious place.

Here business is dispatch'd with such exactness, and such expedition and so much of it too, that it is really prodigious; no confusion, nobody is either denied or delayed payment, the merchants who keep their cash there, are sure to have their bills always paid, and even advances made on easy terms, if they have occasion. No accounts in the world are more exactly kept, no place in the world has so much business done, with so much ease.

In the next street (the Old Jury) is the Excise Office, in a very large house, formerly the dwelling of Sir John Fredrick, and afterwards, of Sir Joseph Hern, very considerable merchants. In this one office is managed an immense weight of business, and they have in pay, as I am told, near four thousand officers: The whole kingdom is divided by them into proper districts, and to every district, a collector, a supervisor, and a certain number of gaugers, called, by the vulgar title excise men.

Nothing can be more regular, than the methods of this office, by which an account of the whole excise is transmitted from the remotest parts of the kingdom, once every six weeks, which is called a sitting, and the money received, or prosecutions commenced for it, in the next sitting.

Under the management of this office, are now brought, not only the excise upon beer, ale, and other liquors, as formerly, but also the duties on malt and candles, hops, soap, and leather, all which are managed in several and distinct classes, and the accounts kept in distinct books; but, in many places, are collected by the same officers, which makes the charge of the collection much easier to the government: Nor is the like duty collected in any part of the world, with so little charge, or so few officers.

The South-Sea House is situate in a large spot of ground, between Broad-Street and Threadneedle-Street, two large houses having been taken in, to form the whole office; but, as they were, notwithstanding, straighten'd for room, and were obliged to summon their general courts in another place, viz. at Merchant-Taylors Hall; so they have now resolved to erect a new and compleat building for the whole business, which is to be exceeding fine and large, and to this end, the company has purchased several adjacent buildings, so that the ground is inlarged towards Threadneedle-Street; but, it seems, they could not be accommodated to their minds on the side next Broad-Street, so we are told, they will not open a way that way, as before.

As the company are enlarging their trade to America, and have also engaged in a new trade, namely, that of the Greenland whale fishing, they are like to have an occasion to enlarge their offices. This building, they assure us, will cost the company from ten to twenty thousand pounds, that is to say, a very great sum.

The Post Office, a branch of the revenue formerly not much valued, but now, by the additional penny upon the letters, and by the visible increase of business in the nation, is grown very considerable. This office maintains now, pacquet boats to Spain and Portugal, which never was done before: So the merchants letters for Cadiz or Lisbonne, which were before two and twenty days in going over France and Spain to Lisbonne, oftentimes arrive there now, in nine or ten days from Falmouth.

Likewise, they have a pacquet from Marseilles to Port Mahone, in the Mediterranean, for the constant communication of letters with his majesty's garrison and people in the island of Minorca.

They have also a pacquet from England to the West-Indies; but I am not of opinion, that they will keep it up for much time longer, if it be not already let fall.

This office is kept in Lombard-Street, in a large house, formerly Sir Robert Viner's, once a rich goldsmith; but ruined at the shutting up of the Exchequer, as above.

The penny post, a modern contrivance of a private person, one Mr. William Dockraw, is now made a branch of the general revenue by the Post Office; and though, for a time, it was subject to miscarriages and mistakes, yet now it is come also into so exquisite a management, that nothing can be more exact, and 'tis with the utmost safety and dispatch, that letters are delivered at the remotest corners of the town, almost as soon as they could be sent by a messenger, and that from four, five, six, to eight times a day, according as the distance of the place makes it practicable; and you may send a letter from Ratcliff or Limehouse in the East, to the farthest part of Westminster for a penny, and that several times in the same day.

Nor are you tied up to a single piece of paper, as in the General Post-Office, but any packet under a pound weight, goes at the same price.

I mention this the more particularly, because it is so manifest a testimony to the greatness of this city, and to the great extent of business and commerce in it, that this penny conveyance should raise so many thousand pounds in a year, and employ so many poor people in the diligence of it, as this office employs.

We see nothing of this at Paris, at Amsterdam, at Hamburgh, or any other city, that ever I have seen, or heard of.

The Custom House I have just mentioned before, but must take up a few lines to mention it again. The stateliness of the building, shewed the greatness of the business that is transacted there: The Long Room is like an Exchange every morning, and the croud of people who appear there, and the business they do, is not to be explained by words, nothing of that kind in Europe is like it.

Yet it has been found, that the business of export and import in this port of London, is so prodigiously increased, and the several new offices, which they are bound to erect for the managing the additional parts of the customs, are such, that the old building, though very spacious, is too little, and as the late Fire burnt or demolished some part of the west end of the Custom House, they have had the opportunity in rebuilding, to enlarge it very much, buying in the ground of some of the demolished houses, to add to the Custom House, which will be now a most glorious building.

The keys, or wharfs, next the river, fronting not the Custom House only, but the whole space from the Tower stairs, or dock, to the bridge, ought to be taken notice of as a publick building; nor are they less an ornament to the city, as they are a testimony of the vast trade carried on in it, than the Royal Exchange itself.

The revenue, or income, brought in by these wharfs, inclusive of the warehouses belonging to them, and the lighters they employ, is said to amount to a prodigious sum; and, as I am told, seldom so little as forty thousand pounds per annum: And abundance of porters, watchmen, wharfingers, and other officers, are maintained here by the business of the wharfs; in which, one thing is very remarkable, That here are porters, and poor working men, who, though themselves not worth, perhaps, twenty pounds in the world, are trusted with great quantities of valuable goods, sometimes to the value of several thousand pounds, and yet ’tis very rarely to be heard, that any loss or embezzlement is made. The number of these keys extending, as above, from the bridge to the Tower Dock, is seventeen.

From these publick places, I come next to the markets, which, in such a mass of building, and such a collection of people, and where such business is done, must be great, and very many. To take a view of them in particular;

First, Smithfield Market for living cattle, which is, without question, the greatest in the world; no description can be given of it, no calculation of the numbers of creatures sold there, can be made. This market is every Monday and Friday.

There is, indeed, a liberty taken by the butchers, to go up to Islington, and to Whitechapel, and buy of the country drovers, who bring cattle to town; but this is called forestalling the market, and is not allowed by law.

There is also a great market, or rather fair for horses, in Smithfield every Friday in the afternoon, where very great numbers of horses, and those of the highest price, are to be sold weekly.

The flesh markets are as follow.

Leaden-Hall, Honey-Lane, Newgate, Clare, Shadwell, Southwark, Westminster, Spittle Fields, Hoxton (forsaken) Brook, Bloomsbury, Newport, St.

James's, Hungerford.

N.B. At all these markets, there is a part set by for a fish market, and a part for an herb market; so that when I say afterwards, there are fish markets, and herb markets, I am to be understood, such as are wholly for fish, or for herbs and fruit. For example,

Fish markets

{

Billingsgate, Fishstreet Hill, and Old Fishstreet.

Herb markets

Covent Garden, and Stocks Market.

N.B. Cherry market, and apple market

}

At the Three Cranes.

Corn markets

Bear Key, and Queen Hith.

Meal markets

{

Queen Hith, Hungerford, Ditch-Side, and Whitecross-Street.

Hay markets

{

Whitechapel, Smithfield, Southwark, the Hay-Market-Street Westminster, and. Bloomsbury.

Leather market

Leaden Hall.

Hides and skins

Leaden Hall, and Wood's Close.

Coal markets

Billingsgate, Room Land.

Bay market

Leaden Hall.

Broadcloth market
}
Blackwell Hall.

N.B. The last three are, without doubt, the greatest in the world of those kinds.
Bubble market

Exchange Alley.

These markets are so considerable in themselves, that they will merit a longer and more particular description, than I have room for in this place. I shall, however, briefly mention them again in their order.

Of the fourteen flesh markets, or markets for provisions, seven of them are of antient standing, time out of mind: But the other seven are erected since the enlargement of buildings mentioned above. The old ones are, Leaden-Hall, Honey-Lane, Newgate Market, Southwark, Clare, St. James's, and Westminster; and these are so considerable, such numbers-of buyers, and such an infinite quantity of provisions of all sorts, flesh, fish, and fowl, that, especially the first, no city in the world can equal them. 'Tis of the first of these markets, that a certain Spanish ambassador said, There was as much meat sold in it in one month, as would suffice all Spain for a year.

This great market, called, Leaden-Hall, though standing in the middle of the city, contains three large squares, every square having several outlets into divers streets, and all into one another. The first, and chief, is called, the Beef Market, which has two large gates, one into Leaden Hall Street, one into Gracechurch Street, and two smaller, viz. One by a long pav'd passage leading into Limestreet, and one under a gateway from the second square. In this square, every Wednesday is kept a market for raw hides, tann'd leather, and shoemakers tools; and in the warehouses, up stairs on the east and south sides of the square, is the great market for Colechester bayes.

The second square is divided into two oblongs, in the first is the fish market, and in the other, a market for country higlers, who bring small things, such as

pork, butter, eggs, pigs, country dress'd, with some fouls, and such like country fare.

The north part of the fish market, the place being too large for the fishmongers use, are the stalls of the town butchers for mutton and veal, the best and largest of which, that England can produce, is to be bought there, and the east part is a flesh market for country butchers.

The third, and last square, which is also very large, is divided into three parts: Round the circumference, is the butter market, with all sorts of higglary goods, as before: The south part is the poultry market, and the bacon market, and the center is an herb market.

All the other markets follow the same method in proportion to the room they have for it; and there is an herb market in every one; but the chief markets in the whole city for herbs and garden-stuff, are the Stocks and Covent Garden.

There are but two corn markets in the whole city and out parts; but they are monsters for magnitude, and not to be matched in the world. These are Bear Key, and Queen Hith: To the first comes all the vast quantity of corn that is brought into the city by sea, and here corn may be said, not to be sold by cart loads, or horse loads, but by ship loads, and, except the corn chambers and magazines in Holland, when the fleets come in from Dantzick and England, the whole world cannot equal the quantity bought and sold here.

This is the place whither all the corn is brought, which, as I have observed, is provided in all the counties of England, near the sea coast, and shipp'd for London, and no quantity can be wanted, either for home consumption, or for foreign exportation, but the corn factors, who are the managers of this market, are ready to supply it.

The other, which I call a corn market too, is at Queen Hith; but this market is chiefly, if not wholly, for malt; as to the whole corn, as the quantity of malt brought to this market is prodigious great, so I must observe too, that this place is the receiver of all the malt, the barley of which, takes up the ground of so many hundred thousand acres of land in the counties of Surrey, Bucks, Berks, Oxford, Southampton, and Wilts, and is called west country malt.

It is true, there is a very great quantity of malt, and of other corn too, brought to some other places on the river, and sold there, viz. To Milford Lane, above the bridge, and the Hermitage, below the bridge; but this is but, in general, a branch of the trade of the other places.

It must not be omitted, that Queen Hith is also a very great market for meal, as well as malt, and, perhaps, the greatest in England.

The vessels which bring this malt and meal to Queen Hith, are worth the observation of any stranger that understands such things. They are remarkable for

the length of the vessel, and the burthen they carry, and yet the little water they draw; in a word, some of those barges carry above a thousand quarter of malt at a time, and yet do not draw two foot of water. *N.B.* A thousand quarter of malt must be granted to be, at least, a hundred tun burthen. *Note also* , Some of these large barges come as far as from Abbington, which is above one hundred and fifty miles from London, if we measure by the river.

The next market, which is more than ordinary remarkable, is the coal market at Billingsgate. This is kept every morning on the broad place just at the head of Billingsgate Dock, and the place is called Room Land; from what old forgotten original it has that name, history is silent. I need not, except for the sake of strangers, take notice, that the city of London, and parts adjacent, as also all the south of England, is supplied with coals, called therefore sea-coal, from Newcastle upon Tyne , and from the coast of Durham, and Northumberland. This trade is so considerable, that it is esteemed the great nursery of our best seamen, and of which I shall have occasion to say more in my account of the northern parts of England. The quantity of coals, which it is supposed are, *communibus annis* , burnt and consumed in and about this city, is supposed to be about five hundred thousand chalder, every chalder containing thirty-six bushels, and generally weighing about thirty hundred weight.

All these coals are bought and sold on this little spot of Room Land, and, though sometimes, especially in case of a war, or of contrary winds, a fleet of five hundred to seven hundred sail of ships, comes up the river at a time, yet they never want a market: The brokers, or buyers of these coals, are called crimps, for what reason, or original, is likewise a mystery peculiar to this trade; for these people are noted for giving such dark names to the several parts of their trade; so the vessels they load their ships with at New Castle, are called keels, and the ships that bring them, are called cats, and hags, or hag boats, and fly boats, and the like. But of that hereafter.

The increase of this consumption of coals, is another evidence of the great increase of the city of London; for, within a few years past, the import of coals was not, in the river of Thames, so great by very near half.

It must be observed, that as the city of London occasions the consumption of so great a quantity of corn and coals, so the measurement of them is under the inspection of the lord mayor and court of aldermen, and for the direction of which, there are allowed a certain number of corn meeters, and coal meeters, whose places are for life, and bring them in a very considerable income. These places are in the gift of the lord mayor for the time being, and are generally sold for three or four thousand pounds a piece, when they fall.

They have abundance of poor men employ'd under them, who are called, also, meeters, and are, or ought to be, freemen of the city.

This is, indeed, a rent-charge upon the buyer, and is a kind of gabel, as well upon the coals as the corn; but the buyer is abundantly recompensed, by being ascertained in his measure without any fraud; so that having bought his coals or corn, he is perfectly unconcerned about the measure, for the sworn meeters are so placed between the buyer and seller, that no injury can be offered, nor have I heard that any complaint of injustice is ever made against the meeters, who are generally men of good character, are sworn to do right, and cannot easily do wrong without being detected; so many eyes being about them, and so many several persons concerned in the work, who have no dependance one upon another.

There is one great work yet behind, which, however, seems necessary to a full description of the city of London, and that is the shipping and the Pool; but in what manner can any writer go about it, to bring it into any reasonable compass? The thing is a kind of infinite, and the parts to be separated from one another in such a description, are so many, that it is hard to know where to begin.

The whole river, in a word, from London-Bridge to Black Wall, is one great arsenal, nothing in the world can be like it: The great building-yards at Schedam near Amsterdam, are said to out-do them in the number of ships which are built there, and they tell us, that there are more ships generally seen at Amsterdam, than in the Thames.

As to the building part, I will not say, but that there may be more vessels built at Schedam, and the parts adjacent, than in the River Thames; but then it must be said;

That the English build for themselves only, the Dutch for all the world.

That almost all the ships the Dutch have, are built there, whereas, not one fifth part of our shipping is built in the Thames; but abundance of ships are built at all the sea-ports in England, such as at New-Castle, Sunderland, Stockton, Whitby, Hull, Gainsborough, Grimsby, Lynn, Yarmouth, Alborough, Walderswick, Ipswich and Harwich, upon the east coast; and at Shoram, Arundel, Brighthelmston, Portsmouth, Southampton, Pool, Weymouth, Dartmouth, Plymouth, besides other places, on the south coast.

That we see more vessels in less room at Amsterdam; but the setting aside their hoys, bilanders and schoots, which are in great numbers always there, being vessels particular to their inland and coasting navigation; you do not see more ships, nor near so many ships of force, at Amsterdam as at London.

That you see more ships there in less room, but, perhaps, not so many ships in the whole.

That part of the river of Thames which is properly the harbour, and where the ships usually deliver or unload their cargoes, is called the Pool, and begins at the turning of the river out of Lime-house Reach, and extends to the Custom-house-Keys: In this compass I have had the curiosity to count the ships as well as I could, *en passant* , and have found above two thousand sail of all sorts, not reckoning barges, lighters or pleasure-boats, and yatchs; but of vessels that really go to sea.

It is true, the river or Pool, seem'd, at that time, to be pretty full of ships; it is true also, that I included the ships which lay in Deptford and Black-Wall reaches, and in the wet docks, whereof, there are no less than three; but 'tis as true, that we did not include the men of war at the king's yard and in the wet dock there at Deptford, which were not a very few.

In the river, as I have observed, there are from Battle-Bridge on the Southwark side, and the Hermitage-Bridge on the city-side, reckoning to Black-Wall, inclusive,

Three wet docks for laying up
Twenty two dry docks for repairing
Thirty three yards for building
}
merchants ships.

This is inclusive of the builders of lighters, hoys, &c. but exclusive of all boat-builders, wherry-builders, and above-bridge barge-builders.

To enter into any description of the great magazines of all manner of naval stores, for the furnishing those builders, would be endless, and I shall not attempt it; 'tis sufficient to add, That England, as I have said elsewhere, is an inexhaustible store-house of timber, and all the oak timber, and generally the plank also, used in the building these ships, is found in England only, nay, and which is more, it is not fetched from the remoter parts of England, but these southern counties near us are the places where 'tis generally found; as particularly the counties of Berks and Bucks, Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Essex and Suffolk, and very little is brought farther, nor can all the ship-building the whole kingdom are able to build, ever exhaust those counties, tho' they were to build much more than they do.

But I must land, lest this part of the account seems to smell of the tarr, and I should tire the gentlemen with leading them out of their knowledge.

I should mention, for the information of strangers, &c. that the buildings of this great city are chiefly of brick, as many ways found to be the safest, the cheapest, and the most commodious of all other materials; by safe, I mean from

fire, and as by Act of Parliament, every builder is bound to have a partition wall of brick also, one brick and half thick between every house, it is found to be, indeed, very helpful in case of fire.

And as I am speaking of fire and burning of houses, it cannot be omitted, That no where in the world is so good care taken to quench fires as in London; I will not say the like care is taken to prevent them; for I must say, That I think the servants, nay, and masters too in London, are the most careless people in the world about fire, and this, no doubt, is the reason why there are frequently more fires in London and in the out-parts, than there are in all the cities of Europe put them together; nor are they the more careful, as I can learn, either from observation or report, I say, they are not made more cautious, by the innumerable fires which continually happen among them.

And this leads me back to what I just now said, That no city in the world is so well furnished for the extinguishing fires when they happen.

By the great convenience of water which being every where laid in the streets in large timber pipes, as well from the Thames as the New-River, those pipes are furnished with a fire plug, which the parish officers have the key of, and when opened, let out not a pipe, but a river of water into the streets, so that making but a dam in the kennel, the whole street is immediately under water to supply the engines.

By the great number of admirable engines, of which, almost, every parish has one, and some halls also, and some private citizens have them of their own, so that no sooner does a fire break out, but the house is surrounded with engines, and a flood of water poured upon it, ‘till the fire is, as it were, not extinguished only, but drowned.

The several ensurance offices, of which I have spoken above, have each of them a certain sett of men, who they keep in constant pay, and who they furnish with tools proper for the work, and to whom they give jack-caps of leather, able to keep them from hurt, if brick or timber, or any thing not of too great a bulk, should fall upon them; these men make it their business to be ready at call, all hours, and night or day, to assist in case of fire; and it must be acknowledged, they are very dextrous, bold, diligent, and successful. These they call fire-men, but with an odd kind of contradiction in the title, for they are really most of them water-men.

Having mentioned, that the city is so well furnished with water, it cannot be omitted, that there are two great engines for the raising the Thames water, one at the bridge, and the other near Broken Wharf; these raise so great a quantity of water, that, as they tell us, they are able to supply the whole city in its utmost

extent, and to supply every house also3 with a running pipe of water up to the uppermost story.

However, the New-River, which is brought by an aqueduct or artificial stream from Ware, continues to supply the greater part of the city with water, only with this addition by the way, that they have been obliged to dig a new head or basin at Islington on a higher ground than that which the natural stream of the river supplies, and this higher basin they fill from the lower, by a great engine worked formerly with six sails, now by many horses constantly working; so from that new elevation of the water, they supply the higher part of the town with the same advantage, and more ease than the Thames engines do it.

There was a very likely proposal set on foot by some gentlemen, whose genius seem'd equal to the work, for drawing another river, rather larger than that now running, and bringing it to a head on some rising grounds beyond Mary le Bonne.

This water was proposed to be brought from the little Coin or Cole near St. Albans, and the river, called Two Waters, near Rickmansworth, and as I have seen the course of the water, and the several supplies it was to have, and how the water-level was drawn for containing the current, I must acknowledge it was a very practical undertaking, and merited encouragement; but it was opposed in Parliament, and dropt for the present: This design was particularly calculated for supplying those prodigious additions of buildings, which I have already described at the west end of the town.

However, tho' this be laid aside, as also several water-houses in other parts, particularly one at Wapping, one near Battle-Bridge in Southwark, and the famous one at York-Buildings, yet it cannot be denied, that the city of London is the best supplied with water of any great city in the world, and upon as easy terms to its inhabitants.

There were formerly several beautiful conduits of running-water in London, which water was very sweet and good, and was brought at an infinite expence, from several distant springs, in large leaden pipes to those conduits, and this was so lately, that several of those conduits were re-built since the Fire, as one on Snow-Hill and one at Stocks-Market, which serves as a pedestal for the great equestrian statue of King Charles II. erected there at the charge of Sir Robert Viner, then Lord Mayor, and who was then an eminent banker in Lombard-street; but his loyalty could not preserve him from being ruined by the common calamity, when the king shut up the Exchequer.

They tell us a merry story of this statue, how true it may be, let those testify who saw it, if any such witnesses remain, viz. That a certain famous Court lady, I do not say it was the D —— — ss of Portsmouth, being brought to bed of a son late in the night, the next morning this glorious equestrian statue had a pillion

handsomely placed on it behind the body of the k —— — , with a paper pinned to the trapping of the pillion, with words at length, Gone for a midwife.

It is scarce worth while to give an account of the statues in this city, they are neither many, or are those which are, very valuable.

The statue of King Charles II. in marble, standing in the middle of the Royal Exchange, is the best beyond comparison; one of the same prince, and his father, standing in two large niches on the south front of the same building, and being bigger than the life, are coarse pieces compared to it.

The statues of the kings and queens, seventeen of which are already put up in the inside of the Royal Exchange, are tolerable, but all infinitely inferior to that in the middle.

There is a statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, which outdoes many of those kings, only that it stands in a dark corner, and is little noticed; ’tis placed in a nitch under the piazza, in the north west angle of the Exchange, just regarding the Turky walk, and he has a bale of silk lying by him.

There is another equestrian statue, and but one, as I remember, within the city, and that is of King James the First on the north front of one of the gates of the city called Aldersgate: This was erected on the occasion of that king’s entring the city at that gate when he arrived here from Scotland, to take the crown after the death of Queen Elizabeth; when that statue was finely painted and gilded, which is not usual, nor is the gilding yet worn off; there are some emblematick figures remaining, which were then suited to the occasion of his triumphal entry, and there was another arch form’d for the day at the bars, where the liberties of the city end, that way which is now called Goswell-street, but that was taken down soon after.

The gates of the city are seven, besides posterns, and the posterns that remain are four, besides others that are demolished. The gates are all remaining, two of them which were demolished at the fire, being beautifully re-built: These are Ludgate and Newgate; the first a prison for debt for freemen of the city only, the other a prison for criminals, both for London and Middlesex, and for debtors also for Middlesex, being the county gaol.

Moregate is also re-built, and is a very beautiful gateway, the arch being near twenty foot high, which was done to give room for the city Train’d Bands to go through to the Artillery Ground, where they muster, and that they might march with their pikes advanc’d, for then they had pikemen in every regiment, as well in the army as in the militia, which since that, is quite left off; this makes the gate look a little out of shape, the occasion of it not being known. Cripplegate and Bishopsgate are very old, and make but a mean figure; Aldersgate is about one

hundred and twenty years old, and yet being beautified, as I have said, on the occasion of King James's entry, looks very handsome.

Aldgate was very ancient and decay'd, so that As old as Aldgate, was a city proverb for many years; but this gate was re-built also, upon the triumphant entry of K. James I. and looks still very well; on the east side of this gate are two statues in stone, representing two men, from the waste upward, and in armour, throwing down two great stones, supposing it to be on an enemy assaulting the gate, which I mention, because some time ago, one of these men in armour, whether tired with holding it so long, or dreaming of enemies assaulting the gate, our authors do not inform us; but he threw down the stone, or rather let it fall, after having held it upwards of an hundred years; but, as it happened, it did no harm.

Most of these gates are given by the city to the chief of the officers of the city to live in, and the houses are very convenient dwellings.

Temple-Bar is the only gate which is erected at the extent of the city liberties, and this was occasioned by some needful ceremonies at the proclaiming any King or Queen of England, at which time the gates are shut; the Herald at Arms knocks hard at the door, the sheriffs of the city call back, asking who is there? Then the herald answers, "I come to proclaim," &, according to the name of the prince who is to succeed to the crown, and repeating the titles of Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c. at which the sheriffs open, and bid them welcome, and so they go on to the Exchange, where they make the last proclamation.

This gate is adorned with the figures of kings below, and traytors above, the heads of several criminals executed for treason being set up there; the statues below are of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. King Charles I. and II. and this is the fourth statue of King Charles II. which is to be seen in the city of London, besides his picture nobly done at full length, which was set up formerly in the Guild-Hall.

There are in London, and the far extended bounds, which I now call so, notwithstanding we are a nation of liberty, more publick and private prisons, and houses of confinement, than any city in Europe, perhaps as many as in all the capital cities of Europe put together; for example:

Public GAOLS.

The Tower.
Newgate.
Ludgate.
King's Bench.
The Fleet.
Bridewell.

Marshalseas.
The Gatehouse.
Two Counters in the city.
One Counter in the Burrough.
St. Martin's le Grand.
The Clink, formerly the prison to the Stews.
Whitechapel.
Finsbury.
The Dutchy.
St. Katherines.
Bale-Dock.
Little-Ease.
New Prison.
New-Bridewell.
Tottil-Fields Bridewell
Five night prisons, called

Round-houses, &c.

Tolerated PRISONS.
Bethlem or Bedlam.
One hundred and nineteen

Spunging Houses.
Fifteen Private Mad-Houses.
The King's Messengers Houses.
The Sergeant at Arms's Officers

Houses.
The Black Rod Officers-Houses.
Cum aliis.

Three Pest-houses.
The Admiralty Officers

Houses.
Tip-staffs Houses.
Chancery Officers Houses.

N.B. All these private houses of confinement, are pretended to be little purgatories, between prison and liberty, places of advantage for the keeping prisoners at their own request, till they can get friends to deliver them, and so avoid going into publick prisons; tho' in some of them, the extortion is such, and the accommodation so bad, that men choose to be carried away directly.

This has often been complained of, and hopes had of redress; but the rudeness and avarice of the officers prevails, and the oppression is sometimes very great; but that by the way.

In a word; To sum up my description of London, take the following heads;

There are in this great mass of buildings thus called London,

Two cathedrals. Four choirs for musick-wor-

ship.

One hundred and thirty five

parish churches.

Nine new churches unfinished,

being part of fifty appointed

to be built.

Sixty nine chapels where the

Church of England service

is perform'd.

Two churches at Deptford,

taken into the limits now

describ'd.

Twenty eight foreign

churches

Besides Dissenters meetings of

all persuasions;

Popish chapels; and

One Jews synagogue.
There are also, thirteen

hospitals, besides lesser charities,

call’d Alms-houses, of which

they reckon above a hundred,

many of which have

chapels for divine service.
Three colleges.
Twenty-seven publick prisons.
Eight publick schools, called

Free Schools.
Eighty three Charity Schools.
Fourteen markets for flesh.
Two for live cattle, besides

two herb-markets.
Twenty three other markets,

as describ’d.
Fifteen Inns of Court.
Four fairs.
Twenty seven squares, besides

those within any single

building, as the Temple,

Somerset House, &
Five publick bridges.
One town-house, or Guild-

Hall.
One Royal Exchange.

Two other Exchanges only for

shops.
One Custom-house.
Three Artillery Grounds.
Four Pest-houses.
Two bishops palaces;

and
Three royal palaces.

Having dwelt thus long in the city, I mean properly called so, I must be the shorter in my account of other things.

The Court end of the town, now so prodigiously increased, as is said before, would take up a volume by itself, and, indeed, whole volumes are written on the subject.

The king's palace, tho' the receptacle of all the pomp and glory of Great Britain, is really mean, in comparison of the rich furniture within, I mean the living furniture, the glorious Court of the King of Great Britain: The splendor of the nobility, the wealth and greatness of the attendants, the oeconomy of the house, and the real grandeur of the whole royal family, out-does all the Courts of Europe, even that of France itself, as it is now managed since the death of Lewis the Great.

But the palace of St. James's is, I say, too mean, and only seems to be honoured with the Court, while a more magnificent fabrick may be erected, where the King of England usually resided, I mean at White-Hall.

The ruins of that old palace, seem to predict, that the time will come, when that Phoenix shall revive, and when a building shall be erected there, suiting the majesty and magnificence of the British princes, and the riches of the British nation.

Many projects have been set on foot for the re-building the antient palace of White-hall; but most of them have related rather to a fund for raising the money, than a model for the building: But as I once saw a model for the palace itself, know its author, and when it was proposed, and that I still believe that scheme will, at last, be the ground-plot of the work itself, I believe it will not be disagreeable to give a brief account of the design.

A SCHEME FOR A ROYAL PALACE IN THE
PLACE OF WHITE-HALL

First, it was proposed, That the whole building should be of Portland stone, and all the front be exactly after the model of the Banquetting House, with such alterations only, as the length and height of the building made necessary.

That the first floor of the building should be raised from the present surface, at least eight feet, as the present building of the Banquetting House now is.

That the whole building should make four fronts, one to the water-side and one to the canal in the park, a third to the north facing Charing-Cross, and the fourth to the south facing King-street in Westminster.

That every front should contain 400 yards, or 1200 feet, in length; that there should be four areas or squares in the inside of the building, the first from the north entrance to be oblong, taking up the whole length of the building from east to west, and that then a long building should cross the whole work, eighty feet broad, and from the east range one thousand feet broad to the west; and in the middle of which, should be a great arch or gate looking to the south gate of the palace: That the other side of the palace be divided into three squares, having two ranges of buildings to run cross them from south to north, and each range to joyn the great range of building which runs from east to west.

That the whole building be withdrawn from the river so far, at least, as where the statue of King James II. now stands, and a spacious terras to be carried on into the Thames twelve feet beyond low-water-mark, and over the river a handsome foot-bridge of twelve great arches only, with a causeway at the end over St. George's Fields; That the terras and space between the palace and the water, be made into a fine garden, with an orangery on the north side, reaching to the edge of the terras so effectually, as it may cover the garden from the view of any of the buildings on the Strand side, and a royal *bagnio* at the other end likewise, to cover the necessary buildings for the kitchins which are behind it.

For the extent north, 'tis proposed, That all the buildings be taken down to the wall of Northumberland House, on that side; and to the north side of the Spring Garden, opposite to Suffolk-street and the Hay-Market on the other side; so the front of the building that way, will extend from the hither part of Scotland-yard-Gate, to Prince Rupert's Garden, and the gate of the palace being in the center of the building, will open in that which is now called the Spring Garden.

One gate of the palace opening thus north, a ballustrade of iron, like that which surrounds St. Paul's Church, should take in a large parade, reaching to the Meuse-Gate, a space for the street only excepted, and in proportion the other way towards Pail-Mall; and here on the east side, and on the west side, two large guard-houses should be erected, fitted, the one for the horse guards, and the other for the foot, both within the ballustrade, but without the palace, and two smaller

guard-houses for detachments of both, be likewise placed on the south side, all at a proper distance from the main building, and all low built.

The canal in the park would be necessarily filled up for about a hundred yards, for the extent of the building that way; the street that now is, must, at the same time, be turned, and a large street for communication with Westminster, be allowed to cross the park from the Pail-Mall south, towards Westminster, to come out at the new iron gate, now leading to Queen's-Square and Tottil-street; but no houses to be built in it, and four gates in the said street, to lead over the street, from the first floor of the palace, by galleries into the park; All buildings adjoining to the park to be taken down, nor any private doors or keys to be allowed; a stone wall of twenty feet high and eight feet thick, to be built round the park, and the park to be extended west, by taking in Buckingham House, with its gardens.

In this building, the proposer's scheme was, To have all the offices of the King's Exchequer, the Revenue, the Council, the Secretaries of State, the Admiralty, the Courts of Justice, and both Houses of Parliament, contain'd within the palace, as was the usage in former times.

To this purpose, the cross range of buildings, going from east to west, through the center of the palace, and looking into the great oblong court, which would contain a thousand feet, exclusive of the east and west fronts, and of the great arch or gate in the center, should be divided thus; That part on the east side of the gate to contain two spacious rooms, one for the House of Peers, the other for the House of Commons, with sufficient offices, galleries of communication, rooms of conference for committees, a court of requests, &c. for the use of the members, and rooms for all other occasions of Parliament business.

The west part of this great range of building to contain a hall, as Westminster-Hall now is, with proper separated courts for the King's Bench, Chancery, Common-Pleas, and Exchequer-Bars, and a distinct court fix'd, and suitably prepared, for tryals of peers or others, by the House of Lords, notwithstanding which, this court would be sufficiently large to celebrate the Coronation feast, with all its ceremonies, the building being from the middle arch to the west range of buildings, five hundred feet long at least, and one hundred feet broad.

Thus the king's Court of Justice, his High Court of Parliament, and all the affairs of the Administration, would be managed within his own house, as it anciently was; and as the two cross ranges of buildings, which form'd the three courts on the south side of the Parliament House and Hall of Justice, would be very large, they would afford room for the Lord Chamberlain's Office, the Admiralty, the War Office, the Green-Cloth, the Wardrobe Office, and all the other family offices, too many to name here.

Then the main range of building on the north side of the palace, should contain (because nearest the city) the Treasury Office, the Secretary's Offices, the Council Chambers, and the Exchequer Offices.

The apartments of the other three ranges to be wholly taken up with the king's houshold: for example;

For the royal apartments, being the king's lodgings, rooms of state and audience, the closet, the oratory, and all the rooms belonging to the apartment of a king; this to take up the east range, fronting the terras garden and the Thames, and looking directly towards the city.

The queen s lodgings to be in the east end of the south range, fronting the City of Westminster; but between the said city and the lodgings, the queen's garden to be extended from the terras garden mentioned before, to a wall joining a passage from Westminster to the south gate, which wall begins at the iron ballustrade and gate of the great parade before the south entrance of the palace, and ends at the outer stone wall, which surrounds the garden and park. The family for the royal children, to take up the west end of the said south range of buildings, with the like garden also, and a gate joyning the two walls in the middle of the passage, leading to the south gate of the palace, by which, with an easy ascent of steps, a communication should be made between the said two gardens.

The west rouge of buildings fronting the park, should be divided also into two parts, the first being the north end, to consist of royal apartments for the entertainment of foreign princes and foreign ambassadors, at the pleasure of the king, and the other half, or south end to be called the Prince's Lodgings, and to be for the Prince of Wales for the time being, and his family.

The great arch in the center of the whole, and in the middle of the long range of buildings, to support a large church or chapel royal, for the service of all the houshold, and for preaching before the Houses of Parliament on publick days, as is now at St. Margaret's and at the Abbey: over this church a large dome or cupola of stone, covered with copper and double gilded.

At the two angles of the building, fronting the river, two private chapels, the one for the queen and her houshold, and the other for the king and his houshold, and either of these to support a dome covered with copper and gilded, as before, tho' smaller than the other, with a large lanthorn on the top, and a small spire, all of stone.

The fronts to have pavilions and pediments in their proper places; the whole work to be built with the utmost regularity, in the Corinthian order of building, and with all possible beauty and ornament.

The galleries of the royal chapel to be supported with pillars of marble, of the finest and most beautiful workmanship also, the E. end of the building, the altar

and balustrade of the same, also niches, with their columns, and pediments of the same, and two pillars of the finest marble, eighteen feet high, standing single, one on each side the steps to the communion table, and on them two statues of the apostles St. Paul and St. Peter, or as the king shall direct, the statues to be large as the life, the capitals of the columns gilded.

All the carv'd work in the walls, and round the cornish, and architrave within and without, double gilded; the ceiling of the chapel to contain one great oval, the rim of it of stone, carved as at St. Paul's, and gilded, and the middle painted by the best masters, with either a figure of the ascention or the resurrection, the device to be new.

All the carved work in wood, and mouldings, and cornish in the quire and over the stalls, to be double gilded, as likewise of the organ and organ loft.

All the gates and door cases in the out-sides of the work, with all the columns and carv'd work belonging to them, especially the north and south gates, and the two fronts of the great arch in the middle, to be of the finest marble.

All the chimneys and foot paces before them, to be of marble of divers colours, as well English as foreign: The steps, also, of the king and queen's great stair-cases to be of marble, all the other stair-cases to be of the finest free-stone, fetch'd from Stamford in Lincolnshire, where is the whitest stone in England, and to be built as the stair-case in that called the Queen's House at Greenwich; no wood to be allowed in any of the stair-cases, except for wainscotting up the side.

All the great stair-cases to be painted in the most curious manner possible, as also the ceilings of all the royal apartments, as well the queen's as the king's.

An equestrian statue of the king in the center of one half of the first great court, and the like of the late King William, in the other half.

Large fountains to be kept constantly playing in the smaller courts, and in the terras garden.

Buckingham-House to be bought, and taken in, to be made a royal lodge for the park, with an observatory, and a chamber of rarities: And Marlborough House to be bought, and be made a green-house for exotick plants, and all botannick rarities, and the old royal garden to be again restored, laid open to the park, and be a planted orangery; all the orange and lemon trees to be planted in the earth, so as not to be removed in the winter, but covered and secured separately, as at Beddington in Surrey.

A large building to be added under the wall in the park, next to Tottil-street, Westminster, with separate wards for keeping the lyons and other the strange and foreign bred brutes, which are now kept in the Tower, and care to be taken to furnish it with all the rarities of that kind that the world can procure, with fowls, also, of the like foreign kinds.

A royal bagnio annexed to the green-house in the terras garden, like that for the ladies in the queen's garden; but both distant from the palace.

A large alottment from the lodgings at the two ends of the N. and E. ranges, for the king's kitchens, which should have also an additional range of low buildings, separate from the palace, and running down to the water-side; this building would stand just between the terras garden wall, which should hide it, and the wall of Northumberland House: And here (a dock being made for that purpose) all heavy things, needful for the kitchens, and for the whole palace, should be brought in by water; as coals, and wood, and beer, and wine, &c. at the east end, and the prince's at the west end; the kitchens for the queen and the younger princes or childrens apartments, to be at the other extremes of their respective appartments.

Every range of building to have double rows of rooms on the same floor; but the royal apartments to have also a long gallery behind them, reaching the whole length, the one end to joyn to the Treasury Office and Council Chamber in the north range, and the other end to reach the queen's royal lodgings at the south range; on the east side of this gallery and in the peers, between the windows on the west side, should be placed, all the fine paintings that the Court are possess'd of, or that can be procur'd.

In the north west angle of the building, a large room or rooms for the royal library, with apartments for the library keeper; galleries in the great room to come at the books, and a cupola upon the top.

In the south west angle, a like repository for the records, as well of the Exchequer as of Parliament, with apartments for the record-keeper, or register, and a dome over it as at the other angle.

The north and south gates of the palace to be embellished in the most exquisite manner possible, and the statues of the king and prince over the arch wrought in marble, in the finest manner possible; the gates to rise twenty five feet above the building, with an attick, and such other work as shall be contrived for the utmost beauty and ornament.

The great stair-cases to be in the angles of the building, built projecting into the squares, that of the king's apartment, to open into the first court, and into the garden also, and in the like manner the queen's stair-case, at the other side, to open into the little square and into the privy gardens.

The stair-cases to land upon the galleries, before they enter the apartments, and for that reason, to be in the inside of the building, and to be distinct from it, to prevent taking up any of the apartments of the angles, which are appointed for other purposes; in the middle of the long's great gallery, doors should be made, leading into the great middle range of buildings; by one of which, his majesty may enter a gallery leading to the House of Lords, and by the other, enter thro'

another gallery to the chapel royal: In the great gallery and in the hall, sixteen large bouffetts or cupboards of gold and gilt plate of all kinds, to be set open on publick days.

Likewise by these doors, the king will hare ready access to all the offices, to all the lodgings, and through the gates formerly mention'd, crossing the great New Street, which have steps to pass over their arches, and descend into the park.

This, indeed, is but an embryo; but it must be confessed, it would be a magnificent building, and would very well suit the grandeur of the British Court: Here a King of Great Britain would live like himself, and half the world would run over to see and wonder at it.

This whole building, the person projecting it, offered to finish, that is to say, all the out-side work, masonry and bricklayers work, with plaisterers, glasiers, plumbers, carpenters and joyners work, carvers, stone-cutters, copper work, iron work, and lead, including ballustrade and fine gates, and, in a word, the whole palace, except painting, gilding, gardening and waterworks, for two million three hundred thousand pounds, the king giving timber, but the undertaker to cut it down, and bring it to the place, the king giving the Portland stone also, and bringing it by water to the place.

Also the king to lay in four thousand blocks of Italian marble of the usual dimensions, the builder to make all the imagery that are to be made of stone; but the king to be at the charge of the equestrian statues in brass; the builder to form all the fountains and basins for the water-works; but all the pipes, vasa, busts, and statues in the gardens, to be at the king's expence.

But I return to the description of things which really exist, and are not imaginary: As the court is now stated, all the offices and places for business are scattered about.

The Parliament meets, as they ever did, while the Court was at Westminster, in the king's old palace, and there are the courts of justice also, and the officers of the Exchequer, nor can it be said, however convenient the place is made for them; but that it has a little an air of venerable, tho' ruin'd antiquity: What is the Court of Requests, the Court of Wards, and the Painted Chamber, tho' lately repair'd, but the corps of the old English Grandeur laid in state?

The whole, it is true, was anciently the king's palace or royal house, and it takes up full as much ground as the new palace, which I have given a scheme of, would do, except only the gardens and parks, the space before it, which is still called Palace-yard, is much greater than that which would be at the north gate of the palace of White-hall, as proposed. The gardens, indeed, were not large, but not despicable neither, being the same where my Lord Halifax's house and gardens now are, and took up all the ground which we see now built upon between the

river and the old palace, where the tellers of the Exchequer, as well as the auditor, have handsome dwellings and gardens also.

But, alas! as I say, tho' they seem now even in their ruins, great; yet compared to the beauty and elegancy of modern living, and of royal buildings in this age, what are they!

The royal apartments, the prince's lodgings, the great officers apartments, what are they now, but little offices for clerks, rooms for coffee-houses, auctions of pictures, pamphlet and toy-shops?

Even St. Stephen's Chapel, formerly the royal chapel of the palace, but till lately beautify'd for the convenience of the House of Commons, was a very indifferent place, old and decay'd: The House of Lords is a venerable old place, indeed; but how mean, how incoherent, and how straitned are the several avenues to it, and rooms about it? the matted gallery, the lobby, the back ways the king goes to it, how short are they all of the dignity of the place, and the glory of a King of Great Britain, with the Lords and Commons, that so often meet there?

Some attempts were made lately, to have restored the decrepid circumstances of this part of the building, and orders were given to Mr. Benson, then surveyor of the king's buildings, to do his part towards it; but it was directed so ill, or understood so little, that some thought he was more likely to throw the old fabrick down, than to set it to rights, for which ignorance and vanity, 'tis said, some have not fared as they deserv'd.

It is true, the sitting of the Parliament is by the order of the Houses themselves, accommodated as well as the place will admit; but how much more beautiful it would be in such a building, as is above contrived, I leave to the contriver to describe and to other people to judge.

Come we next to Westminster-Hall; 'tis true, it is a very noble Gothick building, ancient, vastly large, and the finest roof of its kind in England, being one hundred feet wide; but what a wretched figure does it make without doors; the front, a vast pinacle or pedement, after the most ancient and almost forgotten part of the Gothick way of working; the building itself, resembles nothing so much as a great barn of three hundred feet long, and really looks like a barn at a distance.

Nay, if we view the whole building from without doors, 'tis like a great pile of something, but a stranger would be much at a loss to know what; and whether it was a house, or a church, or, indeed, a heap of churches; being huddled all together, with differing and distant roofs, some higher, some lower, some standing east and west, some north and south, and some one way, and some another.

The Abbey, or Collegiate Church of Westminster, stands next to this; a venerable old pile of building, it is indeed, but so old and weak, that had it not

been taken in hand some years ago, and great cost bestowed in upholding and repairing it, we might, by this time, have called it a heap, not a pile, and not a church, but the ruins of a church.

But it begins to stand upon new legs now, and as they continue to work upon the repairs of it, the face of the whole building will, in a short while, be intirely new.

This is the repository of the British kings and nobility, and very fine monuments are here seen over the graves of our ancient monarchs; the particulars are too long to enter into here, and are so many times described by several authors, that it would be a vain repetition to enter upon it here; besides, we have by no means any room for it.

The monarchs of Great Britain are always crown'd here, even King James II. submitted to it, and to have it perform'd by a Protestant bishop. It is observable, that our kings and queens make always two solemn visits to this church, and very rarely, if ever, come here any more, viz. to be crown'd and to be buried.

Two things I must observe here, and with that I close the account of it. 1. 'Tis very remarkable, that the royal vault, in which the English royal family was laid, was filled up with Queen Ann; so that just as the family was extinct above, there was no room to have buried any more below. 2. It is become such a piece of honour to be buried in Westminster-Abbey, that the body of the church begins to be crowded with the bodies of citizens, poets, seamen, and parsons, nay, even with very mean persons, if they have but any way made themselves known in the world; so that in time, the royal ashes will be thus mingled with common dust, that it will leave no room either for king or common people, or at least not for their monuments, some of which also are rather pompously foolish, than solid and to the purpose.

Near to this church is the Royal Free-School, the best of its kind in England, not out-done either by Winchester or Eaton, for a number of eminent scholars.

The antiquities of this church, for it is very ancient, are published by two or three several authors; but are particularly to be seen in Dugdale's *Monasticon.* The revenues of it were very great, and the abbot sat as a spiritual peer in the House of Lords. The revenues are still very large, and the dean is generally Bishop of Rochester; the fate of the late bishop I desire to bury with him, who is gone to oblivion. The Dean and Chapter have still great privileges as well as revenues, and particularly the civil government, or temporal jurisdiction of the city of Westminster, is so far in them, that the High-Steward and the High-Bailiff are named by them absolutely, without any reserve either to king or people. Their present High-Steward is the Earl of Arran, brother to the late Duke of Ormond, and their High-Bailiff, is William Norris, Esq.

Being got into this part of Westminster, I shall finish it as I go, that I may not return; 'Tis remarkable, that the whole city, called properly, Westminster, and standing on the S. side of the park, is but one parish, and is the only city of one parish in England. There is now another great church erected, or rather erecting, by the commissioners for building fifty new churches; but they have been strangely mistaken in the situation, which is a fenny marshy ground, and it is not found so able to support the weight as, perhaps, they were told it would; I say no more. The building was very curious, especially the roof; but the towers are not so beautiful as it is thought was intended, the foundation not being to be trusted.

The Earl of Peterborough's house stands at the extremity of the buildings, and is the point of measurement for the length of London, which from that house to Lime-house, is reckoned seven miles and a quarter, and some rods: This house might have been a monitor for the builders of the new church, for they tell us it has sunk several yards, since it was first built, tho' this I do not affirm.

There are" three chapels of ease to St. Margaret's in this part of Westminster, besides that, great numbers of people go to the Abbey, so that there is no want of churches. There is but one meeting-house in this whole part, which is called Calamy's Meeting, and was formerly supplied by Mr. Stephen Lobb, who, tho' a Dissenter, lived and died a Jacobite.

The Cottonian Library is kept here in an ancient building, near Westminster-Hall gate; we were told it would be removed to the royal library, and then, that it would be removed to a house to be built on purpose; but we see neither yet in hand. This is one of the most valuable collections in Britain, and, the Bodleian Library excepted, is, perhaps, the best: It has in it some books and manuscripts invaluable for their antiquity; but I have not room so much as to enter upon giving an account of the particulars.

This part of Westminster has but one street, which gives it a communication with London, and this is called King-street, a long, dark, dirty and very inconvenient passage; but there seems to be no remedy for it, for most passengers get out of it through the Privy Garden, and some by private passages into the park, as at Locket's, at the Cock-Pit, and the new gate from Queen's-Square; but these are all upon sufferance.

From hence we come through two very handsome, tho' ancient gates, into the open palace before White-Hall and the Banqueting-house.

Having mentioned White-Hall already, I have nothing more to say of it, but that it was, and is not, but may revive. There is, doubtless, a noble situation, fit to contain a royal palace, equal to Versailles; but I have given you my thoughts on that subject at large.

Nor can I dwell here upon a description of his majesty's Court, or an account of the politicks managed there; it does not relate to this work; let it suffice to say, his majesty resides, especially all the winter, at St. James's; but the business of the government, is chiefly carried on at the Cock-pit: This is a royal building, was once part of White-hall, first the Duke of Monmouth lived in it, then Prince George of Denmark and his princess, afterwards Queen Ann, and since the fire at White-Hall, the Treasury, the Secretary's office, the Council Chamber, the Board of Trade, and the Lord Chamberlain, hold all their particular offices here; and here there is also, a by-way out of Duke-street into the park.

From thence we come to the Horse Guards, a building commodious enough, built on purpose, as a barrack for a large detachment of the Horse-Guards, who keep their post here, while attending on duty; over it are offices for payment of the troops, and a large court of judicature, for holding councils of war, for tryal of deserters and others, according to the articles of war.

In the same range of buildings, stood the Admiralty Office, built by the late King William; but tho' in itself a spacious building, is found so much too narrow now the business is so much increased, and as there is a sufficient piece of spare ground behind it, to inlarge the building, we find a new and spacious office is now building in the same place, which shall be sufficient to all the uses required.

This office is, perhaps, of the most importance of any of the publick parts of the administration, the royal navy being the sinews of our strength, and the whole direction of it being in the hands of the commissioners for executing this office. The Navy and the Victualling Offices, are but branches of this administration, and receive their orders from hence, as likewise the docks and yards receive their orders from the navy: the whole being carried on with the most exquisite order and dispatch. The Admiralty has been in commission ever since the death of Prince George; the present commissioners are,

Right Honourable James Earl of Berkeley.
Sir John Jennings.
John Cockburn, Esq;
William Chetwynd, Esq;
Sir John Norris.
Sir Charles Wager.
Daniel Pultney, Esq;

From this part of the town, we come into the publick streets, where nothing is more remarkable than the hurries of the people; Charing-Cross is a mixture of Court and city; Man's Coffee-house is the Exchange Alley of this part of the town, and 'tis perpetually throng'd with men of business, as the others are with men of play and pleasure.

From hence advancing a little, we see the great equestrian statue of King Charles the First in brass, a costly, but a curious piece; however, it serves sufficiently, to let us know who it is, and why erected there. The circumstances are two, he faces the place where his enemies[1] triumph'd over him, and triumphs, that is, tramples in the place where his murtherers were hang'd.[2]

From this place due north, are the king's stables, called the Meuse, where the king's horses, especially his coach-horses, are kept, and the coaches of state are set up; it is a very large place, and takes up a great deal of ground, more than is made use of: It contains two large squares, besides an out-let east, where is the managerie for teaching young gentlemen to ride the great saddle; in the middle of the first court is a smith or farryer's house and shop, a pump and horse-pond, and I see little else remarkable, but old scatter'd buildings; and, indeed, this place standing where a noble square of good buildings might be erected, I do not wonder that they talk of pulling it down, contracting the stables into less room, and building a square of good houses there, which would, indeed, be a very great improvement, and I doubt not will be done.

On the right side of the street, coming from White-Hall, is Northumberland-House, so called, because belonging to the Northumberland family for some ages; but descending to the Duke of Somerset in right of marriage, from the late dutchess, heiress of the house of Piercy.

'Tis an ancient, but a very good house, the only misfortune of its situation is, its standing too near the street; the back part of the house is more modern and beautiful than the front, and when you enter the first gate, you come into a noble square fronting the fine lodgings: Tis a large and very well design'd building, and fit to receive a retinue of one hundred in family; nor does the duke's family come so far short of the number, as not very handsomely to fill the house.

The present duke having married the greatest heiress in Britain, and enjoy'd her and the estate for above forty years, and besides, having been master of the horse many years also, he is immensely rich, and very well merits the good fortune he has met with.

Advancing thence to the Hay-Market, we see, first, the great new theatre, a very magnificent building, and perfectly accom-

modated for the end for which it was built, tho' the entertainment there of late, has been chiefly operas and balls.

These meetings are called BALLS, the word *masquerade* not being so well relished by the English, who, tho' at first fond of the novelty, began to be sick of the thing on many accounts; However, as I cannot in justice say any thing to recommend them, and am by no means, to make this work be a satyr upon any thing; I choose to say no more; but go on.

From hence westward and northward, lie those vastly extended buildings, which add so exceedingly to the magnitude of the whole body, and of which I have already said so much: It would be a task too great for this work, to enter into a description of all the fine houses, or rather palaces of the nobility in these parts: To touch them superficially, and by halves, is too much to imitate what I complain of in others, and as I design a particular account of all the houses of the nobility and men of quality in London, and the country fifteen miles round, in a work by itself; I bespeak my readers patience, and go on.

The hospitals in and about the city of London, deserve a little further observation, especially those more remarkable for their magnitude, as,

I. Bethlem or Bedlam: This and Bridewell, indeed, go together, for though they are two several houses, yet they are incorporated together, and have the same governors; also the president, treasurer, clerk, physician and apothecary are the same; but the stewards and the revenue are different, and so are the benefactions; but to both very great.

The orders for the government of the hospital of Bethlem are exceeding good, and a remarkable instance of the good disposition of the gentlemen concerned in it, especially these that follow;

That no person, except the proper officers who tend them, be allowed to see the lunaticks of a Sunday.

That no person be allowed to give the lunaticks strong drink, wine, tobacco or spirits, or to sell any such thing in the hospital.

That no servant of the house shall take any money given to any of the lunaticks to their own use; but that it shall be carefully kept for them till they are recovered, or laid out for them in such things as the committee approves.

That no officer or servant shall beat or abuse, or offer any force to any lunatick; but on absolute necessity. The rest of the orders are for the good government of the house.

This hospital was formerly in the street now called Old Bedlam, and was very ancient and ruinous: The new building was erected at the charge of the city in 1676, and is the most beautiful structure for such a use that is in the world, and was finished from its foundation in fifteen months; it was said to be taken ill at the Court of France, that it was built after the fashion of one of the King of France’s palaces.

The number of people who are generally under cure in this hospital, is from 130 to 150 at a time.

There are great additions now making to this hospital, particularly for the relief and subsistence of incurables, of which no full account can be given, because they are not yet finished, or the full revenue ascertained: The first benefactor and

author of this design itself, was Sir William Withers late alderman, and who had been lord mayor, who left 500*l* . to begin it with.

II. The hospital of Bridewell, as it is an hospital, so it is also a house of correction. The house was formerly the king's city palace; but granted to the city to be in the nature of what is now called a work-house, and has been so employed, ever since the year 1555.

As idle persons, vagrants, &c. are committed to this house for correction, so there are every year, several poor lads brought up to handicraft trades, as apprentices, and of these the care is in the governors, who maintain them out of the standing revenues of the house.

There are two other Bridewells, properly so called, that is to say, houses of correction; one at Clarkenwell, called New Prison, being the particular Bridewell for the county of Middlesex, and another in Tuttle-fields, for the city of Westminster.

The other city hospitals, are the Blue-coat Hospital for poor freemens orphan children, and the two hospitals for sick and maimed people, as St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's: These three are so well known by all people that have seen the city of London, and so universally mention'd by all who have written of it, that little can be needful to add; however I shall say something as an abridgment.

III. Christ's Hospital was originally constituted by King Edward VI. who has the honour of being the founder of it, as also of Bridewell; but the original design was, and is owing to the lord mayor and aldermen of London, and the Christian endeavours of that glorious martyr, Dr. Ridley then Bishop of London, who never ceased moving his charitable master, the king, till he brought him to join in the foundation. The design is for entertaining, educating, nourishing and bringing up the poor children of the citizens, such as, their parents being dead, or fathers, at least, have no way to be supported, but are reduced to poverty.

Of these, the hospital is now so far increased in substance, by the benefactions of worthy gentlemen contributors, they now maintain near a thousand, who have food, cloathing and instruction, useful and sufficient learning, and exceeding good discipline; and at the proper times they are put out to trades, suitable to their several genius's and capacities, and near five thousand pounds a year are expended on this charity.

IV. St. Bartholomew's Hospital adjoyns to Christ Church, and St. Thomas's is in Southwark, both which, however, being the same in kind, their description may come under one head, tho' they are, indeed, two foundations, and differently incorporated: The first founder is esteem'd to be King Henry VIII. whose statue in stone and very well done, is, for that very reason, lately erected in the new front, over the entrance to the Cloyster in West-Smithfield: The king gave 500 marks a

year, towards the support of the house, which was then founded for an hundred poor sick, and the city was obliged to add 500 marks a year more to it.

From this small beginning, this hospital rose to the greatness we now see it arrived at, of which take the following account for one year, viz. 1718;

Cur'd and discharg'd, of sick, maimed and wounded,

from all parts
}
3088

Buried at the expence of the house

198

Remaining under cure

513

V. St. Thomas's Hospital in Southwark, has a different foundation, but to the same purpose; it is under the same government, viz. the lord mayor, aldermen and commonalty of the city of London, and had a revenue of about 2000*l* . per annum, about 100 years ago.

This hospital has received greater benefactions than St. Bartholomew's; but then 'tis also said to have suffered greater losses, especially by several great fires in Southwark and elsewhere, as by the necessity of expensive buildings, which, notwithstanding the charitable gifts of divers great benefactors, has cost the hospital great sums. The state of this hospital is so advanced at this time, that in the same year as above, viz. 1718, the state of the house was as follows;

Cur'd and discharg'd, of sick, wounded and maimed,

from all parts
}
3608

Buried at the expence of the house

216

Remaining under cure

Adjoining to this of St. Thomas's, is lately laid a noble foundation of a new hospital, by the charitable gift and single endowment of one person, and, perhaps, the greatest of its kind, next to that of Button's Hospital, that ever was founded in this nation by one person, whether private or publick, not excepting the kings themselves.

This will, I suppose, be called Guy's Hospital, being to be built and endowed at the sole charge of one Mr. Thomas Guy, formerly a bookseller in Lombard Street, who lived to see the said hospital not only design'd, the ground purchased and cleared, but the building begun, and a considerable progress made in it, and died while these sheets were in the press. It was not till this gentleman died, that the world were told it was to be a separate hospital; but it was generally understood to have been intended for a ward, or an addition to the old hospital of St. Thomas's, for the reception of such as were accounted incurable.

But when Mr. Guy died, his will being made publick, it appeared, that it was really a separate, independent and distinct hospital, under distinct governors, and for a separate purpose, to wit, for receiving such poor persons as have been dismissed from other hospitals as incurable.

Nor are these restrained to the patients of the adjoining hospital of St. Thomas only; but they are allowed to receive such from St. Bartholomew's also, and also from Bethlehem, only with this restriction as to the latter, That the number of incurable lunaticks shall never exceed twenty at a time. This hospital is, by Mr. Guy's will, to consist of two great squares of buildings, in which, besides the offices and accommodation for necessary servants and overseers, who must be lodg'd in the house, such as stewards, treasurer, masters, matrons, nurses, &c. are to be beds and appartments furnished for four hundred patients, who are all to be supplied with lodging and attendance, food and physick.

What the revenue, when settled, will be; what the building will amount to when finished; what the purchase of the land, and what the expence of finishing and furnishing it, cannot be estimated, 'till it be further look'd into; but we are told without doors, that besides all the expence of purchase, building, furnishing and finishing as above; there will be left more than two hundred thousand pounds for endowing the hospital with a settled revenue, for maintaining the said poor, and yet the charitable founder was so immensely rich, that besides leaving four hundred pounds a year to the Blue-coat Hospital of London, and besides building an hospital for fourteen poor people at Tamworth in Staffordshire, where he was chosen representative; and besides several considerable charities which he had

given in his life-time; He also gave away, in legacies, to his relations and others, above a hundred thousand pound more, among which 'tis observable, That there is a thousand pounds a piece given to near eighty several persons, most of them of his own relations; so that he cannot, as has been said by some, be said to give a great charity to the poor, and forget his own family. How Mr. Guy amass'd all this wealth, having been himself in no publick employment or office of trust, or profit, and only carrying on the trade of a bookseller, till within a few years of his death, that is not the business of this book; 'tis enough to say, he was a thriving, frugal man, who God was pleased exceedingly to bless, in whatever he set his hand to, knowing to what good purposes he laid up his gains: He was never married, and lived to be above eighty years old; so that the natural improvements of this money, by common interest, after it was first grown to a considerable bulk, greatly increased the sum.

This hospital is left to the immediate direction of his executors, and the governors, named in his will, who are at present most of them, if not all, governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, and he has appointed them to apply to his majesty and the Parliament to have them incorporated. The executors are as follows;

Sir Gregory Page, Bart, ap-

pointed also to be first presi-

dent of the corporation,

when obtained.
Charles Joy, Esq; appointed

also treasurer of the house.
William Clayton, Esq;
Mr. Thomas Hollis Sen.
John Kenrick, Esq;
John Lade, Esq;
Dr. Richard Mead
Moses Raper, Esq;
Mr. John Sprint.

Also he desires, That when the corporation shall be obtained as above, either by Letters Patent or Act of Parliament, all the nine persons named as above, to be

his executors, with the fourteen following, may be the first committee for managing the said charity, viz.

Mr. Benj. Braine, Sen.
Mr. Thomas Clarke
William Cole, Esq;
Dr. William Crow
Dr. Francis Fanquier
Dr. Edward Hulse
Mr. Joshua Gee
Mr. Matthew Howard
Mr. Samuel Lessingham
Mr. Henry Lovell
Mr. Samuel Monk
Mr. Joseph Price
Mr. Daniel Powell
Mr. Thomas Stiles.

Next to these hospitals, whose foundations are so great and magnificent, is the work-house, or city work-house, properly so called, which being a late foundation, and founded upon meer charity, without any settled endowment, is the more remarkable, for here are a very great number of poor children taken in, and supported and maintained, fed, cloath'd, taught, and put out to trades, and that at an exceeding expence, and all this without one penny revenue.

It is established, or rather the establishment of it, is supported by an old Act of Parliament, 13, 14. Car. II. impowering the citizens to raise contributions for the charge of employing the poor, and suppressing vagrants and beggars, and it is now, by the voluntary assistance and bounty of benefactors, become so considerable, that in the year 1715 they gave the following state of the house., viz.

Vagabonds, beggars, &c. taken into the house,

including fifty-five which remained at the end

of the preceding year

- - - - - - - - - - - -
}
418

Discharged, including such as were put out to

- -

}

356

Remaining in the house

62

Not one buried that whole year.

But the supplies and charities to this commendable work, have not of late come in so readily as they used to do, which has put the governors to some difficulties; upon which, anno 1614, the Common Council, by virtue of the powers above-mentioned, agreed to raise five thousand pounds upon the whole city, for the support of the house; but we do not find that any new demand has been made since that.

There are three considerable charities given by private persons in the city of Westminster, viz.

The Gray-coat Hospital, founded by a generous subscription or contribution; but chiefly by the charity of one —— Sands, Esq; It maintains 70 boys and 40 girls, cloathed, fed, and taught, and in some measure provided for, by being put out to trades.

The Green-coat Hospital, in the same Fields, founded by King Charles I. for poor fatherless children of St. Margaret's parish; and next to this hospital is the house of correction, or the Westminster Bridewell.

The Emanuel Hospital, founded by the Lady Ann Dacres, for ten poor men, and ten poor women, in the forty-third year of Queen Elizabeth. Near this, are seven several setts of alms-houses; but not of any magnitude to be called hospitals. There has been, also, a very noble hospital erected by contribution of the French refugees, for the maintenance of their poor: It stands near the Pest-house, in the foot-way to Islington in the parish of Cripplegate, and two ranges of new alms-houses in Kingsland Road beyond Shoreditch Church.

The hospital calPd the Charter House, or Sutton's Hospital, is not by this supposed to be forgot, or the honour of it lessened. On the other hand, it must be recorded for ever, to be the greatest and noblest gift that ever was given for charity, by any one man, publick or private, in this nation, since history gives us

any account of things; even not the great Bishop of Norwich excepted, who built the great church of Yarmouth, the cathedral at Norwich, and the church of St. Mary's at Lynn; The revenue of Mr. Sutton's hospital being, besides the purchase of the place, and the building of the house, and other expences, little less than 6ooo/. per annum revenue.

The Royal Hospitals at Greenwich and Chelsea, are also not mentioned in this account, as not being within the reach of the most extended bounds of the city of London.

These are the principal hospitals, the rest of smaller note are touch'd before; but it will not be a useless observation, nor altogether improper to take notice of it here, That this age has produced some of the most eminent acts of publick charity, and of the greatest value, I mean from private persons, that can be found in any age within the reach of our English history, excepting only that of Sutton's Hospital; and yet they tell us, that even that of Mr. Sutton's is exceeded in this of Mr. Guy's, considering that this gentleman gave a very noble gift to this same hospital before; besides that as before, he had left an hundred thousand pounds in private gifts among his own relations; as to children he had none, for he never was married.

The other benefactions, I speak of which this age had produced, are already touch'd at in this work, and may be referred to in the reading, such as Dr. Ratcliffs Gift, amounting to above forty thousand pounds to the university of Oxford: The gift of ten thousand pounds to Magdalen College in the same university, by their late representative; the several charities of Sir Robert Clayton, Alderman Ask, Sir Stephen Fox, Dr. Busby, Sir John Morden and others.

These, added to the innumerable number of alms-houses which are to be seen in almost every part of the city, make it certain, that there is no city in the world can shew the like number of charities from private hands, there being, as I am told, not less than twenty thousand people maintained of charity, besides the charities of schooling for children, and besides the collections yearly at the annual feasts of several kinds, where money is given for putting out children apprentices, &c. so that the Papists have no reason to boast, that there were greater benefactions and acts of charity to the poor given in their times, than in our Protestant times; and this is indeed, one of the principal reasons for my making mention of it in this place; for let any particular age be singled out, and let the charities of this age, that is to say, for about fifteen or twenty years past, and the sums of money bestowed by protestants in this nation on meer acts of charity to the poor, not reckoning gifts to the church, be cast up, it will appear they are greater by far, than would be found in England in any the like number of years, take the time when we will.

Nor do I conclude in this, the money collected by briefs all over England, upon casualties by fire, though that is an eminent act of charity as any can be; nor the money given either in publick or private, for re-building St. Paul's and other churches demolished by the Fire of London, or the augmentation of poor benefices by the bounty of Queen Ann, and many other such gifts. I come now to an account of new edifices and publick buildings, erected or erecting in and about London, since the writing the foregoing account; and with this I conclude.

The fine new church of St. Martin's in the Fields, with a very fine steeple, which they tell us is 215 feet high, all wholly built by the contribution of that great parish, and finished with the utmost expedition.

The new Admiralty Office near White-hall, being on the same ground where the old office stood; but much larger, being both longer in front and deeper backward, not yet finished.

Mr. Guy's new hospital for incurables, mentioned above, situated on ground purchased for that purpose, adjoyning to St. Thomas's Hospital in Southwark, being a most magnificent building not yet quite finished.

Two large wings to the hospital of Bedlam, appointed also for incurables; proposed first by the charitable disposition of Sir William Withers deceased; this also not yet finished.

A large new meeting-house in Spittle-fields, for the sect of Dissenters, call'd Baptists, or Antepsedo Baptists.

The South-Sea House in Threadneedle-street, the old house being intirely pulled down, and several other houses acijoyning being purchased, the whole building will be new from the foundation; this not finished.

Several very fine new churches, being part of the fifty churches appointed by Act of Parliament, viz. One in Spittlefields, one in Radcliff-High-way, one in Old-street, one at Limehouse, with a very beautiful tower, and one in Bloomsbury, and five more not finished.

The parish church of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, pulled down and re-building, by the contribution of the inhabitants, not as one of the fifty churches.

N.B. In removing the corpses buried in this church, they found the body of Sir Paul Pindar, buried there about eighty years before, which was taken up and deposited again; and we are told, a new monument will be set up for him by the parish, to which he was a good benefactor.

The Custom-house, which since the late fire in Thames-street, is ordered to be inlarged; but is not yet finished. All these buildings are yet in building, and will all, in their several places, be very great ornaments to the city.

A new street or range of houses taken out of the south side of the Artillery Ground near Morefields, also an enlargement to the new burying ground as it was formerly called, on the north side of the same ground.

The iron ballustrade, or as others call it, balcony, on the lanthorn upon the cupola of St. Paul's Church, gilded. It was done at the cost and as the gift of an Irish nobleman, who scarce lived to see it finished.

A new bear-garden, called Figg's Theater, being a stage for the gladiators or prize-fighters, and is built on the Tyburn Road.

N.B. The gentlemen of the science, taking offence at its being called Tyburn Road, though it really is so, will have it called the Oxford Road; this publick edifice is fully finished, and in use.

I conclude this account of London, with mentioning something of the Account of Mortality, that is to say, the births and burials, from whence Sir William Petty thought he might make some calculations of the numbers of the inhabitants, and I shall only take notice, that whereas, the general number of the burials in the year 1666, and farther back, were from 17000 to 19000 in a year, the last yearly bill for the year 1723, amounted as follows,

Christenings 19203.

Burials 29197.

Here is to be observed, that the number of burials exceeding so much the number of births, is, because as it is not the number born, but the number christened that are set down, which is taken from the parish register; so all the children of Dissenters of every sort, Protestant, Popish and Jewish are omitted, also all the children of foreigners, French, Dutch, &c. which are baptized in their own churches, and all the children of those who are so poor, that they cannot get them registred: So that if a due estimate be made, the births may be very well supposed to exceed the burials one year with another by many thousands. It is not that I have no more to say of London, that I break off here; but that I have no room to say it, and tho' some things may be taken notice of by others, which I have pass'd over; yet I have also taken notice of so many things which others have omitted, that I claim the ballance in my favour.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF PART OF THE COUNTIES OF MIDDLESEX, HERTFORD, BUCKS, OXFORD, WILTS, SOMERSET, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WORCESTER, HEREFORD, MONMOUTH, AND THE SEVERAL COUNTIES OF SOUTH AND NORTH-WALES

I HAVE spent so much time, and taken up so much room in my description of London, and the adjacent parts, that I must be the more cautious, at least, as to needless excursions in the country near it.

The villages round London partake of the influence of London, so much, that it is observ'd as London is encreased, so they are all encreased also, and from the same causes.

I have taken notice of this in my first setting out, and particularly in the counties of Essex, Kent, and Surrey; and as the same appears to an extreme in Middlesex: I shall only give some discriptions, and say the less of the reason of it.

Hackney and Bromley are the first villages which begin the county of Middlesex, east; for Bow as reckon'd to Stepney, is a part of the great mass. This town of Hackney is of a great extent, containing no less than 12 hamlets or separate villages, tho' some of them now join, viz.

Church-street,
Hummerton,
Wyck-House,
Grove-street,
Clapton,
Mare-street,
|
|
|
|
|
Well-street,
Cambridge-Heath,
Shacklewell,
Dalstone,
Kingsland,
Newington.

ALL THESE, THO' SOME OF THEM ARE VERY LARGE VILLAGES, MAKE UP BUT ONE PARISH (VIZ.) OF HACKNEY.

All these, except the Wyck-house, are within a few years so encreas'd in buildings, and so fully inhabited, that there is no comparison to be made between their present and past state: Every separate hamlet is encreas'd, and some of them more than treble as big as formerly; Indeed as this whole town is included in the bills of mortality, tho' no where joining to London, it is in some respects to be call'd a part of it.

This town is so remarkable for the retreat of wealthy citizens, that there is at this time near a hundred coaches kept in it; tho' I will not join with a certain satyrical author, who said of Hackney, that there were more coaches than Christians in it.

Newington, Tottenham, Edmonton, and Enfield stand all in a line N. from the city; the encrease of buildings is so great in them all, that they seem to a traveller to be one continu'd street; especially Tottenham and Edmonton, and in them all, the new buildings so far exceed the old, especially in the value of them, and figure of the inhabitants, that the fashion of the towns are quite altered.

At Tottenham we see the remains of an antient building called the Cross, from which the town takes the name of High-Cross. There is a long account of the antiquities of this place lately published, to which I refer, antiquities as I have observed, not being my province in this work, but a description of things in their present state.

Here is at this town a small but pleasant seat of the Earl of Colerain, in Ireland; his lordship is now on his travels, but has a very good estate here extending from this town to Muzzle-hill, and almost to High-gate.

The first thing we see in Tottenham is a small but beautiful house, built by one Mr. Wanly, formerly a goldsmith, near Temple Bar; it is a small house, but for the beauty of the building and the gardens, it is not outdone by any of the houses on this side the country.

There is not any thing more fine in their degree, than most of the buildings this way; only with this observation, that they are generally belonging to the middle sort of mankind, grown wealthy by trade, and who still taste of London; some of them live both in the city, and in the country at the same time: yet many of these are immensely rich.

High-gate and Hamstead are next on the north-side; At the first is a very beautiful house built by the late Sir William Ashurst, on the very summit of the hill, and with a view from the very lowest windows over the whole vale, to the city: And that so eminently, that they see the very ships passing up and down the

river for 12 or 15 miles below London. The Jews have particularly fixt upon this town for their country retreats, and some of them are very wealthy; they live there in good figure, and have several trades particularly depending upon them, and especially, butchers of their own to supply them with provisions kill'd their own way; also, I am told, they have a private synagogue here.

As the county does not extend far this way, I take no notice of smaller towns; nor is there any thing of note but citizens houses for several miles; except that in the chase, at Enfield is a fine lodge formerly possest by the Earl of Denbigh: Now we are told that General Pepper is fixt ranger of the chase, and resides there.

This chase was once a very beautiful place, and when King James I. resided at Theobalds, which he loved for the pleasure of his hunting; it was then very full of deer, and all sorts of game; but it has suffered several depredations since that, and particularly in the late Protector's usurpation, when it was utterly stript, both of game, and timber, and let out in farms to tenants, for the use of the publick.

After the Restoration, it was reassumed, and laid open again; Woods and groves were every where planted, and the whole chase stored with deer: But the young timber which indeed began to thrive, was so continually plundered, and the deer-stealers have so harass'd the deer, and both perhaps by those who should have preserved it, as well as by others, that the place was almost ruined for a forrest, and little but hares and bushwood was to be found in it. But now we hear, that by the vigilance of General Pepper, the chase is much recovered, and likely to be a place fit for the diversion of a prince, as it has been before.

At a village a little farther north, called Totteridge, Mr. Charleton of the Ordnance Office, has a very delicious seat, the house new built, and the gardens extremely fine: In the same town the old Earl of Anglesey had also a house, but not extraordinary for any thing more than a rural situation, very retired, but yet very agreeable.

The Mineral Waters, or Barnet Wells, are a little beyond this house, on the declivity of a hill; they were formerly in great request, being very much approved by physicians; but of late, they began to decline, and are now almost forgotten: Other waters at Islington, and at Hamstead having grown popular in their stead.

Hampstead indeed is risen from a little country village, to a city, not upon the credit only of the waters, tho' 'tis apparent, its growing greatness began there; but company increasing gradually, and the people liking both the place and the diversions together; it grew suddenly populous, and the concourse of people was incredible. This consequently raised the rate of lodgings, and that encreased buildings, till the town grew up from a little village, to a magnitude equal to some cities; nor could the uneven surface, inconvenient for building, uncompact, and unpleasant, check the humour of the town, for even on the very steep of the hill,

where there's no walking twenty yards together, without tugging up a hill, or stradling down a hill, yet 'tis all one, the buildings encreased to that degree, that the town almost spreads the whole side of the hill.

On the top of the hill indeed, there is a very pleasant plain, called the Heath, which on the very summit, is a plain of about a mile every way; and in good weather 'tis pleasant airing upon it, and some of the streets are extended so far, as that they begin to build, even on the highest part of the hill. But it must be confest, 'tis so near heaven, that I dare not say it can be a proper situation, for any but a race of mountaineers, whose lungs have been used to a rarity'd air, nearer the second region, than any ground for 30 miles round it.

It is true, this place may be said to be prepared for a summer dwelling, for in winter nothing that I know can recommend it: 'Tis true, a warm house, and good company, both which are to be had here, go a great way to make amends for storms, and severity of cold.

Here is a most beautiful prospect indeed, for we see here Hanslop Steeple one way, which is within eight miles of Northampton, N.W. to Landown-Hill in Essex another way, east, at least 66 miles from one another; the prospect to London, and beyond it to Bansted Downs, south; Shooters-Hill, S.E. Red-Hill, S.W. and Windsor-Castle, W. is also uninterrupted: Indeed due north, we see no farther than to Barnet, which is not above six miles; but the rest is sufficient.

At the foot of this hill is an old seat of the Earls of Chesterfields, called Bellsize; which for many years had been neglected, and as it were forgotten: But being taken lately by a certain projector to get a penny, and who knew by what handle to take the gay part of the world, he has made it a true house of pleasure; Here, in the gardens he entertained the company with all kind of sport, and in the house with all kinds of game, to say no more of it: This brought a wonderful concourse of people to the place, for they were so effectually gratified in all sorts of diversion, that the wicked part at length broke in, till it alarm'd the magistrates, and I am told it has been now in a manner suppress'd by the hand of justice.

Here was a great room fitted up with abundance of dexterity for their balls, and had it gone on to a degree of masquerading as I hear was actually begun, it would have bid fair to have had half the town run to it: One saw pictures and furniture there beyond what was to have been expected in a meer publick house; and 'tis hardly credible how it drew company to it; But it could not be, no British government could be supposed to bear long with the liberties taken on such publick occasions: So as I have said, they are reduc'd, at least restrain'd from liberties which they could not preserve by their prudence.

Yet Hampstead is not much the less frequented for this. But as there is (especially at the Wells) a conflux of all sorts of company, even Hampstead itself

has suffered in its good name; and you see sometimes more gallantry than modesty: So that the ladies who value their reputation, have of late more avoided the wells and walks at Hampstead, than they had formerly done.

I could not be at Hampstead, and not make an excursion to Edgworth, a little market town, on the road to St. Albans; I say to St. Albans, because 'tis certain, that this was formerly the only or the main road from London to St. Albans; being the famous high road, call'd Watling-street, which in former times reached from London to Shrewsbury, and on towards Wales.

The remains of this road are still to be seen here, and particularly in this, (viz.) That from Hide-Park Corner, just where Tyburn stands, the road makes one straight line without any turning, even to the very town of St. Albans. In this road lyes the town of Edgworth, some will have it that it was built by King Edgar the Saxon monarch, and called by his name, and so will have the town called Edgar, and that it was built as a garrison on the said Watling-street, to preserve the high-way from thieves: But all this I take to be fabulous, and without authority.

Near this town, and which is the reason for naming it, the present Duke of Chandos has built a most magnificent palace or mansion house, I might say, the most magnificent in England: It is erected where formerly stood an old seat belonging to Sir Lancelot Lake, whose son and successor struggled hard to be chosen representative for the county, but lost it, and had a great interest and estate hereabouts.

This palace is so beautiful in its situation, so lofty, so majestick the appearance of it, that a pen can but ill describe it, the pencil not much better; 'tis only fit to be talk'd of upon the very spot, when the building is under view, to be consider'd in all its parts. The fronts are all of freestone, the columns and pilasters are lofty and beautiful, the windows very high, with all possible ornaments: The pilasters running flush up to the cornish and architrave, their capitals seems as so many supporters to the fine statues which stand on the top, and crown the whole; in a word, the whole structure is built with such a profusion of expence, and all finish'd with such a brightness of fancy, goodness of judgment; that I can assure you, we see many palaces of sovereign princes abroad, which do not equal it, which yet pass for very fine too either within or without. And as it is a noble and well contriv'd building; so it is as well set out, and no ornament is wanting to make it the finest house in England. The plaistering and guilding is done by the famous Pargotti an Italian, said to be the finest artist in those particular works now in England. The great salon or hall is painted by Paolucci, for the duke spared no cost to have every thing as rich as possible. The pillars supporting the building are all of marble: The great staircass is the finest by far of any in

England; and the steps are all of marble, every step being of one whole piece, about 22 foot in length.

Nor is the splendor which the present duke lives in at this place, at all beneath what such a building calls for, and yet, so far is the duke from having exhausted himself by this prodigy of a building; that we see him since that laying out a scheme, and storing up materials for building another house for his city convenience, on the north side of the new square, call'd Oxford or Cavendish Square, near Maribone; and if that is discontinued it seems to be so, only because the duke found an opportunity to purchase another much more to his advantage; namely, the Duke of Ormond's house in St. James's Square.

It is in vain to attempt to describe the beauties of this building at Cannons; the whole is a beauty, and as the firmament is a glorious mantle filled with, or as it were made up of a concurrence of lesser glories the stars; so every part of this building adds to the beauty of the whole. The avenue is spacious and majestick, and as it gives you the view of two fronts, join'd as it were in one, the distance not admitting you to see the angle, which is in the centre; so you are agreeably drawn in, to think the front of the house almost twice as large as it really is. And yet when you come nearer you are again surprized, by seeing the winding passage opening as it were a new front to the eye, of near 120 feet wide, which you had not seen before, so that you are lost a while in looking near hand for what you so evidently saw a great way off. Tho' many of the palaces in Italy are very large fine buildings, yet I venture to say, not Italy it self can show such a building rais'd from the common surface, by one private hand, and in so little a time as this; For Cannons as I was inform'd, was not three years a building and bringing the gardens and all, to the most finish'd beauty we now see it in.

The great palaces in Italy, are either the work of sovereign princes, or have been ages in their building; one family laying the design, and ten succeeding ages and families being taken up, in carrying on the building: But Cannons had not been three years in the duke's possession, before we saw this prodigy rise out of the ground, as if he had been resolv'd to merit that motto which the French king assum'd, He saw, and it was made. The building is very lofty, and magnificent, and the gardens are so well designed, and have so vast a variety, and the canals are so large, that they are not to be out done in England; possibly the Lord Castlemains at Wanstead, may be said to equal but can not exceed them.

The inside of this house is as glorious, as the outside is fine; the lodgings are indeed most exquisitely finish'd, and if I may call it so, royally furnish'd; the chapel is a singularity, not only in its building, and the beauty of its workmanship, but in this also, that the duke maintains there a full choir, and has the worship perform'd there with the best musick, after the manner of the chappel royal,

which is not done in any other noble man's chappel in Britain; no not the Prince of Wales's, though heir apparent to the crown.

Nor is the chapel only furnish'd with such excellent musick, but the duke has a set of them to entertain him every day at dinner. The avenues and vista's to this house are extreamly magnificent, the great walk or chief avenue is near a mile in length, planted with two double rows of trees, and the middle walk broad enough for a troop of horse to march in front; in the middle way there is a large basin or fountain of water, and the coaches drive round it on either side; there are three other avenues exceeding fine, but not so very large; the beauty of them all will double, with time, when the trees may be grown, like those of New-Hall, in Essex.

Two things extreamly add to the beauty of this house, namely, the chapel, and the library; but I cannot enlarge, having taken up so much room in the view of this house, as must oblige me to abate in others, to whom I am willing to do what justice I can. In his gardens and out-houses the duke keeps a constant night-guard, who take care of the whole place, duly walk the rounds, and constantly give the hour to the family at set appointed places and times; so that the house has some waking eyes about it, to keep out thieves and spoilers night and day. In a word, no nobleman in England, and very few in Europe, lives in greater splendour, or maintains a grandeur and magnificence, equal to the Duke of Chandos.

Here are continually maintained, and that in the dearest part of England, as to house expences, not less than one hundred and twenty in family, and yet a face of plenty appears in every part of it; nothing needful is with-held, nothing pleasant is restrained; every servant in the house is made easy, and his life comfortable; and they have the felicity that it is their lord's desire and delight that it should be so.

But I am not writing panegyrick. I left Cannons with regret, the family all gay, and in raptures on the marriage of the Marquiss of Caernarvon, the dukes eldest son, just then celebrated with the Lady Katharine Talmash daughter of the Earl of Dysert which marriage adds to the honour and estate also, of the family of Chandos.

Two mile from hence, we go up a small ascent by the great road, which for what reason I know not, is there call'd Crab Tree Orchard, when leaving the Street Way on the right, we enter a spacious heath or common call'd Bushy-Heath, where, again, we have a very agreeable prospect.

I cannot but remember, with some satisfaction, that having two foreign gentlemen in my company, in our passing over this heath, I say I could not but then observe, and now remember it with satisfaction, how they were surprized at the beauty of this prospect, and how they look'd at one another, and then again

turning their eyes every way in a kind of wonder, one of them said to the other, That England was not like other country's, but it was all a planted garden.

They had there on the right hand, the town of St. Albans in their view; and all the spaces between, and further beyond it, look'd indeed like a garden. The inclos'd corn-fields made one grand parterre, the thick planted hedge rows, like a wilderness or labyrinth, divided in espaliers; the villages interspers'd, look'd like so many several noble seats of gentlemen at a distance. In a word, it was all nature, and yet look'd all like art; on the left hand we see the west-end of London, Westminster-Abbey, and the Parliament-House, but the body of the city was cut off by the hill, at which Hampstead intercepted the sight on that side.

More to the south we had Hampton Court, and S.W. Windsor, and between both, all those most beautiful parts of Middlesex and Surrey, on the bank of the Thames, of which I have already said so much, and which are indeed the most agreeable in the world.

At the farther end of this heath, is the town of Bushy, and at the end of the town, the Earl of Essex has a very good old seat, situate in a pleasant park, at Cashiobery; a little farther, is the town of Hemstead, noted for an extraordinary cornmarket, and at Ashridge, near Hemstead, is an antient mansion house of the Duke of Bridge-water, both these are old built houses, but both shew the greatness of the antient nobility, in the grandeur and majesty of the building, and in the well-planted parks, and high grown woods, with which they are surrounded, than which, there are few finer in England. St. Albans is the capital town, tho' not the county town of Hertfordshire, it has a great corn market, and is famous for its antient church, built on the ruins, or part of the ruins of the most famous abbey of Verulam; the greatness of which, is to be judg'd by the old walls, which one sees for a mile before we come to town.

In this church as some workmen were digging for the repairs of the church, they found some steps which led to a door in a very thick stone wall, which being opened, there was discover'd an arched stone vault, and in the middle of it a large coffin near 7 foot long, which being open'd, there was in it the corps of a man, the flesh not consum'd, but discolour'd; by the arms and other paintings on the wall, it appear'd that this must be the body of Humphry Duke of Gloucester, commonly call'd, the good Duke of Gloucester, one of the sons of Henry IV. and brother to King Henry V. and by the most indisputable authority,' must have lain buried there 277 years. Viz. It being in the 26th of Hen. VI. 1477.

But I must travel no farther this way, till I have taken a journey west from London, and seen what the country affords that way; the next towns adjacent to London, are, Kensington, Chelsea, Hammersmith, Fulham, Twickenham, &. all of them near, or adjoyning to the river of Thames, and which, by the beauty of their

buildings, make good the north shore of the river, answerable, to what I have already describ'd. Kensington cannot be nam'd without mentioning the king's palace there; a building which may now be call'd entirely new, tho' it was originally an old house of the Earl of Nottingham's of whom the late King William bought it, and then enlarg'd it as we see; some of the old building still remaining in the center of the house.

The house it self fronts to the garden three ways, the gardens being now made exceeding fine, and enlarged to such a degree, as to reach quite from the great road to Kensington town, to the Acton road north, more than a mile. The first laying out of these gardens was the design of the late Queen Mary, who finding the air agreed with, and was necessary to the health of the king, resolved to make it agreeable to her self too, and gave the first orders for enlarging the gardens: the author of this account, having had the honour to attend her majesty, when she first viewed the ground, and directed the doing it, speaks this with the more satisfaction.

The late Queen Anne compleated what Queen Mary began, and delighted very much in the place; and often was pleased to make the green house which is very beautiful, her summer supper house.

But this house has lost much of its pleasantness on one account, namely, that all the princes that ever might be said to single it out for their delight, had the fate to dye in it; namely, King William, Prince George of Denmark, and lastly, Queen Anne her self; since which it has not been so much in request, King George having generally kept his summer, when in England, at Hampton Court.

As this palace opens to the west, there are two great wings built, for lodgings for such as necessarily attend the court, and a large port cocher at the entrance, with a postern and a stone gallery on the south side of the court which leads to the great stair-case.

This south wing was burnt down by accident, the king and queen being both there, the queen was a little surprized at first, apprehending some treason, but King William a stranger to fears smil'd at the suggestion, chear'd her majesty up, and being soon dress'd, they both walked out into the garden, and stood there some hours till they perceived the fire by the help that came in, and by the diligence of the foot guards, was gotten under foot.

It is no wonder if the Court being so much at Kensington, that town has encreased in buildings, so I do not place that to the same account as of the rest; On the south side of the street over against the palace, is a fair new large street, and a little way down a noble square full of very good houses, but since the Court has so much declin'd the palace, the buildings have not much encreased.

South of this town stands Chelsea, a town of palaces, and which by its new extended buildings seems to promise itself to be made one time or other a part of London, I mean London in its new extended capacity, which if it should once happen, what a monster must London be, extending (to take it in a line) from the farther end of Chelsea, west, to Deptford-Bridge east, which I venture to say, is at least eleven miles.

Here is the noblest building, and the best foundation of its kind in the world, viz. for the entertainment of maimed and old soldiers. If we must except the hospital call'd Des Invalids at Paris, it must be only that the number is greater there, but I pretend to say that the oeconomy of the invalids there, is not to compare with this at Chelsea; and as for the provisions, the lodging and attendance given, Chelsea infinitely exceeds that at Paris. Here the poor men are lodg'd, well cloathed, well furnish'd, and well fed, and I may say there are thousands of poor families in England who are said to live well too, and do not feed as the soldiers there are fed; and as for France, I may add, they know nothing there what it is to live so. The like may be said of the invalid sea men at the hospital of Greenwich.

Near this hospital or college, is a little palace, I had almost call'd it a paradise, of the late earl of Ranelagh. It is true that his lordship was envied for the work, but had it been only for the beauties of the building, and such things as these, I should have been hardly able to censure it, the temptation wou'd have been so much; In a word, the situation, the house, the gardens, the pictures, the prospect, and the lady, all is such a charm; who could refrain from coveting his neighbours .... &.

It is impossible to give an account of all the rest of England in this one volume, while London and its adjacent parts, take up one half of it: I must be allowed therefore to abate the description of private houses and gardens, in which (this part especially) so abounds, that it would take up two or three volumes equal to this, to describe the county of Middlesex only.

Let it suffice to tell you that there's an incredible number of fine houses built m all these towns, within these few years, and that England never had such a glorious show to make in the world before; In a word, being curious in this part of my enquiry, I find two thousand houses which in other places wou'd pass for palaces, and most, if not all the possessors whereof, keep coaches in the little towns or villages of the county of Middlesex, west of London only; and not reckoning any of the towns within three miles of London; so that I exclude Chelsea, Kensington, Knights-Bridge, Marybon, and Paddington; as for Hampstead, that lying north of London, is not concerned in the reckoning, for I reckon'd near a thousand more such in the towns north of London, within the

county of Middlesex, and exclusive of Hackney, for Hackney I esteem as part of London itself as before: among all these three thousand houses I reckon none but such, as are built since the year 1666, and most of them since the Revolution.

Among these, that is to say, among the first two thousand new foundations, there are very many houses belonging to the nobility, and to persons of quality, (some of whom) have been in the ministry; which excel all the rest. Such as the Lord Peterborough's at Parsons Green; Lord Hallifax at Bushy Park, near Hampton Court; the late Earl of Marr, Earl of Bradford, Earl of Strafford, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Burlington, Earl of Falconberg, Lady Falkland, Lord Brook, Lord Dunbarr, Moses Hart, Mr. Barker, Sir Stephen Fox, Sir Thomas Frankland, General Wettham, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Secretary Johnson's, and others. This last is a seat so exquisitely finish'd, that his majesty was pleased to dine there, to view the delightful place, and honour it with his presence, that very day, that I was writing this account of it. The king was pleased to dine in the green house, or rather in a pleasant room which Mr. Johnson built, joyning to the green house; from whence is a prospect every way into the most delicious gardens; which indeed for the bigness of them are not out-done in any part of the world. Here is a compleat vineyard, and Mr. Johnson who is a master of gardening, perhaps the greatest master now in England, has given a testimony that England notwithstanding the changeable air and uncertain climate, will produce most excellent if due care be taken in the gardening or cultivating, as also in the curing and managing part; and without due care in these, not France it self will do it.

Sir Stephen Fox's house at Chiswick is the flower of all the private gentlemens palaces in England. Here when the late King William, who was an allowed judge of fine buildings, and of gardening also, had seen the house and garden, he stood still on the terras for near half a quarter of an hour without speaking one word, when turning at last to the Earl of Portland, the king said, This place is perfectly fine, I could live here five days.[1] In the village of Hammersmith, which was formerly a long scattering place, full of gardeners grounds, with here and there an old house of some bulk: I say, in this village we see now not only a wood of great houses and palaces, but a noble square built as it were in the middle of several handsome streets, as if the village seem'd enclin'd to grow up into a city.

Here we are told they design to obtain the grant of a market, tho' it be so near to London, and some talk also of building a fine stone bridge over the Thames; but these things are yet but in embryo, tho' it is not unlikely but they may be both accomplished in time, and also Hammersmith and Chiswick joyning thus, would in time be a city indeed.

I have now ranged the best part of Middlesex, a county made rich, pleasant, and populous by the neighbourhood of London: The borders of the county indeed

have three market towns; which I shall but just mention, Stanes, Colebrook, and Uxbridge: This last, a pleasant large market town, famous in particular, for having abundance of noble seats of gentlemen and persons of quality in the neighbourhood: But I can not describe all the fine houses, it would be endless. This town is also famous in story, for being the town where an attempt was in vain made in the late war, to settle the peace of these nations, by a treaty; Some say both sides were sincerely inclin'd to peace; some say neither side; all I can say of it is, in the words of blessed St. Paul, Sathan hindred. There are but three more market towns in the county, viz. Brentford, Edgworth and Enfield.

On the right hand as we ride from London to Uxbridge, or to Colebrook, we see Harrow, a little town on a very high hill, and is therefore call'd Harrow on the Hill: The church of this town standing upon the summit of the hill, and having a very handsome and high spire, they tell us, King Charles II. ridiculing the warm disputes among some critical scripturallists of those times, concerning the visible church of Christ upon earth; us'd to say of it, that if there was e'er a visible church upon earth, he believ'd this was one.

About Uxbridge, and all the way from London, as we do every where this way, we saw a great many very beautiful seats of the nobility and gentry, too many I say to enter upon the description of here.

From hence, we proceeded on the road towards Oxford; but first turned to the right to visit Aylesbury. This is the principal market town in the county of Bucks; tho' Buckingham a much inferior place, is call'd the county town: Here also is held the election for Members of Parliament, or Knights of the Shire for the county, and county goal, and the assizes. It is a large town, has a very noble market for corn, and is famous for a large tract of the richest land in England, extended for many miles round it, almost from Tame, on the edge of Oxfordshire, to Leighton in Bedfordshire, and is called from this very town, the Vale of Aylesbury. Here it was that conversing with some gentlemen, who understood country affairs, for all the gentlemen hereabouts are graziers, tho' all the graziers are not gentlemen; they shew'd me one remarkable pasture-field, no way parted off or separated, one piece of it from another; I say, 'tis one enclosed field of pasture ground, which was let for 1400*l* . per ann. to a grazier, and I knew the tenant very well, whose name was Houghton, and who confirm'd the truth of it.

It was my hap formerly, to be at Aylesbury, when there was a mighty confluence of noblemen and gentlemen, at a famous horse race at Quainton-Meadow, not far off, where was then the late Duke of Monmouth, and a great many persons of the first rank, and a prodigious concourse of people.

I had the occasion to be there again in the late queen's reign; when the same horse race which is continu'd yearly, happen'd again, and then there was the late

Duke of Marlborough, and a like concourse of persons of quality; but the reception of the two dukes was mightily differing, the last duke finding some reasons to withdraw from a publick meeting, where he saw he was not like to be used as he thought he had deserved. The late Lord Wharton, afterwards made duke, has a very good dwelling at Winchenden, and another much finer nearer Windsor, call'd Ubourn. But I do not hear that the present duke has made any additions, either to the house or gardens; they were indeed admirably fine before, and if they are but kept in the same condition, I shall think the dukes care cannot be reproach'd.

Were there not in every part of England at this time so many fine palaces, and so many curious gardens, that it would but be a repetition of the same thing to describe them; I should enter upon that task with great chearfulness here, as also at Clifden, the Earl of Orkney's fine seat built by the late D. of Buckingham, near Windsor, and at several other places, but I proceed: We went on from Aylesbury to Thame or Tame, a large market town on the River Thames: This brings me to mention again The Vale of Aylesbury; which as I noted before, is eminent for the richest land, and perhaps the richest graziers in England: But it is more particularly famous for the head of the River Thame or Thames, which rises in this vale near a market town call'd Tring, and waters the whole vale either by itself or the several streams which run into it, and when it comes to the town of Tame, is a good large river.

At Tring abovenam'd is a most delicious house, built *? la moderne* , as the French call it, by the late Mr. Guy, who was for many years Secretary of the Treasury, and continued it till near his death; when he was succeeded by the late Mr. Lowndes. The late King William did Mr. Guy the honour to dine at this house, when he set out on his expedition to Ireland, in the year 1690, the same year that he fought the battle of the Boyn; and tho' his Majesty came from London that morning, and was resolved to lye that night at Northampton, yet he would not go away without taking a look at the fine gardens, which are perhaps the best finish'd in the worst situation of any in England. This house was afterwards bought by Sir William Gore, a merchant of London; and left by him to his eldest son, who now enjoys it.

There was an eminent contest here between Mr. Guy, and the poor of the parish, about his enclosing part of the common to make him a park; Mr. Guy presuming upon his power, set up his pales, and took in a large parcel of open land, call'd Wiggington-Common; the cottagers and farmers oppos'd it, by their complaints a great while; but finding he went on with his work, and resolv'd to do it, they rose upon him, pull'd down his banks, and forced up his pales, and carried away the wood, or set it on a heap and burnt it; and this they did several times, till

he was oblig'd to desist; after some time he began again, offering to treat with the people, and to give them any equivalent for it: But that not being satisfactory, they mobb'd him again. How they accommodated it at last, I know not; but I see that Mr. Gore has a park, and a very good one but not large: I mention this as an instance of the popular claim in England; which we call right of commonage, which the poor take to be as much their property, as a rich man's land is his own.

But to return to the Vale of Aylesbury. Here the great and antient family of Hampden flourish'd for many ages, and had very great estates: But the present heir may (I doubt) be said, not to have had equal success with some of his ancestors.

From Thame, a great corn market, the Thame joins the other branch call'd also the Thames, at a little town call'd Dorchester. I observe that most of our historians reject the notion that Mr. Cambden makes so many flourishes about, of the marriage of Thame and Isis; that this little river was call'd the Thame, and the other, the Isis; and that being join'd, they obtain'd the united name of Thamisis: I say they reject it, and so do I. At this little town of Dorchester was once the seat of the bishoprick of Lincoln.

From hence I came to Oxford, a name known throughout the learned world; a city famous in our English history for several things, besides its being an university.

So eminent for the goodness of its air, and healthy situation; that our Courts have no less than three times, if my information is right, retir'd hither, when London has been visited with the pestilence; and here they have been always safe.

It has also several times been the retreat of our princes, when the rest of the kingdom has been embroil'd in war and rebellion; and here they have found both safety and support; at least, as long as the loyal inhabitants were able to protect them.

It was famous for the noble defence of religion, which our first reformers and martyrs made here, in their learned and bold disputations against the Papists, in behalf of the Protestant religion; and their triumphant closing the debates, by laying down their lives for the truths which they asserted.

It was likewise famous for resisting the attacks of arbitrary power, in the affair of Magdalen College, in King James's time; and the Fellows laying down their fortunes, tho' not their lives, in defence of liberty and property.

This, to use a scripture elegance, is that city of Oxford; the greatest (if not the most antient) university in this island of Great-Britain; and perhaps the most flourishing at this time, in men of polite learning, and in the most accomplish'd masters, in all sciences, and in all the parts of acquir'd knowledge in the world.

I know there is a long contest, and yet undetermin'd between the two English universities, about the antiquity of their foundation; and as they have not decided it themselves, who am I? and what is this work? that I should pretend to enter upon that important question, in so small a tract?

It is out of question, that in the largeness of the place, the beauty of situation, the number of inhabitants, and of schollars, Oxford has the advantage. But fame tells us, that as great and applauded men, as much recommended, and as much recommending themselves to the world, and as many of them have been produced from Cambridge, as from Oxford.

Oxford has several things as a university, which Cambridge has not; and Cambridge ought not to be so meanly thought of, but that it has several things in it, which cannot be found in Oxford. For example, the theater, the museum, or chamber of rarities, the Bodleian Library, the number of colleges, and the magnificence of their buildings are on the side of Oxford, yet Kings College Chappel, and College, is in favour of Cambridge; for as it is now edifying, it is likely to be the most admir'd in a few years of all the colleges of the world.

I have said something of Cambridge; I'll be as brief about Oxford as I can: It is a noble flourishing city, so possess'd of all that can contribute to make the residence of the scholars easy and comfortable, that no spot of ground in England goes beyond it. The situation is in a delightful plain, on the bank of a fine navigable river, in a plentiful country, and at an easy distance from the capital city, the port of the country. The city itself is large, strong, populous, and rich; and as it is adorn'd by the most beautiful buildings of the colleges, and halls, it makes the most noble figure of any city of its bigness in Europe.

To enter into the detail or description of all the colleges, halls, &. would be to write a history of Oxford, which in so little a compass as this work can afford, must be so imperfect, so superficial, and so far from giving a stranger a true idea of the place; that it seems ridiculous, even to think it can be to any ones satisfaction. However, a list of the names and establishments of the colleges may be useful, so take them as follows, according to the seniority of their foundation.

A LIST OF THE COLLEGES AND HALLS IN THE CITY OF OXFORD, PLAC'D ACCORDING TO THE RESPECTIVE DATES OF THEIR FOUNDATIONS

1. *University College*

This college was properly the university it self for about 345 years; being as they tell us, founded by King Alfred in the year 872; the old building on which the college now stands was erected by that king; after which viz. anno 1217. William Bishop of Durham, form'd it into a regular house and built the college, which however was for a long time call'd sometimes the college, sometimes the

university, and by some the college of the university, there being at that time no other; till at length other colleges rising up in the same city; this was call'd University College, that is, the college which was the old university. It maintained at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

1 Master,
8 Fellows,
1 Bible clark,

Students,

and Servants.
}
In all 69.

2. *Baliol College*

Founded by John Baliol, father to John Baliol King of Scotland, and by Dame Der Verguilla his wife, who enlarged the foundation after her husbands decease. It maintained at the end of King James the Ist's reign,

1 Master,
12 Fellows,
13 Schollars,
4 Exhibitioners,

Students, and

Servants.
}
In all 136.

3. *Merton College*

Founded by William de Merton, Lord Chancellour to King Henry III. afterwards Bishop of Rochester. *N.B.* This college was first erected at Maldon in Surrey, near Kingston, anno 1260. and translated to Oxford ten years after, by the same founder. It maintains

1 Warden,
21 Fellows,
13 Schollars,

Students, and

Servants.
}
In all 79.

4. *Excester College*

Founded by Walter Stapleton Bishop of Excester, and Lord High Treasurer to King Edward II. afterwards beheaded by Queen Isabella mother to King Edward III. It was first call'd Stapleton-Hall, but afterwards on the benefaction of other inhabitants of Excester and of the county of Devon, it was ade a college. It maintained in the time of King James Ist,

1 Rector,
23 Fellows,

Commoners,

Students, and

other Servants
}
In all 200.

5. *Oriel College*

Founded by King Edward II. anno 1327. but some say Adam Brown the king's almoner and who was the first provost, was also the founder, only that being afraid to be call'd to an account for so great wealth, he put the fame of it upon the king after his death. It had only a provost, 10 fellows, with some servants, at its first institution, but encreasing by subsequent benefactions, it maintained in King James's time who also incorporated the college,

1 Provost,
18 Fellows,
12 Exhibitioners,

Commoners, and

Servants.
}
In all 105.

6. *Queen's College*

Founded anno 1340. by Robert Eglesfield a private clergyman, only domestick chaplain to Queen Phillippa, Edward the 3d's queen; 'tis said the land it stood on was his own inheritance, and he built the house at his own charge; but begging her majesty to be the patroness of his charity, he call'd it Queens Hall, recommending the scholars at his death, to her majesty and the Queens of England her successors: He dyed before it was finish'd, having settled only 12 fellows, whereas he intended 70 schollarships besides, representing all together Christ his 12 apostles, and his 70 disciples; but this pious design of the good founder was so well approved on all hands, that it was presently encreased by several royal benefactors, and is now one of the best colleges in the university; also it is lately rebuilt, the old building being wholly taken down and the new being all of free stone, containing two noble squares with piazza's, supported by fine pillars; the great hall, the library, and a fine chappel, all contained in the same building, so that it is without comparison the most beautiful college in the university.

7. *New College*

Founded anno 1379. by William of Wickham Bishop of Winchester, the same who is said to have built Windsor Castle, for King Edward III; rebuilt the cathedral church at Winchester, and the fine school there, the scholars of which are the nursery to this fine college. He instituted here and they still remain,

1 Warden,
70 Fellows,
10 Chaplains
16 Choiristers,
1 Organist,
3 Clarks,
1 Sexton,

Students, &.
}
In all 135.

N.B. This college is very rich.

8. *Lincoln College*

Founded anno 1420. by Richard Hemming Arch-Bishop of York, but left it imperfect; the foundation was finish'd by Thomas Rotherham Bishop of Lincoln, 59 years after. It maintains

1 Warden,
14 Fellows,
2 Chaplains,
4 Scholars,

Commoners, and

Servants.
}
In all 72.

9. *All-Souls College*

Founded anno 1437. by Henry Chichley Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, also Cardinal Pool was a great benefactor to it afterwards. It maintains

1 Warden,
40 Fellows,
2 Chaplains,
3 Clarks,
6 Choiristers,

Students, and

Servants.
}
In all 65.

10. *Magdalen College*

Founded 1459, by William Wainfleet Bishop of Winton, who built it in the stately figure we now see it in, very little having been added; and what has been rebuilt, has kept much to the founders first design; except a new appartment added by one Mr. Clarke a private gentleman, who serv'd many years in Parliament for the university; this new building is exceeding fine; as is now also, the library, towards which, another private gentleman, namely, Colonel Codrington, gave ten thousand pounds, and a good collection of books. It maintains

1 President,
40 Fellows,
30 Deans,
4 Chaplains,

3 Clarks.
16 Choristers,
3 Readers,
2 Humanists,

Commoners, and

Servants.
}
In all 151.

11. *Brason-Nose College*

First founded by William Smith Bishop of Lincoln, anno. 1512. but finish'd by Richard Sutton, Esq; a Cheshire gentleman, who perfected the buildings of the house; and both together gave considerably large revenues. It has also had great benefactors since, so that it now maintains

1 Principal,
20 Fellows,

Scholars,

Commoners, and

Servants.
}
In all 182.

12. *Corpus-Christi College*

Founded anno 1516. by Richard Fox Bishop of Winchester, who also endow'd it very liberally; and Hugh Oldham Bishop of Excester, advanc'd the best part of the building. It maintains

1 President,
20 Fellows,
20 Scholars,
2 Chaplains,
6 Clarks,
2 Choiristers,

Commoners, and

Servants.
}
In all 61.

13. *Christ-Church College*

Founded anno 1524. by Cardinal Woolsey. “Tis said he suppres’d 40 monasteries to build this magnificent college, but the king having demolish’d the cardinal, he could not finish it; so the king carried on the work, and establish’d the church to be the cathedral of the diocess of Oxford, ann. 1519. The revenues of this college are exceeding great, it is the largest college in the university, and the buildings are very noble and well finish’d, all of free-stone. It maintains

1 Dean,
8 Canons,
8 Chaplains,
8 Choiristers,
8 Singing-Men,
1 Organist,
24 Alms-Men,

Students,

Commoners, and

Servants.
}
In all 224.

The royal school at Winchester, is the nursery of this college, sending as some say, 25 scholars hither every 3 months.

14. *Trinity College*

Founded anno 1518. by Tho. Hatfield Bishop of Durham, and it was then call’d Durham College; but the bishop not living, Sir Thomas Pope carried on his design; and having seen the first foundation suppress’d, because it was a provision for monks, &. he restor’d it and endow’d it, dedicating it to the undivided Trinity, anno 1556. as it is to this day. It maintains

1 President,
12 Fellows,
12 Scholars,

Students, and

Servants.
}
In all 123.

15. *St. John's College*

First founded by Arch-Bishop Chichley, anno 1437. and call'd Bernards College; but being suppress'd as a house of religion in the reign of King Henry VIII. it was again founded as a college by Sir Thomas White a wealthy citizen and merchant of London, who new built the house, and richly endow'd it, to maintain as it now does,

1 President,
50 Fellows,
and Scholars,
1 Chaplain,
1 Clark,

Students, and

Servants.
}
In all 123.

16. *Jesus College*

The foundation of this college is corruptly assign'd to Hugh Paice, Esq; a Welch gentleman, who was indeed a benefactor to the foundation, and particularly gave 6oo*l* . towards erecting the fabrick of the college; as did afterwards Sir Eubule Thitwall, who was principal; and this last in particular gave 8 fellowships, and 8 scholarships: But Queen Elizabeth was the foundress of this college, and endow'd it for a principal, adding 8 fellowships, and 8 scholarships. This Mr. Speed confirms, as also Mr. Dugdale, and it appears by the present endowment. By which it maintains

1 Principal,
16 Fellows,
16 Scholars,

Students, and

Servants.
}
In all 105.

17. *Wadham College*

Founded anno 1613. by Nicolas Wadham, Esq; and Dorothy his wife, and sister to the Lord Petre of Essex; they endow'd it with its whole maintenance, by which at this day it maintains

1 Warden,
15 Fellows,
15 Scholars,
2 Chaplains,
2 Clarks,

Students, and

Servants.
}
In all 125.

As therefore I did in the speaking of Cambridge, I shall now give a summary of what a traveller may be suppos'd to observe in Oxford, *en passant* , and leave the curious inquirer to examine the histories of the place, where they may meet with a compleat account of every part in the most particular manner, and to their full satisfaction.

There are in Oxford 17 colleges, and seven halls, some of these colleges as particularly, Christ Church, Magdalen, New College, Corpus Christi, Trinity, and St. John's will be found to be equal, if not superior to some universities abroad; whether we consider the number of the scholars, the greatness of their revenues, or the magnificence of their buildings.

I thought my self oblig'd to give a more particular account of the colleges here, than I have done of those at Cambridge; because some false and assuming accounts of them have been publish'd by others, who demand to be credited, and have impos'd their accounts upon the world, without sufficient authority.

Besides the colleges, some of which are extremely fine and magnificent; there are some publick buildings which make a most glorious appearance: The first and greatest of all is the theatre, a building not to be equall'd by any thing of its kind in the world; no, not in Italy itself: Not that the building of the theatre here is as

large as Vespasian's or that of Trajan at Rome; neither would any thing of that kind be an ornament at this time, because not at all suited to the occasion, the uses of them being quite different.

We see by the remains that those amphitheatres, as they were for the the exercise of their publick shews, and to entertain a vast concourse of people, to see the fighting of the gladiators, the throwing criminals to the wild beasts, and the like, were rather great magnificent bear-gardens, than theatres, for the actors of such representations, as entertain'd the polite part of the world; consequently, those were vast piles of building proper for the uses for which they were built.

What buildings were then made use of in Rome for the fine performances of —— — who acted that of Terence, or who wrote that, we can not be certain of; but I think I have a great deal of reason to say, they have no remains of them, or of any one of them at Rome; or if they are, they come not near to this building.

The theatre at Oxford prepared for the publick exercises of the schools, and for the operations of the learned part of the English world only, is in its grandeur and magnificence, infinitely superiour to any thing in the world of its kind; it is a finish'd piece, as to its building, the front is exquisitely fine, the columns and pilasters regular, and very beautiful; 'tis all built of freestone: The model was approv'd by the best masters of architecture at that time, in the presence of K. Charles II. who was himself a very curious observer, and a good judge; Sir Christopher Wren was the director of the work, as he was the person that drew the model: Archbishop Sheldon, they tell us, paid for it, and gave it to the university: There is a world of decoration in the front of it, and more beautiful additions, by way of ornament, besides the antient inscription, than is to be seen any where in Europe; at least, where I have been.

The Bodleian Library is an ornament in it self worthy of Oxford, where its station is fix'd, and where it had its birth. The history of it at large is found in Mr. Speed, and several authors of good credit; containing in brief, that of the old library, the first publick one in Oxford, erected in Durham now Trinity College, by Richard Bishop of Durham, and Lord Treasurer to Ed. III. it was afterward joined to another, founded by Cobham Bishop of Worcester, and both enlarg'd by the bounty of Humphry Duke of Gloucester, founder of the divinity schools: I say, these libraries being lost, and the books embezzled by the many changes and hurries of the suppressions in the reign of Hen. VIII. the commissioner appointed by King Edw. VI. to visit the universities, and establish the Reformation; found very few valuable books or manuscripts left in them. In this state of things, one Sir Thomas Bodley, a wealthy and learned knight, zealous for the encouragement both of learning and religion, resolv'd to apply, both his time, and estate, to the erecting and furnishing a new library for the publick use of the university.

In this good and charitable undertaking, he went on so successfully, for so many years, and with such a profusion of expence, and obtain'd such assistances from all the encouragers of learning in his time, that having collected books and manuscripts from all parts of the learned world; he got leave of the university, (and well they might grant it) to place them in the old library room, built as is said, by the good Duke Humphry. To this great work, great additions have been since made in books, as well as contributions in money, and more are adding every day; and thus the work was brought to a head, the 8th of Nov. 1602, and has continued encreasing by the benefactions of great and learned men to this day: To remove the books once more and place them in beauty and splendor suitable to so glorious a collection, the late Dr. Radcliff has left a legacy of 4oooo*l* . say some, others say not quite so much, to the building a new repository or library for the use of the university: This work is not yet built, but I am told 'tis likely to be such a building as will be greater ornament to the place than any yet standing in it.

I shall say nothing here of the benefactions to this library. Unless I had room to mention them all, it would be both partial and imperfect. And as there is a compleat catalogue of the books preparing, and that a list of the benefactors and what books they gave, will be speedily publish'd; it would be needless to say any thing of it here.

Other curious things in Oxford are, the museum, the chamber of rarities, the collection of coins, medals, pictures and antient inscriptions, the physick-garden, &.

The buildings for all these are most beautiful and magnificent, suitable for the majesty of the university, as well as to the glory of the benefactors.

It is no part of my work to enter into the dispute between the two universities about the antiquity of their foundation: But this I shall observe for the use of those who insist, that it was the piety of the Popish times to which we owe the first, institution of the university it self, the foundation and endowment of the particular colleges, and the encouragement arising to learning from thence, all which I readily grant; but would have them remember too, that tho' those foundations stood as they tell us eight hundred years, and that the Reformation as they say, is not yet of 200 years standing, yet learning has more encreas'd and the universities flourish'd more; more great scholars been produc'd, greater libraries been raised, and more fine buildings been erected in these 200 years than in the 800 years of Popery; and I might add, as many great benefactions have been given, notwithstanding this very momentous difference; that the Protestant's gifts are meerly acts of charity to the world, and acts of bounty, in reverence to learning and learned men, without the grand excitement of the health of their souls, and of

the souls of their fathers, to be pray'd out of purgatory and get a ready admission into heaven, and the like.

Oxford, had for many ages the neighbourhood of the Court, while their kings kept up the royal palace at Woodstock; which tho' perhaps it was much discontinu'd, for the fate of the fair Rosamond, mistress to Henry Fitz Empress, or Henry II. of which history tells us something, and fable much more; yet we after find that several of the kings of England made the house and park at Woodstock, which was always fam'd for its pleasant situation, the place of their summer retreat for many years. Also for its being a royal palace before, even beyond the certainty of history, there is abundant reason to believe it; nay some will have it to have been a royal house before Oxford was an university. Dr. Plott allows it to have been so ever since King Alfred; and a manuscript in the Cotton Library confirms it; and that King Henry I. was not the founder of it, but only rebuilt it: And as for Henry II. he built only some additions; namely, that they call'd the Bower, which was a building in the garden (or labyrinth,) for the entertainment and security of his fair mistress, of whose safety he was it seems very careful. Notwithstanding which the queen found means to come at her, and as fables report, sent her out of the way by poison. The old buildings are now no more, nor so much as the name, but the place is the same and the natural beauty of it indeed, is as great as ever.

It is still a most charming situation, and 'tis still disputable after all that has been laid out, whether the country round gives more lustre to the building, or the building to the country. It has now chang'd masters, 'tis no more a royal house or palace for the king; but a mark of royal bounty to a great, and at that time powerful subject, the late Duke of Marlborough. The magnificence of the building does not here as at Canons, at Chatsworth, and at other palaces of the nobility, express the genius and the opulence of the possessor, but it represents the bounty, the gratitude, or what else posterity pleases to call it, of the English Nation, to the man whom they delighted to honour: Posterity when they view in this house the trophies of the Duke of Marlborough's fame, and the glories of his great atchievements will not celebrate his name only; but will look on Blenheim House, as a monument of the generous temper of the English Nation; who in so glorious a manner rewarded the services of those who acted for them as he did: Nor can any nation in Europe shew the like munificence to any general, no nor the greatest in the world; and not to go back to antient times, not the French nation to the great Luxemberg, or the yet greater Turenne: Nor the emperor to the great Eugene, or to the yet greater Duke of Lorrain; whose inimitable conduct saved the imperial city of Vienna, and rescued the whole house of Austria; retook the whole kingdom of Hungary, and was victorious in seaventeen pitch'd battles. I say none of these

ever receiv'd so glorious a mark of their country's favour. Again, It is to be consider'd, that not this house only, built at the nation's expence, was thus given; but lands and pensions to the value of above one hundred thousand pounds sterl. and honours the greatest England can bestow: These are all honours indeed to the duke, but infinitely more to the honour of the nation.

The magnificent work then is a national building, and must for ever be call'd so. Nay, the dimensions of it will perhaps call upon us hereafter, to own it as such in order to vindicate the discretion of the builder, for making a palace too big for any British subject to fill, if he lives at his own expence. Nothing else can justify the vast design, a bridge or *ryalto* rather, of one arch costing 2oooo*l* . and this, like the bridge at the Escurial in Spain, without a river. Gardens of near 100 acres of ground. Offices fit for 300 in family. Out-houses fit for the lodgings of a regiment of guards, rather than of livery servants. Also the extent of the fabrick, the avenues, the salons, galleries, and royal apartments; nothing below royalty and a prince, can support an equipage suitable to the living in such a house: And one may without a spirit of prophecy, say, it seems to intimate, that some time or other Blenheim may and will return to be as the old Woodstock once was, the palace of a king.

I shall enter no farther into the description, because 'tis yet a house unfurnish'd, and it can only be properly said what it is to be, not what it is: The stair-case of the house is indeed very great, the preparations of statues and paintings, and the ornament both of the building and finishing and furnishing are also great, but as the duke is dead, the duchess old, and the heir abroad, when and how it shall be all perform'd, requires more of the gift of prophecy than I am master of.

From Woodstock I could not refrain taking a turn a little northward as high as Banbury to the banks of the Charwell, to see the famous spot of ground where a vigorous rencounter happen'd between the Royalists in the grand Rebellion, and the Parliament's forces, under Sir William Waller; I mean at Croprady Bridge, near Banbury. It was a vigorous action, and in which the king's forces may be said fairly to out-general their enemies, which really was not always their fate: I had the plan of that action before me, which I have had some years, and found out every step of the ground as it was disputed on both sides by inches, where the horse engaged and where the foot; where Waller lost his cannon, and where he retired; and it was evident to me the best thing Waller cou'd do, (tho' superiour in number) was to retreat as he did, having lost half his army.

From thence, being within eight miles of Edge-Hill, where the first battle in that war happen'd, I had the like pleasure of viewing the ground about Keinton, where that bloody battle was fought; it was evident, and one could hardly think of

it without regret, the king with his army had an infinite advantage by being posted on the top of the hill, that he knew that the Parliament's army were under express orders to fight, and must attack him lest his majesty who had got two days march of them, should advance to London, where they were out of their wits for fear of him.

The king I say knowing this, 'tis plain he had no business but to have intrench'd, to fight upon the eminence where he was posted, or have detach'd 15000 men for London, while he had fortify'd himself with a strong body upon the hill: But on the contrary, his majesty scorning to be pursued by his subjects, his army excellently appointed, and full of courage, not only halted, but descended from his advantages and offer'd them battle in the plain field, which they accepted.

Here I cannot but remark that this action is perhaps the only example in the world, of a battle so furious, so obstinate, manag'd with such skill, every regiment behaving well, and doing their duty to the utmost, often rallying when disorder'd, and indeed fighting with the courage and order of veterans; and yet not one regiment of troops that had ever seen the face of an enemy, or so much as been in arms before. It's true, the king had rather the better of the day; and yet the rebel army though their left wing of horse was entirely defeated, behav'd so well, that at best it might be call'd a drawn battle; and the loss on both sides was so equal, that it was hard to know who lost most men.

But to leave the war, 'tis the place only I am taking notice of. From hence I turn'd south, for I was here on the edge both of Warwickshire, and Gloucestershire: But I turned south, and coming down by and upon the west side of Oxfordshire, to Chipping-Norton, we were shew'd Roll-Richt-Stones, a second Stone-Henge; being a ring of great stones standing upright, some of them from 5 to 7 foot high.

I leave the debate about the reason and antiquity of this antient work to the dispute of the learned, who yet cannot agree about them any more than about Stone-Henge in Wiltshire. Cambden will have them be a monument of victory, and the learned Dr. Charleton is of the same mind. Mr. Cambden also is willing to think that they were erected by Rollo the Dane, because of the town of Rollwright, from which they are call'd Rolle Right or Rolle Richt Stones. Aiston wou'd have them to be a monument of the dead, perhaps kill'd in battle; and that a great stone 9 foot high, at a distance, was over a king; and 5 other great ones likewise at a distance, were great commanders and the like.

The ingenious and learned Dr. Plot wou'd have us think it was a cirque or ring for their field elections of a king, something like the Dyetts on horseback in Poland; that they met in the open field to choose a king, and that the persons in

competition were severally placed in such a cirque, surrounded by the suffrages or voters; and that when they were chosen, the person chosen was inaugurated here.

Thus I leave it as I find it: for antiquity as I have often said is not my business in this work; let the occasion of those stones be what it will, they are well worth notice; especially to those who are curious in the search of antiquity.

We were very merry at passing thro' a village call'd Bloxham, on the occasion of a meeting of servants for hire, which the people there call a Mop; 'tis generally in other places vulgarly call'd a Statute, because founded upon a statute law in Q. Elizabeth's time for regulating of servants. This I christn'd by the name of a Jade-Fair, at which some of the poor girls began to be angry, but we appeas'd them with better words. I have observ'd at some of these fairs, that the poor servants distinguish themselves by holding something in their hands, to intimate what labour they are particularly qualify'd to undertake; as the carters a whip, the labourers a shovel, the wood men a bill, the manufacturers a wool comb, and the like. But since the ways and manners of servants are advanc'd as we now find them to be, those Jade Fairs are not so much frequented as formerly, tho' we have them at several towns near London; as at Enfield, Waltham, Epping, &.

Here we saw also the famous parish of Brightwell, of which it was observed, that there had not been an alehouse nor a dissenter from the church, nor any quarrel among the inhabitants that rise so high as to a suit of law within the memory of man. But they could not say it was so still, especially as to the alehouse part; tho' very much is still preserved, as to the unity and good neighbourhood of the parishioners, and their conformity to the church.

Being now on the side of Warwickshire, as is said before, I still went south, and passing by the four Shire Stones, we saw where the counties of Oxford, Warwick, and Gloucester joyn all in a point; one stone standing in each county, and the fourth touching all three.

Hence we came to the famous Cotswold-Downs, so eminent for the best of sheep, and finest wool in England: It was of the breed of these sheep. And fame tells us that some were sent by King Rich. I. into Spain, and that from thence the breed of their sheep was raised, which now produce so fine a wool, that we are oblig'd to fetch it from thence, for the making our finest broad cloaths; and which we buy at so great a price.

In viewing this part of England, and such things as these, and considering how little notice other writers had taken of them, it occur'd to my thoughts that it wou'd be a very useful and good work, if any curious observer would but write an account of England, and oblige himself to speak of such things only, as all modern writers had said nothing of, or nothing but what was false and imperfect. And there are doubtless so many things, so insignificant, and yet so omitted, that I

am persuaded such a writer would not have wanted materials; nay, I will not promise that even this work, tho' I am as careful as room for writing will allow, shall not leave enough behind, for such a gleaning to make it self richer than the reapings that have gone before; and this not altogether from the meer negligence and omissions of the writers, as from the abundance of matter, the growing buildings, and the new discoveries made in every part of the country.

Upon these downs we had a clear view of the famous old Roman high-way, call'd the Fosse, which evidently crosses all the middle part of England, and is to be seen and known (tho' in no place plainer than here,) quite from the Bath to Warwick, and thence to Leicester, to Newark, to Lincoln, and on to Barton, upon the bank of Humber.

Here it is still the common road, and we follow'd it over the downs to Cirencester. We observ'd also how several cross roads as antient as it self, and perhaps more antient, joyn'd it, or branch'd out of it; some of which the people have by antient usage tho' corruptly call'd also Fosses, making the word Fosse as it were a common name for all roads. For example, The Ackemanstreet which is an antient Saxon road leading from Buckinghamshire through Oxfordshire to the Fosse, and so to the Bath; this joyns the Fosse between Burford and Cirencester. It is worth observing how this is said to be call'd Ackeman's Street; namely, by the Saxon way of joyning their monosyllables into significant words, as thus, *ackman* or *achman* a man of aching limbs, in English a *cripple* travelling to the Bath for cure: So Achmanstreet was the road or street for diseased people going to the Bath; and the city of Bath was on the same account call'd Achmanchester, or the city of diseased people; or, *Urbs Ægrotorum hominum.* Thus much for antiquity. There are other roads or fosses which joyn this grand highway, viz. Grinnes Dike, from Oxfordshire, Wattle Bank, or Aves Ditch from ditto. and the Would Way, call'd also the Fosse crossing from Gloucester to Cirencester.

In passing this way we very remarkably cross'd four rivers within the length of about 10 miles, and enquiring their names, the country people call'd them every one the Thames, which mov'd me a little to enquire the reason, which is no more than this; namely, that these rivers, which are, the Lech, the Coln, the Churn, and the Isis; all rising in the Cotswould Hills and joyning together and making a full stream at Lechlade near this place, they become one river there, and are all call'd Thames, or vulgarly Temms; also beginning there to be navigable, you see very large barges at the key, taking in goods for London, which makes the town of Lechlade a very populous large place.

On the Churne one of those rivers stands Cirencester, or Ciciter for brevity, a very good town, populous and rich, full of clothiers, and driving a great trade in wool; which as likewise at Tetbury, is brought from the midland counties of

Leicester, Northampton, and Lincoln, where the largest sheep in England are found, and where are few manufactures; it is sold here in quantities, so great, that it almost exceeds belief: It is generally bought here by the clothiers of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, for the supply of that great clothing trade; of which I have spoken already: They talk of 5000 packs in a year.

As we go on upon the Fosse, we see in the vale on the left hand, the antient town of Malmsbury, famous for a monastary, and a great church, built out of the ruins of it; and which I name in meer veneration to that excellent, and even best of our old historians Gulielmus Malmsburiensis, to whom the world is so much oblig'd, for preserving the history and antiquities of this kingdom.

We next arriv'd at Marshfield, a Wiltshire clothing town, very flourishing and where we cross'd the great road from London to Bristol, as at Cirencester, we did that from London, to Gloucester; and in the evening keeping still the Fosse-Way, we arriv'd at Bath.

My description of this city would be very short, and indeed it would have been a very small city, (if at all a city) were it not for the hot baths here, which give both name and fame to the place. The antiquity of this place, and of the baths here, is doubtless very great, tho' I cannot come in to the inscription under the figure, said to be of a British king, placed in that call'd the King's Bath, which says that this King Bladud, (Mr. Cambden calls him Blayden, or Blaydon Cloyth; that is, the south-sayer) found out the use of these baths, 300 years before our Saviour's time. I say, I cannot come into this, because even the discovery is ascribed to the magick of the day, not their judgment in the physical virtue of minerals, and mineral-waters. The antiquities of this place are farther treated of by Mr. Cambden, as the virtues of the waters, are, by several of the learned members of that faculty, who have wrote largely on that subject; as particularly, Dr. —— — , Dr. Baynard, Dr. —— — and others.

There remains little to add, but what relates to the modern customs, the gallantry and diversions of that place, in which I shall be very short; the best part being but a barren subject, and the worst part meriting rather a satyr, than a description. It has been observ'd before, that in former times this was a resort hither for cripples, and the place was truly *Urbs Ægrotorum Hominum:* And we see the crutches hang up at the several baths, as the thank-offerings of those who have come hither lame, and gone away cur'd. But now we may say it is the resort of the sound, rather than the sick; the bathing is made more a sport and diversion, than a physical prescription for health; and the town is taken up in raffling, gameing, visiting, and in a word, all sorts of gallantry and levity.

The whole time indeed is a round of the utmost diversion. In the morning you (supposing you to be a young lady) are fetch'd in a close chair, dress'd in your

bathing cloths, that is, stript to the smock, to the Cross-Bath. There the musick plays you into the bath, and the women that tend you, present you with a little floating wooden dish, like a bason; in which the lady puts a handkerchief, and a nosegay, of late the snuff-box is added, and some patches; tho' the bath occasioning a little perspiration, the patches do not stick so kindly as they should.

Here the ladies and the gentlemen pretend to keep some distance, and each to their proper side, but frequently mingle here too, as in the King and Queens Bath, tho' not so often; and the place being but narrow, they converse freely, and talk, rally, make vows, and sometimes love; and having thus amus'd themselves an hour, or two, they call their chairs and return to their lodgings.

The rest of the diversion here, is the walks in the great church, and at the raffling shops, which are kept (like the cloyster at Bartholomew Fair,) in the churchyard, and ground adjoyning. In the afternoon there is generally a play, tho' the decorations are mean, and the performances accordingly; but it answers, for the company here (not the actors) make the play, to say no more. In the evening there is a ball, and dancing at least twice a week, which is commonly in the great town hall, over the market-house; where there never fails in the season to be a great deal of very good company.

There is one thing very observable here, which tho' it brings abundance of company to the Bath, more than ever us'd to be there before; yet it seems to have quite inverted the use and virtue of the waters, (viz.) that whereas for seventeen hundred or two thousand years, if you believe King Bladud, the medicinal virtue of these waters had been useful to the diseased people by bathing in them, now they are found to be useful also, taken into the body; and there are many more come to drink the waters, than to bathe in them; nor are the cures they perform this way, less valuable than the outward application; especially in colicks, ill digestion, and scorbutick distempers. This discovery they say, is not yet above fifty years old, and is said to be owing to the famous Dr. Radcliff, but I think it must be older, for I have my self drank the waters of the Bath above fifty years ago: But be it so, 'tis certain, 'tis a modern discovery, compar'd to the former use of these waters.

As to the usefulness of these waters to procure conception, and the known story of the late King James's queen here, the famous monument in the Cross-Bath gives an account of it. Those that are enclin'd to give faith to such things, may know as much of it at the Santa Casa of Loretto, as here; and in Italy I believe it is much more credited.

There is nothing in the neighbourhood of this city worth notice, except it be Chipping-Norton-Lane, where was a fight between the forces of King James II. and the Duke of Monmouth, in which the latter had plainly the better; and had

they push'd their advantage, might have made it an entire victory. On the N.W. of this city up a very steep hill, is the King's Down, where sometimes persons of quality who have coaches go up for the air: But very few people care to have coaches here, it being a place where they have but little room to keep them, and less to make use of them. And the hill up to the Downs is so steep, that the late Queen Anne was extremely frighted in going up, her coachman stopping to give the horses breath, and the coach wanting a dragstaff, run back in spight of all the coachman's skill; the horses not being brought to strain the harness again, or pull together for a good while, and the coach putting the guards behind it into the utmost confusion, till some of the servants setting their heads and shoulders to the wheels, stopt them by plain force.

When one is upon King-Down, and has pass'd all the steeps and difficulties of the ascent, there is a plain and pleasant country for many miles, into Gloucestershire, and two very noble palaces, the one built by Mr. Blathwait, late Secretary of War; and the other is call'd Badminton, the mansion of the most noble family of the Dukes of Beaufort, the present duke being under age. The lustre and magnificence of this palace is magnify'd by the surprise one is at, to see such a house in such a retreat, so difficult of access, at least this way, so near to so much company, and yet, so much alone.

Following the course of the river Avon, which runs thro' Bath, we come in ten miles to the city of Bristol, the greatest, the richest, and the best port of trade in Great Britain, London only excepted.

The merchants of this city not only have the greatest trade, but they trade with a more entire independency upon London, than any other town in Britain. And 'tis evident in this particular, (viz.) That whatsoever exportations they make to any part of the world, they are able to bring the full returns back to their own port, and can dispose of it there.

This is not the case in any other port in England. But they are often oblig'd to ship part of the effects in the ports abroad, on the ships bound to London; or to consign their own ships to London, in order both to get freight, as also to dispose of their own cargoes.

But the Bristol merchants as they have a very great trade abroad, so they have always buyers at home, for their returns, and that such buyers that no cargo is too big for them. To this purpose, the shopkeepers in Bristol who in general are all wholesale men, have so great an inland trade among all the western counties, that they maintain carriers just as the London tradesmen do, to all the principal countries and towns from Southampton in the south, even to the banks of the Trent north; and tho' they have no navigable river that way, yet they drive a very great trade through all those counties.

Add to this, That, as well by sea, as by the navigation of two great rivers, the Wye, and the Severn, they have the whole trade of South-Wales, as it were, to themselves, and the greatest part of North-Wales; and as to their trade to Ireland, it is not only great in it self, but is prodigiously encreas'd in these last thirty years, since the Revolution, notwithstanding the great encrease and encroachment of the merchants at Liverpool, in the Irish trade, and the great devastations of the war; the kingdom of Ireland it self being wonderfully encreas'd since that time.

The greatest inconveniences of Bristol, are, its situation, and the tenacious folly of its inhabitants; who by the general infatuation, the pretence of freedoms and priviledges, that corporation-tyranny, which prevents the flourishing and encrease of many a good town in England, continue obstinately to forbid any, who are not subjects of their city soveraignty, (that is to say, freemen,) to trade within the chain of their own liberties; were it not for this, the city of Bristol, would before now, have swell'd and encreas'd in buildings and inhabitants, perhaps to double the magnitude it was formerly of.

This is evident by this one particular; There is one remarkable part of the city where the liberties extend not at all, or but very little without the city gate. Here and no where else, they have an accession of new inhabitants; and abundance of new houses, nay, some streets are built, and the like 'tis probable wou'd have been at all the rest of the gates, if liberty had been given. As for the city itself, there is hardly room to set another house in it, 'tis so close built, except in the great square, the ground about which is a little too subject to the hazard of inundations: So that people do not so freely enlarge that way. The Tolsey of this city, (so they call their Exchange where their merchants meet,) has been a place too of great business, yet so straighten'd, so crowded, and so many ways inconvenient, that the merchants have been obliged to do less business there, than indeed the nature of their great trade requires; They have therefore long solicited, a sufficient authority of Parliament, empowering them to build a Royal Exchange; by which, I mean a place suitable and spatious, fit for the accommodation of the merchants, and for the dispatch of business; and to be impowered to pull down the adjacent buildings for that purpose: But there is not much progress yet made in this work, tho' if finish'd, it would add much to the beauty of the city of Bristol. The Hot Well, or, the water of St. Vincents Rock, is not in the city, but at the confluence of the two little rivers, and on the north side of the stream. It is but a few years since this spring lay open at the foot of the rock, and was covered by the salt water at every tide, and yet it preserved both its warmth and its mineral virtue entire.

The rock tho' hard to admiration, has since that been work'd down, partly by strength of art, and partly blown in pieces by gunpowder, and a plain foundation

made for building a large house upon it, where they have good apartments for entertaining diseased persons. The well is secur'd, and a good pump fix'd in it, so that they have the water pure and unmix'd from the spring it self.

The water of this well possess'd its medicinal quality no doubt from its original, which may be as antient as the Deluge. But what is strangest of all is, that it was never known before; it is now famous for being a specifick in that otherwise incurable disease the diabetes; and yet was never known to be so, 'till within these few years; namely, thirty years, or thereabout. There are in Bristol 21 parish churches, many meeting-houses, especially Quakers, one (very mean) cathedral, the reason of which, may be, that it is but a very modern bishoprick. It is supposed they have an hundred thousand inhabitants in the city, and within three miles of its circumference; and they say above three thousand sail of ships belong to that port, but of the last I am not certain.

'Tis every remarkable, That this city is so plentifully supply'd with coals, tho' they are all brought by land carriage, that yet they are generally bought by the inhabitants, laid down at their doors, after the rate of from seven to nine shillings per chaldron.

The situation of the city is low, but on the side of a rising hill. The ground plat of it is said very much to resemble that of old Rome, being circular, with something greater diameter one way than another, but not enough to make it oval: And the river cutting off one small part, as it were, a sixth, or less from the rest.

The bridge over the Avon is exceeding strong, the arches very high, because of the depth of water, and the buildings so close upon it, that in passing the bridge, you see nothing but an entire well built street. The tide of flood rises here near 6 fathom, and runs very sharp.

They draw all their heavy goods here on sleds, or sledges without wheels, which kills a multitude of horses; and the pavement is worn so smooth by them, that in wet-weather the streets are very slippery, and in frosty-weather 'tis dangerous walking.

From this city I resolv'd to coast the marshes or border of Wales, especially South-Wales, by tracing the rivers Wye, and Lug, into Monmouth and Herefordshire. But I chang'd this resolution on the following occasion; namely, the badness and danger of the ferries over the Severn, besides, having formerly travers'd these counties, I can without a re-visit, speak to every thing that is considerable in them, and shall do it in a letter by itself. But in the mean time, I resolv'd to follow the course of the famous river Severn, by which I should necessarily see the richest, most fertile, and most agreeable part of England; the bank of the Thames only excepted.

From Bristol West, you enter the county of Gloucester, and keeping the Avon in view, you see King Road, where the ships generally take their departure, as ours at London do from Graves-End; and Hung Road, where they notify their arrival, as ours for London do in the Downs: The one lyes within the Avon, the other, in the open sea or the Severn; which is there call'd the Severn Sea. Indeed great part of Bristol is in the bounds of Gloucestershire, tho' it be a county of itself. From hence going away a little north west, we come to the Pill, a convenient road for shipping, and where therefore they generally run back for Ireland or for Wales. There is also a little farther, an ugly, dangerous, and very inconvenient ferry over the Severn, to the mouth of Wye; namely, at Aust; the badness of the weather, and the sorry boats, at which, deterr'd us from crossing there.

As we turn north towards Gloucester, we lose the sight of the Avon, and in about two miles exchange it for an open view of the Severn Sea, which you see on the west side, and which is as broad as the ocean there; except, that you see two small islands in it, and that looking N.W. you see plainly the coast of South Wales; and particularly a little nearer hand, the shore of Monmouthshire. Then as you go on, the shores begin to draw towards one another, and the coasts to lye parallel; so that the Severn appears to be a plain river, or an *æstuarium* , somewhat like the Humber, or as the Thames is at the Nore, being 4 to 5 and 6 miles over; and to give it no more than its just due, a most raging, turbulent, furious place. This is occasion'd by those violent tides call'd the Bore, which flow here sometimes six or seven foot at once, rolling forward like a mighty wave: So that the stern of a vessel shall on a sudden be lifted up six or seven foot upon the water, when the head of it is fast a ground. After coasting the shore about 4 miles farther, the road being by the low salt marshes, kept at a distance from the river: We came to the ferry call'd Ast Ferry, or more properly Aust Ferry, or Aust Passage, from a little dirty village call'd Aust; near which you come to take boat.

This ferry lands you at Beachly in Monmouthshire, so that on the out-side 'tis call'd Aust Passage, and on the other side, 'tis call'd Beachly-Passage. From whence you go by land two little miles to Chepstow, a large port town on the river Wye. But of that part I shall say more in its place.

When we came to Aust, the hither side of the Passage, the sea was so broad, the fame of the Bore of the tide so formidable, the wind also made the water so rough, and which was worse, the boats to carry over both man and horse appear'd (as I have said above) so very mean, that in short none of us car'd to venture: So we came back, and resolv'd to keep on the road to Gloucester. By the way we visited some friends at a market-town, a little out of the road, call'd Chipping-Sodbury, a place of note for nothing that I saw, but the greatest cheese market in

all that part of England; or, perhaps, any other, except Atherstone, in Warwickshire.

Hence we kept on north, passing by Dursley to Berkley-Castle; the antient seat of the Earls of Berkley, a noble tho' antient building, and a very fine park about it. The castle gives title to the earl, and the town of Dursly to the heir apparent; who during the life of his father, is call'd the Lord Dursley. I say nothing of the dark story of King Edward II. of England; who, all our learned writers agree, was murther'd in this castle: As Richard II. was in that of Pontefract, in Yorkshire; I say I take no more notice of it here, for history is not my present business: 'Tis true, they show the apartments where they say that king was kept a prisoner: But they do not admit that he was kill'd there. The place is rather antient, than pleasant or healthful, lying low, and near the water; but 'tis honour'd by its present owner, known to the world for his many services to his country, and for a fame, which our posterity will read of, in all the histories of our times.

From hence to Gloucester, we see nothing considerable, but a most fertile, rich country, and a fine river, but narrower as you go northward, 'till a little before we come to Gloucester it ceases to be navigable by ships of burthen, but continues to be so, by large barges, above an hundred miles farther; not reckoning the turnings and windings of the river: Besides that, it receives several large and navigable rivers into it.

Gloucester is an antient middling city, tolerably built, but not fine; was fortify'd and stood out obstinately against its lord King Charles the Ist, who befieged it to his great loss in the late Rebellion, for which it had all its walls and works demolish'd; for it was then very strong: Here is a large stone bridge over the Severn, the first next the sea; and this, and the cathedral is all I see worth recording of this place. Except that the late eminent and justly famous Sir Thomas Powel, commonly call'd Judge Powel, one of the judges of the King's Bench Court; and contemporary with Sir John Holt lived and dyed in this city, being one of the greatest lawyers of the age.

The cathedral is an old venerable pile, with very little ornament within or without, yet 'tis well built; and tho' plain, it makes together, especially the tower, a very handsome appearance. The inhabitants boast much of its antiquity, and tell us, that a bishop and preachers were plac'd here, in the very infancy of the Christian religion; namely, in the year 189. But this I take *ad referendum.* The cathedral they tell us, has been three times burnt to the ground.

The first Protestant bishop of this church, was, that truly reverend and religious Dr. John Hooper, set up by King Edward VI. and afterwards martyr'd for his religion in the Marian tyranny: Being burnt to death in the cimitary of his own cathedral.

The whispering place in this cathedral, has for many years pass'd for a kind of wonder; but since, experience has taught us the easily comprehended reason of the thing: And since there is now the like in the church of St. Paul, the wonder is much abated. However, the verses written over this whispering place, intimate, that it has really past for something miraculous; and as the application rather shows religion, than philosophy in the author, the reader may not like them the worse.

Doubt not, that God who sits on high,
Thy secret prayers can hear;
When a dead wall thus cunningly,
Conveys soft whispers to thine ear.

From Gloucester we kept the east shore of the Severn, and in twelve miles came to Tewksbury, a large and very populous town situate upon the river Avon, this is call'd the Warwickshire Avon, to distinguish it from the Avon at Bristol and others, for there are several rivers in England of this name; and some tell us that *avona* was an old word in the British tongue signifying a river.

This town is famous for a great manufacture of stockings, as are also, the towns of Pershore, and Evesham, or Esham; on the same river.

The great old church at Tewksbury may indeed be call'd the largest private parish church in England; I mean, that is not a collegiate or cathedral church. This town is famous for the great, and as may be said, the last battle, fought between the two houses of Lancaster and York, in which Edward IV. was conqueror; and in, or rather after which, Prince Edward the only surviving son of the House of Lancaster, was kill'd by the cruel hands of Richard the king's brother; the same afterwards Richard III. or Crookback Richard. In this place begins that fruitful and plentiful country which was call'd the Vale of Esham, which runs all along the banks of the Avon, from Tewksbury to Pershore, and to Stratford upon Avon, and in the south part of Warwickshire; and so far, (viz. to Stratford,) the river Avon is navigable.

At this last town, going into the parish church, we saw the monument of old Shakespear, the famous poet, and whose dramatick performances so justly maintain his character among the British poets; and perhaps will do so to the end of time. The busto of his head is in the wall on the north side of the church, and a flat grave-stone covers the body, in the isle just under him. On which grave-stone these lines are written.

Good friend, for Jesus's sake, forbear
To move the dust that resteth here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he, that moves my bones.

The navigation of this river Avon is an exceeding advantage to all this part of the country, and also to the commerce of the city of Bristol. For by this river they drive a very great trade for sugar, oil, wine, tobacco, iron, lead, and in a word, all heavy goods which are carried by water almost as far as Warwick; and in return the corn, and especially the cheese, is brought back from Gloucestershire and Warwickshire, to Bristol.

This same vale continuing to extend it self in Warwickshire, and under the ridge of little mountains call'd Edge-Hill, is there call'd the vale of Red-Horse. All the grounds put together, make a most pleasant corn country, especially remarkable for the goodness of the air, and fertility of the soil.

Gloucestershire must not be pass'd over, without some account of a most pleasant and fruitful vale which crosses part of the country, from east to west on that side of the Cotswold, and which is call'd Stroud-Water; famous not for the finest cloths only, but for dying those cloths of the finest scarlets, and other grain colours that are any where in England; perhaps in any part of the world: Here I saw two pieces of broad cloth made, one scarlet, the other crimson in grain, on purpose to be presented, the one to His Majesty King George, and the other to the prince; when the former was Elector of Hanover, and the latter, electoral prince: And it was sent to Hanover, presented accordingly, and very graciously accepted. The cloth was valued including the colour, at 45*s* . per yard: Indeed it was hardly to be valued, nothing so rich being ever made in England before, at least as I was informed.

The clothiers lye all along the banks of this river for near 20 miles, and in the town of Stroud, which lyes in the middle of it, as also at Paynswick, which is a market-town at a small distance north. The river makes its way to the Severn about 5 miles below Gloucester.

From Tewkesbury we went north 12 miles, to Worcester, all the way still on the bank of the Severn; and here we had the pleasing sight of the hedge-rows, being fill'd with apple trees and pear trees, and the fruit so common, that any passenger as they travel the road may gather and eat what they please; and here, as well as in Gloucestershire, you meet with cyder in the publick-houses sold as beer and ale is in other parts of England, and as cheap.

Here we saw at a distance, in a most agreeable situation, the mansion or seat of Sir John Packington, a barronet of a very antient family; and for so long from father to son knight of the shire for the county, that it seems as if it were hereditary to that house.

On the other side of the Severn at — and near the town of Bewdly the Lord Foley has a very noble seat suitable to the grandeur of that rising family.

Worcester is a large, populous, old, tho' not a very well built city; I say not well built because the town is close and old, the houses standing too thick. The north part of the town is more extended and also better built. There is a good old stone bridge over the Severn, which stands exceeding high from the surface of the water. But as the stream of the Severn is contracted here by the buildings on either side, there is evident occasion sometimes for the height of the bridge, the waters rising to an incredible height in the winter-time.

It narrowly escap'd burning, but did not escape plundering at the time when the Scots army commanded by King Ch. II. in person, was attack'd here by Cromwel's forces; 'twas said some of the Royalist's officers themselves, propos'd setting the city on fire, when they saw it was impossible to avoid a defeat, that they might the better make a retreat; which they propos'd to do over the Severn, and so to march into Wales: But that the king, a prince from his youth, of a generous and merciful disposition would by no means consent to it.

I went to see the town-house, which afforded nothing worth taking notice of, unless it be how much it wants to be mended with a new one; which the city, they say, is not so much enclin'd, as they are able and rich to perform. I saw nothing of publick notice there, but the three figures, (for they can hardly be call'd statues) of King Charles I. King Charles II. and Queen Anne.

The cathedral of this city is an antient, and indeed, a decay'd building; the body of the church is very mean in its aspect, nor did I see the least ornament about it, I mean in the outside. The tower is low, without any spire, only four very small pinnacles on the corners; and yet the tower has some little beauty in it more than the church itself, too; and the upper part has some images in it, but decay'd by time.

The inside of the church has several very antient monuments in it, particularly some royal ones; as that of King John, who lyes interr'd between two sainted bishops, namely, St. Oswald, and St. Woolstan. Whether he ordered his interment in that manner, believing that they should help him *up* at the last call, and be serviceable to him for his salvation I know not; it is true they say so, but I can hardly think the king himself so ignorant, whatever the people might be in those days of superstition; nor will I say but that it may be probable, they may all three go together at last (as it is) and yet, without being assistant to, or acquainted with one another at all.

Here is also a monument for that famous Countess of Salisbury, who dancing before, or with K. Edward III. in his great hall at Windsor, dropt her garter, which the king taking up, honoured it so much as to make it the denominating ensign of his new order of knighthood, which is grown so famous, and is call'd the *most Noble* Order of the Garter: What honour, or that any honour redounds to that most

noble order, from its being so deriv'd from the garter of a — For 'tis generally agreed, she was the king's mistress, I will not enquire.

Certainly the Order receives a just claim to the title of *most noble* , from the honour done it, by its royal institution; and its being compos'd of such a noble list of the kings and princes as have been entred into it: I say, certainly this order has a just title to that of *noble* , and *most noble* too; yet I cannot but think that the king might have found out a better trophy to have fix'd it upon, than that lady's garter. But this by the way: here lyes the lady that's certain, and a very fine monument she has, in which one thing is more ridiculous than all that went before, (viz.) That about the monument, there are several angels cut in stone, strewing garters over the tomb, as if that passage, which at best had something a little obscene in it, I mean of the kings taking up the lady's garter, and giving such honours to it, was also a thing to be celebrated by angels, *in perpetuam re? memoriam.*

Besides this, here is the monument or the body of Prince Arthur, eldest son to King Henry VII. who was married, but died soon after; and his wife Katharine Infanta of Spain, was afterwards married to, and after 20 years wedlock divorced from King Henry VIII.

Upon the prince's tomb stone is this inscription. HERE lyes the body of Prince Arthur, the eldest son of King Henry VII. who dyed at Ludlow, in the year 1502. and in the seventeenth year of his father's reign.

There are several other antient monuments in this church, too many to be set down here: They reckon up 99 Bishops of this diocess, beginning at the year 980, out of which catalogue they tell us have been furnish'd to the world, 1 Pope, 4 Saints, 7 High-Chancellors of England, 11 Arch-Bishops, 2 Lord Treasurers of England, 1Chancellor to the Queen, 1 Lord President of Wales, and 1 Vice President: Their names are as follows.

1 *Pope, (viz.)*
Julius de Medicis, call'd

Clement VII
4 *Saints.*
St. Egwin.
St. Dunstan.
St. Oswald.
St. Wolstan.
11 *Archbishops.*
St. Dunstan.
St. Oswald
Adulf.

St. Wolstan.
Aldred.
Grey.
Bourcher.
Wittelry.
Heath.
Sands.
Whitgift.
|
|
|

Barnett.
Alcock.
Heath.
1 *President.*
Heath.
1 *Vice-President.*
Whitgift.
2 *Lord Treasurers.*
Reynolds.
Wakefield.
1 *Chancellor to a Queen.*
Simon.

This city is very full of people, and the people generally esteem'd very rich, being full of business, occasion'd chiefly by the cloathing trade, of which the city and the country round carries on a great share, as well for the Turkey trade as for the home trade.

The salt springs in this county which were formerly esteem'd as next to miraculous, have since the discovery of the mines of rock salt in Lancashire, Cheshire, &. lost all of wonder that belong'd to them, and much of the use also; the salt made there being found to be much less valuable than what is now made of the other. So I need say little to them.

Near this city are the famous Maulvern Hills, or Mauvern Hills, seen so far every way. In particular, we saw them very plainly on the Downs, between Marlborough and Malmsbury; and they say they are seen from the top of Salisbury steeple, which is above 50 miles.

There was a famous monastery at the foot of these hills, on the S.W. side, and the ruins are seen to this day; the old legend of wonders perform'd by the witches of Mauvern, I suppose they mean the religieuse of both kinds, are too merry, as well as too antient for this work.

They talk much of mines of gold and silver, which are certainly to be found here, if they were but look'd for, and that Mauvern wou'd out do Potosi for wealth; but 'tis probable if there is such wealth, it lies too deep for this idle generation to find out, and perhaps to search for.

There are three or four especial manufactures carried on in this country, which are peculiar to it self, or at least to this county with the two next adjoyning; namely, Chester, and Warwick.

Monmouth cups sold chiefly to the Dutch seamen, and made only at Beawdly.

Fine stone potts for the glass-makers melting their metal, of which they make their fine flint glass, glass plates, &. not to be found any where but at Stourbridge in this county, the same clay makes crucibles and other melting pots.

The Birmingham iron works: The north indeed claims a share or part of this trade, but it is only a part.

Kidderminster stuffs call'd Lindsey Woolseys, they are very rarely made any where else.

At Stourbridge also they have a very great manufacture for glass of all sorts.

From Worcester I took a tour into Wales, which tho' I mentioned above, it was not at the same time with the rest of my journey; my account I hope will be as effectual.

In passing from this part of the country to make a tour through Wales, we necessarily see the two counties of Hereford and Monmouth, and for that reason I reserv'd them to this place, as I shall the counties of Chester and Salop to my return. A little below Worcester the Severn receives a river of a long course and deep chanel, call'd the Teme, and going from Worcester we past this river at a village call'd Broadways; from whence keeping a little to the north, we come to Ludlow-Castle, on the bank of the same river. On another journey I came from Stourbridge, famous for the clay for melting pots as above; thence to Kidderminster, and passing the Severn at Bewdley we came to Ludlow, on the side of Shropshire.

In this course we see two fine seats not very far from the Severn, (viz.) the Lord Foley's, and the Earl of Bradford's, as we had before a most delicious house, belonging to the Lord Conway, now in the family of the late famous Sir Edward Seymour. Indeed this part of the county, and all the county of Salop is fill'd with fine seats of the nobility and gentry, too many so much as to give a list of, and much less to describe.

The castle of Ludlow shows in its decay, what it was in its flourishing estate: It is the palace of the Princes of Wales, that is, to speak more properly, it is annex'd to the principality of Wales; which is the appanage of the heir apparent, and this is his palace in right of his being made Prince of Wales.

The situation of this castle is most beautiful indeed; there is a most spacious plain or lawn in its front, which formerly continu'd near two miles; but much of it is now enclosed. The country round it is exceeding pleasant, fertile, populous, and the soil rich; nothing can be added by nature to make it a place fit for a royal palace: It only wants the residence of its princes, but that is not now to be expected.

The castle itself is in the very perfection of decay, all the fine courts, the royal apartments, halls, and rooms of state, lye open, abandoned and some of them

falling down; for since the Courts of the President and Marches are taken away, here is nothing to do that requires the attendance of any publick people; so that time, the great devourer of the works of men, begins to eat into the very stone walls, and to spread the face of royal ruins upon the whole fabrick.

The town of Ludlow is a tolerable place, but it decays to be sure with the rest: It stands on the edge of the two counties, Shropshire, and Worcestershire, but is itself in the first; 'tis on the bank of the Teme, over which it has a good bridge, and it was formerly a town of good trade; the Welch call this town Lye Twysoe, which is in English, the Prince's Court. Mr. Cambden calls the river Teme the Tem'd, and another river which joyns it just at this town, the Corve, whence the rich flat country below the town is call'd Corvesdale.

King Henry VIII. established the Court of the President here, and the Council of the Marches and all causes of *nisi prius* , or of civil right were try'd here, before the Lord President and Council; but this Court was entirely taken away by Act of Parliament in our days, and this, as above, tends to the sensible decay of the town as well as of the castle.

From Ludlow we took our course due south to Lemster, or Leominster, a large and good trading town on the River Lug. This river is lately made navigable by Act of Parliament, to the very great profit of the trading part of this country, who have now a very great trade for their corn, wool, and other products of this place, into the river Wye, and from the Wye, into the Severn, and so to Bristol.

Leominster has nothing very remarkable in it, but that it is a well built, well inhabited town: The church which is very large, has been in a manner rebuilt, and is now, especially in the inside, a very beautiful church. This town, besides the fine wool, is noted for the best wheat, and consequently the finest bread; whence Lemster Bread, and Weobly Ale, is become a proverbial saying.

The country on our right as we came from Ludlow is very fruitful and pleasant, and is call'd the Hundred of Wigmore, from which the late Earl of Oxford at his creation, took the title of Baron of Wigmore: And here we saw two antient castles, (viz.) Brampton-Brian, and Wigmore-Castle, both belonging to the earl's father, Sir Edward Harley; Brampton is a stately pile, but not kept in full repair, the fate of that antient family not permitting the rebuilding it as we were told was in tended. Yet it is not so far decay'd as Ludlow, nor is it abandoned, or like to be so, and the parks are still very fine, and full of large timber.

We were now on the borders of Wales, properly so call'd; for from the windows of Brampton-Castle, you have a fair prospect into the county of Radnor, which is, as it were, under its walls; nay, even this whole county of Hereford, was, if we may believe antiquity, a part of Wales, and was so esteem'd for many ages. The people of this county too, boast that they were a part of the antient Silures,

who for so many ages withstood the Roman arms, and who could never be entirely conquer'd. But that's an affair quite beyond my enquiry. I observ'd they are a diligent and laborious people, chiefly addicted to husbandry, and they boast, perhaps, not without reason, that they have the finest wool, and best hops, and the richest cyder in all Britain.

Indeed the wool about Leominster, and in the Hundred of Wigmore observ'd above, and the Golden Vale as 'tis call'd, for its richness on the banks of the river Dove, (all in this county) is the finest without exception, of any in England, the South Down wool not excepted: As for hops, they plant abundance indeed all over this county, and they are very good. And as for cyder, here it was, that several times for 20 miles together, we could get no beer or ale in their publick houses, only cyder; and that so very good, so fine, and so cheap, that we never found fault with the exchange; great quantities of this cyder are sent to London, even by land carriage tho' so very remote, which is an evidence for the goodness of it, beyond contradiction.

One would hardly expect so pleasant, and fruitful a country as this, so near the barren mountains of Wales; but 'tis certain, that not any of our southern counties, the neighbourhood of London excepted, comes up to the fertility of this county, as Gloucester furnishes London with great quantities of cheese, so this county furnishes the same city with bacon in great quantities, and also with cyder as above.

From Lemster it is ten miles to Hereford, the chief city, not of this county only, but of all the counties west of Severn: 'Tis a large and a populous city, and in the time of the late Rebellion, was very strong, and being well fortify'd, and as well defended, supported a tedious and very severe siege; for besides the Parliament's Forces, who could never reduce it, the Scots army was call'd to the work, who lay before it, 'till they laid above 4000 of their bones there, and at last, it was rather taken by the fate of the war, than by the attack of the besiegers.

Coming to Hereford, we could not but enquire into the truth of the story so famous, that the Reverend Dr. Gibson had mentioned it in his continuation of Cambden; of the removing the two great stones near Sutton, which the people confirm'd to us. The story is thus,

Between Sutton and Hereford, is a common meadow call'd the Wergins, where were plac'd two large stones for a watermark; one erected upright, and the other laid a-thwart. In the late Civil Wars, about the Year 1652, they were remov'd to about twelve score paces distance, and no body knew how; which gave occasion to a common opinion, That they were carried thither by the Devil. When they were set in their places again, one of them requir'd nine yoke of oxen to draw it.

Not far from Lidbury, is Colwal; near which, upon the waste, as a countryman was digging a ditch about his cottage, he found a crown or a .coronet of gold, with gems set deep in it. It was of a size large enough to be drawn over the arm, with the sleeve. The stones of it are said to have been so valuable, as to be sold by a jeweller for fifteen hundred pounds.

It is truly an old, mean built, and very dirty city, lying low, and on the bank of Wye, which sometimes incommodes them very much, by the violent freshes that come down from the mountains of Wales; for all the rivers of this county, except the Driffin-Doe, come out of Wales.

The chief thing remarkable next to the cathedral, is the college, which still retains its Foundation Laws, and where the residentiaries are still oblig'd to celibacy, but otherwise, live a very happy, easy, and plentiful life; being furnish'd upon the foot of the foundation, besides their ecclesiastical stipends.

The great church is a magnificent building, however ancient, the spire is not high, but handsome, and there is a fine tower at the west end, over the great door or entrance. The choir is very fine, tho' plain, and there is a very good organ: The revenues of this bishoprick are very considerable, but lye under. some abatement at present, on account of necessary repairs.

There are several monuments in it of antient bishops, but no other of note. Between Leominster and this city, is another Hampton Court, the seat of the Lord Conningsby, who has also a considerable interest in the north part of this county; a person distinguishing himself in the process or impeachment against the late Earl of Oxford, his neighbour; who, to his no small disappointment, escap'd him. There is nothing remarkable here that I could observe: But the name putting me in mind of another Hampton Court, so much beyond it, that the house seems to be a foil to the name; the house was built by Rowland Lenthall, Esq; who was Guard de Robe to Henry IV. so that it is old enough, if that may recommend it, and so is its master.

From Hereford keeping the bank of Wye as near as we could, we came to Ross, a good old town, famous for good cyder, a great manufacture of iron ware, and a good trade on the River Wye, and nothing else as I remember, except it was a monstrous fat woman, who they would have had me gone to see. But I had enough of the relation, and so I suppose will the reader, for they told me she was more than three yards about her wast; that when she sat down, she was oblig'd to have a small stool plac'd before her, to rest her belly on, and the like.

From hence we came at about 8 miles more into Monmouthshire, and to the town of Monmouth. It is an old town situate at the conflux of the Wye and of Munnow, whence the town has its name; it stands in the angle where the rivers

joyn, and has a bridge over each river, and a third over the River Trothy, which comes in just below the other.

This town shews by its reverend face, that it is a place of great antiquity, and by the remains of walls, lines, curtains, and bastions, that it has been very strong, and by its situation that it may be made so again: This place is made famous, by being the native place of one of our most antient historians Jeoffry of Monmouth. At present ’tis rather a decay’d than a flourishing town, yet, it drives a considerable trade with the city of Bristol, by the navigation of the Wye.

This river having as I said, just received two large streams, the Mynevly or Munno, and the Trother, is grown a very noble river, and with a deep chanel, and a full current hurries away towards the sea, carrying also vessels of a considerable burthen hereabouts.

Near Monmouth the Duke of Beaufort has a fine old seat, call’d Troy; but since the family has had a much finer palace at Badminton, near the Bath; this tho’ a most charming situation seems to be much neglected.

Lower down upon the Wye stands Chepstow, the sea port for all the towns seated on the Wye and Lug, and where their commerce seems to center. Here is a noble bridge over the Wye: To this town ships of good burthen may come up, and the tide runs here with the same impetuous current as at Bristol; the flood rising from six fathom, to six and a half at Chepstow Bridge. This is a place of very good trade, as is also Newport, a town of the like import upon the River Uske, a great river, tho’ not so big as Wye, which runs thro’ the center of the county, and falls also into the Severn Sea.

This county furnishes great quantities of corn for exportation, and the Bristol merchants frequently load ships here, to go to Portugal, and other foreign countries with wheat; considering the mountainous part of the west of this county, ’tis much they should have such good corn, and so much of it to spare; but the eastern side of the county, and the neighbourhood of Herefordshire, supplies them.

I am now at the utmost extent of England west, and here I must mount the Alps, traverse the mountains of Wales, (and indeed, they are well compar’d to the Alps in the inmost provinces;) But with this exception, that in abundance of places you have the most pleasant and beautiful valleys imaginable, and some of them, of very great extent, far exceeding the valleys so fam’d among the mountains of Savoy, and Piedmont.

The two first counties which border west upon Monmouthshire, are Brecknock, and Glamorgan, and as they are very mountainous, so that part of Monmouthshire which joyns them, begins the rising of the hills. Kyrton-Beacon, Tumberlow, Blorench, Penvail, and Skirridan, are some of the names of these

horrid mountains, and are all in this shire; and I could not but fansy my self in view of Mount Brennus, Little Barnard, and Great Barnard, among the Alps. When I saw Plinlimmon Hill, and the sources of the Severn on one side of it, and the Wye and Rydall on the other: it put me in mind of the famous hill, call'd —— in the cantons of Switzerland, out of which the Rhine rises on one side, and the Rhosne, and the Aa on the other. But I shall give you more of them presently.

We now entered South Wales: The provinces which bear the name of South Wales, are these, Glamorgan, Brecknock, Radnor, Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan. We began with Brecknock, being willing to see the highest of the mountains, which are said to be hereabouts; and indeed, except I had still an idea of the height of the Alps, and of those mighty mountains of America, the Andes, which we see very often in the South-Seas, 20 leagues from the shore: I say except that I had still an idea of those countries on my mind, I should have been surprized at the sight of these hills; nay, (as it was) the Andes and the Alps, tho' immensly high, yet they stand together, and they are as mountains, pil'd upon mountains, and hills upon hills; whereas sometimes we see these mountains rising up at once, from the lowest valleys, to the highest summits which makes the height look horrid and frightful, even worse than those mountains abroad; which tho' much higher, rise as it were, one behind another: So that the ascent seems gradual, and consequently less surprising.

Brecknockshire is a meer inland county, as Radnor is; the English jestingly (and I think not very improperly) call it Breakneckshire: 'Tis mountainous to an extremity, except on the side of Radnor, where it is something more low and level. It is well watered by the Wye, and the Uske, two rivers mentioned before; upon the latter stands the town of Brecknock, the capital of the county: The most to be said of this town, is what indeed I have said of many places in Wales, (viz.) that it is very antient, and indeed to mention it here for all the rest, there are more tokens of antiquity to be seen every where in Wales, than in any particular part of England, except the counties of Cumberland, and Northumberland. Here we saw Brecknock-Mere, a large or long lake of water, two or three miles over; of which, they have a great many Welch fables, not worth relating: The best of them is, that a certain river call'd the Lheweni runs thro' it, and keeps its colour in mid-chanel distinguish'd from the water of the lake, and as they say, never mingles with it. They take abundance of good fish in this lake, so that as is said of the river Thysse in Hungary; they say this lake is two thirds water, and one third fish. The country people affirm, there stood a city once here, but, that by the judgment of Heaven, for the sin of its inhabitants, it sunk into the earth, and the water rose up in the place of it. I observe the same story is mentioned by Mr. Cambden with some difference in the particulars: I believe my share of it, but 'tis remarkable,

that Mr. Cambden having lost the old city Loventium, mentioned by Ptolemy to be hereabouts, is willing to account for it, by this old story.

It was among the mountains of this county that the famous Glendower shelter'd himself, and taking arms on the deposing Richard II. proclaimed himself Prince of Wales; and they shew us several little refuges of his in the mountains, whither he retreated, and from whence, again, he made such bold excursions into England.

Tho' this county be so mountainous, provisions are exceeding plentiful, and also very good all over the county; nor are these mountains useless, even to the city of London, as I have noted of other counties; for from hence they send yearly, great herds of black cattle to England, and which are known to fill our fairs and markets, even that of Smithfield it self.

The yellow mountains of Radnorshire are the same, and their product of cattle is the same; nor did I meet with any thing new, and worth noticing, except monuments of antiquity, which are not the subject of my enquiry: The stories of Vortigern, and Roger of Mortimer, are in every old woman's mouth here. There is here a great cataract or water fall of the River Wye, at a place call'd Rhayadr Gwy in Welch, which signifies the Cataract or Water Fall of the Wye, but we did not go to see it, by reason of a great flood at that time, which made the way dangerous: There is a kind of desart too, on that side, which is scarce habitable or passable, so we made it our north boundary for this part of our journey, and turn'd away to Glamorganshire.

Entring this shire, from Radnor and Brecknock, we were saluted with Monuchdenny-Hill on our left, and the Black-Mountain on the right, and all a ridge of horrid rocks and precipices between, over which, if we had not had trusty guides, we should never have found our way; and indeed, we began to repent our curiosity, as not having met with any thing worth the trouble; and a country looking so full of horror, that we thought to have given over the enterprise, and have left Wales out of our circuit: But after a day and a night conversing thus with rocks and mountains, our guide brought us down into a most agreeable vale, opening to the south, and a pleasant river running through it, call'd the Taaffe; and following the course of this river, we came in the evening to the antient city of Landaff, and Caerdiff, standing almost together.

Landaff is the seat of the episcopal see, and a city; but Cardiff which is lower on the river, is the port and town of trade; and has a very good harbour opening into the Severn Sea, about 4 miles below the town. The cathedral is a neat building, but very antient; they boast that this church was a house of religious worship many years before any church was founded in England, and that the Christian religion flourish'd here in its primitive purity, from the year 186, till the

Pelagian heresy overspread this country; which being afterwards rooted out by the care of the orthodox bishop, they plac'd St. Dobricius as the first bishop in this town of Landaff, then call'd Launton: Tis observable, that though the Bishop of Landaff was call'd an arch-bishop, yet the cathedral church was but 28 foot long, and 10 foot broad, and without any steeple or bells; notwithstanding which the 3 first bishops were afterwards sainted, for their eminent holiness of life, and the miracles they wrought; nor had they any other cathedral from the year 386, to the year 1107, when Bishop Urban built the present church, with some houses for the clergy adjoyning, in the nature of a cloyster. Tho' the church is antient, yet the building is good, and the choir neat, and pretty well kept; but there are no monuments of note in it, except some so antient, that no inscription can be read, to give any account of.

The south part of this country is a pleasant and agreeable place, and is very populous; 'tis also a very good, fertile, and rich soil, and the low grounds are so well cover'd with grass, and stock'd with cattle, that they supply the city of Bristol with butter in very great quantities salted and barrell'd up, just as Suffolk does the city of London.

The chief sea port is Swanzey, a very considerable town for trade, and has a very good harbour: Here is also a very great trade for coals, and culmn, which they export to all the ports of Sommerset, Devon, and Cornwal, and also to Ireland itself; so that one sometimes sees a hundred sail of ships at a time loading coals here; which greatly enriches the country, and particularly this town of Swanzey, which is really a very thriving place; it stands on the River Tawye, or Taw: 'Tis very remarkable, that most of the rivers in this county chime upon the letters *T* , and *Y* , as Taaf, Tawy, Tuy, Towy, Tyevy.

Neath is another port, where the coal trade is also considerable, tho' it stands farther within the land. Kynfig Castle, is now the seat and estate of the Lord Mansel, who has here also a very royal income from the collieries; I say royal, because equal to the revenues of some sovereign princes, and which formerly denominated Sir Edward Mansel, one of the richest commoners in Wales; the family was enobled by Her late Majesty Queen Anne.

In this neighbourhood, near Margan Mynydd, we saw the famous monument mentioned by Mr. Cambden, on a hill, with the inscription, which the people are so terrify'd at, that no body will care to read it; for they have a tradition from father to son, that whoever ventures to read it, will dye within a month. We did not scruple the adventure at all, but when we came to try, the letters were so defac'd by time, that we were effectually secur'd from the danger; the inscription not being any thing near so legible, as it seems it was in Cambdens time.

The stone pillar is about 4 or 5 foot high, and 1 foot thick, standing on the top of this hill; there are several other such monuments in Radnorshire, and other counties in Wales, as likewise in Scotland we saw the like: But as I have always said, I carefully avoid entering into any discourses of antiquity, as what the narrow compass of these letters will not allow.

Having thus touch'd at what is most curious on this coast, we pass'd thro' the land of Gowre, and going still west, we came to Caermarthen, or Kaer-Vyrdhin, as the Welsh call it, the capital of the county of Kaermardhinshire.

This is an antient but not a decay'd town, pleasantly situated on the River Towy, or Tovy, which is navigable up to the town, for vessels of a moderate burthen. The town indeed is well built, and populous, and the country round it, is the most fruitful, of any part of all Wales, considering that it continues to be so for a great way; namely, thro' all the middle of the county, and a great way into the next; nor is this county so mountainous and wild, as the rest of this part of Wales: but it abounds in corn, and in fine flourishing meadows, as good as most are in Britain, and in which are fed, a very great number of good cattle.

The chancery, and exchequer of the principality, was usually kept at this town, till the jurisdiction of the Court and Marches of Wales was taken away. This town was also famous for the birth of the old Brittish prophet Merlin, of whom so many things are fabled, that indeed nothing of its kind ever prevail'd so far, in the delusion of mankind, and who flourish'd in the year 480: And here also the old Britains often kept their parliament or assemblies of their wise men, and made their laws. The town was fortify'd in former times, but the walls are scarcely to be seen now, only the ruins of them.

Here we saw near Kily-Maen Ibwyd, on a great mountain, a circle of mighty stones, very much like Stone-henge in Wiltshire, or rather like the Rollrych Stones in Oxfordshire; and tho' the people call it Bruarth Arthur, or King Arthur's Throne, we see no reason to believe that King Arthur knew any thing of it, or that it had any relation to him.

We found the people of this county more civiliz'd and more curteous, than in the more mountainous parts, where the disposition of the inhabitants seems to be rough, like the country: But here as they seem to converse with the rest of the world, by their commerce, so they are more conversible than their neighbours.

The next county west, is Pembrokeshire, which is the most extreme part of Wales on this side, in a rich, fertile, and plentiful country, lying on the sea coast, where it has the benefit of Milford Haven, one of the greatest and best inlets of water in Britain. Mr. Cambden says it contains 16 creeks, 5 great bays, and 13 good roads for shipping, all distinguish'd as such by their names; and some say, a

thousand sail of ships may ride in it, and not the topmast of one be seen from another; but this last, I think, merits confirmation.

Before we quitted the coast, we saw Tenbigh, the most agreeable town on all the sea coast of South Wales, except Pembroke, being a very good road for shipping, and well frequented: Here is a great fishery for herring in its season, a great colliery, or rather export of coals, and they also drive a very considerable trade to Ireland.

From hence, the land bearing far into the sea, makes a promontory, call'd St. Govens Head or Point. But as we found nothing of moment was to be seen there, we cross'd over the isthmus to Pembroke, which stands on the E. shore of the great haven of Milford Haven.

This is the largest and richest, and at this time, the most flourishing town of all S. Wales: Here are a great many English merchants, and some of them men of good business; and they told us, there were near 200 sail of ships belong'd to the town, small and great; in a word, all this part of Wales is a rich and flourishing country, but especially this part is so very pleasant, and fertile, and is so well cultivated, that 'tis call'd by distinction, Little England, beyond Wales.

This is the place also made particularly famous for the landing of King Henry VII, then Duke of Richmond: From hence, being resolv'd to see the utmost extent of the county west, we ferry'd over the haven as —— and went to Haverford, or by some call'd Haverford-West; and from thence to St. Davids, or St. Taffys, as the Welch call it. Haverford is a better town than we expected to find, in this remote angle of Britain; 'tis strong, well built, clean, and populous.

From hence to St. Davids, the country begins to look like Wales again, dry, barren, and mountainous; St. Davids is not a bishop's see only, but was formerly an arch-bishop's, which they tell us, was by the Pope transferr'd to Dole in Britany, where it still remains.

The venerable aspect of this cathedral church, shews that it has been a beautiful building, but that it is much decay'd. The west end or body of the church is tolerably well; the choir is kept neat, and in tollerable repair, the S. isle without the choir, and the Virgin Mary's Chappel, which makes the E. end of the church, are in a manner demolish'd, and the roofs of both fallen in.

There are a great many eminent persons bury'd here, besides such, whose monuments are defac'd by time: There is St. Davids monument, to whom the church is dedicated, the monument of the Earl of Richmond, as also of the famous Owen Tudor; there are also four antient monuments of Knights Templara, known by their figures lying cross legg'd; but their names are not known, and there are six several monuments of bishops, who ruled this church, besides St. David.

This St. David they tell us was uncle to King Arthur, that he lived to 146 years of age, that he was bishop of this church 65 years, being born in the year 496, and dyed ann. 642; that he built 12 monasteries, and did abundance of miracles.

There was a very handsome house for the bishop, with a college, all built in a close by themselves, but they are now turn'd to ruins.

Here the weather being very clear, we had a full view of Ireland, tho' at a very great distance: The land here is call'd St. Davids Head, and from hence, there has some time ago, gone a passage boat constantly between England and Ireland, but that voiture is at present discontinued. They reckon up 112 bishops of this see, since it begun, to the year 1712.

The last bishop but two, was Dr. Thomas Watson, of whom the world has heard so much, being depriv'd after a long debate, on a charge of simony; whether justly, or not, I shall not enquire, but he bestow'd great sums on charitable designs, and is still (living) enclined as I am told, to do much more.

From hence we turn'd N. keeping the sea in our W. prospect. and a rugged mountainous country on the E. where the hills even darken'd the air with their heighth; as we went on, we past by Newport, on the River Nevern, a town having a good harbour, and consequently a good trade with Ireland.

Here we left Pembrokeshire, and after about 22 miles, came to the town of Cardigan, an old and well inhabited town, on the River Tivy: 'Tis a very noble river indeed, and famous for its plenty of the best and largest salmon in Britain.

The country people told us, that they had beavers here, which bred in the lakes among the mountains, and came down the stream of Tivy to feed; that they destroy'd the young frye of salmon, and therefore the country people destroy'd them; but they could shew us none of them, or any of their skins, neither could the countrymen describe them, or tell us that they had ever seen them; so that we concluded they only meant the otter, till I found after our return, that Mr. Cambden mentions also, that there were beavers seen here formerly.

This town of Cardigan was once possess'd by the great Robert Fitz-Stephen, who was the first Britain that ever attempted the conquest of Ireland; and had such success with a handful of men, as afterwards gave the English a footing there, which they never quitted afterwards, till they quite reduc'd the country, and made it, as it were, a province of England.

The town is not large, has been well fortify'd, but that part is now wholly neglected. It has a good trade with Ireland, and is enrich'd very much, as is all this part of the country, by the famous lead mines, formerly discover'd by Sir Carbery Price, which are the greatest, and perhaps the richest in England; and particularly as they require so little labour and charge to come at the oar, which in

many places lyes within a fathom or two of the surface, and in some, even bare to the very top.

Going N. from the Tyvy about 25 miles, we came to Abrystwyth, that is to say, the town at the mouth of the River Ystwyth. This town is enrich'd by the coals and lead which is found in its neighbourhood, and is a populous, but a very dirty, black, smoaky place, and we fancy'd the people look'd as if they liv'd continually in the coal or lead mines. However, they are rich, and the place is very populous.

The whole county of Cardigan is so full of cattle, that 'tis said to be the nursery, or breeding-place for the whole kingdom of England, S. by Trent; but this is not a proof of its fertility, for tho' the feeding of cattle indeed requires a rich soil, the breeding them does not, the mountains and moors being as proper for that purpose as richer land.

Now we enter'd N. Wales, only I should add, that as we pass'd, we had a sight of the famous Plymlymon-Hill, out of the east side of which as I mentioned before, rises the Severn, and the Wye; and out of the west side of it, rises the Rydall and the Ystwyth. This mountain is exceeding high, and tho' it is hard to say which is the highest hill in Wales, yet I think this bids fair for it; nor is the county for 20 miles round it, any thing but a continued ridge of mountains: So that for almost a whole week's travel, we seem'd to be conversing with the upper regions; for we were often above the clouds, I'm sure, a very great way, and the names of some of these hills seem'd as barbarous to us, who spoke no Welch, as the hills themselves.

Passing these mountains, I say, we enter'd N. Wales, which contains the counties of Montgomery, Merionith, Caernarvon, Denbeigh, and Flint shires, and the Isle of Anglesea.

In passing Montgomery-shire, we were so tired with rocks and mountains, that we wish'd heartily we had kept close to the sea shore, but it not much mended the matter if we had, as I understood afterwards: The River Severn is the only beauty of this county, which rising I say, out of the Plymlymon Mountain, receives instantly so many other rivers into its bosom, that it becomes navigable before it gets out of the county; namely, at Welch Pool, on the edge of Shropshire. This is a good fashionable place, and has many English dwelling in it, and some very good families; but we saw nothing farther worth remarking.

The vales and meadows upon the bank of the Severn, are the best of this county, I had almost said, the only good part of it; some are of opinion, that, the very water of the Severn, like that of Nile, impregnates the valleys, and when it overflows, leaves a vertue behind it, particularly to itself; and this they say is confirm'd, because all the country is so fruitful, wherever this river does overflow, and its waters reach. The town, or rather as the natives call it, the city of

Montgomery, lyes not far from this river, on the outer edge of the country next to Herefordshire. This was, it seems, a great frontier town in the wars between the English and the Welch, and was beautify'd and fortify'd by King Henry III; the town is now much decay'd: It gives title to the eldest son of the ducal house of Powis, who is call'd Lord Montgomery, and Marquis of Powis; they have a noble seat at Troy, hard by this town on the other side the river: But the house of Pembroke also claims the title of Montgomery.

This county is noted for an excellent breed of Welch horses, which, though not very large, are exceeding valuable, and much esteem'd all over England; all the North and West part of the county is mountainous and stony. We saw a great many old monuments in this country, and Roman camps wherever we came, and especially if we met any person curious in such things, we found they had many Roman coins; but this was none of my enquiry, as I have said already.

Merionithshire, or Merionydshire, lyes west from Montgomeryshire; it lyes on the Irish Sea, or rather the ocean; for St. George's Chanel does not begin till further north, and it is extended on the coast, for near 35 miles in length, all still mountainous and craggy. The principal river is the Tovy, which rises among the unpassable mountains, which range along the center of this part of Wales, and which we call unpassable, for that even the people themselves call'd them so; we look'd at them indeed with astonishment, for their rugged tops, and the immense height of them: Some particular hills have particular names, but otherwise we called them all the Black Mountains, and they well deserv'd the name; some think 'tis from the unpassable mountains of this county, that we have an old saying, that the devil lives in the middle of Wales, tho' I know there is another meaning given to it; in a word, Mr. Cambden calls these parts the Alps of Wales.

There is but few large towns in all this part, nor is it very populous; indeed much of it is scarce habitable, but 'tis said, there are more sheep in it, than in all the rest of Wales. On the sea shore however, we see Harleigh-Castle, which is still a garrison, and kept for the guard of the coast, but 'tis of no great strength, but by its situation.

In the middle of these vast mountains (and forming a very large lake (viz.) near its first sources) rises the River Dee, of which I shall speak again in its proper place.

Here among innumerable summits, and rising peaks of nameless hills, we saw the famous Kader-Idricks, which some are of opinion, is the highest mountain in Britain, another call'd Rarauvaur, another call'd Mowylwynda, and still every hill we saw, we thought was higher than all that ever we saw before.

We enquired here after that strange phænomenon which was not only seen, but fatally experienced by the country round this place, namely, of a livid fire, coming

off from the sea; and setting on fire, houses, barns, stacks of hay and corn, and poisoning the herbage in the fields; of which there is a full account given in the philosophical transactions: And as we had it confirm'd by the general voice of the people, I content my self with giving an account of it as follows:

It is observable, that the eclipses of the sun in Aries, have been very fatal to this place; for in the years 1542, and 1567, when the sun was eclipsed in that sign, it suffer'd very much by fire; and after the latter eclipse of the two, the fire spread so far, that about 200 houses in the town and suburbs of Caernarvon, were consum'd.

But to return to the face of things, as they appear'd to us, the mountainous country spoken of runs away N. through this county and almost the next, I mean Caernarvonshire, where Snowden Hill is a monstrous height, and according to its name, had snow on the top in the beginning of June; and perhaps had so till the next June, that is to say, all the year.

These unpassable heights were doubtless the refuges of the Britains, when they made continual war with the Saxons and Romans, and retreated on occasion of their being over power'd, into these parts; where, in short, no enemy could pursue them.

That side of the country of Carnarvon, which borders on the sea, is not so mountainous, and is both more fertile and more populous. The principal town in this part, is Carnarvon, a good town, with a castle built by Edward I. to curb and reduce the wild people of the mountains, and secure the passage into Anglesea. As this city was built by Edward I. so he kept his Court often here, and honour'd it with his presence very much; and here his eldest son and successor, tho' unhappy, (Ed. II.) was born, who was therefore call'd Edward of Caernarvon. This Edward was the first Prince of Wales; that is to say, the first of the Kings of Englands sons, who was vested with the title of Prince of Wales: And here was kept the chancery and exchequer of the Prince's of Wales, for the N. part of the principality, as it was at — for the S. part. It is a small, but strong town, clean and well built, and considering the place, the people are very courteous and obliging to strangers. It is seated on the firth or inlet call'd Menai, parting the isle of Anglesea, or Mona, from the main land; and here is a ferry over to the island called Abermenai Ferry: And from thence a direct road to Holly Head, where we went for no purpose, but to have another view of Ireland, tho' we were disappointed, the weather being bad and stormy.

Whoever travels critically over these mountains, I mean of S. Wales, and Merionithshire, will think Stone-henge in Wiltshire, and Roll-Rich Stones in Oxfordshire no more a wonder, seeing there are so many such, and such like, in these provinces; that they are not thought strange of at all, nor is it doubted, but

they were generally monuments of the dead, as also are the single stones of immense bulk any other, of which we saw so many, that we gave over remarking them; some we saw from 7, 8, to 10, and one 16 foot high, being a whole stone, but so great, that the most of the wonder is, where they were found, and how dragg'd to the place; since, besides the steep ascents to some of the hills on which they stand, it would be impossible to move some of them, now, with 50 yoke of oxen. And yet a great many of these stones are found confusedly lying one upon another on the utmost summit or top of the Glyder, or other Hills, in Merionith and Carnarvonshire; to which it is next to impossible, that all the power of art, and strength of man and beast could carry them, and the people make no difficulty of saying the devil set them up there.

One of these monumental stones is to be seen a little way from Harleigh-Castle: It is a large stone lying flat, supported by three other stones at 3 of the 4 angles, tho' the stone is rather oval than square, it is almost n foot long, the breadth unequal, but in some places its from 7 to 8 foot broad, and it may be suppos'd has been both longer and broader; 'tis in some places above 2 foot thick, but in others 'tis worn almost to an edge by time: The three stones that support it, are about 20 inches square, 'tis suppos'd there has been four, two of which that support the thickest end, are near 8 foot high, the other not above 3 foot, being suppos'd to be settled in the ground, so that the stone lyes sloping, like the roof of a barn. There is another of these to be seen in the isle of Anglesea, the flat stone is much larger and thicker than this; but we did not go to see it: There are also two circles of stones in that island, such as Stone-henge, but the stones much larger.

This is a particular kind of monument, and therefore I took notice of it, but the other are generally single stones of vast magnitude, set up on one end, column wise, which being so very large, are likely to remain to the end of time; but are generally without any inscription, or regular shape or any mark, to intimate for who, or for what they were so placed.

These mountains are indeed so like the Alps, that except the language of the people, one could hardly avoid thinking he is passing from Grenoble to Susa, or rather passing the country of the Grisons. The lakes also, which are so numerous here, make the similitude the greater, nor are the fables which the country people tell of these lakes, much unlike the stories which we meet with among the Switzers, of the famous lakes in their country; Dr. Gibson, (Mr. Cambdens continuator) tells us of 50 or 60 lakes in Carnarvonshire only, we did not count them indeed, but I believe if we had, we should have found them to be many more.

Here we met with the char fish, the same kind which we see in Lancashire, and also in the lakes of Switzerland, and no where else, that I have heard of in Europe;

the Welch call it the *torgoch*.

There is nothing of note to be seen in the Isle of Anglesea but the town, and the castle of Baumaris, which was also built by King Edward I. and call'd Beau-Marsh, or the Fine Plain; for here the country is very level and plain, and the land is fruitful and pleasant. The castle was very large, as may be seen by its remains, and that it was strong; the situation will tell also, but 'tis now of no use.

As we went to Holly Head, by the S. part of the island from Newborough, and came back thro' the middle to Beaumaris, we saw the whole extent of it, and indeed, it is a much pleasanter country, than any part of N. Wales, that we had yet seen; and particularly is very fruitful for corn and cattle.

Here we cross'd the Fretum, or strait of Meneu again, and came to Bangor, at the place where King Edward I. intended to have built a great stone bridge, it wou'd indeed have been a work fit for so great and powerful a king, as K. Edward was: But the bottom being doubtful, and the sea in that place sometimes very raging and strong, the workmen thought it impracticable, and tho' as we were told, that the king was very positive in his design for a great while, yet he was prevail'd with at last to decline it.

From hence, I say, we cross'd to Bangor, a town noted for its antiquity, its being a bishops see, and an old, mean looking, and almost despicable cathedral church.

This church claims to be one of the most antient in Britain, the people say, 'tis the most antient; that St. Daniel (to whom this church was dedicated) was first bishop here, in the year 512. They allow that the pagans, perhaps of Anglesea, ruined the church, and possess'd the bishoprick after it was first built, for above 100 years; nor is there any account of it from the year 512, to 1009: After this, the bishoprick was ruined again by dilapidation, by one of its own bishops, whose name was Bulkeley, who, as the *Monasticon* says, not only sold the revenues, but even the very bells, for which sacrilege he was struck blind; but this last is a tradition only.

It is certainly at present a poor bishoprick, and has but a poor cathedral; yet the bishops are generally allow'd to hold some other good benefice *in commendam* , and the preferment seems to be a grateful introduction to the clergy, as the bishops are generally translated from hence, to a more profitable bishoprick.

From Bangor we went north, (keeping the sea on our left hand) to Conway. This is the poorest but pleasantest town in all this county for the bigness of it; it is seated on the bank of a fine river, which is not only pleasant and beautiful, but is a noble harbour for ships, had they any occasion for them there; the stream is deep and safe, and the river broad, as the Thames at Deptford: It only wants a trade suitable to so good a port, for it infinitely out does Chester or Leverpool itself.

In this passage, we went over the famous precipice call'd Penmen-muir, which indeed fame has made abundance more frightful, than it really is; for tho' the rock is indeed very high, and if any one should fall from it, it wou'd dash them in pieces, yet, on the other hand, there is no danger of their falling; and besides, there is now a wall built all the way, on the edge of the precipice, to secure them: Those who have been at the hill or pass of Enterkin in Scotland, know very well, the danger there is much greater, than what can be thought of here; as the frequent loss of lives, both of man and horse will testify.

We have but little remarkable in the road from Conway to Hollywell, but craggs and rocks all along the N. shore of Denbeigh, till we came to Denbeigh town. This is the county town, and is a large populous place, which carries something in its countenance of its neighbourhood to England, but that which was most surprizing, after such a tiresom and fatiguing journey, over the unhospitable mountains of Merioneth, and Carnarvonshire, was, that descending now from the hills, we came into a most pleasant, fruitful, populous, and delicious vale, full of villages and towns, the fields shining with corn, just ready for the reapers, the meadows green and flowery, and a fine river, with a mild and gentle stream running thro' it: Nor is it a small or casual intermission, but we had a prospect of the country open before us, for above 20 miles, in length, and from 5 to 7 miles in breadth, all smiling with the same kind of complexion; which made us think our selves in England again, all on a sudden.

In this pleasant vale, turning N. from Denbeigh, and following the stream of the river, we came to S. Asaph, a small city, with a cathedral, being a bishoprick of tolerable good value, though the church is old: It is but a poor town, and ill built, tho' the country is so pleasant and rich round it. There are some old monuments in this church, but none of any note, nor could we read the Welch inscriptions.

From hence we come to Holly-well: The stories of this Well of S. Winifrid are, that the pious virgin, being ravished and murthered, this healing water sprung out of her body when buried; but this smells too much of the legend, to take up any of my time; the Romanists indeed believe it, as 'tis evident, from their thronging hither to receive the healing sanative virtue of the water, which they do not hope for as it is a medicinal water, but as it is a miraculous water, and heals them by virtue of the intercession and influence of this famous virgin, St. Winifrid; of which I believe as much as comes to my share.

Here is a fine chapel cut out of a solid rock, and was dedicated to this holy virgin; and numbers of pilgrims resort to it, with no less devotion than ignorance; under this chapel the water gushes out in a great stream, and the place where it breaks out, is form'd like a basin or cistern, in which they bathe: The water is

intensely cold, and indeed there is no great miracle in that point, considering the rocks it flows from, where it is impregnated by divers minerals, the virtue of which, and not of the saint, I suppose, work the greatest part of the cures.

There is a little town near the well, which may, indeed, be said to have risen from the confluence of the people hither, for almost all the houses are either publick houses, or let into lodgings; and the priests that attend here, and are very numerous, appear in disguise: Sometimes they are physicians, sometimes surgeons, sometimes gentlemen, and sometimes patients, or any thing as occasion presents. No body takes notice of them, as to their profession, tho' they know them well enough, no not the Roman Catholicks themselves; but in private, they have their proper oratory's in certain places, whither the votaries resort; and good manners has prevail'd so far, that however the Protestants know who and who's together; no body takes notice of it, or enquires where one another goes, or has been gone.

From hence we past by Flint-Castle, a known place, but of no significance; and then in a few hours we cross'd the River Dee, and arriv'd at the city of West Chester, from whence, I shall give a farther account of my journey in my next.

I am,
SIR, Yours, &.

LETTER VII

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF PART OF CHESHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WALES, STAFFORDSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, AND BEDFORDSHIRE.

SIR, — My last from West Chester, gave you a full account of my progress thro' Wales, and my coming to Chester, at the end of that really fatiguing journey: I must confess, I that have seen the Alps, on so many occasions, have gone under so many of the most frightful passes in the country of the Grisons, and in the mountains of Tirol, never believ'd there was any thing in this island of Britain that came near, much less that exceeded those hills, in the terror of their aspect, or in the difficulty of access to them; But certainly, if they are out done any where in the world, it is here: Even Hannibal himself wou'd have found it impossible to have march'd his army over Snowden, or over the rocks of Merioneth and Montgomery Shires; no, not with all the help that fire and vinegar could have yielded, to make way for him.

The only support we had in this heavy journey, was, (1.) That we generally found their provisions very good and cheap, and very good accommodations in the inns. And (2.) That the Welsh gentlemen are very civil, hospitable, and kind; the people very obliging and conversible, and especially to strangers; but when we let them know, we travell'd merely in curiosity to view the country, and be able to speak well of them to strangers, their civility was heightened to such a degree, that nothing could be more friendly, willing to tell us every thing that belong'd to their country, and to show us every thing that we desired to see.

They value themselves much upon their antiquity: The antient race of their houses, and families, and the like; and above all, upon their antient heroes: their King Caractacus, Owen ap Tudor, Prince Lewellin, and the like noblemen and princes of British extraction; and as they believe their country to be the pleasantest and most agreeable in the world, so you cannot oblige them more, than to make them think you believe so too.

The gentlemen of Wales, indeed, justly claim a very antient descent, and have preserv'd their families entire, for many ages: They receive you well into their houses, treat you very handsomely, are very generous; and indeed, nothing is wanting within doors; and which is more than all, they have generally very good estates.

I continued at Chester for some time, except that I made two or three excursions into the neighbouring country, and particularly into that part of Shropshire, which I had not view'd as I went; as also into the north, and north west part of Cheshire.

The first trip I made, was into the Cestria Chersonesus, as I think we may properly call it, (viz.) a piece of the county, which runs out a great way into the Irish Sea, and is bounded by the two great firths, or arms of the sea, the one call'd the mouth of the Dee, and the other of two rivers, the Mersey, and the Wever; this isthmus or neck of land, is about 16 miles long, and about 6 or 7 miles over, and has not one market town in it, tho' 'tis exceeding rich and fertile; the last occasioned possibly by the neighbourhood of two such great towns, or cities rather: I mean Chester and Leverpool.

Going down from Chester, by the Rhoodee, as they call it, that is, the marshes of the River Dee, and coasting the river after it is grown broader than the marshes; the first place of any note which we come to, is Nesson, a long nase or ness of land, which running out into the sea, makes a kind of a key. This is the place where in the late war in Ireland, most of the troops embark'd, when that grand expedition begun; after which, the vessels go away to Highlake, in which as the winds may happen they ride safe in their way, as the ships from London lye in the Downs, till the wind presents for their respective voyages.

From Nesson we cross'd over that fruitful level I mentioned before, and coming to the other water, we ferry'd over to Leverpool. This town is now become so great, so populous, and so rich, that it may be call'd the Bristol of this part of England: It had formerly but one church, but upon the encrease of inhabitants, and of new buildings in so extraordinary a manner, they have built another very fine church in the north part of the town; and they talk of erecting two more.

The first thing we observ'd in this church, was a fine marble font, all of one entire stone, given to the town, or church rather, by the late Robert Heysham Esq; a citizen and very considerable merchant of London; who was many years representative for the town of Lancaster. Here is a very fine new built tower also, and in it a curious ring of eight, very good bells. This part of the town may indeed be call'd New Leverpool, for that, they have built more than another Leverpool that way, in new streets, and fine large houses for their merchants: Besides this, they have made a great wet dock, for laying up their ships, and which they greatly wanted; for tho' the Mersey is a noble harbour, and is able to ride a thousand sail of ships at once, yet those ships that are to be laid up, or lye by the walls all the winter, or longer, as sometimes may be the case; must ride there, as in an open road, or (as the seamen call it,) be haled a shore; neither of which wou'd be

practicable in a town of so much trade: And in the time of the late great storm, they suffer'd very much on that account.

This is the only work of its kind in England, except what is in the river of Thames, I mean for the merchants; nor is it many years since there was not one wet dock in England for private use, except Sir Henry Johnson's at Black Wall.

This is still an encreasing flourishing town, and if they go on in trade, as they have done for some time, 'tis probable it will in a little time be as big as the city of Dublin. The houses here are exceedingly well built, the streets strait, clean, and spacious, and they are now well supplied with water. The merchants here have a very pretty Exchange, standing upon 12 free-stone columns, but it begins to be so much too little, that 'tis thought they must remove or enlarge it. They talk already as I have said above, of building two churches more at Leverpool, and surrounding them with new streets, to the N.E. of the old town, which if they should, Leverpool will soon out do Bristol: In short, 'tis already the next town to Bristol, and in a little time may probably exceed it, both in commerce, and in numbers of people.

We went no farther this way at that time, but came back to Chester, by the same ferry as we went over.

As I am now at Chester, 'tis proper to say something of it, being a city well worth describing: Chester has four things very remarkable in it. I. It's walls, which are very firm, beautiful, and in good repair. 2. The castle, which is also kept up, and has a garrison always in it. 3. The cathedral. 4. The River Dee, and 5. the bridge over it.

It is a very antient city, and to this day, the buildings are very old; nor do the Rows as they call them, add any thing, in my opinion, to the beauty of the city; but just the contrary, they serve to make the city look both old and ugly: These Rows are certain long galleries, up one pair of stairs, which run along the side of the streets, before all the houses, tho' joined to them, and as is pretended, they are to keep the people dry in walking along. This they do indeed effectually, but then they take away all the view of the houses from the street, nor can a stranger, that was to ride thro' Chester, see any shops in the city; besides, they make the shops themselves dark, and the way in them is dark, dirty, and uneven.

THE BEST ORNAMENT OF THE CITY, IS, THAT THE STREETS ARE VERY BROAD AND FAIR, AND RUN THROUGH THE WHOLE CITY IN STRAIT LINES, CROSSING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY, AS AT CHICHESTER: THE WALLS AS I HAVE SAID, ARE IN VERY GOOD REPAIR, AND IT IS A VERY PLEASANT WALK ROUND THE CITY, UPON THE WALLS, AND WITHIN THE BATTLEMENTS, FROM WHENCE YOU MAY SEE THE COUNTRY ROUND; AND PARTICULARLY ON THE SIDE

OF THE ROODEE, WHICH I MENTIONED BEFORE, WHICH IS A FINE LARGE LOW GREEN, ON THE BANK OF THE DEE. IN THE WINTER THIS GREEN IS OFTEN UNDER WATER BY THE INUNDATIONS OF THE RIVER, AND A LITTLE BEFORE I CAME THERE, THEY HAD SUCH A TERRIBLE LAND FLOOD, WHICH FLOW'D 8 FOOT HIGHER THAN USUAL SO THAT IT NOT ONLY OVERFLOWED THE SAID GREEN, CALL'D THE ROODEE, BUT DESTROY'D A FINE NEW WHARF AND LANDING-PLACE FOR GOODS, A LITTLE BELOW THE TOWN, BORE DOWN ALL THE WAREHOUSES, AND OTHER BUILDINGS, WHICH THE MERCHANTS HAD ERECTED FOR SECURING THEIR GOODS, AND CARRIED ALL AWAY GOODS AND BUILDINGS TOGETHER, TO THE IRREPARABLE LOSS OF THE PERSONS CONCERN'D: ALSO BEYOND THE ROODEE, ONE SEES FROM THE WALLS OF CHESTER THE COUNTY OF FLINT, AND THE MOUNTAINS OF WALES, A PROSPECT BEST INDEED, AT A DISTANCE.

The castle of Chester is a good firm building, and strong, tho' not fortify'd, with many out works: There is always a good garrison kept, and here the prisoners taken at Presten, in the late time of Rebellion, were kept a great while, till compassion to their misery, mov'd the clemency of the conqueror to deliver them. They say this castle was built or at least repair'd by Hugh Lupus, the famous Earl of Chester, and brother to William the Conqueror as also was the church.

The great church here is a very magnificent building, but 'tis built of a red, sandy, ill looking stone, which takes much from the beauty of it, and which yielding to the weather, seems to crumble, and suffer by time, which much defaces the building: Here they shew'd us the monument of Henry IV. Emperor of Germany; who they say, resign'd his empire, and liv'd a recluse here, but 'tis all to be taken upon trust, for we find nothing of it in history. We saw no monument of any note, which is partly occasion'd by its remote situation, and partly by its being but a modern bishoprick; for it was formerly a part of the diocess of Litchfield, and was not made a bishop's see till the year 1541; when King Henry VIII. divided it from Litchfield; nor has there ever been above 19 bishops of this see from its foundation. The short account of it is thus. Hugh Lupus gave the old monastery dedicated to St. Werburge, to a society of monks, after which, they say, King Edgar who conquer'd all this part of Britain, and was rowed up the Dee, in his royal barge, by four kings, founded the great church; and Hugh Lupus the great, Earl of Chester, finish'd and endow'd it.

Here is a noble stone bridge over the Dee, very high and strong built, and 'tis needful it should be so, indeed; for the Dee is a most furious stream at some

seasons, and brings a vast weight of water with it from the mountains of Wales. Here it was that the first army of King William, design'd for the war in Ireland, and commanded by the great Duke Schomberg, encamp'd, for a considerable time before they embark'd. ann. 1689.

Here according to the *Monasticon* , the said Hugh Lupus held his parliament for the county palatine of Chester, given him by William the Conqueror, and where he sat in as great state as the king himself. The draught of which, as it is given us from antiquity, take as follows.

There are 11 parishes in this city, and very good churches to them, and it is the largest city in all this side of England that is so remote from London. When I was formerly at this city, about the year 1690, they had no water to supply their ordinary occasions, but what was carried from the River Dee upon horses, in great leather vessels, like a pair of bakers panyers; just the very same for shape and use, as they have to this day in the streets of Constantinople, and at Belgrade, in Hungary; to carry water about the streets to sell, for the people to drink. But at my coming there this time, I found a very good water-house in the river, and the city plentifully supply'd by pipes, just as London is from the Thames; tho' some parts of Chester stands very high from the river.

Tho' this is not an antient bishoprick, 'tis an antient city, and was certainly a frontier of the Roman Empire this way; and its being so afterwards to the English Empire also, has doubtless been the reason of its being so well kept, and the castle continued in repair, when most of the other castles on the frontiers were slighted and demolished.

This county, however remote from London, is one of those which contributes most to its support, as well as to several other parts of England, and that is by its excellent cheese, which they make here in such quantities, and so exceeding good, that as I am told from very good authority, the city of London only take off 14000 ton every year; besides 8000 ton which they say goes every year down the Rivers Severn and Trent, the former to Bristol, and the latter to York; including all the towns on both these large rivers: And besides the quantity ship'd both here, and at Leverpool, to go to Ireland, and Scotland. So that the quantity of cheese made in this country, must be prodigious great. Indeed, the whole county is employ'd in it, and part of its neighbourhood too; for tho' 'tis call'd by the name of Cheshire Cheese, yet great quantities of it are made in Shropshire, Staffordshire and Lancashire, that is to say, in such parts of them as border upon Cheshire.

The soil is extraordinary good, and the grass they say, has a peculiar richness in it, which disposes the creatures to give a great quantity of milk, and that very sweet and good; and this cheese manufacture, for such it is, encreases every day, and greatly enriches all the county; raises the value of the lands, and encourages

the farmers to the keeping vast stocks of cows; the very number of the cattle improving and enriching the land.

The east part of the county abounds in salt springs, from which they draw the brine, and boyl it into fine salt; and once it was a very considerable trade, which they carried on with this salt; but since the discovery of the rock salt, which they dig in great quantities, towards Warrington, the other salt is not in so much request.

I now resolv'd to direct my course east, and making the Wever and the Trent, my northern boundary in this circuit; I came forward to view the midland counties of England, I mean such as rnay be said to lye between the Thames and the Trent.

I had taken a little trip into the N.E. parts of Cheshire before, seen a fine old seat of the Lord Delamere's, and which is beyond it all, the fine forest, which bears the name of that noble family; intending to see the salt pits at Northwich, which are odd indeed, but not so very strange as we were made to believe; the thing is, they say, the salt spring is found to be just perpendicularly under the stream or chanel of a fresh water river, namely, the Wever, and it is so, for the spring is very deep indeed in the ground, but that very thing takes off the wonder; for as the earth under the river, is but as a gutter to carry the water, there is no difficulty that it should not penetrate through it, the soil being a strong clay. So we came away not extremely gratify'd in our curiosity.

All the way as we cross'd this part of the county, we see Beeston Castle, an antient castle, giving name to a very antient family in this county. It stands upon a very high hill, over looking the county, like as Beavoir Castle over looks the vale of that name in Leicestershire; or as Harrow on the Hill over looks Middlesex. It was formerly a very strong place, and was re-fortify'd in the late wars, Sir William Beeston being in arms at that unhappy time; but the works are now demolish'd again.

From Northwich we turn'd S. and following the stream of the river by Middle Wich, we cross'd the great London road at Nantwich, or as some write it Namptwych; these are the three salt making towns of this county; there is a fourth which is call'd Droitwych, in Worcestershire; the nature of the thing is this, they boil the brine into fine salt, which is much priz'd for the beauty of its colour, and fineness of the grain, but the salt is not so strong, as what we now make from the rock salt mentioned above, and therefore loses of its value.

Hence we turn'd a little W. to Whitchurch, in Shropshire. But before I leave Cheshire, I must note two things of it. (1.) That there is no part of England, where there are such a great number of families of gentry, and of such antient and noble extraction; Mr. Cambden is very particular in their names, and descents, but that's a work too long for this place, nor does it belong to my present design. (2.) That it

is a County Palatine, and has been for so many ages, that its government is distinct from any other and very particular; it is administred by a chamberlain, a judge special, two barons of the exchequer, three sergeants at law, a sheriff, and attorney, and escheator, and all proper and useful subordinate officers; and the jurisdiction of all these offices are kept up, and preserv'd very strictly, only we are to note, that the judge special as he is call'd, tries only civil causes, not criminal, which are left to the ordinary judges of England, who go the circuits here, as in other places.

Whitchurch is a pleasant and populous town, and has a very good church, in which is the famous monument of the great Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, who, perhaps, and not unworthily, was call'd in his time, the English ACHILLES. This is the Talbot so renowned in the antient wars in France, whom no man in France dare to encounter single handed, and who had engraven on his sword, on one side, these words, Sum *Talboti* , and on the reverse, *Pro vincere inimicos meos.* His epitaph is as follows:

ORATE PRO ANIMA PRÆNOBILIS DOMINI, DOMINI IOANNIS TALBOTT QUONDAM COMITIS SALOPIÆ, DOMINI TALBOTT, DOMINI FVRNIVALL, DOMINI VERDON, DOMINI STRANGE DE BLACKMERE, ET MARESCHALLI FRANCIÆ, QUI OBIIT IN BELLO APVD BVRDEWS VII. IVLII MCCCCLIII

That is,

Pray for the soul of the right honourable Lord, Lord John Talbott, sometime Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Talbott, Lord Furnivall, Lord Verdon, Lord Strange of Blackmere, and Marshall of France, who dyed in battel, at Burdeaux, VII. of July, MCCCCLIII.

But the most to be said of this town now, is, that they have a good market, and a great many gentry near it, whereof some are Roman Catholicks. They tell us that this town when King Charles I. remov'd his standard from Nottingham to Shrewsbury, raised a whole regiment for the king: Nor has this town lost its old loyal principle, to this time; tho' now it may run a little another way.

From hence we went towards Wales again, and cross'd the Dee, at Bangor Bridge; I could not satisfy myself to omit seeing this famous town, which was once so remarkable, but was surpriz'd when I came there, to see there was a stone-bridge over the Dee, and indeed, a very fine one: But as for the town or monastery, scarce any of the ruins were to be seen, and as all the people spoke Welch, we could find no body that could give us any intelligence. So effectually had time in so few years, ras'd the very foundations of the place. I will not say, as some do, that this is miraculous, and that it is the particular judgment of God upon the place, for being the birth-place of that arch heretick Pelagius, who from

hence also began to broach his heretical opinions, which afterwards so terribly overspread the Church: I say I will not insist upon this: That Pelagius was a monk of Bungor, or Banchor, is not doubted; but for the rest I leave it where I find it.

The place is now (I say) a poor contemptible village, and has nothing to show but a fine stone bridge over Dee, by which we enter Denbighshire in Wales. From thence we visited Wrexham, having heard much of a fine church there, but we were greatly disappointed: There is indeed a very large tower steeple, if a tower may be call'd a steeple, and 'tis finely adorn'd with imagery; but far from fine: the work is mean, the statues seem all mean and in dejected postures, without any fancy or spirit in the workmanship, and as the stone is of a reddish crumbling kind, like the cathedral at Chester, Time has made it look gross and rough.

There are a great many antient monuments in this church, and in the church-yard also; but none of note, and almost all the inscriptions are in Welch. The church is large; but they must be much mistaken, who tell us 'tis the finest in England, no not among those which are as old as itself.

This town is large, well built and populous, and besides the church there are two large meeting-houses, in one of which we were told they preach in Welch one part of the day, and in English the other. Here is a great market for Welch flannel which the factors buy up of the poor Welch people, who manufacture it; and thence it is sent to London; and it is a very considerable manufacture indeed thro' all this part of the country, by which the poor are very profitably employ'd.

From hence we turn'd south, and passing by Wem, the title given by King James II. to the late Lord Chancellor Jefferies, we saw the house where his father, then but a private gentleman liv'd, and in but middling circumstances. Thence we came to Ellsmere, famous for a great lake or mere, which gives the town its name, and which the people pretend has in some places no bottom. This place is remarkable for good fish. From hence we came the same night to Shrewsbury.

This is indeed a beautiful, large, pleasant, populous, and rich? town; full of gentry and yet full of trade too; for here too, is a great manufacture, as well of flannel, as also of white broadcloth, which enriches all the country round it.

The Severn surrounds this town, just as the Thames does the Isle of Dogs; so that it makes the form of an horse-shoe, over which there are two fine stone bridges, upon one of which is built a very noble gate, and over the arch of the gate the statue of the great Lewellin, the idol of the Welch, and their last Prince of Wales.

This is really a town of mirth and gallantry, something like Bury in Suffolk, or Durham in the north, but much bigger than either of them, or indeed than both together.

Over the market-house is kept a kind of hall for the manufactures, which are sold here weekly in very great quantities; they speak all English in the town, but on a market-day you would think you were in Wales.

Here is the greatest market, the greatest plenty of good provisions, and the cheapest that is to be met with in all the western part of England; the Severn supplies them here with excellent salmon, but ’tis also brought in great plenty from the River Dee, which is not far off, and which abounds with a very good kind, and is generally larger than that in the Severn; As an example of the cheapness of provisions, we paid here, in a publick inn, but a groat a night for hay, and six-pence a peck for oats for our horses, which is cheaper than we found it in the cheapest part of the north of England; all our other provisions were in proportion; and there is no doubt but the cheapness of provisions joined to the pleasantness and healthiness of the place, draws a great many families thither, who love to live within the compass of their estates.

Mr. Cambden calls it a city: Tis at this day, says he, a fine city well-inhabited: But we do not now call it a city, yet ’tis equal to many good cities in England, and superior to some. Near this place was fought the bloody battle between Henry Hotspur and Henry IV. King of England, in which the former was kill’d, and all his army overthrown, and the place is call’d Battlefield to this day.

Here are four very fine churches, whereof two St. Chad’s and St. Mary’s, are said to be anciently collegiate: There are abundance of ancient monuments in them all, but too many to mention here, my journey being too long, and my bounds too short to enter upon the particulars.

This town will for ever be famous for the reception it gave to King Charles the I. who, after setting up his standard at Nottingham, and finding no encouragement there, remov’d to Shrewsbury, being invited by the gentry of the town and country round, where he was receiv’d with such a general affection, and hearty zeal by all the people, that his majesty recover’d the discouragement of his first step at Nottingham, and raised and compleated a strong army in less time than could be imagin’d; insomuch that to the surprize of the Parliament, and indeed of all the world, he was in the field before them, and advanced upon them so fast, that he met them two thirds onward of his way to London, and gave them battle at Edge-hill near Banbury.

But the fate of the war turning afterward against the king, the weight of it fell heavy upon this town also, and almost ruin’d them.

But they are now fully recover’d, and it is at this time one of the most flourishing towns in England: The walls and gates are yet standing, but useless, and the old castle is gone to ruin, as is the case of almost all the old castles in England.

It should not be forgotten here, that notwithstanding the healthyness of the place, one blot lies upon the town of Shrewsbury, and which, tho' nothing can be charg'd on the inhabitants, yet it seems they are the most obliged when 'tis least spoken of; namely, that here broke out first that unaccountable plague, call'd the sweating sickness; which at first baffled all the sons of art, and spread itself through the whole kingdom of England: This happen'd in the year 1551. It afterwards spread itself into Germany, and several countries abroad; But I do not remember that it was ever in Spain or in Italy.

Here is an ancient free-school, the most considerable in this part of England; built and endow'd by Queen Elizabeth, with a very sufficient maintainance for a chief or head-master, and three under-masters or ushers. The buildings are very spacious, and particularly the library is a fine building, and has a great many books in it; but I saw nothing curious or rare among them, and no manuscripts. The school-masters have also very handsome houses to dwell in.

There was a fine school here before, erected by the townspeople, and maintain'd several years by their contribution, and some endowments also it had. But the queen being sensible of the good design of the inhabitants, took the matter into her own hands, and built the whole fabrick new from the ground, endowing it liberally out of her own royal bounty.

Here I was shew'd a very visible and remarkable appearance of the great antient road or way call'd Watling-Street, which comes from London to this town, and goes on from hence to the utmost coast of Wales; where it cross'd the Severn, there are remains of a stone bridge to be seen in the bottom of the river, when the water is low. On this road we set out now for Litchfield in our way towards London; and I would gladly have kept to this old road, if it had been possible, because I knew several remarkable places stood directly upon it. But we were oblig'd to make many excursions, and sometimes quit the street for a great way together: And first we left it to go away south to the edge of Stafford-shire, to see the old house call'd White Ladies, and the royal oak, the famous retreat of King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester. The tree is surrounded with a palisadoe, to preserve it from the fate which threatned it from curiosity; for almost every body that came to see it

for several years, carry'd away a piece of it, so that the tree was litterally in danger not to dye of age, but to be pull'd limb from limb; but the veneration of that kind is much abated, and as the palisadoes are more decay'd than the tree, the latter seems likely to stand safe without them; as for the house, there is nothing remarkable in it; but it being a house always inhabited by Roman Catholicks, it had and perhaps has still some rooms so private in it, that in those times could not have been discover'd without pulling down the whole buildings.

Entring Stafford-shire we quitted the said Street-way, a little to the left, to see Stafford the county town, and the most considerable except Litchfield in the county. In the way we were surpriz'd in a most agreeable manner, passing thro' a small but ancient town call'd Penkrige, vulgarly Pankrage, where happen'd to be a fair. We expected nothing extraordinary; but was I say surpriz'd to see the prodigious number of horses brought hither, and those not ordinary and common draught-horses, and such kinds as we generally see at country-fairs remote from London: But here were really incredible numbers of the finest and most beautiful horses that can any where be seen; being brought hither from Yorkshire, the bishoprick of Durham, and all the horse-breeding countries: We were told that there were not less than an hundred jockies and horse-kopers, as they call them there, from London, to buy horses for sale. Also an incredible number of gentlemen attended with their grooms to buy gallopers, or race-horses, for their Newmarket sport. In a word, I believe I may mark it for the greatest horse-fair in the world, for horses of value, and especially those we call saddle-horses. There are indeed greater fairs for coach-horses, and draught horses; though here were great numbers of fine large stone horses for coaches, &. too. But for saddle-horses, for the light saddle, hunters, pads, and racers, I believe the world cannot match this fair.

We staid 3 days here to satisfy our curiosity, and indeed the sight was very agreeable, to see what vast stables of horses there were, which never were brought out or shewn in the fair. How dextrous the northern grooms and breeders are in their looking after them, and ordering them: Those fellows take such indefatigable pains with them, that they bring them out like pictures of horses, not a hair amiss in them; they lye constantly in the stables with them, and feed them by weight and measure; keep them so clean, and so fine, I mean in their bodies, as well as their outsides, that, in short, nothing can be more nice. Here were several horses sold for 150 guineas a horse; but then they were such as were famous for the breed, and known by their race, almost as well as the Arabians know the genealogy of their horses.

From hence we came in two hours easy riding to Stafford, on the River Sow; 'tis an old and indeed antient town, and gives name to the county; but we thought to have found something more worth going so much out of the way in it. The town is however neat and well built, and is lately much encreas'd; nay, as some say, grown rich by the cloathing trade, which they have fallen into but within the reach of the present age, and which has not enrich'd this town only, but Tamworth also, and all the country round.

The people of this county have been particularly famous, and more than any other county in England, for good footman-ship, and there have been, and still are

among them, some of the fleetest runners in England; which I do not grant to be occasion'd by any particular temperature of the air or soil, so much as to the hardy breed of the inhabitants, especially in the moorlands or northern part of the county, and to their exercising themselves to it from their child-hood; for running foot-races seems to be the general sport or diversion of the country.

Near Stafford we saw Ingestre, where the late Walter Chetwynd, Esq; built or rather rebuilt a very fine church at his own charge, and where the late Lord Chetwynd has with a profusion of expence laid out the finest park and gardens that are in all this part of England, and which, if nothing else was to be seen this way, are very well worth a traveller's curiosity.

I am now at the utmost extent of my limits for this circuit; for Ingestre Parks reach to the very banks of the Trent, which I am not to pass; so I turn'd to the right, and intending for Litchfield, in the way we saw Beaudesert, a famous old seat, said to be built by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester: The name indeed intimates it to be of Norman or French original; at present it is in the honourable family of the Pagets, and the Lord Paget is also Baron of Beaudesert. The park is very fine, and its situation exceeding pleasant, but the house is antient; in the park is a famous piece of antiquity, viz. a large entrench'd camp or fortification, surrounded with a double trench, very large and deep; but the inhabitants can give no account of it, that is worth notice.

From hence 'tis about four or five miles to Litchfield, a city, and the principal, next to Chester, of all the N.W. part of England; neither indeed is there any other, but this and Coventry, in the whole road from London to Carlisle on the edge of Scotland.

Here we came into the great Lancashire and Cheshire road, or the N.W. road from London, which passing thro' this city from Warrington Bridge in Cheshire, falls into the Watling-street road, mention'd before, about three miles S.E. from the town, and crosses another antient causway or road, call'd Ickneild-street, about a mile out of the city; so that Litchfield lies as it were at the joining of all those great roads.

Litchfield is a fine, neat, well-built, and indifferent large city; there is a little lake or lough of water in the middle of it, out of which runs a small stream of water, which soon becomes a little rivulet, and save that it has but 4 or 5 miles to the Trent, would soon become a river; This lake parts Litchfield, as it were, into two cities, one is call'd the town, and the other the close; in the first is the market-place, a fine school, and a very handsome hospital well-endow'd. This part is much the largest and most populous: But the other is the fairest, has the best buildings in it, and, among the rest, the cathedral-church, one of the finest and most beautiful in England, especially for the outside, the form and figure of the

building, the carv'd work'd, imagery, and the three beautiful spires; the like of which are not to be seen in one church, no not in Europe.

There are two fine causways which join the city and the close, with sluices to let the water pass, but those were cut thro' in the time of the late intestine wars in England; and the closs, which is wall'd about, and was then fortify'd for the king, was very strong, and stood out several vigorous attacks against Cromwell's men, and was not at last taken without great loss of blood on- both sides, being gallantly defended to the last drop, and taken by storm.

There are in the close, besides the houses of the clergy residentiaries, a great many very well-built houses, and well inhabited too; which makes Litchfield a place of good conversation and good company, above all the towns in this county or the next, I mean Warwickshire or Darbyshire.

The description of this church would take up much time, and requires a very nice observer. The see is very antient, and was once archiepiscopal, and Eadulp the archbishop was metropolitan of all the kingdom of the Mercians and East Angles, but it did not hold it; then it suffer'd another diminution. by having the see of Chester taken away, which was once part of this of Litchfield.

They told us here a long story of St. Chad, formerly bishop of this church, and how he liv'd in a little hovel or cell in the church-yard, instead of a bishop's palace: But the bishops, since that time, have, I suppose, thought better of it, and make shift with a very fine palace in the closs, and the residentiaries live in proportion to it.

They have another legendary story also at Litchfield; namely, that a thousand poor people being instructed in the Christian faith by the care of Offa King of the Mercians, were all martyr'd here in one field by the Pagans, and that in the field where they were so murder'd, King Oswy of Northumberland caused a great church to be built; and from thence the city bears for its device, a landskip, or open field, with mangled carcasses lying dispers'd about in it, as if murder'd and left unburied: But this I take as I find it.

The church I say is indeed a most beautiful building; the west prospect of it is charming, the two spires on the corner towers being in themselves perfect beauties of architect, in the old Gothic way of building, but made still more shining and glorious by a third spire, which rising from the main tower in the body of the church, surmounts the other two, and shews itself exactly between them.

It is not easy to describe the beauty of the west end; you enter by three large doors in the porch or portico, which is as broad as the whole front; the spaces between the doors are fill'd with carv'd work and imagery, no place being void, where (by the rules of architect) any ornament could be plac'd.

Over the first cornish is a row of statues or images of all the kings which reign'd in Jerusalem from King David to the captivity; but I cannot say that they are all sufficiently distinguish'd one from another: Above there are other images, without number, whose names no account (I could meet with there) could explain.

The great window over the middle door is very large, and the pediment over it finely adorn'd, a large cross finishing the top of it; on either corner of the west front are two very fine towers, not unlike the two towers on the west end of St. Peter's Church at Westminster, only infinitely finer: Even with the battlement of the porch, and adjoining to the towers, are large pinnacles at the outer angles, and on the top of the towers are to each tower eight more, very beautiful and fine; between these pinnacles, on the top of each tower, rises a spire equal in height, in thickness, and in workmanship, but so beautiful no pen can describe them.

The imagery and carv'd work on the front, as above, has suffer'd much in the late unhappy times; and they told us the cross over the west window was frequently shot at by the rude soldiers; but that they could not shoot it down, which however they do not say was miraculous.

The inside of the church also suffer'd very much, but it has been very well repaired since the Restoration, as well by the famous Bishop Hacket, as by the bounty of several noble and generous benefactors.

The *Monasticon* makes mention of a shrine given here for the holy St. Chad, or St. Cedda, which cost 200000*l* . but I conceive that to smell as much of the legend, as the miracles of St. Chad himself; since such a gift at that time must be equal to two millions of our money.

They tell us the main spire of this church is, from the ground, 385 foot, and the two spires at the angles of the west end each 260.

From Litchfield we came to Tamworth, a fine pleasant trading town, eminent for good ale and good company, of the middling sort; from whence we came into the great road again at Coleshill in Warwickshire.

This is a small but very handsome market-town; it chiefly, if not wholly belongs to the Lord Digby, who is lord of the mannor, if not real owner of almost all the houses in the town, and as that noble person is at present a little on the wrong side as to the government, not having taken the oaths to King George, so the whole town are so eminently that way too, that they told me there was but one family of Whiggs, as they call'd them, in the whole town, and they hoped to drive them out of the place too very quickly.

The late incumbent of this parish quitted his living, which is very considerable, because he would not take the oaths, and his successor was the famous —— who, when I was there, was newly proscrib'd by proclamation, and the reward of l000*l*

. order’d to whoever should apprehend him; so their instructors being such, ’tis no wonder the people have follow’d their leader.

From Coles-hill we came to Coventry, the sister city to Litchfield, and join’d in the title of the see, which was for some little time seated here, but afterwards return’d to Litchfield.

It was a very unhappy time when I first came to this city; for their heats and animosities for election of members to serve in Parliament, were carry’d to such a hight, that all manner of method being laid aside, the inhabitants (in short) enraged at one another, met, and fought a pitch’d battle in the middle of the street, where they did not take up the breadth of the street, as two rabbles of people would generally do; in which case no more could engage, but so many as the breadth of the street would admit in the front; but, on the contrary, the two parties meeting in the street, one party kept to one side of the way, and one side to the other, the kennel in the middle only parting them, and so marching as if they intended to pass by one another, ‘till the front of one party was come opposite to the reer of the other, and then suddenly facing to one another, and making a long front, where their flanks were before, upon a shout given, as the signal on both sides, they fell on with such fury with clubs and staves, that in an instant the kennel was cover’d with them, not with slain, but with such as were knock’d down on both sides, and, in a word, they fought with such obstinacy that ’tis scarce credible.

Nor were these the scum and rabble of the town, but in short the burgesses and chief inhabitants, nay even magistrates, aldermen, and the like.

Nor was this one skirmish a decision of the quarrel, but it held for several weeks, and they had many such fights; nor is the matter much better among them to this day, only that the occasion does not happen so often.

Coventry is a large and populous city, and drives a very great trade; the manufacture of tammies is their chief employ, and next to that weaving of ribbons of the meanest kind, chiefly black. The buildings are very old, and in some places much decay’d; the city may be taken for the very picture of the city of London, on the south side of Cheapside before the Great Fire; the timber-built houses, projecting forwards and towards one another, till in the narrow streets they were ready to touch one another at the top.

The tale of the Lady Godiva, who rode naked thro’ the High Street of the city to purchase her beloved city of Coventry exemption from taxes, is held for so certain a truth, that they will not have it question’d upon any account whatever; and the picture of the poor fellow that peep’d out of window to see her, is still kept up, looking out of a garret in the High Street of the city: But Mr. Cambden says positively no body look’d at her at all

There are eleven churches in this city; but three of them are particular ornaments to it, having fine high spires, after the manner of those at Litchfield, but nothing like them for the beauty of the building. Here is no cathedral, as some have falsly said, neither is the great church, so call'd, either collegiate or conventual.

It was indeed a monastry or priory, and, as has been said, the bishop's see was remov'd from Chester hither, but no cathedral was built, for the change was not continued, and the see was soon remov'd to Litchfield, where it continues to this day. Yet this city contended a great while for it indeed, but could not carry it. In King Henry 8th's time, the priory being dissolv'd, the church which they would have call'd a cathedral, was reduc'd to a private parish-church, and continues so to this day; 'tis an archdeaconry indeed, and the bishop is stiled Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry.

From Coventry we could by no means pass the town of Warwick, the distance too being but about six miles, and a very pleasant way on the banks of the River Avon: Tis famous for being the residence of the great Guy Earl of Warwick, known now only by fame, which also has said so much more than the truth of him, that even what was true is become a kind of romance, and the real history of his actions is quite lost to the world.

That there was such a man, no body (I find) makes a question, any more than they do that half of what is said of him is fable and fiction; but be that as it will, they show us here his castle, his helmet, his sword, and tell abundance of things of him, which have some appearance of history, tho' not much authority to support them; so I leave that part to the curious searchers into antiquity, who may consult Mr. Cambden, Rous, Dugdale, and other antiquaries on that subject, who tell us the castle was built before our Saviour's time, and has been a place of great consideration ever since.

As to the town of Warwick, it is really a fine town, pleasantly situated on the bank of the Avon, over which there is a large and stately bridge, the Avon being now grown a pretty large river, Warwick was ever esteem'd a handsome, well-built town, and there were several good houses in it, but the face of it is now quite alter'd; for having been almost wholly reduc'd to a heap of rubbish, by a terrible fire about two and twenty years ago, it is now rebuilt in so noble and so beautiful a manner, that few towns in England make so fine an appearance. The new church also is a fine building, but all the old monuments, which were very many, are entirely defac'd, and lost by the fire: However the memory and even the figure of 'em are eminently preserv'd by Mr. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of this county, to which I refer.

The castle is a fine building, beautiful both by situation and its decoration; it stands on a solid rock of free-stone, from whose bowels it may be said to be built, as likewise is the whole town; the terrass of the castle, like that of Windsor, overlooks a beautiful country, and sees the Avon running at the foot of the precipice, at above 50 foot perpendicular hight: the building is old, but several times repair'd and beautify'd by its several owners, and 'tis now a very agreeable place both within and without: the apartments are very nicely contrived, and the communication of the remotest parts of the building, one with another, are so well preserved by galleries, and by the great hall, which is very magnificent, that one finds no irregularity in the whole place, notwithstanding its ancient plan, as it was a castle not a palace, and built for strength rather than pleasure.

The possession of this castle is now in the family of Grevil Lord Brook, but the honour and possession is separated, and has been for some time; the ancient family of Beauchamp, or Bello Campo, E. of Warwick, held it for many ages, from whom 'tis now descended to the Earls of Holland, who are Earls of Holland and also of Warwick. But this by the way.

Here we saw the antient cell or hermitage, where they say the famous Guy Earl of Warwick ended his days in a private retreat for his devotion, and is from him call'd Guy Clift, by others Gibclift; 'tis now, as Mr. Cambden gives an account, which Mr. Dugdale also confirms, the pleasant seat of an antient Norman family of the name of De Beau-foe, whose posterity remain there, and in several other parts of the county, retaining the latter part of their sirname, but without the former to this day. Mr. Dugdale gives the monuments of them, and it appears they removed hither, on account of some marriage, from Seyton in Rutlandshire, where they were lords of the mannor, and patrons of the church, and where several of the name also still remain.

Being at Warwick, I took a short circuit thro' the S.E. part of the county, resolving after viewing a little the places of note, that lay something out of my intended rout, to come back to the same place.

Three miles from Warwick we pass'd over the Foss Way, which goes on to Leicester; then we came by Southam to Daventry, a considerable market town, but which subsists chiefly by the great concourse of travellers on the old Watling-street way, which lies near it; and the road being turned by modern usage, lies now thro' the town itself, then runs on to Dunsmore Heath, where it crosses the Foss, and one branch goes on to Coventry, the other joins the Foss, and goes on to a place call'd High-Cross, where it falls into the old Watling-street again, and both meet again near Litchfield.

It is a most pleasant curiosity to observe the course of these old famous highways; the Icknild Way, the Watling-street, and the Foss, in which one sees so

lively a representation of the antient British, Roman and Saxon governments, that one cannot help realizing those times to the imagination; and tho' I avoid meddling with antiquity as much as possible in this work, yet in this case a circuit or tour thro' England would be very imperfect, if I should take no notice of these ways, seeing in tracing them we necessarily come to the principal towns, either that are or have been in every county.

From Daventry we cross'd the country to Northampton, the handsomest and best built town in all this part of England; but here, as at Warwick, the beauty of it is owing to its own disasters, for it was so effectually and suddenly burnt down, that very few houses were left standing, and this, tho' the fire began in the day-time; the flame also spread itself with such fury, and run on with such terrible speed, that they tell us a townsman being at Queen's Cross upon a hill, on the south side of the town, about two miles off, saw the fire at one end of the town then newly begun, and that before he could get to the town it was burning at the remotest end, opposite to that there he first saw it; 'tis now finely rebuilt with brick and stone, and the streets made spacious and wide.

The great new church, the town-hall, the jayl, and all their public buildings, are the finest in any country town in England, being all new built: But he took very little notice of Northampton, or rather had never seen it, who told us of a cathedral, a chapter-house and a cloyster.

The great inn at the George, the corner of the High Street, looks more like a palace than an inn, and cost above 2000*l.* building; and so generous was the owner, that, as we were told, when he had built it, he gave it to the poor of the town.

This is counted the center of all the horse-markets and horse-fairs in England, there being here no less than four fairs in a year: Here they buy horses of all sorts, as well for the saddle as for the coach and cart, but chiefly for the two latter.

Near this town is the ancient royal house of Holmby, which was formerly in great esteem, and by its situation is capable of being made a royal palace indeed. But the melancholy reflection of the imprisonment of King Charles the First in this house, and his being violently taken hence again by the mutinous rebels, has cast a kind of odium upon the place, so that it has been, as it were, forsaken and uninhabited. The house and estate has been lately purchas'd by the Dutchess of Marlborough; but we do not see that the house is like to be built or repair'd, as was at first discours'd; on the contrary it goes daily to decay.

The Earl of Sunderland's house at Althorp, on the other hand, has within these few years changed its face to the other extreme, and had the late earl liv'd to make some new apartments, which, as we were told, were design'd as two large wings to the buildings, it would have been one of the most magnificent palaces in

Europe. The gardens are exquisitely fine, and add, if it be possible, to the natural beauty of the situation.

From hence we went north to Harborough, and in the way, in the midst of the deep dismal roads, the dirtyest and worst in all that part of the country, we saw Boughton, the noble seat of the Duke of Mountague, a house built at the cost and by the fancy of the late duke, very much after the model of the Palace of Versailles; the treble wings projecting and expanded, forming a court or space wider and wider, in proper stades, answerable to the wings, the body of the house closing the whole view.

The pavillions are also after the manner of Versailles; the house itself is very large and magnificent, but the situation facing so beautiful a park adds to the glory of it; the park is wall'd round with brick, and so finely planted with trees, and in such an excellent order, as I saw nothing more beautiful, no not in Italy itself, except that the walks of trees were not orange and limon, and citron, as it is in Naples, and the Abruzzo, and other southern parts of Italy.

Here they shew'd us a petrifying spring, and told us so many stories of its turning every thing that was laid in it into stone, that we began to discredit the tale as fabulous; but I have been assur'd, that the water of this spring does really petrify, and that in such a manner as deserves the observation of the curious.

From hence we went on to Harborough intending to go forward to Leicester; but curiosity turn'd us west a little to see an old town call'd Lutterworth, famous for being the birthplace of honest John Wickliffe, the first preacher of the Reformation in England, whose disciples were afterwards called Lollards; when we came there we saw nothing worth notice, nor did the people, as I could find, so much as know in general, that this great man was born amongst them.

Being thus got a little out of our way, we went on with it, and turning into the great Watling-street way, at High Cross, where the Foss crosses it, and which I suppose occasioned the name, we kept on the street way to Non-Eaton, a manufacturing town on the River Anker, and then to Atherstone, a town famous for a great cheese fair on the 8th of September; from whence the great cheese factors carry the vast quantities of cheese they buy to Sturbridge Fair, which begins about the same time, but holds much longer; and here 'tis sold again for the supply of the counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk.

From Atherston we turn'd N. to see Bosworth-Field, famous for the great battle which put an end to the usurpation of Richard III. and to the long and bloody contention between the red rose and the white, or the two royal houses of York and Lancaster, which, as fame tells us, had cost the lives of eleven princes, three and twenty earls and dukes, three thousand noblemen, knights, and gentlemen, and two hundred thousand of the common people: They shew'd us the

spot of ground where the battle was fought, and at the town they shew'd us several pieces of swords, heads of lances, barbs of arrows, pieces of pole-axes, and such like instruments of death, which they said were found by the country people in the several grounds near the place of battle, as they had occasion to dig, or trench, or plough up the ground.

Having satisfy'd our curiosity in these points, we turn'd east towards Leicester. The E. of Stamford has a good old hunting seat on this side of the country, call'd Bradgate, and a fine park at Grooby; but they were too much out of our way, so we came on through a fine forest to Leicester.

Leicester is an ancient large and populous town, containing about five parishes, 'tis the capital of the county of Leicester, and stands on the River Soar, which rises not far from that High Cross I mention'd before: They have a considerable manufacture carry'd on here, and in several of the market towns round for weaving of stockings by frames; and one would scarce think it possible so small an article of trade could employ such multitudes of people as it does; for the whole county seems to be employ'd in it: as also Nottingham and Darby, of which hereafter.

Warwickshire and Northamptonshire are not so full of antiquities, large towns, and gentlemens seats, but this county of Leicester is as empty. The whole county seems to be taken up in country business, such as the manufacture above, but particularly in breeding and feeding cattle; the largest sheep and horses in England are found here, and hence it comes to pass too, that they are in consequence a vast magazine of wool for the rest of the nation; even most of the gentlemen are grasiers, and in some places the grasiers are so rich, that they grow gentlemen: 'tis not an uncommon thing for grasiers here to rent farms from 500*l* . to two thousand pounds a year rent.

The sheep bred in this county and Lincolnshire, which joins to it, are, without comparison, the largest, and bear not only the greatest weight of flesh on their bones, but also the greatest fleeces of wool on their backs of any sheep of England: nor is the fineness of the wool abated for the quantity; but as 'tis the longest staple, (so the clothiers call it) so 'tis the finest wool in the whole island, some few places excepted, such as Lemster in Herefordshire, the South Downs in Sussex, and such little places, where the quantity is small and insignificant, compar'd to this part of the country; for the sheep-breeding country reaches from the River Anker on the border of Warwickshire to the Humber at the farthest end of Lincolnshire, which is near a hundred miles in length, and from the bank of Trent in Lincoln and Leicestershire, to the bank of Ouse bordering Bucks, Bedford, Cambridge, and Huntingdonshires, above sixty miles in breadth.

These are the funds of sheep which furnish the city of London with their large mutton in so incredible a quantity: There are indeed a few sheep of a large breed, which are brought up from Rumney Marsh, and the adjoining low grounds in Kent and Sussex, but they are but few, and indeed scarce worth naming, compar'd to the vast quantity, which are produced in these counties.

The horses produced here, or rather fed here, are the largest in England, being generally the great black coach horses and dray horses, of which so great a number are continually brought up to London, that one would think so little a spot as this of Leicestershire could not be able to supply them: Nor indeed are they all bred in this county, the adjoining counties of Northampton and Bedford having of late come into the same business; but the chief supply is from this county, from whence the other counties rather buy them and feed them up, as jockeys and chapmen, than breed them up from their beginning.

In the south west part of the country rise four considerable second rate rivers, which run every one a directly contrary course in a most remarkable manner.

The Avon, which runs by Rugby, and goes away to Warwick; SOUTH WEST.

The Soar, which runs by Leicester, and goes away to the Trent; NORTH EAST.

The Anker, which runs by Nun-Eaton, and goes away to Tamworth; NORTH WEST.

The Welland, which runs by Harborough, and goes away to Stamford; SOUTH WEST.

I should not pass over this just remark of the town, or, as Mr. Cambden calls it, city of Leicester, namely, that as it was formerly a very strong and well fortify'd town, being situated to great advantage for strength, the river compassing it half about, so it was again fortify'd in the late unhappy wars, and being garrison'd by the Parliament forces, was assaulted by the Royalists, and being obstinately defended, was taken sword in hand, with a great slaughter, and not without the loss also of several of the inhabitants, who too rashly concern'd themselves in opposing the conquerors. They preserve here a most remarkable piece of antiquity, being a piece of mosaick work at the bottom of a cellar; 'tis the story of Actæon, and his being kill'd by his own hounds, wrought as a pavement in a most exquisite manner; the stones are small, and of only two colours, white and brown, or chesnut, and very small.

The great Henry Duke of Lancaster, and the earl his father lye both bury'd in this town, in the hospital church, without the south gate, which church and hospital also the said duke was the founder of; but there is no monument to be found that shews the particular place of their interment.

The Foss Way leads us from hence through the eastern and north east part of the county, and particularly through the vale of Belvoir, or, as it is commonly

call’d, of Bever, to Newark in Nottinghamshire: In all this long tract we pass a rich and fertile country, fruitful fields, and the noble River Trent, for twenty miles together, often in our view; the towns of Mount Sorrel, Loughborough, Melton Mowbray, and Waltham in the Would, that is to say, on the Downs; all these are market towns, but of no great note.

Belvoir Castle is indeed a noble situation, tho’ on a very high precipice; ’tis the antient seat of the Dukes of Rutland, a family risen by just degrees to an immense state both of honour and wealth. I shall mention the house again in my return out of Lincolnshire.

At Newark one can hardly see without regret the ruins of that famous castle, which maintain’d itself through the whole Civil War in England, and keeping a strong garrison there for the king to the last, cut off the greatest pass into the north that is in the whole kingdom; ?or was it ever taken, ‘till the king, press’d by the calamity of his affairs, put himself into the hands of the Scots army, which lay before it, and then commanded the governor to deliver it up, after which it was demolish’d, that the great road might lye open and free; and it remains in rubbish to this day. Newark is a very handsome well-built town, the market place a noble square, and the church is large and spacious, with a curious spire, which, were not Grantham so near, might pass for the finest and highest in all this part of England: The Trent divides itself here, and makes an island, and the bridges lead just to the foot of the castle wall; so that while this place was in the hands of any party, there was no travelling but by their leave; But all the travelling into the north at that time was by Nottingham Bridge, of which by itself.

From Newark, still keeping the Foss Way, which lies as strait as a line can mark it out, we went on to Lincoln, having a view of the great church call’d the minster all the way before us, the River Trent on the left, and the downs call’d Lincoln Heath on the right.

Lincoln is an antient, ragged, decay’d, and still decaying city; it is so full of the ruins of monasteries and religious houses, that, in short, the very barns, stables, out-houses, and, as they shew’d me, some of the very hog-styes, were built church-fashion; that is to say, with stone walls and arch’d windows and doors. There are here 13 churches, but the meanest to look on that are any where to be seen; the cathedral indeed and the ruins of the old castle are very venerable pieces of antiquity.

The situation of the city is very particular; one part is on the flat and in a bottom, so that the Wittham, a little river that runs through the town, flows sometimes into the street, the other part lies upon the top of a high hill, where the cathedral stands, and the very steepest part of the ascent of the hill is the best part of the city for trade and business.

Nothing is more troublesome than the communication of the upper and lower town, the street is so steep and so strait, the coaches and horses are oblig'd to fetch a compass another way, as well on one hand as on the other.

The River Wittham, which as I said runs thro' the city, is arch'd over, so that you see nothing of it as you go thro' the main street; but it makes a large lake on the west side, and has a canal, by which it has a communication with the Trent, by which means the navigation of the Trent is made useful for trade to the city; this canal is called the Foss-dike.

There are some very good buildings, and a great deal of very good company, in the upper city, and several families of gentlemen have houses there, besides those of the prebendaries and other clergy belonging to the cathedral.

This cathedral is in itself a very noble structure, and is counted very fine, though I thought it not equal to some that I have already describ'd, particularly not to that at Litchfield: Its situation indeed is infinitely more to advantage, than any cathedral in England, for it is seen far and wide; it stands upon an exceeding high hill, and is seen into five or six counties.

The building in general is very noble, and the church itself is very large; it has a double cross, one in the nave or center on which the great tower stands, and one at the east end of the choir, under which are several antient rnonuments; the length of the church is near 500 foot, the breadth 126; so that it is much larger than that at Litchfield; but the spires on the towers at the angles of the west end are mean, small, and low, and not to be nam'd with those at Litchfield: The tower also is very plain, and has only four very ill-proportion'd spires, or rather pinnacles, at the four corners small and very mean.

As the church is very large, so the revenue of the bishoprick is large also, and was formerly immensely great, as may be seen by the *Monasticon* , where there is an astonishing account of the wealth of the place.

The church, as it is the seat of the bishoprick, is not antient, the see being remov'd, since the Norman Conquest, from Dorchester, a little town in Oxfordshire, on the River Thames, not far from Tame, of which I have spoken in its place; but the city is antient, and the ruins of it tell us as much; it was certainly a flourishing city in the time of the Romans, and continued so after the fall of their empire.

Mr. Cambden says King Vortimer, that valiant Britain, dy'd here, and was bury'd in the church of the great monastery; but we see nothing of his remains in the cathedral, for that was not built 'till several ages after.

The city was a large and flourishing place at the time of the Norman Conquest, tho' neither the castle or the great church were then built; there were then three and fifty parish churches in it, of which I think only thirteen remain; the chief

extent of the city then was from the foot of the hill south, and from the lake or lough which is call'd Swanpool east; and by the Domesday Book they tell us it must be one of the greatest cities in England, whence perhaps that old English proverbial line:

Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be.

It is certain William the Conqueror built the castle, and, as 'tis said, to curb the potent citizens; and the ruins show that it was a most magnificent work, well fortify'd, and capable of receiving a numerous garrison.

The bishoprick of Lincoln at that time contain'd all that now is contain'd in the diocesses of Ely, Peterborough, and Oxford, besides what is now the diocess of Lincoln: and 'tis still the largest diocess, tho' not of the greatest revenue, in England; containing the several counties of Lincoln, Leicester, Huntingdon, Bedford, Bucks, and part of Hertford; and in them 1255 parishes, whereof 577 are impropriations; and there are in this bounds six archdeacons, viz. Lincoln, Leicester, Bedford, Buckingham, Stow. and Huntington. This see, tho' of no longer date than since the conquest, has produced to the Church and State

Three Saints,
One Cardinal, (namely Wolsey)
Six Lord Chancellors,
One Lord Treasurer,
One Lord Privy Seal,
Four Chancellors of Oxford,
Two ditto, of Cambridge.

Here was the famous battle fought between the friends of the Empress Maud, mother to Henry II. and King Stephen, in which that magnanimous prince was overthrown and taken prisoner.

But all this relates to times past, and is an excursion, which I shall attone for by making no more. Such is the present state of Lincoln, that it is an old dying, decay'd, dirty city; and except that part, which, as above, lies between the castle and the church, on the top of the hill, it is scarce tolerable to call it a city.

Yet it stands in a most rich, pleasant, and agreeable country; for on the north, and again on the south east, the noble plain, call'd Lincoln Heath, extends itself, like the plains about Salisbury, for above fifty miles; namely, from Sleeford and Ancaster south to the bank of the Humber north, tho' not with a breadth equal to the vast stretch'd out length; for the plain is hardly any where above three or four miles broad.

On the west side of this plain, the Trent waters a pleasant and rich valley, running from Newark to Gainsborough, a town of good trade, as well foreign as home trade, thence to Burton, and so into the Humber.

As the middle of the country is all hilly, and the west side low, so the east side is the richest, most fruitful, and best cultivated of any county in England, so far from London; one part is all fen or marsh grounds. and extends itself south to the Isle of Ely, and here it is that so vast a quantity of sheep are fed, as makes this county and that of Leicester an inexhaustible fountain of wool for all the manufacturing counties in England.

There are abundance of very good towns too in this part, especially on the sea coast, as Grimsby, in the utmost point of the county north east, facing the Humber and the ocean, and almost opposite to Hull: a little farther within Humber is Barton, a town noted for nothing that I know of, but an ill-favoured dangerous passage, or ferry, over the Humber to Hull; where in an open boat, in which we had about fifteen horses, and ten or twelve cows, mingled with about seventeen or eighteen passengers, call'd Christians; we were about four hours toss'd about on the Humber, before we could get into the harbour at Hull; whether I was sea-sick or not, is not worth notice, but that we were all sick of the passage, any one may suppose, and particularly I was so uneasy at it, that I chose to go round by York, rather than return to Barton, at least for that time.

Grimsby is a good town, but I think 'tis but an indifferent road for shipping; and in the great storm, (ann. 1703.) it was proved to be so, for almost all the ships that lay in Grimsby road were driven from their anchors, and many of them lost.

Here within land we see Brigg upon the River Ankam, Castor, Louth, Horncastle, Bolingbroke, Spilsby, Wainfleet, and Boston: As these are all, except the last, inland towns, they afford little remarkable, only to intimate that all this country is employ'd in husbandry, in breeding and feeding innumerable droves and flocks of black cattle and sheep: Indeed I should not have said black cattle. I should have call'd them red cattle; for it was remarkable, that almost all their cows for 50 miles together are red, or py'd red and white, and consequently all the cattle raised there, are the same; what they feed which are brought from other counties, (for the fens feed infinite numbers which they buy from other places); that (I say) is another case.

The Fen Country begins about Wainfleet, which is within twenty miles of Grimsby, and extends itself to the Isle of Ely south, and to the grounds opposite to Lynn Regis in Norfolk east.

This part is indeed very properly call'd Holland, for 'tis a flat, level, and often drowned country, like Holland itself; here the very ditches are navigable, and the people pass from town to town in boats, as in Holland: Here we had the uncouth musick of the bittern, a bird formerly counted ominous and presaging, and who, as fame tells us, (but as I believe no body knows) thrusts its bill into a reed, and then gives the dull, heavy groan or sound, like a sigh, which it does so loud, that

with a deep base, like the sound of a gun at a great distance, ’tis heard two or three miles, (say the people) but perhaps not quite so far.

Here we first saw Boston, a handsome well-built sea port town, at the mouth of the River Wittham. The tower of this church is, without question, the largest and highest in England; and, as it stands in a country, which (they say) has no bottom, nothing is more strange, than that they should find a foundation for so noble and lofty a structure; it had no ornament, spire, or pinnacle on the top, but it is so very high, that few spires in England, can match it, and is not only beautiful by land, but is very useful at sea to guide pilots into that port, and even into the mouth of the River Ouse; for in clear weather ’tis seen quite out at sea to the entrance of those channels, which they call Lynn Deeps, and Boston Deeps, which are as difficult places as most upon the whole eastern shore of Britain.

The town of Boston is a large, populous, and well-built town, full of good merchants, and has a good share of foreign trade, as well as Lynn. Here is held one of those annual fairs, which preserve the antient title of a Mart, whereof I remember only four in England of any considerable note, viz. Lynn, Gainsborough, Beverly, and Boston.

The country round this place is all fenn and marsh grounds, the land very rich, and which feeds prodigious numbers of large sheep, and also oxen of the largest size, the overplus and best of which goes all to London market; and from this part, as also from the downs or heath above-mentioned, comes the greatest part of the wool, known, as a distinction for its credit, because of its fineness, by the name of Lincolnshire Wool; which is sent in great quantities into Norfolk and Suffolk, for the manufacturers of those counties, and indeed to several other of the most trading counties in England.

These fens are indeed very considerable for their extent, for they reach in length in some places fifty miles, and in breadth above thirty: and as they are so level that there is no interruption to the sight, any building of extraordinary hight is seen a long way; for example, Boston steeple is seen upon Lincoln Heath near thirty miles, Peterborough and Ely minsters are seen almost throughout the whole level, so are the spires of Lynn, Whittlesea, and Crowland, seen at a very great distance, which adds a beauty to the country.

From Boston we came on through the fen country to Spalding, which is another sea port in the level, but standing far within the land on the River Welland. Here was nothing very remarkable to be seen as to antiquity, but the ruins of an old famous monastry, of which the *Monasticon* gives a particular description. There is a bridge over the Welland, and vessels of about fifty or sixty ton may come up to the town, and that is sufficient for the trade of Spalding, which is chiefly in corn and coal.

We must not pass by Crowland, another place of great religious antiquity, here being once a famous monastry, the remains of which are still to be seen: The monks of Crowland were eminent in history, and a great many stories are told of the devils of Crowland also, and what conversation they had with the monks, which tales are more out of date now, than they were formerly; for they tell us, that in antient times those things were as certainly believ'd for truths, as if they had been done before their faces.

There is one thing here that is curious indeed, and very remarkable, and which is not to be seen in any other place in Britain, if it be in Europe; namely, a triangular bridge: The case is this; The River Welland and another river, or rather branch from the River Nyne, join together just at Crowland, and the bridge being fixed at the very point where they join, stands upon a center in the middle of the united waters, and then parting into two bridges, lands you one to the right upon Thorney, and one to the left upon Holland; and yet they tell us there is a whirlpool, or bottomless pit, in the middle too; but that part I see no reason to give credit to.

The town of Spalding is not large, but pretty well built and well inhabited; but for the healthyness or pleasantness of it, I have no more to say than this, that I was very glad when I got out of it, and out of the rest of the fen country; for 'tis a horrid air for a stranger to breathe in.

The history of the draining those fens, by a set of gentlemen call'd the Adventurers, the several laws for securing and preserving the banks, and dividing the lands; how they were by the extraordinary conflux of waters from all the inland counties of England frequently overflow'd, and sometimes lay under water most part of the year; how all the water in this part of England, which does not run into the Thames, the Trent, or the Severn, falls together into these low grounds, and empty themselves into the sea by those drains, as thro' a sink; and how by the skill of these Adventurers, and, at a prodigious expence, they have cut new channels, and even whole rivers, with particular drains from one river to another, to carry off the great flux of waters, when floods or freshes come down either on one side or on the other; and how notwithstanding all that hands could do, or art contrive, yet sometimes the waters do still prevail, the banks break, and whole levels are overflow'd together; all this, tho' it would be very useful and agreeable to have it fully and geographically describ'd, yet it would take up so much room, and be so tedious here, where you are expecting a summary description of things, rather than the history and reasons of them, that I cannot think of entering any farther into it.

I have only to add, that these fens of Lincolnshire are of the same kind with, and contiguous to those already mentioned in the Isle of Ely, in the counties of

Cambridge and Huntingdon, and that here as well as there, we see innumerable numbers of cattle, which are fed up to an extraordinary size by the richness of the soil.

Here are also an infinite number of wild fowl, such as duck and mallard, teal and widgeon, brand geese, wild geese, &. and for the taking of the four first kinds, here are a great number of decoys or duckoys, call them which you please, from all which the vast number of fowls they take are sent up to London; the quantity indeed is incredible, and the accounts which the country people give of the numbers they sometimes take, are such, that one scarce dares to report it from them. But this I can say, of my certain knowledge, that some of these decoys are of so great an extent, and take such great quantities of fowl, that they are let for great sums of money by the year, viz. from l00*l* , to 3, 4, and 500*l* . a year rent.

The art of taking the fowls, and especially of breeding up a set of creatures, call'd decoy ducks, to entice and then betray their fellow-ducks into the several decoys, is very admirable indeed, and deserves a description; tho' 'tis not very easy to describe it, take it in as few words as I can.

The decoy ducks are first naturalised to the place, for they are hatch'd and bred up in the decoy ponds: There are in the ponds certain places where they are constantly fed, and where being made tame, they are used to come even to the decoy man's hand for their food.

When they fly abroad, or, as might be said, are sent abroad, they go none knows where; but 'tis believ'd by some they fly quite over the seas in Holland and Germany; There they meet with others of their acquaintance, that is to say, of their own kind, where sorting with them, and observing how poorly they live, how all the rivers are frozen up, and the lands cover'd with snow, and that they are almost starv'd, they fail not to let them know, (in language that they make one another understand) that in England, from whence they came, the case is quite alter'd; that the English ducks live much better than they do in those cold climates; that they have open lakes, and sea shores full of food, the tides flowing freely into every creek; that they have also within the land, large lakes, refreshing springs of water, open ponds, covered and secured from human eyes, with large rows of grown trees and impenetrable groves; that the lands are full of food, the stubbles yielding constant supplies of corn, left by the negligent husbandmen, as it were on purpose for their use, that 'tis not once in a wild duck's age, that they have any long frosts or deep snows, and that when they have, yet the sea is never frozen, or the shores void of food; and that if they will please but to go with them into England, they shall share with them in all these good things.

By these representations, made in their own duck language, (or by whatever other arts which we know not) they draw together a vast number of the fowls,

and, in a word, kidnap them from their own country; for being once brought out of their knowlcdge, they follow the decoys, as a dog follows the huntsman; and ’tis frequent to see these subtle creatures return with a vast flight of fowls with them, or at their heels, as we may say, after the said decoy ducks have been absent several weeks together.

When they have brought them over, the first thing they do is to settle with them in the decoy ponds, to which they (the decoy ducks) belong: Here they chatter and gabble to them, in their own language, as if they were telling them, that these are the ponds they told them of, and here they should soon see how well they should live, how secure and how safe a retreat they had here.

When the decoy-men perceive they are come, and that they are gathering and encreasing, they fail not to go secretly to the pond’s side, I say secretly, and under the cover which they have made with reeds, so that they cannot be seen, where they throw over the reeds handfuls of corn, in shallow places, such where the decoy ducks are usually fed, and where they are sure to come for it, and to bring their new guests with them for their entertainment.

This they do for two or three days together, and no harm follows, ‘till throwing in this bait one time in an open wide place, another time in another open wide place, the third time it is thrown in a narrower place; that is to say, where the trees, which hang over the water and the banks, stand nearer, and then in another yet narrower, where the said trees are overhead like an arbour, though at a good hight from the water.

Here the boughs are so artfully managed, that a large net is spread near the tops of the trees among the branches, and fasten’d to hoops which reach from side to side: This is so high and so wide, and the room is so much below, and the water so open, that the fowls do not perceive the net above them at all.

Here the decoy-man keeping unseen, behind the hedges of reeds, which are made perfectly close, goes forward, throwing corn over the reeds into the water; the decoy ducks greedily fall upon it, and calling their foreign guests, seem to tell them, that now they may find their words good, and how well the ducks live in England; so inviting or rather wheedling them forward, ‘till by degrees they are all gotten under the arch or sweep of the net, which is on the trees, and which by degrees, imperceptibly to them, declines lower and lower, and also narrower and narrower, ‘till at the farther end it comes to a point like a purse; though this farther end is quite out of sight, and perhaps two or three hundred yards from the first entrance

When the whole quantity are thus greedily following the leading ducks or decoys, and feeding plentifully as they go; and the decoy-man sees they are all

within the arch of the net, and so far within as not to be able to escape, on a sudden a dog,

which ‘till then he keeps close by him, and who is perfectly taught his business, rushes from behind the reeds, and jumps into the water, swimming directly after the ducks, and (terribly to them) barking as he swims.

Immediately the ducks (frighted to the last degree) rise upon the wing to make their escape, but to their great surprize, are beaten down again by the arched net, which is over their heads: Being then forced into the water, they necessarily swim forward, for fear of that terrible creature the dog; and thus they crowd on, ‘till by degrees the net growing lower and narrower, as is said, they are hurried to the very farther end, where another decoy-man stands ready to receive them, and who takes them out alive with his hands.

As for the traytors, that drew the poor ducks into this snare, they are taught to rise but a little way, and so not reaching to the net, they fly back to the ponds, and make their escape; or else, being used to the decoy-man, they go to him fearless, and are taken out as the rest; but instead of being kill’d with them, are strok’d, made much of, and put into a little pond just by him, and fed and made much of for their services.

There are many particulars in the managing and draining these levels, throwing off the water by milis and engines, and cultivating the grounds in an unusual manner, which would be very useful to be describ’d; but the needfu? brevity of this work will not admit of it: yet something may be touch’d at.

1. That here are some wonderful engines for throwing up water, and such as are not to be seen any where else, whereof one in particular threw up, (as they assur’d us) twelve hundred ton of water in half an hour, and goes by wind-sails, 12 wings or sails to a mili: This I saw the model of, but I must own I did not see it perform.

2. Here are the greatest improvements by planting of hemp, that, I think, is to be seen in England; particularly on the Norfolk and Cambridge side of the Fens, as about Wisbech, Well, and several other places, where we saw many hundred acres of ground bearing great crops of hemp.

3. Here is a particular trade carry’d on with London, which is no where else practis’d in the whole kingdom, that I have met with, or heard of, (viz.) For carrying fish alive by land-carriage; this they do by carrying great buts fill’d with water in waggons, as the carriers draw other goods: The buts have a little square flap, instead of a bung, about ten, twelve, or fourteen inches square, which, being open’d, gives air to the fish, and every night, when they come to the inn, they draw off the water, and let more fresh and sweet water run into them again. In

these carriages they chiefly carry tench and pike, pearch and eels, but especially tench and pike, of which here are some of the largest in England.

Whittlesea and Ramsey meres are two lakes, made by the River Nyne or Nene, which runs through them; the first is between five and six miles long, and three or four miles broad, and is indeed full of excellent fish for this trade.

From the Fenns, longing to be deliver'd from fogs and stagnate air, and the water of the colour of brew'd ale, like the rivers of the Peak, we first set foot on dry land, as I call'd it, at Peterborough.

This is a little city, and indeed 'tis the least in England; for Bath, or Wells, or Ely, or Carlisle, which are all call'd cities, are yet much bigger; yet Peterborough is no contemptible place neither; there are some good houses in it, and the streets are fair and well-built; but the glory of Peterborough is the cathedral, which is truly fine and beautiful; the building appears to be more modern, than the story of the raising this pile implies, and it wants only a fine tower steeple, and a spire on the top of it, as St. Paul's at London had, or as Salisbury still has; I say, it wants this only to make it the finest cathedral in Britain, except St. Paul's, which is quite new, and the church of St. Peter at York.

In this church was bury'd the body of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, mother to King James the First, who was beheaded not far off in Fotheringay Castle in the same county; but her body was afterwards remov'd by King James the First, her son, into Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected for her, in King Henry the VIIth's chappel; tho' some do not stick to tell us, that tho' the monument was erected, the body was never remov'd.

Here also lies interred another unhappy queen, namely, the Lady Katherine of Spain, the divorc'd wife of King Henry VIII. and mother to Queen Mary: who reigned immediately after King Edward VI. Her monument is not very magnificent, but 'tis far from mean. Here is an old decay'd monument of Bishop Wulfer, the founder of the church; but this church has so often been burnt and demolish'd, since that time, that 'tis doubtful when they shew it you, whether it be authentick or not.

The chappel here, call'd St. Mary's, is a very curious building, tho' now not in use; the choir has been often repair'd and beautify'd, and is now very fine; but the west end, or great gate, is a prodigy for its beauty and variety: 'Tis remarkable, that as this church, when a monastry, was famous for its great revenues, so now, as reduced, 'tis one of the poorest bishopricks in England, if not the meanest.

Coming to this little city landed us in Northamptonshire; but as great part of Lincolnshire, which is a vastly extended large county, remain'd yet unseen, we were oblig'd to turn north from Peterborough, and take a view of the fens again, though we kept them at some distance too. Here we pass'd the Welland at Market

Deeping, an old, ill-built and dirty town; then we went thro' Bourn to Folkingham, near which we saw two pieces of decay'd magnificence; one was the old demolish'd monastry of Sempringham, the seat of the Gilbertine nuns, so famous for austerity, and the severest rules, that any other religious order have yielded to, and the other was the antient house of the Lord Clinton, Queen Elizabeth's admiral, where that great and noble person once liv'd in the utmost splendor and magnificence; the house, tho' in its full decay, shows what it has been, and the plaister of the cielings and walls in some rooms is so fine, so firm, and so entire, that they break it off in large flakes, and it will bear writing on it with a pencil or steel pen, like the leaves of a table book. This sort of plaister I have not seen anywhere so very fine, except in the palace of Nonesuch in Surrey, near Epsom, before it was demolish'd by the Lord Berkeley.

From hence we cross'd part of the great heath mentioned before, and came into the high road again at Ankaster, a small but antient Roman village, and full of remnants of antiquity: This town gives now the title of duke to the ancient family of Lindsey, now Dukes of Ankaster, formerly only Earls of Lindsey, and hereditary Lords Chamberlains of England.

This place and Panton, a village near it, would afford great subject of discourse, if antiquity was my present province, for here are found abundance of Roman coins, urns, and other remains of antiquity, as also in several parts here about; and Mr. Cambden puts it out of doubt, that at this town of Ankaster there was a station or colony settled of Romans, which afterwards swell'd up into a city, but is now sunk again out of knowledge. From hence we came to Grantham, famous for a very fine church and spire steeple, so finely built, and so very high, that I do not know many higher and finer built in Britain. The vulgar opinion, that this steeple stands leaning, is certainly a vulgar error: I had no instrument indeed to judge it by, but, according to the strictest observation, I could not perceive it, or anything like it, and am much of opinion with that excellent poet:

'Tis hight makes Grantham steeple stand awry. This is a neat, pleasant, well-built and populous town, has a good market, and the inhabitants are said to have a very good trade, and are generally rich. There is also a very good free-school here. This town lying on the great northern road is famous, as well as Stamford, for abundance of very good inns, some of them fit to entertain persons of the greatest quality and their retinues, and it is a great advantage to the place.

From a hill, about a mile beyond this town north west, being on the great York road, we had a prospect again into the Vale of Bever, or Belvoir, which I mentioned before; and which spreads itself here into 3 counties, to wit, Lincoln, Leicester, and Rutlandshires: also here we had a distant view of Bever, or Bellevoir Castle, which 'tis supposed took its name from the situation, from

whence there is so fine a prospect, or Bellevoir over the country; so that you see from the hill into six counties, namely, into Lincoln, Nottingham, Darby, Leicester, Rutland, and Northampton Shires. The castle or palace (for such it now is) of Bevoir, is now the seat of the noble family of Mannors, Dukes of Rutland, who have also a very noble estate, equal to the demesnes of some sovereign princes, and extending itself into Nottingham and Darbyshire far and wide, and in which estate they have an immense subterranean treasure, never to be exhausted; I mean the lead mines and coal-pits, of which I shall say more in its place.

Turning southward from hence we enter'd Rutlandshire, remarkable for being the least county in England, having but two market towns in it, viz. Okeham and Uppingham, but famous for abundance of fine seats of the gentlemen, and some of the first rank, as particularly the Earls of Gainsborough and Nottingham; the latter has at a very great expence, and some years labour, rebuilt the ancient seat of Burleigh on the Hill, near Okeham, and on the edge of the vale of Cathross. This house would indeed require a volume of itself, to describe the pleasant situation, and magnificent structure, the fine gardens, the perfectly well-finish'd apartments, the curious paintings, and well-stor'd library: all these merit a particular view, and consequently an exact description; but it is not the work of a few pages, and it would be to lessen the fame of this palace, to say any thing by way of abstract, where every part calls for a full account: at present, all I can say of it is, there may be some extraordinary palaces in England, where there are so many fine ones, I say there may be some that excell in this or that particular, but I do not know a house in Britain, which excels all the rest in so many particulars, or that goes so near to excelling them all in every thing. Take something of it in the following lines, part of a poem, written wholly upon the subject, by an anonymous author.

ON THE EARL OF NOTTINGHAM'S HOUSE AT BURLEIGH ON THE HILL, IN RUTLANDSHIRE

Hall, happy fabrick! whose majestick view
First sees the sun, and bids him last adieu;
Seated in majesty, your eye commands
A royal prospect of the richest lands,
Whose better part, by your own lord possess'd,
May well be nam'd the crown of all the rest:
The under-lying vale shews with delight
A thousand beauties, at one charming sight;
No pencil's art can such a landskip feign,
And Nature's self scarce yields the like again:
Few situations may with this compare,

A fertile soil and a salubrious air.
Triumphant structure! while you thus aspire
From the dead ruin of rebellious fire;
Methinks I see the genius of the place
Advance its head, and, with a smiling face,
Say, Kings have on this spot made their abodes,
'Tis fitted now to entertain the Gods.

From hence we came to Stamford; the town is placed in a kind of an angle of the county of Lincoln, just upon the edge of three counties, viz. Lincoln, Northampton, and Rutland: this town boasts greatly too of its antiquity, and indeed it has evident marks of its having been a very great place in former days.

History tells us it was burnt by the Danes above 1500 years ago, being then a flourishing city: Tradition tells us, it was once a university, and that the schools were first erected by Bladud King of the Britains; the same whose figure stands up at the King's Bath in the city of Bath, and who liv'd 300 years before our Saviour's time: But the famous camps and military ways, which still appear at and near this town, are a more visible testimony of its having been a very ancient town, and that it was considerable in the Romans time.

It is at this time a very fair, well-built, considerable and wealthy town, consisting of six parishes, including that of St. Martin in Stamford-Baron; that is to say, in that part of the town which stands over the river, which, tho' it is not a part of the town, critically speaking, being not in the liberty, and in another county, yet 'tis all called Stamford, and is rated with it in the taxes, and the like.

This town is the property, as it may be called, of the Earles of Excester; for the author of the *Survey of Stamford* , page 15, says, "William Cecil, Baron Burleigh, and afterwards Earl of Excester, obtain'd the fee farm of Queen Elizabeth for himself, in whose posterity it yet remains."

The government of this town is not, it seems, as most towns of such note are, by a mayor and aldermen, but by an alderman, who is chief magistrate, and twelve comburgesses, and twenty four capital burgesses, which, abating their worships titles, is, to me, much the same thing as a mayor, aldermen, and common council.

They boast in this town of very great privileges, especially to their alderman, who is their chief magistrate, and his com-burgesses; such as being freed from the sheriffs jurisdiction, and from being empannel'd on juries out of the town; to have the return of all writs, to be freed from all lords lieutenants, and from their musters, and for having the militia of the town commanded by their own officers, the alderman being the king's Lord Lieutenant, and immediately under his Majesty's command, and to be (within the liberties and jurisdiction of the town)

esteem'd the second man in the kingdom; and the grant of those privileges concludes thus; *Ut ab antiguo usu fuerunt* , as of antient time they had been accustomed: So that this Charter, which was granted by Edward IV. ann. 1461. seems to be only a confirmation of former privileges, not a grant of new ones.

In the church of St. Martin in Stamford-Baron, that is on this side the bridge, at the upper end of the choir, is a very noble monument of William Cecil Lord Burleigh, who lies bury'd there in a large vault just under it; and opposite to it, on the north side, is a more antient (but handsome) monument, tho' not so magnificent as the former, being in memory of Richard Cecil, Esq; and Jane his wife, the father and mother of the said famous Lord Burleigh; also a more modern monument for the great earl who re-edify'd the house, being the last earl but one, and father of the present earl; and for his countess, a sister of the present Duke of Devonshire: This is a finish'd piece, 'tis all of the finest marble, and, they told us, it was made at Florence, and sent over: The said earl dy'd on his travels at Paris.

There is a very fine stone bridge over the River Welland of five arches, and the town-hall is in the upper part of the gate, upon or at the end of the bridge, which is a very handsome building. There are two constant weekly markets here, viz. on Mondays and Fridays, but the last is the chief market: They have also three fairs, viz. St. Simon and Jude, St. James's, and Green-goose Fair, and a great Midlent mart; but the latter is not now so considerable, as it is reported to have formerly been.

But the beauty of Stamford is the neighbourhood of the noble palace of the Earl of Excester, call'd Burleigh House, built by the famous Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and Lord High Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, the same whose monument I just now mentioned, being in St. Martin's Church at Stamford-Baron, just without the park.

This house, built all of free-stone, looks more like a town than a house, at which avenue soever you come to it; the towers and the pinnacles so high, and placed at such a distance from one another, look like so many distant parish-churches in a great town, and a large spire cover'd with lead, over the great clock in the center, looks like the cathedral, or chief church of the town.

The house stands on an eminence, which rises from the north en trance of the park, coming from Stamford: On the other side, viz. south and west, the country lies on a level with the house, and is a fine plain, with posts and other marks for horse-races; As the entrance looks towards the flat low grounds of Lincolnshire, it gives the house a most extraordinary prospect into the Fens, so that you may see from thence twenty or near thirty miles, without any thing to intercept the sight.

As you mount the hill, you come to a fine esplanade, before the great gate or first entrance of the house, where there is a small but very handsome semi-circle,

taken in with an iron balustrade, and from this, rising a few steps, you enter a most noble hall, but made infinitely more noble by the invaluable paintings, with which it is so fill'd, that there is not room to place any thing between them.

The late Earl of Excester, father of his present lordship, had a great genius for painting and architecture, and a superior judgment in both, as every part of this noble structure will testify; for he chang'd the whole face of the building; he pull'd down great part of the front next the garden, and turn'd the old Gothic windows into those spacious sashes which are now seen there; and tho' the founder or first builder, who had an exquisite fancy also, (as the manner of buildings then was) had so well ordered the situation and avenues of the whole fabrick, that nothing was wanting of that kind, and had also contriv'd the house itself in a most magnificent manner; the rooms spacious, well directed, the cielings lofty, and the decorations just, yet the late earl found room for alterations, infinitely to the advantage of the whole; as particularly, a noble stair case, a whole set of fine apartments, with rooms of state, fitting for the entertainment of a prince, especially those on the garden side; tho' at present a little out of repair again.

As this admirable genius, the late earl, lov'd paintings, so he had infinite advantage in procuring them; for he not only travell'd three times into Italy, and stay'd every time a considerable while at Florence, but he was so entertain'd at the Court of Tuscany, and had, by his most princely deportment and excellent accomplishments, so far obtain'd upon the great duke, that he might be said indeed to love him, and his highness shew'd the earl many ways that esteem; and more particularly, in assisting him to purchase many excellent pieces at reasonable prices; and not only so, but his highness presented him with several pieces of great value.

Among the rest, there is. in the great hall, his lordship's picture, on horseback, done by the great duke's principal painter, at his highness's charge, and given to his lordship, as a mark of the great duke's special favour: There is also a fine piece of Seneca bleeding to death in the warm bath, and dictating his last morals to his scholars; the passions are in so lively a manner described in the scholars, their eager attention, their generous regard to their master, their vigilant catching at his words, and some of them taking minutes, that it is indeed admirable and inexpressible. I have been told, that the King of France offer'd the earl 6000 pistoles for it.

It would be endless to give a detail of the fine pieces his lordship brought from Italy. all originals, and by the best masters; 'tis enough to say, they infinitely exceed all that can be seen in England, and are of more value than the house itself, and all the park belonging to it.

His lordship had indeed infinite advantage, join'd to his very good judgment, besides what I have mention'd, at the Court of the grand duke, for the furnishing himself with extraordinary paintings, having made his three journeys into Italy by several routs, and stopt at several Courts of princes; and his collection would doubtless have been still enlarg'd, had he liv'd to finish a fourth tour, which he was taking; but he was surpriz'd with a sudden and violent distemper, and dy'd at Paris (as we were told) of a dysentrie.

Besides the pictures, which, as above, were brought from abroad, the house itself, at least the new apartments may be said to be one entire picture. The staircase, the cielings of all the fine lodgings, the chapel, the hall, the late earl's closet, are all finely painted by VARRIO, of whose work I need say no more than this, that the earl kept him twelve years in his family, wholly employ'd in painting those cielings and staircases, &. and allow'd him a coach and horses, and equipage, a table, and servants, and a very considerable pension.

N.B. The character this gentleman left behind him at this town, is, that he deserv'd it all for his paintings; but for nothing else; his scandalous life, and his unpaid debts, it seems, causing him to be but very meanly spoken of in the town of Stamford. I might dwell a long while upon this subject, and could do it with great pleasure, Burleigh House being well worth a full and compleat description; but this work will not admit of enlargements.

By the park wall, or, as some think, through the park, adjoining to Burleigh House, pass'd an old Roman highway, beginning at Castor, a little village near Peterborough; but which was anciently a Roman station, or colony, call'd Durobrevum; this way is still to be seen, and is now call'd The 40 Foot Way, passing from Gunworth Ferry (and Peterborough) to Stamford: This was, as the antiquaries are of opinion, the great road into the north, which is since turn'd from Stilton in Huntingdonshire to Wandsworth or Wandsford, where there is a very good bridge over the River Nyne; which coming down from Northampton, as I have observ'd already, passes thence by Peterborough, and so into the Fen country: But if I may straggle a little into antiquity, (which I have studiously avoided) I am of opinion, neither this or Wandsford was the ancient northern road in use by the Romans; for 'tis evident, that the great Roman causway is still seen on the left hand of that road, and passing the Nyne at a place call'd Water Neuton, went directly to Stamford, and pass'd the Welland, just above that town, not in the place where the bridge stands now; and this Roman way is still to be seen, both on the south and the north side of the Welland, stretching itself on to Brig Casterton, a little town upon the River Guash, about three miles beyond Stamford; which was, as all writers agree, another Roman station, and was call'd Guasennæ by the antients, from whence the river is supposed also to take its name; whence it

went on to Panton, another very considerable colony, and so to Newark, where it cross'd the Foss.

This Forty Foot Way then must be a cross road from Castor, and by that from the Fen Country, so leading into the great highway at Stamford: as likewise another cross road went out of the said great road at Panton, above-named, to Ankaster, where was a Roman cohort plac'd, and thence join'd the Foss again at Lincoln.

Near this little village of Castor lives the Lord FitzWilliams, of an ancient family, tho' an Irish title, and his lordship has lately built a very fine stone bridge over the River Nyne, near Gunworth, where formerly was the ferry.

I was very much applauding this generous action of my lord's, knowing the inconvenience of the passage there before, especially if the waters of the Nyne were but a little swell'd, and I thought it a piece of publick charity; but my applause was much abated, when coming to pass the bridge (being in a coach) we could not be allow'd to go over it, without paying *2s. 6d.* of which I shall only say this, That I think 'tis the only half crown toll that is in Britain, at least that ever I met with.

As we pass by Burleigh Park wall, on the great road, we see on the west side, not above a mile from it, another house, built by the same Lord Burleigh, and which might pass for a very noble seat, were not Burleigh by. This is call'd Wathorp, and stands just on the Great Roman Way, mention'd above; this is the house of which the old earl said he built it to remove to, and to be out of the dust, while Burleigh House was a sweeping. This saying is indeed father'd upon the noble founder, but I must acknowledge, I think it too haughty an expression to come from so wise and great a man.

At Overton, now call'd Cherry Orton, a village near Gunworth Ferry, is an old mansion house, formerly belonging to a very antient and almost forgotten race, or family of great men, call'd Lovetoft, which I nam'd for a particular reason. The estate is now in the heirs of the late Duke of Newcastle, and the house lies neglected. On the other side of the river is a fine new-built house, all of free stone, possess'd by Sir Francis St. John, Bart. which affords a very beautiful prospect to travellers, as they pass from the hill beyond Stilton to Wansford Bridge. This Wansford has obtain'd an idle addition to its name, from a story so firmly believ'd by the country people, that they will hardly allow any room for contradiction; namely, That a great flood coming hastily down the River Nyne, in hay-making-time, a country fellow, having taken up his lodging on a cock of hay in the meadow, was driven down the stream in the night, while he was fast asleep; and the hay swimming, and the fellow sleeping, they drove together towards Wisbech in the Fens, whence he was fairly going on to the sea; when being

wakened, he was seen and taken up by some fishermen, almost in the open sea; and being ask'd, who he was? he told them his name; and where he liv'd? he answer'd, at Wansford in England: from this story the town is called Wansford in England; and we see at the great inn, by the south end of the bridge, the sign of a man floating on a cock of hay, and over him written, Wansford in England.

Coming south from hence we pass'd Stilton, a town famous for cheese, which is call'd our English Parmesan, and is brought to table with the mites, or maggots round it, so thick, that they bring a spoon with them for you to eat the mites with, as you do the cheese.

Hence we came through Sautrey Lane, a deep descent between two hills, in which is Stangate Hole, famous for being the most noted robbing-place in all this part of the country. Hence we pass'd to Huntington, the county town, otherwise not considerable; it is full of very good inns, is a strong pass upon the Ouse, and in the late times of rebellion it was esteemed so by both parties.

Here are the most beautiful meadows on the banks of the River Ouse, that I think are to be seen in any part of England; and to see them in the summer season, cover'd with such innumerable stocks of cattle and sheep, is one of the most agreeable sights of its kind in the world.

This town has nothing remarkable in it; 'tis a long continued Street, pretty well built, has three parish churches, and a pretty good market-place; but the bridge, or bridges rather, and causway over the Ouse is a very great ornament to the place. On the west side of this town, and in view of the plain lower side of the county, is a noble, tho' ancient seat, of the Earl of Sandwich; the gardens very fine and well kept; the situation seems a little obscur'd by the town of Huntington. In the same plain we saw Bugden, a small village, in which is remarkable a very pleasant, tho' ancient house or palace, of the Bishops of Lincoln: The house and garden surrounded by a very large and deep moat of water; the house is old, but pleasant, the chappel very pretty, 'tho' small; there is an organ painted against the wall, but in a seeming organ-loft, and so properly placed and well painted, that we at first believed it really to be an organ.

Hinchingbrook, another house belonging to a noble family, well known by the same title, shews itself at a small distance from Huntington; and a little way south stands that most nobly situated and pleasant seat of the Duke of Manchester, called Kimbolton, or Kimbolton Castle, where no pains or cost has been spar'd to make the most beautiful situation still more beautiful, and to help nature with art.

Hence we went a little north to see Oundle, being told that the famous drum was to be heard just at that time in the well; but when we came there, they shew'd us indeed the well and the town, but as for the drum, they could only tell us they

heard of it, and that it did drum; but we could meet with no person of sufficient credit, that would say seriously they had heard it: so we came away dissatisfy'd.

This town of Oundle is pleasantly seated on the River Nyne, of which I have so often spoken. There are indeed a range of eminent towns upon this river; (viz.) Northampton, Wellingborough, Thrapston, Oundle, Fotheringay, Wandsford, and Peterborough; at all which, except Peterborough, there are very good stone bridges over the river.

Here again there is a most beautiful range of meadows, and perhaps they are not to be equall'd in England for length; they continue uninterrupted for above thirty miles in length, from Peterborough to Northampton, and, in some places, are near two miles in breadth, the land rich, the grass fine and good, and the cattle, which are always feeding on them, hay-time excepted, numberless.

From Oundle we cross'd the county of Northampton into Bedfordshire, and particularly to the town of Bedford, the chief town of the county; for this county has no city in it, tho' even this town is larger and more populous, than several cities in England, having five parish-churches, and a great many, and those wealthy and thriving inhabitants. This is one of the seven counties, which they say lie together, and have not one city among them; namely, Huntington, Bedford, Bucks, Berks, Hertford, Essex, and Suffolk.

But here I must do a piece of justice to the usage of England in denominating of cities, namely, that it is not here as in France, and Flanders, and Holland, where almost all their towns of note are call'd cities, and where the gentry chiefly live in those cities, and the clergy also; I mean the religious houses, of which there are great numbers sometimes in one city, which are enough to make a city, where there was none before. But as we have no authority, but antient usage and custom, for the distinguishing places by the names of towns and cities, so since that ancient usage or authority had the titles of places, 'tis observable some places, formerly of note, are considerably decay'd, and scarce preserve the face of their ancient greatness; as Lincoln, Old Sarum, Carlisle, Verulam, and others; and several towns which in those times scarce deserv'd the name of cities, are now, by the encrease of commerce and numbers of inhabitants, become greater, more populous and wealthy, than others, which are call'd cities.

Nor is this all, but several towns, which Mr. Cambden tells us, were call'd cities in his time, are now sunk from the dignity, and are only call'd towns, and yet still retain a greatness, wealth, and populousness, superior to many cities, such as Colchester, Ipswich, Shrewsbury, Cambridge, Stamford, Leicester, and others, which are without all comparison greater now than Wells, Peterborough, Ely, or Carlisle, and yet have lost the title of cities, which the other retain.

Thus we have at this time the towns of Froom, Taunton, Tiverton, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and others in the west, and the towns of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Hull, and several others in the north, that are much larger, richer, and more populous, than Rochester, Peterborough, Carlisle, Bath, and even than York itself, and yet these retain but the name of towns, nay even of villages, in some of which the chiefest magistrate is but a constable, as in Manchester, for example.

It is remarkable of Bedfordshire, that tho' a great part of the county lies on the north side of the Ouse; that is to say, the two whole hundreds of Stodden and Barford; yet there is not one market town in all that side of the Ouse, but Bedford only. Another thing is scarce to be equall'd in the whole isle of Britain; namely, that tho' the Ouse, by a long and winding course, cuts through the county, and by its long reachings, so as to make above seventy miles between Oulney and St. Neots, tho' not above twenty by land, yet in all that course it receives but one river into it, namely the little River Ivel, which falls into the Ouse a little above Temsford.

Bedford, as I have said, is a large, populous, and thriving town, and a pleasant well-built place; it has five parish churches, a very fine stone bridge over the Ouse, and the High Street, (especially) is a very handsome fair street, and very well-built; and tho' the town is not upon any of the great roads in England, yet it is full of very good inns, and many of them; and in particular we found very good entertainment here.

Here is the best market for all sorts of provisions, that is to be seen at any country town in all these parts of England; and this occasions, that tho' it is so far from London, yet the higglers or carriers buy great quantities of provisions here for London markets; also here is a very good trade down the river to Lynn.

Here is also a great corn market, and great quantities of corn are bought here, and carry'd down by barges and other boats to Lynn, where it is again shipp'd, and carry'd by sea to Holland: The soil hereabouts is exceeding rich and fertile, and particularly produces great quantities of the best wheat in England, which is carry'd by waggons from hence, and from the north part of the county twenty miles beyond this, to the markets of Hitchin and Hertford, and bought again there, and ground and carry'd in the meal (still by land) to London.

Indeed the whole product of this county is corn, that is to say, wheat and malt for London; for here are very few manufactures, except that of straw-hats and bone-lace, of which by itself: There are but ten market towns in the whole county, and yet 'tis not a small county neither: The towns are,

Bedford,
Biggleswood,

Leighton,
Dunstable,
Ampthill,
Shefford,
Luton,
Potton,
Tuddington,
Wooburn.

The last of these was almost demolish'd by a terrible fire, which happen'd here just before my writing this account; but as this town has the good luck to belong to a noble family, particularly eminent for being good landlords; that is to say, bountiful and munificent to their poor tenants, I mean the ducal house of Bedford; there is no doubt but that the trustees, tho' his grace the present duke is in his minority, will preserve that good character to the family, and re-edify the town, which is almost all their own.

The duke's house, call'd Wooburn Abbey, is just by the town, a good old house, but very ancient, spacious and convenient rather than fine, but exceedingly pleasant by its situation; and for the great quantity of beach woods which surround the parks and cover the hills, and also for great woods of oak too, as rich and valuable, as they are great and magnificent: The very situation of this house to promise itself another Burleigh or Chatsworth, whenever an heir comes to enjoy the vast estate of this family, who has a genius for building; But at present, as above, the heir is an infant.

Ampthill is grac'd like Wooburn; for tho' in itself, like the other, it is not a considerable town, and has no particular manufacture to enrich it, yet by the neighbourhood of that great and noble family of Bruce Earls of Ailesbury, the very town is made both rich and honourable: It is however the misfortune of this noble family, that the present earl lives abroad, being a Roman; but the next heirs are in view of recovering the grandeur of that ancient family. The old venerable seat of the family is near the town, and is a noble and magnificent palace, tho' not wholly re-built, as is the fortune of many of the seats of our nobility of this age.

From hence, thro' the whole south part of this county, as far as the border of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, the people are taken up with the manufacture of bone-lace, in which they are wonderfully encreas'd and improv'd within these few years past. Also the manufactures of straw-work, especially straw hats, spreads itself from Hertfordshire into this county, and is wonderfully encreased within a few years past.

Having thus viewed this county in all its most considerable towns, we came from Dunstable to St. Albans, and so into London, all which has been spoken of before; I therefore break off this circuit here, and subscribe,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant.

APPENDIX TO THE SECOND VOLUME

THE same reasons which occasioned an Appendix to the last volume hold good still, and will hold, if ten volumes of the same kind were to be written; seeing no man can take so strict a view of England, but something will occur, which the nicest observer could not possibly see, or the most busy enquirer be inform'd of at one journey; and, which is still more, some things will be undertaken and begun in the smallest intervals of time, which were not heard of before; for example:
On a more exact enquiry into the particular state of the city of Bristol, I find it necessary to mention first, That there are but seventeen parishes in the city, tho' there are nineteen churches, including the cathedral and the church of St. Mark: There are, besides those churches, seven meeting-houses, two Presbyterian, one Independent, two Quakers, one Baptist; also one or two other meetings not to be nam'd.

As to the Exchange design'd to be built, and for which an Act of Parliament actually pass'd, ann. 1723, it was at first intended to be built where the Tolsey now is; but so many buildings both publick and private and one church, namely Christ Church, at the corner of Vine-street, standing so near, as that they would crowd the place too much, the first measures were chang'd, and now the intended place is the meal market, between Vine-street and St. Mary Port, being on the north side of the Tolsey; but the citizens do not seem so hasty to build, as they were to get the Act of Parliament pass'd to give them power to do it.

There are no less than fifteen glass-houses in Bristol, which is more than are in the city of London: They have indeed a very great expence of glass bottles, by sending them fill'd with beer, cyder, and wine to the West Indies, much more than goes from London; also great numbers of bottles, even such as is almost incredible, are now used for sending the waters of St. Vincent's Rock away, which are now carry'd, not all over England only, but, we may say, all over the world.

The ground is now so rais'd in Queen's Square, (that which was formerly call'd the Mead) that the highest tide does not flow over it, and all the sides of the square are now fully built and inhabited, except one house only.

There is in the great church of Ratcliff, or Redcliff, a very antient monument for one Mr. William Cannings, burgess and merchant of Bristol, who besides repairing or new buiding part of Ratcliff great church, gave to the vicar and church-wardens, and major part of the inhabitants of the parish, in trust for the poor, 340*l* . This was in the year 1474. 17th of Edw. IV. *N.B.* Such a sum at that time was equal to eight times that money in these days.

On one part of the monument is a Latin inscription, in an odd way of writing, and full of abbreviations; and, on the other side, in English, the following account of this worthy citizen, and of the regard paid to him at that time.

Mr. William Cannings, the richest merchant of the town of Bristow; afterwards chosen five times Mayor of the town, for the good of the common wealth of the same: He was in Order of Priesthood, and afterwards Dean of Westburgh; and dy'd the 7th of November, 1474: Which said William did build within the said town of Westburgh a college with his canons and said William did maintain, by the space of 8 years, 8 hundred handy crafts men, besides carpenters and masons, every day 100 men. —— — Besides King Edward the 4th had of the said William 3000 marks for his peace, in 2470 tuns of shipping. These are the names of the shipping with their burthen.

Tons

Tons

The *Mary Canning* ,
400
The *Mary Batt* ,
220

The *Mary Redcliff* ,
500
The little*Nicholas* ,
140

The *Mary and John* ,
900
The *Margaret* ,
200

The *Galliot* ,
50
The *Katherine Boston* ,
22

The *Katherine* ,

140
A ship in Ireland,
100

No age nor time can wear out well-won fame,
The stones themselves a stately work doth show;
From senseless stones we ground may mens good name,
And noble minds by virtuous deeds we know.
A lanthorn clear sets forth a candle-light:
A worthy act declares a worthy wight.
The buildings rare that here you may behold:
To shrine his bones deserves a tomb of gold:
The famous fabrick, that he here hath done,
Shines in his sphere, as glorious as the sun:
What needs more words ? the future world he sought
And set the pomp and pride of this at naught;
Heaven was his aim! let Heaven be his station,
That leaves such works for others imitation.

Also here is the following inscription on the monument of Sir William Penn, Bart. the father of the great William Penn, one of the heads of the Quakers, who was a native of the city of Bristol: as follows.

To the just memory of Sir William Penn, Knt. and sometime general; borne at Bristol, in 1621, son of Capt. Giles Penn, several years consul for the English in the Mediterranean: Descended from the Penns of Penn Lodge in the county of Wilts, and the Penns of Penn near Wickham in the county of Bucks; and, by his mother, from the Gilberts in the county of Somerset, originally from Yorkshire; addicted from his youth to maritime affairs: He was made captain at the years of 21, Rear-Admiral of Ireland at 23, Vice-Admiral of Ireland at 25, Admiral to the Streights at 29, Vice-Admiral of England at 31, and General of the first Dutch Wars at 32; whence retiring, in anno 1655, he was chosen Parliament man for the town of Weymouth 1660, made Commissioner of the Admiralty and Navy, Governour of the towns and forts of Kingsaile, Vice-Admiral of Munster, and a member of the Provincial Councell; and, in anno 1664, was chosen Great Captain Commander under his Royal Highness, in that signal and most prudently successful fight against the Dutch Fleet. Thus he took leave of the sea, his old element, but continued still his other employs ‘till 1669, at what time, thro’ bodily Infirmities (contracted by the care and fatigue of the publick affairs) he withdrew, prepar’d, and made for his end, and with a gentle and even gale, in much peace, arriv’d and anchor’d in his last and best port, at Wanstead in the county of Essex,

on the 16th of September, 1670, being then but 49 and 4 months old. To whose name and merit his surviving lady hath erected this remembrance.

In travelling this latter part of this second tour, it has not been taken notice of, though it very well deserves mention; That the soil of all the midland part of England, even from sea to sea, is of a deep stiff clay, or marly kind, and it carries a breadth of near 50 miles at least, in some places much more; ?or is it possible to go from London to any part of Britain, north, without crossing this clayey dirty part. For example;

Suppose we take the great northern post road from London to York, and so into Scotland; you have tolerable good ways and hard ground, ‘till you reach Royston about 32, and to Kneesworth, a mile farther: But from thence you enter upon the clays, which beginning at the famous Arrington-Lanes, and going on to Caxton, Huntington, Stilton, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Tuxford (call’d for its deepness Tuxford in the Clays) holds on ‘till we come almost to Bautree, which is the first town in Yorkshire, and there the country is hard and sound, being part of Sherwood Forest.

Suppose you take the other northern road, namely, by St. Albans, Dunstable, Hockley, Newport Pagnel, Northampton, Leicester, and Nottingham, or Darby: On this road, after you are pass’d Dunstable, which, as in the other way, is about 30 miles, you enter the deep clays, which are so surprisingly soft, that it is perfectly frightful to travellers, and it has been the wonder of foreigners, how, considering the great numbers of carriages which are continually passing with heavy loads, those ways have been made practicable; indeed the great number of horses every year kill’d by the excess of labour in those heavy ways, has been such a charge to the country, that new building of causeways, as the Romans did of old, seems to me to be a much easier expence: From Hockley to Northampton, thence to Harborough, and Leicester, and thence to the very bank of Trent these terrible clays continue; at Nottingham you are pass’d them, and the forest of Sherwood yields a hard and pleasant road for 30 miles together.

Take the same road as it leads to Coventry, and from thence to West Chester, the deep clays reach through all the towns of Brickhill, Fenny and Stony Stratford, Towcester, Daventry, Hill Morton, or Dunchurch, Coventry, Coleshill, and even to Birmingham, for very near 8o miles.

If we take the road to Worcester, it is the same through the vale of Aylesbury to Buckingham, and westward to Banbury, Keynton, and the vale of Evesham, where the clays reach, with some intermissions, even to the bank of Severn, as they do more northernly quite to West Chester.

The reason of my taking notice of this badness of the roads, through all the midland counties, is this; that as these are counties which drive a very great trade

with the city of London, and with one another, perhaps the greatest of any counties in England; and that, by consequence, the carriage is exceeding great, and also that all the land carriage of the northern counties necessarily goes through these counties, so the roads had been plow'd so deep, and materials have been in some places so difficult to be had for repair of the roads, that all the surveyors rates have been able to do nothing; nay, the very whole country has not been able to repair them; that is to say, it was a burthen too great for the poor farmers; for in England it is the tenant, not the landlord, that pays the surveyors of the highways.

This necessarily brought the country to bring these things before the Parliament; and the consequence has been, that turnpikes or toll-bars have been set up on the several great roads of England, beginning at London, and proceeding thro' almost all those dirty deep roads, in the midland counties especially; at which turn-pikes all carriages, droves of cattle, and travellers on horseback, are oblig'd to pay an easy toll; that is to say, a horse a penny, a coach three pence, a cart four pence, at some six pence to eight pence, a waggon six pence, in some a shilling, and the like; cattle pay by the score, or by the head, in some places more, in some less; but in no place is it thought a burthen that ever I met with, the benef?t of a good road abundantly making amends for that little charge the travellers are put to at the turn-pikes.

Several of these turn-pikes and tolls had been set up of late years, and great progress had been made in mending the most difficult ways, and that with such success as well deserves a place in this account: And this is one reason for taking notice of it in this manner; for as the memory of the Romans, which is so justly famous, is preserv'd in nothing more visible to common observation, than in the remains of those noble causways and highways, which they made through all parts of the kingdom, and which were found so needful, even then, when there was not the five hundredth part of the commerce and carriage that is now: How much more valuable must these new works be, tho' nothing to compare with those of the Romans, for the firmness and duration of their work?

The causways and roads, or streetways of the Romans, were perfect solid buildings, the foundations were laid so deep, and the materials so good, however far they were oblig'd to fetch them, that if they had been vaulted and arch'd, they could not have been more solid: I have seen the bottom of them dug up in several places, where I have observ'd flint-stones, chalkstones, hard gravel, solid hard clay, and several other sorts of earth, laid in layers, like the veins of oar in a mine; a laying of clay of a solid binding quality, then flint-stones, then chalk, then upon the chalk rough ballast or gravel, 'till the whole work has been rais'd six or eight foot from the bottom; then it has been cover'd with a crown or rising ridge in the

middle, gently sloping to the sides, that the rain might run off every way, and not soak into the work: This I have seen as fair and firm. after having stood, as we may conclude, at least 12 or 1600 years, as if it had been made but the year before.

And that I may not be charg'd with going beyond the most exact truth, I refer the curious to make their observations upon that causeway, call'd the Fosse, which is now remaining, and to be seen between Cirencester and Marshfield in Wiltshire, on the road to the Bath, or between the same Cirencester and Birdlip Hill in Gloucestershire, on the road to Gloucester; but more particularly, between Castleford Bridge, near Pontefract in Yorkshire, upon the River Aire, and the town of Aberford, in the road to Tadcaster and York.

In several parts of this causeway, the country being hard, and the way good on either side, travellers have not made much use of the causway, it being very high, and perhaps exposing them too much to the wind and weather, but have rather chosen to go on either side, so that the causway in some places, lies as flat and smooth on the top, as if it had never been made use of at all; and perhaps it has not, there being not so much as the mark of a wheel upon it, or of a horse foot for a good way together, for which I refer to the curious traveller that goes that way.

This very causeway have I seen cut into, so as to discover the very materials with which it was built; and in some parts of the same causeway, farther north, where the great road has taken some other way, I have seen the old causway dug down to carry the materials away, and mend the road which was then in use.

It is true the Romans being lords of the world, had the command of the people, their persons and their work, their cattle, and their carriages; even their armies were employ'd in these noble undertakings; and if the materials they wanted, were to fetch 20, nay 30 to 40 miles off, if they wanted them, they would have them, and the works were great and magnificent like themselves: Witness the numberless encampments, lines, castles and fortifications, which we see the remains of to this day.

But now the case is alter'd, labour is dear, wages high, no man works for bread and water now; our labourers do not work in the road, and drink in the brook; so that as rich as we are, it would exhaust the whole nation to build the edifices, the causways, the aqueducts, lines, castles, fortifications, and other publick works, which the Romans built with very little expence.

But to return to this new method of repairing the highways at the expence of the turn-pikes; that is to say, by the product of funds rais'd at those turn-pikes; it must be acknowledg'd they are very great things, and very great things are done by them; and 'tis well worth recording, for the honour of the present age, that this work has been begun, and is in an extraordinary manner carry'd on, and perhaps

may, in a great measure be compleated within our memory. I shall give some examples here of those which have been brought to perfection already, and of others which are now carrying on.

First, that great county of Essex, of which our first tour gives an ample account. The great road from London, thro' this whole county towards Ipswich and Harwich, is the most worn with waggons, carts, and carriages; and with infinite droves of black cattle, hogs, and sheep, of any road (that leads thro' no larger an extent of country) in England: The length of it from Stratford-bridge by Bow, to Streetford-bridge over the Stour, on the side of Suffolk, is 50 miles, and to Harwich above 65 miles.

These roads were formerly deep, in time of floods dangerous, and at other times, in winter, scarce passable; they are now so firm, so safe, so easy to travellers, and carriages as well as cattle, that no road in England can yet be said to equal them; this was first done by the help of a turnpike, set up by Act of Parliament, about the year 1697, at a village near Ingerstone. Since that, another turnpike, set up at the corner of the Dog Row, near Mile-end; with an additional one at Rumford, which is called a branch, and paying at one, passes the person thro' both: This I say, being set up since the other, compleats the whole, and we are told, that as the first expires in a year or two, this last will be sufficient for the whole, which will be a great case to the country: The first toll near Ingerstone, being the highest rated public toll in England; for they take 8*d.* for every cart, 6*d.* for every coach, and 12*d* . for every waggon; and in proportion for droves of cattle: For single horsemen indeed, it is the same as others pay, viz. 1*d.* per horse, and we are told, while this is doing, that the gentlemen of the county, design to petition the Parliament, to have the Commissioners of the last Act, whose turnpike, as above, is at Mile-end and Rumford, empowered to place other turnpikes, on the other most considerable roads, and so to undertake, and repair all the roads in the whole county, I mean all the considerable roads.

But to come back to the counties which I am now speaking of, some very good attempts have been made of this kind on the northern roads, thro' those deep ways I mention'd, in the high post road; for example.

That an Act of Parliament was obtained about 30 years since, for repairing the road between Ware and Royston, and a turnpike was erected for it at Wade's-mill, a village so called, about a mile and half beyond Ware: This proved so effectual, that the road there, which was before scarce passable, is now built up in a high, firm cause way; the most like those mentioned above, of the Romans, of any of these new undertakings. And, though this road is continually work'd upon, by the vast number of carriages, bringing malt and barly to Ware, for whose sake indeed,

it was obtained; yet, with small repairs it is maintain'd, and the toll is reduced from a penny, to a half-penny, for the ease of the country, and so in proportion.

Beyond this, two grants have been obtained; one for repair of those wretched places, call'd Arrington Lanes, and all the road beyond Royston, to Caxton and Huntington; and another, for repairing the road from Stukely to Stilton, including the place called Stangate-Hole, and so on, towards Wansford and Santry Lane and Peterborough; by which these roads, which were before intollerable, are now much mended; but I cannot say, they are yet come up to the perfection of that road from London to Colchester.

One great difficulty indeed here, is, that the country is so universally made up of a deep, stiff clay; that 'tis hard to find any materials to repair the ways with, that may be depended upon. In some places they have a red sandy kind of a slate or stone, which they lay with timber and green faggots, and puts them to a very great expence; but this stone does not bind like chalk and gravel, or endure like flint and pebbles, but wears into clay from whence it proceeds; and this is the reason why they cannot expect those roads can reach up, however chargeable the repairs are to the goodness of the roads in Essex.

We see also a turnpike set up at a village very justly called Foul Mire near Cambridge, for the repair of the particular roads to the university, but those works are not yet brought to any perfection.

There is another road, which is a branch of the northern road, and is properly called the coach road, and which comes into the other near Stangate Hole; and this indeed is a most frightful way, if we take it from Hatfield, or rather the park corners of Hatfield House, and from thence to Stevenage, to Baldock, to Biggleswade, and Bugden. Here is that famous lane call'd Baldock Lane, famous for being so unpassable, that the coaches and travellers were oblig'd to break out of the way even by force, which the people of the country not able to prevent, at length placed gates, and laid their lands open, setting men at the gates to take a voluntary toll, which travellers always chose to pay, rather than plunge into sloughs and holes, which no horse could wade through.

This terrible road is now under cure by the same methods, and probably may in time be brought to be firm and solid, the chalk and stones being not so far to fetch here, as in some of those other places I have just now mention'd.

But the repair of the roads in this county, namely Bedfordshire, is not so easy a work, as in some other parts of England. The drifts of cattle, which come this way out of Lincolnshire and the fens of the Isle of Ely, of which I have spoken already, are so great, and so constantly coming up to London markets, that it is much more difficult to make the ways good, where they are continually treading by the feet of the large heavy bullocks, of which the numbers that come this way are scarce to

be reckon'd up, and which make deep impressions, where the ground is not very firm, and often work through in the winter what the commissioners have mended in the summer.

But leaving these undertakings to speak for themselves when finish'd; for they can neither be justly prais'd or censur'd before; it ought to be observ'd, that there is another road branching out from this deep way at Stevenage, and goes thence to Hitchin, to Shefford, and Bedford. Hitchin is a large market town, and particularly eminent for its being a great corn market for wheat and malt, but especially the first, which is bought here for London market. The road to Hitchin, and thence to Bedford, tho' not a great thorough-fare for travellers, yet is a very useful highway for the multitude of carriages, which bring wheat from Bedford to that market, and from the country round it, even as far as Northamptonshire, and the edge of Leicestershire; and many times the country people are not able to bring their corn for the meer badness of the ways.

This road, I hear, will be likewise repair'd, by virtue of a turn-pike to be plac'd near Hitchin on this side, and at the two bridges over the Ouse, namely Barford Bridge and Bedford Bridge, on the other side; as also at Temsford, where they drive through the river without the help of a bridge.

But to leave what may be, I return to what is. The next turnpikes are on the great north west road, or, as I have distinguish'd it already, the Watling-street Way; which, to describe it once for all, begins at Islington near London, and leads to Shrewsbury, West Chester, and Hollyhead in Wales; with other branches breaking out from it to the north, leading to Nottingham, Darby, Burton on the Trent, and Warrington, and from them all, farther north, into the north west parts of Great Britain; for they are the grand passes into Yorkshire, Darbyshire, and Lancashire, and thro' them to Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland; of all which I shall give a farther account in my next letters.

Upon this great road there are wonderful improvements made and making, which no traveller can miss the observation of, especially if he knew the condition these ways were formerly in; nor can my account of these counties be perfect, without taking notice of it; for certainly no publick edifice, almshouse, hospital, or nobleman's palace, can be of equal value to the country with this, no nor more an honour and ornament to it.

The first attempt upon this road was at Brickhill in Buckinghamshire, and the turn-pike was set up on the hill, near the town call'd Little Brickhill, by vertue of which, they repair'd the road from thence to Stony Stratford, for about ten miles, and with very good success; for that road was broad, and capable of giving room for such a work; and tho' materials were hard to come at, and far to fetch, yet we soon found a large firm causway, or highway, and of a full breadth, reaching from

Fenny Stratford to Stony Stratford, which is six miles, and where the way was exceeding bad before.

This encourag'd the country to set about the work in good earnest; and we now see the most dismal piece of ground for travelling, that ever was in England, handsomly repair'd; namely, from the top of the chalky hill beyond Dunstable down into Hockley Lane, and thro' Hockley, justly called Hockley in the Hole, to Newport Pagnall, being a bye branch of the great road, and leading to Northampton, and was call'd the coach road; but such a road for coaches, as worse was hardly ever seen.

The next (to come southward) was the road from St. Albans to South Mims, a village beyond Barnet: Soon after this road parts from the great coach road to the north, which I mention'd before, beginning at Hatfield.

This road, from Mims to St. Albans, is so well mended, the work so well done, and the materials so good, so plentifully furnish'd, and so faithfully apply'd, that, in short, if possible, it out-does the Essex road mention'd before; for here the bottom is not only repair'd, but the narrow places are widen'd, hills levell'd, bottoms raised, and the ascents and descents made easy, to the inexpressible ease and advantage of travellers, and especially of the carriers, who draw heavy goods and hard loads, who find the benefit in the health and strength of their cattle.

From hence, to come still more towards London, another undertaking reaches from the foot of Barnet Hill, call'd formerly the Blockhouse, to Whetstone, and so over the great heath, call'd Finchley Common, to Highgate Hill, and up the hill to the gatehouse at Highgate, where they had their turn-pike; as also at the Blockhouse; and this work is also admirably well perform'd, and thro' a piece of ground, which was very full of sloughs and deep places before.

But from Highgate to London still requir'd help; the road branch'd into two, at the top of Highgate Hill, or just at the gatehouse there; one came to London by Islington, and there branch'd again into two, one coming by the north end of Islington, and another on the back of the town, and entring the town at the south west end near the Angel Inn, there dividing again, one branch entred London at Goswell-street and Aldersgate street; and this was the principal road for waggons and pack-horses: The other going directly to St. John-street and into Smithfield; and this way was the chief road for cattle to Smithfield Market.

The other road parting off at Highgate, came down the hill by the late Sir William Ashurst's house, of which I made mention in its place, and thence passing through Kentish Town, entred London by two ways: one by Grays Inn Lane, and the other by Clerkenwell.

All these roads were to the last extremity run to ruin, and grew worse and worse so evidently, that it was next to impossible, the country should be able to

repair them: Upon which an Act of Parliament was obtain'd for a turnpike, which is now erected at Islington aforesaid, as also all the other branches by the Kentish Town way, and others; so that by this new toll, all these roads are now likely to be made good, which were before almost a scandal to the city of London.

Another turnpike, and which was erected before this, was on the great north road, beginning at Shoreditch, and extending to Enfield Street, in the way to Ware; though this road is exceedingly throng'd, and raises great sums, yet I cannot say, that the road itself seems to be so evidently improv'd, and so effectually repair'd, as the others last mention'd, notwithstanding no materials are wanting; even on the very verge of the road itself, whether it be, that the number of carriages, which come this way, and which are indeed greater than in any other road about London, is the occasion, or whether the persons concern'd do not so faithfully, or so skilfully perform, I will not undertake to determine.

After so many encouraging examples on this great Watling-street road, as I have mention'd above, they have now begun the like on the same way farther down, and particularly from Stony Stratford to Daventry and Dunchurch, and so on to Coventry and Coles-hill; all those parts of it are at this time repairing, and they promise themselves that in a few years those roads will be compleatly sound and firm, as Watling-street was in its most antient and flourishing state; but this must be mention'd, like any publick edifice, which is now building, and perhaps may require some time to finish.

I come next to mention other works of the same kind in remoter places, also more westerly, but within the compass of this midland circuit; as particularly the road from Birdlip Hill to Gloucester, formerly a terrible place for poor carriers and travellers out of Wales, &. But now repair'd very well.

Likewise the road from Sandy Lane Hill in Wiltshire to the Bath, which began to be repair'd by the direction of her late Majesty Queen Anne.

Also another piece of bad road near Beaconsfield in Oxfordshire.

By the same happy example, turnpikes are erected at the west end of the town, for repairing that horrid road, formerly also a part of the Watling-street Way, from St. Giles's Church to Paddington, and thence to Edgworth, obtain'd first by the interest and motion of his grace the Duke of Chandos.

On the other side of the river is another turnpike erected, or rather two turnpikes, one at the north end of the town of Newington, call'd Newington Buts, which has two or three colateral branches, viz. one at Vaux-Hall, at the bridge near the Spring Carden corner, and another at Croydon, besides smaller toll-bars on the bye-lanes. This undertaking has been very well prosecuted, and the great Sussex road, which was formerly unsufferably bad, is now become admirably good; and this is done at so great an expence, that they told me at Strettham, that

one mile between the two next bridges south of that town, cost a thousand pounds repairing, including one of the bridges, and yet it must be acknowledg'd, that the materials are very near hand, and very good all the way to Croydon.

The other turnpike on that side is placed near New Cross on the road into Kent, a little before the road to Lusum parts from the road to Deptford Bridge; so that all the road to Lee and Eltham, the road to Bromley and Tunbridge, as well as the great road to Rochester and Canterbury, are taken in there; and this undertaking, they tell us, is likewise very well perform'd.

So that upon the whole, this custom prevailing, 'tis more than probable, that our posterity may see the roads all over England restor'd in their time to such a perfection, that travelling and carriage of goods will be much more easy both to man and horse, than ever it was since the Romans lost this island.

Nor will the charge be burthensome to any body; as for trade, it will be encourag'd by it every way; for carriage of all kind of heavy goods will be much easier, the waggoners will either perform in less time, or draw heavier loads, or the same load with fewer horses; the pack-horses will carry heavier burthens, or travel farther in a day, and so perform their journey in less time; all which till tend to lessen the rate of carriage, and so bring goods cheaper to market.

The fat cattle will drive lighter, and come to market with less toil, and consequently both go farther in one day, and not waste their flesh, and heat and spoil themselves, in wallowing thro' the mud and sloughs, as is now the case.

The sheep will be able to travel in the winter, and the city not be oblig'd to give great prizes to the butchers for mutton, because it cannot be brought up out of Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, the sheep not being able to travel: the graziers and breeders will not be oblig'd to sell their stocks of weathers cheap in October to the farmers within 20 miles of London, because after that they cannot bring them up; but the ways being always light and sound, the grasiers will keep their stocks themselves, and bring them up to market, as they see cause, as well in winter as in summer.

Another benefit of these new measures for repairing the roads by turnpikes, is the opening of drains and water-courses, and building bridges, especially over the smaller waters, which are oftentimes the most dangerous to travellers on hasty rains, and always most injurious to the roads, by lying in holes and puddles, to the great spoiling the bottom, and making constant sloughs, sometimes able to bury both man and horse; 'tis very remarkable that the overseers of these works take effectual care to have bridges built in such places, and currents made or opened for the waters to pass, by which abundance of labour is sav'd in constantly tending the waters on such occasions; but of this also we shall say more presently.

To give an eminent instance of it, we refer the curious to take the road from Blackman-street in Southwark, to Croydon, for an example, where, if we are not mistaken, he will find eleven bridges wholly new-built in ten miles length, by which the whole road is laid dry, sound, and hard, which was before a most uncomfortable road to travel.

This improving of the roads is an infinite improvement to the towns near London, in the convenience of coming to them, which makes the citizens flock out in greater numbers than ever to take lodgings and country-houses, which many, whose business call'd them often to London, could not do, because of the labour of riding forward and backward, when the roads were but a little dirty, and this is seen in the difference in the rents of houses in those villages upon such repair'd roads, from the rents of the like dwellings and lodgings in other towns of equal distance, where they want those helps, and particularly the encrease of the number of buildings in those towns, as above.

This probably has not been the least reason why such tolls are erected now on every side of London, or soon will be, and I doubt not but in time it will be the like all over England.

There are indeed some very deep roads in many places of England, and that south by Trent too, where no such provision is yet made for repair of the roads, as particularly in and through the vale of Aylesbury, and to Buckingham, and beyond it into Oxfordshire; also beyond Northampton to Harborough and Leicester; also in Lincolnshire, beyond what we nam'd to be from Huntington to Stilton, the road from Stamford to Grantham, Newark, and Tuxford, in the clays, all which remain very deep, and in some seasons dangerous.

Likewise the roads in Sussex, and that in particular which was formerly a Roman work, call'd Stony-street or Stone-street: Mr. Cambden mentions it as going from Leatherhead to Darking, and thro' Darking church-yard, then cross a terrible deep country, call'd the Homeward, and so to Petworth and Arundel: But we see nothing of it now; and the country indeed remains in the utmost distress for want of good roads: So also all over the Wild of Kent and Sussex it is the same, where the corn is cheap at the barn, because it cannot be carry'd out; and dear at the market, because it cannot be brought in.

But the specimens above, will, we doubt not, prompt the country gentlemen in time to go through with it all over England; and 'tis to give a clear view of this important case, that we have given this account of them.

The benefit of these turnpikes appears now to be so great, and the people in all places begin to be so sensible of it, that it is incredible what effect it has already had upon trade in the countries where it is more compleatly finish'd; even the carriage of goods is abated in some places, *6d.* per hundred weight, in some

places 12*d.* per hundred, which is abundantly more advantage to commerce. than the charge paid amounts to, and yet at the same time the expence is paid by the carriers too, who make the abatement; so that the benefit in abating the rate of carriage is wholly and simply the tradesmens, not the carriers.

Yet the advantage is evident to the carriers also another way; for, as was observ'd before, they can bring more weight with the same number of horses, ?or are their horses so hard work'd and fatigued with their labour as they were before; in which one particular 'tis acknowledg'd by the carriers, they perform their work with more ease, and the masters are at less expence.

The advantage to all other kinds of travelling I omit here: such as the safety and ease to gentlemen travelling up to London on all occasions, whether to the term, or to Parliament, to Court, or on any other necessary occasion, which is not a small part of the benefit of these new methods.

Also the riding post, as well for the ordinary carrying of the mails, or for the gentlemen riding post, when their occasions require speed; I say, the riding post is made extreamly easy, safe, and pleasant, by this alteration of the roads.

I mention so often the safety of travelling on this occasion, because, as I observ'd before, the commissioners for these repairs of the highways have order'd, and do daily order, abundance of bridges to be repair'd and enlarg'd, and new ones built, where they find occasion, which not only serve to carry the water off, where it otherwise often spreads, and lies as it were, damm'd up upon the road, and spoils the way; but where it rises sometimes by sudden rains to a dangerous height; for it is to be observ'd, that there is more hazard, and more lives lost, in passing, or attempting to pass little brooks and streams, which are swell'd by sudden showers of rain, and where passengers expect no stoppage, than in passing great rivers, where the danger is known, and therefore more carefully avoided.

In many of these places the commissioners have built large and substantial bridges for the benefit of travelling, as is said already, and in other places have built sluices to stop, and open'd channels to carry off the water, where they used to swell into the highway: We have two of these sluices near London, in the road thro' Tottenham High-Cross and Edmonton, by which the waters in those places, which have sometimes been dangerous, are now carry'd off, and the road clear'd; and as for bridges I have been told, that the several commissioners, in the respective districts where they are concern'd, have already built above three hundred new ones, where there were none before, or where the former were small and insufficient to carry the traveller safe over the waters; many of these are within a few miles of London, especially, for example, on the great road from London to Edgeworth, from London to Enfield, from London to St. Albans, and,

as before, from London to Croydon, where they are very plain to be seen, and to which I refer.

And for farther confirmation of what I have advanc'd above, namely, that we may expect, according to this good beginning, that the roads in most parts of England will in a few years be fully repair'd, and restor'd to the same good condition, (or perhaps a better, than) they were in during the Roman government, we may take notice, that there are no less than twelve Bills, or Petitions for Bills, depending before the Parliament, at this time sitting, for the repair of the roads, in several remote parts of England, or for the lengthening the time allow'd in former Acts; some of which, besides those hereafter mentioned, give us hopes, that the grants, when obtain'd, will be very well manag'd, and the country people greatly encourag'd by them in their commerce; for there is no doubt to be made, but that the inland trade of England has been greatly obstructed by the exceeding badness of the roads.

A particular example of this, I have mention'd already, viz. the bringing of fat cattle, especially sheep to London in the winter, from the remoter counties of Leicester and Lincoln, where they are bred; by which the country grasiers are oblig'd to sell their stocks off, at the latter end of the summer, namely September and October, when they sell cheap, and the butchers and farmers near London engross them, and keeping them 'till December and January, sell them, tho' not an ounce fatter than before, for an advanc'd price, to the citizens of London; whereas were the roads made good and passable, the city would be serv'd with mutton almost as cheap in the winter as in the summer, or the profit of the advance would be to the graziers of Leicester and Lincolnshires, who were the original breeders. This is evidenc'd to a demonstration in the counties of Essex and Suffolk, from whence they already bring their fat cattle, and particularly their mutton in droves, from sixty, seventy, or eighty miles, without fatiguing, harrassing, or sinking the flesh of the creatures, even in the depth of winter.

I might give examples of other branches of inland commerce, which would be quite alter'd for the better, by this restoring the goodness of the roads, and particularly that of carrying cheese, a species of provision so considerable, that nothing, except that of live cattle, can exceed it.

This is chiefly made in the three north west counties of England, viz. Cheshire, Gloucester, and Warwickshires, and the parts adjacent, from whence the nation is very meanly supply'd, by reason of the exceeding distance of the country where the cheese is made, from those counties where it is chiefly expended.

The Cheshire men indeed carry great quantities about by long sea, as they call it, to London; a terrible long, and sometimes dangerous, voyage, being thro' the Irish Channel, round all Wales, cross the Bristol Channel, round the Land's End of

Cornwall, and up the English Channel to the mouth of the Thames, and so up to London; or else by land to Burton upon Trent, and so down that river to Gainesborough and Hull, and so by sea to London.

Again, the Gloucestershire men carry all by land-carriage to Lechlade and Cricklade on the Thames, and so carry it down the river to London.

But the Warwickshire men have no water-carriage at all, or at least not ‘till they have carry’d it a long way by land to Oxford; but as their quantity is exceeding great, and they supply not only the city of London, but also the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Hertford, Bedford, and Northampton, the gross of their carriage is by meer dead draught, and they carry it either to London by land, which is full an hundred miles, and so the London cheese-mongers supply the said counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, besides Kent, and Sussex, and Surrey by sea and river navigation: or the Warwickshire men carry it by land once a year to Sturbridge Fair, whence the shop-keepers of all the inland country above-named, come to buy it; in all which cases land-carriage being long, and the ways bad, makes it very dear to the poor, who are the consumers.

But were the ways from Warwickshire made good, as I have shewn they are already in Essex, and some other places; this carriage would be perform’d for little more than half the price that it now is, and the poor would have their provisions much cheaper.

I could enlarge here upon the convenience that would follow such a restoring the ways, for the carrying of fish from the sea coasts to the inner parts of the kingdom, where, by reason of the badness of the ways, they cannot now carry them sweet; This would greatly encrease the consumption of fish in its season, which now for that very reason, is but small, and would employ an innumerable number of horses and men, as well as encrease the shipping by that consumption.

By this carriage of fish, I do not only mean the carrying herrings and mackerell to London, as is practis’d on the coast of Sussex and Kent in particular, and bringing salmon from the remote rivers of Severn and Trent; but the carrying of herrings, mackerell, and sprats in their season, and whitings and flat fish at other times, from the coasts of Yarmouth, Swole, Ipswich, Colchester, Malden, &. and supplying all the inland counties with them sweet and good, which ’tis plain they might do, were the roads made good, even as far as Northampton, and Coventry, and farther too.

I might give examples where the herrings, which are not the best fish to keep neither, are, even as it is, carry’d to those towns, and up to Warwick, Birmingham, Tamworth and Stafford, and tho’ they frequently stink before they come thither, yet the people are so eager of them, that they buy them, and give dear for them

too; whereas were the roads good, they would come in less time, by at least two days in six, and ten-fold the quantity, nay, some say, an hundred times the quantity, be consum'd.

These, and many others, are the advantages to our inland commerce, which we may have room to hope for upon the general repair of the roads, and which I shall have great occasion to speak of again in my northern circuit, which is yet to come.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME

THE TOUR is now finish'd; and you have the account contracted into as narrow a compass, as, considering the extent of ground pass'd over, with the number of cities, populous towns, and a country infinitely rich, populous and prosperous, to be described, could be reasonably expected.

As I mentioned in the last volume, every new view of Great Britain would require a new description; the improvements that encrease, the new buildings erected, the old buildings taken down: New discoveries in metals, mines, minerals; new undertakings in trade; inventions, engines, manufactures, in a nation, pushing and improving as we are: These things open new scenes every day, and make England especially shew a new and differing face in many places, on every occasion of surveying it.

Since our last volume, we have to add to the description of the parts in and about London, a large variety both of publick and private buildings; as a new East-India House building in the city, and a South-Sea Company-House finished, both lofty and magnificent. Mr. Guy's Hospital in Southwark, the noblest foundation of the age for one private charity, finished and filled at the foot of above an hundred thousand pounds gift, if common fame may be believed: The additions to Bethlehem Hospital, and several new steeples and churches; Sir Gregory Page's house, or rather palace, upon Black-Heath, erected and finished, one of the most beautiful seats belonging to a private gentleman, that not England only, but that all Europe can produce.

Add to this the cookery, as they properly enough call it, of the South-Sea Company for their Greenland trade, their whale-fishing, and boiling their blubber, &. being the largest magazine of all sorts of materials for the shipping, fishing, &. that is belonging to any private branch of commerce. Then there is a little city of buildings, streets and squares, added to those mentioned before, at the west end of Hanover and Cavendish Square, with the repair of two terrible fires at Wapping and Ratcliff.

And, to close all: There is the erecting a new stone bridge over the Thames at Putney and Fulham, for which an Act of Parliament was obtained last sessions, and preparations are now actually making to set about it, which is like to be a very stately and magnificent work.

If all these additions are to be found in the small interval between the publishing the second volume and this of the third, and that in so narrow a compass, what may not every subsequent year produce? and what encouragement is here for new and more accurate surveys of this country? which, whoever travels over it, will always furnish new materials, and a variety both profitable and delightful.

The fine house built by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole, in the north part of the county of Norfolk, is, as I am told, now also finished, at least the outside work and figure of the building is; so it is a mistake that must be acknowledged in form, (however not the author's) when, in our last, the inscription fixed on the foundation-stone of the building, was said to be ordered for the frize; the necessary absence of the author, (who was then on a journey for preparing this volume) may answer for a fault owing to the corrector of the press, and which, had the author seen it, could not have pass'd his notice. But the triumph one impertinent has made upon the occasion, is fully check'd by this more than needful concession. It is a happy testimony of the care and caution used by the author of this work, in every part of it, when such earnest endeavours are used to expose it, and so little found, to lay hold of. Any mistake that can be found, and, in a friendly manner, hinted, we shall receive with thankfulness, and amend chearfully; But a cavil, evidently malicious, of an author without a ?ame, lest an answer should be given, will be treated as it deserves, with the contempt of silence.

INTRODUCTION TO THE THIRD VOLUME

SIR, — I have now finished my account of the several circuits which I took the last year, compleating the southern parts of the isle of Britain; my last brought me to the banks of the River Trent, and from thence back to London, where I first set out.

I have yet the largest, tho' not the most populous, part of Britain to give you an account of; nor is it less capable of satisfying the most curious traveller: Though, as in some places things may stand more remote from one another, and there may, perhaps, be more waste ground to go over; yet 'tis certain a traveller spends no waste hours, if his genius will be satisfied with just observations. The wildest part of the country is full of variety, the most mountainous places have their rarities to oblige the curious, and give constant employ to the enquiries of a diligent observer, making the passing over them more pleasant than the traveller cou'd expect, or than the reader perhaps at first sight will think possible.

The people in these northern climes will encrease the variety; their customs and genius differing so much from others, will add to our entertainment; the one part of them being, till now, a distinct nation, the inhabitants thereof will necessarily come in as a part of what we are to describe: Scotland is neither so considerable, that we should compliment her at the expence of England; or so inconsiderable, that we should think it below us to do her justice; I shall take the middle of both extremes.

I shall be tempted very often to make excursions here on account of the history and antiquities of persons and places both private and publick. For the northern parts of Britain, especially of England, as they were long the seat of war between the several nations; such as the Britains, Scots, Picts, Romans, Saxons, and Danes, so there are innumerable remains of antiquity left behind them, and those more visible in those parts, and less defac'd by time, and other accidents than in any other part of the island.

He that travels through such a country, if he sees and knows the meaning of those monuments of antiquity, and has due memoirs of the historical part still in his head, must be inexcusable if he takes up his own time, or his reader's pateince, in observing trifles, and recording things of no signification.

I knew two gentlemen who travelled over the greatest part of England in several journies together; the result of their observations were very different indeed; one of them took some minutes of things for his own satisfaction, but not much; but the other, as he said, took an exact Journal; the case was thus:

He that took minutes only, those minutes were very critical, and upon some very significant things; but for the rest his memory was so good, and he took so good notice of every thing worth observing, that he wrote a very good and useful account of his whole journey after his return; that account I have seen, and had the advantage to look it over again upon this occasion, and by it to correct and enlarge some of my own observations; it being as impossible any one man could see or observe every thing worth seeing in England, as it is to know every face he meets in a croud.

The other gentleman's papers, which I called an exact Journal, contained the following very significant heads:

The day of the month when he set out.

The names of the towns where they din'd every day, and where they lodg'd at night.

The signs of the inns where they din'd and lodg'd, with the memorandums of which had good claret, which not.

The day of the month when he return'd.

The moral of this brief story, which I insist that I know to be true, is very much to my purpose. The difference between these two gentlemen in their travelling, and in their remarks upon their journey, is a good emblem of the differing genius in readers. as well as authors, and may be a guide to both in the work now before us.

I have endeavoured that these letters shall not be a journal of trifles; if it is on that account too grave for some people, I hope it will not for others; I have study'd the advancement and encrease of knowledge for those that read, and shall be as glad to make them wise, as to make them merry; yet I hope they will not find the story so ill told, or so dull as to tyre them too soon, or so barren as to put them to sleep over it.

The north part of Great Britain, I mean Scotland, is a country which will afford a great variety to the observation, and to the pen of an itinerate; a kingdom so famous in the world for great and gallant men, as well states-men as soldiers, but especially the last, can never leave us barren of subject, or empty of somewhat to say of her.

The Union has seemed to secure her peace, and to encrease her commerce: But I cannot say she has raised her figure in the world at all since that time, I mean as a body; She was before considered as a nation, now she appears no more but as a province, or at best a dominion; she has not lost her name as a place; but as a state, she may be said to have lost it, and that she is now no more than a part of Great Britain in common with other parts of it, of which England it self is also no more. I might enlarge here upon the honour it is to Scotland to be a part of the

British Empire, and to be incorporated with so powerful a people under the crown of so great a monarch; their being united in name as one, Britain, and their enjoying all the privileges of, and in common with, a nation who have the greatest privileges, and enjoy the most liberty of any people in the world. But I should be told, and perhaps justly too, that this was talking like an Englishman, rather than like a Briton; that I was gone from my declared impartiality, and that the Scots would perhaps talk a different stile when I came among them. Nor is it my business to enquire which nation have the better end of the staff in the late coalition, or how the articles on which it is established, are performed on one side or other.

My business is rather to give a true and impartial description of the place; a view of the country, its present state as to fertility, commerce, manufacture, and product; with the manners and usages of the people, as I have done in England; and to this I shall confine my self as strictly as the nature of a journey thro' the country requires.

I shall, in doing this, come indeed of course to make frequent mention of the various turns and revolutions which have happened in those northern parts; for Scotland has changed its masters, and its forms of government, as often as other nations; and, in doing this, it will necessarily occur to speak of the Union, which is the last, and like to be the last revolution of affairs in Scotland for, we hope, many ages. But I shall enter no farther into this, than is concerned in the difference between the face of things there now, and what was there before the said Union, and which the Union has been the occasion or cause of; as particularly the division and government of the countries, and towns, and people in particular places; the communication of privileges, influence of government, and enlarging of the liberty of trade.

This will also bring on the needful account of alterations and improvements, in those counties, which, by reason of the long and cruel wars between the two nations in former reigns, lay waste and unimproved, thinly inhabited, and the people not only poor because of the continual incursions of the troops on either side; but barbarous and ravenous themselves, as being inured to rapine, and living upon the spoil of one another for several ages; all which is now at an end, and those counties called the marches or borders, are now as well peopled and cultivated as other counties, or in a fair way to be so.

This alteration affords abundance of useful observations, and 'tis hop'd they shall be fruitfully improved in this work; and as it is a subject which none have yet meddled with, so we believe it will not be the less acceptable for its novelty, if tolerably well handled, as we hope it shall be.

Those few cavils which have been raised at the former parts of this work; for it is with great satisfaction I can say they are but few, are far from discouraging me in this hardest and most difficult part of the undertaking; I believe it is impossible for any man to observe so narrowly upon Great Britain, as to omit nothing, or to mistake in nothing; the great Mr. Cambden has committed many mistakes, which his reverend continuator has corrected; and there are yet many more which that learned and reverend author has not seen; and both together have omitted many things very well worth observing; yet their works are justly valued, their labours and endeavours commendable and profitable to the world; and no man lessens the author for not seeing every thing, or knowing critically every thing, tho' worth knowing, which persons inhabiting those places may be respectively informed of.

If our endeavour has been, as it really has, to give a full and just representation of persons and things wherever we came, I think the end is as fully pursued as any author can undertake to do; and for cavils and querulous criticisms, or for unavoidable omitting of what did not occur to observation, they are not worth notice; what real mistakes we have yet discovered in the last volume, are touch'd at in the Preface; and if we had met with more, they should have been mentioned faithfully; for no wise man will be ashamed to amend a mistake; but 'tis a satisfaction enough to tempt one's vanity to be able to say how few they are.

LETTER VIII

SIR, — As I am to begin this circuit from the River Trent, and to confine my observations to that part of Britain which the Scots and Northumberlanders, and others on that side, call North by Trent, it seems necessary (at least it cannot be improper) to give some description of the river it self, and especially the course which it runs, by which, adding a little river call'd the Weaver, and a branch of it call'd the Dane in Staffordshire and Cheshire, the whole island of Britain is, as it were, divided into two parts.

The River Trent is rated by ancient writers as the third river in England, the two greater being the Thames and the Severn: It is also one of the six principal rivers which running across the island from the west to the east, all begin with the letter *T* ; namely, the Thames, Trent, Tees, Tine, Tweed, and Tay.

The Trent is not the largest river of the six; yet it may be said to run the longest course of any of them, and rises nearer to the west verge of the island than any of the other; also it is the largest, and of the longest course of any river in England, which does not empty its waters immediately into the sea; for the Trent runs into the Humber, and so its waters lose their name before they reach to the ocean.

It rises in the hills or highlands of Staffordshire, called the Moorlands, receiving, from the edge of Cheshire, and towards Lancashire, a great many (some say thirty, and that thence it had its name) little rivulets into it, very near its head, all which may claim a share in being the originals of the Trent; thus it soon becomes one large river, and comes down from the hills with a violent current into the flat country; where, being encreased by several other little rivers, it carries a deeper channel, and a stiller current; and having given its name to Trentham, a small market town in the same county, it goes on to Stone, a considerable town on the great road to West-Chester.

The original of its name is very uncertain, as is the case in most other rivers of England; that it takes the name of Trent, as above, because of its receiving thirty rivers into it, or because there are thirty several sorts of fish in it, or that, like the Tibiscus in Hungary, it is three parts water, and two parts fish; all these the learned and judicious Mr. Cambden rejects, as I do for the same reason, namely, because they have no authority for the suggestion.

One branch of the Trent rises within a quarter of a mile of the Dane, (viz.) from a moor adjoining to, or part of a little ridge of hills called Molecop Hill, near Congleton, and is within twenty two miles of the Irish Sea, or that arm or inlet of the sea which the Mersee makes from Frodsham to Liverpool and Hyle-lake; and as the Dane runs into the Weaver, and both into that arm of the sea, and the Trent

into the Humber, which opens into the great German Ocean, those rivers may be said to cut the island across in the middle.

It is true, the northern part is much larger than the southern, now Scotland is united; otherwise the country south by Trent, including Wales, is by far the largest: But it must be allowed still, that the country south by Trent is the richest by far, and most populous; occasioned chiefly by the city of London, and the commerce of the Thames; as for the cities of Bristol, Exceter, and Norwich, which are large and very populous, and in some things drive a prodigious trade, as well in merchandise as manufacture, we shall find them matched, if not out-done, by the growing towns of Liverpool, Hull, Leeds, Newcastle, and Manchester, and the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, as shall be shown in its place.

The Trent runs a course of near two hundred miles, through the four counties of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, and Lincoln; it receives, besides lesser waters, the larger rivers of the Sowe from the west side of the county, and from the town of Stafford; the Tame from Birmingham and Tamworth; the Soar from Leicester; and the Dove and Derwent, two furiously rapid streams, from the Peak of Derby; the Idle, a gentle navigable stream from Rhetford and Nottinghamshire; with part of the Wittham, called the Fossdike from Lincoln, also navigable; and the greatest of them all, the Don, from Doncaster, Rothram, and Sheffield, after a long and rapid course through the moors called Stanecross on the edge of Derby, and the West-Riding of Yorkshire.

The Trent is navigable by ships of good burthen as high as Gainsbrough, which is near 40 miles from the Humber by the river. The barges without the help of locks or stops go as high as Nottingham, and farther by the help of art, to Burton upon Trent in Staffordshire. The stream is full, the channel deep and safe, and the tide flows up a great way between Gainsborough and Newark. This, and the navigation lately, reaching up to Burton and up the Derwent to Derby, is a great support to, and encrease of the trade of those counties which border upon it; especially for the cheese trade from Cheshire and Warwickshire, which have otherwise no navigation but about from West Chester to London; whereas by this river it is brought by water to Hull, and from thence to all the south and north coasts on the east side of Britain; ’tis calculated that there is about four thousand ton of Cheshire cheese only, brought down the Trent every year from those parts of England to Gainsborough and Hull; and especially in time of the late war, when the seas on the other side of England were too dangerous to bring it by long-sea.

Thus much for the River Trent; The towns standing upon it, and especially on the north shore or bank are but few, at least of note: Beginning at the mouth of it, and going up the stream, all the towns, such as Burton, Stockwith, Gainsborough,

and Newark, are on the south bank, and consequently have been spoken to already. The only towns of any note that are to be found on the north bank of Trent, are Nottingham, and the other Burton, of which I shall speak in their order; at present, as I took a different circuit in my riding, I must do so in my account of it also, or else if my pen does not follow my foot, I shall wander rather than travel, at least in my paper, whatever I did on my horse.

The counties north by Trent are few; but most of them large; I mean on the side of England, (viz.) York, which I shall call three counties, as it is divided into three Ridings, and are large counties too; and Lancashire, which is very large, Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, which are the most southerly, are but small; I shall begin there, and take them together.

As I am travelling now cross the island, and begin at the mouth of Trent, the first town of note that I meet with is Nottingham, the capital of that shire, and is the most considerable in all that part of England. The county is small, but, like the Peak, 'tis full of wonders; and indeed there are abundance of remarkables in it: (1.) 'Tis remarkable for the soil, which on the south part is the richest and the most fruitful; and on the north part the most wild and waste, and next to barren of any part of England within many miles of it. (2.) For the fine seats of noblemen and gentlemen, not a few; such as the Dukes of Shrewsbury, Kingston, Rutland, Newcastle, and several others. But as I purpose to begin at the south entrance, I mean at the town of Nottingham, I shall speak a little of that before I describe the country about it.

Nottingham is one of the most pleasant and beautiful towns in England. The situation makes it so, tho' the additions to it were not to be nam'd. It is seated on the side of a hill overlooking a fine range of meadows about a mile broad, a little rivulet running on the north side of the meadows, almost close to the town; and the noble River Trent parallel with both on the further or south side of the meadows: Over the Trent there is a stately stone-bridge of nineteen arches, and the river being there join'd into one united stream, is very large and deep; having, as is said, but lately received the addition of the Dove, the Derwent, the Irwash, and the Soar, three of them very great rivers of themselves, and all coming into the Trent since its passing by Burton in Staffordshire mentioned before.

The town of Nottingham is situated upon the steep ascent of a sandy rock; which is consequently remarkable, for that it is so soft that they easily work into it for making vaults and cellars, and yet so firm as to support the roofs of those cellars two or three under one another; the stairs into which, are all cut out of the solid, tho' crumbling rock; and we must not fail to have it be remember'd that the bountiful inhabitants generally keep these cellars well stock'd with excellent

ALE; nor are they uncommunicative in bestowing it among their friends. as some in our company experienc'd to a degree not fit to be made matter of history.

They tell us there, speaking of the antiquity of Nottingham, that the hill where it was built, was called the Dolorous Hill, or the Golgotha of ancient time; because of a great slaughter of the Britains there by King Humber, a northern monarch; the same who, being afterwards drowned in the passage of the sea between Hull and Barton, gave name to that arm of the sea which is now called the Humber, and which receives the Trent, and almost all the great rivers of Yorkshire into it. They also tell us, those caves and cellars, mentioned above, served the people for a retreat in those days, from the pursuit of their enemies, and that from thence the town took its first name, which was Snottengaham, which signifies hollow vaults in a rock, *Speluncarum Domum* , or, as Mr. Cambden observes, the British word was *Tui ogo bauc* ; that is, the same as the Latin, and meant a house of dens, or secret caves to hide in; but this is remote.

Besides the situation of Nottingham towards the river; it is most pleasantly seated to the land side; that is to say, to the side of the forest on the north of the town. And here they have (I.) a most pleasant plain to accommodate the gentlemen who assemble once a year (at least) for the manly noble diversion of racings, and chiefly horse-races; 'tis a most glorious show they have here when the running season begins; for here is such an assembly of gentlemen of quality, that not Bansted Down, or New Market Heath, produces better company, better horses, or shews the horse and master's skill better.

At the west end of the town there is a very steep hill, and the south side of it a cliff, which descends in a precipice towards the river; on this hill stood an old castle, but when, we know not; so that if we may plead its antiquity, 'tis only because we have no account of its beginning; the oldest thing that we read of it is, that there was a tower here which the Danes obstinately defended against King Alfred, and his brother Æthelred.

This castle, or some other building in the room of it, remained till the time of the late wars; 'tis evident it was standing in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; Mr. Cambden says, William the Norman built it; and, as he says, it was done to awe the English; it was so strong that nothing could ever reduce it but famine; after this it was repair'd and beautified, or rather rebuilt, by Edward IV. who added fine apartments to it, which Richard III. his brother, enlarged.

It was so strong, it seems, that it had not been subject to the ordinary fate of other fortify'd places; namely, to be often taken and retaken; for it was never storm'd, that is to say, never taken sword in hand; once it was indeed taken by surprize in the barons wars by Robert Earl Ferrers, who also plundered the town, (city 'twas then call'd.)

The stories that people tell us here, of one of the Davids, King of Scotland, kept prisoner in it, I believe little of, any more than I do that of Roger Mortimore Earl of March, and his being hid in a vault under ground in this castle, whence being discovered, he was taken, brought to justice, and hang'd for treason; yet the place where they say he was taken, is shewed still to strangers, and is call'd Mortimer's Hole, to this day.

It is true, that here are such places; Mr. Cambden also gives an account that in the first court of the castle there is a way down by a great many steps to a vault under ground, where there are chambers cut out of the stone, and the people offer'd to carry us down the same; but we did not like the aspect of it, so we ventur'd rather to take their words.

Whoever built this great castle (for the dispute lies only between William the Conqueror and William de Peverell, his bastard son) I say, whoever built it, we know not; but we know who pull'd it down; namely, the government, upon the Restoration, because it had been forfeited, and held out against the Royalists: After the Restoration Cavendish, late Marquis of Newcastle, entirely bought it of King Charles II. or of the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he would have sold it; and, having bought it, went to work immediately with it, in order to pull it quite down; for it lay, as it were, waste to him, and useless. In the year 1674 he clear'd the old foundations, a small part excepted, and founded the noble structure which we see now standing; and which, thro' several successions, has revolved to the present branch of the house of Pelham, now Duke of Newcastle; who has beautified if not enlarged the building, and has laid out a plan of the finest gardens that are to be seen in all that part of England; but they are not yet finish'd; they take up, as they tell us, threescore acres of ground in the design, and would, no doubt, be exquisitely fine; but it requires au immense sum to go on with it.

In the great church of St. Mary's in Nottingham, we see the monument of the Plumtree's, an honourable family, who built the hospital at the bridge end; also the family of Holles Lord Houghton, Earl of Clare, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, lye buried here. But the learned Dr. Thornton, in his antiquities of this county, having copied all the epitaphs and inscriptions in the churches of this town; if I should repeat them, it would look as if I wanted matter to fill up; just the contrary of which is my case to an extreme.

The beauties of Nottingham, next to its situation, are the castle, the market-place, and the gardens of Count Tallard; who, in his confinement here as prisoner of war taken by the Duke of Marlborough at the great Battle of Blenheim, amused himself with making a small, but beautiful parterre, after the French fashion. But it does not gain by English keeping.

There was once a handsome town-house here for the sessions or assises, and other publick business; but it was very old, and was either so weak, or so ill looked after, that, being over-crowded upon occasion of the assises last year, it cracked, and frighted the people, and that not without cause. As it happened, no body was hurt, nor did the building fall directly down. But it must be said, (I think) that Providence had more care of the judges, and their needful attendants, than the townsmen had, whose business it was to have been well assured of the place, before they suffered a throng of people to come into it; and therefore we cannot deny, but it was a seasonable justice in the court to amerce or fine the town, as they did; as well for the omission, as for the repair of the place. We are told now that they are collecting money, not for the repair of the old house, but for erecting a new one, which will add to the beauty of the town.

The Trent is navigable here for vessels or barges of great burthen, by which all their heavy and bulky goods are brought from the Humber, and even from Hull; such as iron, block-tin, salt, hops, grocery, dyers wares, wine, oyl, tar, hemp, flax, &. and the same vessels carry down lead, coal, wood, corn; as also cheese in great quantities, from Warwickshire and Staffordshire. By which the commerce of these counties is greatly increased. as I have mentioned already.

When I said the bridge over Trent had nineteen arches, I might as well have said the bridge was a mile long; for the Trent being, at the last time I was there, swelled over its ordinary bound, the river reached quite up to the town; yet a high causeway, with arches at proper distances, carried us dry over the whole breadth of the meadows, which, I think, is at least a mile; and it may be justly called a bridge, on several accounts, as another at Swarston is called, which is full a mile in length.

Nottingham, notwithstanding the navigation of the Trent, is not esteemed a town of very great trade, other than is usual to inland towns; the chief manufacture carried on here is frame-work knitting for stockings, the same as at Leicester, and some glass, and earthen ware-houses; the latter much increased since the increase of tea-drinking; for the making fine stone-mugs, tea-pots, cups, &. the glass-houses, I think, are of late rather decayed.

As there is a fine market-place, so is there a very good market, with a vast plenty of provisions, and those of the best sort, few towns in England exceeding it; to say nothing of their ale, as having reserved it to a place by it self.

As they brew a very good liquor here, so they make the best malt, and the most of it of any town in this part of England, which they drive a great trade for, sending it by land-carriage to Derby, through all the Peak as far as Manchester, and to other towns in Lancashire, Cheshire, and even into Yorkshire itself; to

which end all the lower lands of this county, and especially on the banks of Trent, yield prodigious crops of barley.

The government of Nottingham is in the mayor, two sheriffs, six aldermen, coroners and chamberlains. twenty four common-council, whereof six are called juniors; the rest of course, I suppose, may pass for seniors.

I might enter into a long description of all the modern buildings erected lately in Nottingham, which are considerable, and of some just now going forward. But I have a large building in the whole to overlook; and I must not dwell too long upon the threshold.

The forest of Sherwood is an addition to Nottingham for the pleasure of hunting, and there are also some fine parks and noble houses in it, as Welbeck, the late Duke of Newcastle's, and Thoresby, the present noble seat of the Pierrepont's, Dukes of Kingston, which lies at the farthest edge of the forest. But this forest does not add to the fruitfulness of the county, for 'tis now, as it were, given up to waste; even the woods which formerly made it so famous for thieves, are wasted; and if there was such a man as Robin Hood, a famous out-law and deer-stealer, that so many years harboured here, he would hardly find shelter for one week, if he was now to have been there: Nor is there any store of deer, compared to the quantity which in former times they tell us there usually was.

From Nottingham, a little mile west on the road to Derby, we saw Woollaton Hall, the noblest antient-built palace in this county, the mansion of the antient family of Willoughby, now Lord Middleton, created baron in the late Queen Anne's time. The house, the gardens, the great hall, the monuments of the family in the church of Woollaton, and the pedigree of that noble family, are well worth a stranger's view.

The park, walled in with a new brick-wall, is much finer than the great park adjoining to the castle of Nottingham, being much better planted with timber; whereas that at Nottingham was all cut down, and sequestred in the late wars.

This house, all of stone, was built by Sir Francis Willoughby, second son of the honourable ——— — Willoughby Esq; slain in the 4th of Edward VI. in the rebellion or tumult at Norwich, anno 1546, and Dame Anne, daughter of the Marquis of Dorchester; the first and eldest son, Sir Thomas Willoughby, dying unmarried. The stately fabrick shews the genius, as well as the wealth, of the founder; the hall, at the first entrance, is so high that a man on horseback might exercise a pike in it. The figure of building, as an artist said of it to me, was rather antick than antient; the architect is noble, and the order of building regular, except the four pavilions of the Dorick order on the top, which they alledge is inexcusable in architecture. Some, who excuse the design, will have it to be, that

the upper building is an attick, and set on to grace the other. But I must be allowed to differ from that opinion too.

However it be, take it all together, the building is far beyond any thing in this part of England, of equal antiquity, Belvoir, or Bevoir Castle excepted, and even not that for excellence of workmanship.

One of the ancestors of this noble family, Sir Richard Willoughby, was judge of the Court of King's Bench for almost thirty years; from the third year of King Edward III. to his thirty third year; in which time he greatly advanced the honour and estate of his family.

Another branch was less fortunate, though not less famous, namely, Sir Hugh Willoughby, the famous navigator and searcher out of new discoveries; who, after many extraordinary adventures in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, went at last in search of the north east passages of Nova Zembla; and having beaten up and down among the ice a long time, was at length driven into a small fuell or inlet of the sea, near the Mer Blanch, or White Sea; and being out of his knowledge, was there found the next spring frozen to death with all his ship's company, every one of them.

The monuments of this antient and wealthy family, for many years past, are still to be seen at Wollaton Church. Some of them are very magnificent; and others of them being very antient, are solemn even in their very ruins.

For monuments of men, like men, decay.

Having thus passed the Rubicon (Trent) and set my face northward, I scarce knew which way to set forward, in a country too so full of wonders, and on so great a journey, and yet to leave nothing behind me to call on as I came back, at least not to lead me out of my way in my return. But then considering that I call this work, a Tour, and the parts of it, Letters; I think, that tho' I shall go a great length forward, and shall endeavour to take things with me as I go; yet I may take a review of some parts as I came back, and so may be allowed to pick up any fragments I may have left behind in my going out.

I resolved indeed first for the Peak, which lay on my left-hand north east; but, as I say, to leave as little behind me as possible, I was obliged to make a little excursion into the forest, where, in my way, I had the diversion of seeing the annual meeting of the gentry at the horse-races near Nottingham. I could give a long and agreeable account of the sport it self, how it brought into my thoughts the Olympick Games among the Greeks; and the Circus Maximus at Rome; where the racers made a great noise, and the victors made great boasts and triumphs: But where they chiefly drove in chariots, not much unlikes our chaises, and where nothing of the speed, or of skill in horsemanship could be shown, as is in our races.

It is true, in those races the young Roman and Grecian gentlemen rode, or rather drove themselves; whereas in our races the horses, not the riders, make the show; and they are generally ridden by grooms and boys, chiefly for lightness; sometimes indeed the gentlemen ride themselves, as I have often seen the Duke of Monmouth, natural son to King Charles II. ride his own horses at a match, and win it too, though he was a large man, and must weigh heavy.

But the illustrious company at the Nottingham races was, in my opinion, the glory of the day; for there we saw, besides eleven or twelve noblemen, an infinite throng of gentlemen from all the countries round, nay, even out of Scotland it self; the appearance, in my opinion, greater, as it was really more numerous, than ever I saw at Newmarket, except when the king have been there in ceremony; for I cannot but say, that in King Charles II.'s time, when his majesty used to be frequently at Newmarket, I have known the assembly there have been with far less company than this at Nottingham; and, if I might go back to one of these Nottingham meetings, when the Mareschal Duke de Tallard was there, I should say, that no occasions at Newmarket, in my memory, ever came up to it, except the first time that King William was there after the Peace of Ryswick.

Nor is the appearance of the ladies to be omitted, as fine and without comparison more bright and gay, tho' they might a little fall short in number of the many thousands of nobility and gentry of the other sex; in short, the train of coaches filled with the beauties of the north was not to be described; except we were to speak of the garden of the Tulleries at Paris, or the Prado at Mexico, where they tell us there are 4000 coaches with six horses each, every evening taking the air.

From hence I was going on to see Rugford Abbey, the fine seat of the late Marquis of Hallifax, but was called aside to take a view of the most famous piece of church history in this part of the whole island, I mean the collegiate church of Southwell.

Paulinus, Archbishop of York, was (so antient record supplies the tale) the founder of this church, having preached to the people of the country round, and baptized them in the River Trent; the antient words imports Christianized them, by dipping them in the River Trent. Whether our Antipedo-Baptists will take any advantage of the word, I know not; but I cannot see any doubt but that antiently baptism was performed in the water; whether it was performed there by immersion, putting the person into the water, or pouring the water upon him, we know not; neither do I see any extraordinary, much less any essential difference in it, be it one way or the other; but that is not my business, especially not here: The reason of naming it, is to give you the pious occasion which made the good bishop build this church, namely, that having converted a whole province, or part

of one at least, he was desirous they should not want a place of worship to serve God in.

The thing which makes this foundation the more remarkable, is, that though it was surrendered into the king's hands, with all the rest of the religious foundations, in the reign of King Henry VIII. yet it was restored whole as it was before, in the 35th of the same reign.

But because I love to speak not from my self in cases where good authorities are to be had, and that in a cursory view of a place, such as that of a journey must be, the outsides or appearances of things only are to be seen, or such farther knowledge as may be obtained by report of inhabitants; for I copy nothing from books, but where I quote the books, and refer to them; I say, for this reason I give you an account of this venerable pile, its foundation and present constitution, from a reverend and very good friend, and one of the present prebendaries the place, and whose authority I do, and the reader may depend upon, as follows, (viz.)

AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOWN AND CHURCH OF SOUTHWELL

Southwell, in the county of Nottingham, is about nine miles north east from Nottingham, four miles west from Newark, eight south east from Mansfield, and about two south west from the River Trent. The soil of it rich clay and marle; the air very good, and well watered; the River Greet runs by it. It is a market town, and the market day Saturday; it is remarkable for no sort of manufacture.

There is in it but one church, which is both parochial and collegiate; which, I think, is the case of no other in England, except Rippon in Yorkshire.

The parish consists of Southwell, and the hamlets of Eastrope, which joins to Southwell on the east; Westrope, about a quarter of a mile west of Southwell; and Normanton, about a mile north; it contains about 350 families. There is a parish-vicar so called, who is generally one of the vicars choral, whose business it is to visit the sick, bury the dead, etc. the preaching part being performed by the prebendaries. This vicarage was lately augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty, which benefit fell to it by lot.

The collegiate church consists of 16 prebendaries or canons, 6 vicars choral, an organist, 6 singing-men, 6 choristers, a register to the chapter, a treasurer; an auditor, a verger, etc. The prebenda are all in the gift of the Archbishop of York. All the rest of the members disposed of by the chapter.

The foundation of this church is doubtless very antient. It is generally supposed to be founded by Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, about the year 630.

The church was, by the several members thereof, viz. the archbishop, the prebendaries, vicars choral, chantry priests, and by the chapter, surrendered to the

king, 32 Henry VIII. as appears by the records in Chancery; and was actually in the king's possession, until by Act of Parliament, anno 35 Henry VIII. it was refounded, and restored to its antient privilege, and incorporated by the name of the Chapter of the Collegiate Church of the Blessed Mary the Virgin of Southwell.

Afterward, by the statute for the dissolution of chantries, anno primo Edward VI. it was conceived, that the said church was again dissolved. But the members of the church did not quit their possession till the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary, when —— Griffin, the Attorney General, exhibited an Information of Intrusion against the Chapter, pleading the Crown's title to their lands, by virtue of the Act of Edward VI. But upon full hearing it was adjudged that the Chapter was not adjudged within the said statute; and therefore the Bill was dismissed; and the Chapter continued to enjoy their rights and privileges.

Queen Elizabeth confirmed the same, and gave statutes to the said church, with this preamble: Eliz. Dei Grat. Regina, &. Dilectis subditis nostris, Capitulo, cæterisq; Ministris Ecclesiæ nostræ Colleg. Beatæ Mariæ Virginis de Southwell per Illustrissimum Patrem nostrum Hen. VIII. nuper Regem Ang. fundatae. Notwithstanding this, in King James's reign, the same plea was revived against the church, by the then Attorney General, and met with the same success; that is, was dismissed. And King James, in the second year of his reign, by Letters Patent under the Great Seal, confirmed and established the said church in perpetuity, according to the refoundation and restitution thereof by King Henry VIII.

There is no dean of this church; but the evidentiary for the time being has the government of it; and one of the prebendaries, by the statutes, is obliged to be resident, which at present is by agreement and by consent of the archbishop, performed by every one in their turns, and each prebendary keeps residence a quarter of a year.

Most of the prebendaries, I think twelve of them, have prebendal houses in the town of Southwell. But those being let out on lease, they now keep residence in a house built for that purpose about 30 years ago, in the east end of the college of the vicars; which house is ready furnished, and kept in repair at the charge of the chapter.

The prebendaries preach in their turn every Sunday morning, and on such festivals, &. as preaching is required. In the afternoon on Sundays there is a lecture usually preached by the residentiary for the time being.

The Chapter of Southwell have a peculiar jurisdiction, and there are 28 parishes subject to it; to most of which they have the right of presentation; besides some others in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. This jurisdiction is exercised by a commissary or vicar-general, chosen by the Chapter out of their body, who holds visitations, &. twice a year. And besides these, there are two synods yearly, to

which ail the clergy of the county of Nottingham pay their attendance. And a certain number of the prebendaries, and others of the considerable clergy, are appointed commissioners, by a commission granted by the Archbishop of York to preside at the synods.

There are many privileges belonging to this church; one of which is, That every parish and hamlet in the county pay certain small pensions yearly to the church, called Pentecostal Offerings.

There are houses for the vicars choral adjoining to the residence house, built about a square; with a gate locked up every night, and the key kept by the residentiary. There are but five of the vicars have houses allotted them in the college. The other vicar, being parish vicar also has a vicarage house in the town. There are prayers twice every day at the usual hours, and likewise at six or seven in the morning, from Ashwednesday to St. Matthew's Day.

The civil government of the jurisdiction of Southwell, is distinct from the county at large. It is called the Soke of Southwell cum Scrooby, which is another town in this county. There are about 20 towns subject to this jurisdiction.

The *Custos Rotulorum* , and the Justices of the Peace, are nominated by the Archbishop of York, and constituted by a commission under the Great Seal of England; who hold their session both at Southwell and Scrooby, and perform all other justiciary acts distinct from the county. There is no *Custos Rotulorum* yet appointed in the room of Lord Lexington, who died about two years ago; but a new commission is expected as soon as the archbishop is confirmed.

The Names of the present Prebendaries and Prebends, are.

The Reverend:

Mr. Geo. Mompesson.
Oxton I Pars.

Mr. Tho. Sabourne.
North Muskam.

Mr. John Pigot.
Beckingham.

Mr. Edward Clark.
Dunham.

Mr. Benjamin Carter.

Sacrista.

Mr. Stephen Cooper.
Normanton.

Mr. Samuel Berdmore.
Oxton 2 Pars.

Mr. Thomas Sharp.
Norwell Overall.

Mr. Robert Ayde.
Woodborough.

Mr. John Lloyd.
South Muskam.

Mr. Robert Marsden.
Norwell Palishall.

Mr. John Abson.
Eaton.

Mr. Humphrey Bralesford.
Norwell 3 Pars.

Mr. Ri. Wood, Present resid.
North Severton.

Mr. Henry Cook.
Rampton.

Mr. Edward Parker.
Halloughton.

The Present Vicars.
Mr. Benjamin Cooper.
Mr. John Barnard.

Mr. Charles Benson.
Mr. Samuel Bird.
Mr. Joseph Ellis.
Mr. William Hodgson.
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An Organist.
Six Singing-Men.
Six choristers, besides six more
boys who attend as proba-

tioners.

The present Register and

Auditor

—
}
Mr. Jos. Clay.

The Treasurer —
The Virger

Mr. George Cooper.

The fabrick of the church is at present in good and decent order. It is a strong building of the Gothick order, very plain. I remember to have met with this passage in some of our old writings; That when the dispute was about the dissolution of the church, I think in King James's reign; among other things, it was urged by the Chapter, that the church of Southwell was a plain fabrick, free from all superstitious ornaments; that there were no painted figures in the glass-

work, nor images, nor so much as a nitch capable of placing an image in; which I think is true. And from hence too it has been conjectured concerning the antiquity of this church, that it was probably built, before image-worship was practised or thought of in the Christian Church.

This church was a great part of it burnt down in the year 1711, by lightning; of which I find this memorandum in one of our books, viz. “On Monday the 5th of November, 1711. about ten a-clock at night, the top of the ball on one of the south spires of this collegiate church of Southwell was fired by lightning; which, backed by a furious wind that drove it almost directly on the body of the church, in a few hours burnt down the spire and roof, melted down the bells, and spared nothing that was combustible, except the other spire, till it came to the quire, where, after it had consumed the organs, it was by singular providence stopt and extinguish’d.”

This is a pretty exact account; to which I must add, that the damage was computed at near 4000*l* . which great misfortune was happily repaired by the industry of the Chapter, joined with the help of the then Archbishop of York, Dr. Sharp; who not only contributed largely themselves, but by their solicitations obtained a brief, which, with the liberal contributions of several of the nobility and gentry, and the inhabitants of Southwell and its neighbourhood, enabled them to repair the church, and to put it in as good order as it was before the fire.

Among the benefactors ought particularly to be remembered with gratitude the last Dutchess Dowager of Newcastle, who, at the intercession of the archbishop, kindly seconded by her chaplain Dr. Brailsford, now Dean of Wells,

l .

Gave
500

Dr. Sharp, Archbishop
200

The late Duke of Leeds
200

The Earl of Thanet
50

The late Duke of Rutland

60

Bartholomew Burton, Esq;
30

Sir William Daws, late Archbishop
100

The church is built in form of a cross; a great tower in the middle, in which are eight bells, and two spires at the west end. There is a handsome chapter-house on the north side of the quire.

The length of the church from east to west is 306 feet, of which the choir is — feet; the length of the cross isle from north to south is 121 feet; the breadth of the church 59 feet.

On a pillar at the entrance into the choir, is this inscription:

Sint Reges Nutritii tui & Regina? Nutrices,
Ecclesiam hanc Collegiatam & Parochialem
Fundavit Antiquitas.
Refundavit Illustrissimus Henricus Rex Octavus,
Edwardo Lee Archiepiscopo Eborac. intercedente.
Sancivit Serenissima Elizabetha Regina,
Edvino Sands Eborum Archiepiscopo mediante.
Stabilivit Præpotentissimus Monarcha Jac. Rex,
Henrico Howard Comite Northamp. aliisque
Supplicantibus.
Sint sicut Oreb & Zeb, Zeba & Salmana
Qui dicunt Haereditate possideamus
Sanctuarium Dei.

There are no very remarkable monuments in this church, only one of Archbishop Sands, which is within the communion rails, and is a fair tomb of alabaster, with his effigies lying on it at full length. —— — Round the verge of it is this inscription:

Edvinus Sandes Sacræ Theologiæ Doctor, postquam Vigorniensem
Episcopatum Annos X, totidemque tribus demptis Londinensem gessisset
Eboracensis sui Archiepiscopatus Anno XII" Vitæ autem LXIX?. obiit
Julii X. A.D. 1588.

At the head of the tomb is this inscription:

Cujus hic Reconditum Cadaver jacet, genere non humilis vixit, Dignitate locoque magnus, exemplo major; duplici functus Episcopatu, Archi-Episcopali

tandem Amplitudine Illustris. Honores hosce mercatus grandi Pretio, Meritis Virtutibusque Homo hominum a Malitia & Vindicta Innocentissimus; Magnanimus, Apertus, & tantum Nescius adulari; Summe Liberalis atque Misericors: Hospitalissime optimus, Facilis, & in sola Vitia superbus. Scilicet haud minora, quam locutus est, vixit & fuit. In Evangelii prædicand. Laboribus ad extremum usque Halitum mirabiliter assiduus; a sermonibus ejus nunquam non melior discederes. Facundus nolebat esse & videbatur; ignavos, sedulatitis suæ Conscius, oderat. Bonas literas auxit pro Facultatibus; Ecclesiæ Patrimonium, velut rem Deo consecratum decuit, intactum defendit; gratia, qua floruit, apud Illustrissimam mortalium Elizabetham, effecit, ne hanc, in qua jacet, Ecclesiam ti jacentem cerneres. Venerande Præsul! Utrius memorandum Fortunæ exemplar! Qui tanta cura gesseris, multa his majora, animo ad omnia semper impavido, perpessus es; Careares, Exilia, amplissimarum Facultatum amissiones; quodque omnium difficillime Innocens perferre animus censuevit, immanes Calumnias; & si re una votis tuis memor, quod Christo Testimonium etiam sanguine non præbueris; attamen, qui in prosperis tantos fluctus, & post Aronum tot adversa, tandem quietis sempternæ Portum, fessus Mundi, Deique sitiens, reperisti, Æturnum lætare; vice sanguinis sunt sudores tui; abi lector, nec ista scias, tantum ut sciveris, sed ut imiteris.

At the feet under the coat of arms:

Verbum Dei manet in Æternum.

Round the border of another stone in the south isle of the choir.

Hic jacet Robertus Serlby, Generosus, quondam Famulus Willielmi Booth Archiepiscopo Eborac. Qui obiit 24? die Mensis Augusti, A.D. 1480, cujus animæ propitietur Deus. Amen.

On a stone fixed in the wainscot under one of the prebendal stalls in the choir, is this inscription, very antient, but without a date.

Hic jacet Wilhelmus Talbot, miser & indignus sacerdos, expectans Resurrectionem in signo Thau ——

I suppose it means a *Tau* to denote a cross.

On the south-side of the church in the churchyard,

Me Pede quando teris, Homo qui Mortem mediteris Sic contritus eris, & pro me quæro, preceris, without name or date.

Here was formerly a palace belonging to the Archbishop of York, which stood on the south side of the church, the ruins of which still remain; by which it appears to have been a large and stately palace. It was demolished in the time of the Rebellion against King Charles I. and the church, I have heard, hardly escaped the fury of those times; but was indebted to the good offices of one Edward Cludd, Esq; one of the Parliament side, who lived at Norwood, in the parish of

Southwell, in a house belonging to the archbishop, where he lived in good esteem for some time after the Restauration; and left this estate at Norwood, which he held by lease of the archbishop, to his nephew Mr. Bartholomew Fillingham, who was a considerable officer in the Exchequer, and from whom Bartholomew Burton, Esq; who was his nephew and heir, inherited it, with the bulk of all the rest of his estate and who now enjoys it by a lease of three lives, granted by the late Archbishop Sir William Dawes. Here were no less than three parks belonging to the archbishop, which tho' disparked, still retain the name; one of which is Norwood Park, in which is a good house, which has been very much enlarged and beautified by the said Mr. Burton, who lives in it some part of the year.

There is a free-school adjoining to the church, under the care of the Chapter; where the choristers are taught gratis; and other boys belonging to the town. The master is chosen by the Chapter; and is to be approved by the Archbishop of York.

There are also two fellowships and two scholarships in St. John's College in Cambridge, founded by Dr. Keton, Canon of Salisbury, in the 22d year of King Henry VIII. to be chosen by the master and fellows of the said college, out of such who have been choristers of the church of Southwell, if any such able person for learning and manners, can be found in Southwell, or in the university of Cambridge; and for want of such, then out of any scholars abiding in Cambridge; which said fellowships are to be thirteen shillings and four-pence each better than any other fellowship of the college.

Hence crossing the forest I came to Mansfield, a market town, but without any remarkables. In my way I visited the noble seat of the Duke of Kingston at Thoresby, of the Duke of Newcastle at Welbeck, and the Marquis of Hallifax at Rufford, of Rugeford Abbey, all very noble seats, tho' antient, and that at Welbeck especially, beautify'd with large additions, fine apartments, and good gardens; but particularly the park, well stocked with large timber, and the finest kind, as well as the largest quantity of deer that are any where to be seen; for the late duke's delight being chiefly on horseback and in the chace, it is not to be wondered if he rather made his parks fine than his gardens, and his stables than his mansion-house; yet the house is noble, large, and magnificent.

Hard by Welbeck is Wirksop Mannor, the antient and stately seat of the noble family of Talbot, descended by a long line of ancestors from another family illustrious, though not enobled (of Lovetot's). This house, (tho' in its antient figure) is outdone by none of the best and greatest in the county, except Wollaton Hall, already mentioned; and that though it is, as it were, deserted of its noble patrons; the family of Shrewsbury being in the person of the last duke, removed from this side of the country to another fine seat in the west, already mentioned.

From hence leaving Nottinghamshire, the west part abounding with lead and coal, I cross'd over that fury of a river called the Derwent, and came to Derby, the capital of the county.

This is a fine, beautiful, and pleasant town; it has more families of gentlemen in it than is usual in towns so remote, and therefore here is a great deal of good and some gay company: Perhaps the rather, because the Peak being so near, and taking up the larger part of the county, and being so inhospitable, so rugged and so wild a place, the gentry choose to reside at Derby, rather than upon their estates, as they do in other places.

It must be allowed, that the twelve miles between Nottingham and this town, keeping the mid-way between the Trent on the left, and the mountains on the right, are as agreeable with respect to the situation, the soil, and the well planting of the country, as any spot of ground, at least that I have seen of that length, in England.

The town of Derby is situated on the west bank of the Derwent, over which it has a very fine bridge, well built, but antient, and a chapel upon the bridge, now converted into a dwelling-house. Here is a curiosity in trade worth observing, as being the only one of its kind in England, namely, a throwing or throwster's mill, which performs by a wheel turn'd by the water; and though it cannot perform the doubling part of a throwster's work, which can only be done by a handwheel, yet it turns the other work, and performs the labour of many hands. Whether it answers the expence or not, that is not my business.

This work was erected by one Soracule, a man expert in making mill-work, especially for raising water to supply towns for family use: But he made a very odd experiment at this place; for going to show some gentlemen the curiosity, as he called it, of his mili, and crossing the planks which lay just above the mill-wheel; regarding, it seems, what he was to show his friends more than the place where he was, and too eager in describing things, keeping his eye rather upon what he pointed at with his fingers than what he stept upon with his feet, he stepp'd awry and slipt into the river.

He was so very close to the sluice which let the water out upon the wheel, and which was then pulled up, that tho' help was just at hand, there was no taking hold of him, till by the force of the water he was carried through, and pushed just under the large wheel, which was then going round at a great rate. The body being thus forc'd in between two of the plashers of the wheel, stopt the motion for a little while, till the water pushing hard to force its way, the plasher beyond him gave way and broke; upon which the wheel went again, and, like Jonah's whale, spewed him out, not upon dry land, but into that part they call the apron, and so to the mill-tail, where he was taken up, and received no hurt at all.

Derby, as I have said, is a town of gentry, rather than trade; yet it is populous, well built, has five parishes, a large market-place, a fine town-house, and very handsome streets.

In the church of Allhallows, or, as the Spaniards call it, *De Todos los Santos* , All Saints, is the Pantheon, or Burial-place of the noble, now ducal family of Cavendish, now Devonshire, which was first erected by the Countess of Shrewsbury, who not only built the vault or sepulchre, but an hospital for eight poor men and four women, close by the church, and settled their maintenance, which is continued to this day: Here are very magnificent monuments for the family of Cavendish; and at this church is a famous tower or steeple, which for the heighth and beauty of its building, is not equalled in this county, or in any of those adjacent.

By an inscription upon this church, it was erected, or at least the steeple, at the charge of the maids and batchelors of the town; on which account, whenever a maid, native of the town, was marry'd, the bells were rung by batchelors: How long the custom lasted, we do not read; but I do not find that it is continued, at least not strictly.

The government of this town, for it is a corporation, and sends two burgesses to Parliament, is in a mayor, high-steward, nine aldermen, a recorder, fourteen brothers, fourteen capital burgesses, and a town-clerk: The trade of the town is chiefly in good malt and good ale; nor is the quantity of the latter unreasonably small, which, as they say, they dispose of among themselves, though they spare some to their neighbours too.

It is observable, that as the Trent makes the frontier or bounds of the county of Derby south, so the Dove and the Erwash make the bounds east and west, and the Derwent runs through the center; all of them beginning and ending their course in the same county; for they rise in the Peak, and end in the Trent.

I that had read Cotton's *Wonders of the Peak* , in which I always wondered more at the poetry than at the Peak; and in which there was much good humour, tho' but little good verse, could not satisfy my self to be in Derbyshire, and not see the River Dove, which that gentleman has spent so much doggerel upon, and celebrated to such a degree for trout and grailing: So from Derby we went to Dove-Bridge, or, as the country people call it, Dowbridge, where we had the pleasure to see the river drowning the low-grounds by a sudden shower, and hastning to the Trent with a most outrageous stream, in which there being no great diversion, and travelling being not very safe in a rainy season on that side, we omitted seeing Ashbourn and Uttoxeter, the Utocetum of the antients, two market towns upon that river, and returning towards Derby, we went from thence directly up into the High Peak.

In our way we past an antient seat, large, but not very gay, of Sir Nathaniel Curson, a noted and (for wealth) over great family, for many ages inhabitants of this county. Hence we kept the Derwent on our right-hand, but kept our distance, the waters being out; for the Derwent is a frightful creature when the hills load her current with water; I say, we kept our distance, and contented our selves with hearing the roaring of its waters, till we came to Quarn or Quarden. a little ragged, but noted village, where there is a famous chalybeat spring, to which abundance of people go in the season to drink the water, as also a cold bath. There are also several other mineral waters in this part of the country, as another chalybeat near Quarden or Quarn, a hot bath at Matlock, and another at Buxton, of which in its place; besides these, there are hot springs in several places which run waste into the ditches and brooks, and are taken no notice of, being remote among the mountains, and out of the way of the common resort.

We found the wells, as custom bids us call them, pretty full of company, the waters good, and very physical, but wretched lodging and entertainment; so I resolved to stay till I came to the south, and make shift with Tunbridge or Epsom, of which I have spoken at large in the counties of Surrey and Kent.

From Quarden we advanc'd due north, and, mounting the hills gradually for four or five miles, we soon had a most frightful view indeed among the black mountains of the Peak; however, as they were yet at a distance, and a good town lay on our left called Wirksworth, we turned thither for refreshment; Here indeed we found a specimen of what I had heard before, (viz.) that however rugged the hills were, the vales were every where fruitful, well inhabited, the markets well supplied, and the provisions extraordinary good; not forgetting the ale, which every where exceeded, if possible, what was pass'd, as if the farther north the better the liquor, and that the nearer we approach'd to Yorkshire, as the place for the best, so the ale advanc'd the nearer to its perfection.

Wirksworth is a large well-frequented market town, and market towns being very thin placed in this part of the county, they have the better trade, the people generally coming twelve or fifteen miles to a market, and sometimes much more; though there is no very great trade to this town but what relates to the lead works, and to the subterranean wretches, who they call Peakrills, who work in the mines, and who live all round this town every way.

The inhabitants are a rude boorish kind of people, but they are a bold, daring, and even desperate kind of fellows in their search into the bowels of the earth; for no people in the world out-do them; and therefore they are often entertained by our engineers in the wars to carry on the sap, and other such works, at the sieges of strong fortified places.

This town of Wirksworth is a kind of a market for lead; the like not known any where else that I know of, except it be at the custom-house keys in London. The Barmoot Court, kept here to judge controversies among the miners, that is to say, to adjust subterranean quarrels and disputes, is very remarkable: Here they summon a master and twenty-four jurors, and they have power to set out the bounds of the works under ground, the terms are these, they are empowered to set off the meers (so they call them) of ground in a pipe and a flat, that is to say, twenty nine yards long in the first, and fourteen square in the last; when any man has found a vein of oar in another man's ground, except orchards and gardens; they may appoint the proprietor cartways and passage for timber, &. This court also prescribes rules to the mines, and limits their proceedings in the works under ground; also they are judges of all their little quarrels and disputes in the mines, as well as out, and, in a word, keep the peace among them; which, by the way, may be called the greatest of all the wonders of the Peak, for they are of a strange, turbulent, quarrelsome temper, and very hard to be reconciled to one another in their subterraneous affairs.

And now I am come to this wonderful place, the Peak, where you will expect I should do as some others have, (I think, foolishly) done before me, viz. tell you strange long stories of wonders as (I must say) they are most weakly call'd; and that you may not think me arrogant in censuring so many wise men, who have wrote of these wonders, as if they were all fools, I shall give you four Latin lines out of Mr. Cambden, by which you will see there were some men of my mind above a hundred years ago.

Mira alto Pecco tria sunt, barathrum, specus, antrum;
Commoda tot, Plumbum, Gramen, Ovile pecus,
Tot speciosa simul sunt, Castrum, Balnea, Chatsworth,
Plura sed occurrunt, qute speciosa minus.
CAMBD., *Brit. Fol.* , 495.

Which by the same hand are Englished thus:

Nine things that please us at the Peak we see;
A cave, a den, a hole, the wonder be;
Lead, sheep and pasture, are the useful three.
Chatsworth the castle, and the Bath delight;
Much more you see; all little worth the sight.

Now to have so great a man as Mr. Hobbes, and after him Mr. Cotton, celebrate the trines here, the first in a fine Latin poem, the last in English verse, as if they were the most exalted wonders of the world: I cannot but, after wondering at their making wonders of them, desire you, my friend, to travel with me through

this houling wilderness in your imagination, and you shall soon find all that is wonderful about it.

Near Wirksworth, and upon the very edge of Derwent, is, as above, a village called Matlock, where there are several arm springs, lately one of these being secured by a stone wall on every side, by which the water is brought to rise to a due heighth, is made into a very convenient bath; with a house built over it, and room within the building to walk round the water or bath, and so by steps to go down gradually into it.

This bath would be much more frequented than it is, if two things did not hinder; namely, a base, stony, mountainous road to it, and no good accommodation when you are there: They are intending, as they tell us, to build a good house to entertain persons of quality, or such who would spend their money at it; but it was not so far concluded or directed when I was there, as to be any where begun: The bath is milk, or rather blood warm, very pleasant to go into, and very sanative, especially for rheumatick pains, bruises, &.

For some miles before we come to Matlock, you pass over the hills by the very mouths of the lead-mines, and there are melting-houses for the preparing the oar, and melting or casting it into pigs; and so they carry it to Wirksworth to be sold at the market.

Over against this warm bath, and on the other, or east side of the Derwent, stands a high rock, which rises from the very bottom of the river (for the water washes the foot of it, and is there in dry weather very shallow); I say, it rises perpendicular as a wall, the precipice bare and smooth like one plain stone, to such a prodigious heighth, it is really surprising; yet what the people believed of it surmounted all my faith too, though I look'd upon it very curiously, for they told me it was above four hundred foot high, which is as high as two of our Monuments, one set upon another; that which adds most to my wonder in it is, that as the stone stands, it is smooth from the very bottom of the Derwent to the uppermost point, and nothing can be seen to grow upon it. The prodigious heighth of this tor, (for it is called Matlock Tor) was to me more a wonder than any of the rest in the Peak, and, I think, it should be named among them, but it is not. So it must not be called one of the wonders.

A little on the other side of Wirksworth, begins a long plain called Brassington Moor, which reaches full twelve miles in length another way, (viz.) from Brassington to Buxton. At the beginning of it on this side from Wirksworth, it is not quite so much. The Peak people, who are mighty fond of having strangers shewed every thing they can, and of calling everything a wonder, told us here of another high mountain, where a giant was buried, and which they called the Giant's Tomb.

This tempted our curiosity, and we presently rod up to the mountain in order to leave our horses, dragoon-like, with a servant. and to clamber up to the top of it, to see this Giant's Tomb: Here we miss'd the imaginary wonder, and found a real one; the story of which I cannot but record, to shew the discontented part of the rich world how to value their own happiness, by looking below them, and seeing how others live, who yet are capable of being easie and content, which content goes a great way towards being happy, if it does not come quite up to happiness. The story is this:

As we came near the hill, which seemed to be round, and a precipice almost on every side, we perceived a little parcel of ground hedg'd in, as if it were a garden, it was about twenty or thirty yards long, but not so much broad, parallel with the hill, and close to it; we saw no house, but, by a dog running out and barking, we perceived some people were thereabout; and presently after we saw two little children, and then a third run out to see what was the matter. When we came close up we saw a small opening, not a door, but a natural opening into the rock, and the noise we had made brought a woman out with a child in her arms, and another at her foot. *N.B.* The biggest of these five was a girl, about eight or ten years old.

We asked the woman some questions about the tomb of the giant upon the rock or mountain: She told us, there was a broad flat stone of a great size lay there, which, she said, the people call'd a gravestone; and, if it was, it might well be called a giant's, for she thought no ordinary man was ever so tall, and she describ'd it to us as well as she could, by which it must be at least sixteen or seventeen foot long; but she could not give any farther account of it, neither did she seem to lay any stress upon the tale of a giant being buried there, but said, if her husband had been at home he might have shown it to us. I snatched at the word, at home! says I, good wife, why, where do you live. Here, sir, says she, and points to the hole in the rock. Here! says I; and do all these children live here too? Yes, sir, says she, they were ail born here. Pray how long have you dwelt here then? said I. My husband was born here, said she, and his father before him. Will you give me leave, says one of our company, as curious as I was, to come in and see your house, dame? If you please, sir, says she, but 'tis not a place fit for such as you are to come into, calling him, your worship, forsooth; but that by the by. I mention it, to shew that the good woman did not want manners, though she liv'd in a den like a wild body.

However, we alighted and went in: There was a large hollow cave, which the poor people by two curtains hang'd cross, had parted into three rooms. On one side was the chimney, and the man, or perhaps his father, being miners, had found means to work a shaft or funnel through the rock to carry the smoke out at the top, where the giant's tombstone was. The habitation was poor, 'tis true, but things

within did not look so like misery as I expected. Every thing was clean and neat, tho' mean and ordinary: There were shelves with earthen ware, and some pewter and brass. There was, which I observed in particular, a whole flitch or side of bacon hanging up in the chimney, and by it a good piece of another. There was a sow and pigs running about at the door, and a little lean cow feeding upon a green place just before the door, and the little enclosed piece of ground I mentioned, was growing with good barley; it being then near harvest.

To find out whence this appearance of substance came, I asked the poor woman, what trade her husband was? She said, he worked in the lead mines. I asked her, how much he could earn a day there ? she said, if he had good luck he could earn about five pence a day, but that he worked by the dish (which was a term of art I did not understand, but supposed, as I afterwards understood it was, by the great, in proportion to the oar, which they measure in a wooden bowl, which they call a dish). Then I asked, what she did? she said, when she was able to work she washed the oar: But, looking down on her children, and shaking her head, she intimated, that they found her so much business she could do but little, which 1 easily granted must be true. But what can you get at washing the oar, said I, when you can work? She said, if she work'd hard she could gain three-pence a day. So that, in short, here was but eight-pence a day when they both worked hard, and that not always, and perhaps not often, and all this to maintain a man, his wife, and five small children, and yet they seemed to live very pleasantly, the children look'd plump and fat, ruddy and wholesome; and the woman was tall, well shap'd, clean, and (for the place) a very well looking, comely woman; nor was there any thing look'd like the dirt and nastiness of the miserable cottages of the poor; tho' many of them spend more money in strong drink than this poor woman had to maintain five children with.

This moving sight so affected us all, that, upon a short conference at the door, we made up a little lump of money, and I had the honour to be almoner for the company; and though the sum was not great, being at most something within a crown, as I told it into the poor woman's hand, I could perceive such a surprise in her face, that, had she not given vent to her joy by a sudden flux of tears, I found she would have fainted away. She was some time before she could do any thing but cry; but after that was abated, she expressed her self very handsomely (for a poor body) and told me, she had not seen so much money together of her own for many months.

We asked her, if she had a good husband; she smiled, and said, Yes, thanked God for it, and that she was very happy in that, for he worked very hard, and they wanted for nothing that he could do for them; and two or three times made mention of how contented they were: In a word, it was a lecture to us all, and that

such, I assure you, as made the whole company very grave all the rest of the day: And if it has no effect of that kind upon the reader, the defect must be in my telling the story in a less moving manner than the poor woman told it her self.

From hence enquiring no farther after the giant, or his tomb, we went, by the direction of the poor woman, to a valley on the side of a rising hill, where there were several grooves, so they call the mouth of the shaft or pit by which they go down into a lead mine; and as we were standing still to look at one of them, admiring how small they were, and scarce believing a poor man that shew'd it us, when he told us, that they went down those narrow pits or holes to so great a depth in the earth; I say, while we were wondering, and scarce believing the fact, we were agreeably surprized with seeing a hand, and then an arm, and quickly after a head, thrust up out of the very groove we were looking at. It was the more surprizing as not we only, but not the man that we were talking to, knew any thing of it, or expected it.

Immediately we rode closer up to the place, where we see the poor wretch working and heaving himself up gradually, as we thought, with difficulty; but when he shewed us that it was by setting his feet upon pieces of wood fixt cross the angles of the groove like a ladder, we found that the difficulty was not much; and if the groove had been larger they could not either go up or down so easily, or with so much safety, for that now their elbows resting on those pieces as well as their feet, they went up and down with great ease and safety.

Those who would have a more perfect idea of those grooves, need do no more than go to the church of St. Paul's, and desire to see the square wells which they have there to go down from the top of the church into the very vaults under it, to place the leaden pipes which carry the rain water from the flat of the roof to the common-shore, which wells are square, and have small iron bars placed cross the angles for the workmen to set their feet on, to go up and down to repair the pipes; the manner of the steps are thus describ'd:

When this subterranean creature was come quite out, with all his furniture about him, we had as much variety to take us up as before, and our curiosity received full satisfaction without venturing down, as we were persuaded to by some people, and as two of our company were inclined to do.

First, the man was a most uncouth spectacle; he was cloathed all in leather, had a cap of the same without brims, some tools in a little basket which he drew up with him, not one of the names of which we could understand but by the help of an interpreter. Nor indeed could we understand any of the man's discourse so as to make out a whole sentence; and yet the man was pretty free of his tongue too.

For his person, he was lean as a skeleton, pale as a dead corps, his hair and beard a deep black, his flesh lank, and, as we thought, something of the colour of

the lead itself, and being very tall and very lean he look'd, or we that saw him ascend *ab infer?s* , fancied he look'd like an inhabitant of the dark regions below, and who was just ascended into the world of light.

Besides his basket of tools, he brought up with him about three quarters of a hundred weight of oar, which we wondered at, for the man had no small load to bring, considering the manner of his coming up; and this indeed made him come heaving and struggling up, as I said at first, as if he had great difficulty to get out; whereas it was indeed the weight that he brought with him.

If any reader thinks this, and the past relation of the woman and the cave, too low and trifling for this work, they must be told, that I think quite otherwise; and especially considering what a noise is made of wonders in this country, which, I must needs say, have nothing in them curious, but much talked of, more trifling a great deal. See Cotton's *Wonders of the Peak* , Hobbes's *Chatsworth* , and several others; but I shall make no more apologies. I return to our subterranean apparition.

We asked him, how deep the mine lay which he came out of: He answered us in terms we did not understand; but our interpreter, as above, told us, it signified that he was at work 6o fathoms deep, but that there were five men of his party, who were, two of them, eleven fathoms, and the other three, fifteen fathoms deeper: He seemed to regret that he was not at work with those three; for that they had a deeper vein of oar than that which he worked in, and had a way out at the side of the hill, where they pass'd without coming up so high as he was obliged to do.

If we blessed ourselves before, when we saw how the poor woman and her five children lived in the hole or cave in the mountain, with the giant's grave over their heads; we had much more room to reflect how much we had to acknowledge to our Maker, that we were not appointed to get our bread thus, one hundred and fifty yards under ground, or in a hole as deep in the earth as the cross upon St. Paul's cupolo is high out of it: Nor was it possible to see these miserable people without such reflections, unless you will suppose a man as stupid and sensless as the horse he rides on. But to leave moralizing to the reader, I proceed.

We then look'd on the oar, and got the poor man's leave to bring every one a small piece of it away with us, for which we gave him two small pieces of better mettle, called shillings, which made his heart glad; and, as we understood by our interpreter, was more than he could gain at sixty fathoms under ground in three days; and we found soon after the money was so much, that it made him move off immediately towards the alehouse, to melt some of it into good Pale Derby; but, to his farther good luck, we were gotten to the same alehouse before him; where, when we saw him come, we gave him some liquor too, and made him keep his

money, and promise us to carry it home to his family, which they told us lived hard by.

From hence entring upon Brassington Moor, mentioned above, we had eight mile smooth green riding to Buxton bath, which they call one of the wonders of the Peak; but is so far from being a wonder, that to us, who had been at Bath in Somersetshire, and at Aix la Chapelle in Germany, it was nothing at all; nor is it any thing but what is frequent in such mountainous countries as this is, in many parts of the world.

That which was more wonderful to me than all of it, was, that so light is made of them as to use; that the people rather wonder at them than take the benefit of them; and that, as there are several hot springs in this village of Buxton, as well as at Matlock, mentioned above, and at several other places, they are not built into noble and convenient bathing places; and, instead of a house or two, a city built here for the entertainment of company; which, if it were done, and countenance given to it, as is to the baths at Bath, I doubt not it would be as well frequented, and to as good purpose.

But though I shall not treat this warm spring as a wonder, for such it is not; I must nevertheless give it the praise due to the medicinal virtue of its waters; for it is not to be deny'd, but that wonderful cures have been wrought by them, especially in rheumatick, scorbutick and scrofulous distempers, aches of the joints, nervous pains, and also in scurfy and leprous maladies.

For a proof of this, and to give a just reputation to the waters of Buxton, I crave leave to give a brief account of what the learned say of their virtues, and the manner of their operation; and though I shall not croud this work with any thing from books, which is not more than common, and more than ordinary useful, yet I must be excused in this, as what I think excels in both: It is from the learned Dr. Leigh, in his *Natural History of Lancashire, and of the Peak* ; his words are as follows:

Here, meaning at Buxton, the waters are sulphurous and saline yet not foetid, but very palatable, because the sulphur is not united with any vitriolic particles, or but very few saline; it tinges not silver, nor is it purgative, because its saline parts are dispensed in such small proportions, which saline particles make up a corn-pound salt, constituted of a marine salt, and the *Sal Catharticum Amarum* , which indeed is the *Nitrum Calcarium* that impregnates Epsom, Northall and Dullwich waters, and others in those parts, as at Stretham, Peckham, Shooters-Hill, &. in the county of Kent.

These waters (Buxton) if drank, create a good appetite, open obstructions, and no doubt, if mixed with the chalybeat waters that are there also, may answer all the intentions of the Bath water in Somersetshire, and that of Sir Vincent's too at

Bristol, so noted for curing the diabetes; of which I have seen several instances in these parts; and likewise for curing of bloody urines, of which I saw a most noted instance at Liverpoole.

This bath is of a temperate heat, and, without question, by a reverberating halitus might be brought to any degree of heat; but, I think, in its own natural heat, it may in general be said to be more agreeable to the constitutions of those parts; and where the hot baths cannot be safely used, this may. This last summer I saw remarkable instances of its effects in scorbutick rheumatisms in persons, that could not go before without the help of crutches, who came from thence to Manchester on foot without them, distant from Buxton full sixteen northern miles.

For the antiquity of these baths too, though there is not a King Bladud to testify for them, as at Bath in Somersetshire, whose evidence we cannot be sure is very justifiable, yet hear the same author on that article:

That these baths were eminent in the Romans time, is most certain. Lucan, and others acquaint us, they were extraordinary hot, the high road, called the Roman Bath-gate, as Mr. Cambden says, further confirms it; but it is especially evident from a Roman wall cemented with red Roman plaister, close by St. Anne's Well, where we may see the ruins of the antient bath, its dimensions and length.

The waters are temperately hot, or rather warm, and operate rather as a cold bath, without that violent attack which the cold bath makes upon all nature at once; you feel a little chilness when you first dip or plunge into the water, but it is gone in a moment; and you find a kind of an equality in the warmth of your blood and that of the water, and that so very pleasant, that far from the fainting and weakening violence of the hot baths, which makes you ready to die away if you continue above an hour, or thereabouts, in them, and will shrivel up the fingers like those of women, who have been washing cloaths; on the contrary, here you are never tired, and can hardly be persuaded to come out of the bath when you are in.

The village where the principal springs are, is called Buxton; though there are several of them, for they rise unregarded in the banks of the enclosures, and on the sides of the hill, so that the number is hardly known; there is but one bath which is walled in with stone walls, and steps made to go down into it, and a house built over it, though not so close as is fit for winter bathing.

The Duke of Devonshire is lord of the village, and consequently of the bath itself; and his grace has built a large handsome house at the bath, where there is convenient lodging, and very good provisions, and an ordinary well served for one shilling per head; but it is but one. And though some other houses in the town take in lodgers upon occasion, yet the conveniencies are not the same; so that there is not accommodation for a confluence of people, as at the bath-house it

self: If it were otherwise, and that the nobility and gentry were suitably entertained, I doubt not but Buxton would be frequented, and with more effect as to health, as well as much more satisfaction to the company; where there is an open and healthy country, a great variety of view to satisfy the curious, and a fine down or moor for the ladies to take a ring upon in their coaches, all much more convenient than in a close city as the Bath is, which, more like a prison than a place of diversion, scarce gives the company room to converse out of the smell of their own excrements, and where the very city it self may be said to stink like a general common-shore.

We saw indeed a variety of objects here; some that came purely for the pleasure of bathing, taking the air, and to see the country, which has many things rare and valuable to be seen, tho' nothing, as I met with, can be called a wonder, Elden Hole excepted, of which in its place: We found others that came purely for cure, as the lame man to the pool; of which some openly applauded the virtue of the bath, as evidently working a cure upon them. One object indeed, who, whether his physician mistook his disease, or he gave his physician a wrong account, (as is most probable) was very inadvertently sent thither, found himself fatally injured by the bath: What the reason of that might be, I leave to the learned; but, upon this occasion, one of our company left the following lines written on the wall in the bathing house:

Buxton, may all the silver streams unite,
And be as bountiful, as they are bright:
May every votary, diseas'd and poor,
If chaste in blood, be certain of his cure.
But let thy springs refuse that wretch to heal,
Who shall a crime in his disease conceal:
May thy chast streams quench no dishonest flame,
But as thy fountain's pure, be pure thy fame.

South west from hence, about a quarter of a mile, or not so much, on the side, or rather at the foot of a very high ridge of mountains, is a great cave or hole in the earth, called Poole's Hole, another of the wonderless wonders of the Peak. The wit that has been spent upon this vault or cave in the earth, had been well enough to raise the expectation of strangers, and bring fools a great way to creep into it; but is ill bestowed upon al] those that come to the place with a just curiosity, founded upon antient report; when these go in to see it, they generally go away, acknowledging that they have seen nothing suitable to their great expectation, or to the fame of the place.

It is a great cave, or natural vault, antient doubtless as the mountain itself, and occasioned by the fortuitous position of the rocks at the creation of all things, or

perhaps at the great absorption or influx of the surface into the abyss at the great rupture of the earth's crust or shell, according to Mr. Burnet's theory; and to me it seems a confirmation of that hypothesis of the breaking in of the surface. But that by the way:

It may be deepen'd and enlarged by streams and eruptions of subterraneous waters, of which here are several, as there generally are in all such cavities; as at Castleton in this country, at Wooky Hole in Somersetshire, which I have already spoken of; and at several like caves which are now to be seen among the mountains in Swisserland, in Norway, in Hungary, and other places.

The story of one Pole or Poole, a famous giant or robber, (they might as well have called him a man eater) who harboured in this vault, and whose kitchen and lodging, or bed-chamber, they show you on your right-hand, after you have crept about ten yards upon all-four; I say, this I leave to those who such stories are better suited to, than I expect of my readers.

However, this helps among the people there, to make out the *wonder* ; and indeed such things are wanting where really wonder is wanting, else there would be no wonder at all in it; as indeed there is not.

The utmost you meet with after this, is the extraordinary heighth of the arch or roof; which, however, is far from what a late flaming author has magnified it to, (viz.) a quarter of a mile perpendicular. That it ? very high, is enough to say; for it is so far from a quarter of a mile, that there seems nothing admirable in it.

Dr. Leigh spends some time in admiring the spangled roof. Cotton and Hobbes are most ridiculously and outrageously witty upon it. Dr. Leigh calls it fret work, organ, and choir work. The whole of the matter is this, that the rock being every where moist and dropping, the drops are some fallen, those you see below; some falling, those you have glancing by you *en passant* ; and others pendant in the roof. Now as you have guides before you and behind you, carrying every one a candle, the light of the candles reflected by the globular drops of water, dazle upon your eyes from every corner; like as the drops of dew in a sunny-bright morning reflect the rising light to the eye, and are as ten thousand rainbows in miniature; whereas were any part of the roof or arch of this vault to be seen by a clear light, there would be no more beauty on it than on the back of a chimney; for, in short, the stone is coarse, slimy, with the constant wet, dirty and dull; and were the little drops of water gone, or the candles gone, there would be none of these fine sights to be seen for wonders, or for the learned authors above to show themselves foolish about.

Let any person therefore, who goes into Poole's Hole for the future, and has a mind to try the experiment, take a long pole in his hand, with a cloth tied to the end of it, and mark any place of the shining spangled roof which his pole will

reach to; and then, wiping the drops of water away, he shall see he will at once extinguish all those glories; then let him sit still and wait a little, till, by the nature of the thing, the drops swell out again, and he shall find the stars and spangles rise again by degrees, here one, and there one, till they shine with the same fraud, a meer *deceptio visus* , as they did before. As for the Queen of Scots pillar, as ’tis called, because her late unfortunate majesty, Mary, Queen of Scots, was pleased to have it be called so, it is a piece of stone like a kind of spar, which is found about the lead; and ’tis not improbable in a country where there is so much of the oar, it may be of the same kind, and, standing upright, obtained the name of a pillar; of which almost every body that comes there, carries away a piece, in veneration of the memory of the unhappy princess that gave it her name. Nor is there any thing strange or unusual in the stone, much less in the figure of it, which is otherwise very mean, and in that country very common.

As to the several stones called Mr. Ce’ton’s, Haycock’s, Poole’s Chair, Flitches of Bacon, and the like, they are nothing but ordinary stones; and the shapes very little resemble the things they are said to represent; but the fruitful imagination of the country carls, who fancy to call them so, will have them to look like them; a stranger sees very little even of the similitude, any more than when people fancy they see faces and heads, castles and cities, armies, horses and men, in the clouds, in the fire, and the like.

Nor is the petrifying of the water, which appears in its pendant form like icecles in the roof aloft, or rising pyramids below, if such there were, any thing but what is frequent and natural both to water and to stone, placed thus under ground, and seems to be the way by which even stone itself, like other vegetables, fructifies and grows.

So that, in short, there is nothing in Poole’s Hole to make a wonder of, any more than as other things in nature, which are rare to be seen, however easily accounted for, may be called wonderful.

Having thus accounted for two of the seven things, called wonders in this country, I pass by Elden Hole, which I shall take notice of by it self, and come to two more of them, as wonderless, and empty of every thing that may be called rare or strange, as the others; and indeed much more so.

The first of these is Mam Tor, or, as the word in the mountain jargon signifies, the Mother Rock, upon a suggestion that the soft crumbling earth, which falls from the summit of the one, breeds or begets several young mountains below. The sum of the whole wonder is this, That there is a very high hill, nay, I will add (that I may make the most of the story, and that it may appear as much like a wonder as I can) an exceeding high hill. But this in a country which is all over hills, cannot

be much of a wonder, because also there are several higher hills in the Peak than that, only not just there.

The south side of this hill is a precipice, and very steep from the top to the bottom; and as the substance of this hill is not a solid stone, or rocky, as is the case of all the hills thereabouts, but a crumbling loose earth mingled with small stones, it is continually falling down in small quantities, as the force of hasty showers, or solid heavy rains, loosens and washes it off, or as frosts and thaws operate upon it in common with other parts of the earth; now as the great hill, which is thick, as well as high, parts with this loose stuff, without being sensibly diminished, yet the bottom which it falls into, is more easily perceived to swell with the quantity that falls down; the space where it is received being small, comparatively to the heighth and thickness of the mountain: Here the pretended wonder is form'd, namely, that the little heap below, should grow up into a hill, and yet the great hill not be the less for all that is fallen down; which is not true in fact, any more than, as a great black cloud pouring down rain as it passes over our heads, appears still as great and as black as before, though it continues pouring down rain over all the country. But nothing is more certain than this, that the more water comes down from it, the less remains in it; and so it certainly is of Mama Tor, in spite of all the poetry of Mr. Cotton or Mr. Hobbes, and in spight of all the women's tales in the Peak.

This hill lies on the north side of the road from Buxton to Castleton, where we come to the so famed wonder call'd, saving our good manners, *The Devil's A —— — e in the Peak'* , Now not-withstanding the grossness of the name given it, and that there is nothing of similitude or coherence either in form and figure, or any other thing between the thing signified and the thing signifying; yet we must search narrowly for any thing in it to make a wonder, or even any thing so strange, or odd, or vulgar, as the name would seem to import.

The short of this story is; that on the steep side of a mountain there is a large opening very high, broad at bottom, and narrow, but rounding, on the top, almost the form of the old Gothick gates or arches, which come up, not to a half circle or half oval at the top, but to a point; though this being all wild and irregular, cannot be said to be an arch, but a meer chasme, entring horizontally; the opening being upwards of thirty foot perpendicular, and twice as much broad at the bottom at least.

The arch continues thus wide but a little way, yet far enough to have several small cottages built on either side of it within the entrance; so that 'tis like a little town in a vault: In the middle, (as it were a street) is a running stream of water; the poetical descriptions of it will have this be called a river, tho' they have not yet bestow'd a name upon it, nor indeed is it worthy a name.

As you go on, the roof descends gradually, and is so far from admitting houses to stand in it, that you have not leave to stand upright your self, till stooping for a little way, and passing over another rill of water, which Mr. Cotton calls a river too, you find more room over your head. But going a little farther you come to a third water, which crosses your way; and the rock stooping, as it were, down almost to the surface of the water, forbids any farther enquiry into what is beyond.

This is the whole wonder, unless it may be called so, that our ancestors should give it so homely a sirname; and give us no reason for it, but what we must guess at from the uncouth entrance of the place, which being no guide in the case, leave us to reflect a little upon their modesty of expression; but it seems they talked broader in those days than we do now.

To conclude: If there were no such vaults and arches any where but in the Peak, or indeed if they were not frequent in such mountainous countries, as well here, as in other nations, we might call this a wonder. But as we know they are to be found in many places in England, and that we read of them in the description of other countries, and even in the Scripture, we cannot think there is any room to call it a wonder. We read of the cave of Adullam, and of the cave of Mackpelah, in the Scripture, able to receive David, and his whole troop of four hundred men. We read of the persecuted worthies in the 12th of the Hebrews, who wandered about in dens and caves of the earth. We read of a cave in the Apenine Mountains near to Florence, which was able to receive an army; there are also many such caves, as I have observed above, in the Alpes, and the hills of Dauphine and Savoy, and in other parts of the world, too many to run over; and some of them, such as this is not worthy to be named among them.

Indeed, had Gervaise of Tilbury been credited, this place had deserved all that wonder cou’d ascribe to it; for he tells us of a shepherd who, having ventured into the third river in this den, and being either carried over it or down the stream, he knew not whether, saw a beautiful heavenly country beyond it, with a spacious plain watered with many clear rivers and pleasant brooks, and several lakes of standing water. But who this shepherd was, how he got into that pleasant country; and, above all, how he came back to tell the story, our friend Gervaise forgot, it seems, to take any notice of; and so the tale is broken off before it was half told, like another of the same kind which Hudibras tells of,

Which, like the tale o’th” bear and fiddle, Was told; but broke off in the middle.

The next wonder, which makes up number five, is called Tideswell, or a spring of water which ebbs and flows, as they will have it, as the sea does. A poor thing indeed to make a wonder of; and therefore most of the writers pass it over with little notice; only that they are at a loss to make up the number seven without it.

This well or spring is called Weeden Well; the basin or receiver for the water is about three foot square every way; the water seems to have some other receiver within the rock, which, when it filis by the force of the original stream, which is small, the air being contracted or pent in, forces the water out with a bubbling noise, and so fills the receiver without; but when the force is spent within, then it stops till the place is filled again; and, in the mean time, the water without runs off or ebbs, till the quantity within swells again, and then the same causes produce the same effects, as will always be while the world endures. So that all this wonder is owing only to the situation of the place, which is a meer accident in nature; and if any person were to dig into the place, and give vent to the air, which fills the contracted space within, they would soon see Tideswell turned into an ordinary running stream, and a very little one too.

So much for fictitious wonders, or indeed simple wonders. The two real wonders which remain, are first, Elden Hole, and secondly, the Duke of Devonshire's fine house at Chatsworth; one a wonder of nature, the other of art. I begin with the last.

Chatsworth is indeed a most glorious and magnificent house, and, as it has had two or three founders, may well be said to be compleatly designed and finished. It was begun on a much narrower plan than it now takes up, by Sir William Cavendish, of Cavendish in Suffolk, who married the Countess Dowager of Shrewsbury, and with her came into a noble and plentiful fortune in this country.

Sir William died, having done little more than built one end of the fabrick, and laid out the plan, as I have said, or ichnography of the whole. But the lady, who, it seems, was the mover of the first design, finish'd the whole in the magnificent manner which it appeared in, when it was first christen'd a *wonder* , and ranked among the *marvelleux* of the Peak. But what would the world have called it, or what would Mr. Cambden have said of it, had it appeared in those days in the glory and splendor its last great founder, for so we may justly call him, left it in.

It is indeed a palace for a prince, a most magnificent building, and, in spite of all the difficulties or disadvantages of situation, is a perfect beauty; nay, the very obstructions and, as I called them, disadvantages of its situation, serve to set off its beauty, and are, by the most exquisite decoration of the place, made to add to the lustre of the whole. But it would take up a volume by itself to describe it. I shall only touch at those things which other writers have omitted; for, as Mr. Hobbes has elegantly set it off in Latin verse, Mr. Cotton, after his manner, in English, and others, in as good a manner as they can, in history; they have yet, all of them, left enough for me to say, and so shall I, for many after me; and yet perhaps it shall be as many years describing as it was in building, and the

description be no more finished than the building, which will have always an encrease of ornament, as the noble possessors see room to add to its glory.

The front to the garden is the most regular piece of architect I have seen in all the north part of England; the pilaster seventy two foot high to the foot of the ballaster on the top; the frize under the cornish is spacious, and has the motto of the family upon it, the letters so large (and gilded) as takes up the whole front, tho' the words are but these two:

CAYENDO TUTUS

The sashes of the second story we were told are seventeen foot high, the plates polish'd looking-glass. and the woodwork double gilded; which, I think, is no where else to be seen in England.

Under this front lye the gardens exquisitely fine, and, to make a clear vista or prospect beyond into the flat country, towards Hardwick, another seat of the same owner, the duke, to whom what others thought impossible, was not only made practicable, but easy, removed, and perfectly carried away a great mountain that stood in the way, and which interrupted the prospect.

This was so entirely gone, that, having taken a strict view of the gardens at my first being there, and retaining an idea of them in my mind, I was perfectly confounded at coming there a second time, and not knowing what had been done; for I had lost the hill, and found a new country in view, which Chatsworth it self had never seen before.

The house indeed had received additions, as it did every year, and perhaps would to this day, had the duke liv'd, who had a genius for such things beyond the reach of the most perfect masters, and was not only capable to design, but to finish.

The gardens, the water-works, the cascades, the statues, vasa and painting, tho' they are but very imperfectly described by any of the writers who have yet named them, and more imperfectly by one author, who has so lately pretended to view them; yet I dare not venture to mention them here, least, for want of time, and having so long a journey to go, I should, like those who have gone before me, do it imperfectly, or leave no room to do justice to other persons and places, which I am still to mention. I shall therefore, as I said above, only touch at what others have omitted.

First, 'tis to be observed that on the east side rises a very high mountain, on the top of which they dig mill-stones, and it begins so close to, and so overlooks the house, being prodigiously high that, should they roll down a pair of those stones coupled with a wooden axis, as is the way of drawing them, they would infallibly give a shock to the building; yet this mountain is so planted, and so covered with a wood of beautiful trees, that you see no hill, only a rising wood, as if the trees

grew so much higher than one another, and was only a wall of trees, whose tops join into one another so close, as nothing is seen through them.

Upon the top of that mountain begins a vast extended moor or waste, which, for fifteen or sixteen miles together due north, presents you with neither hedge, house or tree, but a waste and houling wilderness, over which when strangers travel, they are obliged to take guides, or it would be next to impossible not to lose their way.

Nothing can be more surprising of its kind, than for a stranger coming from the north, suppose from Sheffield in Yorkshire, for that is the first town of note, and wandering or labouring to pass this difficult desart country, and seeing no end of it, and almost discouraged and beaten out with the fatigue of it, (just such was our case) on a sudden the guide brings him to this precipice, where he looks down from a frightful heighth, and a comfortless, barren, and, as he thought, endless moor, into the most delightful valley, with the most pleasant garden, and most beautiful palace in the world: If contraries illustrate, and the place can admit of any illustration, it must needs add to the splendor of the situation, and to the beauty of the building, and I must say (with which I will close my short observation) if there is any wonder in Chatsworth, it is, that any man who had a genius suitable to so magnificent a design, who could lay out the plan for such a house, and had a fund to support the charge, would build it in such a place where the mountains insult the clouds, intercept the sun, and would threaten, were earthquakes frequent here, to bury the very towns, much more the house, in their ruins.

On the top of that mountain, that is to say, on the plain which extends from it, is a large pond or basin for water, spreading, as I was told, near thirty acres of ground, which, from all the ascents round it, receives, as into a cistern, all the water that falls, and from which again by pipes, the cascades, watenvorks, ponds, and canals in the gardens, are plentifully supplied.

On the west side, which is the front or entrance of the house, and where the first foundress built a very august portal or gate; I say, on the west side, runs the River Derwent, which, though not many miles from its source here, is yet a terrible river, when, by hasty rains, or by the melting of the snows, the hills are pleased to pour down their waters into its channel; for the current is so rapid, and it has so many contracted passages among the rocks, and so many little cataracts amongst the stones, of which sometimes we see some of an incredible bulk come rouling down its stream; I say, there are so many of these, that the river, on the least motion of its waters above their ordinary highth, roars like the breaches on the shores of the sea.

Over this river there is a stately stone bridge, with an antient tower upon it, and in an island in the river an antient fabrick all of stone, and built like a castle. All these are the works of the first foundress, the Countess of Shrewsbury, and shew the greatness of the first design; but, except the bridge, are now, as it were, eclips'd by the modern glories of the later edifice.

In my discourse of the palace of Chatsworth, must not be forgot that fam'd compliment which the Mareschal Duke de Tallard pass'd upon it, when the Duke of Devonshire entertained him at Chatsworth, namely, "That when he should give his master the King of France the history of his seven years captivity in England, he would leave out those three days which he had spent so agreeably with his grace, in seeing the finest palace in the world."

But I must dwell no longer here, however pleasant and agreeable the place. The remaining article, and which, I grant, we may justly call a WONDER, is Elden Hole: The description of it, in brief, is thus: In the middle of a plain open field, gently descending to the south, there is a frightful chasme, or opening in the earth, or rather in the rock, for the country seems thereabouts to be all but one great rock; this opening goes directly down perpendicular into the earth, and perhaps to the center; it may be about twenty foot over one way, and fifty or sixty the other; it has no bottom, that is to say, none that can yet be heard of. Mr. Cotton says, he let down eight hundred fathoms of line into it, and that the plummet drew still; so that, in a word, he sounded about a mile perpendicular; for as we call a mile 1760 yards, and 884 is above half, then doubtless eight hundred fathoms must be 1600 yards, which is near a mile.

This I allow to be a wonder, and what the like of is not to be found in the world, that I have heard of, or believe. And would former writers have been contented with one wonder instead of seven, it would have done more honour to the Peak, and even to the whole nation, than the adding five imaginary miracles to it that had nothing in them, and which really depreciatcd the whole.

What Nature meant in leaving this window open into the infernal world, if the place lies that way, we cannot tell: But it must be said, there is something of horror upon the very imagination, when one does but look into it; and therefore tho' I cannot find much in Mr. Cotton, of merry memory, worth quoting, yet on this subject, I think, he has four very good lines, speaking of his having an involuntary horror at looking into this pit. The words are these:

For he, who standing on the brink of hell,
Can carry it so unconcern'd and well,
As to betray no fear, is certainly
A better Christian, or a worse than I.
COTTON'S *Wonders of the Peak* .

They tell a dismal story here, of a traveller, who, enquiring his way to Castleton, or to Buxton, in a dark night, two villains offer'd to guide him; but, intending to rob him, led him to the edge of this gulph, and either thrust him in, or persuaded him to believe there was a little gall of water, and bad him take a large step, which the innocent unfortunate did, not mistrusting the treachery, and stept at once into eternity; a story enough to make the blood run cold through the heart of those that hear it told, especially if they know the place too: They add, that one of these villains being hanged at Derby some years after for some other villany, confess'd this murther at the gallows.

Having then viewed those things with an impartial mind, give me leave to reduce the wonders of the Peak to a less number, and of a quite different kind.

Elden Hole I acknowledge to be a wonderful place, as I have said above; but to me the greatest surprise is, that, after such a real wonder, any of the trines added to it could bear the name of wonders.

Of Buxton; the wonder to me is, that in a nation so full of chronical diseases as we are, such as our scorbuticks, rheumaticks, cholicks, and niphriticks, there should be such a fountain of medicine sent from heaven, and no more notice taken of it, or care to make it useful.

That in a nation so curious, so inquiring, and so critical as this, any thing so unsatisfying, so foolish and so weak, should pass for wonders as those of Mam Tor, Tideswell, Poole's Hole, &.

As to Chatsworth, the wonder, as I said before, seems to me; not that so noble and magnificent a palace should be built, but that it should be built in such a situation, and in such a country so out of the way, so concealed from the world, that whoever sees it must take a journey on purpose.

Having thus viewed the two counties of Nottingham and Derby, as beginning that part of England, which we call north by Trent, I resolved to go northward on the east side of the island, taking the western shore, or the Irish Sea in my return.

The Peak concludes the northern part of Derbyshire; nor are there any towns on that side worth noting. There are some other curiosities in the Peak indeed, which would deserve a fuller account, had I leisure to enlarge or descend to particulars, as the tottering stones at Byrch Over, the Roman causeway, called Bath-Gate, the several minerals found in the hills, and in the lead mines, as black lead, stibium or antimony, christal, and other things, all much more rare than the wonders they speak of.

Bakewell, is the best town in the north west side of the Peak, near which the Duke of Rutland has a very noble palace, called Haddon; but after Chatsworth no house in the same county can bear a description; so we left the Peak, and went to

Chesterfield, a handsome market town at the northermost border of the county, north east from Chatsworth.

There is indeed an extended angle of this county, which runs a great way north west by Chappel in the Frith, and which they call High Peak. This, perhaps, is the most desolate, wild, and abandoned country in all England; The mountains of the Peak, of which I have been speaking, seem to be but the beginning of wonders to this part of the country, and but the beginning of mountains, or, if you will, as the lower rounds of a ladder. The tops of these hills seem to be as much above the clouds, as the clouds are above the ordinary range of hills.

Nor is this all; but the continuance of these mountains is such, that we know no bounds set to them, but they run on in a continued ridge or ledge of mountains from one to another, till they are lost in the southern parts of Scotland, and even through that to the Highlands; so that they may be said to divide Britain, as the Appennine Mountains divide Italy. Thus these hills joyning to Blackstone Edge divide Yorkshire from Lancashire, and going on north divides the Bishoprick of Durham from Westmoreland, and so on. It is from this ridge of mountains that all the rivers in the north of England take their rise, I may say ALL, for it is so to a very trifle, not a considerable river north of this county, nay, and in this county too, but begin here; those on the east side run into the German Ocean, those on the west side into the Irish. I shall begin the observation here; the Dove and the Derwent rise both at this south end of them, and come away south to the Trent; but all the rivers afterwards run, as above, east or west; and first the Mersee rises on the west side, and the Don on the east, the first runs to Warrington, and into the sea at Liverpoole; the other to Doncaster, and into the sea at Humber. I shall carry on the observation as I go, for to give an account of rivers, is the true guide to the giving the reader the best account of the country. But to return to my progress.

Chesterfield is a handsome populous town, well-built and well inhabited, notwithstanding it stands in the farthest part of this rocky country; for being on the north west side next to Yorkshire, it enters Scarsdale, which is a rich fruitful part of the country, though surrounded with barren moors and mountains, for such the name Scarsdale signifies, according to that master of etymologies, Mr. Cambden. Here is, however, nothing remarkable in this town but a free school, and a very good market, well stored with provisions; for here is little or no manufacture.

From hence (travelling still north) we entred the great county of York, uncertain still which way to begin to take a full view of it, for as ’tis a country of a very great extent, my business is not the situation or a meer geographical description of it; I have nothing to do with the longitude of places, the antiquities of towns, corporations, buildings, charters, &. nor much with the history of men,

families, cities or towns, but to give you a view of the whole in its present state, as also of the commerce, curiosities and customs, according to my title.

The county is divided into three ridings; as I entred it from the south, it follows, I went in, by what they call the West Riding, which, as it is by much the largest, so it is the wealthiest and the most populous, has the greatest towns in it, and the greatest number of them; the greatest manufactures, and consequently the greatest share of wealth, as it has also of people.

Two eminent towns, tho' only meer market towns, and one of them no corporation, open the door into the West Riding of Yorkshire; these are Sheffield and Doncaster. It is true, there Is a little market town, at the very first entrance into the county before we come to Doncaster, call'd Bautry, a town bless'd with two great conveniencies which assists to its support, and makes it a very well frequented place.

That it stands upon the great post highway, or road from London to Scotland; and this makes it be full of very good inns and houses of entertainment.

That the little but pleasant River Idle runs through, or rather just by, the side of it, which, contrary to the import of its name, is a full and quick, though not rapid and unsafe stream, with a deep channel, which carries hoys, lighters, barges, or flat-bottom'd vessels, out of its channel into the Trent, which comes within seven miles of it, to a place called Stockwith, and from thence to Burton, and from thence, in fair weather, quite to Hull; but if not, 'tis sufficient to go to Stockwith, where vessels of 200 ton burthen may come up to the town loaden as well as empty.

By this navigation, this town of Bautry becomes the center of all the exportation of this part of the country, especially for heavy goods, which they bring down hither from all the adjacent countries, such as lead, from the lead mines and smelting-houses in Derbyshire, wrought iron and edge-tools, of all sorts, from the forges at Sheffield, and from the country call'd Hallamshire, being adjacent to the towns of Sheffield and Rotherham, where an innumerable number of people are employed; as I shall speak more largely of in its place.

Also millstones and grindstones, in very great quantities, are brought down and shipped off here, and so carry'd by sea to Hull, and to London, and even to Holland also. This makes Bautry Wharf be famous all over the south part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, for it is the place whither all their heavy goods are carried, to be embarked and shipped off.

From hence to Doncaster is a pleasant road, and good ground, and never wants any repair, which is very hard to be said in any part of this lower side of the country.

Doncaster is a noble, large, spacious town, exceeding populous, and a great manufacturing town, principally for knitting; also as it stands upon the great northern post-road, it is very full of great inns; and here we found our landlord at the post-house was mayor of the town as well as post-master, that he kept a pack of hounds, was company for the best gentlemen in the town or in the neighbourhood, and lived as great as any gentleman ordinarily did.

Here we saw the first remains or ruins of the great Roman highway, which, though we could not perceive it before, was eminent and remarkable here, just at the entrance into the town; and soon after appeared again in many places: Here are also two great, lofty, and very strong stone bridges over the Don, and a long causeway also beyond the bridges, which is not a little dangerous to passengers when the waters of the Don are restrained, and swell over its banks, as is sometimes the case.

This town, Mr. Cambden says, was burnt entirely to the ground, anno 759, and is hardly recovered yet; but I must say, it is so well recovered, that I see no ruins appear, and indeed, being almost a thousand years ago, I know not how there should; and besides, the town seems as if it wanted another conflagration, for it looks old again, and many of the houses ready to fall.

I should, before I leave Doncaster, give you the famous epitaph of one Robert Byrk, a famous man of Doncaster, who lies buried in the great church here, who gave a place, call'd Rossington Wood, to the poor. On his grave is this epitaph in Old English:

Howe, howe, who's here,
I, Robin of Doncastere,
And Margaret my fere.
That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost;

Quoth Robertus Byrks, who in this world did reign threescore years and seven, but liv'd not one.

anno 1579.

Here lies also, under a plain gravestone in St. George's Church, interred, the body of one Thomas Ellis, a very memorable person. He was five times mayor of the town, founded an hospital in the town, called St. Thomas's the Apostle, and endowed it plentifully.

Strange! that of but two several authors writing a description of Yorkshire but very lately, and pretending to speak positively of the places, which they ought not to have done, if they had not been there, both of them should so strangely mistake, as one to say of Doncaster, that there was a large church with a high

spire steeple; and the other to say of the cathedral at York, that from the spire of the cathedral at York, you have an unbounded prospect: Whereas neither has the tower of York, or the tower at Doncaster, any spire, unless they will pretend any of the small pinacles at the four corners of the two towers at the west end of the church at York, are to be call'd THE SPIRE of THE cathedral; so fit are such men to write descriptions of a country.

Leaving Doncaster, we turned out of the road a little way to the left, where we had a fair view of that antient whittl-making, cutlering town, called Sheffield; the antiquity, not of the town only, but of the trade also, is established by those famous lines of Geoffry Chaucer on the Miller of Trumpington, which, however they vary from the print in Chaucer, as now extant, I give you as I find it:

At Trumpington, not far from Cambridge,
There dwelt a miller upon a bridge;
With a rizzl'd beard, and a hooked nose,
And a Sheffield whittl in his hose.

This town of Sheffield is very populous and large, the streets narrow, and the houses dark and black, occasioned by the continued smoke of the forges, which are always at work: Here they make all sorts of cutlery-ware, but especially that of edged-tools, knives, razors, axes, &. and nails; and here the only mili of the sort, which was in use in England for some time was set up, (viz.) for turning their grindstones, though now 'tis grown more common.

Here is a very spacious church, with a very handsome and high spire; and the town is said to have at least as many, if not more people in it than the city of York. Whether they have been exactly numbered one against the other, I cannot tell. The manufacture of hard ware, which has been so antient in this town, is not only continued, but much encreased; insomuch that they told us there, the hands employed in it were a prodigious many more than ever dwelt, as well in the town, as in the bounds of that they call Hallamshire; and they talked of 30000 men employed in the whole; but I leave it upon the credit of report.

There was formerly a very fine castle here, with a noble mansion-house, the seat of the Dukes of Norfolk; but it is now all demolished and decayed, though the estate or mannor remains still in the family. In the great church of this town are several very antient monuments of the family of Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, who once had great possessions in this and the next county.

The Queen of Scots was also for a long time detained here as prisoner, not less than sixteen or seventeen years, which was fatal afterward to the house of Norfolk; as is to be seen at large in our English history.

The River Don, with a rapid terrible current, had swelled its banks, and done a prodigious deal of damage the same year that I took this view, having carried

away two or three stone bridges, ploughed up some wharfs, and drove away several milis; for this river is of kin to the Derwent for the fierceness of its streams, taking its beginning in the same western mountains, which I mentioned before; and which begin to rise first in the High Peak, and run northward to Blackstone Edge; those mountains pouring down their waters with such fury into these great rivers, their streams are so rapid, that nothing is able to stand in their way.

Here is a fine engine or mill al so for raising water to supply the town, which was done by Mr. Serocoal, the same who fell into the river at the throwing-mill at Derby, as is said in its place: Here is also a very large and strong bridge over the Don, as there is another at Rotherham, a market town six miles lower. Here is also a very fine hospital, with the addition of a good revenue, settled at first by Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, and confirmed afterwards by the family of Howard, Dukes of Norfolk.

George, the first Earl of Shrewsbury, who died 1538. George the second, grandson to the first, to whose custody the Queen of Scots was committed, who died 1590, and Gilbert his son, who founded the hospital above mentioned, all lie buried here. The gift of this hospital is thus documented :

The Hospital of the Right Hon. GILBERT, Earl
of Shrewsbury, erected and settled by the
Right Hon. HENRY, Earl of Norwich,
Earl Marshal of ENGLAND, great
grandson of the said earl, in pursuance of his last Will and Testament,
An. 1673.

It is in this park that the great oak tree grew, which Mr. Evelyn gives a long account of in his book of *Forest Trees* ; but as I did not see it, I refer to the said Mr. Evelyn’s account. The chesnut tree near Aderclift, which Mr. Cambden’s continuator mentions, the body of which could hardly be fathom’d by three men, I suppose was gone; for I could hear nothing of it.

But the remains of the Roman fortification or encampment between Sheffield and Rotherham, is there still, and very plain to be seen, and, I suppose, may remain so to the end of time.

Here is also the famous bank or trench which some call Devil’s Bank, others Danes Bank; but ’tis frequent with us to give the honour of such great trenches, which they think was never worth the while for men to dig, to the devil, as if he had more leisure, or that it was less trouble to him than to a whole army of men. This bank, ’tis said, runs five mile in length; in some places ’tis called Kemp Bank, in others Temple’s Bank.

Rotherham was the next town of any bulk in which, how- ever, I saw nothing of note, except a fine stone bridge over the Don, which is here encreased by the River Rother, from whence the town, I suppose, took its name, as the famous Bishop Rotherham did his from the town: I will not say he was a foundling child in the streets, and so was sirnamed from the place, as is often suggested in such cases, though if he was so, it did not diminish his character, which was that of a great and good man. He was Archbishop of York, and was a great bene- factor to this town, having founded a college here; but it seems it has been a long while ago.

From Rotherham we turned north west to Wentworth, on purpose to see the old seat of Tankersly, and the park, where I saw the largest red deer that, I believe, are in this part of Europe: One of the hinds, I think, was larger than my horse, and he was not a very small pad of fourteen hands and half high. This was antiently the dwelling of the great Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, beheaded in King Charles the First's time, by a law, ex post facto, voted afterward not to be drawn into a precedent. The body lies interred in Wentworth Church.

Thence over vast moors, I had almost said waste moors, we entred the most populous part of this county, I mean of the West Riding, only passing a town call'd Black Barnsley, eminent still for the working in iron and steel; and indeed the very town looks as black and smoaky as if they were all smiths that lived in it; tho' it is not, I suppose, called Black Barnsley on that account, but for the black hue or colour of the moors, which, being covered with heath, (or heather, as 'tis called in that country) look all black, like Bagshot Heath, near Windsor; after, I say, we had pass'd these moors, we came to a most rich, pleasant and populous country, and the first town of note we came to in it was Wakefield, a large, handsome, rich clothing town, full of people, and full of trade.

The Calder passes through this town under a stately stone bridge of twelve arches, upon which is a famous building, by some called a chapel, by others a castle; the former is the most likely; It was built by Edward IV. in memory of the fatal Battle of Wakefield, wherein his father, Richard, Duke of York, was killed by the Lancastrian army, under the command of Margaret, queen to Henry VI. anno 1460. It was indeed a fatal battle; but as that is not any part of this work, I leave it to the historians to give a fuller account of it; only one thing I must add, namely, that a little on this side of the town, I mean south between Wakefield, and a village called Sandal, they shewed us a little square piece of ground, which was fenced off by it self; and on which, before the late war, stood a large stone cross, in memory of that fatal battle; just upon that spot, the Duke of York fighting desperately, and refusing to yield, tho' surrounded with enemies, was kill'd. The chapel on the bridge at Wakefield, the other monument of this battle, is now made

use of for civil affairs; for we do not now pray for the souls of those slain in battle, and so the intent of that building ceases.

Wakefield is a clean, large, well-built town, very populous and very rich; here is a very large church, and well filled it is, for here are very few Dissenters; the steeple is a very fine spire, and by far the highest in all this part of the country, except that at Sheffield. They tell us, there are here more people also than in the city of York, and yet it is no Corporation town; and he highest magistrate, as I understand, was a constable.

Here also is a market every Friday for woollen cloaths, after the manner of that at Leeds, tho' not so great; yet as all the cloathing trade is encreasing in this country, so this market too flourishes with the rest; not but that sometimes, as foreign markets receive interruption either by wars, by a glut of the goods, or by any other incident, there are interruptions of the manufacture too, which, when it happen, the clothiers are sure to complain of loss of trade; but when the demand comes again they are not equally forward with their acknowledgments; and this, I observed, was the case every where else, as well as here.

I cannot pass by my former observation here, namely, how evidently all the great rivers take their beginning in the mountains of Blackstone Edge and High Peak, which, as I have said, part the counties of Lancaster and York, and how these rivers take all their course due east. The Don was the first; the next is the Calder, coming now to be a very large river at Wakefield ; and the Aire is the next, which, running another course, of which I shall speak presently, receives the Calder into it.

The River Calder, of which I shall give an account by and by, having trac'd it from its beginning, receiving a mighty confluence of rivers into it, is now, as I have said, become a large river, and the first town it comes near of note is Huthersfield, another large cloathing place; it passes also by Eland, where there is a very fine stone bridge. This was the original seat of the Earls or Marquisses of Hallifax, when the title went in the name of Saville. Huthersfield is one of the five towns which carry on that vast cloathing trade by which the wealth and opulence of this part of the country has been raised to what it now is, and there those woollen manufactures are made in such prodigious quantities, which are known by the name of Yorkshire Kersies. Whether the scandal upon this country be just or not, (viz.) shrinking cloth and sharping k —— — s, that I will not take upon me to determine; at this town there is a market for kersies every Tuesday.

Nor, as I speak of their manufactures, must I forget that most essential manufacture called Yorkshire Ale, which indeed is in its perfection here, and in all this part of the county; of which I shall speak again in its place.

As the Calder rises in Blackstone Edge, so the Aire, another of the Yorkshire rivers, rises, tho' in the same ridge of hills, yet more particularly at the foot of the mountain Pennigent, on the edge of Lancashire, of which 'tis said proverbially:

Pendle-Hill and Pennigent,
Are the highest hills between Scotland and Trent.

As the Calder runs by Hallifax, Huthersfield, and through Wakefield; so the Aire runs by Skippon, Bradforth and thorough Leeds, and then both join at Castleford Bridge, near Pontefract, so in an united stream forming that useful navigation from this trading part of Yorkshire to Hull; to the infinite advantage of the whole country, and which, as I took a singular satisfaction in visiting and enquiring into, so I believe you will be no less delighted in reading the account of it, which will be many ways both useful and very instructive; and the more so, because none of the pretended travel-writers and journeyers thro' England, have yet thought this most remarkable part of our country worth their speaking of, or knew not how to go about it: Nor have they so much as mentioned this whole part of England, which is, on many accounts, the most considerable of all the northern division of this nation.

It is not easie to take a view of this populous and wealthy part, called the West Riding, at one, no, nor at two journies, unless you should dwell upon it, and go cross the country backward and forward, on purpose to see this or that considerable place. This is perhaps the reason why, as I hinted above, the other writers of journies and travels this way might not see how to go about it. But, as I was resolved to have a perfect knowledge of the most remarkable things, and especially of the manufactures of England, which I take to be as well worth a traveller's notice, as the most curious thing he can meet with, and which is so prodigious great in this quarter, I made no less than three journies into, and thro', this part of the country.

In my first journey I came only west from York to Wakefield, and then, turning south by Barnsley to Doncaster, went away still south to Rotherham, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Chatsworth, and the Peak, all which journey, except York, and the towns about it, and in the way to it, I have mentioned already.

The second journey, I came out of the western part of England, namely, from Cheshire thro' Lancashire, and, passing east over those Andes of England, called Blackstone Edge, and the mountains, which, as I hinted before, part Yorkshire and Lancashire, and reach from the High Peak to Scotland, I came to Hallifax, Bradforth, Huthersfield, Leeds, Wetherby, Pontefract and Burrow Bridge, and so went away into the East Riding, as you have heard.

The third journey, I went from the Peak in Derbyshire again, and, traversing the same country as I returned by the first journey as far as Wakefield, went on

again north to Leeds, and thence over Harwood Bridge to Knaresborough Spaw , thence to Rippon, and thro' that old Roman street-way, called Leeming Lane, to Pier's Bridge, thence to Durham, and so into Scotland; of all which in their order.

If, by all these circuits, and traversing the country so many ways, which I name for the reasons above, I am not furnished to give a particular account of the most remarkable things, I must have spent my time very ill, and ought not to let you know how often I went through it.

In my second journey, as above, I came from Lancashire, where you are to note, that all this part of the country is so considerable for its trade, that the Post-Master General had thought fit to establish a cross-post thro' all the western part of England into it, to maintain the correspondence of merchants and men of business, of which all this side of the island is so full; this is a confirmation of what I have so often repeated, and may still repeat many times on farther occasion, of the greatness of the trade carried on in this part of the island. This cross-post begins at Plymouth, in the south west part of England, and, leaving the great western post road of Excester behind, comes away north to Taunton, Bridgwater and Bristol; from thence goes on thro' all the great cities and towns up the Severn; such as Gloucester, Worcester, Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury, thence by West-Chester to Liverpool and Warrington, from whence it turns away east, and passes to Manchester, Bury, Rochdale, Hallifax, Leeds, and York, and ends at Hull.

By this means the merchants at Hull have immediate advice of their ships which go out of the channel, and come in; by their letters from Plymouth, as readily as the merchants at London, and without the double charge of postage. The shop-keepers and manufacturers can correspond with their dealers at Manchester, Liverpool and Bristol, nay, even with Ireland directly; without the tedious interruption of sending their letters about by London, or employing people at London to forward their packets; and as the trade on this side is exceeding great, this correspondence is a mighty advantage; nor is the encrease of the revenue by it inconsiderable, the quantity of letters which pass and repass this way, being, as I was told, in all places very great.

I follow'd this post-road, from Liverpool to Bury and Rochdale, both manufacturing towns in Lancashire, and the last very considerable, for a sort of course goods, called half-thicks and kersies, and the market for them is very great, tho' otherwise the town is situated so remote, so out of the way, and so at the very foot of the mountains, that we may suppose it would be but little frequented.

Here, for our great encouragement, though we were but at the middle of August, and in some places the harvest was hardly got in, we saw the mountains covered with snow, and felt the cold very acute and piercing; but even here we

found, as in all those northern countries is the case, the people had an extraordinary way of mixing the warm and the cold very happily together; for the store of good ale which flows plentifully in the most mountainous part of this country, seems abundantly to make up for all the inclemencies of the season, or difficulties of travelling, adding also the plenty of coals for firing, which all those hills are full of.

We mounted the hills, fortified with the same precaution, early in the morning, and though the snow which had fallen in the night lay a little upon the ground, yet we thought it was not much; and the morning being calm and clear, we had no apprehension of an uneasy passage, neither did the people at Rochdale, who kindly directed us the way, and even offered to guide us over the first mountains, apprehend any difficulty for us; so we complimented our selves out of their assistance, which we afterwards very much wanted.

It was, as I say, calm and clear, and the sun shone when we came out of the town of Rochdale; but when we began to mount the hills, which we did within a mile, or little more of the town, we found the wind began to rise, and the higher we went the more wind; by which I soon perceived that it had blown before, and perhaps all night upon the hills, tho' it was calm below; as we ascended higher it began to snow again, that is to say, we ascended into that part where it was snowing, and had, no doubt, been snowing all night, as we could easily see by the thickness of the snow.

It is not easy to express the consternation we were in when we came up near the top of the mountain; the wind blew exceeding hard, and blew the snow so directly in our faces, and that so thick, that it was impossible to keep our eyes open to see our way. The ground also was so covered with snow, that we could see no track, or when we were in the way, or when out; except when we were shewed it by a frightful precipice on one hand, and uneven ground on the other; even our horses discovered their uneasiness at it; and a poor spaniel dog that was my fellow traveller, and usually diverted us with giving us a mark for our gun, turn'd tail to it and cry'd.

In the middle of this difficulty, and as we began to call to one another to turn back again, not knowing what dangers might still be before us, came a surprizing clap of thunder, the first that ever I heard in a storm of snow, or, I believe, ever shall; nor did we perceive any lightning to precede the thunder, as must naturally be the case; but we supposed the thick falling of the snow might prevent our sight.

I must confess I was very much surprized at this blow; and one of our company would not be persuaded that it was thunder, but that it was some blast of a coal-pit, things which do sometimes happen in the country, where there are many coal mines. But we were all against him in that, and were fully satisfied that

it was thunder, and, as we fancy'd, at last we were confirmed in it, by hearing more of it at a distance from us.

Upon this we made a full stop, and coming altogether, for we were then three in company, with two servants, we began to talk seriously of going back again to Rochdale; but just then one of our men called out to us, and said, he was upon the top of the hill, and could see over into Yorkshire, and that there was a plain way down on the other side.

We rode all up to him, and found it as the fellow had said, all but that of a plain way; there was indeed the mark or face of a road on the side of the hill, a little turning to the left north; but it was so narrow, and so deep a hollow place on the right, whence the water descending from the hills made a channel at the bottom, and looked as the beginning of a river, that the depth of the precipice, and the narrowness of the way, look'd horrible to us; after going a little way in it, the way being blinded too by the snow, the hollow on the right appeared deeper and deeper, so we resolved to alight and lead our horses, which we did for about a mile, though the violence of the wind and snow continuing, it was both very troublesome and dangerous.

The only reliefs we had in this track were, (1.) That we perceived some land marks, or tokens, which the honest Rochdale men had given us notice of, by which we believed we were right in the way; for till then we knew nothing where we were, or whether we were right or wrong. And, (2.) that as the road we were in descended apace, for it went very steep down, we found the lower we went the violence of the snow abated, just as on the other side of the hill the higher we went, it had encreased.

At length, to our great joy, we found too the wind abated, as well as the snow, that is to say, the hills being so high behind us, they kept back the wind, as is the case under a high wall, though you are on the windward side of it, yet the wind having no passage through, is not felt, as it would be on the top where the space is open for it to pass.

All this way the hollow on our right continued very deep, and just on the other side of it a parallel hill continued going on east, as that did which we rode on the side of; the main hill which we came down from, which is properly called Blackstone Edge, or, by the country people, the Edge, without any sirname or addition, ran along due north, crossing and shutting up those hollow gulls and vallies between, which were certainly originally formed by the rain and snow water running into them, and forcing its way down, washing the earth gradually along with it, till, by length of time, it wore down the surface to such a depth.

We continued descending still, and as the weather was quieter, so the way seemed to mend and be broader, and, to our great satisfaction, enclining more to

the hill on the left; the precipice and hollow part where the water run, as I have said, went a little off from us, and by and by, to our no small comfort, we saw an enclosed piece of ground that is enclosed with a stone wall, and soon after a house, where we asked our way, and found we were right.

Soon after this we came to the bottom, by another very steep descent, where we were obliged to alight again, and lead our horses. At the bottom, we found the hollow part, which I have so often mentioned as a precipice, was come to a level with us, that is to say, we were come down to a level with it, and it turning to the left toward us, we found a brook of water running from it, which cross'd our way to the north, you shall hear of it again presently; when we cross'd this brook, which, by reason of the snow on the hills which melted, was risen about knee deep, and run like a sluice for strength, we found a few poor houses, but saw no people, no not one; till we call'd at a door, to get directions of our way, and then we found, that though there was no body to be seen without doors, they were very full of people within, and so we found it on several occasions afterward, of which we shall speak again.

We thought now we were come into a Christian country again, and that our difficulties were over; but we soon found our selves mistaken in the matter; for we had not gone fifty yards beyond the brook and houses adjacent, but we found the way began to ascend again, and soon after to go up very steep, till in about half a mile we found we had another mountain to ascend, in our apprehansion as bad as the first, and before we came to the top of it, we found it began to snow too, as it had done before.

But, to cut short the tedious day's work, the case was this; the hill was very high, and, in our opinion, not inferior to the Edge which we came just down from; but the sun being higher, and the wind not blowing so hard, what snow fell upon the hill melted as it fell, and so we saw our way plainer, and master'd the hill, though with some labour, yet not any terror or apprehensions of losing our way, falling down precipices, and the like.

But our case was still this; that as soon as we were at the top of every hill, we had it to come down again on the other side; and as soon as we were down we had another to mount, and that immediately; for I do not remember that there was one bottom that had any considerable breadth of plain ground in it, but always a brook in the valley running from those gulls and deeps between the hills, with this remark, that they always cross'd our way in the bottoms from the right-hand to the left, the reason of which you shall see presently.

From Blackstone Edge to Hallifax is eight miles, and all the way, except from Sorby to Hallifax, is thus up hill and down; so that, I suppose, we mounted to the

clouds and descended to the water level about eight times, in that little part of the journey.

But now I must observe to you, that after having pass'd the second hill, and come down into the valley again, and so still the nearer we came to Hallifax, we found the houses thicker, and the villages greater in every bottom; and not only so, but the sides of the hills, which were very steep every way, were spread with houses, and that very thick; for the land being divided into small enclosures, that is to say, from two acres to six or seven acres each, seldom more; every three or four pieces of land had a house belonging to it.

Then it was I began to perceive the reason and nature of the thing, and found that this division of the land into small pieces, and scattering of the dwellings, was occasioned by, and done for the convenience of the business which the people were generally employ'd in, and that, as I said before, though we saw no people stirring without doors, yet they were all full within; for, in short, this whole country, however mountainous, and that no sooner we were down one hill but we mounted another, is yet infinitely full of people; those people all full of business; not a beggar, not an idle person to be seen, except here and there an alms-house, where people antient, decrepid, and past labour, might perhaps be found; for it is observable, that the people here, however laborious, generally live to a great age, a certain testimony to the goodness and wholesomness of the country, which is, without doubt, as healthy as any part of England; nor is the health of the people lessen'd, but help'd and establish'd by their being constantly employ'd, and, as we call it, their working hard; so that they find a double advantage by their being always in business.

This business is the clothing trade, for the convenience of which the houses are thus scattered and spread upon the sides of the hills, as above, even from the bottom to the top; the reason is this; such has been the bounty of nature to this otherwise frightful country, that two things essential to the business, as well as to the ease of the people are found here, and that in a situation which I never saw the like of in any part of England; and, I believe, the like is not to be seen so contrived in any part of the world; I mean coals and running water upon the tops of the highest hills: This seems to have been directed by the wise hand of Providence for the very purpose which is now served by it, namely, the manufactures, which otherwise could not be carried on; neither indeed could one fifth part of the inhabitants be supported without them, for the land could not maintain them. After we had mounted the third hill, we found the country, in short, one continued village, tho' mountainous every way, as before; hardly a house standing out of a speaking distance from another, and (which soon told us their business) the day clearing up, and the sun shining, we could see that almost

at every house there was a tenter, and almost on every tenter a piece of cloth, or kersie, or shalloon, for they are the three articles of that country's labour; from which the sun glancing, and, as I may say, shining (the white reflecting its rays) to us, I thought it was the most agreeable sight that I ever saw, for the hills, as I say, rising and falling so thick, and the vallies opening sometimes one way, sometimes another, so that sometimes we could see two or three miles this way, sometimes as far another; sometimes like the streets near St. Giles's, called the Seven Dials; we could see through the glades almost every way round us, yet look which way we would, high to the tops, and low to the bottoms, it was all the same; innumerable houses and tenters, and a white piece upon every tenter.

But to return to the reason of dispersing the houses, as above; I found, as our road pass'd among them, for indeed no road could do otherwise, wherever we pass'd any house we found a little rill or gutter of running water, if the house was above the road, it came from it, and cross'd the way to run to another; if the house was below us, it cross'd us from some other distant house above it, and at every considerable house was a manufactury or work-house, and as they could not do their business without water, the little streams were so parted and guided by gutters or pipes, and by turning and dividing the streams, that none of those houses were without a river, if I may call it so, running into and through their work-houses.

Again, as the dying-houses, scouring-shops and places where they used this water, emitted the water again, ting'd with the drugs of the dying fat, and with the oil, the soap, the tallow, and other ingredients used by the clothiers in dressing and scouring, &. which then runs away thro' the lands to the next. the grounds are not only universally watered, how dry soever the season, but that water so ting'd and so fatten'd enriches the lands they run through, that 'tis hardly to be imagined how fertile and rich the soil is made by it.

Then, as every clothier must keep a horse, perhaps two, to fetch and carry for the use of his manufacture, (viz.) to fetch home his wooll and his provisions from the market, to carry his yarn to the spinners, his manufacture to the fulling mili, and, when finished, to the market to be sold, and the like; so every manufacturer generally keeps a cow or two, or more, for his family, and this employs the two, or three, or four pieces of enclosed land about his house, for they scarce sow corn enough for their cocks and hens; and this feeding their grounds still adds by the dung of the cattle, to enrich the soil.

But now, to speak of the bounty of nature again, which I but just mentioned; it is to be observed, that these hills are so furnished by nature with springs and mines, that not only on the sides, but even to the very tops, there is scarce a hill but you find, on the highest part of it, a spring of water, and a coal-pit. I doubt not

but there are both springs and coal-pits lower in the hills, ’tis enough to say they are at the top; but, as I say, the hills are so full of springs, so the lower coal-pits may perhaps be too full of water, to work without dreins to carry it off, and the coals in the upper pits being easie to come at, they may chuse to work them, because the horses which fetch the coals, go light up the hill, and come loaden down.

Having thus fire and water at every dwelling, there is no need to enquire why they dwell thus dispers’d upon the highest hills, the convenience of the manufactures requiring it. Among the manufacturers houses are likewise scattered an infinite number of cottages or small dwellings, in which dwell the workmen which are employed, the women and children of whom, are always busy carding, spinning, &. so that no hands being unemploy’d, all can gain their bread, even from the youngest to the antient; hardly any thing above four years old, but its hands are sufficient to it self.

This is the reason also why we saw so few people without doors; but if we knock’d at the door of any of the master manufacturers, we presently saw a house full of lusty fellows, some at the dye-fat, some dressing the cloths, some in the loom, some one thing, some another, all hard at work, and full employed upon the manufacture, and all seeming to have sufficient business.

I should not have dwelt so upon this part, if there was not abundance of things subsequent to it, which will be explained by this one description, and which are needful to be understood by any one that desires a full understanding of the manner how the people of England are employed, and do subsist in these remoter parts where they are so numerous; for this is one of the most populous parts of Britain, London and the adjacent parts excepted.

Having thus described the country, and the employment of the people, I am to tell you, that this part of it which I mentioned, is all belonging to and in the parish of Hallifax, and that brings me on towards the town which I shall speak of presently.

I must only say a word or two of the River Calder, to compleat the description of the country I thus pass’d through. I hinted to you, that all the rills or brooks of water which we cross’d, one at least in every bottom, went away to the left or north side of us as we went forward east: I am to add, that following those little brooks with our eye, we could observe, that at some distance to the left there appeared a larger valley than the rest, into which not only all the brooks which we pass’d emptied themselves, but abundance more from the like hollow deep bottoms, among the hills on the north side of it, which emptied this way south, as those on our side run that way north, so that it was natural to conclude, that in this larger valley the waters of all those brooks joining, there must be some pretty

large stream which received them all, and ran forward east, parallel to the way we were in.

After some time we found that great opening seemed to bend southward towards us, and that probably it would cross our road, or our road would rather cross the valley; and so it was natural to expect we should pass that larger water, either by a bridge or a ford; but we were soon convinced it was not the latter; for the snow, as is said, having poured down a quantity of water, we soon found at the next opening, that there was a considerable river in the larger valley, which, having received all those little brooks, was risen to a little flood; and at the next village we pass'd it over a stately stone bridge of several great arches. This village is called Sorby or Sowreby; and this was the main River Calder, which I mentioned at Wakefield, where it begins to be navigable, and which, without any spring or fountain, to be called the head or source of it, is formed on the declivity of these mountains, meerly by the continued fall of rains and snows, which the said mountains intercepting the clouds, are seldom free from; and this stream receiving the smaller gulls and hollows, I just now mentioned, like a common-shore, carries all away in the channel of a noble river.

This is the beginning of the Calder; and my reason for dwelling upon it, and giving so particular a description, is, because this may, once for all, shew you how all, or most of the great rivers in the north, take their rise, there being hardly any that has their beginning in any publick springs or lakes, as most of the rivers in the south of England have, as the Thames, for example, near Tring in Hertfordshire, the Vandal at Croydon and Cashalton, the Amewell at Ware, and the like.

As the Calder is thus nothing but a collection of water from the fall of these mountains, so was the Derwent, and the Don, from the High Peak, and the hills of the same range more south of the edge, and so is the Aire, the Wharf, the Swale, the Eure, the Nid, the Tees, and the Were, all in the same county of York; and so the Tyne, the Cockett, the Till, and the Tweed, farther north; and even the like of the Forth, the Tay, the Clyde, the Nyd, in Scotland; also the Mersee, the Ribble, the Rocke and the Lune, the West Calder, the Lowther and the Eden, on the other side of these mountains, in Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland. And thus this description will serve for all the rest.

Having thus, I say, accounted for them all at once; I shall only mention them now as they come in my way; for you will observe, I cross'd one or other of them at every considerable town; for all the rivers as well in England as in Scotland, north of this place, run from the middle of the country where these mountains rise, either east into the German, or west into the Irish sea. None of them run like the Severn, or the Wye, or the rivers in South Wales, or the Exe in Devon, or the

Avon in Wilts, or the Arun in Sussex, and others north and south. But I return to the north.

Having passed the Calder at Sorby Bridge, I now began to approach the town of Hallifax; in the description of which, and its dependencies, all my account of the commerce will come in, for take Hallifax, with all its dependencies, it is not to be equalled in England. First, the parish or vicaridge, for it is but a vicaridge; is, if not the largest, certainly the most populous in England; in short, it is a monster, I mean, for a country parish, and a parish so far out of the way of foreign trade, Courts, or sea ports.

The extent of the parish, they tell us, is almost circular, and is about twelve miles in diameter. There are in it twelve or thirteen chapels of ease, besides about sixteen meeting-houses, which they call also chapels, and are so, having bells to call the people, and burying grounds to most of them, or else they bury within them. I think they told me, the Quakers meetings, of which there are several too, are not reckoned into the number. In a word, it is some years ago that a reverend clergyman of the town of Hallifax, told me, they reckoned that they had a hundred thousand communicants in the parish, besides children.

History tells us also, that in Queen Elizabeth's time, when the inhabitants of Hallifax addressed the queen for some privileges, which I do not at present remember the particulars of, it was expressed in the petition as a moving argument, why the queen should take them into her royal care, that they were zealous Protestants, and were so loyal to her majesty, as well as so considerable, that no less than twelve thousand young men went out arm'd from this one parish, and, at her majesty's call, joined her troops to fight the Popish army, then in rebellion under the Earl of Westmorland.

If they were so populous at that time, how much must they be encreased since? and especially since the late Revolution, the trade having been prodigiously encouraged and encreased by the great demand of their kersies for clothing the armies abroad, insomuch that it is the opinion of some that know the town, and its bounds very well, that the number of people in the vicaridge of Hallifax, is encreased one fourth, at least, within the last forty years, that is to say, since the late Revolution. Nor is it improbable at all, for besides the number of houses which are encreased, they have entered upon a new manufacture which was never made in those parts before, at least, not in any quantities, I mean, the manufactures of shalloons, of which they now make, if fame does not bely them, a hundred thousand pieces a year in this parish only, and yet do not make much fewer kersies than they did before.

The trade in kersies also was so great, that I was told by very creditable, honest men, when I was there, men not given to gasconading or boasting, and less to

lying, that there was one dealer in the vicaridge, who traded, by commission, for three-score thousand pounds a year in kersies only, and all that to Holland and Hamburgh.

But not to enter into particulars, it is evident that the trade must be exceeding great, in that it employs such a very great number of people, and that in this one town only; for, as I shall fully describe in my account of other places, this is not what I may call the eldest son of the cloathing trade in this county; the town of Leeds challenges a pre-eminence, and I believe, merits the dignity it claims, besides the towns of Huthersfield, Bradforth, Wakefield, and others.

But I must not leave Hallifax yet, as the vicaridge is thus far extended, and the extent of it so peopled, what must the market be, and where must this vast number of people be supplied? For, (I.) as to corn, I have observed already, they sow little and hardly enough to feed their poultry, if they were to be corn fed; and as to beef and mutton, they feed little or none; and as they are surrounded with large, populous, manufacturing towns on every side, all of them employed as these are, in the cloathing trade, they must then necessarily have their provisions from other parts of the country.

This then is a subsistence to the other part of the country, and so it is for us, the West Riding is thus taken up, and the lands occupied by the manufacture; the consequence is plain, their corn comes up in great quantities out of Lincoln, Nottingham, and the East Riding, their black cattle and horses from the North Riding, their sheep and mutton from the adjacent counties every way, their butter from the East and North Riding, their cheese out of Cheshire and Warwickshire, more black cattle also from Lancashire. And here the breeders and feeders, the farmers and country people find money flowing in plenty from the manufacturers and commerce; so that at Hallifax, Leeds, and the other great manufacturing towns so often mentioned, and adjacent to these, for the two months of September and October, a prodigious quantity of black cattle is sold.

This demand for beef is occasioned thus; the usage of the people is to buy in at that season beef sufficient for the whole year, which they kill and salt, and hang up in the smoke to dry. This way of curing their beef keeps it all the winter, and they eat this smoak’d beef as a very great rarity.

Upon this foot, ’tis ordinary for a clothier that has a large family, to come to Hallifax on a market-day, and buy two or three large bullocks from eight to ten pounds a piece. These he carries home and kills for his store. And this is the reason that the markets at all those times of the year are thronged with black cattle, as Smithfield is on a Friday; whereas all the rest of the year there is little extraordinary sold there.

Thus this one trading, manufacturing part of the country supports all the countries round it, and the numbers of people settle here as bees about a hive.

As for the town of Hallifax it self, there is nothing extraordinary except on a market-day, and then indeed it is a prodigious thing, by reason of the multitude of people who throng thither, as well to sell their manufactures as to buy provisions; and so great is the confluence of people hither, that, except Leeds and Wakefield, nothing in all the north part of England can come near it.

The church is old, but stately and venerable, and has in it many extraordinary monuments, but most of them of great antiquity. Here is a very good hospital, and a work-house of an antient establishment, and there are several charities, of like sort, in other parts of the parish.

But I must not quit Hallifax, till I give you some account of the famous course of justice antiently executed here, to prevent the stealing of cloth. Modern accounts pretend to say, it was for all sorts of felons; but I am well assured, it was first erected purely, or at least principally, for such thieves as were apprehended stealing cloth from the tenters; and it seems very reasonable to think it was so, because of the conditions of the trial. The case was thus:

The erecting the woollen manufacture here was about the year 1480, when King Henry VII. by giving encouragement to foreigners to settle in England, and to set up woollen manufactures, caused an Act to pass prohibiting the exportation of wooll into foreign parts, unwrought, and to encourage foreign manufacturers to come and settle here, of whom several coming over settled the manufactures of cloths in several parts of the kingdom, as they found the people tractable, and as the country best suited them; as the bays at Colchester, the says at Sudbury, the broad-cloth in Wilts, and other counties; so the trade of kersies and narrow cloth fixed at this place, and other adjacent towns.

When this trade began to settle, nothing was more frequent than for young workmen to leave their cloths out all night upon the tenters, and the idle fellows would come in upon them, and tearing them off without notice, steal the cloth. Now as it was absolutely necessary to preserve the trade in its infancy, this severe law was made, giving the power of life and death so far into the hands of the magistrates of Hallifax, as to see the law executed upon them. As this law was particularly pointed against the stealing of cloth, and no other crime, so no others were capable of being punished by it, and the conditions of the law intimate as much; for the power was not given to the magistrates to give sentence, unless in one of these three plain cases:

Hand napping, that is, to be taken in the very fact, or, as the Scots call it in the case of murther, red hand.

Back bearing, that is, when the cloth was found on the person carrying it off.

Tongue confessing, that part needs no farther explanation.

This being the case, if the criminal was taken, he was brought before the magistrates of the town, who at that time were only a baily and the eoaldermen, how many we do not read, and these were to judge, and sentence, and execute the offender, or clear him, within so many days; I think it was three market days if the offence was committed out of the vicaridge, but within the bounds of the forest then there were frith borges also to judge of the fact, who were to be summoned of the forest holders, as they are called, who were to hold of that frith, that is, of the forest; but those were to be good and sober men, and by the magistrates of the town to be approved as such; if those acquitted him of the fact he was immediately discharged; if those censured him, no body could reprieve him but the town. The country people were, it seems, so terrified at the severity of this proceeding, that hence came that proverbial saying, which was used all over Yorkshire, (viz.)

From Hell, Hull, and Hallifax, Good Lord, deliver us.

How Hull came to be included in this petition, I do not find; for they had no such law there, as I read of.

The manner of execution was very remarkable; the engine indeed is carried away, but the scaffold on which it stood is there to this time, and may continue many ages; being not a frame of wood, but a square building of stone, with stone steps to go up, and the engine it self was made in the following manner.

They tell us of a custom which prevailed here, in the case of a criminal being to be executed, (viz.) that if after his head was laid down, and the signal given to pull out the pin, he could be so nimble as to snatch out his head between the pulling out the pin and the falling down of the ax, and could get up upon his feet, jump off of the scaffold, run down a hill that lies just before it, and get through the river before the executioner could overtake him, and seize upon him, he was to escape; and though the executioner did take him on the other side the river, he was not to bring him back, at least he was not to be executed.

But as they shewed me the form of the scaffold, and the weight of the ax, it was, in my opinion, next to impossible, any man should be so quick-eyed as to see the pulling out the pin, and so quick with his head, as to snatch it out; yet they tell a story of one fellow that did it, and was so bold after he had jumpt off of the scaffold, and was running down the hill, with the executioner at his heels, to turn about and call to the people to give him his hat; that having afterwards jumpt into the river, which is but a little one, and not deep, he stopt, intending to drown the hangman, if he had come up to him; at which the poor fellow stopt too, and was afraid to go into the water to seize him. But this story is said to be too long ago to have any vouchers, though the people indeed all receive it for truth.

The force of this engine is so strong, the head of the ax being loaded with a weight of lead to make it fall heavy, and the execution is so sure, that it takes away all possibility of its failing to cut off the head; and to this purpose, the Hallifax people tell you another story of a country woman, who was riding by upon her doffers or hampers to Hallifax Market, for the execution was always on a market day (the third after the fact) and passing just as the ax was let fall upon the neck of the criminal, it chopt it thro' with such force, that the head jumpt off into one of her hampers, and that the woman not perceiving it, she carry'd it away to the market.

All the use I shall make of this unlikely story, is this, that it seems executions were so frequent, that it was not thought a sight worth the peoples running out to see; that the woman should ride along so close to the scaffold, and that she should go on, and not so much as stop to see the ax fall, or take any notice of it. But those difficulties seem to be much better solved, by saying, that 'tis as reasonable to think the whole tale is a little Yorkshire, which, I suppose, you will understand well enough.

This engine was removed, as we are told, in the year 1620, during the reign of King James the First, and the usage and custom of prosecution abolished, and criminals or felons left to the ordinary course of justice, as it is still; and yet they do not find the stealing cloth from the tenters is so frequent now as it was in those times.

But the manner of execution is preserv'd; for in the reign of the same prince, the Earl Morton, Regent or Prime Minister of Scotland, under King James, passing thro' Hallifax, and seeing one of their executions, was so pleased with the performance, that he caused a model to be taken and carried into Scotland, where it is preserved and constantly made use of for executions to this day. But one thing must not be forgotten in this part of the story, namely, that his lordship's own head was the first that was cut off with it; and it being many years before that happened, the engine was called the Maiden, as not having so long handsell'd, and still retains the name, tho' it has cut off many a head since that.

We quitted Hallifax not without some astonishment at its situation, being so surrounded with hills, and those so high, as (except the entrance by the west) makes the coming in and going out of it exceeding troublesome, and indeed for carriages hardly practicable, and particularly the hill which they go up to come out of the town eastwards towards Leeds, and which the country people call Hallifax Bank, is so steep, so rugged, and sometimes too so slippery, that, to a town of so much business as this is, 'tis exceeding troublesome and dangerous.

From Hallifax it is twelve miles to Leeds north east, and about as many to Wakefield; due east, or a little southerly, between Hallifax and Leeds, is a little

town called Burstall. Here the kersey and shalloon trade being, as it were, confined to Hallifax, and the towns already named, of Huthersfield and Bradforth, they begin to make broad cloth; I call it broad, in distinction from kersies and druggets, and such things, though the cloths in this country are called narrow, when they are spoken of in London, and compared with the broad cloths made in Wilts, Gloucester, Somerset and Devonshire, of which I have spoken in former letters.

This town is famed for dying, and they make a sort of cloths here in imitation of the Gloucester white cloths, bought for the Dutch and the Turkey trades; and though their cloths here may not be as fine, they told us their colours are as good. But that is not my business to dispute, the west country clothiers deny it; and so I leave it as I find it.

From hence to Leeds, and every way to the right hand and the left, the country appears busy, diligent, and even in a hurry of work, they are not scattered and dispersed as in the vicaridge of Hallifax, where the houses stand one by one; but in villages, those villages large, full of houses, and those houses thronged with people, for the whole country is infinitely populous.

A noble scene of industry and application is spread before you here, and which, joined to the market at Leeds, where it chiefly centers, is such a surprising thing, that they who have pretended to give an account of Yorkshire, and have left this out, must betray an ignorance not to be accounted for, or excused; 'tis what is well worth the curiosity of a stranger to go on purpose to see; and many travellers and gentlemen have come over from Hamburgh, nay, even from Leipsick in Saxony, on purpose to see it.

And this brought me from the villages where this manufacture is wrought, to the market where it is sold, which is at Leeds.

Leeds is a large, wealthy and populous town, it stands on the north bank of the River Aire, or rather on both sides the river, for there is a large suburb or part of the town on the south side of the river, and the whole is joined by a stately and prodigiously strong stone bridge, so large, and so wide, that formerly the cloth market was kept in neither part of the town, but on the very bridge it self; and therefore the refreshment given the clothiers by the inn-keepers, of which I shall speak presently is called the Brigg-shot to this day.

The encrease of the manufacturers and of the trade, soon made the market too great to be confined to the brigg or bridge, and it is now kept in the High-street, beginning from the bridge, and running up north almost to the market-house, where the ordinary market for provisions begins, which also is the greatest of its kind in all the north of England, except Hallifax, of which I have spoken already, nay, the people at Leeds will not allow me to except Hallifax, but say, that theirs

is the greatest market, and that not the greatest plenty only, but the best of all kinds of provisions are brought hither.

But this is not the case; it is the cloth market I am now to describe, which is indeed a prodigy of its kind, and is not to be equalled in the world. The market for serges at Exeter is indeed a wonderful thing, and the value sold there is very great; but then the market there is but once a week, here it is twice a week, and the quantity of goods vastly great too.

The market it self is worth describing, tho' no description can come up to the thing it self; however, take a sketch of it with its customs and usages as follows:

The street is a large, broad, fair, and well-built street, beginning, as I have said, at the bridge, and ascending gently to the north.

Early in the morning, there are tressels placed in two rows in the street, sometimes two rows on a side, but always one row at least; then there are boards laid cross those tressels, so that the boards lie like long counters on either side, from one end of the street to the other.

The clothiers come early in the morning with their cloth; and as few clothiers bring more than one piece, the market being so frequent, they go into the inns and publick-houses with it, and there set it down.

At seven a clock in the morning, the clothiers being supposed to be all come by that time, even in the winter, but the hour is varied as the seasons advance (in the summer earlier, in the depth of winter a little later) I take it, at a medium, and as it was when I was there, at six or seven, I say, the market bell rings; it would surprize a stranger to see in how few minutes, without hurry or noise, and not the least disorder, the whole market is fill'd; all the boards upon the tressels are covered with cloth, close to one another as the pieces can lie long ways by one another, and behind every piece of cloth, the clothier standing to sell it.

This indeed is not so difficult, when we consider that the whole quantity is brought into the market as soon as one piece, because as the clothiers stand ready in the inns and shops just behind, and that there is a clothier to every piece, they have no more to do, but, like a regiment drawn up in line, every one takes up his piece, and has about five steps to march to lay it upon the first row of boards, and perhaps ten to the second row; so that upon the market bell ringing, in half a quarter of an hour the whole market is fill'd, the rows of boards cover'd, and the clothiers stand ready.

As soon as the bell has done ringing, the merchants and factors, and buyers of all sorts, come down, and coming along the spaces between the rows of boards, they walk up the rows, and down as their occasions direct. Some of them have their foreign letters of orders, with patterns seal'd on them, in rows, in their hands; and with those they match colours, holding them to the cloths as they think

they agree to; when they see any cloths to their colours, or that suit their occasions, they reach over to the clothier and whisper, and in the fewest words imaginable the price is stated; one asks, the other bids; and ’tis agree, or not agree, in a moment.

The merchants and buyers generally walk down and up twice on each side of the rows, and in little more than an hour all the business is done; in less than half an hour you will perceive the cloths begin to move off, the clothier taking it up upon his shoulder to carry it to the merchant’s house; and by half an hour after eight a clock the market bell rings again; immediately the buyers disappear, the cloth is all sold, or if here and there a piece happens not to be bought, ’tis carried back into the inn, and, in a quarter of an hour, there is not a piece of cloth to be seen in the market.

Thus, you see, ten or twenty thousand pounds value in cloth, and sometimes much more, bought and sold in little more than an hour, and the laws of the market the most strictly observed as ever I saw done in any market in England; for,

Before the market bell rings, no man shews a piece of cloth, nor can the clothiers sell any but in open market. .

After the market bell rings again, no body stays a moment in the market, but carries his cloth back if it be not sold. .

And that which is most admirable is, ’tis all managed with the most profound silence, and you cannot hear a word spoken in the whole market, I mean, by the persons buying and selling; ’tis all done in whisper.

The reason of this silence, is chiefly because the clothiers stand so near to one another; and ’tis always reasonable that one should not know what another does, for that would be discovering their business, and exposing it to one another.

If a merchant has bidden a clothier a price, and he will not take it, he may go after him to his house, and tell him he has considered of it, and is willing to let him have it but they are not to make any new agreement for it, so as to remove the market from the street to the merchant’s house.

By nine a clock the boards are taken down, the tressels are removed, and the street cleared, so that you see no market or goods any more than if there had been nothing to do; and this is done twice a week. By this quick return the clothiers are constantly supplied with money, their workmen are duly paid, and a prodigious sum circulates thro’ the county every week.

If you should ask upon all this, where all these goods, as well here as at Wakefield, and at Hallifax, are vented and disposed of? It would require a long treatise of commerce to enter into that part: But that I may not bring you into the

labyrinth, and not show you the way out, I shall, in three short heads, describe the consumption, for there are three channels by which it goes:

For the home consumption; their goods being, as I may say, every where made use of, for the cloathing the ordinary people, who cannot go to the price of the fine medley cloths made, as I formerly gave you an account, in the western counties of England. There are for this purpose a set of travelling merchants in Leeds, who go all over England with droves of pack horses, and to all the fairs and market towns over the whole island, I think I may say none excepted. Here they supply not the common people by retail, which would denominate them pedlars indeed, but they supply the shops by wholesale or whole pieces; and not only so, but give large credit too, so that they are really travelling merchants, and as such they sell a very great quantity of goods; 'tis ordinary for one of these men to carry a thousand pounds value of cloth with them at a time, and having sold it at the fairs or towns where they go, they send their horses back for as much more, and this very often in a summer, for they chuse to travel in the summer, and perhaps towards the winter time, tho' as little in winter as they can, because of the badness of the roads.

Another sort of buyers are those who buy to send to London; either by commissions from London, or they give commissions to factors and warehouse-keepers in London to sell for them; and these drive also a very great trade: These factors and warehouse-keepers not only supply all the shop-keepers and wholesale men in London, but sell also very great quantities to the merchants, as well for exportation to the English colonies in America, which take off great quantities of those course goods, especially New England, New York, Virginia, &. as also to the Russia merchants, who send an exceeding quantity to Petersburgh, Riga, Dantzic, Narva, and to Sweden and Pomerania.

The third sort of buyers, and who are not less considerable than the other, are truly merchants, that is to say, such as receive commissions from abroad to buy cloth for the merchants chiefly in Hamburgh, and in Holland, and from several other parts; and these are not only many in number, but some of them are very considerable in their dealings, and correspond as far as Nuremberg, Frankfort, Leipsick, and even to Vienna and Ausburgh, in the farthest provinces of Germany.

On account of this trade it was, that some years ago an Act of Parliament was obtained for making the Rivers Aire and Calder navigable; by which a communication by water was opened from Leeds and Wakefield to Hull, and by which means all the woollen manufactures which those merchants now export by commission, as above, is carried by water to Hull, and there shipped for Holland, Bremen, Hamburgh, and the Baltick. And thus you have a brief account, by what

methods this vast manufacture is carried off, and which way they find a vent for it.

There is another trade in this part of the country, which is now become very considerable since the opening the navigation of these rivers, and that is, that from hence they carry coals down from Wakefield (especially) and also from Leeds, at both which they have a very great quantity, and such, as they told me, could never be exhausted. These they carry quite down into the Humber, and then up the Ouse to York, and up the Trent, and other rivers, where there are abundance of large towns, who they supply with coals; with this advantage too, that whereas the Newcastle coals pay four shillings per chaldron duty to the publick; these being only called river borne coal, are exempted, and pay nothing; though, strictly speaking, they are carried on the sea too, for the Humber is properly the sea. But they have been hitherto exempted from the tax, and so they carry on the trade to their very great profit and advantage.

I need not add, that by the same navigation they receive all their heavy goods, as well such as are imported at Hull, as such as come from London, and such as other counties supply, as butter, cheese, lead, iron, salt; all sorts of grocery. as sugars, tobacco, fruit, spice, hops, &. oyl, wine, brandy, spirits, and every sort of heavy or bulky goods.

The town of Leeds is very large, and, as above, there are abundance of wealthy merchants in it. Here are two churches, and two large meeting-houses of Dissenters, and six or seven chapels of ease, besides Dissenters chapels, in the adjacent, depending villages; so that Leeds may not be much inferiour to Hallifax in numbers of people: It is really a surprising thing to see what numbers of people are thronged together in all the villages about these towns, and how busy they all are, being fully employed in this great manufacture.

Before I go forward from hence, I should tell you, that I took a little trip to see the antient town of Pontefract, with that dismal place called the Castle, a place that was really dismal on many accounts, having been a scene of blood in many several ages; for here Henry, the great Earl of Lancaster, who was at the same time lord of the castle, and whose ancestors had beautified and enlarged it exceedingly, and fortified it too, was beheaded, in King Edward the IId's time, with three or four more of the English barons. Here Richard lid, being deposed and imprisoned, was barbarously murthered, and, if history lies not, in a cruel manner; and here Anthony, Earl Rivers, and Sir Richard Gray, the first uncle, and the last brother-in-law to King Edward the Fifth, were beheaded by that tyrant Richard III. Here, in the late wars, a small party of brave fellows took the castle, by surprise, for the king, and having desperately defended it to the last extremity,

and being obliged to yield, five of them attempted to break thro' the besiegers camp, three of whom perished in the attempt.

The town is large and well built, but much smaller than it has been; the castle lies in its ruins, tho' not demolished; within a mile of it is Ferry Bridge, where there is a great stone bridge over the Aire and Calder (then united) and a large stone causeway, above a mile in length, to a town call'd Brotherton, where Queen Margaret, wife of King Edward the First, was delivered of a son, being surprised as she was abroad taking the air, some histories say, a hunting; but, I must confess, it seems not very probable, that queens big with child, and within a few hours of their time, should ride a hunting. Be that as it will, here her majesty was catch'd (as the women call it) and forc'd to take up, and brought forth a son, who was christened Thomas, and sirnamed from the place, De Brotherton; he afterwards was a famous man, and was made Earl of Norfolk, and Earl Marshal of England; which office is hereditary to the title of Norfolk to this day. A little on the south side of this village the road parts, and one way goes on to the right towards Tadcaster, and so to York, of which in its order; the other, being the high-post road for Scotland, goes on to Wetherby, over Bramham Moor, famous for a fight between the Royalists and the fam'd Sir Thomas Fairfax, in which the last was worsted and wounded, but made a retreat, which gain'd him as great reputation as a victory would have done.

Near the road is a noble seat of Benson, Lord Bingly, an antient family, raised to the dignity of a peer in the person of the present Lord Bingly, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the time of the late Queen Anne, and nominated her majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Spain; but the queen dying, that embassy was laid aside. It is a fine, new built, beautiful house, with very curious gardens, tho' not large. Wetherby is a small town, but being a great thoroughfare to the north, has several good inns, and a very lofty stone bridge over the River Wharfe, which comes down from the hills also, as the rest do.

But I must go back to Pontefract, to take notice, that here again the great Roman highway, which I mentioned at Doncaster, and which is visible from thence in several places on the way to Pontefract, though not in the open road, is apparent again, and from Castleford Bridge, which is another bridge over the united rivers of Aire and Calder, it goes on to Abberforth, a small market town famous for pin-making, and so to Tadcaster and York. But I mention it here on this present occasion, for otherwise these remains of antiquity are not my province in this undertaking; I say, 'tis on this occasion.

1. That in some places this causeway being cut into and broken up, the eminent care of the Romans for making firm causeways for the convenience of carriage, and for the passing of travellers, is to be seen there. The layings of different sorts

of earth, as clay at the bottom, chalk upon that, then gravel upon the chalk, then stones upon the gravel, and then gravel again; and so of other kinds of earth, where the first was not to be had.

2. In some places between this bridge and the town of Abberforth, the causeway having not been used for the ordinary road, it lies as fair and untouch'd, the surface covered with turf, smooth as at its first making, not so much as the mark of a hoof or of a wheel upon it; so that it is to be seen in its full dimensions and heighth, as if it had been made but the same week; whereas 'tis very probable it had stood so fifteen or sixteen hundred years; and I take notice of it here, because I have not seen any thing like it in any other place in England, and because our people, who are now mending the roads almost every where, might take a pattern from it.

As I made this little excursion to see the town of Pontefract from Leeds, you must suppose me now returned thither, and setting out thence northward. I had no sooner pass'd out of the district of Leeds about four or five miles, and pass'd the Wharfe, at a fine stone bridge of eleven arches at a little pretty town call'd Harwood; I say, I was no sooner gotten hither, but it was easie to see we were out of the manufacturing country. Now the black moorish lands, like Black Barnsley, shew'd dismal again and frightful, the towns were thin, and thin of people too; we saw but little enclosed ground, no tenters with the cloths shining upon them, nor people busied within doors, as before; but, as in the Vicaridge, we saw inhabited mountains, here we saw waste and almost uninhabited vales.

In a word, the country look'd as if all the people were transplanted to Leeds and Hallifax, and that here was only a few just left at home to cultivate the land, manage the plough, and raise corn for the rest.

The River Wharfe seemed very small, and the water low, at Harwood Bridge, so that I was surprised to see so fine a bridge over it, and was thinking of the great bridge at Madrid over the Mansanares, of which a Frenchman of quality looking upon it, said to the Spaniards that were about him, That the King of Spain ought either to buy them some water, or they should sell their bridge. But I was afterwards satisfied that was not the case here; for coming another time this way after a heavy rain, I was convinced the bridge was not at all too big, or too long, the water filling up to the very crown of the arches, and some of the arches not to be seen at all.

From the Wharfe we went directly north, over a continued waste of black, ill looking, desolate moors, over which travellers are guided, like race horses, by posts set up for fear of bogs and holes, to a town call'd Ripley, that stands upon another river called the Nud by some, by others the Nyd, smaller than the Wharfe, but furiously rapid, and very dangerous to pass in many places, especially upon

sudden rains. Notwithstanding such lofty, high built bridges as are not to be seen over such small rivers in any other place; and, on this occasion, it may be observed here, once for all, that no part of England, I may say so because I can say I have seen the whole island, a very little excepted, I say, no part can shew such noble, large, lofty, and long stone bridges as this part of England, nor so many of them; nor do I remember to have seen any such thing as a timber bridge in all the northern part of England, no not from the Trent to the Tweed; whereas in the south parts of England there are abundance, as particularly over the great river of Thames at Kingston, Chertsey, Staines, Windsor, Maidenhead, Reading, Henley, Marlow, and other places, and over the River Lea, tho' a navigable river, of thirteen bridges, we see but one built of stone, (viz.) that at Bow.

A little below Ripley, on the same River Nyd, and with a very fine bridge over it also, we saw Knaresborough; known among foreigners by the name of Knaresborough Spaw; in the south of England I have heard it call'd the Yorkshire Spaw. I shall not enter here upon the definition of the word *spaw* , 'tis enough to speak familiarly, that here is a well of physical or mineral waters, or, to speak more exactly as one viewing the country, here are at the town, and in the adjacent lands, no less than four spaws or mineral waters.

The first thing recommended to me for a wonder, was that four springs, the waters of which are in themselves of so different a quality, should rise in so narrow a compass of ground; but I, who was surfeited with country wonders in my passing the Peak, was not so easily surprized at the wonderful strangeness of this part; and when my landlord at Knaresborough took me short, with a But is it not a strange thing, sir? I answered him with a question, Is it not as strange, sir, said I, that in Derbyshire two springs, one hot, and another cold, should rise within a hand's breadth of one another? Tis certain, that though the eruption of the water may be near, yet the subterranean passages may be as remote as east and west, and the mineral lying in veins may run remote also, so as to take off all the wonder.

2. The springs themselves, and indeed one of them, is nothing extraordinary, namely, that in a little cave a petrifying water drops from the roof of the cavity, which, as they say, turns wood into stone. This indeed I made light of too, because I had already been at Poole's Hole and Castleton in the Peak, and at Harwich.

But now to speak of the other two springs, they are indeed valuable rarities, and not to be equalled in England.

The first is the Sweet Spaw, or a vitriolick water; it was discovered by one Mr. Slingsby, anno 1630. and all physicians acknowledge it to be a very sovereign medicine in several particular distempers. *Vid.* Dr. Leigh's *Nat. Hist. of Lancashire.*

The Stinking Spaw, or, if you will, according to the learned, the Sulphur Well. This water is clear as chrystal, but foetid and nauseous to the smell, so that those who drink it are obliged to hold their noses when they drink; yet it is a valuable medicine also in scorbutic, hypochondriac, and especially in hydropic distempers; as to its curing the gout, I take that, as in other cases, *ad referendum.*

The people formerly, and that for many years, only drank these waters, and used them no otherwise; but are now come into the use of bathing in them as a cold bath, and thus they must necessarily be very good for rheumatic pains, paralitic numbnesses, and many other distempers which afflict mankind.

We were surprised to find a great deal of good company here drinking the waters, and indeed, more than we found afterwards at Scarborough; though this seems to be a most desolate out-of-the-world place, and that men would only retire to it for religious mortifications, and to hate the world, but we found it was quite otherwise.

Those two bridges at Harwood and Ripley are very firm, fine, and, I assure you, very chargeable bridges; and at Rippon there are two stone bridges, whereof one of them has, I think, thirteen arches, or more, over the Eure, and is indeed a very stately and chargeable work. It is true, a bridge over the same river at Burrowbrigg, four mile lower than Rippon, has but four or five arches, but then those arches are near forty foot diameter, and one of the middlemost much more, and high in proportion, and the ends of the bridge continued by high causeways, built of stone, to keep the water in its course; and yet sometimes all is too little.

From the bridges may be observ'd, that however low these waters are in the summer, they are high and furious enough in the winter; and yet the River Aire, tho' its beginning is in the same ridge of mountains as the other, and particularly in the hill called Penigent, which overtops all its neighbours; I say this river is gentle and mild in its stream, when the other are all raging and furious; the only reason I can give for it, which however I think is a very just account, is, that it runs in a thousand windings and turnings more than any other river in those parts; and these reaches and meanders of the river greatly help to check the sharpness of the stream: The next reason is, that after it has descended from the mountains it has a deeper channel; both which, I think, put together, will sufficiently account for the abating the current.

Rippon is a very neat, pleasant, well built town, and has not only an agreeable situation on a rising ground between two rivers, but the market place is the finest and most beautiful square that is to be seen of its kind in England.

In the middle of it stands a curious column of stone, imitating the obelisks of the antients, tho' not so high, but rather like the pillar in the middle of Covent-Garden, or that in Lincoln's Inn, with dials also upon it.

But I must not omit to tell you also, however other pretended travelling writers were pleased not to see it as they went by, that here is a large collegiate church, and tho' it is not a bishoprick but a deanery only, in the diocess of York, yet it is a very handsome, antient and venerable pile of building, and shews it self a great way in the country. Mr. Cambden says, this town of Rippon owes its greatness to religion.

That here was a famous monastery built by Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, and that in the first ages of Christianity, at least in this island, is certain; but this pious gift of the bishop was swallowed up some years after, when the Danes over-running Yorkshire, rifled and burnt it to the ground, as likewise the whole town of Rippon; It afterwards flourished again as a monastery. But those being all given up in the reign of King Henry VIII. the church only was preserved. Mr. Cambden says it was built, which I conceive rather to be form'd into a church, from the ruin of the monastery, by the contribution of the gentry thereabouts.

While it was a monastery, here was a famous sanctuary, a thing however useful in some cases, yet so abused in foreign countries, by making the church a refuge of rogues, thieves and murtherers, that 'tis happy for England it is out of use here. This privilege of sanctuary was, it seems, granted to the church of Rippon by King Athelstan, an. — and with this extraordinary sanction, that whosoever broke the rights of sanctuary of the church of Rippon, and which he extended to a mile on either side the church, should forfeit life and estate; so that, in short, not the church only, but the whole town, and a circle of two miles diameter, was like the Rules of the King's Bench here in Southwark, a refuge for all that fled to it, where they liv'd safe from all manner of molestation, even from the king, or his laws, or any person whatsoever.

Annexed to this monastery was an hospital, the intent and purposes of which are very remarkable, and would be worthy imitation in our days of Protestant charity, when indeed I see nothing come up to it. The house was called the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, where, according to the foundation, were to be maintained two chaplains to perform divine service; and if any begging clergymen, or other needy persons; should happen to travel or stray out of their way, and call at the said hospital, they should be relieved there for one night only, with food and a bed, and to be gone in the morning; and to every poor person that came craving an alms, on St. Mary Magdalen's Day yearly, they should give one loaf, value a half penny, when corn was at the price of five shillings per quarter, and one herring.

Also 'tis recorded, that one branch of this hospital was founded and endowed, and given to a society of religious sisters by a certain Archbishop of York, but the inquisition taken does not find his name, to the intent that they should maintain

one chaplain to perform divine service, and to the farther intent that they should maintain all the lepers born and bred in Hipschire, that should come to it for maintenance; and that they should allow to each of them a garment call'd Rak, and two pair of shoes yearly, with every day a loaf fit for a poor man's sustenance, half a pitcher of beer, a sufficient portion of flesh on flesh days, and three herrings on fish days.

After this, other gifts were added to this foundation; also the sisters were removed, and a brotherhood established in their stead, which continued some time; and after that a mastership; and the maintenance of lepers finding no clients, the country proving healthy, that part was turned into a charity, to be dealt out to the poor on St. Mary Magdalen's Day, as above: At length all was demolished together, and the house, with the monastery, suppress'd, as it now stands, a collegiate church being erected on the room of it: Besides, it seems upon another inquisition, and a jury empanelled to give their verdict, it appeared in the 10th of Edward III. that the revenue of one branch of the hospital had been embezzled and squandered away by the master of the hospital, the charities interrupted, and the poor defrauded.

And so in the visitation of the church, for it seems there were frauds and embezzlements in those days, even of the goods of the church, as well as since. Mr. Dugdale, in his *Monasticon* , gives an account, that William, Archbishop of York, in a visitation of the church of Rippon, anno 1331. found it almost bandoned, notwithstanding much cure of souls depended on it; that there were good revenues belonging to it, but that they were consumed by the absent canons. *N.B.* There was then also non-residence, and the non-residents too devouring the goods of the church.

Upon this, the good archbishop took order for the future, that all the lands, meadows, revenues, and services (I give you the very words of the archbishop's decree upon his visitation) with the tithes of garbs and hay, of Nyd and Grantilaye, with a pension of twenty shillings due from the Vicar of Nyd, and the spiritual jurisdiction, and the profits of the same, should, for the future, be divided among those who should reside at the church of Rippon, and no other.

There were at that time, in this church, nine chanteries, besides two out-chanteries in the parish, the same which we call now chapels of ease; and besides the chantery of the two priests in the hospital, the out-chanteries were one at Hutton Conyers, and one at Clotheram. *N.B.* A chantery is any consecrated place where is an oratory, and a priest allowed to sing mass, and therefore call'd a chantery or singing house.

There were in the church at that time

l.
s.
d.

Three deacons

—

5
10
0
each.

Three subdeacons —

4
10
0

Six choristers

—

3
10
0
And 1*l.* 4*s.* each for their Livery.

Six tribblers

—

2
12
6

The organist

—

0
14
4

The grammar school-

master

—
}
2
0
0

These were noble stipends in those days. How our clergy would serve at this time under such great encouragement, is left to enquiry, especially the organist's salary was notable; from whence I may, I hope without offence, suppose, that he being a layman, might get business in the town, (perhaps he was a dancing-master, or a musick-master, or both) to teach the young ladies of Rippon; and his wife might keep a boarding-school too; and so the grammar school-master might be a writing-master in the town, and the like.

Be that as it will, the church is still standing, tho' the monastery and hospital are suppress'd, and the canons and choir are maintain'd at a much better rate than as above, for they now eat as good beef, and drink as good Yorkshire ale, as their neighbours.

It is an antient building, but firm and strong, the work Gothick, according to the times, and plain; no imagry or statues of any note to be seen about it; there are three homely spires, one on the tower in the middle, and the other two on the angle towers of the west end; they are covered with lead, but not very high or handsome.

But I must not leave Rippon without giving the fam'd tale of St. Wilfrid's Needle. St. Wilfrid was the saint to whom the monastery was dedicated, and this needle was, it seems, for the trial of chastity. There was a dark vault under ground

in one part of the monastery, into which there was an easy passage one way, but a narrow long entry, also dark and uneven to come out of it: If any person's chastity was suspected, it does not say whether it was not for men as well as women, but to be sure it was for the latter, they were put into this vault, and the first entrance being closed, they were at liberty to come out by the other, which was called the needle, or the eye of the needle; if they were chaste and untainted, they came out boldly, and without any difficulty; but if faulty, they were stopp'd, and could not get along in the narrow eye or passage, and, as I think the story says, were left there, unable to get out till they had confess'd their fault. Whether the priests had no craft in this case, to put some secret barrier cross the narrow passage in the dark, so to impose upon the poor girls that were put to the trial, that I am not to enquire too far into: However it was, the priests made a miracle of it; and the poor Yorkshire lasses have, no doubt, good reason to be satisfied that St. Wilfrid has left off shewing those miraculous things at this time. In the churchyard of this minster lies a plain monument or gravestone over the remains of a generous soul, who, in charity, gave two thousand pounds to pious uses; the modest epitaph is, however, very important, as follows:

Hic jacet Zacharias Jopson, cujus Æt. fuit 49. per paucos annos tantum vixit.

To conclude our observations of this church, be pleas'd to take the grant of King Athelstan, mentioned above, of the sanctuary of peace. I suppose all such grants were poetical.

THE CHARTER GRANTED BY KING ATHELSTAN TO ST. WILFRID OF RIPPON

Wyt all that es an es gan,
Yat ik King Adelstan,
As given als frielith as i may,
And to the capital of Seint Wilfrai,
Of my free devotion,
Yak pees ar Rippon
On ylke side the kyrke a mile,
For all ill deedys an ylke agyle,
And within yair kyrke gate.
At ye stan yat Grithstole hate
Within ye kyrke dore, and ye quare,
Yair have pees for less and mare;
Ilkan of yis stedes sal have pees,
Of frod mortel and ill deeds.
Yet yair don is tol and tem,
With iren and with water deme;

And yat ye lond of Seint Wilfrai,
Of alkyn geld fre sal be ay;
Ut na man at langs me to,
In yair herps ac sal have to do.
And for ik wil at yai be save,
I wil, at yai alkyn freedom hav;
And in all thynges be als free
As hert may thynk, or eygh may see:
At ye power of a kynge
Marts make free any thynge.
And my seal have sat yerto,
For I will yat no man it undo.

If you will have this grant speak more modern English, take it thus:

Know all men that are or are to be,[1]
That I, King Athelstan,
Has given as freely as I am able,
To the body politick[2] of St. Wilfrid,
Of my meer bounty[3] and good-will,
Their peace who are at Rippon,[4]
For a mile on every side of the church,
For all ill deeds, and every guile,[5]
And also within the churchyard gate.[6]
He that shall stand and do pennance
Within the church door, or in the quire,
Shall be protected, let it be less or more[7];
All his goods and chattels shall have peace,[8]
Tho' guilty of mortal feud[9], or any ill deeds.
That I give them also freedom from toll
By land or by water, for themselves, horses and carts;
And that all the lands of the monastery of St. Wilfrid,
Shall be for ever free from all taxes;
So that no man that belongs to me[10]
Shall have any thing to do with their purse.[11]
And because 'tis my pleasure they shall be safe,
I will, that they every freedom have,
And in all things be as free
As heart can wish, or eye can see:
So as the power of a king
Can make free to any thing.

And my seal I have set hereto,
Because no man shall it undo.[12]

A mile from this town, or less, is a stately beautiful seat, built a few years since by Sir Edward Blacket; the park is extended to the bank of the River Eure, and is sometimes in part laid under water by the river, the water of which, they say, coming down from the western mountains, thro' a marly, loamy soil, fructifies the earth, as the River Nile does the Egyptian fields about Grand Cairo, tho' by their leave not quite so much.

As Sir Edward spared no cost in the building, and Sir Christopher Wren laid out the design, as well as chose the ground for him, you may believe me the better, when I add, that nothing can either add to the contrivance or the situation; the building is of brick, the avenues, now the trees are grown, are very fine, and the gardens not only well laid out, but well planted, and as well kept; the statues are neat, the parterre beautiful; but, as they want fine gravel, the walks cannot shew themselves, as in this southern part of England they would. The house has a fine prospect over the country, almost to York, with the river in view most of the way; and it makes it self a very noble appearance to the great north road, which lies within two miles of it, at Burrow-bridge.

As you now begin to come into the North Riding, for the Eure parts the West Riding from it, so you are come into the place noted in the north of England for the best and largest oxen, and the finest galloping horses, I mean swift horses, horses bred, as we call it, for the light saddle, that is to say, for the race, the chace, for running or hunting. Sir Edward was a grazier, and took such delight in the breeding and feeding large siz'd black cattle, that he had two or three times an ox out of his park led about the country for a sight, and shewed as far as Newcastle, and even to Scotland, for the biggest bullock in England; nor was he very often, if ever, over-match'd.

From this town of Rippon, the north road and the Roman highway also, mentioned before, which comes from Castleford Bridge, parting at Abberforth, leads away to a town call'd Bedal, and, in a strait line (leaving Richmond about two miles on the west) call'd Leeming Lane, goes on to Piersbridge on the River Tees, which is the farthest boundary of the county of York.

But before I go forward I should mention Burrow Bridge, which is but three miles below Rippon, upon the same River Eure, and which I must take in my way, that I may not be obliged to go farther out of the way, on the next journey.

There is something very singular at this town, and which is not to be found in any other part of England or Scotland, namely, two borough towns in one parish, and each sending two members to Parliament, that is, Borough Brigg and Aldborough.

Borough Brigg, or Bridge, seems to be the modern town risen up out of Aldborough, the very names importing as much, (viz.) that Burrough at the Bridge, and the Old Borough that was before; and this construction I pretend to justify from all the antiquaries of our age, or the last, who place on the side of Aldborough or Old Borough, an antient city and Roman colony, call'd *Isurium Brigantum* ; the arguments brought to prove the city stood here, where yet at present nothing of a city is to be seen, no not so much as the ruines, especially not above ground, are out of my way for the present; only the digging up coins, urns, vaults, pavements, and the like, may be mentioned, because some of them are very eminent and remarkable ones, of which an account is to be seen at large in Mr. Cambden, and his continuator, to whom I refer. That this Old Burrough is the remain of that city, is then out of doubt, and that the Burrough at the Bridge, is since grown up, and perhaps principally by the confluence of travellers, to pass the great bridge over the Eure there; this seems too out of question by the import of the word. How either of them came to the privilege of sending members to Parliament, whether by charter and incorporation, or meer prescription, that is to say, a claim of age, which we call time out of mind, that remains for the Parliament to be satisfied in. Certain it is, that the youngest of the two, that is, Burrow Bridge, is very old; for here, in the barons wars, was a battle, and on this bridge the great Bohun, Earl of Hereford, was killed by a soldier, who lay concealed under the bridge, and wounded him, by thrusting a spear or pike into his body, as he pass'd the bridge. From whence Mr. Cambden very gravely judges, that it was not a stone bridge as is now, but a bridge of timber, a thing any man might judge without being challenged for a wizard.

I had not the curiosity so much as to go to see the four great stones in the fields on the left-hand, as you go through Burrow Bridge, which the country people, because they wonder how they could come there, will have be brought by the devil, and call them the Devil's Bolts. Mr. Cambden describes them, and they are no more than are frequent; and I have been obliged to speak of such so often, that I need say no more, but refer to other authors to describe the Romans way of setting up trophies for victory, or the dead, or places of sacrifices to their gods, and which soever it may be, the matter is the same.

From the Eure entring the North Riding, and keeping the Roman causeway, as mentioned before, one part of which went by this Isurium Brigantum from York, we come to Bedall, all the way from Hutton, or thereabout, this Roman way is plain to be seen, and is called now Leeming Lane, from Leeming Chapel, a village which it goes through.

I met with nothing at or about Bedall, that comes within the compass of my enquiry but this, that not this town only, but even all this country, is full of

jockeys, that is to say, dealers in horses, and breeders of horses, and the breeds of their horses in this and the next country are so well known, that tho' they do not preserve the pedigree of their horses for a succession of ages, as they say they do in Arabia and in Barbary, yet they christen their stallions here, and know them, and will advance the price of a horse according to the reputation of the horse he came of.

They do indeed breed very fine horses here, and perhaps some of the best in the world, for let foreigners boast what they will of barbs and Turkish horses, and, as we know five hundred pounds has been given for a horse brought out of Turkey, and of the Spanish jennets from Cordova, for which also an extravagant price has been given, I do believe that some of the gallopers of this country, and of the bishoprick of Durham, which joins to it, will outdo for speed and strength the swiftest horse that was ever bred in Turkey, or Barbary, take them all together.

My reason for this opinion is founded upon those words altogether; that is to say, take their strength and their speed together; for example; match the two horses, and bring them to the race post, the barb may beat Yorkshire for a mile course, but Yorkshire shall distance him at the end of four miles; the barb shall beat Yorkshire upon a dry, soft carpet ground, but Yorkshire for a deep country; the reason is plain, the English horses have both the speed and the strength; the barb perhaps shall beat Yorkshire, and carry seven stone and a half; but Yorkshire for a twelve to fourteen stone weight; in a word, Yorkshire shall carry the man, and the barb a feather.

The reason is to be seen in the very make of the horses. The barb, or the jennet, is a fine delicate creature, of a beautiful shape, clean limbs, and a soft coat; but then he is long jointed, weak pastured, and under limb'd: Whereas Yorkshire has as light a body, and stronger limbs, short joints, and well bon'd. This gives him not speed only but strength to hold it; and, I believe, I do not boast in their behalf, without good vouchers, when I say, that English horses, take them one with another, will beat all the world.

As this part of the country is so much employed in horses, the young fellows are naturally grooms, bred up in the stable, and used to lie among the horses; so that you cannot fail of a good servant here, for looking after horses is their particular delight; and this is the reason why, whatever part of England you go to, though the farthest counties west and south, and whatever inn you come at, 'tis two to one but the hostler is a Yorkshire man; for as they are bred among horses, 'tis always the first business they recommend themselves to; and if you ask a Yorkshire man, at his first coming up to get a service, what he can do; his answer is, sir, he can look after your horse, for he handles a curry-comb as naturally as a young scrivener does a pen and ink.

Besides their breeding of horses, they are also good grasiers over this whole country, and have a large, noble breed of oxen, as may be seen at North Allerton fairs, where there are an incredible quantity of them bought eight times every year, and brought southward as far as the fens in Lincolnshire, and the Isle of Ely, where, being but, as it were, half fat before, they are fed up to the grossness of fat which we see in London markets. The market whither these north country cattle are generally brought is to St. Ives, a town between Huntingdon and Cambridge, upon the River Ouse, and where there is a very great number of fat cattle every Monday.

Richmond, which, as I said, is two or three mile wide of the Leeming Lane, is a large market town, and gives name to this part of the country, which is called after it Richmondshire, as another part of it east of this is call'd North Allertonshire. Here you begin to find a manufacture on foot again, and, as before, all was cloathing, and all the people clothiers, here you see all the people, great and small, a knitting; and at Richmond you have a market for woollen or yarn stockings, which they make very coarse and ordinary, and they are sold accordingly; for the smallest siz'd stockings for children are here sold for eighteen pence per dozen, or three half pence a pair, somctimes less.

This trade extends itself also into Westmoreland, or rather comes from Westmoreland, extending itself hither, for at Kendal, Kirkby Stephen, and such other places in this county as border upon Yorkshire; the chief manufacture of yarn stockings is carried on; it is indeed a very considerable manufacture in it self, and of late mightily encreased too, as all the manufactures of England indeed are.

This town of Richmond (Cambden calls it a city) is wall'd, and had a strong castle; but as those things are now all slighted, so really the account of them is of small consequence, and needless; old fortifications being, if fortification was wanted, of very little signification; the River Swale runs under the wall of this castle, and has some unevenness at its bottom, by reason of rocks which intercept its passage, so that it falls like a cataract, but not with so great a noise.

The Swale is a noted river, though not extraordinary large, for giving name to the lands which it runs through for some length, which are called Swale Dale, and to an antient family of that name, one of whom had the vanity, as I have heard, to boast, that his family was so antient as not to receive that name from, but to give name to the river it self. One of the worthless successors of this line, who had brought himself to the dignity of what they call in London, a Fleeter, used to write himself , in his abundant vanity, Sir Solomon Swale, of Swale Hall, in Swale Dale, in the county of Swale in the North Riding of York.

This addition of *dale* , first given here to the low lands about the head of the Swale, is grown up into a custom or usage from all the rivers which rise in those western hills north of this, quite to and into Scotland; for example,

Teesdale for the River Tees.
Wierdale for the Wier, which runs through Durham.
Tine Dale for the Tine, which runs to Newcastle.
Tweedale for the Tweed, which passeth by Berwick.
Clydsdale, Nydsdale, and many others.

Leaving Richmond, we continue through this long Leeming Lane, which holds for about the length of six mile to the bank of Tees, where we pass'd over the River Tees at Piersbridge; the Tees is a most terrible river, so rapid, that they tell us a story of a man who coming to the ferry place in the road to Darlington, and finding the water low began to pull off his hose and shoes to wade thro', the water not being deep enough to reach to his knees, but that while he was going over, the stream swell'd so fast as to carry him away and drown him.

This bridge leads into the bishoprick of Durham, and the road soon after turns into the great post road leading to the city of Durham. I shall dwell no longer upon the particulars found on this side except Barnard Castle, which is about four miles distant from the Tees bank west, and there I may speak of it again; as all the country round here are grooms, as is noted before; so here and hereabouts they have an excellent knack at dressing horses hides into leather, and thinking or making us think it is invulnerable, that is to say, that it will never wear out; in a word, they make the best bridle reins, belts broad or narrow, and all accoutrements for a compleat horse-master, as they do at Rippon for spurs and stirrups.

Barnard's Castle stands on the north side of the Tees, and so is in the bishoprick of Durham. 'Tis an antient town, and pretty well built, but not large; the manufacture of yarn stockings continues thus far, but not much farther; but the jockeys multiply that way; and here we saw some very fine horses indeed; but as they wanted no goodness, so they wanted no price, being valued for the stallion they came of, and the merit of the breed. One very beautiful stone-horse which they here kept, they asked two hundred guineas for; but, as I heard afterwards, tho' they carried him to London, which was no small addition to the charge of him, they sold him for much less money.

The length of the late war, it seems, caused the breeders here to run into a race or kind of horses, differing much from what they were used to raise, that is to say, from fine fleet horses for galloping and hunting, to a larger breed of charging horses, for the use of the general officers, and colonels of horse, aids du camp, and the like, whose service required strong charging horses, and yet if they were

fleet horses too, they had a vast advantage of the enemy; for that if the rider was conquered and forced to fly, there was no overtaking him; and if his enemies fled they could never get away from him. I saw some of this breed, and very noble creatures they were, fit for any business whatever; strong enough for charging, fleet enough for hunting, tempered enough for travelling; and indeed, there is one thing to be said for the horse breeders in this country, their horses are all well broke, perfectly brought to hand, and to be under command, which is a thing absolutely necessary in the army, and in the hunting field also.

I was come now to the extent of the county of York northward. But as I have kept all along to the west side of the county, even from the Peak of Derby hither; and that I have all the East Riding and the eastern part of the North and West Riding to go over, I shall break off here, and conclude my first circuit; and am, with due respect,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.

LETTER IX

SIR, — I began my first circuit at the bank of Trent, namely, at Nottingham Bridge, and keeping the middle of the island, travelled due north into the West Riding of Yorkshire, and to the farthest part of the county to the bank of Tees, as you have seen.

I am now come back, as the French say, *sur mes pas* , to the same bank of the Trent, though lower down, towards the east, and shall gather up some fragments of Nottinghamshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, as I go, and then hasten to the sea side, where we have not cast our eye yet.

Passing Newark Bridge, we went through the lower side of Nottinghamshire, keeping within the River Idle. Here we saw Tuxford in the Clays, that is to say, Tuxford in the Dirt, and a little dirty market town it is, suitable to its name.

Then we saw Rhetford, a pretty little borough town of good trade, situate on the River Idle; the mayor treated us like gentlemen, though himself but a tradesman; he gave us a dish of fish from the River Idle, and another from the Trent, which I only note, to intimate that the salmon of the Trent is very valuable in this country, and is oftentimes brought to London, exceeding large and fine; at Newark they have it very large, and like wise at Nottingham.

From Rhetford, the country on the right or east lies low and marshy, till, by the confluence of the Rivers Trent, Idle, and Don, they are formed into large islands, of which the first is called the Isle of Axholm, where the lands are very rich, and feed great store of cattle: But travelling into those parts being difficult, and sometimes dangerous, especially for strangers, we contented our selves with having the country described to us, as above, and with being assured that there were no towns of note, or any thing to be call’d curious, except that they dig old fir trees out of the ground in the Isle of Axholm, which they tell us have lain there ever since the Deluge; but, as I shall meet with the like more eminently in many other places, I shall content my self with speaking of it once for all, when we come into Lancashire.

There are some few market towns in these low parts between this place and the Humber, though none of great consideration, such as Thorne upon the Don, Snathe upon the Aire, Selby upon the Ouse, and Howdon near the same river; the two last are towns of good trade, the first being seated where the Ouse is navigable for large vessels, has a good share in the shipping of the river, and some merchants live and thrive here; the latter is one of the towns in England, where their annual fairs preserve the name of a mart, the other Lyn, Boston, Ganesborough, Beverley, tho’ of late they begin to lose the word. The fair or mart

held here is very considerable for inland trade, and several wholesale tradesman come to it from London. But I take this town to be more famous for the birth of one of our antient historians, (viz.) Roger of Hovedon or Howdon; Mr. Cambden's continuator is much in the wrong to say this town stands upon the Derwent; whereas it is above three mile east of the Derwent, and no river of any note near it but the Humber.

Having found nothing in this low part of the country but a wonderful conflux of great rivers, all pouring down into the Humber, which receiving the Aire, the Ouse, the Don and the Trent, becomes rather a sea than a river, we left it on the right; and knowing we should necessarily visit its shores again, we turned up into the post road, where, as I said, I left it before near Brotherton, and went on for Tadcaster.

On this road we pass'd over Towton, that famous field where the most cruel and bloody battle was fought between the two Houses of Lancaster and York, in the reign of Edward IV. I call it most cruel and bloody, because the animosity of the parties was so great, that tho' they were countrymen and Englishmen, neighbours, nay, as history says, relations; for here fathers kill'd their sons, and sons their fathers; yet for some time they fought with such obstinacy and such rancour, that, void of all pity and compassion, they gave no quarter, and I call it the most bloody, because 'tis certain no such numbers were ever slain in one battle in England, since the great battle between King Harold and William of Normandy, call'd the Conqueror, at Battle in Sussex; for here, at Towton, fell six and thirty thousand men on both sides, besides the wounded and prisoners (if they took any).

Tradition guided the country people, and they us, to the very spot; but we had only the story in speculation; for there remains no marks, no monument, no remembrance of the action, only that the ploughmen say, that sometimes they plough up arrow-heads and spear-heads, and broken javelins, and helmets, and the like; for we cou'd only give a short sigh to the memory of the dead, and move forward.

Tadcaster has nothing that we could see to testify the antiquity it boasts of, but some old Roman coins, which our landlord the post master shewed us, among which was one of Domitian, the same kind, I believe, with that Mr. Cambden gives an account of, but so very much defaced with age, that we could read but D O, and A V, at a distance. Here is the hospital and school, still remaining, founded by Dr. Oglethorp, Bishop of Carlisle, who, for want of a Protestant archbishop, set the crown on the head of Queen Elizabeth.

Here also we saw plainly the Roman highway, which I have mentioned, as seen at Aberforth; and, as antient writers tell us, of a stately stone bridge here, I

may tell you, here was no bridge at all; but perhaps no writer after me will ever be able to say the like; for the case was this, the antient famous bridge, which, I suppose, had stood several hundred years, being defective, was just pull'd down, and the foundation of a new bridge, was laid, or rather begun to be laid, or was laying; and we were obliged to go over the river in a ferry boat; but coming that way since, I saw the new bridge finished, and very magnificent indeed it is.

Mr. Cambden gives us a little distich of a learned passenger upon this river, and the old bridge, at Tadcaster; I suppose he pass'd it in a dry summer, as the Frenchman did the bridge at Madrid, which I mentioned before.

Nil Tadcaster habes muris vel carmine dignum,
Præter magnifice structum sine flumine pontem.

But I can assure the reader of this account, that altho' I pass'd this place in the middle of summer, we found water enough in the river, so that there was no passing it without a boat.

From Tadcaster it is but twelve miles to York; the country is rich, fruitful and populous, but not like the western parts about Leeds, Wakefield, Hallifax, &. which I described above; it bears good corn, and the city of York being so near, and having the navigation of so many rivers also to carry it to Hull, they never want a good market for it.

The antiquity of York, though it was not the particular enquiry I proposed to make, yet shewed it self so visibly at a distance, that we could not but observe it before we came quite up to the city, I mean the mount and high hills, where the antient castle stood, which, when you come to the city, you scarcely see, at least not so as to judge of its antiquity.

The cathedral, or the minster, as they call it, is a fine building, but not so antient as some of the other churches in the city seem to be: That mount I mentioned above, and which, at a distance, I say was a mark of antiquity, is called the old Bale, which was some ages ago fortified and made very strong; but time has eaten through not the timber and plank only, which they say it was first built with, but even the stones and mortar; for not the least footstep of it remains but the hill.

York is indeed a pleasant and beautiful city, and not at all the less beautiful for the works and lines about it being demolished, and the city, as it may be said, being laid open, for the beauty of peace is seen in the rubbish; the lines and bastions and demolished fortifications, have a reserved secret pleasantness in them from the contemplation of the publick tranquility, that outshines all the beauty of advanced bastions, batteries, cavaliers, and all the hard named works of the engineers about a city.

I shall not entertain you either with a plan of the city, or a draught of its history; I shall only say in general, the first would take up a great deal of time, and the last a great deal of paper; it is enough to tell you, that as it has been always a strong place, so it has been much contended for, been the seat of war, the rendezvous of armies, and of the greatest generals several times.

It boasts of being the seat of some of the Roman emperors, and the station of their forces for the north of Britain, being it self a Roman colony, and the like, all which I leave as I find it; it may be examined critically in Mr. Cambden, and his continuator, where it is learnedly debated. However, this I must not omit, namely, that Severus and Constantius Chlorus, father to Constantine the Great, both kept their Courts here, and both died here. Here Constantine the Great took upon him the purple, and began the first Christian empire in the world; and this is truly and really an honour to the city of York; and this is all I shall say of her antiquity.

But now things infinitely modern, compared to those, are become marks of antiquity; for even the castle of York, built by William the Conqueror, anno 1069. almost eight hundred years since Constantine, is not only become antient and decayed, but even sunk into time, and almost lost and forgotten; fires, sieges, plunderings and devastations, have often been the fate of York; so that one should wonder there should be any thing of a city left.

But ’tis risen again, and all we see now is modern; the bridge is vastly strong, and has one arch which, they tell me, was near 70 foot in diameter; it is, without exception, the greatest in England, some say it’s as large as the Rialto at Venice, though I think not.

The cathedral too is modern; it was begun to be built but in the time of Edward the First, anno 1313. or thereabouts, by one John Roman, who was treasurer for the undertaking; the foundation being laid, and the whole building designed by the charitable benevolence of the gentry, and especially, as a noted antiquary there assured me, by the particular application of two eminent families in the north, namely, the Piercys and Vavasors, as is testified by their arms and portraits cut in the stone work; the first with a piece of timber, and the last with a hew’d stone in their hands; the first having given a large wood, and the latter a quarry of stone, for encouraging the work.

It was building during the lives of three archbishops, all of the Christian name of John, whereof the last, (viz.) John Thoresby, lived to see it finished, and himself consecrated it.

It is a Gothick building, but with all the most modern addenda that order of building can admit; and with much more ornament of a singular kind, than we see any thing of that way of building grac’d with. I see nothing indeed of that kind of structure in England go beyond it, except it be the building we call King Henry

VIIth's Chapel, additional to the abbey church of Westminster, and that is not to be named with this, because it is but a chapel, and that but a small one neither.

The royal chapel at Windsor, and King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, are indeed very gay things, but neither of them can come up to the minster of York on many accounts; also the great tower of the cathedral church at Canterbury is named to match with this at York; but this is but a piece of a large work, the rest of the same building being mean and gross, compared with this at York.

The only deficiency I find at York Minster, is the lowness of the great tower, or its want of a fine spire upon it, which, doubtless, was designed by the builders; he that lately writing a description of this church, and that at Doncaster, placed high fine spires upon them both, took a great deal of pains to tell us he was describing a place where he had never been, and that he took his intelligence grossly upon trust.

As then this church was so compleatly finished, and that so lately that it is not yet four hundred years old, it is the less to be wondered that the work continues so firm and fine, that it is now the beautifullest church of the old building that is in Britain. In a word, the west end is a picture, and so is the building, the outsides of the quire especially, are not to be equall'd.

The choir of the church, and the proper spaces round and behind it, are full of noble and magnificent monuments, too many to enter upon the description of them here, some in marble, and others in the old manner in brass, and the windows are finely painted; but I could find no body learned enough in the designs that could read the histories to us that were delineated there.

The Chapter-House is a beauty indeed, and it has been always esteemed so, witness the Latin verse which is written upon it in letters of gold.

Ur Rosa flos florum, sic est Domus ista Domorum.

But, allowing this to be a little too much of a boast, it must be own'd to be an excellent piece of work, and indeed so is the whole minster; ?or does it want any thing, as I can suppose, but, as I said before, a fine spire upon the tower, such a one as is at Grantham, or at Newark. The dimensions of this church shall conclude my description of it.

Feet.

It is in length, exclusive of the buttresses

524½

Breadth at the east end

-

-

-

105

At the west end

-

-

-

-

109

In the cross

-

-

-

-

-

222

Heighth of the nave of the roof

-

-

99

The lanthorn to the vault

-

-

-

188

To the top leads

-

-

-

-

213

Of the chapter-house to the canopy

-

86½

Breadth of the chapter-house

-

-

58¾

But to return to the city it self; there is abundance of good company here, and abundance of good families live here, for the sake of the good company and cheap living; a man converses here with all the world as effectually as at London; the keeping up assemblies among the younger gentry was first set up here, a thing other writers recommend mightily as the character of a good country, and of a pleasant place; but which I look upon with a different view, and esteem it as a plan laid for the ruin of the nation's morals, and which, in time, threatens us with too much success that way.

However, to do the ladies of Yorkshire justice, I found they did not gain any great share of the just reproach which in some other places has been due to their sex; nor has there been so many young fortunes carried off here by half-pay men, as has been said to be in other towns, of merry fame, westward and southward.

The government of the city is that of a regular corporation, by mayor, aldermen and common-council; the mayor has the honour here, by antient prescription, of being called My Lord; it is a county within its self, and has a jurisdiction extended over a small tract of land on the west suburb, called the Liberty of Ansty, which I could get no uniform account of, one pretending one thing, one another. The city is old but well built; and the clergy, I mean such as serve in, and depend upon the cathedral, have very good houses, or little palaces rather here, adjoining the cymeterie, or churchyard of the minster; the bishop's is indeed called a palace, and is really so; the deanery is a large, convenient and spacious house; and among these dwellings of the clergy is the assembly house. Whence I would infer, the conduct of it is under the better government, or should be so.

No city in England is better furnished with provisions of every kind, nor any so cheap, in proportion to the goodness of things; the river being so navigable, and so near the sea, the merchants here trade directly to what part of the world they will; for ships of any burthen come up within thirty mile of the city, and small craft from sixty to eighty ton, and under, come up to the very city.

With these they carry on a considerable trade; they import their own wines from France and Portugal, and likewise their own deals and timber from Norway; and indeed what they please almost from where they please; they did also bring their own coals from Newcastle and Sunderland, but now have them down the Aire and Calder from Wakefield, and from Leeds, as I have said already.

The publick buildings erected here are very considerable, such as halls for their merchants and trades, a large town-house or guild-hall, and the prison, which is spacious, and takes up all the ground within the walls of the old castle, and, in a building newly erected there, the assizes for the county are kept. The old walls are standing, and the gates and posterns; but the old additional works which were cast

up in the late rebellion, are slighted; so that York is not now defensible as it was then: But things lie so too, that a little time, and many hands, would put those works into their former condition, and make the city able to stand out a small siege. But as the ground seems capable by situation, so an ingenious head, in our company, taking a stricter view of it, told us, he would undertake to make it as strong as Tourney in Flanders, or as Namure, allowing him to add a citadel at that end next the river. But this is a speculation; and 'tis much better that we should have no need of fortified towns than that we should seek out good situations to make them.

While we were at York, we took one day's time to see the fatal field called Marston Moor, where Prince Rupert, a third time, by his excess of valour, and defect of conduct, lost the royal army, and had a victory wrung out of his hands, after he had all the advantage in his own hands that he could desire: Certain it is, that charging at the head of the right wing of horse with that intrepid courage that he always shewed, he bore down all before him in the very beginning of the battle, and not only put the enemies cavalry into confusion, but drove them quite out of the field.

Could he have bridled his temper, and, like an old soldier, or rather an experienced general, have contented himself with the glory of that part, sending but one brigade of his troops on in the pursuit, which had been sufficient to have finished the work, and have kept the enemies from rallying, and then with the rest of his cavalry, wheeled to the left, and fallen in upon the croup of the right wing of the enemies cavalry, he had made a day of it, and gained the most glorious victory of that age; for he had a gallant army. But he followed the chace clear off, and out of the field of battle; and when he began to return, he had the misfortune to see that his left wing of horse was defeated by Fairfax and Cromwell, and to meet his friends flying for their lives; so that he had nothing to do but to fly with them, and leave his infantry, and the Duke, then Marquis of Newcastle's, old veteran soldiers to be cut in pieces by the enemy.

I had one gentleman with me, an old soldier too, who, though he was not in the fight, yet gave us a compleat account of the action from his father's relation, who, he said, had served in it, and who had often shew'd him upon the very post every part of the engagement where every distinct body was drawn up, how far the lines extended, how the infantry were flank'd by the cavalry, and the cavalry by the woods, where the artillery were planted, and which way they pointed; and he accordingly described it in so lively a manner to me, that I thought it was as if I had just now seen the two armies engaging.

His relation of Prince Rupert's ill conduct, put me in mind of the quite different conduct of old General Tilly, who commanded the imperial army at the

great Battle of Leipsick in Germany, against that glorious Prince Gustavus Adolphus.

Upon the first charge, the cavalry of the right wing of Tilly's army, commanded by the Count of Furstemburgh, fell on with such fury, and in such excellent order, being all old troops, and most of them cuirassers, upon the Saxon troops, which had the left of the Swedish army, and made twenty two thousand men, that, in short, they put them into confusion, and drove them upon their infantry of the main battle, so that all went off together except General Arnheim, who commanded the Saxon right wing, and was drawn up next to the Swedes.

The Saxons being thus put into confusion, the Imperialists cried *Victoria, the enemy fly* , and their general officers cry'd out to Tilly to let them follow. No, says Tilly, let 'em go, let 'em go; but let us beat the Swedes too, or we do nothing; and immediately he ordered the cavalry that had performed so well, should face to the left, and charge the rest of the army in flank. But the King of Sweden, who saw the disorder, and was ready at all places to encourage and direct his troops, ordered six thousand Scots, under Sir John Hepburn, who made his line of reserve, to make a front to the left, and face the victorious troops of the Imperialists, while, in the mean time, with a fury not to be resisted, he charg'd, in person, upon the Imperial left wing, and bore down all before him.

Then it appeared that Count Tilly was in the right; for though he had not let his right wing pursue the Saxons, who, notwithstanding being new men, never rallied, yet with his whole army he was not able to beat the rest; but the King of Sweden gained the most glorious victory that ever a Protestant army had till then obtain'd in the world over a Popish. This was 1632.

I came back extremely well pleased with the view of Marston Moor, and the account my friend had given of the battle; 'twas none of our business to concern our passions in the cause, or regret the misfortunes of that day; the thing was over beyond our ken; time had levelled the victors with the vanquished, and the royal family being restored, there was no room to say one thing or other to what was pass'd; so we returned to York the same night.

York, as I have said, is a spacious city, it stands upon a great deal of ground, perhaps more than any city in England out of Middlesex, except Norwich; but then the buildings are not close and throng'd as at Bristol, or as at Durham, nor is York so populous as either Bristol or Norwich. But as York is full of gentry and persons of distinction, so they live at large, and have houses proportioned to their quality; and this makes the city lie so far extended on both sides the river. It is also very magnificent, and, as we say, makes a good figure every way in its appearance, even at a distance; for the cathedral is so noble and so august a pile, that 'tis a glory to all the rest.

There are very neat churches here besides the cathedral, and were not the minster standing, like the Capitol in the middle of the city of Rome, some of these would pass for extraordinary, as the churches of St. Mary's and Allhallows, and the steeples of Christ-Church, St. Mary's, St. Pegs, and Allhallows.

There are also two fine market-houses, with the town-hall upon the bridge, and abundance of other publick edifices, all which together makes this city, as I said, more stately and magnificent, though not more populous and wealthy, than any other city in the king's dominions, London and Dublin excepted. The reason of the difference is evidently for the want of trade.

Here is no trade indeed, except such as depends upon the confluence of the gentry: But the city, as to lodgings, good houses, and plenty of provisions, is able to receive the King, Lords and Commons, with the whole Court, if there was occasion; and once they did entertain King Charles I. with his whole Court, and with the assembly of Peers, besides a vast confluence of the gentry from all parts to the king, and at the same time a great part of his army.

We went out in a double excursion from this city, first to see the Duke of Leeds's house, and then the Earl of Carlisle's, and the Earl of Burlington's in the East Riding; Carlisle House is by far the finest design, but it is not finished, and may not, perhaps, in our time; they say his lordship sometimes observes noblemen should only design, and begin great palaces, and leave posterity to finish them gradually, as their estates will allow them; it is called Castle Howard. The Earl of Burlington's is an old built house, but stands deliciously, and has a noble prospect towards the Humber, as also towards the Woulds.

At Hambledon Down, near this city, are once a year very great races, appointed for the entertainment of the gentry, and they are the more frequented, because the king's plate of a hundred guineas is always run for there once a year; a gift designed to encourage the gentlemen to breed good horses.

Yorkshire is throng'd with curiosities, and two or three constantly attend these races, namely, First, That (as all horse matches do) it brings together abundance of noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, and a proportion of ladies; and, I assure you, the last make a very noble appearance here, and, if I may speak my thoughts without flattery, take the like number where you will, yet, in spite of the pretended reproach of country breeding, the ladies of the north are as handsome and as well dress'd as are to be seen either at the Court or the Ball.

From York we did not jump at once over the whole country, and, like a late author, without taking notice of any thing, come out again sixty or seventy miles off, like an apparition, without being seen by the way. The first thing we did, we took a view of the suburb of York over the river, opposite to the city, and then

entring the East Riding, took our audience *de conge* in form, and so stood over that division towards Hull.

In our road we had a clear view of the Earl of Burlington's noble and magnificent house, mentioned just now, soon after our passing the River Derwent, on a very high rising ground, very advantageously situated.

The River Derwent, contrary to the course of all the rivers in Yorkshire, (as I have observed) runs north and south, rising in that part of the country called Cleveland, and running through, or hard by, several market towns, as Pickering, Pocklington, North Malton, and others, and is, by the course, a good guide to those who would take a view of the whole country.

I observed the middle of this riding or division of Yorkshire is very thin of towns, and consequently of people, being over-spread with Woulds, that is to say, plains and downs, like those of Salisbury; on which they feed great numbers of sheep, and breed also a great many black cattle and horses; especially in the northern part, which runs more mountainous, and makes part of the North Riding of York. But the east and west part is populous and rich, and full of towns, the one lying on the sea coast, and the other upon the River Derwent, as above; the sea coast or west side, is call'd Holderness.

After passing the Derwent we saw little of moment, but keeping under the woulds or hills mentioned above, we came to your old acquaintance John a Beverley, I mean the famous monastery at that town.

It is a large and populous town, though I find no considerable manufacture carried on there. The great collegiate church is the main thing which ever did, and still does, make the town known in the world. The famous story of John of Beverley, is, in short, this: That one John, Archbishop of York, a learned and devout man, out of meer pious zeal for religion, and contempt of the world, quitted or renounced his honours and superiority in the Church, and, laying aside the pall, and the mitre, retired to Beverley, and liv'd here all the rest of his time a recluse.

This story will prompt you to enquire how long ago 'twas, for you know as well as I, and will naturally observe, that very few such bishops are to be found now; it was indeed a long time ago, for it is this very year just five year above a thousand year ago that this happened; for the good man died Anno Dom. 721. you may soon cast up the rest to 1726.

The memory of this extraordinary man has been much honoured; and had they gone no farther, I should have join'd with them most heartily. But as to sainting him, and praying to him, and offering at his shrine, and such things, that we Protestants must ask their leave to have nothing to say to.

However, King Athelstan, after making a vow to him if he got the victory over the Danes, made him his tutelar saint, and gave great gifts and immunities to this place on his account; among the rest, the king granted his peace to it, as was the word in those days; that is to say, made it a sanctuary, as he did much about the same time to the church at Rippon; and I shall here give you the copy of his grant in the old English rhimes, as I did of the other.

As to this privilege of sanctuary, Mr. Cambden gives us the description of a stone chair, with a Latin inscription upon it in capital letters, which he Englishes also.

Here on the I3th of September, anno 1664, upon opening a grave they met with a vault of square free stone fifteen foot long, and two foot broad; within it was a sheet of lead four foot long, and in that the ashes, six beads (whereof three crumbled to dust with a touch; of the three remaining two were supposed to be Cornelian) with three great brass pins, and four large iron nails. Upon the sheet laid a leaden plate, with this inscription:

ANNO AB INCARNATIONE DOMINI MCLXXXVIII. COMBUSTA FUIT ECCLESIA IN MENSE SEPTEMBRI, IN SEQUENTI NOCTE POST FESTUM SANCTI MATHI APOSTOLI. ET IN ANNO MCXCVII. SEXTO IDUS MARTII, PACTA FUIT INQUISITIO RELIQUIARUM BEATI JOHANNIS, IN HOC LOCO, ET INVENTA SUNT HJEC OSSA IN ORIENTALI PARTE SEPULCHRI ET HIC RECONDITA, ET PULVIS CEMENTO MIXTUS IBIDEM INVENTUS EST ET RECONDITUS.

Cross over this there lay a box of lead about seven inches long, six broad, and five high, wherein were several pieces of bones mixed with a little dust, and yielding a sweet smell. All these things were carefully re-interred in the middle alley of the body of the minster, where they were taken up: This circumstance does not by any means agree with what Bishop Godwin has left us about this saint, namely, that he was buried in the church porch; for though what is mentioned in the inscription was only a reinterment upon the inquisition made; yet it looks a little odd they should not lay the relicks in the same place where they found them, unless one should solve it this way, that but part of the church was then standing, and they might lay him there with a design to remove him when it should be rebuilt, but afterwards either neglected or forgot it.

The minster here is a very fair and neat structure; the roof is an arch of stone, in it there are several monuments of the Piercy's, Earls of Northumberland, who have added a little chapel to the choir, in the windows of which are the pictures of several of that family drawn in the glass at the upper end of the choir. On the right side of the altar-place stands the freed stool, mentioned by our author, made of one entire stone, and said to have been removed from Dunbar in Scotland, with a

well of water behind it. At the upper end of the body of the church, next the choir, hangs an antient table with the picture of St. John (from whom the church is named) and of King Athelstan the founder of it, and between them this distich:

Ais free make I thee, As heart can wish, or egh can see.

Hence the inhabitants of Beverley pay no toll or custom in any port or town in England; to which immunity (I suppose) they owe, in great measure, their riches and flourishing condition; for indeed, one is surprised to find so large and handsome a town within six miles of Hull: In the body of the church stands an antient monument, which they call the Virgins Tomb, because two virgin sisters lay buried there who gave the town a piece of land, into which any freeman may put three milch kine from Ladyday to Michaelmas. At the lower end of the body of the church, stands a fair, large font of agat stone.

Near the minster, on the south side of it, is a place nam'd Hall Garth, wherein they keep a court of record, called the Provost's Court. In this may be try'd causes for any sum arising within its liberties; (which are very large, having about a hundred towns and parts of towns in Holderness, and other places of the East Riding belonging to it). It is said to have also a power in criminal matters, though at present that is not used.

But to come to the present condition of the town, it is above a mile in length, being of late much improv'd in its buildings, and has pleasant springs running quite through its streets. It is more especially beautified with two stately churches, and has a free-school that is improved by two fellowships, six scholarships, and three exhibitions in St. John's College, in Cambridge, belonging to it; besides six alms-houses, the largest whereof was built lately by the executors of Michael Warton, Esq; who, by his last will, left one thousand pounds for that use; the mayor and aldermen having sometimes been deceived in their choice, admit none into their alms-houses but such as will give bond to leave their effects to the poor when they die; a good example to other places.

The principal trade of the town is making malt, oatmeal, and tann'd leather; but the poor people mostly support themselves by working bone-lace, which of late has met with particular encouragement, the children being maintain'd at school to learn to read, and to work this sort of lace. The cloathing trade was formerly follow'd in this town, but Leland tells us, that even in his time it was very much decay'd.

They have several fairs, but one more especially remarkable, called the Mart, beginning about nine days before Ascension Day, and kept in a street leading to the Minster Garth, called Londoners Street, for then the Londoners bring down their wares, and furnish the country tradesmen by wholesale.

About a mile from Beverly to the east, in a pasture belonging to the town, is a kind of spaw, though they say it cannot be judg'd by the taste whether or no it comes from any mineral; yet taken inwardly it is a great drier, and wash'd in, dries scorbutick scurf, and all sorts of scabs, and also very much helps the king's evil.

It is easie to conceive how Beverley became a town from this very article, namely, that all the thieves, murtherers, house-breakers and bankrupts, fled hither for protection; and here they obtained safety from the law whatever their crimes might be.

After some time, the town growing bigger and bigger, the church was also enlarged; and though it fell into the king's hands, King Henry VIII. having done by this as he did by others; and the monks of Beverley were suppress'd, yet the town continues a large, populous town; and the River Hull is made navigable to it for the convenience of trade.

I remember, soon after the Revolution, when the late King William hired six thousand Danish auxiliaries to assist him in his wars in Ireland, they landed at Hull, and, marching from thence for West-Chester, in order to embark for Carrickfergus, they came thro' this town, and halted here a few days for refreshment. Here two of their foot soldiers quarrelled and fought a duel, in which one of them was kill'd. The other being taken, was immediately tried and sentenced to a court marshal of their own officers, and by the rules of war, such as were in force among them, was sentenced and put to death, and was then buried in the same grave with the man he had kill'd; and upon their grave is set up a stone with an English inscription thus: Under this stone two Danish soldiers lie.

There are other lines mentioning the story, as above, but I do not remember them, it being some years since I made this observation. But to return to St. John of Beverley, and King Athelstan's merry grant, which I shall make speak English as well as I can; it is as follows:

THE CHARTER OF PRIVILEGES GRANTED BY KING ATHELSTAN TO ST. JOHN OF BEVERLEY, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 925

Yat witen alle yat ever been,
Yat yis Charter heren and seen,
Yat j ye King Adelstan,
Has yaten and given to Seint John
Of Beverlike; yat sai know
Tol and theam, yet wit ye now,
Sok and sake over all yat land
Yat is given into his hand:
On ever ilks kinges gai,

Be it all free yon and ay.
Be it almousend, be all free
Wit ilke man, and ekke wit mee.
Yat will j (be him yat me scop)
Bot till an ercebiscop,
And til ye seven minstre prestes,
Yat serves God ther Saint John restevs
Yat give j God and Saint John,
Her before you ever ilkan,
All my herst corn in eldeel,
To uphold his minstre weel;
Ya four threve (be Heven kinge)
Of ilka plough of Estriding.
    If it swa betid or swa gaas,
Yat ani man her again taas,
Be he baron, be he erle,
Clare, prest, parson, or cherel;
Na, be he na yet ilke gome,
I will forsaye yat he come:
(Yat wit ye weel, (or and or)
Tul Saint John minstre dor.
And yar i will (swa Christ me red)
Yat he bet his misdeed,
Or he be cursed for on on.
Wit at yat ser vis Saint John.
    Yit hit swa betid and swa es,
Yat ye man in mansing es,
J say, you over fourty daghes,
Swilke yan be Saint John laghes,
Yat the Chapitel of Beverlike
Till ye Scirif of Everwike.
Send yair writ son anon,
Yat yis man sed man becan.
Ye the scirif yan say I ye,
Witout en any writ one me,
Sal minen him (swa Christ me red)
And into my prison lede
And hald him, (yat is my will)
Till he bet his misgilt.

If men rise new laghes
In any oyer kinges daghes,
Be yay framed, be yay yemed,
Wit yham of the mynstree demed,
Ye mercy of the misdeed,
Gif j Saint John (swa Crist me red)
Yif man be cald of limes or lif,
Or men challenges land in strife,
Wit my bodlack wit writ of right,
Y will Saint John have ye might,
Yat man yer for nought fight in feeld,
Now yet wit staf no with sheeld;
Bot twelve men will j yat it telle,
Swo sail it be, swo her ibelle.
And he yat him swo werne may
Overcomen be he ever and ay,
Als he in feeld war overcomen.
Ye cravantise of him be nomen,
Yat yat j God, and Saint John;
Her before iow ever ilkon.
If men be founden than I drunkened,
Sterved on Saint John, rike his agmen men.
Without en swike his akkend bailife make ye sight,
Nad oyer coroner have ye might:
Swa milkel freedom give I ye,
Swa hert may think, or eghe see,
Yat have j thought and forbiseen,
Y will yat yar ever been,
Samenyng, and mynstre life.
Last follike witout en strife.
God helpe alie that ilk men
Yat helpes to ye thowen. Amen.

The same in modern English:

Let all men know that e'er have been,
That this Charter have heard and seen;
That I, King Athelstan,
Have taken and given to Saint John
Of Beverley, I say again (or now)
Toll and team, that know ye too,

Sok and sake o’er all that land
That is given into his hand;
As ever as any kings whatever,
It shall be all free then and for ever
As my alms are all free;
Witness every man, and witness me.
I will also (in spite of any that shall hinder me),
That as well an archbishop
As seven ministers of priests orders,
Shall serve God there where Saint John lies;
And that I give to God, and to Saint John,
Here, in all your presence ever one,
All my last crop of corn in Erdale,
To maintain his ministers very well,
And four trave[1] (by the King of Heaven)
Of every plough land in the East Riding.[2]
    If it shall happen, or so fall out,
That any man with-holds it, or takes it away,
Be he lord, or be he earl,
Clerk, priest, parson, or layman;
Nay, be he never so great a person,
I will forbid that he shall touch it:
(That pray observe over and over)
Till St. John’s ministers have their due:
And moreover I will (so Christ hear me)
That he shall pay for the trespass,
Or be he curs’d from son to son;
Know ye this all that serve St. John,
(Witness all you servants of St. John).
    If it should so happen, or so is,
That any man is secured in or fled to a house,
I command, that in forty days,
According to St. John’s laws,
That the Chapter of Beverley
Shall send out his writ with all speed
To the Sheriff of Everwick,
That the man may be apprehended:
And to the sheriff I hereby say,
Without any farther warrant from me,

Shall carry him (so Christ me bless)
Into my prison directly;
And shall keep him there, such is my will,
Till he make satisfaction for the trespass.
If other men make other laws,
In any other king's reign;
Be they made or intended to be made,
Witness those then in trust,
The amends or fines of every such trespass
I give St. John (as Christ me help).
If any man be accused for life or limb,
Or titles of land be disputed at law,
Taken in execution or legal process;
I will, that St. John shall have the decision;
And no man shall combat for any cause whatever
Neither with weapon, or with armour,
But twelve men shall decide the cause,
That so it shall be well and fairly tried;
And he that is cast by their sentence
Shall be so for ever,
As much as if he were overcome in fight:
And the estate shall be called his
As if 'twas given him by Me, God, and St. John,
In presence of you every one.
If any man be found kill'd, or dead with drink,
Or starv'd with hunger, or cold in St. John's bounds,
His next doers shall be told thereof;
Ye shall have no other coroner to judge.
As much freedom give I to you,
As heart can think, or eye can see.
That I have thought or have foreseen;
I will also that there shall always be,
Peaceable and quiet living among ye,
To the last, without any strife.
And God help every man
That gives to you his help. Amen.

From Beverley I came to Hull, distance six miles. If you would expect me to give an account of the city of Hamburgh or Dantzick, or Rotterdam, or any of the second rate cities abroad, which are fam'd for their commecre, the town of Hull

may be a specimen. The place is indeed not so large as those; but, in proportion to the dimensions of it, I believe there is more business done in Hull than in any town of its bigness in Europe; Leverpool indeed of late comes after it apace; but then Leverpool has not the London trade to add to it.

In the late war, the fleets from Hull to London were frequently a hundred sail, sometimes including the other creeks in the Humber, a hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty sail at a time; and to Holland their trade is so considerable, that the Dutch always employ'd two men of war to fetch and carry, that is, to convoy the trade, as they call'd it, to and from Hull, which was as many as they did to London.

In a word, all the trade at Leeds, Wakefield and Hallifax, of which I have spoken so justly and so largely, is transacted here, and the goods are ship'd here by the merchants of Hull; all the lead trade of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, from Bautry Wharf, the butter of the East and North Riding, brought down the Ouse to York: The cheese brought down the Trent from Stafford, Warwick and Cheshire, and the corn from all the counties adjacent, are brought down and shipp'd off here.

Again, they supply all these countries in return with foreign goods of all kinds, for which they trade to all parts of the known world; nor have the merchants of any port in Britain a fairer credit, or fairer character, than the merchants of Hull, as well for the justice of their dealings as the greatness of their substance or funds for trade. They drive a great trade here to Norway, and to the Baltick, and an important trade to Dantzick, Riga, Narva and Petersburgh; from whence they make large returns in iron, copper, hemp, flax, canvas, pot-ashes, Muscovy linnen and yarn, and other things; all which they get vent for in the country to an exceeding quantity. They have also a great importation of wine, linen, oil, fruit, &. trading to Holland, France and Spain; the trade of tobacco and sugars from the West-Indies, they chiefly manage by the way of London. But besides all this, their export of corn, as well to London as to Holland and France, exceeds all of the kind, that is or can be done at any port in England, London excepted.

Their shipping is a great article in which they outdo all the towns and ports on the coast except Yarmouth, only that their shipping consists chiefly in smaller vessels than the coal trade is supplied with, tho' they have a great many large vessels too, which are employed in their foreign trade.

The town is situated at the mouth of the River Hull, where it falls into the Humber, and where the Humber opens into the German Ocean, so that one side of their town lies upon the sea, the other upon the land. This makes the situation naturally very strong; and, were there any occasion, it is capable of being made impregnable, by reason of the low situation of the grounds round it.

King Charles II. on occasion of the frequent Dutch wars in that reign, had once resolved to appoint a station for a squadron of men of war here; with a yard and dock, for building men of war (ships) in the Humber; and, on this occasion, resolved to make the place strong, in proportion to the necessity of those affairs; upon which a large citadel was marked out on the other side the river; but it was never finished.

The greatest imperfection, as to the strength of Hull in case of a war, is, that, lying open to the sea, it is liable to a bombardment; which can only be prevented by being masters at sea, and while we are so, there's no need of fortifications at all; and so there's an end of argument upon that subject.

The town is exceeding close built, and should a fire ever be its fate, it might suffer deeply on that account; 'tis extraordinary populous, even to an inconvenience, having really no room to extend it self by buildings. There are but two churches, but one of them is very large, and there are two or three very large meeting-houses, and a market stored with an infinite plenty of all sorts of provision.

They shew us still in their town-hall the figure of a northern fisherman, supposed to be of Greenland, that is to say, the real Greenland, being the continent of America to the north of those we call the north west passages; not of Spiltbergen, where our ships go a whale fishing, and which is, by mistake, called Greenland. He was taken up at sea in a leather boat, which he sate in, and was covered with skins, which drew together about his waste, so that the boat could not fill, and he could not sink; the creature would never feed nor speak, and so died.

They have a very handsome exchange here, where the merchants meet as at London, and, I assure you, it is wonderfully filled, and that with a confluence of real merchants, and many foreigners, and several from the country; for the navigation of all the great rivers which fall into the Humber centers here, such as the Trent, the Idle, the Don, the Aire and Calder, and the Ouse; and consequently the commerce of all the great towns on those rivers is managed here, from Gainsborough and Nottingham on the Trent, York and Selby on the Ouse, and so of the rest.

There is also a fine free-school, over which is the merchant's hall. But the Trinity-House here is the glory of the town: It is a corporation of itself, made up of a society of merchants: It was begun by voluntary contribution for relief of distressed and aged seamen, and their wives or widows; but was afterwards approved by the government, and incorporated: They have a very good revenue, which encreases every day by charities, and bounties of pious minded people.

They maintain thirty sisters now actually in the house, widows of seamen; they have a government by twelve eider brethren and six assistants; out of the twelve they chuse annually two wardens, but the whole eighteen vote in electing them, and two stewards. These have a power to decide disputes between masters of ships and their crews, in matters relating to the sea affairs only; and with this limitation, that their judgment be not contrary to the laws of the land; and, even in trials at law, in such affairs they are often called to give their opinions.

They have a noble stone bridge here over the River Hull, consisting of fourteen arches. They had once set up a Greenland fishery, and it went on with success for a time; but it decayed in the time when the Dutch wars were so frequent, and the house built by the Greenland merchants is now turned into granaries for corn, and warehouses for other goods.

The old hospital, call'd GOD'S House, stands near it, with a chapel rebuilt since the late war, and the arms of Michael de la Pole, the first founder, set up again; so that the foundation is restored, the building is nobly enlarged, and an entire new hospital built as an addition to the old one. The story of this De la Pole may not be unwelcome, because, though it be a piece of antiquity, 'tis a piece of honour both to the merchants of Hull, and to the town it self. Sir Michael de la Pole was a merchant of Hull, but first at a place called Raven's Rood in Brabant, where, growing rich, he advanced to King Richard II. several thousand pounds in gold for his urgent occasions in his wars; upon which the king invited him to come and live in England, which he did; here the king knighted him, made his son, Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and gave him several lordships in Holderness; and Mr. Cambden observes, he is stiled by the king in those grants, William de la Pole, Dilectus Valectus & Mercator Noster, so that he was called the King's Merchant.

This De la Pole founded a monastery of Carthusians, and an hospital, which, when that was suppress'd, remain'd; and this they call GOD'S House.

Farther east from Hull there is a little pleasant town call'd Headon, handsome, well built, and having a little haven from the sea, which threatens Hull, that it will in time grow up to be a great place, for it indeed increases daily; but I fear for them, that their haven will do nothing considerable for them, unless they can do something very considerable for that.

They tell us at Headon, that the sea encroaches upon the land on all that shore, and that there are many large fields quite eaten up; that several towns were formerly known to be there, which are now lost; from whence they may suppose, that as the sea by encroachment had damnified their harbour, so if it grows upon them a little more they shall stand open to the sea, and so need no harbour at all,

or make a mole, as ’tis called abroad, and have a good road without it. But this is a view something remote.

The Spurn Head, a long promontory thrusting out into the sea, and making the north point of Humber, is a remarkable thing. But I leave that to the description of the sea coasts, which is none of my work; the most that I find remarkable here, is, that there is nothing remarkable upon this side for above thirty miles together; not a port, not a gentleman’s seat, not a town of note; Bridlington or Burlington is the only place, and that is of no note, only for a bay or road for shipping, which is of use to the colliers on this coast to defend them, in case of extremity of weather.

The country people told us a long story here of gipsies whicl visit them often in a surprising manner. We were strangely amused with their discourses at first, forming our ideas from the word, which, in ordinary import with us, signifies a sort of strolling, fortune-telling, hen-roost-robbing, pocket-picking vagabonds, called by that name. But we were soon made to understand the people, as they understood themselves here, namely, that at some certain seasons, for none knows when it will happen, several streams of water gush out of the earth with great violence, spouting up a huge heighth, being really natural *jette d’eaus* or fountains; that they make a great noise, and, joining together, form little rivers, and so hasten to the sea. I had not time to examine into the particulars; and as the irruption was not just then to be seen, we could say little to it: That which was most observable to us, was, that the country people have a notion that whenever those *gipsies* , or, as some call ‘em, *vipseys* , break out, there will certainly ensue either famine or plague. This put me in mind, that the very same thing is said to happen at Smitham Bottom in Surrey, beyond Croydon, and that the water gushing out of the chalky hills about eight miles from Croydon, on the road to Ryegate, fills the whole bottom, and makes a large river running just to the towns end of Croydon; and then turning to the left runs into the river which rises in the town, and runs to Cashalton; and I name it, because the country people here have exactly the same notion, that this water never breaks out but against a famine; and as I am sure it has not now broken out for more than fifty years, it may, for ought I know, be true.

Scarborough next presents it self, a place formerly famous for the strong castle, situate on a rock, as it were hanging over the sea, but now demolish’d, being ruined in the last wars. The town is well built, populous and pleasant, and we found a great deal of good company here drinking the waters, who came not only from all the north of England, but even from Scotland. It is hard to describe the taste of the waters; they are apparently ting’d with a collection of mineral salts, as of vitriol, allom, iron, and perhaps sulphur, and taste evidently of the allom. Here is such a plenty of all sorts of fish, that I have hardly seen the like,

and, in particular, here we saw turbets of three quarters of a hundred weight, and yet their flesh eat exceeding fine when taken new.

To describe the herring, the mackrel, the cod, the whiting, is only to repeat what is said in other places, and what we shall have occasion to repeat more than once, now we begin to go far north.

At the entrance of a little nameless river, scarce indeed worth a name, stands Whitby, which, however, is an excellent harbour, and where they build very good ships for the coal trade, and many of them too, which makes the town rich.

From hence the North Riding holds on to the bank of Tees, the northern bounds of Yorkshire, and where there are two good towns, (viz.) Stockton and Yarum, towns of no great note; but what they obtain by the river and adjacent sea, but are greatly encreased of late years, especially the first, by being the chiefest place in the North Riding of York, or in the county of Cumberland, for the shipping off lead, and butter for London.

I began now to consider the long journey I had to go, and that I must not stop at small matters: We went from Stockton to Durham. North Allerton, a town on the post road, is remarkable for the vast quantity of black cattle sold there, there being a fair once every fortnight for some months, where a prodigious quantity are sold.

I have not concern’d this work at all in the debate among us in England, as to Whig and Tory. But I must observe of this town, that, except a few Quakers, they boasted that they had not one Dissenter here, and yet at the same time not one Tory, which is what, I believe, cannot be said of any other town in Great Britain.

I must now leave Yorkshire, which indeed I might more fully have described, if I had had time; for there are abundance of rarities in nature spoken of in this North Riding, which I had not leisure to enquire into; as the allom mines or pits near Moultgrave or Musgrave, from whence the Lord Musgrave now Duke of Buckinghamshire, has his title, as he has also a great part of his estate from the allom works not far off. Next here are the snake stones, of which nothing can be said but as one observes of them, to see how nature sports her self to amuse us, as if snakes could grow in those stones. Then the glates or gargates, that is, in short jett, a black smooth stone found in Cleveland; also a piece of ground, which, if the wild geese attempt to fly over, they fall down dead. But I cannot dwell any longer here.

Darlington, a post town, has nothing remarkable but dirt, and a high stone bridge over little or no water, the town is eminent for good bleaching of linen, so that I have known cloth brought from Scotland to be bleached here. As to the Hell Kettles, so much talked up for a wonder, which are to be seen as we ride from the Tees to Darlington, I had already seen so little of wonder in such country tales,

that I was not hastily deluded again. 'Tis evident, they are nothing but old coal pits filled with water by the River Tees.

Durham is next, a little compact neatly contriv'd city, surrounded almost with the River Wear, which with the castle standing on an eminence, encloses the city in the middle of it; as the castle does also the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and the fine houses of the clergy, where they live in all the magnificence and splendour imaginable.

I need not tell you, that the Bishop of Durham is a temporal prince, that he keeps a court of equity, and also courts of justice in ordinary causes within himself. The county of Durham, like the country about Rome, is called St. Cuthbert's Patrimony. This church, they tell us, was founded by David, King of Scots; and afterward Zouch, the valiant bishop, fought the Scots army at Nevil's Cross, where the Scots were terribly cut in pieces, and their king taken prisoner.

But what do I dip into antiquity for, here, which I have avoided as much as possible every where else? The church of Durham is eminent for its wealth; the bishoprick is esteemed the best in England; and the prebends and other church livings, in the gift of the bishop, are the richest in England. They told me there, that the bishop had thirteen livings in his gift, from five hundred pounds a year to thirteen hundred pounds a year; and the living of the little town of Sedgfield, a few miles south of the city, is said to be worth twelve hundred pounds a year, beside the small tithes, which maintain a curate, or might do so.

Going to see the church of Durham, they shewed us the old Popish vestments of the clergy before the Reformation, and which, on high days, some of the residents put on still. They are so rich with embroidery and emboss'd work of silver, that indeed it was a kind of a load to stand under them.

The town is well built but old, full of Roman Catholicks, who live peaceably and disturb no body, and no body them; for we being there on a holiday, saw them going as publickly to mass as the Dissenters did on other days to their meeting-house.

From hence we kept the common road to Chester in the Street, an old, dirty, thorowfare town, empty of all remains of the greatness which antiquaries say it once had, when it was a Roman colony. Here is a stone bridge, but instead of riding over it we rode under it, and riding up the stream pass'd under or through one of the arches, not being over the horse hoofs in water; yet, on enquiry, we found, that some times they have use enough for a bridge.

Here we had an account of a melancholy accident, and in it self strange also, which happened in or near Lumley Park, not long before we pass'd through the town. A new coal pit being dug or digging, the workmen workt on in the vein of coals till they came to a cavity, which, as was supposed, had formerly been dug

from some other pit; but be it what it will, as soon as upon the breaking into the hollow part, the pent up air got vent, it blew .up like a mine of a thousand barrels of powder, and; getting vent at the shaft of the pit, burst out with such a terrible noise, as made the very earth tremble for some miles round, and terrify'd the whole country. There were near three-score poor people lost their lives in the pit, and one or two, as we were told, who were at the bottom of the shaft, were blown quite out, though sixty fathom deep, and were found dead upon the ground.

Lumley Castle is just on the side of the road as you pass between Durham and Chester, pleasantly seated in a fine park, and on the bank of the River Were. The park, besides the pleasantness of it, has this much better thing to recommend it, namely, that it is full of excellent veins of the best coal in the country, (for the Lumley coal are known for their goodness at London, as well as there). This, with the navigable river just at hand, by which the coals are carried down to Sunderland to the ships, makes Lumley Park an inexhaustible treasure to the family.

They tell us, that King James the First lodg'd in this castle, at his entrance into England to take possession of the crown, and seeing a fine picture of the antient pedigree of the family, which carried it very far beyond what his majesty thought credible, turn'd this good jest upon it to the Bishop of Durham, who shewed it him, viz. That indeed he did not know that Adam's sirname was Lumley before.

From hence the road to Newcastle gives a view of the in-exhausted store of coals and coal pits, from whence not London only, but all the south part of England is continually supplied; and whereas when we are at London, and see the prodigious fleets of ships which come constantly in with coals for this encreasing city, we are apt to wonder whence they come, and that they do not bring the whole country away; so, on the contrary, when in this country we see the prodigious heaps, I might say mountains, of coals, which are dug up at every pit, and how many of those pits there are; we are filled with equal wonder to consider where the people should live that can consume them.

Newcastle is a spacious, extended, infinitely populous place; 'tis seated upon the River Tyne, which is here a noble, large and deep river, and ships of any reasonable burthen may come safely up to the very town. As the town lies on both sides the river, the parts are join'd by a very strong and stately stone bridge of seven very great arches, rather larger than the arches of London Bridge; and the bridge is built into a street of houses also, as London Bridge is.

The town it self, or liberty, as it is a Corporation, extends but to part of the bridge, where there is a noble gate built all of stone, not much unlike that upon London Bridge, which so lately was a safeguard to the whole bridge, by stopping

a terrible fire which otherwise had endangered burning the whole street of houses on the city side of the bridge, as it did those beyond it.

There is also a very noble building here, called the Exchange: And as the wall of the town runs parallel from it with the river, leaving a spacious piece of ground before it between the water and the wall, that ground, being well wharf'd up, and fac'd with free-stone, makes the longest and largest key for landing and lading goods that is to be seen in England, except that at Yarmouth in Norfolk, and much longer than that at Bristol.

Here is a large hospital built by contribution of the keel men, by way of friendly society, for the maintenance of the poor of their fraternity, and which, had it not met with discouragements from those who ought rather to have assisted so good a work, might have been a noble provision for that numerous and laborious people. The keel men are those who manage the lighters, which they call keels; by which the coals are taken from the steaths or wharfs, and carryed on board the ships, to load them for London.

Here are several large publick buildings also, as particularly a house of state for the mayor of the town (for the time being) to remove to, and dwell in during his year: Also here is a hall for the surgeons, where they meet, where they have two skeletons of humane bodies, one a man and the other a woman, and some other rarities.

The situation of the town to the landward is exceeding unpleasant, and the buildings very close and old, standing on the declivity of two exceeding high hills, which, together with the smoke of the coals, makes it not the pleasantest place in the world to live in; but it is made amends abundantly by the goodness of the river, which runs between the two hills, and which, as I said, bringing ships up to the very keys, and fetching the coals down from the country, makes it a place of very great business. Here are also two articles of trade which are particularly occasioned by the coals, and these are glass-houses and salt pans; the first are at the town it self, the last are at Shields, seven miles below the town; but their coals are brought chiefly from the town. It is a prodigious quantity of coals which those salt works consume; and the fires make such a smoke, that we saw it ascend in clouds over the hills, four miles before we came to Durham, which is at least sixteen miles from the place.

Here I met with a remark which was quite new to me, and will be so, I suppose, to those that hear it. You well know, we receive at London every year a great quantity of salmon pickled or cured, and sent up in the pickle in kits or tubs, which we call Newcastle salmon; now when I came to Newcastle, I expected to see a mighty plenty of salmon there, but was surprized to find, on the contrary, that there was no great quantity, and that a good large fresh salmon was not to be

had under five or six shillings. Upon enquiry I found, that really this salmon, that we call Newcastle salmon, is taken as far off as the Tweed, which is three-score miles, and is brought by land on horses to Shields, where it is cur'd, pickl'd, and sent to London, as above; so that it ought to be called Berwick salmon, not Newcastle.

There are five or six churches in Newcastle, I mean on the town side, being north by Tine, besides meeting-houses, of which, I was told, there are also five or six, (including the Quakers) some of which are throng'd with multitudes of people, the place, as has been said, being exceeding populous. It is not only enriched by the coal trade; but there are also very considerable merchants in it, who carry on foreign trade to divers parts of the world, especially to Holland, Hamburgh, Norway, and the Baltick.

They build ships here to perfection, I mean as to strength, and firmness, and to bear the sea; and as the coal trade occasions a demand for such strong ships, a great many are built here. This gives an addition to the merchants business, in requiring a supply of all sorts of naval stores to fit out those ships.

Here is also a considerable manufacture of hard ware, or wrought iron, lately erected after the manner of Sheffield, which is very helpful for employing the poor, of which this town has always a prodigious number.

West of this town lies the town of Hexham, a pass upon the Tine, famous, or indeed infamous, for having the first blood drawn at it, in the war against their prince by the Scots in King Charles the First's time, and where a strong detachment of English, tho' advantageously posted, were scandalously defeated by the Scots. Whether the commanders were in fault, or the men, I know not, but they gave way to an inferior number of Scots, who gain'd the pass, fought through the river, and killed about four hundred men, the rest basely running away; after which, the town of Newcastle was as easily quitted also, without striking a stroke; the country round this town is vulgarly call'd Hexamshire.

I was tempted greatly here to trace the famous Picts Wall, built by the Romans, or rather rebuilt by them, from hence to Carlisle; of the particulars of which, and the remains of antiquity seen upon it, all our histories are so full; and I did go to several places in the fields thro' which it passed, where I saw the remains of it, some almost lost, some plain to be seen. But antiquity not being my business in this work, I omitted the journey, and went on for the north.

Northumberland is a long coasting county, lying chiefly on the sea to the east, and bounded by the mountains of Stainmore and Cheviot on the west, which are in some places inaccessible in many unpassable. Here is abundant business for an antiquary every place shews you ruin'd castles, Roman altars, inscriptions monuments of battles, of heroes killed, and armies routed, and the like: The towns

of Morpeth, Alnwick, Warkworth, Tickill and many others, shew their old castles, and some of them still in tolerable repair, as Alnwick in particular, and Warkworth; others, as Bambrough, Norham, Chillingham, Horton, Dunstar, Wark, and innumerable more, are sunk in their own ruins, by the meer length of time.

We had Cheviot Hills so plain in view, that we could not but enquire of the good old women every where, whether they had heard of the fight at Chevy Chace: They not only told us they had heard of it, but had all the account of it at their fingers end; and, taking a guide at Wooller to shew us the road, he pointed out distinctly to us the very spot where the engagement was, here, he said Earl Piercy was killed, and there Earl Douglas, here Sir William Withington fought upon his stumps, here the Englishmen that were slain were buried, and there the Scots.

A little way off of this, north, he shewed us the field of battle, called Flodden Field, upon the banks of the Till, where James IV. King of Scotland, desperately fighting, was killed, and his whole army overthrown by the English, under the noble and gallant Earl of Surrey, in the reign of King Henry VIII. upon their perfidiously invading England, while the king was absent on his wars in France.

I must not quit Northumberland without taking notice, that the natives of this country, of the antient original race or families, are distinguished by a shibboleth upon their tongues, namely, a difficulty in pronouncing the letter *r* , which they cannot deliver from their tongues without a hollow jarring in the throat, by which they are plainly known, as a foreigner is, in pronouncing the *th:* This they call the Northumbrian *r* , and the natives value themselves upon that imperfection, because, forsooth, it shews the antiquity of their blood.

From hence lay a road into Scotland, by the town of Kelso, which I after pass'd thro', but at present not willing to omit seeing Berwick upon Tweed, we turn'd to the east, and visited that old frontier, where indeed there is one thing very fine, and that is, the bridge over the Tweed, built by Queen Elizabeth, a noble, stately work, consisting of sixteen arches, and joining, as may be said, the two kingdoms. As for the town it self, it is old, decay'd, and neither populous nor rich; the chief trade I found here was in corn and salmon.

I am now on the borders of Scotland, and must either enter upon it now, and so mix it with other parts of England, or take up short, and call to mind that I have not yet taken the western coast of England in my way, I mean, the three north west counties of Lancaster, Westmoreland and Cumberland.

I cannot but say, that since I entred upon the view of these northern counties, I have many times repented that I so early resolved to decline the delightful view of antiquity, here being so great and so surprizing a variety, and every day more and more discovered; and abundance since the tour which the learned Mr. Cambden

made this way, nay, many since his learned continuator; for as the trophies, the buildings, the religious, as well as military remains, as well of the Britains, as of the Romans, Saxons, and Normans, are but, as we may say, like wounds hastily healed up, the calous spread over them being remov'd, they appear presently; and though the earth, which naturally eats into the strongest stones, metals, or whatever substance, simple or compound, is or can be by art or nature prepared to endure it, has defaced the surface, the figures and inscriptions upon most of these things, yet they are beautiful, even in their decay, and the venerable face of antiquity has some thing so pleasing, so surprizing, so satisfactory in it, especially to those who have with any attention read the histories of pass'd ages, that I know nothing renders travelling more pleasant and more agreeable.

But I have condemn'd my self (unhappily) to silence upon this head, and therefore, resolving however to pay this homage to the dust of gallant men and glorious nations, I say therefore, I must submit and go on; and as I resolve once more to travel through all these northern countries upon this very errand, and to please, nay, satiate my self with a strict search into every thing that is curious in nature and antiquity. I mortify my self now with the more case, in hopes of letting the world see, some time or other, that I have not spent those hours in a vain and barren search, or come back without a sufficient reward to all the labours of a diligent enquirer; but of this by the way, I must, for the present, make this circuit shorter than usual, and leave the description of the other three counties to my next.

I am, &.

LETTER X

SIR,-Having thus finished my account of the east side of the north division of England, I put a stop here, that I may observe the exact course of my travels; for as I do not write you these letters from the observations of one single journey, so I describe things as my journies lead me, having no less than five times travelled through the north of England, and almost every time by a different rout; purposely that I might see every thing that was to be seen, and, if possible, know every thing that is to be known, though not (at least till the last general journey) knowing or resolving upon writing these accounts to you. Now as by my exact observations on all these several traverses of the country, I hope I am not the less able, so I am sure I am much the better furnished, as well to tell you wherein others have ignorantly or superficially represented things, as to give you such other and fuller accounts, as in your own intended travels you will find confirmed, and by which you will be able the better to guide your farther equines.

I entred Lancashire at the remotest western point of that county, having been at West-Chester upon a particular occasion, and from thence ferry'd over from the Cestrian Chersonesus, as I have already call'd it, to Liverpoole. This narrow slip of land, rich, fertile and full of inhabitants, tho' formerly, as authors say, a meer waste and desolate forest, is called Wirall, or by some Wirehall. Here is a ferry over the Mersee, which, at full sea, is more than two miles over. We land on the flat shore on the other side, and are contented to ride through the water for some length, not on horseback but on the shoulders of some honest Lancashire clown, who comes knee deep to the boat side, to truss you up, and then runs away with you, as nimbly as you desire to ride, unless his trot were easier; for I was shaken by him that I had the luck to be carry'd by more than I car'd for, and much worse than a hard trotting horse would have shaken me.

Liverpoole is one of the wonders of Britain, and that more, in my opinion, than any of the wonders of the Peak; the town was, at my first visiting it, about the year 1680, a large, handsome, well built and encreasing or thriving town; at my second visit, anno 1690, it was much bigger than at my first seeing it, and, by the report of the inhabitants, more than twice as big as it was twenty years before that; but, I think, I may safely say at this my third seeing it, for I was surpriz'd at the view, it was more than double what it was at the second; and, I am told, that it still visibly encreases both in wealth, people, business and buildings: What it may grow to in time, I know not.

There are no fortifications either to landward or seaward, the inhabitants resting secure under the protection of the general peace; though when the late

northern insurrection spread down their way, and came to Preston, they could have been glad of walls and gates; and indeed, had the rebel party had time to have advanced to Warrington, seized the pass there, and taken Manchester, as they would certainly have done in three days more, it would have fared but very ill with Liverpoole; who could have made but little resistance against an arm'd and desperate body of men, such as they appeared to be, and by that time would have been: Besides, the invaders would here have found not the sweets of plunder only, but arms, ammunition, powder and lead, all which they extreamly wanted; they would have had ships also to have facilitated a communication with their fellows in Ireland, who would have throng'd over upon the least view of their success, if it had been only in hopes of plunder.

But heaven had Liverpoole in its particular protection, as well as the whole kingdom; the rebels were met with, fought and defeated, before they gat leave to get so far, or to make any offer that way. The story of which, as it does not belong to this work, so it is too recent in memory, to need any account of it here, other than in general.

The town has now an opulent, flourishing and encreasing trade, not rivalling Bristol, in the trade to Virginia, and the English island colonies in America only, but is in a fair way to exceed and eclipse it, by encreasing every way in wealth and shipping. They trade round the whole island, send ships to Norway, to Hamburgh, and to the Baltick, as also to Holland and Flanders; so that, in a word, they are almost become like the Londoners, universal merchants.

The trade of Liverpoole is not my particular province, so I shall be short in that part; it consists not only in merchandizing and correspondencies beyond seas; but as they import almost all kinds of foreign goods, they have consequently a great inland trade, and a great correspondence with Ireland, and with Scotland, for their consumption, exactly as it is with Bristol; and they really divide the trade with Bristol upon very remarkable equalities.

Bristol lies open to the Irish Sea, so does Liverpoole: Bristol trades chiefly to the south and west parts of Ireland; from Dublin in the east, to Galloway west; Liverpoole has all the trade of the east shore and the north from the harbour of Dublin to London Derry.

Bristol has the trade of South Wales; Liverpoole great part of the trade of North Wales; Bristol has the south west counties of England, and some north of it, as high as Bridge North, and perhaps to Shrewsbury; Liverpoole has all the northern counties, and a large consumption of goods in Cheshire and Staffordshire are supplied from Liverpoole. It is some advantage to the growing commerce of this town, that the freemen of it are, in consequence of that freedom, free also of Bristol; and they are free also of the corporations of Waterford and Wexford in the

kingdom of Ireland. Not that these corporation privileges are of any great value to Liverpoole in its foreign trade, but in particular cases it may be some advantage, as in town duties, in admitting them to set up trades in those corporations, and the like.

The people of Liverpoole seem to have a different scene of commerce to act on from the city of Bristol, which to me is a particular advantage to both, namely, that though they may rival one another in their appearances, in their number of shipping, and in several particulars, yet they need not interfere with one another's business, but either of them seem to have room enough to extend their trade, even at home and abroad, without clashing with one another. One has all the north, and the other all the south of Britain to correspond in. As for Wales, 'tis, as it were, divided between them by nature it self. Bristol lies open to South Wales, and into the very heart of it, by the navigation of the Rivers Wye and Lug, and by the many open harbours all the way to Milford Haven and St. David's, and into all the east side of Wales, and the counties of Monmouth, Hereford and Salop, by the Severn; Liverpoole has the same with North Wales, by the water of Dee, the Cluyd, the Conway, Canal of the Mona, and all the rivers in Carnarvon Bay.

Ireland is, as it were, all their own, and shared between them, as above; and for the northern coast of it, if the Liverpoole men have not the whole fishery, or, at least, in company with the merchants of London Derry, the fault is their own. The situation of Liverpoole gives it a very great advantage to improve their commerce, and extend it in the northern inland counties of England, particularly into Cheshire and Staffordshire, by the new navigation of the Rivers Mersee, the Weaver, and the Dane, by the last of which they come so near the Trent with their goods, that they make no difficulty to carry them by land to Burton, and from thence correspond quite through the kingdom, even to Hull; and they begin to be very sensible of the advantage of such a commerce. But I must not dwell here; I might otherwise take up great part of the sheets I have left in describing the commerce of this town, and some of its neighbours.

I return therefore to the description of it as a town; the situation being on the north bank of the river, and with the particular disadvantage of a flat shore. This exposed the merchants to great difficulties in their business; for though the harbour was good, and the ships rode well in the offing, yet they were obliged to ride there as in a road rather than a harbour. Here was no mole or haven to bring in their ships and lay them up, (as the seamen call it) for the winter; nor any key for the delivering their goods, as at Bristol, Biddiford, Newcastle, Hull, and other sea ports: Upon this, the inhabitants and merchants have, of late years, and since the visible encrease of their trade, made a large basin or wet dock, at the east end of the town, where, at an immense charge, the place considered, they have

brought the tide from the Mersee to flow up by an opening that looks to the south, and the ships go in north; so that the town entirely shelters it from the westerly and northerly winds, the hills from the easterly, and the ships lye, as in a mill-pond, with the utmost safety and convenience. As this is so great a benefit to the town, and that the like is not to be seen in any place in England but here, I mean London excepted, it is well worth the observation and imitation of many other trading places in Britain who want such a convenience, and, for want of it, lose their trade.

The new church built on the north side of the town is worth observation. 'Tis a noble, large building, all of stone, well fmish'd; has in it a fine font of marble placed in the body of the church, surrounded with a beautiful iron pallisado; the gift of the late Mr. Heysham, a merchant of London, but considerably concerned in trade on this side, and for many years Member of Parliament for Lancaster. There is a beautiful tower to this church, and a new ring of eight very good bells. The town-house is a fine modern building, standing and upon pillars of free-stone; the place under it is their Tolsey or Exchange, for the meeting of their merchants; but they begin to want room, and talk of enlarging it or removing the Exchange to the other part of the town, where the ships and the merchants business is nearer hand.

In a word, there is no town in England, London excepted, that can equal Liverpoole for the fineness of the streets, and beauty of the buildings; many of the houses are all of free stone, and compleatly finished; and all the rest (of the new part I mean) of brick, as handsomely built as London it self. Mr. Cambden says, it was a neat and populous town in his time; his reverend continuator confirms what I have said thus, that it was more than doubly encreased in buildings and people in twenty eight years, and that the customs were augmented tenfold in the same time; to which I am to add, that they are now much greater, that being written about two and thirty years ago, before the new church, or the wet dock, mentioned above, were made, and we know they have gone on encreasing in trade, buildings and people, to this day. I refer the reader therefore to judge of the probable greatness of it now.

From hence the Mersee opening into the Irish Sea, we could see the great and famous road of Hile Lake, made famous for the shipping off, or rather rendezvous of the army and fleet under King William, for the conquest of Ireland, an. 1689, for here the men of war rode as our ships do in the Downs, till the transports came to them from Chester and this town.

The sea coast affords little remarkable on the west side of this port, till we come farther north; so we left that part of the county, and going east we came to Warrington. This is a large market town upon the River Mersee, over which there

is a stately stone bridge, which is the only bridge of communication for the whole county with the county of Chester; it is on the great road from London leading to Carlisle and Scotland, and, in case of war, has always been esteemed a pass of the utmost importance. It was found to be so upon several extraordinary occasions in the time of the late civil war; and had the rebels advanced thus far in the late Presten affair, so as to have made themselves masters of it, it would have been so again; and, on that account, the king's forces took special care, by a speedy advance to secure it.

Warrington is a large, populous old built town, but rich and full of good country tradesmen. Here is particularly a weekly market for linnen, as I saw at Wrexham in Wales, a market for flannel. The linnen sold at this market, is, generally speaking, a sort of table linnen, called huk-a-back or huk-a-buk; 'tis wail known among the good housewives, so I need not describe it. I was told there are generally as many pieces of this linnen sold here every market day as amounts to five hundred pounds value, sometimes much more, and all made in the neighbourhood of the place.

From hence, on the road to Manchester, we pass'd the great bog or waste call'd Chatmos, the first of that kind that we see in England, from any of the south parts hither. It extends on the left-hand of the road for five or six miles east and west, and they told us it was, in some places, seven or eight miles from north to south. The nature of these mosses, for we found there are many of them in this country; is this, and you will take this for a description of all the rest.

The surface, at a distance, looks black and dirty, and is indeed frightful to think of, for it will bear neither horse or man, unless in an exceeding dry season, and then not so as to be passable, or that any one should travel over them.

The substance of the surface seems to be a collection of the small roots of innumerable vegetables matted together, inter-woven so thick, as well the bigger roots as the smaller fibres, that it makes a substance hard enough to cut out into turf, or rather peat, which, in some places, the people cut out, and piling them up in the sun, dry them for their fewel. The roots I speak of are generally small and soft not unlike the roots of asparagus or of bearbind, they have no earth among them, except what they contract from the air, and dust flying in it, but the rain keeps them, as it were, always growing, though not much encreasing.

In some places the surface of this kind lies thicker, in some not very thick. We saw it in some places eight or nine foot thick, and the water that dreins from it look'd clear, but of a deep brown, like stale beer. What nature meant by such a useless production, 'tis hard to imagine; but the land is entirely waste, except, as above, for the poor cottagers fuel, and the quantity used for that is very small.

Under this moss, or rather in the very body of it, not here only, but in several like places, and perhaps in all of them, those antient fir trees are found, of which so much dispute has been what they are or were, but especially how they should come there. Much mob-learning is sometimes expended upon these questions, which, in my weak judgment, amounts to no more than this; That nature, whose works are all directed by a superior hand, has been guided to produce trees here under ground, as she does in other places above ground; that these live rather than grow, though ’tis manifest they encrease too, otherwise they would not be found of so great a bulk; that as the trees above the surface grow erect and high, these lie prone and horizontal; those shoot forth branches and leaves; these shoot forth no branches or leaves, yet have a vegetation by methods directed by nature, and particularly to that kind; and ’tis remarkable, that as if they lie buried they will grow and encrease, so if you take them up, and plant them in the air, they will wither and die; and why should this be more strange than that a fish will strangle in the air, and a bird drown in the water, or than that every thing lives in its proper element, and will not live, or at least not thrive out of it.

It is observable, that these trees are a kind of fir, and are very full of turpentine. Whether there is any tar in them I am not positive, but I suppose there is. And yet I do not see, that for this reason they should not be a natural ordinary product, as other vegetables are.

If it be enquired, why no kind of trees should grow thus but fir; it may be as well ask’d, why no stone grows in such or such quarries, or countries, but marble, or in others than free stone, nature alone can resolve that part.

As to their being brought hither by the general convulsion of the globe at the deluge, the thought is so mean, and the thing so incongruous, that I think it neither needs or deserves any other notice.

From hence we came on to Manchester, one of the greatest, if not really the greatest meer village in England. It is neither a wall’d town, city, or corporation; they send no members to Parliament; and the highest magistrate they have is a constable or headborough; and yet it has a collegiate church, several parishes, takes up a large space of ground, and, including the suburb, or that part of the town called — over the bridge; it is said to contain above fifty thousand people; and though some people may think this strange, and that I speak by guess, and without judgment, I shall justify my opinion so well, that I believe, it will convince you my calculation is at least very probable, and much under what fame tells us is true.

The Manchester trade we all know; and all that are concerned in it know that it is, as all our other manufactures are, very much encreased within these thirty or forty years especially beyond what it was before; and as the manufacture is

encreased, the people must be encreased of course. It is true, that the encrease of the manufacture may be by its extending itself farther in the country, and so more hands may be employed in the county without any encrease in the town. But I answer that though this is possible, yet as the town and parish of Manchester is the center of the manufacture, the encrease of that manufacture would certainly encrease there first, and then the people there not being sufficient, it might spread itself further.

But the encrease of buildings at Manchester within these few years, is a confirmation of the encrease of people; for that within very few years past, here, as at Liverpoole, and as at Froom in Somersetshire, the town is extended in a surprising manner; abundance, not of new houses only, but of new streets of houses, are added, a new church also, and they talk of another, and a fine new square is at this time building; so that the town is almost double to what it was a few years ago, and more than double to what it was at the time I am to mention.

Now to go back to the last age, the right reverend continuator of Mr. Cambden tells us positively, that sixty years before his writing, and that is now thirty-two years ago, there were computed twenty thousand communicants in Manchester parish, for then the whole town was but one parish. Now if there were twenty thousand communicants, we may be allowed to suppose ten thousand children, from fifteen years old down wards, which is thirty thousand people; and if the town is since more than doubled in buildings, and the trade manifestly encreased, as I believe every one will grant; and also that I take in the suburb or village of — to it, which is another parish, I think my computation of fifty thousand people to be not reasonable only, but much within compass; and some of the antient inhabitants are of the opinion there are above sixty thousand.

If then this calculation is just, as I believe it really is, you have here then an open village, which is greater and more populous than many, nay, than most cities in England, not York, Lincoln, Chester, Salisbury, Winchester, Worcester, Gloucester, no not Norwich it self, can come up to it; and for lesser cities, two or three put together, would not equal it, such as Peterborough, Ely, and Carlisle, or such as Bath, Wells and Litchfield, and the like of some others.

I must not quit Manchester without giving some account of the college there, which has been very famous for learning and learned men, even in our age; and has just now given a bishop to the church in the person of the late master Dr. Peploe, now Lord Bishop of Chester.

The town of Manchester boasts of four extraordinary foundations, viz. a college, an hospital, a free-school, and a library, all very well supported.

The college was the charity of Thomas, Lord Delaware, who being but the cadet of the family, was bred a scholar, and was in orders; afterwards became

rector of the parish, and enjoy'd the same many years, succeeding to that honour by the decease of his eider brother without heirs.

He founded the college anno 1421, after he was come to the honour and estate of his brother. By the foundation it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the two patron saints of France and England, St. Dennis and St. George.

The foundation escaped the general ruin in the time of Henry VIII. but was dissolved in the reign of his successor Edward VI. and the revenues fell to the Crown; but they were restored by Queen Mary, and the house re-established upon the first foundation, though with several additions.

Queen Elizabeth enquiring into the nature of the gift, and having a favourable representation of it as a seminary not of Popery but of learning and true religion, founded it anew, at the same time as she did the great free-school at Shrewsbury. This was anno 1578. and as, I say, she refounded it, so she new christen'd it, gave it the name it still enjoys, of Christ's College in Manchester, and settled its antient revenues as far as they could be recovered; but there had been great dilapidations in the time of the former unsettled governours of it by several former foundations, as follows:

The college was first founded, A.D. 1421, by Thomas de la Ware, at first, rector of the said parish church, and brother to the Lord De la Ware, whom he succeeded in the estate and honour; and then himself founded a college there, consisting of one master or keeper, eight fellows chaplains, four clerks, and six choristers, in honour of St. Mary, (to whom the said parish church was formerly dedicated) St. Dennis of France, and St. George of England.

This foundation was dissolved 1547, in the first year of King Edward VI. the lands and revenues of it taken into the king's hands, and by him demised to the Earl of Derby, and the college-house, and some lands sold to the said earl.

After this, the college was refounded by Queen Mary, who restored most of the lands and revenues, only the college it self, and some of its revenues, remained still in the hands of the Earl of Derby.

It was also founded anew by Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1578. by the name of Christ's College, in Manchester, consisting of one warden, four fellows, two chaplains, four singing men, and four choristers, the number being lessened, because the revenues were so; chiefly by the covetousness and base dealing of Thomas Herle, then warden, and his fellows, who sold away, or made such long leases of the revenues, as could never yet, some of them, be retrieved.

It was last of all refounded by King Charles the First, A.D. 1636, consisting then of one warden, four fellows, two chaplains, four singing-men, and four choristers, and incorporating them, as before, by the name of the Warden and

Fellows of Christ's College in Manchester, the statutes for the same being drawn up by Archbishop Laud.

The hospital was founded by Humphry Cheetham, Esq; and incorporated by King Charles the Second, designed by the said bountiful benefactor for the maintenance of forty poor boys out of the town and parish of Manchester, and some other neighbouring parishes; but since 'tis enlarged to the number of sixty, by the governours of the said hospital, to be taken in between the age of six and ten, and there maintain'd with meat, drink, lodging and cloaths, to the age of fourteen, and then to be bound apprentices to some honest trade or calling, at the charge of the said hospital; for the maintenance of which he endowed it with the yearly revenue of 420*l* . which is since improved by the care and good husbandry of the feoffees or governours, to the yearly sum of 517*l* . 8*s*. 4*d* . they having laid out in the purchase of lands the sum of 1825*l*. which was saved out of the yearly income, over and above the maintenance of the poor children, and others, belonging to the said hospital, wherein there are annually near seventy persons provided for. By the bounty of the said founder, is also erected a very fair and spacious library, already furnished with a competent stock of choice and valuable books, to the number of near four thousand, and daily increasing with the income of no, per annum, settled upon the same by the said worthy benefactor, to buy books for ever, and to afford a competent salary for a library keeper. There is also a large school for the hospital boys, where they are daily instructed, and taught to read and write.

The publick school was founded, A.D. 1519. by Hugh Oldham, D.D. and Bishop of Exeter, who bought the lands on which the school stands, and took the mills there in lease on the Lord De la Ware, for sixty years; afterwards, with the bishop's money, Hugh Benwick, and Joan his sister, purchased of the Lord De la Ware, his land in Ascots, and the mills upon right and left of them in feoffment to the said free-school for ever, which revenues are of late very much encreased by the feoffees of the schools; who, out of the improvements, have as well considerably augmented the masters salaries, as the exhibitions annually allowed to the maintenance of such scholars at the university, as the warden of the college and the high master shall think requisite, and have besides, for some years past, added a third master, for whom they have lately erected a new and convenient school at the end of the other. Besides these publick benefactions and endowments, there have been several other considerable sums of money, and annual revenues, left and bequeathed to the poor of the said town, who are thereby, with the kindness and charity of the present inhabitants, competently provided for, without starving at home, or being forced to seek relief abroad.

As for the antiquity of the place, I have no room to mention it here, though the authors who have mentioned it say much of that part too; nor is it my business, the antiquity of the manufacture indeed is what is of most consideration; and this, though we cannot trace it by history, yet we have reason to believe it began something earlier than the great woollen manufactures in other parts of England, of which I have spoken so often, because the cotton might it self come from the Mediterranean, and be known by correspondents in those countries, when that of wooll was not push'd at, because our neighbours wrought the goods, and though they bought the wool from England, yet we did not want the goods; whereas, without making the cotton goods at home, our people could not have them at all; and that necessity, which is the mother of invention, might put them upon one; whereas having not the same necessity, ignorance and indolence prevented the other.

I am the rather of this opinion too, because Mr. Cambden speaks of this manufacture too, by the name of Manchester Cottons, and that being written in Queen Elizabeth's time, when the woollen manufacture was, though much improved, yet, as we may say, in its infancy, or, at least, not at full age; we may reasonably believe, that cotton was the eider manufacture of the two, and that by some considerable time. This manufacture of Manchester Cottons, as it seems they were then call'd, I suppose is the same that is now call'd fustian or dimity, or that both these are but different kinds of the other.

I cannot doubt but this encreasing town will, some time or other, obtain some better face of government, and be incorporated, as it very well deserves to be.

The River Irwell runs close by this town, and receives the little River Irke just above the town, on the north and north east side. There is a very firm, but antient stone bridge over the Irwell, which is built exceeding high, because this river, though not great, yet coming from the mountainous part of the country, swells sometimes so suddenly, that in one night's time they told me the waters would frequently rise four or five yards, and the next day fall as hastily as they rose.

The author of the *Geographical Dictionary* places this town upon the bank of the River Spolden, which Mr. Cambden's continuator, mentioned so often, takes notice of as a mistake, and so it is; but I suppose 'twas occasioned by this: There is a river named Spodden, not Spolden, which rising under Blackstone Edge, runs into the Roch at Rochdale, and so losing its name in the Roch, runs into the Irwell, about Ratcliff, six or seven miles above Manchester, and, in some maps, they have made not the Spodden lose its name in the Roch, but the Roch in the Spodden, and so give it yet its own name after it joins the Irwell, and on to Manchester.

About eight mile from Manchester, north west, lies Bolton, the town which gives title to the noble family of Powlet, Dukes of Bolton, raised to the heighth of duke by the late King William, at the same time, or near it, with the Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire, Rutland and Newcastle. We saw nothing remarkable in this town, but that the cotton manufacture reach'd hither; but the place did not, like Manchester, seem so flourishing and encreasing.

On the left hand of this town, west, even to the sea-shore, there are not many towns of note, except Wiggan, on the high post road, and Ormskirk, near which we saw Latham House, famous for its being not only gallantly defended in the times of the late fatal wars, but that it was so by a woman; for the Lady Charlotte, Countess of Derby, defended the house to the last extremity against the Parliament forces; nor could she ever be brought to capitulate, but kept the hold till Prince Rupert, with a strong body of the King's army, came to her relief, and obliged the enemy to raise their siege, anno 1644: It was indeed ruin'd in a second siege, and is not yet fully recovered from the calamity of it.

In this town of Bolton the old Earl of Derby was beheaded by the Parliament, or by the army rather, in the time of those fatal wars, October 15. 1651.

In the neighbourhood of this town, that is to say, between Wiggan and Bolton, in the estate of Sir Roger Bradshaw, is found that kind of coal they call Canell or Candle Goal, which, tho' they are found here in great plenty, and are very cheap, are yet very singular; for there are none such to be seen in Britain, or perhaps in the world besides: They so soon take fire, that, by putting a lighted candle to them, they are presently in a flame, and yet hold fire as long as any coals whatever, and more or less, as they are placed in the grate or hearth, whether flat or edg'd, whether right up and down, and polar, or level and horizontal.

They are smooth and slick when the pieces part from one another, and will polish like alabaster; then a lady may take them up in a cambrick handkerchief and they will not soil it, though they are as black as the deepest jet. They are the most pleasant agreeable fuel that can be found, but they are remote; and though some of them have been brought to London, yet they are so dear, by reason of the carriage, that few care to buy them; we saw some of them at Warrington too, but all from the same pits.

We saw nothing remarkable in Ormskirk but the monuments of the antient family of the Stanly's, before they came to the title of Earls of Derby. Here they are all buried, and have some very fine, tho' antient, and even decayed remains of monuments; and here they continue to bury the family still, whose seat of Latham, as I said before, is but hard by. Mr. Cambden gives a full account how Latham House, and a great estate with it, came to the Earls of Derby by marriage, and has continued in the family to this day.

It is not to be forgot that Warrington is near Winnick, a small town, but a large parish, and great benefice; but though it might be the greatest in England in those days, ’tis very far from being now so; for we never heard that it was worth above 8oo*l* per annum, whereas Sedgfield, near Durham, is valued at this time at 12oo*l* . per annum at least.

I must not pass over here the Burning Well, as ’tis called, near Wiggan, though I must acknowledge, that being turned from Bolton towards Rochdale, before I heard any thing of it that I gave any credit to, I did not go back to see it; not that I had not curiosity enough, if I had been satisfied it was valuable, but the country people, who usually enlarge upon such things rather than lessen them, made light of this; and so I cool’d in my curiosity.

But the account given in publick of it is also so particular, that it abundantly makes amends to me for my not seeing it. Mr. Cambden’s continuator gives the following account of it: Within a mile and a half of Wiggan is a well, which does not appear to be a spring but rather rain water, at first sight. There is nothing about it that seems extraordinary, but, upon emptying it, there presently breaks out a sulphureous vapour, which makes the water bubble up as if it boiled; a candle being put to it, it presently takes fire, and burns like brandy; the name, in a calm season, will continue a whole day, by the heat whereof they can boil eggs, meat, &. though the water it self be cold By this bubbling the water does not encrease, but is only kept in motion by the constant halitus of the vapours breaking out; the same water taken out of the well will not burn, as neither the mud upon which the halitus has beat.

Dr. Leigh, in his *Natural History of Lancashire* , not only describes it, but accounts very judiciously for the thing it self, and by it for the warmth of all not baths.

As I have noted above, we turned east here, and came to Bury, a small market town on the River Roch, mentioned above, where we observed the manufacture of cotton, which are so great at Manchester, Bolton, &. was ended, and woollen manufacture of coarse sorts, called half-thicks and kersies, began, on which the whole town seemed busy and hard at work; and so in all the villages about it.

From thence we went on to Rochdale, a larger and more populous town than Bury, and under the hills, called Blackstone Edge, of which I have spoken sufficiently in my former letter having travelled this way to Hallifax, &.

But I must now look northward. This great county, as we advance, grows narrow, and not only so, but mountainous, and not so full of towns or inhabitants as the south part, which I have been over; Presten and Lancaster are the only towns of note remaining.

Preston is a fine town, and tolerably full of people, but not like Liverpoole or Manchester; besides, we come now beyond the trading part of the county. Here's no manufacture; the town is full of attorneys, proctors, and notaries, the process of law here being of a different nature than they are in other places, it being a dutchy and county palatine, and having particular privileges of its own. The people are gay here, though not perhaps the richer for that; but it has by that obtained the name of Proud Preston. Here is a great deal of good company, but not so much, they say, as was before the late bloody action with the northern rebels; not that the battle hurt many of the immediate inhabitants, but so many families there and thereabout, have been touched by the consequences of it, that it will not be recovered in a few years, and they seem to have a kind of remembrance of things upon them still.

Lancaster is the next, the county town, and situate near the mouth of the River Lone or Lune. The town is antient; it lies, as it were, in its own ruins, and has little to recommend it but a decayed castle, and a more decayed port (for no ships of any considerable burthen); the bridge is handsome and strong, but, as before, here is little or no trade, and few people. It surprized me to hear that there is not above sixty parishes in all this large county, but many of them are necessarily very large.

This part of the country seemed very strange to us, after coming out of so rich, populous and fruitful a place, as I have just now described; for here we were, as it were, lock'd in between the hills on one side high as the clouds, and prodigiously higher, and the sea on the other, and the sea it self seemed desolate and wild, for it was a sea without ships, here being no sea port or place of trade, especially for merchants; so that, except colliers passing between Ireland and Whitehaven with coals, the people told us they should not see a ship under sail for many weeks together.

Here, among the mountains, our curiosity was frequently moved to enquire what high hill this was, or that; and we soon were saluted with that old verse which I remembered to have seen in Mr. Camden, viz.

Ingle rough, Penndel-hill and Penitent,
Are the highest hills between Scotland and Trent?

Indeed, they were, in my thoughts, monstrous high; but in a country all mountainous and full of innumerable high hills, it was not easy for a traveller to judge which was highest. Nor were these hills high and formidable only, but they had a kind of an unhospitable terror in them. Here were no rich pleasant valleys between them, as among the Alps; no lead mines and veins of rich oar, as in the Peak; no coal pits, as in the hills about Hallifax, much less gold, as in the Andes, but all barren and wild, of no use or advantage either to man or beast. Indeed here

was formerly, as far back as Queen Elizabeth, some copper mines, and they wrought them to good advantage; but whether the vein of oar fail'd, or what else was the reason, we know not, but they are all given over long since, and this part of the country yields little or nothing at all.

But I must not forget Winander Meer, which makes the utmost northern bounds of this shire, which is famous for the char fish found here and hereabout, and no where else in England; it is found indeed in some of the rivers or lakes in Swisserland among the Alps, and some say in North Wales; but I question the last. It is a curious fish, and, as a dainty, is potted, and sent far and near, as presents to the best friends; but the quantity they take also is not great. Mr. Cambden's continuator calls it very happily the Golden Alpine Trout.

Here we entred Westmoreland, a country eminent only for being the wildest, most barren and frightful of any that I have passed over in England, or even in Wales it self; the west side, which borders on Cumberland, is indeed bounded by a chain of almost unpassable mountains, which, in the language of the country, are called Fells, and these are called Fourness Fells, from the famous promontory bearing that name, and an abbey built also in antient times, and called Fourness.

But 'tis of no advantage to represent horror, as the character of a country, in the middle of all the frightful appearances to the right and left; yet here are some very pleasant, populous and manufacturing towns, and consequently populous. Such is Kirby Launsdale, or Lunedale, because it stands on the River Lune, which is the boundary of the county, and leaves the hills of Mallerstang Forest, which are, in many places, unpassable. The manufacture which the people are employed in here, are chiefly woollen cloths, at Kirkby Launsdale, and Kendal, and farther northward, a security for the continuance of the people in the place; for here is a vast concourse of people. In a word, I find no room to doubt the hills above mentioned go on to Scotland, for from some of the heighths hereabouts, they can see even into Scotland it self.

The upper, or northern part of the county, has two manufacturing towns, called Kirkby Stephen, and Appleby; the last is the capital of the county, yet neither of them offer any thing considerable to our observation, except a great manufacture of yarn stockings at the former.

My Lord Lonsdale, or Lonsdown, of the antient family of Louther, has a very noble and antient seat at Louther, and upon the River Louther; all together add a dignity to the family, and are tests of its antiquity. The house, as now adorned, is beautiful; but the stables are the wonder of England, of which, having not taken an exact view of them my self, I am loth to say, at second-hand, what fame has said; but, in general, they are certainly the largest and finest that any gentleman or nobleman in Britain is master of.

When we entred at the south part of this county, I began indeed to think of Merionethshire, and the mountains of Snowden in North Wales, seeing nothing round me, in many places, but unpassable hills, whose tops, covered with snow, seemed to tell us all the pleasant part of England was at an end. The great Winander Meer, like the Mediterranean Sea, extends it self on the west side for twelve miles and more, reckoning from North Bridge on the south, where it contracts it self again into a river up to Grasmere North, and is the boundary of the county, as I have said, on that side; and the English Appenine, as Mr. Cambden calls them, that is, the mountains of Yorkshire North Riding, lie like a wall of brass on the other; and in deed, in one sense, they are a wall of brass; for it is the opinion of the most skilful and knowing people in the country, that those mountains are full of inexhaustible mines of copper, and so rich, as not only to be called brass, copper being convertible into brass, but also to have a quantity of gold in them also: It is true, they do at this time work at some copper mines here, but they find the oar lies so deep, and is so hard to come at, that they do not seem to go cheerfully on.

But notwithstanding this terrible aspect of the hills, when having passed by Kendal, and descending the frightful mountains, we began to find the flat country show it self; we soon saw that the north and north east part of the county was pleasant, rich, fruitful, and, compared to the other part, populous. The River Eden, the last river of England on this side, as the Tyne is on the other, rises in this part out of the side of a monstrous high mountain, called Mowill Hill, or Wildbore Fell, which you please; after which, it runs through the middle of this vale, which is, as above, a very agreeable and pleasant country, or perhaps seems to be so the more, by the horror of the eastern and southern part.

In this vale, and on the bank of this river, stands Appleby, once a flourishing city, now a scattering, decayed, and half-demolished town, the fatal effects of the antient inroads of the Scots, when this being a frontier county, those invasions were frequent, and who several times were masters of this town, and at length burnt it to the ground, which blow it has not yet recovered.

The searchers after antiquity find much more to recreate their minds, and satisfy their curiosity, in these northern countries than in those farther south, which are more populous and better inhabited, because the remains of antient things have met with less injury here, where there are not so many people, or so many buildings, or alterations, enclosings and plantings, as in other places; but, for my purpose, who am to give the present state of things, here is not much to observe; nor are there many houses or seats of the nobility in this part, tho' many antient families dwell here, as particularly Strickland, from the lands of Str? ckland, Wharton from Wharton Hall, Louther from the River Louther, as above,

Warcop of Warcop, Langdale of Langdale, Musgrave from Musgrave, and many others.

The Roman highway, which I have so often mentioned, and which, in my last letter, I left at Leeming Lane and Peers Brigg, in the North Riding of York, enters this county from Rear Cross upon Stanmore, and crossing it almost due east and west, goes through Appleby, passing the Eden a little north from Perith, at an antient Roman station call'd Brovoniacam, where there was a large and stately stone bridge; but now the great road leads to the left-hand to Perith, in going to which we first pass the Eden, at a very good stone bridge call'd Louther Bridge, and then the Elnot over another.

Perith, or Penrith, is a handsome market town, populous, well built, and, for an inland town, has a very good share of trade. It was unhappily possessed by the late party of Scots Highland rebels, when they made that desperate push into England, and which ended at Preston; in the moor or heath, on the north part of this town, the militia of the county making a brave appearance, and infinitely outnumbering the Highlanders, were drawn up; yet, with all their bravery, they ran away, as soon as the Scots began to advance to charge them, and never fired a gun at them, leaving the town at their mercy. However, to do justice even to the rebels, they offered no injury to the town, only quartered in it one night, took what arms and ammunition they could find, and advanced towards Kendal.

From hence, in one stage, through a country full of castles, for almost every gentleman's house is a castle, we came to Carlisle, a small, but well fortified city, the frontier place and key of England on the west sea, as Berwick upon Tweed is on the east; and in both which there have, for many years, I might say ages, been strong garrisons kept to check the invading Scots; from below this town the famous Picts Wall began, which cross'd the whole island to Newcastle upon Tyne, where I have mentioned it already.

Here also the great Roman highway, just before named, has its end, this being the utmost station of the Roman soldiers on this side.

But before I go on to speak of this town, I must go back, as we did for our particular satisfaction, to the sea coast, which, in this northern county, is more remarkable than that of Lancashire, though the other is extended much farther in length; for here are some towns of good trade; whereas in Lancashire, Liverpoole excepted, there is nothing of trade to be seen upon the whole coast.

I enquired much for the pearl fishery here, which Mr. Cambden speaks of, as a thing well known about Ravenglass and the River Ire, which was made a kind of bubble lately: But the country people, nor even the fishermen, could give us no account of any such thing; nor indeed is there any great quantity of the shell-fish

to be found here (now) in which the pearl are found, I mean the large oyster or muscle. What might be in former times, I know not.

The cape or head land of St. Bees, still preserves its name; as for the lady, like that of St. Tabbs beyond Berwick, the story is become fabulous, viz. about her procuring, by her prayers, a deep snow on Midsummer Day, her taming a wild bull that did great damage in the country; these, and the like tales, I leave where I found them, (viz.) among the rubbish of the old women and the Romish priests.

In the little town, which bears her name there, is a very good free-school, founded by that known and eminent benefactor to, and promoter of pious designs, Archbishop Grindal; it is endowed very well by him, and the charity much encreased by the late Dr. Lamplugh, Archbishop of York: The library annexed to this foundation is very valuable, and still encreasing by several gifts daily added to it; and they show a list of the benefactors, in which are several persons of honour and distinction. The master is put in by the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College in Oxon.

Under this shore, the navigation being secured by this cape of St. Bees, is the town of Whitehaven, grown up from a small place to be very considerable by the coal trade, which is encreased so considerably of late, that it is now the most eminent port in England for shipping off coals, except Newcastle and Sunderland, and even beyond the last, for they wholly supply the city of Dublin, and all the towns of Ireland on that coast; and 'tis frequent in time of war, or upon the ordinary occasion of cross winds, to have two hundred sail of ships at a time go from this place for Dublin, loaden with coals.

They have of late fallen into some merchandizing also, occasioned by the great number of their shipping, and there are now some considerable merchants; but the town is yet but young in trade, and that trade is so far from being ancient, that Mr. Cambden does not so much as name the place, and his continuator says very little of it.

About ten miles from Whitehaven north east, lies Cockermouth, upon the little River Cocker, just where it falls into the Derwent. This Derwent is famous for its springing out of those hills, call'd Derwent Fells, where the ancient copper mines were found in Queen Elizabeth's time, and in which, it was said, there was a large quantity of gold. But they are discontinued since that time, for what reason, I know not; for there are several copper mines now working in this county, and which, as they told me, turn to very good account.

Some tell us, the copper mines on Derwent Fells were discontinued, because there being gold found among the oar, the queen claimed the royalty, and so no body would work them; which seems to be a reason why they shou'd have been applied to the search with more vigor; but be that how it will, they are left off, and

the more probable account is, what a gentleman of Penrith gave us, namely, that the charge of working them was too great for the profits.

Here are still mines of black lead found, which turn to very good account, being, for ought I have yet learned, the only place in Britain where it is to be had.

Here we saw Skiddaw, one of those high hills of which, wherever you come, the people always say, they are the highest in England. Skiddaw indeed is a very high hill, but seems the higher, because not surrounded with other mountains, as is the case in most places where the other hills are, as at Cheviot, at Penigent, and at other places. From the top of Skiddaw they see plainly into Scotland, and quite into Dumfries-shire, and farther.

Cockermouth stands upon the River Derwent, about twelve miles from the sea, but more by the windings of the river, yet vessels of good burthen may come up to it. The Duke of Somerset is chief lord of this town, in right of his lady, the only heiress of the ancient family of the Piercy's, Earls of Northumberland, and which the duke of Somerset enjoys now in right of marriage.

The castles and great houses of this estate go every where to ruin, as indeed all the castles in this county do; for there being no more enemy to be expected here, the two kingdoms being now united into one, there is no more need of strong holds here, than in any other part of the kingdom. At Cockermouth there is a castle which belongs to the same family, and, I think they told us, the duke has no less than thirteen castles in all, here and in Northumberland.

This River Derwent is noted for very good salmon, and for a very great quantity, and trout. Hence, that is, from Workington at the mouth of this river, and from Carlisle, notwithstanding the great distance, they at this time carry salmon (fresh as they take it) quite to London. This is perform'd with horses, which, changing often, go night and day without intermission, and, as they say, very much out-go the post; so that the fish come very sweet and good to London, where the extraordinary price they yield, being often sold at two shillings and sixpence to four shillings per pound, pay very well for the carriage.

They have innumerable marks of antiquity in this county, as well as in that of Westmoreland, mentioned before; and if it was not, as I said before, that antiquity is not my search in this work, yet the number of altars, monuments, and inscriptions, is such, that it would take up a larger work than this to copy them, and record them by themselves; yet, passing these, I could not but take notice of two or three more modern things, and which relate to our own nation: Such as,

That of Hart-Horn Tree, where they shew'd us the head of a stag nail'd up against a tree, or rather shew'd us the tree where they said it was nail'd up, in memory of a famous chase of a stag by one single dog. It seems the dog (not a greyhound, as Mr. Cambden's continuator calls it, but a stanch buckhound, to be

sure) chas'd a stag from this place, (Whitfield Park) as far as the Red Kirk in Scotland, which, they say, is sixty miles at least, and back again to the same place, where, being both spent, and at the last gasp, the stag strain'd all its force remaining to leap the park pales, did it, and dy'd on the inside; the hound, attempting to leap after him, had not strength to go over, but fell back, and dy'd on the outside just opposite; after which the heads of both were nail'd up upon the tree, and this distich made on them; the hound's name, it seems, was Hercules.

Hercules kill'd Hart a Greese,
And Hart a Greese kill'd Hercules.

Another thing they told us was in the same park, viz. three oak trees which were call'd the Three Brether, the least of which was thirteen yards about; but they own'd there was but one of them left, and only the stump of that; so we did not think it worth going to see, because it would no more confirm the wonder, than the peoples affirming it by tradition only. The tree or stump left, is call'd the Three Brether Tree, that is to say, one of the three brothers, or brethren.

West of this Hart-horn Tree, and upon the old Roman way, is the famous column, call'd the Countess Pillar, the best and most beautiful piece of its kind in Britain. It is a fine column of free-stone, finely wrought, enchas'd, and in some places painted. There is an obelisk on the top, several coats of arms, and other ornaments in proper places all over it, with dials also on every side, and a brass-plate with the following inscription upon it:

THIS PILLAR WAS ERECTED ANNO MDCLVI, BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE ANNE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE, AND SOLE HEIR OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE GEORGE EARL OF CUMBERLAND, ETC. FOR A MEMORIAL OF HER LAST PARTING IN THIS PLACE WITH HER GOOD AND PIOUSE MOTHER THE RIGHT HONORABLE MARGARETE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF CUMBERLAND, THE SECOUND OF APRIL, MDCXVI, IN MEMORY WHEREOF SHE ALSO LEFT AN ANNUITY OF FOUR POUNDS, TO BE DISTRIBUTED TO THE POOR WITHIN THIS PARISH OF BROUGHAM EVERY SECOND DAY OF APRIL FOR EVER UPON THE STONE TABLE HERE BY.

This Countess of Pembroke had a noble and great estate in this county, and a great many fine old seats or palaces, all which she repaired and beautified, and dwelt sometimes at one, and sometimes at another, for the benefits of her tenants, and of the poor, who she always made desirous of her presence, being better'd constantly by her bounty, and her noble house-keeping. But those estates are all since that time gone into other families. This lady was of the family of Clifford; she had no less than four castles in this county, of which Pendragon Castle was the chief, which is a fine building to this day.

At Penrith also we saw several remarkable things, some of which I find mentioned by the right reverend continuator of Mr. Cambden, and which I was glad to see, so confirm'd my observation, viz. (1.) Two remarkable pillars fourteen or fifteen foot asunder, and twelve foot high the lowest of them, though they seem equal. The people told us, they were the monument of Sir Owen Caesar, the author above-nam'd calls him, Sir Ewen Gesarius, and perhaps he may be right; but we have no inscription upon them. This Sir Owen, they tell us, was a champion of mighty strength, and of gygantick stature, and so he was, to be sure, if, as they say, he was as tall as one of the columns, and could touch both pillars with his hand at the same time.

They relate nothing but good of him, and that he exerted his mighty strength to kill robbers, such as infested the borders much in those days, others related wild boars; but the former is most probable. (2.) On the north side of the vestry of this church is erected in the wall an ancient square stone, with a memorial, intimating, that in the year 1598 there was a dreadful plague in those parts, in which there dy'd;

Persons.

In Kendal,
2500

In Penrith,
2266

In Richmond,
2200

In Carlisle,
1196

8162

N.B. By this account it should seem that every one of those towns had separately more people than the city of Carlisle, and that Kendal, which is the only manufacturing town of them, was the most populous. We did not go into the grotto on the bank of the River Eden, of which mention is made by Mr. Cambden's continuator; the people telling us, the passage is block'd up with

earth, so I must be content with telling you, that it seems to have been a lurking place, or retreat of some robbers in old time; as to its being a place of strength, I do not see any possibility of that; but its strength seems to be chiefly in its being secret and concealed; it had certainly been worth seeing, if it had been passable, the entry is long and dark, but whether strait or crooked, I cannot say, the iron gates leading to it are gone, nor is there any sign of them, or what they were hung to.

But though I am backward to dip into antiquity, yet no English man, that has any honour for the glorious memory of the greatest and truest hero of all our kings of the English or Saxon race, can go to Carlisle, and not step aside to see the monument of King Edward I. at Burgh upon the Sands, a little way out of the city Carlisle, where that victorious prince dy'd. Indeed I cannot wonder that two writers, both Scots, viz. Ridpath and Mr. Kay, should leave it, as it were, not worth their notice, that prince being the terror of Scotland, and the first compleat conqueror of their country, who brought away the sacred stone at Scone Abbey, on which their kings were crowned, also the regalia, and, in a word, made their whole country submit to his victorious arms.

Near this town, and, as the inhabitants affirm, just on the spot where the king's tent stood in which he expired, for he died in the camp, is erected a pillar of stone near thirty foot high, besides the foundation. On the west side is the following inscription:

Memoriæ Æternae Edvardi I. Regis Angliæ longe Clarissimi, qui in Belli apparatu contra Scotos occupatus. Hic in Castris obiit. 7 Julii, A.D. 1307.

On the south side:

Nobilissimus Princeps Henricus Howard, Dux Norfolciæ, Comes Marshal Angliæ, Comes Arund. &.....ab Edvardo I, Rege Angliæ oriundus P. 1685.

On the north side:

Johannes Aglionby, J. C. F. i.e. Juris-consultus fieri fecit. *Beneath* , Tho. Langstone fecit. 1685.

It is not to be ask'd why Mr. Cambden takes no notice of this because it was not erected till near an hundred years after his survey of the country, only the place was marked by the country people, or perhaps by the soldiers of his army, by a great heap of stones rolled together upon the place; but this monument was erected, as is said above, by a private gentleman, for the eternal memory of a prince, who, when he lived, was the darling of the world, both for virtue and true fame.

But I return to Carlisle: The city is strong, but small, the buildings old, but the streets fair; the great church is a venerable old pile, it seems to have been built at twice, or, as it were, rebuilt, the upper part being much more modern than the

lower. King Henry VIII fortify'd this city against the Scots, and built an additional castle to it on the east side, which Mr. Cambden, though I think not justly, calls a cittadel; there is indeed another castle on the west, part of the town rounds the sea, as the wall rounds the whole, is very firm and strong. But Carlisle is strong by situation, being almost surrounded with rivers. On the east it has the River Poterell, on the north Eden, and on the south the Cande, or Canda, or Calda, which all fall into the arm of the sea, which they call the Solway, or Solway Firth.

Here is a bridge over the Eden, which soon lets you into Scotland; for the limits are not above eight miles off, or thereabout. The south part of Scotland on this side, coming at least fifty miles farther into England, than at Berwick. There is not a great deal of trade here either by sea or land, it being a meer frontier. On the other side the Eden we saw the Picts Wall, of which I have spoken already, and some remains of it are to be seen farther west, and of which I shall perhaps have occasion to speak again in my return. But being now at the utmost extent of England on this side, I conclude also my letter, and am,

SIR, &.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ACCOUNT AND DESCRIPTION OF SCOTLAND

HITHERTO all the descriptions of Scotland, which have been publish'd in our day, have been written by natives of that country, and that with such an air of the most scandalous partiality, that it has been far from pleasing the gentry or nobility of Scotland themselves, and much farther has it been from doing any honour to the nation or to the country.

One known author has taken pains to describe their commerce as an immense thing for magnitude, has set off their manufactures in such a figure, and as such extraordinary things, that the English are trifles to them, and their merchandizing, according to his account, must be inferior to very few, if any nation in Europe; nay, he is not asham'd to give us an account of the particulars of their exportations to China and the East Indies, to Turkey, and the Levant, where, I believe, never Scots ship yet sail'd, unless it was in the service of English merchants, or some other foreign nation.

A more modern, and I must acknowledge, more modest writer than this, knowing he could not, with a front that, perhaps, he had not yet arriv'd to, set forth his country to her advantage, by giving a real description of that part which would necessarily shew her deficiences, as well as her beauties; and retaining still

that piece of northern vanity peculiar to the climate, to think mighty well of his own country, takes up with describing the seats of the nobility and gentry; a subject, which, it must be confess'd, give him a greater scope, and in which he has good materials to work on: But, even in this, it must be added he would have done better, if he would have given the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland leave to have known their own houses again, when they saw his description of them.

I have so much honour for the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland, that I am persuaded they will be as well pleas'd to see justice done them and their country, as to see themselves flatter'd, and the world impos'd upon about them. Their country is not so void of beauty, or their persons of merit, as to want it; and (I believe) they will not seek to be flatter'd, or be oblig'd by it,, when 'tis attempted.

But be that as it will, the world shall, for once, hear what account an Englishman shall give of Scotland, who has had occasion to see most of it, and to make critical enquiries into what he has not seen; and, if describing it, as it really is, and as in time it may be, with probable reasons for the variation, will give satisfaction to the Scots, they will be oblig'd; on the contrary I shall neither flatter them or deceive them. Scotland is here describ'd with brevity, but with justice; and the present state of things there, plac'd in as clear a light as the sheets, I am confin'd to, will admit; if this pleases, more particulars may be adventured on hereafter; if it should not, it would make me suspect the other authors I have mention'd, knew what would please their country-men better than I: But I must run the venture of that, rather than trespass upon my own truth and their modesty.

I hope it is no reflection upon Scotland to say they are where we were, I mean as to the improvement of their country and commerce; and they may be where we are.

Here are but a few things needful to bring Scotland to be (in many parts of it at least) as rich in soil, as fruitful, as populous, as full of trade, shipping, and wealth, as most, if not as the best counties of England. These few things, indeed, are such as are absolutely necessary, and, perhaps, as things stand, may be difficult: Such as

Time, public changes cannot be brought about in a day.

A change in the disposition of the common people, from a desire of travelling abroad, and wandering from home, to an industrious and diligent application to labour at home.

Stock and substance, to encourage that application: sloth is not a meer disease of the nation: The Scots are as diligent, as industrious, as apt for labour and business, and as capable of it, when they are abroad, as any people in the world;

and why should they not be so at home? and, if they had encouragement, no doubt they would.

Some little alteration in their methods of husbandry, by which their lands would be improv'd, and the produce thereof turn better to account; of all which something may be said in our progress thro' the country, as occasion presents.

In the meantime, as I shall not make a Paradise of Scotland, so I assure you I shall not make a wilderness of it. I shall endeavour to shew you what it really is, what it might be, and what, perhaps, it would much sooner have been, if some people's engagements were made good to them, which were lustily promis'd a little before the late Union: Such as erecting manufactures there under English direction, embarking stocks from England to carry on trade, employing hands to cut down their northern woods, and make navigations to bring the fir-timber,. and deals to England, of which Scotland is able to furnish an exceeding quantity; encouraging their fishery, and abundance of fine things more which were much talk'd of I say, but little done; and of which I could say more, but it is not the business of this. work, nor, perhaps, will the age care to hear it, at least, south by Tw —

I must, therefore, be contented to give an Account of Scotland in the present state of it, and as it really is; leaving its misfortunes, and want of being improv'd as it might be, and, perhaps, ought to have been, for those to consider of, in whose power it is to mend it.

LETTER XI

SIR,-I am now just enter'd Scotland, and that by the ordinary way from Berwick. We tread upon Scots ground, after about three miles riding beyond Berwick; the little district between, they say, is neither in England or Scotland, and is call'd Berwickshire, as being formerly a dependant upon the town of Berwick; but we find no towns in it, only straggling farm-houses; and one sees the Tweed on one side, which fetches a reach north ward, the sea on the other, and the land between lies so high, that in stormy weather 'tis very bleak and unpleasant; however, the land is good, and compar'd to our next view, we ought to think very well of it.

The first town in Scotland is call'd Mordintown, where the minister, at that time, was a man of learning, particularly in matters of religious antiquity, and very well known for being author of a book, entitul'd, *The Cyprianick Age* , in defence of the Scots doctrines of the purity of the Christian ministers; a piece, that shews the author a man of a good share of learning, and a double stock of reading, especially in the most valuable part of church antiquity: His name is Lauder.

Mordintown lying to the west, the great road does not lie thro' it, but carries us to the brow of a very high hill, where we had a large view into Scotland: But we were welcom'd into it with such a Scots gale of wind, that, besides the steepness of the hill, it oblig'd us to quit our horses, for real apprehensions of being blown off, the wind blowing full north, and the road turning towards the north, it blew directly in our faces: And I can truly say, I never was sensible of so fierce a wind, so exceeding keen and cold, for it pierc'd our very eyes, that we could scarcely bear to hold them open.

When we came down the hill, the strength of the wind was not felt so much, and, consequently, not the cold. The first town we come to is as perfectly Scots, as if you were 100 miles north of Edinburgh; nor is there the least appearance of any thing English, either in customs, habits, usages of the people, or in their way of living, eating, dress, or behaviour; any more than if they had never heard of an English nation; nor was there an Englishman to be seen, or an English family to be found among them.

On the contrary, you have in England abundance of Scotsmen, Scots customs, words, habits, and usages, even more than comes them; nay, even the buildings in the towns, and in the villages, imitate the Scots almost all over Northumberland; witness their building the houses with the stairs (to the second floor) going up on the outside of the house, so that one family may live below, and another above, without going in at the same door; which is the Scots way of living, and which we see in Alnwick and Warkworth, and several other towns; witness also their setting

their corn up in great numbers of small stacks without doors, not making use of any barns, only a particular building, which they call a barn, but, which is itself no more than a threshing-floor, into which they take one of those small stacks at a time, and thresh it out, and then take in another; which we have great reason to believe was the usage of the antients, seeing we read of threshing-floors often; but very seldom, of a barn, except that of the rich glutton.

Being down this hill, we pass'd a bridge over the little River Eye, at the mouth of which there is a small habour, with a town call'd Eyemouth, or, as some call it, Heymouth, which has of late been more spoken of than formerly, by giving the title of baron to the late Duke of Marlborough, who was Duke of Marlborough, Marquis of Blandford, and Baron of Eyemouth in Scotland; and, by virtue of this title, had a right of peerage in the Parliament of Scotland. But notwithstanding all this, I never heard that he did any thing for the town, which is, at present, just what it always was, a good fishing town, and some fishing vessels belong to it; for such it is a good harbour, and for little else; in Queen Elizabeth's time, indeed, the French held it and fortify'd it for their particular occasion; because, being the first port in Scotland, they might safely land their supplies for the Queen-Mother, who stood in great need of their assistance against the reformers: But they were oblig'd to quit both that and all the kingdom some time after, by a treaty; Queen Elizabeth supporting the reformers against her.

From this bridge we enter upon a most desolate, and, in winter, a most frightful moor for travellers, especially strangers, call'd Coudingham, or, to speak properly, Coldingham Moor; upon which, for about eight miles, you see hardly a hedge, or a tree, except in one part, and that at a good distance; nor do you meet with but one house in all the way, and that no house of entertainment; which, we thought, was but a poor reception for Scotland to give her neighbours, who were strangers, at their very first entrance into her bounds.

The place call'd Coudingham, from whence this moor derives, is an old monastery, famous before the Reformation; the monks of Coldingham being eminent for their number and wealth; as for any thing else, this Deponet saith not.

Here was formerly a little cell, or religious house also, sacred to the memory of St. Ebbe, or Ebba, daughter of King Edelfrid, King of Northumberland; who, her father being taken prisoner by the pagan Mercians, gat into a boat in the Humber, with three other women, and, by their own prayers only, for skill we may suppose they had none, nor could they labour much; yet, putting to sea, were miraculously preserv'd, and carry'd as far as Scotland; where, under a great promontory, they were driven on shore by a storm, and their boat dash'd in pieces, as indeed, any one, though knowing the place, might very well be, for the shore is all rock and high precipices for a long way.

However, being on shore, they labour'd with their hands, made themselves a little hut to lodge in, and continuing their devout prayers, the country people sustain'd them with food, till at length, gaining an opinion for their sanctity and austerity, they were address'd from far and near for their prayers, and, by the charity of the people, got enough to build a religious house at Coldingham.

Here, as fame says, when the cruel Danes came on shore, the religious lady, who was wondrous beautiful too, it seems, cut off her nose and upper lip, and made all her nuns do the same, to preserve, by that means, their chastity. But the barbarous Danes, enrag'd at them for their zeal, fir'd their nunnery, and burnt them all alive; from this lady, who, it is said, was sainted for these miracles, the promontory, where she landed, is to this day call'd St. Ebba's Head; and vulgarly by our sailors, who nickname e very thing, St. Tabbs.

Having pass'd this desart, which indeed, makes a stranger think Scotland a terrible place, you come down a very steep hill into the Lothains, so the counties are divided, and they are spoken of in plural; because as Yorkshire is divided into the East and West Riding, so here is the East, and West, and Mid Lothain, or Louthain, and therefore justly call'd Lothains in the plural. From the top of this hill you begin to see that Scotland is not all desart; and the Low Lands, which then show themselves, give you a prospect of a fruitful and pleasant country: As soon as we come down the hill, there is a village call'd Cockburnspeth, vulgarly Cobberspeth, where nature forms a very steep and difficult pass, and where, indeed, a thousand men well furnish'd, and boldly doing their duty, would keep out an army, if there was occasion.

The first gentleman's house we met with in Scotland was that of Dunglass, the seat of Sir James Hall; a gentleman so hospitable, so courteous to strangers, so addicted to improve and cultivate his estate, and understood it so well, that we began to see here a true representation of the gentry of Scotland; than whom, I must say, without compliment, none in Europe, understand themselves better, or better deserve the name of Gentlemen. We began also to see that Scotland was not so naturally barren, as some people represent it, but, with application and judgment, in the proper methods of improving lands, might be made to equal, not England only, but even the richest, most fruitful, most pleasant, and best improv'd part of England: Nor, if I have any skill in the nature of improving lands, which I a little pretend to, or judgment of what land itself is capable of, is the county of Middlesex, or Hertfordshire, which is esteem'd the most completely improv'd part of England, and the richest soil, capable of any improvement, which this country of East Lothain is not also capable of, if they had the same methods of improvement, and the Scots were as good husbandmen as the English; and even

this too might easily be brought to pass, would the gentlemen set about it, as this gentleman has, in part, already done, at their own expence.

The truth is, the soil hereabout is very good; and tho' they have not marle, or chalk, or much lime-stone to mend and manure it, yet, the sea-ware, as they call the weeds, which the sea casts up, abundantly supplies; and by laying this continually on the land, they plow every year without laying their lands fallow, as we do; and I found they had as much corn, as our plowmen express it, as could stand upon the ground.

The first town of note, from hence, is Dunbar, a royal burgh, so they are call'd in Scotland, which is (much what) we call a Corporation in England, and which sent members to parliament, as our corporations in England do, only that in Scotland, as is generally to be understood, they had some particular privileges separate to themselves; as that, for example, of holding a parliament, or convention of burghs by themselves, a method taken from the union of the Hans-Towns in the north, and not much unlike it, in which they meet and concert measures for the publick good of the town, and of their trade, and make by-laws, or Acts and declarations, which bind the whole body.

Nor have they lost this privilege by the Union with England; but it is preserved entire, and, perhaps, is now many ways more advantageous to them than it was before, as their trade is like to be, in time, more considerable than before.

This town of Dunbar is a handsome well-built town, upon the sea-shore; where they have a kind of a natural harbour, tho' in the middle of dangerous rocks.

They have here a great herring-fishery, and particularly they hang herrings here, as they do at Yarmouth in Norfolk, for the smoking them; or, to speak the ordinary dialect, they make red herrings here: I cannot say they are cur'd so well as at Yarmouth, that is to say, not for keeping and sending on long voyages, as to Venice and Leghorn, though with a quick passage, they might hold it thither too: However, they do it very well. The herrings also themselves may a little make the difference, because they are generally larger and fatter than those at Yarmouth, which makes it more difficult to cure them, so as to keep in a hot country, and on a long voyage.

Between the town and the great road stands a little, but pleasant and agreeable seat of the Duke of Roxburgh, with a park well planted: And as the gentlemen of Scotland are now set upon planting forest trees, as well for ornament as profit, this park is, among the rest, very handsomely planted with young trees in vistas and walks, and will, when grown, add both to the value and beauty of the seat, which otherwise is but as a box. And here I would give an useful hint to the gentlemen who plant trees in Scotland, the want of which I have observ'd at several great houses and parks in that country, is the reason why they do not

thrive, as they might otherwise do: The case is this. The gentlemen, at a great expence, get quantities of forest trees, either of their own raising, or from the nursery-men, as they call them in England. Those are set at a good length, perhaps, 12 to 15 foot high, handsome bodies, and good heads; and I acknowledge they are the best siz'd trees to plant, and that when set younger they seldom stand it, or come to the like perfection: But then these trees should be all secur'd by a triangular frame to each tree; that is to say, three large stakes set about them in an equilateral triangle, and fasten'd all together by three short cross pieces at the top; and these stakes should stand from 7 to 8 foot high.

In the center of the triangle stands the planted tree; which way soever the wind blows, the body bends from it to the cross piece, which joins the stakes on that side, and which make the triangle, and then can bend no farther; by which means the root is not shaken, or the earth mov'd and loosen'd about it, and then the tree will strike root, and grow.

But for want of this, the tree being left without support, before, as we may say, it can stand alone; and the winds, especially in winter, being very strong in that country, the tree is bended every way, the earth loosen'd continually about it, the root is often stirr'd, and the tree gets no time to strike root into the earth. And this is the reason why, in many of the gentlemen's parks, I saw the trees stented and bauk'd; and that, tho' they had been planted many years, they could not thrive: If this caution may be of use, as I recommend it with a desire it may, the gentlemen will not think their time lost in the reading it.

On the south west side of this town, under the mountains, near a place call'd Dun-Hill, is the fatal field where the battel, call'd the battel of Dunbar, was fought, between Oliver Cromwell and General Lesly, who then commanded the royal army; where the desperate few, for Cromwell's army was not above 8,000 men, defeated and totally overthrew the great army of the other side, kill'd 6,000, and took 10,000 prisoners, to the surprize of the world; but that is matter of history, and none of my business at present.

Here we turn'd out of the way to see the Marquess of Tweedal's fine park, and which is, indeed, the main thing, his fine planting at Yester, or, as Antiquity calls it, Zester; I say the park, because, tho' there is the design of a noble house or palace, and great part of it built; yet, as it is not yet, and perhaps, will not soon be finished, there is no giving a compleat description of it.

The old Earl of Tweedale, who was a great favourite of King Charles II. tho' not much concern'd in politic affairs, at least, not in England, yet took in from the king the love of managing what we call forest trees, and making fine vistas and avenues: The very first year after the Restoration the king laid out, with his own

hand, the planting of Greenwich and St. James's parks, and several others, and the said earl had seen them, and was extremely delighted with the method.

This occasion'd his lordship, as soon as he went down into Scotland, to lay out the plan and design of all those noble walks and woods of trees, or, as it might be call'd, forests of trees, which he afterwards saw planted, and of which a gentleman, whose judgment I cannot doubt, told me, that if ever those trees came to be worth but six pence a tree, they would be of more value than the fee simple of that estate; not meaning by that estate the land they grow on, but the whole paternal estate of the family: Nor is it unlikely, if it be true, that his lordship, and his immediate successor, planted above 6,000 acres of land all full of firr-trees; and that, where-ever it was found that any tree fail'd, they were constantly renew'd the next year.

It is certain, that many of the trees are, by this time, of much more value than six pence a tree; for they have now been planted near three-score years. And tho' it is true, that a firr-tree is but a slow grower, and that most, if not all the trees I speak of, are firr; yet it must be allow'd that, the trees thriving very well, they must, by this time, be very valuable; and, if they stand another age, and we do not find the family needy of money enough to make them forward to cut any of them down, there may be a noble estate in firr timber, enough, if it falls into good hands, to enrich the family.

The park itself is said to be eight miles about, but the plantation of firr is not simply confin'd to the park, nor, indeed, to this estate; for the family of Tweedale has another seat near Musclebro, at Pinkey, where the same lord planted also a great number of trees, as his successors have likewise done at another seat, which they have in Fife, near Aberdour.

The house, however, must not be forgot; and if it shall be finish'd, as they now tell us it will soon be, it will not suffer itself to be forgot, for there will be few finer palaces in Scotland; I mean, if it be finish'd according to the magnificence of the first design.

As the success of this planting is a great encouragement to the nobility of Scotland to improve their estates by the same method, so we find abundance of gentlemen of estates do fall into it, and follow the example: And you hardly see a gentleman's house, as you pass the Louthains, towards Edinburgh, but they are distinguish'd by groves and walks of firr-trees about them; which, tho' in most places they are but young, yet they shew us, that in a few years, Scotland will not need to send to Norway for timber and deal, but will have sufficient of her own, and perhaps, be able to furnish England too with considerable quantities.

We saw an example of this at the Earl of Hadington's house at Tinningham; where, tho' the trees are younger than at Yester, yet, they seem to follow them

apace, and to thrive so much, as that they may, one time or other, overtake them. The like we saw in Fife, at Sir William Bruce's, and at several other places in this part of the country.

From this town of Dunbar to Edinburgh, the country may be reckon'd not only as fruitful and rich in soil, but also as pleasant and agreeable a country as any in Scotland, and, indeed, as most in England; the sea on the right hand, at a moderate distance, and the hills on the left, at a farther distance; and even those hills not extremely high, not barren, not desolate mountains, as I have given an account of some farther south, and have more to speak of farther north. But these hills are passable and habitable, and have large flocks of sheep, in many places, feeding on them, and many open roads lie over them, as from Edinburgh, and other parts towards England; as particular to Yester, and to Duns and Coldstream on the Tweed; another way to Kelsoe, where also there is a ford and a ferry over the Tweed, and likewise by another way to Tiviotdale, to Peebles and Jedburgh, of which hereafter.

The greatest thing this country wants is more enclos'd pastures, by which the farmers would keep stocks of cattle well fodder'd in the winter, and, which again, would not only furnish good store of butter, cheese, and beef to the market, but would, by their quantity of dung, enrich their soil, according to the unanswerable maxim in grazing, that stock upon land improves land.

Two other articles would encrease and enrich them, but which they never practise.

Folding their sheep.

Fallowing their plow'd land.

The first would fatten the land, and the latter destroy the weeds: But this is going out of my way. They have, indeed, near the sea, an equivalent which assists them exceedingly, namely, the sea weed, they call it the sea ware, which the sea casts up from about November to January in great quantities, and which extremely fattens and enriches the lands, so that they are plow'd from age to age without lying fallow: But farther from the sea, and where they cannot fetch it, there they are forc'd to lay the lands down to rest; when, as we say in England, they have plow'd them out of heart, and so they get no advantage by them; whereas could they, by a stock of cattle, raise a stock of muck, or by folding sheep upon them, mend them that way, and lay them down one year in three or four, as we do in England, the lands would hold from one generation to another.

But at present, for want of enclosures, they have no winter provision for black cattle; and, for want of that winter provision, the farmers have no dairies, no butter or cheese; that is to say, no quantity, and no heaps of dung in their yards to

return upon the land for its improvement: And thus a good soil is impoverish'd for want of husbandry.

I deliver this once for all; for I shall make all my farther observations of this kind very short, and only proper to the particular places where I shall mention them.

From Dunbar we pass another River Tyne, which, to distinguish it from the two Tynes in Northumberland, I call Scots Tyne, tho' not forgetting to let you know it is not so distinguish'd there, the inhabitants thereabouts scarce knowing any other. It rises in the hills near Yester, and watering part of the fine and pleasant vale I mentioned before, runs by Haddington, an old half ruin'd, yet remaining town; which shews the marks of decay'd beauty, for it was formerly a large, handsome, and well built town, or city rather, and esteem'd very strong; for, besides the walls of stone, which were in those times esteem'd strong, the English fortify'd it with lines and bastions, four of which bastions were very large, as may be seen, by the remains of them, to this day; also they had a large ditch; as for counterscarps, they were scarce known in those times. However, it was so strong, that the English, commanded by an old soldier, Sir George Wilford, defended it obstinately against a great army of Frenen and Scots, till his garrison were almost all swept away by the plague; and, even then, held out till he was reliev'd from England, when the English army quitted the place, and demolish'd the fortifications.

However, Haddington is still a good town, has some handsome streets, and well built; and they have a good stone bridge over the Tyne, tho' the river is but small. The church was large, but has suffer'd in the ruin of the rest, and is but in part repair'd, tho' 'tis still large enough for the number of inhabitants; for, tho' the town is still what may be call'd populous, 'tis easy to see that it is not like what it has been. There are some monuments of the Maitlands, antient lords of this part of the country, remaining; but as the choir of the church is open and defac'd, the monuments of the dead have suffer'd with the rest.

I saw here something of a manufacture, and a face of industry; and it was the first that I had seen the least appearance of in Scotland; particularly here, was a woollen manufacture, erected by a company, or corporation, for making broad cloths, such as they call'd English cloth. And as they had English workmen employ'd, and, which was more than all, English wool, they really made very good cloth, well mix'd, and good colours: But I cannot say they made it as cheap, or could bring it so cheap to market as the English; and this was the reason, that, tho' before the late Union, the English cloth being prohibited upon severe penalties, their own cloth supplied them very well; yet, as soon as the Union was made, and by that means the English trade open'd, the clothiers from Worcester,

and the counties adjoining such as Gloucester and Wilts, brought in their goods, and under selling the Scots, those manufactories were not able to hold it.

However, as I said, here was a woollen manufacture, and the people being employ'd in spinning, dying, weaving, &. they turn'd their hands to other things; and there is still some business going on to the advantage of the poor. Also upon the Tyne, near Haddington, we saw very good fulling-mills; whether they still have employment, I am not certain. They talk'd also of setting up a paper-mill after the Union, the French paper being not allow'd to be imported as formerly.

At the mouth of this river stands the remains of Tantallon Castle, mostly bury'd in its own ruins; it was famous, in the Scots history, for being the seat of rebellion, in the reign of King James V. And hence came the old, and odd fancy among the soldiers, that the drums beating the Scots March, say, "Ding down tantallon." That beat or march being invented by King James the Vth's soldiers (or, perhaps, drummers) when they march'd against the Earl of Angus, who held out Tantallon Castle against the king. But this by the way: Tantallon is now no more a fortress, or able to shelter a rebel army.

Neither is the Bass worth naming any more, which being a meer rock, standing high out of the sea, and in its situation inaccessible, was formerly made a small fortification, rather to prevent its being made a retreat for pyrates and thieves, than for any use it could be of to command the sea; for the entrance of the Forth, or Firth, is so wide, that ships would go in and out, and laugh at any thing that could be offer'd from the Bass. The most of its modern fame is contain'd in two articles, and neither of them recommend it to posterity.

That in the times of tyranny and cruelty, under the late King Charles II. and King James II. it was made a state-prison, where the poor persecuted western people, call'd, in those times, Cameronians, were made close prisoners, and liv'd miserably enough, without hope or expectation of deliverance, but by death.

That after the Revolution a little desperate crew of people got possession of it; and, having a large boat, which they hoisted up into the rock, or let down at pleasure, committed several pyracies, took a great many vessels, and held out the last of any place in Great Britain, for King James; but their boat being at last seiz'd, or otherwise lost, they were oblig'd to surrender. The Soland geese are the principal inhabitants of this island, a fowl rare as to the kind; for they are not found in any part of Britain, that I can learn, except here, and at some of the lesser islands in the Orcades, and in the island of Ailzye, in the mouth of the Clyde. They come as certainly at their season, as the swallows or woodcocks, with this difference, if what the people there tell us may be depended on; that they come exactly, to the very same day of the month, or, if they change it for reasons best

known to themselves, then they keep exactly to the new fix'd day; and so, upon any alteration of their time, which also is very seldom.

They feed on the herrings, and therefore 'tis observ'd they come just before, or with them, and go away with them also; tho', 'tis evident, they do not follow them, but go all away to the north, whither, as to that, none knows but themselves, and he that guides them: As they live on fish, so they eat like fish, which, together with their being so exceeding fat, makes them, in my opinion, a very coarse dish, rank, and ill relish'd, and soon gorging the stomach. But as they are look'd upon there as a dainty, I have no more to say; all countries have their several gusts and particular palates. Onions and garlick were dainties it seems, in Egypt, and horse-flesh is so to this day in Tartary, and much more may a Soland goose be so in other places.

It is a large fowl, rather bigger than an ordinary goose; 'tis duck-footed, and swims as a goose; but the bill is long, thick, and pointed like a crane, or heron, only much thicker, and not above five inches long. Their laying but one egg, which sticks to the rock, and will not fall off, unless pull'd off by force, and then not to be stuck on again; though we thought them fictions, yet, being there at the season, we found true; as also their hatching, by holding the egg fast in their foot. What Nature meant by giving these singularities to a creature, that has nothing else in it worth notice, we cannot determine.

From hence, keeping the shore of the Firth, or Forth, due west, we find a range of large and populous villages all along the coast, almost to Leith, interspers'd with abundance of the houses of the nobility and gentry, at a small distance from them, farther into the country.

But I must enter a caution for your notice, and please to take it here once for all. I am writing a description of places, not of persons, giving the present state of things, not their history: And therefore, though in some cases I may step back into history, yet, it shall be very seldom, and on extraordinary occasions. For Scotland is not so barren of things, worth observation, that we should run into the history, and the genealogies of families, the description of the constitution, the laws, and manner of administration of civil justice, government, and such things as are remote from the profess'd business of a tour. I shall not, therefore, with every nobleman's house, give a history of the family: The nobility of Scotland are antient, illustrious, and personally great, and, if spoken of at all, require and ought to have a full and authentic description of their families and glorious ancestors perform'd by itself; and, I must confess, 'tis great pity such a thing is not undertaken by some hands equal to so great a work, both here and in England also; for want of which, many, if not most of the great actions of the nobility and gentry of these two kingdoms, are either quite lost and dropt out of knowledge, or

are dwindled into fable and romance, and, like the battle of Chevy-Chase, preserv'd only in bailad and song.

But I am not to go about this here, tho' I shall, on all occasions, give the noble families a due homage, and speak of them as they ought to be spoken of; yet, as it is not the business of this undertaking, you will not expect me to enter into the history of families, or to look any farther into persons than into things, namely to give an account of their present situation and condition.

In order to this 'tis sufficient to mark, that this part of the country is delightfully spread with the seats of noblemen and gentlemen; as the Duke of Roxburgh's at Dunbar, the Earl of Haddington's at Tinningham, both mentioned before; the Lord Bellhaven's, at Bellhaven; that of the family of Dalrymple ennobl'd in the Earl of Stairs, and honour'd in several branches of that house, the eldest being now Lord President of their Session, and another lately Lord Advocate, &. These about north Berwick, where there is a small and a tolerable good market: They have also in the neighbourhood of this place several very fine seats, and finely planted. The house and estate of Dirleton, now in the family of Nisbet, is in this part of the country, and well situated also. Ormistoun, the seat of the present Lord Justice Clerk, of the antient house of Cockburn, or, as commonly express'd, Coburn.

And I must add here, the antient and noble house of Seaton and Winton: Both the palaces, for so they deserve to be call'd, of the late Earl of Winton, who did so many weak and rash things, to say no worse of him, in the affair of the late rebellion; and the kindest thing can be said of him now is, to leave it upon record, that he seem'd to be turn'd in his head. The houses are now in a state of ruin, and as fine an estate, for its value, as any in Scotland, all lying contiguous with itself, and valued at almost 5,000*l* . sterling *per Annum* besides; but all now under forfeiture, and sold to the York-Buildings Company. The fine gates and stone-wall were demolish'd by the government, after it had been made a garrison by the Highlanders; who, from hence began their hairbrain'd march to England, which expedition ended at Presten, as has been mention'd in my account of Lancashire. But I return to the sea-shore as above.

The towns upon this coast, as I said, stand very thick, and here are two or three articles of trade which render them more populous, and more considerable than they would otherwise be.

There are great quantities of white fish taken and cur'd upon this coast, even within, as well as at the mouth of the Firth; and, as I had occasion to inspect this part, I took notice the fish was very well cur'd, merchantable, and fit for exportation; and there was a large ship at that time come from London, on purpose to take in a loading of that fish for Bilboa in Spain.

There is great plenty of coal in the hills, and so near the sea as to make the carriage not difficult; and much of that coal is carried to Edinburgh, and other towns, for sale.

The coal being thus at hand, they make very good salt at almost all the towns upon the shore of the Firth; as at Seaton, Cockenny, Preston, and several others, too many to name: They have a very great trade for this salt to Norway, Hamburgh, Bremen, and the Baltick; and the number of ships loaded here yearly with salt is very considerable; nay, the Dutch and Bremers in particular, come hither on purpose to load salt, as they do on the opposite side of the Firth also, (viz.) the shore of Fife, of which I shall speak in its place.

They take great quantities of oysters upon this shore also, with which they not only supply the city of Edinburgh, but they carry abundance of them in large, open boats, call'd Cobles, as far as Newcastle upon Tyne, from whence they generally bring back glass bottles. But there has, within a few years, a bottle-house been set up at Leith, which, for a while, work'd with success; also some furnaces were erected at Preston-Pans, one of those villages, for making flint-glass, and other glass ware: But I hear they are discontinued for want of skilful hands.

It must not be omitted, that at several of those villages there are little moles and harbours, or piers, and heads built up at considerable expence, for the securing the ships that come to them to load salt, or other goods; as at Seaton, Cokenny, at north Berwick, at Preston, and other places.

We come now to Musclebro, a large borough-town and populous, and may, indeed, be said to be a cluster of towns, all built together into one, namely, Musclebro, Innerask, or Inneresk, and Fisheraw; all which amount to no more than this. Musclebro, or the main or chief town of Musclebro; Inneresk, or that part of Musclebro which stands within, or on the inner side of the River Esk, and Fisheraw, or the row of houses where the fishermen usually dwell; for here is still many fishermen, and was formerly many more, when the Muscle fishing was counted a valuable thing; but now 'tis given over, tho' the Muscles lye on the shore, and on the shoals of sand in the mouth of this river, in vast quantities.

These three towns together make one large burrough, very populous; for here are thought to be more people than at Haddington. Here also we saw the people busy on the woollen manufacture; and as the goods they made here were an ordinary kind of stuff for poor peoples wearing, we do not find they are out-done at all from England, so that the manufacture is carried on here still with success.

They call this a sea-port town; but as their river, tho' sometimes full enough of water, is not navigable; for, at low water, people ride over the mouth of it upon the sands, and even walk over it; so they do not meddle much with trading by sea.

At that part of the town call'd Inner-Esk are some handsome country houses with gardens, and the citizens of Edinburgh come out in the summer and take lodgings here for the air, as they do from London at Kensington Gravel-Pits, or at Hampstead and Highgate.

Adjoining to this part is the other fine seat of the Marquess of Tweedale. call'd Pinkey, which I mention'd before, and which the family resides at, rather than at Yester; for, tho' Yester be the noblest and most magnificent building; yet this is, by far, the most agreeable situation; besides, the former is not finish'd, nor like to be finish'd in many years, tho' they were to go faster on with it than they do.

The house of Pinkey has a park, which they call four miles about, but, I think, is not much above half so much: But the spirit of planting, which the old Earl of Tweedale so happily exerted at Yester, shew'd itself here also, and an innumerable number of fir trees are seen here in a very thriving condition, and promising, in time, to be of an inestimable value.

As the house at Yester is not finish'd, all the rich furniture, and especially pictures, of which the same Earl was a great collector, are lodg'd here; though, 'tis not doubted, they will hereafter be transpos'd and remov'd to adorn the chief palace and mansion of the family. Here are, indeed, a great many valuable pieces of painting, but the family pieces are particular, and very remarkable, some for their antiquity, and the antient dress of the age they were wrought in, and others, for the fineness of the workmanship; as especially that of the old Marquess of Tweedale, and his fifteen children, done after the manner of that of King Charles I. and his royal family, which formerly stood at the upper end of the long gallery, at Whitehall. So this stands at the upper end of a large room, fill'd up with other family pieces, and takes up one whole square of the room.

I cannot dwell upon the rest of the fine paintings here; it must surfice to add, here are a great many, and very good. Here are also three very fine altar pieces, with others of that kind, suppos'd to belong to private Oratories in Popish times, with Passion pieces, and others of that kind also.

From hence we have but four miles to Edinburgh. But, before I go thither, I must dip so far into story, as to observe that here it was the famous Battle of Musclebro was fought between the English, under the Duke of Somerset, in the time of King Edward VI. of England, and the Scots royal army under the Regent, which was afterwards call'd, the English way of wooing: The quarrel was to obtain the young Queen of Scots for a wife to King Edward, which the Scots Popish Party, back'd by the French, were obstinately against; and that so much, that tho' the English won the battle, yet they lost the prize, for the young queen was privately embarqu'd, carry'd away into France, and there marry'd to the dauphin.

I say this battle was fought here, tho' we call it the Battle of Musclebro: And some Scots gentlemen, who rode out with us afterwards to shew us the place, particularly mark'd out every step to us, where the action was both begun and ended, as well the fight as the pursuit; and we agreed that the Scots are in the right, who call it the Battle of Pinkie, not of Musclebro. 'Tis none of my business to give an account of battles and sieges; besides, the English being victors, I shall not mingle any of our trophies and triumphs with my account of Scotland; that would not be using the Scots fairly. I shall speak freely of those where they were victors, but not throw the English, as it were, in their faces; that would be to act the very part which I blame the Scots writers for, namely to be always crying up my own country, and my own people. Certain it is, the Scots' great error at this battle, as it was afterwards at the Battle of Dunbar, was want of unanimity among themselves; for we must always blush when we pretend to say the Scots ever wanted courage in the field, let the cause, or the time, or the government be what, when, and how they will.

Another mistake of the Scots, at this fight, was that they ventur'd to engage so near the sea, as to be within reach of the cannon from the English men of war, in the road of Musclebro, who, very much to their damage, flank'd their army, and kept firing on the left wing all the while of the battle, till the troops were so mingled with one another, that they could not, from the ships, distinguish their enemies from their friends. This was a great disadvantage to their whole army, and especially discourag'd and disorder'd their infantry, and was owing to the inadvertency of the general officers, not want of courage or bravery in their men; and it would have been the same to the English had the case been theirs.

I am now at the gates of Edinburgh; but before I come to describe the particulars of that city, give me leave to take it in perspective, and speak something of its situation, which will be very necessary with respect to some disadvantage which the city lyes under on that account.

When you stand at a small distance, and take a view of it from the east, you have really but a confus'd idea of the city, because the situation being in length from east to west, and the breadth but ill proportion'd to its length, you view under the greatest disadvantage possible; whereas if you turn a little to the right hand towards Leith, and so come towards the city, from the north you see a very handsome prospect of the whole city, and from the south you have yet a better view of one part, because the city is encreased on that side with new streets, which, on the north side, cannot be.

The particular situation then of the whole is thus. At the extremity of the east end of the city stands the palace or court, call'd Haly-Rood House; and you must fetch a little sweep to the right hand to leave the palace on the left, and come at

the entrance, which is call'd the Water Port, and which you come at thro' a short suburb, then bearing to the left again, south, you come to the gate of the palace which faces the great street. From the palace, west, the street goes on in almost a straight line, and for near a mile and a half in length, some say full two measur'd miles, thro' the whole city to the castle, including the going up the castle in the inside; this is, perhaps, the largest, longest, and finest street for buildings and number of inhabitants, not in Britain only, but in the world.

From the very palace door, which stands on a flat, and level with the lowest of the plain country, the street begins to ascend; and tho' it ascends very gradually at first, and is no where steep, yet 'tis easy to understand that continuing the ascent for so long a way, the further part must necessarily be very high; and so it is; for the castle which stands at the extremity west, as the palace does east, makes on all the three sides, that only excepted, which joins it to the city, a frightful and impassable precipice.

Together with this continued ascent, which, I think, 'tis easy to form an idea of in the mind, you are to suppose the edge or top of the ascent so narrow, that the street, and the row of houses on each side of it, take up the whole breadth; so that which way soever you turn, either to the right, or to the left, you go down hill imediately, and that so steep, as is very troublesome to those who walk in those side lanes which they call Wynds, especially if their lungs are not very good: So that, in a word, the city stands upon the narrow ridge of a long ascending mountain.

On the right side, or north side of the city, and from the very west end of it, where the castle stands, is a lough, or lake of standing water; there is, indeed, a small brook runs thro' it, so that it cannot be said to be quite standing water. And we were told, that in former days there was another lough on the south side of it, which, being now fill'd up, is built into a street, tho' so much lower than the high street, or ridge, that, as I said before, the lanes or wynds between them are very steep.

It is easy to conclude, that such a situation as this could never be pick'd out for a city or town, upon any other consideration than that of strength to defend themselves from the suddain surprizes and assaults of enemies: And, tho' the building is so antient, that no history has recorded the foundation, either when, or by who, or on what occasion it was built; yet, I say, it seems most natural to conclude, that it was built for a retreat from the outrages and attempts of the Picts or Irish, or whatever other enemies they had to fear.

On the top of the ridge of a hill, an impregnable castle and precipice at one end, a lough, or lake of water on either side; so that the inhabitants had nothing to defend but the entrance at the east end, which it was easy to fortify.

If this was not the reason, what should have hinder'd them from building the city in a pleasant, delightful valley, with the sea flowing up to one side, and a fresh water river running thro' the middle of it; such as is all that space of ground between the city, as it now stands, and the sea, or Firth, and on the south shore, whereof the town of Leith now stands?

Here they had had a noble, a pleasant, and a most useful situation, a very fine harbour for their trade, a good road in the Firth for their ships of burthen, a pleasant river, which, with small art or charge, might have been so drawn round the city as to have fill'd its ditches, and made its fortifications as impregnable as the two loughs did the city, and as the French, when they fortify'd Leith, found easy to do. Or had they gone to the south side of the city, beyond the deep lough, which, they say it was, and which is now call'd the Cowgate, and extended the city towards Libertoun, and towards Good-Trees, where now stands the delightful seat of Sir James Stuart, late Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the antient seat of Craigmiller, the seat of Sir Alexander — of Craigmiller. Here had been a plain large enough to have contain'd a second London, and water'd on the south part with a pleasant brook, sufficient, by the help of pipes, to have carried water into every street, and every house.

These things they did not foresee, or understand in those days; but, regarding immediate safety, fix'd on the place as above as a sure strength, form'd by Nature, and ready at their hand. By this means the city suffers infinite disadvantages, and lies under such scandalous inconveniences as are, by its enemies, made a subject of scorn and reproach; as if the people were not as willing to live sweet and clean as other nations, but delighted in stench and nastiness; whereas, were any other people to live under the same unhappiness, I mean as well of a rocky and mountainous situation, throng'd buildings, from seven to ten or twelve story high, a scarcity of water, and that little they have difficult to be had, and to the uppermost lodgings, far to fetch; we should find a London or a Bristol as dirty as Edinburgh, and, perhaps, less able to make their dwelling tolerable, at least in so narrow a compass; for, tho' many cities have more people in them, yet, I believe, this may be said with truth, that in no city in the world so many people live in so little room as at Edinburgh.

On the north side of the city, as is said above, is a spacious, rich, and pleasant plain, extending from the lough, which as above joins the city, to the river of Leith, at the mouth of which is the town of Leith, at the distance of a long Scots mile from the city: And even here, were not the north side of the hill, which the city stands on, so exceeding steep, as hardly, (at least to the westward of their flesh-market) to be clamber'd up on foot, much less to be made passable for carriages. But, I say, were it not so steep, and were the lough fill'd up, as it might

easily be, the city might have been extended upon the plain below, and fine beautiful streets would, no doubt, have been built there; nay, I question much whether, in time, the high streets would not have been forsaken, and the city, as we might say, run all out of its gates to the north.

This might have been expected, if the city had been in a state of encrease, for the trade having flourished, as was reasonably expected upon the Union, the inhabitants had likewise encreas'd; whereas, there being reason to doubt that this is not the case, but rather the contrary, we cannot talk of this as prospect in hope.

Having thus consider'd the city in its appearance, and in its present situation, I must look next into its inside, where we shall find it under all its discouragements and disadvantages, (and labouring with whatever inconveniences) a large, populous, noble, rich, and even still a royal city. The main street, as above, is the most spacious, the longest, and best inhabited street in Europe; its length I have describ'd; the buildings are surprizing both for strength, for beauty, and for height; all, or the greatest part of free-stone, and so firm is every thing made, that tho' in so high a situation, and in a country where storms and violent winds are so frequent, 'tis very rare that any damage is done here. No blowing of tiles about the streets, to knock people on the head as they pass; no stacks of chimneys and gable-ends of houses falling in to bury the inhabitants in their ruins, as we often find it in London, and other of our paper built cities in England; but all is fix'd, and strong to the top, tho' you have, in that part of the city call'd the Parliament-close, houses, which, on the south side, appear to be eleven or twelve story high, and inhabited to the very top.

From the palace gate, westward, this street is call'd the Cannon-Gate, vulgarly the Canni-gate, which part, tho' a suburb, is a kind of Corporation by itself, as Westminster to London; and has a toll-booth, a prison, and a town-guard by itself, tho' under the government of the provost and bailiffs of Edinburgh as Leith itself also is. In this part of the street, tho' otherwise not so well inhabited as the city itself, are several very magnificent houses of the nobility, built for their residence when the court was in town, and on their other occaasions, just as was the case in the Strand between London and Whitehall, before the encrease of the city prompted the building those fine houses into streets. Of those the Duke of Queensberry's, the Earl of Wintoun's, the Duke of Roxburgh's, and the Earl of Murray's are the chief; the first and last are very magnificent, large and princely buildings, all of free-stone, large in front, and with good gardens behind them, and the other are very fine buildings, too many to be describ'd.

At the upper, or west end of this street, and where it joins to the city, is a gate which, just as Ludgate, or Temple-Bar, stands parting the city itself from the suburb, but not at all discontinuing the street, which rather widens, and is more

spacious when you are thro' the gate than before. This gate, or Bow, is call'd the Nether-Bow, or, by some, the Nether-Bow port.

Just at this port, on the outside, turn away two streets, one goes south to a gate or port which leads out of the city into the great road for England, by the way of Kelso, and is call'd St. Mary Wynde; and, on the right hand of it, another port turns away west, into the low street, mention'd before, where was a lough formerly fill'd up, and is call'd the Cowgate, because, by this street, the cattle are driven to and from the great marketplace, call'd the Grass-market, where such cattle are bought and sold, as also where is a horse-market weekly, as in Smithfield. This street, call'd the Cowgate, runs parallel with the high street, but down in a bottom, as has been said. But to go back to the Nether-Bow Port, as this turning is on the left hand going into the city, so on the right hand goes another street, which they call Leith Wynd, and leads down to a gate which is not in the city wall immediately, but adjoining to a church call'd the College-Kirk, and thro' which gate, a suburb runs out north, opening into the plain, leads to Leith; and all along by the road side, the road itself pav'd with stones like a street, is a broad causeway, or, as we call it, a foot way, very firm, and made by hand at least 20 foot broad, and continued to the town of Leith. This causeway is very well kept at the publick expence, and no horses suffer'd to come upon it.

At the turning down of this street, without the Nether-Bow port, which they call the head of the Cannon-gate, there stood a very great pile of building which went both ways, part made the east side of the turning call'd Leith Wynd, and part made the north side of the Cannon-gate; the whole was built, as many such are, for private dwellings, but were stately, high, and very handsome buildings, seven or eight stories: But great part of this fine pile of building was very unhappily burnt a few years ago; whether they are yet fully rebuilt, I cannot say.

We now enter the city, properly so call'd; in almost the first buildings of note on the north side of the street, the Marquess of Tweedale has a good city house, with a plantation of lime-trees behind it, instead of a garden, the place not allowing room for a large garden; adjoining to which are very good buildings, tho' in the narrow wynds and alleys, such as if set out in handsome streets, would have adorn'd a very noble city, but are here crouded together, as may be said, without notice.

Here the physicians have a hall, and adjoining to it a very good garden; but I saw no simples in it of value, there being a physick garden at the palace which furnishes them sufficiently: But they have a fine Musæum, or Chamber of Rarities, which are worth seeing, and which, in some things, is not to be match'd in Europe. Dr. Balfour, afterwards knighted, began the collection. Sir Robert Sibbald has printed a catalogue of what was then deposited in his time. The

physitians of Edinburgh have preserved the character of able, learned, and experienc'd, and have not been outdone by any of their neighbours: And the late Dr. Pitcairn, who was the Ratcliff of Scotland, has left large testimonies of his skill in nature and medicine to the world.

It must not be expected I can go on to describe all the buildings of the city; I shall therefore only touch at such things, and go on. From the Nether-Bow, you have an open view up the high street. On the south side is the trone kirk, and a little farther, in the middle of the street the guard house, where the town guard does duty every night. These are in the stead of our watchmen; and the town maintains two full companies of them, cloth'd and arm'd as grenadiers.

Those are as a guard to keep the publick peace of the city; but I cannot but acknowledge that they are not near so good a safeguard to the citizens, against private robberies, as our watchmen in London are; and Edinburgh is not without such fellows as shop-lifters, house-robbers, and pick-pockets, in proportion to the number of people, as much as London itself.

About midway, between the Nether-Bow and the Castle-Hill, is the great church, formerly it was call'd the cathedral, and was all one church, dedicated to St. Giles: But since the abolishing episcopacy, and that the Presbyterian church is now establish'd by the Union, so as never legally to suffer another change; I say never legally, because it cannot be done without dissolving the Union, which I take to be indissolvable: Since this establishment, the cathedral church is divided into four parochial churches.

In one of those churches, which they call the new church, were seats for the Parliament, high commissioners, and the nobility, when the Parliament was assembled, tho' that occasion is now over: In a room, formerly a kind of consistory room, on the south side of the church, the General Assembly hold their meetings once a year, as also does the Commission of the Assembly in the intervals of the General Meeting, as occasion requires. In the great tower of this church they have a set of bells, which are not rung out as in England, for that way of ringing is not known here; but they are play'd upon with keys, and by a man's hand, like a harpsicord; the person playing has great strong wooden cases to his fingers, by which he is able to strike with the more force, and he plays several tunes very musically, tho' they are heard much better at a distance than near at hand; the man plays every day, Sunday and fast days excepted, at twelve a clock, and has a yearly salary for doing it, and very well he earns the money.

On the south side of this church is a square of very fine buildings, which is call'd by the name of the Parliament Close; the west side of the square, and part of the south, is taken up with the Parliament House, and the several Courts of Justice, the Council-Chamber, the Treasury, the publick offices, registers, the

publick library, &. the court for the meeting of the Royal Boroughs, and several offices needful, when the independency of Scotland was in being, but now not so much in use. But as the Session, or College of Justice, the Exchequer, and the Justiciary, or courts for criminal causes still exist, the usual places for their assembling are still preserved. These buildings are very fine, all of free-stone, well finish'd, and very magnificent. The great church makes up the north side of the square, and the east remaining part of the south side is built into private dwellings very stately, lofty, and strong, being seven story high to the front of the square, and the hill they stand on giving so sudden a descent, they are eleven or twelve story high backward.

The publick part was first finish'd by King Charles I. and an equestrian statue of King Charles II. stands in the middle of the square; all the east part was burnt down by a most terrible fire, in the year — or thereabouts; but 'tis rebuilt as fine as ever. The great opening into the High Street, being the only passage into it for coaches, is at the north east corner, between the south east corner of the High Kirk, and the opposite high buildings, and a little from the opening is the market-cross, where all their proclamations and publick acts are read and publish'd by sound of trumpet. Here is the great parade, where, every day, the gentlemen meet for business or news, as at an Exchange; the usual time of meeting is from eleven to one. Here is also another passage at the north west corner, which goes into the Land-market, and another passage down innumerable stone stairs, on the south side, leading into the Cowgate.

On the west end of the great Church, but in a different building, is the Tolbooth, or common prison, as well for criminals as debtors, and a miserable hole it is, to say no worse of it; tho', for those that can pay for it, there are some apartments tolerable enough, and persons of quality are sometimes confin'd here. The great church and this prison also standing in the middle of the street, the breadth and beauty of it is for some time interrupted, and the way is contracted for so far as those buildings reach on the north side.

But those buildings past, the street opens again to a breadth rather wider than before, and this is call'd the Land-market, but for what reason I know not. This part is also nobly built, and extends west to the Castle Hill, or rather to a narrower street which leads up to the castle.

At the upper end of this Land-market is a stone building, appropriated to several publick offices of lesser value, and is call'd the Weigh-house; for below stairs are warehouses, with publick weights and scales for heavy goods.

Here the High Street ends, and parting into two streets, one goes away south west, and descending gradually, leads by the West Bow, *as 'tis call'd* , to the Grass-market, This street, which is call'd the Bow, is generally full of wholesale

traders, and those very considerable dealers in iron, pitch, tar, oyl, hemp, flax, linsced, painters colours, dyers, drugs and woods, and such like heavy goods, and supplies country shopkeepers, as our wholesale dealers in England do: And here I may say, is a visible face of trade; most of them have also warehouses in Leith, where they lay up the heavier goods, and bring them hither, or fell them by patterns and samples, as they have occasion.

There are large gates in the city which they call ports, including those to the Cannon-gate.

The Water-Gate, which is the east gate by the palace, leading out of the city towards Berwick, and is the great post road to England.

The South Port, mention'd before, leading likewise into the road to Soutra Hill, and so to England by way of Kelso.

The Cowgate Port, at the east end of the Cowgate, and entring from the street leading to the South Port.

The College Port, or the gate going south by the wall of Harriot's hospital.

The West-Bow Port, spoken of before in the middle of the street, mention'd above where the wholesale dealers dwell.

The North Port, a gate leading from the butchery, or flesh-market, over the end of the lough.

The Nether-Bow Port, spoken of at large, leading into the city from the Cannon-gate.

The College-Kirk Port, at the bottom or foot of Leith Wynd.

The West Port, which is the only gate in the west end of the city, and leads out to all the west and north parts of Scotland, and especially to Glasgow, to Sterling, and to the Queens Ferry, the two last being the principal passages into the north.

The markets in Edinburgh are not in the open street, except that in the High Street, where there is every morning an herb and fruit market, which yet abates before noon, and what remains then is no grievance. Besides this, there are several distinct market places wall'd in, and reserv'd for the particular things they are appointed for, and very well regulated by the magistrates, and well supplied also; as

1. The Meal-market.

2. The Flesh-market.

3. The Poultry-market.

4. The Butter-market.

5. The Grass-market.
) Kept open, and in the same street

6. The Horse-market.
) just within the west port, with

several others. There is also, in the street call'd the Land-market, a weekly market for all sorts of woollen manufactures, and some mercery and drapery goods, and also for linnen cloth.

But I must not omit the seminaries of learning, and the attendants upon them, nor the surgeons and apothecaries, with the great hospital, all which stand on the south side of the city; the first of them is the surgeons hall, or surgeon-apothecaries, for here they make but one profession. They have set up a large building all at their own charge, in which is their great hall, hung round with the pictures of all the surgeons of the city, that are, or have been since the building was erected, as also the pictures of Duke Hamilton and the late Lord Chancellor. They have also a Chamber of Rarities, a theatre for dissections, and the finest bagnio in Britain; 'tis perfectly well contriv'd, and exactly well finish'd, no expence being spar'd to make it both convenient and effectually useful.

In their Chamber of Rarities they have several skeletons of strange creatures, a mummy, and other curious things, too many to be particular in them here.

The Humanity school is kept in the same part, which is reckon'd as a part of the university, as being employ'd in the finishing youth for the college. West of these is the college itself, they call it the university: But as it consists of but one college, I call it no more. However, here are all the usual methods of academick learning in their full perfection. The principal, or master, has a handsome dwelling-house and garden in the college: There are, besides a Professor of Divinity, four Regents, or Professors of Philosophy; a Professor of Greek, another of Hebrew, another of History, of the Mathematicks, and of the Civil Law.

The college has a very handsome publick library; and, though not famous for number of books, is yet so for its being a valuable collection of antiquity, and has some very good manuscripts. The late Act of Parliament for settling the right of copies, has made provision for a constant supply of modern books, especially such as are printed in England; so the library is like to encrease, in time, to a great one.

Here was formerly a mint, but that is now laid aside, the Union having made one and the same coinage common to the whole island.

The churches in this populous City are but ten, (viz.)

The Cannon-gate Church.

The College Kirk.

The Trone Kirk.

The New Kirk.

The Old Kirk.

The Tolbrook Kirk.

The Haddocks Hole Kirk.

The Lady Yester's Kirk.

The Gray Friars Kirk.

The West Kirk.

There are also many meeting-houses of the Episcopal party who call themselves Church of England, though they do not all use the English Common-Prayer. These are the dissenters in Scotland, as the Presbyterians are Dissenters in England.

There are also two churches at Leith, and very large and very full they are, and so indeed are all the churches in the city, for the people of Scotland do not wander about on the sabbath-days, as in England; and even those who may have no more religion than enough, yet custom has made it almost natural to them, they all go to the kirk.

They have also one very good custom as to their behaviour in the church, which I wish were practis'd here, namely, that after the sermon is over, and the blessing given, they all look round upon their friends, and especially to persons of distinction, and make their civilities and bows as we do here, for, by the way, the Scots do not want manners. But if any person come in when the worship is begun, he takes notice of no body, nor any body of him; whereas here we make our bows and our cringes in the middle of our very prayers.

I have now done with the city; the palace only, and the castle remain to be mention'd; the last is strong by situation, not much better'd by art, and far from being impregnable, as has been prov'd more than once. It is now of little use, unless for salutes, and firing guns upon festivals, and in some cases to lay up a magazine of arms and ammunition, and to receive prisoners of State.

The Governor has very good apartments, and so has the Lieutenant Governor, as also the Fort-major, and some other officers, and there are deep vaults in the rock, which they say are bomb-proof, and I doubt not but they are so, for they go down into them by a great number of steps. There is also a well of very good water in the castle, and it is carefully kept, but it is a prodigious depth. Here are

not a great many guns planted, neither, indeed, is there room to place many guns, or use for them where they can be plac'd, the works being so very high.

The palace is a handsome building, rather convenient than large. The entrance is majestick, and over the gate a large apartment, which the Duke of Hamilton claims as housekeeper, or rather gate-keeper of the palace; within this is a large, irregular court, where, I must needs say, are very improperly plac'd the coach-houses and stables, which should much rather have been farther off, either in the park, or without the outgate: And, if here had been a barrack, or guard-house, like the Horse-Guards at Whitehall, it would have look'd much more like a royal palace for the king. On either side of this court are gardens, yards the Scots call them, whereof one is like our apothecaries garden at Chelsea, call'd a physick garden, and is tolerably well stor'd with simples, and some exoticks of value; and, particularly I was told, there was a rhubarb-tree, or plant, and which throve very well. In this garden stands Queen Mary's Dial, which is a very curious one, but neglected.

Antiquity claims the fee simple here, and tells us that the church is still ground landlord; for, before the Reformation, this was a monastery; and, tho' it was converted into a palace before the suppression of religious houses, yet, that till then the monks had a fair apartment, and was therefore call'd Haly-Rood House, and they did but entertain the kings and queens in the other as a kind of Guest Mates, or, as we call them, lodgers.

But, be that as it will, the Reformation found a good house upon the premises, which serv'd the kings for some ages before, and which King Charles II. after the Restoration, caus'd to be pull'd down, except the two rondels, or towers, and built the whole fabrick new as it now stands. It is a firm, strong building, square in form, having one court only in the center; and the lower story being divided, the inner part makes a very handsome piazza, tho' the work is plain, and very little ornament, therefore not to be describ'd as one author does by the pillars of the Exchange of London, which are set off with almost all the ornament art could invent.

The apartments are all upon the first floor, the offices below, and some upper rooms are allotted to the servants of the court when the court is there. I have not room to describe the particular apartments, nor is it of moment. The great staircase is at the south west corner of the house, and the guard-chamber and rooms of state take up the south side of the house, as the king's lodgings do the east side, which the Lord Commissioner makes use of in time of parliament; and the west side would be suppos'd to be the queen's lodgings, if such a thing was to be seen again in Scotland, but at present are out of use. The north side is taken up with one large gallery, reaching the whole length of the house, famous for having

the pictures of all the kings of Scotland, from King Fergus, who, they say, reign'd *Anno ant.* CHR. 320. But, in my opinion, as these pictures cannot be, and are not suppos'd to be originals, but just a face and dress left to the discretion of the limner, and so are all guess-work, I see no rarity, or, indeed, any thing valuable in it. As to their later kings there may be some pretence to have their pictures from old preserv'd draughts, or from their coins or medals, and such may be, indeed, worth preserving; and, tho' they were but copy'd again, it would have been worth seeing; but, as it is, I must confess it seems a trifling thing, rather than a gallery fit for a court.

The old Chapel Royal, or church of the convent, stands in its *disshabile* , ruin'd and decay'd, and must fall down. In King James IId's time, the old council-chamber was consecreated for a chapel, instead of the antient fabrick; and there the Roman priests officiated for some time, promising themselves not only to restore the great antient chapel, but even to seize upon the palace itself in the right of the Church, and make a noble monastery of it which it must be confess'd might have been done with very little change: But their reign was too short for the undertaking.

On the side of the park was a part set out for fine gardens, and they are still call'd St Ann's Yards, that is gardens; but they have never been planted or form'd.

I must now visit Leith, the sea-port of Edinburgh, as it is properly call'd: It is a large and populous town, or rather two towns, for the river or harbour parts them, and they are join'd by a good stone bridge, about half a mile, or more, from the mouth of the river.

Up to this bridge ships of burthen may come, and, at high water, lay their sides close to the shore; but at low water people pass over on foot, even without the pier; but the water flows in the Firth near three fathom right up and down.

Here is a very fine key well wharf'd up with stone, and fenc'd with piles, able to discharge much more business than the place can supply, tho' the trade is far from being inconsiderable too. At the mouth of the harbour is a very long and well built pier, or head, which runs out beyond the land a great way, and which defends the entrance into the harbour from filling up with sand, as, upon hard gales of wind at north east, would be very likely: There are also ranges of piles, or break-waters, as the seamen call them, on the other side the harbour, all which are kept in good repair; and by this means the harbour is preserv'd, and kept open in spight of a flat shore, and a large swell of the sea.

On the other side the bridge is the remains of a strong castle, built by Oliver Cromwell to command the port, but demolish'd; yet not so much, but that a little expence and a few hands would soon restore it. Here the late rebel Highlanders made a bold stop, and took possession of it for one night; but not finding their

friends in the city in any condition to join them; and the troops preparing to attack them, they quitted it in the night, and march'd off to the Earl of Winton's house, as has been said. Leith, tho' it has a particular bayliff, is yet under the jurisdiction of the magistrates of Edinburgh, and is govern'd by them. The town had a great disaster a few years before the Union, by a store-house of gunpowder taking fire, which demolish'd almost a whole street of houses; the loss is not fully repair'd to this day: Many lives also were lost, and many people miserably hurt and bruis'd, which, I think, should serve as a hint to all governments, not to suffer quantities of powder to be kept in populous towns.

This town was once very strong, when the French held it, as they did for many years against the Reformers, and were not at last driven out, but by an army from England, which Queen Elizabeth sent to assist the Protestants.

From Leith, the Firth, which is there, at least, two leagues over, holds that breadth for five or six miles, and then narrows a little beyond Cramond; and again at the Queens-Ferry, it is reduc'd to two miles breadth, and an island in the middle also.

There is also a ferry at Leith, the boats going from Leith to Burnt-Island, or, as the Scots call it, Bruntillian; but as 'tis no less than seven miles, and that sometimes they meet with bad weather, the passengers are so often frighted, that I knew several gentlemen that would always choose to go round to the Queens-Ferry, rather than venture over at Leith; this, I suppose, gave beginning to that homely piece of proverb poetry, that

There is never a laird in Fife,
But once a year he would give his estate for his life.

Queens-Ferry is not a passage over the water only, but a very good town also, and a Corporation. And here I must take notice of a thing which was to me surprising, I mean as to the quantity of herrings taken, and that might be taken in those seas. There was, at that time, a fleet of between seven and eight hundred sail of Dutch Busses come into the Firth, loaden with herrings, and their convoy with them, for it was in the time of the late wars; the Scots themselves had taken a vast quantity, for they said they had had a very good fishery all along upon the coast of Fife, and of Aberdeen, and the Dunbar men, and the Firth boats, were every day taking more; and yet the water of the Firth was so full of fish, that passing at the Queens-Ferry in a little Norway yawl, or boat, row'd by two boys, the boys toss'd the fish out of the water into the boat with their naked hands only: But I shall have occasion to mention this again.

Between Edinburgh and this town the Marquess of Annandale has a small, but very pleasant house: And here I observ'd his lordship was making bricks, in order to build walls round his garden; a thing hardly to be seen in Scotland, except

there. On the other hand, it is for want of brick walls that the wall-fruit in Scotland does not thrive so well there as it would otherwise do: And whereas they have no peaches or nectarines, or but very few, it is evident, had they brick walls they might have both; but the stone will not do it. The reflexion of the sun is not equally nourishing, nor does the stone hold the warmth of the sun, after it is gone, as the bricks do.

All the country between Edinburgh and this place, is throng'd with gentlemen's houses, also as it was observ'd to be on the other side: But the beauty of all this part is Hopton House, built upon a delightful plain, and yet upon the edge, as we may say, of a high precipice; from whence you, as it were, look down upon the ships as they sail by, for you stand above the top-mast heads of them.

The house was originally a square; but the earl is now adding two wings to it, which will greatly add to the beauty of the building; the situation is so good, and gives so fine a prospect, as well to the sea as to the land, that nothing can be finer. It is exquisitely finish'd, both within and without; and besides family-pieces, the earl has some fine pieces of painting that are very curious. The stables and riding-place are by far the finest and most magnificent in Scotland; and his lordship, who delights in good horses, has the best, without comparison, in all the country. But it would be endless to dwell upon the description of gentlemen's seats, in a country where they are so numerous, and where, indeed, they are the chief thing of value that is to be seen.

From hence the Firth widens again, and soon after is three or four miles wide, and makes a safe and deep road, with good anchor ground; and if there was a trade to answer it, here might ride a thousand sail of ships of any burthen.

On the south-shore, upon a narrow slip or point of land, running far into the water, lyes Blackness Castle, in former times infamous for the cruel confining state-prisoners, and especially such as were taken up for religious differences, where many perished, either by the unhealthiness of the place, or want of conveniences, or something worse. It might be of use, if the harbour, as I have said, was frequented; but as it is, there seems to be no occasion at all for it.

Farther west is Boristown Ness, a long town, of one street, and no more, extended along the shore, close to the water. It has been, and still is, a town of the greatest trade to Holland and France, before the Union, of any in Scotland, except Edinburgh; and, for shipping, it has more ships belong to it than to Edinburgh and Leith put together; yet their trade is declin'd of late by the Dutch trade, being carry'd on so much by way of England: But, as they tell us, the Glasgow merchants are resolving to settle a trade to Holland and Hamburgh in the Firth, by bringing their foreign goods, (viz.) their sugars and tobacco by land to Alloway, and from thence export them as they see occasion. I say, in this case, which is

very probable, the Boristoun Ness men will come into business again; for as they have the most shipping, so they are the best seamen in the Firth; and particularly they are not sailors only, but even pilots for the coast of Holland, they are so acquainted with it, and so with the Baltick, and the coast of Norway also.

As I resolve to go through my account of the south part of Scotland first, I shall not pass the Firth at all, till giving you an account of the western part, I come back to Sterling Bridge, and there I suppose I may finish my next letter; mean time

I am, &.

LETTER XII

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN PART OF SCOTLAND; INCLUDING THE CITY OF GLASGOW

SIR,-As I enter'd the east side of Scotland from Berwick upon Tweed, and have carry'd on my accounts through the Louthians, which are deservedly call'd the best and most pleasant, as well as most fruitful part of Scotland; and therein have also given you my observations of the capital city and port of the kingdom, I mean Edinburgh and Leith: So the west part having been travell'd over by me at another particular journey from England; and that I went from England by another road, I shall give you my account of it also by itself.

Passing the River Eden, or (as it is ordinarily call'd) the Solway Firth at Carlisle, we enter'd upon Scotland, on the side of Dumfries-shire, the southmost shire of the west of Scotland. The division of this county into Eskdale, Nithsdale, and Annandale, is but the ordinary marking out the rivers Esk, Annan, and Nid, as I observ'd of the rivers in the north of England, Tweedale, Tyndale, Swale Dale, and others; for the whole province makes but one Dumfries-shire, and as such you will understand it as I go on.

The Esk is a tolerable large river, and gives name to the south east part of this county; but we saw little worth notice but Kirsop, a small market town on a river of the same name, which afterwards falls into Esk, and is famous for being the place where, by a treaty, after the battle of Pinkey, the limits or borders of the two kingdoms were settled; though the borderers observ'd it no longer than serv'd for their purpose, robbing and plundering one another upon all occasions, as opportunity offer'd.

This river soon after leaves Scotland, and runs into the English border, leaving nothing behind it worth my trouble of remarking, or yours of reading, only to tell you it empties itself into the Solway Firth, which indeed receives all the rivers on this part of the island, as well from England as from Scotland.

The first place of note we came to in Scotland was Annand, or as some call it, Annandale, as they do the county, though, I think, improperly. It was a town of note, and a sea-port, and having a good river and harbour, was esteem'd a town of good trade; but it was not situated for strength; and the English took it so often, and specially the last time burnt it to the ground, in that war so fatal to the Scots, in the reign of Edward VI. that it never recover'd. Here was a good salmon fishery, and a trade to the Isle of Man, and by that to Ireland: But as the face of trade is alter'd since that time, and by the ruins of the place the merchants, and

men of substance, remov'd to Dumfries, the town continues, to all appearance, in a state of irrevocable decay.

It was but a dull welcome into Scotland to see, not only by this town, that the remains of the old devastations, committed in the time of the hostilities between the two nations, were so visible, so unrepair'd, and, as we might say, so likely to continue unrepair'd; whereas, tho' there are remains also on the English side, yet, not so plain, and in many places things much restor'd, and in a way to be more so: But the poverty of the common people, and the indolence of the gentry, will fully account for the difference. The bridge over the river at Annand is very firm and good, and there is a tolerable good market.

From hence, keeping the sea as close as we could on our left, we went on due west to Dumfries, a sea-port town at the mouth of the River Nid, or Nith, which gives name to the third division of the county call'd Nithsdale; but the town is justly the capital of the whole shire, and indeed, of all the south west part of Scotland.

Here, indeed, as in some other ports on this side the island, the benefits of commerce, obtain'd to Scotland by the Union, appear visible; and that much more than on the east side, where they seem to be little, if any thing mended, I mean in their trade.

Dumfries was always a good town, and full of merchants. By merchants, here I mean, in the sense that word is taken and understood in England (viz.) not mercers and drapers, shopkeepers, &. but merchant-adventurers, who trade to foreign parts, and employ a considerable number of ships. But if this was so before, it is much more so now; and as they have (with success) embark'd in trade, as well to England as to the English plantations, they apparently encrease both in shipping and people; for as it almost every where appears, where trade increases, people must and will increase; that is, they flock to the place by the necessary consequences of the trade, and, in return, where the people increase, the trade will increase, because the necessary consumption of provisions, cloaths, furniture, &. necessarily increases, and with them the trade.

This is such a chain of trading consequences, that they are not to be separated; and the town of Dumfries, as well as Liverpool, Manchester, Whitehaven, and other towns in England are demonstrations of it.

This town is situated also for an increase of commerce on the River Nid, for tho' it stands near two leagues from the sea, yet the tide flows up to the town, and ships of burthen come close up to the key; but at about four miles below the town the largest merchant-ships in Britain might come up, and ride in safety.

There is a very fine stone bridge here over the River Nid; as also a castle, tho' of old work, yet still good and strong enough; also an exchange for the merchants,

and a Tolbooth, or townhall for the use of the magistrates. They had formerly a woollen manufacture here: But as the Union has, in some manner, suppress'd those things in Scotland, the English supplying them fully, both better and cheaper; so they have more than an equivalent by an open trade to all the English plantations, and to England itself.

The castle in this town, as well as that at Carlavrock, near the mouth of the river, and opening to the Firth of Solway, was formerly belonging to the antient family of Nithsdale, the only remaining branch of which being unhappily embark'd in the late rebellion, and taken in arms at Presten, made his escape out of the tower, and is now abroad, but under forfeiture. That last mention'd castle has been a very magnificent structure, though now, like its owner, in a state of ruin and decay.

The River Nid here parts the two counties of Galloway and Dumfries shire; and there is a gate in the middle of the bridge which is the limit between them: And this neighbourhood of Galloway, which is a great and rich province, promotes the trade of Dumfries very much.

We could not pass Dumfries without going out of the way upwards of a day, to see the castle of Drumlanrig, the fine palace of the Duke of Queensberry, which stands at twelve miles distance, upon the same river; the vale on either side the river is pleasant, and tolerably good: But when these rapid rivers overflow their banks, they do not, like Nile, or even like the Thames, and other southern streams, fatten and enrich the soil; on the contrary, they lodge so much sand and splinters of stone upon the surface of the earth, and among the roots of the grass, that spoils and beggars the soil; and the water is hurried on with such force also, as that in a good light soil it washes the best part of the earth away with it, leaving the sand and stones behind it.

Drumlanrig, like Chatsworth in Darbyshire, is like a fine picture in a dirty grotto, or like an equestrian statue set up in a barn; 'tis environ'd with mountains, and that of the wildest and most hideous aspect in all the south of Scotland; as particularly that of Enterkin, the frightfullest pass, and most dangerous that I met with, between that and Penmenmuir in North Wales; but of that in its place.

We were not so surpriz'd with the height of the mountains, and the barrenness of the country beyond them, as we were with the humour of the people, who are not in this part, by many degrees, so populous, or so polish'd, as in the other parts of Scotland. But that which was more surprising than all the rcst, was to see a palace so glorious, gardens so fine, and every thing so truly magnificent, and all in a wild, mountainous country, the like we had not seen before; where, in a word, we saw the peak of Darby restor'd, (viz.) the finest palace in all that part of Britain, erected under the mountains, full of lead-mines, and quarries of freestone,

and where nothing, but what was desolate and dismal, could be expected, especially if you come to it by the said pass of Enterkin, or by the mountains of Cumock and Carrick, more to the north west of the place. This was certainly a foil to the buildings, and sets them off with all possible advantage; upon which the same hand which before gave us the lines upon the waters of Buxton-Bath, being in the company, bestow'd the following upon Drumlanrig Castle.

Just thus, with horrid desart hills embrac'd,
Was Paradise on *Euphra's* border plac'd.
The God of Harmony to grace the view,
And make the illustrations just and true,
Strong contraries presented to the eye,
And circled beauty in deformity.
The happy discord entertains the sight,
And as these shew more black, that shews more bright.

As you come to the palace from the road of Edinburgh, which is by the said pass of Enterkin, you come first to the River Nid, which is just there both broad and exceeding deep, over which there is a stately stone-bridge, built by the noble founder of the castle, I mean the first Duke of Queensberry, who built the house. The building is four-square, with roundels in the inner angles of the court, in every one of which is a stair-case, and a kind of a tower on the top. This way of building, 'tis confess'd, does not seem so modern as the rest of the building; but as 'tis not seen in the front, 'tis well enough.

The house stands on the top of a rising ground, which, at its first building, lay with a steep and uncouth descent to the river, and which made the lookers-on wonder what the duke meant to build in such a disproportion'd place: But he best understood d his own design; for the house "once laid out, all that unequal descent is so beautifully levell'd and lay'd out in slopes and terrasses, that nothing can be better design'd, or, indeed, better perform'd than the gardens are, which take up the whole south and west sides of the house; and, when the whole design will be done, the rest will be more easy, the ground being a plain the other way, and the park and avenues compleatly planted with trees.

At the extent of the gardens there are pavillions and banquetting-houses, exactly answering to one another, and the greens trimm'd, spaliers and hedges are in perfection.

The inside is answerable to the outside, the apartments finely plac'd and richly furnish'd: And the gallery may well be call'd a gallery of beauties, itself's a beauty. And being fill'd from end to end, the whole length of one side of the building, with the family-pieces of the duke's ancestors, most of them at full length, and in their robes of state, or of office, as their history directed. William,

the first raiser of the family, was only a knight and laird of Drumlanrig, who was sent ambassador to England, to ransome King James I. at that time detain'd in England. He was afterwards kill'd on the side of the French, in the great battle of Agincourt, fighting against Henry V. King of England, 1427. They were first ennobled for the real merit of their services, in the person of the first Lord of Drumlanrig, *Ann.* 1640. And King Charles I. made the then Lord of Drumlanrig Earl of Queensberry; a title taken from Queensberry Hill, a high, round hill, in a particular lordship of the estate, and in view of the house. After the Restoration, the grandson of the earl was created marquess and duke by King Charles II.

This was the person who built the noble palace I am speaking of, who, every way, merited the honours which the prince rather loaded him with, than bestow'd on him: He lyes buried in the parish church of Disdier or Didier, with a fine monument over him; but not like that lately erected for his son the late duke.

This last mention'd duke would require a history rather than a bare mention, in a work of this kind: But I have forbid myself entring far into the characters of persons and families; and therefore, tho' I think myself bound to honour the merit of so great a person, I shall sum it up all in this; that as I had the honour to be known to his Grace, so I had the opportunity to see and read by his permission, several letters written to him by the late King William, with his own hand, and several more by Queen Anne, written also by her Majesty's own hand; with such expressions of their satisfaction in his fidelity and affection to their Majesties' service, his ability and extraordinary judgment in the affairs entrusted to him; his knowledge of, and zeal for the true interest of his country, and their dependance upon his councils and conduct, that no minister of state in Europe could desire greater testimonies of his services, or a better character from his sovereign, and this from differing princes, and at the distance of several years from one another, and, to be sure, without any manner of corresponding one with the other.

That this noble person was Lord Commissioner at the time of the Union, sat in the throne at the last parliament of Scotland, and touch'd with the scepter the Act of Parliament, which put an end to parliaments for ever in that part of Great Britain, will always be matter of history to the end of time; whether the Scots will remember it to the advantage of the duke's character, in their opinion, that must be as their several opinions guide them.

This duke's monument, curiously done in marble at full length, is also plac'd in the same church at Disdier, where he is buried with his dutchess, a daughter of the house of Burlington in England.

But I dwell too long here. While I was at Drumlanrig, being desir'd by the late duke to make some observations on his Grace's estate there, which is very great, in order to some English improvement, I, in particular, view'd some of the hills to

the north of the castle, and having a Darbyshire gentleman with us, who was thoroughly acquainted with those things, we discover'd in several places evident tokens of lead-mines, such as in Darbyshire, and in Somersetshire, are said never to fail; and to confirm our opinions in it, we took up several small pieces of oar in the gulls and holes, which the rains had made in the sides of the mountains, and also of a plain sparr, such as is not found any where without the oar: But the duke's death put an end to these enquiries, as also to several other improvements then in view.

Here we were surpriz'd with a sight, which is not now so frequent in Scotland as it has been formerly, I mean one of their field meetings, where one Mr. John Hepburn, an old Cameronian, preach'd to an auditory of near 7,000 people, all sitting in rows on the steep side of a green hill, and the preacher in a little pulpit made under a tent at the foot of the hill; he held his auditory, with not above an intermission of half an hour, almost seven hours; and many of the poor people had come fifteen or sixteen miles to hear him, and had all the way to go home again on foot. I shall say nothing to it, for my business is not to make remarks on such things; only this I may add, that if there was an equal zeal to this in our part of the world, and for that worship which we acknowledge to be true, and of a sacred institution, our churches would be more throng'd, and our ale-houses and fields less throng'd on the sabbath-day than they are now. But that also by the way.

From Drumlanrig I took a turn to see the famous pass of Enterkin, or Introkin Hill: It is, indeed, not easy to describe, but by telling you that it ascends through a winding bottom for near half a mile, and a stranger sees nothing terrible, but vast high mountains on either hand, tho' all green, and with sheep feeding on them to the very top; when, on a suddain, turning short to the left, and crossing a rill of water in the bottom, you mount the side of one of those hills, while, as you go on, the bottom in which that water runs down from between the hills, keeping its level on your right, begins to look very deep, till at length it is a precipice horrible and terrifying; on the left the hill rises almost perpendicular, like a wall; till being come about half way, you have a steep, unpassable height on the left, and a monstrous calm or ditch on your right; deep, almost as the monument is high, and the path, or way, just broad enough for you to lead your horse on it, and, if his foot slips, you have nothing to do but let go the bridle, least he pul?s you with him, and then you will have the satisfaction of seeing him dash'd to pieces, and lye at the bottom with his four shoes uppermost. I pass'd twice this hill after this, but the weather was good, and the way dry, which made it safe; but one of our company was so frighted with it, that in a kind of an extasy, when he got to the bottom, he look'd back, and swore heartily that he would never come that way again.

Indeed, there were several things this last time we pass'd it, which render'd it more frightful to a stranger: One was, that there had been, a few days before, a suddain frost, with a great deal of snow; and though, a little before the snow, I pass'd it, and there was nothing to be seen; yet then I look'd down the frightful precipice, and saw no less than five horses in several places, lying at the bottom with their skins off, which had, by the slipperiness of the snow, lost their feet, and fallen irrecoverably to the bottom, where the mountaineers, who make light of the place, had found means to come at them, and get their hides off.

But that which is most remarkable of this place is yet behind, (viz.) that noted story of the Whigs in the old persecuting times, in King Charles IId's time, and which I must give you a short account of, for I have not room for the whole history.

A troop of dragoons had been sent, by order of their commanding officer, to disturb a field-meeting, such a one as I just now describ'd. These meetings were strictly forbidden at that time and the minister, if taken, was punish'd with death, without mercy: The poor people of this country being all what they then call'd Cameronians and Whigs, (for here, by the way, the word Whig began first to be known) I say, the people being zealous in their way, would, and did hold their field-meetings, notwithstanding all the prohibitions the court could make; upon which the Government quarter'd the dragoons upon them, with orders, on all such occasions, to disperse them, and what prisoners they took they were to carry to Edinburgh, especially their ministers. Accordingly, at this time, there was an extraordinary meeting of many thousand people, and the dragoons march'd to disturb them.

As the whole country were their friends, the dragoons could not stir, but immediately notice would be taken, and the alarm given: The people at the meeting had always some stout fellows arm'd with fire-arms, to prevent a surprize, and they had so now, enough to have beaten off the dragoons, if they had attack'd them, but as they did not covet fighting and blood, otherwise than on necessity for their own defence, and that they had now timely notice given them, they chose to break up and disperse, and they were really dispers'd, when the dragoons came to the place.

However, the dragoons resolving not to lose their labour, pursued the straggling people, and ill used some of them, took others prisoners, and, among the rest, very unhappily surpriz'd their minister, which was a booty to them; and, as soon as they had him, they march'd off directly to carry him to Edinburgh, where he might depend upon being hang'd.

The poor people, terribly alarm'd at the loss of their minister; for no people in the world love their ministers like them; the cries of the one part animating and

exasperating the other part, and a small body of those who were the guard before, but chose peaceably to separate, rather than dispute it with the dragoons, resolv'd to rescue their minister, whatever it cost.

They knew the dragoons would carry him to Edinburgh, and they knew, that to do so, they must necessarily go thro' this narrow pass of Interken: They were but thirteen men on foot; but being nimble fellows, and knowing the private ways perfectly well, they reach'd the top of the hill long before the dragoons; eight of them therefore plac'd themselves in the head of the narrow way, where the dragoons were coming on one by one, or at most two by two, and very softly, you may believe, by the nature of the place.

The other five sliding down from the top of the hill, on the left of the pass, plac'd themselves, as they found to their advantage, being resolv'd to speak with the troop as they came by. It was a thick mist, as is often upon those hills, (indeed seldom otherwise) so that the dragoons could not discover them, till they were within hearing, nor then, so as to know how many they were.

When the dragoons came up within hearing, one of the five boldly calls to the commander by his name, and bids him halt with his troop, and advance no farther at his peril; the captain calls out again, who are you? and what would you have? They answer'd, deliver our minister; the captain damn'd them a little, and march'd on: The Cameronian called to him again with a threatning air-Will you deliver our minister? at which he reply'd as loud-No, you dog, and if you were to be damn'd; at which the man fir'd immediately, and shot him thro' the heart, so that he fell from his horse, and never spoke a word, and the frighted horse, fluttering a little at the fall of his rider, fell down the precipice, and there was an end both of horse and man together.

At that very moment the eight men, at the head of the pass, shew'd themselves, though at a distance, and gave a shout, which put the whole body into a pannick fear; for had they fir'd, and the horses been put into the least confusion, half of them would have been down the precipice immediately. In short, the lieutenant that commanded next, being wiser than his captain, gave them better words, and desir'd them to forbear firing for a minute or two; and after a very short conference with his men (for they had no more officers to call a council of war with) resolv'd upon a parley, in which, upon their promising to march off and leave the pass free, they deliver'd their minister, and they carry'd him off; and glad the dragoons were of their deliverance; for, indeed, if they had been 500 instead of 50, the thirteen men might have destroy'd them all; nay, the more they had been, the more certain would have been their destruction.

But I must go back to Dumfries again, for this was but an excursion from thence, as I observ'd there: I resolv'd, before I quitted the west coast, to see all

that was worth seeing on that side, and the next trip we made was into Galloway: And here, I must confess, I could not but look with grief and concern upon the country, and indeed upon the people.

Galloway, as I hinted before, begins even from the middle of the bridge of Dumfries; the first town on the coast, of any note, is Kirkubright, or, as vulgarly call'd, Kirkubry. It must be acknowledg'd this very place is a surprize to a stranger, and especially one whose business is observation, as mine was.

Here is a pleasant situation, and yet nothing pleasant to be seen. Here is a harbour without ships, a port without trade, a fishery without nets, a people without business; and, that which is worse than all, they do not seem to desire business, much less do they understand it. I believe they are very good Christians at Kirkubry, for they are in the very letter of it, they obey the text, and are contented with such things as they have. They have all the materials for trade, but no genius to it; all the oppportunities for trade, but no inclination to it. In a word, they have no notion of being rich and populous, and thriving by commerce. They have a fine river, navigable for the greatest ships to the town-key; a haven, deep as a well, safe as a mill-pond; 'tis a meer wet dock, for the little island of Ross lyes in the very entrance, and keeps off the west and north west winds, and breaks the surge of the sea; so that when it is rough without, 'tis always smooth within. But, alas! there is not a vessel, that deserves the name of a ship, belongs to it; and, though here is an extraordinary salmon fishing, the salmon come and offer themselves, and go again, and cannot obtain the privilege of being made useful to mankind; for they take very few of them. They have also white fish, but cure none; and herrings, but pickle none. In a word, it is to me the wonder of all the towns of North-Britain; especially, being so near England, that it has all the invitations to trade that Nature can give them, but they take no notice of it. A man might say of them, that they have the Indies at their door, and will not dip into the wealth of them; a gold mine at their door, and will not dig it.

It is true, the reason is in part evident, namely, poverty; no money to build vessels, hire seamen, buy nets and materials for fishing, to cure the fish when it is catch'd, or to carry it to market when it is cur'd; and this discourages the mind, checks industry, and prevents all manner of application. People tell us, that slothfulness begets poverty, and it is true; but I must add too, that poverty makes slothfulness, and I doubt not, were two or three brisk merchants to settle at Kirkubry, who had stocks to furnish out ships and boats for these things, they would soon find the people as industrious, and as laborious as in other places; or, if they did not find them so, they would soon make them so, when they felt the benefit of it, tasted the sweet of it, had boats to fish, and merchants to buy it when brought in; when they found the money coming, they would soon work. But to

bid men trade without money, labour without wages, catch fish to have them stink, when they had done, is all one as to bid them work without hands, or walk without feet; ’tis the poverty of the people makes them indolent.

Again, as the people have no hands (that is, no stock) to work, so the gentry have no genius to trade; ’tis a mechanism which they scorn; tho’ their estates are not able to feed them, they will not turn their hands to business or improvement; they had rather see their sons made foot soldiers, (than which, as officers treat them now, there is not a more abject thing on earth), than see them apply to trade, nay, to merchandize, or to the sea, because those things are not (forsooth) fit for gentlemen.

In a word, the common people all over this country, not only are poor, but look poor; they appear dejected and discourag’d, as if they had given over all hopes of ever being otherwise than what they are. They are, indeed, a sober, grave, religious people, and that more, ordinarily speaking, than in any other part of Scotland, far from what it is in England; conversation is generally sober, and grave; I assure you, they have no assemblies here, or balls; and far from what it is in England, you hear no oaths, or prophane words in the streets; and, if a mean boy, such as we call shoe-blackers, or black-guard boys, should be heard to swear, the next gentleman in the street, if any happen’d to be near him, would cane him, and correct him; whereas, in England, nothing is more frequent, or less regarded now, than the most horrid oaths and blasphemies in the open streets, and that by the little children that hardly know what an oath means.

But this we cannot cure, and, I doubt, never shall; and in Scotland, but especially in this part of Scotland, you have none of it to cure.

It is the honour of Scotland that they are the strictest observers of the Lord’s-Day of any nation in the world; and, if any part of Scotland are more strict observers of it than the rest, it is in this part, and all the country from Dumfries, and the parts adjacent to Glasgow, and the Clyde, inclusive of both the towns of Dumfries and Glasgow; and tho’ this country of Galloway may be the poorest and empty of commerce, it is, perhaps, the most religious part of all Scotland. Some people, I know, will not think that an equivalent for their poverty; as to that, let every body think for themselves; ’tis my business only to relate the fact, and represent things as they are.

It must be acknowledg’d, and there my opinion concurs, they might be as religous and as serious as they are; and the more so, the better, and yet, they might at the same time be industrious, and apply themselves to trade, and to reap the advantages that nature offers them; might build ships, catch and cure fish, and carry them to all the markets in Europe, as the Glasgow merchants shew them the example. But the hindrance is in the nature of the thing; the poverty of the

commons, and the indolence of the gentry forbid it; and so Kirkubry, and all the shores of Galloway must remain unnavigated; the fine harbours be unfrequented, the fish be secure and safe from nets till time and better opportunities alter the case, or a people better able, and more inclin'd to business, comes among them, and leads them into it.

But I must speak no more in generals. I left Kirkubright with a sort of concern; it is so noble a prospect, of what business, and commerce might, and I am persuaded, some time or other will do for it; the river, that enters the sea here, and makes the fine harbour I mentioned, is call'd the Dee, or the Dea, and is of a considerable long course, coming out of mountains, in the remotest north-angle of this shire, towards Carrick; and, as it is full of turnings and meanders, more than any river in Scotland, is said to run near 200 miles in its course, as a river, tho' not above seventy miles in a line; it is sometimes on occasion of land waters, a very great river, and remains so longer than is usual in other rivers.

The country of Galloway lies due west from Dumfries, and, as, that they call the Upper Galloway, runs out farther than the rest, into the Irish seas; all that bay or sea, on the south side of it may be reckoned part of Solway-Firth, as all on the north side is called the Firth of Clyde, though near 100 miles from the river itself; as all that sea in England, between South Wales, and the north coasts of Devon and Cornwall, is called the Severn sea, even to the Lands End of England, though above 100 miles from the Severn.

The wester Galloway, which is also call'd the shire of Wigtoun, from the town of Wigtoun, its capital, runs out with a peninsula, so far into the sea, that from the utmost shores, you see the coast of Ireland very plain, as you see Calais from Dover; and here is the town of Port Patrick, which is the ordinary place for the ferry or passage to Belfast or other ports in Ireland. It has a tolerable good harbour, and a safe road; but there is very little use for it, for the packet boat, and a few fishing vessels are the sum of the navigation; it is true, the passage or ferry is wide, and the boats very indifferent, without the least convenience or accommodation; and yet, which is strange, they very rarely, if ever miscarry; nay, they told us there, they had never lost one in the memory of the oldest man in the town, except one full of cattle; which, heeling to one side more than ordinary, all the cattle run to that side, and as it were, slid out into the sea; but the loading being out, the boat came to rights again, and was brought safe into the port, and none but the four-footed passengers were drown'd.

Port Patrick has nothing in it to invite our stay, 'tis a mean dirty homely place; and as we had no business here, but to see the coast, we came away very ill satisfied with our accommodations. Upon a hill near the town, we could plainly see Ireland to the west, England, (viz.) the coast of Cumberland to the south, and

the Isle of Man to the south west, and the Isle of Isla, and the Mull of Kyntire to the north west.

As we pass'd the peninsula, which is formed by two arms of the sea, one on the north side call'd Lochrain, and the other on the south, call'd the Bay of Glenluce, we stop'd at Stranrawer; in the very neck of land, between both these gulphs, are good roads for ships, and full of fish, but still here is no genius for trade, or for sea affairs of any kind.

But now having said thus much of the stupidity of the people of Galloway, and especially on the sea coast, for not falling into merchandizing, fishing, &. which would doubtless turn to great account: I must premise two things, that I may not lead the reader into an error.

1. It is not so with all the people on this western coast of Scotland, as we shall soon see in the other countries, upon the coast of Clyde, farther north, up to, and inclusive of Glasgow itself.

2. The people of Galloway itself are not perfectly idle, and neither the country, or the people capable of any thing; if it were so, the place would be uninhabited, and, indeed, unhabitable; whereas, on the contrary, it is very populous, and full of inhabitants, as well of noblemen and gentlemen, as of common people; all, which, I shall explain in few words.

1. It is not so with all the people, they are not all stupid, and without any notions of commerce, navigation, shipping, fishing, &. that is to say, tho' in Galloway they are generally so, from the coast, a little west of Dumfries, that is, from the mouth of the River Fleet, yet to the northward, and upon the coast of Air, Kyle, and Cunningham; it is quite another thing, as you shall hear presently.

2. The people of Galloway do not starve; tho' they do not fish, build ships, trade abroad, &. yet they have other business, that is to say, they are meer cultivaters of the earth, and in particular, breeders of cattle, such as sheep, the number of which I may say is infinite, that is to say, innumerable; and black cattle, of which they send to England, if fame lies not, 50 or 60,000 every year, the very toll of which before the Union, was a little estate to some gentlemen upon the borders; and particularly the Earl of Carlisle had a very good income by it.

Besides the great number of sheep and runts, as we call them in England, which they breed here; they have the best breed of strong low horses in Britain, if not in Europe, which we call pads, and from whence we call all small truss-strong riding horses Galloways: These horses are remarkable for being good pacers, strong, easy goers, hardy, gentle, well broke, and above all, that they never tire, and they are very much bought up in England on that account.

By these three articles, the country of Galloway is far from being esteemed a poor country; for the wooll, as well as the sheep, is a very great fund of yearly wealth to them, and the black cattle and horses are hardly to be valued: The gentlemen generally take their rents in cattle, and some of them have so great a quantity, that they go to England with their droves, and take the money themselves. It is no uncommon thing for a Galloway nobleman to send 4,000 sheep, and 4,000 head of black cattle to England in a year, and sometimes much more. Going from the lower Galloway hither, we were like all to be driven down the stream of a river, tho' a countryman went before for our guide, the water swelling upon us as we pass'd, the stream was very strong, so that I was oblig'd to turn my horse's head to the current, and so sloping over edg'd near the shore by degrees, whereas, if my horse had stood directly cross the stream, he could not have kept his feet.

This part of the country is very mountainous, and some of the hills prodigious high; but all are cover'd with sheep: In a word, the gentlemen here are the greatest sheep-masters in Scotland, (so they call themselves) and the greatest breeders of black cattle and horses.

But I was sick of Galloway, thro' which the travelling is very rough, as well for the road, as for the entertainment; except, that sometimes we were received by the gentlemen, who are particularly very courteous to strangers, meerly as such, and we received many extraordinary civilities on that only account.

We now enter'd the shire of Air, full north from the mull of Galloway, and as before, we coasted the south Bay or Firth of Solway, parting England from Scotland; now we coasted the Firth or Sea of Clyde, which, for above sixty miles lies on the west side the shore, standing away north east from the point of the mull, or north Point of Galloway: The shire of Air is divided into three parts, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham.

Carrick is a more fruitful and better cultivated country than Galloway, and not so mountainous; but it is not quite so rich in cattle, and especially, not in sheep, or horses. There is no considerable port in this part of the country, yet, the people begin to trade here, and they are (particularly on the coast) great fishermen, and take abundance of fish, but not merchants to carry it abroad; sometimes they are employed by the merchants at Glasgow, and other places, to catch herrings for them. Balgony is the chief town, but tho' it stands on the coast, it has no harbour, and is a poor decay'd town; the market is good, because there are many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and the coast near it is full of people, the houses are mean, and low, and very coarse: The family of Kennedy, Earls of Cassells, are lords of great part of the country, and has a good antient seat farther north, but we did not go to it; the late Earl of Kenmure had some interest here, but, as the

family was much sunk in fortune, so, both what was left here, and in Galloway, is gone, and the honour extinct in the last earl, who being beheaded for the late rebellion, *Ann.* 1716. left nothing behind him worth naming in this country.

Corning to the north bounds of Carrick, we pass'd the River Dun, upon a bridge of one arch, the largest I ever saw, much larger than the Rialto at Venice, or the middle arch of the great bridge at York; we find many such in this country, though, I think none so very wide, except a bridge between Glasgow and Sterling; which, indeed, I did not measure, though we might have done it, there being then no water in the river. But this the people assur'd us, was almost thirty yards in diameter, which, as I take it, is thirteen foot wider than the Rialto.

This bridge led us into the county of Kyle, the second division of the shire of Air; and here I observ'd, that, contrary to what is usual, the farther north we travelled, the better, finer, and richer the country was, whereas, ordinarily the farther north we expect it to be the worse.

Kyle is much better inhabited than Carrick, as Carrick is better than Galloway; and as the soil here is better, and the country plainer and leveller, so on the banks of the river, here are abundance of gentlemen's seats, some of them well planted, tho' most of the houses are old built, that is, castle-wise, because of enemies. But now that fear is over they begin to plant, and endose after the manner of England; and the soil is also encouraging, for the land is fruitful.

Our Scotch writers tell us a long story of a great battle in this country, between King Coilus or Kylus a British king, and their Fergus I. where the former was kill'd, and from thence the country took his name; also another bloody battle, *Ann.* 1263. between King Alexander III. of Scotland, and one Acho King of Norway, who came to the port of Air with a great fleet of ships, and 20,000 men on board, who, after ravaging the country, was routed, and lost both his army and 140 sail of his ships. But these Scots legends I shall say nothing to.

The capital of this country is Air, a sea-port, and as they tell us, was formerly a large city, had a good harbour, and a great trade: I must acknowledge to you, that tho' I believe it never was a city, yet it has certainly been a good town, and much bigger than it is now: At present like an old beauty, it shews the ruins of a good face; but is also apparently not only decay'd and declin'd, but decaying and declining every day, and from being the fifth town in Scotland, as the townsmen say, is now like a place so saken; the reason of its decay, is, the decay of its trade, so true is it, that commerce is the life of nations, of cities towns, harbours, and of the whole prosperity of a country: What the reason of the decay of trade here was, or when it first began to decay, is hard to determine; nor are the people free to tell, and, perhaps, do not know themselves. There is a good river here, and a handsome stone bridge of four arches.

The town is well situated, has a very large antient church, and has still a very good market for all sorts of provision. But nothing will save it from death, if trade does not revive, which the townsmen say it begins to do since the Union.

From Air, keeping still north, we came to Irwin, upon a river of the same name; there is a port, but barr'd and difficult, and not very good, when you are in; and yet, here is more trade by a great deal than at Air; nay, than at all the ports between it and Dumfries, exclusive of the last; particularly here is a considerable trade for Scots coal, of which they have plenty in the neighbouring hills, and which they carry by sea to Ireland, to Belfast, to Carickfergus, and to Dublin itself, and the commerce occasioned by this navigation between the two countries is very considerable, and much to the advantage of the town of Irwin. They have also of late, as I was told, launch'd into a considerable trade abroad to other countries, and have some share in the fishery: but this I cannot come into the particulars of here. The town is the capital of that division of the shire of Ayre, which they call Cunningham, and is really within the Firth of Clyde, though not actually within the river itself; they stand so advantagiously for the herring fishing, that they cannot but go beyond their neighbours of Greenock, who sometimes cannot come out as the wind may blow, when the fishing-boats of Irwin can both go out and return.

As the town is better employ'd in trade than the other parts I have been speaking of, so it is better built: Here are two handsome streets, a good key, and not only room in the harbour for a great many ships, but a great many ships in it also; and, in a word, a face of thriving appears every where among them.

As is the town, so is the country in which it is situated; for when we came hither, we thought ourselves in England again. Here we saw no more a Galloway, where you have neither hedge or tree, but about the gentlemen's houses; whereas here you have beautiful enclosures, pleasant pastures, and grass grounds, and consequently store of cattle well fed and provided.

The whole country is rich and fruitful, fill'd with gentlemen's seats and well-built houses: It is said this enclosing the country was owing to the English soldiers, who were placed here and in Kyle by Oliver Cromwell; for at Ayre he built a citadel, the visible appearances of which remain still, and the English soldiers prompted and encouraged the people to endose and improve their lands, and instructed them in the manner of husbandry practis'd in England, which they have never left off to this day.

A little from Irwin is Kilmarnock castle, the seat of the family of Boy'd, Earl of Kilmarnock; and on the other side the castle of Eglington, the seat of the family of Montgomery, Earl of Eglington, an antient house; and the present Earl is one of the richest peers in Scotland. Just upon the borders of this county, north east, and

where it joins to Clydsdale, is the castle of Loudon, the family-seat of the Earl of Loudon, of the family of Campbell, formerly Secretary of State to Queen Anne; it is a noble and beautiful seat.

But I cannot describe houses: they come too thick upon me; besides, in a country, as this is, full of noblemen's and gentlemen's seats, I should never travel any farther if I did, I mean in this volume.

With the division of Cunningham I quitted the shire of Ayre, and the pleasantest country in Scotland, without exception: Joining to it north, and bordering on the Clyde itself, I mean the river, lyes the little shire of Renfrew, or rather a barony, or a sheriffdom, call it as you will.

It is a pleasant, rich, and populous, tho' small country, lying on the south bank of the Clyde; the soil is not thought to be so good as in Cunningham: But that is abundantly supply'd by the many good towns, the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and of the Clyde, and great commerce of both. We kept our rout as near along the coast as we could, from Irwin; so that we saw all the coast of the Firth of Clyde, and the very opening of the Clyde itself, which is just at the west point, or corner of this county, for it comes to a narrow point just in that place. There are some villages and fishing towns within the mouth of the Clyde, which have more business than large port towns in Galloway and Carrick: But the first town of note is call'd Greenock; 'tis not an antient place, but seems to be grown up in later years, only by being a good road for ships, and where the ships ride that come into, and go out from Glasgow, just as the ships for London do in the downs. It has a castle to command the road and the town is well built, and has many rich trading families in it. It is the chief town on the west of Scotland for the herring fishing; and the merchants of Glasgow, who are concern'd in the fishery, employ the Greenock vessels for the catching and curing the fish, and for several parts of their other trades, as well as carrying them afterwards abroad to market.

Their being ready on all hands to go to sea, makes the Glasgow merchants often leave their ships to the care of those Greenock men; and why not? for they are sensible they are "their best seamen; they are also excellent pilots for those difficult seas.

The Abbey of Pasely is famous in history, and to history I refer the enquirer; it lyes on the west side of the Clyde, over against Glasgow, the remains of the building are to be seen, and the town bears still the marks of being fortify'd. When I tell you this was one of the most eminent monasteries in Scotland; that the building was of a vast extent, and the revenue in proportion; you need not ask if the soil was good, the lands rich, the air healthful, and the country pleasant. The priests very seldom fail'd to chuse the best situation, and the richest and most pleasant part of the country wherever they came; witness St. Albans, St.

Edmond's-Bury, Glastenbury, Canterbury; and innumerable other instances in England, and also many in Scotland; as St. Andrew's, Haly-Rood, Pasely, and others.

The country between Pasely and Glasgow, on the bank of Clyde, I take to be one of the most agreeable places in Scotland, take its situation, its fertility, healthiness, the nearness of Glasgow, the neighbourhood of the sea, and altogether, at least, I may say, I saw none like it.

I am now come to the bank of Clyde: My method here as in England, forbids me wandring north, till I have given you a full view of the south. Two rivers seem to cross Scotland here, as the Trent and the Mersee, cross England in the south, or as the Tyne and the Eden cross it in the north, or as the two Calders cross it in Yorkshire and Lancashire, which rise both out of the same hill, and with a mile of each other, and run one into the German ocean at Hull, and the other entring first into the Ribble, runs into the Irish Sea below Preston.

Thus the Clyde and the Tweed may be said to cross Scotland in the south, their sources being not many miles asunder; and the two firths, from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Forth, have not an interval of above twelve or fourteen miles, which, if they were join'd, as might easily be done, they might cross Scotland, as I might say, in the very center.

Nor can I refrain mentioning how easy a work it would be to form a navigation, I mean a navigation of art from the Forth to the Clyde, and so join the two seas, as the King of France has done in a place five times as far, and five hundred times as difficult, namely from Thouloze to Narbonne. What an advantage in commerce would this be, opening the Irish trade to the merchants of Glasgow, making a communication between the west coast of Scotland, and the east coast of England, and even to London itself; nay, several ports of England, on the Irish Sea, from Liverpool northward, would all trade with London by such a canal, it would take up a volume by itself, to lay down the several advantages to the trade of Scotland, that would immediately occur by such a navigation, and then to give a true survey of the ground, the easiness of its being perform'd, and the probable charge of it, all which might be done: But it is too much to undertake here, it must lye till posterity, by the rising greatness of their commerce, shall not only feel the want of it, but find themselves able for the performance.

I mention'd the neighbouring situation of the Clyde, and the Forth in this place, only to observe that I make that line the bound of this circuit, and shall speak of nothing beyond it till my next. Supposing a line drawn from Dunbarton to Sterling, exclusive of the first, and inclusive of the last; or rather suppose it drawn from Glasgow to Sterling, inclusive of both, because both relate to the south or lowland part of Scotland.

I am now cross'd the Clyde to Glasgow, and I went over dry-footed without the bridge; on which occasion I cannot but observe how differing a face the river presented itself in, at those two several times when only I was there; at the first, being in the month of June, the river was so low, that not the horses and carts only pass'd it just above the bridge, but the children and boys playing about, went every where, as if there was no river, only some little spreading brook, or wash, like such as we have at Enfield-Wash, or Chelston-Wash in Middlesex; and, as I told you, we cross'd it dry-foot, that is, the water was scarce over the horses' hoofs.

As for the bridge, which is a lofty, stately fabrick; it stood out of the water as naked as a skeleton, and look'd somewhat like the bridge over the Mansanares, near Madrid, which I mention'd once before; of which a French ambassador told the people the king should either buy them a river, or sell their bridge, or like the stone-bridge at Chester in the Street, in Northumberland, where the road goes in the river, and the people ride under the bridge in dry weather instead of riding over it. So when I saw such a magnificent bridge at Glasgow, and especially when I saw three of the middle arches so exceeding large and high, beyond all the rest, I could not but wonder, hardly thinking it possible, that where the passage or channel is so exceeding broad, for the bridge consists of eight arches; the river, which in its ordinary channel is so narrow as it is higher up, and at a distance from it, could ever fill up such a height, where it has so grand a space to spread itself as at the bridge.

But my next journey satisfy'd me, when coming into Glasgow from the east side, I found the river not only had fill'd up all the arches of the bridge, but, running about the end of it, had fill'd the streets of all that part of the city next the bridge, to the infinite damage of the inhabitants, besides putting them into the greatest consternation imaginable, for fear of their houses being driven away by the violence of the water, and the whole city was not without apprehensions that their bridge would have given way too, which would have been a terrible loss to them, for 'tis as fine a bridge as most in Scotland.

Glasgow is, indeed, a very fine city; the four principal streets are the fairest for breadth, and the finest built that I have ever seen in one city together. The houses are all of stone, and generally equal and uniform in height, as well as in front; the lower story generally stands on vast square dorick columns, not round pillars, and arches between give passage into the shops, adding to the strength as well as beauty of the building; in a word, 'tis the cleanest and beautifullest, and best built city in Britain, London excepted.

It stands on the side of a hill, sloping to the river, with this exception, that the part next the river is flat, as is said above, for near one third part of the city, and

that expos'd it to the water, upon the extraordinary flood mention'd just now.

Where the streets meet, the crossing makes a spacious marketplace by the nature of the thing, because the streets are so large of themselves. As you come down the hill, from the north gate to the said cross, the Tolbooth, with the Stadhouse, or Guild-Hall, make the north east angle, or, in English, the right-hand corner of the street, the building very noble and very strong, ascending by large stone steps, with an iron balustrade. Here the town-council sit, and the magistrates try causes, such as come within their cognizance, and do all their publick business.

On the left-hand of the same street is the university, the building is the best of any in Scotland of the kind; it was founded by Bishop Turnbull, *Ann.* 1454. but has been much enlarg'd since, and the fabrick almost all new built. It is a very spacious building, contains two large squares, or courts, and the lodgings for the scholars, and for the professors, are very handsome; the whole building is of freestone, very high and very august. Here is a principal, with regents and professors in every science, as there is at Edinburgh, and the scholars wear gowns, which they do not at Edinburgh. Their gowns here are red, but the Masters of Arts, and professors, wear black gowns, with a large cape of velvet to distinguish them.

The cathedral is an antient building, and has a square tower in the middle of the cross, with a very handsome spire upon it, the highest that I saw in Scotland, and, indeed, the only one that is to be call'd high. This, like St. Giles's at Edinburgh, is divided now, and makes three churches, and, I suppose, there is four or five more in the city, besides a meeting or two: But there are very few of the episcopal dissenters here; and the mob fell upon one of their meetings so often, that they were oblig'd to lay it down, or, if they do meet, 'tis very privately.

The Duke of Montrose has so great an interest here, and in the country round, that he is, in a civil sense, Governor of this city, as he is legally of their university. His fine house at the north end of the city is not finished, so I need not enter upon a description of it. As his Grace's family is antient, and respected very much in these parts, so is his interest preserv'd in his own person, who is generally as much respected by the people as most, if not as any of the nobility of Scotland.

Glasgow is a city of business; here is the face of trade, as well foreign as home trade; and, I may say, 'tis the only city in Scotland, at this time, that apparently encreases and improves in both. The Union has answer'd its end to them more than to any other part of Scotland, for their trade is new form'd by it; and, as the Union open'd the door to the Scots in our American colonies, the Glasgow merchants presently fell in with the opportunity; and tho', when the Union was making, the rabble of Glasgow made the most formidable attempt to prevent it,

yet, now they know better, for they have the greatest addition to their trade by it imaginable; and I am asssur'd that they send near fifty sail of ships every year to Virginia, New England, and other English colonies in America, and are every year increasing.

Could this city but have a communication with the Firth of Forth, so as to send their tobacco and sugar by water to Alloway, below Sterling, as they might from thence again to London, Holland, Hambrough, and the Baltick, they would, (for ought I know that should hinder it) in a few years double their trade, and send 100 sail, or more.

The share they have in the herring-fishery is very considerable, and they cure their herrings so well, and so much better than is done in any other part of Great Britain; that a Glasgow herring is esteem'd as good as a Dutch herring, which in England they cannot come up to.

As Scotland never enjoy'd a trade to the English plantations till since the Union, so no town in Scotland has yet done any thing considerable in it but Glasgow: the merchants of Edinburgh have attempted it; but they lye so out of the way, and the voyage is not only so much the longer, but so much more hazardous, that the Glasgow men are always sure to outdo them, and must consequently carry away that part of trade from them, as likewise the trade to the south, and to the Mediterranean, whither the ships from Glasgow go and come again with great advantage in the risque, so that even in the insuring there is one per cent, difference, which is a great article in the Business of a merchant.

The towns of Irwin and Dumfries are, as I hinted before, newly stepp'd into this trade too, and will, no question, taste the sweets of it.

The Glasgow merchants have of late suffer'd some scandal in this branch of trade, as if they were addicted to the sin of smuggling; as to that, of others, for want of opportunity, are not in capacity to do the same, let those who are not guilty, or would not, if they had room for it, throw the first stone at them; for my part I accuse none of them.

The Clyde is not navigable for large ships quite up to the town, but they come to a wharf and key at New-Port Glasgow, which is within a very little of it, and there they deliver their cargoes, and either put them on shore there, or bring them up to the city in lighters: the custom-house also is at Port Glasgow, and their ships are repair'd, laid up, fitted out, and the like, either there or at Greenock, where work is done well, and labour cheap.

I have not time here to enlarge upon the home trade of this city, which is very considerable in many things, I shall only touch at some parts of them (viz.)

Here is one or two very handsome sugar-baking houses, carried on by skilful persons, with large stocks, and to a very great degree: I had the curiosity to view

one of the houses, and I think it equal to, if not exceeding most in London. Also there is a large distillery for distilling spirits from the molasses drawn from the sugars, and which they call'd Glasgow brandy, and in which they enjoy'd a vast advantage for a time, by a reserv'd article in the Union, freeing them from the English duties, I say for a time.

Here is a manufacture of plaiding, a stuff cross-strip'd with yellow and red, and other mixtures for the plaids or vails, which the ladies in Scotland wear, and which is a habit peculiar to the country.

Here is a manufacture of muslins, and, perhaps the only manufacture of its kind in Britain, if not in Europe; and they make them so good and so fine, that great quantities of them are sent into England, and sold there at a good price; they are generally strip'd, and are very much used for aprons by the ladies, and sometimes in head-clothes by the English women of a meaner sort, and many of them are sent to the British plantations.

Here is also a linnen manufacture; but as that is in common with all parts of Scotland, I do not insist so much upon it here, though they make a very great quantity of it, and send it to the plantations also as a principal merchandise.

Nor are the Scots without a supply of goods for sorting their cargoes to the English colonies, even without sending to England for them, or at least not for many of them; and 'tis needful to mention it here, because it has been objected by some that understood trade too, that the Scots could not send a sortable cargo to America without buying from England; which goods, so bought from, must come through many hands, and by long carriage, and consequently be dear bought, and so the English merchants might undersell them.

But to answer this in the language of merchants, as it is a merchant-like objection: It may be true, that some things cannot be had here so well as from England, so as to make out a sortable cargo, such as the Virginia merchants in London ship off, whose entries at the Custom-house consist sometimes of 200 particulars; and they are at last fain to sum them up thus: certain tin, turnery, millinary, upholdstery, cutlery, and Crooked-Lane wares; that is to say, that they buy something of every thing, either for wearing, or kitchen, or house-furniture, building houses or ships (with every thing else in short) that can be thought of, except eating.

But though the Scots cannot do this, we may reckon up what they can furnish, and what is sufficient, and some of which they can go beyond England in.

They have several woollen manufactures which they send' of their own making; such as the Sterling serges, Musclebrow stuffs, Aberdeen stockings, Edinburgh shalloons, blankets, &. So that they are not quite destitute in the

woollen manufacture, tho' that is the principal thing in which England can outdo them.

The trade with England, being open, they have now, all the Manchester wares, Sheffield wares, and Newcastle hard wares; as also the cloths, kerseys, half-thicks, duffels, stockings, and coarse manufactures of the north of England, as cheap brought to them by horse-packs as they can be carried to London; nor is the carriage farther, and, in some articles, not so far by much.

They have linnens of most kinds, especially diapers and table-linnen, damasks, and many other sorts not known in England, cheaper than England, because made at their own doors.

What linnens they want from Holland, or Hamburgh, they import from thence as cheap as can be done in England; and for muslins, their own are very acceptable, and cheaper than in England.

Gloves they make better and cheaper than in England, for they send great quantities thither.

Another article, which is very considerable here, is servants, and these they have in greater plenty, and upon better terms than the English; without the scandalous art of kidnapping, making drunk, wheedling, betraying, and the like; the poor people offering themselves fast enough, and thinking it their advantage to go; as indeed it is, to those who go with sober resolutions, namely, to serve out their times, and then become diligent planters for themselves; and this would be a much wiser course in England than to turn thieves, and worse, and then be sent over by force, and as a pretence of mercy to save them from the gallows.

This may be given as a reason, and, I believe, is the only reason why so many more of the Scots servants, which go over to Virginia, settle and thrive there, than of the English, which is so certainly true, that if it goes on for many years more. Virginia may be call'd a Scots than an English plantation.

I might go on to many other particulars, but this is sufficient to shew that the Scots merchants are at no loss how to make up sortable cargoes to send with their ships to the plantations, and that if we can outdo them in some things, they are able to outdo us in others; if they are under any disadvantages in the trade I am speaking of, it is that they may perhaps, not have so easy a vent and consumption for the goods they bring back, as the English have, at London, or Bristol, or Liverpool; and that is the reason why they are now, as they say, setting up a wharf and conveniences at Alloway in the Forth, in order to send their tobaccos and sugars thither by land-carriage, and ship them off there for Holland, or Hamburgh, or London, as the market presents.

Now, though this may be some advantage (viz.) carrying the tobacco from fourteen to fifteen miles over land; yet, if on the other hand it be calculated how

much sooner the voyage is made from Glasgow to the capes of Virginia, than from London, take it one time with another, the difference will be found in the freight, and in the expence of the ships, and especially in time of war, when the channel is throng'd with privateers, and when the ships wait to go in fleets for fear of enemies; whereas the Glasgow men are no sooner out of the Firth of Clyde, but they stretch away to the north west, are out of the wake of the privateers immediately, and are oftentimes at the capes of Virginia before the London ships get clear of the channel. Nay, even in times of peace, and take the weather to happen in its usual manner, there must always be allow'd, one time with another, at least fourteen to twenty days difference in the voyage, either out or home; which, take it together, is a month to six weeks in the whole voyage, and for wear and tear; victuals and wages, is very considerable in the whole trade.

I went from Glasgow to the palace of Hamilton, or as we should call it in England, to Hamilton-house: It is the palace of Hamilton, and the palace at Hamilton, for the family is according to the Scots dialect, Hamilton of that Ilk, that is of a place or town of the same name, for the town of Hamilton joins to the outhouses, or offices of the house of Hamilton. The house is large as it is, tho' part of the design is yet unfinish'd; it is now a fair front, with two wings, two wings more there are laid out in the ichnography of the building, but are not attempted; the successor if he thinks fit, may build them.

The front is very magnificent indeed, all of white freestone, with regular ornaments according to the rules of art: The wings are very deep, and when the other wings come to be added, if ever that shall be, the two sides of the house will then be like two large fronts rather than wings; not unlike Beddington House, near Croydon in Surrey, only much larger.

The apartments are very noble, and fit rather for the court of a prince than the palace or house of a subject; the pictures, the furniture, and the decoration of every thing is not to be describ'd, but by saying that every thing is exquisitely fine and suitable to the genius of the great possessors: the late duchess, whose estate it was, was heiress of the family, but marrying a branch of the house of Douglass, oblig'd him to take the name of Hamilton, so to continue the estate in the name; and it has sufficiently answer'd that end. That match being blest with a truly glorious succession of six sons, four of whom were peers by birth, or creation (viz.) the late Duke, or rather Earl of Arran, his mother being alive, the Earls of Orkney, Selkirk, and Ruglen, besides the Lords Basil and Archibald Hamilton. But this by the way.

The situation of the house is fix'd to all the advantage imaginable; it stands in a plain, level country, near enough to the banks of the Clyde to enjoy the prospect of its stream, and yet far enough and high enough to be out of the reach of its

torrents and floods, which, as you have heard, are sometimes able to terrify a whole city.

The great park is said to be six miles in circumference, wall'd round with stone, but rough, and not well lay'd; the lesser park is rather a great enclosure than a park, yet they are both extremely well planted with trees, and add to the ornament of the whole. The great park also is well stock'd with deer, and among them some very curious for the kind, whether natives of the place, or of foreign breed, I could not learn. The gardens are finely design'd, but I cannot say they are so finely finish'd, or so nicely kept as those at Drumlanrig, particularly the courtyard; the canals and ponds, design'd with some other gardens laid out in the first plan, are not compleated, and some not so much as begun upon: so that the next heirs have room enough to divert themselves, and dispose of some of their spare treasure, to carry on and compleat the true design of their ancestor.

The misfortune of the late heir, the father of the present duke, happen'd so, as that he never came to the estate, for he was kill'd before the Duchess Dowager died; so that the estate, as I observ'd, being her own, remain'd in her hands till afterward; whether this might not be the better for the present heir, I shall not determine, let others judge of that.

I was here in some doubt, whether I should take the south or the north in the next part of my progress; that is to say, whether to follow up the Clyde, and so into, and through Clydesdale, and then crossing east, view the shire of Peebles, the country on the banks of Tweed and Tivyot, or keeping to the north, go on for the Forth; and after a short debate we concluded on the latter. So we turn'd to the left for Sterling-shire, and passing the Clyde we came to Kilsyth, a good plain country burgh, tolerably well built, but not large; here we rested, and upon a particular occasion went to see the antient seat of Calendar, which seems, as well as that of Kilsyth, to be in its widow's weeds, those two families, collateral branches both of the name of Livingston, having had their several decays, though on different occasions. The town of Falkirk is near Calendar house, but nothing in it remarkable; but the other old decay'd house of the Earl of Calendar.

Here I must take notice, though, as I have often said, antiquity is not my business, that we saw the remains, and that very plain, of the antient work, which they call Severus's wall, or Hadrian's wall, or Graham's dyke, for it is known by all these: the short of which story is this; that the Romans finding it not only difficult, but useless to them, to conquer the northern Highlands, and impossible to keep them, if conquer'd; contented themselves to draw a line, so we now call it, cross this narrow part of the country, and fortify it with redoubts, and stations of soldiers to confine the Picts and Irish, and those wild nations which were without, and defend the south country from their incursions. This wall reach'd

from Dunbriton Firth, so they call'd the Firth of Clyde, to the Forth, and was several times restor'd and repair'd, till the Roman empire's declining, as is well known in story. Tho' neither this, or the yet stronger wall at New-castle, call'd the Picts wall, could preserve the country from the invasion of the Picts, and the barbarous nations that came with them.

From Kilsyth we mounted the hills black and frightful as they were, to find the road over the moors and mountains to Sterling, and being directed by our guides, came to the river Carron: The channel of a river appear'd, indeed, and running between horrid precipices of rocks, as if cut by hand, on purpose for the river to make its way; but not a drop of water was to be seen. Great stones, square and form'd, as if cut out by hand, of a prodigious size, some of them at least a ton, or ton and a half in weight, lay scatter'd, and confusedly, as it were, jumbled together in the very course of the river, which the fury of the water, at other times, I doubt not, had hurried down from the mountains, and tumbled them thus over one another: Some of them might, I suppose, have been some ages upon their journey down the stream; for it may not be once in some years that a flood comes with a force sufficient to move such stones as those; and, 'tis probable, 'tis never done, but when a weight of ice, as well as water, may come down upon them together.

Here we pass'd another bridge of one arch, though not quite so large as that we saw in Galloway, yet not much unlike, nor much short of it; 'tis finely built of freestone, but rises so high, the shores being flat, and the walls on either side are so low, that it is not every head can bear to ride over it.

The truth is, there was need to build the bridge but with one arch, for no piers, they could have built in the middle of the channel, ever could have born the shock of those great stones, which sometimes come down this stream.

From hence, descending on the north side, we had a view of Firth, or Forth, on our right, the castle of Sterling on the left; and in going to the latter we pass'd the famous water, for river it is not, of Bannock Bourn, famous in the Scots History for the great battle fought here between King Robert de Bruce and the English Army, commanded by King Edward II. in person, in which the English were utterly overthrown; and that with so terrible a slaughter, that of the greatest army that ever march'd from England into Scotland, very few escap'd; and King Edward II. with much ado, sav'd himself by flight. How, indeed, he should save himself by a little boat, (as Mr Cambden says) that, indeed, I cannot understand, there being no river near that had any boats in it but the Forth, and that had been to make the king fly north; whereas, to be sure, he fled for England with all the speed he could; he might, perhaps, make use of a boat to pass the Tweed; but that was at least thirty or forty miles off.

Whether the Scots magnify this victory, or not, is not my business, that it was a total overthrow of the English Army is certain, and that abundance of the English nobility and gentry lost their lives there; but ’tis as true, that it was the ill conduct of the English at that time, and the unfortunate king that led them on, which were the occasion: His glorious predecessor, Edward I., or Edward III. his more glorious successor, never lost such a battle. But let the fault be where it will, this is certain, that the English lost the day, and were horribly massacred by the Scots, as well after as in the fight, for the animosity was implacable between the two nations, and they gave but little quarter on either side.

Sterling was our next stage, an antient city, or town rather, and an important pass, which, with Dunbarton, is indeed the defence of the Lowlands against the Highlands; and, as one very knowingly said, Dunbarton is the lock of the Highlands, and Sterling-Castle keeps the key. The town is situated as like Edinburgh as almost can be describ’d, being on the ridge of a hill, sloping down on both sides, and the street ascending from the east gradually to the castle, which is at the west end; the street is large and well built, but antient, and the buildings not unlike Edinburgh, either for beauty or sight.

The church is also a very spacious building, but not collegiate; there was formerly a church, or rather chapel, in the castle, but it is now out of use; also a private chapel, or oratory in the palace, for the royal family: But all that is now laid aside too. The castle is not so very difficult of access as Edinburgh; but it is esteem’d equally strong, and particularly the works are capable to mount more cannon, and these cannon are better pointed; particularly there is a battery which commands, or may command the bridge; the command of which is of the utmost importance; nay, it is the main end and purpose for which, as we are told, the castle was built.

They who built the castle, without doubt built it, as the Scots express it, to continue aye, and till somebody else should build another there, which, in our language, would be for ever and a day after: The walls, and all the outer works are firm, and if no force is us’d to demolish them, may continue inconceivably long, at least we have reason to believe they will; for though the other buildings grow old, the castle seems as firm and fair, as if it had been but lately built.

The palace and royal apartments are very magnificent, but all in decay, and must be so: Were the materials of any use, we thought it would be much better to pull them down than to let such noble buildings sink into their own rubbish, by the meer injury of time: But it is at present the fate of all the royal houses in Scotland; Haly-Rood at Edinburgh excepted: It is so at Lithgow, at Falkland, at Dumfermling, and at several other places.

In the park, adjoining to the castle, were formerly large gardens, how fine they were I cannot say; the figure of the walks and grass-plats remains plain to be seen, they are very old fashion'd; but I suppose the gardens might be thought fine, as gardens were then; particularly they had not then the usage of adorning their gardens with ever-greens, trimm'd and shap'd; trees espalier'd into hedges and such-like, as now: They had, indeed, statues and busts, vasa, and fountains, flowers and fruit; but we make gardens fine now many ways, which those ages had no genius for; as by scrouls, embroidery, pavillions, terrasses and slopes, pyramids and high espaliers, and a thousand ornaments, which they had no notion of.

The park here is large and wall'd about, as all the parks in Scotland are, but little or no wood in it. The Earl of Mar, of the name of Ereskin, who claims to be hereditary keeper of the king's children, as also hereditary keeper of the castle, has a house at the upper end of the town, and very finely situated for prospect, but I cannot say it is so for any thing else, for it is too near the castle; and was the castle ever to suffer a close siege, and be vigorously defended, that house would run great risques of being demolish'd on one side or other; it stands too near the castle also for the site of it to be agreeable.

The Governor's lady (who was the Countess Dowager of Marr, when we were there, and mother of the late exil'd Earl of Marr), had a very pretty little flower-garden, upon the body of one of the bastions, or towers of the castle, the ambrusiers, serving for a dwarf-wall round the most part of it; and they walk'd to it from her Ladyship's apartment upon a level, along the castle-wall.

As this little, but very pleasant spot, was on the north side of the castle, we had from thence a most agreeable prospect indeed over the valley and the river; as it is truly beautiful, so it is what the people of Sterling justly boast of, and, indeed seldom forget it, I mean the meanders, or reaches of the River Forth. They are so spacious, and return so near themselves, with so regular and exactly a sweep, that, I think, the like is not to be seen in Britain, if it is in Europe, especially where the river is so large also.

The River Sein, indeed, between Paris and Roan, fetches a sweep something like these some miles longer, but then it is but one; whereas here are three double reaches, which make six returns together, and each of them three long Scots miles, or more in length; and as the bows are almost equal for breadth, as the reaches are for length, it makes the figure compleat. It is an admirable sight indeed, and continues from a little below the great bridge at Sterling to Alloway, the seat of the present, or rather late Earl of Marr, the present Earl being attainted for treason, and so dead, as a peer or earl, though alive in exile. The form of this

winding may be conceiv'd of a little by the length of the way, for it is near twenty miles from Sterling to Alloway by water, and hardly four miles by land.

One would think these large sweeps, or windings of the stream, should check the tide very much: But, on the contrary, we found the tide of flood made up very strong under Sterling-bridge, even as strong almost as at London-bridge, but does not flow above seven or eight miles farther: The stream of the river growing narrow apace, and the rapid current of all rivers in that country checking the tide, when it comes into narrow limits; the same is the case in the Tyne at Newcastle, and the Tweed at Berwick; in both which, though the tide flows as strong in at the mouth of the rivers, yet the navigation goes but a very little way up, nothing near what it does in this river.

The bridge at Sterling has but four arches, as I remember, but they are very large, and the channel widens considerably below it; at Alloway 'tis above a mile broad, and deep enough for ships of any burthen. So that the Glasgow merchants cannot but be in the right to settle a ware-house, or ware-houses, or whatever they will call them here, to ship off their goods for the eastern countries.

I was, indeed, curious to enquire into the course of this river, as I had been before into that of the Clyde as to the possibility of their waters being united for an inland navigation; because I had observ'd that the charts and plans of the country brought them almost to meet; but when I came more critically to survey the ground, I found the map-makers greatly mistaken, and that they had not only given the situation and courses of the rivers wrong, but the distances also. However, upon the whole, I brought it to this; that notwithstanding several circumstances which might obstruct it, and cause the workmen to fetch some winding turns out of the way, yet, that in the whole, a canal of about eight miles in length would fairly join the rivers, and make a clear navigation from the Irish to the German Sea; and that this would be done without any considerable obstruction; so that there would not need above four sluices in the whole way, and those only to head a bason, or receptacle, to contain a flash, or flush of water to push on the vessels this way or that, as occasion requir'd, not to stop them to raise or let fall, as in the case of locks in other rivers.

How easy then such a work would be, and how advantagious, not to Scotland only, but even to Ireland and England also, I need not explain, the nature of the thing will explain itself. I could enter upon particular descriptions of the work, and answer the objections rais'd from the great excess of waters in these streams in the winter, and the force and fury of their streams: But 'tis needless, nor have we room for such a work here; besides, all those who are acquainted with such undertakings, know that artificial canals are carefully secur'd from any communication with other waters, except just as their own occasion for the

navigating part demands; and that they are so order'd, as to be always in a condition to take in what water they want, and cast off what would be troublesome to them, by proper channels and sluices made for that purpose.

Those gentlemen who have seen the royal canal in Languedoc from Narbon to Thoulouse, as many in Scotland have, will be able to support what I say in this case, and to understand how easily the same thing is to be practis'd here; but I leave it to time, and the fate of Scotland, which, I am perswaded, will one time or other bring it to pass.

There is a very good hospital at the upper end of this town for poor decay'd tradesmen merchants. They told us it was for none but merchants, which presently brought Sir John Morden's Hospital upon Black-Heath to my thoughts; but I had forgotten where I was: And that in Scotland every country shop-keeper, nay, almost every pether is call'd a merchant; which, when I was put in mind of, I understood the foundation of the hospital better.

There is a very considerable manufacture at Sterling, for what they call Sterling serges, which are in English, shalloons; and they both make them and dye them there very well; nor has the English manufacture of shalloons broke in so much upon them by the late Union, as it was fear'd they would. This manufacture employs the poor very comfortably here, and is a great part of the support of the town as to trade, showing what Scotland might soon be brought to by the help of trade and manufactures; for the people are as willing to work here as in England, if they had the same encouragement, that is, if they could be constantly employ'd and paid for it too, as they are there.

The family of Ereskin is very considerable here; and besides the Earl of Marr and the Earl of Buchan, who are both of that name, there are several gentlemen of quality of the same name; as Sir John Ereskine of Alva, Colonel Ereskine, at that time Governor of the castle; and another Colonel Ereskine, Uncle to the Earl of Buchan, a very worthy and valuable gentleman, who, tho' he does not live at Sterling, has a considerable interest there, and was at that time Honourary Lord Provost of the town.

We had here a very fine prospect both east and west; eastward we could plainly see the castle of Edinburgh, and the hill call'd Arthur's Seat, in the Royal Park at Haly-Rood House, also the opening firth presents all the way from Alloway to the Queens-Ferry, mention'd above. North we could see Dumfermling, and the field of battle, call'd Sheriff-muir, between it and Sterling; and some told us we might see Dumbarton castle west; but it was hazy that way, so that we could not see it, the prospect south is confin'd by the hills.

But our business was not to the north yet; still having a part of the border to view, that we might leave nothing behind us to oblige us to come this way again:

So we went from Sterling, first east and then south-east., over some of the same hills, which we pass'd at our coming hither, though not by the same road. The Duke of Argyle has a small house, which the family call'd the Low-land House, I suppose in distinction from the many fine seats and strong castles which they were always possess'd of in the Highlands: this seat was formerly belonging to the earls of Sterling, and the country round it, south of the Forth, is call'd Sterlingshire, or Strivelingshire, and sends a member to parliament, as a shire or county. The family of the earls of Sterling is extinct, at least, if there are any of the name, as is alledg'd, they live obscurely in England. They make great complaint at Sterling, which they derive from the Papists, that the old Earl of Marr, who built the family-house under the castle, as I have just now said, was a clergy-man and prior, or abbot of the famous monastery of Cambuskeneth, a religious house, of the Order of the Augustines, which stood not far off.

That upon the Reformation the said abbot turn'd Protestant and married, and was created Earl of Marr: That he was so zealous afterwards for the change of religion, that he set his hand to the demolishing of his own monastery; and that he brought away the stones of it to Sterling, and built this fine house with them; upon which the Romanists branded him with sacrilege and avarice together, and gave him their curse, which is not unusual in Scotland; which curse, they tell you, now fell upon even the house itself, for that the family being hereditary governors of Sterling Castle; and besides, having another house at Alloway, four miles from it, the new built house was never inhabited to this day, at least not by the family to whom it belong'd, and is at last forfeited to the crown.

This clamour, however, did not hinder him from going on with his house, which he finish'd, as you see; but 'tis suppos'd those reproaches occasion'd his setting up several inscriptions, as well without the house as within; some of them are worn out with time, others are legible; whereof this distich in a Scots dialect, I think, points at the case.

Speak forth, and spare nocht,
Consider well, I care nocht.

The words seem to want a paraphrase, which I shall make as short almost as the lines, though not in rhime; I take it to import much like the Duke of Buckingham's inscription on the frize of his new house in the Park at St. James's, *Spectator fastidiosus sibi molestus:* The builder had heard the rumours and reproaches of the people, but bids them speak out plainly, and say their worst; for that, if they consider'd well, and would say nothing but what was true, he had nothing to be concern'd at.

From Sterling, as I said, we came away west, and went directly to Lithgow, or Linlithgow, and from thence to Clydsdale, that is to say, the country upon the

banks of the Clyde; in doing which last we pass'd the old Roman work a second time, which I still call Severus's wall, because we are assur'd Severus was the last that repair'd it, though he might not make it; and more especially, because the men of learning there generally call it so; the remains of it are very plain to be seen.

There is nothing remarkable between Sterling and Lithgow but Bannockbourn, which I have mention'd already, and some private gentlemen's seats, too many to repeat.

Lithgow is a large town, well built, and antiently famous for the noble palace of the kings of Scotland, where King James VI. and his queen kept their Court in great magnificence. This Court, though decaying with the rest, is yet less decay'd, because much later repair'd than others; for King James repair'd, or rather rebuilt some of it: and his two sons, Prince Henry, and Prince Charles, afterwards King of England, had apartments here; and there are the Prince of Wales's Arms, over those, call'd the Princes' Lodgings to this day. Here it was that the good Lord Murray, the Regent, who they call'd good, because he was really so, as he was riding through the town into the palace, was shot most villainously from a window, and the murtherer was discover'd. He dy'd of the wound with the utmost tranquillity and resignation, after having had the satisfaction of being the principal man in settling the Reformation in Scotland in such a manner, as it was not possible for the Popish party to recover themselves again; and after seeing the common people over the whole kingdom embrace the Reformation, almost universally, to his great joy, for he was the most zealous of all the nobility in the cause of the Reformation, and unalterably resolv'd never to give way to the least allowance to the Popish Court, who then began to crave only a toleration for themselves, but could never obtain it; for this reason the Papists mortally hated him, and, at length, murther'd him. But they got little by his death, for the reformers went on with the same zeal, and never left, till they had entirely driven Queen Mary, and all her Popish adherents out of the kingdom, yet we do not find the true murtherer was ever discover'd: But this is matter of history.

At Lithgow there is a very great linnen manufacture, as there is at Glasgow; and the water of the lough, or lake here, is esteem'd with the best in Scotland for bleaching or whitening of linnen cloth: so that a great deal of linnen made in other parts of the country, is brought either to be bleach'd or whiten'd.

This lough is situate on the north west side of the town, just by the palace; and there were formerly fine walks planted on both sides, with bordures and flowers from the house to the water's edge, which must be very delightful.

The Church of St. Michael makes a part of the royal building, and is the wing on the right hand of the first court, as all the proper offices of the court made the

left: But the inner court is the beauty of the building, was very spacious, and, in those days, was thought glorious. There is a large fountain in the middle of the court, which had then abundance of fine things about it, whereof some of the carvings and ornaments remain still.

Here the kings of Scotland, for some ages, kept their Courts on occasion of any extraordinary ceremony. And here King James V. reinstituted, or rather restor'd the Order of the Knights of St. Andrew, as the Order of Knights of the Bath were lately restor'd in England. Here he erected stalls, and a throne for them in St. Michael's Church, and made it the Chapel of the Order, according to the usage at Windsor: The king himself wore the badges of four orders (viz.) that of the Garter conferred on him by the King of England; that of St. Andrew being his own; that of the Golden Fleece conferr'd on him by the emperor, then King of Spain; and of St. Michael, by which it appears he was a prince very much honour'd in the world.

Also he first order'd the Thistle to be added to the badge of the Order; and the motto, which since is worn about it in the Royal Arms, was of his invention (viz.) *Nemo me impune lacessit.* The Cordon Verd, or Green Ribband, was then worn by the Knights Companions: but the late King James II. or (as I should say, being in Scotland) the VIIth, chang'd it to the Blue Ribband, as the Knights of the Garter wear it in England.

Queen Anne, however, restor'd the Green Ribband again, and intended to have call'd a Chapter of the Order, and have brought it into its full lustre again: but Her Majesty was taken to heaven before it could be done.

Lithgow is a pleasant, handsome, well built town; the Tolbooth is a good building, and not old, kept in good repair, and the streets clean: The people look here as if they were busy, and had something to do, whereas in many towns we pass'd through they seem'd as if they look'd disconsolate for want of employment: The whole green, fronting the lough or lake, was cover'd with linnen-cloth, it being the bleaching season, and, I believe, a thousand women and children, and not less, tending and managing the bleaching business; the town is serv'd with water by one very large bason, or fountain, to which the water is brought from the same spring which serv'd the Royal Palace.

From Lithgow we turn'd to the right, as I said above, into the shire of Clydesdale: Some business also calling us this way, and following the Clyde upwards, from a little above Hamilton, where we were before, we came to Lanerk, which is about eight miles from it due south.

From Lithgow, by this way to Lanerk, is thirty long miles; and some of the road over the wildest country we had yet seen. Lanerk is the capital indeed of the country, otherwise it is but a very indifferent place; it is eminent for the

assembling of the Bothwell-Bridge Rebellion, and several other little disturbances of the Whigs in those days; for Whigs then were all Presbyterians, and Cameronian Presbyterians too, which, at that time, was as much as to say rebels.

A little below Lanerk the River Douglass falls into the Clyde, giving the same kind of usual surname to the lands about it, as I have observ'd other rivers do, namely Douglassdale, as the Clyde does that of Clydesdale, the Tweed that of Tweedale; and so of the rest.

In this dull vale stands the antient, paternal estate and castle, which gives name (and title too) to the great family of Douglass. The castle is very ill adapted to the glory of the family; but as it is the antient inheritance, the heads or chief of the name have always endeavour'd to keep up the old mansion, and have consequently, made frequent additions to the building, which have made it a wild, irregular mass; yet there are noble apartments in it, and the house seems, at a distance, rather a little town than one whole fabrick. The park is very large; the garden, or yards, as they call them, not set out with fine plants or greens, or divided into flower-gardens, parters, wildernesses, kitchin-gardens, &. as is the modern usage. In short 'tis an antient, magnificent pile, great, but not gay; its grandeur, in most parts, consists in its antiquity, and being the mansion of one of the greatest families in Scotland above 1,000 years. The history of the family would take up a volume by itself; and there is a volume in folio extant, written upon this subject only, where the heroes of the name are fully set forth, and all the illustrious actions they have been concern'd in. There are, at this time, not less than six or seven branches of this family, all rank'd in the peerage of Great Britain, namely, the Duke of Douglass, the chief of the whole clan or name, the Duke of Queensberry and Dover, the Earls of Morton, Dunbarton and March; and the Lords Mordingtoun and Forfar; the latter was lately unhappily kill'd at the fight near Dumblane, against the Lord Marr and the Pretender. But I must not run out into families; the head family of this name has been in better circumstances, as to estate, than they are at present: But the young duke does not want merit lo raise himself, when times may come that personal merit may be able to raise families, and make men great.

From Lanerk we left the wild place call'd Crawford Muir on the right, the business that brought us round this way being finish'd, and went away west into the shire of Peebles, and so into Tweedale; the first town we came to of any note upon the Tweed, is the town of Peebles, capital of the country. The town is small, and but indifferently built or inhabited, yet the High Street has some good houses on it. There is a handsome stone-bridge over the Tweed, which is not a great river here, though the current is sometimes indeed very violent.

The country is hilly, as in the rest of Tweedale, and those hills cover'd with sheep, which is, indeed, a principal part of the estates of the gentlemen; and the overplus quantity of the sheep, as also their wool, is mostly sent to England, to the irreparable damage of the poor; who, were they employ'd to manufacture their own wool, would live much better than they do, and find the benefit of the Union in a different manner, from what they have yet clone.

Before the Union this wool, and more with it, brought by stealth out of England, went all away to France, still (as I say) to the great loss of the poor, who, had they but spun it into yarn, and sent the yarn into France, would have had some benefit by it; but the Union bringing with it a prohibition of the exportation, upon the severest penalties, the gentlemen of the southern countries complain'd of the loss, at the time that affair was transacted in parliament; to make them amends for which, a large sum of money was appointed to them as an equivalent, and to encourage them to set the poor to work, as appears by the Act of Union; this money, I say, was appropriated by the Act to be employ'd in setting hands to work in Scotland, to manufacture their own wool by their own people: How much of the money has been so employ'd, I desire not to examine. I leave it to them whose proper business it is.

Here are two monuments in this country, all Scotland not affording the like, of the vanity of worldly glory. The one is in the foundation of a royal palace, or seat of a nobleman, once the first man in Scotland, next the king: It is a prodigious building, too great for a subject, begun by the Earl of Morton, whose head being afterwards lay'd in the dust, his design perish'd; and the building has not been carry'd on, and I suppose never will. The other is in the palace of Traquair, built and finish'd by the late Earl of Traquair, for some years Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and a person in the highest posts, both of honour and profit in the kingdom, who yet fell from it all, by the adversity of the times; for his conduct under his Majesty King Charles I. being generally censur'd, and himself universally hated, he sunk into the most abject and lowest part of human life, even to want bread, and to take alms, and in that miserable circumstance died, and never saw the turn of the times, I mean the Restoration, which happen'd but a year after his death. The house is noble, the design great, and well finish'd, and no sooner done so but it was confiscated, and the owner turn'd out of it, to seek his bread from a generation of his enemies, who thought they were merciful enough in sparing his life; whether it was so or not, and what his actions were (perhaps none of the best) is not my business; but, I think, it had been a kind of mercy to him, if they had rather taken his head, the condition he was reduc'd to, being doubtless, to a man of any spirit, much worse than death; and, I question whether, if he had been an English man, he would not have put an end to the distress he

was in, *Brevi manu:* Not that I think that is the way any Christian man ought to take to put an end to human misery, be the condition here what it will, but that we find the English less able to bear such distresses than other nations, and apter to fly into lunacies and desperation, that I believe none will dispute.

Bishop Burnet gives an account of this earl as a very mean spirited, abject person, and one that suffered himself to be made the instrument of other men's mischiefs, and that he therefore fell so much unpity'd: But be that as it will, it is as I say, a remarkable monument of the vanity of human glory; and it is the more remarkable for this, that he was particularly drop'd and despis'd by the party he had serv'd, and who he had too faithfully adher'd to; which is a caution to all that shall come after him, to take heed how they sacrifice themselves for parties, and against the true interest of their country, they are sure to be abandon'd, even of those that employ them, as well as to be hated of those they are employ'd against.

Here we saw the ruins of the once famous Abbey of Mailross, the greatness of which may be a little judg'd of by its vastly extended remains, which are of a very great circuit: The building is not so entirely demolish'd but that we may distinguish many places and parts of it one from another; as particularly the great church or chapel of the monastery, which is as large as some cathedrals, the choir of which is visible, and measures 140 foot in length, besides what may have been pull'd down at the east end; by the thickness of the foundations there must have been a large and strong tower or steeple in the center of the church, but of what form or height, that no guess can be made at: There are several fragments of the house itself, and of the particular offices belonging to it; the court, the cloyster, and other buildings are so visible, as that 'tis easy to know it was a most magnificent place in those days. But the Reformation has triumph'd over all these things, and the pomp and glory of Popery is sunk now into the primitive simplicity of the true Christian profession; nor can any Protestant mourn the loss of these seminaries of superstition, upon any principles that agree, either with his own profession, or with the Christian pattern prescrib'd in the scriptures. So I leave Mailross with a singular satisfaction, at seeing what it now is, much more than that of remembring what it once was. I doubt not, had Traquair House been built with the stones of this abbey, some people would have plac'd all the misfortunes of the unhappy builder to that sacrilege, as is noted in the Earl of Marr's house at Sterling: But, as it happen'd, they had no room for that.

Following the course of the Tweed, we pass'd by abundance of gentlemen's seats and antient mansions, whose possessions are large in this country, and who, it is impossible I should, in so short a tract as this, do any more than name: Such as the family of Douglass, of whom one branch is call'd Douglass of Cavers and is hereditary sheriff of the county. The family of Elliot, of whom one is, at

present, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, and is call'd Lord Minto, in virtue of his office, being otherwise no more than Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. There is also another gentleman of the same name, Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobbs, both antient families, and formerly eminent, with many others, among the borderers; whether that should be mention'd as a fame to them or not, I am not a judge; the borderers, in former days, being rather known for their courage and boldness in the field, than for the justice of their manner; which being chiefly exerted in mutual excursions and invasions on one side, as well as the other, some have been so free with them, as to esteem them no better than thieves. But be that as you will, with respect to ancestors, the present heads of those families are now (at least some of them) as valuable gentlemen as any in both kingdoms, and as much respected; among these are the families of the name of Kerr, Hamilton, Hume, Swinton, and many other; as on the English side were the families of Piercy, Nevil, Gray, and the like.

The country next this, south east, is call'd Tiviotdale, or otherwise the shire of Roxburgh; and the Duke of Roxburgh has several fine seats in it, as well as a very great estate; indeed most of the country belongs to the family: His house call'd Floors is an antient seat, but begins to wear a new face; and those who view'd it fifteen or sixteen years ago, will scarce know it again, if they should come a few years hence, when the present duke may have finished the additions and embellishments, which he is now making, and has been a considerable time upon. Nor will the very face of the country appear the same, except it be that the River Tweed may, perhaps, run in the same channel: But the land before, lying open and wild, he will find enclos'd, cultivated and improv'd, rows, and even woods of trees covering the champaign country, and the house surrounded with large grown vistas, and well planted avenues, such as were never seen there before.

From hence we came to Kelsoe, a handsome market-town upon the bank of the Tweed. Here is a very large antient church, being built in the place of an old monastery of fryars, the ruins of which are yet to be seen: The church now standing seems to have been the real chapel of the monastery, not a new one erected; only modell'd from the old one; for though it is itself a great building, yet it has certainly been much larger. Its antiquity argues this, for by the building it must have been much antienter than the Reformation.

Kelsoe, as it stands on the Tweed, and so near the English border, is a considerable thorough-fair to England, one of the great roads from Edinburgh to Newcastle lying through this town, and a nearer way by far than the road through Berwick. They only want a good bridge over the Tweed: At present they have a ferry just at the town, and a good ford through the river, a little below it; but, though I call it a good ford, and so it is when the water is low, yet that is too

uncertain; and the Tweed is so dangerous a river, and rises sometimes so suddenly, that a man scarce knows, when he goes into the water, how it shall be ere he gets out at the other side; and it is not very strange to them at Kelso, to hear of frequent disasters, in the passage, both to men and cattle.

Here we made a little excursion into England, and it was to satisfy a curiosity of no extraordinary kind neither. By the sight of Cheviot Hills, which we had seen for many miles riding, we thought at Kelso we were very near them, and had a great mind to take as near a view of them as we could; and taking with us an English man, who had been very curious in the same enquiry, and who offer'd to be our guide, we set out for Wooller, a little town lying, as it were, under the hill.

Cheviot Hill or Hills are justly esteem'd the highest in this part of England, and of Scotland also; if I may judge, I think 'tis higher a great deal than the mountain of Mairock in Galloway, which they say is two miles high.

When we came to Wooller we got another guide to lead us to the top of the hill; for, by the way, tho' there are many hills and reachings for many miles, which are all call'd Cheviot Hills, yet there is one Pico or Master-Hill, higher than all the rest by a great deal, which, at a distance, looks like the Pico-Teneriffe at the Canaries, and is so high, that I remember it is seen plainly from the Rosemary-Top in the East Riding of Yorkshire, which is nearly sixty miles. We prepar'd to clamber up this hill on foot, but our guide laugh'd at us, and told us, we should make a long journey of it that way: But getting a horse himself, told us he would find a way for us to get up on horse-back; so we set out, having five or six country boys and young fellows, who ran on foot, voluntier to go with us; we thought they had only gone for their diversion, as is frequent for boys; but they knew well enough that we should find some occasion to employ them, and so we did, as you shall hear.

Our guide led us very artfully round to a part of the hill, where it was evident in the winter season, not streams of water, but great rivers came pouring down from the hill in several channels, and those (at least some of them) very broad; they were overgrown on either bank with alder-trees, so close and thick, that we rode under them, as in an arbour. In one of these channels we mounted the hill, as the besiegers approach a fortify'd town by trenches, and were gotten a great way up, before we were well aware of it.

But, as we mounted, these channels lessen'd gradually, till at length we had the shelter of the trees no longer; and now we ascended till we began to see some of the high hills, which before we thought very lofty, lying under us, low and humble, as if they were part of the plain below, and yet the main hill seem'd still to be but beginning, or, as if we were but entring upon it.

As we mounted higher we found the hill steeper than at first, also our horses began to complain, and draw their haunches up heavily, so we went very softly: However, we mov'd still, and went on, till the height began to look really frightful, for, I must own, I wish'd myself down again; and now we found use for the young fellows that ran before us; for we began to fear, if our horses should stumble or start, we might roll down the hill together; and we began to talk of alighting, but our guide call'd out and said, No, not yet, by and by you shall; and with that he bid the young fellows take our horses by the head-stalls of the bridles, and lead them. They did so, and we rode up higher still, till at length our hearts fail'd us all together, and we resolv'd to alight; and tho' our guide mock'd us, yet he could not prevail or persuade us; so we work'd it upon our feet, and with labour enough, and sometimes began to talk of going no farther.

We were the more uneasy about mounting higher, because we all had a notion, that when we came to the top, we should be just as upon a pinnacle, that the hill narrowed to a point, and we should have only room enough to stand, with a precipice every way round us; and with these apprehensions, we all sat down upon the ground, and said we would go no farther.

Our guide did not at first understand what we were apprehensive of; but at last by our discourse he perceived the mistake, and then not mocking our fears, he told us, that indeed if it had been so, we had been in the right, but he assur'd us, there was room enough on the top of the hill to run a race, if we thought fit, and we need not fear any thing of being blown off the precipice, as we had suggested; so he encouraging us we went on, and reach't the top of the hill in about half an hour more.

I must acknowledge I was agreeably surprized, when coming to the top of the hill, I saw before me a smooth, and with respect to what we expected a most pleasant plain, of at least half a mile in diameter; and in the middle of it a large pond, or little lake of water, and the ground seeming to descend every way from the edges of the summit to the pond, took off the little terror of the first prospect; for when we walkt towards the pond, we could but just see over the edge of the hill; and this little descent inwards, no doubt made the pond, the rain-water all running thither.

One of our company, a good botanist, fell to searching for simples, and, as he said, found some nice plants, which he seem'd mightily pleas'd with: But as that is out of my way, so it is out of the present design. I in particular began to look about me, and to enquire what every place was which I saw more remarkably shewing it self at a distance.

The day happen'd to be very clear, and to our great satisfaction very calm, otherwise the hight we were upon, would not have been without its dangers. We

saw plainly here the smoke of the salt-pans at Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne, seven miles below New Castle; and which was south about forty miles. The sea, that is the German ocean, was as if but just at the foot of the hill, and our guide pointed to shew us the Irish Sea: But if he could see it, knowing it in particular, and where exactly to look for it, it was so distant, that I could not say, I was assur'd I saw it. We saw likewise several hills, which he told us were in England, and others in the west of Scotland, but their names were too many for us to remember, and we had no materials there to take minutes. We saw Berwick east, and the hills called Soutra Hills north, which are in sight of Edinburgh. In a word there was a surprizing view of both the united kingdoms, and we were far from repenting the pains we had taken.

Nor were we so afraid now as when we first mounted the sides of the hill, and especially we were made ashamed of those fears, when to our amazement, we saw a clergy-man, and another gentleman, and two ladies, all on horse-back, come up to the top of the hill, with a guide also as we had, and without alighting at all, and only to satisfy their curiosity, which they did it seems. This indeed made us look upon one another with a smile, to think how we were frighted, at our first coming up the hill: And thus it is in most things in nature; fear magnifies the object, and represents things frightful at first sight, which are presently made easy when they grow familiar.

Satisfied with this view, and not at all thinking our time or pains ill bestowed, we came down the hill by the same rout that we went up; with this remark by the way, that whether on horse-back or on foot we found it much more troublesome, and also tiresome to come down than to go up.

When we were down; our guide carry'd us not to the town of Wooller, where we were before, but to a single house, which they call Wooller Haugh-head, and is a very good inn, better indeed than we expected, or than we had met with, except at Kelso, for many days journey. Here we had very good provision, very well dress'd, and excellent wine. The house is in England, but the people that kept it were Scots; yet every thing was very well done, and we were mighty glad of the refreshment we found there.

Here we enquired after the famous story of Cheviot-Chase, which we found the people there have a true notion of, not like what is represented in the ballad of Chevy Chase, which has turn'd the whole story into a fable: But here they told us; what all solid histories confirm, namely that it was an in-road of the Earl of Douglass into England, with a body of an army, to ravage, burn, and plunder the country, as was usual in those days; and that the Earl of Northumberland, who was then a Piercy, gathering his forces, march'd with a like army, and a great many of the gentry and nobility with him, to meet the Scots; and that both the

bodies meeting at the foot of Cheviot Hills, fought a bloody battle, wherein both the earls were slain, fighting desperately at the head of their troops; and so many kill'd on both sides; that they that out-liv'd it, went off respectively, neither being able to say which had the victory.

They shew'd us the place of the fight, which was on the side of the hill, if their traditions do not mislead them, on the left hand of the road, the ground uneven and ill enough for the cavalry; 'tis suppos'd most of the Scots were horse, and therefore 'tis said, the English archers placed themselves on the side of a steep ascent, that they might not be broken in upon by the horse. They shew also two stones which, if *as I say* they are not mistaken, are on the ground where the two earls were slain.

But they shew'd us the same day, a much more famous field of battle than this, and that within about six or seven miles of the same place, namely Floden-field, where James IV. King of Scotland with a great army invading England, in the year 1538, when the King of England was absent in his wars abroad, at the Siege of Tournay, was met with, and fought by the Earl of Surrey, of the ancient family of Howard, and the English army; in which the Scots, tho' after a very obstinate fight, were totally routed and overthrown, and their king valiantly fighting at the head of his nobility was slain.

The River Till, which our historians call a deep and swift river, and in which many of the Scots were drowned in the pursuit, seem'd to me not to be sufficient to interrupt the flight of a routed army, it being almost every where passable: But, perhaps, it might at that time be swell'd with some sudden rain, which the historians ought to have taken notice of; because the river is else so small that it would seem to make us question the rest of the story.

That there was such a battle, and that this was the place, is out of all doubt; and the field seems to be well chosen for it, for it is a large plain, flank'd on the north side, which must be the Scots right, and the English left, by Flodden-Hills, and on the other side by some distant woods; the River Tul being on the Scots rear, and the Tweed itself not far off.

Having view'd these things, which we had not time for in our passing through Northumberland, we came back to Kelso, and spent the piece of a day that remain'd there, viewing the country, which is very pleasant and very fruitful on both sides the Tweed, for the Tweed there does not part England from Scotland, but you are upon Scots ground for four miles, or thereabouts. on the south side of the Tweed, and the farther west the more the Tweed lies within the limits of the country.

From Kelso we went north, where we pass'd through Lauderdale, a long valley on both sides the little River Lauder, from whence the house of Maitland, earls

first, and at last Duke of Lauderdale, took their title.

The country is good here, tho' fenc'd with hills on both sides; the River Lauder runs in the middle of it, keeping its course north, and the family-seat of Lauder, stands about the middle of the valley: 'Tis an antient house, and not large; nor did it receive any additions from Duke Lauderdale, who found ways to dispose of his fortunes another way.

From hence we kept the great road over a high ridge of mountains, from whence we had a plain view of that part of the country call'd Mid-Lothian, and where we also saw the city of Edinburgh at the distance of about twelve or fourteen miles. We pass'd these mountains at a place which they call Soutra-Hill, and which gives the title of Laird of Soutra to a branch of the family of Maitland, the eider brother of which house was Lieutenant-General Maitland, a gentleman of great merit, and who rais'd himself by the sword: He lost one of his hands at the great battle of Treves in Germany, where the French army, under the Mareschal De Crequi, was defeated by the Germans, commanded by the old Duke of Zell; he supply'd the want of his hand with one of steel, from which he was call'd Handy Maitland. He pass'd thro' all the degrees of honour that the army usually bestows; and when the Union was transacting we saw him lieutenant-general of the queen's armies, colonel of a regiment of foot, and governor of Fort-William at Innerlochy, of which in its place.

I could not pass this way to Edinburgh without going off a little to the right, to see two very fine seats, one belonging to the Marquess of Louthian, of the antient name of Ker, a younger branch of the house of Roxburgh, at Newbattle or Newbottle. Tis an old building, but finely situated among the most agreeable walks and rows of trees, all ful-1 grown, and is particularly to be mention'd for the nicest, and best chosen collection of pictures of any house I have seen in Scotland: The particulars are too many to enter into a description of them. The statues and busts are also very fine; and there are the most pictures of particular families and persons, as well of the royal families of France and England, as of Scotland also, that are, I believe, not only in England, but in any palace in Europe.

Not two miles from hence is the Duchess of Bucclugh's house at Dalkeith, the finest and largest new built house in Scotland; the duchess, relict of the late Duke of Monmouth, has built it, as I may say, from the foundation, or as some say, upon the foundation of the old castle of Dalkeith, which was the estate of the great Earl of Morton, regent of Scotland, who was beheaded by King James VI. that is, of England, James I. the same that brought the engine to behead humane bodies from Hallifax in Yorkshire, and set it up in Scotland, and had his own head cut off with it, the first it was try'd upon.

The palace of Dalkeith is, indeed, a magnificent building, and the inside answerable to the grandeur of the family. It stands on a rising ground on the edge of the River Esk; the side to the river is a precipice, from whence it overlooks the plain with a majesty, like that of Windsor, on the bank of the Thames, with necessary allowance for the difference of the country, and of the two rivers, which bear, indeed, no proportion. The park is very large, and there are fine avenues, some already made and planted, others design'd, but not yet finish'd; also there are to be water-works, *Jette D'eaus* , and a canal, but these are not yet laid out; nor are the gardens finish'd, or the terrasses, which will be very spacious, if done according to the design. There are many fine paintings, especially of the ladies of the English court, and some royal originals; but we must not speak of pictures where Newbottle is so nigh.

The town of Dalkeith is just without the park, and is a pretty large market-town, and the better market for being so near Edinburgh; for there comes great quantities of provisions hither from the southern countries, which are bought up here to be carried to Edinburgh market again, and sold there. The town is spacious, and well built, and is the better, no doubt, for the neighbourhood of so many noblemen's and gentlemen's houses of such eminence in its neighbourhood.

This brought us to the very sight of the city of Edinburgh, where we rested a few days, having thus finished our circuit over the whole south of Scotland, on this side of the River Forth, and on the south side of the Firth of Clyde. So I shall conclude this letter,

And am, &.

LETTER XIII

CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND

SIR,-I am now to enter the true and real Caledonia, for the country on the north of the firth is alone call'd by that name, and was antiently known by no other. As I shall give an account of it as it is, and not as it was; so I shall describe it as I view'd it, not as other people have view'd it; nor shall I confine myself to the division of the country, as the geographers have divided it, or to the shires and counties, as the civil authority has divided it, or into presbyteries and synodical provinces, as the Church has divided it: But noting the shires where I find them needful, I shall give an account of things in the order of my own progress, and as I pass'd thro', or visited them.

I went over the firth at the Queens-Ferry, a place mention'd before, seven miles west of Edinburgh; and, as he that gives an account of the country of Fife, must necessarily go round the coast, the most considerable places being to be seen on the seaside, or near it; so I took that method, and began at the Queens-Ferry. A mile from hence, or something more, is the burrough of Innerkeithin, an antient wall'd town, with a spacious harbour, opening from the east part of the town into the Firth of Forth; the mouth of the harbour has a good depth of water, and ships of burthen may ride there with safety; but as there is not any great trade here, and consequently no use for shipping of burthen, the harbour has been much neglected: However, small vessels may come up to the key, such as are sufficient for their business.

The town is large, and is still populous, but decay'd, as to what it has formerly been; yet the market for linnen not only remains, but is rather more considerable than formerly, by reason of the increase of that manufacture since the Union. The market for provisions is also very considerable here, the country round being very fruitful, and the families of gentlemen being also numerous in the neighbourhood.

There was a tragical story happen'd in this town, which made it more talk'd of in England, at that time, than it had been before. The Lord Burleigh (a young nobleman, but not then come to his estate, his father being living) had, it seems, had some love affair with a young woman in his father's family, but could not prevail with her to sacrifice her virtue to him; upon which the affair being made publick she was remov'd out of the family, and he was persuaded to travel, or whether he went into the army, I do not remember; he had declar'd it seems, before he went abroad, that he would marry her at his return; which, however, it seems the young woman declin'd too, as being too much below his quality, and

that she would not be a dishonour to the family: But he not only declar'd he would marry her, but, upon that answer of hers, added, that if any one else marry'd her, he would murther them as soon as he came back: This pass'd without much notice, and the young woman was marry'd, before his return, to a schoolmaster in this town of Innerkeithen.

After some time the Young Master (so they call the eldest son of a lord, while his father is living) of Burleigh, returns from his travels, and enquiring for the young woman, and being told she was marry'd, and to whom, retaining his hellish resolution he rides away to the town, and up to the school door, and calling for the schoolmaster, the innocent man came out to him unarm'd in a gown and slippers; when, after asking if he was such a one, and flying out in some hard words upon him, he drew his pistol, and shot the poor man dead upon the spot, riding away in the open day, and no body daring to meddle with him.

But justice pursuing him, and a proclamation being issued, with a reward of 200*l* . for apprehending him, he was at last taken, and was tried at Edinburgh by the Lords of the Justitiary, and condemned to have his head cut off, and the day of execution appointed. Nor could all the intercession of his family and friends prevail with the queen, after Her Majesty had a true account of the fact laid before her, to pardon or reprieve him: But the day before the execution his friends found means for him to make his escape out of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, disguis'd in his sister's clothes.

In return for this deliverance he appear'd in the late rebellion, and was in the battle of Dumblain or Sheriffmuir, but got off again; and his estate, which, however, was but small, was forfeited among the rest. But the murtherer is not yet brought to justice.

This tragedy, and its circumstances, I think, merits to be recorded, and the rather, because most of the circumstances came within the verge of my knowledge, and I was upon the spot when it was done; there are many other circumstances in it, but too long to be repeated.

Near Innerkeithin, a little within the land, stands the antient town of Dumfermling, as I may say, in my Lord Rochester's words, in its full perfection of decay; nay, the decay is threefold.

Here is a decay'd monastery; for before the Reformation here was a very large and famous abbey, but demolish'd at the Revolution; and saving, that part of the church was turn'd into a parochial church, the rest, and greatest part of that also lyes in ruins, and with it the monuments of several kings and queens of Scotland, particularly that of Malcolm III. who founded the monastery, as does also the cloister and apartments for the religious people of the house, great part of which are yet so plain to be seen, as to be distinguish'd one from another.

Here is a decay'd court or royal palace of the kings of Scotland. They do not tell us who built this palace, but we may tell them who suffers it to fall down; for it is now (as it was observ'd before all the royal houses are) sinking into its own ruins; the windows are gone, the roof fallen in, and part of the very walls moulder'd away by the injury of time, and of the times. In this palace almost all King James the VIth's children were born; as particularly King Charles I. and the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia; and their mother, which was Queen Ann daughter of the Queen of Denmark, made this place her particular residence, which was also settled upon her as her dower or jointure; here she built herself an apartment, consisting of eight rooms over the arch of the great gate, which were her particular retirement, having a gallery reaching from that apartment to the Royal Lodgings.

The figure of the house remains, but as for the lodgings they are all, as I have said, in their decay, and we may now call it the monument of a court.

Here is a decay'd town, and we need go no farther for that part than the decay of the palace, which is irrecoverable; there might be something said here of what was done at this town, upon receiving and crowning King Charles II., by the Covenanters, &. and which might, perhaps, contribute to entail a disgust upon the house, and even upon the place; and if it did so, I see no reason to blame the king on that account, for the memory of the place could not be pleasant to his majesty for many reasons: But this is matter of history, and besides, it seems to have something in it that is not, perhaps so well to be remember'd as to be forgot.

The church has still a venerable face, and at a distance seems a mighty pile; the building being once vastly large, what is left appears too gross for the present dimensions; the church itself, they tell us, was as long as the cathedral of Carlisle, design'd by the model of that of Glasgow, though, I rather think, that at Glasgow, was design'd by the model of that at Dumfermling, for the last was, by far, the most antient.

The people hereabout are poor, but would be much poorer, if they had not the manufacture of linnen for their support, which is here, and in most of the towns about, carry'd on with more hands than ordinary, especially for diaper, and the better sort of linnen: The Marquess of Tweedale has a good estate in these parts, and is hereditary House-keeper, or Porter of the Royal House, and, in effect, Lord Chamberlain.

From hence, turning east, we see many seats of private gentlemen, and some of noblemen, as particularly one belonging to the said Marquess of Tweedale at Aberdour. It was formerly one of the many noble mansion houses of the great Earl Mortoun, regent; but with his fall the estates found new masters as that of

Dalkeith has in the house of Bucclugh, and this of Aberdour in the house of Yester, or Tweedale. The house is old, but magnificent, and the lands about it, as all must do, that come into the managing hands of the family of Tweedale, have been infinitely improv'd by planting and enclosing.

This house of Aberdour fronts the firth to the south, and the grounds belonging to it reach down to the shores of it. From this part of the firth, to the mouth of Innerkeithen harbour, is a very good road for ships, the water being deep and the ground good; but the western part, which they call St. Margaret's Bay, is a steep shore, and rocky, there being twenty fathom water within a ship's length of the rocks: So that in case of a south east wind, and if it blow hard, it may be dangerous riding too near. But a south east wind blows so seldom, that the ships often venture it; and I have seen large ships ride there.

He that will view the country of Fife must, as I said before, go round the coast; and yet there are four or five places of note in the middle of the country which are superiour to all the rest, and must not be omitted; I'll take them as I go, though I did not travel to them in a direct line, the names are as follow. Kinross the house of Sir William Bruce, Lessly, Falkland, Melvil, Balgony, and Cowper; the last a town, the other great houses, and one a royal palace, and once the most in request of all the royal houses in Scotland: And here, since I am upon generals, it may not be improper to mention, as a remark only, that however mean our thoughts in England have been of the Scots Court in those times, the kings of Scotland had more fine palaces than most princes in Europe, and, in particular, many more than the Crown of England has now; for example, we see nothing in England now of any notice but Hampton-Court, Windsor, Kensington, and St James's.

Greenwich and Nonsuch are demolished.

Richmond quite out of use, and not able to receive a Court.

Winchester never inhabited, or half finished.

Whitehall burnt, and lying in ruins, or, as we may say let out into tenements.

Westminster, long since abandon'd: So that I say nothing remains but, as above, St. James's, Kensington, Windsor, and Hampton-Court.

Whereas the kings of Scotland had in King James the VIth's time all in good repair, and in use, the several Royal palaces of

Haly-Rood House,
The castle,
}at Edinburgh.

The royal palace in the castle at Sterling.

Linlithgow.

Dumfermling.

Falkland.

Scoon.

Besides lesser seats and hunting-houses, of which King James V. had several; and besides the several palaces of the Earl Mortoun and others, which were forfeited into the king's hands, and which afterwards became royal.

Having seen Aberdour, I took a turn, at a friend's invitation, to Lessly; but by the way stopp'd at Kinross, where we had a view of two things worth noting. I. The famous lake or lough, call'd Lough Leven, where, in an island, stands the old castle where Queen Mary, commonly known in England by the name of Queen of Scots, was confin'd by the first reformers, after she had quitted, or been forc'd to quit her favourite Bothwel, and put herself into the hands of her subjects. One would have thought this castle, standing as it were in the middle of the sea, for so it is in its kind, should have been sufficient to have held her, but she made shift to get out of their hands, whether by a silver key, or without a key, I believe is not fully known to this day.

The lough itself is worth seeing; 'tis very large, being above ten miles about, and in some places deep, famous for fish. Formerly it had good salmon, but now chiefly trouts, and other small fish; out of it flows the River Leven, which runs from thence to Lessly.

At the west end of the lake, and the gardens reaching down to the very water's edge, stands the most beautiful and regular piece of architecture, (for a private gentleman's seat) in all Scotland, perhaps, in all Britain, I mean the house of Kinross. The town lies at a little distance from it, so as not to annoy the house, and yet so as to make it the more sociable; and at the town is a very good market, and the street tolerably well built. The house is a picture, 'tis all beauty; the stone is white and fine, the order regular, the contrivance elegant, the workmanship exquisite. Dryden's lines, intended for a compliment on his friend's poetry, and quoted before, are literally of the house of Kinross.

Strong dorick columns form the base,
Corinthian fills the upper space;
So all below is strength, and all above is grace.

Sir William Bruce, the skilful builder, was the Surveyor-General of the works, as we call it in England, or the Royal Architect, as in Scotland. In a word, he was the Kit Wren of North Britain; and his skill in the perfect decoration of building, has many testimonials left upon record for it; such as the palace of Haly-Rood at Edinburgh; the house of Rothess, and this at Kinross, besides several others.

The situation of this house of Kinross would be disliked by some for its being so very near the water, and that sometimes when the lake is swelled by winter rains and melted snows, the water comes into, or at least unto the very gardens; but as the country round is dry, free from stagnated boggs, and unhealthy marshes; this little mediterranean sea gives them very little inconvenience, if any. Sir William, according to the new and laudable method of all the Scots gentlemen, has planted innumerable numbers of firr-trees upon the estate round his house, and the present possessor Mr. Bruce, is as careful to improve as his predecessor: Posterity will find the sweet of this passion for planting, which is so happily spread among the people of the south-parts of Scotland, and which, if it goes on, will in time make Scotland a second Norway for firr; for the Lowlands, as well as the Highlands, will be overspread with timber.

?or may it require so many ages as some people imagine, for many of the largest and most considerable improvements are already of fifty to seventy and eighty years standing as at Melvil, Lessly, Yester, Pinkey, Newbattle, and several other places; and others follow apace; so that in forty or fifty years more, as slow a growing wood as firr is, yet there may be a quantity of large grown trees to be found to begin upon, so as to cutt out deal-boards in great numbers, besides sparrs, bauks, poles, oars &. which the branches will supply.

From Kinross, I came to Lessley, where I had a full view of the palace of Rothess, both inside and outside, as I had before of that of Bruce. The magnificence of the inside at Lessly is unusually great; but what is very particular, is the long gallery, which is the full length of one side of the building, and is fill'd with paintings, but especially (as at Drumlanrig) of the great ancestors of the house of Rothes or Lessly at full lengths, and in their robes of office or habits of ceremony; particularly the late Duke of Rothess, who built the house, and who was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland.

I do not forget that the rooms of state at Kinross are well supply'd with pictures and some very fine and valuable pieces, as particularly those of King Charles I. and Henrietta Maria his queen daughter of France. But almost if not all the full lengths in this gallery of Rothess, are of the family, and the immediate

ancestors from whom in a direct line the present earl is descended, having been peers, and in some or other of the greatest offices of trust in Scotland, from the year 1320 to 1725; so that there may well be enough to cloath a gallery, and they are there to be distinguished by their robes and different habits down to the great founder of the house, who was Lord High Commissioner to the Parliament, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord Chancellor; and was created a duke for his own life only, so that his successors are now but earls: But the family are still in the highest esteem, and have gone thro' divers posts of honour and trust. The house indeed is magnificent, I cannot say the situation is so much to advantage as some other seats; nor is there any large avenue or prospect from the entrance, but it is a prospect in it self; it is situated on the banks of the Leven just where another smaller river joins it, and the park on the south side of the house is very beautiful, six miles in circumference, walled about, and in several parts, little woods of firr-trees planted with vistas reaching to them from the house, which gives a very beautiful prospect. The gardens are at the E. end of the house well planted, and well designed, extending to the angle or point, where the two rivers meet; so that the gardens are as it were watered on the north and on the east side, and on the south side are parted from the park with a wall; the west end of them beginning from the house.

This house was built for the duke mentioned above, in the reign of King Charles II. by that man of art and master of building Sir William Bruce mentioned there also, so that the building is wholly modern. It is a square, and the fronts every way are plain, that is, without wings, and make a square court within: Here it was King James II. lodged, most part of the time,, when he was oblig'd by his brother, King Charles II. to retire into Scotland while he was Duke of York; and his apartments are marked in the house and call'd the Duke of York's Lodgings to this day. They had a communication with the long gallery, and with the great staircase at the other end.

The town of Lessly is at a small distance west from the house or a little north-west. There is a good market, but otherwise it is not considerable. The house is the glory of the place, and indeed of the whole province of Fife.

From Lessly, we turn'd away south to the coast, and came to Bruntisland; this is a port upon the Firth of Forth, and lies opposite to Leith, so that there is a fair prospect as well of the road of Leith, and the ships riding there, as of the city and castle or Edinburgh. There is a very good harbour which enters as if it had been made by hand into the center of the town; for the town is as it were built round it, and the ships lay their broad sides to the very houses. There is water enough at spring-tides, for ships of good burthen to come into the basin; but at low-water some of the ships lye a-ground: But want of trade renders all this useless; for what

is the best harbour in the world without ships ? And whence should ships be expected without a commerce to employ them; it is true, the ships of several other towns on the coast frequently put into this harbour, to lay up, as we call it, and to lye by in the winter: But this does not so much better the town as to make it be call'd a trading town; so that, indeed, the place is unhappy, and must decay yet farther, unless the trade revive, which, I confess, I do not yet foresee.

Here is, however, a manufacture of linnen, as there is upon all the coast of Fife, and especially for that they call green-cloth, which is now in great demand in England for the printing-trade, in the room of callicoes, which were lately prohibited.

Next to this is Kinghorn upon the same coast, where, not the sea, but the manufacture upon the land may be said to maintain the place; for here is a thread manufacture, which they make very good, and bleach or whiten it themselves. The women, indeed, chiefly carry on this trade, and the men are generally seamen upon all this coast, as high as the Queens-Ferry. Where I observ'd the men carry'd on an odd kind of trade, or sport rather (viz.) of shooting of porpoises, of which very great numbers are seen almost constantly in the firth; when they catch them thus, they bring them on shore, and boil the fat of them as they do of whales, into train-oil, and the like they do with several other great fish, which sometimes they find in the sea there; and sometimes they have grampusses, finn fish, and several species of the small whale kind which come up there, and which they always make the best of, if they can take them. One year in particular there came several such fish on shore, which they could find no name for; there was eight or nine of them, which I saw lying on the shore of Fife, from Kinghorn to the Easter Weems, some of which were twenty foot long and upward.

But this sort of fishing is but by accident, and the profit's not certain; the firth affords a much more certain and profitable fishery lower down, of which in its place. The ferry, from Leith to the shore of Fife, is fix'd in this town, though sometimes the boats in distress, and by force of wind and weather, are driven to run into Borunt Island: This constant going and coming of the ferry-boat, and passengers, is also a considerable benefit to the town of Kinghorn, and is a very great article in its commerce.

East of this town is Kirkcaldy, a larger, more populous, and better built town than the other, and indeed than any on this coast. Its situation is in length, in one street running along the shore, from east to west, for a long mile, and very well built, the streets clean and well pav'd; there are some small by streets or lanes, and it has some considerable merchants in it, I mean in the true sense of the word merchant. There are also several good ships belonging to the town: Also as Fife is a good corn country, here are some that deal very largely in corn, and export great

quantities both to England and Holland. Here are great quantities of linnen shipp'd off for England; and as these ships return freighted either from England or Holland, they bring all needful supplies of foreign goods; so that the traders in Kirkcaldy have really a very considerable traffick, both at home and abroad.

There are several coal-pits here, not only in the neighbourhood, but even close to the very sea, at the west end of the town, and where, one would think, the tide should make it impossible to work them. At the east end of the town is a convenient yard for building and repairing of ships, and farther east than that several salt-pans for the boyling and making of salt.

Kirkcaldy is a member of the royal burroughs, as are also Bruntisland, Kinghorn, and Dysert, tho' almost all of them together are not equal to this town: So that here are no less than four royal burroughs in the riding of five miles.

Dysert is next, a town that gives the title of noble or baron to the Lord Dysert, who resides in England, tho' the property both of the town and the lands adjoining, belong to the Lord Sinclare or St. Clare: but be the estate whose it will, the town, though a royal burgh, is, as I said before of Dumfermling, in the full perfection of decay, and is, indeed, a most lamentable object of a miserable, dying Corporation; the only support which, I think, preserves the name of a town to it, is, that here is, in the lands adjoining, an excellent vein of Scots coal, and the Lord Dysert, the landlord, has a good salt-work in the town; close to the sea there is a small peer or wharf for ships, to come and load both the salt and the coal: And this, I think, may be said to be the whole trade of the town, except some nailers and hardware workers, and they are but few.

I take the decay of all these sea-port towns, which 'tis evident have made a much better figure in former times, to be owing to the removing of the court and nobility of Scotland to England; for it is most certain, when the court was at home, they had a. confluence of strangers, residence of foreign ministers, being of armies, &. and consequently the nobility dwelt at home, spent the income of their estates, and the product of their country among their neighbours. The return of their coal and salt, and corn and fish, brought them in goods from abroad and, perhaps, money; they sent their linnen and other goods to England, and receiv'd the returns in money; they made their own manufactures, and though not so good and cheap as from England, yet they were cheaper to the publick stock, because their own poor were employ'd. Their wool, which they had over and above, went to France, and return'd ready money. Their lead went to Holland, and their cattle and sheep to England, and brought back in that one article above I00,000*l* . sterling *per Ann.*

Then it was the sea-port towns had a trade, their Court was magnificent, their nobility built fine houses and palaces which were richly furnish'd, and nobly

finish'd within and without. They had infinitely more value went out than came back in goods, and therefore the balance was evidently on their side; whereas, now their Court is gone, their nobility and gentry spend their time, and consequently their estates in England; the Union opens the door to all English manufactures, and suppresses their own, prohibits their wool going abroad, and yet scarcely takes it off at home; if the cattle goes to England, the money is spent there too. The troops rais'd there are in English service, and Scotland receives no *premio* for the levies, as she might have done abroad, and as the Swiss and other nations do at this time.

This I take to be the true state of the case; and as this is not foreign to the design of this work, I am the longer upon it. I gave a particular account in my description of Glasgow, Irwin, and Dumfries, to shew you how those places were enrich'd by the increase of their commerce, and how the commerce was encreas'd by the Union of the two kingdoms. I must likewise, in justice, demonstrate how and why these sea-ports, on the east coast, decline and decay by the same occasion, and from the same cause.

It is true, Scotland would have an advantagious trade with England, and not the worst for the Union, were not the Court remov'd, and did not their nobility dwell abroad, and spend their estates abroad: Scotland has a plentiful product for exportation, and were the issue of that product return'd and consum'd at home, Scotland would flourish and grow rich, but as it is, I may venture to say, it is not to be expected. For example; The product of Scotland, I say, is very considerable, I mean that part of it which is exported to foreign parts, for what. is consum'd at home is nothing, that is to say adds nothing to the publick stock of the nation, speaking of Scotland as a nation by herself.

All the product of Scotland which is sent abroad, and exported to foreign countries, and consum'd there, is so much clear gain to the publick stock, excepting only the cost of its manufacturing at home, or curing and sending out; and except so much as is brought back in goods of the growth, and manufacture of foreign countries, and is consum'd in Scotland, which is not reckon'd as gain, because consum'd; if it is exported again, the article goes to the account of publick gain again. Now to state the case briefly between the exportation and importation of goods in Scotland, that the difference, which is the balance of the trade, may appear.

The product of Scotland, which it exports into foreign countries, England included, for I am now considering Scotland as if not united, is as follows.

Corn
Black Cattle
Sheep

Wool,
Linnen of several

sorts
Some woollen

manufactures,

stockings in

particular.
}
All these carry’d to England and that

in great quantities.

Corn
Lead
Salt
Coal
Barrell’d pork
Salmon.
}
To Holland, Bremen, and Hambrough.

N.B. The Dutch buy the barrell’d pork from Aberdeen for victualling their East-India ships, it being much better cur’d than from any other country.

Salt
Oatmeal
Salmon
Lead
Stockings
Linnen.
}
To Norway.

Salt
Woollen manufac-
tures of Sterling and
Aberdeen.
}
To Sweden, Dantzick, and to Riga,
&.

Herrings pickl’d.
Barrell’d and dry’d
salmon.
Herring and white
fish.
}
To Spain and the Straits.

Coal
Salt
Lead
Herrings

White fish
Wool.
} To France.

For all these exportations the returns are, or at least were before the Union:
Pewter
Block-tin
Wrought iron
Glass ware
Sugars
Tobacco
Drugs and dyers’

stuffs.
} From England.

N.B. All the English woollen and silk manufactures were prohibited upon the several penalties; so that the returns from England, in goods, were very small; the grand return from thence was in specie: And ’tis known, that above an hundred thousand pounds a year was paid into Scotland every year; for cattle only.

Fine linnens, not much,

because of their own
Lace and fine threads,

gimp, incle, &.
East-India goods
Linseed, and lint or

flax
Linseed-oil, train-oil,

and whalebone.
} From Holland.

Pitch and tar
Deals and firr-timber
}
From Norway.

Iron in bars and copper
Deals and timber.
}
From Sweden.

Plank, call’d east

country
Clap-board, or

wainscot
Oak timber, and

in quarters.
Hemp
Pitch
Tar
Turpentine
Sturgeon
Flax.
}
From Dantzick, Koningsberg, Riga,

Narva, and Petersburg.

Wine Brandy
Apples (rennets)
Rosin
Cork
Paper
Wrought silks
Raw silk
Toys
Perfumes, &.
}
From France

Oil and Italian pickles

from Leghorn,

way of
}
The Royal Canal thro' France.

Staves for casks
Clap-board
Rhenish wine
Old hoch.
}

From Hamburgh.

All these goods, indeed, come to Scotland, but then the quantities are very small: ’Tis evident, the chief articles are, to sum up all in a little,

Sugar and tobacco
Wine and brandy
Naval stores
Swedes iron and

copper
Deals and timber
Lint and linseed
} From {
England,
France,
The east country,
Sweden,

Norway,
Holland.

And all these put together, if I am rightly inform’d, do not balance the lead, coal, and salt, which they export every year: So that the balance of trade must stand greatly to the credit of the account in the Scots commerce.

And what then, would not such an annual wealth in specie do for Scotland in a year, if there was not a gulph, into which it all runs as into a sink ?

I know this is abundantly answer’d, by saying that Scotland is now establish’d in a lasting tranquillity; the wars between the nations are at an end, the wastings and plunderings, the ravages and blood are all over; the lands in Scotland will now be improv’d, their estates doubled, the charges of defending her abroad and at home lies upon England; the taxes are easy and ascertain’d, and the West-India trade abundantly pours in wealth upon her; and this is all true; and, in the end, I am still of opinion Scotland will be gainer: But I must add, that her own nobility, would they be true patriots, should then put their helping hand to the rising advantages of their own country, and spend some of the large sums they get in England in applying to the improvement of their country, erecting manufactures, employing the poor, and propagating the trade at home, which they may see plainly has made their united neighbours of England so rich.

Why might not the wool, which they send to England, be manufactur'd in Scotland? If they say they know not how to make the goods, or how to dispose of them when made, my answer is short; I know 'tis not the work of gentlemen to turn manufacturers and merchants: And I know also a number of projectors, that is to say, thieves and cheats, have teas'd and hang'd about them, to draw them into manufacturing, only to bubble them of their wool and money.

But here is a plain scheme, let the Scots gentlemen set but their stewards to work to employ the poor people to spin the wool into yarn, and send the yarn into England; 'tis an easy manufacture, and what the Scots are very handy at, and this could never be difficult. They may have patterns of the yarn given them here, a price agreed on, and good security for payment: This can have no difficulty; the Irish are fallen into this way, to such a degree, that 40,000 packs of wool and worsted yarn are brought into England now every year, and sold here, where, about thirty years ago, not a pound of it was imported ready spun.

This, and many such advantages in trade, Scotland might find in her own bounds, her gentlemen assisting the poor only with their stocks of wool; by which means the poverty and sloth of the meaner people would be remov'd, and Scotland enrich'd: But I have done my part, and have not room to enlarge; nature will d?ctate enough to the gentlemen to go to work upon it, if they have any design to do their country good, and if a narrow and selfish spirit does not continue to prevail among them.

The decay'd burghs being pass'd, we came to a village call'd the Weems, or by way of distinction, the Wester Weems, or Wemys. This is a small town, and no burrough, belonging to the Earl of Weemys, whose house stands a little farther east, on the top of a high cliff, looking down upon the sea, as Dover Castle looks down upon the strait, between it and Calais, tho' not so high.

The account given lately of this noble castle of the Weemys is very romantick, and must necessarily be laugh'd at by the family itself who know the house. It is a very good house, and has one large front to the sea, but without any Windsor-like terrass between the house and it, as is represented. At the west end, upon the same cliff, is a small plain, where had been a bowling-green, and where the late earl, being admiral, had some small field-pieces planted to answer salutes. Behind the house is a small and irregular court-yard, with two wings of building, being offices to the house on one side, and stables on the other. Nor is there any gardens, or room for any, much less a spacious park, on the north side of the house; but the road from the Wester Weemys to the Easter passing between, there is a large, well planted orchard, and it is no other, nor otherwise intended; and as to a spacious park, there is nothing like it. There is a piece of wast ground planted with firr-trees, at the east end of the house, but they do not thrive; nor would any

man call it a park, especially for a nobleman too, that had seen what a park means in England; but, indeed, in Scotland they call all enclos'd grounds parks, whether for grass or corn: And so they call all gardens yards; as St. Ann's Yards, at the palace of Haly-Rood House, and the like in other places.

From hence you pass through the East Weemys to another village, call'd Buckhaven, inhabited chiefly, if not only, by fishermen, whose business is wholly to catch fresh fish every day in the firth, and carry them to Leith and Edinburgh markets. And though this town be a miserable row of cottage-like buildings, and people altogether meer fishermen, as I have said, yet there is scarce a poor man in the town, and in general the town is rich.

Here we saw the shore of the sea cover'd with shrimps, like the ground cover'd with a thin snow; and as you rode among them they would rise like a kind of dust, being scar'd by the footing of the horse, and hopping like grasshoppers.

The fishermen of this town have a great many boats of all sorts and sizes, and some larger, which lye upon the beach unrigg'd, which every year they fit out for the herring season, in which they have a very great share.

Beyond this is the Methuel, a little town, but a very safe and good harbour, firmly built of stone, almost like the Cobb at Lime, though not wholly projecting into the sea, but standing within the land, and built out with two heads, and walls of thick strong stone: It stands a little on the west side of the mouth of the River Leven; the salmon of this river are esteem'd the best in this part of Scotland.

Here my Lord Weemys brings his coal, which he digs above two miles off, on the banks of the River Leven, and here it is sold or shipp'd off; as also what salt he can make, which is not a great deal. Nor is the estate his lordship makes from the said coal-works equal to what it has been, the water having, after an immense charge to throw it off, broken in upon the works, and hinder'd their going on, at least to any considerable advantage. The people who work in the coal mines in this country, what with the dejected countenances of the men, occasion'd by their poverty and hard labour, and what with the colour or discolouring, which comes from the coal, both to their clothes and complexions, are well describ'd by their own countryman Samuel Colvil, in his famous macaronick poem, call'd, Polemo Midinia; thus,

Cole-hewers*Nigri* , Girnantes more *Divelli. Pol. Mid.*

They are, indeed, frightful fellows at first sight: But I return to my progress from the Methuel; we have several small towns on the coast, as Criel or Crail, Pitten-Ween, Anstruther, or Anster, as 'tis usually call'd: these are all Royal Burghs, and send members to parliament, even still upon the new establishment, in consequence only that now they join three or four towns together to choose one or two members, whereas they chose every town for itself.

Over against this shore, and in the mouth of the Forth, opposite to the Isle of the Bass, lyes the Isle of May, known to mariners by having a light-house upon it; the only constant inhabitant; is said to be the man maintain'd there by the Government, to take care of the fire in the light-house.

Here (you may observe) the French fleet lay with some assurance, when the Pretender was on board: And here the English four-a-clock-gun, on board their approaching squadron, unhappily gave them the alarm; so that they immediately weigh'd, got under sail, and made the best of their way, the English pursuing them in vain, except only that they took the *Salisbury* , which was a considerable way behind the fleet, and could not come up with the rest; the story is well known, so I need not repeat it.

The shore of the firth or frith ends here, and the aestuarium or mouth opening, the land of Fife falls off to the north, making a promontory of land, which the seamen call Fife-Ness, looking east to the German ocean, after which the coast trends away north, and the first town we saw there was St Andrew's, an antient city, the seat of an archbishop, and an university.

As you must expect a great deal of antiquity in this country of Fife, so you must expect to find all those antient pieces mourning their own decay, and drooping and sinking in ashes. Here it was, that old limb of St. Lucifer, Cardinal Beaton, massacred and murther'd that famous sufferer and martyr of the Scots Church, Mr. William Wishart, whom he caus'd to be burnt in the parade of the castle, he himself sitting in his balcony to feed and glut his eyes with the sight of it.

The old church here was a noble structure; it was longer than St. Paul's in London, by a considerable deal, I think, by six yards, or by twenty-five foot. This building is now sunk into a simple parish church, though there are many plain discoveries of what it has been, and a great deal of project and fancy may be employ'd to find out the antient shape of it.

The city is not large, nor is it contemptibly small; there are some very good buildings in it, and the remains of many more: The colleges are handsome buildings, and well supply'd with men of learning in all sciences, and who govern the youth they instruct with reputation; the students wear gowns here of a scarlet-like colour, but not in grain, and are very numerous: The university is very ancient as well as the city; the foundation was settled, and the publick buildings appointed in the beginning of the fifteenth century by King James I. 'Tis true, they tell us here were private schools set up many ages before that, even as far back as 937; but I see no evidence of the fact, and so do not propose it for your belief, though 'tis very likely there was some beginnings made before the king came to encourage them, so far as to form an university.

There are three colleges in all; the most antient, and which, they say, was the publick school so long before, is call'd St. Salvadore. How it was made to speak Portuguese, I know not, unless it might be that some Portuguese clergymen came over hither as the first professors or teachers; in English it is St. Saviour's, in Spanish it would be call'd Nostra Seigniora, or Our Lord; and so St. Mary's would be call'd Nostra Dame de St. Andrew, or Our Lady of St. Andrew's. This college of St. Mary's is call'd the New College, and the middle-most (for age) is call'd St. Leonard's College.

The old college, as I have said, though it was a school, as they affirm, above 200 years before, was turn'd into a college, or founded as such by James Kennedy, the son of the Lord Kennedy by Mary, daughter of King Robert III. This James Kennedy was a clergyman of great fame in those days, and rose by the reputation of his wisdom, prudence, and beneficence to all mankind, to the highest posts of honour in the state and dignity in the Church; for he was Lord Chancellor of Scotland under James II. and archbishop of this See of St. Andrew's. He was a great lover of learning, and of learned men; and was the first who encourag'd men of learning from abroad, to come there and take upon them the governing and instructing the youth in the great school, which, as I say above, had been there so long, as that it was then call'd the antient school of St. Andrew. These learned men put him upon founding and endowing a college, or rather turning the school into a college or academy, which he did.

The building is antient, but appears to have been very magnificent considering the times it was erected in, which was 1456. The gate is large, and has a handsome spire over it all of stone. In the first court, on the right side as you go in, is the chapel of the college, not extraordinary large, but sufficient. There is an antient monument of the archbishop the founder, who lyes buried in the church of his own building. Beyond the chapel is the cloister, after the antient manner, not unlike that in Canterbury, but not so large. Opposite to this are offices, and proper buildings for the necessary use of the colleges. In the second court are the schools of the college, on the same spot where stood the antient grammar school, mention'd above, if that part is to be depended upon. Over these schools is a very large hall for the publick exercises, as is usual in other universities; but this is a most spacious building, and far larger than there is any occasion for.

In the same court are the apartments for the masters, professors, and regents, which (as our fellows) are in sallary, and are tutors and governors to the several students; were this college supported by additional bounties and donations, as has been the case in England; and were sufficient funds appointed to repair and keep up the buildings, there would few colleges in England go beyond it for magnificence: But want of this, and other encouragements, causes the whole

building to seem as if it was in its declining state, and looking into its grave: The truth is, the college wants nothing but a good fund to be honestly apply'd for the repair of the building, finishing the first design, and encouraging the scholars. Dr. Skeen, principal of this college, shew'd the way to posterity to do this, and laid out great sums in repairs, especially of the churches, and founded a library for the use of the house.

They tell you a story here of nine maces found under the archbishop's tomb, after the restoration of King Charles II. But to me the story does not tell well at all. First, it does not appear of what use, or to what purpose so many maces were made and kept there, the like not being known to be us'd in any cathedral or college in other countries: And in the next place how came they to rummage the good founder's grave, and that in King Charles the IId's time too; if it had been in Oliver Cromwell's domination, it would have seem'd rational to expect it; but after the Restoration to ravage the monuments of the dead, is something extraordinary: But be that as it will, there are three maces kept in the college; whether they were found in the king's tomb or not, that I leave to tradition, as I find it. One of these maces is of very fine workmanship, all of silver, gilt, and very heavy, of fine imagery, and curious workmanship, made at Paris by the archbishop's special directions, as appears by an inscription on a plate, fasten'd to the mace by a little chain, and preserv'd with it.

The story of St. Andrew and of his bones being buried here; of the first stone of the cathedral church being laid upon one of St. Andrew's legs or thigh-bone, and of those bones being brought from Patras in the Morea, near the Gulph of Lepanto; these things are too antient, and sound too much of the legend for me to meddle with.

In the second college, which is call'd St. Leonard's, is a principal, who must be a Doctor of Divinity by the foundation ; but the present Church Government insisting upon the parity of the clergy, are pleas'd to dispense with that part: There are also four Professors of Philosophy, to whom the late Sir John Scot, a bountiful benefactor to this college, has added a Professor of Philology, and has settled a very handsome stipend upon the professor: Also the same gentleman augmented the college library with several valuable books to a very considerable sum. And since that Sir John Wedderburn, a gentleman of a very antient family, and a great lover of learning, has given a whole library, being a great and choice collection of books, to be added to the library of this college.

The revenue of this college is larger than that of the old college; it has also more students. It was founded and endow'd by the Earl of Lenox, being before that a religious house, of the Order of St. Benedict, as appears by the register and Charter of the Foundation.

It is not so large and magnificent as St. Salvador originally was; but ’tis kept in much better repair. It has but one court or square, but it is very large. The old building of the monastery remains entire, and makes the south side, and the old cells of the monks make now the chambers for the students: The chapel takes up the north side, and a large side of more modern apartments on the west, which are nevertheless old enough to be falling down; but they are now repairing them, and adding a great pile of building to compleat the square, and join that side to the north where the chapel stands.

This college has large yards, as they call them, that is to say gardens, or rather orchards, well planted, and good walks in them as well as good fruit.

This college has many benefactors, which makes it flourish much behond the first; and they talk of a large gift yet to come from a noble family, which, if it falls, will enable them to put the whole house in compleat repair.

The new college, call’d St. Mary’s, was founded by Cardinal Beaton Archbishop of St. Andrew’s, and is very singular in its reserv’d and limited laws. Here are no scholars at all; but all those scholars who have pass’d their first studies, and gone through a course of philosophy in any of the other colleges, may enter themselves here to study Hebrew and the mathematicks, history, or other parts of science.

It was in this college King Charles I. held a parliament; the place is call’d the Parliament Room to this day, and is a very large, spacious room, able to receive 400 people, plac’d on seats to sit down; the form is reserv’d very plain, and the place, where the tables for the clarks and other officers were set, is to be seen. There is a library also to this college, but not very valuable, or so well furnish’d as that of St. Leonard’s. Here are, however, two Professors of Divinity; one is call’d the Principal Professor of Theology, and the other barely the Professor of Theology: To these was afterwards added a Professor of the Mathematicks; and he that was the first who enjoy’d the place, viz. Dr. Gregory, obtain’d an observatory to be erected, and gave them abundance of mathematical and astronomical instruments: But it is not now made use of, for what reason I know not.

In the new church in this city lyes the body of the late Archbishop Sharp, who was assassinated upon a moor or heath, as he was coming in his coach home to this city from the Court. There is a fine monument of marble over his grave, with his statue kneeling on the upper part, and the manner of his murther is cut in bass relief below. This murther is matter of history, but is so foolishly, or so partially, or so imperfectly related by all that have yet written of it, that posterity will lose both the fact and the cause of it in a few years more. It would require too large a space in this work to give a fresh and impartial account of it, and for that reason I cannot enter upon it, though I have the most exact account that, I believe, is left in

the world, which I had from the mouth of one of the actors, and have since had it confirm'd from several others, thoroughly acquainted with the particulars of it.

I shall only say here, that the archbishop had been a furious and merciless persecutor, and, indeed, murtherer of many of the innocent people, merely for their keeping up their field-meetings, and was charg'd in particular with two actions; which, if true will, though not justify, yet take off much of the black part, which the very murther itself leaves on the memory of the actors.

The keeping back the reprieve, which was sent down by King Charles IId's express order, and which was actually receiv'd for stopping the execution of twelve persons, under sentence of death; I say keeping it back in his pocket till they were executed. I know Bishop Burnet charges this upon another hand; but these men were assur'd the archbishop was the man, perhaps, the other might be consenting.

The shipping 200 poor men on board a vessel, on pretence of transportation to the English colonies in the West-Indies; but ordering the ship to be run on shore and lost. I say it is said to be order'd, and generally so believ'd, because, when the ship was bulg'd upon the rocks, the master and seamen, and the officers, appointed to confine the banish'd people, all got on shore, but lock'd all the rest down under the hatches, and would not suffer one of them to come out, by which means they every one perish'd.

These two things they charg'd directly on the archbishop, besides many other cruelties, which they call'd murthers; and if they were acted, as is related by others as well as they, I must acknowledge they could be no other.

Now 'tis as certain that these men knew nothing of meeting with the archbishop at that time; but being themselves outlaw'd men, whom any man that met might kill, and who (if taken) would have been put to death: They always went arm'd, and were, at that time, looking for another man, when unexpectedly they saw the bishop coming towards them in his coach, when one of them says to the other, we have not found the person we look'd for; but lo, God has deliver'd our enemy, and the murtherer of our brethren into our hands, against whom we cannot obtain justice by the law, which is perverted: But remember the words of the text, If ye let him go, thy life shall be required for his life.

In a word, they immediately resolv'd to fall upon him, and cut him in pieces; I say they resolv'd, all but one (viz.) Hackston of Rathellet, who was not willing to have his hand in the blood, though he acknowledg'd he deserv'd to die: So that when they attack'd the bishop, Hackston went off, and stood at a distance: ?or did he hold their horses, as one has ignorantly publish'd; for they attack'd him all mounted; nor could they well have stopp'd a coach and six horses, if they had been on foot. I mention this part, because, however providence order'd it, so it

was, that none of the murtherers ever fell into the hands of justice, but this Hackston of Rathellet, who was most cruelly tortur'd, and afterwards had his hands cut off, and was then executed at Edinburgh.

I have not time to give the rest of this story, though the particulars are very well worth relating, but it is remote from my purpose, and I must proceed. The city of St. Andrew's is, notwithstanding its many disasters; such as the ruin of the great church, the demolishing its castle, and the archbishop's palace, and Oliver Cromwell's citadel; yet, I say, it is still a handsome city, and well built, the streets straight and large, being three streets parallel to one another, all opening to the sea.

They shew among other remains of antiquity the apartments of the palace where Cardinal Beaton stood, or sat in state to see the martyrdom of Mr. Wishart, who, at the stake, call'd aloud to him, and cited him to appear at the bar of God's justice within such a certain time, within which time he was murther'd by the famous Norman Lessley, thrown into the square of the court, and his body dragged to the very spot where the good man was burn'd at the stake, and also they shew us the window where they threw him out; which particular part of the building seems to have been spar'd, as if on purpose to commemorate the fact, of which, no doubt, divine justice had the principal direction.

The truth is, Cardinal Beaton was another Sharp, and A. B. Sharp was a second Beaton, alike persecutors for religion, alike merciless in their prosperity, and alike miserable in their fall, for they were both murther'd, or kill'd by assassination.

From St. Andrew's we came to Cowper, the shire town, (as it would be call'd in England) where the publick business of the country is all done. Here are two very agreeable seats belonging to the present Earl of Leven; one is call'd Melvile, and the other Balgony. Melvil is a regular and beautiful building, after the model of Sir William Bruce's house at Kinross, describ'd before. Balgony is an antient seat, formerly belong'd to the family of Lessly, and if not built, was enlarg'd and repair'd by the great General Lessly, who was so fam'd in Germany, serving under the glorious king of soldiers Gustavus Adolphus.

The River Leven runs just under the walls, as I may say, of the house, and makes the situation very pleasant; the park is large, but not well planted, nor do the avenues that are planted thrive, for the very reason which I have mention'd already.

From hence we went north to Cowper above-nam'd, and where, as I said, the Sheriff keeps his Court. The Earl of Rothess is hereditary sheriff of the shire of Fife, and the Duke of Athol was chancellor of the university of St. Andrew's, in the times of the Episcopal Government; but that dignity seems now to be laid aside.

We now went away to the north east part of the county, to see the ruins of the famous monastery of Balmerinoch, of which Mr. Cambden takes notice; but we saw nothing worth our trouble, the very ruins being almost eaten up by time: the Lord Balmerinoch, of the family of Elphingston, takes his title from the place, the land being also in his possession; the monastery was founded by Queen Ermengred, wife of King William of Scotland.

Hence we came to the bank of another firth or frith, call'd the Firth of Tay, which, opening to a large breadth at its entrance, as the Firth of Edinburgh does, draws in afterwards as that does at the Queens-Ferry, and makes a ferry over at the breadth of two miles to the town of Dundee; and then the firth widening again just as that of the Forth does also, continues its breadth as four to six miles, till it comes almost to Perth, as the other does to Sterling.

This River Tay is, without exception, the greatest river in Scotland, and of the longest course, for its rises out of the mountains, on the edge of Argyle Shire; and running first north into the shire of Bradalbin, there receiving many other rivers, it spreads itself into a large lake, which is call'd Lough Tay, extending for forty miles in length, and traversing the very heart of Scotland, comes into the sea near this place: Now, as I design to keep in this part of my work to the east coast of the country, I must for the present quit the Tay itself, keeping a little on the hither side of it, and go back to that part of the country which lies to the south, and yet east of Dunbarton and Lenox shires; so drawing an imaginary line from Sterling Bridge, due north, through the heart of the country to Inverness, which I take to lye almost due north and south.

In this course then I mov'd from the ferry, mention'd above, to Perth, lying upon the same River Tay, but on the hither bank. It was formerly call'd St. Johnston, or St. Johns Town, from an old church, dedicated to the evangelist, St. John, part of which is still remaining, and is yet big enough to make two parochial churches, and serve the whole town for their publick worship.

The chief business of this town is the linnen manufacture; and it is so considerable here, all the neighbouring country being employ'd in it, that it is a wealth to the whole place. The Tay is navigable up to the town for ships of good burthen; and they ship off here so great a quantity of linnen, (all for England) that all the rest of Scotland is said not to ship off so much more.

This town was unhappily for some time, the seat of the late rebellion; but I cannot say it was unhappy for the town: For the townsmen got so much money by both parties, that they are evidently enrich'd by it; and it appears not only by the particular families and persons in the town, but by their publick and private buildings which they have rais'd since that; as particularly a new Tolbooth or Town-hall.

The salmon taken here, and all over the Tay, is extremely good, and the quantity prodigious. They carry it to Edinburgh, and to all the towns where they have no salmon, and they barrel up a great quantity for exportation: The merchants of this town have also a considerable trade to the Baltick, to Norway, and especially, since as above, they were enrich'd by the late rebellion.

It seems a little enigmatick to us in the south, how a rebellion should enrich any place; but a few words will explain it. First, I must premise, that the Pretender and his troops lay near, or in this place a considerable time; now the bare consumption of victuals and drink, is a very considerable advantage in Scotland, and therefore 'tis frequent in Scotland for towns to petition the government to have regiments of soldiers quarter'd upon them, which in England would look monstrous, nothing being more terrible and uneasy to our towns in England.

Again, as the Pretender and his troops lay in the neighbourhood, namely at Scone, so a very great confluence of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, however fatally, as to themselves, gather'd about him, and appear'd here also; making their court to him in person, and waiting the issue of his fortunes, till they found the storm gathering from the south, and no probable means to resist it, all relief from abroad being every where disappointed, and then they shifted off as they could.

While they resided here, their expence of money was exceeding great; lodgings in the town of Perth let for such a rate, as was never known in the place before; trade was in a kind of a hurry, provision dear: In a word, the people, not of the town only, but of all the country round, were enrich'd; and had it lasted two or three months longer, it would have made all the towns rich.

When this cloud was dispers'd, and all the party fled and gone, the victors enter'd, the general officers and the loyal gentlemen succeeded the abdicated and routed party; but here was still the head quarters, and afterwards the Dutch troops continued here most part of the winter; all this while the money flow'd in, and the town made their market on both sides; for they gain'd, by the Royal Army's being on that side of the country, and by the foreigners being quarter'd there, almost as much, tho' not in so little time as by the other.

The town was well built before, but now has almost a new face; (for as I said) here are abundance of new houses, and more of old houses new fitted and repair'd, which look like new. The linnen trade too, which is their main business, has mightily increas'd since the late Act of Parliament in England, for the suppressing the use and wearing of printed callicoes; so that the manufacture is greatly increased here, especially of that kind of cloth which they buy here and send to England to be printed, and which is so much us'd in England in the room of the callicoes, that the worsted and silk weavers in London seem to have very

little benefit by the Bill, but that the linnen of Scotland and Ireland are, as it were, constituted in the room of the callicoes.

From Perth I went south to that part of the province of Fife, which they call Clackmanan, lying west from Dumfermling, and extending itself towards Sterling and Dumblain, all which part I had not gone over before, and which was antiently accounted to be part of Fife.

From Perth to Sterling there lyes a vale which they call Strathmore, and which is a fine level country, though surrounded with hills, and is esteem'd the most fruitful in corn of all that part of the country: It lies extended on both sides the Tay, and is said to reach to Brechin north east, and almost to Sterling south west. Here are, as in all such pleasant soils you will find, a great many gentlemen's seats; though on the north side of the Tay, and here in particular is the noble palace of Glames, the hereditary seat of the family of Lyon, Earls of Strathmore; and as the heir in reversion now enjoys the title and estate, so it very narrowly escap'd being forfeited; for the eider brother, Earl of Strathmore, having entertain'd the Pretender magnificently in this fine palace, and join'd his forces in person, and with all his interest, lost his life in that service, being kill'd at the battle of Sheriff-Moor; by his fall, the estate being entail'd, descended to the second son, or younger brother, who is now Earl of Strathmore.

Glames is, indeed, one of the finest old built palaces in Scotland, and by far the largest; and this makes me speak of it here, because I am naming the Pretender and his affairs, though a little out of place; when you see it at a distance it is so full of turrets and lofty buildings, spires and towers, some plain, others shining with gilded tops, that it looks not like a town, but a city; and the noble appearance seen through the long vistas of the park are so differing, that it does not appear like the same place any two ways together.

The great avenue is a full half mile, planted on either side with several rows of trees; when you come to the outer gate you are surpriz'd with the beauty and the variety of the statues, busts, some of stone, some of brass, some gilded, some plain. The statues in brass are four, one of King James VI. one of King Charles I. booted and spurr'd, as if going to take horse at the head of his army; one of Charles II. habited *? la hEro* , which the world knows he had nothing of about him; and one of King James VIL after the pattern of that at Whitehall.

When the Pretender lodg'd here, for the Earl of Strathmore entertain'd him in his first passage to Perth with great magnificence: There were told three and forty furnish'd rooms on the first floor of the house; some beds, perhaps, were put up for the occasion, for they made eighty beds for them, and the whole retinue of the Pretender was receiv'd, the house being able to receive the court of a real reigning prince.

It would be endless to go about to describe the magnificent furniture, the family pictures, the gallery, the fine collection of original paintings, and the nobly painted ceilings of the chapel, where is an organ for the service after the manner of the Church of England. In a word, the house is as nobly furnish'd as most palaces in Scotland; but, as I said, it was at the brink of destruction; for had the earl not been kill'd, 'tis odds but it had been gutted by the army, which presently spread all the country; but it was enough, the earl lost his life, and the present earl enjoys it peaceably.

From hence I came away south west, and crossing the Tay below Perth, but above Dundee, came to Dumblain, a name made famous by the late battle fought between the army of King George, under the command of the Duke of Argyle, and the Pretender's forces under the Earl of Marr, which was fought on Sheriff-Moor, between Sterling and Dumblain: The town is pleasantly situated, and tolerably well built, but out of all manner of trade; so that there is neither present prosperity upon it, or prospect of future.

Going from hence we took a full view of the field of battle, call'd Sheriff-Muir, and had time to contemplate how it was possible, that a rabble of Highlanders arm'd in haste, appearing in rebellion, and headed by a person never in arms before, nor of the least experience, should come so near to the overthrowing an army of regular, disciplin'd troops, and led on by experienc'd officers, and so great a general: But when the mistake appear'd also, we bless'd the good Protector of Great Britain, who, under a piece of the most mistaken conduct in the world, to say no worse of it, gave that important victory to King George's troops, and prevented the ruin of Scotland from an army of Highlanders.

From this place of reflection I came forward in sight of Sterling bridge, but leaving it on the right hand, turn'd away east to Alloway, where the Earl of Marr has a noble seat, I should have said had a noble seat, and where the navigation of the Firth of Forth begins. This is, as I hinted before, within four miles of Sterling by land, and scarcely within twenty by water, occasion'd by those uncommon meanders and reaches in the river, which gives so beautiful a prospect from the castle of Sterling.

This fine seat was formerly call'd the castle of Alloway, but is now so beautify'd, the buildings, and especially the gardens, so compleat and compleatly modern, that no appearance of a castle can be said to remain. There is a harbour for shipping, and ships of burthen may come safely up to it: And this is the place where the Glasgow merchants are, as I am told, erecting magazines or warehouses, to which they propose to bring their tobacco and sugars by land, and then to ship them for Holland or Hamburgh, or the Baltick, or England, as they

find opportunity, or a market; and I doubt not but they will find their advantage in it.

The gardens of Alloway House, indeed, well deserve a description; they are, by much, the finest in Scotland, and not outdone by many in England; the gardens, singly describ'd, take up above forty acres of ground, and the adjoining wood, which is adapted to the house in avenues and vistas, above three times as much.

It would be lessening the place to attempt the description, unless I had room to do it compleatly; 'tis enough to say it requires a book, not a page or two: There is, in a word, every thing that nature and art can do, brought to perfection.

The town is pleasant, well built, and full of trade; for the whole country has some business or other with them, and they have a better navigation than most of the towns on the Firth, for a ship of 300 ton may lye also at the very wharf; so that at Alloway a merchant may trade to all parts of the world, as well as at Leith or at Glasgow.

The High Street of Alloway reaches down to this harbour, and is a very spacious, well built street, with rows of trees finely planted all the way. Here are several testimonies of the goodness of their trade, as particularly a large deal-yard, or place for laying up all sorts of Norway goods, which shews they have a commerce thither. They have large warehouses of naval stores; such as pitch, tar, hemp, flax, two saw milis for cutting or slitting of deals, and a rope-walk for making all sorts of ropes and cables for rigging and fitting of ships, with several other things, which convinces us they are no strangers to other trades, as well by sea as by land.

It is a strange testimony of the power of envy and ambition, that mankind, bless'd with such advantages, for an easy and happy retreat in the world, should hazard it all in faction and party, and throw it all away in view, and even without a view of getting more: But I must not phylosophize, any more than launch out into other excesses; my business is with the present state of the place, and to that I confine myself as near as I can.

From Alloway, east, the country is call'd the Shire of Clackmannan, and is known for yielding the best of coal, and the greatest quantity of it of any country in Scotland; so that it is carry'd, not to Edinburgh only, but to England, to Holland, and to France; and they tell us of new pits, or mines of coal now discover'd, which will yield such quantities, and to easy to come at, as are never to be exhausted; tho' such great quantities should be sent to England, as the York-Buildings company boast of, namely, twenty thousand ton a year; which, however, I take it as it is, for a boast, or rather a pretence to persuade the world they have a demand for such a quantity; whereas, while the freight from Scotland is, as we know, so dear, and the tax in England continues so heavy, the price of

these coals will always be so high at London, as will not fail to restrain the consumption; nor is it the interest of Scotland to send away so great a quantity of coal as shall either make a scarcity, or raise the price of them at home.

On this shore of the firth, farther down, stands the town of Culross, a neat and agreeable town, lying in length by the water side, like Kirkcaldy, and being likewise a trading town, as trade must be understood in Scotland. Here is a pretty market, a plentiful country behind it, and the navigable firth before it; the coal and the linnen manufacture, and plenty of corn, such exportations will always keep something of trade alive upon this whole coast.

Here is a very noble seat belonging to the Bruces, Earls of Kincairn, and is worth description; but that I have nam'd so many fine houses, and have yet so many to go over before I go through the whole tour of Scotland, that it is impossible to give every fine house a place here, nor would it do any thing but tire the reader, rather than inform him; as I have done therefore in England I must be content to name them, unless I should make my journey a meer visit to great houses, as if Scotland had nothing else worth notice.

This calling at Culross, call'd vulgarly Cooris, finishes my observations upon the province of Fife. They told me of mines of copper, and of lead, lately discover'd in Fife, and of silver also: But I could not learn that any of them were actually wrought, or, as they call it in Darbyshire, at work. It is, however, not improbable, but that there are such mines, the country seeming very likely for it by many particular tokens.

The two Lomons in this province are two remarkable mountains, which particularly seem to promise metal in their bowels, if they were thoroughly search'd. They rise up like two sugar-loaves in the middle of a plain country, not far from Falkland, and give a view of the Firth of Edinburgh South, and the Firth of Tay North, and are seen from Edinburgh very plain.

Having made this little excursion to the south from Perth, you may suppose me now return'd northward again; and having give you my account of Perth, and its present circumstances, I now proceed that way, taking things as well in their ordinary situation as I can; we could not be at Perth and not have a desire to see that antient seat of royal ceremony, for the Scots kings, I mean of Scone, where all the kings of Scotland were crown'd.

Scone lyes on the other side of the Tay, about a mile north west from Perth; it was famous for the old chair in which the kings of Scotland were crown'd, and which Edward I. King of England, having pierc'd through the whole kingdom, and nothing being able to withstand him, brought away with him. It is now deposited in Westminster, and the kings of Scotland are still crown'd in it, according to an old Scots prophecy, which they say, (mark it, I do but tell you

they say so) was cut in the stone, which is enclos'd in the lower part of the wooden chair in which the kings are crown'd.

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Inveniunt Lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Englished thus;

Or Fates deceived, and Heaven decrees in vain,
Or where this Stone is found, the Scots shall reign.

This palace was in those days a great monastery, and famous on occasion of this stone in the chair; the monks appropriating to themselves not the custom only, but the right of having all the kings crown'd on it, as if it had been a sacred right, and instituted in heaven; and that the kings would not prosper if they were crown'd any where else.

Process of time rais'd it from a monastery to a royal palace, in honour of the ceremony, and of King Kenneth, who, having fought a bloody battle there with the Picts, and given them a great overthrow, sat down to rest him upon this stone, after he had been tir'd with the slaughter of the enemy, upon which his nobles came round about him to congratulate his success, and, in honour to his valour, crown'd him with a garland of victory; after which he dedicated the stone to the ceremony, and appointed, that all the kings of Scotland should be crown'd sitting upon it as he had done, and that then they should be victorious over all their enemies.

But enough of fable, for this, I suppose, to be no other; yet, be it how it will, this is no fable, that here all the kings of Scotland were crown'd, and all the kings of Great Britain have been since crown'd on it, or in the chair, or near it ever since.

The palace of Scoon, though antient, is not so much decay'd as those I have already spoken of; and the Pretender found it very well in repair for his use: Here he liv'd and kept his court, a fatal court to the nobility and gentry of Scotland, who were deluded to appear for him; here I say, he kept his court in all the state and appearance of a sovereign, and receiv'd honours as such; so that he might say he reign'd in Scotland, though not over Scotland, for a few days: But it was but a few (about twenty) till he and all his adherents were oblig'd to quit, not the place only, but the island, and that without fighting, though the royal army was not above ten thousand men.

The building is very large, the front above 200 foot in breadth, and has two extraordinary fine square courts, besides others, which contain the offices, out-houses, &. The royal apartments are spacious and large, but the building, the wainscotting, the chimney-pieces, &. all after the old fashion.

Among the pictures there, the Pretender had the satisfaction to see his mother's picture, an original, done in Italy, when she was Princess of Modena only, and was marry'd by proxy, in the name of King James VII. then Duke of York, represented by the Earl of Peterborough. Here is the longest gallery in Scotland, and the ceiling painted, but the painting exceeding old.

From Scoon to Dunkel is so little a way we desir'd to see it, being the place where the first skirmish was fought between the forces of King William, after the Revolution, and the Laird of Claverhouse, after call'd Viscount Dundee, and where the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Cleeland was kill'd: but Dundee's men, tho' 5,000, were gallantly repuls'd by a handful, even of new rais'd men.

The Duke of Athol has an old house here, and it was in one of the courts of that house that part of the action was; and the gentleman above-nam'd was shot from out of a window, as he was ordering and encouraging his men; we were almost tempted to go on this way, to see the field of battle, between the same Dundee and the great Leiutenant-General Mac-Kay, wherein the latter, though with regular troops, was really defeated by the Highlanders: But Dundee being kill'd by an accidental shot after the fight, they could not improve the victory, and the resistance ended soon after; whereas, indeed, had not that accident happen'd, Dundee, who was a bold enterprising man, had certainly march'd southward, and bid fair to have given King William a journey into the north, instead of a voyage to Ireland; but providence had better things in store for Great Britain.

But our determin'd rout lay up the eastern shore, and through the shires, adjacent on that side, as particularly Angus, Mearns, Marr, Aberdeen, Buchan or Bucquhan, &. So as I laid it out before to Inverness.

Mr Cambden tells us, that the Firth of Tay was the utmost bounds of the Roman Empire in Britain. That Julius Agricola, the best of generals under the worst of emperors, Domitian, though he pierc'd farther, and travers'd by land into the heart of the Highlands, yet seeing no end of the barbarous country, and no advantage by the conquest of a few Barbarian mountaineers, withdrew and fix'd the Roman eagles here; and that he frequently harass'd the Picts by excursions and inroads, and destroy'd the country, laying it waste, to starve them out of the fertilest part of it, but always return'd to his post, making the Tay his frontier.

But our English Caesars have outgone the Romans; for Edward I. as is said, pass'd the Tay, for he rifled the Abbey at Scoon; and, if we may believe history, penetrated into the remotest parts, which, however, I take to be only the remotest parts of what was then known to the English; for as to the Highlands, the mountains of Loquhaber, Ross, Murray, Sutherland, and Caithness, we read nothing of them: And from these retreats the Scots always return'd, Antæus like, with double strength after every defeat, till in the next reign they overthrew his

successor Edward II. at Bannockbourn, and drove the English out of the whole country; nay, and follow'd them over Tweed into England, ravaging the countries of Northumberland and Cumberland, and paying them in their own kind of interest.

Oliver Cromwell, indeed (according to the motto of a noble house in Scotland, *(viz.)Ride through)* , rode through; he penetrated to the remotest part of the island, and that he might rule them with a rod of iron in the very letter of it, he built citadels and forts in all the angles and extremes, where he found it needful to place his stationary legions, just as the Romans did; as at Leith, at St. Andrew's, at Inverness, Irwin, Innerlochy, and several other places: and just now we find King George's forces marching to the remotest corners, nay, ferrying over into the western, and north-western islands; but then this is not as a foreigner and conqueror, but as a sovereign, a lawful governor and father of the country, to deliver from, not entangle her in the chains of tyranny and usurpation.

But where armies have march'd, private travellers may certainly pass; and with that assurance we chearfully pass'd the Tay, trusting very much to that natural, known civility, which the Scots, in the remotest parts, always shew to strangers.

We left Strathern therefore, with the little country of Menteith, for our return, and went down into Angus, on the northern banks of Tay to Dundee, a pleasant, large, populous city, and well deserves the title of Bonny Dundee, so often given it in discourse, as well as in song (bonny, in Scots, signifying beautiful).

As it stands well for trade, so it is one of the best trading towns in Scotland, and that as well as foreign business as in manufacture and home trade. It has but an indifferent harbour, but the Tay is a large, safe, and good road, and there is deep water and very good anchor-hold almost all over it.

It is exceedingly populous, full of stately houses, and large handsome streets; particularly it has four very good streets, with a large market-place in the middle, the largest and fairest in Scotland, except only that of Aberdeen. The Tolbooth, or Town-Hall is an old, but large and convenient building.

The inhabitants here appear like gentlemen, as well as men of business, and yet are real merchants too, and make good what we see so eminently in England, that true bred merchants are the best of gentlemen. They have a very good and large correspondence here with England, and ship off a great deal of linnen thither, also a great quantity of corn is sent from hence, as well to England as to Holland. They have likewise a good share of the Norway trade; and as they are concern'd in the herring-fishery, they consequently have some east country trade, viz. to Dantzick, Koningsberg, Riga, and the neighbouring parts. They send ships also to Sweden, and import iron, copper, tar, pitch, deals, &. from the several trading ports of that kingdom.

These several trades occasion a concourse of shipping at the port; and there are not a few ships belonging to the place. The country behind them call'd the Carse, or the Carse of Gowry, with the vale mention'd above of Strathmoor; for Strath, in their dialect, signifies a vale, or level country; I say, all that country abounds in corn, and the port of Dundee ships off great quantities, when a plentiful crop allows it, to the great advantage of the gentlemen as well as farmers; for as the gentlemen receive all their rents in kind, they would find a great difficulty sometimes to dispose of it, if the merchant here did not ship it off, either for London or Amsterdam.

The town of Dundee stands at a little distance from the Tay, but they are join'd by a causeway or walk, well pav'd with flat freestone, such as the side-ways in Cheapside and Cornhil, and rows of trees are planted on either side the walk, which makes it very agreeable. On one part of this walk are very good warehouses for merchandises, especially for heavy goods; and also granaries for corn, of which sometimes they have a vast quantity laid up here; and these being near the harbour are convenient, as well for the housing of goods, when landed, as for the easy shipping off what lies for exportation.

The great church was formerly collegiate, being the cathedral of the place, and was a very large building; but part of it was demolish'd in the Civil War; the remainder is divided, like as others are at Edinburgh, Glasgow, &. into three churches for the present use of the citizens.

They have also a meeting-house or two for the episcopal worship; for you are to take it once for all, that north by Tay, there are far more of the episcopal perswasion than are to be found in the south; and the farther north, the more so, as we shall see in its order.

The tower upon the great church here is a handsome square building, large, and antient, but very high, and is a good ornament to the city; it resembles the great tower upon the cathedral of Canterbury, but not quite so high. There is a fine and well endow'd hospital for decay'd townsmen of Dundee, where they are well taken care of, and provided for. The Pretender was in this city soon after his landing, and staid here some time before he advanc'd to Scoon; the Laird of Claverhouse of the name of Graham, who was kill'd, as has been said, at the Battle of Gillecranky, was made Viscount of Dundee by King James VII; but enjoy'd it not long. His seat of Claverhouse is not far off, and he had the estate annex'd to the Constabulary of Dundee, given him with the title, but 'tis now in the Duke of Douglass.

It is twenty Scots miles from Dundee to Montrose, the way pleasant, the country fruitful and bespangl'd, as the sky in a clear night with stars of the biggest magnitude, with gentlemen's houses, thick as they can be suppos'd to stand with

pleasure and conveniency. Among these is the noble palace of Penmure, forfeited in the late rebellion by the unfortunate Earl of Penmure, who was himself wounded in the fight near Dumblain, and with that action ruin'd a noble and antient family, and a fine estate. The surname of the family is Maul, and Maulsburgh, a small port near Montrose, bears the name still to posterity.

The town and port of Montrose, vulgarly, but ignorantly, call'd Montross, was our next stage, standing upon the eastmost shore of Angus, open to the German, or, if you please now, the Caledonian ocean, and at the mouth of the little River South Esk, which makes the harbour.

We did not find so kind a reception among the common people of Angus, and the other shires on this side the country, as the Scots usually give to strangers: But we found it was because we were English men; and we found that their aversion did not lye so much against us on account of the late successes at, and after the rebellion, and the forfeiture of the many noblemen's and gentlemen's estates among them as fell on that occasion, though that might add to the disgust: But it was on account of the Union, which they almost universally exclaim'd against tho' sometimes against all manner of just reasoning.

This town of Montrose is a sea-port, and, in proportion to its number of inhabitants, has a considerable trade, and is tolerably well built, and capable of being made strong, only that it extends too far in length.

The French fleet made land at this port, when they had the Pretender on board, in the reign of Queen Ann, having overshot the mouth of the firth so far, whither they had first design'd: But this mistake, which some thought a misfortune, was certainly a deliverance to them; for as this mistake gave time to the English fleet to come up with them, before they could enter the firth, so it left them time and room also to make their escape, which, if they had been gone up the firth, they could never have done, but must inevitably have been all burnt and destroy'd, or taken by the British fleet under Sir George Bing, which was superior to them in force.

From Montrose the shore lies due north to Aberdeen: by the way is the castle of Dunnoter, a strong fortification, upon a high precipice of a rock, looking down on the sea, as on a thing infinitely below it. The castle is wall'd about with invincible walls, said the honest Scots man that shew'd us the road to it, having towers at proper distances, after the old way of fortifying towns.

This was chiefly made use of as a prison for State-prisoners; and I have seen a black account of the cruel usage the unhappy prisoners have met with there; but those times are over with Scotland. The Earl Marshal, of the name of Keith, was the lord of this castle, as also of a good house near it, but not a great estate, and what he had is now gone; for being in the late rebellion his estate is forfeited; and

we are told his Lordship, making his escape, is now in the service of Spain, where he commands an Irish regiment of foot.

From hence there is nothing remarkable till we come to Aberdeen, a place so eminent, that it commands some stay upon it; yet, I shall contract its description as much as possible, the compass of my work being so great, and the room I have for it so small.

Aberdeen is divided into two towns or cities, and stands at the mouth of two rivers; the towns are the new and the old Aberdeen, about a mile distant from one another, one situate on the River Don or Dune, the other on the River Dee, from whence it is suppos'd to take its name; for Aber, in the old British language, signifies a mouth, or opening of a river, the same which in Scotland is understood by a frith or firth: So that both these towns are describ'd in the name, (viz.) Aberdee, the mouth of the River Dee, and Aberdeen, the mouth of the River Don. So in the south-west part of the shores of Britain, and in Wales, we have Aberconway, the mouth of the River Conway, Aberistwith, and several others.

The old Aberdeen, on the bank of the Don, must, without doubt, be very antient; for they tell us the new Aberdeen is suppos'd to be upwards of 1200 years old. Nor do any of their registers tell us the particular time of its being built, or by whom. The cities are equally situated for trade, being upon the very edge of the sea; and 'tis the common opinion, that part of the old city was wash'd down by the sea; so that it obliged the citizens to build farther off: This part was that they call'd the monastery, and this may give rise to that opinion, that thereupon they went and built the New Aberdeen upon the bank of the other river, and which, 'tis evident, is built upon a piece of hilly ground, or upon three hills: But this is all conjecture, and has only probability to support it, not any thing of history.

Old Aberdeen is also on one side the county, and new Aberdeen on another, though both in that which is call'd in general the county of Marr. The extraordinaries of Aberdeen, take both the cities together, are

The cathedral.

The two colleges.

The great market-place.

The bridges, particularly that of one arch.

The commerce.

The fishery.

The cathedral dedicated to St. Machar, tho' none knows who that Saint was, is a large and antient building; the building majestick, rather than curious, and yet not without its beauty in architecture; it appears to have been built at several times, and, perhaps, at the distance of many years, one part from another. The columns on which the great steeple stands are very artful, and the contrivance

shews great judgement in the builder or director of the work. This church has been divided into several parts since the abolishing of episcopacy, as a government in the Church; (for it is not abolished in Aberdeen, as a principle, to this day) abundance of the people are still episcopal in their opinion; and they have, by the gentle government they live under, so much liberty still, as that they have a chapel for the publick exercise of their worship, after the manner of the Church of England, besides several meetings for the episcopal dissenters, which are not so publick.

The two colleges; one of these are in the old city, and the other in the new.

That in the old city is also the oldest college, being founded *Anno* 1500. by the famous bishop Elphingstone, who lies buried in the chapel or college church, under a very magnificent and curious monument. The steeple of this church was the most artificial that I have seen in Scotland, and very beautiful, according to the draught of its old building: But it is much more so now, having been injur'd, if not quite broken down by a furious tempest *Anno* 1361; but rebuilt after the first model by the care, and at the expence of the bishop Dr. Forbes, as also of Dr. Gordon, M.D. and several considerable benefactors. I have not room to go through the particular account of this foundation, take it in short in its original, that it consists of A Principal or master, or head, call it as you please, with a Sub-Principal, which is not usual, who is also a Professor of Philosophy.

A Professor of Divinity.
Three Professors of the Civil Law, now reduced to but one.
Three Professors of Philosophy, who are call'd Regents, besides the Sub-Principal.
One Professor of the Oriental Tongues.
One Professor of the Mathematicks.
One Professor of Physick.

There were formerly an organist, five choristers, and ten other fellows, as we may call them, but who were call'd also professors. In those days also they had a chancellor, who was always the bishop, and they conferr'd the degrees of Doctor of Divinity, which they do not now, except on extraordinary occasions. King James IV. was the patron of this college, but its settlement was from Pope Alexander VI. with large privileges, equal to that of Paris and of Bononia, the Bull for which is still extant; and from this, that king thus espousing the house, it obtain'd the name of King's College, though the bishop was the founder, as is said above.

The founder also gave a library, and many other costly things; but they, it seems, suffer'd in the change of times very much.

The new college, which is in the new city of Aberdeen, and is call'd the Marshallian or Marshal's College, because founded by Keith Earl Marshal, in the year 1593. And though it was a magnificent building at first, and well endow'd, yet the citizens have much beautify'd and enlarg'd it, and adjoin'd to it a noble library well stock'd with books, as well by the citizens as by the benefactions of gentlemen, and lovers of learning; as also with the finest and best mathematical instruments.

This college likewise consists of

A Principal.
A Professor of Divinity.
Four Professors of Philosophy, call'd Regents.
A Professor of the Mathematicks.
A Professor of Physick.

Also a Humanity School with a Master and three Ushers, and a Musick School; the Humanity School was founded by Dr Dune.

Those two colleges form the university, and are so call'd, but they are independent on one another; they are fam'd for having bred many men of learning; but that is not to my purpose here.

The third article is the great market-place, which, indeed, is very beautiful and spacious; and the streets adjoining are very handsome and well built, the houses lofty and high; but not so as to be inconvenient, as in Edinburgh; or low, to be contemptible as in most other places. But the generality of the citizens' houses are built of stone four story high, handsome sash-windows, and are very well furnish'd within, the citizens here being as gay, as genteel, and, perhaps, as rich, as in any city in Scotland.

The bridges; particularly that at Old Aberdeen, over the Don: It consists of one immense arch of stone, sprung from two rocks, one on each side, which serve as a buttment to the arch, so that it may be said to have no foundation, nor to need any. The workmanship is artful, and so firm, that it may possibly end with the conflagration only. The other bridge is upon the River Dee, about a mile west above New Aberdeen, and has seven very stately fine arches. There are several other buildings which should be describ'd, if our work was to dwell here, as the almshouses, hospitals, the great church of St. Nicholas, divided into three, with the steeple, and the two vast bells in it; the custom-house, the wharf, the port; all

which, considering what part of the world they are in, are really extraordinary, and that brings me to the fifth and sixth articles, which are, indeed, of the same kind, viz.

5. and 6. The commerce and the fishery.

The fishery is very particular; the salmon is a surprising thing, the quantity that is taken in both rivers, but especially in the Dee, is a kind of prodigy; the fishing, or property, is erected into a company, and divided into shares, and no person can enjoy above one share at a time; the profits are very considerable, for the quantity of fish taken is exceeding great, and they are sent abroad into several parts of the world, particularly into France, England, the Baltick, and several other parts.

The herring-fishing is a common blessing to all this shore of Scotland, and is like the Indies at their door; the merchants of Aberdeen cannot omit the benefit, and with this they are able to carry on their trade to Dantzick and Koningsberg, Riga and Narva, Wybourgh and Stockholm, to the more advantage.

They have a very good manufacture of linnen, and also of worsted stockings, which they send to England in great quantities, and of which they make some so fine, that I have seen them sold for fourteen, and twenty shillings a pair. They alsa send them over to Holland, and into the north and east seas in large quantities.

They have also a particular export here of pork, pickl'd and pack'd up in barrels, which they chiefly sell to the Dutch for the victualling their East-India ships and their men of war, the Aberdeen pork having the reputation of being the best cur'd, for keeping on very long voyages, of any in Europe.

They export also corn and meal, but they generally bring it from the Firth of Murray, or Cromarty, the corn coming from about Inverness where they have great quantities.

In a word, the people of Aberdeen are universal merchants, so far as the trade of the northern part of the world will extend. They drive a very great trade to Holland, to France, to Hambrough, to Norway, to Gottenburgh, and to the Baltick; and it may, in a word, be esteem'd as the third city in Scotland, that is to say, next after Edinburgh and Glasgow.

From Aberdeen the coast goes on to a point of land, which is the farthest north-east part of Britain, and is call'd by the sailors Buchanness, being in the shire or county of Buchan. It was to this point the French squadron, with the Pretender on board, in the reign of Queen Ann, kept their flight in sight of the shore, being thus far pursued by Sir George Bing with the English fleet: But from hence steering away north-east, as if for the Norway coast, and the English admiral seeing no probability of coming up with them, gave over the chase, when they, altering their course in the night, stood away south, and came back to Dunkirk where they set out.

Upon this part are several good towns; as particularly Peter-Head; a good market-town, and a port with a small harbour for fishing vessels, but no considerable trade, Aberdeen being so near.

This country, however remote, is full of nobility and gentry, and their seats are seen even to the extremest shores: The family of Frazer carrys its name to Fraserburgh, on the very norther-most point of the county. Ereskines, Earls of Marr, have their family seat at Kildrummy, in the county of Marr, a little south of this part of the country, where the late unhappy earl first set up his standard of the Pretender. The Hayes, Earls of Errol, are in Buchan; and the family of Forbes, Lord Forbes, and Forbes Lord Pitsligo, are still farther, and the latter on the very shore of the Caledonian Ocean.

Nor does the remote situation hinder, but these gentlemen have the politest and brightest education and genius of any people so far north, perhaps, in the world, being always bred in travel abroad, and in the universities at home. The Lord Pitsligo, just mention'd, though unhappily drawn into the snare of the late insurrection, and forfeiting his estate with the rest, yet carries abroad with him, where-ever he goes, a bright genius, a head as full of learning and sound judgment, and a behaviour as polite, courtly, and full of all the good qualities that adorn a noble birth, as most persons of quality I ever saw.

Mr. Cambden relates, that on the coast of this country a great piece of amber was driven on shore by the force of the sea, as big, to use his own words, as a horse. I shall add nothing to the story, because 'tis hard to give credit to it; it is enough that I name my author, for I could not learn from the inhabitants that they ever saw any more of it.

From hence, the east shore of Scotland being at an end, the land trends away due west; and the shire of Bamf beginning, you see the towns of Bamf, Elgin, and the famous monastery of Kinloss, where the murther'd body of King Duff was, after many years, dug up, and discovered to be the same by some tokens, which, it seems, were undoubted.

From this point of the land, I mean Buchan-Ness, the ships take their distances, or accounts, for their several voyages; and what they call their departure: As in England, they do from Winterton-Ness, on the north-east part of Norfolk, or in the Downs for the voyages to the Southward.

From Fifeness, which is the northermost point, or head land on the mouth of Edinburgh Firth, being the southermost land of Fife, to this point of Buchan-Ness, the land lyes due north and south, and the shore is the eastermost land of Scotland; the distance between them is thirty-three leagues one mile, that is just 100 miles; though the mariners say that measuring by the sea it is but twenty-

eight; and from Winterton-Ness, near Yarmouth, to this point call'd Buchan-Ness, is just 300 miles.

The river, or Firth of Tay, opens into the sea, about four leagues north from Fife-Ness; and as there is a light-house on the Isle of May, in the mouth of the Firth of Forth of Edinburgh, a little south of this point call'd Fife-Ness; so there are two light-houses at the entrance of the Firth of Tay, being for the directions of the sailors, when they are bound into that river; and particularly for their avoiding and sailing between two sands or shoals, which lye off from the south side of the entrance.

This point of land, call'd Buchan-Ness, is generally the first land of Great Britain, which the ships make in their voyages home from Arch-Angel in Russia, or from their whale-fishing-voyages to Greenland and Spits-Berghen in the north seas; and near this point, namely, at Pitsligo, a great ship was cast away in Queen Elizabeth's time, bound home from Arch-Angel, in which was the first ambassador, which the great Duke of Muscovy sent to any of the Christian princes of Europe, and who was commission'd to treat with Queen Elizabeth for a league of peace and commerce; and on board which was a most valuable present to the queen of rich and costly furrs; such as sables, errnine, black fox skins, and such like, being in those days esteem'd inestimable. The ambassadors, it seems, were sav'd and brought on shore by the help of the people of Pitsligo; but the ship and all the goods, and among them the rich furrs, intended for the queen, were all lost, to her Majesty's great disappointment; for the queen valued such fine things exceedingly.

At the town of Peter-Head there is a small harbour with two small piers; but it is all dry at low-water: So that the smallest ships lye a-ground, and can only go in and out at high-water, and then only small vessels.

From this point of easterly land all that great bay, or inlet of the sea, reaching quite to the north of Scotland, is call'd Murray Firth; and the northermost point is Dungsby Head, which is the east point of Caithness, and opens to Pentland Firth. By Pentland Firth you are to understand the passage of the sea beyond Caithness, that is to say between Scotland and the Isles of Orkney. This bay, call'd Murray-Firth, is not in the nature of a firth, as that of Edinburgh or Tay, being the mouths of rivers; as the Humber, or the mouth of Thames in England: but it is an open gulph or bay in the sea; as the Bay of Biscay, or the Gulph of Mexico are, and such-like: and though it may receive several rivers into it, as indeed it does, and as those bays do; yet itself is an open sea, and reaches from, as I have said, Peter-Head to Dungsby Head, opposite to the Orkneys; the distance upon the sea twenty-six leagues one mile, or seventy-nine miles; but it is almost twice as far by

land, because of the depth of that bay, which obliges us to travel from Pitsligo, west, near seventy miles, till we come to Inverness.

This country of Buchan, is, indeed, more to be taken notice of from what is to be seen on the sea-shore than in the land; for the country is mountainous, poor, and more barren than its neighbours; but as we coasted along west, we came into a much better country, particularly the shires of Bamff, Elgin, and the country of Murray, from whence the bay, I just now mention'd, is called Murray Firth.

Murray is, indeed, a pleasant country, the soil fruitful, water'd with fine rivers, and full of good towns, but especially of gentlemen's seats, more and more remarkable than could, indeed, be expected by a stranger in so remote a part of the country. The River Spey, which even Mr. Cambden himself calls a noble river, passes through the middle of the country. Upon the bank of this river the Duke of Gordon has a noble seat call'd after his name, Castle-Gordon. It is, indeed, a noble, large, and antient seat; as a castle much is not to be said of it, for old fortifications are of a small import, as the world goes now: But as a dwelling or palace for a nobleman, it is a very noble, spacious, and royal building; 'tis only too large, and appears rather as a great town than as a house.

The present duke has been embroil'd a little in the late unhappy affair of the Pretender; but he got off without a forfeiture, having prudently kept himself at a distance from them til he might see the effect of things. The duke has several other seats in this part of the country; and, which is still better, has a very great estate.

All the country, on the west side of the Spey, is surprisingly agreeable, being a flat, level country, the land rich and fruitful, well peopled, and full of gentlemen's seats. This country is a testimony how much the situation of the land is concern'd in the goodness of the climate; for here the land being level and plain, for between twenty and thirty miles together, the soil is not only fruitful and rich, but the temperature of the air is soften'd, and made mild and suitable to the fruitfulness of the earth; for the harvest in this country, and in the vale of Strath-Bogy, and all the country to Inverness, is not only forward and early, as well as rich and strong; but 'tis more early than in Northumberland, nay, than it is in Darbyshire, and even than in some parts of the most southerly counties in England; as particularly in the east of Kent.

As a confirmation of this, I affirm that I have seen the new wheat of this country and Innerness brought to market to Edinburgh, before the wheat at Edinburgh has been fit to reap; and yet the harvest about Edinburgh is thought to be as forward as in most parts, even of England itself. In a word, it is usual for them to begin their harvest, in Murray and the country about it, in the month of

July, and it is not very unusual to have new corn fully ripe and thresh'd out, shipp'd off, and brought to Edinburgh to sale, within the month of August.

Nor is the forwardness of the season the only testimony of the goodness of the soil here; but the crops are large, the straw strong and tall, and the ear full; and that which is still more the grain, and that particularly of the wheat, is as full, and the kind as fine, as any I have seen in England.

In this rich country is the city, or town rather, of Elgin; I say city, because in antient time the monks claim'd it for a city; and the cathedral shews, by its ruins, that it was a place of great magnificence. Nor must it be wonder'd at, if in so pleasant, so rich, and so agreeable a part of the country, all the rest being so differing from it, the clergy should seat themselves in a proportion'd number, seeing we must do them the justice to say, that if there is any place richer and more fruitful, and pleasant than another, they seldom fail to find it out.

As the country is rich and pleasant, so here are a great many rich inhabitants, and in the town of Elgin in particular; for the gentlemen, as if this was the Edinburgh, or the court, for this part of the island, leave their Highland habitations in the winter and come and live here for the diversion of the place and plenty of provisions; and there is, on this account, a great variety of gentlemen for society, and that of all parties and of all opinions. This makes Elgin a very agreeable place to live in, notwithstanding its distance, being above 450 measur'd miles from London, and more, if we must go by Edinburgh.

This rich country continues with very little intermission, till we come to Strath-Nairn, that is the valley of Nairn, where it extends a little farther in breadth towards the mountains. Nor is Strath-Nairn behind any of the other in fruitfulness: From the western part of this country you may observe that the land goes away again to the north; and, as if you were to enter into another island beyond Britain, you find a large lake or inlet from the Sea of Murray, mention'd above, going on west, as if it were to cut through the island, for we could see no end of it; nor could some of the country people tell us how far it went, but that it reach'd to Loquabre: so that we thought, till our maps and farther inquiries inform'd us, it had join'd to the western ocean.

After we had travell'd about twelve miles, and descended from a rising ground, which we were then upon, we perceived the lake contracted in one particular place to the ordinary size of a river, as if design'd by nature to give passage to the inhabitants to converse with the northern part; and then, as if that part had been sufficiently perform'd, it open'd again to its former breadth, and continued in the form of a large lake, as before, for many more miles than we could see; being in the whole, according to Mr. Cambden, twenty-three miles

long; but if it be taken on both sides the pass, ’tis above thirty-five miles in length.

This situation must necessarily make the narrow part be a most important pass, from the south part of Scotland to the northern countries, which are beyond it. We have been told the Romans never conquer’d thus far; and those that magnify the conquests of Oliver Cromwell in Scotland to a height beyond what was done by the Romans, insist much upon it, that the Romans never came into this part of the country: But, if what Mr. Cambden records, and what is confirm’d by other accounts from the men of learning and of observation, this must be a mistake; for Mr. Cambden says, that near Bean-Castle in the county of Nairn, there was found, in the year 1460, a fine marble vessel finely carv’d, which was full of Roman coins of several sorts; also several old forts or mounts have been seen here, which, by their remains, evidently shew’d themselves to be Roman: But that enquiry is none of my work.

In the narrow pass (mention’d above over the lake) stands the town and fortress of Inner-Ness, that is a town on the inner bank of the River Ness. The situation of it, as I have said before, intimates that it is a place of strength; and accordingly it has a castle, founded in antient times to command the pass: And some authors write that it was antiently a royal house for the kings of Scotland. Be that as it will, Oliver Cromwell thought it a place of such importance, that he built a strong citadel here, and kept a stated garrison always in it, and sometimes more than a garrison, finding it needful to have a large body of his old veteran troops posted here to preserve the peace of the country, and keep the Highlands in awe, which they did effectually ail his time.

Here it is observ’d, that at the end of those troublesome days, when the troops on all sides came to be disbanded, and the men dispers’d, abundance of the English soldiers settled in this fruitful and cheap part of the country, and two things are observ’d from it as the consequence.

That the English falling to husbandry, and cultivation of the earth after their own manner, were instrumental, with the help of a rich and fruitful soil, to bring all that part of the country into so good a method and management, as is observ’d to outdo all the rest of Scotland to this day; and this not a little contributes to the harvest being so early, and the corn so good, as is said above; for as they reap early, so they sow early, and manure and help the soil by all the regular arts of husbandry, as is practis’d in England, and which, as they learnt it from England, and by English men, so they preserve the knowledge of it, and also the industry attending it, and requir’d for it to this day.

As Cromwell’s soldiers initiated them thus into the arts and industry of the husbandman, so they left them the English accent upon their tongues, and they

preserve it also to this day; for they speak perfect English, even much better than in the most southerly provinces of Scotland; nay, some will say that they speak it as well as at London; though I do not grant that neither. It is certain they keep the southern accent very well, and speak very good English.

They have also much of the English way of living among them, as well in their manner of dress and customs, as also of their eating and drinking, and even of their dressing and cookery, which we found here much more agreeable to English stomachs than in other parts of Scotland; all which, and several other usages and customs, they retain from the settling of three regiments of English soldiers here, after they were disbanded, and who had, at least many of them, their wives and children with them.

The fort, which was then built, and since demolish'd, has been restor'd since the revolution; and a garrison was always kept here by King William, for the better regulating the Highlands; and this post was of singular importance in the time of the late insurrection of the Lord Marr for the Pretender; when, though his party took it, they were driven out again by the country, with the assistance of the Earl of Sutherland, and several other of the nobility and gentry, who stood fast to the king's interest.

Here is a stately stone bridge of seven large arches over the River Ness, where, as I said above, it grows narrow between the sea and the lake; small vessels may come up to the town, but larger ships, when such come thither, as they often do for corn, lye at some distance east from the town.

When you are over this bridge you enter that which we truly call the north of Scotland, and others the north Highlands; in which are several distinct shires, but cannot call for a distinct description, because it is all one undistinguish'd range of mountains and woods, overspread with vast, and almost uninhabited rocks and steeps fill'd with deer innumerable, and of a great many kinds; among which are some of those the antients call'd harts and roebucks, with vast overgrown stags and hinds of the red deer kind, and with fallow-deer also.

And here, before I describe this frightful country, it is needful to observe that Scotland may be thus divided into four districts, or distinct quarters, which, however, I have not seen any of our geographers do before me, yet, I believe, may not be an improper measurement for such as would form a due idea of the whole in their minds, as follows:

The South Land, or that part of Scotland south of the River Tay, drawing a line from the Tay, about Perth, to Loch-Lomond, and down again to Dumbarton, and the bank of Clyde.

The Middle, or Midland, being all the country from the Tay and the Lough-Lomon, north to the Lake of Ness and the Aber, including a long slope to the

south, taking in the western Highlands of Argyle and Lorn, and the isles of Isla and Jura.

The North Land, being all the country beyond Innerness and the Lough, or River Ness, north, drawing the line over the narrow space of Glengary, between the Ness and the Aber, and bounded by them both from the eastern to the western sea.

The islands, being all the western and northern islands (viz.) the Hebrides, the Skye, the Orkneys, and the Isles of Shetland.

Upon the foot of this division I am now, having pass'd the bridge over the Ness, enter'd upon the third division of Scotland. call'd the North Land; and it is of this country that, as I am saying, the mountains are so full of deer, harts, roe-bucks, &.

Here are also a great number of eagles which breed in the woods, and which prey upon the young fawns when they first fall. Some of these eagles are of a mighty large kind, such as are not to be seen again in those parts of the world.

Here are also the best hawks of all the kinds for sport which are in the kingdom, and which the nobility and gentry of Scotland make great use of; for not this part of Scotland only, but all the rest of the country abounds with wild-fowl.

The rivers and lakes also in all this country are prodigiously full of salmon; it is hardly credible what the people relate of the quantity of salmon taken in these rivers, especially in the Spey, the Nairn, the Ness, and other rivers thereabout. The several countries beyond the Ness are:

Ross;
Sutherland;
Caithness;
Strathnaver;
}
And beyond
those the
islands of
{
Orkney and
Shetland.

The Earl of Sutherland has a castle beyond Innerness, call'd Dunrobin, situate on the eastern shore, which his lordship was sent down by sea to take an early possession of in the late rebellion; and which, if he had not done, would soon have fallen into the hands of the late Earl of Marr's party; but by his coming

timely thither it was prevented, and the country on that side kept from joining the troops of the Pretender, at least for that time.

Innerness is a pleasant, clean, and well built town: There are some merchants in it, and some good share of trade. It consists of two parishes, and two large, handsome streets, but no publick buildings of any note, except as above, the old castle and the bridge.

North of the mouth of this river is the famous Cromarty Bay, or Cromarty Firth, noted for being the finest harbour, with the least business, of, perhaps, any in Britain; 'tis, doubtless, a harbour or port, able to receive the Royal Navy of Great Britain, and, like Milford-Haven in Wales, both the going in and out safe and secure: But as there is very little shipping employ'd in these parts, and little or no trade, except for corn, and in the season of it some fishing, so this noble harbour is left intirely useless in the world.

Our geographers seem to be almost as much at a loss in the description of this north part of Scotland, as the Romans were to conquer it; and they are oblig'd to fill it up with hills and mountains, as they do the inner parts of Africa, with lyons and elephants, for want of knowing what else to place there. Yet this country is not of such difficult access, as to be pass'd undescrib'd, as if it were impenetrable; here being on the coast Dornoch a Royal Burgh, situate upon the sea, opposite to that which they call Tarbat Bay, eminent for the prodigious quantity of herrings taken, or, which rather might be taken here in their season. There is a castle here belonging also to the Earl of Sutherland, and it was the seat of a bishop; but the cathedral, which is but mean, is now otherwise employ'd.

All the country beyond this river, and the Loch flowing into it, is call'd Caithness, and extends to the northermost land in Scotland.

Some people tell us they have both lead, copper, and iron in this part of Scotland, and I am very much inclin'd to believe it: but it seems reserv'd for a future, and more industrious age to search into; which, if it should happen to appear, especially the iron, they would no more have occasion to say, that nature furnish'd them with so much timber, and woods of such vast extent to no purpose, seeing it may be all little enough to supply the forges for working up the iron stone, and improving that useful product: And should a time come when these hidden treasures of the earth should be discover'd and improv'd, this part of Scotland may no longer be call'd poor, for such a production would soon change the face of things, bring wealth and people, and commerce to it; fill their harbours full of ships, their towns full of people; and, by consuming the provisions, bring the soil to be cultivated, its fish cur'd, and its cattle consum'd at home, and so a visible prosperity would shew itself among them.

Nor are the inhabitants so wild and barbarous as, perhaps, they were in those times, or as our writers have pretended. We see every day the gentlemen born here; such as the Mackenzies, McLeans, Dundonalds, Gordons, McKays, and others, who are nam'd among the clans as if they were barbarians, appear at court, and in our camps and armies, as polite, and as finish'd gentlemen as any from other countries, or even among our own; and, if I should say, outdoing our own in many things, especially in arms and gallantry, as well abroad as at home. But I am not writing panegyricks or satyrs here, my business is with the country. There is no room to doubt, but in this remote part of the island the country is more wild and uncultivated, as it is mountainous, and (in some parts) thinner of inhabitants, than in the more southern parts of the island.

Here are few towns, but the people live dispers'd, the gentry leading the commons or vassals, as they are call'd, to dwell within the respective bounds of their several clans, where they are, as we may say, little monarchs, reigning in their own dominions; nor do the people know any other sovereign, at least many of them do not.

This occasions the people to live dispers'd among the hills without any settled towns. Their employment is chiefly hunting, which is, as we may say, for their food; though they do also breed large quantities of black cattle, with which they pay their lairds or leaders the rent of the lands: And these are the cattle which, even from the remotest parts, as well as from other in the west and south, are driven annually to England to be sold, and are brought up even to London, especially into the countries of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex.

Having thus, as I say, few or no towns to describe north of Innerness, it must suffice that I thus give a just description of the country in general: For example, it is surrounded with the sea, and those two great inlets of water, mention'd above, call'd the Ness and the Abre: So that except a small part, or neck of land, reaching from one to the other, and which is not above six miles, I mean that country which Mr. Cambden calls the Garrow, or Glengarrough, others Glengary; I say, this neck of land excepted, the whole division, as form'd above under the head of the North Land, would be a distinct island, separated from all the rest of Great Britain, as effectually as the Orkneys or the Isle of Skey is separated from this.

In a word, the great Northern Ocean surrounds this whole part of Scotland; that part of it to the east, mention'd just now, lyes open to the sea without any cover; the west and north parts are, as it were, surround-ed with out-works as defences, to break off the raging ocean from the north; for the western islands on one side, and the Orkneys on the other, lye as so many advanc'd fortifications or redoubts, to combat that enemy at a distance. I shall view them in their course.

From Dunrobin Castle, which, I mention'd before, you have nothing of note offers itself, either by sea or land; but an extended shore lying north and south without towns and without harbours, and indeed, as there are none of the first, so there are wanting none of the last; for, as I said Cromarty Bay, there is a noble harbour without ships or trade; so here nature, as if providentially foreseeing there was no room for trade, forbore giving herself the trouble to form harbours and creeks where they should be useless, and without people.

The land thus extended as above, lyes north and south to Dungsby-Head, which is the utmost extent of the land on the east side of Britain, north, and is distant from Cromarty eighteen leagues north. This point of Dingsby, or Dungsby-Head, is in the north part, as I observ'd of Buchan and Winterton before; 'tis the place from whence the sailors take their distances, and keep their accounts in their going farther north; as for example; From this point of Dingsby-Head to the Fair Isle, which is the first of Shetland, or the last of the Orkneys, call it which we will, for it lyes between both, is 25 leagues, 75 miles.

From the same Dingsby-Head to Sumburgh-Head, that is to Shetland, is 32 leagues, 96 miles, and to Lerwick Fort in Shetland no miles.

Thus from Buchan-Ness to Sumburgh-Head in Shetland, is 47 leagues.

And from Winterton Ness near Yarmouth, on the coast of Norfolk, to Buchan Ness, on the coast of Aberdeen, is just 100 leagues. So from Winterton to Shetland is 147 leagues, 441 miles.

But this is the proper business of the mariners. I am now to observe that we are here at the extreme end or point of the island of Great Britain; and that here the land bears away west, leaving a large strait or sea, which they call Pentland Firth, and which divides, between the island of Great Britain, and the isles of the Orkneys; a passage broad and fair, for 'tis not less than five leagues over, and with a great depth of water; so that any ships, or fleets of ships may go thro' it: But the tides are so fierce, so uncertain, and the gusts and suddain squalls of wind so frequent, that very few merchants-ships care to venture thro' it; and the Dutch East-India ships, which come north about, (as 'tis call'd) in their return from India, keep all farther off, and choose to come by Fair Isle, that is to say, in the passage between the islands of Orkney and Shetland. And here the Dutch send their squadron of men of war generally to meet them, because, as if it were in a narrow lane, they are sure to meet with them there.

Here the passage is not only broader; for it is at least nine leagues from north Ranalsha, the farthest island of the Orkneys, to Fair Isle, and five more from Fair Isle to Shetland: So that they have a passage of fourteen leagues between the Orkneys and Shetland, with only a small island in the way, which has nothing dangerous about it; also the mountainous country being now all out of reach; the

sea is open and calm, as in other places; nor is there any dangerous current or shoals to disturb them.

In the passage, between the lands end of Britain and the Orkneys, is a small island, which our mariners call Stroma, Mr. Cambden and others Sowna; 'tis spoken much of as dangerous for ships: But I see no room to record any thing of that kind any more than that there are witches and spirits haunting it, which draw ships on shore to their misfortunes. Such things I leave to the people who are of the opinion the Devil has such retreats for doing mischief; for my own part I believe him employ'd in business of more moment.

As Dingsby-Head is the most northerly land of Great Britain, 'tis worth observing to you that here, in the month of June, we had so clear an uninterrupted day, that, though indeed the sun does set, that is to say, the horizon covers its whole body for some hours, yet you might see to read the smallest print, and to write distinctly, without the help of a candle, or any other light, and that all night long.

No wonder the antient mariners, be they Ph?nician or Carthaginian, or what else you please, who in those days knew nothing of the motion of the heavenly bodies, when they were driven thus far, were surpris'd at finding they had lost the steady rotation of day and night, which they thought had spread over the whole globe.

No wonder they talked much of their Ultima Thule, and that the Elysian fields must lye this way; when they found that they were already come to everlasting day, they could no longer doubt but heaven lay that way, or at least that this was the high way to it; and accordingly, when they came home, and were to give an account of these things among their neighbours, they fill'd them with astonishment; and 'twas wonderful they did not really fit out ships for the disco very; for who would ever have gone so near heaven, and not ventur'd a little farther to see whether they could find it or no?

From hence west we go along the shore of the firth or passage, which they call Pentland; and here is the house so famous, call'd John a Grot's house, where we set our horses' feet into the sea, on the most northerly land, as the people say, of Britain, though, I think, Dungsby-Head is as far north. Tis certain, however, the difference is but very small, being either of them in the latitude of 591/6 north, and Shetland reaching above two degrees farther. The dominions of Great Britain are extended from the Isle of Wight, in the latitude of 50 degrees, to the Isles of Unsta in Shetland, in the latitude of 61 degrees, 30 minutes, being ten degrees, or full 600 miles in length; which island of Unsta being the most remote of the Isles of Shetland to the north east, lyes 167 leagues from Winterton Ness in Norfolk.

Here we found, however mountainous and wild the country appear'd, the people were extremely well furnish'd with provisions; and especially they had four sorts of provisions in great plenty; and with a supply of which 'tis reasonable to say they could suffer no dangerous want.

Very good bread, as well oat bread as wheat, though the last not so cheap as the first.

Venison exceeding plentiful, and at all seasons, young or old, which they kill with their guns wherever they find it; for there is no restraint, but 'tis every man's own that can kill it. By which means the Highlanders not only have all of them fire-arms, but they are all excellent marksmen.

Salmon in such plenty as is scarce credible, and so cheap, that to those who have any substance to buy with, it is not worth their while to catch it themselves. This they eat fresh in the season, and for other times they cure it by drying it in the sun, by which they preserve it all the year.

They have no want of cows and sheep, but the latter are so wild, that sometimes were they not, by their own disposition, used to flock together, they would be much harder to kill than the deer.

From hence to the west point of the passage to Orkney is near twenty miles, being what may be call'd the end of the island of Britain; and this part faces directly to the North Pole; the land, as it were, looking forward just against the Pole Star, and the Pole so elevated, that the tail of the Ursa Major, or the Great Bear, is seen just in the zenith, or over your head; and the day is said to be eighteen hours long, that is to say, the sun is so long above the horizon: But the rest of the light is so far beyond a twilight, by reason of the smallness of the arch of that circle, which the sun makes beneath the horizon, that it is clear and perfect day almost all the time; not forgetting withal, that the dark nights take their turn with them in their season, and it is just as long night in the winter.

Yet it is observable here, that they have more temperate winters here generally speaking, than we have to the most southerly part of the island, and particularly the water in some of the rivers as in the Ness, for example, never freezes, nor are their frosts ordinarily so lasting as they are in the most southerly climates, which is accounted for from the nearness of the sea, which filling the air with moist vapours, thickens the fluids and causes that they are not so easily penetrated by the severity of the cold.

On this account the snows also are not so deep, neither do they lie so long upon the ground, as in other places, except it be on some of the high hills, in the upper and innermost part of the country, where the tops, or summits of the hills are continually cover'd with snow, and perhaps have been so for many ages, so

that here if in any place of the world they may justly add to the description of their country,

— vast wat'ry lakes, which spread below,
And mountains cover'd with eternal snow.

On the most inland parts of this country, especially in the shire of Ross, they have vast woods of firr trees, not planted and set by men's hands, as I have described in the southern part of Scotland, but growing wild and undirected, otherwise than as nature planted and nourished them up, by the additional help of time, nay of ages. Here are woods reaching from ten, to fifteen, and twenty miles in length, and proportioned in breadth, in which there are firrs, if we may believe the inhabitants, large enough to make masts for the biggest ships in the Navy Royal, and which are rendered of no use, meerly for want of convenience of water carriage to bring them away; also they assure us there are a sufficient quantity of other timber for a supply to all Britain.

How far this may be true, that is to say, as to the quantity, that I do not undertake to determine: But I must add a needful memorandum to the Scots noblemen, &. in whose estates these woods grow, that if they can not be made useful one way, they may be made so another, and if they cannot fell the timber, and cut it into masts and deals, and other useful things for bringing away, having no navigation; they may yet burn it, and draw from it vast quantities of pitch, tar, rosin, turpentine, &. which is of easier carriage, and may be carried on horses to the water's edge, and then ship'd for the use of the merchant, and this way their woods may be made profitable, whatever they might be before.

We find no manufactures among the people here, except it be that the women call their thrift, namely, spinning of woollen, or linnen for their own uses, and indeed not much of that; perhaps, the time may come, when they may be better and more profitably employ'd that way; for if as I have observ'd, they should once come to work the mines, which there is reason to believe are to be found there, and to search the bowels of the earth, for iron and copper, the people would soon learn to stay at home, and the women would find work as well as the men; but this must be left to time and posterity.

We were now in the particular county called Strathnaver, or the Vale on the Naver, the remotest part of all the island, though not the most barren or unfruitful; for here as well as on the eastern shore is good corn produced, and sufficient of it at least for the inhabitants; perhaps they do not send much abroad, though sometimes also they send it over to the Orkneys, and also to Shetland. This county belongs to the Earl of Sutherland whose eldest son bears the title of Lord Strathnaver.

And now leaving the northern prospect we pass the opposite point west from Dingsby-head, and which the people call Farro-head, tho' Mr. Camden (by what authority, or from what originals I know not) gives it a long account of, and calls these two points by two opposite names:

The east point, or Dingsby-head, he calls *Virvedrum Promontorium* .

The west point, or Farro-head, he calls *Saruedrum Promontorium* .

From hence the vast western ocean appears, what name to give it the geographers themselves do not seem to agree, but it certainly makes a part of the great Atlantick Sea, and is to be called by no other name, for it has no land or country to derive from.

And now we were to turn our faces S. for the islands of this sea, which make the fourth division of Scotland as mentioned before. I may if I have room give as just a description of them as I can from authentick relations; for being on horse-back and no convenience of shipping presenting itself here, I am to own that we did not go over to those islands personally, neither was it likely any person whose business was meer curiosity and diversion, should either be at the expence, or run the risque of such a hazardous passage where there was so little worth observation to be found.

We therefore turned our faces to the south, and with great satisfaction after so long and fateaguing a journey; and unless we had been assisted by the gentlemen of the country, and with very good guides, it had been next to an impossibility to have pass'd over this part of the country. I do confess if I was to recommend to any men whose curiosity tempted them to travel over this country, the best method for their journeying, it should be neither to seek towns, for it would be impossible to find such in proper stages for their journey; nor to make themselves always burthensome to the Highland chiefs, tho' there I can assure them they would always meet with good treatment, and great hospitality.

But I would propose travelling with some company, and carrying tents with them, and so encamping every night as if they were an army.

It is true they would do well to have the countenance of the gentlemen, and chiefs as above, and to be recommended to them from their friends from one to another, as well for guides as for safety, otherwise I would not answer for what might happen: But if they are first well recommended as strangers, and have letters from one gentleman to another, they would want neither guides nor guards, nor indeed would any man touch them; but rather protect them if there was occasion in all places; and by this method they might in the summer time lodge, when, and wherever they pleased, with safety and pleasure; travelling no farther at a time, than they thought fit; and as for their provisions, they might supply themselves by their guns, with very great plenty of wild fowl, and their attendants

and guides would find convenient places to furnish other things sufficient to carry with them.

It would be no unpleasant account to relate a journey which five, two Scots and three English gentlemen, took in this manner for their diversion, in order to visit the late Duke of Gordon, but it would be too long for this place: It would be very diverting to shew how they lodg'd every night. How two Highlanders who attended them, and who had been in the army, went before every evening and pitch'd their little camp. How they furnish'd themselves with provisions, carry'd some with them, and dress'd and prepared what they kill'd with their guns; and how very easily they travelled over all the mountains and wasts, without troubling themselves with houses or lodgings; but as I say the particulars are too long for this place.

Indeed in our attempt to come down to the southward by the coast of Tain, and the shire of Ross, we should have been extreamly disappointed, and perhaps have been obliged to get a ship or bark, to have carry'd us round the Isle of Skye into Loquhaber, had it not been for the extraordinary courtesie of some of the gentlemen of the country.

On the other hand we unexpectedly met here some English men, who were employ'd by merchants in the S. (whether at London or Edinburgh I do not now remember) to take and cure a large quantity of white fish, and afterwards herrings, on account of trade. Here we had not only the civility of their assistance and accommodation in our journey, but we had the pleasure of seeing what progress they made in their undertaking. As for herrings indeed the quantity was prodigious, and we had the pleasure of seeing something of the prodigy, for I can call it no other; the shoal was as I might say beginning to come, or had sent their vant-couriers before them, when we first came to the head of Pentland Firth, and in a fortnight's time more, the body of their numberless armies began to appear; but before we left the coast you would have ventur'd to say of the sea, as they do of the River Tibiscus, or Theisse in Hungary, that it was one third water, and two thirds fish; the operation of taking them, could hardly be call'd fishing, for they did little more than dip for them into the water and take them up.

As to the quantity, I make no scruple to say, that if there had been ten thousand ships there to have loaded with them, they might all have been filled and none of them mist; nor did the fish seem to stay, but pass'd on to the south, that they might supply other parts, and make way also for those innumerable shoals which were to come after.

Had the quantity of white fish been any way proportion'd to the undertaking as the herring was, there would no doubt have been such encouragement to the merchant, that they would never have given it over, but they found it would not

fully answer: Not but there were great quantities of cod, and the fish very sizeable and good, but not so great a quantity as to make that dispatch in taking them (as they are taken with hook and line) sufficient for loading of ships, or laying up a large quantity in the season; and this I doubt discouraged the undertaking, the merchants finding the expence to exceed the return.

Here we found the town of Tain, and some other villages tollerably well inhabited, and some trade also, occasioned principally by the communication with the western islands, and also by the herring fishing, the fishing boats from other parts often putting into these ports; for all their coast is full of loughs and rivers, and other openings which make very good harbours of shipping; and that which is remarkable, some of those loughs, are infinitely full of herrings, even where, as they tell us, they have no communication with the sea, so that they must have in all probability been put into them alive by some particular hands, and have multiplied there as we find at this time.

We could understand nothing on this side of what the people said, any more than if we had been in Morocco; and all the remedy we had was, that we found most of the gentlemen spoke Frenen, and some few spoke broad Scots; we found it also much for our convenience to make the common people believe we were French.

Should we go about here to give you an account of the religion of the people in this country, it would be an unpleasant work, and perhaps scarce seem to deserve credit; you would hardly believe that in a Christian island, as this is said to be, there should be people found who know so little of religion, or of the custom of Christians, as not to know a Sunday, or Sabbath, from a working day, or the worship of God from an ordinary meeting, for conversation: I do not affirm that it is so, and I shall say no more of it here, because I would not publish what it is to be hoped may in time find redress; but I cannot but say that his Majesty's gift of I,ooo*l* . annually to the Assembly of Scotland, for sending ministers and missionaries for the propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands, is certainly one of the most needful charities that could have been thought of, worthy of a king, and well suited to that occasion; and if prudently apply'd, as there is reason to believe it will be, may in time break in upon this horrible ignorance, that has so far spread over this unhappy part of the country.

On the other hand, what shall we say to the neglect, which for so many years past has been the occasion of this surprizing darkness among the people, when the poor abandon'd creatures have not so much as had the common instruction of Christianity, so much as to know whether there was any such thing as a God or no, much less how to worship him; and if at any time any glympse of light had been infus'd into them, and they had been taught any knowledge of superior

things, it has been by the diligence of the Popish clergy, who to do them justice, have shewn more charity, and taken more pains that way, than some whose work it had been, and who it might much more have been expected from?

But the state of religion is not my present subject; 'tis certain the people have the Bible in their own language, the Irs, and the missionaries now are oblig'd to preach to them, and examine or catechise their children in the Irs language, so that we are not to despair of having this county as well instructed in time, as other parts of Britain; the rest must be left to his hand, that over rules the minds of men, and causes them to know, even in spite of the defects of common teaching.

On this coast is the Isle of Skye, lying from the west north west, to the east south east, and bearing upon the main island, only separated by a narrow strait of water; something like as the Isle of Weight is separated from the county of Southampton. We left this on our right, and crossing the mountains, came with as little stay as we could to the lough of Abre, that is, the water which as I said above, assists with Lough Ness, or Loch Ness, to separate the north land of Scotland from the middle part.

This is a long and narrow inlet of the sea, which opening from the Irish Sea S. west, meets the River Abre, or as the Scots much more properly express it, the Water of Abre, for it is rather a large lake or loch, than a river, and receives innumerable small rivers into it; it begins or rises in the mountains of Ross, or of Glengary, within five or six miles from the shore of the Loch Ness, or the Water of Ness, which is a long and narrow lake like itself, and as the Ness runs away east to Innerness, and so into the great gulph called Murray Firth, so the Abre becoming presently a loch or lake, also goes away more to the southward, and sloping south west, runs into the Irish Sea as above.

From this river or water of Abre, all that mountainous barren and frightful country, which lies south of the water of Abre is call'd Loquabre, or the country bordering on Loch Abre. It is indeed a frightful country full of hidious desart mountains and unpassable, except to the Highlanders who possess the precipices. Here in spight of the most vigorous pursuit, the Highland robbers, such as the famous Rob Roy in the late disturbances, find such retreats as none can pretend to follow them into, nor could he be ever taken.

On this water of Abre, just at the entrance of the loch, was anciently a fort built, to curb the Highlanders, on either side; it was so situated, that tho' it might indeed be block'd up by land and be distress'd by a siege, the troops besieging being masters of the field, yet as it was open to the sea, it might always receive supplies by shipping, the government being supposed to be always master of the sea, or at least 'tis very probable they will be so.

this fort the late King William caused to be rebuilt, or rather a new fort to be erected; where there was always a good garrison kept for curbing the Highlanders, which fort was for several years commanded by Lieutenant General Maitland, an old experienc'd general, who had signalized himself upon many occasions abroad, particularly at the great battle of Treves, where he serv'd under the French, and where he lost one of his hands.

I name this gentleman, not to pay any compliment to him, for he is long ago in his grave, but to intimate that this wise commander did more to gain the Highlanders and keep them in peace, and in a due subjection to the British Government, by his winning and obliging behaviour, and yet by strict observance of his orders, and the duty of a governour, than any other before him had been able to do by force, and the sword; and this particularly appear'd in the time of the Union, when endeavours were every where made use of, to bring those hot people to break out into rebellion, if possible to prevent the carrying on the treaty.

At this place we take our leave of the third division, which I call the north land of Scotland, for this fort being on the south side of the Loch Abre is therefore called inner Lochy, as the other for the like reason was called inner Ness.

We have nothing now remaining for a full survey of Scotland, but the western part, of the middle part, or division of Scotland, and this though a large country, yet affords not an equal variety with the eastern part of the same division.

To traverse the remaining part of this country, I must begin upon the upper Tay, as we may justly call it, where I left off when I turn'd away east; and here we have in especial manner the country of Brechin, the Blair as 'tis called of Athol, and the country of Bradalbin: This is a hilly country indeed, but as it is water'd by the Tay, and many other pleasant rivers which fall into it, there are also several fruitful valleys, intersperst among the hills; nor are even the Highlands themselves, or the Highlanders the inhabitants any thing so wild, untaught, or untractable, as those whom I have been a describing in the north-land division, that is to say, in Strath-Naver, Ross, Tain, &.

The Duke of Athol is lord, I was almost going to say king of this country, and has the greatest interest, or if you please, the greatest share of vassalage of any nobleman in this part of Scotland; if I had said in all Scotland, I believe I should have been supported by others that know both his person and his interest as well as most people do.

His Grace was always an opposer of the Union in the Parliament holden at Edinburgh, for passing it into an Act; but he did not carry his opposition to the height of tumult and rebellion; if he had, as some were forward to have had done, he would have possibly bid fair, to have prevented the conclusion of it, at least at that time: But the hour was come, when the calamities of war, which had for so

many hundred years vext the two nations, were to have an end; and tho' the government was never weaker in power than at that time, I mean in Scotland, yet the affair was carry'd thro' with a high hand, all the little tumults and disorders of the rabble as well at Edinburgh as at Glasgow, and other places, being timely suppress, and others by prudent management prevented.

The duke has several fine seats in this country; as first at Dunkeld, upon the Tay which I mentioned before, and where there was a fight, between the regular troops and the Highlanders, in the reign of King William, another at Huntingtour, in the Strathearn, or Valley of Earn, where the duke has a fine park, and great store of deer; and it may indeed be called his hunting seat, whither he sometimes retires meerly for sport. But his ordinary residence, and where I say he keeps his court like a prince, is at the castle of Blair, farther N. and beyond the Tay, on the edge of Bradalbin upon the banks of a clear and fine river which falls into the Tay, a few miles lower.

As I have said something of this country of Bradalbin, it will be needfull to say something more, seeing some other authors have said so much: It is seated as near the center of Scotland, as any part of it can be well fixt, and that which is particular, is, that it is alledg'd, it is the highest ground of all Scotland, for that the rivers which rise here, are said to run every way from this part, some into the eastern, and some into the western seas.

The Grampian mountains, which are here said to cut through Scotland, as the Muscovites say of their Riphæan hills, that they are the girdle of the world. As is the country, so are the inhabitants, a fierce fighting and furious kind of men; but I must add that they are much chang'd, and civiliz'd from what they were formerly, if Mr. Cambden's account of them is just. I mean of the Highlanders of Bradalbin only; tho' I include the country of Loquhabre, and Athol, as adjoyning to it.

It is indeed a very bitter character, and possibly they might deserve it in those days; but I must insist that they are quite another people now: And tho' the country is the same, and the mountains as wild and desolate as ever, yet the people, by the good conduct of their chiefs and heads of clans, are much more civilized than they were in former times.

As the men have the same vigour and spirit; but are under a better regulation of their manners, and more under government; so they make excellent soldiers, when they come abroad, or are listed in regular and disciplin'd troops.

The Duke of Athol, though he has not an estate equal to some of the nobility, yet he is master of more of these superiorities, as they are called there, than many of those who have twice his estate; and I have been told, that he can bring a body of above 6,000 men together in arms at very little warning.

The pomp and state in which this noble person lives, is not to be imitated in Great Britain; for he is served like a prince, and maintains a greater equipage and retinue than five times his estate would support in another country.

The duke has also another seat in Strathearn, which is called Tullibardin, and which gives title at this time to the eldest son of the House of Athol, for the time being. At the lower part of this country, the River Earn falls into Tay, and greatly increases its waters. This river rises far west, on the frontiers of the western Highlands near Glengyl, and running through that pleasant country called Strathearn, falls into Tay, below St. Johnstons.

Soon after its first coming out from the mountains, the Earn spreads itselfe into a loch, as most of those rivers do; this is called Loch Earn, soon after which it runs by Duplin Castle, the seat of the Earl of Kinnowl, whose eldest son is known in England, by the title of Lord Duplin, taking it from the name of this castle. The late Earl of Kinnowl's son, the Lord Duplin, was marry'd to the daughter of the late Earl of Oxford, then Lord High Treasurer of England, and who was on that occasion made a peer of Great Britain.

This castle of Duplin, is a very beautiful seat, and the heads of the families having been pretty much used to live at home, the house has been adorned at several times, according to the genius, and particular inclination of the persons, who then lived there; the present earl is not much in Scotland; being created a peer of Great Britain, in the reign of the late Queen Anne, and marry'd, as above, into the family of Oxford.

This ancient seat is situated in a good soil, and a pleasant country, near the banks of the River Earn, and the earl has a very good estate; but not loaded with vassals, and highland superiorities, as the Duke of Athol is said to be.

The house is now under a new decoration, two new wings being lately added for offices as well as ornament.

The old building is spacious, the rooms are large, and the ceilings lofty, and which is more than all the appearance of the buildings, 'tis all magnificently finished, and furnished within; there are also abundance of very fine paintings, and some of great value, especially court pieces, and family pieces, of which it would take up a book to write the particulars; but I must not omit the fine picture of King Charles the First, with a letter in his hand, which he holds out to his son the Duke of York, afterwards King James the Second, which they say he was to carry to France; also a statue in brass of the same King Charles the First on horse-back; there are also two pictures of a contrary sort, namely, one of Oliver Cromwell, and one of the then General Monk, both from the life.

Also there is a whole length of that Earl of Kinnoul, who was Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in the reign of King James the Sixth, with several other peices of

Italian masters of great value.

From this place we went to Brechin, an ancient town with a castle finely situate; but the ancient grandour of it not supported; the family of Penmure, to whom it belong'd, having been in no extraordinary circumstances for some time past, and now their misfortunes being finished, it is under forfeiture, and sold among the spoils of the late rebellion.

We were now as it were landed again, being after a long mountain-ramble, come down to the low lands, and into a pleasant and agreeable country; but as we had yet another journey to take west, we had a like prospect of a rude and wild part of Scotland to go through.

The Highlands of Scotland are divided into two parts, and known so as two separate countries, (viz.) the West Highlands, and the North Highlands; the last, of which I have spoken at large, contain the countries or provinces of:

Bradalbin,
Athol,
Lochaber,
Buchan,
Mar,
Sutherland,
Ross,
Strathnaver,
Caithness,

}
together with the Isle of Skye.

The West Highlands contain the shires or counties of:

Dunbritton or
Lenox,
Bute,
Dunbarton,
Argyle,
Lorn and Cantyre.

On the bank of this River Earn lies a very pleasant vale, which continues from the Tay, where it receives the river quite up to the Highlands; this is called according to the usage of Scotland Strath Earn, or the Strath or Vale of Earn, 'tis an agreeable country, and has many gentlemen's seats on both sides the river; but

it is near the Highlands, and has often suffered by the depredations of those wild folk in former times.

The family of Montrose, whose chief was sacrificed for the interest of King Charles the First, had a strong castle here called Kincardin; but it was ruin'd and demolished in those wars, and is not rebuilt. The castle of Drummond is almost in the same condition, or at least is like soon to be so, the Earl of Perth, to whom it belongs, being in exile, as his father was before him, by their adhering to the late King James the Seventh, and to the present Pretender. King James the Seventh made the father a duke, and Knight of the Garter, and governor to his son the Pretender. His eldest son who should have succeeded to the honours and titles dy'd in France, and three other sons still remaining are all abroad, either following the ruin'd fortunes of the Pretender, or in other service in foreign courts; where, we know not, nor is it material to our present purpose.

The Western Highlands are the only remaining part of Scotland, which as yet I have not toucht upon. This is that particular country, which a late great man in King James the Second's time, called the kingdom of Argyle; and upon which occasion it was a compliment upon King James, that he had conquer'd two kings, when he suppress'd the rebellion of the Whigs; namely, the Duke of Monmouth, whom in derision they called the little king of Lime, and the Earl of Argyle whom they called with much more propriety, the great king of the Highlands.

It is true that the greatest part of these Western Highlands, may be said to be subject, or in some respect to belong to the House of Argyle, or to speak more properly, to the family or clan of the Campbells, of whom the Duke of Argyle is the chief; but then it should be noted too, that those western gentlemen are not so blindly to be led, or guided by their chiefs as those in the north; nor when led on, are they so apt for mischief and violence. But as many of them are toucht with the Cameronian Whig, or at least the English Whig principles, they would venture to enquire what they were to do, and whom to fight against, at least before they dipt far in any hazardous undertaking.

Though the people of these countries are something more civilized than those of their bretheren mountaineers in the north, yet the countries seem to be so near a kin that no strangers could know them asunder, nor is there any breach in the similitude that I could observe, except it be that in the north Highlands, there are such great woods of fir-trees, which I have taken notice of there, and which we do not see the like of here: Nor did we see so many or so large eagles in these western mountains as in the north, tho' the people assure us there are such too.

The quantity of deer are much the same, and the kinds too, and the black cattle are of the same kind, and rather more numerous; the people also dress after the same manner, in the Plaid and the Trouse, go naked from below the knee to the

mid thighs, wear the durk and the pistol at their girdle, and the targ or target at their shoulder.

Some reckon the shire of Braidalbin to belong to these Western Highlands, not that it is west in its situation, for it is rather north, and as I have mention'd, is said to be the center of Scotland; and the highest land, being in the very body of those they call the Grampian mountains; all the reason that I could find they give for reckoning this country among the Western Highlands, is because they say one part of it is inhabited by the Campbells, whose clan, as I have observed, generally possesses all the West Highlands.

But if they will claim the country, they must claim the people too, who are, if I may give my opinion, some of the worst, most barbarous, and ill governed of all the Highlands of Scotland; they are desperate in fight, cruel in victory, fierce even in conversation, apt to quarrel, mischievous, and even murderers in their passion.

At the fight which happen'd at Gillekranky, in this part of Scotland, they tell us a story of a combate between an English soldier press'd hard by a Highlander, the regiment being in disorder, for the English had the worst of it; the English soldier was singl'd out in the pursuit by one particular Highlander, and found himself in great danger, he defended himself with the club of his musquet as long as he was able, his shot being spent before, after which they came to their swords, the English man understood the backsword very well, but the Scots man receiv'd all the blows upon his targe; so that the English man could not come in with him, and at the same time he lay'd hard at the English man with his broadsword, and had cut him in two or three places, at which the English man enrag'd, rather than discourag'd, cry'd out to him, *you dog* says he; *come out from behind the door and fight like a man* , meaning from behind his great target; but the Scots man tho' as brave as the other, knew better things than that, and laying hard at him had cut him down, and was just going to kill him, when some of the regiment that saw him distrest, came up to him and rescu'd him, and took the Highlander prisoner.

It is hard to distinguish too among those Highland men, who are the best soldiers. Foreigners give it to the northern men as the more hardy and the larger bodies; but I will not undertake to decide this controversie, either of them make very good soldiers, and all the world are fond of them; nor are they equall'd in any part of the world that I have met with, if they are regimented by themselves, unmixt with other nations.

And here I must take an opportunity to rectify a mistake which has grown up to a vulgar error, and is an injury to the Scots, in some respect, at least it is robbing them of part of that honour, which is their due. The case is this;

We have frequent occasions to hear of the fame of the Irish batallions abroad, how well they behave, and what good troops they are, how they acted in such a

battle, and such; how in particular they beat the Germans out of Cremona, after they had got possession of the town, and had taken the French general, the Mareshall Villeroy prisoner: How the Irish batallions in the Scots service behav'd in Sicily, and so on many extraordinary occasions. Now though it is true that these are called Irish, because they were originally such; yet 'tis as true the men are all or most of them Scots Highlanders, who upon all occasions getting over into France, always list in the Irish troops; nay in the late wars it was frequent to raise whole regiments of Highlanders for the service, but when they came over, they would take the first occasion to desert, and go over to the French, so to list in the Irish batallions, for they all speak Irish, and some have affirm'd, that they have first listed with that resolution, being generally adicted to the interest of King James the Seventh; but be that so or not, this I am well assur'd of (viz.) that most of those they call Irish in the armies of France and Spain, and to whom so many glorious actions have been justly ascrib'd, are to this day Scots Highlanders, or at least most of them are so, but this by the way.

I am now to return to our progress. Leaving the country of Brechin, and the low lands of Strathearn, we went away west; but were presently interrupted by a vast inland sea, rather than a lake called Loch Lomond. It is indeed a sea, and look'd like it from the hills from whence we first descry'd it; and its being a tempestuous day, I assure you it appear'd all in a breach, rough and raging, like the sea in a storm. There are several islands in it, which from the hills we could plainly perceive were islands, but that they are a-drift, and float about the lake, that I take as I find it, for a story, namely, a story call'd a F — as I do also that of the water of this loch, turning wood into stone.

This lake or loch is, without comparison, the greatest in Scotland, no other can be call'd half so big; for it is more than twenty miles long, and generally eight miles in breadth, though at the north end of it, 'tis not so broad by far. It receives many rivers into it, but empties itself into the Firth of Clyde, at one mouth; ;near the entrance of it into Clyde, stands the famous Dunbarton Castle, the most antient, as well as the most important castle in .'Scotland; and the gate, as 'tis call'd, of the Highlands. It is now not much regarded, the whole country being, as it were, buried in peace, yet there is a garrison maintain'd in it; and the pass would be still of great import, were there any occasion of arms in time to come; 'tis exceeding strong by situation, being secur'd by the river on one side, the Firth of Clyde on the other, by an unpassable morass on the third side, and the fourth is a precipice.

Passing from Dunbarton castle, we enter the territory of Argyle. As to the county of Lenox, the paternal estate and property of the Stuarts, it lyes extended from both sides the Levin, that is, the river, which (as I said before) empties the

Loch-Lomon into the Clyde. On this side, or eastward, Lenox joins the Monteith, and runs up for some length on the east side of the loch, and on the west side it extends to the edge of the Loch-Loing, and a great way north, almost to the mountains of Loquhabre.

All our writers of the description of Lenox enlarge upon the family of Stuarts, who proceeded, as by the mother, from the Royal line of Scotland: So by the father, from Henry Lord Darnley, marry'd to Mary Queen of Scots, and afterwards basely murther'd by her, or by her order and direction.

By this Lord Darnley, who was son and heir apparent to Matthew, Earl of Lenox, this whole estate, with the title, devolv'd at last upon King Charles II., who gave the title to one of his natural sons, with the addition of duke.

Beyond this Loch-Loing begins the large extended country of Argyle, or the Western Highlands, whose extent takes in the shire or county of Lorn to the north, and Cantyre to the south, all possess'd by the Campbells, and vulgarly understood by the country of Argyle; for as for Cantyre, which is a *chersonese* , or peninsula, it belongs mostly, if not wholly to the Campbells; and as to Lorn, 'tis the title of the eldest son of the House of Argyle to this day.

The west side of this country lyes extended along the Irish Sea for a very great length, at least eighty miles (viz.) from the Mull of Cantyre to Dunstaffnage, and the Isle of Stackar and Listnoc, in the water of Loquhaber. On all this shore there is no town eminent for trade, no port or harbour, at least none made use of for shipping; nor are there any ships to require them, except fishing-barks and boats, which are in the season employ'd for catching herrings, of which the shoals that are found upon this coast in the season are incredible, especially in the Clyde, in Loch-Finn, and about the Isle of Arran, which lyes in the mouth of Clyde.

From the Mull of Cantyre they see Ireland very plain, it being not above fifteen or sixteen miles from the point of land, which they call the Mull to the Fair Foreland, on the coast of Colrain, on the north of Ireland. In the mouth of this sea of Clyde lyes a rock, somewhat like the Bass in the Firth of Forth, or of Edinburgh, not for shape, but for this particular, that here, as at the Bass, the Soland geese are pleas'd to come in the season of the fishery, and to breed and inhabit as they do at the Bass, and to go away and come again just at the same seasons, as at the Bass; this island is call'd the Ailze. Here are also the islands of Arran and of Bute; the first giving title of earl to the family of Hamilton, and the other the title of Duke of Rothsay to the eldest son of the Crown of Scotland, who is call'd Duke of Rothsay, from the castle of Rothsay in this island; nor is there any thing else considerable to be said of either of the islands; for as for their present condition, which is what is my particular business in this book, they have nothing considerable in or about them, except it be a tumultuous and dangerous

sea for sailors, especially when a south-west wind blows hard, which brings the sea rowling in upon them in a frightful manner. However, there is one good harbour on the north side of the island, call'd Lamlach, which is their safety in such cases.

Off of the western shore of Argyle and Lorn there are abundance of islands, which all belong to the family of Argyle, or at least to its jurisdiction; as Isla, Jura, Tyrry, Mull, Lysmore, Coll, and several others of less note.

COPY OF LETTER TO A LADY, WHO WAS SOLICITOUS FOR AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME TO THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

SUPPOSING IT ENDED ABRUPTLY, AND EXPRESSING HERSELF DESIROUS TO SEE SIR CHARLES IN THE PARENTAL CHARACTER; AND TO KNOW IF THE STORY WERE INTENDED TO BE CARRIED FURTHER.

Mar. 1. 1754.

MADAM,

I Write to your commands sent me yesterday.

I have no intention of pursuing further the History of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON: And hope, when you consider the circumstances of the Story, you will be of opinion, that it ends very properly where it does; tho' at the first perusal it may seem, to a Lady who honours the piece with her approbation, to conclude a little abruptly; and the rather, as the necessary delay in publishing the last volume, occasioned by the treatment I met with from Dublin, made persons imagine that marvellous events, and violent catastrophes, were preparing; and but for which treatment the three last volumes would have been published together.

The Story of PAMELA was supposed to have taken place within thirty years, that of CLARISSA within twenty, of their respective publications. In either of those spaces of time, there was room to marry and bury half a generation of people.

That of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is supposed to be more recent. In his recital of what passed between himself and Clementina, long before the Story began, and before he had hopes of being allowed by his Father (then living) to return to England, he mentions the rebellion in 1745 and 1746; and that the exultations made over him in Italy, on the reported success of the young Adventurer, obliged him to go to Vienna.

What passed between him and Clementina, and her Family, on his return from thence to Bologna, till he quitted Italy, and (on his Father's death) arrived in England, may be supposed to take up a considerable space of time.

He had been about fifteen months in England when the Story begins. That takes up a year and half.

All this may be supposed to bring it down pretty near to the present time.

EMILY, under the direction of so prudent a guardian, was not, for example sake, to be married till she was near twenty.

Lady GRANDISON'S circumstances and her lying-in, would not permit her to leave England for a voyage to Italy, so soon as might be hoped for by Clementina and her friends. Sir Charles had a view, I fansy, to those delicate circumstances, when he offered to make them judges of the reasons, should he and his Harriet be unable to attend them within the next year, why they could not.

Do you think Harriet would not be a Nurse as well as Lady G? It would be a desirable thing, we may suppose, to all their Italian friends, as well as suitable to the maternal fondness, for her to take her child with her: But would she do so, till it was at least a year old? There is no doubt but it would be a very fine and forward child: But the heir of Sir Charles Grandison must not be needlesly, or for a compliment, exposed to dangers and difficulties. Read again the passage by land over mount Cenis; acquaint yourself with the Bay of Biscay, were they to go by sea.

As to the good JERONYMO, he is happy where he is. Lady G. makes him alive and merry: And have you not an intimation that he is to go to Bath? And do you think that those salutary springs will not, for the honour of our country, quite establish him?

CLEMENTINA, at the year's end, may either marry the Count of BELVEDERE, her malady not returning; or, as Sir Charles has engaged all her friends to promise, may, at her own request, be allowed more time. You have seen that the COUNT acquiesces entirely with whatever shall be her will, in this particular.

Do you think, Madam, I have not been very complaisant to my Readers to leave to them the decision of this important article? I am apt to think, from what I have already heard from several of them, of no small note, and great good sense, that a considerable time will pass before this point will be agreed upon among them: And some of my correspondents rejoice that Clementina is not married in the book; hoping that she will never marry; while others express their satisfaction in the time given her, and doubt not but she will. Some are pleased with the Count; others not. Some are of opinion, with Jeronymo, that her compliance with the silent wishes of her friends, when left entirely to her own will was the only duty wanting to complete her character; she having voluntarily renounced, so nobly as she did, the only man whom she preferred to him who was the choice of her parents, and given up her wishes to be allowed to take the veil.

Let us take a survey of what is done for the other characters.

No more need be said, than is, of EVERARD GRANDISON; or of Aunt ELEANOR.

Mr. DEANE, you see, is provided for, to his own, and every one's content.

So is good Dr. BARTLETT.

The skilful LOWTHER also.

Sir EDW. BEAUCHAMP and EMILY are in a way to be happy.

Who can be more so than Mrs. SHIRLEY? Why, Madam, would you wish to have further time taken in, to conclude a life so valuable, so exemplary?

Sir ROWLAND and Mr. FOWLER are not unhappy. They are going to Caermarthen; and you remember, Sir Rowland says, there are fine girls in Caermarthenshire.

Mr. SELBY goes on at Selby-house crowing over his Wife, and his Nieces; and, tho' always defeated by their good-humoured arguments, and superior sense, crowing on, and making all around him pleasant.

Who can be happier than Mr. and Mrs. REEVES?

LUCY has already her PEER.

I could have given NANCY SELBY to Mr. ORME; but that it is not right to put together two persons who neither of them have entire health, till they are quite recovered; and that would take up time. He, accompanied by his Sister, is a second time gone to Lisbon, you know. And she, Emily hints, is not without her Lover.

Miss ORME is a good girl, and must be happy.

As for GREVILLE and FENWICK, who cares for them?

The fate of Sir HARGRAVE, of MERCEDA, of BAGENHALL, is absolutely, and exemplarily, decided.

JAMES SELBY is as good as provided for: But if he had not, it would not have been much matter.

Lady BETTY WILLIAMS indeed, and her forward Daughter, and Miss CANTILLON, are deservedly unhappy; and there are too many of such characters, in every-body's knowlege, to require theirs to be further dwelt upon.

Lady BEAUCHAMP, Lady MANSFIELD and her family, Lord and Lady W. Lord and Lady L. are all happy. Lord G. also. And his CHARLOTTE is as good as she can be. Her Lord wishes her not better than we leave her.

Sir CHARLES is the happiest of men. Plans of his beneficence, oeconomy, charity, have been actually laid down.

His LADY is, as she deserves to be, the happiest of women.

By what we have seen of both, we know how they will behave on every future call or occasion.

CLEMENTINA, let me add to the notice I have taken of her, is mistress of her own will. By the power Sir Charles, in the articles he drew, stipulated for her, we know she will make herself happy in acts of beneficence; and, as he has foretold,

will see every-thing in a chearful light, that before appeared to her in a cloudy one. What will be the result?

LAURANA has been punished, in kind, as we may say.

Lady SFORZA also.

The MARQUIS, the MARCHIONESS, the GENERAL, the BISHOP, in short, the whole Porretta family, are happy to the extent of their wishes.

Mrs. BEAUMONT is highly so in the general felicity.

So is Father MARESCOTTI.

Should the story, which were it prolonged to do every-thing that seems to be expected, would take up more time, though not quantity of matter, than it has already taken up, be continued for the sake of OLIVIA? Surely, No.

Can it, then, be more happily concluded than it is?

As to what you are pleased to hint of the Hero's appearing to shine in the parental character, have I not in PAMELA entered into that subject pretty largely? And have I not in this history avoided touching upon the same topics that I have treated on in either of the two former?

But you will be apt to say, You expected more on these subjects from Sir Charles's character, than from that of Mr. B. or even of his Pamela.

But (to say nothing of his care for the education of his Father's natural children by Mrs. Oldham) see we not, from his tenderness to Mrs. Reeves's little boy; from his goodness to Lady L's son; and to Lady G's little girl; from the observation of his Lady, that the Brave are always tender and humane; from his general prudence, as well as from his own duty to a blameable Father, whose failings he occasionally deplored with a piety worthy of himself; that he would have shone in every part of the parental character? [Who ever knew a dutiful Son that made not a good Father?] And where, and at what age of his children, had I entered into such particulars, should I have been allowed to stop; since, as they grew in years, they would have had larger demands on his cares?

I might indeed, in what is done, have introduced a conversation in which the Education of Children might have been touched upon, and his opinion given: But the lovers of Story would have found fault with me for it, as they have done with the few independent conversations that appear in the book, however useful others have thought them: And besides, the occasion must have been forced in. Nor would the subject have appeared with the requisite advantage, handled by, or before, single men and women, or even by young married people, who had no opportunities to strengthen their opinions by experience.

Permit me further to observe, that the conclusion of a single story is indeed generally some great and decisive event; as a Death, or a Marriage: But in scenes of life carried down nearly to the present time, and in which a variety of

interesting characters is introduced, all events cannot be decided, unless, as in the History of Tom Thumb the Great, all the actors are killed in the last scene; since persons presumed to be still living, must be supposed liable to the various turns of human affairs.

All that can be expected therefore in such a work, if its ending is proposed to afford the most complete scene of felicity of which human life is capable, must be to leave the principal characters happy, and the rest with fair prospects of being so.

I am, however, greatly obliged to you, Madam, for having so far interested yourself in the story, as to write to me upon it; and beg leave to subscribe myself

Your obliged and most obedient Servant.

ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM A FRIEND

WHO HAD OBJECTED TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON'S OFFER TO ALLOW HIS DAUGHTERS BY LADY CLEMENTINA, HAD HIS MARRIAGE WITH HER TAKEN EFFECT, TO BE EDUCATED ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Mar. 25. 1754.

I HAVE received, my dear friend, several anonymous Letters written on the same subject with your favour before me of the 19th; finding fault with Sir Charles Grandison for his offered compromise with the friends of Clementina, in the article of Religion; all of them expressing, as yours does, a laudable zeal for the interests of the Protestant cause.

One of the gentlemen desired an answer to what he wrote, directing whither it was to be sent. I do not think myself at liberty to transcribe for you his Letter, though an anonymous one, and which would do credit to any writer: But as your Letter and his are in substance pretty much the same, you will allow me to hope for your attention to the extracts I shall make from my answer to his; and if they are not of sufficient weight with you to excuse the Hero in this important article, I shall be ready, at your command, to re-consider it.

This gentleman wishes, as you do, that I had gone further into the subject: That I had exposed the iniquity of such compromises, and shewn, that the souls of girls ought to be as much regarded as those of boys; and the rather, as such stipulations are now made a point in course, in the marriage-treaties of persons of different religions. He is so good as to call for my opinion on the subject. Thus I answered.

Give me leave, Sir, to say, I have shewn in the work, when the subject required it, that I have the honour to be of your opinion as to this compromise. I have, in Vol. iii. Octavo, , 106. made the Bishop (Clementina's Brother) thus say to Mr. Grandison, after a debate between them on the two religions;

"You will call to mind, Chevalier, that your church allows of a possibility of salvation out of its pale — Ours does not."

—

"My Lord," answers the Chevalier, "our church allows not of its members indulging themselves in capital errors, against conviction."

Mr. Grandison was a young man: He pretended not to be divested of passion. It was necessary to let the Porretta family, and the Reader, who it was supposed, would not be unconcerned in the destiny of Clementina, see, that he was willing

to make some sacrifices, for those the family made, in consideration of so excellent a creature, who had suffered so much, and was actually in a state of suffering, for her Love of him. What could he do more, he asks Dr. Bartlett, than to make such an offer? He considers it as a very great concession, though he must know, that it was, as you, Sir, observe, a too usual one: And he tells her warmest relations, the General in particular,

"that he would not have come into such a compromise, no, not in favour of a princess, in a beginning address."

And this he says in answer to the General's question,

"What, Chevalier, must the poor daughters have done, that they should have been left to perdition?"

And this put by that haughty man, when he knew that Mr. Grandison was of a religion which inspires its professors with more charity, than does that which allows not salvation out of its own pale; and the souls of whose daughters therefore, in his opinion, could not be endanger'd merely by such an education.

Who that thinks the Porretta family bigotted, must not have allowed them to think Mr. Grandison so, had he not made some such sort of concession as he expected them to make? Nay, the, actually made a much greater than be offered [The SONS of the family]; and besides, were more apprehensive of their Daughter's change of religion, were the marriage to take place, than hopeful of his.

Some concessions are expected to be made in all marriage treaties; and (contrary to what was proposed in this) greater, frequently, on the man's than on the woman's part; since it is understood, that the wife is more the property of the husband, than he is hers; and he therefore in marriage makes an acquisition. Pecuniary sacrifices could not have affected Mr. Grandison: Nothing but what touched his principles could. This was a severe trial to him. Clementina, at the time, was the only woman he could have loved. He knew not then Miss Byron: But we have reason to believe, from different parts of the story, that he thought himself not unhappy, that a marriage, to be entered into on such terms, took not effect; as well as that it was owing to Clementina herself, and not to him, that it did not; frequent as such compromises are in marriage-treaties between people of different persuasions.

That these observations lie scattered, as I may say, in different parts of the story, is owing, a good deal, to the manner of writing, (to the moment, as it may be called) as occasions arose in the progress of the story: A manner of writing that has its conveniencies and inconveniencies. The latter, in such cases as that before us; the former, in giving opportunities to describe the agitations that fill the heart,

in the progress of a material and interesting subject, the event of which remains undecided.

You will be pleased to observe, that I had a very nice and difficult task to manage, to convince nice and delicate Ladies, who, it might be imagined, would sit in judgment upon the conduct of a man in a Love-case (who was presumed to be nearly perfect, and proposed as a pattern) that a Lady so excellent as Clementina; of so high a family and fortune; all her relations adoring her; so deeply in love with him; yet so delicate in her whole behaviour to him; was not slighted by him. What would the Ladies, and the men of gallantry, have said, had he not done all it was possible for him to do, to obtain so rich a prize?

Allow me to say, that if his distress, in different scenes of the story, were duly attended to (attacked as he was on the side of his Generosity, his Compassion, his Gratitude, his Love) together with his stedfastness in his own Religion, I presume, that, in the whole affair between him and Clementina, he would be rather thought a confessor for it, than a lukewarm man in it. Be pleased to reperuse what he says to Miss Byron on this subject, in the library at Colnebrook, Vol. iii. Octavo, , 30. Vol. iii. , 190. Duodecimo.

‘What must be my grief, to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress: So little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition! But when the friendly Brother implored my compliance; when the excellent Mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on her heart, and on her child’s head; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting herself out of the question, urged me, for my soul’s sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother the church — What, madam — But how I grieve you!’

‘[He stopt, says Miss Byron — His handkerchief was of use to him, as mine was to me — What a distress was here!]’

‘And what, and what, Sir, sobbing, was the result? Could you, could you resist?’

‘Satisfied in my own faith! Entirely satisfied! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace! — A Lover of my native country too — Were not my God and my Country to be the sacrifice, if I complied? But I laboured, I studied, for a compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina’s merit, and to my own character, had she not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her then, that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against; her Rank next to princely; her Fortune high as her rank; Religion; Country; all so many obstacles that had appeared to me insuperable, removed by themselves; and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had, till now, made

me struggle to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference.'

— Then he relates his offer of compromise.

And let me add here that noble apostrophe of his, when he had been contemplating the perfections of Clementina, the worthiness of her family, and their great offers to him —

"But, O my Religion, and my Country! I cannot, cannot renounce you. What can this world give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice?"

Nor are these the strongest instances that he gives of his attachment to his Religion and Country in the course of the work; to say nothing of what might be supposed to pass between him and the Bishop, in their debate on the two Religions; in which he convinced the Prelate (who from that time forbore to attack him on that subject) that he had a great deal to say in behalf of his own.

In an omission in the Sixth Volume, Octavo, which is supplied , 402. Lucy Selby is made thus to express herself, with regard to this compromise, in order to weaken the danger to Religion that might be apprehended from the example —

"How could Sir Charles, so thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart indeed is generously open and benevolent to people of all countries. He is, in the noblest sense, a Citizen of the World: But see we not, that his long residence abroad has only the more endeared to him the Religion, the Government, the Manners, of England?" —

"How was this noble-minded man, proceeds she, entangled by delicacies of situation, by friendship, by compassion, that he should ever have been likely to be engaged in a family of Roman Catholics, and lived half of his days out of his beloved country; and the other half to have set, as to the world's eye, such an example in it?"

"I know, adds Miss Selby, he would have made it his study to prevent any mischief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his Lady's confessor, had a certain compromise taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Marescotti: But would even that good man have thought himself bound to observe faith with heretics in such a case?"

And in the Concluding Note to the work, I have further endeavoured to obviate the apprehended mischief, by declining to contend with such of my Readers, whose laudable zeal led them to consider this compromise as a fault.

Thus, my dear Friend, you will see, that, however usual it may be for people of different Religions, when they intermarry, to enter into compromises of this kind, they are not countenanced by the judgment of Sir Charles Grandison; who considered, as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen him, the situation he was in; which in a manner compelled him to make some concessions, in

compassion to an excellent woman, who laboured under a disorder of mind on his account.

After all, if this concession of Sir Charles is to be deemed a blemish, it is rather a blemish in his conduct than in his character. Very few in his circumstances would have done better; few so well: And what he offered, in so peculiar a situation, is by no means a precedent to be pleaded in common cases.

Believe me to be, with equal truth and affection, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant.

SIX ORIGINAL LETTERS UPON DUELLING

Written by the late Mr. Samuel Richardson, Author of the History of Sir Charles Grandison, &c.

THE LITERARY REPOSITORY. NUMBER VII.

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LETTER I.

From Thomas Gilles, Esq; To Andrew Crisp, Esq; Dear Sir, The concern I have for your welfare, as well for your own sake, as for that of my good friend your father, who in some manner intrusted you to my care, obliges me to send you these few lines. I understand that you and Mr. Orme have had high words, and that he has given you a challenge, and you are to meet next Saturday to decide the quarrel. Let me intreat you to consider what you are about; and how you are entering upon a measure, that may, if you overcome, give you everlasting inquietude and remorse; and if you fall, must destroy in one rash moment all the hopes of the best of parents, and in all probability your own soul; for a sudden death admits of no repentance. I know what belongs to honour as well as any man, and can allow a great deal on this score; but I think there is something so impious, so presuming in Duelling; something so contrary to the laws of God and man, so arrogant, in taking upon one's self to be both our own judge and jury, that it is an execrable action, and deserves punishment here, in case of survival, as it will very likely meet with it hereafter. Waive therefore, I beseech you, for God's sake, for your family's sake, for your own sake, for my sake, your resentment on this occasion, and submit the cause between you to arbitration. I have a respect for Mr. Orme, and shall write to him pretty much to the same effect; and hope you will both of you moderate your resentments, and submit the affair to some discreet friends; and I am sure you will have cause to rejoice, both of you, that ye have followed my advice, when reflection takes place of the present heat: And will join to thank *Your truly affectionate and faithfull friend,* Thomas Gilles.

LETTER II.

From *THOMAS GILLES,* Esq; *To JOHN ORME,* Esq;

Sir,

I understand by Mr. Wood, who was present, that on occasion of high words between you and Mr. Crisp, you have sent him a challenge, and that next Saturday is appointed for the decision of the affair. I am heartily concerned for it; for I respect you both very much: and must beg you, as I have wrote to him to the same effect, to reflect in time on this vindictive measure, in which two angry young gentlemen think fit to arrogate to themselves the province that least belongs to them, no less than assuming a power over one another's lives, and to be their own judge and jury too. I have conjured Mr. Crisp, by the duty he owes to God, to his parents, to himself, and the regard I claim from my affection for him, to waive this matter, and submit the affair to arbitration. I take upon me to do the same by you; and beg you will let these considerations have their proper weight with you. For why should ye, from a few rash words and misapprehension, precipitate yourselves on so fatal a measure, which may be equally pernicious to your souls and bodies? There is more true bravery in forgiving an injury, than in resenting it. And I am sure you will both thank me for my interposition, if you will coolly consider what next Saturday may bring forth, if you should proceed, and how many happy years of life you may rob one another of; and even the survivor be haunted with such remorse as may make all his future days unhappy. Once more, I hope these friendly remonstrances will have their due weight with you: For they proceed from the honest heart of the true friend of you both.

THOMAS GILLES.

LETTER III.

From *ANDREW CRISP,* Esq; To *THOMAS GILLES,* Esq;

Good Sir,

I am infinitely obliged to you for this fresh instance of your kind and tender concern for me. It is true, I thought of nothing less than meeting Mr. Orme to-morrow, according to his appointment. But if he has the same sentiments with which your kind and affectionate letter has inspired me, I am not averse to make the matter up with him, for the sake of all the considerations you so kindly mention. But as he gave the challenge, I judge that motion must come from him. And as you have wrote a letter to him, I cannot say but I should be glad he has, in this instance (for I wish no other arbitrator than yourself) as much deference and respect to your kind interposition, as has, dear good Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

ANDREW CRISP.

LETTER IV.

From *JOHN ORME,* Esq; To *THOMAS GILLES,* Esq; Sir,

It is true, I have desired a meeting of Mr. Crisp; for I think he has used me in such a manner, as one gentleman should not use another. But if he is willing to acknowledge his error, I shall not, for the sake of your kind interposition, and the motives you mention, decline putting it up. He may very safely leave his concerns to such a friend as yourself; and as I desire only a satisfaction for my honour, which I think has suffered from the usage I have received from Mr. Crisp, I am willing to leave the matter to your arbitration, being well assured of your honour and impartiality, and desirous to convince you how much I am, Sir, *Your humble servant,*

JOHN ORME.

LETTER V.

From *THOMAS GILLES,* Esq; To *JOHN ORME,* Esq;

Dear Sir,

You have greatly favoured me by your kind confidence in me, in this the most desirable instance which you could give of your consideration for me. Mr. Crisp has equally obliged me, by submitting the difference between you to my arbitration. Give me leave then, in pursuance of the trust you have reposed in me of arbitrating between you, to appoint one o'clock, Saturday noon, at the Bedford Head, Covent-Garden, for the place of meeting, over a small collation: And I hope, Sir, you will come with a hearty disposition to be reconciled, as I shall to do impartial justice between you. I give the same invitation by a line or two to Mr. Crisp. I shall only bring with me Mr. Wood and Mr. Erskine, who were present when the offence was given and taken; and I hope we five shall have reason to be pleased and rejoice in one another's company, and particularly in the happy change of the time, place, and occasion of meeting.

To avoid all matter for fresh provocation on the first meeting of two such high-spirited gentlemen, I have ordered two rooms till I know each of your sentiments, that I may, by a just and impartial arbitration, gather each of your demands, and be the better able to remove all difficulties when I bring you together, to the happy reconciliation I hope to see effected between you.

I am, Sir,
Your sincere friend and servant,
THOMAS GILLES.

LETTER VI.

THOMAS GILLES, Esq; To *ANDREW CRISP,* Esq;

Dear Sir,

Mr. Orme has obliged me by consenting to leave the matter in dispute between you to my arbitration, as you have also done. I have therefore appointed to-morrow one o'clock, at the Bedford Head, Covent-Garden, over a little collation that I shall order to be on the table by two. As Mr. Wood and Mr. Erskine were present when the offence was given and taken, and are both men of honour, and common friends, I shall bring them with me. All I have to beg of you, is, that you will not, by any youthful heat, frustrate the good end of this amicable meeting: For either you did intend by the words which Mr. Orme took amiss, to affront him, or you did not: If you did not, a ready and candid acknowledgment that you did not, will not fail, as I hope, of being accepted as it ought: If you did, and had no just cause, it will become a man of honour to own his fault, rather than by persisting in it to bring matters to extremities. The method I intend to take shall be this:

I have ordered two rooms to be taken, in one of which I will attend Mr. Orme, to know what he takes amiss, and what he insists upon: And in the other, I will attend you, to know your sentiments in like manner. This I shall do, because as you may both meet otherwise in high spirits, and with a sense of having been injured in your honours, all fresh provocations may be avoided: And when I know both your sentiments, I shall be better able to arbitrate with that justice and impartiality, which it will become me to observe: And I hope the event will be answerable to my wishes, and a sincere reconciliation be effected between you: And that you may equally rejoice, for all your future lengthened lives, in the return of a day which might have been fatal to one or both. I have given Mr. Orme notice in writing of the time and place, and besought him, as I do you, to come with a hearty disposition to a reconciliation; which if it can be effected, as I make no doubt, from the good sense of the gentlemen I have to deal with, will be a most desirable event to

Your truly affectionate
and faithful friend,
Thomas Gilles.

PREFACE TO AUBIN: A COLLECTION OF ENTERTAINING HISTORIES AND NOVELS

A COLLECTION OF ENTERTAINING HISTORIES

AND

NOVELS,

DESIGNED

To promote the Cause of VIRTUE and HONOUR. Principally founded on FACTS, and interspersed with a Variety of beautiful and instructive Incidents.

BY MRS. PENELOPE AUBIN.

And now first collected

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I

Containing, The Noble Slaves; or, The Lives and Adventures of two Lords and two Ladies.

The Life and amorous Adventures of LUCINDA, an English Lady. The strange Adventures of the Count DE VINEVIL, and his Family.

LONDON:

Printed for D. Midwinter, A. Bettesworth and C Hitch, J. and J. Pemberton, R. Ware, C. Rivington, A. Ward, J. and P. Knapton, T. Longman, R. Hett, S. Austen, and J. Wood. MDCCXXXIX.

PREFACE.

We present the Publick with a Collection of Novels, written by the late ingenious Mrs. PENELOPE AUBIN, and published by her, at different times, singly, and with no small Success.

AMUSEMENTS of this Kind have always been highly approved of in the most polite Nations, both of Europe and Asia: For such is the Nature of the human Mind, that it cannot be satisfied without Variety; and religious Subjects themselves, though the noblest Entertainments of all others, will sometimes lose their Force and Efficacy, even on serious Minds, when too strictly imposed or pursued, and if nothing be admitted to diversify and amuse. Much more may Subjects of Diversion be needful to regale the gay and sprightly Fancies of the Youth of both Sexes, the Vivacity of whose Tempers, so natural to their Time of Life, require somewhat to allure, to amuse, and to entertain; and who cannot be long kept to any one Subject, though ever so noble or important in itself.

As these Kinds of Writings, then, are principally of Use to divert and entertain the Minds of young Persons, the following Rules ought to be inviolably observed in them. First, A Purity of Style and Manners, that nothing may be contained in them that has the least Tendency to pollute or corrupt the unexperienced Minds, for whose Diversion they are intended. Secondly, That the Subjects should be such as naturally recommend all the Duties of social Life, and inforce an universal Benevolence to Mankind. Thirdly, That when a guilty Character is introduced, it should in the Conclusion appear to be signally punished or distressed, that others may be deterred from the Pursuits of those Follies, or Mistakes, which have been the Occasion of its Misfortunes. Fourthly, That Virtue or Innocence, on the contrary, be not finally permitted to suffer; but that a Prospect at least should be opened, either here or hereafter, for its Reward, in order to encourage every one who reads it to Imitation. And, lastly, that the whole have, at least, an Air of Probability, that the Example may have the greater Force upon the Minds it is intended to inform.

If these, among others that might be enumerated, may be said to be the indispensible Requisites of a good Novel, we must confess, with Concern, that they have been too seldom observed by those who have undertaken this Species of Writing, insomuch that it has brought a Disreputation on the very Name. And we are still more sorry to have Reason to say, That those of the Sex, who have generally wrote on these Subjects, have been far from preserving that Purity of Style and Manners, which is the greatest Glory of a fine Writer on any Subject; but, like the fallen Angels, having lost their own Innocence, seem, as one would

think by their Writings, to make it their Study to corrupt the Minds of others, and render them as depraved, as miserable, and as lost as themselves.

Our Design is not to attempt to establish this Collection at the Expence of others, or, indeed, on any other Footing, than that of its own Merit: We will not therefore point out the particular Pieces of others, which we think dangerous to be perused by unguarded Youth, and, of Consequence, unfit to be recommended by such as would instil into their Minds the Principles of Virtue and Honour, and that at a Time when they are most susceptible of such Impressions as may be attended with either happy or pernicious Effects on their future Lives and Morals.

We shall only therefore observe, that Mrs. AUBIN had a far happier Manner of Thinking and Acting. She disdained to paint the guilty Scenes of Folly and Vanity in such Colours as might conceal their natural Deformity, and make the most unlovely and pernicious Vices amiable. She had no contemptible Share of Learning, surpassing what is usual in her Sex: She had excellent natural Talents, which were improved by Reading and Observation, as well as by Conversation with Persons as much distinguished by their Rank as for their good Understanding. She was Mistress of a polite and unaffected Style, and aimed not at the unnatural Flights, and hyperbolical Flourishes, that catch the weaker and more glittering Fancies of some of her Sex, and give their Performances too romantick an Air for Probability; and yet, at the same Time, it is lifted up above that tiresome and heavy Kind of narrative Prolixity, which affords no Entertainment to a brilliant Imagination. In short, she has the Felicity to hit and preserve that happy Medium between both Extremes, in this Particular, in which so few of her Sex, or our own, have succeeded; and which, at the same Time that it gives an Air of Probability to her Stories, equally delights and informs the youthful Mind. Her Relations are interspersed with a very entertaining Variety of Incidents, which flow naturally from her Subjects, and keep the Mind attentive and delighted; so that the longest of them cannot tire: And she mingles every where, as Occasions offer, very instructive Observations and Reflections, all tending to that one uniform End which was the principal Scope of her Writings; the mending of the Hearts of her Readers; the Encouragement of Religion and Virtue; and the discountenancing of Impiety and Vice. And so well has she observed the Rules above set down for constituting a good Novel, that her Heroes and Heroines are generally made succesful or unsuccesful, happy or unhappy, according to their Merit: Or, if an innocent Person suffers, it is but for a Time, and then she draws from their Afflictions such Arguments as become a good Christian and wise Moralist. And, on the contrary, as she generally inflicts an exemplary Punishment on the premeditatedly guilty; so she raises from it such a Doctrine as

may caution others to avoid the Crimes and Mistakes which have subjected them to the Calamities under which they labour.

And here it may not be amiss to transcribe a few Lines from different Places of these Volumes, in Confirmation of the Justice we do our Author, and which will best shew the End she constantly had in View in all her Writings; and how safely they may be recommended to the Perusal of Youth, without the least Apprehension of inculcating upon their Minds, those impure and polluted Images which too generally abound in Pieces of this Nature.

To instance then a few Things, in the Preface *to her Novel called* The Noble Slaves, *she tells us,* That her only Aim is to encourage Virtue, to expose Vice, imprint noble Principles in the ductile Souls of our Youth, and by setting great Examples before their Eyes, excite them to Imitation. That her only Desire is to please the Good and Virtuous, and is particularly studious of promoting the Instruction and Delight of her own Sex. She censures freely the Infidels of the Times; recommends Trust in God, as the best Security in all Dangers. *And concludes that Piece with this Observation*, Since Religion is no Jest, Death and a future State certain; let us strive to improve the noble Sentiments such Histories as these will inspire in us; avoid the loose Writings which debauch the Mind: And since our Heroes and Heroines have done nothing here but what is *possible*, let us resolve to act like them, make Virtue the Rule of all our Actions, and eternal Happiness our only Aim.

In the entertaining History of the Count de Vinevil, *she professes* to try to allure young Minds to Virtue, by Methods where Delight and Instruction may go together, in an Age where more grave Pieces are too generally dispised or neglected. *She tells us,* That it is a Story in which Divine Providence is shewn to manifest itself in every Transaction; where Virtue is tried with Misfortunes, and rewarded with Blessings; where Men behave like Christians, and Women are really virtuous and *imitable.* Would Men, *she says*, trust in Providence, and act according to Reason and common Justice, they need not to fear any Thing; but whilst they defy God, and wrong others, they must be Cowards and Self-destroyers, and their Ends infamous. She heartily wishes Prosperity to her Country; and that our Nobility would distinguish themselves by the same shining Qualities which gave Being to their Distinction.

The Story of the Lady Lucy *she thus prefaces, with Regard to a vicious Character in one of her own Sex, and which is well worthy the Consideration of every Lady*. — Let me, *says she*, give this Word of Advice to the vicious Woman: Let her Station be ever so great and high in the World; nay, let her Crimes be ever so well concealed from human Eyes; yet, like *Henrietta,* she will be unfortunate

in the End, and her Death, like hers, will be accompanied with Terrors, and a bitter Repentance shall attend her to the Grave: While the Virtuous shall look Dangers in the Face unmoved, and putting their whole Trust in the Divine Providence, shall be delivered, even by miraculous Means; or, dying with Comfort, be freed from the Miseries of this Life, and go to taste eternal Repose.

The Life of Charlotta du Pont she dedicates to the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, with whom she had an Intimacy, as we there see, and may farther reasonably infer from the Tenor of both their Writings, for the Promotion of the Cause of Religion and Virtue, and from that Affinity and Kindred of Souls, which will always make the Worthy find out one another, and create stronger Ties of Union and Friendship than those of Blood.

In the same exemplary Manner does she end that beautiful Story, as also every other contained in these Volumes; besides interspersing occasionally, as we have hinted, such Reflections, in the Progress of the Relations, as are worthy of the Design she had principally in View: And therefore, we hope we may safely conclude with recommending this Collection to the Perusal of all such as desire to be agreeably entertained, and instructed at the same Time.

The Poetry

Aragon House, in Parsons Green, London, was once the site of a dower house belonging to Queen Katherine of Aragon (Henry VIII's first wife). The house later became Richardson's last home — it now serves as a London bar.

Richardson's home in Parsons Green in the late Eighteenth century. In early November 1754, Richardson and his family moved from the Grange to this house. It was during this time that Richardson received a letter from Samuel Johnson asking for money to pay for a debt that Johnson was unable to afford. On 16 March 1756, Richardson responded with more than enough money and their friendship was certain by this time.

A VERSE FROM THE GENTLEMAN S MAGAZINE

January 17,1735.

To steward *St John,* steward *St Johns Gate,*
Who meets to sup on *monday* night at eight.

Dear sons of *Phcebus,* darlings of the nine,
Henceforth, thro' you, how will the *printers* shine,
Who ne'er, without the muse, shall meet to sup or dine!
Blessings, say I, attend your rhyming pen,
No *king* John's, sure, e'er equal'd *saint* John's men!
But, tell me, friends, nor blush, nor be afraid
To own the truth — had you no *third* man's aid?
Speak out, like men — to make the verse run sweeter,
Did not some mild-beer Bellman tag the metre?
If so, I pray, invite the honest fellow,
Let him partake the *praise,* and make him mellow.
Perpetual stewards, may you voted be;
No less such verse deserves — *perpetual poet* he!
For me; I'm much concern'd I cannot meet
"At salutation-tavern, *Newgate-street."*
Your notice, like your verse (so sweet and short!)
If longer, I'd sincerely thank'd you for't.
Howe'er, receive my wishes, sons of verse!
May every man who meets, your praise rehearse!
May *mirth,* as *plenty,* crown your chearful board,
And ev'ry one part *happy* — as a lord!
That when at home, (by such sweet verses fir'd)
Your families may think you all inspir'd!
So wishes he, who, pre-ingag'd, can't know
The pleasures that wou'd from your meeting flow.

S.R.

The Criticism

REMARKS ON CLARISSA, &c. by Sarah Fielding

Addressed to the Author.

Occasioned by some critical Conversations on the Characters and Conduct of that Work.

WITH

Some Reflections on the Character and Behaviour of Prior's *EMMA*

SIR,

Perhaps an Address of this Nature may appear very unaccountable, and whimsical; when I assure you, my Design is fairly to lay before you all the Criticisms, as far as I can remember them, that I have heard on your History of *Clarissa*; from the Appearance of the two first Volumes, to the Close of the Work. I have not willingly omitted any one Objection I have heard made to your favourite Character, from her first Appearance in the World; nor, on the contrary, have I either diminished or added to the favourable Construction put on her Words or Actions. If the Grounds for the Objections are found to be deducible from the Story, I would have them remain in their full Force; but if the Answers her Admirers have given to those Objections are found to result from an impartial and attentive perusal of the Story, I would not have her deny'd the Justice they have done her. But tho' I seem here to speak only of *Clarissa*, as she is your principal Character, yet I intend as well to take notice of what has been said relating to your whole Story, as to her in particular.

In the first Conversation I heard on this Subject, the whole Book was unanimously condemned, without the least Glimpse of Favour from any one present who sat in judgment on it. It was tedious stuff! — low! — Letters wrote between Misses about their Sweet-hearts! — There was an Uncle *Anthony* — a Brother *James*! — a Goody *Norton*! — and a Servant *Hannah*. — In short, *one* had no Patience to read it, *another* could not bear it, a *third* did not like it, *&c.* Such general Censurers, I knew, could be very little worth attending to; and this Judgment I should have formed had I been a Stranger to the Book thus unmercifully treated; but as I had read *Clarissa*, and observed some Beauties in it,

yet heard not one of them mentioned, I was determined to say nothing, and to make my Visit as short as possible.

From hence I went to spend the Evening with a Family in whose Conversation I am always agreeably entertained. There happened, that Night, to be a pretty large Assembly of mix'd Company. *Clarissa* immediately became the Subject of our Conversation, when, after a few general Remarks, one of the Gentlemen said, "His chief Objection was to the Length of it, for that he was certain he could tell the whole Story contained in the two first Volumes in a few Minutes; for Example, (continued he) There is a Family who live in the Country, consisting of an old, positive, gouty Gentleman, two old Batchelors as positive as their gouty Brother, a meek Wife, an ambitious Son, an envious elder Sister, and a handsome younger Sister; who, having refused many offered Matches, engages the Attention and Liking of one Mr. *Lovelace*, a young Gentleman of a noble Family; her Brother has an absolute Aversion to him; a Rencounter follows between them; the Lady corresponds with *Lovelace* to prevent farther Mischief; a disagreeable Man is proposed to her by all her Family; she will not consent; they all combine to insist on her Compliance; she is lock'd up; forbid all Correspondence out of the Family, but still persists in her Refusal; they call it Obstinacy; she calls it Resolution; Mr. *Lovelace* takes the Advantage of her Friends cruel Usage of her, and presses her to throw herself on his Protection: at last, for fear of being forced to marry the Man she hates, she appoints to go off with *Lovelace*; but fearing the Consequence of such a rash Step, and thinking it a Breach of her Duty to leave her Father's House till urged by the last Necessity, she would have retracted the Appointment, and waited yet a little longer, in hopes her Friends might be influenced to change their Mind; Mr. *Lovelace* does not take the Letter she puts in the usual Place for that purpose, and we see by her last Letter to her Friend, dated at St. *Albans*, that she is there with *Lovelace*. Now, how is it possible for this Story, without being exceeding tedious, to be spun out to two Volumes, containing each above 300 Pages?"

When the Gentleman ceased, a young Lady, whose Name was *Gibson*, took a little Almanack out of her Pocket, and, turning to the Place where the Births and Deaths of the Kings of *England* were marked, gave it to the Gentleman, and said, "that by his Rule of Writing, that was the best History of *England*, and Almanack-makers were the best Historians".

Mr. *Johnson*, another of the Company, said, he would engage to relate the *Roman* History, in that manner, in as little time as had been expended in the summing up the Story of *Clarissa*; and then, with a Monotony in his Voice that expressed more Humour than I can describe, he began as follows:

"*Romulus* the Son of *Apulius*, as some say, tho' according to others the Son of *Mars* by one of the Vestal Virgins, built the City of *Rome*, and reign'd there 37 Years; after him reigned six Kings successively (their Names are of no Consequence) but the Wickedness of the last King put an end to the regal State, and introduced the Consular, which we may say lasted about the Space of 427 Years, tho' it was retrenched in Power by the Tribunes of the People, and had many Intermissions by the Creation of Dictators, the Decemviri, and the military Tribuns; during all this time, sometimes there was War, sometimes there was Peace, foreign Wars in abundance, great Civil Wars, not a few Contentions for Power amongst all Degrees of Men, vast Conquests, great Extent or Empire, till at last, in the famous Plains of *Pharsalia*, was fought a decisive Battel for the Empire, between two ambitious Men, namely, *Cæsar* and *Pompey*; the latter fled, and was treacherously slain on the *Egyptian* Shore, whilst the former remain'd Master of the Field, and almost of the Universe."

Here Mr. *Johnson* changed the Tone of his Voice, and said, "I will pursue this no farther, for to the Death of *Pompey* makes twenty Volumes in the History wrote by the Fathers *Catrou* and *Rouillé*, which is generally allowed to be a very good one, and, I think, one of its chief Beauties depends on the Length; for to that we owe the displaying so many various Characters, and the diving into the Motives of those great Mens Actions, who guided that extensive, powerful, I had almost said unmanagable Common-wealth.

Mr. *Singleton* laugh'd, and said, "He was surprised to hear a Man of Mr. *Johnson's* Understanding display so much Eloquence to prove, (if he intended to prove any thing by it) that the knowing the Particulars of the Family at *Harlow-place* was of as much Consequence, as the knowing the Springs and Wheels on which turned the Affairs of the greatest Commonwealth that was ever heard of since the Creation of the World.

"Indeed, Sir, replied the Lady of the House, (who has bred up three Sons and three Daughters, who do Honour to her Education of them) I really think the penetrating into the Motives that actuate the Persons in a private Family, of much more general use to be known, than those concerning the Management of any Kingdom or Empire whatsoever: The latter, Princes, Governors, and Politicians only can be the better for, whilst every Parent, every Child, every Sister, and every Brother, are concerned in the former, and may take example by such who are in the same Situation with themselves.

Mr. *Clark* said, "that he believed the whole Account of the Mind of Man, were we only to mention the primary Passions, might be comprised in a few Words; but (continued he) from those Fountains to trace the several Channels into which they

flow, and to get a Clue to guide us through all the winding Labyrinths into which they turn themselves, is no such easy Matter; that

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his Hour upon the Stage
And then is heard no more,

perhaps gives us as strong an Image as it is possible to receive, of all the great Transactions perform'd by Mankind for these 6000 Years; and yet the celebrated Author, who wrote those Words, has diversify'd and display'd that strutting and fretting in as many various Lights as he has drawn Characters throughout his immortal Writings.

"In these two Volumes of *Clarissa*, it plainly appears, the Author's Intention is to impress deeply on the Reader's Mind, the peculiar Character of each Person in that Family whence his Heroine is derived; and in this I think he has succeeded so well, that for my own part I am as intimately acquainted with all the *Harlows*, as if I had known them from my Infancy; and if I was to receive a Letter from any one of them, I am sure I should not want the Name to assist me in assigning it to the proper Person. Tho', upon the whole, I don't know but there may be some Exuberances that might have been spared, as they stop the Progress of the Story, and keep us in anxious doubt concerning *Clarissa's* Fate, altho' the scattered Observations have generally the Recommendation of Novelty to amuse the Curious, Depth to engage the Attention of the Considerate, and Sprightliness to entertain the Lively; and Story is considered by the Author, as he says in his Preface, but as the Vehicle to convey the more necessary Instruction. And *Clarissa* says to Miss *How*;

You will always have me give you minute Descriptions, nor suffer me to pass by the Air and Manner in which Things are spoken, that are to be taken notice of; rightly observing, that Air and Manner often express more than the accompanying Words.

"If this Observation is just, and Air and Manner can be placed before a Reader's View by writing, I am sure minute Descriptions are necessary; and I could point out several Places in *Clarissa*, where we may see the very Look of the Eyes, and Turn of the Countenance of the Persons mentioned, and hear the Tone of the Voice of the Person speaking."

The next Objection was raised by Mr. *Dobson*, to Mrs. *Harlowe's* Character, which he said, "It was plain you did not intend as a bad one, by her Meekness, Submission to her Husband, and her hitherto truly maternal Care of her Family; and yet, when she joins with violent overbearing Spirits, to oppress and persecute

such a Daughter as *Clarissa*, because she steadily adhered to a Resolution of refusing solemnly to vow at the Altar Love and Obedience to such a Wretch as *Solmes*, what was this but Tameness and Folly instead of Meekness?"

Totally to justify Mrs. *Harlowe* was not attempted; on the contrary, it was unanimously agreed, that she was to blame: But Miss *Gibson* desired "Mrs. *Harlow's* Faults might not be thrown on the Author, unless it could be proved that he himself intended her Conduct should deserve no Censure. However, (continued she) to preserve any Charity in censuring her, I think it should be considered, how much a Woman must be embarassed, who has for many Years accustomed herself to obey the very Looks of another, where a Point is peremptorily insisted on, which, to comply with, must gall her to the Heart. Mrs. *Harlowe* might indeed have suffered with *Clarissa*, but could not have preserved her from her Father's Fury, irritated and inflamed by her ambitious violent Brother: And perhaps she flatter'd herself, that she might gain more Influence by seeming to comply, than if she had attempted absolutely to resist the Storm gathering in her Family. And this I think, the many Hints she gives, that if she was left to herself, it would be otherwise, is a full Proof of."

A young Lady, who had hitherto been silent, looked pleased at Miss *Gibson's* Remarks, and said;

"I think *Clarissa* herself has made very good Observations on her Mamma's Meekness, and the Effects of it, in one of her Letters to Miss *Howe*, where she says — In my Mamma's Case, your Observation is verifyed, that those who will bear much, shall have much to bear. And how true is her farther Observation, where she says, that she fears her Mamma has lost that very Peace which she has sacrificed so much to obtain."

"Your Remark, Madam, said Miss *Gibson*, is very just, and from this Character of Mrs. *Harlowe*, we may draw a noble and most useful Moral; for as in the Body, too rich Blood occasions many Diseases, so in the Mind, the very Virtues themselves, if not carefully watched, may produce very hurtful Maladies. Meekness therefore, and a long Habit of Submission, is often accompanied by a want of Resolution, even where Resolution is commendable. To be all Softness, Gentleness and Meekness, and at the same time to be steadily fixed in every Point 'tis improper to give up, is peculiar to *Clarissa* herself, and a Disposition of Mind judiciously reserved by the Author for his Heroine alone."

An old Gentleman who sat in the Corner, and often made wry Faces at the sudden Attack of Rheumatick Pains, with which he was often afflicted, objected strongly to Mr. *Harlowe's* arbitrary Usage of such a Wife, as being very unnatural.

“Nay, Sir, (said Miss *Gibson*) I think *Clarissa* gives a very good Account of Mr. *Harlowe's* Behaviour, in a Letter to her Friend, when she says;

But my Father was soured by the cruel Distemper I have named, which seized him all at once, in the very prime of Life, in so violent a Manner, as to take from the most active Mind, as HIS was, all Power of Activity, and that in all Appearance for Life. — It imprison'd, as I may say, his lively Spirits in himself and turned the Edge of them against his own Peace, his extraordinary Prosperity adding but to his Impatiency.

“And methinks, it is very easy to imagine, Mr. *Harlowe's* Pains, and Mrs. *Harlowe's* tender Concern for these Pains increasing together: her Attention to him, and earnest Endeavours to soften and alleviate the Extremity of his Torments becoming all her Care; till, his Ill-temper daily growing stronger by the Force of his bodily Disorders, he at last habituated himself to vent it on the Person who most patiently submitted, tho' her Heart was most nearly touched and affected by it. And I appeal to the common Experience of any Persons who have accustomed themselves to make Observations on the Scenes before them, if they have not often seen heart-breaking Harshness burst forth on those who strongest feel the Strokes, and yet submit to them without complaining; and this practised even by Persons who would take it much amiss to be thought peculiarly ill-natured.”

The old Gentleman, without answering Miss *Gibson*, insisted on what he had said before; and then turning to his Daughter, in a rough Voice, accompanied with a fierce Look, bid her not sit so idly, but ring the Bell, that the Servant might get a Coach, for he would go home. The young Lady, who was as submissive a Daughter as Mrs. *Harlow* was a Wife, immediately obeyed his Commands, tho' it might be read in her Countenance, that she could have wished that he would have injoined them in a milder Manner; on which her Father observed, that the Girl was always out of Humour and sullen when she was employed. Indeed, Sir, said the young Lady, I love to be honoured with your Commands; I was only afraid you was angry with me. A Tear stole without her Consent from her Eyes, and at the same Time she looked at her Father with a supplicating, instead of a sullen Countenance.

As soon as the Coach came, the old Gentleman, with great Roughness, commanded his Daughter to attend him, and left us; and we could not help remarking, how much the Gentleman's Behaviour had added Weight to the Force of his Criticism.

The next Objection was raised by Mr. *Dellincourt*, who found great Fault with the Liberties you have taken with the *English* Language, and said, you had coined new Words, and printed others as if you was writing a Spelling-book, instead of

relating a Story. We were all silent for a few Moments, and then Miss *Gibson* said;

"Indeed, Sir, I do not pretend to be any Judge of the Accuracy of Stile, but I beg to know, if in the writing familiar Letters, many Liberties are not allowable, which in other kinds of writing might perhaps be justly condemned: And as to the printing some of the Words with Breaks between the Syllables, it certainly makes the Painting the stronger; however, I submit this entirely to the Judgment of others. But supposing this to be a failing, surely it is a trifling one, to censure a Book severely for, in which there are so many striking Beauties to be found. But to illustrate my Thoughts on this Head, I will tell you a Story that is really true.

"A Gentleman shewed a Friend of his a Picture of a favourite Horse, drawn by the celebrated Mr. *Wooten*. The Horse was unexceptionably beautiful, and the Picture excellently drawn. His Friend regarded it for some Time with great Attention: When the Gentleman (who was a Lover of Pictures, and who delighted to share his Pleasures with others) earnestly asked his Friend's Opinion of the Piece he was viewing; who, after much Consideration, with a significant Shrug of his Shoulders, and a contemptuous Toss of his Hand, said, *I don't like the Skirts of the Saddle*."

The Application of this Story was so very plain, that the whole Company were diverted with it; and thus, Sir, I think I have sumed up all the Critisism I heard either against or in favour of your *Clarissa*, on the Publication of the two first Volumes.

The next Scene of Criticism (if I may so call it) on *Clarissa* that I was present at, was on the Publication of the two succeeding Volumes.

The same Company met, with the Addition only of one Gentleman, whom I shall call *Bellario*; his known Taste and Impartiality made all those who wished Reason instead of Prejudice might judge of the Subject before them, rejoice at his Presence. The Objections now arose so fast, it was impossible to guess where they would end. *Clarissa* herself was a Prude — a Coquet — all the Contradictions mentioned some Time ago in a printed Paper, with the Addition of many more, were laid to her Charge. She was an undutiful Daughter — too strict in her Principles of Obedience to such Parents — too fond of a Rake and a Libertine — her Heart was as impenitrable and unsusceptible of Affection, as the hardest Marble. In short, the many contradictory Faults that she was at once accused of, is almost incredible: So many, that those who had attended enough to her Character, to have an Inclination to justify her, found it difficult to know where to begin to answer such a complicated Charge. But after a short Silence, Miss *Gibson* with her usual Penetration, said;

“Whenever any Person is accused of a Variety of Faults, which are plainly impossible to dwell in the same Mind, I am immediately convinced the Person so accused is innocent of them all. A Prude cannot, by an observing Eye, be taken for a Coquet, nor a Coquet for a Prude, but a good Woman may be called either, or both, according to the Dispositions of her resolved Censurers; and hence I believe we may trace the Cause, why the Characters even of those Persons who do not endeavour to wear any Disguise are so very liable to be mistaken; for Partiality or Prejudice generally sit as Judges: If the former mount the Judgment-seat, how many different Terms do we make use of to express that Goodness in another, which our own fluctuating Imaginations only have erected? If the latter, how do we vary Expressions to paint that Wickedness which we are resolve to prove inhabits the Mind we think proper to condemn?” “Nay, but (said Mr. *Dellincourt*) how are we concerned either to justify or accuse *Clarissa*? we cannot be either partial to, or prejudised against her.” “I know not how it is, (replyed Miss *Gibson*) but those who dread Censure, tho’ Circumspection wait on every Step, will be censured, till there no longer remains in the World any of those Dispositions that delight in inflicting that Punishment on others they see they most fear. Now, tho’ *Clarissa* was not so blameably fearful of Censure, but that her first Care was to preserve the Innocence of her own Mind, and do no wrong; yet it is plain, she would very gladly have avoided incurring, as well as deserving, Reproach; and that she is treated like an intimate Acquaintance by all her Readers, the Author may thank himself for. I dare say, the Authors of *Cassandra*, *Clelia*, with numberless others I could name, were never in any Danger of having their Heroines thought on, or treated like human Creatures.”

Bellario, who had hitherto been silent, said, “He thought *Clarissa* could not justly be accused of any material Fault, but that of wanting Affection for her Lover; for that he was sure, a Woman whose Mind was incapable of Love, could not be amiable, nor have any of those gentle Qualities which chiefly adorn the female Character. And as to her whining after her Papa and Mamma, who had used her so cruelly, (added he) I think ’tis contemptible in her.”

“But, Sir, (said Miss *Gibson*) please only to consider, first, *Clarissa* is accused of want of Love, and then in a Moment she is condemned for not being able suddenly to tear from her Bosom an Affection that had been daily growing and improving from the Time of her Birth, and this built on the greatest paternal Indulgence imaginable. Affections that have taken such deep Root, are little Treasures hoarded up in the good Mind, and cannot be torn thence without causing the strongest convulsive Pangs in the Heart, where they have been long nourished: And when they are so very easily given up as you now, Sir, seem to contend for, I confess I am very apt to suspect they have only been talked of by

the Persons who can part with them with so little Pain, either from Hypocrisy, or from another very obvious Cause, namely, the using Words we are accustomed to hear, without so much as thinking of their Meaning. Such Hearts I think may be much more properly compared to the Hardness of Marble, than could that of the gentle *Clarissa*.

"There is in her Behaviour, I own, a good deal of apparent Indifference to *Lovelace*; but let her Situation and his manner of treating her be considered, and I fancy the whole will be seen in a different Light from what it may appear on the first View. She has confessed to Miss *Howe*, that she could prefer him to all the Men she ever saw; and that Friend of her Heart, to whom her very inmost Thoughts were laid open all along, pronounces her to be in Love with him. It is not from Hypocrisy that she does not confess the Charge, but from the Reason Miss *Howe* gives, when she says;

I believe you did not intend Reserve to me, for two Reasons, I believe you did not; first, because you say you did not: Next, because you have not as yet been able to convince yourself how it is to be with you; and, persecuted as you are, how so to separate the Effects that spring from the two Causes (Persecution and Love) as to give to each its particular Due.

"That *Clarissa* positively did not intend to go off with *Lovelace* when she met him, to me is very plain; nor could he have prevailed on her, had not the Terrors raised in her Mind, by apprehended Murder, almost robbed her of her Senses, and hurried her away, not knowing what she did. For the Truth of this, I appeal to that charming painted Scene, where the Reader's Mind shares *Clarissa's* Terror, and is kept in one continued Tumult til.

[A]*The Steeds are smote, the rapid Chariot flies,*
The sudden Clouds of circuling Dust arise.

"She was vexed to her soul afterwards to find she was tricked, as she calls it, out of herself, when *Lovelace*, instead of comforting and assuring her Mind, begins such a Train of shufling artful Tricks, as no one but *Lovelace* could have thought on: And altho' she did not know all his Design, for if she had, she would certainly have left him, yet she sees enough of his *crooked ways*, to be convinced that he acted ungenerously by her, because she was in *his Power*. Does not *Lovelace*, in a Letter to *Belford*, writ in four Days after she was with him, say?

And do I not see, that I shall want nothing but Patience, in order to have all Power with me? For what shall we say, if all these Complaints of a Character Wounded, these Declarations of increasing Regrets of meeting me, of Resentments

never to be got over for my seducing her away, these angry Commands to leave her, — what shall we say, if all were to mean nothing but Matrimony? — And what if my forbearing to enter upon that Subject comes out to be the true Cause of her Petulance and Uneasiness.

"And then he gives such an Account of his asking her Consent to marry him, and at the same Time artfully confusing her, so as to prevent her Consent, as perfectly paints his cunning vile Heart. How is her Behaviour altered to him from the Time she can write Miss *Howe* word that her Prospects are mended, till his returning Shufling convinces her there is no Confidence to be placed in him! But if, Sir, you cannot think *Lovelace's* Usage of *Clarissa* a full Justification of her in this Point, I think the Author has a just Right to be heard out before his Heroine is condemned in so heavy a Charge, as that of being void of all Affection. You know enough of my Sentiments, Sir, to be convinced that I do think this the heaviest Charge a Woman can be accused of; for Love is the only Passion I should wish to be harboured in the gentle Bosom of a good Woman. Ambition, with all the Train of turbulent Passions the World is infested with, I would leave to Men: And could I make my whole Sex of my Opinion, they would be resigned without the least Grudge or Envy; for Peace and Harmony dwell not with them, but on the contrary, Discord, Perturbation and Misery are their constant Companions. But tho' I speak thus with the utmost Sincerity of Love; yet I cannot think a Woman greatly the Object of Esteem who, like *Serina* in the *Orphan*, having such a Father as *Acasto*, and such Brothers, affectionate to her, however blameable in other Respects; while she saw her whole Family distressed and confused, and *Monimia*, the gentle Companion of her Infancy, involved in that Confusion, her Lover too behaving like a Mad-man, yet still, could cry out,

Chamont's *the dearest thing I have on Earth;*
Give me Chamont, *and let the World forsake me.*

"*Clarissa* would have acted a different Part, I do confess; and yet, if I can guess any Thing of the Author's Intention by what is already published, I fancy, when we have read the Conclusion of this Story, we shall be convinced that Love was the strongest Characteristic of *Clarissa's* Mind."

Bellario answered, with that Candor, which is known to be one of the most distinguishing Marks of his Character by all who have the Pleasure of his Acquaintance, 'That if it proved so, he should have the greatest Esteem and highest Veneration for *Clarissa*, and would suspend his Judgment till he saw the remaining Part of the Story.'

But all the Company were not so candid, for Mr. *Dellincourt* said, ‘He was sure *Clarissa* could not in the remaining Part of the Story convince him, that her Characteristic was Love; for nothing less than the lovely *Emma’s* Passion for *Henry* would be any Satisfaction to him, if he was a Lover.’ — Miss *Gibson* said. ‘She had often been sorry that the Poem of *Henry* and *Emma* had not been long ago buried in Oblivion; for (continued she) it is one of those Things which, by the Dress and Ornaments of fine Language and smooth Poetry, has imposed on Mankind so strong a Fallacy, as to make a Character in itself most despicable, nay I may say most blameable, generally thought worthy Admiration and Praise: For strip it of the dazzling Beauties of Poetry, and thus fairly may the Story be told.

An old *English* Baron retired in his Decline of Life to his Country-seat, where one only Daughter (left him by a Wife he fondly loved) was the Care, the Joy, the Comfort of his declining Years: No sooner had the State of blooming Youth taken place of that of prattling Infancy, than she became the Object of publick Admiration, and Lovers of all Degrees with Emulation strove to gain the fair *Emma’s* Favour; but as yet her Heart was free, and her Father’s paternal tender Indulgence never once endeavoured to force her Choice. At last the happy *Henry* in various Disguises found the means to obtain her Favour, and she becomes passionately in Love with him: But not content with this, he resolves on a Trial of her Constancy, and therefore tells her, that he is a Murderer, must fly from Justice, and herd amongst the lowest and basest of Mankind; that he despised her, and the fond Heart she had given him; a younger and fairer Nymph now engaging his Pursuit, and that if she would follow him, she also must herd with Outlaws his Companions, who like himself were fled from Justice; where Impiety, Blasphemy and Obscenity would be all the Language she could hear.

Emma on this Trial, ignorant who *Henry* was, or what Brothel had last given him up, without one Enquiry whether the Murder he confessed was not of the blackest Die, remorseless for all the Agonies with which she must tear her Father’s tender Bosom, resolves at all Events, as *Henry* himself says,

Name, Habit, Parents, Woman, left behind.

to follow him through the World; not admitted to share his Fate, but to be scorned and insulted by him. Thus *victoriously* she stood her Trial. *Henry* turns out a great Man; consequently his Wife is greatly admired; Success crowns all, and both Grandeur and Love join to reward her supposed heroic Virtue.

But had the Poet thought proper, that *Henry* should have turned out the Murderer, the Vagabond, the insolent and ungrateful Scorner of her Love he represented himself to be; had her Father’s Sorrow for her Fate shortned his miserable Days; had she been abandoned by the Wretch she had so much Reason

to expect the worst of Treatment from, and, between Rage, Despair, and a thousand conflicting Passions, been led by a natural Gradation from one Vice to another, till she had been lost in the most abandoned Profligacy; instead of being proposed for an Example, her Name would have been only mentioned to deter others from the like rash Steps. That this was the natural Consequence of her Actions is very apparent: Nor do I think from her Behaviour, that *Henry* had the least Reason to be convinced that she would not leave him for the first Man who would try to seduce her, provided the Colour of his Complexion suited her Fancy.

All the Company were very inclineable to yield up *Emma's* Cause, if *Henry had* indeed been a Villain and a Murderer; only great Part of them were very apt to forget one Circumstance, namely, that it was impossible for her to know, but that he was the Wretch he represented himself to be; and Miss *Gibson* seemed to be much more inclined to compassionate her, if extreme Misery had been her Fate, than was the Gentleman who first mentioned her as an Object of Admiration, only because the Author of the Poem thought fit to reward her. Miss *Gibson* then addressing herself to *Bellario*, said, 'Sir, you are a Father, — an indulgent Father, — would you have your Daughter act in such a Manner? — *Bellario* honestly owned he would not. 'Why then, Sir, (replyed she) please to consider a Moment, and you will see the Injustice of wishing another Man's Daughter should act so.' *Bellario* ingenuously confessed, that when he read the Poem of *Henry* and *Emma*, the Picture of his Mistress, and not that of his Daughter, was before his Eyes, and he would have his Mistress *of all Mankind love but him alone*. — — 'I wonder not at that, Sir, (said Miss *Gibson*) but then you would not be the Man *Henry* represented himself to be. Had *Henry* had any Misfortunes by which his Heart had not been stained.

[B]*Had it pleased Heav'n*
To try him *with Affliction, had he rain'd*
All kind of Sores and Shames on his *bare Head,*
Steep'd him *in Poverty to the very Lips,*
Given to Captivity him *and* his *utmost Hopes,*

no one would more have applauded *Emma's* Resolution, *of loving of all Mankind but him alone*, than I should have done: But yet when I see a Woman seriously endeavour to conquer a Passion for a Man who proves himself unworthy her Love, it will always be to me a strong Proof of her steady Constancy to a Man she has Reason to esteem. I would have had *Emma* stood *Henry's* shocking Tryal as *Macduff* in the Tragedy of *Macbeth* does that of *Malcolm*, and when he had

proved himself unworthy her least Affection; I think, in the Words of *Macduff* she might have said,

—— Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Joy. *—— Oh! my Breast,*
Thy Hope ends here.

On such a Behaviour, I think the Reward she met with should have been founded, and such I believe would have been the Behaviour of *Clarissa* in the like Circumstances.

'The Love that is not judicious, must be as uncertain as its capricious Foundation: But 'tis one of the distinguishing Marks of *Clarissa's* Character, to watch her own Mind, that Prejudice may not get Possession of it, nor her Imagination run away with her Judgment. With what a noble Contempt does she treat the extravagant Offers *Solmes* makes her, at the Expence of Justice, and cruelly leaving his Family to starve? But how very few People, like *Clarissa*, can poise the Scales with an even Hand, where one Grain of Self is placed in either Scale?'

The Gentleman, who had at first started the Objection to *Clarissa* of her being incapable of any strong Affection, now said, 'that he could not see any Proof of her Impartiality, in that she could view the Actions of *Solmes* in the proper Light: He did not know whether she would have argued in the same manner With regard to *Lovelace*'. Miss *Gibson* said, 'Do you speak this, Sir, as a Proof of the Justice of your first Objection to *Clarissa*, that her Heart was as impenetrable as Marble; is it reasonable she should be condemned both ways?' The Gentleman look'd very grave for a Moment, and then said, he was sure she had no Affections in her, notwithstand what he had now said.

Mr. *Johnson* on this, told the following Story.

"I remember (said he) I went some time ago with Mr. *Tonson* to a celebrated Painter's, to see a Picture he had drawn of a Gentleman we were both intimately acquainted with; the Resemblance was very strong; we were much pleased with the Picture, even to the very Drapery; the Coat was a fine Crimson Cloth, but Mr. *Tonson*, at first View, took it for Velvet; he was soon convinced of his Mistake, but yet could never since mention the Picture, without talking of the Velvet Coat; and when I have bid him remember it was Cloth, he has always acknowledged it, and said, it's very true Sir; And yet such a strong Impression had his first Idea of

it made in his Mind, that in two Minutes he could talk again of the Velvet Coat, with as much Ease as if he had been perfectly ignorant of his Mistake."

A strong Objection was raised to Mr. *Lovelace's* being so long without any Attempt on the Lady's Honour, when she was under the same Roof with him, and so much in his Power. Mr. *Johnson* said he thought Mr. *Belford* had given a good Reason for this Delay in a Letter to *Lovelace*, where he says,

Thou too a Man born for Intrigue, full of Invention, intrepid, remorseless, able patiently to watch for the Opportunity, not flurried, as most Men, by Gusts of violent Passion, which often nip a Project in the Bud, and make the Snail, which was just putting out its Horns to meet the Inviter, withdraw into its Shell.

So that it seems to be a Maxim, amongst *Lovelace* and his Club of Rakes, not to destroy their own Schemes by a too precipitate Pursuit; and *Lovelace* gives yet a stronger Reason for it in the following Words.

O Virtue, Virtue, says he, *what is there in thee, that can thus affect the Heart of such a Man as me against my Will! — Whence these involuntary Tremors, and fear of giving mortal Offence! What art thou that, acting in the Breast of a feeble Woman, canst strike so much awe into a Spirit so intrepid which never before, no, not in my first Attempt, young as I then was, and frighted at my own Boldness (till I found myself* forgiven,) *had such an Effect on me.*

But Quotations from *Lovelace's* Words to this Purpose, and that he was resolved to be slow in order to be sure, would be endless.

This, I think, was the last Objection raised; only *Bellario* said, that the Report that the Catastrophy was to be unhappy had made a deep Impression on him; for that he could not avoid thinking that, if it was true, it must be a great Error, and destroy all the Pleasure a good-natur'd Reader might already have received: However, he said, he would keep his Word in not absolutely giving his Judgment till he saw the Conclusion.

And thus ended the second Scene of Criticism on *Clarissa*; only, as we went down Stairs, a Lady, who had not spoke one Word the whole Evening, mutter'd out a strong Dislike, that the agreeable Mr. *Lovelace* should not become a Husband.

And now, in the Month of *December*, appears the long expected, much wished for Conclusion of *Clarissa's* Story.

The Company we have already mentioned being again assembled, the Lady who had before grieved that the agreeable Mr. *Lovelace* should not become a Husband, now lamented that Miss *Howe* should be married to so insipid a Man (that was the Epithet she chose for him) as Mr. *Hickman*. This passed some little time without any Answer. Miss *Gibson* was silent; and I saw by her Looks that

she thought there was some Weight in her Objection. At last an old Lady, who had three Daughters marriagable, said, she wondered to hear Mr. *Hickman* called insipid; for she thought there could be no Reason for giving him that Appellation, unless young Women would confess what she should be very sorry to hear them confess, namely, that, in their Opinion, Sobriety intitles a Man to the Character of Insipidity. Pray remember, continued the Lady, that there is no Ridicule cast upon Mr. *Hickman* throughout the whole Story, but by *Lovelace* and Miss *Howe*. The former lov'd Ridicule so well, that he could make Objects of it, by the Help of his gay Imagination, even where he found none: Besides, he hated any Man should have a fine Woman but himself; for, in his Opinion, he alone deserved them. And I think Miss *Howe* is very censurable for the Liberties she takes with a worthy Man, whom also it is plain she intends to make her Husband.

Miss *Gibson* agreed in censuring Miss *Howe* for the Liberties she takes with him; but at the same time said, she thought even his bearing that Usage did lower his Character. Now you see, replied the Lady, how you are taken in; that you can condemn Miss *Howe* for her Contempt of Mr. *Hickman*, and yet at the same time let the lively Strokes that fall from her Pen have their full force against the abused worthy Man. Yet Miss *Howe* herself owns, as early as the second Volume, that Mr. *Hickman* is humane, benevolent, generous, — No Fox-hunter — No Gamester — That he is sober, modest, and virtuous; and has Qualities that Mothers would be fond of in a Husband for their Daughters; and for which, perhaps, their Daughters would be the happier, could they judge as well for themselves as Experience may teach them to judge for their future Daughters. In other Places he is represented as charitable, considerate to Inferiors, so obliging and respectful to his Mother-in-law, that she leaves him at her Death, in Acknowledgment of it, all that was in her Power: And Miss *Howe* owns he never disobliged her by Word or Look. What then is the Objection to Mr. *Hickman*? Why truly, he has not *Lovelace's* fine Person! — *Lovelace's* fine Address! — *Lovelace's* impetuous Spirit; and yet he has shewn even *Lovelace*, that he wants not Courage. He is plain in his Dress! — His Gait shews him not to be so debonnaire in dancing a Minuit as *Lovelace*. — But, indeed, I am afraid whoever prefers a *Lovelace* to a *Hickman*, will wish all her life-time she could have sooner found out, that tho' *Lovelace* was the best Partner at a Ball; yet, when a Companion for Life was to be chose, that Mr. *Hickman's* Goodness of Heart rendered him in all respects more essential to Happiness; much more eligible than all the gay, fluttering, and parading Spirit of a *Lovelace* could possibly have done. And your Favourite *Clarissa*, Miss *Gibson*, says in a Letter to Miss *Howe*; 'Will you never, my Dear, give the Weight which you, and all our Sex ought to give to

the Qualities of Sobriety and Regularity of Life and Manners in that Sex? — Must bold Creatures and forward Spirits for ever, and by the wisest and best of us, as well as by the indiscretest, be the most kindly used? — be best thought of'?

Again, in her posthumous Letter— 'Your Choice is fallen upon a sincere, an honest, a virtuous, and what is more than all, a *pious Man*. — A Man who altho' he admires your Person, is still more in love with the Graces of your Mind; and as those Graces are improvable with every added Year of Life, which will impair the transitory ones of Person, what a firm Basis has Mr. *Hickman* chosen to build his Love upon.'

The same Man cannot be every thing: A *Hickman* in Heart, to a *Lovelace* in Vivacity and Address, perhaps, is almost impossible to be met with; Time, Opportunities, and Inclinations are wanting.

Nay, Madam, says Miss *Gibson*, I do not dispute Mr. *Hickman's* being preferable for a Husband to Mr. *Lovelace*; the Heart is certainly the first thing to be considered in a Man to whose Government a Woman resigns herself; but I should not chuse either *Lovelace* or *Hickman*. I must confess I should desire Humour and Spirit in a Man. A married Life, tho' it cannot be said to be miserable with an honest Husband; yet it must be very dull, when a Man has not the Power of diversifying his Ideas enough to display trifling Incidents in various Lights; and 'tis impossible where this is wanting, but that a Man and his Wife must often depend on other Company to keep them from sinking into Insipidity. And for my part, I cannot paint to myself any thing more disagreeable, than to sit with a Husband and wish some-body would come in and relieve us from one another's Dulness. Trifles, Madam, become strong Entertainments to sprightly Minds! —

Ah! Miss *Gibson*, replied the Lady, in every Word you speak, you prove how necessary the Author's Moral is to be strongly inculcated; when even *your* serious and thoughtful Turn of Mind will not suffer you to see through the Glare of what you call Humour and Spirit with that Clearness which would enable you to distinguish how very seldom that Humour and Spirit is bestowed on a Wife. Mr. *Hickman's* whole Mind being at Home, would enliven him into a chearful Companion with his Wife; whilst a *Lovelace's* Mind, engaged on foreign Objects, would often make him fall into Peevishness and Ill-humour, instead of this so much dreaded *Insipidity*.

Indeed, Madam, said Miss *Gibson*, I don't plead for Mr. *Lovelace*; for I detest him of all the Men I ever read of.

That is true, replied the Lady; but that is because you have *read* of him, and know the Villanies he was capable of. But yet, I think, you have plainly proved, if

a *Lovelace* and a *Hickman* contended for your Favour, which would have the best Chance of succeeding.

Miss *Gibson* blushed, and was silent; when a sprightly Girl, of about Sixteen, said, She loved Mr. *Hickman* very much; he was a good, and a gentle-hearted Man — But indeed she should not like him for her Husband.

The Gentlemen, during this Debate, had all sat silent; but they often smiled to see how few Advocates Mr. *Hickman* was likely to have amongst the Ladies.

At last *Bellario* said, If I had not thought so before, I should now be convinced by this Conversation, how judicious the Author of *Clarissa* was in setting forth so very strongly as he does, the Necessity of Sobriety and Goodness in a Husband, in order to render a married State happy. For you have shown clearly, Ladies, how difficult it is for a Man to be esteemed by you who has those Qualities, since I can see no one Objection to Mr. *Hickman*, but that he has not that Gaiety of Disposition which from a vast Flow of animal Spirits, without Restraint or Curb from either Principles of Religion or Good-nature, shines forth in *Lovelace's* wild Fancies. And this Man you find such a Reluctance to speak well of; tho' a reforming *Belford* esteems; Colonel *Morden* highly values him; and says, he is respected by all the World! — And a *Clarissa* for ever acknowledges his Merit. — And, in one of the last Actions of her Life, praises him as he deserves to be praised. And earnestly recommends it to her best and dear Friend, to give both her Hand and Heart to so worthy a Man. The steady Principles of Mr. *Hickman* was a firm Basis to depend on, for Protection and good Usage.

Miss *Gibson* was so much pleased with seeing *Bellario* enter so heartily into the Design of the Author of *Clarissa*, that she dropp'd the Argument, (tho' she did not seem quite convinc'd that Mr. *Hickman* could be an agreeable Husband) and with some Earnestness desired *Bellario* to tell her, whether he was not now convinced that *Clarissa* was capable of the strongest Affection, could she but have found the least Foundation to have built that Affection on: Yes, replied *Bellario*, I am convinced of it, and am surprised that I did not before see how much *Lovelace's* base unmanly Behaviour justifies her in this Point; he himself, indeed, in the Letter he writes *Belford* after he left *England*, lays the whole Scene before us; to his own Condemnation, and *Clarissa's* eternal Honour: He owns her meek and gentle Spirit; confesses he repeatedly, from the first, poured cold Water on her rising Flame, by meanly and ingratefully turning upon her the Injunctions which Virgin Delicacy, and filial Duty induced her to lay him under before he got her into his Power; he quotes her own Words: *That she could not be guilty of Affectation or Tyranny to the Man she intended to marry*; that from the Time he had got her from her Father's House, *he had a plain Path before him;* that *he had*

held her Soul in suspense an Hundred times; that *she would have had no Reserves, had he not given her Cause of Doubt*; that she owned to *Belford*, that *once she could have loved him; and could she have made him Good would have made him Happy*.

To this Letter, continued *Bellario*, and numerous other Places in the Book, would I refer all those, if any such there are, who yet doubt her being capable of Love. Surely we may fairly conclude with *Lovelace*, that well might she, who had been used to be courted and admired by every desiring Eye, and worshipped by every respectful Heart — Well might such a Woman be allowed to draw back, when she found herself kept in suspence, as to the great Question of all, by a designing and intriguing Spirit, pretending Awe and Distance, as Reasons for reining in a Fervour, which, if real, cannot be reined in.

Clarissa seems indeed, as Colonel *Morden* says, (added the now-admiring *Bellario*) to have been, as much as Mortal could be, LOVE ITSELF.

Miss *Gibson* was highly delighted with what *Bellario* said, and added to it, That she thought *Clarissa's* frankness of Heart was very apparent, from the manner in which she had treated those Gentlemen her Heart had obliged her to refuse, and from the generous Advice she in so many Places gives Miss *Howe*, in relation to her Treatment of Mr. *Hickman*: And pray, Sir, continued Miss *Gibson*, pardon my asking you one Question more, namely; whether you are not now satisfied with the Conduct of the Author in the Management of his whole Story?

Bellario answered, That he was not only satisfied with it, but highly applauded all the material Parts of it; that the various distressful Situations in which you had placed your Heroine, were noble beyond Expression; that these three last Volumes contained many Scenes, each singly arising to as high a Tragedy as can possibly be wrote; that the Tears you had drawn from his Eyes were such Tears as flow'd from a Heart at once filled with Admiration and Compassion, and labouring under Sensations too strong for any Utterance in Words; and that for the Sake of *Clarissa*, he would never form any Judgment of a Work again till the whole was lain before him. This was noble! this was candid! this was like *Bellario*! and Miss *Gibson* could not forbear saying, that she rejoyced in the Tears *he* had shed for *Clarissa*. And, Sir, (continued she) 'I am convinced, that those whose Eyes melt not at Scenes of well-wrought Distress, cannot properly be said to laugh, from a liberal and chearful Spirit, at the true Scenes of comic Humour.'

'The Beginning of this Season I went with a Lady, whose Acquaintance I accidentally fell into, to *Drury-Lane* Play-house, where Mr. *Garrick* performed the Part of King *Lear*. I should have thought (tho' altered and defaced as it is by Mr. *Tate*) that even Butchers must have wept; but to my great Astonishment, my

Companion sat unmoved: Silent indeed she was, only now and then said, *she did not love Tragedy*; that, for her part, *she had rather laugh than cry*, and liked a Comedy best. I had a Curiosity to see in what manner comic Scenes would affect her; and therefore proposed going to *Covent-Garden* Play-house the next Night, when Mr. *Quin* was to play the Part of Sir *John Falstaff*, in *Harry* the Fourth. Accordingly we went. The Lady did, indeed, now and then catch the Laugh of those around her, enough to move about her Features a little; but upon the whole, was pretty near as unmov'd as she had been the Night before; and at last she confessed, that the Humours of Sir *John Falstaff* was not the Sort of Comedy that pleased her Fancy; but that the merry Dialogues between *Tom* and *Phillis* in the *Conscious Lovers*, and the comical Humours of *Ben* and Miss *Prue* in *Love for Love*, were more suited to her Taste. I was not much surprised, because I before suspected, that whoever could sit the Play of King *Lear* without weeping, would see Sir *John Falstaff* without laughing.'

Mr. *Dellincourt* now raised a new Objection to *Clarissa*, in that she talked so much of Religion, which he call'd Canting. Nay, Sir, said *Bellario*, 'I cannot see how she can be said to cant; for her religious Reflections are neither nonsensical or affected, but such as naturally arise from a pious Mind in her several Situations; and if you are a Christian, Sir, I am sure you cannot, on Consideration, dislike that Part of her Character.' Mr. *Dellincourt* said, 'Yes, he was a Christian, and he did not dislike some of her Reflections, at least when she was near Death; but he thought she talked too much of Religion at the Beginning; for it was unnatural for a young Beauty to have such grave Thoughts.' *Bellario* smiled and said,

'You put me in mind, Sir, of Dame *Quickly*, who when Sir *John Falstaff*, in his Illness, calls upon God, told him, to comfort him, she hoped there was no Occasion yet to think of any such Matters; supposing, that to think of God, except he was quite dying, was very unnecessary. And, indeed, I have often known a professed Christian excuse introducing a Word of Religion into Company, as if it would be indecent to mention any such matters; but as to *Clarissa*, I think the Principles she had imbibed from her Infancy from the good and pious Mrs. *Norton*, and which were afterwards strengthned by her Conversation with Doctor *Lewin*, renders it very natural for her to be early and steadily religious.' Mr. *Dellincourt* made no Answer, but dropped his Objection; and Mr. *Barker* said, 'that he thought there was one great Fault in the Conduct of your Story; and that was, the Indelicacy of making *Clarissa* seek *Lovelace* after the Outrage; for that he was strongly of Opinion, that she had better have escaped from Mrs. *Sinclair's* and have avoided the Sight of *Lovelace*.' 'Indeed, Sir, said Miss *Gibson*, I believe

she would have been very thankful for your Advice, if you could at the same time have found out any Expedient to have put it in Execution; but if you will please to recollect, you may remember the Difficulty she had to escape once before, even when she was not suspected; and *Lovelace* now could have no manner of doubt, but that she would fly that House, if not prevented, as soon as her Strength would permit her to leave her Bed.

As to the Indelicacy of *Clarissa's* seeking *Lovelace*, said *Bellario*, 'I confess I do not see it; however, I will leave that matter to be decided by the Ladies', who all agreed, that they thought it no Breach of the strictest Modesty to declare it was their Opinion, that the whole Scene, as it now stands, is what it *should be*, and would have admited of no Alteration, but for the worse; that the picturesque Manner in which a young Woman, without Fear or Confusion, beholds the Man who dared imagine his Guilt could baffle all her Resolutions, and sink her Soul to Cowardice, most beautifully displays the Power of conscious Innocence; and, on the other hand, that the confused Mind, the flattering Speech, unavoidable even by a *Lovelace* when his guilty Soul was awed by the Presence of an Object injured beyond the Power of Reparation, displays the Deformity of Wickedness in all its Force. In short, this Scene was allowed to be Virtue's Triumph, and *Clarissa's* Conduct to be a direct Opposition to that of all those whining Women, who blubber out an humble Petition to be joined for Life to the Men who have betrayed them.

Had not *Clarissa* seen *Lovelace*, said Miss *Gibson*, her Triumph could never have been so compleat; and as I think the Impossibility of her Escape at that time, from Mrs. *Sinclair's*, is very apparent, had she not sought him, the true Lovers of *Clarissa* must have mourned the Loss of seeing her Behaviour in such an uncommon Situation.

Bellario gave these Sentiments a Sanction by his Approbation, and the rest of the Company either concurr'd with his Opinion, or at least did not contradict him; and the next Day Miss *Gibson* received the following Letter from *Bellario*.

MADAM,

You seem'd so pleased last Night with my Conversion, if I may be allowed the Expression, to your Favourite *Clarissa*, that I could not seek any Repose till I had thrown together my Thoughts on that Head, in order to address them to you; nor am I ashamed to confess, that the Author's Design is more noble, and his Execution of it much happier, than I even suspected till I had seen the whole.

In a Series of familiar Letters to relate a compleat Story, where there is such a Variety of Characters, every one conducing to the forming the necessary Incidents

to the Completion of that Story, is a Method so intirely new, so much an Original manner of Writing, that the Author seems to have a Right to make his own Laws; the painting Nature is indeed his Aim, but the Vehicle by which he conveys his lively Portraits to the Mind is so much his own Invention, that he may guide and direct it according to his own Will and Pleasure. *Aristotle* drew his Rules of Epic Poetry from *Homer*, and not *Homer* from *Aristotle*; tho' had they been Cotemporaries, perhaps that had been a Point much disputed.

As to the Length of the Story, I fancy that Complaint arises from the great Earnestness the Characters inspire the Reader with to know the Event; and on a second Reading may vanish. *Clarissa* is not intended as a Dramatic, but as a real Picture of human Life, where Story can move but slowly, where the Characters must open by degrees, and the Reader's own Judgment form them from different Parts, as they display themselves according to the Incidents that arise. As for Example; the Behaviour of *Lovelace* to his Rosebud must strike every one, at first View, with Admiration and Esteem for him; but when his Character comes to blaze in its full Light, it is very apparent that his Pride preserved his Rosebud, as well as it destroyed *Clarissa*; like *Milton's Satan*, he could for a Time cloath himself like an Angel of Light, even to the Deception of *Uriel*.

For neither Man, nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie; the only Evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive Will, through Heaven and Earth:
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's Gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her Charge; while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no Ill seems; which now, for once, beguiled
Uriel, *though Regent of the Sun, and held*
The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven.

Proud Spirits, such as *Satan's* and *Lovelace's*, require Objects of their Envy, as Food for their Malice, to compleat their Triumph and applaud their own Wickedness. From this Incident of the Rosebud, and the subsequent Behaviour of *Lovelace*, arises a Moral which can never be too often inculcated; namely, that Pride has the Art of putting on the Mask of Virtue in so many Forms, that we must judge of a Man upon the whole, and not from any one single Action.

A celebrated *French* Critick says, that

‘An indifferent Wit may form a vast Design in his Imagination; but it must be an Extraordinary Genius that can work his Design, and fashion it according to Justness and Proportion: For ’tis necessary that the same Spirit *reign throughout*; that all contribute to the same *End*; and that all the *Parts* bear a secret *Relation* to each other; all depend on this Relation and Alliance.’

Let the nicest Critick examine the Story of *Clarissa*, and see if in any Point it fails of coming up exactly to the before-mentioned Rule. The Author had all Nature before him, and he has beautifully made use of every Labyrinth, in the several Minds of his Characters, to lead him to his purposed End.

The Obstinacy of old *Harlowe*, who never gave up a Point, unaccustomed to Contradiction, and mad with the Thoughts of his own Authority; the Pride of the two old Batchelors, who had lived single, in order to aggrandize their Family; the overbearing impetuous *James Harlowe’s* Envy, arising from Ambition; the two-fold Envy of *Arabella Harlowe*, springing from Rivalship in general Admiration, as well as in particular liking; the former more rough, the latter more sly, tho’ full as keen in her Reproaches; the constant Submission of Mrs. *Harlowe*, and the mad Vanity of *Lovelace*, all conspire to the grand End of distressing and destroying the poor *Clarissa*; whose Misfortune it was to be placed amongst a Set of Wretches, who were every one following the Bent of their own peculiar Madness, without any Consideration for the innocent Victim who was to fall a Sacrifice to their ungovernable Passions. And here I must observe, how artfully the Author has conducted the opening of his different Characters, as they became more interested in his Story. The Correspondence between Miss *Howe* and *Clarissa*, with some characteristical Letters of each of the *Harlowes*, as these were then his principal Actors, chiefly compose the two first Volumes.

In the third, fourth and fifth Volumes, *Lovelace* comes prancing before the Reader’s Eye; gives an unrestrained Loose to his uncurbed Imagination, and ripens into full-blown Baseness that Blackness of Mind, which had hitherto only shot forth in Buds but barely visible. The strong and lively Pen of *Lovelace* was most proper to relate the most active Scenes. But when his mischievous Heart and plotting Head had left him no farther use for his wild Fancies, than to rave and curse his own Folly, *Belford* takes up the Pen, and carries on the Story; and in the sixth and seventh Volumes, Colonel *Morden* (who has hitherto made but a small Appearance) is brought upon the Stage, and his Character, as he is to be the Instrument of the Death of *Lovelace*, is as strongly painted, and as necessary to the Completion of the Story, as are any of the others. It is astonishing to me how much the different Stile of each Writer is in every Particular preserved; indeed so characteristically preserved, that when I read *Clarissa’s* Letters, where every Line

speaks the considerate and the pious Mind, I could almost think the Author had studied nothing but her Character. When Miss *Howe's* lively Vein and flowing Wit entertains me, She appears to have been the principal Person in his Thoughts. When Mrs. *Harlowe* writes, her broken half-utter'd Sentences are so many Pictures of the broken timorous Spirit of Meekness tyrannised over, that dictates to her Pen. When Mr. *Harlowe* condescends to sign his much valued Name, the dictatorial Spirit of an indulged tyrannic Disposition indites every arbitrary Command. When *John Harlowe* writes, the Desire of proving himself of Consequence from his Fortune, and being infected with the Idea of his Niece's Disobedience, (a Word which continually resounded through his Family) plainly appear to be the only two Causes that make him insist on her Compliance. In *Anthony Harlowe's* Roughness and Reproaches, 'The Sea prosper'd Gentleman, (as *Clarissa* says) not used to any but elemental Controul, and even ready to buffet that, blusters as violently as the Winds he was accustomed to be angry at.' In *James Harlowe's* Letters, we see how the Mind infected with the complicated Distemper of Envy, Insolence and Malice, can blot the fair Paper, and poison it with its Venom. In *Arabella Harlowe*, the sly Insinuations of feminine Envy break forth in every taunting Word, and she could "speak Daggers, tho' she dared not use them." But, to imitate our Author, in turning suddenly from this detestable Picture, how does every Line of the good Mrs. *Norton* shew us a Mind inured to, and patiently submitting to Adversity, looking on Contempt as the unavoidable Consequence of Poverty, and fixed in a firm and pious Resolution of going through all the Vicissitudes of this transitory Life without repining.

Nor does the Author fail more in the preserving the characteristical Difference of Stile in the Writings of *Mowbray*, *Belford* and *Lovelace*.

Mowbray, tho' he writes but two Letters in the whole, yet do those two so strongly fix his Character, that every Reader may see of what Consequence he made himself to Society; namely, to act the blustring Part in a Club of Rakes, to fill a Seat at the Table, and assist in keeping up the Roar and Noise necessary to make the Life of such Assemblies.

Mr. *Belford's* Letters prove, that he acts the second Part under Mr. *Lovelace*; he follows the Paths the other beats through the thorny Labyrinths of wild Libertinism; he has not the lively Humour of *Lovelace*, altho' in Understanding I think he has rather the Advantage; and his not being quite so lively, is owing to his not giving such a loose to every unbridled Fancy; but he has less Pride, and consequently more Humanity: this appears in the many Arguments he makes use of to his Friend in favour of *Clarissa*; but these Arguments, as they are only the Produce of sudden Starts of Compassion, and have no fixed Principle for their

Basis, could have no Weight with *Lovelace*; and the fluctuating of a Mind sometimes intruded upon by the Force of Good-nature, and then again actuated by the Principles of Libertinism, is finely set before us by *Belford's* Writings. And as there is a great Beauty throughout the whole of *Clarissa*, in the specific Difference of Stile preserved by every Writer, so is there an inimitable Beauty in *Belford* differing from himself, when he changes the State of his Mind; his Stile accompanies that Change, and he appears another Man. He was always more of the true Gentleman in his Stile than *Lovelace*, because his Will was not enough overbearing to break through all Bounds; but when his Mind is softned by the many different Deaths he is witness of, and he becomes animated by *Clarissa's* Example to think in earned of reforming his Life, the Gentleman and the Christian increase together, till he becomes at once the Executor of *Clarissa's* Will, and, if I may be allowed the Expression, the Heir to her Principles.

In *Lovelace's* Stile, his Humour, his Parts, his Pride, his wild Desire of throwing Difficulties in his own way, in order to conquer them, and exercise his own intriguing Spirit, break forth in every Line. His impetuous Will, unrestrained from his Infancy, as he himself complains, by his Mother, and long accustomed to bear down all before it, destroys the Gentleman, and equally every other amiable Qualification: For tho' a Knowledge of the Customs of the World may make a Man in Company, where he stays but a little while, appear polite; yet when that Man indulges himself in gratifying continually his own wild Humour, those who are intimate with him, must often have Cause to complain of his Unpoliteness; as *Clarissa* does of *Lovelace*. And by such Complaints of *Clarissa*, I think it is very apparent, that the Author designed *Lovelace* should be unpolite, notwithstanding his Station, in order to prove that indulged overbearing Passions will trample under Foot every Bar that would stop them in their raging Course. But now I am upon the Subject of the different Stiles in *Clarissa*, I must observe how strictly the Author has kept up in all the Writings of his Rakes to what he says of *Lovelace* in his Preface.

'That they preserve a Decency, as well in their Images, as in their Language, which is not always to be found in the Works of some of the most celebrated modern Writers, whose Subjects and Characters have less warranted the Liberties they have taken.'

The various Stiles adapted to the many different Characters in *Clarissa* make so great a Variety, as would, it attended to, in a great Measure, answer any Objection that might otherwise fairly be raised to the Length of the Story.

There is one Thing has almost astonished me in the Criticisms I have heard on *Clarissa's* Character; namely, that they are in a Manner a Counterpart to the

Reproaches cast on her in her Lifetime.

She has been called perverse and obstinate by many of her Readers; *James Harlowe* called her so before them. Some say she was romantic; so said *Bella*; disobedient; all the *Harlowes* agree in that; a Prude; so said *Salley Martin*; had a Mind incapable of Love; Mr. *Lovelace's* Accusation; for he must found his Brutality on some Shadow of a Pretence, tho' he confesses at last it was but a Shadow, for that he knew the contrary the whole Time. Others say, she was artful and cunning, had the Talent only to move the Passions; the haughty Brother and spiteful Sister's Plea to banish her from her Parents Presence. I verily think I have not heard *Clarissa* condemned for any one Fault, but the Author has made some of the *Harlowes*, or some of Mrs. *Sinclair's* Family accuse her of it before.

As I have, as concisely as I could, pointed out the Difference in the chief Characters of *Clarissa*, all necessary to the same End; in the same Manner could I go through the Scenes all as essentially different, and rising in due Proportion one after another, till all the vast Building centers in the pointed View of the Author's grand Design. Of all the lively well-painted Scenes in the four first Volumes, and all those in the fifth previous to the Night before the Outrage, mention but any of the most trifling Circumstances, such as *Clarissa's* torn Rufles, and Remembrance places her before us in all the Agonies of the strongest Distress; insulted over by the vilest of Women, and prostrate on her Knees imploring Mercy at the Feet of her Destroyer. Her Madness equals, (I had almost said exceeds) any Thing of the Kind that ever was written: That hitherto so peculiar Beauty in King *Lear*, of preserving the Character even in Madness, appears strongly in *Clarissa*: the same self-accusing Spirit, the same humble Heart, the same pious Mind breathes in her scattered Scrapes of Paper in the midst of her Frenzy; and the Irregularity and sudden broken Starts of her Expressions alone can prove that her Senses are disordered. Her Letter to *Lovelace*, where, even in Madness, *galling* Reproach drops not from her Pen, and which contains only Supplications that she may not be farther persecuted, speaks the very Soul of *Clarissa*, and by the Author of her Story could have been wrote for no one but herself. Whoever can read her earnest Request to *Lovelace*, that she may not be exposed in a public Mad-house, on the Consideration that it might injure *him*, without being overwhelmed in Tears, I am certain has not in himself the Concord of sweet Sounds, and, must, as *Shakespear* says, be fit for Treasons, Stratagems and Spoils. And to close at once, all I will say of the Author's Conduct in regard to the managing (what seems most unmanageable) the Mind even when overcome by Madness, he has no where made a stronger Contrast between *Clarissa* and *Lovelace*, or kept the Characters more distinct than in their Madness. I have already mentioned how much

Clarissa's Thoughts in her Frenzy apparently flow from the same Channel, tho' more disturbed and less clear than when her uninterrupted Reason kept on its steady Course. *Lovelace's* Character is not less preserved: his Pen or Tongue indeed seldom uttered the Words of Reason, but the same overbearing Passions, the same Pride of Heart that had accustomed him to strut in his fancy'd Superiority, makes him condemn all the World but himself; and rave that *Bedlam* might be enlarged, imagining, that a general Madness had seized Mankind, and he alone was exempt from the dreadful Catastrophy.

In the Penknife Scene *Clarissa* is firmly brave; her Soul abhorred Self-murder, nor would she, as she told Miss *Howe*, willingly like a Coward quit her Post; but in this Case, could she not have awed *Lovelace* into Distance, tho' *her* Hand had pointed the Knife, yet might *he* properly have been said to have struck the Blow. The picturesque Attitude of all present, when *Clarissa* suddenly cries out, 'God's Eye is upon us' has an Effect upon the Mind that can only be felt; and that it would be a weak and vain Effort for Language to attempt to utter.

In the Prison Scene *Clarissa* exerts a different kind of Bravery. Insult and Distress, Cold and Hardships, to what she was accustomed to, she bears almost in silence; and by her Suffering without repining, without Fear of any thing but *Lovelace*, she is the strongest Proof of what *Shakespear* says, that

—— where the greater Malady is fixt
The Lesser is scarce felt ——

And let those who have accused *Clarissa* of having a suspicious Temper, from her being apt to suspect *Lovelace*, here confess, that it must be the Person's Fault at whom her Suspicion is level'd, when she wants that Companion of a great Mind, a generous Confidence; for how soon does *Belford's* honest Intentions breaking forth in the Manner in which he addresses her, make her rely on the known Friend of her Destroyer, and the publick Companion of all his Rakeries. Nor can I here pass by in perfect Silence, the noble Simplicity with which *Clarissa* sums up her Story to Mrs. *Smith* and Mrs. *Lovick*; for I think 'tis the strongest Pattern that can be imagined of that Simplicity which strikes to the Heart, and melts the Soul with all the softer Passions.

In Colonel *Morden's* Account of the conveying the lifeless Remains of the Divine *Clarissa* to be interred in the Vault of her Ancestors, his very Words keep solemn Pace with the Herse which incloses her once animated, now lifeless, Form. Step by Step we still attend her; turn with the Horses as they take the Bye-road to *Harlow-place*; start with the wretched, guilty Family, at the first Stroke of

the mournful tolling Bell; are fixed in Amazement with the lumbering heavy Noise of the Herse up the paved inner Court-yard: But when the Servant comes in to acquaint the Family with its Arrival, and we read this Line, *He spoke not, he could not speak; he looked, he bowed, and withdrew*, we catch the Servant's silent Grief; our Words are choaked, and our Sensations grow too strong for Utterance. The awful Respect paid to *Clarissa's* Memory by those Persons, who generally both rejoice and mourn in Noise and Clamour, is inimitably beautiful. But even in this solemn Scene the Author has not forgot the Characters of the principal Actors in it: For the barbarous Wretches who could drive *Clarissa* from her native Home, and by their Cruelty hurl her to Destruction, could not shed Tears for her Loss, without mingled Bitterness, and sharp-cutting Recriminations on each other; every one striving to rid themselves of the painful Load, and to throw it doubly on their former Companions in Guilt. The Mother only, as she was the least guilty, deplores the heavy Loss with soft melting Tears, and lets Self-accusations flow from her trembling Lips.

On the Arrival of Miss *Howe*, we turn from the slow moving Herse, to the rapid Chariot-wheels that fly to bring the warm Friend, all glowing with the most poignant lively Grief, to mourn her lost *Clarissa*. Here again the Description equals the noble Subject. Miss *Howe*, at the first striking Sight of *Clarissa* in her Coffin, could only by frantic Actions express the labouring Anguish that perturbed her Breast. And we accompany her in Horror, when she first impatiently pushes aside the Coffin Lid. In short, we sigh, we rave, and we weep with her.

What I felt at Colonel *Morden's* Description at the Funeral, is exactly painted in the Letter wrote by Mr. *Belford* in Answer to that Description, where he says,

'You croud me Sir, methinks, into the silent, slow Procession — Now with the sacred Bier do I enter the Porch— '[C]

But it would be endless to mention all the moving tragic Scenes, that are now crouding into my Mind, in *Clarissa*; all judiciously interspersed with Scenes of comic Humour; such as the Behaviour of *Lovelace* at the Ball; the Meeting between him and Mr. *Hickman*; *Lovelace's* Description of what he calls his Tryal before Lord M — and the Ladies; with some others equally calculated to relieve the Mind from fixing too long on mournful melancholy Ideas.

Finely has the Author of *Clarissa* set forth what is true, and what is false Honour. When *Lovelace* upbraids *Belford* for not preserving *Clarissa*, by betraying his own villainous Plots and Machinations to destroy her; and says, 'I am sure now, that I would have thanked thee for it with all my Heart, and thought thee more a Father and a Friend, than my real Father and my best Friend.'

All false Shame has he exposed, by shewing the Beauties of an open and frank Heart in *Clarissa's* charming Simplicity, when she tells Mrs. *Smith*, in a publick Shop, that she had been in Prison; and when in a Letter to Lady *Betty Laurance* she declares, that *the Disgrace she cannot hide from herself, she is not sollicitous to conceal from the World*.

True and false Friendship was never more beautifully displayed than in this Work; the firm, the steady Flame that burns in the fixed Affection between *Clarissa* and Miss *Howe*, which, in *Clarissa's* Words, *has Virtue for its Base*, is both well described and accounted for by Colonel *Morden*; and that Chaff and Stubble, as she well calls it, that *has not Virtue for its Base*, is inimitably painted by *Belford*, in his Account of *Mowbray's* Behaviour to the dying *Belton*. 'It is such a horrid thing (says he) to think of, that a Man who had lived in such strict Terms of Amity with another (the Proof does not come out so as to say Friendship) who had pretended so much Love for him, could not bear to be out of his Company, would ride an hundred Miles an End to enjoy it, and would fight for him, be the Cause right or wrong; yet now could be so little moved to see him in such Misery of Body and Mind as to be able to rebuke him, and rather ridicule than pity him; because he was more affected by what he felt, than he had seen a Malefactor (hardened perhaps by Liquor, and not softened by previous Sickness) on his going to Execution.'

What Merit has *Clarissa* in breaking up and dispersing this profligate Knot of Friends, that, in the first Volume, are represented so formidable as to terrify all the honest People in the Neighbourhood, who rejoice when they go up to Town again. *She* was to revenge on *Lovelace* his Miss *Betterton*, his *French* Devotee, his *French* Countess, the whole Hecatomb which he boasts that he had in different Climes sacrificed to his *Nemesis*, and all this by the natural Effects of his own vile Actions, and her honest noble Simplicity; whilst she steadily pursues the bright Path of Innocence, and proposes to herself no other End, no not even in Thought, but to preserve untainted her spotless Mind, and diffuse Happiness to all around her.

I confess I was against the Story's ending unhappily, till I saw the Conclusion; but I now think the different Deaths of the many Persons (for in this Point also the Difference is as essentially preserved, as in the Characters or Scenes) who fall in the winding up the Catastrophy in the seventh Volume, produce as noble a Moral as can be invented by the Wit of Man.

The broken Spirit, the dejected Heart that pursue poor *Belton* through his last Stage of Life (brought on by a lingering Illness, and ill Usage from an artful Woman to whom Vice had attached him, and increased by his Soul's being

startled and awaked from that thoughtless Lethargy in which Vice had so long lulled him) naturally break forth in those fearful Tremors, those agonizing pannic Terrors of the Mind, which follow him to the End, and make a strong and lively Picture of the Terrors of Death first thought on, when Life was flying, and could no longer supply the flowing Blood and vital Heat that animates the mortal Frame.

Mrs. *Sinclair's* Death is very different; the Suddenness of her Departure had not given Time for a regular Decay of her Strength, and the same animal Spirits which used to support her in the noisy Roar of a profligate Life, now like so many Vultures preyed on her own Bosom, and assisted to express the dreadful Horrors of an unexpected Death.

Lovelace, when he comes to die, is full of Rage and Disappointment; his uncontrouled Spirit, unused to be baffled, cannot quietly submit to the great and universal Conqueror Death himself. On his Death-bed he is a lively Picture of the End of that worldly Wisdom which is Foolishness with God. His strong Imagination that assisted him to form and carry on those *cunning* Plots which he pursued to his own Destruction, now assisted his Conscience to torment his Soul, and set before his Eyes the injured Innocent who would have contributed to the utmost of her Power that he might have spent all his Days in Peace and Joy. In short, he fluttered like a gay Butterfly in the Sunshine of Prosperity; he wandered from the Path that leads to Happiness: In the Bloom of Youth he fell a Sacrifice to his own Folly: his Life was a Life of Violence, and his Death was a Death of Rage.

Whilst the gentle *Clarissa's* Death is the natural Consequence of her innocent Life; her calm and prepared Spirit, like a soft smooth Stream, flows gently on, till it slides from her Misfortunes, and she leaves the World free from Fear, and animated only by a lively Hope.

She wished her closing Scene might be happy. *She had her Wish*, (says the Author in his Postscript) *it was happy.*

Nothing ever made so strong a Contrast as the Deaths of *Lovelace* and *Clarissa*. Wild was the Life of *Lovelace*, rapid was his Death; gentle was *Clarissa's* Life, softly flowed her latest Hours; the very Word *Death* seems too harsh to describe her leaving Life, and her last Breath was like the soft playing of a western Breeze, all calm! all Peace! all Quiet!

The true Difference between the Virtuous and the Vicious lies in the Mind, where the Author of *Clarissa* has placed it; *Lovelace* says well, when he views the persecuted *Clarissa* a-sleep.

‘See the Difference in our Cases; she the charming Injured can sweetly sleep, whilst the varlet Injurer cannot close his Eyes, and has been trying to no purpose the whole Night to divert his Melancholy, and to fly from himself.’

Rightly I think in the Author’s Postscript is it observed, that what is called poetical Justice is chimerical, or rather anti-providential Justice; for God makes his Sun to shine alike on the Just and the Unjust. Why then should Man invent a kind of imaginary Justice, making the common Accidents of Life turn out favourable to the Virtuous only? Vain would be the Comforts spoken to the Virtuous in Affliction, in the sacred Writings, if Affliction could not be their Lot.

But the Author of *Clarissa* has in his Postscript quoted such undoubted Authorities, and given so many Reasons on the Christian System for his Catastrophy, that to say more on that Head would be but repeating his Words. The Variety of Punishments also of those guilty Persons in this Work who do not die, and the Rewards of those who are innocent, I could go through; had not that Postscript, and the Conclusion supposed to be writ by Mr. *Belford*, already done it to my Hands. Only one thing I must say, that I don’t believe the most revengeful Person upon Earth could wish their worst Enemy in a more deplorable Situation, than if *Lovelace* in his Frenzy, in that charming picturesque Scene, where he is riding between *Uxbridge* and *London*, when his impatient Spirit is in suspence; and also when he hears of *Clarissa’s* Death.

Thus have I just hinted at the Heads of the Characters, the Difference of the chief Scenes, and the Variety of the several Deaths, all the natural Consequences of the several Lives, and productive of the designed noble Moral in *Clarissa*; and I think it may be fairly and impartially said, The Web is wove so strongly, every Part so much depending on and assisting each other, that to divide any of them, would be to destroy the whole.

[D]*That many Things having full References*
To one Consent, may work contrariously:
As many Arrows, loosed several Ways,
Come to one Mark, as many Ways meet in one Town,
As many fresh Streams meet in one salt Sea,
As many Lines close in the Dial’s Center,
So may a thousand Actions once afoot
End in one Purpose, and be all well born
Without Defeat.

If what I have here said can be any Amusement to you, as it concerns your favourite *Clarissa*, my End will be answered. I am,

Madam,

Your's, &c.

Bellario.

Miss GIBSON *to* BELLARIO.

SIR,

Your Good-nature in sending me your Thoughts on *Clarissa*, with a Design to give me Pleasure, I assure you is not thrown away; may you have equal Success in every generous Purpose that fills your Heart, and greater Happiness in this World, I am sure I cannot wish you.

Most truly, Sir, do you remark, that a Story told in this Manner can move but slowly, that the Characters can be seen only by such as attend strictly to the Whole; yet this Advantage the Author gains by writing in the present Tense, as he himself calls it, and in the first Person, that his Strokes penetrate immediately to the Heart, and we feel all the Distresses he paints; we not only weep for, but with *Clarissa*, and accompany her, step by step, through all her Distresses.

I see her from the Beginning, in her happy State, beloved by all around her, studying to deserve that Love; obedient to her Parents, dependant on their Will by her own voluntary Act, when her Grandfather had put it in her Power to be otherwise; respectful and tender to her Brother and Sister; firm in her Friendship to Miss *Howe*; grateful to good Mrs. *Norton*, who had carefully watched over her Infant Years, and delighted to form and instruct her Mind; kind to her Inferiors; beneficent to all the Poor, Miserable, and Indigent; and above all, cultivating and cherishing in her Heart the true Spirit of Christianity, Meekness, and Resignation; watchful over her own Conduct, and charitable to the Failings of others; unwilling to condemn, and rejoicing in every Opportunity to praise. But as the Laws of God and Man have placed a Woman totally in the Power of her Husband, I believe it is utterly impossible for any young Woman, who has any Reflection, not to form in her Mind some kind of Picture of the Sort of Man in whose Power she would chuse to place herself. That *Clarissa* did so, I think, plainly appears, from her steady Resolution to refuse any Man she could not obey with the utmost Chearfulness; and to whose Will she could not submit without Reluctance. She would have had her Husband a Man on whose Principles she could entirely depend; one in whom she might have placed such a Confidence, that she might have spoke her very Thoughts aloud; one from whom she might have gained

Instruction, and from whose Superiority of Understanding she would have been pleased to have taken the Rules of her own Actions. She desired no Reserves, no separate Interest from her Husband; had no Plots, no Machinations to succeed in, and therefore wanted not a Man who by artful Flattery she could have cajoled madly to have worship'd her; a kind Indulgence, in what was reasonable, was all her Desire, and that Indulgence to arise from her own Endeavour to deserve it, and not from any Blindness cast before her Husband's Eyes by dazzling Beauty, or cunning Dissimulation; but, from her Infancy, having the Example daily before her of her Mother's being tyrannized over, notwithstanding her great Humility and Meekness, perhaps tyrannized over for that very Humility and Meekness. She thought a single Life, in all Probability, would be for her the happiest; cherishing in her Heart that Characteristic of a noble Mind, especially in a Woman, of wishing, as Miss *Howe* says she did, to pass through Life unnoted.

In this State of Mind did *Lovelace* first find *Clarissa*. She liked him; his Person and Conversation were agreeable, but the Libertinism of his Character terrified her; and her Disapprobation of him restrained her from throwing the Reins over the Neck of a Passion she thought might have hurried her into Ruin. But when by his Artifices, and the Cruelty of her Friends, she was driven into his Power, had he not, to use her own Words, treated her with an Insolence unbecoming a Man, and kept her very Soul in suspence; fawning at her Feet to marry him, whilst, in the same Instant, he tried to confuse her by a Behaviour that put it out of her Power to comply with him; there was nothing that she would not have done to oblige him. Then indeed she plainly saw that her Principles and his Profligacy, her Simplicity and his Cunning, were not made to be joined; and when she found such was the Man she liked best, no Wonder her Desire of a single Life should return. She saw, indeed, her own Superiority over *Lovelace*, but it was his Baseness that made her behold it. And here I must observe, that in the very same Breath in which she tells him, *Her Soul's above him*, she bids him *leave her*, that Thought more than any other makes her resolve, at all Events, to abandon him. Was this like exulting in her own Understanding, and proudly (as I have heard it said) wanting to dictate to the Man she intended for a Husband? Such a Woman, if I am not greatly mistaken, would not desire the Man to leave her because she saw her Soul was above him; but on the contrary, concealing from him, and disguising her Thoughts, would have set Art against Art, and been the more delighted to have drawn him in to have married her, that she might have deceived him, and enjoyed the Thoughts of her own Superiority for Life. As I remember, he never asks her fairly to marry him but once, and then she consents: But how different in every Action is she from the sly and artful Woman, who would have snatched at this Opportunity, and not have trusted him with a Moment's Delay, whilst *Clarissa*,

being then ill, consents, with a Confidence that nothing but her Goodness and Simplicity could have had in such a Man.

Tho' *Clarissa* unfortunately met with *Lovelace*, yet I can imagine her with a Lover whose honest Heart, assimulating with hers, would have given her leave, as she herself wishes, to have shewn the Frankness of her Disposition, and to have openly avowed her Love. But *Lovelace*, by his own intriguing Spirit, made her Reserves, and then complained of them; and as she was engaged with such a Man, I think the Catastrophe's being what is called *Unhappy*, is but the natural Consequence of such an Engagement; tho', I confess, I was not displeased that the Report of this Catastrophe met with so many Objections, as it proved what an Impression the Author's favourite Character had made on those Minds which could not bear she should fall a Sacrifice to the Barbarity of her Persecutors. And I hope that now all the Readers of *Clarissa* are convinced how rightly the Author has judged in this Point. If the Story was not to have ended tragically, the grand Moral would have been lost, as well as that grand Picture, if I may call it so, of human Life, of a Man's giving up every thing that is valuable, only because every thing that is valuable is in his Power. *Lovelace* thought of the Substance, whilst that was yet to be persued; but once within reach of it, his plotting Head and roving Imagination would let him see only the Shadow, and once enter'd into the Pursuit, his Pride, the predominant Passion of his Soul, engaged him to fly after a visionary Gratification which his own wild Fancy had painted, till, like one following an *Ignis fatuus* through By-Paths and crooked Roads, he lost himself in the Eagerness of his own Pursuit, and involved with him the innocent *Clarissa*, who, persecuted, misunderstood, envied, and evil-treated as she had been, by those from whom she had most Reason to hope Protection, I think could not find a better Close to her Misfortunes than a triumphant Death. Triumphant it may very well be called, when her Soul, fortified by a truly Christian Philosophy, melted and softened in the School of Affliction, had conquered every earthly Desire, baffled every uneasy Passion, lost every disturbing Fear, while nothing remained in her tender Bosom but a lively Hope of future Happiness. When her very Griefs were in a manner forgot, the Impression of them as faint and languid as a feverish Dream to one restored to Health, all calm and serene her Mind, forgiving and praying for her worst Enemies, she retired from all her Afflictions, to meet the Reward of her Christian Piety.

The Death of *Clarissa* is, I believe, the only Death of the Kind in any Story; and in her Character, the Author has thrown into Action (if I may be allowed the Expression) the true Christian Philosophy, shewn its Force to ennoble the human Mind, till it can look with Serenity on all human Misfortunes, and take from

Death itself its gloomy Horrors. Never was any thing more judicious than the Author's bringing *Lovelace* as near as *Knight's-Bridge* at the Time of *Clarissa's* Death; for by that means he has in a manner contrived to place in one View before our Eyes the guilty Ravager of unprotected Innocence, the boasting Vaunter of his own useless Parts, in all the Horrors of mad Despair, whilst the injured Innocent, in a pious, in a divine Frame of Mind is peaceably breathing her last. 'Such a Smile! such a charming Serenity (says Mr. *Belford*) overspreading her sweet Face at the Instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal Happiness already begun.'

Surely the Tears we shed for *Clarissa* in her last Hours, must be Tears of tender Joy! Whilst we seem to live, and daily converse with her through her last Stage, our Hearts are at once rejoiced and amended, are both soften'd and elevated, till our Sensations grow too strong for any Vent, but that of Tears; nor am I ashamed to confess, that Tears without Number have I shed, whilst Mr. *Belford* by his Relation has kept me (as I may say) with fixed Attention in her Apartment, and made me perfectly present at her noble exalted Behaviour; nor can I hardly refrain from crying out, 'Farewell, my dear *Clarissa*! may every Friend I love in this World imitate you in their Lives, and thus joyfully quit all the Cares and Troubles that disturb this mortal Being!'

May *Clarissa's* Memory be as triumphant as was her Death! May all the World, like *Lovelace*, bear Testimony to her Virtues, and acknowledge her Triumph!

I am with many Thanks, Sir, for your obliging Letter,

Your most obedient, &c.

Harriote Gibson.

These Letters were shewn me by Miss *Gibson*, and thus, Sir, have I collected together all I have heard on your History of *Clarissa*; and if every thing that Miss *Gibson* and *Bellario* has said, is fairly deducible from the Story, then I am certain, by the candid and good-natured Reader, this will be deemed a fair and impartial Examination, tho' I avow myself the sincere Admirer of *Clarissa*, and

Your very humble Servant,

FINIS

THE ENGLISH NOVELISTS by William Hazlitt

There is an exclamation in one of Gray's Letters— "Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!" — If I did not utter a similar aspiration at the conclusion of the last new novel which I read (I would not give offence by being more particular as to the name) it was not from any want of affection for the class of writing to which it belongs: for, without going so far as the celebrated French philosopher, who thought that more was to be learnt from good novels and romances than from the gravest treatises on history and morality, yet there are few works to which I am oftener tempted to turn for profit or delight, than to the standard productions in this species of composition. We find there a close imitation of men and manners; we see the very web and texture of society as it really exists, and as we meet with it when we come into the world. If poetry has "something more divine in it," this savours more of humanity. We are brought acquainted with the motives and characters of mankind, imbibe our notions of virtue and vice from practical examples, and are taught a knowledge of the world through the airy medium of romance. As a record of past manners and opinions, too, such writings afford the best and fullest information. For example, I should be at a loss where to find in any authentic documents of the same period so satisfactory an account of the general state of society, and of moral, political, and religious feeling in the reign of

Notes George II, as we meet with in the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams. This work, indeed, I take to be a perfect piece of statistics in its kind. In looking into any regular history of that period, into a learned and eloquent charge to a grand jury or the clergy of a diocese, or into a tract on controversial divinity, we should hear only of the ascendancy of the Protestant succession, the horrors of Popery, the triumph of civil and religious liberty, the wisdom and moderation of the sovereign, the happiness of the subject, and the flourishing state of manufactures and commerce. But if we really wish to know what all these fine-sounding names come to, we cannot do better than turn to the works of those, who having no other object than to imitate nature, could only hope for success from the fidelity of their pictures; and were bound (in self-defence) to reduce the boasts of vague theorists and the exaggerations of angry disputants to the mortifying standard of reality. Extremes are said to meet: and the works of imagination, as they are called, sometimes come the nearest to truth and nature. Fielding in speaking on this subject, and vindicating the use and dignity of the style of writing in which he excelled against the loftier pretensions of

professed historians, says that in their productions nothing is true but the names and dates, whereas in his everything is true but the names and dates. If so, he has the advantage on his side.

I will here confess, however, that I am a little prejudiced on the point in question; and that the effect of many fine speculations has been lost upon me, from an early familiarity with the most striking passages in the work to which I have just alluded. Thus nothing can be more captivating than the description somewhere given by Mr. Burke of the indissoluble connection between learning and nobility; and of the respect universally paid by wealth to piety and

Notes morals. But the effect of this ideal representation has always been spoiled by my recollection of Parson Adams sitting over his cup of ale in Sir Thomas Booby's kitchen. Echard "On the Contempt of the Clergy" is, in like manner, a very good book, and "worthy of all acceptation:" but, somehow, an unlucky impression of the reality of Parson Trulliber involuntarily checks the emotions of respect, to which it might otherwise give rise: while, on the other hand, the lecture which Lady Booby reads to Lawyer Scout on the immediate expulsion of Joseph and Fanny from the parish casts no very favourable light on the flattering accounts of our practical jurisprudence which are to be found in Blackstone or De Lolme. The most moral writers, after all, are those who do not pretend to inculcate any moral. The professed moralist almost unavoidably degenerates into the partisan of a system; and the philosopher is too apt to warp the evidence to his own purpose. But the painter of manners gives the facts of human nature, and leaves us to draw the inference: if we are not able to do this, or do it ill, at least it is our own fault.

The first-rate writers in this class, of course, are few; but those few we may reckon among the greatest ornaments and best benefactors of our kind. There is a certain set of them who, as it were, take their rank by the side of reality, and are appealed to as evidence on all questions concerning human nature. The principal of these are Cervantes and Le Sage, who may be considered as having been naturalised among ourselves; and, of native English growth, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, and Sterne. As

Notesthis is a department of criticism which deserves more attention than has been usually bestowed upon it, I shall here venture to recur (not from choice, but necessity) to what I have said upon it in a well-known periodical publication; and endeavour to contribute my mite towards settling the standard of excellence, both as to degree and kind, in these several writers....

There is very little to warrant the common idea that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes, except his own declaration of such an intention in the title-page of Joseph Andrews, the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only

romantic character in his works), and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for, is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor even humour, though there is an immense deal of this last quality; but profound knowledge of human nature, at least of English nature; and masterly pictures of the characters of men as he saw them existing. This quality distinguishes all his works, and is shown almost equally in all of them. As a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth; as a mere observer of human nature, he was little inferior to Shakspeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind. His humour is less rich and laughable than Smollett's; his wit as often misses as hits; he has none of the fine pathos of Richardson or Sterne; but he has brought together a greater variety of characters in common life, marked with more distinct peculiarities, and without an atom of caricature, than any other novel writer whatever. The extreme subtlety of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters, is only equalled by the ingenuity of contrivance in bringing those springs into play, in such a manner as

Notes to lay open their smallest irregularity. The detection is always complete, and made with the certainty and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the obviousness and familiarity of a casual observation. The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials ready-made to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of local manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound and conclusive. The feeling of the general principles of human nature, operating in particular circumstances, is always intense, and uppermost in his mind; and he makes use of incident and situation only to bring out character.

It is scarcely necessary to give any illustrations. Tom Jones is full of them. There is the account, for example, of the gratitude of the elder Blifil to his brother, for assisting him to obtain the fortune of Miss Bridget Alworthy by marriage; and of the gratitude of the poor in his neighbourhood to Alworthy himself, who had done so much good in the country that he had made every one in it his enemy. There is the account of the Latin dialogues between Partridge and his maid, of the assault made on him during one of these by Mrs. Partridge, and the severe bruises he patiently received on that occasion, after which the parish of Little Baddington rung with the story, that the school-master had killed his wife. There is the exquisite keeping in the character of Blifil, and the want of it in that of Jones. There is the gradation in the lovers of Molly Seagrim; the philosopher Square succeeding to Tom Jones, who again finds that he himself had succeeded to the

accomplished Will. Barnes, who had the first possession of her person, and had still possession of her heart, Jones being only the instrument of her vanity, as Square was of her

Notes interest. Then there is the discreet honesty of Black George, the learning of Thwackum and Square, and the profundity of Squire Western, who considered it as a physical impossibility that his daughter should fall in love with Tom Jones. We have also that gentleman's disputes with his sister, and the inimitable appeal of that lady to her niece.— "I was never so handsome as you, Sophy: yet I had something of you formerly. I was called the cruel Parthenissa. Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says, undergo alteration, and so must the human form!" The adventure of the same lady with the highwayman, who robbed her of her jewels while he complimented her beauty, ought not to be passed over, nor that of Sophia and her muff, nor the reserved coquetry of her cousin Fitzpatrick, nor the description of Lady Bellaston, nor the modest overtures of the pretty widow Hunt, nor the indiscreet babblings of Mrs. Honour. The moral of this book has been objected to, without much reason; but a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book; but at other times we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, and Sophia a pretty simpleton. I do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding's constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of Tom Jones is allowed to be unrivalled: and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the History of a Foundling so decided a preference over Fielding's other novels. The characters themselves, both in Amelia and Joseph Andrews, are quite equal to any of those in Tom Jones. The account of Miss Matthews and Ensign Hibbert, in the former of these; the way in which that lady

Notes reconciles herself to the death of her father; the inflexible Colonel Bath; the insipid Mrs. James, the complaisant Colonel Trent, the demure, sly, intriguing, equivocal Mrs. Bennet, the lord who is her seducer, and who attempts afterwards to seduce Amelia by the same mechanical process of a concert-ticket, a book, and the disguise of a great-coat; his little, fat, short-nosed, red-faced, good-humoured accomplice, the keeper of the lodging-house, who, having no pretensions to gallantry herself, has a disinterested delight in forwarding the intrigues and pleasures of others (to say nothing of honest Atkinson, the story of the miniature-picture of Amelia, and the hashed mutton, which are in a different style,) are masterpieces of description. The whole scene at the lodging-house, the masquerade, etc., in Amelia, are equal in interest to the parallel scenes in Tom

Jones, and even more refined in the knowledge of character. For instance, Mrs. Bennet is superior to Mrs. Fitzpatrick in her own way. The uncertainty, in which the event of her interview with her former seducer is left, is admirable. Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the dark, (hardly known to the persons themselves) than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the usual style of his delineations. He does not draw lofty characters or strong passions; all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect; and possess little elevation of fancy, or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature, and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does

Notes not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly walk ten miles to fetch his sermon on vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice, and his consoling himself for the loss of his Æschylus, by suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark, are among the finest touches of *naïveté*. The night-adventures at Lady Booby's with Beau Didapper, and the amiable Slipslop, are the most ludicrous; and that with the huntsman, who draws off the hounds from the poor Parson, because they would be spoiled by following *vermin*, the most profound. Fielding did not often repeat himself; but Dr. Harrison, in Amelia, may be considered as a variation of the character of Adams: so also is Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; and the latter part of that work, which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself, and Adams's domestic history.

Smollett's first novel, Roderick Random, which is also his best, appeared about the same time as Fielding's Tom Jones; and yet it has a much more modern air with it: but this may be accounted for from the circumstance that Smollett was quite a young man at the time, whereas Fielding's manner must have been formed long before. The style of Roderick Random is more easy and flowing than that of Tom Jones; the incidents follow one another more rapidly (though, it must be confessed, they never come in such a throng, or are brought out with the same dramatic effect); the humour is broader, and as effectual; and there is very nearly, if not quite, an equal interest excited by the story. What, then, is it that gives the superiority to Fielding? It is the superior insight into the springs of human character, and the constant developement of that character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humour often arises from the situation of the persons, or the

Notes peculiarity of their external appearance; as, from Roderick Random's carrotty locks, which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap's ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those in Gil Blas, might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits the ridiculous accidents and reverses to which human life is liable, not "the stuff" of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface; and, therefore, he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us: we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators of a highly amusing scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event. We read Roderick Random as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes have ceased to exist: but we regard Tom Jones as a real history; because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest — *intus et in cute*. Smollett excels most as the lively caricaturist: Fielding as the exact painter and profound metaphysician. I am far from maintaining that this account applies uniformly to the productions of these two writers; but I think that, as far as they essentially differ, what I have stated is the general distinction between them. Roderick Random is the purest of Smollett's novels: I mean in point of style and description. Most of the incidents and characters are supposed to have been taken from the events of his own life; and are, therefore, truer to nature. There is a rude conception

Notes of generosity in some of his characters, of which Fielding seems to have been incapable, his amiable persons being merely good-natured. It is owing to this that Strap is superior to Partridge; as there is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in some of the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew, which is beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing. The whole of the scene on ship-board is a most admirable and striking picture, and, I imagine, very little if at all exaggerated, though the interest it excites is of a very unpleasant kind, because the irritation and resistance to petty oppression can be of no avail. The picture of the little profligate French friar, who was Roderick's travelling companion, and of whom he always kept to the windward, is one of Smollett's most masterly sketches. Peregrine Pickle is no great favourite of mine, and Launcelot Greaves was not worthy of the genius of the author.

Humphry Clinker and Count Fathom are both equally admirable in their way. Perhaps the former is the most pleasant gossiping novel that ever was written; that

which gives the most pleasure with the least effort to the reader. It is quite as amusing as going the journey could have been; and we have just as good an idea of what happened on the road, as if we had been of the party. Humphry Clinker himself is exquisite; and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins, not much behind him. Matthew Bramble, though not altogether original, is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in the Rivals. But Lismahago is the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity, when he finds his fortune mellowing in the wintry smiles of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. This is the best-preserved and most severe of all Smollett's characters. The resemblance to Don Quixote is only just enough to make it

Notes interesting to the critical reader, without giving offence to any body else. The indecency and filth in this novel are what must be allowed to all Smollett's writings. — The subject and characters in Count Fathom are, in general, exceedingly disgusting: the story is also spun out to a degree of tediousness in the serious and sentimental parts; but there is more power of writing occasionally shewn in it than in any of his works. I need only refer to the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on his landing in England; to the robber-scene in the forest, which has never been surpassed; to the Parisian swindler who personates a raw English country squire (Western is tame in the comparison); and to the story of the seduction in the west of England. It would be difficult to point out, in any author, passages written with more force and mastery than these.

It is not a very difficult undertaking to class Fielding or Smollett; — the one as an observer of the characters of human life, the other as a describer of its various eccentricities. But it is by no means so easy to dispose of Richardson, who was neither an observer of the one, nor a describer of the other; but who seemed to spin his materials entirely out of his own brain, as if there had been nothing existing in the world beyond the little room in which he sat writing. There is an artificial reality about his works, which is no where else to be met with. They have the romantic air of a pure fiction, with the literal minuteness of a common diary. The author had the strongest matter-of-fact imagination that ever existed, and wrote the oddest mixture of poetry and prose. He does not appear to have taken advantage of anything in actual nature, from one end of his works to the other; and yet, throughout all his works, voluminous as they are — (and this, to be sure, is one reason why they are so,) — he sets about describing

Notes every object and transaction, as if the whole had been given in on evidence by an eye-witness. This kind of high finishing from imagination is an anomaly in the history of human genius; and, certainly, nothing so fine was ever

produced by the same accumulation of minute parts. There is not the least distraction, the least forgetfulness of the end: every circumstance is made to tell. I cannot agree that this exactness of detail produces heaviness; on the contrary, it gives an appearance of truth, and a positive interest to the story; and we listen with the same attention as we should to the particulars of a confidential communication. I at one time used to think some parts of Sir Charles Grandison rather trifling and tedious, especially the long description of Miss Harriet Byron's wedding-clothes, till I was told of two young ladies who had severally copied out the whole of that very description for their own private gratification. After that, I could not blame the author.

The effect of reading this work is like an increase of kindred. You find yourself all of a sudden introduced into the midst of a large family, with aunts and cousins to the third and fourth generation, and grandmothers both by the father's and mother's side; — and a very odd set of people they are, but people whose real existence and personal identity you can no more dispute than your own senses, for you see and hear all that they do or say. What is still more extraordinary, all this extreme elaborateness in working out the story, seems to have cost the author nothing; for it is said, that the published works are mere abridgments. I have heard (though this I suspect must be a pleasant exaggeration) that Sir Charles Grandison was originally written in eight and twenty volumes.

Pamela is the first of Richardson's productions, and the very child of his brain. Taking the general idea of the character of a modest and beautiful country girl, and of

Notes the ordinary situation in which she is placed, he makes out all the rest, even to the smallest circumstance, by the mere force of a reasoning imagination. It would seem as if a step lost, would be as fatal here as in a mathematical demonstration. The development of the character is the most simple, and comes the nearest to nature that it can do, without being the same thing. The interest of the story increases with the dawn of understanding and reflection in the heroine: her sentiments gradually expand themselves, like opening flowers. She writes better every time, and acquires a confidence in herself, just as a girl would do, writing such letters in such circumstances; and yet it is certain *that no girl would write such letters in such circumstances*. What I mean is this: — Richardson's nature is always the nature of sentiment and reflection, not of impulse or situation. He furnishes his characters, on every occasion, with the presence of mind of the author. He makes them act, not as they would from the impulse of the moment, but as they might upon reflection, and upon a careful review of every motive and circumstance in their situation. They regularly sit down to write letters: and if the business of life consisted in letter-writing, and was carried on by

the post (like a Spanish game at chess), human nature would be what Richardson represents it. All actual objects and feelings are blunted and deadened by being presented through a medium which may be true to reason, but is false in nature. He confounds his own point of view with that of the immediate actors in the scene; and hence presents you with a conventional and factitious nature, instead of that which is real. Dr. Johnson seems to have preferred this truth of reflection to the truth of nature, when he said that there was more knowledge of the human heart in a page of Richardson, than in all Fielding. Fielding, however, saw more of the practical results, and understood

Notes the principles as well; but he had not the same power of speculating upon their possible results, and combining them in certain ideal forms of passion and imagination, which was Richardson's real excellence.

It must be observed, however, that it is this mutual good understanding, and comparing of notes between the author and the persons he describes; his infinite circumspection, his exact process of ratiocination and calculation, which gives such an appearance of coldness and formality to most of his characters, — which makes prudes of his women, and coxcombs of his men. Every thing is too conscious in his works. Every thing is distinctly brought home to the mind of the actors in the scene, which is a fault undoubtedly: but then it must be confessed, every thing is brought home in its full force to the mind of the reader also; and we feel the same interest in the story as if it were our own. Can anything be more beautiful or more affecting than Pamela's reproaches to her "lumpish heart," when she is sent away from her master's at her own request; its lightness, when she is sent for back; the joy which the conviction of the sincerity of his love diffuses in her heart, like the coming on of spring; the artifice of the stuff gown; the meeting with Lady Davers after her marriage; and the trial-scene with her husband? Who ever remained insensible to the passion of Lady Clementina, except Sir Charles Grandison himself, who was the object of it? Clarissa is, however, his masterpiece, if we except Lovelace. If she is fine in herself, she is still finer in his account of her. With that foil, her purity is dazzling indeed: and she who could triumph by her virtue, and the force of her love, over the regality of Lovelace's mind, his wit, his person, his accomplishments, and his spirit, conquers all hearts. I should suppose that never sympathy more deep or sincere was excited than by the heroine of Richardson's

Notes romance, except by the calamities of real life. The links in this wonderful chain of interest are not more finely wrought, than their whole weight is overwhelming and irresistible. Who can forget the exquisite gradations of her long dying-scene, or the closing of the coffin-lid, when Miss Howe comes to take

her last leave of her friend; or the heart-breaking reflection that Clarissa makes on what was to have been her wedding-day? Well does a certain writer exclaim —

"Books are a real world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow!"

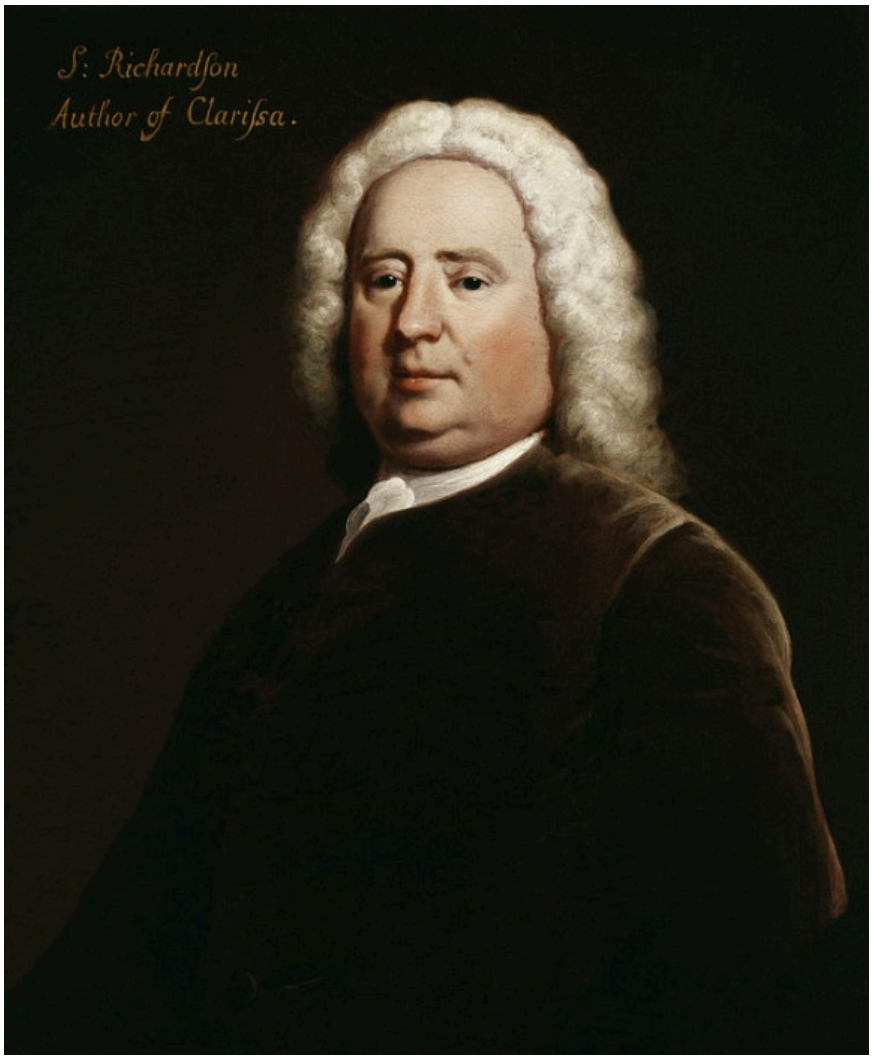
Richardson's wit was unlike that of any other writer — his humour was so too. Both were the effect of intense activity of mind — laboured, and yet completely effectual. I might refer to Lovelace's reception and description of Hickman, when he calls out Death in his ear, as the name of the person with whom Clarissa had fallen in love; and to the scene at the glove-shop. What can be more magnificent than his enumeration of his companions— "Belton, so pert and so pimply — Tourville, so fair and so foppish!" etc. In casuistry this author is quite at home; and, with a boldness greater even than his puritanical severity, has exhausted every topic on virtue and vice. There is another peculiarity in Richardson, not perhaps so uncommon, which is, his systematically preferring his most insipid characters to his finest, though both were equally his own invention, and he must be supposed to have understood something of their qualities. Thus he preferred the little, selfish, affected, insignificant Miss Byron, to the divine Clementina; and again, Sir Charles Grandison, to the nobler Lovelace. I have nothing to say in favour of Lovelace's morality; but Sir Charles is the prince of coxcombs, — whose eye was

Notes never once taken from his own person, and his own virtues; and there is nothing which excites so little sympathy as this excessive egotism.

It remains to speak of Sterne; and I shall do it in few words. There is more of *mannerism* and affectation in him, and a more immediate reference to preceding authors; but his excellences, where he is excellent, are of the first order. His characters are intellectual and inventive, like Richardson's; but totally opposite in the execution. The one are made out by continuity, and patient repetition of touches: the others, by glancing transitions and graceful apposition. His style is equally different from Richardson's: it is at times the most rapid, the most happy, the most idiomatic of any that is to be found. It is the pure essence of English conversational style. His works consist only of *morceaux* — of brilliant passages. I wonder that Goldsmith, who ought to have known better, should call him "a dull fellow." His wit is poignant, though artificial; and his characters (though the groundwork of some of them had been laid before) have yet invaluable original differences; and the spirit of the execution, the master-strokes constantly thrown

into them, are not to be surpassed. It is sufficient to name them; — Yorick, Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy; My Uncle Toby, Trim, Susanna, and the Widow Wadman. In these he has contrived to oppose, with equal felicity and originality, two characters, one of pure intellect, and the other of pure good nature, in My Father and My Uncle Toby. There appears to have been in Sterne a vein of dry, sarcastic humour, and of extreme tenderness of feeling; the latter sometimes carried to affectation, as in the tale of Maria, and the apostrophe to the recording angel; but at other times pure, and without blemish. The story of Le Fevre is perhaps the finest in the English language. My Father's restlessness, both of body and mind, is inimitable. It is the model from which all those despicable performances against modern philosophy ought to have been copied, if their authors had known any thing of the subject they were writing about. My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature. He is the most unoffending of God's creatures; or, as the French express it, *un tel petit bon homme*! Of his bowling-green, his sieges, and his amours, who would say or think any thing amiss!

The Biographies



Samuel Richardson by Joseph Highmore, 1750

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON by Sir Walter Scott

The Life of this excellent man, and ingenious author, has been written, with equal spirit and candour, by Mrs. Barbauld, a name long dear to elegant literature, and is prefixed to her publication of the Author's Correspondence, published by Philips, in six volumes, in 1804. The leading circumstances of these simple annals are necessarily extracted from that performance, to which the present Editor has no means of adding anything of consequence.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was born in Derbyshire, in the year 1689. His father, a joiner by profession, was one of many sons, sprung from a family of middling note, which had been so far reduced, that the children were brought up to mechanical trades. His mother was also decently descended, but an orphan, left such in infancy by the death of both her parents, cut off within half-an-hour of each other by the great pestilence in 1663. Her name is not mentioned. Old Richardson was connected by employment with the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, after whose execution he retired to Shrewsbury, apprehensive, perhaps, of a fate similar to that of College, his brother-in-trade, well known in those times by the title of the Protestant Joiner, who was executed for high treason in the reign of Charles II.

Having sustained severe losses in trade, the elder Richardson was unable to give his son Samuel more than a very ordinary education; and our author, who was to rise so high in one department of literature, was left unacquainted with any language excepting his own. Under all these disadvantages, and perhaps in some degree owing to their existence, young Richardson very early followed, with a singular bias, the course which was most likely to render his name immortal. We give his own words, for they cannot he amended: —

"I recollect, that I was early noted for having invention. I was not fond of play, as other boys: my school-fellows used to call me Serious and Gravity; and five of them particularly delighted to single me out, either for a walk, or at their fathers' houses, or at mine, to tell them stories, as they phrased it. Some I told them, from my reading, as true; others from my head, as mere invention; of which they would be most fond, and often were affected by them. One of them particularly, I remember, was for putting me to write a history, as he called it, on the model of Tommy Pots [author's note: Tommy Potts is the name of an old ballad published in Ritson's Ancient Songs]; I now forget what it was, only that it was of a servant-man preferred by a fine young lady (for his goodness) to a lord, who was a libertine. All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, an useful moral."

But young Richardson found a still more congenial body of listeners among the female sex. An old lady, indeed, seems to have resented an admonitory letter, in which the future teacher of morals contrasted her pretensions to religion with her habitual indulgence in slander and backbiting; but with the young and sentimental his reception was more gracious. “As a bashful and not forward boy, he says, “I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half-a-dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making. — l was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having an high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love-secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers’ letters; nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time when the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing this word, or that expression, to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover’s fervour, and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction, I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly. All her fear was only, that she should incur slight for her kindness.”

His father had nourished some ambitious views of dedicating young Richardson to the ministry, but, as his circumstances denied him the means of giving him necessary education, Samuel was destined to that profession most nearly connected with literature, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Wilde, of Stationers’ Hall, in the year 1706. Industrious as well as intelligent, regulated in his habits, and diverted by no head-strong passion from the strictest course of duty, Richardson made rapid progress in his employment as a printer.

“I served,” he says, “a diligent seven years to it; to a master who grudged every hour to me that tended not to his profit, even of those times of leisure and diversion, which the refractoriness of my fellow-servants obliged him to allow them, and were usually allowed by other masters to their apprentices. I stole from the hours of rest and relaxation, my reading times for improvement of my mind; and, being engaged in a correspondence with a gentleman, greatly my superior in degree, and of ample fortune, who, had he lived, intended high things for me; those were all the opportunities I had in my apprenticeship to carry it on. But this little incident I may mention; I took care that even my candle was of my own purchasing, that 1 might not, in the most trifling instance, make my master a

sufferer, (and who used to call me the pillar of his house,) and not to disable myself by watching or sitting-up, to perform my duty to him in the day time."

The correspondence betwixt Richardson and the gentleman who had so well selected an object of patronage, was voluminous; but at the untimely death of his friend, it was, by his particular desire, consigned to the flames.

Several years more were spent in the obscure drudgery of the printing-house ere Richardson took out his freedom, and set up as a Master-printer. His talents for literature were soon discovered; and, in addition to his proper business, he used to oblige the booksellers, by furnishing them with prefaces, dedications, and suchlike garnishing of the works submitted to his press. He printed several of the popular periodical papers of the day, and at length, through the interest of Mr. Onslow, the Speaker, obtained the lucrative employment of printing the Journals of the House of Commons, by which he must have reaped considerable advantages, although he occasionally had to complain of delay of payment on the part of government.

Punctual in his engagements, and careful in the superintendance of his business, fortune, and respect, its sure accompaniment, began to flow in upon Richardson. In 1754, he was chosen Master of the Stationers' Company; and in 1760, he purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the King, which seems to have added considerably to his revenue. He was now a man in very easy circumstances; and, besides his premises in Salisbury Court, he enjoyed the luxury of a villa, first at North-End, near Hammersmith, afterwards at Parsons-green.

Richardson was twice married; first to Allington Wilde, his master's daughter, and after her death, in 1731, to the sister of James Leake, bookseller, who survived her distinguished husband. He has made a feeling commemoration of the family misfortunes which he sustained, in a letter to Lady Bradshaigh. "I told you, madam, that I have been married twice; both times happily: you will guess so, as to my first, when I tell you that I cherish the memory of my lost wife to this hour: and as to the second, when I assure you that I can do so without derogating from the merits of, or being disallowed by, my present, who speaks of her, on all occasions, as respectfully and affectionately as I do myself.

"By my first wife I had five sons and one daughter; some of them living, to be delightful prattlers, with all the appearances of sound health, lively in their features, and promising as to their minds; and the death of one of them, I doubt, accelerating, from grief, that of the otherwise laudably afflicted mother. I have had, by my present wife, five girls and one boy; I have buried of these the promising boy, and one girl: four girls I have living, all at present very good; their mother a true and instructing mother to them.

“Thus have I lost six sons (all my sons) and two daughters, every one of which, to answer your question, I parted with with the utmost regret. Other heavy deprivations of friends, very near, and very dear, have I also suffered. I am very susceptible, I will venture to say, of impressions of this nature. A father, an honest, worthy father, I lost by the accident of a broken thigh, snapped by a sudden jirk, endeavouring to recover a slip passing through his own yard. My father, whom I attended in every stage of his last illness, I long mourned for. Two brothers, very dear to me, I lost abroad. A friend, more valuable than most brothers, was taken from me. No less than eleven affecting deaths in two years! My nerves were so affected with these repeated blows, that I have been forced, after trying the whole materia medica, and consulting many physicians, as the only palliative (not a remedy to he expected), to go into a regimen; and, for seven years past, have I forborne wine, and flesh, and fish; and, at this time, I and all my family are in mourning, for a good sister, with whom neither I would have parted, could I have had my choice. From these affecting dispensations, will you not allow me, madam, to remind an unthinking world, immersed in pleasures, what a life this is that they are so fond of, and to arm them against the affecting changes of it?”

But this amiable and excellent man was net deprived of the most pleasing exercise of his affections, notwithstanding the breaches which had been made among his offspring. Four daughters survived to render those duties which the affectionate temper of their father rendered peculiarly precious to him. Mary was married during her father’s lifetime to Mr. Ditcher, a respectable surgeon at Bath. His daughter Martha, who had been his principal amanuensis, became, after his decease, the wife of Edward Bridgen, Esq.; and Sarah married Mr. Crowther, surgeon, in Court. Anne, a woman of a most amiable disposition, but whose weak health had often alarmed the affections of her parents, survived, nevertheless, her sisters, as well as her parents. A nephew of Richardson’s paid him, in his declining years, the duties of a son, and assisted him in the conducting of his business; which concludes all it is necessary to say concerning the descendants and connexions of this distinguished author.

The private life of Richardson has nothing to detain the biographer. We have mentioned the successive opportunities, which, cautiously yet ably improved, led him to eminence in his highly respectable profession, by that slow but secure progress, which has nothing in it to arrest attention, or to gratify curiosity. He was unceasingly industrious; led astray by no idle views of speculation, and seduced by no temptations to premature expenditure. Industry brought independence, and, finally, wealth in its train; and that well-won fortune was husbanded with prudence, and expended with liberality. A kind and generous master, he was eager

to encourage his servants to persevere in the same course of patient labour by which he had himself attained fortune; and it is said to have been his common practice to hide half-a-crown among the types, that it might reward the diligence of the workman who should first be in the office in the morning. His hospitality was of the most liberal, as well as the most judicious kind. One of his correspondents describes him as sitting at his door like an old patriarch, and inviting all who passed by to enter, and be refreshed; — and this, says Mrs. Barbauld, "whether they brought with them the means of amusing their host, or only required this kind notice and that of his family. He was generous and benevolent to distressed authors, a class of men with whom his profession brought him into contact; and had occasion, more than once, to succour Dr. Johnson during his days of poverty, and to assist his efforts to force himself into public notice. The domestic revolutions of his life, after mentioning the losses he had sustained in his family, may be almost summed up in two great events. He changed his villa, in which he indulged, like other wealthy citizens, from North-End to Parsons-Green and his printing establishment, from the one side of Salisbury-Court to the other; which last alteration, he complains, did not meet Mrs. Richardson's approbation.

If we look yet closer into Richardson's private life, (and who loves not to know the slightest particulars concerning a man of his genius?) we find so much to praise, and so very little deserving censure, that we almost think we are reading the description of one of the amiable characters he has drawn in his own works. A love of the human species; a desire to create happiness and to witness it; a life undisturbed by passion, and spent in doing good; pleasures which centred in elegant conversation, in bountiful hospitality, in the exchange of all the kindly intercourse of life, — marked the worth and unsophisticated simplicity of the good man's character. He loved children, and knew the rare art of winning their attachment; for, partaking in that respect the sagacity of the canine race, they are not to be deceived by dissembling attention. A lady, who shared the hospitality of Richardson, and gives an excellent account of the internal regulations of his virtuous and orderly family, remembers creeping to his knee, and hanging on his words, as well as the good nature with which he backed her petitions, to be permitted to remain a little longer when she was summoned to bed, and his becoming her guarantee, that she would not require the servant's assistance to put her to bed, and to extinguish the candle. Trifling as these reflections may seem, they are pleasing proofs that the author of Clarissa was, in private life, the mild good man which we wish to suppose him.

The predominant failing of Richardson seems certainly to have been vanity; vanity naturally excited by his great and unparalleled popularity at home and

abroad, and by the continual and concentred admiration of the circle in which he lived. Such a weakness finds root in the mind of every one who has obtained general applause, but Richardson, the gentleness of whose mind was almost feminine, was peculiarly susceptible of this feminine weakness, and he fostered and indulged its growth, which a man of firmer character would have crushed and restrained. The cup of Circe converted men into beasts; and that of praise, when deeply and eagerly drained, seldom fails to make wise men in some degree fools. There seems to have been a want of masculine firmness in Richardson's habits of thinking, which combined with his natural tenderness of heart in inducing him to prefer the society of women; and women, from the quickness of their feelings, as well as their natural desire to please, are always the admirers, or rather the idolaters, of genius, and generally its willing flatterers. Richardson was in the daily habit of seeing, conversing, and corresponding with many of the fair sex; and the unvaried, and, it would seem, the inexhaustible theme, was his own writings. Hence, Johnson, whose lofty pride never suffered him to cherish the meaner foible of vanity, has passed upon Richardson, after a just tribute to his worth, the severe sentence recorded by Boswell:— "I only remember," says the biographer, "that Johnson expressed a high value for his talents and virtues: But that his perpetual study was to ward off petty inconveniences, and to procure petty pleasures; that his love of continual superiority was such, that he took care always to be surrounded by women, who listened to him implicitly, and did not venture to contradict his opinions; and that his desire of distinction was so great, that he used to give large vails to Speaker Onslow's servants, that they might treat him with respect." An anecdote, which seems to confirm Johnson's statement, is given by Boswell, on authority of a lady who was present when the circumstance took place. A gentleman, who had lately been at Paris, sought, while in a large company at Richardson's villa at North-End, to gratify the landlord, by informing him that he had seen his Clarissa lying on the king's brother's table. Richardson observing that a part of the company were engaged in conversation apart, affected not to hear what had been said, but took advantage of the first general pause, to address the gentleman with— "Sir, I think you were saying something about" — and then stopped, in a flutter of expectation; which his guest mortified, by replying, "A mere trifle, sir, not worth repeating."

The truth seems to be, that Richardson, by nature shy, and of a nervous constitution, limited also by a very narrow education, cared not to encounter in conversation with those rougher spirits of the age, where criticism might have had too much severity in it. And he seems to have been reserved even in the presence of Johnson, though bound to him by obligation, and although that mighty aristarch professed to have the talent of "making him rear," and of calling forth

his powers. Nor does he appear to have associated much with any of the distinguished geniuses of the age, saving Dr. Young, with whom he corresponded late in life. Aaron Hill, who patriotically endeavoured to make him a convert to wines of British manufacture; and Mr. Edwards, author of the Cartons of Criticism, though both clever men, do not deserve to be mentioned as exceptions.

The society of Richardson was limited to a little circle of amiable and accomplished persons, who were contented to allow a central position to the author of Clarissa, and to revolve around him in inferior orbits. The families of Highmore and Duncombe produced more than one individual of this description; and besides Mrs. Donellan, and the Miss Fieldings, whom Richardson loved, notwithstanding the offences of their brother, there was a Miss Mulso, Miss Westcombe, and other ladies besides, full of veneration for the kind instructor, whom they were permitted to term their adopted father. Mrs. Charlotte Lennox was also a regular visiter at Parsons-Green, and scarce could remember a visit in which her host had not rehearsed at least one, but probably two or three, voluminous letters, if he found her in the humour of listening with attention.

While Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison were in progress, Richardson used to read a part of his labours to some of this chosen circle every morning, and receive, it may readily be supposed, a liberal tribute of praise, with a very moderate portion of criticism. Miss Highmore, who inherited a paternal taste for painting, has recorded one of those scenes in a small drawing, where Richardson, in a morning-gown and cap, is introduced reading the manuscript of Sir Charles Grandison to such a little group.

This was all very amiable, though perhaps bordering on an effeminate love of flattery and applause; but it must be owned that our author disdained not flattery from less pure hands than those of his ordinary companions. We will not dwell upon poor Laetitia Pilkington, whose wants, rather than her extravagant praises, may be supposed to have conciliated the kindness of Richardson, notwithstanding the infamy of her character: but we are rather scandalized that the veteran iniquity of old Cibber should not have excluded him from the intimacy of the virtuous Richardson, and that the gray profligate could render himself acceptable to the author of Sir Charles Grandison by such effusions of vulgar vivacity as the following, which we cannot forbear inserting:— “I have just finished the sheets you favoured me with; but never found so strong a proof of your sly ill-nature, as to have hung me up upon tenters till I see you again. Z — ds! I have not patience, till I know what’s become of her. — Why, you! I don’t know what to call you! — Ah! ah! you may laugh if you please: but how will you be able to look me in the face, if the lady should ever be able to show hers again? What piteous, d — d, disgraceful pickle have you plunged her in? For God’s sake send me the sequel;

or — I don’t know what to say!” — Yet another delectable quotation from the letters of that merry old good-for-nothing, which, as addressed by a rake of the theatre to the most sentimental author of the age, and as referring to one of his favourite and most perfect characters, is, in its way, a matchless specimen of elegant vivacity.— “The delicious meal I made of Miss Byron on Sunday last, has given me an appetite for another slice of her, off from the spit, before she is served up to the public table; if about five o’clock tomorrow afternoon will not be inconvenient, Mrs. Brown and I will come and piddle upon a bit more of her: but pray let your whole family, with Mrs. Richardson at the head of them, come in for their share.”

An appetite for praise, and an over-indulgence of that appetite, not only teaches an author to be gratified with the applause of the unworthy, and to prefer it to the censure of the wise, but it leads to the less pardonable error of begrudging others their due share of public favour. Richardson was too good, too kind a man to let literary envy settle deep in his bosom, yet an overweening sense of his own importance seems to have prevented his doing entire justice to the claims of those who might be termed his rivals. He appears to have been rather too prone to believe ill of those authors, against whose works exceptions, in point of delicacy, might justly be taken. He has inserted in his Correspondence an account of Swift’s earlier life, highly injurious to the character of that eminent writer, and which the industry of Dr. Barrett has since shown to be a gross misrepresentation. The same tone of feeling has made him denounce, with the utmost severity, the indecorum of Tristram Shandy, without that tribute of applause which, in every view of the case, was so justly due to the genius of the author, and which would have come with particular propriety from Richardson, himself a master of the pathetic style of composition. Richardson seems also to have joined Aaron Hill in the cuckoo-song, that Pope had written himself out; — and, finally, the dislike which he manifests towards Fielding, though it originated in a gratuitous insult on the part of the latter, breaks out too often, and is too anxiously veiled under an affectation of charity and candour, not to lead us to suspect that the author of Tom Jones was at least as obnoxious to Richardson through the success, as from the alleged immorality, of his productions. It would have been generous in the wealthier and happier of these competitors for public fame, to have reflected, that, while his own bark lay safe in harbour, or was wafted on by the favouring gale of applause, his less fortunate rival had to struggle with the current and the storm. But as this disagreeable subject will be found canvassed in Fielding’s Life, we will not further dwell on it here. Of all pictures of literary life, that which exhibits two men, of transcendant, though different talents, engaged in the depreciation of each other, is most humbling to human nature, most unpleasing to a candid and

enlightened reader. Excepting against Fielding, Richardson seems to have nourished no positive literary feud. But it is to be regretted, that, in his Correspondence, we find few traces that he either loved or admired contemporary genius.

It may appear invidious to dwell thus long on a sufficiently venial speck in a character so fair and amiable. But it is no useless lesson to show, that a love of praise, and a feeling of literary emulation, not to say vanity, foibles pardonable in themselves, and rarely separated from the poetical temperament, lead to consequences detrimental to the deserved reputation of the most ingenious author, and the most worthy man, as a dead fly will pollute the most precious unguent. Every author, but especially those who cultivate the lighter kinds of literature, should teach themselves the stern lesson, that their art must fall under the frequent censure, “Non est tanti”; and, for this reason, they should avoid, as they would the circle of Alcina, that sort of society, who so willingly form around every popular writer an atmosphere of assentation and flattery, and represent his labours as a matter of great consequence to the world, and his popularity as a matter to be defended on all occasions, and against all rivals.

Dismissing these considerations, we cannot omit to state, that Richardson’s correspondence with one of his most intelligent and enthusiastic admirers, commenced, and was for some time carried on, in a manner which might have formed a pleasing incident in one of the author’s own romances. This was Lady Bradshaigh, the wife of Sir Roger Bradshaigh, of Haigh, in Lancashire, whose very considerable talent, and ardent taste for literature, had to contend with the prejudices which in those days seem to have rendered it ridiculous for a lady of rank and fashion, the wife of a country gentle. man of estate and consideration, to enter into correspondence with a professed author. To gratify the strong propensity she felt to engage in literary intercourse with an author of Richardson’s distinction, Lady Bradshaigh had recourse to the romantic expedient of commencing the correspondence with him under an assumed name. Thus, with all the precautions against discovery which are sometimes resorted to for less honest purposes, Richardson and his incognita maintained a close exchange of letters, until they seem on both sides to have grown desirous of becoming personally known to each other; and the author was induced to walk in the Park at a particular hour, and to send an accurate description of his person, that his fair correspondent might be able, herself unknown, to distinguish him from the vulgar herd of passengers. The following portrait exhibits all the graphical accuracy with which the author was accustomed to detail the appearance of his imaginary personages, and is at the same time very valuable, as it describes the external

appearance of a man of genius, in whom great powers of observing life and manners were combined with bashful and retired habits.

"I go through the park," says Richardson, "once or twice a-week to my little retirement; but I will, for a week together, be in it every day three or four hours, at your command, till you tell me you have seen a person who answers to this description; namely, Short; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five foot five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which, he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly fore-right, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish-faced, and ruddy-checked at sometimes looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger; a regular even pace, stealing away ground, rather than seeming to rid it: a gray eye, too often over-clouded by mistinesses from the head; by chance lively; very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours; his eye always on the ladies; if they have very large hoops, he looks down and supercilious, and, as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that: as he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed first upon her face, but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up, pretty quickly for a dull eye; and one would think (if we thought him at all worthy of observation,) that from her air and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as so or so, and then passes on to, the next object he meets; only then looking back, if he greatly likes or dislikes, as if he would see if the lady appear to be all of a piece, in the one light or in the other. Are these, marks distinct enough, if you are resolved to keep all the advantages you set out with? And from this odd, this grotesque figure, think you, madam, that you have any thing to apprehend? Any thing that will not rather promote than check your mirth? I dare be bold to say (and allow it too) that you would rather see this figure than any other you ever saw, whenever you should find yourself graver than you wish to be."

Lady Bradshaigh, like other ladies upon similar occasions, could not resist the opportunity of exercising a little capricious tyranny. Richardson's walks in the Park were for some time unnoticed. Both parties seem to have indulged in a gentle coquetry, until both were likely to lose temper, and the complaints on the gentleman's side became a little keen and eager. At length Lady Bradshaigh dropped the masque, and continued afterwards to be in her own person the valued correspondent of the author. It is but justice to say, that the sense and spirit with

which she supports her own views, even when contrary to those of Richardson, render her letters the most agreeable in the collection, and constitute a great difference betwixt her and some others of the author's female correspondents, who are satisfied with becoming the echoes of his sentiments and opinions. Lady Bradshaigh had a sister, Lady Echlin, who also corresponded with Richardson; but although she appears to have been an excellent woman, her letters want both the vivacity and talent displayed in those of Lady Bradshaigh. Yet Lady Echlin, too, had her moments of ambitious criticism. She even tried her hand at reforming Lovelace, as Mrs. Barbauld informs us, by the aid of a Dr. Christian; a consummation, as the reader will anticipate, much better meant than successfully executed.

Neither the admiration of the public, the applause of admirers, nor the deserved affection of his friends and family, could screen this amiable author from his share in the lot of humanity. Besides his family misfortunes, Richardson was afflicted with indifferent health, in the painful shape of nervous disorders. Sedentary habits, and close attention to business, had rendered a constitution delicate, which nature had never made strong; and it will readily be believed, that the workings of an imagination, constantly labouring in the fields of fiction, increased, rather than relieved, complaints, which affected his nerves at an early period. If, as he somewhere says, be made the distress of his characters his own, and wept for Clarissa and Clementina, as if they had not been the creatures of his own fancy, the exhaustion of his spirits must have exasperated his malady. His nerves were latterly so much shaken, that be could net convey a glass of wine to his mouth, unless it was put into a large tumbler and becoming unable to undergo the fatigue of communicating with the principal superintendant of his business, who chanced unluckily to be hard of hearing, all communication between them was maintained by means of writing. He did not long survive the space assigned by the Psalmist as the ordinary duration of human life. On the 4th July 1761, Samuel Richardson died, aged seventy-two, and was buried, according to his own directions, beside his first wife, in the middle aisle of St. Bride's Church, followed by the affectionate grief of those who were admitted to his society, and the sorrow of all who mourned over talents uniformly and conscientiously dedicated to the service of virtue. The following epitaph was written by his learned friend, Mrs. Carter, but is not, we believe, inscribed on his tomb.

If ever warm benevolence was dear,
If ever wisdom gain'd esteem sincere,
Or genuine fancy deep attention won,
Approach with awe the dust — of Richardson.

What though his muse, through distant regions known,
Might scorn the tribute of this humble stone;
Yet pleasing to his gentle shade, must prove
The meanest pledge, of Friendship, and of Love;
For oft will these, from venal throngs exil'd,
And oft will innocence, of aspect mild,
And white-robed Charity, with streaming eyes,
Frequent the cloister where their patron lies.

This, reader, learn; and learn from one whose woe
Bids her wild verse in artless accents flow:
For, could she frame her numbers to commend
The husband, father, citizen, and friend;
How would her muse display, in equal strain,
The critic's judgment, and the writer's vein! —
Ah, no! expect not from the chisel'd stone
The praises, graven on our hearts alone.
There shall his fame a lasting shrine acquire;
And ever shall his moving page inspire
Pure truth, flxt honour, virtue's pleasing lore;
While taste and science crown this favour'd shore.

Richardson's character as a man, after all deductions have been made for circumstances and for human frailty, cannot be too highly estimated. It remains only to consider him as an author, and, for this purpose, to review his literary career, and the productions which it gave rise to.

It was by mere accident that Richardson appears to have struck out the line of composition so peculiarly adapted to his genius. He had at all times the pen of a ready correspondent; and, from his early age, had, as we have seen, been accustomed to lend it to others, and to write, of course, under different characters from his own. There can be no doubt, that, in the service of the young women who employed him as their amanuensis and confidant, this natural talent must have been considerably improved; and as little that the exercise of such a power was pleasing to the possessor. Chance at length occasioned its being employed in the service of the public. The account will be best given in the words of his own letter to Aaron Hill, who, in common with the public at large, had become pressingly anxious to know if there was any foundation in fact for the history of Pamela.

“I will now write to your question — Whether there was any original ground-work of fact, for the general foundation of Pamela’s story.

“About twenty-five years ago, a gentleman, with whom I was intimately acquainted, but who, alas! is now no more [probably the correspondent of fortune and rank, mentioned .] met with such a story as that of Pamela, in one of the summer tours which he used to take for his pleasure, attended with one servant only. At every inn he put up at, it was his way to enquire alter curiosities in its neighbourhood, either ancient or modern; and particularly he asked who was the owner of a fine house, as it seemed to him, beautifully situated, which he had passed by, (describing it,) within a mile or two of the inn.

“It was a fine house, the landlord said.. The owner was Mr. B — , a gentleman of a large estate in more counties than one. That his and his lady’s history engaged the attention of every body who tame that way, and put a stop to all other enquiries, though the house and gardens were well worth seeing. The lady, he said, was one of the greatest beauties in England; but the qualities of her mind had no equal: beneficent, prudent, and equally beloved and admired by high and low. That she had been taken at twelve years of age, for the sweetness of her manners and modesty, and for an understanding above her years, by Mr. B— ‘s mother, a truly worthy lady, to wait on her person. Her parents, ruined by suretiships, were remarkably honest and pious, and had instilled into their daughter’s mind the best principles. When their misfortunes happened first, they attempted a little school, in their village, where they were much beloved; he teaching writing and the first rules of arithmetic to boys; his wife plain needle-work to girls, and to knit and spin; but that it answered not and, when the lady took their child, the industrious man earned his bread by day labour, and the lowest kind of husbandry.

“That the girl, improving daily in beauty, modesty, and genteel and good behaviour, by the time she was fifteen, engaged the attention of her lady’s son, a young gentleman of free principles, who, on her lady’s death, attempted, by all manner of temptations and devices, to seduce her. That she had recourse to as many innocent stratagems to escape the snares laid for her virtue; once, however, in despair, having been near drowning; that, at last, her noble resistance, watchfulness, and excellent qualities, subdued him, and he thought fit to make her his wife. That she behaved herself with so much dignity, sweetness, and humility, that she made herself beloved of every body, and even by his relations, who at first despised her; and now had the blessings both of rich and poor, and the love of her husband.

“The gentleman who told me this, added, that he had the curiosity to stay in the neighbourhood from Friday to Sunday, that he might see this happy couple at church, from which they never absented themselves: that, in short, he did see

them; that her deportment was all sweetness, ease, and dignity mingled; that he never saw a lovelier woman: that her husband was as fine a man, and seemed even proud of his choice; and that she attracted the respects of the persons of rank present, and had the blessings of the poor. — The relater of the story told me all this with transport.

"This, sir, was the foundation of Pamela's story; but little did I think to make a story of it for the press. That was owing to this occasion.

"Mr. Rivington and Mr. Osborne, whose names are on the title-page, had long been urging me to give them a little book (which, they said, they were often asked after) of familiar letters on the useful concerns in common life; and, at last, I yielded to their opportunity, and began to recollect such subjects as I thought would be useful in such a design, and formed several letters accordingly. And, among the rest, I thought of giving one or two as cautions to young folks circumstanced as Pamela was. Little did I think, at first, of making one, much less two volumes of it. But, when I began to recollect what had, so many years before, been told me by my friend, I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and, dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue. I therefore gave way to enlargement; and so Pamela became as you see her. But so little did I hope for the approbation of judges, that I had not the courage to send the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the books well received by the public.

"While I was writing the two volumes, my worthy-hearted wife, and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them some part of the story, which I had begun without their knowing it, used to come in to my little closet every night, with— 'Have you any more of Pamela, Mr. R.? We are come to hear a little more of Pamela,' &c. This encouraged me to prosecute it, which I did so diligently, through all my, other business, that, by a memorandum, on my copy, I began it Nov. 10, 1739, and finished it Jan. 10, 1739-40. And I have often, censurable as I might be thought for my vanity for it, and lessening to the taste of my two female friends, had the story of Moliere's Old Woman in my thoughts upon the occasion.

"If justly low were my thoughts of this little history, you will wonder how it came by such an assuming and very impudent preface. It was thus: — The approbation of these two female friends, and of two more, who were so kind as to give me prefaces for it, but which were much too long and circumstantial, as I thought, made me resolve myself on writing a preface; 1 therefore, spirited by the good opinion of these four, and knowing that the judgments of nine parts in ten of

readers were but in hanging-sleeves, struck a bold stroke in the preface you see, having the umbrage of the editor's character to screen myself behind. — And thus, sir, all is out."

Pamela, of which the reader has thus learned the origin, appeared in 1740, and made a most powerful sensation in the public. Hitherto, romances had been written, generally speaking, in the old French taste, containing the protracted amours of princes and princesses, told in language coldly extravagant, and metaphysically absurd. In these wearisome performances, there appeared not the most distant allusion to the ordinary tone of feeling, the slightest attempt to paint mankind as it exists in the ordinary walks of life — all was rant and bombast, stilt and buskin. It will be Richardson's eternal praise, did he merit no more, that he tore from his personages those painted vizards, which concealed, under a clumsy and affected disguise, every thing like the natural lineaments of the human countenance, and placed them before us bare-faced, in all the actual changes of feature and complexion, and all the light and shade of human passion. It requires a reader to be in some degree acquainted with the huge folios of inanity, over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature.

The simplicity of Richardson's tale, aided the effect of surprise. An innocent young woman, whose virtue a dissolute master assails by violence, as well as all the milder means of seduction, conquers him at last, by persevering in the paths of rectitude; and is rewarded, by being raised to the station of his wife, the lawful participator in his rank and fortune. Such is the simple story by which the world was so much surprised and affected.

The judicious criticism of Mrs. Barbauld has pointed out, that the character of Pamela is far from attaining a heroic cast of excellence. On the contrary, there is a strain of cold-blooded prudence which runs through all the latter part of the novel, to which we are obliged almost to deny the name of virtue. She appears originally to have had no love for Mr. B — ; no passion to combat in her own bosom; no treachery to subdue in the garrison while the enemy was before the walls. Richardson voluntarily evaded giving this colouring to his tale, because it was intended more for edification than for effect; and because the example of a "soubrette" falling desperately in love with a handsome young master, might have been imitated by many in that rank of life, who could not have defended themselves exactly like Pamela against the object of so dangerous a passion. Besides, Richardson was upon principle unwilling to exhibit his favoured characters as greatly subject to violent passion of any kind, and was much disposed to dethrone Cupid, whom romance-writers had installed as the literal sovereign of gods and men. Still, the character of Pamela is somewhat sunk by the

eager gratitude with which she accepts the hand of a tyrannical and cruel master, when he could not at a cheaper rate make himself master of her person. There is a parade of generosity on his side, and a humiliating degree of creeping submission on hers, which the case by no means calls for, and unless, like her namesake in Pope's Satire, Pamela could console herself with the "gilt chariot and the Flanders mares," we should have thought her more likely to be happy as the humble wife of poor Mr. Williams, of whose honest affection she makes somewhat too politic a use in the course of her trials, and whom she discards too coolly when better prospects seem to open upon her.

It is, perhaps, invidious to enter too closely upon the general tendency of a work of entertainment. But when the admirers of Pamela challenged for that work the merit of doing more good than twenty sermons, we demur to the motion. Its good effects must of course have operation among young women in circumstances somewhat similar to those of the heroine; and, in that rank, it may be questioned, whether the example is not as well calculated to encourage a spirit of rash enterprize, as of virtuous resistance. If Pamela became Esquire B— 's lady, it was only on account of her virtuous resistance to his criminal attacks; but it may occur to a humble maiden, (and the case we believe is not hypothetical,) that to merit Pamela's reward, she must go through Pamela's trials; and that there can be no great harm in affording some encouragement to the assailant. We need not add how dangerous this experiment must be for both parties.

But we have elsewhere intimated an opinion, that the direct and obvious moral to be deduced from a fictitious narrative, is of much less consequence to the public, than the mode in which the story is treated in the course of its details. If the author introduces scenes which excite evil passions, if he familiarizes the mind of the readers with impure ideas, or sophisticates their understanding with false views of morality, it will be an unavailing defence, that, in the end of his book, he has represented virtue as triumphant. In the same manner, although some objections may be made to the deductions which the author desired and expected should be drawn from the story of Pamela, yet the pure and modest character of the English maiden is so well maintained during the work; her sorrows and afflictions are borne with so much meekness; her little intervals of hope or comparative tranquillity break in on her troubles so much like the specks of blue sky through a cloudy atmosphere, that the whole recollection is soothing, tranquillizing, and doubtless edifying. We think little of Mr. B — , his character, or his motives, and are only delighted with the preferment of our favourite, because it seems to give so much satisfaction to herself. The pathetic passage, in which she describes her ineffectual attempt to escape, may be selected, among many, as an example of the beautiful propriety and truth with which the author

was able to throw himself into the character of his heroine, and to think and reason, and express those thoughts and reasons, exactly as she must have done had the fictitious incident really befallen such a person.

The inferior persons are sketched with great truth, and may be considered as a group of English portraits of the period. In particular, the characters of the father and mother, old Andrews and his wife, are, like that of Pamela herself, in the very best style of drawing and colouring; and the interview of the former with his landlord, when he enquires after the fate of his daughter, would have immortalized Richardson, had he never wrote another line.

It may be here observed, that, had the author lived in the present day, he would probably have thrown into the character of the deeply-injured peasant a spirit of manly indignation, which the occasion demanded. But in Richardson's time, the bonds of subordination in society were drawn very strictly, and he himself appears to have had high and exaggerated ideas of the importance of wealth and rank, as well as of domestic authority of every kind. Mr. B — does not seem to have incurred any severe censure among his neighbours for the villainies which he practices upon Pamela; she herself supposes them more than atoned for by his condescension in wedding her, and consents to receive into favour even the unwomanly and infamous Mrs. Jewkes, because the old procuress had acted a part she should have been hanged for, at the command, forsooth, of a generous master. There is want of taste in this humiliation; and a touch of spirit upon the occasion would not have misbecome even the all-forgiving Pamela.

Notwithstanding such defects, which, in fact, only occur to us upon a critical perusal, the pleasing simplicity of a tale so true to nature commanded the general and enthusiastic applause of the public. It was in vain that the mischievous wit of Fielding found a source for ridicule in that very simplicity of moral and of incident, and gave the world Joseph Andrews, an avowed parody upon the Pamela of Richardson. It chanced with that very humorous performance, as with the Shepherd's Week of Gay, that readers lost sight altogether of the satirical purpose with which it was written, and were delighted with it on account of its own intrinsic merit. We may be permitted to regret, therefore, the tone of mind with which Fielding composed a work, in professed ridicule of such genius as that of Richardson but how can we wish that undone, without which Parson Adams would not have existed?

The success of Pamela induced some wretched imitator to carry on the story in a continuation, entitled Pamela in High Life. This intrusion provoked Richardson to a similar attempt, in which he represents Pamela's husband as reclaimed from the prosecution of a guilty intrigue by the patient sorrows of his virtuous wife. The work met with the usual fate of continuations, and has been always justly

accounted an unnatural and unnecessary appendage to a tale so complete within itself as the first part of Pamela.

Eight years after the appearance of Pamela, Richardson published Clarissa, the work on which his fame as a classic of England will rest for ever. The tale, like that of its predecessor, is very simple; but the scene is laid in a higher rank of life, the characters are drawn with a bolder pencil, and the whole accompaniments are of a far loftier mood.

Clarissa, a character as nearly approaching to perfection as the pencil of the author could draw, is persecuted by a tyrannical father and brother, an envious sister, and the other members of a family, who devoted everything to its aggrandizement, in order to compel her to marry a very disagreeable suitor. These intrigues and distresses she communicates, in a series of letters, to her friend Miss Howe, a young lady of an ardent, impetuous disposition, and an enthusiast in friendship. After a series of sufferings, rising almost beyond endurance, Clarissa is tempted to throw herself upon the protection of her admirer Lovelace, a character, in painting whom Richardson has exerted his utmost skill, until he has attained the very difficult and critical point, of rendering every reader pleased with his wit and abilities, even while detesting the villainy of his conduct. Lovelace is represented as having devoted his life and his talents to the subversion of female virtue; and not even the charms of Clarissa, or the generosity due to her unprotected situation, can reconcile him to the idea of marriage. This species of perverted Quixotry is not much understood in the present age, when a modern voluptuary seeks the gratification of his passions where it is most easily obtained, and is seldom at the trouble of assault, when there is any probability of the fortress being resolutely defended. But in former days, when men, like Lord Baltimore, were found, at the risk of life itself, capable of employing the most violent means for the ruin of innocence, a character approaching that of Lovelace was not perhaps so unnatural. That he should have been so successful in previous amours, is not very probable; and, as Mrs. Barbauld justly observes, he was more likely to have been run through the body long before ever he saw Colonel Morden. But some exaggeration must be allowed to the author of a romance; and considering the part which Lovelace had to perform, it was necessary that his character should be highly coloured. This perfidious lover, actuated, it would seem, as much by the love of intrigue and of enterprize, as by his desire to humble the Harlowe family, and lower the pride of this their beloved daughter, whose attachment to him was not of the devoted character which he conceived was due to his merits, forms a villainous scheme for the destruction of her virtue. Without the least regard for the character of a woman, whom he always seems to have intended for his wife at some future

period, he contrives to lodge her with the keeper of a common brothel, and to place around her the inmates of such a place. At length, every effort to accomplish his guilty purpose having failed, he administers opiates, and violates the person of his victim while under their influence. But he obtains nothing by his crime, save infamy and remorse. The lady dies of a broken heart, and he himself falls by the sword of one of her kinsmen.

It cannot be denied, that this story is attended with many improbabilities. Allowing for Lovelace's very peculiar character, admitting that his selfishness, his pride, and his love of intrigue, had hardened his heart to all consequences, surrounded it, as he himself says, "with flint and callus," and induced him to prefer a crooked and most foul path to one which was fair and honourable, there is no excuse for his correspondent Belford, as a man and a gentleman, keeping his friend's infamous secret. Nay, we are apt to blame Clarissa herself, who, in her escape to Hampstead, did not place herself under the guardianship of a magistrate. We will venture to say, that Justice Fielding would have afforded her his most effectual protection; and that if Tomlinson, the false Miss Montague, or any other of Lovelace's agents, had ventured to appear in the office, they would have been committed by his worship as old acquaintances. In our own day too, though that was not a feature of the writer's age, the whole story of the elopement would have flown on the wings of the newspapers, not to Hampstead and Highgate only, but to Truro and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and not a Mrs. Moore or a Mrs. Rawlins in England but would have been too particularly acquainted with "the mysterious affair of Harlowe-Place," to be deceived by the representations of Lovelace. But it is unfair to tax an author too severely upon improbabilities, without conceding which his story could have no existence; and we have the less title to do so, because, in the history of real life, that which is actually true bears often very little resemblance to that which is probable. If every assault were skilfully parried, and every man played with ability, life would become like a trial of skill with foils, or like a game at chess, and strength and address would no longer be defeated by time and chance, which, in the words of Solomon, happen unto all men.

The conduct of the injured Clarissa through the subsequent scenes, which are perhaps among the most affecting and sublime in the English school of romance, raises her, in her calamitous condition, so far above all around her, that her character beams on the reader with something like superhuman splendour. Our eyes weep, our hearts ache; yet our feelings triumph with the triumph of virtue, as it rises over all the odds which the deepest misfortune, and even degradation, have thrown into the scale. There is a noble pride amid the sorrow with which we contemplate the distresses of such a being as Clarissa, becoming more exalted

over that personal dishonour, which, when it has once taken place, under what circumstances soever, is generally understood to infer degradation. It was reserved to Richardson to show there is a chastity of the soul, which can beam out spotless and unsullied even after that of the person has been violated; and the dignity of Clarissa, under her disgrace and her misfortunes, reminds us of the saying of the ancient poet, that a good man, struggling with the tide of adversity, and surmounting it, was a sight which the immortal gods might look down upon with pleasure. This is a subject which Mrs. Barbauld has dwelt upon with a suitable feeling of the dignity of her sex. The more contracted and limited view of Clarissa's merit, merely as resisting the efforts of a practised seducer, although it was unquestionably in Richardson's view, his biographer reasonably spurns as degrading to womanhood. Clarissa, bred in a superior rank in life, led astray by no strong passion, courted by a lover, who had immediate marriage in his power, must have been a subordinate person indeed, if incapable of repelling his attempts at dishonouring her person. I cannot avoid transcribing the excellent reflections which follow this reasoning:— "The real moral of Clarissa is, that virtue is triumphant in every situation; that in circumstances the most painful and degrading, in a prison, in a brothel, in grief, in destruction, in despair, it is still lovely, still commanding, still the object of our veneration, of our fondest affections; that, if it is seated on the ground, it can still say with Constance,

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

"The Novelist that has produced this effect, has performed his office well, and it is immaterial what particular maxim is selected under the name of a moral, while such are the reader's feelings. If our feelings are in favour of virtue the novel is virtuous; if of vice, the novel is vicious. The greatness of Clarissa is shown by her, separating herself from her lover, as soon as she perceives his dishonourable views; in her choosing death rather than a repetition of the outrage; in her rejection of those overtures of marriage, which a common mind might have accepted of, as a refuge against worldly dishonour; in her firm indignant carriage, mixed with calm patience and Christian resignation, and in the greatness of mind with which she views and enjoys the approaches of death, and her meek forgiveness of her unfeeling relations."

These arguments, however, were not at first readily admitted by Richardson's warmest admirers. The first four volumes of Clarissa having appeared, and a report having been spread that the catastrophe was to be unfortunate, many remonstrances were made on the subject by those readers who shrunk from the extreme pain inflicted by the tragical part of the narrative, and, laying aside the contemplation of the moral, complained, that in a professed work of amusement, the author had contrived to harrow up their feelings to a degree that was

intolerably painful. Old Cibber raved on the subject like a profane Bedlamite; and, what was perhaps of more consequence to Richardson, the rumour of Lovelace's success, and death, occasioned Lady Bradshaigh's opening her romantic correspondence with him under the assumed name of Belfour. In reply to the expostulations of the latter, Richardson frankly stated his own noble plan, of which he had too just a conception to alter it, in compliance with the remonstrances of his correspondents.

"Indeed, you are not particular in your wishes for a happy ending, as it is called. Nor can I go through some of the scenes myself without being sensibly touched. (Did I not say that I was another Pygmalion?) But yet I had to show, for example sake, a young lady struggling nobly with the greatest difficulties, and triumphing from the best motives, in the course of distresses, the tenth part of which would have sunk even manly hearts; yet tenderly educated, born to affluence, naturally meek, although, where an exertion of spirit was necessary, manifesting herself to be a true heroine."

Defeated in this point, the friends and correspondents of Richardson became even more importunate for the reformation of Lovelace, and the winding up the story by his happy union with Clarissa. On this subject also, Cibber ranted and the ladies implored, with an earnestness that seems to imply at once a belief that the persons in whom they interested themselves had an existence, and that it was in the power of the writer of their memoirs to turn their destiny which way, he pleased; and one damsel, eager for the conversion of Lovelace, implores Richardson to "save his soul;" as if there had been actually a living sinner in the case, and his future state had literally depended on the decision to be pronounced by her admired author.

Against all these expostulations Richardson hardened himself. He knew that to bestow Clarissa upon the repentant Lovelace would have been to undermine the fabric he had built. This was the very purpose which the criminal had proposed to himself in the atrocious crime he had committed, and it was to dismiss him from the scene rewarded, not punished. The sublimity of the moral would have been altogether destroyed since vice would have been no longer rendered hateful and miserable through its very success, nor virtue honoured and triumphant even by its degradation. The death of Clarissa alone could draw down on the guilty head of her betrayer the just and necessary retribution, and his guilt was of far too deep a dye to be otherwise expiated. Besides, the author felt, and forcibly pointed out, the degradation which the fervent creation of his fancy must have sustained, could she, with all her wrongs forgotten, and with the duty imposed on her by matrimony, to love, honour, and obey her betrayer, have sat down the common-place good wife of her reformed rake. Indeed, those who peruse the work with

attention, will perceive that the author has been careful, in the earlier stages of his narrative, to bar out every prospect of such a union. Notwithstanding the levities and constitutional good-humour of Lovelace, his mind is too much perverted, his imagination too much inflamed, by his own insane Quixotism, and above all, his heart is too much hardened, to render it possible for any one seriously to think of his conversion as sincere, or his union with Clarissa as happy. He had committed a crime for which be deserved death, by the law of the country; and notwithstanding those good qualities with which the author has invested him, that he may not seem an actual incarnate fiend, there is no reader but feels vindictive pleasure when Morden passes the sword through his body.

On the other hand, Clarissa, reconciled to her violator, must have lost, in the eye of the reader, that dignity, with which the refusal of his hand, the only poor reparation he could offer, at present invests her; and it was right and fitting that a creature, every way so excellent, should, as is fabled of the ermine, pine to death on account of the stain with which she had been so injuriously sullied. We cannot, consistently with the high idea which we have previously entertained of her purity of character, imagine her surviving the contamination. On the whole, as Richardson himself pleaded, Clarissa has, as the narrative presently stands, the greatest of triumphs even in this world — the greatest, even in and after the outrage, and because of the outrage, that any woman ever had.

It has often been observed, that the extreme severity of the parents and relatives in this celebrated novel does not belong to our day, or perhaps even to Richardson's; and that Clarissa's dutiful scruples at assuming her own estate, or extricating herself by Miss Howe's means, are driven to extremity. Something, no doubt, is to be allowed for the license of an author, who must necessarily, in order to command interest and attention, extend his incidents to the extreme verge of probability; but, besides, it is well known, that at least within the century, the notions of the "patria potestas" were of a much severer nature than those now entertained. Forced marriages in those days did sometimes actually take place, and that in houses of considerable rank; and the voice of public opinion had then comparatively little effect upon great and opulent families, inhabiting their country-seats, and living amid their own dependants, where strange violences were sometimes committed, under the specious pretext of enforcing domestic discipline. Each family was a little tribe within itself; and the near relations, like the elders among the Jews, had their Sanhedrim, where resolutions were adopted, as laws to control the free will of each individual member. It is upon this family compact that the Harlowes ground the rights which they assert with so much tyranny; and, before the changes which have slackened the bonds of relationship, we believe that such incidents were not infrequent. But whether we consider

Richardson as exhibiting a state of manners which may have lingered in the remote parts of England down to his own time, or suppose that he coloured them according to his own invention, and particularly according to his high notions of the “awful rule and right supremacy,” lodged in the head of a family, there can be no doubt of the spirit with which the picture is executed; and particularly of the various gradations in which the Harlowe spirit exhibits itself, in the insolent and conceited brother, the mean and envious sister, the stern and unrelenting father, softened down in the elder brother James, and again roughened and exaggerated in the old seaman Anthony, each of whom in various modifications, exhibits the same family features of avarice, pride, and ambition.

Miss Howe is an admirably sketched character, drawn in strong contrast to that of Clarissa, yet worthy of being her friend — â€ with more of worldly perspicacity, though less of abstracted principle; and who, when they argue upon points of doubt and delicacy, is often able, by going directly to the question at issue, to start the game, while her more gifted correspondent does but beat the bush. Her high spirit and disinterested devotion for her friend, acknowledging, as she does on all occasions, her own inferiority, show her in a noble point of view; and though we are afraid she must have given honest Hickman (notwithstanding her resolutions to the contrary) rather an uneasy time of it after marriage, yet it is impossible not to think that she was a prize worth suffering for.

The publication of Clarissa raised the fame of the author to the height. No work had appeared before, perhaps none has appeared since, containing so many direct appeals to the passions, stated too in a manner so irresistible. And high as his reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to enquire for the Flask-walk, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa’s history, just as travellers visit the rocks of Meillerie to view the localities of Rousseau’s tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compares him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the Father of Epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D’Alembert: “On jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman egal a Clarisse, ni meme approchant.”

There was never, perhaps, an author who was not encouraged by popular applause again to venture himself before the public; and Richardson, secure, moreover, in the prepossession of a large party of friends and admirers, was of course no exception to the general rule.

The subject of the third and last novel of this eminent author seems to have been in a great degree dictated by the criticism which Ciarissa had undergone. To his own surprise, as he assured his correspondents, he found that the gaiety, spirit, and occasionally, generosity of Lovelace, joined to his courage and ingenuity, had, in spite of his crimes, made him find too much grace in the eyes of his fair readers. He had been so studious to prevent this, that when he perceived his rake was rising into an undue and dangerous degree of favour with some of the young ladies of his own school, he threw in some darker shades of character. In this, according to the eulogy of Johnson, he was eminently successful; but still Lovelace appeared too captivating in the eyes of his fair friends, and even of Lady Bradshaigh; so that nothing remained for the author, in point of morality, but to prepare with all speed an antidote to the poison which he had incautiously administered.

With this view, the writer tasked his talents to embody the beau ideal of a virtuous character, who should have all the title to admiration which he could receive from wit, rank, figure, accomplishment, and fashion, yet compounded inseparably with the still higher qualifications which form the virtuous citizen and the faithful votary of religion. It was with this view that Richardson produced the work, originally denominated The Good Man; a title which, before publication, he judiciously exchanged for that of Sir Charles Grandison.

It must be acknowledged, that although the author exerted his utmost ability to succeed in the task which he had assumed, and, so far as detached parts of the work are considered, has given the same marks of genius which he employed in his former novels, yet this last production has neither the simplicity of the two first volumes of Pamela, nor the deep and overwhelming interest of the inimitable Clarissa and must, considering it as a whole, be ranked considerably beneath both these works.

The principal cause of failure may be perhaps traced to Richardson’s too strong recollection of the aversion which his friendly critics and correspondents had displayed to the melancholy scenes in Clarissa, in which, darkening and deepening as the story proceeds, his heroine is involved, until the scene is closed by death. He was resolved (perhaps) to give his readers some indemnification, and having formerly shown them virtue in its state of earthly persecution and calamity, now resolved to introduce her, as John Bunyan says, in her golden slippers, and walking abroad in the sunshine. But the author did not sufficiently reflect, that the beacon, upon an exposed headland, sending forth its saving light amid the rain and the storm, and burning where all around combines to its extinction, is a far grander and more interesting object to the imagination than the

chandelier in a lordly hall, secured by walls and casements from the possibility even of a transient breeze agitating its brilliancy of lustre.

Sir Charles Grandison is a man of large fortune, of rank and of family, high in the opinion of all who know him, and discharging with the most punctilious accuracy his duties in every relation of life. But in order to his doing so, he is accommodated with all those exterior advantages which command awe and attract respect, although entirely adventitious to excellence of principle. He is munificent, but his fortune bears out his generosity; he is affectionate in his domestic relations, but the devoted attachment of his family leaves him no temptation to be otherwise; his temperament is averse from excess; his passions are under the command of his reason; his courage has been so often proved, that he can safely, and without reproach of the world, prefer the dictates of Christianity to the rules of modern honour; and in adventuring himself into danger, he has all the strength and address of Lovelace himself to trust to. Sir Charles encounters no misfortunes, and can hardly be said to undergo any trials. The author, in a word, has sent him forth

— Victorious,
Happy, and glorious.

The only dilemma to which he is exposed in the course of the seven volumes, is the doubt which of two beautiful and accomplished women, excellent in disposition and high in rank, sister excellencies as it were, both being devotedly attached to him, he shall be pleased to select for his bride; and this with so small a shade of partiality towards either, that we cannot conceive his happiness to be endangered wherever his lot may fall, except by a generous compassion for her, whom be must necessarily relinquish. Whatever other difficulties surround him occasionally, vanish before his courage and address; and he is almost secure to make friends, and even converts, of those whose machinations may for a moment annoy him. In a word, Sir Charles Grandison “walks the course” without competition or rivalry.

All this does well enough in a funeral sermon or monumental inscription, where, by privilege of suppressing the worst qualities and exaggerating the better, such images of perfection are sometimes presented. But in the living world, a state of trial and a valley of tears, such unspotted worth, such unvarying perfection, is not to be met with; and, what is still more important, it could not, if we suppose it to have existence, be attended by all those favours of fortune which are accumulated upon Richardson’s hero; — and hence the fatal objection, of Sir Charles Grandison being the

— Faultless monster that the world ne’er saw.

It is not the moral and religious excellence of Sir Charles which the reader is so much disposed to quarrel with, as that, while Richardson designs to give a high moral lesson by the success of his hero, he has failed through resting that success on circumstances which have nothing to do either with morality or religion, but might have been, if indeed they are not, depicted as the properties of Lovelace himself. It is impossible that any very deep lesson can be derived from contemplating a character, at once of unattainable excellence, and which is placed in circumstances of worldly ease and prosperity that render him entirely superior to temptation. Propose the example of Sir Charles Grandison to the sordid spirit, he will answer, I will be generous when I have such an estate — to the unkind brother or the cold friend, I will be affectionate, is the ready answer, when I meet such reciprocity of tenderness. Ask him who fears the reproach of the world, why he gives or accepts a challenge? — I would do neither, he replies, were my reputation for courage established like that of Sir Charles Grandison. The timid may excuse himself for not being bold in the defence of innocence, because he has neither Sir Charles’s resolution, nor that inimitable command of his sword, which enables the hero to baffle, and, in case of need, to disarm, all who may oppose his interference. Even the libertine will plead difference of temperament and habits, and contend, that Sir Charles had all his passions under such complete subjugation, that there was no more danger of his being hurried off by them, than that his six long-tailed horses should run away with his chariot. He does, unquestionably, now and then, in his communications to Dr. Bartlett and others, speak of his naturally passionate temperament as if it were still existing; but we see so little of its effects, or rather it appears, in spite of his own report, so utterly subdued and withered within him, that the only purpose of the confession seems to be, the adding this trait of modesty and humiliation to the more splendid virtues of the hero.

After all, there may, in this reasoning, be much of the perversity of human nature, which is always ready, like Job’s tempter, to dispute that worth which has not been proved by adversity. But it was human nature which the author proposed to instruct; and, therefore, to human nature and its feelings, he should have adapted his example of piety and morality.

To take the matter less gravely, and consider Sir Charles Grandison as a work of amusement, it must be allowed, that the interest is destroyed in a great measure by the unceasing ascendency given to the fortune, as well as the character, of the hero. We feel he is too much under the special protection of the author to need any sympathy of ours, and that he has nothing to dread from all the Pollexfens, O’Haras, and so forth, in the world, so long as Richardson is decidedly his friend.

Neither are our feelings much interested about him even while his fate is undetermined. He evinces too little passion, and certainly no preference, being clearly ready, with heart and good-will, to marry either Clementina or Harriet Byron, as circumstances may render most proper, and to bow gracefully upon the hand of the rejected lady, and hid her adieu.

Lady Bradshaigh, the frankest of Richardson's correspondents, states this objection to him in full force, and without ceremony:— "You have made me bounce off my chair with reading that two good girls were in love with your hero, and that he was fond of both. I have such despicable notions of a divided love, that I cannot have an idea how a worthy object can entertain such a thought." The truth is, that Richardson was always arguing for the superiority of duty and principle over feeling, and, not very wisely perhaps, in an abstract view at least, set himself willingly to the task of combating even the sentiment of honest and virtuous love, considered as a passion, although implanted by nature in our breasts for the wisest, as well as kindest purposes, and leading, were it only by carrying our views and wishes beyond ourselves, to many more good consequences, under the modification of reason, than to evil, numerous as these may be, when it hurries us beyond reason's limits. So far did the author carry his contempt and defiance of Cupid, who had, down to his time, been the omnipotent deity of romance, as even to alarm Lady Bradshaigh by some hypothetical arguments in favour of polygamy, a system which goes to exclude individual preferences with a vengeance.

All this must be pardoned to the honest and kindhearted Richardson, partly for argument's sake, partly because he had very high notions of the rights of the husband, as well as those of the master. It may be some comfort to the ladies to know, as appears from some passages in his Correspondence, that, like James the First of England, his despotism consisted more in theory than in practice; and that Mrs. Richardson appears to have had her full share of practical authority and control in whatever related to their quiet family.

Regarding Sir Charles, then, merely as the twenty-thousand prize, which was to be drawn by either of the ladies who might be so lucky as to win it, and whose own inclinations scarcely decided him more to the one than to the other, it is clear that the interest must rest — no very flattering thing for the fair sex — upon that predilection which the reader may entertain for the English or for the Italian lady. And with respect to Miss Byron, amiable as she is represented, and with qualities supposed to approach almost to those of Clarissa in her happiest state, there attaches a sort of indelicacy, of which we must suppose Clarissa, in similar circumstances, entirely incapable. She literally forms a league in Sir Charles's family, and among his friends, for the purpose of engaging his affections, and is

contented to betray the secret of her own love, even when she believes it unreturned — a secret which every delicate mind holds so sacred — not only to the sister of Sir Charles and old Dr. Bartlett, but to all her own relations, and the Lord knows whom besides, who are all to be edified by the perusal of Sir Charles's letters. Most readers have felt that this conduct on Miss Byron's part, though designed only to elevate the hero, has the contrary effect of degrading the character of the heroine.

The real heroine of the work, and the only one in whose fortunes we take a deep and decided interest, is the unhappy Clementina, whose madness, and indeed her whole conduct, is sketched with the same exquisite pencil which drew the distresses of Clarissa. There are, in those passages relating to her, upon which we do not dwell, familiar as they must be to all our readers, scenes which equal any thing that Richardson ever wrote, and which would alone be sufficient to rank him with the highest name in his line of composition. These, with other detached passages in the work, serve to show that it was no diminution in Richardson's powers, but solely the adoption of an inferior plan, which renders his two earlier works preferable to Sir Charles Grandison.

The structure of Sir Charles Grandison being wholly different from that of Pamela and Clarissa, enabled the author entirely to avoid, in his last work, some free and broad descriptions, which were unavoidable while detailing the enterprizes of Mr. B — or Lovelace. But though he was freed from all temptation to fall into indelicate warmth of description, a fault which the grosser age of our fathers endured better than ours, Richardson was still unfortunate in assuming the tone of elegance and of high fashion, to which, in his last work, he evidently aspired. Mr. B — is a country squire; the Harlowes, a purse-proud and vulgar race; Lovelace himself a roue in point of manners; Lord M — has the manners and sentiments of an old rural gossip; and the vivacity of Miss Howe often approaches to vulgarity. Many models must have been under the observant eye of Richardson, extensive as his acquaintance was through all, excepting the highest circle of fashion, from which he might have drawn such characters, or at least have borrowed their manners and language.

But our author's aspiring to trace the manners of the great, as in Sir Charles Grandison, has called down the censure of an unquestionable judge, and who appears, in his case, disposed to be a severe critic. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in her inimitable Letters, has the following passages:— "His Anna Howe and Charlotte Grandison are recommended as patterns of charming pleasantry, and applauded by his saint-like dames, who mistake folly for wit and humour, and impudence and ill-nature for spirit and fire. Charlotte behaves like a humoursome child, and should have been used like one, and whipped in the presence of her

friendly confederate, Harriet. — He (Richardson) has no idea of the manners of high life; his old Lord M — talks in the style of a country justice, and his virtuous young ladies romp like the wenches round a May-pole. Such liberties as pass between Mr. Lovelace and his cousins, are not to be excused by the relation. I should have been much astonished if Lord Denbigh should have offered to kiss me; and I dare swear, Lord Trentham never attempted such impertinence to you."

It is no disrespect to Richardson to say, that he could not have had many opportunities of seeing the manners of high life; for society is formed upon principles different entirely from a selection of the best and wisest men; and the author's condition, though far from being low, indigent, or disrespectable, placed him in a humbler and happier rank. But there is one sort of goodbreeding which is natural and unchangeable, and another, which, consisting of an acquaintance with the evanescent manners and fashions of the day, is merely conventional, and is perpetually changing, like the modes of dress observed in the same circles. The principles of the first are imprinted in every bosom of sense and delicacy. But to be ignorant of the latter, only shows that an author is not very conversant with the society where those flitting rules are observed, or, what may be equally the case, is incapable of tracing their changeful and fading hues. To transgress the rules of natural good-breeding, or to represent characters by whom they should be practised as doing so, is a want of taste which must adhere as a blemish to the work so long as it is read. But crimes against conventional good-breeding run a prescriptive course, and cease to be observed when the rules transgressed have, according to the usual mutability of fashion, been superseded by others. Such errors are like Livy's patavinity, which became imperceptible to latter readers. It was natural that a person of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's taste and rank should be shocked at the want of decorum which she complains of, but at this distance of time we are not sufficiently acquainted with the fashions of George the Second's reign to share her displeasure. We know in general, that salutation continued for a long period to be permitted by fashion, as much as the more lately licensed freedoms of shaking hands and offering the arm; and with this general knowledge it is of little consequence to us, at what particular year of God men of quality were restrained from kissing their cousins, or whether Richardson has made an anachronism in that important matter. The merit of Lovelace, considered as a portrait, remains to us the same, notwithstanding that wig, which is now frozen to his head amid his sentimental attendance in the ivy-coppice, and anon skimmed into the fire when he receives the fatal news of Clarissa's death. We think as little of dress or fashion as when we gaze on the portraits of Vandyke, without asking whether the ruff and this sleeve be or be not precisely of the cut of the period. Lovelace, whether exactly corresponding to the minute fashions of his own time

or no, continues equally to be what he is described in the nervous language of Johnson, in his Life of Rowe. “The character of Lothario seems to have been expanded by Richardson into that of Lovelace; but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. Lothario, with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator’s kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone, to teach us at once esteem and detestation; to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which wit, and elegance, and courage, naturally excite and to lose at last the hero in the villain.”

Still, however, it is impossible altogether to vindicate Richardson from Lady Mary’s charge, or to pronounce him wholly guiltless of trespassing upon the essence of good-breeding, as well as upon its temporary rules and modifications. Lady G — has as much horse-play in her raillery as Miss Howe, and her lord is a double of Mr. Hickman. Now there ought to have been a difference betwixt the vivacity of a country-bred young lady, trained up under a sufficiently vulgar mother, and that of Miss Grandison, who had always lived in the very first society; and this Lady Mary has a just right to complain of.

There is a fault also attaches to the manners of Sir Charles Grandison himself, though doubtless intended as a model of elegance and courtesy. The very care which the author has taken to deck his manners and conversation with every becoming grace of action and words, has introduced a heavy formality, and a sort of flourishing politeness, into his whole person and deportment. His manner, in short, seems too much studied, and his talk too stiffly complimentary, too like a printed book, to use a Scottish phrase, to permit us to associate the ideas of gentlemanlike ease and affability, either to the one or the other. We believe this objection has been very generally entertained by the fairer sex, for whose protection the laws of politeness are introduced, and who must therefore be the best judges how far they are complied with.

Notwithstanding these imperfections, and the disadvantage which a new work always sustains at first comparison with its predecessors, Richardson’s fame was not diminished by the publication of his Sir Charles Grandison, and his fortune would have been increased but for a mercantile fraud, of a nature peculiarly audacious. By some means which he could not detect, sheet after sheet of the work as it passed the press was stolen from the author’s printing-house, and sent to Dublin where, availing themselves of the relations between the two countries as they then stood, some unprincipled booksellers prepared an Irish edition of the book, which they were thus enabled to bring into the market as soon as the author, and, by underselling him, greatly limited his deserved profits. Richardson appears in vain to have sought redress for this injustice by means of his correspondents in Ireland. The union with the sister kingdom has, among other beneficial effects,

had that of rendering such frauds impossible in future; and in that respect has been of the greatest service to literature.

Such is the succinct history of Richardson's productions, and such was its conclusion. It is only necessary to mention, that, besides his three celebrated novels, he completed that collection of Familiar Letters, the commencement of which led the way to Pamela— "A work," says Mrs. Barbauld, "usually found in the servant's drawer, but which, when so found, has not unfrequently detained the eye of the mistress, wondering all the while by what secret charm she was induced to turn over a book, apparently too low for her perusal, and that charm was — Richardson." This work, which we have never seen, is said, by the same authority, to illustrate the extreme accuracy with which Richardson had attended to all the duties of life.

Richardson also wrote, in order to assist Dr. Johnson, the ninety-seventh number of the Rambler, which the editor ushered in by the following deserved encomium:— "The reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to wove at the command of virtue."

In our detailed remarks on Richardson's several novels, we have, as usual, anticipated much which we otherwise had to say concerning his general merits as an author. It will be to his immortal praise, that he was perhaps the first author in this line of composition, who, in fictitious narrative, threw aside the trappings of romance, with all its extravagance, and appealed to the genuine passions of the human heart. The circumstances which led him to descend from the stilts of bombast into the walks of nature, are described in his own account of the origin of Pamela, and he quickly discovered that it was not in humble life only that those feelings exist which find sympathy in every reader's bosom; for, if the sympathy which the distresses and the magnanimity of Clarissa excite, be not universal, we cannot envy those who are proof against their charm.

Richardson was well qualified to be the discoverer of a new style of writing, for he was a cautious, deep, and minute examiner of the human heart, and, like Cooke or Parry, left neither head, bay, nor inlet behind him, until he had traced its soundings, and laid it down in his chart, with all its minute sinuosities, its depths, and its shallows. Hence the high, and, comparatively considered, perhaps the undue superiority assigned by Johnson to Richardson over Fielding, against whom he seems to have entertained some prejudice. In one passage he asserts, that "there is more knowledge of the human heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all Tom Jones." And in another, he thus explains the proposition: "There is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners, and there is this difference between the characters of Fielding and those

of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart." Again, in comparing these two distinguished authors, the critic uses this illustration,— "that there was as great a difference between them, as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking at the dial-plate." Dissenting as we do from the conclusions to be deduced from Dr. Johnson's simile, we would rather so modify it as to describe both authors as excellent mechanics; the time-pieces of Richardson showing a great deal of the internal work by which the index is regulated; while those of Fielding merely point to the hour of the day, being all that most men desire to know. Or, to take a more manageable comparison, the analogy betwixt the writings of Fielding and Richardson resembles that which free, bold, and true sketches bear to paintings that have been very minutely laboured, and which, amid their excellence, still exhibit some of the heaviness that almost always attends the highest degree of finishing. This, indeed, is admitted by Johnson himself, in his reply to the observation of the Honourable Thomas Erskine, that Richardson was tedious.— "Why, sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted, that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story only as giving occasion to the sentiment." Were we to translate the controversy into plain language, it might be summed up in pronouncing the works of Richardson the more instructive, and the more deeply affecting, those of Fielding the more amusing; and that a reader might select the one or the other for his studies, according to Tony Lumpkin's phrase, as he felt himself "in a concatenation accordingly;" — with this difference, however, that he who would laugh with Fielding, may open Tom Jones at a venture: but he who would weep with Richardson, must be content to read through many pages, until his mind is in the mood fittest to appreciate the pathetic scenes introduced by a succession of minute and highly laboured details. This no doubt frequently occasions a suspension of the narrative, in order to afford time for the minute delineation of character. "Richardson himself has explained his principle," as is well observed by Mr. D'lsraeli. "If," he tells us, "I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly, for the humours and persons of characters cannot be known, unless I repeat what they say, and their manner of saying it." This process of miniature painting has, however, its bounds; and many readers will be disposed to acquiesce in the remark of D'Alembert,— "La Nature est bonne a imiter, mais non pas jusqu' a l'ennui."

It is impossible to tell whether Richardson's peculiar and circumstantial mode of narrative arose entirely out of the mode in which he evolves his story by the

correspondence of the actors, or whether his early partiality for letter-writing was not rather founded upon his innate love of detail. But these talents and propensities must have borne upon and fortified each other. To the letter-writer every event is recent, and is described while immediately under the eye, without a corresponding degree of reference to its relative importance to what has past and what is to come. All is, so to speak, painted in the fore-ground, and nothing in the distance. A game at whist, if the subject of a letter, must be detailed as much at length as a debate in the House of Commons, upon a subject of great national interest; and hence, perhaps, that tendency to prolixity, of which the readers of Richardson frequently complain.

There is an additional advantage, tending to the same disagreeable impression, since it requires that incidents must be, in many instances, detailed again and again, by the various actors, to their different correspondents. If this affords the opportunity of placing the characters, each in their own peculiar light, and contrasting their thoughts, plans, and sentiments, that advantage is at least partly balanced, by arresting the progress of the story, which stands still while the characters show all their paces, like horses in the manege, without advancing a yard. But then it gives the reader, as Mrs. Barbauld well remarks, the assurance of being thoroughly acquainted with those in whose fate he is to be interested. In consequence of this, adds that accomplished lady, “our feelings are not transient, elicited here and there by a pathetic stroke, but we regard his characters as real personages, whom we know and converse with, and whose fate remains to be decided in the course of events.” The minute style of Richardson, is accordingly attended with this peculiar advantage, that as strong a light as can be necessary is thrown on every personage who advances on the scene, and that we have as distinct an idea of the individual and peculiar character of every female in Mrs. Sinclair’s family whom it is necessary to name; of the greedy and hypocritical Joseph Leman; of the plausible Captain Singleton, and of Lovelace’s other agents, as we have of Lovelace himself. The character of Colonel Morden, for example, although we see so little of him, is quite individual. He is high-spirited, bold, and skilful at his weapon; a man of the world and a man of honour; neither violent enough to precipitate his revenge, nor forbearing enough to avoid grasping it when the fitting opportunity offers. The awe with which he is regarded by the Harlowes even before his appearance, the respect which Clarissa entertains for him as a natural protector, prepares us for his approach as he enters on the scene, like the Avenger of Blood; too late, indeed, to save Clarissa, but a worthy vindicator of her wrongs, and a no less worthy conqueror of Lovelace. Whatever piety and forbearance there is in his cousin’s last charge to such a man as Colonel Morden, we cannot for a moment be either surprised or sorry that it is disobeyed.

It must not be overlooked, that, by the circumstantial detail of minute, trivial, and even uninteresting circumstances, the author gives to his fiction an air of reality that can scarcely otherwise be obtained. In every real narrative, he who tells it, dwells upon slight and inconsiderable circumstances, no otherwise interesting than because they are associated in his mind with the more important events which he desires to communicate. De Foe, who understood, and availed himself on all occasions of this mode of garnishing an imaginary history with all the minute accompaniments which distinguish a true one, was scarce a greater master of this peculiar art, than was our author Richardson.

Still, with all these advantages, which so peculiarly adapted the mode of carrying on the story by epistolary correspondence to Richardson's peculiar genius, it has its corresponding defects. In order that all may be written, which must be known for the purpose of the narrative, the characters must frequently write, when it would be more natural for them to be acting — must frequently write what it is not natural to write at all — and must at all times write a great deal oftener, and a great deal more, than one would now think human life has time for. But these arguments did not probably weigh much with Richardson, an inveterate letter-writer from his youth upwards, and himself certainly as indefatigable (we had almost said formidable) a correspondent as any of the characters he has drawn.

Richardson was himself aware of the luxuriance of his imagination, and that he was sometimes apt to exceed the patience of the reader. He indulged his own vein, by writing without any fixed plan, and at great length, which he afterwards curtailed and compressed; so that, strange as it may seem, his compositions were reduced almost one-half in point of size before they were committed to the press. In his two first novels, he showed much attention to the plot; and though diffuse and prolix in narration, can never be said to be rambling or desultory. No characters are introduced, but for the purpose of advancing the plot; and there are but few of those digressive dialogues and dissertations with which Sir Charles Grandison abounds. The story of Pamela and of Clarissa keeps the direct road, though it moves slowly. But in his last work, the author is much more excursive. There is indeed little in the plot to require attention; the various events, which are successively narrated, being no otherwise connected together, than as they place the character of the hero in some new and peculiar point of view. The same may be said of the numerous and long conversations upon religious and moral topics, which compose so great a part of the work, that a venerable old lady, whom we well knew, when in advanced age she became subject to drowsy fits, chose to hear Sir Charles Grandison read to her as she sat in her elbow-chair, in preference to any other work, "because," said she, "should I drop asleep in course of the

reading, I am sure when I awake, I shall have lost none of the story, but shall find the party, where I left them, conversing in the cedar-parlour." — It is probable, after all, that the prolixity of Richardson, which, to our giddy-paced times, is the greatest fault of his writing, was not such an objection to his contemporaries. Those who with patience had studied rant and bombast in the folios of Scuderi, could not readily tire of nature, sense, and genius, in the octavos of Richardson. But a modern reader may be permitted to wish that Clarissa had been a good deal abridged at the beginning, and Sir Charles Grandison at the end; that the last two volumes of Pamela had been absolutely cancelled, and the second much compressed. And, upon the whole, it might be desired that many of those trivial details of dresses and decorations, which relish, to say truth, of the mantua-makers' shops in which Richardson made his first efforts at composition, were altogether abolished, especially where they are put into the letters of sensible persons, or impertinently thrust upon us during the currency of a scene of passion. It requires the recollection of Richardson's highest powers to maintain our respect for him, where he makes Lovelace, amidst all his triumph at Clarissa's elopement, describe her dress to Belford, from top to toe, with all the professional accuracy of a man-milliner. But it is ungracious to dwell on defects, redeemed by so many excellencies.

The style of Richardson was of that pliable and facile kind, which could, with slight variety, be adapted to what best befitted his various personages. When he wrote in his higher characters, it was copious, expressive, and appropriate, but, through the imperfection of his education, not always strictly elegant, nor even accurate. During his life, the common cant as usual was, that he received assistance, which, as a practical admission of personal incompetence to the task they have undertaken, we believe few men of reputed talent would stoop to accept of. It is now known that he wrote his whole works without any such aid, excepting the

Ode to Wisdom by Mrs. Carter, and a number of Latin quotations, furnished by a learned friend to bedizen the epistle of Elias Brand.

The power of Richardson's painting in his deeper scenes of tragedy, never has been, and probably never will be, excelled. Those of distressed innocence, as in the history of Clarissa and Clementina, rend the very heart; and few, jealous of manly equanimity, should read them for the first time in presence of society. In others, where the same heroines, and particularly Clarissa, display noble elevation of soul, rising above earthly considerations and earthly oppression, the reader is perhaps as much elevated towards a pure sympathy with virtue and religion, as uninspired composition can raise him. His scenes of unmixed horror, as the deaths of Belton and of the infamous Sinclair, are as dreadful as the former are elevating;

and they are directed to the same noble purpose, increasing our fear and hatred of vice, as the former are qualified to augment our love and veneration of virtue. In this respect Fielding might have paid to Richardson's genius the just tribute, which, after much depreciation of his talents in other respects, Dryden rendered to Otway— "Yet he succeeds in moving the passions, which I cannot do."

The lighter qualities of the novelist were less proper to this distinguished author than those which are allied to tragedy. Yet not even in these was Richardson deficient; and his sketches of this kind display the same accurate knowledge of humanity manifested in his higher efforts. His comedy is not overstrained; he never steps beyond the bounds of nature, and never sacrifices truth and probability to brilliancy of effect. Without what is properly termed wit, the author possessed liveliness and gaiety sufficient to colour those comic scenes; and though he is never, like his rival Fielding, irresistibly ludicrous, nor indeed ever essays to be so, there is a fund of quaint drollery pervades his lighter sketches, which renders them very agreeable to the reader.

Without a complete copy of the Works of this distinguished and truly English classic, a collection would be deplorably deficient; yet the change of taste and of fashion, from the causes we have freely stated, has thrown a temporary shade over Richardson's popularity. Or, perhaps, he may, in the present generation, be only paying, by comparative neglect, the price of the very high reputation which he enjoyed during his own age. For if immortality, or any thing approaching to it, is granted to authors and to their works, it seems only to be on the conditions assigned to that of Nourjahad, in the beautiful Eastern tale, that they shall be liable to occasional intervals of slumber and comparative oblivion. Yet, under all these disadvantages, the genius of Richardson must be ever acknowledged to have done honour to the language in which he wrote, and his manly and virtuous application of his talents to have been of service to morality, and to human nature in general.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON: A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL STUDY by Clara Linklater Thomson

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Bust of Samuel Richardson, c. 1760

PREFACE

NEARLY a hundred years have elapsed since Mrs Barbauld's edition of Samuel Richardson's Correspondence appeared. This was preceded by a biographical sketch which still forms the chief source of information concerning a writer whose importance in the development of English fiction would seem to render necessary a cheaper and more accessible biography. The present book is an attempt to gather into a moderate compass the essential facts of his life. It is based on Mrs Barbauld's Memoir, which, however, has been largely supplemented by information obtained from Richardson's unpublished correspondence in the Forster Library at the South Kensington Museum, from the registers of Charterhouse Chapel and St Bride's, Fleet Street, and from other contemporary sources. The critical chapters are intended chiefly as a guide to those readers who are quite unacquainted with Richardson's novels, and it is hoped that the references to the works of the principal English, French, and German writers on the subject may be found useful by those wishing to pursue the study further. In the chapters on the Development of the Novel, and on Richardson's Influence, I am greatly indebted to the works of MM. Brunetière, Le Breton and Texte, and Dr Erich Schmidt.

I wish also to express my sincere thanks to Mr C. H. Firth, M.A., of Oxford, to whom the inception of this book is due; and to Lord Balcarres; the Rev. Canon Thompson, M.A., Rector and Chancellor of St Saviour's, Southwark; and Mr W. G. Whitear, of Chiswick, for help kindly given during its preparation.

CLARA LINKLATER THOMSON.

SOLIHULL,
April 1, 1900.

CHAPTER I. 1689-1748

UNLIKE his great contemporary and rival, Henry Fielding, Samuel Richardson could boast of no connection, however remote, with an aristocratic house. He himself has informed us that he came of a family "of middling note," in the county of Surrey, from which we may conjecture that his ancestors were small landed gentry or respectable yeomen. But by degrees, its property not increasing in the same proportion as its members, the family came down in the world; the sons were put to trades, and the daughters were married to tradesmen.

Richardson's father was a joiner, but seems to have combined with that calling some knowledge and practice of architecture; he settled in London, and married a lady of a family "not ungenteel," whose parents had died within half-an-hour of each other, in the great plague. He was a partisan of the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftesbury, and must have been concerned in the rebellion of the former; for his son tells us that their "known favour for him, having, on the duke's attempt on the crown subjected him to be looked upon with a jealous eye, notwithstanding he was noted for a quiet and inoffensive man, he thought proper, on the decollation of the first named unhappy nobleman, to quit his London business, and to retire to Derbyshire, though to his great detriment."

It is quite likely that the complicity of his father in treasonable practices accounts for Richardson's great reticence concerning his parentage, especially as in later life he was not at all reluctant to talk of himself and his domestic concerns. He never even revealed the name of the town in Derbyshire, where, in 1689, he was born, and all research has hitherto failed to discover it. His father probably returned to London not long after the accession of William and Mary, for a rumour, reported in Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, states that Samuel was a pupil at Christ Church Hospital. This is not confirmed by the register of scholars, and it seems improbable that he received so good an education, unless in the years of drudgery that followed he forgot the knowledge of the classics that he had acquired at school. He seems to have had some smattering of Latin, but only sufficient to translate short sentences, or, as Mrs Barbauld says, for hackneyed quotation. For the letter of the pedant Brand in *Clarissa Harlowe*, which is full of classical allusions, he is supposed to have had recourse to the help of friends; and it is most likely that, wherever he received his education, he left school too early to have advanced further than the Latin accidence or the reading of easy texts. His written style, fluent, homely, and diffuse, is just what might be expected from such circumstances, and is altogether deficient in the concentration and polish that are hardly ever absent in the writing of one who has had much practice in Latin

prose. And as education at that time was almost exclusively classical, this “little Latin and less Greek” points to a general inadequacy of intellectual training. Nor was this supplemented to any considerable extent by subsequent reading; for, though from references in the letters, it may be assumed that Richardson had a fair acquaintance with the great English poets, and for trade purposes kept in touch with current literature, he himself laments his incapacity for study, and regrets that the habit of writing has so grown upon him as to leave him little leisure for any other pursuit.

Notwithstanding the paucity of information respecting his boyhood, we can gather from his own relation that the favourite occupations of the child already foreshadowed those of the elderly novelist. The ponderous didacticism excusable in an old gentleman who had lived a blameless and industrious life, and was respected equally for his genius and his benevolence, was less amiably characteristic of the schoolboy, and once, at least, involved him in some difficulty. “I was not eleven years old,” he tells us, “when I wrote spontaneously a letter to a widow of near fifty, who, pretending to a zeal for religion, and being a constant frequenter of church ordinances, was continually fomenting quarrels and disturbances by backbiting and scandal among all her acquaintance. I collected from the Scripture texts that made against her. Assuming the style and address of a person in years, I exhorted her, I expostulated with her. But my handwriting was known. I was challenged with it, and owned the boldness, for she complained of it to my mother with tears. My mother chid me for the freedom taken with a woman of her years; but knowing that her son was not of a forward nature, but on the contrary shy and bashful, she commended my principles though she censured the liberty taken.”

It is small wonder that Richardson’s father at first designed him for the church, or that he was unpopular with his school-fellows, who nick-named him “Serious and Gravity.” But though he did not care for games and could not win the liking of his companions by his skill in the play ground, they soon found that he could be the source of infinite amusement in another way. “Five of them particularly delighted to single me out, either for a walk, or at their fathers’ houses, or at mine to tell them stories, as they phrased it. Some I told them from my reading, as true; others from my head, as mere invention, of which they would be most fond and often were affected by them. One of them particularly I remember was for putting me to write a history, as he called it, on the model of Tommy Pots; I now forget what it was, only that it was of a servant man who was preferred by a fine young lady (for his goodness) to a lord who was a libertine. All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, a useful moral.”

Such subjects as those hinted at above seem rather curious themes for schoolboy romances, and one is glad to think that contemporary childhood has a healthier taste in fiction. But Richardson was evidently a morbid, precocious child in days when precocity was regarded as a sign of grace. The doctrine of original sin had much to answer for, and, as every child was supposed to be bad by nature, the sooner he put away childish things the nearer was he considered to salvation. Far from being looked upon as fresh from the hand of God, and bearing on him, still pure and uncorrupted, the marks of his divine origin, the child was treated as a creature whose natural perversity necessitated the most severe discipline. The application of such principles as these resulted too often in the development of priggishness and a premature adoption of adult manners. A hundred years later than Richardson's boyhood, Hannah More, writing in 1809, makes her pattern child say: —

"I am eight years old to-day. I gave up all my gilt books with pictures this day twelvemonth, and to-day I give up all my little story-books, and I am now going to read such books as grown men and women use."

In his own small circle, then, the future novelist was evidently treated as a prodigy, and encouraged in that native priggishness which the years that developed other and finer qualities never quite eradicated. Even in his boyhood he was the centre of a little company of feminine admirers who gathered together to hear him read aloud.

"As a bashful and not forward boy," he says, "I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half-a-dozen of them, when met to work with their needles used, when they got a book they liked and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them, and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters, nor did any one of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide and even repulse when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word or *that* expression to be softened or changed. One, highly satisfied with her lover's fervour and vows of everlasting love, has said when I have asked her direction, 'I cannot tell you what to write, but "her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly.' All her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."

Thus Richardson was already reading in the book from which he drew most of his information. It was this early experience that enabled him to describe with such astonishing accuracy the intricacies of feminine passion, and to realise the fallacy of the prejudice that requires a woman's affections to be passive till roused to activity by the declaration of a lover. He understood what the present generation is beginning to realise, that the similarities between the sexes are greater than their divergences, and that the ordinary heroine of the masculine dramatist or novelist is rather an exposition of what he thinks a woman should be, than an illustration of what she is. "Indeed, my good Lady Bradshaigh," he wrote years afterwards, "one generally finds in the writings of even ingenious men that they take up the characters of women too easily, and either on general opinions or particular acquaintances. Shakespeare knew them best of all writers in my humble opinion. He knew them better than they know themselves, for pardon me for saying that we must not always go to women for general knowledge of the sex. Ask me now with disdain, my dear Lady Bradshaigh, if I pretend to know them. No, I say, I only guess at them. And yet I think them not such mysteries as some suppose. A tolerable knowledge of men will lead us to a tolerable knowledge of women. Mrs Shirley has said well where she says the two sexes are too much considered as different species. He or she who soars not above simplicity is most likely to understand the human heart best in either sex, especially if he can make allowance for different modes of education, constitution, and situation."

Want of means frustrated the intentions of Richardson's parents, and instead of being educated for the church he was, at the age of seventeen, apprenticed to Mr John Wilde, of Stationers' Hall, a printer. He chose this trade, he tells us, chiefly because he thought it would give him opportunity for reading, but he seems to have had very little time for such amusement, and perhaps the want of facilities for gratifying his taste had the effect of partially removing it. Wilde was a hard taskmaster, and grudged him every moment not spent in his service; besides this, the lad found another recreation in a correspondence with a gentleman, "greatly his superior in degree and of ample fortune," which encroached on the time he could give to reading. "Multitudes of letters passed between this gentleman and me," he says; "he wrote well, was a master of the epistolary style. Our subjects were various, but his letters were mostly narrative, giving me an account of his proceedings, and what befell him in the different nations through which he travelled. I could, from them, had I been at liberty, and had I at that time had the thought of writing as I have since done, have drawn great helps: but many years ago, all the letters that passed between us, by a particular desire of his (lest the)' should ever be published;, were committed to the flames."

Thus passed the days of his apprenticeship, and from his own account he might very well have stood as a model for Hogarth's hero. For he tells us that none of the efforts he made at self-improvement — the above-mentioned correspondence being the chief — were allowed in any way to interfere with his obligations to his employer. Even the candle by the light of which he wrote these letters was his own purchase, and he was careful not to impair his efficiency in his work by over-taxing his strength in his own pursuits. All this virtue brought him the deserved approbation of his master, who used to call him "the pillar of his house."

After his apprenticeship was over Richardson worked for some time as a journeyman printer and corrector of the press, rising 'at last to the position of overseer. His naturally methodical habits, not always a striking characteristic of literary men, were greatly strengthened by this long training, and he seems to have obtained a high reputation as an honourable and punctual man of business. In 1719 he was at length able to set up for himself as a master printer, at first at a court in Fleet Street, whence he afterwards removed in 1724 to Salisbury Court. Two years after the commencement of his independent career he married Martha Wilde, concerning whose parentage there has been some confusion. Mrs Barbauld states that she was the daughter of his first master, John Wilde, while Mr Leslie Stephen, probably following Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes,* says that her father was another "high-flying" printer, by name Allington Wilde. But in the registers of Charterhouse Chapel I find under date 1692 that John Wilde, widower, of the Parish of St Bartholomew the Great, married Martha A. Allington, spinster, of the Parish of St Bartholomew the Less; and under date Nov. 23, 1721, Samuel Richardson (cœlebs), of the Parish of St Bride's, married Martha Wilde (soluta) of the Parish of St Botolph's, Aldersgate. It seems likely that this Martha was the daughter of the John and Martha mentioned in the first entry, and as, from Richardson's will, we know that he had a brother-in-law, Allington Wilde, Nichols probably confused the son, who was named after his mother's family, with the father, who died in 1728, and is mentioned by Dunton in 1705 as having "a very noble printing-house in Aldersgate Street." So that we may conclude that Richardson carried out his resemblance to the industrious apprentice by marrying his master's daughter.

For the domestic details of Richardson's early married life there is little information except what can be obtained from the parish registers of St Bride's. From these we learn that by his first wife he had six children, five sons and one daughter, all of whom save the third, William, died in infancy; and even he lived only to the age of four years. Richardson was always happy in his domestic relations, but there are grounds for supposing that both his marriages were prompted mainly by prudential considerations. His intense earnestness in arguing

that a first love is not invincible, together with his sympathetic delineation of disappointed affection, support this theory, though it must not be pushed too far. It is easy to imagine that a man of his susceptible, though not ardent, temperament must have stood in sentimental relations to many women in the years that elapsed before his increasing prosperity enabled him, at the age of thirty-two, to marry and settle down. In a letter to Lady Bradshaigh he alludes to some of these early love affairs.

"The fortune of the man you hint at was very low; his mind, however, was never mean. A bashfulness, next to sheepishness, kept him down; but he always courted independence, and, being contented with a little, preserved a title to it. He found friends who thought they saw merit in him through the cloud that his sheepishness threw over him, and knowing how low his fortune was, laid themselves out to raise him; and most of them by proposals of marriage, which, however, had always something impracticable in them. A pretty idiot was once proposed, with very high terms, her circumstances considered; her worthy uncle thought this man would behave compassionately to her. A violent Roman Catholic lady was another, of a fine fortune, a zealous professor, whose terms were (all her fortune in her own power — a very apron-string tenure!) two years' probation and her confessor's report in favour of his being a true proselyte at the end of them. Another, a gay, high-spirited, volatile lady whose next friend offered to be his friend in fear of her becoming the prey (at the public places she constantly frequented) of some vile fortune-hunter. Another there was whom his soul loved; but with a reverence. Hush! Pen lie thee down!"

"A timely check; where else might I have ended? This lady — how hard to forbear the affecting subject! but I will forbear. This man presumed not — again going on! Not a word more this night."

Mrs Barbauld has expressed her belief that the heroine of this early love affair gave the hint for the character of Mrs Beaumont, the friend and confidante of Clementina in *Sir Charles Grandison.* Mrs Barbauld had her information from Mrs Duncombe, then a very old lady, who, as Susannah Highmore, had been one of the brightest ornaments of Richardson's circle, and it is therefore very probably correct; and if we may make the further conjecture that *The History of Mrs Beaumont* was founded on that of this unknown lady, we ' may conclude that she was somewhat above Richardson in position, an orphan heiress, who had been deprived of her fortune by a fraudulent uncle. Whether, like Mrs Beaumont, she actually became attached as "gouvernante" to an Italian family is still more conjectural, but in that case the incident may well have provided the first hint for the Italian scenes in *Sir Charles Grandison.*

During these years of his first marriage Richardson supplemented his income as a printer by writing prefaces, indexes, and dedications for the booksellers. Fortunately for him he was not dependent for his livelihood on these desultory literary adventures, by which so many denizens of Grub Street were supported or starved. The heart-breaking battle with poverty, which was largely responsible for the pessimism of Johnson, and in which Fielding received so many wounds, he seems to have known only as a spectator; and though he was always ready to help the sufferers in the fray, he had little sympathy with the habits and morals of Bohemia. Close to his door rolled by the restless tide of striving human life; importunate poets carried their manuscripts to unappreciative publishers, or solicited subscriptions to works that might never appear; impecunious parsons touted for custom; beggars and statesmen, hawkers and peers, jostled each other in the narrow paths; and up that hill, which to how few of their number has at length proved a Parnassus, the aspirants to literary fame toiled and panted and despaired, even as do their descendants to this very day.

But in all this Richardson seems to have had no part. "He preferred," says Mr Leslie Stephen, "to keep his shop that his shop might keep him." The country was settling down after a long period of financial and military excitement. Walpole's strong government gave it an opportunity for recuperation. Trade revived; the middle class throve and became, at the same time, more materialistic and more powerful, and the antagonism to the government, which afterwards became so loud, was at present hushed and subdued. And among those who profited by this period of quiet, not the least prosperous was Richardson. Once, indeed, we find him concerned in an enterprise of some danger, though he appears to have withdrawn from it before he became very deeply implicated. This was the publication of *The True Briton*, a journal conducted by Philip, Duke of Wharton, and one of the first of the many papers devoted to attacks on the existing government. Wharton is perhaps best remembered by the scathing lines of Pope:—

"Wharton, the pride and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him or he dies;
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt:
His passion still to covet general praise,

His life to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend had made;
An angel tongue which no man could persuade;
A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And harder still, flagitious and not great."

It was a strange combination, that of the little methodical printer, absorbed in business and domesticity, with this young aristocrat, whose career was at once so brilliant and so tragic. When he died in 1731, an exile in Catalonia, having run through an enormous fortune and won and lost the reputation of the greatest politician of his age, he was only thirty-three. His life was, indeed, "a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable." It has been suggested, with some appearance of probability, that Richardson owed to him the first suggestion for the character of Lovelace, and it is quite possible that the brilliant young nobleman, so remote from himself in rank, circumstances and character, may have had some curious fascination for the future author of *Clarissa Harlowe.* Richardson, however, printed only six numbers (there were seventy-four altogether) of *The True Briton*, though Nichols declares that it seems highly probable that the sixth (June 21, 1723) was written by him, "as it is much in his style and manner." However this may be, informations were lodged against Payne, the publisher, for numbers 3, 4, 5 and 6 as being more than common libels, "as they not only insulted every branch of the legislature, but manifestly tended to make the constitution itself odious to the people. Payne was found guilty, and Mr Richardson escaped as his name did not appear in the paper." This prosecution probably alarmed Richardson, and caused him to break his connection with his patron; it seems likely that he had all the time disapproved of Wharton's political views, but was flattered by the attention and patronage of so notorious a character. Their connection, however, accounts for the fact that Richardson is classed among the "high flyers" in the curious classification of printers according to their political views which may be found in the first volume of Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes.* Some years afterwards he was the printer of two other papers, *The Daily Journal* (1736-1737) and *The Daily Gazetteer* (1738).

These years were for Richardson a period of much domestic trouble. His first wife, overwhelmed by grief at the loss of all her children, died in 1731. He did

not long remain a widower, and the next year married Elizabeth Leake, the daughter of a bookseller at Bath. She was not a very young woman, having been born in 1696. Their eldest child, Elizabeth, born in 1733, lived only a few months; but Mary, born in 1734, Martha, born in 1736, Anne, born in 1737, and Sarah, born in 1740, all survived their father. There was also a son, Samuel (the third to whom Richardson had given his name), born in 1739 and buried in 1740. Richardson was a very affectionate man, and felt his bereavements deeply. "No less than eleven affecting deaths in two years!" he wrote afterwards to Lady Bradshaigh, and these repeated shocks so affected his health that he ascribed to them the chronic infirmities from which he afterwards suffered.

All this time the opposition to the government was gradually increasing in strength. It is a curious fact that nearly all the literary men of the day belonged to its ranks — a somewhat serious state of things for the ministry at a time when, as parliamentary reporting was in its infancy, pamphlets were the chief weapons of political agitation. Oratory had but a narrow range, and the accounts of speeches that penetrated to the outside world were at best garbled and distorted, but the pamphleteer could appeal to a much wider public. Pope, Swift, Gay, Bolingbroke, Carteret, Glover, Lyttelton, Thomson, Fielding — all these writers of varying greatness were opposed to Walpole, and the storm of ridicule which greeted the appointment of Colley Cibber as poet laureate in 1730 was due quite as much to political causes as to his own shortcomings. One particularly bitter epigram ascribed to Pope alludes to the appointment in the following terms: —

"In merry old England it once was the rule,
The King had his Poet and also his Fool.
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet."

The persecution of the government by the most distinguished literary men of the day had the effect of driving the less accomplished, who, by the example of Pope in the *Treatise on Bathos* and the *Dunciad* became their natural enemies, into the opposite camp. The votaries of the Goddess of Dulness would naturally be forced into antagonism to the satirist who thus characterised them, and to the party to which he belonged, and thus another literary coterie consisting mainly of his victims sprang up. To this coterie, which included Cibber and Aaron Hill, Richardson belonged, and it is from his correspondence with the latter poet that we gather most of our information concerning this period of his life. Hill was then living at Westminster, and in a letter dated July 19, 1736, writes thus: —

“Corney House is much oftener in my thoughts than perhaps you imagine, and it is not without some impatience that I long for the delight of becoming a witness of that friendly and agreeable freedom wherein you divide and enjoy a retreat that carries temptation even in description. If it had the effect on your health that it has on your pleasure, it would be a perfect enjoyment. But I am afraid you want leisure to reap that rural advantage to the full degree requisite for the change that is wished on your spirits.”

This letter is interesting because one may glean from it, first, that Richardson had by this time sufficiently prospered to indulge in a “rural retreat” as a refuge from the city; and secondly, that the ill health from which he suffered so long had already begun to vex him. The reference to Corney House is somewhat perplexing. The house of that name in Chiswick, which was demolished in 1832, was the ancient seat of the Russell family, and it does not seem very likely that Richardson could ever have lived there. But from Lyson’s Account of Chiswick we learn that the Hon. Percy Widdrington, to whom it belonged in 1745, purchased in that year certain tenements and a piece of land called Corney Houses and Corney Close, adjoining his own premises. It is possible that Richardson occupied one of these houses, though from another of Hill’s letters, dated the same year as the one already quoted, he seems to have been already living at North End. Y et there is other evidence that he did not move to the house which he afterwards occupied in that village till 1738; for writing to Thomas Edwards in 1754 he says that he has paid rent for it for sixteen years.

This second country house of Richardson, which still exists, and was for many years in the possession of the late Sir Edward Burne Jones, has formed the subject of much discussion. It lies on the left hand side of the way as one approaches from the Hammersmith Road, and is now one of the few remaining traces of the old world beauty of the place, once “the pleasantest village within ten miles of London.” The large houses that once kept it company are rapidly making way for blocks of flats; the fine old cedar trees which gave its name to a neighbouring estate have nearly all disappeared, and are only commemorated by the name of a huge public-house; and within a few yards of this once secluded spot, omnibuses rumble, and the trains of the District Railway pursue their noisy and untiring way.

It is a moot question whether the two houses, of which “The Grange” is one, did not originally form one large one. Faulkner, in his *Historical Account of Fulham*, published in 1813, says that it “has been lately altered, and is now occupied as two houses.” This testimony is borne out by the fact that there is only one set of stables, and these belong to the left hand house, which is not the one traditionally said to be Richardson’s, though we know from his correspondence that his house had a stable which he did not use. The picture in Mrs Barbauld’s

Life may have been sketched after the division was made, though it should be stated that she says in her note on the plate, “that the half of this mansion which is nearest the eye was occupied by Mr Richardson, and the other half by Mr Vanderplank.” But Mrs Barbauld is not invariably correct. If in this instance she is mistaken, and Richardson occupied the whole building, so large a house points to much prosperity on the part of its tenant, and Richardson’s home must certainly have been capacious, for he entertained crowds of guests, and always had accommodation for chance visitors to whom the sweet country air might prove beneficial. On the other hand, the rent, twenty-five pounds, which he paid, does not seem adequate to so large a house, though it must be remembered that it represented a greater value at that time than at present. A former tenant had been Lady Ranelagh, “who would have thought herself disgraced had she lived in a house under sixty pounds a year; and they made her (besides paying fifty pounds a year) build the house and stables, and having done so, she thought she had a bargain at sixty pounds.” Lady Ranelagh’s successor in the house was a Mr Sherwood, who paid thirty pounds, but when Richardson took it, as he had no use for the stables, the rent was reduced to twenty-five pounds.

At first, however, he seems to have spent most of his time at Salisbury Court, which his wife, who was a lady of strong prejudices, preferred. It was perhaps only in later years, when increasing prosperity gave him more leisure, that he built the famous grotto or summerhouse, of which a drawing by Susannah Highmore is preserved, and where he was accustomed to spend the morning hours reading his latest manuscript to a group of admiring friends. It is probably safe to assume that *Pamela* was composed in the city house.

It was in the year 1739, at the age of fifty, that Richardson was asked by the publishers, Rivington and Osborne, to compose a little book of familiar letters on the most useful concerns in common life. “At last,” says he, “I yielded to their importunity, and began to recollect such subjects as I thought would be useful in such a design, and formed several letters accordingly. And, among the rest, I thought of giving one or two cautions to young folks circumstanced as Pamela was. Little did I think at first of making one, much less two, volumes of it. But when I began to recollect what had so many years before been told me by my friend, I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitably to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing, and dismissing the improbable and marvellous with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue. I therefore gave way to enlargement, and so *Pamela* became what you see her. But so little did I hope for the approbation of judges, that I had not the

courage to send the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the books well received by the public.

"While I was writing the two volumes my worthy hearted wife and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them some part of the story, which I had begun without their knowing it, used to come into my little closet every night with: 'Have you any more of *Pamela*, Mr Richardson? We are come to hear a little more of *Pamela*, etc. This encouraged me to prosecute it, which I did so diligently, through all my other business, that by a memorandum on my copy I began it November 10, 1739, and finished it January 10, 1740. And I have often, censurable as I might be thought for my vanity for it, and lessening to the taste of my female friends, had the story of Molière's old woman in my thoughts upon the occasion.

"If justly low were my thoughts of this little history, you will wonder how it came by such an assuming and impudent preface. It was thus: The approbation of these two female friends, and of two more who were so kind as to give me prefaces for it, but which were much too long and circumstantial as I thought, made me resolve myself on writing a preface. I therefore, spirited by the good opinion of these four, and knowing that the judgments of nine parts in ten of my readers were but in hanging sleeves, struck a bold stroke in the preface you see — having the umbrage of the editor's character to screen myself behind; and now, sir, all is out."

Pamela was thus published anonymously, and interrupted for a time the composition of the volume of *Familiar Letters* which had caused its inception. But as, in point of date, these came first, it will be as well to give them a brief consideration here.

The book, as stated above, was primarily intended as a "complete letter-writer," containing models for every type of intimate correspondence. But it was impossible for the author to let slip so good an opportunity for pointing a moral, and the title-page sets forth its advantage in "directing not only the requisite style and forms to be observed in writing familiar letters, but how to think and act justly and prudently in the common concerns of human life." This purpose is further emphasised in the preface, which tells us that the author has endeavoured to point out the duties of masters, servants, fathers, children, and young men entering the world. But especially — and this is characteristic of the future novelist — he has given much attention to the subject of courtship, aiming "to point out such methods of address to a young man as may stand the test of the parent's judgment as well as the daughter's opinion; and at the same time that they should not want the proper warmth of expression which complaisance and passion for the beloved object inspire (and is so much expected in addresses of

this nature); they should have their foundation in common sense and manly sincerity, and, in a word, be such as a prudent woman need not blush to receive, nor a discreet man be ashamed to look back upon, when the doubtful courtship is changed into the matrimonial certainty." This passage strikes the keynote to all that Richardson afterwards wrote on the subject. Love is his predominant theme, but he treats it always as a passion to be sternly controlled and kept within due bounds.

The moral intention so plainly stated might lead one to suppose that the letters are somewhat dull, but this is far from being the case. They are extremely entertaining, not only for the light they throw on contemporary custom, but also for the humour and shrewd insight into human nature that they display. They are supposed to be written on all sorts of occasions, and include warnings to young women of the dangers of London; exhortations to apprentices to obey their masters; dissuasions from imprudent marriages; applications to parents for their daughters' hands; reproaches of deserted damsels to their lovers; demands of creditors for payment, and the piteous entreaties of distressed debtors; together with letters of condolence, which, as the author remarks, "with small variations may be used to a husband on the death of his wife, and on other melancholy occasions of the like nature." One of the most amusing is supposed to be addressed by a villager to an old crony who has gone abroad, and is full of the most lively gossip; for instance: "John Jones the organist is married to Sykes' daughter Peggy, who proves an arrant shrew, and has broke about his head his best Cremona fiddle, in the sight of half-a-dozen neighbours."

But the best of all, as may be imagined, are those on Richardson's favourite subject of courtship and marriage, such as the following, in which a diffident wooer relates his difficulties in coming to the point.

"I first declared my regard for her in a manner I thought most suitable for that purpose. She very encouragingly made me no answer, and when I spoke again on the subject she asked me how you did, and was glad to hear you were well. Being put out of my play, I talked of indifferent things a good while, and at last fell again upon the reason of my attending her. She ordered the cloth to be laid, and complaisantly hoped I would stay to supper. I had no more opportunity for that time.... Yet next visit I began again. I told her how happy I should think myself if I could be encouraged to hope for the smallest share of her favour. But she made me such an odd answer, as plainly demonstrated to me that I had more of her contempt than her approbation. This made me as earnest as she to waive the subject) and so we went on upon the weather for a whole week as before; and when we had done that we talked politics; so that, in short, after two months' study how to accomplish the happiness you pointed out for me, I find myself not

one single step advanced, for when I see her now we both talk with seeming satisfaction on any subject where love has no part."

Unfortunately, there is nothing to show whether this persevering lover won his mistress, for the model correspondent now turns his attention to the other sex, and gives a delightful epistle from a lively young lady "ridiculing her serious lover"; it is so amusing in itself, and so interesting as a forerunner of the letters of Anna Howe and Charlotte Grandison, that it is worth quoting at some length.

"The first time the *honest man* came to see me," writes this disdainful damsel, "in the way you were pleased to put into his head was one Sunday after sermon time. He began by telling me, what I found at *my* fingers' ends, that it was very cold, and politely blowed upon *his*. I immediately perceived that his passion for me could not keep him warm; and, in complaisance to your recommendation, conducted him to the fireside. After he had pretty well rubbed heat into his hands, he stood up with his back to the fire; and with his hand behind him, held up his coat, that he might be warm all over; and, looking about him, asked with the tranquility of a man a twelvemonth married, and just come off a journey, 'How all friends did in the country?' I said, 'I hoped very well, but would be glad to warm my fingers.'... 'Cry mercy, madam!' and then he shuffled a little further from the fire, and after two or three hems, and a long pause: —

"'I have heard,' said he, 'a most excellent sermon just now. Dr Thomas is a fine man, truly. Did you ever hear him, madam?'

'No, sir, I generally go to my own parish church.'

'That's right, madam, to be sure. What was your subject to-day?'

'The Pharisee and the Publican, sir.'

'A very good one, truly. Dr Thomas would have made a fine work upon that subject. His text to-day was, "Evil communications corrupt good manners.'" 'A good subject, sir. I doubt not that the doctor made a fine discourse upon it.'

'O*, ay,* madam, he can't make a bad one on any subject.' I ran for the tea-kettle, for, thought I, we shall have all the heads of the sermon immediately.... At last came the happy moment of his taking leave, for I would not ask him to stay supper. And, moreover, he talked of going to a lecture at St Helen's. And then (though I had an opportunity of saying little more than yes and no all the time, for he took the vapours he had put me into for devotion or gravity, at least, I believe), he pressed my hand, looked *frightfully* kind, and gave me to understand that if upon further conversation and inquiry into my character he should happen to like me as well as he did from my behaviour and person, why, truly, I need not fear in time being blessed with him for my husband."

One more quotation, this time from the letter of a country cousin visiting London, which is in its way as graphic as a drawing by Hogarth, must close these

extracts.

"From thence we went into the (Greenwich) Park, where I beheld divers odd scenes of holiday folks. Here appeared a rakish young fellow, with two or three women who looked like servant-maids; the hero delighted, the nymphs smiling round him. There, a careful looking father with his children on each side; trains of admiring lovers, ready paired, followed one another in thronging crowds at the gate; a sea officer with a lady not over-burdened with modesty in her behaviour; a crowd of city apprentices, some with, some without, their lasses; half-a-dozen beaux ogling all they met, and several seemingly disconsolate virgins walking alone. The concourse of middling objects pressed chiefly towards a high hill in the middle of the park, where, as they arrived, their business was to take hold of hands, and run down as fast as possible, amidst the huzzas of a multitude of people.... This, madam, is a diversion you would not expect near the polite city of London; but I assure you such a levity possessed almost everybody assembled on this occasion as made the park, though most beautiful in itself, no way entertaining to your most dutiful niece." The first edition of the *Familiar Letters* was published anonymously, and it was not till after his death that the novelist's name appeared on the title-page. It seems to have served its end as a complete letter-writer (and moral guide) for the lower classes; for Mrs Barbauld mentions it as a favourite book in the servants' kitchen-drawer. "But when so found," she says, "it has not infrequently detained the eye of the mistress, wondering all the while, by what secret charm she was induced to turn over a book apparently too low for her perusal, and that charm was — Richardson."

It is possible that while writing these letters the author often became so much interested in his imaginary correspondents that he would have liked to develop the circumstances at which they hint. But the necessity for variety and for dealing with a large range of topics prevented him from turning this book, whose primary motive was educational, into a story. He deliberately kept to the lines marked out for him, and seems to have taken some pains to adapt his language to the class for which he was writing; for, many years afterwards, apologising for the book as being too low for the perusal of a friend who had asked to see it, he states that he laid aside several letters, after he had written them, as "too high for the view of my two friends" (Rivington and Osborne). It is worthy of note that this "lowness" of style gave Lord Jeffrey an opportunity for a characteristic criticism. In his review of Mrs Barbauld's *Life of Richardson*, he commends the volume of *Familiar Letters* as being excellently adapted to its purpose, but adds that "it may be of singular use to Mr Wordsworth and his friends in their great scheme of turning all our poetry into the language of the common people. In this view we commend it very earnestly to their consideration."

Pamela as has been already seen, was composed at a white heat, and was written in three months. It had an immediate success, especially among the middle classes, but Mrs Barbauld tells how the line ladies at Ranelagh held up the volumes containing it to each other to show "they had got the book everyone was talking of." This must be a mistake, as Ranelagh was not opened till 1742, but we may perhaps substitute Vauxhall for the name of the rival place of entertainment. Aaron Hill relates how Dr Slocock, Chaplain of St Saviour's, Southwark, recommended it from the pulpit, and it was at once seized upon by the instructors of the young as a book to be pressed into their service.

Even Mr Pope for once condescended to be generous, and said that *Pamela* "would do more good than many volumes of sermons." At Slough, near Windsor, the inhabitants used to gather round the village forge while the blacksmith read the story aloud. As soon as he came to the place where the fate of the heroine is decided by a happy marriage, his hearers were so excited that they cheered for joy, ran for the church keys, and rang the bells to give expression to their gladness.

Richardson was at once overwhelmed with letters from eager readers who longed to know whether the story was true. Six ladies pressed him to declare on his honour, which they were sure he was too much of a gentleman to violate, whether the story was true or false, and they hoped Mrs B. *(i.e.* Pamela), if there was such a lady, would not be against satisfying a request which redounded so much to her honour. They added that they had taken an oath to keep the secret, should he intrust it to them, and that they would never cease writing till he obliged them. To this Richardson answered, in his usual manner of "polite raillery," that no secret entrusted to six ladies could long remain inviolate, and that as they maintained their own anonymity they could hardly expect Mrs B. to resign hers. Another laudatory letter concludes with a postscript which runs thus: —

"*P.S.* — I think that nothing can more evidently prove how much your performance resembles nature than the effect it produced on a young miss not twelve years old, who was so struck with the reading of it that she broke out in these pretty verses: —

"O Pamela, thy virtuous mind
Riches and honour has resigned;
Riches were but dross to thee,
Compared with thy modesty.

"But since the case is altered thus,

With thankfulness thou may'st rehearse
The many combats thou hast made,
And think with joy thou'rt fully paid.

"Praise God for all his mercies past,
Beg that His favours still may last,
And in obedience due express
Thy highest love and thankfulness."

This is only one out of many poetical compliments to Richardson. Aaron Hill, who probably shrewdly suspected his friend's responsibility in the matter, was the writer of another, addressed "to the unknown author of the beautiful new piece called *Pamela."* The substance of this effusion is a lament over the degraded state of contemporary morality, which causes the example of "Sweet Pamela, for ever blooming maid," to be wasted on an age too gross to profit by it.

"Tho' thine each virtue that a God could lend,
Thine every help that every heart can mend;
'Tis thine in vain! Thou wak'st a dying land;
And lift'st departed hope with fruitless hand.
Death has no cure, thou hast mistimed thy aim,
Rome had her Goths, and all beyond was shame."

Hill's correspondence is full of similar tributes to the novelist, expressed in a vein of extreme exaggeration; for, as Mr Leslie Stephen has remarked, he was a "florid flatterer," even in those days of polite hyperbole, and, moreover, was under substantial pecuniary obligations to Richardson. "Who could have dreamed he should find," he wrote once, "under the modest guise of a novel, all the soul of religion, good breeding, discretion, good nature, wit, fancy, fine thought, and morality?... It has witchcraft in every page of it, but it is the witchcraft of passion and meaning.... Yet I confess there is one in the world of whom I think with still greater respect than of *Pamela*, and that is the wonderful author of *Pamela.* Pray, who is he, dear sir? and where has he been able to hide hitherto such an encircling and all-mastering spirit?" Such, indeed, was Hill's enthusiasm, that he read the book aloud for the entertainment of his guests; and another amusing letter tells how a little boy of six who, during the reading, had hidden himself behind the ladies' hoops, was overcome with emotion at the tale of the heroine's woes. "I turned his innocent face to look towards me, but his eyes were quite lost in his tears, which running down from his cheeks in free currents had formed two

sincere little fountains on the part of the carpet he hung over. AH the ladies in the company were ready to devour him with kisses, and he has since become doubly a favourite, and is, perhaps, the youngest of Pamela's converts." Amidst this almost universal chorus of praise, there were, however, some discordant notes. In a letter to the publisher, Osborne, an anonymous writer took exception to the preface. "You were bewitched," he said, "to print that bad stuff in the introduction, for it has made enemies, as the writer, indeed, calls us all fools, and of coarse discernment; 'tis as a requital to your readers. He is too full of himself and too gross in his praise of the author, though I confess he deserves much. But I believe he has done himself no good in accepting of such greasy compliments. He would do well to alter it and make it shorter." What would this ingenious critic have said had he known that the writer of the story and of the introductory panegyric were identical?

The great success of the book led to two immediate results. A spurious continuation, called *Pamela in High Life*, induced Richardson to publish a genuine sequel in two volumes, relating the history of Pamela's married life. Pope and Warburton had advised Richardson "to make it a vehicle for satire upon the follies and fashions of the great world by representing the light in which they would appear to the rustic Pamela when she was introduced to them." But the author had too little knowledge of society, and too much respect for "high life" to ridicule it; and the second part of *Pamela*, far from being an entertaining exposure of polite vice, is a heavy treatise on the domestic virtues.

The other result of Richardson's success was more noteworthy. The faults of *Pamela,* being those that arise especially from a narrow judgment and a too literal turn of mind, were just such as would strike a man like Henry Fielding, who, though Richardson's junior by nearly twenty years, possessed twice his knowledge of the world. He had been writing plays — good, bad, and indifferent — for many years, till the hand of the licenser, provoked by his daring attacks on the government, had interfered with their production. Probably, too, he tired of the harassing career of playwright, for about this time he returned to the legal profession, for which he had originally been intended. He did not, however, entirely relinquish literary work, and the appearance of *Pamela* presented him with an opportunity that he could not refrain from using. Fielding's good women, if of somewhat robust character, are always perfectly refined and generous in their dealings with men; the idea of a woman making capital out of her virtue, which is the pivot on which Richardson's story turns, was to him equally absurd and distasteful.

As early as 1741 there appeared, under the pseudonym of Mr Conny Keyber, a very gross, but at the same time witty parody of *Pamela,* entitled: *An Apology for*

the Life of Mrs Shamela Andrews, in which the many notorious falsehoods and misrepresentations of a book called "Pamela" are exposed and refuted, and all the matchless arts of that young politician set in a true and Just light. The occasion of the book is supposed to be the presentation of a copy of *Pamela* by a certain Parson Tickletext to his friend Parson Oliver. "Herewith I transmit you a copy of sweet, dear, pretty *Pamela,* a little book which this winter hath produced; of which I make no doubt you have already heard mention from some of your neighbouring clergy, for we have made it our common business here, not only to cry it up, but to preach it likewise. The pulpit as well as the coffee-house hath resounded with its praise, and it is expected shortly that his L — p will recommend it in a letter to our whole body." To this Parson Oliver replies that he is sorry the story has so great a reputation, for, as he lives in the neighbourhood where its events took place, he has a better opportunity of judging of the facts of the case, and sends letters to prove that the lady, far from being the virtuous character she is represented, is, in fact, a most disreputable person, while the hero is a fool to be deceived by her. These letters are parodies of those in Richardson's book, and unmercifully expose its many weak points, especially the mingled piety and cunning of the heroine. For instance, Shamela tells us that when she heard her master coming, "I ran up into my room, and washed and dressed myself as well as I could, and put on my prettiest roundeared cap, and then I practised all my airs before the glass, and then I sat down and read a chapter in *The Whole Duty of Man*." The book concludes with a short summary by Parson Oliver of the shortcomings of the original, which, he says, is not the kind of story he would give his daughter or his servant-maid. Thus the parody was quite seriously intended as a protest against the immoral tendency of *Pamela*, and from internal evidence I am inclined to think that it was not improbably written by Fielding, to whom Richardson, at any rate, attributed it. There is, for example, a very strong suggestion of Fielding in the introductory letter "from the Editor to himself," which is, of course, a skit on Richardson's prefatory puff to the anonymous first edition of *Pamela.*

However this may be, it is certain that Fielding was already meditating his immortal parody, *Joseph Andrews*, which appeared in 1742. It represents Pamela's brother in circumstances of similar difficulty from the advances of Lady Booby (a wicked expansion of Richardson's Mr B., which first occurs in the *Life of Mrs Shamela Andrews*, and thus affords a further proof of its authorship). But it was not long before Fielding became so much interested in his story that he forgot his original plan, and found himself producing a *picaresque* novel on the lines of *Gil Blas*, but better constructed, and less weighted with episodes. For the sake of

consistency, and prompted by the sense of artistic unity gained by his long training as a playwright, he makes Lady Booby reappear in the last chapters, in company with Pamela and Mr B.

Richardson naturally resented the liberty that had been taken, and though he knew Fielding, whose sister was a frequent visitor at North End, he never forgave him; the correspondence is full of jealous references to his rival's success, which will be noticed in another place.

The same year that saw the publication of *Pamela* found its author engaged in very different labours. He was employed by a Society for the Encouragement of Learning to edit the letters of Sir Thomas Roe, who, in the reign of James I., had been employed in diplomatic missions in India and Turkey. The portion of the correspondence that Richardson edited relates to his negotiations at the Ottoman Porte, and occupies, in double columns, a large folio. It is introduced by a preliminary epistle, addressed to the king, who is reminded of the special interest, which he, as a descendant of James I., should take in the subject; and there is also a preface which gives some account of the life and writings of Roe. Finally, the editor supplied a very exhaustive and laborious index, which, as one of his correspondents remarked, rendered almost unnecessary the perusal of the letters. By such labours Richardson acquired the documentary habit that is less pleasantly noticeable in his romances. Method had been the guiding star of his life; it had led him through the intricacies of a vast amount of business and had enabled him to acquire a competency. No wonder, then, that he exalted this virtue beyond its deserts, making his sentimental misses take copies of their very love-letters, and regulate their duties and pleasures by an elaborate division of hours and minutes.

It was in this year also that an edition of Æsop's Fables, with morals and reflections adapted from L'Estrange, was published by Richardson's friend, Osborne. The name of the editor is not given, but as we know that Richardson did edit these fables "with reflections," it is reasonable to suppose that the work is his. The introduction, moreover, bears clear traces of his hand, especially in the careful classification of the fables according to the alterations made in L'Estrange's morals. There is also an elaborate alphabetical index to the titles.

Two years after this, another book, which seems to have had a wide popularity, appeared under Richardson's supervision. This was Defoe's *Tour through Great Britain*, a descriptive survey of England and Scotland, which had first been published in 1723. It was now somewhat out of date, and an unsigned preface, probably by Richardson, states that the editor "has spared no expense to make the present (edition) as complete as the nature of the work would admit"; many particulars have been added, especially concerning Scotland; and, says the writer, "he was glad of doing some further justice to that country which has generally

been slightly considered by those who know little of it." This kindly reference to the sister kingdom is worth noticing, when one considers the contemporary antipathy to Scotland. Richardson had probably reprinted the work in its original form before this, as Hill, in a letter written in 1739, refers to a *Survey of Great Britain*, and the title-page of the copy in the British Museum, dated 1742, states that it is the third edition.

Another labour of these years was the printing of the Journals of the House of Commons, a commission which Richardson had obtained through the friendship of Mr Onslow, the Speaker. He did not, however, receive the payment for this work as promptly as he could have wished; for when, in 1748, Hill, whose money difficulties appear to have been chronic, appealed to him for aid, he replied that his great weekly disbursements and a still remaining debt due to him for upwards of £1500, for printing the ten folio volumes of the Journals, prevented him from helping him as much as he would have liked.

Thus the time that elapsed between the appearance of *Pamela,* and that of *Clarissa* was full of business, and it is not surprising that the completion of the latter work was so long delayed. It was probably begun not long after the publication of the *Tour through Great Britain*, since Hill, in an unpublished letter of February 1745, alludes to "the charming Miss Harlowe," and expresses his impatience to hear of her elopement and its consequences. This proves that Richardson had already invited his friend's criticism on the book, which forms the chief subject of their correspondence between the years 1745 1748. As a study in the relations of two literary men, each thoroughly believing in his own powers, yet politely crediting the other with the greater genius, these letters arc extremely interesting; for while the novelist's vanity impels him to discuss his work under the pretence of asking advice about it, he cannot endure the slightest approach to adverse criticism. Hill, with a singular want of tact, but from motives with which most readers of *Clarissa* will sympathise, suggested an abridgement of the first two volumes, and actually made some attempts in this direction. Richardson replied in a letter full of grateful acknowledgments, but excused himself from using the summaries on the score that his friend's "time and genius would be derogatorily employed in an undertaking so grovelling and puerile," and further, he says, "all that I designed by it, I doubt, cannot be answered in so short a compass, without taking from it those simple and diffuse parts which some like, and have (however unduly), complimented me upon, as making a new species of writing. I am sure you will not be displeased with me, if I rather alter verbally, than verbally copy from you — and this the rather, as there are some passages and descriptions omitted, which have been approved by persons of judgment, who would be disappointed if ever it be published, not to find them."

Hill, however, was not daunted by the polite rejection of his abridgement, and of his proposed alternative titles for the novel, which are also to be found in the correspondence at South Kensington. He continued to send his suggestions and criticisms, till, having ventured to call Clarissa's flight with Lovelace "a rash elopement," he offended Richardson so much that a quarrel nearly ensued. They were, however, soon reconciled and continued to be on friendly terms till Hill's death in 1750.

(One of these suggested titles runs as follows: —

THE LADY'S LEGACY, or, The Whole Gay and Serious Compass of the Human Heart Laid Open For the Service of Both Sexes In the History of the Life and Ruin of A Lately Celebrated Beauty, Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE; including Great Variety of other Lives and Characters Occasionally Interested in the Moving Story, Detecting and Exposing The Most Secret Arts and Subtlest Practices Of That Endangering Species of Triumphant Rakes Called WOMEN'S MEN, Assisted by Corrupt and Vicious Engines of the Sex they plot against.

Published in compliance with the Lady's order, on her deathbed, as a warning to the unguarded, vain or credulous.)

CHAPTER II. 1748-1761

At last *Clarissa* was finished. The book was published in 1748, the first four volumes appearing in the spring, the last four in the autumn of that year. Its success was even greater than that of *Pamela*, and at once raised Richardson to the first rank among living writers. For although fine ladies and gentlemen like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Horace Walpole, or Lord Chesterfield, might give but grudging approval, and while bearing testimony to the moving power of the story criticise its tediousness and prolixity, the middle classes, for whom it was written, and whose tone and sentiment it may be justly taken to represent, were seized with wild enthusiasm for it. In the interval between the publication of the volumes the author was besieged with earnest entreaties that he would give the story a happy ending. Dr Young begged that the title-page of the N*ight Thoughts,* which were issued from Richardson's press, should bear the inscription "published by the author of *Clarissa."*

*"*This," he says, "is a trick to put it into more hands. I know it would have that effect" Cibber, the veteran laureate, "read a course of full five hours and a half, without drawing bit"; and Aaron Hill, as he described the effect of the concluding volumes on his family circle, became for once actually poetical. "At this moment," he wrote, "I have three girls round me — each a separate volume in her hand, and all their eyes like a wet flower in April."

But, as in the case of *Pamela*, some adverse opinions found voice. An anonymous correspondent, writing in May 1748, when only four volumes had appeared, dared to say that all the readers he had met with "were offended at the tedious repetitions, and when they hoped to come to something of moment, they were hardly anything advanced in the story. Others wished the author had remembered Mr Prior's advice, 'not to tire his friend to grace his story.' Another (and that a man of learning) decided ''twas much ado about nothing,' and many things of the like nature." Moreover, Richardson's friend Channing tells him how one day he "happened into the company of a Mowbray and Beau Fribble, each of whom had a volume of your work in his hands, skipping like monkeys from letter to letter. 'Yours, gentlemen; what so busily employed about?'

'This d — d *Clarissa.* Zounds, what a rout is here about a woman!'

'Don't you like her character?'

'I can only tell you she's such a woman as I never met with yet, and hope never to have to do with.'

'What say you, sir?'

‘Lawd, such a multitude of reading without coming at the story, ’tis quite tiresome; a man can never get through with any patience, by my sawl!’” From this it maybe conjectured that the very people whom Richardson hoped to benefit by his performance were exactly those for whom it had no attraction; though Urania Hill, the only one of Hill’s daughters who inherited his faculty for indifferent verse, declared that the domestic life of unborn generations would profit by it: —

“Thence maids shall learn to shun the wiles of art,
And early prudence guard the female heart,
Thence thousands yet unborn shall owe thee praise,
That duteous wives and daughters bless their days;
Friends, parents, children, lovers, duty know,
And all with worthy emulation glow!”

It was in the autumn of this year, 1748, when all England was still in suspense as to the ultimate fate of Clarissa, that Richardson paid the memorable visit to Tunbridge Wells, which forms the basis of the well-known picturesque pages in *The Virginians.* Thackeray puts the date of the visit eight years later, but it is the earlier stay for which we have most information, and if Richardson repeated his visit in 1756, failing health must have prevented him from playing so active a part as his brother novelist describes. The sketch by Logan of the “remarkable characters who were at Tunbridge Wells with Richardson in 1748,” with its explanatory key in his own hand, testifies to the intense pleasure that the author of *Clarissa* felt in his growing fame, and in the attention that he received from the notable people who visited this fashionable Spa. For here are Garrick and Onslow and Lyttelton; and greatest of all, though the period of his triumph was still to come, Mr Pitt. And here is one of Richardson’s intimate friends, Colley Cibber, who at seventy-seven had by no means lost his liking for a pretty face. The Dr Johnson mentioned can hardly be the great lexicographer, who in 1748 was still struggling with poverty and the dictionary, which did not appear till 1755. Moreover, he was at that time plain Mr Johnson, and though Thackeray, probably following Malone, includes him, with Lord Chesterfield and Miss Mulso, and others who are not represented in the picture, in the company at the Wells, it is not very likely that he was there at this time.

But this sketch is not the only record of Richardson’s visit. In a letter to Miss Highmore he gives a graphic account of the society at the Spa. “Do come,” he says, “and see how your other old lover (Cibber) spins away, hunting after new faces at seventy-seven. You will see him in his kingdom, and he will read to you a

new performance, calculated indeed for the perts of the place: *A Dialogue between a Father and a Daughter*, very sprightly.... What figures do Mr Nash and Mr Cibber make, hunting after new beauties, and with faces of high importance traversing the walks! God bless you, come and see them! And if you do, I will show you a still more grotesque figure than either — a sly sinner, creeping along the very edges of the walks, getting behind benches, one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin as if to keep it in place, afraid of being seen as a thief of detection. The people of fashion, if he happen to cross a walk (which he always does with precipitation), unsmiling their faces, as if they thought him in the way; and he as sensible of so being, stealing in and out of the bookseller's shop, as if he had one of their glass cases under his coat. Come and see this odd figure!" But, notwithstanding the evident gusto with which he describes these gay scenes, Richardson, in another letter, earnestly disclaims the idea of altogether approving of so much frivolity. The manners of the ladies, especially, are not quite what they should be, although "there are very few pretty girls here. Modesty, humility, graciousness, are now all banished from the behaviour of these public-place frequenters of the sex. Women are not what they were." And if Miss Chudleigh, the famous maid of honour, who afterwards became Duchess of Kingston, was typical of the ladies present, these strictures were probably not too severe. "Mr Cibber," continues his friend, "was over head and ears in love with Miss Chudleigh; her admirers (such was his happiness!) were not jealous of him; but, pleased with that wit in him which they had not, were always for calling him to her. She said pretty things — for she was Miss Chudleigh. He said pretty things — for he was Mr Cibber; and all the company, men and women, seemed to think they had an interest in what was said, and were half as well pleased as if they had said the sprightly things themselves; and mighty well contented were they to be second hand repeaters of the pretty things. But once I faced the laureate squatted upon one of the benches, with a face more wrinkled than ordinary with disappointment. 'I thought,' said I, 'you were of the party at the tea-treat — Miss Chudleigh is gone into the tea-room.'

'Pshaww!' said he, 'there is no coming at her, she is so surrounded by the toupets.' And I left him upon the fret. But he was called to soon after, and in he flew, and his face shone again and looked smooth."

It was not long after Richardson returned from Tunbridge Wells that he received his first letter from Lady Bradshaigh, who, writing under the name of Belfour, implored him to convert Lovelace and give *Clarissa* a happy ending. This led to a correspondence, and during the eighteen months that elapsed before they met in 1750, he and his "incognita," as he called her, kept up a brisk interchange of letters, from which, though they are principally concerned with

literary discussions, a few details as to Richardson's private life may be gleaned. From one of them (Dec. 16, 1749), we learn that the novelist's health was so bad that he had long neglected going to church. him to her. She said pretty things — for she was Miss Chudleigh. He said pretty things — for he was Mr Cibber; and all the company, men and women, seemed to think they had an interest in what was said, and were half as well pleased as if they had said the sprightly things themselves; and mighty well contented were they to be second hand repeaters of the pretty things. But once I faced the laureate squatted upon one of the benches, with a face more wrinkled than ordinary with disappointment. 'I thought,' said I, 'you were of the party at the tea-treat — Miss Chudleigh is gone into the tea-room.'

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As his family attended Fulham Parish Church, quite three miles away, this is scarcely surprising; perhaps, too, he was glad of the rest that Sunday morning brought, for while prospering more and more, he was harassed by many business cares. A strike among his compositors in 1748 gave him a good deal of trouble, and he was apparently still annoyed by the delay he experienced in obtaining payment for printing the Journals of the House of Commons. In spite of these anxieties, however, he was already planning a fresh book, and in the midst of his engagements was ready to give a helping hand to his friend Johnson, who had just begun to issue *The Rambler.*

This paper, which was a bi-weekly sheet on the model of *The Spectator*, but, as may be imagined from the character of the author, much more ponderous and far less graceful, first appeared on March 20, 1750. It was too serious and didactic to find much favour with the general public, and its circulation was only about five hundred. But its sombre tone at once appealed to Richardson, who wrote to Cave, the publisher, to express his pleasure at the new publication. "I should rejoice," he said, "to hear that they succeed; for I would not for any consideration that they

should be laid down through discouragement." To this Cave replied that, owing perhaps to the price of twopence, or the unfavourable season of their first publication, no great boast could be made of the sale. But the paper continued to appear, and on Tuesday, February 19, 1751, there was published number 97, with the following introduction by the editor: —

"The reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue."

"This day's entertainment" consisted of a lamentation in Richardson's ordinary vein over the corruption of feminine manners, which he declares have greatly deteriorated since the days of *The Spectator*, and a comparison between the method of courtship practised in the days of Queen Anne, and that in vogue in the last years of George II. It is satisfactory to know that Richardson's efforts in his friend's behalf were so far successful that more copies of this number were sold than of any other.

Meanwhile, he had been composing the first chapters of *Sir Charles Grandison.* As early as 1749 Lady Bradshaigh had written to him, urging him to complete his efforts towards raising the moral standard of the age by giving a masculine counterpart of *Clarissa.* "It is a character we want," she says, "I am sorry to say it; but few there are who deserve it," and then follow some slighting reflections on *Tom Jones*, whose popularity the writer is quite at a loss to account for. It was perhaps not the least inducement to Richardson to draw a model hero, that his -rival had created one who was so much open to criticism.

However this may be, the new book proceeded apace, and by 1751 much must have been written, for in a letter of that date Susannah Highmore comments on its progress to her friend Hester Mulso. "We have this day had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Grandison extricate herself from those difficulties you left her involved in. Oh! my dear, Sir Charles will be all we wish him — I am sure he will — and is destined to show the world what the purest love should be, when inspired by an object irresistibly amiable, like Miss Byron!" But the composition of the book was not unattended by difficulty, for Richardson, in choosing for his hero a man belonging to a higher social plane than he had hitherto attempted to describe, was hampered by insufficient knowledge of such society. "How shall a man," he asked plaintively of Lady Bradshaigh, "how shall a man obscurely situated, never delighting in public entertainments, nor in his youth able to frequent them from narrowness of fortune had he a taste for them; one of the most attentive of men to the calls of his business; his situation for many years producing nothing but the prospects of a numerous family... naturally shy and sheepish... how shall such a man pretend to describe and enter into characters in

upper life? How shall such a man draw scenes of busy yet elegant trifling?" Nevertheless, he went boldly on, drawing bravely on his imagination for these scenes in high life, and for the yet more remote subject of the deportment of the Italian nobility; fortified by the applause of all his feminine audience, he could afford to despise the possible sneers of Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. And so the story of Sir Charles continued to grow in bulk, till, as he complained, he was forced to commit violence in order to bring it into seven twelves volumes, which he was determined it should not exceed. Meanwhile, he had the benefit of a running criticism from the many correspondents to whom he lent copies of his manuscript, and from the guests, who, gathered together at North End, awaited further news of Harriet and Clementina with as much eagerness as the modern public exhibits for military despatches in time of war. Richardson was just one of those people for whose productive power the gentle titillation of undiscriminating flattery is almost a necessity; an unconscionable egoist, who was never weary of discussing his own work, yet withal so diffident that he needed the continual stimulus of reiterated approval. He was largely sustained in his toil by the encouragement of his feminine disciples, nor should we be far out in saying that the prolixity of his third novel is due as much to their perseverance in flattery as to his own indefatigable industry.

The book was published in the autumn of 1753, thus following *Clarissa Harlowe* at a much shorter interval than separated the appearance of the latter novel from that of *Pamela.* Its publication was hastened by a fraud practised on the author by some Dublin booksellers, who, by corrupting Richardson's compositors, managed to get the sheets in advance of the time fixed for its appearance in London, and brought it out without the author's sanction and in an incomplete form. Richardson was justly indignant at this piracy, and issued a long statement of the affair, entitled, "*The Case of Samuel Richardson of London, Printer*, *at the Invasion of his Property in the History of Sir Charles Grandison* "The work thus invaded," he complains, — and this he seems to consider an immense aggravation of the offence—" is a moral work." Moreover, the English edition is printed and published at his own expense, without having recourse to subscription. "Never was work more the property of any man than this is his." But it was impossible to obtain any redress, and though he afterwards sent his own edition to Dublin to be sold there at a low price, the pirates undersold him, and for what he did dispose of he did not get the money. His letters of this period plainly betray the perturbation caused by the matter, and are full of naïve surprise at the iniquity of the rogues who can thus defraud an honest man. "These Irishmen!" he exclaims to Edwards, "they do vex me; for I am informed that they are driving on with five volumes at five different presses, and are agreeing with some Scottish

booksellers to print them in Scotland, and intend to make the most of their wickedness by sending copies to France before publication. What have I done, my dear friend, to be thus treated?"

To balance this vexation, the enthusiasm evoked by Richardson's third book was not less than that which had greeted its predecessors. "Oh, sir, you ought to have been a bishop!" wrote Lady Bradshaigh, after reading the last volume; and Colley Cibber declared that he would rather have the fame deserved by Richardson's zeal for virtue than be preferred as a poet to Pope or his Homer. John Chapone, who afterwards married Hester Mulso, considered that Sir Charles was the noblest representation that ever did honour to man; Mrs Delany filled her letters with eulogies of both author and hero; and Urania Hill, now Mrs Johnson, and Thomas Edwards, contributed fresh poetical compliments. But unique among all these tributes to the genius of the novelist is the following effusion from an imprisoned debtor, who attributed his recent conversion to Richardson's teaching: —

"*May* 2, 1754.

"SIR, — Gratitude compels me to return you my most unfeigned thanks for effecting in a few hours by your *Sir Charles Grandison* what five years' imprisonment with all the want and indigence imaginable annexed to it could not. I've had my horrors and terrors in a great degree, and thoughts of future economy, when discharged by an insolvent act; but still with shame confess I retained in great measure my old principles of libertinism, and often flattered myself with enjoying my old acquaintances' company once more in affluence; but happily met with your Sir Charles, where I saw virtue so charmingly delineated, so delightfully described, that it immediately affected me in the highest degree, more especially when I read the contrast in the unhappy Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's character and his dreadful catastrophe.

"Yes, sir, I'm now determined during my stay in confinement and when in the world to make virtue and honour to be the standard and governor of all my actions; and, as real happiness must infallibly be the consequence, I shall always esteem you as the source of every good that may hereafter accrue to one who is with the greatest respect and sincerity, — Sir, Your much obliged humble servant, "B. F."

Here was success indeed, and Richardson had some reason to plume himself on the realisation of his aims as a moral reformer. Nor was "B. F." the only impecunious gentleman to whom the story afforded moral support. Eusebius Sylvester, an "attorney of Warwick," also testified to the utility of the example

given, and on the strength of his admiration wrote to the author for further instruction. Richardson, evidently flattered by this mark of respect, entered into a correspondence with him, and everything went well until Sylvester began to ask for pecuniary, as well as for ethical, aid. Richardson, who was always ready to help his friends, but expected to be repaid, if not in kind, at least by an immoderate amount of gratitude and flattery, sent £25, and apologised for the smallness of the loan on the score of the many calls on his purse. He had hoped to spare more, he says, "from the promises of a gentleman who is indebted to me in a very large sum, upwards of £1500, for printing a very large work, 'The Journals of the House of Commons.' He has put me off (though I pressed him very earnestly for but a part of it) for some time, and now tells me that he will soon discharge the debt, and intimates that he expects to pay me interest for the time he shall trespass upon me. I have in a manner contracted for a little land lying contiguous to a small estate of my late deceased brother, which will be a great convenience to that good family. And I fear, as the above gentleman has disappointed me, that I must sell out of the little matter I have in the stocks £500 at ten or eleven per cent, disadvantage to complete the purchase. £450 I lent to a dear friend and relation about a year ago to make his last hours easy. My removal the summer preceding this from North End, Hammersmith, to Parson's Green, sunk me upwards of *£300* from my current cash, and the building I erected last summer for my printing-office and what it will cost me to remove from the house I so long lived in to the new one adjoining to my new building has and will cost me upwards of £400. My expenditures weekly are between £30 and £40 to journeymen, etc."

But Mr Sylvester was too far sunk in debt for £25 to be more than a temporary relief, and though the correspondents continued for some time on friendly terms, and Richardson sent further monetary help, accompanied by many pages of closely written counsel, the non-payment of the debt at last led to an open rupture. Nothing could throw more light on the character of the novelist — credulous, excessively susceptible to flattery, generous yet tenacious, and goaded to a fury of irritability by ingratitude on the part of one he had benefited — than these letters. Whether the money was ever forthcoming is doubtful; Richardson's dunning epistles seem to have had no effect, and the correspondence closes in 1759 with an angry remonstrance written on his behalf to Sylvester, accusing him of base ingratitude and deceit.

The letter quoted above gives some idea of Richardson's pecuniary position in 1756. Two years before he had left the house at North End, where he had lived for sixteen years, owing to a disagreement with his landlord. The property had changed hands, and the new owner, Mr Pratt, on the strength of Richardson's own

improvements, had raised the rent from £25 to £40 a year. In a long letter to Edwards he sets forth his grievances at this increase. His predecessor, he complains, had paid only £30 a year, and when he took the house the rent was reduced because he had no use for the stables and because his first landlord, Mr Vanderplank, lived near, and having "two girls that were growing up and would have handsome fortunes, he was cautious of whom he admitted into so near a neighbourhood." Mr Pratt, however, held to his demand, and Richardson then moved to another house on the south side of Parson's Green, which has since disappeared. He had hesitated between this and one at Finchley, but the latter place was undesirable on account of its popularity with highwaymen. "If there you dwell," wrote one anxious correspondent, "I foresee death and destruction in your next work; and bitter will be the complaints of all your fair readers. As our thoughts are, in some degree, influenced by what we hear and see, rapes, robberies and murders must ensue if you are planted so near their scene of action as to be continually hearing of highwaymen, and viewing of gibbets." To this Richardson replied that his friend's kind concern was now unnecessary, since he had settled on his new home—" an old monastery-like house, with a porch at the door, wherein he proposed often to reconnoitre the green and watch for the visits of his friends."

It was not long after this change of abode that Richardson became Master of the Stationers' Company, an office of which he was admirably fitted to perform all the duties except that of hearty participation in the banquets. "I cannot but figure to myself," said Thomas Edwards, "the miserable example you will set at the head of their loaded tables, unless you have two stout jaw-workers for your wardens and a good hungry court of assistants. Yours, indeed, is an example, which were the company to follow, your cook's place would be in effect a sinecure." For the new Master's weak health had for some time necessitated a vegetarian and water diet, which in those days of heavy feeding and deep drinking must have made him somewhat remarkable.

Meanwhile, he had some difficulty in reconciling his wife to their change of residence. She was evidently a quiet, domesticated person, who found her chief pleasure in household cares, and in extending a kindly welcome to her husband's numerous guests, even to those young ladies whose frank adoration of his genius might have had a disquieting effect on a less sensible woman. By degrees, however, she came to prefer the new house, though another shock was in store for her the next year, when Richardson decided that the warehouse in Salisbury Court was unsafe and set about building another. This necessitated a change in the town dwelling-house also, for in order to have convenient access to the new offices the family moved to a smaller and less handsome house adjoining them, and opening

on to the paved court between the two blocks into which they were divided. In undertaking this extensive enterprise at his advanced age Richardson was consulting the interests of his daughters, for he tells Lady Bradshaigh that, as he has a sixty years' lease at an easy rent, the money he has laid out will turn to good account to his children. "Everybody," he continues, "is more pleased with what I have done than my wife. But that, I flatter myself, is because she has not seen either the offices or the house she is to live in, since the former were little better than a heap of rubbish (eight houses being demolished to make room for them) and the latter was a dirty warehouse. The necessity of removing being absolute let me tell your ladyship that I shall be both grieved and disappointed if my wife is not pleased with them both on her coming to town, which will be next Tuesday. But having three-quarters of a year to come of the lease of my present house she insists on passing one more winter in it. And I must comply, though to my inconvenience, and though the surveyors have hinted that the house has stood its time." Mrs Richardson, indeed, seems to have tried her husband's patience considerably in this matter of building, as may be gathered from another letter. "Last time my good wife was in town," he writes, "I sent for the master carpenter to find fault with his slowness, the bricklayers standing still for him.

He came while we were sitting lovingly at supper. My wife had a little before peeped at the work from my spy window; she told him she had. I was just forming my features into a complaining air. 'Don't you think, madam,' said the sly thief, 'that we make a great show for the time?' (He had just got up a range of window-frames, of eighty foot long, that ought to have been up ten days before.) 'Indeed you do, Mr Burnell,' answered promptly the good woman. 'I did not expect to see the building so much advanced.' I was forced to pull in my horns, as the saying is. The charge of unreasonableness seemed to be implied on the husband, who knew something of the matter; and the wife, who knew nothing at all of it, went off at her honest man's expense with the character of a very reasonable, courteous, good sort of woman."

In spite of the trouble caused by the builders, Richardson found time in this year to gather from his three books *A Collection of the Moral and Instructive Sentiments*, *Maxims*, *Cautions and Reflections*, *contained in the Histories of Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe*, *and Sir Charles Grandison*, *Digested under Proper Heads*. This was intended to concentrate the cream of the moral teaching of the three novels, and to those who care for sententious observations, sometimes commonplace, but often betraying great shrewdness and penetration, the little book may still afford entertainment. But, as might be expected, it could boast of nothing like the vogue of its predecessor, and some correspondents expressed a

wish, probably shared by many others, that the time devoted to its compilation had been given to the composition of a new novel.

But Richardson's working days were nearly over. One by one his old friends were passing away. Aaron Hill died in 1750, and Colley Cibber and Thomas Edwards in 1757, while he also lost two brothers about this time. And by the various references in his correspondence to the provision he was making for his family, it is clear that the novelist thought his own death not far off. In 1757, on the marriage of his eldest daughter Polly, he made his will, and in 1760 he purchased a half of the patent of law printer, the other half being in the hands of Miss Catherine Lintot. He was probably somewhat anxious about the future of his daughters, of whom only Polly was married in her father's lifetime. "I have a very good wife," he said to Edwards. "I am sure you think I have. But the man who has passed all his days single is not always a loser. Children are careful comforts, though good. Daughters, when marriageable, especially." But when a suitor did present himself for Polly, in the person of Mr Ditcher, a surgeon of Bath, whom she had probably met while staying with her uncle at that place, her father, after the manner of fathers, was not altogether pleased. Polly had had a previous love affair, and he complains "that Mr Ditcher's task was as easy as he could wish, too easy, considering another affair had so recently gone off." Still, as the bridegroom was "commended for his sobriety, skill, and good sense, and had an increasing business, and a well-conditioned little estate," which he settled on his wife, no serious objection to the match could be made.

Of Richardson's other daughters, Patty is often mentioned as being her father's principal amanuensis, an office which, as he kept duplicates of all his extremely prolix letters, must have taken a good deal of time. Patty was married in 1762 to a Mr Bridgen, and Sarah, the youngest, to a Mr Crowther, who, like Polly's husband, was a doctor. Nancy, the third daughter, to whose ill-health there are frequent references in the correspondence, died unmarried in 1803, the last survivor of the family. Richardson was undoubtedly a good father, and very much attached to his daughters, especially to Nancy, whose constitutional delicacy caused him perpetual anxiety; but he never seems to have been treated by them with as much confidence as was shown him in their girlhood by Hester Mulso, Susannah Highmore, or Sarah Westcomb. From passages in *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison* it is obvious that he had an exaggerated idea of filial duty, and he probably kept his daughters at too great a distance for intimate affection. "My girls," he says, "are shy little fools"; but he apparently never realised that their reserve was the effect of over repression. Only one person, the audacious Lady Bradshaigh, dared to hint at this. Richardson's reply to her suggestion may be quoted as representing his own views on the subject. "As for your general

instruction on stiffness, as you call it; as too much reverence is not the vice of the age, I had rather lay down rules that should stiffen into apparent duty than make the pert rogues too familiar with characters so reverend that it can never be thought want of breeding to demonstrate a reverence for them in all companies, in all conversations; while I would have the parent so behave to the child as to show that he or she was above the pride and stiffness of exacting the reverence. Condescension becomes the character of the parent. It behoves the child to show it is not hurt by it.... 'I have heard you complain of the want of freedom in your amiable children.' You have, madam, and so have they, and all those with whom I have the honour to be acquainted. I have been always ready to blame myself, as if there appeared to them in my behaviour a stiffness that I was willing to correct in myself if found guilty of it. I have rallied them all in turn; I have jested with them; I have freely spoken my mind before them on every occasion, and I hope they are come off a good deal of the distance I have sought to make them break through." And Richardson, with characteristic vanity, goes on to account for their formality by the respect which it is inevitable they should feel for one so greatly, however undeservedly, honoured by his friends.

It is somewhat remarkable that the great champion of woman in the eighteenth century, who everywhere in his novels endeavours to vindicate her claim to be considered a rational as well as a fascinating being, and who was certainly not lacking in deference towards the numerous ladies with whom he corresponded, should always assume a half bantering, patronising tone in speaking of his own women-kind. This is very plainly apparent in the passage already quoted, concerning the new offices, which, it may be observed, was addressed to Hester Mulso, who was young enough to be Mrs Richardson's daughter. And though he invariably speaks of his wife with affection, his playful allusions to her obstinacy and love of management are not always in the best taste.

"Many who think they know us well (God help them, or rather, God help me!) imagine I carry every point. So meek my wife! Be quiet, standers by, you don't *always* see more than those who play. Let me warn you to doubt your own judgments when you take upon you to decide in favour of the yielding qualities of a meek wife. Not obstinacy itself is more persevering." It is possible that Mrs Richardson, like Mrs Primrose, was chosen for qualities that would wear well, and that in his second marriage her husband was chiefly concerned to procure a sensible and amiable housekeeper.

She hardly belonged to the same social class as the ladies whom she afterwards entertained on his behalf, and an allusion in Mrs Delany's correspondence leads one to imagine that she was a shy woman, with little knowledge of the world. "I don't know," writes Mrs Delany, "whether Mrs Richardson is a proper person to

find a servant for you; she is a quiet, retired sort of woman, who, I believe, cannot have had any opportunity of knowing of a suitable servant of that sort." But at least she must have been a good-hearted, patient wife, since she filled her house with her husband's friends, and actually nursed two of them, Thomas Edwards and Miss Dutton, in their last illnesses. And it must not be forgotten that it was her sympathy that stimulated Richardson in the production of *Pamela,* while their mutual good understanding is sufficiently indicated by the following letter which he presented to her "with a set of *Clarissa Harlowe."*

"*Dec.* 1, 1748.

"DEAR BET, — Do you know that the beatified Clarissa was often very uneasy at the time her story cost the man whom you favour with your love; and that chiefly on your account?

"She was.

"And although she made not a posthumous apology to you on that account, as she did on other occasions to several of those who far less deserved to be apologised to, I know so well her mind that she would have greatly approved of this acknowledgment; and of the compliments I now make you, in her name, of the volumes which contain her history.

"May you, my dear Bet, may I, and all ours, benefit by the warnings of the example given in them! And may our last scenes be closed as happily as her last scene is represented to have done, "Are the prayers of,

"Yours most affectionately, whilst

"SAMUEL RICHARDSON."

Richardson's esteem for his wife is further proved by the fact that he appointed her one of the executors of the will which he made in 1757, though by a curious oversight it is dated 1727, at which date many of the persons mentioned in it, including the two witnesses, Catherine Lintot and Harry Campbell, were not yet born. By it he left one-third of his estate to his widow, while the remaining two-thirds were to be divided between his three single daughters, Polly having been sufficiently provided for at the time of her marriage. Various bequests to his relations, especially to the children of his brothers Benjamin and William, indicate that he, as the rich member of his family, had already done much to help them. One niece, Susannah, the daughter of his brother Benjamin, whom he seems to have adopted, is especially commended to his wife's kindness; but irritable references to others show that his generosity had not always met with the grateful acknowledgment it deserved. His nephew William, who had for some time acted as his overseer, but had left him in 1758 to set up on his own account, is referred

to in codicils of increasing bitterness as a selfish young man who is well able to take care of himself. Perhaps if William's case could be heard there might appear some justification for his conduct. Richardson's increasing infirmities can scarcely have improved a temper naturally irritable and exacting, and in the last years of his life he was probably not a very amiable companion. This view is confirmed by a letter written by Miss Talbot to Mrs Carter announcing his last illness. "Poor Mr Richardson," she says, "was seized on Sunday evening with a most severe paralytic stroke. How many good hearts will be afflicted by this in many more countries than England! To how many will he be an inexpressible loss! But to consider him at present as lost to himself and perhaps with some sense of that loss is most grievous. It sits pleasantly upon my mind that the last morning we spent together was particularly friendly and quiet and comforting. It was the twenty-eighth of May — he looked then so well! One has long apprehended some stroke of this kind; the disease made its gradual approaches by that heaviness which clouded the cheerfulness of his conversation, that used to be so lively and so instructive; by the increased tremblings which unfitted that hand so peculiarly formed to guide the pen; and by perhaps the querulousness of temper most certainly not natural to so sweet and so enlarged a mind, which you and I have lately lamented as making his family at times not so comfortable as his principles, his study and his delight to diffuse happiness wherever he could, would otherwise have done. Well, his noble spirit will soon now I suppose be freed from its corporeal encumbrance; it were a sin to wish against it, and yet how few such will be left behind."

Richardson lingered unconscious for two days, and died on the 4th of July 1761. He was buried beside his first wife in the middle aisle of St Bride's church, which had witnessed the baptism of all his large family.

Plenty of anecdotes about Richardson's character and habits exist, and they all tend to confirm the impression produced by his novels and correspondence. He was a kind master, and there is a tradition that he used to leave half-crowns among the type in the workshop as a reward for the most punctual among his men. He was fond of children, and delighted in making them little presents, though these seem generally to have consisted of books of an improving nature. Full of benevolent intentions, he never tired of assisting his friends with money and advice, but he preferred always to be in the position of the donor; of that higher generosity, which consists in the graceful reception of favours not always desired, he seems to have had little, and really hurt Lady Bradshaigh's feelings once by refusing some needle-work that she had prepared as an adornment for the house at Parson's Green. His letters contain many allusions to presents made to needy friends, such as Miss Collier, the friend of Sarah Fielding, who was so poor

that she slept in a garret without a door till Richardson sent her five pounds to buy one. Dr Webster, Aaron Hill and Mr Chapone, senior, were under much greater pecuniary obligations to him, to say nothing of the less respectable dependents on his bounty, such as Mrs Pilkington and Eusebius Sylvester. "His generosity," says Mrs Barbauld, "knew no bounds but the necessary attention to the welfare of a growing family." His house, moreover, as has been seen, was always open to his friends, on whom he repeatedly pressed cordial invitations. But though Richardson liked society, especially that of young people, he was not a man of many words. Johnson said that he could be voluble only on the subject of his own works, and on one occasion determined to draw him out on this topic. "But he failed; for in that interview Richardson said little else than that there lay in the room a translation of *Clarissa* into German." Boswell, who relates this story, adds in a footnote the well-known anecdote of the gentleman who, having just returned from France and wishing to compliment Richardson, told him that he had seen a copy of *Clarissa* lying on the king's brother's table. As some of the company present were engaged in conversation and missed this remark, Richardson affected to lose it also, and, waiting till there was a pause so that everyone might hear the compliment, said to his visitor, "I think, sir, you were saying something about—" But the gentleman, provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisite air of indifference answered, "A mere trifle, sir, not worth repeating." The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak more than ten words the whole day.

This vanity was closely allied to the irritability and intense egoism which have already been noticed. Another somewhat unamiable trait was his intense consciousness of class distinctions and his almost servile address to those in a superior social position. Not that he was ashamed of his trade, for he justly prided himself on the position he had won by his unaided energy and ability, and made no secret of his early struggles; but he took it as a matter of course that the possession of wealth and family entitled the owner to a superlative degree of respect. "There is a bar between us," he says, writing to Mrs Delany of another fine lady, Mrs Desborough, "Temple Bar. Ladies who live near Hill Street and Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares love not to pass this bar. They speak of it as if it were a day's journey from them." This objectionable note runs through all Richardson's work, for, as will be seen later, although he made a serving-maid the heroine of his first novel, and thereby inaugurated a social as well as a literary revolution, he never for a moment supposed, as some critics would have us think, that Pamela's virtue levelled her up to the rank of her lover. The whole point of the book is that superior morality can be adequately rewarded by worldly elevation, and the exaltation of rank and money could scarcely go further.

Other unamiable characteristics that are very prominent in Richardson's correspondence are his extreme sensitiveness to criticism, and his jealousy of all writers outside his own clique. It has been seen how the well-meant but blundering advice of Aaron Hill nearly led to a quarrel, and while Richardson frequently invited his lady correspondents to give him their counsel on questions of feminine deportment, to follow it was a compliment beyond his magnanimity. The most striking exhibition of this temper, however, is shown in his relations with Fielding, whom he was never weary of depreciating, though, somewhat inconsistently, he declared that his rival had learnt his art from him. "The *Pamela* which he abused in his Sh*amela,* taught him how to write to please, though his manners are so different. Before his *Joseph Andrews* (hints and names taken from that story, with a lewd and ungenerous engraftment), the poor man wrote without being read."... And again, "Mr Fielding has over-written himself, or rather *under*-written; and in his own journal seems ashamed of his last piece; and has promised that the same Muse shall write no more for him. The piece *(Amelia)* in short is as dead as if it had been published forty years, as to sale." After this it is rather surprising to turn the page and read, "You guess I have not read *Amelia*." This bitterness betrays a lack of self-reliance as well as of dignity, and looks as if Richardson was more conscious of Fielding's merits than he cared to allow. So long as a novel was obviously inferior to his own work he could afford to be generous — witness his eulogy of Sarah Fielding's *David Simple*; but as soon as his own literary position was challenged there was a sudden diminution in his appreciative power. And this jealousy of success in his own peculiar field accounts for his hostile criticism of Sterne as well as of Fielding.

As to Richardson's personal appearance there is plenty of information, supplied alike by portraits and verbal description. The word portrait which he gave of himself to Lady Bradshaigh is well known, but will bear repetition. "Short, rather plump, about five feet, five inches, fair wig, one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support when attacked by sudden tremors or dizziness which too frequently attack him, but, thank God! not so often as formerly; looking directly foreright, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion, teeth not yet failing him; smooth-faced and ruddy-cheeked; at some times looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger; a regular even pace, stealing away the ground rather than seeming to rid it; a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistiness from the head, by chance lively — very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours." Of the regular portraits of Richardson the best known is

that by Highmore, of which an engraving is prefixed to Mrs Barbauld's edition of the Correspondence. It represents him as a comfortable little gentleman having a double chin, a fair wig, and a dark coat; one hand is thrust into the front of his waistcoat, the other holds a book, perhaps meant for one of his own volumes. Behind him, in the arm of his chair, is inserted his inkhorn, out of which a quill is sticking. This was the portrait which he had reproduced to present to his friends, and which, according to Mrs Barbauld, was always esteemed his best likeness.

Highmore was also responsible for a companion painting of Mrs Richardson, a dark-eyed amiable-looking lady in a yellow gown. There is little information as to her history after her husband's death, but on February 5, 1771, she is mentioned in the *Gazetteer* and *New Daily Advertiser* as denying his connection with a novel called *The History of Sir William Harrington* said to have been revised and corrected by him. She died not long after, in 1773, her end, as we learn incidentally from Mrs Chapone, having been hastened by the shock caused by the sudden death of one of her married daughters while on a visit to Parson's Green. "The poor mother got up in time to see her die, and immediately said she had taken her death-wound, and should not long survive. She died within a fortnight. Though the circumstance is so dreadful that one cannot hear of it without being shocked, one can scarce refrain from smiling at her will, in which she has left particular directions to be buried either on a Sunday or a Thursday. These were her lucky days when living, but I wonder what sort of luck she thought they would bring her in the grave." This half affectionate, half patronising, allusion confirms everything else that we know about Mrs Richardson's character, and of the estimation in which she was held by her husband's feminine disciples.

CHAPTER III. RICHARDSON'S FRIENDS

IF our information regarding Richardson's early life is scanty, and the existing data concerning his later years give the biographer little opportunity to weave a very exciting story, there is yet plenty of material on which to base an account of the private life of the great apostle of domesticity. For surely no writer ever corresponded with a greater number of friends, and if those friends scarcely vie in notoriety with those whose sayings have been preserved by Boswell, still many of them were celebrities in their own day, and have perhaps been unduly neglected by ours.

The latter part of this statement, however, hardly applies to Aaron Hill, who had probably been acquainted with Richardson for some time previous to the letter of 1736, quoted above, which is the earliest of any in the unpublished correspondence. Hill, though he must be ranked among the literary failures of his age, was a man of some ability and vast energy, who divided his time between theatrical management, dramatic authorship, and commercial and agricultural experiments, which nearly always ended in disaster. Totally destitute of any capacity for self-criticism, he had a thorough confidence in his own powers, and firmly believed that his name would be still remembered when posterity had the sense to realise the utter worthlessness of the works of Mr Pope. For between Pope and Hill there existed a bitterness of many years standing, arising in the first place from a misreported conversation, and carried on by the former in the *Treatise on Bathos and the Dunciad* and by the latter in *The Progress of Wit.* And though after a time an armistice was made, it is improbable that complete cordiality was ever restored between them, for after Pope's death Hill took every opportunity of disparaging him. "Rest his memory in peace!" he wrote to Richardson in 1744, "it will very rarely be disturbed by that time he himself is ashes." But his rival's posthumous fame belying his prophecy, he determined, in 1746, to open the eyes of the public by publishing a pamphlet entitled: *Critical Reflections on Propriety in Writing... illustrated by a frankly selected number of Compared Examples in the opposite Lights of Excellence and Error from the Works of Mr Alexander Pope, and other late and still surviving celebrated English Authors.* This tract was to leave it "beyond will and testament that Mr Pope knew nothing as to plan and thought that merited the name of genius, his merits being confined to figure and expression." The MS. was submitted to Richardson, but it does not seem ever to have been published.

When we first become acquainted with Hill through the Richardson correspondence he is living at Westminster, but soon afterwards he removes with his three daughters, Urania, Astræa and Minerva, to Plaistowe, bent on a new enterprise which is to make his fortune — no less than the establishment of vine-growing and wine manufacture in England. The enthusiasm that could set on foot such a project at the age of fifty-three, after more than one disappointment in similar schemes, is certainly worthy of all praise. But Plaistowe was damp, and the grapes did not ripen; various ailments attacked the family, and there are obscure allusions to the misconduct of one of its members, probably a son, who married without the approval of his father and afterwards died by his own hand. Want of money compelled Hill to have recourse to his pen and to the sympathy of Richardson, who in 1746 lent him a hundred pounds, and tried to console him by insisting that the unpopularity of his works was mainly due to want of taste among his readers. "I do not think," wrote he, "that were Milton's *Paradise Lost* to be now published as a new work, it would be well received," and he delicately hinted at Hill's exaggerated and bombastic style as one cause of his failure. "Your sentiments, even they will have it, who allow them to be noble, are too munificently adorned, and they want you to descend to their level."

The failure of Hill's health, combined with pecuniary troubles, is probably responsible for the depressed tone of these letters, and for the impatient irritability which they often display. Garrick's delay in producing *Merope*, which Hill had adapted from Voltaire, was attributed by the author to personal dislike, and Richardson once more extended sympathetic reassurance, from his own knowledge of Mr Garrick's difficulties as a theatrical manager. The whole of this correspondence from 1736 to 1750, in which year Hill died, is pathetic reading, for however ridiculous his vanity and egoism may appear, it presents the spectacle of a strong, energetic and assertive nature gradually sinking beneath an accumulation of misfortunes. After his death his works were printed by subscription, and the fact that Richardson's name is down for six sets, testifies to the real regard he had for Hill. Of all the material contained in these volumes only eight lines are now ever remembered or quoted, but these, once written on a window during a tour through Scotland, are not unfrequently found in anthologies of verse.

"Tender handed stroke a nettle,
  And it stings you for your pains:
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
  And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with human natures,

Use ’em kindly, they rebel:
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.”

The poetical dedication of the collected edition of Hill’s works was addressed by his eldest daughter Urania to the Princess Dowager of Wales, the mother of George III. Urania was fortunately the only one of the girls who made any attempt to justify her name, but as early as -1731 her proud father had sent to Mr Pope a copy of verses written by her four years previously. The great poet had responded by kind messages to the young authoress, and by the present of his version of the *Odyssey*, thus nurturing a talent that had better have been suppressed, since poor Urania’s verses surpass those of her father in turgidity and commonplace sentiment. She married, unhappily as it seems, and was either left a widow or deserted by her husband, for in 1755 she wrote to Richardson:—” Cruelty and unkind fortune are not yet grown weary of pursuing me in our affairs, and till they are I can seek out no place of rest or happiness.” Richardson tried hard to get employment for her, and sent a glowing testimonial, in which he praises her as “the managing sister of the three.” But in 1758 she was once more in trouble, and wrote again to her benefactor, begging him for “a frank — a single frank.” Altogether, Hill’s family must have made no small demands on his friend’s patience. The last mention of Urania is in connection with the MS. of a novel called *Almira*, which she submitted to Richardson for criticism; but when her adviser ventured to hint at a certain want of delicacy in one of the chapters she wrote a half-hysterical, but wholly pardonable, protest in self-defence. This letter is endorsed in Richardson’s handwriting as follows: —

“But surely the unwelcome observations I made show that it was not for want of pains and attention at a time so sad — but I will only say I truly meant service, not criticism. Who but the lad) was to see what I wrote?”

The other two sisters, Astræa and Minerva (the latter of whom, it is as well to say, was called Minny by her family) were also ladies of literary tastes, though there is no proof that they ever attempted authorship. They were obliged to rely for their supply of books chiefly on an itinerary bookseller’s shop that rumbled through Plaistowe in a wheelbarrow, and it was probably from this source that they obtained the six volumes of *Tom Jones*, published in 1749. Thus, when Richardson desired Hill to let him have the sentiments of the ladies upon it, in the hope that their favourable opinion would induce him to open the volumes, “the rather, as they will be so soon read,” they were already well prepared for the task of criticism. But with singular want of insight they took him at his word, and

actually forwarded to Fielding's rival the following sensible and temperate, yet withal laudatory appreciation of the new book.

"Having with much ado got over some reluctance that was bred by a familiar coarseness in the title, we went through the whole six volumes; and found much masqued merit in 'em all; a double merit, both of head and heart. Had there been only that of the last sort, you love it, I am sure, too much to leave a doubt of your resolving to examine it. However, if you do, it should be when you can best spare it your attention, else, the author introduces all his sections (and too often interweaves the serious body of his meanings) with long runs of bantering levity, which his good sense may suffer the effect of. It is true he seems to wear this lightness as a grave man sometimes wears a feather, which though he and fashion may consider as an ornament, reflection will condemn as a disguise and covering.... Meanwhile it is an honest pleasure which we take in adding that (exclusive of one wild, detached and independent story of a Man of the Hill, that neither brings on anything nor rose from anything that went before it) all the changeful windings of the author's fancy carry on a course of regular design, and end in an extremely moving close, where lines that seemed to wander and run different ways meet, all in an instructive centre.

"The whole piece consists of an inventive race of disappointments and recoveries. It excites curiosity and holds it watchful. It has just and pointed satire; but it is a partial satire, and confined too narrowly. It sacrifices to authority and interest. Its events reward sincerity and punish and expose hypocrisy, show pity and benevolence in amiable lights, and avarice and brutality in very despicable ones. In every part it has humanity for its intention; in too many it seems wantoner that it was meant to be; it has bold shocking pictures, and (I fear) not unresembling ones, in high life and low. And (to conclude this adventurous guesswork from a pair of forward baggages) would everywhere (we think) deserve to please if stript of what the author thought himself most sure to please by.

"And thus, sir, we have told you our sincere opinion of *Tom Jones.* For every woman in the nation owes respect and deference to the parent of *Clarissa* and *Pamela* — we owe 'em both, still more particularly. We also love with daughterly and sisterly affection, and pray daily for, and almost hourly think of, your dear family Clarissas, who encircle you at home, with blessings from a union of three different tendernesses (the parental, conjugal and filial); under social sense of which complete felicity, we beg of heaven to grant you very very *long* enjoyment of it, and of you we beg the happiness of being honoured with the title of your most professed admirers and most humble servants,

"ASTRÆA and MINERVA HILL."

Richardson's admirers must wish that his answer to this judicious criticism had been suppressed, for literary jealousy, aroused by the eulogies of a rival's work and intensified by the unwilling conviction that they are in the main justifiable, never appeared in a more undisguised and petty form than in his reply. He owns that he has not read *Tom Jones,* but says that he has been told it has a very bad tendency. "And I had reason to think that the author intended for his second view (his first being to fill his pocket by accommodating it to the reigning taste) in writing it to whiten a vicious character and to make morality bend to his practices.... Why did he make his Tom a common — what shall I call it? the lowest of all fellows... yet in love with a young creature who was trapesing after him, a fugitive from her father's house? Why did he draw his heroine so fond, so foolish, and so insipid? Indeed he has one excuse, he knows not how to draw a delicate woman — he has not been accustomed to such company — and is too proscribing, too impetuous, too immoral, I will venture to say, to take any other bias than that a perverse and crooked nature has given him, or evil habits, at least, have confirmed in him. Do men expect to gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles? But, perhaps, I think the worse of the piece because I know the writer and dislike his principles, both public and private, though I wish well to the man, and love four worthy sisters of his with whom I am acquainted. And indeed should admire him did he make the use of his talents which I wish him to make. For the vein of humour and ridicule which he is master of might, if properly turned, do great service to the cause of virtue." This and similar ungenerous disparagements of a rival author, under the flimsy disguise of zeal for virtue, have done more harm to Richardson's reputation than the severest criticism ever passed on his books. It is said that Astræa and Minerva wept at this reply, but it is difficult to believe that their tears did not arise rather from shame for a friend deservedly dear than from mortification at his reproof.

Considering Richardson's enthusiasm for virtue, and his strictures on Fielding's private life, it is a little surprising that he should have remained on intimate terms with Colley Cibber, a man of undoubted moral laxity. Such a connection throws much light on Richardson's actual practice, since it is evident that he not only considered Cibber as a friend of his own, but also introduced him to his wife and daughters. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Cibber had done more than anyone else to reform the English stage, and to restore decency to the plays that were presented on it. His delightful autobiography reveals a man excessively vain but imperturbably good-humoured; every page displays extraordinary insight into human nature, and his defence of that philosophy which takes life as it comes, and extracts from it the highest degree of

pleasure obtainable at the moment, is set forth with so much verve, so much energetic humour, as to carry temporary conviction with it. His intense enjoyment of life, his *entrain*, the very earnestness of his frivolity, are curiously fascinating. And Cibber had, moreover, many excellent qualities; his good humour under the attacks that followed his appointment as laureate cannot be too highly praised, and it was only under the sting of almost unbearable insult that he at last turned to retaliate on Pope. But even here his strictures did not extend to the poet's work, which he honestly admired, and acknowledged to be superior to his own. It would have been well for Richardson if he also had remembered those words of *The Tatler,* endorsed by Cibber's appreciation: "In all terms of reproof when the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons."

The few letters from Cibber preserved in Mrs Barbauld's edition of Richardson's correspondence are not very interesting, and extend only from 1748 to 1753, although the acquaintance must have been of much longer duration. Cibber either affected or really felt immense excitement over his friend's novels. Portions of *Sir Charles Grandison* were submitted to him in manuscript; at other times he formed one of the North End audience and listened to the story from the author's lips. "The delicious meal I made of Miss Byron on Sunday last," he says, not very elegantly, in one place, "has given me an appetite for another slice of her off the spit before she is served up to the public table; if about five o'clock to-morrow afternoon will not be inconvenient Mrs Brown and I will come and nibble upon a bit more of her." And, again, "the spirited generosity of Sir Charles to the two Danbys and their sister has put me so out of conceit with my own narrow soul, that I cannot be easy for not having been myself the author of your more than mortal history. By the way, don't I talk nonsense? But people in rapture never think that common words can express it."

It was probably Colley Cibber who recommended Letitia Pilkington, a well-known literary adventuress of that day, to Richardson. Born in Dublin, in 1700, she was married when only fifteen to Matthew Pilkington, a clergyman, who also dabbled in literature. Mrs Pilkington's father had been a college friend of Dr Delany, who interested himself in the young couple, and introduced them to Swift. "What," said he when they were presented to him, "this poor little child married? God help her, she is early engaged in trouble." Swift's words were prophetic: through his influence Matthew Pilkington obtained an appointment as chaplain to Barber, the Lord Mayor of London, and left his wife behind him in Dublin while he went to perform his new duties. This separation emphasised an estrangement, which, according to Mrs Pilkington, had originated in her husband's jealousy of her intellectual attainments. They were never entirely

reconciled; Letitia supported herself and her two children by miscellaneous writing, first in Dublin, and afterwards in London, where she fell into such doubtful company that her husband was enabled to divorce her. She sank from bad to worse, being at least once in prison for debt, and was a constant drain on the charity of her benefactors, Delany, Cibber and Richardson. In the second volume of those memoirs which Mrs Delany justly characterised as scandalous, she tells of her first visit to the novelist. *"*As I had never formed any great idea of a printer by those I had seen in Ireland," she says naïvely, "I was very negligent of my dress, any more than making myself clean; but was extremely surprised when I was directed to a house of a very grand outward appearance, and had it been a palace, the beneficent master deserved it. I met a very civil reception from him, and he not only made me breakfast, but also dine with him and his agreeable wife and children. After dinner he called me into his study and showed me an order he had received to pay me twelve guineas, which he immediately took out of his escritoire and put into my hand; but when I went to tell them over, I found that I had fourteen, and, supposing the gentleman had made a mistake, I was for returning two of them, but he with a sweetness and modesty almost peculiar to himself, said he hoped I would not take it ill, that he had presumed to add a trifle to the bounty of my friend. I really was confounded till recollecting that I had read *Pamela*, and been told it was written by one Mr Richardson, I asked him whether he was not the author of it. He said he was the editor: I told him my surprise was now over, as I found he had only given to the incomparable *Pamela* the virtues of his own worthy heart."

This interview must have taken place between 1740, the date of the publication of *Pamela*, and 1743, as in the latter year we find her once more soliciting Richardson's help. This time it was for a testimonial as to her character, a request which must have been somewhat embarrassing to Richardson, especially as she says that she has already mentioned Mr Cibber as a reference, but "they had no opinion of him." She repaid her patron's kindness by poetical addresses even more fulsome than those of Aaron and Urania Hill, and by reporting to him the complimentary remarks of Cibber on *Clarissa Harlowe.* For a time she seems to have got on very well, but in 1745 she was again in difficulties, and trying to raise money to pay her passage back to Ireland. "I hope you will pardon me a last request," she wrote to Richardson, "which is that you will oblige me with a few sheets of gilt paper and a stick of sealing-wax, in order to write circular letters to the nobility who have honoured me with their notice, to raise as much as will carry me to the land of fogs and fens: —

"A servile race in folly nurst,

Who truckle most when treated worst."

It is not quite obvious from the context whether the writer means to refer this quotation to the aforesaid nobility or to the Irish nation. But apparently even the gilt-edged paper failed to procure the necessary supplies, for in December she was still in England, soliciting help for an unfortunate daughter whom, as she says, she has less authority to blame than another mother. Richardson and his wife again gave assistance, but in 1746 she wrote once more that she was "quite broke." The allusions in this letter to Cibber and Delany would seem to indicate that Richardson was the most forbearing of her patrons, since the other two had apparently refused to give further aid. She died in 1750.

Dr Delany, who occasionally made Richardson his almoner, is perhaps best remembered as the husband of Mrs Delany, whose voluminous memoirs throw so much light on the social history of the eighteenth century. The story of her forced marriage to Alexander Pendarves, her widowhood, and trying love affair with Lord Baltimore, is well known, and she had probably married the Dean of Down before her acquaintance with Richardson began. Their friendship was based on the admiration she entertained for his work, and she never seems to have regarded him as on altogether equal terms with her. There is always a touch of patronage, a consciousness of superior rank, in her references to "good Mr Richardson," though both she and her sister, Mrs Dewes, were frequent visitors at North End whenever business or pleasure called them to London.

In her early girlhood, when forced by political events to retire into obscurity for a time, Mrs Delany's father, Bernard Granville, had retired to his estate at Buckland, near Broadway, in Gloucestershire, where she made the acquaintance of Sarah Kirkham, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship, which had important results for Sarah Kirkham's children. She married in 1725 the Rev. John Chapone, Vicar of Stanton, and as her sons and daughters grew up her old friend manifested great interest in them, and, indeed, practically adopted one daughter, Sarah, to whom she frequently refers in her diary. In 1750 John, the eldest son, coming to London to study law, Mrs Dewes wrote to recommend him to Richardson's notice, and he speedily became intimate with the family at North End. Kindness shown to her son was a sure way of appealing to his mother's heart, and it was probably in acknowledgment of Richardson's attentions to the young student that Mrs Chapone's correspondence with him began. She has long, she says, been an admirer of his novels, and goes on to relate how, on the appearance of *Pamela*, her second son, then about twelve years old, was "so utterly possessed by the book that he attempted a sermon upon Mr Williams' text, upon which Pamela tells

us that gentleman made an excellent discourse, but gives no particulars of it. ‘The liberal soul shall be made fat,’ was the text, on which the boy wrote with a spirit and justness which equally surprised and delighted us all. This turned his mind into a track of thinking from which I bless God he has made no remarkable deviation since.”

Richardson naturally wanted to see this precocious production, but unfortunately it had been so much appreciated by the mice at Stanton that it was no longer in existence. “I ever had a kind of natural aversion to that species of animal,” wrote he on hearing of this accident, “I shall now hate them worse than ever.”

Mrs Chapone must have been a woman of intellect as well as of heart, for her letters are unusually entertaining. She had a long controversy with Richardson on the subject of the position of women, and pleaded with much force and wit for greater liberty, to which he replied that she must not judge all women by herself, nor think that they were equally fit for power. She retaliated by an amusing letter, in which she supposes herself in the place of her husband, and pretends to adopt the sentiments that Richardson would think suitable to that position. “Were Mr Chapone my wife,” she says, “I know you would think it very becoming in me to signify my sovereign will and pleasure to him from time to time as may seem good in my sight. Neither would you in the least doubt my perspicacity and judgment in all courses and over all persons for the well ordering and governance of my private royalty,” and she goes on to state the privileges of the husband, as she supposes Richardson to conceive them, supporting her statements by references to *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Paradise Lost.* She concludes by saying that if she were the husband she would point out to Mr Chapone the duty of answering Richardson’s last letter. “All this I should know and do were I the husband; but as wife, being nothing, I can know nothing, neither have I occasion to know anything; my conscience being provided with a supreme regulator; that is, in cases where I may be allowed to have a regulator; which, according to this sentence of annihilation passed upon wives, must be an extraordinary indulgence. ‘They swallowed us up quick when they were wrathfully displeased with us.’ This is incorporating with a vengeance! Effectually bringing us to nothing! However, I am just now ordered to emerge into existence, and directed to present Mr Chapone’s best compliments, love and thanks to Mr Richardson and his lady for all their goodness to him and his family.”

This clever mother had equally clever children, and both John and Sally possessed intellectual gifts beyond the average. Sally was a frequent guest at North End, and once got into serious trouble with her host because she omitted to write to thank him after some weeks spent in his house. But John was especially

popular there, and Richardson wrote to congratulate his mother on his "increasing skill in his profession, his sweetness of manners, and his integrity of heart." When Sally was in Richardson's black books, John, who must really have been an excellent fellow, tried to excuse her to his irate friend: "the dear girl does not write to me," he said. This amiability, joined to great earnestness and industry, won for him the affection of another guest at North End, who, indeed, is said to have succumbed to his attractions at their first meeting.

This was Hester Mulso, the only daughter of a Northamptonshire squire, who was accustomed to spend her winters in London, and whose literary tastes had led her to become acquainted with Richardson, with whom she was a great favourite. She was ardent, susceptible, and enthusiastic, and so precocious, that when she was only nine years old she composed a romance, entitled *The Loves of A me ret and Melissa.* Her mother, a spoiled beauty, was jealous of the little girl's ability, and discouraged these essays, but she died just as her daughter was grown up, and Hester then became mistress of her father's house. Amidst her domestic duties she found some time for study, and was unusually well educated for that period, since she knew French, Italian, and some Latin. She had also a beautiful voice, which won for her, from her friend Thomas Edwards, the name of linnet. It says much for her independence of thought that Hester Mulso, notwithstanding her admiration of Richardson, had the courage to differ with him on some points; she considered that he carried his notions of parental authority too far, and engaged him in a long correspondence on the subject. But though she opposed him herself, she was at some pains to defend him from the strictures of her friend Elizabeth Carter who objected to his prolixity on the score that "it was beyond mortal sufferance."

"For my own part," says his fair champion, "I should not have quarrelled with him had there been fourteen volumes of *Clarissa*, provided they had been equally beautiful with those we have seen. As to his letters — I do not allow you to judge of them without having read them. That they are very long, I confess; nay, I will even grant that the argument would have been clearer had they been much shorter; but there is good sense in every page, wit and humour in some, entertaining narratives in others." But Miss Mulso had received an excellent education in patience in her childhood, when she had read romances beside which those of Richardson were mere pamphlets, for she confesses that she had drudged through *Le Grand Cyrus* in twelve huge volumes, *Cleopatra* in ten, *Polexandre, Ibrahim, Clélie*, and some others. The combined influence of these romances and of Richardson's novels led her to write for *The Adventurer*, in 1753, the *Story of Fidelia,* which is supposed to be the autobiography of a girl who, being the daughter of a deist, has been taught to deny any connection between religion and

morality. As a consequence (though the relation between her advanced religious opinions and her subsequent misfortunes is not very obvious), she falls a victim to the wiles of Sir George Freelove who ultimately forsakes her. She is then rescued, comforted, and converted by an old clergyman and his wife. The conception is crude, and the execution leaves one unconvinced as to the moral that the authoress intended to draw; but the didactic intention which afterwards dominated the work of "the celebrated Mrs Chapone" is here plainly foreshadowed.

The young authoress, who is said to have already refused an offer of marriage from Gilbert White, of Selborne fame, was more responsive to John Chapone, though want of means for some time prevented any definite engagement. But we are told that even before her lover had made any declaration, Hester, emulating the frankness of Harriet Byron, felt it incumbent upon her to inform her father of the state of her heart. She might probably have made a better match, but she remained faithful for nine long years, till, at last, in December 1760, Mr Mulso arranged his affairs so as to allow of the marriage. Her happiness was short-lived; ten months afterwards her husband contracted a fever of which he died. The blow proved nearly fatal to his widow, but after a long illness she recovered and sought consolation in her old hobbies. Her *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind* (1773) had much influence on feminine education, and won for her the notice of Queen Charlotte; and her correspondence shows that she took a keen interest in contemporary literature. One of her last performances was a rhymed criticism of the sonnets of Bowles, which were dedicated to her cousin by marriage, Dean Ogle of Winchester. She was competent to express an opinion on this subject, for she had herself written one or two very tolerable sonnets; and as the short collection of Bowles had considerable influence on the poetic development of Coleridge, she forms an interesting link between the earlier and later manifestations of the romantic movement.

Mrs Chapone's portrait is preserved for us in the group sketched by Susannah Highmore, to which allusion has already been made. It represents Richardson reading aloud the manuscript of *Sir Charles Grandison* in his "grotto" at North End. The other persons represented in the picture are Thomas and Edward Mulso; Miss Prescott, who married the former; Mr Duncombe, who became the husband of the fair artist, and Miss Highmore herself. She was the daughter of the well-known portrait-painter whose friendship for Richardson is witnessed by the pictures of the novelist and his wife at Stationers' Hall, which are by his hand, and by the illustrations that he designed for *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe.*

To Miss Highmore's love affair, which, owing probably to some parental restrictions, did not run very smoothly, there are many allusions in the correspondence of Richardson from whom, indeed, she seems to have sought and

received the sympathy that was denied her at home. The story can be dimly traced in some manuscript verses at South Kensington, in which Corydon (John Duncombe) laments his enforced absence from his mistress, and Stella responds by bidding him

"To Cam remove
Try learning's power to cure his love,
Stella the force of friendship try,
To good Palemon's grotto fly,
For all distressed asylum kind,
Where every sickness of the mind
Sage Palemon knows how to heal,
And soothing counsel to reveal.
Advice in Fancy's garb arrays,
Instruction with delight conveys,
Mends every heart that hears his moral page,
Adapted well to every state and age."

The reference to Richardson in this stanza is probably responsible for the preservation of the verses, but the warm friendship of the novelist for the young couple is abundantly manifested throughout his correspondence. John Duncombe was a man of some talent, and at the age of twenty-five made a hit with his *Feminead* (1754), a poem in defence of learned ladies, which is appropriately addressed to Richardson in these words: —

"To these weak strains, O thou the sex's friend,
And constant patron, Richardson, attend!
Thou who so oft with pleas'd but anxious care
Hast watched the dawning genius of the fair,
With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display
The various graces of the female lay,
Studious from folly's yoke their mind to free,
And aid the generous cause espoused by thee."

Then follows a long list of illustrious ladies described under fictitious names, among them Miss Carter, Miss Mulso, and Miss Highmore, who is thus characterised:

"With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,

The Muses' pupil from her tend'rest years,
Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,
The sister arts on all her labours smile,
And while the nine their votary inspire,
One dips the pencil, and one strings the lyre."

The restrictions that separated the lovers were at length removed, and after a courtship even longer than that of Hester Mulso they were married in April 1763. "A similarity of taste and love of literature," says a writer in the *Gentleman s Magazine*, "had early endeared their companionship, and a mutual affection was the natural consequence, which ensured to them twenty-three years of happiness, rather increased than diminished by the hand of time."

But of all the members of this little coterie, the one most worthy of commemoration was Thomas Edwards, a poet of slender merit, who has missed the recognition he undoubtedly deserves as one of the pioneers of the romantic movement in English literature. Early left by his father's death at the head of a large family of brothers and sisters, all of whom he survived, he never married, but after some time spent in the pursuit of law he retired to the country where, first at Pitshanger in Middlesex and afterwards at Turrick in Buckinghamshire, he divided his time between agricultural interests and the study of the older English poets, whom he probably knew better than any contemporary student. Warburton's slovenly and dogmatic edition of Shakespeare, which appeared in 1747, lashed him to a passion quite foreign to his naturally amiable and peaceable disposition, and he chastised what seemed to him almost a sacrilege in an exceedingly brilliant pamphlet, entitled *The Canons of Criticism.* Warburton had said in his preface that he had originally intended to draw up certain canons or rules of criticism, but that he had not done so because they might easily be supplied by the reader from his notes. This gave an opening to Edwards, who, seizing on the many gross blunders which these notes contained, drew up an ironical list of twenty-five canons, illustrating them by quotations from Warburton, together with a glossary exposing the absurdity of many of his interpretations. Warburton never forgave Edwards for this attack, and though he had formerly extended a patronising friendship to Richardson, seems to have included him in his displeasure. Richardson retaliated by urging Edwards to continue the conflict by bringing out a rival edition of the works of Pope, of which Warburton, as his literary executor, had the legitimate monopoly. Edwards, however, refused the task for, as he said, he did not like fighting work unless upon a just and reasonable provocation. Moreover, though he had formerly been on sufficiently intimate terms with Pope to contribute some rare stones to the famous

grotto at Twickenham, his regard for the poet was hardly great enough to induce him to defend his work. “As to Mr Pope,” he says, “though I had some acquaintance with him and admired him as a poet, yet I must own I never had any great opinion of him in any other light; nor do I see reason to alter my judgment from what has appeared of his character since his death. With all his affectation of humanity and a general benevolence he was certainly a very ill-natured man.”

Edwards is, however, chiefly notable because he wrote sonnets at a time when no one else did, and some years before Warton, to whom the revival of this form has been attributed. Fifty of these sonnets are printed in the sixth edition of *The Canons of Criticism*, and among the Richardson MSS. there are two more, which do not seem ever to have been published. A few are on the model of Spenser, the remainder correctly imitated from Italian originals. They display strong family affection, a tender appreciation for rural beauty, but most prominently of all, an ardent enthusiasm for Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton; some of them, and these, as may be supposed, are the very worst, are levelled at Warburton and Lauder, another sacrilegious editor, over whose treatment of Milton Edwards becomes almost vituperative. His indignation had probably some effect in awaking the literary conscience of critics, and his frequent references to the older poets may have hastened the approaching reaction in their favour. But he himself thought his efforts futile. “All I have for it,” he complained to Richardson, “is to write sonnets against these murderers, which they will mind no more than so many old ballads.” Richardson, at least, was always sympathetic, and so were Hester Mulso and Susannah Highmore, who learnt from him the trick of sonneteering, and submitted their verses to his approval. Great was their distress when in December 1756 Edwards was taken seriously ill while on a visit to Parson’s Green. “He got a bad cold at a friend’s house where he stayed a week on his way to us,” wrote Richardson, “and is so very bad that he cannot be removed. We do all we can to comfort him. My wife and my girls endear themselves to me and to all the dear man’s friends by their tenderness to him. While he laments that he should add to our concern for his sufferings by dying with us. Poor man! he calls it cruel in himself. But all we can do to save and nurse him is too little for our wills.” But all their solicitude was in vain, and on January, 1757, Richardson wrote again, “a messenger from Parson’s Green just now informs me that good Mr Edwards commenced immortal this morning at five o’clock.” He deserves to be remembered by all lovers of fine literature as the gallant champion of Shakespeare against that most redoubtable of charlatans, William Warburton.

CHAPTER IV. RICHARDSON'S FRIENDS (CONTINUED)

Of the later friendships of Richardson's life, by far the most notable was that with Lady Bradshaigh, to whom the greater part of his correspondence is addressed. It was in the interval between the appearance of the first four and the last three volumes of *Clarissa Harlowe* that he received a letter purporting to be sent by a Mrs Balfour in Devonshire, begging him to falsify the dreadful rumours she had heard that the novel was to have a tragic ending. This was the beginning of a correspondence which for nearly two years she carried on under her fictitious name, and which led to an intimacy only ended by Richardson's death.

Lady Bradshaigh was the wife of a Lancashire baronet, whose estate of Haigh was situated near Wigan. "Here is a noble park," she wrote, "well watered and wooded, more than ten miles in circumference. And upon an eminence is placed, in the centre of serpentine hedges and walks, a beautiful octagon summer-house, inside and out ornamented with painting, carving, statues, etc. From this you have a view of the sea at four miles' distance, where generally are to be seen, going out of or entering the harbour of L., ships of considerable burden, from all parts of the world." But in spite of this extensive property, Sir Roger Bradshaigh was by no means a wealthy man. He was crippled by the necessity of having to pay off the debts of his father, "incurred by a parliamentary mania, though he was not subject to those debts by any law but the law of conscience." By the help of his wife, however, he managed to keep up an appearance adequate to his rank until these responsibilities were at an end.

Lady Bradshaigh had no children, but her deep affection for her husband, who fifteen years before her acquaintance with Richardson began had married her after a prolonged courtship, is continually manifested throughout her letters; and her frequent references to the pleasant routine of her home life show that she was not only a bright and well-read woman, but also a kind mistress and a notable housewife. She did not, indeed, altogether approve of learning in women. "I hate to hear Latin out of a woman's mouth," she says, "there is something in it to me masculine. I could fancy such an one weary of the petticoat, and talking over a bottle.... Not that I would have it thought unnecessary for a woman to read, to spell, or to speak English, which has been pretty much the case hitherto.... Thanks to nature for what we have. You are in the right to keep us in ignorance. You dare not let us try what we could do. In that you show your judgment, which I acknowledge to be much stronger than ours, by nature; and that is all you have to

boast of, and a little courage." And Lady Bradshaigh's letters, entertaining as many of them are, would seem to indicate that, though she had managed to repair youthful deficiencies by industrious reading, her own great natural ability had received little help from early education. Her spelling is weak, and her handwriting execrable, and sometimes difficult to decipher.

At the date of her first letter to Richardson, Lady Bradshaigh was already forty years of age, so that she can scarcely be classed with the younger group of his feminine admirers, such as Hester Mulso and Susannah Highmore. "Middle-aged, middle-sized, a degree above plump, brown as an oak wainscot, a good deal of country red in her cheeks, altogether a plain woman, but nothing remarkably forbidding," is the lively description of her own appearance which she sent to Richardson in exchange for the word portrait already quoted, and intended to guide her as to his identity should he meet her accidentally during her visit to London in 1750. Her words are hardly as explicit as those of her friend, but it was part of her plan to mystify him and add a touch of romance to the approaching meeting by delaying it as long as possible. She had told him that she would attend the park every fine day between the hours of one and two, and this was sufficient to secure Richardson's presence there at the time named. But alas for his expectations! In vain did he peer into every chair that passed him, and eagerly scan the faces of all the ladies in the Mall; in vain he tired his daughter Patty and his friend Miss Collier by making them walk up and down Constitution Hill till they were ready to drop; the lady still eluded his perplexed search. All this time he had no clue to her real name; but going one day to look at Mr Highmore's pictures, she recklessly left her man to chatter with the artist's servant while she interviewed his master. John extracted all the necessary information as to her title, and this, added to her suspicious familiarity with the persons represented in Highmore's painting of the Harlowe family, led him to identify her with Richardson's unknown correspondent. There is no account of the actual meeting, but it took place soon after this, in March 1750.

Lady Bradshaigh's admiration for *Clarissa Harlowe* had been as flattering as the most ambitious author could desire. She entered so thoroughly into the story that she regarded the actors in it as real persons, and took as much interest in their fortunes as in that of living people. Her heart is torn by the sufferings of Clarissa, but "she cannot help being fond of Lovelace," and she intercedes for his conversion with almost passionate ardour.

"Would you have me weep incessantly," she asks... "I long to read it *(i.e.* Vol. V.) — and yet I dare not." And after she had become acquainted with the catastrophe she added, "Dear sir, if it be possible — yet recall the dreadful sentence; bring it as near as you please, but prevent it.... I opened my letter to add

this, and my hand trembles, for I can scarce hold my pen. I am as mad as the poor injured Clarissa, and am afraid I cannot help hating you if you alter not your scheme"; and she followed this up with another letter in which she desperately suggested an alternative and happy ending. All her persuasions were, of course, in vain, and she must eventually have become reconciled to the catastrophe; but considering all that she had suffered on Clarissa's account, it was a little unkind of Richardson to harrow her by dark menaces as to the fate of Sir Charles Grandison and Harriet Byron. By the time he began his third novel he was on intimate terms with Lady Bradshaigh, who criticised and discussed the story as it proceeded, and had the courage to differ with him on the interesting subject of feminine deportment during courtship. But when he threatened her with the death of his heroine, criticism was changed to entreaty. The very idea depressed her beyond endurance, and she suffered from it as from a real calamity. "I was forced to lie down," she says, "and was relieved for a moment by a flood of tears. May it please the Almighty to restore my spirits! I was not without some hopes of further relief from your letter, but alas! I am but more confirmed by it in what I dreaded." And she adds in a postscript, "This letter will weigh heavy with my tears, it has been thoroughly soaked, and I have but one poor consolation left, that if you kill me, it is the way you use all your favourites." Richardson's reply was to send her the seventh volume, in which Sir Charles is restored to Harriet, and her relief at this climax found equally exaggerated expression. "God Almighty bless you, dear sir," she said, "for setting my bursting heart at ease. I wish you had seen me open your letter trembling, laying it down, taking it up again, unresolved whether to look at the beginning or conclusion first. At last I ventured to unfold it partly, and with a side-glance read a few words, which instantly produced the happiest tears I ever shed. O, sir, you would rejoice in the pain you occasioned me, could you but know how I feel. Forgive you? From my heart and soul I thank you." The intense application with which she studied these books is further attested by Richardson's presentation copy of *Clarissa* which contains numerous notes in her hand, forming a commentary on the text. For like the author himself, she seems to have valued the book not so much as an entertaining romance, as a manual and text-book of correct conduct in all the emergencies and circumstances of human life.

After 1754 the correspondence is less interesting, and largely taken up with reciprocal confidences as to the state of the writers' health. The circumstances in which it had originated no longer existed, for there was no fresh novel to discuss, and the letters became somewhat less frequent. They contain, however, some allusions, of which use has already been made, to Richardson's private life, and to various philanthropic schemes, the chief being the Magdalen Charity which had been founded by a Mr Dingley in 1758 in Prescot Street, Goodman's Fields. Lady

Bradshaigh ascribes the inception of this charity to a hint in *Sir Charles Grandison*, and though Richardson disclaims the compliment, it is certain that he was greatly interested in the work and assisted its promotion.

As time went on and ill health increased, Richardson was more and more depressed, and filled with forebodings as to the fate of those he would leave behind him; and his family, anxious to divert his mind, encouraged him in the idea of publishing his correspondence. He was never so happy as when he had some literary work in progress, and it was said by his friends "that whenever Mr Richardson thought himself sick, it was because he had not a pen in his hand." Lady Bradshaigh having been persuaded to consent to the publication of her share in the correspondence, he began to arrange and annotate it, carefully altering the names of persons and places to preserve at least the appearance of secrecy. Some progress had already been made when he died, and the manuscript correspondence closes with a letter of condolence addressed by Lady Bradshaigh to Patty Richardson. A few months afterwards she contributed some memorial verses, which conclude thus: —

"What time,
What genius can illustrate such a man,
In morals pure, religion most intense,
What more? A Christian in the noblest sense."

She herself lived for many years afterwards, dying in 1789 at the age of eighty.

Among Richardson's other friends may be mentioned Sarah Fielding and Elizabeth Carter. The former was a sister of the novelist, and two years after the appearance of Joseph Andrews she also tried her hand at a romance and made her début with *The Adventures of David Simple in Search of a Faithful Friend.* It is an exceedingly dull book, boasting of little or no construction, and intended to exemplify the misfortunes and ill-usage which are sure to befall those who judge others by their own high moral standards. David Simple is defrauded of his inheritance by his brother, and after many similar troubles, most of which might have been averted by a little more knowledge of human nature, at last secures a competency and a charming wife. The book had a considerable run, but at the present day it can be regarded only as a literary curiosity. The same holds good of her later works, of which the principal were *The Governess* "designed as a direction for girls to behave to each other and to their teachers" and *The Cry*, written in conjunction with Miss Collier.

But Richardson repaid her warm appreciation of his own novels with exaggerated compliments on hers: and, eager as usual to lay hold of any

opportunity for disparaging his great rival, wrote: “Well might a critical judge of writing say that your late brother’s knowledge of the human heart (fine writer as he was) was not comparable to yours. His was but as the knowledge of the outside of a clockwork machine, while yours was that of all the finer springs and movements of the inside.” There is some evidence that Miss Fielding was in bad circumstances, and Richardson may have included her in the assistance that he gave to her friend Miss Collier; at least she was a frequent recipient of his hospitality. This may account for her attachment to her brother’s rival, and for the amiability with which she seems to have received his criticisms on Fielding’s works. “Poor Fielding,” said Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh, “I could not help telling his sister that I was equally and surprised at and concerned for his continued lowness. ‘Had your brother,’ said I, ‘been born in a stable, or been a runner at a sponging-house, we should have thought him a genius and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education and of being admitted into good company; but it is beyond my conception that a man of family, and who had some learning, and who really is a writer, should descend so excessively low in all his pieces.’” It was perhaps Fielding’s familiarity with “high life” that made him less eager to depict it than Richardson, who lived only on its outskirts.

A less enthusiastic but yet appreciative friend of Richardson was Elizabeth Carter, one of the most famous of English *bas bleus.* She made an early appearance as a poetess in the columns of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, and in 1738, when she was just twenty-one, Cave published a short collection of her verses in volume form. These productions brought her many friends, among them Mr Johnson, whose name was just beginning to be known in connection with a satire called *Loudon.* But she was more remarkable for her linguistic acquirements than for original work, and is said to have known not only Greek and Latin, but Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish and German as well. With all these accomplishments she retained to the last a fund of delightful modesty and good sense, and bore with dignified equanimity the unpleasant notoriety that her learning sometimes brought her. But from passages in her letters it is clear that she secretly resented the offensive masculine patronage which women’s attainments so often evoke, and perhaps this is one reason why she was not such a wholehearted admirer of Richardson as some of her most intimate friends. Their acquaintance had begun in a somewhat embarrassing manner. Miss Carter had written an *Ode on Wisdom* which had been anonymously circulated in manuscript, and a copy having fallen into the hands of Elizabeth Long, a relation of Richardson, this lady showed it to him as a piece she knew he would admire. He liked it so much that without much further investigation he inserted it in the second volume of *Clarissa Harlowe*, to the just indignation of the author, who

sent him a letter of remonstrance. His apology is very characteristic; he explains that he did not make use of the piece for "padding," as he had a redundance of material for the book, and after he had written it "parted with several beautiful transcripts from our best poets which he had inserted in order to enliven a work which was perhaps too solemn; but the ode being shown him as written by a lady, and the intention of his book being to do honour to the sex to the best of his poor abilities, after he had made several inquiries as to the authorship he had ventured to include it in his book." Mrs Carter was quite satisfied with this apology and remained on good terms with Richardson till the end of his life, though she did not always give unqualified praise to his performances. She was particularly displeased with his contribution to *The Rambler.* "I cannot see," said she, "how some of his doctrines can be founded on any other supposition than that Providence designed one half of the human species for slaves and helots; one would think the man was in this respect a Mahommedan." Mrs Carter was ten years older than most of Richardson's "daughters," and if he expected her to join in their chorus of undiscriminating flattery, she must have felt a little annoyance. She was moreover a warm admirer of Fielding, and shocked Miss Mulso by describing Booth in *Amelia* as "rather frail than wicked." But when after several years of labour she at last produced her version of Epictetus, it was to Richardson's press that she entrusted the work — a work that established her reputation and brought her some measure of independence. And two years later she expressed her sorrow at her friend's death in some neatly turned verses which first appeared in the *Annual Register*, and were reprinted by Mrs Barbauld.

Quite the most charming, because also the most artless of all the letters contained in the Richardson correspondence, are those from the young wife of the German poet Klopstock, who wrote in pretty broken English to express her pleasure at *Clarissa.* The love-story that she tells her unknown friend is a perfect idyll in its way, so evidently is it the spontaneous expression of a heart that can scarcely contain itself for joy. She had conceived a great admiration for *The Messiah,* and on hearing of the author's visit to Hamburg, where she lived, she obtained an introduction to him. The rest must be told in her own words. "After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so weary to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But on the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied at me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said

they must have a very friendshipless heart if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved, and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered it was no love but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love (as if love must have more time than friendship!). This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another for the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved, and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved.... We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote on Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom. If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty."

Other letters in the same strain follow, somewhat ecstatically applauding the condescension of Mr Richardson in replying to them, and offering to translate *The Messiah* for his benefit. She describes how she and her husband sit together, she at her needlework, he reading his "young verses, and suffering her criticisms." Only one thing is necessary to complete their joy, and that is on its way. "I cannot tell how I rejoice," she says, "a son of my dear Klopstock! Oh, when shall I have him?" The hope was never realised, and the correspondence suddenly ends with a letter from another writer, announcing Mrs Klopstock's death.

This lady was not the only German friend of Richardson, and one gentleman, a Mr Reich of Leipzig, visited England purely with the view of making his acquaintance. The novelist took him down to spend Sunday at "Selby House" (as the home at North End was sometimes called, with a reference to *Sir Charles Grandison)* and introduced him to his family. "It was there," says Reich, "that I saw beauty without affectation; wit without vanity; and thought myself transported to an enchanted land." They walked round the garden, and tasted the fruit; and at last rested in the grotto, where the visitor's enthusiasm was aroused to such a degree that he kissed the ink-horn in the arm of Richardson's chair. At last, after eight days spent in England, "it was necessary to quit that divine man.... He embraced me, and a mutual tenderness deprived us of speech. He accompanied me with his eyes as far as he could. I shed tears."

Among Richardson's less intimate friends we must not forget to mention Dr Johnson and Dr Young. Johnson was a much younger man than Richardson, and was still comparatively unknown when *Pamela* appeared. Even in 1747, the year before the publication of *Clarissa Harlowe*, he had only just embarked on the

scheme for his great dictionary. The days of his fame were still to come, and Richardson's attitude to him at first was that of a generous and successful man of letters to a younger aspirant for literary fame. We have seen how he interested himself in *The Rambler*, and tried to increase its circulation; and in 1756 he was able to give a further proof of his friendship by becoming bail for Johnson for a debt, and lending him six guineas to release him from arrest. But at that date their acquaintance was already of some years' standing, since Boswell tells us of a meeting between Hogarth and Johnson in Richardson's house soon after the rebellion of 1745. Hogarth and Richardson had been discussing the case of Dr Cameron, who had been executed for his share in the revolt, and the former had expressed himself somewhat warmly in favour of George II. "While he was talking he perceived a person standing at a window in the room, shaking his head and rolling himself about in a strange ridiculous manner. He concluded that he was an idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Mr Richardson, as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forwards to where he and Mr Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst out into an invective against George II. as one who upon all occasions was unrelenting and barbarous, mentioning many instances; particularly that when an officer of high rank had been acquitted by a court-martial, George II. had with his own hand struck his name off the list. In short, he displayed such a power of eloquence that Hogarth looked at him with astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at that moment inspired. Neither Hogarth nor Johnson were made known to each other at this interview."

Another interesting glimpse of Johnson as the guest of Richardson is given by Hester Mulso, who tells of a delightful party at North End, at which "Mr Johnson and poor Mrs Williams" were present. The latter, as all readers of Boswell will remember, was a blind lady with literary tastes, and formed one of that strange company who were solaced by Johnson's benevolence. Miss Mulso was charmed with his behaviour to his protegee, "which was like that of a fond father to his daughter. She seemed much pleased with her visit; showed very good sense, with a great deal of modesty and humility, and so much patience and cheerfulness under her misfortunes that it doubled my concern for her." The young lady goes on to tell how she had the assurance to dispute with Johnson on the subject of human malignity, which he maintained was natural to mankind, and accused him of having disclosed his opinion in *The Ramblers*. "To which he answered, that if he had betrayed such sentiments, it was not with his design, for that he believed the doctrine of human malevolence, though a true one, is not a useful one, and ought not to be published to the world."

Johnson, on his side, showed his regard for Richardson by hearty appreciation of his writings, which he considered far superior to those of Fielding. “Sir,” said he, “there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners, and there is this difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining, but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart.” This preference is probably to be ascribed partly to friendship, and partly to the prominence that Richardson gave to the didactic intention, and to his conventional treatment of moral questions.

As time went on, however, the great champion of sincerity, whose favourite exhortation to his disciples was to clear their minds of cant, seems to have become somewhat disgusted with Richardson’s mock modesty, and he objected to the preface to *Sir Charles Grandison* on that score. “What is modesty,” he said, “if it deserts from truth? Of what use is the disguise by which nothing is concealed?” And after Richardson’s death he expressed himself still more strongly. Mrs Piozzi relates how Johnson told her that if Richardson had lived till she had come out her praises would have added three years to his life. “For that fellow merely died for want of change among his flatterers; he perished for want of *more,* like a man obliged to breathe the same air till it is exhausted.” And Boswell says that though Johnson expressed a high value for Richardson’s talents and virtues, he criticised his love of continual superiority, which made him take care always to be surrounded by women, who listened to him implicitly, and did not venture to contradict his opinions. To which criticism it is not inconceivable that Richardson might have responded with a *tu quoque.*

It was at Richardson’s house that Johnson first met Dr Young, who had brought his *Conjectures on Original Composition* to read aloud to the novelist who had accepted the dedication. This was in 1759, but Richardson’s own acquaintance with Young was of much longer standing, since their correspondence dates back to 1740. Richardson, as has been seen, was the publisher of the *Night Thoughts*, which appeared between 1742 and 1744, and it is possible that the acquaintance, which afterwards ripened into friendship had had its beginning in business relations. The correspondence is not very interesting, and on Young’s side, at least, is tinged with much melancholy; but it contains one criticism on *Clarissa Harlowe* which is worth preserving. “Be not concerned about Lovelace,” wrote the poet; “’tis the likeness and not the morality of a character we care about A sign-post angel can by no means come into competition with the devils of Michael Angelo.” As the utterance of so didactic a poet as Young, this dictum is not without significance.

Young was probably a frequent visitor at the office in Salisbury Court as well as at Richardson's country-house; and there is a tradition that, calling one day at the former place, he smiled "grimly" upon a very subordinate person there — a needy Irishman, who had just received a welcome appointment as reader and corrector for the press. That was in the days when Oliver Goldsmith was obliged to carry his hat so as to hide the patch in his coat, and long before the days of Mr Filby and the bloom-coloured coat. When Richardson rejected the tragedy that his reader begged him to publish, he little thought that the fame of the despised playwright would one day rival and surpass his own. For at that time Richardson and Young were two of the most prominent writers of the day, and were regarded with intense awe by younger authors.

In spite of Young's melancholy letters and his frequent references to his approaching end, he survived Richardson by some years. He had been persuaded by Mrs Montagu to write a poem to console the widow of Admiral Boscawen on the loss of her husband, and the first part of *Resignation* had already been printed by Richardson when Young received the news of his death. He took the opportunity to insert in the second part of the poem the following tribute to his friend: —

"When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.

"But such a friend! And sigh no more
'Tis prudent but severe —
Heaven aid my weakness and I drop
All sorrow — with this tear.

"Perhaps your settled grief to soothe
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive;

"Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page
And beautified a fault.

“To touch our passions’ secret springs
Was his peculiar care,
And deep his happy genius dived
In bosoms of the fair.

“Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him presented at his birth
The key of human hearts.”

CHAPTER V. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NOVEL

BEFORE proceeding to the detailed consideration of Richardson's works, an attempt will be made in this chapter to trace the development of the novel up to 1740, the year of the appearance of *Pamela*, and to estimate and to define the material that Richardson found to his hand. For without some knowledge of his predecessors and their work it will be impossible to determine the extent of his originality or to appreciate the value of his contribution to prose fiction. In order to arrive at an adequate realisation of the service he rendered, one must go back to the beginning, trace the various elements of the novel in their origin and development, and decide for what additions and improvements he was responsible.

"The infancy of the race, like that of the individual," says M. Jusserand, "is lulled by lays and stories"; and, if we except a few isolated and fragmentary charms in verse, our earliest literature is narrative in form. These narratives were at first of mythological or historical origin, the two elements blending, and becoming so much confused that it is almost impossible to separate them, or in such stories as that of Beowulf to decide what is fact and what is fable. The conversion of England to Christianity supplied fresh material for the composer; and Cynewulf, the great poet of Northumbria, found plenty of subjects ready in the Bible and the lives of saints. After the Norman Conquest, native legends like those of Guy of Warwick and Bevis of Hampton still lingered on among the people, till, caught up by the court poets, they appeared in a foreign dress, and were then again translated into the original language. But the result of the Norman Conquest was to extend greatly the range of themes. Three great cycles of romances dominate the literatures of mediaeval Europe — the cycles of Charlemagne, Arthur and Troy, and in England the most popular of these was that of Arthur. This is accounted for by the fact that though he was a British, not an English, hero, his story was amplified in the Latin chronicles of monks of Welsh descent, such as Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose writings formed a storehouse of material from which the poets drew. The common characteristic of these narratives, which are sometimes called chivalric romances, is that they all deal with knightly deeds; the actors are kings, princes and courtiers; the themes are love and war. They hardly touch on ordinary everyday life, but the imagination of the generations of authors who built them up runs riot in them, adding one marvellous incident to another and piling on episode after episode, just as

contemporary architects massed together the exuberant details of those wonderful cathedrals that were centuries in building, and express the spirit, not of a lifetime, but of an age. In the absence of any appeal to, or apparent consciousness of, moral laws, these romances resemble the fairy-tales of children. But as time went on, the earnest religious feeling so prominent in the Christian English literature of pre-conquest times entered into the chivalric romance. The story of King Arthur was spiritualised about the twelfth century by the introduction of the Grail *motif,* and henceforth religion, love and knighthood divided the interest of the story between them.

But side by side with these ponderous romances there sprang up another form of story, the *conte* or *fabliau.* There is far less evidence as to its existence, because these stories, being short, were easily remembered, and were therefore not often preserved in writing. The *conte* differed from the romance in subject matter as well as in form; it dealt with more commonplace, ordinary things. Much of its material was of eastern origin, but in the course of its transmission from Asia to western Europe, it was entirely remodelled and assimilated to its new environment. The interest is often purely domestic, and the treatment is jocular or satiric; the didactic intention, though still prominent, being pointed by a jest. The *conte,* however, never became thoroughly naturalised in England, and those that exist in our language are nearly all of French origin. The best examples of short stories of native growth are to be found embedded in religious treatises, especially in the lives of saints.

So far both romance and conte were expressed chiefly in verse; prose was not generally used till the end of the fifteenth century. A prose version of the Arthurian legends was compiled, mainly from French sources, by Sir Thomas Malory in 1469 or 1470, and was printed by Caxton in 14S5. Caxton himself translated the *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, which had been compiled in 1464 by Raoul Le Fevre, chaplain and secretary to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. H is work was carried on by Wynkyn de Worde and William Copland, who, during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, printed version after version of these legends. Lord Berner's *Huon of Bordeaux*, which represented the Charlemagne cycle just as the *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye* represent the cycles of Arthur and Troy, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde about 1534, and to the same press we owe the *Gesta Romanorum,* a collection of short stories or contes, which had been compiled as early as the fourteenth century, and translated from the Latin original in the reign of Henry VI.

These prose versions mark the culmination of the mediæval romance. With the spread of the new learning it fell into neglect. Scholars who could go to Homer for the story of Troy regarded the popular versions of the story with contempt; acquaintance with the dead languages made men conscious of the true perspective of history and literature; and Virgil, the wizard, was stripped of his magic robe and relegated to his true place as a poet. The decline of the Arthurian legend was still more complete, for in this case there was no classical version of the story to lend it a borrowed dignity. It is remarkable how little this beautiful cycle influenced Elizabethan literature. Shakespeare, who had recourse to all kinds of sources for his plots, did not draw one from Malory, who, in spite of the fact that King Arthur is the hero of *The Faerie Queene*, seems also to have had very little influence on Spenser. And if the Charlemagne romance left a more permanent impression on the literature of the sixteenth century, this was because Ariosto had woven the wonder of his verse about the dying myth, and invested it with fresh charm just as it was falling into decay.

But it is not to be supposed that these romances passed all at once and entirely away. Their immediate influence on literature ceased because at that time the makers of literature were nearly always men of learning. But their popularity among the general public is attested by the number of editions published during the sixteenth and seventeeth centuries. (The last edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* was in 1634.) Passing into chap-books and broadsides, the stories formed the ware of many a country pedlar, and the influence of such romances as *Bevis of Hampton* has been traced in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. (See *Pilgrim's Progress*, Ed. C. II. Firth, Introduction, pp. 31-34.) They were still read even as late as the eighteenth century as is proved by Fielding's words in the first chapter of *Joseph Andrews.*

"Our own language affords many examples of excellent use and instruction, finely calculated to sow the seeds of virtue in youth, and very easy to be comprehended by persons of moderate capacity, such as the history of John the Great, who, by his brave and heroic actions against men of large and athletic bodies, obtained the glorious appellation of the giant-killer; that of an Earl of Warwick, whose Christian name was Guy; the lives of Argalus and Parthenia, and above all the history of those seven worthy personages, the champions of Christendom. In all these delight is mixed with instruction, and the reader is almost as much improved as entertained."

But this contemptuous mode of reference shows that by this time the romances had sunk to the level of fairy-tales.

The contributions of the middle ages to fiction were thus the chivalric romance, which lingered on in different forms for centuries, and the *conte* or

fabliau, which had very little influence on English literature. The short story is, in fact, alien to our national genius, and if within the last few years it has attained a certain popularity in our country, this may be attributed partly to French influence, and partly to the exigences of magazine-writing.

During the reign of Elizabeth the novel underwent fresh developments The mediaeval romance had struck one note that was to be dominant in English fiction, that of profound earnestness and didacticism; the note that is still heard among the many voices of our own day, as if the justification of every novel were its influence on contemporary morality — the note of Richardson, Fielding and Smollet; of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. The Elizabethan romance struck another, akin to this, and not less permanent as a national characteristic. "The English," says M. Taine, "are born psychologists," and this dictum is amply justified by the two great English romances of the later sixteenth century, the *Euphues* of John Lyly, and the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney. It is true that the psychology of these books is not to be found in elaborate characterisation; the men and women of the *Euphues* are not in the least complex, and indeed it is somewhat hard to follow with any interest the fortunes of their loves through the intricacies of Lyly's absurd and memorable manner of narration. And though Sidney is more successful in this sphere, and in such characters as Queen Gynecia, shows a capacity for the portrayal of convincing passion, yet one has only to compare the wooden and mechanical movements of the heroes of these romances with those of the free and lively personages of the contemporary drama to feel the lack of power. It is rather in the discourses with which both books are crammed, the long conversations on matters of sentiment, that the psychological interest is to be noticed. Notwithstanding the artificiality of the pastoral background, Sidney's shepherd princes display great subtilty and penetration in the discussion of such themes. The same remark applies, though with less force, to the *Euphues,* and the ingenuity which its hero expends on such matters may be compared with that of Richardson in his correspondence on the same subject with Lady Bradshaigh or Miss Mulso, or the interminable letters in *Sir Charles Grandison*, of which it forms the theme.

These romances, however, though they show an advance in this direction, are extremely limited as to their content. The mediaeval mind had found an asylum from the fierce struggles of a stormy and insecure life in an ideal world of chivalry and romance; every hero must be a knight, unconquerable and unafraid. The tradition lingered on through the sixteenth century, and Sidney's characters are not real shepherds but princes in disguise. It would have been impossible for him to treat peasant-life seriously and sympathetically, because he would not have considered the careers of milkmaids and ploughmen sufficiently dignified

subjects for romance. The citizen and the peasant had not yet entered into the sphere of the novel, though they are amply represented in the contemporary drama, in such plays as *Arden of Feversham, A Woman Killed with Kindness*, *Every Man in His Humour*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts,* and many others, to say nothing of Shakespeare's immortal rustics and craftsmen. The introduction of low life into fiction was due to less courtly narrators, to men who had dipped deep into life's struggle, and were more familiar with tavern brawls than with court pageants, to such men as Robert Greene, Shakespeare's youthful rival, and his friend Thomas Nash. Greene, having wasted his youth in dissipation, was at length forced to the record of the exploits of thieves and criminals, his companions, as a means of earning a livelihood. But this resort to actual occurrence at once brought the narrative into the domain of real life, and thus one great advance was made. Nash, in his various pamphlets, followed the same method; they are partly polemical, partly narrative, partly didactic, but they all abound in illustrations drawn from surrounding life and manners. And the only one of his books that can be termed a romance, *The Unfortunate Traveller*, *or the Life of Jack Wilton*, was an altogether new departure in English fiction. It has been called our first picaresque romance, that is, our first narrative dealing with the fortunes and misfortunes of an adventurer, whose shifts and escapes form the chief subject of entertainment, while the hero himself calls for little admiration or sympathy. Nash takes us into all classes of society, among courtiers, scholars and beggars, and even anticipates Sir Walter Scott by introducing actual historical persons into his story. And, forestalling Defoe, Fielding and Smollet by nearly two centuries, he, first among English novelists, made use of that picturesque detail and local colour, which, so abundant in our poetry (for instance, in *The Canterbury Tales* and *Piers Plowman*), had as yet been almost entirely absent from the romance. But the appearance of this kind of novel, so vivid and so original, must be regarded as premature and sporadic. The latter picaresque romance, exemplified especially by Smollet, was not derived from Nash but from Le Sage, whose *Gil Bias* was not published till 1715. Thus, of the two kinds of romance developed in the reign of Elizabeth, only the first had much influence on the future history of the novel.

The seventeenth century witnessed the growth of this branch of fiction to absurd dimensions. It continued to be altogether divorced from the conditions of familiar life, and the only advance made was in the direction of psychological analysis. Its ideal and aim are summed up in the essay by the Abbé Huet, entitled *D Origine des Romans*, and prefixed to Madame de la Fayette's novel *Zayde.* He states that the moral intention of a romance is its sole justification; its principal

end being the instruction of the reader, virtue must be rewarded, and vice chastised. But as the mind of man is naturally averse to instruction, and his self-love causes it to rebel against admonition, it must be beguiled by the charm of pleasure, and the severity of precepts must be softened by the delight of illustrations; its faults being corrected by their condemnation in another. Thus the entertainment of the reader, instead of being the chief aim, is really subordinate to the principal end, which is the instruction of the mind and the regulation of morals, and novels are more or less correct as they diverge less or more from this definition and this aim. Further, Huet will only admit as "correct" romances those that represent princes or conquerors, that paint the life of the aristocratic world and that can initiate young people of rank into this world. "Good romances are the dumb instructors who succeed those of the college, and in a more instructive and persuasive manner than theirs teach one how to live and how to speak, and of whom one can say what Horace said of Homer's Iliad, that it teaches morality more effectually than the most learned philosopher." This limitation of the actors to high life seems made to fit the pastoral and heroic romances which reached their apotheosis in the hands of La Calprenède and Mdlle de Scudéry — in such romances as *Cassandre*, *Le Grand Cyrus,* and *Clélie,* None of these tremendous narratives can boast of any construction; they are simply aggregations of adventures, and their main interest lies in the long disquisitions on sentimental themes. Mdlle de Scudéry, however, by the introduction of contemporaries under fictitious names, added a new attraction and at the same time rendered a substantial service, for the very effort of describing real men and women, brought the romance down from the realms of unreality, and gave it an air of greater probability.

In spite of the immense popularity of these romances their absurdities were apparent even to contemporary readers. Parodists, the chief of whom were Sorel, Scarron, and Furetière, soon appeared. The first of these, in his preface to *Le Berger Extravagant*, explains that he objects to poetry and romance because they give a false idea of life, and particularly of love. His story is intended to show all the embarrassments awaiting a man sufficiently foolish to take the romantic ideal as a rule for practical life. The hero, like Don Quixote, lives in an imaginary world of his own, and passes for a madman among the sensible and commonplace people who surround him, and play on his hallucinations for their own amusement. The influence of Cervantes is visible in this book, but Sorel has none of the pathetic power of the great Spaniard. The story is simply a gay farce, chiefly noticeable because it attests the extreme popularity of the form it parodied.

Scarron, in *Le Roman Comique*, and Furetière in *Le Roman Bourgeois,* conduct their ridicule in a different manner. They tell the story, one of the adventures of a

company of strolling players, the other of simple townspeople. “I am going to tell you simply and faithfully,” says Furetière in the first chapter of his book, “the various adventures and love affairs of people who are not heroes nor heroines, who do not conduct armies nor overturn kingdoms, but who are good middle-class people who go their way quietly, of whom some are handsome, others plain; some good, others foolish; and the latter certainly seem to be the more numerous. This will not prevent some people of the highest rank from recognising themselves among them, and from profiting by the illustration of follies which they imagine to be far from them.

To still further avoid the fields worked by others, I design the scene of my story to be moveable, that is to say, sometimes in one part of the town and sometimes in another, and I will begin with the most plebeian, namely the Place Maubert.” But the very fact that the adventures of these middle-class people are recounted in a burlesque manner proves that the author did not consider them worthy of any other treatment. He makes fun of the bourgeoisie, satirizes their habits, their small ambitions, their snobbishness, but he is far from exhibiting them as dignified men and women, all, by reason of their common humanity, subject to high as well as to low passions, to good as well as to mean or ridiculous impulses, and therefore fit subjects for serious and sympathetic delineation. His manner is as far as possible removed from that of Richardson, and from his abbey of Chalivoy he regards the lower and middle-classes as one who stands aloof from them, and while thoroughly enjoying their eccentricities and peculiarities lacks the power to penetrate below the surface or to guess at the motives and passions working out of sight.

The view, therefore, that considers this appeal to ordinary life as the point of transition between the heroic romance and the domestic novel is probably mistaken. The works of the parodists were, in fact, as far removed from real life as the romances they burlesqued. If the romance led one into an ideal world where the trees were always green, the men always brave, and the women always fair, the parody dragged one down into one not less ideal, but less beautiful, where only the mean and sordid aspect of things called for attention. Both are equally unreal, but the former had this in its favour, that it exalted human nature while the burlesque degraded it. As has been justly said by M. Brunetière, “the object of both was to enlarge or to diminish nature, to embellish or disfigure it, to exalt or degrade it, but not at all to represent it as it is, or even as the authors see it.” (Brunetière. *Etudes Critiques, Troisième Série,* p. 69.)

The required junction between the two kinds of romance must therefore be sought in another direction, and this brings us back to native literary products. The digression into the domain of French literature was necessary, because

translations of the French heroic romances abounded in England, and enjoyed almost as great a vogue here as in their mother country, persisting indeed until they were killed by the works of Richardson and Fielding. When Addison represents the spectator as waiting in a lady's library and amusing himself with the inspection of her books, he mentions no fewer than five French romances — *Cassandre, Cleopatra* and *Astræa; Le Grand Cyrus*, "with a pin stuck in one of its middle leaves," and *Clélie, "*which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower." And not only were these translations popular; they found many English imitators, such as Mackenzie, the author of *A retina,* and Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, who in his *Parthenissa*, published in 1634, out-Heroded Herod, as far as prolixity and looseness of construction were concerned. Another imitator was Mrs Manley, who in her *New Atalantis* (also mentioned in the enumeration of the lady's books) followed Mdlle. Scudéry's plan of introducing real people under fictitious names, though her book can hardly claim the moral intention of the French novelist.

Putting aside *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which, owing to its profound allegorical meaning, cannot be classed with other fiction, the seventeenth century produced no great English romance, nor any that had much influence on the development of the novel. But another element, which we should now consider as indispensable in a story as in a play, had meanwhile been slowly maturing — the element of characterisation. By this should be understood not the gradual revelation of a character by means of his own words, which is the dramatic method, but rather that mode of description which enables the reader to realise, by the words of a third person, his appearance, manner and qualities. Collections of what were called *Characters*, on the model of Theophrastus, were enormously read in the seventeenth century, the most famous being those of La Bruyère. But he had been preceded in the same field by Sir Thomas Overbury, John Earle, and Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras.* These *Characters* were short descriptions of certain social types, and though the later ones (those of La Bruyère for instance) undoubtedly refer to actual people, they were in the first instance general rather than particular, and may be compared to a composite photograph of individuals possessing certain characteristics in common. The necessary actuality was given by Addison and Steele in the famous *Tatler* and *Spectator* essays. If Addison had composed some connected narrative of the doings of Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends, and had combined them in the framework of some united action instead of presenting them in isolated episodes, he would have anticipated Richardson and Fielding by a generation, and been our first great novelist. The conception of the Spectator Club satisfies all the requirements of a novel proper

except that of construction, and in point of characterisation it is quite equal or even superior to the Pickwick Club. For the grotesque treatment of the later author lends an air of burlesque and unreality to his characters, and the reader, however greatly entertained by them, is left with the impression that this is caricature and not art. But Addison always avoids a farcical treatment, and thus secures the conviction of reality. Sir Roger de Coverley is not caricature but life-like portraiture. We see him going upstairs, talking all the way, and calling all his host's servants by their names; or patronising the gipsies, and being cheated by them; or importantly whispering his remarks on the weather to the judge at the county sessions, almost as vividly as if we knew him. But because his hero fails to look out on us from the framework of a continuous narrative, Addison cannot strictly be termed a novelist, and just misses the laurel he would otherwise deserve. As it was, he gave many hints to later writers. The Tory Foxhunter (not one of the Spectator Club) has many features in common with Squire Western in *Tom Jones,* and Squire Burdock in *Humphrey Clinker*; and Ryland, into whose mouth Mackenzie put the story of *The Man of the World*, is obviously modelled on Will Wimble.

No less remarkable than the fashion of the character sketch, and equally important in its contribution to the development of the novel, was the popularity of the memoir. The later seventeenth century was the golden age of memoirs, both in France and in England. It is hardly necessary to mention the famous memoirs of St Simon in the former country, or Burnet's and Clarendon's histories of contemporary events in the latter, or Antony Hamilton's *Memoirs of the Comte de Grammont*, to which both countries may lay claim. The last named, though nominally a memoir, has more in common with the novel than the others, since it does not pretend to give an accurate account of historical events. It tells the story of the gallantries of the Comte de Grammont, an exile at the court of Charles II., and of his prolonged courtship of the author's sister, "la belle Hamilton." But as it was written for no other end but that of amusement, we may suppose that the narrative is not always very reliable. "I have ventured," says Hamilton, "to alter facts or to invert their order." But in one point he is a faithful chronicler; there can be little doubt that the hero is a truthful representation of the real Comte de Grammont, and it has been suggested that this fascinating rake appears in the later history of the novel as Robert Lovelace.

The memoirs of real persons being so popular and so much sought after, it is not surprising that certain ingenious men of letters began to manufacture biographies of persons that had never lived, save in the author's imagination. "From writing biographies with real names attached to them," says Professor Minto, in his excellent monograph on Defoe, "it was but a short step to writing

biographies with fictitious names"; and, as the chief attraction of the memoir lay in its real or supposed veracity, every care was taken to make the imitation resemble its model in this appearance of truth. The great master in this kind was, as need hardly be remarked, Daniel Defoe. A minute and keen observer, possessing a remarkable capacity for circumstantial invention, he romances with the utmost ingenuity and ingenuousness, and masquerades with admirable effect in the sober garb of a *bonâ fide* historian. His *Memoirs of a Cavalier* actually deceived Sir Walter Scott, while the J*ournal of the Plague* has often been taken for the account of an eye-witness. It is this power of circumstantial narration that gives the charm to *Robinson Crusoe*; its exact and multitudinous details carry conviction with them.

But there was another reason why the form of the memoir should be adopted by writers of fiction. The puritanic prejudice against romances, illustrated by Milton in his condemnation of the *Arcadia*, still dominated the general public, and the reading of fiction was still regarded by the serious as an idle and frivolous amusement. Grandmamma Shirley, who was the chief monitress of the future Lady Grandison, sums up the opinion of the respectable middle-class on the subject when she says:—" The reading in fashion when I was young was romances. You, my children, have in that respect fallen on happier days. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs Eggleton, which was about my sixteenth year, I was overrun with the absurdities of that kind of writing." (*Sir Charles Grandison,* vol. vii., p. 204.)

It was therefore necessary that the novelist should either disguise his fiction as genuine history, or justify its existence by expressing some moral aim or pretending that it had some hidden meaning. Thus Defoe, besides putting *Robinson Crusoe* into the form of a memoir, further bolstered it up by declaring that it was an allegory of his own life. And still more completely to vindicate his intention, he went out of his way to insert among Crusoe's *Serious Reflections* an earnest protest against the art of fiction, which may fairly be taken to represent the extreme puritanic view on the matter. "This supplying a story by invention," he says, "is certainly a most scandalous crime, and yet very little regarded in that part. It is a sort of lying that makes a great hole in the heart, in which by degrees a habit of lying enters. Such a man comes quickly up to a total disregarding the truth of what he says, looking upon it as a trifle, a thing of no import, whether any story he tells be true or not." (Defoe, *Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, p. 113.)

The application to Defoe's own case is obvious enough, and he was certainly an adept in the art of lying. But whatever his practice may have been, he was

possessed of a deep religious consciousness. Born of a persecuted sect with a long history of religious experiences, he inherited from his Puritan ancestors the habit of self-examination and analysis, and carried on from Sidney to Richardson the psychological method which has already been noticed as characteristic of the English novel. The sentimental discussions of the *Arcadia* give place in *Robinson Crusoe* to spiritual conflicts in the manner of Bunyan. In *Pamela* both kinds of mental analysis, the religious and the sentimental, are found side by side.

The same reasons for imposing a fictitious narrative on the public as genuine history probably influenced Swift, when he inserted as a frontispiece to *Gulliver's Travels* a portrait pretending to represent the hero, Lemuel Gulliver, of Redriff, or Rotherhithe. But the deception was an innocent one, for if any reader ever believed in the actual existence of the Houhynyms or the Yahoos, his credulity and not the guile of the author was responsible. The satirical and political intention of Swift's great work puts it somewhat outside the sphere of the pure romance. But its autobiographical form, like that of *Robinson Crusoe,* may be safely attributed to the popularity of the memoir; nearly all the romances of the time, French as well as English, are presented in this manner. (The most notable example is, of course, *Gil Bias,* which, published in 1715, may have had some influence on Defoe's work. But the quick-witted, light-hearted, and wholly irresponsible rascal of Le Sage has little in common with Defoe's solemn and sententious hero. The resemblance between *Gil Bias* and *Colonel Jack*, which is Defoe's best picaresque novel, is more obvious.)

There was still another literary form that was cultivated with great assiduity in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and contributed in no small degree to the development of the novel. This was the letter. The letters of Mdme de Sevigné in France, and of the Duchess of Newcastle in England, illustrate the great care and industry with which even familiar and domestic correspondence was conducted in the seventeenth century. During the eighteenth century the collections multiplied to an astonishing degree. Then were composed the brilliant epistles of Horace Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, and the poet Cowper; of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Mrs Delany; of Voltaire and Grimm, to mention only the more famous writers. Letter-writing was, in fact, regarded as an art, and letters seem to have filled in some degree the part played by the magazine or newspaper of to-day; they were passed round from house to house, copied and recopied, and read over and over again on long winter evenings and in quiet country places, where any message from the outer world was acceptable. Contemporary authors refer to letter-writing as if it were an accomplishment to be acquired like music or drawing at the present time, and Richardson, when describing the charms of his heroines, never fails to mention their epistolary ability. His young women, too,

often compliment their friends on their letters, or one laments that she cannot write as elegantly as another. “You, madam,” says Emily Jervois to Harriet Byron, “are *such* a writer, and I am such a *poor thing* with my pen. But I know you will accept the heart. And so my very diffidence shows pride, since it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer; and yet this very letter, I foresee, will be the worse for my diffidence, and not the better. For I don’t like this beginning neither. But come, it shall go.” (*Sir Charles Grandison,* iv. 236.) It is therefore not to the parodist, but to the essayist, the historian and the letter-writer, that we must give the credit of bridging over the gulf between the heroic romance and the novel proper. And this is especially true in English literature, since, though imitators of Scarron existed, they seem to have had little or no influence. The approach to the novel treating of familiar life was made not by grotesque caricature of the pastoral heroic, but by the description of real events by eye-witnesses. This appeal to actual life secured a vividness and picturesqueness that gave an air of realism even to the work of such an idealist as Richardson. And at the same time, the transference of the love interest from remote royalties to English squires and serving-maids brought the novel within range of enjoyment by a much wider public.

CHAPTER VI. “PAMELA”

To the student of contemporary literatures nothing is more striking than the manner in which the same mode of literary expression appears almost simultaneously in different countries and in different languages; as if the mental development of neighbouring nations progressed at the same rate, and brought forth almost identical fruit at the same season. In many cases, of course, one movement is obviously generated by another, and is the result of deliberate imitation. But in others no such connection can be proved, and in spite of many endeavours to show the contrary it is very doubtful whether Richardson, who is one of the most insular of our writers, and the most thoroughly national in his chief characteristics, was in any degree influenced by foreign literature. But it happened that about nine years before the publication of *Pamela* there appeared a French novel, which so closely resembles it in theme and treatment that conjecture has been busy over the possible relationship between the two books.

This was *La Vie de Marianne*, by Marivaux, published in Paris, in two parts, in 1731 and 1734. The author was already well known as a dramatist, and as the writer of two or three novels, the principal of which was *Le Paysan Parvenu.* An English translation of *Marianne* appeared in 1736, so that it is possible that Richardson, who did not know French, was acquainted with the story, which to some extent resembles that of *Pamela.* It is as follows: —

A stage-coach being attacked by robbers, everyone is killed but one person, who escapes, and Marianne, a child of three years old. She is rescued by some soldiers, and taken to the village curé, whose sister brings her up. When she is fifteen, the cure’s sister goes to Paris to see a dying relative, and takes with her Marianne, who is to be apprenticed to some useful trade. Disappointed in their expectation of a legacy from the relative, the curé and his sister both die. Marianne is commended to the charge of a good monk, who in his turn appeals to the benevolence of a rich man, named M. de Climal. M. de Climal apprentices her to a linen draper, but falls in love with her at the same time. While Marianne is parrying his attacks, she meets and is wooed by a young man called Valville, who proves to be her patron’s nephew. In despair at her difficulties she goes to pray at a convent chapel, where a lady, struck by her beauty, takes compassion on her, and offers to adopt her. The lady is afterwards discovered to be Valville’s mother, but such are the fascinations of Marianne that she does not oppose her son’s wishes. After some obstacles, including a temporary infidelity on the part of her lover, Marianne is married, and is discovered to be the daughter of a duke.

The chief similarity between the stories is therefore the fact that the heroine of each is a beautiful girl in humble circumstances, who successfully withstands temptation, and has her virtue rewarded. But here the resemblance, as far as plot goes, ends. Pamela is really of low birth, while Marianne is an aristocrat in disguise. Then, again, in point of character, the two heroines are entirely dissimilar. Pamela is a simple little maidservant, showing absurd obsequiousness to the "quality," diffident to the last degree, and, even when horrified by the advances of her master, secretly flattered that he should think her a fit object of pursuit. Marianne has a very good opinion of herself, and accepts the tributes of her admirers as a just homage to her beauty. Marianne is taken almost immediately under the protection of Madame de Miran, who treats her as her own daughter, and carefully preserves her from harm. When, for instance, her lover's cousins carry her off, and try to persuade her to marry a man of low rank, Valville and his mother hurry to her rescue, and prevent the match. But Pamela, through two bulky volumes, has no efficient protectors but her own virtue and good sense. Again, Pamela is thoroughly sincere, and though she is prepared to accept help from her master's chaplain, Mr Williams, she never pretends to love him; she is, throughout, faithful to her persecutor. Marianne, on the other hand, is a thorough coquette, and when Valville transfers his affections to a new mistress, she retaliates by listening to the addresses of another suitor. "Marianne," says M. Larroumet, in his study of Marivaux, "belongs to a society in which women are queens by right of their beauty and their wit, accustomed to adulation both before and after marriage. Pamela, brought up in dependence and for dependence, regards men as superior beings, to whom religion, custom and law give supreme rights. Marianne, deceived by Valville, confounds him with her indignation; she crushes the evil designs of M. de Climal by her scorn. Pamela, subjected to a temptation of the same kind, cries, with sad astonishment, 'This gentleman has degraded himself to offer freedoms to his poor servant.'" (Larroumet. *Marivaux, Sa Vic et Ses Œuvres*, Paris 1882, p. 350.)

In some respects, however, the two stories have a good deal in common. In the£ first place, both authors made a new departure in choosing as their theme a love-story of the middle or lower classes. The novelists of the seventeenth century had confined their attention to princes and princesses; they liked their literary creations to be of the very highest rank. As Marivaux himself said, "There are people whose vanity enters into everything they do, even into their reading. Give them the story of the human heart in high life, and it is an important matter for them; but do not speak to them of lower conditions of society; they desire to see only lords, princes, or kings, or at least people of some distinction. These alone will satisfy their fastidious taste. As for the rest of men, let them exist by all

means, but do not let us talk of them; these readers will tell you candidly that nature might have dispensed with bringing such people into the world, and that the *bourgeoisie* do her no credit." (*Œuvres de Marivaux,* Paris 1781, vi. 330.) And as the taste of the reader determines the style of the work, it is greatly to the honour of Marivaux and Richardson that they had the courage to depart from the beaten track, and appreciated the possibilities of untitled humanity as a subject of romance.

Another point of similarity between Marivaux and Richardson is their manner of narration. It is true that the form is in one case that of an autobiography and in the other that of a correspondence, but the autobiography is addressed by the heroine in her old age to a friend, and has therefore something of the intimate air peculiar to a letter. "In relating her adventures," says the author, "she imagines herself to be with her friend, talking to her, answering her, and in this way she instinctively mingles the relation of facts with the reflections that occur to her in connection with them." And the plan of Richardson's first novel is much simpler than that of his later ones, where multitudes of letters cross and re-cross. Pamela is almost the only correspondent, and thus tells her story in much the same way as Marianne tells hers — with this difference, that Marianne is supposed to draw on her memory, while Pamela writes while the impression of the events is fresh upon her.

"The reflections that occur to her." This brings us to another point of contact between the novelists — the habit of subtle self-analysis, in which the heroines of both indulge. It is not enough for Pamela or Marianne to commit any action; they must forthwith examine the reasons that led them to do so, and carefully balancing the motives that impelled them, at last decide whether their proceedings were right or wrong. The interest of both novels lies not in the plot but in the mental conflicts of the characters. But these mental conflicts are conducted with more skill by Richardson than by Marivaux, whose story is, as St Beuve has said, "a skeleton of a romance compared with *Pamela* Richardson, indeed, with his simpler education, more limited area and closer acquaintance with the class to which his heroine belonged, was better fitted for the portrayal of the ingenuée than Marivaux, who was a man of the world and a frequenter of salons. In the swift delineation of a character by a few graphic strokes, however, Marivaux shows a skill which is not approached by Richardson. Take, for instance, the description of M. Villot, Marianne's rejected suitor. "Although fairly well built, he seemed then as much as anyone could seem, a mean little fellow of no consequence, whose business was to cringe and flatter, who seemed to have no will of his own, and to whom one could say without offence, 'Retirez-vous.'" The

method of the English novelist is entirely different. What Marivaux does with a few bold strokes Richardson accomplishes with a number of minute touches.

On the whole it may be concluded that though Richardson may have seen Marivaux's book, it had very little influence on him. Marivaux's novels were certainly widely read in England, and Fielding, in one of the introductory chapters which precede each book of Joseph Andrews, refers to both *Marianne* and *Le Paysan Parvenu*, though he gives the latter its French name. But Richardson's own account of the genesis of *Pamela* is so simple, and appears so natural, that it would appear wisest to accept it as conclusive. Indeed, if the probability of Marivaux's influence had not been so dogmatically stated by some French, and supported to some extent by some English, critics, it would have been hardly necessary to investigate it.

Richardson's own statement, which is contained in a letter to Aaron Hill, runs thus: —

"I will now write to your question — whether there was any original groundwork of fact for the general foundation of Pamela's story.

"About twenty-five years ago, a gentleman with whom I was intimately acquainted (but who, alas! is no more!) met with such a story as that of *Pamela* in one of the summer tours, which he used to take for his pleasure, accompanied by one servant only. At every inn he put up at it was his way to inquire after curiosities in its neighbourhood, either ancient or modern; and particularly he asked who was the owner of a fine house, as it seemed to him, beautifully situated, which he had passed by (describing it), within a mile or two of the inn.

"It was a fine house, the landlord said. The owner was Mr B., a gentleman of a large estate in more counties than one. That his and his lady's history engaged the attention of everybody who came that way, and put a stop to all other inquiries, though the house and gardens were well worth seeing. The lady, he said, was one of the greatest beauties in England; but the qualities of her mind had no equal: beneficent, prudent and equally beloved and admired by high and low, That she had been taken at twelve years of age, for the sweetness of her manners and modesty, and for an understanding above her years, by Mr B.'s mother, a truly worthy lady, to wait on her person. Her parents, ruined by suretiships, were remarkably honest and pious, and had instilled into their daughter's mind the best principles. When their misfortunes happened first they attempted a little school in their village where they were much beloved; he teaching writing and the first rules of arithmetic to boys; his wife plain needlework to girls, and to knit and spin; but that it answered not; and when the lady took their child, the industrious man earned his bread by day labour and the lowest kinds of husbandry.

“That the girl, improving daily in beauty, modesty, and genteel and good behaviour, by the time she was fifteen, engaged the attention of her lady’s son, a young gentleman of free principles.

... That she had recourse to many innocent stratagems to escape the snares laid for her.... once, however, in despair, having been near drowning; that at last, her noble resistance, watchfulness and excellent qualities subdued him, and he thought fit to make her his wife. That she behaved herself with so much dignity, sweetness and humility, that she made herself beloved of everybody, and even by his relations, who at first despised her; and now had the blessings of rich and poor, and the love of her husband.

“The gentleman who told me this, added, that he had the curiosity to stay in the neighbourhood from Friday to Sunday, that he might see the happy couple at church, from which they never absented themselves; that, in short, he did so see them; that her deportment was all sweetness, ease and dignity mingled; that he never saw a lovelier woman; that her husband was as fine a man, and seemed even proud of his choice, and that she attracted the respects of the persons of rank present, and had the blessings of the poor. The relater of the story told me this with transport.

“This, sir, was the foundation of Pamela’s story; but little did I think to make of it a story for the press.” (Barbauld, i. 69.)

This evidence as to the origin of the tale renders the probability of French influence very doubtful, especially as Richardson followed closely the outline of the romance related above. Even the name of the hero, originally, for obvious reasons, veiled under an initial, appears in the same form. This fashion of designating characters, possibly set by the writers of sham memoirs to give an air of greater veracity to their fictions, was followed by Richardson in all his novels, and is most irritating and confusing, especially in *Sir Charles Grandison,* which deals with a large number of persons. And its effect on the modern reader is to evoke from the first a spirit of amused criticism. How can anyone be expected to treat “Mr B.” with respect or even with seriousness?

To the bare skeleton of his original Richardson added a multitude of details, which invest it with life and energy. Pamela in the first letter is seen lamenting the death of her mistress, yet in the midst of her distress illustrating those qualities of prudence and thrift that Richardson was so anxious to inculcate, by counting up her savings and the presents of her master. In a postscript she indicates that she has attracted his attention, but adds, that though he was formerly supposed to be “wildish,” he is now a reformed character. Slowly and gradually the plot unfolds, and each letter betrays more plainly the vulgar, practical little soul of the heroine, and her struggle between gratified vanity and conventional principle. And the

convention that Mr B. being a man, and a landowner, and belonging to the upper classes, is therefore her superior, and must be treated with exaggerated respect is quite as strong in Pamela as the convention that at all costs she must preserve her honour. The author, in fact, had to teach his readers to keep their places as well as to keep their characters.

It is unnecessary to give all the unpleasant details of the heroine's persecution. It is enough to say that she is at last beguiled, under pretence of a visit to her parents, to a lonely house on her master's Lincolnshire estate; and is there left in charge of his housekeeper, Mrs Jewkes. This lady at first professes great friendship for the girl, whose point of view may be indicated by the response she makes to these advances. "Once she offered to kiss me. But I said, 'I don't like this sort of carriage, Mrs Jewkes; it is not like two persons of one sex to each other.'" The retort of her companion is obvious and deserved.

Pamela, indeed, may be virtuous, but she is anything but pure-minded; and in this lies her security. Unsuspecting innocence may easily become the prey of vice, but the reader feels that if Pamela falls, it will be with her eyes open. And the worst of it is that in spite of her oft-repeated protestations against her master's wickedness, she is supposed all the time to have a secret leaning to him, and dreads nothing more than to incur his anger. "Oh," she writes, "how I dread the coming of this angry and incensed master! Yet why is he angry? Why incensed? I am sure I have done him no harm!... What is the matter that, with all his ill usage of me, I cannot hate him? To be sure in this, I am not like other people! He has certainly done enough to make me hate him; but yet when I heard of his danger, which was very great, I could not in my heart forbear rejoicing for his safety, though his death would set me free. Ungenerous master! If you knew this, you surely would not be so much my persecutor! But for my late good lady's sake, I must wish him well; and, oh, what an angel would he be in my eyes yet if he would give over his attempts and reform!" (*Pamela,* i pp. 237, 238.)

It would perhaps be unfair to criticise too closely the devices by which Richardson prevents his distressed heroine from escaping. It was necessary here, as in *Clarissa Harlowe*, that the victim should not get away, and equally necessary, for the sake of consistency, that she should make an attempt to do so. A mad bull — the fear of robbers — a crumbling wall, and a few bruises, are sufficient to deter Pamela from the attempt; though in her despair she almost decides on suicide by drowning as an alternative. But the dissuading voice in this case is that of conscience. Her religion, as conventional as her morality, restrains her, and she holds a dialogue with the tempter, which occupies several pages. At — last she emerges triumphant, and piously resigns herself to her misfortunes, which she honestly conceives to be permitted by the Divine Will.

“What then, presumptuous Pamela, dost thou here?” thought I; “quit with speed these perilous banks, and fly from these dashing waters, that seem in their meaning murmurs this still night to reproach thy rashness! Tempt not God’s goodness on the mossy banks, which have been witnesses of thy guilty purpose; and while thou hast power left thee, avoid the temptation, lest thy grand enemy, now by divine grace repulsed, return to the assault with a force that thy weakness may not be able to resist! and lest thou in one rash moment destroy all the convictions which now have awed thy rebellious mind into duty and resignation to the Divine Will!” (*Pamela,* i p. 231.)

Shortly after this episode her master arrives on the scene, and concealing himself in an anteroom overhears the chatter of his victim to Mrs Jewkes. This so softens his heart that he begins to pity the girl, and from this time Pamela’s prospects clear. It is now only a question between his pride and his passion; he himself does not know which will conquer, and frankly tells the now blushing and yielding maiden of his doubt.

“Ah, sir,” said I, “and here my doubt recurs, that you may thus graciously treat me to take advantage of my credulity.”

“Still perverse and doubting! Cannot you take me as I am at present? I have told you that I am now sincere and undesigning, whatever I may be hereafter.”...

“If you will be good,” said I, “to your poor servant, and spare her, she cannot say too much! But if not, she is doubly undone! Undone, indeed!”

“I hope my present temper will hold,” replied he.... “And, Pamela, you must pray for the continuance of this temper.”... His goodness over-powered all my reserves. I threw myself at his feet and embraced his knees.

“What pleasure, sir, you give me, at these gracious words, is not lent to your poor servant to express! I shall be too much rewarded for all my sufferings if this goodness hold! God grant it may, for your own soul’s sake as well as for mine!

And oh, how happy should I be if—”

He stopped me and said, “But, my dear girl, what must we do about the world, and the world’s censure? Indeed I cannot marry.” (*Pamela*, i., pp. 293, 294.)

Yet, notwithstanding this offensive candour, Pamela’s obsequious adoration is undiminished, and she continues to trust herself in her lover’s power with the most dangerous confidence; in the hope, that, as he says, “if his mind hold, he will endeavour to defy the world and the world’s censures.”

At last his pride conquers, and he decides to send Pamela home. But before she has gone many miles, she is recalled by an impetuous letter, declaring that the writer cannot do without her, and begging her to return at once. Her mental conflict at this juncture is admirably described. Her heart leaps at the approaching victory of her love, but she is beset by doubts whether, after all, the cup of

happiness that seems within her reach may not at the last moment be dashed from her grasp. “How my exulting heart throbbed, and even upbraided me for so lately reproaching it for giving way to the love of so dear a man! But take care thou art not too credulous neither, O fond believer! said I to myself; things that we wish are apt to gain a too ready credence with us. Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, O credulous fluttering throbbing mischief! that art so ready to believe what thou wishest: and I charge thee to keep better guard than thou hast lately done, and tempt me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering impulses.

“Thus foolishly dialogued I with my heart, and yet all the time that heart was Pamela.” (*Pamela*, ii pp. 44, 45.)

Her heart having thus turned traitor, she decides, with somewhat startling temerity, to go back. But this time her confidence is justified. The rest of the book describes the interval between her arrival, and the day that makes her “the happy, thrice happy, Pamela B.,” and is decidedly less interesting than the earlier portion, where the reader is still in suspense as to her fate. The hero, having been compelled to obtain by fair means what he could not compass by foul, is now treated as if he were a reformed character, the only faults of which he is henceforth guilty being a certain haughtiness of temper and pride of rank, to which his gushing, humble bride offers no fit antidote. She is, in fact, so much overpowered by his condescension that she cannot say too much in his praise, or express too warmly her gratitude for his hardly complimentary devotion. Both parties are painfully aware that his union with the “pretty rustic,” as he describes her, in her presence, to his friends, is a *mésalliance,* and the constant reiteration of his determination to treat her with the same respect as if she belonged to his own class is received by her with thankful humility, and by the reader with growing impatience. And as the latter finds that the story does not end with the conventional marriage service, but is prolonged to tell of Pamela’s reception by the neighbouring gentry, and by her husband’s exceedingly vulgar sister, this impatience is goaded to absolute revolt. Only the most determined perseverance can achieve the perusal of these fatuous and tedious pages.

The immense and immediate popularity of the book led, as already stated, to the production of a spurious continuation, entitled *Pamela in High Life.* Richardson, who, like Atticus, could not bear “a brother near the throne,” unwisely resolved to publish a genuine sequel. But if the interest of the first part of *Pamela* flags towards the end of the second volume, that of the second part may be said to fall still-born. It is not that, as some critics would have us think, the history of postnuptial life cannot be made interesting. Fielding, in his *Amelia*, gave ample proof to the contrary. But too many of Pamela’s letters after her marriage are taken up with the merest trivialities, accounts of visits made and

received, with conscientious catalogues of the compliments exchanged on these formal and tiresome occasions. Several long epistles are devoted to an examination of Locke's *Treatise on Education*, and two more (which are obvious, though distant, imitations of essays in *The Spectator)* to a criticism of *The Distressed Mother* and *The Tender Husband.* In fact, the only interest in the second part of *Pamela* is once more derived from the errors of Mr B. His wife (who, when she is no longer a possible victim, seems to think such errors comparatively venial, and only natural in so fine a gentleman) gives a full account of his love affair with the unfortunate Sally Godfrey; and afterwards, with a frankness somewhat surprising in so discreet a lady, recounts her own sufferings from an apprehended infidelity on his part. Altogether the sequel to *Pamela* is ponderous reading, and hardly possible except for a student, who may find in it hints that throw light on the author's artistic development and on the characterisation of his later novels.

Posterity has not confirmed the contemporary verdict on *Pamela*, and Mr Leslie Stephen's dictum, that "it is distinctly the worst of Richardson's works," probably expresses the opinion of most people who are acquainted with all his novels. For the book is vitiated by its wretched morality, which startles our ethical, no less than our humorous, perceptions. The author's primary object, as he repeatedly declared, was to write a book for the guidance of young women in Pamela's position, and to put it in so attractive a form —

"That truth embodied in a tale
Might enter in at lowly doors."

And in an age that taught dogmatically the recompense of virtue by means of a material heaven and the punishment of vice by means of a material hell, the obvious inducement to good conduct was the hope of some substantial reward — not golden harps or glittering crowns in this instance, but the scarcely less enviable possession of the jewels that had belonged to Mr B.'s mother. But the common experience of mankind that material reward is rather the exceptional than the inevitable consequence of virtue at once creates in the reader a feeling of antagonism to the author's teaching.

And, again, the genuine character of the heroine's virtue may fairly be called into question. It was long ago remarked by Sir Walter Scott and Mrs Barbauld that Pamela's conduct betrays a lack of delicacy incompatible with the fairest purity. So long as she is merely the frightened maiden, scarcely suspecting her master's real intentions, and childishly gratified by the notice taken of her, she attracts our sympathy. Even when she is fully conscious of her danger, and endeavours by all

means to escape it, she is pathetic enough. But no woman will forgive her for what Mrs Barbauld justly defines as the chief blot on the conception — the passion supposed to be aroused in her by her unworthy lover. Her girlish admiration for the fine gentleman, set so far above her by the apparently impenetrable barrier of rank and circumstance, is perfectly natural; and if he had won her by the ordinary arts of his kind, Pamela's inclination for him might have been more unfortunate for her, but would certainly have seemed more pardonable and probable. But he assails her at first with threats, and afterwards with such coarse ruses as would speedily kill every germ of affection in the heart of a pure-minded girl; yet though she is loud in her protests against the wickedness of her master, it does not arouse in her the shrinking feeling of disgust that might be expected. On the contrary, she uses all the resources of feminine sophistry to persuade herself, against the evidence of her senses, that he is not as bad as he appears. Her immediate response to his entreaty for her return is perilous in the extreme, but she persuades herself into thinking that duty requires what inclination prompts. "If he intends honour to me," she argues? "the least I can show on my part is that I have gratitude, and my heart is free, so that I can return love and duty for it." And so she flies back to the arms of a man, with whom if she respected herself she could have no further communication whatever.

And what makes her behaviour particularly repulsive is the conviction it forces upon one that it is mainly prompted by a disproportionate respect for her lover's wealth and position. No one can doubt that if equal insults had been offered her by a man of her own class she would have rejected him with scorn. But because Mr B. is a gentleman, and has a large income, and two or three country seats, he is to be forgiven what would be unpardonable in a hero of low degree. Richardson's vulgar exaggeration of class distinctions permeates the book, and Pamela blissfully crawls to the feet of her master. When he tells her that the happiness of legitimate courtship is greater than any he could have known had he succeeded in his designs on her, she answers humbly: —

"O, sir, expect not words from your poor servant, equal to these gracious professions. Both the means and the will are given you to lay me under an everlasting obligation. How happy shall I be if, though I cannot be worthy of all this goodness and condescension, I can prove myself not entirely unworthy of it! But I can only answer for a grateful heart; and, if I ever give you cause wilfully (and you will generously allow for involuntary imperfections) to be displeased with me, may I be an outcast from your house and favour, as much as if the law had divorced me!"

And all these overwhelming expressions of gratitude are due to the benevolence of a lover who marries her for his own gratification when he cannot

obtain what he wants on lower terms!

But putting aside, these grave faults of taste and morality, there can be no doubt that the heroine is a masterpiece of characterisation. To this is due the pathetic and moving effect produced by her sufferings; she is so life-like that one feels the same kind of interest in them as in those of a real person. The realisation of a character is the necessary preliminary to the enjoyment of his story, and no history, however exciting, of hair-breadth escapes or perilous adventure is attractive to the mature mind unless it is first interested in the person who encounters these dangers. In the higher kinds of fiction plot must depend on character, and that is why Richardson, who had the most elementary ideas of construction, was so brilliant a novelist. Pamela is as real to us as to the ladies who a hundred and fifty years ago bewailed her woes; by a thousand minute and graphic touches she is made to stand before us, waiting with folded hands and downcast eyes the commands of her lord and master. She is not all perfection, and has her little vanities; in the midst of her troubles she carefully details the various articles of her attire—" two suits of fine Flanders lac'd head clothes, three pair of fine silk shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me (for my lady had a very little foot), and the other with wrought silver buckles on them; and several ribbons and top-knots of all colours; four pair of fine white cotton stockings and three pair of fine silk ones; and two pair of rich stays." And she too has, as M. Texte has noticed, her own pride of place, for, when she leaves Squire B.'s house on the intended visit to her parents, she will not receive any gift from her inferiors. "They all," she says, "would have made me little presents; but I would not take anything from the lower servants." Then, again, her mingled superstition and religion, her womanish dread of cows and robbers, all go to complete the portrait of a well-behaved little waiting-maid of the eighteenth century. The picture is wonderfully convincing; our only complaint is that we can hardly bestow on it the tribute of admiration its painter demands. He continually pauses to cry "How beautiful!" It is difficult to respond with enthusiasm, but of the fidelity and accuracy of the drawing there can be no doubt.

The same verdict can hardly be given on the other" characters of the book. Mr B. is not an interesting rake, and his reformation is so sudden and improbable as to give an air of unreality to the whole conception. Richardson was always on delicate ground when he tried to draw a gentleman, and at the time of the composition of his first book he had not seen so much of "high life" as he afterwards did. But Mr B. is certainly one of his most offensive experiments in this direction; even allowing for the grossness of contemporary manners he is unnecessarily objectionable. And in the description of Lady Pavers, his sister, the author is involved in still greater difficulties. Her interview with Pamela after the

latter's marriage is taken up by a long string of invectives to which no woman of spirit could have listened for a minute. Her manners are those of a Whitechapel termagant rather than of a high-born lady, and in spite of the assurances of one of Richardson's correspondents "that he could find him half-a-dozen Lady Davers (her wit excepted) among his quality acquaintance," it is as evident that she is drawn from imagination as that Pamela is the result of actual experience. Lady Davers, it may be noticed in passing, is the first crude sketch of the character afterwards toned down in Anna Howe and Charlotte Grandison.

The character of Pamela's father, Goodman Andrewes, has been highly praised by Scott, who says that the description of his interview with the squire, "when he inquires after the fate of his daughter, would have immortalised Richardson had he never wrote another line." But even Scott notices his want of spirit and independence. To a reader of the present day these faults are so glaring as to quite obscure what other merits the passage may boast.

Of the other minor characters, the most successful are Mr Williams, the clergyman, and Mrs Jewkes. It is impossible to help feeling some sympathy for the former, who is so badly treated by the heroine when she has no further need of his help. But as she, recalling the risks he has run for her sake, piously remarks, "Providence would perhaps make it up to Mr Williams!" As for Mrs Jewkes, the author exhausted his power of detailed description in making her as hideous and repulsive as he could. "She is a broad squat, pursy, fat thing, quite ugly, if anything human can be so called; about forty years old. She has a huge hand, and an arm as thick — I never saw such a thick arm in my life. Her nose is flat and crooked, and her brows grow down over her eyes; a dead, spiteful, grey, goggling eye; and her face is flat and broad; and as to colour, looks as if it had been pickled a month in saltpetre. I daresay she drinks. She has a hoarse, manlike voice, and is as thick as she's long." Nothing could be more graphic, and from the point of view of morality, it was no doubt necessary that personified vice should be thus unmercifully pictured; though, unfortunately for youth and inexperience, the devil does not always appear in so unmistakable a form. Pamela is not for a moment deceived as to the woman's real character, and the astonishing part of it all is that she makes no more desperate effort to escape, and actually extends her favour to the wretched creature, when, in the security of the married state, she can afford to be quixotically generous. The effect of this angelic sweetness is such that in the second part of the book Mrs Jewkes turns from the error of her ways and is immediately seized with a mortal illness, during which she receives every attention at the hands of her forgiving mistress.

Such, then, is the story of Pamela, a hook, the defects of which can scarcely be over-stated; whose warped morality, glaring want of taste, and improbability of

incident, would seem sufficient to obscure all the merit that cannot be denied to it. It is only when we remember that both plan and subject matter were entirely original, and that the sentiment and treatment correspond to the ordinary tone of lower middle-class feeling at the time, that we can comprehend or sympathise with the immense enthusiasm it excited. It inaugurated a new school of fiction, and if its permanent popularity in England was somewhat impaired by the speedy publication of Fielding's parody, its effect on the literary development of France and Germany, where many imitations were produced, was of the greatest importance. But the consideration of Richardson's influence on the continent must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER VII. “CLARISSA HARLOWE”

EVERYONE knows the famous passage in Trevelyan’s *Life of Macaulay,* which tells how the tedium of a rainy season in the Neilgherries was beguiled by the reading of *Clarissa Harlowe*; how, in Thackeray’s graphic words, “the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe, and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The Governor’s wife seized the book; the Secretary waited for it; the Chief Justice could not read for tears.” And all this emotion was occasioned by a story that had long before obtained the position of a classic, yet was as little known to the general public as classics too often are.

Clarissa had already for many years been out of fashion; the novels of Fielding, Sterne and Smollet, of Miss Burney, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, had pushed her story into obscure corners of library shelves; the excitement and enthusiasm occasioned at its first appearance had been quite forgotten; it had been almost relegated to its present position as a literary curiosity; when, after half a century of oblivion, as if raised from the dead, the heroine appeared once more to vindicate the fame of her creator and the plaudits of her first admirers. To the grandchildren of the men and women of Macaulay’s generation she is almost unknown; her story is a long one, and, in its original form, not very accessible. It may therefore be permitted to tell the tale of the “divine Clarissa” once again; briefly, of course, but with more circumstance than most modern historians of literature have thought necessary.

Clarissa Harlowe, a young lady of great beauty and merit, is the youngest child of James Harlowe, Esq., of Harlowe Place. She is the soul of purity, amiability and honour, a chief favourite with all the elders of the family, including her two uncles Antony and John. The whole family is exceedingly wealthy, and Clarissa has inherited as her exclusive property the estate of her paternal grandfather. But the ruling passion of all the Harlowes, with the exception of the heroine, is avarice, and though Clarissa relinquishes the entire management of her fortune to her father, it exposes her to the intense rivalry and jealousy of her brother James and her sister Arabella. Arabella, just before the time at which the story begins, has been sought in marriage by Robert Lovelace, a gentleman of very good family and reported to be quite irresistible. So he proves to her, but unfortunately soon discovers that he has been mistaken in the name of the lady recommended to his attention. He had meant to pay his addresses to Clarissa, and finds himself involved with her sister. He, however, holds to his proposal, but puts it in such a way that Arabella is obliged to refuse him; whereupon he transfers his attentions to Clarissa. She receives them coldly; not that Lovelace is not in person, family

and accomplishments all that could be desired, but because she has heard reports injurious to his character. The loss of her admirer enrages Arabella beyond measure, and she makes common cause with her brother against their sister. The one idea of the former being family aggrandisement, he wishes to force Clarissa into a marriage with a Mr Solmes, whose estate adjoins that of Mr Harlowe, and may some day be exchanged for one of his own in Scotland. Thus both brother and sister are interested in opposing the alliance with Lovelace; they meet him with insults and affronts, till at last a challenge is given and a duel fought in which James Harlowe is wounded. Clarissa, meanwhile, has been placed in the painful position of trying to conciliate both parties. She is not in the least in love with Lovelace, but his threats that, if she reduces him to despair, her brother will suffer for it, persuade her into continuing her correspondence with him. By degrees the whole family is drawn into the league against her, and her gentle determination to refuse a man from whom she feels a positive revulsion only increases their desire to make her submit. In the struggle, the second distinguishing characteristic of the family, its obstinate strength of will, is shown in full relief; but herein Clarissa proves herself a worthy daughter of her house; she remains absolutely inflexible. Lovelace, who is perfectly aware of her indifference to him, now, with diabolical selfishness, plans a means of compelling her to fly to his protection; by the aid of his agent, Joseph Leman, who is a servant of Mr Harlowe, he fans the anger of the brother and sister and keeps everyone in a state of suspense as to what his next move will be. Clarissa is confined to her room, but she finds means of corresponding with her friend Anna Howe, and, still hoping to avert a catastrophe, with Lovelace; while at the same time she offers to give up all thought of his suit if only she may be freed from the addresses of Solmes. But no offer that she can make meets with any approval, and her misery is increased by a multitude of petty persecutions; her own maid is sent away and her sister's servant appointed to attend on her, and the influence of all the family friends is engaged on behalf of Solmes. And on the other hand she is subject" to Lovelace's continual protestations of devotion and sympathy, till the contrast between his conduct and that of her relations almost inclines her to lend him a favourable ear. At last she is persuaded to submit to an interview with Solmes, but as she remains invincible she is informed that a day has been fixed for her marriage with him, and that it is to be celebrated at her Uncle Antony's lonely country-house, where no help can reach her. Thus driven to bay, she determines to accept Lovelace's offer and to seek the protection of his aunts; but directly she has written the letter making the appointment her heart misgives her, and she revokes it in another. This Lovelace is careful not to remove, and, thinking that he has not seen it, she goes in her indoor dress to tell him that she

has changed her mind. A long conversation follows in which Lovelace uses all his eloquence to persuade her to fly with him, but she remains quite unmoved, and is just reaching for the key of the gate to return to the house when Leman, who has been lying in wait for that purpose, raises a cry which convinces her that she is discovered. Half beside herself with fear, and too much agitated to notice that there is only one pursuer, she allows Lovelace to drag her away to a coach waiting in the lane, and protected by armed horsemen.

Lovelace's intentions, though still hidden from his victim, are now quite evident to the reader. His proposals had at first been honourable, but her indifference and haughty reception of his advances have piqued his pride; he is concerned to keep up his character as a lady-killer, and though he loves Clarissa as much as his selfish nature will allow, he has resolved to make her a sacrifice to his vanity. She is no sooner within his power than she is conscious of an almost imperceptible change in his manner to her. "He looks with more meaning, I verily think, than he used to look; yet not more serious; not less gay — I don't know how he looks. But with more confidence a great deal than formerly; and yet he never wanted that." In her ignorance and conscious innocence the poor girl thinks that she is still free to accept or reject him as she will; and, fearing to take the irrevocable step which will finally separate her from her family, she refuses to identify herself with his by seeking its protection. That, after all, is a matter of little moment, since he never intends that she shall have the opportunity for doing so; but by urging it on her, and then submitting to her refusal, he is able to assume an air of injured generosity. He places her in lodgings near St Albans, and in spite of her entreaties for him to leave her, contrives to remain at her side until she is at length convinced that the only thing left to her is a speedy marriage with him. This he repeatedly urges, but manages the occasion so artfully that all her pride and delicacy revolt from the proposal, and prevent her from consenting to it; while he is careful to affect a humble submission to her wishes, and to avoid pressing the matter. This conduct puzzles and vexes his victim, who, hitherto so much sought and admired, cannot at first realise the depth of her humiliation. "Would he have had me catch at his first, his very first word? I was silent, too — and do not the bold sex take that for a sign of favour? Then so lately in my father's house! Having also declared to him in my letters, before I had your advice, that I would not think of marriage till he had passed through a state of probation, as I may call it. How was it possible I could encourage with very ready signs of approbation such an early proposal, especially after the free treatment he had provoked from me? If I were to die, I could not."

Lovelace has no intention of remaining at St Albans; it is but a resting-place on the way to the city which at that time offered so great a security for evil deeds,

and so little chance of escape for an ignorant victim. He is therefore highly pleased when Clarissa herself proposes to go there. He pretends to commission a friend to get rooms for her, and to leave Clarissa free to choose between several that are described. She settles, as he has designed, on some kept by a widow named Sinclair, who is employed by him, and thus enters as if willingly into the trap prepared for her. Thus they arrive in London, and from this moment poor Clarissa's fate is sealed. Up till now her charm of person and character has on several occasions so far prevailed with her lover as to render momentarily sincere his protestations as to his honourable intentions. From this moment, his victim entirely in his power, he knows no compassion. The duel is between Clarissa's will and his own, between her pride and his vanity, but the odds are so desperately against her that there can be no doubt as to its issue.

He continues, however, to keep up the fiction of matrimonial projects, deluding Clarissa with discussions about the house he will take her to, and with other plans as to the future. "He now does nothing but talk of the ceremony," she writes, "but not indeed of the day. I do not want him to urge that — but I wonder he does not." But even now she cannot make up her mind to believe him utterly vile, especially when he actually accompanies her to church, and there behaves in the most exemplary manner. "Have been at church, Jack," he informs his friend Belford. "Behaved admirably well too! My charmer is pleased with me now; for I was exceedingly attentive to the discourse, and very ready in the auditor's part of the service. Eyes did not much wander. How could they when the loveliest object, infinitely the loveliest, in the whole church was in my view?" This behaviour so delights the guileless girl that in her next letter to Anna Howe she acknowledges the impression he has made. "Indeed, my dear," she says, "I think I could prefer him to all the men I ever knew, were he to be always what he has been to-day." But she is soon put out of humour with "him, with herself, and all the world," for an evening spent in the society of his friends thoroughly disgusts her; notwithstanding which she makes a conquest of one of them, the abovementioned Belford, who from this time is her devoted partisan. She becomes more and more uneasy, but her modesty and pride combine to prevent her from urging on the final arrangements for her marriage. Even when Lovelace has the settlements drawn up, and affects to lament the delay caused by the absence of his uncle, who is to be present at the ceremony, she will do nothing to hasten matters.

'"Would to heaven, my dearest life,' added he, 'that, without complimenting anybody, to-morrow might be the happiest day of my life! What say you, my angel?' with a trembling impatience that seemed not affected. 'What say you to for tomorrow?'

“It was likely, my dear, I could say much to it, or name another day with such an hinted delay from him.

“I was silent.

Next day, madam, if not to-morrow?’

“Had he given me time to answer, it could not have been in the affirmative you must think. But in the same breath he went on—’ Or the day after that?’ And taking both my hands in his he stared me into a half confusion. Would you have had patience with him, my dear?

“‘No, no,’ I said, as calmly as possible. ‘You cannot think that I should imagine there can be reason for such a hurry. It will be most agreeable for my lord to be present.’

“‘I am all obedience and resignation,’ returned the wretch, with a self-pluming air, as if he had acquiesced to a proposal made by me, and had complimented me with a great piece of self-denial.

“Is it not plain, my dear, that he designs to vex and tease me? Proud yet mean and foolish man if so! But you say all punctilio is at an end with me. Why, why will he take pains to make a heart wrap itself up in reserves that wishes only, and that for his sake as well as my own, to observe due decorum?”

Thus the time drags on, Lovelace still devising fresh reasons for delay, and fresh schemes for the ruin of his victim, who by her own sweet innocence and purity constantly evades him. At last she manages, with the help of Miss Howe, to mature a scheme for escape. But Lovelace defeats this project by introducing to her a Captain Tomlinson, who professes to be an intimate friend of Clarissa’s uncle, John Harlowe, and commissioned by him to bring about a general reconciliation, provided he can be convinced that she is actually married. Lovelace’s behaviour on this occasion is so unexceptionable, and Clarissa is so much delighted by the prospect of reconciliation, that she shows unmistakable signs of softening, until he attempts, by a false alarm of fire, to take advantage of her. Then, thoroughly convinced of his baseness, she determines to stay not a day longer in the house, and the next day effects her escape to Hampstead. Meanwhile he manages to intercept a letter from Miss Howe, who has been making investigations on her friend’s behalf, and substitutes for it one of his own manufacture, so skilfully forging the writing that Clarissa is quite deceived. He soon traces her to her place of refuge, and still supported by her uncle’s supposed agent, again urges marriage. She refuses to give him an answer till she has heard from Miss Howe, and this letter, containing the plans for Clarissa’s rescue, and further warnings as to the supposed mediator, Lovelace also manages to intercept. He assures her that his aunt, Lady Betty, and his cousin, Charlotte Montague, will themselves wait on her and escort her to his uncle’s house, where the marriage

may be celebrated; and, as a further proof that he is in earnest, actually procures the license for it. He then causes two women to personate the ladies, and an amusing account is given of the manner in which he coaches them for their parts. Clarissa, imagining that she is on her way to Montague House, is thus beguiled back to London.

The next morning finds her put of her mind, while Lovelace himself is for the moment awed into distress and remorse. After all, he is genuinely in love with Clarissa, and dare hardly think of what he has done. “I could be very grave,” he says, “were I to give way to it. The devil take me for a fool! What’s the matter with me, I wonder! I must breathe a fresher air for a few days.” And again, “Cæsar never knew what it was to be hipped, I will call it, till he came to be where Pompey was; that is to say till he arrived at the height of his ambition; nor did thy Love-! lace know what it was to be gloomy, till he had completed his wishes.”

In the midst of her distress, poor Clarissa’s mania for writing remains as strong as ever, and incoherent fragments, in which she appeals first to her friend, then to her family, and again to Lovelace, are given. Half conscious of her own mental disturbance, she entreats piteously for compassion - and deliverance. “I shall never be what I was. My head is gone. I have wept away all my brain, I believe, for I can weep no more. Indeed I have had my full share, so it is no matter.” By degrees, however, she recovers her senses, but indignantly refuses the reparation that Lovelace is now anxious to make. She again and again attempts to make her escape, and there is no finer scene in the book, nor indeed in the whole eighteenth century novel, than that in which she confronts her persecutors, and indignantly repudiates the idea of a marriage with her lover.

“She would have spoken but could not,” writes he, “looking down my guilt into confusion. A mouse might have been heard passing over the floor; her own light feet and rustling silks could not have prevented it; for she seemed to tread air, and to be all soul. She passed to the door, and back towards me, two or three times, before speech could get the better of indignation; and at last, after twice or thrice hemming, to recover her articulate voice: —

“‘O thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace, thinkest thou that I see not through this poor villainous plot of thine, and of these thy wicked accomplices?

* * * * *

And ye, vile women, know that I am not married. Ruined as I am by your help, I bless God I am not married to this miscreant. And I have friends who will demand my honour at your hands! And to whose authority I will apply, for none has this

man over me. Look to it then, what further insults you offer me, or incite him to offer me. I am a person, though thus vilely betrayed, of rank and fortune. I never will be his; and, to your utter ruin, will find friends to pursue you. And, now I have the full proof of your detestable wickedness, will have no mercy on you!'

"They could not laugh at the poor figure I made. Lord, how each devil, conscious-stricken, trembled!

* * * * *

"Then, taking one of the lights, she turned from us; and away she went, unmolested. Not a soul was able to molest her."

Lovelace now retires to his uncle's seat, whence he sends repeated letters to Clarissa, begging for her consent to a speedy marriage. But she is inexorable, and never ceases to search for a means of escape. At last, in spite of all his precautions to prevent it, she succeeds in getting away and in finding an asylum in the house of a mercer of Covent Garden. Here, by correspondence with Lady Betty Lawrence, she becomes acquainted with the plot of which she has been the victim. All her lover's schemes lie open before her, and, as she writes to her foster mother, it is apparent to her that Lovelace, whose errors have generally been supposed to be due to the careless impulses of youth, "has acted upon a regular and preconceived plan of villainy." But her troubles are not yet at an end. Her retreat is discovered by the woman she has left, who arrests her for debt. Lovelace, on hearing the news, at once begs his friend Belford to fly to her assistance; she is restored to her own lodgings, and from this time, Belford, whose friendship for Lovelace has hitherto prevented him from taking more active measures on her behalf, becomes her guardian and champion. Clarissa is now beset with entreaties from Anna Howe to marry Lovelace, but she remains firm in her resolution, and will have no further communication whatever with him. At the same time she seeks earnestly, though ineffectually, for a reconciliation with her family; but her relations still refuse belief in her innocence, or in the tidings of her failing health. Day by day she grows weaker and weaker, and her malady is not lessened by the constant apprehension that Lovelace will renew his persecutions. In the meantime her cousin Morden, who is also her guardian, returns, too late to be of any use, for it is now clear that Clarissa can live but a few weeks. And so she fades away, every stage in her decline being faithfully reported to Lovelace, who, when at length the fatal blow does fall, is driven beside himself with agony and remorse. Only for a time, however; on his recovery he affects his former gay and irresponsible behaviour, and departs on a foreign tour, realising that for him there is no mean between actual melancholia and apparent frivolity. "Adieu, dear

Belford," said he. "Whatever airs I give myself, this charming creature has fast hold of me here" (clapping his hand upon his heart), "and I must cither appear what you see me, or be what I so lately was."

As soon as remorse is unavailing, Clarissa's relations are filled with horror at what they have done, and a large part of the last volume is occupied by their repentant letters, the writers of which vie with each other in bearing testimony to the virtues of the dead lady. Finally, Colonel Morden also sets out for the continent, nursing schemes of revenge against Lovelace should chance bring them together. And the latter, who scorns to fly a foe, and, moreover, only longs for some termination to his own mental sufferings, contrives that the meeting shall take place. A duel is the inevitable result. Lovelace is mortally wounded, and dies in agony, exclaiming, "Let this expiate!"

This is the brief outline of a story whose effect on the contemporary public can hardly be over-estimated. It speaks well for Richardson's independence of judgment that he remained insusceptible to the flattering entreaties of the multitudinous correspondents, who, during its publication, begged him to give the book a happy ending; his genius refused to be misled, and he conducted the tale to its inevitable close as remorselessly as Sophocles himself might have done. He saw that the moral as well as the artistic effect would be irretrievably spoiled if he allowed Clarissa to be one whit more tolerant of her vicious lover.

Yet the action is so skilfully conducted that the tragic ending is not plainly foreseen till after the central catastrophe. Expectations of a change in Clarissa's fortune are continually raised; Lovelace may reform, the heroine may escape, or be reconciled with and rescued by her family. These expectations it is the work of succeeding letters to efface; there is a constant alternation of hope and disappointment, which feeds suspense, and keeps alive the interest. Even after Clarissa's escape there is just the possibility that she may relent and marry her repentant lover; the last hope of a happy ending fades only with her breath. And this long drawn-out tragedy could not be portrayed by any other means than by those ponderous letters, that no one who has really become interested in the story will think tedious. For they exactly represent the manner in which the great, pathetic crises of life approach; — the passionate clinging to the last shreds of hope, the momentary despair that vanishes at the least whisper of better tidings, the fierce revolt or dumb acquiescence of the sufferer, the unrelieved gloom that follows the worst and final blow of fate.

In other respects, however, the plot is open to serious criticism. It is full of improbabilities and weak connections, which are apparent to the most careless reader. Clarissa is described as being a favourite daughter, who has hitherto met with every indulgence from an adoring family. The motive that sets them all

against her is painfully inadequate; for why should she, who has been regarded as a special favourite by her father and mother, be sacrificed to the wishes of her brother?

Again, she is described as a woman of such exceptionable capacity that she has undertaken the whole management of the domestic affairs of her parents' house; yet when she is thrown on her own resources she exhibits very little enterprise. Her attempts at escape are but feebly conceived; when every possible motive urges immediate flight, she delays and deliberates, hoping for another loophole, some external assistance that never comes. It was, of course, impossible that it should, for the exigences of the story require her prolonged confinement; yet that a woman of such independent character should show so little resource is extremely improbable, and, so far, a defect in construction. When she does escape for a time, she actually takes refuge at Hampstead, the place of all others to be avoided, since she has once been there with Lovelace. How much better would it have been, if, as Scott suggests, she had thrown herself on the protection of that very magistrate, who was at once Richardson's parodist and rival. Her case would certainly have evoked all the sympathy and chivalry of Henry Fielding.

Further, the complicated schemes of Lovelace could never have been seriously devised or executed. In the first place, such a crime as his was at that time punishable by death; that he should not only have dared it, but should also have taken so many people into his confidence, is quite incredible. His plans required the utmost secrecy, yet he expatiates on them in the frankest fashion to his friend Belford, and to a host of other correspondents, including a treacherous servant who might well be liable to a bribe. And when his conduct, though not all the circumstances of it, is notorious in the circle to which both he and Clarissa belong, he is represented as attending a ball, and being graciously received by most of the ladies present. Society in the eighteenth century was sufficiently corrupt, but it is difficult to believe it was as corrupt as this. And, again, as has been often remarked, it is quite inconceivable that Belford, who, except for the incidental sowing of wild oats, is represented throughout in the most amiable light, should not have interfered sooner to check the diabolical schemes of Lovelace. The friends of both parties are, indeed, chiefly useful as the recipients of letters. Anna Howe, in spite of her protestations, does singularly little for Clarissa's assistance, even though she has a willing agent in the person of her lover Hickman. Instead of marrying him, and obtaining the right to act independently of her mother, who is under the Harlowe influence, she coquets and delays, and will not wed him till Clarissa is happy, thus losing her one chance of giving any effectual aid. The same dilatoriness is characteristic of Colonel Morden, who is a whole fortnight in England before visiting his ward; though, to

be sure, he is represented as being occupied with her affairs. It may be argued that all these delays were necessary to the author's purpose, but that they appear so wanton and improbable is due to clumsy workmanship. In the old romances that Richardson's novel was to supersede, such carelessness of detail was more pardonable. Where everything was supposed to be enacted in a realm that existed only in the imagination of the author, fancy was free to take her wildest flights. But when Richardson applies the same license to a story of contemporary life, the incongruities are too startling to be easily excusable. Clarissa and all the other actors in the story are so real to the reader, that when he finds them behaving in a manner that no rational person would consider possible, a feeling of impatient irritation with them, with the author, and the entire story, possesses his mind.

But all these defects are forgotten when the attention is concentrated on Clarissa's character. No heroine who has existed merely on the printed page has ever had a more charming or convincing personality; she is even more life-like than Pamela, and far more admirable. For though her creator evidently meant to draw a paragon, and exhausts his power of description in portraying her perfections, yet her action is not always free from censure, and her attraction consists quite as much in her innocent mistakes as in her fortitude and high ideals. Her weaknesses, however, are communicated to the reader chiefly by her own self-betrayal, by her vacillations when she should have been decided, by her determined action when she should have remained in suspense. From the letters of her friends one would gather that she is "all perfection." A marvel of beauty in both face and figure, she is further endowed with such instinctive elegance that she sets the fashion to the county. She is educated far beyond the average woman of her time, and is quite equal to keeping the household accounts, for, as we are particularly told, she is "a perfect mistress of the four principal rules of arithmetic." Besides being thus accomplished in mathematics, she can sing charmingly, talk with sense and wit, and is well read in the English, French and Italian poets, and in the Latin classics (in translations). She has also a good idea of drawing, though, from want of practice, she does not excel in the "executive part" ("she could not in everything excel," adds Anna Howe, as if reluctant to admit any imperfection in her beloved friend). Added to this, she is an adept in all the peculiarly feminine arts, in housekeeping, dairy-management, and needlework. She is extremely methodical and regulates her day according to a laborious system, which, if ever practicable, must have been extremely inconvenient. "For rest she allotted six hours only," and from this time she would often steal an hour to add to the three which she devoted to study and writing. Two hours she gave to domestic duties, five to sewing, drawing and music, and the visits of the clergy (for whom she has a proverbially feminine regard); three

hours to breakfast, dinner and conversation, one to visiting the poor, and the remaining four hours to supper and social duties. After all this, it is a relief to hear that “this method, which to others will appear perplexing and unnecessary, her early hours and custom had made easy and pleasant to her.” But a method so cut and dried betrays itself at once as the invention of a middle-aged man of business, rather than that of a charming, and (as we are repeatedly told) unaffected, girl.

It indicates the least attractive traits in her character, her tendency to priggishness and didacticism and prepares us for the adages we must be prepared to hear “flowing through teeth of ivory and lips of coral.” For Clarissa, like her creator, is possessed with the importance of her mission as a social reformer When more frivolous damsels gathered round the card-table or indulged in the spice of scandal, “she often insensibly diverted the company from them by starting some entertaining subject, when she could do it without incurring the imputation of particularity.” She is in fact, like a good many earnest people, inclined to take herself too seriously; yet, though she has no pity on herself, she shows infinite compassion for the frailties of her friends.

For, after all, she is a very womanly woman; a woman of strong and tender attachments, loyal to the limit of endurance, and holding out hands of futile entreaty to an obdurate and implacable family. Her heart bleeds at her mother’s displeasure. “I had rather all the world should be angry with me than my mamma!” she writes, and in spite of that mother’s weakness in her daughter’s defence, she cannot be induced to blame her; even of her father she will hear no ill. “If then you would avoid my highest displeasure, you must spare my mother; and surely, you will allow me, with her to pity as well as to love and honour my father.” She has the natural feminine partiality for the weaker side, and as soon as Lovelace is exposed to the ill-will of her brother and sister, he becomes doubly attractive to her; all her friends, to use Anna Howe’s words, “by fighting against him, with most impolitic violence fight for him.” And so the slight inclination develops into what may almost be called an attachment — what decent conduct on the part of Lovelace would have ripened into steady love. People blamed the author for a certain frigidity in his heroine, and wished that he had made her more ardent. Richardson, however, did not approve of passion, or rather he had no conception of the chastening and cleansing effect that passion may have. To him it was a bad thing, to be rigorously suppressed. “He taught the passions,” said Johnson, “to move at the command of virtue.” It would be juster to say that he suppressed the passions to make way for a conventional virtue which consists more in the insusceptibility to temptation than in the conquest of it. The one passion of Clarissa is for purity; her inclination for Lovelace is hardly strong enough to be dignified by the name of love. Richardson did not realise that by this

very suppression of passion he endangered his moral effect. For if Clarissa were thoroughly in love with Lovelace, though it is difficult to realise how her love could have survived his conduct, she might take some credit for repelling his advances. But if she is not thoroughly in love, she is under no temptation to yield; if she is in no danger from the solicitations of her own heart, there is little merit in rebuffing those of her lover. And Clarissa always keeps herself well in hand. She will not confess to more than a "conditional liking" for Lovelace, even when she shows a suspicious jealousy of a peasant girl, at whose home he is lodging. She cannot believe any good of the poor little thing (though in this matter, for once, her lover is innocent). "Would a girl," she asks, "modest as simple, above seventeen, be set singing at the pleasure of such a man as that?" And when Lovelace catches cold through waiting for her letters in an adjoining copse, she exclaims impatiently, "A sycophant creature! With his hoarsenesses, got perhaps in a midnight revel, singing to his wild note-singer, and only increased in the coppice!" But this warmth may be partly accounted for by the fact that Clarissa is altogether unused to any rivalry. She is so well used to flattery and admiration, that without having her mental balance at all upset by it, she is filled with a serene sense of superiority to ordinary human nature; even after she has placed herself in the power of Lovelace, she treats him with the air of a princess, and realises only by slow degrees that she has forfeited her claim to be regarded as a model of propriety and decorum. In this lies her tragedy; in the gradual breaking of the proud spirit, which had moved with such complacent self-confidence among its fellows. Not that Clarissa ever confuses the points at issue; in the depth of her misery she knows that the moral victory is all her own. "I had given Mr Lovelace no reason to think me a weak creature," she repeatedly writes, after the blow has fallen. But she knows too, that nothing can restore her to her former position; how can she ever again go among the village maidens, exhorting them to virtue, and warning them of the perils of life's voyage? "One of my delights," she says, "was to enter the cots of my poorer neighbours, to leave lessons for the boys and cautions for the elder girls. And how should I be able, unconscious, and without pain, to say to the latter, 'Fly the delusions of men,' who had been supposed to have run away with one of them?" No, she who once made it her pride to be an example to her sex, must now be content to be a warning; henceforth she can hope for very little influence or consideration. "People in calamity," she has learnt by bitter experience, "have very little weight in anything or with anybody."

Closely allied to Clarissa's pride is her obstinacy, which appears sometimes as fortitude, and sometimes as mere tenacity. "I have something in me of my father's family as well as of my mother's," she says once, and the same strength of will that makes her relations persist in their persecution of her enables her to withstand

all the blandishments of Lovelace and the persuasions of Anna Howe. “My will,” she exclaims proudly, “is unviolated! No credulity, no weakness, no want of vigilance, have I to reproach myself with.” She adheres inflexibly to every resolution, and once an idea has entered her mind nothing can dispossess her of it. She is full of pious superstitions, and the consciousness of her father’s curse is not the least of her afflictions; all her calamities, she is ready to think, are due to this. Her views are narrow, her horizon very limited, but she feels intensely, if not passionately, and she clings with incredible fidelity to relations who have exiled her from their hearts.

“Above all,” says M. Texte, “she has the sentiment of respectability.” She has no sympathy with anything that is not perfectly proper according to the conventions of her age. She never descends sufficiently to understand thoroughly; her attitude to the poor is one of lofty patronage; her consciousness of class distinctions is too plainly evident. “These are not people,” she says once, “I should choose to be intimate with, or whose ways I can like, although for the station they are in they may go through the world with tolerable credit.” And when she presents a servant with a cast-off dress, she adds, “The sleeves and the robings and facings must be altered for your wear, being, I believe, above your station.” She is indeed painfully aware of the advantages derived from wealth and position. “His fortunes in possession are handsome, in expectation, splendid,” she says in discussing the attractions of Lovelace; and the sense of her own advantages in these particulars makes it difficult for her to doubt her lover’s honourable intentions. She knows he has deceived others; “yet,” she says, “I did not mistrust his honour to me neither; nor his love; because nobody thought me unworthy of the latter, and my fortune was not to be despised.” Clarissa is quite aware that her person is not her only attraction, and a love-match, unsanctioned by an adequate income, would probably have appeared to her the height of folly; she moves and lives and breathes in an atmosphere of convention — social, moral and religious.

And it is on this very fact that the salutary moral effect of the book depends. Clarissa, the slave of convention, suddenly revolts against its tyranny, and vindicates her claim to liberty. All possible inducements urge her to marry Lovelace. She knows that if she does so she will be warmly welcomed by his family and reconciled to her own. The disgrace will be forgotten, and the circumstances of the courtship will be viewed in no more serious light than a youthful escapade, a romantic episode, to be passed on to unborn generations as part of the family history. With their beauty and position, the couple may make a social sensation; Clarissa may look forward to being a leader of fashion, or what would suit her better, the queen of a *salon.* All these dazzling prospects she

resolutely puts away. To her the real shame consists in having any connection with one so vile; she will not even take his name to cover her humiliation. Her innate purity vanquishes the conventions of her breeding, and she welcomes death itself rather than submit to their rule. In the first consciousness of her degradation she longs only for the eternal silence, and in her mad ravings there is something of the tragic horror familiar to us in the plays of Webster. "Make sure work, I pray thee. Dig a hole deep enough to cram in and conceal this unhappy body; for, depend upon it, that some of those who will not stir to protect me living, will move heaven and earth to avenge me dead." But with restored reason her fortitude returns, and she views her approaching end with fine serenity. She knows now the worst that life can bring; the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" can terrify her no longer, and she is encompassed with a pathetic sanctity that is infinitely touching. It may be urged that her agony is too long drawn out, and that the reader might have been spared the long correspondence of her friends after the catastrophe. But even this is not inappropriate, since it exhibits that natural and ever-recurring phase of human experience, the remorse that comes too late to repair the ill that has been done. "L'inutilité même," says M. Villemain, of these letters, "en fait la pathétique."

The character of Lovelace is more difficult to analyse. This is due to the fact that Richardson knew very little of the typical aristocratic rake; his life, passed in warehouses and round the tea-table, gave him small opportunity for close observation of the species. Sometimes, coming home at night to his quiet country-house, he may have been disturbed by a party of those young roisterers, who, in the exuberance of animal spirits tolerated by the age, seem to have found supreme pleasure in ill-treating innocent pedestrians and setting the decrepit watchmen at defiance, but he can have had little social knowledge of them. It must not be forgotten, however, that he was intimate with Colley Cibber and other men of the world; and he himself explicitly states that the character of Lovelace was drawn from life. "I am a good deal warped," he says, in a letter to Aaron Hill, dated January 26, 1747, "by the character of a gentleman I had in my eye, when I drew both him and Mr B. in *Pamela.* The best of that gentleman in the latter; the worst of him for Lovelace, made still worse by mingling the worst of two other characters, that were as well known to me, of that gentleman's acquaintance, and this made me say in my last that I aimed at an uncommon, though I supposed a not quite unnatural character"; and again, on January 5, 1747, "I had not in my aim to write after anything I had ever read or heard talked of; though I had in my mind's eye something I had seen years ago." These allusions may refer to the Duke of Wharton, but if so, the hint thus given must have been greatly elaborated and expanded. Lovelace does not convey the impression of having been drawn

from life, though as the story proceeds one is constantly amazed at the fascination exercised by this extraordinary and impossible hero.

The task of his creation was indeed a formidable one, especially for a person of Richardson's narrow views and strong prejudices. To fulfil his role of moralist he was obliged to render vice as ugly as possible, yet in order to beguile so blameless a maiden as Clarissa, it must have an attractive exterior. Lovelace is therefore a bundle of contradictions, of conflicting qualities, that could not possibly co-exist in the same person. His villainy as regards women requires that the rest of his character should show a corresponding depravity. Yet in every other relation of life he is represented as not only decent, but even admirable. He is a loyal friend and a generous landlord; his own servants adore him, and his liberality and graciousness win the devotion even of those at Harlowe Place. "He was ever a favourite with our domestics," writes Clarissa, "and having always something facetious to say to each had made them all of his party." Then he has few of the ordinary characteristics of the rake; his dissipation is confined to one point; he does not game, does not drink, is even economical and temperate. Richardson himself, in an unpublished letter of October 3, 1748, is at pains to point out his good qualities. "Have you," says he, "read Lovelace's bad and not his good? Or does the abhorrence which you have for that bad make you forget that he has any good? Is he not generous? Is he not with respect to *meum* and *teum* matters just? Is he not ingenious? Does he not on all occasions exalt the lady at his expense? Has he not therefore many sparks of goodness in his heart, though, with regard to the sex, he sticks at nothing?" He is, moreover, a man of education, and is full of literary allusions; indeed, his frequent citations border on pedantry. He is brimming over with wit and spirit, and goes through the world with such combined grace and recklessness as make him a most charming comrade. And, "gay and lively as he is," says Clarissa, "he has not the look of an impudent man." His appearance is, in fact, all that can be desired. "So little of the fop, yet so elegant and rich in his dress; his person so specious, his air so intrepid; so much meaning and penetration in his face, so much gaiety, yet so little of the monkey; though a travelled gentleman, yet no affectation; no mere toupet man, but all manly; and his courage and wit, the one so well known, the other so dreaded." Truly as dazzling a monster as ever fascinated a poor maiden to her undoing. Then he is quite unexceptionable in the matter of creed, and (though he sets it at defiance) is careful to recognise the existence of a moral law. "For libertine as I am thought to be," he says once, "I never will attempt to bring down the measures of right and wrong to the standard of my actions." He is plausible enough to others; but, until remorse overtakes him, he does not attempt to justify his crimes to himself. His independence of morality is a matter of deliberation, and only one

illustration of his inordinate vanity; for it is due to his desire for singularity, to his distaste for being classed with the common herd.

Vanity is, in truth, his ruling passion. He is no sensualist; and in undertaking the chase, the enjoyment of the prey is his least consideration. He has been so long regarded as irresistible that he cannot bear defeat, and the possibility of failure piques his pride and puts him on his mettle; he summons all his resources to ensure victory. But, like all bad men, he has no understanding of a good woman; he constantly miscalculates, and is driven to the poorest and commonest expedients to attain his end. Yet the mental exercise afforded by his project is not the least part in its delight, for his intellectual activity finds delightful employment in continual scheming, and in the invention of plots that are never brought to maturity. "Had I been a military hero," he writes, "I should have made gunpowder useless; for I should have blown up all my adversaries by dint of stratagem, turning their own devices upon them." This estimate of his own powers is supported by Belford's testimony: "A man born for intrigue, full of invention, intrepid, remorseless, able patiently to watch for thy opportunity; not hurried, as most men, by gusts of violent passion." He is, in short, an example of the intellectual, as opposed to the sensual, villain; all the more formidable because of his perfect 'self-control. He is essentially cruel, delighting in torture, and in the wretched fluttering of his victim in her cage; he is so entirely master of the situation that he can take his time over her release. "Marriage," he cries, "will always be in my power."

But this is just where he is mistaken. The perseverance with which he follows up his project is met by an equal perseverance in resistance from Clarissa, and his will clashes ineffectually with hers. He has found his match, and in his shameful triumph his admiration for her is stronger than ever; she has henceforth no real need of any external aid, for her persecutor has become her champion. His indignation flares up when Hickman hints at her misfortune. "You may tell Miss Howe from me," he exclaims, "that neither she nor any other woman in the world can be more virtuous than Miss Harlowe is to this hour, as to her own mind." The irony of the situation is that he has put the woman he loves and wishes to marry in such a position as to render necessary his protestations in her support.

There is, of course, much that is absurd in this conception, much that must strike any reader with a sense of humour as irresistibly comic. But to appreciate the intention of the author and to reconstruct Lovelace according to his idea, we must put aside these considerations and try to take him seriously. Much of what strikes us as incongruous and ridiculous was imperceptible to contemporary readers, and Richardson's lady correspondents certainly thought the hero sufficiently life-like. They had wept at Clarissa's death, but fresh tears were shed

over the last words of Lovelace. Of him, as of so many others in fiction and reality, it might be said that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." Even a modern reader, made callous by a hundred such imaginary scenes, must be touched by this tragic close to a gay career.

Concerning the other characters in the book there is much less to be said. Richardson seems purposely to have isolated his principals as much as possible, so that the unequal contest between. them may be more vividly realised. Anna Howe and Belford, who are their chief correspondents, exist mainly for that purpose.

The former, however, has a very distinct personality. She is supposed to be almost as admirable as her friend, her chief failing being a tendency to flippancy and too great vivacity of spirits. Although a loyal friend, she is a thorough coquette and a born tease. She does not readily submit to the parental rule or to masculine domination; she is a woman of independent character, fretting at the shackles imposed on her by her sex. And any approach to liberty, unconnected with matrimony, being at that time impossible for a girl of her class, she accepts the addresses of Hickman, a man of irreproachable fame, but lacking spirit and virility. He is her slave, and she treats him as if he existed merely for her pleasure, now encouraging, and now repulsing him; even after he is her acknowledged lover she still keeps him in suspense as to her real intentions towards him. Naturally enough, his devotion to her makes her think meanly of his capacity. "Poor man," she says, "he has not much penetration. If he had, he would not think so well of me as he does." And so, though she is supposed to have a real regard for him, she treats him with an open scorn that in actual life would certainly alienate the most attached lover. She is in fact outrageously rude. But this defect she has in common with the other reputedly witty women of Richardson's novels, with Lady Davers and Charlotte Grandison. Still, her letters are decidedly amusing, and her accounts of her difficulties with her mother and of the latter's courtship by Anthony Harlowe serve to relieve the strain of some of the most tragic moments in the story.

The more important of the remaining personages may be considered in a group, for they all belong to the family of Harlowe. They stand out before us in a series of extraordinarily vivid portraits, like family pictures in the gallery of some ancient house. They all, with the exception of Mrs Harlowe, exhibit in varying degrees the same characteristics of avarice and obstinacy; and, indeed, the opening chapters of the book would lead one to expect a sermon on avarice rather than on chastity. The extraordinary extent to which these people are dominated by their greed reminds one of some of Balzac's studies, of Père Grandet, for instance, or the heirs of Dr Mirouet, though they betray a brutality which was perhaps

possible only in English country gentlemen of the early eighteenth century. The bad qualities of the elder generation, of John, Anthony, and James Harlowe, seem to have culminated in the son of the last He is a stupid egoist, seeing only the goal before him, and quite oblivious of attending circumstances; and, making for it by mere force, defiant of obstacles and insensible to compassion, he carries with him by sheer strength of will his father and his uncles, in whom wider experience might have produced greater toleration. But the truth is that the whole family has been too successful; their wills have never been crossed, and the slightest suspicion of rebellion produces in them a fury of opposition. Clarissa ventures to protest against her father's tyranny, whereupon his gout flies to his stomach, and this infirmity is tearfully advanced by Mrs Harlowe as a reason for her daughter's submission. "He has pleaded, poor man," says she, "that his frequent gouty paroxysms (every fit more threatening than the former) give him no extraordinary prospects either of happiness or of long days, and he hopes that you, who have been supposed to have contributed to the lengthening of your grandfather's life, will not, by your disobedience, shorten your father's." He is a petty despot, ruling his timid subjects according to no law but his own whims, and exaggerating the theory of parental prerogative to absurd dimensions. He applies to his children the law that contemporary politicians applied to the colonies, that they exist only for the good of those who called them into existence. The idea of such relations has undergone a complete change since the eighteenth century, and what may appear impossible at the present time is perfectly credible of Richardson's generation. He himself, as has been seen, demanded excessive respect from his daughters, and, while he treated their contemporaries with sentimental deference, never abated one tittle from the reverence that he, as a parent, expected. And matrimonial arrangements were then considered as less the concern of the lady than of her parents; though nominally free to choose, the ultimate disposal of her hand lay in her father's pleasure. Forced marriages were not uncommon, and thus, in his determination to marry Clarissa, with or without her consent, to Mr Solmes, her father was not exceeding what the opinion of the time allowed to be his just privilege.

In uniting to this overbearing tyrant a woman like Mrs Harlowe, Richardson showed much penetration. She is a sweet amiable soul, torn between maternal solicitude and marital duty; she, too, considers obedience as an obligation; her spirit has been broken by years of submission, and she sacrifices her daughter because she is too weak to think or to act independently. Her timorous policy is well summed up in the words of Anna Howe "You pity her mother! So do not I. I pity no mother that puts it out of her power to show maternal love and humanity

in order to patch up for herself a precarious and sorry quiet which every blast of wind shall disturb."

But if the story of Clarissa still lives, it is not by virtue of any of the subordinate characters, but by reason of the one matchless central figure, who stands unrivalled among the other inventions of her creator. And, as long as the English language is spoken or its literature read, the "divine Clarissa" will hold her own among the noblest of its ideal women, with Imogen, and Portia, and Cordelia. Torn from the proud pedestal of maidenhood, dragged in an unclean company through foul and miry ways, a sacrifice to vanity rather than to lust, she loses none of her charm or potency. For through her there speaks the authentic voice of the best women of all ages, who refuse to disassociate love and respect from the most sacred of human relationships, or to subject themselves to the humiliation of a union unsanctioned by these motives.

CHAPTER VIII. “SIR CHARLES GRANDISON”

“It is the longest of novels and one of the best.” So wrote the late Dr Jowett of *Sir Charles Grandison.* But there are probably few readers of his delightful letters who have time or inclination to test the value of this judgment by independent investigation, since the perusal of the book is the work not of hours, nor of days, but literally of weeks. And to appreciate it properly one must choose the time and place; one would not think of taking one of the seven volumes as a companion on a railway journey. It is a book for a long vacation, because it cannot be read hurriedly, and for its enjoyment requires the consciousness of prolonged leisure. And it is a book for the country, or at least for some decayed provincial town, where the illusion produced by the author’s skill is not liable to frequent interruption by the prosaic accidents of a busy life. But perhaps the ideal place to read it in would be some old retired garden, whose trim cut yews and mossy red brick walls are eloquent of the pride and foresight of departed men; or, better still, an oak-lined chamber whose charms should vie with those of the “cedar parlour” at Selby House.

The story, like those of *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, is told by means of letters, the principal correspondents being “young ladies of polite education and lively spirits.” Of these the chief are the heroine, Miss Harriet Byron, and her cousin, Miss Lucy Selby. Harriet, left an orphan in babyhood, has been brought up by her grandparents, Mr and Mrs Shirley, who have made it their first concern to pack her pretty head with maxims on conduct and morals, with the somewhat improbable result of turning her out a paragon of mingled discretion and sensibility. When the story opens, her grandfather is dead, and she is living with her uncle, Mr Selby; and in spite of her moderate fortune (she has only fifteen thousand pounds, the interest of which, as Macaulay calculates, must have been quite exhausted by her postal expenses) she is persecuted by the addresses of neighbouring gentlemen. The book artfully opens with a letter from her cousin relating the despair of three of these suitors when they hear of Miss Byron’s proposed visit to London. Close upon this follows one from one of the rejected swains, called Greville, who describes her charms in glowing terms, and declares that she alone has converted him to a belief in feminine goodness. “O, madam, women *have* souls. I now am convinced they have. I dare own to your ladyship that I once doubted it.... And have I not seen her dance? Have I not heard her sing? But, indeed, mind and body, she is all harmony!”

No sooner has Miss Byron arrived in London than she makes a profound sensation. Fresh wooers appear, among them a young gentleman named Fowler. His suit is warmly supported by his uncle, a Welsh baronet, who, in accordance with the extraordinary lack of reticence characteristic of most of the persons in this book, presses the matter on the lady in the midst of a roomful of company. While the matter is still progressing there enters a fifth admirer, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, universally considered a desirable *parti* on account of his long rent-roll and handsome person. He is so confident of success that Harriet has some difficulty in persuading him that her refusal is seriously meant.

"I thank you, sir, for your good opinion of me, but I cannot encourage your addresses."

"You cannot, madam, encourage my addresses! And express yourself so seriously! Good heaven!" (He stood silent a minute or two, looking upon me and upon himself, as if he had said, Foolish girl! Knows she whom she refuses?) "I have been assured, madam," recovering a little from his surprise, "that your affections are not engaged. But surely it must be a mistake; some happy man—"

"Is it," interrupted I, "a necessary consequence that the woman who cannot receive the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen must be engaged?"

"Why, madam, as to that I know not what to say; but a man of my fortune, and I hope not *absolutely* disagreeable either in person or temper; of *some* rank in life; what, madam, if you are as much in earnest as you seem, can be your objection?"

But in spite of the apparent absurdity of her rejection, Harriet persists in it, and by her obstinacy drives Sir Hargrave to desperation. He manages to insinuate into her service a footman named Wilson, and with his assistance carries her off from a masquerade to a house at Paddington (then quite in the country), where he endeavours to force her to marry him. In her struggle to escape she is hurt, and this frightens him so much that he defers the rite, and attempts to take her in a chariot and six, with an armed escort, to his country-house.

And now the time is ripe for the appearance of the hero of the story. Harriet Byron is being driven along, wrapped in a long cloak, a handkerchief tied round her mouth, and held fast in her lover's arms, when in a narrow place where there is no room to pass their coach is met by another. She manages to disengage one hand and to scream for assistance, at which the gentleman in the strange coach bars the way and begins to inquire into the matter. Sir Hargrave draws, but the lady is rescued, and placed in the carriage of her deliverer. He proves to be Sir Charles Grandison, lately arrived in England after a prolonged tour on the continent, and now on his way to join his sisters at Colnebrook. Thither he insists on taking Harriet, and she, nothing loth, consents; for her heart, hitherto

invincible, has been taken a willing captive by his charms, which she thus describes: —

"This grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manner as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible... Well might his sister tell Mrs Reeves that whenever he married he would break half a score of hearts. Upon my word, Lucy, he has too many personal advantages for a woman who loved him with peculiarity to be easy with, whatever may be his virtue from the foible our sex in general love to indulge for a handsome man. For, O my dear, women's eyes are sad giddy things, and will run away with their sense, with their understandings, beyond the power of being overtaken either by — Stop, thief! or hue and cry. I know that here you will bid me take care not to increase the number of the giddy. And so I will, my Lucy."

A challenge is the natural consequence of the encounter between the two baronets, and the fear lest her rescuer may suffer for her sake raises Harriet's newly kindled passion to fever pitch. Sir Charles, however, whose principles are opposed to duelling, manages to evade the necessity of fighting by disarming his adversary in the nick of time (a useful accomplishment, by which in the course of the story he twice confounds his rivals). This feat he follows up by a long discourse on the history and philosophy of duelling, and having quite won over his opponent, gracefully retires from the scene, victor in argument as well as in arms. "Sir Hargrave seemed greatly disturbed and dejected. He could not, he said, support himself under the consciousness of his own inferiority. But what could I do? said he. The devil could not have made him fight. Plague take him! he put me out of my play."

All this time Sir Charles, though professing the greatest admiration for Miss Byron, has given no sign of desiring a deeper interest with her, and her difficulties are increased by a new suitor, whom her family combine in recommending to her acceptance. The Earl of D. has twelve thousand a year, and is in every other respect highly eligible, but Harriet's affections are by this time far too deeply engaged for her to dream of any man but one. "Every child in love matters," says her grandmother, "would find you out," and straightway implores her to overcome this laudable affection. "The more desirable the object, the nobler the conquest of the passion, if it is to be overcome." But with a singular lack of delicacy, Mrs Shirley deems it necessary to inform the earl's mother that Harriet's heart is already won; for, as the identity of the happy man must be obvious to all his acquaintance, she imagines that this avowal will lead to an inquiry into Sir Charles' engagements and thus, by one means or another, put an end to Harriet's suspense.

At this juncture the heroine makes another visit to Colnebrook, where she is received with open arms by Sir Charles' sisters, Lady L. and Charlotte Grandison, though their brother cruelly takes the opportunity for important business at Canterbury. A close intimacy between the ladies follows, and Harriet — and alas! the reader also — is informed of all the family history of the Grandisons, of the matrimonial differences of their father and mother, and of the love-story of Lady L., in which narrative Sir Charles constantly plays an amiable and attractive part. At last he returns to Colnebrook, and the sun shines once more. "My philosophy is quite gone," says Harriet, "I must take sanctuary, and that very soon, at Selby House." But the object of her adoration seems as far as ever from a declaration. He busies himself with everybody's affairs but his own, helps to release Charlotte from a girlish entanglement, and hurries on the negotiations for her marriage with Lord G.; performs the duties of executor to a deceased friend, and arranges the complicated affairs of his ward, Emily Jervois (who is another of his victims). But at last, on the pretext of obtaining Harriet's suffrage for Charlotte's suitor, he invites her to a private interview, during which he takes her into his confidence on the subject of his own embarrassments. During his residence abroad he was enabled to perform a signal service to Jeronymo della Poretta, the youngest son of a noble Italian house, and this led to an acquaintance with the whole family. They received him on the most cordial terms, and even allowed him to teach English to their only daughter, Clementina. The inevitable consequence followed, though Sir Charles, feeling, as he says, that "to have recommended myself to the young lady's favour, though by looks and assiduities, would have been an infamous breach of the trust they all reposed in me," had made no sign of love. Thereupon Clementina fell into a deep melancholy, which was increased by his departure, and she was at last induced to reveal her affection. The family had then made proposals to him, but the terms were such as precluded acceptance. "For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to settle in Italy; only once in two or three years was allowed, if I pleased, for two or three months to go to England; and as a visit of curiosity, once in her life, if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them." His proposed compromise being rejected, Sir Charles took a final leave, and this drove Clementina to actual madness. Now, in their distress, her parents had summoned him once more to their palace, in order to enter on a further discussion of the matter "And now, madam," said he, in conclusion, and he was going to take my hand, but with an air as if he thought the freedom would be too great — a tenderness *so* speaking in his eyes, a respectfulness *so* solemn in his countenance — he just touched it, and withdrew his hand. "What shall I say? I cannot tell what I should say. But you, I

see, can pity me — you can pity the noble Clementina. Honour forbids me! Yet honour bids me. Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous, selfish!"

He arose from his seat: "Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favour of your ear. Pardon me for the trouble I see I have given to a heart that is capable of a sympathy so tender."

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me see his emotion.

This interview throws Harriet into a state of the utmost suspense and agitation. Sir Charles' confusion is plainly caused by the conflict between his love for her and his obligations to Clementina; yet never has her own case seemed more hopeless. For the summons from the haughty Italian family indicates that they are prepared to waive their objections, and Sir Charles thinks his honour engaged to meet them half way. He therefore prepares for another visit to Italy, but in the interval before his departure he is fully occupied with the affairs of various friends, and with the somewhat delicate task of rebuffing the attentions of another Italian lady, who has sought him out in England. At last, however, he departs, leaving at least three aching hearts behind him. "Lady Olivia," writes Harriet, "was the most thoughtful at dinner-time; yet poor Emily! Ah, the poor Emily! She went out four or five times to weep; though only I perceived it."

Meanwhile Harriet has been made more fully acquainted with Sir Charles' difficulties by means of copies of the correspondence with his former tutor, Dr Bartleet, during his first Italian visit; and she is now kept informed of his movements by similar means; for her lover is almost as industrious a writer as herself, and relates everything that passes with a minuteness worthy of so conscientious a person. Even contemporary readers dared to hint "that some thought the Italian scenes tedious repetition," and certainly many of these pages might have been omitted without much loss. One becomes desperately tired of all these conferences, carried on with as much solemnity as if they related to an act of parliament, and attended by all the uncles, aunts and cousins of the poor mad lady. But the suspense is well sustained, and things are beginning to look somewhat dark for Harriet. Her rival's family agree to Sir Charles' terms, and matters are almost concluded, when suddenly Clementina's conscience conveniently asserts itself, and she decides that it is impossible for her to marry a heretic; Sir Charles entreats her to reconsider her decision, but her resolution remains unshaken; she only desires to be allowed to enter a convent, and urges him to marry an Englishwoman. And so, with the greatest apparent reluctance, he departs, leaving her to struggle for the peace which his return home brings to the tortured heart of Miss Byron.

For, as Sir Charles is nothing if not businesslike, and has fully determined to marry as soon as he can decide which of the two ladies has the greater claim on him, he loses no time in paying his addresses to Harriet, thereby raising her to the seventh heaven of delight, and filling her admirers with despair. One of them, the before mentioned Greville, attempts to fight his rival, who disarms him with his usual dexterity; the others, recognising the superior excellence of the successful wooer, acquiesce in the lady's choice. The greater part of two volumes is taken up with an account of the engagement, which only lasts six weeks, and with references to the domestic affairs of Lady L. and Lady G. At last, nearly at the close of the seventh volume, when the reader is beginning to wonder how long these "femalities" (the author's own word) will be dragged out, Clementina reappears on the scene. In order to avoid an unwelcome proposal of marriage, she has taken refuge in England, and calls her old lover to her aid. With magnificent, if somewhat improbable generosity, Harriet extends a warm welcome to her and to her family, who in full force follow the fugitive to these shores. She is reconciled to them and the story closes with her reluctant consent to perhaps allow, at some distant period, the addresses of the Count of Belvedere, and the departure of the visitors from England.

The story of *Sir Charles Grandison*, like all the other works of its author, is distinctly a story with a purpose, and is told with the definite intention of presenting to the world a character of ideal human goodness. "He is," says his creator, "in the general tenor of his principles and conduct (though exerted in peculiarities of circumstances that cannot always be accommodated to particular imitation), proposed for an example." And Richardson defends his intention by a quotation from Tillotson. "There is no manner of inconvenience in having a pattern propounded to us of so great perfection, as is above our reach to attain to.... The excellency of the pattern, as it leaves room for continual improvement, so it kindles ambition, and makes men strain and contend to the utmost to do better. And though he can never hope to equal the example before him, yet he will endeavour to come as near it as he can. So that a perfect pattern is no hindrance, but an advantage rather, to our improvement in any kind."

Now, avoiding any discussion as to the legitimacy of giving so great a prominence in a work of fiction to the didactic aim, the question arises whether Richardson has been successful in presenting such an example as he intended. Is the character of Sir Charles likely to stir anyone to imitation, or to inspire young men, for whose edification it was mainly conceived, with a desire for virtue?

On a first consideration one might be inclined to answer in the negative. Sir Charles, say the critics, is a compound of every excellence, but he does not live, and if he did he would be an exceedingly unpleasant person. Sir Walter Scott

applies to him the quotation: “The faultless monster whom the world ne’er saw,” and Mr Leslie Stephen, though less severe in his condemnation, characterises him as “a prig of the first water... self-conscious to the last degree.” This verdict would apply more or less to all Richardson’s characters, and was indeed unavoidable in the creations of so absurdly self-conscious a man as he. Sir Charles is self-conscious in the same manner as Pamela or Clarissa, or his ante-type, Lovelace. Self-consciousness is an almost necessary accompaniment of the analytic mind, and in Richardson it amounted to a disease.

Admitting this drawback, it is perhaps worth while to enter upon a somewhat detailed examination of Grandison’s character, and determine whether he is altogether so unnatural and disagreeable a person as has been stated. His first drawback is that he is too fortunate; he is rich, handsome, charming in speech and manner; by the mere influence of his personality subduing his foes, and turning their enmity into reverent admiration. His friends never weary in their chorus of approbation, till at last the perpetual iteration of his virtues has an effect contrary to what was intended, and a feeling of actual antagonism is provoked; so much praise has the result of prejudicing the hearer against its subject. One feels that it is an infringement on the right of independent judgment, and this is perhaps one reason why Sir Charles has had so many adverse critics. His popularity with his acquaintances damages his popularity with the reader.

Yet, it must be admitted that his conduct is quite unexceptionable. He is courteous, if slightly patronising, to the objects of his benevolence; he is compassionate and charitable even to those who have wronged him. He is always actively pursuing the good of his fellow-creatures, and like a good magician in a fairy-tale he conjures up a wife for that old reprobate, Lord W.; starts a crowd of deserving young people in life; arranges marriages, reconciles families, procures justice for distressed gentlewomen, manages admirably two estates of his own, and the large fortune of his ward. And all this at twenty-six years of age! One cannot help wondering whence he obtained his experience and knowledge of the world.

He is indeed much too old for his years, and his attitude to all those under his protection is that of a man superior by age and experience as well as by condition and natural talent. He treats his ward, who, according to the ideas of contemporary society, is a grown up young lady, as if he were her father. “Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; she before him; he standing in an easy, genteel attitude, leaning against the wainscot, listening smiling to her prattle with looks of indulgent love, as a father might do to a child he was proud of.” He regards Harriet “with a benign aspect”; there is no question of reciprocal shy glances, of mute confession on either side — she adores, and he smiles

graciously upon her. He is moreover always ready to improve the occasion, and alters the words of *Alexander's Feast* to support his theory as to the sinfulness of fighting,

"Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the *good* deserve the fair."

Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, no one can lay the book down without feeling that he has been in the company of a high-minded, if somewhat ridiculous, man. The whole question of the value of the conception hinges, not on Sir Charles' manners, nor even on his philanthropic leanings, but on his relations with women, and especially with the two who win his affection, namely Harriet and Clementina. For Richardson considered that the crucial test of a man's character was his conduct towards the other sex. He disapproved of the moral license of the age, and since his rival Fielding had presented more than one hero who was far from immaculate in this respect, he determined to portray one who should be absolutely blameless; who, being placed in circumstances of great delicacy and perplexity, should behave in a manner to which not the nicest sense of honour could take exception. And Sir Charles' love affairs are conducted with great sagacity and penetration. Grandison is not, any more than Richardson himself, a man of strong and absorbing passions; he is a sentimentalist, and it is the sentimentalist, rather than the man of strong passion, who becomes involved in affairs of this nature; with the best intentions in the world he finds himself in the position of a common flirt. Now when Sir Charles first knew of Clementina's attachment to him he was flattered by it into an answering regard; he was not deeply in love, but what man could resist the plainly expressed affection of a beautiful and amiable girl? Besides, he has been daily thrown into her society, and propinquity is a great match-maker. But when his suit to her has apparently failed, and under peculiarly romantic circumstances he meets Miss Byron, he wavers in his adherence. Miss Byron is equally beautiful, equally amiable; she has, moreover, the advantage of being a Protestant and an Englishwoman. If no Clementina existed, Harriet would certainly have his heart. "From the first," he says, in relating his story to her, "I called Miss Byron sister, but she is more to me than the dearest sister." Further than this he dare not go, for, as he says afterwards:—

"The farewell interview (*i e* with Clementina) denied her, demonstrated, I thought, so firm an affection for me, at the same time that she was to me what I may truly call a first love; that though the difficulties in my way seemed insuperable, I thought it became me, in honour, in gratitude, to hold myself in

suspense and not to make my address to any other woman until the fate of the dear Clementina was determined." But when he returns to Italy, and falls once more under the old charm, he is apparently quite sincere in his renewed addresses, though he is not undisturbed by the thought of what his proposed marriage may mean to Harriet. "The two noblest minded women in the world," he writes to Jeronymo, "when I went over to Italy, held almost an equal place in my heart. But when the dear Clementina began to show signs of recovery... and when I further experienced the condescending goodness of your whole family, all united in my favour, I had not a wish but for your Clementina."

This "divided love," as Richardson called it, evoked a good deal of censure from some of his correspondents. "You have made me bounce off my chair," wrote Lady Bradshaigh, "with reading that two good girls were in love with your hero, and that he was fond of both. I have such despicable notions of a divided love that I cannot have an idea how a worthy object can entertain such a thought." And again, "I cannot think such a man as Sir Charles Grandison can think her (Clementina) a desirable wife, though compassion and gratitude forces *(sic)* him to be earnest in his suit; too earnest, surely. I think he says 'his future peace depends upon his success,' calls her the best of women, the noblest of her sex; so has he said of Harriet, whom he must now look upon in an inferior light. I know not how to solve the difficulties; he cannot be a good man and insincere." Richardson in his reply defends himself by asserting that such a state of indecision is not at all uncommon among men, however unnatural it may appear to women, and hints that a man may be equally in love with two women at the same time, and that a mere accident may affect his final decision. But in this difficult circumstance, when the average man would give way to the impulse of the hour, and declare his affection for her who has most influence at the moment, Sir Charles remembers his prior engagement. He is not really bound in any way to Clementina; he has every excuse for breaking with her family, but his "honour forbids him." The explanatory scene with Harriet before his second Italian journey is truly affecting. Behind all the starched phrases, the madams and sirs, the elaborate bows and stately courtesies, one hears the throb of perplexed human hearts, beating in suspense and anxiety. The stiff phraseology and ceremonious bearing of the lovers ought not to blind us, and probably did not blind contemporary readers, to the sincerity of the passion. Their very restraint intensifies the pathos; it is true that Harriet weeps, but Sir Charles is prevented by the nature of the case from offering any tender consolation; he can use no term of endearment, nor venture on the slightest caress. So they part, the one to find speedy consolation elsewhere, the other to await in sick suspense the issue of her drama.

Richardson's evident purpose is to convince the romantic heart of youth that its wounds are not incurable. "The disappointed heart, not given up to unmanly despair, in a world so subject to disappointments, will catch at the nearest good to that which it has lost," writes Sir Charles. The author firmly believes that the married state is the most desirable for all women and for most men, and since few people are so fortunate as to attain a union with that other who seems most desirable to them, young persons must be brought up to believe that no passion is so strong as to be invincible. A moderate amount of felicity is within the reach of everyone; it is unreasonable to expect anything more. No one will dispute the common sense of this position, but it is open to objection. Richardson does not sufficiently take into account the elevating and purifying effect of a passion that is not conquered, but remaining faithful to its first object will stoop to no compromise, and prefers lifelong solitude to a marriage that does not satisfy its ideal; and secondly, he takes no account of the multitude of unhappy unions that were assuredly not less common in his day than in ours. Nor is he quite consistent. We are led to suppose that had not Clementina's religious scruples released her suitor no amount of prudence or common sense would have consoled Harriet or led her to accept the proposals of the Earl of D., who was plainly "the next good to that she had lost." And though Richardson maintains his theory with regard to Clementina, and allows it to be concluded that, having resigned Sir Charles, she will console herself with the Count of Belvedere; yet this is only another instance of the manner in which he spoils his artistic effect by the intrusion of his moral purpose. The dignity of Clementina demands that she should listen to no other proposals. The strength of her love unhinges her mind, and since all deep feeling commands respect, the involuntary exhibition of hers is not felt to be repellent. But if its force is such as to overcome her reason, it should also be such as to secure its permanence; "it were better to die, and soon," or at least to seek an asylum behind quiet convent doors, than everyone; it is unreasonable to expect anything more. No one will dispute the common sense of this position, but it is open to objection. Richardson does not sufficiently take into account the elevating and purifying effect of a passion that is not conquered, but remaining faithful to its first object will stoop to no compromise, and prefers lifelong solitude to a marriage that does not satisfy its ideal; and secondly, he takes no account of the multitude of unhappy unions that were assuredly not less common in his day than in ours. Nor is he quite consistent. We are led to suppose that had not Clementina's religious scruples released her suitor no amount of prudence or common sense would have consoled Harriet or led her to accept the proposals of the Earl of D., who was plainly "the next good to that she had lost." And though Richardson maintains his theory with regard to Clementina, and

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Neither of the two heroines of *Sir Charles Grandison* is in fact very attractive. Of the two most critics have preferred Clementina, perhaps because one's sympathies are apt to go with the loser, and because her madness is really pathetic. Warton actually preferred it to that of Ophelia, but this must have been a concession to the prevailing fashion, for the few distracted snatches of song in *Hamlet,* being used with more restraint, give a far more poignant impression than Clementina's endless ravings. Richardson never knew when to stop, and so prolongs these scenes that he converts our pity to impatience, and poor Clementina would receive more compassion if she were less long-winded. And when the sweet enthusiast, having taken a solemn farewell of her rejected suitor in Italy, actually seeks his help and protection in England, one begins to doubt the much vaunted delicacy of her mind. If she was still in love with Sir Charles it was unpardonable; if she was not, any woman of nice feeling would have known to what imputation this reckless conduct laid her open. To bring Clementina to England was quite to destroy the effect produced by her tragic resignation; on her lover's departure from Italy she should have passed altogether from the scene; the author spoils all by being too explicit.

But probably Richardson intended this action only as another tribute to the fascinations of his hero. If so, he made a grave mistake. The devotion of all these ladies makes the object of their affection slightly ridiculous; a man in such a position cannot fail to lose some dignity in the eyes of his fellows. And as Sir Walter Scott justly remarks, with regard to Harriet Byron, "Most readers have felt that this conduct,... though designed to elevate the hero, has the contrary effect of degrading the character of the heroine." Sir Charles is not a coxcomb, but in real life he must have inevitably become one, while most men would be tempted to regard lightly a prize so easily won as either Clementina or Harriet.

It is not that one would support the cruel and unnatural convention that a woman must not give her heart till it is asked for — a convention established by

generations who considered passivity to be the whole duty of woman, and any attempt on her part at initiative as a treason against her sex. Harriet could not have been blamed for falling a victim to the irresistible attractions of Sir Charles, nor even for confiding her passion to her cousin Lucy. Richardson, who was learned in feminine psychology as few men have been, knew that the convention of modest inaction was responsible, not only for many of the sorrows, but also for much of the dissimulation of women. He understood the bad effect of constant self-repression, and of the continual effort to conceal legitimate emotion; and since, in his opinion, perfect sincerity was the most charming of feminine graces, his ideal heroine must not stoop to the slightest disguise. And, unable to distinguish between the reserve dictated by ordinary prudence, and a deliberate attempt to give a false impression, he endowed Harriet with an expansiveness which the most independent and liberal critic must find offensive. The case could not be better put than it was by Lady Bradshaigh when she wrote that this frankness "will for ever remain a blemish on the character... of Harriet Byron.... I should have admired her more had she suffered in silence, nothing should have drawn her to an acknowledgment but Sir Charles' addresses; it is not affected reserve, or too close a way of thinking that I am recommending, but there is a modest prudence which I think ought to tie a woman's tongue in this delicate circumstance." Another blemish which a modern reader will find in Harriet's character is her preoccupation with the question of matrimony. It absorbs her whole attention, and, in spite of her numerous admirers, she is always on the look-out for more. She regards every man she meets as a probable suitor; immediately after her rescue by Sir Charles she begins to speculate on his possible behaviour to a possible wife. His sister complains of his reticence. "Very likely," writes Harriet, "he would be as reserved to his wife." She cannot imagine what are his engagements, and why he is so backward in paying her his addresses; and when Mrs Reeves suggests that "had he any such thought he would be under difficulties to break his mind, lest such a declaration should be thought to lessen the merit of his protection," she eagerly seizes on the suggestion. "A good thought, my Lucy, of Mrs Reeves," she says, "and who knows, my Lucy, but there may be some foundation for it?" Her passion is patent to everyone, though the object of it is supposed to be miraculously blind to it. "You ladies must have seen that Miss Byron has a more than grateful regard for your brother," says Dr Bartleet, and Lady Olivia observes that "her eyes, by their officious withdrawing from his, and by the consciousness that glowed in her face whenever he addressed her, betrayed at least to a jealous eye more than she would wish to have seen." In letters that are read not only by her cousin, her grandmother, her uncle and aunt,

but by her other relations of various degrees of consanguinity, she describes Grandison in the following glowing terms: —

"Oh, my aunt, be so good as to let the servants prepare my apartment at Selby House. There is no living within the blazing glory of this man! But for one's comfort he appears to have one fault, and he owns it.... This fault is pride. Do you mind what a stress he lays now and then on the family name? 'Dignity,' says he, 'that becomes my sisters!' Proud mortal! O, my Lucy, he is proud, too proud, I doubt, as well as too considerable in his fortunes. What would I say? Yet I know who would study to make him the happiest of men."

At this point there is nothing for it but to lay the book down in disgust, and not to resume the reading till the disagreeable impression has passed off.

It is impossible to feel much sympathy for such a heroine, even when Sir Charles goes away, and her cheek grows pale and thin, and everyone knows the reason, and condoles with her upon it. When the letter announcing the near union of Sir Charles and Clementina is received, its contents are communicated to no less than nine people, who discuss it together, and announce the news to her in full assembly. "I see," said she, "by the compassionate looks of everyone, that something is the matter.... Well, my friends, you are all grieved for me because the man is Sir Charles Grandison. And so, doctor, he is actually married? God Almighty," piously bending one knee, "make him and his Clementina happy!" Most women in such circumstances would feel openly expressed sympathy to be the extremity of torture, but Harriet parades her resignation and invites compliments upon it.

If, however, one can pardon her for this exaggerated candour, one may find a good deal that is interesting in this study of the workings of a woman's heart. The secret agitations, the alternations of hope and despair, of depression and gaiety; all those things, which, by a supreme effort, are generally kept hidden from the world, are here laid bare to the reader. "Let me ask you, my Lucy," she says, "you have passed the fiery ordeal, Did you ever find in yourself a kind of impatience, next to petulance; and in your heart (only for fear of exposing yourself) that you were ready to quarrel, or be short, with anybody that came upon you of a sudden, yet have no business of consequence to engage either your fingers or your thoughts?" The letters are full of passages like this, showing subtle insight and sympathetic understanding of the growth of passion; and since their existence is dependent on the objectionable candour which Richardson intended as an additional attraction to his heroine, this drawback must be forgiven for their sake.

The minor characters in *Sir Charles Grandison* are more numerous and better drawn than those of the other novels. It is a long step from Lady Davers to Charlotte Grandison, though both belong to the same genus, and the latter is only

the finished portrait of which the former is the rough sketch. Yet even Charlotte is by no means an ideal gentlewoman, and contemporary readers found much to criticise in her conduct. “His Anna Howe and Charlotte Grandison,” said Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, “are recommended as patterns of charming pleasantry, and applauded by his saint-like dames, who mistake pert folly for wit and humour, and impudence and ill nature for spirit and fire. Charlotte behaves like a humorsome child, and should have been used as one, and well whipped in the presence of her friendly confidante, Harriet.” And, indeed, Charlotte’s practical jokes and open contempt of the man whom she is nevertheless willing to marry are certainly somewhat incomprehensible, even taking into consideration the fact that she was by no means anxious for matrimony, but was forced into that state by the officious benevolence of her philanthropic brother.

Nevertheless, Charlotte’s entertaining letters, and especially those in which she relates her matrimonial experiences, add much to the liveliness of the book, and help to relieve the suspense caused by the uncertainty of her brother’s matrimonial projects. Take, for instance, the following passage: —

“My Lord sent up his compliments, and desired to know if he might attend me. I was in my dressing-room. He was not always so polite.... Up he came, one leg dragged after the other, not alert as he used to be on admission to his Charlotte. The last eight stairs his steps sounded: I, go, up, with, an, heavy, heart. He entered; bowed: ‘Were the words yours? You would be glad to see me, madam!’

“‘They were, my lord.’

“‘Would to God you said truth!’

“‘I did, I am glad to see you. I wanted to talk to you — about this Northamptonshire visit.’

“‘Are you in earnest, madam, to make that visit?’

“‘I am. Miss Byron is not well. Emily pines to see her as much as I. You have no objection?’

“He was silent.

“‘Do you set out to-morrow, sir, for Windsor and Oxford?’

“He sighed. ‘I think so, madam.’

“‘Shall you visit Lord W.?’

“‘I shall.’

“‘And complain to him of me, my lord?’ He shook his grave head as if there were wisdom in it. Be quiet, Harriet — not good all at once — that would be not to hold it.

“‘No, madam, I have done complaining to anybody. You will one day see that you have not acted generously by the man who loves you as his own soul.’

“This, and his eyes glistening, moved me: ‘Have we not been *both* wrong, my lord?’

“‘Perhaps we have, madam, but here is the difference: I have been wrong with a *right intention*; you have been wrong and *studied* to be so.’

“‘Prettily said. Repeat it, my lord. How was it?’ And I took his hand and looked very graciously.

“‘I cannot bear these airs of contempt.’

“If you call them so, you are wrong, my lord, though perhaps *intending* to be *right!*

“He did not see how good I was disposed to be; as I said, a change all at once would have been unnatural.

“‘Very well, madam!’ and turned from me with an air, half grieved, half angry.

“‘Only answer me, my lord. Are you willing I should go to Northamptonshire?’

“‘If you choose to go, I have no objection. Miss Byron is an angel.’

“‘Now don’t be perverse, Lord G. Don’t praise Miss Byron at the expense of somebody else.’

“‘Would to heaven, madam—’

“‘I wish so too.’ And I put my hand before his mouth — so kindly!

“He held it there with both his, and kissed it. I was not offended. ‘But do you actually set out for Windsor and Oxford to-morrow, my lord?’ “‘Not, madam, if you have any commands for me.’

“‘Why, now, that’s well said. Has your lordship anything to propose to me?’

“‘I could not be so welcome to you, as your escort, as I am sure I should be to Miss Byron and her friends as her guest?’

“‘You could not? How can you say so, my lord? You would do me both honour and pleasure.’

“‘What would I give, that you mean what you say!’

“‘I do mean it, my lord. My hand upon it.’ I held out my hand for his. He snatched it, and I thought would have devoured it.”

But this dialogue takes place when Charlotte has been married some months, and is becoming reconciled to the assiduities of her husband. While he is still her lover she can hardly endure his devotion. “I shall hate this man,” she says, “he docs nothing but hop, skip, and jump dance about me, grin, and make mouths.” Poor Charlotte! It must be confessed that it was somewhat hard for a lady with her keen sense of humour to fall to the lot of a man who is clearly intended to be somewhat ridiculous — a humble, deferential creature, with a passion for collecting moths and old china.

On the whole, she is a likeable character, and in spite of her pride of place and her attitude to the ungenteel, ("One married lady was there," she says once, "the wife of Sir — Somebody — I am very bad at remembering the names of city knights), she has a good heart, and plenty of sympathy to spare for her friends. Even Aunt Nell, who has committed the unpardonable sin of remaining single, is kindly described by her, though her foibles are not spared. "Aunt Nell was all joy and gladness. She was in raptures last night, it seems, at her nephew's first arrival.

... The good old soul imagines she is of importance to him, in the direction of family matters, now I have left him. I, Harriet! there's self-importance! But, good creatures, these old virgins! they do *so* love to be thought useful. Well, and is not that a good sign on Aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if she would have been a useful creature in the days of nightrail and notableness, had she been a wife in good time? I always think, when I see those badgerly virgins fond of a parrot, a squirrel, a monkey, or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes out husband and children in the animals — Poor things....

"I wished her in Yorkshire fifty times, as we sat at breakfast; for when I wanted to ask my brother twenty thousand questions, and to set him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams of the night before his arrival and last night. Seas crossed, rivers forded — dangers escaped by the help of angels and saints, were the reveries of the former night; and of the last, the music of the spheres, heaven, and joy, and festivity. The plump creature loves good cheer, Harriet. In short, hardly a word could we say, but what put her upon recollecting a part of one of her dreams. Yet some excuse lies good, for an old soul, whose whole life has been but one dream, a little fal-lal-ishly varied."

Charlotte Grandison, as may be seen from the above extract, has plenty of common sense, and sometimes shows greater penetration than her angelic brother or "his Harriet."

"I never was fond of matches between sober young women and battered old rakes," is her comment on the marriage arranged by Sir Charles for his uncle, Lord W. And again, with a cynicism born of her own discontent with matrimony, she says, "Married people by frequent absences may have a little chance for happiness." And in the face of the immense time spent in confabulation by the rest of the characters, it is refreshing to come across her comment on consultations: "I never knew consultations of any kind turn to account. It is only a parcel of people getting together, proposing doubts and puzzling one another, and ending as they began, if not worse."

Of the other minor characters, Emily Jervois has her attractions, though, at times, she is, as Lady Bradshaigh remarked, rather too old for her years, and at others her ingenuousness is a little forced. "What a pleasure, yet what a pain, is

there in sighing when I think of him! Yet I know I am an innocent girl," she says; and it strikes one as a little odd that an innocent girl should think anything at all about her innocence. Young ladies grew up sooner in the eighteenth century than they do at the present time, but the best thing for Emily would have been to go back to boarding-school, and to be kept well-employed till her too fascinating guardian was well within the matrimonial pale.

Other interesting persons are Uncle Selby, who is always putting his niece to the blush by his blunt observations on her delicate position, Grandmother Shirley, whose favourite literature is of a somewhat sombre character ("I was reading Sherlock upon death," she writes, "with that cheerfulness with which I always meditate the subject"), and Beauchamp, the hero's bosom friend, with whom Emily afterwards consoles herself. There are many more characters in *Sir Charles Grandison* than in either *Pamela* or *Clarissa Harlowe* — no fewer than fifty, including, according to the author's own curious classification, "men, women and Italians."

It must not be supposed, however, that every one of these individuals has much importance in the development of the plot. Many of them are introduced simply to illustrate the benevolence of the hero, and as subjects towards whom he may exercise his charity. The chief justification for the existence of others, Lucy Selby and Dr Bartleet, for instance, is that they are convenient receptacles for the confidences of Sir Charles and Harriet. But the very number of personages irrelevant to the plot helps to lend an air of reality to the whole. For in actual life all men and women are surrounded by, and even brought into constant communication with, people who have no shadow of influence on the evolution of their histories; and though the skilled novelist, fearful of overcrowding his scene, is accustomed to eliminate such characters, their introduction, if one can pardon the digressions that they necessitate, is a distinct advantage to Richardson. He rambles garrulously on, bringing one after another on the scene, and then carelessly dismissing them from it; they appear and vanish with as little apparent reason as the crowds who pass us in our own lives. Every day brings a fresh figure into the pageant of our world; but of all those with whom accident or intention makes us acquainted, how few touch our hearts or affect our destiny!

But, notwithstanding the number of characters, the plot of *Sir Charles Grandison* is more skilfully constructed than those of Richardson's previous novels. The reader is made acquainted with Harriet, and prejudiced in her favour, long before there is any mention of Clementina, and the rival claims of the two heroines are admirably balanced throughout. The interest of the first five volumes is skilfully sustained. They fall into two well-marked portions, each ending in a crisis, one being the interview between Sir Charles and Harriet, during which he

confesses to her his embarrassments; the other, the final result of his second Italian journey. In the former the suspense hinges on the reader's ignorance of the hero's engagements, in the latter on the question as to whether he will or will not marry Clementina after all. But with the decision of this momentous question the book should have closed. The greater part of the sixth, and the whole of the seventh, volume are quite superfluous, because the fate of the lovers is decided, and perfect felicity knows no suspense.

CHAPTER IX. THE ART OF RICHARDSON

THE study of literary form is the last subject to which a writer, who, as it were, becomes an author by accident, gives much attention. He is so much preoccupied with what he has to say, with the narrative of the thoughts or actions of his characters, or with the information that he wishes to place before the reader, that the idea of presenting it in a highly finished manner does not occur to him. The feeling for form does not always accompany the impulse towards creation; indeed, one might almost argue that they are in a measure contradictory, or at least mutually limiting, the least inventive writers often being the greatest masters of style, while those who are more original and imaginative treat the matter with indifference. To pay equal attention to both branches of the work, to the subject matter and the mode of its presentment, seems possible only to the greatest genius.

Now to Richardson his subject matter was everything, and he probably never gave a moment to the consideration of form. Writing letters one day, he suddenly discovered that he was writing a story. Accident, and not choice, determined the form of his romances, and the contemporary fashion for memoirs and correspondence ensured its popularity. It was not till he had won a decided success that he paused to inquire into the theory of his method, and formulated his results in the preface to *Clarissa Harlowe.*

Richardson's manner of narration, although in some ways extremely clumsy, is not without its advantages, and contributed in no small degree to the life-like impression produced by his work. For, next to actual conversation, letters are the most luminous means of communication between man and man; although, even here, the physical action involved by writing may induce a certain amount of self-consciousness and a consequent effort after concealment, yet in the correspondence of intimate friends the heart is laid bare as it can be in no other way save by the fugitive, unrecorded gestures and words of personal intercourse. By means of these letters the reader is brought into immediate contact with the characters of the story. He does not seem to be listening to what the author says about them, or to become acquainted with them through the description of a third person. The method has something in common with the dramatic; we form our conception of the actors by means of their own confidences.

Another advantage of this method is, that since the letter is supposed to be written during the progress of the events it relates, before the issue is known to those who are writing, the sentiment of suspense can be conveyed more vividly than by any other means. When the narrator tells his story after many years one

may suppose the keen emotions of the time to have subsided; or when the tale is told by a third person, although he may be supposed to be omniscient, and to have a divine intuition into the feelings of the actors in it, yet the very fact that he tells it as a spectator detracts from the intensity of the effect. The most poignant and pathetic expression of passion must take a lyrical, that is, a personal form. Richardson, indeed, was quite conscious of this himself. "Much more lively and affecting," says he in the preface to *Clarissa*, "must be the style of those who write in the height of a *present* distress, the mind tortured by the pangs of uncertainty (the events then hidden in the womb of fate), than the dry narrative unanimated style of a person relating difficulties and dangers surmounted, the relater perfectly at ease, and if himself unmoved by his own story, then not likely greatly to affect the reader." The inward searchings and painful agonies of souls wandering in mazes, whose secret is not yet manifest, could find no more satisfactory expression than these leisurely and voluminous epistles.

Then, again, the method allows for the introduction of a large number of persons on the scene, and gives opportunity for thorough acquaintance with each. They do not stand aside to let the principal persons pass, nor is their individuality concealed by the domination of the others. Each, as he writes, holds the stage for the time; our attention is concentrated on him; we learn to know him even by his comments on the chief characters. And we see the events narrated not from one, but from many points of view; just as in actual life our ears are filled with the comments of a hundred spectators on a single incident. Moreover, since they write while the impression is still fresh, what can be more natural than that they should give us thousands of minute details, unimportant in themselves, yet, by force of accumulation, conveying the conviction that things must have happened exactly so, and not otherwise? Harriet Byron returns to Selby House, but simply to relate that fact is insufficient. She must describe circumstantially how she was greeted by each member of the family, what each said to her, and the number of kisses given and received. These things are evidently so interesting to the writer that the reader learns to treat them with equal gravity, and actually finds himself becoming absorbed by them. These ghosts in powder and patches, in wigs and hoops, silk stockings and stiff brocade, are after all animated by the same small delights and trivial vexations as play so large a part in our own lives. We are akin to them not only in titanic conflicts, in moments of supreme passion, but also in these common-place, everyday emotions, that pass and leave no apparent trace.

On the other hand, this method has obvious disadvantages. The events of a day are chronicled by half-a-dozen witnesses, hence this incredible languor in the progress of the narrative; it is as if a boat had been launched in a quiet lake, and the crew had waited for every ripple to subside before progressing an inch. In the

important crises of life action proceeds rapidly; so rapidly, indeed, that the momentous deed is done almost before we are aware. And according to the actual time supposed to elapse during the events recorded in Richardson's novels, they also occupy but a brief interval. But, owing to the scale on which it is all told, one feels as if they were spread over many years; Clarissa's hesitation to seek the protection of Lovelace appears the conflict, not of days, but of months. Life was more leisurely in the eighteenth century, and most of Richardson's readers do not seem to have objected to this delay. "You have formed a style," wrote one of his admirers, "in which prolixity becomes a virtue." But the present generation scarcely knows how to saunter, and the divine Clarissa has been known to have not only a soothing, but even a soporific effect.

But perhaps the most striking disadvantage of the epistolary method is the effect it must have on the construction of the plot. It is almost impossible to conceive a symmetrical, proportionate plot conducted in this manner. For since no character in the story can be ubiquitous or omniscient, the attempt to trace how a certain event or action must needs put into motion other events and actions, as its inevitable consequence, is rendered extremely difficult. The information that the writer possesses concerning events that happened in his absence, must necessarily be second-hand; and, moreover, the proper sequence is hard to follow. We are made familiar with a fact before we are acquainted with its cause, and the result is either some confusion, or an elaborate and ill-placed exposition of the situation. But the method exactly suited Richardson, because he obviously composed without any preconceived plan, and at the first setting off had no clear conception of either character or action. "I am a very irregular writer," he told Lady Bradshaigh, "can form no plan, nor write after what I have preconceived. Many of my friends wonder at this, but so it is. I have not therefore that encouragement to proceed which those have, who, forming an agreeable plan, write within its circle, and go on step by step with delight, knowing what they drive at." This accounts for the laborious nature of the earlier chapters of his novels, where he himself has evidently no thorough grip of the story; but as he proceeds, the idea becomes clearer; he is so much interested in his characters that they evolve as if spontaneously; the vague and unsatisfactory outline is gradually sharpened and defined by myriad minute touches. Yet even when the characterisation is firm and sure, his plots are as loose and ill-constructed as it is possible for plots to be. He was a master of situation, but these situations are brought about by a series of events so absurd and improbable as to tax the patience of the reader to its utmost limit. The situation of Clarissa, ensnared and struggling, could not be better conceived or described; yet one is haunted by the sense that it could never have been thus indefinitely prolonged. In real life she would certainly have escaped, or

her friends would have come to her rescue. Her own behaviour is perfectly natural, it is the necessary exposition of her character, but the circumstances that demand it are forced and artificial. Richardson, in fact, proceeds exactly in the same manner as did his predecessors in fiction; he rambles on from one event to another, without troubling much about their coherence. If he brings his characters into a narrow pass whence egress is difficult, he has only to invent some fresh improbability, and the way is clear. Nothing could be more unlikely than that Clarissa should seek refuge at Hampstead, but she has to be taken there in order to be discovered.

Nor is he always very original in the mechanism he employs. Elopements and abductions were the favourite *motifs* of the old heroic romances. "J'ai vu des gens," says Furetière, "qui pour marquer l'endroit où ils en étaient d'une histoire, disaient, 'J'en suis au huitième enlèvement' au lieu de dire 'J'en suis au huitième tome.'" In each of Richardson's novels there is an abduction, successful or abortive; athwart the clatter of teacups and the tinkle of the harpsichord, one hears the thud of galloping hoofs, the sudden report of a pistol. It is true that in Richardson's day these things still happened. Gentlemen had not yet left off wearing swords, and society, like the novel that represented it, was in a state of transition; in both there may be traced a vestige of barbarism. But these time-worn expedients seem little suitable to a story that is in many ways so modern; they remind one of rusty armour hung on the staircase of a semi-detached villa.

As has been already remarked, the plot of *Sir Charles Grandison* is more elaborate than those of *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe.* The double interest is, on the whole, skilfully managed, and though the approach of the hero is too long delayed, the scene of his appearance is admirably conducted; the author becomes, for once, actually dramatic. It is unfortunately, only for a moment; the reader is almost immediately lost in a labyrinth of episodes. "Oh, the endless love-making," said Dr Jowett, "not of one or two people, but of at least fifty!" *Sir Charles Grandison* contains sufficient material for at least half-a-dozen novels of moderate size; for, in the manner of Le Sage, Richardson cannot introduce a fresh character without relating his history from his cradle. Thus the entire stories of the married life of Sir Charles Grandison's father and mother, of Lady L.'s courtship and marriage, of Beauchamp, Emily Jervois, the Danbys, and Lord W., are given; they have little or no bearing on the plot, and are there simply because of the inexhaustible fertility of the author's invention. "Des sept volumes il en faudrait faire trois," wrote Lord Chesterfield. The truth is, they might very well be extended to a dozen others, each containing a complete novel, while all that is essential to the story of Sir Charles, and Harriet, and Clementina, might be compressed into two. This episodical habit mars nearly all the novels of the

eighteenth century. Even Fielding, that master of construction, is not free from it; witness the story of the Old Man of the Hill in *Torn Jones;* while the less skilful craftsmen, such as Henry Brooke, are its absolute slaves. *The Fool of Quality*, a novel praised by John Wesley and Charles Kingsley for its high moral tone, contains no less than eight episodes, connected by the merest thread of continuous narrative. The result is a book that is now practically unreadable; for, in spite of the recommendations of professed moralists, lack of interest cannot be atoned for by any amount of high feeling.

Fortunately for Richardson his episodes have sufficient intrinsic interest to extenuate their introduction, and if they did not interrupt the narrative they would be entirely acceptable. What if they concern people who have only the remotest connection with the story? But these people live and move before us, and have an independent attraction that is all their own. Take, for instance, the description of Mr Singleton, in *Sir Charles Grandison*, who just moves across the scene for an instant, and never reappears. "He smiled and looked delighted with all he saw and heard. Once, indeed, he tried to speak; his mouth actually opened to give passage to his words, as sometimes seems to be his way before the words are quite ready. But he sat down, satisfied with the effort." The words convey the impression of actuality; Mr Singleton was certainly someone whom Richardson had himself known. His books are full of such graphic descriptions, and it is this naturalistic treatment that has led so many critics to class him among our greatest realists. One cannot help feeling as if one had been present at these scenes, so vividly are every gesture and movement described. Clarissa is trying to repel the attentions of an unwelcome suitor; her mother and sister are present at the interview. "The man stalked in. His usual walk is by pauses, as if he were telling his steps; and first paid his clumsy respects to my mother, then to my sister, next to me, as if I were already his wife, and therefore to be last in his notice; and, sitting down by me, told us in general what weather it was... then addressing himself to me: 'And how do you find it, miss?' was his question, and would have taken my hand.

"I withdrew it, I believe with disdain enough. My mother frowned, my sister bit her lip.

"My mother coloured and looked at him, at my sister, at me. My sister's eyes were opener and bigger than I ever saw them before.

"The man understood me. He hemmed and removed from one chair to another.

"I went on supplicating for my mother's favourable report....

Is the girl mad?' said my mother, interrupting me.

"My sister, with the affectation of a whisper to my mother: 'This is — this is spite, madam, because you commanded her to stay.'

“I only looked at her, and turning to my mother: ‘Permit me, madam,’ said I, ‘to repeat my request. If I lose my mamma’s favour I am lost forever.’

“Mr Solmes removed to his first seat, and fell to gnawing the head of his hazel, a carved head, almost as ugly as his own....

“My sister rose, with a face all over scarlet, and stepping to the table where lay a fan, she took it up, and fanned herself violently.”

All this could not be better, and the passages quoted are only typical of many others equally vivid. Richardson is indeed inexorable; he never flinches from any stroke that will add to his design; some of his descriptions might have been taken from the pages of a modern Russian or Norwegian novelist. The illness of Jeronymo, Clementina’s brother, is minutely related, and a painstaking account of the improved treatment of the English doctor follows. It is neither very pleasant nor very instructive reading, but it is an admirable illustration of the realistic manner. When Clarissa is discovered by Belford in the Sheriff’s house no touch is omitted that may serve to bring the scene in greater relief before our eyes.

“A horrid hole of a house in an alley they call a court; stairs wretchedly narrow, even to the first floor rooms. And into a den they led me, with broken walls which had been papered, as I saw by a multitude of tacks and some torn bits held on by the rusty heads.

“The floor indeed was clean, but the ceiling was smoked with a variety of figures and initials of names that had been the woful employment of wretches who had no other way to amuse themselves.

“A bed at one corner, with coarse curtains tacked up at the feet to the ceiling, because the curtain-rings were broken off, but a coverlid upon it with a cleanish look, though plaguily in tatters, and the corners tied up in tassels, that the rents might go no farther.

“The windows dark and double-barred, the tops boarded up to save mending; and only a little four-paned hole of a casement to let in air; more, however, coming in at broken panes than could come in at that.

“Four old turkey - worked chairs, bursten-bottomed, the stuffing staring out.

“An old tottering, worm-eaten table that had more nails bestowed in mending it to make it stand than the table cost fifty years ago when new.

“On the mantlepiece was an iron shove-up candlestick with a lighted candle in it, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle; four of them, I suppose, for a penny.

“Near that, on the same shelf, was an old looking-glass, cracked through the middle, breaking out into a thousand points; the crack given it, perhaps, in a rage by some poor creature to whom it gave the representation of his heart’s woes in his face.” Well may M. Texte say, in speaking of such passages as these, “Si le

réalisme est l'art de donner l'impression de la vie, Richardson est le plus grand de réalistes."

But the truth is that, notwithstanding his method, no greater mistake can be made than to class Richardson as a pure realist. His form is realistic, but in intention and conception he is an idealist. In Pamela he attempted to depict an ideal serving - maid, in Clarissa an ideal gentlewoman, in Sir Charles Grandison an ideal gentleman. And though objections may be raised to this designation of characters whose faults are often very patent to the reader, yet such faults are due rather to the inherent imperfections in the writer's ideal than to any intention on his part to leaven their virtues by a few natural weaknesses. "No man," says Professor Raleigh, with reference to the character of Sir Charles Grandison, "can build higher than he knows," and it was inevitable that these persons should reflect to some extent the failings of their creator, and especially his inordinate self-consciousness. But such faults as they have, Richardson would have been the last to perceive, and, as a moral reformer, his chief endeavour was to furnish an example for the age, which we have seen he explicitly declared he had done in Sir Charles. This intense earnestness had the effect of giving additional life to the creatures of his fancy, the vigour of their author passing into their very substance, and vivifying everything they are supposed to do or say. For these children of his brain were no imaginary beings to him, but suffering, and striving, and victorious champions, lifting the ensign of virtue above the dark confusion of struggling humanity. The illusion was nourished by the profound gravity with which he and his friends discussed the conduct and fortunes of his heroines. Clarissa might well have been one of that little circle of young ladies who discussed her griefs so sympathetically; and, indeed, there is some evidence to indicate that Hester Mulso and Harriet Byron were near relations. (It may be noticed as not without significance that the home of both these ladies was in Northamptonshire.) So thin a partition divided those ardent worshippers of Richardson from the children of his imagination, that they might not have been greatly surprised if Harriet Byron or Anna Howe had suddenly walked in among them and taken their seats on those exceedingly uncomfortable chairs depicted in Miss Highmore's drawing of the summer-house.

In this way Richardson's enthusiasm for virtue actually added to the artistic effect of his work, besides supplying him with a reasonable pretext for so frivolous a pursuit as novel-writing. For he never quite freed himself from the puritanical prejudice against fiction; and he would have had his books classed, not with *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Oroonoko,* or *Moll Flanders*, but with works of devotion, such as Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying,* with the *Practice of Piety,* and Nelson's *Fasts and Festivals*; "not as being worthy of such company, but that they

may have a chance of being dipt into thirty years hence;... they will not be found unworthy of such a chance, since they appear in the humble guise of novel only by way of accommodation to the manners and taste of an age overwhelmed with luxury, and abandoned to sound and senselessness." Such being his view, it is not surprising that his amiable characters are at so much pains to rebuke offenders and formulate moral laws for the benefit of all their acquaintance, or that even his bad ones, Lovelace included, should indulge in a vast amount of serious reflection. The smallest detail is made the subject of a contest between right and wrong, and a spiritual conflict accompanies the decision of questions usually referred to etiquette or convenience.

But Richardson's morality, obtruded alike by lovely maidens, gallant gentlemen, serving-women and old ladies, though sound and sensible in the main, is not always above criticism. After all, he was a typical member of the more serious section of middle-class society of the early part of the eighteenth century. Upright, rigid, narrow and earnest, he was ruled by contemporary convention; it was only when by force of genius he broke through that convention, as in the culmination of Clarissa's story, that he rose above the average morality of his class. Sufficient stress has already been laid on the contemptible treatment of the vital motive in *Pamela*, whereby a certificate of marriage is transformed into a certificate of good character for one of the most vicious heroes ever conceived or presented. But in the other novels persons supposed to possess the greatest refinement and delicacy of feeling stoop to actions that are little short of dishonourable. Sir Charles Grandison arranges for Clementina's mother to listen, unknown to her, to a conversation which she supposes to be private; shortly afterwards, Father Marescotti, whose only fault is supposed to be religious zeal, is also guilty of eavesdropping. Charlotte Grandison, having picked up a confidential letter from her brother to Dr Bartleet, takes it to Harriet and tries to persuade her to read it; and Harriet is actually represented as having some difficulty in resisting the temptation. These are grave faults of taste, at least, and an enemy might call them by a worse name.

But if one must not always expect to find great refinement in Richardson's ideal of conduct, he at least provided his readers, and especially his lady readers, with good working-day maxims, admirably adapted to guide through the social labyrinth a young woman of sensibility, who aimed also at the strictest propriety. "In a collection of the sentiments contained in the three histories, it will be seen that there are not many of the material articles that may be of use for the conduct of life and manners, unattended to in one or other of them," he wrote to Mr Hildesley. And though the sale of this collection was not excessive, there is no doubt that the author's habit of moralisation did commend his books to

contemporary readers. It was mainly on this score that Johnson, in the same spirit as he condemned Gray's Bard (because it does not advance any political or moral truth), preferred him to Fielding; himself delighting in moral aphorism, he had much sympathy with Richardson's love of didacticism. "Why, sir," he said, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. You must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story only as giving rise to the sentiment." And Richardson's sentiments, if sometimes trite and obvious are, on the other hand, often trenchant and amusing; often full of quick insight into hidden motives. "Hope is the cordial that keeps life from stagnating."

"What once a woman hopes in love matters she always hopes, while there is room for hope."

"Some persons have meanness in their very pride."

"If our hearts do not harden and contract, as we experience ill-treatment from the world, we shall be on very unequal terms with it."

"To endeavour to force a free mind is to dishonour it."

"To borrow of relations is to subject oneself to an inquisition into one's life and actions."

"Women love those best who give them most pain." Such passages as these justify Chesterfield's observation that though Richardson "grossly mistakes the modes, he never mistakes nature."

With all his insight, however, he is far from taking an altogether tolerant view of the foibles of his fellow men. His books are full of humorous description, but it is to be noticed that he seldom applies such description to his virtuous characters; he never meant to induce a smile at the expense of Sir Charles Grandison. He cannot illustrate the pleasant follies of a man without making him slightly contemptible, as in the case of Lord G. or Uncle Selby. He has little of that large, loving sympathy with the frailty of human nature, observable in the greatest humorists, in Shakespeare Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith. Falstaff and Partridge and Uncle Toby and Dr Primrose would have been impossible to him. Thus his humour never trembles on the verge of pathos and in his very laughter a sneer is latent. But, to tell the truth, Richardson never does laugh quite heartily; he had a young lady's horror of anything approaching farce, and for his comic effects he depends much more on the minute relation of gesture, dress and manner, than on the action or language of his characters. The element of malignity, which has been denoted as one of the ingredients of amusement, is indispensable to his humour; and he might have been a successful satirist had he not been impeded by the constant affectation of benevolence. And when he forsakes description and attempts humorous dialogue, he is far less successful. His "raillying" is decidedly

ponderous; his repartee is weighted with lead; he has no facility in innuendo. And that this heaviness is not the result of contemporary formality or a ceremonious habit of phraseology, any scene from *The School for Scandal* will show.

On the other hand, Richardson is often, unintentionally, extremely funny. His unconscious humour is in fact so prominent that it has prevented many critics from treating him with a proper amount of gravity; though unless his work be regarded seriously, it is impossible to estimate it fairly. He was so much preoccupied with his moral intention that he had seldom leisure to consider whether its presentment was not a little quaint; thus in Pamela's extraordinary parody of the hundred and seventeenth psalm, which is more amusing than most intentional parodies, he saw only a beautiful illustration of his heroine's piety and devotion. The temptation of a quotation cannot be resisted: —

"When sad I sat in Brandon Hall,
All guarded round about,
And thought of ev'ry absent friend,
The tears for grief burst out.

"My joys and hopes all overthrown,
My heart strings almost broke,
Unfit my mind for melody,
Much more to bear a joke.

"Then she to whom I pris'ner was
Said to me tauntingly,
Now cheer your heart and sing a song,
And tune your mind to joy.

"Remember, Lord, this Mrs Jewkes,
When with a mighty sound,
She cries, Down with her chastity,
Down to the very ground!"

And again, a comic effect is often produced by the same kind of self-consciousness in his characters as so frequently raises a smile in Richardson's private letters. Clementina, in order to set the crown on her magnanimous action, and to reassure Harriet Byron by an explicit renunciation of Sir Charles, does so in the following effusion, appropriately arranged (since it marks the burial of her love) in "the lapidary style."

Best of Men
Be ye one.
Best of Women
Clementina wishes it.
Grandison, Lady, will make you happy,
Be it your study to make him so!
Happy as Clementina would have made him
Had not obstacles invincible intervened.
This will lessen her regrets:
For
His Felicity, Temporal and Eternal
Was ever the wish next her heart.
GOD be merciful to you both
And lead you into His paths:
Then will everlasting happiness be your portion.
Be it the portion of Clementina —
Pray for her! —
That after this transitory life is over
She may partake of Heavenly Bliss:

And
(Not a stranger to you, Lady, HERE)
Rejoice with you both HEREAFTER.

"Generous, noble creature!" is her friends' comment on this production. "Does it not show a raised imagination, especially in the disposition of the lines?" Literary fatuity could scarcely go further.

If we examine into the cause of the ridiculous impression made by the passages quoted above, and by many others in Richardson's novels, we shall probably conclude that it is due to a suggestion of pose, of insincerity in those whose griefs find such expression. An undemonstrative race is accustomed to view with suspicion any great exhibition of feeling, and to consider that the sorrow which easily finds a voice is not yet unendurable. The sufferer seems to look round him with some complacency, exclaiming, "What a beautiful and pathetic figure I am! And how much compassion do I deserve!" And the appeal for sympathy frustrates its object. To Richardson's contemporaries, however, much of what seems mere bathos to us was truly touching, and the legitimate expression of a breaking heart. Many such outbursts, which we consider puerile

and out of taste, would not have been found objectionable by a generation which, after a long period of emotional repression, was quite ready to run to the other extreme of exaggerated sensibility.

Richardson's pathetic power, however, lies after all not in these lyrical laments, but in his situations. Pamela, so long as her innocence blinds her to her peril; Clarissa, proud and inflexible in the depth of her humiliation; Harriet waiting in miserable suspense for the delivery of the letter that will decide her fate; Clementina, torn between divine and earthly love — all these are infinitely touching. They might lament for ever, and their lamentations would leave us cold; we could gaze unmoved upon their tears. It is the suffering so wantonly imposed upon them, the bitter strife with destiny, their love and longing, their disappointments and their joys, that appeal to the reader's own experience and compel his sympathy. The triumph of Clarissa over innumerable hearts is due, not to the eloquence of her complaint, though that is great, but to the pathos of her position, fallen from her high estate, yet unsubdued, and standing in austere beauty upon the ruin of her life, to vindicate the mastery of spirit over flesh.

To the smaller details of his art, it need hardly be said, Richardson paid no attention whatever. He has no style at all; he wrote just as he talked, and as he composed those innumerable epistles on which we have drawn so largely. His sentences are often quite invertebrate, and innocent of anything that could do duty for a predicate, the finite verb being replaced by a participle or adjective. He never troubles about the symmetry of his paragraphs, and he never wastes time in compressing into ten words what is easier to say in twenty. There is no nice choice of epithet, nor fastidious rejection of the trite or homely; if he had been more careful he could never have been so prolix.

And there is not in his books what has often redeemed the style of writers no less homely in their way, that appeal to, and constant illustration by means of natural beauty, which elevate the novels of a writer so much inferior to him as Mrs Radcliffe. The description of Grandison Hall sounds like a passage from an auctioneer's catalogue. When Sir Charles crosses Mount Cenis on his second Italian journey, his travelling companion speaks of Savoy as "one of the worst countries under heaven, clothed in snow and disfigured by hurricanes.... Every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable." With this may be compared the well-known passage in Gray's journal, describing the journey to Geneva. "You here meet with all the beauties so savage and horrid a place can present you with; rocks of various and uncouth figures, cascades pouring down an immense height out of hanging groves of pine-trees, and the solemn sound of the stream that roars below, all combine to form one of the most poetical scenes

imaginable." But in his appreciation of savage beauty, Gray was at least a generation in advance of his age, and it was a Frenchman and not an Englishman who first introduced "the pathetic fallacy" into the novel. It is strange that the very scenery that Richardson depreciated should have been chosen as the setting of *La Nouvelle Heloise.*

CHAPTER X. THE INFLUENCE OF RICHARDSON

THIRTY years after the appearance of *Clarissa Harlowe*, Mrs Chapone, being obliged to accompany an aunt on a long and tedious journey, took with her, to beguile the way, a copy of *Pamela.* "I must own," she wrote, "that it appeared somewhat different from what I thought of it thirty years ago; yet I still see in each of Richardson's works amazing genius, unpolished indeed either by learning or knowledge of polite life, but making its way to the heart by strokes of nature that would have been lost, or at least weakened, by the restraints of critical elegance. It is only from the ignorant that we can have anything original; every master copies from those that are of established authority, and does not look at the natural object." (*Posthumous Works of Mrs Chapone,* i. 175.)

This moderate eulogy from one who had been one of the most enthusiastic of Richardson's early admirers indicates the change that had taken place in the general estimation of his work. Richardson had set the fashion to so many other writers of greater genius, or at least in greater sympathy with the national feeling, that his fame had been overshadowed by theirs. The cult of Richardson was a fashion, and as such was bound, sooner or later, to disappear. Yet though he passed out of vogue with the general public, traces of his influence abound in many of the novels published in England during the fifty years that succeeded his death, and he may be said to have founded one very definite school of novelists.

It was in 1749 that Lady Bradshaigh wrote to Richardson to ask him the meaning of the word sentimenta*l,* so much used by the polite, both in town and country. "Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in that word, but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible everything clever and agreeable can be so common as this word. I am frequently astonished to hear such a one is a sentimental man; we were at a sentimental party; I have been taking a sentimental walk." (Barbauld, iv. 282.) Gradually the meaning got narrowed down to imply an excess of feeling, emotional susceptibility; and it is in this sense of the word that it may be said that the sentimental school of novelists originated with Richardson.

Frequent stress has already been laid on the prominence given in his books to emotional indulgence. The degree of sensibility attained by his characters is the touchstone of their value as men and women. Clarissa, when she feels most bitterly against her sister, says that "poor Bella has not a feeling heart," which is a terrible indictment of her whole character. And this exaltation of feeling above all

the other ingredients of which our complex human nature is composed led to an objectionable freedom in its expression, a tendency to "gush," which in the long run weakened the very quality of which it was intended as a witness. For when a man's moral worth was determined by his capacity of response to impressions of pity and terror, there was a great temptation to affect feeling which did not exist, but, by the general consensus of opinion, ought to have been present. People acquired the habit of expressing more than they felt, and even genuine emotion, instead of being transformed into a moral force, was dissipated in loquacious utterance.

The leading member of this school was, of course, Sterne, whose *Tristram Shandy* first appeared in 1759. Not that Richardson would not have earnestly deprecated any connection between his own books and those of a writer of whom he said, "One extenuating circumstance attends his works; they are too gross to be inflaming." But the fact remains that it was he who had made popular the novel of sentiment, and had prepared the way for that luxurious indulgence in emotion which has been well termed a "sensuous debauch." It would be unjust to say that Sterne's effects are always, or generally, forced; he was, on the contrary, capable of very deep and genuine feeling, and a pathos much more delicately balanced than that of Richardson; but, having once discovered the popularity that might ensue from this ability to extort tears from his readers, he cultivated his sensibility as a kind of literary speculation.

And if this is true of Sterne, it is much more true of the other members of his school, of Henry Mackenzie and Henry Brooke. The *Man of Feeling* (1771) is nothing but a study in emotion and simply describes a few scenes in the life of a hero whose facile tears are constantly evoked by accidents obviously devised for that purpose. His visit to London in search of a government appointment, his brief stay there, his disappointment and death, compose all the story; there is no character-drawing, no humour, no plot; everything that we are accustomed to look for in a work of fiction is devoured and swallowed up by this leviathan of sentimentality.

But the worst offender of all was Henry Brooke, whose *Fool of Quality* has already been condemned for its loose construction. The hero is a gentleman of rank who is kidnapped in boyhood by his own uncle, a character as virtuous, but hardly as interesting, as Sir Charles Grandison. He brings up his nephew in his own likeness, and little Harry is practically the same person at an earlier period of life, only that his idiosyncrasies, being exemplified in a child, appear more incongruous and improbable. He is distinguished by an affectation of unaffectation, a studied simplicity, and a susceptibility that finds vent in tears on the slightest provocation. "I love to weep, I joy to grieve; it is my happiness to

have my heart broken in pieces," says, quite seriously, another of Brooke's characters; and this utterance may not unfairly be taken to represent the attitude of his school.

Both Mackenzie and Brooke show the influence of Richardson in another way; they are deeply preoccupied with the question of education, which forms so prominent a topic in the second part of *Pamela*; but as their novels were issued after the publication of Rousseau's *Emile* (1762), it is possible that they may owe something to him also.

But the sentimentalists were not the only writers who were profoundly affected by the example of Richardson. His novels, as has been seen, appealed particularly to women; not only because he possessed so much knowledge of feminine psychology, but also because he limited himself to topics which were well within the comprehension of an ordinary woman of the eighteenth century. It is extraordinary how few references his books contain to home or foreign politics, and in this respect he may be justly contrasted with Fielding, who, in *Amelia* especially, devoted himself with so much zeal to the satirical exposure of crying evils. Richardson's novels were essentially novels for the parlour, and this applies particularly to *Sir Charles Grandison*, which, as Miss Burney has told us, was a great favourite with her in her girlhood. It treats of those topics which are most familiar to women, and which will never lose their attraction as themes for the lady novelist. It has been said that Sir Charles is "a lady's hero," and perhaps this is the reason that he was one of Miss Burney's early idols, until a cynical young gentleman dashed her enthusiasm by declaring that he was too perfect to exist. As time went on, her admiration diminished; she had too keen a sense of humour not to see the ridiculous side of Richardson's books, and when a friend expressed the opinion that Sir Charles might do very well for a guardian, or the trustee of an estate, but not for a lover, she only made the half satirical reply, "Not even when he bends his head?"

The early study of Richardson has, however, left its traces on her work. Her manner of building up a character by means of a number of minute touches, the spiritual conflict of her heroines, especially of Cecilia, in her novel of that name, and her spirited accounts of social functions, are much in his manner. Evelina's account of her impressions of London society, for instance, may be well compared with those of Harriet Byron. Cecilia's intense earnestness, and the plans she makes for improving her mind while staying at the Harrells, remind one of Clarissa Harlowe, with whom she has another point in common, for, like her, she is driven out of her mind by her misfortunes. And though Miss Burney related her other novels in the third person, *Evelina* is told by the heroine herself in the form of letters, thus following closely the method of *Pamela.*

Miss Burney's mantle fell on Miss Austen, and a study of the literary relations of these two women would be extremely interesting. There is of course no comparison between their respective power; Miss Austen, besides being a great humorist and social satirist, is a thorough artist, and is as unselfconscious as the greatest artists always are; while Miss Burney is continually obtruding her own personality in the shape of excellent but rather wearisome moral axioms. But both work in the same field, that of the society novel, and both have the same Richardsonian delight in detail, and the careful analysis of thought and feeling. But while Miss Burney has a large share of sensibility, Miss Austen's delicate reserve relegates passion to the background, and sometimes even makes her appear a little hard. It will be remembered how she directed her gentle satire at the sentimental heroine, as represented by Marianne Dashwood, just as she ridiculed her romantic sister in *North anger Abbey.* Yet, notwithstanding the absence of sentimentality in her own books, she was a great admirer of Richardson. "Her knowledge of his works," says Mr Austen Leigh, "was such as no one is likely again to acquire.... Every circumstance narrated in *Sir Charles Grandison*, all that was ever said or done in the cedar parlour was familiar to her; and the wedding days of Lady L. and Lady G. were as well remembered as if they had been living friends." (Austen Leigh, *Memoirs of Jane Austen*, p. 84.) But, after all, Richardson's influence in England was small compared with what it was on the continent. In France, especially, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and continued for many years, among such diverse admirers as Diderot, Rousseau, La Harpe, George Sand, Balzac, and Alfred de Musset, whose verdict on *Clarissa Harlowe* as "le premier roman du monde" is well known. His early popularity there was no doubt partly due to his extraordinary good fortune in his translator, Prévost, himself a novelist of great power, who in *Manon Lescaut* achieved a more artistic result than Richardson ever attained. Prévost took great liberties with his original; he abridged and omitted and softened whatever he supposed would be obnoxious to his countrymen; he left out, for instance, the account of Mrs Sinclair's death in *Clarissa Harlowe.* "Ce tableau," he said, "est purement anglais, c'est à dire, revêtu de couleurs si fortes et malheureusement si contraires au goût de notre nation, que tous nos adoucissements ne les rendraient pas supportables en français." His literary skill thus adapted the romances to a public whose taste his own novels had helped to form, and he had the misfortune of seeing his popularity overshadowed by that of an author whom he had himself rendered accessible to his compatriots. For the excitement over *Pamela* was quite as great in Paris as in London. "Without Pamela," wrote the younger Crebillon to Chesterfield, "we should not know what to do or say here." There were, as in England, spurious sequels to the story; it was even dramatised and parodied. And

after the appearance of *Clarissa Harlowe*, the mania increased to such an extent that "they translated English novels all day long." (Texte, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau et les Origines du Cosmopolitisme Littéraire*, p. 260.)

This admiration is curiously attested by a contemporary French criticism of Clarissa, which appeared first in Amsterdam, and was translated for the *Gentleman's Magazine* of June and August 1749. The writer begins by comparing Richardson's novel with the old French heroic romances, much to the disadvantage of the latter, which he condemns as artificial and extravagant; and though he concedes to Marivaux the honour of endeavouring "to bring back his countrymen to nature," yet he prefers Richardson, on account of his superior morality. "*Marianne* amuses, *Clarissa* not only amuses, but instructs; and the more effectually, as the writer paints nature, and nature alone." He then goes on to show the advantages of Richardson's method of narration by means of letters — a defence which supplied that author with some material for his own vindication in the preface to succeeding editions of *Clarissa* — and gives a short epitome of the plot, and description of the principal characters. His observations are mainly laudatory, but wherever he ventured on an objection, he was answered in a footnote, perhaps by the editor, Cave, who was a personal friend of Richardson. The article is, on the whole, a very interesting and judicious criticism, and anticipates many of the later verdicts on the book.

Sir Charles Grandison does not seem to have excited quite as much interest as its predecessors, but on Richardson's death the enthusiasm, to use the words of M. Texte, became a delirium. It was then that Diderot composed at a white heat in twenty-four hours, the celebrated eulogy which, as the editor of *Le Journal Etranger*, where it was first published, remarked, could only have originated "in those moments of enthusiasm when a tender and deeply affected spirit submits to the pressing need of giving outward expression to the sentiments that weigh upon it." But however exaggerated the panegyric may appear to us, it found many admirers, for its magnificent and studied eloquence simply gave voice to the prevailing enthusiasm, and what that enthusiasm was may be judged from the following extracts.

"This author never deluges the pavement with blood; he does not transport you into distant lands; he does not expose you to the cannibalism of savages; he never loses himself in magic realms. The world where we live is the scene of his action; the basis of his drama is reality; his persons possess all possible actuality; his characters are taken from the midst of society; his incidents from the manners of all polite nations; the passions that he paints are such as I have myself felt; the same objects inspire them, and they have the energy which I know them to

possess. The misfortunes and afflictions of his heroes are of the same kind as continually threaten me; he illustrates the ordinary progress of things around me. Without this art my mind, yielding with difficulty to imaginary descriptions, the illusion would be but momentary, and the impression weak and transitory.

"I still remember the first time that I chanced upon the works of Richardson. I was in the country. How deliciously did their perusal affect me. With every passing minute I saw my happiness diminish by a page. Very soon I experienced the same sensation as men feel who have lived together in intimate friendship and are on the point of separation. At the end I felt as if I were left all alone.

"He bequeathed to me a lasting and pleasing melancholy; sometimes my friends perceive it and ask me, What is the matter with you? You are not the same as usual; what has happened to you? They question me about my health, my fortune, my relations, my friends. O my friends, *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Grandison,* are three great dramas! Torn from reading them by important business, I felt an overwhelming distaste for it; I neglected my work and returned to Richardson. Beware of opening these enchanting books when you have any important duties to perform.

"O Richardson, Richardson, first of men in my eyes, you shall be my reading at all times! Pursued by pressing need; if my friend should fall into poverty; if the limitations of my fortune should prevent me from giving fit attention to the éducation of my children, I will sell my books; but you shall remain on the same shelf as Moses, Euripides and Sophocles, and I will read you by turns."

After this immoderate laudation it is not surprising to find that Diderot's novels show very clear traces of his hero worship. *La Religieuse*, which he produced in the year preceding the Eulogy, has many points in common with Richardson's works, as well it might have, seeing that during its composition he continually imagined that he heard the lamentations of Clementina, and saw Clarissa's phantom flit before him; and some critics ascribed the superiority of this novel over his earlier ones to the fact that he had in the meanwhile become acquainted with the English writer.

A still more famous disciple was Rousseau, whose *Nouvelle Heloise* was published in 1760. The resemblances between the two novelists were so striking that people at once began to make comparisons, not at all to the liking of Richardson. He disapproved of Rousseau, and "was so much disgusted at some of the scenes, and the whole tendency of the New Eloisa, that he secretly criticised the work (as he read it) in marginal notes; and thought with many others that this writer 'taught the passions to move at the command of vice.'" There is no doubt,

that though he must have been flattered by Rousseau's obvious imitation of Clarissa, he would have earnestly repudiated the idea of any similarity of morals or sentiment; he did not realise in the least what dangers might lurk beneath his own exaltation of sensibility. Yet Julie, Rousseau's heroine, consoles herself on her deathbed with words that exactly express the state of mind which Richardson had first made fashionable. "On ne sait pas," said she, "quelle douceur c'est de s'attendrir sur ses propres maux, et sur ceux des autres. La sensibilité porte toujours dans l'âme un certain contentement de soi-même, indépendant de la fortune et des événements." (*La Nouvelle Héloise*, Sixième Partie, M. de Wolmar à St Preux.) So that, after all, there is a certain distinction in suffering, and our deepest grief may be the occasion of sincere enjoyment But this is not the only resemblance between *Clarissa Harlozvc* and *La Nouvelle Hcloise.* There is also a certain resemblance of plot. Julie is in love with her tutor St Preux — whence the title of the book; her father is bent on marrying her to an old friend of his own, M. de Wolmar. St Preux, wishing, for Julie's sake, to conceal his connection with her, and with the help of "Milord Bomston," an English nobleman who also admires the heroine, but sacrifices his feelings to her happiness, goes abroad, and in his absence Julie, from a conviction of duty, marries her elderly suitor. The sequel describes her home at Clarens, where St Preux visits her and is cordially received by her husband. But after a time, finding his suppressed passion stronger than ever, he again retires, and the story ends with the death of Julie, not from disappointed affection as might be supposed, but from the effects of an accident.

The chief resemblance in plot is therefore the struggle between personal inclination and filial duty, for in each case the heroine is urged to give up her lover in favour of the suitor chosen by her parents. But while Clarissa is ready to leave her home rather than submit, Julie will not accept the asylum in England which Lord Bomston offers to her and St Preux; she prefers to involve herself in a network of deceit, and, while acting the part of a dutiful daughter, carry on a clandestine love affair in her parents' house. It is hardly comprehensible that a heroine of such faulty character should develop into the saintly mistress of the home at Clarens. In the second part of the story her character is clearly modelled on that of Clarissa, but in the earlier chapters there are striking dissimilarities. Julie, ardent, weak and sensual, is utterly opposed to Clarissa, whose haughty modesty will not admit more than "a conditional liking" for the one man to whom she has ever had the slightest inclination. Julie takes fire at once, but Clarissa's affection is the slow growth of months, nor does it ever attain the dimensions of a passion. Clarissa's whole energy is directed at preserving what Julie with joyous recklessness flings away; and it is easy to see that the bad moral effect of which Richardson complained depends on the fact that the reader's sympathy is so

strongly enlisted for this indiscreet and ill-balanced heroine. And while Clarissa cannot survive the loss of what she holds most dear, Julie resigns her honour and her lover with equal impunity, and lives to be the mother of another man's children, and to reign in smiling felicity over that scene of domestic bliss which Rousseau imagined to be a realisable ideal.

The prominence given in the *Nouvelle Héloise* to the domestic interest is another point of contact between the two writers. Richardson's audacity in taking his characters from the middle and lower classes has been already noticed; though it may be observed that as he himself rose in life his heroes and heroines made a corresponding social advance. Rousseau's characters, however, with the exception of the above-mentioned English nobleman, are all thoroughly bourgeois, (Julie's father is proud of his title as Baron d'Etanges, but his nobilily is limited to his name. See Texte, p. 293.) a circumstance that was rendered more natural and probable by the scene of the story — republican Switzerland. It is worthy of note that it was with a native of England, whose people had always preserved a large amount of liberty and independence, that the bourgeois novel took its rise; and by a native of Switzerland, where there was no strong demarcation of rank, that it was first adopted.

The intense earnestness and didacticism of both authors is another subject that cannot be omitted in any parallel between them. But just as Rousseau was a greater philosopher than Richardson, so the topics of his ethical digressions are much more varied than those of the latter. Rousseau had much wider interests than Richardson, and aimed at a political as well as a social and moral reform; thus his story is divided between two themes, the fate of the lovers, and the exposition of a new economic theory, which, if applied to the state, would cure all the evils that afflicted France. Richardson's didactic purpose is closely interwoven with his plot, but in Rousseau's novel the two threads run side by side; and though the hectic love story leaves an unpleasant impression, the ideal account of a simple, innocent, and pastoral life is full of charm and quiet beauty. It was no accident that in the first part of the book so much space is devoted to an account of corrupt Parisian life, and in the second, to those idyllic scenes at Clarens. The two descriptions are companion pictures, complementary to one another. And if anyone reads *La Nouvelle Héloise* now, it is mainly for the light that these digressions throw on the history of thought in the eighteenth century, for it is distinctly one of those books that have migrated from the boudoir of the lady to the library of the student.

The nature worship that suggested Rousseau's panacea for all moral and political evils is all his own, and one of the points in which he is most strikingly original. "He associated with his other characters this new actor, nature, which

often plays the principal part." It was not for nothing that Rousseau had spent his youth in some of the most beautiful and majestic scenery that Europe can boast; and that "the passions that build up our human soul," in his case, as in Wordsworth's, had been associated with high objects and enduring things. The results in the cases of the two men were widely different, for while the solemn grandeur of the English hills gave added serenity to their poet, Rousseau found the Alps only a further stimulus to his already overcharged emotions. The hills and lakes among which he had suffered so keenly were indissolubly connected with his woes, and served as a reminder of them, so that when he laid the scene of his story round Lake Geneva it was natural that he should represent his hero as being affected by his surroundings in the same way as they had affected himself. His most glowing descriptions of natural beauty are always connected with human passion, as when St Preux, in the first rapture of successful love, imagines that the earth is adorning herself with greater loveliness in celebration of his nuptials; or when with his lost mistress he visits the scenes of their former happiness, and bitterly recalls to her memory "le temps qui n'est plus." The eloquence of such passages is inseparable from the passion that inspires it; here are steep rocks and foaming torrents, glaciers and gloomy pines, and in their midst a little patch of tender green adorned with glittering streams and glowing flowers. "While comparing so sweet a resting-place with the surrounding objects," says St Preux, "it seemed as if this lonely spot were meet to be the asylum of two lovers, escaped together from the tumult of nature." (*La Nouvelle Héloise,* Quatrième Partie, De St Preux à Milord Edouard.) And it is on this reflection that the whole passage depends.

With regard to the minor questions of form and style, there is one more point in which Richardson's influence is to be seen in Rousseau's work. *La Nouvelle Héloise* is written in the form of letters, and the characters possess an epistolary facility quite equal to that of Clarissa Harlowe or Harriet Byron, and exercise it at equally unlikely moments. St Preux, for instance, waiting for the approach of Julie at the crisis of their love, takes up his pen to describe his sensations, though it is difficult to believe that so excitable a person would have been capable of holding one at that moment. But such improbabilities are inherent in the method, and must be forgiven on the same grounds as those of Richardson.

Rousseau's great and immediate popularity does not seem to have interfered with that of Richardson, which, on the contrary, gained ground in France up to the time of the Revolution. Enthusiastic visitors flocked over to London to seek out the Flask Walk at Hampstead, where Clarissa found a temporary refuge, or to weep at the modest tomb in St Bride's. Mdme de Genlis, who visited England in 1785, tells how she wrote to Richardson's son-in-law, Mr Bridgen, "though he

was somewhat rude in manner," because she was anxious to see an original portrait of the novelist that was in his possession. "I went over his house with great interest, and saw the original picture of Richardson; he was fair, short in stature, rather fat, and his physiognomy and eyes were expressive of the greatest mildness.... I had the pleasure of sitting in Mr Bridgen's garden on the bench on which Richardson used to sit, the right arm of the seat opened, and held an inkstand; here he used to compose and write a great part of the morning." (Mdme de Genlis, *Memoirs*, vol. iii.) Mdme de Genlis goes on to relate how Mr Bridgen offered her the original MSS. of *Pamela* on condition that she would translate it herself, and on her refusal to do so promised to send her instead a miniature copy of the author's portrait. Among other notable visitors was Mdme de Staël, who has left it on record that the elopement of Clarissa was the great excitement of her own girlhood.

It is not difficult to account for this enthusiasm. The "classical" movement had exhausted itself; in France as in England there existed a general restlessness among the younger writers, a half unconscious desire to shake off the yoke of ancient literary formulas. The very absence of art in Richardson's novels was to them an additional attraction; after such prolonged subjection to form it was refreshing to turn to the thing itself, and to restore to it its proper precedence.

There was a vast amount of deep and sincere emotion surging beneath the rigid artifices of the "grand style," which was only too ready to escape as soon as an opportunity presented itself; and Richardson by concentrating his attention on what he wished to say, and ignoring questions of form, gave courage to others, who, better trained in the prevailing literary traditions, would have hesitated to break loose from them. And the lyrical nature of his work, the expansiveness and lack of reticence which are sometimes so distasteful to an English reader, were much more congenial to a race that is naturally more inclined to find a verbal outlet for its superfluous feeling.

But there were deeper and more satisfactory reasons for his popularity than these, which after all would apply only to the educated classes. When Richardson brought the novel into the domain of real life he had no other object than to provide an instructive story for the benefit of youth; he did not at all realise that in making a lady's maid the heroine of his first novel he was really giving voice to the sentiment of liberty and of the importance of the individual, which had been growing stronger and stronger ever since the Revolution of 1689. The popularity of *Pamela* was another testimony to the growing importance of the industrial and trading classes. And this reason applied equally to France, whose revolution was yet to be accomplished — indeed, the seeds thus sown in a soil fertilised by the

tears of an oppressed people had no little share in producing the terrible harvest that sprang up a generation later.

Richardson's reputation in Germany was no less remarkable. Mention has already been made of his correspondence with Mrs Klopstock, whose husband wrote an ode on the death of Clarissa, and, it is said, actually solicited political employment in England in order to live near the novelist. But the writer who did most to disseminate his fame in Germany was Gellert, professor of rhetoric at Leipzig, who translated *Pamela* and *Grandison.* "I have formerly," he confessed, "wept away some of the most remarkable hours of my life, in a sort of delicious misery, over the seventh volume of Clarissa and the fifth of Grandison." In 1757 he wrote to Richardson urging him to publish a selection of the letters that had passed between him and his friends, and Richardson actually considered this proposal, though, with becoming modest)', he wrote, "It would be presumptuous in me, in the present state of my health, to think of writing anything more for the public. The letters that have been written to me by several correspondents would, many of them, be worthy of the public eye. I do think that if the writers of them knew of your request and approved of it, and applied to me first to grant it (I not to them for their consent), there might appear anonymously, and with certain restrictions, in the language of your country, and in that only, a volume or two." It was probably this suggestion that gave Richardson the idea of revising his correspondence with a view to its ultimate publication in England (not withstanding his protest) as well as in Germany; but, as has been seen, the project was interrupted by his death.

Gellert's translations were not his only tribute to the genius of Richardson, and his admiration found further expression in the lines which he inscribed over his friend's portrait. "This is the creative spirit who, by means of instructive stories, commands us to feel the charm of virtue; who, by means of Grandison, extorts from the sinner himself a first wish to be pious also. The works which he created, no time can destroy; they are nature, taste, religion. Immortal is Homer, but among Christians the British Richardson is more immortal still." And, emulous of following in the steps of this immortal, the German professor himself commenced novelist, and produced the long rambling romance entitled. *'Das Leben der Schivedischen Gräfin von G.'* The plot of this novel has much in common with those of the heroic romances, and is constructed with equal disregard to morality; but there are at the same time unmistakable traces of Richardson's influence in the predominance of the feminine interest, and in the fact that the heroine relates her own story; in the ponderous didacticism, which fits in rather badly with the conduct of even the virtuous characters, and in the introduction of English characters. (Erich Schmidt, *Richardson*, *Rousseau und Goethe*, p. 31.)

Other novelists followed his example; Hermes, inspired by the praiseworthy desire "to be a German Richardson," produced in 1766 his *Geschichte der Miss Fanny Wilkes,* which purported to be a translation from the English. The scene of the story is laid in England, and both incidents and characters are copied from Richardson, whose novels the hero, Mr Handsome, recommends to a lady as her best consolation in distress. "Finally, read Grandison, for it is natural that your mind should need distraction, and Grandison is the best book of its kind." Again, the heroine (who after all is not Miss Fanny Wilkes, but a certain Jenny) is subjected to the same kind of trials as Pamela and Clarissa, and emerges triumphant. And the resemblance is completed by the obvious moral intention of the book.

Equally complimentary, though more discriminating, was the admiration of Wieland, who first made Richardson's acquaintance by means of a French translation of *Pamela. Sir Charles Grandison* made so great an impression on him that he contemplated a volume of *Letters from Charles Grandison to his pupil Emily Jervois,* and actually composed a drama on the subject of Clementina. But Wieland outgrew his early enthusiasm, and afterwards declared that he did not like "your Clarissa, Charles Grandisons, and Harriet Byrons, for the simple reason that they are too perfect." (For a very complete account of Richardson's imitators in Germany see Erich Schmidt, *Richardson*, *Rousseau und Goethe*, pp. 19-79.)

This remark was addressed to Sophie La Roche, whose romance, the *Fräulein von Sternheim*, is another imitation of the English writer. Sophie La Roche has a further interest for the student of the history of English fiction, inasmuch as she was a great admirer of Miss Burney, whom she embarrassed by an ill-timed visit to Windsor Castle. But this was some years after the appearance of her own novel.

Wieland's tragedy had been preceded by another, written by a still more remarkable person, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. In his endeavour to reform the German theatre he boldly broke away from French traditions, and in 1756 produced the prose tragedy entitled *Miss Sara Sampson*, which was evidently suggested by *Clarissa Marlowe.* The scene is laid in England, and the heroine is beguiled from her home by a rake called Mellefont, and is poisoned by another woman whom he has deceived. Sara's father goes in pursuit, and reaches his daughter just in time to forgive her.

Lastly, Richardson's popularity in Germany was shown in the same way as in England, by a parody, not of *Pamela* in this instance, but of *Sir Charles Grandison*, which was gently satirised by Musäus in his *Grandison der Zweite.* This parody, first published in the years 1760-1763, is in itself a striking testimony to the duration of the mania, for a parody loses its point as soon as the

form it satirises has gone out of fashion, and the last edition of *Grandison der Zweite* is dated 1803. And these years, which witnessed the development of German national literature, were particularly favourable to the reception of new ideas, for the strong young intellects, now approaching maturity, absorbed with surprising rapidity whatever presented itself to their assimilation. Both Wieland and Lessing were men of genius, but there was a greater than these who acknowledged the charm exercised by the little English printer. Goethe has left on record in several places his admiration for Richardson's writing, and though *The Sorrows of Werther* was inspired rather by *La Nouvelle Héloise* than by *Clarissa Harlowe*, the close relation between these books must not be forgotten while considering the literary relations of Germany and England in the eighteenth century. The Wertherism which, in its turn, reacted on England, may thus legitimately be regarded as a link between two such different writers as Lord Byron and Samuel Richardson.

It is plain that an influence so permanent and so widely diffused must have had some substantial and sufficient grounds. How did it come about that Richardson, a man whose first work was produced at the age of fifty-one, exercised so great a power over the rising generation? How can we account for this almost delirious excitement over works that sometimes seem to us so ponderous and so dull?

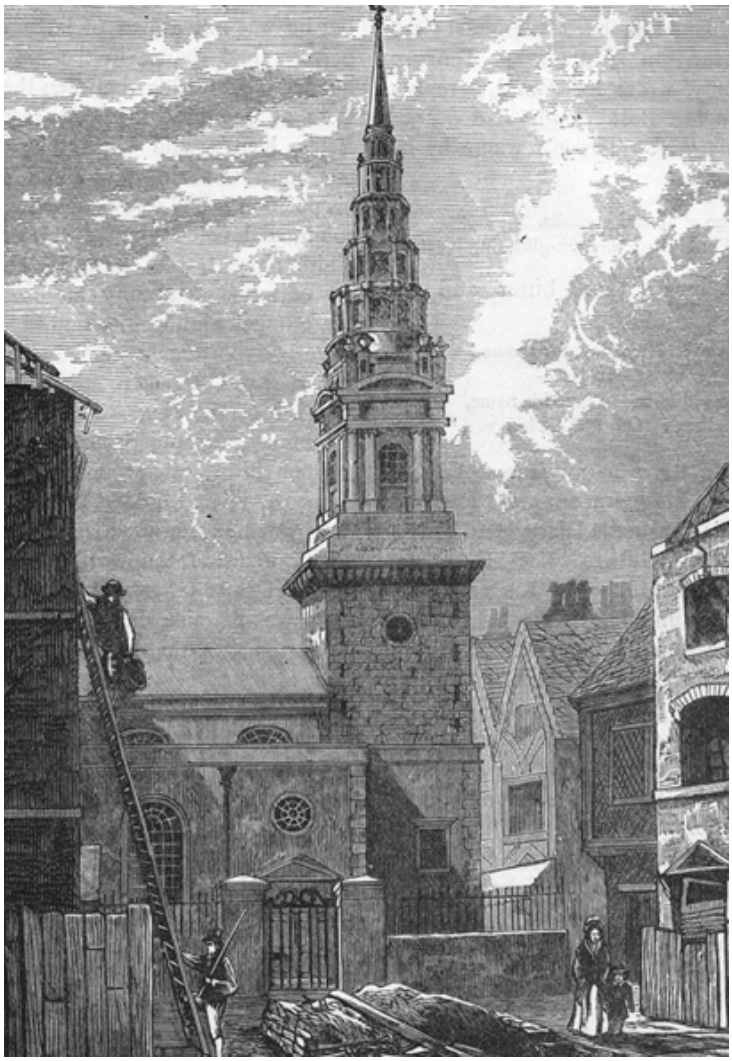
The answer to these questions will have been partly gleaned from the foregoing pages, but it is convenient to recapitulate them here. Richardson was popular because he gave voice to sentiments that were already latent in society; it was because he anticipated the younger generation by giving expression to these feelings that he was so much idolized by it. Almost all the characteristics of the romantic school — its disregard of conventional literary form, its exaltation of emotion, its idealization of women, its preoccupation with the theme of education, its recognition of the moral value of the individual, are found in Richardson's novels. And, limiting our enquiry to his native land, it may be further remarked that a society, which notwithstanding its surface corruption was sound at heart, would not long remain content in the spiritual torpor that had overtaken it. The revulsion that is marked by the Wesleyan movement in religion, is marked in literature by the appearance of Richardson. Henceforth the moral tone of the nation becomes healthier. A spirit of philanthropy begins to stir at home, while those "boy patriots," who were destined to win such glory for England abroad, spring into power and manhood. Fielding lays his hand on the domestic sores of the country and works himself to death in the reform of justice; while Johnson, in the midst of men like Reynolds, Goldsmith and Burke, preaches his stern creed of sincerity and independence. But all of these were anticipated by Richardson, and

not his least claim to originality is that in an age of selfishness and brutality he appealed to higher sentiments, and awoke true and tender emotions in his readers.

"He found them when the age had bound Their souls in its benumbing round; He spoke, and loosed their heart in tears."

It is the mission of some writers to brace and fortify, to preach restraint and self-control. Richardson, coming when he did, rendered a no less valuable service by appealing to the "simple, sensuous and passionate" side of human nature.

St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, London — Richardson's final resting place



St. Bride's Church, c. 1820

Richardson's grave

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